

# OUTSIDE HELL

(lampoon)



*'Let's all become one race with no organized religions'*

BJORK

## Introductory Phase

What is the pathogenic definition of being burned up by ultimate love?  
It feels as if a kid has just lost his family.  
I felt like I have just recovered from a badly loss. That could either destroy you or make you feel older. Hopefully, it hasn't destroyed me.

Do not want to know details; it is personal.  
I am just telling you that: As tall as two meters, with an excellent figure and eyes the color of the sea. A barwoman. Thank God I survived.

I had just left from my girlfriend's coffee bar when I saw 2-3 of those guys that are up to every trick, stealing a policeman's motorbike (the one and only on the island).

My girlfriend cursed the police the other day, for receiving a fine ticket because her motorbike didn't have registration number. So I phoned, telling her that:

- Listen, that's funny. Your curse has come true...

I walked around. I went back to the same spot to watch the bike to be carried in a van's carrier and leaving. I walked around again.

-I can't believe it, they just took it and they left. Do you know where to?  
Just outside your house.

- Poor man. Do you know what can happen to you now?

-I do, I know. I surrender

My girlfriend's privilege is that she is not very jealous. For that I can forgive her constant nagging. Or is it that her nagging is so bad, I can not see anything worse?

In any case, she is irresistible:

1. She is half of my age.
2. She is as tall as me.
3. She's got a perfect figure.
4. And the most important, her face matches the face of the woman of my dreams.
5. She earns twice as much as me.
6. She knows how to get what she wants and make you feel as if you still owe her. To my opinion, that's important to a woman.
7. She's got the most beautiful smile in the whole world. No matter what she is fucking doing, that smile erases everything.

Conclusion: I am in love, indeed. This love is my shield, protecting me from being burned up from the flame of love.

Last night I confessed everything.

- I don't want you to go again. I ask for nothing else. Not with her. With another one, I don't mind. I want you to promise me that.

- Yes, I promise.

- Can you?

- Yes.

- I don't believe you.

That night she had to go and visit her mother. Her mother suffers from high blood pressure, high blood sugar and she is in a bad mood (Her mother is 5-6 years younger than me).

This morning I went to her coffee bar and her constant nagging hit me on my face. I played dead.

I ordered coffee after her nagging. (I always pay for my coffee).

-What sort of coffee do you want?

(As if she doesn't know. She was frigid just to piss me off).

- A ... quiet one...

That was it. She "broke" and smiled.

- Why am I nagging to you? I got jealous!

- Yes... because you keep dancing for free through the night all those years.

- Do you reckon? Maybe...

She laughed and put the song "You get in my nerves" of Asimos play.

When the power of love is stronger than the love for power, we will have peace in the world.

**Jimmy Hendrix**

**End of Introductory Phase.**

Flash 1

I want to crush and sleep in your arms.

.....  
Killer (I named her Killer since the first time we met) suddenly, phoned and asked me if I am alone; then she says:

-I am coming over there to tell you...

On the island it was growing dusk and the winter with the cold wind informing that was coming slowly.

When I opened the door I saw a different Killer from the Killer I used to know. She was determined and calm.

- I surprise you she says, as soon as she sat on the couch that faces the window with the sea view.
- Here I am. Let me enjoy it without annoying you. Do whatever you would do as if you were alone.

I sat on the other couch (that is to the rear of the window) and I indulged myself to the reflection of the light of the fire from the fireplace in the living room. Facing the fireplace there was an old piece of furniture made from walnut tree. That was the bar.

There is plenty of whisky to get smashed, and there is vodka and gin for the ladies. There are more, like Tequila, Rum, Jagermeister and some Czech absinthe, of course.

The beach house was made by the island's mayor who was long gone. I was renting it. The draft was designed by his neighbor, a retired officer who was a post-graduate engineering student in the USA. It was an amazing house indeed.

The time passed away beautifully and silently (something that rarely happens). I felt I wanted a drink (suspending the permanent order of not drinking in the house). I walked towards the bar and got myself a green Johnny with a bit of water, got my yellow OLD HOLBORN tobacco, silver RIZLA papers and some spare filter tips (order No 2: 'We don't smoke in the house'). I lay down, rolled a cig and started creating some 'circles made of smoke' as I was slowly enjoying my drink. I knew that the best way to welcome a friendly unexpected visitor was to act as if you were on your own and in a good mood (acting originally of course).

- Pour me a JACK DANIEL'S shot she said as she was observing the bar.

I picked a Harvard souvenir shot glass up, brought to me (in pairs) as a present by a doctor when he came back to the island's hospital from the USA. I picked that one up, because it perfectly fits a serving portion of 50 ml like in the Bar. I filled it up and placed it on the table that was next to her. I left the whole bottle there as well.

- There is some spare I said to her to make her laugh. She pretended she wasn't listening as she swallowed it in 2-3 mouthfuls. She reached the third shot and was still quiet. All of a sudden, she looked on me and says

- I want to crush and sleep in your arms.

She said that so unexpectedly that it scared me. I nodded yes without a smile.

-Have you ever had the whole bottle of JACK DANIEL'S?

She asked me as if nothing has been said before.

-Up to half a bottle and I am smashed, I answered.

A whole bottle of J&B however, sometimes, I added.

She wanted to visit the island at the end of autumn. She was working at the hospital in the island next to this, a few years back. She felt she missed the sea, now that she was in the mainland. That's why she came to the island.

- Are you in love?

- I wish, she said.

There wasn't a special relationship between us. Despite the attraction we both felt for each other we weren't after something like that.

There was that night she invited me to the island she was working (there was a 20 minute distance between the two islands by speed boat) when we both had to practice our pediatrician knowledge all night long, since her daughter got sick. (Luck is rarely in our favour under such circumstances).

Our contacts were limited to unplanned meetings on the boat.

-You? She asked me. Are you in love?

-I wish I said, and she laughed.

These are stunningly amazing moments when a man and a woman fancy each other's company as friends, with no intimate relationship, without thinking... we are going to f..., do things and the like.

By now, she has completely forgotten the proposal she made.

-I am hungry, she told me after swallowing the third shot.

To make time pass pleasantly while on the boat, she was telling me stories from her student years in Italy. She was a Punk (rare for a doctor) she drank and smoked, substances as well, occasionally. That was it. You can still tell that she's tough and ... still uses slang (as you will find out).

- JACK's got you Killer. Three shots are a lot. I will prepare a quick cold dish for both of us and if we feel like it, we will fill it up again.
- Do you want help? She says.
- Chill, take it easy.

The living room is practically very functional and there is a bar as well. Behind the bar there is a comfortable kitchen. The engineering officer, my friend John, copied that from the house he was living in the USA.

-Don't drink more JACK, I told her. We will have a Cabernet Sauvignon, instead.  
 -You know better, she said in a frolic mood. I haven't got a clue about wines, she added. I don't like it when they rip me off with the crazy price tags.  
 -These Australian wines are not expensive, I said while leaving the tray with the dish and the rest on the couch.  
 I put the table in front of us and I replaced the bottle of JACK and the shot glass with a bottle of wine and wine glasses.

We were slowly drinking and having a second portion of food without talking. We were just listening to the sound of wood as it slowly burns.

The few moments of happiness we offer to women (when we are able), can absolve us from our sins.  
 (My saying).

### **(End of Phase 1)**

#### Flash 2

-Full moon! She said loud.

The fool moon has just appeared outside the window. It was beautiful. Fool moon always hurts me when I am not in love (meaning that, it rarely feels painless).

She was looking enchanted. Moonlight was caressing her face. The flames from the fireplace were giving her cheeks red reflections. That moment I remembered what Faust wanted; 'Time, stop'.

I thanked that particulate moment, the moon, the woman, and I said what we seldom and rarely say 'oh my God...' Then I got jealous of the moon.

She filled her glass up and then she filled up mine. (Women think of themselves first. When I realized that this was something natural, I stopped hurting and nagging).

-Cheers!

-Cheers!

-Do you know doc, we have very similar taste in music. Could you imagine?

-Now I got it. That means that you do like Pink Floyd, don't you?

-Yes.

-Meaning Syd Barrett, without a doubt...

-Of course.

-Now watch it. I really love BJORK. You got it?

-I follow.

-Watch it, Barrett and BJORK. The same lost in music. The same primitive and sometimes, like an infantile freshness, unconscious expression. Furthermore, both of them were lost in a psychedelic art. As if, they were saying: whether you like us or not.

Barrett was kind of lost in LSD and substances in general.

-Yes, my favourite BJORK is lost in meditation, I think. I am not sure. It seems like it. Inspiration gets many different forms.

-And many different ways.

We stopped talking for a while, enjoying our latest discovery. We were looking at each other smiling satisfactorily...

-Will you play the guitar for me later? She asked while her glance stared the 'Acoustic Country'.

-If it feels like it.

She was quietly enjoying the enchantment. And I was enjoying my thoughts in her silence. I was thinking the options given to me by 'THE MAGICAL METROPOLIS', as I like calling the Internet. Pictures and sounds from You Tube came to my mind. They travel me back again to Monterey 1967. Janis Joplin takes off the stage. Grace Slick floating in eternity while enjoying her girlfriend with her mouth open...

That's how goddesses contact each other. I wanted to start swearing to girls that have lost their feminine side. And then I thought 'forgive them' and after that 'they deserve it' and then I unwind.

-Lets make a fair deal, she says.

-I am listening.

-You will play me a song and I will kiss you in the mouth.

I stood up and took the guitar. (I tuned it up in the afternoon when I was playing heavy metal ballads).

-I will play Solder of Fortune by Deep Purple, for you. Next time we are going to meet I will play Imagine. I will ask a friend of mine about the accord. (George; he is the first bouzouki in the 'Arigato' for years now, in my birth town. He is in the island now as well).

-Whatever you fancy, a song and a kiss...

(I started).

- I have often told you stories

About the way

I lived the life of a drifter

Waiting for the day...

Concluding like this

- I guess I 'll always be

A soldier of fortune, she clapped her hands happily.

-You will sing me another one because tramp you will destroy my home.

-A kiss first.

She gave me a quick one after licking her lips in a dashing way... I loved that...

-You will sing me another one because a third song by you will pull my jeans down and I don't want it like that. If you like me a bit, please don't push me cause it won't take me long to jump on you. I have just split up. I came neither for comfort nor for psychoanalysis. I just like it like that. Just let it happen and it will be nice.

She looked at me to see if I understand what she was on about (men rarely understand women such moments). She realized that I got something; and she was relieved.

-Shall I play Pink Floyd?

-Go on big boy!

-'Outside the wall' easy accords.

Suddenly, little devil's voice yielded at me –What sort of bullshit are we talking about? We are having enough with the chick, aren't we? The bitch is breaking our balls.

Well, how do I tell little devil that he might be right once in a thousand chances?

Who's going to get it together afterwards ...?

-No, we are going to play a classic Country 'Tennessee Waltz'.

-You're ace.

-Ok... we, as well, have our favourites... It's not only you with Tarkofsky, Botticelli, Pink Floyd and all the rest in deep waters...

-Listen.

I was dancing with my darling

To the Tennessee Waltz

Completing with

The night they were playing

The beautiful Tennessee Waltz, she whispers in my ear.

-Now doc, if I kiss you now you will think of me as a w..... I owe you, do you mind?

Little devil was 'seeing red' and started screaming.

-Now what are you going to tell the b....?

-You don't know about this, I nodded.

'You see, chicks left us behind. Let me clear my mess up. Don't piss me off, as well...' I whispered afterwards.

Little devil nodded ok and pulled out in dignity. To our bad luck that's what is missing from chicks nowadays; that dignity. But you see wise God never gives all in one. Think of today's beautiful models having dignity, too. We would worship them, fair talking... And then churches would be without customers (so unfair)...

**(End of Phase 2)**

**Flash 3**

-Do you know what's funny about it? My ex is a sex therapist. He drove me mad talking about techniques, m..... You know, at times I become anorgasmic.

-For how long were you dating?

-For almost a year. Until a month ago, when I could not take it any more and I shouted at him:

-‘You asshole, have you ever asked your customers if they have ever been in love? Or do you drive them nuts, like you did with me. Fuck off sucker, and stuff your techniques...’

-I am sorry for not holding my tongue, my lout...

- It is not bad at all...

- My little beggar I like your tricks...

-I like your craziness Killer.

-Can I say what am I going to confess if I fall in love with you?

-You are going to do... I will tell you what...

-What? A b.....?

She laughed. I didn't know she was that foul- mouthed. You learn as long as you live ...

The more she expressed herself the more I liked her. She was an exceptional student. She had a PhD when she was about thirty years old. Now that she is about forty, she is a lecturer and she is working at the university hospital. She's got brains.

-If I fall for you darling, you will regret it. I will suck your blood like a leech.

-It's my destiny.

-How about a walk on the seaside under the moonlight? I will not piss you off. I promise.

She stood up. She got my hands and got me up... I followed my fate. It is about twenty meters from the house to the sea. Let's say thirty with the steps we have to go down. It seemed a whole kilometer to me; that's how excited I got to go to the sea.

-Can I call you sweetheart? Do you mind?

Her sudden kindness got me by surprise that I thought something was wrong with her...

We started walking "by the sea".

-I am not talking, so I am not going to piss you off, my sweetheart...

-The soul of a woman is an abyss... 'Sometimes like hell and sometimes like heaven'.

She leaned on my arm and we walked rhythmically and harmonious without much effort.

The music and the lyrics from 'Dark side of the moon' suddenly came to my mind. The moon was up; becoming silver and bright. We could see our shadows on the sand.

I felt relaxed and fulfilled. I put my hand around her shoulder. She hitched her thumb on my belt. We walked hugging like this.

The beach is stretching for five to six hundred meters. The house is at one end, so to go and come back is more than a kilometer in total. It takes twenty to thirty minutes when you walk slowly on the sand. It felt as if we wanted to stop time. We stopped every so often to enjoy the reflections of the moon into the sea. There was the lapping in the absolute silence (even the last tourists have gone).

I kissed her on the hair. She turned and smiled at me like a kid that has just gone to the fun-fair. I didn't think a thing. I couldn't care for less. I wanted nothing more.

- Thank you my God, many thanks...

We have reached at the other side where there is a wooden construction; some friends are trying to earn the winter's expenses with their speed boats over there. It's an ideal money trap. To go up to the small wooden balcony there are two or three steps. This is where we chilled.

- Tell me anything that's in your mind I want to hear everything. It is midnight, the night's stillness, the poet and me... Sorry, I almost broke my promise. I shut it up...

- Our baby came back; my inner self said with relief.

- This is how a new story begins, I said.

It is weird how the same person can cause you so many different feelings and thoughts at different times. To begin in a bad way and end up in a nice way would be happiness. Unfortunately, what we managed is to begin nicely and to end up badly.

-Is there salvation?

I just asked to the unknown.

-A combination of skillfulness and luck is the only salvation; and to fancy the whole thing.

-Unbelievable, we are thinking the same things, I answered her.

-It would be silly not to be able to communicate in such a scenery sweetheart.

I felt she was cold.

-Shall we go and put a piece of wood in the fireplace? I asked her.

-We are off.

The return home was fast as if we were invited to a Christmas dinner party.

### **(End of Phase 3)**

### **Flash 4**

We just got in the house. How come and she turns to kiss me while smiling. Our lips got together and without knowing we are on the carpet; going crazy. Her top got off in no time...

-Stop. Mercy me; don't.

Fortunately, the ABS worked and the 'Crazy Track' stopped. I looked at her eyes to see what she is on again. What I saw was that kid's glance who someone told to the fun- fair unprepared, 'Let's go then'.

-You will spoil everything nice that you just gave me. Don't do that love. At least don't do it now... Spoil it later... She looked at my eyes, I froze.

-F... my luck, f... it. Not one rational woman in my life. F...

She secretly started smiling.

She came and stuck next to me, while I was putting the fire up on my knees.

- I am not going anywhere unless we f.... Chill out now... Cool...

-Now we are talking.

We sat on the couch to take a breath.

-How about a JACK for both of us doc?

I nodded yes.

She got up and she put two extra large portions. We were sitting looking at the fireplace and I think that she let her mind to rest as I did.

Suddenly, she stands up and says:

-I am wasted ... let's go to bed.

We entered the bedroom. I lay on the bed wearing my 501 and my T-shirt. Killer wobbled her boobs and laughed.

-Don't get excited, appearances can be deceptive.

She then roosted in my arms and whispered.

-If you let me wake up when I want, you will win a mad blowjob doc.

That's it I thought. She got over the kindness crises.

-Be cool baby.

She slept. I didn't. One moment I was angry and the next I was laughing. Here we are now baby-sitting for the c.....

I didn't sleep at all. I felt a strange tenderness for Killer, however. I felt as if she was my adopted daughter.

-What sort of q.... is this and what's next.

(Fair comment for my little devil).

She moaned erotically occasionally in her sleep.

-Hug her softly, tenderly so that she is not going to leave you, the little devil shouted.

And she is dreaming of an orgy, sucker..., little devil added.

-Be a peeper but don't piss me off, I answered.

Suddenly, she moaned... It was one of these moans when the play is over... She woke up...

-Which is the filthiest fuck my beggar?

-The f... you fancy.

-Come inside me... now.

Here we are from dreams to reality with our clothes off, within lightning speed.

Reality is better most of the times; but that's what permanently escapes from us.

#### **(End of Phase 4)**



**“Some times boxing is like love”**



**Creation of Lysippos, friend of Alexander the Great**

(comments from my friend Pepi)

This kind of 'killer' is more than that. She is Jack Daniels and full moon, the sea and the fire that burn together on the fireplace!

Rarely do we have the chance to enjoy a gifted heroine, who didn't leave us with the bitter taste of vainness on our lips.

Time stops for us these moments. From your house's double spread with the fire on the fireplace to the descent to the sea (little of the sea and little of conscienceless) and finally to your bedroom (that's the acme).

There is a woman on your bed. She doesn't ask for you nothing and everything at once. Almost erotic is the directness of your document, Michael, generally inebriation, not only because you were drunk, but also for 'killer's rock, conflicts and her heart's fire.

The doctor is singing, song and kiss, a 'soldier of fortune', soldier to the field of battle that is named woman... Is there a salvation? Yes, there is! From the dreams we get over the reality, which sometimes is better.

Your document has the sweetness of freedom and the passion of battle, the adventure of a soul which searches to find the way and its self, the desire to be couple with another person, who makes us worse or better.

Thanks a lot Michael,  
Pepi