

Impure fantasies.
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This text was first published in *Christelle Familiari*, Fonds régional d'art contemporain des Pays de la Loire, January 2004

ISBN: 2-906247-42-1

It was precisely during the year of 2003 when a very old, libidinous couple, having finally gained the rights and resources required to finally act out their most cherished desires -for they had both received their dividends, one might say their copyright, for an activity undertaken excessively throughout the literary world, narrating, an incest here, a double assassination there -rented suitable premises for the successful accomplishment of impure fantasies typical of Caucasian males at the beginning of the 21st century (e.g. an orgy): the sports hall at Saint-Nazaire.

Leaning rather like an extra-terrestrial spaceship that had curiously landed, the building offered a highly fragmented interior architecture, with each room reserved for a single sliding or non-sliding sporting activity.

Aware of the meaning, at the beginning of the impure 21st century, of the word misuse, the couple had commissioned an excellent knitter to make a series of objects, vehicles for a quite unusual test to which an entire contingent of young boys and girls from Nantes was to be subjected (for the 21st century denied itself nothing, particularly with regard to young boys from Nantes aged between fifteen and twenty, and young girls from Nantes aged between fourteen and eighteen, on account of their already highly developed, pear-shaped breasts). As one might expect, the police force were not aware of it.

One of the members of the couple, already prepared in a pair of VALIE EXPORT cut-away trousers, was waiting for the first candidate in the first room, whilst the other member was cunningly hidden in a sort of bright red bag suspended from the ceiling by two chains, which allowed his woollen clad calves to hang down at the front. The VALIE EXPORT member, suddenly appearing from the shadows, threw himself at the candidate, hurtling him

between his partner's legs -alas, the strength of his miscalculated thrust propelled the bag into a violent swinging motion and made it spin round, so much so that the chains tangled together and the ensnared member, whose only concern was to find his way out of the sack, slithered to the ground, and as he got up, painfully rubbed the hip which he had damaged and had operated on several occasions. In spite of this contretemps and not wanting to miss out on an opportunity, the other member nevertheless massaged his not so private parts, as this VALIE EXPORT accessory had cost him a packet.

The second room appeared to pose less of a risk: the candidate had to be forced to attach a strap behind her head, which formed part of a sort of knitted horn that erotically concealed the reproductive organ of one of the members of the couple. The candidate had no difficulty in understanding what was expected from her and conscientiously set to the task. Her nimble fingers tied the two threads into a bow which held this sort of mask in place, and she pressed forward her lovely lips protected by a film of Neutrogena -but nothing was there. Astonished, she pushed further into the device, so that it now pressed against her face which became increasingly enveloped in the woollen folds. Her tongue, moving in all directions, vaguely sensed some kind of fibre (hair?), but feeling strained and dried up, it returned disappointed into the moist buccal cavity. The member seized her violently by the hair, mutely intimating to her (for he did not speak) the order to start again. She tried once more; her breathing became increasingly constricted and she was coughing a great deal. She tied the bow again to demonstrate her goodwill; but it was pointless.

The couple left the room and stomped across to the following hall, which was occupied by a vestal virgin, again from Nantes, whose head was entirely masked by a red hood, and the body -except for the magnificently exposed shoulders and the neck- was covered by a long dress of the same colour.

Then, between a beam and two parallel bars, they discovered a bath filled with green and blue oblong elements: these were to serve as substitute genitals in the event of extreme fatigue which, if it were to take hold of the couple, would bring the stupefying Day to an abrupt halt. They grabbed a handful of them and seizing the candidate by the other, spread her open. But the element -a hardened, varnished, pseudo-slug, rather like the S-shaped pieces of polystyrene used to protect fragile packages- immediately disappeared into the pink and already generous folds. All of this sparked off vehement protestations from one of the members, saying that these distended young girls had been supplied by a swindler, that they were certainly not as young as they were made out to be, that they no doubt came from some Eastern European country, Byelorussia, Slovenia, Hungary, Turkey and the like, or that even

the Vendée was on a slippery slope, that this region now only produced pre-penetrated children, that the entire education system was colluding in these pre-penetrations, mentally at least, and their parents were all party to it, who could be trusted, and yes Nantes could go to hell along with its tramway and all its Lus¹, its submarines, its submariners, they'd move away and settle the matter for good elsewhere, in Isère or the Alps of Haute-Provence.

Still seething with anger, they reached the vast changing rooms (for at that time, sports required a considerable amount of equipment): at the foot of the stone wall was a heap of flesh-coloured pebbles which, it was clear to everyone, concealed the naked body of a young boy from Nantes that was being offered to our friends. Infuriated and excited, one of the members launched himself into the pile, throwing aside the pebbles two at a time, but the young boy appeared face upwards, which turned out to be very inconvenient; the member lifted up his legs so as to have a better approach to the pink, unchafed orifice of the coveted seat: alas! He too was ensnared in a knitted accessory, some kind of undergarment with an enigmatic opening. The member groped for a long time; but in this semi-darkness and without his glasses, it was as much use as searching for a needle in a haystack. This time, everyone was well and truly disappointed, as the young boy from Nantes was greatly looking forward to this long-awaited initiation to rectal pleasures.

The last room seemed, in its simplicity, to be able to fulfil all desires: five children had dressed up in all-in-one suits whose zips, which had all been greased and checked, started at the front and ended at the crucial point. The couple calmly began the general undressing, untucking an emerging breast as they went along, or lower down, any already eager genitalia. Our elated couple soon paid no heed to niceties and handled each of these objects more crudely than the last, as if they had been doorknobs, eggcups, a toy record player or a handsaw; in short, it was festivities all round and everyone was literally doubled up with laughter. But laughter makes you lose your urge. First the young boys' genitals showed signs of limpness, then the young girls started to go dry (which was no big deal), finally, the couple themselves were confronted with their error: a minimum of aggression was needed, a bit of solid, libertine philosophy to screw all that, beat a big toe or suck and bite a labium. But this early 21st century was not only impure, but also rather undecided -not to mention the police who might descend at any moment, encouraged by the Dutroux² bonus, renamed the Rais³ bonus in the Vendée, out of respect for local heritage.

They therefore decided to end the day with afternoon refreshments served on the basketball court.

- 1** *Brand of biscuits made in Nantes.*
- 2** *Name of a suspected Belgian paedophile.*
- 3** *Gilles de Rais, companion of Joan of Arc, thought to have abducted hundreds of children.*