

Thus spokes
solar rickshaw

:

reflexions of a
rickshaw puller

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~~Thus Spake The King of Lundoxia~~

FEMINIST + NEW MASCULINIST = HUMANIST. ONCE BOTH COME TOGETHER AFTER
HUMANISM, THEN UNIVERSALISM APPEARS, THOUGH THAT IS A WAYS OFF YET.

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PART 1 - ALPHA

catch the first commercial flight into outer space, and discover a way for inter-dimensional travel. It just gets a wee bit out of hand.

Today is lazy, dead, eternal drifting. Hell, why am I whining, it's only the second summery day in mid-August. Before that it poured down frozen rain for three months straight, or more like giant ice cubes, gale force winds, dust storms, blizzards and tornadoes. Ah, the fine friendly weather of Amsterdam, how it warms the soul so sweetly.

At least I get to give my paining ass a pause. For months I've been meaning to fill my driver's seat with foam. But I'm just too bushwhacked at day's end. I was thinking I ought to put up a sign on my rickshaw, something like "looking for nubile former farmer womenfolk to massage rickshaw driver's ailing bare ass; herbal oils provided. Compensation: free weekly cheese, candy, waffles, pancakes and bitter ballen, or real balls, though not for take-away."

Amsterdam was different in the 1980s, the first times I came. Zombie-faced whores crawled the red light district lizard-like; junkies, pushers, hardened criminals and other such charming folk. You could whip out your dick in a public square and the cops would even happily shake your hand for the entertainment. It was dirtier and infinitely more carefree. Today everything has been mopped up, wiped down, sterilized. Money's king, more than ever before. The downside? No more free fucking in Vondel (or Fondle?) park. The police have been imported from a secret underground training base in Liechtenstein, and they will nab you nice and quick.

I must battle this oncoming tide of dull gloom and normality. Perhaps I'll ride the rickshaw one day totally nude, take some Viagra beforehand just to deliver the full impact. Yeah, that would sure wake people up; get 'em yapping their mouths off.

Amsterdam

Damn. Again I had to suck in yet another sleepless night. A side effect from the excessive adrenaline produced as a result of pedalling like a maniac in my vivid red/orange rickshaw. This time it was mice stirring, trying to eat all my “ontbijtkoek”, a Dutch cake I put thick gooey chocolate paste on. I had already caught one live mouse, in my pizza box. I had gotten it at the Pizza Bakkers on Amsterdam’s Haarlemmerdijk. I rapidly grabbed the pizza box in a plastic bag and put it outside, letting the little culprit escape, back into the urban jungle. But the second one wasn’t so lucky. I decided to get ruthless. I was awoken by his squealing, stuck to the glue I had set upon a cardboard piece near a ventilator, perhaps his entry point. Poor rodent, but he had it coming.

Morning time. Two pots of piping hot tea, always loose leaf Yunnan gold. Only one teaspoon per pot, more makes the taste too bitter. About now all I can think about is a salty Greek beach in the blazing sun so sweltering, all my insomnia would vaporize. I wouldn’t need one single stitch of clothing, wouldn’t need to ponder the planet melting, sinking or exploding.

I ride my ailing ass into town. I pass windmills on the way. I wonder, how many Duchies were conceived in windmills? How many times have I done this route? Everyone seems meditative on the Haarlemmer thoroughfare. I want a woman to flash her tits for a change. Tits, ass, labia and sausages sitting there on the sidelines, in between bonk sessions, sipping their ultra-strong coffee.

Coffee. How come I never got into coffee? The only place I can drink it like water is Italy. There the mouth foams for it. If I ingest it anywhere else, I get wired and it only magnifies my insomnia, as if I needed more of that. I tremble like a leaf, heart pumps and start making plans to climb Mount Everest naked,

The only problem: the Liechtenstein-trained Dutch police would nail my ass; they'd surely promptly chop my head off and mix it in with Gouda cheese packets.

It's true. Dutch dames don't flirt. Most male apes who drift into this town from all corners of the globe never clue into this. They murder themselves in embarrassment relentlessly, over and over, and return to Schiphol airport with their erections intact, dicks dry as dead bones. I was sitting in my rickshaw on Rembrandtplein once, and was treated to a royal feast of theatre. It was an Englishman, keener than the keenest, so much so his dickhead was practically popping out of his pants as he halted a Dutch bicycle-riding woman. Needless to say she looked like a throbbing, wet porno starlet on the verge of multiple orgasms, as all Dutch dames do. The jolly Limey, mouth agape bonobo monkey-style, stood there ridiculously pretending to ask directions. The Dutch nubile nymph spat it out indifferently as all do, with the extra drip of a lustful accent, just to rub it in, lay it on real thick like molasses. As she spoke, you could see the Englishman foaming at the mouth, looking close to ejaculation. Of course the sex animal lady played it innocent to pure perfection, and zipped off brusquely on her bike the instant she finished her instruction, leaving the hard-working Brit to hang dry. Poor chap, he had done his utmost, dressed to the nines with tribal accoutrements and a Robert Plant hairdo, he had most certainly studied and memorized Neil Strauss's *The Game* and Tony Clink's *The Lay Guide*.

But why must Dutch womenfolk take their cock-teasing tactics to such extremes? Today for instance: while riding back home after routinely purchasing my Belgian ale stack at the Bierkon- ing, I pass through the 9 streets, and what do I see? A dame about 3 meters tall, and the first 2 meters is pure legs. To make matters worse, she spray-painted her jeans on, meaning her to-die-for ass is saying a big fat hello to the world. As long as she's at it, why doesn't she just have some mega-dildos

dropping down near her crotch, just to make it a more complete outfit? If I were King for a day, I'd insist all these crazy female cock-teasers lay down naked on Dam square and await the willing willies of passing esquires, ready to deal their gentlemanly deeds. It's just the women who are the guilty ones, at least the homos lay their cards on the table from the get-go.

Yes, I am a pig, a happy pig in shit, my brain is out of control, oozing out and the day is damn well done. Finito. Over and out, damn right.

Life and death

I finally got a half-decent night's sleep. I awoke peacefully enough, but the tiredness was still in my bones. I dragged my ass out of bed and forced myself out, always running after the cash. I must have looked pretty beat, because on the Damrak I heard a guy say of me "hij ziet er chagrijnig uit" (he looks grumpy.)

I get some sweet Sardinians as passengers. Spoke in Italian to them, which brought me back to my days as a lifeguard in Lugano in 1992. I squeezed them into my rickshaw like sardines (Sardinian sardines?) Real sweet mammas, well above age 60 and they had eaten a tad too much pasta over the decades and it showed in their fat asses. But their heartfelt warmth gave me a love buzz. It's people like this who make my day: real human warmth. This is the age when women are at their best, character-wise: above age 60. By then they've dropped all their silly pretences, they let it all hang out and they are genuine, they spill the beans, they are REAL. Why do so many younger women play it so damn hard? For heaven's sake, take your damn clothes off and FUCK like the goddesses you bloody well are, give a few billion blokes a break and wank their wieners until they spurt out semen galore, you don't need