



Source: Reuters, AP, 'Peres dumped in party poll upset',
The Australian online and *Turkish Daily News online*,
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Judith exits the entrance to the apartment foyer clicking her heels on the marble steps. She decided to rent her studio before she'd even entered, on account of the building's resemblance to a castle. She makes her way down streets and avenues, shady and cool in the flush of Spring's green foliage, to the Recital Hall. She is on a kind of autopilot, with the mornings' listening still ringing in her skull. The feeling it has pushed through her, like mud through a sieve, leaves her exhausted.

She is distracted from this taut interior focus by the image printed onto the T-shirt a young woman wears as she approaches and passes. Until now Judith has employed a soft gaze, but when the picture makes sense to her as she reads the words, Moustache Riders Club, it draws her into her body, with a resounding pulse thudding like a heartbeat in her groin. Timpani kah-BOOM!

As a young woman she had once answered a personal advertisement in the local tabloid that was explicit and simple. It drew her in primarily because the only detail regarding appearance was 'large moustache'. Although her arrangement with Mr Herzog had not lasted long, it had been this feature that initiated an enduring fetish.

'Now, I know that they are no longer fashionable, I know that most women see them as a joke, an indicator that a man is out of touch with current facial hair trends —perhaps they also denote recent migration from some unappealing background. But honestly, they are a well kept secret if that's the case!' She had confided this to a select few close friends, when she had first made her discovery, urging them to consider. Most were predictably mawkish and tittered, 'is it really that good, such a subtle tickle, can it be worth it, they are so disgusting!' Their response was irritating and she didn't persevere.

It became a primary criterion for her consideration however, and she didn't view it as anything odd. After all, she knew of many men who would not consider anything other than a blonde, for some it was curls. When she

spotted Gary in the second row with his bugle overshadowed only by his magnificent moustache, she quickly steeled her resolve. From behind her clarinet she was unashamed in her stare. It took him a while to catch on, but like any man who can sport a walrus of that magnitude, once he did catch on, it was fiery.

He knew where to go before he'd kissed her lips. Deftly setting her on the dressing room bench, he dropped to his knees and prised hers apart. He'd had the foresight to draw her underwear down over her bottom so it was a matter of neatly peeling them over her knees and one ankle before getting to work. He pushed them wide, until her moist and quivering opening was flush with the bench. He spent a long time teasing her inner thighs, those night blooms that never feel the sun. Expertly, he drew his top lip and tongue over them, with the tiny bristling creature following dutifully behind. The problem with fingers, Judith thought, is that they are nearly always too slender at this point of wetness and engorgement, so she was pleased, very pleased that this connoisseur knew three would provide the giddy rush that then caused her head to snap back—the electricity darting along the threads of her nervous system. He quickly withdrew, familiar with the notion that pleasure for a woman of Judith's tastes resides in the unexpected, the sudden and strong. Each little hair was an antennae, a proboscis sucking up her scent and messages, and in the ultra sensitive skin atop his lips was stationed an army of interpreters.

His little army sucked and licked at her flesh tirelessly, with commitment and unreserved passion. A revelation. Her mind totally collapsed and went to a piercing white silence.

Fucking was an afterthought, earthy and jarring in comparison.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Ninna Millikin.