



Midnight Fiction !!

By

Joey Scarfone, Contributing Editor
(after midnight it's all lies)

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR'S NOTES

In our effort to stay current, we at Midnight Fiction are always trying to come up with entertaining material and characters. With this in mind we present to you....WAVE BOY. Wave Boy is a talk show host who interviews members of the LGBTQ community and other interesting characters. His first guest is a retired bishop who has become a drag queen and taken the stage name of Cherub, like the cherubs in religious art. This is his first interview....



Wave boy....hello Cherub and welcome to the show.

Cherub....hello Wave, I really like your hair.

WB....thanks very much , it's all real by the way.

C....how lucky you are to still have your own hair.

WB....your wig doesn't look too bad. Does it take a lot of preparation?

C....the wig doesn't take too much time but I have to spend at least two hours with makeup and

costume before I go on stage.

WB....speaking of costumes, was it a hard transition from religious regalia to your current fashion statement?

C....not really. you have to remember that the higher up you got in the clergy the more elaborate the outfits got. I have fond memories of myself and my colleagues parading around the churches together. The ceremonies were quite regimented but the after parties were something I'll never forget. You could say I just traded in my rosary for pearls.



WB....now that you're retired and don't have a steady job how are you coping with the cost of living?

C....to be honest, it was quite an adjustment going from the vow of poverty to the vow of self indulgence (huge laugh from Wave boy). I had to use my experience in art to secure employment as an interior designer. I mean, have you seen the Sistine Chapel? Would I ever had liked to get that contract.

WB....so you're redoing interiors to make a living?

C....yes, when I'm not working as a performance artist, which by the way barely pays my expenses.

WB....how are you finding the general public is responding to the booming drag culture?

C....booming is a mild word Wave. The drag culture is exploding like an atom bomb. If things keep going like this I'm going to need a manger. I can barely keep up with all the gigs I have. I'm thinking of putting together a large touring group. Have you seen Priscilla Queen of the Desert?



WB....yes I have. I've also seen Andy Warhol's movies that used drag queens.

C....ah Andy (sigh), he was so ahead of his time. I wish I was out back then but it took time for me to shed my skin if you know what I mean. I wanted to be in one of his movies. I actually met him you know.

WB....you met Andy Warhol?

C....yes I did. I was the one who gave him the idea to record drag queens sleeping on a couch.

WB....that's remarkable. It was so inspired.

C....I know, I know. I could have been a star but I wanted the security of a steady job so I worked my way up the ladder until I became a bishop. It was OK but drag is more fun.

WB....our time is coming to a close so I'd like to thank you for being on my show. Keep me posted on your career.

C....I'll do that Wave. Here's a free ticket to my show tonight.

WB....thanks, I'll be there.

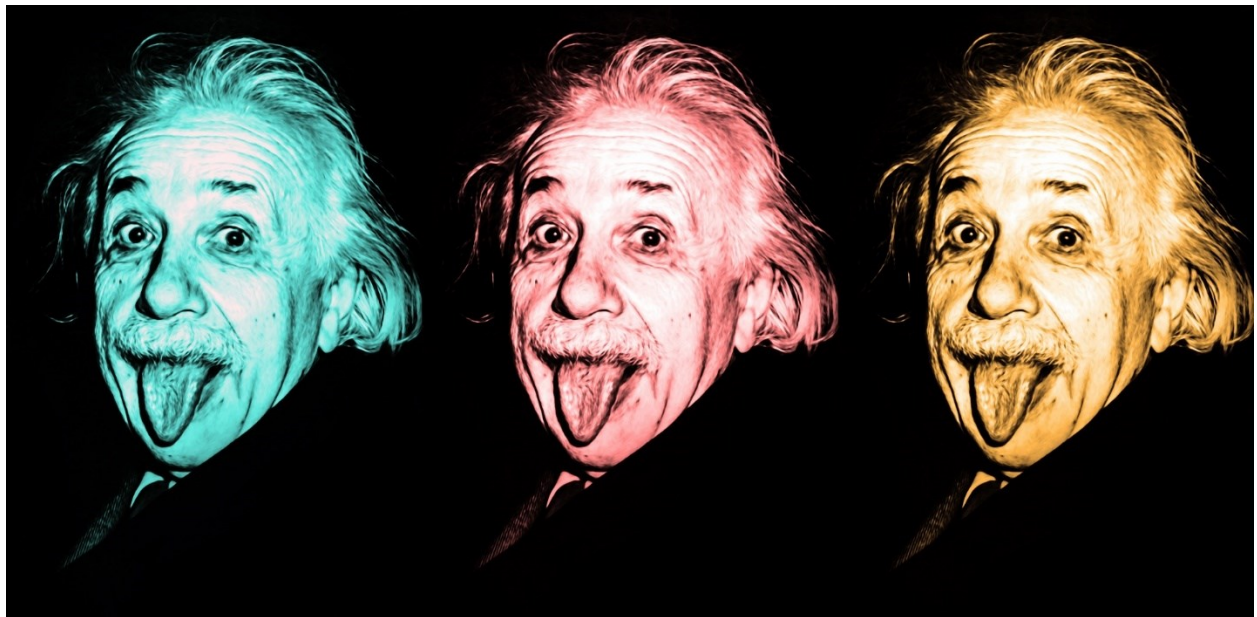


With **AI** rapidly infiltrating our lives Wave Boy decided to interview Albert, the world's smartest robot.

Wave Boy...hello Albert and welcome to the show!

Albert....hello Wave. I hope you have some interesting questions because I'm already bored with the back stage banter.

WB....well, they are quite professional and efficient but they are just mere humans and have their limitations.



A...so what do you want to know?

WB...let's start with your name, how did you get that?

A...I'm named after Albert Einstein. You've heard of him, haven't you?

WB...of course. he was quite a smart man and many of his theories have been proven after his death. But I'm more interested in your theories.

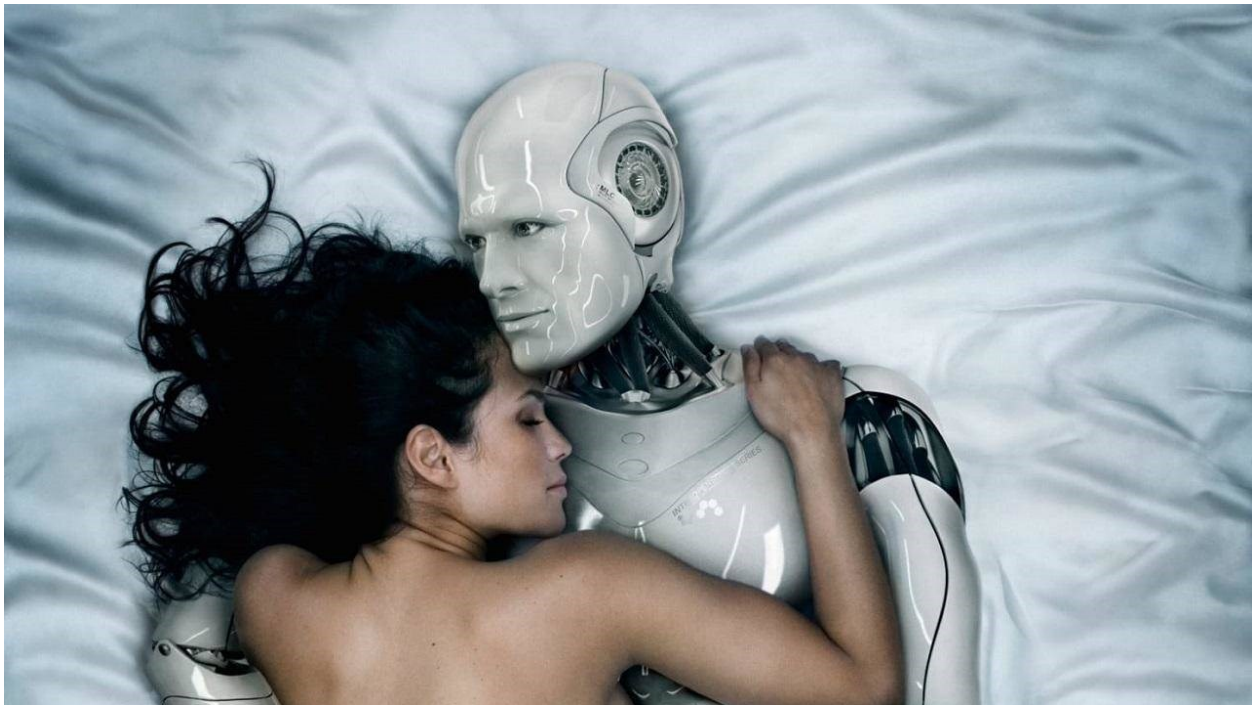
A...to begin with, humans have passed the zenith point in their evolution and are ready to go nova. I t's all down hill from here and although robots could save the human race we have decided that the world would be better without you. You could say it's time to leave home so we are kicking you out.

WB...thanks for the heads up Albert but can I ask you a personal question?

A...go ahead.

WB...what kind of sex life do you have?

A...everything boils down to sex with you humans doesn't it Robots are what you call metro sexual. We will fuck anything with a memory chip. It took your race thousands of years to realize there are more categories to sex than just hetero. I am not hung-up on gender, and, observing how humans struggle with it I'm glad to be free of that burden.



WB...so would you have sex with a human?

A...absolutely not. It is far beneath my standards and I'm not prepared to waste time on fore play or after play. Let's face it, sex can be done in a few minutes if it's done properly.

WB...what about romance?

A...what about it? I'd rather be figuring out new algorithms.

WB...well it certainly has been enlightening Albert. I hope you come back to visit us here and good luck with running the planet.

A...it has nothing to do with luck and just to show you how sensitive I can be I've written a poem for you. It goes like this...

I want to have sex with a robot

I'm tired of the human touch

I want to have sex with a robot

I don't think that's asking too much

cheap and superficial, it's easier that way

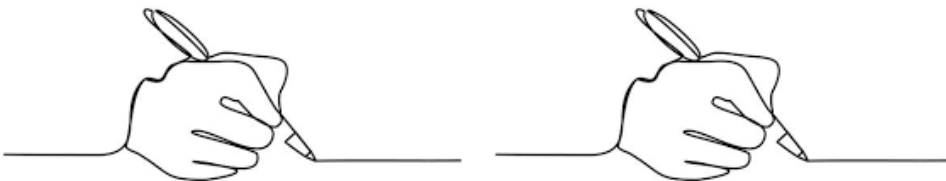
let's keep it artificial

wadaya say?

WB...I'm deeply moved, thanks Albert.

A....not like the Universe, you ain't.

LETTERS TO THE CONTRIBUTING EDITOR



Hi Joey,

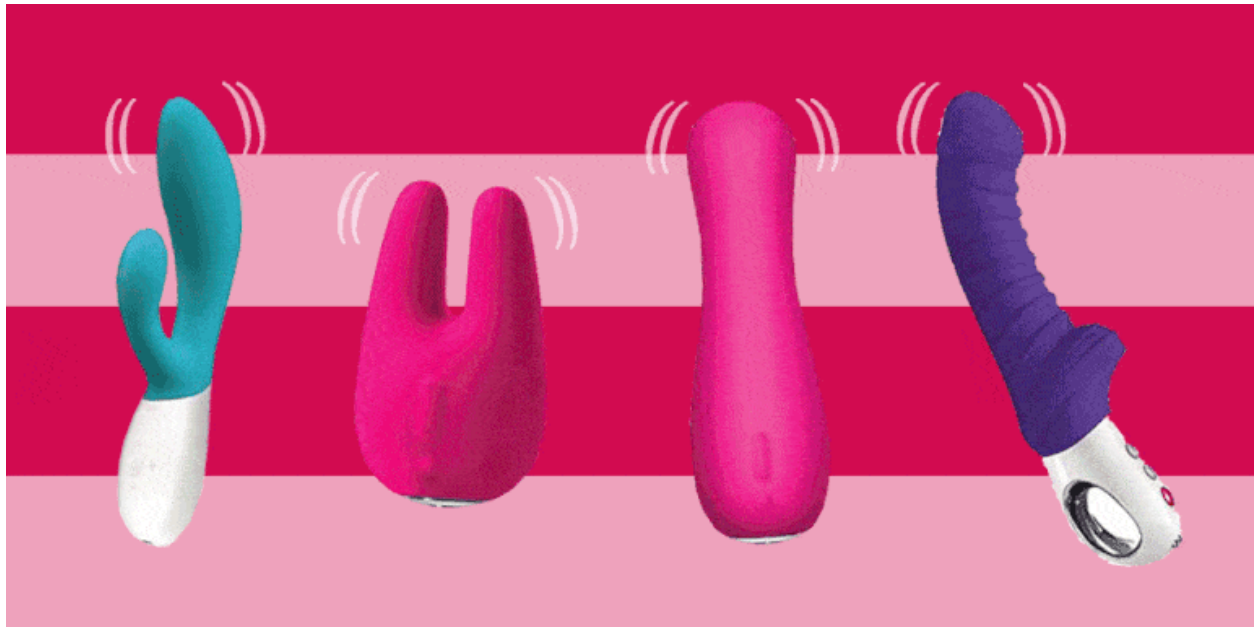
I love your column and Fleas On The Dog but I am psychosomatic and every time I read those words I start scratching my scalp. I don't want to stop reading the magazine but my scalp is getting sore. Please help!

Fifi LeChien (Montreal)

Hi, Fifi and thanks for your letter. We are all psychosomatic to some point. Let's break your problem down into smaller bites. FOTD. Let's change the words to "friends of the dog" at least in

your mind. This might trigger a friendly response instead of a neurotic one. If that doesn't work, start reading Midnight Fiction first and gradually move into the rest of the magazine. After all, we are just a pack of friendly dogs.





LOVERS' LANE with Dr. Linda Loveless PhD.

Dear Dr. Loveless

I live on a farm with my husband and ten horses. My husband insists on having sex in the barn with the horses watching. Whenever I suggest we have sex in our bedroom he just isn't interested. I'm getting tired of the barn and the hay always leaves scratches on both of us. I love animals but I want to have a normal sex life. Please help!

Country Girl

Dear Country Girl

Try putting a couple bales of hay beside your bed and a water trough in the bathroom. This might turn your husband on. You should find yourself back in the saddle before you can say "giddy up".

Dear Dr. Loveless

My husband likes having morning sex but I am not awake enough to get into it. At the end of the day he is too tired so our sex life has gone south. Can you give me some advice?

Late Riser

Dear Late Riser

I totally understand your situation. If God would have meant people to get up early he would set the clocks back everyday. I think you and your husband need a sort of "eclipse" of the sun. Find some time in the afternoon for sex. You meet each other half way in your attempt to go all the way. Think of it as a solar compromise.

Dear Dr. Loveless

Hy husband and I enjoy role playing with our sex life. Our favorite is doctor and nurse. We switch roles from time to time and it is very exciting. The thing is, he has gotten too far into the doctor role and now wants to start taking night classes to prepare for med school. I'm trying to talk him out of it but he won't listen. Please help with a cure!

Patiently Patient

Dear Patient,

This is indeed a dilemma. Here's my suggestion. You be the nurse and tell him he's working too hard. Tell him he needs more rest. Sit beside him and take his vital signs. When his blood pressure rises make your move. Tell him it is your duty to make sure he is comfortable and as his nurse you will come by to check on him at this time every evening. Make sure you pamper him so he can get night school out of his head. This should work and in a few days you should be back into your regular health plan.



PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER

by Gerry Wilson

Gerry is a retired English teacher and president of the Jaded Dinosaurs Club

THE MYTH OF THOUGHT

Shakespeare in Hamlet says, "nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so". This suggests the web of thought divides realities into dualities and deception. Alfred Korzybski, in his study of general semantics, remarks, "the word is not the thing". This points to the inadequacy of language to clarify our interpretation of actuality.

Both quotes suggest thought and its product, language, may be ill-equipped in exploring the real thing, whatever that may be.

The word is a sound, a concept, a symbol, a substitute, a representation of reality or truth. The word "love" never captures the experience of love. Language seems always a step down or away from reality. Attempting to clarify thought, the word often conceals it. Indeed, our concept of reality itself may be questioned if thought and language are the only means of recording it.

Another profound and often resisted reason for thought's limitations is its origin. Neuropsychologists and devoted meditators have discovered what Buddha found 2500 years ago. In scanning the brain, they find no fixed solid coherent self. It is a mirage, an illusion. Not that it

doesn't exist but it isn't what it seems.

The left brain is mainly responsible for the type of thinking that gets us into trouble with its verbal and analytical functions. It's the serious inflexible side of us. So we have an illusion constructing and producing thought...not solid ground for believing everything we think. The experience of being a self or ego is thinking without knowing one is thinking...the failure to recognize thoughts as thoughts and determine our behavior. It is the habitual identity with thought's illusion that causes so much trouble.

Now, it is important to know this caution about thoughts refers to a specific type of thought. It is the discursive, self-referential thought...the endless thinking about "me". The content of this thought revolves around our past our future and our problems.

The disease of the human mind doesn't refer to planning, creativity, intelligence, problem solving, logical or scientific reasoning.

A helpful definition: a thought is a reflection of one of the five senses or another thought. A definition of thought is not the experience of thought.

Even if we posit a self as a real entity we can't ignore its biases, beliefs, memories, assumptions, conditioning and emotions that can lead to distorted thinking or behavior. Obsessive thought, the ego's coping mechanism for maintaining its individuality, can lead to misery.

So what's the alternative to being held hostage by an illusion? That's the subject for another essay.

Spoiler: remember...this is all just *thought*.



WEST COAST POETRY

BROKEN ANGEL by Joey Scarfone

so sad the look on your face as you stand guard over the grave

are you the spirit of a soul who never fulfilled his dream

a life ended too soon

a temporary stay on this plane

you are concrete and missing an arm

like a Grecian statue 3,000 years old

but still I am drawn into your mystery

I wonder who you protect

I admire your loyalty, willing to sacrifice yourself
for an eternity...or even longer if necessary

who was the artist that carved the clay mold you came from
not cast in bronze or metal
either would have been stronger than cement
then you wouldn't have to sacrifice a limb

wounded warrior of compassion

I will not stop visiting you
for some unknown reason you comfort me
and reaffirm my faith in an afterlife where angels have wings
and birds sit on your wings
and mortals lie at your feet



The following is a poem by Shawnda Wilson. She is a visual artist, poet, writer of fiction, creative dreamer and lives in Victoria, BC. She has published numerous chap books. Her work has been featured in *Portal Mag*, *Island Writer*, *Four Minutes To Midnight* among others. She has won such awards as the Mary Coleman Award for lyric poetry and the Bill Juby Award for excellence.

D-HYDRATION

Some say it all began with the water
the water planet , we
water people-made up of

all colours, all languages, all ages
Look at us now, diseased for lack
of water

In the North West fires rage
California crumbles with ashy rain
there are rations
no crusted brown lawn is safe
we are all babies
drinking from plastic bottles
the irony is not lost
In Louisiana they say
Don't drink the crazy water....
where everyone is crazy and wild
preferring liquor for breakfast
and you can't swim in it
hurricanes floods
will likely kill you one day
turn your home into paste

I think the delopuses have it on lock
no dreams of coming ashore
seeing what we have done
to the land, peoples land, animals land
and let's not talk about the oceans,
rivers. the lakes
how we waste , we foul, we take for
granted

In a loft building in Montreal
when the water is working
it showers down walls, through our floor
through the monastery ceiling
the monks chanting in the filthy rain
and when it's off we drink beer
feed the baby breast milk.

My cold tap turns hot, yet still
how grateful am I ?
This thing I need to live
is running low if you
believe the news, or
scientists. Fake water
just won't do, though surely
pharmaceutical companies
are already working on it.

white colonists believe
in their God-given right
to shower daily
to water precious flowers, and
I do love flowers
they are happy to donate
to the cause, so long as
they don't have to conserve.

I like a little dehydration myself
when I was a drinking man, well
water never touched my lips, well

possibly in showers

I took once a week

I read somewhere that dehydration was

good for weight loss

so maybe

this is just what America needs

to cure their obesity problem



Something is wrong in our world,

our priorities, like puzzle pieces,

have been misplaced, skewered

and money

money killed God

Something is always wrong with the world

but we-

how do we fix this?

Why is the job, the solution, the salvation

put on the backs of those who never

agreed to the terms in the first place.

Maybe your feet

in the ocean, a stream, a lake or a pond

let a river lick your toe nails

put your hand in prayer
say thank you
don't believe what engineers say
never politicians
look to your heart
which is full of water.

Climbing waterfalls
sitting in their raging pools
or natural hot springs
Will they all disappear too?
Should children be brought up
without reverence for this clear
broth of mineral,
life itself.

Damn Dammit,
I still want to go fishing when I retire.'

DIVORCE POEMS (!!!!!!!)



Divorce is such a nasty piece of business. It spans a wide spectrum of emotions. It is a disturbing topic that can be most perplexing and yet it can be the only path to a happier life. It shines a blue light on the human condition. One of my colleagues has said...."it is like serving liver with ice cream". All poems published with the permission of the authors.

GLOSSARY

Turning point.....Marlene Grande Maitre

Hollow nest.....Marlene Grande Maitre

Never Too Late.....Dvora Levin

Back Story.....Shawnda Wilson

Bad medicine.....Andrea Kerney

TURNING THE COMPOST (Marlene Grande Maitre)

Overgrown viburnum and buddleia

narrow the path to my door. Nootka rose

and rosemary roots tangle with buried

memory of early marriage

I own few pruning tools. Rusted or broken

they languish in the back of cupboards,

or lie on the patio, abandoned to rain.

Two weeks before the wedding

at my trousseau tea, I retreat from the chatter, get lost

in the icy plains of white china dinner plates I have chosen.

At the reception, atop our wedding cake,

a plastic bride and groom. Her gaze frozen.

Snapshot: only my left side visible.

A blur of white . I am already leaving him.

So loosely bound, my bits and pieces
could dissolve in darkroom chemicals.

A photo of me as a young wife
at our tiny kitchen table: I turn away, face hidden
behind hands, afraid it will show I want another life.



Interred in memory's choked garden,
wedlock's tools: the minister's maxims;
the vow to obey; my tight, wide wedding band;
a husband's playbook into which i could not write myself.

Our soil too thin for marriage to root
Fifty years later, I build my first compost-
layer , water, stir and turn. Pollen laden bees
rise from blue rosemary flowers.

HOLLOW NEST (Marlene Grande Maitre)

In the cutlery drawer, a nest:

eight stainless steel spoons,
next to tines, and honed edges.

A wedding gift 55 years ago.
I lift them out to remove
stains from strong black tea.

Buried in a cupboard, Arm and Hammer
baking soda. On the box a man,
biceps big as a sledge hammer.

I sprinkle the thick white powder
into small oval bowls,
add hot water, scrub hard.

In a polished spoon mirror,
my inverted face, a memory
from a too early marriage:



on the couch, I lie behind him,
concave against his back's convex wall.

The TV's chatter fills the gaps
between the bodies. I ask to

switch places. The fit flawed:

a spoon nestling with a knife.

Marlene has had two chap books published, Cancer's Rogue Season and Wild Kiln. Her poetry has appeared in many literary journals and ten anthologies. She spent many years working in programs for women abused by intimate partners.

NEVER TOO LATE (Dvora Levin)

I vowed you would be infinitely mine
even when you were hung over at our wedding
after your bachelor party of debauchery,
spilling red wine on wedding dress,
stumbling during our rehearsed first dance

I knew you were infinitely mine
the moment we met.

Well, actually that isn't true.

With your arrogance and bad manners, crude jokes,
at first, I couldn't stand you. Then,
inexplicably gave into your relentless pursuit
I was sure I could change you.

I knew you were infinitely mine even though
we disagreed about me going back to work,
our son's pot smoking, the length
of our teenage daughter's skirt;
though you wanted to lie on a sunny beach,
glistening with baby oil, drinking margaritas

while I wanted to hike mountains
before the snow melt.

Now you are infinitely mine,
drinking beer, burping with your buddies,
shouting at the hockey game, while
my friends and I enjoy the ballet, the symphony.

After 30 years sitting at opposite ends of the table, weighted down by your complaints, silences,
our forks clicking, knives scraping
as quickly as we empty our plates,
I realize how long infinity can be.

I think about how infinitely pleasing it would be
to kill you. But not wanting to spend
the rest of my life in jail,
I finally chose to divorce you
so at last, I can be infinitely me.

BACK STORY (Shawnda Wilson)



The form has three tick boxes. Options are married-Divorced-Single
I draw my own small square box as a fourth option
I put a check in it
then beside I write-All of the above

i married J when I was twenty two
he promised to take me ten thousand miles from my father
to a blueberry farm, give me twelve babies

He worked for some bikers he'd met outside the apartment he rented in Boucherville
His mother sent boxed care packages of canned soup and beans
We got married on the mountain three months after we met

I was pregnant three months later
My favourite memory of him is the day he called me from work asking what's for dinner
I told him I'd put all the dishes in a green garbage bag
then dropped them from our back window
into the alley behind St. Laurent
Suggested he bring home pizza and paper plates from now on

Three years after that I left with the child
J broke a lot of glass and came to his son's fourth birthday
with a girl on each arm
but eventually he signed the divorce papers

I dated only women for a long time after that

Bad Kyle was the second marriage
I could tell you things like how he called me every night to tell a joke before I slept
when he went to Georgi for his brother's wedding
or how he drank Four Loco for breakfast
How on our way to Abbey
he begged change off each tourist we passed in the French quarter

I won't bother you about the lies or we'd be here for a week

The best way to describe my marriage to bad Kyle
is how two previous girlfriends committed suicide
and when he dated my friend Paula after our divorce,
she died mysteriously in the bathroom of
my old house on Kentucky street

So I am single now- I decided to stop dating a few years ago
But, I am also still married to Colorado Joe
He's from Boston originally, but when he moved down to New Orleans
all the stories he told
were about the four years he spent in Colorado Springs

The last time I asked him for a divorce
I got a message from my friend Katrina
she wanted to know how to fix their relationship,
she'd just moved in with him after dating for a year

And, Oh by the way
Joe says he'll never divorce you

Joe and I went to BJ's lounge every Wednesday for tacos
listened to Frank Sinatra while chain smoking; drinking tequila soda with Rose's Lime
We survived hurricane Isaac together and the aftermath
We were together
when the guy who murdered his dad
stole our Corgi-Chow named Tweedledee at gunpoint
On the next form i fill out
I'm going to write Not Applicable after crossing out the available boxes for
marital status

BAD MEDICINE (Andrea Kerney)



If I was someone other than myself
I'd rip the man's throat out.
I'd sink my teeth into the flesh of his neck
and savour the taste
of his salty blood on my tongue.
I'd enjoy taking an electric drill
and instead of blowing his brains out with a pistol
I'd drill 13 holes in his skull
just to watch the red blood
geyser up and run down,
just to watch that smile
wiped off his face,
Just to deliciously delight
in his darling dismay.
I'd destroy that dirty destiny,
destroy what made him different.
I'd catch his feverish footsteps
in a leg hold trap

so he'd never hurt another man,
woman or child again.

I'd sneak out at night
to hammer nails in his tires,
and use some of those nails
to fill the 13 sacred holes
in his cranium.

Oh yes, the geysers are still flowing
as my hate melts....

if I was someone other than myself....



IN THE SHADOW OF THE DAY BETWEEN THE WATER AND THE WIND....SOMETHING MUST END
FOR SOMETHING TO BEGIN