

STICKYBOY^{CR} FOR GOD AND THE EMPIRE



LIFE AS A NOVEL
One thing really fascinated me about London.
Phone boxes



TEA

Synopsis

It starts with a bang, the amazing narrative of Stickyboy, nom de guerre of a young Italian who comes to London in search of art, space, work, and with a burning desire to get to the heart of the Empire. The job he finds leads him ever deeper into the world of prostitution: its legendary protagonists, the «Queens», its «ethics» , its intertwining with the world of politics and entertainment, its social significance and all its supporting characters. A parallel world, where you can do anything as long as nobody knows, where everything is allowed as long as you are not recognized, where you can even create a new art form that some «astute businessman» will then take into the «normal world», proclaiming it a miracle. With its unique, individual style, *For God and the Empire* recounts Stickyboy's extraordinary adventures, his wandering life, the bizarre things he saw, his encounters, his creations at the service of the excluded, the hypocrisy of a Society that persistently demands prostitution, but does not want to hear about it.

Stickyboy

For God and the Empire

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FOR GOD AND THE EMPIRE

London 1989

Stickyboy.

One thing really fascinated me about London.
Phone boxes.
They were covered with prostitutes' stickers.

I called Youssef. His English was better than mine, above all he understood everything. We dialed the number for *Beautiful Blonde In New Luxury Apartment*

Youssef - do you need a stickyboy?

The sexy blonde voice - Yes, darling.

She gave us an appointment at the *New Luxury Apartment* the next morning.

There we met Pipa, transgender.

She said that later we would meet the Girls.

Pipa gave us some training.

1500

The Girls had 1500 stickers printed every week.
Paid a guy named stickyboy to put them in all the neighbourhood
phone boxes to advertise the business.

BT - British Telecom, owner of the phone booths, paid another person,
armed with scraper and solvents, to unstick them again.

BT Man started at 8am, Stickyboy hot on his heels between 10-11am.
The great urban loop. One feeding the other.

Economy

Some time ago I read an article where someone cited the example of a
team of workers hired to dig a hole in the ground, and another team
hired to fill in the same hole. The function: restart the economy.

This system restarted mine.

L'ham

Pipa showed us the streets to cover and gave us 100 stickers.
Said to go back to the *New Luxury Apartment* as soon as we'd finished.
100 stickers 30 pounds.
It was quickly done.
If we had contacted other Girls in the same catchment area
we could have doubled, tripled and so on.

Back to the *New Luxury Apartment* to collect.
Mystical vision.
Three women in underwear. Black. White.
Neutral. Curvy, a touch of vulgarity that turns balls
into flints. Sparks flying.
They were just like you'd expect a whore to be.

Sitting around a table, smoking and drinking, Pipa was there too.
They paid, then let slip some appreciative comments of a sexual nature.
It was a test. Pipa got excited with the show and with the test.
Just like you'd expect a trans to.

Sticking stickers around, paid by beautiful women
in underwear.

Leaving the *New Luxury Apartment* Youssef said:

- L'ham

Meat. In arabic.

I've always liked whores. Even as a child.

I loved whores and butchers.

L'ham.

Youssef

Moroccan. Berber.

Black hair, medium height. Affable.

Loved singing. Singing and playing air drums. Four-four time and rolls.

Met him some time before at the Forum Hotel.

Welcome to The Forum Hotel, my friend.

The Forum Hotel London is modern and offers every comfort that you would expect from a four-star establishment. With 27 floors, it is the tallest hotel in the UK and offers fantastic views of the capital.

A colossus. 4 stars. 910 rooms.

My friend

My friend. That's how they called the dishwashers. We faced stacks of pots to wash, serious incrustations, enough to give Mr. Clean a bad turn.

- I need them in 10 minutes. Can you do it for me, my friend?
ordered the Chefs.

Can you do it for me, my friend?

My friend.

Of course, this and more. For a friend.

We wore blue overalls.

The Blue Men

Moroccans. Algerians. Africans. Portuguese.
I'm the only white man among the blue men, I thought.
Later I realized that white men were something else.
I was Italian.
There were no white men among the blue men.

Youssef and I didn't stay long among them.
We had other things to do. Unlike Mr. Clean.

We left the Forum. Fuck you. My friend.

Do you need a Stickyboy?

In London, prostitution was allowed in houses, indoors, provided that there was only one customer at a time. If the numbers of participants grew, it could be considered a brothel and become an offense.

A stickyboy could be accused of living off the earnings of prostitution if he was receiving money from the sexual services of the Girls.

Which meant all the time.

The girls paid with the money they earned.

With what money were they supposed to pay?

Cocktail

They all had in common innate sexual confidence and in addition, a certain sensitivity to money. All properly shaken. With ice or without.

As for me, I never met any whores with a pimp in tow. The Girls I worked with were self-employed. I was the means by which they solicited punters.

Stickyboy. Better than birdlime.

Selling sex is like selling drugs.

Some say that the most powerful drug is power.

Power brings sex.

Those who get high on power itself generally have a screw loose somewhere.

It may be generally agreed that the biggest sexual organ is the brain, but the balls want their share.

L'ham.

Call Girls

When I landed in the Kingdom, Girls' adverts were still primordial and a phenomenon typical of London. Most of them were stickers with a telephone number and impact slogans written with a marker, efficiently incorporated in the booth next to the technology to facilitate contact.

Image and communication.

I was the right man in the right place.

The first prints were in black and white.

Then the adverts evolved, especially with the advent of digital technology.

My time was the Stone Age.

Girls wangled great deals from printers.

95 percent discount.

They needed advertising all the time.

Typographers printed on off-cuts, the waste edges of regular prints.

There the phenomenon was created. On the edge. Queen zone.

Colorama.

The result was a rainbow of pop stickers and cards.

Adapting to the colours of whatever else was being printed, taking on a life of their own.

Offering the product on the market.

Sexy.

Pop.

Pimp.

Art.

Or even Dada

Randomness. No fonts or colour control.

Surprising results.

Everyone contributed. The Girls with slogans, the printers with lettering and paper, with a pirate image to finish the job.

Five brains are better than a genius the Chinese have been saying for millennia.

It was estimated that around about 13 million cards were printed each year in London.

250,000 per week, 35,600 per day.

A one-man show.

The first one to make it a political issue. I had an agenda.

Filled with phone numbers.

A Political Agenda.

In this context, I was the only one who grabbed a megaphone to tell the world I proudly went to whores.

If you want something done, do it yourself.

The Queen

After a few days on the job, I got a clearer picture of the situation.

Each House had a Queen.

In ours Monica reigned in white underwear, the other Girls came in occasionally, to stand in for her or work the odd shift.

Monica had blonde hair. Anglo-Saxon face.

Beautiful body.

The Body of a Whore

The cheetah is a fast predator, designed to be like that.

Some women are designed to be whores.

Some men try very hard but the best whores are women.

You cannot compete. Its natural.

They're immediately recognizable.

The latest generation is made of plastic.

Man-made stuff.

Clones.

They are a very popular model, especially on television.

The Body of a Whore 2.0

One day I drew a clothing collection.
The collection was called Wet Suit.

Wet suit.

Or.

Wetsuit.

The Girls were dealing with sub-humans.

Often.

Creative

There was an established Agency looking for creative people.
Design. Fashion. Illustration.
Submit a project and they would consider its marketability
and act accordingly.

I produced mine. Wet Suit. I was creative. Definitely.
I was received by a young lady, she took the project.
I would be contacted soon with their decision.
It was going to be reviewed by experts.

Pimp Art.

I had decided ages before. Whores were going to be my future.
Indeed, The Absolute Future.
I had it clear in my head, Supreme Whores would reign supreme.
It was a matter of contributing to their rise, serving the Queens with my art.

I was a noble mind. From an early age.
I dreamed of running away with the hooker walking along the seafront.
Long, straight, black hair. White-skinned.
She always wore a beige raincoat.
Miniskirt. Black leather thigh boots.
Makeup, black and sharp.

It was the '70s. Today she would be in fashion magazines every
day. Yesterday she walked the streets every day. I was about nine
years old, looking at her. Dazed. Four years earlier, intrigued, I had
asked my mother what the women were doing along the promenade.
At that time I also wondered who could be the boss of the world.

I imagined an ordinary guy stepping out of a phone booth.

My destiny was decided way back.

The Designer

With drawings I could express my feelings.
Undressing the most beautiful women in the world wasn't for fags.
Wet Suit.

Outcast.

My collection was designed for outdoor whores.
A weather protection suit for the outcasts.
Bright, clashing colours. The suit
enhanced the Girl's body, pointing
out her presence from afar.
Each part, corset, sleeves, legs, was interchangeable.
Adapting to seasons and temperatures.
Indoor / outdoor.
Wearing platforms with flashing red heels.
Comfort. Visibility.
No worries. She wouldn't have gone unnoticed.

Everything explained in my project with plenty of illustrations.

A great idea. Creative. As they liked it.
Functional.
In line with the modern metropolis and its needs.
They sent me a letter.
They advised me to change occupation.
It was signed by a woman.
Wet Suit.
I thought it was a brilliant idea.

Indeed.

The White Queen

Monica was a charming person. She drank and snorted heroin.
We had a great relationship with her.
She introduced her colleagues. Flourishing business.
Venus Fly Traps. We were out on our rounds all day.

We were very much in demand.
In the evenings our flatmate welcomed us back, cursing the whores.
Next to the telephone the list of phone calls:

Polly
Miranda
Samantha
Isabela
Jaylee
Candy
Tracy
Inga
Tina
Vanessa
Lisa
Sophie
Eboni
Ann Marie
Tanya
Scarlette
Monica
Natasha
Donna
Ibena
Veronica
Tammy
Venus Fly Traps.

Venthouse

Costumes, uniforms, wigs, cosmetics, accessories, beds, mirrors, machinery, torture room, sauna, luxurious rooms, lustful rooms.

A parallel universe. Fantastic voyage.
The forbidden zones of the human mind.

The red zone. Theatre.

To get access you just dialled the number on the sticker in the phone booth.

Stickers

Phone booths as art galleries, an effective vehicle of information.

Offering the real possibility to link intellect and body to the Oeuvre.
Fantastic. Popular. Pimp Art.

BE - Bordel Electrique

Hits.

Earls Court Station, 7 phone booths.

Earls Court Station Warwick Rd, 5 phone booths.

Eardley Crescent, 2 phone booths.

Penywern Rd, 2 phone booths.

Earls Court Gardens, 2 phone booths.

Hogarth Road, 4 phone booths.

Trebovir Rd, 2 phone booths.

Templeton Place, 2 phone booths.

Longridge Rd, 2 phone booths.

Nevern Square, 1 phone booth.

Earls Court Rd outside Wimpy, 2 phone booths.

Earls Court Rd by Cromwell Rd, 2 phone booths.

Bolton Gardens, 1 phone booth.

Brompton Rd by Library, 2 phone booths.

Brompton Rd by Coleherne Rd, 2 phone booths.

Frinbourg Rd, 2 phone booths.

Pembrook Rd, 2 phone booths.

Warwick Rd opposite Homebase, 2 phone booths.

BT - British Telecom. BE - Bordel Electrique.

Guerrilla

British Telecom established and decreed that:

Sticker glue causes permanent damage to phone boxes.

Sticking stickers was thus considered criminal damage to private property.

Boom.

Some Girls battened down the hatches by printing cards instead of stickers.

This gave birth to Cardboys. Second generation Stickyboys.

They used Blu tack.

Cardboys made less money and worked harder.

They avoided «damage» but were forced to walk the streets several times in the same day as cards were easily removed. Stickyboys with stickers would guarantee at least 24 hours of solid advertising.

BT placed a special solvent on the glass of the phone boxes to ease removal.

The war between the Queens and British Telecom went on for years. No-holds-barred fight.

The Queens covered the city. In the nerve centres.

Organized in small groups. Independent from one another.

The groups themselves were formed of just a few units.

Independent from one another.

Invincible.

They seemed to have assimilated the best strategy of guerrilla warfare.

They swam in a social sea.

They enjoyed wide popular support.

Gyrating hips. Biting. Twirling breasts.

Dyed hair. Red-hot lips. Make up. Mascara.

War colours.

Little could the Empire do.
Corporations were trying to counter-attack.
British Telecom took action and cut off the lines
in the Venthouse.

Heart attack for the Empire

The Girls' numbers in phone boxes were disconnected by BT in the name of civilization. Immoral use of the telephone line.

They miscalculated. They were affairs of the heart. The whores' counter-attack was devastating. They attacked together where it hurt. At the heart of the Empire.

They moved as a collective. Raised the case. It ended up in Court. In the spotlight. Given the romantic nature of the Girls, the embarrassment was huge. People sided with their Queens.

The Venthouse put all possible pressure on BT and on the Court. They were forced to reconnect the lines.

They had tried. The Empire had never liked out-of-control whores.

Masked Woman

A Queen's symbol was the mask.
A prime object to hide their identity.
From Zorro to Superheroes, everyone used them.
Even the Queens wore one at work.

Historic photo. The Queens posing as a collective
after the victorious battle.
All together and smiling. Cheers. With their masks.
Great spirit.

A TV series began to take shape in my mind.
Episodes where the main character was a whore in the Venthouse.
Each episode, a different punter.

A great saga.

I would not have neglected to highlight the psychological drama
of the Queen.
The same as the Superhero.
Must have great qualities of courage, extraordinary abilities, but
be forced into anonymity for the Supreme Good.
Hence the mask. It all fitted.
Not to mention if I found a producer.

If only.

I spoke with a director.
I should have spoken to his movie producer.
If only he hadn't died the year before. He said.

I should have.

The doors of perception

In the phone booth, address in hand,
the Experience began.

The voice had provided the vital information with a sensual tone,
attractive, but firm.

Now, men were heading for the Venthouse, realm of
the Queen.

Excitement accompanied the adept on his journey.

His adrenaline count mounted. Slowly. Light-headed with curiosity.

What would the Queen be like? And their encounter?

What would she smell of? And her panties? What colour would they be?

But would she be wearing panties?

Questions which the adept could not answer.

The fewer the answers, the faster came the questions. Jittery hands.

Sweating.

More adrenaline released. Agitation. Heartbeats.

And hard-on.

Reaching his destination he was outside the door.

It was time.

The Experience.

The adept didn't have to wait. He didn't wait at all.

As soon as he arrived on the doorstep. A linear motion.

Constant. The door brushing on the carpet.

It opened just enough. Inside. There he would find
her. Behind the door. Creator of the opening. Finally
she revealed herself.

Now he perceived her. With her lingerie.

She would give him The Experience.

He would gladly receive.

That's what he was there for.

The healthy civilization. A model to export

The men explode.

The Venthouses have solid foundations.

There was a man who came regularly every Thursday at 3 pm.

The Girl dressed him as a maid.

She also put the apron on him. Nicely embroidered.

He used to clean the Venthouse. When he was finished she fed him in a dog's bowl.

And he ate like a dog, then paid and left.

A nice person. A lawyer.

He brought the bowl himself. She just cashed in.

Availability. Efficiency

One Girl had a dwarf as a devoted punter.
He said that Mother Nature had punished him.
So he was in this world to be punished.

His argument made perfect sense.

She kicked the shit out of him.
She had beautiful long legs and stiletto boots.

A professional.

The Shit Eater

The Shit Eater was unbearable to everyone.
When he was there he wanted the table set
with candles.

The Girl had to shit in his plate and he ate it.
With a knife and fork. Napkin on his knees.

The Shit Eater was a rich man. Nevertheless,
demanding.

You always had to have a laxative nearby.

Nappy Training

One day a guy came.

With a degree in Nappy Training in his hand.

From a bag he pulled out a chastity belt.

He wanted the Girls to put it on him and keep the key.

Then he would go out for a few hours, come back, and the Girls would release him.

Easy.

Came every day for a week with the same request.

One day he left belted. The Girls lost the key.

For three days he popped in to see if they had found it. In vain. I saw him quickly leaving the flat. He was wearing a woman's wig and make up. Sweating. It was evident he was also wearing something bulky under his trousers.

No one ever saw him again. Customer lost.

The strays

In times of recession or war, sex sold like hot cakes.

The greater the incertitude, the harder the brothels' grind.

L'ham.

With Youssef we watched the first Gulf War on TV.

35 countries bombing one.

A great show of courage. It would bring great results.

The Union Jack proudly waved outside Britons' windows.

We split up. Separately we covered a wide area.

The Venthouse had to meet the high demand.

I walked from one neighbourhood to another. Like a stray.

The stray's natural habitat is the road. It leaves a mark.

Earls Court

Hammersmith

Olympia

Victoria

High Street Kensington

Gloucester Rd

South Kensington

Knightsbridge

Oxford Street

Tottenham Court Rd

Warren Street

Euston

Russell Sq

Covent Garden

Piccadilly

Regent Park

Park Lane

Leicester Sq

In the Kensington area I often met another maverick.

O'Arrucciu The Irishman

Italian. From Sardinia. He had become The Irishman when he'd adapted his identity card and turned himself into O'Arrucciu.

That way, he could get two lots of unemployment benefit.

It wasn't the first time he had done it. Some time before he had turned into Federico Guerra¹, his roommate.

While visiting Italy, Federico Guerra met his death, at which point O'Arrucciu discovered a way of collecting Guerra's benefits.

He went to the mandatory interviews. When the speaker in the hall of the Department of Social Security called «Guerra», O'Arrucciu answered “here”, rose and had the interview.

Signed all the papers they submitted.

Sincerely,

Federico Guerra

And cashed in.

O'Hara

O'Connor. O'Sullivan. Why not O'Arruciu.
Pitch-black hair. Dark skin. Olive overtones.
The Irishman.
He loved clubs, dancing and getting blasted.

But.

A protruding ear gave him some problems.
The left one.
In the past he had tried to fix it with super glue, but
after a few hours in clubs, what with the heat and
sweat, the glue yielded and the ear resumed its
natural position.
It could happen suddenly. When he was doing
the latin lover with some lady.

That was no minor problem. For the Irishman.

The Bitch

In the Venthouse another woman had an important task.

The Maid.

She answered the calls, gave the model's details and made appointments.

She welcomed the punters, made them comfortable and introduced the Queen.

Sometimes she was a former working Girl herself, and in case of emergency she would step in for the Queen.

Bodies that suddenly come to life again.

Bodies that had worked.

Experience to sell.

40

Near a private nursing home there was a very elegant building.

It looked like a hotel.

You walked into it, took the lift, got to the right floor. Down a long corridor with apartments on both sides.

Apartment 40.

Margaret

A middle-aged woman opened the door. White. English. Margaret.
She presented a young black whore.
Her whore.
Margaret hated me. Nothing personal.
She hated men in general.
When I approached the Girl, she growled. Bitch.
She took the young whore, sat her down and combed her hair with a large
hairbrush.
Brushing the long mane of her black mare.
With care.
Discipline. Every now and then she snapped her fingers and ordered
the young whore to do something. And the mare performed.
Total Domination.
The young whore was beautiful, always wearing pale lingerie,
enhancing her black skin.
Long nails. Red varnish.
In apartment 40 the greatest torture room ever seen. Capital.

Crosses

Machinery

Chains

Handcuffs

Laces

Whips

Uniforms

Ropes

Cricket bats

Huge syringes

Candles

Strap-ons

Vibrators

Masks

I had the impression that they weren't exclusively for the use of clients.

Our collaboration did not last long.
The bitch tried to cheat me out of money.

I growled.

Venthouse 19

In apartment 19, Paddington, you were welcomed by Holly.
Holly was a young English girl. White. Fat.
Presenting an American whore in her forties. Black.
Tall.
The Mistress.

Her name was Jackie. She loved me. I yielded dividends for her.
Originally from the country that offers unlimited possibilities, she flew
to England to work as a whore.
Her plan was to go back to the States, buy a house.

Jackie was always sitting on her chair.
No one could use it. Her throne.
She established the directives Holly was expected to obey at all
times. Holly breathlessly tried to fulfill all the wishes of the Mistress.
Given her size, the young whale struggled to move with ease causing
serious delay in executing the orders.
Only partial Domination. Drove Jackie mad.
Pitiless.

Holly cleaned the carpet in apartment 19 with her
large vacuum cleaner.
Cleaned, with slow and clumsy movements the vast floor
where her Mistress confidently wandered around.

The House of Lords

One day I saw Jackie stealthily walking down the corridor.
She was naked, on high heels.
Majestic. She wore a shimmering, platinum-blond wig.
Straight long hair reached her big black ass.
A client was waiting in the room.

He had to be someone important because on her way back
she was holding a cricket bat.

Tea Time

A little later strokes and screams of male pleasure
rang through the Venthouse.
Holly finally drank her tea.

American Steak House

After the session Jackie was beaming.

It cost 40 pounds to fuck Jackie.

At least 80 to be beaten by Jackie.

The greater the pain, the more the money. Speciality of the House. From pure pleasure to the ecstasy of pillory.

American Steak House.

I collected my share of the money.

Jackie, enthroned, sang her joie de vivre.

Holly walked me to the door and whispered:

«It's very good.»

Things were good. Jackie. Good business for everyone.

Especially when she kicked ass.

Holly's man

I saw him once.

He was in charge of supplying the stickers. One morning I passed by his place to get the new stock.

He was wearing his dressing-gown. Must have been around since '45. Not him.

The robe.

He looked sick, the house was dirty.

He didn't say a word.

Thank God.

Chlorine to Clergy

Venice in the fifteenth century teemed with whores.
I was told.

It seems that brothels in Venice belonged to the
Clergy. Chlorine: run by people not directly connected
to them.

The Proprietors encouraged the activity.

The Venhouse regulated sexual energy among the
population. Not only that.

According to the representatives of God, the brothels kept up a
healthy sense of sin in the population, useful to product placement.

In the following centuries this technique disappeared and the Church
declared war on the Queens, preferring to fuck people's children up the ass
with their soldiers dressed in black.

The collaboration between Church, State and Forces of Order
resulted in a tough persecution of Queens, at that point,
heavily infiltrated.

In the 70s the Girls counter-attacked.

In France.

In protest to violence inflicted by the police
200 prostitutes occupied a Church.

There was strategy and tradition in that move.

Searching for sanctification and God's protection.

The patron saint.

The event provoked a wave of occupation of churches
by prostitutes all over the country.

Then a cascade effect in different cities around the world.

The Cult.

The Girls proposed the Madonna-Whore dichotomy.

A real hit in popular culture.

With the occupation of churches they preached to the converted.

It was a walkover to attract attention to themselves.

Police violence decreased.

Prostitutes gained their first recognition.

The official launch of the Movement of Prostitutes had happened.

There was genius behind it.

Chapeau.

The Priestess

I drew a number of possible suits, bustiers, corsets, with a clerical collar.

Latex. Skin for the Queens. Trophy of war.

The Venthouse acted as a confessional.

Fantasies, filth and all sorts of secrets were reported to the Girls.

The client would leave with a serene soul.

A weight lifted.

In addition.

The whore made it big with that collar. Gothic style.

It redefined the sacredness of the Venthouse. Books in hand.

Like the indigenous Americans, the Queens wore the trophy won in war.

A black and blue leopard print fabric defined the whore animal, the one who desires.

Black as the deepest mystery. Blue as the sky.

And meanwhile came the news of a Queen interviewed by the media.

She confessed to being a nun converted to life.

She had seen the light, as well as a good few pounds for her revelations.

I rushed to Italy. The right place to talk about priests.

I was not wrong.

They were always on television.

I had an appointment with the head of a big publishing house.

I submitted my historical and illustrated study with
contemporary application.

He didn't get it.

Stammered something about a possible excommunication.

Seemed like a confused man.

Energies

Ching. 'Essence'. One of the three energies that run through our body according to the Chinese.

It is the least refined.

This is what we call Sexual Energy.

There is no doubt Ching runs through the punters.

It was vital that this energy should not be converted into something more sophisticated, or worse, something spiritual.

In the West End, I noticed a card in a phone booth.

A lipsticked card with a text.

Have we got a message for you!

The truth is that God, in the visible form of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, paid the price for our sinful nature by personally dying on the cross, for each and every one of us.

The good news message is that by receiving God's unconditional love, no matter how good you think you are or how low you have sunk morally, you can be accepted into the family of God.

*Simply confess that you are a sinner and ask Jesus into your life.
He'll do the rest!*

Call freephone.

Followed by a number.

Possessed Christians. Dangerous.

They had infested the booths in the neighbourhood.

This was the Lorna's territory. They picked the wrong Girl.

Unluckily for them.

We called her Iceland.

Lorna

Black. Powerful thighs. Busty. She counted on that and it paid well.

Agile. She moved lightly. Elegant with a touch of vulgarity. Vulgar with a touch of elegance.

Yin and Yang.

An animal.

She relied less on her brain, self-awareness was an unnecessary accessory. It would have limited her physical action. Empty minded. Zen.

Empty and full. Full and empty.

A perfect whore. A meat grinder.

She wasn't there to talk about robotics.

Like all animals Lorna was very diffident.

Nothing was known of her private life. Rumour had it that she was a Court stenographer.

Stenographer to the Court in the morning and Belle de Jour, it was said of her.

She didn't reveal anything about herself and when she did it wasn't to talk.

No one knew where she lived, who she hung out with.

She could talk for half an hour without saying anything.

A real gift.

We had nicknamed her Iceland since her reply to the question: «What are you doing today?» froze the conversation with «I'm going to Iceland.»

Cardman. Francis the poet

Tall. Thin. Blond. White. English.
He worked as a Cardboy for Lorna.
«I'm a Cardman» he used to say.
Once at the Notting Hill Carnival watching the
Jamaican booty jamboree he didn't feel too good.
Ching.
He loved poetry.

The Other Side of the River

I showed the invasive Christian card to Francis the poet.
Something had to be done, leave a mark in the phone booths.
Pee on the territory.
If it remained unpunished, other possessed men would step forward
with goodness knows what pretensions. Ching, the Essence, had to
be protected.

Pimp Art. Drawings would have resolved the unpleasant
situation.
At work, in the den. South of London.
The other side of the river. Peckham. Not for everyone.
The picturesque black cabs of London kept away after dark.
They were scared of being attacked by zombies.

The night of the starving dead.

The Stray 02

As a kid I followed stray dogs. They went anywhere they liked.
Went through everything.
Nothing stopped them. With an air of not being surprised by anything
anymore but still enjoying the road.
They were hard to follow. On foot I lost them. Cycling in the
fields I had difficulties.
Damn them.

I followed them for days. Aimlessly onwards.
Scars. Fairly mangy.

Sometimes a stray was hosted for a few days by a human.
Resting time.
The human took him everywhere.
The stray sped in the streets by car sitting in the passenger seat.
The stray loved speed.
He savoured the landscape in motion.

A few days later and back on the road. On his way.

I had decided. One day I'd be a stray myself.
I had observed them well enough.

Calculator

On the other side of the river

+

Showdown between youth gangs. Females included.
Bottles. Stones. Sticks. Shattered glass. Screams.
Hormonal storms. Random blows.

+

Scores to settle between drug dealers. Six strong, well-trained youths had destroyed a car carrying two rivals. Demolished it with their bare hands.

The two had been petrified. Motionless.

Hands stuck to the steering wheel. Ready for the scrap yard, but alive.

I walked in the midst of the demolishers, they shouted to each other:

«You have done the job man?»

Escorted them to their car, waiting a little further on, doors open and engine running. Start, screech and designer black asphalt.

×

Yeah man. You have done the job.

+

They also settled the scores at a nearby club.

Something didn't add up with the bouncer and so they decided to resolve the problem by shooting him.

The victim ran, seeking refuge in the crowd that opened up like a school of fish on the arrival of the predator. Every gunshot laid bare the problem.

-

It ended with the bouncer at the morgue, the club shut and the problem solved. Vox populi.

=

The stray passed everywhere.

Vibrating to the rhythm of the asphalt jungle.

The Palafitte

The den had a beautiful jungle-style back garden.

Inaccessible from outside.

In front the ferns devoured everything by growing over the fence.

Then they advanced inexorably onto the pavement instigating protests from the neighbours.

They complained about the lack of order in the layout of the neighbourhood.

The bank that held the mortgage tried in vain to take back possession of the site.

The Jamaican owner had disappeared into thin air, leaving behind a string of debts. It was said he was buried in the garden.

We looked for him armed with pick and shovel, but we found only bones.

Seemed to be part of a spinal column. In our opinion it was a giant dog. Probably a Jamaican St. Bernard or something.

Palafitte style, the livable floor was upstairs.

On the lower, ravaged rooms, smashed windows and doors, Graffiti on the walls, an oversized puppet hanging from the ceiling and plants crawling inside the house.

Mouse nests everywhere. The ideal place for the kitchen.

Indeed.

The artist

Cooking under the broken ceiling.

There was life between the kitchen and the floor upstairs.

Mice looked down through the hole, attracted by the wonderful smell of my classic Italian dishes.

The greedy ones fell right through.

None ever hit the food. Just fell on me.

Fortunately.

Later I decided to use the lower floor as well.

I fixed it up.

The mouse problem was sorted.

I found a cat. White. Named him Tractor.

He ploughed through the ground floor.

His mission was to eliminate the intruders.

When purring he sounded like a running tractor.

In the early days, while hunting in the cellar, Tractor fell into a can of red paint.

He stayed shut in the cellar for two days.

He was an artist.

I found him when I heard him mewing.

When I opened the door he was completely red.

I washed him. He remained pink.

After that he could pose serious embarrassment, even to humans.

The unsuspecting began to look at him and started to feel unwell, especially after taking psychoactive substances.

I had to confirm with strangers.

It was not a hallucination.

Tractor was actually pink.

Unveiling the mystery was a pleasure to watch.

Strong flavour

Pimp Art was the result of long, hard, preparation.
I went underground. Went out only when forced to.
Explored mind and body through drawings and colours.
12 hours per day. A great trip.

I allocated 1 pound per day for food.
A plate of pasta.
Every day. Or almost.
Otherwise an egg sandwich. White
bread interspersed with an egg fried
on both sides.
On the first bite, the egg opened, coloring the white bread
yellow.

To avoid dripping the yellow nectar onto my
hands, I devoured the sandwich in two big bites. As
the beast knows, taste is directly proportional to
voracity.
Gobble up everything as quickly as possible.

For maximum flavour.

I ate once a day, trying to do it as late as possible.
Then, for an hour, my hands trembled.
Using a nib and ink was a problem.
On the contrary, hunger stimulated masterpieces.
The empty stomach as the energy source.

After a year of iron discipline I went out.
I was ready.

Tube Station

Straight away on the subway I experienced the first sign of change.

In an empty carriage, a young, handsome, black lady in a grey suit getting off at her stop, gave me a malicious smile. The black angel welcomed me.

I had undergone a metamorphosis.

I was walking on the street. Females winked.

In large numbers.

There was something. Not the four blue feathers

I was wearing on my hat.

No.

The long retreat had opened the third eye.

At that time I met Francis the poet, smoking weed in front of my magical designs in the den.

He was curious, he wanted to understand. He asked questions.

He insisted. He protested.

He confessed that he always had great difficulty in entering into a relationship with the fairer sex.

The desire to penetrate the subject was immense.

The verb

As a result of my acquired knowledge, I revealed the way.
Because there is. A way. Just work one's ass off.

From that day he began to fuck.

I was frightening.

Mambo?

Drawing for Lorna in the den.

It was about noon, from the window I saw a black cab arriving, like a rare bird.

Clara and Rosa got out of the car.

Clara.

Small. Blonde. Long hair. Straight.

40 years old. Nice. South American.

Danced.

Mambo. Salsa. Cha cha cha.

Rosa.

Fat. Brown. Curls. South American.

55 years old. Looked like a matron.

Busty.

Marijuana. Cocaine. Amphetamines. And spirits.

Professional thieves. Pickpockets.

Operating on the global market.

The ritual

Chilean women. Met on the street.
Just arrived in London. Business travel.
They had organized the job smoothly.
Out in the morning around 10.
Wearing jewellery and designer clothes.
Classic stuff.
Pinstripe suits. Gangster style.

Every morning they performed the sacred ritual:

1. They forked out a banknote to the beggar outside.
2. They bought a bunch of roses each from the florist.
3. At the cemetery they left a rose in every newly dug grave.

By performing the ritual and contenting the spirit
they began to reclaim the earthly body in the City.

Hurricane Clara

Posh neighbourhoods

Luxury stores

Airports

Trendy cafés

5 Star Hotel Halls

Harrods

Bags

Wallets

Cases

Credit cards

Rings

Necklaces

Bracelets

Watches

Earrings

Gold

Silver

Diamonds

Precious stones

Each stolen piece, each purchase, was packed the same day and sent to Chile. But not the gold.

With stolen credit cards, they bought everything. Clara had even got a crush on Francis the poet.

Ghost

Francis the poet resembled Clara's deceased husband.

So while Mr Francis fucked Clara, the ghost of the spouse disturbed him.

«Is she fucking me or her husband?», wondered the poet.

Francis the poet did not want to compete. He

didn't want to end up locked in a triangle,

especially with a ghost in the middle.

He thought as he screwed.

Clara did likewise, but she saved herself the trouble of thinking.

Rosa, between one diet pill and another, disapproved of the menage a trois in progress.

Then she'd grab a drink sparking the amphetamine.

She finished the bottle of vodka watching television,

to see better she'd light a torch of weed.

A cocktail she would go crazy for.

Hurricane Rosa

They told me they had drained a 5-star.

A businessman was sitting in the lobby reading a newspaper, with his briefcase behind his back.

Rosa told how Clara glided behind him and removed the briefcase.

He did not flinch, continuing to read quietly.

So quick was the gesture that the man could still feel the briefcase pressing against his back. The girls had vanished in a flash.

«We're professionals» said Rosa with great enthusiasm.

Her eyes shone, her cheeks flushed.

She raised her hands to heaven.

Laughed. «We're professionals» she repeated. Clara nodded, proudly.

It looked like a dance. Mambo.

The case contained two mysterious objects.

In those days, quite rare and expensive.

Clara and Rosa had never seen a laptop or a printer.

They were intrigued by technology, but did not know what to do with it. Rosa asked me to turn it into cash.

Jimi would certainly have appreciated the laptop.

He was a fan of technology.

At his place he had huge piles of specialized magazines.

Hi-Fi's. Televisions. Computers. Refrigerators.

Technology captivated him.

He couldn't even resist washing machines.

Tall. Black. Jamaican. English. Second generation.

Gaunt face and dreadlocks.

Jimi

Entering his home you'd be hit by a smell of weed.

Good stuff.

Jimi organized his small business.

He was a good talker. Politics and history.

I spent hours listening to him. He had lots of charisma.

And an infinite collection of vinyl from when he had been a DJ.

Many years before he had worked in northern Europe in places where they had never seen a black man. Perceptions. He'd say.

He was a wise man.

Decided to go into crime.

Rude boy.

Became part of a gang, supplying the streets with crack, coke, heroin.

The Company provided him with a phone, flat, car.

A Fiat 131. Sky blue.

At his disposal, a man assigned to resolutions.

The Company cared for its dealers and would not allow anyone to disturb the free movement of goods.

If it happened, the Company launched a message to the entire community through the mouth of a Beretta.

Black gangs adored Made in Italy.

In Pure Mafia Style.

Jimi's guardian angel was a dear, close, childhood friend.

Paul.

Paul

Black. White. English.

Half-caste they said.

The Order of the British Empire established the existence of a white caste housed on the upper floor.

Paul was mixed with the black one on the lower floor.

This made him a half-caste in the United Kingdom. The word appears to have been taken from the social system in India, where it was impossible for an individual to become part of a different caste, especially if higher-ranking.

That had not impressed Paul.

He decided to go upstairs, gaining ground with his piece.

Worked in the Company for some time as a guardian angel.

He had a relationship with a beautiful girl of Indian origin, showing how he took only the better things from India.

They were a great couple. Good looking. Fit.

Loved luxury and the good life.

Paul had convinced Jimi to join the Company.

They would become rich. They would have lived on the upper floors.

Paul had a small problem with crack, but he didn't know it yet.

Different situation from his companion, the problem she had was with heroin.

The Company watched over them, feeding the monkey.

The monkey climbed slowly but surely, no hurry.

Big brain

Jimi turned the Chileans' technology into cash which turned itself into grass.

«Nothing is created and nothing is destroyed. Everything is transformed.»

The Chilean women weren't educated, but they had taken the big brain talk seriously.

When shopping with someone else's credit cards they didn't worry about the cost. Entered the nearest store and firmly pointed to the most expensive goods. They knew they had twenty minutes' runtime before the card got blocked.

The speed of the purchase would mislead the traders, sure of having in front of them two wealthy ladies with clear ideas. Ready to spend.

Rosa and Clara added that touch of arrogance.

They were served and revered.

Twenty minute Queens.

Iceland

Queen Lorna's card, designed to protect the Essence, was ready.

Francis the poet managed to get an appointment.

At 9 pm of the same day we were at her front door.

Stylish house. White.

Ding dong.

Lorna opened. Dressed in a robe. Black. Elegant.

We entered.

Walls

Tables

Chairs

Vases

Lamps

Armchairs

Couch

Cushions

Carpet

Bookcase

TV

Phone

Ornaments

Deep pile rug

Miscellaneous

White. All white.

Iceland.

...

It was intended to be a theatrical representation of one half of the Tao. Yang. The positive male principle, represented by the color white, but not absolute. There was a bit of black. Yin. Lorna. Female. Lorna lying on the white, deep-pile rug. Divine experience. Penetrating.

We introduced her to the project.
First the fanatical Christian card:

*Simply confess that you are a sinner and ask Jesus into your life.
He'll do the rest!*

Call freephone

Then her own card to be placed next to each of these,
A card with the traitorous kiss.
A black card. With a white cross. On the side, a drawing of a woman.
With a whip in her hand:

Simply confess that you are a sinner and ask Jesus into your life...

AND I'LL DO THE REST

Lorna's number

373 5956

Lorna smiled. Then laughed. Long and loud.
She liked it. Only such an unscrupulous individual could have.
Animals forget themselves.
Therefore they live in harmony.
The next day we gave her a bouquet of roses. White.

Media Galore

The card got noticed in the street.

It was published in Time Out Magazine in the section

Trends: things to see in London.

Thus, I met the art director, saw the rest of the project, the potential developments of Pimp Art.

He had an epiphany and called colleagues from the other trendy magazines.

The cream of London. They explained to the population how to get out of the house. And in what underwear.

He arranged a few meetings for me. I'm ready, man.

Fireflies for lanterns

Latest trends. Icons at the top.

I hung around the editorial staff proposing Queens as models.

Role reversal. Overthrowing the existing order.

Trend experts and media manipulators, as they liked to call themselves, felt threatened.

The Emperor had no clothes. The Queen was breathing down his neck.

Jesus Christ Superstar

The Christian fanatics' cards disappeared shortly after.
The attack had been repelled. L' ham.
The Essence was safe.

But another horde of believers broke loose.

A storm of phone calls hit Lorna.
Insults. Protests. Indignation.
The word Jesus troubled many consciences.
Oh, Jesus...
His supporters unleashed hell.

Someone even called the Police. The tension
rose to such a degree that Rustie had to
intervene.

Rustie

Rustie ran at least five Venhouses, logistically
at least fifteen Girls depended on her.

Lorna was one of them.

Rustie too practised the oldest profession. She was very greedy.

She gave Lorna a call, demanded an explanation.

How the fuck did she ever think it was a good idea to put out a card like
that?

She had been contacted by a Police officer
in a brutal way.

Rustie bribed him but she had to keep a low profile. That was the deal.
Nothing outrageous. Outdoors.

The cards disappeared.

Money talks. Bullshit walks.

The night

Sometimes I spent the night in exclusive clubs. The top ones.

Entry was very selective.

O'Arrucci The Irishman was an expert on the subject.

You had to know the manager of the most fashionable club of the moment. Could come in handy. They say.

If it could come in handy. Well...

Once in the place, the Irishman tried to steal the credit card of Biore Limited which was lying on the counter while I asked the star if she would offer us a drink.

Shortly afterwards he fondled a customer's ass whispering his intentions in her ear.

Ended in a fight.

They all saw. We were savagely attacked by her boyfriend.

The couple were thrown out.

We went back to the counter for a drink.

With all the girls' eyes on me I casually flicked my cigarette butt.

It exploded on the stylish suit of the trendy manager nearby.

The club's soft lighting enhanced the image of the white-hot embers, reminiscent of fireworks at a village festival. The manager approached us with a bouncer asking if we intended to stay for long.

He was a curious type.

It was enough. We'd made ourselves known that evening.

From that day on we entered with no problems.

In the trendy club.

The Nightclub

But the real club was The Night.

The Night was a lovely place to drink.
It had eliminated the superfluous.
Compared to other social gathering venues it was pure
substance.

I liked the ones where the Queen was free to go to
do the job with the client on the spot in the hotel.
I really loved those ones. Genuine.
In other clubs girls got offended if you treated them like whores.
They were only there to make the clients drink and the most you would get
was a handshake.
Aspiring models, they thought they were just passing through.
I never went to those places.

It was good at The Night.
Sometimes the boss would forget to grease the gears
of the Machine.
Law enforcement officers would turn up for a check
scaring clients and whores, so everyone kept away
for a week.
At that point the direction remembered. The bribe was
cheaper than the damage.

I burned my intellectual property in those places.

Bankrupt. But what a babe.

Therefore

The Night wasn't a thrown-together sideshow. Despite being opposed by many, it was built on solid foundations. Evolving over time. In the past it would have been a striptease club. Burlesque. Prior to that, a *Commedia dell'Arte*.

The State of New York had banned striptease in popular theatres giving birth to Nightclubs. The risqué show lost the comic connotations it had previously enjoyed. Things were done seriously.

Each country had its own trends. In my travels I had the good fortune to see them with my own eyes. During my stay in Italy I found a delightful place.

Despite the vintage look, the meat department was always updated.

The Russians came on the market with the dissolution of the USSR. Voracious. Awake. Enigmatic. Like the Matryoshka, the set of Russian dolls hid their separate personalities.

This made them fascinating and they were most popular with the existentialist client who joyously rolled around in incomprehension like a dog rolls in shit.

But the real stars were the Brazilians.

A battery of Brazilians made a fortune for the club. To the rhythm of samba.

Pablo

Soft lighting. Hot. They made me feel like I did at the Venthouse.

The stairs took you down to the room.

Often in The Night you went down.

Down. Underground.

They were always red. Otherwise, blue.

Even Picasso said:

«When I finish the red I use blue.»

Heart skipped a beat

Going down, I felt the adrenaline rise.

The stair lights shone on the red carpet as
if it were a launching pad at the airport.

Here we go.

The barmen regimented with moustache, white shirt, black bow tie
and blue jacket.

Inside bloomed a bunch of beautiful whores.

Absorba

They started to buzz all around. They opened like
carnivorous plants.

Carnivorous plants absorb nitrogen.

Whores' money. Growing in places where there is little of it. Each
used a different method to capture her prey, depending on her
personality. Inevitably, the man became trapped.

Paralyzed. Absorbed. They were predators.

Their charm was irresistible.

They could easily ruin a man's life.

The ground on which the carnivorous plants
grew was special.

It had to be acidic. Kept damp. Long lasting.

Some carnivorous plants sprout after fires.

A change in soil acidity due to the ashes. According to experts
some substances present in the smoke lead to the germination
of these plants. Lovers of carnivorous plants are therefore
advised to burn twigs and leaves to put in the plant pot.

Lovers of whores burned banknotes instead.

In large quantities, in order to see the miracle of life
flourish.

Francis the poet coined the term "Absorba" one day
when he was savagely absorbed.

Working Class

The Night. Imbued with the intense perfume of women.

Of sex for money. Smoke and a burning smell.

There was no trace of anyone with a solid reputation.

No, sir.

Even the working class was cut out, Queens aside,
who had plenty of work and class to sell.

From the whoremonger to the gambler.

From the bandit to the fool.

There, the artist too, gone crazy.

He believed he was in a beautiful place, drowning in the praises of
the Supreme Whore.

The most ruthless hunted the Night martyr.

Greeted every client with an intense gaze and a
scented sigh.

Just a few words and they claimed to be in love, struck
by his irresistible charm.

Love.

By accepting the dogma, the martyr was in trouble.

Treasure.

Before the current account.

They started to dig. There was red to be taken.

The best. The favourite color.

Meanwhile, the martyr had changed his car.

Surely something longer and more powerful.

They were gluttons for cocktails with an umbrella.

Woe to the martyr if he forgot.

The most diabolical needed a passport,
wanted to be married.

Dazed, he would immolate himself with a smile.

It never rains but it pours.

By now even the umbrella was of little use.

By the end, there remained only pieces of him.

Scattered. On the wet pavement.

Bollocks

I had practiced on the ground.
I knew how to choose my Queen.
'Nuff said.
First of all the most voluptuous.

The story that whores don't kiss is bollocks.
I certainly didn't go to whores to make out.

A wonderful black Queen took me to her apartment.
Beautifully decorated.
New in town, she immediately set to work.
I paid and stuck my head between her thighs. She squeezed.
She wanted a little present.
I gave way and she blossomed out. It was all very intense. She
gasped. Asked if I was enjoying it. She wanted to make a good
impression.
To gain a reputation.
She was gaining it. And I, with her. She would tell everyone that I paid.

We opened the window. We were hot and sweaty. She wet her hair.
A beautiful woman even without a crown.
At The Night the week after I would be a coveted booty.

So I went back.

I waited all night, I couldn't find the woman of my
dreams.
I was an artist. I had a reputation.
At Night, much later a real Queen of the Amazon rainforest arrived.
An Empress.
Gave a few booty-shakes around to make it clear to all who
gave the orders there. Aggressive.

The other Queens were in subjection. Given her superb form she was awe-inspiring.

She started to shout abuse at three whores. Accused them of trespassing on her territory.
Threatened to scorch the earth.

Marked the territory. What I was looking for.
The Royal Whore. Authentic.

A rare species.

The Imperial Forums

As soon as she saw me, she swung her imperial breasts.
I was terrified that someone else would book her.
I threw myself. In her mouth.

Enthused by my certainty, she boasted to the others of
having captured a handsome young man.
She would have sacrificed me to the goddess of love.
She laughed. HA HA HA HA HA. They were all laughing now.

Not me. Nothing to laugh about.
In these things were serious.

I looked at her. She was perfect. Defying gravity laws.

Dressed in white. Tight. You could see through to her
white panties.

They barely covered the Imperial Forums. Black skin. Long
hair. Wavy. Gold necklaces.
More gold distributed on the body. High heels. Transparent and
metallic. The signal.

An Amazonian warrior. Oozed perfume. From every
pore.

She took me into her alcove. She was all meat.

No plastic.

Solid. Firm.

«Touch me», she said in the car as it sped into the city.

To her

She cashed in. Started to kiss me. Full lips.
Her tongue proposed itself like in The Night.
Irreverent. Capable. Sucking.
She got aroused.
She was a samba dancer. Yes, all Brazilians were
samba dancers.
She began to get wet. Dripping. On her thighs. Moaned.
Took my balls in her mouth. Son of a bitch.
Gripped the handle. Sucked up.
Licking as an ice cream cone. All pistachio.
I penetrated her everywhere.
She was a lot to take. L' ham.
Mother Nature had equipped me with
a member that was up to the job.
I was perfect. Built with angular facial features.
A 45° angle allowed me to better adhere to the royal pubis.
The Queen liked it.
«You can't be taught to make love» she said languidly, «it comes
from inside» she repeated, almost to herself, wriggling with pleasure.
We set off for a ride.
She rode like fury due to her Amazonian instinct.
The audio was the best.
She enjoyed herself. Like mad. Continued to drip.
We rode happily until dawn.

She said the next time I could go directly to her, without
going through The Night, so I could save money.

But I had a reputation. To maintain.

Eau de Vagina

I stopped for breakfast at a cafe. Emanating a strong
smell of Amazonian vagina.

I infested the room. Girls twinkled from the table
a little bit further away.

Nothing is more attractive than a man who smells of vagina.

Francis the poet and I thought about producing
«Eau de Vagina.»

A fragrance with marked social content.

It would work really great.

We talked to a journalist for a possible scoop.

We didn't hear from him again.

Who knows, perhaps Simone's qualities would have helped us
to synthesize the formula.

Of the vagina.

In London

Simone also worked in a nightclub.

In England, the Queens of the night were mostly Europeans.

The majority English.

The Jamaicans stood in for the Brazilians.

Bad asses, but it was the same carnival.

Simone

Erotic. French. Yeah, right. Italian.

At first everyone thought she was French.

She pleased the audience by calling herself Simone. I am what you want. The ABC of every Whore. For twenty minutes.

Then the rev counter started.

To each, his rate. As the Market liked.

She had legs of rare beauty. Made them pay. Simone.

Mrs. Rondelet

She had taken the name Simone from a group of artists.
They were called Simone Rondelet. Everything is art, they preached.

They had chosen their name from an announcement in the newspaper
obituary column.

The artists decided to resurrect the lady in any shape,
form, colour.

They invited people to use that name. In the name of art.

Simone didn't wait to be asked twice. Got up and walked better than
Lazarus. Mrs. Rondelet resurrected.

Whore at the nightclub.

Et voilà.

A far-reaching artistic gesture.

House of Cards

Her nature was basically cozy.
She went to The Night directly in her underwear.
Simone.

She was born erotic.
In spite of everything, as well as being a whore she was a great cook.
She threw to the wind all the data separating the wife from the lover,
the whore from the mother and all of the sturdy houses of cards on
which universal male thought is based.
To make things worse she had an innate passion for
science. Her predisposition for matter was the final blow.

A whore scientist was exactly what was needed.

Worse still.

At The Night the girlfriend of the scientist whore was Eve.
When they strolled between the sofas swinging their hips
they seemed to be a programme on the origins of man.

For them, man had no secrets.

Eve

English. White. She looked like a horse.

Blonde.

Kept her hair tied back to form a long tail down her back.

Always dressed in long dresses, classic, 50's, train included. Like on a wedding dress.

She seemed to be going to the Grand Gala of Science.

It was the Grand Gala of the Prick.

Eve had just started in a Venthouse. She was a great success with the public and critics.

From the start, there was a long stream of men who wished to come to blows.

With the whip or with the ever-fashionable national cricket bat.

Eve had been seen to get immense pleasure from it.

Her clients begged her to continue.

Then she hit harder. The stronger the beating, the more they enjoyed it. And her with them.

Strike hard.

She wanted them to feel pain. They paid for that. Come on.

The dog chasing its tail.

There was no solution at hand. Off you go with the bat.

An orgy of violent pleasure. No one thought to take a step back. They enjoyed it. Everyone. Multiple orgasms.

Eve felt a pleasant homicidal vocation growing from her belly.

She would have gladly beaten that pig to death.

On all fours naked in front of her.

And he would get himself killed. Like a pig.

Sooner or later someone would get seriously hurt.

It was only a matter of time. No sleep at night.

Eve would have committed another original sin.

This time it would not have been a bite out of an apple.

This time, someone ended up directly in front of Mephisto.

It was with the help of the Lord, a distinguished banker who came every Friday during his lunch break for half an hour's straight sex with preliminary blowjob, that she finally left the Venthouse.

It was the Lord who set her on the right path, directing her to the nightclub, a place he regularly frequented, burning his salary on whores.

Eve left the Venthouse. She left bats, whips and homicidal impulses to return to the normal profession of Queen.

In a serene ambience. The Night. She found her natural balance thanks to the scientific company of swinging hips Simone.

Erotic Stories

Thanks to the exposure of the BE cards, the publishing group of Bob Guccione, founder of the magazine Penthouse commissioned me to create illustrations for erotic stories.

Written for a mainly male audience.

Strictly signed with female pseudonyms. The agile editorial staff consisted of four abundant girls co-ordinated by an artistic director prone to fetishism.

She had gorgeous pointed breasts.

I told her she smelled good.

Teasing

The Playboy Hefner had made his fortune with the unreachable pin-up blonde.

Mr. Guccione presented the eager girl next door.

«I want you» they both said, from the covers of the magazines, winking, naked, more convincing than that transvestite, Uncle Sam. This was for paper lovers.

The Queens were out on the job.

Having left the house, and realizing that neither one nor the other was there waiting, bent over and begging to be penetrated, crying I want you, the impotent readers all ended up at the Venthouse.

The Queen did the dirty work. For a reasonable fee.

All things considered.

Taken in hand

I signed the illustrations in erotic magazines BE, as I did with the cards in the phone booths.

Like a mantra, the message started from the newsstand.

The adept bought the magazine.

Read the illustrated story. Got excited. Came out.

Stepped quickly in a BT booth.

Identified the postcard BE. A phone call.

I want you. Darling.

So far, so good.

Bombshell

Things degenerated years later.

Multinational Corporations cottoned on.

Began to shell meat from the cathode ray tube.

Convinced millions of women to correct Mother Nature with plastic.

Men who, until yesterday, were convinced of being in control no longer distinguished synthetic from fresh meat. In a state of confusion, they now fought to have that fucking telephone number that would make them feel how they should have felt.

«Sluts, they all have become sluts» they repeated with fearful eyes. It was chaos.

In the 70's they ravaged the masses with heroin.

Now they devastated with pussy.

They mobilized the industry and, as in the case of drugs, only those who sold the product at retail were at risk. It all got out of hand. To widen the market they convinced men to use cosmetics.

Intensified the shelling.

Hordes of young men began to depilate, use creams and lotions. The most aggressive walked with their trousers dropped to their knees with their underpants on view.

«Fags. They have all become fags» repeated the women rolling their eyes to the sky. Again the strategy of tension.

And once again, one of the more reliable schools for experimentation proved to be in Italy.

Go

Pimp Art drew the interest of SM and fetish magazines.

Several published the drawings.

I met a lot of people on the scene. Excellent people.

Friendly and helpful, claiming their

«perversion» as a legitimate right.

The authorities did not like it.

Authoritarians blew out candles with their ass in private but publicly they attacked.

The perverts did not take it lying down. The sophisticated latex lovers had plenty of money to spend on their image.

They organized huge parties with the cream of creative society.

Charity parties no less. As is the habit in politics.

Attended by high-ranking fashion designers.

They came from all over the world for their shows in the clubs of London.

Often very rich people. Villas at their disposal.

They organized harness racing.

Women and men running around like horses.

The dominatrix with a whip in her hand, the dominated with the bit in their mouth. And vice versa.

They become enraged when I asked who was paying them.

They had a highly selective palate.

In continuous search of the boundary between pleasure and pain.

Discovering their bodies. Actions. Reactions.

Cerebral. Intellectual. Bizarre. Acute.

Off they went.

Hammering their balls. Sticks up their arse.
And fingers in the power socket.

They had time.
Plenty of time.

I was invited to the transgressive fetish nights too.
Strict dress code.

They expected you to affect the leather look but I managed to
walk in without it thanks to the directress with the pointed breasts.
The women were beautiful.
I would have gladly fucked them all, got up like that.

Many were going around with a man on a leash.
I realized that it wasn't the place for me.

You don't put a leash on a stray.

Help

Francis the poet continued to shag Clara, but by now he had become a firefighter.

Used the extinguisher: desperately trying to neutralize the spark of love.

The arsonist ghost of the husband goaded his wife mercilessly. Despite the poet's efforts you could say there was a fire raging.

The police solved the problem of Mr Francis.

Clara was arrested in a department store.

To get to the root of it they took away Rosa too.

They had been filmed by security cameras while working.

Shot by the Big Brother.

Wanted, detected, followed and caught red-handed.

Screwed by technology.

The police were in possession of footage showing Clara snatching the businessman's briefcase in the 5-star lobby.

Clara watched herself, she was pleased with the way she had performed, like an athlete. She proudly commented on herself in action. Far from denying that it was her in the footage, she was proud to confirm that the technical skill was her own.

Police accused them of being true professionals. The footage proved it. Sleight-of-hand theft. It was just what they wanted to hear.

«We are professionals.»

The Berg

Energies were set in motion with the arrest.

Primitive charges were brought against the strays.

Bernardo, mate of O'Arrucciu, took us all to dinner with a stolen credit card.

It was in the name of Berg, a Swedish blonde.

He, a tanned, moustached, Neapolitan handed it to the waitress.

She became suspicious. Something was wrong and she called the cops.

He snatched the card from her hand and ran, pushing and shoving.

She added drama to the scene by calling for help.

The whole restaurant took an interest in the unusual spectacle.

A Berg creature dodged through the panic towards the exit.

We stayed at the table to finish dinner. He had scrambled the whole thing. The Berg was chased and tackled by the waiters who opted to do the dirty work.

We ended up in jail.

Bernardo stayed silent during the interrogation.

He would have got himself beaten him up but he still wouldn't have talked.

They grilled him all night but he did not open his mouth.

They opened it by force in the morning, made suspicious by so much silence.

Inside they found the credit card.

For a month he had maintained the monkey with it.

It had stood on his back for eleven years.

Prone to biting.

By the time I was questioned, they seemed exhausted.

And that's a fact.

Pork Pie

I met him in a cell.
Shared it with three tramps.

An Englishman, Mr. Wallis.
A former Irish boxer.
A Dutch giant.

Mr Wallis said he was a lesbian and talked about
Spanish beaches.
The former Irish boxer welcomed me like a father asking
several times if I was staying for the night.
The Dutch giant slept for a long time.
Suddenly he awoke screaming: PORK PIE!
A hoarse and powerful voice.

No one could sleep a wink anymore.
Shaking himself awake, he wandered around the cell pissing.
Like a fire hydrant, screaming PORK PIE.

The next day when the guard opened the door calling my
name for release the giant jumped up attempting an
escape.
The Viking thought he could pass through the Mediterranean.
There were no boundaries for the strays.

That's why I was the one to get out.

Tarzan Bundolo!

West End. Afternoon. Phone boxes. Stickers.

Suddenly.

A braking.

A bump.

The fall.

I turned around.

I saw him.

Rolling. Massive in front of a car.

Somersault .

He stood up hurling himself powerfully towards the driver.

POOOORK PIIIIIEEEE!

He walked away, staggering.

Through the crowd, frightened.

Along the West End, as it was at that time, you could hear the asphalt jungle exploding to the cry of PORK PIE.

Pork Pie.

Like Tarzan Bundolo.

It was his battle cry.

Probably what kept him alive.

Red Hot Delights

Access numbers. Year 1989.

370 5673

370 5817

316 2625

370 6914

724 0411

706 3972

402 0183

723 1265

724 8798

724 9197

727 2765

373 5956

727 6808

316 2625

603 3107

724 0411

706 3972

723 1177

221 8074

835 1588

402 2781

370 6914

323 1421

740 5114

802 3434

383 4815

243 1111

373 8576

229 0135

Queensway.

Only You

O'Arrucci The Irishman also hung around in Queensway.
Instantly recognizable from miles away by his trousers.

Theorist of the good life, he had worked washing car windcreens at traffic lights for the summer. Pioneer of the category he had infiltrated.
Most were white British.

The profit was considerable. Originally the car driver perceived it as a service and not as an inconvenience. Often paid 1 pound to the worker.

O'Arrucci was gifted. His catchphrase pronounced with a strong accent «Camon jast moment!» broke the bank.
Raised up to 100 pounds a day.

So it was that The Irishman rushed to buy a nice pair of designer trousers for which he paid 500 pounds.

Versace. Black and white, with an optical pattern visible from at least 4 miles away. 8 on a clear day. The trousers became his identity card.

Nobody else had them.

Just him.

Wanted

The time came when he received more insults than money at the traffic lights. The Irishman made other plans. He would buy movie tickets at the vending machines with a stolen credit card, inherited from the Chileans. For weeks The Irishman had been using it for micro scams. He was a specialist. Resold the purchased tickets at the multiplex entrance.

The cinema security cameras had filmed him with his fantastic trousers while he was at work.

Like all strays he had only one pair of trousers but his were class.

At this point Scotland Yard wanted a pair of trousers.

Given the impossibility of identifying the face of The Irishman they went straight to the heart of the matter in the best British investigative tradition.

There could not be many people walking around with a pair of trousers like that.

Even fewer going to steal in a public place dressed that way.

Might as well put a flashing light on his head.

They were unable to understand The Irishman. That's why he got nicked at the first ambush.

Drink

Before returning to the Girls I stopped for a beer
in the pub opposite the cinema.

I watched The Irishman working through the window.
He worked hard.

That day his trousers were paired with a flaming red
jacket. Standing out. You never know.

Persuading people to buy his tickets, dressed to the nines.
It didn't take long.

He was surrounded by plainclothes police officers.
A minute later the van came.

O'Arrucci was loaded on and taken away. The
image that remained of him was of his trousers
getting into the van.

I swallowed my beer. They'd swallowed The Irishman.

Evidence

He was released on bail but without his trousers. They kept them as material evidence. His beloved trousers were used against him. They were placed in a plastic bag with the tag «evidence».

O'Arrucciu, named The Irishman, was the pioneer of an advertising campaign worth millions.

He showed the way.

The item of clothing identifies you. Makes you different.

Unique.

Inimitable. Only you.

The Irish left the Police Station in his underwear.

The trousers seized and bagged as evidence of his identity.

Gold for the best communication agencies.

Tempted

The Police made a proposal to The Irishman. If he helped to frame a delinquent from the local area they would turn a blind eye.

Withdraw the charges and he could wear his trousers again.

They wanted to bust a junky dealing in the neighbourhood.

He wasn't chaste and pure. He was half-caste. English and asshole.

Peddled false papers, credit cards, stolen goods. Pigs kept an eye on him but they couldn't frame him. They wanted to clean up and O'Arrucciu fitted the job perfectly.

It was the classic «Help us to frame him or you're in trouble.»

The Irishman said he would think about it.

Told me «I was tempted.»

«What the fuck do I care about that asshole.»

It was his approach to the issue.

It wasn't right to deal with the pigs, I said.

They were bluffing. Had nothing in their hands.

He wouldn't have faced trial with only a pair of trousers as evidence.

He shouldn't defame anyone.

Many people would have been upset.

It would have triggered a fight between the strays.

After a few days he went to the Police Station. He wasn't taking any risks.

Slandered the dog. To the pigs.

He came out without a trial and above all with his trousers.

It was well worth a slander.

500-pound pants and a slander.

The price of The Irishman.

O'Arrucciu was back on track.

Changed district.

The other side of the river.

The revue

For drawings of the Queens' clothes and accessories I was inspired by the neon lights of the red light district of Soho. Red. A lot of red. Then blue. Fuchsia. Yellow. Orange. Green.

London had a very grey sky.
In Soho they had lit it up from the bottom. Colouring it with neon.
Kickstarting life.

I had always been the radiant type.
Although artificial, it was light as the neon beamed on the red light district.

My drawings paid homage to the light.
Like the impressionists.

Impression Soleil Levant. Live Show.

Guest list

Pimp Art interested, stimulated.

An editor in the softcore circle, whose publishing group owned a famous striptease revue bar in Soho called the choreographer for a possible collaboration.

The choreographer invited me to the show with two places on the guest list.

Live Show

I went with O'Arrucciu The Irishman, man for all seasons.
He showed up with a bag of brown in his pocket.
In Soho heroin circulated better than lap dancing.
We were tuned in.

Watching the show, there were four Japanese and us two
smashed on brown.

The shit did the job and we watched the whole show
without vomiting.

It was terrible.

A high-class show according to the choreographer.

Used dancers with little breasts. French. Classy.

He insisted.

He appreciated my drawings. For curvy Girls, he said.

I was referring to the American striptease. According to him.

The voluminous nipple tassel twirling. The serious one.

He choreographed another show too, in a club not far away.

He cared about it a lot. A trans show.

He invited me to it. There we could do something together.

He said.

The hominid.

The size 11 foot on which stood a 6 foot tall fellow.

Although well coated with silicone it never impressed me that much.

I didn't go. Everyone has his own passions.

Went outside.

Freakshow

In front of the Peep Show there was a lesbian who worked as a bouncer. Short. Beefy.

Tight white T-shirt. Short black hair. Pale skin.

She threatened a customer.

The man had refused to pay £ 200 for a warm Coke. «I'll rip your head off» she screamed miming the gesture with energy.

Leather studded bracelets at her wrists.

Unkempt facial hair spread to show that she meant it.

Janet

With a languid gaze one day she whispered: «I could never fall in love with you. You're not rich.» She was the emotional type.

«Now I'm forty I cannot afford to love a man without money.»
«I want the rasclat money», she added.

Black. Jamaican. English. Second generation.
She wasn't presented by anyone. She presented herself.

«She's not professional» the others said about her.

Janet maintained relationships of alleged friendship with her clients.

The Queen of fucking trouble.

There was business. There were friends.
When the two mingled the trouble started.
No fucking with friendship in the whorehouse.
First you paid. Then you fucked. And then were friends like before.

Business is business.

Gunshot

Janet had some scars. Gunshot wounds.
She was very pretty.

Widow, children. She had a relationship with a man, gave
her some concern.

Rob. Black. Jamaican.

Going around in a second hand Rolls.

Janet used me to make him jealous and he wanted to
kill me.

Then he realized that I was an artist.

The world needs artists.

I sold him the lingerie stolen by The Irishman
from Harvey Nichols.

Latest trends. At a third of the price.

Rob gave it to Janet.

Crack Heads

Occasionally some crack head came into the Venthouse.
They wanted the rasclat money and everything else.
Once it happened at Rustie's House.
There were Girls on the night shift.
The Queen was a white Englishwoman.
Long hair and blonde.

A person called making an appointment.
When the Girls opened the door they burst in.
Three of them.
Black. Loaded. Armed. Agitated.
“Give me the fucking money bitch! Give me the fucking money!”

One held the Queen by the neck, threatening.
The other two stalked about the Venthouse tossing stuff everywhere.
Three hyenas.

Kong

The Queen handed over the cash, but they were not satisfied just with the money. The Girls knew it.

Ching high on crack.

The most excited one tore the panties off the blonde Queen.

“Come here bitch. King Kong is back.” He said.

It got carried away.

Cold-blooded and legs open.

Unloaded himself right between her thighs.

She knew which pistol to neutralize.

A crazy guy filled with crack had to be handled with care.

Professionally.

Once they got what they wanted, King Kong and his cronies disappeared.

The next day Rustie made a call to whom it may concern.

She made sure her Venthouse was watched by a police car.

An extravagance.

Raid

Sometimes raids were made directly by the Police. By attacking several Venhouses simultaneously, they cleaned the Queens out of their earnings, claiming that they were doing it for the sake of the women.

A Little Bit Kinky

Nothing like that ever happened to Janet. Her lack of professionalism would have certainly created some problems to the benefactor on call. Among her work tools were several vibrators and a Beretta: «It was a gift from Rob», she said, sighing and fluttering her long false eyelashes.

Rob was also a lover of Made in Italy.

One day, he asked for some splendid Italian designer underwear, as well as a pistol.

O'Arrucci The Irishman provided the underwear.

Rifled half a shelf from Harrods. Jimi took care of the Beretta. A 9 caliber semiautomatic.

I was the artistic director.

Rob gave everything to Janet.

“He likes kinky stuff”, Janet would say, never entering into details.

Janet, Life Teacher

Janet granted an internship to a girlfriend.

Vanessa.

She wanted to become a whore.

English. White. Brown hair. Straight. Pretty face.

Pointed nose.

A real beauty spot close to the upper lip.

Unaggressive body, far from it. Sensual. Soft.

Shy.

Her innate shyness was amplified in the House when Janet walked with her showing her all the tricks of the trade.

Vanessa, attentive, tried to grasp all the secrets to send a man to the moon.

Janet was very happy that she was there with her. Sometimes they looked like two little girls, holding hands, laughing.

It was nice to see two genuine whores.

Janet forbade me to watch Vanessa's butt when they roamed around the House in their panties.

She covered her up and scolded me. A joke.

A way to put her at ease.

Vanessa looked down embarrassed, smiling. Janet would take her by the hand and gently teach her how to use a vibrator.

The sweet pupil would not miss a single word. She wanted to appear highly capable in case a client came and demanded the reaming of his anus. Practising, to make sure that the stroke of the vibrator would help to provide the best performance in terms of power and fluidity.

In order to smooth his asshole.
Nothing was left to chance or incompetence.
Whore she wanted to be and whore she would become.
The training lasted a few days, then Vanessa received her
first client.

It was an impressive debut. Janet expressed satisfaction,
the man howled, seemed paid for.
Instead he paid.
So it was that Vanessa undertook a wonderful career.
She became a great bitch.
Janet had done a very good job.

A masterwork.

The stadium

Jimi supplied the East End of London, his clientele was select. Practically in the final stages.

Women gave it away on the street for next to nothing, men stole.

One day Jimi was lured into a trap by his dear customers.

Three crack heads attacked him. Blacks. Blasted. They stole goods, money, driving licence. Not the sky blue 131.

While two kept him immobilized on the ground, the third was gripped by hysteria.

Brandished a large stone over his head.

Screamed, threatened and sweated. Professionals.

Jimi did not react. Too many and desperately determined.

Later, the Company sent Paul to clean up, but the three had vanished.

King

A few days passed. It was at 3 am and Jimi was at home. Suddenly he heard his name being called from the road. Jimi peeked down from the window upstairs.

One of the three crack heads.

The stolen licence had provided him with the address. Encouraged by the monkey he showed up demanding a free-ride: "Open the fucking door man! Serve your King man! Open the door!"

Confident he could repeat the feat accomplished with his friends and convinced by the monkey that Jimi would be intimidated in front of such audacity, he was screaming, kicking the door, disgracing Jimi in front of the entire neighbourhood.

Gave the best of himself, the idiot.

A real show.

King was creating.

Some neighbour would not have hesitated to call the police.

But Jimi was not alone in the house. Paul was there.

The reign of King was in danger. Paul took the shotgun. He was not a man of concept. Passionate about crack, in Jimi's house, he smoked the pipe continuously. Tried to convince his childhood friend of the goodness of rocks. He really liked it. Smoked and smiled. Like a dick.

He had no problems with money or supplies, plus he was armed.

Serious about dethroning King, he happily descended the stairs.

The throne of the King now wobbled dangerously.

The Big Bang Theory

At that moment Jimi realised a fact.
The energy in which he moved had changed.
Paul would open the door, shoot the legs of the
demented clown.
With that boom stick-tool he would have torn them apart.
The language required by the Company had to be
rigorously applied.

The fool lifted the letterbox in the front door.
Jimi saw the crystalline eyes of the man.

What he saw was the stairway, then
the gun barrel. Too late man.
Paul did not even bother to open the door. BANG.
Fired through the letterbox.
Return to sender.
King abdicated the throne.
Even the monkey had not been able to do anything.
The quiet of the night had returned. Jimi
opened the door. King was belly up in
the front garden.
In a pool of blood. Without a face.
Paul had altered his features.
It was the dimension in which Jimi now moved.
It was the new energy. The Big Bang.
Bang Bang.
No more crack heads annoyed Jimi.

No one else. Besides Paul.

Crime report

King was loaded into the boot of the sky blue 131.

Lent itself as a sarcophagus.

Paul took his highness to the shredder, while

Jimi remained to clean up the front door.

The neighbourhood had gone back to sleep. The Big

Bang had delivered King's soul to the creator,

restoring harmony and balance.

Paul got rid of the body.

Took the 131 to the last stadium zone.

Cleaned the steering wheel and dashboard of fingerprints.

Approached two crack heads.

Seemed to be waiting for their man. Paul took his place.

Gave them 300 pounds to make a bonfire of the car.

They did the job but not before they had been shopping.

They blasted themselves for good, then set fire to the car.

The clumsy pair created an air bubble in the 131.

It burned from the middle up.

In the morning Jimi made a regular complaint for car theft.

Police found the body of King dumped in the East End.

A few days later they spotted the half – burnt 131.

Took fingerprints from the steering wheel.

The fools had criminal records.

They found traces of blood in the trunk.

They had it analyzed. King.

The two were arrested shortly afterwards. Charged with murder.

The blonde Queen recognized King from his photo in the papers.

Rustie ended the police guard of her Venhouses.

All clear.

Business as usual.

Haute Couture

Jimi thought he could make the Company invest in my art.
He was processing data. Preparing a plan.
I'll sort you out man.
He would buy some land in Jamaica.
We were going to grow old in the Caribbean.
I was in the meat trade. I went to Paris.

A fashion show was like a show of prostitutes in the streets.
From the Boulevards of Paris, to the Avenues of New York.
The urban catwalk showed the goods.
Like fashion. Plain for all to see.
«Fashion is sex» explained the costume experts
thus entering into the intimate.

Down to business then.

I made an appointment with a big name in high fashion.
Their collections and shows were inspired by princesses,
high ranking women, important.
Who better than they would understand? I was inspired by the Queens.
I proposed an open air show in Rue Saint Denis, a historical street for
prostitutes in Paris.
Three or four sex workers every ten metres, until you reached the bottom,
where the most beautiful clustered in a final firework.

Queens on display in Paris, capital of love.

I proposed my collection inspired by carnivorous plants.
We would hire the Queens of Rue Saint Denis.
Women of depth. Professionals.
Close-fitting clothing would envelop them, around their shoulders
huge colourful feather boas.
They would have blossomed in the city. Venus Fly Traps.

We would have put on some show. A great performance. The road would have become a jungle of plants. Queens would have shown off all their natural beauty and genuine goodness.

Citizens in the happy role of flies would have rushed to acclaim them.

Paris, city of love. Celebrating the people.

Allons enfants.

Heads would fly. High.

The triumph of high fashion.

They were left with their mouths wide open.

One day they would have liked to work with me. They said.

In the Haute Couture House.

One day.

The long blow jobs

The men would have paid tribute to the Queens.
Sooner or later.

I proposed myself on several fronts. At the Crazy Horse.
Met the choreographer to whom I showed the developments of my Pimp
Art.

I had created a long cigarette holder.
Arrow-shaped.
For the Queens to show off to clients. For impact.
Suited to the club.
Arrows. Indians. Whores. Crazy Horse.
I fit the theme.

I informed her of the imminent likelihood of a high fashion show.
I illustrated how little there was to be done. Everything was going crazy.

The choreographer would speak about my ideas
to the big Chief.
He spoke with a forked tongue.
They weren't whores at the Crazy.
They did not allow the strippers to have contact with the
clients.
Otherwise immediate dismissal. Crazy.
The big Chief had placed them in reserve. They belonged to him.
And a few others.
He acted like a man in the grip of firewater.

Body blow

I went back to the gentlemen of French high fashion.

Showed them the latest model for a cigarette holder for carnivorous plants.

12 inches. At the end, a beautiful feather insect that embraced the cigarette.

In the Venthouse they loved it.

Gave the right touch of class before the storm.

At that point the designers drowned in a glass of water.

Blow Job

Pimp Art. Popular.

Little *Bic* man goes whoring. *Cyb*. My new project.
Advertising.

A little model Queen walking the street smoking with a coloured
cigarette holder.

Lightweight, plastic. I designed an entire collection.

I proposed large-scale production of them to Mr. Bic.

The lighter maker had the moral authority to do it.

I wrote a letter.

Revolutionary smoke.

It had played an important role in the emancipation of women.

Also the blow job.

The lighter maker, albeit a brilliant man,
got himself tangled up.

He wrote back that he was not interested in my new
conception.

Yet.

From high fashion to popular Bic, through Crazy
Horse.

There was something for everyone. No one could get away. No one.

I went back to London.

Blitz

In London there had been a police raid, a crushing operation.

The Company had been dismantled.

Jimi arrested.

Paul had promised him wealth. They had put him away in the big house. In the meantime.

They had been screwed. Some colleagues were known, had criminal records of a certain caliber.

They shot on sight.

The judge did not like it, he liked the fact that they were all blacks even less.

In jail. All of them. Minus one.

Paul had escaped.

He was hiding in Jimi's house with his companion.

The waters would settle.

It was only a matter of time.

Monkey Man

Jimi sent a letter from prison informing me
of the situation.

Before leaving for Paris I had left my bass guitar
in his keeping.

I loved whores but music too touched me
deeply.

I wanted to get my instrument back.

When I arrived in front of Jimi's house I saw two eyes spying on me
from the upper window.

In the dark you could see only them.

I made a sign. It was Paul. He opened the door. He and his
companion, the once lovely couple, a good looking pair. All gone.

Now they looked skinny, hunted down. The Company guardianship had
ended.

The problems had just started.

He waited patiently. The monkey. Now it was his turn.

In the meantime

Upstairs besides my bass I found drums,
guitars, keyboards, amplifiers, microphones.
Paul had invested in musical instruments.

He wanted to compose a million dollar song.
The fact that he could not play did not bother him at all.

His companion was glued to the TV, waiting for the
performance of Michael Jackson at the MTV Music Awards.

Paul began to beat on the drums. With enthusiasm. He
begged me to accompany him on bass, proposed to play
with me regularly.
Assured me we would have become rich.

In the meantime.

I gave him Jimi's letter.
He read the first line then tossed it on the floor.
He had other things to do. Beating on drums, wild-eyed.
He seemed to want to smash them up. Clenched his teeth.
Rigid. Totally out of tempo.
Composing the million dollar song. With
which we would have become filthy rich,
above all famous.
Suddenly his companion began to scream.

Police raid

No. Mr Jackson's performance had began.
Paul dropped the drums, leapt in front of the TV.
The lovers, embracing, watched the screen.
Swaying. They knew the lyrics by heart.
High pitched voices.
The monkey sang. Crystals in his eyes.

Paul was arrested shortly afterwards.
In addition to musical instruments they found weapons
in abundance in Jimi's house. Another of Paul's
investments.

Crackhead Paul had messed with his brain
as well as with Jimi's place.
The house was put under seizure by the police and later reassigned to
the original owner who was thrilled to know it had been in the hands
of a gunfighter.

Jimi would not have a home to return to
after his three years in prison.

Nice one.
The one million dollar piece.

And the winner is...

Tracy

Black whore at rest. Or almost.
She always wore a baseball cap. Leopard print.
Just in case.
She presented Danielle.

Danielle

Mixed race in business. A splendid example.
Ice grey eyes. Slender body on which reigned
impressive breasts.
A mass of brown curly hair. A long, strange
nose.

Her card read «Danielle's Disciplined Pleasure.»
Depicted a woman with a whip riding an inflatable child's lifebuoy
shaped like an animal.

When there was shortage of clients Danielle used to
shout in the Venthouse: «Where is the fucking man!»

Tracy then did the same and if another Queen was
there, they joined in the chorus:

«Where is the fucking man?!!»
«Where is the fucking man?!!»

Where is the fucking man?

Here it is

Tracy received a phone call.

An American guy fascinated by the BE cards, West London, wanted to know the artist. Tracy cooled the man's enthusiasm. She would have submitted his request, then said to call the next day. She would let him know.

Professional.

By now we were strongly structured.

I had a whore as an agent.

The girls knew how to set a man on fire.

The American called back. They organized an appointment.

I met him. He took me to a nice flat where other people, men and women, were waiting. Wealthy.

Enthusiasm. Drinks. Society.

Bombarded me with questions. Wanted autographs.

The women would have torn off their panties.

I was how they expected the artist to be. L' ham.

They didn't put up a penny.

The next day I met the Girls to report back.

Tracy was nevertheless satisfied.

Danielle curious:

«Where is the fucking man?»

The Guards

Danielle was fascinating.

Married to a screw. Four children.

He was unaware of her profession. Believed she was a cleaning lady. In a sense he was right. She dealt with mental hygiene.

Danielle had turned many heads, she had been highly coveted and courted.

Now she fucked for 40 pounds, but her tits were priceless.

No one could touch them. A torture.

Disciplined Pleasure.

We bonded in a period when her man discovered she was a working girl. They split up. He was a strict man.

A prison guard. He could not accept the idea of having a whore for a wife.

A blinkered man. A conservative.

She came closer to my art.

I had big plans. A beautiful venus flytrap dress to begin with.

But the situation was difficult because of the children.

The pressure was strong.

She returned to them. She disciplined herself. For love.

Danielle's Disciplined Pleasure.

Eau de Toilette

Janet's card stated: WC GENTLEMEN ONLY!

Depicting a woman from behind in the rider position.

WC. A place of intimacy.

I designed her a uniform.

A silk velvet corset. Shaped like a towel. It was built to hold on as if she was just out of the shower. It wrapped her. Had a side zip.

Enchanting on her. The Queen of the Toilet.

Having welcomed the client she unzipped, performed.

Cozy. Elegant. Functional. Pimp Art.

As an accessory I was preparing bright metal sandals, tap shaped.

The knob worked as a flip-flop. Hot on the right foot, cold on the left one.

Included in the project, perfume. A glass bottle, in the shape of half the woman's body. The lower part, from the pelvis downward. The figure was seated on a toilet. It would contain a scent, yellow in color. Eau de Toilette.

The Shit Eater was beaming.

\$

For the more sporty kind of client I drew hot pants, reminiscent of those athletes wore.

A tribute to the great Jamaican women.

Hot pants in two colours. Two zips opened at the front, exposing the pubis.

Hair removal in the shape of \$ was recommended.

Insert coins. In the slot.

Insert the rasclat money.

Pandora

I had to cover the area of a Queen friend of Monica's.
Her stickyboy had been arrested the day before.
I went to pick up the stickers from the address given.
A basement in a quiet area. I rang.
The Queen opened personally.

Mixed race. Curly. Brown. Not beautiful. No. something else.
Dressed only in net. Tight. From feet to neck.
A large mesh net. Big game fishing.
She wore elegant black shoes. High.
From the ankles, two stiff laces shaped like a snake.
They wrapped round, going up her legs to the
knees, setting off her thighs.
She was naked. She had cut off the net in front of her vagina.
Pleasure. Pandora. My God.

Sparks.

I entered. She was expecting a client. She thought I was he. I was not.
She apologized for having opened the door in her uniform.
She gestured to follow her into the kitchen where she kept the
advertising material. I looked at her.
She could walk. The net was also cut off on the back.
She was ready. Inhuman.
In the kitchen she put on a robe. Gave me 100 stickers.
I looked at her again.
Nothing on her face made sense. It was all wrong.
But she was a bomb. Irresistible. Magnetic.
It was the face that did the dirty work on that body.
I ran away.

Pandora's Box

Stunned. Hung around her neighbourhood. Sticking her stickers. Pandora. Pandora. Pandora. Pandora. Four stickers per booth.

My head was spinning. I was walking along the road from one box to another. I was obscene to see. I put a hand in my pocket to hide my erect member. Unpresentable to the crowd.

The West End was a very dangerous area.
A sea of people in which swam plain clothes police.
Security cameras everywhere. I could not concentrate.
I was not careful. I saw nothing.
I only saw Pandora. Me.

Fucking the Queen you worked for was unwise.
Queens tore you apart with a cleaver. Collaborators.
And clients.

It was possible to collect the sticker fee in kind. Once.
Then the Queen would cut you out.
From that moment on you only entered the Venthouse as a client. You decided, not her.

Yes, but Pandora.

Sexy hands. Tapered fingers. Transparent nail varnish.
She did not want to cover anything about her.
Beautiful feet. Same varnish. She did not have big breasts.
I knew everything about her.

I had to reflect.
An hour later I went back to the Venthouse. Decided.
Take the lid off of the fucking box. I said to myself.

The affair with Pandora was deadly serious.

Here I am.

Ding dong.

I was welcomed by a colleague. I entered.

Tall. Curvy. Mixed race. Beautiful. But she was not Pandora.

Said she had left for half an hour.

Paid for the work.

Saved.

Gods

I left. Out of danger. Protected by the Gods.
But she returned inexorable. Dio Serpente.
I could not get her out of my head.
I dreamed of her.

I went into the first box. Rang the damn number.
To the Venthouse. Running.

Ding dong.
Ding dong.
Ding dong.

Pandora.

Fabulous Pandora.

She gave herself as I thought. Net and snakes.
It was her job.
I had given her back the money for the work plus extra for the complete
service.

Pandora. Unforgettable Queen.

I would no longer work for her.

Fortunately.

Him again

I went to see Jimi in prison.

The two crack heads charged with murder were also there.

They had put them in the unit for killers.

Jimi among junkies and drug dealers.

Seemed at ease. Caged but respected.

Even by the guards.

His charisma was holding up.

Jimi pointed to a guard and said:

“You see that one? It seems like the wife is a whore.”

The fucking man.

Moment

O'Arrucciu The Irishman decided to work with the Queens.
It was only a moment. But it was intense.

He was heard saying the money was good.
He challenged, however, the dynamics of the oldest profession in the world. He did not understand it.

«We're young and beautiful.» He repeated.

«How can you conceive paying for a woman?»
He burst out.

Then he reiterated to himself:

“I just gotta fuck.”

Looking at his pecs. Clenching his fists.

Fuck.

Just what he should be doing.
But the infamous life had forced him to:

Bread and honey.

Aym Italian. Aym betta

He began to bombard the Queens with phone calls.

«Du yoo nid e steekiboi?»

«We already have someone love.»He got always the same reply.

He talked to a mate about it. He rebuked him with a blunt:

«They already have someone?»

“Aym Italian, aym betta, you ‘ave to tell dem”.

The mate used to enter in places packed with females, making his way and warning them:

«C’mon, the Italians have arrived!» A

brilliant guy. Fascinating. Mysterious.

Moral.

O’Arrucciu The Irishman was finally hired by a Queen.

Shortly after he was on the police van heading towards the Headquarters. They had been so quick to take him away that there was not even the basis to charge him.

He was innocent. He hadn’t done anything yet.

They released him. Lack of evidence.

He returned to stealing from Harrods.

Aym Italian. Aym Betta.

Techniques

Given the situation, I went back to the streets, applying the safety rules.

Back in tandem with Youssef.

A more secure working strategy.

One kept the stickers waiting at a distance from the BT boxes, the other armed with only two or three stickers at a time, would do the job. If one of us was stopped in the box they would be unable to get the proof, the bunch of stickers.

They had to get us both together.

Difficult.

We had developed excellent speed and dexterity in the sticking of the Girls' adverts.

Another of our techniques was to detach about twenty adhesives and stick them inside the lining of our jacket: by keeping it open, we could quickly place four or five stickers at a time.

Warhol would have jumped through hoops for a lining like that.

Respect

This way of working was also adopted by two other Irish colleagues.

We came across each other at the booths. Respect.

It was the time when they had forced the British to talk. With bombs. Made themselves heard, the Irish. It was not uncommon at night to hear a strong demand for attention.

Went straight to the point.

They spoke directly to British economic interests.

Ripped through the heart of the City of London.

Money talks. Bullshit walks.

All the time.

Queensway

We worked the Queensway area. Venthouses Galore.
Just a couple of booths left and we'd return to Monica's.
It began to rain.

Youssef was ahead of me, placing the last stickers.
He walked with his head turned towards me. Exchanged jokes.

Across the street were two police officers. Just in
front of the booth. Youssef did not see them, kept
talking, waving stickers, in plain sight.
The technique had got screwed up, together with caution.
I told him in French to quit. He continued.
I raised my voice. I made signs. It was raining hard.
He did not understand.

The agents watched.
Youssef was already in the booth. Euphoric.

Why?

Stop

I passed the booth. I knew what I would hear:

«Stop! Police!»

I started running.

I turned back. Youssef was not there. He was ahead.
Going fast and gathering speed.
In the 100-metre dash he would have made his mark.

They were after us, but they were in trouble. Flat-footed.

A car stopped. They got in. On board, the hero of the day.
The upstanding citizen.
Now they were chasing us by car.

We turned the corner. Our first concern was to get rid of the stickers. I kept them in an inside pocket, tried to get them out, but I had to run.
It continued to rain.

I managed to grab a few, threw them in a garden. Confetti.

We ran. Like crazy.

Footlights

We came out in a round square.
An engine roared at my feet. The hero's car.
The square lit up with flashing lights.
Police sirens screamed.
Three police cars blocked the road.

Game over.

I bent, leaning against a parked car as if I were
exhausted from the run.
I took out all the stickers, threw them under the car.

They came. Screaming. Excited.
They moved quickly in random order.
Within the round square they looked like a circus act.

They pressed me to a doorway.
Same fate for Youssef nearby.

«Why did you run away?»

We did not open our mouths.
The two officers said they saw Youssef sticking
stickers in the booth and saw me throw something
under a car, they pointed at it. That car.

They took some big torches. They shone them under the car.
I turned towards Youssef. He looked at them.
He was talking in Arabic. Alone.

The square was lit up in celebration.

Hate

They took us away separately.

In the car.

The officer yelled at the side of my face.

Hated Italians. He said.

Barking inches away from my ear reiterating the concept.

He did it for the whole journey.

Arriving at the station they took me to a cell.

They made me strip.

Wore surgical gloves.

It was time for an anal search.

Clean.

Out of order

At the questioning I found myself back with Youssef.

Again:

«Why did you run away?»

«Menni pipple escape, mi too.»

We played the part of foreigners.

They talked to each other.

The agent claimed we were stickyboys.

The chief retorted: If they didn't find anything in the search, they were lacking evidence.

Any time now they would pull out the stickers.

They can't have not found them. There were about two hundred.

There, under the car. Underneath the car.

Where they had searched for them. With flashlights, headlamps and spotlights.

Only a blind man wouldn't have seen them.

The stickers.

At any moment.

Now.

Right now.

Here they are.

Bronson

But no.

The chief addressed the agent:

«It's your word against theirs: we have no evidence,
we have to let them go.»

The agent hit the roof.

He looked like Bronson, prevented from cleaning up the
neighbourhood. He clung to the boss's desk delivering all
the cop repertoire, protesting about the impunity of
criminals.

The chief repeated, terse:

«Get them out.»

The bastard

Bronson was given the duty to accompany us to the exit.
It was important for him to express his feelings.

He made a speech worthy of a treatise on the biomechanics
of the spoken word, demonstrating that talk was certainly the most complex
of human activities:

“I’ve got you in my sights. I know who you are, you bastard. Do not leave
your district bastard. Every time you walk in the streets
I’ll be behind you bastard. Do not leave your neighbourhood.
Italian bastard.”

Tough guy. Did not fear ridicule.
Nothing drove him madder than an Italian.

Inshallah

Unhurt.

Two hundred stickers in front of their eyes. They had not seen them.
By some miracle.

Youssef was again euphoric:

«You don't realize. It was him! Le Dieu! You
don't realize!» Screamed. Jumped.

In fact.

I missed the mystical side of it. In its magnitude.

That car.

In the square, when the cops looked with torches
under the car, Youssef, in Arabic, aloud, invoked his
God:

«May Allah make them blind.»

Allah Akbar.

Morocco

Youssef got married shortly afterwards to a French girl.
He retired from the Venthouses.
He celebrated his wedding in Morocco.
Then returned.

Golden Girl

During my visit to the women's prison, Clara confided she needed help.
The trial was to be held soon, they would be convicted, expelled from the country.
They wanted to recover the gold.
She asked me to get it into the jail.
One piece at a time, during our conversations.
Goldfinger.

Mors Tua, Vita Mea; Your Death, My Life

Clara started mission Goldfinger.
She informed me where to get the gold.

Buried in the cemetery.

The ritual. Yeah.

Every day a rose for every grave.
Meanwhile they hid the stolen gold. Scum.
Who would go digging through the graves?
I went with Francis the poet, decided to settle accounts with
his ghost.

In the hole.

Someone else had cleaned up the graveyard.
Other Chileans. Colleagues of Rosa and Clara.
Hearing of their arrest they had intervened. Predators.
Incisive.
A big bunch of thieves.
South Americans. All connected together. A network.
They attacked the city. Small and numerous like
piranhas.
Stripped it to the bone and off again towards a new prey.
London
Paris
New York
Tokyo
Rome

Insatiable.

Pickpockets

From prison the girls organized a summit with the band,
at a venue .

Piranhas.

There were five of them. Small. Indios.

Wearing shoulder holsters.

Turned out to be underarm wallets. Lucid.

Wise. The city was full of thieves.

We talked for a while, they offered me a drink.

Indios had come to Europe to steal gold.

Conquistadores. «Companies of soldiers under the command
of adventurers, driven by greed provoked by the enormous
riches of the continent», recited the dictionary.

I wondered if the Indios had not come to
take back their gold.

One piece at a time.

Abdallah

They looked at me in silence.

I wanted the gold. They wouldn't let it go. Trying to figure out who I really was.

Stickyboy. The one that «draws the whore.»

As Clara and Rosa said.

Tension.

I was distracted by the dancer with her dance. With her belly.

She was preparing for the show.

White. Blondish.

Short legs but great pelvis.

Dressed in necklaces, pendants and veils.

Wearing black make up. American. Northern.

Ching. I glanced.

Her Arab husband glared at me. Abdallah.

I turned back to the Indios. Now smiling. The Piranhas.

One of them reached out, gave me a ball big as a bowl wrapped with adhesive tape.

Contained rings, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, brooches.

Four precious items for the girls.

The rest for me.

Goldenboy.

B-Movie

Transfer the items to prison. Two rings and two bracelets.

High carat.

I wore them, and rushed to the visit, dressed for a party.

I walked into the room after the search. The first of
the visitors.

Waited. A sudden whistle.

I turned around.

Saw women prisoners through the armoured glass.

The vast majority black.

At the mercy of Ching they looked at me straight in the eye.

They would have loved to fuck with me.

And what a fuck.

The guards let the other visitors in, breaking that magic moment
often scripted in b-movies.

The plate

Talk.

Clara, proud, showed off her new African braids, very much in vogue behind bars. Rosa argued with everyone.

Both wanted me to marry a Colombian. She had got 20 years for 5 kg of cocaine.

4 years per kilo. No discounts. She was a little down in the dumps.

The girls saw the marriage as a moment of fun.

Seated, we held hands.

Clara started to remove the gold.

Quickly slipped her hand between her thighs storing it in the safest place. Professional.

Then the rest. With a few quick movements, placed all the gold in the safe.

Only one obstacle left on her return. The bulldyke guard.

Any excuse was good enough for a squeeze, said Clara.

I looked at her with her vagina full of gold.

A philosopher could have written an essay.

Even an idiot could.

The bulldyke kept her hands in her pockets on the wrong day.

Smooth as silk.

Clara had left me with a thought for Francis the poet:

«Bring him to me on a plate. On a silver plate.»

Precious metals fascinated her.

Shortly after they were expelled from the country.

Ibena

Ibena. Black. Jamaican. English. Likely second generation. Small. Skin stretched like a drum. Red underwear. Hair pulled back and braided. She loved ganja and used to smoke while waiting for her clients. She had filled her mouth with gold. Nine carats. Not one tooth that wasn't gold.

For just one day, in the past, I had worked with her. There was a certain understanding, but I had not seen her since, too far out of the area.

Chop it down

I went to Mike's place first.

Black Caribbean. Barbados. English. Second generation.

Strong.

«Chop it down,» He would say with gusto as he was cutting his hashish bricks. Doubled up on himself, cracking up with laughter, placing the portions on the scale:

«Chop it down.» With a burst of laughter.

He turned smoke into money, not even a sorcerer could have done better.

The very thought of it reduced him to tears.

Cut.

«If you know what I mean.»

He added then, seriously, concluding his calypso.

Gold Mouth

I went to see Ibená. I took some smoke and gold from the Chileans.

She was beautiful, with gold chains.

She smiled and then everything made sense.

She used her mouth like a weapon.

Accessorized like that she could do great things or terrible things.

You just had to know how to take her.

Ibená.

OBE

Order of the British Empire.

Jimi pointed it out to me: the word «British» was being served up by the media every day, in large quantities.

They had even coined the term «Britishness.» Nobody knew what it meant exactly, but it was of great impact. When they heard it, the subjects of Her Majesty would go into raptures.

The artists champed at the bit for the flag, the legendary Union Jack, showing it anywhere they could and in any form. Up or down. For or against. It was always in the wind.

Waving the flag left, right and centre, the most successful were awarded with an OBE.

Order of the British Empire. For the service to the country.

For God and the Empire chanted the star pinned on their chest.

Packaging.

Once polished and wrapped up in the Union Jack, the new British pop star was sold everywhere. Even abroad. Worth its weight in gold.

Masters of packaging, the Great British swindle was palmed off on anyone.

YBA

These were the years of the YBA. The Young British Artists.
Exported on a grand scale. With great enthusiasm.
The artistic, British youth.

BNP

Around then there was also the BNP. The British National
Party. Against non-white immigrant or persons of non-British
origin.
Always waving the Union Jack.

Like the others.

Love

The Britishness factor was naturally exploited by the Queens.

They asked more money for the blows than for the fucks.

It worked.

The subject kept coming back for a new dose.

Pants down and cash in hand.

«And there he is, on his knees, begging for more»

recited Francis the poet seeing in everything the synthesis of love.

Take him to puttana

«Please do it Sticky, take him to puttana.»

Get him to a whore. It was the cry of an acquaintance exasperated by her boyfriend, madly in love with her.

She reciprocated his feelings, mostly due to the fact that he was losing it.

Sending him to fuck somewhere else seemed to her the solution to get rid of him or at least calm him down.

The poet and I tried to placate him but being obsessed by the other he didn't want to know.

«...on his knees, begging for more.»

articulated Francis the poet, comforted by the facts which supported his romantic intuition.

The Butcheress

Francis the poet wrote a new poem.
Recited it to a butcheress in south London.
She had caught our eye some time before. Superb.
Eyes painted black.
Almost like wearing a mask.
Her great fleshy lips dyed red.
As befitted a butcher.

The blondish hair and curls gathered under a white hat,
in keeping with her working uniform.
We decided to approach her, displaying the Pimp Art.
To take her on.
A butcheress could be useful, perfect, for an episode
of the TV series: the Butcheress vs Absorba.

The swine

So, one day Francis the poet approached the steak counter
reciting verses written for her.

The boyfriend was working right beside her.

He revealed himself by swinging a large meat cleaver with which he was
tearing a pig apart, stressing how much poetry sucked to him. Bits of
swine flew towards the poet.

The butcheress looked down, but not before having looked
at Francis the poet.

Coming from another world.

She did not understand a word but she had grasped the meaning he was
immolating for her.

The poet was not a martyr, he secured his way out by
buying two pork chops.

There was no other contact, except looks.

The poet walked past the butcher.

She occasionally snatched a peek.

The head among the long line of hanged chickens.

Cow

The long cigarette holders were made by a craftsman.
Quite skilled. I spoke to him about other ideas. Bone jewellery.
I explained that I was into meat.
He went straight to the butcher next to his place.

He got all the bones they had available.
Boiled them for two days.
Created beautiful bone hair sticks.
White, polished, smooth. Looked like ivory.
Made of cow.

The Meat Trade.

The girls were enthusiastic. I made a gift for Simone.
She wore them like a Queen.
Worn like a crown. Nothing was left to chance.

Doris daytime

Ebony. African. Blonde. Curly. Curvy. Lesbian.

As a woman she was a knockout, but she suffered during penetration.

No small problem in her trade.

She focused on the aesthetic side. On visual impact.

A woman of image. Great actress. A Doris of the Day.

She gathered her mane of blond curls with one of the long cigarette holders especially designed for her.

Curved and pointed.

She extracted it in front of clients, lighting a cigarette, the blonde hair falling over her shoulders.

A blow in the client's face like an elegant roar.

Harmonious lioness.

She had sets of vibrators and strap-ons.

Due to her popular demand, she sodomized her clients.

Her philosophy was: «The customer is always right.»

Only once I saw her uneasy.

She had just finished a session with a man. The client had brought his own dildo, but that wasn't the problem.

It was its size. The meeting was very tense.

Doris felt that he was a dangerous man. She struck him off her list «...is always right. Only to some extent and in the right measure.» She said, then added:

«He wanted to get his ass screwed up with a plastic rod 15 inches long. That lacks a certain taste, I believe. Let him go somewhere else to be served. I'm sure he'll find someone else who will burst through his ass with a bottle, and at half the price.»

I called Janet.

The City of Lights

Janet had hooked a French diplomat.

The man's wife had died recently, he couldn't get over her, and decided to ease his penis with whores.

Janet kept mixing work and private life, so she thought it better to let him fall in love. A nice French diplomat.

And the rasclat money to follow.

She also claimed to be in love.

Naturally.

During that time she saw almost exclusively the diplomat.

He invited her to stay for a few days in Paris, booked her a room in a 5-star Hotel.

Janet left for Paris. And returned. Pissed off.

Black with anger.

Politics & Economics

In the 5-star Hotel they had rejected her.

Being black they thought she was a prostitute. Bastards.

Full of prejudice.

The fact that she was black and a whore certainly didn't authorize them to call her a whore just for her colour.

It didn't matter that they had hit the nail on the head.

She had called the diplomat, he had rushed to the Hotel.

Driven by Ching he had identified himself, asserting his political weight.

A few days later he phoned her, they could no longer see each other.

Orders from above. He had to choose. Politics and respectability or the whore fiancée of the wrong color.

Whore is fine, but not black.

He had chosen.

Gone. He, France and the rasclat money.

For Janet it was time to return to being Queen.

Channel 4

I was contacted by a production company.

They were writing a documentary on London prostitutes for the prestigious Channel 4.

The idea was to look at it from an unusual angle, as if the job of the Queen was a normal thing.

During their underground investigations they had heard about Pimp Art.

Nearing recognition.

Appointment in a downtown pub.

I organized the drawings. My historic archive.

Waiting for me, I found a young woman.

She introduced me to the project.

I introduced her to my art.

Booths

Cards

Venthouses

Queens

Clothing

Accessories

High fashion.

Cotillons

At the end of my presentation the woman, excited,
drowned her half-pint, got up and called her
associate.

He arrived shortly after. She ordered half pints for everyone.

She asked me to explain everything to her accomplice.

He was absorbed. Like her.

They rejoiced in life.

Aroused the curiosity of those present.

Our table was approached by a large middle-aged man
in a black suit.

He could not help but listen and introduced himself.

An artists' agent.

Absorba.

He decided to deal with Pimp Art.

He wanted to know what it was worth in economic terms.

The Queens did the price list. I said.

He would have opened new doors, he said. It was his job,
he stated.

There was great enthusiasm. The woman bought drinks for everyone.

The TV writers returned to base.

In addition to rosy cheeks from the beers they
had in their hand the key to the problem.

They wanted the Queens. They wanted Pimp Art. On Channel 4.

Lights. Cameras. Action.

Bomboclat

I told the Girls to be prepared.
We use masks, I said. Easy.

Media breakthrough loomed, now.
Queens deployed for the cause.
They tried to understand what they could gain from it.

Janet was the wildest.

Every sentence she interspersed her classic:

«I want the rasclat money.»

But this time she alternated with:

«The bomboclat money.»

Life

The authors called a few days later.

The documentary had been suspended.

Orders from above.

It seemed that there were different priorities to celebrate life on Channel 4.

The battering ram having disappeared, the agent, too, vanished.

«That's life.»

Said the Queens, knowingly.

Art as a profession

Again. Some interested people approached me about Pimp Art.

They crackled around more and more often.

A strange man had chased Francis the poet while he was putting up the BE cards.

The poet had vanished thinking about the moralistic lynching, only to discover that he was being chased by a fan. A Professor of the History of Art.

He collected all the BE cards.

There were rumors of another professor of Media and Communication who had quoted the example of the BE cards of West London during a conference.

The King and Queen of Thailand

I met a young woman. English. White. Wealthy. Future fashion star. When I met her she was designing clothes for

«The King and Queen of Thailand.»

I actively drew for the Queens.
Without going to Thailand.

In that case.

Funding to expose my ideas would not be long in coming.

Plain White

Two new subjects with a white spider vintage car
came directly to the den.

White. In neither was there any sign of another color.

Plain white.

Scarf and poodle as accessories.

Everything strictly white in color.

Tractor was busy in his war zone and missed the show.

I wondered if I would end up nominated for an OBE
with the story of Pimp Art.

There was no doubt, Pimp Art was doing a service
to society.

Acknowledgment is vital for an artist.

The Son Of

One of the two was known as the Son Of.
Mother and father were two British superstars.
Revolutionaries too. Big guns. Too big
to waste time on the registration
of their son at the registry office. The guy even changed his name
but it was useless. The crowd kept calling him the Son Of.

The Son Of was serious about opening a
designer store.
Interior erotic design, more precisely.
Something original. Provocative.
At that point everyone would have learned his name.
Carpets embroidered with huge dicks. Lamps in the shape
of a phallus.
Luxurious books of dirty jokes.
Dishes with kamasutra depicted.
Showed some obscenity in his head.
He was convinced. He would have to make it big.
He was looking for artists and designs for his store.

Me as a backer.

He saw the drawings. Discovered Pimp Art.

Told him about the triumph of High Fashion.
About the Queens' fashion show.
I exposed irrefutable facts. Bitch.

«It's fucking big.» He said.

He proposed I design something for his future shop.

Trojan

Nothing ever came of it.
The Son Of soon forgot about interiors.

A year later he opened a successful and elegant shop
in the red light district. Underwear, brothel style.
Classy. Curtains and red velvet.
His mother gave him a helping hand.
He was a Son Of a bitch.
Proclaimed himself provocateur.
Made a fortune. Britishness and jujube soup.

Within a short time the Son Of opened several shops around the world.
Others followed suit, new stores of the kind opened in the metropolis.
Then around the globe.

The Trojan Horse.

Selling now in the fashionable streets, worth its weight in gold.
The rasclat money for everyone.

Or almost.
I was left out. With the Queens.
We were the strays. The underdogs.

Cane di Dio.

Get on board!

It was about 11am on a Friday when I walked to Edgware Road.

I was working alone, going from one booth to another publicising Jackie.

When I covered very long roads I usually took the bus.

The old style double decker prevented you from being tailed.

The possibility to get on or off when it was moving, jumping from one ride to another, made them practical.

100 yards ahead, connection, 50 backwards, new connection, 300 yard ahead. Until journey's end.

Even the advert for London Buses said it:

Get on board!

That morning I walked instead. Easy.

Halfway through, I entered the sixth booth and stuck four stickers.

When I turned around, my way out was blocked by two fellows.

Low life

Badly dressed, a little dirty. White. English. One tall with short straight hair. The other massive, curly short red hair, leather jacket. Lowlives.

With a great desire to piss around.

Motionless, blocking the exit, wearing a British smile. Poor risk assessment. It took a few seconds before I realized. They had something in their hand. Lowlives my arse. Waving a badge. Police. Plainclothes.

A man locked in a phone box. Closed in an art gallery.

Was it an act?

They informed me: I had been arrested.

Very British.

They called the van. Get on board.

Fish & Chips

In the van the two officers talked.

I'd been followed and seen putting stickers in five other booths.

The evidence.

They had seized about a hundred stickers.

Sorri aidont enderstend.

My English had been fluent for some time now, but the excuse of being a foreigner was always a trump card.

Police station.

Photo.

Fingerprints.

They put me in a cell.

On the right, pale green mattress covered with electric blue blanket.

To the left, metallic toilet bowl.

Once an hour the little window on the door opened and slammed shut again.

They also loved banging their keys whenever they walked in the corridor between the cells.

They didn't miss a beat. Obsessed with locks and keys, they made themselves heard.

For lunch I was offered frozen fish and chips.

It was Friday. Fish. Christians. A question bothered me:

«Did they buy it at Iceland?»

Amanda

After lunch I lay down on the mat. Thinking.
They had really caught me. Hooked.
There was obviously a reason why they were called hookers.

I thought of whores in Amsterdam, their set-up.
The first time I saw one, for a second she looked like a mannequin. One second. Only.

Black, heavily made-up. Turquoise lingerie. Red hot lips. Like her nails. Like her shoes.
The woman in the window. One of the most beautiful things I've ever seen in my life. That you could buy.

I realized that every establishment in the street was window-dressed that way. Modern woman.

I did some window-shopping. I chose the most beautiful of all.

L'Ham 00

Black hair. Long. Long eyelashes. Black. Mediterranean.
Meaty.

White underwear. Black shoes with heels. Rings. Nail varnish.
Amanda. Terrific.

I stood in line. There were just a few of us. Less than ten.

In the street queues of men intertwined in front of the windows.
Very tidy and quiet queues.
Ching kept everyone by the balls.

For some, the wait was too long, they gave up,
changed window.

Threw themselves on low quality products, cheaper,
with no queues.

Not me. I was well brought up. I knew I had to wait.

A client entered. Amanda closed her red blood curtain.
Swallowed. Reopened. The next. Closed again. She fed
off men.

My turn.

Amanda closed the curtain.

The pulpit

She was very affable. Also well educated.

There was feeling. Cost 50 Goulde.

I undressed. Stood naked in front of her.

She slipped off her panties. Sliding down, rolling down her shapely thighs. Finally they fell.

She was left in heels. Showed herself. The beast.

My favourite moment.

A red-light room with a beautiful whore.

A perfect stranger. Love is mystery.

She looked deep into my eyes.

She noticed that I was filled with drugs.

Could not hide anything from her.

She yelled at me.

Drugs were a bad thing, she said, they hurt my body.

After the sermon she took me in her mouth.

Inclusive

Artfully she slipped on a condom.
A fast-moving mouth coordinated by beautiful hands.
Armed with rings. Long nails.
Gripped the erect member. Like a sceptre.
She had been born Queen.

She rode me.
Her amazing breasts shook in a wild dance in time
with the powerful hip banging. She had rhythm.

Then she made me ride. From behind.
The room was full of mirrors, reflecting, reassuring
images.
Amanda shown from all angles.
Left no room for imagination.

She turned. An invitation between her curvy thighs. Opened.
I had no doubt. I went in.

She bit her lip. Moans. 50 Goulden. All inclusive.

Amandaaaaa...

She kissed me on the lips.
Chatted two minutes.
Before leaving she gave me a piece of candy.
Kept them in a little basket near the door.
A memento for every client.
Amanda. She didn't leave you with a bitter taste.

Next please.

Km/Miles

Since then I had come a long way. Kilometres on foot.
Miles according to the British.
Plastering the zone of West London.
Dedicating myself fully to my art.

They opened the cell.
It was questioning time.

They made me sit on a bench in the hallway.
There was a man in a faint on the floor.
Around his head a halo of blood. Stank.
In a bad way.
White. Bald, medium build.
Cops around him with white latex gloves,
men and women. Laughing.

Fun.

Pigs

All of them white. Given the situation of general excitement they had red cheeks which made them slightly pink. They looked like real pigs. They were guards.

The women were no less excited than the men. One of them grabbed the man by the seat of his trousers, dragged him down the hallway to the cells. The halo left a long trail of his blood. Thick. Red.

It was hilarious. Indeed.

Latex, blood and laughter. The well-known cocktail.

Locked the man in the cell and passed the rag.

There was nothing left to laugh about.

Immoral earnings

Questioning.

Sorri aidont enderstend. Screwed.

They got an interpreter.

I was questioned.

They did not understand anything about art and entertainment.

Rattled off the charges.

Immoral earnings: living on the earnings of prostitution.

Immoral.

Criminal damage: the sticker glue damaged the
BT phone booths. Criminal.

Obscenity: stickers and cards. Drawings and writings. Obscene
publication. Obscene.

I was taken back into the cell.

I was released on bail.

They had brought a case against me.

I had a trial coming up.

Health and wellbeing

During my absence, a doctor friend had sent a patient of his from the Beautiful Country to the Kingdom.

Doc did not warn us of the patient's arrival.

Maybe it was part of the therapy.

It was a lad with a big heart.

Tiziano the Northerner. Hugely sensitive.

Medically mentally impaired, but for Doc he was just like many others.

The Northerner found no one waiting for him in the United Kingdom.

He called Doc, furious. Cursing him.

Doc, for his own sake, threatened to break his legs if he dared to go back.

He thought that the environment where I moved was ideal for his patient.

He took care of him.

Doc

So much care and long hair.

A luminary. Always a step ahead of the medicine barons.
Many didn't understand this when they seized 400 ganja plants from his garden, carefully cultivated for personal use, and purely therapeutic purposes.

Barons Court

After the seizure, new plants grew luxuriantly.
Then there was a new seizure.
Another new jungle of weed and a new seizure.
The phenomenon was incomprehensible to the court and even less to the barons, little versed in botany.
Until it was clear to everyone that there was nothing to understand.

It would take herbicide.

Perhaps napalm.

I got it

Prompt assistance.

The Northerner was rescued in extremis by Raffaele, quick-thinking social worker.

We had shared the den for a long time, dug together in the garden during the search for the landlord.

Tenacious and generous Raffaele. Tall, slim, cigarette in mouth and with clear ideas. He often had the solution to hand:

«I'm starving I need a beer.» he said one day overtaking a queue of cars and parking his left-hand drive Fiat 126 in front of a pub in the Old Kent Road.

No problem.

Mobilized by Doc, Raffaele collected the Northerner at Barons Court in the Far West of London, who, despite the initial shock, was quite excited by the metropolis. Passionately attracted by all the women he bumped into. Desirous of meeting them.

In keeping with the spirit of Pimp Art, the development of which he had closely followed, the social worker did the right thing.

Emergency.

He entered a telephone box.

Intensive Care Unit

Made an appointment.

Soon they were in the Venthouse.

Welcomed by the Queen.

Raffaele outlined the situation, but she, experienced, had already understood and turned, shouting:

THERAPEUTIC CASE!

Immediately a second Queen appeared, gorgeous blonde in suspenders.

Efficient. The women took the Northerner's arm and admitted him urgently into the bedroom.

Raffaele sat in the waiting room.

There was another man sitting there. Hispanic.

They chatted.

The Hispanic

Armed with a gun he explained that he had been hired by the Girls. Reassuring them, he explained, that if any crackheads had shown up they would have met their maker. Waving the piece he ensured that nobody ran any risks when he was in the area. A bullet in the crackhead's forehead and «no problemo.»

As safe as the bank of England.

Half an hour of therapy and the Northerner was dismissed. Taking his leave he warmly embraced the Girls.

After that.

Raffaele boarded Tiziano on the plane.
Tiziano was going back home. Like the wind and in seventh heaven.
Fully successful therapy.
Only one side effect. He fell in love.
He would get over it eventually.

No problemo.

You'll Love It

The day of the trial came. I was ready. Well dressed.

Court. I went in.

There was access to the public. There was the judge. Robe and wig.

Serious matter.

This was to establish how much weight Pimp Art had,
how it had been vital to the proper development of
society.

How much it had contributed to spreading art,
culture and entertainment.

How functional the Queens were in an informed, progressive society.

The modernity of the oldest profession in the world.

Strategic tool of survival.

Or counterattack and pleasure.

Its manifestation on multiple levels, adapting to places,
people and circumstances.

In the twilight zone. To the edge of reality. Or even in the
city centre. Comfortable. Handy. Easy to reach.

Art booths put you in contact with works of art.

Regardless of class or colour.

Smell of a Whore. Scent of a Woman. It stayed on you
for days.

Hard to wash off.

The ceremony

I had an audience. About thirty people. They were not there for me in particular. They were there for the show of justice.

Youssef was there for me. L'ham my friend. L'ham.

Present also was a stenographer.

I couldn't see her face.

Black. Straight hair. Long. Black.

Seemed to have the right physique to support a generous bosom.

I watched her listening to the judge's questions.

I refused the defence counsel.

I defended myself alone. Me.

The stenographer did not turn. She continued to write.

Done up. Did not look at anyone.

Listened. And wrote.

Wearing a blue suit. Shirt. White. Foulard. White.

Iceland.

I tried to see her thighs.

Tried to figure out if they were shapely thighs. Powerful.

I would have recognized hers among thousands.

Lorna's thighs.

Looks

I could not. Her legs were under the desk. It had happened before, bumping into a Girl in public places. We ignored each other.

The rule was to be «professional».

Once I happened to do a half-hour journey by bus with Janet sitting two seats away without even exchanging a look.

Just a sensual glance through the window once I got off.

An 80 pound glance. At least.

If the stenographer was Lorna, she would have acted as if nothing had happened. She would never turn. What would she have done? Turn around and say «Hello sweetheart»?

The judge's eyes scanned me.

At that time they had not yet invented the scanner, he was probably a prototype.

The interpreter had informed me, the judge was a tough guy. One who hit hard as soon as he smelled sex for money. He saw red.

Maybe he was one of those who ate in the Dog's bowl. Who knows.

The Girls could have seen through him just by looking at him.

The law applies equally to all.

The judge

In his sixties. Sunken face. Black gown.
Glasses. Typical white wig.
He didn't cut such a fine figure with those curlers on his head.
However, he was the boss there.

Trial began.
Police deposition. Charges. Judge's questions.
Defense. Judgment.

The stenographer never took her eyes off the keys
of the typewriter. Never raised her head. Listened.
Typing.
That's what she was paid for.
Her legs immobile under the desk. Only when the
judge said "...tell your friends" she paused for a
fraction of a second.
Then started typing again.

After the trial they made me leave the Court.
Everyone stood up.
She stood at her post. She did not turn.
I watched her until the end.
She stood still. She turned her back to me. She had earrings.
White. They closed the door.

The Queen of England

I was convicted.

One-year prison sentence.

Compensation to be paid to BT.

«We do not tolerate these things. Tell your friends.»

Thus spake the judge. In the name of Her Majesty.

He knew who he was dealing with. I was an artist of the people.

Avant-garde.

An army of Queens behind me.

I exploited the Work of Art. Me. As it was right to do.

I communicated to the people.

No mental masturbation. Hands-on experience.

Form is content. At the Venthouse.

Triumph

This time they could not pretend nothing had happened.

No.

This time, the Justice of men had bowed down.

To the Queen.

Of England.

It was the recognition for the Work performed.

Order of the British Empire.

OBE.

Pimp Art. Supreme.

W C

Gentlemen only!

T.V. TRAINING!

HOT WAX!

NAPPY TRAINING!

FOOT FETISHERS!

BONDAGE!

229 0135



Stickyboy, London, approx 1993.

Notes

1. (War)

Index

[Synopsis](#)

[Title page](#)

[Copyright page](#)

[London 1989](#)

[1500](#)

[Economy](#)

[L'ham](#)

[Youssef](#)

[My friend](#)

[The Blue Men Do you
need a Stickyboy?](#)

[Cocktail](#)

[Call Girls](#)

[Or even Dada](#)

[The Queen](#)

[The Body of a Whore](#)

[The Body of a Whore 2.0](#)

[Creative](#)

[The Designer](#)

[The White Queen](#)

[Venthouse](#)

[Stickers](#)

[BE - Bordel Electrique](#)

[Guerrilla](#)

[Heart attack for the Empire](#)

[Masked Woman](#)

[The doors of perception](#)

[The healthy civilization. A model to export](#)

[Availability. Efficiency](#)

[The Shit Eater](#)

[Nappy Training](#)

[The strays](#)

[O'Arrucciu The Irishman](#)

[O'Hara](#)

[The Bitch](#)

[40](#)

[Margaret](#)

[Venthouse 19](#)

[The House of Lords](#)

[Tea Time](#)

[American Steak House](#)
[Holly's man](#)
[Chlorine to Clergy](#)
[The Priestess](#)
[Energies](#)
[Lorna](#)
[Cardman. Francis the poet](#)
[The Other Side of the River](#)
[The Stray 02](#)
[Calculator](#)
[The Palafitte](#)
[The artist](#)
[Strong flavour](#)
[Tube Station](#)
[The verb](#)
[Mambo?](#)
[The ritual](#)
[Hurricane Clara](#)
[Ghost](#)
[Hurricane Rosa](#)
[Jimi](#)
[Paul](#)
[Big brain](#)
[Iceland](#)
[...](#)
[Media Galore](#)
[Fireflies for lanterns](#)
[Jesus Christ Superstar](#)
[Rustie](#)
[The night](#)
[The Nightclub](#)
[Therefore](#)
[Pablo](#)
[Heart skipped a beat](#)
[Absorba](#)
[Working Class](#)
[Bollocks](#)
[The Imperial Forums](#)
[To her](#)
[Eau de Vagina](#)
[In London](#)
[Simone](#)
[Mrs. Rondelet](#)
[House of Cards](#)
[Eve](#)

[Erotic Stories](#)
[Teasing](#)
[Taken in hand](#)
[Bombshell](#)
[Go](#)
[Help](#)
[The Berg Pork](#)
[Pie Tarzan](#)
[Bundolo!](#)
[Red Hot Delights](#)
[Only You](#)
[Wanted](#)
[Drink](#)
[Evidence](#)
[Tempted](#)
[The revue](#)
[Guest list](#)
[Live Show](#)
[Freakshow](#)
[Janet](#)
[Gunshot](#)
[Crack Heads](#)
[Kong](#)
[Raid](#)
[A Little Bit Kinky](#)
[Janet, Life Teacher](#)
[The stadium](#)
[King](#)
[The Big Bang Theory](#)
[Crime report](#)
[Haute Couture](#)
[The long blow jobs](#)
[Body blow](#)
[Blow Job](#)
[Blitz](#)
[Monkey Man](#)
[In the meantime](#)
[Police raid](#)
[Tracy](#)
[Danielle](#)
[Here it is](#)
[The Guards](#)
[Eau de Toilette](#)
[\\$](#)
[Pandora](#)

[Pandora's Box](#)
[Gods](#)
[Him again](#)
[Moment](#)
[Aym Italian. Aym betta](#)
[Techniques](#)
[Respect](#)
[Queensway](#)
[Stop](#)
[Footlights](#)
[Hate](#)
[Out of order](#)
[Bronson](#)
[The bastard](#)
[Inshallah](#)
[Morocco](#)
[Golden Girl](#)
[Mors Tua, Vita Mea; Your Death, My Life](#)
[Pickpockets](#)
[Abdallah](#)
[B-Movie](#)
[The plate](#)
[Ibena](#)
[Chop it down](#)
[Gold Mouth](#)
[OBE](#)
[YBA](#)
[BNP](#)
[Love](#)
[Take him to puttana](#)
[The Butcheress](#)
[The swine](#)
[Cow](#)
[Doris daytime](#)
[The City of Lights](#)
[Politics & Economics](#)
[Channel 4](#)
[Cotillons](#)
[Bomboclat](#)
[Life](#)
[Art as a profession](#)
[The King and Queen of Thailand](#)
[Plain White](#)

[The Son Of](#)
[Trojan Get](#)
[on board!](#)
[Low life](#)
[Fish & Chips](#)
[Amanda](#)
[L' Ham 00](#)
[The pulpit](#)
[Inclusive](#)
[Km/Miles](#)
[Pigs](#)
[Immoral earnings](#)
[Health and wellbeing](#)
[Doc](#)
[Barons Court](#)
[I got it](#)
[Intensive Care Unit](#)
[The Hispanic](#)
[You'll Love It](#)
[The ceremony](#)
[Looks](#)
[The judge](#)
[The Queen of England](#)
[Triumph](#)