

The Asbestos Diary

by Casimir Dukacz

An incendiary account, in 135 episodes, of one man's amorous exploits with
boys.

The Asbestos Diary

By Casimir Dukahz

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\$5.95

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“BUT WHY do you call it an *asbestos* diary?” asks 13-year-old Luc.

“Because in it I have written all about you and me, among others, and it hasn’t gone up in smoke and flames,” replies the author, Casimir Dukahz, whose polarity in the sexual alphabet is the “T” of boys rather than the “O” of females.

Luc is the Number One Boy, but among the other young, handsome, males Casimir meets (and takes to bed) are: the youngster who would permit himself to be loved only when he was “asleep”; the lad who wanted to become a mother; the youth who was betrayed by a condom; the kid with the foam-rubber crotch; the circumcised lad who grew a second foreskin; the prostitute boy constructed of plasticene and latex. In the pursuit of these not-too-elusive loves, Casimir finds himself in ridiculous, obscene, sometimes dire situations - he is variously in jail, a latrine, a whore’s bedroom, a Protectory for Vicious Boys, a skid-row hotel, a wet bed, a Boy Scout Troop, a playground, and a toilet booth, to name a few. He suffers blackmail, mayhem, rejection, overcharging, cuckolding, competition, police brutality, and violent opposition from animals, Moms and constituted

authority. But he endures all because the reward is great; we leave the hero-villain immersed deep in the love affair of his career. Casimir is naïve, easily imposed upon, generous with effort and money, sympathy and advice. He will shock you at first, and after reading about his erotic adventures, some may condemn him - but many others will be secretly envious!

The *first* book by a writer who has been too busy living what he writes about - to write about it! Now he wants to share his personal bliss with a discerning few - the fewer the better, competition being what it is!

The *first* book to introduce the humanely necessary element of sexual responsibility into erotica.

The *first* fictional work to demonstrate conclusively that boy-love can and should be fun - not sordid, self-condemning or degrading.

The *first* fictional work to prove that Dr. Albert Ellis, who wrote, “Boys are lousy lovers,” was about as wrong as an ignorant, biased and presumptuous heterosexual can be.

The *first* erotica that has its share of the usual four-letter words, but is also guaranteed to improve your vocabulary.

The *first* book-length fictional work to explore a subject which has suffered a ban of silence for nearly two thousand years.

The *first* fictional work to defy the publishers’ and censors’ bigoted edicts that boy-love must be portrayed with an unhappy - or at least a neutral -

ending.

The *first* book to introduce humor as a consistent feature of erotica.

The *first* fictional work on boy-love since the *Satyricon* which treats openly of the subject, by one who knows it and has lived it - not by reporters or others who at best have only textbook, hearsay or second-hand knowledge.

The *first* book which may change the sexual habits of at least a million heterosexual males all over the world!

The Asbestos Diary

By

Casimir Dukahz

Except for named public personalities, all characters and incidents in this
Diary are impurely imaginary.

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To LUC

(Prime T-bone in a hamburger world)

"But why do you call it an asbestos diary?" asks Luc.

"Because in it I have written all about you and me, among others, and it hasn't gone up in smoke and flame."

"Are you some kind of creep from outer space or something?" the boy moans, clutching his hair. "If anybody reads it, you'll go to prison and I'll go to reform school!"

"I'll explain that it's farcical satire if not satirical farce," I reassure him, "a bathotic dramaturgical of petulant pubertal villains wooed by pricaresque hero . . . then everybody can read it!"

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AN OPEN LETTER

To: The Supreme Court of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

You have left the door open . . .

And I have walked in.

THE ASBESTOS
DIARY

AMOUR NEEDS A NEO-DEFINITION

. . . Assuming you have bought this book and seek to get your money's worth, you will read it at least in part thus involuntarily becoming a captive audience; when (or if) you finish it you will probably conclude there is much to be said for capital punishment with particular reference to the author—though here I want emphatically to state that this polemic is *a posteriori* rather than *a priori* autobiographical. I will attempt in the following pages to put into perspective a relatively unknown area of human activity which has been affrightedly neglected in pornographic and popular literature though not in classical . . . the necessarily illicit love of a boy by an adult male. This so-called unspeakably immoral relationship has existed *sub rosa* and *sotto voce* since there were boys, hence it deserves passing attention in the modern idiom. In the neo-hip dialect, a man who for any of a multitude of reasons finds certain masculine teen-age lads sexually desirable is called a 'boy-sexual'; he is classified with the general group of homosexuals but is definitely more akin to the heterosexual male in appearance and psychic constitution, though he is superior to the average heterosexual in that he generally practices the Emersonian principles of truth and tenderness, plus a humane sexual responsibility. The true boysexual is a madman—make no mistake about that—but his is a benign uncertifiable madness symptomised by a gullible romanticism and an impractical sentimentality. He is *not* a sex-maniac, child-rapist or molester of very young children. He never employs force or violence except in self-defence, if then. He does not initiate child exploitation, and has a necessary regard for the public sensibilities that many heteros could well emulate. He

AMOUR NEEDS A NEO-DEFINITION

strives to preserve the family institution—or at any rate the institution of heterosexual intercourse, for without it he is ultimately undone. Far less a threat to your pubescent son than the automobile or motorcycle, the boysexual ordinarily concerns himself with junior-hustlers or lads who are otherwise delinquent or adventurous youths who could easily find far less wholesome contacts. The *modus operandi* of the boy-lover will be developed hereinafter . . . now let us consider the boy. Contrary to the widely accepted misconception, the fact is *there is no such thing as a good boy*—normal, healthy, virile lads are, if not bad, then ungood in varying degree and if you have a nubile youngster or know of one who is 100% simon-pure good then that kid is either a supremely artful deceiver or he sorely needs the ministrations of doctor and/or psychiatrist, not to mention that he is probably an insufferably boring little prude. Puberty, which is a *sine qua non* to the boysexual, occurs in young males from ages 12 to 17, usually 13 or 14, and some time before pubescence most lads have already indulged in sex play alone or with age-mates or older and younger persons of both sexes. Scarcely a generation ago quite a few boys of 14 and even 13 were earning their own living, were independent of adult supervision, and sex-outlets (usually female prostitutes) were available to them; at present, principally to avoid a glut in the labor market but also due to a far too protracted educational process, adolescents have been forced into a dependent and artificial child-status until they are 20 or older, with markedly deleterious results. Conversely, in most states boys can, with or without permission of the court, marry at the age of 14 (for the obvious

AMOUR NEEDS A NEO-DEFINITION

reason, ordinarily, of legalizing the position of a pregnant girlfriend). Taking into account the immediate foregoing, you could without too much straining credulity regard this Diary then as the case-history of one man's sexual relations with youthful workingmen and young husbands or husbands-shortly-to-be, actually or *in posse*. Finally, do not assume I wish to proselytize any man to my way of thinking or mode of life—the competition is too cutthroat fierce as it is!

GAVIN—at 16

(September 1964)

. . . That part of the male which cannot tell a lie is not duplicated in the too often feigning female's duplicitous body (Oh shut up, clitoris, you're just a penis-envying spoil-sport!), and candid sexual desire is readily apparent in man or boy but who can tell what is in, what goes on in that Fascist flytrap some women have between their raddled thighs?

... A gay widow is Mrs. Catterwall, *née* Harridan. She is young, generous and salacious, I am sorry to relate, as she and I are rivals for the hand of elusive Gavin who has saturnalian curls, a Pierrot face and a statted grace fit for classical museums though if he went into one, Venus de Milo would sprout arms to strangle him out of sheerest inferiority-complex. And while Mrs. C. and I contend like Portia and Shylock for that blood-infused bone of contention dependent from the lad's tendentious fork, Gavin can't make up his alternating current mind between us . . . one day he likes me at night, the next night he prefers her by day and we are a trio of such mixed-up kids that sometimes I have the vivid vertiginous sensation of standing on my head with my feet in the fish-tank. And as is my habit when I feed on boys who share their virilia with females, I regularly dose Gavin with massive oral amounts of Flagyl so neither he—nor I by ricochet will contract urethritis or prostatitis from the merry widow's probably proliferant

GAVIN - AT 16

trichomonas vaginalis parasites (ignorant, stupid, careless male heteros, look to yourselves!). And late one night when Gavin is scheduled to be rumpticooing Mrs. C, he comes snivelling into my bed and I, asking no questions, reach thankfully for his *fascinum* fascination but he winces away displaying a mound of gauze where his candy-cane I trust still is in residence. And between lamentations he groans that he is through with Mrs. C. and it is mine, all mine, as soon as it heals up—and on asking him what he, she or they have gone, went and done, he divulges that he had inserted himself into the widow's capacious twat somewhat more violently than usual, owing to his knees having slipped on her satin sheets, and as a result he has gashed the hell out of his Jack-in-the-Box on her dislodged and free-floating stainless steel pessary!

CAROLUS—at 14

(May 1957)

... A lean and whippy lad is Carolus, handsome as a new flag snapping in the wind. He can give you a high research in depth old-fashioned buggery-ride that has you counting your fingers on your toes but penilely he can delight neither man, woman nor himself for at age 10 he was irremediably kicked in his tiny budding sprout by a contemplative carthorse. Shodding myself with metal-toed boots, I hunted down that iniquitous equine determined to mete out to him Carolus' fate . . . but it was all a waste of time for the poor deprived animal is already a gelding!

GOGO—at 3 weeks

(June 1948)

. . . There were 20 positions of love, according to the ancient Etruscans; borrowing from Asia, the classical Greeks counted 27; and a German *soldaten-tante* savant, writing from a Munich madhouse, insists there are 69. These figures all presume heterosexual intercourse of course, subject to the limitations imposed by vertebrate anatomy . . . which unnaturally poses the paraphrase question: How many positions feasibly could be achieved with, say, a gutta-percha boy?

... In the little rose-covered bungholow next door resides Mr. Nehemiah Snoony whose reputation is a wool shirt that has entertained a summertime of moths. He did a stretch in the local snoozer ostensibly for impairing a whore's morals, but us in the In-Group know he really was bugged for highway moperly and throwing stones at airplanes; besides, it wasn't a whore but a youth and morals didn't enter into it, being just a slight misunderstanding with reference to centsible dollars. Among Snoony's more heinous offenses, doubtless the most remarkable occurred while he was working at Goodyear and was fired for attempting to smuggle out two truck tires in his vest-pockets—which though impossible is still highly probable. Now Nehemiah, as he doesn't like to be called, is as boy-gone as I am if not more so, but he is so stingily, economically, parsimoniously penurious that he is a national hero in Scotland where they have erected a statue to him *in absentia*; and to avoid paying the stiff tariff for live lads, Nehemiah went

GOGO - AT 3 WEEKS

and constructed himself an artificial one out of plasticene and latex which he has named Gogo Comecome Snoony—a rather touching instance of father-surrogate paternalism, though the neighbors are under the impression the ersatz boy is a visiting grandnephew from Butztown, Pa., for he is as real an imitation 14-year-old as you could want, has brown wavy hair, skin you love to fondle, a self-lubricating asshole and a built-in permanent rail-on which spurts warm milk at the psychological moment . . . also he is full of hot air which Snoony pumps into him at required intervals to keep the lad at proper pressure. And I lie on my often lonely couch in the endless unamorous night, hearing Snoony rutting and rioting, grunting and groaning, wheezing and whiffling on Gogo until I actually begin to envy him and am seriously considering commissioning him to fabricate for me Gogo's twin brother. But lately I see Nehemiah is wearing a lugubrious puss, jowls almost to shoulders chapfallen, and hearing no more copulative noises in my restless unslumbered hours, I inquire is young Gogo enjoying the best of health. And Snoony hurls to the ground the tire-pump he is carrying and sourly snarls it is none of my business entirely but the sad fact is Gogo has developed an incurable chronic slow leak!

TINKER—at 15

(June 1956)

. . . Like liquid Stardust and distilled moonlight, boys are an acquired taste wherein an exquisitely precise adjustment of buccal hollow, lingual stalagmite and palatal stalactite is mandatory, and the heart necessarily must be coronarily *puer*-occluded—the cardiac blood plasma pumping left or *sinister* rather than oscillantly *dexter-sinister* as in less erotismic organisms. Boy-lovers are not remarkable for their longevity . . . indeed, because of their youthful *élan vital* even beyond eighty, most who have passed away can be said to have 'died young'!

... Tinker is a stinker but I admire to toy with him on lilac'd nights and honeysuckle days for he has me wholly in the palm of his hand and is ever making a fist. He has dark houri eyes, mouth all soft outrage to decency and a silky torso tapering to satin inner thighs and velvety genitals —emporium of wet dry goods, specializing in boys'-wear; yet there should be a law against open-legged Satyr lads like him for his lovelost victims ever frantically founder themselves on his rock of St. Peter or become moral shipwrecks on the reef between his Charybdis-Butt and Scylla-Tox. Proudly he boasts that he has seduced his own father, which is understandable enough for Tinker is far more handsome than his mother, who thinks Hygiene is a salutation and imparts a piscine stench to everything she touches, having the horrendipitous capacity to menstruate 24 days out of the month. The Compleat Liberal Democrat is this lad for he affirms to

TINKER - AT 15

everyone . . . whom hath his butterscotch bum and stamina'd stamen not hospitalied? and there are times when I have to stuff Tampax up his accommodating over-invaded ravine (which already could do with some strategic hemstitching) to prevent his pater's or some other *hombre's* spermatic goo from seeping onto my contour sheets . . . for the boy sometimes admits birds too large for his nest. Ah, me! I can look into the wild oat seeds of Time and safely prophesy a bad end for this too ravish'd groom of lustfulness, and will willingly wager a fifth of Dr. Brown's Anal Unguent that ten years from now Tinker will be either a physical disaster carrying his asshole over his arm, his prepuce tattered into torn flesh lace curtain and his glans meatus gaping like a dying whale ... or he will be prim, proper, pompous Baptist deacon renowned far and wide for his incendiary speeches before the National Purity League, that homicide is the justifiable killing of homos!

O TEMPORA! O MORES! O BULLSHIT!

(August 1963)

. . . Immorality and a stiff prison sentence begin with a philanthropic gesture! In the sovereign state of Minnesota recently, a man was sentenced to ten years' confinement at hard labor for teaching a 14-year-old boy how to masturbate. (You state legislators, judge and/or jury concerned: please, at your convenience, when you have a minute—Drop Dead!) And fervently I hope that poor guy never reads or hears of the authoritative pronouncements of many modern, advanced, enlightened psychiatrists, psychologists, doctors, pediatricians *et al*, that a boy of 14 who has not instinctively or from his age-mates learned how to play with himself is lacking in normal aggressiveness and enterprise and can be considered somewhat retarded!

MRS. FORTHBWOYNER

(January 1950)

. . . Even the gods when judged by history are usually judged wrong! In all Olympus fastidious Zeus found no goddess worthy of love so he wisely raped a boy from Earth.

. . . Dominant-gened, overbearing, almost ballbearing Mrs. Forthbwoyner (D.A.R, W.C.T.U., S.O.B.—Female Division) thinks her rabbit-meeek husband is a model of moral rectitude because she never finds lipstick on his shirt nor long silky blonde, brunette or redhead hairs on his coat. But tell me please, dear Mrs. Forthbwoyner, what is that short coarse blond pubic hair doing in your husband's mustache?

BILLY—at 16

(August 1961)

. . . Boy-love is an exclusive institution which for obvious reasons has been forced to operate largely underground but it flourishes today even more strongly than it did nearly twenty-five centuries ago when it was accorded an honorable status. The indignant or curious hetero may speculate why there is such fascination in this type of emotional attachment: to simplify, why love boys when such an overabundance of unattached girls and women exists? One very essential reason is that, unlike the female who is physically and psychically limited only to take, a lad can both take and give . . . give a sense of rejuvenescent *déjà vu*, *you have been there before*, with a thrill of remembered bliss recognizing in his young form that which was once yours. What mature man has not with Byron sighed: "Ah, to be a boy again!" You can't go back, of course, but you can borrow an illusion so powerfully valid it at times overwhelms reality. If you are sufficiently receptive, a lad will share with you the springtime of his boyhood and by a sort of osmosis graft upon your age his exhilarant youth, which will take root and grow and thrive. For boy and man are anatomical allies; the lad's bodily geography is the man's own, his native land, whereas the female is a strange foreign country in which the male knows neither the language nor the customs nor the topography, too often entering with forged passport and inadequate luggage and always proceeding at his own risk. In *Wuthering Heights* poor passion-deranged Cathy cried: "I *am* Heathcliffe!" but she was female so hers was sad delusion of illusion . . .

BILLY - AT 16

with how much more authenticity may not a man affirm: "I *am* this lad! I *am* him in like mind and flesh and spirit, in resurrected hopes, dreams, ambitions, great expectations!" The boy is indeed father of the man!

. . . Billy has a piquant Renoir face and a body that would have brought home the thousand ships that Trojan Helen launched; he is a junior-hustler who is good in the better sense, being immoral, dismoral, unmoral and amoral . . . also kind to his mother to whom he turns over most of his earnings, considerate of animals, law-abiding when it does not conflict with his sexual freedom, though somewhat inclined to lose his head around girls. Highly intelligent, he does not believe homos are guilty by definition nor that homosexuality is any more a disease than genius is, and he declares fervently that I am his best friend by which he means I am free with my money and ever ready with ice cubes to cool off the frequent hot water he finds himself in. Billy has a quaint habit of sneezing when his melting-crisis approaches, which is a superbly convenient sexual warning-system for he has so inexhaustible but unpredictable a semenarium that he sometimes melts just when I think he can be no more than warming-up; and this afternoon, dispensing with the preamble to the boy's constitution and nestling in the warm happy valley of his thighs, I am chinning myself on his horizontal bar and effortlessly lifting both his barbells with one little finger when he inquires: "Duke, why do you like boys?" (Most lads call me 'Duke' in recognition of my nobility of character, I can only presume.) And I lie

BILLY - AT 16

there slowly fletcherizing Billy's manna, trying to specificate the general desirability of boys over girls as I experientially know it—from once upon a time I had a girl to now upon a boy I have a time; and after suitable judicial reflection I reply: "I like boys because they are not girls; also boys are sugar and spice and all things nice, with a puppy-dog's tail as an added coming attraction!" Billy objects: "You got like the sexes switched there, ain't you?" and I tell him it must be obvious even to him that boys are more lovable than girls for females are monotonously concave on both sides, whereas lads are excitingly concave on one side and convex on the other thus making for much more varied and intriguing sex play. Billy admits I have a very strong point there and allows me to administer a severe licking with my cat-o'-nine-tails tongue to his horizontal bar which gradually becomes vertical while he adjures me to go easy on him and make this one last for he wants to have something left when he takes his new girl Linda out tonight in her father's Volkswagen, as he thinks she is the type who can be talked out of it if he plays his fingers right. I caution him to be careful, make certain she's willing, wear a dependable rubber (but Billy scorns condoms as deadening sensation), be gentle if it's her first time, etc. and so forth but I doubt if the boy hears all or any of it for he is building up to a prodigious sneeze. Then he borrows an extra \$5, promising to tell me tomorrow how he made out on his date. That evening I am just ready to retire with *Elsie Dinsmore* (book) when Randall, an ex-boy of mine now 19, falls in stupefied-drunk and I sober him enough to drive him home and smuggle him into his bedroom

BILLY - AT 16

window, returning to find Billy on my doorstep looking as if he has in succession passed through fire, flood, revolution and a violent labor dispute. A couple shots of Old Panther Piss revives him and he leans his hard young shoulder against my flabby ageing one, blubbering that he took Linda to a dance and later in Lovers Lane she says Yes! and they crowd into the back seat of the Volkswagen where he soon locates her rather sizable entrance which becomes more ample still as he rubs it with his fingers, then with his member which though long is extremely slender with a small pointy glans like the tip of a menthol-inhaler. And he poises his weapon at the opening but perhaps because of their cramped position he has it angled wrong for when he drives in, it is not into her vagina but up past a certainly dumbfounded clitoris into the urethra, and when Linda begins to scream Billy pulls out covered with blood and urine bubbles. And while gratefully I reflect that there but for the grace and uncomplicated sexual mechanism of boys go I, Billy relates that he drove Linda to the nearest hospital where she is wheeled into the emergency-room and her parents notified, and shortly an interne takes him aside and breaks the bad news that the girl's urethral canal is ruptured, with perforations of the bladder wall; and as Linda's irate father with suspicious bulge in one pocket shows up at the hospital's front door, Billy ducks out side door and homes to me. Resignedly I phone my lawyer, acquaint him with the sordid details, ask him to get over to the hospital and do the necessary; then dig out pajamas for Billy who thankfully clutches my hand, says he'll repay me ten times over and asks dolefully: "Duke, why do I like girls!"

MISSUS MARASMUS

(June 1963)

. . . I'm in the Safeway A & Piggly-Wiggly cruising for boyfingers but they have only flat, tasteless ladyfingers so I settle for some coconut mcnamaras which are real kissy to nibble on when in a defensive mood, a dozen crumbly mcgeorge-bungles and a pound of buttery dean-rusks, peachy for those occasions that find you at a complete loss. Then Mrs. Marasmus, who has the personality of a Senatress McCarthy and the appearance of the south end of a skunk headed north, runs me down with her juggernaut wire basket on wheels. When I have collected myself except for one gristled bit forever lost in a barrel of kosher pigs'-feet, Mrs. M. puts scarlet-nailed claw on my arm saying I'm just the person to give her some badly needed advice; and it seems this bitch is apprehensive because Mr. M. is fond of playing with their 3-year-old son for an hour or two every evening and Mrs. M., fearing this sort of 'uninhibited free-association will cause the child to become homosexual', wants to know what I think she should do about it. I look at her and consider for one satisfying moment opening the packaged-fish freezer behind her, shoving her into it, closing the lid and cementing it over . . . but I nod my head pontifically and reply ex-cathedrally that unquestionably her alarm is well-founded and she must keep her diabolical husband away from the boy by court injunction or deadly weapon or any other fair or foul means so the poor kid will have a fighting chance to grow up happily hetero like the rest of us. But! I solemnly add, thumping her on the left sagging mammary with a huge tin of pickled herring-lungs, if in the

MISSUS MARASMUS

future they should be blessed with a girl child then she is not to touch the tot but at the moment of birth should turn her over to Mr. Marasmus to cuddle, nurse and care for. . . because if Mrs. M. so much as dandles the little girl on her bony knee that child will be in extreme danger of becoming a bulldike lesbian!

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

. . . Luc (rhymes with Luck—last name unknown because he refuses to divulge it) is five feet tall, weighs 98 pounds and is the politest, most insulting boy I have ever encountered. He deliberately mangles 'Casimir Dukahz' into disrespectful 'Cashmere Duckass' but addresses me as 'Sir', a reflexive observance of etiquette that has ineradicably been beaten into him at a tender age by a sadistic foster parent. I have adopted Luc (unofficially) thus breaking my own rule of the unnecessary of buying a bull-calf when cream's so cheap, but this bull-calf is purebred in everything I prize and I overlook no tie to bind his destiny to mine. He came to me with fading chain-marks on wrists and ankles and back latticed with healing welts, fugitive from some neanderthal-Gothic Deep South purgatory, for his was an unhappy childhood that out-Twisted Oliver . . . the hand that rules the cradle rocks the world! The boy's exceptional good looks have brought him only humiliation and mistreatment and he has a low opinion of both man- and womankind: his stepfather used him as substitute-wife during the aware mother's disabling illness, chained and horsewhipped him when he violently resisted, then 'rented' him to a wealthy bisexual townsman whereby the lad lost his anterior virginity and ran away when his new admirer's wife proved even more brutal than his stepfather. Luc declares himself three-quarters poor white and one-quarter Comanche Indian: is scornful of the first, proud of the latter. Which has contributed more to his fierce falcon beauty is debatable: Indian undoubtedly are his primitivistic instincts and his golden

skin like reflected fireglow, but the poor white has been volatilized into pure aristocrat in the young arrogance of natural superiority. Sometimes the Fates are kind, though always tricky: when shabby, shivering Luc first knocked at my back door one morning in early January asking if I had any work he could do for something to eat, still guilt-engrossed in compiling a highly implausible Declaration of Estimated Income report I proffered a hasty five bucks and a too-small fur-lined jacket of mine and was about to direct him to the Juvenile Home or Children's Aid Society . . . then he looked up and for a suffocating minute I forgot the inherent reflex of breathing, that which attracts me to lads shining like a flame in this one. Dumbstruck I fall back as he enters neither bold nor shy, and retina blurred with the afterimage of that arresting countenance I prepare a meal which he devours with the restrained ferocity of a wolf cub table-manners trained. He thanks me in low husky drawl with the deserved *sequitur*: "You're not a very good cook, are you, sir!" and asks where I keep the snow-shovel, my walks being still uncleared after the night's white fall. And while he warmer clad removes snow I drive downtown in maniac traffic-light color-blindness and buy a boy's entire wardrobe, sizes expertly guessed and complete except for pajamas— nightgowns I already have (so much more convenient in bed and in bath) custom-made of some stuff sheer as smoke, years waiting for the right recipient. At supper the kid's blue-green eyes between improbable eyelashes fasten somberly on me as he asks if I'm married, do I live alone, and several other searching questions revealing an awareness, a hard practical knowledge that now is judging me. I cannot

determine whether my answers satisfy or not and I show him the clothes I have bought, throwing them into the scales to weigh in my favor as striving to mask the glitter in my eyes I casually suggest that if he has no other plans I would appreciate his staying awhile to help out around the house. I am given an unfathomable look as silently he picks out dungarees, work-shirt, underwear, shoes, socks, and heads for the bathroom, refusing with sudden flush that lends his beauty imperiousness my offer to scrub his back or aid in cleansing other personable personals (Ah, is there / hair there?); returns redolent of Ivory and reserve, roughly brush-subduing lustrous brown hair which has dared to curl; watches television as covertly I dwell on the calm inviolate purity of his profile, uttering mute prayers to some sympathetic deity to let me share the secret of this unusual youngster. Later I lead him to the spare bedroom, hand him night-wear which elicits a fractional insolent laugh, indicate key on inside of door and again he casts me a glance whose significance I am unable to grasp (does ignorance wonder or does experience confirm?), then he shrugs, turns away and begins to undress. In my own room aloneness seems to assume shape and substance, the bed in its monastic order mocks me and there is dust under the love-seat! Knowing sleep is impossible I complete the Revenue report, my disordered state rendering me incapable of falsification or even ambiguity, then I try to read Mary McCarthy's *The Grope* but it only puts ideas into my head and impelled by a force I cannot resist I am driven back to the other room, unlocked door admits me, floor borrowing my furtiveness does not creak as I steal up to the boy's sleeping form, breathe in his exhaled

breath sweet and warm as new milk. He has tossed aside blankets in the heated room and my palsied fingers draw down the sheet, ease up nightgown while rockets of lust arc and trajectory through me: there is / hair there! — coronet for the slim precocious boyhead untouched by symbolic castrative circumcision, cushioned on distended twinned hives tirelessly storing nectar for some lucky bee. But this fool bee does not sting the bloom that may afford it honey and I only press lips lightly to the pulse in his ankle, cover him and creep away, senses dizzied by the glow of his comeliness and feeling disquietingly that I have been observed. A hot bath, five brandies and too many sleeping-pills bludgeon me into half-drowse abruptly broken by calloused hand on my arm and a young voice that seems to be . . . is saying surely the most redundant words ever spoken: "Move over, sir—or don't you want me!" Positive I am dreaming or dead and heaven-sent I gaze spellbound as he tears off nightdress, thrusts it beneath pillow, climbs in beside me and resigned contemptuous eyes burning into mine grits out that he knows the score and in steely phrases details how he knows, also knows what I am, what I want . . . and prepared to sing for his supper, for the clothes I have bought him, he offers himself to me. When hardly believing my ears I hesitate he interprets it for another reason, caustically demanding if I think he has a disease and demonstrating with comprehensive thoroughness that he has neither clap nor syphilis nor any other of the liabilities of venery. And though passion gnaws at me like famished fox I am reluctant to add to the indignities his beauty has already provoked and I tell him I want nothing he is unwilling to give, that

the clothes are his without obligation and in the morning I will take him to the Children's Aid and its more respectable facilities. Averting my eyes, afraid to look at him lest my good resolutions weaken, I get up and bed down in the room he has vacated, bury my face in the pillow which still retains the fresh fragrance of his hair and ponder through the remainder of the night the total folly of sacrifices on the altar of honor. And arise at gray dawn, pack yesterday's purchases into two large suitcases, start breakfast and go up to arouse my odd guest . . . who surprisingly greets me with trusting smiles of such childlike innocence that I am partially consoled for having pursued dull integrity's course rather than that of amorous expediency. Face blush-suffused the incalculable lad pulls me close, murmurs halting apology for previous evening's behavior, fervently declares he was mistaken about me and will be glad to stay as long as I want him; then he flings back sheet to reveal desire has kindled him into bright beacon and whispers so hotly into my ear his urgent need that I dissolve into primordial blob of yearning, convulsively clasp the eager little body and while his hands stir then agitate against my head I take his surpassing gift, oblivious to breakfast smokily charring on the stove. In bliss-stupor'd after-interval he looks down at me with the anxious query: "Was it all right? Did you like it?" Fitting words unfinding I can only nod, lover-sigh, beam like combusting sun . . . and seizing the hem of his nightshirt the boy does it for me as grinning he adds: "Wipe your mouth, sir!"

ROLF—at 13

(August 1946)

. . . An inexplicable conundrum that's been puzzling me into conniptions riddles like this: if the maximum sentence for violation of the Mann Act is five years, what would your (my) minimum sentence be if you (I) violated the Boy Act?

... If lads were holidays young-eyed Rolf is Fourth of July, Christmas, Decoration Day, Thanksgiving, and Passover—I am Payday! Though he cannot yet cream, his body is rich cream-ivory overlaid with dusting of gold, muted afterglow of his tumbled blond curls. He is the Boy Next Door and we have established an amicable arrangement for he loves money and I love him. I never see his Daddy which is probably just as well but I encounter rather too much of his Mommy who is fat and Pabst forty, a hard-shell Budweiser Baptist who usually is attired in too tight housedresses so that she resembles a large cow in a small pinafore. There is a certain vague dignity about her, however—that of a faded queen on a bathroom throne, perhaps, as she sits ever and anon on her back porch staring Schlitzly into infinitudes of nothingness and drinking High Life in a low manner. Rolf regularly stops in on his way to the beach or from it, ravishing in his little blue swimsuit with red suspenders which I snap to explore the secret hollows of his excitant body, take out a couple damply-warm gemmed items, bite them to determine they aren't counterfeit and upon eager

ROLF - at 13

invitation *tongue-frappe* the expansible one until Rolf clutches my shoulders and gaspingly sags against me in dry-spasm. (Masturbation discovered Rolf when he was 8 and made him its own, but since meeting me he very rarely stimulates himself—he says he likes my way better!) Then we play cards. He gets lucre if I lose and I get brief, shy, tantalizing candy kisses (salt-water taffy) if he loses but I am old maid unbussed for charming Rolf cheats! I behold cards impossibly levitate to and from his small hands . . . he sits on Kings, palms Aces to axillary caches, nudges Knaves under knees, thrusts Queens between his thighs and tucks odd cards into his hair; and after Rolf has gone I find the pasteboards so pungently redolent of his private parts that I take the pack to bed and wet-deck them. But there's ever a fly in the lute, a rift in the ointment—this evening Rolf's mother Rupperts over like a storm in a beer can, shakes a Schaefer'd fist in my face and yells that she's aware of what's going on between me and her son! Faintly I cast about for nonexistent smelling-salts, sit shakily down though I've neglected to pull up a chair, and I temporize, extemporize, distemporize, desperately pleading insanity and other placative platitudes too cringing to mention. But even when I press on her a demijohn of imported Pilsener she refuses to listen and departs in Rheingold rage, hopping with fury and yeastily shouting she would rather see her son dead than associate with a man who plays cards!

KURT—at 16

(March 1960)

. . . You, there! You with the *chatoyant* eyes and come-with-me grin and razorcut blond hair—why did you refuse the old man? I know him: he's clean, healthy, pays well and just because his hands shake a little is no reason to put him down. Anyway, how come you to be so particular all of a sudden? You're no kept boy but only a common garden-variety hustler who Dun and Bradstreet would rate D-5, if that. You're no howling sucksess . . . I've heard all about you: I know that Johnny-jump-up of yours sure ain't gold-plated and they tell me you're not so pazazz in bed for half the time your balls are on a hangdown strike and kids far more giddy-up-whoa than you charge less. You're not so much, nothing special at all—but the old man thinks you are, he sees all heaven shining from your dirty little belly-button! So go after him and give him a piece or I'll spread the word all over Scoresville just how much of that pants-bulging crotch of yours is you . . . and how much is falsie foam rubber!

ECCE PUER!

(May 1959)

. . . Boysexual symbols, images, fantasies are all around us, breaking and entering the proprieties, subtly subverting the unaware to aware . . . here the stodgy bored hetero banker, glumly reading the Wall Street Journal while his handmade Italian shoes receive a high gloss, suddenly notices the comely shoeshine-boy! There the much-wedded / more-divorced business tycoon on golf course is shocked into excited recognition that his 16-year-old caddy is infinitely more desirable than 18 birdies! Incredible? Impossible? Then hark: year after year for quite a few years now, the most popular calendar art in the land is not puppies, kittens, horses nor other animals; nor landscapes nor seascapes; nor bathing beauties, half-nude models, all-nude September Morns . . . nor even dainty little dirndled girls. (Now sit down and brace yourself! Like a drink of water?) The most popular calendar art from north to south, from east to west is uniformed Boy Scouts!

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

. . . *A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar . . . you used to come at any time but now you come too soon!* Though Luc naturally is smart as a flagellant's whip, his formal education has been woefully neglected and in my search for a fitting establishment of learning I considered the Browning School for Boys but they had too long a waiting-list. St. Peter's Seminary (notorious for their semenars on togetherness in the altogether) had been recommended to me as well as Dr. Pimmel's Academy for Select Young Gentlemen; also there is Public School No. 69 just two blocks down and four blocks over from where we live . . . but all smacked too much of the *dégagé*. After careful investigation I finally chose a private day school where the faculty is above reproach (homo teachers are a bit much even for me: unsporting, like shooting fish in a barrel!) and though it's impossible to morally screen the student-body, I have confidence in Luc's ability to take care of himself among his age-peers, and am also thankful he is largely unaware of and/or modest about the power of his beauty or like Alcibiades he would seduce everyone and everything. So now the boy is the sedulous seeker after knowledge while I take postgraduate course in anthropological perversity, burning the midnight oil to study him with the painstaking assiduity of old-time counterfeiter reproducing \$1000 bill on steel plate, and have come to know most of his moods and nuances of behavior though on occasion he still throws me for a total loss, being a lad impossible completely to classify. And soon I am able to recognize the

sometimes concealed, more often obvious signs which indicate he is approaching heat for Luc is high-blooded and I could safely swear on a stack of dirty incunabula that if there is anything adult about him it is his spermaries which I trust are unionized for they have had a deal of overtime lately and deserve recompense. And at the moment my reserved and zealous scholar and his probably vibrant ivory tower have been deep in algebra but he has tossed his pencil aside, his eyes darken, he tugs at brown forelock, begins to pass pink tongue over upper lip—all elegiac symptoms that my little love is slipping into a nice state of extreme rut, triggered by the cleverly engineered and exceedingly high-proteined supper we ate at an aphrodisiac Cyprian cafe and which commenced with Oysters Rockefeller (John D., not Nelson), progressed through oysters *pâté* to oysters on the half-shell with dessert of *huîtres fraise de la crème*—prandial commission I hoped would promote postprandial *emissio nocturne* in *accelerando*, the urgently delightful consequences of which I am now not insensitive to myself. And sighing gustily I stretch arms widely declaring I am a trifle fatigued, been a hard day, let's us go to bed; but of course ineluctable Luc registers false reluctance, says: "Gee, sir, I have all this homework to finish!" I remind him he can do it in his first study-period at school in the morning, adding brightly that a good night's sleep will do us both no harm; and though I can see he wants it so bad he is jittering in his chair, the little faker staccatos his eyebrows at me and moralizes: "Wouldn't it be nice, sir, to go to bed for once and just *sleep!*" And to demonstrate how uneager he is, he picks up pencil and writes

one word which is doubtless an uncomplimentary reference to me, then hurls pencil across room and gets up, revealing to my smug gaze that he has already kicked off shoes and socks though he persists in his pretense of indifference, turning to consult the dictionary on its stand (looking for synonym of S.O.B., no doubt); and this 13-year-old and the wondrous sum of his parts maddening me with mathematical monomania, I bestial up to him from behind, slip unsteady hand between his thighs to cup the obverse magnet. Thunderbrowed he twists around but my fingers close firmly about his throbbing self-starter and needle-rigid he stands within the compass of my other arm as I bend and tangle his eyelashes with mine in a caress which he sullenly tries to evade then takes with closing eyes and slowly opening mouth. My lips dart up to press quivering eyelids, return to his mouth which grows wet under deepening embrace and he sighs, moans, tries to bite, to spit, to escape then suddenly relaxes against me, says stifledly: "If you don't let go of me, sir, I'm going to lose my load!" My hand beats hasty retreat to neutral corner and brazenly, insolently the boy yawns in my face as I kiss his hot curled tongue; passion punch-drunk I follow him up the stairs, his light silent footsteps echoing moonlight, and ruefully I muse that if his meltingly pink little heels are round, are mine then so irreproachably square?

GOGO RENASCENT

(September 1948)

. . . Nature never forgives anything: today's bruise becomes tomorrow's cancer; Nature counterfeited is Nature outraged and her revenge is swift. Finding himself inconsolable after Gogo's decease from inverted asphyxiation, Mr. Snoony— at small expense to himself but with a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—has painstakingly rebuilt his *inamorato*, and to keep up his payments to the Government he has thrown the boy open to the public for a reasonable charge and in no time at all there is a long line of men and three women stretching from Snoony's cottage past my house and down to the bus-stop three blocks away. Curiosity and a hard-on impel me to pay a courtesy call on the rehabilitated lad and I find he is now triple-ply spot-welded, has been fitted with gentian-blue eyes and sooty eyelashes, also has crinkly pubic hair and an expansible butt which will tightly take on all-sized comers; there is in addition a detachable device in the rectum which can be emptied of the day's passion'd deposits and a trap that prevents regurgitation when Gogo is lying on his back. And there is general rejoicing that once again you can get good old-fashioned \$2 nooky even if it is with a rubberized boy, for he or it gives you so strong an illusion of banging the real McCoy that you discover yourself talking to him and saying things like: "How did a nice clean-cut boy like you ever get started on a filthy business like this?" or "Turn over now, baby, and if I'm too heavy, let me know and we'll do it another way!" There are still a few minor gremlins which need to be ironed out, however, as for example you

GOGO RENASCENT

have to keep a stranglehold on Gogo or he will squeejee out from under you and go floating about the room, and one time just as I had got to the E in Ejaculation he somehow thwirped away from me and after chasing him for ten minutes I had to climb on the bureau and pull him down from the ceiling; and there are a couple air pockets here and there so when you are lying on the lad's reverse indulging in vulcanized discombombulation, he has a distressing tendency to fart like a constipated mule but of course they are odorless so perhaps I am being unduly captious. But Snoony really should change the boy's milk more often because the stuff I extracted was definitely butter, though the constant manipulation of the churn, as it were, makes this understandable. Discounting these slight shortcomings, Gogo is about as satisfactory a piece of tail as you will find anywhere, undoubtedly the biggest value for the money since anal intercourse was invented, but it hardly needs my telling you that Gogo is so good he is too good to last, and how it happens is that some dissatisfied customer who possibly was allergic to latex finked to the Amalgamated Whores' Union (Female Auxiliary) and they set the fuzz on Snoony. But did they arrest Snoony for toral murpitude and running an elasticized peg-house? They did not! They hustled poor naked innocent Gogo, infamy dribbling from both intimate apertures, off to the police-station where they don't allow the bewildered lad to phone a lawyer (even if he could) but forthwith charge him with indecent exposure, vagrancy, antiphysical solicensing and immoral impersonation of a boy!

AVE ATQUE VALE!

(August 1954)

. . . Last week, by some confusion of interplanetary syzygy I made appointments with two 14-year-old recidivist lads for three o'clock this afternoon and though very young males generally keep dates with *gaucherie'd* lack of time-consciousness—either hours early or days late—these two endearing esoterics arrive at my abode simultaneously. By some wanton hustler instinct each knows the other is competitively up to no good. Bristling at each other like strange dogs or fighting cocks, hackles risen, sweet sullen mouths spewing obscenities, soon they are trading blows and while I usually abhor violence in all its forms, quailing at the sight even of two butterflies fisticuffing, yet the spectacle of a pair of cadenza lads combatting over insignif me warms my heart cockles, though too well I realize that their altercation really concerns sordid money. Ringsided at this gladiatorial fray I sit in my bow window box seat eager to toss my glove, scarf or dainty lace snotrag to the victor for whom I have already set out soft bandages, sharp iodine; prepared stronger music, madder wine—not overly caring which is winner for one *panache*-faced boy is blond and though slow on the trigger, gushes Golconda-ly; the other is dark, Hellenic-bodied and quick on the draw but emits very scantily. And as the mayhem progresses I note the youths are evenly matched and suddenly with freak double haymakers they knock each other out and are lying bruisedly on my front lawn and some nosy neighbor summons the fuzz who just now silly up in their hysterical squad car, and they radio for an ambulance which belatedly

AVE ATQUE VALE!

limps to the scene and takes the now conscious, protesting kids away . . .
and I, as unobnoxious a by-sitter as ever spectatored a sport am hauled off
to jail for inciting to riot, running a disorderly (front of the) house, and
conducting an outdoor boxing exhibition in a zoned residential area without
a license!

TINKER—at 15

(July 1956)

—Oh, never absolutely never ever on Sunday!

—What?!

—Well, once in a century of Sundays, maybe.

—What?! ?!

—Well, hardly ever on Sunday—really just a carry-over from Saturday night.

—What?!?!?!?

—All right already! On Sunday yet—even in the afternoon! . . . Luvverly love-luv, which always hits below the belt in unsporting low blow, is no respecter of clock or calendar— but which day of the week is so Eros-equinoctial as that day of the week when it happens!

. . . Tinker has no more tact than a fox in a hen-house— he knows I try to be moral on Sundays when lowly I humble to High Church, dazzled by altar's prism'd candelabra, gilded lilies and gemmous preciosities; no end impressed by the summer-sabled parishioners and yearning at the temerarious choirboys frigging their hot cassock-concealed cockahoops behind havocking hymn-books. And I put fin in collection-plate, sing allelulias with grovelling fervor, sit through hours-long sermon meditating wistfully on sins I wish I had committed. But when I return home Tinker is there on my doorstep leering with Satanic derision, even God unknowing what anarchy today is aching his brain; and he precedes me through my own

TINKER - at 15

front door, devours breast and legs of my chicken dinner, says he has a rich cream sauce that would improve the tapioca pudding! Then he pushes me into bed from which our garments fly mell-pell, skelter-helter, Tinker stating he has a yen to play the husband with me as a possible way-out way-in kick. Not untaken with the idea of the boy's little stranger within my gates, I assume the indicated position though I do not expect any seismographic titillation for, let's face it, Tinker though spermfully talented is not hugely endowed—he would win no prizes at the Ladies' Aid Benefit. Still, his hell-paved intentions are good and he KY's himself, climbs onto me, falls off, regains his seat and solemn with concentration pokes about trying to get into the bull's-eye, caustically recommending in a transference of his own shortcomings that I employ alum or get a relining job. Finally I have to put it in for him, dislocating my arm but experiencing a slight anal tickle as might be caused by an ant fluttering its eyelashes; then it slips out again and once more I must play the guide, semi-fracturing my other arm but at last pommel fully enters saddle and with shrill stallion cries of unreined rapture, unbridled bliss, the young cowboy spurs against his mount. For five shockwave minutes Tinker humps, huffs and heaves, pounding his largely-unfelt little cork home as if I were an unstable magnum of doubtful champagne— and to flatter his boyish vanity I pretend to fizz with fermented frenzy while watching in the mirror across the room the rise and fall of his hard rosy rump like shapely bark on a storm-tossed sea. And slowly the boy's breath accelerates its tempo against my shoulder, he begins to chew lovingly on my left ear, his arms tighter bear-hug—then from some

TINKER - at 15

pastiche memoir of YMCA First Aid Course or Boy Scout Manual or mother's mnemonic knee he pauses in his wild stationary ride to tenderly inquire: "Am I hurting you, dear?"

COMMENT MOLTO VOCE!

... If you are a hetero and the female is your kick then I fully comprehend, sincerely sympathise and wish you good luck, godspeed, happy hunting and may your manhood never be pierced by vaginal or urethral stray masturbatory hairpin. But I suppose it is too much to expect you to display even a modicum of the same understanding tolerance for my kind who—through the ages, and in the so-called Christian countries—have variously been:

scorned

hounded

ridiculed

reproached

insulted

denigrated

aspersioned

vilified

shunned

degraded

humiliated

maligned

misrepresented

hated

despised

abhorred

blackmailed
extorted
ostracized
penalized
jailed
prisoned
penitentiariated
dungeoned
branded
betrayed
exiled
disgraced
ruined
scourged
whipped
tortured
hanged
boiled in oil
buried alive
drawn-and-quartered. . .

among other expressions of disesteem. And if you are of that totally condemnatory persuasion and regard all the homosexed without exception as abysmal monsters or abyssed beasts at best, then all I have to say to you, sir or madam, is: Intercourse you, please!

HAVEN—at 15

(April 1964)

. . . This entire benighted evening has served to reduce me from the comparatively elevated status of underdog to that of cowering cur! First I turned on the TV and suffered through an eon of birdwatching . . . there was adept Wyndonbird, rich Wadybird, watusi Wyndabird, fruggy Wucibird midst a Potomac cuckoo-chorus I couldn't make beak nor tail of. Then Haven dropped around, a *cherubino* with lapis lazuli eyes who might be B. Bardot's kid brother and if he has any morals he doesn't hit you over the head with them; but politically he is always and extremely Right, being a Junior Minuteman, and when he has stripped down to his *tutti-frutti* nipped *cache-sexe* but before I can recline him on my new bum-beige percale sheets, he wears out my *exotique* Brooklyn-Persian rug pacing up and down raving and ranting about ex-laxity in high places and dullskuggery in low ones. Now I take little interest in politics though I try to be democratic under a Republican administration and effacingly discreet under a Democratic one but confidentially I am a fanatic Boyocrat which I don't have to tell you is condemned as more subversively dangerous to apple pie, Mom and male pubescents than a Marxist John Bircher. And when at length I do persuade Haven to supinate on the Wamsutta he gives me accusatory hugs, House Unamerican Activities kisses, then Fifth Amendmently turns over and permits peppery perjury-permeated pedication, rolls back and opens his thighs with a guilt by association sigh. And you know I rarely

HAVEN - at 15

complain—for when all's said and done, lads are kittle cattle and that's part of their appeal—but it's disconcerting and highly unflattering to have Haven in the middle of a profuse ejaculation leap out of my fevered embrace and look under the bed for Communists!

THAT WAS THE MAN THAT WAS

(May 1964)

. . . Somebody wrote (I would identify him but the only Bartlett I can find around here is a pear): *Easy is the descent into Hell* which though true doesn't impress me as being an intoxicatingly brilliant remark . . . easy is the descent into anything that's beneath you whether it's a volcano crater or Main Street two inches below the curb. Now it being so chancy if not impossible for most of us to ascend into Heaven, I am all for situating the Divine Regions Down Below so you can practically fall into them, while Hell would be raised up On High so you must toil and sweat up all those figurative steps to reach it. And to instance how easy it is for a Respectable Citizen to tumble from Do-Good Heights to No-Good Depths, allow me to cite the case of the Gentle Ravisher. He was a strong-backed young fellow with a narrow mustache and a wide personality who started out in life as an ordinary run-of-the-mill Rapist, a vocation he took to by instinct, predilection or inherited propensity as naturally as lesser mortals become Brush Salesmen or Embezzlers, but he brought a degree of delicacy and tact to the process that was unheard-of heretofore; he never resorted to force or violence, his humane method being to approach a female from behind, firmly grasping her by the shoulders and pulling her backward gently but with authority while driving his right shoe into the back of her left knee, thereby rendering his fortunate subject breathlessly supine and positionally receptive to his ministrations . . . though there were those insensitive exceptions who insisted on resisting him until they became aware of the

THAT WAS THE MAN THAT WAS

advantage of his Hard Sell. And soon he was bringing joy to lasses with stopped-up maidenheads thereby transforming frigid fillies into twitchy-twat tomatoes fit and eager for marriage or the casual acquaintance; and he bestowed venerated revelation on sour wrinkled old maids, enlivening their insect existence and causing them to feel like deep-dipped-in barrels of happy honey, forever after to look under bed or behind shower-curtain with palpitant anticipation rather than foreboding dread; and he relieved vaginal frustrations and menstrual traffic jams of widows, unhappy wives and other *mittelschmerz'd* maids inciting them to join the ranks of prossy unprofessionals. In short he was on the whole an extraordinary Benefactor of Femalekind, happy as the day is long though somewhat pooped out around sundown. Then he fell into Bad Company such as is to be found around any YMCA or YWCA and gradually he abandoned his therapeutic rapacity, substituting therefor such low practices as Kissing, Petting, Cuddling, Smooching which as everyone knows only excite you to no good purpose and produce tension, neurosis, sublimationitis and Freud knows what all else. But this misguided young man was set in his Wickedness so that eventually from a Benevolent Rapist he degenerated into Malevolent Teaser, an Arouser to the Brink but no farther and that was not the end of his Saga of Degradation . . . finally losing all sense of Moral Restraint and Ethical Integrity he plummeted to the very Nadir of Vile Diabolicism and now has become Shameless Unashamed Practitioner of that Utterly Abominable Bestialism known as I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND!

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

. . . Never love a stranger: if you met him two minutes ago he is no stranger; and never ever love an Indian-blooded lad for he will give you living-color nightmares (Oh, how that blood-red gore shows up!) featuring scalping-knives, flung spears, sudden savage attacks in the night, Custer's Last Stand (poor fellow!), massacres, tepee-treachery and reservations about the whole affair entirely. Yet always ever love and cherish an Indian-blooded lad for his aborigine passion will pale all other boys to misty ghost-smoke of the consuming fire. Because Luc is proud of his Comanche strain (he has reason: the Comanches were adept in war, defeating even the fierce Apaches) I sought a fitting tribal cognomen for him and since he is so ever-ready bar-nothing stud, stallion, mare and coltish pony . . . albeit mulish during the equine equinox when he bucks at the mention of mare, I call him 'Little Horse' which he finds recaptures in part some of the vanished customs if not the greatness of his forebears; also it is more dignified than 'Sitting Pretty Ass' or 'Standing Papoose' which still are true-to-life, very apt. And this Saturday afternoon we have been discussing the specific politics of love so strenuously that my young brave and Lo-the-poor-Indian-lover are collapsed in each other's arms, slumbering until the boy's rude thumb in my eye awakens me. Entranced anew with every pubic cubic inch of the little chieftain I reach for his stiff calumet to smoke once more the pipe-of-piece but he paralyzes my Adam's apple with hand-edge blow, sneezes in my pain-gaped mouth, says he has to take a crap and directs me

to carry him to the bathroom. Impressed by his courtly old-world politeness I pick him up, stagger across threshold, deposit him on john-john, sit on bathtub rim admiring the Boucher-wanton quality of this unique youngster—fleshly embodiment of all my hopes, dreams, longings; encarnalization of perfect juvenile *erotica*. Overpowered, I slip my hand between his thighs to fondle frontal mechanisms and drowsily he bends to cover my mouth with lip-twisting kiss, wets my fingers, invites me to the regal honor of making it with him on the throne but when febrilely I attempt so to do he interposes quick femoral barrier, deciding bed is a more comfortable frame of reference . . . that is, if he ever goes back there for he tires more quickly *in* that designed for rest article of furniture than *out* of it, he tells me severely. Anxiously I say: "Are you going square on me, Little Horse? From your pot of gold can't you see our love's rainbow? We're swinging on it—we're way-out!" Reasonably Luc asks: "But will we ever get back?", reaches for the roll that's never called up yonder, changes his hurricane-mind, stands and presents posterior to me. "Wipe me, please, sir!" he requests—demands, leaning against my fragmenting *corpus* while my tingling fingers tangle in pink fluff, tear off, descend to hyphenate the tight asterisk and gently blot the lad's lewd little luscious letter O . . . ah, tenderly! oh, for tissue of young summer clouds and cygnet-down! And take away crumpled parchment still freshly unspotted, unstained, yet I cleanse again lest some little something somewhere has been overlooked, with identical result and pantomiming his thanks Luc thumbs his nose at me! Intent on intenser joys I gather him up to sip the dewed chrism from his

LUC - at 13

porcelain armpits, puerile Pierian springs of rare Apocrine wine, then nip nearer nipple into hard rose-point; rubbing his adamanting boysex moist-hotly against my belly he says with no warning at all: "Sir, a new family just moved in down the street and they have a girl about my age named Angela . . ." and suddenly my skull fractures from having hit the ceiling and from some foreboding *cul-de-sac* in my brain, my tortured larynx croaks: "Girl . . . moved in . . . so what!" Little Horse covers my mouth with his, drips slow sweet spit-kiss between my lips, throttles me with loving arms and murmurs into my shrinking ear: "Would it be OK with you, sir, if tomorrow afternoon I asked Angela to come over here and *play* with me?"

UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND UNHUNG

(November 1961)

. . . All who have been victims of that insufferable little hermaphrodite Cupid and his badly aimed curare-tipped arrows will know the Bitching Hour when the expected one comes but can't come, or more often fails to arrive at the promised time and you wait for hours, even days, afraid to leave the house lest he late show up or phone . . . while you sicken, die, are coffined, buried and read your own obituary! My latest experience of this subhuman torture is with Taffy whom I met last night in Times Square, falling at once into his pubescent trap so supercharged was the potential promise of his juvenile impudicity and genital immodesty, and I urged him to come home with me then but he pleaded important duties though making a firm date for the morrow at two. Now it is seven and Taffy has just tardied in, is stuffing himself with sandwiches, cupcakes and coca-cola which I have produced confident he will stuff me in return ... but he bends curdled eye on me saying I have got him all wrong for he has a rigid sexual code and dips his wick in girls exclusively, adding he is hurt and mortified that I should have taken him for a hustler as retail merchandising is his racket and the reason for his calling on me. I inquire what he possibly could have to sell that is one-tenth so precious as his own bodily wares and the boy replies by pulling from a dozen pockets all manner of dapperhashery, knick-knacks, bric-a-brac and assorted portable items still bearing Macy, Gimbel, Bloomingdale price-tags, and he asseverates that in a small way he is an odds-and-ends liberator from the better department stores and is prepared to

UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND UNHUNG

give me a special rate on anything here that takes my fancy, and glumly I realize that though Taffy is not a Welshman, Taffy is a thief! I tell him I am oversupplied at the moment with such articles and he suggests that if I would like to fence for him we would soon have the world by the tail as he is ambitious and aspires to work up to bigger things like liberating color-TV consoles and baby-grand pianos. When I decline he coaxes me into paying \$1 for a 50¢ tie, gathers up his loot and leaves; and while I am wrapping the tie to return it anonymously to Macy's I sourly reflect that too often do I play the role of Him Who Gets Nothing for Something, which leads to further Society-vs-Self analysis and soon I am beginning to feel definitely discriminated against, aside from the omnipresent anti-homo American ethos. Now certainly it must be obvious even to the most prejudiced that I have contributed far more toward halting the population-explosion than most heteros, and while innumerable stuffed shirts with their eye on the dollar or for publicity have been loudly interminably doing everything under the sun to combat juvenile delinquency except getting into direct contact with a juvie delinq, I have been right in there alleviating the situation by giving insecure, diffused, affection-starved lads (some with dangerously low threshold of stress and low tolerance of frustration) a little tender loving care and understanding. And if I have drained off their troublesome Id-fluid which otherwise might harmfully be expended in rape, pregnancies, abortions and possible deaths from same, in return I have by my generous fees to these boys prevented an untold amount of purse-snatching, mugging and petty thievery . . . not to mention that while tenderly I detained

UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND UNHUNG

youngsters in my bed they obviously could not be out committing vandalism and other misdemeanor mischief. And when I consider what an affirmatively activist public benefactor I am—compound sublimative father-confessor, comforting mother's knee, kindly uncle, doting auntie, small-loan bank, legal aid society, first aid station and advice-to-the-lovelorn bosom for incipient and confirmed incorrigibles . . . when I add up all my good works I don't know what holds me back from going down to City Hall, pounding on the Mayor's door and demanding the keys to the City!

DONAL—at 13

(May 1963)

. . . Seduction is always a two-way street: sexually attractive lads invariably seduce you before you ever contemplate even the basic mechanics of likewise. Under duress I would have to admit that I have never encompassed an unwilling boy's sexual 'ruin'—most have long since accomplished that either by their own hot little hands or with the sometimes over-enthusiastic cooperation of their peers of both genders. If parents knew the sexual proclivities of the innocent-faced playmates of young Johnny or little Susie, they would probably turn with a sigh of relief to the boysexual ... he pays his way, at least, and by that much lessens the strain on the usually burdened family budget. It is the wise father or mother who doesn't inquire too closely where Johnny got that long-pestered-for \$6.95 football-helmet or the new tires, saddle-cover, headlight and three-toned horn for his bike— they can be reasonably sure he didn't work for them and as a possibly inconsequential side benefit: his sheets will be cleaner!

. . . Too rarely will you stumble across, fall over, fall for a hyperborean youngster who regards sin as so much trifling dirt under his fingernails, thinks chastity is a disease and is sex-ready for anything. Such a one is cherubim-cheeked Donal—my Spring, Spring's lilacs, our bed's strange sheet-stains! He has a slight nervous stammer induced perhaps by his authoritarian, disciplinarian father who like Gilles de Retz has his own ideas on how to combat juvenile delinquency even before it manifests itself,

DONAL - AT 13

which in present case hurts Sonny considerably more than Pappy. During last summer vacation Donal and a neighbor boy plumbed the delights of *fellatio-pedicatio* down by the bank of some old millstream so my overtures respective to lallygagging are received with eager no-surprise, especially since *I* pay! Donal lives just around the corner so often he dallies away an after-school hour with me and today, breathlessly demonstrating the Aristotelian postulate that what goes up must come off (except in outer space and pre-pubescents) the boy's slender body contorts like straining bow, twanging hot searching darts against my palate—little Robin Hood stealing from himself to give to me! And when I have entirely emptied his still-shivered quiver of stray arrowheads or other deliriant impedimenta, Donal's delight is to eat crackers and raspberry jam in bed, I pleasuring him in this sticky conceit for no other fare so speedily replenishes his young reservoir to again overflowing (aphrodisiasts, patent has been applied for!). On my bare hairless chest he lines up crackers, two dozen or so, busily digs knife into jar. "Next time get Crosse and Blackwell," he admonishes, "it's r-r-raspberrier!" I mental-note this appetitive injunction while he spreads each crisp square with algeometrically equal amount, wipes knife on pillowcase (mine, not his) and feeds me one cracker while he consumes five, though occasionally inclining his head to smear a pectin kiss on my mouth and blow crumbs in my face. And saving best for last—caviar after cabbage, cake after bread—he jam-anoints his quickening cocklet, with some difficulty places it between two crackers, gigglingly brings it to my lips and says: "Dessert c-c-coming up!"

CAVE CANEM ET AL!

(September 1955)

. . . Boy-love is increasing by leaps and bounds in the United States today due largely to our overcivilized matriarchal society with its extreme protectiveness of the female. Boy-love is frequently a protest against women and the rights they have usurped or arrogated to themselves, and if the average intelligent man has the courage to consider it, he quickly will be able to discern the superiority of boys over women as sexual partners. No question of marriage is involved with lads, thus they can't sue you for breach of promise or alimony, or divorce you for mental cruelty or whatever to claim huge financial settlements or community property; boys cannot become pregnant, they are amorily available every day of the month and they are restful to be with because they aren't forever demanding to be told how beautiful they are or that you love them. Of course, an occasional lad will blackmail, mayhem or murder you—but girlfriends and wives often do the same and their favorite method of homicide is a slow and agonizing death by poison! You pays your money and you takes your choice.

. . . One of the most erroneous and falsely assumptive pieces of propaganda that has been knocking around for centuries is the old bromide that a man's best friend is his dog whereas certain philosophers, *cognoscenti* and gone alumni of our best prisons know that a boy is a man's best etc. The arguments to sustain this truism are too numerous to adduce but I will cite the more obvious, such as that any youngster once he is housebroken knows

CAVE CANEM ET AL!

enough to go to the toilet by himself; if you take him walking he does not embarrass you in front of old ladies and ladylike gentlemen by raising his leg and peeing on tree or lamppost, or pooping all over the sidewalk nor will he try to copulate with every female that strolls by; nor do youths require a license, leash or muzzle and you do not need to brush / comb his hair, de-flea or bathe him (except in a fun way), nor spay him, necessarily; also boys have been herding sheep a hell of a lot longer than any canine besides being able to thrill ewes to boot, which makes for stronger lambs and sweeter chops—or so I am perhaps unreliably informed. And to capsulize my argument can you imagine going to bed with an asthmatic Chihuahua or a smeary-eyed Pekingese?

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

. . .If 69 conjures up a pixilant portrait in our minds . . .does 96 limn a lovers' quarrel? When in a moment of pique genitally precocious Little Horse calls me a Big Prick I hail it as gracious compliment as he already outranks me by just the teensiest bit in the sporting goods department—his homerun bat is major league and softballs are not his! Last night I summoned him to a summit conference and with expiring tape-measure sought to gauge his gilded glans and fanfaronade subjacencies but after a session of sweet sensuous centimetering I came to astounding conclusion that what by day is a bombastic six inches, by night is merely half a foot!

PRO BONO SAPIETY

(October 1963)

. . . Having had an increasingly overwhelming sense of the absolute unfitness of things this past week, which last night came to an expressible head when I dreamt I was chosen Father of the Year by the Unmarried Mothers of America, Unlimited, this morning I packed my hallucinations and emotional deterioration and planed down to Washington, D.C., determined to right some glaring wrongs; stopping first at the Department of Defence but McNamara's Band was nor hide nor hair there, so I sped over to the Department of State where I was greeted by a twittering, twat-envying toots whose wrists limped all over the place, and I put into his manicured dainties my strategical survey outlining how the U.S. could settle the hogmagundy obtaining in Vietnam by simple expedient of (a) calling home all Americans there and hiring the Viet Cong to do our fighting, or (b) sending Messrs. Rusk and McNamara out there who alone would soon put an end to hostilities just by confusing the enemy to death. Then I went over to the House that is not a Home of Representatives, pressed on the Master-at-Arms a short Bill of Particulars setting forth my cogent reasons why teen-aged boys should be declared legal and legitimate sex-objects; he flings my document into an In-Out receptacle so carelessly I know at once he is just another bureaucrat which is an object that takes up space and gets paid regular, so I slip him a sawbuck and he whisks my paper out of In-Out into a container which looks remarkably like an oversize wastebasket but is labelled in foot-high red letters: CONFIDENTIAL! - TOP SECRET! -

PRO BONO SAPIETY

HIGH PRIORITY! -EYES ONLY! — RESTRICTED! — NO SMOKING!!!! And I depart not entirely satisfied and hence to the Internal Revenue Bureau where I explain I would like to deduct the expenses I have incurred entertaining stripped striplings which so far this year amounts to exactly \$4,987.67 and which I consider to be purely a business expense like depreciation or amortization, but I am given such short shrift that I find myself out in the street minus hat and gloves, for which indignity I wire my mouthpiece to sue the Internal Revenue Bureau for every cent they've got. Then I speed to the White House to see Lyndon but it's empty except for two waltzing white mice in the Red Room and I spot two lights burning in the women's crapper on the second floor but do not raise a stink about it because the Prez is still a bit Billie Sol Estes-jumpy. Now I get lost but finally locate the office of what's-his-name. . .the Massachusetts Senator from New York? ... oh yes: Jimmy Roosevelt, and I deliver to his secretary my Aid to Politicians Bill which comprises the theoretical practicality that everybody kindergarten age and older should be allowed to vote, with a rider recommending that licensed dogs should also be accorded the same privilege, casting their ballot by the simple means of stepping on a fish-smelling lever for the Democratic ticket, beef-flavored lever for Republicans and so on, for why not admit it?—if people are animals (and they are) then dogs must be human! And I return home feeling I have muchly promoted Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Lappiness, but tonight when I go out to dinner I am followed by two well-groomed, college-type young men, and later when I am picking up my probably buttonless laundry

PRO BONO SAPIETY

I spy two other individuals who seem to have me under surveillance and they also bear the unmistakable stamp of officialdom, which nonplusses me for nowhere in Washington did I give my right name, even donning false mustache to obfuscate my identity—evidently all to no avail and plainly I have underestimated the cleverness of the Central Bureau of Unintelligence. Or it may just be that these diffident, discreet, self-effacing watchdogs who presently hound my trail are from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But ha! ha! . . . who's afraid of the F.B.I.!

((i am!))

PARRIS—at 14

(June 1958)

. . . In Paris, capital of dirty postcards and the French method, rears the Eiffel Tower—a monolithic erection which surely haunts the dreams of old maids apologizing their way across Europe because they're Americans and have dollars to spend. I too occasionally make extended domestic trips on shady shenanigans and like to have a *bravura* boy along for the assuasive amenities, pursuant to which in Chicago my mortal hand and eye did frame the fearful symmetry of Parris—no Parisian but cute as a four-figure tax refund in his no-shirt, knee-jeans and blue sneakers with orange laces. He is a refugee *ragazzo* from Arkansas, looks and smells like a Delicious apple and his stem, flourishing like well-fertilized green bay tree, is not to be sneezed at either. And at the end of each day's journey we ambiguous into hotel / motel where I sign him in as my son / nephew / ward / stepson, conjecturing how the desk clerk would react if I candidly registered: C. Dukahz and pickup / junior-hustler / boy-whore / *garçon prostitué* . . . but the caravanserial clerical looks to be the type who would not be above tapping on my door about two in the morning and whispering that if I was quite through with the lad, could he borrow him for the rest of the night! so I cling to my usual cloak of discretion. And during our first observance of the puberty rites of pagan boy-worship, young Parris proves to be a supernal Master Four or Five Times mattresswise, but as he plummets into paroxysm he utters several blissful screams of such piercing intensity as to make tombstones topple and mausoleums crumble as the indignant dead pop from

PARRIS - AT 14

their graves in posthumous protest. The first night I am with the boy we fortunately are assigned an isolated motel-cabin and the only fish, flesh or fowl he startles is a stupid owl in a tree outside our window whose speech-record is stuck in the zany interrogation: WHOO? WHOO? but with so authoritatively fuzzlike tone and accent that alarmed I swallow the wrong way and am nearly cut off in my prime, and forthwith I realize that Parris will be suicide to make love to in any densely inhabited locale for his ecstatic spasmic yelps sound hideously as if I am leisurely sawing him in half with a glass-cutter. Seeking to softpedal his lusty clamor into lullaby, I consider gagging him but that does not seem a romantic or even aesthetic gesture so I take the next day off and attempt to sublimate the boy's cries into vocalizing more socially acceptable; and after six or seven nocturne rehearsals which leave me Whee-ly cloud-nined and Parris limply deep-sixed, his tent-peg folding up like the Ay-rab and silently stealing away into public petulance, I am gratified to note that the boy now is sufficiently housebroken so when the orgasm overwhelms him he doesn't deafeningly scream or even raise his voice but instead softly whistles the first four bars of 'Comin' Through the Rye.'

CENCIO—at 13

(May 1948)

. . . I don't expect you to *give* it to me, Cencio, but neither will you sell nor rent nor even let me look, though you are old enough to invite me to lunch at your little cafe. What are you saving it for . . . some girl? Well, it's yours, pudent young firebrand, you can do what you please with it; but don't be like your brother who preserved it inviolate for a certain maid whose virtue was strictly *sotto voce* . . . did he tell you? He gave it to her in a hamstrung hammock one moonset night and she gifted him in return with the strangulated clap and a paternity-suit!

ROY—at 14

(August 1948)

. . . Boys can give you a lien on Heaven, an eagle's-eye view of Olympus, a taste of Elysium; they can also give you the sensation of sitting on the crater-edge of an erupting volcano—and push you into it! Wooing a lad usually puts you right up there with the Attic gods, when it doesn't cast you right down there among the little creeping things that get stepped on—but faint heart ne'er won fair boy, or a dark one either. Roy is half-and-half, a dark / light blond with an abecedarian face that would have made Hadrian jilt Antinoüs, and an abracadabra body that seems sinuously to sigh: *Orgy, where art thou?* Years ago Roy's mother ran off with a sanitary-napkin tycoon, and his ineffectual intellectual father is an addled egghead professor devoting a sabbatical spell to inditing polemicals purporting to prove that not Marx but Freud will bring to its knees the Western World if Einstein will have left them anything to work on. In the throes of his inspired or asinine creativity, Roy's pater sometimes has to be reminded he has a son, so sorely does he neglect him—and this is where I step into the breach. The first time I call on the lad I bring him blue posies to match his azure eyes, hoping the unusual nature of my offering will throw him off balance and onto my perspirant bosom, but all he does is sneeze them to the four corners of the room, wheezing that I have started up his hayfever again— and he blames me! Contrite, I take him to a movie which eventuates to be *Camille* who turns up her toes in the *dénouement* which upsets Roy, tipping him into melancholic mood—and he blames me! Remorseful, I take him to ball-game

ROY - AT 14

where line drive over centerfield hurtles into grandstand, the ball lightly grazing the boy's antic locks—and he blames me! Penitent, I invite him for a spin and we visit scenic points far and wide though Lovers Lane is closed in the public interest and Lovers Leap has a new comfort station donated by a funeral parlor, but Roy feels disinclined to love or to leap, being carsick—and he blames me! Atoneful, I bring him imported Parisian chocolates and he pigs down most of a two-pound box, brings it up again with additions—and he blames me! Conscience-stricken, I treat him to a day at the beach, he swallows a half-mouthful of ocean learning to swim—and he blames me! So finally I tell Roy there doesn't seem to be much point in continuing our unrhapsodical unrelation for everything I do is wrong. He replies succinctly: "Stick around, man; you've made me get used to you!" But I am misplaying all 88 notes on passion's keyboard because I can't achieve closer *rapport* with this halcyon lad, wondering why it is three times easier to get a girl on her back than a boy ... of course the latter is a more qualitudoinous article, as is attested by the fact that sex-crimes involving boys are punished far more severely than same with girls, pregnancy-quotient nevertheless. At last desperately I decide to cast equivocation to whatever wind will carry it away and seize opportunity and Roy by their several horns so that night, spurred if not inspired by the soft mimetic monody of molting mockingbirds and while his father is two-fingered typing in his remote study, I cautious up a rickety rose-trellis to the boy's window, scratching hands and face on mordacious thorns and shredding the front of a \$100 suit. For lack of other implements I am forced to gnaw through the screen with my teeth and

ROY - AT 14

fingernails, yet keep moonbeam-silent not to alarm the sleeping beauty within and I trickle into the room, to his bed on which his dulciana'd limbs repose clothed only in blue-white starlight and interloper shadows. I press cheek against his warm belly, sift calorific breath through cluster'd pubic fronds, intussuscept a certain integral part and with suctorial emphasis exert maximum impact . . . and just as his fuse blows with electrodynamic shock, Roy awakes. And he is so ecstasied by this novel and unusual attention that at once he demands a repeat, then a re-repeat and because I didn't thusly ravish him on the morning or afternoon or evening or night of the day I first met him, furiously he blames me!

CARR—at 16

(September 1961)

. . . Your moment of truth is my egregious falsehood, labels never tell the whole story and to win is hoping not to lose too soon. I weep for days that sometime were, and weep still more for weeping: Carr's sleek feline disgraces in my bed must have made countless thousands mourn that they could not share him with me; then an unaccountable slip in time-space caused the lad to fall for a frump twice his age and homelier than cold pork gravy . . . but she has a Thunderbird. Now I have mournful memories, Carr has the Thunderbird and she has a tiger in her tank!

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

"Sir, what does it taste like?"

gasps the still-convulsed boy.

"Like pepper and smoke and infanticide,"

I blissfully reply—after a while.

JASON—at 14

(October 1946)

. . . It's the night when black cats ride rumble the witch-driven broomstick, bats hallowe'en the orange moon and basilisk boys tip over WPA privies and I would be doing the same if I didn't have a date with Jason of the *brun-* velvet eyes and mad brain so steeped in wizardry he devils my senses like eggs. He fancies himself a magician, can produce feathered rabbits and furred birds out of *berets* and prestidigitates borrowed quarters (which he never returns) from behind my ear. Also mystically otherworldly is his decorative no-conscience: one can easily imagine him in the Garden of Eden stealing apple from serpent, eating it, tempting Eve with the core and cuckolding Adam behind the nearest tamarind tree. Jason swears I am his only love even though I find occasional lipstick smears on his shorts which he blandly explains away as red paint or cherry pop. I always go to bed with him feeling a sense of vague disquiet but it soon dissipates as he presses his slim Sodoma body against mine and thrusts his hot tongue so deep in my left ear I hear echoes of nonexistent sounds, and when pre-coitum ravenous I begin to lick his hard young shoulder and breast and belly until his boyish desire shapes itself into cute acute angle, he lies back with a flourish of laughter in two sardonic scale notes while I transmute to pulsant vibrancy his firm philosopher's stones and metamorphose from hard to soft the wand of this enchanting sorcerer's apprentice. And tonight, gravity riding his brow he carefully adjusts bed-lamp to shine fully on the gold medallion of St. Sebastian he always wears around his neck and which he now dangles in

JASON - AT 14

front of my eyes, directing me to concentrate on it and he will demonstrate a new magic trick; but quickly I realize he is attempting to hypnotize me for he swings the shining object slowly back and forth while he softly singsongs: "You're tired, Duke ... so tired . . . weary . . . sleepy . . . sleepier . . . sleepest!" Curious to discover just what he is up to I feign overpowering drowsiness and blink, yawn then close my eyes and begin to respire in the deep regular rhythm of slumber. After a minute Jason pries my right eyelid up, I remembering to move my eyes far back in their sockets in the appearance of trance and evidently presenting so authentic a picture of the slaughter-ready lamb that the boy feels he can pull his Golden Fleece on me. Now his urgent whisper reveals his intention for he utters in muted repetition: "Duke, when you wake up you will give me all your money . . . when you wake, give me your money . . . when wake, give money . . . money . . . money!" Then I hear sharp snap of fingers and recognizing my cue my eyes fly open, I stare dazedly about, sit up, put my hand on the wide-eyed, breathlessly expectant boy's knee and say: "Jason, dear lad, until my next relief check arrives day after tomorrow—can you lend me \$5!"

DONAL—at 13

(May 1963)

. . . Earlier this year I had a cat, a stray I picked up whom I named Bessemer for his steel-gray coat and to call a spayed a spayed he had been altered by his previous owner, perhaps therefore bestowing on me more affection than these animals usually display. Now for months I had been sumptuously feeding this false feline, buying him catnip mice, scratching-posts and comfy cushions for his carcass . . . but from the minute he laid eyes on Donal he was forever lost to me! Whenever the boy came over Bessemer sought to monopolize him, spitting and clawing at me if I so much as approached loving hand to the lad until I had to put the cat outside while we made love and then the *voyeur* fool would peer through window and yowl, causing Donal to blush and say: "Don't do anything now—the cat's 1-1-looking!" But everything finally was resolved to the satisfaction of almost all parties concerned: Bessemer has taken up permanent residence with the boy who has long wanted a pet, though I have to accustom myself once again to having the emboldened mice sample my imported cheese before I do!

. . . Shortly before noon today nutbrown, chestnut-fragrant Donal comes to me downcast, mournful-eyed and dolefully relates that while batting flies (I use a fly-swatter, myself) he has broken Mr. Klein's parlor window and if he tells his father he will get an overkill beating, so would I mind putting in the fix with sourpuss Klein and he, Donal, will fix me up tonight? I assent

DONAL - AT 13

promptly for I would bail bewitching Donal out of practically any *contretemps* except taking a new lover. And the lad gives me so high-octane a kiss so promiscuous of subsequent *tendresse* that it de-elasticizes my boxer shorts which collapse about my thighs, then he lets me kiss him in a place which is neither here nor there and goes home to lunch. I visit apoplectic Mr. Klein, already painfully prostrate with prostate, placate him with \$5 and the glorious vapidness that 'Boys will be boys', then pause for a moment in compassion for Mr. K. is so superfluously married that he is afraid to smoke in the house or read the tabloid newspaper he likes, his avoirdupois wife being one of those Fascist females who convince you of the admirable efficacy of bathtub-murders—and while eventually Mr. K. might summon up the guts to dispose of her thus, he is hardly strong enough to get her into the tub. I return home and that evening fall asleep viewing an exciting drama on TV, and am awakened by termites or earthquakes or anticipation to find the shades tightly, discreetly drawn and young Donal sitting in an armchair eyebrow-deep in the latest Batman and Robin comic, pants and shorts expediently removed. Gibbering with drowsy lust I kneel over to him, pluck a bit of lint from his restive pricklet, the boy muttering that it shouldn't be dirty 'cause he washed it g-g-good just before he came over and I reply I trust he has not laundered away all the natural flavor, slithering my desire-damp hands up his smooth warm flanks as he lifts to let me cup his culpable butt, throws his legs over my shoulders—and turns a page. Starving man before banquet I taste this, savor that, nibble at the other then settle down to a neat bit of tenderloin which like the loaves and the fishes,

DONAL - AT 13

multiplies—and Donal turns a page. And so voraciously do I gnaw-masticate-rend that too suddenly, against all dietary laws I am eating dairy products with my meat while the boy explosively sighs, grips my neck hard with his thighs—and turns two pages at once. I strip out the choice marrow, imbibe the last heeltap, then reluctantly prepare to de-ingest—but wondrously the boy keeps me there, turns a page and says: "Go on and take s-s-seconds, Duke, 'cause I busted another window!"

MR. ANSTRUTHER

(August 1950)

. . . Virtue will always triumph simply because most people just don't have the requisite imagination, resourcefulness, daring, expertise, metabolism, endurance or fiscal wherewithal to be wicked over an extended period of time. Exception: bachelor Mr. Anstruther who at 75 does not look a day over 80 and seems to be held together with string. He has outlived all his relatives and there is nary a doubt that he is in his second childhood as almost every night finds him with some shunammite boy's thumb in his mouth; but senile or not, Mr. A. is wise enough to realize that at his age cold virtue becomes irrelevant if not downright painful, and instead of sitting at home in fireside rocking chair gibbering at the specters of age, sickness, death; recalling fearful memories of loves lost or never found; dwelling sadly on friends gone or proved false; morosely pondering glowing life-promises never redeemed—he chooses to grow old disgracefully, paradisaically spending his twilight years not in growing unrewarding roses but in 'raising' *manqué* juvie delinqs whose feral fragrance is like a shot in the arm and on whom the evening-dawn dew is more discernible, more copiously absorbable. While other men of his vintage have long been moldering skeletons in the cold confined earth, Mr. A. and his cane can be seen skipping about in every *al fresco* meat market in town—where the merchants are their own merchandise and they spend for spending money. With the youthful verve and animation of a man in his prime, Mr. A. devotes the day to inspecting, fingering, debating, rejecting, selecting some panacea

MR. ANSTRUTHER

piece of boy-flesh, and the junior-hustlers all like him—especially the *naïf* and apple-cheeked farmboys, fresh meat apprentices to the game, and all vie to attract his attention, pulling their snug jeans even tighter fore-and-aft and hand-exciting themselves to show what they've got, for Mr. A. may be old but his money is young, he is generous with it and taxes no lad unduly. Yet he is not content with just any youngster, is in fact pettishly hard to please, for he carries in his wallet a studio-portrait of a darkly handsome 14-year-old and the youth he finally picks up will be as similar to the pictured boy as is practicable. I assumed the worn, frayed photograph to be the likeness of an old flame of Mr. A's and, desire waiting on memory, that he seeks the faultless substance reflective of the perfect shadow; but one day in a moment of confidence Mr. A. tells me that the portrait is of himself in his teens so I conclude that he aspires to recapture his own boyhood in the person of a replica'd lad—or it may be that he prefers in unique and proxied fashion to make love to himself!

PIERS—at 12

(August 1960)

. . . Some Bachelor of Philosophy observed that the male body inspires Humility while the female body stirs only Lust. I'll go along with that three steps forward and two steps back, reflecting that since modern mankind generally scorns to be Humble, Lust then is the Be-all and all-End for the majority. But most men's Fish is not some men's Meat. I, as horrible example, embrace Humility while Lust sits down, turns on the air conditioning . . . and waits!

. . . Piers is a paradise lad who could charm the paint off unpainted walls with his almost mathematical beauty—only calipers could gauge the smooth round of cheek and brow, the soft sensuous outlines of his body. He clings to a perdurable innocence so Edenic that he still faithfully believes in Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, elves, leprechauns, goblins, werewolves, Mom, fairies and the desirability of salutary habits over solitary vices. I address only a kind of nasal veneration to Piers for he kisses not, neither does he irrumate nor copulate nor erotically cooperate—but he will let you smell him. From cowlick to tiptoe he gives off a natural scent like the incense trees of old Cathay or bruised hyacinth petals dusted with new snow ... an unmistakable fragrance one could track through midnight rooms, ebon oaken groves and dusky byways in the slip stream of fond memory. Redolent bud and the chafing serpent beneath it, I used to walk with Piers in the remoter reaches of Riverside Park, sun and leafshade dappling his tender limbs and *épatant*

PIERS - AT 12

face, but we were never alone: bees followed him seeking a more exotic honey, butterflies hovered, hummingbirds circled, fetidly rutting bitches and their busy-tongued escorts licked his shoes, nuzzled his fly . . . and soon we were an odor-adorant parade, a procession of sniffers. It is regrettable that so seductive a lad is not seducible but perhaps it is his very virginity that exhales this enthralling fragrance, this puerile odor of sanctity. Retiring to the limbo of unlove I finally had to relinquish Piers trusting that the addition of a few years will subtract a few inhibitions but presently his incense, worthy of cathedrals, so incensed me that I could no longer trust my hands not to take molestive liberties and the culminative straw that broke my back was when I took him to a movie, afterward going to lavatory where locked in a booth the boy in his schooled phrase did 'Number Two' while I in adjacent cubicle, nostrils aflame, gloated: Ah, Piers, little bouquet, piquant nosegay, now you are one with crude humanity, now you will stink like the rest of us! And with olfactory sense honed keen as Jack the Ripper scalpels, I heard the repetitive 'plop' of a healthy defecation and then paper vigorously applied but as he flushed I scottissued a frustrate tear from my eye because do you know, would you believe ... his shit smells as sweet as he does!

DONAL—at 13

(August 1963)

. . . Donal, my Pied Piper boy who leads this rodent by the nose with his sweet-noted flute, is in trouble again . . . his father doesn't understand him and has whupped him for something he didn't do but probably did, for Donal's statements are highly biased in this area. He comes to me, wincingly drops pants to show me his latest disciplinary scars and I give him sympathy though tea he will not take, bathe his razor-stropped redly-hot tight bottom with cold witch hazel and warm kisses, one or both of which seem to help for soon the boy gingerly can sit down. As he is also supperless for his sins I heat up the remainder of my own evening meal of ham and sweet potatoes which he gratefully wolfs down, hugging me hamly and bussing me sweet-spudly. After losing three 15¢ games of checkers I read to him from a book of beatnik fairy tales where princesses shave, princes crochet, dragons faint and only the wicked queen has the courage of her (his) convictions. Then I bring out the new Batman and Robin comic which Donal in turn reads to me until the shattering interpolation: "Duke, you know something? I think Batman is g-g-getting into Robin!" Promptly I propagandize: "I wouldn't be at all surprised for they both look to be intelligent types!" The boy dog-ears the book thoughtfully, coughs, sneezes, blows his nose and shy-blush-fully says: "I don't mind trying it when my b-b-butt heals, Duke ... if you don't mind and you w-w-want to!" Hastily I fit together the jigsaw pieces of my out-of-mind and whinny: "At your service, dear boy!" And while we divide (not equally) two quarts of iced chocolate-

DONAL - AT 13

milk Donal gives me a stern lecture on the trials boys have to endure from their heavy-handed male parents, and he expresses the hope that if I ever have a son I will not b-b-beat his ass for something he never did! Gravely I reply that I know far better ways of handling lads than beating them, at which Donal grins reminiscently, kicks me fondly on the ankle and on our way to bed, clutching crackers and raspberry jam for Afters, he declares: "I wish you were my f-f-father!" And of course, so do I . . . incest notwithstanding!

GREER—at 15

(May 1962)

. . . John Donne to the contrary, each man *is* an island and the bell that tolls for me you'll never hear, or hearing never care, or caring, do never a thing.

. . . Greer is a yeasty boy forever rising, a junior-hustler with casuist columbine eyes and hair bronze as a new penny; he could pose for statue or painting of Cupidon or Amoroso and lend it a definite insidious authenticity but he has a womanish soul shallow as a beer-coaster, and his assoul is not in much better shape—he offers his bum so readily that I condom myself against probable microbic assassins, relicts from previous sojourners, deriving my chief pleasure from his hardly to be improved upon between-legs personality. And last night it amused me to follow him on his rounds through the isometric lavender landscape of Scoresville, and each time a man (and one woman) accosted him and made a monetary offer (except the woman) I would step up and top it by a dollar or two. The first time I did this Greer tucked his paw in mine prepared to go home with me but I told him to resume his peripatetics which the puzzled and somewhat offended lad does, attracting three marks in the next seven blocks each of whom is disposed of in the manner of the first so that Greer is beginning to regard me with the awed, slightly apprehensive look one wears in the presence of judges, wardens and the criminally insane . . . but he finally concludes I am outside too many whiskies which are prompting me to shill for him to get the best price. And then a blatantly affluent chooch stops him offering

GREER - AT 15

\$20—a carpetbag politician, without doubt, for who has that kind of bread these days except rich-papa'd embryo politicians or gangsters, and the latter are almost never hung up on boys. So it is with exceeding gratification that I put the quasi-statesman down, motioning Greer to go on; and the next score is a retired type, ex-clerk or bookkeeper or civil-servant, every drab inch of his neat shabby clothing and self-effacing manner proclaiming his existence to be mediocre, dull, stale and non-tax-exempt. With abjectly embarrassed hesitation he offers the boy \$5 at which Greer gives him a contemptuous stiff-finger but I see the man look at the lad as if he is the answer to a middle-aged poor man's prayer— a sort of admiring, despairing, hopelessly yearning gaze that is already congealing his features into resigned rejection. And I take the man's fin, add to it \$20 of my own and give the money to Greer, telling him to go with the mark for all night . . . and to make it nice! Now I suppose you would call that just plain damfoolishness, if not perverse pimping in reverse, but I like to think it was just a small gesture of brotherly love!

LUC—at 13

(February 1965)

—Ah, Little Horse, how I love you!

—So OK! So what?

—So do you love me?

—I love you to death . . . but you never die!

—Be serious, little one. Do you?

—Jeez, d'you think I sleep with you every goddam night because I *hate* you?

—But can't you say just those three simple little words?

—Sure I can *say* them, but would I *mean* them?

—Then say them—lie to me, but tell me you love me!

—I love . . . what you do to me!

... I presume I am no different from any other besotted swain when I long now and then to hear the object of my affection say, I *love* you! but all masculine boys would rather be shot dead with blunt knives than ever mouth such an effeminate obscenity. Once when I cried out the hated phrase against Luc's tensed thigh, he hooted, "If I didn't have a cock and an asshole, would you still love me?" To which I replied: "Of course! I would mount you on fine canvas, frame you in baroque gold-leaf splendor, hang you on the welcoming wall and art-connoisseurs world-wide would come to marvel at the newly-discovered Rembrandt, fairer fair by far than fair 'Titus'!" Whom does my love love? Almost every normal teen-aged lad is

LUC - AT 13

infatuated with himself but if he goes through the motions of *amour* with me then it signifies hardly anything to supplement it with three words which could only be insincere or a prevarication. No narcissistic type is Luc, however, and more than any other lad he denies me nothing (eventually), though withholding everything at the moment: vocally negative but bodily affirmative, he gives while his refusal still echoes, and if I should propose some Elephantis-inspired bit of obliquity derived from a *billet-doux* found in a hanged man's pocket, the boy will snarl No! even while he is disposing himself into the perhaps distorted position to do it—which makes him the cherished *recherché* prize he is. Yet Luc too would sooner tear his tongue out with red-hot pincers than allow it to pronounce the ignominious words: I-----you! but crafty Casimir notes that he frequently talks in his sleep and especially when the moon is full will he murmur a few coherent adjurations such as "Drop dead, you cheap prick!" which I trust is dream-addressed to one of his little schoolmates. And it being common knowledge that a person cannot utter an untruth in slumbered speech, I wait until a night when Luna is so nine-months' swollen that she drips on subjacent comets, extinguishing them in a sizzle of steam; and while an owl monotones his inutile interrogatory I bend over the drowsing limb-flung lad, kiss his starlit brow and whisper into nacre'd ear: "Can you hear me?" He frowns, stirs, mutters: "Go away!" Pause of an eternitied minute, then softly: "What is your name?" He scowls, his eyelashes flutter, he mumbles: "Little Horse." Perfect communication now established, I pose the Sphinx question: "Do you love me, Little Horse?" And he grunts: "Who you?" which is somewhat off-

LUC - AT 13

putting—as if he had lovers so numerous he couldn't keep track of them, so I particularize to blunt: "Do you love Duke?" Still heavily asleep the boy twitches, squirms, then his arms come up to encircle my neck, he pulls my head down so my lips brush his cheek ... and distinctly, unmistakably, with heartfelt sincerity he sighs: "I love Angela!"

PHILIPPE—at 14

(August 1962)

. . . The French they are a funny race: they fight with their feet-and talk through their nose! Philippe is a *délicieux bonbonnière*, son of the local consul or some UN official's valet, has a polychrome body rose-white and snow-red, tricolor eyes in a *politesse* face and withal is so beguiling a *compagnon-de-lit* that he depraves my bedroom into a schoolboy *pissoir* on the *Rue des Petits-jésus*. His *Tour d Eiffel* with the *haute cuisine* cafe on the top-level gushes with *laissez-faire* abandon but he has odd reservations with regard to his pinkly iridescent *cul*, being negative faun to my affirmative Priapus, heatedly denying the simple spatial theorem that a round peg will fit a circular hole though he has practically admitted that a certain *concierge's* brat back in Paris last year already has plowed him on several *Mon Dieu!* trysts in a cellar of Notre Dame and who probably didn't pay Philippe a fake *franc* for his priceless honeyed moon. No matter how eloquently I play beggar at his back door he refuses to suffer even my fond introspection of his *sexus-nexus*, perhaps apprehensive I will be seized by some Dutch boy hero-mania and stick my finger in his unimpregnable (on this side of the Atlantic) dike; so I return to playing with the boy's *bijoux indiscrets*, those 'forbidden playthings' to which French youngsters are inordinately attached but when I renew my subornations for breech-*rapprochement* Philippe with his 'no hands' pencil lewdly writes on my suppliant tongue: Go *foutre* yourself! and when I slip my hand beneath him to fillip his firm buttocks he philippics, *Fous-moi le camp!* It avails nothing

PHILIPPE - AT 14

to remind him that lads younger, handsomer, kinder and possibly tighter than he have allowed me ingress and that he is probably big enough and I undoubtedly small enough to make our conjunction mutually miscible, for he loudly negates: *Je m'en fous!* confirmed in his resistance to my attempting a lunar-probe thus sorely disrupting my asstral space-program. Then one confidential'd adrenalin night I discover the boy is an ardent revolutionary whose heroes are those *sans-culottes* who lopped so many noble and royal heads during the fall of the *ancien régime*, and at wallet-gutting expense I have an old German cabinetmaker reproduce in miniature a guillotine perfect in every detail and which works far better than its prototype, having a spring-propelled razor-sharp heavy steel blade which can slice fingers, butter and almost any other object which will fit into its tiny headrest. Philippe, who apparently is an enthusiastic sado-masochist in addition to his other political convictions, is so delighted with my sanguinary offering that gratefully he turns over and offers his *mont-de-piété*; cautiously, incredulously I touch its hard warmth neighing: "Will you let me?" still not entirely convinced the lush fruit has finally fallen! The boy replies: "Go ahead, but if you hurt me I will cut off your damn *vit* with my guillotine!" So now glowing with Franco-American amity, mounting pride and *extase* remembrance I can say—as someone else has said of another place—that in New York last night I was in France!

BETE NOIRE

(October 1961)

. . . When I was very young and still having trouble with three-syllabled words, it was my and my companions' guilt-gee'd habit to search for discarded Prince Albert tobacco cans and spell out from the blurbly-hyperbolic self-praise on the back of the tin the exciting magic incantation: *Pa discovered in Ma the most delightful hole!* Alack! How misguided I, we, Prince Albert, everybody was! No magic incantation this, but black magic diabolics! No delightful hole that, but Lady Macbeth's *Out, damned spot!*

. . . When lilacs last round the whorehouse bloomed, there dankly dwelt a streetwalker named Sylvia, professionally known as Coffee-Ann as coffee-an'-doughnuts caused her to horizontal for the high school trade . . . men had to pay disproportionately more. Had she taken care of herself Sylvia would have been a fairly worthy member of Society, helping to keep pure young girls (if any) pure and unattached males relieved, but Sylvia was careless and indiscriminate about her work and before you could say 'contraceptively prophylactic' she was clapped to the eyeballs and points north and her steadiest customer was Mr. Spirochete—a Greek, I believe. And soon limp, limping, lesioned victims of Sylvia's sewerage queued up to report her to the Police who said it's a Health Department matter who said it's an Education and Welfare concern who said, educatedly: "Whaddya want we should do, invade her privacy awready?" I was an amused, slightly

BETE NOIRE

sickened, innocent bystander to all this until Mark who last year was my own angel-whore, stud-choirboy, was accosted by Sylvia one night, plied with strong licker and led to her pestilent couch; and a month later Mark was in the hospital with the two worst of the seven sociable diseases, plus stricture and involvement of the prostate and bladder—and potent penicillin which cures by action killed Mark by reaction. I went to his funeral and later— since nothing had been done about the mortar that had infected the boy's pestle—I bought two small household items at Polter & Geist's Department Store and sought out Sylvia in her noisome lair. She still retained a semblance of faded Valentine hearts and frayed paper lace prettiness doubtless alluring to unsophisticated adolescents and I gave her a last chance . . . I threw a sawbuck in her lap saying it was hers in any case but to tell me the truth: Is she free from disease? "I'm clean as your own mother, dearie!" she lisped, sealing her doom, and soiling my gloved fist on her *impasto* complexion I clipped her on the jaw, lowered her unconscious form to the bed and ripped off her clothes. Then I unwrapped my purchases: a pound of powdered Plaster of Paris and a pastry-tube . . . mixed powder with water to smooth batter, poured it into pastry-tube the nozzle of which I shoved up that malodorous maladied twat where at least one young explorer had been wrecked on his maiden-voyage —and squeezed!

Who is Sylvia, what is she
That the swains all adore her?

BETE NOIRE

I have acted a bit histrionically perhaps, yet I have struck a blow for Hygiene if not for Purity. *Avant-garde* frictional fiction has ever rung with praise for the whore with the heart of gold. Now I give you something new: the whore with the plaster vagina!

THE GONE BELOVED CHEAT—at 13?

(June 1956)

. . . I love those long, lazy summertime days when bored, nothing-to-do, schoolless mischievous lads short on money but brimming with sap cluster about like so many overripe peaches pining to be eaten . . . so much for wishful thinking! As a matter of sober fact, though, whenever I see a bevy of batted and balled boys wending toward some emerald diamond I droolily follow, hoping there might be something in it for old Casimir but generally the youngsters wind up in one of those depressing municipal playgrounds frustratingly high-fenced and lock-gated with uniformed guard yet to protect pubescent personnel (who protects them from themselves?). And today the situation hiccupily repeats itself like a 50¢ meal and prisoner-of-love I am outside looking in, yearning against the cruel enclosing wire like a crash-dieting tiger outside a careless orphanage. I prowl this too meshed paradise seeking hole, gap, break, opening or breach but the fence is exasperatingly *virgo intact*, yet I stealthy around the circumference ONE MORE TIME . . . and suddenly descry a sunshine lad with Cyprian eyes and Dorian face watching me from inside and I weasel up to him, displaying a folded fin and stiffening my thumb to show the nature of my nocuous need. And he cuts his hard amber orbs at me, elevates his aureate eyebrows, opens wide his rubescent mouth—and I flinch, expecting soprano screams for guard, fuzz, Mom and the Marines; but he merely whisks the extended bill from my nerveless grasp and pointing, murmurs: “Around the corner, Mac.” Leisurely he leads the way while I hop, skip, jump, bumble, trip and trimble

THE GONE BELOVED CHEAT - AT 13?

to a remote section where blessed bushes bristle and I on nettles and poison-oak-ivy kneel unmindful of their scritchey caress and press my famished face to the mesh against which the boy invitingly grinds his plush middle, shoving right hand inside his waistband and unzipping melodiously with his left. Closing my eyes, I open my mouth and prayerfully await penile health, wealth and happiness but what I get rudely, roughly, dirtily, mockingly shoved between my lips is not his phallus but his finger!

ROWAN—at 17

(January 1959)

. . . There is nothing new under the sun, only variations. During the Crusades while brave knights were dying for the Cross in hottest Saracenc-land, their hotter wives back home cleverly were opening chastity belts with medieval hairpins to let in the handsome conscientious objector from the castle next door. With cymbal clash and beat of drum, fade into the present: pettily blonde Mrs. Bulsifer is female but no lady, thuggily dark Mr. Bulsifer is male but no gentleman . . . and he travels a lot. And while hubby is away Mrs. B. consoles herself with Rowan whom I had when he was good, though he still retains the face of a hungover angel and a body by Phidias and is fonder of bed than Messrs. Simmons and Englander. And one night when Rowan is covering Mrs. B. like heavy cream on a gooseberry tart, Mr. B. shows up—extremely unexpectedly, it goes without saying! But Mr. B. surprisingly transpires to be bisexual when the need arises, and instead of taking Rowan mayhemly apart he merely mounts the already mounted lad. So—sandwiched between the doughy white bread of blonde Mrs. B. and the hard pumpnickel of dark Mr. B.—poor Rowan painfully squirms like a piece of corned beef!

PASCAL—at 18

(October 1962)

. . . We hear a lot about the Dignity of Man nowadays but where is your Dignity when you like Patience on a Monument are sitting on freezing bedpan at five in the morning in a crowded hospital ward and the damn orderly has forgotten to put a screen around your bed! Surely enough to make you weep through your sobs but a posture perhaps even more undignified is simple hetero intercourse, especially when the male is bottom man on his own totem pole (the female nowadays is on top more ways than one since those utter fools gave her the vote!), and let us hypothesize that this man was nicely hard but has lost it due to his strained position, thus muchly provoking his partner for his member now is soggily in just far enough to be tantalizing but not satisfying; and nothing they can do severally or united restores him to his former pinnacle of under-glory and the woman becomes so irritated, annoyed, exasperated, aggravated that prematurely her period starts, ending abruptly the man's sentence of infatuation . . . and they might as well go out to a movie! Yet all is not lost, for in this age of automation auto-mating screwing-machines have gone beyond the blueprint stage and are just around the corner, and in the very near future I foresee a private crapper with every hospital bed and a coin-operated copulation contraption which for two dollars in inserted dimes will lay you as you like it: *à la* woman, man, girl, boy, ewe or you name it . . . then everybody will have Dignity and Dignity will be a Dirty Word!

PASCAL - AT 18

... If he had a telephone Pascal would be a callboy but his real vocation is Purveyor to the Trade. I often see him hoofing busily about, always with a pigskin *attaché*-case, and though he is overage for me and my *cacoëthes pueri*, I am curious about his satchel so take him home one otiose evening where the lad readily displays the contents of his tote-bag, a miscellany of yum-yums for those of failing powers or the few whose true north in the compass of sex is perversity. There are silk-and-leather whips, nettle scourges, piano-wire flails, chain-mesh lashes and other *flagellanterie*; Spanish fly and a United Nations of allied flies, besides yohimbine, caga-root and like aphrodizzyacs; orgasm-retarding and spasm-hastening unguents, salves and ointments; steel and silver needles both plain and electrically-charged for *frottage* or perforating penile / anile areas. And in a heavily-padded section of Pascal's *portmanteau* are tiny-motored massagers for tired testicles and phalli; prostatic, vaginal, anal, urethral A.C.-D.C. stimulators and dildoes; battery-powered phallo-complementers to increase vibrantly the length and girth of small or limp members, and an ingenious suction-pump of chromium and gum rubber guaranteed to outperform the most accomplished fellator. The lad suggests we go to bed where he'll be tickled to demonstrate any item I am interested in but I put him down for he is too depraved-looking, with bister duo-circles under his eyes and a rank odor of stale KY on him. Somewhat hurt by my refusal, Pascal pulls out a little memorandum-book listing his satisfied customers, identified by initials only but with additive illuminating notes, as: HST—likes to be stomped on, bring football-shoes; RFK—takes it in the left ear only, don't forget to

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remove hearing-aid first; LBJ . . . but what sends LBJ is not fit for family-reading so I will omit it. And since the lad has been so obliging and still evidences a little resentment that I have not eagerly availed myself of his doubtful body, I purchase one of the suction-pumps which will be just the thing for an old queen I know who is called *Ill Wind* because he blows nobody good!

AUGUST—at 17

(September 1956)

... In medieval heraldic times August's coat of arms would have been a stallion *rampant* covering a bull ditto, riding a ram likewise, sodomising a buck hare. I knew his mother so I can uncontradictively assert that August was not only an S.O.B., but an unequivocal son of a bitch as well. Bastard get of an unspeakable dam and unknown sires (probably a multi-superfotation in one too fertilited night) August was a farmboy (plowboy in the impregnative sense)—the complete absolute 100% male with not a female chromosome in him. Lascivious as mink or sultanless harem he screwed everything, everyone with a blind brute-beast Id-lust that shook the fragile foundations of civilized humanism . . . he penetrated bloody liver simulatively slit, overripe watermelons, anthills after a rain, women, girls, boys, heifers, mares, hens, large female canines and his own mother, lewdly acquiescent; indeed, it is to be doubted even the knotholes within August's reach were long virgin, and to none of these unions did he bring even the shadow of tenderness or consideration, absorbed only in the callous slaking of his super-sexed urge. Living indictments of themselves, this Caliban and his Messalina-Mom might have gone on for years being a menace to animate and inanimate alike had not August at last gone too far and bestially raped the 13-year-old daughter of a certain Farmer Brown, a rugged individualist who had seen too many irresponsible youths out on low bail or easeful probation for this cruel derring-do; and when his little girl, only child and apple of his eye had finally to be committed to a mental institution

AUGUST - AT 17

as a result of August's too aggressive ingress, Farmer Brown feeling red rutilant riot took the law into his own hands. At gunpoint he forced the ravisher to strip, tied him upright to a stout post in his barn and turned a hungry suckling calf in with him. The young bovine soon discovered the teat that was but one-fourth as numerous as the feeding-station he was accustomed to, but there was a comforting similarity and though an insufficient, different-tasting milk was expelled through his vigorous suck-butting and forceful gumming, still it was better than nothing. August remained with this gluttonous bull-to-be for a long day, longer night, after which his body was found floating in a nearby stream—and the absence of his male symbol and sign was attributed by the shocked, puzzled authorities to some species of piranha-like fish which oddly must have migrated from jungled Amazon rivers to the peaceful environs of Iowa. And since August's passing took place on the first day of the ninth month of the year, it is entirely fitting, accurate and appropriate to state that the first of September was the last of August!

ANDY—at 14

(August 1949)

. . . By odd concatenation of the irrelevant and the un-particular, I am spending a quiet evening at home catching up on my co-respondents and making a virtue of unnecessary salivating over my albums of *au naturel* boys, winnowing the shockwavers from the merely satisfactory when Andy who is an outstanding example of Peloponnesian art, specifically of the school of Argos, comes to say Hello. And that is literally about all he can do for the nonce as he is taped in front from a recent circumcising which is playing hob with him, and he is also bum-bandaged due to a cyst having been removed from perianal precincts, and albeit massively drugged with aspirin / codeine, the poor lad still is in much discomfort and turns pale when you mention Bathroom for he has already had one tormentuous experience with toilet-backlash, and he has taken neither food nor drink for the past 24 hours to give his excretory organs a much-needed respite. But he desires a fast fin for some boyish folly so offers his jockey-hard thighs which I accept with avidity (one live boy being more exciting than ten thousand pictures of same), and it is a distinct thrill just to stroke Andy's sleek, polished marmoreal body anywhere, yet our liquid-vaselined inter-crural activism is not an unmitigated success as it gives the boy so violently painful an erection that I have to muffle his screams by stuffing his own socks in his mouth so the neighbors won't think I'm sodomising the cat. And finally, petted and pilled, threnodic Andy laments away and I do not see him for a month; then one night he bursts in wild-eyed, raving, bombed out of

ANDY - AT 14

his mind. I administer a stiff shot of Old Stinkfinger to calm him and myself down and in the boozy camaraderie that ensues I enjoin him to confide what is upsetting him this time, and it develops that the hapless lad has more troubles than a one-eyed madam in a cut-rate cathouse with the girls on strike, for out of the commingled sobs, groans, hiccups and wails I pluck and piece together sufficient informative phrases to learn that Andy's cyst is sprouting anew and he is also growing a second foreskin!

LUC—at 13

(January 1965)

. . . While insomniac nightbird criticals the overbright moon and my exhausted darling sleeps with unconscious hand intimate upon me, I delve in Webster's Unabridged for worthy linguistic terms to convey my regard for Luc . . . for this lad whose presence, whose very name can both tense and relax me. Impiety not intending, I could say he exalts me to celestial eyrie overlooking the gods yet that lacks originality. And I could always drown in his depthful eyes, cool my face in his *brun*-foam hair, sip from his nectar'd lips, buss his sea-shell ear, his tender cheeks embrace and on his young breast expire . . . but all echo the facile poetaster, the sophister, the sophomoric. So I will simply, sincerely state in crude hip-argot of the day—hoping for recognition's nod or smile of *déjà vu*, though I dig *infra dig's* elevated eyebrows as well—that if Luc granted me nothing else, I would be happy just to kiss his unwiped ass!

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

(November 1963)

. . . Let nothing in this Diary persuade you that I hate women! On the whole I admire them: I respect Mothers and though I cannot abide Moms I will not totally disparage them for they too produce boys, grandmas are tops, aunts (female-type) are unobjectionable, stepmothers frequently are more beneficently maternal than the natural article, sisters are useful, wives are anathema, mothers-in-law often favorably surprise you, clean whores are indispensable, tomboys are sublimative and women in general are nice to have around if only to throw things at, to sic the dog on or to confirm one's worst suspicions. And not to deny credit where signally due, in the never-cold war between the sexes though I am not a participant I have observed that women have it all over men in this unceasing conflict, for the female never admits defeat—she never stops fighting, fouling, planning, deceiving, cheating, contriving, scheming, intriguing to gain her amative goal. You can leave a member of the weaker sex lying torn and bloody on the battlefield of love and minutes later she comes at you from around the corner in a Sears Roebuck Dior and Mr. John-copy hat, Elizabeth Arden nails aflaut and Woolworth warpaint flying . . . and man, you better turn tail and haul it because you're never going to win! I have known broads from 69 to 96 (down and up), brazen with rouge, lipstick, mascara; *clinquantant* with earrings, necklaces, bangles and if they can no longer bend over to put a slave-bracelet on their left ankle they will get someone to do it for them—and it's all part of their never-ending, ingeniously-waged campaign to

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

cunningly divide and conquer some unsuspecting male aged 17 to 70 (up and down). And sometimes you will see a Social Security-yearred tomato with her can stuffed into bright-red toreador-pants like twin basketballs in a used condom, her hair rainbow-dyed, her melon-tits bursting out of a tight teener sweater, no stockings and her painted-nailed (and sometimes dirty-ankled) feet shoved into open-toed open-heeled shoes wedgies or spiked—and her sum-total appearance shocks the eye, she's undignified, ridiculous and plain silly but still she's in there pitching what she's got, proclaiming to the male world that she's a woman and they better watch their step or one of them will find himself right under her inexorable thumb. And this emphasizes one reason why men die earlier than women: men lose their challenging attitude toward life and their zest for the new, the different, the unusual; some even lose faith and confidence in themselves, gradually slackening into so near-comatose a condition that undertakers regard them thoughtfully and dry-wash their itchy hands. But a woman's sexual philosophy is: Never say Die, never sigh Old, never cry Surrender, never sob Too Late; and she contends frenziedly to the final trumpet against lover-enemy Man and those other adversaries called Boredom and Conformity and Defeat and Age and Disease and Death. And she has very few weapons really, compared with the male: basically all she possesses is what popularly is known as the feminine *mystique*—and when you boil that down, strain it and take out the impurities, what you have left is simply an outrageous vanity, a handful of cosmetics and an ace in the hole!

WAKEFIELD—at 14

(July 1958)

. . . For the male, the successful pursuit of happiness is merely a matter of overcompensation: are you short? become Napoleonic; 'tis poor you are? adapt yourself to the cult of Robin Hood; impotent art thou? then love boys for theirs is the only fleshly passion that survives the Final Hard-On.

. . . Some of my best friends are heteros, among them Mr. Garner who at 65 has automatically been retired—but his job was his life and he can't find a part-time one; his worser-half drives him out of the house so he won't get underfoot during the day, but at night is scathingly resentful that he is so rarely up to his family-duty; his spoiled offspring demand subsidies; *their* spoiled offspring demand baby-sitting and generally Mr. G's existence is so replete with inequities and indignities that he contemplates euthanasia or high bridges. I tell him he has done enough for Posterity, now let Posterity do something for him, and what he needs is a youthful companion who can teach him to relax and enjoy life, yet will not ceaselessly be pestering him to fill that insatiable slit with which he is so exhaustfully, incapably acquainted—though if on occasion he should desire a sexual *apéritif*, this young person will provide it gladly but in different fashion than is customary. Mr. G. looks blankly askance and I continue: Has he ever considered an exciting, relatively inexpensive, easy-riding relationship with a nice young boy? And if we had not been sitting in the park Mr. G. would have brained himself on the ceiling, for he goes straight up in sheets of

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flame, vociferating how dare I suggest such an illegal / immoral / lewd / obscene / lascivious / licentious, etc. etc., and I wait until his color rainbows from apoplexy-green through outraged-red to shocked-pink then reply he should think it over and if he changes his mind to come over at about eight tonight and meet Wakefield. He looks at me like I am something a sick toilet threw up and stalks away in what I believe is called High Dudgeon and I smile like a cat in a fish-market, go home, put lots on beer on ice, prepare spicy sandwiches . . . and bide my time. Punctually Wakefield appears, effulgently appealing as ever with his chorister face and carnation body shoe-horned into fade-blue dungarees and starch-stiff white shirt, and noting complacently that he is stiff with starch too I clue him in as to a possible visitor who could become his very profitable patron which immediately intrigues the lad as he has a thing about older men and likes them almost as much as he likes money, bless his big little nightsoil heart. Eight o'clock sees no Mr. G. but on the half-hour he furtives in looking like Number One on the Ten-Most-Wanted List, subdued, apologetic and with so pervasive an air of loneliness and neglect that he chills the room with it, yet his glance winces away from friendly Wakefield as if the boy were Satan's stepson. Gratefully Mr. G. downs the glass of beer I offer, and a refill, and another, managing to look more woebegone than ever but when the youngster sits on the couch beside him, spreading his *RSVP* thighs wide so the tab to his pants-zipper is temptingly displayed, Mr. G. jitters away so convulsively his snap-on bow tie pops across the room. I bring in the sandwiches and more beer I have bolstered by adding ten shots of Old Feelthy and we eat while

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my elder guest and I exchange desultory remarks about the unpredictable weather, then I urge Mr. G. to drink up, which he does . . . to drink up, which he does ... to drink up, which he does . . . until I judge it is time for Wakefield to go into the second stage of his moral suasion, so covertly I signal to him and he begins to peel down. And 3.2% fortified, 98-proof mellowed Mr. G. for the first time dares to look fully at the boy who with his back to him is just removing his briefs . . . and here I will disclose to you that Wakefield has the kind of smooth pink Apriline ass that would make a Baptist preacher lay his Bible down and ponder the Word that has become Flesh! Rose-rampantly five inches ahead of himself the boy goes and sits on Mr. G's now helpless lap and says: "Cold pops, why you play so hard to get!" And the old, rapidly getting younger man gives a gasp, a twitch, a sigh and as he takes the lad into his arms you can almost hear his troublous burdens fall clanking to the floor. I give Wakefield a congratulatory pat on the shoulder, get them to their feet, push them into bedroom and return to finish the one sandwich and lone bottle of beer remaining, then try to find something to read but every book I take up falls open at a love-scene so I just sit there and listen to the sounds coming from beyond my bedroom door which must be made of cardboard for too plainly I hear muted moans, stifled cries, muffled panting, unpregnant silences, lurid tide-lapping noises and wrenching ejaculations . . . some of them vocal!

KELSEY—at 13

(July 1959)

. . . I don't know too much about cars so I couldn't tell you right off the bat if this heap I have rented is Volkswagen or Lincoln Continental but it has wheels and there is nothing like mobility to shake a lad loose from his cherry or the box it came in. And I am cruising around in my usual cautious orthodox fashion, going through red lights and stopping at green with the greatest of ease when I spot this nirvana lad, cute little compact with rampaging radiator ornament surely betokening a fluid drive, and crashing to screeching halt against a hydrant and scaring pissless a leg-lifted mongrel, I interrogative the youth does he perchance incline to a jot of motorization. Besides having dimples, the kid obviously is the adventurous type for he clambers in saying he would admire the most to go to Fifth and Main in which general direction I aim the vehicle, but it soon evolves that this boy knows more about internal-combustion transportation than Ford and General Motors combined for he commences to make snide remarks about the way I drive, also comprehensively indicating what I am doing wrong which is everything. Then it dawns on me that I left my driver's license back at the car-rental place and furthermore it expired last night, possibly from the humiliation of having stamped on its face in red ink the glaringly inequitable judgment: NOT RECOMMENDED FOR RENEWAL! Meanwhile this pyrrhic poltergeist I have picked up back seat drives from the front seat so devastatingly that by the time we get to Main and Fifth he has stripped my gears, flooded my ignition, unlined my brakes, run down

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my battery and altogether made a junkyard wreck of me. And to add felony to insult to teetotal treachery he calls over a burly cop who harmlessly has been leaning against a lamppost dreaming of retirement . . . and introduces me to his father!

BUCKY—at 14

(April 1946)

. . . Bucky is one of the more select *puppenjungen* with a magnificent phallophysiognomy that has no rival; a superb athlete, he can stand while lying down but his parochial conception of the way to woo is to 'wrassle'. Each time I recumbent him he transforms the martyred mattress into super-thick, ultra-soft pillowed wrestling-mat, thereon proudly displaying his sartorius muscles, deltoids, biceps, triceps and sural development but when I ask to be allowed to feel his erector-muscle and its fluted environs he looks down his prim nose and shakes his prude head. Thus any embraces I manage to give this boy-Hercules are in the course of rather more violent and undignified exercise: when he puts head-lock on me I kiss him . . . and cry Uncle! I twist under his hard hammerlock to teethe on his harder nipples . . . and cry Uncle! While he administers a punishing half-nelson I contortedly contrive to ravish his buttercup belly-button . . . and cry Uncle! And so my bruise-ful courtship painfully progresses as Bucky runs through his extensive repertoire of third-degree holds, then repeats. But when on desperate occasion I eel out of his rib-cracking limbs, dart down and put determined tongue-lock on his hot sweaty young glans, Bucky instantly subsides on sheet, relaxes every straining sinew, taut tendon and mordacious muscle except the one I now convulsively grip and grabbing my ears, he whinnies in libidinous glee: "OK, Duke, you win! I know when I'm *licked!*"

FIAT LUX

(October 1964)

. . . Doctors should never be sick, dentists should never wear false teeth and head-shrinkers should never go mad— it's such bad advertising! But then advertising is bad all over. I like to keep abreast of what the opposition is doing so I never miss an issue of *Woman's Day*, *Seventeen*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, the *Compleat Whore's Monthly*, etc., and I am now leafing through the September number of the *Ladies Home Evening Post* which I have abstracted from the mailbox next door, intending faithfully to return same—and it cudgels me anew how few ads feature boys, even in general publications or those slanted especially to the male audience like *Playboy*, *Esquire* and that lot. And when at length you do come across a lad (touting boys'-apparel usually) while he is almost without exception a cute little honeydipper exuding mana from every observable crook and nanny and with a twinkle in his ormolu eyes which seems to say: I may be a boy-model but I'm far from a model boy, you still see only one of them for a dozen or fifteen freakish, munster-faced, TB-torso'd, inch-long nailed, pawky-gawky-limbed females so maskingly *maquillaged* that you might be looking at Frankenstein's mother-in-law for all you know . . . and what, like as not, are these *girls* modelling? Page-boy bobs or Italian-boy haircuts, boy-shirts, butcher-boy smocks, boy-coats, sailor-boy hats, collars and blouses, boy-cut slacks and boyleg swimsuits! Now what the advertising choochies have overlooked is that one man in five-and-a-half likes males sexwise and even though probably not boysexual, that man would be content and possibly

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eager to look at a lad just with the thought: Jeez, what a man he'll make! And personally I would buy a hell of a lot more beer, for example, if I saw an ad showing a naked inebriated youth with grapes in his hair sprawled on an innerspring with a bottle of Bunghole Brand Beer in each hand and Alcoholics Sodomynous breaking down the door— needn't be anything sensational, you understand, just good clean conservative understated soft sell! But such a spiritual and elevating departure from the drab girlie-girlie norm will never be presented to the public, the obstacle being those Madison Avenue flip-lips who are all in the anomalous position of being matriarchically brain-washed without having any brains; and doggedly they will continue to peddle their putrid visual misinformation until they are either lavenderly-infiltrated or themselves catch the incurable but transportive *microbus pedophilus*. But someone should at least wise up the manufacturers, the wholesalers, the middlemen and retailers that boys— always in good taste—are definitely the In-Thing this year!

TRAUMERIE PRIMERO

(June 1949)

. . . All philosophy is the grudging, sometimes graceful acceptance of defeat but even in the fantasies of slumber am I basely thwarted. Last night I dreamt I was the sole and absolutely only camp-latrine in the exact center of the Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, and golden lads were lined in a quarter-mile queue, jumping up and down in their exigent need to visit me. And sweet boy after boy pressed his *vibrato* parts against me, *pipi*-pingling gentle gamboge rain from puerile heaven above and it was all exceedingly empyrean until that *schmuck* of a Scoutmaster had to rudely precipitately intrude with his chronic diarrhea!

LENNY—at 17

(March 1964)

. . . Be so kindly, Lenny, please stop trying to reform me! Just because you are no longer on the game (at 14 you were so eager for sperm-cupping that your pants-zipper was always fusing!) and now have eyes for nothing but the stultific slit, do not leap over the conclusion that I show the same lack of taste! Every day for the past week you have sent over either Bridget or Maggie—both sixteen but not sweet, and badly in need of fumigating and a two-hour tub-soak. And I would not be even slightly incredulous to find they have been tucking pieces of my sterling silver and other costly minutiae into their scurfy, sour-smelling beehive hairdos, for someone is abstracting same and your frowsty *fraus* have been my only recent visitors. You say I should emotionally grow up to my calendar age, put away childish things and be a man, stop all this perverse clippety-clop with boys and switch to girls which is the natural / normal thing to do. But I have heard all that bumptious bushwa before—from experts yet, so don't try to teach an old dog dirty tricks, and if I prefer a lad's Anxious Seat to a lass's Amen Corner perhaps I am far better sped than you, as I strongly suspect you are trying to foist one or both of your noisome bags onto me because you have got one or both in an Interesting Condition!

PERRY—at 13

(August 1951)

. . . As the tree is bent so the limbs are inclined, little oaks from big acorns grow, early to bed and early to rise gives boys something to play with, many a mickle makes a muckle congressional investigation, and give me the sweet hostage child when he is 13 and nol-prosse that charge of kidnapping!

. . . Perry, sweet Rose of Paestum and of Pablum, has a face as pinkly innocent as a baby's ass. He is an ex-Boy Scout who was thrown out for unbecoming conduct with a Cub Scout—some taradiddle about two kids in one bunk or one kid in two bunks . . . I never did get the real lowdown, being above such *chroniques scandaleuses*. Quite a ceremony was made of poor Perry's ouster, however: his whole Troop assembled in a square in the middle of which the lad was shorn of his merit badges, hat insignia and neckerchief clasp to slow mournful drumbeat and dirgeful fife, the Scout Flag at half-mast. Perry's parents devote every waking, unworking moment to acquiring a hangover or recovering from one so the boy spends his nights with me and is never missed; but each morning after he leaves *I* miss one or two little items though nothing of real value so I don't mention it as I don't want to lose Perry who is a veritable King of Cockaigne and erects at everything—food, drink, a clock striking, a weather report. To bed with this boy is to experience a succession of delightful hard times infinitely welcome in the depths of my buccal depression, despite his exacting a correspondingly inflated price. Now I notice that when the lad eventually

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lapses into tired slumber he passes into a condition more coma than deep sleep and experimenting I discover nothing short of holding him under a cold shower will rouse him before daybreak, so taking advantage of this adventitious circumstance I wait until jealous Morpheus steals Perry from me in the midst of a phrase or a promise, shiveringly contain myself for five needles-and-pins minutes then slip down to find him once again erect, exuding the rapturous scent of boy-juice still untapped. Blessing his unaware availability I fit myself onto him like one-fingered glove and three hard downstrokes and four soft upstrokes later his body arches tautly and straining against me with *crescendo* sighs of unconscious pleasure he releases hot dairy'd spurts that are all the more enjoyable because they're costing me not a single thin dime. So I let Perry continue to pilfer from me which is only fair . . . for blissfully, freely I steal from him!

LUC—at 13

(February 1965)

. . . Once a boy knows you are his slave (never tell a hustler you love him—he will exploit the very nails out of your shoes!) he will not long be content to play the master but soon or sooner will essay the role of tyrant, which is typically young male and normally aggressive but you have to scotch it in the bud or there is no living with him. Last night Little Horse kicked me awake at three o'clock in the morning and capricious as a boy pope demanded I go out and get him a quart of onion-pistachio ice cream and a box of cinnamon mcgeorge-bundies. For a minute there I thought he was pregnant then I realized he was just trying it on to see how I would react, and since extensive boy-experience has taught me that in certain situations as in some amatory positions a stiff upper lip is indicated, I turned him over and not unlightly tanned the nether cheeks of this cheeky lad, pillowed my head on the warm loaves (very nice these cold winter nights!) and told him to go the hell back to sleep. Luc scowled at me over his shoulder for a moment then probably to keep his little masculine self-image intact he said: "As long as you're up and you're down there, give me a rim-job, please, sir!" And confident of my acquiescence he shoves my pillow beneath his middle and pries apart his tight nates, snakily laying open before my rabbitry gaze his narrow exotic valley sheltering the recessed clove-pink temple. Since I don't want him to feel neglected, unwanted or insecure, febricitly I begin to de-petal the tight-furled anal bud, lipping a titbit of bittersweet milk-chocolate from his *crème de cacao* sphincter which struggles manfully

LUC - AT 13

against my lingual invasion but finally surrenders the keys to the supersensitive inner citadel, and as I pierce this last treasure-troved stronghold the boy thrusts hotly against my face and exclaims: "Wow, sir, are you using your tongue— or sandpaper!" And when I have made a sufficiently adequate penetrative analysis to satisfy him and myself he twists out from under me, reversing himself to reveal so architecturally classic a temporary erection that immediately I fall on it with hoarse demolishing cries but he shoves me away, *cache-sexes* his hands over his pulsatant Canaan, Land of Promise, and fanciful as a boy emperor he commands me to go out and get him a copy of *What Every Young Boy Should Know* and a family-size jar of Spanish fly!

LINDEN—at 15

(June 1956)

. . . Passionate youth may burn but theirs is a cool flame compared with the white-hot fires that five-alarm the years after fifty. I have respect for the elderly and sympathy for dim eyes, gray hair, dentures, wrinkles and other sere inevitables, realizing that often desire is still urgently young though the body is not, so when Mr. Snodgrass who at 81 is experiencing an ethical change-of-life pleads with me to help him thaw fair Linden's dry ice heart, I gladly lend my moral support and figuratively and a smidgen literally twist the boy's short-arm for I know of a certain peckerdillo he has committed on a statutory pig. And while Linden has a natural disinclination to let old age creep over him, I assure him Mr. Snodgrass is no longer capable of that. . . "But hell, Duke," the boy further protests, "the old fart's on his last legs—a good swing on my gate would kill him!" I reason back: "So all right already, so what a way to go! Nor will it hurt you to do a few good deeds for a change as there just might be a Heaven in which case you are going to be in one Hell of a bind!" The lad grouses, grumps, groans but at last puts his blue-suede shoes under December's bed and the next day the astonished, richer, wiser, thoroughly drained boy chides me for not telling him sooner that there were so many kicks in being massaged with warm Geritol and gummed-off!

SONNY—at 17

(October 1957)

. . . A burnt fire dreads the child, water left to its own devices will always flow uphill, what goes down must watch out, and a sportsman who can't make a hole-in-one may be luckier than he knows!

. . . I knew Sonny during his bloom from 13 to 16 when he used to share my bed (but not for lack of beds) and play the Five Acts of Sodomy with me to standing room only. We still keep in touch and he is here tonight reminiscing about the Widow Schwanz with whom he was erecto-jaculatorily acquainted this past summer until an unfortunate *triple-entente* debacle transpired. He tells me the Widow S. was notorious in his part of town for having four youths on her string though she's 75 if she's a year— but the yen for young *linga* is happily no respecter of age. In addition to Sonny, the andromaniac widow had Geo., Wm, and Theo., lusty lads all, none above 22 but Sonny was the favorite because of his teenful push and drive; however, he is a youth who likes things nice and early in their association he tells Schwanzie to shave her wiry pubic bush which abrasively steel-wools his tender Mount of Adonis during *accouplement*, and he suspects even her clitoris to be bearded if not goateed. So the widow dutifully searches out her dainty female-type razor and goes to work but the narrow blade somehow loosens and drops out and is at once greedily sucked up by the unutterable *oubliette*, and vainly she attempts to fish out same with finger, pencil, bath-brush handle, foot-rule

SONNY - AT 17

and yardstick, but since she is cowily endowed in this region doubtless she is confident there is ample room for the blade to sojourn, to work its dazed way out in due time. But, Sonny relates, repressing a shudder at his narrow escape, in the course of the following two days and during which he was down with the virus and not up to pistoning Schwanzie, Geo., Wm. and Theo. separately and severally stretch themselves inside the widow, departing in the following sad shape: Geo. has his social-finger, left hand, cut off at the knuckle; Wm. circumcisively loses not only his foreskin but also his glans penis; and Theo., patently not squeamish, is minus three-fourths of his tongue!

WARREN—at 18

(October 1954)

. . . Zippers are a great moral influence, always getting stuck or jumping the track, refusing to open or close, snaring pubic hair in painful embrace . . . yet if the truth were known, saving their wearers a great deal of indirect grief though perhaps subjecting them to some immediate inconvenience or embarrassment. But once in a while you will meet up with a cunning, usually foreign-made zipper that callously betrays you to ruin!

. . . I am having a horseburger with a side of Frenched-fries in Pete's Place (a local *ephebaeum* where occasionally you can glom onto a spermy *signororo*) when Warren comes in and bums coffee and a Mae West as brazenly as if we were still pillow-pals. I knew him when he was a douce kid of 15, familiar with all the ancient Athenian enthusiasms and possessed of golden calves that impelled idolatrous worship and an extrovert southern exposure that inspired odes to his distended fly and the come-ly reproductive system within, for early-blossoming Warren was developing a phallus so bull-sized that I would not have been astonished to hear he was fuzz-dropped for carrying a concealed weapon. Then at 16 Warren found out there was another sex, went hog-wild, and since he was drawn to older types spent all his time plowing discontented wives of which there is a scarifying abundance, and while they did not pay so well as their male counterparts (if they paid at all), still they must have given the lad something to bolster his masculinity and flatter his vanity—both of too rank growth already. And

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now while he has a second cup of coffee I tell him I don't think it quite equitable for a young buck like him to be putting horns on toilworn, faithful, ageing husbands who are virtually grindstone-noseless from their *fraus'* obsession of not only keeping up with the Joneses but with the Rockefellers too. And I add he will be getting married himself one of these days and how will he like it if . . . etc. But Warren has see-not ears and hear-not eyes for he shrugs and launches into an account of the latest pig he is porking—a Mrs. Meddybemps, originally from Maine. Now it happens I know Mr. and Mrs. Meddybemps in a roundabout way and Mrs. M. is one of those schmuckalinas who dominates a room even before she enters it and also has a chronic habit of overdoing things, even to the ringing of a doorbell; while Mr. M. is something of a mouse but with a ratlike temper when cornered, so I warn the lad that if he insists on slipping the golden coins of his youth into the overage group of the bottomless piggy-banks then why doesn't he pick widows and/or spinsters as being safer and more appreciative but I am talking to myself for Warren has ducked out. Three days later I hear the boy is in the hospital and further inquiry establishes that while he was double-back-beasting Mrs. M., her unexpectedly-off-for-the-afternoon husband is heard coming up the front steps and Warren in greatest haste pulls on his pants, zipping up not only his fly but half the circumference of his scrotal sac and three anterior tendons of his erective apparatus as well. And by the time he has trajectoried out the fortunately ground floor window and staggered to the nearest hospital—misdirected twice by wellmeaning pedestrians and not a taxi in sight—Warren's virile oil has leaked out over

WARREN - AT 18

half-a-mile of Main Street; in the emergency-room an interne obliquitously smitten with a cute student-nurse too hastily unzips Warren thereby inexpertly compounding the damage, so when the surgeons finally arrive they can do nothing but snip, carve, excise and otherwise caponise the poor lad. Now the boy's southern exposure is something one quickly averts one's eyes from— for what use is an ever-limp bat without balls? However Warren does have a very neatly printed, functionally illustrated post-operational pamphlet entitled: Eunuch-hood, or Learning to Live Without It.

LUC—at 13

(February 1965)

. . . When Luc thumbs his engorged fly at me he forgets I consider it delicious invitation, not deadly insult; but he is a clever lad, he learns fast: now he thumbs *my* fly at me and I, not being double-jointed or an acrobat, am somewhat at a loss!

C'EST SI BON!

(January 1961)

. . . Love is the alkahest, the universal solvent that transmutes into gold the base metal of humdrum existence . . . I was milking a pithy lad late one *leche* night, wondering if he had been tuberculin-tested, when out of the booboo blue it occurred to me that over the years I have known quite a few men past forty who were bachelors, divorced, widowers or all three and almost without exception they had sublimated their sex lives into such hobbies as collecting stamps, coins or matchbook-covers. Now I consider it a gruesome waste of time, money and the finer emotions to pore evening after evening over bits of printed paper or metal when you could be embracing the changing profile of a naked tumescing boy or otherwise fingering the configuration of some celestial young body in heavenly heat. And of course *chacun à son goût* and all that, and certainly you do not have to inspect a stamp for possible gonorrhoea, and a matchbook-cover will never pull a switchblade on you nor will a coin show up on Wednesday at four in the morning when he promised faithfully to come round on Tuesday afternoon . . . but, yet, still, on the other hand I've never heard of even the most enthusiastic numismatist or dedicated philatelist going pantingly to bed with a coin or a stamp!

EINAR—at 14

(December 1954)

. . . The lover of boys is forced to be maladroit practitioner of the arts of illegal felonious expertise: he must oppose, appease, evade, delude, bribe, propitiate and endure Nature, custom, tradition, morals, ethics, laws, ordinances, parents, public opinion and the toughly delicate prey he pursues. If momentarily he relaxes his uneasy vigilance he may forfeit life, limb, liberty, alleged good name, friends, job and mere (essential) money; yet even the most warily astute sometimes missteps the parlous path, trips over the shadow of the rock that isn't there.

. . . I take the airliner from New York City to Newark, New Jersey but some ibbity-bibbity of the eternal verities lands me in a God-and-Devil-forsaken town in the Midwest. Investigating, I quickly find that there is no juvenile meat-market in the place nor in fact an even half-presentable lad on the streets. The shades of night (also venetian-blinds) now falling fast, I resort as last resort to a trifle of Peeping-Tomism hoping to view some youth intimately communing with himself but after developing acute astigmatism from trying to peer into opaque windows I finally come upon a hefty matron fingering the triangle of damp Brillo between-legs and though an exhibition of female onanism is not the sound of seraphim harps to me, I watch to see if possibly she employs a new method or a novel instrument like, say, an umbrella. Disappointingly, what she *is* doing is trying to locate the string(s) of her sanitary device (s) which she finds and ploppily pulls and I drop dead

EINAR - AT 14

for a moment and then decamp, thinking with apropos disillusion of the iniquitous inequity of this pastime . . . I can be arrested as vile Peeping Thomas for looking through unshaded window at this sad sack of sagging flesh, but if *I* happen to be nude in the privacy of *my* home under similar circumstances and a woman looks in at *me*—who gets fuzzed? *I* do, for Indecent Exposure! Another instance of men wronged by women's rights. Wandering back into town I bump into the 4-H Club building which I had missed before and which bears a big sign on the wall announcing Junior Boys' Night in the swimming pool at eight o'clock, which perks me up considerable and it being then only seven I subvert down to deserted natatorium, disrobe to my shorts, cleave the chlorine and play submarine with such realism that my periscope develops mechanical difficulties. Forty minutes later a deluge of arabesque boys all naked as the day I was born, their young conning-towers alert for friend or enemy, pours around me and assuming I am lifeguard or inhibited sex-fiend in short order they unshort my quivering self, tow me about by my rudder and use me as boat and diving raft. Then I observe this dulcet youngster off by himself, fairest of all these jubilee juveniles with the sort of blue-violet eyes which are rare as roosters' ovaries, the only lad to wear swimming-trunks which set off his little status symbol in taut tautologic relief. I underwater over to him with wide disarming smile but he swims away kicking up such a ground-swell that I'm almost drowned so I rejoin the more raffish kids, whispering to the five most gregarious and attractive of them that if each will wait for me later I will cross his palm with silver and gold, and they smirk wisely, sucking

EINAR - AT 14

their forefingers in perhaps passion'd promise and one lissome licentious lad floats on his back and fountains into the air a topaz-tinted parabola, inviting me to quench my thirst and I wonder in species of delirium'd delight if all five will take advantage of my offer. Slowly the pool of disorderly gymnopaediae empties, I'm the last out and hurl on my clothes over wet hide, shove my feet into the wrong shoes and stagger to what gladsome assignation (s) . . . but no lads wait in shower-room or locker-room or hall or on the stairs and I am fast losing faith in the adventurism of young males when there in the lobby, impatiently tapping his foot and shy smile-rowning at me, waits the boy with the blue-violet eyes! His classic profile walking me into walls, he conducts me to the deserted Games Room, to lumpy leather couch in shadowed recess behind upright piano where he volunteers his name is Einar and his price is \$5 for which he will do anything within reason and for \$2 more he will toss reason out the window; but I hesitate for it all seems too easy, too served-on-a-platter, then I see him look down at himself and follow his gaze and my carrousel eyes behold in his yawning fly a dew-tipped, pulsant, blushing pink-red rose . . . and I am lost. Under my tremblant fingers describing erratic midriff circles, his sapient pricklet proves as full of tricks as a Sorbonne-graduated French poodle— now playing dead, then rolling over, sitting up, standing on hind legs, begging . . . and I am just about to teach it how to speak the liquid accents of love when a burly man catapults from beneath the couch, another pops up from in back of it, a third emerges from behind the piano and all converge on me laying their several rough right hands on my shrinking

EINAR - AT 14

shoulders, in unison charging me with inciting a tender-yearred, below-the-age-of-consent, child-in-the-eyes-of-the-law minor pubertal adolescent boy to consent to the infamous abomination of a sodomitical act . . . and despairing I realize that shy blue-violet-eyed Einar, unapproachable and then all too approachable, is a specimen of that apex of apogee'd sexual fink—a police decoy!

LUC—at 13

(February 1965)

. . . Every day, directly and indirectly I am direfully reminded through all media of communication that my affections are morals offenses, that my passionate devotion is an indictable felony! On this February 15th I get back about ten in the evening to find Luc in the library chin-deep in an ocean of ruled-paper, texts and reference books. Biting an absent greeting into my lips, he hardly glances up but invites me to examine all the Valentines he received at school today and which he has lined up on the mantel: there are twenty or more, none of which could have cost less than two-bits, all crassly sentimental, without exception signed *Love* and *Kisses* from Ruth / May / Imogene / Jane / Myrtle / Mary / Hertha / Mabel / Mable / Betty / Meggy / Peggy / Carol / Winifred / Helen / Irene / Florence / Flora / Maysie / Maybelle / Trixie etc. And young Casanova says smugly there were four more but they were from boys so he threw them away; I interject that there probably was far more intense sincerity of feeling reflected in those four than in all this displayed feminine frivolity, for it has been my experience that girls adore you one day and are tattling on you the next. Assuming haughty mien Luc says he doesn't mind girls loving him but he gets enough male-love at home, which reminds me and I suggest a nice hot associative bath and bed; the boy replies he sure would like to but he has to complete this theme which will get him on the honor-roll if well done. Putting a tear in my voice and pawing the carpet I venture a further tentative plea or two but they are strangled in midair so I voice my intention of taking a cold

LUC - AT 13

shower and going to bed but Little Horse protests he may need me to help him with his composition and promises me a nice four-bagger (Luc's own original four-stage single orgasm) later if I will stay and lend my assistance. I hold out for more immediate benefits which the boy grudgingly grants and I drag up the love-seat (there are six of them in this house once owned and furnished by a gangster's moll!) and sensually recline with my head in his lap, fancying I can feel siesta'd phallus and the firm suede sac wherein busily is brewing the powerful population potion but actually only getting my ear bloodily scraped on his exposed zipper-tab. As the boy's pencil races across paper, reverses to erase and speeds on I pull out his shirt, slip up undershirt and twist to bury my face in his warm flat hard little belly . . . and get roughly pulled away by the hair, have smudged fingers wiped on my cheeks, a paper-clip dropped in my mouth and am almost spilled to the floor as he half-raises to reach for a volume of the encyclopedia from which he copies a passage, asking: "Did you know that sex-offenses are on the increase?" Anchoring my head firmly between his thighs I mutter: "Well, naturally, if we are included in the pertinent statistics!" and my hand steals up to his moist navel where my forefinger-tip plays papa & mama so vigorously that Luc wrathfully bats it away, saying: "Sir, how many states have the death-penalty?" Wincing I name sixty or so that occur offhand while my claws lightly travel up his torso to the tiny right chest-nut then shuttle to and fro between the flat niplets which stir slightly then slowly stiffen under my forceful manipulation until the boy clips me on the chin with the World Almanac and questions: "Who was the first person to die in

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the electric chair, sir?" I answer: "The inventor, I hope!" which does not amuse and I get a fist in my solar plexus that sends my ill-digested dinner scuttling north and south with distressing gastric results. Gradually becoming curious and more than a little apprehensive of all this chit-chat about sex offenses and hot-seats, I ask Luc what the hell his theme is all about and he shows me the title in his large but very legible scrawl. Unbelieving, I read it once then read it a horrified second time . . . and the somewhat too long but very explicit title of Little Horse's perfidious work-in-progress is: **WHY I BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR ALL SEX-CRIMINALS!**

BEN—at 18

(June 1957)

. . . When he made his hustler-debut (Front and back for ten bucks, mister! Special today only!) Ben was a real swinging kid with an immortelle face of calm and storm and an efflorescent body that had me seeing double-entendres in every gracile move he made, and every other night for two years I played physician, treating his genital fever and taking oral temperatures of his equator'd thermometer so AMAtorily that the semenic mercury flashed up through the tube and exploded out the top. We integrated so perfectly that I pre-empted him to the exclusion of his sulking other patrons who having tasted Ben's *farouche* flesh were not content with lesser fare, then some malign axis'd fault tipped him into girl-orbit and now we are segregated sexually though still friends. He eats an occasional meal with me, cadges cigarettes and the odd buck and last night he borrowed the use of my shower and while he was drying himself I noticed his young pump-handle which during my tenure was archly granitic and plumply glossy, now looked bedraggled, bone-dry and serrated around the edges and when concernedly I mention it, Ben wearily confesses he is tired of trying to irrigate females' bottomless furrows (They just lay there and wait for you to fill 'em up!) in the course of which once-delightful pastime his back now aches, sweat runs down the crack of his ass and the screwie more often than not stops cracking peanuts long enough to tell him in a burst of beery candor that he is not half so good as Tom's Dick is Hairy!—and all this uncomfortable humiliation and fatiguing effort after having bought them

BEN - at 18

flowers and mobiled them to expensive restaurant and movie or dance. And when Ben reads in the Breeders' Gazette that a 16-year-old girl had 80 copulative contacts with assorted males in a single five-hour session, his penis and he are so disconcertedly discouraged that the former hid for two days behind Ben's testicles and refused to come out except for micturative purposes. "Just think!" stunned Ben bewailed, wringing his hands, "no matter how good a cocks-man a guy is, the best he can really do is satisfy about one-sixteenth of one girl!" How different it was with me, he adds wistfully, when he spermed pleasurably to both parties, with no sweat nor insults and money coming in instead of going out! and he steps up to me, gives me a sudden hard kiss like a blow, grabs my hand and asks if we can't take up where we left off. Alas and alack! (as they say on Skid Row) not only has Ben's blithe bloom been lost in females' split-personalities, but some warning tocsin clangs so deafeningly in my bad ear that I put him off, ethicalizing that a pretty girl is like a malady . . . uh, melody, be patient and Miss Right will come along and sweep you off your feet, for every good boy there is a Princess Charming somewhere who one day will come riding up on her white horse to take you away from all this, girls are the norm thing, it's better to be hetero than dead—and all the other clichés you hand a youth of whom you are doubtful. And some weeks later my premonition proves disastrously accurate for Ben is on the critical list in Memorial Hospital, struck low by:

Clap

BEN - AT 18

Crabs

Strain

Buboes

Syphilis

Prostatis

Blenorrhoea

Urethritis

Spermatorrhea

Groinal Exhaustion

Foreskin Hair-Burns (Second Degree)

and because he was too busy dancing attendance on the authors of the above-mentioned diseases, disorders and disabilities—his Blue Cross has expired!

LUC—at 13

(March 1965)

. . . My love is sacred and profane: angels blowing trumpets, pimps blowing strumpets. With inspired ease, gracefully, fervidly I could write epics about Luc's coralline chelidon, odes to his orphic omphalos, sonnets on his sipid sudor and an entire encyclopedia extolling his virtuoso virilia—but sadly what I can't do is scrawl epithalamiums of gratuitous *graffiti* on hot rectumic walls without any lead in my pencil!

TRAUMERIE SECUNDO

(June 1951)

. . . To hell with the facts of drab diurnals—give me the hypotheses of slumbered fancy: last night I had a dream so pluperfect that to awake was a nightmare! By virtue of some alleged achievement I had been invited to deliver the commencement address at the Crotchkiss School for Boys. And I was seated on the speakers' platform with other dignitaries and *goombah* rogues while below me, attired in the school uniform of torso-hugging wine-red jacket and tight light-blue pants showing in *alto rilievo* their little curriculums, were massed some two hundred exotic and various Babylonian lads vivid as immobilized rainbows, their bright and shining faces eagerly awaiting the Message. Stunned by such a concentration of ecstatic anatomies, I stepped forward and placed on the podium my speech authored by a gremlin ghostwriter, the title of which I now observed to be: THE DE AND IPSE OF FACTO—about whom, which or what I am completely *non compos mentis*. And clearing my gravelly throat I try to think of the first sentence, even the first word of my harangue when I glimpse a boy in the front row—fairest bloom in all that lovely hebetec garden—and he, hand in pocket hidden by his program, is beatifically and with precise dispatch so hotly parsing his dangling participle that he entirely unseats my already tottering mind . . . and as his cosmic spasm plunges him half out of his seat, I raise my palsied hands in an all-embracing gesture and with ear-shattering wistfulness intone the *alpha* of my oration: "Oral intercourse, anyone?"

RENFREW—at 13

(August 1964)

. . . Moronic love, your idiot spell is everywhere, illusional romance is the sugar-coating on lechery and who hath more tribulations than a cathouse-customer whose pants and wallet have been stolen? Foregoing is impressionist rendition of the American Ethic, or: Night-thoughts of him who Renfrew unknowing knows. A plausible little marauder who has ears by Michelangelo and is volatile as a live land mine is Renfrew, with a razor-keen expediential intelligence that would have made Machiavelli drown himself in the Arno at being so hopelessly outclassed. This boy has cast me into the involuntary hell of purgatoried frustration for times without number I have tried to get him to grace my bed and play Renfrew of the Mounted but he ever eludes me with slippery eel-agility. The first time I glimpse him I am piloting my new 1964 Hudson Super-Six and here is this lad all compromising smiles and euphonic legs in white gap-fly surfer-pants; sirenly I hornblow asking can I improve his pedestrian-status into rider-elite but deafeningly he shrills: "O *no* you don't! You ain't getting *me* into that heap for I have been told in school all about guys like you!" Aback-taken I rejoin: "What type of termite is gnawing on you, may I ask! Than Ben-Hur I am a better driver; I have seat-belts, accident insurance, bribe-renewed license; also new tires, spark plugs, and wall-to-wall carpeting!" And the kid contemptuates: "But you are a lousy queer if ever I saw one!" Goose-pimpled at the accuracy of his evaluation I stoutly rebut: "Truly you are squirrel-food for every hip boy knows queers have a wild look in their eyes

RENFREW - AT 13

and froth at the mouth!" Taking two cautious steps forward the boy carefully examines my kitten-blue eyes, my dry innocuous lips and says: "Well, if you ain't fruit then why you asking *me* to ride with you when the streets're full of pretty girls?" Swearing under, over and around my breath I reply: "Because my *fiancée* who presently is visiting her aunt in a distant city would kill me if she found out I went around picking up girls!" Which satisfies this left hoof of the Devil for he hops into the car, liling: "I'll go with you if you buy me a malt." Sniffing deeply of his spicy asscent on youth I assent and offer him a candy bar but he shrieks: "O *no* you don't! I been warned over'n'over never to take candy from strange men!" Murderously I mutter: "Are you for real already or just a figment of my sick imagination! I was going to eat the bar myself as I missed lunch, so I'm glad you refused it." But Lucifer Jr. grabs candy, crams it into his gob, mumbles: "OK, I'll eat it if you take me to the movie at Sixth and Ninth where they're showing three horror-films with free popcorn." I agree and we brake-fluidless along, my demon passenger thrilling me by yelling at Pasquale or Guiseppe hawking bananas that: 'I've got my *own*, already peeled!' then we malt-stop after which he heads for the Men's Room and I stumble thitherward myself but he screams: "O *no* you don't! No man is following *me* into a toilet!" Crossly I grumph that he is being supererogatively presumptuous to ask me to postpone answering Nature's imperative call just because a snotnose like him precedes me into a public rest-room! Grudgingly he concedes: "Well OK, if you gotta go—and if we stop for chop-suey after the movies!" Numbly I nod, a habit now, and he drains his little crankcase which I twist my neck

RENFREW - AT 13

out of joint to get a covert look at and it is nicely developed from much handling and eyes me with coy, flirty, juiceful promise . . . I think! But when I part from young equivocal late that night I realize I have penetrated him with sighs, ravished him with glances, raped him with hopes . . . and not so much as laid a finger on a hair of his catalyst head! And in the ensuing two weeks I lay out \$247.66 on him and have a wagonload of promises but not a firm commitment to kiss even the back of his not too clean hand; then, like Judge Crater or the Monroe Doctrine, Renfrew disappears without trace and I learn on impeccable authority that he had been accosted by a shabby stranger who was only seeking directions to Clancy's Free Lunch Bar and Grill but the boy apparently recalling the solemn cautions of teachers, parents and the press chose to think the man had designs on his virtue and there being no passerby to whom he could appeal, he galloped to the nearest house stentoriantly ringing the bell. And who should open the door but a benevolent, kindly-faced, white-haired old gentleman who proved to be a tiger-ruthless sex-maniac badly wanted in thirteen states and Canada . . . and Renfrew is whisked inside and that's the last seen of either of them. Now public opinion's consensus is that the poor lad's horribly mutilated body presently is lying on a river-bottom or full fathom five feet deep in the cold cold ground, but I would be willing to wager two empty KY tubes that somewhere Renfrew is sprawled at comfy ease in cushioned armchair, surrounded by a mountain of expensive juvenile loot, while in the next room a once tiger-ruthless sex-maniac badly wanted in thirteen states and Canada is despairfully cutting his throat!

FIAMETTO—at 17

(January 1960)

. . . Fiametto is an orphan Mexican boy with American habits and an Italian name which means 'little flame'. This son of the sun's Aztec cheekbones, coruscant indecorum eyes, Snow-White tiger-teeth and Inca limbs presently satisfy some odd etiolate need (lack of Vitamin A?) and though all passion is bought in some coin or other, he is a paragon of disinterested platonic love—he asks no money (but is vindictive if you don't give him some!). He lies, cheats, steals, is not above mugging nor below pandering and is generally worthless—but he is good in bed: copulation and rum in that order or any combination being his reason for existence and since he is so *encantadoro a muchacho*, his enthusiastic collaborators are legion. But if Fiametto, convinced his blaze-bright youth is eternally immune from the ravages of time and abuse, is bent on burning his candle from the middle to both ends, he saves his candlestick for me—perhaps recognizing a kindred assoul or more simply because my small taper inflicts no pain on his smaller vent. Always unscheduled, the lad's visits usually occur at two or three in the morning: he knocks on doorbell or rings knocker and I let in a stoned weary young scarecrow who slobbers kisses on my pajama-collar, accuses me of being drunk, says he has to take a leak; in bathroom while I hold him up he suddenly opens my pants, whips out my member and pisses in his own trousers until hastily I unzip his Spanish fly and adjust matters. I guide him to bedroom, sleight-of-hand his clothes off while he calls me *apio, joto, pajaro, maricon*—fighting-words to Hispanos but endearments from his

FIAMETTO - AT 17

tongue. And I find he has just come from bisexual cathouse or United Nations special session for lipstick coronas his nipples, false eyelashes gluelly mustache his navel and his pubes reeks of lavender aftershave lotion; and when I have cleaned him up he rewards the faithful body-servant by turning over and giving me so steeplechase a ride that I feel like stud stallion covering three mares at once . . . but he is asleep before I am finished! I sponge and press his pants, put out clean shorts and socks of my own to replace his soiled ones and rejoin him in bed where my tentative hand on his chest causes him to belly-flop and mumble: "Make me feel your cigarette-prick this time, *cabrón señorito!*" Late the next morning I prepare hearty breakfast and after he makes a bathroom-call (nice clean boy-hump is just a matter of timing the bowel movement!) we return to weary mattress where Fiametto says: "*Adelaida*, put a tickler on your whang so I'll know I'm being screwed!" and when I roll off him a half-hour later he belittles: "*Flora*, next time use your finger for sure as I'm lying here you've got the *pipi* of a *puta!*" and other derogatory remarks until I remind him size has nothing to do with sensation! Virilia refreshed for the rummy diddling awaiting him, Fiametto leaves in late afternoon: "*Adios, hombrecito*, I didn't have a marvelous time!" I knew this lad but two short months, then he disappeared to some greener field or perhaps to a very barren one indeed; wherever he is his future is charted plain as the horns on a cuckold . . . by the time he reaches man's estate he will be a multi-diseased alcoholic in gutter, jail or charity-hospital, ruined by his heedless id-impelled hedonism whose self-destroying basic tenet seems to be: it is better to be no fucking

FIAMETTO - AT 17

good than no good fucking!

LUC—at 13

(March 1965)

. . . With effervescent pride and exultation I can categorically confirm that Luc is a one-man boy: we were in New York and were standing in a crowded bus when an Ivy-League taxpayer (Harvard, I'd venture to surmise from his air of effete Albrightean decay) pressed himself goatly against Little Horse's hard snugged-up buttocks, quickly acclimated himself to the torrid zone of that passion'd little posterior and was well on his way to having a free perpendicular lay! I extricate my pushbutton-persuader, am just about to release the blade into Harvard's flank when Luc wrathfully turns, knees him viciously in the groin and delivers so effective an uppercut that the chooch's hat and *pince-nez* fly off and he departs the bus so precipitately that he leaves behind a transfer to Queens Village and a much-thumbed, copiously illustrated, brown-stained copy of *The Amateur Proctologist*.

NORBERT—at 16

(April 1960)

... Of all true words ever tongued or penned, the truest are these: *Money makes the mare go and the stud come!* This noon I engaged in the highly hazardous sport (like playing a xylophone with two sticks of dynamite) of hanging around the Oscar Wilde Junior High School admiring the meridian teeners (male) and trying to decide which sparkling laddie I'd druther if I had my druthers when sure-'nuff an oversize lump of fuzz comes up from behind and tells me to move on, which I do though protesting I was only looking for my lost youth! Then I go to the Apollo Theatre on 42nd Street just to see the picture but had to change seats three times to avoid overage adolescents rubbing their hustler-thighs against mine—even at 19 or 20 most youths are already a trifle flyblown, their boyish bloom gone or fading into the angular hairy unappeal of the adult male (I could easier love the goddam Internal Revenue Bureau than a man!). And soon determining that the movie was just another sordid popcornographic French import, I departed but on the way out ran into Norbert who adores Norbert and if he ever falls in love with anyone he will be cuckolding himself! Last year this kid held my heart in his disdainful butterfingers but dropped it so many times that in sheer self-defence I had to stop seeing him, yet now captive once again to his hard apple-cheeks, celandine eyes and the spectacle of his puberty rearing its lovely head underneath his snug fawn pants, I ask him to spend a few hours with me and in his tactful way he replies he has nothing better to do so we go home and are peeling to passion's uniform when I

NORBERT - AT 16

discover the only money I have in the house or on me is 98¢ and a subway-token which I offer to the lad saying I trust my credit is good. Obviously it isn't for he dresses again, takes token and change for his inconvenience and departs with an eloquent sneer. The immoral moral is that under a chair I find a ten dollar bill which has dropped from Norbert's flush capitalist pocket and with it I go out and rent a randy, sap-hurling young Rebel who has me swinging like vertigo'd pendulum between his anterior / posterior delights, and this little Southern Comfort not only makes such tumultuous bootleg love that the bed breaks down but he also cheerfully returns six dollars change!

KEVIN—at 14

(May 1955)

. . . Kevin has an airy hirundine grace, Dresden-Venus eyes and a moist red mouth vulnerable as dew but he delights to draw the stick of his unregeneracy along convention's fragile picket-fence and considers truth far stranger than fiction, ever snipping it to the shape of his selfish ends or slashing it to ribbons. Now he weeps by my side: he is inconsolable, the world has come to an end—he can't get it up! Though we have toiled over his appendage for almost an hour, utilizing routine blandishments, hot cloths, cold cloths, stimulative massage, dirty pictures, even over-imbibing of fluids to induce at least a piss-hard, it remains flaccid as politicians' word-of-honor. And he breaks into fresh sobs while reassuringly I murmur of psychic blocks, transient traumas, temporary neuroses, passing physical incapacity but Kevin refuses to be comforted and his lachrymal ducts inundate his pillow, mine, the sheets and the adjacent wallpaper until to keep from being drowned I begin to drink his tears. They taste oddly unsalt and I pull his loosely-clasped hands from in front of his face, finding concealed in his fingers my large bath-sponge with some drops of tap water still remaining, and now real tears rain down as Kevin twists his mouth into mendacious smile, hesitantly explaining that he had come to me direct from another client who had aridly, wiltingly de-juiced him but the boy feared to lose my fee and my favor if he confessed it. Hand hovering over his head like a caress or a premeditated assault, I pat him on the cheek and praise his dissimulative ability if nothing else, then essay posterior pranks

KEVIN - AT 14

unrecollecting that Kevin is unadherent to the open back door policy. Not to make the evening a total loss I hint a well-done slice of interfemoral or intercrural cake would be palatable but the boy whines of highly nonexistent bruises on right inner thigh and left inner leg which my vigorous push-pull would be sure to irritate. And he is drenched, the bed is soaked, a large section of wallpaper is beginning to peel and I am also undry so I throw in the towel; and when sapless sapling is ready to bid me *adieu* he holds out his hand for his customary fin but I gape at him with remorseful consternation and regretfully groan: "Little one, kill me dead and use my grave for a urinal if I didn't forget to go to the bank today so concerning your five dollars . . . I'm terrible sorry but I just can't get it up!"

LUC—at 13

(March 1965)

. . . Luc is no miser, he does not withhold anything he possesses; he knows the beatific blessedness of giving and that gifts are best when the giver is bare. He is not one to sit on the wisdom of the ages and refuse to share, nor hold close-clasped between his thighs the elixir of life and deny the gape-mouthed beast. Last night he introduced me to a novel experience even I would never have dreamed of and the like of which you'll never see or read about in the most candid, unexpurgated *pornopaedographia*. Of course, it was all quite by accident and the boy was a little resentful at my taking such quick callous advantage of his temporary condition, but he is an obliging lad ever responsive to most of my desires. And I want to tell you, taxpayers, and you may sink me in the depths of the deepest deep if this is not true—there is no thrill above, beneath, inside or on earth like making love to a hiccupping boy!

REX—at 15

(June 1946)

. . . Wisdom plays no part in love, not being a compatible element, so the sages say; and further: Trust instinct for it is wiser than all learning; and I say: Some are so busy learning that they have no time to become wise, and their instinct atrophies from inhibition. And if you say who can say what I say is more valid than what sages say . . . I say: I can prove what I say!

. . . Rex is a Little Lord Roy le Faunt, a night-blooming serious with delicate sculpted features that have an insidious way of branding themselves on your heart, and a roseate body that would have caused Phidias to break his tools and weep at his inability to capture in mere marble the glowing hues of vibrant youth. Rex is also a pain in the ass, non-sodomitically speaking—he aspires to be a schoolteacher (they who can, do; they who can't, teach) but he already is a Doctor of Education, pre-Emeritus: there is nothing he doesn't know about everything and he is ever superiorly happy to instruct you—which is sufficiently maddening in itself but in addition he is a fanatic segregationist, never permitting you above navel or below knee and his posterior is *verboten* altogether, though I have offered a sum for his sugar-plum bum that would have had my checkbook shredding itself into confetti had he accepted. Fellation, which he does allow, is a sublimely simple, simply sublime process you will have inferred I am not unversed in, but even in this Rex insists on tutoring me down to the last, least flick of tongue or flip of lip. And one evening when I am about to apply the Ultimate

REX - AT 15

Caress to his royal scepter that makes me king, I recall with irritation his professorial pedanticism of the past and decide to administer a lesson in reverse, so purposely I am awkward, unadept, unadroit . . . I fumble, flier, fiddle and my lips are all thumbs. At once from the boy bursts an admonitory torrent: "Not *that* way! Pull the foreskin down tight and work up on the underside, then circle the head!" And thirty-nine seconds later: "Not like *that*! Use an up-and-down movement and tongue harder —I can scarcely feel you!" And fifty-seven seconds later still: "Not *there*! Don't you know *anything*! Lick on either side of the bridle . . . Jeez, you'd think you never did it before!" But I persevere in my ruse, continue to be undexterous, uncouth, unskillful, bungling, clumsy, ungainly, inapt and unhandy as an armless juggler, so that now Rex is shouting whole textbooks of erotic counsel, entire libraries on the correct logistics of blowing. I roll away from him, shamefaced sit up and like the veriest novice, the stupidest apprentice confess I've lost the knack, I can't get the hang of it, I'm completely at sea . . . and with heightened tutorial tirade and instructoral injunction Rex falls on me, shoves me on my back and displaying suspiciously accomplished exactitude shows me precisely and to completion HOW TO DO IT!

THE MANN ACT IS NOT THE BOY ACT

(June 1950)

. . . Pimps and politicians never lie—they merely demonstrate ingenious creativity with the truth! I misrecollect whether it is in Blue Ball, Pennsylvania or Peterstown, West Virginia that I'm standing on the corner watching all the boys go by and wolf-whistling at some upstandingly toothsome *scugnizz*' invariably *duenna'd* by his militant Mama. Then out of some primordial ooze emerges a smarm-haired chooch in yellow needle-pointed shoes who obviously has just overeaten of fish-and-chippies at the local red-light, or possibly just cannibalised a piece of his own merchandise, for he is still toothpicking stray hirsute vestigials from his back incisors. But every man to his own poison as lethal Lucrezia (Borgia) was fond of remarking while handing you the cup that cheers, so I ignore the eyesore individual but this gastronomical unparticular presses close to me, unleashes his posthumous breath and queries do I want a nice girl—clean, young, do anything! Politely I decline, move back a little, and add that if it so be he stocks tender-yearred boys, I would not be averse to a spindrift article in that category, and he replies he can supply that demand but the price will be escalated because below-age-of-consent lads are Tiffany-class and in short supply. So I make a modest down payment (balance C.O.D.), and give him my hotel and room-number then hasten there and shower, order snacks for two from room-service, and begin to anxious around like a doomed murderer awaiting the cruel, conclusive kilowatt—you know how it is when you goose-bumpily anticipate love and don't know for certain whether he,

THE MANN ACT IS NOT THE BOY ACT

she or it will show up. And soon I am beginning to pule plaintive jeremiads whose recurrent refrain is: 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' when three hours overdue he finally drifts in—but he is not only no boy, he's not even adolescent for he's pushing 25 like hard. And this . . . this *adult* hints of supreme joys that will delightfully agitate the mind and blithely disorder the senses but trafficking with him seems to me worse than compounded comminuted incest so antedating indignation and postdating pleasure I give him \$1, a tongue on rye and a Frenched cruller for his trouble and send him away with a missive to that *maquereau*, that poxed pimpulous pimp which after a slanderous salutation and a libellous six paragraphs, ends as follows: Never send a man to do a boy's job!

LUC—at 13

(April 1965)

. . . It is one of those languid Midas-touched days when it is too nice to go out so Little Horse and I are bedridden, he poring over *Mother Goose* and I between his legs nibbling at the glans-spicy bait of smegma-enigma'd cheese he proffers; and when the trap of his thighs snaps about my head I filigree around with the ignition of his young turgescence until he protests: "Sir, if you don't give it a rest you'll wear it out!" Then I bite lewd four-letter words into tender satin of his inner thighs, lip dimpled pouch—seminal reserve bank where all the bullion is stored, though somewhat deficit spent at the moment. Suddenly the boy digs me in the eye with his hardening cattle prod and asks what the word INCEST means; I look up to see is he still reading *Mother Goose* and he is but perhaps between the lines, so I consider the various and sundry definitions, at length selecting the Harvard neo-interpretation as most valid because don't look now but Harvard is running the country . . . and I tell Luc that literally speaking INCEST is only NICEST with two letters transposed!

CHINOIS CONNU

(March 1965)

. . . Sometimes clichés have a validity as imperceptibly inevitable as moving glaciers: Won Hung Lo is the name of the oriental who does my laundry. He glints smiles of splintered glass at me when I shove across his counter the huge weekly quota of sexed sheets and orgied pillowcases in which are concealed sundry obliquitous and-so-forths that would be Exhibits A through double-S in any Juvenile Court in the land. I am positive he is positive I maintain a palpitant peg-house of and for a *potpourri* of minors (softlee softlee catchee boyee!) and am flattered but a little miffed that he does not grant me a discount because my linens never need starch! I long to ask him if it's true that cracks are crosswise in maidens of his land, but he may be a mandarin-esque votary of the Jade Bell-Clapper and the Precious Vase That Modestly Follows, so I do not like to risk the chance of offending him in the event he too is sexwisely, slant-eyedly boy-oriented!

MERCER—at 16

(February 1962)

. . . The curved carnival mirror renders the misshapen straight, the shortest distance between anything is usually the wrong way, and red roses signify love, hate and aphids: herein lies the tripartite antecedent clue why Mercer is a mess! Except in one aspective respect, he is not at all personable; he is no pussycat but he is one hot cat for pussy which he regards as an article of diet—for he is a duff-miver, a lunt-capper, a cuntortionist or, as they say in refined diplomatic square circles, he eats hair-pie. And since slurpily he gaggily gustatories every type of ghastly ghoul gash, his lava'd breath would give pause to a fire-spouting dragon. But *alors!* he has a virgin strawberry ass. And while I wouldn't touch mephitic Mercer orally or genitally with a ten-foot pole, I'd gladly touch him anally with a five-inch one!

LUC—at 13

(May 1965)

. . . "A thing of beauty is a boy forever" is a generalization by Carl Van Vechten out of Keats that doesn't reflect reality: relatively few lads are handsome, still fewer are beautiful and some luckless kids have visage and personality even their fond mothers can't stomach. Ah, but those too infrequent ones who walk their quiet way, crueller than Circe because their felicities of face and form beguile unintentionally, involuntarily tempt, dealing mortal blows to the susceptible . . . for them were the arts created! Eclectic is my approach to art: I know what I like and what I like you know but generally I find very little to please—all those museum fig-leaves hiding nothing, draperies concealing, postures unrevealing, miniscule or distorted genitalia when they're shown, as if painted or sculpted by resentful eunuchs or jilted lesbians. Possessing Luc, who has translated beauty from theory to accessibility, I have my own personal portable Louvre with inexhaustible *genre* of pose, gesture, expression, stylized depiction . . . nude, naturally, for no costume becomes this boy so well as no costume at all. In bath he is Hylas and imprint of naked young foot on bath-mat while I drink dry his cool water-stippled flesh; Ganymede in dining-room, feeling the felony fascination of that *fraîche* face which tacitly disapproves over glass of milk that has white-mustached him; Endymion in bedroom which steals illumination from his body's golden shimmer as if he were the source of all light, blinding animate and inanimate alike in a kind of peripheral myopia; and triumphant Eros everywhere though not without protest: soft carpet

LUC - AT 13

savages his bare feet, sun in dim room hurts his eyes, he feels drafts on still, hushed days and wasps / hornets / mosquitoes in screened house pierce his pretty hide. This afternoon I kicked footstool in front of pier glass in our bedroom, mounted the boy on this unworthy pedestal and aided by daylight and photoflood lamp examined him with *con brio* eyes, *glissando* fingertips, *sostenuto* lips for smallest flaw, defect, fault or imperfection; and he presented a picture so finessed with subtle pigment and pricking imagination that the mirror seemingly blushed then shattered into anamorphic Stardust . . . for beauty modest in nudity cuts the ground from beneath us and we beg to be betrayed! Stifling with desire I abandon my investigative pursuit and attempt to ravish the fair fleshed statue but Little Horse's elbow promptly smites my glass jaw and he barks he'll be damned if he'll be laid standing up! so painfully I resume my inspection but no foot of clay discovers itself though there are numerous bruises from soccer and Indian stickball (which breakbone sport Luc has introduced at his school), and countless teeth-marks which are my own and don't count except as passion's decorations. And I am a little awed before all this peerless *musa puerilis* and marvel aloud that he doesn't even bear the often marring birthmark. "But I have one!" says the boy, astonished I haven't noticed before and he displays it, faint rose-pink beneath the silky fleece on his pubes . . . and of course it would have to be heart-shaped!

RODERICK—at 18

(June 1959)

. . . "What is so rare as a day in June?" . . . Are you kidding! Offhand I can cite a thousand rarer rarities—a groomless June bride, for example. Mendelssohn and that mordant march from Lohengrin in spite of, there is nothing does more for your self-esteem than to have a young newlywed crawl humbly-tumidly into your bed on his wedding night—*sans* wife, of course! But informal Roderick does just that, counting hopefully on the remembrance of times assed to be accorded at least an understanding reception if not a hearty one, and he is indeed welcome, having kept his fresh slick baby-face and soft bluing-blue eyes albeit somewhat mature in my age-scale. A year ago Roderick forsook my bed and intermittent board having met a girl named Prudence who was passable in a mass-production way but like all females— who are forever hunting their souls in mirrors and finding them—she was unable to pass a looking glass without tarrying for a quarter-hour complimenting the possibly nauseated object on what it was reflecting; in addition to which she thinks a good cook is anyone who has two can openers; in addition to which she firmly convinced not-too-bright Roderick that she is virgin, allowing him no premarital pleasures, pecks nor even peeks so the lad naturally is matrimonially aflame. Now I am acquainted (though not familiar) with scads of girls who are chaste with the chooch they expect to trap into connubial confinement but are extremely grass-stains-on-dress-back with a dozen other studeroos—but tactfully I do not impart any of this to Roderick. And the poor cunt-concussioned kid

RODERICK - AT 18

having hocked everything he owned to make a down payment on a quarter-carat flawed not blue-white diamond from Polter & Geist's Third Sub-Basement, Prudence finally consents to become his better-half. So today they get married and I am invited to the wake . . . uh, ceremony but cannot attend because I am afternoonly occupied with a little boy-bride of my own who is so fiercely pure that I needs must uncherry him through two pairs of briefs and an unsanforized jockstrap, after which the de-petalled young flower wilts into my arms confessing he was afraid I was going to bite but since I didn't will I please uncherry him again! And when Roderick as aforesaid makes his crestfallen appearance like Banquo's ghost at my bedside I make room for him, wipe away the chagrin'd tears from his *azul* eyes and after he has given me multi-tablespoonsful of what he had been saving for Prudence, he embarrassedly relates that one short hour ago he was with his spouse on their epithalamic eiderdown, prying her knees apart in spite of her you'll-be-sorry! objections, and sifting through the dense African bush of her forest primeval he eventually finds the entrance by nasal compass alone; and poising his impatient self at the hidden gate he is just about to plunge in to his full considerable length when he discovers with glans-stubbing discomfort that sneaky old Tampax has got there first!

SHERRY—at 13

(July 1946)

. . . As his name can be, Sherry is rare wine and I suspect him also of harboring a sardonic sense of dry humor. He has hair like gossamer midnight, pale vestal features and a smile like the dawn of perfect summer day but he smut-smudges everything with his petty-bourgeois formalist cerebrations, reduces happiness to a wet blanket and makes a lie out of the moment of truth. Nearly everything brings a blush to Sherry's cheek—not virtue's hue but possibly high-test blood or mock propriety's double-take—for this is an alienated lad who likes to be disturbed and interfered with, whatever he may say or do to the contrary! Like rabbit to snake, like hare to gleaming headlight he is drawn to my door, tentatively knocks, hesitantly enters, with scarlet irresolution leads the way to my bedroom warning he can only stay a minute; there he stops with shaky smile, draws nervous breath, stares about as if wondering how he got into this most intimate of rooms and blushes so hotly that fire is cool by comparison. Eyes unforgiving as rocks, face tombstone-angel stony he struggles like trapped animal against my hands denuding him, deploring the lack of attire which reveals a roseate body that dazzles his surroundings into invisibility; and wearing bruised and suffering mien he allows me to guide him onto the sheets where his rubescent features scorch the pillow, impliedly verbalizing that because I have made my bed he isn't prepared to lie in it! Routinely, habitually I have to reassure this odd little syllojism that he has nothing to fear, I'm as normal an abnormal as he will ever come upon, it won't hurt,

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he'll be well paid, he'll get home in plenty time for supper—all of which he absorbs with visage so distant, cold, remote that painful hornet-stings of conscience prick me as I begin to kiss the soft hollow at the base of his throat. Tragically he sighs into my mouth while I sip the juice of youth from nectarine lips spilling chill streams of rancorous reproof and reprobation, tasting the sweet-sour words bitten out as if they set his teeth on edge; and though his eager straining niplets rockily welcome me, reflecting an analogous adamancy below, the boy blastingly disowns them as betrayers of his innocence, damning likewise his labia-like moist navel when I attach myself thereto like the original sustenent umbilical cord. Disgust blanks his face into stolid silent-protesting stoicism as I go on with mouth perceptual as radar to outline the sleek hard contours of his body: if Sherry be England, I travel him from John O'Groats to Land's End and return to the Midlands as he stares helplessly at the surge of his virilia's ecstatic response, cuffs at it almost weeping because his body refuses to obey his will—he is in heat in spite of himself, or so he would like me to believe! But if this noumenon of praxis'd pudicity rejects me, his cocklet which now is in high emotional state, woos me and surrendering to the irresistible lure of the part which cannot dissimulate, I plunge upon it to commit frenzied larceny while Sherry moans his loathing to unempathic ceiling, appeals to unhearing walls for succor, turns his torso'd blush away to shiver the room at the revelation of his nudity. And when I have coaxed his *retroussé* cornucopia to pour forth its ambrosia'd plenty, this *prima-facie* virgin hurls hissing objurgations at my bent head even through the blissful cries torn from him as he slips to

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control's edge, to brink, over into the orgasm'd abyss. One would expect dishonored Sherry now to flee my wicked couch but the boy abusively lingers while I vary Succubus with a little Incubus, which miscreant metonymy crimsons him in chest, belly, thighs, every limb—even the hair of this Fahrenheit lad seems sizzingly to incandesce, but still not showing his heels in relieved flight he lies there in hot frigid rejection, saying in acrimonious tone he supposes I want to do it all over again—and waits for me to commence! And when an hour later vilified, sex-scourged, offended Sherry is ready to depart my vile domicile, after pinkly palming his fee and stowing it beneath his tattered mantle of sore-tried dignity, he sulphurously informs me in maledictive valediction that I'm a very bad man and he doesn't ever want to see me again—until next time!

LUC—at 13

(April 1965)

. . . On Sunday mornings Luc, scorning my *desayuno* derelictions which according to him extend to burning even cornflakes and fruit juice, brings me breakfast in bed. Pillow-propped I lie in languorously satiated ease, reviewing our Saturday night revels and purring like polygamous tiger while the aroma of good strong coffee percolates through the house, seasoned by the boy's distant lucifer'd language because he can't find the fuckin' butter! I try to recall other lads, other times but they all recede into hazy remote unmemory, the all too comparable yielding to the radiant incomparable . . . now I have no other boys before Luc. And the object of my fatal infection now nudely appears with double-loaded tray and as he deposits it on the bed I confiscate heady hasty lip-writhing kiss from his reversed mouth while his impatient breath, fresh-sweet as dawn heather, fans my face. Like decadent Graeco-Romans of antiquity, recumbent we break our fast in typical Satyricon fashion for Little Horse stirs my orange juice with his slim hard fingers, drips his crystalline saliva into my oatmeal (substitute for invert sugar!), sits tightly on toast to keep it warm, proffers peach preserves from his pink-porcelain navel and prepares to cream my black coffee by milking himself into it . . . a process I watch with scoffing doubt, spellbound interest and steadily mounting desire for surely it is impossible after the long night's depleting delights that he can have anything left—but he has!

PELL—at 13

(May 1961)

. . . If for one second you don't believe you are living under an authoritarian matriarchical tyranny, just cast your astigmatic eyes on Peter Pan. When did you ever see this poor tad played by a boy? Even in cartoons he is shown as epicene if not androgynous or hermaphroditic and while I have nothing against Mary Martin and other matronly actresses, I am still of the opinion that she and they should stay away from Peter, for there are plenty of swinging lads around with loads of histrionic ability who could restore Peter P. to his rightful sex again—if the women would just leave him alone!

. . . Suckulent Pell is a *printemps* fledgling with *chinois* eyes and a red-letter mouth who is imp, Eros, Cupid, Pan and Peter Pan in one neat, juicy package—and though nowise sissy or effeminate, he is so garroted by his Mummy's apron-strings that he can hardly walk or breathe; wherever he goes his silver umbilical cord stretches right back to the maternal Moloch, presently probably taking her stinky ease in bed reading Truly Ratty Romances while chomp-chow-fing chewy chocolate-frosted gingerbread-men. What Pell sees in me (besides \$2) is conjectural, for one would expect a youngling with his background to flee screeching at the top of his soprano at my approach but oddly we get along like Tweedledummy and Tweedlediddle and though we are not precisely asshole buddies yet, we are only inches from it. And when he can stealthy away, *perfecto* Pell will come over and pass a freedom hour or two, chattering of Mama said this, Mother

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thinks that, Mom did this, Ma decided that—until I stuff a pound of bubblegum between his spun-sugar lips which he works on while I tongue-wander his pubic park, snubbing my nose against his priapic statue which consents after prolonged lingual devotionals to dissolve its marmoreal dignity into chrismic sea-wrack souvenir on my scouring lips. I go on to borrow bits of the boy's blossoms in other parts, stowing them in my cheeks like provident squirrel while Pell takes his gum out and scolds: "If my Mother knew what you were doing she would—!" but hastily I cram the doublemint back into his mouth, too well knowing what his mother would do would reduce medieval torturers to cowering coma. And during one of these semen-seances is revealed what impels Pell to me . . . he had dozed off in my arms, drugged by my ether'd empathics, and when I woke him warning that it's time to leave or the dragoness will flame-spoutingly be hunting him, Pell yawns prodigiously, drowsily rubs his button-nose against my cheek and meekly mumbles: "Yes, mommy!"

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINITY

. . . One T.N.T. afternoon there comes knocking on my door a tousleheaded lad full of sex as a book by Kinsey and at once my fool heart fastens to his sleeve, his natural damask boyishness so shattering my syntax that I stammer: "Please to walk into my fly, said the parlor to the spider!" He luckies my couch by sitting his shapely ass thereon and extends to me a box announcing he is selling greeting cards and could be I'd like to buy some. There are cards for every (un)imaginable occasion: birthday, Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas; get-well cards, get-sick cards, drop-dead cards . . . but all in such execrable taste in sentiment and artistry that they are parchment physics of a wrong-moving sort. But if the merchandise is impossible, the salesman is irresistible so I purchase a box and engaging the young vendor in converse learn his name is Glenn and that he is a victim of antisexual mores, a living example of the dichotomy of venerary for he is the unique type who has known not even his own hand, unravished except by wet dreams and he can't decide whether he wants to be unboyed or not. Glenn comes over nearly every day, sells me a box or two of cards (I send them to persons I wish to alienate), then we mull over the inextricably intertwined pros and cons implicit in the ecological fallacy of virginity, I explaining to him the simple semantics of sementics, emphasizing that the end of innocence is the beginning of ecstasy and all sublimation is but an arrant fraud foisted on the young by envious oldsters; also reminding that his cheeks soon will be stroked by Mr. Gillette (who is no boysexual but he sure comes in close contact with a lot of adolescents!), at which time few will be in the market for his wares. And I close my dissertation by instilling

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINITY

some variation of the aspidistra thought that my extractions are guaranteed painless, all that is required of him being to relax and think beautiful abstractions while I define for us the mutual meaning of bliss! . . . furthermore I have been known to go as high as \$50 for a boyhead in first-class condition, untouched by human hands other than the owner's. But Glenn remains unconvinced, shuffles his feet, gnaws at absent cuticles, darts apprehensive fawn-faun eyes at me as he and his infrangible touch-me-nots ambivalence away. My emotions now having become so unphilosophized by the boy's allure that I feel I exist only in my own imagination (how can I sing the joys of boys in 6-9 bilateral time if this little stupe can't carry a tune?), I determine to besiege the vibratile virgin in less Fabian manner; so next morning I phone Mr. Garner to lend me Wakefield for that evening and not to pump from the boy's well during the day so he will be fresh and cocky for my purpose, to which Mr. G. agrees with some pardonable *tristesse*. Dusk and bagavond lover Wakefield arrive together and when I confide I have designs on young Glenn's inviolability he evinces no astonishment, only rolls his eyes, chews his gum faster and declares he is always glad to help bring the Message to sexual heathen! I outline my plan of pieceful aggression then sequester him in the garage, cautioning him to come into the house exactly ten minutes after the other boy's arrival. When Glenn indecisives in I tell him a close friend and I have arranged a little circus for his benefit whereby he can behold precisely what delights supreme he can expect in the process of de-fruitation. The boy turns pale as an albino ghost, backs and fills in agonizing irresolution until Wakefield's

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINITY

knock sounds on the door and Glenn allows me to carry him into my bedroom clothes-closet which I have previously furnished with cushions, cookies and a thermos of hot cocoa so he will lack no comfort during his tutelary confinement, and I leave the door ajar sufficiently to enable him to have full and unobstructed view of the bed. Wakefield smirks in preceded by his own exciting rigidity, winks at me while I denude him and loudly proclaims he could hardly wait to see me because I always give him such a Wow! time at overtime rates, and planting a reverberant lickspittle kiss on my cheek he decants himself on the downy, pulling me on top of him. I figure what will quickest soften up the other lad is a gander at an abrasive Round-the-World in slow-motion, which I proceed to apply to my co-conspirator and shortly our threshing limbs Laocoön the bed, Wakefield moaning with unrestrained real or feigned lubricity and when I arrive at the prickly perfection of his perpendicular he utters a plangent scream of unmitigated lust, pins me down beneath him and thrusts hotly into me until my nose nuzzles his pubic fringe and splinters of broken glass thought pierce my brain that Glenn must regard us as brazen actors in blue movie with the film on fire and the fuzz at the door! Now Wakefield begins to orate with such verbal raucousness how hip it feels and how I got better suction than two vacuum cleaners, that rapidly I get delusions of grandeur about my amatory prowess and redouble my efforts . . . then with ululant animal cry of hircine excitement the boy hurls his sap like a stone into the murky pool of my mouth, and when he can talk again he whispers into my ear: "How'm I doin', popsicle!" And I consider it advisable to terminate the

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINITY

exhibition at this juncture for anything additional might strike Glenn as postclimax anticlimax, so I clothe my still quivering bed-partner and escort him to the door sincerely remarking that the illegitimate stage is the worse for his not being on it and never since the great J. Barrymore in his inebriated, abbreviated version of *McHamlet* have I witnessed such verisimilitudinous histrionics . . . at which Wakefield blushes, gives me a conflagrative grope and departs. I return to bedroom, trusting all is well with my young spectator and that he has not fainted from facts-of-life excess of feeling and I call his name softly, open wide the closet door and am just in the sad nick of sorrowful time to observe Glenn—head thrown back, eyes closed, wet mouth agape—with strangled cry lose his cherry in the agitant, warm, moist, smooth, tight-mouthed thermos-bottle!

LUC—at 13

(August 1965)

. . . "And departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time" . . . and sure as hell some unastute Sherlock will follow us with the ease of taking candy from sleeping babe and point-finger shout: "There is the man what done it!"

. . . With my trusty illegal springblade I have incised into the rubber heels of all Luc's shoes the large letter 'L'— sign, symbol, simile; token, emblem and epitome of Luc, Love, Life and a Lick of Little Horse Lechery . . . though my intent was to confer on him a kind of immortality of the moment, a transient renown and honored passing so that each light step will leave his mark on all impressionable surfaces such as dust, mud, clay, earth and my heart and those viewing the lone initial will perhaps pause to wonder: Who is . . . what is 'L'? The boy allows himself to be pleased though he takes exceeding care not to show it, reminding me that now he does not dare commit a major crime because his heels will at once betray him to the fuzz, leading them to him as unerringly as if he were an elephant in a pay-toilet, but graciously he rewards my not too subtle alphabet flattery by coming into my arms and permitting me to kiss his teeth which freshly brushed bite Colgate scars into my eager lips, and soon his incisor-sadism so engrosses him that he is unaware of our slow retreat to the bed till it hits the back of his knees and I tumble him, fair flushed flower in rumpled broadcloth, onto the celebrant sheets. In the days that follow I often perceive the single

LUC - AT 13

mesmeric letter in damp spot on sidewalk or on garden path or the trail behind the house leading to nearby thicket, and though I am sorely tempted I do not follow the incantative brand . . . for what tragic *dénouement* might occur if I did pursue that simple conjoining of vertical and horizontal lines ultimately to bosky belladonna'd dell or musky moonflowered vale to discover Luc with some girl in his arms!

MOLTO MOLTO SOTTO VOCE!

When the Milky Way glows
With a Leavenworth hue and
Sing Sing stars hang low,
And a San Quentin moon
Climbs the sky and you're in
The right Place but wrong Time,
You'll meet like as not a boy
Irresistible as Earth's gravit
Pull, and you take him home,
You can do naught else . . .
It's all been foreordained!
And he's ready, willing, eager
But unable, and you're robbing
The cradle if not virtually
Invading the womb, for he's
No more than eight, he's
Direst jailbait, he's
Not in the public domain!—
Which he knows and you know
And I know and we all know
But what can you do!
And this sexualized infant,
This pert paganized babe
Toddles into your bed

MOLTO MOLTO SOTTO VOCE!

Where despairing you kiss
His wet-behind ear and
Buss his baby-fat brow,
And take his pink pacifier
Between your lips where it
Prattles and rattles and
Babbles and gurgles and
Romps and coos in your mouth.
Then suddenly he recalls
His Mommy told him to go
To the store for bread and
A half-dozen eggs, and
He bounds from your arms
And out the back door,
Tucking your dollar away
As he goes—and he knows
And you know and I know
And we all know that when
He gets home he will say:
"I met the funniest man
Just now and do you know
WHAT HE DID?"

POST-MORTEM

(February 1964)

. . . This morning I opened the daily paper with more than my usual interest and on page 31, next to the obituary column, I locate the item I'm looking for which reports of an usher finding the body of a dope-pusher identified as one John Smith in an aisle-seat of a neighborhood movie theater, and who has been murdered apparently by the introduction of an ice pick into his occiput as that instrument, bloodstained but without fingerprints, has been found thrust into the underside of a nearby seat. The story concludes with the statement that the police on information received are seeking a short fat man wearing a velvet-collared plaid trench coat. Ha! Now of late I have interested myself in these merchants of wholesale death and destruction as recently I knew a lad named David whom I came to love but he fell prey to the white powder peddled possibly by John Smith or some other, and five months later the boy's needle-riddled body was fished from the river where perhaps with good reason he felt his future lay. I resolved then that should I encounter someone I knew without shadow of doubt to be a Horse-trader, I would do my feeble good-citizen best to help him to the Big Fall, especially when I discovered that the courts were frequently sentencing even second-offender narcotics-sellers to a mere thirty months (not all criminals appear before the Bench—some are sitting on it!). And the memory of David's bright eyes and quick smile still vividly with me, I begin to take long walks at night in those locales where junkies pursue the nightmare dream and soon I mark John Smith positively as a vendor of the chemical ruin, and he

POST-MORTEM

saddens and disappoints me with his smooth *façade* of spurious respectability: so neat, clean, well-dressed, well-spoken that he is veriest shining example of the successful young junior executive. Yet there is a grim satisfaction to be derived, for I had been prepared to make some allowance had he been a shabby, obviously under-privileged fate-buffed victim if not of Society then of his own weakness. But John Smith has had all the advantages all his life as I confirm by hearing his cultured speech, observing the expensive places where he eats, the exclusive apartment house where he resides; I remark his discriminative taste in food, wine, women, clothes—in everything but his means of livelihood. And when I determine that he is not an addict himself then the last excuse becomes invalid, the final obstacle is removed . . . there remains but ways and means! And when after a month of unobtrusive shadowing I learn John Smith has a not unusual penchant for viewing old gangster films of the 'thirties, currently showing at only one of the neighborhood theaters. . . . So now with gratification I read again the item concerning a dope-pusher's violent demise and I clip it out of the paper, put it in my wallet and remind myself that when I go downtown this afternoon to purchase fresh flowers for David's grave, I mustn't forget also to buy a new ice pick.

LUC—at 13

(February 1965)

. . . There are nearly as many diseases as cures and curative properties constantly are being discovered in ever humbler substances: unsightly green-gray mold fosters the miraculous penicillin, manured soil nurtures beneficent streptomycin and the perspiratory exudation of certain allergized persons is synthesized into powerful protective antitoxin. Peasants in forward backward countries have for centuries been brushing their perfect teeth with the bladder's quasi-fluoride fluid, perhaps intrigued by the economical, inexhaustible, convenient, collapsible, no-cap-to-lose dispenser; and sage medievalists recognized the mysterious healing qualities of this beef-broth-resemblant effluent . . . *combine*, reads one 15th Century French prescription for the alleviation of leprosy's lesions, *two parts of nutgall gathered in moondark and reduced to powder, with like amount by weight of a virgin boy's fresh secret waters, stir well with peeled willow twig and imbibe from pewter vessel cleansed in rosemary-and-rue* . . . and a knight of Azay-le-Rideau and a Provençal baron attest to its efficacy. Possibly leprosy might have been totally eradicated had more virgin boys graced the Middle Ages, and who can say that the Fountain of Youth was not there all the time, dependent from the unknown, unknowing fork of some young squire or page in Ponce de Leon's own retinue, ready to pour forth its medicinal blessings upon informed petition! And now does Medical History, as if having dined too well on pickles, lobster and ice cream, repeat itself? This afternoon Little Horse, moved by some intemperate *diablerie* or

LUC - AT 13

therapeutic essay, cooled his much-used young cock in my pitcher of cold beer and I huzza'd: "Hurray for Love!" Superbly risen in the fermented foam Adonis Junior went on, bubbles pursuing bubbles rising, to supplement it and I shouted: "*Vive le différence!*" thirstily guzzling the boy'd brew. Now healthily flushed, healthy-feeling I on the floor inebriantly peer at table's spearminted underside and muse that while a boy may by invitation or from necessity or impish perversity piss in your beer, he will never, never, never menstruate in your swimming-pool!

ROGER—at 18

(June 1964)

. . . Does Lipton Tea Company have coffee-breaks? Do whisky distillers send out for beer? Does Macy tell Gimbel? Do doctors ask: What's good for a cold? Do rabbits and Bobby Kennedy lie awake nights, fretting about the population-explosion? Can condoms be relied on for their papal infallibility?

. . . Roger (his name means 'handy with the spear!') has upper and lower cheeks like candied apples, eyes that are bright blue pieces of heaven, a misdemeanor mouth and a resur-erection that was my life though the price he charged for it was analogically stiff; then he discovered the existence of split-tails and passed out of my ken . . . temporarily, for now he is sitting here at my knee, perspiring heavily and recounting his latest female complaints. It seems he has big-bellied a girl—naturally a Whee! thing to do, no end pleasant at the time for those who like it but the bloody rub is getting the pig back to the old menses-cycle again and the consequences if you can't! Roger sold his Honda, guitar and watch to pay an aborter who muffed the job and the *puella* is steadily swelling and threatening court action and a gun-toting sharpshooter Papa-Daddy if the lad doesn't make an honest tomato out of her. But what disturbs Roger more than anything else is that he always took double precautions in his copulative capers, attiring his *putzele* in two condoms with a dash of antifreeze between to promote sensation but still the quiff gets fertilized and he can't make head nor tail of

ROGER - AT 18

it, especially as he has kept close tabs on her and knows she opens her legs only to him. By process of elimination I conclude it must be the rubbers at fault and I recall a case in Fuget, Ky., or it might have been Peters Landing, Tenn., where a misogynist druggist (jilted nine times in nine months by nine negative nymphs) pricked with a pin all the French letters in his stock, neatly rewrapped and sealed them and three months later hugged himself with excusable glee at all the girls leaving town for extended vacations; so I ask to see what Roger has been using and he pulls out a container on which is emblazoned in big red letters the brand name: FAIL-SAFE. He extracts one of the protectors, unrolls it, blows it up, fills it with water and it passes all tests, our closest scrutiny unable to discover the slightest imperfection; then insidiously I suggest—for the boy still possesses the trimmest tail between here and Bumpass, Va., or even Assinippi, Mass.—that it would be advisable to subject the suspect article to the wear and tear of actual working-conditions. "Roger!" says Roger faintly, hiding a nervous blush in his handkerchief and manufacturing a sneeze, for he has become somewhat sex-shy with me since devoting himself to broads; and we undresswise and bedward where I draw on first one sheath and then the second, and since I can't locate any other lubricant I squirt a few drops of 3-in-1 oil into Roger's tiny portal and he twines his legs about my middle while leisurely, lusciously I roger him purely for the sake of scientific investigation. But when at length I withdraw we at once note fine spermic bubbles dotting the exterior of the outside rubber and the boy holds his head, moaning with despair. In the tradition of Koch, Curie and Atten, Arton, Burstine and

ROGER - AT 18

Dosborne, failure only spurs me to more diligent research and I bethink myself of the box the condoms came in, and a careful inspection of the label speedily solves the case of these vulcanized betrayers—for in parentheses underneath the overlarge name FAIL-SAFE is printed in letters so small as to be almost invisible: (except when used)!

SKY—at 14

(July 1960)

. . . Sky (short for Schuyler) is a young amateur juggler who spins into the blurred air my heart, mind, reputation such as it is and my veriest freedom . . . and pauses to scratch his ass! His clandestine Caravaggio face and *esclandre* body are so enticing they could seduce the Devil into wicked good and founder the virtue of an entire calendar of mixed saints. I first met him on a Wednesday night and immediately sensing the exquisitely evil intricacies of his ego, wheedled him home where he demonstrated that the doctrine of total depravity was not unknown to him, leaving me as whirligig as an ant in a flushing toilet; and I osmosed through endless stretches of embryonic time until Thursday night with him and a Friday repeat, for this little Catholic has made me sick with love for him and only he possesses the curative catholicon. On Saturday he arrives in the afternoon and with original sin dexterity soon has my bones reduced to boiled noodles, then as I help him into his clothes I notice he is wearing Sunday-best and inquire: "Wherefore?" With venal, venial smile Sky bleats that he is now going to Confession, which news causes lightning to blast me with no warning thunder and when I recover I tremolo that I trust he is not going to reveal our bed-lamic antics! The boy widens shocked eyes at me, averring that naturally he must confess every sin he has committed plus times committed as well as displaying sincere sorrow for and detestation of said sins, together with the firm purpose of not sinning in future. I quaver that if he tells all it will be only minutes before fuzz, parents, priests and the Society for the

SKY - AT 14

Prevention of Cruel Children will be taking my house apart stud by joint to get at the Devil who can't cite Scripture for his purpose; and with the sly impropriety of piety Sky mourns: "Tsk! Tsk! I'm bugged the most to do this, Duke, but you know I'm Catholic and purely hafta make this church scene!" I offer him a bankrupting bonus to keep his yap buttoned but this boy who has sold his soul to God righteously spurns it though adding that he has everything under control and will return after he has made a clean breast of his misdeeds so we can have an evening performance of our *matinée* pleasures; then this Paradise bundle of Purgatoried Damnation trots off while numbly I pack a bag and go hide in a growth of shrubbery where I can overlook the house, for I do not have Sky's confidence that shortly all Hell is not going to break loose, headed in my direction. And I squirm in briery blackberry bushes, chigger-bitten, thorn-torn from an intruder wild rose, puzzled how I—meek and harmless Protestant that I am—have become involved in all this Romish rectitude, and though I realize religion is necessary if only to give validity to a literary allusion or an expletive, and of course experience has taught me that there is nothing to equal a stern church-upbringing for imparting a more shuddering delight to sinning . . . nevertheless I could wish at the moment that Paganism had defeated Christianity lock, stock and barrel long before it emerged from its swaddling-clothes. A long two hours later, during which a cats-and-dogs rain has soaked me to the skin and deeper, Sky returns with no screaming sirens, skidding squad cars or bloodthirsty mob in his wake and I limp out to receive the prodigal son with open arms while he asks me with asphyxiating

SKY - AT 14

non sequitur did I know that no woman is permitted to eat in the presence of the Pope? and I guttural: "Never mind about the Pope and some woman! Is the fix in or am I out?" Sky winks, makes thumb-and-forefinger circle and says he will tell me all about it while I whip us up a snack and I spread lobster-paste on chocolate cake and fry ice cream as the boy relates that last month he discovered Father Ryan, his Confessor, is extremely hard-of-hearing but doesn't like anyone to know of his infirmity so when Sky makes his Confession he loudly sings out all his little peccadilloes which are heard clearly enough, but his bad transgressions the boy utters in lowest whisper and these the good Father misses entirely, though occasionally admonishing: "Speak up, lad, speak up!" . . . thus when Confession is over, Sky has told everything but the priest knows essentially nothing and sets a penance scarcely one ten-thousandth as severe as it should be! I tell the boy that while such deception is certainly not praiseworthy, indeed quite condemnable, still I can't really object to it and suggest it would be fitting to send a little gift to Father Ryan in at least partial atonement and contrition, to which Sky readily agrees if I will pay for it and I propose Irish linen handkerchiefs or black silk socks should be suitable . . . and the boy rolls his amethyst eyes at me, grins leeringly and says what his Confessor needs the most is a nice latest-model, high-powered hearing-aid!

LUC—at 13

(May 1965)

. . . Sin is generally represented as having a woman's form because the female mantis eats her mate after copulation, only the female mosquito bites and the male of the honeybee is stingless (though he makes no honey). If Sin had shape in the mathematic sense it would be the orifice-reflectant Circle and of course the powerful metaphysical Ideology of the Circle has been with us even before Eve stole the apple from the serpent while he was answering a call of Nature. But covertly or boldly the Circle is ever challenged by the Cult of the Cone and often the latter achieves signal victory as in the Golden Age of Ancient Greece, in Renaissance Italy when the lad Cecchino Bracci caused Michelangelo to fall into genius, and in 18th Century Prussia when King Frederick, never having known love except in the arms of his drummer-boys, therefore became Great. Yet if the Clock of Life has an erratic pendulum which perversely ever inclines toward the Circle, now in this last half of the 20th Century the pendulum strongly is swinging back to the Cone again bringing its welcome tick-tock Word . . . and the Word decoded is: Circles are so Square nowadays!

. . . I was waiting for a bus late this morning, immersed in a poorly-translated rendition of the *Satyricon* and amusedly perceiving that Petronius may have known a lot about a lot of things but he didn't know much about boys, when Mr. Marlowe claps me on the shoulder saying it's simply ripping to see me again and in a moment of unexplainable horse's-assism I invite

LUC - AT 13

him to lunch. Mr. M. is a gaunt transplanted Briton with a hi-fi personality, toasted-English accent and a graying Shavian beard through which his loose wet mouth smarms at you like an aged worn-out *yoni*. I heartily dislike him for he is the sort of ruthlessly hypocritical businessman who regrets the egret while stealing the plume and he wears his many prejudices like third-degree burns, not the least charring of which is his oft-repeated conviction that the only good homo is a dead homo, unaware that he is speaking to a constant and compulsive example of the breed—with boys yet! But I endure his hackneyed cockney Anglicisms for he is no end ingenious at his trade, selling fire insurance to amateur arsonists, life insurance to budding murderers and burglary insurance to apprentice kleptomaniacs; also he has wangled a low-cost all-inclusive coverage by Lloyds of London for me whereby Luc will be amply provided for if suddenly or leisurely I should undertake to become of interest to morticians. And too promptly Mr. M. snaps up my ill-advised invitation, speedily bum-steering me into the expensivest feedbag in town where even a glass water plain costs 10¢, and flourishing open the tabloid-sized menu he proceeds to order for us both; but when the *sommelier* arrives I refuse anything to drink for earlier I imbibed a wee-wee bit too much of Little Horse's frothy *fabuleux* essence to crave inferior potables . . . 13, let me clue you in heated aside, is a vintage boy-year! Perfidious Albion tosses down a \$3.75 *apéritif* (Bung-ho, Yank!) saying he trusts I haven't previously been looking on the wine when it's red as only colonial boors (Americans) tipple before midday, and I itch to tell him to go back where he originally came from but

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perhaps his mother would object so I reply loftily that my tongue still tingles with the *brut* tang of a special topaz-and-crystal-tinted *Poju* liqueur more tonic than alcoholic which I quaff morning, noon and night as I know the distiller personally who keeps me well-supplied! "Frightfully expensive, I presume!" observes Mr. M., taking out his false teeth and rinsing them in his glass of ice water before tackling the \$7.90 surely pearled-and-rubied *hors-d'oeuvres*. Obscurely I rejoin: "Cheaper than water yet more priceless than emeralds!" which John Bull dismisses as crude New World boasting, then in his quaint Punch-y way asks when I'm getting married (High time and all that sort of thing, y'know, old boy!), and recalling Little Horse with whom I shall be wrapt in voluptuous intimacy in a few short-long hours, I blurt out that I have met a certain young person. . . . "Oh, I say! Fawncy that!" snuffles Mr. M., gluttonizing a \$10.35 *Écrevisse aux Con-Couilles*. "Tell me about her, there's a good chap!" Dreamily eating my rib-roast with a spoon, I drool: "Well, s-he's very young, just thir . . . uh, twenty!" "Coo!" bellows my companion, tucking snoutishly into a \$12.40 *Boeuf de Vit Vendôme avec Papillons Cul*. "And s-he has a natural clarion beauty that needs no cosmetics, is above vanity, is sincere, unaffected, possesses a subtle sense of humor and—" "Coo-er!" interrupts Tight Little Islander, helping me to the smaller portion of an \$18.85 *Bisque Framboise du Branle-Toi*. Inflamed by my ardored adjectives, headlong I resume: "And s-he's impervious to flattery, fiercely loyal, neither petty nor frivolous, not extravagant nor grasping, self-reliant, an engaging personality, overwhelmingly affectionate and—" I knock over my coffee in my

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feverant descriptive debauch, take deep breath to continue when Mr. M., holding a \$20.95 inhaler of *Eau de Vie Foutre Napoléon* to the light, shakes shaggy head in dogmatic denial and says: "Come off it, my good man, surely you're pulling my leg! Begging your pardon and all that rot, but there's no such female under the sun!" "Ain't it the truth!" I agree.

RICKY—at 13

(May 1947)

. . . Of all the addictive substances, boys are the most quickly habit-forming. Each nubile lad carries about with him a natural hypodermic wondrously charged with harmless self-renewing miracle drug and if he can be persuaded to inject you . . . Paradise is yours! Here simple 'possession of narcotics' is impossible to prove, the 'evidence' either testicularly concealed or lost in the digestive processes, though frequently boy-addicts are apprehended at the moment of injection and are sent away for immoderately long 'cures.'

. . . Goldenly appealing as a Nordic angel is Ricky who has a mouth shaped for lovers' pleasure and enamelled anomalous eyes; he cannot wait to become a man and his speech and actions mimic adulthood while his immature bones, muscles, cells and glands strain to match the pace he has set them. The boy's body never prevaricates but his dialogue and his behavior—which is as fresh as his complexion and I long to slap the one to improve the other—are a semblance of what is not, an imitative simulacrum of the demon lover and the way-out cool. From his pure-seeming lips pour freshets of those four-letter words that are the refuge of divagant diarists and the resource of toilet-wall poets. While herculeanly I strive to clean up his vocabulary which pruriently suggests thieves'-kitchens, whores'-bedrooms, fences'-dives, adolescent penitentiaries and incest on the

RICKY - AT 13

installment-plan, the boy toughly spars with me, wrestles kick-bitingly, asks if I have any booze in the joint, puffs strangledly on my appropriated cigarette, hints he's gone all the way (and farther) with girls, derides me for a queer, fag, queen, pansy and declares my mouth gives him a hard-on . . . then asks if I think he needs a shave! Solemnly I hand him my electric razor, gravely he plugs it in and goes meticulously over a countenance as smoothly glabrous as Minton china. All of which are delaying tactics for incapable Ricky has undeveloped, undescended testicles (he who is without stones can't cast the first sin) and is ashamed to enter Amour's bed but insists on doing so in the wistful hope that any day, hour, minute or half-second his testes will maturely condescend to descend and he will be able TO DO IT! I would be content merely to hold close this lushly ripening young fruit, fancying I can hear—faint as the suspiration of slumbering butterflies—the gonads proliferating, spermaries arousing, balls climbing down their abdominal ladder, *vas deferens* making a manly muscle . . . but Ricky, sure this is the supreme occasion when he will explosively become potent, begins vigorously to flog his meat. After savage quarter-hour he is still limp as a wet towel, his little brutalized glans shows not the faintest trace of moisture and his stones mockingly seem more northerly than ever so I halt the boy's punishing hand, chiding that he should never beat up on someone smaller than he is. "Shit!" says sweating Ricky, genderizing his untenderized sex, "the fucker's as old as I am, ain't he!"

MATTHEW—at 15

(June 1960)

. . . Violets are red, roses are blue, sugar is sweet and so were you, Matthew
. . . but now you are attempting to blackmail me! Truly the wages of sin is
extortion and death on the pocketbook, but I am not going to hold still for it.
You say you will felony me to the fuzz if I don't give you a hundred
dollars—which no doubt means a C-note down and a C-note forever—but I
am tone-deaf to such sour music and I will remind you that when we first
met it was *you* who picked *me* up, remember? I was sitting in Bryant Park
quietly minding my own business, falling asleep over the New York Times
editorials when you sat down beside me, cadged cigarette and light, then
invited me to the Automat for pie and coffee which somehow exaggerated
itself into a six-course meal which I paid for and you ate. Next you
suggested I might like to see a movie, but I had to give you the money for
the tickets and sit through a nauseating film of your choice about a young
man trapped in a girls' school and his horrible death from a broken back.
And all this time I didn't touch you once, gave you no encouragement, for
you didn't smell quite the kosher-McCoy to me, Matthew, though certainly
you were and are handsome in a brigand this-is-a-stickup! fashion. And you
insisted on coming home with me despite my telling you I was expecting a
friend; you sat in the kitchen while the friend came, came and went, then
you sauntered into the bedroom with your shirt off, your undershirt around
your neck and your pants and shorts at half-mast, your flagpole Old Glory

MATTHEW - AT 15

erect, so if anyone was seduced that night it was I! And if you go to the fuzz what are you going to tell them? That I ravished my ravisher? That I aided and abetted the delinquency of a juvie delinq? That I irritated an already disturbed child and interfered with an interfering hustler? That I incited a debaucher to debauchery and impaired the morals of an immoral minor? Ha! And let me warn you, Matthew . . . if you persist in your plans to *chantage* me, I shall bring a counter-charge—taking it right up to the Supreme Court and beyond if necessary— that you callously, deliberately and with malice aforethought contributed to the delinquency of an adult!

LUC—at 13

(October 1965)

. . . Though it keeps you young in your early grave, Love by any other name makes assholes of us all! I was pushing eight when a plausible playmate one haymow summer afternoon proposed that if I did it to him he would do it to me and I did it to him but he refused to do it to me . . . and he was too big to beat up and I could hardly go to his mother and complain that Bobby Didn't Play Fair!

. . . I am tightening the sheets on our French Phallovincial bed which still shaped by our bodies is in a hell of a shape, debating should I change the linen for the second time that day and pleurably contemplating a nice tempestuous postmeridian in the sack when Little Horse shrivels me with blowtorch glance and says: "Sir, are you some kind of freak from a filbert-factory or something? We just got *out* of bed and furthermore I am so dehydrated I can't even spit!" I compliment him on the new big word he has learned but he tells me I used it yesterday, and he wants me to take him to the Museum of Unnatural History for he has learned through juvenile grapevine or latrine-rumor that a certain fetid shipment of artwork excavated from Pompeii and destined for a private collection in New York City has by possibly premeditated error wound up here and he would like to see it—trust my little student to be up-to-date on all the things he shouldn't know! And after I exact seventeen soul-kisses from his reluctant mouth we set out and are halfway to our destination when I behold a *brun* gamin,

LUC - AT 13

high-cheekboned and changeling-eyed who can't hold guttering candle to Luc's electric beauty but one hopelessly captive as I ever struggles against his delightful shackles, subjecting his master-*inamorato* to tests physical or mental, metaphysical or detrimental and mock-lustfully I wheeze to my companion: "There goes a hey-hey piece I would esteem to horizontal!" Little Horse icicles me with glacial glare and hisses: "You son of a bitch, are you tired of me . . . *sir*?" And though my nonesuch lad should know by now he has become necessary to the beat of my heart, my crapulous perversity leads me to reply: "Well, yes . . . and no!" Through lips hard as arrowheads the boy grits out: "Tell me when you don't want me any more and I'll split—but until then if I ever catch you with another boy I'll cut *his* prick off and ram it up *your* ass!" And such is the savage gleam in his eye that I know he would do it, or try to, and not tidily either; then realizing I have come perilously close to causing Luc to lose face if I have not already irremediably fractured his little *amour propre*, which would mean all flaming hell in my hip-pocket and the fire department out to lunch, I hurriedly strive to redress my untact and to show Little Horse how much I prize him and how little he has to fear a rival, we come to a puddle of I trust not horse-piss in the dust and I prostrate myself over it, motioning to the boy to walk on me *à la* Queen Liz and Sir W. Raleigh—which he does, heavily, giving me a swift kick enroute! Now if there's anything I hate, it's a dramatic gesture that falls flat on its face . . . before I can get up a thin man and two fat women tread on me, I ruin an imported English topcoat, Luc coldly states I am nuts as well as fruit, and an over-conscientious, left-her-

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glasses-at-home policewoman bustles up and sticks a ticket under my windshield-wiper nose for obstructing traffic, jeopardizing the public safety, parking beside a hydrant, and lying the wrong way on a one-way street!

LEE—at 13

(March 1963)

. . . Down in Jackson, Mississippi on business, I check into a hotel and the bellboy who takes me up to my room is one of those astral little blonds with dark sultry eyes and kiss-me-off mouth who is so tempting that he unravels my libido like a badly-knit sweater. I give him the most tentative of pats to ascertain is he too true to be good but he corrugates his fierce baby-brow and wuffs at me menacingly so I am relieved I didn't commit myself more definitely, some of these unreconstructed youths being more touchy about their virginity than about the Confederate Flag, and the most delicate grope—conventional, refined and in the etiquettest manner though it be—often causes them to whip up a spur-of-the-moment lynching. So I tip him over-lavish, murmur lingering farewell and am left alone in my lonely cell which stinks of a careless female's stale cosmetics and unwashed hair—why I can never get a room fragrant with the incense of spermful young boy I'll never know! Now owing to press of work I have been ladless for some time and in this syncopic continuum of discontent I am pedalling an oestrous cycle in ever-narrowing circles that are beginning to assume vulgar vaginal outline! But even though repression causes neurosis, it strikes me as inviting the fall of valor to go kid-hunting in this unpredictable city and state where the most expeditious means to quick but not easy suicide is to mutter under your breath: Hurrah for Lincoln and Civil Rights! So I prepare for bed hoping for a *frottage* dream or two when there sounds a knock doorwise and I open to find the little blond bellhop who asks do I need / want anything

LEE - AT 13

before he goes off duty? Testing him I say: "Yes, get me a woman on toast with French undressing!" but the lad frowns that this ain't no gash-joint, buster! And his *primavera* appeal, hair still dew-dropped by just-taken shower, causes me to lose all caution and I stammer out exactly how he can rapturously serve me. Giving me a I-figured-youall-were-like-that! smirk he promptly enters, closes and double-locks door and helps me remove his blue uniform below the Mason-Dixon Line where I descry briefs so sheer that he bulges pony-boy pinkly beneath them, his rod and the staff that comforts hard as the nether millstone and faintingly I watch it grope through the opening in the cloth and thrust toward me with moist-lipped blind smile. At once I hop upon this aggressive young pogo-stick, begin to tap the infinite riches in my now boy'd room while my partner, sighing gustily as that old / old feeling lassitudes his limbs, throws one leg over my shoulder, jams my head deep into his hot cafeteria and drawls: "Ah reckon ah've always wanted to see a bastard damyankee on his knees!"

LUC—at 13

(May 1965)

. . . Boysexual intercourse (for centuries erroneously deemed to be the exclusive prerogative of philosophers and of the King of the Gods) is the physiological interpretation of psychological response to chemical-physical-extralegal stimuli activated by . . . but why go on? You probably know the definition far better than I do!

. . . It is one of those constipated periods of temporal temperament when everything goes wrong: snow flurries blight May flowers, important letters fail to arrive, fuses blow circuits and every inanimate object in the house stealthily moves two inches out of its accustomed habitat to fall on you or you fall over it. But in bed by jittery taperlight, battery radio thumping out Bolero's *Ravel*, I am soothed by my Little Horse's pure *perdu* profile, kiss pink membraned loveliness of his lower lip's inside and propose a dollop of anal eroticism to settle my upset epididymus. "What, again!" the boy sniffs, "do you think you should, sir, at your age?" Huffily I counter that I am not yet Father Time nor even Father William and though I am touched by his consideration for me, surely there can be no pleasanter demise than to die in the saddle—cowboys and bank presidents do it every day! And Luc remarks wistfully (?): "No kid, sir, if you like kick off do I get everything you've got?" Abruptly aware of musty tomb-smell and faded funeral wreaths I funereal that he won't have to stand in the 'D'-Line at Welfare in the event I'm suddenly called down yonder. Promptly the boy exclaims: "Well, what're

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we waiting for!" and I grab up baby-oil bottle to find it is empty and it further develops that some hyperbolic sod has stolen the cold cream, the liquid vaseline has run out and I have carelessly left uncapped the KY and mice have devoured it all . . . but how did they press the tube flat? Impatient Luc bids me: "Hell, sir, spit in it!" but that flays my aesthetic sensibilities and with martyred air I mutter I can restrain myself until the Junior Chamber of Sexual Commerce opens tomorrow and I can procure a fresh supply of lubricants but Little Horse with Indian obstinacy (or inheritor's greed?) insists on getting laid without delay and seizing candelabra dashes to kitchen, pantry, bathroom returning with containers, jars, flasks, bottles of: Mazola, butter, Vapo-rub, lard, liquid shampoo, Peruna, brilliantine, ketchup, Noxzema, Crisco and honey—indicating he is not particular which I use though the liquid shampoo might be a high-kick because of the foaming-action but I veto this at once for I knew a man who employed it and he was nine days getting the bubbles out of his urethra. After much judicial wrestling with myself I finally select honey as affording a sticky yet nicely sugary diddle and the boy flings himself on his belly, shoving a pillow mid-beneath him which temptantly elevates his byzantine buttocks' glossy gloze of twinned innocence. "*Open sesame!*" I cry, meshed in Arabian Nights' mazed mimicry. "Open it yourself, Ali Baba!" replies Luc, doing it for me and I am about to sweeter sweeten the tight nether mouth of the Vale of Assmir when joltingly I discover the honey has all crystallized at the bottom of the jar. Deciding deep kisses are the most exciting unguent in the entire amatorial pharmacopoeia, I force apart the firm loaves, buss the

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pink pouting rosebud, tip tipped tongue-tip into sphincter'd Vesuvius (scent of myrrh, taste of amber!), tickle till convoluted flower quivers, becomes moist-hot and the boy thrusts hard against my face, sighing: "Sir, I'm ready if you are!" I move up over him, suspended for a moment like passion'd planet admiring my little satellite's smooth flow of body-line all soft sensuous form-music, no dissonant note anywhere, then descend on his angel-food ass invitingly open to my ravishing, place throbbing tip of my fiery probe against the hot bower (*In Kubla Khan did Xanadu some undecreed pleasure prove?*) . . . when the boy suddenly locks his muscled Guardian of the Gate and exclaims: "Hold it, sir, I think it'll be more Wow for both of us if we do it face-to-face!" Feeling like sick Devil with broken pitchfork and the fire out I epilepsily wait while he turns over, puts second pillow under him, draws up knees and holds out his arms into which I fall as he guides my befuddled member to his entrance and with the softest, tenderest of blows I commence to spike myself into the glowing young body. Luc squeals as his hard-pressed sphincter, valiantly resisting my attack, finally gives way and allows me to enter though still clasping strangling-tight my relentless member and I penetrate to the velvety warmth of rectal walls which aiding sphincter in its efforts to expel me, pleasurably contract about the invader and like dullard scholar poor in orthography I am beginning to write EXTASY on the blackboard of the night . . . when the boy again demurs: "Sir, I think you can get it in deeper if I ride you!" Unslaked desire, passion denied sweat me with a fever no thermometer could register as I withdraw, exchange places with my skitter-brained

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darling, remove pillows, stretch out on my aching back while Little Horse straddles my thighs in Eros Reversa, knees pressed into my flanks. He lowers himself, maneuvers until my key nudges his lock and paradisaically he impales himself on me, directing that I play with his frontispiece—but there for once I have anticipated him! My budding plant in his narrow vase becomes shoot, urgent branch, limb and tree of the knowledge of good Evil, I feel blissfully caught in scalding teat-cup of electric milking-machine and frenziedly I kiss the boy's hands, gasping never was there lad who gave such transcendent delight and how does he do it! Luc frowns it's very simple: I am like a turd he's trying to squeeze out! I look at him to see if this is some sort of subtle insult but he stares back so blandly you'd swear not even melted butter would melt in his mouth . . . and now I am joyous centrifugal force about to have a centripetal fit when Little Horse abruptly ceases his counterthrusts and irrelevants: "Sir, can I ask you an important question?" Silently shouting screams I try to reach culmination, fail and groan: "Can't it wait?" It can't, says my exquisite torturer, 'cause he's liable to forget the question. Gonads kicking me in the frenum, I collapse and through darkening mists of slow dying the boy peers down at me and asks: "Sir, how high is Mt. Everest?" Inwardly raging like capped volcano I seethe: "Uh . . . 29002 feet! Now shall we—?" But Luc hoots: "You're wrong! It's 29028 feet!" Forbearing to inquire why the combustible hell he asked a question to which he knew the answer, I indignant: "Why, it's no such thing for years ago I read it's exactly 29002 feet high!" Frying me with a glance the boy definites: "Just yesterday in geography class we were told it's 29028 feet,

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sir!" I protest: "How can that be? The older a mountain the shorter it should be because of the elements' abrasive action!" Little Horse twists my nipples and snarls: "God damn you, sir, are you calling me a liar?" At all costs not wanting to offend my sweet sometime-if-ever lay, I say with placative haste: "OK! It's 29028 feet—up, down or sideways!" My young master of the sexual *non sequitur* grinds punishing thumb into my navel, uses my flabby underbelly for punching bag, yanks out five of my few pubic hairs to hurl them in my face . . . and though he does not take himself off me, he grumbles he doesn't think it's very good manners to contradict a boy while you are screwing him!

NON SEDUCTIO AD ABSURDEM!

(July 1964)

. . . The divine melody escapes me but the sordid words were I was caught by irate father blowing his son's oboe while the lad practiced on my flute—which is not so innocent as it sounds and I fled to Denver but through some planal-spatial-temporal error wound up at Atlantic City where I rent a beach cottage, and the *puer-urge* still strong within me I buy an armful of comic books and lay them out at ten-foot intervals from the juvenile section of the beach to my doorstep (sugar catches more *flies* than vinegar!); and I crouch in my \$30-*per-diem* hovel, substitution-complexly sucking both thumbs and harkening to sacerdotal tide sounds (poor sea-evolved everybody, ever dominated by marine influences and helplessly yawing between *When My Ship Comes In, & I Missed the Boat!*), hopelessly hoping my lurid bait will cause some comely piscine to rise to the strike. And tiny toilet-tinctured toddlers tootle up clutching the books—too young to read but they like the pictures—and I have to throw them back and furiously re-lay the seductive trail. Now chromatic youngsters of seven-come-eleven fall across my threshold, retinas glued to thrilling: *Superboy in Darkest KY-land!* whom wistfully I dismiss and freshen the bait. Then a husky 14-year-old but too fat, too bespectacled and out on both counts—fat boys being even more unattractive than bony ones (except in a localized sense) and weak eyes invariably indicating strong moral character. I once more sweeten the downward path and catch a girl about 10, already stinkily menstruous, a stringy-haired gargoyle with braced teeth (even in boys a hazard to kiss) and

NON SEDUCTIO AD ABSURDEM!

she has the utter gall to ask don't I have something fit for a lady to read, like Real Rapy Romances or Helen's Sister's Other Husband's Mistress, and to get shed of her I throw her a buck to buy her own nepenthe literature. Now to my unfrolic lair at last comes (ah! heart's nitroglycerin!) a tanned teener on his supple wheel and he has a cute round medieval pageboy's face under a casque of Shinola hair, veritable young Pan hinting of *cinquecento* ruined temples and trysts in the dark of full moon, and I think surely the Arcadian occasion is at hand! He is ambitious mobile bootician and forthwith I extend my footwear wishing I were shod centipede; bootblack puts brown polish on my white shoes, black paste on tan pants-cuffs, oxblood schmear on light-blue socks which turn livid and as he buffs my brogues to baffling what color? I slip questing hand between his widely parted thighs to cuddle his caudal codpiece but he shrinks away not from moral indignation but simply because he has so severe a phimosis that he cannot endure even to erotically touch himself! Apologetically he leaves while so numbly starved for love I am beginning to doubt its existence, I neo-invitory the trail—\$97.80 already disbursed on comics and I have yet to hook Amour on the fly! But a half-hour and three re-baitings later I hear light firm footsteps as of a plush pubescent and I feel in my bone(s): This is it! This is He! and I rush to door . . . but there looms an overgrown, under-intellected police officer who hardly raises his eyes from Terry & the Pie-Rats as he hands me a summons for littering!

NICK—at 18

(March 1956)

. . . Thank Hell and the Supreme Court it's still a man's world—who ever heard of an Unmarried Father! But misfit Nick is doing his damndest to break the barriers down, perhaps in revenge for the dirty trick sly Mother Nature played on him for she has so sexually hexed this lad that he is convinced his tongue is his phallus—in a manner of speaking, sexual intercourse to Nick is a figure of speech. He and a boy named Otto and a girl called Olivia dwell muskily together in an unsquare *ménage à trois*, even sleep three to a double-gaited bed wherein shortly Olivia becomes violently pregnant . . . so all who know this unholy trinity are asking: Is Otto the father by courtesy of trite, outmoded, old-fashioned, so-called normal *lingam-yoni* belly-to-belly? Or is Otto the papa by word-of-mouth sperm transference via Nick? Could a Third Man be involved? Could Olivia be the innocent victim of an Immaculate Conception? Or is Nick the first male since the inscrewtable Dawn of vertebrate Time to be capable of impregnating a woman solely by the Gift of Tongues?

LUC—at 13

(June 1965)

. . . One deliquescent June night when I lie with my love, some belated twinge of disowned conscience impelling me to have no more criminous contact with him than my fingers loosely-curled about his biceps . . . then tauntingly that muscle begins to swell and harden, and my good resolutions dribbling away like hourglass-sand I rub my cheek against Luc's spun-silk locks (Venus though surpassing fair combed duller hair!), mewl tongue-stroking cloacae into his stained glass ear and itchily regard his swift surrealist erection. Right hand idly caressing me, the boy leans on my chest watching my transparent face as his fingers casually excite, are forceful, are brutal, are unendurable . . . are cruel deserters! for he has learned to gauge the exact pre-spasm moment and stops his digital erotics just there, then his sly teasing fingers begin anew. And when by design or suddenly bored with the game he racks me to culmination he reaches for his discarded nightgown, wraps it about my *crise'd* member, remarking it is damn odd that all the stiff-stains on his night-wear are from me and not him! And here the felicitous thought overtakes me that if I am ever caught in *flagrante delicioso* with Little Horse and am dragged off by the exultant fuzz, I shall *à la Jenkins* demand hospitalization pleading overwork and overdrink, and while in my case there is no hope of liberal pension or a get-well card from L.B.J., still I shall be extremely annoyed if I don't get a nice bouquet of at least a dozen red red roses from friendly J. Edgar Hoover!

BURTIS—at 14

(June 1954)

. . . Burtis has limpid peridot eyes in a pertly pensive face, a body reminiscent of the Elgin marbles, and the courage of lions. When he was 10 he walked along the top of a tall picket-fence (showing off before some surely unimpressed little chit), missed his step and fell, one of the sharp pickets piercing his genitalia. A succession of operations has done no more than restore urinary function, otherwise his poor maimed pudendum is useless, atrophied almost to extinction but Burtis seems not to miss what sexually he has never known for he is radiantly cheerful and chirpy as a cricket and for want of the other vendable commodity, he took to bum-hustling as eagerly as a square boy would attend the 7th game of a World Series. Inadvertently kind for once, Mother Nature has given the boy heightened anal sensation to compensate for his lost penility and he has had so pronounced a success peddling his nonpareil posterior, and has become so skilled in affording his patrons Tunnel-of-Love pleasure that every asshole-bandit in town and for miles around seeks out Burtis and his gala Cupid-cove which has been nicknamed 'Sterno' by those privileged to have been in it because it is pure, unadulterated canned heat. But after his long painful experience with hospitals, surgeons, scalpels, sutures and related tortures, Burtis has developed commendable caution and before he lets you mount him he thoroughly inspects you, then requires you to wear a rubber of a reliable brand, for he is conversant with all the sociable diseases and their often hospitalizing consequences. He also entertains the quaint notion

BURTIS - AT 14

that semen in his rectum can cause pregnancy, which he confides to me one night as I am cupping the perfect curves of his satiny buttocks and fingering the tiny touchhole into warm pulsing welcome. Quickly I assure him there is nothing to fear on that score but if by some physiological miracle he *did* become *enceinte* then scientists, gynecologists, pediatricians, doctors . . . in addition to the Amalgamated Male Prostitutes League and alarmed officials from the Planned Parenthood Association . . . not to mention the National Pornographic Society and a sorry but solvent mishmash of deviates and deviationists of every shape, size and kind would descend like locusts to examine and enrich him as being unique in the history of boykind! Bug-eyed Burtis exclaims: "Well, forevermore! Do you mean to lie there and tell me I'd get rich just by having a baby?" I reply: "Beyond an indubitable doubt." Shaken by this blasting revelation the boy rubs his nose, taps his chin, gives me a long considering stare; then he whips off the condom I have just put on, turns over into prone position and says gravely: "I'll tell you what, Duke—if you knock me up I'll give you half the loot!"

WILLY—at 17

(September 1960)

. . . Half the trouble in the world today is caused by that inexorable bitch Mother Nature who obsessively abhors a vacuum and is ever egging people on to fill same.

. . . I was standing in front of the Kotex Building clasping a gallon of baby-oil (10¢ back on the bottle) when who should come up and effusively greet me but Willy! Two years ago I had been hung up on that boy and his will-o'-the-wisp root of all evil, so quicksandily enamored that I sat by the hour plucking pistils from fainting forget-me-nots and petals from defenceless daisies, flinging them morosely into an empty vaseline barrel and keening: "Will he? Won't he? Willy? Wonty?" (He wouldn't!) So understandably I am an iota cool to him but an involuntary glimpse of his still third-dimensional crotch coerces me into nearby saloon where as usual the drinks are on me, and Willy confidantially that he made a slight deposit in a girl about a month ago and now she is preparing to give him a dividend with nine months' compound interest which is not recognized as legal tender and he inquires do I know of an abortionist—a damned inappropriate question to address to me but I overlook it for he obviously is suffering stress and strain to an inordinate degree. Also it happens I am acquainted with a Doc Schwengel, a graduate of Casanova College who until recently was quite a renowned lower Bronx gynecologist, highly skilled and professionally expert because he fortunately had absolutely no sense of smell, enabling him to immerse

WILLY - AT 17

himself so deeply in his work that he often wasn't seen for weeks on end; but he was defrocked or disbarred or de-stethoscoped for persisting in treating his more pulchritudinous patients with his own personal blunt instrument rather than expensive, easily lost or misplaced speculums, probes, irrigators, etc.— a measure of economy only, I believe, for Doc came from Glasgow originally. So I give Willy Doc's address, though I really don't know if Schwengel is aborting or not, but presumably he could be as I do know he is performing a lot of bootleg circumcisions on Gentiles, passing them off as the real Jewish *bris* which of course they aren't, as Doc is no rabbi whatever else he may be. And Willy thanks me warmly, says wistfully he was a goddam fool for turning me down way-back-when, borrows five dollars, has another drink and hurries off. Some weeks later I hear that Willy is in worse trouble than before, as it seems Doc Schwengel treated the girl, administering ether as is customary under the circumstances, whereupon he took out Willy's deposit—and then proceeded to introduce a highly fertile one of his own!

LUC—at 13

(June 1965)

—Little Horse?

—No, damn you! And take your hand away from there or I'll piss on it!

—Keep your shirt on, baby; I just wanted to ask if you noticed the beautiful full moon.

—How can I help it—the fool moon shines in my eyes and keeps me awake.

—And the soft sensuous lilac-scented breeze . . . doesn't it make you feel romantic?

—It makes me feel cold! Pull the sheet up.

—Hark, what is that? A nightingale, flinging his golden aria to the stars!

—There ain't any nightingales in this country—that's a crow, cawing his damn head off!

—Ah, never was there a June so June . . . and you, lovely boy, have made it so!

—This lovely boy is going to sleep on the living-room couch. . . hey, sir! Take it easy! What are you trying to do—circumcise me with your teeth?

. . . Eros-Dionysus, first and wisest of the gods, is not always the kindest but one perseveres, cultivates a desperate sense of gone humor, adjusts one's

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size 40 strait jacket and dully wonders if one is one's keeper's brother. At ten last night when my over-achiever clock struck thirteen, Luc's slim hot thighs were cinctured about my neck while I made his little nightingale sing—which is a phrase borrowed from Boccaccio but I trust Signor B. won't mind, especially since he's hardly in a position to object. And when I have thoroughly wrung said bird's neck extracting therefrom the last liquid note, Little Horse untwines his legs, drags me up beside him, says: "Let's talk a while, sir, for I am not Cape Canaveral that can blast off every quarter-hour!" Numbed by the *vibrissimo* of the boy's *crescendo* I comply and since a sexsession with him always leaves me highly poetastical or in need of tranquilizer pills, I query is he receiving the cultural boon of *ars poetica* in school? He replies they have studied and content-analyzed 'To a Skylark,' 'Evangeline' and 'The Children's Hour,' but his personal preference regarding this art form leans more to:

Shinny up a tin can,
Johnny shot a bear—
Shot him in the asshole
And never touched a hair!

which I must concede has a certain bawdy bucolic dash and Nimrodic essay—but it isn't poetry. And Luc verbatims that another of his favorites is:

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Old Swiss cheese and girls' holes stink—

But just the same they're nice, I think!

which of course is physiologically accurate and rhymes, yet it is totally without appeal (a touch nauseating, in fact) and doesn't at all sound like Henry Longworth Wadsfellow! So I impart that true poetry is characterized by imaginative thought and artistic construction and to illustrate, I go to the compendious library in this house I have rented, locate a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, blow the dust off, return and read excerpts to the lad, who seems more absorbed in taking aim with cocked thumb and extended forefinger at his limp boyhead. After I have quoted with unsuitably dramatic overtones a dozen or more stanzas, my young companion interposes that he didn't know Willy the Shake liked boys, too; chidingly I reply he is jumping onto a conclusion and breaking its back for it has never been proven that the Bard of Avon had such discriminating taste. Little Horse counters that it's plain as my giant nose on my dwarf face that Willy was swinging-gone on this Mr. W.H., who probably was no better than present company and possibly a good deal worse . . . leading me to conjecture about Sweet William who like Socrates unluckily had a shrew for spouse; and when he indited the female roles for his plays (Juliet's speeches, for example) he must have been considering not women but the boys who would fill those parts: would Dicky Robinson best fit Juliet's part here? or would William Hostler better serve? And when one reconstructs the homo-psychic lure of lad playing lass disguised as lad—surely enough to resurrect Wilde Oscar,

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shaking off green carnation cerements to knee to the nearest *knaben!*—it is not beyond the unthinkable, as well as appropriate to the artistic temperament, that Bill fell for one of these youngsters who seem to have been well-rounded, remarkably talented youths: thus might by implication be explained the mystery of the Sonnets whose sheer beauty of imagery have immortalized them. And striving to inculcate Luc with the evocative loveliness of this matchless verse, I inadequately recite a few lines from Sonnet 73, ending with:

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang

asking if he can grasp the subtle meaning therein. Little Horse orals scornfully: "I dig that the easiest! It means . . . it means, naked choirboys who've been nuted so they can't blast off any more—but where do the frigging birds come in?" And I protest that he has missed the thought entirely when I behold him finger-shoot his own sweet bird of youth to death but it refuses to fall down and abruptly I find Luc's spear far more to the point than Shakespeare, and slipping down I tongue up the clear distilled tear, harbinger of better things to come, fit my lips around the tender glans, paean and hosanna . . . and too soon, too soon the *foudroyant* boy writhingly thrusts full length within me and as the paroxysm rips through him his toes spread wide, sharp teeth tear at pillow, nails rasp along the sheet and when his tiny ejaculator-pump has ceased its frantic ejection of the precious unction and his heaving breath steadies, he sighs wistfully: "Jeez, sir, how I wish you were a girl!"

WHEELER—at 12

(July 1947)

. . . Am I gifted with hyper-percipient or have you too lately observed rabbits menacing snakes, lambs thumbing noses at wolves, infants sassing police officers and virgins (who used to hunt unicorns) raunchily stalking rapists?

. . . Young for his years and old for his age is Wheeler who has liquid sea-green eyes that shed glances of pure champagne laced with carbolic acid. He lives across the street but I heartily wish he lived ten thousand miles away for the pixilated hubris of this psychic earthquake is more aggravation to me than a wife, especially when you consider I take no conjugal rights from him . . . not that they aren't offered! But the boy is far too immature, besides having a longshoreman Samson for Papa and a heavyweight Gorgon for Mama, so I would be undernourished midget defying gargantuan behemoths to mess around Wheeler though he muddies up to my house (there's been no rain for months!), uninvited walks or crawls through unlocked door or window, gives me brassy ingenuous grins as he exhibits himself to show he has all the boyish conveniences, invites me to pull his pudding and when yellowly I decline, does it himself; and while it is irrefutable that he is nicely-outfitted still it is aridly apparent he is sapless as a February tree. Then he sits his dirty dungarees on my new gray satin wing chair, asking is my bedroom upstairs or downstairs and do I have a single bed, bunk-beds or double bed and other highly suggestive inquiries—for he has eavesdropped

WHEELER - AT 12

on the buttscut bruited about by older companions that I am boy-crazy, and has seen several sated suckotash'd lads leaving my front door wiping cake crumbs and coke drops from orgy-slack mouths while carefully they count the copious cabbage cadged from cox'n Casimir, and Wheeler can't understand why I don't take him on for a similar *pourboire*. Patiently I explain that while I have always maintained children should be obscene and not heard nevertheless he is far too unripe to lollop and piddle with the likes of me, for if we were caught he would be dragged away to the Home for Morally Decayed Minors and I would be shot, hanged and electrocuted though not necessarily in that order . . . which highly fascinates the young nuisance who already has manifested overt stigmata of being kid brother to the Marquis de Sade, and he is more determined than ever to play joint to my swing until defensively I bribe him with two-bits and half a box of Fig Newtons to get lost and permanently if he can arrange it. The dirty little boy calls me a dirty old man and departs reeking with insulted rejection, trailing ominous adult threats against the older lads who are the recipient of my *largesse*. That night when one of my harem calls to pay his disrespects, does his family-duty and is about to leave, I reconnoiter out the window as is my wont in case the F.B.I. or the local fuzzy-wuzzies have tumbled to my puerile passion-parlor; and though neither the arm nor the big feet of the Law threaten, what I do behold clumsily concealed behind the bridal wreath bush on my front lawn is the crouching form of menacing little Wheeler with a big baseball-bat!

LUC—at 13

(September 1965)

. . . In the inevitable perverseness of things some fish constantly attempt to walk on land and some birds refuse to use their wings: thus Perversity becomes Progress . . . or is Mom Nature just a gay trifler? Little Horse too likes to tease though he brings to it the gifts of raillery and grace. One night last week he summoned me to bed and I found it blanketed with all of the garden's last roses of summer, and one always makes the expected gesture so birthday-suited I leaped onto our fragrant couch while the boy watched in doubled-up mirth as painfully I emerged bleeding from a score of shallow wounds—he had carefully neglected to remove the hidden sharp thorns. This evening my astrological chart shows Mars superimposed on Venus in rude copulative intent and Luc is in similar frenzy, capering nudely about the room as entranced I admire the purple shadows his golden body casts on the ivory walls and hircinely I pursue my testosterone love, sweep him up and delicately resupinate him, switching on the searchlight bed-lamp and adjusting it to throw into high-relief the boy's theater-of-operations— that alliterative area between knee and navel. Sweated with coarse desire and repellent yearning I crawl in after him but he cups his hands about his *capriccio* saliency, hinting darkly that he has every symptom of measles, German measles, mumps, pox, chicken pox, smallpox, black and bubonic plague plus an ingrown pubic hair . . . and I laugh! Sourly he cites stomach ache, toothache, earache, headache, balls ache; mislocates ailing bladder for gall bladder, places rupturing appendix where his kidneys are and an infirm

LUC - AT 13

spleen where his liver is, also his ass hurts him and prickly heat prickles prick . . . and I laugh! Then I discover he has smeared his mouth with collodion to discourage kisses, daubed nipples with red ink, dusted cheeks with the sneezeful paprika or cachouant red pepper, alum'd his belly-button, thumbtacked his meatus, painted glans with iodine and inside of foreskin with mercurochrome: pink-*brun* precaution against my prurience . . . and I laugh! But when my tongue becomes LePagely mired during anal assault and battery because he's applied glue to his gluteal cleft, epoxyly I can't laugh but while I spank him . . . I smile!

HENRY—at 15

(July 1950)

. . . You could say I needed a vacation, for a finger of a hand of an arm of the Law was pointing impolitely in my direction so with great dispatch I dropped everything including my Omega watch and took off to some rural somewhere, camouflaging myself as a salesman of barbed wire jockstraps and flypaper bras; and I obtain board and room at a neat little farm where I see a fledgling boy working in a hayfield and though viewed from a distance, he seems to have a definite nonage attractiveness. The farm couple welcome me, give me a meal-sized snack until supper, show me to a clean airy room with big lonely bed and I unpack and then, travelling-salesman panting after the farmer's son, I go exploring. But hayfield is deserted, ditto the barn, granary, pigpen, toolshed, smokehouse, garage and even the three-holer Chic Sale so I am beginning to wonder with some alarm if police brutality has made me subject to hallucinations and the pastoral lad I have glimpsed is only an agricultural mirage! Then in a remote clump of weeping willows I stumble on the chickenhouse which I enter and there is the substance of things hoped for, now the evidence of things seen—but the boy is in a mightily provocative and scandalous posture for his nether garments are pooled about his ankles and he is clasping to his groin a fat hen whose anus, to judge by fowl's and lad's excited state, he has penetrated to unknown but effective depth and the gastronomic thought assails me that I won't be able to eat chicken here in any form without pleasurably speculating if this aggressive young bestializer hasn't already been in the

HENRY - AT 15

pope's-nose! And it is raucously obvious the hen doesn't too much appreciate this overgrown proxy for a rooster as she is squawking piercingly, flailing her wings and scrabbling her feet in poultry protest, and when at last Master High Cockalorum becomes aware of my mesmerized presence he reddens so flamingly that the hen is in danger of being fried on the spot, and quickly he releases her to fly relievedly off his rearing cocklet the tip of which is liquidly yellow with the yolk of punctured egg. While nervously he cleans himself at nearby water-tap I tell him he ought to have more sense than to sodomise a laying-hen though I can understand that his lewd desire was so hotly demanding that one could not expect him to be too choosy as to the means of relief; the boy begs me not to tell his parents who will kill him or worse and wolfishly I reply that depends on whether he is willing to confer on me that which he was about to waste in a fowl and the lad, still heaving slightly from his untactfully interrupted coitus, laughs and at once presents his still rigid polarity. Striking while the irony is hottest I genuflect, he grasps my ears, draws me onto him and in two seconds is jackknifed over me in the throes of his delayed coming; after a second forceful expulsion of his youthful lust I tell him if he wants to ensure my continued silence he had better come to my room tonight and randily he declares I could not keep him from it. I ask if this is his first experience with a man and blushfully he says it is and he hopes I am going to stay here a long, long time for I sure am a big improvement over a White Wyandotte!

MARTIN—at 14

(October 1964)

. . . An amaranthine blond with salamander eyes between eyelashes peccantly promiscuous is Martin who affects pants so tight they squeak when he walks and is one of those well-adjusted children who has been going steady (hetero-wise) since the age of 11, thanks and no thanks to his monstrous Mom. Desire's voracious leer having long drooled over his charismatic charm, I finally made his acquaintance by simple expedient of the dollar trick: accosting him bill in hand, asking if he had lost same which I found on sidewalk where he had just passed. Honest Martin doesn't even check his pockets but grabs buck, cooing: "Gee, thanks a million, mister!" and out of the largeness of his larcenous heart treats me to small Belchsie-Cola while he downs jumbo-malt-with-egg and pig's-snuckles *mit puppenjungen-putzele*. More bucks entice Martin to my bed where glumly I note he has an extremely tardy turgescence, the cause of which is not intercouring his quasi-*fiancée* (he tried to but she ratted to his mother!) nor beating his drumstick overmuch: "That's the way you go nuts!" he solemnly warns me, so I am forced resignedly to accept it as a natural infirmity. Not to mince the meat of the matter, when about to cohabit with Martin I could warm the sun with my ardor but the son refuses to enkindle until he has read at least half-a-fresh-dozen of those bawdily illustrated little booklets certainly most of you in your youth (or maturity) have sniggered over and which variously are yclept: *Jiggs & Maggie* or *Toots & Casper* right on down to *Liz & Burtie* or *Hubie & ADA*, and they all leave much to be

MARTIN - AT 14

desired in the way of art and are superhumanly idealized (if passionate love were what pornography is, gods would walk the earth!), but taken uncritically the leaflets generally are effective where imagination strives to animate the insensate, and Martin being such a *bijou* boy I don't too much mind going to some risk and expense scrounging around for these brochures which usually can be obtained outside high schools or teener-haunts, though I look somewhat foolish at my age resorting to these juvenilia in shaggy white sweater with scarlet letter (athletic) on it. But a boy is nothing if not upright, so upon Martin's arrival I present him with a new supply of the torrid texts and since he learned to read by the regressive-progressive 'look-say' methodical madness, he perforce must haltingly lip-pronounce his way through the delightful filth, his lovely lacustrine eyes often mistaking 'buttock' for 'butter,' 'ass' for 'ask,' 'prick' for 'trick' or 'cock' for 'cook'—thus losing much of the semen-semantic significance. And while sweatily he studies the logistics of lust I sport around with that intricate groined apparatus which in most lads the merest idle-idyllic sex thought can set in motion (but not Martin) and I long to be Medusa to strike with stony extenso his starchless stalk, tenderly retracting the almost phimotic protective wrapper to expose the pink popsicle, harassing gently the boneless unhard bone until gradually it loses its lax loose-lipped disinterest and stirs a millimeter like hibernant bear cub kissed by Spring. And Martin flings down one calorific booklet to take up another, casts me an encouraging glance saying he's beginning to feel Whee! and it oughtn't be long now so I redouble my efforts, shaking the limp Tree of Life into wild

MARTIN - AT 14

tempest to bring down the liquid fruit until tortoisely the laggard boy quickens under American Literature and tongue-backlash, achieving at long half-hour last a respectable stand which tightly I engulf until upper lip presses sweaty pubic hair, my right hand open-closing in urgent milking-motion about Martin's swelling scrotal sac. When final book falls from the lad's fingers his middle starts to buck against me in rhythm with the breath whistling through his air-seeking lips and then as though ashamed of the erector-muscles' dilatory delinquency, the ejaculator-muscles deliver up so propulsive an emission that my uvula is flung flat against the back of my throat. While I drip-dry him Martin stacks the helpful reading material neatly on bedside-table, except one tried and true favorite which he stows carefully in drawer ready for his next visit and which more than any other of the lascivious lore amatorily aids him . . . and this printed aphrodisiac with *frisson* Freudian emphasis is surprisingly entitled: *Three Boys in One Sleeping-Bag!*

HUSH, HUSH, LITTLE BADEN-POWELL!

(August 1957)

Fifteen boys on the Dead Man's Chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of baby-oil!

. . . You will have inferred by now that I consider aesthetics superior to ethics and good manners more desirable than good morals. I try to be considerate of my fellow humans and boywise, naturally, I am exceptionally public-spirited but usually my efforts in this field are summarily rebuffed. Like recently I offered my bumbling talents to the Police Athletic League, panting to be PAL to some shook-up youngster, but one elephant-remembered detective pierces me with evil laser ray eye saying hasn't he got me in his little black book? meaning his Perverts' List which every vice-dick is supplied with and of course locally my name leads all the rest! Undiscouraged, I apply to the Big Brothers who put me on temporarily while they delve into my *dossier* from which I have tried to expunge all libellous data, and I am just at the butt-patting stage of chumminess with a maladive youth when the Father Image of the Big B's summons me and huffs that I can go hence as what they had in mind was a Benevolent Elder Brother of Highest Integrity for the lads—not a *Status Quo Auntie!* So I journey a thousand miles West to a state I've never been in before, to a promising town called Sheboygan (a traducive misnomer for there's not a she-boy in the place either urbanly, suburbanly or outskirtsly!). And in three

HUSH, HUSH LITTLE BADEN-POWELL!

days I contrive to insinuate myself into a Boy Scout troop as Assistant Scoutmaster, and the fat little frig who is Scoutmaster smells a rat but as he is very unpopular with the lads I soon get rid of him by one day at lunch spiking his lemonade with vodka, whereupon he makes a public scandal of himself trying to start a fire on Main Street by rubbing two spinsters' legs together. So I become The Leader of a dozen rambunctious *bagatelle* boys abrim with mischief which is 90% puritanically unexpended sperm and speedily I alleviate that condition on overnight hikes, camping trips and junior-jamborees . . . for as you know most lads are stupendously generous of themselves once you stroke them the right way! And it looks like I am set for life with practically a whole dairy of boy-milk at my beck and call as kids from all over town are joining my troop and presently I am walking on air, pushing aside clouds to hang my hat on the sickle moon. Then in a manner totally unforeseen, disaster strikes! I am haled to the Regional Council of the B. S. of A., the members of which receive me with open arms, award me a silver plaque for having the largest, best-run troop in the state, declare that such signal merit must not go unrewarded so upon desperate appeal from an allied organization they announce they are promoting me to be den-mother of a unit of Girl Scouts!

LUC—at 13

(June 1965)

. . . Once upon a semeniferous afternoon Luc brought home some fresh strawberries of suspect provenance I know not from whence nor do I dare ask, so I begged the loan of a pint of her best Grade A heavy cream from Elsie the Cow (she being in the moo'd) and made shortcake from a ready-mix which turned out remarkably well considering the box-top somehow got shredded into the batter. And Little Horse and I regaled ourselves on strawberry-shortcake with whipped-cream, I short-term borrowing *je ne sais quoi* kisses from the boy's alabaster'd lips until, becoming annoyed—or perhaps parodying for my pleasure proscribed *putti* fragments from arcane mosaics in Atlantis archives—he plunged his pulsatile penis deep into my dessert. Thus by his own petard dizzily hoist, I am able to have my cake . . . and eat it too!

EROS APTEROS

(October 1951)

. . . The fate worse than death is never to have had any, and the form you have it in doesn't make much difference if it gives pleasure to your partner and you and takes place in sufficient privacy: in other words, don't screw on the courthouse lawn (it wears out the grass), nor in the middle of Main Street (it obstructs traffic). In most instances you will undoubtedly be breaking one or more of the million or so St. Paul-inspired laws anyway . . . St. Paul (the saint not the city) hated the body, hated women, hated sensuality of whatever sort and was convinced the world was coming to an end within the decade: his resultant religious dogma and the idiots who propagated it over the centuries have stifled the Christian world ever since. And if your choice for partner is a nubile masculine boy, then rest content that while you may further be corrupting him, you are not perverting him for lads who eventually become homos show definite signs of such inclination long before puberty; these unfortunates are not to be confused with the much larger group of hetero boys who involve themselves in the homo scene because they find it more profitable, pleasurable, convenient and safer than any other sex-outlet. Other hetero youths, from whatever cause, fixate exclusively on the masturbation kick, or on release through whores, sexual tramps or rape; and a very few extremely lucky or appallingly unlucky adolescents can do without sex entirely!

. . . Tonight a storm keeping Lloyd from my door and the split-ear thunder

EROS APTEROS

coming all from the left, I considered it meet to check over the records I keep (for tax purposes) of all the lambent lads I have known, how much they have cost me and how rewarding they have been; and if I have had an army of boys, there has not been a dishonorable discharge among them for all have made healthy transition to the female, with the exception of three. Of these, Lail has become an autoerotic Narcissist but since he is impudiciously handsome, love's lonely labor is not lost. Duncan, a bachelor to whom neither male nor female now appeals, runs a boy-house in Los Angeles which is going bankrupt because lads are tractable in war but not so in love: playing favorites among the customers, reducing or increasing established rates according to their wind's-will fancy and too frequently giving away that which should only be sold— still a nice contrast to the more mercenary female prostitute. Francis, the third youth, is felicitous overseer on a sheep ranch where the ewes greet his approach with dewy eyes, but the rebuffed rams hate him to death and are ever trying to butt him into Eternity!

JERRY—at 14

(January 1954)

. . . Every lovely immortal melody is destined soon or late to end up as the theme song of a laxative-commercial, even the rarest wine has dregs, and an alluring incontinent *passionnel* is o'ershadowed by prosaic incontinence.

. . . I had to throw out my old bed which had become as rickety and worn-out as a paralyzed whore on a troopship, for *agitprop* lads ever use my couch as trampoline, diving-board and launching pad, which I encourage because in the flush of their post-calisthenic *triste* they often grant me a more intimate embrace than they had intended. So I purchased a queen-sized, virgin-soft *lit d'amour* with reinforced mattress and shelved headboard for such essentials as lubricants, rubbers, recuperative snacks and other objects to amuse and distract my *concupini* while I induce leaks in intricate boy-plumbing; and with new silk spread, blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., it all costs me \$418.94 plus tax and I am pondering what bubbly lad with easy-pour spout to invite over to bang on the prow of my lounge in the way of christening it, and at once Jerry comes to mind who boasts a cute honey-tipped dagger diametrically opposite a hard bouncy butt both of which only he has used though he hugs, kisses and rubs up against me so heatedly that I feel he is ripe to play spouse. And he arrives, shiverantly enchanting in his pillbox fur cap, fur-collared coat and fur-lined gloves, announcing he can stay all night with me as he has told his folks he is going to sleep with a schoolmate; and we play games like Bugger Your Neighbor

JERRY - AT 14

& Find the Weinie & Ready or Not, Here I Come! Then we eat highly-spiced viands and drain several bumpers of marshmallow-smothered hot cocoa of which Jerry can never get his fill, and flotant in the sensuous sea of my imagination and too much cocoa I display my new bed into which the boy dives headlong and under the covers I extricate him from his garments, myself likewise, and after taking my picture with his tight-lensed Brownie camera (out-of-focus, I'm sure!) he rolls into my arms, warms his icy feet between my thighs, tucks glacier'd fingers in my armpits and suggests I thaw his chilled pricklet in my mouth which I do with such impetuous dispatch that I eccentric my sacroiliac, and so lovingly do I warm the little icicle that the boy involuntarily urinates a little before he ejaculates. Soon my pristine divan vibrates under a debut as exceeds my fondest expectations, for Jerry proves to be not only ardent, inventive bride but amiable, cooperative groom and ring-boy as well, and *in toto* is so spectrally tireless and versatile best man that I am first to sink into salubrious slumber. But next morning I awake with somewhat mixed emotions . . . for Jerry, perfect bed-banger though he is, is also and additionally a flood tide bed-wetter!

LUC—at 13

(August 1965)

. . . If love makes us more conscious of sadness, of beauty's brief span and the ephemeral hour, it also renders us rawly aware of inconstant passion's cruel Uh-uh Naw Negative No! Tonight when surely all the world sleeps but me and a mournful whippoorwill sending out in minor key his triple remorse-code, Luc slumbers in my arms, bronze-brown shimmer of hair reflecting starlight, cheek and brow softly hazed in moonshadow. Luc beside me, I am beside myself and I slip down sheet-tented in the desert dark and with the sensitized fingertips of wily safebreaker seeking the conundrum combination, begin to Braille the boy's milky body. I read his nipples' double dots, decipher the vertical navel-hyphen, interpret testicular asterisks, codify curled comma into question mark . . . into exclamation point! Half-aroused, Luc rolls away from me, kicks and cries: "Are you at that thing again! Don't you ever get enough!" Red-handed caught with his imprint, his seal, his warm flesh-feel and mucus effusion moist on my mouth I withdraw like confounded porcupine with all quills ingrown, clench my felon fingers, bite my scavenger lips, sigh for soon death or sooner madness. But not a scant hour later my hopeless vigil wondrously is shattered by hot boy-body pressing close to mine, I feel an urgent young hand against my mantling cheek and a drowsy voice whispers: "Sir, do you want to!"

OLIVER—at 14

(August 1958)

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow—
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
They took a lazy walk one day
So happy and so chummy—
But only smiling Mary returned,
Rubbing her little tummy . . .
Lamb chops!

. . . Monkey-business occasionally finds me in towns such as Woonsocket, R.I., Succasunna, N.J., or Ballsville, Va., where I am not familiar with the local meat-markets if any, most of whose *habitués* would be too old anyway, so I play a little game (as yet unnamed) where the opening gambit is a wink at every comely lad from 12 to 16 I meet—not too obviously leering an ogle, you understand, just a tremor of the lid as if I had some tiny something in my orb: a mote, piece of soot, speck of dirt, cinder or an elephant. Also I carry a fiscal bouquet of five new one dollar bills tastefully arranged, and should I get a firm response to my eyelid-soliciting I raise fisted *boutonnière* to nose and inhale noisily while Job-patient I wait for the boy's burgeoning hormones to whomp him into my web. But Job never had such trials as I, for currently I am in cognominally promising Peterman, Ala., and

OLIVER - AT 14

on the main drag wink at a trenchantly tumescent Mirza youth who scowlingly speeds away; another, sweet sixteen or wise one-year-less, utters a salvo of negating laughter; a third with luscious grape-stained mouth presses on me a cluster of the purple fruit and with Houdini-fingers denudes my nosegay of a dollar-petal; a fourth fiery little lad eating an Eden apple gives me lowering glance, spits seeds at me; another, shirt open below his navel observatory, eyes me with calculating gleam but is pulled along by jealous older pal; and here approaches a little one with pensive face of a comeliness to strangle the senses but he is wholly absorbed in the lucky puppy he carries. I turn a corner to bump into a youngster who alternates false saccharine smiles with bleak black frowns and he sticks out wet pink tongue but hesitates for fraction of fraction of split-second while my giddy heart ricochets in my chest like a rocket exploding in a telephone-booth—then a cloddish piece of fuzz emerges from a doorway and gives me so minatory a glare that boy and I hurry off in opposite directions. And slowly I am drowning in swampy quagmires of no-hope when I spy a staid dignified lad, stiff with self-importance as a juvenile bishop, his lordly tip-tilted nose in the air and even his hair pompadoured pompously and I figure it's wasted effort to try anything on with him . . . but *he* winks at *me*, stuffs my wilted treasury-flowers in his pocket and accompanies me down what street, which town, what country, which world! Overpowered by his sweet immodesty, his scandalous propriety, I can scarce keep my hands off him as he details what he does and the price thereof, and he guides me to a flea-and-fire-trap hotel but love is love everywhere so I stumble up three flights of stairs after him,

OLIVER - AT 14

continuing to climb though the steps have ended, and we grope through shadowy hall in which doors crack open and women, men, boys, girls, infants in various stages of nakedness peer out at us, softly whispering counter-invitations with vivid descriptive gestures. And we stop at Room 413 where with maddening clumsiness the boy fumbles large key into small keyhole, flings the door open into blackness beyond and motions for me to enter; but sudden silent-shouting perceptual acoustics of keen foresight warn me someone, something dangerously impends and quickly I step to one side, grasp the lad by the shoulder, shove him into the room ahead of me and he gets the viciously wielded blackjack full on his treacherous little skull!

BILITIS

(July 1964)

. . . Despite what you may have heard, read or seen to the contrary, there are only two sexes: Standers and Squatters, or Shakers and Wipers. Admittedly two sexes are more than sufficient for every known process of continuing the species but occasionally they get confused, transposed, exchanged and interchanged (aside from surgical meddling) and then there is unmitigated hell to pay with a rubber check and a counterfeit quarter!

. . . One rainy night I am in this dim bar nursing a glass of Lydia E. Pinkham on the rocks with Midol chaser when a lad comes in who certainly hasn't reached drinking-age but it's the sort of joint where you're old enough if you've got money enough—even though your diaper may be showing. The kid climbs onto a stool next to me and I notice he is a bit near-sighted by the way he squints around, and though there is something about him that raises the echo of still small voice whispering: *Beware! Beware!* yet he looks harmless as Postum and is obviously not rough trade or otherwise a *puer perfidio*, is in fact freshly appealing with his pink chubby cheeks and blond hair slicked down with KY so shortly I am buying him bourbon doubles and secretly signalling the bartender to make them triples. And this youngster keeps calling me 'Josephine' but politely so I don't mind if he gets his jollies in this innocently perverse manner (surely he can't take me for a male impersonator!), and it might just be that some slut so named has put him down and souring on her sex he has turned to men but still is carrying half-

BILITIS

extinguished torch for her; and I remind myself that if the evening ends us up in bed to dose him liberally with Flagyl to remove the tomato-taint, if any. And \$15 worth of watered booze later the boy is swaying, nearly falling off his stool so I lead the sweet pigeon out and squire him down the rainy street—just the two of us in our intimate little world under my large umbrella seeing only the anonymous nethers of passersby passing by, and I pull him closer for prolonged kiss but his lips are disappointingly too soft and squishy, not like the usual firm soft-hard boy's mouth which heightens osculatory pleasure because it offers resistance and contra-pressure; but if the lad's lips leave something to be desired I observe with tingling anticipation that he is projecting nicely in that intemperate zone where girls naturally never project. I inquire whereabouts is his pad and foggily he directs me, correcting himself twice because by now east, west, north and south are all one to him; and when at last we are in his room I find panties, bras, slips, girdles, garter-belts and other female harness all about but figure his girl or wife has gone home to Mother or is otherwise out of the way—for these shackled-up lads often play both sides of the street and the alley, too. And the little stranger keeps blinking into my face, bleating: 'Josephine! Josephine!' until I conclude possibly he has a Napoleonic complex; and I divest him of coat, tie, shirt, shoes, socks, pants . . . but when I remove a sort of complicated breech-cloth he wears I take one incredulous scandalized glance and run screaming into the night—for what I have accosted, picked up and spent far too much hard-earned money on is not a juicy boy at all but a lethal lesbian from whose hideous twat inexpertly

BILITIS

protrudes two bloody stinking inches of stiff Tampax-tube!

LUC—at 13

(August 1965)

. . . Ah Love! sweet misery of life, welcome pain, blissful suffering, torture sought and agony savored . . . how untamed a bird thou art! One evening during an occlusion of caprice space and palindrome time when I am nipping shallow ithyphallic cicatrices into the silky resilience of Luc's hard hind cheeks in perfect synchrony with plaintive whippoorwill, sad sadist of the dusk, the lad asks with such suddenness that my reflexive fangs lock into his skin: "Sir, am I as good as other boys you've had?" Engaged in disengaging my incisors from the toothsome flesh, truthfully but with ill-chosen words I finally reply: "No, Little Horse, you are very bad indeed!" Raking me with barbed glance, his entire body smoking with insult under his inflammable nightshirt, the outraged boy hurls himself out of my embrace, out of bed, across the room and into armchair from which he glowers in exact replica of Lizzie Borden's mien when she wielded her multi-whacked axe. Appalled at the enormity of my *faux-pas* and shuddering to imagine what type of gruesome hatchet-murder is hatching behind that ruffled brow, I lumber from our tumbled love-pungent couch (Passion never keeps a neat bed) and penitent over to him prepared to offer myself to be slaughtered and tipped into untimely grave. Indignant chin on offended drawn-up knees, pink-bronze nakedness still beguilingly beckoning through diaphanous nightwear drawn down to toes, he curls a Praxitelean lip at me and kicks at my groin with disabling fury had it

LUC - AT 13

connected. Cautiously I wistful around to side of chair, stroke with apprehensive finger the soft underside of the boy's chin, gaze at him with pleading spaniel eyes and start to explain my clumsy remark but he shouts me down, beating words into stilettos to stab me with a syllable and riddling my quailing hide with epithets unknown to me but probably culled from some Indian battle cry. I retreat, then with surprise rear maneuver pin his threshing arms to chairback which I tip toward me so he lies helpless in this angled position though he tries desperately to drive his knees into my face. Forcing his head back I kiss slim sculptured reversed nose, lick tiny flared nostrils while he twists, tries to use my mouth as handkerchief; in counterattack I suck his sealed and sullen lips between my own and as his furious spit streams hot across my tongue, my fervent pressure on his mouth maddens him with the realization that I seek an encore. Now gnawing at the abruptly clenched little teeth, I force them apart and he almost strangles on his own tongue to keep it from my invasive caresses but I snare it as he gulps for air, sandwich it between my lips then draw it in like brissed cocklet where it becomes poignard daggering viciously at my cowering palate; and I pivot the chair around, capture its smoldering-eyed occupant, carry him to wall mirror, press his pinkly-hot face against its coolness and intone in as wicked-queenly accents as I can muster:

Mirror, mirror, on the wall

Who is best of them all?

LUC - AT 13

The panting boy's breath frosts the glass, cross-eyed he murders me with a look, I feel his muscles tense for a fresh outbreak of hostilities and hastily I answer my own question with passable ventriloquial attempt, the words seeming to issue with pontifical authority from the catoptric depths before us:

Past, present, future—since Adam's fall
Little Horse is best of them all!

Fighting tears, the boy sighs and subsides against me and in this truce, this lull before another storm I carry him to the bed, cover his heaving pagan breast with remorseful kisses while I abjectly explain that what I meant to convey when I said he was very bad was simply this: that when Luc is good he is very very good, which is commendable in moderation, but when Luc is bad he is *better* . . . and no boy is, could be as bad as he! Little Horse bristles I should have said that in the first place, but simmers down forty degrees or so, raising only moderate objection when I begin to pay lip-service to his priapic work of art which still seems aggressively ready for combat though its young master is temporarily persuaded to pacifist potentialities; and some minutes later the boy wraps his yet hotly resentful thighs stranglingly about my neck and murmurs he's sorry he lost his temper. Palpating his swollen pulsing sac, I essay to read his fate in his crystal spheres (hung heavy, is he destined to hang high?), then uncowl his rose-tonsured little acorn, no monk-saint in its immodest unretiring deportment, eyelash-tickle the sensitive moist inner side of prepuce drawn

LUC - AT 13

tightly down over the rigid phallic column and Luc laces his hands behind my head locking me into fellative position, strokes my ears with his thumbs and says he shouldn't have called me a dirty shitneck shit-heel and all those other things and he didn't mean it when he told me he wouldn't give me the sweat off his balls because he will, if I want it. Gratefully I nod, wholly preoccupied in masticating his cream-centered confection, the hard coating of which is becoming ever more rocklike—shale to limestone to marble; then once again with the abruptness of absent-minded anarchist letting fall the forgotten bomb, Luc says: "But I cost you more than other boys, don't I?" Deploring these crucial queries in moments of impending crisis, I mumble some necessarily inarticulate rejoinder and the boy unclasps one hand, raps my head with sledge-hammer knuckles and reproves: "Sir, it's not polite to talk with your mouth full!"

ELMO—at 14

(July 1956)

Baa, baa, black sheep!

Have you any WOOL?

Yes, sir! Yes, sir!

A big bag full—

But you can't have any!

. . . Only my overdeveloped sense of the acute ridiculous served to save my sanity after encountering Elmo whom I met one radioactive afternoon when I was carrying a torch for someone to carry a torch for and had wandered into a carnival, savoring the pop and circumstance and sniffing after the boyness of boys who all dismally are either with girls or their parents—except one asphodel lad with camellia eyes in a narcissus face, possessively chaperoned by a pot-bellied chooch I could have scared off but (live and let love!) I do not poach on others' preserves. I pause for a bottle of cold Dyspepsi-Cola and when I haul out my purse I become aware of a slight young figure materializing out of nowhere whose orbs seem to be entangled in the interior of my pocketbook; turning for better inspection abruptly I have to clutch the counter for support as he is honey-blond with fawn-soft I-can-be-had glance, one of those belvedere youngsters who disintegrate you like a sexual H-bomb. He gives me an ear-to-ear smile, says his name is Elmo, insinuates one hand beneath my arm closest to my wallet-pocket and asks do I want a guide to this here place of amusement? Wily spiders

ELMO - AT 14

spinning spermic cobwebs in my fly-sick brain, I put myself in his greedy paws and in vertigo'd succession we take in every ride, show, concession, attraction with frequent refreshment-stops for the boy, I fasting in anticipation of this kid's surely special smoky elixir. Dead on my feet, we close the joint just in time for I am down to my last fin but St. Elmo's fire still burns bright and he insists we go to all-night cafe for malts and cinnamon doughnuts after which I taxi him home, he promising with belchy gusto to call on me tomorrow (today). He shows up an hour early, demanding as he enters the door that I produce proof positive I do not have a Wassermann positive; fortunately I can offer him a recent insurance medical report and commend him on his caution. He takes half-an-hour reading it down to and including the small print, returns it with a gelid grin revealing small, sharp refulgent teeth made-to-order for love-bites (my teeth are mostly made-to-order), and with sap-deprived esurience I seek to gather him into my arms but he steps back, informs me he is helping put his mother through college and holds out his hand which promptly I cross with a sawbuck—too much but this is no time for penny-pinching. Then this imp cast from Hell for playing tricks on the Devil goes on to say he doesn't do anything nor permit anything though he did sex it up a little with a cousin last summer but that's in the family and doesn't count! . . . however, he will allow me to look my fill and he also sings, dances, tells clean and dirty jokes, and does impersonations. Since I would probably have to hack him to pieces with three axes to get my money back and because he has already so confused my auditory and visual senses that I am seeing the sibilance of a

ELMO - AT 14

kiss and hearing a smile, I concede trusting to exercise sufficient salesmanship during his stay to change his *doppelgänger* mind. And before I can lend eager aid he swiftly peels down revealing hard young flesh molded tight in the trim understatement of boyish grace, his body so pinkly radiant that I feel I am drowning in crushed cherries but when I make a practice pass Elmo is Artful Dodger, rock-and-rolling about the room to knock over and shatter two *cloisonné* vases. I seek to caress his cheek but my fingers descend on emptiness as he hops on couch, falsettos a song: 'She Lived by the River but You Couldn't Bank on Her!', and my hand tries to mold snug round of buttock but has a fist thrust in it by agile lad who leaps from couch to mantel and calliopes a second ballad: 'Get off the Table, Mabel, the Two Bucks is for Beer!' and wincingly my ears tell me Elmo has a voice like a jackass braying into a cracked pisspot. Now he jumps to floor, goes into solo waltz and I stuprate up to him, my hungry mouth striving to cover nacreous nape of neck but only pressing vacant air for he has fled into bedroom and I float in his wake, my hopeful heart drowning in its own metaphoric images. On the sheets he prances about in bedlam ballet, his sweating body giving off the randy scent of angels'-smegma and dirty pictures soaked in champagne, and he makes no effort to hide his almost adult tumescence but warns me off with hand, word and look while he reclines to execute horizontal Mexican hatless-dance and I am reduced to embracing his shadow on the wall and taking shameless liberties with it, but as he shifts into hula-hula I reach like yearning diabetic for the candy between his legs only to get my wrist painfully caught in the vise of his

ELMO - AT 14

quickly closing knees. And as he performs the Headhunter-minuet while yodelling the Indian Love Call, I in total rout wonder how one so young, so fair, so did-it-before-with-a-cousin can be so cruelly incorruptible; then with fine disdain for heart's serenity he scratches his forefinger twice across my palm, cartwheels out of bed and I watch vibrating like frayed G-string twanged to breaking-point while he hides all that youthful verve and glitter beneath drab clothing, asking if I enjoyed his performance and do I want to see him tomorrow? to which I death-rattle an affirmative and he departs slamming the door, leaving the atmosphere lethally supercharged with his fanatic *noli-me-tangere* correlation to sex . . . and because no milk was spilled, I cried! Then sordid realities of life intrude and though still upset as mishapped maid counting the delayed days on a bloodless calendar, I go downtown and report to my parole-officer who cheerily chirps he trusts I have put boys out of my life forever, and I reply: "Why, of a certainty, Mr. O'Rappaport, sir! My love-life now is all wrapped up in a platonic pancake—or is there a law against *that*, too!" Returning home I spot the whimsical sign: YE OLDE TIPSY G-ROOM which reminds me I'm famished so I enter and thread my way through gaggles of giggling half-century'd gals plotting recipes and subverting Spock, to a vacant corner table where I order and choke down some unfamiliar indigestibles. I am just about to leave when an old Gypsy woman pops into the chair opposite me, her almost anesthetic perfume not quite concealing the onion-smell of stale sweat or the hot-metal stench betraying her as one of the garlic-speaking peoples, but I take to her at once for she has a tolerant knowing eye of merry

ELMO - AT 14

evil and magicks out of thin air or her bosom some flavorful almond cakes and a pot of drinkable tea which I have to keep moving around to escape the rain of scurf falling from the man's toupee she wears on her balding pate. And she tells my fortune, peering into my teacup as if convinced of some tannic conspiracy against us both but finding only that I will soon meet a lovely young rich blonde which immediately brings to mind Elmo so I ask does she *par chance* deal in love-potions which I would like to introduce into aforesaid blonde when she comes my way. Romany Rose rummages in her reticule spilling out rubber sheets, foot-stirrups, 12-inch needles and such, leading me to assume she is a midwife-abortionist or worse, then she holds aloft a vial but it has a skull & crossbones on it which I point out so she digs out a bottle bearing a heart either bleeding or hemorrhaging, confiding that this rare tincture from ancient Egypt is so powerful it will catapult a man out of his deathbed into the nearest house of ill-repute, and to demonstrate she takes a nip and suddenly is lunging at me with wild staring eyes, concupiscence oozing from every pore . . . only \$25! she says when she has gained control of herself. I hasten home with the ineffable concoction and when Elmo calls the next day I greet him with a mug of foaming rootbeer into which I have poured a few drops of the potion which he smacks down, asks for another, surrounds that and I wait with breath bated for him to fall into my arms, tearing asunder his corrigible fly and wet questing mouth neighing incoherent cries of boyish lust. But he just sits there like a lump on a bog, telling sad jokes which have no point or laughing so hard when he comes to the punch-line that he ruins it; then he

ELMO - AT 14

switches to an impersonation which I take to be Frankenstein but it's Shirley Temple in her prime, and another that I'm convinced is Little Red Riding-Hood but it's the Abominable Snowman—and miffed Elmo says he guesses I don't appreciate impersonations. Fumingly I contain my Etna'd impatience thinking perhaps boys have a delayed reaction where love-philtres are concerned, and I feed him the rest of the amatory elixir in more rootbeer which he avidly swallows and shortly he exhibits a decidedly alarming reaction which removes him farther from my purpose than ever . . . for he is not assailed with the pangs of uncontrollable passion or ungovernable lubricity but only with a severe case of the runs!

JOEL—at 15

(November 1964)

. . . I am hunting one day with my new English custom-made single-barrel in the desert near Phoenix, Arizona, hoping to spot a rare barry-bird but they all seem to have been ruthlessly exterminated by the predatory lyndon-bird for I don't see so much as the right wing of one; and I shoot from the hip at a flying saucer or two and at an authentic Martian spaceship, missing each and every because I have neglected to load—which is, they tell me now, essential. Gloomily I stroll on to a clump of poinsettia-mesquite or rhododendron-cacti to behold seated therein a masturbating lad blushing bent on wasting his sweetness on the desert air; I rush up, stay his staccato hand at just the antepenultimate jerk and prostrating myself take advantage of the labor he has already expended, and almost at once he geysers so forcefully that he virtually blows me off him. Entranced by this putative Cupid enamored of his own arrow, I inveigle him back to my motel where regally I wine / dine him but in my room the boy oddly balks, saying he knows I want a rerun but he'd really rather make love to his fist if it's all the same to me, which is an alarming symptom of negative personality-projection that naturally greatly humiliates me for never before had I encountered a youngster who preferred his left hand to myself—even though doubtless it is a very practiced one with hair in the palm! I offer him pecuniary subsidy in increasing amounts but he says he has plenty of loot, his father being filthy-rich from conducting an Underground Railroad for draft-dodgers, and I am at the extremest dead-end until I notice the boy

JOEL - AT 15

longingly eyeing my \$350 fowling-piece, so as a bribe for the use of his own lethal pistol I offer it to him with no strings attached except a small length of spermatic cord. Forthwith he speedily shucks off his scanty raiment and I wedge myself into the incandescent recess where rapturously reposes that part of the up-and-coming generation which affords me so much illicit bliss, and as evening nights into morning and mattress slides off the bed I reflect with satisfaction that I have gotten the best of the swap . . . for I have traded cold, dry, inanimate barrel that shoots single for a hot, lively, tirelessly ammunitioned barrel that so far has powerfully exploded quintuple!

LUC—at 13

(July 1965)

. . . Forever is a day under the spell of *omnia vincit amor*, yet if it weren't that the passing years render operative most statutes of limitation, I would snare the Bird of Time to immure it in cage of petrified sunbeams and so tinker with clocks and calendars that these inexorable tailors of our days would backward measure the swifting hours. Exactly six months ago halcyon fortune sent me Luc and to celebrate this semi-anniversary I gave him a watch so that he might have Time on his wrist though it will ever escape him, and on chronometer-back I had engraved in classical Arabic the No Trespassing sentiment:

I belong to Luc

Who belongs to Duke

Who belongs to Luc.

The boy is so taken with my esteem's small token that we spend the day in bed and always studying the ways to my pleasure (when not doing otherwise) and himself curious as to the extent of his sexual capacity, Little Horse strives to determine how many ejaculative orgasms he is able to achieve within a given period and after nineteen in seven hours I lose count and consciousness; then noticing his lips swollen from kisses debited and credited I call a halt, prescribing restorative dinner downtown followed by sedative movie of soothing murderous mayhem. The still spermy lad urges

LUC - AT 13

me to eat downtown just once more before we eat downtown, then we crawl into irksome apparel, into car, into new French restaurant uncryptically named *Le Garçon Pavé* where we consume two meals apiece while waiter hovers over Luc, neglecting me until drily I remind him it is I who will foot the bill plus tip, if any. And a complete stranger who has about him the distinct aura of 10-bedroom yachts and 2000-acre country estates approaches, omnivorous vulture eyes on my scowling companion, asks didn't we meet in Detroit last month and gives the boy a pat on the shoulder with pederastic fervor. Observing formal courtesy I call him a greedy bisexual bastard, inviting him to return to his seething blonde who is sharpening a competent-looking steak knife on the edge of her wine goblet. Then we hence to the motioned-picture *Tony & Cleo*—my choice, for I do admire seeing a pretty woman done in by a serpent thereby somewhat redressing Eve's misdoing but wrathfully I note the asp isn't given star billing nor even credit-mention though the more perspicacious critics were unanimous in agreeing that the little ophidian was the most accomplished thespian in the entire cast; also I'd prefer that Liz Taylor brought to her cinema roles the superb acting she displays in her private life. Little Horse is unimpressed with the dyspeptic-epic altogether except the scene where the ASPCA dashes up in motorized chariot to picket Cleo's palace for her cruel treatment of the asp . . . she smothers him to death with her breasts, I believe (a hat with a female inside it sat down in front of me during this episode). Famished after so much inanity we go to a drive-in, order pheasant-over-glass but they don't got so we settle for canineburgers and though our

LUC - AT 13

waitress is the acme of acne, bowlegged, with butt like a sprung bushel-basket, Luc whistles at her because he knows it gives me coronary twinges; in revenge I drive to Lovers Lane, deserted except for a standing-on-end handkerchief and a pair of turquoise panties with built-in but worn-out contraceptive, and we park in remote glade all penumbra'd moonlight and magnolias. Juveniled into grade school First Love, I hold Little Horse's hot little hand while with the other he digs out gum pack, houdinis all five sticks into his mouth and chews so noisily I contemplate clipping him with fond fist to induce a more romantic mood; in four minutes flat he has extracted all flavor from the chicle and gluing his lips to mine, tongues the wad into my mouth and I find myself chewing deafeningly while he puts both paws in, on, around mine and strains to fracture my left middle finger. Now we hear solitary cricket's faint fractional chirp and my heart weeps for lonely cricket abruptly duetted by single frog's sad *basso profundo* and my heart sobs for lonely frog. It being impossible to be long platonic with a boy like Luc, I clasp him close and eye-measure the length of back seat as he approves anew his timepiece, puts leg over mine, slips his hand into my fly to pinch my pudendum declaring he is feeling stud again so how about it! Tenderly I inquire is he sure he's up to it (spare the rod occasionally not to ruin the child!); succinctly he replies: "Feel me and find out!" so into back seat we tumble, he throws himself across me and I plunge trembling mouth into smooth columned throat, underover chin to lick cool boy-lips to warm wetness and he hovers above me to let gravity slowly drain the saliva'd ichor of his fresh mouth into parched mine, at once followed by his burning

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thrusting tongue. Buttons popping we tear open his shirt, shove up undershirt and he lifts as I squirm down to chew flat tangerine-tinted nipples nesting in their burnt-orange aureolae, stimulate them to quick quarter-inch erection that left-right stab bluntly against my teeth; farther descend to moist slitted navel, tiny male-vulva inviting criminous interference, and I scour the tight sweated hollow so roughly the boy grinds himself deeper onto my lingual rapine then with rapid breath twists up to straddle me tearing at his belt, at zipper and my hands fly up to slip pants and briefs down his tensing thighs, fill my avid palms with satined curve of buttocks, force him close to inhale creamy fragrance of curvetting pubic curls and Little Horse shudders, catches whistling exhalation to moan: "Take it now, sir! Now!" Mole-blind in passing moonshadow I mouth search for eager leaping talisman when sudden hiatus of alerted apprehension clamors: *Why silence! Where cricket! Where frog!* but heedless I push on to brink, to verge of heaven-ascending when car door clicks open and flashlight beam impales us, nails us in paralyzing revealment then shifts away and my eyes tardily focus to identify hulking fuzzola pounced on passion-dazed prey. And while Luc orders his clothing I attempt bribery, reason, cajolery, bribery, bluster, threats, bribery but the Law ignores me, concentrates on the boy passing light lingeringly over him; cop motions me out and I clamber to the ground reaching for my wallet but he shoves me aside, gets into back seat and I rush him trying to dislodge my stuck springblade but fuzz quickly digs his gun into my belly and Luc shrills: "Let him, sir . . . it'll get us off the hook!" So I back away, endure direst Dante hell until cop emerges redfaced, coughing,

LUC - AT 13

mopping his brow . . . and avoiding my glare he pulls motorcycle from concealing vine-growth, strides it, roars away. And Little Horse is OK though his whistle's been amateurishly blown: "The slob didn't even know enough to strip me!" the boy indignantly splutters, wiping his pearled detumescence on his shirt-tail, "but I fixed the crummy shit!" and he slips hand behind seat-cushion, gleefully brings out and pridefully presents to me the fuzz's fully-loaded, cartridge-in-chamber .38 Police-Special!

STEVE—at 15

(July 1963)

. . . How sharper than a serpent's child is an ungrateful tooth! Which refers to Steve of whom more hereinafter and also to penology (No, Virginia, that is *not* the science of the penis!) of which something *immédiatement*. You will find in this Diary no entries for the years 1952-3 because I was in prison (sounds of wild applause?), consequence of an almost telepathically suspicious father and a lock which failed to do its duty thereby revealing myself partaking of the son's built-in aphrodisiac. The boy refused to testify against me but his dad's umbrageously righteous account was enough: in such cases one does not whimper, one adopts the cockroach-ethos and endures. And in impenitent penitentiary I was edified to find I was accepted by embezzlers, forgers, bank-robbers and con-men as still human though possessing odd predilections, but was vilified and rejected by rapists, wife-killers and murderers in general as being beneath contempt. There is nothing interesting to relate about my period of preventative detention except that shortly after my arrival I was offered an opportunity to join a group planning escape, to which I lent my efforts with the result that after six months of backbreaking excavating, chipping, digging, shoring-up and so on, we dug ourselves not into the glorious freedom of the World Outside but into the Warden's backyard—and because on the night of our fruitless breakthrough I had gone to the infirmary for treatment of an aching tooth, I was the only prisoner not apprehended. Now to Steve: it rained the night I was out dear-hunting and junior-hustlers being cat-wary of undue moisture,

STEVE - AT 15

most of them took to cover, and soaked and my vision blurred I picked up this lad so perhaps my eye was a little out but you can't always tell rough trade—sometimes they have a plausible smoothness which slowly wears off as the intimacies progress. And Steve looks very smooth indeed, a blottesque meld of postiche opposites with a fey profile, so I take him under my wing and feed him as is my custom but he not only refuses to be steered into the bedroom, he also takes his sex standing up—at least with males. His fly disgorges a highly unnoteworthy member I inspect carefully before using, and as the minutes go by I see he is like a batch of fudge that has not boiled long enough for he hardens barely to the consistency of firm custard, so I employ my patent-applied-for trigger-squeeze and another Ladies' Sewing Circle gambit which soon takes gratifying effect; then I happen to cast casual glance into a wall mirror and behold Steve's stealthy hand creep behind him to take up a sharp-edged heavy crystal ashtray, and since he does not smoke there is but one conclusion to be drawn. Now the good Father Flanagan to the negative, there are bad boys who will kick your heart out and sell it for dog meat and what motivates these youths, what makes them tick as in time-bomb, is hard to say—bourgeois guilt-feelings plus an inverted Lolita-syndrome perhaps, among the hundreds of possibilities. Whatever the cause, I have an instinctive objection to undergoing amorous thanatopsis for if I am occasionally required to make love on my knees, I refuse to die on them like a mad dog with spermic foam on my mouth . . . besides, my Blue Cross and Blue Shield doesn't cover mayhem or murder by disgruntled hustlers. So before Steve can push me away I bite down hard on

STEVE - AT 15

that which should never be bitten, rapping his thigh sharply with my fist, and as yowling he drops the ashtray I release his member driving the edge of my other hand as hard against his testicles as I can. His cries turn to drawnout scream as he bends to clutch protectively at himself and leaping up I ram my knee into his vulnerable chin which twists him sideways enough to enable me to Hiroshima his butt with a well-placed dropkick, wishing I had the sartorial bad taste to wear knife-pointed shoes. After a groaning interval Steve groggily sits up, nurses his jaw, fingers his bleeding, already discoloring phallus which he wraps carefully in his handkerchief and gingerly stows away. On my demand he returns my money and gives me his money too which I exact as my due for inconvenience caused; I let him rest for a few minutes then point to the door and the confused, bewildered look he wears when he leaves almost exactly reflects and illustrates the motto of the U.S. Department of State which, as nearly everyone knows, is: 'WHA' HOPPEN?!

KENNETH—at 12

(July 1955)

. . . Zeus would have demoted cupbearer Ganymede to dishwasher had his Olympian eye ever chanced on Kenneth who is anesthetizing as ether to the ethics with his *cordon bleu* face, star-spangled body and tintinnabulant pants ever on fire but he walks in an ambience of stone walls and chilled-steel bars, and when he speaks I hear turnkeys turning keys and the tramp of hopeless feet in a prison-yard . . . for Kenneth is only 12, acts 8 and is nubilely hypersexed. With my madman's cold reasoned sanity I attempt to rationalize our criminal conjunction by recalling the 9-year-olds in the slave-boy brothels of Socrates' Greece, but that only induces glans-pink and pastel-prepuce reveries rendering my temperature hot and tumid and causing my putty heart to stand still, then race dangerously to keep up with my clamoring blood. Kenneth is so open, frank and uninhibited about sex and perhaps even love that he is 200 years ahead of his time or 2300 years behind, yet there are occasions when I wish I had never set malnourished eyes on him for he finds it almost impossible to be discreet in his bubbling boyish *joie de vivre*, and sometimes when we are enroute to ball-game or movie I wince when we pass someone the boy knows, for I would not be too fearfully astonished to see him beamingly stop staid him or proper her and guilelessly chirp: "Do you know what? Duke makes love to me and we have more *fun*!" And at ballgame or movie, when home run is undone or villain kills hero, gleeful Kenneth will fling his arms about my neck, smacking cheek or chin so loudly they hear it in the box office—and some woman is

KENNETH - AT 12

sure to remark, How nice to see a father and son so close; and some man is sure to comment, Such public display of affection is in extremely bad taste. And later, in that perilous purlieu oft referred to as Cupid's Boudoir, my precocious pet who can so gloriously commit irrumation but probably will never be able to spell it, flings off only the necessary garments—pants, briefs, shoes (when reminded), plunges into bed and squeaks: "Hurry up! Hurry up!" Hawk-swift I descend on tender lark, his urgent hands guide me onto the sweet surging evidence of his boyish desire and he sinks back, eyes closed, on his face the beatific smile of a fond young mother giving suck to her first-born. Certainly to know Kenneth is to love him, yet to love him is continually to dwell on sharpest tenterhooks, for now this found fallen angel—impatient at my imposed *sub rosa* restrictions—has taken it into his *rapprochement* little head to bring me home so I can meet his folks!

LUC—at 13

(August 1965)

. . . We are in New York doing a spot of sporty shopping in Fabercrombie & Itch and Rogered Peet, outfitting Little Horse for the approaching school year, and I still something dazed by our *tropo* night at sexy Essex House hauling the boy's ashes (but when doth the ashman come?), we comfort-stop at Pappadopoulos' Palace of Sweets, den of sugar diabetes if ever was and giving me to reflect that the ancient Greeks may have bequeathed to us the Art of Reason and a homophil culture but modern Greeks give us only indigestion. We find an empty booth, sweet tooth Luc with fine penniless aplomb orders two double banana-splits and to pay his share—for this generous lad delights in giving pleasure as well as receiving it—he slides down in his seat, eases off his loafer and slips warm slender foot between my thighs contriving with pedal-amatory adeptness to snare my zipper with his toes, open it with metallic shriek of Mack truck revving up on cold winter morning and invade the gap in pants / shorts. We dig into arrived splits, outrageously pornographic: multicolored balls of ice cream, diameter'd phallic bananas, plump meaty nuts, spermy whipped-cream, coital-mucus syrup, all tiptopped by three glistening-moist distended glans-shaped cherries . . . and while unnaturally we eat, the boy leisurely onanises me with his five shameless socked twinkletoes, little pigs in an erotic market. Excitedly I seize the glass of water from which he has sipped, put my lips to the place his mouth has touched, drain the exotic fluid and shove my untouched glass in its place; Luc with crystal-noted young laugh makes

LUC - AT 13

frothy meatus in pink ice cream protuberance, wiggles hard his crotched foot, strokes with big toe and teases with little toe until I am demented tide trying to ebb and flow at the same time. Now in clever but not entirely accurate mocking parody of last night's antics, the boy slowly inserts banana-head between his pursed chiseled lips, worries it tantalizingly, licks, sucks, chokes, swallows . . . and then leans forward to whisper meltingly, soulfully: "If you get my sock sticky, sir, I'll kick your balls off!"

WINTER—at 14

(July 1957)

. . . Boys have a mystique all their own and its complexly simple elements are a jealous sense of their own dignity, a paradoxical mysticism, love of fun for fun's sake, an acute suspicion that most truths are lies turned inside out and a go-away-closer attitude toward sin. If Winter is an exception, it is the exceptions we live for—in our nice padded cell! Winter has a cherry-blossom complexion, noncommittal polychrome eyes with lashes surely the longest this side of propriety, and a pussy willow body that is morally hazardous as a whorehouse on wheels, yet this singular lad is so overtly chaste he will not allow you to fondle even his shoelaces. He has had a rigorous Protestant upbringing, hopes for Heaven, knows there's a Hell and is convinced fleshly pleasures will destroy you quicker than you can doff a full condom . . . but he has also a sort of residual pagan instinct that has taught him how to take the credit and rake in the cash too. If Winter seems labyrinthine as Ariadne, he is Jekyll / Hyde as well and it is in the guise of very young Dr. Jekyll that he will present his fawn-shy self some avatar evening and sit on my couch tight-held as a Scotsman in a den of thieves, his feet / calves / knees / thighs / balls close together as is anatomically possible, arms likewise against torso, hands spread over his groin like a bowdlerized fig leaf. Quietly he will converse on matters ecclesiastical or ecumenical, and when I suggest a modest collation he accepts with grave politeness, nibbling boyfingers (ladyfingers with extrudable non-fattening cream-filling) while holding a dish of frozen custard against his fly, sending

WINTER - AT 14

me into flurries of anxiety lest he freeze the hell out of his little toolbox (never keep bananas in the refrigerator!). Sedately he retires to lavatory, washes his hands, flushes, washes his hands, returns and looks absorbedly at a crack in the ceiling while I tuck folded fin into his shirt-pocket . . . and now as if overwhelmed by sudden narcoleptic seizure he 'falls asleep' and tenderly I gather little Master Hyde into my arms, carry him to bed and denude him as he emits an Endymionic snore, nether lip protruding in sweetly sullen rejection, denying even in pretended slumber. I kiss the Sleeping Prince where I list and have my will of him, he turning as in fitful nap to present a part I have missed or unconsciously tossing himself more fully into my embrace or in his drowse pressing his hands on my head to direct me to a neglected area. And after an *agitato* anal nightmare or two, several succumbant wet dreams and other dozed delectations, reluctantly I re-clothe Winter, transport him back to the couch where I dispose his still passion-racked body into pose of pious probity . . . and gently 'wake' him. And as teen-age Dr. Jekyll again he yawns, rubs his eyes, looks at the clock, charmingly smiles and asks me to please excuse him for falling asleep!

SCOTTY—at 14

(June 1947)

. . . Wouldst learn expediency, wouldst? Then hie thee to Scotland where babes drink in with their mother's milk the fine art of compounding for things they are inclined to, by exploiting those they have no mind to. Scotty is a futuristic lad with an Edinburgh burr, sea foam eyes and a prepuce so long that (the Scots never wasting anything) the boy is seriously considering folding over the tip and stapling it, thereby furnishing him with a natural condom which would be quite a saving over the years. Though ceaselessly I strive to rescue him from his own greed, Scotty's ears are ever attuned to the metallic melody of self-interest—he makes a cash crash-program of *amour*; he never comes to my house . . . I must go to his home where he charges me a dollar room rent for the intromissive hour or two I spend with him, assuring me we will not be disturbed as his mother has returned to the Old Country for an extended stay and his father is away all day laying bricks or eggs or lassies. In bed Scotty takes the high road and I take the dirt road and I am in Scotland before him, for which I am charged more than the current rate as Scotty is special though he is fast disrupting my sexuo-fiscal economy. This lad has long since summed up my moral bankruptcy and cannily aware that prayerful applications to the Gods of Money and Lust are usually answered, he has inveigled me into an agreement whereby he sells himself several months in advance—thus I am paying for merchandise not yet delivered, with no guarantee of future performance or warranty against wearing out of parts. And when I pay him (in advance), he returns it asking

SCOTTY - AT 14

me to bank it for him at 30% interest, which even Ponzi wasn't insane enough to give out but I wish to stand in well with the lad's asset acquiescence so concur, nudging him toward the bed once more to swell his little exchequer . . . and I am doing just that this afternoon, withdrawing rich liquid deposits, when through the unlocked door harrumphs Scotty's father who is built, I dismayedly observe, like a brick hippopotamus! He hauls up short like someone has thrown a bucket of month-old whores'-menses in his face, and Scotty pulls himself out of me, piping: "Och, feyther, dinna fash yersel"! 'Tis no so bad as 't seems, for this loony gowk gi's me \$5 the hour!" Feyther teeth-gnashingly growls: "Put on yer clothes, laddie, whilst I attend to yon no-guid here! Brew yersel' a small cup o' tea, wi' a wee dab o' oleo on half o' one o' yesterday's scones." The boy dresses, flings me an enigmatic look from his Loch Lomond eyes and leaves, and his feyther glares at me as if I am the sort of despicable specimen usually found in a prison Death Row and I am wondering if I can get in one good punch before he kills me when he says: "Mon, ye're verra free-actin' wi' my laddie, are ye not!" Before I can reply he goes on: "An' free wi' yer siller too, so ye must be sair daft or unco rich!" And he frowns mightily, rasps his unshaven chin, shakes his head; then he goes to door, locks it and looking at me with sly calculating grin, says: "Hoot, mon, if ye'll increase the rate o' payment an' gi' me the siller the noo, I'll prove to ye that onything my puir laddie can do . . . his feyther can do better!"

TONY—at 13

(January 1958)

. . . Tony is a 'battered child'—a syndrome you encounter *only* among extremely hetero parents or their surrogates. The first time I brought suspiciously obdurate Tony home he pulled a switchblade on me to protect his unthreatened sapling honor. The second time I brought vacillant Tony home I convinced him that the fate worse than death needn't necessarily apply to boys. The third time I brought eager Tony home he apologized for running dry after geysering three times in eighty minutes. Which is nice!

LUC—at 13

(September 1965)

. . . Some flagitious little whoremaster of a schoolmate gave Little Horse a paperback copy of *Fanny Hill* which dutifully he has brought home to see if I approve, and while I am not unduly Pecksniffian and of course do not want the boy to be culturally deprived or literarily disadvantaged, still it seems unwise to acquaint him too soon with hetero hazards so I compromise by suggesting I read it aloud to him, intending to skip the more salacious passages which might put foul ideas in my little love's head and holes in his crypto-innocence. The most easeful place to read being bed, we there adjourn having disrobed but such is the para-pure lure of the boy's etched profile against muted rose of bed-lamp, his fireglow skin on white of sheet and the lapidary luminosity of his blue-emerald eyes that I succumb to amorously addressing him and he has to rap me sharply over the skull with *Fanny H.*, breaking her spine, before I return to rationality. Cognizant that the Devil finds mischief for idle hands to do, foxily I propose that Luc hold the book while I verbalize therefrom, thus leaving my own supersensitized claws free to cuddle the lad's between-thighs Satan and its pitchfork pleasures—to which unfervently he agrees so long as I keep my fingers still; and I begin to recount the exploits of F. Hill who in my opinion was an egregiously hypocritical slobbolina, while lightly I grasp Little Horse's limp pudendum which clings to my touch like some smooth sleek young animal with hide of warm moist suede. And from time to time pausing to let the boy turn a page, acidly I remark it seems damn odd to me that most of these

LUC - AT 13

stories about sporting-women were written by men and how can such accounts be authentic when their authors were not even male prossies themselves! My indignation feeding on itself I further declare that the schmucked-up schmeck who wrote *F. H.* was a frustrated mechanic with an exaggerated machine-obsession who wouldn't have recognized a tostiprute if she brained him with a wild swing of her left booby, and furthermore I contend that the author of *Lolita* (and Humbert Humbert too, for that matter) wouldn't either of them have known a nymphet if she stuck her 'rose' six inches up their nose—and I deem it high time that the life-histories of fallen women be written by women fallen for all other narratives are as suspect as the psychical-physical masculinity of a man who writes books about the superiority of women! With his Hiawatha-sharp, gitchie-goomie teeth Little Horse bites zeros of protest into my cheek grumbling he gets enough lectures at school and for fuck's sake, sir, go on reading! After feeding a few starved kisses into his unhungry mouth I resume, arriving at the scene where randy Fanny is playing *voyeur* when suddenly I feel beneath my tremulous touch the hot stirring of my page-turner's gender and the words turn into alphabet-soup on my tongue but I *consommé* on until I am vividly conscious of the young boyhead definitely asserting itself against my fingers and printing a wet kiss on my palm, and I look up to see Luc's sweat-beaded brow and pressing between his thighs my Marco Polo hand he says urgently that I had better attend to him or he will have an accident! Jubilantly I throw Fanny out of bed, bend swiftly to buccal-invaginate the boy's now precept-rigid peter already mucus-dripping and it jerks wildly about until I rein it in

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with teeth and tongue and stroke it rough-gently until its owner catches breath hard then expels it hotly whistling past my ears and heavingly twists into copious implosion then throws his legs wide while I press from him the last least penile teardrop. Enthusiastic, I retrieve flung Fanny from fireplace and continue reading, omitting nothing now that I am aware of the stimulative effect this draggle-tale has on my little concubinus, and cunningly I even interpolate invented inferno'd events dredged from my own sewer'd brain which I will say in all modesty are a decided improvement over Cleland . . . with the cataclysmic result that in the next three hours Luc seeds me six times and on the last occasion of his sperming which tears a scream from his lips and contorts him into double-pretzel, he begs me to throw that rotten, filthy, immoral book away or it will be the death of him!

DICK—at 14

(July 1961)

. . . Since this is Appreciation of Ethereal Fragrances Week it is not inappropriate to contrast (not 'compare') the body-scent of the young male with that of the female. Those who have trafficked with both sexes know that the genital area of a freshly-bathed boy has no odor but at darkest midnight with the lights out and just flying by your nose you can zero in every time on a girl's *Canyon Grande*, for even if she has assiduously douched, sprayed and irrigated away the four-ply stench of urethral residue, clitoral debris, vaginal detriti and the remembrance of menses past (not to mention urine clinging to her pubic bush from having been wiped hastily and not well), there are still the substitute remedial smells of Lysol, Zonite or various other patented pussy-purifiers still hovering about the locale—thus the female 'rose' by any other name would smell, which is possibly a paramount reason why the divorce-rate is 25% of the marriage-rate. Islam early knew the desirability of bedding youths rather than women in the hot humid months, sophisticated Europe promptly followed the aesthetic example and even today certain primitive Eskimo tribesmen use boys sexually in summer because women stink too much—and summer customs gradually becoming winter's, soon these far-north females are often kicked out of the igloo altogether, to sleep with the sled-dogs if the canines don't object. So rule and moral are plain for those who esteem refined olfactory stimuli: choose the boy—for boys, dirtier than girls, are cleaner!

DICK - AT 14

. . . Dick (a name easy to remember though redundantly *double-entendre* and betraying a lamentable tendency to personalize the male organ) has an impudently sensual mouth set off by dimpled parentheses, level earnest eyes and a general vernal comeliness not readily discernible for he is the figurative hidden diamond in the heap of dust. Dirt and he are on the best of terms and each time he comes to see me I have to give him a thorough bath before he is fit for criminal conversation; he is also the most vocal of the Yea-Nay Sayers—I never know from one quarter-hour to the next what I will be permitted or denied by this lad who is at once defenceless as an egg and terrible as an army of women. Embraces begun beguiling as velvet suddenly shift to steely rejection to which I no sooner have accustomed myself when they begin anew, more ardent than ever; my kisses of dross turn to gold on his argent lips, are returned in osculatory tidal wave . . . then dry up like drouth in the desert; now he eagerly solicits me to tongue him all over, then he can neither endure my tongue nor resist it, minutes later he threatens to leave if I dare to touch him with tip of little finger. His speech contains negative and positive in one short sentence: "Man, that's a filthy thing to do but do it again!" or his actions will give the lie to his words: "Man, you're awful!" he'll disapprove while drawing knees up to chin to allow me easier access to Awful. He'll have either an erection so permanent as to be petrified inflation or nothing about him will stiffen, not even his nipples; at two o'clock the ejaculative spasm contorts his face into that of a homicidal infant and he vows that's the last time I'm ever going to get it, but at three o'clock he is whooping with voluptuous pleasure while I

DICK - AT 14

homogenize his thick rich cream and hardly is he stripped of the old before he is driving hotly in with the new. On Wednesday I have to beseech the young referee to let me box a second round and am rebuffed but on Thursday he begs me to box a fourth round and make it the main event and on Friday he maintains he would rather pull off than let me have it, shakes his member at me with overt and taunting masturbative movements which progress from languor to heated agitation and he pants he's going to the bathroom for a minute! Despondently I watch him start to climb out of bed apparently with the express intention of wasting his vital substance in the toilet, then abrupt as veering hurricane he turns and plunges himself into me to the hilt, spending so wrenchingly that his high-pitched strangled cry shatters a Venetian-glass vase on the mantel. I never remonstrate with him, however, for instinctively I know that my insistent Yes! opposed to his persistent No! would set up perilous fields of electrical resistance that might easily spawn a lightning-bolt to destroy me . . . or I would get a thumb jammed in my mouth with the scoffing injunction to suck it for I'll get nothing better while mockingly he leers at me, jejunely amused by the havoc he's wrought. This boy gives you the painful sensation of having bitten off your face to spite your nose and though he is certainly stimulative company I could thankfully say goodbye to him forever, but he sticks to me like leech on blood-money host and humbly I bend my neck to his heedless foot, speedily I fulfill his most casual and unreasonable demand, I accede to his wishes in everything . . . for Dick's father (as I discovered too late) is the Chief of Police!

LESTER—at 19

(November 1962)

. . . Who knows what evil lurks in the vaginal chamber of horrors? I know . . . do you? I am coming out of Bergdorf-Goodman's this afternoon (they had a sale on KY) when I bunk into Lester, and I say 'bunk' advisedly for he and I were bunkmates in a quondam wild red yonder, sharing a pillow and other comforts between us—and grabbing my arm he jitters out so piteous an appeal for succor that my fool mnemonic heart almost drowns me in its tears so I allow him frantically to push-pull me to a sordid rooming-house in a dank room of which on a sloven'd bed therein is a naked gruesome not-too-young woman with the neck of a half-full bottle of Poopsie-Cola stuck in her manhole. She is Lester's girlfriend, god help him, and had been indulging in a *soupçon* of autoerotic titivation while he had been at work, the jerk, and the violent back-and-forth movements induced a partial vacuum in the bottle which caused it to become transfixed in the female cesspool; and she couldn't get it out, neither could Lester and I don't want to have anything to do with it in entirety but do not wish to appear uncooperative so after some cogitation anent roto-rooters and such I instruct the pig to make water and as gluggily she does so I put on my gloves and press down hard on her squelchy belly, at the same time agitating the bottle vigorously which gradually fills with muskily-skunky tomato-pee then slowly *sthlurspily* slides out, accompanied by a stenchy gust that turns the shrinking bed into a sick sewer, and as Lester and I watch in nauseated disgust the primed awful orifice continues murkily to spew out the

LESTER - AT 19

loathsome following:

two tattered condom tickler-tips

three small slime-rusted hairpins

one crusted bobby pin

one-half of a pus-disintegrated sanitary-napkin

one verdigris'd small carrot

one moldy candle stub

one blob of gray-green cheese, natural or Liederkranz

one mashed end of a blackened banana

one pitted metal pessary

one Graffian Ring, badly-eroded

one maggoty tag-end of a month-old foetus

assorted dildo scrapings

innumerable spirochete-gonococci, well-incubated

two tiny unidentifiable objects

and a man's dentures, upper plate, pocked and pustuled—with the wisdom teeth missing!

LUC—at 13

(September 1965)

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
And everywhere that Mary went
Jack's horny eyes were on her!
Mary came too close one day
And Jack stuck in his thumb,
Pulled out his aplomb
And said: "I've had your lamb—
Now I'm going to have you!"

Luc is the touchstone, the *ars arcanum*, earthbound substance of what shadowed young god? but every day I tremble that the King of Heaven, Jupiter-Zeus, will discover my little love and I will lose him in flurried fury of beating wings and marauding talons—that the Comanche emblem is the eagle further adds to my unpeace of mind! Little Horse is not only considerate but practical and instead of scorning me for the modesty of my income he has set about to augment it, and on this adumbrant afternoon still summer-scintillant I tip chalice of sparkling Burgundy to bed-bare boy's lips which he drains, returning the last mouthful to me and I drip the twice-imbibed wine into tight vertical slit of his omphalos which expands to let me tongue the liquor out again—empirical queen-bee ennui'd of mere flora, sampling this rare boy-bloom! Holding pad against one raised knee thereby somewhat obstructing my activities, Luc is jotting down revisions of *Mother*

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Goose for which impudent improvisations he gets 5¢ a copy from schoolmates if his translation is sufficiently ribald—highly improper, of course, but useful in distracting the lad's attention from my intentions; and my navel operations soon arousing pandemonium at the South Pole, I transfer my gambols there to pull up prepuce, Burgundy-brim this ineffable Grail and sip therefrom but am unable to repeat for foreskin has disappeared into enlarged axis'd extremity that boozily I wine-bathe and lip-dry. Little Horse squirms, grumbling I have no respect for the artist at work but when I inquire does he want me to cease and desist, I get an emphatic No! and South Pole now is pinkly beaming at me with wet vinous smile, rubbing drunkenly against my mouth like an uxurious pussy and I am just about to give Puss the Boots when the boy's pencil painfully raps my pate and he says: "Sir, what do you think of this?" reading me a few lines which seem highly inventive, obscenely ingenious and vaguely plagiaristic and I reply: "Bravo! Bravissimo!" but I can't offer any refinements, emendations or constructive criticisms as my mind is not on unsymbiotic subjects at all, so I continue to harry Luc's procreative-potential while sweatingly he woos the lewd Muse—interlining, underlining, overlining, crossing-out. And now I have his polar projection incandescent with antepenultimate frenzy and just as the boy's heels drum against the sheet, slim hips writhe in acute pre-spasm then spasm and he squeals with shrill geophysic ecstasy—inspiration also seizes him. And I cushion my head on his hard belly and gulp his spurting chrism while hazily, otherworldly I hear him gaspingly declaim the literary fruits of his creative concentration:

LUC - AT 13

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Eating her turds and whey;

Along came a spider

And sat down beside her,

And Miss Muffet said:

"Not today, man—I got

The rag on!"

O NIGHT, WHAT OF THE WATCHMAN!

(May 1949)

. . . A very few perhaps pitiable persons consistently think and act wisely, most persons think wise and act foolish in sufficient vice versa proportion to stay alive, play it safe and extract a little enjoyment from existence. I think foolish, act likewise and my life is delirious priapic spasm in the antiphonal arms of *puer-love* . . . but prisons, mental hospitals and hard-core psychiatrists beckon!

. . . Due I do believe to fallout and the recent elections or to the promptings of omnipresent *dementia ephebi*, I went down to the Unemployment to apply for a job at Boys Town in Nebraska . . . "Anything atall!" I said modestly. "I can fit myself into almost any little niche!" But the man who interviewed me, a Mr. Spurlos Versenkt, informed me Boys Town was hiring only alumni which seems to me crassly selfish and monopolizing the better things of life, and after pausing to soothe a computer swearing loudly at man's inhumanity to machines, Mr. V. then told me there was an opening at Vassar. Now I am fully aware there are many openings at Vassar but I do not feel prepared nor inclined to fill any of them—which I told him. And he went on that Yale needed . . . but I cut him off right there for I would rather go to jail than to Yale which is just a refuge for overage still life. And he sniffs in a snotty way that the Sophronisba B. Cunnilinctus Home for Wayward Girls requires a handyman and I reply: "I'll just *bet* they do, but a more malefically malodorant open shop I cannot imagine!" And Herr,

O NIGHT, WHAT OF THE WATCHMAN!

Monsieur or Mr. Versenkt paws through pounds of foolscap finally surfacing with a missive announcing that the Protectory for Vicious Boys has a vacancy for night watchman and I accept at once, for I cannot conceive of anything more potentially rewarding than to watch vicious boys at night when they're supposed to be sleeping but aren't. I grab the next plane to the Protectory which is wildly in the wilds of Maine or Canada and am handed a time clock and the run of the place from 9 P.M. to 6 A.M. The lads are all dormitoried six to a cottage and early I find Cottage 7 has the handsomest cubs on whom I bestow every spare moment, and these *soi-disant* malapert kids are not so much vicious as bubbling with energy like misguided missiles for they are into everything, including each other (here I would suggest to all you animal-lovers who are tired of the four-legged type, that a vicious boy makes a lovely pet who will afford you no end of pleasure and surprises!). I get in solid with the inhabitants of Cottage 7 by giving them a little folding as token of my dishonorable intentions so that soon we are closer than siblings and the lads quickly devise a new game called Shove It Up Old Casimir but I show them a Better Way and when I resume my rounds it is with the passion-potions of half-a-dozen youths serendipitly gurgling in my gratitudinous gullet. The good news of a rich crazy sucker flash-firing around, Cottage 7 shortly is crammed with lissome visitors from other dormitories and presently I am servicing 18 hypervolatile boys two and three times a night, becoming so flooded with liquid protein that I am climbing tall trees and uttering loud vocal challenges to Tarzan, Superman and Sophronisba B. Cunnilinctus. Then I get an urgent-business

O NIGHT, WHAT OF THE WATCHMAN!

telegram, am forced to leave for a night and a day. When I return the next evening and thirstily open the door of Oasis 7 strangely I find the lights out and the youngsters all in bed feigning sleep, each snorily ignoring my importunities. In the other Cottages the same tragic situation prevails—everybody, everything suddenly is moral as a senile nunnery! I stagger to the Office of the Director (an insomniac who sits up all night) and expostulate tearfully: "There have been some changes made!" Rubbing his hands gleefully the Director explains that the one night I was gone Gilly Braham or Amy Simple McPherson or some other of those dead-or-alive perambulating evangelists called round and delivered so hell-fire-and-gallstone a five-alarm speech that the assembly hall suffered spontaneous combustion and fourteen boys fainted—and all are so scarifiedly frightened that they break into the long-disused chapel and spend the rest of the night in prayer. "Now," said the Director, deftly making a complacent steeple with his ten fingers, "there is not a lad in the place who would so much as say *Shit* if he had a mouthful!" Lugubriously I turn in my time clock and depart, leaving a note for Cottage 7 the gist of which is that it might be well to reflect on the dubious wisdom of losing the definite bit of cake here below for improbable bakeries full of pie in the sky by and by!

ALEXIS—at 12

(August 1947)

. . . A cherry-jubilee lad of sweet visual but not tactile symmetry is little Alexis. He has two passions: buttons and indecent exposure (indecent to those who think it so) and the one delightfully contributes to the other. The boy never sits down, for his posterior is plastered with square, oval, spheroid, rectangular and all-shaped buttons of tin, aluminum, brass, copper and other alloys, and they are variously inscribed:

SERVICE ENTRANCE!

KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING!

PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK!

MEN'S ROOM!

CAUTION—DIRT ROAD!

COMFORT STATION!

KILROY WASN'T HERE!

MALE-BOX!

NO TRESP-ASSING!

Etc.

Anteriorly, from belt-buckle to knee, Alexis is bemedalled thus:

ALEXIS - AT 12

DANGER—HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

NO PARKING NEAR HYDRANT!

DO NOT TEASE THE ANIMAL!

NO FISHING ALLOWED!

JAILBAIT!

SLIPPERY WHEN WET!

CHICKEN-INJECTOR!

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS!

TOOL ROOM!

PRIVATE PROPERTY—KEEP OFF!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING!

Etc.

The boy's jingle-jangle progress through the streets draws shocked gasps from ladies, frowns from heteros and speculative interest from such as I. And if you follow Alexis, are male and appear solvently harmless, he will lead you under a benevolent bridge or into a kind shadowed alley or some other recondite rendezvous (he has them all over town) and for two-bits he will unzip and allow you a two-minute inspection of his pudendum from three feet away. And while he is not yet nubile, he is ever pinkly plumply tumescent, and admiring his enterprise and extrovert salesmanship, you utter sincere compliments and perhaps purchase seconds. Then pleased Alexis will up-zip and off-trot in search of other cocklet-connoisseurs. Alas, one day in a sudden thunderstorm the poor lad was struck down by lightning helplessly attracted to all that metal, but he died at once and without pain. I

ALEXIS - AT 12

saw him laid out and Death and the Undertaker had given the boy an ethereal loveliness he had never possessed while alive. I slipped a button marked simply: REST IN PEACE into his breastpocket, patted his cheek, and left him with the conviction that when he arrives at the Gates of Heaven and there is any doubt as to his credentials or earthly activities, bright-eyed Alexis has only to expose himself and an amused St. Peter will surely let him in!

LUC—at 13

(October 1965)

—Please?

—No! I'm still wet from last time!

—Honey-bunny-booboo ?

—No! I ain't your goddam wife, you know!

—Sweetie-plum-pie? Sugartit-baby? Honey piss-potty?

—No! Jerk off and don't bother me!

—Now look, you little bastard, either you gimme a nice piece off your top round or I'm gonna strangle you with your own spermatic cord!

—Sir, the KY's under the bed . . . and what's a spermatic cord?

. . . Some of my more painfully pleasurable moments are devoted to getting Little Horse off to school on a weekday morning and will begin with laggard dawn stumbling into the room and waking me, the alarm clock Fifth Amendment silent because I forgot to set it. I ease out from under the boy's sprawled limbs, kiss his sleep-embossed eyes, push and prod him into sitting-position, get a basin of warm water, pull him up again and bathe his face. And he smells so excitingly of love, maddening pollen-scent of much-used boy, that only the sober recollection of the \$1200 per year I am paying for his alleged education prevents me from thrusting him back between the sheets and joining him; and he wakes enough to growl that I kept him up too

LUC - AT 13

late again last night but I remind him I was perfectly willing though not eager to go to sleep at twelve midnight and it was he who drove a knee into my ribs, saying I had better defrost him once more or he is sure to have a liquid nightmare. Blush-eared Luc glowers that's all the credit he gets for trying to keep the bedclothes clean, savagely beats the curl out of his hair with my military-brushes (warrior boots trampling dark delicate gardens) while I overturn basin of water reaching for his socks. Immediately he squawls they are yesterday's socks which they're not, they're inside out which they're not, they don't match which they do; then he gripes I have put on shorts ass-backward, got the undershirt-label in front and he wants the oxford gray pants today with blue shirt, not the tab-collar tan. Slowly, blissfully, aggravatingly I get him attired, wasting minutes of pell-mell time kissing each part I clothe until Master Put-Upon rolls eyes to ceiling asking some disembodied someone what he ever did to get mixed up with a screwball like me! Now he falls back on bed, drifts into light drowse and I sit him up, urge him to his feet, sleepwalk him to hall, down the stairs, into kitchen where he revives enough to move of his own volition for he doesn't trust my lackadaisical cooking (Jesus, sir, do you call this vomit scrambled eggs!), though permitting me to segment grapefruit, set out cold cereal and milk in its smirking carton marked HOMO Vit. D. while he starts bacon frying. At table we sit shoulder-to-shoulder, I unwilling to be one unnecessary inch separated from his glowing young body so soon to be endless hours immured in scholastic prison . . . but am squirted in both eyes with his uncanny grapefruit marksmanship, he fights my spoon with his

LUC - AT 13

when I venture to steal from his bowl of cornflakes and if fetishly I solicit the chewed food in his mouth, I get it spittingly through the acrid accusation that now I want to starve him to death! Then he supervises my toastmaking as he plugs in percolator, measures out coffee, removes bacon, breaks in eggs and hugely we eat after our hunger-inciting night. Coated, capped, gloved and book-bagged he engraves bite-kiss into my lips and is ready to leave when he catches the pleading look in my eyes and begins to curse me with such vehement virtuosity that it broils my tympana and reverses my ears so the lobes are on top, but as automatically I correct some of his hissed anatomical and antecedent solecisms I observe that his speech-belying fingers are already eagerly dehiscing himself. Velvety drift of bronze pubic curls tickling my nose, genuflectant I drain off the amarylline dew that distilled by sweet chemistry of boy-body has collected since I had it last and he contracts his belly-muscles to squeeze out the last drops, shakes himself inside me, tries to withdraw but I keep him there, unable to resist a final caress. At once I feel his pleasure-part quicken from quiescent primary function into the inflexible caracole of its secondary role and Little Horse flings dull books aside, pulls my hair, boxes my ears, drives his now *qui-vive* member uvula-deep and says tensely: "Fuck school! Let's go back to bed, sir!"

BUDDY—at ?

(July 1964)

. . . Down at the corner of East Tenth Street and Horse-Apple Lane is a long wooden fence which extends a block either way and serves as a kind of amorous bulletin board for the youth of the neighborhood. I gander it occasionally in the star-struck hope that some hardup boy might leave his name and/or address or telephone-number with a graphic hint of what he is partial to in the way of sweet dalliance, but I have thus far drawn drear blank for there is naught beyond the same old arrowed hetero-hearts more auricle than ventrical, syllogistic initialled, and the usual political eclecticism which reveal a naive and somewhat disturbing bipartisanship:

Ban War!

Free Hump with Humphrey!

Ban the Bomb!

Dean Rusk is a Son of a Biscuit!

Ban the Horrors of Liberalism!

Down with Garry Boldwater!

Up your ass, Goldfinger!

Ban all Bans!

Half the way with L. B. J.!

King Bobby and Queen Ethel Forever!

But today after a week's absence I return to find the clamant boards shrilly

BUDDY - AT ?

covered with girlish squiggles in pencil, chalk, pen, crayon, lipstick—and the sentiments, all seemingly addressed to one lad, range from the pediculous to the supine:

Gwladys loves Buddy!

Quintessa would like to be Buddy's O & O!

Oh Buddy-boy, please be kind to Wilhelmina!

Clementine worships Buddy!

Evangeline is ape for Buddy!

Ooooh, Buddy, you make me wet my panties!

Gwendolyn adores Buddy!

Buddy, please be my steady!—Zenobia.

Buddy, I'm heels over head for you!—Hildegarde.

Lassie would like to make it with Buddy!

Buddy sends Guinevere!

Esmeralda has a yen for Buddy!

Buddy, my phone-number is INtercourse 2-2222!

Please, Buddy, please . . .

but the last spasmic entreaty breaks off as if the moving finger, having writ, had developed a hangnail. And it overwhelms me that this Buddy must be an exceedingly appetizing dish I would sort of kind of more or less like to get my spoon into . . . and now I have come to the end of the fence on the last bottom board of which is deeply gouged in unmistakably masculine

BUDDY - AT ?

letters the final definitively dismissive message:

BUDDY LOVES DICK!!

LARS—at 13

(August 1959)

. . . Shamefaced I must confess that in some vitally factual matters I am innocent as a moonbeam, revelation ever arriving late and always as a shock. For instance, it was not until I was 22 or 23 that I disillusionedly discovered that *The Open Road for Boys* was not a *Way of Life* but a monthly publication for juveniles!

. . . Lars has been endowed with blessings from top to bottom, having an IQ of 172 and an ass of sugared marzipan but in between all is maddening quicksilver antithesis. He is an engaging young neurotic who has sent Adlerian, Rankian, Jungian, Freudian, Horneyite, Sullivanian and suborned correspondence-school psychiatrists mimbling to their own couches from which they issue cavalier bulletins denouncing harmless little Lars as a case of anxiety-reaction, a sociopath, an antisocial passive-aggressive-regressive personality and a special symptomatic reactor; also he is disordered, inadequate, unstable, compulsive, diffused and schizophrenic as a broken cruller. In consequence the boy drags about with him a mountain of obsessive complexes like a mouse hauling a tractor—is the day sunny and cloudless? Lars digs out rubbers, raincoat and umbrella; does some rain fall? he talks of Noah and the price of soon-needed rowboats; if he has a holiday from school (Teachers' Institute or the like) he immediately suspects some dire scholastic plot to deny him an education . . . in short, the world is one immense, concerted and focussed conspiracy against him. He even

LARS - AT 13

sniffs cautiously at my pre-romp smorgasbord of animal-crackers and prune yogurt, positive the one contains arsenic and the other vitriol. He demands payment in advance for our trifle of amorous brouhaha, voicing apprehension that the firm of Dukahz & Company may go under as well as down during the course of our canoodling. When I push him gently-inexorably onto the sheets he reminds me he is not overly mattress-inclined, citing the prevalence of bedsores . . . but having accepted the wages of sin he endures my caresses as martyredly as if he were being fed piecemeal to emaciated lions: every kiss is a rope around his neck, each hug is a gaping wound! If I fondle his nipples he hints darkly of breast cancer, hopes my dry and unrewarding fellation will not cause it to fall off, expects deafness from elementary ear-frenching, opines that my stroking his sleek flanks will result in infantile paralysis—and though I am too well aware this little collector of indignities derives pleasure from my embraces, he remarks somberly that sexual excitement is bad for the heart. "Why do I relate to you?" he wails with baffled bitterness. "Why am I fixated to this scene of degradation?" Quoth I in reply: "Because you like my offbeat therapy and free-association, for which I pay through the nose nasally!" With lofty learned precision Lars informs me that my conceptive quantum-Gestalt is diathetically epexegetical, then he embarks on so rancorous an excoriation of life's and man's inhumanity to boys that he neither notices nor protests when deftly I reverse him onto his belly, spray his minim O-as-in-orifice from my atomizer of baby-oil and breathlessly begin to phallo-analyze his almond underworld!

LUC—at 13

(November 1965)

. . . Though I can prove nothing, evidence is overwhelming that my Little Horse is a disciple of Baha'i if not Subud but if he seeks the ultimate self-transcending experience and the apocalyptic orgasm—it is for me. On November 5, 1965 the U. S. Post Office carried a missive whose contents were possibly unique in that department's history and I still quake to imagine what hell's fury would have been unleashed had those indefatigable busybodies the postal inspectors, with their little x-ray machines or bloodshot x-ray eyes, been led to suspect its simon-purity. To explain: my man in Washington, alarmed by certain bureaucratic investigative feelers groping in my direction, summarily summoned me to that city advising I be escorted by large briefcase of small denomination, unmarked, unwiltable lettuce. When I inform Luc that the federal misgovernment is looking to deprive me of liberty and loot, he glowing-eyed suggests we warpath on down there with tomahawk and submachinegun, and forthwith offers to demonstrate how simple it is to scalp a person—even one with as little hair as I, and I am forced to spend a deliriantly Wow! half-hour cooling him down with hot kisses, skimming the heavy cream off his crop further to calm him. He wants to go with me—unarmed since I am so chicken—but I dare not take him along for the Fates, already challenged too brashly, have an uncomfortable habit of punishing conspicuous hubris with sanguinary mortality. And from mattress, safe-deposit box, Delft sugarbowl, checking-and savings-accounts and from beneath the triangular stone of living-room

LUC - AT 13

hearth I collect capitalism's green life-essence; and the boy sees me off on the train, coming into my roomette where (as if I were already the condemned man eating his last meal) astoundingly he freely offers the three disparate effusions of his trinity of joys: "Keep your mouth on it, sir, I got more!" I arrive in the Haven of Hem/Haw and the Ubiquitous Euphemism, the inhabitants of which are so stunned with constant doses of Sweetness and Light that they are either incipient diabetics or half-blind; and too quickly I find I am in more serious predicament than I feared and shall be forced to spend two days and a night there plugging hot leaks with cold cash. That evening about eight o'clock I long-distance Luc, hear my phone ring . . . and ring . . . and ring, then the boy's voice breathlessly saying he was in the bathroom and came as quickly as he could—but the verb he employs is unsettling, conjuring up the awful vision of my hot-pants darling not being able to contain himself in my absence; but I am reassured or further disturbed by his telling me he has been taking a bath, is going to do his homework in bed (?!) and later when he is ready to go to sleep he will put my pillow between his thighs, pretending it is me. That frustratingly substitutive scene causes me to sit or fall down, grating that if I find pillowcase stiff on my return Little Horse is going to be horsemeat and after a cascade of golden young laughter the boy replies that for all he knows I have got another kid in my bed right now, impatiently waiting for me to stop talking! Then I tell him I won't be home until day after tomorrow and Luc interrupts to ask where I'm staying and I hear pencil squeak as he writes down hotel, room-number, street—in case of emergency, I presume. And

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after 29 or 37 minutes of conversational *grotesquerie* during which the boy says he misses me, he thinks! and am I in favor of teen-agers going steady? and the bachelor who just moved in across the street winked at him when he came home from school today! . . . reluctantly I hang up feeling worse than if I hadn't called. The next morning I scurry about like Balaam's dysenteried Ass, briefcase thinner with each stop but managing to sandwich in a social visit to the U. S. Supreme Court where I don't know any of the Asinine Nine but do know an assistant janitor who keeps me apprised of coming shadows that cast their events before and I greet him: "Man, are *They* as liberal as ever?" And he say: "Man, you better like quick acquire the old-time religion or jump headfirst into the Potomac for *They* gittin' more conservative ever' day!" I thank him, peel him off a dewy piece of lettuce and deject out, and my man seeing my morose state hints he knows a nice girl take my mind off my troubles and I am just about to push him in front of a speeding truck when I recall that he thinks me hetero as Solomon so I treat him to some drinks and a nice dinner, return to my hotel-room and pick up the phone when a knock shivers the door and I have shoved at me an airmail, special delivery letter in Little Horse's unmistakable scrawl. Fervently I press my lips to it then rip it open to find not a line nor even a word, but folded in several thicknesses of notepaper this lad who has never heard of Troy has sent me a Trojan, thrice-used to judge by its plump contents, carefully rolled up and sealed with Scotch tape. With fumbling impatience I undo it, strip the rubber's crystal-clear liquid treasure into glass, sit down, put my feet on the bed and drop by precious drop olympianly drink pepper-pungent toast to

LUC - AT 13

impermeable latex and a passionate boy's mailable fluids!

BLAIR—at 13

(January 1951)

. . . Yes-men are egotistically necessary; yes-women are legion: you have to fight them off; yes-boys are essential but rare, and a no-boy is better than no boy at all. I am up in the white Green Mountains attempting to start a chain of taxpayer-groups which at the properly percussive moment in April would go on strike, but the first promising subject I call on turns out to be a prosperous tostiprute called Kitty (Titty would be apter) who mistakes me for an agent come to insure her Fallopian tubes, if any, and when gently I disabuse the demirep of her odd actuarial error she pinguidly inquires would I perchance—since I am there and she has a minute—care to tear off a piece? I break the news that if she were male, 40 years younger and gave green stamps I might, just might consent to conjunctively sheet-wrinkle at which this doxy flies into deep umber umbrage and tries to throw me out but trips over a full thunder-mug, so I show myself out. And there being *mucho* of a cocaine-like substance called snow on the slopes of Old Baldy or Old Bosomy, I decide on an itty-bitty of skiing and am engaged in forcing my wrong foot into the right ski when out of the blue a lightsome lad on sled slaloms into me and adroitly I fall on him which added burden collapses the conveyance. And this kid has a roguish gamin face and is about the most fetching brisket of neat-meat since Abel—who was knocked off, you'll recall, for resisting Cain's improper advances. This snow-boy's name is Blair and he is yummily clad in a red snowsuit with a green-buttoned fly . . . with a green-buttoned fly . . . with a green-buttoned fly. (One moment,

BLAIR - AT 13

please!) The youngster ruefully examines the remains of his once-sled, acerbly asserting since I have bitched it to bits I ought to pay for it; undemurring I fork over \$15 at which he smiles fulgently, stows the bills between his boy-breasts and suggests that having snafued his transportation, it is no more than right I should take its place. So I recline in the manner of sleds, Blair flings himself on me and we're off and during the course of our roller-coaster descent I become acutely aware the lad is trying to use me more like a female than a vehicle, his granitic little prod seeking to penetrate the several layers of our various clothing. Naturally I assume Blair can be had and after half-a-dozen more rides in which my leather jacket, woolen shirt and thermal underwear are frictioned down to my bare chest and beyond, I bring out thermos'd coffee, horseburgers and cross hot buns and share them; then we snowball each other and nonsense around, he so amusingly awkward he falls over objects 25 feet away and I rush to help him up, brush him off and furtively finger his hardware. By now the coffee having, as liquids will, coursed through my playmate's prism'd intestines and distending his chrismatic bladder clamors to be let out, the lad begins to undo his green-buttoned fly and with strangling anticipation I slobber my desire. And Blair oscillates his jade-green eyes, snorts through his snub nose, creases his alabaster brow, inch by inch debouches almost half-a-foot of full-flowered joystick, spreads his legs and disdainfully pisses his answer in the snow—NO!

JOSEPH—at 15

(June 1961)

. . . Joseph has a whiplash Arab body, Mediterranean skin, sloe harlequin eyes and a taste for haut-kook clothes. He is not precisely a hustler in the academic sense of the word, having only two customers besides myself from whom he nets (at two visits each) about \$70 weekly in addition to fringe benefits, and though such employment is not covered by Social Security and is no doubt a violation of the Child Labor Laws, Joseph has a nice sense of intrinsic values and considers it no-sweat, profitable, pleasurable play. And if there is a distinct tinkle of the cash register about him—he has a price for everything and blissfully everything he has is for sale—this emphasis on *pretium stupri* is excusable in so sterling and uninhibited a lad, for he never accords me the treatment another of his name backhanded Potiphar's wife with, and his lithe sturdy body is filibuster-indefatigable in sexual congress. Now Joseph has a little red notebook and a little red pencil with a lot of red lead, and in little scarlet letters he transcribes in detail, in an original and one carbon, exactly what he vends—which is private enterprise at its best but I could wish sometimes when I am sobbing mating-calls on his apricot bum that he would not industriously be jotting down the retail worth of what I'm enjoying; or in the middle of oenomelic Ovidian osculation, that he would not summarily tear his lips from mine and inquire: "Is that the 19th or 20th kiss so far?" When Joseph is about to depart he does a final bit of furrow-browed furious figuring and with a professional flourish presents to me a very businesslike, carefully hand-lettered, minutely itemized but

somewhat deflating bill which usually reads substantially like this:

JOSEPH INC.

(Service With a Smile!)

Sold to Duke on 6-10-61

1 Piece of Ass (legs around neck).....	\$2.25
1 Piece of Ass (regular).....	2.00
1 Piece of Cock (wet-run).....	2.00
Seconds on above.....	2.00
Thirds on above.....	2.00
Fourths on above.....	2.00
Fifths on above (dry-run).....	1.00
1 Round-the-World (nonstop).....	.75
5 Spit-swaps at 7¢ each.....	.35
1 Chewing gum swap at 10¢ each.....	.10
27 Kisses on Mouth at 5¢ each.....	1.35
13 Kisses on Other Parts at 4¢ each.....	.52
Missilaneus Hugs, Gropes & Feels.....	.75

JOSEPH - AT 15

—————
\$17.07

Less \$2 borrowed last Tuesday..... \$ 2.00

Total for Services Rendered.....\$15.07

PLEASE REMIT—THANK YOU!

LUC—at 13

(October 1965)

. . . There are many gods and God may be one of them. Until I became disabused with the body-denying, body-mortifying Gospel according to St. Paul, I used to attend church quite regularly, favoring those with very young male choirs, and I might still be said to be of a religious persuasion —if phallicism is a religion and boys are its acolytes. And at the moment I am in an exceedingly reverent attitude though the scene is not so much reminiscent of Wednesday Evening Prayer Meeting at the Baptist-Episcopal-Methodist-Lutheran Church down at the corner of Unitarian Street and Presbyterian Avenue, as of a Black Mass on Black Friday at black midnight. . . the bed is altar, Luc the tender offering and I the slaving High Priest whose sharp sacrificial-knife is already digging deep into the boy's vitals, fused in unilateral if not bilateral rapture. And a faraway harp-string begins to vibrate on an unearthly note that slowly swells (not yet! not yet!) into piercing arrow of ecstasy as my organ sounds a long-lost chord in Luc's drumtight music box, incandescing me into one culminative moment of time . . . and then rudely the boy bucks me still dripping out of him, says he is hungry, thirsty and fed-up with love and bids me get him ginger ale, ginger snaps and a pad and pencil. Holding towel about my bewildered, too soon evicted member I bumble out, fall downstairs, root in refrigerator, pantry and writing desk, fall upstairs to feed cookies into Luc's impatient what-took-you-so-long mouth, getting my fingertips nipped by his leopard-teeth; hold glass of bubbling amber to his lips, receiving fine-spray backlash as

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reward while he sets about to compose another Mother-Goosed travesty for which he is now getting 7¢ apiece from his smut-starved schoolmates, and he asks me what I remember about Little Boy Blue. I reply I do not mind his bitching up the girls in M. Goose but I violently object to his perverting the boys such as Little Jack Horner, Simple Simon, and Jack and the Beans Talk . . . Jeez, is nothing sacred! Little Horse tells me to shut my face, sir, for he made \$14.20 off Little Miss Muffet (shameless young pimp!) which was that much I didn't need to spend on him and severely he enjoins me to leave him alone while he attempts to squeeze another golden egg out of Mother G., but every cell, every pore and gland more than ever intensely aware of his luminous boy-body, I plead: "Please, kind master, permit me at least to embrace your feet!" (The boysexual, most humane of all lovers, waits on the pleasure of the loved one, takes what is offered in humblest gratitude—if he's a damn fool!) Luc chews scowlingly on pencil considering my request, decides pedal extremities are not private parts and shoves them out to me and I breathe in their cool sea-scent, lip-nuzzle soft instep, slim ankle, smooth pink heel, rosy toes—wolfing the ten little pigs who went / stayed / had / got / cried wee-wee all the way home (not good for the bladder to hold it too long!). Then slyly, warily-wily, light as lazy hummingbirds' wings I caress up, up to warm calves, to hard knees, to (difficultly) moist hollows of knees, progress rakishly to left inner thigh, my bloodshot eye mesmerized by the terracotta juncture of his thighs where amid pubic hairsilk nestles the enigma that provides its own solution . . . when suddenly the boy smites me over the head with empty ginger ale bottle, growls he can't trust me for a

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second and asks my opinion of the following:

Little Boy Blue!

Little Boy Blue!

The sheep're in the cows,

The meadow's in the corn!

Come blow your horn!

Come blow your horn!

I don't think you can do it

But if you can—

Then come and blow me!

LUC—at 13

(December 1965)

. . . In everything he does but specifically in what he amatively does, Luc has style—like those high-priced hired murderers who can stab you with the needle-thin *miser cordia* in so surgically finesse a fashion that unaware you walk a block before you mortally collapse, convinced you have been struck down by an Act of God! This afternoon Little Horse returns from school aglow with some subtle change . . . I suspect him of being in love with love or with Angela about whom he has dropped some rather disturbing comments recently—she has perhaps smiled at him or cast coy glance or provocatively veiled her probably blue eyes and I warm myself in this reflected heat of young passion . . . he cannot expend his ardor on her, therefore he brings it to me. And today he is very amorous indeed, but always in his own manner: while I undress him for our evening tub together, savoring the compelling scent of inwards of his pants-fly and briefs, in folly of phalli he amuses himself by bending his supple organ almost back on itself, releasing it to snap with pleasure-pained 'thock' against my face until it becomes too adamant for that calisthenic and I tongue dry the wet glans and begin *adagio* fellation but the boy pulls away complaining he doesn't like to be sucked off standing up because it makes his legs buckle . . . and he dives into filled tub drenching my clothes. When I join him he scrubs my back, washes my ears, shampoos my hair, gets soap in my mouth and eyes and somehow contrives to stand on my penis. As we dry each other the glimpse of between-thighs membranous surfaces rosy with promise inutile

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me to chicle softness of chewed gum and my mouth in the palm of his hand I mumble desperate supplication. Taking belated pity on me he pulls me down on bathmat, rams hard boy-knees into my armpits and slides his deadliest weapon in the arsenal of lust slowly between my pursed lips till I wear his pubic floss for mustache . . . then my emotions register peak-and-valley polygraphs as he prematurely withdraws, pleading hunger! Before cheerful crackle of applewood fire in bedroom we eat catered dinner: table white-damasked, pink candlelight on crystal, silver, wine—replica of Victorian seduction scene with differences in method and *dramatis personae*. Naked he sits on my nude lap, we share one plate and he chews my meat (beef-flavor gone but boy-flavor strong!), with his fingers feeds me potatoes *Italienne*, Greek salad, French bread, transfers Tokay from glass to his mouth to mine as mad-spinning unorbited world I play with young Archimedes' moving little lever. Near the end of the meal I clear the table, lay the boy on the cloth, tip Nesselrode dessert onto the platter of his hard smooth belly and spoonless eat from this fleshed *Sèvres*—fastidious pig at his ineffable trough, snuffling out shy cherry hiding in cerise omphalos; then turn him over to drip *demitasse* into tight callipygean divide, separate satined buttocks to sup up the elixir'd caffeine, capture vagrant drop escaping down plummy perineal raphe, watch while his browned sphincter writhes in its effort to break wind . . . but Little Horse's digestive apparatus is so perfect he never has gas on the stomach! Now he twists onto his back, verticals his two-way faucet and cries: "Drink me!" and Alice'd in Wonderland I clasp the slim thighs and mouth the straining spigot that

LUC - AT 13

foams into me my darling's salt-sweet cider (never drink a boy who has just eaten asparagus —it's not a compatible vegetable!). And on fur rug before leaping fire we stand, lamplight and flame-glow so conspiring to lend their radiance to the lad that he exceeds his own beauty—a Maxfield Parrish boy with bolder nuances of coloring and refinement of form—and he wraps his arms about my middle, leans forehead on my chest, snares between oscillant thighs my rearing member . . . then deftly trips me so we fall heavily to the floor, he on top. I roll him off me, plunge face into his groin, tongue apart glossy pubic curls— myrtle wreath for excellence and pride of place—kiss moist skin beneath while on the wall our dry point shadows mimic prelude to the ideal coition that I, fool in my booby-trapped Paradise, think I am about to achieve; but Luc squirms away from me, tries to bite out my jugular vein, sits on my face and when agitatedly I begin to lick the hot tiny boy-cunt, somersaults out of my reach bidding me to cool it! . . . and on cue the radio which has been thistle-downing syrupy songs of lovers forlorn now blasts out Debussy and I am aware of a mocking *clair-de-lunacy*. Now Master Unpredictable sits by my side, seizes my hand to curl my fingers about his throbbing cock, informs me he found a new word for it in the dictionary today and which is *resurgam*, a Latin term meaning 'I shall rise again'. "Pronounced with a hard 'g'!" the boy grins. "Naturally!" I yelp, trying to replace my hand with a more appreciative organ but Little Horse stiff-arms me away and staring into the polychrome fire points out kings, castles, knights (but no bishops!) and demands I tell him a story. I relate the saga of Richard the Lion-Hearted (one of his heroes), of Crusades and

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courage and minstrel-page Blondel and Richard's undue affection for him. Luc refuses to accept this, drums hard fists into my flanks for insulting his idol. Rubbing my bruises I reply:

"But it's true, little one!"

"It is not! My history book says Richard was married to . . . to Berengaria or somebody."

"That was later, not that it makes any difference. And history books are not yet so candid they can reveal such *outré* truths to schoolboys."

"I still don't believe it! Richard was brave and good."

"Then am I bad because I love you? Are you ashamed of my love?"

"No, but I don't want anyone to know."

"Nor do I, with far more reason than you. And if you can no longer admire King Richard you can pity him for he was unhappy—though it was not Blondel who made him so." The boy scowls, says he is going to bed and I follow the susurrus of his naked feet against the carpet, the whisper of his body as he slips between the sheets, kicking the top one down. And to calm him or to excite him in a more fruitful direction, I say:

"Tell me about Angela, little one."

"Oh, she's . . . why do you ask me about her?"

"Why not? You like her, don't you?"

"Yes, but . . . are you jealous?"

"Ah, Luc, I am jealous of every moment you are away from me! I am jealous of the clothes you wear because they are so close to you! I am jealous of the food and drink you take because they are more intimately part of you than I

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can ever be! I am . . . well, never mind. This Angela is a blonde, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"Hair like spun gold in soft sunlight?"

"Have you seen her?"

"Not to my knowledge. And blue eyes—the deep velvety blue of morning-glories?"

"You *have* seen her!"

"Never laid eyes on her. But it's a common type—cute kittenish face, shy smiles, demure manners, beautifully dressed, very dainty, helpless as a baby when there's a boy around to do things for her."

"I'll tell you something, *sir*! I wish she was here naked beside me instead of you!"

"So do I!"

"So do . . . ! What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you were with Angela I would be free to go to a certain blond lad I know who is almost as beautiful as you and far more accessible!"

A long silence from the boy in which I stir restlessly, wondering if I have blundered again; I steal a look at him but his face is stony blank. I close my eyes, fold my hands on my chest like effigy on tomb, wait for probable disaster; then I hear a movement above me and see Luc bending over me. He descends to encircle my lips with his, gently slides his tongue over mine; shifts to cradle my head on his thighs, rubs his tumescing penis against my mouth until it drips mucus, penetrates me and with quick hard drives builds to culmination and spends with body-wracked groan. And as, on his

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invitation, swooningly I stimulate him to soon second crisis, he says:

"Sir, you ought to be glad I like Angela!"

"Ought I? Why?"

"Because when I think of her I get a hard-on . . . and you get the hard-on!"

"I never thought of it that way. Very well, the gods bless Angela! May you think of her all the time!"

"And is there a blond boy, sir?"

"There is not. Since I met you I am blind to all other boys."

"Sir, I'll tell you a secret . . . I think I love Angela but I *like* you better than I *love* her— isn't that crazy!"

