ALGIERS 1895

Wilde and Gide tussle over ‘’ transgressive desire ‘’

Blidah . January 1895.

Gide in the hall of a hotel

About to leave .

Views two new guest names :

‘’ Oscar Wilde and Lord Douglas ‘’

And his heart gave a leap .

Gide erases his own name

From the hotel guest list.

And leaves for the station.

But feeling cowardly he

Returned to the hotel.

Feeling embarrassed and

Not wanting to be compromised.

Ashamed.

Depressed .

Disowned .

Repudiated .

Psychic possession of Gide by Wilde

Is an absent one —symbolist evidence.

Gide deeply disturbed by Wilde ,

And felt his self - identity being

Undermined .

Rooted in protestant ethic

And high bourgeois

Morality and

Repression .

High conformity which Wilde scorned .

Wilde wanted Gide to transgress .

Wanted to create

His own

Sexual creative

Liberation.

‘’ Wilde is continuing to kill

My soul

Because to know an essence ,

One must eliminate it .

Measure of a thing

Is the effort

Made

To destroy it .

In Wilde’s company I lost the habit of thinking

And my emotions had no order .

He was a most

Dangerous product

Of modern civilization . ‘’

Wilde takes Gide to a cafe .

In the half open Moorish doorway

A marvelous boy

Clinging robes

Stood there

For a time

Leaning with his

Raised elbow

Against

The door jamb and outlined on the dark

And flickering

Background of the night .

The youth

Joins them.

‘’ Mohammed ‘’

Musician ,

Flute player

lover.

Music made you forget the time

And place

And who

You were .

Gide feels liberated and oppressive sense

Of self is dissolved

Laid aside

Anxieties

Constraints

Solicitudes

As Gide’s will evaporated

He felt himself becoming

Porous

As a beehive .

Wilde asks Gide

‘’ do you want him ? ‘’

Gide thought how

Dark

The alley was

And thought his heart would

Fail him .

Dreadful effort of

Courage

To say

‘’ yes ‘’

With a choking voice .

Wilde arranges with their guide

And then joins Gide

Laughing …

Triumph not pleasure

Interminable ,

Uncontrollable ,

Insolent ,

Laugh .

Amusement of child and devil .

Gide has sex with Mohamed .

‘’ my joy unbounded , and i cannot

Imagine it greater , even if love

Had been added .

Nothing constrained ,

Nothing doubtful .

No taste of ashes in the memory .

Summits of pleasure

With Mohamed .

I revived my ecstasy many

More times ,

And back in my own room

I relived its echoes until morning . ‘’.

BERLIN BATH-HOUSE 1924

Inside the berlin bath-house

Outside the 5 o'clock siren.

Chris stood up , his fair skin

Too tender to touch.

Squatted in front of the mirror

Watching the steam rise from his skin.

Poured cold water over his head ,

Pursing his wet lips.

Unsure of his own reflection .

As the door banged against its metal frame

He saw long , hairy legs under the hem

Of the bath-house gown .

‘’ is it alright to use the bath now ? ‘’

He turned and the austrian in the door ,

Obscured by shadow and steam ,

Reflected

In the bathroom’s light and green tile walls

Behind

Him.

He was tall as a tree .

Chris was too astonished to reply .

‘’ Hello . Is it alright to use the bath ? ‘’

Light

Shone through his pink ears

And shock of

Blond hair.

The wall fan

Rotated

And

Disturbed

The cotton sleeves of his robe , -

Chris realized his rudeness and stood up .

‘’ Yes . please come in, ‘’

Bowing , he saw - fragments of his own body -

Knees , shoulder , penis , testicles -

Scattered on the mosaic of the wet tile

Like pieces of a child’s puzzle .

He kept his head down -

The austrian untied the sash of his robe ,

Folded up the blue and white material ,

And stepped into the bathroom.

Swirling rectangle of sunlight

Travelled up past Chris’s head and

Glowed on the wall like a movie screen .

Water dripped from a tap

Into a grey steel bucket,

Each drop startling him.

‘’ Hello ‘’, the Austrian said , extending his hand

Chris could not stop himself ,

He reached out and ran

His fingers up the man’s thick arm to the elbow.

Turning the dense blond hair over like autumn grass .

The Austrian laughed

And stepped

Closer.

Chris jerked

His hand

Away ,

Ashamed of what he had done

Ashamed of what he would like to do ,

Gasped -

At the Austrian penis -

Absurdly long

Thick as a mushroom .

Dizzy

He looked down at

His own

Penis

Hairless , translucent body .

The landscape transformed .

Crossed his hands over his own genitals

‘’ what’s your name ? ‘’ the Austrian asked .

Chris

Darted

Past

Him ,

Tumbled out of the door ,

And

Slammed it

Shut .

He stood under the harsh light ,

Shaking

Swallowing air

Like a landed fish.

When he caught his own

Reflection in the mirror ,

He

Swooned .

For he had become

Insubstantial

A phantasm of steam ,

A steam

Of

Unfufilment .

LAYOS AND SZEREN

A faded photograph , cracked in sepia

Is all that remains

A crowded street ,

A gloved hand ,

A rustling overcoat and a smile.

I stare at the photograph

And wonder …

How they felt when the street

Photographer waylaid them

On that seemingly sunny day ?

Layos , always with a sense of humour ,

Turned to grin at the camera

While Szeren ever the shy one

Cast her eyes to the gutter.

Look at their body language

Forever cast

In black and white

That no state murder can ever

Destroy,

Look at the subtle

Touches between them as they hurry

Down the street to their appointment.

Appointment with whom ?

For what ?

What papers does Layos carry in his hand ?

Is it a newspaper ?

Or something official ?

Is it entertainment ?

Or death ?

Why is Szeren , not interested in her

Surroundings or in glancing at the camera

Which unknowingly is granting them

Immortality

While the others are totally

Obliterated …

Where are their children ?

Why does fate choose in this way ?

How does one know that one is chosen ?

Did they feel the encroachment

Of the end

On that day ?

Will I ?

Or does it come … jack - booted

With awful tread and angry knock upon the door ?

Or whisper itself quietly like insidious gas

Seeping through the waterholes of a

Shower head ?

RAGLAN

Living in a brave new town

Things can often get you down

Not much to say ,

Not much to do ,

Existence gets on top of you

So some folks say well

Why not go

And meet a boy

In a disco

But I don’t want to walk that far

So I go to the Raglan Bar

We go there and we sit

Together

Uniform is jeans and leather

And we sit and drink and doze

And we sit and drink and pose

Everything we say is cool

Big fish in a little pool

Yeah ! if you want to be a star

You’ll make it in the Raglan bar !

 SPARTAN

Lower stomach

 Softens

 To pulsating throb

As he looks at me with his

 Green eyes.

My system of intellect and emotion

Seem to thrill out of me in one

Swift motion

Of craving lust.

Does he suspect what I feel ,

Does he feel what I suspect,

That in some

 Skewered dysfunctional

Time we could be lovers ?

I resist the suctioning of my soul

Towards a chaos of doom ,

While my bones crumble like dust

Beneath me.

I resist in Calvin’s way

That my longings , desires are wrong

Man does not feel for man ,

 But I do ,

 Does he ?

What is this I feel —

Is it love ?

 lust ?

 Comradeship ?

Craving for body blend or soul blend ?

If this craving exists in man’s heritage

Then what emotions compelled the

Spartans to militarize their love

And crush their bodied heat

Under burning steel ?

Was it an attempt to cut out the offending gene

With pulverized flesh ?

Am I a modern Spartan ?

Do I pulverize my own flesh under Calvin’s armor

Instead of realizing the flow of life ?

 Alice March 1987

WEIMAR - ENTARTETE

A reader interested in the period of the Weimar Republic

Has to ask a very important question …

And that is

Why with all the scholarly research on the Republic

And its violent demise

At the hands of Adolf Hitler ,

No writer has considered the gay implications of the era.

This was an important era in the development of

 Gay consciousness

Under the tutorial eye of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld and yet …

 The advances made

 Were destroyed by Europe again

 After the defeat of the Third Reich.

Political

Medical

Musical

Artistic

Literature

Religious

 Destruction

Various lives as examples of these developments …