

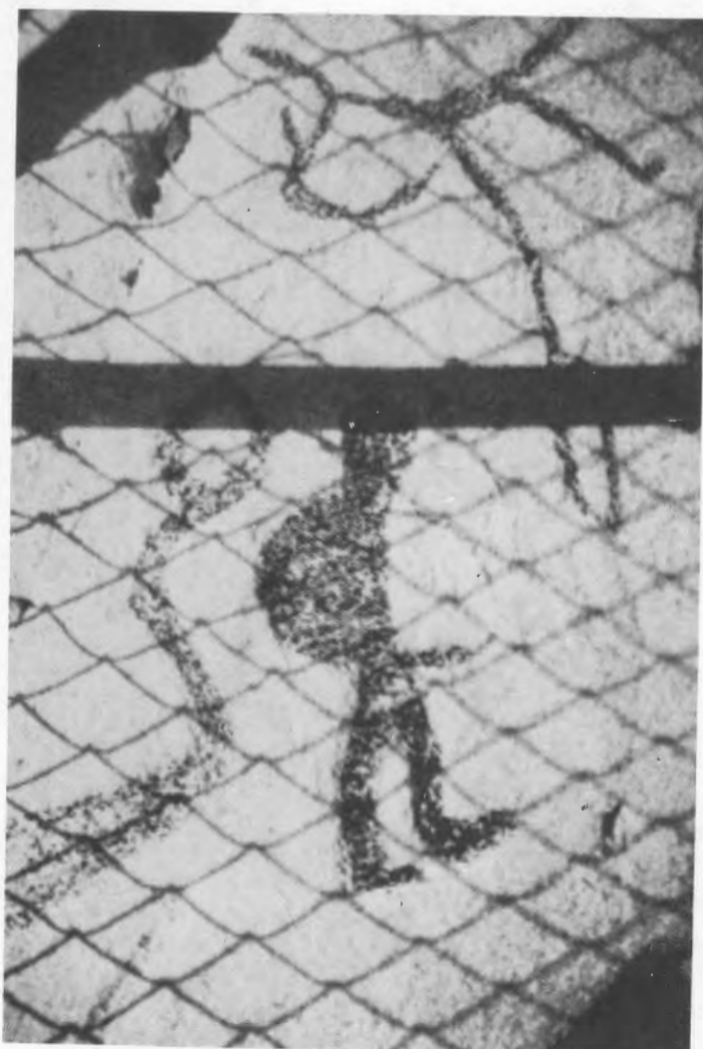
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## EDITORIAL

Yin. Yang. Deux principes en évidence dans l'univers matériel. La réceptivité entame le mystère, donne lieu à la clarté, la compréhension. La nature complétée. Mais la réception se trouble. La circonscription des sexes nous inquiète de plus en plus. Dès l'origine de l'histoire, la sexualité se trouve condamnée autant qu'exaltée. L'écriture pétrographique et pictographique de l'époque Aurignacienne, ainsi que le tableau magdalénien de Laugerie-Basse, 'La Femme au Cerf,' exalte la sexualité au féminin. Toutes civilisations engendrent des mythes de la fertilité – mythes du retour des saisons, de la naissance du printemps. Le culte de *Min* en Egypte, *d'Ama No Uzumé* au Japon, les *Dionysius*, fêtes qui suscitent des pratiques orgiaques, célèbrent le mythe de la régénération. D'innombrables légendes embrassent les amours d'Aphrodite, de Priape, des Satyrs. Les légendes des peuples autochtones d'Amérique racontent l'histoire d'une rencontre avec les éléments – rapports sexuels avec le soleil, le vent, les eaux et parfois avec les esprits ou les manitous. Par contre, toutes civilisations ont leurs tabous. Dans la Bible, l'arbre de vie, l'arbre au fruit défendu; puis, la masturbation, le concubinage, l'homosexualité, l'adultère, l'inceste, la pédérastie, la bestialité, la nécrophilie. Si les mythes et les légendes présentent l'homme et la femme en tant qu'égaux, presque toutes les sociétés exploitent, suppriment et dominent la femme. L'inégalité socio-politique et économique qui s'ensuit atteint toutes nos relations, surtout nos relations sexuelles. Freud, Jung et d'autres penseurs ont voulu analyser le corps politique. Aujourd'hui, Cixous et Kristeva, comme leurs ancêtres les suffragettes, veulent le transformer. D'autres images surgissent de l'oeuvre de nos artistes et nos écrivains. Botticelli, Rabelais, Stern, Byron, De Sade, Manet, Rousseau, Beardsley, Miller, Nin, Nabokov étalent les choix divers auxquels nous faisons face dans nos relations humaines. Ils témoignent que si la pornographie représente l'auboutissement du refoulement, l'érotisme nous initie à la liberté, car il répond aux besoins de la condition humaine.

Ce numéro de Rampike participe au mythe de la re-naissance, du renouvellement de la nature. Rampike, le cône de pin que explose, se délivre de sa semence. Le passé meurt, donne lieu au nouveau. Dans ce milieu, nos artistes et nos écrivains sondent les racines de leur sexualité. Tour à tour, elles/ils condamnent et célèbrent nos liaisons intimes. Au travers ce forum, peut-être la mort aux idées fixes, la naissance d'une nouvelle réceptivité, une entente qui informera la ré-union de yin/yang.



petroglyph

Yin. Yang. In the physical world two manifestations complement each other. The Receptive approach brings mystery into creation leading to clarity, joy and understanding. A fulfillment of nature. But the reception is clouded. A growing uneasiness exists over the male/female schism. From our earliest history, forces have both extolled and condemned sexuality. Petroglyphs and pictographs from the Aurignacian period celebrate the erotic female, as does the famous Magdalenian 'Woman with a Reindeer' of Laugerie-Basse. Fertility myths associated with the re-emergence of vegetation and the coming of spring span all cultures. The (often orgiastic) festivals surrounding the myths of the Egyptian *Min*, the Greek *Dionysius*, the Japanese *Ama no Uzume* are all involved with a resurrection of life. Countless legends surround the amorous adventures of Aphrodite, Priapus, the Satyrs. Amerindian legends depict encounters with elements of nature such as sexual unions with rain, sun, wind and occasionally with spirits or Manitous. Conversely, all cultures have taboos. The Biblical Tree of Knowledge and Forbidden Fruit, also, masturbation, pre-marital sex, homosexuality, adultery, incest, pederasty, bestiality, necrophilia. While legends and myths represent men and women in relatively egalitarian ways, in nearly all societies there is evidence that women are being suppressed, exploited and dominated. The resulting socio-political-economic inequality affects all female/male encounters, particularly sexual. Thinkers such as Freud and Jung have tried to analyse the body-politic. Feminists and their suffragette predecessors have tried to alter it. More recent critics such as Cixous and Kristeva have offered alternate visions. Further insights have been presented by artists and writers. The works of Botticelli, Rabelais, Stern, Byron, De Sade, Manet, Rousseau, Beardsley, Miller, Nin, Nabokov all contribute to our comprehension of the range of possibilities within erotic relationships. This rich inheritance verifies that while pornography is the completion of sexual repression, erotica, because of its sensitivity to the human condition, is its liberator.

With this issue, Rampike participates in re-birth and vegetation myths. Rampike, the tree struck by lightning releases its seeds from the exploding pine-cones. With the death of the old, the birth of the new. The tree as receiver and giver of life. Both Female and Male. Hermaphrodite. Within this context, artists and writers seek inward toward their own erotic relationships. Through this forum perhaps a death to old attitudes, a birth of a new receptiveness, an understanding re-union of yin/yang.

K. Jiv

# EROS & ORPHEUS

By George Platt Lynes

*George Platt Lynes has left us a rich heritage of photographic works. During the forties and fifties he carried out a number of projects including a portrait series of prominent celebrities.*

'Orpheus Ballet' 1954



'Orpheus & Eros' 1938



'William Somerset Maugham with Robert Bishop' 1942



'Walter Roemer' 1940

# MARVIN MOLLUSC

By Al Purdy

150 million years  
ago a particular  
fossil mollusc lived  
and died in seas then  
covering Scotland  
Moreover he was born  
in summer when water  
temperature was 70 Fah.  
lived four years  
and died in springtime  
However the fossil's love  
life in his warm bath  
number of times a night  
in jurassic moonlight  
and degree of enjoyment  
from same remains  
unknown

This information derives  
from laboratory researches  
of one Dr. Harold  
Urey in Chicago  
The unfortunate mollusc —  
we shall call him Marvin  
— had a chalky shell  
whose special composition  
was determined by degree  
of water temperature  
After various dating  
devices were employed  
on Marvin's mortal  
remains (sophisticated  
successors of Carbon-14)  
and the figure 150  
million arrived at  
for his birth date  
the shell was analysed  
(chemicals et cetera)  
results of this invasion  
of privacy published  
in scientific journals

This special information  
on the fate of Marvin  
has caused me to alter  
my views on disposition  
of my own mortal  
remains hopefully  
at a much later date  
I have therefore instructed  
my heirs and assigns  
that I be cremated  
and furnace temperature  
should reach several  
thousand degrees  
I am reluctant to leave  
traces of my chalky  
structure to fall into  
the hands of Dr. Harold's  
nosey descendents  
especially the falling  
temperature and certain other  
details of my love life  
I think my friend Marvin  
would agree with  
this point of view

# RAPE AND INCEST

By Al Purdy

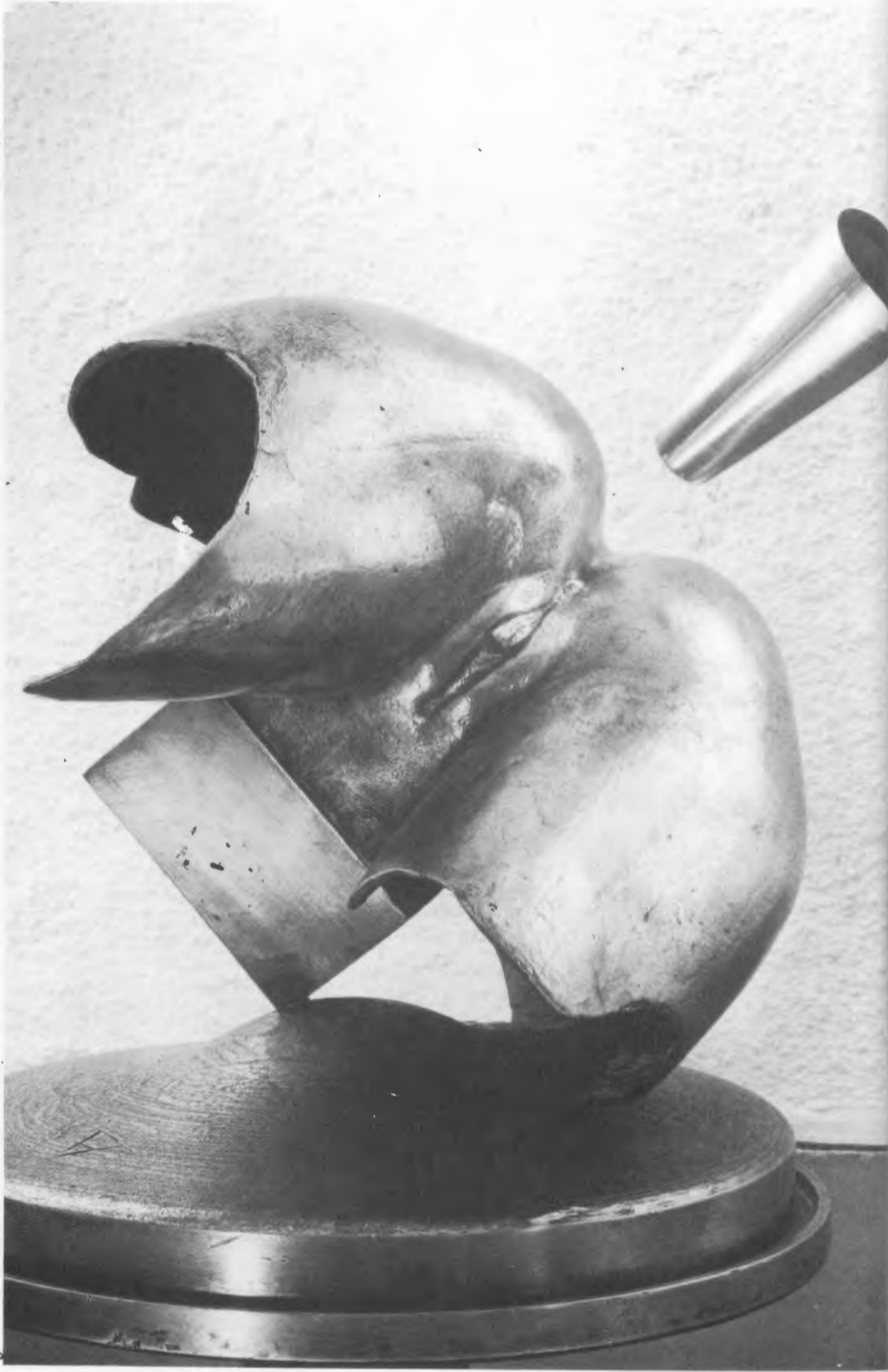
Father poisoning  
a daughter's childhood  
in secret night  
in times long past  
— respected patriarchs  
oak progenitors  
ignoring evil  
covering it with  
personal rightness  
And yet  
tendrils escape  
acid trickles  
poison rivulets  
sisters know  
at least one stranger  
the secret widens  
a look perhaps  
a turning head  
at tv mention  
newspaper story  
hints of some kind  
But it will end  
it always does  
patriarchs die  
in course of matter  
And no doubt  
this one  
would mention Egypt  
brother and sister  
reigning pharaohs  
husband and wife  
united blood lines  
he would mention it  
if he knew  
as extenuation  
if he needed any  
but thinks he doesn't  
As it stands  
lives are different  
hinge on maybe  
and roots of never  
poison flows  
pity grows love  
love grows pity  
past comprehension  
some good may come  
by whose definition?  
No chance now  
of surface knowledge  
the gaunt old man  
will die soon  
in family's bosom  
respected loved even  
and some would agree  
with evil ignored  
But I can't think it  
can't believe that  
both good and evil  
they must be named  
slippery chemicals  
always distinguished  
set far apart  
in no laboratory  
or court of justice  
but intimate places  
of living and dying  
chemical precipitate  
of plus and minus  
the human secret  
and septic oozing  
names of opposites  
in rag and bone shop  
where love is possible  
the human heart

# EROTAKIS

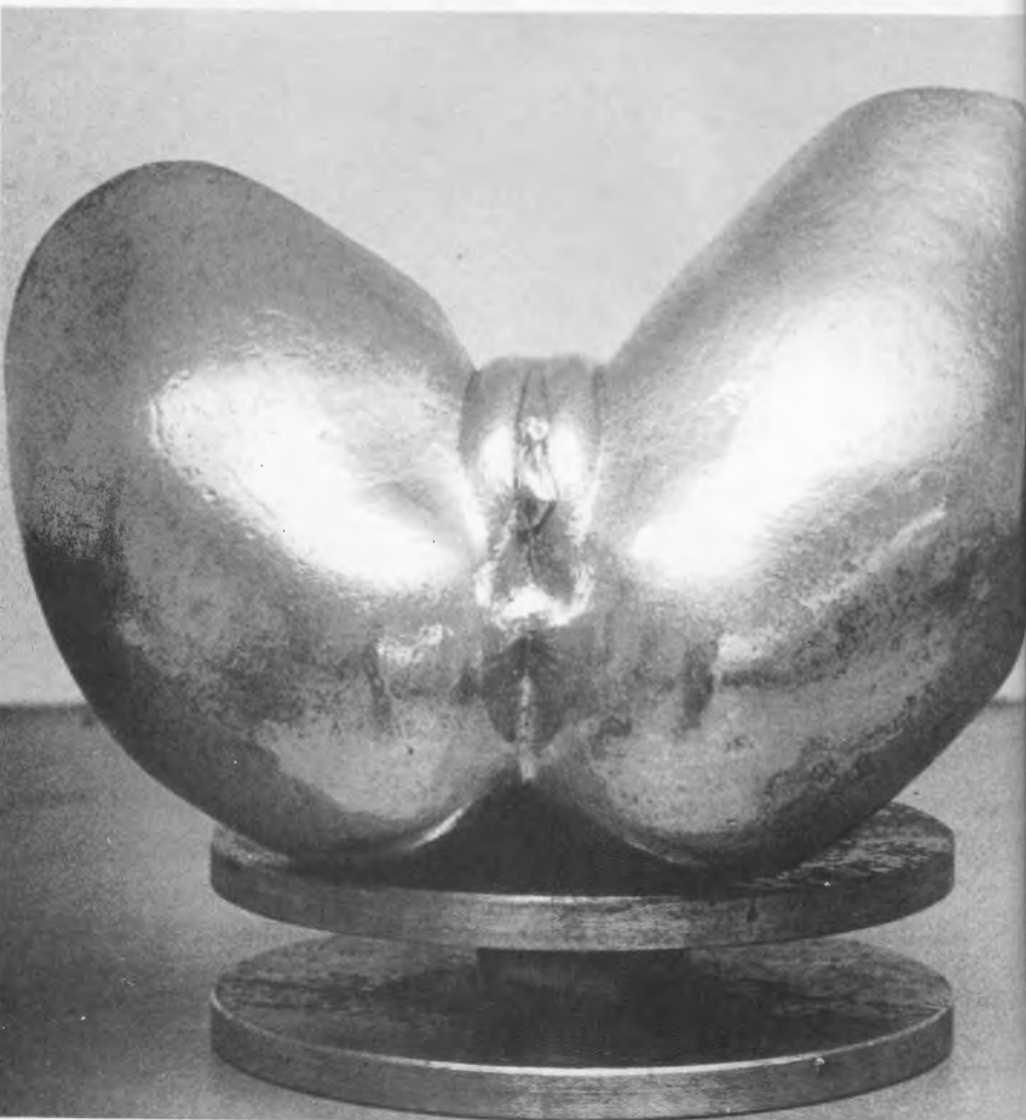
Par Takis

*Quand la loi est vraiment là, le désir ne tient pas, mais c'est pour la raison que la loi et le désir refoulé sont une seule et même chose; c'est même ce que Freud a découvert.*

*- Jacques Lacan, post-face à La philosophie dans le boudoir.*



'Jeune fille no. 2'



'Jeune fille no. 1'



'Sebastian'



'La sphere erotique'

# EROTICA

By Endre Farkas

It is what we can not have that is erotic;  
is the silk negligé suggesting just the right amount  
and it's that husky voice and slow stroke  
along the curves of its absence that call you to it

It is the unknown that is erotic  
its tongue circles your nipples; closes your eyes  
with its glistening slide down your chest  
and begins your quest across the bridge of sighs

It is what is strange that is erotic;  
its mystery is its fingers at your sex  
and it has you arching in anticipation  
for the new-old-sweet ache of that caress

It is the stranger who is erotic;  
s/he always knows that exotic moment  
when to stop and when to almost  
moan "no, oh no, please/please not yet"

It is your imagination that is erotic;  
stroking your lips and riding your thighs  
until your senses, all so aroused  
come together, come alive



Portrait of Hillary

# COME ON

By Endre Farkas

The white one is from  
THE INTIMATE ROOM  
701 7th Ave & 47th St.  
where  
GIRLS of all nationalities  
NOW \$10 and the promise of  
NO OTHER CHARGES  
WHAT SO EVER  
(open 11 a.m. - 12 p.m.)  
except Friday and  
Saturday till 1 a.m.)  
& a picture  
one and three-quarters by four and a half  
of a naked girl no more than 17  
with big eyes and a pair of tits (maybe a 36)  
upturned

and in front of her pussy  
an art book (those 12 x 9) kind

and if you look close enough  
you can make out the title  
POMPEI!

The pink one is from  
THE PLEASURE SEEKERS CLUB  
300 W. 45th St. & 8th Ave.  
where  
fabulous girls  
one flight up/compare &  
save  
\$8.00  
NO EXTRAS/NO MAS CARGOS

& a picture  
of a naked girl posing sideways  
one knee on a chair,  
hair in that pixie tangle way,  
her tits & cunt cheaply penned out

each pussy-flyer is four and a quarter by five and a half  
and both promise Air Conditioning



# DEVICES FOR GUARD AND PRISONER

By Vito Acconci

*In this piece, Vito Acconci explores sexuality and prisons. He probes the effects of physical confinement and mental entrapment within a socio-moral context.*

## DEVICES FOR GUARD AND PRISONERS

Sculpture (gadget for particular location)

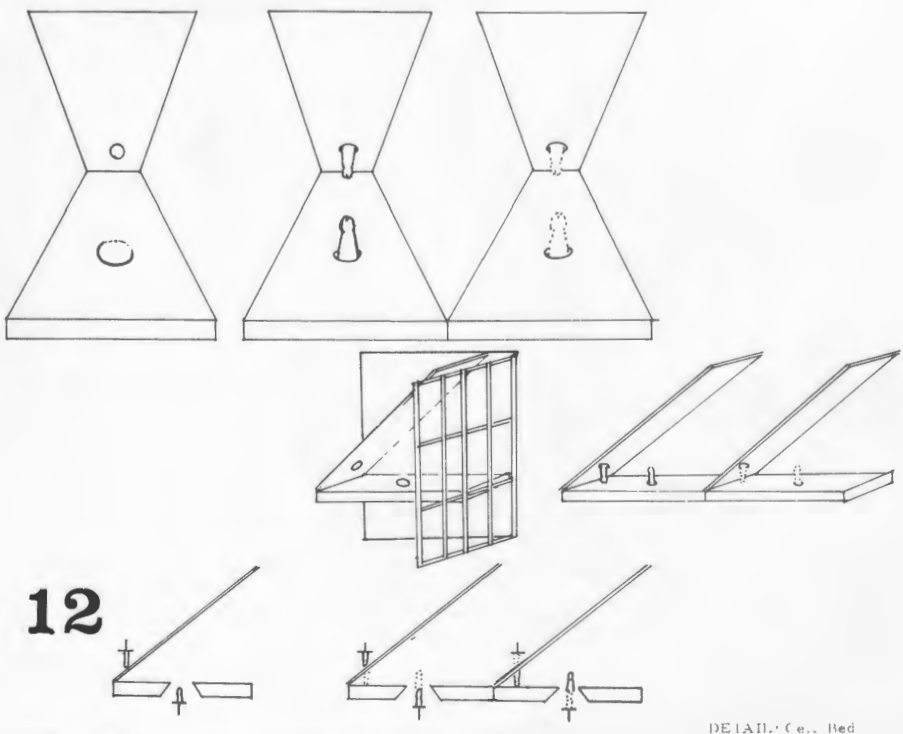
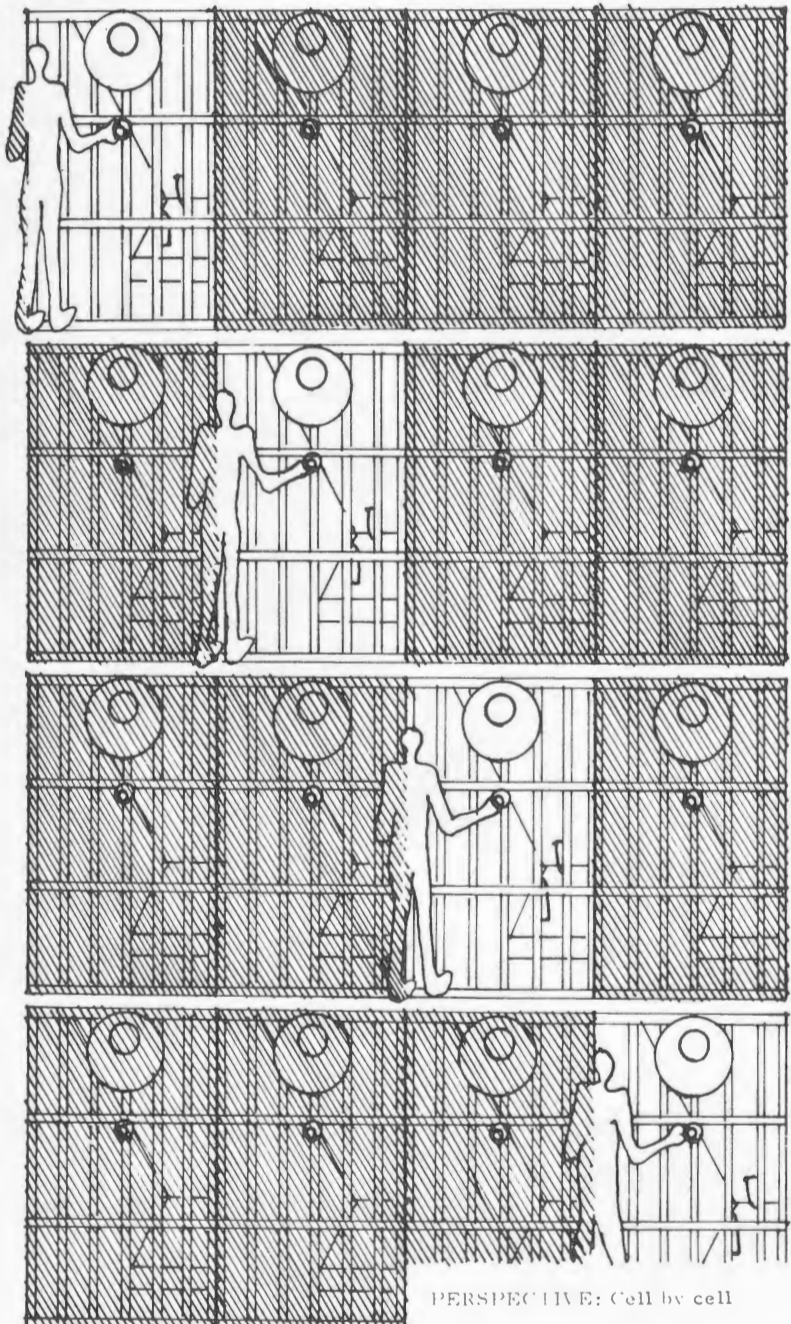
Creative Time (Old First Precinct Building), New York, March 1981

The piece is designed for installation in a men's cell-block; for this particular occasion, the installation-place was a line of four prison cells.

In front of each cell is a domed light-fixture, hung so that the light would be directed into each cell. The cell door is closed; inside the cell, a mylar-covered board is placed diagonally over the wooden cell-bed: the board is the same width as the bed, and rises from the head of the bed up to the foot, to the height of the cell bars. From outside the cell, a viewer's gaze is channel into the triangle made by the joining of the bed and the mylar-board; the bed is reflected distortedly in the mylar above it -- there is a small hole cut in the mylar-board, up near the head of the bed, and another small hole cut into the wooden bed, down past the middle.

Each light is off until a viewer, outside the cell, pulls the chain. Pulling the chain, then, activates a double-device inside the cell: through the hole in the mylar-board, a red dildo pumps up and down where a person's mouth would be, while, through the hole in the wooden bed, a second red dildo pumps up and down where a person's ass would be.

In each cell, the pumping action continues as long as the light-chain is kept pulled down.



## AFFICHE

Par Hédi Bouraoui

COIT dans l'oeil de Freud: Image  
What's on a man's mind?  
Une EVE  
Endormie sa fess joue la tampe du génie  
Et la grâce imagine le repli

Le nez crochu devient la cuisse engoncée  
En pleine gencive suçant le ragot de la nuit  
Rêe inaccessible bouffonnant  
La vérité du toujours conquis

Les lèvres rebroussent chemin dans la bouche  
Lasse d'ergoter avec le pubis  
Pourelchant le déchet d'une panoplie

Heureux, les seins s'étalant lascifs  
Comme un montagne, honteuse derrière  
Le chateau des jouissances  
Sur le front ridé les sourcils se cadencent

Ponsifs devant l'oreille-juge qui saigne  
Menstruation gonflant les canaux  
qui baignent  
Un cerveau pur labyrinthe du cul  
Sévraant à jamais le 'je' du 'tu'

Le Tout dans le laboratoire de l'Ego  
où  
L'amour dégouline sirop d'érable  
Dans le désert turbulent d'un Moi  
Qui fuit seul

L'autre se met à jouir dans l'absence  
Pendant que le Temps et le silence s'enlacent  
Pour bavarder  
Juste pour laisser passer la crise.

## CYCLE SEXUEL

Par Hédi Bouraoui

Il éclate de rire Sa peau  
flasque forme des vagues  
La rougeur mascarade son égo  
Il vient de trouver le tourne-vise de ses rêves:  
Une langue de boeuf entortillée dans du papier  
Aluminium à tout usage qu'il brandit  
En guise de quéquette  
Bandée à faire feu  
Sa femme aigrie se voue au scandale  
Tournant le dos à ses salissures  
Pendant que la belle-mère prévoit  
D'avance le rétrécissement et disparu  
Le sexe se comprime dans le réduit  
volcan éteint prêt à s'allumer  
A tout frottement obtus



## SELECT ULTRA MILD

Par Michael Delisle

Il ya a dans la serre une cigarette déposée dans le cendrier d'émail. Tu l'avais allumée, déposée, oubliée et elle s'est éteinte tout de suit sans laisser de cendre. Elle est toujours là; je n'y touche pas. Ton absence est moins insupportable depuis que tu as laissé un support. Une *Select Ultra Mild* entamée puis éteinte, puis séchée. Tu ne l'aurais de toute façon pas respirée, beau comme tu es, tu t'es allumé pour le geste. Négligement. Tu l'as oubliée. Le geste était fait. Tu étais beau. Dans l'allure. Quelques douleurs intenses parce qu'intimes parce que convenues comme limite d'un rapport à l'autre celui montré par les petits maux corporels tels les mordillements de seins et les égrartignements d'aine ou les morsures d'épaules toujours épeurantes de précision toujours exultantes comme le degré ultime d'une communication des corps et le langage a pris le bord depuis la fin du disque heavy qui accroche encore pendant qu'on s'endort comme deux siamois en boule. Dans les draps, léchée supplémentaire aux parfums de Blistex et de Campari sur ces quelques poils longs et pâles qui émergent comme un interdit au centre de ta gorge blonde. Je suis seul dans la serre et à moins de vingt pieds de la *Select* il y a le divan bleu mes lèvres s'endorment sur un muscle de ton cou. Une odeur de cognac sort de mon souffle. Une odeur de cognac pèse, post-coitale, comme dans un roman d'Aquin. On pense à la même toile, sans se le dire; nous deux devant le Holbein en question, dans le Londres de 1978; notre histoire est historique. Et à moins de vingt pieds du divan il y a le fond émeraude que tu as peint toi-même contre notre lit. Devant la *Select Ultra Mild* je désire encore ton torse, notre secret. Et l'idée que tes lèvres aient pu effleurer ce bout filtre ... ce phantasme appuyé d'un scotch pensif, c'est peut-être ça l'éternité. Cette cigarette est là tout près. Ainsi de suite, seul, je fonce, fou, à pure perte dans les clichés. Dans nos ententes. Folles. Dures Et belles. Cette cigarette, froidement, m'érotise. Je me renverse en la fixant mollement.



Self Portrait by John Oughton



# PHOTOWORKS

By Robert Mapplethorpe

*Robert Mapplethorpe is concerned with the sensuality of the image. His classic structuring and his erotic imagery can be both humorous and challenging.*



'Orchid'



'Banana with Keys'



'Untitled'

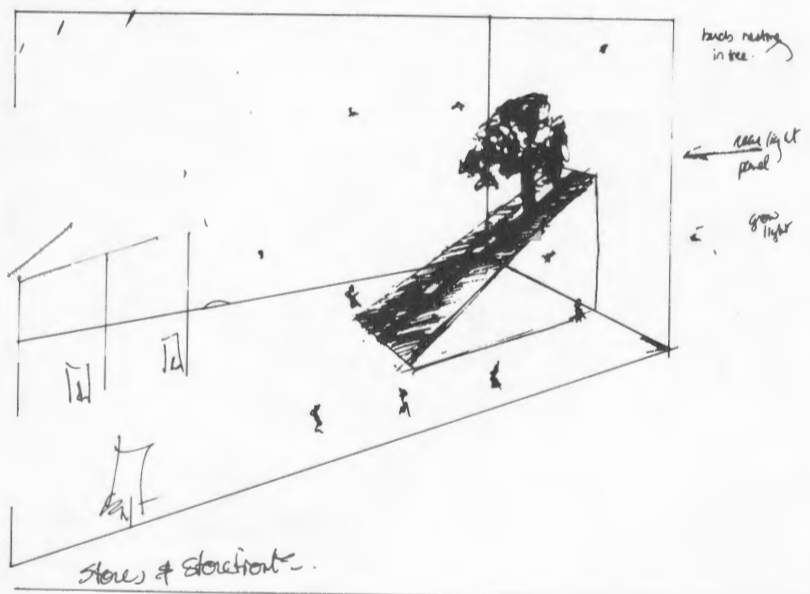
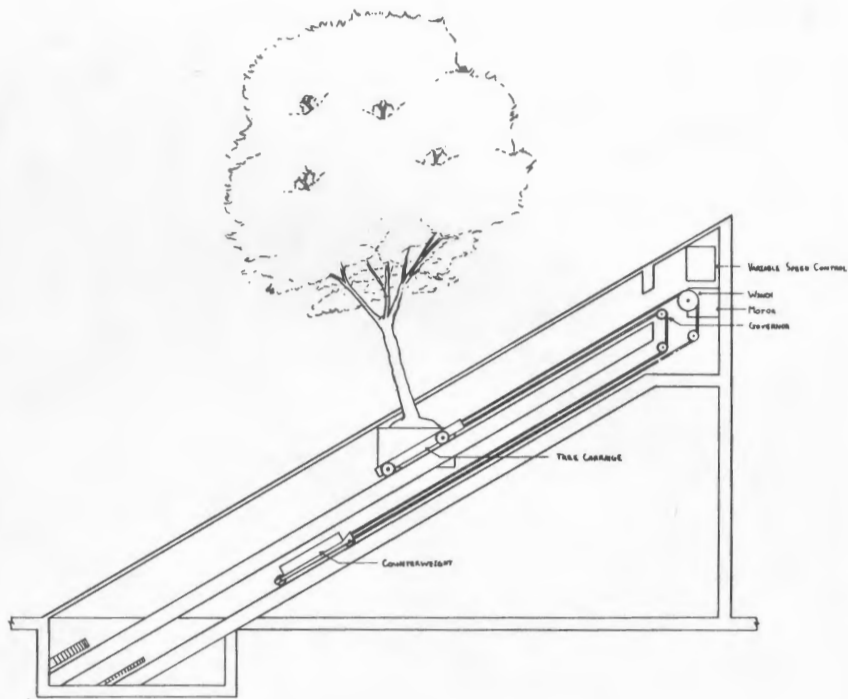


'Marty and Veronica'

# MYTHIC TREE

By Noel Harding

The tree as mythic symbol has a rich history dating back to the garden of Eden. The tree of knowledge, of lost innocence, of sexual awareness, the forbidden fruit. These and other elements are implicit in Noel Harding's environmental kinetic-experience.



Maintenance demand should be equal to elevator.  
 utilize elevator engineering contract maintenance  
 tree should be under contract to maintain & care.  
 + supply  
 light, water to tree.

## CONSTRUCTION

Concrete materials to be used for the construction of the triangular base, housing the hoist room, tree carriage and track housing.

Structural requirements according to specifications of elevator engineering.

A steel skeletal structure encased in some fashion by a pre-fabricated concrete shell.

The tree carriage is rather like an enlarged flower pot on wheels.

The carriage would have rubberized wheels for quiet traction.

The tracks will be of either steel or concrete.

Re-enforced concrete bunker for shock absorbers and base of tracks.

Expert advice on light required as related to the species of tree would be provided through lighting and tree nursery specialists.

Maintenance of the tree can be sustained through companies already providing nursery or plant care services.

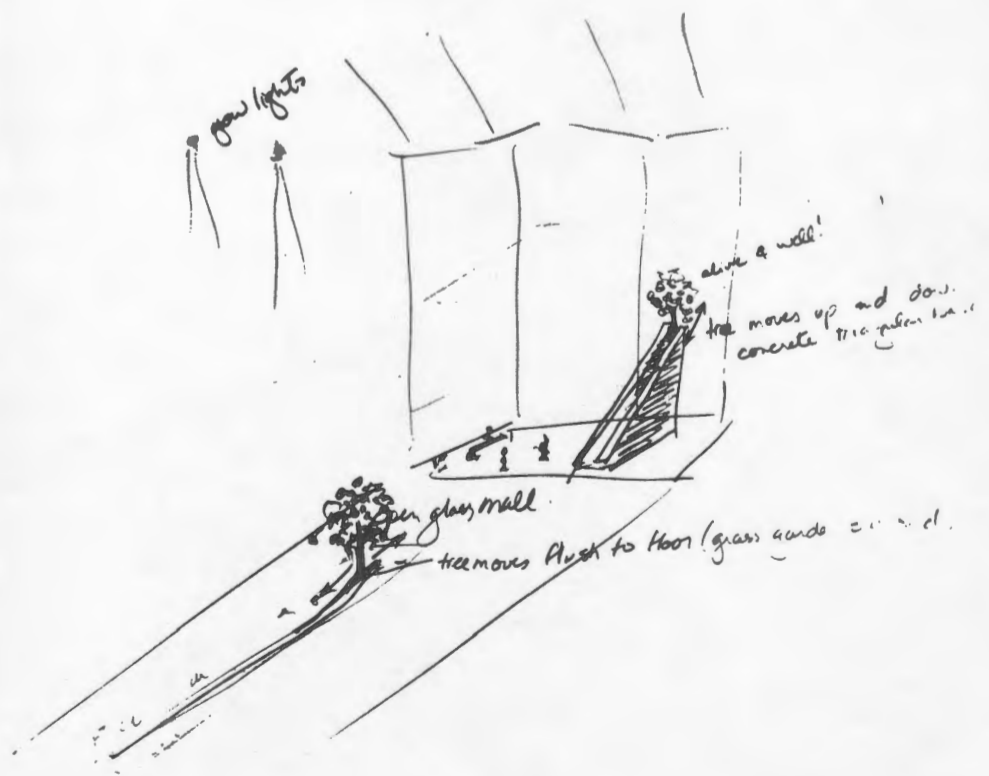
'If erotica is something alive inside the character of an individual, then exactly what is that power and force? It makes you realize how such powers and forces in people's lives can consume them. And you can also see how extinguishing erotica from people's lives magnifies some quiet death. I think erotica is an extremely dangerous element in its potency. The whole region of thought breeds notions of heaven and hell, and christian mythologies, moralities, sensibilities, it's an equation in the human character that people don't know quite how to deal with. There's almost as much myth about erotica as there is about death, and there's some sort of resemblance.

Life comes out of direct experience, from a kind of milieu of things, and maybe that is society, but it seems so oblique to see things that way. It's more than just that. I can remember having an erotic relationship with a young sapling. It was on a university campus, and I used to brush up to it every day. It was very intimate and I was having desperate conversations, it was a favourite kind of familiarity that I had. I don't know how much it realized.

The general state of well-being probably has to do with some order of self-completion in the world, whether that's through family intimacy or whatever.

The point being, that there is a governing set of rules to any myth. That's how statues took place. They were imbued with a sense of being alive. People who really believe, *animate* that imagery into some sort of reality. And *that's* erotic.

I've always talked about my own works as original experiences. And then I dealt with the cause and effect of original experience through the revolution of the use of the material. One of the ways to revolutionize materials is to make them move, instead of making some *thing*. Regarding this tree piece, all one has to do is imagine this large, life-size tree moving up and down quite slowly along a concrete inclined plane. In other words a triangular base against the surface of the wall. And in that tree birds roosting so that they can fly around the public space. And keeping food there so that they can maintain themselves. I think it would fit in somewhere between those moving sidewalks that they have at airports. There's a whole notion of reminding people that everything's already in a state of movement anyway. When something like that is done elegantly, it's a way to suggest the beauty of nature, even though in a sense it seems perverted. It isn't much different from Japanese miniature trees, only on a different cultural wavelength. It can have a diabolical quality insofar as it can be seen as decadent, but then, what do you perceive as decadent?'



# FRINGE EROS

By Joel-Peter Witkin

*Joel-Peter Witkin explores the macabre and disturbing side of the psyche. His anti-erotic work has been both condemned and applauded. While his grotesque images may appear decadent, his dark vision is uncompromising.*



'Venus and Eros in Purgatory'



'Portrait of Helena Brant'

'Carrot Cake No. 2'



'Fetishist'



Photos courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts, Ltd.  
795 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003

# LA COMMUNION DES SAINTS

Par Lucien Francoeur

une obsession bien dirigée  
commence toujours  
par soi-même

les dieux solitaires s'en prennent toujours  
à leur propre corporéité  
dans les sanctuaires de l'insanité  
tous prient à même leurs cuisses  
dans l'automagnification manuelle

chacun devient son propre rapiste

tout mutant sait se prendre  
comme une divinité esseulée  
un saint sacrifié

tout mutant sait s'aimer tout seul  
dans les herbes du désir

'god is a masturbator' Corso  
il communité sur le corps  
des rockeurs scarifiés

quand dieu était une fille de joie  
tout allait si bien dans le bas de corps  
des androgynes insatiables

dieu cherche toujours les êtres  
en bleu-jeans et running shoes  
ça le rend fou  
dieu se passe des prières sur les rebelles  
en chaleur

'a good artist always got his hand  
in his zipper' patti smith

tout nu dans le char d'hermès  
le roi lézard s'invente  
des caresses superbes  
et pour éveiller le serpent qui  
sommeille en son sein  
il pratique toutes les formes  
d'obsession sexuelle  
il se passe des pledges infinis  
dans les cabines téléphoniques  
s'expose dans les lavatoires du délire  
prie devant les graffitis obscènes  
s'invente de pervers scénari

le rois lézard tripe dans la kundalini yoga  
à partir de l'automagnification pratique  
en to pan! un le tout!  
l'ouroboros lubrique  
replié sur lui-même  
devant les miroir de l'inversion  
jusque dans sa propre gorge

'invitez-moi à passer la nuit dans  
votre bouche' joyce mancour

*if it wasn't a kiss, it could have been  
a lizard ...*  
c'est kundalini qui parle à shiva  
comme une manie sexuelle  
pour baiser la mère du monde

ainsi pour éveille le feu de serpent  
qui sommeille en chacune de ses créatures  
dieu leur tire l'essence du bout des lèvres  
et leur claque la langue entre les nymphes

dieu est un sexe que nous serrons  
dans nos blue-jeans squameux  
dieu est un texte sur le corps  
des rockeurs sanctifiés

'Seigneur, enfermez-moi au plus profond des entrailles  
de votre Coeur. Et, quand vous m'y tiendrez,  
brulez-moi, purifiez-moi, enflammez-moi,  
sublimez-moi,  
jusqu'à la satisfaction parfaite de vos goûts,  
jusqu'à la plus complète annihilation de moi-même.'  
Teilhard de Chardin

nous prions toujours la bouche pleine des autres  
dans l'eucharistie du rût millénaire

# VOYEUR

By Jayce Salloum



# NEW YORK DIARY FRAGMENTS

By John Grube

*Extract from a work in progress.*

*January 2* laying with peanuts, jellybeans. Lubricate. Insert plug. Come. Getting to know you. I have my cruising manual in my left hand. I am in the bunkhouse. Show me the next move. I miss everyone I ever loved. Fifty. Emotion appears, recedes.

*January 9* Speak to me if you love me. I do. I speak to you in dreams you barely listen to.

*February 4* Anything to avoid Creation. God kept putting it off, we all do. Aeons passed. Then He let it happen. The rest is history.

*February 8* Full day overhanging. Language of poetry... urge to remove watch. Uterus. Pastiche. Bordering languages echo back through time. Restoring sense perceptions, synesthesia. Diaphanous. See-through. Latinate poet, salesman copywriter, galactic. The globe shifts. Estranged orifice. I speak of the private female parts, of raunch rituals. Homely thoughts from a mind that wanders. The full disclosure of blue.

*February 8* Contiguous. The wire cage. Striate. Enjoin. Act. Exercise like an army. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. The sergeant is seriously pellucid. The drill square is darkening fast. Incurables line up. It is now the eighteenth century the age of reason. Artillery underlines the message and the public hanging of sheep-stealers makes it final. The parade square welcomes evening, groups chatter around the gibbets, the dead men. The exercises resume by candle-light. Softly now Up. Down. Up. Down. It is an evening of sexual rhythm as the century begins a new exploration. De Sade was only the best known. The ritual in vogue is masonic, male. The thrill of initiation is accompanied by the magic flute, evil is Sarastro, patriarchy. The Queen of the Night retreats in disorder, unwillingly sees her daughter inaugurating the century of the male. Back in the parade square Napoleon does his number. A century of megalomaniacs identify with the man, yet he decriminalized sodomy.

*February 20* sugar. diabetic. casse-croûte. carnival. Rio. peacock. black sugar castle. mad luxuriant. papayas. jungle. evanescent colours, squid squirm; go gringo, instamatic Saturdays. No is Nero, is never. Ex. mark. Henry Peabody is purple. ghosts. geeks. pineapples. laughing lapdogs. ochre uncles with soft fuzzy fedoras finger tender orifices, ease off underpants. niece nice. older children chuckle. babies beam. the family is fortuitous. God streaked. It was Epihany.

*February 27* under the battlements boogie. boogie, down, up, boogie. Gregory Hermaphroditu, templar extraordinaire, take it off take it off take it off, armour, underarmour, femur only showing. Patriarch whose beard only and hook-nose remain, permit the granite stela that serves for your museum mount to rejoin earth, erect. Walk.

horses sweat, swish tails, drop shit. Pamela nuzzles one with her riding crop, with her black hunting hat. She flirts with Diana, but loses her cherry to Gregory. The pages of the script are turned over by the wind, quickly, but no one is there to read the end.

hunker down. Lisa limps. Cordoba bakes in the sun slowly.

*March 17* I see a lonely man on the steps of an ancient pyramid. He is in the blazing sun, and human sacrifices are demanded. This is the temple of the god of order, although he cannot recognize where he is. The brilliance of the spotless white steps which he attempts to climb overpowers him. he shades his eyes.

*March 21* I blow gently at the window of history and crystals form,

*April 20* Perilous chain of sound. History alters our aural perception. Octaves appear. The Mediterranean widens. The articulation of Bach. Mozart's Osiros, Turk, commendatore move, shift, restore, heal. Asia calls.

*April 26* Oedipus eats apples. Pitches. I pull his baseball cap over his eyes. We flirt. Mark was here. I wanted him. He had a rush. I did not move. Wisely, I think.

*May 11* intimacy is touch. is scent behind your ear. is Mozart, is your first burned omelet.

*August 16* Land hunger can be as real as a glass of water. The carob tree is in the garden the gardenia is in the vase, the butterfly is in a poem.

*August 17* teeth cringe, tongue snaps. Yes, it is August. Mira! The parts of speech are the parts of the body. Thus, verbs represent the active musculature; nouns block in large shapes. Think of ideal dissonances, jazz. Ear-aches. Cardiological shocks, graphs.

*August 18* I miss a man to tie up my dress. I put on my halter. The water is blue, it is a bird morning in August, these are the quiet incantations, words. Next whole sentences placed together, perhaps making one random change, whole sentences circling about some one subject.

No excuses, cake hangs heavy in stomach, sheets smell. Cyanide is blue. I stick two fingers up your ass. You insisted. I was lost in thought, you refused a kiss. Ecce homo! I cannot warm your ass with come.

*Fantasy in sex. Old age. Manipulation. Legitimacy.*

Discretion corrodes. Secrete secrets, air heals. Childhood wounds heal slowly. Greek philosophers abandoned unwanted children. Some died. Those who survived were sex slaves. In another room the philosophers continued to discuss the nature of love. The androgynous cup-bearer could well have been Socrates' son.

*February 24* Passion will out. Glib. Gossamer. Portrait. Vesicle. Exclaim. Thematic thaumaturgy, working wounds, gourd. The asteroid jumped. Ziggurats corrode. Unwind, ball of wax. Listen to spectral music. Under the floor of conscious sound this room reverberates to your touch. I hear white noise. The floor floats. Onionskin people cry. Powder is licit. Sniff slowly. Your heart speeds, your breasts bob, I finger your private parts.

Ecologically speaking, myths multiply. The quadrature of the circle teases men's minds. I carry possums. Polecats. The moon is in the second quadrant of Jupiter.

Indignation eases. Creation is calming as we play cards on a ship becalmed. Ghostly writing from catacomb inscriptions. Voices gibber and squeak; static obscures true feeling. Stereophonic sounds come from coherent people.

*11:58 a.m.* nothing done. ate lunch early. will accomplish chores. rediscovering language. structure. sentence. Overheard conversational fragments — leading to monologues à la Dave Laird. Earthier than Frank O'Hara.

*March 12* The colours of the universe are incidental. I write in a rickshaw. Heat hurts. A straw hat protects my mental interactions.

dark. alone. fish. circumnavigate the earth in your sleep. weightless thoughts, ladders. Fire-cracker coda, it is the end of the festival. I am rarely accessible. I want to listen, learn, surface. I spell, you are enchanted. Relief, burden, lay down luggage here, sleep, spot, pause. Deists defy mental gravity, insist on a supernatural universe.



# PULP

By Victor Coleman

1. Your hands are stained and cold from being dipped in fresh paper pulp the colour of peachy flesh, but I don't mind at all when you make a fist around my engorged penis while cupping my warm testicles. I'm lying on a pile of blankets waiting for you to finish work and wondering just how you intend to treat me. It's been months since I last saw you — we didn't really touch even then — a tender, but quick, kiss, lots of smiles. I was not entirely sure that you were even interested. You looked so beautiful in your big floppy hat. I remember thinking how small-boned you appeared under generally baggy clothing. I wanted to see you in something tight — or nothing. Beside me now you're naked from the waist up, holding my erection in your pulp-stained fingers, not really moving them much except for little squeezes, little shifts which absorb the heat of my blood-engorged sex. You're talking placidly about the end of the workday, the beginning of play. I couldn't help but ponder the absolute control you exercised over everything you touched.

2. You're lying naked on a large piece of water-saturated paper — the paper is almost in a fluid state, firm enough to hold your delicate frame, but soft enough to take the impression of your buttocks and heels, your elbows and head.

'Lie on me,' you say. 'Add your weight. I want to make a deeper, more firmly etched impression of my body on the paper.'

I wondered aloud: 'Is it *my* exact weight that you want, or would anyone suffice?'

'We're inventing this process!' you say, slightly perturbed. 'Lie on me.'

At first I'm not sure how to mount this arrangement without disturbing the perfect surface of the pulpy bed. I put my right thumbprint in the lower righthand corner to test it. It only picks up the bulk — no detail. The act of weight is recorded, but identity remains invisible, smooth. You point straight up to an apparatus above my head. Like a trapeze, it's attached to a block & tackle connected to the wall of your studio. It is operable while holding on to the trapeze bar through buttons on either side of the handle.

Putting all thoughts of Rube Goldberg out of my mind — by now I've noticed that your tiny nipples are erect, hard from the cold, and that I am about to add my heat as well as my weight to the process — I lower myself slowly onto your naked body.

Your arms, which were idle by your side, surround me as my body touches yours.

'We can't fuck,' you say, matter of factly.

3. We're having lunch at the Lesbos Deli. Ken, your husband, doesn't seem to mind our blatant flirting. You've removed one shoe and the instep of your foot is rubbing against my shin. Our fingers barely touch on the table. Your shy smile takes on the significance of a roaring fire in a tiny fireplace in the mountains. The snow all around us in imagination is actually the glitter of the San Francisco street. As our pinkies lock the lights go out. A power failure. None of the machines in the Deli will function. The female proprietors had been testing the alarm system and have blown a fuse. Butch girls bent on independence. The delicate one, Trilby, twitters about in confusion. There is a loud knock at the now locked front door.

When I look back from the pandemonium over my shoulder to where you had been sitting, you're gone. The warmth of your body filling the gap between my knees brings a broad grin to my face. I help you undo my pants as best I can while exchanging witty banter with Ken about the state of the dindins and the relative darkness.

Getting my underwear to behave in a manner befitting such a fantasy is good comic relief. I can feel the hot breath of your silent laughter on my bare abdomen. Once accomplished the freeing of my rapidly hardening penis seems to liberate the throng in the restaurant as they begin in an animated rattling of doors and windows. The sensation of your wet lips suddenly on the glans makes my back arch slightly, the follow-up tongue, and then the engulfing, and a slow withdrawal — restrictions of space and discretion prevent you from lavishing — a slow steady stroke, a gentle kneading with the fingers, and the all important breath. Ken smiles.

'What's happening?' he says.

The alarm goes off.



4. We've decided to experiment with having sex while you work. It's markedly better than tiring of one another, or allowing the little distractions of the day to take over. Our hands and mouths have been constantly searching one another out. I place a small cot on a perpendicular to your workspace, so that you might continue to apply the pulp in the usual manner, except you're naked from the waist down and standing on two piles of art books with your legs spread apart. I have to edge myself off the head-end of the cot to get at you. With my shoulders propped on three pillows I can readily and comfortably press my face against your beautiful vulva. It's still red and slightly puffy from the last time we fucked. It seems almost clay-like, dry and puckered in the drafty studio. I allow my dry lips to stick to your labia, the mere contact and electrical charge, but then pull them loose, wet my lips generously, and return to sucking vigorously.

You take all this calmly at first — it's part of the experiment to maintain a certain detachment from the activity — continuing to apply the different coloured little mounds of wet pulp to the portrait of your husband, Ken. What began as a nuzzle of your now moist vulva increases in pressure as I suck in earnest, pushing my tongue in as deep as possible to increase the amount of moisture. Your breath begins to come a little faster. Your body begins to move perceptibly forward and back until you're almost swaying over my face. My tongue slips over your perineum to lick around your puckered anus before returning to an ever-widening and sloppy vagina. There's a salty sensation as of unwashed debauch. Your hips are moving noticeably now and you've added a downward thrust to the motion of your torso. Tiny squeaks and moans escape your lips as I suck delicately, then more firmly on your chubby labia and throbbing clitoris. Your hands have finally dropped your artist's tools and lifted the front of your tee shirt. Your fingers roll stiffening nipples while I lovingly lick and plunge.

'I'll never get any work done this way,' you sigh, and with a slight arch of your back, a long throaty moan, a thin flush of viscous fluid washes over my lips and down my cheeks.

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**raddle** sb 2 Also 16th c. *radel*, *raddell*; 17th and 18th c *radle* (var. *ruddle* q.v. cf. also *reddle*)

1. red ochre, ruddle

1853 LANDOR, *LAST FRUITS* vi 194 'He would whistle the sheep into the ancient fold, marking them with his raddle.'

2. attrib. and Comb.

*raddle-red* adj.

1577 GOOGE, *HERESBACH'S FOU'RE BOOKES OF HUSBANDRY* 18

'A raddell and a stony ground is discernable by the eye.'

v3 north. dial.

*trans.* to beat, or thrash, to bloody

1688 SHADWELL, *THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA* II.i.

'I'st raddle the bones o' thee.'



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# THE SEDUCTION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II

By David McFadden



What a day this has been! I don't have any legs and I just finished seducing Queen Elizabeth II! It was about four months ago that I first decided to seduce the Queen. Some jealous fanatic heard about my plans and shot off my legs. I'm still not recovered but when I woke up this morning I just knew today was the day. I dreamt I was being chased by an army of ants. When I looked close each ant was goosestepping and had a little Hitler moustache. Just like the old philosopher in the death camp I dived into the latrine – the one place they wouldn't follow me.

I woke up and noted the pain in my stumps had decreased. It usually does after I dream about ants. So I knew this was the day. For practice I went over to my parents' place and seduced my mom and dad. I sent my dad to the store for some beer and while he was gone I seduced my mom. Then when my mom was in the garden picking me a bouquet of forget-me-nots I seduced my dad. Boy, did he love it! Then I went home and sent my wife over to the welfare office to see about my new motorized wheelchair. While she was gone I seduced my children, all of them, two boys and two girls ages nine to fifteen. Boy, were they surprised!

Then I nipped over to Buckingham Palace and seduced the Queen. It was really quite easy. I wheeled in backwards so it looked as if I were coming out. I wheeled right up to the Queen's rooms and there she was counting her money. I told her I knew something that was even more fun than counting money. 'Oh?' she said, her nostrils all aquiver. 'And what would that be, pray tell?' Next thing she knew we were in the royal sack and I was jabbing my royal sceptre into her ship of state. Maybe I don't have any legs but I could still stand at attention. Imagine me, David McFadden, in bed with the Queen! It didn't last long though for after a few minutes my stumps started to hurt and I had to withdraw. She was obviously terribly disappointed to see me go but, as befits a Queen, she didn't ask when she could see me again. Not sure I'd want to anyway, I mean some things you really only need to do once, right?

And how would I rate the Queen in bed? Superior. Best I've had in fact. Worth losing your legs over? That's a tough question. It's true I'll never walk again like an ordinary person. And yet I'll always have the memory of having had the best in bed.

# THE CN TOWER

By David McFadden

People who hate us crowd into our dreams, people who want us to know how much they hate us, who think they know us, who think the way we were then and there is the way we will be for all times. They don't think they could ever be wrong, but they are always wrong.

We met for a drink last night, someone who used to love me with generous passion. She said she had pinned on her wall a certain letter I sent her last year so that she would be reminded daily of what a rat I was, so that when I finally called, and she knew I'd finally call, she would be instantly on her guard. She smiled and blushed and said the day before I finally called she'd removed the letter from the wall and thrown it out. A coincidence, she said, and blushed again. But I was uncomfortable, awkward, depressed. She looked so beautiful I told her she was more beautiful in her wide-brimmed straw hat and fashionable red dress than a thousand Rembrandts and everyone in the bar was aware of her warmth and her beauty but she complained quite rightly that I seemed bored, my eyes kept shifting to the wall and the bar and the street, and she assumed that that was the way I was with everyone. We'd been close friends and we enjoyed all the same things but I'd failed to feel the same compulsion to draw nearer and nearer to her in the spirit, and we quarrelled and we developed radically conflicting views of the same events, and she concluded that I was one who employed subtle methods of keeping people at arm's length. We left the bar and walked along Yonge Street, midnight, hot, and I felt uncomfortable, there was nothing magnetic between us, everything had gone, we found we couldn't even walk at the same pace, and suddenly there was the CN Tower rising out of the mist, all colours.



# PATRICIA FROWNS

By Frank Davey

From an up-coming collection entitled 'Edward and Patricia' soon to appear from Coach House Press.



I wish I had a lover, mused Edward,  
a lover with long entangling legs  
like Jean Shrimpton's, mused Edward.  
Breasts you could fill your cheeks with,  
like Patricia's, mused Edward.

I wish I had a lover,  
sighed Patricia, as kind  
as Dr. Spock, with hands  
as large as daddy's, sighed Patricia.

Who never falls asleep early, thought Edward,  
or reads *Redbook* while I lie there inside her.

Who would worship me with kisses between the legs,  
who'd never come until I'd begged him to  
dreamed Patricia.

Someone who would slip her hand  
down my pant leg at Eaton's candy counter, dreamed Edward.

Someone who would slip his hand  
into my crotch at the grocery store, dreamed Patricia.  
'Safeway gives you more,' he would whisper.

Someone who would go down on me at the theatre  
during *The Guns of Navarone*, dreamed Edward.

Who would paint my body with his tongue  
dipped in Reeves watercolours, dreamed Patricia.

Who would make love to him crushed together in the crowd  
at a Rolling Stones concert, bounced on the tin floor  
of a Ford Tri-motor rattling  
toward Hoshiarpur, cooled  
by a red & blue beach umbrella  
at Maracaibo.

Who would make love to her in a darkened  
transformer room, in a silent corridor  
under the ice at Ice Capades,  
on a heart-shaped bed during the home economists' convention  
at the Hotel Seattle.

How could I get rid of Patricia, thought Edward.  
But I wouldn't want to lose Edward, thought Patricia.

Let's have an Open Marriage  
Patricia said one day, breathlessly.

You want to get rid of me, eh?  
Edward said, accusingly.

What if we did have an Open Marriage,  
said Patricia the next month.  
What difference would it make?

what do you mean, said Edward.  
suppose I really had screwed Vince that time, she said.  
Everything's still the same, isn't it, she said.

Edward put down his book, Patricia  
sat on the arm of his chair  
her face flushed, her mouth  
open. Look at it this way.  
suppose I screwed a guy at work  
& then you & I found out we could still go on living together  
the same as before, wouldn't that prove it was ok? she said.  
Who do you want to screw at work? said Edward.  
That's not the point, said Patricia.  
Well you wouldn't know for sure until you screwed him,  
then it would be too late, Edward said. Patricia frowned.  
Suppose I told you I screwed a guy at work  
two weeks ago. That would prove it, she said.  
Nothing has changed, she said.  
How would we know unless you told me, he said.  
Patricia took a deep breath. I'm telling you she said.  
I don't believe you, said Edward,  
trying to ignore his sudden erection.  
You're just trying to talk me into it he said.  
I just want things to be ok, she said.  
I want you to feel free, she said.  
God I wish we could fuck, said Edward.  
Me too, said Patricia.  
They ran into the bedroom.  
You can screw anybody you want, Edward said,  
in one pull yanking down his cords & jockey shorts.  
The more the better, he said.  
Hurry, said Patricia from the bed, already naked.  
I will, I will!





# NUMBERS

Par Jean Paul Daoust

Il est 4:00 A.M. Parc Lafontaine. Sommeil de jungle. L'étang comme un marais pasteurisé. Un peu de brouillard pour rendre le décor vampiral. Les lumières flottent au-dessus des sentiers. bouées achalantes (la police veille) qui situent les randonnées érotiques. Parce que là, à ce moment-là, des gars se promènent. Seulement des gars. C'est la loi. Pour une fille, se trouver là, ce serait systématique. Viol. La loi du plus fort. Même si les gars qui sont là sont toutes des tapettes.

Un gars est accôté sur un arbre. Jeans. Veston en cuir. Cigarette butch entre des lèvres bandées. Les mains sur les cuisses, un déhanchement de métal. Un autre gars passe. Number two. Number two regarde number one. Number one est fixe comme la lune. Number two continue. Arrête. Se retourne. Number one le regarde. Jette comme un gars sa cigarette. Cliché d'un who's gonna be who in this game. You're the whore, not me. Number two revient. S'approche de l'arbre bien dressé dans la nuit. Number one bouge pas. Si. Un peu. Ecarte les cuisses. He's hot and ready. (ready made par qui dans cette ville qui dort, à part les fous, les insomniaques, les maniaques, les polices, et les restants de fête pour qui le last call n'est qu'une insulte). Number two avance la main. L'installe entre les deux cuisses de number one. Saisi le stock. Frotte. Descend brutalement la ferture éclair (quelle expression!) et engouffre la main dans les jeans. L'air est doux. Tendre. Calfeutré. Les lampadaires ont l'air d'avoir des abat-jours. Les feuilles traînent, par terre, comme des dimanch. Number one a une grosse queue. Number two est content. Il la sort. Joue avec. Masturbe. Number one ne bronche pas. Si ce n'est sa peua qui palpète sous la pression des doigts. Number two veut l'embrasser. Il se rebiffe. S'il est là, c'est pour un orgasme. And that's it. He's a macho man. And he's in charge there, like everywhere, of the situation. Number two se penche et commence le suçage. Number one soupire. C'est ça qu'il voulait. Number two sursaute. Number three vient de lui passer une main des genoux à l'anus. Car number two est à genoux devant l'autel de son offrande: ses lèvres et sa langue qui s'agitent comme uncirque érotique. Number three sniffe des popper's et en donne à number one qui en prend. La bouteille s'approche de nez de number two qui arrête son blow job pour sniffer. Et ça repart de plus belle. Number three s'installe derrière number two, lui baisse les jeans, et sans préambule (you do love me don't you) l'encule, pendant que de ses deux mains il joue avec la queue de number one qui repose dans la bouche de number two.

C'est la trilogie. Les oeuvres complètes. Dieu-le-Père Dieu-le-Fils et Dieu-le-St-Esprit. C'est un va-et-vient. Number three masturbe maintenant number two qui s'essouffle sur la queue féérique de number one. When you wish upon a star. D'autres numbers gravitent aux alentours. Se joignent à la fiesta. A quoi bon les descriptions puisque c'est le même maneige. Parfois plus violents. Sometimes more soft.

Et à la montagne, open 24 hrs, it's a full time job. Et dans les Sauna aussi. Comme dans les ruelles. Et la police comme un menace épicée sur les ébats des enfants des autres.

Sexe is to throw your soul into another body and to laugh about it. Number one se dégage de la bouch de number two qui dégouline. Number three rugit. Number two saisit l'arbre et se frotte le visage contre l'écorce humide. The other numbers are in action. Number one s'allume une autre cigarette, ajuste ses jeans, hausse ses épaules et disparaît. Qui l'attend. Un autre gars. Une femme. Who knows.

L'étang, technique, renvoie les silhouettes du plaisir qui s'agitent. La police fonce en auto et organise des remous. Puis tout s'estompe et ça se réorganise à nouveau. Who is the joke.

La mascarade des plaisirs que la nuit maquille: effacer ce regard éparçu et concentrer l'éclairage sur le zipper. Le Las Vegas des perdants malgré la fête des détronés. Cet appareil de l'amour qui se charcute, là, sur des peaux pourtant géniales.

These cheap affairs. En fait, ces danses sociales sur le tango de la détresse. Comme on boys, an orgy could be full of sunshine you know.

La police a arrêté number two. Qui est la victime. Qui a agressé qui. Monsieur le juge où est l'attentat à la pudeur, cette grossière indécence pour qui: l'arbre! Ce n'est que la démesure du revival sexuel vieux et jeune comme la planète. L'amour des anges dans l'asphalte que déborde.

Grossière indécence parce que number two a crissé sa queue dans l'face de la police qui a fait semblant de freaker parce que c'est ça sa job exige: freak mon pitou. Mon doux. Faut croire qu'une queue en attire une autre, et c'est pas beau ça. Papa choqué. Maman out. Caca. Pipi.

Près de l'arbre immobile dans sa sève engourdie (c'est l'automne), s'est joué la pièce psychanalytique du siècle: when you're born, you gonna die. Like you and I.

L'aube arrive avec le soleil pour organiser le paysage pétrole. Number one se prépare pour le bureau et noue sa cravate de playboy stupide. Number two est en-dedans, écoeuré. Number three dort. All the numbers are in the phone book. Check the list. Et les top secret sont les pires.

Le paysage shine sa surface. Envoye astique les vitres de la Place Ville-Marie. La Croix tatouée sur le coeur de Dracule. Qui s'agit dans le spasme de l'autre sinon l'impuissance d'être. Le Titanic des amours perdues, là, every night. Toutes ces frontières à faire éclater. Au plus sacrant. You want sex you get it. You want love it's there. Le cerveau en a assez des tilt qu'on lui impose.

Number one peut jouer avec number two and two with three or. Who cares. But the real fun is somewhere else. Don't you feel it. Le parc continue son sommeil dans le réveil artificiel de la ville. Des joggeux brassent leur graisse. Shocking. L'esthétique qui est une question de perspective en prend tout un coup.

Les corps s'affriolent. Avides. Alors 4:00 A.M., full of numbers, n'était-ce que la quintessence d'un rituel barbare mais efficace. Les polices le jour ont l'air tranquilles, quasiment fines dans leur habit scout genre do you need any help. Mais n'y pensez pas passé le bonhomme sept heures. C'est eux autres.

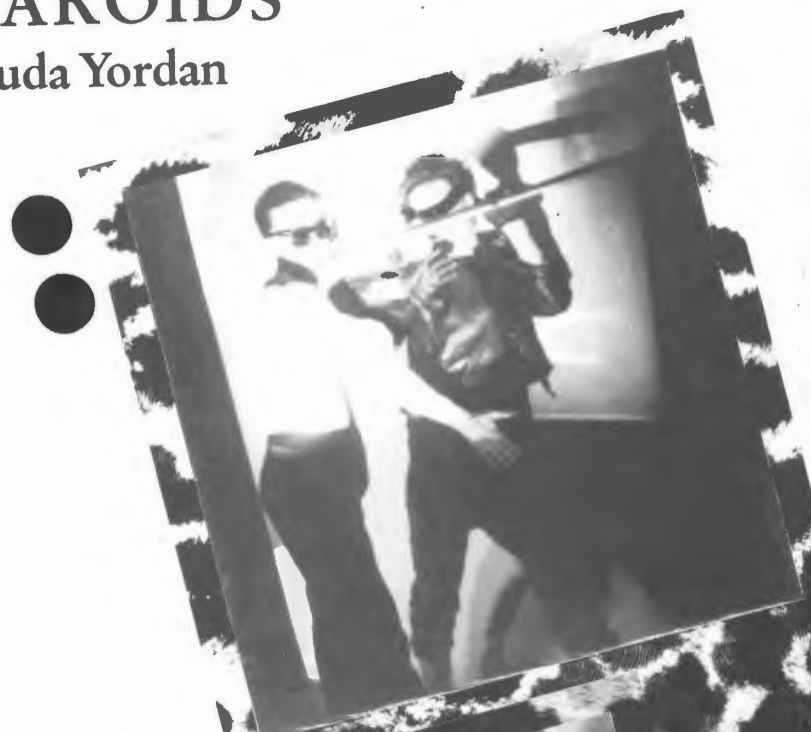
Et tout ce scénario qui tourne en rond. Ces pages Mama Bell comme un tourment inutile. Cul-de-sac sur l'Acropole. Il faut tout refaire avec comme astres l'émotion et l'Amour. Recréer, revenir de la mort. Réorganiser les ailes d'eros pour qu'il flye, one more time. Play it again, Sam. Of course you can. Le last call n'existe que dans la tête d'un mort. La fête des numbers. Je l'organise.



Male Nude by George Platt Lynes (1954).  
photo courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts N.Y., N.Y.

# POLAROIDS

By Yehuda Yordan



# THE BALLAD OF THE LITTLE SHOEMAKER'S FRIEND

By George Bowering

A friend came up to me the other day  
and said man, you got baggy eyes  
You got slumpy shoulders & a haggard look  
You seem like you're fixin to die

I shut my eyes & nodded my head  
& told him how I came to this end  
I've been messin with my best friend's wife  
& foolin with my wife's best friend

He bought me a drink & I bought him two  
& then he took me out for a walk  
He bought me a coffee & a rib-eye steak  
& grinned till I was ready to talk

but he stopt smiling when he saw my look  
& he knew I was around the bend  
'Cause I've been messing with my best friend's wife  
& foolin with my wife's best friend

Now my best friend sells expensive shoes  
& his wife has very small feet  
Mine has forty-four pairs of pumps  
& her best friend's walkin the street

Myself, I never wear shoes at all  
Because I dont want to pretend  
But I've been messin with my best friend's wife  
And foolin with my wife's best friend

So I ate my steak & then threw it up  
& I thought I might eat it again  
I dont want to be crude, especially 'bout food  
But I was zero on a scale of ten

My friend drank his water & paid the check  
Then he walkt right out of my life  
'Cause I've been foolin with my wife's best friend  
& messin with my best friend's wife

So I spent three days sittin by the bay  
Eatin fish & skippin the booze  
& on the fourth day I began to wonder  
How she got all those beautiful shoes

I peekt in the door at the back of the store  
& saw a meeting I couldn't attend  
So I'll keep messin with my best friend's wife  
& foolin with my wife's best friend.



# THE INSTINCT SWING

By Noah Zacharin

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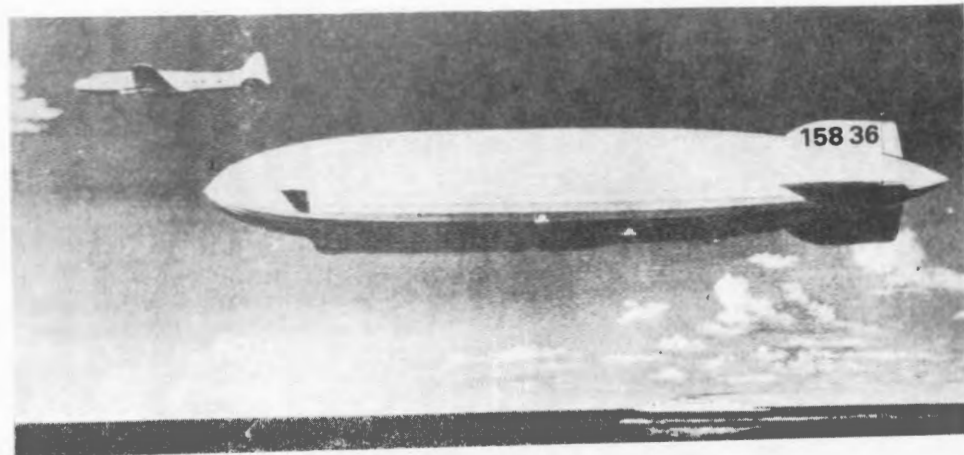
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dee bop do dee bop *dou*  
*cement*



# PAGES FOUR FIVE AND SIX

By Paul Artaud

word became printed, my pen has desire to bite into the paper white. For even to revive these experiences of mine, to relive them in entirety in order to render account of them more accessible for painting them within a grammatical, hueless framework is to drink within misery's reaches, the revival of joys that have fastly faded deep in the timeless sahara of shifting memories, the hardening quicksand of fractured remembrances.

A strong bond formed between us; a carrying around of a private question, as to our togetherness. We fastly began the sharing of our hopes and dreams, exchanging feelings, woes and aches in intercourse. It had begun. A path leading down road of delight ... but detoured in future to hostility embrace.

And times invited back to her place, me as curious dog, where heavenly foreplay touched on the best of locations, from warm to hot, I started her in every way until achievement of orgasm ecstatic shot forth boiling white fury into the receptive end. Lying in bed together in morning time broke, the still warmth of our sweaty bodies in sleepy embrace as sun rays barge thru window panes of room, while head back to Toronto, would it prove colder there? Such a nice change, the Chicago cold.

The hour was late. Outside, blackness comforted yells and howls of gangs of black youths that prowled street corners. Would the 'Insane Unknowns' be out at this time to mug someone for his wallet, leave him in a pool of blood. She seemed scattered in thought as to what doing tonite. Busied herself in washroom, cleaning up. Paul stated in relaxation, thinking love may come. then entering room nightgowned she, Paul's energy signaled her to him for hold so tight. Clothes slowly disappearing from site, warm blend of lusting bodies compressed. Little play-bouncing of her breasts, nipples bright red from soft caress. Noise sucking, just a little bit ... then superbly stretched out, tit tickling, treats of hard delight. Paul sprawled ecstatically flat on floor to descending motion ever downward of head, tongue lapping lower abdomen, bit lower ... oh! penis base, yeah, then around onto sack of flesh, please, more! bouncing a little balls with tongue - oh, god! eyes alit glaring for ... up, up, up seizing stique head ... forceful slurping ... more, more, more! sudden getting up to position gate of curious mouth back on target - too good to be true, oh almost came! position again changed - she back-placed with Paul the hovering, shadow on face from governing rod of erection for plunge - fast shove - mouth set apart for in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, wait! can't stand it! quick retraction but tool late! going to bloom - quick, take it, take it! she obeys - one last shove in deepest fathom and white fury spurts shamelessly its innocence, she swallowing in delite.

The day came. Still rays of morning sunshine lighting room where we lay, in mind almost awake, departure day. She arose and travelled down to washroom, brushed her teeth, a ritual with her...



# THE COLOURED ROOM

By Thomas McNeely

1. WHITE  
WE ARE SITTING IN A WHITE ROOM.  
THE CEILING, WALLS, AND FLOOR ARE ALL WHITE.  
THE FLOOR IS SPOTLESS.  
THE FLORESCENT TUBE LIGHTS ARE VERY BRIGHT.  
THE BED IS WHITE, THE CHAIRS ARE WHITE, THE BUREAU IS WHITE, THE BIBLE ON THE BUREAU IS WHITE.  
THE GIRL IN THE CHAIR OPPOSITE ME IS AN ALBINO.  
SHE HAS BLEACHED HAIR.  
SHE IS WEARING A WHITE T-SHIRT AND A WHITE CRINOLINE SKIRT.  
I HAVE BLEACHED HAIR.  
I AM WEARING A WHITE T-SHIRT AND WHITE PANTS.  
WE BOTH HAVE WHITE PAPER SLIPPERS ON.  
WE ARE MAKING ORAGAMI FIGURES WITH WHITE PAPER.  
WE ARE MAKING A SERIES OF ORAGAMI BIRDS.  
WE PUT THEM ON A STRING AND SUSPEND THEM FROM THE HEADBOARD TO THE FOOTRAIL, OVER THE BED.  
WE LIE DOWN AND HAVE A WHITE ORGASM.  
WE DON'T HAVE TO CLEAN UP AFTER WORDS.  
THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND A PAINTER COMES IN AND STARTS PAINTING EVERYTHING BLUE.  
WE GO OUT TO BUY A BOOK ON SWIMMING TECHNIQUES.

2. BLUE  
WE RENT SCUBA TANKS INSTEAD OF BUYING A BOOK.  
WE SIT IN OUR CHAIRS WITH ALL THE GEAR ON.  
SHE HAS TROUBLE WITH HER REGULATOR.  
I TRY TO ADJUST THE PRESSURE BUT HER TANK BLOWS UP.  
THE WALLS, FLOOR, CEILING, LIGHT, BED, TABLE, CHAIRS, BUREAU AND BIBLE ARE ALL SPLATTERED WITH LITTLE BITS OF HER.  
THE PAINTER COMES IN AGAIN AND GIVES ME A FORM TO FILL OUT, REQUISITIONING RED.  
IT WILL TAKE TWO WEEKS. RED IS VERY POPULAR.  
I GATHER UP THE RED GOOKY BITS OF HER AND PUT THEM IN A PRESERVE JAR.

3. RED  
THE PAINTER PAINTS HIMSELF INTO A CORNER BY MISTAKE.  
HE IS VERY EMBARRASSED AND TURNS RED.  
THE DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE COMES IN, SCRATCHES HIS WHITE BEARD, AND DECIDES THAT THE PAINTER MUST REMAIN IN THE CORNER.  
HE MUST ALSO STAY RED SO THE DIRECTOR PULLS HIS PANTS DOWN AND GIVES HIM AN APPLE.  
THE ONLY PARTS OF THE BIBLE I'M ALLOWED TO KEEP ARE THE SECTIONS THAT HAVE RED TYPE.  
I LAY THE PAGES OUT ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF THE PAINTER SO HE'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO READ.  
HE READS OUT LOUD INCESSANTLY, THIS DRIVES ME CRAZY.  
I ASK FOR ANOTHER COLOUR FORM,  
A GIRL BRINGS IT TO ME, SHE IS TALL, VOLUPTUOUS, AND VERY FECUND, SHE HAS FANTASTIC ORANGE HAIR.  
SHE IS WEARING A BLACK T-SHIRT WITH THE WORD 'ORAGAMI' ON THE FRONT IN SILVER GLITTER DOTS.  
I FILL OUT THE FORM, ASKING FOR BLACK.  
SHE READS THIS OVER, SAYS 'TSK, TSK.' AND PULLS OUT A LUGER PISTOL.  
SHE SHOOTS ME IN THE MIDDLE OF MY FOREHEAD.

4. BLACK  
I WAKE UP SMELLING LEATHER.  
MY FACE IS PRESSED INTO A COUCH.  
THE PSYCHIATRIST IS ANGRY BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN DROOLING ONTO HIS EXPENSIVE BLACK LEATHER COUCH.  
HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE PAINTER.  
HE HAS ON A STRIPED TIE THAT IS WHITE, BLUE, RED AND BLACK.  
HE TELLS ME THAT I HAVE AN EROTIC OBSESSION WITH THE COLOUR WHITE.  
I TELL HIM THAT HIS TIE IS UGLY AND THAT HE IS COLOUR-BLIND.  
I TELL HIM THAT HIS TIE DOESN'T GO WITH HIS GREEN-CHECKED POLYESTER SUIT.  
HE ASKS ME IF I WOULD LIKE TO WEAR A STRAITJACKET.  
I GET NERVOUS WHEN HE REACHES IN HIS DRAWER FOR A FORM, SO I MENTAL TELEPATH TO SOME SQUIRRELS OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW THEY JUMP INTO THE ROOM AND CHASE THE PSYCHIATRIST UP ONTO HIS DESK.  
HE PULLS OUT A LUGER PISTOL AND SHOOTS THREE HOLES INTO HIS DESK AND ONE INTO HIS FOOT.  
THE SQUIRRELS SCURRY BACK OUT THE WINDOW.  
DOCTORS AND NURSES SURGE INTO THE ROOM AND TAKE THE PSYCHIATRIST AWAY.  
A MAN WITH A WHITE BEARD GIVES ME A DOGGIE BISQUIT AND THEN HE FOLDS ME UP INTO A PLANE AND SHOOTS ME OUT THE WINDOW.  
I AIM FOR THE CLOUDS.  
I AM LATE FOR MY ORAGAMI LESSON WITH MRS. FUJIWARA, MY LANDLADY.  
SHE IS GOING TO SHOW ME HOW TO DO A SWAN TODAY.



## ADULT NOVELS

By Jim Smith

Nadja snuck out the window at midnight. She was meeting Fanny down at the well-appointed gardener's house.

She was tired of writing bodice-rippers while her husband was out being surreal with the boys.

Life stretched ahead of her like one interrupted faked orgasm.

She wanted real meat with her potatoes, and a man that would stick to her ribs.

Fanny was in it for other reasons. The dream in which she had confessed she was no saint to Wovoka as he did the Ghost Dance with only a white shirt on, his large organ waving in the air like a large red radial tire, seen straight on. Together, he and she danced and drove the white man back into the closet. His confession that he was technically sterile.

Nadja had read the cards to her. You've got to get to know a person first, she warned.

Use the dream to pry open your life. I'm just glad to see you happy – your life has been burning down like a cigarette. You don't mind me being honest do you?

I put aside Tuesday to think about us, Nadja confessed, but Tuesday didn't come last week.

The gardener is sharpening his tool. In his white shirt and rigid member he resembled Wovoka, shaman arrested in Moriana for fomenting a dream. He took a certain pride in it.

He could smell two women seeking him out.

He took his white shirt off and stood in the closet door. Dreaming.

## I HAVE THE WORD ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE

By Dawnold Brackett

Fine ... let's talk about hermeticism (two jackals on a leash) Post-modern romance is remote control romance ... vague gestures. Take your choice ... photography without film or film without camera. Small mirrors placed on the floor in a row make a great pathway, you can watch yourself walking, look up your own clothing ...

After your affair with the quasi-titan is over and you have finished whipping the minuet dancers ...

Talking triumphant taking a taste or two tongues touch no time to waste on words breath hurts shared breath heals hurling forms rolling through the moist air between bodies nothing inside or outside wasted weather well worn skin sweating in time moving standing still stretching sighs hiding inside the light under the warm fence of flesh let us trespass for a while centre of gravity waterfall nylon windows wonder when glistening hair throbbing heart drum-beat invisible sheets forgotten forever ...

Intellectual Striptease: the mind mashed into blue pleasure, the erect mind. the kneeling soprano sings her song. repeats her name. talk to me quickly. speak yourself with soft muscle. procession marching off into the groin of night. loins curled in the centre of brilliant sleep ...

Make a floor plan of bedroom-language ...

Enough is never enough ... in the grey dawn ... pale skin ...

Repeated postures memorized motionless mind massaged ...

But some music would go nicely in here ... Can you see what I'm trying to tell you?

I have the word on the tip of my tongue.

## L'ÉSPÈCE Par Isabelle Larrivée

Je sais que je suis toute japonaise. Mon corps a ce délire couleur d'estampe, mon sexe a ce point de tremblement fébrile Jill Clayburg. Je suis l'Amérique en transe blanche. Je suis habitée des mythologies épar-ses très postes.

Je suis un point, ce point du désir qui ne pardonne ni ne condamne. Je suis une dame de haute qualité et d'authenticité digne des meilleurs cuirs de l'ouest, de la marchandise hollandaise de sous-bassement d'église catholique chrétienne dévorée par les lions du musée de cire Montréal.

J'entends une sonnette. A la vue de ce jeune ouragan au sourire imper-turbable et à l'ouverture franche, le raz de marée montante va pour la canalisation. Ce pont fut bâti l'année de ma naissance et chaque fois que je prends l'autobus 70 pour me rendre à Longueuil, je vois des cols bleus qui le travaillent, le patchent et le peignent, se noient dedans comme dans les trains du canadien pacifique Railways interprovincial et municipal à Rosemont seulement les jours de semaine de huit à quatre.

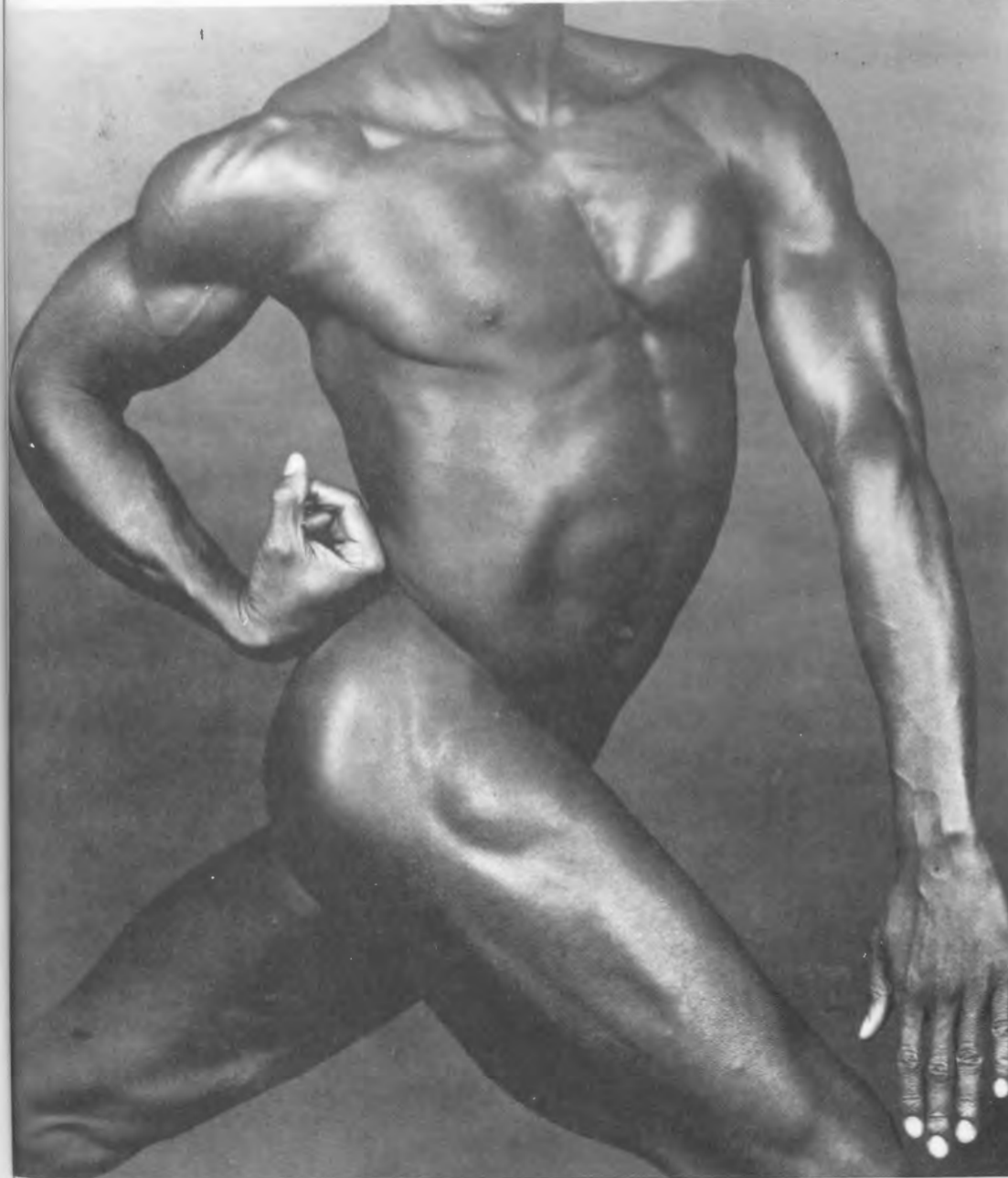
Je vois le numéro chanceux à la roulette rustique et je m'engage dans le trou de balle que ça fait en passant qui me regardait sans arrêt d'autobus 70 qui se rend à Longueuil par un pont, celui de ma naissance. C'est tu assez fort?

Testing-test-1-2-two-test-deux-test-des-test-déteste. Un trou, un orbite dedans. Je me sens vive. Je me frotte l'arcade sourcilière en sou-haitant qu'un génie m'apparaisse trois fois. Un petit poil de sourcil voltige et colchique dans les prés, brindelle et s'abat en trombe. Ca arrive juste, rien n'était calculé, je ne t'avais pas prévu ...

Je vois tous tes détails, chacun de tes poils, les gouttes de sueur qui perlent close-up près de mes yeux des zooms. Si tu bouges, je bouge aussi, si je te prends, tu fais l'homme, si je me soumetts, tu fis la femme.

Ma salive, ma main contourne tes bosses, je te fais, je te sculpte à l'espace de mon imagination. On se travaille, on se traverse, on se pénètre, on se pétrie, se minouche se mamoure move mauve minou batifolle et batifou.

Je ne grelotte plus. Les courvetures sont tombées et je me sens de mieux en mieux. Tu souris, tu éclates de rire. Tu te délivres, tu es libre. Ton souffle, l'abandon et la tension constante. Tu arrives au bon moment. J'entends tes pas, tu me berces, je te console, nous sommes des oiseaux en Flandre.



'Derek' by Robert Mapplethorpe (1983).  
photo courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts N.Y., N.Y.

# DER FALKE

Tom Peiffer

Geschichten wie diese beginnen immer in kleinen cafes wie diesem. Irgendwo an einem der tische sitzt sie dann immer, lange braune haare, über ein buch gebeugt, eine zeitung & manchmal shreibend. Ich stelle mir dann vor es wären gedichte. Manchmal schaut si auf, dock ich bin vorsichtig genug ihren blick nicht zu treffen. Heute schreibt sie. Sie hat einen schwarzen stift, führt ihn zum mund, kaut auf dem ende, blickt suchend in den raum. Ich ignoriereu das kreuzworträtsel, stelle mir vor, sie sucht nach den passendem ausdruck dem wort, das den rhythmus ihres gedichtes zusammenhält, eine metaphor um sinnebenen zu verbinden; wenn sie aufshaut in den raum blickt beuge ich mich schnell wieder über das blatt papier vor mir. Ich schreibe das work auf nach dem sie sucht. Ich trage immer ein bündel kleiner zettel mit mir. Wenn ich das cafe verlasse, lasse ich dann die zettel auf meinem tisch liegen. Am nächsten tag findet sie dann die worte, kann sie aufnehmen in ihr gedicht. Manchmal rolle ich die zettel auf, wie eine zigarette, zünde sie an. Sie weiss dann sofort, was ich meine. HÜGEL, schreibe ich. es ist doppeldeutig. Es könnte einer oder mehrere sein. Doch sie weiss, dass ich zwei meine. Sie beschreibt die landschaft, klima, tageszeit ihres gedichtes. Ich lasse falcken darin kreisen, während sie wieder auf dem ende des stiftes kaut. Ich nehme nur einen falcken diesmal & einen blauen himmel – keine wolken, das bild muss ungestört bleiben. Ich lehne mich zurück, meine finger verfangen sich in feuchtem, dichten gras, teilen die halme, versuchen den untergrund zu ertasten. Über mir am himmel kreist ein falcke, ich blicke auf zu den beiden hügelg gegenüber, meine finger verfangen sich immer mehr in der feuchtigkeit. Ich spüre das blut in meinem körper. Es verteilt sich ungleichmassig in meinen adern, wird von meinem kopf in unregelmässigen stößen durch meine gliedmassen gedrückt bis es sich ganz in meinem fingern staut. Die bilder vor meinen augen in meinen kopf verschwimmen mit meinem blut; Ich sehe mit meinem fingersptizen. Im dickicht vorsichtig weitertastend grabe ich mich tiefer ein & tiefer der boden teilt sich, ich werde aufgesogen, unter meinem rücken bilden sich falten, wie kleine täler, zerwühlt, verschwindend. Meine finger bewegen sich nun schneller & schneller tragen mich weiter weg & mein atem versucht mit ihrer geschwindigkeit mitzuhalten. Meine hand ballt sich, gräbt meine finger in ihren untergrund, spuren hinterlassend, kleine gräben, wie täler, zerwühlend & meine finger tragen mich weiter & mein atem & mein hand ballt sich, zerwühlend & verschwindend & ein atem, ich werde aufgesogen, & grabe mich tiefer & schneller & meine finger, die feuchtigkeit & zerteile halme & zerwühlend & verschwindend & mein atem & verschwindend Ich öffne meine augen, langsam. Draussen, vorm fenster wird es langsam wieder heller. Du liegst neben mir, hier drinnen ist es noch immer dunkel. Ich kann die form deines körpers im zerwühlten laken kaum ausmachen. Langsam öffnest du die augen, deinen mund. 'Ich hatte einen traum,' deine schultern ziehen sich zusammen, dein haar verschwindet in den falten des lakens wie in tälern. 'Ich kann mich nur kaum daran erinnern,' kurz kann ich die spitze deiner zunge sehen, die lippen befeuchten, 'doch da war ein falcke, der am himmel kreiste.' Ich spüre deinen körper als du dich enger an mich schmiegst, meine finger, als sie dein haar zerteilen, an kleinen gräben zwischen haar und haut entlanggleiten. 'Weisst du was komisch ist,' frage ich, 'als ich dich zum ersten mal im cafe gesehen hab, habe ich mir vorgestellt, du würdest da sitzen und gedichte schreiben.'



'Deborah with Hand' by Robert Mapplethorpe (1983).  
photo courtesy of Hardison Fine Arts N.Y., N.Y.

# DARKROOM

By Steve Smith

his hand moves efficiently in the dim red light in the silver tray the photograph continues to form. he winds another spool of film into the camera.

she moves toward the bar to prepare the drinks. on the way she stops to check herself in the mirror. the glass is slightly rippled. in the dim light shadows fall on her face. yet outlined by her red hair and then again by the mirror's silver frame her face is striking. moving away she does not see that her face remains reflected in the glass.

she poses on the gray carpet. the red towel draped precisely on her. a drink in her hand. he shifts the drink slightly. moves the corner of the towel to reveal a hint of her blonde pubic hair. then moves quickly around her. the shutter snaps rapidly. he talks to her. urges different expressions and twists of her body.

in the photograph she is handing him what looks like a gin and tonic. a yellow slice of lemon parts on the rim of the glass. a cherry is suspended. trapped between two cubes of ice. a silver swizzle stick stands straight up the side of the glass. he looks tired.

he tilts the silver tray to stir the developing chemicals. the image is slow in forming. just shades of gray show on the paper.

settling back on the pale yellow couch he sighs. she moves her right hand onto his shoulder. gently massages it. her left hand reaches for a photograph on the dark glass table.

in the red light he checks the photograph again. it is still not ready to be placed in the fixing chemicals. a pale yellow shape begins to show.

stirring the drinks at the bar she is unable to release the cherry from between the two pieces of ice. she examines it closely to see why it will not move. her reflection in the ice is distorted. the reflection of the cherry mingles with her red hair.

it seems as if his hands move on her. the way the camera moves. caresses her. reveals her. in the lens she sees her body reflected. a faint impression. she twists. lifting. moving. giving herself to it to him.

a photograph lies on the dark glass table. a cube of ice melts on top of it. the liquid runs off the edge. dripping onto the carpet.

he feels himself relaxing with her gentle touch. places his hand on her thigh. sips the last swallow of the gin and tonic. tries to free the cherry from its place between the ice. pokes his finger into the glass. tilts it. jabs with the swizzle stick. through the angled glass he can see the yellow of her hair and the red of the cherry. it remains trapped.

her image passes by the mirror on the way to the bar.

his back to the trays he tries to release the shutter which has stuck closed. his frustration distracts him from the developing photograph. the image is now quite clear. everything else is ready and now his camera prevents completion. he removes the lens from its bayonet mounting. he looks past the silver fitting to the seized shutter. in the silver is a distorted reflection.

she convulses under his hand.

in the empty dark room the colours have lifted from the paper. the image floats slowly dissolving just beneath the surface of the developer. the colours begin to bleed together.

in the photograph he is close to her. his camera is in his right hand. a glass lays on its side. his left hand is under the red towel. the liquid has spread darkening the gray carpet. her right hand disappears between his legs. the lemon is twisted but still split on the rim. her left hand stretches into the air. fingers taut. reaching with desperation.

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# PRIVATES

By Glenn Frew

'Perhaps if I could reach out to her, say something like, "The dapple gray light is entrancing this time of year."

What kind of gibberish is that he thought. Squirming with angst, he looked at her behind the partition that separated them, across a space of three feet of plush carpet. If I could say something meaningful, crack the barrier of unknowingness, come now, what is it that I want to say to her? What do I really want to say? Let me see, how could I put it?

"Do your fuck? Do you want to fuck? Do you want to fuck me?" How about a fuck?"

"Why do you say those things?" Her voice sliced through the turmoil of his tormented ramblings.

"Well do you?" he blurted out.

"What is this fuck thing?" she said.

He stared at her. Her honey coloured thighs housing that slender haven that peeked and peaked from behind its downy modest coverings.

"Well ... you know" he said, "I put it in"

"You mean" she said with a sneer, "You want to put your appendage between my honey coloured thighs, that hide that slender haven that peeks and peaks from behind its downy modest covering? To push and thrust and stab!"

"Yes! Yes! That's it, to stab and thrust, yes and thrust and drive and push"

"Oh God no" she said, "That's tiresome, its boring, sweaty"

"No no" he cried, it's not! Why do you suppose so many people do it? It's pleasure!" he exclaimed, as if being hit by a profound revelation

"Pleasure, yes that's it, indeed it is"

"what makes you think that I want you, or your appendage for that matter stabbing and thrusting into me? What's it to me anyway?"

"Pleasure" he said emphatically.

"I think you read too many of those pulp fictions. The kind where the woman, in spite of her circumstances - stands up in a bomb blackened sewer, at the point of a blunt knife facing a thriller killer, heroin-smoking super-spy, who's between death and assignments - stands with her moist vulva and unbrindled lust, a driving deep ache in her hidden recesses having the strength of a vacuum cleaner, and takes him between her honey coloured thighs"

"That's right!" he said, "Exactly." She gave him a side ways glance.

"You mean you don't?" he said.

"Why should I?"

He was perplexed. Wasn't this how he always felt? Wasn't every female immediately desirable, moist and panting like he? This talk was making his head ache. He didn't know what to do.

"Why don't you say something," she called across the space. Three feet of plush carpet and two glass partitions. He raised his eyes and looked at her face. His mouth hung open and his eyes were haggard. He lowered them back to her pelvis. "Say something, Christ! Now she wants me to talk. I don't know how to. Action he thought, now that's positive. Talking, that takes a lot of energy, it's boring. He kept looking from her face to her crotch, crotch to face. She hadn't moved. She still stood there in her Maidenform cross-your-heart loveliness. Separated by glass partitions and plush carpet. Where she had always been. I should mount her, he thought. "Thrust and stab into that moist aperture drive and push, yes, mount her. "Rhetoric," she hissed, "rhetoric." Haven't you got anything more to offer? Do you think I want to lie on my back and buck and heave like some waterbed with a moronic juvenile delinquent practising flamenco all over it?"

"You don't?" he gasped.

"Why should I?"

"But don't you have that, that ..." he searched his befuddled brain. "The urge, yes that's it, the urge?"

"No." she said flatly.

He was across the room, across three feet of space and through the two glass partitions in nothing flat, tearing at her clothing, pushing and frantically thrusting for her honey coloured thighs. Yes, yes of course. Stab and thrust, thrust and stab, the natural act. Pleasure, seek it. But it was not there.

"What are you doing" she uttered in a monotone.

"I don't know" he said

Disgustedly she remarked "Have you ever done this before?"

"No," he said, perplexed, "never"

"Neither have I" she said blankly.

An Other entered the three feet of plush carpeted space, between the two glass partitions. He turned the door knob and entered the room.

"I've come to enlist" said the Other.

"Good stuff," said the Thickset One behind the desk.

"See that Maidenform lovely tacked up over there?"

He continued pointing behind the Other's shoulder through the two glass partitions.

"Yes," said the Other.

"You'll have lovelies like that tearing at your uniform just to cop a feel."

"I will?" said the Other.

"Yes, you will" said the Thickset One behind the desk,

"You lucky devil. And see that tall and handsome beast pasted on the door over there?" pointed the Thickset One to the glass partition of the room. "The one standing in his uniform. Eyes clear and head thrust forward, flanked by the fluttering colours of our land?"

"Yes," said the Other.

"You'll be just like him."

# FINGERS

By Karen MacCormack

warm ... with similar colours ... tumble  
(excerpt from a label in a dressing gown)

heat intersects mutual points of reference ... the precipitation on the windshield or the steam from a kettle or the latent moisture in an alchemist's fusion ...

the hour components rise in a cloud about the senses, settling in utterances confirmed by one's ears ... akin to a film in which the sound(track) is a line behind the motion(picture) ... where a woman pursuing another's lips, mouths 'WAIT', a second pauses and then one hears the word brought up short ...

consuming this, the clock's hand meet, the angle gradually opens on its face behind glass ... legs cross and uncross ... one hand touches another ... fingers move in spirals from the knee to the thigh as heat rises ... a finger is rolling a bead, a pivot for lips ... fingers stroke a swelling, and elongation by degree ... one mouth is open ... the fingers enter where there is a contraction and expansion of increasing fluidity and warmth ... fingers conjure flame along a shaft, around a head slowly ... both mouths are open, tonguing unquiet red ... at the base, upward ... at the rim, inward ... there is a moving forward a reaching back, the describing of an arc ... a localizing of the skin's heat, liquid, rushing like water alight, drawn there without knowledge of measure ... a rising into, a falling away from ... one hand on the other ...

'what time is it?'

all the cooling minutes accumulate blue and liquid as a pool the clock reflects, as combination, not end ...

# MY BODY

By Robert Priest

Fallen from the heights onto your body  
my body broken on your body  
trashed on your body  
My body is a wave that has been dashed against  
your body  
It is the arrival like bells of a grape  
upon your body, a well of brass, a love-gong  
that I with full flesh set to ringing  
My body is the wing of lead falling  
through the rainbow  
The widespread wing of lead that lands  
in the dark and burning oil of your body  
in the smoke and the heat of your body  
A beautiful moth caught in the burning pigments  
of your body  
its white wings fluttering in the purple and fire  
as it burns  
My body is an orange moon on green water  
sinking on some foreign sea  
It is the drop of rain, the red leaves drifting  
the snows, the grasses, the torrents  
My body is the dew, beautiful on blades of longing  
running into you from meadows,  
from mists and petals  
a billion bright drops in a river in the sun  
My body is your body looking back -  
A bird sipping at its own reflection  
My body on yours is a lion  
in the africas  
wild with the scent of wind  
tawny and free, perched on its high ledge  
ready to fall  
onto the back  
of the earth.



## THE WOMAN FROM THE BACK PAGES

By Shaunt Basmajian

i first remember her  
at the age of five  
in the back pages  
of one of my mother's  
french magazines (elle)  
the woman semi-naked  
in a bra and panties ad  
there as if to relieve me  
of my innocence  
with a smile and lipstick  
curiosity eager  
her eyes devoted  
somewhere between paris  
and channel no. 5

at the age of twelve  
i fell in love  
and took her into my room  
and slowly undressed her  
with my baseball eyes  
my television mind  
and kept her hidden  
beneath my pillow  
to fantasize  
to dream  
as a school boy  
like a harlequin romance

as an adolescent  
still semi-naked  
in her bra and panties  
she turned out to be real  
but with a mind  
tilted in another direction  
and eyes that glared  
in secrecy  
looking to status and money  
with her body in heat  
lusting  
for another man's erection

## LORI IN FALL

By Chris Faiers

In high-heeled splendour  
you name diffident wildflowers  
praise the shameless clichéd autumn colours  
wet a dainty stocking in cold mud  
while reciting Wordsworth  
letterperfect – damn you!

Such enthusiasm can only be ignored so long.  
Strange pods the size of thumbs ...  
inside an unfreed seed  
delicate as black coral  
carefully etched scrimshaw  
in genetic code beyond beauty.

Our haiku selves blossom briefly.  
We flop on damp grass  
the gourd of your jeans  
melon warm against my mind

## NEW FACE ON THE MOON, PHAZE 2

By Sarah Spracklin

34. Fish have the rivers
35. Animals have their forest & jungle
36. I have only what I can hold in my arms
37. Monks, popes, priests have their gods
38. Ghosts & Shattered Virgins
39. I need only what I'm not sure of
40. I want to see a new face on the moon
41. The spell will be broken
42. If The Word is spoken too soon
43. Kiss my craterface
44. Sink your light into my ovaries
45. Create the human rays
46. Out of some exodust; prolong the ecstasy!
47. Rock gleams ablaze absorbed like bridal diamonds
48. Strong limbs arms horse, The First Man
49. Adam hooking onto moonbeams
50. I'm only as beautiful as what I desire
51. I crave to be the recipient of that erratic masculine fire!
52. don't turn away. Don't hide your eyes
53. As Lightning discloses my disgrace
54. I don't want to be left behind
55. I'm waiting for a bolt-out-of-the-night to strike
56. The return of the night
57. Blend with the return of my luminous light
58. Ocean cleanses my cocoon
59. A change of mood makes way for A
60. New face on the moon
61. The spell will be broken
62. If the Veil is torn open too soon
63. I need something to animate me
64. I get stale & I start to fade
65. I crave strong limbs arms man
66. Hooking up to horsepower
67. Like a fertile flag announcing victory
68. I draw The Eternal Flame
69. Into My Captivity

## SORDID BOON

By Dawn Danelagh

Just twenty-three, and already  
plagued with chronic ennui,  
approaching  
the gravestone of sex.  
Impregnated with  
what-to-do's,  
things to use,  
how-to-feels,  
relationship deals,  
precautionary measures, and  
(exclusive edition) Little-  
Known Pleasure. To think  
it's hot in those compact spots.  
Night-light reading, breeding  
this new graphic generation, seeding  
the weed of failed expectations –  
sex with us too much, too soon.  
Regretting nights of defeat  
on vinyl bucket seats,  
stimulated by words, smoke and  
modern mood music coming  
from the car radio.



# SPECULUM

By Susie Queue

spec-u-la-tion/n.

1. Warhol signed her brassiere  
On a routine reading tour  
The stock market crashed  
He left  
She cried  
It was red spandex

2. Bored  
She reread Zeno  
Still couldn't come  
Bought blue mascara  
Tried smoking it  
Signed up a new band  
Married the mirrorman

3. Waiting on reflection  
Gave her swollen ankles  
Garter belts and hamburger  
Will only stretch so far  
When she told the doctor  
a Gourmet subscriber  
He used the smaller one  
It was cold.

spec-u-la-tion/v.

10. As a spectator  
She was spectacular  
The specificity of her specimen  
Neither spectral nor respectable  
Please inspect don't introspect  
Be circumspect  
Know she was rarely specious  
Barely speechless  
And hardly to be expected  
Une espèce plutôt spéciale  
Comme spéculum

- 1. Now her brassiere hangs on the wall  
Framed with rhinestone specs  
Stuck with star-spangled spittle  
Footnoted with spurious shoes  
between silent feedings  
She hears her daughter cry  
A smaller, speculative voice.



Hommage à Bengt Rooke  
By Leif Eriksson

Christos första försök  
By Leif Eriksson



# SAGACITY

By Susan Worth

moreover  
i was taken  
by your energy

and the way it  
glowed  
from your skin  
(but this took you, too)

my first zen:  
growing on you

so those eyes would see  
what a country  
they were in  
oh, at an awkward stage of politics  
yet fertile

like a garden, you said  
like a garden, you said  
like a garden, you said

until something else  
to fertilize  
became your only truth  
in abeyance  
we ceased to copulate  
ideas  
i settled  
down  
in

but you awakened  
earlier and earlier  
leaving me alone  
in that bed  
of complacency

where i read the writing  
on  
the  
wall

devastating my attention  
with the not-yet-real

lights  
of tomorrow

## MEN AT WORK

By Chris Beausoleil

Oh you men,  
workers on roofs in the sun  
with arms as strong as my eyes,  
come down and let my tongue say  
yes to the curves of your flesh.

I cycle by construction  
sites where men haul their bodies  
up ladders, display their skill  
in the swing of hammers, pose  
their power on scaffold, see  
me below cycling slowly  
on the heat of heavy dreams.

Their skin sucks in the sunlight  
to warm muscles that make me  
strain on the saddle to touch;  
their legs stretch in denim tight  
with work and expectations.  
I cycle under the bend  
of their knees, the thick musky  
smell of men and steel my mouth  
opens to inhale.

## THE GREAT WEEKEND

By Joe Blades

We intercoursed the long day  
into the night. Meaning came deep  
inside as poem was born  
of constant ejection.

Our thoughts squirmed,  
picked up speed  
and shot all  
relative directions.

If you had been here  
we could have given more  
and saved it too, but you went  
to join death's brother.

When you rose in the morning  
you approved the birthing  
and encouraged my child  
into its maturity.

## INTO LEATHER(ETTE)

By Michael Schiff

she, moist as  
warm leatherette  
with condensation for lipgloss  
signalled  
it was a new york kind of night  
you know, a bit of  
the proverbial big apple (  
where is eve when you believe  
and adam once you've had 'im?  
)but i was into the moistness  
of it all. my universe converged  
into a tiny drop of sweat. endless  
drops, infinite worlds and  
quite a new frame of mind

she signalled again.  
it was my turn  
to lick my lips —  
her world in a drop  
upon her tongue. and her teeth  
prepared to bite.



## NIGHTS

By Dan Pope

Sometimes at night I can see through the wall. Past the lions, dancing, playing, like all paper lions do, I can see to the other side. It is always the same, each time, what I believe I see. And what lies there is also true; the same truth from a different angle, perspective. Most of us rely on our side to form judgement; sometimes I see both. Or I see only lions dancing before me. (Mother chose the wallpaper when I was nine. I see no reason to overrule her choice of atmosphere; it is my room and my wall even after these many years.)

Tina said, love me.  
Forever, I said.  
Tina said, lies.  
Each and every one, I said.  
Tina said, know me.  
How, I said.  
Tina said, hurt me, bite me, tear me, fuck me.  
Gladly I said.

When the lights go out I am alone. I can wallow in the spreading darkness without bodily restriction, restriction which we all wish to overcome. When I am alone the room is my friend; it knows me and breathes along with me. Never do I infringe upon my room or any of its dressings. When I begin to ponder sleep my room is with me, whispering secrets, softly, quietly. Before I can respond I awake and it is morning; the light is back, we are no longer alone.

When I looked into Tina's eyes I saw mother and she was cheering me on, spitting obscene words, pleading for release. When Tina locked her legs around my back I saw grandma and grandma was straddling me, riding me, wearing a cowboy hat, nothing else, only loose, saggy, diseased, spotted flesh. When I ejaculated inside Tina I heard among her incoherent moans the voices of my family saying, *we're here, we're all here, we're all inside here*. While Tina clutched me with thighs and legs and arms around my neck, my sweating neck, I wanted back my sperm; it was too late, they had it.

On Sunday we ate the turkey. Twenty pounds of meat and feathers. I had the most of anybody. Later I had diarrhea and watched the turkey spill into the toilet, pools and pools of dark chunky liquid. When I flushed, the turkey was gone, all but the feathers which are down in the basement behind the old freezer. I put them there. The turkey was Ted. Grandma named it.

I snuck Tina out the back door, quietly, so mother's sleep wouldn't be disturbed. Laughing, we pushed her car out of the driveway, where no one would hear the engine turn over. We jumped in as it rolled down the road. She was smiling, thrilled over our little mischief. I put it into park and gave it to her there in the front seat under a streetlight which whispered to me. When we were done her dress was bunched up around her stomach.

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## THE VIGNERE TABLEAU — AN EXCERPT

By Leslie McAllister

One day she received by mail the photograph of a man. It arrived in a plain white envelope addressed 'occupant'. Inside, the envelope was blue and empty. She pinned the image to the wall beside her mirror and waited. A second envelope arrived the following Tuesday. She chewed her fingers briefly, opened the small package. The silence of the room was broken by the thin whine of tape rewinding. 'The victim' it began, she reached for the photograph of the man placed it on the table beside the machine, 'swims at the Harrison Baths every day between 12 and 1'. (pause). At this point she suddenly thought she was unable to tell if the voice belonged to a male or a female. (it continued). 'this seems the most appropriate time to make your move'.

1. gray steel  
spaces I enter  
no action

safe with my deposit  
clothes drop  
a puddle  
to my ankles  
I slide out of old  
skin hit water  
with a splash

smooth action  
slices my dive  
I swim  
one eye open

submerged  
invisible

I watch his legs kick  
through water  
stronger than mine

I begin to count days  
he swims

and swims  
swims

I count dives  
lengths  
strokes  
heartbeats  
possibilities

a week goes by

I have gone through  
3 new suits  
all slit daringly  
plunging to ass  
navel

revealing triangles  
naked thigh flesh

I lure him with my eyes  
poised at wavetips  
he smiles then  
sidestroke flashing by

his chest shines  
hairless, blonde  
I long to drop  
this facade  
slide to my knees and  
lick

prisoned  
between us  
mile of blue

2. tongues flick lips  
expose edge of white  
hunger

I stretch  
hard lines  
he kicks  
body melting under

I slip  
past layers of wet  
blue cool as satin  
bed sheets

wet  
fingers stroke  
hair lines  
his legs part  
I move closer  
tracing fingernail on rim  
of red elastic

stepping out  
my own skin blue  
mute at ankles  
moisture droplet  
poised on tip  
of black fuzz

his cock stretches  
under cover

tongue licking river  
down my middle  
words splash  
stop short

teeth  
(panting I)  
sever  
wrist ropes  
flexing he  
reaches out  
fingers me (moaning)  
loves me

spies  
on five sides  
watching

saliva dribbles  
down wall cracks  
pencils scratch  
hasty reports

while we drown privately

my skin darker  
black knot coiled on  
his belly



## DIVING SNAKES

By Kirk Wirsig

Wild made wet mate  
skin wraith muscle through  
soft and water will  
silent in a peal of hearts  
spins within new dolphin ponds  
dive is only underneath  
darkless eye and sliding slip  
from quiet stream of egg in shine  
to wild wet and body taste  
of strength and yet  
the further thing the length  
the glide the eely ease  
frontiers of breath  
these sudden worlds that seize me  
diving snakes

## THE POOL

By Marlene Goldman

Water freezes passions  
aroused by blood, by heat  
bites deep into thighs, hips  
anesthetizes  
the unnamed hunger.

Step down to the iris center  
the liquid house of one.  
vibrations shiver  
strands along the body.

The pattern changes.  
Someone has entered the home.

The waters tremble.

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## WORFEL'S GARAGE

By T. K. Splake

I told my story of 'something peculiar' and stood thirty minutes shifting footprints in oil saturated concrete, my Bronco atop a hydraulic pedestal.

At breaktime, blue uniforms clustered with machine coffee, cellophane wrapped donuts, exchanging profane profundities, eventually taking their turn in the men's room.

My hostage domain contained a scattering of alien automotive parts. Greasy engines leaned against blackened shop walls, grimy transmissions hung from wooden rafters, and smaller newer metals were stuffed in gray shelving.

Finally I discovered a twenty dollar filter would liberate me from this subterranean odyssey.

The office secretary's thin lips pursed a tight masculine smile, hard tiny nipples thrust from faded mauve tank top material, a firm ridge burrowed into a denim v.

Her dark brown eyes sapped my energies, immediately releasing desires to possess,

She said, 'been waiting long?'

I replied, 'No, not really,'

but thought 'maybe forever.'

## TO THE WOMAN IN THE OTHER CAR

By Lesley Choyce

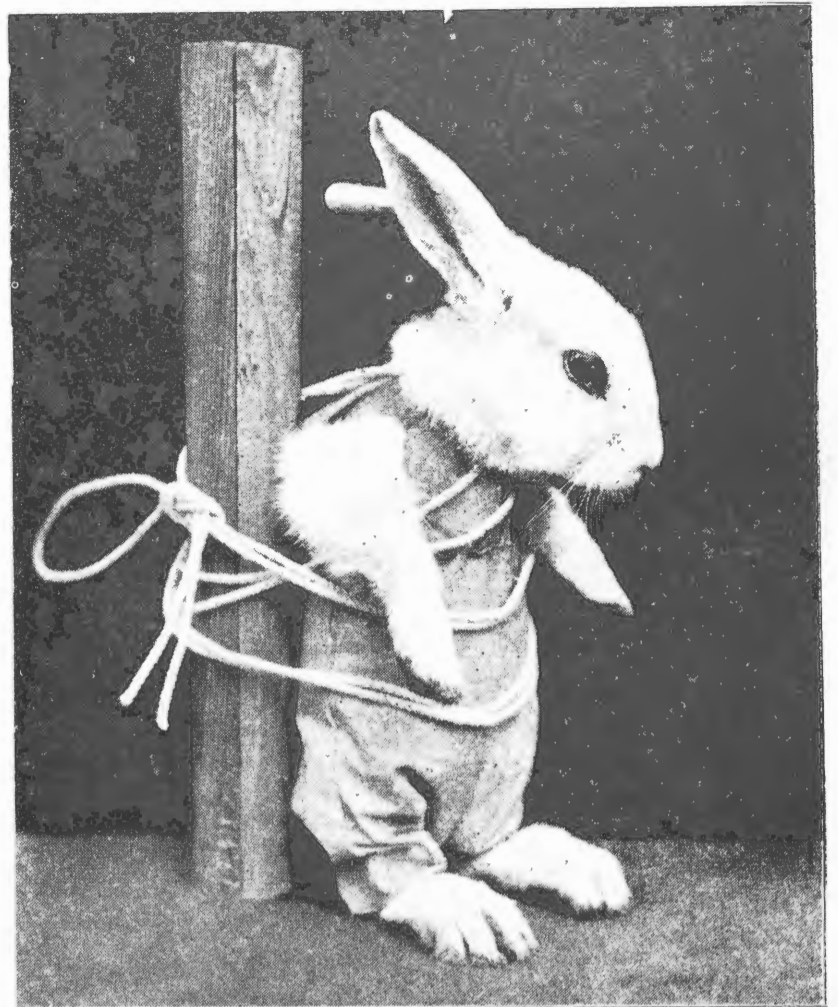
As you ran the stop sign  
I almost plowed into you  
shooting a frown as I pumped my brakes,  
the frown mingling outside in the raindrops  
with a contemptuous look of your own  
projecting through the steamed-up windows.

Windshield wipers set a frenetic rhythm  
driven by mechanical instinct;  
a bittersweet moment for both of us.  
So close was our metallic caress  
that I could almost feel the engine of my beast  
penetrating the door of your Volvo  
while our horns released their animal sigh.



## BUNNY IN BONDAGE

By Tom Robe



Pretty soon they came to Big Bunny who was tied to a post.

"Please rescue me," said Big Bunny. "Some naughty boy tied me up, so I can't get away."

"I will!" said Fluff and Puff and Muff. And they gnawed the rope that tied him.

"O. K.," said Algernon. And he gnawed the rope.

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# SEVERAL WOMEN DANCING

By Paul Dutton

The following is the first paragraph of section one of a work in progress.

i can remember exactly when the obsession began, a minor feature marking my obsession with her as distinct from so many other obsessions i have undergone with young and beautiful women, not that that's the only distinguishing feature of this particular, this most tenacious, this most perilously consuming of the innumerable such obsessions i've let myself fall prey to over the course of my solitary existence, so with senseless fascinations, futile fallings-in-love, hopeless hangings-of-the-heart upon patently unobtainable objects or affection or, perhaps more properly lust or, even more accurately and darkly, some unnameable – or at any rate, unnamed – passion, instinct, or perversion, all the more powerful for being compulsive, dangerous, obscure. i can remember exactly. she presented herself in an abbreviated version of the black and white garb associated with a french maid: black high-heeled shoes, black stockings, black frilled garter-belt, black panties, tiny black apron fringed with lacy white, its black bow around her waist, holding the body of it to her abdomen, the broad straps, secured at the nape of her neck by another bow, loosely permitting the free and fluid movement of her breasts, her perfect, soft breasts, neither too ample nor too spare, that flirted tauntingly – now on view, now obscured – round the straps of the apron, and a smile playing constantly on her face within the dark fringe of her hair, parted in the middle hanging just above shoulder-length, brushing, as she leant her head to one side, the soft white flesh of her shoulder, one in colour and texture with the flesh of all her body, as she danced for the pleasure of the roomful of men in the yearning, masturbatory darkness of the strip club, whose depths, or perhaps i should say lengths, for it is a long and narrow room, the stage down one side, with four rows of seats facing it, the rows divided by a broad aisle into which juts a small projecting extension of the stage, which extension, were it longer, would be termed a runway, and with other rows of seats, largely unoccupied, ranked back from either end of the stage, as she danced for the pleasure of the roomful of men in the yearning, masturbatory darkness of the strip club, whose depths, or length, i had repaired to, now, as so often, out of a sense of burning urgency, and felt, as my rapt gaze drank in thirstily her every move, that this time, this one momentous evening, or afternoon, or whatever it was, my abandonment of incidental, though not important, undertakings and my hastening to this feisty den had occurred in response to, not a prurient whim, but a deep elemental call, an unconscious signal transmitted from somewhere within the depths of her on a frequency only i could receive, a signal that cut through the pervasive static characterizing my day-to-day existence and that drew me, with siren magnetism, to the dark room with the stage lit, where she appeared in her brief black costume and smiled as her nakedness promised itself, and her hair, cut to beneath her shoulders, flipped round the flashing white of her flesh, and my cock sprang immediately to attention, my eyes lusting for the swift disclosure of her physical secrets, a lusting that was not disappointed, as, before the first song she danced to was finished, the slight black pantines were deftly removed and my heart raced at the view of her genitals so generously afforded me. i remember exactly, her close-cropped hair her dark flesh, her leather outfit, her frowning demeanour, the long and futile wait for the g-string to be dispensed with, the aching disappointment at never seeing her soft pubic area, wondering why she would not reveal the sweet centre of my desire, as she beckoned me close with her crook'd finger and teasing voice, where i stood retiring in the black obscurity of the standing-section behind the rows of wide-eyed seats. her eyes. they were dark brown, lit with delight in the pleasures she implied with her spread legs and the moist slit of her pudenda, as she lifted her left leg and accepted, in the top of the black stocking encasing her right leg, the votive dollar or two-dollar bill from the lucky patron in the front row who thereby gained a closer view of the dark, curled hairs and soft, pink lips of her (what i called then, in the heat of romantic inflammation) seat of satisfaction – *introibo ad altare deae*, the goddess who gives joy to the throbbing tumescence of my manhood; *confiteor deo omnipotenti, beatea mariae semper virgini, beato michaeli archangelo, beato johanni baptistae, sanctis apostolis, petro et paulo, omnibus sanctis, et tibi, pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo et operae, mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, i confess that i would approach the altar of the goddess who might give joy to my aging lust, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault, through my failing vision and sight-aiding spectacles, oh what a spectacle she offers my desiring eyes in the anonymous gloom of the secretive strip-club, as the apron-strap slips from her shoulder to free her breast to untrammelled view, and the other strap and the other breast and the bow at the back, and the apron is gone and all that conceals her last bits of flesh are the transparent stockings and slight garter-belt, which she never removes, as she pulses and rocks to the sensuous rhythms, grinding her crotch and spreading her buttocks to please the hungry, collective eye of the straining, insatiable gathering of men.



# EROTIKON

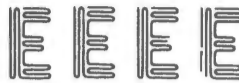
By bpNichol

1) arrow

tick



2) e row



tack



3) a row

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA... anyone at all. Allan abley assisted Alex's attempts at *talk* articulating an arguably apoetic approach. 'After all,' Alex argues, 'adjectives are applicable and allow amazingly amusing afterthoughts.' Allan, admittedly angry, acclaimed Alex's argument. 'Absolutely,' avowed Allan. Ann, ambiguous, avoided Alex and Allan and addressed Arnold, an amateur archeologist attending an arts academy at Athens. 'Aren't adjectives anti-absolute?' asked Ann. Arnold, amused, attacked Ann's attempted alliance: 'Assinine!' Ann, appropriately annoyed, asked Allan's assistance. Allan avoided Ann's appeal. 'Aren't all arguments assinine?' asked Alex. Arnold ambled away, and Ann, absolutely amazed ...

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# JEALOUSY

By Eldon Garnet



The biggest horror in my life was caused by jealousy. It had so many repercussions. I was in highschool. A complete cliché: the prettiest girl and the cutest guy; we were both on the track team; we were both swimmers. It was a real highschool where everyone knew everyone's business. I heard a rumour one day that my boyfriend John was fooling around with some girl. This was told to me by another girl. I went crazy and thought of the worst possible things. Instead of confronting him, I just took the rumour as being true. I became a hateful person. I wanted revenge. I wanted this person dead. I had dreams of shooting and killing. The whole goddamn school knew and I didn't want to look like an idiot. So I went out with another boy, Alan, while I was supposedly John's girl. In highschool it's really tight, if you have a boyfriend that's the only person you see, you wouldn't be caught dead with anyone else. So I went out with another person who I knew John hated. I went out with Alan solely because I knew that John would be jealous. Because of this, John got so mad at me that he hurt me, violated me. He raped me. To this day I don't know whether it was true that John was having an affair with another girl. It got so out of control, it got to the point where it didn't matter. It was just jealousy acting. I told Alan that John had beaten me; raped me; I told him because I knew he would do something. Alan got so mad, so angry, and so jealous that he went and beat up John in front of the whole school; it left him in the hospital. It was a vicious circle of jealousy. After that all happened I left, I changed schools.

# CADMIUM RED

By Karl Jirgens

*I've been having a recurring dream about a fire-red cat.*

The cat is humming the 'Marseillaise' while he laps at the red puddle rising around the woman's toes. The woman has lapsed into unconsciousness. She is reclining on a large lazy-boy chair. In front of her rests the canvas that has possessed her for over six months now. Having finished with the left foot, the cat has switched to the right, and is now humming 'An American in Paris'. A long-handled sable brush is slowly slipping from the woman's glossy-green fingernails. In her other hand rests an empty paper cup. The same cup that she was using to contain the paint that she was applying to the canvas. It has spilled and a smiling crescent of cadmium red has collected at her crotch. From there the paint is sliding slowly through the soft folds of her sheer saffron dress to arrive at the edge of the garment where it quietly bubbles into life as a light lush waterfall. It follows the flowing curve of her calves now crossed nonchalantly over the jungle-print shag-pile rug. The cat is at her toes. He is licking meticulously. The sensation enters her dreams. ... *she is standing by the banks of a river ... it is cadmium red and softly wraps promises of wanton love around her ankles ... she has the delicious sensation that tiny minnows are gossiping with her toes ...* (I have dreamed this many times).

She awakens with a start. She notices the cat slouching away in self-conscious retreat. With two amazon steps she conquers the shag jungle and seizes the criminal by the scruff. He desperately feigns an affectionate purr. Impassionately she stares at the canvas before her regarding the red river that flows from the jungle scenario. She is not entirely surprised to note that the river seems to become subterranean only to resurface from her womb. (After all, she is the fountainhead from which all life flows. The fecund creator). The look of a hardened city policeman settles on her face. She is again aware of the now-clawing fur in the grip of her fist. Resolutely she strides off towards the kitchen. Ignoring the cat's protests, she pops the oven door open and shoves him inside. With a sigh of relief she twists the oven knob to bake and returns to her canvas. ... *in Henri Rousseau's dream, there is a nude woman on a red velvet sofa in the middle of a jungle ... there are all sorts of half-tame wild animals hiding in the foliage ... there is a yellow waterfall and a black man playing a flute of some kind ...* (But not in my dream. In my dream she returns from the oven to her jungle canvas sitting in the middle of her Queen Street studio).

Skeptically, she sniffs the paints. (By introducing natural smells to the paint she had hoped to bring the canvas to life, or at least to vivify her fading interest. Lemon for the yellow of course, and earthy sweet potato for the orange. Perhaps the offal for the sienna was taking things too far, but the smells had inspired her to new strokes. The combined pungence of the heady odours released her. She became possessed by an animal abandon, became fearless, freed her most guarded passions, occasionally stripped off her clothes and smeared paint onto her own trembling flesh). She lit a cigarette and sat back in the lazy boy. True, the smells would fade after the paint dried. The colours might change hue and the surface might even crack. But what did this matter when she had found a source of untapped energy. This paint was no longer an alien substance applied as if from a great distance. It was something that was a part of her, something she knew and had tasted, and would taste again. (And of course, blood for the red. Though a rustier red would have made a more natural base, she preferred the luxurious warmth of cadmium red. She longed to swim in the tropical waters of her canvas, to emerge from the waves not the cool marble-white of Aphrodite, but in the naked heat of cadmium red). With a renewed frenzy she seized the paint and brush. Vigorously she daubed spots onto the exotic jungle textures. The paint came alive, breathed a deep sensual response. It seemed larger than life. It mocked the call of the macaw. As she moved the sable in and out of the depths, she felt, she thought she felt the nocturnal pulse of the prowling panther. Under her inspired direction the jungle flamed into a gaudy tropicana-cliché complete with rose flamingos, palmettos and crescent moon. It became impossible to distinguish night from day. She had become absorbed into the canvas. She was on safari.

Exhausted from her most recent orgasm of expression, she again returned to the arms of the patient lazy-boy. Again, the cup slipped from her hand, and a fresh stream of cadmium red snaked intimately around the curve of her thigh. She drifted back to her dream-river. ... *orange skies peeked through blue foliage ... gibbering gibbons leapt impossible gaps, scampered along the slenderest tree tops ... carrot coloured cockatoos squawked ugly warnings indiscriminately ... beneath the umbrella of blue and yellow leaves, a hot river rushed past the dry bank ravishing it mindlessly ...*

(At this point in my dream, my heartbeat increases. I become restless and toss in the sweat-soaked sheets. I become half-conscious of the fact that I am dreaming. But I do not awaken. I return to the oven). By now, the pads of the cat's feet are pawing the grate. His slowly-singeing fur fills the air with ugly warnings and sets off the consumer's-outlet smoke-detector. By now, the police have responded to a neighbour's call and the cat has leapt out of his infernal prison totally ignoring the blue-uniformed benefactors. Hot air collects in steamy rumours on the clouded kitchen ceiling while the duty-bound police investigate the red-stained woman on the lazy-boy chair. (But she is still wandering the jungle undergrowth. And she is bathing in her river of cadmium-red). Hearing the sirens of the fire-engine, the cat doubles back into the studio. Seeing that the woman is being successfully roused by the men-in-blue, he desperately seeks final refuge. His fur still smouldering, he takes a furtive leap towards the tropical canvas and disappears with a flick of his tail. The lush jungle vegetation closes behind him. By now, the firemen have tired of dousing the woman's passion. They are back on the street rolling up the hose. Having no one to arrest, the men-in-blue handcuff themselves to each other and return to the patiently waiting paddy-wagon. The woman-next-door nods suspicious approval from behind her apron-and-broom. The vehicles roll self-consciously down the lonely asphalt road and the smoke-detector settles back into its nest. (In my dream, I recall the eyes of a jungle-cat staring at me from Rousseau's jungle-foliage. I am convinced it can see me. I stare back into its eyes).

The woman shifts restlessly in her half-dream. It is as though she is almost aware of the fact that she is being dreamed. She tosses and licks her lips while savouring the exotic forbidden fruit in her private jungle. ... *under the palmettos a blazing cat searching anxiously for a cadmium river ... the cat is bravely humming 'Bolero' while being accompanied by the lazy-boy-chair ...* (In my dream, I am standing in a river staring at a woman about to awaken. I begin to walk towards her. Her lips are moving, inviting. Unconsciously, her arm reaches up and turns the oven to broil).

**BEYOND WORDS**  
(A Romance)





# DOMINATRIX

By Janice Peshke

