

# (a curious story)

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mutual friend of theirs. He seemed so at ease with himself. I was bothered by something and I felt a little uncertain of him all of a sudden, almost wary. What had he meant, if in fact he'd meant anything at all? How should I have responded? Should I have responded?

"Shawn?" Evan reached across the table and tapped my arm, rousing me from my thoughts.

"Sorry, I was day dreaming. What did you say?"

"I think I'm going after I finish this drink. I'm feeling kind of wasted. I don't usually drink this much." I agreed. We traded drinking stories until we'd finished off the drinks.

Instead of catching a cab, I decided that a walk would do my buzzing head some good. Evan lived about mid-way between downtown and home, so I agreed to walk with him. Our conversations along the way were subdued by exhaustion, the alcohol, and by the fact that I was still puzzling over what Evan had said earlier. I stole a quick look

out of the corner of my eye. He had bent his concentration on the uneven sidewalk upon which we were now travelling. Had Evan implied that I had to sleep with him in order to see his T-shirt, or had I mistaken a joke? He didn't look gay, or sound gay,...maybe his mannerisms, or the way he put the things he said, but...

I glanced at him again. He was quite handsome, I suppose. Not in that outlandish way like a lot of gay men tended to be...He looked so - so normal...Like any other guy...Like me, for Christ's sake! Just as I had with Calvin and his little sex triangle scheme, I tried to imagine, to visualize having sex with Evan...

"This is where we part company, my friend." Evan said, standing on the first step leading up to his flat. He yawned. I mimicked him, unable to resist the urge to yawn. "So, uh, I guess I'll see you at the SUB tomorrow?"

The question sounded tentative. "Yeah, sure."

"Goodnight Shawn."

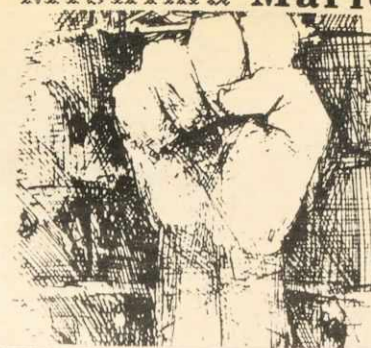
"Goodnight." I stood and watched

Evan go inside. He closed the door behind him and I heard a bolt lock slide into place. I sat down on his step feeling wobbly from the drinking bout, and all the thinking. I was perplexed, and with an intensity previously unparalleled for me. No one had ever fucked up my head like this, no one. Not even Calvin, or Kelly.

Before I was fully aware of my actions, I had pressed Evan's doorbell three or four times. The porchlight flashed on above me, the door swung back and Evan stood before me looking puzzled and expectant. I felt so stupid; I couldn't speak. He smiled warmly.

"I'm curious," I said.

"I thought so," he said, and stepped aside to allow me entrance.



## Rumours

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woman, you should come down and check it out. Better yet, think about doing some programming (just imagine a fully-staffed and stocked club for you to play with)!! These nights are for lesbians to celebrate our culture as we determine it to be. If you're interested in planning some music, hosting a pool tournament, organizing a theme night, dance contests, anything...talk to the friendly manager of *Rumours* (ask for Marilyn). It has been a long hard road to get this far, we can make women's night happen.

P.S. Men's nights are the first and third Tuesday of the month.

## Signifiers Through the Aegis

A Greco place  
a pubic face  
to touch the man.  
To get Socrates.

Gum,  
smegma,  
the problems of the  
indentured.  
Biting off more than you can  
chew.

Lorne,  
wranglers,  
Hoss and Little Joe.  
"The memory of your late Mom  
is to be respected."  
After that,  
it don't matter to me  
whether you punch cows  
or each other.  
Goes without sayin' the nine-to-five  
hardly does compare with a  
good  
blow-job.  
Love freely and with abandon, ya' big lugs."

You pitch,  
I'll catch.  
Sax whales fill the night air  
a resonance that sings of you.  
Water my eyes when I hear that  
refrain  
the one you blew me to.  
Now and then, chuckling to  
myself,  
I remember tentativeness,  
my coy warm  
your affectionate apple,  
buffed and ready to bite.  
Play me, the gay blade,  
the cutting edge.

Dan Hart

## Friend

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Then you try. Shaking, hoping to  
God, because you still believe in a  
God at this point, hoping to God,  
that if you tell someone, not someone  
you want preferably someone of the  
opposite sex, if you tell them that  
they will not reject you, that they'll  
help you, or at least not tell on you.  
And you stand with your foot on the  
door slowly easing the pressure, all  
your muscles are tense, waiting.

You tell them.

BANG. You shut the door. Listen, it  
is still out there.

They don't react; they smile; they  
say so what, or they say that they  
are glad you trusted them.

Listen... Listen.

If you choose someone you could  
trust you smile back. otherwise you  
run scared.

Maybe the door opens wider now,  
maybe you just aren't watching as  
carefully

You make a mistake, blurt it out.  
"I'm Gay"

SLAM. But the lock is gone, you  
can't keep the door closed. It feels so  
good to feel the light, the warmth,  
and the fresh air. You need more  
and more, the moth balls are getting  
pretty stale.

You meet someone with whom you  
can share something special.  
You step out of the closet into a  
world full of eggshells, trying not  
break too many and you're heading  
for the life to come, and others  
stories.

And then we start talking about  
rights and activism and pain and  
need. We become adults and live for  
ourselves. We do the things that we  
require of ourselves. I could go on.  
As you all know.



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