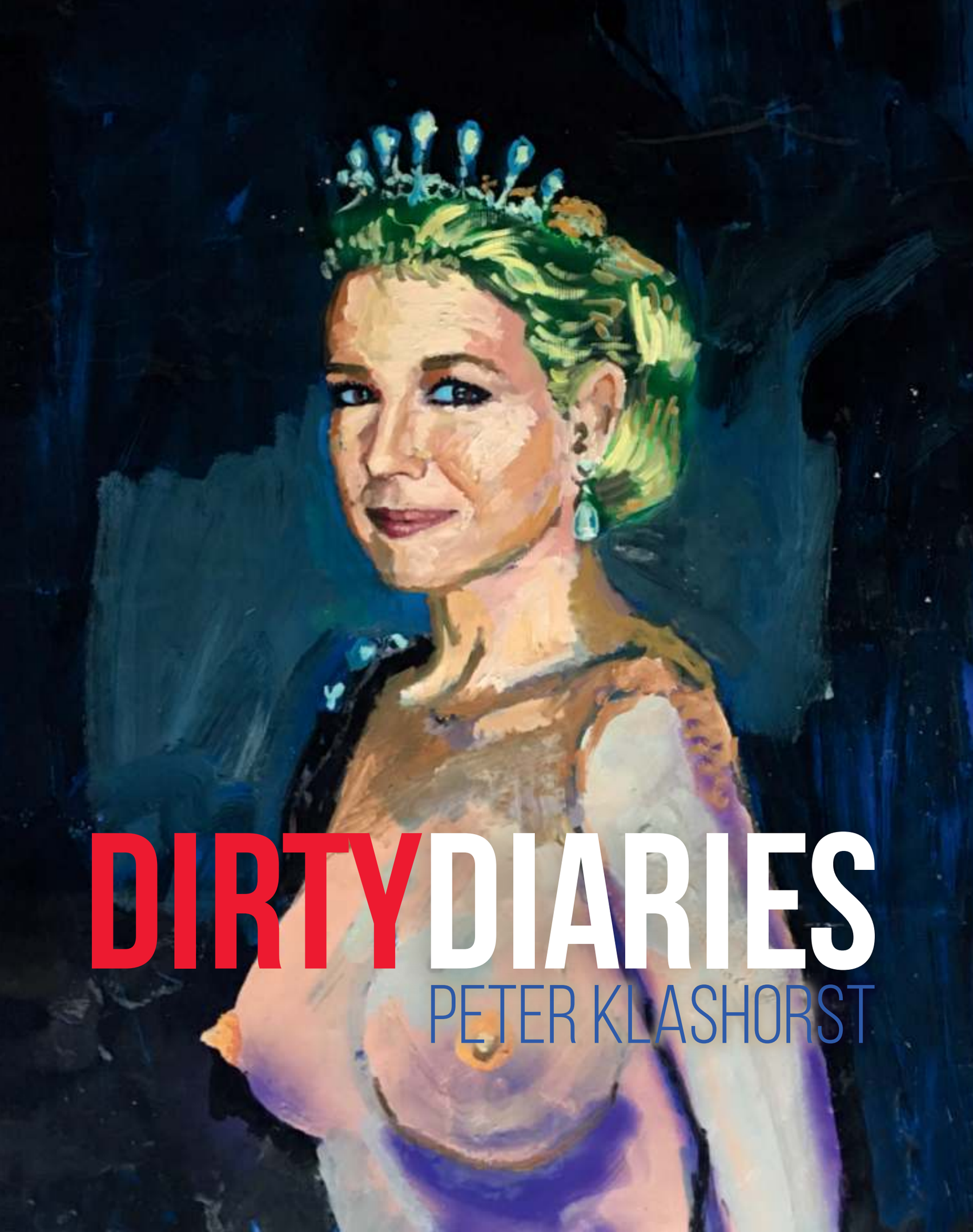


DIRTY DIARIES

PETER KLASHORST

DIRTY DIARIES

A Book Simulacrum ..the CuntCannibal ..Confessions of a serial painter and the Quest for the Holy Grail of Love and Affection (vanitas, vanitas) ..a narrative into the unconscious.

This is a work of art and fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locations and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any actual person resembling anybody in this book is better of dead. All models were 18 years and over at the time the content of this book was created.

PHNOM PENH, SATURDAY, JUNE 5 2019

BLUE LIME HOTEL



I am writing this in the year of our Lord 2019. To write a book is totally unfashionable. Nobody is reading anymore so why write a book? It's an outdated idea and probably a waste of time so why am I doing this to myself and my potential readers? ..literature is not mass media anymore...the Stoic Seneca said this about it and I have to agree ..keeping a diary is like making a fool of yourself **"When it gets dark and my woman of pleasure is sleeping, aware of this habit of mine I examine my day and look back over all I have said and done hiding nothing and be honest to myself."** ..now it's Facebook, YouTube and Netflix. My first book ..Dirty Diary or the CuntCannibal was received with mixed criticism ..the parabola of irony wasn't understood by most people ..it was in fact a moralistic book about a lifestyle not to be tried at home ..a warning how to destroy yourself.., but it was not taken at face value, but every syllable was anatomically dissected and the humor became a bludgeon in the hands of the Klashorst haters ..I wrote my own downfall with that book so I hope I can rehabilitate myself with this one ..the reader who is able to finish this book deserves a medal ..it will be more experimental than James Joyce or William Burroughs literary projects ..no beginning and no end ..an enema of the brain ..My would be publisher asked me to write an Anne Frank diary .."Every day a few lines." He said ..the circumstances of Anne Frank were a bit different than mine although she was living just a few streets from my house in Amsterdam it was a world apart ..and she was much more talented than me, ..but OK I will try so here we go ..the only thing I had to change in this diary were some of the names ..some who figure in this testament were afraid they were going to be fired from their jobs if someone would recognize them ..Holland was a paranoid country ..everyone was scared of each other ..big brother is watching you ..the Gestapo ..Achtung! Feind hört mit! .."There is nothing to fear, but fear itself!" My mother always said, but Dutch people were scared as hell ..for their jobs, neighbors, the climate ..and so on ..fear was ruling that small country ..Calvinism ..discipline should be enforced to all of society uniformly ..I was thinking about this while lounging at the swimming pool of the Blue Lime Hotel. "No Sex Tourists" said a sign at the entrance. The only other people at the pool were obvious sex tourists. A proverbial fat big German man with a small childlike woman ..Asian women were small and fragile so pedophiles with some imagination could have legal sex with women who looked like children ..An elderly grey haired bespectacled Frenchman with white skinny legs and a small blubbering beer belly and his young golden brown Khmer boy. A tall good looking young George Clooney type Dutchman with an older woman ..a real cougar I was thinking what his perverse habits could be. He was too handsome to be with a woman who could almost be his mother. Was he a



guy who like to be dominated and shitted in his mouth or so? A scat man ..coprophilia? ..Or was he subservient and into bondage ..femdom? She didn't look like a prostitute. Maybe a kinky Tinder date? ..They were having a lively conversation and I saw some books and that's highly improbable with a Khmer hooker was my experience. So no real sex tourists except me, but I was [illegible] didn't show what I was here for. I was a incognito sex tourist avoiding to look at anyone. I had been trying to swim [illegible] sometime before and had brought a Khmer girl [illegible] and [illegible] on the grounds that the swimming pool was fully occupied although we were the only visitors." A [illegible] tourist are [illegible] way, sir!" the sadistic smiling receptionist told me. Of course there are always [illegible] somewhere on their way so the xenophobic asshole was speaking the truth. I originally had come to Cambodia on a so called visa run. The visa rules in Thailand were so complicated and changing by the hour it seems according to rumors so that even the people working at the immigration police had no clue ..so the best option was to go out of the country every few months. A stupid and senseless undertaking, but the trip was necessary according to the Thai authorities ..maybe to make some money selling visas so I did it. You just cross the border into Cambodia and come back to Thailand all in 20 minutes and the Thai authorities were happy again the pointless stamp was there ..I don't believe in countries and visas ..I think it's a stupid way to control the world population, rich people flying on private jets don't need it, but an ordinary poor peasant and had to be going to [illegible] to be checked in this stupid and humiliating [illegible] illy you would go by cheap minivan huddled together with some other poor loser farangs, but one time I decided to take an airplane and stay a few days in Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia. After a flight of about 50 minutes I arrived at the Phnom Penh International airport and I got a tuk tuk to my unknown destination. I asked the driver for a cheap accommodation and with cheap I meant real cheap ..like 1 dollar a night. He told me that he knew the right place and asked me also if I was interested in having sex with children. "Welcome to Cambodia!" I thought. Is this guy crazy or a police informer or both? He was pushing me, although I told him "No, I am not interested in sex with kids sorry!". Before going to the hotel I should fuck first a child he insisted. And of course he knew the right place for that. Maybe I had the appearance of a pedophile I don't know. He kept insisting of me having sex with a young girl or boy. After my clearly several times verbal negative answers he brought me finally to a guesthouse for an inflated ride price. The rooms at The Smile Guesthouse were 1 dollar 50 a night and that was just what I was able to afford. As usual I was down and out in Asia. I didn't pay the rent of my apartment in Bangkok. A friend was supposed to pick up my valuables, but he didn't have the time so everything was thrown out on the street. Anyway, my valuables were without any value ..everything of value is defenseless ..especially art. My good friend, consigliere and critic, Edwin Suer advised me not to write, paint or photograph anything related to sex ..people will take it in a negative way and will hold it against me and don't buy any art ..I should write about something positive like love, happiness and success, but all these things were not there in my life at the moment ..only an urge to achieve it or maybe not even that anymore ..I had given up on success and love and affection and I was suffering from a mental illness called Gilles de la Tourette ..not really, but I always felt the urge to shock or create discussion and controversy in my art and life ..deliver a thesis just for the sake of discourse ..sometimes that proposition doesn't necessarily reflects my own opinion, ..but to make a point that can be debated for the sake of argument ..with art it's the same thing often you have to do things against your own will or aesthetic ideas ..I was in doubt about writing a book ..I knew for sure that letters from a lunatic like Vincent Van Gogh would appear very sane compared to my texts ..Benvenuto Cellini was bragging about his achievements while I am just doing nothing more than an exercise in self-mutilation ..and making myself ridiculous in the eyes of my loved ones and the world, but this is my testimony ..there is nothing more ..I wanted to write an honest account of being a free artist in the 21th century ..and I did ..was it narcissistic or masochistic? ..maybe both ..maybe making art is always self-centered ..an ego trip.


MONAISHA

This book is dedicated to Monaisha ..once upon a time long ago in a far away land ..a Swahili lady from Mtwapa on the Kenyan coast ..one of the things I regret in my life was to be unfaithful to my Muslim wife and destroy the relationship ..like so many relationships before and after ..I was very destructive ..when we were living together she used to get up in the morning to go to the university to study medicine ..she would clean the whole house, make my breakfast and would ask me what I want for dinner ..I usually asked her for fresh fish ..sardines or tuna from the local fishermen ..after breakfast I would go to the beach and sail in one of my catamarans picking up some lady swimming close to the shore or walking on the beach ..I would usually already fuck them in the sea ..then I would go and have lunch at Big Tree restaurant in Bamburi beach ..swim or sail again and head home ..write or paint ..Monaisha would be preparing an exquisite dinner ..usually consisting of an amuse, soup, a main course of fish and desert of ice cream and fresh fruits .. then she would doing the dishes, clean the house and I was painting or writing ..when she was finished we talked together or I made a few nude drawings of her and we had sex ..she would go to bed or did her homework for her studies and I would hit the nightlife in my MG stretched Mini Moke from 1968 ..I usually would first go downtown to the Casablanca nightclub and restaurant ..a two story or storey building ..downstairs was another club ..the Casanova ..African men with +10 inch cocks were fucking ebony ladies on a small stage and to my surprise giving fatherly advise about impotence and what to drink and eat to avoid it .."Drink lots of coffee." I can remember Sunny Boy saying while swinging his enormous black baseball bat standing upright between his short skinny legs ..he was a small man and that was making his sausage even bigger relatively seen ..as a proof of his knowledge of prevention of a failing cock so it was somehow also a learning experience ..it was a revelation for me to hear that African men who were known for their beastly potency could be impotent just like us degenerate white folks ..another myth going down the drain ..and of course you had private rooms to also indulge in this sport ..I would invite some ladies for some lap dance and more ..with a few bottles of fake champagne and plenty of Tusker beer ..then I would go upstairs to see the people dancing if you could call it dancing ..it were maybe more dry humping sexual moves ..short skirts and no underwear was the fashion statement that season ..a part of the building was a convenient short time hotel so if you didn't want to do it en plein publique you could go with one or more ladies to your quarters ..if this wasn't enough and it never was you could go on to the Florida or heading home to Mtwapa and the Causarinha Club ..all more tame than the Casa Blanca ..I would go home in my stretched Mini Coachman carrying usually some ladies and some African friends ..as usually I was totally drunk and I found it time to see my wife ..and often have another go with her ..a crazy lifestyle, but rather normal in Africa ..it was very different from Amsterdam although also there I had the habit of renting call girls to wait for me at home while I would frequent brothels with my friends ..I didn't want to feel lonely when I get home and it was a nice idea that one or more call girls would be waiting for me at my house, ..but this lifestyle was not a good way to conduct yourself as a good Muslim and husband ..I felt guilty, but was addicted ..Monaisha or Mwaisha knew of course about my endeavors, but never complained ..and was ready each morning with my breakfast of eggs, sardines and slices of mango ..she was a devout Muslim ..never leaving the house without her ninja style burka ..only her eyes were visible, but somehow that flowing black robe was even elegant and sexy..like a artwork of Christo covering something that you don't realized it's so beautiful when it's uncovered …what you don't see triggers the imagination more than what you see …or maybe it were the eyes that were the only thing visible …and you concentrated on their beauty and inner soul like a surgeon is concentrating on that what he has to cut in while the other parts of the patient is covered in blue hospital fabric or was it, because of her long legs and large breasts ..nobody could see that underneath that big tent there was a woman of great beauty and intellect ..tall, slim, large firm breasts and a big smile with the proverbial strong white African ivory teeth ..and it was all mine ..a Muslim man unlike a Christian man doesn't share his wife and of course you never have a beautiful woman alone ..you have to share if you want it or not ..sharing is caring ..most



pimps in Holland were Muslims ..Mwaisha was the only woman who ever licked my sperm from her hand after giving me a handjob ..it was such a gesture of true love that I will remember it for the rest of my life ..people will say that it's dirty or not at all a sign of love and affection ..just ordinary sexual satisfaction as in a porn movie, but it wasn't ..when you love each other you can eat each others shit ..I was at Mtwapa in a taxi on my way to the beach when I saw a girl walking along the dirt road ..the woman who accompanied me asked the taxi driver to stop, because she had to say something to the girl ..it was about a plot she bought from the father of that girl ..she was dressed in a school uniform slender, tall and with large soft bouncing breasts and a happy open smile ..the happy African woman from a picture book or the National Geographic Magazine ..I couldn't stop staring at her and saw a living painting and a object of desire ..I had gone to Africa to see for myself where Picasso and Matisse got their inspiration from ..the traditional African art, but it was more than that I fell in love with the people of this continent ..people who were despised in the West ..the hated children of Ham ..the first time I touched African ground I was exited and it felt like a homecoming ..I have had an affair with a prostitute in Amsterdam from Nigeria who had scarifications all over her body ..organic arabesque like lines made with a razor blade in her skin ..she told me that it was juju ..a spell from a witch doctor a Marabou so she would pay her traffickers in Nigeria money every month otherwise she would die ..a living statue and religious object ..a black magic woman ..I had to go to the source ..and I did go to The Gambia on my way to Liberia or Nigeria ..(she claimed to come from Liberia, because that country was at war so she could get refugee status ..she could say anything to the Dutch authorities ..they had no clue ..these ignorant fools probably never heard of Liberia or Sierra Leone) although I never arrived in Liberia ..I ended up in the Gambia ..the Africa for beginners ..OK, I met Monaisha when I was sitting in a taxi on my way to the beach ..she was an acquaintance of Neema ..the mother of my newborn daughter Louise ..I couldn't care less ..Neema was fucking around and so did I ..the whole classical idea of being a faithful father and mother was thrown overboard a long time



ago ..it was useless to pretend ..still we were happy together ..the best times we always had when I was broke and wasn't able to go clubbing and whoring every night ..then we played father&mother ..the house that we bought was always full of people ..we had 3 house girls, a gardener and a cook ..I had my own bedroom ..the cook didn't speak any English ..she used to clean the floor of my room in the morning ..she did this in a transparent kanga ..she used a mop, but without a stick so she was standing with stretched legs and only her upper body to the floor ..her protruding African booty in my face ..it was an original wake up call ..I would just put the mosquito netting aside and push her body on the bed and penetrate her ..all this without saying a word to each other ..a great way to start the day ..it became a morning ritual .. after a cold shower I would start painting for a few hours and then go to the beach which was in walking distance from the

villa ..I asked Neema if her friend Monaisha was willing to pose for me ..so she did pose for me ..first portraits and later in the nude ..I showed her Playboy magazine and asked her if she could take the same poses ..a black Playmate ..I was living the dream ..a villa near the beach and about 5 willing ladies to pose for my paintings ..the problem was always that I would find new girls every day ..a never ending series of ebony beauties ..I also thought that I somehow was a traditional African man trough this behavior ..adapted to African society, ..but the African men despised me for exploiting their women ..that was something they wanted to do themselves ..I left Mombasa and Kenya and Mwanaisha ..seven years later she found me back on Facebook.

"How are you? Do you remember me ..Mwanaisha?"

"Yes, of course I do ..my memory is still OK. Do we still have the house in Mombasa and Dar es Salaam?"

I bought a few plots and a house for her ..now that we had contact again maybe I should settle down and live in Tanzania or Kenya with her

"I sold the place in Mombasa, but the house in Dar is there ..it's empty ..I am staying with my mother so if you want we can move in."

It was tempting ..just stop with all the nonsense and live like a Muslim ..going native all the way ..maybe get 3 more wives ..I started to fantasize ..sometimes Mwanaisha and me would have group sex with some other ladies so she was used to the idea of a man having more than one woman ..She messaged me a photo of herself ..her face still looked the same, but I saw on Facebook that she had a child now and her status was that she was married ..so I presumed her big breast must be gone and turned into flat pancakes or teabags ..it was cynical to think like that, but I couldn't help it ..the clock is not turning back ..the way of all flesh is that it's falling apart ..until it's nothing more than dust ..and ashes.







CARAVAGGIO

One of my favorite artists is the Italian painter Caravaggio ..he was a big influence on Rembrandt with his chiaroscuro ..the contrast between light and dark, but what is more important his interest in staying close to reality and not in a poetic way, but just like it is ..no idealism of the human figure ..using models from the street ..hookers to pose as Maria's and street boys as cupidos ..I made some copies of his work ..how he painted nobody knows, but I suspect he was using lenses or a camera obscura, ..but how he was using these aids I don't know ..he was working very fast ..maybe his whole studio was a camera ..all the figures in his paintings are more or less life size ..so who knows he was using the shadows as a aid to construct a drawing on the canvas ..most painters at that time worked with cartons ..they would first make a drawing and then transport that drawing onto the canvas by pricking small holes in the lines of the drawing and then blowing charcoal powder in these small holes ..Rembrandt was known to work spontaneous directly on the canvas without primarily studies ..if that's true I don't know ..I think he made a black and white monochrome underpainting ..before using colors ..I make usually drawings and photographs that I use to make a drawing on my iPad or iPhone ..I use that digital drawing then as base for my paintings, ..but the most interesting thing about Caravaggio's art was his attitude ..he didn't compromise and his paintings are convincing because of the use of real people and not constructed ones ..like the disciples of Michelangelo ..the mannerism followers ..Michelangelo's sixteenth chapel painting was like a comic book with super heroes ..all very muscular men and women ..and all the same proportions ..understandable ..he had a vision about how men and women should look like ..Michelangelo was like God himself and created Übermenschen ..Caravaggio is the opposite ..hookers, beggars and other real people are role playing in film setting ..Caravaggio is more of a film director and Michelangelo a comic book artist ..I am influenced by both ..I love the realism of Caravaggio, but also admire the anatomical knowledge of Michelangelo ..if you look good at the paintings of Caravaggio you see that he didn't care about anatomical likeness ..many times arms and legs are out of proportion as if photographed with a fish-eye lens, ..but maybe that adds to how we really see and experience things ..our eyes are also lenses with of course a ever changing perspective and sometimes even strange illusions ..you cannot believe what you see ..your eyes are deceiving you ..cubism wasn't a fantasy, but reality ..if you move while painting nature shapes are changing ..try to paint a landscape from a car driving 80 miles an hour ..I did try these experiments and the results are rather abstract, ..but everything is moving all the time ..nothing is frozen but your painting ..so reality is a moving subject ..you are not standing still and the rest of the world is also a continuous movement ..so cubism was the natural answer to these problems of seeing ..and in fact more real than the frozen moment ..they say that seeing is believing, but as a painter you often cannot believe what you see ..