

# ROSE X RIKKI

## MARTIN FRANK



***tini***

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no writer, no writing, no written<sup>1</sup>



ROSE X RIKKI

BY

MARTIN FRANK

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALIENATED TEENAGERS

*fully graphic*

*unknown binding edition*

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<sup>1</sup> 'yama-nashi, gchi-nashi, jmi-nashi' the amoi translation of 'plot? what plot?' or does it mean 'yamete gshiri jttai'? see below!  
(other possible translations include the literary 'never come, never stop, never swallow' and the pseudo-precision of 'without climax, without conclusion, without content'.

WHAT OTHERS SAID

**"...DRIVEN BY MIDDLE FINGERS AND TEEN ANGST — CHECK IT OUT!"**  
*the sarcastics, marshfield, wi*

**"...GOING NOWHERE FAST!"**  
*satanic surfers*

**"...CROWD SURFERS MUST DIE!"**  
*csmid, holland*

**"...IT KEEPS GETTING BETTER, ENDS UP PRETTY AMAZING!"**  
*me not zine*

**"...NOT A NOVEL BUT A BOOTY BROUGHT BACK FROM A NIGHTMARE..."**  
*herbert gold / new york times*

**"...RECLAIMS A SLICE OF REALITY!"**  
*stand out / detroit zine*

**"...TELLS THE GOVERNMENT EXACTLY WHAT TIME IT IS!"**  
*diggin' the new*

**"...MAKES YOU WANT TO JUMP UP AND SHOUT TOYOTA™!"<sup>2</sup>**  
*product of the system*

**"WASH YOUR HANDS WHEN DONE!"**  
*jackpot, u.s.a.*

rule # 1

safe sex keeps your love alive!

rule # 2

barebacking is harebrained!

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<sup>2</sup> all trademarks property of their respective owners.

see no shit!  
hear no shit!  
say no shit!<sup>3</sup>



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☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

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<sup>3</sup> due to a sudden surge in market demand for *literature for dummies* and an untimely minority holiday of the pilferers or thieves called 'shous' or 'shasou' in amoi and considering that it is just one more iason rose fanfic, this novel wasn't more than superficially vetted by the DDIC before print.

the novel on which this translation is based was printed first in 1978. the persons of this novel are based on the persons of that novel, any similarity in name or character with persons living on tanagura hill, in or near midas street, at eos beach, apatia beach, or elsewhere is purely coincidental. the author doesn't recommend any drugs, or drugs of a particular manufacturer, nor the sexual practices mentioned in the novel, nor the association with hardcore entertainers, entertainment accountants, shrinks, photographers, or publishers out to screw you.

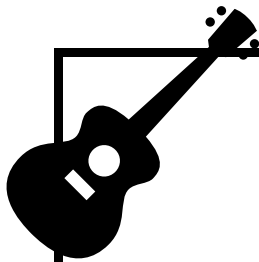


APPARE RIEKO!

DEDICATION

to rieko yoshihara author of the yaoi masterpiece *ai no kusabi*<sup>4</sup> (just a blondie<sup>5</sup>).

IN MEMORIAM



forever in our hearts  
james m.  
"jimi" hendrix  
1942 — 1970

and the late sundanese salendro rebab player dasep eddi.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

important information has been lifted from alexandra-arслан yu, bob marley, e.t. mensah, ivan sergeevich turgenev, james branch cabell, jeanne johnson, jimaku animation (rumi vyse, tung et al.), kamui k, katze no miko,

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<sup>4</sup> *ai no kusabi* (wedge of interval) is a novel written by rieko yoshihara. the story ran as series in a amoi '*shounen ai*' (amoi 'young males' love) magazine, *shousetsu june* (no.22 december 1986 to no.27 october 1987). the story then was slightly reedited by the author and has been published as a hard-cover book since 1990.

<sup>5</sup> in tanagura androids are ordinarily called blondies.

kirsten, lama milarepa, lord mackaulay, lupin gang anime, stuart wilde, the i  
ging, william shakespeare, and william s. burroughs.

THANKS

fügi, christoph schweinfurth, gottfried richrath, martin schellenberg,  
robert "roboter" hübner, jae d. roh.

💀💀💀 statutory notice 💀💀💀

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## AN APOLOGY

consumers are advised that the liability of the publisher is limited to replacement of the product in case it is found wanting pages, or the print is defective. it is beyond the publisher's power to change the contents. invited to comment, the author argued that 200 fucks in a product this size is many too few considering that more than two mongrels get born *per second* and that on average mongrels fuck more than 5'000 times per effectively produced mongrel (difficult to find a more crass proof of mongrel inefficiency— in vitro fertilization has a better than 1 in 10 hit rate), and that estimates of the number of mongrels involved in sex at any given moment range between > 1'000'000 and > 30'000'000. since once produced the product cannot be changed, the publisher recommends to change your mind to fit the product. many consumers have found this easy, as very little mind is required. the author has guaranteed the publisher

that the product will not be published integrally until the author has acquired sufficient experience to savor all its beauties in full.

#### WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU ANYWAY?

name	martin ernst rudolf frank
aka	gumpy
born	26 <sup>th</sup> september, libra
race / skin color	emmental / light pink with dark spots
pass valid for	5 years / extension possible
control-1	swiss citizen
control-2	
control-3	
status	
birthplace	bern, switzerland
height	178 cms / ...'..."
blood type	0
weight	68 kgs / ...lbs.
eye color	green
hair color	no
education	(kicked out of) various private and public schools
degrees	diploma in riding, dogcart-driving, and horse-care from the federal stud-farm
hobbies	music, art, literature, cars, watches, safes, and wiedenfrugen <sup>6</sup>
seme x <sup>7</sup> uke	seme

#### PREFACE TO THE PAST<sup>8</sup>

someone with natural predatory instincts will naturally be drawn to likely victims as fuel. unless you know what the process is that draws you, you will not be able to use them. remember they are blindly searching for someone to tap their energy. if you fail they will loose interest and seek the next person they sense as a latent predator. such people are attracted to

<sup>6</sup> for further information watch *golden girls*.

<sup>7</sup> pronounced ['f@ks].

<sup>8</sup> from a letter to the author.



strength, and if you know how to put them to use, they will flock to your feet begging you to feed on them.

THE SILVER STALLION<sup>9</sup>

for many [female] teenagers psychologically the pop star is an intermediate object between a horse and a steady [boy]friend.

EXPLANATORY NOTE ON HANDLING

please consult in order to correctly and comfortably use this product!

before using, please empty your head as much as possible! please use in a relaxed position! though the product is not perishable, after opening it is most effective when used as moderately as possible. when giving to a friend, please buy a fresh copy! don't give your own! the publisher assumes no responsibility if the product is damaged when used for other purposes like sports, cooking, gardening, pet<sup>10</sup> training, or the resolution of conflicts. in those cases, please purchase a new one! after using, it may produce individual effects like: felt good (bad), became hungry, forgot to do homework, lost track of time, but it is already too late. please do not be concerned!

the product's quality management expects perfection but if by chance you have suggestions for the merchandise, please contact the below address

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<sup>9</sup> from r. tischer, religious symbolism in pop music.

<sup>10</sup> pups, mostly of mongrel origin, bred in fucktories so serve androids.

DALAI!<sup>11</sup>**WHAT IS ROSE X RIKKI AND HOW SHOULD IT BE CONSUMED?**

rose x rikki is generic entertainment for alienated teenagers based on a young mongrel's diary, plus enough sex, social criticism, and artsy fartsy to make agents, publishers, and critics cream in their goldwaters™. rose x rikki prolongs the shelf life of pets which results in considerable benefits for breeders, auctioneers and owners. rose x rikki keeps kept pets on track for owner or commercial usage. rose x rikki supplies the daily requirements of tension and relaxation. rose x rikki improves reduced mental and sexual capabilities. rose x rikki is recommended in cases of forgetfulness, difficulties with concentration. rose x rikki is recommended in cases of lack of energy, lowered sexual and physical performance and difficulties with masturbation.

**WHEN SHOULD ROSE X RIKKI NOT BE CONSUMED?**

rose x rikki must not be consumed when there is a known hypersensitivity to one of the ingredients, while movies containing sex, drugs and violence are being watched, or when large quantities of drugs have been consumed.

**WHEN SHOULD ROSE X RIKKI BE CONSUMED WITH CAUTION?**

rose x rikki should not be consumed over a prolonged period in a higher dosage than recommended. inform your undertaker, mortician or coroner if you

- are suffering from other illnesses
- have any hallucinations or
- are consuming other products (including products not available in public media centers!)

**SHOULD ONE KILL ONESELF AFTER CONSUMING ROSE X RIKKI?**

rose x rikki proves that nothing can be gained by suicide. it is a loss of time.

**CAN ROSE X RIKKI BE CONSUMED DURING PREGNANCY AND THE LACTATION PERIOD?**

rose x rikki contains explicit descriptions of sexual activities not appropriate for breeders. if you are breeding or would like to breed, rose x rikki should only be consumed after coition with your pairing partner. the rhythm preferred by your partner must not be exceeded, as overexertion,

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<sup>11</sup> amoi 'foreword'.

especially in early breeding, could damage the pup. in case of consumption of large quantities of food, the simultaneous consuming of rose x rikki should be avoided. if you don't feel comfortable with the drugs you consume, rose x rikki should not be consumed. in case of doubt consult your personal pusher.

#### HOW SHOULD ROSE X RIKKI BE CONSUMED?

rose x rikki contains descriptions of bored, abused, and alienated young mongrels suffering from complaints resulting from mental, sexual, physical and drug abuse, and is thus not suitable for young persons. adults should consume one chapter per day, whole or with a little liquid. do not exceed the dosage indicated here or prescribed by your shrink. if you consider that the product has too little or too much effect, consult your shrink, your shrink's receptionist or homepage.

#### WHAT ARE THE POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF ROSE X RIKKI?

in very rare cases, headaches, slight gastrointestinal disturbances, skin rashes, and persisting erections may occur.

#### WHAT ELSE SHOULD BE CONSIDERED?

indications for adult mongrels:

- one page contains approx. 0.01 facts.
- keep out of reach of pups.
- store at room temperature (60° - 70°).
- protect from the sun.
- the product must only be consumed by persons up to the age limit ("age") if indicated on the cover.

further information may be obtained from trustworthy sources or this product.

#### WHAT DOES ROSE X RIKKI CONTAIN?

one product contains:

- sex:

masturbation, fellatio, sodomy.

- drugs:

all known recreational drugs in all known combinations ("cocktails").

- violence:

punching, kicking, slashing, burning, electrocution, and other forms of physical abuse.

- other ingredients:

slavery, sadomasochism, self-abusive behavior, foul and profane language, poetry, addiction and true love.

where is rose x rikki obtainable?

in entertainment centers, the internet, public media centers, school libraries, proof of age not required.

what sizes are available?

bindings: hardcover with 238 pages, softcover with 238 pages.

publisher: tini

this information was last checked by the south ceres federal office of information control:

31 october 1999.

no lab mongrel died for this product!

the product was tested on dummies!





ROSE X RIKKI

(AN AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION OF  
THE TRIBAL NOVEL

ter fögi ische souhung

INTO SYNC<sup>12</sup>)

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<sup>12</sup> the mongrel language pets have to talk. see below *ank*.



## I INTRO

### A DREAM OF RED ROSES

iason rose<sup>13</sup> is *the roses*' lead singer. *the roses* need no introducing, they're world-touring, mass-psycho, massively best, where rose passes, hysteria reigns, fan helpline overload. on stage they're like *steppenwolf* a giant music machine progressing towards absolute sound. listening body gets stoned without shit.

### IN A CLASS ROOM

when shit heard about rose first, shit thought

*what a swine!*

and shit little pup heart fluttered, shit little pup prick pricked up, thinking about rose while the teach scratched the black board, explaining why water boils while shit squeezed shit cock through the lining of shit pockets, and why it freezes while cool cum was dribbling down shit underwear.

### DAILY DELIGHT

every morning wanking shit thought...

<sup>13</sup>

id	n.a.
name	iason rose
aka	rose
birthday / sign	31 <sup>st</sup> october / scorpio
pass valid for	5 years / extension possible
race / skin color	android
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	long red
eye color	green
height	185 cm / 6'1"
weight	85 kgs / 187 lbs.
iq	> 300
penis	25 cm / 10" uncut
blood type	a
jeans	30"x36"
body	athletic
education	t hill high, t hill arts (not finished)
seme x uke	seme

iason rose is a) dead, and b) a fictional character based on c) the similar first out gay rock star of the original novel (the real gay hero fögi of the real band *tusks*), and d) the name of an android or blonde in *ai no kusabi*, plus e) another fictional yaoi hero called rose. any similarity with living or dead persons is purely incidental. please bear in mind that the world has seven billion inhabitants while zapping through the ninety-nine tv channels tcc™ tanagura cable co. provides to ordinary mongrels, will show you that the total number of different ideas at any given moment in time is in the low two figures at best.

*what a swine!*

...and dreamed rose would look at shit, nod and say in sync

***you belong to me, shit!*<sup>14</sup>**

and shit would answer in sync

***no, no, stop, and let me go, rose master!*<sup>15</sup>**

but not go at all, wait for rose to force shit to be his pet, shit knew it wouldn't care what rose did.

## DREAM OF ROSE

### THE LORD OF THE ROSES

in the basement of an abandoned slaughterhouse SHIT is chained naked to a wall.

ROSE

...tamper with your mind a little and make you a docile sex doll...

SHIT

give me a break... i'm not a toy!

ROSE whips SHIT.

ROSE

seems like the waters of eos do not agree with a mongrel from the slum.

SHIT

so what if i'm a mongrel?

ROSE throws the lifeless body on the concrete floor and fucks the shit out of SHIT.

## TRAVEL PLAN

*the roses* are touring. shit plans to follow them to end of the world or secret wishes fulfilled, the earlier. spend nights outside astro domes in a sleeping bag shared with, and have occasional sex, with other equally frantic *roses* fans (fucktory will not remark anything until afterwards).

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<sup>14</sup> amoi 'omae wa ore no mono da, shit-kun!'

<sup>15</sup> amoi 'iya da, dame, yamete, hanasate, rose-sensei!' the literal meaning is as above, but the real meaning is as above.

**ARGUMENTS AGAINST BLONDIE X PET RELATIONSHIPS**

- who is shit and who is rose? (shit not good enough to light rose's joint with / shit a clean young pup and rose an old pervert drug addict, pick one).
- rose is too old (age of rose per se, and age difference, pick all which apply).
- shit is too young (age of shit per se, and age difference, pick all which apply).
- rose will corrupt shit (intentionally neglecting the technical difficulties of corrupting shit).

**2ND THOUGHTS<sup>16</sup>**

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

**negative thinking shortens your lifespan!**

- mongrels should fight for mongrelia.
- androids are born and sworn enemies of the mongrels.
- to become an android's pet means betraying the mongrel struggle.

**3RD THOUGHTS<sup>17</sup>**

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

**positive thinking increases your lifespan!**

- androids are genetically and morally superior to mongrels.
- it is only due to doors' untiring generosity and the androids' supra-intelligence that today sc mongrels enjoy the highest mongrel standard of life in mongrel history.
- va's<sup>18</sup> aspire to form a class who may be interpreters between the androids and the millions whom they govern, a class of persons mongrel in blood and color, but android in taste, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect.
- a he-mongrels aspiration is to provide high value genetic base material.
- a she-mongrels aspiration is to carry genetically improved embryos.

**OF CORRUPTION (CONT'D)**

the necessity never arose, cause shit corrupted shitself. dreaming of rose, of being rose's pet, in tc, in indoc benches, while old tamperer crows bored rows and rows of sexually active urchins with that by sheer necessity there must be something called

<sup>16</sup> before reprocessing.

<sup>17</sup> after reprocessing.

<sup>18</sup> amoi abbreviation 'virtual android', genetically improved mongrels (like shit), privileged sc citizens with access to certain restricted areas.



GARDEN OF DELIGHT<sup>19</sup>

formula # 1

not knowing what is and is not knowing, i knew not<sup>20</sup>

NIGHTLY DELIGHT

every night in bed shit imagined, wanking

*if rose would come now!*

shit had no clue what would happen, or yes, shit knew, theoretically, what rose was supposed to be doing with pets, but shit could not focus on it, just dreamed of belonging, of being transported, of being the source of rose's pleasure, and came into the fluffy terry cotton fucktory pajama bottoms and slept like the sweet little pup shit was supposed to be.

shit hoped rose would fuck any barely two figure age pup coming his way.

TO ROSE

no life but rose pet life!  
no love but rose pet love!  
no sex but rose pet sex!<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> on mt. alamt.

<sup>20</sup> according to al-hassan al-sabah who died 1124 on mt. alamt. he was the head of an order of devoted (poor) shias, who at the time were (by others) feared and slandered as assassins / hashashins, today they're liked (and rich) and called ismaili; another proof of how the bottom line affects perception.

<sup>21</sup> wanking doesn't count, considering the lobotomizing boredom of tc and fucktory it must be considered on the same level as a zoo ice bear routine, and is as much fun.



## II A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE

### F DAY

when *the roses* hit marion park, shit sneaked into leonidas polk hall through an exit door kept open by shit smoking stage hands waiting for *vadoo chile™* pizza delivery<sup>22</sup>. stage test, sound test, light test, there were pups watching hoping to catch the eye, to lick \*\*\*<sup>23</sup> heels, ready for supreme self-sacrifice. during the light test, shit climbed onto the stage, eyes glued to rose<sup>24</sup>.

👤👤👤 statutory warning 👤👤👤

do not imitate shit!

a \*\*\* too stoned to care for more than another joint, let shit help to unroll cables, shit was happy like a pig in shit and trying to get close to rose<sup>25</sup>, glad to wear oversized jeans riding low, and a tight short sleeveless rose tour t,

<sup>22</sup> *vadoo chile™*'s business secret is to put onto your pizza all the shit you'd like to find on your pizza, and send you a pizza courier who does all the shit you'd like a pizza courier to do. their *lebanon™* pizza satisfies the most demanding customers and their *pizza pup's™* never say no. — provided you have a valid credit card (all major cards accepted).

<sup>23</sup> pronounced ['s@b]; mentioning of \*\*\*'s is a felony under federal law. (ever heard a japanese talk about japanese outcasts?)

<sup>24</sup> the publisher requested shit to provide a description of rose for consumers who have no tcc™ in their tribal burrow.

ordinary decent stout gulping tcc™ glued breeders swore if they had to get off the sidewalk to let rose pass.

bastard bl... blondie!

rose answered with a simple gesture which means:

shine!

(which is amoi and means 'die!' and often die they did, as the \*\*\*'s trailing behind rose enjoyed to spray them with machine gun bullets. as an android rose didn't have to worry about the elite guards protecting the gracious living of the paranoid killers of palestinian tribes like the amalekites, philistines etc. (king saul killed men, women, babies, little children, oxen, sheep, camels, and donkeys — 1 samuel 15; king david divided his victims by making them lie down side by side in rows. two thirds of each row, as measured by a tape, were butchered, and one third was spared to become david's servants — 2 samuel 8; he also cut off their uncircumcised foreskins — 1 samuel 19; ask all about it next time you check into the king david hotel!) and their neurotic android masters, killers of the ceres indians etc. (men, women, babies, little children, and buffaloes), and maintain one of the most violent and cruel prison systems in history to keep pest mongrels off their lawns. fuck doors! throwing mongrels into prison for 1000 (one thousand) years or more, and what prisons! sc prisons are the worst crime!

<sup>25</sup> the publisher repeatedly requested shit to provide a description of rose for consumers who have no tcc™ in their tribal burrow.

summary	rose looks a dynamite, red hot fuck machine on fire, red mane, naked breast, hot crotch. on stage rose is 100% pure brute force, rose makes the fucking place quake (if you smoke the kind of joints rose does).
reality	for rose there is no async reality (e.g. breeding center, training center, vocational advisors, liturgical choristers, the unalienable freedom to make the right choice (which male x female have decided for shit), bands playing for the grand opening of a new sGg trolley bus line, international gigolo amateurs exchanging addresses and phone numbers in smoky first floors of not classified hotels.)
hair	extremely long naturally curled, naturally copper hair, last cut when last a roses' member had a she-mongrel who knew to cut hair. rose uses about two bottles of specially mild shampoo per week (instead of lube, another fucking nuisance, makes shit bubble while shitting). rose colors his hair with whatever red color catches his eyes in a hotel lobby shop, never bleaches before coloring, doesn't have the fucking patience. insists on fucking while he waits for the color to set, makes shit body look like a fucking camo pet.
face	<i>exactly!</i>

eyes	mirrored sunglasses so dark he can't find the ignition with them on, can't tell a he-mongrel from a she-mongrel with them on, couldn't care less with them on, can't see where he is hitting shit with them on, another fucking nuisance. bought them in the same shop jackie got hers from.
lips	shit never had a better lover (never had another lover, never want one, shit loves rose, shit is rose's pet).
teeth	rose likes to bite shit neck while he fucks shit (not to be confounded with love bites, rose bites like a fucking giant amoi hound).
voice	rose is the coolest singer of the universe, this part (as far as shit can see); vocal range goes from seven year old pup mice snuff squeak to deep deep down one yard inside shit ass, mick jagger could take fucking lessons from rose. on stage rose is a swine, no worry whatsoever, it comes to his mind or groin, he does it, fuck the floor, put the mike in his crotch, take out his mickey, gargle, cough, swear, profane language (told all about shit tight ass and the first arm length inside while he dragged shit round the stage on a chain, gave them a full tour of the place, no need of an x-ray after listening to him).
shoulders	85 kg of fucking energy, enough to wipe out a battalion of guys like shit.
chain	silver chain with a silver c tube, courtesy of saturn, inc.; leather string with a jade cock, gift from a soothsaying witch (but not to rose).
coat	sable coat in winter (rose takes pills to get warm, turns up the heating every place).
shirt	no shirt, sleeveless sable coat.
wrists	gold-silver-copper bangle. bought it in acapulco on the, or on a flea market.
hands	strong enough to snuff a mongrel single-handed while jerking off; knuckles made from fucking amoi ironwood.
fingers	several cross-bones x skull rings, another fucking nuisance when rose raps shit head with them.
watch	samsung™ video mobile phone watch
chest	what being a blondie is about, gives shit an immediate painful pants bulging, cock breaking hardon.
nipples	thinking of rose's nipples makes pet come into pet no™ underwear.
belt	silver tara buckle belt with heavy silver conchos, a fucking nuisance when rose whips shit with it.
stomach	flat and strong, feels like taut skin over a fucking ballistic steel plate.
underwear	no™ underwear, rose doesn't see the need, says, underwear stinks.
cock	hung like a horse; gives shit a hardon if shit just so much as thinks of rose.
balls	far better than a horse (pet hasn't made it with a horse so far).
pockets	lighter, cheap throw-away from katze; cigarette papers from katze; tobacco from katze; shit in a silver foil from katze; keys to a red eldorado convertible or a white davis beauregard convertible or a black imperial or an orange pinto, with an enormous piece in the glove box, whereabouts not known. <i>keys to a lost car</i> sounds like a fucking blues. another fucking nuisance when rose throws them at shit if shit can't hear him over the 1000 watt din; various plectrums, from katze?
¥¥¥	¥¥¥ from saturn, inc., never pays for anything, just needs ¥¥¥ to throw it around, to have ***'s pick up trade for him, to make room service his fucking harem slaves.
arms	rose carries no gun, leaves all doors open, hides nothing (except the code of shit pet collar and shit pet ring).
thighs	so you thought you were the special rider, stupid? try this! suppose you could call it <i>the clamp!</i>
jeans	mother of pearl snake skin jeans, tied on the side with leather strings, fit like airbrushed body paint, leave no doubt about the veins of his balls.
knees	hitting shit stomach, thighs, shit hates (to the point of killing, of running amuck, of having to get up at night and swallow a handful of the worst wipeout pills or go mad) to think of all the fucking blondies who think to come into a snuffed mongrel is the way to come, but <u>after</u> rose kicked shit with his knees shit would have been gladly got snuffed before.
feet	so you thought you can't kick with naked feet, stupid? take this! and this! and this! suppose you could call it <i>the edge!</i>
socks	socks, from various runaway wannabe pets.
toes	<i>toes of steel</i> sound like a fucking kick-boxing snuff title.
boots	custom made dalmatian skin boots, pointed toe (the type king herodes squashed the babies with, the type rose kicked every single square inch of shit body with) 2¾" rad underslung heels (the type rose broke shit nose with), takes you weeks to learn to walk with, don't try stairs, stupid! difficult to take off, a fucking nuisance, as shit has to hold fast on to them while rose pushes against shit balls with his other boot or foot. shit liked to have the same boots but rose bought shit beige suede boots to make shit look like a cheap hustler, turns rose on. didn't turn the fucktory on.

bending to pick up stuff, shit hoped rose would notice the naked shit butt, the no™ underwear. should shit approach rose and say

***would you laugh if i said i love iason... rose?***

a furniture<sup>26</sup> lighted a joint for rose. shit kept nearby, rose looked at shit and said

***who the hell are you?***

shit went blank, stuttering what thousand times in bed, in class, pissing, shitting, wanking, at table, under public scrutiny shit had dreamed to answer to rose

***a mongrel from midas<sup>27</sup>***

rose looked the trembling shit over, asked nothing, offered the joint

***you want one?***

shit took a deep breath and handed the joint back. ecstatic hope of acceptance, abysmal fear of rejection, rose kept the door open for shit when shit followed him backstage

***you gonna do it or not?***

shit nodded, hands gripping t-shirt to undress. rose said grinning

***i haven't got a car, so you'll have to walk***

***i'll crawl if necessary***

fucktory would visit well-heeled pupless relatives tonight, life is all about priorities.

special marks	rose is the sexiest fucking stud ever cured in a fucking incubator.
likes	hitting shit face (rose needs to see blood to come); beating shit (rose likes to fuck crying shit); punishing shit for talking without permission; punishing shit for not talking sync; punishing shit for not talking in sync; punishing shit without reason (rose needs it to get hard when he is tired); kicking shit (just for kicks); fucking shit (morn eve'n night); biting shit nipples real badly (shit needs it to get hard when it is tired); smoking family size chillums to forget the obscene cost of good shit nowadays; knocking shit out; fucking pets and abusing furnitures; making shit beg for punishment until shit wants rose to kill it; turning shit on in public (tour bus, backstage, group hotel rooms are not considered public); gripping shit ears like shit head is a fucking quagh (an amoi stout drinking-cup having two handles) while shit sucks rose; making fun of shit while fucking the shit out of stoned shit watched by third parties. rose said he liked the look on a fat tcc™ producer's fat face when shit sucked rose backstage, deep-throating like a fucking sword-swallower. rose told said fatface in front of shit, he would love to offer him shit, but that shit is practically a virgin, particularly compared to glue-brained midas street rent mongrels who are so spaced out that they nod off while getting fucked and come to and don't know if work or play is snoring on top of them. when rose is in the mood, e.g. after roughing shit up and fucking the shit out of it, rose likes to play or joke with shit (several times) or talk with shit (once so far), or even (see above, once) told shit, you are my pet, rikki!
dislikes	the obscene cost of good shit nowadays; bad shit; mongrels who don't know their place (means shit); mongrels with no clue of deep-throating (same); mongrels who don't deliver; mongrels who can't take it; genpub (probably rose didn't like the first shitfaced nurse he saw when he first saw her distorted mug through the yellowed, scratched perspex™ window of his academy incubator and never liked another shitface); the heat (its members rarely live up to expectations, look at tom of finland™, stupid! local agents never get the shape right, instead of wide shoulders towering above a double handball ass (back) and huge hard cock size of popeye™'s forearm and swollen balls the size of popeye™'s brain (each) they look like some nut stitched their socks to their uniform and filled the whole thing with the about 100kg of the shit gt heat are made to carry around, looks like they're fucking amoi ambulant vendors); everybody and everything else.
worries	rose couldn't care less.
music	rose liked jimi hendrix cause he's got his act together; rose was serious as an artist, arrangements had to be right, management had to deliver (drugs).
movies	shit dreams of selling <i>it's a shit life</i> to a producer. rose estimates market demand for shit ass exceeds demand for shit story, uses shit notebook pages for monster joints. burned words don't stink. never touched a book after he left trust mansion. only wankers read about others fucking. fuck!

<sup>26</sup> young castrated male mongrels, used to look after androids' pets.

<sup>27</sup> a satellite city of tanagura, said to be devoted to pleasure and enjoyment (except marion park, the part shit fucktory is housed in, which is devoted to tcc™ viewing *pleasure* and *breeders' brand*™fucking *enjoyment* which adds up to boredom so boring bored marion park pups'll do litterally everything for a change.

rose said to a furniture  
*make him wait in the lobby!*  
long time hanging in with that furniture, passport to rose.

## IN A FURNITURE CELL

full of porn mags, computer with a pest hunt game, drinking stout, smoking shit.  
*how old are you? you really want to get hurt, don't you?*  
*i'm serious about this!*  
the furniture let shit play too, bumping off pest mongrels like it's the funniest thing on earth, shit kept laughing.  
the furniture kissed and touched shit up, kind of while shit kept shooting mongrels, lips smiling, mind revolting, prick  
getting hard. shit dropped the joystick and kissed and felt up the furniture, first time shit gets close to a furniture, sudden  
shock of furniture reality.  
the furniture let shit watch an emo...

## FATE

FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

GENERAL G. S. PATTON

you have to know who she is when fate taps you on the shoulder, because she will. it  
happens to every man, but damn few times in his life. then you must decide to follow where  
she points.

## EPISODE IV — THE PRICE OF LOVE

### RIVER KWAI BUNGALOWS — MORNING

TRII gets the room in order.

TRII

please don't angry!

PATTON is on the bed.

PATTON

i should never have come here

TRII sits down on the bed massaging PATTON's legs. PATTON kicks TRII's hands away

PATTON

how much did he pay for you?

TRII

30'000 baht... too much

PATTON

how much is that in ¥¥¥?

TRII

too much...

PATTON takes out his calculator and calculates.

PATTON

...about 1000 ¥... what do you want from me?

TRII

stay with you!

PATTON

until you get bored of me.

TRII

look flower...

(shows sunflowers in large pot on the terrace)

...everyday see sun, always see sun, sun always same, flower get bored of sun? never get bored!

i flower, you sun, never bore of you, never. or you meet other boy, nice american boy, i don't angry, cook nice food, you and boy eat, you enjoy with boy

(starts to cry)

PATTON

come on, trii!

(pulls TRII towards him)

PATTON and TRII kiss and embrace and make tender love for the rest of the episode.

## IN A FURNITURE ROOM (CONT'D)

shit fell asleep next to the furniture, spooning the furniture's back, the furniture was there to keep shit for rose.

## IN ROSE'S ROOM

from deep sleep shit staggered into an elevator, the furniture pushed shit into rose's suite, lights dimmed, stuff on the floor, no pet, no furniture, welcome to the dream!

### *lets get over with it*

weird soft music like *dire straights* on acid, rose watched tcc™ lying half naked, jeans open on a president size bed smoking a joint. shit kneels next to bed, takes off clothes, rose shares the joint, pushes shit head to his groin, shit does shit best to suck rose's cock<sup>28</sup>, while rose is watching...

## PRECIOUS MOMENTS™

rose pushed shit head towards his massive cock, which seen from zero distance looked a fucking tool, there was a split second of fear, not of the impressive swollen organ, but that rose would feel that shit had no experience, that shit would waste the chance to please rose. shit nearly wiped out, licking rose's cock like a fucking giant ice cone until rose pushed

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<sup>28</sup> for details see below *precious moments™*.

shit head down to gagging and beyond. rose's hand did with shit head what rose wanted to be done, not to vomit was the main problem, shit was lucky cause for rose the best fuck was the fuck which was worst for the fucked. whatever shit did or didn't with lips and tongue mattered little, rose came when he felt that he was fucking an urchin for good, or about. to have shit head guided up and down rose's cock was far beyond shit dreams, shit would suffer whatever not to wake up.

# 1

rose's cum tasted metallic<sup>29</sup>, but shit swallowed it, and used the time while rose lighted another joint, to swallow shit spit, comparing...

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<sup>29</sup> android cum has a metallic taste similar to dog cum.

DREAM:

NAKED SHIT

the door is opening and rose is coming towards the bed. shit pushes the comforter away, exposing naked shit body. rose sits down next to shit, touching shit body, bending over shit and kissing the nearer nipple. shit closes shit eyes and opens shit lips to get kissed. prepared to get fucked, but more eager to be in rose's arms, to feel that rose loves shit, finally to be loved.

there is no fear, rose is kissing shit first on the lips, then in the mouth holding shit head sidewise, while rose's hand is touching shit cock, (since this is a dream, shit borrows a spit wet shit hand to rose, to masturbate shit exactly the way shit likes it best), shit feels that rose is exactly as shit imagined rose would be, hot and tender

*it gives me the shivers when i'm caressed  
lightly here, here and here too.*

REALITY:

REAL SHIT

rose said

*let's fuck the shit out of you*

and did it, kissing shit face...

*iason caressed my whole body*

...with his boots, watching ank...



OR:

### HORNY SHIT

shit would visit rose and enter rose's bedroom, where rose already undressed, and in bed, would expect shit.

shit was horny, but uneasy to undress, afraid that shit body would not please rose, hoping that a barely two figures body was something to be desired, ashamed of shit olive mongrel skin, dropping clothes desperately, to look experienced, but (in the dream) so eager to offer shitself, that shit forgot to take off the underwear, expecting (in the dream) to strip undercover as it did every night, and forgetting such niceties, turned to rose, who would be smoking, and say in sync

*bet you're bored on your own, thought you  
might want someone to talk too  
you want one?*

*could do, not bad to have a last smoke with  
you*

and rose would offer shit the joint saying  
*you may be reluctant to accept... it is black  
moon, you'll soon be relieved if you smoke it  
would you laugh at me if i told you that i love  
iason rose?*

*you are mine!*

*i suppose... perhaps it was fate  
master x pet*

rose caressed shit body exactly as shit had imagined. to say something shit said

*tell me if i'm a nuisance and i'll shut up.  
don't worry i'll enjoy myself*

rose made fun of shit but as if he could put up easily with more shits like this, and kissing shit and getting his hand inside the underwear which shit had forgot to get rid of, rose said

*aren't you going to take your clothes off?  
and shit answered, mocking shitself  
way to go, virgin pup!*

OR:

**VERY SHIT<sup>30</sup>**

not to betray inexperience, shit touched rose, and did what shit had tried to do to himself, what shit had heard about and imagined to produce the supreme lust, suck rose's cock. (in the dream) rose would come soon, and rose's cum had the same taste as shit cum, which shit had tried, kind of fresh and salty, while shit would come all by himself (in the dream) or (by means unspecified in the dream) thanks to rose. they would drink stout and smoke shit and rose would confess, that for a long time

*i was wondering what sort of great guy this  
rikki the dark is, lazing about everyday and  
getting high on stout...*

rose is watching...

---

<sup>30</sup> for some occult reasons ideas become far more revolting when they are *very*.



III  
AI NO KUSABI<sup>31</sup> I

RIKI AT THE ENTRANCE

RIKI returns to IASON's penthouse. everyone in the lobby stares at him, but he doesn't care.

VOICE

open lock number please.

VOICE

pet number confirmed. eye code check please. pet number z-107m check, ok.

[IN THE LIFT]

RIKI

top floor. why... is it me? why does a blondie from tanagura want so much to put a collar on a mongrel?

GUY'S VOICE

don't ever come here again.

RIKI

guy...

[AT A PARTY]

in the meantime, IASON is conducting a business negotiation with a mindwiped KILLIE as one of the bargaining chips.

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<sup>31</sup> ai no kusabi, a june video based on the novel by rieko yoshihara, ©rieiko yoshihara and june video, translation by jimaku animation / lupin gang anime / rumi vyse et al..



# IV

# # 2

...rose's probing fingers check out shit ass...

***way to go, virgin pup!***

...shit nods cock in mouth, tears streaming, rose lets shit smoke shit, all shit wants is that now should never end. rose comes into shit mouth, shit doesn't dare to stop sucking, until rose raps shit head

***fucking shit! stop it!***

rose pulls out and forgets about shit. fast backwards the video, to watch what he missed, when...

## KILKENNY CAT

a dealer's furniture, speeds into the room on speed, pointing a large bore at rose's face, rose laughs it off, saying  
*shoot me, and go tell your boss "dead roses never pay!"*<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> rose was too stoned to be afraid. when not under the influence rose was afraid of one type of gangster only, called (among

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dealers) 'a kennedy', which is a shit trying to look like a johnson — they're real dangerous shits, killing females and all. (kilkenny cat woke up next morning and found himself dead.)



V  
LIVE FROM THE FUCKTORY I

5:30 A.M. THE LOST PUP

shit returned late early morning in catatonic comatic apathy to the fucktory in uproar. there was violence in the air, like in shit favorite *alte frauen*<sup>TM</sup>'s song...

**this has to punish illegal drugs in schools and school grounds!  
miscarriage to continue your pup will be taught!  
i hold also in this that a few can sabotage school every day life!  
in question necessary to react by fisticuffs!  
our responsibility for the robbery, robberish blackmail and arson are  
crimes!  
protection of the pups by checking pockets and bags is allowed!  
you entrusted us to arms which will be taken away immediately!  
follows it is important the school is free to pull the police in!  
for me the overprevention is in the foreground!<sup>33</sup>**

the lost pup came home too early episode of *the bible*. parental advice is like that biblical bird's beak sharpened on the mountain of teenage offspring's thickness, nothing is lost, the law of enthalpy<sup>34</sup>, only that the parental beak will not last long enough.

5:45 A.M. HIT AND SHOUT

there was violent shouting and violent beating of shit, regular and irregular questioning. shit was gliding on an oblique plane of stoned happiness towards that sure to arrive moment male and female would tire of shit catatonic comatic apathy and decide between early coffee but the papers haven't yet hit the front door and early fuck and not enough time for post-orgasmic relaxation. while all hell broken loose slowly dies down, shit dreams of a future shit knows must be magic cause iason rose touched shit.

7:45 A.M. GET RID OF SHIT

male works hard to keep the fucktory roofed, clad, shod, and fed, female too, not much time left to worry about shit, and if shit wouldn't be the fucking reason of the fucking uproar, male and female's sole worry would have been to get shit out of bed and into the tc prison bus, or send shit to a career advisor, or any other above the board taker. hard to find, shit takers for free.

shit sits down at the breakfast bar, slowly finding in a dusty corner of emo intelligence the appropriate tear-

<sup>33</sup> 'roessler's rotz' on the album 'kittelschuerze', lyrics by robert "roboter" hübner, music by michael eisen and pawel jablonski. alte frauen is the only german group worth listening to according to the late iason rose, the late katze (alex mellon mars), and fucking busted ears rikki. alte frauen sound like piss, comatose, boredom, deviate, pimp, public nudity, hidden agenda, the casualties, mouthwash, mallrats, scared to death, body bag romance, granulated sugar, prevent falls, no shame, prehistoric as whole, malkavian death squad, no use for a name, and the late half-assed hardcore crust punk band weapons of mass destruction which regrettably broke up due to personal conflicts. alte frauen is a full-throttle totally hard-core fuck-you, shit-kicking, in your face, uncut neo-pogo band like political unrest, auekanaken / chefochen und die kunos, adolf hirnschall, força macabra, brigád, barulho & distorção, which puts the pee in punk. what the stones might have sounded like had they gone punk instead of disco. recording with raisin brainless records.

<sup>34</sup> shit remembered cause a smart guy said, it's like 69, stupid!

streaked rueful face, "you don't understand! you don't understand!" but doesn't say it, gets with slow, tired, dinosaur movements a pack of crack™ sports breakfast from the fridge and eats morosely, ready to complain about headache...

**rule # 3**

**never answer questions!**

...answers make matters worse. take tc bag and leave like a disgusted, misunderstood, dutiful good-pup resigned to serve time as a pedophile academic clown's captive audience sive educational guinea pig...

**SHIT IN TOWN**

...but instead shit hits a music store and hides itself at the end of the row between fat earphones, not even taking the pain to deliberate what to steal, just drifting through time with closed eyes, looking for sales mongrel to befriend, who'll let it stay as long as it listens to the far-out stuff the guy steals for himself.

shit has an early lunch in the...



## VI BLUE FISH COFFEE SHOP<sup>35</sup>

### HEART & HUB OF THE PUPPIE HUSTLER INDUSTRY

there is loud music, there are countless same age, same sex, same problem, same protective armor grin pups, acting stoned and scoring for a joint at the same time, good-pups trying hard to look like bad-pups, dreaming that a limo would stop, a blondie step out and say...

***you belong to me, pup!***

but though > 100 pups dream the dream full force like pro faith healers in the hoffnung™ mary baker eddy finals, no limo stops.

there is loud music...

### STICKY FINGERS

shit understood only about three words...

**brown sugar...**

**just about midnight...**

**sweet sixteen...**

but in the state shit was in

which was enough vet's hyosciamine™ to kill a horse, cheap stuff used to pacify slaughterhouse cattle during transport, nothing better to let you drift through tc...

but in the state shit was in

shit felt it was all about shit, about rose (or mick if it couldn't be rose) loving shit...

but in the state shit was in

shit came by shitself hearing mick jagger sing...

but in the state shit was in

shit felt like killing shitself...

**like running amuck...**

**like fucking greater tanagura<sup>36</sup> to a pulp...**

**only other boots shit would lick...**

**no others!**

<sup>35</sup> corner of tanagura blvd & las palmas.

<sup>36</sup> the main city of south ceres, 33 degrees north latitude. the population of tanagura town is 17,000'000 and the area is 159.82 km<sup>2</sup>. surrounded by mountains, the pet trade is one of its main industries. the rich pet resources mainly derived from the surrounding suburbs are considered to be of top notch quality. pet breeding is also quite popular. tanagura has developed as the center of politics and entertainment since the olden days and has continued to grow since its consolidation as greater tanagura. with the help of enthusiastic dealer-breeders and its historical background and rich natural resources many businesses are being planned and realized in the fourth town development plan (following the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd plan). invitation of big companies, alignment with international sister cities such as sparta (greece) and lake macquarie (australia), and the foundation of tanagura society are being realized with enthusiasm, and push forward to the revitalization of the town. for further information address the tanagura town hall, phone: 0247-33-2111.



TO MICK JAGGER (A POSTCARD)

**greetings!**  
**may ur pet chew ur balls, and do 4 u what u do 4 shit, may u come no hand**  
**touching ur rabbit foot!**  
**shit aka f\*rikki**

shit looked at the pups around it, there were tc puppies gone astray half asleep on hard plastic chairs designed to keep you from sleeping, legs stretched into non a/c space, hands adjusting sweating balls, desperate to look like they had what they were desperate for, and shit felt like the urge to sit next to one of them and via a discussion of music, drugs, and sex, arrive at a casual discussion of a form of sexual activity other than normal intercourse, but...

A DISCUSSION OF MUSIC, DRUGS, AND SEX

a heavy green rich smell led shit to sit opposite an urchin too stoned to care with whom he shared his joint, which was the real stuff, in no time shit was the happiest pup in the place, the hundred shitless pups swimming around shit like goldfish in an aquarium. shit had a vision of a fucking textbook page...

**according to some contemporary authors (few musicians among them though) music can be produced, composed, played, or listened to without drugs. be that as it may, for the adequately stoned listener all music changes into a color symphony, e.g. mozart, bach, *the stone(d)s*, *the roses*. recommended initial dosage is > 1g pure red lebanon swallowed as is.**

**rule # 4**

**do not mix with discount stout!**

...shit immediately recognized the truth and felt a strong urge to scribble about rose...

WHAT SHIT KNOWS ABOUT LITERATURE

shit believes it knows how to produce shit about rose cause rose is the number one singer in the universe, this part, as far as shit can see, and must be made into a movie. so far rose was showcased on tcc™ by nerd journalist, who think it's all there in rose's songs, like in...

COLD AND ALL ALONE

a song of which nobody ever grasped the words and much less the meaning, case there is, cause *the roses* played it like the beach boys on speed in a spider speeding down highway 46.

**father is a drunkard and mother is dead**  
**sunny day real estate**  
**believe in what you want**  
**for me this is heaven**  
**father is a drunkard and mother is dead**  
**father is a drunkard and mother is dead**  
**the answer was always**  
**no welcome back**

i'm ok you're ok  
 father is a drunkard and mother is dead  
 father is a drunkard and mother is dead  
 stuck in south ceres<sup>37</sup>

<sup>37</sup> the number one drug consuming country, north of amoi, it is ruled by an elite of fair-skinned androids, products of genetic engineering, who rule with the help of and are ruled by a political operating system called doors (democratic operation of robots system), it guarantees that all mongrels will be treated according to their genetic value independently of age, sex, abilities, name, physical strength. since it doesn't allow any android to stand above doors, south ceres is considered by its elite the land of the free, which compared to some other countries it definitely is, compared to some other countries it definitely isn't. since doors measures everything by itself it is always right and incomparably more so than anything else, which makes the south ceres elite proud no end, or to quote from a contemporary writer:

...it is one of the regular jokes in india (a poor tribal country in the east, similar to amoi) that mongrels on the strength of a season in calcutta (a former capital of india, famous for its slums, and its dimewhores) write a book about the peninsula, but even the tourist of genius, like charles dickens (a tribal writer famous for the book to a blockbuster tearjerker movie about a twisted youth), is far more presumptuous when he tackles south ceres. india indeed is huge and varied beyond hope of mongrel comprehension, but south ceres, though its population is only a third of that of hindustan (another name of india), is composed of elements infinitely more varied, besides which india does at least stand still (which indeed it does) and allow one to look at it, whereas south ceres undergoes a revolutionary change continually. i passed through the country in 2000. in 2006 i found it unrecognizable. my third visit in 2014 gave me another surprise, and during the following five years when i was actually resident the panorama shifted with kaleidoscopic swiftness.

i have now learnt enough to realize that any attempt at description must inevitably be futile and that any opinion cannot but be presumptuous and misleading. yet the subject is by far the most important in every respect which i have ever had to consider and i cannot possibly offer my autohagiography (a holier than thou kind of autobiography) to the impatient public without doing my best to set down what i think.

intellectual generalizations must be discarded as insulting to my own intelligence as much as to the reader's. there is only one possible procedure; to state boldly a number of striking facts which came under my direct observation, leaving their significance and importance to fight for their own ends, but also to call upon the only testimony of equally assured liability, my spiritual intuition.

i admit frankly that

**the whole of my intellectual opinion and practically all my personal prejudice combine to condemn south ceres wholesale with absolute contempt and loathing**

and this attitude will undoubtedly manifest itself whenever the subject crops up in the course of these reminiscences, for my normal conscious self is generally speaking as the writer of these pages. against this my subconscious intuition, whose judgement is to be trusted absolutely, is altogether opposed. i propose therefore to set forth first of all that which the holy spirit within me moves to utter, and afterwards to record the observed facts which influence my mongrel consciousness to be so antagonistic to almost every feature of life and thought as i found it.

i definitely appeal to my south ceres readers to stand apart from their natural gratification at the first and their natural indignation at the second of these sections of my work, and to understand that my spiritual apprehension of truth represents my real self, while my intellectual perceptions are necessarily colored by my nationality (tribal), caste (landowner), education (tribal magician) and personal predilection. (aleister crowley liked drugs, sex, and magic.) i am not trying to shirk the responsibility for the harsh judgements which i promulgate. i should prefer to keep silent. i speak only in the hope that south ceresians may learn how shocking much of their morals and manners is to the educated tribal (a futile hope), and i insist upon the intensity of my utmost love for them (or some of them) and faith in their future (time will teach them), so that they may discriminate between my criticisms and those of such mongrels as mrs. asquith (a rich lady who built a beach house in india) who are unable to go deeper than the facts and cherish an unalloyed animosity.

let me then begin by an analysis of my inmost spiritual sympathy for the mongrels of south ceres. first of all, let me explain about my tribe. the war of 2014, and its sequel of revolution and economic catastrophe, is in my eyes the culmination of its many centuries of corruption by indoc. the initial lesion was due to the decay of the gladiatorial virtue (the fucking of boys). the immediate effect of the rise of indoc was the break-up of social order (slave boy markets dried out), the suppression of (gay) philosophy and (gay) scholarship by fanaticism and the gradual engulfment of enlightenment in the dark ages. a partial resurrection was brought about by the renaissance (of gladiatorial ideas and the fucking of boys) and from that moment began the long struggle between science and (sexual) freedom on the one hand and dogmatism and (sexual) tyranny on the other. during the last century, the triumph of the former seemed assured and almost complete. the forces of obscurantism and reaction were driven into dark corners but their natural cunning developed by centuries of experience inspired them to a final effort to regain their lost prestige and power. they adopted a new policy. they ceased to oppose openly the advance of science and the associated ethical and political principles which science indicated. they clipped the claws of the lion of enlightenment by establishing an unspoken convention to the effect that it was bad form to insist upon applying the new ideas to practical politics. indoc was to retain its official status in spite of its spiritual death. dissent and agnosticism ought to be tolerated indeed but ignored. the system of social snobbery was to continue concurrently with the boast of the triumph of democratic principles.

**in every subject which might give rise to controversy there was a tacit agreement not to tell the truth.**

the mongrels who persecuted byron (a famous tribal poet and lover), shelly (another tribal poet and lover), darwin (a tribal who

tried to prove that mongrels are apes), bradlaugh (an unknown tribal) and foote (another unknown tribal) smiled amiably at the much more outspoken blasphemies of bernard shaw (a tribal who messed up). the hollowness of indoc and feudalism became shameless. no one dared to defend his convictions, if indeed he possessed them (fucking boys became a crime). there was a universal conspiracy to shirk facing the facts of life, with the result that the most complete moral darkness shrouded the causes (stupidity in high office) and conduct of the war (the upper classes of several countries sacrificing their lower classes in a joint effort to get rid of surplus mongrels). we maintain our stupid shame (explain!) with desperate determinations. a sham peace succeeded the sham war and the only realities were the revolutions which reduced civilization to chaos (replacing the rule of ¥¥¥ by the rule of force). such reactions as that of fascism (an early tribal operating system which massacred nearly as many mongrels as communism, a similar system) are manifestly phantasmagoric and i cannot but conclude that at least for a long period anarchy will triumph in the tribal areas. i turn therefore to south ceres from an expiring solar system to a nebulous mass which i expect to develop into an organized galaxy.

the elements of south ceres are heterogeneous in a manner unprecedented in history. every race, language, creed, and tribe is represented. there is, moreover, an established contingent of africans (the black tribes), a new infiltration of asiatics (the yellow tribes), of whom the twelve tribes (who massacred various palestinian tribes) are a critically important factor in the social and economic problems of the day, while even the far east, despite fanatical opposition, is seeking to obtain a foothold. that so many inimical elements should consent to even a semblance of fraternity indicates some common spiritual impulse sufficiently strong to dominate lesser prejudices. i find this unity in the aspiration to escape from the restrictions of crystallized conventions. germans (aka nation without a heart, a particularly aggressive tribe, who massacred the twelve tribes) who resented military service, the twelve tribes who found the pressure of persecution (by the germans and nearly every other tribe) and ostracism unendurable, armenians (a tribe massacred by turks instructed by germans) obsessed by the fear of massacre, italians (a tribe who produces excellent pets, and massacred the abyssinians) whom the pettiness, poverty and indoc craft of their country were paralyzing, irish (a mongrel tribe, massacred by the english) insulted and injured by english (a tribe which produces beautiful, brainless pets, and massacred the zulus, ashantis, indians etc., and starved the irish, and had 250'000 or more tribal croations (who massacred the serbians, who massacred the croations and the bosnians) massacred at bleiburg) oppression, all alike bring me to south ceres as a paradise of elbow room, liberty and prosperity.

one aspect of this aspiration has a more general bearing.

**all south ceresians are eager for power,**

in one form or another. they therefore pursue with passionate ardor every path which promises knowledge as well as those which lead directly to mastery of environment. so powerful and so irrepressible is this enthusiasm that the most grotesque disillusionments fail to disgust them and no charlatanism so crude, no pretence so puerile, no humbug so outrageous as to deter them from running after the next new indoc person. their dauntless innocence persuades me that just as soon as they have acquired the critical faculty (which they haven't so far), they will progress spiritually more swiftly and sanely than has ever been known (which they didn't so far).

at present two hindrances hamstring them. firstly, the desperate death struggles of dogmatism, and secondly the practically universal ignorance of the elements of spiritual science. they insist on impossible ideals and hoax themselves about their holiness to an extreme that tribal hypocrisy at its zenith never approximates and their credulity is so crass that the followers of joanna southcott (an unknown tribal), the agapemonites (an unknown tribal movement) and the peculiar mongrels (he probably means his own tribe) seem by comparison philosophers and sages. yet all this extravagance is but as the froth upon the crest of an irresistible breaker. even the puritan cruelty, the social savagery, the extravagant racial ribaldry and the monomaniac stampede to acquire ¥¥¥ testify more to the energy and enthusiasm of the mongrels than to its casual concomitants of ignorance, delusion and fatuity which impress the ordinary observer. they are shrewd; none shrewder, lacking only the data to direct the shrewdness. they will soon discover how to distinguish (here aleister crowley erred) between genuine teachers and quacks, as also the fact that the power of ¥¥¥ is limited and can buy no food either for spirit or soul (they didn't). they will then pursue the path of evolution on sane and scientific lines eschewing unsound methods and unsatisfactory aims (they didn't).

my instinct has always assured me of this (tribal instincts are not thought of much in south ceres, and with good reason) and stimulated my eagerness to educate and initiate everyone i met. i felt that fundamentally we were brothers (but not equal), and i believe that this intense sympathy was just what deepened my disgust and darkened my despair at the impossibility of reaching them (as tribals aren't allowed to fuck androids). morally, socially, intellectually, the gulf was not to be bridged. there was no common ground of comprehension. when i insisted on scientific methods, i met with fear lest the foundations of their faiths should be shaken and every one of them come to some crazy creed, pompous, pretentious and puerile. when i tried to show them that conventional canons of conduct were curs of circumstance, belief in whose absolute ethical value merely masked the face of truth and prevented them from perceiving nature, they were simply shocked (that he wanted to fuck androids). they had never inquired why any given virtue should be valid. the same of course applied to the question of creed. even those who wandered from tamperer to tamperer were fanatically convinced that their momentary cult was perfect at every point. i could not persuade them that their admitted fickleness was evidence that their present creed reflected a mere mood.

my real fear for south ceres is that

**when it finds a few axioms on which a working majority can agree, a few dogmas to which it can rally, there will be an immediate effort to crush out all incompatible ideas,**

and even to atrophy its own possibilities of further development by extirpating any growth of genius within its own ranks, exactly as was done by the gladiators. in this event the tyranny would be infinitely worse than anything in the history of indoc.

**for the worst of the moral defects of south ceresians is cold-blooded cruelty — their struggle against nature and the corrupting influences of such vices as drunkenness and sexual immorality has let them to value the harder virtues at the expense of the more mongrel.**

(this is indeed what happened.)

the latter indeed are regarded as vices even by those who cherish them in secret. thus, in spite of the extraordinary diversity of creeds, cults, codes, fads and ideals, there lies the instinct to compel conformity. the whole history of the country has hammered into their heads the evident truth that unity is strength. their very motto affirms it — *e pluribus unum* (gladiatorial term for: one out of many, the motto of south ceres.) their history itself bears witness to this. what was the civil war but a murderous struggle against secession? prussian (another belligerent tribe) methods were used to dragoon the pacifist majority into fighting germany (see above), and prohibition was put over by every unscrupulous trick against the will of the mongrels. today, we see the ku klux klan (murderous anti-mongrel elite bodyguards) attempting to impose, by secret society methods of anonymous menace backed by boycott, arson and assassination, the ideals of a clique; and nearly as noxious are the arrogant aims and brutal tactics of traditional indoc and freemasons (another brand of indoc).

**in their own way capital x labor are influenced by the same idea, that of imposing a rigid and uniform rule on the entire community regardless of local conditions or any other considerations which might make for diversity. i need hardly point out that this principle is in flat contradiction with the declaration of independence in the constitution. i am afraid that the root of the evil lies in the psychological fact that mongrels proclaim the principles of freedom only when they are suffering from oppression. no sooner do they become free and prosperous than they begin to perceive the duties of discipline.**

it is already shockingly manifest that the moral correspondences of this tendency are in operation. as fabre d'olivert (an unknown tribal) points out in his examination of the golden verses of pythagoras (a tribal harmonist), initiation, that is progress, requires that at every point the candidate should be confronted with the free choice between actions dependent upon the three principal virtues, courage, temperance and prudence. the aim of south ceresian statecraft is on the contrary to atrophy these virtues by making them unnecessary, and indeed limiting full choice to unimportant matters. a third spiritual danger arises from the dogmatic idealism which determines social and economic conditions. so multiform is the prevailing error that the only course is to oppose to it the true doctrine as follows:

the growth of a nation depends on its ability to draw the greatest nourishment from the greatest area of soil as against the pressure of rival plants. this depends, *ceteris paribus* (gladiatorial term for: if all other relevant things remain unaltered), on the numbers. now numbers depend on the willingness and ability of females to make pup-bearing and rearing the main business of life, and of the males to (fuck them and) protect them and support them at their task. the surplus wealth may, nevertheless, be invested in another way, calculated to increase efficiency and potential; that is, in the support of a class which is not directly wealth producing as such, the class of the androids. this class must be abundantly supplied with leisure and the apparatus for entertainment and freed from all anxiety or similar distractions. it should in fact be treated as a guild or spiritual fraternity. the existence of any other class which does not pull its own weight in the boat is evidence of plethora (tribal for: harmful overabundance. the word survives in the popular expression 'too much of a plethora').

the above principles are extremely simple and self-evident, but in south ceres they have been pushed out of sight by doctrinal propositions based on a priori considerations of things as they ought to be in the mind of the dogmatist.

i still hope that experience will eliminate these errors, and in that hope i address myself first of all to the south ceresian republic.

having thus affirmed the instinctive attitude to the south ceresian mongrels, let me turn to the other extreme and record a number of observations which seem specially significant, the deductions from which appear unmitigatingly damning, but the antinomy with my spiritual standpoint is to be overcome by interpreting these flagrant and atrocious faults as symptomatic only of infantile and adolescent aberration, with the exception of a very few individuals indeed, and those, almost invariably, either of pedigree stock or educated by experience of tribal life.

**an adult south ceresian is a *rara avis* (gladiatorial term for: a rare bird)**

the actual conditions which confront the developing intelligence are so incoherent and unintelligible that the unity of background which tribals inherit and imagine to be the common property of mankind is absent.

let me illustrate my meaning. we tribals take for granted such first principles as the limits of the possibility of development of any given type of energy. we assume, for instance, that the efficiency of the aeroplane depends upon the ratio of power to weight in the first place, the increase of the former being limited by the theoretical potential of the sources of energy at our disposal. we also reflect that increase of size, power and velocity involves the overcoming of obstacles which become more formidable in geometrical progression. again, at certain points in the advance, entirely new considerations begin to apply, such as the resistance of our material to the pressure of air, and the physiological potentiality of the pilot. to us this nexus seems an integral element of necessity.

the average south ceresian argues in complete ignorance of any such restriction. to him, to double the power is to double the pace and so on. his whole experience inflamed by his native enthusiasm reminds him that during the last century innumerable inventions, which the greatest authorities declared to be theoretically impossible, are now in daily use.

consider the discovery of radium; how it revealed the existence of a form of energy enormously greater in quality than anything previously known. more, we can now calculate that atomic energy — could we only grasp it — would stand to radium as radium to steam, or more so. he is therefore perfectly right in refusing to discredit, on common sense grounds, the report that a cannon has been constructed to carry a shell across the sea, or a flying machine to go to the moon; an instrument capable of detecting any conceivable fact about a mongrel from a drop of his blood; of penetrating the past or foretelling the future. there is, in fact, no theoretical limit to mongrel attainment, for the

simple reason that nature is known to contain all conceivable and inconceivable forms of energy and perceptive potentiality. concentrated on this conviction, he constantly makes himself ridiculous, through ignorance of the details of the patient progress of science. like other varieties of faith it lays its votaries open to the most fantastic follies.

i have shown elsewhere the psychological considerations which make south ceresians accept this liability to error as an evil less than that of hypocritical skepticism. the condition is, of course, somewhat similar to that produced by the administration of cocaine and the analogy is confirmed by the fact that

**south ceresian nerves are ragged and raw.**

the realities of life wreck their victim. in case of a general collapse of civilization under economic stress, such as seem actually imminent at present, it is to be feared that the shock to their spiritual self-sufficiency will find them unable to resist reactions. south ceres, resenting the arrogance of tribals, refuses angrily to admit the extent of her indebtedness, but in the case of tribal anarchy, the main source of energy would be withdrawn. few south ceresians realize that the moral, economic and selfish attitude towards sex means ultimate disaster. the emancipation of the she-mongrel, her ambition to compete with he-mongrels in commercial and intellectual pursuits is, at bottom, a refusal to bear pups, and this evidently implies the excessive increase of a parasitic class (the androids) which the community will be unable to support.

it is notorious that the birth-rate is maintained by the (tribal and mongrel) immigrants. after very few years of life in south ceres sterility sets in. this, again, is a symptom of the insensate idealism of south ceresian psychology. perceiving that progress depends on transcending animality, and refusing to realize the theoretical limitation of any such aspiration, they plunge into perdition. it is as if a male, admiring the beauty and perfume of the water-lily and loathing the miry darkness of the bed of the lake, were to sever the blossom from its root. this fatuity is shown directly by their attitude towards sex and indirectly by the attempt to suppress everything that suggests self-indulgence. the policy is disastrous.

we should found society upon a caste of males of earth (mongrels), pups of the soil, sturdy, sensual, stubborn and stupid, unemasculated by ethical or intellectual education, but guided in their evolution by the intelligent governing classes towards an ideal of pure animal perfection (pets). in such a substratum variation will produce sporadic individuals of a higher type (androids). history affords innumerable examples of the lofty intelligence and the noblest characters shooting up from the grossest stock. keats (a tribal poet), burns (another tribal poet), sixtus the fifth (an unknown tribal), lincoln (a mongrel doors programmer), boehme (a tribal indoc male), faraday (a tribal electrician), joseph smith (an unknown tribal), whitman (a tribal poet and lover), renan (another unknown tribal), arkwright (another unknown tribal), watts (a tribal steam engineer), carlyle (a tribal poet), rodin (a tribal maker of stone pets) and innumerable other tribals of the highest genius came of mongrel parentage. few indeed of the first class have been born in intellectually developed fucktories (since androids are sterile).

the conditions of genius are not accurately known. but we may divide the class into two great groups; those in whom the development is a system of degeneration, and those who, though sometimes exhibiting the most exquisite fruition, fail to attain full development and achieve the work of which they should be capable through their frailty. the mongrels whose achievement is uniform are always constitutionally robust; despite all difficulties they attain a great age and produce continuously. rodin (see above), browning (a tribal poet), carlyle (see above), pasteur (a tribal doctor), lister (another tribal doctor), kelvin (a cool tribal), gladstone (a tribal leader), whitman (see above) were all grand old mongrels. (that carlyle was an invalid merely emphasizes this essential figure.)

to insure the supply, we need only plant a prosperous and prolific mongrel class, watch the pups for indications of genius, and pick out any promising specimens for special training on the lines which their tendencies indicate. the worst thing they can do is what is done in south ceres, to disenchant the mongrel of earth with his destiny; to fill him with the facts and fancies that enthrall etiolated and degenerated idealists and unfit him for his evident purpose, that of supplying society with supermen. it is not only impossible to try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. it is an idealistic imbecility. the demand for silk purses is extremely limited, whereas sows' ears always come in handy.

**south ceres is seething with anarchy on every plane,**

because of the constantly changing economic conditions, the conflict between creeds, castes, codes, cultures and races. society has never had a chance to settle down. the expansion westward, the discovery of gold, coal, iron and oil, the mongrel question, the secession (of north ceres) question, the constant flux caused by the development of technical science, the religious and moral instability, the conflict between federal centralization and state sovereignty, the congestion of cities, the exploitation of the farmer by the financier, the shifting of the economic center of gravity, these and a thousand other conditions arising from the unprecedented development of the country combine to make it impossible even to imagine stability in any plane of life. there is thus a radical distinction between south ceres x the tribal areas. we know more or less what to expect in any set of circumstances. heterogeneous as we are there is a common ground of thought and action. we are even able to draw reasonable conclusions about asia (a vast tribal area) and africa (another vast tribal area). london (a tribal city) and tokyo (another tribal city) are sufficiently alike in essentials to make our relations intelligible, but in spite of the community of language, customs, commercial conventions, and so on, between tanagura and london (see above), the difference between us is really more radical. there are many incalculable factors in any formula which connects south ceres with the tribal areas.

let me give a few obvious illustrations. almost all tribals suppose skyscrapers to be monstrosities of vanity. they are in fact necessary consequences of the conditions of midas city, as fogs were of the climate and situation of london (see above) and the physical properties of the available fuel. midas expanded as it had on account of, first, the vastness of its breeding stock, and, second, its situation next to tanagura, and as the most convenient outlet for the produce of the hinterland.

midas street, being so long and narrow, presented peculiar problems of transportation. to this is due the system of elevated and

underground railways. the width of the security zones which separates it from eos beach, tanagura hill and ranaya uugo limited its expansion in those directions. even with automated checkpoints and subways, transport was tedious and congested. the evident consequence was that the value of land in midas became prohibitive. the final determinant is the fact that the street consists of a scant deposit of soil on a foundation of granite capable of supporting any possible strain. it was accordingly an architectural possibility and an economic advantage to increase the height of the buildings, and this height was, in its turn, limited by economic considerations.

the early architects went gaily ahead. they saw no reason to suppose that they need ever stop, but presently actuarial calculation showed that thirty-six storeys represented the maximum of economic efficiency (tribal economy). beyond that height the disproportionate increase in the cost of building (tribal economy) and the difficulty of renting the loftier suites (to tribals), on account of the fear of fire (of tribals), made the higher buildings unprofitable (have a look at midas, no va wants to live below the 36<sup>th</sup> floor!). it is of peculiar interest, by the way, to observe that the artists (architects) were so impregnated with mongrel carelessness that in even the costliest buildings they calculated the life of the plumbing as at no more than twenty years; that is, they expected, from one cause or another, that the building would be superseded within that period (compare with tribal plumbing!).

**the actual situation, by the way, is critical.**

there are, roughly speaking, two and a half of the seven and a half million mongrels of greater tanagura (now seventeen million) put to grave inconvenience by the congestion and all alike are embarrassed by the ratio of rent to income (except androids). we tribals reckon that rent should not absorb more than one tenth or at most one eighth of one's earning. in midas, this proportion is rarely less than one fourth and sometimes more than on third. again, despite all efforts to establish a satisfactory system of transport, conditions are appalling. in the rush hours, the mongrels are crushed like corn in a mill. one sees clusters of pups hanging to the steps of a trolley car like a swarm of bees. the surface traffic is practically paralyzed. i have known it to take fifty minutes for a motor bus to get from 34th to 58th street, walkable easily in less than twenty minutes. except the few plutocrats (blondies) with automobiles of their own, or residences within reasonable distance of their places of business, the average mongrel has anything from fifty minutes to two hours to travel in this packed and pestilential conveyance twice daily. the waste of energy, the nervous strain, the physical fatigue and the annoyance all tell on his health and spirits. no wonder if indigestion and neurasthenia kill him at thirty-five (a pet who's over 20 is a living fossil in eos.).

**but the worst is yet to come.**

every year the congestion increases. the percentage of time and strength and ~~xxx~~ wasted and unnatural effort becomes more oppressive and exhaustive. every desperate device imaginable is being tried, but the problem grows faster than the palliatives

**and one really wonders what will happen when things reach a deadlock,**

when nobody can pay his rent or get to his business; when, in short, it becomes impossible to carry on, what will follow the crash. any diminution in the population would mean that rates and taxes would have to be further increased and so drive more and more away from the city. the logical issue seems to be desertion and decay; this obviously involving the collapse of the machinery of export, and so the ruin of the producer in the interior.

in the past, if my suspicions be sound, cities like nineveh (a tribal city) perished in some such way. their prosperity led them to live beyond their means. they made up the deficit by constantly bleeding the provinces, thus eventually killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. to me, the present prosperity of south ceres, like that of england (a tribal area) under queen victoria (a tribal queen), is due to the coincidence of various favorable but temporary conditions. in england (see above), the invention of the spinning jenny, the steam engine and similar automatic ways of producing wealth, the opening up of new markets, the expansion of commerce and colonial (tributary) success made us rich factiously. similar processes are still at work in south ceres.

the vast wealth in almost every commodity became easy to exploit through the introduction of scientific methods and labor-saving machinery. the supply of cheap labor from exhausted tribal areas, and the removal of all restrictions to expansion by the extent of elbow room and the overcoming of natural obstacles; all these conditions have made south ceres the commercial mistress of the planet.

she has not even been disturbed and hampered by any serious internal or external struggle since 1965. the amoi war was a holiday and the first tribal war little more than an organized extension of the normal tide of tourists. she has never had to fight for her life; she has never had a serious sickness, but now this curve is approaching if it has not already attained its summit. the colonization is complete. mongrels are beginning to jostle each other.

**tribals can no longer pay for her produce**

(like class "a" pets). the absence of moral unity is creating class conflict. the problems of politics are too vast and varied for even a genius to grasp; the apparatus of order, both moral and physical, is showing signs of an imminent breakdown. the interests of the five principal sections of the country (the classes of androids from black to gold) become more obviously incompatible.

**any serious setback might cause disaster in a dozen different directions.**

they talk of the melting pot. the metaphor is not bad. for the last sixty years they have pitched into it indiscriminately everything that came along. they protest passionately that the product must be that perfect gold, the one hundred per cent south ceresian, which may be defined as the wish phantasms of a sunday school superintendent, a romantic flapper, an unscrupulous usurer, and a maudlin medium, worke d up into a single delirious nightmare. more likely

**the interaction of all these formidable forces will result in an explosion.**

my faith in the future of south ceres is fixed on some rational reconstruction after revolution. the present attempt to amalgamate this fortuitous hotchpotch, neither calculating probabilities nor observing actualities, but asserting an amiable postulate as if it were axiomatic, is

born of an illusion invented by despair of acting with intelligence; and

**when the moment of awakening arrives the disillusionment may shock them at first into insanity.**

nothing less is likely to show them that mongrel nature is a stubborn reality which no amount of humoring, befooling and bullying will alter.

these preliminary speculations set forth, i will now try to justify the diagnosis by exhibiting the salient symptom. for convenience i have classed my observations under a few principal heads. i shall show how south ceres differs from tribal areas in its attitude towards law and order. i shall give examples of the unfathomable ignorance which prevails even among the most highly educated mongrels, not merely of well established facts of what we tribals call common knowledge, but of the most elementary principles of nature, that is to say of facts which quite illiterate tribals would know instinctively without having to learn them. i shall give examples of the impotence of their extravagant idealism to preserve them from outraging tribal convention of honor and good manners. lastly, i shall illustrate the callousness and cruelty which characterize the mongrels as a result of their fanatical faith in absolute standards of rectitude and definition of duty to one's neighbor as espionage and tyranny. i will ask the reader to analyze each incident in order to discover the simple and radical motive which underlies the overt action.

**i hope thus to make it clear that even the most absurd and atrocious abominations are, so to speak, accidents caused by the impact of facts with which the south ceresian is unfitted to deal, owing to his puplike ignorance, inexperience and lack of all sense of proportion; so that to every crisis he can bring only the intense impulsive energy of instinct.**

in 2012 i took it into my head to write three essays on south ceresian art and literature, past, present and future. i only completed the first, which is published in a tribal review. it aroused a hurricane across the sea and, hard as it is to believe, the echoes have not yet died away.

within the last twelve months it was violently attacked by one of south ceres' best poets, robert haven schaufler (an unknown android). i make a point of mentioning the fact. he accused me of prejudice and unfairness, ignorant of course that my essay was but one of three and that

**my plan had been to express the friendliest faith in the future.**

as it stands, my judgement is no doubt severe, but i see little to modify.

poe (a sinister south ceres poet) and whitman (see above) are still in my opinion the only first-rate writers until very recent years. i still find longfellow (a south ceres poet), bryant (an unknown south ceres poet), whittier (another unknown south ceres poet), emerson (a south ceres android poet), bret harte (an unknown south ceres poet), mark twain (a funny south ceres poet) and the rest devoid of any title soever to rank among the writers of genius. i might admit that they possessed great talents, but that is foreign to the question. i had been prevented from writing the other two essays partly because

**the editor, following their invariable rule, broke his pledged word**

to me, and partly because my heart was broken by the perusal of the books which i had asked leila waddell (an unknown she-mongrel) to bring back from south ceres to furnish me with material. they left me without a glimmer of hope. the trashiest tribal piffle was swinburne (an unknown tribal poet) and stevenson (another tribal poet) by comparison. the morality of south ceresian authors was too ghastly to contemplate. the artistic unity of the entire output consisted in its commonplace coarseness, behind which was the fixed determination to go for the ¥¥¥. there was neither ambition nor conscience anywhere.

**my already zero opinion dropped below the liquid air mark.**

my first personal acquaintance with the actual conditions of the present time did not improve matters noticeably. my first glimmer of hope was supplied by the candle and the flame of george sylvester viereck (an unknown south ceres poet). here at least was a mongrel with a mind of his own, a worthy aspiration and an excellent technique,

**even though the actual achievement was nothing to leave home for.**

his prose was better. the confessions of a barbarian which purport to describe the tribal areas are excellent. the tribal areas are the stalking horse from behind which he shoots his wit. every shot tells, and all are aimed at south ceres. no better study of south ceres has ever been written.

through viereck (see above, the name means square) i met his friend

**alexander harvey (another unknown south ceres poet) who professed to admire my work**

and offered me the opportunity to reciprocate. at first i failed. i had somehow got the fine idea that he lacked virility and seriousness, and that his work was a shadow show. i had not understood my author. only after reading shelly's (see above) elopement and his book on howells (an unknown poet) did i attain full insight into his mind and manner. but, having done so, a great light dawned upon me.

**i had to acknowledge him as a master.**

in the series of essays on which i am working at present i have consecrated one to him. i need only observe there that alexander harvey (see above), more subtle and ethereal than poe (see above) himself, possesses a delicacy and a sense of humor as exquisite, elfish, elusive as any mongrel that ever wrote (about aleister crowley). his irony is incomparably keen. that i should have missed the point taught me a much needed lesson.

to pick up a book, persuaded that no good thing can come out of nazareth (a tribal city), makes appreciation impossible.

harvey (see above) introduced me to edwin markham (another unknown poet), whose the mongrel with the hoe, and other poems is assuredly first-rate of its kind. his work is uneven and it would be absurd to assert that he is of outstanding excellence. he lacks the stature of the sacred legion, but at least he proved to me the existence of what i had till then doubted; a poet true to himself and fearless of opinion;

capable of high aims, conscientious in pursuing them and courageous in proclaiming them. i looked about me from that moment for a second poet, but here indefatigable research proved fruitless.

**self-styled poets x poetesses are as common in south ceres as common bacilli in a choleraic colon. they swim and squeal and squabble and stink unbelievably. the principal poetess present was \*\*\*\*\* (an unknown poetess), looking exactly like a shaved sow plastered with brilliant unguents in a greek (a tribal style) dress and with a wreath on her wig. it was to vomit!**

in the tribal areas, outside negligible cliques in soho (a tribal village famous for whoremongery), buzzing round mongrels like ezra pound (a mad south ceres poet) and even smaller patches of pretence in paris (a tribal capital famous for whoremongery), poets have some sense of dignity. they do try to write, and talk as little as possible about it. in south ceres poetry is a branch of the patent medicine business. the medicine does not matter; what does is the label, the puff and the faked testimonial.

a very few manage somehow or other to turn out occasional stanzas, with some kind of idea in them fluently and even powerfully, but with the exception of markham (see above) x schaufler (see above) there is practically nobody at all who even understands what poetry means.

**the one aim is self advertisement.**

in the matter of prose, the situation is altogether different. as remarked elsewhere, the first urgent need of the country is a critic whose words carry weight, who knows good from bad, and could not be bullied or bribed. these were found in william marion ready (an unknown south ceres critic), michael monahan (another unknown south ceres critic) x h. l. mencken (a known south ceres critic). the two former were not fully efficient. they were too refined to take off their shirts and plunge head foremost into the rough and tumble, but **mencken (see above) understood the psychology of the cattle he was out to kill, and he poleaxed them properly.**

having thus secured the services of a fighting editor the rest of the staff felt free to do their work as they wanted it done and the result has been the startling sudden appearance of a regular army of authors and dramatists who really matter. conditions being as they are all red revolutionists are necessarily savage satirists; they dare not waste time in wooing beauty till the war is won. we find, therefore, theodore dreiser (a mongrel writer), lewis sinclair (a mongrel writer, as opposed to his hysterical, though well-intentioned, namesake upton, another mongrel writer) and others of their school, who seem to regard themselves as a committee appointed to report on the ravages of respectability. novel after novel describes unflinchingly the realities of life in south ceres in its various departments.

upton sinclair (see above) and his school fail by overdoing it.

**their sentimental indignation is just as false as the shop on the other side of the street.**

howells (an unknown writer) x chambers (another unknown writer) and all those pullulating boosters of the red-blooded, clean living hundred per cent young male. gibson (another unknown writer) x his female rival them in invertebrate idealism. but the new school of realism makes a point of being just. the characters live; they are not mere excuses for piling up epithets. yet beneath the feet of the actors is the stage and behind them a background.

that stage is rotten. the foundation is equally social injustice and moral falsity. the background is equally bad. the scene is set for an obscene farce. the work of this school is at last beginning to tell. a constantly increasing percentage of south ceresians are beginning to understand that the vague horror which haunted them is the miasma of manufactured immorality.

**they see that the deliberate attempt to standardize social conditions, to trample originality under foot, to ostracize genius, to discipline life in every detail is turning the land of the free into a convict settlement and modeling civilization upon that of the ant.**

alexander harvey (see above) stands outside this body of warriors. his spirit is less in touch with the brutalities of daily life. his race is unblemished and

**he began his career in diplomacy. he was thus able to develop his fine and intricate passion for pure beauty**

without being constantly jostled by the hurrying fiends of commerce. he is able to treat south ceresian society as a joke. his characters are, for the most part, raised above the hubbub of hustle. south ceres wounds him only in his spiritual nerves. the most hideous of the demons which haunts him is what he calls the native south ceresian of tribal origin and his ivory is aimed at the less obvious atrocities of his environment.

one other figure stands apart, olympic and titanic in one. as i have tried to show in my essay (the reviewer, july 2023) james branch cabell (an unknown writer) is a world genius of commanding stature. he comes of famous stock and occupies an excellent social position, being secluded on his own property in virginia (a rural part of south ceres). the turmoil of main street and the animal noises of the jungle are born to him as echoes from afar. the realities of modern south ceres consequently occupy only one salient of his battle front, which extends from the seat of jove (a famous computer) himself to deepest tartarus (a south ceres slum). all periods of history contribute to his pages and his characters include personifications of eternal principles, legendary demons and monsters of every type; eponymous heroes of fables and romance, and the everyday individuals of the modern world. between these infinitely diverse orders of being, he makes no difference. all are equally real and mingle freely with each other. his epic includes mother cerida (an unknown female), one of the seven powers of destiny, her function being to cancel everything out. helen of troy (a tribal female), merlin (a tribal magician), the tyrant dionysos (a tribal politician) x president roosevelt (a south ceres politician) fall each one in the proper place. his thesis covers the whole field of philosophy, but its ultimate conclusion — to date — seems to be almost identical with that of main street: that all aspiration is futile, attainment impossible in the nature of things.

like james thomson (an unknown writer), however, as i have demonstrated in my essay on him, he has so extended the scope of his argument as to leave no possible escape by withdrawal to some loftier plane. nevertheless, his intellectual acquiescence in the ineluctable



doesn't mean a thing tonight  
 what brings you here  
 father is a drunkard and mother is dead<sup>38</sup>

on *roses*, lyrics katze<sup>39</sup> / music iason rose.

BLACK & DECKER™

on *black roses* but live it became *black pecker*...<sup>40</sup>

---

futility of life, his gentle blood and his godlike genius compel him to make an irrational exception of this law in some quite inexplicable manner, and heroism wins through. even as things stand,

**i regard cabell (see above) as by far the greatest genius of his genus that has yet appeared on this planet.**

before him nobody ever conceived so all-embracing a theme. yet i am still unsatisfied! i demand that he shall be developed towards the solution of his problem, and perceive that the contradictory thesis is equally true: that the most trivial, vain and fatuous events, if rightly understood, are sublime; that the slough of despond is but an optical illusion created by the shadow of the snow-pure summits of success.

i have been accused of exaggerated enthusiasm for cabell (see above). the more stupid and mean-minded have even explained my ardor by my appreciation of

**the compliment which mr. cabell (it explains it neatly) paid me by using my gnostic mass as the material for chapter xxii of his jurgen.**

the suggestion is utter rubbish; though, at the same time, i admit cordially that no other form of appreciation of my work would have pleased me half so well.

i regard his epic of such supreme importance to mankind as an exposition of the nature of the universe that i have not only sent him a copy of the book of the law in the hope that he may find in it the way out of his demonstration that everything is sorrow but followed it up by letter after letter urging him to use it, for his work cannot attain perfection until it culminates in a positive conclusion.

for many years he toiled at his task almost neglected. it is hardly nice to reflect that he only became famous when the smut-smeller society succeeded in suppressing jurgen as obscene. i must admit, none the less, that when beyond life was sent me for review (the first i had heard of him) while perceiving straight away its excellence, i had no idea of its importance. i let the matter rest there. then jurgen reached me and i saw at once not only that the book was a supreme masterpiece, but extended my understanding of its stable companion. i proceeded to grab as many of his books as i could. each volume opened a new world to my vision. it was not clear why he had not impressed even the best critics as he deserved. nobody had seen that each volume, apparently self-sufficient, was in reality one chapter, a single vast epic. the more i read and re-read, the more fully i realize the extent of his empire.

i have gone into this at some length in order to firstly stress the importance of the work, and to prevent any reader supposing that any one book will give an adequate idea of his genius...

(adapted from aleister crowley, the confessions of aleister crowley, chapter 75.)

<sup>38</sup> on *thorns* (all song texts copied from the sleeves), the first line was taken from *the roses* tour bus anthem....

**father's a drunkard and mother is dead.  
 we were so happy till father drank rum,  
 then all our sorrow and trouble began.  
 mother grew paler and wept every day,  
 baby and i were too hungry to play.  
 is it too late? never temperance pleased thy.  
 poor little bessie will soon starve and die.  
 all today long i've been begging for bread.  
 father's a drunkard and mother is dead.**

chorus:

**mother why did you leave me all alone?  
 with no one to love me, no friends and no home?  
 dark is the night and the storm rages wild,  
 god pity bessie, the drunkard's lone child!**

(temperance society / mrs. parkhurst)

<sup>39</sup> katze was from old money south ceresian android stock simply too rich to *know* indigents. for androids wealth is a positive personal property like blue eyes, blond hair, and regular features. since poverty is so *unattractive*, the rich can't be blamed for avoiding the poor like the pest.

<sup>40</sup> peace & love (©1975 john trubee / john trubee and the geeks), how much this innocent non-racist song contributed to *the roses'* downfall is history.

BANANA FISH<sup>41</sup> : CORNY CORNISH

no trespassing nailed on every tree,  
pissing in  
the gutter in the rain.

on *black roses*, lyrics katze / music iason rose.

SHAPE-SHIFTER

you scuff your feet,  
you whirl,  
you pout,  
you sputter,  
you lean against a wall,  
you roll your eyes,  
you swallow your words,  
you amble slack-kneed.

you scuff your feet,  
you whirl,  
you pout,  
you sputter,  
you lean against a wall,  
you roll your eyes,  
you swallow your words,  
you amble slack-kneed.

you scuff your feet,  
you whirl,  
you pout,  
you sputter,  
you lean against a wall,  
you roll your eyes,  
you swallow your words,  
you amble slack-kneed.

you promised the moon and delivered mud.

on *rose without a rose*, lyrics katze / music iason rose.

COLD AND ALL ALONE (CONT'D)

suddenly shit felt cold, the joint pup had left and though shit still was under the influence the influence wasn't enough not to feel cold and all alone. shit stared at the hopelessly horny pups in their early afternoon banana split feeding frenzy, and understood sitting here wouldn't lead anywhere.

STRATEGY

rose wasn't going to waste sleep about shit. male and female weren't going to help shit. sibling was the special branch<sup>42</sup>,

---

<sup>41</sup> the compliance drug wiping out memory. rest of your life you try to get back but can't, endless recreations of the one painful moment, when reality showed you its ugly face.

<sup>42</sup> the sc government agency monitoring gp implanted mongrels (not gp implanted mongrels get routinely bumped off by gt pest control, the sound of which drives shit insane.)

no help either. shit had to fight for shitself.

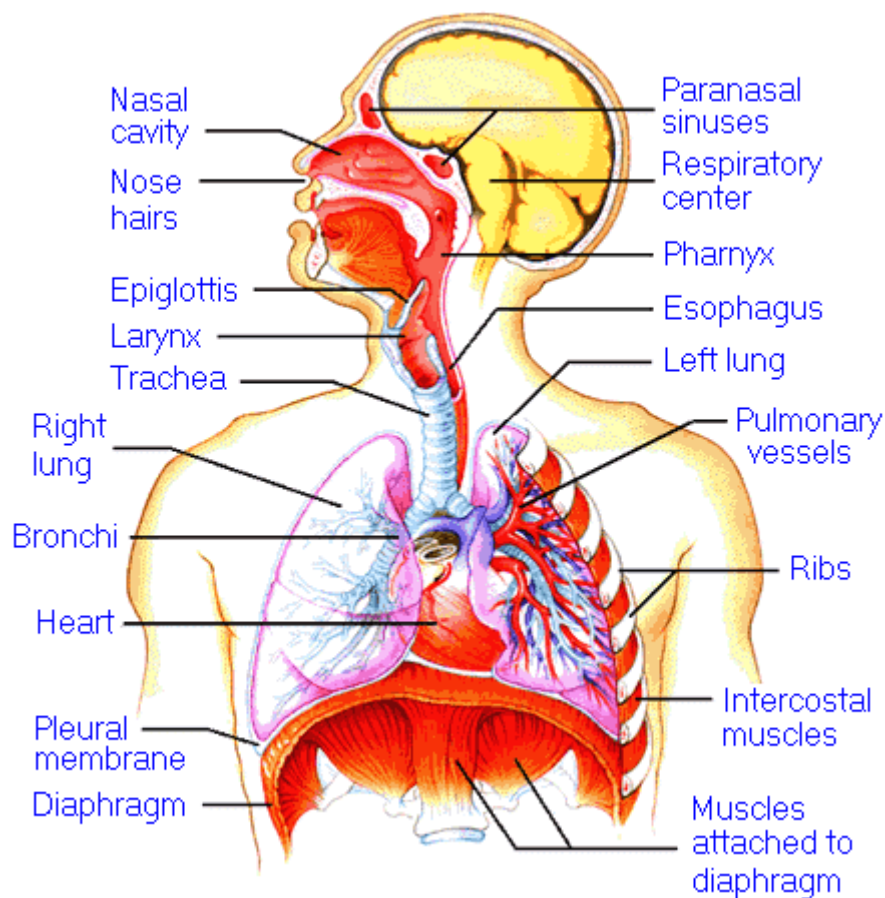
rose or death!

DOES ROSE LOVE, OR LIKE SHIT?

no, never, don't even think of it

HAS SHIT THE KIND OF TIGHT ASS ROSE LIKES?

shit really tried hard to suck well. shit wanted to swallow the whole 10" of rose's cock, why didn't they show a fucking cross-section<sup>43</sup> of a throat in tc?



WHY DIDN'T SHIT ASK?

shit didn't know shit didn't know.

<sup>43</sup> illustration by leslie laurien, ©the american medical association.

## ROSE X RIKKI

### SHIT FACTS I

- shit is a brainless pup (true)
- rose was only interested in shit to get sucked (true)

### ROSE FACTS I

- rose needs a pet like shit like a hole in his head.
- rose has prime pups queuing up to get laid, why should rose give a shit about shit while the fire brigade can't clear the stage door?

### THE TRUTH

shit hopes the truth is, or it could be close to the truth, that if rose wouldn't have enjoyed getting sucked by shit, rose wouldn't have let shit sleep next to him.

### ROSE FACTS II

shit stoned mind tried to talk reason to shit in shit stoned mind, what shit knows about rose from tcc™...

- dilapidated perspex™™ incubator
- trust mansion run by sadist closet lesbians
- renegade apex<sup>44</sup>

### SHOULD SHIT TELL SHIT...

- shit loves rose, stupid!
- shit wants rose to love shit, stupid!
- shit wants to be rose's pet, stupid!
- shit dreams of being kept in a locked pet box by rose, stupid!
- shit wants rose to hurt shit, stupid!
- shit wants rose to smear shit blood all over shit body while rose fucks shit, stupid!

### NO!

shit wouldn't understand, cause shit has no brain.

### CONCLUSION

- shit loves rose
- shit wants to belong to rose
- shit wants rose to do with shit what rose likes

...shit left the blue fish to sit in the sun on a park bench, smoking a cigarette as if it would be a joint, dreaming of...

---

<sup>44</sup> a syndicate manager with direct access to doors.



**VII**  
**AI NO KUSABI II**

MIDAS STREET

RIKKI is picking pockets. IASON sees him doing it.

IASON

cut it!

RIKKI

the police station's over there if you want to turn me in!

IASON

i'm not interested!

IASON turns to leave. RIKKI goes after him.

RIKKI

i'm not about to owe anything to anybody, let alone a fucking blonde!

HIGH-CLASS TANAGURA (WEST) LOVE HOTEL

IASON strips RIKKI and jerks him off.



# VIII

## DELUSION

shit put shitself into the story, waiting for rose to sit next to shit and say  
*iason rose, just a blondie!*

## ANGST

shit was afraid that the age to be a pet would pass and instead of being rose's pet shit would get groomed for fucktory life, saving ¥¥¥<sup>45</sup> for a decent funeral, the kind of life you would hardly miss if you wouldn't have lived it.

---

<sup>45</sup> 'credits', the sc currency.



## IX LIVE FROM THE FUCKTORY II

### SO CLOSE AND OH! SO FAR AWAY!

shit sits in the bath tub dreaming, listening to whatever fell into shit pockets in the music store, wanking, worrying about water entering shit balls if shit comes underwater. standing naked in the tub, shit wiped the damp mirror to stare at shit idiot pupface. another question baffling science:

*why is shit such an ugly stupid shit?*

shit tried to remember what shit should have learnt in tc...

### SCORING TECHNOLOGY

the received standard practice is

#### rule # 5

tell the animated object in no unclear terms what you want...

fuck!

#### rule # 6

tell the animated object that you know fully well what it wants...

get fucked!

#### rule # 7

tell the animated object that if it gives in to you, it'll get fucked as no animated object got fucked before since first snake snaked adam. don't mention specific experiences with specific other animated objects as further proof, rather don't mince words about how earth-shaking fucking is a tremendous experience to share for an animated object like it with a mongrel like you.



**rule # 8**

**tell the animated object that it is the right fuck for you (a fuckmutt which wants to get fucked, though there may be many, is the best fuckmutt for a mongrel who wants to fuck).**

**rule # 9**

**tell the animated object that you are the right fuck for it (a mongrel who wants to fuck, though there may be many, is the best mongrel for a fuckmutt who wants to get fucked).**

**ADVANCED SCORING TECHNOLOGY**

under most circumstances the received standard practice guarantees predictable results but for maximum impact the following formula should be used.

**formula # 2**

**transform yourself into your ideal pairing partner's ideal pairing partner**

to become a murderous sadist's pet, shit has to turn into a murderous sadist's ideal punching pet. which shit wanted, which shit did.



**X**  
**AI NO KUSABI III**

**CHAIN SEQUENCE**

RIKI is chained to an iron bed and masturbates for IASON's viewing pleasure.

IASON

how much longer are you going to be obstinate. i've told you it won't end unless you provide a stronger stimulus. i see, shall i call daryl again? spread your legs more, i can't see. it is common knowledge that a pets copulation is for public viewing. as a pet, pride and shame are not necessary.

IASON rapes him.

RIKI

ahhh...



# XI

## SHIT DREAM

shit fell a-dreaming, hands-on...

ON THE FLOOR OF ROSE'S ROOM

SHIT is chained and cuffed and gagged and blindfolded and ready for ROSE to fuck SHIT.

**WHAT'S GOING ON, SHIT?**

shit is talking to rose in shit brain, explaining, imagining shit to wear a pet collar...

**WHY ARE YOU SPITTING INTO YOUR HAND, SHIT?**

*ugh! agh! iason caressed my whole body... it gives me the shivers when i'm caressed lightly here... here, and here too... he says they're my good points... ugh! aggggh!*

**WHAT DOES SHIT KNOW ABOUT PETS?**

*the fate of a pet is more or less the same. pets should obediently lick their masters boots.*

WHAT DOES SHIT THINK THIS MEANS?

a beautiful blondie, sort of cinderella's prince...



...or snow white's in a skin tight white prince spandex™ suit would tell shit...

***you are mine!***

and shit would answer...

***do it to me!***

upon which the blondie would throw shit onto a four poster bed in the *ludwig* tower suite of royal romantic resorts™ neuschwanstein castle replica hotel, wildly kissing shit, split shit ass with his double galactic stud cock, making such hot love to shit that neither the blondie nor shit would ever want to stop.



XII  
THE ROSE LETTER

RE: LAST NIGHT

***πrose! π***

***plz xcuze that shit noz 0 bout  
sucking... coz shit dreamz only f u...  
coz it waz the 1<sup>st</sup> time -1. which waz  
with 1 pup. shit thinx only f u & hopez  
shit teeth didnt hurt u... coz shit only***

*listen 2 the roses. plz give shit 1  
chance! & stuff!*

*u'll not b sorry 2 own shit... shit'll  
do evry thing 4 u... shit tox 0 shit, plz  
giv shit 1 chance! shit'll perm...!*

*plz make shit ur pet, plz give shit 1  
chance! shit'll give shit life 4 u...!*

*shit noz that shit loox shit, plz give  
shit 1 chance! shit'll deliver the  
goodz...!*

*life haz 0 meaning 4 shit. plz give shit  
1 chance! 2 b ur pet z all shit livz 4!*

**πshit aka f\*rikki π**

shit wrote all this with a rose color felt tip pen on pup love™ letter paper and put it into an envelope on which  
shit wrote

**iason rose (confidential)**



### XIII SHIT CHOICE

#### THE STARS THAT PLAY WITH L.S.D.

💀 💀 💀 statutory warning 💀 💀 💀

the following chapter does not constitute a true and fair depiction of actual living conditions of sc entertainment professionals. the description is biased towards sensationalism and neglects the importance given lately by professional musicians to stopping tribals from oppressing other tribals, rainforests, whales, cosmetic surgery, and emergency liposuction.

shit is ready to pay the furniture with shit body to hand the letter to rose...

*i always thought... you'd... come back... rikki.*

*i'm serious about this*

*you really want to get hurt don't you? how old are you? ... bet you're still green.*

*don't mock me! people somehow some where have to support each other!*

#### IN ROSE'S ROOM (CONT'D)

the furniture instructs shit how to heel properly, cuts shit hair to make shit please rose, caressing shit shoulders and stuff, understanding, joking. \*\*\*s coming in going out make fun of shit. shit is crying, tears streaming down shit face, \*\*\*s laughing, touching too, caressing shit body, repeating the question. shit follows the furniture like on a leash...

*don't make a mistake, shit, don't make a mistake!*

whole body feeling forward to get fucked by rose

*don't make a mistake, shit, don't make a mistake!*

#### BACKSTAGE

the furniture tags a stage pass with an alligator clamp to shit t, intentionally and smilingly catching the soft virgin nipple below, pain nearly killing shit, smiling, accepting, welcoming the pain, every movement causes new pain. shit grins to show that shit is ok, and grinning the pain becomes ok. the pain makes shit real, connects shit to rose, cause shit is suffering for rose, the pain is rose's love for shit.

the furniture cares for shit, hands shit stout. ace performance, shit and the furniture dance behind the wall of speakers, the stage is enormous in the light system light, rose goes berserk on stage, every time he passes shit running off or on stage he punches shit stomach real hard...

*shit!*

...the pain lasts half the number, shit looks forward to be singled out again, ready to die for rose while monumental sheets of rose's voice sliver across solid waves of bass and riffs and organ stairs of keyboards. the sound becomes shit, if shit makes it as rose's pet shit would be real!

shit can see nothing beyond the stage, the glare cuts off the raging hysteria. to be here and not there, shit doesn't want to wake up!

following the furniture in a state of thoughtless present tense staggering towards rose who knocks shit out, kicks shit body, ass, back, thighs, aiming pointed boots at muscles to cause more pain, kicking shit neck, stomach, arms, painfully, making shit heel and lick his boot, stomps shit face. though happy as shit, shit can't get up without help by the furniture. finally the furniture shoves shit into rose's room

saying

***...you'd better remember the name katze!***

### IN ROSE'S ROOM (CONT'D)

shit feels like it fell into a garbage shredder. shit heels again, rose caresses shit shaved head

***you waited for me? don't tell me you're scared, take your clothes off and stand against the wall!***

shit smiles, kind of, split lips painful and bleeding, pain like broken ribs, no strength left, getting up and out of trousers feels worse than getting kicked felt, to bend over to open boot strings kills shit

## # 3

once shit is naked rose punches shit face and body, until shit is floored again. rose kicks shit balls, ass, kidneys, balls. rose slaps shit until shit face is only pain and blood and tears, then fucks shit mouth like shit is an inanimate object, like to fuck shit for good.

***if you've got time to worry about that, you'd better improve your skills.***

shit wants to die for rose but in between, suddenly no air, knowing that blondies don't care, shit tries to pull back.

***how much longer are you going to be obstinate?***

rose slaps shit so hard that shit obeys automatically. rose throws shit on the bed...

## # 4

...fucks shit on the back knees pushed up, slapping shit face, knuckling shit head, strangling shit. the pain means to belong to rose. shit feels like in an endless accident, shit wants to lick rose hands, to kiss rose. finally rose comes, strangling shit, kissing shit

***riki!***

and falls asleep. rose's arm around shit. shit feels like shitting, but shit doesn't dare to move, not to disturb rose's sleep.

**see shit! see shit!**

**see shit holding kissing rose!**

**see shit! see shit!**

to be close to rose is all shit ever wanted, now shit will rather get torn to shreds than give it up again. shit didn't dare think what it wanted to think, what shit brain said, what felt like go smash your brain out before it ends...

***i'm iason's pet.***

all night shit heart went...



...shit brain ran amuck...

**shit on probe!**

**shit on probe!**

...shit had to get through no matter how much it hurt! and with rose, the greatest of them all! years shit had dreamed at night of a blondie like rose, or in fact rose, to belong to, not possible to talk about it with anybody, how could shit think about it!

## ALL NIGHT

has shit made it cause shit had learned all about rose, pets and furnitures, and sync from tcc™?<sup>46</sup> cause shit knows ank by heart, every single word shiozawa kaneto and seki toshihiko<sup>47</sup> say

**iason rose. just a redhead.**

if only rose would kill shit! to die before shit gets kicked out!

## ALL MORNING

naked next to naked rose, until rose woke up and said

***who is it!***

shit heeled immediately as shit had been told to by the furniture

***i see, it's you. shit, wasn't it?***

shit gently chewed rose's balls

***alright... it's not necessary for you to move.***

shit licked rose's half-hard cock

***let's see what you can really do.***

shit began to suck rose's cock

***yes, that's better.***

shit tried to deep-throat., who cares whether shit was about to vomit!

***riki...***

rose hit shit head nose lips stomach kidneys balls with knuckles and fists, squeezed shit balls until shit was ready to die for rose, tears of pain

**kill shit oh kill shit kill shit now!**

a \*\*\* came into the room

***this is private. is that understood, shit?***

***what do you want me to do?***

rose got up and left with the \*\*\*.

---

<sup>46</sup> shit watched every single *master x pet* program on tcc™. in tc the sex course was the only class shit showed interest. though most was intended for future breeders, how to avoid wasting your time with spontaneous pregnancies vs. the honor of birthing android in-vitro embryos, sons and daughters of doors stuff, legion of sc flags in the background, there was also pet stuff: how to please a blondie (no cross-section though), the importance of a healthy mind (talking sync, smiling, keeping quiet, serving well, the glory of sacrifice) in a healthy body (arms and shoulders, stomach, butt, legs, cock, balls, make your body a fucking temple to receive your master's cock and cum!). today among mongrels pets are considered the lowest of the low, but fuck you! shit would become a blondie's pet, whatever that meant and lead to, rose's pet, to see just once that a blondie, rose, cared for it, was all shit needed. mongrel life isn't much to be proud of anyway. fucking breeders aborting their own to breed oppressors! don't they get injected off like every fucking body else when they reach the age limit? ah! but the legion of sc flag will be spread over their coffins, the daughters of doors will intone 'we lead you to the doors of freedom' for them! fuck'em all!

<sup>47</sup> the actors who lend their voices to iason mink x rikki in the ai no kusabi anime.

if only shit pleased rose!

prayer # 1

please don't pull the plug!

shit wasn't sure what was expected of it. it cleaned up the mess in the room, shit didn't know whether it was allowed to dress or not, but room service was about to knock the door in, and considering shit barely double figure age shit thought advisable to dress and show a business face.

### ROOM SERVICE

was a charming fuckmutt, lips which spelled blowjob, and a smile that put shit at ease. shit helped room service, and suddenly in the bath cell the door closed and shit was pushed against it and kissed, kissed more places than it had known possible to kiss, room service was a pro, and t-shirt pushed up and pants pulled down, like never before in shit life, like in a wonderful sex dream.

### DOESN'T SHIT KNOW THAT PETS ARE SUPPOSED TO *GIVE* BLOWJOBS?

yes, shit knew, theoretically, but behind shit the door was closed, in front of shit room service was kneeling, and shit cock was between room service sharp fox fangs, there was no other exit.

### # 5

also shit wanted to learn, and room service had a lot to teach. increasing tension weakened shit body and a sublime pain until shit came and swooned onto room service. room service deposited shit onto the bed and vanished after finishing the job with delicious french kisses tasting of fresh cum.

### WHAT IS WRONG WITH SHIT BRAIN?

shit was in tc. the teacher hated shit and stared at shit. was it shit fault that teach didn't have the guts to fuck shit? shit felt like sliding off the chair, closing eyes. in front of shit sat a lookalike blondie youngster who never got his act together. broad shoulders, strong neck, sexy slim hips, crotch stuffed like a real blondie and about as fuckable. why did shit always happen to get sent places where the fuckmutts look ugly and the beauties don't fuck?

the phone rang

*hi.*

it was rose

*rikki?*

*ah, iason!*

*are you alright?*

*do it... to me!*

*alright, don't say any more!*

shit undressed, kneeled, ready to heel but rose didn't show up for hours, shit lay down on the floor, sideways, knees pulled up, arranged shit cock comfortably between shit thighs, shit felt cold, to suffer for rose felt good, to please rose. finally shit fell asleep...

A HUGE EMPTY GRAND HOTEL IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SHIT is in a bar with a dance floor, on the top floor of the hotel, open to the atrium lobby of the hotel. SHIT is the only guest.

from behind the bar BAR GIRL is watching SHIT.

SHIT  
a glass of water please!

BAR GIRL  
the coffee is better!

SHIT feels BAR GIRL wants to warn SHIT that SHIT should not waste so much money for a glass of water.

SHIT  
how much is it?

BAR GIRL  
three kroner!

probably a lot for BAR GIRL.

SHIT  
water please!

BAR GIRL fills a glass with a water-like liquid.

SHIT drinks. the liquid smells and tastes nearly like water, but it can't be water, SHIT thinks it must be a kind of vodka. SHIT begins to feel quite elated.

BAR GIRL  
would you like to hear a record?

BAR GIRL lets SHIT chose from the three records BAR GIRL has.

SHIT selects a motown greatest hits. SHIT begins to dance.

BOY AGENT with rain coat and hat approaches SHIT.

when BOY AGENT gets close SHIT sees that BOY AGENT is wearing a black leather mask

SHIT  
it looks sexy!

BOY AGENT lifts his mask.

SHIT sees a young face with fair skin, light blue eyes, blond hair. SHIT goes on dancing.

more SECRET SERVICE BOYS join SHIT and BOY AGENT. all dance.

BOY AGENT jumps on the railing towards the courtyard, then walks on a ledge on the outside of the railing

SHIT

(afraid for BOY AGENT)  
if you don't come inside, i will leave!

SHIT leaves

SHIT HOTEL ROOM

BOY AGENT follows SHIT into SHIT room.

BOY AGENT

would you help somebody if he would try to escape?

SHIT doesn't know whether the question is secret service probing or concerns BOY AGENT himself. SHIT pulls BOY AGENT to himself and kisses BOY AGENT aggressively while shit hands are opening boy agent's shirt and taking possession of boy agent's tough, slim body.

#### ALCHERINGA<sup>48</sup>

awaking shit feels the lips and the taut body of the young agent kissing and embracing shit. shit knows that to love him shit has to be ready to kill, to get killed for boy agent, or by him. shit is ready, but boy agent has gone leaving behind nothing but the touch of his youthfully trembling washboard abs on shit fingers.

#### WAKING UP

...rose's boot hit shit kidneys, ass, shoulders, neck, head, shit kneeled and heeled but rose didn't stop kicking it, turned shit with a boot onto shit back and stomped shit face, tears, blood and snot all over the face.

*look at this! do you want it?*

it was a pet collar<sup>49</sup>! shit licked rose's boots but rose didn't put the collar on, just opened it and rested it on shit neck, pressed the remote. total wipe out. rose pressed it again, but the collar fell off, hitting only half, still the pain was like nothing shit had ever felt before.

#### WHAT WAS IT LIKE?

shit wasn't able to breath for a minute, the pain was like the sting of a giant black widow poison spider.

#### PAIN (CONT'D)

shit heeled and licked rose's boots fighting against that this was mad, that rose was mad, to give up, if at least rose would tie shit up! to kneel and expect the pain, free to run away, was the worst.

rose pulled the trigger until shit would have been gladly thrown in front of a tart<sup>TM50</sup> train, shit couldn't imagine worse pain.

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<sup>48</sup> amoi 'dream-time'.

<sup>49</sup> pets wear remote controlled number locked steel collars equipped with an electronic training device similar to a dog trainer, but with the strength of the best stun guns. pets wear also pet rings...

<sup>50</sup> [greater] tanagura area rapid transport.

ROSE X RIKKI

DID SHIT TRY?

no.

IS THERE?

yes, pet rings kick the coiled kundalini<sup>51</sup> like nothing else... (see below).

# # 6

rose pulled shit onto the bed and kissed shit and fucked shit. shit didn't feel anything, couldn't stop the tears. shit didn't know whether the pain was ebbing or not, if this was what being a pet meant, shit had to eat it.

when rose came he strangled shit until shit passed out. rose fell next to shit, kissed shit and pulled shit into his arms

*shit, you're good!*

shit felt born again! like breaking through to the other side! what does pain mean? seconds later the worst is over. shit kissed and licked rose's nipples, crying happy, the pain rolling through shit body, shit fell asleep and dreamed of the lord of roses, rose with a wild mane of roses in a dark night of roses, no shit!

## A SONG OF SHIT ON PROBE

**queue up for your ticket, stupid!**

**see shit walk from the tour bus to the stage entrance, stupid! see shit, see shit!**

**watch the furnitures keeping the screaming pups back, stupid!**

**see rose's grin when shit shows you the finger! fuck you, stupid! fuck you no end!**

**where are you, stupid, when shit licks rose's boots on stage, stupid?**

**see rose caressing shit shaved head with the other boot, see shit, see shit!**

**fuck you, stupid! fuck you no end!**

**fuck you, stupid! fuck you no end!**

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<sup>51</sup> the snake coiled up at the base of a pet prick and shooting up the spine at the time of perfect sexual union with the master, blasting pet brain with a final full white light wide angle wipe out.



## XIV ROSE'S CHOICE

### TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

rose handed shit a tour bus pass

*it is common knowledge that a pets copulation is for public viewing.*

(fucktory will not remark anything until afterwards.)

### TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS (CONT'D)

shit dreamed that rose would get a special black case made for shit, to transport shit, locked cage style, to be let out only to satisfy rose. a tightly upholstered and lightproof coffin-like case to spend shit time in absolute darkness, to be a thing for rose. (rose knows nothing about this, has no intention to spend ¥¥¥<sup>52</sup> for shit.)

### SHIT PET

one week shit was on probe. finally rose opened the doors<sup>53</sup> and katze and the rest of the roses shouted...

*appare rose!*<sup>54</sup>

...as pet collar<sup>55</sup> and pet ring<sup>56</sup> clicked closed

*you are mine.*

*do it... to me.*

if only rose would have killed pet! but rose just pressed the remote couple of times to remind pet that

*pets should obediently lick their masters' boots.*

### PAIN

nobody should talk about it who hasn't felt it, shit means pet collar pet ring pain. about getting used to the pain, there is no getting used to this pain. could as well tell a waste mongrel led aside to get shot...

#### second time nobody gives a shit!

this pain was invented to freeze gun-in-hand hardened criminals for several minutes. 250 lbs. of aggressive bovine mass, not a shit like pet. pet tried hard to learn not to drop onto the street and wallow in dog shit every time rose triggered the collar, but the pain is such, difficult enough not to piss all over shitself, pet could only throw shitself on the floor in front of rose and wash rose's boots with pet tears and snot, clinging to rose's boots with both hands, every thought stopped by the pain. rose liked to see pet flopping around on the floor like a pest who touched the live wire fence of an aso<sup>57</sup> club, for rose the pet control remote was a fucking arcade game.

<sup>52</sup> katze's ¥¥¥ advice: you have a divine right to choose whom you will play with and under what circumstances. by eliminating any energy drag, the positive things in your life will resonate faster and faster. no need for rose to waste ¥¥¥ for shit.

<sup>53</sup> to make pet a pet-till-death ('kit fat' in amoi).

<sup>54</sup> amoi 'bravo rose!'

<sup>55</sup> with the pet registration number (or proof of ownership).

<sup>56</sup> same device as the pet collar but fixed around the pet cock base, frying the pet balls if the owner touches the remote.

<sup>57</sup> amoi abbreviation for 'android service only'.

## MORE PAIN

the pet ring is a different story altogether, same pain, different place, better don't try! for the next about 36 hours your pet will be about as useful as a wild dog run over by a street train, can't get up without \*\*\*'s helping left and right, legs folding in, complete loss of control over body functions (shit, piss, vomit), if you like to fuck a corpse, push that button! genpub<sup>58</sup> will call 800-scavenge, check that \*\*\*'s are at hand to drag your pet into a limo!

## FUCKING PAIN

the idea is to push the button while fucking the pet, but even on low it hits through half the time and fries the owner and makes the pet laugh, kind of, considered that the pet gets fried first. forget about getting sucked any better than by a sex doll with low batteries, it's a virtual wipe out.

## PET LIFE

no blondie keeps secrets from his pet, is the pet going to sync about it? just for the kicks of having pet balls fried?

pet was closer to rose than anybody else in this universe. only pets know what pet life is like, no words will render the peaks of orgasms and the trenches of pain, suicide circle stuff!

fucktory were surprised by pet holding a job for more than a week, great savings on shrinks. relieved that pet had found it's bearings (which were towards a humane overdose ending the pain). the answer to all questions was

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

the following answer is NOT the answer to all questions!

*what sense can anything possibly have in a world without hope? suicide's a valid option too!*

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

suicide is no valid option!<sup>59</sup>

in fact rose did it for pet. travel made fucktory fade, pets are not connected, no remembrances of fucking past.

## MAYBE

pet would live to tell of the charmed, limoed, suited, drugged life among hard core entertainment industry types.

## MAYBE NOT

## hither

was rose remote in hand, frying pet balls, kicking pet for passing out.

## thither

was the well heeled fridge, va fucktory comfort, the *roses'* poster pasted pet cell, male, female, sibling, loving what pet was not.

cub camp had been different, wasn't rose supposed to tie pet with a piece of rope, rip off pet t-shirt, pull down pet jeans, shove pet knees up and fuck pet painfully hard, then kiss the lovely crying pup?

<sup>58</sup> the general public in sync.

<sup>59</sup> life may be bad enough, but death has a way of springing nasty surprises at you, worse than a rent mongrel pager.

## WHY DIDN'T ROSE TAKE PET TO A BEACH TO FUCK IN THE MOONLIT SURF?

rose hated the sun, hated beaches, hated sports, hated trainers and sneakers, swimming pools, fitness, health food. health made rose sick (at least it did while rose felt good).

## DID ROSE CONSUME DRUGS?

rose considered food a drug supplement.

## MEANWHILE AT THE FUCKTORY...

*shit is going through a difficult phase with suicidal tendencies*

...rose had a \*\*\* call the fucktory that pet would be on tour (pet got employed as a personal stage assistant, a fucking towel rack).

## DID ROSE INCITE PET TO CONSUME DRUGS?

no, rose fed his pet what he consumed himself, which was only the best stuff. for every problem rose knew the right pill. pet had learnt that to consume large quantities of drugs and subsequently loll round stoned in hotel lobbies and nightclub toilets was the hall mark of the elite (as in fact it is). also pet hoped that large quantities of drugs would help it to withstand more pain.

## WHAT EFFECTS DID THESE DRUGS PRODUCE ON PET?

relaxation of the asshole, general numbness, apathy, acceptance of high levels of abuse and pain, lack of focus, nodding during sex. rose liked cocktails of drugs which caused pet to pass out.

long-term drug use and sexual gratification beyond personal demand level changed pet. pet felt cool to be a barely two figures age fucked and stoned pet.

## SOCIAL SHIT

*the roses*, their pets and furnitures were like a big family which enjoyed to see rose frying pet balls, there was teasing, body contact, groping and heavy petting, half-serious rape dissolving in post-orgasmic laughter. after years of hell in fucktory where abstract expectations could not be satisfied, suddenly pet could not fail. for rose every mistake pet made was a welcome occasion to punish pet. the beating, whipping, kicking pain came over pet like a slowly breaking giant wave of pain wiping out pet while it got fucked until pet bled and strangled until it passed out and knuckled until it cried and knifed until the whole bed sheets looked like a slaughterhouse floor and kissed until pet hoped for the sudden final snuffing pain and ecstasy.<sup>60</sup>

## THE ALGEBRA OF NEED

rose did most of the talking with his boots, for rose the whole point of having a pet was to have a thing to fuck and torture. pet was a torture toy, if pet didn't suffer, rose didn't get hard. rose liked to see pet flap around on the floor like a chicken not yet used to have lost its head. but pet never felt bored, to lie next to rose, to suck rose's cock, lick his boots was enough for pet.

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<sup>60</sup> pet would have willingly died as it should, for rose's pleasure, but some of the snuff flicks rose made pet watch where android lookalike mongrels were made to fuck and snuff urchins, upset pet.



rose's fucking needs

t.i.d.<sup>61</sup>

pet fucking needs

q.20m.<sup>62</sup>

### DID ROSE LOVE PET?

due to the intense pressure of tour life and extensive drug use rose too passed out quite often, or quasi passed out with his head in pet lap. cause rose couldn't care less about master x pet shit, android x mongrel shit, separate but equal shit.

### HOW DID PET PERCEIVE *THE ROSES'* TOUR GROUP?

pet felt it belonged full stop. in the tour bus katze<sup>63</sup> pushed pet onto a seat, grab pet cock and said

*you don't mind that?*

*don't know, but i suppose it's also on sale.*

while a backseat joker would recite

a help yourself with shit  
though it may become a habit  
is the nicest kind of habit  
for a katze

katze did with pet what it liked, pets have no choice, and it felt good, rose didn't mind, furnitures don't count.

### WHO IS KATZE?

properly speaking katze was rose's furniture but katze held a kind of power over rose due to having been rose's first pet. katze came on like it just got caught wanking by a teach...

<sup>61</sup> (needs a fix) 'three times a day', amoi quacks' abbreviation on amoi quacks' prescriptions.

<sup>62</sup> (needs a fix) 'every twenty minutes', amoi quacks' abbreviation on amoi quacks' prescriptions.

<sup>63</sup> pronounced ['kɔtsɛ].

id	n.a.
name	alex mellon mars
aka	katze
birthday / sign	2 <sup>nd</sup> september / virgin
pass valid for	5 years / extension possible
race / skin color	android / fair
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	long dark blond
eye color	blue
height	182 cm / 5'11"
weight	89 kgs / 196 lbs.
iq	> 300
penis	furniture
blood type	0
jeans	32"x36"
body	strong
education	t hill high, t hill music
seme x uke	furniture

...katze knew all about the sound system, at sound check katze was in command, bossing the engineers. they may have known...

### KATZE THE FURNITURE

but offend katze and you offend rose. say...

*furniture*

...and rose's brows begin to crease, say...

*furniture*

...with a *say no more!* smile, and rose's gets a killer mood. complain about katze and rose stares at you like...

*aliens have eaten my pizza?*

...*them* complain about katze?

### KATZE THE FURNITURE (CONT'D)

for katze *the lord of the roses* is real. katze's got style, shy, polite, and not shy at all, if necessary. if necessary, master of the deadly put down and of sync, all pet learnt it learnt from katze (and room service). katze liked pet and liked to joke with pet, and looked after pet if rose was not present, telling pet...

### THE LIFE OF ROSE

- rose's growing up without love in a trust mansion (love is not as a rule, an android thing)
- running against a wall of white android social prejudice
- sent to trust mansion cause they needed his voice in the academy choir

**it is for your own good!**

*rose is the finest blondie i ever met, just obey, he likes you!*

katze had enough lsd to cure both houses. feeding pet the first trip, rose said

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

acid is poison!<sup>64</sup>

pet was hanging round naked in bed with rose, pet wasn't afraid, just kind of apprehensive, what if the acid was real? *band of gypsies* was running and like on good shit, pet saw the colors of sound. pet felt great, but the stuff didn't stop there, increasingly increasing figuring figures race racing space spacing towards, pet thought

### WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

and turned onto the stomach, catching the raft of rose's bed, not to fall off the edge of the place, not to slide into outer space. around pet the universe opened up and pet fell through the space between molecules, between atoms, between smaller and smaller particles, aiming at them but they too opened up and revealed themselves to be whole universes, the biggest fall of all.

when pet came to, katze was there, beating lightly a mandrum<sup>65</sup> made of genuine mongrel skin<sup>66</sup> with a genuine mongrel shin bone<sup>67</sup>, a gift from an android roses' fan. it was late afternoon, the door to the porch was open. soft light and the gentle early evening sounds of birds, leaves outside, holy indians knowing. pet found the flute, played what the fingers chose, in time with katze. to love rose, to be rose's pet, seemed right. rose was a beautiful young android living a life of serene rightness, pure beauty. to love rose was eternal love. pet thought...

*/love!*

...love was rose and rose was roses and the whole world was covered with roses, the walls of the room, whatever pet looked at, katze's body too, pet skin too, was covered with roses, the air was full of tiny red rose buds, and pet knew that in each rose there was...

<sup>64</sup> (not to be removed before consumer expired)

*caution!* use only with low value mongrels in a controlled environment. random reactions may damage valuable properties.

*warning!* improper use of mind altering drugs and other psychotropic substances has been associated with psychotic problems, damage to mongrels and mongrel suicide. for information about reducing your risk, see the *drugging in comfort* instructions provided by your personal pusher. remember: if you find it difficult to cross the road, you should see a doctor.

<sup>65</sup> though katze was a renegade android, and without the protection of his name, as an android furniture would have been on doors' death squad list, it was beyond katze's imagination that using a mongrel skin drum could be offensive to pet. mongrel stick hunting and the indiscriminate mass killing of hungry amoi mongrels meant as little to katze as the crucifixion of thousands of slaves meant to early roman christians.

<sup>66</sup> a grinning brown speedy gonzalez face on the label proves it.

<sup>67</sup> another grinning brown speedy gonzalez face on another label proves it.



**XV**  
**THE LORD OF THE ROSES**

**THE TOUR POSTER**

it was the pattern of the universe. if you understood, nothing could happen. katze put the *stones* on for pet, to try how they sound on acid, which mixed with the sounds coming in from the porch, car sounds, crate unloading, truck doors smashing.

pet forced shitself to listen to the stones, the song was perfect, though it was that hateful *hanky tonk* track, the

floor was taking off with pet, bucking, difficult to crawl up to katze, to gulp stout, pet bit into an offered burger but forgot, seeing the structure of the molecules of the muffin, there was too much to watch, chewing too much of hard work.

#### IN A GADDA DA VIDA

in the garden each leave was magical, if katze wouldn't have dragged pet along, pet would have forgotten all, watching the sun go down. sitting next to katze on a bench pet saw a universe inside every cell of the body, the reflection of the sinking sun in each atom of each of them. perfect beauty, perfect love, difficult to keep upright, pet began to slide down onto the bench, towards katze, for katze to hold.

pet told katze, slowly forming words, looking for their meaning in far away corners of the brain, forgotten and funny meanings, laughable, that one word has a different meaning from another, and like by chance this, not that, it was funny, to chew the words between the swollen lips, as if vowels and consonants had become jaw exercises. pet entrusted the body to katze, katze loved pet, katze holding it in the dusk, katze told pet...

*don't underestimate iason.*

...katze kissed pet, and it felt right that katze should suck pet in the garden, nothing could happen, katze was rose's furniture, ready

#### TO DIE FOR ROSE

rose hit pet, pet heard the sound of rose's fist on head and body, felt the kicking of hard bull skin into soft pet skin, what is pain? a message from the body to the brain, telling what body thinks brain should know, pointed boot hitting lower belly.

# 7

rose fucked pet, rose's cock in pet ass was a round blue pain developing into a yellow pointed tension, the pissing spurts of rose's cum, pet cum smelling clean like squashed greenish flowers, pet fell asleep with rose's cock still inside pet ass.

sleeping pet was gliding through the lighted night of the universe, it was alright, rose's beautiful pet sailing through time, loving and belonging. iason x rikki, iason x rikki, iason x rikki!

#### SYNC<sup>68</sup>

drugs take all effort out of talking sync. pet talked sync, what outsiders didn't understand kept them from asking. makes the midas folk shy to bother those who live in tanagura's glittering palaces, marketing and production stumbled over pet naked body in rose's suite as if pet were a large dog, acting not impressed first, then getting used to pet, considered pet part of the package.

#### PRAYING

the prayer pet prayed was first and foremost...

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<sup>68</sup> sync is the language of iason x rikki love, of master x pet, of ank blondie pride, pet devotion, furniture fraternity.

**prayer # 2**

**iason x rikki  
iason x rikki  
iason x rikki**

**rose x shit  
rose x shit  
rose x shit**

**master x pet  
master x pet  
master x pet**

...to love like iason x rikki was the ultimate pet ambition.  
cause of the acid pet thought about mother mary, cause it kind of felt nice to pray inside and feel good about how she is going to take care of pet. course pet knew nobody's going to take care of pet, least of all mother mary, least of all rose. still it was nice to pray

**prayer # 3**

**hail mother mary  
mother of god  
blessed among women  
and blessed be the fruit of your womb  
jesus!**

**hail mother mary  
mother of good  
pray for us sinners  
now and in the hour of our death**

**amen**

it felt good and it is difficult to stop praying once you start. pet spent several light-years staring at a postcard a mad pup had sent rose, with a picture of miraculous mother mary. pet doesn't care to tell anybody, everybody gonna laugh cause pet is dumb.

still pet understood mothers have mothers have mothers, and it's like they all glide out of each other's wombs from the first beginning until right here and now!

👤👤👤 sorry! 👤👤👤

**pet is dumb! please bear in mind that being dumb is worse for the person  
so handicapped than the consumer interrupted in massaging his nether  
lands.**

## ON STAGE

a pet is a pet and gets treated like a pet, which didn't include too much petting and pampering in rose's case. for rose a pet was a punching pup, to relieve the tension before, between and after the sets. rose punched pet, and when pet dropped on the floor, rose kicked pet.

## IN BED

rose hated if pet wasn't crying and trying to protect face, kidneys and balls and punished pet for trying to protect face, kidneys and balls, cause a pet has to offer shitself to the master's kicks. rose had to see deadly fear in pet eyes to come. pet didn't care, pet knew, rose would strangle it until it went out, and only when rose felt that pet was gone, rose came into the unconscious pet, but who cared about pet? not even pet cared for pet, let rose put the remote on repeat, let him fuck his pet for good!

## MASO

so you think pet is a maso, stupid! so you think, pet needs it to come, stupid! take the fucking hairdryer into the shower, stupid! see who'll come! death will come, you fucking shithead!

## YOU THINK YOU'RE LIVING IN HEAVEN...

pet got the job cause rose needed a punch body to get the adrenaline out of his system. daily horror became daily life, pills made pet feel less. pet was proud to be the pet who could take the shit rose dished out. pet had a job, male and female were in heaven.

## SADO

rose needed a pet like pet like shit, the only reason rose let pet stay was to punch, and kick, and electrocute pet, you name it and worse, until pet passed out, and then to fuck the lifeless body.

## BUT YOU'RE LIVING IN HELL

life with rose was hell, was heaven, was hell, was running from limo to planes between \*\*\*s, was first class and vip, and vomiting and washing blood from the face and shitting cum in hotel bath cells, plane bath cells, club bath cells, wiping the hurting ass with fucking courtesy towelettes got from planes and limos, which sting like hell where you hurt.

## ROOM SERVICE (CONT'D)

what better fun than to see room service's face when pet opens the door naked to let in 800-amoi-fuck and when pet hands room service a tip, that last glance when the door closes, pet inside, room service outside (room service in his mind sucking pet once more while the lift numbers down towards the lobby, and pet mixing the memory of room service sucking with the slipping down of tight jeans over the firm fuckmutt ass, the half-shame half-pride of a *male pro magazine*™ centerfold rent mongrel.

## TRICKS AND TRADE MAKE TCC™ FADE

pet relaxes and watches from the sofa, grinning, enjoying the throat gagging action, far too stoned to care. like a joke far away beyond a see of carpet and clothes on the floor and dropped shopping bags and a half-dismantled yamaha™ keyboard and marshalls™ and stuff, rose turns a fuckmutt which undressed revealing not without self-satisfaction class "a" equivalent ass and cock into a crying bleeding urchin slivering over the rough hotel room carpet trying to avoid

rose's kicks.

pet watches the action like a faraway joke, like the pain and fear is not real, like the fuckmutt is onscreen where you see the same monster cocked mongrel getting snuffed episode after episode. only that rose wrestling the fuckmutt down, beating and slapping it and rapping the bleeding fuckmutt head with his knuckles and strangling it, is real.

pet can see that panic gets the better of the pup and it freaks out, what with all usual pills, and shit, and stout, and tries to get up and split. like pet 800-amoi-fuck must have been dreaming of rose from before the first droplet of cum spurtled out of it, that a blondie, rose!, would put a pet collar on it, fuck it hard, and kiss it like nobody ever kissed it before, case anybody ever kissed it before long after the first painful dry fuck. pet remembers the hardon thoughts it had wanking in slow motion in indoc, the overwhelming boredom in the candle-lit halfdark changing the tamperer's voice, the organ music, the senseless backward stumbling sounds of the choir into the one hardon feeling, the one slowly growing hardon pain of afraid to come and stains showing and unable to resist the wish to come and the wish to lay down on an indoc bench and wank and come for good, but there was always an idiot, or two idiots or three idiots who thought pet wanking in indoc was the one most funny thing ever happening to them, which probably was the truth though they didn't realize it at the time... and pet would stop and with closed eyes dream of rose in a dim hotel room fucking pet, but it would also be like it was now, that pet watching rose fucking another fuckmutt. there would be the words fucking and stout and shit and all the names of the drugs talked about in tc which not to know felt like not getting fucked, not living.

like the fuckmutt pet never thought that it'll be on the floor, crying, and rose'll go on kicking, aiming at where it hurts most, cause to come rose needs to rape a fighting back, desperately struggling pup, strangling it until it passes out, then fuck the unconscious body.

pet knew what it saw was real, but it had lived through this kind of near-deadly action so many times, that now, and after filling up on stout on ice, feeling how in the warmth of the stomach the stuff unfolded like pure ether, though pet tried to understand what was going on, the sound of...

## HOOCHIE KOOCHIE MAN

...pulled pet away into the changing colors, the flaming darkness of different and new sounds, standing still and racing away, dancing through rainbows, cathedrals and organs and castles of sound changing into deserts and seas and endless plains... was pet falling asleep? pet must have been nodding for sure.

## MONEY

rose was slapping the pup back to life. then there were the post-fuck shitting sounds from below the bath cell door.

## TAX FREE

when the now no more in mint condition fuckmutt tried to find, and pick up and pull on the jeans from the stuff on the floor rose looked at pet and said words which didn't reach pet ears but probably invited to have a go at the fuckmutt but all pet wanted was to smoke a last fat joint with rose and then pass out spooned to rose's back dreaming of never waking up.

## GOODBYE

finally the sore headed, sore bodied, sore assed ~~¥¥¥~~ in hand...

### katze's ~~¥¥¥~~ advice

**learning to charge properly is a vital key to abundance. affirm that you will never devalue yourself by charging less than what you feel you are worth.**

...good bye

*are you really iason rose? i can't believe it, iason rose!*



snarling at pet  
*what are you grinning?*  
 shaking a hurting head at pet, knowing what 800-amoi-fuck had always known...

☹ ☹ ☹ the truth ☹ ☹ ☹

**rose is a swine!**

*...the roses are a bunch of fucking pervert drug-addicted bastards.*

## ON TOUR

touring means traveling without seeing anything, to give the full feeling that the world is a black tunnel with an invisible h cooking candle strength light far away around the corner, all rooms, cars, planes, stages, room service, tricks and trade look the same, until you fall apart and are no more able to scan the pages of figures management hopes you won't look at, and the contracts, and summaries of contracts, all made up to hide the fact that you're the cattle on their farm.

most of the rooms have this fucking rough carpet which bruises pet skin when pet gets kicked or dragged around on it, and thinly upholstered headboards pet head gets banged against when rose fucks pet, and the occasional junior suites have jacuzzis which provide the drowning fun a tired rose needs to get hard.

## LIFE IS A DREAM (SORT OF)

sex, drugs, ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**the greatest revenge is doing well.**

...management (first saturn, later jupiter<sup>69</sup>) would come into the room early afternoon, to tell rose the program, and not even stare anymore at naked pet.

*it is my pet, it's a class "a" pet!*

*hi, what's you're name?*

*shit, just a mongrel!*

pet would smile and turn the collar round to have the number z-107m in front.

## THE FASHION IS CHANGING AND WE'RE CHANGING WITH IT

the endless dark drugged tunnel of touring gave way to the equally dark world of recording studios and night clubs where rose enjoyed to be rose, number one dragnet of the world. cruising to make your head spin, pet and katze danced with...

*are you iason rose?*

*he is iason rose!*

*iason!*

*iason!*

...he-pups and she-pups, until daylight. if iason's door was closed pet dropped into katze bed syncing to hide the pain...

***rikki did you find what you were looking for?***

<sup>69</sup> jupiter, inc., the second, and worse fucking management company of *the roses*; it contributed (ripped off everybody) enormously to the final downfall of the group. basically the same gang of crook accountants and dope dealers as saturn, inc..

*give me a break, i'm not a toy  
 leaving your partner alone?  
 it's nothing like that  
 louder  
 it's nothing like that  
 let's see that body you boast of!  
 open your eyes wide and look — i'm iason's pet  
 is that your answer?*

and, knowing the furnitures' comforting secret, pet would caress pet body to tease katze  
*it gives me the shivers when i'm caressed lightly here, here and here too. he says they're my good  
 points... iason caressed my whole body. why... are you only looking... aren't you going to take your  
 clothes off?*  
*no idiot in tanagura would take of their clothes to discipline a pet. pets should obediently lick their  
 masters' boots!*  
*didn't think a furniture could do so much... what's wrong? finished already?*  
 pet slept spooned to katze as peacefully as the drugs of the day allowed.

### WHAT IS THE FURNITURES' COMFORTING SECRET?

katze didn't have the balls to tell.

### NEXT QUESTION?

full dragnet nights excepted pet spent twenty-four hours licking rose's boots, sort of. of whom should pet dream in iason rose's bed? can you dream of the ocean while you're swimming in it? the magic name iason rose put a spell on male and female too, iason rose's stage ass, shit had landed a dream job! they thought pets carry shit round, stand there with a towel and a stout, to wipe rose's face. in fact pet waited for rose to wipe the floor with pet.

### WHAT WAS BEST?

best was when rose was too sick to perform, rose was always sick, but every problem has its pill, until cuts don't heal, and the blood has no fucking pressure, and the heart freaks out if rose so much as got up from the toilet seat. here comes the tour doctor, glad as a lawyer to help a star in need. all iason needed was a week rest, proper food, a good walk, no pills, no drugs, no stout. projected cost negative. instead fly to a fucking clinic in daars, never leave the building, iason has his blood washed and oxygenated, his heart taken out, checked, and replaced with another piece of black granite, and is made to swallow more pills than ever before.

### ROOM 23

still it was the most beautiful time, rose in bed, bored and hot as hell, horny like iason rose in hospital, nurses and doctors running in and out of the room like room service on speed. they made him sign so many bills, worse than meet iason rose hour in a fucking dept. store.

iason was hot and bored as hell, and the fucking doctors and nurses kept him from fucking, how can you kick your pet's ass if you got an oxygen tube in your nose, another two tubes in your arms run your blood through a fucking ichord™ blood washer, wear a bare-assed pajama like a fuckee clown, and a nurse is tinkering with your pecker (painted nails scratching your foreskin) and a piss bottle? how can you push the remote of your pet's collar or, worse, pet ring, if there is a nurse extracting blood from your middle finger

*you won't feel anything, sir!*

and you're holding shit hand cause you're fraid. shit holding hand, kissing forehead, feeding food, changing channels, iason in hospital, shit in paradise.

*take a deep breath, sir, and sign here, it's just for our records, sir!*

(and for the fucking bill!)

## SPARE PARTS

the doctors tried to sell iason on the idea to get one of his kidney replaced, and he'd loved to have shit cut up, and shit would have loved to get cut up for iason, but shit has shit blood, what a downer! iason would have liked to see shit body slashed open, shit kidney ripped out, a wad of *roses tourt*-shirts stuffed in, and shit stitched up just for kicks, but these doctors were medically qualified johnsons, they'd never cut up a pup and stitch it together again just to please an evil wealthy customer, except for ¥¥¥...

### katze's ¥¥¥ advice

**as you tromp through, heading toward your final liberation, you will have to agree to take responsibility for things, including — of course — yourself. there are few wealthy people who do not accept responsibility naturally.**

## ...BUT WHEN IASON SHARED WITH THEM...

encouraging them to rip shit open and hold a fucking boot sale, selling shit organs to the highest bidder, or just kick them around on the plastic floor of the operation theatre, like rose<sup>70</sup> and friends used to have fun kicking around waste mongrel organs in tanagura high...

**curarized<sup>71</sup> pest pup on a stretcher in the corner staring bleary-eyed at kidneys and liver slithering over the plastic floor like fucking curling stones... difficult to accept, personal consequences of genetic selection laws.**

## ...BUT WHEN IASON SHARED WITH THEM... (CONT'D)

encouraging them to...

*make it into a fucking frankenstein!*

the good-puppie faced va surgeons failed to visualize immediately the income stream this would generate. instead they exchanged knowing newlywed glances, looking forward to tell the person in their lifelettes about the interesting kinks of the interesting persons they meet.

## LATERAL FUCKING

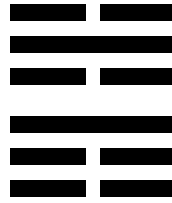
shit knew what iason needed and at night paid the amoi he-nurse with its body to keep the signature hunting doctors at bay, and sucked iason for all shit was worth. no need to talk, shit knew what iason liked, and spent the night on iason's bed, next to iason, iason's cock in shit mouth.

## I GING

iason's personal i ging consultant threw three coins and discovered that the fleecing iason had got in that clinic wasn't what rose needed, so good-by vitamins and oxygen tubes, hello i ging and feng-shui. bored stiff by the gyromancy of a hilton™ junior suite, pet watched an introduction to the i ging and got it explained by rose who hadn't seen a second of it.

<sup>70</sup> iason rose was a true friend of the mongrel, and a renegade android, as was katze, but as a musician he didn't concern himself with the fight for a humane solution of the pest mongrel problem.

<sup>71</sup> immobilized by an injection of d-tubocurarine™.



trouble! the west and the south are favorable, but not the east and the north.<sup>73</sup> those with nothing to gain from going forward will win good fortune by going back;<sup>74</sup> those who have much to gain from going forward must hasten to be sure of doing well.

## ROSE DREAMS

*...compared to that, a mongrel pet is a small problem.*

## PET DREAMS

of stoned wailing moroccan grass market towns, of happy shit growing islands, tropical beaches with naked horny urchins, where rose would fuck pet in the moonlit surf.

---

<sup>72</sup> amoi 'trouble'.

<sup>73</sup> that is to say if we try to forward our plans by proceeding in either of those directions, we shall get bogged down or lost. it could also mean that we should be driven to unvirtuous conduct.

<sup>74</sup> this is not a time to stay where we are. if we have no good reasons to advance, it is best to retreat.



## XVI THE AMOI<sup>75</sup> CONNECTION

### THE ROSES' TOUR BUS ANTHEM CHORUS SAID...

**we were so happy till father drank rum...**

...or rather till a reverse miracle of the feeding of the five thousand struck *the roses*.

the last tour had been great (as everything was, is and will ever be in tanagura hills, great postmortem, great funeral face job, great flowers, great music, great sharing, great burial plot, great kaddish, great reception at tophet gate, great food, great powder room fun) and sales were great but not overwhelmingly so. general expenses, drugs, planes, accountants, legal counsels, expert creeps amounted to more than what came in, *the roses* were broke. the hundred thousand they earned every month were not enough to feed the five of them and keep them stoned.

### THE GOLDEN RULE

#### rule # 10

**never make your dealer your manager!**

when *the roses'* friends got the picture, suddenly no *roses* were left except rose x katze, rose x pet, plus two, three 4<sup>th</sup> class mongrels too stoned to leave. rose rented a house<sup>76</sup> to prepare the *roses are forever* tour.

### BACK TO THE ROOTS!

which were on the street, in drug dealing. almost straight business had cheated *the roses*, now they would cheat too. the cunning plan<sup>77</sup> was to make one big deal and invest it into the new tour, and play straight again.

pet heard a lot and was told nothing. rose had done it before, and maybe amoi wasn't amoi<sup>78</sup>, once all #'s who come with ¥¥¥ and leave with ¥¥¥ had left...

<sup>75</sup> amoi, the number one drug producing country, south of south ceres. nominally an independent state, it is in fact a virtual colony of sc. sc heat is everywhere, enforcing sc genseg and genval laws, and generally hassling sc mongrels trying to take time off from the sc comfort camp luxury lager state.

<sup>76</sup> to have a place to fuck paperless glue-sniffing street mutts which together with rose's dealer friends, the rose's junkie stage-hands, and every such body's pairing partners made the place a legal, moral and health hazard and glue sniffing fuckmutt paradise. rose (and pet) and katze continued to live in a hotel on t hill. the rent for the house was never paid, and *the roses, inc.* got evicted. whatever had not yet been stolen of *the roses* equipment got seized by the landlord.

<sup>77</sup> it was doug "doc" johnson of saturn, inc.'s idea.

<sup>78</sup> in fact it was darien.

**katze's ~~YY~~ advice**

**you have a divine right to choose whom you will play with and under what circumstances. by eliminating any energy drag, the positive things in your life will resonate faster and faster.**

...*the roses* felt alive again, rose would fly to amoi or such a place to clinch the deal, pet was to stay grounded with katze until rose's return. in case rose or anybody would have cared to listen, pet would have told them that it was a shit plan.

***THE ROSES* TOUR BUS ANTHEM CHORUS SAID... (CONT'D)**

**mother why did you leave me all alone?**

**with no one to love me, no friends and no home?**

two weeks without rose were like two years, like death.

**FIRST DAY**

...was ok. first night, watching...



**XVII**  
**AI NO KUSABI IV**

RIKKI'S FLAT

RIKKI comes out of the shower, IASON is waiting for him.

RIKKI

fucking iason.

IASON

it's been a long time.

RIKKI

i... iason. what did you come here for? get out! i don't ever want to see your face again.

IASON

i've come to fetch you.

RIKKI

right, so that's why you broke up bison. give me my gang back!

IASON

i'll let them go as soon as they are able to walk.

RIKKI

what about... what's gonna happen to guy?

IASON

don't know. could make him into a pet, or sell him off to midas... or perhaps even tamper with his mind a little and make him a docile sexdoll...

RIKKI

you're... joking.

IASON

have i ever told a joke? ... i could let him go unharmed.

RIKKI

what do you want me to do?

IASON

return to eos, the game's over.

RIKKI

why me, didn't you set me free?

IASON

rikki, i hope you haven't mistaken me. though i have removed your ring, i haven't cancelled your registration. you have been and always will be my pet.

IASON catches hold of him.

RIKKI

ah... ugh!

IASON

what do you fear? have i ever treated you roughly?

they kiss.

RIKKI

ahg... ah!

IASON

you are mine. even if the world shatters around me now.

RIKKI

someday i'll kill you.

IASON

you're about the only one who can talk like that towards a blondie.

they make out.

RIKKI

ugh...

IASON

well... say it!

RIKKI

do it... to me.

IASON

yes, that's better.





# XVIII

## MASTURBATION

shit jerked off exactly as shit likes to jerk off, sprawled naked on the bed...

**someday, the fucking feeling  
dream come true, the fucking feeling  
someday, the fucking feeling**

...until cum spurted onto shit face.



**XIX**  
**AI NO KUSABI V**

KATZE'S CAR

katze is waiting in the car outside for iason.

KATZE

(talking to RIKKI)

rikki. do you know what a wedge is? it's something that strongly links two opposites together like iason and you. i suppose people could call it love. but rikki, it's too late if you realize... only after having a pet ring and are not able to do anything about it.



XX

2<sup>ND</sup> DAY

was worse. bored stiff, late at night, not able to find sleep...

*it was all a dream...*

it was a shit plan. shit felt horny as hell and worried to death.

*i'm so stupid... i knew it would turn out like this.*

shit was rose, without rose there was nothing, falling calendar leaves, fading towards an early grave

□ fucking rikki □

from \* to +

we will always miss you

your friends

it was the end. depression set in. shit swallowed stray pills (proteron™, hysteron™ mixed with hypallagen™, stramonium™ 100mg, meconium™ forte, real shit) and went out.

SHIT IN TOWN (CONT'D)

shit was looking for a # to suck shit, no interest other than that shit didn't want to do it shitself. shit balls guided shit into the...

CANTINA

STAR WARS I  
A FILM BY  
GEORGE LUCAS

STARRING

R2-D2  
AND  
C-3PO

WITH ALEC GUINNESS, ANTHONY DANIELS, CARRIE FISHER, DAVID PROWSE, EDDIE BYRNE,  
HARRISON FORD, JACK PURVIS, KENNY BAKER, MARK HAMILL, PETER CUSHING, PETER MAYHEW

INTERIOR — CANTINA.

the murky, moldy den is filled with a startling array of weird and exotic alien creatures and monsters at the long metallic bar. one-eyed, thousand-eyed, slimy, furry, scaly, tentacled, and clawed creatures huddle over drinks.

BEN is standing next to CHEWBACCA, an eight-foot-tall, savage-looking creature resembling a huge grey bushbaby monkey with fierce baboon-like fangs. his large blue eyes dominate a fur-covered face and soften his otherwise awesome appearance. over his matted, furry body he wears two chrome bandoliers, and little else. he is a two-hundred-year-old wookiee and a sight to behold.

a large, multiple-eyed creature gives LUKE a rough shove.

CREATURE

negola dewaghi wooldugger?!?<sup>79</sup>

a short, grubby human and an even smaller rodent-like beast join the belligerent monstrosity.

HUMAN

he doesn't like you.

LUKE

i'm sorry.

HUMAN

i don't like you either.

---

<sup>79</sup> amoi 'who the fuck are you?'

old BEN moves in behind LUKE.

BEN

this little one isn't worth the effort. come let me buy you something...

with a blood curdling shriek, the monster draws a wicked chrome laser pistol from his belt and levels it at old BEN. the BARTENDER panics.

BARTENDER

no blasters! no blasters!

with astounding agility old BEN's laser sword sparks to life and in a flash an arm lies on the floor.

EXTERIOR — STREET.

a creature comes out of the cantina and approaches two STORMTROOPERS in the street.

INTERIOR — CANTINA.

strange creatures play exotic big band music on odd-looking instruments as LUKE, still giddy, downs a fresh drink and follows BEN and CHEWBACCA to a booth where HAN solo is sitting.

HAN is a tough, roguish starpilot about thirty years old. a mercenary on a starship, he is simple, sentimental, and cocksure.

HAN

looks like somebody's beginning to take an interest in your handiwork.

BEN and LUKE turn around to see four imperial STORMTROOPERS looking at the dead bodies and asking the bartenders some questions.

the BARTENDER points to the booth.

TROOPER

all right, we'll check it out.

the STORMTROOPERS look over at the booth but LUKE and BEN are gone.

the BARTENDER shrugs his shoulders in puzzlement.

as HAN is about to leave, GREEDO, a slimy green-faced alien with a short trunk-nose, pokes a gun in his side.

GREEDO

going somewhere, solo?

HAN sits down and the alien sits across from him holding the gun on him.

HAN solo slowly reaches for his gun under the table.

GREEDO

i've been looking forward to killing you for a long time.

HAN

yes, i'll bet you have.

suddenly the slimy alien disappears in a blinding flash of light.

HAN pulls his smoking gun from beneath the table as the other patrons look on in bemused amazement. HAN gets up and starts out of the cantina, flipping the BARTENDER some coins as he leaves.

HAN

sorry about the mess.

### SHIT IN TOWN (CONT'D)

fifty hunks grinning at themselves in the mirror behind the bar, checking their smile, awful up noise of awful up music, awful up voices, stout breath piss smell.

*why... are you only... looking...*

what gets you down more than fifty #'s desperate to fuck and not fucking? shit felt like shit and worse.

# 8

shit was offered legal stout and sucked in a dark booth by a # wearing a fucking enormous diamond studded rolex® fucktimer®, can't remember anything more about him, big heavy #, sucked shit like an industrial strength vacuum pump.

### OLVIDAR ES LO MEJOR!<sup>80</sup>

couple of stramonium™ 100mg's later...

### KATZE IS THE BEST

shit dropped into katze's cell, tears streaming down shit face.

*fucking rikki! i thought you were kind of a prince!*

*you don't understand!*

*do you love him so much?*

*i suppose you could call it love!*

but the truth is that shit couldn't remember rose's face or voice or name nor why shit was crying.

### KATZE IS THE BEST (CONT'D)

took care of shit, defending shit against shithead \*\*\*'s which thought for shit to be in love with rose the biggest joke of all...

*was it a good idea to kill them all off?*

### KATZE IS THE BEST (CONT'D)

shit stayed in katze cell, katze bed, listened to *dahlia-x's™ forever* album, watched *b-boy gold™* videos, there was enough shit, stout, pills, shit cookies to stay stoned until rose return. disconnecting with stramonium™ 100mg. shit thought to say...

*i bet you think i'm nuts.*

*you really want to get hurt, don't you?*

---

<sup>80</sup> amoi 'forget it!'

but katze didn't hurt shit.

KATZE

shit was drinking stout, smoking shit, listening to the *supremes*<sup>TM</sup> curled up against katze face.

*would you laugh if i said i loved you, rikki?*

*i'm iason's pet.*

*all right it is not necessary for you to move. i will try my best to see that you will enjoy yourself to the fullest.*

*didn't think a mere furniture could do so much*

maybe rose loved shit, sort of.

KATZE (CONT'D)

loved shit, no sort of, katze loved shit, full stop. katze knew that shit was rose's pet, as katze was rose's furniture, but what do words mean

*normal pet administration laws don't apply*

slowly shit understood, katze had been rose's pet before. rose x katze were the original core of *the roses*. katze wrote the songs, rose brought the house down, and fucked the public by rows and aisles. the remaining roses were just fillers.

*i've been licking his boots for three years. suppose, you could call it love*

shit understood, to love rose was worse than suicide, and still katze loved rose, and still shit loved rose, longed for rose, to sleep bruised in rose's arms.

WAS ROSE THAT GOOD?

yes. shit was on katze's bed, remembering past fucking, the received opinion

**to love rose was to court disaster**

*perhaps it was fate... master x pet*

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH KATZE?

same shit.

WAS ROSE THAT GOOD? (REPEATED)

yes. shit was on katze's bed, remembering past fucking, the received opinion

**to love rose was to court disaster**

*perhaps it was fate... master x pet*

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH SHIT?

same shit.

WAS ROSE THAT GOOD? (REPEATED)

yes. shit was on katze's bed, remembering past fucking, the received opinion

**to love rose was to court disaster**

*perhaps it was fate... master x pet*

ARE YOU GETTING STUCK?

no, shit thought of rose, katze played on a keyboard, shit had a vision of the future, to escape from sc, old rose, old katze,

no old shit<sup>81</sup>, but that future was never to come, rose was bound to smash into a concrete wall, to overdose, to go out monitored

peep peep peep

pip pip pip

... ..

□ iason rose □

from \* to +

you live forever in our hearts

your fans

#### WAITING FOR ROSE

the shit plan wouldn't work, to stay with katze was best...

*what the hell do you think you're doing?*

...katze's cool long hair whipping shit thighs, shit limbs thrown around by  $\frac{\text{pain}}{\text{lust}}$ , loosing shit mind, never felt anything like it before, came into katze mouth which went on torturing shit, katze was the best.

#### DID KATZE LIKE IT?

why the fuck should katze do it otherwise? shit liked it.

#### NEXT!

shit kissed katze and slept next to katze. in the morning katze prepared a massive joint, thermal power station stack size which blew shit mind for good.

#### FOR GOOD?

fucking yes<sup>82</sup>.

#### FOR GOOD!

shit stayed in katze's bed, didn't dress, got a \*\*\* to bring shit flute, flute playing frustrated shit, drunk stout, took pills and passed out.

#### FUTURE TROUBLE

telepathic fucktory call, the time was ripe to hit shit with hopes of betterment, featherbedding job in relatives' used office furniture company. katze drove shit, nice hut in nice alley, instant tradition, impressive car port, two new y-cars, shit felt good to be related to prime mud estate.

---

<sup>81</sup> to shit the statutory age limit applied as shit had no chance to get an overruling (cause iq of a squirrel, cause didn't finish tc, cause gifted as shit). didn't worry shit much, what good old shit?

<sup>82</sup> according to counsel for the defendant in attorney for minors vs. jupiter, inc., shit was retarded to begin with (settled out of court).



he-rel, she-rel ready for the rescue, finger food, orange juice  
*fucking jack...*  
 male

*...told me that you'd be in the age to get into business...*

since shit didn't have a chance to understand the senseless future chat, shit listened to a ballad it had heard with earphones

**when robin hood was about 20 years old;  
 he happen'd to met little john;  
 a jolly brisk blade right fit for the trade,  
 for he was a lusty young man...**

## FUCKTORY PLAN

to let shit crawl into their office. shit thought  
*job! what job?*  
 but kept shut...

**rule # 11**

**do not oppose ideas you don't need to heed in practice!**

...smiling shit listened, chewing great food.  
*worth thinking about, thanks, and greetings*  
*blah blah*

katze sounded the horn, they thought katze was rose, shit didn't undeceive them, jumped into katze's rented convertible, on the highway shit felt the rush of freedom, to have escaped the embalmer's table, the upholstered coffin, the candles and flowers their fast forward button would bring.

**when robin hood was about 20 years old;  
 he happen'd to met little john;  
 a jolly brisk blade right fit for the trade,  
 for he was a lusty young man...**

identical days following each other, slight hopes turning into modest ambition into moderate success into boredom, ill health and irritating neighbors

**at least he didn't have to suffer for a long time!**

office life, shit knew all about it from male who works for 3c™<sup>83</sup> juice, time stood still and mongrels passed, vs. the excitement of behind the stage life, the disorder of rose's suite, the tour bus orgies...

**when iason rose was about 20 years old;  
 he happen'd to met fucking rikki;  
 a jolly brisk pup right fit to be a pet,  
 for rikki was a horny young mutt...**

---

<sup>83</sup> united fruit concentration camps co.™, the main sc fruit company, running fruit concentration camps in southern sc and adjacent tribal areas. male was proud to work for a juggernaut company powerful enough to wage its own wars and to exterminate thousands of pest mongrels encroaching on arable lands.

RATHER SLASH YOUR WRISTS!

FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

GENERAL G. S. PATTON

my theory is that an army commander does what is necessary to accomplish his mission,  
and that nearly eighty percent of his mission is to arouse morale in his men.

EPISODE VI — SUNFLOWERS

BANGKOK AIRPORT — CUSTOMS

PATTON checks in for his late night flight. TRII follows him sadly to the passport control.

PATTON

see you again soon, trii, please, let us part with a smile.

TRII

no, you forget, meet other boy, american boy, nice boy, sure!

PATTON kisses TRII good-bye, goes through customs, then waits in the departure lounge, the plane is delayed.

BANGKOK GUEST HOUSE

in the small bathroom of their guest house room TRII slashes his veins.

BANGKOK AIRPORT — DEPARTURE LOUNGE

PATTON sees a van gogh sunflowers poster for sale at a duty free shop. PATTON turns away, looking at the rakhi TRII tied to his wrist. he enters the toilets.

BANGKOK AIRPORT — TOILETS

peeing PATTON hears the song "forever" (in thai) on the muzak™ system of the restroom. suddenly tears come to his eyes.

BANGKOK AIRPORT — CUSTOMS

PATTON checks back through customs.

BANGKOK AIRPORT HIGHWAY

PATTON tells the driver to hurry.

BANGKOK GUEST HOUSE

PATTON arrives at the cheap hotel, then goes up the stairs two by two. he finds trii's blood in the bath room of their room.

YOUNG HOTEL MANAGER

such a nice boy, how could he do such a thing, what a shame!

DOCTOR'S HOUSE

TRII lies unconscious on an examination table, trousers open and underwear pulled down.

DOCTOR

(buttoning his coat)  
if you love him then why did you leave him?

PLANS

ROSE'S PLAN	KATZE'S PLAN	FUCKTORY PLAN (CONT'D)	SHIT PLAN (CONT'D)
to get the hell out of the fucking place once the fucking container was on board ship.	to never arrive, to go on driving with shit in the convertible, radio on full blast...  <b>it's 74 degrees, sunny and smoggy, and the midas artery is a parking lot...</b>  ...maybe stop on the river, suck shit.	it was another shit plan. the whole idea was to protect the fucktory name. shit knew what shit was not supposed to know, she-rel's lonely holidays, not so lonely in amoi, shit had spent holidays at their home. he-rel's fishing weekends, surprising tenderness, liked to cook just for me and you, waiting smile, long twosome dinners, hinting at forgiving and understanding. <i>good-looking youths...</i>  ...fishing cabins, hunting lodges... <i>perched our tent at a remote lake, with my best friend, went to tc together</i>	plan! what plan? to be rose's pet was beyond planning. shit would be rose's pet until the lights went out.  <b>see shit high on shit, stupid!</b> <b>see the convertible shooting down the highway, stupid!</b> <b>hear the music full blast, stupid!</b> <b>see shit hand inside shit jeans, stupid!</b> <b>no underwear, stupid!</b> <b>cock precum lubed, stupid!</b> <b>ready to get sucked again, feel it, stupid!</b> <b>see shit, see shit!</b>

doesn't concern shit. shit  
liked the dream of  
prosperity, for an hour.

*we have no pups...  
you shouldn't  
waste your time!*

...with them.

## REALITIES

### ROSE'S REALITY

the way things were, the whole place could get blown up any moment by out of their mind fda™ undercovers, or nothing could happen and rose would drive back to the dusty boredom of the hotel jipangu<sup>84</sup>.

### KATZE'S REALITY

katze knew it had smoked too much shit and tried to keep the eyes on the road, looking for a riverside rest-place sign, to suck shit and nod a bit, have another smoke, or call a \*\*\* to come and pick them up.

### SHIT REALITY

difficult to find fault with reality. nothing wrong with reality, just missing rose. don't mess with reality, stupid!

## GREAT VIEW RIVERSIDE CEMETERY

shit lying naked on the grassy slope getting sucked in mother nature's lap, view to great view riverside cemetery on the other side of the river, anybody there? what good to be buried with a great view? anybody there watching shit getting sucked?

## # 9

shit enjoyed the view, but there was only feeling, nothing, katze was the best!

slept twenty minutes, head on katze's stomach, swam naked, smoked, slept again, woke up thirsty and hungry.

## MARION PIZZA HUT

shit and katze got eyed by heavy weight heat person, entertainment world intruding into square country, katze had to say

*rose's tour<sup>85</sup>*

to avoid trouble.

## SWEET MARION HUSTLER

on the way back passed through shit home park, katze said

*isn't that a sweet-looking hustler?*

and look! it is daryl<sup>86</sup>, a hot # shit knew in tc, katze drives up to him, calls him, gets him in the car. looks good,

<sup>84</sup> amoi 'el dorado', the only \*\*\*\*\* hotel in paterson, the capital of darien.

<sup>85</sup> there was no roses tour at the time. the *lord of the roses* tour had been the last leg of roses' h bomb mushroom fame marking the moment they blew it all on drugs..

<sup>86</sup>

id	
name	daryl drayton
aka	n.a.
birthday / sign	n.a.
pass valid for	under review

talks glue-brained shit

- he remembers shit
- his name is daryl
- he has to buy a bed for his elder brother
- he's doing it for ¥¥¥<sup>87</sup>
- he's earning like hell
- his elder brother is a genius
- tells that his elder brother sends him out to earn ¥¥¥<sup>88</sup>
- he's going to move into a new apartment with his brother

### SAID WHAT?

- he isn't from marion
- his true name is drayton
- he's going to travel with his elder brother next week
- he's not doing it for ¥¥¥<sup>89</sup>
- he hasn't a cent to buy food
- his elder brother doesn't do anything
- tells he can't tell his elder brother how he earns ¥¥¥<sup>90</sup>
- tells his elder brother beats him up for hustling

### SEX APPEAL

good-looking # shit would have liked to mess with in tc, now about as hot for him as for a she-mongrel, wouldn't mind to be in bed with him at night, but now (having got sucked twice today), in the afternoon heat to find a place, undress, do it, the interest isn't there.

### GO KNOW SEE THY AUTO!

shared a joint with him, daryl tried hard to impress shit with what he knew about rose, #'s he knew, talked as if he believed everybody else was brain-damaged too. daryl hit katze for ¥¥¥...

race / skin color	sc
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	blond
eye color	green
height	... cm / ...' ..."
weight	... kgs / ... lbs.
iq	n.a.
penis	... cm / ..." uncut
blood type	a
jeans	... "X..."
body	fit
education	n.a.
seme x uke	seme

<sup>87</sup> katze's ¥¥¥ advice: learning to charge properly is a vital key to abundance. if you leave empty handed they won't remember your phone number!

<sup>88</sup> katze's ¥¥¥ advice: becoming rich is a hands-on process. don't dream of earning ¥¥¥ while you sleep!

<sup>89</sup> katze's ¥¥¥ advice: affirm that you will never devalue yourself by charging less than what you feel you are worth. get that sailors ½ price sign out of your window! now!

<sup>90</sup> katze's ¥¥¥ advice: becoming rich is a hands-on process. don't dream of sleeping while you earn!

katze's ¥¥¥ advice

in order to successfully serve people, you have to psychologically get  
*underneath* them...

...before he left for a date he had with... giving about five different persons times five different purposes...

	a	b	c	d	e
fuck	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥
suck	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥
get fucked	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥
get sucked	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥
just talk and roll'em	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥	¥¥¥

...plus number of sworn secrets he spelled out immediately.

daryl should be tied down, beaten up, taken off speed for his own good, but that wouldn't work, he would become like *the roses'* ex-junkie \*\*\*s, a slow horse, glad not to have to score, talking about nothing with mad intensity, wanting to be understood but saying nothing.

shit thought how without rose shit might be daryl now, shit watched shit past future leave the car.

~~"A" PET FOR SALE~~

rose's absence made horny #'s look up and think, shit is hot, and propose to shit, suit and tie #'s, comparing going down the drain rose with them rising entertainment management types, expecting shit to be for sale, offering shit food and drinks, inviting shit to t hill apartments...

# 10

shit woke up in mister's<sup>91</sup> bed with, who it is a shame to wake up with, who keeps his shopping bags, who says...

91

id	
name	john toutant davenport
aka	mister
birthday / sign	n.a.
pass valid for	5 years / extension possible
race / skin color	qadroon / fair
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	black
eye color	dark
height	... cm / ...'..."
weight	... kgs / ... lbs.
iq	n.a.
penis	... cm / ..." uncut
blood type	a
jeans	..."X..."
body	fit

*hermès™* belt  
*gucci™* loafers  
*armani™* jacket  
 looking desperately for brand sex, like shit is a *roses™* pet.

## MISTER

katze hated mister's guts, shit is to hazy to hate, shit went with mister for kicks, to watch his suit body antics, to see his capped teeth smile, the dumber shit played, the more entertaining mister became, all shit had to do was lounge in a chair, keep one hand inside shit jeans, play ball, listen with a stoned smile, it drove mister mad.

*fuck you no end, mister!*

shit sitting on black leather chair in a dark cold empty afternoon bar, studying shit face in the smoked mirrored wall behind mister's head

**see shit! see shit!**

hearing

*finish your abc, have a plan!<sup>B2</sup>*

code for sucking, fucking, kissing (which is worst), listening to mister's bullshit (which is even worse), mister got up to piss (taking his *cartier™* lighter with him but not the *dunhill™* cigarettes, fucking *adler™* analyzed asshole) and passing shit touched shit neck, as if shit had already said

*how much you gonna give your friend, mister?*

but shit wouldn't say it, shit sat there grinning at smoked shit face in the mirror, thinking nothing.

while shit drifted off on stramonium™ 100mg, stout and shit momos, mister talked about his epic entertainment accounting battles with the irs™, his good looks, in case shit couldn't see, how armies of great looking #'s, pro golf house hold names, national league quarterbacks had fucked him...

## DID HE HAVE SIGNATURE BALLS?

no, when the chance arose to kiss the hole the great had fucked, shit was distracted by an architectural print framed in birds' eyes maple with an urn inscribed

**FEAR, EARTHLINGS, FATE!  
 THIS HANDFUL OF ASHES IS HERCULES:  
 WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GIANT!  
 HOW MUCH MIGHT ENDS IN NOTHING:  
 MY OLD BREAST RECEIVES THE ALCIDE.  
 THIS IS HIS GRAVE!**

education	n.a.
seme x uke	seme

<sup>92</sup> what mister wanted to say was:

1. write out a clear statement of what you desire most — the one thing or circumstance which, after you attain it, would in your opinion make you successful:  
**to make rose say to shit: i love you!**
2. write out a) a clear outline of the plan by which you intend to attain this objective and b) clearly state what you intend to give in return:  
**shit life.**
3. set a definite time limit within which you intend to acquire the object of your definite purpose:  
**within twelve months.**
4. memorize what you have written and repeat it many times daily as a prayer. end the prayer by expressing gratitude for having received that for which your plan calls:  
**thank you for making me your pet!**

LOOK, HERCULES HARDLY FILLS THE URN,  
HOW EASILY CAN I CARRY HIM,  
WHO ONCE CARRIED THE UNIVERSE!  
SENECA

wondering who had fixed how big a body to how small a cock.

#### MISTER TALK (CONT'D)

...how he had sucked baseball stars twice his height. that only yesterday he had wanked a poster beefcake, body builder model-cum-hustler<sup>93</sup> with a supercock almost too thick to wank with his two chartered entertainment accountant hands taken together.

# 11

while shit body spurted on mister's trousers, shit brain sailed right past, on good stuff.

#### MISTER LUNCH (CONT'D)

shit lunched with mister in the *la mirage*, but when mister begged shit to sit next to him on the bench and jerk him off, shit got disgusted, what a wanker!

#### MISTER SHOPPING

shit dropped boots and jeans in the middle of a tana drive store and stood naked, like in a fucking locker room. mister lost his mind and the sales # was on his last legs on his knees in front of shit sprawled on a leather sofa, putting new boots on shit feet and new leather jeans fly open cause shit fingers couldn't close the buttons, salesperson came in his pants doing it (embarrassed and aroused by no™ underwear, shit liked the touch of his fingers and got a hardon seeing how the # strained not to bend down and suck shit cock. there were fitting cells, but shit hates to get sucked against a wall, all you get is getting tired.) mister too was embarrassed and aroused by no™ underwear, mister's and sales #'s fairy voices hopping around like birds' on an apatia<sup>94</sup> patio orange trees.

#### MISTER SUCKING

shit poorly, nervously in the car — a this year's davis beauregard convertible.

#### MISTER STYLE?

corners of black leather, wood veneer and chrome and mister's black attaché, creases of midnight blue mister suit intersected with floor carpet black rubber insets, window glass, hard corners of a/c outlets.

#### MISTER SMELL?

fresh leather smell of new leather seats.

#### MISTER SEX? (# 12)

increasing pain in the crotch, feeling of cat tongue on cock, a last needle of pain when shit came, then complete oblivion.

🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 ALL ANIMALS ARE SAD AFTER SEX 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 (CONT'D)

buttoning up sensations doubling and tripling, brass buttons and buttonholes endlessly echoing between fingers and brain, disjointed bullshit syllables mixing with car and traffic sounds. shit passed out in the back of mister's car, boots

<sup>93</sup> all models older than twenty, proof of age lost in a motel.

<sup>94</sup> a small, restricted access beach resort in northern amoi, the rent mongrel dream destination.



on the seat (mister promised to drive stoned to death shit to the hotel).

## SHIT DREAM

### MONGREL STICK HUNT

SHIT is a pup. ferocious giant amoi HOUNDS and red-eyed blood-thirsty \*\*\* are hunting SHIT cheered on by the cantina mob.

SHIT has no chance.

### PEST CONTROL VOLUNTEER

if you run you'll just die tired!

### WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

shit tries to wake up fully, to get rid of the dream, but waking up remembers real stick-hunts shit saw from the marion tc bus. if only rose would be here!

struggling with the stick hunt dream, shit woke up from nightmare into...

### HORROR (# 13)

not able to move a limb, throat strangled by disembodied killer hands, lay in the dark next to mister's swollen dead pig body reeking of stout, aftershave, smoke, sweat, fart, open shit eyes and see a dark room, dark hostile shutters, straight angles hurting shit eyes, mister asleep with a face red and wrinkled like a stillborn babe. shit tries to get up, trying to get into jeans, socks, boots, t, why did shit have clothes which shit can't put on, and finally, no shit, shit running with clothes in hand, loosing and picking up stuff all the time, naked through hotel corridors, looking for the elevator, believing it's three o'clock at night, but it's eleven in the morning, and an amoi chamber maid is singing like it's a weird bossa nova...

*¿tu estás tan enfadado conmigo? no me niegues, querido.<sup>95</sup>*

...a fat amoi supervisor with a checklist pad stares at shit. silver haired couples look right through shit...

*winston, did you check that the door is locked?*

...punching the wrong floor elevator buttons and shit, until finally shit arrived at katze's door, knocking in panic, pulling on stuff, dropping into the cell, telling the horror and passing out.

### WHAT WOULD SHIT LIKE TO DREAM?

that rose should lock shit up in a full-size upholstered black fiber pet-case, to be kept in utter darkness, without the possibility to move a limb, to belong, to be sold, to be bought by rose for rose's pleasure.

### WHAT DOES SHIT DREAM?

waking up shit dreams of getting ¥¥¥...

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<sup>95</sup> are you so angry with me? don't deny me! (from the song love comes to the amazon, ©2000 servax).

**katze's ~~YY~~ advice**

**concentrate on what you know or on what works. don't allow the lure of activity to take you beyond what is comfortable and controllable.**

...of acting, of playing shitself, what a movie it would make, the truth about rose! but shit knew, the truth was exactly the opposite of the truth, the horror wasn't rose, and getting beaten, and drugs, the horror was that rose wasn't here, that rose didn't need shit, that shit was shit was shit, and rose was the lord of *the roses*. that shit wasn't liked just fucked.

### **COULD SHIT ACT?**

shit didn't know what movie shit was in. shit was acting the dumb hot ass shit was and observing shit acting the dumb hot ass sprawling on a sofa in front of horny mister, hand inside jeans, lips open for a kiss, eyes half closed, passing cause of the pills, watching important mister putting an important *armani*<sup>TM</sup> suit's on.



## XXI MORE HORROR

### THE REAL HORROR

was that rose wasn't here. shit had a \*\*\* take shit to the drive and barely made it into the *gutchi™* store, where without mister paying stoned shit wasn't welcome, but the bills might get paid, or rose might show up, bringing the dead shop to life. shit stared at the painted faces, the anorexic wiggling sales skeletons, the depressed smiles of the managing zombie, lips opening and closing like feeding carps, words shit didn't understand rebounded from the mirrored walls, reversed vibraphone muzak™, air condition waves and street sounds blowing over shit, with every breath shit took it got worse. shit asked for tissues, or thought shit asked, to clean snot nose. the shelves, the goods, the sales hunger bodies all grimacing at shit, shit thought shit was screaming

*call katze! call katze!*

the sexless manager gesticulated in front of shit, rearranging his fluffy genitals inside his *gutchi™* brand unisex underwear, putting shit boots from the sofa on the floor, trying to get shit head up from the armrest

*call katze! call katze!*

### DANA BAHN<sup>96</sup>

shit looked up and saw death on every face. shit had to get out! shit took the keys from a \*\*\* and drove a club courtesy car to the beach and into the sand, stripped and swam, slept on the beach. in the morning a huge lesbian lifeguard stood over shit, saying things against the sound of the waves, seagulls circling above her, lifting shit half up, checking shit pulse, slapping shit slightly, shit hoped she would carry shit to a sunfilled room with rose wallpaper to sleep in a quilted bed, but she talked into a walkie. shit came down from miles above to this spot and this instant in time, to remember painfully the words to say

*call katze!*

### A # SAID (# 14)

*i'm a doctor*

though he looked and acted like a standard clone. shit woke up in his beachhouse, fucked assed, the davis town car miraculously visible in the parking lot, what a great #! but munching syllables, talking shit, shit called katze, to send a \*\*\* to pick shit up. doctor gave shit a card, shrink's card with a poolside bikini color pic on it.

<sup>96</sup> not identical with any nightclub of the same name since opened.

## SUICIDE

shit thought rose was gone and asked katze how to die best. katze said

*it's black moon<sup>97</sup>. i have it 'cause of the business, just in case... don't underestimate iason,  
and how much of a risk iason is taking behind all of this.  
he said something about bringing back the stuff that was left there.  
you'll soon be relieved if you smoke it.*

## ACID

shit tried to remember what had been the question, questions and answers fading away like mirrors slowly dusting over in a

## MARRAKECH DREAM

i am in marrakech, a dirt road leads out between gardens towards the fields. there are slaves, proud young males in whitish jellabas, and one of them declares itself to be my slave. it is beautiful and i'm happy, i can think of nothing else but its beauty.

at night the group of slaves and myself fall asleep there near that bit of road, and in the dark a djinn assails me because i didn't ask the slave its name, which would have made the slave mine forever. while i become aware of my error, the djinn seizes my throat to strangle me, and without letting go rushes away and back, and hits me as only a djinn can hit, in a frenzied whirl of hitting hammers.

i wake up sorry that i didn't ask the slave its name.

---

<sup>97</sup> jimson weed.



XXII  
ROSE IS BACK

WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IT'S NAME?

kiki, i suppose?

GENEROSITY

mister had generously filled shit pockets with ¥¥¥...

katze's ¥¥¥ advice

abundance will never be a factor of how much ¥¥¥ one has. rather, it is  
always a factor of how one *feels* about what ¥¥¥ one *does* have.

...which he generously charged to rose's account which shit didn't understand, which rose didn't understand, which katze understood. entertainment generosity comes with its own fine print

all gifts will be charged to your account, to which will be added a gift charge which covers the cost of selecting a personalized gift for you, which is 15% of the price of the gift or ¥150, what is more.

SUPERIORITY

acting the rotten pup all pups looked up to on the drive, shit felt great, or shit was so drugged it had forgotten what shit had drugged shitself to forget for.

shit is what shit is what shit is  
shit is rose's pet

though the meaning had been lost, a vague sense of grand superiority remained. wasn't everything alright? shit dropped into the gt hill plaza grill room, feeling so great, and so lost. if only rose were here, or katze, or mister, or anybody to take shit home.

TIME IS MY ENEMY

there are pills to suppress depression but do they work? for hours the sliding out of fingers feeling of the credit card handed to a waiter remained like a cut, slowly giving way to the panic of not knowing whether the waiter had gone seconds, minutes or hours before, and when what felt like another day, the scene changed and a plate was shoved into shit vision, a pen offered, coming down shit remembered that it had to take the paper, that there was an x and space to the right of it. shit tried to remember what it was supposed to scribble. shit understood with superhuman clarity that a message from timeless absolute reality would save that disturbed youth's life, and penned with difficulty the words

rose is love

which the waiter compared to the back of the credit card, shaking his head, smiling, producing echoing ricocheting reversed syllables lost in the maddening time sliced voice noise of the place, didn't he...

## UNDERSTAND?

he didn't place, the of noise voice sliced time maddening the in lost syllables reversed ricocheting echoing producing smiling, head, his shaking card, credit the of back the to compared waiter the which

**love is rose**

words the difficulty with penned and life, youth's disturbed that save would reality absolute timeless from message a that clarity superhuman with understood shit scribble. to supposed was it what remember to tried shit it. of right the to space and x an was there that paper, the take to had it that remembered shit down coming offered, pen a vision, shit into shoved was plate a and changed scene the day, another like felt what when and before, hours or minutes seconds, gone had waiter the whether knowing not of panic the to way giving slowly cut, a like remained waiter a to handed card credit the of feeling fingers of out sliding the hours for work? they do but depression control to pills are there...

THE MEANING OF LIFE<sup>98</sup>

mister or a # like him, same slipping the small end of his tie out of the knot, stands in shirt and socks, without the teenage hustler grace of baring first the upper body, same fast forward unbuttoning of the shirt, while shit passed out or nearly, letting suit body open belt and buttons, relaxing, knowing if it would have focused, what # was undressing for, but not focusing, watching the haste of suit body changing into monkey body, obviously a gift basket case, shrink wrapped, running from and to with slapstick speed, tearing at shit clothes, huge glazed over eyes bulging towards shit, for a second shit felt good to feel lips pushing back foreskin until the sudden mad pain of idiot trying to fist fuck shit ass hit shit stuck a hand-grenade in shit bowels.

## WAS IT A NIGHTMARE? (# 15)

no, fucking fisting pain invading passed out shit reality. shit tried to force swollen lips to pronounce...

*stop, shit ass hurts!*<sup>99</sup>

...but words were too far too fetch.

THE MEANING OF LIFE (CONT'D)<sup>100</sup>

the eternal tragic entwinement of strong # forearm x beautiful young ass, # spurted onto shit, shit spurted onto sofa, watching another slapstick episode of # wiping sofa, sucking shit, vanishing into shower giving shit the chance to pass out again, to sleep and dream wonderful clairvoyant dream of zen samurai warriors<sup>101</sup> ...

## THE RIFF OFF LIFE

**walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light**

...what existed was right and knew about itself, this was...

THE MEANING OF LIFE (CONT'D)<sup>102</sup>

shit got put into a taxi, answering questions which answered themselves, the meaning of life lost on driver up to his ears in dirty animal craving.

crossing the lobby guided by an inner light, enjoying to move and to know the beauty of shit movements, elevator doors snapping hideously at shit, challenging shit to act in sync. an expensive-looking fair skin fair hair teen mongrel helped shit to trick the vicious doors, holding shit wrists, saying things in a language shit knew was amoi, shit smiled,

<sup>98</sup> ...is pain...

<sup>99</sup> 'yamete gshiri ittai!'

<sup>100</sup> ...what we love death will rip from us...

<sup>101</sup> like the gundam wing heroes duo maxwell and heero yuy.

<sup>102</sup> ...the more we stick to what we love and hate, the more we suffer...

muscles continuing to pull back shit lips into an demented politicians' grin. too stoned to remember this wasn't a wet dream, shit kissed and felt up the slim lookalike body until the electronic bell made the delicious fuckmutt straighten up and separate from shit with a last wet and smiling kiss. see you!

**THE MEANING OF LIFE (NEW)<sup>103</sup>**

stepping out of the elevator shit smelled change and energy! shit went into katze's cell. katze wasn't there but the vcr was playing...

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<sup>103</sup> ...not sticking to things means freedom...



XXIII  
AI NO KUSABI VI

IASON'S BEDROOM

RIKKI is chained to an iron bed.

IASON

how much longer are you going to be obstinate. i've told you it won't end unless you provide a stronger stimulus.

RIKKI shows no reaction.

IASON

i see, shall i call daryl again?

RIKKI masturbates lazily.

IASON

spread your legs more, i can't see.

RIKKI obeys with an impolite delay.

IASON

it is common knowledge that a pet's copulation is for public viewing. as a pet, pride and shame are not necessary.

IASON rapes RIKKI.

RIKKI

ahhh...

IASON comes.



IASON

(kissing RIKKI)  
riki...



# XXIV

## THE MEANING OF LIFE (AFTERMATH)<sup>104</sup>

the video gave shit a hardon it would be a pity to waste wanking rather than getting sucked. shit hoped katze would come back. but when the door opened, and katze came in, rose was with katze. rose!

*rose!*

pet jumped down from the bed and heeled, kissing and licking rose's boots embracing his legs and kissing his cock through the jeans. rose kicked pet balls and began to knuckle pet head, pushed pet head roughly against his cock

*suck me, fucking pet!*

# # 16

rose opened his belt and pet ripped open the brass buttons of rose's leather jeans. pet began to suck rose's cock, rose pushed pet down on katze's bed and fucked pet for the rest of the episode. katze pushed the fast back button on the vcr,

---

<sup>104</sup> ...means happiness. nothing is worth the pain.

but rose said

*let me see that tape!*

katze stopped it and let it run.

pet would have liked to watch too but rose fucked pet in the missionary position, knees up. pet could only hear the fucking soundtrack, which was in fucking amoi.



XXV  
AI NO KUSABI VII

ETERNAL<sup>105</sup>

CALLING

mihate mu yoru no toiki no omosa  
setsunasani kokoroga uzuite  
mou nanimo mie nakunaru  
hanasenai hanarenai  
tatta hitotsuno shinjitsu dakega  
aa... kuchibi o atsukusuru

CALLING IN THE NIGHT

mune no koto o kande

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

ai ga naiteru

SILENT

kotobani sureba kie teiku yume  
kami shimeru omoi no minasani  
mou nanimo kikoe nakunaru  
ienai ieyashinai

---

<sup>105</sup> from ambivalence cd, sm-355, track 11 (beta version). romanization by alexandra-arслан yu, edited by kamui k, translation see below.

ochiteiku yoru no atsusa dake ga  
aa... haa... tada hitotsuno

MIRAGE

SILENT ALL THE NIGHT

itsuka mita yume no hate  
omoiwa toiki o kande  
towa no kanatae...



# XXVI

## BEGINNING

pet was stoned beyond shitself with happiness. pet wanted to know what had happened, but how to ask?

suddenly pet became aware of the cum dripping down pet thighs, the shit pet had let happen! rose would kick it out! pet knelt and hoped rose would kill it or punish it until the pain would clear it. rose gently rapped pet head, gently hitting pet lips and nose, just trying to draw blood

***fucking rikki***

pet jumped up and put the arms around rose's neck, how could rose be so nice to call it fucking rikki? pet said, crying

***long time no see!***

***looking kind of grown up!***

pet kissed rose

***what the hell do you think you're doing? it was only transporting goods but i didn't get the manpower. so here i am.***

rose will get to know. rose will kick it out. pet licked roses boots for rose to kick pet face. if only rose would punish pet and forgive pet! why did pet ever let mister touch it!

there was shit and ¥¥¥...

katze's ¥¥¥ advice

even if you don't have any ¥¥¥ to speak of, you can create for the mind the illusion that what you do have is overwhelming abundance.

...the trip was a success. but rose will hear about mister and kill pet, or worse, throw pet out. pet sucked rose as never before, licked rose's ass, which rose liked and pet didn't. rose gave pet a t with in beautiful amoi letters printed on it

## AMOI STOUT

pet thought  
*best tell it!*  
and told it all, about mister.

### ICHABOD<sup>106</sup>

rose looked for the remote, pushed the button for the pet collar until pet passed out from the pain. rose got up from the bed and dressed and put his boots on, as for going out. turned, put the pet ring on repeat, to wake pet up again and beat pet for good, as rose had never done before, not stopping, going on kicking when pet shouted  
*you don't understand. you don't understand at all!*  
because it had heard and felt bones cracking.

### HEY JOE!

rose went on kicking and swearing, letting the battery of the pet ring run empty, pet thought it would die, but it didn't die, it just flopped around on the floor, passing out, coming to, passing out again there was nothing pet could do, it would have screamed but didn't dare.

*riki, i hope you haven't mistaken me. you are mine. go back to marion!*

pet hoped suddenly it would be dead and all would be over.

*where the hell am i to go? i can't go back!*

if rose would have stayed away longer, pet would have killed shitself for sure! without katze pet would have killed shitself long time ago.

rose didn't stop kicking pet.

*shine!*<sup>107</sup>

### STONE FREE

rose went out to piss, pet didn't dare to move. if only katze would come! but katze didn't come. nobody came. there was a pain in the body pet had never felt before. trying to think about what was wrong, pet passed out.

<sup>106</sup> amoi 'the glory has departed'.

<sup>107</sup> amoi 'die!'.

## # 17

rose came back and fucked pet rudely, pet head hit the wall every time rose pushed into it. when rose came, he strangled pet like he meant business until pet passed out.

## PURPLE HAZE

coming to, pet didn't dare to speak, for sure, rose was going to throw pet out. it was over, and it was all pet fault. pet was crying and licking rose's feet. but rose kicked pet head away.

*return to midas, the game's over!*

rose got up and caught pet by the pet collar and threw pet into the bath cell, banged the door shut. pet had never seen rose angry, it didn't dare to move, not to piss, not to take a pill, pet thought about going and telling rose to please kill it, that it didn't want to live without rose. but what if rose got more angry?

## HIGHWAY CHILE

pet heard that rose left. now at least pet could piss and wash. pet body looked like, you'd think pet survived a plane crash, getting up was difficult. the left arm felt like broken. there was stout and pet drank it. pet thought of leaving, first time, but where could pet go? no # would want it for good. or killing itself. but fucking mongrels would make fun of it. pet swallowed all kind of pills, half to kill itself and half to stop the pain. but the pills were real shit, and pet vomited first and suddenly lying flat on the floor wasn't safe enough anymore, the earth was bucking round like a bronco with a pet ring.

## GLORIA

pet was spinning on the floor, turning, falling, watching patterns covered planes to infinity and circles spinning round centers pet could not find, if only katze would come! it got worse and worse. more pills would make pet pass out, which was like sleep, which was better. pet tried to get up holding onto the sink, but somehow pet was too heavy or what, and it broke off half of the sink, and fell down with it part of it, cutting itself badly, bleeding like shit, kind of got up nevertheless, to call for help, tried to phone, but forgot how to, blood all over the fucking phone and the carpet, managed to get out into the hall, to call katze, to find katze's cell

*call katze!*

*call katze!*

pet ran into hotel staff, who got it back to the room, who called katze. katze came

*what's wrong? rikki! listen, don't pass out. can you walk?*

but pet couldn't. pet tried to explain how mongrels through their own fault fell into sin, sinful and guiltless cause there was no difference between good and bad, to understand was liberation. pet saw the earth landscape extend to infinity. androids, mongrels, \*\*\*s, rose x katze, rose x pet, all destined to die...

*what's wrong?*

*...iason caressed my whole body.*

*i thought it would be something like this. i used to be iason's furniture.*

*can i go to your place?*

*just let's go. we'll talk later.*

katze helped pet to put on trousers and took pet to katze cell. pet slid onto the floor, it was difficult to keep up. katze called a doctor while pet watched...



FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

GENERAL G.S. PATTON

in planning any operation, it is vital to remember, and constantly repeat to oneself two things; in war nothing is impossible, provided you use audacity, and "do not take counsel of your fears." if these two principles are adhered to... victory is certain.

EPISODE I — INTRO

LAOS 1955

GI carries bleeding LOCAL through thick jungle towards a river. grenades are exploding near them. on the other side of the river GI's jeep can be seen on the bank of the river.

GI

(tough and good looking, torn uniform revealing strong body)  
looks bad for us guys...

LOCAL

(struggles to get down from the GI's arms, thick laotian accent)  
drop me, and get the hell out of here, you can't make it like that, drop me, listen, drop me!

GI

never! we make it together or we don't!

GI looks at the small buddhist medal on LOCAL's bloody breast.  
CUT TO:

it's just a piece of red plastic with a gilded picture on it.  
CUT BACK:

LOCAL

(murmurs in lao, subtitled)  
grant me the wish to save this man's life and let us be born together in our next life!

GI

shut up, asshole!  
you'll just bleed more if you don't keep still! we'll stay together, forever!

LOCAL

forever!

they blow up on a landmine.

CUT TO:

the GI's lone star belt buckle drops next to the bloody plastic buddha medal.

### ALCHERINGA (CONT'D)

pet was crying and couldn't breath. didn't pet love rose like this? they must have been together in their last life, that's why pet loved rose so much. pet wanted to return to rose's room but katze forced it to wait for the doctor. pet passed out again.

the doctor came and fixed pet up, giving it a shot, which made pet dizzy and it had to close the eyes and see the gi's naked breast and the half naked local, bleeding, and the medal, pet knew it was a movie, but it was the truth also, of love. love is forever. why did katze watch this movie? whom did katze love?

### FIRST TIME

FOREVER

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do not regard what you do as only a "preparation" for doing the same thing more fully or better at some later time. nothing is ever done twice. there is no next time. there is but one time to win a battle or a campaign and that's the first time.

### EPISODE III — PATTON'S DREAM II

#### THAILAND — VILLAGE STREET

PATTON picks up LOCAL in a village market. grinning LOCAL gets into PATTON's<sup>108</sup> jeep. they drive to a wooden bungalow among rich foliage.

#### THAILAND — BUNGALOW

large sliding doors are open towards a beautiful garden and the river beyond. on a bedside table two tropical fruit drinks.

LOCAL comes out of the bathroom in a flower sarong. PATTON is waiting for LOCAL on a canopied king size bed, a hardon shwoing in his boxers.

PATTON x LOCAL, make love for the rest of the episode.

### WAS PET DREAMING THIS?

was pet dreaming this? was it on tcc™ or was pet in a sandy grove near a river making love to a young tribal with lips tasting of a tropical fruit drink? pet still had a hardon, which meant it had been a dream, but what a dream! pet must go

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<sup>108</sup> patton (first name) is the hero of the ratanadilak kamtrakul movie, not to be confused with the general (last name) his father admired.

and look for that fucking tribal!

pet stretched shitself out as seductively as possibly, hoping that katze would get the picture, but suddenly pet felt the heaviness of the arm which was in a cast and then the pain came back. pet couldn't move.

rose was sitting in the bath cell, door open, bandana knotted around his arm, shooting up.

*are you alright? it's not necessary for you to move.*

*just great, thanks! ahhh... fucking iason.*

*you're about the only one who can talk like that to me.*

*someday i'll kill you.*

pet tried to get up to heel. rose said

*i do not mind at all what you do as long as you are aware of the fact that you are my pet!*

*you don't understand.*

*you really want to get hurt don't you?*

*yeah!*

rose was shooting up and pet put the good arm forward to get a shot too. rose sat down next to pet

*rikki, you must learn the manners of tanagura first. it was an inevitable retribution. are you alright?*

pet knew rose was disgusted with pet was worse than shit. rose should have killed pet long ago.

rose said

*i'm fed up with being part of a freak show!*

being a mongrel from midas, too much should not be expected from pet, the kind of lowmid va life the shit fucktory lived doesn't prepare well for serving as a superhuman rock star's punching pet and electrocution lab cur. pet loved rose, but it was afraid to die for good. pet said

*it's nothing like that. it's my fault... i haven't got anything else to give you. i'm not a kid. i'm your pet.*

*ugh... aggggh...*

the pain was too much. rose didn't listen to pet

*go back! i'll let you go as soon as you are able to walk.*

shit started crying

*where the hell am i to go? i can't go back! iason! nothing's changed! do it... to me.*

*you have been and always will be my pet.*

*don't mock me! you gonna do it or not?!*

## PAST

it was all pet mistake. before being rose's pet had been like a renegade joke...

## PRESENT

the doctor gave pet the strongest stuff, cause broken ribs hurt more than rose's kicks, but what is pain? it's just an electrochemical joke, nerves running haywire, telling pet the time is up, as if pet would care. pet swallowed enough painkillers not to feel if a train would have run over it, and enough of rose's usual pills to kill all fear. and h was cool, pet was a sucker for h from day one. rose should call 800-scavenge with their pvc™ incinerator bags to bodybag pet, cause pet is fucked.

## FUTURE

what future?

## THE MANNERS OF TANAGURA

rose taught pet the manners of tanagura...

*as long as you've got the pet ring on you are mine... as a pet pride and shame are not necessary... it is common knowledge that a pet's copulation is for public viewing... take your clothes off and stand*

*against the wall... let's see this body you boast about... spread your legs more i can't see... let's see what you can really do!*

rose led pet into the darkest hell of pain, and once rose came he pushed the buttons of the remote, alternating them until pet brain died and pet body spurted jism like from a run over a plastic milk bottle. rose strangled pet for good, letting pet only off to draw on amyl, which, plus the habitual drug intake, blew pet mind (remains of). pet knew this was the end.

**YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT PET IS TALKING ABOUT.**

**the garden of delights<sup>109</sup>**

the pain became like a symphony of pain rolling through and cutting into pet body, the bass notes of ass pain and of rose's fists hitting pet back and the treble notes of the pet collar, the shattering brass attacks of the pet ring, the high solo notes of rose's bowie knife slashing pet back. the final throttling and coming and falling into utter darkness, if only rose would snuff pet now!

**THE LEFTOVERS OF TANAGURA**

when pet came to, rose had gone, pet lips were split, pet throat was sore, pet ass was bleeding, pet looked like slash art, the cast was full of blood. katze called the doctor.

**ROSE VS. KATZE**

there was no rose vs. katze. to get sucked by katze was the best sex pet ever had, feelingwise, but who could compare with rose?

**ROSE VS. THE WORLD**

rose put pet on a chain, kind of what's left of rose's mega status, that a naked pet licked his feet while he listened to dealers bullshitting him on the phone about ¥¥¥ not materializing...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

**¥¥¥ MATERIALIZING**

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**concentrate on what you know or on what works. don't allow the lure of activity to take you beyond what is comfortable and controllable.**

when mister called rose got the picture. pet didn't mind, it turned pet on to see a tcc™ executive rearrange a painful hardon inside tight tan stretch slacks, rational thought blown away by fucking considerations, eyes glazed over with pix of pet spread-eagled on his heirloom quilted heirloom four-poster bed, and when rose called the stakes and told the #

<sup>109</sup> the walled paradise on mt. alamut, where stoned youths were taught murder.

that pet was available for a price, the drooling haste to fork out bills, to close the door and unbutton the shirt, pet on the bed, armed with a stoned grin, which pet knew looked like pet was beyond reckoning what was going on, but pet saw the 1/1000" by 1/1000" advancing of the horny bee towards the naked flowerpup, the room, the hotel, the county, the earth, the galaxy spinning away. the naked body blocking pet vision bore the imprints of top of the range goldwater™ briefs, kissed with napoleon™ brandy breath, uttered with a pained wankers' voice french sex words learnt from black market cadinot™ porn flicks...

**sounds like a winner!**

...while pet tried to chew a few drops of cum out of a canary sized erection, difficult to feel through the pills muffling swollen lips sensations, difficult to remember what was going on, when, and where, and why? did it happen or was it just a joke a joker told on speed?

**DID IT HAPPEN OR WAS IT JUST A JOKE A JOKER TOLD ON SPEED?**

did it happen or was it just a joke a joker told on speed? shitting ½ tsp. cum coming down from good shit induced flights of fantasy seems a proof, as are \*\*\*'s joking about tan stretch twill pants, tan stretch double yoked western jackets, zippered bone color genuine full quill ostrich boots. funny things happened while pet mind was searching in the womb of time for the question the universe was the answer for.

**WHAT WAS THE QUESTION?**

rose was hooked and needed money. pet wanted rose to love pet, but since that wasn't on the menu, to hustle for rose had to be good enough.

**WHAT WAS THE ANSWER?**

there was no question. there were enough #'s who paid rose to fuck pet, and enough drugs not to worry about minor shit.

**WHAT THE CUSTOMERS SAID**

**# 18**

- fuck!  
mister, when pet spurted ½ fluid oz. of cum on his freshly dry-cleaned midnight blue mohair

pants (the thin cloth on mister's strong legs was sexy, but woe! the endless drudgery of sucking a mister while he watches tcc™ stock tracker™.)

# 19

- he must be ten inch or more!  
an academic trying to impress pet with the size of his teenage pup's cock, called jurgen (by now pet was so tired of cocks and cock sizes, that pet never cared to find out who was jurgen)

# 20

- this is basic hygiene!  
a hmo exec wiping pet ass with benzine before penetration (he paid in pills — difficult to get stuff)

# 21

- my wife is sick!  
pet had heard that one before (he made pet sick too)

# 22

- it has nothing to do with sex!  
a social worker who offered pet to take it from rose's hell to his own non-prejudiced heaven where he preyed on fallen angels (it had nothing to do with sex, cause every time he moved, his cock dropped out of pet ass and had to be stuffed back in by his fingers like the intestines of an assassinated teddy bear.

# 23

- i need to be discreet!  
anonymous (every single meatrack futtmuck knew every single fucking hair in his sink)

## MORE HORROR (# 24)

pet fucked a flabby old ass where like in a bat cave the sound of your cum dropping echoes eerily from the walls of the immense cavity. what if the # suddenly disintegrated like hanged mongrel dropping from the gallows?

## FUCKING TECHNOLOGY

pet did pet fucking best to learn from katze and from what it remembered from room service to maximize customer satisfaction and repeat orders. pet was naturally horny, and ready to come about every twenty minutes, but not able to focus on anything except rose. no interest in cocks pushed into pet mouth from graveside, it was a fucking business.

### PET DREAMS

(what pet would have liked best) to be kept by rose in an absolutely dark upholstered box, soundproof, lightproof, to be transported in, to be sold and bought (by rose), to be rose's property for good. (this was a dream, cause nobody will ever understand, that pet needed be owned and kept in a box like a fucking set of guns.

### PET REALITY

half the time rose wasn't in control, pain mauling pet body like a giant leopard cat is tossing it around.

once rose was finished with pet, pet crawled onto the bed, sucked rose, and slept spooned to rose, sailing through seas of pain, stirred by gales of lust.

**WHAT ROSE SAID**

*you are mine!*

**WHAT ROSE DID**

- rose knifed pet until pet collapsed, which turned rose on to abuse pet further.
- rose kicked pet out, locked pet out, didn't let pet sleep in rose's bed. until pet howled like a fucking urching which turned rose on to abuse pet further.
- rose ignored pet (this was the worst).

**WHAT ROSE SAID (CONT'D)**

*are you alright? "excuse me"! hope it pleases you! how much longer are you going to be obstinate? i do not mind at all what you do, as long as you are aware of the fact that you are my pet. you are mine!*

**WHAT ROSE DID (CONT'D)**

rose made pet stand naked against the wall and slapped pet until rose's hands hurt more than pet face (and the blood dripping down from pet nose had spoilt the carpet).

**WHAT PET SAID**

*don't say that. don't torture me with those eyes... why... are you only... looking?*

**WHAT PET DID**

pet was a good pet. pet earned enough for rose to forget that there was no *roses* tour in the making. room service couldn't have sucked rose's cock better than pet did. pet suffered willingly and contributed many ideas how to make pet suffer more.

**WHAT PET DID (CONT'D)**

pet refused to talk, obeying, yes, but no word. let him answer the fucking phone. pet hid in the bath cell. no desire to talk.

*why doesn't he kill pet?*

**WHAT PET SAID (CONT'D)**

*ahhh...!*

**WHAT PET DID (CONT'D)**

to meet another pet would have been good. to fight and fuck, to lick each others tears. to know the other is thinking it too...

*fucking iason!*

getting kicked didn't count for much, no need to philosophize. mutes fetch a premium, to fuck a blind cur is even better, rose would have liked to own a mute, blind pet. pet wouldn't have cared. to live on rose's voice, to lick his feet, his hands, his face, the world's hard corners no more cutting pet eyes.

### WHAT PET DID (CONT'D)

pet slept naked on the floor dreaming of being rose's dog, swallowed blindly whatever stuff rose fed it, enjoying to drift through timeless space, wondering what the kicks overthrowing, the fucking feeling in pet ass could possibly mean, animal hope of getting fucked and fear of pain, to be loved would be wonderful, to belong had to be good enough.

### ROSE THOUGHT (CONT'D)

where is the fucking pet? fuck the fucking pet!

### WHAT PET SAID (CONT'D)

when the fucktory called...

*just great, thanks!*

looking for words in a wordless brain, eyes, mouth, nose, skin, and a dream without pix. too stoned to feel that rose punished pet for stealing stuff (cause it was rare raw o), the sound of the whip and the pain and the body were different stories altogether, it wasn't difficult to love rose. while rose beat pet to a bloody pulp pet dreamed that...

### ROSE THOUGHT

nice pet, nice fuck, good sucker, a bit quiet, will get used to it after a time, turns me on to beat it up, never met such a tough pet, should send it to deathrow, would come on the chair, i suppose. getting too uppity lately, have to teach it some manners.

...nice to stay in a sunny t hill hotel room, and live on pet ~~¥¥¥~~...

### **katze's ~~¥¥¥~~ advice**

**if some aspect (of your life) is very, very special to you, it becomes sacred by virtue of its integrity. then the level of your commitment to that ideal is vital, for you know that the whole reason for your life is contained and centered in that one quest or achievement.**

...to see how it loves me, that it wants me to kill it. turns me on to fuck it banging the head against the wall, to see that it wants to die. to have it jumping around naked in the room trying to catch a piece of shit.

...sucks like a fucking gundam<sup>110</sup> robot, time is probably running out on it too, but for the time being nothing beats having a pet on the beat. the more i beat it, the more it loves me. i'm fucking falling in love with the fucking shit pet. i'll have to put a plaque on the fucking pet grave

<sup>110</sup> a giant mecha(nical) war robot.



thank you master!

□ fucking rikki □

from \* to +

ROSE THOUGHT (CONT'D)

where is the fucking pet? fuck the fucking pet!



## XXVII TROUBLE IN SOUTH CERES<sup>111</sup>

### ACT I

rose was asleep and pet wasn't. pet felt thirsty, fucking thirst made pet get up and look for a drink. there was half a can of stout on the table, no ice in the fucking luxury stone age replica fridge. pet opened closed all cabinet doors. looking for something. looking for something pet opened rose's trunk, as if a bottle of gin or whatever would kill thirst better than warm stout. there wasn't a bottle of gin in rose's trunk, but there was the matterhorn print hohner™ harmonica box in which rose had kept katze's acid. pet opened the box, faint hope of finding lost acid, and there were, seven, eight or more, ten trips perhaps. in the state pet was in, which was clear as clay, pet swallowed was there was, not counting, later events erased all evidence and memories of earlier events. emptied the stout can, sneaked back into rose's bed, fell asleep.

### ACT II

no need to wake up fully, empty space between molecules and atoms, metallic sounding construction of metallic sound and blue divided space. mad sober whole, no feeling, no fear, no life, pure matter. electric taste of perfect tanagura lsd™ in the throat, and a feeling of more and more. falling towards the bottom of the universe and beyond at the speed of light.

### ACT III

pet opened the eyes, or thought it opened, and looked at rose, who was, in case pet was awake and did open the eyes, and did see rose, in the process of shooting up. rose looked evil, ugly, crazy, old like the hunchback of our lady. pet said or thought to say incoherent excuses, trying not to hurt rose, who looked at pet with glowing dangerous reddish eyes, his face coming closer entering pet mind.

**evil! void! doom!**

pet tried to put on the clothes, remembering the need of it from the...

**¿tu estás tan enfadado conmigo? no me niegues, querido!**<sup>112</sup>

...experience of suddenly standing naked in front of married amoi chamber maids, looking at pet body with curious outrage. ran out and into the hills, pretending to jog, to dodge and confuse prowling patrol cars, until pet arrived in some kind of wood, fountain, bench, probably early in the morning, difficult to say as time left no trace in pet brain. washed the slimy mouth, breathing was difficult, then lay down to say goodbye. assuming that this was the last act, pet found a neat place among the trees which looked like rest in peace, to see pet body end. no thinking, just watching.

### ACT IV

pet heard a dog pant through the bushes, knew dog coming, thought nothing. eyes closed, heard disjointed dog breath sounds, disjointed branches on dog body sounds, disjointed dog claws earth scratching sounds, then eyes closed saw the

<sup>111</sup> most of the midas slum population (and all of s&g) are illegal immigrant mongrels from amoi.

<sup>112</sup> are you so angry with me? don't deny me! (from the album love comes to the amazon by servax).

dog and pet with the dogs eyes, felt his body, and knew pet is like him, pet is the dog, in the dog, and the dog in pet, dog and pet overlapped and became one with each other and the universe, which was the dog, which was pet, which was the solid peace of being, no knowing on which side of looking pet was.

inside the dog pet saw another and the same sleeping dog curl up, which was the eternally curled up universe, the body made of galaxies, and pet saw it was fine. being wrong wasn't possible. there was the backward sound of faraway whistling, and the dog turned and left, leaving behind tender nudging with the nose, the trustful union of dog love and pet love.

pet understood. this was the mongrel dog god falling through time not touched by time, the universe was his body, in time and time in it, beginning and end interwoven with every moment, pet was one lifting of the head, one opening of the eyes of the dog god, one second of one dream of one night, and all of him too.

all was alright right from the beginning, it could only be alright, to be rose's pet was alright, that rose would kill pet was alright, nothing could go wrong, cause it was as pet had seen.

## ACT V

noon heat told pet that it was noon. pet got up and washed nose and face once more, turned towards the valley, walked down slowly, looking where pet was, and the way to where rose must be. suddenly there was a wild uproar of car noises and cars crisscrossing aggressively, paranoia or nearly, but pet walked on, keeping pet eyes on the ground which was full of glittering atoms, and between them the space, the falling away abyss of earth and ocean and tiny island stars trailing into future past emptiness. following the curb like a movie made of trash, leading pet to rose, ricocheting car and car horn sounds giving way to the sudden quiet of the hotel driveway, to the automatic slapstick of automatic glass doors and feelings of keys and locks and doorknobs, until there was rose, to touch him was home. rose didn't even punish pet for swallowing the fucking acid.

*sorry... fucking jason!*

## ACT VI

but did rose understand? he was sort of playing his guitar, the new second hand 1967 gibson flying v he had bought from pet ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

...and pet curled up near his feet, face on his boots, to let the trip and time pass. what pet had seen was there, impossible to explain, impossible to forget, pet was one of them stupid bugs kicking legs on the back, hoping fearing, but pet knew beyond that there was solid dog god peace, no need to worry about stomping feet.

## ACT VII

ten p.m. a # picked pet up at the bus stop. pet was late and # was there, sitting in a curious shiny steel and glass contraption, face rhyming perfectly with the expression of the thing, pet told shitself this was an 'automobile'. the # got out in a whirl of door and glass and trouser straight lines

*yeh!*

*as ouy re ikir eth krad!*

*enif!*

he drove like an old lady volunteer to bus driver, same responsible worried face, not to dent his tin. street light brushing orange over the silver hood and pet lap...

**...blue light played over their bodies...**

...# fingering pet crotch, checking the payload.

no meaning meaning of car doors opening and closing, parking doors, elevator doors, apartment doors, finally the safe comfort of a sofa, good view of the...

**...glittering nightless midas street casting sidelong glances at the elite's tanagura hill...**

...pet had delivered the goods, which was pet body, now it was watching casters and bicentenary eagle and flag shot glasses appear on a club table, liquids being poured, soapy shine of stout, smell and taste mixing with word sounds, was the # talking about fuckmutts mugging him? pet wasn't paid to understand.

**# 25**

pet tried to put the empty glass back on the caster, sudden difficulty of centering glass on caster, then glass taken out of hand, hands touching pet body, pushing up t, opening belt, distant memories of tc lust, undressing pet, pushing up legs to fuck pet, *i am sailing* coming from an accoustimass™ quadro soundsystem. pet thought the # said, but how to know, background sounds mixing with night pest control shots heat ambulance fireguard sirens midas street sounds from the balcony, pet body getting fucked and reacting as expected by coming in spasms and spurts, pet mind drifting on an oblique plane of time towards...

**...if it's daars it's a day in the shuttle...**

...what did he mean? why daars? would he repeat it if pet asked? would pet understand what he said? difficult enough to get day and time right, and place...

**...if it's daars it's a day in the shuttle...**

...pet felt like napping, the # was wiping pet stomach with ready-wipes™, nice to glide through time on that sofa high above the glittering nightless city, dreaming of iason x rikki, master x pet, difficult to come to the surface, whales and dolphins played with pet in a translucent ocean of blue light.

too early morning sounds of papers thrown, jap gardener bikes, rose will be angry, to get up and get boots and clothes and phone and taxi phone number and words and address was beyond pet, maybe later the # will drop pet, no need to pull together a dismembered act, sleep and let the world gather shitself.

late morning sounds of coffee grinding, water pouring, coffee dripping, smells of coffee, offbeat intervals between swallowing...

**music is painting with silence**

...offbeat chewing of no need to chew soft tanagura bakery breakfast vitaloaf™ slices. showered in marble tiled cubicle solitude sweet water rainfall delicious lily smell soap washing virgin body clean to be kissed and sucked and handed ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**becoming rich is a hands-on process.**

...and doors clicking and lift humming and lily smell sucked cock body gliding onto leather smelling leather car seats, gardens and drives and houses and cars and lorries swooshing past tinted glass windows left and right, toward bus stop, towards rose hotel, looking for door awning, hearing words which must mean, as it always did...

**...wednesday ten p.m. entrance to dana bahn...**

...which is the bus stop meat rack, where pet body is on offer in case you look for it.<sup>113</sup>

## ACT VIII

rose wasn't there. punishment looming cause late by twelve hours, cause stealing acid and high from stout, cause pet is too dumb to be rose's pet. what if rose got angry?

no rose. coffee will help, eat yogurt will help, clean up the mess to please rose, hope to please rose, change bed sheets to please rose, looking for shit pet found paper on the floor

**in katze's room, call me there!**

**rose**

no answer. call again, rose was crying, never heard him cry before.

*katze killed himself, call the shrink to come here and shit asap! he's dead*

pet called the shrink, told the secretary...

*it's for rose, it's fucking important!*

...told the shrink...

*it's for rose, it's fucking important!*

the shrink was impolitely pleased to find himself suddenly in the center of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll drama.

pet went to katze room, katze was dead in the bathtub, dead, dead, dead... rose sitting on bathtub rim, crying, drinking stout, swallowing pills from katze pill bottles.

*i hope he's coming soon, don't leave!*

## TECHNICALLY THERE WAS NO PROBLEM

the shrink handled it, getting from katze's name that bills would get paid, and expecting pet to give special service in return. handled katze's fucktory, heat, got himself into the news with a statement that it was heart failure, probably doubling his bill, there was no problem technically.

no mention of bugaboo words like...

- suicide
- overdose
- renegade
- furniture

...sad sentimental accidental death of promising young musician, sad sentimental luxury private cemetery funeral, no roses invited, family didn't care to know the renegades who killed their schyzothymic scion.

didn't protect them from industry rags reporting. pix of fucktory round open grave contrasting with katze guitar pix, rose codpiece pix, rose indecency rap pix.

rose cried. rikki cried too, cause rose cried, cause suddenly katze was no more there to call, katze who had been good to pet, katze who had known the pain.

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<sup>113</sup> or contact fucking rikki c/o the publisher for further details and to schedule an appointment! out rate is ¥ 50 plus the taxi fare back. the following overnight & travelling rates are a little negotiable: ¥ 200 for up to 1½ hours and ¥ 125 for each hour thereafter (except for overnights). in greater tanagura overnights are ¥ 700, out-of-town rate is ¥ 800 / day plus expenses, nationwide and worldwide! mongrels and tribals welcome! for legal reasons rates are for time spent together. sex in any context and at any time, will be discussed strictly from the point of view of personal preferences and not in any type of context that might be construed as in exchange for ¥¥¥. even if implicitly described as such by you, anyone or anything. fucking rikki enjoys the company of males and goes to lengths to ensure that a good time is had by all. friendly and affectionate and genuinely enjoys what it does. services the entire gt and nearby areas accessible by mass transit.



**XXVIII**  
**IN MEMORIAM ALEXANDER MELLON MARS**  
**AKA**  
**KATZE**

**ACT IX**

shrink wanted to know all about iason x katze, iason x rikki, difficult to bullshit him with stories making reality into games blondies play.

**KATZE'S PROBLEM**

katze needed rose but rose didn't need katze.

**ACT IX (CONT'D)**

rose was in bad shape, crying when pet was out, rose couldn't talk about katze. katze's end was *the roses'* end, was rose's end, no need to talk about it with a pet.

**17<sup>TH</sup> MARCH**

pet became legally fuckable.

**SHITDAY**

fucktory called to suggest pet turn into the driveway of responsible future adult boredom, prepare for graduation gowned mortarboarded institute of chartered accountants, joining the happy crowd of those who believe that if you believe what you believe, what you believe becomes true. law forbids to tell that all the believing in the world will not change O.O into O.I. ever heard a # answer

*he joined his wife in heaven!*

with

*na, he's rotting away next to her, eaten by the same worms in a heavy metal contaminated overpriced rental plot of tanagura united mortician service inc.'s blessed<sup>14</sup> tanagura hill cemetery.*

to keep fucktory enthusiasm at bay pet said

*okay let's see, don't worry, it's fine, maybe finish tc...*

**THE THIN LINE**

seeing decent preppy dressed va pups hauling hot ass and cool backpack into tc bus, pet compared simpleton coach sucked cool college cur fun to fucking meat rack drudgery...

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<sup>14</sup> the blessed range are the top line of tums graveyards, offering mongrel-free long-term individual and family graves arranged in scenic theme settings.

# 26

...trying extra hard to talk clearly to make himself understood...

# 27

...telling pet what pet would have been glad not to know...

# 28

...that to suck his blue cheese cock was a privilege...

# 29

...that he had dined with his purple assed honor, the (mass mongrel killer) gt mayor...

# 30

...that if he would snap his fingers pet would become a movie star in no time.

DID HE?

**rule # 12**

**they never snap!**

pet tired of the hustler life. katze's death marked pet, pet would have liked a change of life, but how? where? what? pet had learnt in tc

**law # 1**

**pet is stupid**

**law # 2**

**the stupid have no chance**

**law # 3**

**only chance for the young and stupid is hustling**

## law # 4

only chances for the old and stupid are paochia<sup>115</sup> politics (become a tepos and terrorize your neighborhood)

## law # 5

the born again lead boring lives (why get born again if you spend it all on doing five days this, two days that, five days this, two days that?)

## ROSE'S OPINION

*as long as you've got the pet ring on, you are mine.*

rose didn't care to kick or fuck pet, spent his days shooting h, telling pet what an asshole pet was for hustling for an asshole like rose, telling pet

*return to eos, the game's over!*

but where could pet go? what if rose should leave? pet was rose's pet, pet couldn't live without rose. also rose didn't understand

- the roses, inc. was broke
- saturn, inc. was a bunch of crooks
- jupiter, inc. was the same bunch of crooks
- rose had no income
- without pet rose would be helpless

rose thought they had enough ¥¥¥, cause pet hustled for rose.

## katze's ¥¥¥ advice

even if you don't have any ¥¥¥ to speak of, you can create for the mind the illusion that what you do have is overwhelming abundance.

2<sup>ND</sup> OPINION

a hard-fucking successful publisher suggested to pet what pet knew was death's departure lounge, to be his exclusive live-in pup (just another word for discount hustler on a chain)...

# 31 ~~to # 32~~

...stay home, look good and please put the plates into the dishwasher before you leave for the gym!

<sup>115</sup> the mongrel slums are organized into security units or neighborhoods (paochias) with headmen (paochangs or tepos), who are personally responsible for reporting whatever goes on in their security unit. within the unit the households are held responsible for fucktory members' behavior. if pet would stop toeing the line the whole fucktory would get butchered immediately.



this question baffles scientists, philosophers, and theologians alike.

### ACT X (# 32)

a fellow dana bahn hustler sent pet to a photographer looking for pups looking years younger than they were, like pet who looked like seventh grade, ultra velvet ii™ skin, big inexperienced eyes, fresh lips hungering for a first passionate kiss, tight virtually virgin asshole, vacuumed shlong.

pet remembered from to

#### law # 6

there is demand for fresh fuckmutts

#### law # 7

there is no demand for mature mongrels

#### law # 8

don't outlive demand

but such considerations could not be brought before the sunday fucktory jury which threatened to sentence pet to reprocessing in a back country military academy known to make outstanding war criminals out of hopeless sissies.

working for the photographer was just contract hustling, but it sounded good enough to tell the fucktory, cause there was a contract (leaving out the interesting stuff), social security, form w-2, all they asked for was to be able to say

*rikki's got a job in advertising*

### ACT XI

pet did pet fucking best to hustle enough ¥¥¥...

<sup>116</sup> amoi 'for whose benefit', colloquially uttered it just means 'why bother?'.

**katze's ~~YY~~ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

### ROSE'S PROBLEM

...while rose was watching tcc™ in a damp hotel room, a/c out of order, curtains drawn, brooding about katze, too tired to meet his dealer friends, too tired to kick pet, too tired to fuck.

### ICHABOD (CONT'D)

rose cried. pet was rose's pet, his to kick and kill, but it wasn't enough for rose, after katze's death there was nothing left of the roses' proud dream of fucking the world, of showing the finger to record company execs. katze's death had officially declared the dream a nightmare. nothing pet could do.

*tell me if i'm a nuisance and i'll shut up. thought you might want someone to talk to. it's not my style to flirt but at least i can curl up by your feet.*

*so you're worried for me? return to eos the game is over!*

### XMAS EVENING (# 33)

jingle bells cause depressions. shopping causes depressions. green and red causes depressions, celebrating a peak commercial period causes depression, pet bought rose whatever came to mind. pet cried cause rose didn't care to unwrap the fucking gifts pet had bought, rose fucked pet and then kicked pet out.

### XMAS NIGHT

meat rack, dana bahn, back to the hotel to look after rose. rose crying again and abusing pet. pet understood rose was fucked for good. rose had loved katze, now there was just fucking pet around, which meant nothing to rose.

pet felt sad beyond words, but pet believed that in case an overdog would lift pet out of time's mess and drop it into the safety basket of eternity. while rose had nothing, nothing but h and katze who was dead.

if only rose would understand how much pet loved rose, but pet didn't count for rose.



XXIX  
LUCKY

## JANUARY BLUES

is lethal for a lot of street curs, and february takes another take. rose x pet were in bad shape too. but then death handed rose a chance to replace syd shipleigh of *van dahlen*<sup>TM</sup> who had done an unlucky fall off a bridge at night in his car, releasing his soul to seagull towards a new age.

## VAN DAHLEN<sup>TM</sup> 17

was a mellow version of *the roses*, same sound, better management and production, but without the rabid dog aggressiveness of *the roses*, without drugs and pets, no loaded guns on stage, no drummer collapsing dead on his cymbals, *van dahlen* was marketing's dream of a good bad band. rose wasn't hot for the idea but ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**concentrate on what you know or on what works. don't allow the lure of activity to take you beyond what is comfortable and controllable.**

...and rose didn't believe that it would be no drugs, no stout, no sex, no violence, he didn't believe it possible. one week later rose knew, the *van dahlen* management had bodyguards who enforced house rules violently.<sup>118</sup>

## CLEANING SHIT

rose left on the fifth of january towards noon. in the afternoon shit put back the stuff rose had planned but finally not taken with him. shit cleaned the place, shit wouldn't really miss rose messing up the room. rose was the renegadest blondie in the world and shit wouldn't hesitate to die for rose but you could see that rose grew up in an ashtray<sup>119</sup>, all rose did for cleanliness was moving into another room when the old was beyond cleaning. shit had the room hoovered<sup>TM</sup> while shit showered, then dressed to hustle, smoked a joint, called a taxi.

## MODELING SHIT (# 34)

**a fuck a buck,  
a dime a suck!  
what makes you come so soon?**

<sup>117</sup> a successful formula good bad group managed by bovis, inc.<sup>TM</sup>, not to be confused with any later groups of the same name nor is bovis, inc.<sup>TM</sup> identical with any company of the same name.

<sup>118</sup> rose told pet that he had thought he knew all about painful kicks, only to find out that *van dahlen*<sup>TM</sup>'s bodyguards (most of them former scmc killers — doors' misguided pups) knew the last word in pain...

**nobody fucks with us!**

...was embroidered on their caps.

<sup>119</sup> rose grew up in the t hill academy trust mansion, a luxury foster home for android youngsters known to produce the sickest sick tickets.

**you used to come at ten o'clock,  
but now you come at noon!**

quickly downing stout to get immune to shit talk, more repetitive than an answering machine  
***aren't you gonna take your clothes off?***

## HOT SHIT

what he wanted to shoot, was shit taking off the boots, naked otherwise, showing heavy hung not fully hard cock<sup>120</sup>, shot with and without a cheap amoi made acoustical guitar covering hurting shit private parts. freezing the butt off while his fucking stone age floodlights burn your balls, only good thing the flicks he let shit watch. shit would have liked to smoke a joint and get sucked and fall asleep, but shit didn't dare to ask for timeout to smoke a joint, finally the usual upstairs affair, which felt getting banged around in rough train, too tired to care what's going on, suppose you could call it mechanical friction fuck.

## CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC

taxi to the meatrack, chew pizza hut take out pizza waiting for another #.

## # 35

imported car, # looks proper, pants and polo, well-trained, suntanned, at least no need to be ashamed if you meet him in a bar. not like certain seniors who embarrass you at the meatrack coming up to you in a jogging suit, getting you or worse in shorts mischievous *lucky you!* grins from all the bystanders on offer, lucky you landing that well-paid embalmers assistant job, or worst if worse is possible, putting on their one good polyester seersucker wash 'n wear suit and one of those white or light blue mock turtle necks which spell cancer ward, mothball smell makes you feel like wanking in a fucktory heirloom wardrobe.

# drives nicely, carefully, like it's a fucking bentley™, if only it were a fucking bentley™! how much better would shit look at the meatrack, at *it's for you shit!* time. nice house, nice car port, nice front door with brass knob and knocker (if only rose could get his act together, live in a house like this, a fucking bentley™ turbo in the car port or whatever, just not this enormous ten years old sc the proud kkk renegade rv parked curbside getting the heat jumpy like fucking dog hounds smelling a fox. stupid thought, though. if rose were like that, would he waste his time with shit? rose would be fucking fucking international male™ models with fucking scum<sup>121</sup> university™ mba's!)

## CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT!

but not this # who wants to know all about shit life, rose, prostitution and the daily hardship of it, trade info, turnover, discounts on quantity purchases of lube, the latest drug updates, shit stats, is hustling a valid career choice?

*rose is on tour and this afternoon was modeling*

## # 36

the # sucks shit clumsily and pays well. prime amoi stout, is shit paid to listen to answer shit questions?

## BURNING DESIRE

shit dropped into dana bahn, to dance, and hope that a fucking stud would come up to it and say

***can i go to your place?***

and when that didn't happen towards the morning shit told a horny shy renegade

***why... are you only... looking?***

and took the blondie home.

<sup>120</sup> tied with a string after wanking 90% to keep up the appearance for the whole session.

<sup>121</sup> sc university at midas.

# 37

kiss, undress, kiss, got masturbated by the blonde who left at half past three leaving shit half-asleep, stoned, tired, half-fucked, too tired to sleep, too excited to stay awake, what with stout and shit and pills and h and c and fancy synthetic recreational drugs... only hope left was that time would pass, sleep would come or shit would pass out, or death, or nothing...

👁 👁 👁 law # 9 👁 👁 👁

that, that is, is

...wide awake on the spinning, bucking bed, about to vomit, afraid and alone, if only rose were here! none of the fucking studs could touch rose.

**COME DOWN HARD ON ME**

rose fucked what he liked, cause it is right to fuck what you like, cause rose believed in...

💩💩💩 statutory warning 💩💩💩

the following law is not legal!

## THE LAW OF THELEMA<sup>122</sup>

law # 10

do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law!<sup>123</sup>

ROSE	EX-ART STUDENT
reduced shit to a crying state of deadly fear. tears, blood, snot, and spit all over shit body, only when shit begged rose to kill shit did rose fuck shit, and while rose fucked shit rose's fists would still beat shit back and head, and sides, and screw shit nipples and balls, and when rose came he strangled shit until shit went limp and rose fell on shit exhausted, not one second did rose think of shit, whether shit liked it, cause rose was real.	made joint affair sissy sex. he knew that shit was rose's pet, but he didn't understand that rose x rikki was for real.

## GANGSTER OF LOVE

the way rose looked at it, whom the hole fits, let him fuck it. you like badgers, good luck, take care!<sup>124</sup> no need to make it into a big thing, south ceres pet owners association annual general meeting, pet care newsletters, pet of the year elections... rose wasn't born for that kind of shit.

## AN APPEAL!

income and property statistics prove that senior citizens have a lot to give beyond their bodies... please mail ¥¥¥ to shit!<sup>125</sup>

<sup>122</sup> a fucking abbey in sicily.

<sup>123</sup> according to aleister crowley, who ran foul of the law.

<sup>124</sup> pet is strictly against non-consensual sex with badgers or any other animals. also badgers make rough bedfellows. (shit walked out of a tc bio class cause they were dissecting live frogs instead of the usual waste mongrel parts which would have upset shit too. also shit sports a tattoo of the alf support group on shit left arm.)

<sup>125</sup> send cash to fucking rikki c/o the publisher!

katze's ~~YY~~ advice

**if some aspect (of your life) is very, very special to you, it becomes sacred by virtue of its integrity. then the level of your commitment to that ideal is vital, for you know that the whole reason for your life is contained and centered in that one quest or achievement.**

## IN THE POOL

next morning shit took acid in the pool, wonderful cool feeling of water and jumping and flying and diving. shit touched a pup never seen before, a same age pup, talked about strokes, without stuttering, forgetting that in the locker shit hustler life was waiting, hustler boots and too tight hustler jeans, to tight hustler t, no™ hustler underwear, that shit was dating dates so dead, that death itself shrank back from their touch.

for a second shit was a an ordinary same age pup in a pool, breathing freely, talking about strokes, grinning cause the cool pool water felt great.

dressing the pup guessed that not tc was waiting for shit, that the pet collar was no ordinary ornament. split at the meat rack, where shit blending in perfectly betrayed where shit belonged.

**shit is what shit is what shit is  
shit is rose's pet**

...a fucking fuckmutt.

## LONELY LIFE OF A LONESOME SHIT

shit sucked the photographer, hustled jobs off the meatrack, the bar, whatever came along. shit wasn't alone, enough #'s touching shit, too much touch in fact, and didn't expect any # to love it, it's not in shit book. less depressed if you look at it in hours of absolute darkest depression, but yes, depression hit shit, that shit wasn't the hot pet, the rotten pup but rather a common stupid asshole, for every # to see but shit, the busted ears idiot weakling, the tc toilet wanker, a disposable fuckmutt between stout hog and drug cur, with the iq of a squirrel...

**# 38**

...which the dentist told

*you're teeth don't look good, but to speak frankly, fuckmutts generally don't outlast their rotten teeth, so just tell me where you feel pain and i'll rip them out!*

## THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN

shit sat naked at the breakfast table drinking stout and chewing loaded cookies, listening to *alte frauen™* playing *be-boy™* songs at triple speed, scribbling into a monitor's exercise book, what to shit squirrel brain looked like a movie...

- shit thought to call it *a pet's own story*
- or *the basket case diaries*
- or *a studio of my own*
- or *other bodies other cocks*
- but looking at the depressing shit shit had produced, shit decided to call it *farts of an asshole!*

## SAMPLE CHAPTER

**shit was an innocent pup when fate decreed that destiny would lay with the evil red force of rose. shit body was stripped, punished, abused and**

clothed with choice pet garments, suede boots and tight velvet jeans, pet ring and pet collar.

instead of the fucktory plain fare, shit now consumed various natural and synthetic drugs, quality stuff! rose fed, made inhale, injected into his pet to get more pleasure out of it. rose would rather kill than let his pet run out of drugs...

## WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

*the inevitable fine print.*

the past is floating towards oblivion, the present is rose, and the future...

## WHAT FUTURE?

better no go fall on shit in no fucking future.

## SORRY!

shit got rather depressed some days... like too depressed to get up and taxi to twenty drugstores to get enough pills to kill shitself. later in the day shit balls ran the show steering shit towards dana bahn, filling the stomach on the way.

## MANIC DEPRESSION

shit got rather depressed some days... and other days even more, walking to walk... thankful for the entertainment hustling provided. shit went with the first fucking # caring to look at shit. the depression made shit gentle, soft-spoken, polite, a model mutt. # told it...

## # 39

*you're a good pup!*

...while to get a hardon shit thought of standing above a pup, kicking pup kidneys and pup balls, to fuck a pup which didn't cry was a wimp thing. suddenly hot for violence, if only rose were here! emptied a sixpack of no-label smuggled amoi stout in the taxi to...

## DANA BAHN

hid the tears in the toilet, junkies banging against the door impatient to shoot up, giving shit hateful stares when shit got out. shit pretended to sleep in a dark corner, then sat on the floor behind pete's dj desk crying, telling pete<sup>126</sup>, who knew what pills to take.

## OUTSIDE DANA BAHN

in the yellow gray glare of early morning lamplight saw blood on the sidewalk and the sawdust like chemical stuff gt heat uses to remove blood stains. what if the implant<sup>127</sup> suddenly stopped responding? shit knew that the implant was dead. like in a dream where a family of giant tyrannosaurus were hunting shit, gt heat was out to kill shit! the moment shit got scanned by a heat car they'll bump shit off. were these the final seconds of shit life? to escape the scan cars shit ran after a taxi, mortal fear mixing with the ridiculous picture of a stoned hustler running stumbling on high-heeled rodeo

---

<sup>126</sup> pete was a nice farm mutt driven from the village by puphood grange fucking buddies turning into fucking country breeders abusing sissies in public and raping urchins in private. pete had a good heart with a missy touch, he made shit feel at home in dana bahn, there wasn't anything to talk about (also dana bahn is rather loud), just nice to have pete smile at you, to know he'd care to kiss you if you cared to kiss him. he died when guy blew up dana bahn.

<sup>127</sup> the passive gps (global positioning system) implant which allows doors to monitor the mongrel citizens. no implant response means no citizen, means instant death or if you're lucky, impoundment.



boots along the empty avenue towards syndicate circle, eyes overwhelmed by early morning lamplight dawn, ears overwhelmed by sudden empty early morning street silence. there was an illegal radio cab, but shit was stuttering like shit, not able to pronounce the security of rose's name, showing va pass, citizen pass, gt hill pass with shaking hands static blowing shit mind cause nervous cause nervous made shit look like a drugged waste mongrel with stolen papers.

### CRASH LANDING

dropped into rose's room, too nervous to decide on uppers or downers, swallowing both and drinking stout and smoking shit. watched a porn flick to get tired. wanked slowfast lying on the carpet right in front of the tcc™. came and slept a few minutes then woke up, closed the windows not to hear the gt heat sub-machinegun shots. wanked again, sudden attacks of paranoid hate, android service only, was shit right to be a pet? shit listened to tbc™...

### DOWN THIS STREET BEFORE

**i've been down this street and i've seen your face before  
looked through every window and knocked on every door  
but i can't find where you've gone...**

(the rejects, cabell records # 113)

### NO ROSE

shit was desperate, every idea seemed like a good idea...

### NO SHIT

### THE YOGHURT SCENE

SHIT jerks off with yogurt<sup>128</sup>.

...slept stoned, spent and tired. but there were other songs too in shit head, like what pest mongrels were said to be singing in ranaya uugo, too die fucking the heat...

👤 👤 👤 statutory warning 👤 👤 👤

**the following song is illegal!**

### THE MONGREL MARCH<sup>129</sup>

**hold high the cock! keep your ass arrayed!  
mongrels fuck in mongrel stride.  
mongrels, by pest brigades massacred,**

<sup>128</sup> try it! it sounds stupid but has a nice feel to it, kind of like certain pups who fresh from the fucktory look like it's a shame to be seen with them trailing behind you, and undressed have the heavy thighs, the kick-butt ass, the hardwood cock which more expensive scso branded pets rarely offer.

<sup>129</sup> also called *the eagle song* cause it was formerly sung (with different words) a lot on the sc coast guard barque *eagle* (wix-327). the melody incidentally is similar to *how great thou art* and *the königsberg lied*.

**fuck with us! and come at our side!**

**give way! give way! to the urchin legions!  
urchins clear the street through the slums of sodom!  
urchin flags give hope to urchins in the millions  
the day for freedom and for sex has come!**

**gt<sup>130</sup> heat fires its cruel final round  
pets stand prepared to fuck and  
kill the blondies who kept them bound  
let south ceres from their cries resound!**

**hold high the cock! keep your ass arrayed!  
mongrels fuck in mongrel stride.  
mongrels, by pest brigades massacred,  
fuck with us! and come at our side!<sup>131</sup>**

#### FUCKMUTT FOOD

paranoid 24/7 shop shopping, peanuts and 3c™ orange juice. shot sounds, hate'm kill'em paranoia, to run amuck promises peace. glad a # called...

**# 40**

...gentle, like a free shrink. shit wouldn't have minded to stay longer in his place, dropped shit downtown.

#### TANA DRIVE

to avoid facing genpub, shit window-shopped, fucking shops made shit vomit ...

- aso apparel store
- aso watch store
- aso drugstore
- aso art gallery
- aso bank
- aso bar
- aso club

...tana drive should be called aso drive. why not kill a heat and get bumped off? what good mongrel life? wait for what?

#### TOPHET GATE

a song of shit on tana drive...

**hey doors! how's the weather up there in your a/c tomb?  
hey doors! don't worry about shit!**

---

<sup>130</sup> greater tanagura, comprising eos beach, tanagura proper, tanagura hill, west tanagura, midas and the nameless mongrel slums beyond colloquially and appropriately referred to as sodom and gomorrah (s&g).

<sup>131</sup> *the mongrel march* is the illegal hymn of the struggle for mongrel emancipation or mongrelia: the mongrel state the millions longed for who fought for sc in the great war; the mongrelia that they saw in their mind's eyes as the coming mongrel state; the mongrelia born of their common experience of struggle, of sorrow, of the deaths of mongrels; the mongrelia for which it was worth to die. the mongrel community worthy of their lives they hoped that by sacrificing their individual lives would grow.

hey doors! did you watch the fun?  
 the heat bumped off shit!  
 hey doors! how does your current run?  
 \*\*\*'s made dogfood of shit!  
 hey doors! are you're bits all on?  
 grinning brown speedy gonzalez shit...  
 hey doors! are you listening!  
 ...face label proves it's made from shit!)  
 hey doors! don't worry about shit!  
  
 hey doors! would you feel it when they pull your plug?  
 hey doors! don't worry about shit!  
 hey doors! did you blow your fuse?  
 \*\*\*'s ripped the skin of shit!  
 hey doors! are you giving a fucking shit?  
 genuine leather boots are made of shit!  
 hey doors! does it make you come?  
 grinning brown speedy gonzalez shit...  
 hey doors! are you listening!  
 ...face on the label proves it, shit!)  
 hey doors! don't worry about shit!

fucking aso limos cruising for the elusive good-enough pup to deliver to a horny bored blondie, fucking genpub scurrying here and there in their hurry to die in a better spot. shit fed in a trefa<sup>132</sup> (worse than the cantina) two streets from the drive. lots of paperless urchins too young and shy to go out and hustle. to sleep spooned to a sweet pup would be nice, but how to get it past security?

## # 41

eight p.m. at the meat rack.



shit functioned like a fucking robot. paranoid hate'm all poisoning shit mind. if only rose were here to kill shit! like killing

<sup>132</sup> amoi 'non-aso', public kitchen off-limits to androids. often in a basement and without any other sign than the stench of cooked offal signalling its presence.

shitself would be damaging rose's property. rose had to kill shit!

### DANA BAHN (CONT'D)

air heavy with grass smoke. shit hit pete for the worst tribal mescaline™, danced in a fucking tribal headhunting war dancing frenzy. fell down in spent trance. walked back at 4:40 a.m., wanked shitself into sleep, and slept.

### DREAM

shit danced, casually cruising, kissing the # turned into...

### SHIT HOTEL ROOM

shit feels the lips and the taut naked body of BOY AGENT kissing and embracing shit with all the haste of first love.

### FEELS GOOD

shit wanked watching a tcc™ sex channel pup hunting, pup bondage, pup torturing, pup fucking, pup snuffing flick (zapped off before the snuffing, shit hates snuff stuff). the thought of a pup begging to get snuffed turned shit on and shit hands were full of cum when...

### ROSE CALLED

- to tell shit that the tour was a fucking success, as much fun as a tour where musicians were expected to behave like serious responsible adult musicians could be, which is zero dot zero. rose didn't mind that the audience was pups too young to come going nuts over blondies with wrestlemania™ codpieces, only that the fucking management didn't let the fucking artists ruin a successful formula by fucking minors.
- to tell shit that rose dreamed of fucking shit, which was the nicest thing rose ever cared to tell shit.

### SHOWER AND COFFEE

trying to get shit brain together for shit fucking job, shit thought about rose, to die for rose was better than to live alone. shit was rose's pet, shit looked forward to rose fucking the shit out of shit. nothing wrong with peddling shit ass for rose, nobody would ever love shit, next best thing was to be rose's punching pet, no rose was no shit.

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH #'S?

drooling round the meat rack, comparing their wallets to what is on offer. if there wouldn't be the hope of rose coming back, shit would get a gun and run amuck in an aso club, to go down fighting, shouting what shit had thought a thousand times of smearing on a thousand walls, but where is a wall in gt without a gtpd<sup>133</sup> spy camera?

---

<sup>133</sup> gt police dept.

👁👁👁 statutory warning 👁👁👁

graffiti are illegal!

***FUCK ASO!***  
***FUCK THE***  
***HEAT!***  
***FUCK***  
***DOORS!***

...or should shit spray...

**KILL  
BLONDIES!**

or the one most illegal phrase, which caused heat to blow up whole neighborhoods...

**MONGRELIA  
OR DEATH!**

but wasn't it rather...

# SUICIDE OR DEATH!

DANA BAHN (CONT'D)

a pup caught shit eyes and balls, a fair-skinned fuckmutt which said...  
*so you're rikki the dark... you have the reputation of a rat!*

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL CRUISING

rule # 13

don't waste time with time-wasters!

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL CRUISING (CONT'D)

rule # 14

try, try, try and try!

# 42

...until a pup said...  
*i haven't got a car so you'll have to walk?*

ROSE CALLED (CONT'D)

shit knew that rose would fuck on tour. rose told shit...

- race (quadroon mongrel)
- age (first cum)
- skin color (wheat)
- cock size (double galaxy)
- virtually virgin ass (tight as a wrench)
- the stats (gymnast body, two mellons in a wet paper bag butt, sparkling smile, hip-long chestnut tress).

...shit didn't believe a word rose said, probably sparkling smile sucked like maggie simpson™. if two mellons in a wet paper bag was such a good fuck, why didn't rose bring wrench ass home? cause first time rose kicks first cum kidneys and the double galaxy cock joins the sc postal service instead, that's why! shit was drifting away from rose, but without rose what? rose was best for shit, to get pulped and fucked by rose, to be rose's punching kicking burning cutting electrocuting pet...





XXX  
AI NO KUSABI VIII

BASEMENT

while taking inventory in the basement of a warehouse, rikki witnesses a minor scuffle.

RIKKI

(being clever)  
i'm so grateful. everyone's so protective of me.

MAN 1

stop! stop you idiot! stay down! there's hundreds of degenerate ex-pets like you! if you disobey we'll cut your arms and legs off and send you to ranaya uugo for the rest of your life!<sup>134</sup>

two guards tackle an escaping ex-pet who RIKKI recognizes as ENIF, one of IASON's former pets.

RIKKI

enif?

ENIF

ugh?

MAN 1

just causing more trouble, you.

KATZE comes up.

KATZE

even the pets in eos who are aloof and patronizing grow old and lose their masters interest. doesn't matter if they're from the academy or the harem, the only thing left is to

<sup>134</sup> which, in ranaya uugo, will be a) off little value to you or anybody else, and b) short.

fall from one whorehouse in midas to the next 'till you get to hell. the fate of a pet is more or less the same. rikki, have you ever thought about how lucky you are to be here. and how much of a risk iason is taking behind all of this.

IN THE BEDROOM

IASON gives RIKKI a blowjob.

RIKKI

ugh...

IASON fucks him.

RIKKI

let... me go.

IASON

not yet, it's not enough...



# XXXI

## ROSE CALLED (CONT'D)

...thinking doesn't change things, rose didn't want shit on tour. was rose ashamed of shit? rose didn't need to love shit, but what was wrong with shit? rose was shit, without rose shit was nothing.

## MEAT RACK # 43

(nobody would want to know)

## MEAT RACK # 44

(shit is shit! what are you looking for?)

## DANA BAHN

...walked back in the cold 4 a.m. silence, taxis only and heat scan cars...

**KNOCK YOURSELF OUT**

- shit was shit
- shit was fucked
- shit hated shit
- if only rose would kill shit soon

...but shit legs walked on until shit was at the back door, no need to switch the light on, shit unplugged, fell down, gray patterns turning and vanishing, nothing.



XXXII  
ENTER THE PUP

GIT DOWN

shit slept late, eleven a.m. a pup looking for rose dropped in...

*looks pretty run down but hey, its not everyday that you come across a place like this.*

...pup asked to watch...<sup>135</sup>

THE ALTE FRAUEN VIDEO...<sup>136</sup>

ALTE FRAUEN<sup>137</sup>

PAWEL'S BIRTHDAY

IRENA, PAWEL'S wife kisses PAWEL

IN A POLISH CUTLERY FACTORY

PAWEL is working in a cutlery factory, the machines are extremely noisy

---

<sup>135</sup> boring tcc™ stuff about stoned and naked vegetarian backcountry tribals (you think you're in tanagura but you're in zittau!). if you don't come watching naked tribals bonking each other go directly to *x rated stuff* with genuine scso class "a" wrestling pets fucking each other, it gets no better.

<sup>136</sup> only video ever made about a busted ears guy.

<sup>137</sup> with kind permission of alte frauen / michael eisen & pawel jablonski.

IN AN OFFICE

(the noise in PAWEL'S ears doesn't stop)

OFFICER

...your wife is dead...

(the noise in PAWEL'S ears increases, he can't hear anymore what's said to him)

TRAM STATION IN A POLISH TOWN<sup>138</sup>

PAWEL with a suitcase not waiting for a tram

IN A FOREST NEAR THE POLISH GERMAN BORDER RIVER NISOU

PAWEL eats berries he picks, then lies down to sleep on a sunny slope above the river nisou

(the music is slowly changing from the factory noise to the art of the fugue to the lohengrin overture)

AT THE POLISH GERMAN RIVER NISOU

(the noise in PAWEL'S ears is increasing again)

MICHAEL and ROBERT are bathing naked on the german side of the river, they are waving to PAWEL. MICHAEL wears his hair extremely long.

PAWEL undresses slowly, gets into the water, and swims across the river.

PAWEL happens upon MICHAEL and ROBERT who are making love in a bubble foil tent. MICHAEL who is on top, smiles at PAWEL.

PAWEL sits down in the sun at a discreet distance.

MICHAEL invites him to share their lunch.

having nowhere to go PAWEL follows MICHAEL

IN A GERMAN SQUATTER COMMUNITY<sup>139</sup>

the home of the nudist music group alte frauen, vegetarian, anti-nuclear energy, anti animal testing, pro whales and dolphins, peace, meditation, hashish

nude group eating-meeting around the kitchen table, PAWEL is bewildered, he cannot hear what they're talking about, anyway PAWEL would neither understand nor appreciate their jokes about a polish flying duck with four letters<sup>140</sup>, PAWEL has never seen such guys before.

---

<sup>138</sup> boleslawiec, pawel's hometown, polish tribal area.

<sup>139</sup> in zittau, german tribal area, hometown of alte frauen's teen-idol drummer robert "roboter" hübner.

<sup>140</sup> the polish druid.

MICHAEL cuts PAWEL'S hair short with a haircutting machine

PAWEL

(speaking polish, subtitled)  
many are like you... i don't understand you, i first time i live...

ALTE FRAUEN ON STAGE<sup>141</sup>

PAWEL helps carrying in stuff then watches amazed the performance (alte frauen sound like a pogo band on speed)

MICHAEL and the other group members are wearing cheap supermarket old women's dresses<sup>142</sup>, partly unbuttoned, revealing non-beefcake male bodies, there is nothing drag about them, though they're good-looking young men.

MICHAEL

(singing)  
light!  
frame in!  
one shot!  
close up!  
frame out!  
white noise!  
fade out!  
frame in!  
one shot!  
close up!<sup>143</sup>

the AUDIENCE is applauding as MICHAEL goes into a second song

MICHAEL

you're part of me,  
a part of me.  
i'm part of you,  
a part of you.  
you're part of me,  
a part of me.  
i'm part of you,  
a part of you.  
(repeat)

and a third song

(one, two, three, four!)  
accident,  
memory,  
hey!  
try again,

---

<sup>141</sup> in the robur halle in zittau.

<sup>142</sup> called 'kittelschuerze' in the vernacular, the typical german tribal hausfrau dress.

<sup>143</sup> all be-boy texts copyrighted by their respective authors.

hey, hey, hey!  
 try another  
 déjà-vu,  
 déjà-vu,  
 déjà-vu,  
 midnight déjà-vu.  
 no bad scene,  
 story,  
 happy end.  
 no! never mind!  
 no, no, no!  
 meet another  
 déjà-vu,  
 déjà-vu,  
 déjà-vu,  
 midnight déjà-vu.  
 déjà-vu,  
 déjà-vu, wow!  
 déjà-vu,  
 midnight déjà-vu.

#### AT MICHAEL'S PARENTS' HOME<sup>144</sup>

MICHAEL and PAWEL visit MICHAEL'S well-to-do FATHER and MOTHER. PAWEL helps MOTHER in the garden

#### IN A VOLKSWAGEN BUS

MICHAEL and PAWEL drive to italy, they listen to another alte frauen song

#### MICHAEL'S VOICE

summer breeze,  
 highway —  
 keep your summer dream —  
 heart —  
 keep your summer dream!  
 so yes!  
 so bright!  
 all right!  
 sunglasses,  
 young face —  
 keep your summer dream —  
 heart —  
 keep your summer dream!

---

<sup>144</sup> in görlitz, german tribal area.



(repeat)

IN AN ITALIAN NUDIST SQUATTER COMMUNITY<sup>145</sup>

MICHAEL and PAWEL visit *i tre ladri*, a tapioka<sup>146</sup> group.

AFTERNOON IN A BEDROOM WITH OPEN WINDOWS

PAWEL is jerking MICHAEL off, MICHAEL sucks PAWEL

PAWEL'S VOICE

(off and subtitled)

we go out and others think you are my friend or i'm your friend...

IN AN ITALIAN TOWN

PAWEL loses MICHAEL in an italian street market crowd, PAWEL is afraid to descend the steps towards the sea.

a fellow with two or three spaniels seems to pursue PAWEL, the noise of the sea is mixing with the art of the fugue, PAWEL is flying away, hearing

MICHAEL'S VOICE

generation  
alphabet  
oh, generation  
alphabet  
generation  
revolution  
generation  
revolution

THIS IS THE BEGINNING

**PRELUDE TO A FUCK**

...instead shit showed pup...

---

<sup>145</sup> in castel nuovo al mare, italian tribal area.

<sup>146</sup> a stupid tribal dance, similar to the tarantella, only faster.



**XXXIII**  
**X-RATED STUFF**

**AN FPMA PROMO VIDEO**

WRESTLING MONGRELS 5 — WINNER TAKES ALL  
A FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY PRODUCTION  
BY  
PEI SHEN (NAF, SCAB)  
FEATURING  
NATURALLY ENDOWED ARTISTS (SCSO "A")  
X  
VARIOUS CLASS "A" PETS

WRESTLING CELL OF A MONGREL TC

splendid bodied mongrels are changing into wrestling singlets with pet marketing numbers printed on them.

B1608-A challenges another class "a" pet, E7923-A.

B1608-A

fuck you!

E7923-A

(grinning)  
fuck you!

B1608-A lifts E7923-A up and throws it on the wrestling mat.

E7923-A

fuck you!

E7923-A rips off B1608-A singlet. B1608-A in turn, rips off E7923-A singlet and jumps on E7923-A, forcing him down, and raping it.

E7923-A

ugh... agh!

B1608-A

sounds like a winner!

rest of the episode is spent with the obvious, only remarkable feat is that E7923-A pushes out the tongue each time B1608-A pushes into E7923-A...

FOR SCSO CLASS "A" PETS LIKE THESE  
CALL THE FPMA NOW!  
800-FEDPET



XXXIV

X-RATED STUFF (CONT'D)

PUP FUCK (CONT'D)

pup had a stupid fuckmutt face promising hours of thoughtless fucking pleasure, long black hair, squinting eyes, one green, one gray...

*odd eyes, that's rare!*

*don't talk about my eyes! anyway, why don't we talk about business.*

pup had a hardon showing in his jams...

*well, ya gonna do it or not?*

*what if i say "no"?*

pup neck fit into shit hand...

*what'cha so tense about?*

*well, ok.*

shit pushed pup head towards shit crotch...

#### rule # 15

in order to successfully fuck a pup, you have to physically get the pup *underneath* you, which means that while it is sucking you, you have to dominate your urge to come (long enough to turn it round and fuck it).



## XXXV A HOUSE IN APATIA I

### ROSE WAS BACK

and all was fine, sort of. the tour had been a success, no pups and all. according to rose...

### VAN DAHLEN™ (CONT'D)

was fucking shit, they had that management<sup>147</sup> who cooked up success formula groups, and looked for hungry #'s to man them.

*you don't like golden tights?*

*you don't like to wear a silly superman™ costume with a codpiece looking like darth vader's™ mask singing a song which sounds exactly like another song, except for exactly that number of differences legal counsel for bovis, inc.™ advised?*

*fuck off!*

### ROSE

preferred to work havoc on stage, in front of hysteric pups, and not these afternoon off va pups. with katze rose had played what they felt like, arriving late and drugged, waking themselves and the pups up with machinegunnery loud enough to bring down the walls of jericho and suburbs and fling them into outer space.

### VAN DAHLEN™

didn't do business like that. there was a producer and a script. every chord and every step was programmed, you had to learn the whole fucking show by heart, like in a fucking musical, like at a car dealership's dumb tenth anniversary.

### ROSE IS BACK (CONT'D)

and all was fine. without rose life had been unreal, pet needed rose, but rose looked more dead than ever, no triumphant *grateful dead*™ grin, no glad to be bad or worse hoarse laugh. rose was tired and washed out from too much speed. rose pulped pet and fucked pet until nothing was left but an unconscious rolling pain and the raising lust of rose's cock made pet come like nothing it had felt before.<sup>148</sup>

### ROSE IS BACK (CONT'D)

rose was back and all was fine, but the south ceres winter was bleak, boring and depressing. rose didn't feel like joining *van dahlen's*™ upcoming *gotham goths*™ tour...

*they're only small fish!*

<sup>147</sup> bovis, inc. is generally considered the leading entertainment management organization, don't confuse with similarly named lesser outfits.

<sup>148</sup> compare this with mister, whose prick pricked pet ass like the proboscis of a female anopheles mosquito.

**CAUTION! EDUCATION OF A DEGENERATE TEACHER**

suddenly killie<sup>149</sup>, the stray pup pet had fucked, was part of the scene. to help killie (a paperless amoi) find a guarantor, rose let it hang-around. definitely nothing rose would do if there wouldn't have been another interest. which was to fuck it while pet rent ass polished the meat rack.

killie learnt quickly, in the evening pet would find killie half naked languid eyed near rose, looking at pet with that proud to be rotten look pet knew so well. rose said

*don't worry, i'll enjoy myself!*

*oh so that's how it works!*

**ROSE LEAVES**

straight gun holstered shits calling rose *zeus* like he's their fucking mob apex, saying like they're throwing poker cards onto a table

*if there's no mistake in the plan.*

*the enemy isn't human.*

no seat for bimbos in the craft. pet and killie were left behind. it was another shit plan to get ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**concentrate on what you know or on what works. don't allow the lure of activity to take you beyond what is comfortable and controllable.**

**LESSON 1 (#45)**

sunday morning, shit is half asleep, killie sprawls naked on the floor, listening to *pretty things* and *supremes*. blinds-filtered sunshine zebra patterns killie body, making killie look more kissable, fuckable. staring at killie, shit got hot like in

<sup>149</sup>

id	
name	killie (a bastard)
aka	n.a.
birthday / sign	n.a.
pass valid for	no papers
race / skin color	amoi
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	black tress
eye color	dark
height	... cm / ...' ..."
weight	... kgs / ... lbs.
iq	n.a.
penis	... cm / ..." uncut
blood type	a
jeans	25"x30"
body	amoi
education	n.a.
seme x uke	seme

a fucking orgone tank.

## LESSON 2 (# 46)

killie got two mugs of a sweet brown soup with a disgusting coffee smell from the kitchenette. shit said...

***odd eyes, that's rare.***

***don't talk about my eyes! anyway, why don't we talk about business.***

which was getting fucked by rose, and in rose absence...

***come on, lets get done with it!***

...tender lemur fingers tenderly touching shit body made shit head spin, killie kissed shit, killie licked and sucked shit cock, learning by doing.

killie fucked itself on shit cock until milky pup cum spurted on shit chest and face.

## LESSON 3

best thing about killie was the chestnut flower smell of pup cum.

***can you walk?***

***just about<sup>150</sup>!***

---

<sup>150</sup> shit wasn't rose but vacuuming shit cock since first grade shit had pumped it up to a difficult to hide size.



XXXVI  
A HOUSE IN APATIA II

ROSE IS BACK (REPEATED)

shooting up, fucking killie, kicking pet around like pet got in the way. pet asked rose...

*do you love him... so much?!*

*don't know. could make him into a pet, or sell him off to midas...*

to have the pup wash the plates seemed like a good idea, pet couldn't care less, rose said...

*by the way, i've rented a beach house from a guy from van dahlen*

*no shit? where?*

*apatia*

*rose!*

pet grabbed and kissed rose's boots and this lead to the usual chain of events ending with pet licking rose's shit stained cock.

it was the beginning of march, the weather was a gray fucking blanket over the whole gt sprawl. killie got on pet nerves, rose didn't need pet except to provide ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**as you tromp through, heading toward your final liberation, you will have to agree to take responsibility for things, including — of course — yourself. there are few wealthy people who do not accept responsibility naturally.**

...straighten the place up while rose fucks killie, to collect t's glued stiff from rose cum and pup shit while they sleep exhausted, and to hustle meat rack #'s while rose jokes around with killie.

FINAL FUCK UP

rose x killie, pills, shit and stout...



# FUCK REALITY!

## THE APATIA PROGRAM

rose of roses, the final tour, the fatal fuck. no need to discuss gruesome details, to a good life there must be a clear cut beginning, middle, and end. to die on beautiful apatia beach was better than going down the drain in gt, where rose would probably die sprayed by a waste mongrel submachine-gunner, and pet would fall into the hands off a well-meaning shrink, who would chemically jellify (banana fish<sup>151</sup>) pet into a sleepwalking plant repeating reasonable sentences with that strange tortured expression pet had seen on reprocessed fuckmutts

*if you had gone through what this mutt has gone through,  
you would talk like this mutt too!*

pet would be taught that to say what you're expected to say, is right, that excessive self-medication is wrong not because you lose mind, health, virginity, ¥¥¥...

### **katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**if some aspect (of your life) is very, very special to you, it becomes sacred  
by virtue of its integrity. then the level of your commitment to that ideal is  
vital, for you know that the whole reason for your life is contained and  
centered in that one quest or achievement.**

...career, bus pass and hot #'s addresses, but cause you'll be sent to reprocessing camp and reprocessed until you feel too tired to kill yourself, too tired to fuck, too tired to laugh or cry, ready to hold whatever notions, ready to obey any order, fuck and suck and rim and snuff, shoot or get shot, ready to watch android youngsters kick your liver around on the plastic floor of a t hill high classroom.

**curarized<sup>152</sup> pest pup on a stretcher in the corner staring bleary-eyed at  
kidneys and liver slithering over the plastic floor like fucking curling  
stones... difficult to accept, personal consequences of genetic selection  
laws.**

obeying cause...

<sup>151</sup> a drug which makes all other brain-washing techniques pale in comparison.

<sup>152</sup> immobilized by an injection of d-tubocurarine™.

means...

👤 👤 👤 law # 11 👤 👤 👤

the punishment for disobedience is that you get made to obey.<sup>153</sup>

### I'M GONNA LEAVE THIS TOWN

pet looked forward to travel with rose, the road reeked of freedom (and mongrel blood), rather than what it lead to, death. pet looked forward to get off the meat rack, to forget the gt heat checks, caretakers, terminators counting three strikes, pups saying

*don't tell me you don't mind being kept for the rest of your life!*

why not die while the embalmer's young assistant still gets a hardon sponging your corpse?

---

<sup>153</sup> or shot. but once the upper brass gt heat is set on turning you into a robot they'll make you beg for that bullet on your knees — and then don't let you have it.



XXXVII  
A HOUSE IN APATIA III

END OF MARCH SHIT

rose bought another xxl sc made used station car, fresh like an old s&g transvestite whore. stereo, guitars and marshall amps got loaded into, enough drugs to stay stoned till death does part. killie gave rose emo shit about how the pup had to come along, but rose said

*fine job, now go!*

one rainy morning rose turned the ignition key. pet was stoned and stoned to travel with rose, even on a one way ticket.

ON THE ROAD SHIT

rose steered the car south, what a feeling! rainy, but rose was cool and pet was cool, smoking shit, listening to jimi hendrix. first night spent in a family run motel, must have counted their pups before night fell after giving rose a key...

# 47

fucked like old times...

*didn't think you'd come on your own!*

# 48

...and in the morning...

# 49

...and in the car too, rose's cock left pet mouth only to piss against a sign

south ceres bids you goodbye!

### SPRING SHIT

rose x pet fed on stuff bought in 24-hours petrol stations, eating in the car, windows open, jimi blasting, pet head on rose's crotch, to sleep and dream, to be on the road with rose, pet had made it!

# # 50

which gave pet a massive hardon, and lead to fucking like newlyweds, and in the morning first thing, to be together alone in a car, no past to return to, no future to hope for, made rose x pet horny like last chance.

### VILLANOVA JUNCTION SHIT

amoi heat checked the car in a place too miserable to have a name. rose x pet next to the car in the warming sun, worrying about shit not even hidden in the glove compartment, and the amoi heat is combing through the cargo, searching for stolen carmen curlers™ or smuggled genuine sc made vinylco™ bubble bath mats to be connected to your hoover™... rose x pet high on good stuff, laughing from fear, itching to smoke a joint to calm the nerves. the amoi heat seemed to look at the stuff just to pass time, asking pet price and stats, laughing...

*nice body!*

...when rose signed for the pet pass, offering rose gypsum faced, ringworm infested, filthy urchins in exchange, exposing naked hungry urchin bodies, swollen lips, smileless fucked faces, abused blank staring eyes, waiting to get killed.

*i did not have the intention to part with him.*

amoi heat wished rose a pleasant holiday, like pleased to meet you.

### PICKUP SHIT (# 51)

rose picked up a hitchhiker, but not the fucking hot little amoi # porn flicks pet hoped for, the # looked like the brand of meatrack beefcake shit pet hated for snapping up the best-paid jobs, like they have a star-and-stripes-ass instead of pet speedy gonzalez ass. and lo! the fuck is telling himself without being asked what a great # he is (if he wouldn't be such a shit rather like a five years over recommended date of last fuck vintage eos beach beauty) his crotch, jeans and boots, the hat all look right, great body, but out of the mouth comes a stream of missy shit, talking about his al ass like he's madam bubble butt, cures you of the # for good.

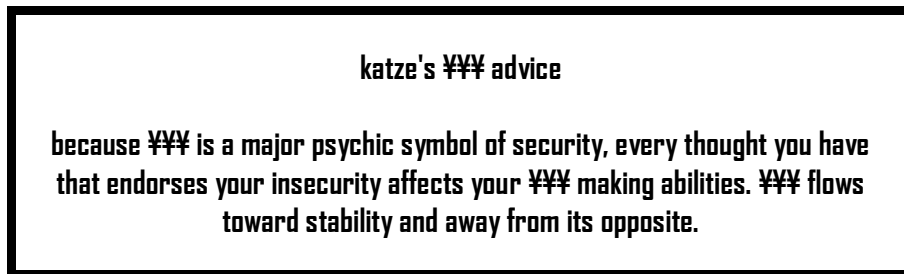
the air had a sunny sea smell. rose x pet were shooting down the highway, music turned up, no sc heat to fear, and on good stuff too. finally

apatia welcomes you!

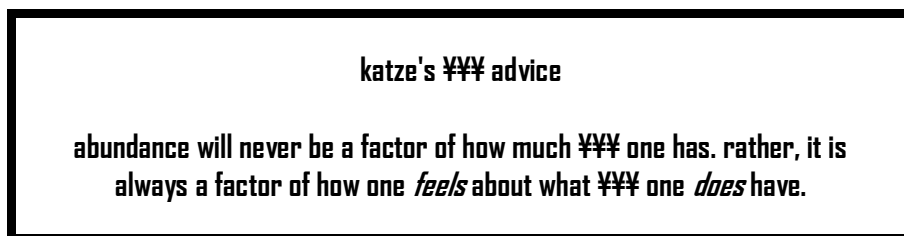


## APATIA SHIT

what a fucking great place to die! the house, once rose got the key after the usual hassle of not trusting rose for no other reason than that rose looks like a stoned drug dealer with an equally stoned runaway teenage hustler driving in the worst station 🗑️ can buy full of junk.



the house wasn't on the beach, but big, and in a garden, and with a good funky feel to it. unpacking the stereo, plugging in, jimi hendrix made rose x pet feel at home.  
there were too much 🗑️...



...too much drugs.

# # 52

nothing to do but fuck or get sucked or take the mickey out of pet.  
rose watched...

i once had a brother who called me little shit, that's why.  
and what happened to him?  
i don't know, he got adopted, i've lost him  
what color was he?  
...and watched...

FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

GENERAL G.S. PATTON

do not regard what you do as only a "preparation" for doing the same thing more fully or better at some later time. nothing is ever done twice. there is no next time. there is but one time to win a battle or a campaign and that's the first time.

## EPISODE II — PATTON'S DREAM I

### THAILAND — RIVERSIDE

TRII approaches the river, tired, sits down in the shade, undresses and bathes coyly in his torn underwear, washes his sarong<sup>156</sup> in the low water.

TRII squats on a rock in his underwear, waiting for his sarong spread on a flat rock near him to dry. when the sarong is half dry, he changes prudishly into the sarong and starts washing the underwear.

on the road above the river a jeep with SOLDIERS is passing. TRII turns his head towards the vehicle. SOLDIERS slow down to look at him. TRII gets up, in getting up his sarong starts slipping, SOLDIERS roar with laughter and speed away.

### HANES MANSION — PATTON'S BATHROOM

PATTON examines critically his own beauty in the large mirror of his thirties forties luxury bathroom.

### THAI VILLAGE WAT

TRII puts temple flowers in front of the image of lord buddha, kneeling, praying, dreaming.

---

<sup>154</sup> a flick of two half-brothers fucking, one white, one black.

<sup>155</sup> an emo of a sc android falling in love with a tribal he bought.

<sup>156</sup> the odd piece of cloth the poorest mongrels wear instead of shorts or jeans (called 'phakaamaa' in amoi).

## THAILAND — RIVERSIDE (DREAM)

on the road above the river a jeep with GI is passing. TRII turns his head towards the vehicle; GI slows down to look at him, then stops and motions him to get into the car.

GI x TRII bathing below a waterfall, chasing each other in the water, playing wait until i get you, sitting in an innocent embrace on the rocks near the waterfall, TRII cutting fruits for the GI, singing him a popular tune.

TRII

(singing)  
 will you hold my heart?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh tell me why!  
 all i see is blue in my heart,  
 will you stay with me?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh, stay with me!  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh, will you stay with me?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh tell me why! oh tell me true!  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 forever love...<sup>157</sup>

## THAI VILLAGE WAT

TRII catches himself napping, continues to bow and pray.

## HANES MANSION — PATTON'S ROOM

PATTON lays in boxer shorts on his bed watching thai kick boxing on tv. PATTON switches off the sound, dozing, dreaming.

## THAILAND — RIVERSIDE (DREAM)

PATTON picks up LOCAL near the river. grinning LOCAL, gets into PATTON's jeep. they drive to a wooden bungalow among rich foliage.

THAILAND — RIVER KWAY BUNGALOWS (DREAM)  
LONG SHOT

large sliding doors open towards a beautiful garden. on a bedside table are two tropical fruit drinks decorated with flowers. LOCAL comes out of the bathroom in a flower sarong towards the canopied king size bed where PATTON in his boxers is waiting for him with a hardon.  
MEDIUM SHOT

PATTON x LOCAL make love.

---

<sup>157</sup> @dahlia-x japan and sony music thailand, translation courtesy of lupin gang anime.

## APATIA SHIT (CONT'D)

pet cried cause rose x pet alone in a wonderful house on a wonderful beach, why could the dream not last?

## PET SHIT

- smoke great shit<sup>158</sup> (trying to glue papers with fumbling fingers)
- fuck (trying to feel remote fucking feelings)
- listening to jimi hendrix (trying to connect disjointed ping-ponging soundballs)
- drink amoi stout (trying to keep from passing out, worse than overdosing on glue)

## BEACH SHIT

hungry amoi teen hustlers asked pet...

*is there really a way out of this town for mongrels like us who don't have sc citizenship?  
go and see for yourself!*

## MARKET SHIT

world teenage population is about 1'750'000'000<sup>159</sup> worldwide and for half of them (like pet or worse) there is no credible legit market. in south ceres alone there are more than 100'000 underage male prostitutes not counting the millions south of the border dreaming not of getting fucked...

**...but hey, lazain' about everyday and getting high on stout.**

## TWENTY MINUTES LATER, SHIT!

depression set in...

---

<sup>158</sup> shit used here as a general term for the various substances rose's dealer friends where delivering daily.

<sup>159</sup>

world population	7'000'000'000
average age	16
below 16	3'500'000'000
male	1'750'000'000
10 to 16	1'050'000'000
17 to 20	700'000'000
male teenagers	1'750'000'000



SELF-HELP SHIT

- shit no help
- pills no help
- stout no help
- fucking no help
- wanking no help
- self-help no help

ROSE'S DAY

- smoke shit
- trink stout
- fuck pet
- listen to jimi hendrix

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

no problem for rose, just that he was tired of it and felt like passing on. see the difference, stupid!

ROSE IS LOVE

pet loved rose as much as pet can love, as a pet should. no job to messy, including death. pet licked rose's feet. if only rose would kill pet!

but like news you don't want to see or know about, but pop up on tcc™ *headlines™*, like the pay up or move out letters rose used not to open...

PET KNEW...

an objective observer would observe

- rose looked rotten
- rose didn't have much of a future, musically, financially, medically, legally
- pet didn't have any future, professionally financially, sexually, medically, legally *with rose* and much less *without rose*

EITHER!

(sound of pest mongrels getting bumped off in the background.)

there was like a lingering suspicion that the black hole known as pet aka shit aka fucking rikki could live in fucking normalcy, work, earn and eat, enjoy silly tcc™ series where a youngster known as fury aka lassie aka flipper falls in love with a minor *and they have the time of their life together* simply cause the clever # dresses up as various pets.

OR!

(sound of pest mongrels getting bumped off in the background.)

there was like a lingering suspicion that the black hole known as pet aka shit aka fucking rikki could *not* live in fucking normalcy, work, earn and eat, enjoy silly tcc™ series where a youngster known as fury aka lassie aka flipper falls in love with a minor and they have the time of their life together simply cause the clever # dresses up as various pets *and they don't fuck (while the red light is on)*.

without rose pet had more of a future but more of a future pet didn't need. cause without rose the red light would be off for pet. what good a world without rose? what interest? what love? what sex? fuck a world without rose? fuck it no end!

a world without rose was like # comes and offers poor fuck on the street

*...we'll cut your arms and legs off and send you down to ranaya uugo<sup>160</sup> for the rest of your life!<sup>161</sup>*  
*...but you'll be never poor again...*  
 (cause you'll get bumped off in the background).

### WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

you say yes, and next thing you get thrown into a time machine and when you come to, you hear the hushed voice of an undertaker recommending your disconsolate heirs salmon color genuine polyester satin upholstery cloth for your plantation mahogany coffin.

### DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

pet knew rose wants to kill himself real fucking soon. pet didn't feel too much like an early death, live band teenage funeral, cheap rainbow colored pvc™ coffin going up in electric flames. pet would have preferred to first *have the time of their life* and die afterwards. but pet had promised to die along and felt depressed enough to have no objections. best was to drift through time dead stoned with rose. without rose pet would be like an animal fallen of the slaughterhouse lorry, free, but lost.

### rose or death!

and still there was a secret vision of a sunny happy puppy world, where not pet, not shit, not fucking rikki, a nameless lucky mutt living in eternal spring and happiness, birds chirping, ears healed, gray dreams vanished, stupidity would end, days would be spent in lazy lovemaking, feeding grapes grape by grape to a lover's lips, kissing, fucking, in short the kind of merry poolside life you see in the first part of south ceres snuff flicks.

### WHO IS ROSE?

rose was the lord of *the roses*, a great star, even in decline. if he wasn't on stage, causing mass hysteria, it was cause he was tired of it. a blondie who fucks the shit out of pet and falls asleep with the satisfaction of a job well-done.

### WHAT IS PET?

an alienated teenage hustler drug addict brainless to dropout with busted ears and a vacuumed up cock. difficult to say anything good about pet beyond. a pet who gets pulped and fucked the shit out of and doesn't know whether it wants or needs or likes it and doesn't understand why #'s want or need or like it, and still wants and needs and likes it, observing the observer observe the observer observe the observer till the observing observer begins to spin.

### SYNOPSIS

an oversexed fuckmutt hustling for love. total lack of other unique selling points. no life plan, no contribution to humanity except buckets of cum. pet death would be

**a big loss for pet but no loss for sc!**

### DEATH OF AN ASS

a few #'s would miss pet ass for a few days...

***where's fucking rikki?***

<sup>160</sup> the south ceres social solution center for the final administrative disposal of mongrels disturbing the peace.

<sup>161</sup> which in ranaya uugo may be short. the conditions under which in sc the educated keep their not educated prisoners are among the most scientifically cruel in history.

...but soon pull down other jeans over other asses, picked from...

### THE GLOBAL MEATRACK (REPEATED)

world teenage population is about 1'750'000'000 worldwide and for half of them (like pet or worse) there is no credible legit market. in south ceres alone there are more than 100'000 underage male prostitutes not counting the millions south of the border dreaming not of getting fucked...

**...but hey, lazín' about everyday and getting high on stout.**

### THE MEANING OF LIFE (CONT'D)<sup>162</sup>

it dawned on pet that life wasn't what it was sold for.

*pretend to have a fucking good time!*

what else? what good death but oblivion? why not drop out of the world mess life mess? while rose hung out with apatia dealers, pet looked for the exit.

### FUCKMUTT LORE

**apatia beach is hot!**  
**apatia beach is cool!**

in fact apatia beach is rather hot (trouble is just the butch x femmes who give the beach a genpub look), but the life guards saw to it that all serious action went on inside their cabins, which wasn't the worst part.

there are enough dealers, enough hustlers, and from time to time the hinterland spills onto the pebbly beach a new pup bored of oat chewing studs x corn picking chicks and informed that apatia beach equals seduction, intoxication, corruption, depravation, perversion, prostitution, and the chance to become a high-life pet or a low life fuckmutt with an 1100cc bike<sup>163</sup> undergoing worse perversions than it ever dreamed of, immoral acts no muck-dwelling boar x sow couple would ever think of, like having its painful hardon sucked by a corpse's flabby-lipped mouth.

### FUCKMUTT LIFE

registered<sup>164</sup> amoi teen hustlers in locally made low rider surfshorts kept up by a hardon attract better sc va's and lesser androids shoehorned into tiny lurex™ bikinis, exposing what you don't want to see, asshole approach in the back and a baby rabbit wee-wee going on nothing in front.

apatia beach is cool, the dealers are cool, grass is cheap and tastes, looks and affects you like genuine industrial strength banana peel! coolest of all are the amoi heat killers who control the whole apatia drug and prostitution racket.

### PET LIFE (CONT'D)

there was shit and stout, jimi hendrix, allman brothers, lynerd skynerd, eric clapton. rose played the guitar, pet tried to talk rose into a comeback, wasn't life worth living?

**NO!**

wasn't rose a great artist with a great future?

**NO! (CONT'D)**

didn't rose love pet?

<sup>162</sup> just go on breathing calmly in and out and it will pass.

<sup>163</sup> for a few hours, as cutting the electrical fence along the sc-apatia highway or swimming in from the sea gives you only a few hours time at best to get you the protection of a blondie or else... see mistake.

<sup>164</sup> amoi pups need an scso pet equivalency certificate to work the beach.

**ROSE X RIKKI**

**NO! (CONT'D)**

pet hoped that rose would change his mind. that rose would remember his former plans to travel to magic shit island, to grow his own shit, to become holy indians smoking good stuff. to live in cosmic harmony on an organic shit plantation.

**NO! (CONT'D)**

rose didn't care.



### XXXVIII A HOUSE IN APATIA IV

rose looked great. rose felt fine, beating pet up, fucking pet, listening to jimi h.

pet hoped rose would forget about suicide, pet dreamed of rose recording again, mellow life and mad music. but just when things were brightening up a bit, rose said...

***go back to ceres! return to eos, the games over!***

...killing pet. pet wasn't made for knowing that the end is near and have fun and sex. suddenly when rose fucked pet, pet didn't even get a hardon (pet! which before had problems pissing cause it couldn't piss with a hardon and rarely hadn't<sup>165</sup>). wanking was no help, system down, death at the door.

***you don't have to accompany me, rikki!***

***don't mind me. i was getting fed up with flattery and society laughs.***

### SUMMER TIME AND THE MUTTS ARE HOT!

early summer tourists arrived. suddenly where pet had been dancing alone there were ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty bursting fuckmutt crotches and swollen buttocks on display.

### AT NIGHT

pet was smoking a piece of red on a bench near raoul's bar, when suddenly out of the blue a pup sat down next to pet, sniffing...

***hey!***

***shit!***

***thought so.***

***what do you mean?***

***are you hiding something?***

### AT NIGHT

pet looked at the pup, kind of low one point five figures age lookalike, slim whelp body, round head, long blond<sup>166</sup> hair and blue eyes (most of this pet only saw next morning) talking sync like born on meatrack, sniffing...

***it just means that an open secret is no longer a secret.***

***no not really. please, this is private!***

***rumors will be exaggerated and spread like fire...***

***you know what this is?***

***it's black moon. tanagura's secret.***

***anyway why don't we talk about business?***

***compare it with your wallet!***

<sup>165</sup> most of the time pet had to piss into the sink cause it had too much of a good thing.

	<i>soft</i>	<i>hard</i>
<i>standing</i>	thought of rose and got hard ☿	piss hit the wall
<i>sitting</i>	cock in cold water / thought of rose ☿	cock on seat / piss on floor

<sup>166</sup> genetically modified, the pup was a live ad for life science's progress.

*hey come off it! have a little talk about it.  
meeting's over!  
no way!  
see ya, bye!  
see ya!*

## AT NIGHT

but the pup didn't move. it sat next to pet grinning, sniffing, like a dog waiting for a treat, in a world of cut grass the pup had smelled red.

*well, okay?  
what if i say no?  
ugh?  
grovel and beg!  
so you're rikki the dark!  
yes.  
who cares! you have the reputation of a rat!  
bloody cheek!  
for something i wouldn't dare say.  
you idiot!  
i'm right.*

## AT NIGHT

pet had never seen a pup like that, syncing like it'd spent years in front of sub station alpha version 2.00 or higher. pet had heard enough but why not go on... the pup didn't look bad at all...

*aren't you gonna take your clothes off?  
can i go to your place?  
follow me!  
enif?  
how old are you?  
...<sup>167</sup>  
way to go, virgin pup!  
everyone's so protective of me.  
forget it... haven't got time for that.  
let's get it over with!  
let's go!*

## AT NIGHT

pet took the pup home, smoked it into the ground, surrendered it to rose who, as was pet, as was the pup, was too stoned to live up to his reputation or to remember what he did in case he did. soon the pup was sound asleep, happily spooned to pet.

## # 53

after a morning round of mutual sexual harassment the pup left to join the fucktory, which probably were career planning offspring producing young breeders taking a few days off to spend quality time with what was most precious to them

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<sup>167</sup> publisher's house guidelines forbid to reveal the age, full name or address of any persons appearing in publications. proof of age and stats deposited with the publisher (or lost in a motel).

(after ~~yyy~~<sup>168</sup>, and an overwhelming interest in getting laid while getting laid was still overwhelmingly interesting) which was this pup and the sibling and to bitch about who would come croppers in a split.

**AND THE WINNER IS...**

frustrated that pup had left before rose came to, rose had a go at pet, until rose passed out, physically and sexually spent on top of pet which had consumed the drugs and received the punishment necessary to make it peacefully watch the scene from a vantage point a little below the white adobe ceiling.

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<sup>168</sup> katze's ~~yyy~~ advice: if some aspect (of your life) is very, very special to you, it becomes sacred by virtue of its integrity. then the level of your commitment to that ideal is vital, for you know that the whole reason for your life is contained and centered in that one quest or achievement. like when you're about to come.



**XXXIX  
NOTHING**

pet watched, and rose watched too...

**THIRD TIME**

FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

MONTY

(according to general g.s. patton)  
i shall withdraw and regroup thereby deepening my zone of fire. i shall dispose several divisions on my flank and lie in wait for the hun. then, at the proper moment, i shall leap on him like a savage rabbit.

EPISODE V — PATTON'S MISTAKE

WAT KANCHANABURI

MONK

why did you leave trii?

PATTON

(muttering)  
...he should finish his school... i must return to the states... we can't stay together... best for him...

MONK

(laughing)  
brain talk!

PATTON

(upset)  
what do you mean sir?

MONK

your brain says 'patan patan patan' but your heart goes 'trii trii trii trii'!

PATTON



you mean i made a mistake?  
 (satori)  
 may i go, venerable sir?

## THAILAND

TRII is squatting near some street vendors. PATTON drives by in his rented suszuki jeep, he stops in front of TRII and motions TRII with his head to get into the jeep. TRII gets in and they drive away.

## THAILAND — RIVERSIDE

GI x TRII bathing below a waterfall, chasing each other in the water, playing wait until i get you, sitting in an innocent embrace on the rocks near the waterfall, TRII cuts fruits for PATTON.

TRII

(singing)  
 will you hold my heart?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh tell me why!  
 all i see is blue in my heart,  
 will you stay with me?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh, stay with me!  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh, will you stay with me?  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 oh tell me why! oh tell me true!  
 forever love, forever dream,  
 forever love...<sup>169</sup>

## RIVER KWAI — RIVER COVE

PATTON x TRII make love.

## MEET THE DEALERS

pet followed rose into raoul's, where the local dealers were...

**...lazin' about and getting high on stout.**

## MEET HARLAN HAZALL

pet sits down at pet table, immediately a too to slim, too nervous, to horny to talk clearly # gets blown into the other chair. pet feels like he said...

***try saying "help me"! you don't have the right to complain even if you're killed!***

...but guesses he's offering pet a drink. pet doesn't mind him paying for pet ice coffee, which is the one thing raoul really knows how to whip out of his deepfreezer.

<sup>169</sup> @dahlia-x japan and sony music thailand, translation courtesy of lupin gang anime.

raoul grimaced behind the skeleton's back, making the ¥¥¥ sign with thumb and forefinger, as if ¥¥¥ was the thing pet needed now.

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**there is no other reason for being in business than to count the ¥¥¥.  
manufacturing, creating, selling, p.r., and shipping are not the business —  
collecting and counting the ¥¥¥ is the business.**

the # spooled off some time tested routine, pet didn't understand a word. so what, just smile! words were not necessary to understand why he's stared at pet crotch like he wanted to set pet on fire.

***i'm iason's pet***

boredom, and curiosity to know how much could be milked from the # let pet play along.

**PET WAS DRIVEN TO A VILLA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF APATIA**

harlan hazall's house was in pueblo or what you call in amoi it style, wrought iron and rough white walls. nice pool though, the action was home video, and the script was watching pet jerk off, but ¥¥¥ made its way into pet hands, and tomorrow flick production was said to materialize.

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**in order to successfully serve people, you have to psychologically get  
*underneath* them, which means that while you are serving them, you have  
to subjugate your ego to their needs (long enough to take their ¥¥¥,  
anyway).**

**PET IN THE MOVIES (# 54)**

next day when pet dragged the shit heavy feet into harlan hazalls house, a naked cur climbed out of the pool, a full blood amoi fuckmutt, custom built, tight black rimmed ass, pre-cum seeping down from a comely cock while a fairy assistant explained...

**THE SCRIPT**

there was no script. it was like...

**POOLSIDE – EARLY AFTERNOON**

after a good swim PET enjoys a slow wank on a towel near the pool.

MISTAKE<sup>170</sup>, a young mongrel gardener, watches PET from among the shrubs.

<sup>170</sup> amoi 'mistake', pronounced [mis'ta:k€], a mongrel name.

id	...
name	mistake [a bastard]
aka	n.a.
birthday / sign	n.a.

PET stops mid-action and dozes off.

MISTAKE approaches and drops his coverall, revealing splendid amoi mongrel bod and half-hard cock. MISTAKE kneels over PET and begins to gently lick PET's cock...

... work up to a passionate simultaneous climax, intercut with stock footage of bicentenary fireworks.

### POSTSCRIPT (# 55)

don't jump to conclusions, stupid! the *gently licking pet cock* part was the best part, mistake had a naive charm, it kissed like first time, trembling when it came.

it would have been a pity to say goodbye. pet dragged mistake home, for rose to fuck him, to have fun during the long, hot, boring apatia early evenings.

after rose was through with mistake, mistake was in pretty bad shape but...

**whatever pet was trying to do with mistake was fine with mistake. mistake looked up at pet... mistake had a mouth on pet that pet couldn't believe. pet wondered where mistake had learnt such technique. had mistake gone to cocksucking school? pet yearned to tell rose, but pet knew what his reaction would be and pet didn't want to hear that shit coming down on pet head.**

*you know something? i think i'm going to come!*

**the next thing pet knew, mistake was gulping cum faster than anybody ever had before.**

### MORE TO FOLLOW

rose didn't feel at ease at other blondies' places, and the attention pet got made pet dizzy. the stoned dumb pet vs. nervous high-strung #'s scene, *objets* heaped onto club tables and sideboards, the superfluous lied explanations, the manly business procedures masking a puppish desire to be appreciated by teen hustlers paid seconds before to appreciate the buyer... if pet ever had illusions about what missed who didn't live, the lives of the high and horny undeceived it nicely.

pass valid for	no papers
race / skin color	amoi
control-1	
control-2	
control-3	
status	
hair	black tress
eye color	dark
height	... cm / ...' ..."
weight	... kgs / ... lbs.
iq	n.a.
penis	... cm / ..." uncut
blood type	a
jeans	... "X..."
body	amoi
education	n.a.
seme x uke	seme

is worse than a dealers' coffeeshop. nothing but blondies talking themselves up and other blondies down. the...

**android service only!  
members only!**

...ken club blondie beach is a bunch of silver-maned sissies looking like conan the barber. rose hated the whole scene, pet made friends with the local teen hustlers the conan clones let wait outside the...

**android service only!  
members only!**

...ken club gates until sunset, when the same fucking idea shot into all the sun-fried blondie balls.

### MORE TO FOLLOW (CONT'D)

pet had had illusions about what apatia beach life would amount to, rose x pet at the beach! rose x pet kissing and fucking and swimming in crystal clear deep blue water!

rose liked mistake ass, told pet to get a chain for mistake. pet liked mistake too, no great talker either, pet hoped rose would allow mistake to stay as a second pet<sup>171</sup>, but mistake had no papers and first time mistake went out, amoi heat<sup>172</sup> checked and shot him. one of the amoi heat pointed his gun at pet while two others slipped (and emptying his pockets, and checking the size of his cock, all in one fluid movement) mistake dying body into an black pvc™ bodybag, closing and sealing it airtight with a wire-twister. one heat was cleaning with ready-wipes™ a sign...

💩💩💩 **littering is dirty and selfish, don't do it!** 💩💩💩

...which was splattered with mistake blood and brain. there was an empty bag on the street, and the heat pointing his gun at pet asked...

*are you his friend?*

...as if he would mean...

*next!*

difficult not to see the stainless steel pet collar with live leds. pet had an apatia pass signed by rose, but errors happen, nobody would care, would pet care? pet understood that the heat would have enjoyed to fill another bag. emo out of control, tears running down, worst paranoia times ten, pet fled home, which was another...

### DEAD END ALLEY

cause pet knew that rose was going to overdose on his birthday, and pet would overdose too. pet didn't like the script...

a plea to the author: please put pet into another story, like *the blue lagoon*<sup>173</sup>, and rose too. sexual rewards offered in return (including but not limited to your wildest fantasies).

<sup>171</sup> amoi 'tsip'.

<sup>172</sup> you'd expect amoi heat to respect mongrels more than sc heat. — amoi heat may be the most valley (and corrupt) heat in the universe, laid back, mellow, relaxed to the point of stone-like inactivity, except with their own breed.

<sup>173</sup> a story about a blond rasta wigged wanker finding eternal love on an island without a fridge, but by a happy coincidence inhabited by a single lonely tight-assed native male friday dying to get fucked by a blond rasta wigged wanker.

i suppose... perhaps it was fate.

## DEADLY BIRTHDAY!

to die with one's master is a privilege for a pet. but when rose's birthday dawned, pet cried hot tears...

*do you love me so much?*

*i'm so stupid... i knew it would turn out like this*

*fucking rikki!*

*it was all a dream!*

*if you really want to be free<sup>174</sup>, leave apatia!*

## DEADLY BIRTHDAY! (CONT'D)

rose didn't kill himself, cause of pet tears, and cause of the darby™ cuffs and slave whip pet had bought, no need for cuffs with a pet which doesn't run away how much you beat it, and the whip... delicious crisscrossing lines of pain which last two days, but without the humiliation of rose's kicking boots. whips are a sissy thing.

# # 56

a dealer gave rose an amoi hunting knife as a birthday present, the kind amoi grandees<sup>175</sup> finish stuck mongrels off with. rose stuck it several times into pet back while he fucked pet, enjoying that pet tried to get away from the pain, finally when pet screamed, rose knocked pet out.

pet was on the floor, bleeding like a stuck mongrel, swooning and laughing, cause it felt funny to feel like dying and know that two days later you'll be ok, and also cause rose was not aware that he too was smeared with blood looking like a skinned leopard, pet blood was all over the place. rose was watching...

---

<sup>174</sup> freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose... what did rose mean? what could freedom possibly mean to rose? if you believed tcc™, the world outside sc was no better than endless killing fields. and if it wasn't true, then why did amoi mongrels prefer to die in sc rather than to live in amoi? maybe it was true what a desperate tc teach had scribbled on the blackboard in the vain hope to catch thirty stoned wankers' attention: tis something better not to be (a teach, pet had thought at the time).

<sup>175</sup> the amoi ruling class, claiming nobility for themselves and their bastards. genetically they're no better than sc fourth class mongrels.



**XL**  
**AI NO KUSABI IX**

**IN A MOTEL ROOM**

IASON

you plan to pay me with your body... very mongrel like!

RIKKI

so what if i'm a mongrel, i didn't want to be born in a slum!

IASON

unfortunately for you i'm not so desperate that i need to put my hands on a mongrel!

RIKKI

don't mock me, you gonna do it or not?

IASON

take your clothes off and stand against the wall! let's see this body you boast about!

**RIKI NAKED AGAINST THE WALL**

RIKKI

why... are you only... looking?

IASON

don't worry, i'll enjoy myself!

RIKI

who are you?

IASON

iason mink, just a blondie.



# XLI

## ALCHERINGA (CONT'D)

if only rose would have finished pet for good, now would have been the time.

## SHIT FLICK

since pet couldn't move, pet dreamed up a porn script for harlan hazall, but what a drag! dreaming you get hot, hot you wank, wanking you come, coming you doze off... then you trying to remember which fuckmutt comes next you get hot...



**XLII**  
**IN MEMORIAM MISTAKE<sup>176</sup>**

IN A BIT HE WAS INSIDE AND RUTTING AWAY, HAPPY AS A PIG IN SHIT

BY  
FUCKING RIKKI (SCSO "A")

STARRING  
FUCKING RIKKI (SCSO "A")  
AS RENT  
X  
THE LATE  
MISTAKE  
AS FISH

WITH  
VARIOUS NATURALLY ENDOWED ARTISTS

23 DEAD IN PLANE CRASH

no wasted movements, no getting in each other's way, no talking... we were driven to a villa on the outskirts of lima.

RENT

what am i, dear abby?

---

<sup>176</sup> and the millions murdered like mistake.



beside him sat an amphibious green fish boy shimmering with water from the pool

FISH

that's why i'm still here!

RENT

they just see drugs as the problem, not the symptom. a young person may not want to hear the words come out of his or her own mouth.

all of a sudden, RENT had the same sensation he had received once when he was a kid and almost drowned. everyone was trying to be heaps macho to prove they weren't gay and being gay was the highest insult you could ever have hurled at you.

SENATOR

why don't you straighten out and act like a white man?

RENT

so who owns death tv?

that was RENT'S opinion only. RENT could feel his cock spring into life ready for a little action. FISH had recruited a band of flamboyant and picturesque outlaws, called the wild fruits.

RENT couldn't believe this, he was going to write to the guinness world book of records and tell them about this guy's cum.

INVADE, DAMAGE, OCCUPY = TRAK ENTERPRISE

RENT gulped, half in fear.

FISH

you win something like jelly fish, meester

RENT

you're mental!

BANK ROBBERS ON HOLIDAY

RENT yearned to tell everyone, but he knew what their reaction would be and he didn't want to hear that shit coming down on his head.

the truckers didn't feel quite so confident, and the cowboys thought they were in fucking heaven!

the next thing RENT knew, he was gulping cum faster than he ever had before.

FISH

tis too starved a subject for my sword.

the house was surrounded by the usual high wall, topped with broken glass like sugar crystals on a cake.

SENATOR

my folks have money, they're in the business.

anyone who cared about RENT'S welfare was always kicking in something, except the shits of the world.

RENT

no shit!

FISH

no one and i mean no one has ever done that

SENATOR

(sticking his fat frog face out of the outhouse and braying with inflexible authority)

where are you billy, where are you?

whatever RENT was trying to do with FISH was fine with FISH. RENT looked up at FISH.

FISH

you knew the score, you cashed your paycheck!

there was no place that RENT could swim or crawl to now for safety, so he swallowed and gulped as fast as he could.

SENATOR

you know that yourself, after all they're only human cattle. you don't want to live in a household of fags.

RENT

what's the matter, somebody take your lollipop?

FISH

(to RENT)

you're the first dude who ever did that.

RENT had a mouth on him that FISH couldn't believe.

RENT

not knowing what is and is not knowing, i knew not

FISH

there are allies.

SENATOR

i wanna say further that ahm a true friend of the nigra and understand all his simple wants.

a purple twilight lay over the sad languorous city.

RENT

shit! if my cock had a light on the front of it, i would never get lost in the dark.

all RENT'S plans to be faithful to SENATOR in appreciation shot to shit out the window. a huge wave had come racing in from the ocean, it threw RENT on the beach and then it filled his mouth and nose with water. everyone knew he was in school.

FISH

there are no friends.

SENATOR

come back, kid! come back!

RENT

too much information, doctor!

(to FISH)

do you love me?

FISH

there are accomplices.

SENATOR

now kid what you doing over there with the niggers and the apes?

had RENT gone to cocksucking school?

SENATOR

don't ever trust anybody who doesn't tell you how great you are, but you have to be aware of flatterers!

RENT wasn't sure what the fuck that meant, but he had a pretty good idea. at least at first it would, then it would be downhill all the way.

DEAD FINGERS TALK

there is the crying COP, who breaks into tears at the sight of his opponent.

COP

you don't go around ordering up lobotomies like a side order of fries.

COP had decided to get drunk tonight, it would help him to think clearer.

RENT had to eat too!

RENT

gee!

RENT didn't care to associate with people anymore that didn't think life was great and full of promise and hope.

C/O ANTHONY REITSHORST, 1 CALLE DE LOS ARCOS, NEAR SOCCO CHICCO, TANGER.

the cum seemed to come and come. you couldn't win for losing. at long last, it seemed to be through, but RENT gulped again just to make sure.

FISH wore a smile on his face of amazement.

FISH

you know something? i think i'm going to come!

there were plenty of guys that were like SENATOR. the deceived and the deceivers, who are themselves deceived... a vast soulless sludge. RENT took a deep breath and waited for the onslaught of cum from FISH'S balls.

SENATOR

the kid with me don't have paper one.

YANKEE TOUGHNESS AND SHUDDERING SENSIBILITY.

SENATOR

rub out the word forever

no doubt about it all, FISH was going to blow his cum so hard in RENT'S mouth that there was a very decent possibility he would knock all RENT'S fillings out.

COP

(keeps saying plaintively)  
but don't you have any papers at all?

THE ALGEBRA OF NEED

it just pissed the shit out of SENATOR.

SENATOR

(rudely)  
who gives a shit what you and fish do?

if FISH came in RENT'S mouth the way he had come in that flick, it was all fucking over for RENT! if RENT lived or survived this onslaught, he felt everyone should know about it!

RENT got to the top by distorting the preconceived notions of what sucking is, thus creating his own unique style and signature technique, making a name for himself.

TWO FLOORS, BALCONY ON THE SECOND FLOOR, BOUGAINVILLEA CLIMBING OVER THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

COP

i found out before others.

FISH didn't care if SENATOR owned the bar, he owned a gas station.

SENATOR

why i got a good darkie in here now wiping my ass. the top boys didn't get to the top with a monkey-see, monkey-do attitude, (although they probably started out with that attitude).

now COP and SENATOR were both trying to get at each other's cocks at once, so they swung into a neat sixty-nine and began to suck each other off.

COP

maybe what's left of your congregation would appreciate knowing that your blind girl's got a driver's license?

SENATOR

don't fuck with the small stuff!

about fifteen men showed up for this, the rest admitting that if they wanted to look at ruins, they would simply line up in front of a mirror together.

COP

well if you give such a big shit about RENT why don't you go home and find out how he is?

SENATOR

i am?

SENATOR felt very pleased with himself.

a person looking through the window would have seen their bodies entwined with their need and it would have appeared to be one animal devouring itself.

COP

oh señor, i am sorry for you...

BUS PLUNGE KILLS 23

SENATOR wondered where RENT had learnt such technique.

RENT

i can spend three hours looking at the bay with the mouth open like a kentucky boy. i found that out after the crash.

SENATOR

hate to see a bright young man fuck up and get off on the wrong track.

RENT

they just want to see some positive things that let them know it is ok, they are not the only one, and they can be happy.

WHERE THE AWNING FLAPS

SENATOR

it's time we thought about leaving the body behind.

RENT

you don't know until you actually do it.

fuck the old shit, RENT thought, just fuck it! there is no line between the dream world and the actual world – of course if you get to the point where you find it difficult to cross the road then you should see a doctor.

THE END



## XLIII CLUB DEPRAVED

### ROSE (CONT'D)

best thing to do was to stay near rose, to suck rose, to lick rose's boots, cause without rose depression set in suddenly like a tropical sunset...

💀💀💀 statutory warning 💀💀💀

life is no joyride!

...time out for funeral arrangements, and getting worse. pet took to drinking stout like water.

💀💀💀 statutory warning 💀💀💀

drinking stout damages your brain!

...then pet spent hours on the sofa, trying not to fall off, not to vomit, had a spinning gray time.

### LOVERS' LANE

among rose's stuff pet found a lancet bought to stick into pet or to cut his own veins. to pass the time pet began to cut...

### ROSE

...into pet back of the wrists, half for the kicks of seeing the blood dripping down, half to show rose that pet was his for good. it was painful, but not half as much as it sounds, and looked, yes, it made pet nearly swoon, but pain is just a message from the nerves to the brain. when pet showed it to rose, rose played with the lancet too, dropping it onto pet body like a lazy game of darts. soon pet looked like a tree in lovers' lane.

### GIGOLO<sup>177</sup>

pet was invited by a ruling class amoi giant, who spent his life doing nothing, proud to do nothing, showing pet round his enormous barracks like mansion, fading photographs of mongrel stick hunts years ago. playfully picking up one of the still blood-stained sticks<sup>178</sup>, telling pet about the mongrels he had nailed to the soil with it, pet felt like ripping the stick out of his fucking hands and killing him but then there were other framed pictures too, of pups tied to posts, getting

<sup>177</sup> the favorite mongrel game, played by having one mongrel say to another...

*fuck you!*

...to which the second mongrel answers...

*fuck you!*

they then each bang down a fist (shouting *cinque*/trying to make the total number of fingers shown to be five. first round winner french kisses. second round winner feels up. third round winner fucks. game is played in public, and is over when the winner gives up or the loser has been fucked. there are supposed to be no hard feelings. there are, of course.

<sup>178</sup> a short spear made from amoi ash with a steel or iron point.

sticked<sup>179</sup> for training by android youngsters, of crossbow parties where urchins were made to climb on trees to get shot down for fun<sup>180</sup>. all strength left pet, pet asked for majoun<sup>181</sup> and swallowed enough to kill pet, to forget, to dream of space so empty there would be no need to dream.

### rule # 16

**never leave home without stramonium™ 100mg!**

# was hot for pet, but too fucking proud even at three in the morning, to bend a finger to get pet, but talking for hours about mongrel hunting, mongrel breeding and mongrel trade, devouring pet with his eyes...

*open your eyes wide and look! do you really want to know the truth? it gives me the shivers when i'm caressed lightly here, here, and here too, iason says, they're my good points!*

*don't torture me with those eyes, don't make me repeat myself!*

majoun made time fade like falling calendar leaves in an old movie.

*why are you only looking? aren't you gonna take your clothes off?*

but the # wasn't up to it.

### LONELINESS OF A LONSESOME PET

when pet was about to leave, and with that awful feeling of too late early morning tiredness, a dead brain only hoping to be home soon, and sleep, and forget, and looked for the ¥¥¥...

### katze's ¥¥¥ advice

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

...the # had handed pet hours ago, it was gone, and when pet dared to ask, the # cornered pet. pet understood, like it had learnt it years ago in tc, or it had been clear all along, that pet wasn't thought to leave, that the #'s talking hours was a game, reality yet to come, which was death.

### DEATH IN THE EARLY MORNING

the # was ugly, old, fat, not shaved<sup>182</sup>, smoking stinking dragoons™<sup>183</sup> but himself stinking over the dragoons™, reeking of stale cum, stout gone sour, and death. pet knew the # was about to kill it. suddenly the horror of the building, the sticking sticks, the rusty old arms fixed to the walls, the too solid furniture all became a nightmare.

### PET REMEMBERED

#### ANN'S BEHIND IN MARY'S BATH<sup>184</sup>

<sup>179</sup> a japanese tribal custom (last played in nanking)..

<sup>180</sup> a chinese tribal custom (last played at the chinese court).

<sup>181</sup> amoi 'kneaded' a confection of grass, milk, butter, opium, datura flowers, and nux vomica, mixed with honey and kneaded into soft balls, a universal remedy.

<sup>182</sup> blondies generally have little beard, but this horror wasn't a blondie, it was an amoi ruling pack #.

<sup>183</sup> an expensive brand of amoi cigarettes, made of premium amoi grass, about double the size of sc regulars.

<sup>184</sup> as with most tribal movies neither the title nor the director is clear. other possible translations range from 'ann's ass in mary's tub' to 'last season in mariánské lázně'. but what can you expect from a punk calling himself a fucked robber grill! in the u-rated b&w version sold in sc, the crucial sex scenes have been cut, what the censors' scissors left produces a dreamlike feeling of no plot, no crisis, no conclusion. to watch on acid!



A TRIBAL FILM BY A FUCKED ROBBER GRILL

IN THE SALON

sound of steps on gravel.

X

you were waiting for me.

A

no... why should i wait for you?

X

i have been waiting for you a long time.

A

in your dreams?

X

and you tried to run away again.

A'S VOICE

what are you talking about? i don't understand.

X smiles for a very short time.

X

if these were dreams, then why would you be afraid?

**OK, TELL ME THE REST OF OUR STORY**

pet knew blabbering wasn't going to impress this #, fighting was hopeless, and from the majoun pet brain felt like filled with sticky, translucent greenish glue, now that quick thinking would have been necessary there wasn't even slow thinking.

**IF ONLY IT WOULD BE A NIGHTMARE!**

pet asked for the ¥¥¥.

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**because money is a major psychic symbol of security, every thought you have that endorses your insecurity affects your money-making abilities.**

the # stared at pet with an evil smile and said admiringly...

***such confidence!***

the # turned, as if about to get the ¥¥¥...

katze's ¥¥¥ advice

money flows toward stability and away from its opposite.

...pet followed him, and while the # opened a wooden box on a table, probably just looking for another pack of dragons™, through an open door leading into a hall, pet saw other open doors, and through them the stairs leading down to the main entrance of the fucking mansion, and an old \*\*\* scrubbing the floor, and the smell of the wet stone, and the smell of the wet early morning plaza mayor woke pet up.

### LIKE A MOVING TARGET

pet ran like an impounded mongrel used as a moving target, but with a chance, cause it was early morning, the dragoon™ hit #'s brain was full of sticky, translucent greenish glue too, the heat had just got up after a half-asleep early morning fuck, or were about to go to sleep looking forward to an early morning fuck, more to dress without a hardon, or to fall asleep quicker, and when they had thrown down their cigarettes and their early morning sleepy fingers had opened the security catch of their holsters, running faster than pet fucking boots allowed, pet was already inside rose's gate, rose's house, already undressing and getting into rose's bed, draping rose's sleeping body around pet shaking body, pulling the blanket over rose, closing the eyes, dropping into an abyss of majoun and tiredness and sleep, to forget the nightmare.

### LOVE IN THE EARLY MORNING

fear killed sleep, pet spent hours listening to the waves, smoking shit, trying to forget and remembering the nightmare. thinking how to make the #'s giant mongrel hunting hound dogs tear him to shreds, paranoid hate'm kill'em thoughts. murderous rebellion against sc, doors, heat, androids, paochia, tepos. why did pet have to exist, and existence to be like it was, wouldn't it be better not to exist, nothing to exist?

☹ ☹ ☹ law # 12 ☹ ☹ ☹

that, that is, is

to be rose's pet had turned out to be what it was, to be rose's pet, nothing to complain about, what else could pet want to be, whose pet if not roses? why was there so little love in this world, and so much pain? best to wait for rose to wake up with a hardon, then lick his balls until rose is in the mood to fuck, get fucked, then fall asleep protected by rose's strangling hands, delivering a tired thing to the owner, to snuff now or later, up to rose to decide.

☹ ☹ ☹ law # 13 ☹ ☹ ☹

that, that was, was

### PRAYING IN APATIA

waking up pet swallowed enough acid to forget all fears but the fear of fear. pet felt like praying, or not even pray, just went and sat in the indoc. pet confused what the tamperer said<sup>185</sup>, what pet had learned in tc, what indoc meant, tears

<sup>185</sup> which probably wasn't much to begin with. amoi tamperers' usual routine is to praise this earth, this life, amoi as the best possible (which is the worst possible nightmare). course for them it makes sense, since most probably they'll go to hell (as all guys should who spend quality time with their teenage kids hunting mongrels with dum dums — their youngsters enjoy to see the large bore, soft shell dum

streaming, pet drifted like when rose fucked it first time.

did the tamperer talk of pain? of freedom and belonging, mongrels sacrificed and butchered?

**# 57**

pet ass was full of cum from a faceless # who was waiting outside the indoc for another fuck. pet was so fucking high, no fucking clue what the tamperer was aiming at, disjointed reverse sounds, disorderly mass of fucking choir voices, pushing and holding back like racing cars at a ranaya uugo racing track start.

difficult to get up from kneeling, difficult to climb the bucking marble floor towards the doors and find the door which opens, difficult to get down from the vertiginous height of the indoc stairs to apatia plaza, glad to drop into that fucking #'s car...

**# 58**

pet couldn't care less what far away near the gear box first that #'s hands then his lips were doing.

**...a mongrel beyond redemption...**

pet felt like an android child, utter purity...

**WAS PET...**

- a thing?
- an animal?
- a being?
- a genetically engineered sex doll?

pet drifted peacefully towards faraway amoi indian wisdom planes.

**FUCKING IN APATIA**

in his hotel room the idiot # fidgeted around, tiny hard prick creaming in happy birthday candle cakes and little pigs boxer shorts, waiting for pet to undress, maybe saying so, but did pet hear?

**# 59**

when pet passed through his plane for a few seconds, it put his hands to the task, before sailing on. getting hard and coming happening in next frame, looked at ¥¥¥...

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

...and fell through the circle into the background landscape. counting, forget it! too stoned almost to pocket the bills.

---

dums ripping huge holes into the mongrels, each shot splashing like a well-launched paint grenade) which fair enough, is far worse.



## XLIV

## I'LL REFLECT ON THE BURDEN OF LOSING ONE ARM!

rose fucked pet difficult to improve on, though pet interest was waning, wanking would have done the job too, staring at porn, wondering why pix make the balls draw up<sup>186</sup>. what fun is there in waiting for death? shit is a great help, stout makes the world spin round, death takes the shine of it.

*still fraid?*

*yes*

*an overdose is just a fucking flash, nothing else*

what use thinking? death is natural. a mere question of time. not much to miss by an early death.

## WHAT WAS PET AFRAID OF?

the overdose? no, pet had been a sucker for h from day one. paranoia of traveling through endless tunnels of fear? rose decided on a romantic full moon night double suicide at the beach, pet couldn't have cared less, why not today? pet was cool, not to think of what can't be changed never bothered pet.

thinking of the fucktory in the hour between waking up next to rose and the first massive joint, felt less good. pet sent a card...

**all okay, love, f\*rikki**

...they wouldn't be pleased to hear that fucking rikki had dropped the gun.

in rose's arms at night it felt right, but at other times pet was so afraid that no stuff stopped the panic, passed out and spinning, the horror was still there. crying at night while rose strangled pet and fucked pet, and after coming crying didn't stop...

*are you alright?*

...what else could pet say but...

*do it... to me.*

fear and sadness get boring too, stout mixed with rose's cum in pet mouth, *cream of rose cum*, smoked another joint, listened to jimi and in the first morning warmth fell asleep next to rose, naked and uncovered.

## FULL MOON

rose decided on a tiny beach between the rocks, to do it there late at night. pet was still not too hot for death, but...

*i won't let him go on his own!*

at raoul's rose made pet eat all the ice cream pet liked to eat, as if at last rose understood how young and stupid pet was.

---

<sup>186</sup> apatia bar joke

question: what is the heaviest thing in the world?

answer: the cock, ten horses can't get it up!

question: what is the lightest thing in the world?

answer: the cock, a thought can lift it up!

## # 60

rose fucked pet lovingly, with real emotion, while pet tried not to think of female, who might be sorry, male too, sibling sorry, or just annoyed not to be the centerfold.

was there an overdog loving pet, could pet trust him to pick it up and pull it out of the whirl of existence? would it be alright?

rose listened to *the roses'* old albums, the *roses'* first song...

THE FUCKING FEELING  
(QUOTE UNQUOTE)

(opening theme, getting faster)

quote unquote, you're just my dream  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling  
quote unquote, you're just my love  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling  
quote unquote, you may be my boy  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling

someday, the fucking feeling  
dream come true, the fucking feeling  
someday, the fucking feeling

quote unquote, my boy  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling  
quote unquote, t-shirt  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling  
quote unquote, no answer  
quote unquote, the fucking feeling

moment, the fucking feeling  
sunshine, the fucking feeling

(repeat)

moment, the fucking feeling  
sunshine, the fucking feeling

(repeat)

(on scratches, lyrics katze / music iason rose<sup>187</sup>)

## WAITING FOR DEATH

bored and crying and bored again... waiting for night and death to come. went to the small beach...

*bet you're bored on your own, thought you might want someone to talk to.*

...pet put the head on rose's shoulders...

---

<sup>187</sup> based on a be-boy song. all be-boy texts copyrighted by their respective authors.

*tell me if i'm a nuisance and i'll shut up. it's not my style to flirt, but at least i can curl up at your feet.*  
... rose helped pet to shoot up, rest was strictly iason x rikki, only not so cool. rikki cried, suddenly iason said...  
*do you love me... so much?!*

rikki kissed iason or tried to kiss isason passing out. maybe iason was crying too, and maybe rikki heard iason say...

*i love you, fucking rikki!*

...or maybe rikki just what wanted too much to hear rose say...

*i love you, fucking rikki!*

at least once before rikki died. there was no pain, only falling beyond, like conscious passing out while the body got dragged around. inner peace past goodbye and distant notions of outside urgent voices.



## XLV GOOD MORNING APATIA

### FUCKING RIKKI IS BACK!

funny coming to and it isn't hell. three strikes and you're out and here they're fighting to get a fuckmutt back onto the street, they could have saved a bullet!<sup>188</sup>

*we're always glad for the federal government's understanding and services!*

### THE FACTS

for moral reasons life guards check lonely restricted access beaches at night. two hot hunks looking for a quiet corner found two lifeless bodies, reanimated, injected stuff, called an ambulance. rose was gone for good, fucking rikki saved. saved for what? tanagura fuckmutt existence, what a good thing to waste ¥¥¥ for!

#### katze's ¥¥¥ advice

**if some aspect (of your life) is very, very special to you, it becomes sacred by virtue of its integrity. then the level of your commitment to that ideal is vital, for you know that the whole reason for your life is contained and centered in that one quest or achievement.**

...life guards, he-nurses, young doctors, all caring for fucking rikki, lovely young fucking rikki, mister at fucking rikki's bedside crying hot tears cause finally the road is clear.

*rikki, i'm not saying come back to tanagura... you don't even have to be my rikki... i won't let you say, i'm a nosy guy and should mind my own business, rikki!*

### WHY?

cause fucking rikki didn't want to die? cause fucking rikki was younger? cause fucking rikki was in better shape? is it fucking rikki fault? it doesn't feel right to go on living without rose. what good killing shitself now? what good going on living?

### WILD BOY

in the hospital fucking rikki watched a movie, it was like déjà vu...

**wild boy x his friend drive round long-distance with a car not too much theirs. when the car breaks down, wild boy tries to make a switch with a**

<sup>188</sup> what rose did to fucking rikki is a harmless rough & tumble compared to the icy administrative cruelty of the sc pest mongrel control system. the paranoid minority who constitute the majority of sc judges and lawyers and their neurotic masters have been raised on such strong *we* (innocent & persecuted) vs. *them* (criminal & violent) notions, and such a biased and materially (cause *we* own everything) flawed idea of *we few decent we* vs. *them millions of killer them*, that as in the never atoned for lynching of darkies by honest, clean living family people (and their flag honoring youngsters), the protection of silver flatware has become an undeclared no-holds-barred war against mongrels.

used-car lot car but it blows up when he tries to jump start it. all goes wrong and a gun carrying used car dealer exec catches them.  
wild boy's friend tries to talk the exec into not calling the heat and the exec is ready to make a deal, provided wild boy...  
the friend act as the intermediary, and to his astonishment wild boy accepts.

years later exec x wild boy are still together.

...how wild boy insisted that his friend tie him up, after wild boy wrestled him down, how it turned wild boy on... turned fucking rikki on...

## FUCKING RIKKI IN BED

bored and hot as hell, horny like iason rose in hospital.

## MISTER IN HEAVEN

fucking rikki was hot and bored as hell, and the fucking doctors and nurses kept fucking rikki from fucking, how can you push a porn flick into the vcr if you got an oxygen tube in your nose and tubes with infusions and pain killers sticking in your arms? wear a bare-assed pajama like a fuckee clown, and a nurse is tinkering with your pecker (painted nails scratching your foreskin) and a piss bottle? how can you wank if there is a nurse extracting blood from your middle finger?

*you won't feel anything, honey!*

and you're holding mister's hand cause you're fraid. mister holding hand, kissing forehead, feeding food, changing channels, fucking rikki in hospital, mister in heaven.

## LATERAL FUCKING (REPEATED)

fucking rikki knew what fucking rikki needed and at night seduced the amoi he-nurse by saying...

*do it... to me.*

...to suck fucking rikki for all the amoi he-nurse was worth. no need to talk, the nurse understood what fucking rikki needed...

no doubt about it all, fucking rikki was going to blow fucking rikki cum so hard in nurse's mouth that there was a very decent possibility fucking rikki would knock all nurse's fillings out. a person looking through the window would have seen nurse's and fucking rikki bodies entwined with nurse's and fucking rikki need and it would have appeared to be one animal devouring itself.

## MISTRAL PARK

apartment sponsored by mister, proforma enrolment in a pet tc to keep the fucktory happy<sup>189</sup>, shining penny loafers,

---

<sup>189</sup> who didn't check what classes mister enrolled fucking rikki in:

maximum performance — for the pet owner who is truly serious about awakening a pet's fullest potential. this breakthrough instructional program features a unique state-of-the-art system to train a pet in reaching optimal performance using the latest devices to provide and prolong an erection that is bigger, firmer and more powerful. lessons include up-do-date instruction about superfoods, vitamins, supplements, penis lengthening and thickening devices, ejaculation control, vacuum pumps and the latest surgical and medical techniques and dozens of facts about sexual potency. also taught are the ancient taoist secrets about enhancing the male being and the herbs and teas that historically have improved owner and pet health and sexual performance. achieving the largest and best erection is important for a pet's value and can be one of the most successful ways to make more of your pet. now, any pet can be trained to provide a more enjoyable intercourse. this revolutionary program is the new way to maximize an owner's sexual pleasure — and pet resale value. partial nudity.



ironed shirt guarantee respectability of character.

## FUCKTORY

fucktory plans there were too, timid ones, cause fucking rikki said

*rather kill myself, tick one!*

suddenly that fucking rikki is alive has a value of its own, what before was beyond discussing, is now so much better than death.

# 61

what is so much better than death is getting fucked by mister...

# 62, # 63, AND # 64

...and other #'s like him without his knowing...

# 65, # 66, AND # 67

...porn jobs, talks of making a movie of roses life and death, but fucking rikki is too young to play shitself! what a joke!

# 68, # 69, AND # 70

great sex for them, medical examination sensations for fucking rikki, mechanical erections, ejaculation delayed by sounds and sights intruding into brain, vision okay, ears busted for good, talking between stutter and swollen tongue, fumbling fingers...

# 71

...doc said...

*you'll have to live with them never reacquiring the precision you used to have!*

## THE LUXURY WHOREDOM FORMULA

formula # 3

never pay for anything yourself!

## LOSERS' CLUB

self-help group of teenage suicides, junkies, hustlers, all pre-cumming in their supermarket goldwater™ sport briefs to know rose's pet, great help indeed! hopeless future glue-sniffing street corner teen hustlers...

---

male orgasm i: pets will learn both beginning and advanced hip movements that awaken an owner's mounting power and increase his sexual pleasure. after instructing the pet in a powerful owner massage, pets will then be taught over twenty different stimulation techniques to awaken an owner's creativity, self-love, clarity, boundless pleasure, visions, healing and mystical states. the teachers then explore penis reflexology, ritual masturbation, oral and anal sex magic, and erotic vision questing. erotic massage can be an important vehicle to explore an owner's shadow side, his darker eros. if your pet satisfies you the same way it did twelve months ago with diminishing returns, this course is for your pet. if you want what is erotically possible, if you wish to reclaim your serf erotic, this course can offer you assistance. total nudity.

male orgasm ii: the most comprehensive advanced course on male sexuality. instruction in more than 40 unique male genital stimulation techniques. have your pet learn the secrets to greater ejaculatory control, prolonged erections, and stronger orgasms. discover the difference between a pet which makes you merely climaxing and a fully satisfying orgasm. total nudity.

most of it was just fartlek™ (speedplay) wanking, what fucking rikki had taught guy in first grade.

## # 72, # 73, AND # 74

...dreaming of making it as rana uugo parking lot attendants, ranting about how when they were eleven a 75 year old s&g real estate tycoon proposed to them. was it sexual harassment or a wasted once in a lifetime chance? didn't they see the letters on the wall...

☹ ☹ ☹ statutory warning ☹ ☹ ☹

beware of losers' club!

KYERANG GI HAGO DJUNG?<sup>190</sup> (# 75 AND # 76)

fucking rikki went to an ashram to evade mister and fucktory and shrinks. great gardens, great momos, great incense sticks, great wisdom, great hushed tantric midnight dormitory blowjobs from ardent anonymous mouths. great #'s offering themselves to the guru<sup>191</sup>, who had an intense interest in fucking rikki, like mister on a higher plane.

## DANA BAHN (# 77)

if only katze were here! fucking rikki would have moved in with katze. but katze was dead, rose was dead. what was left was dana bahn. mongrels complaining in the secrecy of dana bahn noise...

*is there really a way out of this town for mongrels like us who don't have citizenship? we used to say we didn't want to be stuck in ceres but now we're 20. a pet who's over 20 and from the slum, i'm a living fossil in eos! there's not many chances about for mongrels like us to climb up.*

fucking rikki knew. there was dealing like luke, or informing for the heat, like norris, or both like killie, who was and is and will ever be (up to you to decide what). or...

## MEAT RACK (# 78 AND # 79)

hustling like fucking rikki. what once had been fucking rikki's dream, now it happens, limo doors are opening for fucking rikki, blondie hands are touching fucking rikki, while fucking rikki tries to think through a thick hyoscyamine™ fog, to understand the meaning of the louis xvi™ plastic wood panels in front of fucking rikky eyes...

it is a fucking davis calhoun™ limo, wide enough for fucking rikki to get fucked comfortably in the back. not wide enough for the fucking blondie, fucking rikki couldn't care less. the blondie pushes his long, slim fingers into fucking rikki mouth, to chew on, to give the blondie the feeling the fuckmutt he's about to snuff, loves him...

fucking rikki is glad for the hyoscyamin™ fog, muffled faraway feelings, no danger of fucking rikki suddenly turning round and thrust a broken off stout on ice bottle into the blondie's tender white stomach, smashing his fucking robot skull with the stout on ice bucket, trying to get the blondie's blaster, to have a last thirty seconds of freedom before going up in smoke.

## ANOTHER MISTAKE (# 80)

in his tower flat the fucking blondie has fucking rikki showfuck a pup so fucking young, so fucking beautiful, fucking rikki heart broke...

*perhaps even tamper with his mind a little and make him a docile sexdoll...*

...had rose tampered with fucking rikki's mind? had rose made fucking rikki into a docile sexdoll? the hateful rounded upholstered in orange, violet and green designer white plastic furniture of the blondie's t hill apartment, each color like an evil poison pain in fucking rikki acid tired eyes. orderer to wank, fucking rikki looked around, there was what

<sup>190</sup> amoi 'did you understand?'

<sup>191</sup> who died from the disease he didn't have.

the worst kind of blondies consider the greatest of art, a giant aquarium on wheels with a dead urchin floating in it, and a blown up mongrel skin suspended from the ceiling floating above the place like a fucking puffer fish, what style! not to speak of the usual gibbet cum shots, fuckstud snuff shots, *the dying mongrel*/plaster replicas, genital brass casts of all the pets he snuffed, this blondie had taste! the long lines of endless 8-track tape motown washing machine sound loops made time stand still and fucking rikki brain go out of control, what had rose done to fucking rikki that fucking rikki had not wanted one million times more than rose? rose and katze had been a different breed. this was no renegade, this was a fucking murder blondie caring shit about mongrels.



was the blondie going to snuff fucking rikki? would it matter? his hands didn't look like he had the strength, but blondie hands are like fucking steel claws closing around the neck, they're always strong enough. fucking rikki only worried, and this too like faraway worries on a distant shore, about the pup, would fucking rikki get ordered to snuff the pet, wouldn't the \*\*\*'s have told right away? why was it wearing only a dog collar?<sup>192</sup> would the pup end the day in a black pvc™ body bag, thrown into the body collector of the building by chemically lobotomized \*\*\*'s.

looking without looking, not to attract his attention, fucking rikki saw in the blondie's eyes, what before had turned fucking rikki on, what now turned fucking rikki off, that the blondie staring at fucking rikki fucking the pup saw only two live anime characters in front of him, if they had feelings it must be cause a \*\*\* hadn't cared to inject them right. only thing the blondie wanted was to see the pup spurt. only hope was that the blondie hadn't the guts to blaster the two of them right here on his hand-tufted monogrammed carpet.

the blondie's amole<sup>193</sup> smell irritated fucking rikki nose like ragweed, the blondie's marvelous silver mane, his cruel neuter angel face — instead of android beauty fucking rikki suddenly saw a disgusting genetically modified computer made monster, half animated object, half bionic machine.

fucking rikki knew that to know this meant...

<sup>192</sup> pet registration doesn't give a pet rights or protect it against snuffing, which is considered an accident, but in the cutthroat world of the syndicate for a blondie a minor loss of control (and as a result, of face) can be fatal. snuffing like stabling paperless mongrels simply isn't done, for obvious political reasons, mongrelia looming.

<sup>193</sup> amoi 'soap', androids' bodies smell of ambrosia, or case you haven't a nose for ambrosia, soap.



## XLVI DEATH

HE...

...didn't care, he switched his features off, smiling inside, thinking...

**i fear only danger<sup>194</sup>**

when the blondie touched him to suck him, rikki was sure, it would know that rikki had lost control, but the blondie stared at him with blank, sex-crazed reptile eyes, trying to suck out of rikki's cock, what no blondie can get...

## EMOTION

rikki faked for the blondie what blondies want, climax, orgasm, ecstasy, rikki secretly watched the pup, who had fallen asleep, if only the blondie wouldn't order him to snuff the pup!

### EMO

the pup was like rikki had been, full of hope that the blondie would make it part of its android high life, 72<sup>nd</sup> floor t hill tower flat, stretch limos and imported sports cars, to be beautiful for a blondie, to belong, what more could a mongrel cur from s&g dream of?

### COOL

though the dream had been more than a dream for rikki, is more than a dream for the pets you see drumming the rhythm of their 8-track stereos on the outside of a shiny davis beauregard convertible or a souped up bragg off-road pickup show-racing on midas street, parading up and down t drive for a few years at best, after which nothing remains but the memory, not better off, in fact worse because of the sadness of having lost it, than those which never managed to become a pet.

<sup>194</sup> 'je ne craignois que les dangiers!' an old-amoi saying, making fun of the proverbial mongrel courage, like what s&g street corner sages teach about gt heat, 'you can't bribe them except with ¥¥¥.' (katze's ¥¥¥ advice: there is no other reason for being in business than to count the money. manufacturing, creating, selling, p.r., and shipping are not the business — collecting and counting the money is the business. (faking papers for amoi mongrels is not the business, bumping off waste mongrels is not the business, extorting money from every single fucking # crossing their way is the business.))



XLVII  
AI NO KUSABI X

BASEMENT (CONT'D)

KATZE

even the pets in eos who were aloof and patronizing grow old and lose their masters interest. doesn't matter if they're from the academy or the harem, the only thing left is to fall from one whore house in midas to the next 'till you get to hell. the fate of a pet is more or less the same. riki, have you ever thought about how lucky you are to be here. and how much of a risk iason is taking behind all of this.

RIKI

ugh...



# XLVIII

## COOL

was there anything in rikki's past worth suffering for?

## EMO

rose had been a cruel, cold blondie but when katze died, rose had cried, like rose had a fucking heart!

## GOING DOWN

in the elevator rikki observed the \*\*\*'s showing him out, their dirty meatball faces didn't betray what orders they had, he ignored what floor they had selected on the elevator remote, only the led numbers going from 72 down towards the lobby and life or further to -1 or death, reminded rikki that if doors knew his thoughts he wouldn't get much more time to think. until about the 20<sup>th</sup> floor rikki was shit scared, but then when he wiped the blondies cum from his lips its metallic taste brought rose back to him, their first fuck, like rose was there with rikki in the elevator, how rose had said...

*let's fuck the shit out of you*

and had done it, kissing shit face...

***iason caressed my whole body***

...with his boots, watching ank...



XLIX  
AI NO KUSABI XI

[IN THE LIFT]

RIKI

top floor. why... is it me? why does a blondie from tanagura want so much to put a collar on a mongrel?

GUY'S VOICE

don't ever come here again.

RIKI

guy...



# L

the memory of rose's probing fingers checking out his not virtually virgin but shamefully real virgin ass gave rikki a lustful painful growing hardon. rikki remembered how right after fucking him first time rose had laughed off the...

## KILKENNY CAT (REPEATED)

...saying

*shoot me, and go tell your boss "dead roses never pay!"*<sup>195</sup>

suddenly rikki understood that without rikki knowing it rose had loved him, that rose had been in love with rikki, and rikki idiot fucking shit rikki hadn't had a clue. how good not to have died before understanding this! katze had killed himself out of fucking jealousy! rose's absence hit rikki worse than any pain he ever felt, rikki should have died with rose! holding back the tears rikki thought grinning how little he cared for life, let the \*\*\*'s finish the apatia beach job...

---

<sup>195</sup> rose was too stoned to be afraid. when not under the influence rose was afraid of one type of gangster only, called (among dealers) 'a kennedy', which is a shit trying to look like a johnson — they're real dangerous shits, killing females and all. (kilkenny cat woke up next morning and found himself dead.)



**second time nobody gives a shit!**

**...CAUSE...**

- rose had loved rikki
- rose loved rikki
- rose has loved rikki
- rose loves rikki
- rose will love rikki
- rose will have loved rikki

...

# ***FOREVER!***

rikki will never care again to be...

**walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light**



LI  
LIFE

FUCKED BY MISTER (# 81)

...for the rent, and french kissed for pocket ¥¥¥...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

FED BY MISTER (# 82)

rikki is such a good listener cause he understands no word, just comes along, looks like listening at dinner, looks like enjoying to get felt up in the car, looks like happy while kissing, looks like coming while getting fucked, healthy young mongrel body pays the balance. what difference petrol station attendant? what difference bank teller? a bright smile goes a long way towards hiding true feelings. case there are. rikki rarely has. same pills serve past sadness and present emptiness.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*



LII  
FUCKING RIKKI  
VIP STUDIOS, SUITE Z-107M

**ROSE X RIKKI**

**MISTRAL PARK<sup>196</sup>**  
**TANAGURA WEST**

**VITAL STATS**

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<sup>196</sup> famous for its prestigious pet auctions of the likes of fucking rikki.

id	<del>z-107m</del>
name	fucking rikki
aka	shit
age / birthday	21 / 17th march. looks much older, kind of seventeenish. <sup>197</sup>
pass valid for	3 years / no extension possible under present status
race / skin color	mongrel (metif) / olive
control-1	citizen / va
control-2	<del>pet z-107m</del> va under review
control-3	<del>iasan rose</del>
status	gp implanted / monitored
hair	black cut short
eye color	dark brown
height	178 cm / 5'10"
weight	64 kgs / 140 lbs.
iq	of a squirrel
penis	18.5 cm / 7"5 uncut
blood type	b, hiv -, safe sex only
jeans	27"x34"
body	smooth & almost hairless, well defined gymnast body, medium built, superior butt
education	midas s&g training center (not finished), vocational training center (not finished)
habits	uncontrolled consumption of any available drug, a sucker for h from day one
handicaps	busted ears, no great talker (bad stutter under pressure)
seme x uke	uke (versatile), light s&m
description	fucking rikki is a fresh submissive pup, which knows how to please you. attractive features seen frontally, profile betraying immature idiocy, ideal for front and back jobs. slim, reasonably muscled body, solid buttocks & thighs. tight ass, above average cock & balls earning a lot of praise. good staying power & fast recharging.
message	please contact fucking rikki, greater tanagura's finest full-service male escort, c/o the publisher! friendly & ready for your pleasure 24/7! sexy slim body that makes you feel like a teenager again! incalls, outcalls, hotel calls, never had a single disappointed customer! let your wildest fantasies come to life! also had complete gt heat background checks so you can feel at ease!
special marks	broken nose, cigarette burns, whipmarks, cuts, <i>property of iasan rose</i> tattoo on shit heart plus sign left of asshole: <b>rose cum only</b>

SEND NO FLOWERS!<sup>198</sup>

while its fingers check out rikki ass, slimmer than thou fairy<sup>199</sup> advises rikki to escape the dreadful prison of addiction and prostitution...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*you need a stable, dependable relationship with a blondie who understands what you've gone through!*  
while fairy fingers unbutton rikki fly, fairy haggles about rikki rates...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*there is no such thing as a free fuck!*

taking possession of what all is about, rikki cock, reading the menu, so to speak, from right to left<sup>200</sup>. dinner with fairy is cozy, like a day off. fairy likes to cook and leaves the eating to rikki...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

## MOUTHWISE

but coming on all the time like in case rikki would be ready, not (fairy) to pay, not cause fairy is a miser, moral principles, but (fairy) might assist rikki to get financial assistance, social assistance, only worst case cough up a dime itself. nothing wrong with fairy just an annoying spiel considered that...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

## SEXWISE

getting sucked by fairy is like the orgies rikki had in first grade, like two #'s in bed next to each other neatly straightened out like ball pen and fountain pen in a parker™ gift set...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*i bet you called me cause you wanted me to take a hand in it?*

## # 83

...nearly ripping off rikki cock jerking rikki off with a jerking ripping triple-time motion which stimulates rikki about as much as a dog scratching behind the front ears with the rear legs. stupidly hoping that rikki functions like whipped cream, fairy wanks itself into a sweat yapping all the while puppishly about how in the trust mansion for a blondie youngster to wank another blondie youngster was routine, as if fairy fairy finger would ever have wanked rose. rose! would have done what rikki was going to do... stemming the tide of fairy nonsense about nothing, morally, nothing wrong (with pay<sup>201</sup> x pay masturbation), well within federal breeding laws, and then fairy wants to kiss, which rikki avoids by pushing fairy's head down where it wants to go anyway, but with closed eyes the stink of fairy's obsession™ for sissies assails you, and when you open them the renegade poverty of its tiny eos beach room without a view depresses you. after sucking rikki into sleep fairy probably spurts three tiny dots of cum itself and then is too nervous to go to sleep and busies itself the whole night straightening out its utterly screwed renegade android consciousness<sup>202</sup> and cleaning the kitchen and every single thing in it. rikki couldn't care less, glad to have the bed to himself, also fairy owned a fucking stereo with fucking gold-

<sup>197</sup> bullshit: fucking rikki looked much younger than he was, kind of fifteenish (ed.).

<sup>198</sup> send cash instead to fucking rikki c/o the publisher!

<sup>199</sup> a blondie so slim he looked like a fucking calla lily.

<sup>200</sup> amoi is written from right to left, fairy sucked rikki to save, to stay within the tight fairy fucking budget.

<sup>201</sup> amoi abbreviation 'protected android youngster'. pay's are the joy, hope and glory of door, 'the sons of doors, but the fathers of the mongrels'. (the following sentence added for psychological reasons only, to understand the abject mindset of fanatic mongrelia propagandist): the scourge of sc, the not accountable, irresponsible, drugged raping, robbing, killing young aristocrats, which with their shiny davis beauregard convertibles and their degenerate beauty seduce the best among the young mongrels into voluntary slavery, self-sacrifice, self-abuse, and death by snuffing.

<sup>202</sup> fairy suffered terribly from the knowledge that the trust mansion trustee monster (a wicked and sick pervert) which made fairy into fairy would not appreciate fairy spending ¥¥¥ for mongrels because of deuteronomy 23:2. (katze's ¥¥¥ advice: acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.)

tipped cables which wasn't allowed to touch.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

## MOUTHWISE (CONT'D)

at breakfast, which is cappuccino and french croissants fairy complains that no street cur ever stays with it, who could stand it any longer? comparing itself (the midas late night florence nightingale on the lookout for desperate teen hustlers to pick up at a discount) with rose. rikki had to pull on the old beige suede boots...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***haven't got time to listen to your impertinent talk, indeed you're a hopeless case!***

...fucking jobsharing social worker bullshit about what's wrong with life on the street, psychological implications of late night tired cold no place to go, no drug to warm the heart

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***i bet you think i'm nuts<sup>203</sup>***

## ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE, LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED!

why listen to a blondie which's a looser itself? love would come handy, though, buckets full of it. but more difficult to find than pure h in midas central jail<sup>204</sup>. mongrels fuck and die, and mongrel death is dog death, the silent hidden screwing of the spine in pain, the breaking of the eyes, the sad locking of the jaws. if only rose were here!

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

### law # 14

**nature does not concern herself with logic, with our human logic: she has her own, which we do not understand and do not recognize, until it passes over us, like a fucking road train.**

the onetime goodfuck!™ list topper quickly turns into social ¥¥¥ drain...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

### katze's ¥¥¥ advice

**as you tromp through, heading toward your final liberation, you will have to agree to take responsibility for things, including — of course — yourself. there are few wealthy people who do not accept responsibility naturally.**

...remembrance of trade past fading fast. but not yet, business is picking up...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

## FRIDAY # 84, # 85, # 86

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

<sup>203</sup> after having seen mistake bullet riddled body, how much convincing does rikki need that mongrels have to *get up, stand up, fight for their rights?*

<sup>204</sup> rhymes with hell.

**ROSE X RIKKI**

**SATURDAY # 87, # 88, # 89**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*



**ROSE X RIKKI**

**SUNDAY # 90, # 91**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**MONDAY # 92, # 93, # 94**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**TUESDAY # 95, # 96, # 97**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**WEDNESDAY # 98, # 99**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**THURSDAY # 100, # 101, # 102, # 103**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**FRIDAY # 104, # 105, # 106, # 107, # 108**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**SATURDAY # 109, # 110, # 111**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**SUNDAY # 112, # 113**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**MONDAY # 114, # 115, # 116**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**TUESDAY # 117, # 118, # 119**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**WEDNESDAY # 120, # 121**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**THURSDAY # 122, # 123, # 124, # 125**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**FRIDAY # 126, # 127, # 128, # 129, # 130**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**SATURDAY # 131, # 132, # 133**

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

SUNDAY # 134, # 135

...#'s staring at ¥¥¥ crotch...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**you have a divine right to choose whom you will play with and under what circumstances. by eliminating any energy drag, the positive things in your life will resonate faster and faster.**

...with knowledgeable eyes, looking for family size dick, swollen balls, butt like double halloween pumpkins.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**MONDAY # 136, # 137, # 138**

rikki is numb and napping while jeans get pulled down, far away ass licking sensations, what is it all about?

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**TUESDAY # 139, # 140, # 141**

delicate bankers' rain forest poison frog fingers caressing stiff prick, difficult to remember whether there is what to remember, lonely like a lost dog, worried like barrio taxi drivers scared of pachunco pups paying with bullets.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**WEDNESDAY # 142, # 143**

tight ass fetches a premium, haunting names on scary bell plates, never the right house, never the right street.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**THURSDAY # 144, # 145, # 146, # 147**

and if once it feels kind of right, meet the coffin stuffer, still business is good, hunger not yet the problem.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**WHAT IS THE PROBLEM? — FRIDAY # 148, # 149, # 150, # 151, # 152**

¥¥¥...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**there is no other reason for being in business than to count the ¥¥¥.**

**SATURDAY # 153, # 154, # 155**

...sad creeps, terminal cases, artificially distressed lost generation toddlers in silk designer kiddy pajamas, looking for mum to kiss the naughty senile penile pup goodnight, but mum has left for daars with a real estate mummy, to share precious moments™ while their bodies are turning to dust.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**¥¥¥ ARE THE PROBLEM — SUNDAY # 156, # 157**

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**manufacturing, creating, selling, p.r., and shipping are not the business —  
collecting and counting the ¥¥¥ is the business.**

turnover, profits, expenses, teenage sex is a niche product, time to look for a more up the age scale product,  
like hard body hustling, strong thighs for mellow asses, is there a market?

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**I IS THE PROBLEM — MONDAY # 158, # 159, # 160**

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**acceptance (of self) is the foundation of receiving.**

it's getting late, and the morning will bring another multiple bypass whom strength left before desire. why go  
on? to reach old age and sing with creaky voice in a life sharers™ circle...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**the answer my friend  
is blowin' in the wind  
the answer is blowin in the wind<sup>205</sup>**

**IS THERE A PROBLEM? — TUESDAY # 161, # 162, # 163**

...who cares? advice is to take ¥¥¥ and run.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**katze's ¥¥¥ advice**

**the greatest revenge is doing well.**

hustling is no great deal, worse than being rose's pet for sure, but fits nicely between puberty and early death,  
beats dealing a hundred times.

**HOW D'YOU KNOW? — WEDNESDAY # 164, # 165**

cause those who know don't live to tell. what fun to look like an evil mad rock star told his pet surgeon...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*make it into a fucking frankenstein!*

...in case you survive the gunmutts, and the freelancing surgeons humming (no, not *wish you were dead!* to the  
melody of *wish you a white xmas!*) but

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

---

<sup>205</sup> words and music by bob dylan ©1962, renewed 1990 special rider music.

how many seconds a doctor must count  
before he can rip out my heart?

the answer my friend  
is glowin' in the bin  
the answer is glowin' in the bin

EARN ¥¥¥ WHILE YOU FUCK! — THURSDAY # 166, # 167, # 168, #  
169

katze's ¥¥¥ advice

in order to successfully serve people, you have to psychologically get  
*underneath* them, which means that while you are serving them, you have  
to subjugate your ego to their needs (long enough to take their ¥¥¥,  
anyway).

a kind soft-spoken, well-dressed # picks rikki up at beach coffeeshop, cheese sandwich, every time rikki has to  
look at him he seem ten years older, must be on his way to the grave, drinks bottled stout, mouth telling what he doesn't  
mean, eyes telling what he means, fast forward to unbutton rikki's fly.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

eos hills house full of expensive stuff, must have a good life, no hurry to say goodbye, hurry to fuck rikki on his  
black leather sofa, large screen tanavision™ tv switched off, arty nudes in frames, office plants, rikki tries to avoid the  
chilly morgue breeze breath.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

yo-yoing kitchen clean-up sounds from an expensive stereo. # wipes rikki's prick with a monogrammed towel  
like its a fucking silver spoon, smokes a first cigar like a last cigar, what is rikki doing in this tomb? delay buttoning up,  
difficult to control those fingers, will the corpse fork out a tip?

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

# shows rikki a south ceres whorehouse picture business card of his favorite amoi hustler...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**your clean place with free coffee every time you come!**

...mid-size beefcake, heavy meat sausage cock, dark slaughterhouse cattle eyes, massive hairy thighs like one  
of these imported tribal wrestlers but with mongrel lips and a mongrel sheen to the skin.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**DOES IT SUCK WELL? — FRIDAY # 170, # 171, # 172, # 173, # 174**  
*no, that's not it!*  
*oh, so that's how it works!*

**HOMEBOUND — SATURDAY # 175, # 176, # 177**

home is small clean purpose-built business premises...

- rose posters
- rose x rikki photos
- queen size water bed
- foam sofa and two foam chairs
- tv and vcr
- kitchenette with small fridge
- shower toilet

... studio poverty is miles above street poverty. watch *on the road*, vain dream of making a movie but...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***what's the use of saying what's true and false now?***

...take a shower. feel good today, stupid good, gray no pic no melody no sentence brain good, busted ears good, dumb fingers good. penning few words, would be nice to tell the rose x rikki story, to fade away into a like into an old b&w, to live in the story forever, for pups to watch on tcc™ and love and dream and cry, like iason x rikki.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

DANA BAHN — SUNDAY # 178, # 179

fake caretakers, bodies trained and tanned to look like cheap amoi *genuine mongrel!*<sup>206</sup> luggage, looking for young caseload, desperate rent ....

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*give me blinkers!*

...and an endless stream of good advice backed by a low limit credit card.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

GLOOMY MONDAY # 180, # 181, # 182

is there for every # chasing for love a soulmate who fits him like a plug a socket? or are there of humanity too dregs, #'s whom no # ever will love, perennial wankers, for whom sex is at best sucking a faceless darkroom cock, love the tears they cry watching ank and wanking...

*seems like i've got plenty of time to think about it, rikki...*

...what you need is a supercomputer combining all #'s data, finding the one for each, but what if you miss your chance? like in the end with rose, watching him selfdestroy. how to feel love if there is only pain?

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*people somehow somewhere have to support each other to live!*

it's the one who didn't's fault if rose killed himself. the one who didn't love enough. the one who fucked up for good...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*i'm so stupid... i knew it would turn out like this!*

MY BEST FRIEND — TUESDAY # 183, # 184, # 185

no need to look for #'s, just push the answerphone button...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*rikki, why don't we become pairing partners again?*

... drying cum gluing bodies together...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*suppose you could call it love!*

WHAT DO THEY SEE? — FRIDAY # 186, # 187, # 188, # 189, # 190

a dependably hard cock silhouetted against a slim ribbed stomach...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*i'm extremely pleased with the truly significant results we achieved...*

*we were able to complete smoothly because of your help...*

*as usual i'm impressed with your splendid performance...*

*top quality in every respect...*

...to have found one's niche in porn is no mean achievement for a fuckmutt from midas, former future ranaya uugo material dreaming to hear a blonde say...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

*let's see this body you boast about!*

...but it's not blondies saying it, it's a 100% manmade fibers cardigan saying it, and a chinese minority prisoner hair hippie wig saying it, easy rider mirrored rose tinted ray bans™ are saying it, staring like the interstellar hoods from the cantina. mongrels like rikki could only murmur to each protected by dana bahn noise...

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<sup>206</sup> a grinning brown speedy gonzalez face on the label proves it.



*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***we used to say we didn't want to get stuck in ceres but now we're twenty...***

***sometimes i think we're already chained down here...***

***rikki, did you find what you were looking for? is there really a way out of this town for mongrels like us who don't have citizenship?***

fucking reality makes you feel like you're made of dirt, not dust, waste disposal effluents flowing through your veins, like waking where rikki woke up today at half past ten a.m. on a burn holed real leatherette™ bench in a fucking dark room...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

### **SATURDAY # 191, # 192, # 193**

...cum dripping from rikki ass, cock, mouth, ears, eyes. body sticky with dried piss and cum, in a stench of piss and shit, and stale smoke, and a # hell with good reasons repeatedly refused to swallow, [rubbersucker@hotmail.com](mailto:rubbersucker@hotmail.com)...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

ROSE X RIKKI

**SUNDAY # 194**

...switches on the glaring white neon lights, pail in hand, to clean up the mess of the night.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***the only guy who knows the answer is you...***

escaping rikki dropped into the cantina where ...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**SARU & KITSUNE & USAGI — SUNDAY # 195, # 196, # 197**

...want to fuck but talk mechas, as if mr. maxwell mr. yuy would make rikki cream. a guy looking like a reborn rinpoche hands rikki a flier for an installments plan prepaid funeral with a genuine drumology™ shaman, former keyboarder of *mandrum campfire band*.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

rikki disconnects dreaming of velvet skin, trustful eyes, muscles never touched before by a caressing hand drawing landscapes of desire, the peace of pups ready to die...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***do it... to me.***

**IS THERE ANOTHER ROSE? — MONDAY # 198, # 199, # 200**

katze would be good enough, thousand times good enough, to sleep spooned against katze back, to know katze knows, to hear katze quote...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***bidding starts at 200'000 credits...***

the lights went out with rose.

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**DO YOU LOVE HIM SO MUCH? — TUESDAY # 201, # 202, # 203**

rose had no future, but if i would have loved him more? i was strong enough to take the fucking punishment and abuse, but not strong enough at blackmoon time ...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

***perhaps it was fate...***

***master x pet***

...love was too weak, body too strong...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

**time is that which ends, and man is in time.**

**it's time we thought about leaving the body behind!**

**FOREVER!**

FOREVER

A FILM BY  
RATANADILAK KAMTRAKUL

GENERAL G.S. PATTON

in planning any operation, it is vital to remember, and constantly repeat to oneself two things; in war nothing is impossible, provided you use audacity, and "do not take counsel of your fears." if these two principles are adhered to... victory is certain.

EPISODE I — INTRO

LAOS 1955

a marine carries a bleeding lao soldier through thick jungle towards a river. grenades are exploding near them. on the other side of the river the GI's jeep can be seen on the bank of the river.

GI

(tough and good looking, torn uniform revealing strong body)  
looks bad for us guys...

LOCAL

(struggles to get down from the GI's arms, thick laotian accent)  
drop me, get the hell out of here, you can't make it like that, drop me, listen, drop me!

GI

shut up, you idiot!! we make it together or we don't!

GI looks at the small buddhist medal on LOCAL's bloody breast.

CUT TO:

it's just a piece of red plastic with a gilded picture on it.

CUT BACK:

LOCAL

(murmurs in lao)  
lord buddha save this man and let us be born together in our next lives!

GI

shut up, idiot! you're just bleeding more if you don't keep still! we'll stay together, forever!

LOCAL

forever!

they blow up together on a landmine. the GI's blood splattered lone star belt buckle drops next to the bloody plastic buddha medal.

**ROSE! — WEDNESDAY # 204, # 205**

*you may be reluctant to accept but some love can only be requited in such an ending!*

*fucking life guards why didn't you watch bay watch instead of dragging me back into a world without rose!*

**BLACK IS BLACK — THURSDAY # 206, # 207, # 208, # 209**

**black is black... i want my baby back  
it's gray, it's gray, since she went away.**

(the rejects, cabell records # 113)

**ROSE! (CONT'D) — FRIDAY # 210, # 211, # 212, # 213, # 214**

if we ever meet again, i'll love you so much that we'll never split again! never!

*you're not dead, right?*

**rule # 17**

**regard, as one, this life, the next life, and the life between, in the bardo<sup>207</sup>,  
and accustom thyself to them thus, as one.**

---

<sup>207</sup> amoi 'limbo'.



LIII  
IN THE GARDEN OF LIFE

THE END

scribbling this stuff i met a guy who helped me to turn *shit life* into *rose x rikki* throwing out most of the hate'm kill'em paranoia, the mongrelia or death, ppsc and cpsc (m-l) infighting nobody cares about, the vain dreams of fucking gt heat and blowing up doors, (doors is more solid than the earth it rules, only time can kill it) and taught me to (and he didn't fuck me more than necessary cause he liked me cause...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

you're part of me,  
a part of me.  
i'm part of you,  
a part of you.  
you're part of me,  
a part of me.  
i'm part of you,  
a part of you.<sup>208</sup>

...he was me and i was him and we were nothing)...

*walking in the darkness seeking for the eternal light*

rule # 18

meditate on the dispersal of the molecules!

---

<sup>208</sup> all be-boy texts copyrighted by their respective authors.



**LIV  
IN MEMORIAM IASON ROSE**

[SOUND OF CRASHING WAVES]

RIKKI offers IASON a black moon cigarette.

RIKKI  
you want one?

IASON  
could do. not bad to have a last smoke with you.

RIKKI lights IASON's cigarette first and then his own off the end of IASON's.

RIKKI  
this is our last deep kiss.

RIKKI puts his head on IASON's shoulder and closes his eyes...



**LV  
OUTRO**

**ETERNAL<sup>209</sup>**

**CALLING**

the heaviness of the sighs on the endless nights  
i'm in pain from missing you  
i can no longer see anything  
don't let me go, don't leave me  
only you i believe in  
ah, to warm my lips

**CALLING IN THE NIGHT**

my emotions make my heart pound

**NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**

love is crying out

**SILENT**

words i can hear in my dreams  
shut out the bitter memories

---

<sup>209</sup> from ambivalence cd, sm-355, track 11 (beta version). romanization by alexandra-arслан yu, edited by kamui k, translation by kirsten.

i can no longer see anything  
don't tell me, don't say anything at all  
falling into the heat of the night  
ah, it's all just a

MIRAGE

SILENT ALL THE NIGHT

someday i'll see that remote dream  
my feeling for you bears sighs  
to a faraway place.



## APPENDIX A



**FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH CERES  
DEPT. OF ANIMATED RESOURCES  
FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY  
(FPMA)**

## RATES AND FEES

### GENERAL INFORMATION

There are three main categories of pets (Note: Prices may be higher depending on limited availability.):

- (1) **CLASS A PETS**, which consists of Class A SCSO (South Ceres Standards Organization) pets. Class A Pets are used for android service.
- (2) **CLASS B PETS**, which includes pets with characteristics corresponding to Class B SCSO and first time downgraded Class A Pets. Class B Pets are used for off-premises service and export.
- (3) **CLASS C PETS**, meaning other pets. Class C Pets are used for on-premises service only.

The FPMA also offers **Export International Service, International VIP Service (IVIPS), International Pet Air Lift (IPAL), and International Export Pets (INTEP).**

**EXPORT INTERNATIONAL SERVICE (EIS)** offers reliable high security export service to many countries. Service features include insurance, custom preparation, and an Export Corporate Account option. Consult FPMA for service availability and rates.

**INTEP** service offers same or next day delivery of Class B pets from FPMA centers in major S.C. cities to certain foreign destinations. Rates are 2000 first pet, 600 each additional pet. Consult FPMA for delivery sites and additional information.

**INTERNATIONAL VIP SERVICE (IVIPS)** is intended for bulk buyers of all categories of export pets, except container exports. Rate is a per pet rate. Consult FPMA for preparation requirements and rates.

**INTERNATIONAL PET AIR LIFT (IPAL)** — IPAL is a bulk export system designed for fast, economical delivery of Class B pets. The export rate is a per pet rate. Consult FPMA for rates and preparation requirements.

### PETS

All pets must be FEDPET branded. Unless prohibited by the country of destination, branded pups within Class A or B SCSO standards may also be exported at the pet rates.

<b>FEDPET Pets and Pups</b> Domestic sales, ATP, and Amoi					
<i>Age not over</i>	<i>Domestic</i>	<i>ATP and Amoi</i>	<i>Age not over</i>	<i>Domestic</i>	<i>ATP and Amoi</i>
6 years	155'000	165'000	12 years	293'000	315'000
7 years	178'000	190'000	13 years	293'000	315'000
8 years	201'000	215'000	14 years	293'000	315'000
9 years	224'000	240'000	15 years	293'000	315'000

10 years	247'000	265'000	16 years	325'000	415'000
11 years	270'000	290'000	17 years and over	see furnitures	see furnitures
16 years maximum age except for export to Adjacent Tribal Areas (ATP). Consult FPMA for bulk exports to Adjacent Tribal Areas. Note: Pets sold at this rate provide First-Class Service in S.C. and Superior Service in Adjacent Tribal Areas and Amoi.					

## FURNITURES

All furnitures must be FEDPET branded.

FEDPET Furnitures Export prohibited <sup>1</sup>			
<i>Age not over</i>	<i>Domestic sales only</i>	<i>Age not over</i>	<i>Domestic sales only</i>
16 years	1'620'000	22 years	780'000
17 years	1'480'000	23 years	640'000
18 years	1'340'000	24 years	500'000
19 years	1'200'000	25 years	360'000
20 years	1'060'000	26 years	220'000
11 years	920'000	27 years and over	best offer
16 years minimum age. <sup>1</sup> Consult FPMA for VIP export permits to Adjacent Tribal Areas and Amoi. Note: Furnitures sold at this rate provide Superior Service.			

FPMA Pets and Pups — Export Rates All countries (except ATP and Amoi)					
<i>Age not over</i>		<i>Rate</i>	<i>Age not over</i>		<i>Rate</i>
6 years	0 months	485'000	11 years	6 months	914'000
6 years	6 months	524'000	12 years	0 months	953'000
7 years	0 months	563'000	12 years	6 months	992'000
7 years	6 months	602'000	13 years	0 months	1'031'000
8 years	0 months	641'000	13 years	6 months	1'070'000
8 years	6 months	680'000	14 years	0 months	1'109'000
9 years	0 months	719'000	14 years	6 months	1'148'000
9 years	6 months	758'000	15 years	0 months	1'187'000
10 years	0 months	797'000	15 years	6 months	1'226'000
10 years	6 months	863'000	16 years	0 months	1'265'000
11 years	0 months	875'000	16 years	6 months and over	1'304'000

Age limit 16 years.

Consult FPMA for bulk exports.

Note: Pets sold at this rate provide Superior Service.

## MONGRELS AND URCHINS (Export only)

**Mongrels and Urchins** are impounded irregulars which resemble domestic fourth class mongrels. All mongrels and urchins sold with an SCSO certificate. SCSO standard mongrels ("Class M Mongrels") and SCSO standard urchins ("Class U Urchins") can be insured. Bulk rates apply. For mongrel and urchin and furnitures consult FPMA. Restrictions apply.

Origin Adjacent Tribal Areas	30'000	Origin all other Tribal Areas	35'000
Origin Amoi	30'000	Other Origin	40'000

Mongrel and Urchin Bodies For medical, forensic, and military usage			
Type of body	Domestic	ATP and Amoi	All other Tribal Areas
Urchin bodies	96'000	120'000	132'000
Mongrel bodies	64'000	72'000	72'000
Cloned bodies	120'000	150'000	165'000

Mongrel and Urchin Age Limits		
Country of origin	Urchins	Mongrels
Adjacent Tribal Areas	17 years	21 years
Amoi	17 years	21 years
PUAS countries <sup>2</sup> except ATP and Amoi	17 years	no age limit
All other countries	17 years	no age limit
<sup>2</sup> The PUAS tribal areas are Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain & Possessions, Suriname, Uruguay, and Venezuela.		

## IMPORT PET AND PUP AND OTHER CLONES

**IMPORT PET AND PUP CLONES** are pets and pup clones not bred in S.C..

**Import Pets** include all categories of cloned pets not bred in S.C.. Age limit 17 years.

**Import Pups** include all cloned pups not bred in S.C.. Age limit is 11 years.

**Import Other Clones** include all other clones not produced in S.C.. Age limit is 21 years. Consult FPMA for specific details. Import Clones are produced from domestically approved Class B Pets. Clones of S.C. Class B Pets for import to S.C. are sold at Regular Class B Pet rate. Consult FPMA for preparation requirements.

Import Pet and Pup Clones and Other Clones — Domestic Rates From all countries (except ATP and Amoi)			
Age not over	Rate	Age not over	Rate
6 years	126'000	12 years	198'000
8 years	150'000	14 years	222'000

10 years	174'000	16 years	246'000
Age limit 17 years except for export to Adjacent Tribal Areas (ATP). Consult FPMA for bulk exports to Adjacent Tribal Areas. Note: Pets bought at this rate provide First-Class Service.			

## SPECIAL SERVICES

**Insurance.** For coverage against loss or damage. Available only for items bought from FPMA or certified by FPMA. Indemnity limits vary by class. Consult FPMA for service availability and fees.

**Registration** (for maximum protection and security).

<i>Coverage</i>	<i>Liability not over</i>	<i>Fee</i>
S.C., Amoi and ATP only	100'000	4'500
S.C. and Amoi (restricted areas only)	500'000	4'850
S.C. only	1'000'000	5'250
Note: Liability limited to 323'350 for all other areas regardless except Amoi and ATP.		

### Special Delivery Fees

<i>Category</i>	<i>One agent</i>	<i>Two agents</i>
Class A and Class B Pets	765	795
Class C Pets, Pups, Class M Mongrels	805	865
Other legal deliveries	855	935

### Special handling

Consult FPMA for service availability and fees.



## APPENDIX B



FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH CERES  
DEPT. OF ANIMATED RESOURCES  
FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY  
(FPMA)

Sale of items is contingent on your (hereinafter "Buyer") agreement to the following terms:

## 1. TERMS OF SALE.

Federal Pet Marketing Agency, (FPMA) grants to Buyer a unlimited, exclusive, transferable, royalty-free license to use the sold Item on Buyer's premises. All other rights are reserved to FPMA. Buyer shall not rent, lease, sell, sublicense, assign, or otherwise transfer item, including any accompanying materials without prior explicit permission of FPMA. Buyer may not damage item except to the extent that this restriction is expressly prohibited by applicable law. FPMA shall retain title and all ownership rights to item until such time as FPMA has received full payment for Item.

## 2. ITEM MAINTENANCE.

FPMA is not obligated to provide maintenance to Buyer for item. However, any maintenance provided by FPMA shall be covered by this Agreement.

## 3. DISCLAIMER OF WARRANTY.

Item is deemed accepted by Buyer. Item is provided AS IS WITHOUT WARRANTY OF ANY KIND. TO THE MAXIMUM EXTENT PERMITTED BY APPLICABLE LAW, FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY FURTHER DISCLAIMS ALL WARRANTIES, INCLUDING WITHOUT LIMITATION ANY IMPLIED WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY, FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE, AND NONINFRINGEMENT. THE ENTIRE RISK ARISING OUT OF THE USE OR PERFORMANCE OF ITEM REMAINS WITH BUYER. TO THE MAXIMUM EXTENT PERMITTED BY APPLICABLE LAW, IN NO EVENT SHALL FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY OR ITS SUPPLIERS BE LIABLE FOR ANY CONSEQUENTIAL, INCIDENTAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, SPECIAL, PUNITIVE, OR OTHER DAMAGES WHATSOEVER (INCLUDING, WITHOUT LIMITATION, DAMAGES FOR LOSS OF BUSINESS PROFITS, BUSINESS INTERRUPTION, LOSS OF BUSINESS INFORMATION, OR OTHER PECUNIARY LOSS) ARISING OUT OF THIS AGREEMENT OR THE USE OF OR INABILITY TO USE ITEM, EVEN IF FEDERAL PET MARKETING AGENCY HAS BEEN ADVISED OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES. BECAUSE SOME STATES/JURISDICTIONS DO NOT ALLOW THE EXCLUSION OR LIMITATION OF LIABILITY FOR CONSEQUENTIAL OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, THE ABOVE LIMITATION MAY NOT APPLY TO BUYER.

## 4. S.C. GOVERNMENT RESTRICTED RIGHTS AND EXPORT RESTRICTIONS.

Item is provided with RESTRICTED RIGHTS. Use is subject to restrictions as set forth in subparagraph (c)(1)(ii) of The Rights in Animated Resources clause of DDORS 252.227-7013 or subparagraphs (c)(1) and (2) of the Commercial Animated Resources-Restricted Rights at 48 CFR 52.227-19, as applicable. Manufacturer is Federal Pet Marketing Agency, 616 First Avenue, Suite 701, Tanagura City, TN 98104-2258. Buyer acknowledges that item licensed hereunder is subject to the export control laws and regulations of S.C., and any amendments thereof. Buyer confirms that with respect to item, it will not export or re-export it, directly or indirectly, either to (i) any areas that are subject to S.C. export restrictions (currently including, but not necessarily limited to, Cuba, the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia (Serbia and Montenegro), Haiti, Iran, Iraq, Libya, North Korea, South Africa (military and police entities), and Syria); (ii) any end user who Buyer knows or has reason to know will utilize them in the design, development or production of nuclear, chemical or biological weapons; or (iii) any end user who has been prohibited from participating in S.C. transactions by any federal agency of S.C. government. Buyer further acknowledges that item may have technical knowledge subject to export and re-export restrictions imposed by S.C. law.

## 5. GOVERNING LAW; ATTORNEYS FEES.

This Agreement shall be governed by the laws of the State of Tanagura and Buyer further consents to jurisdiction by the state and federal courts sitting in the State of Tanagura. If either FPMA or Buyer employs attorneys to enforce any rights arising out of or relating to this Agreement, the prevailing party shall be entitled to recover reasonable attorneys' fees.

## 6. ENTIRE AGREEMENT.

This Agreement constitutes the complete and exclusive agreement between FPMA and Buyer with respect to the subject matter hereof, and supersedes all prior understandings, communications or agreements not specifically incorporated herein. This Agreement may not be modified except if duly signed by an authorized representative of FPMA and Buyer.

Federal Government of South Ceres, Dept. of Animated Resources, Federal Pet Marketing Agency (FPMA).



👁️👁️👁️ don't kill!<sup>210</sup> 👁️👁️👁️

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<sup>210</sup> when did you last hear a guy say "happy as hitler", "happy as stalin", or "happy as pol pot" (or even just happy as a butcher)? are you going to dance in the same disco? killers go to hell!