

(Extract from "The Feeders", a novel by Brian Fogarty)

TWENTY-EIGHT

'I'M WEARING THE LITTLE GREY DRESS!'

Three o'clock. The dead of night. The street lights are on but it wasn't quite bright enough for Kronk to see Phyllis distinct as she made her way from her bedsit in the corner of the square to the pay phones, the cherry of a cigarette shaking between her fingers. It's unreal, like he's sitting in a cinema watching a movie beautifully shot in drained colours, the blue black of rainy and forbidding Paris. A short little dress with spaghetti straps and a little flirty skirt. Heels. She's a flitting creature of the night, a moth coming closer to the flame. He remembers when he saw her in it in daylight, that dress, the way it wrinkled, rode up and moved, the way it made love to her shape, the way it suggested the ripple and interplay of the muscles hid beneath. Yes, the dress is short and it did look grey, the grey of a faded old photograph, the grey as a matter of fact of some of the faded old fabrics in the old porno photos from a hundred years ago: the old armchairs and sofas, the cushions stained with the grease of pomade, the drapes and throws printed with lilies and anemones all lacy and worn, the chaises longues, their gold brocaded velvet rubbed thin and shiny over the decades by all those writhing limbs and bodies; the dirty undergarments of the girls discarded in pools of silk on the arms of the furniture and floor. It makes Kronk feel nostalgic the thought of those old photos and Phyllis being in them a century ago....so poignant. Under the street lamp, her dress is the colour of dried sperm.

'It's the dead of night.'

'Wh-what's the weather l-like in Cambridge right this moment? It's warm and st-sticky here. This weird heatwave continues twentyfour seven, but I think it m-might storm.'

'The same. The river's a gutted woman's entrails. What's the sea like down there in Brighton? Is it breathing hard?'

'Yeah, it heaves and st-stinks like a womb about to give b-birth.'

'Anybody about?'

'N-no I'm all alone. Nobody comes out to use the pay phone at this hour, unless a big dark cloud hangs over your soul and you can't sleep. I'm f-finding it difficult to sleep these nights.'

'You sound pretty wired.'

'Yeah well last night - yeah, yesterday night - I went out to a n-night club and met a real weird girl. I was, like, Eckied out of my mind. She told m-me George she'd like to meet a gay boy and f-fuck him silly....Bend him over and shove her great fleshy-pink dildo in him hard....when he tells her to stop she'd just ignore him....She likes to watch boys fuck each other. She said she'd like to watch me getting fucked by a boy, real wicked bad. She wants to lay under me with him on top f-fucking me. A treble decker she called it. She says she wants to feel me squirm like live eelmeat in a sandwich. She says she fantasizes about having a big live dick of her own she can fuck a guy with. She wants to hold onto his stiff dick as she thrusts *her* huge long thick monster of a strap-on back and forth up his arse with her hands on his much smaller dick. He'd love it even though he'd beg for mercy: she's got so much pain and pleasure to give. She wants to rape a guy....like her best most intense wanks are when she's imagining she's raping a m-man.'

Phyllis speaks in a dead pan kind of way like she's in a trance or a dream. Her occasional stammer does not make her sound nervous and disappears more or less completely as she warms up and relaxes. The boxes are lit up but the bushes around them are still growing high and Kronk cannot see into them. There's just the soft pink glow in the square of the street lamps, the rails that go all the way around the garden like they've been drawn on the air with an eyebrow pencil; in the background the white polystyrene

foam of the sea....and in his ear like the sea in a shell Phyllis's spellbound voice.

'Phyllis you sound a little strange tonight. You O.K.?'

'Sure I'm O.K! Wh-what d-d'you have to ask me th-that f-for?'

'O.K. Well that's O.K. then.'

'Why d'you have to keep saying "O.K.?"'

'Sorry.'

'Well now you've g-got me here whataya g-gonna s-say?'

The spell is broken.

'It was you who asked me to phone you at three in the morning, remember?'

'Yeah, well, I suppose I did. But now I feel a bit funny being here after all. I think it's this girl I met, Butterscotch.'

'Butterscotch?'

'That's her name.'

'Oh.'

'Her hand painted red from plunging deep in her own familiar cunt.'

'What?'

'I'm just telling you about this g-girl I met in the night club, George. I'm just trying to tell you something real, s-something important about my life, okay!? I can only tell you this real thing because I'm standing all alone in the middle of the night in a public telephone box. But if you're afraid the operator w-will trace it to your n-number and get you in trouble I won't say no more.'

'No, it's O.K., take it easy, don't worry, go on, it's cool. Anyway, on a modern exchange it's all done by computers, I read about it today in a magazine! The operator can't listen in because there ain't one, only a machine. So, go on, yeah, it's cool.'

'About the dyke I met at the night club.'

'Dyke? You just said she wants to fuck a boy.'

'Yeah, well some dykes are like that, perverted like.'

'Well, go on.'

'She danced with me in the smoke in a black swarm of indistinct dreams....She told me she'd take me to a place where the blue air bathes a mass of flowers....A wounded deer which smells of rosy plant honey and Butterscotch would lead us through the forest....she took me to a corner....we sat at a table in an alcove and she pressed her leg to me, took my hand and guided my fingers to her cunt which was deep and full of red torments. She had no knickers on and she anointed me and my face was covered in her blood.'

'Phyllis....I wonder....well look, tell me what happened then.'

'We went to the ladies' to powder our noses like.'

'Did she lick the blood from her womb off your face?'

'Yeah!....we went in a cubicle she stood up on the pan, I got on my knees and buried my face in her bush.'

'Yes?'

'Yes. Butterscotch folded my face in her raw cunt-meat.'

'She did? And then?....I mean, what was it like?'

'It was beautiful, nauseating. Her tunnel of meat was my guide, a dense black light, a well that drew my life down in a spiral sucking it into oblivion. George.... you ever tasted blood?'

'Well....yes.'

'No shit? Well, what's it like then, the t-taste....of blood, in your experience?'

'The taste is warm and sweet.'

'*That* blood, Butterscotch's womb blood, tastes d-dangerous....like some deep-buried metal - uranium, yeah, that's it - uranium been d-disturbed by a volcano and spewed up all hot and molten....Butterscotch's blood is like thick, very old mulled red wine....Butterscotch's wine is thick blood poured from the mouth of her cunt onto the floor and down my throat. She grabbed my hair, hauled my face up to hers, bit through my lips, tasted my blood on hers, blood-on-blood, wet-on-wet....I'm really into blood sports after that....and, as a matter-of-fact, watersports....even hardsports, so long as it's

with Butterscotch....you see Butterscotch is a bitch and a kind of witch who anointed my nipples with flashfloods of cunt juice and menstrual blood....she says that if I had a baby I could suckle it and it would feed off my milk mixed with her blood....angel's milk and devil's blood....I could flush my own body out clean with her piss....if I drink her piss and eat her shit it'd make me clean she said, work its way through my intestines and waterworks and, like, p-purify me....enema of the womb. Butterscotch is brutal but fair - she gives me what I deserve. But look I have to go now....I can't talk to you no more....not after last night....you and her you are two separate things, d'you know what I mean?....I feel guilty about Butterscotch now I'm here talkin' to you....and I think I m-must have let you down, disappointed you.'

'You haven't disappointed me.' Kronk's suddenly desperate he's going to lose her, Phyllis who is so close to the source of life....birth....as close to life and birth as if they were right back on the mudflats - before that even, before even the Big Bang. It'd mean certain death for him to lose her *now*, the death of all his senses that connect him to life, the death of his body his mind his soul....a black hole....he must do something now to hold her. He must go running down, rush down into the square, run across the garden and confront her now, go 'look Phyllis, here I am, I'm not up in Cambridge - I'm right here in Brighton with you!' He'd hold her in his arms, smell her skin, her hair, feel the pulse banging away in her neck, the mixed up swish of both their bloods as they bang against each other. But the telephone wire is an umbilical cord that connects him to Phyllis, to life....dare he take the risk and break it?

'I wanted to carry on with what we've got. I get very lonely....I mean like it's hard to meet anyone who I can tell my real raw f-feelings to, that's why it's so good to speak to you George, because you are so far away and you don't know where I live or anything and can only reach me on this number. I know you're there at the other end of this line. That's simple and real! That means so much to me, just to have something simple and real George like what we've got going for us now....I know I can't get to you and you can't get to me - that's why it's such a turn on - I can't see you and I know you can't see me....while you're on the line this telephone receiver in my hand has become an inbuilt sex organ, almost an ear, a cunt, or your cock itself: if I stuck it up me while you're speaking I'd have you, your voice George right inside my body. I admire you George because it takes guts to say stuff like you do to someone you've never met over the phone because you can't see my face or my reaction or anything....I can't see yours now; no we can't read each other's facial expressions or body language....anyway, I think it gives us both quite a buzz and causes excitement at both ends, understand what I'm saying? I can say anything I like to you and I don't ever have to see you, ever face you, you can never find me and you can never tell anyone who knows me what I'm really like!....George, you're very quiet and if you don't like what I'm sayin' you only got to hang up....'

'I won't do that, I won't hang up!....I won't....you mean so much to me too Phyllis, you know that....the....world.' He feels they're on the verge of something, at the very edge....there's so much juice flowing back and forth between them along the wires, so much energy in the atmosphere, they could be on the verge of a new Big Bang.

'It's hard to talk to anyone in an honest way. It's alright when I'm like, Eckied, but I can't be E'd up all the time, I have to keep chilling out. Like....you know....people get so frightened and shocked by what I really am....maybe it's because it makes them see what *they* really are. I can't trust anyone George but you....I don't trust Butterscotch even though I think I love her. What did you m-mean when you said "the world"?''

'D'you love me?'

'I don't know....is it possible or right to be in love with two separate people, especially when one of them is only a voice at the end of a phone?'

'Yes....I....don't know....maybe I should tell you more about myself, like, you know....what I look like.'

'No....n-no, I d-don't want you to tell me details about how tall you are, how old, the colour of your eyes....no, I d-don't want to know n-nothing like that. I don't care about things like that. Knowing stuff like that'd only get in the way. I know it's different for you, and for me hearing your voice, the things you say and inspire me to say and you

being able to picture *me* in your head and get turned on by that picture is all I want. But, like I say, it feels strange and good to talk to you at this moment. And we don't even have to talk....even when we aren't actually speaking I can feel your presence from just the fact that we're connected. Yeah, like I say, for me the sexiness of this phone call is in hearing the sound of your voice....George, your breathing....picking up on your mood....yeah, it comes right through all the miles between us down the wires and it can, like....George....it's the next best thing to actually touching you....and it's like....like I'm standing here at the edge of the world. I mean, it's like at this moment you and I are the only two people alive in the whole wide bleedin' world, in the whole universe even, and we're just linked by this cable - it's like a walkabout in space. I feel like David Bowie's Lonely Girl - you know the one, the girl all alone by herself on the red planet Mars....we can reveal our souls, say honest things to each other that are shocking and beautiful. Maybe that's what being in love is, to like strip not just your body in front of another person, but your mind and soul as well and to rejoice in it, really like you know share it....cruise in and out of each other's minds, kn-know what I mean? Maybe there's a whole load of shit that like has to come out first to make a way for the good stuff....maybe in my case there just ain't no good stuff; I'm sure I feel downright evil right now. I don't know. At the very edge of the world.... "he will come today to the eucalyptus tree whose bark swirls in the winter wind....he is hard like Sunday stones and I am a bird that flys across the spiked edge of the world....he will come my love, if he is my love, if he knows he is my love; he will cover me with flowers if he is not dead before he knows"....A few lines I learned from a poem, George, long ago. D'you like it?

'Yes, yes....look....tell me about Butterscotch.'

'It's like....well....she seems like a g-girl stepped right out of a dirty book in the middle of the night when you're all hot and lonely having a-a w-wank and you can talk d-dirty aloud to yourself, say all the filthy dirty wonderful things that no one knows you have inside of you and if they knew they'd be too disgusted frightened and shocked to ever be your friend or even speak to you again. And you feel like you want some company to share all this wonder and all this filth with....you're lonely and suddenly there she is, raw feelings, raw matter given form and come to life, not to judge or condemn you but to join you, play with you.'

Kronk *wants* to say: 'Suppose I tell you I'm only a few dozen yards away and could have my hand inside you within seconds?' But instead he says:

'Your friend Butterscotch says she wants to fuck a man, and watch you being fucked by a man, right?'

'Yes that's what she said. It's fantastic, don't you think?'

'Phyllis, I want you to put your hand up your little grey dress.'

'You mean, like, right now, in this call box?'

'Yes. It's the dead of night, no one about. You can do it, now.'

'Awight, but let me just check there's no one outside.'

Phyllis comes out the box, takes a few yards walk by it. Kronk, scoping close out the dark, sees her hair, ravishing, limp, wild, the huge eyes, the wounded mouth in the eerie light from the street lamp, and yes, the little wrinkled grey dress....All the houses in the square are in darkness. This is their secret time linking them in their dark dirty secret world. Dirty mag world smeared raincoat windows of the booth.

'George? Y-you there? It's all quiet and clear.'

'Are you wet?'

'I'm always wet.'

'Are you right-handed?'

'Yes.'

'Where is it now then, your right hand?'

'Up my dress.'

'Has Butterscotch got big tits?'

'Yes!'

'Big as yours?'

'B-bigger....m-much b-bigger!'

‘Well, Phyllis, imagine I live opposite her and can see into her window every night. Imagine she lives in the square where you are now.’

‘And you live opposite, right?’

‘That’s it.’

‘Hmm, that’s cool.’

‘Would you like me to be able to look across and see her bare breasts?’

‘You mean see right across the square into her room? Ooo yes, I’d love that! Then you could tell me all about it.’

‘Well, imagine I *can* see through her window into her room this moment *right now*. Let’s see....there’s a cheese plant and beyond it in the bay a black sofa which is big and wide. She has a ground floor flat. I can see into the room from my upstairs window when I look out. I have a telescope and can get right close in. I look out the window and focus on her black sofa. She has net curtains, just half way up the window. Passers by cannot see in. She is semi-secret. I watch.’

‘George, w-what d’you see? Like....I mean....tell me what d’you see when you watch?!’

‘Butterscotch is there now. She’s up late. She hasn’t gone to bed. Maybe she’s been to a night club, has just come in, is thinking of someone she saw at the night club and is too excited to sleep....maybe she’s thinking of you. She’s wearing denim shorts....Levi button holes which pop open easy and quick. Butterscotch loves the sound as they rip down the fly, and she feels the cool night air brush her shaved mound. She is smooth like a child, her lips and hood are exposed; a bright pink line of flesh as if slashed with a razor sweeping down nearly to her arsehole....and er....’

‘Yes! I like that! Yes, before you move on tell me more about her arsehole George, can you really see it, what’s it like?’

‘Pink rectal flesh....whorls of orange, sepia, lavender grey....like the background in an old hand-coloured movie....yes, now I can clearly see it....Butterscotch’s arsehole, a dusky musky rose colour....a quivering breathing rose of flesh....sepia picture in an old book with gilt edges found in the secret drawer of an old desk in an antique shop in the Lanes from a house clearance of a newly dead person....’

‘Wik-ked!’ Phyllis gasps, breathless.... ‘George, you’re a poet! You’re just like Butterscotch - you dare me to live! Tell me about her cunt....has she really shaved it?’

‘The hairs are a couple of millimetres long and feel scratchy and wiry when brushed the wrong way....just a moment, let’s see if I can get this thing in better focus....yeah, that’s better, I can see everything much sharper now.... she smooths them down with her right hand and I can tell by the expression on her face she feels a jolt like from a live lamp socket under her hood. In the dead of the night her clit is awake. Her ear is cocked. She can almost hear it, her clit, whispering to her....’

‘George I c-can’t picture her....like, how can you see her....is the light on? What’s her position....the black sofa? The rug....how *exactly* is she lying or sitting....?’

‘Yes, a soft light on in the room, her head in shadow....candle light....floating candles like water lilies in a glass pond with seahorses, star fish on the outside of the glass....the bottom of the pond is strewn with beads and glass nuggets that gleam through the water like a pirate’s sunken treasure in a painting by Gustave Moreausmoke rising from incense....a lamp....burner....Butterscotch is smoking a joint....listening to low, soft, swampy, saxophone music from a hi fi....’

‘Her position George!....How is she....Jesus I’m nearly c-coming!’

‘Alright....first tell me what you’re doing what you’re feeling....have you got your right hand up your cunt?’

‘Well....no....George, not exactly....George it’s up my my uh....arse....I like to stick m-my fingers up my arse....Christ, I should have brought something - a candle....or a.a....c-cucumber!’

‘How many fingers’re up?’

‘Two....ooo, wow, now three....’

‘Does it feel nice?’

‘Yes, yes it’s so l-lovely....’

'D'you wish it was something else.'

'What, up m-my arse?.... Yes!'

'Like what?'

'You know....'

'Say it!'

'What? Say what?'

""Your dick....I wish it was your dick."": say it!'

'Awight. Your dick. I wish it was your dick. George, I wish it was your dick....all the way....yeah, right up my arse!'

Kronk is doubly happy because she said all that without a stammer.

'What's it feel like?'

'It feels wicked! All squirmy, squishy and nice....a warm swampy-swirly feeling....'

'Take your hand out.'

'What?'

'Take your hand out a moment.'

'Aaaaah! yes, it's out.'

'Now I want you to look at your fingers....smell them.'

'Ugh! yes!'

'Is there shit?'

'Yes, a little under the nails....the middle one.'

'Lick you fingers.'

'Ugh! George! I couldn't....how could you? That's gross - it's just so yukky!'

'Do it! Do it *for me, now!*'

'Awight, awight....George....I've....d-done....it.'

'How d'you feel?'

'Lovely....disgusted....I imagine the disgusted face Butterscotch would pull if she knew I was standing alone in a phone box in the middle of the night with a strange man a hundred miles away talking dirty to me about her on the phone, about her arsehole her tits her cunt her room talking me to orgasm while I have my fingers up my arse and pull them out and taste my own shit! Yeah, the thought of her makes me so excited I'll do anything - even something so ikky as eating my own shit wishing it was hers! God, I'd love to see that disgusted look she gets on her face, it's so incredibly strong and sexy....George, I feel like when you talk to me about Butterscotch, about you spying on her through a window across the square....it's like I'm in a space ship, all alone except for you and you're the pilot and I have a headset on and you're talking to me guiding me out the space ship as I take the first step on the surface of Mars only I discover Mars is not a cold and empty place but a planet where there're these gorgeous mutant people with fantastic bodies muscles skin hair arses and tits and cocks and cunts even better than at a rave and Jesus Christ George tell me about Butterscotch; Christ I could do with Butterscotch's whopping great big pink latex cock up me right now all nine inches of it right up churning my guts....George, pl-please tell me about Butterscotch....'

Kronk is stuck....he's inspired but already getting out of his depth. He doesn't want to think of Butterscotch with a dildo on, he wants to carry on with what he is capable of wanting and fantasizing, but Phyllis doesn't seem to care.

'Would you like Butterscotch to fuck you up the arse while watching her in a dirty movie like I'm describing to you now in which she wanks herself off in her window on a black leather sofa with me watching her in stark clit close up from across the square talking you through it from another city a hundred miles away like a space walk on the phone?'

'Go on don't stop now George I'm nearly coming! Tell me how Butterscotch is positioned while she wanks....are her tits out?....what about her nipples?'

'Her head resting on one arm of the sofa, her feet up on the other. Her thighs rubbing together. Her legs are slim and strong and muscular, pale and hairless. Still has her boots on.'

'Boots? What kind of boots George? Are they DM's?'

'Yeah. Ox blood Doc Martens, twelve holes, criss-crossed laces, shine like a mirror.'

It's like she thinks of them as part of her body....the way she caresses them....they're so smooth to her touch and the laces are black leather. The contrast of the blood colour of the boots to the white of her legs is quite startling. I think she must polish her boots often....now she's stuck her finger in one of the tabs.'

'For God's sake George....that's enough of her boots for now....Jesus....I'm nearly coming....tell me about her tits!'

'Her tits?....oh Phyllis, I'm really sorry....I can't see her tits....'

'Oh Jesus!'

'You see she's got a t shirt on....I can see her belly though, smooth and round and white....white as the billowing cheeks of her arse....deep navel....like a sea shell....oh Phyllis she's taking her boots off now and she's licking one of them, shining it with her tongue....'

'George I don't want to hear another word about her bl-bloody b-boots! If you even mention her boots again I'll hang up, and never come here to this pay phone again, I promise you! *Now*, tell me about her tits, can't she get really hot and horny and take her t-shirt off or something....George, *please*?'

'I'm sorry....I can only tell you what she's doing, what I see, not what I can't see....you don't want me to make up *stories* do you?....the truth is better....you can imagine the rest for yourself....'

'You bastard.'

'Why don't you tell me about *your* tits then Phyllis, if it's tits you want to talk about?'

'If I tell you about my tits will that excite you....will you toss yourself off like while you talk d-dirty to me some m-more?'

'Yeah! Sure! Let's, let's do that!'

'Awight then....is your dick out?'

'Yes.'

'Is it hard?'

'Yes.'

'Is it....is it very....v-very....b-big?'

'Well, I don't know....how big is big?'

'I think the average s-size d-dick is uh l-like s-six t-to eight inches.'

Kronk, enthralled by her passion, doesn't let his smile expand into a chuckle.

'So big is bigger than eight, right?'

'Yeah....so, h-how d'you m-measure up G-George? Eh?', the filthy little bitch sniggers.

'Why's it so important to you that it's big?'

'I don't know....d-don't all g-gels l-like them b-big?....I guess I j-just like to think that if I ever met you you c-could p-penetrate me real deep....I mean like r-reach places where no one before h-has ever r-reached.'

'Why?....is it because you want me to open you up to reveal something that's hidden deep down inside you?' Kronk speaks serious, quiet and grave.

'Yes! George....I think you know that's exactly the f-feeling I have!'

'It might hurt.'

'I wouldn't m-mind....j-just so long as you can p-penetrate me real far, and give me real deep feelings.Yeah, r-real real far....you know G-George I yearn to be really d-deep deep f-fucked!'

'As I go in you might feel yourself being turned inside out like a glove.'

'OO yes!....that's *exactly* the kind of feeling I want!....c-could you d-do that for m-me G-George, I mean, like, really h-hurt me?'

'That....and maybe even more.'

'Then....you m-must b-be....big?'

'I reckon.'

'H-how b-big?'

'Guess.'

'OO....n-nine....n-no....n-nine and a - half?' Another slutty little snigger.

'You're warm.'

'If I said t-ten would I be getting cooler or even w-warmer still? C-come on, George, d-don't tease - you m-must tell me! Is it t-ten inches? *Is it?* Wow!'

'You're getting carried away....anyway, I guess it's more fun to keep you guessing....just for now.'

'Spoilsport! But I can tell even over the phone without seeing you that it's b-big - yeah very b-big because of your voice: yeah, the way your voice penetrates me real deep....it gets right inside me: you enter through my ear and f-fill my head but you d-don't stay there. The sound of your voice travels all over through my body when you talk to me....it fills my veins, s-sings in my blood. I l-love it when you abuse me, like call me your filthy d-dirty little b-bitch! I v-vibrate all over when you do that! I....if we ever met I'd w-want you to be really rough with me, really use me, abuse me, open me right up: use your t-ten inches to fuck m-me right up the arse, hurt me much as you like, make me feel alive! I'd ask for it, b-beg you for it because I'm n-nothing but a greedy little slut. Anyway, awright then....what's *B-Butterscotch* doing right n-now? Tell me that first then I'll r-rub my tits off while you w-wank.'

Mindflash: Phyllis's mouth. It's as if someone's hand, some lover's hand has come down on her face in order to seize hold of her essence, in some brutal gesture to reveal the true self of her face. It's like a hand tried to open her face - turn it inside out to reveal the efflorescences of the mucous membrane. That's how he feels about his bodies....he loves the parts of each of his girls, as much as the pictures in the girlies allow - yeah, especially the sweet delicate meat of their mucous membranes. Sometimes he makes marks on the pictures from the magazines, on these girls with their skin stretched so taut over every part of their body; he adds a line, a circle, or a row of dots, just like a surgeon about to carry out an operation. Once or twice he's written 'Cut here', as if preparing to remove some girly organ he can dig out, hold and turn in his hand, gaze at for hours in wonder; get to know his girls from inside. He'd like to split a girl's chest open, lift out the still-breathing lungs and lay them either side of her trunk like the still-beating wings of a bird. He should've been a plastic surgeon, cutting beautiful girls as a career, mutilating and reconstructing. Yes, if only it were possible to orchestrate some wounds! Often he tries to picture his bodies with no surface, no wrapping, the raw vivid stuff within all efflorescing, bursting forth in a mass of blood, sweat, shit and entrails, the shocking, blinding beauty of young girl's meat....the textures, the colours, the longed-for feel, tastes, smells....it's all so mindblowing! But he feels stronger feelings for Phyllis because she's real and she's *already* mutilated....and she wants to go further than she ever has before, doesn't she? Yes, she wants him to dig deep into her to find her buried self....mine her, excavate her....bring it all out....make her stand out vividly against the world with him, not just blend into the crowd.

'George? C-can you hear m-me....w-what's B-Butterscotch doing right n-now for Chrissake?!'

'Oh yes now Phyllis, I can see Butterscotch's erect nipples pushing against her white t-shirt. They show through now like big old coins under a pencil tracing.'

'OOO....wow!'

Phyllis moans in his ear.

'God I wish she'd bare her breasts, start handling them, really t-tit herself off!....G-George, what's she doing now?'

'She's stroking her stomach with her left hand. Her stomach is flat and has near transparent downy hair around the navel which is deep like an ear. As she touches her stomach she tenses the muscles and then relaxes them to feel the different ripples and waves this creates. The opal flesh hardens and softens; her shorts are still up to her knees, the buttons all undone. Now she eases the shorts to her ankles. Her ankles are tied together with denim. Her arse is resting against the faded fabric of the sofa. The muscles in her back I sense are heavy and relaxed and sink into the brocaded cushions. Now her left hand is edging towards her cunt. Now she dips deep into herself and though she is behind a window twenty yards away I can smell in the senses of my mind the steamy greenhouse heat, something like seafood, the wetness. She stirs herself like a fish stew. She pulls her fingers out to look at them. Her bitch butter is thick and white like

yoghurt. She licks her fingers. Her tongue is long and pink and lovely and by the look on her face I can tell the juices taste strawberry sweet. She has her fingers in her mouth now while she sucks her honeyed bitch juices. She dips into herself again, takes out her hand, lifts her fingers to her mouth, again and again as though she will eat herself dry because of the taste of the sweet sugary juices on her tongue. Now she has her whole hand in her cunt - it's like her cunt is a greedy gaping mouth she's sinking into, a strange reptile that is eating her alive - and oh yes at last she's got her legs spread wide, the shorts are right down and I can see clearly the raw gash of her cunt, yeah her raw cuntlips and again the mouth of her arsehole nestled nice between the billowing cheeks of her arse....now she's shitcanned her cool and, frantic, she's ripping off her top. God! Her tits have sprung out and they are enormous!...huge and heavy, creamy white and pendulous, heavily marbled with green and purple veins....she's titting herself off with her left hand her left hand shaking her right breast revelling in herself while she fucks herself frantically with her right and now she....'

'Oh god...ohgodohf-fuckohgodOHFUCK.... Butterscotch darling....I'll be your slutty little b-bitch any time....my fingers are right up in the singing darkness....making up for last night's failure....sweat hisses down the shaft of your back....your smile in the night club....I part company with myself when you smile....I am in a phone booth....I press my mind against the glass to tether it and stop it quivering and stare out at the night....I want to kneel in the dirt and pull myself open to you....fuck me among the litter blue flowers on the wasteland of a deserted parking lot....openings....gashings.... splittings....Petruska, the staring white mask, the broken limbs, the spilled sawdust....a single drop of blood....the red eye of your cunt....I am budding in a grove....when you look at me you make me smile....fill my mouth with Margaritas....irrigate my breast cleft....be my neap tide....taste your silt....groundswell tide....a room in a square by the sea with a black sofa mildew and torn wallpaper.... lying on your back on the sofa gasping wee small hours deserted streets slow brown as the lizard....and in the ruined ballroom on the pier whirlpooling on a pointed shoe of silver brocade....the reek of rotten wood, burnt out camp fires and gull shit....sepia coloured roses....upon the black sofa your eye sootily fringed raised in ecstasy....smell of burnt toffee....pools of flesh. Like a cheeky child I pull my cheeks apart and stick my shit out like a tongue....the slithering snake of mud the shit....outside your basement window the primrose night is blotted with inky swirls and it's so warm when the wet comes for a while but not enough for long enough; oh....bright-smile me, wine me, dine me, sixty-nine me....roller coaster me, peep show me in a penny arcade, never dark again....what the butler didn't see we can see just Butterscotch and me....and then there's my bucket and spade, sandcastles, ice cream, candy floss fish and chips, helter skelter rides in Peter Pan carousels and penny arcades....some of Dad's memories....old photographs....never grow old....the damp sad sour air of cheap seaside bedsits. Old forgotten trunks in the attic, dead people's house clearances....antiques, magic lanterns, hand-coloured Victorian slides....bangers and mash....don't forget the onions dad....and oh darling I want to turn the page while you stick your fingers in to see you with your legs up open wide the denim tangled caught on one of your DMs you kick your leg like a tart in a porn mag lean over a red colour hoist my little grey dress and grope for my crotch while the jack booted troops Luger their torn bleeding screaming spoils through the rainy streets....spiders from Mars bar me Marianne faithfully until the death of Ziggy....tonight the sea breathes against the glass but it is wordless the words of the whores only rest on the windows the red colour is sad congealed like the red of knife or bullet wounds and it hurts like the red of roses growing through the flesh of the man that watches you through a telescope and I squirm as you lean over me your tits and I drink the gush of red from your cunt mouth and we will fight ourselves till the blood is extinguished....some men can love only with the red of kisses and poppies they cannot wound while your breasts are against me like the barbed wire pressure of doves....and now there is only the sea breathing against the glass, the square is awash with torn up prostitutes' cards, the stink of shit, the red of roses, a black sofa wet from thick white womb juices little jack horner only the look out man to tell of those wondrous jewels in another city far away made of galaxies....'

