

# RECOLLECTIONS OF *A Flasher*

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Today's loose morals are definitely making life very hard for me. It's those libbers, the equality-of-the-sexists. You know the ones I mean. I tell you, it's depressing.

This is the way I see it. There are different ways of getting your kicks, right? Some people take in a strip show and get drunk. Others are happy to just settle in for the night with a skin mag, the plastic-covered variety. Then there are those who get their kicks from going fishing, hunting — you know, the great outdoors, like that macho stuff you saw in the film *Deliverance* — mind you, it didn't end so well for them. Then there are the extremists, the real aggressive kind — you know, those rapists. Now even in *my* books that's a nasty way to get your jollies. Downright low. Myself, I would never sink that low. Then, of course, there is regular sex, the straight middle-of-the-road kind, the everyday variety. It's all very well if that's what you're into, but take a guy like me — leaves me cold, you know what I mean? The rush isn't there. I like to get the old adrenalin really pumping. I like a bit of danger. Unfortunately, not only do I like it, I need it. I say "unfortunately" because my kind of kicks are what others would call disturbance of the peace. I like to show myself to ladies, my private parts. I've progressed a little from the mooning stage in high school; I no longer show my backside, I now show my front. I mean, it's still better than some people. Some people reach the age of fifty and they're still at the mooning stage, you know what I mean, like those homos. Don't get me wrong; I got nothing against those guys, you understand.

So, as I was saying, I am what is crudely called a flasher. I don't go around with cut-off trousers and a trench coat — that's tacky, also most impractical. Maybe in a place like England you can get away with that, but in Canada, with our winters, that's asking for trouble. I am pretty straightforward about it — no costumes, just unzip my fly and give them a peek. Not too long; don't want to spoil them.

I know guys in other cities who ride the trains. As they pass through a residential area they pull down the windows, and when they see some girls on the street they undo their pants, hang themselves out, and yell, "Look, girls!" Now me, I don't like to go that public. It's a private interaction; I like it one on one. I like to surprise them. You jump out at them, jiggle it

around, and disappear quickly. You have to be fast; speed is the essence. Stick around long enough so you get to see the shock on their faces, then vanish. Those sweet things . . . seeing that shock, that look of horror as they recoil . . . the kick, the satisfaction you get out of something like that is probably comparable to having won over a virgin.

# Flasher

But you can't find many virgins around; I mean, you really have to get them young these days. It's nasty business. I remember going out with this girl once. She was real young, about sixteen. Of course I liked her and all that, but I wanted to get her into the sack. Normal, right? She kept stalling me. Told me she was a virgin. Naturally, that's why I took her out. Finally, one night, I was getting a little impatient. I mean, three or four weeks had already gone by, and I was no spring chicken. So one night I used a little force, not too much. I didn't try to rape her or anything like that, just a little firm persuasion. At first she protested, but I could tell she wasn't adverse to it. Then I had this terrible shock. You know something, she was no virgin. Soon as I realized that I couldn't go through with it. It was terrible, downright debilitating. She had lied to me, right? The bitch. And naturally she expected me to finish, she really wanted it, but I had lost interest, couldn't do a thing. The shock was too much. I left in disgust, calling her every name in the book.

Anyway, what I'm getting at is that by showing myself to these ladies I'm trying to create a shock effect. It's like soiling a bit of innocence. It's like you're helping the world to mature.

Where do I do this? Well, like I said, it has to be relatively private — as private as you can get in a public place, that is. I work the stairwells. In the past I've done department stores. Most people take elevators or escalators, but you get the odd one who will walk one or two flights of stairs. So I wait in the stairway, listening for the sound of ladies' shoes. I mean, you don't want to expose yourself to a man; nowadays they are liable to misunderstand. So if you hear the sound of high heels you're in business. But you must place yourself near a door so you can quickly disappear into the crowd after.

I remember one time . . . I'm standing in the stairs of Eaton's or Simpson's, waiting. Finally I hear this delicate sound of little heels and I get ready. She

comes close to where I'm standing, and I see she's real young and carrying a tray full of cups and a teapot, trying to balance it all. I suddenly jump out and give her all I've got. You should have seen that . . . the horror on her face . . . it was beautiful, really. The tray went flying with a clatter. Had to get out of there fast; such noise attracts attention. That was one of my more memorable ones. I still think about it sometimes while waiting around.

The waiting — you might think it's a waste of time standing around, but the anticipation is sweet; it's like foreplay. The waiting itself, knowing that what you're going to do is a high. I mean, most women are pretty experienced these days, right? But they're still shocked when they see it. It's nice. It's reassuring, you know, like you can still teach them something.

Lately I've taken to doing apartment buildings. Lots of single young ladies live in high rises, especially close to downtown. You have to wait inside the stairway, you know, the fire escape; you wait right near the door listening till you hear someone coming out of their apartment. Then you have to make sure it's a female, because of the carpet in the hallways you can't hear by their walk, so you take a peek. If it's a young lady you wait till they go and push the button to the elevator. As you hear the door open you run out and show yourself, then run back to the stairs, real quick. You should see them — some of them are so shocked they become paralysed. Some have actually missed their elevator. Others just can't run in there fast enough.

But you know what happened to me the other day? I'm almost ashamed to say this. Makes me want to give up the whole business. I'm waiting in the stairs, listening, and I hear a door open. Someone comes out, I hear the door close, and then it's locked. You have to be careful; sometimes if they don't lock the door they're just going to throw the garbage out and then you can't really do anything. So I hear the key turning and I leave the door open a little to have a look. I see this young girl in a coat going toward the elevator. I had been waiting for this one an hour. So I am really geared up when I see her. I hear the elevator door open and I make my move. I run out, jiggle it around, and head back to the stairs. And you know what, she runs after me. Yelling! I couldn't believe it. Some chicks have no shame. I run downstairs to the flight below and she opens the door and is lecturing me in the stairwell, telling me to get myself a girl. That was a rotten thing to do. She didn't have an ounce of innocence left. Nothing. Made me angry inside. It's all because of these loose morals. Told me to pick up a girl in a bar. Disgusting. Makes me want to give up the whole business and find another outlet.

Normalcy? You want me to be normal? What's normal? You call that chick running after me normal? I don't call that normal. I just don't know any more. I mean, when you've become disillusioned with flashiness, what's left? I ask you. What's left?