

**ARELIS**

**EROTONOMIKON**

**THE MEMORIES OF A DECADENT LIFE**

## **SUMMARY OF EROTONOMIKON [THE MEMORIES OF A DECADENT LIFE]**

### **[ENGLISH VERSION]**

**Damien Adaleux, the son of the French Prime Minister, exchanges letters with the offsprings of wealthy and aristocratic families of France but also with his mistress Lucy Sanguine, where he describes his sexual exploits, individual and in groups with men and women and also his political and religious views and thoughts on the matters always according to his own cosmic theory. Artistic by nature, a devotee of beauty and of the two sexes, leaves France to study Fine Arts in New York where he was born when his father served his country as a diplomat in the United Nations Organization. The hero discovers that his real father is an American painter and traces his true brother. In a moment of frenzy he kills him and continues to indulge into any kind of sexual and psychological games even against his mistress whom he suddenly abandons. Lucy has an accident and the hero is forced to temporarily reconsider his decision, until her friend Guillaume, who is a history student, invades as a third person in the relationship. Damien feels jealous and annoyed by Guillaume's presence and thus fatal conditions are created from the games of power of these three young people who are in love, with an unexpected ending that will mark everyone's life.**

## LETTER 1

**Damien Adaleux to Cesare Nerval**

**10-7-1997, Paris**

**Dear Cesare,**

**When the hour and the minute hand pointed vertically to the South of Big Ben, Lucy-Aurora rose with her float from the open book-which we riffled during our battle to see who is going to raise the palm- like an offended donkey who was vibrating harshly on her backside by her imaginary master. Animals know no negotiations. They identify practices that are leading or amongst partners.**

**Every attempt of mine to cultivate the only name that should dwell in her heart proved fruitless due to momentum in the highway of the senses. But the more intensely you experience pleasure, the more she becomes automatic. I remained Benedictine with my diagonal, purple wand waiting to receive the title of the founder of her small city though unsuccessfully since the Ippokrini I bore was dry. The temple of Saint Sofia, a victorious general.**

**I was looking at Heaven's floor like an Adam without foliage and sin. Like the school life in one colour. This made my pen turn on the spindle of the quest for originality.**

**Dethronement is experienced soundly after it is comprehended and follows the mind's dives and dialogues. However, I was not looking for reactions to my callings but only a hallucinogen so as to bring them down behind the castles of Oblivion which I besieged with my sling.**

**I did so without delay. I talked to my little friend Jeremy who is loyal like a dog.**

**The leader Saturn was absent from my Olympian house during those two days of rest.**

**Rea was absent too since they had long drifted apart.**

**My Amaltheia was sepulchral. Desperate to rise again, yearning for her Milk, like a sapling with delicate roots ready to break by intruders which rides the caresses of the Bright Sun and the Pure Poseidon as the only lifesaver in order to refute the reasonable and set up the exception to the rule.**

**The dark grass like a ghost on the face of Jeremy, his locks with the colour of the wheat and an archaic ribbon reminding of the ornamental ones of the Master of Music, his eyes sparkling with the shade and honour of the Corinthian Gulf and his ears worthy of a Pan...**

**A numinous Uriel who combined the fracture and the union of the human core's atoms, for the understanding of the Circle and the Idea.**

**It desired to play the lyre to the Lark of my pants, so as every inch of me could listen carefully to that cord, like a special Being that demanded respect and paganism.**

**I told him to sit on the chair so as his true nature could be seen from my forehead.**

**I turned on the radio and out came melodies. I was looking for complicity. To me it was inconceivable for a lyre to exist without a symphonic orchestra.**

**I immediately embezzled his cloaks for I was a cat from starvation milk for forty days and every night.**

**But my soul's heat turned the famine into thirst and me into a dog that wanted to be nurtured from every inch, to show the traveler the affection that came after the coming of many Saturns on the Island.**

**The rings of his feet were the beginning... So refined and polishing like a table full of dirt, dehydrated and ready for a new celebration.**

**My face transformed into a white flag when my tongue conversed with the thick toe of his right foot to invent the proper measures. If with sparkles I had desired it then it would have waved and acquired irrational and unrealistic folds.**

**It did not take long for my tongue to move the measure to the left. It always had a great sensitivity for the left-footed.**

**The Right corner expresses the greatness of the measures and the soul of Bismarck's army. The Left always proves the exception to the rule:**

**a) that we can be led to the same result if we follow myriads of different ways which many of us handle and b) that anyone can reach the circle's beginning starting from the end with the same interaction that he could have if he kissed the unit to give an orgasm at the end of the g spot.**

**Fibula, calf, knee, thigh bone of the fate...**

**Bus stations with a co-operative beginning... Terracotta legs of a debauchery colossus...**

**He was feeling the torch for the elevator and the flame. I had a covert dream: the recreation of one of the seven wonders of the Ancient World so as my father, who as I have mentioned was on holidays, would be defeated.**

**But Jeremy had dreams too: the experience of a miracle that he had acted.**

**If you cannot be transformed into a Commodus in this life you take his part and with temporary success you detain the applause from the invisible audience that surrounds you with the curtains of the room and silent testimony.**

**I invited him to make my bed, ornate with numerous roses, our shroud.**

**He accepted it with no cause. We depicted the standing symbol of the Cancer. Our silhouettes in perfect proportion, since each of us had stood on the adapted ruler of the situations.**

**In this Dionysian celebration, Bacchus and Satire were altered in the complex of Kronide and Ganymede. An illustration not from Paros but from hide and of sweat; not like a cenotaph at all.**

**My mouth became a kidney to process every flavour which differentiates her appearance into bitter chocolate or Andalusian water, cloth and toxins when the body weakens.**

**On his spear I was seeking, like Pentheus, to become a Columbus of what I could not do or to make mine whatever it was that I scorned. A small story of an initiate, who was not tested in his retrogression, was hidden in every side of it. My tongue became a volleyball racquet which pushed the bullets towards an unknown rival with the blinds of a supply teacher.**

**Unfortunately, their place on the north quarter's infinite spots was weak. According to Physics, there is a specific spot depending on the human abilities towards which a sphere can be thrown. But does reproduction have life? Does anyone know the deeper meaning of these balloons? The wheels of their surface were enough.**

**Needless to say that in every initiative of mine taken in my own spaceship he had responded, following the beginning of imitation which is the most essential in life.**

**Even cars reproduce the human figure. Another notice showing that man through technology can make it human but at the same time his god. Who has not been awestruck when seeing their eyes-lights and their sharp teeth? The repetition of the Four-feet Era with that of the Four-wheel Version.**

**Perhaps I wanted my tongue to be Tangential with the Unknown's Past and to take part in the Story of the Universe which at the moment is weak.**

**My life's shell approached my ear so as I can hear it and communicate with its elimination code. When you cannot win your faceless enemy, try to find a picture of him or having your imagination as your shotgun find a model to surrender to him. It is essential to design our rivals, even the ones that do not exist, so as not to be led to self-destruction. In an alternative case we make our moonless self the enemy and we thrash him at the Catalaunian Fields to ensure the empire of the Shining One.**

**The time has come for me to taste the game in all its dimensions and through the relic of my mind to condemn it to impalement. After all, the Bastille is the body of the mind and Marathon's tomb for the soul. The dictations push the mind to complex conformities that sometimes have ways of revenge.**

**I was observing as a Neutral supervisor in the Third dimension what was happening above the operating table while the kerykeion of Hermes made me numb and my body was becoming the Velouhiotis of my thoughts. That could not have been me. Maybe a Pausanias-wanderer. The core of yourself has become spiritual in such Druid rituals. You become something else. Perhaps a shapeless mass of iron or a trapped astronaut in a black hole that instead of swallowing it, it lures you into her own depths.**

**For me it was the second choice. My tongue read the New Translation of the decomposition of food. The sign of prices, a traitor. While I was spitting on it on the scales of this aperture, it was descending without ever separating from it. It had the place of honour because it was the street's wise one and knew many**

languages like diving, victory, the linear script, the pencil sharpener, the tear and the caress.

I was a Rodin in this hole and a great wonder for what I could not ever do to myself due to lack of flexibility-unless I was a faqir- I did it to Jeremy. I was wondering while I was carrying out my work whether we do to others what we can not do to ourselves. In a different case I believe that we will preserve these privileges exclusively for our “ego”.

I saw on Jeremy’s left thigh-as much as my occupation with my ascetic work was allowed- an Indian prince with a feminine without weights, a scene of intercourse taken from Kama Sutra: a racist book, I wondered, about homosexuality.

Nowhere any enactments of men or women at their wedding’s Netherlands. A textbook of social agreements, after all. However, it leaves imagination free to fly for all of us since we do not confine ourselves to the suggestion that only our solar system is inferior to us: our verbal! It is not possible to explore any more.

The thing that lightened my relationship with him was “give-and-take”. Both being Libra without weights and chains, without Trial like a crown on our heads or Punishment with her lame leg chasing us for a crime so anonymous trying to arrest us. In this union, both I and he were not on the side of any sexual, spiritual and moral category or even ontogenetic... This word was to us the X factor. We were like the amoebae which had multiplied on their own... The thoughts or the actions were as many as the beings...

<<Proteus of love>> he used to call me and me, <<Aeolus of the sea>>.

These delegations of duties brought, as far as he was concerned, howls of wolves and as for me some money in my mouth, paper coins of no value and secondarily gigantic, a light of his expressed vitality. I saved her like my soul, until my will was broken and I returned the change that equal the ones of less value to end with those of major, so as the eagerness would gradually become enormous.

My mouth like a moneybox with expiration date, like a shooting star that smites the Adriatic Sea or a teenage love with doubtful duration (but always a teenage love)...

After this diffusion of mutuality, Jeremy rose and due to the obvious dictate of society, transformed with his fins into something totally different from what he was in bed before.

**Dream Book:** The delight of crabs will bring a strong share-out.

“I have to kiss my girlfriend on the Eiffel Tower”, he said with an apologetic tone and without even looking at me as he was ready for that hastened departure, like Socrates. Or perhaps because he felt so guilty for what had happened before. From iambus to elegiac poetry...

He chose the Eiffel Tower instead of the one our bodies had created; even though destructive so as to give the impression of unstable and vulnerable to the Mongolian incursions of social comments that give a reproof for the divergent way of racial action or because he likes to fight the manuscript with masks... The besieging Goths at my Rome... But no invader will take my Rome away. I built it and I will ruin it. In her there is Birth, Fall and Greatness. Seven hills which are the Light of my life. Only if I had seven males and seven females I

would send them to the Labyrinth for the Minotaur of Hell to devour them as dessert.

Till then I am vigilant and I protect.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 10

Damien Adaleux to Jeremy Cloix

5-9-1997, Paris

Dear Jeremy,

Tonight at sunset, no cheerful Saint with gifts and reindeer knocked on my door. It was Gerard.

His silk shirt became a symmetrical treble clef with his short, thin, anorexic body which seemed to have been in cryonics. He was a student of Pastoral Theology. He used to fast quite often.

The son of a Hecatonchir, businessman and dear friend. His beady, emerald eyes reminded me of a few sayings about the magical characteristics of the stone when it is worn.

If I had invaded his territory I would have been enlightened and I would have obtained his wealth. It is an ecstatic feeling when the crinolines are tainted. I imagined Yggdrasill's roots reaching the core of the earth and my inner weak determination. A Samson from Trapezounta with no blood.

All these have not been inscribed so as you can feel the injustice coming from the loss of the first prize. Do not make an expostulation about all the recent losses but imitate the life of a prodigal Augustine.

He asked to be baptized in a steam bath which was made by my father, who is the first minister of the country so as I can live an easy life. Luxury is always the best weapon for the reiteration of intrigue.

"Ask and you will be given!" a gipsy once told me. I could not resist this saying's power and consented to it without a fox's thought.

He put his diplomas outside my Turkish bath and he entered, like his soul, with a pelican's towel.

I was watching my prey like a raven from the system that had been installed in my office which was connected to cameras inside and outside of the Turkish bath and described the movement of the moment in way so firm like Nevada's rocks. His chest's muscles were parallel lives, like the perfectly set fields of Thessaly where I was on holidays for a few weeks last summer...

The paralysis of his nerves from the steam and the high temperature which reached the borderline of faint was the last of Pandora's gifts and the urge for an unexpected experience. I saw with relief his eyes that were half closed and full of sweat he was breathing with great difficulty. He was between Sleep and Death. I had to take the opportunity and like a Naked Fool I would make his white towel like the universe.

I quickly descended the stairs that led from my office to the place where The Painter of Death was making the urn-like sea-gulls.

I found myself in front of the Gate of the steam bath with the ten glass tiles that were separated from the oak ones, like I have imagined the Gates of Heaven. The keys were on the door alone and neglected. I became their concupiscent godfather. I was going to be a Roman Catholic priest in this ritual with the blissful water stemming from me and going on the prodigal saint so as he could be transformed into a prodigal impious in speech and deeds...

Any hesitation would be a retractable interrelation. With a silent push the door cracked a little and I appeared in front of one of my inexperienced students.

He had his birthday in September like the queen Virgin. I decided to change his date of transpiration. His sugarcane-like face was like Lucy's whom I deeply desired when she was miles away from me.

She was working for her newspaper with the acknowledgement of undiluted wine but also with devious sparks of resistance and protest that had not been expressed because the eye above the pyramid was not insignificant but had been loved in the rubies. She was sent to Londinium to cover the funeral of the kind-hearted princess.

My substitute was finally found. His rosy cheeks meant not only health but also modesty. That is why I wanted him to have been painted in citrus. His poppy-like braids were like Lucy's but coming from the sun. He had the courtesy of a Wise Lion with a royal purple. He lacked the scepter and I was addicted to covering the needs of people who had eclipses or gaps so as a content could be given to the parts of the New Testament that were not offered to those who were not at the slaughter houses.

I closed the door in the same way I had opened it without him understanding a thing. As it is common in the kingdom of toads the tongue flies so quickly towards the appetizer-insect that it never felt the Gorgo until it was too late.

I sat next to him at the same "table". That towel was the Iron Virginité that had to be translated into a fraction with him being the denominator and a lowest common multiple in desire's collaborations.

With my robust hand I was imprisoning the keys and with my left one I was touching him on the knee up to his Mediterranean pelvis.

In this exploration the silkworm should have met with a plug so as the blackout caused by my soul's lust which gave its extension to the half lit steam bath could have had partial power supply like Albania. The generators belong to the gods; not the mortals.

Pretty soon sparks had dashed from his wire and he made the mistake of his mine from his February Olympics.

**My first plan failed before it had the chance to flourish. I had to put my back up plan in action.**

**His empty photocopy became a flag on my Doric head. A halo of truth... His statuesque bearing was in a butterfly position. I was attracted by his funnel, like the magnetic compass attracts the iron filings.**

**At that moment I tried to approach his belly's Oracle of Delphi for his Ideas and his Prophecies to spring up. My wire was in athletics with obstacles. It is not in the plug it belongs to, but in a similar one. Who said that the path to Virtue has not been sown with malodorous and bloody echini that have bloomed? His hair became the shackles of his hands. Who said that under unknown circumstances our strength cannot be our greatest weakness? His mouth kissed the beggar's hand like a proper silencer. My torpedo rekindled his wanted senses. He seemed to have accepted the accomplished fact. He sucked my thumb like a toddler but not his creeks. He was trying to return to the beginning of the birth.**

**The tear and life exactly like miscarriage. I cried inside of him and with the key like a blade, indifferent to the amnesty of his life imprisoned hands, his hair was weakened...**

**He faced the severance of the experience in my house and at school. I have always been a personification of it. Everyone has the delusion that someday they will store it but nobody realizes that Heaven has sloughed us off and that we desire to celebrate the Restoration of the father by committing adultery with the Earth.**

**He did not dare to look me with his own eyes. I had done the same.**

**He was shaking like a whale that had gone astray, waiting for her return to half life. In the end, death is also breath. This is what a beggar once claimed and everyone had noticed "props" in his speech. Thus, I can handle this saying to be considered a god too... Usurpation of authority...**

**I gave him the keys so as to tempt him to unfold in the Gates of Hell.**

**To conclude, whether somebody will go to Hell or Heaven will be determined by the way he handled the crucial moments of his life and by expiation.**

**I opened widely the Steam bath's door and I did not look back nor closed the door.**

**Never has a closed door behind u been locked.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 20**

**Damien Adaleux to Jeremy Cloix**

**15-9-1997, Paris**

**Dear Jeremy,**

**Like Pluto, I am expecting Lucy rabidly even though I am aware of her devotion to her Mother-Work since March.**

**They say that when the cat is absent then the friendship of men dances a waltz. Nobody can agree more than me.**

**I invited three old friends to celebrate my birthday.**

**Tony, George, Jean and me, sitting at the four chairs of a table, were splitting the portion of hashish so as to pretend we were Pythia. The hypocrites for an ancient Greek comedy must always be four.**

**Tony was inconsolable for his unjustly lost girlfriend, when the airplane she had on was flying like Icarus to decorate the sea of Middle Earth...**

**On the other hand, Jean had broken up with his girlfriend because she caught him in bed lost in the webs of "Kirki".**

**George was in no mood to tell us anything of value.**

**When you have friends you are obliged to tell them every little exclamation mark of the unseen side of the moon, like a simple soldier does with his captain.**

**I suggested they stigmatize themselves with the suit of the burnt pines. They accepted it without their cheeks to swell or become red.**

**On the sofas in the living room I had carnival and feminine ornaments, fabrics, masks and stuffing to give a sense of bulge, all scattered like offering stones at Etruria's altars which you expose for the dangers like a sign of piety but you also avoid them.**

**I succeeded Seine's flow. We were comfortable with our new clothes, like a poor man who wins billions in lottery and adjusts to the new facts so all this cannot be seen as the beginning of Luck and expectations or not to expose his humble origin to his new caste.**

**In the Room of Mirrors George's lips were pale and Toni's cheeks with Jean's eyes were coloured. I was merely the lowest common denominator of his fake eyelashes.**

**Urged by our corrupted bliss, the omen of the Kozaks was deified in our palate after it had sexual intercourse with that of Champagne. We wanted to spread the news about the orgiastic ceremony from the West to Zagreus's East.**

**A certain quantity of liquid flora and fauna gushed from the floor of the Parthians at George's constitutional diverse units and became visible as a reactor by an amazed me.**

**This rare stellar phenomenon had to be made into a film.**

**A Marseille kiss should be given to George by Toni. His first reaction was repulsive.**

**"Are u a turkey, French kid?" I asked him and he said he had never felt that way...**

**"Traditional grammar has strict rules". Whatever applies has to be accepted even by one of them. I filmed, Jeremy, the decadent idea of his obedience, as a gift for your forthcoming birthday.**

Tony was on the ground after all this, bursting into laughter. On his knees on Aladdin's carpet, he prayed to his God and his head along with those of Jean and George had been incarnated into an Argo of the Symplegades. "It is time to pray in a different language" I told him begging.

His head was a bisector in a triangle of skirts, undecided about which hand grenade to disarm before he is eliminated. A vague mass of drapery barely indicated the vehicle's directions. The Jurassic Stones were covered in his mouth and thus he was transformed into a Golden Horn. The dovecote did not misbehave. Bad omens from the Olympian gods. Slates of mosaic with Sarlo's gulf in the prehistory of trial.

In a little while their Caspian Sea would gush and the dove like a Cherub would be promoted to an unknown cloud.

But for Toni, this ultimate contact was not orgasmic.

Those Titanian Stones, now sealed, had two craters and were surrounded by bear's skin. It is like a hundred devious horses have gathered to the zero point and rolling they emerge with the greatest power.

George and Jean with their soul's half closed mirrors magnified their ego, identifying Hyperion in each other.

However, it seemed like their mouths were an opposing Pile of Hermes. One was offering the other oxygen and love. It was then that I remembered love is the oxygen of life, which when exhaled to your other half, becomes carbon dioxide. All this reminded me of a conjuring trick of the adolescence: the girl that disappears in her vertical coffin along with the knives.

I admit that I was always curious to see what is hidden under a dress. All the more so now that I had two in front of me.

The dove emerging from the earth, whiter than ever, was swallowing the rim with its archaic, holy smile like a game of a safe life.

With a deer's flexibility, Toni bowed in front of the sofa and invited the devastated Jean to come into the turbulent doll's house where George, who was closest to him, had cut the silk and thus had exposed the roof. Also he poured citrus juice on him so as his lazy dust could barely sleep. He rubbed him with a sponge so as a series of plastic dolls parading in front of the precursor of Virgin Mary's icon would have Ptolemaic hospitality.

"I am ready to welcome him!" said Toni the host, who wanted to celebrate his friend's birthday with the proper Laurentian way.

With his entrance into the middle aisle, Jean wanted to place the bread and wine on his friend's Altar. His deacon thing even though bent, was risen and the congregation could feel the earthquake of his respect from the pillars of the side aisles. Till then those who were not deacons could not be in the Altar. But if the others are guinea-pigs and you the scientist who experiments then the first time can never be the last one. The way to Holy Communion demands Gargantua's persistence. And he was also forced to float from the area where women sit.

A few pillars were stopping him with mud so as he could not reach the car's wheel and people were throwing him Gedrosian paint so as to blame him for a crime. Jean had found a supporter in Toni who helped with the constant attacks

of the enemies. There could be a tearing of his clothes and the amulet could be holy in the Altar. The subject is always the erotic desire.

Tony as a cognate object and George as a second subject gave him a flute to play a melancholy rhythm while Jean having the ideal equilibrium was stirring it inside his doll's house.

He ended though in a testosterone acme on billy goats skin, playing a paean in pastoral note like Attila before his bow was broken.

The defender of "passive resistance" and I of the dictum "an eye for an eye".

There were the tones, the semitones and the intonations that always supplied the voids of his psychological stave. Perhaps this arrow symbolized the help of Father Ares whose, as a member of the Salian order, I was a careful caretaker since it was separated from the Earth and Uranus.

I and he were both malleable kouroi, illegitimate and renounced.

Claudius once ordered Messalina to be executed. Thankfully not in my usurping case.

Jeremy you know that I was not born in Paris since my father was at the 45<sup>th</sup> parallel as an ambassador for many years.

For my opium and my Swiss love army I demand a cheque from my father. When this is not enough I threaten him with the publication of past mistakes. This letter would be ecclesiastical for his political career.

I may not be Phoebus but I have the inclination to transform into a villainous Hercules. I do not know my real father... The poppies, the grassy paper candles, the swollen bosom or the farm's dogs?

Whoever Pindos will stand on my Egnatia way, I will pretend to be Hades inside Pluto. I commit this hubris to provoke Deism.

After this interfering sentence let us move to our original one.

Toni's mouth was in the end a fountain of swans that made George quit.

After this Victorian change order was given to objectify the subject of the sentence.

Calmness and spin...

Bliss of two categories into one, like a myrtle into a laurel wreath.

My opinion about an indent in Jean's waist was a leash that through its opening made him retire.

The return of a hypnotized man to life. I read the truth that had been stolen from him.

I presume that the truth is for everyone something to have forever. I will not say whether Joan of Arc was listening to voices of ambrosia or her own self or whatever Nature dictates. I am a friend of the material. Not of Hypatia... It is vain to pretend being something you are not. Oxygen becomes water when it has intercourse with the hydrogen.

Every human quiver is a heterogeneous substance that contains a code of numbers that has to be memorized as to steal the other's treasure when the

moment is right. For the most profitable union or that with the least results as negative, the proper combination must come from you.

I am a hog which loves to indulge into the gutter of immorality. I believe that you must help your friends and return your enemies like a string of beads back to myspace. I have no doubt about my virtues but I do not ask for someone to be in a position to defame my omnipotence...

A dove whispered in my ear that you were seen in London with my hereditary Juliette. I though I was once a Patroclus- lover...

Whoever pretends to be a Paris with my Helen then I will become his Menelaus:

a) for he is not only mine and b) for whoever trespasses her is a Trojan.

Jeremy, I never threaten anyone so as he never has a lead in my wishes and my actions. My scorpion's tail reaches the ground with no notice and with the Leukothoe that I will be wearing I will break all the doors to find you. If from my Diabolical Primacy you see her again then you will not have the right to sin anymore.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 30

Damien Adaleux to George Labrouille

1-10-1997, Paris

Dear George,

The other day I had a nice evening surprise for my tunics that were not detached from my skin: from the solitaire they were laying on the table for reasons of balance with the old pest of the American usury.

I made a deal with a model agency for a temporary buying and selling. "Eastern Europe at the gates" was its title.

I always looked at other people's bodies as being services on which you satisfy every gastronomic pleasure. It is not pointless to take advantage of the other's indisposition. Our putrid soul and our damaged tastes by the star of dog become an arrow on the girls' pears.

Anorexic due to marijuana abuse and thus ready to succumb with scruple to the maximum number of clients. Many of them keep the torch in an Olympics film of strawberry garlic.

The bell chimed and out of the church there came a little, skinny, untrained, black girl... For breakfast she had a heroin injection. We would be the main course: the triumvirate that was made after the assassination of Julius.

**On her face you could see the fear of uncertainty. She would allow the army of Mohamed to enter her Saint Sofia...**

**It seems she knew that if we had sent her to the Lake Aherusia she would not have been looked for. She did not have any belongings, name or identity... Another immigrant who entered the country illegally. A woodcock in decay and I the unpunished angry hunter, the son of a wealthy man for the tour inside the palace of Queen Christine, Lucy and Jeremy.**

**I ordered her to take off her clothes. Pointless for someone to reach the onion's core.**

**She lay on a mattress at the centre of the living room.**

**Jean was looking to get mother's milk from her nipples that an antelope with overexcitement has when she notices the hyena in the jungle. The way of manipulation was like the Discovery of America. His father stood like Zeus and nourished him inside the head. Another photocell prayer from the lamp's jinn.**

**Like him, I was loyal to the spirit's domination.**

**Toni and I were licking her lips that were deformed like brain's cancer cells...**

**A sculptor must have no home. The truth should have been enacted with our tongue which is a more exact chisel so as the idea of Hedonism could have been shaped.**

**The introduction of the Babel of languages was done and was asking from our pickaxe the alphabet, the Latin one, the English, the French, the Russian and the Runes or the multiplication table reversed or rational.**

**Aristocratic patent from parental teaching. Children of the High Society... After all, language has always a use of variety. It will depend on your style whether you will follow the historical-comparing grammar, the traditional, the structural or the genetic-transforming one. The lessons of language are the most important so as not to seem like you have the disease of love's illiteracy. It is not enough anymore to want somebody. The Cyrillic will change its meaning according to its surrounding and with which word, morpheme, phoneme it will be lined. The proper articulation and utterance can play an important role like the ironic tone or the judicial, the pretentious or the rhetorical one at the wheels of Pelops' carriage. After all, people speak an Esperanto that has been disguised at the infinite levels of the mirror: "Interest is above all".**

**We were looking for the node of our linguistic bombarding to explode at Aphrodite's mountains. Light floods, visitors of our Anglosaxonic that united at some point...**

**The common cause can bring together old enemies... All the more so, friends...**

**She was not wearing a red cap, disorientated in Amazon with the moon as her crown. Something else was double and had to be covered at the scrub so as she could be accepted at his grandmother's house before she gets devoured by the bad wolf...**

**The role of the victim is not a process I enjoy but it has always come before Orion.**

She had exposed herself in an extra terrestrial, formless mass of hedonistic aura and that caused a repulsive inclination towards love.

Toni came from the narthex into her building which was like a Basilica and I from an arcaded window like an unknown thief.

“I won, Solomon!” Jean was shouting towards the patio, watching a fountain from the dome on which the inscription:

“NIPSONANOMIMATAMIMONANOPSIN” was written. It means “wash away your sins and not only your face”. Four big pillars supported that building that was followed by pairs, with our hands as arcs and our bones as columns. Half-circled alcoves were our donkey bottoms. The unseen, dead spectators were curved aisles and for chant there were the quadrants that carried parts of dome on the secondary columns of the external masonry. Our fingers became dome’s neurons from time to time so as windows of forty ideas inside the temple could shed broad light and its straight marble complexion could be exposed. The pillars full of humidity. The mosaic detached due to illegal antique trading. Parts of glass on the dome’s windows. On the Altar numerous priests were celebrating mass even though they came from all kinds of creed. A comparative sexual religion.

In a previous life we were three Knights Hospitaller and whoever female aura we desired on the way from the Liberated Jerusalem we could forge her with no hesitation.

Luck in this life like a true light and leader in a progressive decay thinking that the one column would roll on the other and collide.

The earthquakes caused irreparable damage to the Building of the Olive and the pillars we owned followed a right turn or a circular one but rarely a boustrophedon...

The little Romanian girl was playing a Middle Age catholic song with Jean’s harmonica in her mouth, though I would prefer the song of the Nibelungen.

Izalde in continents far away from us and I like Tristan found fairytales in a pale, like citrus fruits, incompatible body. Yellow will always amortize next to the street’s pitch.

I was sprinkling the Rodan of her back with myrrh to make her holy and become hallowed myself. Now there would be a double game.

There was a rope abandoned on the ground. I had tied her hands behind her back with it.

She resisted but my friends proved to be my Varangs in my deadly actions.

Her sweat from Tropic of Cancer became an Arctic one. You could see a lamb in her eyes that wanted to breathe before it died begging for the governor’s grace. She knew though that this game was a roulette of death and life.

This degenerate fountain of divine death demanded our heavenly blood and an Iphigenia to be sacrificed.

I lit a cigarette while Toni and Jean continued their replenishment and I stubbed it out on the tattoo of her breathless pelvis and she, like a pandora, began to writhe.

However, Jean gave her cream flavoured ice-cream and she swallowed it at once leaving the cherry intact. Toni left like the sand from the sea wave.

I smothered her like Desdemona with an unfriendly rope. She accepted her torture with no melodrama or pity but patiently. Dignified Austrian Queen who was lost to remind me that she could never be like my Lucy.

I always filmed my worst vices...

A golden medal at right's trapshooting. The bronze ones are for the others.

Her body still, like her soul. Why having body skin when your soul has quit? With a diamond under her tongue she realized the true meaning of life. I signed my duplicate with a Papist seal and the two of them carried her dead body in a trash bag to Toni's car and buried her in a place outside Paris with the new moon.

We rich urban children, no matter how devious crimes we commit, we have the right connections so nobody can rule us for laws are made by the gods to manipulate the dead. The Spider of Justice pours her venom on the children of the poor and traps them in her webs.

The tickets are for the others.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 40

Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin

30-10-1997, Paris

Dear Lucy,

With this letter I also send you a tape with an one-act play of mutual understanding that was filmed in the Room of mirrors with a fake camera between me and Jeremy.

This is the monkey that jumped from branch to branch to escape my heart's pulse.

He is an amphibious at the identical stars that I am too. Make sure you send him the image of his eye to the stellar brother of the bear to stress that I am his authentic friend. By becoming your friend you will not buy him any field.

I get mad with the idea that another man apart from me approaches you.

If you do not give me water and earth I will ruin your life.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 41

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

**4-11-1997, Paris**

**Dear Damien,**

**In this letter you will find a box of love but not from water and earth.**

**I am sending you my excrements and my urine to sanctify them. Only these two can embellish you and no superior law.**

**I am telling you now that I am pregnant with your child so as you will take your responsibilities.**

**I will not apologise to your lemon forest's newspapers for you having not taken the precautions found at kiosks.**

**Headline: "The son of the Prime Minister has blighted an immature schoolgirl with his seed".**

**I demand that you tell me what to do.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## LETTER 42

**Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin**

**8-11-1997, Paris**

**Dear Lucy,**

**Innocent, carnivorous night flower, it's not as if we have raped you.**

**You were enchanted by the striated muscles of my belly (that only meanders offer to the vases), my height and the thickness which made the veteran and incomparable beauty overwhelming with the firm image of the oscillatory light.**

**"Narcissus!" you were often calling me in your neologisms. I am still waiting for Paris to kidnap me and dash me to Ilion's walls.**

**I do not recognize this child. Do the abortion that your womb did not do for you. Especially, since I learnt that recently a Bull took you on his back and travelled you to your pleasure's field.**

**I pity you and I do not want to see you ever again. You are a burden of asbestos that I wish to assimilate with the secret of the Indian Dike.**

**Cut your veins and find a hayof ha-kantes to confess it to, you that are transferred to a psychiatric institution by a therapist... The child will be schizophrenic like you...**

**Learn that your father was dressed as a Nyriad every night. He may have given me wealth and fortune to pity you but he will not be spared by my glove.**

**One night of a metaphysical year I offered him food in my limousine. His gurgling body with his muscles like deflated balloons, an unevenness of tears and laughter. The ultimate humiliation of the old age. Compliments and repulsion.**

**They say that old people inspire respect. I say that this is not something that you earn due to age. You were born with this and you die slowly with this.**

**He was asking like an anemone for the freshness of our firm bodies in exchange for many fields in the countryside.**

**Make your decision that the wedding from the Apennines has been excluded. Its derivatives are welcomed in plural.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 45**

**Lucy Sanguin to Marie Clermont**

**17-11-1997, Paris**

**Dear Marie,**

**It is not that easy to manipulate Damien. My previous letters about committing suicide did not touch him at all.**

**The secret that only Damien knows about is ready to be revealed to you: when I was nine years old my cousin, like Acteon, committed a sacrilege to the temple of Ephesus.**

**Thankfully, my father is not aware of this as he is not of the baby. I will follow the way of Kronos with Rhea's belly. Damien will give the money and my mother will provide the method for killing the baby.**

**What will society say? That I will live in Hades where I am floating?**

**My father is the Leader of the Swarm. If he finds out what is going on, I will be "imprisoned" for forty days which means that I will not be able to leave my room and only get an invitation for breakfast, lunch and dinner. How could my poor minded, earthly God know that as much underwear as he notes every five years the same amount of lovers is deleted?**

**Damien was equal to Nijinsky in bed and a golden Olympic champion in any kind of sports: from volleyball to horse riding, from long jump to butterfly, from tennis to weight lifting.**

**His forehead ornamented by sugar beet and arctic conium. I was flattered by the eyes of the Chinese and by the contractions at the Donation of the Completed Mass. The body that remoulded me was the Oak tree of my Agnosticism made by Limestone and Granite...**

**Every time he was suppressed, he was threatening me at the Corner that he would reveal to my Judge that I was an Aspasia of luxury.**

**Damien, the Pittakos of Elikon and of the Crystalline Fountain in New Rome, will become the Re-creator of the Garden of Earthly Pleasures since he will study art and acrylic design in a School of Arts. He insists to separate our tongues in the final hour. Thus, we have a common code of ideas.**

**Even our mothers were colleagues in Sorbonne. I am his feminine litigant and he is my masculine one. He does whatever I cannot do and I will imitate eclipse's march. We are the ancient two-headed animal. Thank God for the separation between the active and the passive because now we can enjoy the same amount of hot and cold, healthy and sick, good and evil...**

**Thus, the chance of meeting several sides of the same creature is born. I believe he will be worthy of the name of his own Father. Till his last breath... For this reason he will remain Untouched and Blessed...**

**I imagine that his trinitarian number should be on his head and all nations should adore him.**

**I, the Apotheosis of Beauty and not the Jews' calf head...**

**My men are vulgar but as long as they are useful, amusing and kind I can tolerate them. When I cannot see the image at least I remember every man's odour either because I will deny the chrysanthemum in the vases or because I must have the comparison with the best flowers. Every hierophant's sperm is different in cooking.**

**My fortune has not yet been set by any man, maybe because I have annihilated it. It is more than certain with a geometric progression that I will find the man of my hopes so as to quickly wrap him around my flag's pole.**

**And when I devour him I will swallow solid sugilite and hydrochloric acid so as after Jonah's three-day death I can get him out of my stomach and he will know that he would have been happier if we had not embrace each other. I hold their misery's cane with no medal of racism. I have known the Treasury of the nations as a keeper of sexual experiences. I like filming them when I adopt their children at the unsigned gallows.**

**I would compare my father to Lot who satisfies all my whims in the middle of the night and as a swan comes inside me so as I can pretend to be Leda and he can hope for Dioscuri and Helen to be born. Every night that a love letter knocks on my window I want Gyge's ring to hang around my partner's neck so as I can make him invisible and lost in the shadows of the past. I pierce my fabric dolls with pine needles, imagining I eliminate Kandavlis and I escape the insult.**

**Yours,**

Lucy Sanguin

## LETTER 50

Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin

6-1-1998, Paris

Dear Lucy,

Only because I have a Saracen's right ear does not mean I am Horatio Nelson or that I have the Turkish flag on my head and my left ear is a pirate one.

I am an amphibious reptile so as to be able to be saved in Armageddon time by eating the forest's carcasses. I am Wallace, Cagliostro of the legionnaire, since nothing can stop me, neither Hannibal the Carthaginian general.

When you have a relationship with someone in obscurity, till you break up with your fiancés for good, I pore over your ischemic malady. Penelope, having no word over the final choice of your own web!

Once more I will emancipate in Amaltheia itself since I have been holding my hat in my hands for a long time with great strength.

It is a set of laws about nature so as you end like Simeon the Stylite.

Like Cassandra, I will tell you your fate by looking at your left palm. Now though, I will tell you about the past.

Jeremy's parents found him hanged on his bedroom's lighted fig tree. I and two others sneaked into his room as accomplices. He had surrendered to Bella Dona's arms and to invent Prometheus's box he had been paralyzed with chloroform by us. A rope around the neck and through the chandelier he had been led to the gallows.

Here is Judas the Innovator...

Are you sure that the real cause of Judas's death was suicide?

Poor him! He thought I would spare him because he always was as sweet as a chocolate cake and wise... He crashed on his calculations and, like Titanic, sank in two stages.

Not even one of his admirals saw me at his tower. The calculation of my moves can be compared to the hands of the clock...

The Fullness of Cronus has come, Lucy. A red carpet from achates had been laid for him by Beel and Zeboul... Do not worry... One day my turn to succeed to this will come... We have some time until the Day of Judgment...

After all, out of sight, out of mind... I hope this revelation has caused your soul a little crack. I know that you will tell my story and my confession with a gag... Be careful lest you lose your court shoe and the Wolf keeps it... Unless he appears as a Charming Prince every time his hair is messy.

I know many secrets about your family and your legendary...

For example, your brother came this morning to give me a picture of yours that had been taken at the Land of the Basques.

Oh! You cannot remember the Land of the Basques? For all France to listen to your news I am thinking of putting a common battery in your radio.

For whoever is unaware of it, I will put it as a fashion model: she is a club that does group and extrovert activities.

Your brother had the kindness of a Habsburg and quickly informed me about your childish fault after he had traced it in the bag of your electronic mind...

Many hated Ephialtes, but none of my friends hated your picture!

A clear archaic complex... You and the boys' V in positions of awe. Who said that different images cannot be expressed in language? Your body is a dirt road without potholes. You formed the implication of victory on your tongue and three more around you.

Pierre did not demonstrate his sting only for the vowels and the pressure you exerted on him due to High school exams but also because my undying figure from you is more appealing. I confess that I am corrupted by flattery. He recently keystroke number thirteen. I regret not having met you at the same age.

Your little brother lost your Adolescence's April. Your tufted hair and your make up reminded of a Sophoclean tragedy, the rocky, sad vibration of yours that makes the primula wilt...

I ordered him to fall on all fours like a panther and since he is a koala to obey to his mother's affection.

I kneaded his bended stick and made it a ruler. Using my mouth and my wavy hands I taught him, like Goya, the sequence without a smooth or rough breathing in the well of his labial letters. I wrapped a Galenus's glove around my ruler so as to diagnose the child's epidemic. I was shaking thinking of that Industrial Mayday well and how it gave fleas to the rats from Bengal. But when you have sexual intercourse with your worst fear then you gradually begin to overcome it. The blackboard of his morals was smaller than expected while my finger was making circles with the chalk.

My other hand grabbed his little blackberries that were bustling with life so as for me to end up by his small, floating piece of wood and elongate his life which had been on sales by others. This could be achieved only by a Saman or a god with automatic moves.

I decided to take it in my teeth like a knife, as a special marine at the Black Forrest. I played "Dies Irae" with my flute and I had signed a revocation at the decree of Nantes.

Something for the new generations to imitate and a note for the invention of my personal mythology. Your brother contributed a lot to my posthumous fame but showed little strength while dealing with the forger...

"Deus ex machina". My drops made hospital flowers to bloom on the little piece of wood and the scar came on the grass of my sin.

He surrendered to his self's cannibalism and with his soul like a machine the carpet had been cleaned like a gum and like a cat acts every time she senses the original sin.

The love towards children is divine. An idea of the Ancient Greeks; not mine. A Neo-Greek without a flag, loyal to the holy matrimony of Almighty Christ, founding the New Church of lust. Your brother was the first of my followers at my catacomb.

However, every religion demands saints and tortures. Your little brother felt slaps on his tight cheeks and on his tied mouth landed the missile of coagulation. At the strawberries of the crack of Dawn, my ice-cream was drawn on the surface. It would have been more nutritious with all these proteins. Like a leech though, it absorbed all his blood, even though he held his position with great difficulty. I became a tracker at his Aheloos's banks but I had been there before as a mutant canoeist.

He left during lunch since you had burnt pork with sweet potatoes. I gave him candy for his trip and acceleration that suited him, so as the time will come when the suit I want will be given to him.

At some point we all embroider our childhood on the Tree of Oblivion. My first time on my bed was the end of the Spring and the beginning of the Summer.

Scars on her face, and the solar plexus was calling me to explore her universe, her fake hair dictated by my mother.

Their relationship was like Procne's with Philomela and in order for me to mature I had to rot like a mulberry and not like a bloom...

The mausoleum of Aelia Galla Placidia had become my publishing house renovated with collagen at my ideal Ravenna. We played man-hunting and I was trying to find the proper octave on the stretched rope so as not to fall and go up and down. The return to my previous image would mean an infinite school Conciergerie.

Failure is a word that I cannot understand. The embryos were so close to Tartarus before they were separated from the umbilical cord.

In these macabre thoughts I should claim:

“Absent”!

Her body was not electrifying at all. It looked like a gel that was deflated by overheating.

Her eighteen years working on my back with her nails as accoutrements, searching for a heel of anaemia that would give her alibi in my nectar body with lack of self-reliance and also the realization of landing to society.

I was thinking about Jeremy in a way of cooking covered up with Leonidas's carrots, cherries of beholders, a Mediterranean of refrains, lammergeyer's eggs and cage's chickens.

When you hear about few cherries, do not wait for anyone to offer them to you. Absorb them when you get the chance since Nature's Lowland has a wide hand.

With the rule of deduction the lines on her face and her round arivalloi on the breasts. With the rule of addition the reforestation of pine needles on the chin and lips.

As for the spot under her belly, I thought she was not Akasha but Anna Frank's Dutch hideout for an Eyck van painting. I had bought this from some Barons as an art merchant. My zero endowment.

My contact with a third body without an engagement ring and eternal vows repressed me to a free, troubled and bendable void.

Watercolours with a sense of Lotus winter reminding experiences of previous breaths...

With as much perceptiveness as one can have to correlate... Some call it intuition and others survival...

I call it return to Ithaca...

I and she did not have a common bundle of sticks. A farrago of questions was created while I was whipping her Saint Louis like a thunder.

Was I a matricide and did not want to admit it? Did I want to give chlorophyll to a breathless uterine spear so as to become a Chief Magistrate of the Templars' School? Did I underestimate my value by doing evil but without knowing what and which?

Her lightning conductor gave me to non-existence. Force without thought leads to clumsiness. Her body was a forty five years old, messy book and I was her queen's bookmarker of Midas.

Her husband hunting Forest Nymphs at his office all day and then exhausted from work sleeping with the mute water for "love". She was neglected like a stowaway, reading Marcel Proust's "In search of lost time" under the sleepless look of candles, trying to interpret the eerie mood of the company.

To pass her time she would go to the make up artist, to the sauna or to take care of her nails.

After my triumph at Nafpaktos she told me that she aims at strong young men with the help of yachts and limousines while Zephyr is blowing, Spring is waiting and Flora is imprisoned. Hermes with his alchemy stick cleared my mind's fog. An example for escape. Only Charites should hug me and I with my asclepian paint...

After all these, I was somebody else. Maybe Merlin.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 60

Lucy Sanguin to Marie Clermont

4-3-1998, Paris

Dear Marie,

The previous weekend my parents went to the Council of Nicaea ignoring my own Arianism.

It was a Chance from heaven to attack to the son of Mithras. Money always makes a man more satellite in the eyes of a woman as it happens with a cake made of sugar and loquat. How many people actually got married out of interest and not altruistic love? The most hedonistic of all is that your tempest cannot be interpreted if it does not get photographed at its right dimensions for the enlargement at the recipient of eugenics' hope.

I liked him since we were teenagers studying together at the Christian School of New Lorraine. During breaks, a Neoptolemus with eyes of a bat was approaching the Andromache-victim unsuccessfully. His vulgar eye was looking at my necklace considering it to be a marriage settlement but unbinding indeed. His voice was masculine in the full sense of the word.

A voice like a rough Bari that knows what it asks for and which motorway to receive it from. The men had focused on the First Holy Podium and the spirit of the seraglio had been conveyed. At school he had the unaffected fame of a womanizer. They were all drained like the oil and the egg in the pan. A Petain for the girls, a compromise with the Third Reich's active militarism.

I was playing hard to get not because I was like this but because this is the right aphrodisiac for a man. You must show your real self to the uneasy ones: the easily passable.

Antoine came through my door on Saturday night wearing a film noir coat and on his eyes he had night's glass so as I cannot see what is moving on the inside. He covered the kitchen's table with his own for the omen of a black ritual.

With the retreatism of his helmet the Keres would come after my soul. Now his silhouette was visible.

He sat on a chair giggling, with his legs in a relaxing position which was an ideal study for the students of the Refined Arts, eager to watch an erotic film. I did not ruin his abundance.

In such scenes men become spectators and pretend to be guards from the Beast of the Apocalypse. They hold their breath with difficulty while they remain still and they fight with an invincible enemy. Some have their artillery extended and others disclosed. High school x-rays for somebody to run to the Peeping Tom of the stands.

I watch men's natural reactions. It seemed his pants would explode like a bomb. I never accepted parks with a moon.

Instead of dealing with the displacement of the earth's axis I grabbed his hand as a feather and I gave his ear a chrism with my brush so as I could be aligned with his fireworks.

He took off the northern and southern hemisphere of his black coat like it was a corset of the 18<sup>th</sup> century that cries for freedom and like a cat he lied on my

living room's divan with his socks and kothurni. I lied like Eve only with my slip dress in a dead-like position. Adam stood up and went to the kitchen. He did not give me the impression of this being the end of a dying story but the beginning of a new one. I regained lazily sensitivity's six.

A tourist with a glass of champagne and a sweet candle with a roseate box. Due to clumsiness they were almost married to the earth.

My mouth became a faucet with a subsidy of reversal. Swallowing without breathing... With his tongue, he tried to make all the oxygen get saved.

Since he had not achieved much, my nipples became honeycombs. He reached the navel of my door while with three earrings he was like a shiny calendar that talked about how Delphi raced with chariots in a tango full of holes, like life. He wanted to uncover Christ's rock with his teeth. That would be possible only with my expected Resurrection and that Latin rabbit-sleeping soldier...

I bled a bit and as the aspirin sweetens the headache so did his honey. After my blood's assimilation came that of the flesh.

His head got off at the next bus station. He faltered awkwardly... The Cave of Life and the Deepest Spot of Truth... He did not want to eat my Olympian though... A gynecologist had fried him a while ago...

I had a past similar to the Titans, bound to the core of the Aloades' Earth and a future not at all fanciful with all the possible assumptions of work.

How would the earth be without water? How would Athens be without the Acropolis? How would the chess move be without the Queen?

I move like a sea-horse through life, forward and backwards, right or left in decisive borders...

Unless you are captured by the enemy or you are thrown at the garbage can... Maybe because you are not an expert anymore...

Your fears that you will not play the game with cleverness should not be barriers. Thank God I was not born a horse or a tower or a soldier. In this game the Queen is the most powerful pawn in chess and I will move my own pawns depending on my changing emotions.

“The triumph of the Agastonos Amphitrite”.

My Poseidon's beard was the dolphin and I had attached his seismic urchins, which were on my lips, on Tritons so as at the seaweed of the Province of my Life he could echo shells.

Life has laws and I make a praising interlude for them. His tongue had the direction of a brush and he was painting a caricature of Guernica on my body with the dexterity of a Picasso. Because Eros is Archidamian and I am Mata Hari that should die from sensuality...

The divan had become Triton's back and I, with my hand like a trident, was holding the hair of the hedonistic Elpenor.

He succeeded in boring through my dark heel and through life's best wines to get the paraffin.

Sometimes tongue is a crutch, especially when artillery has been decimated. Unfortunately, her size at Aphrodite's or Hermes' mountain is not enough.

It did not take long for his self's extension to shout at the Sargasso Sea and I wandered at the secret moon's circles. The shore welcomed the ebb tide and the high tide. He was looking for a lighthouse and I was trying to protect myself from the salt water since he was spicy like a pizza.

Antoine, though, did not delay and arrived to the closest coast of my Amorgos. I was walking with a tight shoe till it would be exposed by causing blood and calluses, since hiking lasted long, and till I take it off and be relieved. My only consolation until the end of my military service was the fact I had found and tickled my Doris who was holding the torch. But Antoine was a liar and a battering ram. I felt my backside and its Kilimanjaro getting hurt by many meteorites because I had been a naughty student. He slid the snakes I had on my head like lemons through a bridle and every time I looked at him from the chariot, a dog's bone.

The only way for it not to thaw is if he had decapitated me like Mary Stewart so as he could engrave my name on the list-shield too. He was choosing his reactive demise.

I was looking at him like a voracious wolf looks at a lost sheep at the pastures. The forest of Boulogne on his chest reminded me which verb to make out of an acrostic in our sentence.

His sweat like rain on my back and he was imitating my position scared on his two feet like a horse that whinnies and turns into a domestic dog, even though he was biting my back like a maniac.

His swear words were the proper medicine for rabies. I felt like Poverty's whore. Just the sign would change and the genitive possessive: poverty's; not luxury's.

The owner was changing and not what I will be until the Day of Judgment... God always comes second. Mine was taking the golden achievement with X-rays.

Stings on my nipples for me to give up without a fight, while he was opening my camellia's bud with his litany's bread, since I needed oats. An unorthodox way of fulfilling while my stomach was aching. With this way of deletion I preserve my beauty's course.

He represented the man's archetype that I only sense in Damien's refinement and marquisian origin.

Like all the others, I felt like a weak receptor in that bath tub. In the end, it was snowing pearls on my body without me giving him my eggs on his branches.

He was smoking a cigarette until Morpheus would steal him from Charon's hug and till dawn he becomes Margot Fonteyn.

Sunday morning went by so lightly like the fall of the leaves and the rustle at the plain.

Yours,

Lucy Sanguin

## LETTER 70

**Lucy Sanguin to Marie Clermont**

**6-6-1998, Paris**

**Dear Marie,**

**You were seen with Damien at your hair's weave and at the dialogue of your lips at the hanging gardens of Versailles... May Grace be with you...**

**When I made an oral protest he told me on the phone that I should bloom the Mexican Gulf.**

**I did that at once during camping where I was a leader but it was boggy.**

**With two buttered German molossians... The one was an instructor from Berlin and the other from Bonn. Capitalism and communism would become one on my body in the Hansa of pleasures. Who claimed that manifests do not communicate in communicating vessels?**

**We were a triad of spoken anecdotes at the camp's tent.**

**I was telling them that Damien has his Byzantine decree like the Myrmidons and he seals awfully the manuscript from the lamb.**

**They both had arms of wrestlers and gigantic breasts like Chinese sumo.**

**I wanted to meet transpiration's eastern rhythm during my controversy with the West.**

**Their noses were like pumpkins with potatoes. I spoke the Teutonic language fluently and knew all its shades.**

**On a table there were handcuffs, dildos and whips for a Ulysses in our happy melody.**

**They immediately decorated me with blinders so as I could not see and thus not be able to be subjective. The senses of the kangaroos would lead me to my most desirable goal.**

**An antenna that belonged to Taygetus landed on my nose and then on my lips because she wanted to find shelter in my tongue and at Parnes, like all those people who never get ill and the hikers.**

**Friedrich was inventing the metaphysical word while Adolf was sloshing with his hand on my quayside.**

**I felt that my underwear would leave the position of minister and Member of Parliament which it had as a hereditary right. It seems Adolph had written his name on a shell and my sewer had welcomed Friedrich's cataclysm so as to get rid of rodents and cockroaches.**

**I was the space between Ursa Minor and Ursa Major.**

**I was waiting for two transatlantic liners to anchor at my life's pier: Lusitania and Britannic inside me to steal the Holy Grail with votives or Blue Hope.**

**Perhaps, deep inside, I was looking for a Magellan to discover the chest with the treasure and violate it with a crowbar so a strange fume could come out of it.**

**Friedrich told me "I love you" and my mouth's walls broke into two. The Earth stole my lower part and Heaven the superior "I". The cane and their ether and uncovered void were the medium between humans and Gods. Ears of wheat accommodated my burning temple. I thought "Be aware of Danaoi and their gifts" when I breathed only from my nose and my ears.**

**Adolph dropped anchor on the breakwater though the ship was going back and forth giving me the impression it would sink. Not a minute went by and Friedrich decided to collide with Adolph at the port. He was never a coward. They were sailing together, intransitive indeed. The waves reached the port as a result of the tectonic slabs' rupture which became one with their moisturizer nomadic caravan.**

**Friedrich was leading the cleaners' crew to my drain. The man that put his credit card in me must have been a God. Maybe Anubis or Hor... He never introduced himself to me... Rebellious larvae were coming out of the breasts. I was committing something legally explicit with a negative sign.**

**I was prophet Tiresias and I was looking at pleasure's light at the end of the corridor, molecular at first and then as a magnifying glass.**

**In the end, the tanks broke and the baby creams of the galleys were like a huge fire on the sea.**

**Maybe because water is the beginning of everything. Maybe because babies are nourished from their mother's placenta. Maybe because everything inside us is flowing. Maybe because whether it will be Michigan sober or tempest, it depends on the way of the Soul's Bible recitation.**

**I am now a free woman who will take pastoral and amusing walks.**

**I know ten languages. Who said that foreign languages do not benefit anyone? I have many overdrafts translated into appreciations. It is said that you can deservedly use only two languages: your mother tongue and the step one. Because you always have on the candle two parents or selves. Some say that you cannot serve two masters simultaneously but you should operate one at a time. I believe you can manage all the languages of the world with the body as criterion.**

**Adolph was static like the Celtic swamps. Friedrich immediately decided to leave.**

**I felt a rod whipping Ares' mountain and another whipping that of Aphrodite. The colonization of the planets was practical to me. I wanted them to bleed like the Judaic cult's God who was fighting with the Calicotome villosa.**

**I wanted them to flow like a Ganges of blood at my sewer and wash away baby creams and all the crap they carry in life.**

**I preferred death to be my escort. The more somebody prolongs life, the more he appreciates it and he realises that Hades will come and catch him at the river Styx.**

**A sentence of truth with an annihilating status.**

**In everyone's Soul, when your wish dies another is born so she can fly too and give her baton to another one. Even Hebe will someday evaporate when she will hold Helicon's flame at the Fates.**

**My two ignorant friends were like the men in the Capella Sistina's acrostic, like I am.**

**It was not a Senet of revenge between Alsace and Lorraine. It was the fallacy of the nostalgia's bliss.**

**They dropped anchor at my personal Odessa because the sun of the Ionian Sea was misleading them.**

**Which is the border though between the earth and the sea? Wherever the Earth stops, Melicertes will ride a dolphin. Without the earth there would be no Ino and without void there would be no earth. Our existence, our life and our memory are left to the void that cannot be manipulated.**

**Life adds many questions and few answers.**

**Adolph stepped off the untamed mare and was hitting me, like a Trainer, with chains on my archaic pile so as I would obey.**

**I had to be punished because I enjoyed Eden's illegal and boundless fruit.**

**I was offering them my other side too while they were kicking me on the belly and ribs. A mourning of two untamed men from the syndrome of Stockholm, with no shell and sepulchral, gave me a second orgasm of dissension lest I forget my genitals while clamping.**

**The alehouse's conspiracy forced me to be attentive. The foam had many kinds of feel in my mouth.**

**This letter ensures your lawful rights and proves a man's renal failure who has completely failed at his mission.**

**I hope you make this known to Damien.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 75**

**Damien Adaleux to Antoine Heloire**

**10-6-1998, Paris**

**Dear Antoine,**

**I swear to you that I will take revenge from this scum of a woman. I always keep my promises whether they concern a curse or an epode.**

**I will upload her nude appearances on the Internet with myself having a supporting role.**

**I am not holding in my hand only a big or small pen but all her past.**

**Her letter is an inscriptive museum. Interest and promise are two notions that are independent for society but for me they are one.**

**I suspect that since she is unaware I can place a collar on her. You can see if a Moor is hematite from the molars.**

**I and ten more people experienced a feast yesterday and we were casting all our powers from our sling aiming at the basket of our tyro Kristof- the well known classmate and brother of ours at school- who never took part to the meetings of our Round Table though he had the right to do so.**

**It was decided for him to enter our Paul Mellon and we arranged his sojourn at my apartment in St Elysee. For breakfast, we ripped his greatcoat like Maenads. Then I gave him Damocles' lesson, to carve the line of life on my left palm so as not to be mortal anymore...**

**Moreover, the capital letters of our names appeared the infinitive letters.**

**Each and every one of us was sipping his cocktail like a peltast. A compulsory term in the Brotherhood's manual...**

**A Crassus that had to be surrendered to Hague...**

**Since that happened, we demanded to open his mouth and fall on his knees like the Cetus from hell that punishes the disbelievers...**

**We were looking for a main meal, cemetery of garbage, to place our septisemic ambrosia. Especially a recycling storage for our rubbish.**

**A few creams of Callisto found their target on his body and others missed it completely. Whichever help was descending from the sky he was simulating it with silence making every time a curse or a wish. He liked that muddy rain.**

**At some point he went after the reclamation of the substance. We could not be negative towards that. Our trousers had big holes and out came the trunks of our elephants.**

**This is said to be the Symbol of Luck. After omega comes life... Another living dead amongst the billions on earth.**

**We were shaking the water beams of the sun and he herded at the sugar clouds.**

**Poor him! Some firing was blank and others landed on an inaccurate port.**

**His eyes fiery like the sun, his hair crystallized from garlands and his chest stigmatized from acme's cotton...**

**Yesterday's competition was a beauty's treatment and a parade of lieutenants on a greasy face...**

**Everyone's yellow rain was distorting his mouth: his river Yangtze. I have always been a fan of the Chinese culture. My body's outfall imitates him...**

**Pierre gave an omen he would mate his red mud with the yellow rain. He has some kind of Libyan anemia and not a renal failure like me. Others transformed his body from pearl to gold.**

**He was thirsty for knowledge and we for Herbart's method of drastic notions. I am not Comenius in the classic sense. I will treat everyone as if they are my sperms and I will lead them to unexplored ways of the mind.**

**We did our doctorate on him with punches and kicks as if he was an empty sack. For dinner we opened Aeolus' sack and a pole got stuck in his round eyes at the royal feast. He almost went blind and dill's blood going back and forth. We began an art exhibition reminding of a feast to avoid having light's recomposition.**

**If he really wanted to become a member of my team he should experience those meaningless tests and as a last temptation to trample over his swan and offer him to us alive with sweet potatoes.**

**I am neither a friend of life nor a friend of animals, I admit it.**

**All people have three legs but stand on two because they do not want to admit it. Everything is bound by reins. If of course somebody does his duties right as a charioteer...**

**Thus he will carry the right light of Erythrea to the form.**

**In any other case there is danger of animals becoming a theme for the encaustic. These have a secret, unique number for everything that belongs to you to be a guarantee.**

**I anticipate, like you, count of the living.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 80**

**Damien Adaleux to Jean Larousse**

**22-6-1998, Paris**

**Dear Jean,**

**Yesterday we had a meeting of gods, deities and goddesses at the association... Can you imagine having sun for twenty four hours? When would the bats set or rise?**

**We were forty men inside a crock and I was the leader. Female and male genders. Others were of unknown intention.**

**When Dimitra rested her eyes we were able to breathe at my villa in Orleans.**

**You never begin blind man's buff before it starts with the social prejudices, because there is no chance you could win.**

**I was shaking the urn to choose each and every body and for love one of the four vases.**

**"Random love's democracy..." the procedure was named by me.**

**An Act of Unity regardless gender, name or age.**

**The stereotypes of men and women had become Roman slaves of the Winged Hermaphrodite.**

**A carnival of nudists and improbable combinations. Strangers amongst strangers... Who said that Love is not Blind? Strange and Globetrotter I would dare say. Few expressed the Antiochia of the classical era to prefer mates.**

**And I was the king of the Sun on Nocret's table board. I was overseeing Sudoku and whether the rules were followed.**

**Culture was a sword on the bull's back. The person had lost its core and everyone their identities.**

**We took off our dark clothes and we remained with the clean ones.**

**Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was heard like rock music.**

**Candles of cider and lead were flaming from the summer solstice.**

**After all, summer was always offered for the conflict of the Amazons.**

**That was my photorealistic father's party that became constitutional. It preserved though its autonomy at the crypt of the Constitutions.**

**He demanded the continuation of its tradition and woe betide anyone that gave his signature at the contract and with his entry defected or stepped over my Cylonian Affair.**

**I was the observer of my Holy Mountain and all those Capuchins were running for their saved souls to the monasteries of empty tombs. They were untrodden Karpathia for the ones that were not introduced and woe betide anyone who read their typed prayers on the bodies. Divisions devoted to climaxes and hierarchies. It was the day of dedication to the Worship of the Ultimate Being. I was not a fan of Robespierre but of the spirit that was opposed to my interests and my values.**

**Tenors and sopranos performed their feelings at the five floors of Orleans.**

**My cottage seemed like it had been bombarded by a plane. Shoes under the sofas and veils on branches, fried clocks that had obstinacy with memory, underwear on lamps-because maybe the gleam is gold or whatever does not shine is the tower of London- trousers without men, like they belonged to ghosts that abandoned present life, socks on fireplaces without tabards or pearls that some shipwreck's sea washes ashore-the art thief's craving for pleasure- or strings of bilinguals and landowners.**

**All these things were objects of the poor passengers and I was the inventor of recapture and a lonely stowaway. Dead bodies scattered all over. They were scarcely separated from the earth. They did not know either the cause or their mortality...**

**I was in a neutral mood to give them a literary annotation.**

**The dead always want to keep you close to them when they realize that as long as you live they will not worship the earth. Their relic on the ground. They falsely believed that that move would give them breath. Even God's hand cannot make an excess. To stop being dead, death must be shot at your bed. Never let him scare you but fight for his elimination until next life comes. After all, earth is drift sand and my furniture and partners are the silent witnesses of a crime.**

**You were sneaking on couples at the sacrifices with water, the dining room, the balcony, the chandelier, the television, the bathroom, the chairs or the sofas...**

**There were not any adjectives, names or nouns... Gaza was medium and neutral voice like the quails in the cage, for the other two forebode a love zoster without condom.**

**My home became a house of alimentary scandal and orgasm.**

**The wings of the curtains were ripped at the battle of Poitiers, beds and chairs with crippled legs, the handrails at the balconies reminded of Bastille's Capture...**

**My house remained crippled since everyone was devouring (after a forty days diet) whatever he found and his foundations were creaking. Who said that the telchines come from the pylons of the earth only for certain days of responsibility?**

**My villa became the sarcophagus of Fulvius. But I was not half dead by the sword of Jerusalem because my half pillars remained untouched at the infant's moment.**

**Everywhere you could see the exposure of life and an ice like banana peel able to make you lose control. Everyone was drunk in a Tae Kwon Do of souls and in love's ecstasy in the form of pills.**

**The first couple of numbers that would expire at night would choose thirty eight local pelts regardless of specifications until it dawns with me as a priest and my bed the Holy Table.**

**Marie and George were the extensions of the Darkness and everyone else their ropes.**

**There would be no slaughter by the daughters of Danaos this time. They would sacrifice themselves on love's altar like Constantine Palaeologus; not necessarily by a man's hand.**

**The right of the first magical night... For whoever is first amongst equals always reigns over the stars of Perseus.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

**Lucy Sanguin to Janet Valloire**

**7-7-1998, Paris**

**Dear Janet,**

**While I was a bride on my bed the day before yesterday, Marie like a forerunner of relief read to me parts of the "Megs Anatolikos".**

**I had to enter her virtues to regain Damien and imitate them.**

**I tried to be created from life's marsupium. Unfortunately I vomited the thirty capsules of antibiotics and I did not have to get hospitalized.**

**If I died, I would take Damien to be my partner in grave.**

**If I committed suicide, he would leave life for us to move to the implication.**

**My soul is sick like a whale and the companies of my men who share my bed are therapeutical.**

**Based on the laws of possibilities, it is impossible not to find my clay effigy at Theoclymenus. For now though, I will compromise with the alternative.**

**At first, Marie's perception was binding at the book's pages while an oil lamp from the rider of Artemisium had been ignited... She was waiting for one more from the true nostalgia for the chariot to begin its attack to the Colosseum.**

**Marie made the book able not to touch the table. The intermixture of her visions was a marching song of kids as pure as the vulgar sonnet of the adulterers. It did not take long for her to remove the blouse and skirt from March's body.**

**She began to rub the flame of her left breast. She brought it like a half tone to her mouth... The void's ablactation...**

**Her panties were an uncoordinated lover to facilitate the monotonous interaction. She was a bald actress at life's Pythagorean due to the blade of over performing.**

**From her uniformity the outline was clearer than the anatomical details. The disembodied charting at the bodies' twilight was never a registered letter and guest of her imperfections.**

**I never wanted to walk with vinegar at survival's glass with the illusions.**

**Since the truth follows us in a retrogressive way from the object of desire we become forgers of our self's signature.**

**Marie left the chair on the gravity's succession and sat on my shroud to spread her sinful myrrh on it. It was the time of transition from the neo-Hellenic mythology to the poetic of Sappho's lyricism.**

**She softly strokes my leg at the protective sheet. But a warrior never forgets that Penthesilea was a queen.**

**That sheet was the omen that I should have died.**

**But that touch of hers on the leg and with the Holy Shroud as interstice made it clear that I would have a new chance in life like Lazarus.**

**She drew my mounds forcefully. She did not want to x-ray their furniture nor identify my fire with the method of anthrax.**

**I was a nymph of the Winner like her.**

**Cyprus was always the house of Gods and I imagined being love's guide there. Life has taught me not to be strict but determined. I am not used to wearing clothes when I sleep for postponements and excuses of unwanted trips: for Orthros not to come and take me out of the fridge and dance with me at Kerameikos, imbued with rebels' blood, unless I myself do not call for him to jest. If she saw she wanted to bite me, I would wear my archaic dress.**

**Marie though doubted my Bourbonic pre-eminence. She wanted to show me that it is worth living on the mast. She got involved with my head's bindweed, to fruit their maturity.**

**Dualism is a board of paganism. She was stroking the trees with my eyebrows branches, to discern and find the correct course with exclamation marks and agility.**

**At my third eye her pump continued with offering of covert kisses. Searching of intentions, emotions and side lines. She realized I was affable...**

**She departed for my cheeks like a dog when he missed his master after a long trip.**

**I took out my tongue to reach hers.**

**The void is a universe where you can meet anything ill favoured or amusing and live there if you grab it.**

**She had a plum caramel in her mouth and when our tongues united she split it into two pieces instead of giving it all to me.**

**Half shame for her and half for me. Spring in her mouth and winter at her speech.**

**Who said that people do not represent their era? Everyone leads his own so as not to abstain from life. Seasons are inside of us like the time's rules.**

**The first are old lines on our opened palm while the second are not appointed by us; they can be altered though.**

**She carved brushworks on my neck like a jaguar. The exquisiteness and the refined perfume are the greatest virtues of women since one understands better what the other asks. Our society accepts them easier than Telemachus and Achilles on the same bed.**

**Whoever is closer to become feminine is certain to be criticized. We are going towards the era of Men even if this will soon change.**

**Woman is no longer considered an illness since she will transform into something she is not like man also will.**

**The model of men is a widely accepted transmitter.**

**Men are flattered by Lesvos and its balance.**

**Women who pretend to be men do not affect the reproductive procedure. They forgive everything we do for we give birth.**

**My affair with Damien was my homosexual preface. It taught me to like both Druids and Gauls.**

**After all this, I realized the election of his governance by her.**

**He was satisfying himself with a Pinochet Hippolyte that did not take “no” of the thirty second but she did not offer the big “yes” either. I will explain what I mean. When she asked me to perform laparoscopy on me with her head to see whether I will give birth to another baby by Damien she ripped the sheet in Palestine’s strips in a rebel state. With a violence reminding of Demetrius the Besieger she tied my hands and legs on the deathbed of Procrustes.**

**She took two models of men out of her bag.**

**She tried them like the assistants did at Kyrus’s dinners so as the King would not get poisoned. They were wet and they should be hung at my balcony for the sun or air to dry them. She began with the delivery to end to the sewer... A pleasure without breath and its intonation...**

**I was like a DaVinci’s drawing. I had many arms like goddess Kali. I could have escaped but I did not do it out of curiosity.**

**Unfortunately they did not dry because sky’s cottons had covered him with their thirteen guilts to mourn for what I have not yet done. But it is never too late.**

**An artificial blast impulse of our lithospheric plates took place at a friction with no ending and beginning.**

**Artificial because the causes were on an excursion. They deforested mountain Ararat that was next to Sinai. Those were the New Commandments until the land of Canaan emerges.**

**Only through Kalahari and lack of water you can find an oasis in the empire of Alexander the Great.**

**Wherever there is triumph there is also the decay in which it has been condemned.**

**Later, the rain was falling weak. My eyes due to the changes had been transformed into weather’s windows. It suddenly stopped and then started again without hesitation. Then the heavy rain began while lightings and thunders came out of our mouths.**

**Thankfully my room’s doors were entrenched. My mother landed on the balcony not being supported, like the Sun, with wings of marabou to convey the happy message to this storm of Evangelism.**

**Thank God she must have thought it to be a girl’s toy.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

**10-10-1998, Paris**

**Dear Damien,**

**I bet you cannot break the strap of nun “Glykeria” when you wait for me and you look at her outside my school’s rails...**

**My sky has clouds, white horses and black ones.**

**George’s sister is hard to be subjugated... Do you risk losing your friendship with him? You, a Don Juan and not being able to make a Turkish cat like her fall for you in the sea of Venice? Unique case...**

**Forget about my classmate so as I can forgive you and stop being angry.**

**Every Lord’s Day has a crucifix around its neck for the Sunday school.**

**You may go to prison for seduction of an adolescent girl.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 91**

**Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin**

**13-10-1998, Paris**

**Dear Lucy,**

**Listen to my echo little girl. When I move my sardonix all women come quickly to my trousers and do not leave my resin.**

**I happily accept your invitation. I will send you a video tape of what will happen. But if I succeed, you will do whatever I tell you to.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 92**

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

**15-10-1998, Paris**

Dear Damien,  
 I accept it with honour.  
 Yours,  
 Lucy Sanguin

## LETTER 100

Damien Adaleux to Jean Larousse  
 17-11-1998, Paris

Dear Jean,

As it is known, my former fresh carpet said that I cannot break the “Madonna with the goldfinch”. I’d better guffaw!!!

The deck’s Solomon card is not the one you have thrown on the table by accident, but expect the exact same to fall in your hand so as yourself will win again the game that it has lost.

Everything is a matter of self-suggestion. “Ask and Cybele will come to you!”

It is a Soviet Union that attacks so as not to defend and by now it knows how to handle crises.

I and Pierre bought a variation of our kind sitting on the comfortable seats of our limousine while we were wandering at the city streets.

He was our age but also thinner. French not from porcelain. His breasts were from silicone and on his tight back there was a covered, wheaten, curly wig. He was wearing a leopard skirt and a cherry t-shirt.

His lips did not exist, like Christ. His eyes were students of the darkness. All made up and beautified stepping on stilettos. Before Northerly wind performs at our Epidaurus, like the pale moon...

I liked the Carnival that blessed that little boy.

I wanted to taste the son of Theseus by pretending to be Phaedra. Aphrodite’s enemies are my partners. I paid him with vegetables candles.

It did not take long for him to peel like us. I had ordered the driver to make us Hungarian until the Odyssey of our fieriness takes us to the palace. Which is exactly what happened.

Like octopuses his breasts of an acid without gender were striking my back. A capsule-corset was clamping the bedridden patient more and more.

The ultimate thing was that out of an empty shirt I was giving birth to Erinyes and not life.

Forgetting my being, I was a subject-object in a defective sentence. Though in this specific case, the patient was acting the illness and he was infecting the nurse. Another controversial relationship like life.

Only a chain embellished Pierre's left foot and an earring on his right ear was watching what was happening like the student watches his own instructor at the surgery bed.

It would be untrue if I claimed that I do not want a silver corset to confirm the champion and feel heavier than ever. Unfortunately, a palaestra has a set capacity.

It had been asked from that man hybrid to insert a ring in his clarinet for the maximum possible stay.

No moisturizing day cream on my body. I was always against any kind of product that alters our nature. Another fan of Rousseau. It is in our nature to hurt. Everything's birth has no subjectivisms or classifications.

Pierre was printing our one-act play in the form of messages of his mobile voice.

Sagas that have not been heard before since the Third Race had been outmarched. Now we belonged to the Fourth that brings dei ex machina.

My mind was a tyre of that machine. Noone is going to get fired by the Employer if he is useful to the consumption and the production.

We must always be perfect in art, otherwise it is better not to get involved with it at all. That androgynous reminded me that I should see the future via Chiron and not be retrogressive. I have to take that step that others are afraid to take.

Pierre decided to give the tennis rackets and the balls to our employee with no name.

I instantly felt spatters of singing birds on my back.

I had to be reborn like the Baptist at river Jordan with Pierre's lubricant, since Orontes was not by my side.

The non-gender man gave birth to his baby in my Volga and the diplomas ran out like a nightingale. I may have felt nauseous but I was a castaway-professional. After all I was taught to seal my ears with sealing-wax.

It was the frenzy of the moment but I would like to repeat it in the future with you as a protagonist.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 110

Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin

25-11-1998, Paris

**Dear Lucy,**

**I am sending you the crime's evidence. "Do not touch me, faithless Thomas".  
You are now obliged to do whatever you are told by love's slave market.**

**As it is known, your sympathetic had put an ad for a private school of the arts.**

**Knowing that I am an excellent Marinetti, I willingly but with disgust as well,  
took on the hard work of the teacher. I write beautifully and I lick the higher  
lands even better. I am an arrogant Flaubert.**

**I was accommodated at my atelier (extension of my room). George, since he was  
her cognate, contributed to the final choice.**

**Isn't that what friends are for, after all? Friends must recognize you thrice when  
you are going through rough times in your life.**

**I was literally willing to offer my services without getting paid.**

**On a symbolic level, I would be an opportunist to her naivety.**

**I wanted to teach her painting without gouache, specks and dots.**

**I gave her an orange juice to drink while she was sitting on my sofa. I had put  
barbiturates in it so she would not resist.**

**You never rape somebody if you do not have the right precautions.**

**It is a main rule not to blackmail anyone if you have not raped him first.**

**Burglars always wear gloves so as not to get caught. I turn everything into  
stalactites in my life's puppet show so as to make others dolls in photographs.  
When I shake them, my moving drawings are postulant...**

**Antoine my rebellious officer was waiting to be given a sign by his Lord the  
Guardian so as to attack our royal domestic.**

**We took her to my room while she was unconscious.**

**So innocent and sugary!**

**We put her on the bed as any Don Quixote would have done for his lady if from  
his own typhoon she was traversed.**

**Her skinny body reminded me of the odalisque in one colour by Ingres.**

**I was always an admirer of Neo-Classicism. I wanted to rip this painting to  
pieces because it had an emotional and historical value.**

**A smell of security, well being and intolerance was hiding under her fat at the  
slum. Ideas that provoke me to doubt them to whoever claims that has them  
stored in his hard disc.**

**When I was Tom Sawyer I was always breaking the vases mum brought home  
from her trip to Sichuan.**

**Ming Dynasty was being diluted in my hand not because I loathe the Chin  
culture but to see my mother go insane. An untranslatable civilization to my own  
life theory. I did not like my mother's incontrollable arrogance. I wanted her to  
sacrifice her eyes so as she could doubt what I feel or do.**

**I was so greasy like a snail without a shell and I loved it.**

**“Faunus of Pompeii.”**

**I wanted to seduce her flabby thighs at Parnassus. Women, apart from tongue and hand, they need teeth from topaz because the danger of a filling always lurks...**

**Female anatomy in its totality always looks like a jungle in safari where you explore its various genders and species every time...**

**I never read enough zoology and that is why I was throwing the black and white cows from Keadas with their panties.**

**I was an expert at the human anatomy and I had a scholarship too...**

**My hand moved to find and break her crab which was above her belly. After all, when the glass on the bedside table faints, the evil is in the love breaker. It is idiomatic to hide behind somebody else’s back.**

**There is no chance a daddy can save his seemingly innocent pullet from me. If I agree with something I take it to the end.**

**I was coming inside her monastery violating her steel door with a burning solid liquid. The nuns were unarmed. You could see it in their face’s fractures.**

**I was Mohammed the Conqueror at the marionette palace of Magnaura.**

**I was wondering while staring at the mirror whether I wanted to make love to my Adonis. Where would I see again this airy and marvelous body? Would my profile be simulated at the magazine’s cover which Antoine was preparing for the internet?**

**It is unreasonable to throw chocolate to the defloration. My uninitiated to vows body would get salty.**

**Later on, Antoine confirmed that he had suffered the passive orgasms of Sleep from Deimos.**

**I hope he dreams of my kiss when he goes to sleep. When he accepted the tool of the circumstances of commitment-as a kind of disapproval- tomatoes and holy water, I realized that the end had come for my starry mission and thus I left running with my excubitores.**

**I ran away being scared of the divine wrath that was over my head due to the asylum’s desecration.**

**When she returned to the other world, she understood that I was the Saviour of her Metamorphosis.**

**The performance of your duties will be postponed for the time being and I am arranging it for the distant future when I think it is compulsory.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

**Lucy Sanguin to Sophie Caron**

**30-5-1999, Paris**

**Dear Sophie,**

**You can make creative acquaintances at camps. A man from Catalonia was ogling me when I was sitting around the camp fire along with the logs last night.**

**I pretended to faint to give him a paper-garbage telling him to meet me at the camp's toilets at 2 o'clock at night.**

**The danger of me being caught red-handed was desperately naught. His name was Juan and he was getting paid to act, like a bee worker, in erotic films. I like hanging out with people who do not come from the same social class as me. I forget the limitations I have and that is fascinating.**

**Damien thinks I am Alcibiades. Like a Hindu he is surrounded only with smiles from our rank. I believe I must not dump the Untouched on the street.**

**Juan knew how to win my heart with his great jokes. He was a painkiller and a boredom repellent. I would lie if I said that I did not eagerly wait my chthonic tracker.**

**He opened the toilet's door at dark which till then was slightly lightened by the moon's light and the pillars. He was accompanied only by a couple: Joan from America and Scott from Great Britain.**

**He explained to me that in the past they were lovers. My second nature would have to deal then with three strangers who knew the art of war. I have to declare that I was thrilled!**

**With our debauchery's quartet the toilet would become our concentrated Serbia. We would join forces in favour of the Kosovars and we would ruthlessly bombard the Serbian-Slavs racists.**

**We never believed in love's racialism. Scott was a blond Apollo Sauroktonos lying on the wet floor not only to cool himself but also to get a battle position and arrest the unapproachable pisces by taking out his hawser.**

**I was throwing my stars on him from the sky... Clusters of meteorites...**

**We had Earthquake sealed inside our Etna. Joan also bowed over Scott's head. She was sacrificing an animal to propitiate her little God.**

**Juan was a tiny gerund lover. His eyebrows were a proper stimulant for a woman. He had pierced his belly-button with a silver ring. It is said that werewolves die by a silver crucifix. Apparently he had been tied by his machine. A flat belly like the table's surface, skin-tied with it as its only identity.**

**I was swaying on Scott like the baker mills the dough. I wanted to feel the baking tin in all its dimensions and not miss any corner that has not been filled with this dough.**

**I was a shipwreck that wanted to suck everything in the middle of the Antarctic Ocean.**

The repetition in darkness's space was Juan's black hair. He looked like he had been decapitated like Danton.

His spaceship landed on my Cape Canaveral like a splitting on my two over stuffed fried eggs. A pigeon wounded and bleeding that attempted to fly because it believed it was possible though reality belied it. It's this belief that we can become what we were before we were transformed into something else by a buoy. It is the present's denial of the previous moment. I waited for him to pour the butter into the frying pan and eat the best omelet looking at me from the kitchen's hot plate.

The French and the Spanish were conspiring in a long time to destroy the terrorist organization. We like dominant countries and not self-contained areas.

The collaboration with the Englishman was something that could not be blamed. I was Clemenceau and he was Lloyd George. Our Archidamian was universal like our love was figurative.

I pretended to be the elevator at the Eiffel Tower that goes up and down, Scott was Thames that waited like Noah to soak me, Juan the Escorial whose lust I saw rising from the west and Joan the Statue of Liberty that gives the fire of death to the remaining nations holding the window like a torch that brings balance.

Joan's lips had gone so red that you thought a Chimera would rebound without Bellerophon. You could see the Aztecs' unhewn wood on her look. To be precise, a sea without any water. She had the hair of citrus but anyone could doubt its originality.

While Scott was giving me floods of pleasure, I was staring at Juan's Irresistible Armada.

I was the porphyrite-cloth to my Matador. I liked his passion and his Mediterranean imposition. He was staring at me as if I were Napoleon's domain in a sphere of influence.

He suggested I should pour the butter out of the frying pan and onto the kitchen's hot plates to turn them off since they were all turned on. But lots of butter was thrown into my casserole. Thus the spaghetti I was making had a nutritious taste for my saprophytes.

I always wanted to learn Swahili in Africa, eat human legs inside the Alps, one of the few alive at Zulu dance...

I felt an acerbate taste in my belly since I was the tomato in the liquidizer. But in the tomato juice some liquid flour profiterole was added like the soothing breeze. A penetration with no pleasure...

Our heavy breaths were implying our need to wear masks of euphoric oxygen.

When that was done, we collected our few clothes because the full moon was looking at us with a fig's leaf.

Yours,

Lucy Sanguin

**LETTER 140**

**Damien Adaleux to Jean Larousse**

**30-6-1999, Paris**

**Dear Jean,**

**When the sunset came to an end, Robert and I went on an excursion to the degraded northeast suburbs with our limousine.**

**The order was to narrate on the camera what was happening at the third apartment.**

**There, thousands of blacks, unemployed or Muslims from Africa would suffer for a few francs.**

**My victims were two sixteen year old blacks and an adult Muslim from Algeria.**

**Many of them are drug dealers. The feeling of doing something illegal was always a catheter to me. There should be a punishment for capitalism and colonialism to an Aristocrat from the higher bourgeoisie... For the mistakes of the past and for the evils that bedevil their present... With a gesture of mine they came into my extra erotic clinic.**

**They were so Dionysian that if I did not wear anything they might kidnap me to sell my organs. They do not know that Dionysus Zagreus never dies and tortures the disrespectful.**

**Robert and two loyal guards of mine from Hades would kill this actor if something went wrong.**

**I had timed and put boundaries to my vice's game.**

**I was a fan of tenebrism and I wanted my head to look like that of Holofernes when Judith cut it off for the Liberator of her people.**

**Paintings for me are the occasions to act roles that in normal circumstances I would not act. The real of the past is depicted with the present's concepts. Another fake theme and I was its multiple.**

**I knew the fake reality. In no way I reassured myself with false expectations. I wanted, even in this way, for my dark enemy to undertake my caricature...**

**The threat of monkeys for making an Aryan French nation was now a watershed from the past to the present. But not in its real dimensions.**

**An arrogation of rights that those androids will never have...**

**These ideal slaves were privileged for their huge assets and they were made to bring nude photographs of themselves.**

**The ideal servants for us arrogant masters...**

**My gold watch which they asked for was given to them. I had many of them. I gave them my emerald ring without a grumble.**

**But the third time I refused to give my right ear's diamond earring because it was my self portrait's wand.**

**The Algerian pushed me down. I slightly hit my head. Thankfully I was Aphrodite on her hunkers without a rupture.**

**The one Black man carried away my hands and the other tied them with a rope...**

**They were calling me vulgar names and kicking me or punching me. On the other hand, the Algerian took off my earring and blood dribbled on my face.**

**Profoundly satisfied from their loot, even though they never conquered Malta, they took off my pants to obviously steal it too.**

**"What a golden boy!" exclaimed the Algerian.**

**Before I come around from the continuous beatings, I saw them nude.**

**The Algerian had been circumcised as the Koran orders. Obviously one of his two parents was white French since he had a dark colour.**

**The hoses of the Blacks were diversionary and unhealthy like the Bavarian sausages I loved every time I went to Germany.**

**My one black man, like someone who loves his neighbour, was touching my thighs trying to find the average...**

**"This well needs oil!" said the one and then the other black man took a bottle out of the jacket.**

**The first black was counting my mouth with his finger that was sergeants of my unit from willow's hands in case of resort due to NATO bombarding.**

**Sometimes it was casual harvest and open for the errand of equities of the free to loose market... Other times, the store would close due to the bubbles of the wet Spartans who washed ashore more branches...**

**The sink is always blocked due to hairs that are gathered after the big razors' long stay.**

**The second black man while unplugging was pouring from the jug to achieve the first goal: a flexible girl to be ready for the intruders. Oil contributes to life's width. Modern Hippocrates says it as well. It is the most essential to the Mediterranean cuisine.**

**I say that oil has a great contribution to the biggest volume's capacity of winged ships.**

**This well could now fit into any kind of windlass. It did not have any more restraints. It had gained a totalitarian autonomy without my authoritarian will. They had charged the brutal troops of his Chorbates on my land so as every human right would be eliminated...**

**A mathematical triad was looting my body.**

**Every conqueror had his own unique characteristics.**

**The first black man had the alpine look of Pseudo-Longinus. The second one had a gross but middle one. The Algerian had Gauguin's but totally effective.**

The windows were sad coffins. The atmosphere was stifling due to the sweat of our bodies.

Relaxation at a Turkish bath. Their smell was more aggressive because they did an exorcism the previous Christmas for the last time.

The water and hour glass's economy of our national identity was a common denominator...

When the one intruder was breaking my country's metal grilles, I was being bathed with wet and solid perfumes-merchandise by the other two.

I liked the Algerian more because he was the Lyre with no costs, the Partisan's manual that has a strong power and nobody can subjugate.

The tramontana was revolving dark spikes from his barn to the homestead.

All this bayberry was dribbling from my palate like a stalactite. At some point there was a parallel admission from two teams but the fence was so narrow that as a lecturer he expelled the one since it was about to break...

The black man that was behind was an inspirational canoeist on my neck's chain and I was the giraffe with a leash...

The other one was adjusting my head's thyme to take the proper bow for the flying ball like a loyal hound despite the fact that it opposed to the Ottoman.

A law student who was my classmate at school had taught me the Ottoman Law from an early age. Seemingly, the Greek-Roman and the Byzantine.

I had pored over the spirit of the laws and balance, knowing at the same time that the most rational demand is also the most blatant injustice, if covered by the power's robe emits the senses of the firm code of values that knows how to adjust to the circumstances and alters its behaviour for the high casts, exhausting all our lenience's boundaries, while it exhausts every room for strictness of the committed crime for the deprived with a few variations.

I was a crime's victim and totally satisfied that I pretended to be the scapegoat for all the crimes that the national and my own bourgeoisie once had committed.

I wanted to feel the Hippies' vibration which they had when De Gaulle was in power for the independent Algerian. I was a lover of apostasy, a fallen fair angel of the Lord.

I wanted though for the last time, like a capitalist body snatcher, to dissipate the milky oil of those strong immigrants and absorb the power of these nomads even if it led to the founding of the Finnish.

I was the Son of the Man-French who paid for his Forefathers' crimes, like today's Israelis apologize for Christ's humiliations or that they have to feel guilty for His Crucifixion when scrupulous Christians claim so.

I liked "paying" for crimes I had never committed. On the contrary, I would not like to be punished for the hubris I consciously commit. The concept of my collective responsibility was affectionate...

My body was pithy from slurs and raised like Fifth Avenue. It revealed like the product of his cherry earthquakes.

A wreck that was waiting to visit the oven of the hopeless.

**It was an excess inside that space like his ox-like eyes were reflecting luminary.**

**Robert did not interfere with the instructions given.**

**On the contrary, he preferred masturbating while watching that live, violent porn unreel like Ariadne's carcass in his fantasies' Minoan palace since in every one there was an avant-garde waiting for him. He just had to accept her or deny her to be sold to her whom he wants to find till the way out.**

**I was in the middle of this farrago and I was touched by the fact that a listener was applauding me even with one hand on stage.**

**When I published the foams from my mouth, Robert realized that that was the end of the game. I was full of lather to mop the tribe's crime.**

**Killing of a nation or dialysis? Hard to say. I missed their wheat rain. It did not take long for my pot to be watered.**

**I felt like a four-wheel that had gone to the washing bay to get cleaned from the red clay.**

**They quickly got dressed with their lawful assets and, like the chicken thieves, departed from my life once and for all.**

**After all, earth never ceases to move. Even when we are converted to sleep. Even more so when crimes have been committed. I was Antaios and they were Hercules. I took earth off of me and I denied the sky's power.**

**I took a lesson of morality: a dewdrop of goodness that has evil in it. It sounds unbelievable but so true...**

**My victim's mentality is now more fitting. I made sure that news was spread amongst my friends' circles. I seem like a hero in their eyes since I survived from those blackguards. I look more immaculate than ever...**

**The worst crimes can be committed with the greatest easiness of movements and extenuations...**

**I am the Julius of all women and the Augusta of all men.**

**My fame was known to all the fashionable circles not only of the capital but of the whole Europe.**

**The worst alibi is the confession of the crime. The others think you are accomplice to something. You do not think that when you have committed something...**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 150**

**Damien Adaleux to Louis Martineux**

**1-10-1999, New York**

**Dear Louis,**

**I arrived with an aeroplane that gave the New City's aura to the buildings a new moon before.**

**When I visited the Metropolitan Museum, I realized she is equal to Europe's Snatch... Here are the horses of Lysippus... The peak of the Crusaders... The possession of the city of multi-faced Lucifer...**

**And I, Michael Palaiologos, having the pencil and the paper as my munitions, was waiting for the right moment to grab those treasures.**

**I was a bright student for the Museum's exhibits. I captured the permanent collection of the museum to practise the art of painter-sculptor.**

**The subject that lost the sense of volume has been ornamented with that of the level so as to imitate the dimensions with the most successful way. The colours with the classifications at their imperfections were helpers of an attempt for a natural failure.**

**Can the flattened statue of Marcus Aurelius be impressed at its real sights?**

**Even the material of its moulding does not have anything to do with what it represents. It does not have either a human hide or organs or blood...**

**Perhaps if art is cloned then its real face will be conquered. The people of history will be clones in the cold storage and not absent but with the same inorganic and organic elements in a representative art.**

**I recently saw paintings with colours of human blood at a museum of contemporary art.**

**Here is an exceptional art for the man made by a man.**

**Anyone can choose a cut leg or arm if he travels to the countries of ignition or even Cicero's head with his multi-pierced tongue. Thus, he will recompose his real like the senses or feelings private art at his home. That means the art of the powerful has a sixth sense perception, almost geotropic I would say. After all, all painters had a powerful Maecenas: Botticelli had the Medici or Philippe the painter from Crete who painted with the hand...**

**Art is a sequence and we are the humble drivers that follow her.**

**I started realizing my insignificance while watching those huge buildings, amongst the millions of citizens in this vast land where all the Titans and the Egyptian Gods have gathered.**

**Parthenon's frieze in reversal. Zeus with his thunder is not an ambassador in this city. The victory of the Giants and the Titans on the Olympian land! You can commit any crime you want without being punished if you step on the mermaid shield of wisdom! You will see everything in reversal here. The tycoons are dense gods and the bevy of ignorant people on the top of Pieria.**

**With a pole in the eye, shape of architecture...**

**The blood of the citizens will reach their feet as a punishment. A brain with no oxygen in a post surgery remission without blood.**

I was a dwarf in front of juggernauts with clay legs that I left in the evenings since I always attended the classes of the Fine Art College.

I went to the hospital where I was born and I worked temporarily as a historian at its archives. The receipts were swimmers in the papers. I was my mother's child indeed... My father? I always assumed he was from the New Land.

An Ares on my mother's bed. My father caught them soon after the action when he returned from the UNO. He had displayed a few documents concerning the captive Americans in Iran which he had to study so as to orate at the channel.

Americans never forgave the Shah's Persians for their banishment like I never forgave my mother for not revealing me my true father's name.

Four years later, not even the birth of my duplicate sister prevented my parents' divorce. I gathered information from the living residents of the building where my parents used to live before I was born (not from my father's head but from his thigh).

It was heard that my Hecuba had an affair with an American painter named Peter Wise. A distant relative of his who lived in that block of apartments gave me a slightly ruined photograph as if it had almost been saved by the flames.

She also mentioned he had two children and that one of them was studying sculpture at my University.

We had the same age. She told me not to bug her again though, because she had fought with Wise's sister in the past.

On the first semester I attended the optional lesson of sculpture so as to meet this student.

An optional touch that would be the cause of compulsory information.

Almost immediately our eyes were copulation in the void. Our causeless intimacy came more from our common background than from moral patterns.

He was a baptized ice-cream in the Darkness. On his face I saw my own and then Peter's, my father's.

Denial and rejection made the nostalgia to perform a tragedy. Maybe an Oedipus without the fairytale...

Three days ago I invited him to my apartment for the search of the man missing and his family tree.

He told me that his father had once transformed a turkey into a billy-goat to mate with a nanny-goat because she was feeling lonely due to his January chores.

He told me that four months before 1982 she brought her own azalea from his cyclamen and a rose. She asked for a flight identification document but he denied the annihilation's baby. He had placed the arrows of Puti to another woman and by phosphoric chance a white rose popped out on the same month. He told him he thought I was a ton of cement and threw me in New City's ocean like he had done with the French woman's past. I kept my polar temperature and did not make a gesture despite all I had just heard and the fact he kissed me on the mouth.

Under her though, I was singling out Hera from the spike. I was sexually attracted to my clone. I wanted to be broken down into a thousand pieces and get blessed with seven years of bad luck.

On his face I saw the rejection of my enlightening progress. My father was the Echo at the first handwriting and reading. A clock whose thumb had turned backwards and I saw my father making a gesture at me to make me emerge as a mortal this time.

I was given the chance, with time's retrospect, to commit his crash and surpass destiny.

If his candle melted, neither I nor my brother would give breath to Thor.

For many years I was dead at the wretched old lady who lives in a Cave, lame and isolated.

At the humanitarian sphere, I was processing the teenager who does not want to grow old but be mentioned from everybody as Antinous.

I could never undermine happiness.

Blood is thicker than water. Unless you get sick with leukemia. I was curious to see though whether the blood in his veins was red or blue.

"I am a naughty girl!" he told me and coloured his lips with a lipstick taken from his short pants.

He did not differ from a sweet, nerveless and odourless girl. I was looking for a hole to give him an injection. That would take all his blood to protect the country from the terrorists.

I also contributed to this child's disengagement from his metropolis. A colony that wanted to surmount her own womb with radiance and her Octavius to be deified to everybody's discrepancy.

The beginning of cuntarchy and the end of democracy...

Men and women were acting like natives who surrendered easily to the Visigoths. With their weapons they opened pits to hide their heads.

There is only one acceptable way of reproduction: that of the cathartic.

They wanted to accept the colony's ideas unconditionally without remembering how the World's Metropolis should be.

A marriage between children of the sewers. I had to perform those bonds.

"I want you to draw my face on the canvas" he told me in a sensual way.

He ornamented the chair that was next to him with his dresses. After all, in a few minutes he would become Dead Nature. He temporarily stayed at my death bed that now had become his own uniform.

His body was to my eyes the golden apples of Esperides that I had to bring back to my country in order to get by.

His arms and legs were tied with a leash. I charted his area which was in an interesting situation and I had to make a report so as the material found would be classified.

**My stiletto landed on her like an extra terrestrial disc which creates untranslatable hieroglyphs on the English land.**

**Always cut the spike that protrudes. This is what I did too. I cut his entire spike in its peak and I gave it to him to eat it.**

**Mucus of blood useful for my canvas's painting...**

**I decided I had to operate. You can tame all the natural coloured climaxes with the proper pressure at any human body's pressure gauge. I wanted to make a painting from human's colour. A nominal anthropology... An anthropology without any person but at the Day of Judgment...**

**My painting would be named: "Laius was murdered by Oedipus".**

**I would write snake-like and pre-historic lizards instead of people. My brother was a great contributor and sponsor to this painting. This is Fraternal Solidarity.**

**After all, I did not do anything that had not been done in the Old Testament.**

**While I was operating him, he was looking at me like the patient looks at his healer before he dies. A mobile painting "Lesson of Anatomy" of the Netherlands... Nobody can compete with Rembrandt. Not even me... Thank God he is not alive or he would end up a brother...**

**Thunder struck and scared he left this world for ever, without a voice or a pencil paper.**

**There was no originality. The only moment of originality in this fratricide-Thucydides said that civil wars were the worst of all- was that I wanted to impregnate my brother after his departure.**

**A nameless child, without a father, like me. A child without lungs and heart, like me. A child carcass, like me.**

**I chopped his carcass and got rid of him once and for all with a common way.**

**A new night rises...**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 160**

**Damien Adaleux to Louis Martineux**

**30-10-1999, New York**

**Dear Louis,**

**I feel dizzy from the extreme actions of the lovers of my ex, present and eternal Joan. I constantly underline that the Pope of her heart is a man and unique. Harems do not exist in the palace of my Arts.**

**But I am dishonest, Louis. I am a Disloyal, superficial person. She swears on my mistrust's governance. The difference is more than distinguished.**

**I invited two of my classmates to my apartment late last night. It was Raisha from Russia and Tsung Li from China. On their faces I saw Mao and Stalin.**

**If it wasn't for communism, capitalism would not matter at all. It is possible, the opposing awe that doubts my interests in a fridge of planet Ares to be transmuted as an epidemic in my country, something which I deprecated and wanted to be aimed at its individuality.**

**I had the look of the arch that the pagan owners had.**

**Tsung Li had a skin of solar fog and her hair was black like that of Bernice. She was as little and plain as a small piece of wood in the Hippocrene...**

**On the contrary, Raisha, used to the Siberian winter, was a full moon and Antarctica, a rough ox-button, a bud ready to pop out of his petal. I was about to accept my defeat on her cold forehead and the decimation of Napoleon's troops.**

**An unusual bear in its beauty. I would like to have her head as a trophy over my fireplace and her white skin as a rug to keep me warm during the Norwegian December nights.**

**We three followed a Bronx dance in a hip hop rhythm because I have the broadband and the right of the Pantocrator to doubt.**

**Sweaty as they were, they fell on my bed of casual crusade. I approached the sink to turn on the hot plate and make chocolate to pour on Tsung Li's sweaty breasts and try it.**

**Mu hunger ceased the sit-down strike it had started in my stomach and moved on to her love's Taksim.**

**Raisha was shamelessly flirting as an escort at the October Revolution in despair's creek, not caring whether there will be a laurel to crown her Seferian achievements and save her.**

**While I was a tenant at Tsung Li's ozone-spherical apartments, Raisha driven by her curiosity, moved to her lower levels to water the chosen plants of her studio flat.**

**Like a caring Samaritan she was willing to take what was inside outside since the tenant was about to move out.**

**Every kiss or stroke there, made Tsung Li to burst in lust's cries like a cackle that suddenly stops and the next time echoes its vowels and consonants louder.**

**An upward sound climax that slightly affects my own employment. I had to throw away the chocolates with my broomstick like a lawful supervisor. I had poured all these in a vanilla ice-cream giving the surface another printer's look from that of the content that has as its ultimate proposition to fool the consumer.**

**My kilometric hand wanted to clean the flat's windows but the flat was closed due to renovation. Raisha moved the furniture to the living-room so as to place pipes on the beggar-walls where water gushed. A lust of a red garment...**

**I had to open the fountains so as the soil would go away and leave water to flow. I do not usually live in such flats...**

**I am the dauphin of grandiosity. At the palace of Versailles or at the villa of Medici, since one of my ancestors belonged to the generation of the "Bourbons-Capetids".**

**Now I had to confine myself to Saint Petersburg and the palace of the Forbidden City. There was a chance I would be Japheth in tubular spaces.**

**When we try to avoid something, it will always approve of us in the beginning of every century till it stops existing with our death. Awe soon became action.**

**My tyrannosaurus found its natural place for the protection of his meteors whose shadows resembled figures inscribed in the depths of the caverns.**

**Thus, it had to reach the surface and one of them should override it so as every shadow could realize it has a downward pull and a special weight. If you are Romanos Diogenes, never show willingness to leave your eyes... Your destiny, which is the others, guides you...**

**My bread had been accommodated in Tsung Li's garden. Raisha was melting her butter on my bread and on the side cookies to make it tastier. It was a game for tasters. The winners would receive a Dionysian prize on the footstall.**

**It is really honourable to think that you serve two parts: the one where you are visitor and the one you serve to the others.**

**A Xenios Zeus from the depths of Arabia... Proceedings and observer at the same time like a full moon phenomenon and an eclipse of a whole conjugation.**

**I felt a cookie moving on my burnt baking tin, like Saturn on the move, so as my fever would rise.**

**A Dionysian panther was stroking Tsung Li's eyes his nitric rain from the hair.**

**My erection caused double pleasure at the Pillar of Salt: For the one that felt, it remained silent and the one it could not avoid it wanted her to protest so as to seem more like a victim than accomplice to the immolator's crime and declare her innocent in front of the jury-cameras. Or maybe she catches the crime's reactions when she becomes an eye witness or an auricular one after she has forgotten its essence.**

**Raisha took a candle spider from the table and its fragile liquid started flowing on my chest.**

**I was taken aback by this and thus the pain was multiplied, like the Lord's fish and breads.**

**"The candle of my life may start to flicker..." I thought.**

**China and Russia in the 19<sup>th</sup> century were enough for France.**

**The candle penetrated my body and became one with it. Finally I ensured Saccharin and I caused orgasms to Tsung Li with my candle's simulator.**

After the party was over, I gave them my painting which I had made with my brother's organs. I cut it in two. Fair judgment and Solomonean. Since they could not admire the brother who was judged by Minos and Rhadamanthus, I gave them my recreated other self from a striker cloak.

I know you will wonder why I killed my brother.

I stop whatever suits me. I kill what I admire to stop it from surpassing me. I want to be one of a kind! Spherical...

When the chariot of Phaeton comes outside the emblem of my Lancasters, I observe any change that needs to be fixed in the sink since I am a Mercedes of many rules which exhausts its strength.

I give birth to the Shell-born in copies. Nutritious over the lips, to stop the smoker's cough... Anti-wrinkle under and next to the eyes so as to eliminate the goose's foot. Finally on the cheeks to prevent the spots of the laughters...

I exercise to serve the son of Hera. I will bathe with wrinkles of Akhaimenes and I will wear colourful clothes so as to be a living canvas... I was always a fan of the image breakers...

Images express something static. On the contrary, I am an idea-planet at the shadows of values. I do not contradict.

Painting is an art of images. I take its logos and give meaning to them via the roles I perform.

My position in art is the moving power. I have everyday friends and fabulous riches. I just hold a problem in my hand like an heirloom: I do not incubate anyone.

That is why I use the method of three to others, so as to feel I am doing something creative.

You see it's the lack of values... I can bear anything I want and give birth to anything I do not want. I am an impure scum that I cannot be punished by any law, human or divine. I vent my spleen and I take the lives of others...

I am a historic person and universal like the followers of Church. The country that helps me to me is very near-sighted. I acquire everything with any natural cost. I will go to any place of the earth if I like it and without meeting embankments on my Via Appia.

I am your God on earth. I am your worshipped calf since you do not have the proper self knowledge.

Louis, I am the indoor inmate at your school. Sometimes though, I walk on your intestines like the sparkles from the friction of the ignescent stone.

The invisible man who commits tortures... And then becomes visible to many... He always seems pure though...

Like you and I...

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 198

**Louis Martineux to Damien Adaleux**

**1-5-2000, Paris**

**Dear Damien,**

**Lucy had invited all the guys to her house to see extra scenes from the “Deep Throat” on television.**

**I, Antoine, George, Jean, Fernando, Henry, Robert, Jacques, Lorraine, Dominique, Francois, Cornelius from the Netherlands, Ivan from Serbia and Hakim from Kosovo.**

**Europe of the Fifteen at her feet and looking to milk her cow.**

**Agrippina’s reincarnation with a transparent night gown. She coiled her body on her hunkers in front of the television and while half unconscious she asked for an Asclepius.**

**Antoine was kissing her left ear and I was the right’s driver. Jean and George’s tongues were like reptilian eggs on Easter bread in her mouth. Henry and Fernando excelled at the anarchic and rightist party of her female hill. Louis was asking for a prediction from Dodona’s oracle. Jacques was playing her right hand’s fingers with his tongue like the piano’s keys. Lorraine was flaming those of her left hand like a harmonica. Dominique was preoccupied with the Alexandrian lips of the Foreign Office. Francois, with those of Home Department and with the trunk of the hateful rain. Cornelius was looking to bombard her Achilles heel that would not leave the turtle knowing the danger and the bombarding. Hakim was licking her left foot’s toes like he was eating bread without sponge cake. Ivan was kissing her right foot, since he did not know what her left one was doing, like a prisoner in Hague does to his fiancé behind the bars.**

**Sighs of repentance were penetrating our ears like the echoes of an electric guitar do to the criminals sentenced for life. He was the Yliki of our own sighs and Ms Basilica was choked by our feathers because she preferred our company to that of Ali Pasha.**

**Our Scandinavian migratory birds landed on a warmer place not to freeze her with the snow we had on our wings but to clamp the nerve of her immaculate waters, so as we could continue our flight to Tanganyika and whoever was not down with the Thai flu could leave.**

**Every time a bird was entering her lake’s wet surges, she was calling its name. Ducks, swans, quails...**

**Zoo parades. They were not getting wet but just tasting her curing waters. They were throwing her milk, honey and candies without doing the thing they wanted even though it was offered to them.**

Tantalus's doubles or imitators? On her body unfinished life's vomits were flowing. These children would find their father only by IVF.

Our tongues had become brushes to create a copy of "Sleeping Aphrodite" with the dissolved fruits. On the first level there would be the twelve French and her. On the second one, the immigrants' Unholy Triad and the proper Punishment.

The man from Kosovo, though sixteen years old, was like a tied-up rabbit accepting the Dutch's stinger on the bolt hole of his hills and the Serbian's Kalashnikov.

This soon changed since the racist Serbian took the place of the Kosovar rebel. Crimes are always committed from both sides in civil wars and you could commit them or me if we had the bad luck to be Serbians or Albanians.

The Serbian's body was a court of law and a purgatory for the victims of a war of lust. According to their opinion he should be on trial in Pristine or Hague.

A court of law with subtle blames and innocent people or guilty. The Balance of Justice leaned towards the south of the Balkans. The other one was leaning towards the north furious with the Dutch.

The Serbian's stomach was a place full of dehydrated munitions. He had to pay because he had molested the Kosovar without asking for the Dutch's opinion.

I always liked Dirk Bouts and his Madonnas who like tulips were keeping their fluffy breasts to the eternal Kichle for the babies' milk.

They were injecting vitamin D to the Serbian to boost his bones-guards of the racist leaders (1992-1995). A huge baby that had to be shrank because another one asserts its autonomy with its wealthy powers.

The Kosovar had ridden the Serbian. Four roses and two colourless glassworks had been created so as the demand of the political rights of the mutineers could be broken with an arrow. This was not the first time that something like this happened. Richelieu preceded centuries ago.

The Dutch, with the spirit of an ambiguous innovator, observes the real power.

His Swedish glasswork either broke with his solid pipe and when he thought it was to be broken he continued his course to the Voiotian so as to taste the sense of danger or because he was overwhelmed by boredom brought by the human interaction and the different should be finally chosen since something like this was not in a panoramic place.

That scene reminded me of Rubens's triptych for the Descent from the Cross.

Same taste in another experience's body. After all, the Gadarene Demon had been reincarnated into all the swines since they had the same metrical multidimensional phonology.

While our twelve stars were moving on your girlfriend's mouth in the most frantic party, the Kosovar's glass and blood were falling on the Serbian's warehouse.

Needless to say that I sent her the letter your Chinese and Russian gave to me in a form of love letter.

**It seems that the Russian Revolution made her breathe fresh oxygen and she decided, as revenge to your writings, to welcome your mates as a trophy.**

**Leave her in space like a Halley while you can! It is the best advice I can give you!**

**I did not want to eat what you daily ate out of zeal or curiosity...**

**I just wanted to show you that our friendship means more than all those Lolitas!**

**You are obliged not to these peacocks but to your friends and you should give them your energy and time! It diminishes your status as a man!**

**Girls have us on their hands like a string of beads. The “others” are for our diet. This seems to be somebody “else”.**

**It is beneath you to pull Santa’s sleighs!**

**You have to break up with her!**

**Can’t you see that she is poking her nose into our business?**

**She wants you to leave us... How long will you tolerate your Ptolemaic literature with her tongue as broom trying to take us away from you? Can’t you see she is a common person who pretends to be a Marquise?**

**She is Penelope’s tumour.**

**Do you remember when we were smoking the pipe of Aristophanes and she reacted telling you: “Your words are a disgrace... Your speech is vulgar...”**

**You were right to reply: “You never smoked the pipe of Nicias with me! Why are you so annoyed then?”**

**You silenced the slut, since you cannot seal her mouth with a normal way!**

**Since we respect you and we care about you, we did what you cannot do...**

**This silk breeder eats your intestines... You belong to me and we belong to you for a long time.**

**Last night, the twelve of us beat an old homeless man to death at the banks of Seine. He was filth for our city’s reputation... He was also detrimental to tourism... We threw him to the river’s bottom with my yacht so as that piece of trash could not be seen anywhere...**

**An immoral piece of art by a dubious, almost bankrupt artist...**

**One solution is possible. Either you break up with her or you will find her floating on river Styx. There is no middle solution.**

**Remember your glorious past... Unless you want us to give you the baton and like Othello it will surrender to her arms.**

**The decision is yours but we demand your answer soon...**

**Yours,**

**Louis Martineux**

## LETTER 200

**Lucy Sanguin to Claire Beaumont**

**5-5-2000, Paris**

**Dear Claire,**

**I am hanged now to the canyon of Samaria. Damien charms all the ladies but he always comes back to me.**

**I was writing a letter to my friend Simon in my office in the middle of the night. I heard an eerie creak from the window. I thought the pomegranate's branches were the 1x1 that were frontiersmen with my balcony at the garden.**

**The Mistral was furious and from my window's spinning wheel oxygen was being stolen.**

**Damien was at my balcony like an upset monkey. On his belt there were the faces of Isis and Osiris, vivid and with hieroglyphs.**

**He was attracted to Tutankhamun's tomb and the Hellenistic land of the Pharaohs. But I could never imagine he could worship other deities apart from his own "ego".**

**His acrylic shirt and his body showed even his most profane mistakes.**

**His nose had been pierced with an earring from selenite and opal. The bad stone's moderator... He told me that, like an Olympic Champion, he had passed the fences and the dogs had slept like the Northern Star of the sea due to barbiturates... Then he reached my balcony from the ivy and came to my window like a glass breaker.**

**All this time, like Alcestis, I was writing a novel for him about an immigrant from abroad. More specifically? From Russia. Thus I made a few comments and I studied sociology.**

**When I read it to him, Damien was looking at me like a puzzled Eskimo.**

**"Are you still occupied with these fairytales for little children? They can't bother a Rito!"**

**The size of Eridanus keeps growing when he falls on our neighbourhood.**

**It still looks like a particle when it settles like dust away from us. His eyes had lost the sea's foam. He was spreading his asphalt, which was in dehiscence, on me.**

**I think I sometimes used the divisions of the air bombers to make him feel like a naught. Maybe because I wanted his solid wing to get wounded and his ashes to be thrown to the Greek open-sea, like the famous Greek singer's.**

**We were an unknown champion's ramp that could easily turn to the left like me or to the right like him. We had never met in the centre.**

I was not Scylla but Charybdis whispered something in my ear and pushed me to the bed like a police officer pushes the burglar to the cell. He was holding his lips like a big catastrophe was about to come.

He made my garter his helmet and he tied my hands so as I could not resist to my excavation's rubbish dump. I kicked his balls like a true Artemisia and he was howling like a wolf for hours. The anti-genetic ways of pleasure were at their peak for everyone apart from this happy stub. I would never let him brag to his friends and teachers for the innovation he wanted to make. I had a reputation that could not be disturbed. My damaged honour had to be restored with a marriage. Anything else would be a painful defeat.

"I want a child to be born from your heart..." he had told me with his face beet red.

"Unfortunately this cannot happen. Metropolis is bleeding due to your apostasy..."

He was Ho Chi Minh and I was his Indochina's cry.

It is weird not to give birth when you are bleeding. The unborn children will give you their message. They die not only in your imagination but in your calyx too.

Every new moon you commit a crime: "You have to give birth when you carry a child". Your body's ten rules...

Your biped will utter it, society, soul... But Voltaire's Priestess tells you to become the Murderer of your personal pronoun in nominative case and in your first singular...

"We are breaking up for good today!" he told me with the thunder of Zeus and he turned to leave while he began zipping his fly.

"I will say Everything to your father's brain!" I told him in a blackmailing tone.

"If you do this, I will tell your father that your first cousin became Porphyron at the age of nine. You were not Sekhmet to avoid him and you hadn't even seduced a Kou like me.!" That was his response to the glove's fall.

Like one of the Vestales, I begged him on my knees not to do it. If my cousin knew this, he would go to Hades and my father would end in High Court.

I would lose the rod and sandals of Hermes, my wealth and my belongings. I could not stand this social imputation.

Relieved from my unhealed wound he told me like Cassander: "We will break up. You only make me pity you! Do not cry... You are cheap like the paper you use to write... If you go on like this, my fraternity will deal with you... You irritate me..."

His final words fell like razors on my body and not penetrate mandragor's tricks.

I called Otus and not Efiates that I was going through that moment-one of the two guards of the External Gate-and begged him to take Damien with my father's car, like a birthday gift with a galactic ribbon.

**I do not want my enemies to respect me; only to fear of me. I must find out who told Damien to break up with me so as my plain but like a swordfish nail will properly deal with him.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 201**

**Damien Adaleux to Lucy Sanguin**

**6-5-2000, Paris**

**Dear Lucy,**

**We had to take different roads in life. If that did not happen I would transform your heart into sugar while you were sleeping.**

**I cannot control what I feel. Don't ask why. It is buried deep inside my heart. The explanation we give to the facts does not have a meaning so as to make them different from the phenomena. Our replies to them are simpler than we think.**

**This circle is over. Another lottery will be erected now so another one will begin. The nozzle in his heart does not have any more space for us. Our hearts are the pulpits of the ancient Gods that slowly abandon this world.**

**When we do not admit it, we are the outfalls of ourselves.**

**I want to be bifid like Nature. "Whys are not bifilar. I do not prefer them. They are the roads that Anchorites follow before the leader dies and many of them quit. Few managed to see the beams of the grassy sun and not get blind like Semele. Without naming the details I settle with Cornwall..."**

**We will never be born on our own. We are looking for a protective nine month shield in our whole life...**

**The temple is a substitute of that Hera in Italy, Alexander's sister or Bellerefonte in your arms...**

**Your place broke in a needle at the blisters of life and bodiless descended with her into the void.**

**What we have, passed us by without our will...**

**We never betray the one who has betrayed us...**

**I do not have a safer advice to give you.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## LETTER 230

**Lucy Sanguin to Claire Beaumont**

**10-10-2000, Paris**

**Dear Claire,**

**I managed to find my immolator in the school of Civil Sciences. I must be though an adjusting rubber to his mood that has the torch to know a Student of Letters. He is the toad-owl who will give the right shoe and become a prince in the carriage with pumpkins if he receives the proper kiss.**

**Like Alcamenes I will have to give the proper Pentelic shape to the marble owl from Paros. The work of Chalepas is an active procedure.**

**Phidias is the forerunner and the sculpture in any kind of transformations and corrections, a vulnerable God.**

**I will suck all his pollen like a bee until he withers.**

**A continuous work, detained like the cobra by her fakir.**

**As always I am a skillful archer.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## LETTER 240

**Lucy Sanguin to Guillaume Papon**

**25-10-2000, Paris**

**Dear Guillaume,**

**I am on the brink of a precipice... Who will sing to push it away? My father refuses to see Damien. I do not know the christogramme.**

**He never introduced me to his Girondins. I had introduced him though to all my Sans Culottes in a letter of mine sometime ago... A meaningless discrimination... His shareholders believe that my aerial has not been glued to their television.**

**I must have been a little star in their space. Perhaps they did not like me controlling Damien, like a Bodhidharma who marks his student, not with granite punishments or expulsions but with recommendation of what he himself would have done. Instead, Damien took me out of his life because he is always in favour of his disobedient classmate's jokes. They were not right to me. I always thought**

that jokes against Melians are sent by Cleon but are never delivered. A joke made in asphalt by professional clowns.

He told me in an undisguised tone: "We are breaking up. I do not know how to assume responsibilities."

Thus I ended up an anemic, anorexic, sensitive girl. Atlas's rock which everybody was staring at with surprise but avoided to endure that burden. Maybe because the sky has an ace up his sleeve. Maybe because the end of the dinosaurs came from him. Maybe because the sky does not touch us until we feel he has to pass the need.

Struts in the sky without always noticing it.

I am on the edge of a table like a Bohemian porcelain between two men's ends while playing football not caring whether I will fall or not. This nice zit must be about to break.

Perhaps they do not like my Diogenes nature which has sperms of stoicism so as not to get into Judaism. If the nerves of my left hemisphere die this can happen with sensitivity.

I just offer them what they fear the most: a woman whose heart will not be lively like a fish.

His friends sabotaged his duties. They confiscated his mobile or immobile fortune for an honoured bill I had received from their Bank. Every month they demanded an increasing interest. This happy laughter will be redeemed expensively.

My cold plate's hour glasses are contrary, counting conversely like a time bomb in a huge building that nobody knows when it is going to blast or where it is hidden.

A meaningless half measure if the employees in the sky-scraper become dromedaries a minute before the explosion and are informed with a call.

Unsigned moves of work. Guillaume, can you make the trigger bend so if I buy a gun you will be able to kill me?

I do not care if I live or not. I do not even care if I am an existing person. I do not think it is worth it to capture these bums. Not that I can't. The world's darkness won't change with a dot defeat of the ruined attitudes.

I and a Moroccan friend of mine, Hassan, were planning my parents' murder every time we embraced. "To death Ceausescu couple, my life's dominant tyrants!" I exclaimed and with my hand like a spear held their picture like Samael's Column of Stoning.

I had to play piano for all the generals at their symposia to make them express their flying feelings like an intruding gadfly attracted by light (even though she experiences darkness uninvited and sits on whatever food she wants). Thankfully these inspirations do not last long.

Damien was persistently asking me to bolt his neck with my nails. My teeth aren't as ground as my nails. After all, he asks for this requital so as his blood-privilege of women-leaves.

When I was little, I pretended to be Artemis and my cousin was Actaeon when I was offended. A myth that occasionally alters its details...

I was not the daughter of Leto. I had just welcomed her face in a Marlow game that had been prepared by others.

Damien knows and I was blackmailed by him. At memory's adolescence the father accommodated my impurity in our house and I asked for help from the imitator of Freud. You must never reveal your aces of spade when the solitaire is distributed.

He did not stay long and the Awe of the Possible Revelation disappeared.

Guillaume you are an amazing story-teller. I will send you a kiss on your cheek for the golden elephant which I have received as a gift.

A certain lucky charm...

Yours,

Lucy Sanguin

## LETTER 270

Damien Adaleux to Louis Martineux

12-1-2001, Paris

Dear Louis,

I embroider her with citrus! While she was visiting a doctor, probably Hippocrates and not Asclepius, she fell off the stairs which she had moulded with her imagination like Nils Holgersson, fearing of the monsters which live in heaven... For a month and even more, I also thought that maybe my own face had been touched too.

I had to assume responsibilities since I was a man.

I had broken up with the living Lucy. Not the dead one that the functions of the Psychopomp were almost a horizontal line.

I had to descend to Hades with my lyre as a rose and bring her back to earth by kissing her on the forehead.

I do not simply despise her breath but also her involuntary exhalation.

She opened her haze infused eyes when she felt me, seeing not only the dew around but me too.

I ended up being a computer guided by her mouse-hand.

A few days later we were both at her room. There were no squares or rhombi... Only curves and enormous dots.

My hand was creating every acutangular of hers while she was alive and writhing with the combustion of corn seeds from her oil in the casserole.

**Africa and Asia stopped being united in one body after the opening of the Suez Canal in the 19<sup>th</sup> century.**

**I had the exact same refreshing sense at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, when I split her two continents' secrets of millennia that existed under the civilizations of Zarathustra and the Pharaohs.**

**Observer of a natural technological miracle, a colonialist-successor of the French and the British who with illegal mediums was draining a country mercilessly captured.**

**Her nails on my back deleted Utah's alphabet.**

**This parallel demonstration of power and obedience did not live up to my expectations.**

**A diamond drill landed like a lightning on my European pelvis. I continued my erotic excavation.**

**I was wondering whether I was looking for quarrymen in a mine of South Africa so as my procedures will have been finished in Suez where I had been charting and excavating.**

**Whatever is pale is not anthrax... In my unguarded drill I felt her rubies rolling on the juvenile wheel of my moon. A necessary humidity for my workers' tools since hot wind and fever reduce the performance and the speed while working.**

**My Bengal Gulf was utopian for a draft so risky.**

**I wanted to promote my interests in this area but also reign by dividing them. Only this is how I win my rivals since I do not have a Turkish embassy or elevated throne to impose myself on the barbarian guests. Cry is always a means of intimidation...Nile was making the fields of Africa seem golden and Euphrates those of Middle East. My Mississippi was a kind of litany to make me transform into a rainmaker.**

**Sahara was the area-bond that had to be crossed so as the dangers that were threatening me would be processed and the undertaking would be balanced. The spasms proved the euphoric of my thoughts.**

**But when I went to her own ear like a vampire, she said while touching my shoulders with a sensual voice: "Guillaume, you are such a skillful lover!"**

**I may have been baptized by my parents with as many names as the earth's gentians. They gave me the name Damien by chance. Naming is for the human beings a state of emergency like the skin or intestines are for the human body.**

**A man's brain has the tendency to categorize human beings. "He is a bum". "He is a rival in a love affair". "He is a skillful lover".**

**In this case though, to my astonishment, my name did not coincide with that category.**

**I felt like an actor when he does not hear his name-even though nominated for an Oscar- trying to realize what exactly had happened to him.**

**I felt like a Norwegian canoeist at the fiords. Passages everywhere without seeing any destination.**

**My imaginative assignments at the Pyramid of Giza were intercepted with the name “Guillaume”.**

**After all, Iacchus is the man’s Nature unless he eliminates all of her and directs it to his Persian caravan. The subordinates gradually but progressively left for Cairo for our own Ambassador.**

**I dressed like a clown, like a Casanova who is scared of his big brother’s lost honour. It felt like Golgotha until I left from her house in my Citroen.**

**A thought was always on my mind: “Who is this Guillaume at last?”**

**Also, how could I handle this situation for my own benefit in the best possible way?**

**But my blood was boiling in my veins like a chicken does in a pressure cooker. I had crossed every permissible boundary of my driving.**

**When I got home I phoned Louis and told him to find a few handsome men so as I could throw my anger on whoever I found.**

**It did not take long for them, who would be getting well paid, to arrive.**

**It was Sergey from Russia, Martin from Germany and Janus from Poland.**

**While they were unfolding their fibres like the Three Ladies in Charleston, I was drinking a whole bottle of whiskey like a true Bacchus wondering who will pull my leash, who will unfold it and who will cut it in the end.**

**I gave the German and the Russian a bottle of cenotaph. I ordered them after they had drunk in those two seats to give birth to chopped echidnas of the earth. They obeyed happily.**

**I ordered to empty their summary on the back blessed by the Pope with the craters of the Polish. Perhaps I wanted to cover the chasms of the earth with their antidotes. I never wished to see lava in others. Only to feel it on my feathers.**

**I wanted to make the land fertile since sometimes fallow is not enough. I need willing and loyal tools to better the quality of production.**

**I ordered both of them to lick his back with their mouths so as the torrid board to have a title: “The Colonization of the 20<sup>th</sup> century in the European Land.”**

**With the handcuffs on my bedside table they tied the hands of the Polish man on the ends of the pillar-like bed. The first level was completely absent. The diachronic on the second one had transformed into a temporary one.**

**The Russian and the German and the third Roman soldier were whipping him without sadness and I was the informer of the whippings.**

**On the throne the neutral judge-Christ.**

**“The whipping of Christ” of Piero della Francesca had once greatly impressed me.**

**This time though, the painter Jesus preferred to put his Polish ideal type in the place of himself. For every time bomb I gave them one euro.**

**They will dismember Poland so as to split it in two. The German was hitting the west part and the Russian the east one.**

**What if though I was Montefeltro on the imaginary first level and my assassins were Lucy and Guillaume?**

**The Polish man was spitting on their faces when that was allowed.**

**The Germans' Protestantism and the Russians' Orthodox Christianity were like an agent with the lighters on his wounds since he suffered complete burns...**

**Blood was chipping his body like the crossing rivers were doing to Germany and Russia.**

**His palate was burnt by their two cigars that had a reversed course than the expected.**

**I had to give a bottle from the sea battle of Arginousses to the collection of the dead.**

**I sealed the nozzle with a message to an unknown recipient that the paper included so as a few days later the English Channel could be supplied.**

**It was not enough for me that the bottle came close to the vulgarity of war. I wanted to be a protagonist at the battle of Pydna.**

**He lit my cigar so as to get third degree burns. It was a matter of time or natural specs for these three seats of fire to be damped down.**

**In the huge fires the villagers pray for rain that never comes. The same happened with our little Polish. We sprinkled his land with water from Epiphany and we hallowed everything so as the impure creatures would be released to the fields.**

**Unique archetype of a religion you would say but as alive as my vision!**

**Three debauched bishops we were who banished his goblins so as to admire them in all their glory.**

**Like another Napoleon I was charmed by the one pretending to be my Maria Valefska.**

**I was as competitive as the other local super powers which were fighting in Berlin for who will finish first or simultaneously.**

**When my vases-thoughts emigrated to Guillaume and emptied the place, I had to think of a plan.**

**The Polish would become Guillaume's wax doll. A role reversal...**

**I always prefer natural ingredients to artificial ones when it comes to my art.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 300**

**Lucy Sanguin to Claire Beaumont**

**10-8-2001, Paris**

**Dear Claire,**

**My Parthian arrow finally managed to make the apple over Damien's head mosaic.**

**He is simmering inside. It is not enough for me. The spirituality and the end of omnipotence in Guillaume's envious eyes will stop.**

**The cause of feelings is the most successful indicator of results.**

**I have the golden larnaxes of Vergina in front of me. Should I not take advantage of their discovery by their over exposure to the audience of the Museum d'Orsay? Lots of dollars will flow...**

**The hooks will be presented as golden pagoda... Guillaume was manna from heaven... Damien was Daniel for the lions.**

**Men are beings which you can play with, like a harp, if you know their Achilles' heel. Achilles was a man and Thetis the mother that gave birth to the man...**

**Women know men's secrets better than themselves.**

**Paris or Menelaus? I haven't decided yet... The verdict will come a few seconds before the winner's confirmation.**

**To tell the truth, I would like Damien for my lover and Guillaume for husband-intellectual... Women's supremacy? When we are pregnant it is only us that know who the father of the kid is...**

**Guillaume is the perfect victim for me to bring Damien's dead torch back to life.**

**Guillaume will offer me money and Damien emotional assurance...**

**No Boeing of my interests will be misled or bleed from the pilot's cabin at the Bermuda Triangle.**

**I feel a bog in my soul that has swollen up like dough.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 310**

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

**10-8-2001, Paris**

**Dear Damien,**

**You received your degree in gynecology and obstetrics over a night. You are a jumper with awful performances. On the contrary, he is the fascinating Fersen of his queen.**

**He speaks thirteen languages and has a diploma in Political Science. How do you lead your life?**

**He is doing his doctorate in the Balkan civil wars. His father is Welsh.**

**Metropolis is getting its revenge for 1776. I expect the Twentieth Century to outlaw your memory.**

**He wrote to me that you are a heterozygous pathetic son of new born twins and that your hair has become turf from every kind of opium.**

**He asked me to reunite because you needed me. I showed him lots of your drafts and he said you are a new promising Ensor. He also assigned you a new poetic composure that has been attached to my letter. (1)**

**I am his heart's golden intersection and he comes into my cave's womb like Host.**

**In his eyes there is an acclivitous road paved with Calycotome villosa as satellites. In yours I see the declivitous with the garlands of Saint Xenon.**

**He is the philosopher who shows the sky of the Athenian School with his hand and you are its marble ornaments.**

**He is Saint George and you are the ideal winged dragon. I am Andromeda tied on the rocks with your chains...**

**He comes from the sign of Boo, you from the sign of Oph and I from the big Dog... A true starry empyrean.**

**I do not know whether I have to choose Julius Caesar or Marcus Antonius. I feel his mind is a labyrinth and I have to find the end of the strand! But how can I come out once I come in?**

**He has the eyes of a Byzantine sea eagle and I am the Empress Zoe if the head is not bowed. His heart offers me a lion cub's tail. His chest a garden that you will never have. There is a kangaroo feeling in his Hermes for the weird names he has given his children. His body is a tropical of testosterone. When you give him a plate with food he carries the whole world in his hands. He is an investor actor of others that understands French Revolution and the ways it affected Europe.**

**He will be the triumphant.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 338**

**Damien Adaleux to Juan Lamouz**

**5-10-2001, Paris**

**Dear Juan,**

**It would be dishonest of me to claim that I'm not a maniac these days.**

**Surprise is more preferable than block. I decided to approach the ideal husband so as to sink his ships in Actium along with her who belonged to the South of the empress which I will enfilade.**

**She is the South and I am the North. I missed the West and East to make a Latin or Greek crucifix.**

**I steered myself in his mind's Marseilles with a letter. Place of meeting?**

**My house of course... The palace of my Parisian Rome...**

**After all, the cathedra of the Popes moved for many years from Vatican to Avignon in France.**

**I have the Infallibility and I do not plan to give it away to others.**

**As her Pope, I had to find a way to eliminate my illegal enemy since I will have to return to my Holy Cathedra one day.**

**Spiritualized... I do not disagree... Of a humble origin though and a shaking morality... Son of a fallen family... All his wealth was lost in the altar of the New City's Lion.**

**My fingers became chords in an Apollonian lyre when I impressed the notes he needed on the score...**

**The contract he signed with his soul's blood had one condition on the numbered paper of absolution. He would do whatever I commanded.**

**He was not given thirty pieces of silver... One million euro was a start... I always believed that all people have a price...**

**The volume, the weight and the quality determine the value of the products. Transmutation brings the data's rapid change.**

**I, an ambassador of the Eternal Flowing... The Great Teacher of Imputation and Fallacy...**

**My manuscripts are illegitimate or forged I dare say. The compass that crosses them is doubt. Only then they are transformed into originality.**

**Whatever is visible does not exist, but is. Whatever is is visible but I doubt it exists. Whatever exists is not visible but it may be.**

**Whatever is dictated to him, he will write it and do it.**

**My Cleopatra will be unwillingly bitten by my megaphone.**

**My hand is a snake of infinitesimal calculus.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 350**

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

20-10-2001, Paris

Dear Damien,

Guillaume is throwing down the glove. He told me that you cannot make a square in chess with me, Louis and Jean Pierre.

When the cross evolves from a baboon to a person it will become the fifth terminus in row on the five tangential spots of the circle. Guillaume, without touching your band, claims that Aeolus took the two plane tree's leaves on which you stand at his branch. He says that the one plies in Gibraltar and the other in the land of Aetes.

He also saw that I laid out your derivative. Your true father wrote to me that he does not have your surname. Apart from everything else he told me the divine words that you chew LSD like Pythia. He mentioned that you are a conscious Van Gogh as if he knows you from the future continuous.

He must be a native Calchas. How can he know all these things without having his Canis Majoris on your area? I expect your reply.

Yours,

Lucy Sanguin

## LETTER 360

Lucy Sanguin to Sophie Caron

26-10-2001, Paris

Dear Sophie,

I became the statue of Milos. Guillaume asked for our hands to be united. His word is a Californian ghost. In my room I am Teresa from Avila. I do not drink. I do not eat. I do not speak. I only wet my sheet. Without explanation. I cry over nothing. Is it possible for a Tristan to neglect his Isolde and have a positive sign when he sends her to death?

Two equitant layers of nicotine under my eyes and next to them the feet of a duck.

Ho can this youth go together with its deterioration? Nobody calls me anymore. Who is responsible for my misery and for shutting out my friends? Who?

I miss Damien now. Only he knows how to love me for who I truly am...

We are made from the same material. Cherries on a birthday cake and all the banqueters are poisoned. We do not care to ruin the lives of others. We just use them to hurt each other.

**But this cannot really happen. You cannot shoot life. Nor give breath to death.**

**We are both fire-proof. How can your liver be appreciated by your belly?**

**Everyone was betrayed but ourselves...**

**Babylon's pyramid-like gardens! Do you know which our previous reincarnation was? Pharisees, Jewish cantonal judges at God's crucifixion, a responsibility totally ours.**

**In 1330 we were reborn as fleas on mice and we exterminated half of Europe's population with the bubonic and pneumonic plague.**

**In another life we were guillotines for the decapitation of royal heads but also for the elimination of the people of Revolutionary France.**

**We are the idea of Typhus and Anomy...**

**We are Jesus Christ's miracles! Nothing would be possible without Him!**

**He gave us a fertile land and our privileges! A better generation than our own sad one will come!**

**We are not all God's creatures... Do our mushrooms cause you any problems?**

**Sophie, when you hurt others you benefit yourself.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## **LETTER 400**

**Damien Adaleux to Louis Martineux**

**12-1-2002, Paris**

**Dear Louis,**

**The sun's coronation brought my empire's rise. Lucy came like the moon in vertigo. I waited for her like a lion waits for the unconscious deer.**

**I kissed her forehead like the living bury the dead in mausoleums.**

**In the half lit living room, the electrocution of my kisses penetrated her body's fire-flies. A new light was sparkling in the half opened door of my room.**

**A cage with the mystery's decoder as bait. She laid her red raincoat on the table ready for the undetermined ritual. My hands were hotel keepers in my pants' pockets having the humidity of the night...**

**I had chosen a privileged death for her amongst myriads that were out there.**

**Her hearing on the separative line between lying and truth was stimulating to me, giving it a small push like when we close our house's door to the canary which came for the locals with bait.**

**I blocked the door with the keys of Saint Peter and I unlocked my darkest appetites.**

**The fox that all these years showed me she would be sentenced to death in our arms.**

**Every small or big Sunday would be drafted on her body by me. She would be paid up for her affair with Guillaume with an increased bank rate.**

**I stumbled and slightly hit my leg.**

**She tried to elevate her dignity. She asked for the reason of my action. She had not realized that Louis and Jean Pierre were carved on two chairs in the empty space for painting. One in Japan and the other in America were mobile only with the Floridian asianism.**

**When she realized it she became a sun with clouds in front of me. She fell down, kissed and cried on my knees. The weaned water of the Repentant Sinner...**

**I felt like a little God. Every Jehovah though must be affable for his crucifix. I did not intend to quit from the grass. I should not only be part of a miracle but also be the miracle. Nobody had the right to steal my Resurrection.**

**After all, her tears did not clean my octopuses but only my dusty shoes. Abraham's sacrifice did not matter at all.**

**She kept apologizing to me for the shadows she had taken off my body saying that to convey somebody else's words was one of her most provocative mistakes...**

**I acted with the Viking executioner's instinct. I pulled her hair like Neanderthal and threw her roughly on the bed. How could she believe in Thoth's miracles if she did not take part herself?**

**They taught us that believing in our God is a universal value. How are you going to teach his religion if you do not suffer his own tortures? But you have the right to steal the name of an anonymous God and be written in the holy incidents of life. Every one of us can become God. Just as long as somebody has the guts to accept the fact that this right belongs to all people until someday it is taken from them. I do not disagree. Bitter acceptance... Necessary for Mother Earth...**

**I threatened her that if she does not obey like a scout to my wishes I will send her loved one to the Underworld since I will reveal him her dual Aristotelian and her numerous lovers by their names and addresses.**

**I keep my promises. Fear had become a satellite over her head while Charon was threatening her loved one. I was a mason of the universe and at the same time a God-lamb.**

**I would once again sacrifice my soul to save the world.**

**Salvator Mundi above our heads... And us four like guards in hypnosis.**

**We would face the light of dawn like a pearl and with chameleons discs in the sky as a sign.**

**I always appreciated Piero della Francesca as a fresco artist.**

**A vertical sober power which does not doubt its value... Almost like Poussin's... I am attracted by the monumental... How could I be deified without recruiting painters and religious images or students like Louis and Jean Pierre?**

**The third cockscomb was blackmail's four-leaf clover. Of a practical nature I would say...**

**I would describe details to her Saturn from her rape by her cousin.**

**Her eyes acquired a tempest like before we were arrested by Efiartes.**

**Louis and Jean Pierre rose from their chairs and with human bodies stood on the left and right side of the bed for the Rightful Judgment.**

**Her hands became aeroplanes and hit the Twin Towers. These had collapsed from over heating.**

**Lots of corpses were flattening her little town. New York became Jerusalem and her mouth became a dump. I should have been a worthy descendant of Innocent the Third at Holy Land.**

**The remnants of the Birth and the temple of the Resurrection and Golgotha lied heavy on me. I had to reconstruct them with a crusade of dogmatic style and raise my Holy Crucifix.**

**As king of England, the conquest of Cyprus was a distractive plan.**

**The Mother of all Nations had received all the believers in her papal mitre while on her knees at the remnants of the Twin Towers. The constructive repairs lasted long.**

**I preferred to dig her ground so as to steal the cloak under the Altar.**

**Her papal mitre became river Jordan and I received the fire's baptism after the flood.**

**The other two were surrounding me like animals in the barn and she was John the Baptist.**

**Perhaps we were the three magicians who offered her gifts... A female Jesus! My right side of the left heel... After all, gods cannot be confined in waterproof cases or genders.**

**I felt the shakes of her buttresses in the cathedral of Reims. I hid in her basements to escape from the outer bombarding that shook my faith and my lion head.**

**That church was antiseismic. If she resisted like it happened in Paris when conquered by the Germans, she would transform into an African-American fairy.**

**Knowing though the difficult position I was in, she did not resist at all.**

**This unconditional faith without precautions could add new fans to those already existing.**

**I do not pose any new demand for the time being.**

**Our bodies' unity was the sumptuous feast of the Christian liturgy.**

The friction of the bodies with other believers announcing during liturgy causes cacophony and lighters in the soul that you have as kindling under your clothes. I now saw Louis and Jean Pierre more competitively. But differently too...

Who would take the gold, the silver or the bronze medal in her body? Medal is not enough. Our performances mattered as well.

Who would throw his child further to the hymen which was taking various inclinations?

It seemed like your ectoplasm was rolling on your bathing suit. Nails that were trying to get over each other.

The balloon was about to break. Her look was not much different than that of Catherine the Great. At some point I felt like I saw goddess Astarte.

Thankfully, I quickly baptized her Unholy Altar with toothpaste so as she could write a New Testament.

The other two baptized her and baptized themselves with lather.

The Big Catastrophe always comes from a clarification of calculations. The need for catharsis even stronger...

After this hieratic paroxysm-Louis a catholic and Jean Pierre a protestant- I can claim that Christ's church endured the reprisal towards the Catholics and the slaughter of the Huguenots without a grumble.

It was a religious cry of intercourse.

With myself beaten by the waves every time Guillaume pretended to be me and projected my most macabre thoughts on Lucy as if they were his.

Our bodies were like seaweeds on our feet carried away by currents of indefinite direction.

We thought touch was an anonymous identity of the flesh, knowing the texture and not her origin. I did not care at all about her details.

The feeling that we were a portion of a New Year's pie whose levels we had tasted before and not at her completeness which was enough...

It seemed I took my revenge from Guillaume like an angel-avenger, but in reality I had revenged Lucy who was unaware of her breakdown.

A double triumph. I would not have the temples of Rome dead like Augustus. Now I was not only an Emperor but a God too.

This double quality assures you immortality. Why not a vast arrogance like the desert's grains?

The torture was completed at the same time with the miracle. Combine business with pleasure.

Yours,

Damien Adaleux

## LETTER 480

**Lucy Sanguin to Damien Adaleux**

**4-11-2002, Paris**

**Dear Damien,**

**Guillaume described to me what happened that January sunset with every detail as if he was a witness.**

**He had called me Mother Teresa and I was so furious that I wanted to erect his stamen and make his hippopotamus emerge.**

**He wrote to me saying that he will be citizen of your Rome if you obey the following Ten Commandments: 1) you must have sexual intercourse of deconstruction with your Holy one and Louis as your accomplice, 2) you must have sexual intercourse of masons with your "Lucrezia Borgia", 3) you must rape Abel for his sacrifice, 4) you must become subject and object of a sentence at the same time with your friend Jean Pierre joining too, 5) you must express your love with actions in Lenin's Mausoleum, 6) you must taste all kinds of addictions with wine and lamb over night, 7) you must be a child molester in Thailand, 8) you must make a woman fall for you head over heels and then break up with her so as she become depressed, 9) you must truly love a boy by kissing it on the mouth, like a lion, and your feeling should be bottled, 10) after you do all these things, you must invite him home to show him in Trilogy (Birth, Peak and Decay) your recorded achievements.**

**The Ninth Commandment is as impossible as to turn your Creator into Isaac. He specifically told me that only when Christ becomes king of hell will you have pure human feelings and that you are unable to do many things.**

**He says you were born with lots of "must" and you maintain a proper fame in society like a virtuoso.**

**He wrote to me that he already knew what kind of hideous actions you will do.**

**Thus, freedom of will is a rank lie which some people infuse in human beings' souls so as to tame the caged beasts and keep them from being released and devour them. He told me he dared you to make me realize that you were not the best from those three in the box!**

**I was the satirical drama and you were the three tragedies. He claims he had won the first prize in the Great Spiritual Dionysia.**

**He underlined that it is impossible he had contributed in your soul's rotting; this had happened long ago...**

**Is he the man of my life? I don't know... I am sending you Guillaume's letters so as you can gain Poseidon in your Aphrodite like the Great Wall of China which has been mildewed. I confess that Guillaume has a greater impact on my thought than your sphere of influence.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

## LETTER 520

**Damien Adaleux to Louis Martineux**

**4-2-2003, Paris**

**Dear Louis,**

**The eighth miracle of the world! Myself! Guillaume succumbed to my money and I persuaded him to break up with my Assam!**

**My Babylonian communist queen of Star Wars got trapped in the scheme I had planned.**

**In the corner of the Eternal Geometer, the greatest rival, I dropped his Saturnalia. I took advantage of the situation of Luck and Need.**

**Poor her! She thinks that her father does not know what her cousin did to her when she was little... She deludes herself... An adulteress with a leaden parental signature... A callous hand holding the lantern. Ignorance is defeat's best student.**

**Guillaume was a gift from God. He helped to make her humble-loyal. I fired him when he started having feelings for her. I managed to poison their relationship.**

**This fortune-hunter, though, must be displaced. I am the culprit... I will make sure she never finds out...**

**Let her live with her Chimeras! Let the cast of the non-emancipated be away from me. I must have been a Hindu prince in a previous reincarnation.**

**I believe in Milk of Curable Spurious of Greek Pensive Joy and Sadness and in His good grace. All pathetic people must thank him like Lucy and I in the Olympic Stadium.**

**How can you appreciate health without sickness? How can you admire the pigeon if you do not separate it from the bat? How can you separate the dump from the beach?**

**I do not allow anyone to interfere with my private life and decry it as if we have been friends for years.**

**I am an important person of society. I am not just somebody...**

**Judgments or prophecies about my name are unacceptable. I am on the peak of my decay. Did anybody ask to be saved by him?**

**I do not ask for redemption. The county's nature and my beauty's charm are gables on my Evening star.**

**Nobody can count though the size of worms I have inside me with decimal numbers.**

**I can walk on the sea's storm and lead you to the Promise Land through it. Christ blesses people like me! Sinners of the world blessed by Christ! My father and I had the Star of David on the ring.**

**I would not be a Christian if he didn't lavishly give me privileges. I would search for another boss.**

**I am a lamb in the sheepfold for whoever makes the most beneficial offer.**

**Don't forget! Christ once had a traitor for his student! It seemed he loved traitors and rotten figs very much!**

**Lucy gives me her scarf knowing I corrupt her so as she can benefit me. The other guy offered her everything and she led him to disaster.**

**I will not say any more details. I am a discreet person.**

**Unfortunately, Lucy can only understand about him what she feels.**

**Since you understand you can take anything and make peace with others.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 550**

**Damien Adaleux to George Labrousse**

**25-4-2003, Paris**

**Dear George,**

**I am sending you a photocopy of Lucy's letter. Guillaume's family is about to be broke. I decided to get rid of him with the cleverest way.**

**Her father is a puritan. I sent him letters I had that he had sent to Lucy with totally sexual content to seem on one hand catechetical and nice and on the other hand to threaten him and leave her alone.**

**Complaints and lawsuits were thrown into the downpour. Kill two birds with one stone! Christ's miracles are nothing compared to mine... Why does everyone admire an invisible God? Why don't they admire me that I live amongst them? Why should I be deified after my death? I have grape fruit ideas. Like Christ got past Old Testament, I will get past New one. I must be the third in succession. The poor man of God thought he could mess with us Patricians without dealing with the expected consequences.**

**Where to find money to give to a broke man for court battles? He retreated like a vulture with a wounded wing... Everyone at his place and all of us in our nest...**

**I am the surgeon and the dissector of the human soul.**

**My scalpel can estimate sections accurately and cure or butcher. This will depend on my interests or mood.**

**Us members of high society we use people and situations for our games in order not to be bored. Their right place is in the garbage bins.**

**I am the state and whoever acts against me will have the end of Fouquier-Tinville.**

**I want all objects in order and cared for. I want others to be the pawns and I do not want to receive sudden incidents.**

**That person of divided morality should be away from Lucy. I just helped her father for truth to come out. My ascetic truth...**

**I am the black sun with its halo. Admire me!**

**I was honoured by August 11<sup>th</sup> 1999...**

**The beams still exist in the darkness. A nature's miracle...**

**I know everybody's weaknesses and I move depending on them.**

**Even if I chopped her, she would glorify my name during the cut because she forgives everything I do.**

**I like to step on her foot just to see her kick me. Guillaume swore at her once and she refused to see him again.**

**He was not blessed with my virtues! I am an amazing lover, painter, sculptor, poet, novelist, composer, lyricist, singer, great hypocrite, band member, founder, director, dancer, journalist, athlete, blogger, hacker, video artist and Lucifer's admirer and hunter...**

**The catalogue of new is incomplete. The gift of my persuasion has been spared.**

**Be sure that since I am good looking, even if I eliminated half of the earth's population, judges would find mitigating factors and dismiss me.**

**I have the looks of Bush Jr. God willing I commit crimes without doubt and guilt.**

**Whoever died by the hand of American Presidents are anonymous. Everyone you know I killed had a surname and a name.**

**I wish I had the power to exterminate all the earth's population! For the extra terrestrial civilizations of space! We are the greatest threat, not them...**

**Greater proof is that the worst kind of man is man, is myself and my memoirs.**

**For the time being, I enjoy my victory over Iraq and Serbia.**

**I am the Capitalist of the Round Evil.**

**I like smashing with my boot everyone that does not belong to my tastes like a cockroach.**

**I am sure I will get everything I deserve and that I will enjoy everything I deserve for a long time.**

**All girls must follow Lucy's example. Treat everything that matters like it is a garbage bin and make a statue for everything that is garbage.**

**Only such women should exist so as everything I stand for can triumph.**

**Why then carry a cross on your shoulder while I and my friends achieve everything without labour but with our cheap soul?**

**You succeed with corruption and immorality. If you look at Sistine Chapel, God gives breath to the creature with his hand.**

**Whatever the painting is, this is what its Creator is too. Are you something different from what you excrete?**

**We are our actions and our thoughts. Not the ideas... These belong to Heaven and to the dead so as we Gods can resurrect them and make them owe us dinners.**

**We kill them and we resurrect them. What is simpler than that?**

**This way we seem important hunting dogs.**

**Yours,**

**Damien Adaleux**

## **LETTER 720**

**Lucy Sanguin to Sophie Caron**

**10-8-2008, Paris**

**Dear Sophie,**

**What would the revolution of the Franks be without the enlightened nobles of the Tennis Court? Ganges does not flow backwards. The New French Revolution is a fact.**

**Pierre revealed everything to me. The king must be transferred to Kerameikos from Versailles. I am tired of waiting for him in Trianon's circle to promise he will multiply the few ignorant pieces of bread.**

**I possess all his letters to Jeremy. The clones of his letters are in the hands of his own ministers. Much more so, his revolutionaries.**

**The scene of the phallus's fall, which was described in a letter of his to César, is everywhere in the circles of high society. Definitely a Menander's scene.**

**Our Louis became Paradise's Adam!**

**The libels that circulate against him have no precedent.**

**Before I do those actions though, I avenged him in a different tone.**

**I invited him to an exotic dinner. I, he and Louis who had demanded we broke up. The place of meeting was an unknown to them apartment of immigrants in the capital.**

**The house belonged to an anarchist friend of mine whom I had met in Sorbonne. I had taken its keys so as our king and his Kalon could be locked up in Korydallos.**

**I was the virgin of Leucippus between Castor and Polydeuces.**

**Why experience Paradise alone when you can embrace Hell with someone else?**

**If you do not throw the seed for the almond tree to grow and get bigger with your mouth's liquid, how can she produce blooms and leaves?**

**How am I going to imitate Dryope? An offering of green blood should be made.**

**An angelic knife came out of my bag. Their shirts fell on the dusty marble ground like revolutionary nurses, highlighting the muddy memories that somebody can have from a life without golden coins.**

**A life stung by a sting. I drew a heart on their shaven by arson chests.**

**Maybe because I wanted not to reforest but to found a New Civilization.**

**A Gothic civilization... Or maybe because their hairs were not from chlorophyll.**

**I wanted red trees and rivers, like the soul's flames. I gave a lighter tone to their contentious chests with my tongue. To be exact, a rosy one like life is not.**

**I drew Damien our relationship's sunset without him having any premonitions about it.**

**Their clothing scissors and their intermittent cardboard had been taken away without any hesitation.**

**I had taken the position of a tiger on the half-weathered, dusty bed.**

**My flexibility was like an erection that offered Louis various expressions depending on the displacements of Damien's head: one time at the temple that was on my two hills and other times on the reversed side of earth.**

**Damien was cleaning the path that led from Omar's temple to my Vatican.**

**His mouth was a Spanish sea. From his tongue's religion to its heresy or its intention, so as I get troubled for which path to follow and taste virtue's garden.**

**His waves were about to swallow the two most sacred cities of Christians. A subsea earthquake in the Cretan Sea of a magnitude of Pharaoh's ten wounds was coming to drown all Christians.**

**Jews and Muslims of those areas. I felt the lack of land like the castaway fighting with the waves.**

**I was melting too... I was almost absorbed by his liquid, magic wand and I was about to drown with my guards of ancient cities, like Atlantis.**

**The culprit was the collision of the African slab with Greece. Or better the collision of interests of Sickness and Power.**

**All believers would get drowned from the comet Louis would throw on earth. Rome and Jerusalem would be of the sea now... Instead, their immoralities in continuous tense.**

**At some point my mouth became Bagdad constantly bringing missiles and bombs of Louis.**

**My teeth were collateral damage asking for their toothpaste.**

**Maybe Damien thought that having a father from America means he can blame others for the mistakes he makes.**

**I am afraid this cannot happen this time... The American guy and his friend may have eliminated cities and killed non-combatant with biological weapons but time had come for: "The payment of the tax."**

**Christ was absent in the middle of the composition. The arrangement of the fantasies was circular. Damien gave knife and will receive more knives.**

**I converted to Judaism. Suddenly the Door opened. It was not Christ... They were my ten Seraph Labradors.**

**"Peter" and "John" were upset for the tax their God had to pay to the Tax-collector's temple.**

**They froze with mechanical procedures. Their hands were Gordian as it is common before the time of the guillotine comes.**

**Those two thieves with the big teeth and the long ears... They were screaming... They were yammering... And I in the middle waiting for the end.**

**I was the Elevated Christ of Antonello da Messina to initiate heaven.**

**They became ancient Minoans by a razor with forest's strip to remind to everyone that there is always hope in Sahara and to straighten the sail in the reprisal. They were mercilessly whipping them with stock whips for forty minutes.**

**Their condemnation was guilt. The ten jurors declared it with judicial and religious conditions without a chance of appeal or absolution.**

**Acropolis was a holy place to the Alkmeonides.**

**I decided to send their microphones with a scalpel to the guillotine to silence them.**

**Prices were a little atrocity in two plates with tomato and acorns.**

**I devoured the fish so as they will not thrive anywhere else.**

**We left them half-unconscious in the lake of Bartholomew.**

**I was later informed that their disability was spreading like a cancer in hands and feet.**

**They remained deficient. Unfortunately not in the head. But this was not enough for me. I had arrested all his friends at the port.**

**I sent all his letters with his hideous crimes to the tabloids.**

**The government collapsed. Damien and his father asked Russia for refuge so as not to go to prison.**

**It is too late for Guillaume though. I heard he committed suicide.**

**I will go to his grave tomorrow to leave an orchid knowing that sooner or later Brick-Fielder will blow her dried leaves to the four points of the horizon.**

**Yours,**

**Lucy Sanguin**

**THE END**



