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ALKIBIADES

A Pamphlet

A production by Peter Fritz Walter.

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CONTENTS

Prologue	1
I.	2
II.	14
III.	20
IV.	22
V.	29

PROLOGUE

This pamphlet is dedicated to Socrates, Petronius, Shakespeare, Leonardo, Goethe, Freud, Dali and of course Woody Allan. It is only illogically comprehensible. Geniuses however playfully grasp what words cannot convey.



ALKIBIADES / 2

I.

There was once upon a time a doctor of law. No, it was *not* Doctor Faustus. But the story is similar. It was not Hamlet either. While this one also had an Oedipal problem.

It was not Romeo and Juliet either while here we equally can enjoy reading about forbidden love. And it was definitely not like in Shakespeare's 'Tempest' where notoriously the author projected his incestuous wishes in the monster Caliban. Writers are well off, indeed, they can mold into language sexual wishes that for cultural or social reasons they are forbidden to act out.

Freud called this mechanism *sublimation*, and he thought it was the foundation of all culture. Thus, writers are makers of culture!

This text, then, is an original contribution to the New Age! For here we deal with what is new but in reality very old and with what is old but now renewed. We also will deal with new age of consent laws, and besides with guardian angels that, as Françoise Dolto said in one of her seminars, are particularly flatulent.

I don't know how she found out about this random characteristics of angels. I read her books because at thirty-five I wanted to know if I was still a child or already an adult, if I had



ALKIBIADES / 3

absolved all castrations or if I was still umbilically attached to my mother?

By the way, when I read Freud and Jung earlier on, I had become suspicious. Reich made me throw out the baby with the bathwater before I was taking baths with babies. But only Woody Allan gave me the sex education I so badly needed.

Besides Leonardo, Woody Allan was the real avatar of the New Age, long before Capra. And Woody Allan is much more mystical than most of his fans tend to admit. He was the one who married oriental mystics with Western psychoanalysis and as a result realized his Tao.

Capra has overlooked this important feat. I myself found my Tao through accepting and realizing, after years of sinful fakehetero behavior, my original love. Surely, Woody Allen did not want that to happen. He may blame it on my youth, or on my foolishness.

With Woody Allen it's as with Loriot. They have artistically sanctified Oedipal Culture. Now I have to mention Hamlet who, by the way, was already preceded by Orest, and of course Leonardo. The honorable reader may be wrongly informed about the most twisted of all boylovers. He was a part-time painter, such as Dali was psychoanalyst in reality while most people believe he was a painter. Dali had all the talents



ALKIBIADES / 4

of a really gifted psychoanalyst, the narcissism, the home-made paranoia and, first of all, a powerful language.

The Last Supper Leonardo painted only because the motif, as in most of his paintings, forms an Oedipal triangle.

Mona Lisa, if you watch closely, does not have the face of a woman. She was in reality a boy dressed up as a girl. That is the reason why the painting is so painstakingly kept safe in the Louvre. For it would be the greatest shock for Oedipal culture if the truth about platonic love came to daylight. Socrates loved Plato not platonically. And Leonardo did not love Mona Lisa and no other Lisa. He loved a fourteen-year old Florentine boy with long curly hair who was buying everywhere on credit, and whose bills Leonardo diligently paid. He knew what was good style for a true gentleman and universal genius.

Mona Lisa is the platonically gelded justification of heterosexuality with a touch of fin-de-siècle decadence. It is the reigning version of this kind of mating, but presently out of stock.

The value of the Mona Lisa is in her smile. This smile is so precious because it says no to love. That is why Mona Lisa's smile is truly platonic but at the same time leonardic.



ALKIBIADES / 5

The immeasurable value of Mona Lisa's smile is that it sustains the reigning culture. It sustains gelded heterosexuality and the mainstream moralistic paradigm.

The existence of Mona Lisa saves a whole regiment of adultery detectives that would cost our state billions of dollars. Compared to this, the few millions that the painting is worth is nothing. It's primarily school children that are carefully introduced into Mona Lisa's smile, as today we are fully enlightened about her conditioning influence.

The decent smile has its effect in both inviting to love and at the same time denying love with a definite No! Such is the desired effect, namely to build up sexual tension in children without hope it could ever be discharged.

Oedipal culture is characterized by the fact that it creates desires that at the same time it delays and eventually denies to be fulfilled. Modern mothers are born Mona Lisa's. They smile tenderly and recite their slogan, Your father is my husband! That is why Mona Lisa is sustaining culture. The true Woody Allan comic is in the fact that Mona Lisa's smile is equivocal. It could also say yes while truly it says no. But we can never be sure. Especially not when you are only five years old. And then, thirty years later you wonder why there is more guilt in you than fishes in the ocean. These guilt feelings can be rooted out by having Mona Lisa fuck off.



ALKIBIADES / 6

Be embraced millions! But not by me. I only need one responsive boy to be happy, and not six billion idiots. And he does not need to be the son of a millionaire. And he may live on credit; what was right for Leonardo will be duty for me.

When you turn your back to Mona Lisa, this looks like you were despising culture. But this is how appearances betray. For you bear Mona Lisa's mysterious smile in your heart. Motherly love has implanted it there. To turn your back to Mona Lisa therefore is an expression of your self-acceptance.

It means, to say it in psychoanalytic terms, that you have done a castration. Castrations are very important in life for they trigger evolution. Every castration brings about a psychic transformation and, as a result, a change also in your outer life circumstances.

To turn your back to Mona Lisa therefore means to stop with platonically coronated hypocrisy and to recognize the reality of platonic love – with all its unplatonic consequences. That is why, at the end of the day, to turn your back to Mona Lisa is not only an expression of your self-esteem but also a truly heroic act. It is the quest for truth in love.

My search for Alkibiades began after I had broken off with Mona Lisa. I eventually had understood that Leonardo had used her as an alibi.



ALKIBIADES / 7

Indeed could I sympathize with Leonardo only from the moment I had read Freud's study about him and in addition got to know about his picturesque boylove. I was feeling sad, then, because of the fact that the great man had to pay so much for a simple boy who, perhaps, was not aware that he was prostituting himself for one of the greatest geniuses of humanity. From that moment I could understand the deep melancholy that Leonardo's face expresses.

When you take into account that he painted Mona Lisa instead of his little love boy, you realize what heroic self-denial this man was capable of! But did he do us a favor in punishing himself so cruelly, in publicly denying his true and authentic desire?

Has Mona Lisa's smile not given rise to more Oedipal confusion and co-fusion? Would not a painted confession of pederasty from a truly genial pencil have helped us to constructively, and so to say constitutionally, deal with these desires?

The opportunity is wasted. Thousands of innocent children are trapped by Mona Lisa's ambiguous smile and this is a fact that we have to note cold-bloodedly. Against the devastating consequences of this smile all state-ordained sex education is powerless. For school-driven sex education is left-brain while Mona Lisa's smile directly impacts upon our right brain in that it has an immediate hypnotic effect on children,



ALKIBIADES / 8

which of course does not surprise as it was painted from a blessed hand.

Today I am at peace, even with Mona Lisa. Her smile faded away. Sometimes I wonder if she is not lonely especially during the evening hours when there are no children around her to contemplate her well-formed bosom?

And then I wonder if she remembers her creator? And if Leonardo remembers her?

Today in my heart there is another smile. It is the smile of Alkibiades.

When I discovered Alkibiades' smile in my soul, my life began to change. My past today is but a bundle of olden love letters, dusty, with an unobtrusive fragrance of roses.

The fragrance comes from Alkibiades who was living in my soul since millennia.

The first time Alkibiades incarnated in my life was in the form of Philippe, my intimate friend in boarding school.

Philippe was a rather poetic boy. It was his lascivious passivity that made me love and desire him so crazily. We were just ten years old when we had our first sexual encounter. For the next eight years our destinies were linked to one another. All began on a Sunday night when we arrived at that remote boarding in the countryside. When unpacking our



ALKIBIADES / 9

stuff and filling our lockers, we gave each other loving regards —and Philippe smilingly handed me a piece of chocolate.

Oh ..., this first night! Departing from mother, my soul arrested in apprehension, sitting in that neon-lit smelly train compartment, passing one depressive village station after the other. Thirty miles of misery, my front pressed against the window and numb sadness filling my heart, I heard the trill pipe of the Schaffner like a remote warning; drunken with loneliness I got off that train, in the small town where I had to enter the home.

And yet, used to living in homes from age two, it was not so much leaving home, but the silent pain to leave the old and enter the new. But that time in a long time was a blessed new start in my life.

Standing in front of my locker and turning around again and again to contemplate that handsome, fresh-looking and charming French boy, I felt that my heavenly mother had prepared for me a magic potion that would help me endure the inevitable bumps along this new journey, home, high school and all the rest of it. With his parents had he come, not alone like me. In a new Citroen DS Pallas, a luxury car, they had arrived, and he really seemed to possess innumerable trousers, shirts and underpants of the finest quality, and had a beautiful soft mother who kissed him tenderly goodbye. Who was this boy? What was it that magically attracted me to him? What



ALKIBIADES / 10

was this immense peace that irradiated from him? Was it the love that his mother seemed to have kissed into him?

That afternoon, before departing on this new journey, I had more than ten cups of strong black tea with my mother – and now I was in bed, cold like a fridge, freezing of apprehension, one whole trembling eel. And a street neon shining right into my eyes. How to sleep under these conditions?

We were only three in that large dormitory, but two were in one bed. I wondered why Philippe was not in his bed but in the bed of a smaller blond boy? What did these two beautiful boys do together in bed, I wondered, intrigued and curious beyond measure?

I remained still so that they thought I was sleeping and perhaps would be more outgoing so that I could see something, while they were at the other end of the dormitory. I heard they moved the bedcover and then I heard a chuckle, and a whisper ... What the hell did they do with each other?

Then, once of a sudden I thought I could make something out in the somber hall, and got up. Philippe called:

—Hey, this one does not sleep! You faked sleeping to spy us out, right? Come here then and look what we do. You may like it ...



ALKIBIADES / 11

He laughed and I went over, strangely numb and anxious. With one imperative move Philippe lifted the bedcover. There I saw the other boy naked, on his belly. Philippe sat beside him, equally naked, and tenderly stroked over the boy's beautiful bottom:

—Come here and caress his Popo, he exclaimed! It's the nicest and smoothest bottom I have ever felt and touched, he added.

I did not let him say this twice, sat down on the bed and began to intensely stroke over the boy's whole body, focusing especially upon his uniquely tender bottom. This was indeed the most beautiful little ass I had seen and touched in my young life. It was perfectly round, small and crisp, and white as marble, a jewel, and smooth as a peach. Actually I never had made such an experience before in my life. I was at that time still what is called innocent, and yet the whole scene was like a remembrance of olden long forgotten times, like a subconscious memory of the sweetest yet elusive happiness.

I was in a hypnotic mood, bending forward as if praying in front of an altar of beauty that a divine hand had laid before me, as a symbol. The symbol for my renaissance to love, after ten years of childhood misery and strife, ten years of mistreatments suffered, ten years of duty as a good boy for my lonely and sometimes cruel mother.



ALKIBIADES / 12

I was melting in gratitude then and my icy condition slowly vanished and I felt how the hot melting sexual energy in my body began to move, to rise, to flow, and once of a sudden I was filled with a flow of bursting joy, of ecstasy. It was like a precognition, I knew in this moment that happy years were ahead, and I also knew that I was born for love, born to love and to comprehend life through love, and that I had a role to bring this unique perception over to others, to the world.

Philippe watched me silently. The boy under my hands yawned and said something to compliment my way of caressing him. Yet a moment later, he stretched out like a cat and when Philippe asked him how he liked my caresses, he answered with silence. He had fallen asleep!

Philippe was scandalized.

—That's not possible! He fell asleep, now, after the overture. This one is a bore, he concluded.

And he gave me the sweetest smile and invited me to join him in his bed. For me his invitation was like a free ticket to heaven. Philippe's poetry was that he let me do. In reality he was the one who had more experience and who guided me, but he did it so subtly that I always had the impression that I was leading the game.



ALKIBIADES / 13

He intently had taken the feminine role, the yin part, leaving me over the yang role, the more aggressive male part.

He unbuttoned my shirt and pulled my trousers down in an impressive move that let me know about his impatient and bubbling desire better than any word could have conveyed it.

I stroked him and he serpented under my quick balsamic hands, and once of a sudden I bent over his head and fervently kissed him. When I immersed my hands in his long maiden-like hair, I felt he caressed my back and pressed me against him. I was on top of him, playing the active role and he played the girl in a perfect way. A moment later, from rubbing our love organs against one another, I came to ejaculate my sperm over his belly, and he ejaculated shortly thereafter. And we were bathed in the nectar that sealed the next eight years of our love.

Philippe was infinitely gracious.

When he walked in the study, I knew without looking at him that it was him. His way to walk was unique, soft, elastic, lively, feline. I loved his walk. There was so much poetry in our relationship, in our little whispered promises, our anticipated encounters, our strategy to keep awake longer than all others in the dormitory.

While Philippe was of relaxed and passive temperament, I was more vigilant, learning painstakingly the art of resisting



ALKIBIADES / 14

sleep to a point to become a master in it. And not only was I able after some months to stay awake longer than anybody else in the home, I was also becoming an expert in detecting the depth of sleep of any boy simply by the frequency and regularity of their breathing. My ears having been excellent since early childhood, I could detect the breathing rhythm of a boy who was sleeping at the opposite end of the dormitory!

These precautions were necessary after all, and not a fancy. For not everybody around us agreed with our love, or generally with the fact that some boys were practicing one of the oldest arts of love, the one that in antiquity was called pederasty. I was able after some training to crawl over the floor and in Philippe's bed without making the slightest noise. And the door to paradise was never closed ...

Philippe, while sleeping, always waited for me and when he felt my hand touching him, his sleeping body, as if following up to a hypnotic suggestion, slightly opened the bed-cover to let my cold body in his warm nest. Most of the time I began undressing him and making love with him while he was still asleep. And as if waiting for a signal, he always woke up when I kissed him and put my hands in his abundant hair.

II.

Hamlet was a perfect comedian. He was well advised to be a good actor because for his mother, Hamlet was but a



ALKIBIADES / 15

wooden marionette. Shakespeare was well aware of that. It was only for his love for theatre that he never made it public.

To Be or Not To Be! is the collective cry of all marionettes around the world. It's life or death. Neither Orest, nor Oedipus nor even Hamlet are to be pitied. For they embraced their martyrdom with soul. However, the way they are put on stage is often inappropriate. They are not rococo dandies nor velvet clowns, nor would it be right to let them appear as wooden play toys.

Dali has understood them. His critical-paranoid method of analysis was for him the perfect way of self-knowledge.

Gala was for him the perfect mother and at the same time the perfect incestuous daughter.

And Dali embodied perfect culture; he sublimated himself until there was no more Dali but only psychotic dissolution. Yet Dali said the only difference between him and a madman was that he, Dali, was not a madman. And so we can as well say that Dali remained Dali even in the midst of perfect paranoia. Dali even sublimated his paranoia and transformed it into art.

There was a short encounter between Dali and Freud. But while the genius Dali admired and understood the genius Freud, the genius Freud had no idea of the genius Dali.



ALKIBIADES / 16

Freud was unaware that he had met with a unique sample of incarnated sublimation. Freud was barren in front of the numinous. Therefore humanity needed Jung to wipe off all the blind spots Freud left behind on the stage of early psychoanalysis.

Dali was the perfect incarnation of our inner child.

Oedipal culture is out to kill our inner child but it allows art to resurrect it from the dead. Leonardo, when he painted Mona Lisa, betrayed his inner child. But he recovered and healed his inner child in letting Mona Lisa say no to love. If he did this consciously or intuitively, we do not know. But it's a fact that from that moment, Leonardo opened the door to living his boylove and leave all Lisas behind. Dali was not like Leonardo in this respect; he never dared to affirm the deepest layers of his consciousness other than through art. He remained Oedipally fixated and phantasmatically trapped by incest. Dali did not go as far as admitting that boylove liberates from incestuous and Oedipal entrapments and opens the way to true love.

Oedipal culture of course shuns and denies boylove because it must safeguard the Oedipal trauma; why this is so becomes clear when you have understood Wilhelm Reich's research and the nature of the wooden marionette.



ALKIBIADES / 17

Freud reproached Reich he wanted to destroy culture after having read Reich's monograph *The Function of the Orgasm*. Freud was right. Reich wanted to destroy Oedipal Culture in order to help creating true culture. But Freud's Oedipal cigar impeded Reich from realizing his dream, together with the orgone accumulator that was the reason he was thrown in prison, where he died from a heart attack.

And yet. Reich was right – as today some people say about the Bible. Today all of Reich's insights are practically applied in therapy, but under different terms and denominations. Because still today, in most circles of society, you are out when you mention the name Reich. This is the typical way Oedipal culture functions: it shuns the prophet because it fears he may be right, for Oedipal culture is founded upon fear and upon the destruction of human genius.

Wooden marionettes are the little men in the Reichian sense. They are wooden because of their character armor, their chest armor that gives them a military appearance but at the same time cuts them off from their center, their feet.

They have their feet not on the ground, but in the air. That is why they walk like marionettes and appear as if hanging on the wall and not standing on the earth.

Wooden marionettes are ideal sons to their mothers. They walk like dogs at the side of their master, on-line. They



ALKIBIADES / 18

are out to being manipulated and guided, with one word, to being played. Play me Mom, here is the line to pull, and I will raise my wooden legs one after the other, like a brave soldier, and march at your side into the grave. Hampel Hampel, Hampelmann ...

The only way out of Hamletism is to turn mad. That's the trick to escape your inner persecutor.

Hamlet was the most genial marionette humanity ever produced. He was much more genial than he himself knew. Dali writes in his autobiography that he, Dali, became a genius because he wanted to be a genius. Hamlet and Faust were geniuses against better knowledge.

Alkibiades incarnated several more times in my life, and will do it over and over again, I guess. Alkibiades always tried to keep me on the right path. But I did not listen. I went a longer way and refused the shortcuts he offered me. Interestingly, the way I chose led back to him. I should have understood earlier that Alkibiades is within me, not without me.

Alkibiades' second incarnation came as a surprise, as I was not prepared. And yet all we carry in our thoughts will sooner or later become living reality. At that time I was immersed in *Death in Venice* by Thomas Mann. I put the fascinating short story in rimes and made a poem out of it. Besides I wrote love poems instead of working on my thesis



ALKIBIADES / 19

when I was in the law institute, and the doctoral thesis remained forgotten in a drawer.

Oh fellow, how did you waste your fellowship?!

I was reading a lot but not what I was supposed to read, namely boring treatises on Anglo-American civil procedure. Instead I devoured all I could find about pederasty in the university library. In Greek Love I found depictions of Greek vases that I only could dream of, so beautiful they were: a man and a boy were kissing each other, and the poetic note of the painting was the fact that the small boy had to stand on his toes to reach the man's mouth ... On another drawing a warrior who was sitting on a stone was making love *inter femores* to a small boy.

Considering the excitement and sense of enrichment I got from absorbing this beautiful literature, I was at pains with learning the rules of evidence in Anglo-American civil procedure. Instead, I sent my poems to a publisher. I got the manuscript back in no time with the remark that the deepest possible penetration was not yet reached in my literary production. That is why I am always striving for deepest possible penetration in my art, my writings, and also, as you can imagine, in my love adventures ...



ALKIBIADES / 20

III.

The wooden marionette broke his foot. I fell down in my rolling skates and had to be hospitalized and operated. Three months in gypsum.

I don't know why that boy was there, in the department store, that morning when I stumbled around in the book section to find a French-German dictionary. He was sitting there in silence, with his golden earrings, in his jeans costume. So handsome. I passed him several times to catch his regard. He looked sad and a bit haughty. I looked straight into his face. He looked straight in my face. He had green eyes. Like me.

A new sensation expanded in my heart and began to fill it all. And yet in my solar plexus there was fear. Fear of what? I found him mysteriously attractive, handsome – and I wanted to talk to him. I stumbled around the shelves for the tenth time, and again watched him: he sat there in silence, looking through a comic strip. When I gazed at him, he looked up at me, seriously and absentmindedly. I approached him. I asked him a stupid question.

—What is the price of this comic you are reading?

I found it too stupid. I thought he would find out about my true intention, while this very thought scared me. On the other hand I wanted him to perceive my real question behind my pretext question. He did not seem to catch the hint and



ALKIBIADES / 21

replied that he did not know the price and that I should ask a sales person. But at least ... he smiled when he replied. And so I had a reason to smile back at him. I did not know what else I could do to get his attention. And he pursued:

—I do not know the prices here and they do not interest me. Because I come here only for reading, not for buying anything.

I did not know what to answer. A knot was in my throat. I felt more than ever like a wooden marionette. And then he went out and away. I was hypnotized and arrested in immobility. Instead I made up lots of fantasies when I saw him walking outside without in the slightest caring about me. I found him insolent, after all. And I said nothing. Why did he go? I imagined myself reacting differently from the start, and ending up with him in the Cafeteria, inviting him for a drink and a snack. But I was unable to act and went back to the office, completely frustrated and depressed – and in addition angry at myself!

I called him The Boy With The Earring and wrote a poem about him. The whole day I was unable to work and thought of him. I could not forget him. I wrote him love letters that I tore in pieces once they were completed.



I stumbled through the library like a phantom and felt more wooden than ever before in my life. In addition, I found that I was entirely useless. Life was devoid of sense.

IV.

Alkibiades caught me and did not let me go from that moment. My heart was drunk with silent tears I shed for Philippe. Sex with my wife more and more appeared to me as a sin, a swinish obligation that was seemingly perverse and without beauty. It was a form of betrayal. I suffered. I felt like a machine. And yet I did not want to listen to this inner voice, the voice of Alkibiades in me.

This voice was full of joy, tempting me to walk into a new and different future, to close the door to this old life as one closes the door of one's house when one goes out in the street. It told me that all was so easy if I only wanted to, that change was not painful if one did not resist, and that all forces in life actually were supportive to change, and less supportive to the resistance to change.

I did not listen. I told the voice to shut up. I had not understood so far that wooden marionettes have wooden hearts. But Alkibiades found a new opportunity to seduce his barren Socrates. He incarnated as a sixteen-year old beautiful brunette boy in a saloon for video games where I went sometimes after my work in the law firm.



In the meantime marionette was walking without gypsum but still not entirely straight. I had developed the habit to stumble—even without gypsum. I never thought it was possible that stumbling marionettes have chances with handsome brunette boys. In addition I had no idea how to handle these video things. I observed how the boy did it, looked over his shoulder. And this a whole good lot of times. He did as if he was not aware of it. With breathtaking speed his beautiful fingers handled the two little red levers, and all that was on his way was blown up, mushrooms, insects, airplanes, monsters. The machine really seemed to suffer from his mastership and its noise became more and more high-pitched and kind of alarming, and a scale went up and up, collecting thousands of points.

I thought the whole thing was going to explode, and complimented the boy. He thanked with a smile and asked me for a cigarette.

I was surprised. Are wooden marionettes ever asked for cigarettes? Not to my knowledge. Are they receiving smiles? Not normally, I guess. And yet Laurent smiled to me and told me his name after I had told him mine. I liked his name, as I liked his brunette soft hair, his sensuous lips, his voice that was no more the voice of a child and not yet the voice of a man, his way to walk, his relatively small feet in the new white



ALKIBIADES / 24

tennis shoes, his beautiful hands that showed me that he was intelligent and sensitive.

I had no cigarettes. He asked if I did not smoke? How could he know that wooden marionettes do not smoke?

Without cigarettes I appeared to myself even more wooden. How easy would it be to chat over a cigarette! And I could light his cigarette and he would hold my hand for a moment because it would tremble ...

Cigarettes are ideal communication devices. I came to the insight that wooden marionettes should always keep some cigarettes in their pocket as well as matches, in case that Alkibiades shows up.

I found it was a real defeat that I had no cigarettes for Laurent. And to make it worse there was another guy, a decade younger than I and a decade older than Laurent, the kind of gym-relax-sportive lad that knows all about boys like Laurent. Shit, and on top of all that and to really smash me in the dirt, the guy was handsome! He offered Laurent the cigarette. And elegantly so.

So elegantly that I could have killed him for I was suddenly exploding with hot sweaty jealousy. Was it good luck within bad luck that Laurent refused him to light his cigarette and did it by himself? I thought he did it because of me. Perhaps the guy was his secret lover friend, and he wanted to



ALKIBIADES / 25

hide that in front of me. Why? I decided to tightly observe them. I also wanted to find out what Laurent found cool with the lad. For Laurent I would have joined a gym.

I played a game but after two minutes the machine was showing Game Over. While Laurent was winning one free game after the other.

His friend was sitting close to him then, cigarette between his lips. He must have felt like Humphrey Bogart. He was not only handsome but quite nice as well. Too nice in fact. Laurent smiled at him. I was brilliant in losing games, and a lot of money. I understood that Laurent liked him. He was wearing a real cool jogging dress and baskets. He smoked Marlboro. He was in. He played almost as good as Laurent.

I became more and more depressed. The saloon was ugly, with black walls, dirty. A loudspeaker blew rock music in the foggy air. What did I do there, the hell and all devils? I began to feel strong anger at myself. Laurent was standing very close to him. He seemed to like him. My heart was hack meat. I looked toward the exit. I wanted to go. I took my bag...

Then, once of a sudden, Laurent was alone.

The guy had gone. He must have gone exactly in the moment I was taking up my bag. Strange coincidence, I thought. I wondered why Laurent had not gone with him?



Not sure what to do, I put the bag again on the floor and decided to play another game, this time a car racing one. I had to crawl into a flat plastic car and put the coin, but in no time I was stranded in the grass, and at that moment I saw Laurent's head in the cockpit. He asked me with a smile if I liked to play with him later on? He would show me how to play the video games. I felt as if I had won in the lottery. He had come to talk to me again, to a wooden marionette? How was this possible? He had let the handsome guy walk off. I did not understand.

Nobody can understand Werther who was not Werther himself. I understood Werther's suffering because I was Werther. And while I did not fall in love to a married woman, I fell in love with a boy in a world where this was ... forbidden.

Was it forbidden? Why did I think it was impossible? Was it simply because I was scared? How can one be scared of love? Or did I fear they'd burn me on the stake, like a sorcerer of old? Would I be out socially? Why did I think that? Why did I block myself against being myself? Is not this world a different one for each of us? Do we not create our world by our thoughts, our expectations, our beliefs, our creative imagination? But all this I did not know at that time. And therefore I think Alkibiades wanted me to learn it. He wanted me to learn the way of love which is the way of death because it's the way of true freedom. Now, wooden marionettes, you will ask why



ALKIBIADES / 27

you have to die, right? Yes, I did not understand it either at that time. It's because death is not an end, but simply a transformation. And for being able to love, you must let go of a lot of things, for example self-pride, the rat race, social status, honor. Love does not bring honor but shame! Yes, Alkibiades, I had the time, then, to contemplate your agile hands that were driving this stupid machine close to overkill.

It was as if the machine told you:

—Oh please, stop abusing of me, I give you all the free games you want, but please take your agile fingers off, boy!

Why did Laurent want to share time with me? I asked him if he did not have to go home as it was late? He shook his head. I saw that they sold beverages close to the door and asked Laurent if he liked a Coke? He gave me a big smile and nodded and I went there, and found they also sold cigarettes, and I bought a box of Marlboro, and when I came back to him I felt transformed. I was trying to be as cool as possible, offering him both the Coke and the Marlboro. And I lighted him the cigarette and was surprised that my hand did not tremble.

How was this possible?

Where was this sudden calm coming from? How did I manage to be so relaxed? Why did I feel safe and poised while I had been close to a nervous breakdown earlier on?



ALKIBIADES / 28

Was it Laurent who transfused this calm into my veins? And a moment later we were sitting next to each other, like close friends. I had an opportunity to test him. And found he was a noble soul. I wanted to pay him some more games and he refused, taking out of his pocket his last two pennies and inserted them in the slot of the money-hungry machine. He softly commented he was going to offer me some games the next time we met.

My heart was jumping up in joy: he was thinking of a next time!

So ... what was he feeling for a wooden marionette who came along in old-fashioned clothes and a clumsy bag? Once of a sudden I did not feel wooden anymore but from flesh and bones. Once of a sudden I felt hot and not icy. Where was the ice gone? Where was the wood? Had it burnt down? And would a new Phenix raise from the ashes?

The new Phenix indeed rose from his ashes, but much later, years later. The wood simply needed a longer moment to completely burn down. Especially the wood around my heart. It was this wood that had to be burnt so that love could unfold. Alkibiades knew that from the start, from times immemorial so to say. But I had to learn it.

There was no more past, then, and no more future, and I felt I was melted with the present, Laurent and the silly ma-



chines around us. In that present moment I knew that I loved Laurent. And I knew that he loved me while he did not know that he loved me.

V.

Alkibiades trapped me. It was a good trap but it hurt a lot. I had asked Laurent if he agreed that I was accompanying him on his way home? He simple nodded and off we went, and when we were standing in front of his house and said goodbye to each other and he went off toward the house, I suddenly called him back. I felt as if I had forgotten something important. I asked him for a kiss. And Laurent did not answer and turned around and when he was almost at the door he turned back and shouted:

—Oh no, I am not that kind of a boy ..., you are wrong, man!

Why had he reacted so aggressively? On the way home, I felt that I did not feel my body, and that it was wooden again. I never went back to the saloon, and to no other saloon either. Video games were taboo for me, from that time.

What did Alkibiades want me to learn? That I had to cash in misunderstandings and moments of hurt, of pain, of distress if I wanted to play the game of love?



ALKIBIADES / 30

I search for you, Alkibiades. I know you have prepared more traps for me so that I do not only fuck to hell Mona Lisa but also burn down my wooden armor, and perhaps even Hamlet and his double, Woody Allan?

Now you are really close to me, my Alkibiades. Here in my silence, in my beingness there you are, invisible but infinitely poetic, there you are, in my writings, in my dreams.

Yes, Alkibiades, after my long Odyssey I have found you. And you have freed me from the wooden armor that kept me a prisoner of fear. For I was my prisoner, your prisoner, our prisoner and their prisoner.

All prisons are in our hearts. When I found you, Alkibiades, in my own heart, I was free. And could then see the wide country in front of us, and so many green fields and light, so much light, so much sun I could find, in that heart that was freed from the burden of that wooden armor I am carrying around like a heavy shell. And then I simply was free to love.

And since then, Alkibiades, you do not need to trap me once more because only those need to fall who are high, higher than truth.

In finding you within my soul, I could eventually find myself, accept myself, heal myself and love myself.

Thank you, Alkibiades!