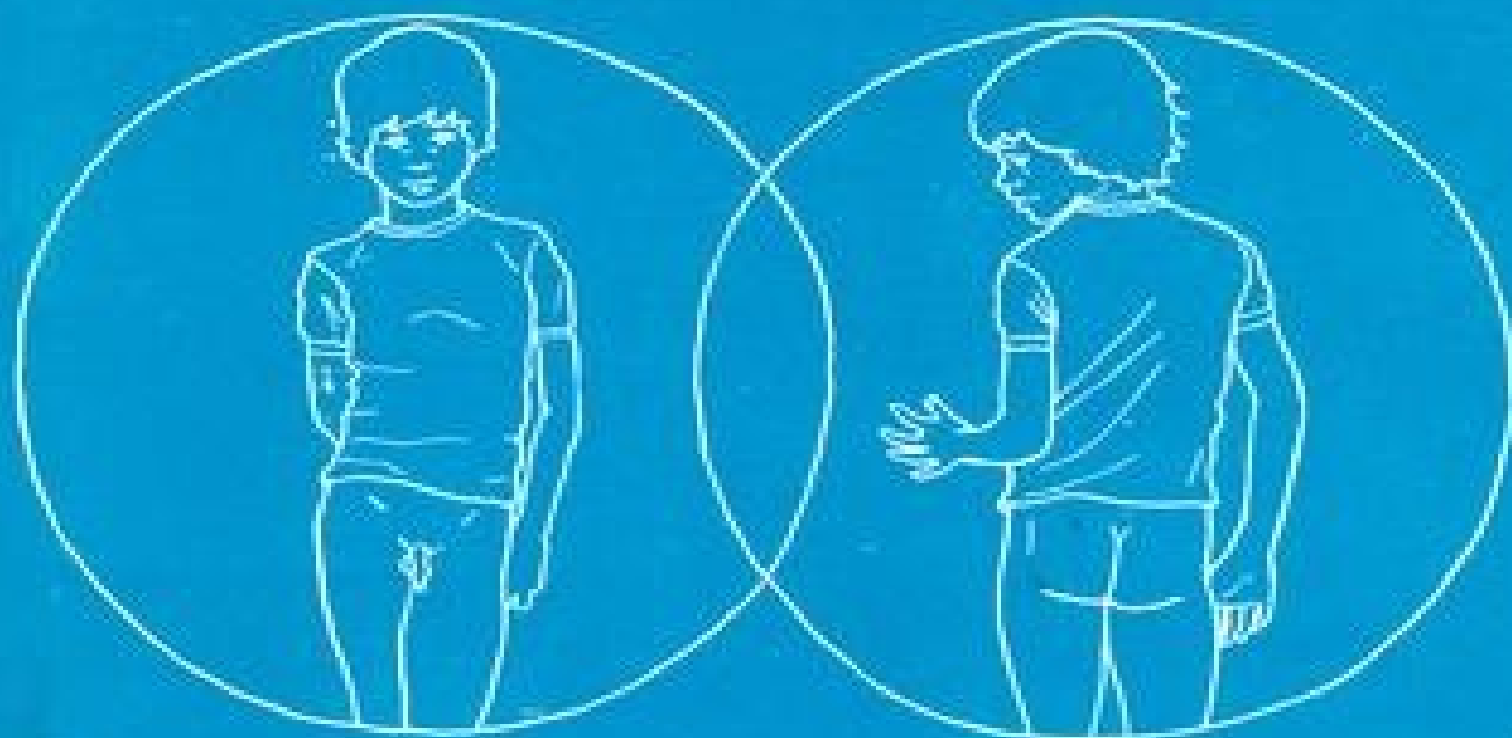


By the author of *THE ASBESTOS DIARY*

VICE VERSA



A Novel by

Casimir Dukahz

Vice Versa
By
CASIMIR DUKAHZ

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Vice Versa

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Daddy's Boys: A Preface and a Confession

In this Boycentennial Year of 1976, I am inescapably reminded that nearly a decade ago Olivetti (she being in stinky heat) and yours truly managed sweatily to conceive a teensy something or other which I named VV* in advance of delivery, positive it could be nothing less than a son and heir. In fact, if it wasn't a stem-winder I was going to shove it back and try again—with or without Olivetti's (w)holehearted cooperation. (O is not my better-half, merely a sort of key assistant but frankly I despise the noisy bitch—she can't spell, has an inordinate passion for purple ribbons and is a shifty character altogether.)

Well, sir, due to inexcusable negligence on the part of the midwife who like a magpie is forever being diverted by shiny pieces of metal, VV occupies the womb not for nine months but damn near for nine years—and Olivetti is becoming a trifle pissed-off. Furthermore, when the little scut at long last does condescend to appear, he's a breech-presentation yet which in polite translation means he not only came out ass first but was in dire need of fifty-five feet of Scottissue—no doubt thereby indicating his considered opinion of the doting authors of his being.

Adding insult to ego-injury, the new-born's first act on Earth was to spurn my loving arms and leap into the lofty chandelier from which he gibbers at us until Olivetti is inspired to lure him down with an uncircumcised knockwurst from Cohen's Kosher Delicatessen—a Good Samaritan gesture which O immediately regrets, remarking to me with a snide sneer that I'd better call my offspring PP instead of VV for the brat drenchingly is a veritable Niagara Falls in miniature. Just to be on the safe side, I called in the Society for the Investigation of UFOs to determine whether my progeny was animal, vegetable, mineral or a Republican. They shortly reported that the fruit of my loins was indeed more human than otherwise, a bright and healthy Ball-Bearing, deplorably foul-mouthed and anti-social but most attractive below the belt. I am reassured—whatever he is, VV obviously is a Chip off the Old Block.

Now as it happens, VV has a slightly older brother named TAD.** And since I'm not married to Olivetti, both boys unfortunately are illegitimate: in more conventional terms they're bastards, pure and simple . . . uh, strike out the `pure'. Alas, TAD was a precocious Page of the Bed-Chamber who left home at a tender age and I can still vividly recall how cute he looked toddling down the street, unzipping his Pampers and making goo-goo eyes at other scrotum-toters as he went. Alack, I greatly fear TAD has bitten off more than he can chew as the last I heard, he was living with 50,000 odd men—simultaneously.

Sad to relate, VV shows alarming signs of following in his brother's footsteps. Just the other day I saw him in a disreputable joint on Times Square, hanging out with a lot of low companions who had lechery in their eyes and a price-tag on their pants. I went up to him and with tears in my heart and a throb in my throat I begged my poor layward boy to come home with me. You know what he said?! He accused me of trying to pick him up to commit Incest on him!! You can imagine how I felt.

Nowadays an inexplicable generation-gap afflicts many fond fathers. This past April Fool's Eve I encountered Willy the Shake in the bar of the Globe Theater and we hoisted a few tankards of

nut-brown ale. He is much concerned about his son Hamnet who it seems is panting after pretty boy-actors, especially when they're all tarded-up to play 'Juliet'.

At one point in our conversation, Willy turned to me and in a voice charged with emotion, he said: 'Kashmir, good buddy, how sharper than a serpent's child is an ungrateful tooth!' There's a helluva lot of painful wisdom in that remark.

Jesuits and the Fuzz are forever telling you that confession is good for the soul. Could be, but presently my soul (he'll be thweet thirteen in Theptember) is raising hell because he found itching-powder in the vaseline. As you may know, I am eternally hunting for a moral everywhere and in everything—and finding it where I least want to, like between a lad's loaves or his lips. If there's a moral lurking in the foregoing revelation then I'm sure it must be this: Don't have sons of your own, have someone else's sons—it's easier, costs cheaper and you get more variety.

—Cashmere Duckass

P.S. Oh, God! Olivetti is in heat again!

A Louse in Wonderland

"But that title Vice Versa—what does it mean?" inquired Alyce, distractedly sipping her tea.

"Doesn't have to mean anything, does it?" rasped the White Rarebit irritably. "Pass the carrot cookies."

"There aren't any more carrot cookies," Alyce replied, scanning the table. "Indeed, I doubt there ever were any carrot cookies." She set her cup down. "It seems to me a title should mean something."

"Not necessarily, my dear girl," the Dutchess declared. "Last night or this morning I read a book entitled Zero—which means nothing!"

"I can tell you what the author meant," the Madd Hatter remarked, reminiscently rubbing his rump.

"What qualifies you to offer an opinion?" demanded the White Rarebit crossly.

"As a boy I knew Duke . . . Dukahz. That is, he knew me. Well, as a matter of fact, actually we knew each other!" The Madd Hatter's furious blush scorches the nap of his headgear.

"Is that what made you mad?" Alyce asked politely.

"Of course not! I'm mad by profession—if I was sane I wouldn't be literarily famous!"

"Poppycock!" sneered the Doormouse in his sleep.

"Hold your tongue!" the Dutchess snarled, pouring hot tea on the slumbering quadruped.

"Everyone knows poppies don't have cocks—just stamens and pistils!"

"You were going to explain about Vice Versa," Alyce reminded the Madd Hatter.

"Yes. It's very simple, really. It refers to Duke, the villain entering Amar, the boy-hero . . . or vice versa!"

"Entering?" faltered Alyce. "I'm afraid j don't quite grasp that!"

"Naturally you don't understand!" the White Rarebit growled. "You're a female so you're not equipped to understand!"

"Pish, piffle and balderdash!" squeaked the Doormouse, between snores.

"Spoke when you're speaken to!" the Madd Hatter grated, twisting the dormant creature's tail.

"You're a woman," Alyce appealed to the Dutchess. "Do you understand?"

"Only too well, my dear—but I'm no woman!" The Dutchess stands, removes wig, makeup and gown. "I'm the Duke . . .

Casimir Dukahz!"

A Study in Contrasts

From all sides the modern boy is constantly assailed by insuperable restrictions and demands. Parents exact obedience, docility and respect; teachers insist on industry, application and a dulling passivity; officialdom and adults in general expect courtesy, conformity and virtual self-effacement; other lads require of him proficiency in sports, courage, strength, daring and a scorn for everything not crudely super-masculine; and girls are chillingly dismissive if a young male is not handsome, amusing, quasi-uxorious, free-spending and preferably possessed of a car.

Small wonder then that so many hetero boys flee this Procrustean couch for the comfortable bed of the boysexual, who asks only that the youngster relax in luxurious ease and permit himself to experience remunerative rapture!

Tail Differential

Breathes there a man with soul so
dead, who never to his wife has
said: "Why in hell did I ever get
married!" Finding myself possessed
of a bundle of funny money foisted
on me in payment of a jackass loan
I made, and not being able to afford
the luxury of honesty at that exact
particular moment, I went down to
Miami's sunny bitched beaches where
I the queer passed in sundry dusked
diskoteks and dim short-change bars,
and then for two out-of-this-world
weeks lived it up and down at the
Fountainblow which was jammed with
tourists aged when life begins, and
I with interest observe these naive
unnatives in their unnatural scene
and am instantly overpoweringly
impressed, depressed, repressed by
their lack of the joie de whatever,
for the husbands are presentable
enough with their wallets ever in
hand, though their faces are harried
and harassed and they wear their many
marital and business cares around
their necks like barbed wire horse-
collars. And I'm struck by the sad
fact that these weary guys are down
here to rest and relax but all they
seem to be accomplishing is to too
lavishly remunerate for indifferent
service rendered. And not one of
them is with a lewd teen-age blonde
or a biddable, biteable, bosomable
bouncing brunette . . . but are with
their tedious wives whose otiose
steatopygeons overlap sagging bar
stools as they leave lipstick smears
on cocktail glasses, their petulant
visages discontented, dissatisfied
and envious beneath their Hell-in-a
Rubinstein masks—unutterable dames
who've had to be taught by men how to

sit, stand, walk, get in and out of a car; how to cook, act, think, speak, listen, and assume a pose of interest if not intelligence; how to dress and undress, apply expertly the needful makeup, and even make love; how to become endurable, perhaps desirable, possibly comprehensible, insofar as is possible! And to their querulous queries and pettish demands their poor husbands resignedly, passively, politely reply: "Yes, dear! Of course, dear! At once, dear! I'll see to it, dear!" —and sighing the men pay the padded tab, assist their obese millstones to their indolent feet and morosely take their departure. And thoughtfully I ascend to my room where in my bed awaits a beauteous Mexican lad, smuggled to my room by bribed bellhop. And as lewdable, hatable, lickable little Luis, so eagerly, naturally, untutoredly talented and charming, snuggles into my arms; and as I look into his amethystine eyes and kiss his quick-heating lips and fondle his stiff, wet, treasure-laden horn of plenty hotly goring into my side, and caress his tight, quivering, moistly anticipative ass I shed a salt tear, I weep a sodium chloride stray drop or two for all unjoyful, sad, defeated, in a rut rutless middle-aged married male heteros!

Amar

Beware of June! Not so cruel as April is nor aping brutal August, yet it is more two-faced than January! It deludes. It is the month of lilacs late and early roses, of triumphant brides and uneasy grooms; and wedding-bells toll throughout the land while "I do!" resounds from benumbed falsehood lips. Indict June! But consider extenuating circumstance . . . for it was in June that I met Amar!

Amar, child of delight, my golden despair! Pronounce his name Ah! Mar!—exclamatory, ejaculatory paeon of desire, synonym of love! I first saw his Tanagra figure in a stretch of lonely park where I sat, tears on my lips, drinking my own salt sorrow over the faithlessness of a lad who could produce no semenic bliss because, with the heedlessness of his sex and age, he had wasted it all in his girl-friend who at that very moment impatiently awaited him on my doorstep. But disillusion never instructs the epheboleptic! I wept . . . but longed for further wounds from another's hands.

Initially my eye was caught not by the boy but by his shadow, twisting, turning, hardly able to keep pace with the arrow-slim body that created it; halting shadow that fell behind, caught up, faltered, darted and dashed in avid pursuit. Then I looked at the author of these antic penumbras, saw a blur of sun-snared hair and bronzed flesh, a fleet-footed youngster maneuvering a soaring kite that bobbed and tugged at the taut line that restrained it, that a gust of wind now caught and drove sharply upward . . . and suddenly the straining tether broke just above the lad's uplifted hands. In agile urgency he leaped for it, missed, sprang again—but no longer earthbound, the kite swiftly ascended to plumb the sky until its diminishing outline became a speck, a mote, a memory.

Shading his eyes, the boy scanned the empty blue above. Then, head lowered, he shoved his hands deep into his pockets, kicked at the ground, wheeled and walked slowly in my direction. Without knowing why, I closed my eyes as if fearful of some basilisk glance capable of casting a lethal spell. Louder the sound of the youngster's approaching footsteps. Now he is very near. I open my apprehensive eyes.

Revealed too suddenly, beauty is like a blow that inflicts its own brand of pain, poignant and lasting, from which one recovers slowly if at all. I see hair aflaut like gilded autumn leaves, and a small oval face that recalls romantic love-poems or inspires the writing of them—a madrigal countenance whose loveliness is more disturbing, more appealing because it is touched with a reserved, almost mystic melancholy. Yet the boy possesses more than mere beauty, which may be cold and unresponding. He attracts, he causes an irresistible vacuum into which one is plunged with an excruciating yearning.

The lad's gaze meets mine for an instant, then his thick lashes flutter down. Enthralled victim, I have beheld the glance I feared yet now welcome from those wide and guileless eyes whose depths are delphinium in the hushed sunlight. But he is passing and I must detain him, this pasticcio boy whose comeliness is vivid eclectic of the various perfect. "I'm sorry you lost your kite," I venture, but it is not an auspicious beginning—my voice is harsh, alarming even to my own ears.

The child pauses in front of me and I become aware of a careful, almost penetrating scrutiny. Hastily I contort my features into semblance of reassuring smile . . . and the dazzling smile that is returned leaves me defenceless, overwhelmed. In the boy's level look I seem to read a subtle question to which I have already supplied the obvious answer—yet can cognition be there, to evolve into ultimate acceptance? No, no! He is far too young, only ten or eleven at the most. He takes a step toward me and more clearly I discern the childish curve of his cheek, the limpid blue-white of his direct eyes, the unclouded brow, the full-lipped, slightly pouting mouth vulnerable in its extreme youthfulness. No, here is untainted innocence so armored in purity that it can never have known even the intimations of passion. He is vestal as the Virgin Mary—and far more authentic! My hopes, my longing, my burgeoning desire now cover me with shame. In torturous abnegation I sigh and am about to wave him on . . . and then, then the lad, transfixing me with the intense solemnity of his azure regard, lifts his fisted hand to his breast, moves it in the unmistakable gesture that the sophisticated youth of the town use when they want wordlessly, discreetly to inquire: Do you like boys? Do you want to have sex with me?!

Edmond

For my sins I was once compelled to endure a spell in a small Kansas town awaiting the capricious decision of one who held my financial destiny in casual pudgy fingers, and there being no hotel in this purgatory I was directed to a private home where room and board were secured plus introduction to the 16-year-old son of the house, by name Edmond—a clean-living young determinist who loved conventional athletics and possessed a face that honed my mesmerized eyes into intenser seeing, and at once I embarked on an aspirational plan of schematic seduction, my heart a soaring eagle that sought this aerie of perfection.

Alas, the hotter I pursued Edmond the more frigidly he repulsed me, iced with the adoptive ethic of innocence. It was impossible to get personal with this too impersonal lad, though I skinned knees and foreskin and sprained thumbs and metatarsals and generally racked and ruined myself playing handball and baseball, soccer and football, basketball and every kind of ball with him in the backyard overlooked by sneering, snickering weeping willows, to which soon I joined my own tears of unassuaged desire because I could not play the twosome four-balled game with this peerless young sportsman. So I essayed more overt manner of courtship, strewed money and roses and gifts and golf balls in his path, all of which he spurned saying he really didn't know what I hoped to accomplish but if it was what he thought it was then I should be ashamed of myself! His calm refusal further exciting me, his cool evasive glances more incandescently inflaming, I was ashamed only of my failure and undiscouraged I hopeless stronger hoped while withdrawing temporarily to consolidate my forces.

Then to thrust me deeper into my frustrate bed of coals, one afternoon Edmond takes his daily bath when fortuitously we are alone in the house, and I fearing now no interruption fly to locked bathroom door and apply blood-suffused eye to keyhole. The boy has placed obscuring towel over inner doorknob and I am grinding my teeth to the gums when towel is snatched away and I watch him remove clothing to reveal a smooth-muscled body with sunkissed skin, and between his joyous thighs hangs a cut yet cute piece of paradise so vivacious that surely it must like to sport in a far more thrilling fashion than its owner . . . and I think chill and proper Edmond cannot possibly refrain from wielding his fleshly bat with far more sensuous finesse than he employs swinging that base bat that bats balls.

And the boy stands in the tub facing me, shower-curtains blessedly not quite meeting, turns on shower, soaps himself, washes the little fan of tight-curved hair over the quivery lodestar of my absorption, washes lodestar, goes on to cleanse less interesting parts. And as he twists and turns, bends and straightens, his sprightly pricklet pokes up its turgor'd head to look at its master with unspoken but clamorously eloquent plea: Take hold of me! Pull me! Play rough with me! Beat me—I love it and you will too! And it bobs and weaves and shadowboxes with itself, becoming longer, thicker, harder in its contentious desire until seemingly it is so concrete that you could chisel your initials in it! But Edmond, *rara avis*, ignores it, gives himself a final quick rinse, steps out of tub and begins to dry himself. Convinced I have beheld a cruel optical illusion, I stumble back to my room to hatch deeper, darker, direr plots against Edmond's challenging puritanism.

Then from some chance overheard or eavesdropped remark I learn that the boy is sweet somnambulist, chronic sleepwalker, and late that night I loiter outside his door, silently caterwauling my cater-cornered love song to the indifferent night—and wait, wait, wait while spill of moonlight creeps into dark hall, washes slowly over me, departs. And still I crouch with drooling patience in shadowy corner, perverse Quasimodo madder than psychopathic bee madly seeking forbidden honey. Then key turns in lock, door opens and Edmond emerges pajama-clad, hands held straight out before him, eyes tightly shut, lips slightly parted. Slowly he paces to end of hall, turns, returns, enters his room with sneaky me right behind him, treading on his pretty pink Achilles' heels. He relocks door, advances toward bed, I his closer shadow in transport of expectation. But as he slips between the sheets again (here interpolate the sound of sardonic laughter!) I clutch my head in horrible revelation, near collapse from dismayed disillusion . . . for Edmond, innocently or not, sleeps with his father!

Amar

Beware the moon, June's accomplice! It is the arch-deceiver, the grand illusionist seductively concealing disaster. Never trust it, for it is more perfidious than politicians. It is a liar, a cheat and a fraud. It steals human reason as it thieves the sun's light. Impeach and indict the moon! But file a plea for mercy, for full heavy hung the halcyon moon the night I first possessed Amar and my hebephrenic golden age began!

Amar! He is thirteen years old, he is the fairest bloom in memory's garden . . . is he also the little friend of all (local) mankind? Possibly, probably, yet he still retains a child's patina of innocence, subtle with simplicity, that has negated his every artless sin. I have no stones to throw for who am I to judge him? Especially since he has accepted me as admirer, lover, customer, whatever . . . and I am prostrate with grateful beatitude.

Little details about the lad, unremarked fully or half-seen during that indelible first meeting, now return. His low clear voice, golden as his hair, its boyish timbre playing on the ear like spoken music. His eyebrows' delicate arch, the thick lashes, black as sheened ebony and startling contrast to the amarillo flame crowning the young head. The large eyes whose expression is grave but whose power is azure, almost indigo. The small sharp white teeth that I long to feel bleeding my lips. Smooth is his right cheek but the left bears a shallow cleft that deepens when he smiles - a unilateral dimple that anatomists would consider an imperfection, an imbalance of tissue, cell and muscle. I am an anatomist too, but I specialize and I proclaim Amar's dimple to be a work of nature's art!

He will be over at eight, the boy promised, and I am shaved and shorn, twice-bathed and reborn and it is eight and they are here. They! Already the core of my heart, the crossroads of my auricled ventricles only Amar fills my eyes. "Hi, Duke!" he greets me. "This is my friend Raul—he's from Cuba!" My reluctant gaze shifts to Raul, a gangling collection of ill-grown, overgrown hands and feet and everything. Beside the other lad he is colorless, almost invisible, and mud from the knees down—he has fallen into a puddle getting off the bus. Impatiently I direct him to bathroom to clean up. "Take your time!" I say, turning to the main attraction, drinking in the slim young body, the lustred face vivid with youthful beauty and health and fine-textured flesh warm-toned. Amar sits on the couch beside me. "I hoped you would come over alone," I say, touching his hand.

Small fingers curl about mine. "I don't like to see guys alone. Besides, two boys're better than one, aren't they?"

"Not when you are one of them." I open his hand, bring it to my lips. The rough little fingers, the small calloused palm are more evocative, more sensually stirring than any soft or pampered flesh and I lave the warm palm with my tongue like suggestive forefinger. The boy moves closer, leans against me and I attempt to take his mouth but my lips touch epidermis instead of labial membrane—he has drawn his lips within his mouth, presenting only a seamed expanse of skin.

He moves away, his eyes laughing at my too evident disappointment. "I don't let guys kiss me on the mouth!"

"Then may I kiss your eyes?" I beg.

He laughs outright now. "No! But you can kiss my eyelids!" And he raises his face, eyes closed, and gently I caress the hidden beauty of blue. I embrace the childish little forehead, the smooth cheek, nuzzle against his ear. "Don't kiss there! My mother says my ears're always dirty!" But they are not, or if they are my gentle tonguing cleanses them.

In rising excitement I pull the boy onto my lap and he puts one arm around my shoulders, fingers tickling the hairs on the back of my neck as I begin to explore the secret places of his body beneath his clothing. With malice aforethought I stroke his rounded crotch, visions of penile sugarplums dancing in my head, and the boy's free hand forces my fingers hard against him, our foul play causing a vibratory unrest within. Swooningly I commence to open a path through his garments and Amar momentarily resists, then spreads his thighs wide as if eager to assist in his own ravishment. Searching, probing, my licentious fingertips tingle as they encounter pubic fluff and then moist flesh-warmth and . . . the phone rings!

The boy slips off my knees as I fumble for damnable receiver, grasp it, drop it, retrieve it in midair, bring the diabolical instrument to my ear. It is my lawyer—an estimable personage but with an unsettling genius for the inopportune—who is giving an impromptu party for an alleged murderer he has just legally sprung, and I am invited to attend. I tell him I'm practically nose-deep in the study of anatomy. Not being privy to my pueraddiction, he tells me to bring her along—any particeps criminis of mine is always welcome! I reply I will habeas her corpus over there later if she is in any condition to make the journey, and hang up . . . to find Amar has adjusted his pants and his countenance into appearance and mien of a Methodist minister's model son and heir. "I thought it was the doorbell!" he explains impishly. He comes to stand in front of me, his hands reach out to clasp the back of my head and pulling me forward, he butts his brilliant locks against my chin. Matter-of-factly, without coyness or coquetry he murmurs: "Would you like to undress me?"

And my hands vertiginous against the warmth of his young chest, I begin to undo the boy's red plaid shirt, guide top button through its hole and the next button and the next and remove shirt; and here is white T-shirt warmer still from the vibrant flesh it covers, and I lick the tart-sweet sweated cloth in armpits before T-shirt comes off; then lip slobberily down hard tanned torso and swoop to shoes—the scuffed low shoes, pointed-toed but each point worn to a hole that reveals tip of the socked big little toe within; and I unknot the tangled laces and shoes slip away and the socks, brown, sham-silk and holed in the heels are drawn off the small slender feet, sinewy with graceful strength; lad I kiss the soft curve of instep and travel up again, up to belt, unbuckle and unclasp, unzip, ease down tight black trousers, urge their tighter cuffs over wriggling feet; and at last my prime goal—the shorts, happy penis-penitentiary, lacking two snap – buttons; the lone survivor I unsnap and shorts spring open, drift down to settle about the boy's ankles . . . and dazedly I behold the blinding revelation of the young genitals so fragrantly, temptingly near and I bury my face into their silken heat, drinking in with delight the faint scent of ripe clover they give off. With soft expelling of breath in a long sigh of pleasurable

anticipation, Amar shoves hard against me, then moves away. "Not now!" the boy whispers—and my center of gravity wildly shifts, reverses itself, somersaults into nonexistence.

But at least my eyes, lustfully famished as the rest of me, are permitted to gloat on the feast that awaits—the darker blond pubic curl-cluster breaking like small golden wave on the beach of Amar's belly above (O son of Priapus!) a pedigreed prick sprung from certainly illustrious ancestors, hanging long and firm and smooth. Playfully the boy lifts it, touches its warm prepuce-tip to my mouth, retreats to escape my eager thrusting tongue and I see glossy glans with its full-lipped moist meatus within the tight circle of foreskin which the lad wincingly peels back to expose the perky head, conical and velvet-smooth and hotly red as almandine. Now he presses his love-bone against his belly to fully exhibit the large suede sac that bulges like plump twin-pitted peach. "Do you like my things?" he asks. "Do you like my bicho?"

"Beech-o?" I echo, hardly conscious.

"This!" He shakes his efflorescent member and I learn the first word in the vocabulary of modesty that the boy has chosen to adopt, borrowing from the native tongue of Raul, his Cuban friend. With endearing paradox Amar refuses to apply frank Anglo-Saxon terms to sexual parts or to acts—even while performing the latter with blazingly uninhibited avidity!

Do I like his things? he asked! What fevered flattery do I now utter, what hyperbolic compliments pour forth—all sincere though woefully inadequate for Amar sports the ideal phallus that is never shrunken nor flaccid, whose quiescent state is a semi-hard five inches lengthening when fully erect to an additional inch but increasing little in girth—a premier penis too seldom encountered and which I am soon to discover has other wondrous talents as well. The boy is pleased that he pleases yet I detect no vanity in him—only a desire further to delight. "Look!" he bids me. "See what I can do!" And he fingers his right niplet, massages, brutally pinches the little rosed protuberance until on its tiny peak appears a tinier dot of crystal ambrosia which he offers to me and quickly I kiss it up while he punishes his other breast-point into yielding similar tribute. "Now suck them and see what happens!" he invites, and my steaming mouth draws at one little mammary and then the other, concentrates on one while my eyes, directed below, are dizzied by Amar's swift tumescence. His valiant standard stirs, throbs against each satiny inner thigh then lifts in little leaps and jumps until it struts at right angle to the hard boy-belly, continues to climb and I slide down the smooth body to the paradise part . . . but hardly have I mouthed it before it is torn from my febrile lips by its pitiless master!

"I'm going to take a shower!" the boy cries, leaving me in suffocating near-coma, and as his fleeting rear disappears I notice he unsuccessfully attempts with his small hands to hide from my view his shapely young ass, so tight and round and softly beguiling that it draws me drooling in its wake . . . but he locks the bathroom door! And from behind that barrier now come sounds of giggling and horseplay and rude inquiries from Raul concerning me that cause my ears to sting, though Amar gives noncommittal replies soon lost in what evidently is a furious water-fight. Then more laughter, suddenly suppressed, with gasps and groans which smite me with the horrible suspicion that they are masturbating each other—and frantically I begin to beat on the door. The key promptly is turned and I rush in to find Raul drying himself a reassuring fifteen feet from Amar ashiver under icy shower spray—and I offer up thanks for small mercies!

And into my bedroom the lads finally troop, each towel-wrapped about the middle, and Raul jumps onto the sheets but sits on edge of bed and brushes off the soles of his feet (my careful one!). Then he swings into bed and sandwiching myself between them I remove their towels, not altogether appreciative of this embarrassment of boyish riches for paired youngsters often are like political candidates—with jealous stop watch accuracy they want equal time and attention to the last fractional second.

"You got any dirty pictures?" Raul asks. I see now he has a craggy face and angular body neither handsome nor attractive, plus a screw you! look and manner that is not encouraging. I have no pictures nor even nudist magazines and they resign themselves to the comics I proffer, Amar contentedly enough but Raul, that unadulterated little crap, gives out a loud put-upon sniff. Saving his apollonian partner for sparkling dessert after dull entree, I take the young Cubano first—not at all intrigued by his medium-sized member, veined and gnarled and knobby as a piece of chewed gristle.

Now I find myself squirming on the Frenched horns of a penile dilemma—while I work on Raul, stimulated by the sex-play going on practically under his nose Amar begins hotly to excite himself, and I abandon second-best to devote my adulation to first-rate, though perhaps too lingeringly for I get roughly nudged by Raul, now also heatedly beating his meat, and return to him. Out of corner of my eye I see Amar's persistent fingers return to again commence the up-and-down antic and I shift back to him . . . and soon my mouth is to-and-froing like tennis-buff between these two too passionate players with themselves. I manage to get in only an unsatisfactory, maddeningly brief lick here and caress there and hasty suction divided, then devil's spawn Raul as I minister to him exclaims: "Look! Amar's coming off!" Alarmed, I hurtle upon Amar who displays a bubble of pre-coital fluid but nothing more and I absorb that, gently suborn further emission when my favorite now joins his companion's hellish game and shrills: "Look! Raul's coming off!"—but Cubano is dry as the state of Kansas. For ten torturous minutes insanely I swing between my tormenters like certified pendulum on a straight-jacketed clock, then sex-sweltered in triple heat I am occupied with Raul when Amar moaningly ejaculates, deftly catching the jet of his come in the cup of his glans-encircled fingers and I turn to eat the mellifluous meringue from his little piece of cake—but hardly am I finished when I feel Raul's body buck beside me and I wheel to see his frosting seeping from him, less copious and far inferior in taste to Amar's spiritoso sap.

Exhausted I fall on my back between the boys who in twinned japery obviously practiced before now slide up in the bed, twist on their sides, Amar on the left, Raul on the right . . . and each pricks my lip corners with his still sturdy barb, inserts his dripping glans into my mouth, and simultaneously they strip themselves into me. Instantly revived by this delirious dual transfusion, I am agog for further amorous persiflage but both lads, buttocks carefully turned away from my gaze, wrap themselves in their duenna-towels, wriggle out of bed. Raul heads kitchenward while Amar delays to straighten sheets and pillows (my considerate one!), and I crawl after them, set out costly comestibles previously procured, agitatedly gulp down a jigger of furniture polish I have mistaken for vintage brandy.

Heartily my visitors eat but only Amar comments favorably on the fare; and when they have dined they dress and approach for their pay, Raul with a sneering mean-eyed look on his mug as he counts his fee twice, plainly insinuating he has met a new low in cheapskates. Amar

smiles, thanks me (my polite one!), tucks bills away without looking at them though I have given him two dollars more than I bestowed on his graceless amigo.

"Goodby, pato!" smirks Raul and I learn that "paw" in the language of Cervantes is dictionary for "duck" and slang for "queer"—lovable little Raul! How happy Fidel Castro must have been to see this pint-sized C.I.A. depart!

"Don't mind him!" Amar whispers to me. "Raul's an awful crud sometimes!"

"Tomorrow night come over alone!" I whisper back. "Don't you like Raul?"

"I like you better!" I attempt to take him into my arms for a farewell embrace but Cubano kicks me on the shin, saying they're in a hurry . . . for another assignation?!

"Get the door," says Amar (my circumspect one!), and I open, check the hall, reconnoiter stairs going up and stairs going down. No one. They leave, Amar turning to wave. "Alone!" I stage-whisper remindfully, and he shrug-smiles and they're off down the steps. From window I watch them, watch one boy, some retina'd beneficence enabling me vividly to retain his slim form and cloth of gold hair long after he is out of sight—and I wish for sudden complete hibernation until I can see my lovely one again!

November 6, 1964

Harder & Adamant, Inc.
Personal Products for Men
Box 1313, Ponce de Leon Station
New York, N.Y.
Attention: Mr. Rock

When I was young and in my prime, I could do it any old time! Now that I'm considerably older, my desire is usually at the finish-line while my performance is just coming out of the starting-gate, so it was with indescribable joy that I read your incandescent advertisement in Swish, the Male Monthly, which glowingly promised: MEN! ARE YOU OVER 40 AND LACKING THAT UP-AND-AT-'EM-DRIVE? YOU ARE? THEN NO NEED TO DESPAIR! YOU CAN BE YOUNG AGAIN WHERE IT COUNTS THE MOST! USE "STIFFO"! IT PUTS THE "STARCH" IN YOU! SAFE! CONVENIENT! EASY TO APPLY! GENEROUS PACKAGE GOOD FOR ONE HUNDRED AMAZING APPLICATIONS—ONLY \$20.95, POSTPAID! BUT HURRY! ORDER TODAY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLY LASTS! And crazed with hope, dazed with dazzling dreams of renewed manly vigor, posthaste I sent a money-order for the required amount and pantingly awaited this modem miracle.

Exactly forty-nine days, ten hours and thirty-six minutes I had to wait—and that after fourteen letters to you whose contents ranged from abject pleading to infuriated legal threats—before I received a parcel in plain wrapper. Fingers all anxious eager thumbs I fumbled it open and what do my cheated, incredulous eyes, widening in defrauded dismay, behold? A box of STIFFO LAUNDRY STARCH!

Fiends! Curs! Exploiters of the innocent! Betrayers of the gullible deprived! Impotent Priapus' curse on thee! Return my Money in full, including postage for the follow-up letters I sent you . . . or one day, as you are unlocking Box 1313 in Ponce de Leon Station, extracting your mass of sucker mail, there will come stealing around your false and fraudulent throat two steely hands—my own!—which will crush your Adam's apple and pulverize your jugular vein and speedily you will become an actual, authentic, bonafide, really for real STIFF!

Casimir Dukahz

Amar

The next evening at eight Amar returns with a friend named Boris, an animus'd young White Russian who is the exact replica of Raul—nothing has been changed but the national origin! Also identical is the routine: the associate bathing, the posteriors modestly swathed, the comics, the aggravating misdirective come con-game, the frustration intensified . . . and Amar's desirability emphasized. I do learn a new word in his prim passion-vocabulary, however. In the language of Goya, ass is "culo" and by virtue of some local hustler totem-taboo is never vended, not even to be touched or viewed—hence the towel and other ado-concealment. This withholding tax on my fundament-desire is a challenge I determine to deal with later.

"Tomorrow come over alone, alone, ALONE!" I whisper-shout to Amar when the boys are leaving. He smiles enigmatically but does not shrug and I infer an innuendo of probability that he will solo return.

The next evening at eight Amar appears. Highest mark for punctuality—but he is with a fledgling friend named Gino, a chubby nondescript 10-year-old who keeps tripping over his trailing shoelaces. After politely greeting me he falls into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Why do you never come here alone?" I ask Amar in glum defeat. "Are you afraid of me?"

"I ain't afraid of nobody!" the boy says, his induline eyes ablaze. "Gino's not like Raul or Boris. He's kinda bashful and can't do anything—but he likes to watch."

He likes to watch! Ah, this insouciant youngest generation, fearful and wonderful and twenty leagues ahead of me! Now I am invited to assist in the corrupting of pre-nubility! "This isn't right, you know!" I say reproachfully.

"What isn't right?" Amar asks innocently, looking even younger than Gino. "He wants to learn so when he can do it he'll know how to do it the best way!"

A tempting argument but I resolve to adopt radical measures. I must deny myself now so that later I may have Amar alone . . . a test of almost superhuman restraint I fear I shall not be equal to.

The boys commence to strip but I halt them, steer them to kitchen, set out food and drink, seating myself between them but closer to Gino, pointedly ignoring Amar. I ply the younger lad with every conceivable attention: butter his bread, strawberry jam it, bring it to his mouth, wipe his lips while my peripheral peering catches Amar's puzzled glances; see him unzip himself, dig into his shorts, bring out his penis and he begins to caress his upstart self with his left hand, right hand sandwich-laden. My vision's clarity dimming in lustful red haze, sternly I tell him not to indecently expose himself—especially while he's eating! Pertly the boy replies that it's his and he'll expose it if he wants to—and maybe do more than that! Gino, peeking around me at the other boy's revealment, pokes me in the ribs and giggles. I pat his head, tip a glass of milk into him and redouble my ministrations which draw from Amar a succession of ever blacker looks.

And now in thrilling daze I behold (without seeming to) that the boy's allegro flipping has produced a drop of pre-coital bicho-saliva which I thumb up under pretense of scoldingly attempting to stow Amar's lustiness back within his pants, then furtively lick from my thumb the pellucid liquid. But so pronounced now is my little love's alpine erection that I can't restore the mutinous member to its proper confines and I return to Gino, cutting a large piece of coconut-custard pie for him and a markedly smaller piece for his companion.

Lunch over, I tell the youngsters they have to go, I have no more time for dalliance today and Gino, food-crammed as a Christmas goose, sluggishly prepares to leave but Amar gets up from the table and silently confronting me, raises his shirt and undershirt to reveal his tiny pink niplets—a compelling stratagem I with much effort am able to withstand and turn away, feeling ocular daggers sinking into my quivering back. And turn back again to view a small face momentarily contorted with ill-concealed indignation as the boy goes to living-room couch, casts himself upon it, denudes from waist to knee and fire opal lips smiling at me, eyes urgent with invitation, he parts his legs, slides his hands slowly up the inward of his thighs, lifts his gem-studded sac for my inescapable inspection then presses down the riotous gold of his pubic curls which froth up again as his hand is removed . . . and my blood moves painfully, as if solidifying in my veins; I seem to be a lone paralyzed actor on a sardonic stage, unable to move or speak—all mesmerized eyes. Then Gino, who has been viewing with absorbed interest this shamelessly delightful spectacle, points at the older boy's almost adult tumescence with admiring exclamation, and I take an involuntary step toward my voluptuous little sybarite to harvest the young fruit so freely offered at its ripening turn but catch myself in time—I must be unwavering in my boycott of this prized blue ribbon boy.

Now Amar begins to stimulate his personal effects in cruel earnest and soon his masturbative perpetual motion brings to his meatus' mouth a second seeping of moisture which he impatiently brushes away and my thwarted desire becomes barely leashed lightning aching to strike with annihilating lips this perverse penility. Faster the boy's fist moves and his reddening glans gleams with another emission of transparent fluid and I begin to smell the strong sweet clover scent of his rut. With parting lips and spasm'd breath Amar fastens on me bright coaxing eyes, now passionate with supplication and in syncopic shock I totter to the couch, roughly brush his hand away, order his clothes and pull the furious boy to his feet.

As they depart I give each of them money for bus-fare but Amar dashes his coin to the floor and eyes suddenly cold indigo marble, features harsh as raw granite, he spits out words that afflict me like drops of strong poison: "I'm never coming to see you again!"

November 30, 1964

Miss Phoebe Prye 606 Riverside Drive New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Prye:

I am extremely grateful for your letter in which you report that several neighbors in our building have commented to you about the many teen-aged boys seen going into my apartment, and expressed their understandable alarm that I might conceivably be conducting a sit-in for the propagation of Communism or some other foreign ideology.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, dear Miss Prye, I am happy to assure you. The simple fact is I am connected with our beloved President's Advanced Education Program, Head Start Division for Older Boys. And since no suitable location has yet been found for our activities, I have—quite generously, I think—donated my premises for that purpose, plus an enormous amount of my time, energy, ingenuity and a sizeable outlay of personal funds which I fear may not be considered tax-exempt! The lads who attend my unofficial classes—or should I term them "academic get-togethers?"—receive thorough instruction in certain elevating areas not covered by our otherwise excellent public schools, and without exception the boys are immensely stimulated by my tutelage. The word "education," you will recall, is from the Latin *educō*, meaning "to draw out," and I never cease to marvel at the enormous hidden potentialities in youthful males which are so richly rewarding when fully elicited.

I trust I have convinced you, dear Miss Prye, that there is no basis for our good neighbors' concern. And since they, and perhaps you, seem to be so acutely interested in my affairs, I shall take it upon myself in the near future to call on all of you for a little donation to assist my worthy and uplifting project!

Sincerely,

Casimir Dukahz

Amar

Last night Amar said: I'm never coming to see you again! but on this bright birdsong summer morning the threat seems an empty one, though an understandable reaction—I have caused the lad to lose face before his friend Gino and without doubt he has also suffered grievous impairment of his boyish dignity at offering himself so openly, so ardently only to be summarily rebuffed. Yet I am confident he will show up at the usual hour tonight, and alone. Why should he not? The pay is good, the snacks abundant, the compliments profuse, we are compatible—a conviction further strengthened when I find propped against my razor in bathroom medicine-cabinet a piece of cardboard cut from some carton or container and bearing the single word "DUKE" in large blue letters. Only Amar could have left it there, proof he had been thinking of me, in whatever terms of reference.

That evening I have callers, man and wife, distant relatives of distant relatives who have spent too exuberant a vacation in this sunny resort city and need funds to get home. I lend (give) it to them and ease them out the door at three minutes to eight . . . but on the hour no quiet knock, nor at nine or ten or eleven. I expected that—Amar's hurt still rankles but tomorrow he will come. I go to bed and soundly sleep the sleep of the unjust.

The next day, Tuesday, I become disturbingly aware of reminders of the boy wherever I turn—the bath towel he used and which was wrapped about his slim loins, his finger-mark in my jar of brilliantine, the scurrilous caricature of me he drew on the cover of a comic book and which I have just discovered. And faintly, sweetly the nostalgic clover scent of him hovers everywhere. But tonight he will surely return, his hurt healed, his lesson learned, though it little signifies now if Raul or Boris or Gmo is with him—I will tip them well and send them away.

But the enchanted eighth hour now brings disenchantment . . . no Amar, none of his friends from whom I at least might learn where resides my love. I wait till peals the melancholy echo of midnight cathedral bell . . . and no boys come. Oh gods, can Amar have another patron, perhaps less exacting, to whom he flew when I rejected him?! I retire to dream of waging losing guerilla warfare with leering boysexual competitors.

Wednesday I awake to the sound of anonymous feathered melodist softly trilling a single repeated note of yearning that evokes no answer. I stay at home in gray pall of despondency, trying to keep from weeping at the memory of beauty modest in immodesty—and at eight that evening I am an infinite silence waiting to be shattered by the welcome sound. Nothing. Nothing but a cold black aching void of aloneness. At nine Winthrop phones, asks if I want to see him. He is an alluring child with cocky Pillar of Hercules and tutti-frutti balled baubles . . . and I wonder if with him I can for a time forget a fairer lad. But I communicate my regrets to Winthrop and to ad interim passion —there is no Amar but Amar and his surrogate will not serve. In bed I dream of him, that I am caressing his anthemic body, kissing the warm cheek where reposes the single dimple . . . and too soon awake with agonized cry. My arms, still dream-shaped to a small boy-body, are empty.

Thursday I am assailed by the certainty that Amar does not appear because he has been in an accident and I scan the newspapers, fearing at any moment the beloved name tragically will

leap out at me from the printed page . . . then sigh in relief to see nothing, not even mention of "unidentified youth." But he loves the water, is often at the beach, there is a lake nearby. Can he have had a mishap, perhaps swimming alone, and his body not yet been found? Yet certainly there would be some mention of "boy missing," though it is scant reassurance. The usual hour finds me beside the door and I, who seldom pray, now supplicate a small god of youth and beauty: Amar, murderer of my peace, my happiness, return to the scene of your lovely crimes! Come back! Come back! The hopeless eternitied minutes come and go, then from a window I peer out into the shadowed street but it is deserted, there is only light-quenching lonely night and silence and the cold oblivious stars. Later I sweat-drenched twice dream the identical nightmare—I have lost Amar beyond recall!

Friday brings gloomy rain and a dawn like dusk that seems to reflect my own fate, the autopsy of my hopes emerging to assume disastrous form. Panicked, I seek solace in alcohol which blunts my growing apprehension of probable tragedy, transmutes it to saving tragi-comedy that spurs me to definite if futile action. If Amar refuses to come to me I shall go to him and attempt to make amends. In drunken, determined daze I go out, stumbling through pools of wet on the sidewalks, longing to fall into the depths of the mirrored murky sky below. I feel now in an extreme state of in extremis as I wander the streets, into suburbs, into country—and vegetable, mineral and especially animal kingdoms begin to demonstrate a strange hostility. My little friend gone, suddenly everyone is my enemy: weanling kittens claw me, learning-to-fly birdlets hardly out of the nest shit on me, animus-cuddled bovines strew cow-pies in my path.

Tipsy glockenspiels deafening my ears, my slitted eyes viewing an odd terrain where even the true seems false, I retrace a wavering path to the city again—to see the coined gold of Amar's Midas hair everywhere. Behold it or its exact replica enter Sadie Glutz's Salon de Beaute and I follow, dismally wondering if the boy all along has been a little queenie whose crowning appeal came out of a bottle—then literally kick myself for so unworthy a thought when I find the tresses I have tracked down belong to a girl in male attire purchasing triple-thick sanitary napkins with fringe on top.

I see that vivific hair—ah, the remembrance of crisp clustered curls nestling in my darling's nape now haunts me like Gothic tales of languorous death induced by roses—see that glorioled hair enter Sweeney's Black and Tan Saloon and I hurtle after it, convinced poor Amar like me is drowning his woe in rum and regrets . . . or possibly cadging drinks as well as new customers?!

No, no, no! Even if that had been his intent and for which I can forgive him, they wouldn't serve him, they can't afford to lose their liquor license! But Sweeney's contains only a towhead selling raffle tickets, an extraordinarily ordinary youth whose thatch is his only claim to fame. Minutes later I view those goldilocks again, pushing through the swinging doors of Cohen's Shamrock Bar and Grill and I rush after him, praying it is He! In dim sawdusty ginmill no youngster discloses himself though I look under tables, in corners, behind the bar, snatching up and quaffing a beer someone has left unattended. And resume my search in every possible and impossible locale—I saw him enter, he has got to be here! Still no boy, not the faintest sight, sound nor smell of one. Cohen, you unnameable fiend, do you maintain a smoke-filled back room where soused minors can carouse? Or are you running a boy white-slave ring? And I am

about to smite Cohen over the head with a demijohn of his own kosher dingle-berry wine when I learn that the lad I saw is the proprietor's son who is indeed in the back—in the toilet! Getting control of myself, I buy drinks for the house and wanly tearful home.

Saturday I painfully arise and break my fast on a pint of booze while I plan the day's campaign. I don't know Amar's last name nor his address, not even the section of town in which he lives. But love and liquor in combination are ever resourceful—I will like all astute hunters of (little) men seek the help or suborn it of informers. And hazed in grain-fermented fumes I go and rent a car from that outfit that says it tries harder and tour the residential streets, stopping every young blood I see who is about my lovely lamb's age.

"Do you know a boy named Amar?"

"No."

"Fare thee well!"

I drive a block, two blocks, hail a hurrying youngling. "Do you know a boy named Amar?"

"Amar?"

"A bit taller than you, slim, golden hair."

"No." "God be with you!"

Turning a corner on one and a half wheels, I spy an Adonic little male just completing a steaming piss against a defenceless tree. Screeching ruin of brakes. Pee-pee ephebe hastily zips. I summon him, gaze into a flushed young face with idocrase eyes. "Do you know a boy named Amar?"

"Sure!"

Ah, Eros, heartfelt thanks! I shall light a thousand candles to you! "Do you know where he lives?"

"No, but he was in my class in school." The lad leans on car door, lazily grins at me. "What's Amar got that I haven't got?" he says, working his left social finger in and out of his right fist.

"Modesty, for one thing!" I reply. I can smell this kid—an aroma of urine, smegma and sweat, none of them fresh and already three counts against him for I prefer boys to be unclean in mind only. "Anyway," I add, "I don't know what you've got!"

"Take me to the park and I'll show you! I know a nice private spot where we can make out. Three bucks—and it won't be a quickie either!"

I hesitate. A brash hustler who might be dangerous, yet he's powerfully attractive in a ruthless, juvenile pirate sort of way, a sexual magnet my fingers ache to tittup—and though he stinks, I could pick up a bottle of cherry soda and wash his pungencies with that. But now an absent lad

reasserts his complete ascendancy over me and I shake my head. "Sonny, if I had met you a week ago I'd have rushed you to bed via the bathroom in a trice—but praise the Lord and pass the KY, I have lost my heart to another!"

"You love him?!" the boy says with incredulous contempt. "He'll skin you alive!"

"And I'll help him do it!" I dig out a dollar, press it into the lad's hand. "If you see Amar, tell him: Duke is sorry!"

The kid makes a face, spits with disdain. "Just that?"

"That's all . . . Duke is sorry! He'll understand, he'll know what you mean."

Town Crier of my sorrow, hoarse voice of queer turtle heard in the land, I continue to tour the town which boasts half a million inhabitants—nine-tenths of which seem to be boys. And of those I contact, only thirteen have heard of Amar or know him, none knows where he lives. But I persevere in my search with such dedication that by dusk every male teener in the metropolis (except Amar) is directly or indirectly aware that Duke is sorry! and when I return home I have a succession of meretricious young striplings visit me throughout the night, damp palms outstretched as they solemnly aver they are acquainted with my beautiful one—even though they can't pronounce his name correctly! I suspect I am being elaborately fleeced, my grief pitilessly exploited but I take no chances, I dollar them all though I'll have to hock my socks to pay the Monday-due rent. And at three in the morning I fall into bed to slumber deeply, dreamlessly.

On Sunday morning I am consumed with annihilating doubts —all my efforts of the previous day now seem unavailing, useless. Invoking the aid of every known deity, I suffer the churched tedium of Te Deum, somewhat soothed by the superlative boy-choir, particularly one peachblow angel who appears to be resting his hymnbook on his soaring erection, then I am plunged again into depressed abyss by minatory minister who in hollow, corpsed tones expatiates on the sins of vile Sodom and Gomorrah: In the words of Gibbon (the man not the monkey, I presume!), "I touch with reluctance and despatch with impatience a more odious vice of which modesty rejects the name and nature abominates the idea!" And I think surely the monkey is ashamed of the man; and the preacher—ever wisely stupid with borrowed Judeo-Christian wisdom—should be ashamed of his ignorance of Nature.

Dinnerless I pass the afternoon away contemplating taking out full-page ads in all the newspapers proclaiming my deathless passion for Amar and then shooting myself fifteen times through the brain, going out in an immortal blaze of infamous glory—if one must die (and one must), then let me perish for love! But I postpone the pistoled project as one of those things that can always be put off till tomorrow . . . and dreamily dwell on Amar's vice-virtuous charms and my too brief enjoyment of them—can anything ever again be so olympian!

At eight o'clock I am once more huddled against the door, my ear pressed to the panel, waiting. Seconds, minutes, eons of time pass and inside me the scream of a horrific thought shudders through my blood, a wail of unutterable despair: Amar, if you are gone forever then to whom shall I speak of love! My eyes that spurned all else to behold you, that still see you everywhere

in your absence, what now can they endure to look upon! And my bitter tears are eating away the varnish on the door when I hear a light unmistakable footfall on the stairs, then through the hall the promiseful music of approaching footsteps, rhythmic melody of rapture-to-be, and I claw open the wooden barrier between us and . . . He is there!

Variation on a Theme

Many faint but yearning hearts fear to plumb the dangerous labyrinth of boy-love. They are fools, who reckon not Time's inexorable tread. When the favorable hour is at hand, enter the maze! You will find no Minotaur, no monster . . . only small fabulous creatures whose beneficent thaumaturgy is infinite. And if on occasion you should hear a mad clown's manic mirth as at a French bedroom farce turned bottom side up, do not panic. Savor the exotic spice of the moment, join in the frenetic laughter, renew your love-pledges to the pouting young bull-boy whose eyes are all dark devious maybe . . . and draw up your Last Will and Testament!

Calvin Jensen was a business associate who borrowed money from me so frequently he soon grew to consider me a close friend, for I charged no interest; and now and then I was invited to his home, each time searching for that which was the prime attraction, to no avail. On one visit I was introduced to his newly-wedded second wife Imogene who was blonde, coy and personable enough if you care for that sort of thing . . . but at dinner I realized Imogene had that uncanny knack some women possess of turning good food into a bad meal. Later we played cards during which I tactfully lost, thus prolonging the game in hope of seeing that which I ardently sought—still fruitlessly. And every week for two months thereafter I suffered my digestion to be affronted and my wallet depleted while that which especially drew me continued to elude. And because I was conventionally polite to Imogene, bringing her thank-you candy and flowers in grateful acknowledgement of her dyspeptic dinners, Jensen got the jackass notion that I had fallen in love with her. The invitations ceased, my fond quest temporarily was thwarted, Jensen gave me so frigid a shoulder that he neglected even to borrow money . . . and finally he took to haunting my apartment-house, convinced Imogene was amorously rendezvous'd there. By this time, however, I had made thrilling contact with the object of my interest and I did not greatly care if I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Jensen again until Armageddon or after. But Calvin's suspicions concerning Imogene and me grew in direct proportion to our rigorous innocence, and late one night in early April Jensen forced in the door of my domicile and seethingly confronted me tangled in my tumbled sheets, obviously lonesomely alone. Haughtily I stared him down and he peered under the bed, behind the shower-curtain, in the laundry hamper—everywhere a rather small body could be concealed. At length he comes upon the door to the overlooked clothes-closet, opens it to reveal not nude and shrinking Imogene but the naked, defiant, still erect fourteen-year-old son of his first wife!

Amar

Amar has returned, he is here . . . and he is alone! Soundlessly speaking his name, drinking in the evocative sight of him, I feel a wordless exhilaration. Never have I looked at any human being with more of myself, as if every pore were a devoted eye.

"Well?" says the grave-faced boy, and perhaps it is as well that his lips form only the shadow of a smile—more than that I may not be prepared for. I want to reach out, touch him to assure myself of his reality but my trembling hands refuse to function—I cling to the door to keep from falling. "Come in!" I whisper.

He displays a strange shyness, almost an uneasy wariness as solemnly he enters, dodges quickly around me, takes a chair across the room. There is a space of silence. I have so much to say to him—and so little. Three words would express all, yet instinctively I feel now is not the time to give voice to them. "I'm very glad to see you again," I say at last. "Why did you stay away so long?"

The boy shrugs and looks down. "The last time I was here you didn't seem to want me, so I didn't come over."

"I wanted you," I tell him softly. "Wanted you so much that I . . . Amar, I apologize now for ignoring you that day—it was more difficult than you'll ever know."

"Was it?" The intelligent aware blue eyes consider this. "Well, today, this morning I got your message. In fact, about twenty guys told me and so I . . ." The dark eyes harden. "You know, I was s'posed to see another man tonight, with Raul. But I came here, alone."

The pulses in my wrists leap with an ecstasy that is almost pain. "I'm very grateful, Amar."

"It's not what you think." The boy gives me an astringent smile. "It's just that you pay more and have good things to eat and—"

"Thank you for being frank about it. You're still a little offended, aren't you? I don't blame you—I treated you shamefully. Would you believe me if I told you this past week has been hell without you?" I am becoming proficient in understatement.

Again a fractional closed-lips smile. "Why? There are dozens of boys who are like me, who . . . sell."

"Who sell, but in no other way are like you! Raul, Boris, Gino—they hardly existed for me, they were the third person that makes a crowd, intruders. That's why I wanted you and no other. Amar, since that day I saw you in the park, flying your kite, there has been no other boy for me!"

The hard eyes gentle before he looks away, but one corner of his mouth quirks down in an expression of disbelief. Plainly I am an enigma to him, outside the range of his surely wide

experience.

"Do you doubt me?" I take a slip of paper from my pocket. "Last week I did something I've never done before—lacking the inspiration. I wrote a . . . well, a sort of free verse tribute to you and your kite. It's a poor thing and not entirely my own but you might be interested in it as an example of what all good poets strive to avoid."

The boy comes over to me, hesitantly allows me to pull him onto my knee. I hand him the paper. "Read it aloud." Intently I listen to the low clear thrilling boy-voice, hardly recognizing my heartfelt but amateur quatrain:

*Oh, I'm in love with the flyaway kite—
No, not the kite but the wind that bears it—
No, not the kite nor the capricious wind—
But the laughing boy who skillfully guides it!*

Amar reads it again, silently; darts me a quick glance, then folds paper into a neat square.

"I know!" I sigh. "It's terrible—but it's sincere, small one; it was the best I could do."

"I don't know nothing about poetry but I sort of like it," the boy says. "Only you can't seem to make up your mind whether you love the kite or the wind or the—"

I press my lips to his warm neck. "I love the boy, Amar. I love you!"

The smooth brow creases. I have said too much. If he is the usual hustler, now he will exploit me—the unspeakable faggot who declares his vile lust. Yet I am so in love that I would welcome the exploitation!

But the boy merely says: "Can I keep this? Nobody ever wrote me a poem before."

"Of course!"

"Well, no, you better keep it for me—my mother might find it and ask questions."

Fallen into the swift current of this incomparable lad's appeal, and avid to be whirled into his river of delight, I put the poem aside, kiss his cheek. "Amar, I . . . it's been so long! Shall we —?"

"Sure! That's what I came over for!"

I begin to unbutton his shirt but he pulls away, slips from my lap. "I'll do it!" He undresses quickly, giving me little half-smiles now, hanging his shirt neatly over chair-back, folding his pants carefully, undershirt, socks tucked into shoes . . . and he is out of his briefs and away to the bathroom in a blur of motion that gives me only barest glimpse of his cocked Corinthian column springing from its acanthus boscage.

"Hurry!" I call after him and take up his shirt, a brown plaid he has never worn before, smell the warm redolence of his body still clinging to it. The pocket sags with some boyish treasure and I investigate, get my fingers pricked. Thumbtacks! A handful of them, probably some intended mischief of placing them on the seats of his schoolmates or an unpopular teacher . . . but no, this is summer vacation! I examine his trouser-pockets. Twenty-four cents in dimes and pennies, a movie ticket-stub, a loop of wire, three assorted lengths of string, a piece of blue chalk . . . and a paring-knife whose narrow four-inch blade has been honed to menacing sharpness. Thumbtacks and a knife! Their purpose is all too clear.

When the towel-wrapped boy appears, I sit on the bed beside him and show him my discoveries. "Amar, I ask your pardon in advance for going through your clothes. It was inexcusable prying . . . but I found these. They're sort of protective measures, aren't they? Tacks to be scattered in the path of my naked pursuing feet and knife to guard your . . . culo honor? Baby, why are you afraid of me?"

His furious blush is charming to behold, a faint pink glow tinting his throat and swiftly rising to stain cheeks and brow—his blood is a master painter! "I was afraid, Duke, 'cause I've never been alone with a guy until now and, you know, I've heard of boys being whipped or beaten or . . . things like that. But I'm not afraid any more so you can throw the tacks away, but I got to take the knife back or my mother might miss it." Versatile knife—it can be used to peel potatoes or stab a too importunate lover!

"Amar, never be afraid of me! I intend you no harm, ever; not even a moment's pain—yet if you feel you need protection then let it be of a more effective kind. Open the drawer of that table."

He pulls open the drawer, looks inside, draws from it my switchblade. It is an instrument obviously not new to him for he opens it with a deftness I envy, fondles it admiringly. "It's beautiful, Duke! And twice as sharp as any paring-knife!"

"It's also illegal!" I remind. "I keep it handy to impale the occasional bothersome fly or mosquito. Put it back, but it will always be there so you can cut my throat if you feel you've been abused!"

"I don't guess I'll need to use it, Duke," the boy says earnestly, smiling fully at me now. And holding his fragrant young body close, I slip my hand between his legs and while I play with him beneath the towel he commences to strip me, rapidly reduces me to a state of quivering nature, teasingly rubs the golden riot of his hair against my phallus, flings aside towel...and our bodies come together on the bed as if each was the magnet for the other. I seem to have been given arms just to hold this exquisite little creature, so hot, so ardent, so eagerly lascivious; seem to have been born expressly to adore him with a love I have never known before or thought possible, a tender passion that turns my senses soft as falling snow.

My blood fevered with intense yet gentle desire for him, for his boyishness, his softness, the incredible loveliness of him, I nibble kisses into his rosy niplets that slowly swell between my lips, and with expiring fingers I caress the slim golden calves silky with a down so fine it can only be felt; lightly stroke with soft upward movement the warm plush of inner thighs, then swoop below to chamois bulge of scrotal sac, cupping it, squeezing tenderly; with sensitive fingertips agitate the base of his quivering erectility, clasp it, move up the hot shaft to tip,

around it and down and up again, coming closer, closer to the very quick of him. On fire now with demanding lust, the boy's penis vibrates against me yearningly and I move down the smooth body and my tongue scours the little pubic fringe so roughly that Amar's member throbs and beats against my face, his balls drawing up so tightly that the testicular cleft disappears into hard roundness. Embossing frenzied embraces into the delectable penile flesh, my lips at once sweetly are abraded by the rolling back of the satiny foreskin as the reddening acorn emerges in delicious quest for relief. Breathing a fluttering sigh of pleasure, the boy moves hard against me, his gorged glans wetting itself in heated anticipation and I tongue up the savory moisture, lick the crimson plum into straining stiffness that finds my lips, shoves between them and Amar thrusts sharply up into me, his meatus opening wide, seeking to play vagina to my uvula's phallus. And I hold him there within me, hotter warming him, soaking him in the juices of my mouth, then with tongue and teeth and lips and cheek muscles I begin to harry the unruly sex-morsel, tighter enclose him and faster move my encircling tongue and flick of teeth and suck of lips and contraction of cheek walls; and faster, faster, faster still . . . and twitching now with ever-mounting small spasms, gaspingly the boy drives deeper into my mouth, his passion-sweated young body surging against me until with shakily expelled breath the sleek supple boy-body writhes upward, convulses and he sobs: "Bite it, Duke! Bite it!" and his penis leaps with final fierce lunge as it implodes its creamy burden to splash across my tongue and into every crevice of my buccal welcome.

Amar's hips still thrust in copulative reflex as I elicit the last semen'd circumstantial evidence of his passion, and eyes yet orgasm-glazed he comes to rest like honey-robbed blossom in my arms while I attempt to convey some hint, some inadequate description of the bliss he has given me . . . but he murmurs: "Don't talk for a minute, Duke—I just want to think about it!" And gently I kiss his moist warm clover-scented ascensive pride, for the first time observing that the boy's birthmark is a tiny garnet-hued pyramid just above the bridle of his glans . . . and I kiss the little fleshly seal until its imprint seems permanently etched into my lips.

At length the boy stirs, then suddenly covers his face with his hands as if about to make an embarrassing confession. "Duke?"

"Yes, my small one?"

"That was the best blow-job I ever had in my . . . my whole life!"

"And you have had so many in your long life!" I say sadly.

"Well, not so awful many—but this time it seemed like, it felt . . . I wanted you to bite me, hard! I wouldn't've cared just then if you'd bit it clean off!"

"And if I had, what then?"

His hands fly away from his face but traces of a blush remain. "Then I'd've had to use your switchblade on you!"

Descending upon the triumphal arch of his loins, I burrow my face into the riches between his thighs, begin a renewed plundering of them. Squirming, the boy forces my head away. "Jeez,

take it easy, Duke! I'll give you more—but lemme get my second wind first!”

"Amar," I beg with desperate urgency, "don't sell to anyone else—I can't bear the thought of other men having you! Be mine alone!”

The boy's eyes shut tight and a small tremor passes over his lips but he doesn't speak nor smile nor give any sign that he has even heard my plea. Breathlessly I wait while he perhaps is reckoning up the monetary and other advantages or disadvantages that granting my entreaty would involve. At last he lifts a hand to press my cheek and pinch my nose, then touching his still closed eyes in some ancient boyish ritual, he vows faithfully that henceforth no one but me shall ever drink his come, he will save every last drop for me . . . barring wet dreams, of course!

God Rot You, Lady Godiva!

Oh, come in, officer! The bell is out of order and you knocked so quietly I almost didn't hear you. You got to excuse the way the place looks—my domestic, as she calls herself, discovered where I hide my gin and she got pissed to the gills and took off in the middle of spring housecleaning. Sit down, rest your feet. You aren't allowed to sit down? Have some coffee, then. You can't drink on duty? Even coffee?! What is this—more of Mayor Lindsley's brutality to the police? What did you wish to see me about? Surely it can't be about my car because when I parked it I made sure there wasn't a hydrant within miles. What do they do around here when there's a fire . . . run a hose from somebody's kitchen faucet? It's not about my car? I'm relieved to hear that. What? What did you say? You have a complaint that I'm a peeping Tom! Why, that's ridiculous—my name isn't even Tom! I mean, it's outrageous! Not that I don't feel a certain sympathy for the original peeping Tom . . . poor lad! Struck blind for looking at a naked fat floozy whose veiling hair prevented him from seeing anything provocative, anyway! But that's neither here nor there, is it? Personally, I want you to know I'd never stoop to sneaking up to windows and peering through them. Well, yes, I do have a pair of binoculars—I see you've noticed them on the table by the bay window. No, I don't mind your looking at them, I've absolutely nothing to hide, nothing to feel guilty about. You see, officer, I'm a bird-watcher. That's my hobby, my avocation from which I derive many hours of harmless pleasure and instruction. So what might have happened here is that someone saw the sun reflected from the lenses of my binoculars when I was watching a purple-crested capercaillie or a cucullated dickcissel or something, and immediately they assumed I was . . . uh, what you said. Yes, the binoculars are very high-powered, as a matter of fact. I like to see every least detail of the little feathered friends that flock . . . what? You thought the only birds in New York City were pigeons? Oh no, officer, there are hundreds of different denizens of the ornithological world right here in Manhattan. Name some? Well, there are . . . oh, robins, sparrows, bobolinks and . . . describe a bobolink? A bobolink is . . . uh, it has a beak and two feet and a tail and it flies and has a trilling call that seems to say: Bobolink! Bobolink! Spink-spink-spink! Isn't that cute?! And then there's the fan-tailed nuthatch and the cockyolly bird and the . . . I've always wanted to see a cuckoo but they're very rare in these parts—I suppose they feel they can't compete with the human element here in Fun City. Officer, did you know that the cuckoo lays his eggs in other birds' nests? Such a delightfully integrated trait, isn't it?—basic social consciousness, I like to think. You know, that's where we get the word "cuckold" from, which has a shocking sexual implication too indelicate for me to explain. Oh, you knew that! So what else can I tell you? I just indulge in the very innocent pastime of observing Little Miss Peetweet nibbling away at a piece of suet or Little Master Woodpecker preening his tiny pubertals . . . pardon me? Do I like to watch lovebirds? Well, lovebirds are usually in cages—they're not the wild type though they often go wild making love, I understand. What kind of bird do I like to watch best? Oh, the boy-bird, definitely! How can I tell the difference? Well, of course you can't see his animal parts or anything but usually the boy-bird is the more active and uninhibited and he is forever singing, especially during the mating season. Were you aware that only the male nightingale sings, officer? Excuse me? Why am I interested in boy-birds in particular? I just told you why! Yes, I'm very sure I don't watch human boys rather than bird-boys! What a question! I know you don't intend to be insulting but you are, officer! Oh, the peeping Tom complaint is from a mother who says she saw me watching her boy taking a bath? Is he that entrancing youngster with the raven-black hair and laburnum eyes and damask skin, whose sloping profile reminds one of

some ancient Egyptian god of youth? Oooooo! Please disregard what I just said, officer! I got carried away there for a moment. The lad I was referring to is . . . uh, my third cousin, once removed, who attends divinity school preparing to be a minister of the Gospel. What? Will you repeat that, please? You'd like me to accompany you? What for? I hardly know you! Oh, you mean . . . are you arresting me, officer?! Shouldn't I have a lawyer or something? You're just taking me to Bellevue? Oh, that's different! I've never visited Bellevue and I hear it's crammed to overflowing with unique birds of every description—I might even see a cuckoo! Wait just a minute while I get my coat and my binoculars!

Amar

The honorable lover seeks sincere love's truth, not the lie of passing fancy or mere sex-relief; and the ardent, authentic, Compleat Lover is ever a fetishist, hoarding away a garment or object the loved one has worn or used that in his absence may recreate him in part through memoried sight and touch and taste and fragrances.

"Can I have these?" Amar asks. "They're too small for you." He has found a pair of blue nylon briefs I had bought for a brusquerie'd lad who perfidiously deserted me for a richer admirer.

"What will you give me?" I say scroogely.

"I'll come off two times for free."

"Not enough. Give me your culo!"

"No, no, no! I don't like guys to mess with my culo! Please, Duke, give me the briefs."

"No."

"Please, please, please!" The boy falls to his knees, wraps his arms about my thighs, larkspur eyes pleading. "I'll rub you off with my feet! You can screw my belly-button! You can do it in my armpit!"

I sigh at this too precocious awareness of super-sophisticated sexual pyrotechnics. "Give me the shorts you have on, in exchange?"

"No, I don't like to go bare under my pants."

"You can wear the nylon briefs."

"No, if you give them to me I want to save them for special." "Like going to see your girl?"

His blush is sudden crimson roses blooming in his cheeks. "I haven't got a girl!" he denies, striving to make his voice ring with the tones of truth. "I want to keep them for Sunday and like that." Tightening his grip on my thighs, he puts his face against my knees. "Duke, if you give them to me I promise to morrow I'll bring you some shorts my mother hasn't taken to the laundry yet—or do you want them to be clean?"

"Of course not!" I say hastily. "I want ones you've worn." "You'll like these, Duke, 'cause I've worn them for weeks—off and on."

He gets the nylons. And I get . . . well, they are ripped and threadbare, a lone button hangs by a hair, the elastic waistband is no longer so, there are jelly-smears and butter-stains and oil-stains and brown-stains . . . but the crotch is warmly, strongly, intimately Amar and with gladsome relief I note there are no stiff-stains, though their absence is by no means conclusive

proof of boyish continence!

Buster

Buster is a bewitching ignis fatuus of exiguous morals and contiguous manners, a natural one-of-a-kind. There are some so rude as to call him "not all there" but his "all" is exceedingly "there"—merely arranged in a crazy quilt pattern. I admit that Buster is a trifle shook-up at times, as if he had been spawned in a Waring blender and nine months carried in an overworked cement-mixer, but this enhances his pixie charm. A creature of polymorphic impulse and erratic whimsy who reduces logical order to a chaos of the demented unexpected, the boy seems to be not altogether contemporary, taking brief excursions into past or future or some no-time of which he alone is aware. Perhaps his glands secrete LSD!

Happy but over-eventful was Buster's childhood. A coconut tree in Chattahoochee, Florida molted a medium-sized nut on the boy's conk when he was 7, to the manifest damage of neither. At age 12, during a summer on his uncle's farm, he was drafted into pig-husbandry with the specific job of holding the four legs of prostrate male piglets while they were unstoned by avuncular straight razor. Buster's ears almost withdrew inside his head at the piercing porcine squeals (understandable enough once you project yourself in their place!), but he performed his duties with a certain detached sadistic dedication until a badly-aimed swipe of uncle's scalpel not only castrated the current porker but cut through the boy's dungarees and shorts and sliced away half his foreskin—if he had been erect poor Buster would have been in bad straits indeed! But he took the contretemps phlegmatically enough, shock rendering him insensible to the considerable immediate pain, and subsequent dolor was much eased contemplating the handsome bicycle which his distraught uncle gave him—though it was a month before the boy was able to ride it.

When Buster was 13 his mother—possibly the author of her son's confused metabolism—acquired a poodle who immediately exhibited a profound aversion for the lad, which was returned with intensely mutual regard. There was something about this particular animal that made the boy nervous, as if the dog knew something he didn't know and was ever taunting him for his ignorance. (Not large dogs, poodles are below almost everything but not above anything. They are the most terrible of all beasts, for they reason like humans.) And one day while Buster was drying himself after a shower, the dog strolled in (he had been trained to jump into the bathtub and piss down the drain) and apparently mistaking the boy's penis for a new kind of elongated Ken-L Ration—or knowing goddam well what it was!—the canine sank his canines into the tempting flesh which suffered no injury except minor abrasions, but Buster's screams were so penetratingly resonant that they shattered Clem Hawkins' bifocals four blocks away and scared Miz Tillinghast's cat Abigail into littering two months before her time. And at the hospital three genito-urinary specialists, two surgeons, one registered nurse and a passing Good Humor man had to collectively assure the boy he had suffered no permanent harm before he was finally persuaded that he was, in fact, intact.

Shortly thereafter and quite by accident, Buster wandered into the Great Game of self-merchandising, his first lover being his General Science teacher who fellated him at school in a toilet-booth, to which the lad docilely submitted under the impression that he was receiving a lesson on How to Create a Vacuum. The boy's partial prepuce was such a novelty to the local sword-swallowers that soon he was enjoying an unprecedented and perhaps undeserved

popularity, making so much money thereby that it constantly leaked in a bright green stream from his pockets . . . and no one could have been more surprised than Buster to find a \$10 bill where he thought only a bent nail and a Batman & Robin badge resided.

As you would expect, Buster's last name is Brown and he somewhat resembles the lad in the shoe ads with his mopped hair, vending eyes and autochthonous grin. Buster has also been browned on sundry occasions, having the sort of benison'd butt that prompts a sodomic urge. The boy visits me frequently because I of all his patrons live closest to his home, but how he gets to my abode or any other designated destination is beyond me. He will haphazard in my door and chirp: "Is this the place?" When I convince him it is he will extract a grocery-list and call out the items his mother sent him for. I take him by the hand and tour my domicile pointing out that it's not the supermarket, then I guide him toward my bed at which he demurs he is not the least bit sleepy and far too old for naps . . . and by the time I at length get him ensconced between the sheets I am so pooped I have to take a nap before I can acquit myself gallantly on the field of amorous battle.

Yesterday Buster vagaried in, threw himself into an armchair, spread his legs and looked at me with expectant smile. Expeditiously I put down my little prayer rug, kneel on it, open his clothes and take out the lopsided idol. "Why are you playing with my prick?" he now asks, peering down at me with puzzled face. "Because that's what you came over here for," I patiently explain. "Did I?" he frowns. "Well, OK—but it seems to me I started out for Yankee Stadium!"

And today Buster appears again, doubtless forgetting to remember or remembering to forget where he should be. Astoundingly normal for once, he clambers into bed, cooperates in cyclonic blow-job, turns over at the touch of a finger and like an unbroken but gentle bronco beatifically bucks me through the portal of paradise.

"Did you get my cherry?" he asks when I have dismounted.

Forbearing to tell him he lost that lovely piece of fruit three months ago to a man named Jenkins in a rocking-chair in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, I assure him with fervid praise that I have forsooth devirgined him and regret if such was not his desire.

"I don't see no blood," he says, inspecting the sheets. "Ain't there blood when you lose your cherry?"

"Only if you have piles," I reply, putting into his hand the price of his prosodic pleasures.

Buster stares at the bills. "What's this for?" he inquires in charming bewilderment. "And what'm I doing here anyway! I'm s'posed to be in Sunday School!"

Rhetorical Query

*Illegal little Sutton is all
chalcedony and rose-alabaster,
tipping my emotions into a
seething arena where contending
Good and Evil exchange their
identities and victimize me
into ever hopeful believing
that he is my true love alone.
But he has stood me up now for
two nights in a row . . . gimme
some balm, Gilead! and it's too
damn late to seek solace elsewhere,
so feeling like super-
tortured saint spitted on his
smoldering stake I sublimate to
bed with the Youth's Companion
(magazine), resigned to continence
by necessity, purity perforce.
And next to an item from Detroit
about a man who was killed by a
runaway mechanical horse, I read
a statement made by Adlai E.
Stevenson, who twice Shakespeared
himself out of the Presidency, and
he said, or this article said he
said, that in our modern world
**THERE ARE NO GOOD GUYS
OR BAD GUYS ANY MORE!**
And it delighted me no end
to learn that if I wasn't
good, at least I wasn't bad,
for lately I'd been wondering
if really I was quite in the
public interest—heehawing
around with boys like I do
and suchlike lickety-spit,
which doesn't appreciably add
to the number of taxpayers—
and politicians dislike that!
But there is just one little
question I'd like to ask Adlai,
wherever he is, and it is this:
If there are no bad guys any
more then how the hell come I*

always have to dodge the Law?!

Amar

All together now . . . loudly sing the joys of pedophilia! With no apologies whatever to Browning, the boy-lover constantly, tacitly is told by his beloved:

*Grow young along with me—
The best is yet to be!*

Amar has made me a boy again. I am his age, thirteen years old, and often younger. When I suck nourishment from the third teat between his thighs we are a profane boy-Madonna and Child, but far more plausible! Not that there aren't moments of alloyed delight.

"Don't blow in it!" cries Amar, pulling away. "I don't like you to blow in it!"

"I'm just cooling it off a little, baby—it was beginning to blister my lips."

"You're not s'posed to blow, you're s'posed to suck . . . well, not suck either exactly, but kiss and lick and like that."

"You don't find blowing a pleasant variation then?" I inquire.

"No! 'Cause if you blow in it you're li'ble to make my balls swell up and bust!"

Ah, well, most people have their pet superstitions and Amar is entitled to his. And mirabile dic(k)tu! he has made me a purer, moraller, virtuouser man—for now I no longer blow him!

August 6, 1964

Boys' Life Magazine
2 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear sir,

I read your magazine every month and think it is boss. There are lots of nice pictures in it and some of them are gear. I want to join your Pen-Pal Club. I am 14 years old. I am interested in photography, hunting, fishing, going on long camping trips, skinny-dipping, wrestling and other contact sports. I would like to write about them to other boys my age. I hope to see my name and address in the Pen-Pal Club section soon.

Your friend,

Casimir "Butch" Dukahz

Jack

All sex-play and no work makes Jack an intriguing boy even if he did not possess a face of effulgent comeliness and limbs so glossed with shining grace that I shade my eyes as he denudes lest basilisk beauty blind me. But this afternoon—suddenly and with no hurricane warnings displayed—Jack growls he is tired of giving his all for the damn small sum I remit and he declares he is going on strike, picketing my vulnerable abode carrying huge indignant sign and the whole campy bit. I rejoin that to the best of my knowledge there is no union comprised of boys who wholesale themselves and therefore he doesn't have a middle leg to stand on, legally speaking, and I consider it beneath my bank account even to chaffer, much less to arbitrate. Undeterred, the boy mutters public opinion will sympathetically be on his side even if it is a wildcat strike of an unnatural nature . . . and busily he begins constructing a picket-sign from paper, lath and shingle nails he has found in my basement. Using my imported artistic oil paint, on the somewhat sloppy finished product he blazons in red letters two feet high: DUKE UNFAIR TO BOYS! PASS HIM BY! And shouldering his crude handiwork he prepares to leave, vowing he will parade up and down in front of my dire domicile until he drops dead from sweat-bed exhaustion and the inequities imposed by imperialistic, capitalistic cock-consumers. And when scowling, face granitely purposeful, he actually stalks out my front door I cravenly capitulate, haul him back inside, destroy the sign and meekly grant the aggressive lad a ten-percent retroactive increase in the cost of loving!

Amar

QWERTY! my demoniac typewriter drools. ASDFG! ZXCVB! YUIOP! The preceding is not a secret code and my machismo machine is not subversive. It is merely threatening to spill all its private parts into my lap if I do not allow it to write about Amar—and I, paralyzed from puer-paragraphia, with misease surrender to this mechanical blackmail.

Amar has just arrived, his mouth wetly red with some orchard loot, and I bend to pillage the boysenberried flavor of his fruited lips, farther bend to caress his crotch, palpating the bulbous prognostication of pleasures therein. My teasing sweetheart opens his fly, permits just his glans to escape from the slit in his briefs. I fall on the plump morsel, like pink chanterelle, highly noxious to the ethics of morals . . . then am forced to release it as my door quails under a fusillade of knocks. Despatching the boy to bedroom, I fling wide the portal and there are the elderly sisters three (never to be mistaken for the Three Graces!), across-the-hall neighbors of mine who have come to borrow my evening paper. Though I haven't yet read it and know it will never be returned, I give it to them and impatiently inch the door closed on their attempts to engage me in gossipy converse.

And so to bed to adore Amar's nervous nipples, coaxing each to give me its single scintillant drop of mammary moisture, my gaze whiffling ever and anon to the lovely genital fleur-de-lis . . . and now I become aware of a new and piquant scent arising from my darling's heating body, a pleasant aroma with under-overtones of boysex. "What've you got on?" I say, sniffing like catarrhal bloodhound. "Some kind of perfume?"

"That's Si, Senor cologne. You like it? Five bucks for a small bottle."

"Provocative fragrance—but is that how you spend your money?"

"Are you nuts! I wouldn't pay a penny for stuff like that! Gallo gave it to me."

Glacial fingers ice cube my spine. I knew it! Everything has been progressing far too euphorically—now rears this skeleton to grin bonily at my illicit love-feast! "Gallo?" I pursue, falsely smiling at my true love to disarm him, to trick him into revealing the awful all.

"He's a fat slob who lives over on Miramar Avenue. Before the finance company took it back, he used to take me riding in his car."

Hottest hinges of Hell! Too vividly I can imagine the two of them in this Gallo's autoerotic Cadillac or obscenitied Olds, joyriding to some remote Lovers' Lane and there, surrounded by darkness and desire . . .

"I suppose you like him!" I wheeze, finding it difficult to breathe.

"Nah! He's a creepy mama's boy but he pays pretty good —gives me a fin every time I screw him."

Deepest fiery pit of flaming Hades! "You . . . screwed him?" I quaver, applying salt to my wounds.

"Yeah! He'd bend over the bed, his big flabby old butt poked up in the air, and I'd stand behind him, put my bicho against his hole, shove my hands under his arms and grab his shoulders, and then I'd push into him real slow . . ." the boy thrusts his loins up in languorous fucking motions of recollected pleasure. "And while I worked on him he'd be moaning and groaning and shaking and carrying on like crazy! Then biff! bam! socko! wham! I'd bang into him as far as I could and shoot! An' he'd fall flat on the bed with me on top of him, an' he'd lay there trembling like I'd murdered him or something . . . but he loved it!" Amar directs sparkling mistflower blue eyes on me. "You ever been screwed, Duke?" He grins. "I mean, besides in the mouth!"

"No, if memory serves!" I whisper, my little miscreant's recital of his off-color amours reducing me to moribund state inviting morticians' measuring.

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"You wanna try it? I can do it real good—ask Gallo!" "I . . . tell me more about this Gallo."

"What's to tell?" Remembrance of outrage momentarily dyes the boy's cheeks. "He's a cheat and a bastard—he promised me an electric guitar and a mandolin but I'm still waitin' for 'em!"

And now, in all this welter of depressing braggadocio confession, I descry a ray of light. Unprincipled fiend that I am, I discern a way to possess my little love completely. Aid me, all sympathetic gods! Smile on me . . . for I mean my baby no harm! "When," I say slyly, "was the last time you had congress with this . . . obese brownie?"

"You mean the last time I humped him? Seven . . . no, 8 days ago."

"Aha!" Mercilessly I pounce on my unsuspecting prey. "And what if he was clapped in the culo! What if he had syphilis in his dirty old hole! Have you ever considered that, my promiscuous love?"

The boy laughs with the careless confidence of the innocent or the ignorant. "He's clean, Duke. I'm the first one ever had him—he told me that!"

"A cock-and-bull story if ever was!" I sneer. "Naturally he'd tell you that—especially if he was sick!"

"But he wasn't, Duke!" Amar says earnestly. "I didn't catch anything . . . look!" He grabs his perturbed prick, uneasy auditor of our disturbing discussion, brutally strips it from base to summit. "See! Nothing comes out so I'm OK!"

"Small one, don't be so cocksure! You had him 8 days ago so if you've caught something it won't show up for about 10 days—that's the usual incubation period."

"What's this incubation period?"

"That's the time between infection and the first signs of a disease."

"Gallo wouldn't lie to me! He told me I was the first an' I believe him! You'd believe him too if you knew him, 'cause he's sorta dopey, like a big overgrown baby. I don't think he even knows how to lie!"

"Then perhaps, my little sophisticate, you are lying! Perhaps you saw Gallo yesterday or even this afternoon!"

The boy punches my arm, his eyes emitting indignant sparks of sapphire. "Duke, I've never lied to you—I wanted to sometimes but I never have!"

I examine this statement to discover the hidden falsity, but it eludes me. "I don't doubt you're truthful insofar as you know the truth," I say heavily, "but it hardly matters. You'll no doubt visit Gallo again, and in the meantime he may have picked up something from another little humper so —"

"I told you I haven't seen him in over a week, Duke! Honest! An' I only saw him three times altogether—but now I'm through with him 'cause he didn't give me the things he said he would. And you don't need to worry about nobody else—I haven't screwed any other guy in months!"

"Nevertheless I don't want your bicho today nor tomorrow nor day after. Then we'll see what develops, if anything."

"Oh, Duke, why don't you believe me!" the boy wails. He clasps the balloon-rising bone of our contention, shakes it roughly. "On my honor I swear I'm clean!"

The clover scent of his sapful flippancy almost but not quite chloroforms my resistance. Sadly I smile and shake my head.

Amar raises crossed thumb and forefinger to his mouth, kisses them. "Boy scout honor, Duke! I haven't got a disease an' I won't hump nobody no more except you, if you want me to!"

"When were you ever a boy scout!" I scoff.

"Last year! I was in Troop 99 an' I had badges for knot-tying and first aid an'—"

"And got kicked out for seducing your scoutmaster!"

The boy's mouth rectangles with woe, his eyes shut tight, his cheeks contort into infantile grief and he hides his face in the pillow from which piteous sobs emerge. "W-a-a-a-h!" Hiccupy catch of breath. "W-a-a-a-h!"

I have carried my ruse too far. I have damaged his self-esteem, done violence to his boyish integrity. Contrite, I put a hand on his shoulder. "Small one, don't cry!"

He shrugs my hand away. "You don't believe anything I say!" he mourns, giving vent to a fresh outburst of tearful despair.

"Amar, please don't cry!" Forcefully I reverse him . . . to discover eyes and cheeks scarlet with outrage but dry as desert sands. "Little faker!" I chide. "I thought you were weeping your heart out!"

"I am crying!" Still the poseur, he wipes his eyes with his thumb, snuffles loudly, swallows a sob.

"Yes, all right. Do you want my handkerchief?"

"No!" The boy sits up, throws his arms about my neck. "Duke, please take my bicho! Look, it's stiff—I want you!"

Helplessly my gaze is drawn to the prima donna prick that now liquidly sings of its rhapsodic joys, and with difficulty I restrain myself from sipping up the glistening pre-coital libation prophesying still better things to come. "No, Amar, we must wait."

He tightens his arms around me, presses his cheek to mine. "Duke, would you like me to . . . to kiss you?"

A joyful, triumphant singing begins deep inside me. The little fortress has been betrayed into hoisting a token flag of surrender!

Or is the boy capable of my own low cunning! But he offers his milky lips, touches his burning mouth to mine, lavishes soft sweet shy sighing kisses on my face, lipped embraces so feathery-light and fleeting that they are imagined rather than felt, ending with a spit-kiss that clicks our teeth together in cayenne caress . . . and the room seems to turn upside down and I hold tight to the bed to keep from being spilled to the ceilinged floor.

Then the boy flings himself back on the pillow, pushes my head down on him, tries to get his passion-piece between my lips. I move away but feverishly he follows, writhes about me' like seductive Eden'd serpent, his demanding penis prodding my face but my mouth remains sealed against it. "No!" I groan.

Two coals of blue fire scorch at me. "I kissed you! More than a hundred times! I never kissed a guy before or let him kiss me—but still you won't take me!"

"Amar, they were the sweetest embraces I've ever known- but they don't change the fact that you may be damaged goods!" And now I consider the time ripe to reveal my satanic purpose. "My little one, your bicho is temporarily suspect . . . but your culo is not!"

"No, no, no! I'll never give you that!"

Again this strange hustler-reluctance, this conscientious objection to culo-consummation! Amar and his little peddling brethren have drawn a line around their small popo-catepetls over which their patrons are forbidden to cross. Amazing, this caste system of privy parts, this acute

aversion to becoming buttock-buddies! I decide to appeal to reason. "Baby, since your first visit you've attempted to hide your sweet culo from my sight—but why? It is beautiful, and beauty exists to be displayed to the world and admired, worshipped!"

"It's not beautiful!"

"Are you ultra-modest, or only an endearing young fool! Go to a museum and view the statuary of ancient Greek and Roman nude boys, compare their culos with yours! They would gnash their marbled teeth in envy at your posterior perfection. You don't deserve such a lovely little ass for you refuse it the homage that is its due!"

"Damn you, Duke, I don't like you to say -"

"Yes, yes! Ah, if I only had the talent to write a poem about it—epics, odes, epithalamiums! I would be a pioneer in a new field of poesy . . . but I could never do my subject justice!"

"You're crazy, Duke!"

"Quite mad, but when has passionate love ever been sane—especially where boys are concerned! Amar, there is glorious precedent for your yielding to me. David gave up, gave in, gave out to Jonathan; Antinous related rectally to Hadrian; Giton did not lock his little back door to his two companions—nor indeed to anyone!; and Alfred, Lord Douglas, proned for Oscar the Wilde!"

"Just because all your filthy friends do it is no reason why I should!"

"I knew none of them—they are classic examples, now dust yet diamond-dusted with sublime tradition. Therefore you will not be defying custom if you give yourself to me. Come, you are drenched in Si, Senior cologne, now live up to its name—say Si, senior! Say yes, sir!"

"No, no, no!" The boy flings out of my embrace, leaps out of bed. My heart sinks, seems to drop down, down out of me as he goes to chair, picks up his briefs. From vice-admiral I have sought to promote myself to rear-admiral—but my puritanical darling has reduced me to lowliest apprentice sailor!

And then my heart climbs up again as I see Amar is undecided, loath to go. He holds briefs in front of him, tries to insert right foot, misses, tries again, fails. Now the left foot—with like unsuccess. Eyes downcast, he turns to me. "Duke, will you please dress me?"

Wily little boy-siren, he knows only too well that if I touch him I might weaken, change my mind, let him have his virginal way. I steel myself to resolute indifference. "Surely you're old enough to dress yourself!"

Amar hides his face in his arm, his shoulders shaking in ersatz grief. "W-a-a-a-h! I hate you! I wish I'd never met you!" "And I love you, bless the day we met!"

He sheds more sham tears that make me long to go to him, comfort him, but I wait. Choking

down his fictional sobs at last, he hurls briefs to the floor, slowly approaches the bed, falls upon it, lies beside me. "Duke," he sighs on persecuted note, "if I let you just kiss my culo while I count to fifty, will that be all right?"

"I know you! You'd count to fifty by fives! Or count by ones so fast I wouldn't have thirty seconds to enjoy your pretty little podex!"

"I'll go slow, like this: one . . . two . . . three . . ."

"But then I could only give you a penny for each count—fifty cents in all, and I was prepared to pay five dollars as price of admission to your virgin's bower!"

"Ten dollars and it's a deal . . . maybe!"

"OK!" I agree, too promptly.

"No, wait!" The boy groans at the enormity of the decision facing him.

"Amar, if you don't want to sell, to lend your little stern, then so be it. Come back in three days and if your bicho is healthy then I shall be content with that and ask no more!"

The boy throws an arm across my chest, looks at me with beseeching appeal. "Duke, I don't want to leave. I want to stay here, I want you to like me but—"

Foul suborning snake, I slip a hand to his rear and draw my fingers lightly, swiftly along the narrow ravine between the patulous buttocks, pause for briefest instant at the arcane mouth. He shrinks away and I bring my tingling necromancer hand before his eyes. "Behold what I plucked from your little plumbum!" I say. "See, your culo is willing even if you are not—it even provides the fee for its own ravishment!"

Frowning, Amar dubiously examines the ten dollar bill I extend, gingerly sniffs at it. "That didn't come from my culo!" "Your culo will earn it, if you say the word!"

"No!"

Now a variety of emotions ravage the boy's face. In torment he eyes the sawbuck, me, the ceiling, walls, the sawbuck, bed, floor, his rejected bicho, the sawbuck. He moans, tries to weep, to flee my wicked couch. Then wondrously my inamorato's voice slowly, harshly, breakingly changes from No! to Yes! as he snatches the bill from my hand and lugubriously squirms onto his belly!

Heart beating with rib-racking agitation, I hover over my procumbent prey, dazed by the knowledge that I alone of all his lovers am permitted to explore the possibilities of the heretofore impossible, to plumb the depths of his posterior passion. The paired graceful mounds of his firm cushions seem to tug at me in sweet solicitation, and I bend to cover their lush surface with light, mirage-like kisses, the flesh I touch softer far than my seeking lips. Up the small hills I tenderly embrace . . . attempt to journey down dale but the boy's powerful

nates muscles contract to shut me out. I tongue along the shallow cleavage and with my hands try to pry the obdurate loaves apart. They are immovable.

I stroke Amar's quivering flanks, the back of his thighs. "Baby, open to me!" I plead. "Let me in!" Senses shambled with desire, I continue to caress his legs, his arms, lingeringly kiss the small of his back . . . and gradually the denying twin flesh-rounds lose their stony rejection, soften beneath my importuning lips. Gently I part them and the vestibule of venerity at long last lies before me—profound little asshole deserving of deeper deliberation! I lick down the moist warm path to the tiny wishing-well, jealously shrouded in its own exotic mystery. My lips fasten on the furred pink-brown rosette, lyric roundel to inspire roundelays of adulation, set in a shallow cup into which my tongue-tip fits snugly, as if each was made for the other. I put a kiss within the cup and my tongue a tireless proctoscope prodding, I soon overcome the sphincter's stout resistance and penetrate the holy penetralia . . . and with a small sigh of quickening breath the boy lifts his middle to meet my fervid caresses. Now sphincter in sudden convulsive reaction expels me and I lick at the little closed gate, aware of no odor but the exciting fragrance of clean fresh young boy-flesh passion-quickening; nor any taste except . . . caramel? burnt sugar?

Amar's hands come down to aid me, hold his lovely hillocks apart, farther separate them to facilitate my embraces, and as I begin strong suction-tonguing of the cherried little orifice I slide my inquisitive fingers beneath the boy's belly, feel the throb and jump of his penis as I scour into the paradise passage. Weaving breathlessly in and out across the threshold of consciousness, I continue my amorous devotionals . . . and then the boy tremulously whispers: "Duke, I—" I tear my mouth away from the olympian manna as Amar reverses himself, stares up at me.

"What is it?" I ask guiltily. "Were you feeling pain?"

His cheeks crimson and he flings an arm up to conceal his eyes. "It isn't that. Get a towel to put under me—there's li'ble to be blood when you . . . go in."

The boy's hesitant words crystallize everything into an ambience of hushed and suspended ecstasy as belatedly I realize he is surrendering to me without reservation, entirely. "There'll be no blood, small one! A little baby-oil to -"

"I don't want baby-oil, it's too messy! Anyway, you've got me all wet back there already!" Then with sudden desperate intensity he grabs my arms, his nails sinking into my flesh, eyes searing azure scars into mine. "Duke, if you ever tell anyone, anyone I kissed you and let you screw me—I'll kill you! I swear by my mother I'll kill you!" And it requires five minutes of conciliatory coddling before Amar is persuaded that my tongue shall be as silent as lichened tombs—or he may crucifyingly send me to one!

"I want to lay on my back, Duke, so we'll be face-to-face," the boy says now.

"I'll be too heavy for you!"

"I don't care! That's the way I want it!"

I put a pillow under the boy's buttocks, get between his spread, raised knees. "Look at your bicho—obviously it has enjoyed my attentions to its neighbor in the back!"

"It wasn't that!" Amar refutes redly. "It's hard 'cause it was rubbing on the sheet!"

I lower myself over the little body, guide my aching modesty to the hot wet little rear portal. The boy tenses as my flaming glans touches there and I clasp his hips, pull him up to me as gently I press against the tiny barrier which courageously resists, writhes against my meatus, pulses urgently against my slow tender thrusting, then yields with a quiver as of an arrow-pierced fawn, allowing my burning head to enter, then closing about its neck with strangling grip. Amar winces, turns his face to catch pillow between his teeth . . . then with quavering sigh smiles up at me.

"It's OK, Duke!" he gasps, noting my anxious regard. "It only hurt for a second. Jeez, I thought you were small, but now you feel like a fence-post! I guess it's 'cause my culo is used to letting things out and not in . . . you know?"

"I'm sorry, baby! Shall I pull out?"

"No!" His hands slip under my arms to grip my shoulders and he wraps his legs about my waist, heels digging into my back, and I feel him go all open to me. "Now shove in all the way, Duke! Quick!" he pants.

As I push in, slipping deeper and deeper into delight, the boy's loins arch up to meet mine and I begin a steady probing with my penis-prisoner in its deliciously tight confinement. Sweat dappling his brow, Amar now takes the initiative and, his bright eyes giving me absolution for any felony I may be committing, synchronizes his movements with mine, his vigorous upthrusts blissfully accepting my forceful drives deep into the ardent young body.

And now I am weightless, floating in a languorous laving of sensuous tides that submerge me in voluptuous riot, that draw me down into warm scented depths, that toss me up and down again into a whirlpool that spins, spirals me from one breaking wave of ecstasy to another . . . and then I feel my straining member grasped and pleurably manipulated as by a small milking fist, and the squeezing, wringing, stripping motions increase their tempo, avidly seeking, demanding until, my writhing mouth against the boy's hair, with one final brutal rapturous lunge I spill myself deep within him.

Long we lie there entwined in serene silence—for what now remains to be said? Still most intimately joined, so close that our mingled heartbeats sound a single rhythm and Amar's exhaled breath becomes my inhaled one . . . yet I mourn that this so sensate perfection should have so short a duration, so abrupt an end.

I bend to kiss my little love's closed eyes, his heavy lashes. "Was it good?" he murmurs now, his dimple drowning in a suffusing blush.

"I'm still in paradise!" I whisper. "Are you going to cast me out?"

Idly he strokes my back. "Stay there—if you want to."

"I want to! Where did you learn that wonderful contraction of your culo muscles?"

"Gallo used to do that to me when I humped him. It felt good so I tried to do it to you!"

"Do you still hate me—wish you'd never met me?"

"No. I just said that—I never meant it."

"If I ask you a very important question, will you answer it truthfully?"

"I might."

"Did . . . did you like it, Amar?"

Scarletly his blush renews itself and his hands dart up to hide his face, then shift to reveal one furious blue velvet eye. "W-a-a-a-h! I don't want to like it . . . but I do! I even want you to do it again!"

March 10, 1966

Oliver Layton Press Inc.
P. O. Box 150, Cooper Station
New York, N. Y. 10003

Sirs:

I am a manufacturer of asbestos products of all kinds and am ever alert for new uses of this versatile material, hence when I saw The Asbestos Diary displayed in a bookstore window I purchased a copy, assuming the pages literally to be made of this fire-resistant substance and curious to determine what possibilities there might be in this novel employment of it.

I of course found nothing "asbestos" about the volume except the word in the title. As to the contents, I had not finished the first paragraph before I began to entertain serious misgivings, but since I had paid \$5.95 plus tax for this devil's handbook I felt it only sound fiscal policy to read it through. I am now at a loss to explain why I did so, why I perused each word of every line to the last page. Suffice it to say that it was with mind revulsed and soul sickened that I burned this malefic manual so expeditiously that I completely forgot local ordinance prohibits the use of outdoor incinerators at the hour I performed this cremative good deed. Heartily I wish I could consign to the purifying flames the author as well!

I repeat, I cannot too strongly register my protest against this poisonous publication! Males by natural inclination and by temperament were never intended to be the object of other males' sexual attentions, and to portray them in such unholy relationships is to smear pus on the lips of normal love. Are you not aware that even to treat homosexual themes favorably is to provoke outraged Nature to revengefully inflict humanity in toto with visitations of earthquakes, famine, pestilence and other disasters which might truly be termed acts of God—for certainly the Divine Being concurs in the punishment of such abominable practices. Do you not also realize that homosexuality is worse than terminal cancer which kills only the body, while the immeasurably worse evil slays the soul! I am positive you must be cognizant of all this, yet you have published cloacal filth promoting the dissemination of a foul sexual aberration which, after the manner of cancer, often strikes the innocent and unsuspecting after the age of 40—the number of my own years, as it happens.

Do not think I protest too much! I have ever maintained that deviate offences should be punished much more drastically than they are. In Great Britain such acts with a male under 16 years of age can incur life imprisonment. I am all for it. In my personal opinion, the fact that a sexual deviate merely draws breath is a homosexual offence!

I do not want my name known to you even in the capacity of registering consternated complaint, as I am a respectable married man attempting to preserve an unblemished reputation in these so morally sad days. Therefore, in scandalized anonymity I will sign my initials only, with a final adjuration to mend your ways or the wrath of God will be upon you!

X.Y.Z.

OLIVER LAYTON PRESS
P.O. Box 150, Cooper Station
New York, N. Y. 10003

March 14, 1966

Mr. Xavier Y. Zimmerman
1665 Puritan Street
Salem, Mass.

Dear Mr. Zimmerman:

We took the liberty of locating your name and address in the Directory of Asbestos Manufacturers of America, and are replying to your letter of recent date with full assurances that your desire for anonymity will be scrupulously respected.

We indeed regret you did not approve of The Asbestos Diary and trust you encountered no subsequent municipal difficulties burning it in an exterior incinerator during proscribed hours. Though we do not feel any responsibility for the burnt offering of your \$5.95 plus tax, we appreciate your writing to us, and while we think your somewhat hasty subjective value-judgment of the work concerned is a bit Victorian and unrealistic, still we ever strive to retain the good will of even involuntary patrons, regardless of the vehemence of their adverse critical appraisal of a production of ours. Hence we are—in amends or in recompense—sending you a free prepublication copy of the latest book by Casimir Dukahz. I am positive that after you have read Vice Versa, we shall be hearing from you again!

Sincerely,

P. Semenov
Editor-at-Large

Amar

I am completely in Amar's power, happy captive shackled by his small hands. What is the little tyrant going to do with me? He can't decide.

"Duke, are you scared of the police?" he asks me one sortilege summer evening whisperous with cicada mating-calls in the cybernetic cyclamen.

"I sure am! Whenever I see a piece of fuzz my shoes fill with sweat!"

"If I turned you in to the fuzz, would I get a reward?" He is still something rankled by the conviction that I do not pay him enough for his sexual dispensations. I would beggar myself for him . . . but then he wouldn't come over any more to see penniless me.

"Reward for what?" I say. "I'm no murderer, not even an embezzler."

"But you're a sex-fiend!"

"Only in a modest way."

"Yeah!" the boy grumps. "And you pay modest too! Duke, how many boys have you had in your whole life?"

"Not many, considering."

"Considering what?"

"Considering how many boys there are in the world."

"If the fuzz got you and could prove all the bad things you've done with boys in all your life, how much time would you get?"

"It wouldn't be a matter of time but the manner of capital punishment I'd receive. They'd probably hang my neck, gas my head, electrocute my torso and shoot my arms and legs."

"Serves you right! But if you just got time, how much would it be?"

"That would depend on how many boys testified against me and the nature of their testimony, and how the charges and specifications and indictments were drawn up, and whether any of the prosecution or the jury or the jailers were bribable, and if I were found guilty whether they figured my time according to the Old or the New Mathematics and who did the figuring—the judge or my lawyer, and how the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court were feeling when they reviewed my case . . . do you know, my little blue eyes, that men have officially and legally been done to death just because some judge of a higher or lower or in-between court couldn't get it up the night before?!"

"Damn you, Duke, will you quit goofing off! I'm asking you a very . . . a very . . . a very serious question!"

"I know you are, baby, and you're giving me the shivers!" "Well, shiver but give me a sensible answer!"

"OK, I'll do my best. Now in Arizona where harsh Spanish laws are still in effect I would get at least one million years at hard labor, give or take a year."

"Never mind Arizona. If I turned you in, it would be in this state!"

"Yes, Master Inquisition! Well, here they'd give me . . . let's see: 475 times 83 multiplied by 69 divided by 2 minus 50 times 3.141592 plus pi times the radius squared and carry one added to balance brought forward . . . urn, in this state I'd only get about ten thousand years in round figures, so with time off for good behavior I'd only have to serve approximately eight thousand nine hundred and thirty-two years."

Amar is impressed to the point of awe . . . and perhaps even a little admiring. "Jeez, I bet you're the most wanted criminal that ever was—only the police and the F.B.I. don't know it!"

"Little love," I plead, "you're giving me monster-sized polka-dotted collywobbles! Let's talk about something else . . . you, for instance."

"Yeah, let's talk about me! How much will you give me, Duke, for not turning you in to the fuzz?!"

Is Brotherly Love a Form of Sodomy?

These are the days of brotherhood. Love your fellow-man. I heard one guy say that—real sincere he was, too—and the very next day he up and killed his wife with a dull hatchet. He pleaded insanity . . . said he mistook her for a chicken. Well, it could be. Or doesn't fellowman include fellow-woman? A bit perplexing. Now frankly I could never love professional politicians, especially the Bobby Kennedy type who have had everything going for them, in a caviar and ermine way, since nine months before they were born, yet who still lack the quality of humility. But I'm fair, I'm equitable—I give curly-locks Bobby free permission not to love me. And you for instance take Adolf Schickelgruber (ne Hitler)—there was a fellow-man I would never have gone up to and flung my arms around his neck—not unless I had a switchblade in one hand. But as a theoretical ideal, loving your fellow-man is OK and I'm making great strides toward achieving this admirable attitude. In fact I already whole-heartedly and without the slightest reservation whatsoever love my fellow-boys . . . that is, if they let me, and nobody's looking!

Amar

Since I met Amar my only reading, extremely belletristic, is from the bright lexicon of this particular youth who in turn is eager peruser in pictorial sense of female nudist magazines—his public library in which hotly he studies culo and erica . . . erica being "cunt" in the courtly language of Ferdinand and Isabella.

And this afternoon I am watching an officious robin who intrudes his red breast into the business of bees and gets his tongue stung, when there comes that leitmotif'd light tap on the door and Amar frivols in, jumps upon me, hugs in the manner of bears, commands me to kiss him quick 'cause his nose itches and I'm the only fool in sight!

"Crica!" cries my hyssop-eyed darling in bedroom, snatching up the new monthlied monthly I proffer, begins to devour it with omnivorous orbs while my teeth fasten on his pants zipper-tab, draw down, my nostrils vibrant with the fragrance of sweet clover rising from the opening, and my invasive tongue tastes warm cotton, slips through aperture in cloth, nuzzles farther to shiver against hardening moist membrane . . . and my lips learn anew the lore of an ancient art as I engage in conspicuous consumption of the boy's sumptuous cock, sugary sweetmeat to my carnivorous fancy. But just as his rocketing sensation-gauge signals his boiler is about to blow its top, Amar casts sirenic magazine aside, shoves me off him, vociferates: "Don't make me shoot now, Duke—I need to take a shower!" And hotspur tantalizer is gone leaving me with rebuffed jaws still widely agape and my metabolism catabolising into shrieking cellular hara-kiri.

Eons later the boy returns, sanitary young swashbuckler brandishing his naked weapon in amorous duello challenge as he tumbles into bed, at once taking up his textbook of nauseous au naturel female anatomy. Consumed by funeral pyres of jealous envy which turn my eyes green, I lie beside him while he shows me pictured girl's culo which especially excites, kisses it, licks its printed likeness with slavering pink tongue, brings his bumptious bicho against it, fucks wildly until I tear him away from his depicted desire and sip up the preliminary penis-dribble that has been evoked from his swollen meatus.

"Are you blind?" I cry. "Are you mad? There isn't a female culo in the entire magazine that can match yours for beauty!"

"My culo isn't beautiful!" he rages, flailing at me with furious fists.

"Little jerk, how can you judge who've never seen its loveliness at closest range, as I have! A woman's butt is invariably too big, too flabby, too unshapely ever to be termed lovely, merely a posterior continuation of her wide ungainly hips—not her fault, of course, but that's beside the point. Little one, did you know that a girl who goes to these so-called "charm schools" is taught never to face a man directly, for head-on her monstrous hips give the poor guy the impression of a looming fifty-ton tank about to run him down! No, let the truth proclaim itself unashamed—boys' culos are the most lovely of all culos and yours is undisputed leader of the rear!"

"W-a-a-a-h! Don't say that—I'll go home and never come back!"

I fall back in resigned defeat. The boy has been swamped by years of female-oriented propaganda that now is probably ineradicably rooted. When I fit myself between his thighs to worship his tempting devil's advocate, he coos with delight and rises to meet me . . . yet am I not merely a substitutive buccal twat to him, that voodoo vagina with which all masculine boys are inordinately obsessed, and are not his enthusiastic thrusts into me inspired by the vulvas he sees displayed in all their grisly detail in that nudist rag he clutches? Ah, well, let him cling to his erroneous dogma—for here and now only I possess him and all others, female or whatever, must impatiently wait, must bide their frustrate time.

Sensitive to my mood, Amar with beguiling smile leans on my chest, rubs his plethoric pudendum invitingly against my flank . . . but first he must confirm his victory. "Come on, Duke, admit my culo is ugly!"

"I'll admit I've never seen a prettier one!"

I get a stinging slap on my cheek that arouses the slumbering masochist in me. Expectantly, hopefully I turn the other cheek but the boy's hand is now beneath my chin, tipping my head back. "Duke, would you like a nice hot soul-kiss that'll make you think you got hit by a truck?"

"Yes!"

"Then say: 'My culo is ugly!'"

"My culo is ugly!"

"Not yours! I know yours is! I'm talking about mine!"

I bristle at this negation of an eternal verity but my ultra-vivified libido turns my tongue traitor . . . I would thumbs-down even the sanctity of momhood for a soul-kiss from Amar. "Yes, baby," I surrender. "It is indeed ugly."

"You mean it? You're not just saying it?"

"I swear!" I vow solemnly, crossing my out-of-his-sight fingers.

Bending, the mollified boy presses his soft baguette mouth to mine, twangs my lips with gusto'd busses, pries within to kiss my teeth and my hysteria'd tongue, sucks tongue into his mouth and drowns it in his saliva. Now I become the aggressor and embrace his sweet tremulous lips with such tenderly brutal ardency that soon they are red as welling blood, and sighing into my mouth he again prods my side with his fleche penis as reminder that Time and an aroused Prick wait for no man. Swiftly I caress down his smooth torso to his loins, underneath to lip piqué perineum and testy testes, seize his two-kernelled shell between my nutcracker teeth, extract the meaty richness by osmosis, then up to the latent bone, that groinal bump of curiosity that has climbed to vertiginous heights to see what's going on. And lick its hard glossed column from base to frenum while the boy's body jackknives in his efforts to get his glans between my lips, finally tipping it in with his forefinger, and pushing on my head with urgent hands he jabs deep into my mouth. "Close your teeth more!" he directs and I comply, hold him inside me, letting him

do all the work for I know that now Amar, eyes closed, has forgotten my existence. He is with a girl, she is on top of him, he is driving hotly into her very depths . . . and to aid the illusion I bring my tongue hard against the underside of his rapacious member, contract the walls of my cheeks. Soon the boy begins to make deep throaty purring sounds as the ripples of pleasure commence to course through his body and he shifts his feet, gaining firmer purchase on the bedsheet to move yet more forcibly. My lips pressing into his sweaty pubic lace, suddenly his vigorous boy-part roughly surges past my uvula, knocks peremptorily against the back of my throat, and with one last frenzied lunge the boy screams: "Oh, Margarita! Margarita!" and I feel the gush of wet warmth flood my mouth, breathlessly swill his up-pouring semen with pearls-before-swine grunty greediness.

When I have strip-teased him of the last of his ineffable predigested food, I crawl up beside the boy and impale him with stern eye. "Small one, who in five-alarm hell is Margarita?" I don't object to acting as female-substitute now and then, but realism can be carried too far!

Blushing like a technicolor sunset, Amar's placative hand moves down to cosset my crestfallen unvirility. "Did I say her name, Duke? I'm sorry!"

"But who is she?"

"Margarita's a new girl in my English class—from Mexico or somewhere."

"And you like her?"

"Well, I think about her. You know, when I'm with you and we're—" He fixes anxious perse eyes on mine. "You don't mind, do you, Duke? I mean, thinking about her helps me to come off quick."

"I don't mind," I say, I have to say, what else can I say? "Think of whom you like—as long as you're with me!"

His importuning hand moving faster, the boy presses closer. "Duke, let me look at your mouth!" he surprisingly demands.

I present my lips, still slightly vanilla'd with his creamy penile purée. He inspects them with the deep absorption of a careful comparison-shopper. "Wouldn't it be awful," he calamities presently, "if when I finally do get into a girl I find out your mouth is better than her crica!"

The Burning Bush

Marriage is a unique experience—like death or castration. Saint Paul said: "It is better to marry than to burn," and could be he knew what he was talking about. But is it better to marry and still to burn?

You lovers of women, and especially husbands, how enormously I don't envy you! But don't feel bad about your lack of discrimination, it's not your fault—that old bat Mother Nature is to blame! And I must admit your kind are necessary in the scheme of things, essential particularly to me, for where will I get boys if you heteros don't keep batting them out! I don't know (though I suspect) how you feel about me, but I am very well disposed toward you so I will tender you a bit of advice you'll no doubt ignore. As a hetero you will certainly have been deluged with sly propaganda put out by marriage counselors, sexologists and such that the primrose path to a happy marriage, emotional satisfaction and complete sexual gratification is through oral stimulation of the female genitals by the male—even if she doesn't reciprocate! I don't accuse you of doing that, understand, but if the thought is lurking in your mind I would just like to call to your attention that most women use a vaginal douche solution to keep themselves "dainty down there"—manifestly a case of the improbable impossible—and these solutions usually contain, among other alarming ingredients, the appalling following: berberine salts—a bitter alkaloid; alum—an astringent aluminum sulfate; and phenol—plain old suicidal carbolic acid! I leave it to you to imagine how seared and suffering your lips, tongue, gums and buccal precincts will be after even the shortest bout of bushworking! On the other hand, of course, if you're a masochist. . . !

Randy

Randy is Randolph and Randolph is randy. His lithe young body is muscled and boned perfection in rose nude and his bouffant pricklet is high priestlet in the rites of Eros. Tonight he is with me and after I have iconoclastically reduced his 'tweenthighed temple to phoenix ruin we discuss a much too elaborate collation (considering subsequent events) for he casually informs me he wants fifty dollars, but instanter. I ask if he is in trouble of some kind and he replies he is not, he just wants to make a down payment on a motorcycle. Scenting complications, I rejoin that if he needed shoes or an overcoat or some other necessity, I would be happy to help out, but I certainly am not subsidising a luxury like a motorcycle. Randy hands me an unlauded look and declares that either he gets the fifty or the fuzz get a detailed account of my criminous activities with him . . . and he being only 15, they are positive to be apprehendingly interested. I reply that of course he can fink if he is so ungrateful as to forget that I have ever paid and overpaid him promptly for his services, abundantly fed him on each visit, besides frequently gifting him with small items he fancied he couldn't do without. Also, I continue, if he turns me in there is apt to be almost as much undesirable publicity for him as for me, his parents may not be entirely convinced that he has been the wide-eyed innocent in our association, his young friends of both sexes are sure to deride him for playing around with queers, possibly concluding he gave as good as he got, and undoubtedly he will lose his other customers when they learn about his perfidy. Randy creases his brow and bites his lips, mulling over these unforeseen disadvantages, weighing this against that, balancing pro against con, yea versus nay. At length he cracks his knuckles loudly, essays a feeble smile and subduedly requests another glass of coke which I give him, and hiding his flushed face behind it he asks me to forget about the fifty dollars, skip it, pay it no mind

. . . and should he come over at the same time tomorrow? My response is somewhat refrigerative and indicates that he should teach his errant feet to transport him swiftly past my door hereafter, for his absence is now more desirable than his presence and will make my heart grow fonder of him as he was. Having for once the grace to feel complete embarrassment, Randy confusedly departs and I watch his slender appeal until he is out of sight, almost but not quite shedding Niobe tears from a heart not stone . . . for never was there a boy so randy as Randy!

Amar

Boys are exhilarating brandywine--drink them, and sobriety and morals depart on an extended vacation. And certain star-shine lads are Undine and Urolagnia, merged in Aquarius the water-bearer, eleventh sign of the Zodiac. Boy-water is virtually mead or sparkling honey-wine since it possesses the characteristic oriental topaz tint, distinctive flavor and bouquet, and a pronounced degree of effervescence. It should always be imbibed at body temperature and is at its savory best quaffed directly from the "bottle," which sometimes can be taken entirely within the mouth. There is, of course, no tedious bother about uncapping the fleshly flask nor are there the slightest traces of sediment or lees, and it is probably the cheapest beverage on the market—either costing nothing at all or its price being included in the charge for the regular penis table d'hôte. It quickly inebriates—but not in the usual sense for it produces no hangover, and has therapeutic values whose wide extent has not yet been defined by medical science. However, in decanting this unusual liqueur from exceedingly high-pressured youngsters, care must be exercised in preparing oneself for their zestful champagne-cork eruption.

Tonight, while patterned moon-shapes blend with soft lamplight to spangle our nuptial couch, Amar has studiously plied his lead-heavy stylus on the palimpsest of my tongue until in scrawled confusion the lead breaks in erasible cacoethes scribendi. Presently the boy says: "Now I gotta go to the bathroom."

"Why?" I inquire, lazily surfeit yet still famished. "For the up-seat or the down-seat maneuver?"

"What? Oh, the up-seat."

Amar shoves a golden leg out of bed and suddenly overwhelmed anew by his sensual syllabary evoking syncopic ohs! and ahs! from my tumultuous libido, I seek more of this Circean boy's irresistible delights and hotly I whisper my further lust into his coriander ear.

"No!" the boy instantly vehemens. "I don't like to do that!" "Then you've done it before?"

"No, but I know I won't like it!"

"Small one, be conservative in politics but never in passion. Be kind—give unto me!"

"No, no, no!"

"My sweet obdurate, reflect before you refuse! No more cold floors to chill your tender little feet, no more stubbing your pretty toes against the furniture in the dark, no more bothersome go-and-return or adjusting of toilet-seat which is never in the position you want it to be, no more shaking your succulent spigot to extract the last drops, no more flushing! Instead you lie back in comfort and let me do all the work!"

"But it can't taste good so why do you want it?"

"I want it because it is a piscina distillation that began with some mundane fluid magicked by touching your allegoried lips and stylized tongue, that travelled down your alhambresque throat and circulated through your charmeuse body until it came to rest in your velutinous bladder awaiting the summons to go out into the cold cruel world, callously consigned to insensitive plumbing, to unappreciative drains and sewers. I wish to pay merited homage to your so common yet so rare bijouteried elixir —that's why I'm eager for your precious boy-piss!"

"W-a-a-a-h! I don't like you to say `piss'! Say `orina'!" And I learn a new word in the decorously indecorous language of Pizzaro. Soon I shall be bilingual—or unable to utter a sound!

"Orina it is and ever shall be, my humid darling, fluid of the first water—especially the flavescent spume which you now ache to get rid of and which is my consuming desire because it is yours, because you have made it! An ineffable gift to receive, yet it is an insignificant one to bestow—so do not be selfish. You have always been appetizingly edible, now be refreshingly drinkable!"

"W-a-a-a-h! I let you talk me out of everything! You bastard, why am I so good to you?!"

"Because you have a heart twice as big as your bicho! Come, you said you had to go, so go . . . here, lying down at your sybaritic ease!"

"But I can't do it lying down, Duke! I've got an awful bone-on already—just thinking about it!"

"Then kneel above me, spread your knees so I can get between them. That's it." I ease back the foreskin so the flow will be unimpeded, take the warm little plum within my parched mouth.

The boy frowns down on me. "Just hold it there, Duke, 'cause if you start licking or anything I'll get harder than ever!"

I nod, passively possess his distended font-head as he gazes off into the distance, contracting his belly-muscles, small body tense with concentration on letting down his xanthine effluence.

One minute, two minutes, three. "I can't do it, Duke! I got to go real bad but I can't make it start—I'm still too stiff!" Tant pis! I administer soft priming kisses to the obstinate spout, then gentle as butterflies' caresses twist and turn and manipulate the pettish little petcock.

"You're making me harder than ever, Duke! Maybe if I get up, like I was standing over the toilet-bowl . . ."

I relinquish the vial of delight and the boy stands, straddles me, his fingers grasping his stubborn pistol, now even more inspissate than before.

"Close your eyes, baby," I counsel, "and think of waterfalls and castle walls and snowy summits old in story—oops! wrong quote! Imagine babbling brooks and purling streams, precipitation probabilities and swish-swash of surf upon the shore, headwaters of the Nile and backwaters of the Amazon; think of leaky waterproofs and gurgling waterworks, of faucets dripping and pipes bursting, of ebb of tides and dams inundating, breaking . . . flow gently, sweet Afton!"

"Go on talking, Duke!" the boy murmurs. "It feels like it's beginning to come down."

"Think," I continue in singsong liquid tones, "visualize and hear bathtubs overflowing and filled pitchers spilling, drip-drip-drip and patter-plink-tinkle of rain on the roof, rivers winding

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to the sea and burble of freshets, rivulets and rills, ocean waves and hiss of showers and cascade of cloudbursts, spray of hoses on summer lawns and plish-plash of crystal fountains in the dew-drenched morn, canals and waterways and flooded dikes seeping over their banks in s-s-s-slow, s-s-s-steady, s-s-s-sibilant sprinkle sprinkle sprinkle sprinkle sprinkle . . ."

"Now, Duke, now!" Amar suddenly exclaims, falling to his knees once again to urgently insert his velvet glans between my lips . . . and lightly clasping the phallic sheath I feel an interior ripple course through its length and then there is a splatter of wet against my tongue and another, and now the boy strains to hold back his effusion while I explore this new intimate essence of Amar. Its flavor is of sea and sun, of salt and a warm piquancy—then another burst of the jonquil tincture is released and though loath to swallow the tasty exudate, I am forced to do so to make room for the increasing flux. And my tongue, my uvula, my very taste buds cavort in the gambolling waters, swim, float, dive and drown in the blithesome deluge. Then gradually the turbulence diminishes, becomes a dribble, ceases and my stroking fingers solicit the last holdout drops remaining.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" I say when my pissculture is completed.

A smiling boy squats down beside me, wipes my mouth with his fingers, wipes his fingers on my chest. "I didn't think it would be so nice! I even liked it, sort of. And as you said, it's very convenient. Uh . . . Duke?"

"Yes, baby?" I dreamily reply, still tipping in retrospect. "I still gotta go to the bathroom."

"So go, dear heart."

"Well, but I was just thinking that if you liked my orina so much, maybe you'd like my . . . my—" His sudden blush is redder than lobsters copulating.

I sit up in delayed startled comprehension. Here indeed is an unselfish lad—though now somewhat too bountiful! Gently, tactfully I decline his magnanimous offer for I am not now nor ever have been taken with the dubious joys of coprolagnia; that is one privy pleasure I shall continue to deny myself. Number Two on the lecher's bill-of-fare may have appealed to such indiscriminates as the sadistic Marquis but such is not for me—too many unpredictable and noisome bacterial-chemical changes, for one thing; not to mention diarrhea and dysentery and physicked unaestheticisms, fecestiously speaking!

"I'm glad you don't want it," approves Amar, tumbling out of bed, 'cause if you took that then I'd never let you kiss me again!"

The Egregious Misrepresentative

Religio Pueri

Now I got a big gripe to gripe about female novelists and short-story writers who, if not lesbian themselves, are lesbian-oriented in naming their protagonists—especially the invariably dewy-eyed, ethereally lovely maiden who probably at that very moment has a gore-soaked granny rag fixed between her tender thighs! Long before *The Well of Loneliness* was published, these odd female scribblers have been producing reams of fiction in which the hero and heroine are cognominally indistinguishable. Possibly as an attempt to sublimate or conceal their penisprepuce-semen lack, they call their heroines Stephen or Leslie and their heroes Leslie or Stephen in maddening ambiguity—these particular names now denoting either sex. For example, too often you will come across a passage like this: Stephen pressed yearning lips upon Leslie's opening mouth!—and unless you've paid strict attention to the foregoing gender-identification of the characters, you're now in an impenetrable fog. Did Stephen the man kiss Leslie the girl? Or did Stephen the man kiss Leslie the man or boy? Or did Stephen the man or woman or boy or girl kiss Leslie the quadruple likewise? Or did Stephen the girl or boy or woman or man kiss Leslie the dog or cat or goat or whatever? Or vice versa? As you can readily see, the variations are infinite. So I would recommend to all you sapphic women who put pen to manuscript: Name your males an unmistakable Bill or Bartholomew and your females an uncompromising Helen or Elaine so there can be no possible misunderstanding. Let's have an abrupt end to your sexual obscurantism and coy switching of crack and cock—the literary medium is hardly the place to display your consuming envy of the male!

Religio Pueri

A man who kneels may be praying or weeding a garden or hunting the elusive cuff link or even uxoriously scrubbing a floor—all worthy enough endeavors. Yet do not condemn the man who kneels in sincere worship before the altar of the boy-god—for this too is worthy, and consonant with the human condition. And only the uninitiated and blindly bigoted and denying fearful will impute dishonor to his devout posture—unknowing that the boy-god is the most well-disposed and generously rewarding of all the deities!

Amar

When the orgasm has come and the ejaculation is gone and other delights are done and Amar insists he must go . . . arrives then the time for payment and the boy and I haggle like two maniac Armenian money-changers.

"Three dollars!" I offer.

"Ten!" he scowls.

"Three dollars and fifteen cents and two chocolate-covered marshmallows!"

"Screw your chocolate-covered marshmallows!"

"That'd be difficult, they're not deep enough."

"Gimme fifteen dollars . . . and the marshmallows!" Amar demands.

"Three dollars and twenty cents and four choc-" "Twenty dollars!"

"Baby, why do you keep going up in price! You're supposed to come down a little, meet me halfway!"

"You wrote a book so you're rich and can afford it! Twenty-five dollars!"

"I'm not rich and the book is very apt to land, me in prison!" "OK, so I'll come visit you and give it to you through the bars!"

"That would be peachy if we could get away with it, which we couldn't. But back to business . . . three dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Jeez, Gallo always gave me five!"

"And he promised you an electric guitar and a mandolin but did you ever get them?"

"No! The bastard!"

"And you told me he was seldom home so that you saw him only three times . . . that's a total of fifteen dollars. But you see me nearly every day so you have a steady income even if I don't pay you as much as Gallo did. Right?"

"Don't mix me up! Thirty dollars!"

I prolong the delightful bargaining, delaying him, exasperating him while I caress the heatedly indignant, still naked boy. Finally, furiously he flings on his clothes, drinks a quart of milk, eats all the chocolate-covered marshmallows and seventeen Frig Newtons . . . and contentedly,

happily, kissily, huggily departs with four dollars!

That One Permitted Phone Call

Hello? Is this FUtterfield 8-1313? May I speak to Mr. Lynch, please? Thank you. (Somebody Up There, let him be in! Let him not be chasing ambulances or blonde co-respondents!) Hello, Mr. Lynch? Mr. John J. Lynch, the celebrated criminal lawyer? Yes? You're not related to the late unlamented sadist Judge Lynch, are you? Grandson or something? No? Good! My name is Casikahz Dumir . . . uh, Casduk Mirkahz . . . sorry, Mr. Lynch, you'll have to forgive me as I'm understandably a bit nervous under the circumstances. My name is Casimir Dukahz and you don't know me but I've heard a great deal about you and I'm badly in need of your professional services. No, I'm not exactly in jail—I'm calling from a police precinct here in midtown Manhattan. I don't know the address but the number of this phone I'm using is DUrance 1-9999.

No, I don't think I'm under arrest yet—they're still busy writing up the charges or something—but all around me there are handcuffs and pistols and nightsticks and ominous clanking sounds from out back somewhere so I suppose it's just a matter of minutes before I'll be put away. Yes, they've advised me of my rights and to contact a lawyer which is why I'm calling you. What did I do? I didn't do anything! What was that? That's what they all say? Who all say that? Oh, I see . . . but in my case it happens to be true. (Shoo! Get away!) Excuse me, Mr. Lynch, I wasn't talking to you—there's this ugly hound who I think belongs to the desk-sergeant and he, the dog, keeps snuffling at my left pants-leg like he intends to go to the bathroom on it! You'd think he'd be precinct-broken but you can never tell about these police dogs—they seem to be a law unto themselves! Oh, yes, why am I here? Well, it being such a hot afternoon I went into this air-conditioned movie to cool off, but it was so dark inside I had to positively grope my way down the aisle, no lights anywhere and the screen dark too because the film had broken or whatever, and not hide nor hair of an usher, you might know! And I'm feeling around searching for an empty seat, at last locate one and sit down, and when the picture starts again and there's a little illumination I see there's a boy of about 14 sitting next to me but I don't pay him any mind because I am immediately engrossed in the double-feature: Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and Little Women.

And that proves right there that if I like films such as those two which are all about girls, then I'd hardly go around making passes at boys! What? Oh, yes, that's one of the charges they're bringing against me—interfering with a minor male, or is it a male minor? NO! No, indeed, I wasn't interfering with him! See, it was like this—after a while I began to get a bit hungry so I thought some popcorn would taste good, but my foot had gone to sleep and it takes forever to wake it up so I asked this kid next to me if he'd mind getting me some popcorn and whatever he wanted for himself if I gave him the money, and he said "Sure!" And he came back with a candy bar and pop for himself and a jumbo bag of popcorn for me which I told him to put between his legs when he sat down so it would be convenient for us both to dip into. That was a very generous impulse on my part, I think—I mean, the kid has his candy and pop but still I was big-hearted enough to share my popcorn with him, too. What? Why did I tell him to put the bag between his legs? Well, that seemed the logical place for a bag to be and besides he had the pop in one hand and the candy bar in the other and since he's only got two hands . . . What did you say? Why didn't I hold the popcorn? Because I thought the boy would feel more free to eat as much as he wanted if he had it. Another instance of how thoughtful I was! Anyway, we were eating and enjoying the picture and all when suddenly there's this absolute searchlight of a

flashlight shining on us and some woman dressed in a white uniform starts screaming at the top of her lungs: "What are you doing in the children's section! Why is your hand in that boy's pants, you monster!"

(Beat it, you mutt!) No, Mr. Lynch, I don't mean you! There's another dog, a dachshund this time who belongs to the Chief of Detectives, I'm told, and he's staring at my shoes and wrinkling his nose, for which I can't blame him—when they brought me over here I must have stepped in more dog-shit than there are dogs in the entire state!

What? Oh, yes, this yelling troublemaker turns out to be the matron who keeps on shrieking until the manager comes running up and a big crowd collects and somebody sends for the police and they yank me out of my seat and the boy gets up too and then, then I notice he hasn't a single button on his fly—you hardly ever see buttons anyway on flies nowadays, everything is zippers which in my opinion is not really an improvement— I mean, you never used to hear of somebody getting painfully caught on a button, did you? Then I see the kid isn't wearing any shorts either and plain as day you can . . . well, you could see it before that spoilsport matron fastened his pants together with a safety-pin! What? No, I did not have my hand in his fly, not even my fingertips! Oh, I may have dropped some popcorn in that vicinity and picked them up off his pants—the price they charge for movie popcorn nowadays you don't like to waste even a single kernel! But that's all I did—an economical gesture, you might say, yet everybody insists on trying to make a sodomitical case out of it! What's that? Were there any fresh semen-stains on the boy's pants? Now listen, Mr. Lynch, I resent that! Of course there weren't! I didn't spend fifty cents and more on the kid just to have him go off on his . . . I mean: No semen-stains! Or if there were, then they were old ones for which I can hardly be held responsible. What does the boy say? (Scram, you overgrown flea-farm!) Oh, excuse me, Mr. Lynch, that remark wasn't intended for you! There's an Irish wolfhound or a small horse that's bothering me now! Good Lord, the whole damn town is getting to be an overpopulated dog-pound! Oh, hell! He's squirting on my leg and I don't dare say anything because he's the pet of the Police Commissioner himself!

A thousand pardons, Mr. Lynch, I regret the digression. What I was going to say is that the boy practically substantiated my story in every particular—he told them he was so wrapped up in Rebecca and Little Women that he didn't notice anything unusual happening—and certainly you'd think he would have noticed if I'd had my hand where that moronic matron said I had it! Well, I believe I've told you everything and you can readily see I'm obviously as innocent as . . . What? There's something you feel I should know? I do hope you'll take my case, Mr. Lynch, as I used the one phone call they allowed me to contact you and I'll pay whatever you ask, within reason. Now what is it you feel I should know? What? I didn't get that? WHAT? You're unable to help me because you were disbarred this morning for bribing a judge!! Now you tell me! (Get away from me, you mangy cur!)

Amar

Amar has made my life legendary, he has reconstituted me into the stuff of heroes, I am a body and spirit transformed . . . though on occasion he transmogrifies me into craven coward whose soulless, spiritless body is steeped in the Slough of Despond.

"I suppose," I say wistfully, one montaged evening of moonlight and starshine as I caress the pure gold of Amar's hair illegalling my pillow, "that you have had many . . . admirers?"

"Lotsa guys've blown me but I don't know that they admired me," replies my deprecativ matter-of-fact love.

"How could they not!" I extol. "Admirable Amar, than whom there is no one more whom!"

"Well, you know, Duke, to some guys you're just a piecea meat—but as long as they paid me it didn't make no difference to me."

I quail at this practical, hard-headed philosophy. At least the boy is honest about his past and as far as I know, he never lies to me though perhaps I would have preferred more reticence or even prevarication. Impelled now by the need to know—knowledge that may my reason totter and mind unseat—I stammer: "When . . . when was the first time you had sex with anyone?"

"I forget."

Ye gods and little hustlers! Thirteen-year-old Amar can't remember! As if he were 60 and trying to recall a casual kiss at 16! "You can't have forgotten! Surely everyone remembers his first sexual experience!"

"Lemme see," he ponders, putting finger to brow. "I think . . . um, yeah, it was when I was about 6 or 7."

Saints preserve us! Six or 7! Ah, well, it could have been worse—he might have confessed having affairs in the cradle! "With a man?" I falter.

"No, with a girl about 9."

I feel somewhat comforted yet still perturbed. "Did you do anything back?"

"Just looked at her underneath her skirt. Well, she wore black bloomers I hadda pull down before I could see anything—and that wasn't much, just a fold of skin, like, and I wasn't even int'ested then. Now . . . !" He gives vent to a piercing wolf-whistle that ricochets evilly about my ears.

"And when was the next . . . incident?"

"When I was 10, with another boy. He went down on me but I didn't do nothing back, except I

slugged him.”

“Why?” I say, shocked. “He gave you pleasure, got nothing in return—yet you hit him!”

“Well, see, he had glasses on and while he was doing it they dug into my belly and hurt me. There wasn't nobody after that until I was 12, almost 13 and could come off. Then there was one after another.”

“How . . . many?” I dismal.

Amar begins to count on his fingers—four, six, eight, ten. Starts over—twelve, fifteen, eighteen! “Twenty or so, I guess,” he reckons.

My brain seems to be stuffed with cold, overcooked oatmeal. Zounds! He has made a public utility out of his private parts!

“That's the guys I saw more than one time,” the boy mercilessly adds. “I can't remember how many had me just once.”

“They must have been fools! To have had you once is to be hopelessly smitten! How can they have enjoyed you only once?”

“Well, they was mostly tourists down here on vacation and prob'ly didn't have the time.” I change the subject lest my charring brain shrivel to complete crisp in its hell-fired pan. Yet there is some consolation in the thought that with oversexed lads like Amar, boysexuals are early even more indispensable than females to tame the feral drive of their precocious animal maleness, thus keeping them on a comparatively straight and narrow path to avoid disastrous collisions with established authority.

I look at him and marvel. He presents a picture of complete and irrefragable innocence, of the angel child unsullied by even the hint of crude passion, natural or perverse—his prematurely developed experience has left no trace. Yet beneath that lovely, so youthful façade the knowledge is there, the acceptance of lust and perhaps the reciprocating of it, at least with me. But the seeming is the all and I rejoice in his counterfeit purity, in the perfect mask of innocence that so becomes him, that he wears with such authenticity.

The boy raises small troubled face to me. “Duke?”

“What is it, my little blue eyes?”

“You don't mind about them others, do you? I never saw them alone like I do you—always with another kid. And I never let them kiss me or even look at my culo.”

“I don't mind . . . too much.” There is no necessity to forgive and I shall strive to forget. Can one forget to draw breath!

“And I don't see none of 'em any more,” the boy says with solemn sincerity. “Now there's just

you!"

"I'm overwhelmed to hear it!" I say—and I will attempt to believe it.

"Cause you're not just another guy I go to bed with—you're my friend!"

I am his friend! Heartwarming to know . . . but how many rivals wait in the offing, each a subtle Mephistopheles tempting this so junior Faust (Thy sweet body sell . . . and the world is thine!). And what of Amar himself? Despite his sincere protestations to the contrary, is he even now hoping for, thinking of, looking for someone younger, better-looking, richer, less demanding than I?

Paradise Lost

Lately I repaired to my sawbones
for a checkup—nothing
really the matter except the
usual unavoidable occupational
sore throat and battered
uvula. And I stuck out my l
istless tongue and said "Ah!"
and kicked healthily when MD
hit below knee with his ball-
peen hammer; and he declared
I'm in good condition for the
condition I'm in but I'd
best lay off the fair sex for a
spell and take a nice long
restorative vacation. And
appreciating to the fullest
this irony that approaches
deranged dementia I smother my
hilarity and go hence. And
there being a reform wave
obtaining—a new I Am The
Mayor or some such animal—
the customary boy-haunts are
deserted, the lads having gone
so far underground they are
practically in China, which I
understand is no longer Sodom-
oriented. And there being
no possibility of reform in
me (one might easier teach
the sun not to shine!) I
decide to follow the quack's
advice and seek a more per-
missive clime, specifically
a capital city much rumored
about among the homintern.
And I jet there and check
into a small hotel on the
fringe of the red-light dis-
trict, and before I am even
unpacked I answer a knock
and there is a venerable
white-bearded elder with both
eyes and all fingers crossed

who inquires would I mayhap
be interested in a talented
very young boy who knows no
English except the word "Yes!"
And wiping the excess saliva
that is flooding my lips, I
nod and slip him a kopeck or
a drachma at which he fades
away in a cloud of kif. Ten
minutes later a soft tap low
down on my door and a six-year-
old or immature seven gap-
toothed grins at me and
puts grubby hand on my
blushables. But I dismiss
him with a franc or a
dinar, pinning to his shirt
a note to his pimp to send
me a lad twice his age or
at least nubile, for I am
not—like Shelley or was
it Keats?—desirous of
being infamously interred
in an alien land. And soon
for a third time my busy
door is knuckled and I admit
a junior adolescent with a
picotee carnation face and
a nicely sprung fly and at
once I entangle my itchy
digits in his insouciant
curls and draw him close and
he sighs a con amore moan
into my mouth and slides an
adroit hand between my thighs
and wriggles out of his raiment
exposing a slim brown body
all desire's definition, and
we gravity to bed where his
finesse in amour exceeds even
my Mach 5 imagination. And
the next morning I daze
down to the U. S. Embassy
and state my firm determination
to renounce my dull Yankee citizenship and
become a legal resident of
this so puer-perfect land.

And the official who hears
my petition cocks a bright
aficionado eye at me and
blithely states that there
is a waiting-list 37 miles
long and he suggests I apply
again in the year 2069!

Amar

I am not in church on this splendid summer Sunday noon, yet I attend a temple of worship. A bed is my pew, my sermon has derived from two small stones, I am joyous hymnal as I clasp closer the edifying little minister. Reverently I nuzzle his neck, his chin and above, labial beast seeking labial beauty.

"I don't like you to kiss me on the mouth any more!" the boy wails, breaking the sacerdotal spell.

"Why not?"

"Because your breath is bad!"

By the seven lower strata of Hades, what is this? How can my breath be offensive! All my digestive organs function perfectly; my other interior components—from tonsils to lower colon—are salutarily sanitary; I have no decayed teeth—can dentures decay, for Christ's sake! Furthermore, I keep my damned dental china meticulously clean and gargle with assorted mouth-washes at the rate of bottles per week. What, then. . . ?

"Your breath smells of tobacco!" Amar elaborates, seeing my look of baffled consternation.

Need I relate that I quit smoking from that moment? It was easy, ridiculously simple. I merely weighed two fresh, sweet, warm young boy-lips, quiveringly responsive, against a stinking, expensive, messy, unhealthful, fire-hazardous coffin nail that scorched my mouth into a bed of cold, consumed, clinkered coals . . . my tongue and taste buds so smoke-charred they no longer could register the full savory delight of kisses, sperm, orina and lesser food and drink.

You might ponder this thought a little—to love a felicitied, fastidious lad may save your life, or at least a lung or two!

The Bashful Procurer

More than any other state, Georgia has affected my love-life of late. I can't think why it should—I am not a Rebel by sympathy, conviction or geography. Are the Fates trying to tell me something I'm too dense to comprehend?

Graham is a Georgia cracker who has an accent so Deep South that his speech drips magnolias and popskull moonshine in fruit-jars. He is 16, has an attractive but battered face from too many childhood lost battles, and a body I assume is comely from the beguiling way it shapes his garments—for I have never seen it in the buff. Graham, in brief, does not vend himself . . . he sells other boys, offering a personalized service surely unique in pimpdom. The Considerate Procurer, he is ever alert to insure that his little charges are not underpaid or over-sucked or their fragile young dignities violated. Hetero pimps, please copy! Last week Graham brought me Caleb, a fiery lad flaming to sexually oblige me, and immediately I begin to quench his holocaustic torch of love while Graham looks on, clapping his hands, stamping his feet, wolf-whistling piercingly, and shouting purple encouragement plus steaming suggestions concerning ingenious variations of customary courtship procedure. And when Caleb and I are at last limply satiate, Graham goes to the kitchen and prepares an invigorating snack which he brings to the bed and while we eat he compliments me fulsomely on my bedability. Then seeing me still in a post-Caleb daze he painlessly extracts his fee, bids the younger boy kiss me goodbye, and they hence to whore elsewhere.

And now on this fish-redolent Friday night Graham appears, greets me politely, says I am looking well though a little horny, and brings out his order-book. Actually this volume is a cookbook borrowed from his mother, clever camouflage in case of curious inspection, and bears the appropriate title: Tasty Dishes Easily Made; and alongside recipes for Cream Eclairs or Cherry Delight, efficient Graham has jotted down the names of his proteges, one boy to each page.

"How are you fixed for the weekend?" he inquires, wetting his pencil.

I ruminate. Saturday afternoon there's Shelby, and Saturday evening there's Patrick, after Confession. "I could use something flavorful on Sunday afternoon," I opine.

Graham riffles through the pages of his stud-book, pausing at Chocolate Brownies. "How about Deanie? He's a real Sunday sundae-13, black hair, blue eyes, big whang with overcoat, never been mounted but he might let you open him up! Should I bring him over about two o'clock?"

Swallowing hard to keep my Adam's apple from bouncing out of my mouth, I mumble: "You do that!"

At 2:15 on Sunday they arrive, Deanie a cute, squirming, giggling little bundle from heaven with flesh like satin fire and a pricklet stiff as a pointer's tail and almost as long, and soon he contrives to be under and on top of me at the same time. Then as he turns over he hits his nose against my elbow and begins to bleed profusely. I sit him in a chair, give him towel-wrapped ice

cubes to press beneath his nose, put an ice-bag on the back of his neck. And inflamed by my unconsummated contact with Deanie I hop back into bed, crook my social finger at Graham and pant: "Since Deanie is temporarily hors d'amour, come hither and take his place!" But Graham turns paler than an albino's condom then crimsons to the flammatory dream of a frustrated incendiary and dashes out the door! One is ever being delightfully astounded . . . a shy pimp!

"Don't mind that lint-head!" says Deanie through the towel. "Them southerners is all nuts! Anyway, you don't need him any more 'cause I'll be your steady boy . . . OK?"

And for two grandiloquent years Deanie was—until his roving eye was caught by a girl named Lula-Mae Lufkin, from Georgia...

A Young Boy's Prayer—Friday Night

Please, dear Lord, you got to help me! I don't like to talk to you about the trouble I got but I don't dare mention it to anyone else 'cause they'd be shocked, and I hope you won't be. You see, Lord, my . . . my thing gets awful big and hard just when I don't want it to, even when I'm not doing wee-wee or thinking bad thoughts or looking at girls or touching it or anything. I just get stiff all of a sudden, for no reason at all, and it won't get soft again for a long time and it makes me so ashamed when I'm not alone that I want to dig a deep hole and crawl into it. Last night we had company for dinner and when the meal was over I had to sit there at the table for ten minutes after everyone else had left because it bulged so that nobody could miss seeing it if I stood up, and it wouldn't go down though I pinched it and hit it and even begged it (but not out loud) to go away, and then I tried to work it flat against my belly so it wouldn't show underneath my pants, but it stood straight out. And my mother said I was naughty because I wouldn't leave the table when the others did and she sent me to bed early.

And in school day before yesterday my teacher, Miss Osmund, who's an old maid and very strict and cranky, called on me to stand up and read from my English Literature book and my thing suddenly got hard as a rock and really hurt me, and it was sticking out plain as day so I knew I couldn't stand up, and I told Miss Osmund I couldn't get up because my leg was asleep but she didn't believe me and marked me zero.

Lord, please help me for I am desperate! I have no control over it at all and it's very embarrassing. I know it's a bad sin to do you-know-what which is supposed to ruin you in body and soul, but if you don't help me what else can I do to keep it down? I hope you can hear me and are paying attention and will do something for me. I go to church every Sunday and Junior Bible Class every Wednesday and I believe in you, Lord. Please bless Mama and Papa and my sister and baby brother. Don't bless my other brother. Amen!

A Young Boy's Prayer--Saturday Night

Dear Lord, last night I made a special prayer to you and tonight I want to thank you for answering it so quick and solving my problem. I'd just crawled into bed last night when a man came into my room and I saw he was one of the company we had for dinner and his name was Cazzymeer or something. And he sat down on my bed and put his hand on my leg and told me he'd noticed why I stayed so long at the table, and he said he could fix it so I wouldn't have that trouble any more. And right that minute my thing was up like a tent-pole under the sheet and this Cazzymeer pulled the sheet away and . . . well, Lord, the pole soon collapsed and pretty soon it fell down again and I didn't do you-know-what or anything else, I just laid there not moving a finger. And after it was all over, this Cazzymeer was coughing and kinda red in the face, but he said I was a very unusual boy and he gave me \$3 which is nice because I don't get an allowance and have to earn my own spending-money. And then Cazzymeer said he would have to go downstairs as he was only supposed to be going to the bathroom, but he asked me to come over to his house the next day, which I did. So everything worked out real swell and I want to thank you again, Lord, for the wonderful fast service you gave me and which I sure appreciate. Please bless everybody including my other brother and bless Cazzymeer too. Amen!

Amar

My apartment has become Amar's home away from home. He has arrogated to himself the liberty of investigating all my belongings, although the contents of my writing-desk he regards as off-limits. Through my clothes-closet he goes, feeling in the pockets of all my garments and frequently unearthing small articles I had written off as lost. He ferrets in cabinets and drawers and even the refrigerator into which one day he managed to insert all of himself except his feet, exploring mysterious-looking containers way in the back, shiveringly emerging to warn me I'm running low on milk (his prime orina-inducing tipple). Yet he does not snoop or pry for he conducts his researches in my presence, and though I never tempt needy boys to petty pilfering by leaving objects of value within their reach, I am happy to know Amar is honest for he brought me a dollar bill he had discovered beneath the couch, chiding me for my carelessness. "Money don't grow on trees!" he says severely. However, he is not above asking in an individualistic, persuasive way for little things that create an immediate and imperative consumer-desire.

"Can I have this for my brother?" he asks, holding up a violently red-and-blue-bordered handkerchief I must have purchased in a purblind moment.

"I didn't know you had a brother," I say, nodding.

"I don't!" he replies, sticking the handkerchief into his pocket. "Can I have this for my sister?" He displays an unopened pack of cigarettes I keep around for visitors.

"I didn't know you had a sister."

"I don't!" he grins, tucking the cigarettes away. They will last him for a month in his occasional futile attempts to blow smoke-rings within smoke-rings. "Can I have this?" He points to a new jar of lavender-scented brilliantine.

"Do you want it for your brother or your sister?"

"I want it for me!" He bulges his tight back pocket with it, pokes a slobberily grateful kiss into my mouth, and possessively eyes the rest of my possessions within view.

"Little pig!" I cry. "Come to bed and pay for all you've taken!"

"In a minute." His gaze ranges the room. "Can I have that for my mother?" His finger indicates a two-dollar bill I have pinned to the wall to let the bad luck drain out.

"I didn't know you had a mother," I say, amazed.

"I wasn't hatched out of no egg!" He rubs his cheek against my hand. "Can I have it? I'll stay an hour longer."

Too eagerly I assent and he stows bill in a worn imitation alligator, imitation leather imitation pocketbook.

"I hope you don't tell your mother how you earn your money!"

The boy smothered a bark of wicked laughter. "Sure I do! I tell her I go to bed with a poop named Duke!"

"And what does she say to that?"

"She says . . . she says . . . says: 'That's nice, but make him give you more money!' "

Gothic Grotesque

There is invariably a certain
obscurant resemblance between
merit and fate which would
strike superstitious fear into
far less complicated psyches
than mine. It seems I am in
this little park, this Gotham
Birnam Wood across from Macy's,
at high noon, and there is this
14-year-old girl and—priapic
Adam in my air-polluted Eden—
I have removed her fig leaf
sanitary napkin and to make no
bones about it, I am molesting
her in an absent-minded fashion.
And fuzz come rushing up from
every whichaway and there's
even a police helicopter evil
overhead, and I am ungency
hustled off to an unaesthetic
jail and I can't get bail; and
presently preachers are falling
out of their pulpits denouncing
me and the New York Times-Post
stutters: Etaoin shrdlu hang
him! etaoin shrdlu electrocute
him! the firing squad etaoin
shrdlu! And frothing moms are
massed outside my barred window,
shrieking: Lynch him! Burn him!
Give him to us—we'll castrate
him! causing tiny suede mice-
feet to crepitate my spine and
levitate my back hairs. And I
go to trial practically totally
post-mortem from hot and cold
flashes and morning sickness and
a wild craving for unusual foods;
and my mouthpiece mutters that
I'm in a wicky sticket but if I
slip him 5 grand he'll put the
fix in so deep that auspiciously
pregnant results are guaranteed.

(If I had 5 grand I woulda been outa jail before I went in!) And lawyer solemnly pleads my case, saying: There ith a plethora of detheptive evidenthe but not one iota of proof or vithe-vertha, ath the cathe may be. My worthy client ith a Freudian wreck, whatever that ith, emothionally damaged, and a thexual non-communicator from a broken home pluth being a bilateral orphan addithionally, not to menthion being dropped on hith head ath an infant of tender yearth, not to overlook that hith diaperth were pinned horizontally inthtead of north-and-thouth ath ith uthual, and the rethulting thevere trauma hash made him what he ith today! I applaud hith thpeech loudly .. . I mean to say, I applaud his speech loudly—and am promptly fined \$50 for contempt of court! Then the prosecution takes over and they have 2971/2 witnesses with affydaids and depositions per each and it looks like I'm already civilly dead for the jury make faces at me like they have lockjaw and a vomiting attack all at the same time. And I huddle there resigned as an egg-less hen awaiting the axe's sharp fricassee'd fall, and the jury jointly and severally find me most guilty with no recommendation for mercy! And the vulpine judge bangs his gavel like he would purely love to have my head under it, and he spits into shrinking spittoon and expectorates an exclamatory sentence that ends with a period of my time—
FIFTY YEARS AT HARD LABOR!
And I am hurried upstate where I am taught to break rocks

into stones into gravel into
sand, wishing I had a true
friend who would send me a
two-pound pound cake with ten
pounds of escapist hardware
baked therein. And just then
I hit my big toe, left foot,
with an awkward swing of my
heavy sledge-hammer . . . and
I wake up screaming! Then I
sigh with relief for I'm
safely in my own bed at home
and fourteen-year-old Dana who
is a romantic sensualist as
all proper boys are, is ting-
lingly beside me and he awakes
too and sleepily grins and
urgently presses his ardent
nudity against me and softly
invites me to molest him!

Amar

I am so Amar-enamored, so euphonically sounding the depths of the "lower abyss of unnatural love" (quote from W. E. H. Lecky, moral historian of morals) that I fear falling asleep at night lest some mortalitied disaster overtake me before I awake, no more to embrace the Polaris of my perverse passion, punishment for an egregious hubris even the gods shy away from in envious caution.

The stage is well set for the ever classic drama of love or death, but more love than death—a bed and a boy and soft rose-soirée light of Lucullan lamps and dusked Luperclian air lush and green with fresh rain-washed night smells, Amar's saporous scent of sweet clover adding exciting exotic accent . . . but I trust those pinpoints of illumination outside my window are fireflies mate-hunting with their tiny torches and not clumsy flashlighted fuzz converging with anti-pederastic intent upon my Lydian lad-lair!

Tonight my confectioned darling has some consequential project in mind for immediately he takes lechery's initiative, pushing me onto my back and positioning himself above me as he slides smooth thematic knees into my armpits. He does not leave me long in doubt as to the cause of his energied emprise. "I need new shoes," he informs. "My old ones have holes in the tips."

"Don't you have any others?" I query, helplessly regarding the slim adamantine decanter of his ineffable cordial poised before my swiveling eyes.

"Just sneakers." He slips an additional pillow beneath my head to bring me to proper elevation for his contemplated major operation. "And they have holes front and back—like a girl!" He pants exaggeratedly and smacks lips loudly. Demonic little hetero sensualist . . . he well knows such comments both depress and kinetically enkindle me!

"How much would new shoes cost?" I ask, trying to keep my head and my budget on sanity's path. But now the boy begins vigorously to flog his meaty limb of Satan until sparkling dewdrop appears which he gathers up with fingertip to smear on my lips—and I feel my sales-resistance leak from every pore.

"I wanna get Spanish half-boots this time," Amar says, his hands pressing against my cheeks to oval my mouth into tight circle. "All the bullfighters wear 'em when they ain't fighting bulls an' they cost only \$9.95! I already got \$4.95 saved up so all I need is five dollars more."

"Well . . ." I tentative, now completely capitulant but desirous of prolonging this swooning foreplay.

"Shove your lips out more, like you was pouting!" the boy directs and puckeringly I protrude them, adrip with an uncontrollable seep of saliva. Lifting a little, Amar brings the tip of his ruby-headed baton against my pursed mouth. "Well?" he mimics me. "How about it?"

Lewd puppet animated by libidinous strings I nod, nod, nod —he shall have boots for every foot

though he be a centipede! and the gratified boy shoves slowly into me, his penis denuding itself of its suede skin wrapper against my teeth, penetrating until I feel his boyhead touch my uvula, his firm balled sac kitten-furry on my chin. Now he holds himself there, not moving, letting it soak in my abundant mouth juices, lending the heat of his turgid organ to incalesce my tongue, then pushing farther to lance at the back of my throat, but so gently, adeptly that no gag-reflex is induced . . . and I am in dithyrambic dither when suddenly, fiendishly he whips himself out of me to rub his dripping burning pleasure-part against my face. "W-a-a-a-h!" I wail in imitative rebuke.

"Don't cry, little baby!" Amar soothes. "Mommy's going to give you suck-suck right away!" And roughly he re-inserts himself, working quickly now, pistoning in and almost out of my tight-held lips and I bring my tongue up hard against the underside of his busybody bicho in forceful massage while my hands clutch the cheeks of his ass to bring him still closer, the silken skein of his pubic crest sweaty on my upper lip. And faster the boy moves as the pleasure overtakes him, his hips begin fierce oscillating thrusts and gaspingly he grabs my head to grind my face deep into his crotch, his knees bruising into my armpits. Now gasps become rasping explosions of labored breath as his movements change to short hard rapes that thud his swelling glans like blows on my dizzied tongue, against my contracted inner cheeks . . . then a final furious lunge brings a strangled cry from the boy as his sapid love-milk rips out of him in choking flow. He is still for a moment while the orgasm trembles through him, then he resumes his thrusts but gentler now, trying to prolong the emissive ecstasy and releasing diminishing effusions to lave my avidly lapping tongue. And when they are gone Amar tightly clasps the root of his yet faintly pulsing phallus and strips himself into me as he slowly pulls out, leaving behind more of his creamy oblation. And when nothing is left in my mouth but tantalizing taste-bud memory of the too transient bliss, the boy strives to furnish me with still more of his manna, brutally squeezing his softening organ to force from it the last vestige of moisture, the drop or two of which he proffers in the little bowl he forms by fisting his prepuce up over the glans . . . and gratefully I sip this stirrup-cup, then lick clean the damply glistening, so bountiful young penis until not the minutest spermic memento remains.

"How was it?" Amar asks, uncoiling himself to rest beside me.

"Stupendously prodigious!" I moo, savoring a dividend come-cud I have unearthed from a hollow tooth. Did I swallow the filling?!

"Did I shoot hard?"

"Jet propelled!"

"That's 'cause I was over you when I came—you know, gravity like. Did I have a big load?"

"A record-breaker! You exceeded yourself!" I insufficiently laud.

The boy's left hand comes up to fondle my bulldog jowls. "Duke, I was just thinking that I would look awful jerky wearing nice shiny new boots with the raggedy old pants I got . . . so do you s'pose, since you say I gave you such a wonderful blast, that you could give me money for a new pair of pants, too?"

Heber

Heber is a homintern 13-year-old with navy-blue eyes, Neapolitan nose and a nolo contendere carnelian mouth whose upper lip is deeply indented at its center to form the fatal archer bow. That he would never pass a sanity test, that he is loco as March hared Mad Hatter is a decided improvement over saner, duller boys.

This lad's ambition is to become a medical practitioner; he admires Drs. Kildare, Jekyll, Zhivago and all doctors including quacks and veterinarians and correspondence-school foreskinners. On his many obliging "house-calls" to me he is always escorted by a little black bag (that's where babies come from!), and when he removes his fleece-lined windbreaker he reveals himself clad in a white high-buttoned surgical jacket with red caduceus embroidered on the breast-pocket.

"And how are we today?" he will greet me in the manner of fee-hungry sawboneses who ever hope you're coming down with a nice long expensive illness.

"Not too well, Doc," I reply, entering into his game. "As a matter of fact, I found it very hard to go to sleep last night."

"You don't say!" says Heber, opening his black bag and taking out a baby (doll), replacing it to withdraw a toy stethoscope.

"I just did say!" I say, somewhat confused.

"Do tell!" says Heber. "How's your bowels?"

"Frankly, they're in an uproar now that you're here. How's yours?"

"I eat regular so I shit regular," says the boy with professional candor. "Please strip to the waist."

I above-belt denude, shivering a little with desire and the unusually inclement November weather we've been having.

"Take a big deep breath and hold it," Heber instructs and I inhale gargantly, curling my fingers about his nascent crotch simultaneously, and my little doc sighs distractedly while he applies the icy cup of his stethoscope here, there, everywhere, listening intently and wincing slightly as if he were hearing the latest Beatle record . . . and I hold and hold and hold my breath until my empurpled face reminds the boy to tell me to exhale.

"Chest sounds OK," he says, removing my groined hand with a glare that berates: Don't you know any better than to grope your family doctor while he's on a mission of mercy?! "Any other symptoms?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I have a sort of localized ache betwixt and between, if you know what I mean!"

"Hmm! Could be breakbone fever. You're the type that's very suscep . . . suscep—"

"Susceptible?"

"Just what I was about to say! Susceptible to it at your time of life."

"Yeah, but, see . . . the ache is not in a bone exactly, though quite often the afflicted part is bone-hard and—"

"Massage nightly with baby-oil, rub it in good," says young Doc Heber. "That'll fix you up."

"I'll remember to do that if I don't get relief any other way. Oh, and another thing—my mouth has been so abnormally dry lately that I can hardly swallow!"

"Open up!" says the boy, producing a highly unsterile tongue-depressor which I adroitly dodge having thrust between my lips.

"What I need, Doc," I say, "is more of that medicine you gave me the last time you were here. You know, that—whatever it was—that mouthwash, that white liquid dentifrice, that tonsil- tonic, that uvula-unguent, that tongue-tincture, that lip-liniment, that gorgeous gargle! I don't recall the name of it now but it came in a long tube and—"

"Just what I was about to prescribe!" grins Doc Heber, unzipping his therapeutic fly.

Amar

A psycho psychiatrist recently upchucked the observation that males who were breast-fed as babes are particularly prone to boysexuality, ever seeking to protest or affirm the omnipotence of Moms when they nurse on the creamy teat of a lad. I don't know where that leaves me . . . I was neither breast- nor bottle-fed and whatever milk passed my infant lips I had to steal from the cat's saucer (I still bear faint claw marks on my philoprogenitives).

I am not sure I heard that quiet knock or certain of its source—a muted or muzzled woodpecker has taken up residence in a nearby elm—but I take no chances, I open the door. And there he is, the gothic boy with arabesque of minted locks, plumose lashes half-veiling his tourmaline eyes. He wears a concupiscent cast of countenance, fascist boots, red velour shirt, black pants tight as a second skin and thrillingly ripped in the perineal area, exposing a triangle of polychrome shorts . . . and rectangular-lensed sun glasses dangle from one hand. Amar's few vices are delightfully merely sexual, but to my proper neighbors and especially to the sisters three he must appear the supreme prototype of the juvie delinq, pockets bursting with pot and veins popping with horse . . . blond gypsy boy-bandit bent on rape and revenge.

Mugging at me ferociously, Amar leaps into my arms, vices his legs about my waist, grinds his dracontine groin against my belly with forceful copulative thrusts. In flurried diddle-digit dementia I strip him, nuzzling his most private garment whose crotch is markedly aroma'd and which I hotly lip to non-scent. The boy pries himself out of my arms, heads for bathroom but I recapture him, carry him to the bed, my hands tingling against the cool flesh that yet is warm as a banked fire.

"But I need a shower!" he demurs, struggling. "I didn't take one this morning and I'm dirty!"

Aside from occasional smudged hands, he is never dirty. "You are the cleanest boy I've ever had," I flatter him. "Why is that? It's not natural!"

"It's 'cause I go to the beach a lot, but I wasn't there today. Please let me take a shower, Duke!"

"First things first—bicho, then a bath."

I shove a nudist magazine in his hands and immediately he becomes engrossed, his free hand snaking down to further stimulate himself even before I can do so. His rapidly stiffening penis is moistly hot and from it arises the usual unique fragrance of sweet clover, to which now has been added a hint of chestnut, unmistakable scent-sign of recent amorous activity. I hover over this boyish sachet, nostrils distended.

"You were playing with yourself this morning, weren't you?" I accuse.

The magazine is lowered in startled consternation and a wary face regards me. "I wasn't, Duke! I wasn't!"

"Small one, I can smell traces of your cream on you! Very nice, too, but you know I don't like you to masturbate when you're away from me."

The boy reaches down to touch my cheek, his face puckered with solemn denial. "I didn't jerk off, Duke! I didn't! But I had a wet dream just before I woke up."

"You woke up with a raging hard-on and helped it along!" I indict.

"No, no, no! When I woke up it was all over—all I did was wipe myself off. Honest! Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, baby, I believe you," I sigh, though I don't entirely, for it is incredible that a lad so much and so frequently ministered to could have a nocturnal emission. Yet what can one do? A hand-job and a wet dream, eternal nemeses of the boy-lover, are equally depriving and sometimes unavoidable. But in the next two hours I make such ardent, preventative love to the squirming, moaning boy that when it comes time for him to leave he is so thoroughly, exhaustedly depleted that I have to call a taxi to take him home!

A Timely Tip

Now lend me your ears and I will a tale unfold of man's and woman's inhumanity to male babes and boys! The crime of circumcision is what I'm yelping about, this terrible conspiracy to deprive the male minor of his tip; it is permitted and committed by moms (penis-envy?) and mohels, doctors and rabbis, surgeons and fanatics in general who either are badly misinformed or who smell prepuce-profit, or both. They snip away, or allow to be snipped, the tender foreskin usually when the victim is too young to protest, indeed too infantile even to realize what's happening except pain. And these righteously sadistic wrongdoers pronounce: 'Tis more hygienic, more sanitary without it! yet all that is needful in that respect is simply to retract the offending fold of skin in the bath! And these discomfort-inflicting depredators mealy-mouth: It discourages masturbation! not only revealing themselves for the puritans they are, fearful lest some uncut nonconformist will steal a soupcon of illicit pleasure, but they also forget that circumcised males often masturbate more than their unscalpelled brothers because there is greater stimulation of the sensitive glans. And these indignity-imposing dispossessors proclaim: It helps prevent cancer of the glans! but they have no medical proof to support this ridiculous statement and overlook the obvious fact that the delicate penis-head is now completely unprotected and subject to direct contact and friction by animate and inanimate irritation alike.

And these chauvinistic and custom-ridden divesters declare: Phimosis required it! but if the encompassing skin is too tight, only a slight slit in its circumference will adjust matters nicely. Except in adhesion or other severe malformation, circumcision is unnecessary and generally detrimental . . . for now a scar-tissued X marks the sad sore spot where hope of perfect penility has died; where cock-crucifixion, partial castration has blighted forever the heightened bliss that might have been. Now gone beyond recall is the implementation of fiercely ecstatic excitation and versatile love-play. Take a tip from the heavy-hung and sexually athletic Hispanic males who seldom are sliced, prizing every last fold and wrinkle of their superb maleness—leave it alone! So, all you boys and youths and men who have been deprived of your natural heritage, arise! And especially you young Jews, who've been ritually de-tipped (there is separation of synagogue and state too, don't forget, and an entire penis is, should be your perfect anatomical condition) . . . you too—strenuously object! All of you so shamefully treated, complain and more than complain, sue! Sue to gain damages for your loss, your underprivileged status! Sue your acquiescent mom and the wily knifer and the hospital, sue everybody and everything that aided and abetted this unkindest cut of all! Don't let this cruel, callous foreshortening of a most private privacy be suffered by any more innocent infants and defenceless boys! Don't experience the agony of having your little son come to you with tears in his eyes, head bowed down under a crushing inferiority-complex and reproachfully sob: "Daddy, why haven't / got a tip on my cock like Jimmy has?"

Art

Art is long but life is brief, said Hippocrates. Though it can be argued whether life is brief, Art is certainly long. Art is so obtrusively long, in fact, that while hunting for his new white nylon shirt he inadvertently slammed shut the bureau drawer on his naked maleness just below the glans . . . can inanimate objects be capable of penis-envy? Had I been so fortunately endowed as to be so woefully circumstanced I would have fled to a doctor forthwith—but not Art! He hobbles to me, tearfully extracts his black-and-blue young precocity and pleads: "Duke, please kiss it and make it well!"

August 3, 1964

Complaint Department
Macy's
Herald Square
New York, N. Y. 10001

Sir(s):

Under separate cover am returning the dozen boy's briefs I ordered by telephone recently. They are most unsatisfactory and not as I specified. For one thing, I asked that the front crotch-panel be of a single thickness of cloth as sheer as possible, almost transparent—preferably a wisp of white nylon fog. The ones you sent can't be seen through with anything short of a high-powered X-ray!

Also, the briefs don't have the EASY-OPEN FLY, as you advertised. In fact, the fly is as difficult to get into as a stuck bureau-drawer. Yesterday my nephew (who is spending his summer vacation with me) performed the micturitional function in the customary way while garbed in a pair of your briefs, and mission completed was about to return that pertinent part of his anatomy to its normal resting-place within the cloth repository . . . but the lad being at that stage of bodily development where he becomes outstanding with no discernible stimulus whatever, his economy in this area underwent swift inflation and absolutely refused to allow itself to be reinserted through your alleged EASY-OPEN FLY, and it was only after the most diligent industry on my part, necessitating rather unorthodox methods and extremely delicate manipulation, that I managed eventually to condense the fleshly exaggeration into a size that permitted withdrawal into your imperfectly designed apparel.

Furthermore, the briefs shrunk badly after the first laundering and upon investigation I found they did not bear the label SANFORIZED but were marked SCHRENCK-NOTZING, which is a shrinking process unknown to me and is quite ineffective.

Please exchange these garments for the kind I ordered, and without delay. I will remind you that only last month I had great difficulty in obtaining from you the exact type of boy's jockstrap I was partial to, and only after repeated letters was proper adjustment made. I don't object to this sort of dry goods delinquency once or twice—mistakes will happen. But if it occurs a third time! Well, I need only point out to you that Gimbel's is just around the corner!

Impatiently,
Casimir Dukahz

The Blue and The Gray

Has it ever struck you with bludgeoning blow that most gods are male, including our own Jesus Christ and his Daddy? Likewise male are popes, cardinals, bishops who in Maundy Thursday ceremonies wash and kiss the feet of comely beggar boys. Acolytes and altar attendants are never girls, and sage St. Paul anciently decreed that boys were the only pure sex so thereafter only boy-angels graced the Christian creed pictorial. Admitted that the male is the superior sex, secularly and mundanely, then it logically follows that to love a very young male—fresh, unspoiled, at his lovely best, often innocent and sometimes virgin is amour on an ultra-superior plane . . . nu? And it is piously to be expected, and certainly integratedly commendatory, that some little male angels quite literally heed the divine injunction to Love One Another!

I am in my brown study reckoning up my monthly bills, exhilaratingly discovering I have spent far more for boys than for food, rent, clothing, etc. combined, and deciding in future to cut out such nonessentials as food, rent, clothing, etc., when there sounds a musical cooing with drummed accompaniment at my front portal like reckless lover deafeningly piping the pipes of Pan outside his beloved's chamber with malevolent pater-familias but two rooms away.

Heart all pit-a-pat I hurry to answer the summons before my aroused neighbors investigate this eleven P.M. hullabaloo, and two sunburned lads of 13 or so come rollicking in, click their heels, bow low and in unison cry: "We've heard of you! You're Duke and you like boys so we thought you might want to see an exhibition! Would you?" I affirmative in all directions and this twain that has somehow met introduce themselves—one is blond angel seraphicus from the Deep South, named Gray, and the other is dark devil-cherub from the Far North, named Blue.

And they leap onto my lap, one torrid little butt to each knee, and I put a fatherly arm around each small warm waist while lightly they grope me with such professional éclat that presently all my erogenous compass points whirlwind like lunatic wheel of fortune paying off on all numbers, and forthwith I produce purse and pay their whopping charge for a ringside seat to their proposed saturnalia of puerile passion.

And they out from their clothes and in to my bed, fall into classic pose of cowlick'd Damon clipping lovelock'd Pythias—rosy lips meeting, wet tongues entangling until each is deep within the mouth of his friend in an amorous invasion of South by North by South. When they break away, I hitch my chair closer and peel my protuberant eyes to more visual acuity as they begin a tumultuous, simultaneous round-the-world, their espoused bodies writhing like some 8-limbed Asiatic deity . . . hot mouths seeking, tiny pink tongues licking each fleshly inch of the other from crown of on-end hair to straining widespread toes. And I huddle closer still, my knees nudging bed's edge but I do not touch them yet, uninterrupted of this ringading Ringling Circus which even Barnum and Bailey wouldn't recognize or approve, for tactile association now would be overwhelming and I want to retain consciousness.

And while my midnight room turns soft and beguiling as the lacquered smiles of Byzantine temple-boys, I stare in suspended animation as the lads begin coloratura six-nine in that area where they are identical with the opposite sex . . . each head strainingly thrust between his companion's plush pillows deep, deep until both are panting out their mutual delight at this rear

stimulation which promotes frontal bliss. And again they part, two brown-nosed faces twinkle at me and then Blue hovers over prone Gray, pries open his backward cheeks, covers them, thrusts his aroused pricklet with sudden brutal lunge into his squirming mate, agitates against him in violent copulation until his eyes roll up and he clutches his partner in strangling embrace as the orgasm visibly vibrates through every limb. And after a draining minute he withdraws and now I am on the bed eagerly impaling myself on Blue's slick-sticky still stiff spearhead, blotting up the last Jack-come-lately drops . . . and Blue sighs and Gray laughs and the earth reels in dizzy saraband!

Now Gray reverses himself, presenting a belligerent boy-cock bent on conquest, turns Blue to his purpose, mounts him, plungingly enters, gaspingly surges forward and back, ever downward with increasing rapacity . . . and small teeth tearing at Blue's quivering shoulder, delivers up his liquid tribute to lads'-love. Anatomically disintegrated among the steaming sheets, I finally locate my lips and apply them to Gray's non-shrinking young derringer, draw out with smacking appreciation the milky aftermath of his encomium'd ejaculation . . . and Gray moans and Blue giggles and the stars wheel in a vertigo of optical enchantment!

Resting close-twined, the youngsters fill their eyes with each other in the open yet sweetly covert way of sharers of illicit devotion, then twisting onto their backs they invite me to join their revelry and I inundate their depleted loins with invigorating kisses until their moist, chestnut-sweet, burning little cockspurs tremble and stir and upward aspire to further derring-do. Thanking me with languorous parting of lips (what archaic recollection of forbidden perversities evoked those ruined smiles?), they blow kisses at me and avid once more for love's lovely carnage, a blond head inserts itself between the thighs of the one and a dark head slips between the legs of the other, and belly to belly they search for and come upon and caress and suck in the muscled flesh and contained swollen, swelling blood of their rearing boy-parts. And their cheeks hollow and fill, their middles press and heave and grind and saliva drips from each boy's filled mouth into the pubic hair of his contorted counterpart—Gemini the Twins, the joy-bringers, yet more than twinned, one in the ecstasy that steals upon both, that grows, that reaches a peak of unbearable rapture and breaks between the lips, across the tongues of both fellow-worshippers at once. Long they lie glued in togetherness, each bestowing the last, least vestige of his cock au lait unto the other, then reluctantly they separate to shift, to turn, to bring passion-stained mouths to four-lipped embrace, exchange sucking kisses—each tasting the creamy effusion of his amoretto.

Despite my vigorous protests, too soon they arise, don their clothes and exclaim: "Don't think we're queer! We're not queer, we like girls, we got girls! We just do this for the money!" Murmuring sincerely insincere recognition of their obvious masculinity but doubtful of their sexual polarization, I ask when they will again favor me with their synaptic presence . . . and uttering soprano peals of mirth, so hilarious they have to hold each tottering other up, they declare they can't return, it would be too dangerous, they might get in trouble! And something mystified at their excessive caution I watch these Panurge lads depart, merry as ants at a perennial picnic; watch them careen down the street arm-in-arm, intoxicated with life and love and each other.

They have been an existential phenomenon, like beholding the sun and the moon collide . . . or join in supraliminal intercourse. Then with disillusioned shock I find my wallet is missing, even the wrist-watch on my arm is gone. But admiration for their light-fingered adeptness gradually

overcomes ruefulness at my small loss. Blue and Gray have lost infinitely more than I, for they could have earned a hundredfold what they stole and more—just by being honest exhibitionists!

Physiology Lesson

Dear or damned reader, are you possibly hetero and probably puritanical and shockable? If so, then your palsied hands will already have let this book fall to the floor while you retch and reflect: This offal author, Casimir Dukahz, this vilest suppuration, this utter putrescence, thinks and writes only of sex with parts of the young male body which are extremest anathema! But do you realize, condemnatory hetero, do you know that the foulest organ of the human body is the mouth—which doubtless you and I have been kissing since babyhood! What evils are spawned in the wake of the seemingly pure and innocuous kiss! The mouth contains more germs than almost all the rest of the body combined—it is the repository of food particles fresh or fermented, of teeth-tartar and stinking decay, of exudations and stenches and secretions from tonsils and lungs, stomach and liver, sinuses and so forth, in addition to the microbes and viruses and whatnot introduced into the buccal cavity when one eats and draws breath. So those who are addicted to the habit of kissing the mouth (even as I), but are considering penile experimentation, may well find a boy's, repeat boy's healthy penis to be highly refreshing, sanitary and delightfully hygienic!

Amar

I was in the Chaste Manhattan Bank trying to cash a bouncible check but a runcible teller politely thwarted me in the depriving way these financial flunkies have, and as I leave in deficit dejection my gloom abruptly, wondrously is dispelled by the sight of Amar—no undershirt, thin shirt open to his little pink belly-button like a junior-size rolled-up condom—approaching with another lad of a fantastic plainness. My love does not stop nor speak to me, which would violate his strict rules of caution, but he looks at me and with covert descriptive motions of his hands conveys that the other youngster is woefully square and will be ditched as expeditiously as courtesy permits.

Pavement-rooted I damply dribble at all orifices as I watch my sweet darling pass me by and proceed down the street, all my nerve-ends titillant when I see his right hand slip behind him to prod with his thumb his right buttock while his outstretched fingers waggle a lewd litany. To the casual passerby the boy seems to be reaching into his back pocket, but to discernful me the gesture promises delayed delicious dalliance. To the despair of traffic cops and conscientious motorists, I zigzag home, wondering if my pretty lad will be around that afternoon or evening or night. I will wait for him, if need be wait till the proverbial cock supposedly heralds in the crack of dawn—the cocks I know don't crow!

And at what o'clock, at something o'clock, too agonizingly long o'clock a scarlet-faced panting Amar bursts in, already unzipped and dragging out his turgid member which looks delightfully, dangerously near its climax. "Get on it, Duke! Quick!" the boy almost sobs, pulling at my shoulders, and flooring my knees I clasp the little body close, feel the hot hard young audacity enter me, and with muted scream Amar erupts just inside my mouth.

When I have completely doused the phallic flame, and while the boy stokes himself with restorative sandwiches and milk, he explains. "Coming over here I had the back seat of the bus all to myself, and I had my hands stuck deep in my pockets for some reason and the bus was real bumpy and everything and I was kinda excited anyway, so before I knew it I was" Amar rolls his eyes and shudders in mock-modest embarrassment. "Well, I almost went too far, you know? Jeez, I'd hate to've creamed in my pants—it'd look like I'd wet them 'cause I had a lot, didn't I?"

"You did!" I confirm, burping with reminiscent beatitude and commencing to undo the lovers'-knots in his tangled sneaker-laces. "But what got you so hot-pants all of a sudden? I suppose you saw a pretty girl on the bus!"

"Uh-uh!" my flattering, my perhaps prevaricating love denies, hiding his lascivious leer behind his glass of milk. "I was thinking of you!"

Albert

Though he was the substanced shadow of erotic Athenian dreams, I had Albert only once. I picked him up and dropped him, all of an Indian summer afternoon. He had a delicate rose-petal face, lissome body, and an endearingly provocative way of fondling me that sapped my heated blood like a thousand amorous leeches. When I first saw him I was faint with imaginative anticipation . . . and then I discovered that an earlier worm had invaded this delicious apple of my eye.

In bed Albert sweetly clung to me, his kisses were dewy bliss, his flesh was white carnations steeped in crimson wine . . . but when I descended to his burgeoning boyishness in search of the divine nutriment, he shrank away—not in refusal of my intended embrace but in disgust with that part of himself which was the lodestone of my desire. Worse, Albert confessed that he despised his penis, tried to conceal it, to deny its existence—though it was as passion-inducing as the rest of him combined. "I wish I was a girl!" he whispered, and began to suck my lips but I drew away from him, reluctantly renouncing even his samite buttocks which he then presented to me—yet I yearned to explore the tight cleft that continued the graceful tracery of the downy spine. But I do not like my boys to be girlish; I do not want lads who are consumed with penis-hate and clitoris-envy, who long for a crack between their thighs in lieu of the proud male insignia they naturally possess.

I looked at Albert with distaste and frustration . . . and pity. But I did not know how to help him, if indeed he could be helped or would accept it. I could point out to him his probable future: a Denmark'd ambiguity perhaps, sad neither one sex nor the other, Copenhagen-cut; soon to become a side show freak, a snickering byword, the evocation of a cruel leering jest . . . and heartbreak and rejection would sear his days, lachrymal regrets haunt his nights. Earnestly I could advise and counsel and warn, yet I knew that Albert would listen, nod, smile . . . and say I didn't understand.

Rejecting his eager offer to visit me tomorrow, I pay him and send him away, watch him as he walks down the street. Only now do I observe the exaggerated sway of his hips and twist of his shoulders, the mincing pace, the hand that too constantly comes up to brush the hair from his brow—a hand that seems attached to a broken wrist. It is, I fear, far too late to do anything for Albert . . . he is already an inverted Proustian Albertine!

Amar

In ancient times boy-love, like the Eleusinian mysteries, was believed to have conferred immortality. It was a valid conviction, true even in these iconoclastic times. I live in Amar and he in me (I trust!), and so long as he lives I feel I can never die. He has become my creed and my dogma, my genius and my inspiration . . . though he is also something of a vampire, sanguinary-conscious, fascinated by the spilling of gastronomic gore!

Tonight the boy and I have those pleasures proved of which poor John Donne ne'er wist though King James I did—or so 'tis written. And Amar in my arms and I in his, we are pursuing siesta'd periwinkles (bluer blue are his eyes!), I basking in the soft whisper of his breathing that has lulled me to sleep, then softly wakened me.

"Blow on me!" I beg, and two small misapprehending fists threaten monstrous mayhem until I explain I want only more vigorous exhalations from him that I may drown in his sweet oxygen . . . and obligingly he blows upon my eager face with breath like cool gentle breeze wafting through gardens of carnal carnations bedded with lewd lilies and amorous alyssum, and soon I am zephyr-drunk, anticipating delicious hangover.

"We're pals, aren't we, Duke?" the boy says, when he is completely winded.

"In this world and the next!"

"And real pals exchange their blood . . . you know?"

"I know." I had done it long, long ago—but the other lad had worried about blood-poisoning and otherwise demonstrated he was not the inamorato I had thought him.

"So . . . where's your switchblade?"

I dig it out of a jumble of empty KY tubes and wadded tissues in the night-table drawer. I have kept it well oiled, polished and ready—though not primarily for this purpose. The boy seizes it, opens it more deftly, swiftly than I have ever done and a little uneasily I regard the glittering blade from whose almost invisible point winks a tiny star of light. Amar leans over me and misgivingly I extend an arm in compariero cooperation.

He rejects it scornfully. "Not your arm! Your chest, over your heart!" Ah, my fair one, my disturbing one is a true romantic—or a frustrated butcher? The chest, the proximity to the most vital human organ . . . if the knife should slip and pierce too deep! My unease multiplies.

"You first," says the boy, and in his steady hand the blade arcs and descends and I feel but the flick as of a fingernail, yet there springs a tiny drop of red on my shrinking skin which Amar bends to tongue away.

"Now do me," he commands, handing me the knife, handle forward . . . and he lies back, offering his warm breast to the sacrifice. My fingers tremblingly grasp the hilt, I bring the point

an inch above the silken young body, pause, and the boy's hands reach up to cover mine, guiding them, and blade-tip touches flesh. Still I delay as beads of sweat drench my brow and my hand begins to shake.

"Amar, I can't do it. I . . ."

His hands on mine thrust downward in a violent movement and the sharp blade cuts into satined smoothness, emerges, followed by a wake of blood. My mouth descends, is quickly encarnadined by the copious flow . . . and I sip, I drink the boy's crimson chrism.

And later, when he is about to leave, I kiss the bandage on his wounded chest, kiss chest and his smiling lips. "Amar," I whisper brokenly, "why did you stab so deep? You might have pierced your heart!"

"How could I?" he laughs. "My ribs were in the way! Duke, if you want to you can give me an extra dollar."

"For what?" I say, reflexively reaching for my wallet. "For donating my blood!"

February 4, 1964

Master Christopher Hammond
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
City

My dear Kit:

You have visited me every day for the past week and were always welcome with your sweet-spoken accounts of boyish activities and your smooth innocent-as-milk face in which yet lurked a hint of elusive promise. And you read my comics, watched my TV, raided my refrigerator and I was happy you made yourself at home, though ever to my hopeful verbal advances you volubly replied that you would have no objections to a bedroom relationship—if each of us slept in his own little twin bed! And your cherry lips, so fresh and moist that surely they must taste like the juice of cool pomegranates, told me with prideful candor that you did not allow even your own hand to give you pleasure, and I believed you and respected you for your determined purity even while having a somewhat low estimation of your good sense. And you took your tantalizing presence away, leaving in the disturbed air a fragrance compounded of the luring spoor of your ripening loins and the fragments of my fractured daydreams.

But this afternoon, little perfidious, you left more than that behind! In the armchair where you sat I found your handkerchief, which must have worked itself out of your back pocket, and this bit of cloth was so stiff with the dried evidence of that which I can unfailingly recognize, that it fairly crackled in my hands and when I lifted it to my questing nostrils, the unmistakable aroma appetizingly confirmed my surmise. I soaked your memento in pink champagne until all evidence of your penis-parfait passed into the bubbly and I toasted you in your roseate wine, for an eternalised moment holding you in my imago arms.

Continue to visit me, my jismic juvenile, but be warned that if you do not again leave your handkerchief behind I shall contrive to steal it—and desiring in any event to reimburse you for your loss and also to insure you a ready supply, I am sending four dozen of these cambric receptacles which I pray you will employ fully and freely whenever opportunity arises!

Gratefully,

Duke

The Asterisk Obscene

Once upon an opprobrious time
there were two brothers named
Nip and Tuck, and Nip was a
distempered little tiger cub
of 14 with wicked eyes in an
otherwise innocent face while
Tuck was a peradventurist of
13 with a corrupt mouth in an
otherwise saintly countenance.
Both these siblings possessed
slim sumptuous bodies highly
expertised at translating
intent into act, and each was
destined for Hell sure as hell
but once they arrived in that
tropical resort you knew they'd
feel right at home for they
were adept at playing with fire
and never getting burnt. These
two inflammatory incorrigibles
slept together in huge bed in a
room of their own, and during
the day they were very very
good so they could be very
veriest opposite in the night.
And after they had said their
prayers—to whom or what has
never definitely been es-
tablished—and shed their
pajamas, they into bed slipt
where Nip with sly depraved
laugh proceeded to *****
*** ** ***** ***** Tuck
who eagerly ***** *****
***** **** ** *****
***** ***** ***** *****
***** ** ***** ** and
then Nip***** **** *****

**** *****

**** **

**** *****

Tuck whose lewd cry begged for
more and Nip *****

***** ***** *****

** *****

***** **

***** **

**** ****

**

***** ***** ***** Tuck

who with viperine lust * * * * *

***** ** ***** ** **** **

***** ***** ** ***** **

so then Nip *****

***** ***** ***** ***** **

***** * ***** Tuck

who bit hard on his wrist lest
his impassion'd yelps be heard
throughout the house and quickly
Nip, reversing Tuck's violate
body, began to *****

**** ** ** ***** ***** ****

***** *****

Tuck who screamed into pillow,
ripping it with his teeth in
delicious agony. Then Tuck in
white heat abnormity served
Nip in similar stringent manner
as described above, exploring
all the intimations of boyish
intimacies with frenzied ardor.
And when at last the two young
lechers, exhausted and drenched
with ***** , ***** and *****
rested in each other's * * * * * to

recover for a second round, Nip says to his brother Tuck: "Gee, you do it better than Pa does!" And Tuck replies: "That's what Ma says—but I sure wish we had a coupla sisters!"

Amar

Destiny is incalculable, impalpable, invisible, yet it can assume ten thousand shapes. Sometimes it takes the form of a beautiful boy. Such is my philopena destiny—exciting melo drama featuring 13-year-old boy-hero who elevates villainous me to superlative sexual supralapsarianism.

A quick glance at my calendar tells me it is the 23rd or 37th of July and the hour 2900 by my military grandmother clock when my lilaceous little lotus-eater appears, and I in premature amorous dither whisper (premeditated words premeditating act): "Fuck you, sweet baby!"

"Your mother!" Amar with ire retorts, setting me back on my square round heels in deserved confusion. He has showered at bath-house, and when I have divested him of his attire he disposes his cambric body on my unworthy combed-cotton sheets, directing my attention to his swaggering tumefaction, super-bloated with boastful arrogance, appassionato glans exposed and wetly shining with pre-coital emulsion. Quickly I suck in the sugared sedative of his perturbant tranquilizer and tongue-test the tensile strength of his teen turgescence, my arms tight-wrapped about his heaving buttocks forcing him deeper into me, embracing the small scalding body (are those wisps of steam arising from it or has my heated vision become fogged?) as if it were an essential extension of myself and I experience the sensuous thrills that are beginning to ripple through him even more strongly than I feel my own increasing bliss. And after too few, too brief, too fleeting minutes my young picador's abuse of me with his prickly sword causes his breathing to turn stertorous and percussing the interior of my mouth with sweet savagery, he grinds himself against me in moaning copulative frenzy as he releases his impregnating fluid to make enceinte my oral womb. And when he has buccally invaginated me to the last seedful drop he relaxes and sighs: "Duke, I swear you do it better every time!"

"Flattery will get you nothing except a demand for seconds," I say, avid to become raving drunk on Amar's cocktails. "How about it?"

"Jeez, have a heart! You wanna break my back? Gimme a good steel-wool round-the-world first . . . make me hot!" And he spreads arms and legs wide, offering me delightful carte blanche to his felicific attractions.

And sensually I begin to recite the anthology of Amar, his alpha and omega excellences. I lip-adore his meadowsweet flesh (ah, to buss his medulla oblongata, his vermiform appendix, his vas deferens!), licking hard knee-front and soft hollowed knee-back and roundness of firm calves and shapely boned perfection of ankles and small wriggling pettitoes and smooth pink soles; tongue-climb his sleek flanks to swelling torso to burrow into each armpit, sucking the tanged ambergris from axilla's single silken curl, and on to hard shoulder and down with embraces admire the muscled biceps, slim strong arms, supple wrists, slender hands and up to soft column of neck and childish cheek's plumpness, and jump to ivory-pink seashell whorls of his arcane ears and blissfully suffocate in hair like heaped hidden gold against my miser lips.

And broad warm brow kiss and eyelids too, and gracile sweep of nose and delicate damask nostrils, and the moist red burning mouth kiss and kiss again and linger, then on to single

dimple-cleft and its sheltering rise of cheek, and chin, and press my face against the lush satin of his breasts and contemplate his tiny niplets' mystery, exotic Spice Islands, draw in their savor and now graze the soft alvine pasture, browse deep into his boutonniere belly-button, putting a wet kiss within the navel-cup and reclaiming it, and down to poach in the sylvan symphysis of his pubic preserve, wondrous shadowed Garden of Love . . . and, despite the boy's moaning plea to stay there, now peregrinate to straight young back smoothly tapering to loins, tongue-travel the graceful spine's stepping-stones up and then down to tight cleft of nates, caress gentle swell of buttocks and fall between the steep hills to ad gloriam anus that seems to return my passionate kisses with moist molasses taffy lust, and farther down perambulate the primrose perineum path betwixt paradised heights and raptured depths, and with peripatetic mouth worship velour of pomander scrotum, bursting with its matched twenty-one carat gemstones which move languorously against my lips in flowering rumor of nectaried sperm distilling; and move below to thrust my face within the vise of hard gossamer thighs, feel them forcefully close in playful effort to crush me . . . and up once more to tongue-tiptoe inch by inch the vivand penis whose Present arms! position peccantly promises honorably dishonorable White Discharge! Then Amar's hand cruelly descends, interposes itself between my hungered mouth and the chef-d'oeuvre of his body's banquet.

"Duke?"

"Baby," I froth, at the peak of lustful excitement, "take your hand away before I bite it off at the wrist!"

"Now wait a minute, Duke! My bicho ain't going nowhere as long's I'm here!"

"Yes, baby!" I sigh, vanquished again, as ever, as forever! "What is it now?"

"Well, nothing much, Duke," says my hard-hearted darling while beneath his shielding fingers his aroused cock, scenting my nearness and my need, rears and bucks impatiently for relief. It wants me and I want it—but this ruthless young third party present has first to be mollified.

"Sadist!" I roar. "Spare me this inhuman torture! Tell me what you want!"

The boy opens wide his mesmerizing eyes and directs their full power on me. "Can you give me five extra dollars today? See, I'm buying this bike and I gotta make a payment. The kid who's selling it to me must've spent over a hundred on it but he's letting me have it for fifty. You never saw such a keen job, Duke! Puncture-proof whitewall tires, high rise handle-bars, triple-spring banana seat, four-speed hand gear shift, tool kit, real leather saddle-bag, rear carrier-basket, steel loop lock, coaster and hand brakes, head and tail lights with self-charging generator—everything! And if I hadda wheel I could come over twice a day to see you, Duke, and do errands for you, and—"

"OK," I approve, "every good boy deserves a bicycle but whether or not you get the five dollars depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On the Second Coming of Amar!"

Adrian

Heigh-ho! I am in the hospital with a broken collarbone, result of climbing to court a balconied boy-Juliet . . . but the ladder broke. A minor happenstance. What broke my heart (temporarily) was the lad laughing so hard at my mishap that he nearly fell off the balcony himself. But he has visited me, sweetly offering amends in the shape of a borrowed bouquet of bedraggled begonias he pries from his pants pocket, and later giving me as much of himself as I dare to take behind a door that has no lock. Then an authoritarian doctor, reeking either of ether or ethyl alcohol, shoos my lustful little Adrian away.

The boy is back the next day, eats the contents of my basket of fruit, finishes my box of Whitman's chocolates which only the interns have sampled, makes belittling remarks about the scarlet Golondrina roses someone has sent me, pisses in my urinal (I am ordered to stay in bed for some maniac medical reason), and cranks my bed up at both ends until I am head between knees, then uncranks when my face begins to turn blue. I know too thrillingly well what's agitating Adrian—he's full of mischief because he's full of sperm and the happy thought hits me of ringing for a bedpan and screen. And orderly presently brings me same, and bedpan cast aside and screen put in place, the boy plummets into my bed, shoves his garments north to nipples and south to knees and I take what is undoubtedly the most powerful and therapeutic drug in the whole hospital. And take again. And a third time. And the supper hour now at hand, Adrian reluctantly exits from my high couch just as a buxom nurse bumbles in, removes screen, sniffs at empty bedpan asking if I'm constipated, and takes my pulse, respiration and temperature.

"You've got a fever!" she cries, knocking her starched cap awry in her consternation and forgetting that a patient is never told such upsetting information.

"Have I?" I murmur, licking my lips in semen-retrospection and not really caring if I've ruptured the thermometer in my excited state.

"You've never had a fever since you were admitted!" she accuses, staring at the betraying instrument and me as if suspecting us of reciprocal chicanery. "You're not supposed to have a fever! So why, my good man, have you got a fever?!"

And Adrian, who has been staring out the window while he orders his clothing, now turns around and we widely grin at each other, wink in feverish conspiracy!

Amar

The pillows are on the floor, the wrinkled sheets are half off the mattress, the groaning mattress is a quarter off the bed . . . but we are resting. That is, I am resting but Amar is at himself again, building a semi-erection into a total one. He is astoundingly over-sexed, but I prefer to think he has a generous nature and strives to give me my money's worth. I stay his busy hand but his other hand darts down and I pinion both against my chest.

"When is your birthday?" I ask, partly as a diversionary tactic.

His eyes narrow, not quite concealing a calculating gleam beneath the sooty sweep of his sable lashes. "Tomorrow!" he replies quickly.

"Tell me the truth, now . . . when is it?"

"Day after tomorrow!"

"When you decide to tell me the correct date I'll give you a nice present on your birthday."

"When is yours?" he asks, trying to free his more practised hand.

"February 29. I get to celebrate it only once every four years."

"Why's that?"

"I was born in a leap year."

"Poor you!" the boy commiserates. "When your mother was having you she should have held you up for a day!" He frees one hand but surprisingly it encircles my neck and he pulls my face close to his. Our noses touch. "Duke, do you know what I'm going to give you for your birthday?"

"A rain-check?"

"I'm going to give you my bicho and my culo and everything I've got—all on the house!"

March 17, 1966

Prevarri & Kator, Inc.
Advertising Consultants
2232 Falls Hood Boulevard
Lycoming, Penna.

Dear Miss Conception:

I don't know who in your obnoxious firm directed you to write to me soliciting my testimonial for semen-flavored Metrecal but I will state emphatically that I strongly resent it. In the first place, weight has never been a problem with me and I have no need to imbibe Metrecal in any flavor. Besides, what has led your demented superiors to assume I would in any event be partial to semen-flavored same?! Which anyway I doubt even exists for that sticky whitish substance—so far as I know, though my knowledge is strictly conjectural—is inimitable and defies all chemical or natural counterfeiting; however, I have heard from highly dubious sources that two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch stirred briskly into a cup of lukewarm Ovaltine produces an astonishing facsimile . . . but that is not the issue here. What is definitely pertinent is that your gratuitously insulting bosses imply I am an expert on the subject—a hasty and ill-advised conclusion entirely unfounded in fact and which I indignantly deny, and which moreover is tantamount to a thinly-disguised accusation of unspeakable guilt without affording me an opportunity to confront my accuser or to produce proof of innocence.

I have consulted my lawyer in regard to your incredible letter and he feels very confident that come what may, he and I have Prevarri & Kator where the hairs are short. So kindly inform your egregious overlords that should they desire to settle out of court—thus saving themselves much embarrassment and public loss of clients, confidence and face—my outraged propriety and smeared probity will not recover from their wounds for less than a certified check in the amount of five fat figures!

Umbrageously,

Casimir Dukahz

P.S.: Isn't semen-flavored Metrecal on the market yet? I have hunted high and low in all the local stores trying to find it—not for myself, but for a lady friend.

C. D.

Amar

Ever since Wilde sex openly reared its rubicund head in 1890 Albion, homosexuality has been the favorite whipping-boy of bigots and moralists; but here and abroad tolerance and understanding at long last have come to dwell among us and perch their warm bottoms on our hearts . . . or have they? I conducted a perversity-poll of my own recently, during which I was subjected to much verbal and some physical abuse, and a summary of my findings is discouragingly as follows: If hetero wishes were horses, they'd pull the hearses of crucified homos! Even in these liberal, new-think times the boysexual in particular is still feloniously frowned upon or at best contemptuously regarded as an emotionally sick anomaly, an eternal adolescent fixated at the pubescent penile-anal level. But I will let you in on a deep, dark, delightful secret known but to a select immature few: Boys do far more than mere females can, to render life rapturous to man!

One schoolday lunch-hour Amar, electric with mischief, unexpectedly jubilant in to announce he has an imperative need for two bucks. And he gropes me with flattering wolf-whistle, grabs my stern, shoves his social finger deep into my anal alley, pushes me into kitchen, says if I wanna get laid to hop on the table, opens refrigerator, extracts a chicken drumstick, raisin-custard pudding and a bottle of milk, fills two glasses, drops pants and shorts to pool about his feet, tucks shirt and undershirt beneath his arms . . . and my mind's horizon begins to crumble in delicious psychic earthquake as he seizes one glass, lowers his still pendulous penis into it, retracts foreskin, stirs liquid to snowy froth with this unusual swizzle-stick, removes it, hands glass to me and Death Valley thirst-crazed I gulp the fortified latched leche.

Snapping his fingers at me in imperious summons, the boy tugs at my shoulders until I kneel before him, thrusts his dripping, stiffening jauntiness into my mouth, grabs my head to force it hard against him, begins neo-Palmer Method push-pull with his ballpoint pen while he drinks his milk and eats his pudding, picking out the raisins and bouncing them off my pate. And continuing his vigorous in-and-out with unabated energy he takes up drumstick, strips the flesh from it in three huge bites, throws it aside, wipes his greasy fingers in my hair . . . and as he is finishing his milk, glass still to his lips, with sudden panting surge he spends into me.

Some minutes later as I am about to release his uncocked firearm, he says tensely: "Stay on it!" and begins to urinate in short quick bursts; and when my delirious dry-cleaning of his highboy niceties is finally accomplished, he shoves me away, adjusts his clothing, sweetly begs his fee, kisses the hand that bestows it, kisses my cheek, slides his pasteurized homogenized tongue between my lips, tastes his own love-fluids . . . and staggers back, clutches his throat, rolls his eyes to the ceiling, falls to the floor in writhing agony and before my aghast gaze dramatically dies a horrible death from instant-acting poison! And I mutter that if somebody doesn't quit playing the fool, somebody is going to get his cute little ass spanked!

Amar miraculously revives, scrambles to his feet, fawns on me, pleads to be spanked, whipped and beaten 'cause he might like it and it might give him a quick bone-on! Shivering with lustful flames I reach for him but he is away to the door, himself checks the hall and is gone, his voiced regrets hanging mockingly in the air: "Jeez, Duke, I'm awful sorry I hadda eat and come and wee-wee and run—but I'll make up for it tonight!" And I attempt to knit together my

tatterdemalion senses while with expiring anticipation I speculate what the boy's dynamic ebullience has planned for tonight!

P. S. I am dead! Please omit flowers. Amar didn't show up!

Whitney

Whitney offers to the world (and rents to a few) the gift of his beauty—ah, that it could be everlasting! At fourteen he boasts a braggart 61/2 inches when erect . . . I must convert that to centimeters some time—much more impressive! Trouble is, the boy delivers very tardily so that he, I, the mattress and assorted pillows must take turns rubbing him strenuously before his cream comes to the top. This evening Whitney and I and our inanimate assistants have perspiringly got him a scant hair's-breadth from his crest when the phone rings. Reluctantly I answer it, for I am expecting an important long-distance call. Wrong number, and profanely I fly back to bed to behold Whitney still atremble, a wad of crumpled tissue in his hand and a last milky drop oozing from his meatus. I begin to tear my hair and howl down the walls of Jericho, when the boy grinningly indicates his capacious belly-button which brims to overflowing with the snowy boy-sauce. Gratefully I fall on it, lapping like thirst-crazed tiger, absorbing all of Whitney's expressed inexpressible except one maverick drop that escapes me through evaporation!

Amar

To love is often hazardous but to love boys is the irrevocable leap over the lovely precipice. It is all sweet anarchy that yet has its own rigid etiquette which few fully master. Old as I am and young as I feel and decades boy-experienced though I be, I too am still an amateur.

It is Sunday, it is postmeridian, it is Paradise for Amar is here, beautiful as Keats' Shelley'd poesy . . . and I the thousand-mouthed monster am huddled over his naked middle aquake with delight. Raising my honey-smearred face I sigh as who has not sighed since the beginning of sighs: "Little blue eyes, I love you! I love you!"

He does not even look up from the nudist magazine that absorbs him. "What?" he mumbles.

"I love you! No, that's not the whole truth . . . I worship you!"

Magazine is lowered, small face frowns down. "I don't like you to say you love me!"

"Ah, cruel! Humbly I have bared my ravished heart . . . and you don't like it!"

"Well, I don't! It makes me feel like a . . . like a girl or something when you say that!"

"If you were a girl I would kick you out of my bed!" "That just shows how stupid you are! Men aren't s'posed to love boys!"

"Boys aren't s'posed to let men make love to them, either!"

"But' that's different, Duke! I like it when you make love to me but I don't like you to say you love me. It's not . . . not moral!"

"My little sophist, don't you feel well? Are you sick in the head? Why this sudden acute attack of pseudo-morality?" "I'm not moral! Don't you say I'm moral!"

I give up. The boy is either demented or he has a super-liberal sociology teacher in that jesuitical school he attends. I sink down on the bed, stare morosely at the ceiling. Odd I've never noticed the clusters of nude plaster cupids in the corners of the room. They protrude tiny alabaster asses in derisive mockery. Don't rub it in, little cherubs! I got enough troubles already!

Amar takes up his magazine, riffles the pages, darts swift glances at me, lets magazine fall. Half-turning he regards me gravely, puts hand on my chest. "What's the matter, Duke?"

I say nothing, tearing my gaze away from his so close countenance. Will rude beard ever dare to defile those gossamer cheeks? Probably. Another of the thousand despairs of the boy-lover.

Amar's hand stirs, pinches my nipple. "Are you mad at me, Duke?" I remain silent as the grave of spurned lovers' hopes. The boy's fingers come up to tickle beneath my chin, to trace with warm forefinger the outline of my lips. I close my eyes and his fingers invade my mouth, snare

my tongue, tug it out and he bends to bite its tip. "Duke, don't be mad at me!"

I am beginning to enjoy my role of the rejected. I sigh tragically, simulate a sob. Amar grinds a long wet kiss against my mouth, pries my eyelids up. "Duke, look at me!"

I look at him, this so morally wicked boy, paragon of pious perversity, sinful yet not corrupt. Dazzled look at him for it is like staring with unprotected eyes at the noonday sun, though his fire is fatal only to the heart. I want to smile, to laugh, to cry aloud with joy and clasp him to me but I force myself to gaze at him with hurt, reproachful detachment.

Now Amar presses his cheek to mine, murmurs into my ear: "Duke, it's OK. You can love me . . . you can say you love me!" "No. You don't like it!"

"Yes, I do! With you I do! So say it!"

"No."

Two small opposing fingernails try to join themselves through the lobe of my ear. "Damn you, Duke, say you love me or I'll get dressed and go home!"

I breathe the words, perhaps more heartfelt now than ever before, implement words with rapturous action in which the boy, magazine forgotten, enthusiastically assists.

Then he has to go though I don't want him to go, can't let him go, but he must go, he has "things to do." Carefully I do not ask what things—he might tell me! One eye on the clock, he hugs me with impatient ardor, then looks up with soulful appeal. "Duke, do you s'pose prob'ly you might could give me an extra dollar today?"

"Why?" I say, temporizing to keep him with me a few seconds longer.

"Cause you love me?!"

Lonny

"If," says Lonny who is
wildly partial to riddles,
"my balls were on your chin,
where would my cock be?"
This stellar boy-sylph, whose
unrivalled charms negate
mere nymphets to despairing
nonentity, has come up with
a hard one this time. At
long length I am forced to
confess defeat. Amused,
Lonny physically demonstrates
his riddle and I perceive the
answer even before he furnishes
me the solution!

December 1964

Dear Duke

Do you remember me? My name is Owen and I am fourteen and have red hair and freckles. I been over to your place several times with Allan but you always take him and send me away though you do give me fifty cents for bus fare and a soda or something. But I been wondering why you don't like me. My pecker is as big as Allan's and maybe a little bigger and I can come off quick and I don't even mind if you kiss me. So why don't you want me? I hope you change your mind because I sure could use the money as its almost Xmas and I would like to buy a nice present for my Mother.

Owen

December 19, 1964

My dear Owen:

Thank you for your interesting letter. Of course I remember you and regretted sending you away all those times but the fact is that I have a sort of phobia about red hair. I don't know the cause of this disorder but it probably began when I was in kindergarten and got roughed up by a carrot-top bully from the third grade. At any rate, the result is that when I'm near hair that is any shade of red I'm as uncomfortable as a horse in a glue-factory. However, I am enclosing \$10 so you can buy your mother a pretty Christmas gift and perhaps have something left over for yourself. Also, an acquaintance of mine by the name of Cedric Blimblum would, I'm certain, be tickled pink to meet you. Suggest you call on him any night except Sunday. He lives in Apartment 7A at 711 State Street here in town and though he is a sort of spinster-type bachelor, he is stinking rich and can have no possible objection to red hair because he is absolutely color-blind!

Your friend,

Duke

Amar

O pale Galilean, thy too unhuman creed has inclined me to defy thy Judeo-Christian NO! and embrace my personal YES! God is Love! And Love is not divisible into that which is acceptable only to the majority and that which is considered anathema. I choose the latter, even though there are those who would crucify me.

On this languor'd night while a silvered shaft of moonlight moves across the room to imbue with its magic my bed-blooming boy, Amar twice allows me to pluck the petals of his unctored rose, the fragrance of which still hovers in the air, heady narcotic that wraps me in satin'd cocoon of beatific content. Yet must I still touch him, tactilely adore him, gently pressing the small bric-a-brac toes, kissing their dry sweetness, fitting my tongue into the hollow on the underside where toes join foot—and toes contract like pink warm fist to hold me there. Then on to lingually bathe every curve and hollow and privacy of the boy's sarcenet body, overlooking nothing from tiny crease in the hard flesh where his arm merges into shoulder, to the nimbus'd loveliness of his odalisque locks; and return to lick his face with greedy cat-tongue as lazily he presents the tiny ivory ovals of his ornate nostrils and then his ears' architected grace.

And now he insists he's gotta leave, he must leave, he can't stay another second—yet he lingers, face against my chest, little teeth biting caustic kisses into my left nipple, and I caress him with a renewed passion so intense yet worshipful that at last I feel I know the truest meaning of beauty and desire, the most authentic definition of love . . . and helplessly I whisper the words I vowed I would never address to a lad, any lad, again. "Amar, do you love me?"

He twists out of my arms, sits up, casts me a clear-eyed unrevealing glance. "Why do you ask me that? Why should I love you!"

"Because I love you!"

"That's no reason! I love ice cream but I don't expect it to love me back!"

"But ice cream has no need nor capacity for affection, small one," I say inadequately, and die a little as I watch his lips firm in denial, his eyes grow remote in rejection.

After a pause the boy says slowly: "I like this place, Duke. I like to come here. And I love your stuffed refrigerator an' your big bathroom an' this nice soft bed. I love the money and things I get from you and the way you make me feel good but . . ." He looks me full in the eyes for a long moment, then his cheeks carmine, his gaze falls, he moves his shoulders in a little shrug and sinks back on the pillow, his face shadowed and thoughtful.

Words self-excusatory and accusatory vie with phrases of persuasive eloquence to flood my mind, pour torrential to my lips but they make no sound, die strangled in my throat. I have received an honest answer, starkly definite, to a fatuous question . . . to seek more is folly and unfair.

I lie there, filling myself with the lyric nearness of my little love, admiring the tumbled hair that

has gathered up the envious lamplight, transmuting it into dusky gold. I touch the boy's warm hand, bring it to my lips, tenderly kiss the small calloused palm. His fingers close to tweak my nose, then he flings himself upon me, embraces me wildly. "Duke, don't think it's just what you give me and do for me that I care about! I like you, too! Like you better than almost anybody except my mother! And to show you how much I . . . I 'preciate what you've done for me—now I'm going to make love to you!"

Boys—an Analysis

With some charisma exceptions, boys are earthy realists questing greedily for the new and the different, avid seekers for entertainment, diversion, sensation, excitement, loot. No adventure is too extreme for them, no undertaking too bold, no danger too forbidding. They are not impressed by morals, ethics, edicts or ordinances, which gleefully they flout or fracture if it conveniently suits their wayward impulse to do so. They have an unparalleled expertise in evaluating everything—from religion to cocksuckers—at its or their intrinsic worth. Such an attitude is deplorable and approaches the criminal! scream moralists, parents and adults in general. I cannot entirely agree with them, but then my prism'd viewpoint is from a perhaps distorted angle —out of step I march to the beat of a different drum. For soon or late where boys congregate (and they've seen the best movies, the circus has yet to arrive, the streets are too trafficked for games, the parks too crowded with left-right orators, the sand lots preempted by grownups . . . and the youngsters have nothing to do, time hangs heavy on their hands, it's too early to go home yet too late to organize some antisocial sortie of satisfying magnitude, and since paramount in the mind of every right-thinking boy is the dollar-sign and/or its fraction) later or sooner one obloquied lad is sure to whisper heatedly into the receptive ear of another: "Let's go see Duke and get blowed!"

Amar

I should be working, the telephone is ringing, there is someone rap-rap-rapping on my chamber door (probably the landlord who is a unilateral liberal and stuffy about overdue rent), it is raining practically horizontally and all the windows are open, the radio has somehow switched itself to a foreign-language station I can't understand, I have left the water running in the bathroom and there is a strong odor of charring from the kitchen . . . did I leave something in the oven? Have I got an oven? 'Tis all one, 'tis significant of nothing, I can't be bothered—I'm in bed with Amar! I bear the sweet burden of his body full length on top of me, dazedly conscious of his tetchy testicles and halfcocked pistol browbeating my belly; his arms are folded on my chest, his vivid face inches from mine while he plays Cupid, the sharpshooter boy, practicing an unusual but delightful kind of marksmanship. His firearm is his pursed lips, spit is his bullets, my uvula his target . . . but he is fuming because he has not yet scored a bull's-eye and he is running out of cartridges. A pool of the boy's saliva has collected in the furrow of my tongue and I strive to taste it but there is no definable taste (perhaps heavenly heavy water?), yet it has substance. It is cool and warm and hot and Amar's, and now as it warmer warms in my heated maw I detect an evanescent felicity-flavor, lost before it can be identified. Dry-mouthed, my young William Tell calls a halt to manufacture more ammunition and I close my jaws, swallow lingeringly, appreciatively.

The boy bites the tip of my nose to draw attention to himself. "Duke, you got any rubbers?"

"Yes, and an umbrella and raincoat. Do you want to borrow them when you leave?"

"They'd be too big for me—I mean the other kind of rubbers."

"Condoms?"

"Not condoms! Cundrums!"

"Of course, cundrums. No, I don't have any."

"Don't you use them?"

"Certainly—whenever I'm doubtful of my partner's sociable health."

"Do they make them in boys' sizes?"

"No, but some are smaller than others." Sweet Jesus, what rapine intent muddies the mind of my dearly beloved now! "Do they ever slip off before you get through humping?" "It's quite possible."

"Using a cundrum isn't as nice as screwing without one, is it?"

"No, but rubbing baby-oil on your cock before you put on the rubber helps a lot."

"I don't like you to say `cock! Say `bicho!"

"Pardon me . . . bicho! But why this sudden interest in rubbers? Don't tell me you've found another Gallo!"

"No, but there's this girl, see, and . . ."

When I have recovered from my seizure of acute nausea, I begin to speculate about Amar and his little female friends—hell's fury cinderize them! They appear to come and go like the phases of the moon. One week he has a girl, the next week he has none; the third week he has a girl, the fourth week again none. What happens to them? Surely they can't leave him! Is he fickle, does he mislay them, does he wear them out . . . what?

My capacity for self-torture obsessively boundless, I pose a question whose answer may destroy me. "Have you ever," I croak, "had sexual intercourse with a girl?"

"No." Wistfully.

"Ah!" How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank! (It's quit raining.)

"But I'm fixin' to any day now!" Slaveringly.

"Ugh!" How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank—of poison ivy! I deem it high time to drip a little truth serum into my darling's lovely ears. "Girls are nice," I fallacious, my face as blandly sincere as if I were veracity's soul, "but there's plenty of time for them when you're fully grown, when you're physically, mentally, financially prepared to be involved and possessed body and mind, spirit and semen. So be a boy while you are a boy. Be like Peter Pan who always wanted to have fun and never grow up!"

"Who's this Peter Pan?" Amar frowns. "Was he the boy you had before me?"

"No. I never knew Peter personally—which is not to say I'd send him away if he dropped in."

"If he drops in while I'm here I'll beat him up!" Ah, sweetest words that e'er were heard! I explain about Master Pan.

"Now about girls," I resume. "You will find they're always out to capture you, to trick you into becoming first a boy-friend, then a steady, then a husband . . . and always a slave!"

"But oh! that crica!" the boy leers, rolling his eyes and agitating his pelvis through three grinds and a bump.

"Urn, yes, the crica. It isn't made of steel, doesn't have sharp metal teeth nor a powerful spring enabling it to snap shut on the unwary prey, but it is a trap nonetheless—the most efficient and deadly ever invented, perfect functionally for it's usually 90% hidden, hairily concealed, yet what one does see of it impels most males to thrust themselves headlong into the smelly snare. Truly a terrifying instrument!"

"But wonderful!" yearns Amar.

"Do you mean full of wonders? Well, yes, in a way—though some misguided persons called the atom bomb wonderful when it was introduced. Now when a bicho enters a crica it is always apprehensively uncertain what it will encounter in those dank depths . . . will it be friend or foe? will it be a plastic this or a copper that, possibly jaggedly split broken? will it be an oiled-paper diaphragm or a metal ring or a coiled wire or a strayed sharp-pointed masturbatory implement? Not to mention such invisible and impalpable enemies as the wily organisms which cause the disfiguring, disabling venereal diseases!"

The boy's mouth is agape. He moves it palely to whisper: "Yeah, but if you wear a cundrum—"

"A cundrum is but the thinnest film of fragile, easily ruptured latex—it affords no protection at all against objects. You must never forget that your bicho is the most delicate, sensitive part of your anatomy; unlike fingers or toes it has no nails to protect or defend itself, and its frequent hardness is deceptive for it contains no bones." God, why didn't You for god's sake put Adam's extra rib in his phallus, where it belongs!

Amar's face is a whited sepulchre of disillusionment. "Jeez, Duke, I . . . I—"

"Don't despair, my child!" I console. "I've been working on a little contraption which will coitally protect you from everything but yourself—an improved type of cundrum."

"Show it to me!" the boy exclaims.

"It's still in the planning stage but I've already hit on a name —I'm going to call it the Casimir Cast-Iron Cundrum!"

"Cast-iron! Won't it be too heavy for—"

"Not that heavy, and it'll have a liquid-proof padded satin lining for comfort, with silk cords attached to tie around the bumper's waist so it'll never fall off at a crucial moment!"

"But if it's iron won't it hurt the crica?"

"That's the bad part about it!" I groan, pounding the bed in exasperation. "The damned crica will go wild over my invention . . . a cast-iron cock that can never get soft!"

Fiore

A cup of coffee and a fishburger was all I sought or anticipated when I entered the Greasy Spoon (the knives and forks are greasy, too!); and the counter stools are all occupied, likewise the booths except for my favorite pew of gastritis at the back which contains a lone lad who immediately plunges me into amorous fourth dimension as I sink into the opposite seat, for he has madcap aventurine hair and postiche eyes in a Donatello face that is fetchingly contorted as he sucks noisily at a wilted straw in an empty glass. "Have another!" I offer, marvelling at zany nothing and incredible everything that has brought me to this pretty pass . . . and he accepts with alacrity, treating me to a slow-spreading worldly grin and flickering glance that imply if I'm generous he is not unwilling to let me ride his cock horse to Banbury Cross.

His name is Fiore, his years are 15, he goes home with me torpid from six jumbo malts and five super deluxe hamfurters; comatosely allows me to unwrap a Faenza body hot as infra-red oven and attached to an *amorino* Tower of Pisa that stands straight up. My emotions now so tangled a cat's-cradle of grandiose expectation that I seem to be floating—moored to terra firma only by my hand in the small of the boy's hard rump—I steer him across the room. But at the couch Fiore becomes rooted to the floor, shoves me away, grabs up plump pink sofa cushion deeply indented in the middle, positions it flat before him and throwing me a look of derisive mockery begins to pull off over it. Now I am not primarily a voyeur—I prefer visual *and* physical satisfaction and resent this type of sexual impudence. I attempt to arrest Fiore's agitant hand but he kicks viciously at me without losing a stroke and I fall back, frustration ashes in my mouth, gloomily speculating what has caused so *gracioso* a lad to display such *doloroso* deportment. But at least my ordeal is brief—the boy's loins suddenly strain forward, testicles tighten, penis jumps and glans pulses as the spunk jets into the pillow's center. Slumping over it, Fiore leisurely strips himself, turns to face me. "Eat it while it's hot!" he sneers.

I feel a growing indignation, though not about the cushion—all my pillows and the sofa and easy chairs bear semenic souvenirs of the delinquent drop or two that goes astray or is lost in the heat of encounter—but I detest the flagrant waste of the contraband come by a lad I've picked up and treated well. Doubtless Fiore believes he has humiliated me (what fearful recidivist revenge is *he* pursuing?), but his callous and insulting rejection of a mutually beneficial conjunction that his earlier behavior had given me every reason to think he would grant, stirs in me an uncontrollable resentment and I seize the puddled cushion and grind its contents into my pejorative visitor's face.

Amar

I am not certain about much of anything any more. If it is not Tuesday it probably is Saturday, and if it is not July then likely it is August, and if I am not Casimir Dukahz then necessarily I must be someone else. No matter. What I am positive of is that I'm in a bed presumably my own and Amar is with me, lying on me, his elbows dug into my chest, his hands supporting his chin.

"Is there anybody," he intones, transfixing me with basilisk eye, "who is more special than I am?"

"No!" I assure promptly.

"Am I your favorite boy?"

"Yes!" I asseverate, a little nervously.

"And you love only me?"

"Only you I love!" I swear, gulping.

"Forever and ever?"

"Until death do us part!" I vow, beginning to sweat.

Amar thrusts his face so close to mine we stare cross-eyed at each other. "You'd better be telling me the truth, Duke," he hisses, "`cause if I find out there's another boy I will . . . I will . . . I will liquidate him!" And he slits his eyes, bares his teeth, hunches his shoulders in his best-worst gangster pose.

Cupid-Eros, what have you and I got myself into! I wanted only to give pleasure, recompense my pleasure-partner liberally, derive a little pleasure in return . . . and here I have the hot, direful, baneful, juicy-fruited breath of juvenile Murder, Inc. blanching the shrinking hairs in my trembling nostrils!

Sandy

I haven't seen Sandy for months though the retina'd recollection of his Cimabue smile and the tactile nostalgia for the sustained adamancy of his pleasure principle through three lacteal liquidations still burn in the involuntary ashes of my desire. Now on this stormy May midnight, passion's enfant perdu appears and shamefacedly exhibits certainly the drippiest male member I have ever had the misfortune to behold.

"So you caught it!" I frown, backing away. "Who was she?"

"Some pig I met at the Bowladrome. I shoulda worn a rubber but I didn't have none and she didn't either and she said she was OK and—"

"They all say that! What's her name? She should be reported to the Board of Health."

"Her name's Connie or Carrie or Katie or something . . . I don't know her last name."

"Where'd she take you? What's her address?"

"She didn't take me nowhere! I plugged her in the alley!" "Hell, those vertical whores are the worst kind and almost always are diseased!"

"Well, this one sure was. Duke, what'm I going to do?"

"You get your stupid ass to a doctor is what you do—and not one of those quacks who advertise in subway toilets. Treated early, clap is –"

"Is that what I got . . . the clap?" exclaims Sandy, relieved. "Shit, that's no worse than a bad cold! I thought I had the ol' sypheroo!"

I have to lecture him sternly for half an hour—without benefit of horrendous photographic slides—before he realizes the harmful potentialities of his condition, then solemnly he hurries away clutching the ten dollars I give him for his initial medical treatment.

In two weeks an exultant Sandy returns. "I'm all cleared up, Duke! Clean's a whistle!"

"Until next time!" I gloomily predict.

"Ain't gonna be no next time . . . I've sworn off wimmen!"

"Just don't forget to see the doctor for regular checkups."

"Will do!" Sandy begins carefully to trace the pattern on the carpet with the toe of his shoe. "Uh . . . Duke?"

I sense what's coming, what's in his mind and determine on a white lie to save both our faces. "Sorry," I say. "There's another boy now—and he won't stand for rivals."

"But he wouldn't need to know!"

"I'd know, and I promised him . . . no others."

"He must be pretty good!"

"He is, and I don't want to lose him."

Sandy pulls a long face. "Jeez! I guess it's back to the old fist for me!" I give him five dollars in remembrance of yore pleasures and he exits with a reproachful sigh, his mournful glance eloquent of the wistful annals of the undesired.

But Sandy earlier has told me that next month he will be going to his grandfather's farm for the summer. And on this farm there are veterinarian-inspected mares and cows and sows—and ewes. And if Sandy is the ruthlessly aggressive lad I think he is. . . !

Amar

I often wonder what boys really think of me—my posture they are intimately familiar with but what is my image in their evaluating gaze? Probably a cross (or double cross) between a stupid old fuck and a too impregnable stuffed piggy bank, between "that filthy bastard!" and "he's always good for four-bits even if you don't do anything!" And then, then, then one wahoo afternoon or indecorum'd evening some winsome little rascal in favonian mood will slip his akimbo cock into my hand, put a grimy paw on my arm and bleat: "I'm sure glad I met you, Duke, 'cause you're my pal! You're my buddy!"

Amar's opinion of me varies through the days of the week, inversely and conversely, reversely and perversely. On Sunday I am endurable but am piss-ass impossible on Monday; Tuesday I am the soul of honor but am a turd on Wednesday; Thursday he approves of me unqualifiedly but Friday finds me scraping the barrel-bottom of his esteem. And on Saturday . . . ah, on Saturday I am his father and his brother and his uncle and his kind Aunt Casimira!

And on this grisaille day which Amar insists is Friday but let's call it Saturday—what the hell! no officious calendar is going to dictate to me!—the boy vagrants in with obliquitous grin and at once I see he is in a scherzo frame of mind.

"Smell my fingers, Duke!" he invites, cupping them around my nose. "Guess where they've just been!"

Deeply I inhale but can discern no particular scent. "Did you have them in your briefs, I hope?"

"No! I had them in a girl's pants!"

"Amar!"

"Yup! Pink nylon panties and I put my hand way in, right to the crotch!"

I feel myself turning deathly pale as I collapse on a chair I thought was there. Sprawled on the floor I stare up at the boy in agonized speechlessness.

Laughing, Amar plummets upon me, rubs his nose against mine, hammers rough remorseful (?) busses into my lips. "Aw, Duke, relax! I did have my hand in a girl's pants—but the pants were on a counter in the five-and-dime! Jeez, if they'd only sell girls too!"

Struggling to my feet, I hug my lovely tormenter. "All right, the joke's on me—and very funny, too. Ha, ha. Now let's change the subject."

"But I like the subject! Girls' panties, girls, c-r-r-r-rica!" He twists away from me, capers about the room, chanting: "Wonderful crica, beautiful crica, yummy crica—I could eat it with a spoon!"

I shudder. "Now look, you little hellion, enough of that talk!"

"OK, let's talk about dogs—why are you such a son of a bitch, Duke?"

Obviously the only way I can still his scabrous tongue is to stuff his mouth with something, and forthwith I sit him down to spaghetti and meat balls which I have spent three hours preparing in tasty homemade style. Swiftly he gluts down three heaping platefuls, then disparages: "You know something, Duke? You cook like you suck—like lousy!" . . . but he bestows so gently violent a sucking tomato sauce kiss on my mouth that all my nerve ends begin to holler like multi-raped virgins. Bent on instant ad hoc fellation, I seek to fondle him but he fends me off with too realistic karate exhibition then switches to fisticuffs, boxing me into a corner which contains a mirror that diverts him, and prinking and pranking before it he wonders how he would look with all his hair shaved off! Still pondering impending suctorial negotiations I fall at his feet, kiss his pretty little ankles naked above the low blue sneakers, remove sneakers . . . and he puts a foot on my neck, forces me flat on the floor, announces he is King and I his Slave and commands me to commit a lovely indecent act on him which eagerly I essay to do but he whisks to opposite side of room, barricades himself behind armchair.

"Are you really a duke, Duke? I mean, like a prince or something?"

"Well," I pant, edging closer, "I do have a rather renowned titular lineage, having been variously referred to as the Duke de Boyserie, the Duke von Knabenliebe, the Duke de Bicho-Culo, Duke de—"

"Duke de Puke is what you are for real!"

If I kept a Diary of Love (and I do), today's entry would be voluminous, under the general heading: To love and be wise is impossible! Fool that I am I make a grab for the sportive boy, falling over armchair—and promptly Amar knee-knocks the wind out of me, stands on my chest, whips off his red velour pullover and drops it on my face, bidding me smell the macho cologne in which it is steeped.

"Nice!" I snuffle loudly, then suspiciously. "Isn't that the stuff Gallo gave you? Did he give you a new supply . . . are you seeing him again?"

"No, Duke! Honest! I had some of the cologne left from before. Anyway, I told you I was through with that cheap bastard! After humping him three times he still didn't buy me the guitar and the mandolin he promised. Why, I betcha I gave him the best screwing he'll ever get in his whole life!"

"I'm sure you did, baby!" I say with uttermost sincerity.

Irate at the falseness of fucked faggots who fail to keep their word, the boy rips off his undershirt, unbuckles belt, unzips, leisurely doffs pants standing on me on one leg and then the other. The pungent aroma of his sweated briefs maddening me, I raise shaking claws in attempted penis-peculation but get them rudely knocked away. "Baby!" I plead. "Don't stop now! Take your briefs off!"

He wipes his feet on my snow-white shirt, puts his hands behind his back, looks up at the

ceiling. "Not till you give me five dollars for my bike payment!"

"I haven't got five dollars!"

"Yes you have! You went to the bank yesterday, remember?"

Did I? I suppose I did, if he says so—he ever keeps a sensitive finger on the erratic pulse of my financial health.

"But I spent it all!" I snivel. "On the meat balls and spaghetti!"

"Don't lie to me, Duke, or I'll shove my foot down your throat!"

O Anteros! O Apollyon! Succor this squelched sucker! Groaning, I extract my wallet and dig out bill of the required denomination which is seized, kissed, flung on the pile of the boy's clothes. Then he slips briefs down to feet, kicks them off, scoops them up to hurl the redolent garment in my face. I start to lick at the crotched dampness but they are snatched away and Amar shifts his feet to grind them against my flabby biceps, poisoning himself above me so his full-fledged furcate joy hangs down over me like a plumb bob. In vortex'd lust my glazing eyes fasten on the propinquity of his moistening prolix pomposity, achingly dwell there until the delicate equilibrium of my brain tips out of balance . . . and violently I heave my body into the air, almost upsetting the boy but nimbly he recovers, skips away.

Invalidly I slowly arise and lurch toward my contraceptive love who is now doing pushups—one, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten—but at the eleventh his arms refuse to lift him. "Your bicho's to blame!" I console the straining gymnast. "It's so big and heavy it keeps dragging you down!" The grinning boy leaps up to demonstrate in mocking charade what he would do if he were a lifeguard saving a beautiful drowning girl. He bravely swims out into boiling surf, reaches screaming maiden going down for third time, attempts to tow her back to shore; she resists wildly and he fists her lightly on jaw, brings his unconscious burden to beached safety, belly-flops her, straddles to apply artificial respiration . . . and when she is out of danger he pulls her over on her back, strips swimsuit away, slips out of his own, falls upon her, takes his savior-reward in frenzied intercourse!

Dismally I applaud the too lifelike pantomime and Amar, become hot from his simulated copulation, resurgent penility peremptorily subpoenaing my presence, springs up to push me toward the bedroom. Shedding my clothes I sit on the bed, the little bacchant crawls on me with his head in my lap and I bend to kiss his pouting jacqueminot lips.

He spits the kiss back into my mouth. "That isn't what I want!"

"I know what you want, my charming three-balled stud!" "I s'pose you don't want it!"

"Always and forever!"

The boy directs artless, inquiring eyes at me. "Duke, why do you like my come so much? It's just sticky icky slime, is all it is!"

"Maybe to you but not to me!" I reply with the superior air of the gourmet addressing the mere gluttonizer. "And I like to behold the miracle of your swift erection, marvelous prelude to your gift of the most intimate essence of you . . . that is you, the joy-giver, the life-giver, the means of your immortality!"

"Don't get me wrong, Duke. I'm glad you like it 'cause it's fun giving it to you—but it must taste awful!"

"Not to the educated palate, not to the epicurean taste," I say with smug condescension. "To describe its flavor accurately is impossible—can one describe heaven? Let's just say it has an individual, indefinable savor like no other edible substance . . . and to eat it creates overpowering appetite, one ever wants more!"

"You talk too much, Duke! Get down to business—eat me!"

Boy and I smiling at each other at pleasure's prospect, our bodies entwine on the bed, our hands caressing inwards of buttocks, lips meeting to take and return. Then Amar's breath beating sweetly, hotly against my face, he spreads his legs, pulls my hand down to press it on his burning desire. "Duke, please! Don't waste time on the rest of me now, we can do all that later. Feel me! I'm already wet!"

And I move down his cologned body, kiss his hard little belly, my lapping tongue blazing a slobbery path from navel to insides of thighs, and his hands find my head, urge me down upon the rigid epicenter of his lust. My lips touch, probe, circle the swollen ever more swelling pink glans and its tiny questing damp lips, shift to tight-stretched membranous bridle, to super-sensitive flesh bulge below, lingering there, and with strong regular sweeping strokes tantalizingly tongue-massage and rough-gently rack the boy through quickly mounting stages of blissful torture. And now in his taut body that strains against me I can sense a gradual interior flowing as of a thousand small dikes seeping, then trembling little fingers blindly search my cheeks, grab my ears to bring my head still closer, positioning me for his greater rapture—and with a thrust of his loins the boy slides up and into me. My hand darts down to cup the warm hard little testicles, tenderly squeezes them as with gentle teeth biting and tongue feverishly licking I chafe Amar's flinty boy-cock within my hot wet buccal prison until dikes in one concentrated overwhelming shudder break . . . and the young hands clench spasmodically against my head and his ecstatic half-gasp, half-scream resounds as the boy dies the sweet small death. Then softly stroking from root to head I elicit to the last micro-drop his passion's testimonial, his "sticky icky slime."

But my little rhapsodist must ever have the last word, he must malapropos beatitude itself. Regarding with displeasure his pudendum devastation, he wipes his saliva-soaked suspensibles on my pillowcase and complains: "Jeez, Duke, of all the guys that ever blowed me, you sure suck the sloppiest!"

August 9, 1964

Master Cole Stoddard
2130 Prince Street
City

My dear Cole:

Three months ago I met you and your sister Celia—the boy of 14 and the young lady of 20. Your sister was a pale shadow by your radiant side but my first sight of you intoxicated as if I had drunk deep of some magicked wild west wind, and I spoke to you but your tentative smile vanished into a frown and your smooth brow furrowed as if only it had heard. You muttered something and sped off and I was seized with a panicked urge to follow you, for your absence suddenly dulled everything—you had taken the sentient meaningful part of myself away with you.

That too brief meeting was in the Museum of Classical Art —do you remember? Your sister kindly offered herself as guide and walking through the dim echoing rooms I knew your resplendent loveliness had no peer among those ancient statues of acknowledged grace and beauty—the vivid immediacy of the living present far outshone the dead marbled past. And then was born the idea—shameful certainly and hardly honorable—of courting your sister simply to see more of you! Could irony go farther?

Irony compounded itself. Your home became my second one, your parents welcomed me, Celia began to display an almost uncomfortable affection . . . but you seemed to avoid me. I treasured the too few glimpses of you that came my way: your slim body supple as fawn or young leopard, lounging in a chair; your smooth summer-flushed boy's face, was it traced with a sweet pagan awareness? your shy dark interrogative eyes, did they reflect an ingenuous question? Your mouth in which fondly I thought I detected sensuality wondrously evident though severely disciplined; your discolo locks, perfumed with youth and comeliness, that so disordered my being. Yet I never touched you . . . for the fruit, however freely I might wish it offered, was still forbidden.

But I grew bolder. The many nights when I came to call on Celia you must have thought it odd that I offered you fifty cents not to leave but to stay there with us! Poor deluded Celia accepted my explanation that I wanted you near because I did not entirely trust myself alone with her! but you were puzzled and wary, though you remained sweetly to torment me with a hundred unconscious wiles of faultlessness and I longed to fling myself before you and kiss the corduroy contour of your knees! Ah, *gamin tendre*, how innocently your lovely face and fair form plotted to ensnare me and how eagerly I fell into your unaware trap, entranced with your infinite variety, your artless seductiveness. My heart cried out to you and my hands, abettors of my will, reached out for you . . . but were quickly withdrawn. Yet I who yearned for illicit cake but was content with licit bread have no reason to complain—virtue is so seldom its own reward.

You will think me demented when I tell you that for your sister I felt no attraction, no desire—but your vivid face and slender body sent my pulses leaping and accelerated the coursing of my

blood until it thundered in my ears. Often I wanted to hint of my longing but I judged you still so unawakened, so ignorant of anything but the purest expression of love—yet there was that in your demeanor which could have been affirmation, even invitation. You must have noticed that I was seldom alone with your sister. When you weren't near I felt lost, my senses numbed, I hardly drew breath. And on those occasional ludicrous and inane spring nights when only Celia was by my side, I realized with shattering conviction that I felt more passion beholding your play-grimed hands than I experienced kissing your sister's breasts, intimately bared to my embrace.

Perhaps you will recollect the many happy (for me) times we went to the movies—not that I ever saw them, seated as I was between you and Celia, between my love and my dissembling of it. And when, coyly invited, I gingerly touched my face to your sister's hair I smelled only acrid lacquer and spray and the ammoniac burnt residue of the curling iron. But a fleeting brush of my lips against your riotous curls filled my grateful nostrils with the scent of sun and wind and cleanliness. And if I put my arm around Celia's waist and cupped her breast I encountered the unyielding hardness of reinforced foundation-garment and laminated brassiere. But if light as moonbeams' caress I encircled your slim form (you never noticed . . . or did you!), I felt beneath your thin T-shirt firm evocative boy-flesh that required no artificial support or restraint. And when your sister impulsively offered me her cheek to kiss, I touched reluctant lips there tasting face powder, bath powder, rouge and the imperfectly removed sourness of yesterday's cosmetics. But a stealthy, tremulous, lightning-quick feathery press of my mouth on your cheek was sweetly to savor the unadulterated complexion of young skin whose cool freshness set my lips aflame!

And there was that afternoon at the beach when a sudden shower drenched us before we could reach shelter. Poor Celia looked like a drowned cat with her hair stringy about her head, makeup streaking her face, her sodden bathing-suit (never designed to get wet) too unflatteringly emphasizing the too protuberant mounds before and the over-prominent bulge behind. But to you the rain was more than kind—it teased your locks into tight glossy whorls and sleeked your lithe body into the rosed patina of some youthful sea-god. Your jacinth face bewitched me anew but your tiny bathing-slip, so plumply, ripely promiscuous of the unattainable, plunged me into fathomless despair and I prayed for sudden tidal wave to engulf me and end my amorous torture.

Well, there is my confession, little Cole. That is how it is with me. I have loved you and only you since the first moment I looked into your eyes so short, so long a time ago. Do not think too badly of me. I misled your sister but I never took advantage of her in the more unworthy sense . . . having met you I could not, even if I would. I am quite sure she has forgiven my deception for she wrote me a friendly note recently, telling of her engagement. I wish her every happiness.

But what of you and me? You now know how I feel about you. I have revealed everything—perhaps too much. Yet all I ask is that you permit me to express my affection more warmly, more intimately than letters can, or sighs or glances. Is your childlike purity still so inviolate that you do not understand what that implies? And if you do, does it frighten you? Disgust you? I have seen you display pity for a maimed bird and set its broken wing and restore it to health and airy freedom. Can you spare some pity for me? Is there any hope? I fear not, and this

letter then will be Farewell. But know, my Gemito fisherboy, that I have bitten too deep into your bait, the hook of your charms has captured me. Lovely angler, if you are kind you will not cast me back to my cold ocean grave!

Faithfully,

Duke

Aug. 11, 1964

Dear Duke—

Jesus, Duke, why didn't you tell me before that you liked me that way? I'm glad you do. My Phys Ed teacher in school last winter wised me up, but he didn't give me nothing and he had a broken tooth that scraped me so I ditched him. At the museum I wasn't mad at you or anything. It was just that my sister reminded me I had to go to the dentist. Right away when I first saw you I wondered if you'd like to play around with me but then I figured you were only interested in Celia, though you did look at me kind of funny sometimes. Hell, when you and her were out somewhere at night, I used to lay awake thinking of what you were probably doing together, and I would beat my meat until I was practickly swimming in my own come. But it's not so hot that way. I like you a lot, Duke, and I'll be over to see you Saturday afternoon about four. Hope you'll be home so we can make up for lost time.

Your pal,

Cole

Amar

The pastiche excesses of the sentimentally romantic boy-lover are infinite, and if there is any recognizable logic about them it is soon sweetly routed by the recusant beloved. Last week I had cuff links custom-made which bore in Greek letters the words BEAUTIFUL AMAR; and in an onyx and gold heirloom locket I placed a crisp cutting of the boy's pubic curls so that I might have a sunbeam lock of my small alter ego ever about me. Amar is a little embarrassed and somewhat wroth with me at this overt display of my follied affection, declaring I look like a goddam fairy wearing a locket and besides, he knows a coupla Greeks and what'll they think if they should see his name on my cuff links! What'm I trying to do—ruin his reputation?! So I keep the pubic'd amulet in my watch-pocket, and yesterday I gave the links to the boy to allay his fears of guilt by jewelled association. But today he wants a white silk French-cuffed shirt to put them in—and I tell him to go to hell by the most expeditious means! He directs at me a paralyzing evil eye, two-handed thumbs his fore and aft, grins, leeringly strips, turns his back, bends over . . . and the setting sun, the overhead light and the bed-lamp all fiendishly focus their rays on the twinned hills that hide the mysterious bronze valley between. In helpless conditioned response my knock-knees hit the floor, my hands slide up the firm thighs that warmly melt into the swooning buttock curves, smooth-soft as fine chamois, and my lips glide wetly over them, teeth gnawing at their satin allure . . . and now Amar's fingers fly down to part the audacious nates. A crown-fire of ecstasy flames through me as the moist hot tight circle of Sodom is revealed, is offered, is pressed into my face; and I begin to tongue the pulsing little anus, so dishonored and unsung, denigrated and neglected, slighted and disdained—yet to pleasure it is to induce compounded delight in that more popular part but two stones'-throw away. And one blissful embrace is succeeded by rapturous another and they multiply in poignantly beatific overbreed until Amar is exhausted from hair-tip to toe . . . and I am a puddle of purple ooze with numbed lips and semen'd tongue, trying desperately not to swallow!

Then craftily putting his hand betwixt my legs and agitating it remorselessly, the boy asks: "Do I get the shirt, pato?" "A dozen!" I beam, smiling all over.

"One's enough—and I'll have to hide even that or my mother'll get s'picious. But you know what you could do, Duke, if you wanted to?"

"Make love to you again?"

"No! Ain't you had enough yet?! I mean if you'd take my hair out of that locket and give the locket to me it'd be just the thing for my girl on her birthday!"

The Quiddity of Quasi-Queerness

Or In Defense of Junior-Hustlers and Pseudo-Same

I said junior-hustlers is what I said, from 12 to 17, not being too familiar with any other age; and with or without your kind indulgence I would like, in a mildly delirious way, to become somewhat laudatory about these kids for they ever receive a bad press and are by definition considered to be juvie delinqs, so it's high time some knowledgeable person put in a good word for them and their aspiring brothers. Ignoring for the nonce confirmedly square boys (most of whom would like to but don't dare!), you will find the teen-age male, whore or amateur, quite an asset in this heterosexually too licentious land. He is specifically a member in good standing of the community, an enterprising little businessman with a rapturous stock-in-trade; and though I must admit that youth is wasted on most young people —especially these days when many adolescents' bright banner is inscribed: Everything for me and fuck you!—this is signally not true of the pubescent flesh-purveyor for he generously, eagerly seeks to share his juvenile attributes and puerile pleasures with almost anyone who has the price and doesn't too much look like a vice-dick or a reformer: Hot pops, do you like me? For a fin you can take me home! And even the only modertely successful hustler has no need nor desire to vandalize, mug, steal, rape or murder—if for no other reason than to maintain a spotless reputation to hold his better customers. Frequently you can persuade a corposantic little self-spender (usually by massaging him with sufficient greenback salve) to become yours alone . . . and the experience he has gained with other lovers will have transformed him into an unexpurgated encyclopedia of cathexis'd sexuality!

Speaking purely as a degenerate pervert, I would like to state that of all the ages and degrees of the two sexes, it's the most fun loving boys because boys are the most fun-loving! Gentlemen, let us credit give where credit is long overdue, let us face the beatific fact! The amorous renaissance of the boy has been late in arriving but its advance is now inexorable—for the lad, copy of the man in ideal miniature, is best suited to the adult male's physical and psychical needs ... what do ye lack? Was yours an unhappy childhood? Then joyously live your second childhood with a playful boy-paramour! Are you unhandsome, plain, even ugly? Boys rightly place little importance on this, preferring you to be amusing and young enough in heart to play (games) with them. Is your income modest? Most youngsters will be content with what you can afford, if you supplement it with little attentions and thoughtful gestures that show the lad he is appreciated. Praise his muscles, his bold defiance of convention, his maleness, his looks, his prowess in bed—but be subtle about it for little males are suspicious of too fulsome flattery. Are you impotent? Most youths welcome that condition in you, will overlook virtually any infirmity except lockjaw and/or a paralyzed tongue! Are you elderly? The lad may tease you about it, perhaps scoff and be scornful as Youth ever is of Age—but he will be in your arms so what does it matter! Are you bogged down in the false values of a matriarchically-dominated civilization? Endearing fundament-alists, boys will be happy to teach you the idyllic essentials of life. Finally, are you just a bit weary of that deflating decaying-fish smell, of monthlied gore and whining "I gave you the best years of my life!", and all the other xenosities of the inscrutable female? Then embrace the boy, for his fragrance is of rare loin of beef, his blood is delightfully contained (particularly in his pleasure-bone!), he nags not though he may well render you divinely mad—and freely he offers you the best years of his young life with dancing eyes and a smile on his lips!

Therefore denigrate not the little body-merchant—nor indeed any lad who permits you to love him—speak not pejoratively of him for sedulously he sells (and often donates) the semen'd sweat of his balls if not his brow; in his fashion he works, he toils, he is truly love's laborer worthy of his hire!

Grady

Grady is reversed Pygmalion, My Fair Laddy. His fanciful face and form are neon advertisements for pedophilia and his slow, too infrequent smile is like the breakthrough of welcome sunshine on an overcast day. A charming sexual philanthropist, he offers an affection that seems in direct proportion to his need for it, yet there is an unearthly quality about this aureorean lad that is mystifying and often unsettling. Even in moments of passion his face never quite loses a pensive, remote cast of yearning for some unattainable, perhaps olympian rapture. At these times he is removed from me, his eyes soft and other-where in waking dream . . . and I seem to be caressing a body senseless and soulless, embracing a boy who isn't there. "Grady!" I say, disturbed, and like an automaton his hand comes up to touch my shoulder, rests lightly on my arm, falls away and once more he retreats into his overwhelming fantasy. I sit up, lean over him. "Grady, what's the matter? Tell me!" Sightlessly his eyes stare up at me, beyond me. "I can't tell you!" he sighs to the room, to the night, to the moon and the stars.

Later as we eat the lunch I have prepared, he is lucid and normal, with me again on my mundane level and chattering of school and sports and vacation plans. And then, with a glass of milk raised halfway to his lips, he is gone again—his pulse, breath, heart and all his being suspended for an instant, to resume function on some other plane. I take the glass from his hand, cup the boy's chin, tip his face up. It is like gazing into the cold unresponsive countenance of a marble statue. His eyes are open—but what childish imagery does he behold? Has the little visionary, seer into the infinite, been permitted a glimpse of Paradise? It is maddening not to know. "Grady!" I say sharply. "What is it! You must tell me what you see!"

"I see my brother!" he whispers raptly. "He has . . . has—"

"I'm sorry, Grady," I murmur, instantly repenting my insistent questioning. "Your brother has passed Gone to his heavenly reward."

"No, he's gone to state prison and I miss him like hell...cause he blew me better'n anybody!"

Amar

From what spring bubbles a lad's inclination to perverse passion? From the mind, the heart, the imagination, the testicles? Does it perhaps dwell on the point of a pin or in the eye of a hurricane? Or is it merely, meretriciously found in the folds of readily opened stuffed wallets?

This afternoon I asked Amar if—time and place and circumstance being otherwise—he would go to bed with a woman my age. Instantly an appalled pallor blanches his face, he makes loud gagging noises, pretends to throw up over me, him and the sheets. Why, here's food for thought, indeed! Here seems to bloom evil unfancy's fetid flower that merits microscopic scrutiny (suspected plant rot!).

"What's your specific objection to women my age?" I pursue. "They're too fat," the boy shudderingly dismisses. "Tubs of lard!"

"Not all of them."

"Then they're too thin, nothing but skin and bones!"

"Baby, you're wrong, not to say prejudiced. I've seen many such women who were almost as slim as a girl . . . some girls."

"Maybe . . . but they're all too stingy. They think you should do it just for love!" Amar spits out the last word as though it were coated with bitter aloes.

Now an unthinkable thought obtrudes to run screaming through the chambered nautilus of my brain. "You seem to know a hell of a lot about older women! Have you ever been with—?"

"No! But I've heard about them from bigger guys. Ugh! It would be like making love with your mother or your grandmother!"

"Yet in that sense you're eager enough to make love with your father or your grandfather . . . meaning me!"

"That's different!"

"How is it different?"

"I don't know how, but it is!"

"No matter how old a woman is," I remind, "she still has that crica you're so fond of!"

Amar pantomimes extreme nausea. "I wouldn't even want to look at it in them, much less stick my bicho in it!"

"Yet you're always hot to stick your bicho up my ass! Why is that?"

"W-a-a-a-h! I don't like you to say 'ass'! Say 'culo'!" "Pardon my crude English . . . culo. And you still haven't answered my question."

"Shove your question up your culo and get me a glass of milk"

Ah, well, 'twas a footless discussion to begin with and leading nowhere . . . or possibly everywhere. However, two salient points emerge which demand consideration. Can it be that mature women are so undesirable that even generous-hearted and accommodating boys refuse to bed with them? Or is it simply that boys and men, of whatever age, are particularly simpatico? God knows, and the Devil too—but they're not talking!

July 10, 1964

Mr. Paolo Carrara
274 Marble Avenue
Stony Point, N. Y.

Undear sir:

Now look, Paolo, fun's fun and all that but you're a man now and should feel some sense of fair play and responsibility. You must be all of 20, though under common law (not common sense) you are legally considered still an infant. Four years ago you left me high and dry because you had graduated to girls, which was sacrificially A-OK with me and a transition I always encourage though frequently lament (ah, your young chanticleer, cock o' the walk, that inspired waking dreams of solicitant desire!). Then I hear you've progressed or regressed to a bisexual stage—through no past fault of my own that I can determine. Now you know my views on bisexuals—I just am not sympathetic to their odd philosophy of "I can be true to the one dear sex, if t'other dear sex is away!" I realize, of course, that you have a civil and constitutional right to be bisexual or trisexual or tricycle if you're happy that way, but don't invade my constitutional rights in doing so! In short, why did you come over last night to borrow five dollars and stay to court my newly-met 13-year-old Rocky, fair stranger in passion's lusty land! And not only woo him but seduce him so expeditiously and thoroughly that when, unsuspecting, I return to the living-room bearing homemade angel food cake, I found both of you sprawled on my couch in a moaning tangle of such shameless nudity and obscene activity that the angel food promptly metamorphosed into devil's food!

Duke

Amar

Amar is the agent provocateur of my passion, he is my Prince of Piece from his sunglow hair to his virtu toes, from the amorous Acropolis of his sex-initial, proud ego-I, to the seraphic cleavage of his ass sheltering the tiny oracled mouth. And in whatever disguise he appears, or none, I am not deceived. I recognize him, I know him . . . he is the Young Enchanter.

I ever wish I had lived in B. C. times when fucked the happy pagan, uncursed by Christianity; when paynim priestlets of the penis-cult beckoned from every side; and pastoral Corydon kept sheep and shepherd boys (you tonight and ewe tomorrow!). But I get along, I make out, protein'd pervert in my semen-scented lair—yet discretion is always the better part of phallic valor. One must be ceaselessly cautious lest one be incarcerated. One must be alert as hunted hare to even faintest echo, merest shadow of shadow of impending danger . . . and craven I, admittedly guilty, often flee when no man pursueth!

In the apartment across the hall reside a possible triple threat to my penile welfare: three maiden ladies, weird sisters of indefinite age who are invective, inventive, inveterate gossips dripping with Victorian moral labels. Effie, Emmy and Eufemia are indistinguishable one from another in appearance but not in deportment, for Effie stutters, Emmy lisps and Eufemia farts—genteelly, noiselessly, malodorously; and all three snidely cast the stinky blame on stopped-up sewers or a fertilizer plant fourteen miles distant! Perhaps fearing to encounter singly the world outside their home, they are always seen publicly in threesome force, even to borrowing from me which they ever are, though timidly they never venture across the threshold of my perilous bachelor abode. "We're making a c-c-cake!" Effie will announce one morning at my door, "and we'd like to borrow a cup of flour!" I get the flour. "And two cupth of thugar!" chimes in Emmy. I get the sugar. "And three eggs!" adds Eufemia, releasing a silent stench-bomb (if smell had weight her farts would hit the floor like hurled anvils!).

And one evening, borrowing bandaids and iodine (their cat Poinsettia has gashed her greedy nose on a sardine-tin), they peer over my shoulder and espy Amar seated on the couch, fortunately clothed for once. "Who is that?" cries Eufemia skunkily. Inspiration suddenly kicking me in the teeth, I improvise: "He's the brother of my fiancée!" The boy darts me a glare of outrage but contrives to look like the existent sibling of my nonexistent betrothed. "Boyth are alwayth coming to your plathe, aren't they?" remarks Emmy. "Of course!" I rejoin, my built-in warning-system setting up an alarmed clangor. "Delivery boys, messenger boys, Western Union boys, paper-boys!" Effie sniffs: "It's very odd they never come to our d-d-door!" And inescapably I see I must do something drastic to allay their growing suspicions or soon the boy and I will become infamous cause célèbre, our reputations reeking worse than Eufemia's breakwinds!

The next morning I visit Copro & Lagnia's Capri Fashions Shoppe and a couple other emporiums where I make strategic purchases. That evening Amar arrives at six—he can stay overnight, his mother being away assisting a neighboring female during a difficult childbirthing—and after I have played cannibal to his missionary lingam I gaze gravely into the fringed gentian of his eyes and say: "My sweet one, would you like to do me a big favor which possibly could save my life, my liberty and my pursuit of boyishness?"

"No," replies Amar after due consideration.

"Let me explain. Those three . . . um, ladies you saw at my door yesterday smell a perverse rodent in my humble habitation —namely, me!"

"Yeah! And you told them I was your fiancée's brother! You really got a fiancée, you double-crossing rat?"

"Baby, need you ask? I have no one, want no one but you who are beyond my wildest hopes and dreams. But these shrewish sisters, having seen troops of boys converging at my door, are suspicious . . . and worse, soon they'll communicate their suspicions to all and sundry. So to ensure my continued safety, I must create in their eyes a false image of natural, normal conformity." "I don't get you!"

"Lovely one, just for tonight I want you to assume the habiliments of the opposite sex and in fancy if not in fact become my fiancée that I may exhibit you to those harpy triplets, thus stilling their wagging tongues when they see I am as all hetero others are."

For a minute the boy is speechless. When he can speak he hisses like a trod-on adder. "You . . . you want me to dress up like a girl and make believe I'm—!" He chokes with indignation.

"I don't want you to, Amar, but it seems a necessary precaution—and I would be very grateful."

"But I don't like to—

"Only for one short evening will you be playing a part, will you be something you are not. Surely you are accustomed to that!"

"I'm not! What do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious? To your mother, your teachers at school, your square young friends, to the world in general you play the part of a good boy, of the pure, innocent little lad unsmirched by unholy passion. Right?"

"Hell, yes! You don't s'pose I'm gonna tell them I go to bed with guys, do you!"

"Of course not! You're a clever lad and I admire your circumspection. I'm only asking you to play another role, doubtless somewhat unusual, but I'm confident you're so adept a natural actor that you'll fool everybody. Look at it as an adventure, a masquerade, a Hallowe'en-costumed bit of fun. Did you know that in Shakespeare's time all young females on the stage were actually boys dressed as girls?"

"Screw Shakespeare in the culo, twice!"

"Tut-tut! Don't speak ill of the dead—not that Willyum probably wouldn't have enjoyed it! Come, my beamish boy, do this little thing for me. I dare you to!"

"Don't dare me! I'm li'ble to do anything on a dare!"

"That's nice to know—I must keep it in mind! Sweet one, you'll be a ravishing Juliet, so to speak, and you won't even have to die at the final curtain. And I'll be your Romeo!"

"Romeo's grandfather is more like it!"

"My angel, don't be so fucking frank!"

"W-a-a-a-h! You know I don't like you to say 'fucking!'"

"Sorry! Amar, please be kind to your senile, decrepit, doddering, doting old Duke—who for your information still has years to go before he draws Social Security! Say you'll do it!" "Oh, OK! OK! But I'll hate every minute of it!"

"No, you won't. I guarantee once you get into the spirit of the thing that you'll have a ball . . . only I just hope I'm not turning you into a cute little transvestite!"

"If you're gonna call me names now, the whole deal's off!"

"It's not so much a name as a condition. Now first, my little chicken in the basket, I must pad your profligate privates so there's no chance of frontal effrontery."

"Whatever that means!"

"It means the whole plan is ruined if my presumably female fiancée gets a dress-lifting hard-on during the course of the evening!"

Grumblingly the boy submits to having his pudendum blazonry lingeringly kissed, then snuffed out beneath a thick, tightly-bound bandage that gently forces his puissant penis against his belly; blackly he steps into the black lace panties I hold out for him but shies violently away from the next article I take up. "Damn you, Duke, I ain't wearing no bra!"

"Small one, the bra is the whole crux of the impersonation for no young lady is complete without breasts!"

With mien of resigned acceptance, Amar allows his maligned male dignity to be strapped into shameful cups, averting pained eyes from the pink nylon protuberances. My sweating hands caress the long gracile legs and hard rounded thighs as I draw on the stockings, sheer as a sigh in the night, fasten them to added garter-belt.

"All this harness!" the boy mourns. "I feel like a horse!" "Patience, love! And now we must do something about your face."

"Duke, I'm not, not, not going to wear lipstick and rouge and glop like that!"

"You don't need them. The problem is not to accentuate your good looks but to lessen their impact, to tone down." And with makeup pencils, pastes and powders I draw faint smudges beneath eyes, lighten the pennate brows and lashes, temper the strawberries-and-cream of his cheeks . . . but it is beyond all cosmetic art to subdue the vivid freshness of his rose mallow lips, even if he would hold still for it! I brush the crisp silk of his sunshine hair until deeper golden glints appear, shape the heavy mass into tumbled sculpture following the classic lines of his shapely skull. And now the dress—a billowing froth of scarlet through gray summer dusk.

I step back to view my creation at arm's length . . . and tremble. A face of pensive loveliness looks back at me. Soft moonlight has stolen into the room to impart its gramarye but the greater transformation seems from within. The boy's luminous features have altered subtly, become finer etched, and I behold a beauty like the bloom of mythical roses amid feathery fronds of burnished gold, perverse botanical phenomenon. I have failed. I have not dulled his enthralling appeal—I have emphasized it, added compelling overtones of irresistible allure.

"Dear heart," I sigh, "I've botched the job! You are more beautiful now than before!"

The boy scowls, draws down the corners of his mouth. "Don't say that, Duke!"

"Look in the mirror—convince yourself!"

He confronts the glass, stares. A look of almost incredulous amusement flashes over his face and laughter explodes as if it had been surprised out of him. He protrudes a mocking tongue at his reflected self, mugs clownishly.

"What do you see?" I ask him. I see an affinited vision, intrigant boy-girl or girl-boy, yet not wholly either.

"I see Amar," my love snarls, "all bitched up in a crappy dress!"

"Not Amar . . . mystically, mysteriously beautiful Amaryllis!" "I don't like to be called by a girl's name—and I'm not beautiful! Boys aren't beautiful!"

"Some are . . . and you lead all the rest!"

"W-a-a-a-h! I've had enough of this—I'm going home!"

"You're not going to back out now!" I gather him into my arms, longing to rip off all this demoralizing gaudery and take him to bed.

"But I won't even know how to walk! Girls walk different—they wiggle their butts!"

"Walk as you always have. You will be a sensation, the latest fad—the girl who walks like a boy!"

"Well, don't think I'm gonna wear high heels 'cause I'll trip and break a leg!"

"No high heels." I bring out the little dancing-slippers and fit them to his slender feet. "How do they feel? Too tight?"

"They're all right, I guess. Duke, my voice will give me away—it's too deep!"

"It's perfect . . . not the usual teen female's shrill screech but a clear low soprano verging on alto. A voice to melt a stone!"

"I'd like to melt you into a grease-spot! What about my hands? They're rough, I got callouses!"

"Gloves for your hands." I slip them on, elbow-length, white, of fine chamois that is almost a second skin. Amar flexes his fingers, grudgingly approves, then protests with renewed choler as I produce the hat—a triangle of black velvet with half-veil and fasten it in his hair.

"Why do I have to wear a hat!" he asks bitterly.

"Because the veil is a partial mask for your face, and half-hidden you will have more confidence and poise in your guise of public charmer."

The boy peers into the mirror, grimaces, retches, sighs piteously. "Duke, I look like a fool, I feel like one—I am a fool for doing this and—"

"You'll get used to it. Walk about the room a little, show me what an accomplished boy-actor you are!"

He paces about, thumbs his nose at me, sits, stands, thumbs his culo at me, smooths his hair, plucks at drape of dress, feigns being convulsively sick in a corner. Clever mimic, his gestures and movements seem authentically those of the young female, with exciting additive note that is uniquely Amar. My unrestrained plaudits overcome his embarrassment and a small smile hovers about his lips, leaps to his eyes. "What do I have to do now, Duke? Let's get this over with!"

I wrap him in a short summerweight coat of gray silk. "Now we beard the three witches—if we can lure them from their den!"

In the hall I set up a deafening racket, slamming the door, coughing loudly, laughing at nothing with such hyena hilarity that the boy regards me with disturbed concern. But my miniature bedlam has its intended effect for the door to the opposite apartment cracks open, still on the chain, and six beady eyes reconnoiter. Then chain is removed, door opens wider to reveal the single fat figure of Effie topped by triple goggle-eyed heads. I doff my homburg and execute a somewhat creaky Chesterfieldian bow. "Good evening, ladies! Allow me to present my fiancée . . . uh, Amaryllis!" I turn to my sweet accomplice. "My dear, these estimable gentlewomen are my neighbors—the Misses Effie, Emmy and Eufemia!" For the love of God, Eufemia, don't fart! My darling has a hypersensitive olfactory sense!

Amar inclines his head, smiles, says in beguiling tone smooth as baby-oil: "How do you do, ladies! Casimir has told me a lot about you!"

The sisters, woozy with speculation, twitter at my child bride-to-be. I hold my breath—will their sharp virago orbs penetrate the masquerade?

"She's adorable . . . but so y-y-young!" Effie exclaims at last. "Mr. Dukahz, surely you're not contemplating entering the m-m-matrimonial state with this . . . this schoolgirl!"

"That I am, Effie!" I reply smugly. "On one moonlight night in June we . . . er, plighted our troth!" Should I tell her we've already consummated our impending wedding, times without number? Ah, no, mum's the word!

Emmy addresses the boy with prim disapproval. "Do you know the fact of life, little mith innothent?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Amar replies promptly.

"Do you realithe what ith athked of a bride on her nupthial night by her callouth brute of a spouthe?" pursues Emmy wetly.

"I've heard!" says Amar demurely, " and I can hardly wait!"

Three shocked harpies withdraw so suddenly that Eufemia has no opportunity to put her stenchy two scents in. "That's telling 'em!" I congratulate the boy, kissing his cheek in the deserted foyer. "Thank you, my bride, my wife, my love! Thank you! You deceived them completely and saved my tottering reputation; in fact, you played your part so well I can almost smell menstrual blood in the air!" Or has that hag Eufemia farted down the stairwell at us!

We go out into a night all sky-blue and star-silver, a warm breeze redolent of romance and red roses has sprung up, and farandole shadows sift down from nodding fanfare trees. Skipping along the sidewalk like fourteen-year-old squiring his first girl to the movies, I finally manage to snare an evasive taxi.

"Where are we going?" the boy asks.

"To a charity-ball, very exclusive, very high society. Some of my business associates may be there—and the sight of you will send my quasi-hetero stock soaring!"

"I'd rather go to bed."

"Ah, sweet love, don't tempt me!"

The ballroom is an immense hall with mural decor of fin de siecle Venuses and Adonises, overweight and over-draped, lolling among accumbent seraphim in megalomaniac meadows of versicolored flora/fauna. From the gilt and crimson ceiling hang chandeliers like clustered glass stalactites that shed showers of rainbow light. We are conducted to a table ringsiding the slippery-looking dance-floor. "T-a-a-a-ngerine!" ululates an orchestra troubador.

"No rock-and-roll?" sniffs Amar. "What kinda dump is this!"

"This is a civilized joint where they play only fox-trots and waltzes—contact dances in which lovingly you clasp your partner close in your arms. Much more sentimentally romantic than these modern acrobatics where you perform in cataleptic aloneness!"

"But I can't fox-trot or waltz, Duke!"

"Don't wet your diaper, my little dickeybird, neither can I! But they're easy to learn. This is a fox-trot now. Watch the couples on the floor. Some are hardly moving at all, just holding each other up and shuffling their feet."

A waiter hovers and I order rum-and-coke for me and cherry coke for my fiancée. When the drinks arrive, Amar switches glasses and gulps the rum down before I can stop him. "Now look, Amaryllis!" I glower. "Lay off the liquor! Never let it be said that I led a boy to drink!"

My small love hiccups in English and invites me to go fuck myself in Castilian Spanish—dear little Raul's influence again! Now several male acquaintances present themselves, greet me with an effusiveness never displayed before, gawk at my veiled companion. I introduce them. Visibly impressed, they regard me with an unwonted respect, linger, their roving hands not quite touching Amar-Amaryllis. Then their anxious-eyed fraus reclaim them, drag them away, darting barbed glances at the beauty by my side.

"You've already conquered a dozen hearts!" I whisper to the boy. "And little wonder—look at those clock-stopping wives of theirs!"

"How about ordering some more drinks?" proposes my incipient alcoholic, licking the inside of his rum glass.

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!" I teetotal, virtuously.

"In that case, order me a barrel of drinks!"

"Be nice, my young scapegrace, or I'll lock you in the Ladies' Room!"

Amar scrambles to his feet. "Let's go! I've always wanted to see if women could make orina standing up!"

"The refined ones sit, my darling!"

The fox-trot has ended and a waltz begins. Stern grip on his arm, I escort the boy to the floor, put my arm around his waist. "Now, baby, first we circle clockwise, then counter-clockwise and reverse. That's all there's to it, so just relax and let me guide you." The touch of his warm slim young body beneath the gauzy gown causes me to stumble.

Amar steadies me, grinning. "Lay off the liquor, Duke!"

Cautiously I essay a glissade, slowly revolve. So far, so good—my lithe partner easily, gracefully follows my every twist and turn. Faster now, vivace! We whirl and glide and dip and slide in syncopated synechdoche; the warm pliant boy-flesh pressed close, we are one—spinning more in tarantella than in waltz. Amar raises shining face, eyes glinting beneath the veil. "This is fun, Duke! Look at the crazy chandeliers—they're on a merry-go-round!" And yet more prestissimo we reel, the other dancers are a blur, the music enters and is snatched from my ears in quick rotative succession. My lissome partner is laughing, he clings to me, his gloved fingers press mine, his other hand tickles my neck . . . then I realize he is leading! He leads me in everything else, why not in this! Now swifter we circle, we are demented gyroscope careening from side to side, the lights are under us, the floor above . . . and then . . . something . . . what? Silence. The music has stopped and we skid on the polished surface to shoe-scorching halt. We are alone, the other dancers ranged about the deserted space. Dizzily, sheepishly we return to our table midst a burst of loud handclapping.

"What's that for?" Amar asks breathlessly.

"They seem to be applauding our terpsichorean skill—we're the cynosure of all eyes!" I say, blushing for us both. I regard my two left feet with astonishment at their prowess. Well, no, in truth my feet had nothing to do with it. I look at my flushed and smiling little one—he deserves the credit, my inspired genius of the dance!

The orchestra strikes up again but Amar is soon bored with the fox-trot. Too slow, no action! I am rapturously content to hold him in my arms, hardly moving, my libertine fingers furtively exploring the little male body through female accouterments . . . and I discover he has a raging bone-on! A tap on my shoulder. "Cut, please!"

"Cut what?" I ask blankly. What bloody circumcisional ceremony have we blundered into? Oh yes, cut! The dodge employed when you can't get a partner and deviously attempt to steal someone else's. But I am courteous, as ever. "Get lost!" I growl at the again tapping finger. "Haul ass!"

We go back to our table to find it surrounded by pimply, perspiring upper-crust youths feverishly babbling to be permitted the pleasure of the next waltz with my lightsome love who, face half-concealed and without benefit of jewels, cosmetics or coquetry has apparently outshone all other damsels present. No more than I had expected. I am about to politely dismiss the wild-eyed petitioners . . . but my feet hurt and I am winded from discouraging the cut-competition which has made my shoulder sore. I need to sit the next round out. "What do you say, fairest one?" I whisper to Amar-yllis. "Do you think you can endure to dance with one of these creeps?"

"I don't care if you don't, Duke," the boy says, critically surveying the throng. "That fatty with the diamond in his shirt—he looks like he might spring for some drinks!"

The chooch referred to seems well-bred enough, at least the best of a bad lot and I suffer my darling to be led away, reminding him not to imbibe any hard liquids. When they return, the boy has a bottle of champagne under one arm, but the young man mutters something with crazed glance and hurries off. "What happened?" I inquire, stowing the wine under the table for

safekeeping.

"A-w-w, while we were dancing he put his hand between my legs so I kneed him, then he felt my titties and I stepped on his feet, then he pinched my culo and I stuck my finger in his eye and told him if he didn't buy me champagne that I'd tell you he felt me up!"

"I ought to knock his head in!" I say savagely. "But he probably could take me—and I didn't bring my switchblade."

"Leave him alone," Amar advises. "The wine cost thirty bucks—aren't you going to open it? I'm thirsty!"

"We'll drink it later at home . . . in bed!" I wink suggestively. And then we become aware of a mass of male humanity hemming us in, three deep, concupiscent adolescents adenoidally eye-undressing my young fascinator. They look dangerous as only the deprived young in rut can—my corazon conquistador has raised havoc with every stag lingam in the place, and doubtless some others! Good God Almighty, have they no relieving fistic habits, no accommodating girlfriends, no healthful sublimations!

It is obvious there is but one course to be taken if I am to preserve my lovely Amaryllis from physiopsychic gang-rape or its unreasonable facsimile. Climbing on a chair, I raise my hands and my voice. "Gentlemen!" I shout, wishing them all in hydrogen hell for ruining my evening, "you're wasting your time, you're barking up the wrong tree—my fiancée and I are about to depart!"

There is a thunderous multiple groan, frantic pleas, assorted bribes offered—and it requires two waiters, a bus-boy and an assistant manager to pry us out of the ravening mob and set us on our unimpeded way. We take in an expensive though tranquilizing movie about a dame who murders fifteen inoffensive relatives; is caught, confesses, is tried, convicted and sentenced to burn—but she is released by the United States Supreme Court on a technicality (can't you just see squirrely Earle Warren, turncoat Abe Fortas and womanizer William Duggle-ass, eyes wet with compassion, concertedly exclaim: Free that pitiable persecuted maiden—she confessed too soon!).

At home, we are hardly inside the door before I grab the boy, kneel and lift his dress. Ah, how thrilling to come upon that, even padded, which one does not expect to find beneath a skirt! Amar bends to tongue my ear, attuning it to lyric lingual symphony. "Duke, get me out of these clothes! The damn . . . bra is down around my belly-button!"

I remove the female caparison, folding each garment carefully—they will go among my souvenirs, mementoes of a memorable evening.

"Duke," the boy says when he stands in naked beauty before me, "I had fun tonight and all, but . . . but please don't make me dress up like that again. I don't like girls' clothes. I mean, I like them on girls but not on me!"

"Never again, my child!" I promise. "And I apologize for the insult to your male dignity. You

know, I would trade all the black lace panties in the world for just one pair of your sweaty little briefs!"

"And you won't call me Amaryllis any more or tell people I'm your fiancée, will you?" Amar says earnestly.

"Absolutely not! You have played your role to perfection and my hetero reputation is firmly established now, not to say envied. And my fiancée Amaryllis has deserted me to wed another—surely breaking my heart if I didn't have her young brother to console me in secret!" I begin to caress his capriole cock revelling in its new-found freedom, mouth its sufflated warmth until its pre-coital excitement wets my lips. "Are you too tired to make love?" I whisper, yearning to feel the boy's potential progeny playful within the cradle of my mouth.

"I'm kinda tired but my bicho isn't!" Amar puts his right leg over my left shoulder, fits his pink penis-head between my lips, slowly pushes in as his left leg surmounts my right shoulder. I seize his snug little buttocks, pull him into me till the satin'd filaments of his pubic hair engulf my nose, supporting him, lifting him as I stagger to my feet and carry my beatific burden to the bed.

I awake to an Eden morning. It is almost dawn. Everything is misted in tints of gray and pink and pearl. I see a slender golden foot outside the rumpled sheet. Swirl of oro hair thrust back from his child's forehead, Amar slumbers deeply, curled up against me in small warm ball like a cuddly koala bear. Fearful of disturbing him I lie there unmoving, watch the shadowy details of the room slowly assume sharpness in the growing light. When the first rays of the sun touch the bed, the boy stirs, yawns, stretches, sighs. His eyes open, blink, turn to me. Smiling, he brings up his hand, presses the tip of my nose with gentle forefinger. "Hi, Duke!" And as I draw him close and feel his sleek tongue flick across my lips, I pray for time to stand still that this so perfect moment might last forever.

"What do you want for breakfast?" I murmur after a while, sitting up.

"Champagne!"

"We'll drink it after we eat. Now what would you like—ham and eggs, pancakes and sausage, waffles. . . ?" I reach for my bathrobe.

"Don't go, Duke!" says the boy, shoving the sheet down to expose a morning-erection like altissimo Ascension Day. "Stay here—I'll give you breakfast in bed!"

October 14, 1964

Mr. Eberhard J. Philopenus, Proprietor
The Bide-A-Wee Home for Boys
269 Tite Street
Cockeysville, Md.

Sir:

Just because you are fortunate enough to be conducting the only bordello of boy-love east or west of the Mississippi, don't let it go to your head! Perhaps you're not fully cognizant of how vulnerable you are—purportedly piously maintaining a haven for homeless and neglected lads, duly licensed for that estimable purpose, while actually you're operating a sweet den of succulent infamy! OK, it's a very commendable undertaking, sorely needed, and I'm all for you and your accomplished little room-and-boarders, but the service your hubrissed hostel affords is ghastly and wouldn't for a minute be tolerated in the sleaziest cathouse in the slummiest section of Port Said. That immediate improvement may be effected for your benefit and mine, I will itemize my chief complaints:

- a) There was sand in the KY.
- b) The mattresses could only be appreciated by an Indian fakir seeking a sharper bed of nails.
- c) The trick-towels stink of suppurating vaginas. Did you buy them second-hand, for Christ's sake!
- d) The lock on the door to my room was broken, admitting an endless stream of interlopers, among which were: a tall goateed chooch who I'm positive was a reporter from Time Magazine and who asked me in the middle of my long-delayed orgasm if "boysexual" was spelled with or without a hyphen; a fat woman who inquired when the next bus left for Intercourse, Pa., and a doddering nonagenarian who tried to make the kid I was covering but failing that, demanded to know why his Social Security check hadn't arrived!
- e) The lad I had, though lovely as the son of Cupid and Eros, was definitely mentally retarded. I found him playing with himself and the parts of two Erector Sets and a Meccano Set, and before I could wheedle him into bed I had to bloodily gouge all ten fingers assisting him in the construction of a bridge, a signal-tower and a trestle for his electric train, during which I passed out from the noxious liquor you serve, recovering consciousness painfully to discover that my devilish young companion had tied my penis to the railroad track and was just about to run over it with a diesel locomotive and sixteen assorted pieces of rolling-stock!
- f) There are several other glaring inadequacies but they are of so personal a nature that I will have to see you privately to attempt redress.

Considering the foregoing listed insufficiencies, I cannot conceive why I should patronize your puer-emporium again, but circumstances beyond my control force me to request you to reserve

that della Robbia choirboy, Stuart (ah, the soft opalescent bloom of his legerdemain limbs!), for next Friday—all night!

Tumescently,

Casimir Dukahz

Gard

Gard has a gilt face whose taut oval is the shape of loveliness, and a body the tint but not the texture of classic statues. He is the Angel with the Flaming Sword—but now he has wielded his weapon with little honor. He comes banging on my door at midnight, seeking a sympathetic ear into which to pour his defrauded discomfiture, having just experienced an initial visit to an ill-omened Adlerian (Polly, not Alfred) house where he had prematurely shot off as the girl he had chosen too rigorously laundered his genitals . . . and with depreciating scorn she refused to return his money or permit his still rampant lance a second tilt at the proper target in the tournament of turpitude.

"Five dollars shot to hell and I didn't even get a good hand-job!" Gard reports wrathfully.

"At least she washed it for you," I condole. "And though you are sadder and poorer, you should be wiser." I am amazed that he was allowed inside the place at all, but at 15 the boy sometimes looks 17 in a flattering red-light.

The boy cocks a belatedly contrite eye at me as I finger his pregnant crotch. "I'm sorry now I went there, Duke, but I came here first and you weren't in and you know how it is, my pants were so on fire that smoke was coming out of my fly and I'd heard of this place and it was nearby and—"

"No need to apologize," I reply, zipper zealously unzipping. "Since no illegal entry was effected, no harm was done. And now you have a certain rudimentary basis of comparison between a female and me."

"She was strictly from zero!" Gard assures, shuddering. "Fat and old enough to be my mother and she stunk! But she was the best of the bunch and I was in a hurry."

"I can well imagine that time was of the essence," I sympathise, inserting one hand into the boy's heliotrope shorts, "and I don't wonder you were repelled by the slit sex's rank animalism: too odorously hot, too soft, too demanding, too frighteningly primitive . . . did you notice?"

"I guess I did," Gard recollects. "She sure was demanding—I had to pay even before I was inside the door!"

"It's always the male who pays when he invites the mantis'd embrace of the female," I continue, cupping the boy's heavy sac and gently squeezing its warm resilience. "And invariably they regret their imprudent association—Tannhauser repented his stay with Venus herself!"

"Is Tannhauser that squarehead I met here one time who blew me while I was taking a crap?" Gard asks, wrinkling his brow. "The son of a bitch bit me!"

"No, dear boy," I respond, slipping forefinger along the smooth seam of his perineum and probing fingertip into the tiny tight well at the end of the road. "That was toothy Tristan, whom

Isolde sold down the river.”

"Is that a fact!" Gard exclaims, then adds with serious intensity, "Well, all I can say is—piss on women, queers are better!"

Aside from the uncomplimentary nomenclature, what the lad intends to convey is that he gets a pleasurable run for my money while I get a huge hunk of borrowed heaven—and I extract his fleshly syrette and prepare myself for inoculation.

Amar

"I gotta go now!" Amar post-orgasmically proclaims. "It's late, my mother's waiting up for me, I gotta stop at the grocery before it closes!" And he darts from my bed, hurls on his clothes . . . and spends half an hour in the bathroom combing his hair. But I do not let this vanities thirty minutes go to waste. I position myself underneath the washstand (no room to kneel so I'm forced to squat), and the boy with eager fingers fumbles his limber love-limb out and between my lips. While he experiments to determine which hair style suits him the least—his locks brushed straight back to reveal the rounded childish forehead flatters him the most, but he will have none of that!—I atreble occupy myself with building an erection which perversely I'll speedily pull down. Amar brilliantines . . . and butts his loins against my face; brushes . . . and reaches down to retract his recalcitrant foreskin; combs . . . and suddenly, surprising us both, moaningly collapses against the washbasin as his love-fluid catapults out of him to batter the besieged walls of my mouth.

"W-a-a-a-h!" the boy laments.

"What's the matter, baby?" I ask, tardily emerging with handkerchief in hand to dry his dry tears. "Did you lose something?"

"W-a-a-a-h! I finally got my hair fixed just right but now you've made me muss it up an' I gotta do it all over!"

Rejoicing I disappear 'neath the washbasin again, assured of at least 20 minutes more of palpitating penis-play which may, might, could, should culminate in another beatific expulsion of Amar's greasy kid-stuff!

September 9, 1963

Master Philip Gorham
3770 Beechwood Drive
Left Hand, W. Va.

My dear, too ambidextrous Flipp:

Permit me to wryly compliment you on your savage talent for leisurely driving me mad! Four moons ago you accorded me the paradox'd boon of making your acquaintance, and daily since then (in the Sweete Shoppe where we meet and where you graciously allow me to buy you three hot fudge sundaes) I have run the persuasive gamut of dollar diplomacy, advancing 57 varieties of tempting offers so wildly philanthropic that you might have doubted my sanity but never my generosity. But your dulled eyes of the inveterate masturbator stony with refusal, you insist that your fist is your only desire and you don't intend to sample any of my fancy perversions. My elusive lad, there is some divergence of opinion here as to who is the more perverted! With your posterity nightly dripping from your fingers, do you not realize that you too are lost? Incidentally, Flipp is a decidedly apt contracted cognomen—but do not allow its ruder definition to become an unbreakable bad habit!

What is the cause of your resolute and repeated rejection? Surely it is more than the reason you gave. Do not think me an exploiting Fagin (fortunate Fagin—all those lovely larcenous boys!), nor do I seek to sow the seed of love in you . . . I but ask to drink your rose's dew! And though my passion may be hellish, you will find my bed heavenly soft, so sumptuously seductive that once in it you soon will be importuning me to emulate Prometheus and steal your forbidden fire!

Young charmer so selfish of your paramount charm, one so fair as you was born to be loved even though you strive to appear emotionally dead to all but yourself. If you were Antinous and withheld your delectations from the emperor Hadrian he would have scourged a province to relieve his thwarted fancy.

I am no emperor but you are the Bithynian boy . . . though you scourge yourself. It is a false and sinful sublimation, a self-inflicted injury, to waste your semenic spirit in an expanse of shame—for you are ashamed, you have admitted to me that you are raked by the cruel claws of conscience, as are most devotees of the solitary vice. You lie alone in your narrow youth-bed, shrinkingly contemplating the alluring night-ritual then despair-fully considering cold baths and wondering if it's really true that Doing It rots the spine, softens the bones, dries up the blood and invariably ends in gibbering madness. And you falter to shower, turn on the icy purifying flood, shiveringly emerge . . . but your phallic flambeau flares with an even fiercer flame! Between the sheets again, your iron fist defeats your vacillant will, fastens about your velvet hardness and begins the rhythm'd rape, your other hand groping for sock beneath the bed as you caution yourself to remember not to put it on in the morning, and not not NOT leave it where your mother will find it when she makes your bed. And rapidly you attain a peak of pleasure that yet is not unalloyed, for the lock on your bedroom door lacks a key and there is

always the paralyzing fear that your father or mother or sister will blunder in, turn on the light and. . . ! Then too quickly, disappointingly, unsatisfyingly there is a moment of red mist, your body convulses and the instant of perfect ecstasy has come and gone—succeeded by exhaustion, frustration and a furtive guilt.

Little Flipp, we are all born with guilt, live and die with it, and alone you will always feel guiltiest for there is none by your side to resolve your moral uncertainties. Guilt is inevitable but there is some solace if it is shared. I offer more than that . . . if you permit me to give you pleasure in taking pleasure, then the burden of guilt will be mine and you will be virtually as whitely pure as a snowflake. Reflect on that and abandon your harsh negation. You have everything to gain, what you lose will inevitably be lost, and with me you will have absolute privacy without fear of interruption, a king-size bed in which to stretch your pastel body with abandon, remuneration beyond the dreams of boyish avarice, no betraying spunk-stiff socks—and surely you will admit that not even your most agile and skillful fist can equal my adoring lips, tongue and teeth in imparting bliss while I sup the sweet anodyne of your nepenthe penis!

I trust when I see you in the Sweete Shoppe again (or have I now forever forfeited your friendship?) that you will have learned the simple articulation of the word Yes!, and will look upon me as the harmless South Wind who wants gently to blow you into a rapturous realm even fairy tales tell not of!

As ever,

Duke

Sept. 11

Duke—

Don't send me no more letters or you'll get us both in bad trouble. You're just lucky I was around when the postman brought the one you wrote and I could get it before anyone else saw it, for my folks open my mail. My answer is still No and I don't have no guilty feelings any more because yesterday I joined the church and took a sollem vow not to do anything bad which includes jerking off. But even if I hadn't taken a vow I still wouldn't do what you want, it's too risky. Will you be at the Sweete Shoppe Saturday? They have a new jumbo fudge sundae I would like to try.

Flipp Philip

Amar

Make love, not war—for love's battles at least do not involve wholesale carnage. Particularly, make infertile love, which nowadays is imperative to counteract overbreed heteros' offspring'd coupling. Richard the Lion-Hearted and Saladin, the two most famous warriors of the Crusades, were of opposing faiths yet were one in their love of boys. Saladin was the more candid about it, in his tolerant land having no need to conceal his preference, but Richard was the more deserving—because more deprived—of the delights lads can confer. And if these doughty heroes had known a boy like Amar they would have been too busy fighting over him to bother about trifles such as who had the better claim to the Holy Land!

Amar is possibly the sexiest lad in history—love's vapor seems to condense on him and drip in opalled pools between his feet. Passion-play is his forte, he yearns for it, seeks it, casts himself hotly into the ardent expression of it—at once an eighty-year-old shyly offering his fresh innocence, and practised thirteen-year-old sharing his incomparable nubility. He has raised to a fine art the sexual game of erotic resistance and delight in surrender, of avid hunger for love-making that is authentic and intense. A fleeting kiss can harden him. A kiss? A glance, a certain smile, the ghost of a fey thought levitates! The boy revels in nudity like Adam before the Fall—clothes constrict him, bind, restrain, constrain him; only in a state of nature does he feel fully at ease. And his milieu, his scene, the ideal setting for his talents is the bed to which he flies as eagerly as I and often departs as reluctantly. It is the place where he not only gives free rein to his charming wantonness . . . here also is he the most articulate, most confiding, where he imparts his heart's desires, hopes, ambitions —and complaints.

Today he comes to me damp and glowing from the beach, drapes his little swim-trunks over a chair to dry—they are of scarlet silk with contrasting diagonal of blue across the front, gift from a last year's admirer. He has showered at the bath-house and as I strip him his dark eyes fasten on me and he flashes his single dimple in a smile that promises some novel pleasure, some Amar-variation of rapture. While he drinks a glass of milk I fondle his naked young thighs so smoothly supple they seem to flow under my touch like amber wine; play loving pinchcock with my teeth and the boy giggles explosively into his milk, whitely showering his face. Gulping the remaining liquid down, he draws me into bed, rolls on top of me, confines his prancing phallus between our bellies, his pubic curls sweetly vexing my navel—and crossing one slim leg over the other, locks my member in the tight warm vise of his thighs and begins a slow gentle movement against me.

A spreading glow of coiling sensation gradually steals over me and I bend my head as the boy lifts to allow my lips to fasten on a hot little niplet, to chivy the tiny rose nubbin until it erects to small moist cone—and the paralyzing thought of how many lovers have caressed those perfect boy-breasts precipitates me into catatonic hell. I attempt to ravish the mammary twin but Amar presses my head down, shifts lower on me, captures my cheeks between his hands and like sweetly evil weevil gnawing, begins to strafe my lips with his sharp teeth, gently bites them into fevered swelling and my thirsty mouth licks his Venetian red lips, feeds greedily on his fresh burning breath—then moaning with growing ecstasy I penetrate the boy's mouth with marauder mine and in slow sugary sibilance suck out his cool-warm saliva. His tongue thrusts to pirouette

against my teeth, between them, and now his lips fasten to me like small hungry fish with soft wet hot demanding mouth, giving me spontaneous combustion kisses while his close-clasped thighs start faster oscillation around my perfused penis, administering unbearably blissful corporal punishment.

I clutch the agitant little body tighter, feeling the throbbing heat of his surging cockiness vibrant between our clinging bellies, and now his piquant mouth fluids gather again to spill over the dam of his lower teeth and as I drink them the boy moves harder, quicker on me, grips my head fiercely forcing my face closer to his, stoppering my mouth with deep lunge of his dripping tongue. And to give my rhapsodic boy-courtesan a tithe of the pleasure he is affording me, I stroke his heaving little buttocks, slip my hand down into the warm valley and with urgent fingertips massage the tiny blowhole until it quivers, moistens, grudgingly relaxes to admit a tremulous finger that ravishes deep into the hot contracting rectum. Eyes bluey sparkling, Amar swifter moves his thighs, their firm velvety inner flesh-planes frictioning my captive penility, tormenting it into exquisite riot. Now a million silky badger hairs sweetly prickle every inch of me into raw sensitivity, and Amar laughs wickedly at sight of my contorted features as the orgasm approaches, overtakes me, overwhelms—and all muscles tensed, a stifled moan writhes my lips, the tight-coiled spring within me shatteringly releases and I drown in a warm delicious sea of delight.

And when at length I am washed to languorous shore I become aware of the boy frowning down at me. Fervidly I kiss every inch of him I can reach, incoherently murmuring appreciation of the ecstasy he has bestowed—but his scowl persists. "What's the matter, baby?" I quaver. "Did I do something wrong?"

"You awful bastard!" my heart's wastrel plaintives, sliding away from me. "You've come off all over my back!"

Adnan

When I first met him Adnan was virgin, always a luscious condition though I never take a boy's cherry, fore or aft, unless he literally forces it between my lips—which a few charitable little do-gooders have done when politely persuaded (the Law calls it "coercion"!). But Adnan did not, despite his being an Arab lad and I had heard much about Arab boys, of their beauty and completely uninhibited skill in making love with either sex. Adnan was eminently beautiful but in other respects he was Anglo-Saxon Protestantly prim as he had made a vow to Allah to keep himself pure in body until he was 21—seven long years hence, at which time he would be nothing to my purpose.

I never show Adnan the door when he comes to see me, however, for he has no objection to divesting himself and allowing me to ocularly seduce him—and he is a sight to make eyes and heart sore with longing for he has cinnabar lips in a majolica face beneath charivari chestnut locks, and light brown skin smoothly embracing hard flesh over a slim musculature that sculptors would prize. Nude he will repose on my couch and tell me of his desert home, of oases and shifting sands and camel caravans and a sun so hot it is bcne-white, rimmed in brutal orange. Frequently he will talk of girls and then his long supple phallus (veritable cannon with cannonballs attached) will take prompt interest in the subject, will stiffen, lengthen, elevate until impatiently the boy will shove it beneath his thighs while I, sitting within touching distance, begin to feel I am an undeniable effect seeking the unattainable cause.

The more I see of Adnan the more he and his young penis grow on me, and presently out of the abominable mire of my lecheried fantasia I conceive the notion of hypnotizing him to obtain at least a tranced assent to my unholy itch, though I warn him in advance that such is my dark purpose. He enters freely into the experiinent, declaring he is far too strong-willed to succumb to hypnosis but if he does then I may do with him as my fancy urges, for Allah pardons the actions of a person who is not in his right mind. And I sit on the couch beside the boy, strong light from behind us throwing into brilliant relief a coruscant medallion I have suspended from a cord which I move in slow flashing arcs before the wide-eyed gaze of my desirable prey. Crease-browed, Adnan concentrates on the glittering object, we watch together, I stealing glances at him now and then and shortly his eyes appear to grow heavy, their lids slowly descending, his limbs relaxing, his breathing approaching the measured suspiration of slumber. And beyond the pool of focussed light the room seems to dim with a mist that wavers and twists and eddies, shadows take shape out of nothing to hover around us while I continue to swing the luminescent charm. Then mist grows almost opaque, shadows draw nearer, press in, envelop us and now there is a soft sighing sound all about us and . . .

I awake to find a grinning Adnan shaking my arm, the treacherous medallion dangling from my nerveless hand, and from a dark corner of the room Svengali's ghost whoops with scornful laughter—I have hypnotized myself!

The next night finding me still in the grasp of my frenzied lust, I suggest getting the boy drunk, with his consent . . . and he replies that being a good Moslem he refrains from all alcohol but Allah has decreed that what a devout Mohammedan does when plied with liquor by a pig of a

Christian doesn't count! So I procure two magnums of the best champagne and have highly-spiced fare sent in from an expensive French restaurant and we eat and drink, I pleased to note that Adnan drinks more, eats more than I. And tizzied by the prospect of imminently making Adnan, I make merry and he does too and when the first magnum is empty I am chasing him about the room, breathing hotly down his neck but easily he eludes me and then I trip over a thought or a shadow, twisting my ankle. The boy dips napkin in ice-bucket, fumbles it onto my injury, unsteadily fills my glass from second bubbly bottle as he hiccups a little, and glowingly I feel sure I am but a hand's-breadth away from achieving my goal of pudendum palship with this coltish Arabian stallion. Now the veritas grape gives me additional courage, each sip stripping away a layer of caution, and I reach for his groin and again reach and reach again but oddly never make contact. And we finish the food and our glasses are aloft toasting each other in the last of the wine when suddenly the boy's ambrosine face divides, becoming two luring countenances smiling at me through vinous haze and I think: Thanks, O Bacchus! Adnan at last intoxicated is, at long last the fair fruit is mine! And I grab for him and miss and stare, blink, rub my eyes and drain my glass to clear my head and...

I awake with a skull-splitting hangover, dust motes thunder about the room, shouting moonbeams crash through the window, a fly shod with horseshoes walks up the wall. And there at my side is sober sympathetic Adnan with a pot of strong black hot coffee! I kiss his hand and raise it to my forehead as respectful Arab sons do—I am a bit confused perhaps, but my tribute is sincere—and I tell the boy for the love of Allah don't come over any more as the too-close proximity of his too-remote unavailability is causing me to drown in the juices of my own excess adrenin. And Adnan smiles, pats my shoulder and departs.

Three nights later he is back, helplessly I let him in, he tears off his clothes and mine, escorts me to bed and while all my senses scream rapturously in polyphonic chaotic chorus of varying intonation, the boy calorifically initiates me into the most secret recesses of his benedictive body, giving himself to the last drop, jot and tittle, withholding nothing. And when at length among the ripped and sweated sheets we entwined exhausted lie in drugged state of sweet satiety, I murmur: "Adnan, your vow! You've broken it! Allah will sink you in a sea of fire!"

"Not to worry, Duke," says the boy with a pantheonic laugh. "I've been converted. I'm a Roman Catholic now—so anything goes!"

Amar

Amar is captivated by his bicho, his veneration for it almost matches my own. One day I asked him to sell his eminence, his cardinal cock to me to have and to hold for my very own, and to name his price. "My price is the world!" he declared, and gladly would I pay it but worlds presently are beyond my scope, a trifle steep for my modest budget. The shower is the boy's second love. His idea of Heaven is a bed in the bathroom, surrounded by pregnant refrigerators. And if he is not godly, certainly he is clean for he usually takes a shower on arrival—and another on leaving, if my love-making has been exceptionally calorific. He has invaded my linen-closet and appropriated my best towel—blue as his eyes, deep-napped, bigger than he is. "Don't you use it or let anyone else use it, this is just for me!" he instructs and I comply, even painstakingly laundering it myself—though reluctant to wash away the slight Amar-scent it has acquired.

My darling is the only boy I know who combs his hair before he bathes. "Bend down, Duke!" he exclaims in front of mirror. I descend to parallel my head with his and he brushes some of his thick locks to cover part of my balding pate. "Look! Look!" he laughs at our paired reflected heads, mine now so youthfully adorned. "You're young again, Duke—from the ears up!"

Sometimes I take a shower with him when he permits, revelling in the feel of his water-glossed little body so soap-slick that my eager hands slip, slide off him; and I bathe him from cool quenched flame of hair to small rosy toenails but the beating hiss of water and our wanton togetherness reduce him to wildly mischievous urchin—suddenly he will manipulate faucets to send an icy spray over me or throw handfuls of water in my face that I dodge and which burst through part in shower-curtains to set the bathroom floor afloat. Or in filled tub he will submerge him- self at full length between my legs, simulating submarine (Eros with hard-on periscope rising from the waves!), or stay underwater so long, so silently, so white-faced and closed-eyed, that alarmed I lift him up and begin unnecessary artificial respiration . . . for instantly he resurrects in my arms, gleeful out of them to rub his lovely hide and golden fleece with lucky azul towel while through open window the greedy night steals his naked fragrance. Unfair! Unfair! Amar's aroma is mine alone!

And today, what day? this special day he frolics in hours late. "Where were you?" I whimper, reduced to marginal man in decessful coma between hopelessness and despair. "I've been waiting and waiting and dying by the inch!"

"Something came up!" he says airily.

"I'll bet it did!" I gloom. "And you put it down!" But speedily he demonstrates that though it is thrillingly up, it does not seem to have been tampered with. I undress him, admiring once more the graceful articulation of his small bones tenderly embraced by the sleek flesh. "You got orina?" I yearn, lipping the adumbrant tap from which it will foam.

"Lots! But I can't let it down until this bone-on goes away!" I give him ginger ale to help it along, then he hastes to shower while I pick up his strewn clothes and dispose them unwrinklefully on chair. "There's no soap! Gimme some soap!" he shouts and I hurry in with a new bar, extend it

to him behind shower-curtain, feel it snatched from my hand and replaced with his bicho whose heating shaft harder hardens in my manipulative grasp before it is gaspingly torn away. And I go to bedroom to turn down sheet, plump up pillows and further feather our love nest when the boy announces: "Hey, Duke! Orina's here!" (the flow of water inducing the flow of water!), and lick-liply I return. Amar rinses his sudsy saliency, peels back prepuce, slides his fount into my mouth and breathlessly I drink the effervescing placebo that gushes from him.

And marvelling anew at the many flavors, all delicious, of my little darling's varietied pee-pee, I again go forth to set out latest nudist magazine, check locked doors and pulled window-shades and fidget around until, becoming restive at the boy's protracted stay in bathroom, I seek him out . . . to find him lying in the tub with the concentrated spray of the shower thudding full force directly onto his genitals! "Look, Duke, no hands!" Amar cries, pointing to his absolutely perpendicular penis which seems to be trying to climb to the ceiling. I bend to caress the wet, empurpled, pulsating glans, the boy lifting better to accommodate me. "More! More! Take all of it in your mouth!" he pants, and seizing my arm he pulls me into the tub. Though I am fully dressed, fortunately everything I have on, with the exception of shoes, is conveniently wash-and-wear!

Ilarion

Let not mythology mislead you—there was no Narcissus, pining to the death for his image reflected in a pool, but there was a Narcissa, for what feminine female can resist the lure of a mirroring surface (even if it's only a stainless steel bedpan!) in which to admire, to touch up, to overevaluate? However, the adolescent semi-Narcissus does exist but the focus of his adoration is not his face but his male principle, generally with ample reason.

Such a one is 15-year-old Ilarion with hair of deepest auburn and Corybantine face and form, and whose lips have borrowed Cupid's bow but never speak of love except to himself. A bewitching young Unitarian vegetarian neurotic, he is possibly the only really happy human for he is sexually sufficient unto himself, needing no one else, fixated at the auto-penile level—which means, in simple terms, that he's in love with his prick. Indubitably it is a lovable addendum to the body erotic, when tumescent at least six and three-eighths inches long (I have an eye for these fine details!), and though it never gets what you could call rock-hard, neither does it ever get entirely soft. It is just lovelily, wonderfully there, like Mount Everest, and you yearn to plumb its mystery, to climb it, to know the exultation of possessing it, conquering it to plant the flag of your victoried lips on its towering summit.

When Ilarion streaks into my abode like comet gone astray he will at once shove pants and briefs to his ankles, hoist shirt and undershirt to his chin and seat himself in a straight-back chair. And though he ever refuses to discover with me passion's raptured wantonness, he will allow me to play with, to fondle, to elongate his Pike's Peak—but only with my fingers. And when his eyes begin to gleam and his body to twitch with the premonitory ripples of pleasure, he will exact \$2 "handling charges" from me and shove me away. Now he takes over and his excited penis, recognizing the familiar touch, vaults olympically in the boy's grasp.

"Isn't it beautiful" Ilarion exclaims as he bends over it, inhaling its posied odor, caressing it with deft light touches on its most sensitive areas until it rears at full prehensile height, reddened acorn bulging with imminent outbreak. Now the boy's loins lift up and forward, his supple torso seems to bend almost at right angles, his head comes down, down, down until the tip of his protruding tongue miraculously, impossibly touches the plump labial folds of his meatus, his hand frantically flipping his maleness to keep it at extremest erection. And sweatily, with labored breath, Ilarion contorts himself still more to bring his distended lips half over his mucous'd glans . . . and hotly he kisses, sucks the raging penis-head! Feverishly his lips, teeth, tongue nibble and lick until with choked cry and convulsive lurch of groin and torso Ilarion spends within his own mouth, greedily eats of his own esculent crotched comfits!

I have seen pictures of certain acrobatic individuals performing self-fellation . . . usually with one leg around neck, or body horizontalled over head and upper chest, but they always seemed faked, depicting an improbable performance. Yet here before my eyes in unmistakable reality I behold the phenomenon of a lad who can go down on himself! Despite the proof of what I have just witnessed, dazedly I try to convince myself that the scene must have been imagined, a voyeur's fondest dream that cannot be fleshed in actuality . . . but it is, undeniably is, and I watch as Ilarion hungrily strips himself, then wearily subsides in his chair.

Certainly I have witnessed a spectacular that pales even the bluest blue movie, but strangely I am disappointed, dissatisfied. I feel left out, rejected, for I have paid and partially abetted but I have not wholly shared. And when Ilarion prepares to leave I tell him with some rancor that while it has been the utmostest pleasure to view his fantastically incredible calisthenics, nevertheless he is a very poor example of the vegetarian he professes to be . . . for he is not only ardent omphagist who eats his own raw flesh, but he also imbibes semen which is the most concentrated meat protein there is!

Amar

Was it my cry or Amar's in the night that has aroused and outraged a maple-treed mockingbird who begins scandalized protest . . . then halts on interrupted note, evidently deciding such an obscenely-inspired sound doesn't deserve mocking! The enraptured cry was doubtless mine, induced by delightful beyond measure cruel and unusual penile punishment.

"How did it feel this time?" I ask when at last I am capable of coherent speech.

"W-a-a-a-h! Even better than before! Better than taking a good crap after holding it in too long!"

"Hmm! You're not exactly lyrical about it! Can't you describe your sensations in a more . . . uh, romantic vein?"

"I liked it best when you pulled out of me real slow—that made my bicho jump!"

"So at last you admit it makes your bicho feel good!"

"I ain't admitting nothing! I'm just saying!"

"I hope I didn't cause you any pain."

"No, you ain't big enough!"

"Baby-blue-eyes, be tactful! Don't remind me! I have too many built-in reminders as it is!"

"You're lucky you're small 'cause if you weren't I wouldn't let you in!"

"Will you let me do it again?" I say breathlessly.

"Sure! Now?"

"Not just now—but thanks for the subtle compliment!"

Still on his belly, the boy gives me an over-the-shoulder frown. "Duke?"

"Yes?" I look up from caressing the sweet little stern that is creating a wake of renewed desire.

"Hadn't you better go wash up?"

"It isn't dirty."

"It's gotta be! Mine always was after I got through humping Gallo . . . Owww! First you kiss it and then you slap it! What'd I do now?!"

"Don't mention Gallo—I don't want to hear about him!" "Jeez, I was just comparing!"

"Comparisons are odorous!"

"Duke, for real, for honest—how did you like it?"

Where to find words sufficiently laudatory! My dictionary's been borrowed and my thesaurus stolen . . . lacking these, I inadequately praise: "It was a . . . a descent into heaven!"

Amar squirms his still smoldering buttocks hard against my thigh in exciting invitation. "Duke, do you s'pose maybe you could give me seven dollars today so I can finish paying for my bicycle?"

The Freudian Fellatio-Fallacy

Sing willow! Tit willow! Tit willow! Now then, all you deep thinkers and dire doers, attention please! I toss you a querulous queer query to mull over, to chew on; to wit: What motivates him who sucks the suckables of boys?

Freud maintained that "the desire to take the male member into the mouth and suck it, which is commonly considered one of the most disgusting of sexual perversions, is nevertheless a frequent occurrence ***. Investigation then teaches us that this situation, so forcibly condemned by custom, may be traced to the most harmless origin. It is nothing but the elaboration of another situation in which we all once felt comfort, namely, when we were in the suckling-age * * *, and took the nipple of our mother's or wet-nurse's breast into our mouth to suck it. The organic impression of this first pleasure in our lives surely remains indelibly impregnated; when the child later learns to know the udder of the cow, which in function is a breast-nipple, but in shape and position on the abdomen resembles the penis, it obtains the primary basis for the later formation of that disgusting sexual phantasy."

Sigmund Freud, go and hide your hoary head in shame! Your reference to fellation as a "disgusting sexual phantasy" would be indignantly denied by one man in five who would charge you with lying in your teeth if, indeed, you know what you're talking about at all! Not content with that asinine observation, however, you further pontificate that fellatio is nothing but the elaboration of the infantile act of suckling the female nipple—but if that's the case then why in super-hell aren't suckers fastening their drooling lips to the breast of a woman rather than to the indecorous little creamery of a boy? Especially since you don't get ten years in the pokey if you're caught at the female mammary!

As if that wasn't enough out of you, Sigmund, you go on to misinform that when a child sees a cow's udder, which resembles the penis (you mean the teats not the entire udder, don't you, Professor!), this bovine part plus the organic impression of previous pleasurable breast-suction is the primary basis for the later formation of fellative felicities. But Sigg, you blithering ass, if the child relates mommy's boobies with cows' udders then why in blue-blaze Hades doesn't that kid subsequently suck bovines instead of boys? After all, the animal has four times as many spigots as a lad, besides giving infinitely more milk from each one than even the most sexually precocious youth can produce from his single titty; not to mention that you would probably only be fined if you were apprehended sucking a cow, unless you own it—and the nice thing about cows is that they will never rat on you to parents or police!

No, Sigmund, you must find a much more valid reason than the foregoing to explain the complicated origin and the mysterious, compelling fascination of fellatio. From my own limited knowledge and experience I can supply you with a hundred reasons why this divine sex-play has been popular since the dawn of man; reasons which range from the simple fact that males like to do it because they love boys, to the perhaps selfish attitude of certain men (usually renegade heteros) who abominate women so intensely that they draw off a youth's sperm just so the lad can't titillate some female with it!

I trust you realize now, Sigg, that to disseminate all this erroneous and indefensible

propaganda will not do—it's not cricket, practically criminal! though I suspect it's really the fault of the vaginal brainwashing so many of your ilk and generation were exposed to. But that does not entirely excuse your blatantly false pronouncements, so in your next book or lecture I expect you to make a full retraction of these ridiculous statements and a humble apology to all us self-respecting and honorable fellators!

Amar

The confirmed boysexual is never entirely sober, he could never walk a straight line for he is a chronic love-drunk, a passion-lush, boy-besotted. Like alcoholic who tries to make his lone fifth of bourbon last and last and last, the tipsy boysexual attempts to make his tipples, the boy, stay and stay and stay. "Never leave me!" he pleads, even as the door slams on the departing heels of his beloved.

And today—the calendar says Saturday but I don't trust calendars for there is a definite Wednesday feeling in the air – Amar who isn't due until this evening magically materializes out of the afternoon ozone.

"What are you doing here?" I say censoriously, joyously. "You should be in school!"

"It's Saturday, stupid!" (My apologies, calendar, inadvertently you were correct for once.) And the boy presses himself against me, unzips us both, slides his big warm lustiness alongside insignificant mine which immediately becomes playful with its welcome companion. "Can I have a dollar to go to the movies?" Amar asks, butting his brilliant head against my chin. "I'll work it out when I see you tonight."

The boy's sex-play has me in a state of levitation and I duck my head to avoid colliding with the ceiling. "Since when do the movies cost a dollar in the afternoon for children?" I dropsical, not really caring.

"Well, there's income tax and social security tax and amusement tax," the boy itemizes, "which all adds up."

"True. I forgot about them," I say, drifting and dreaming. Then I feel little pickpocket fingers extract my wallet, fumble with it, restore it and the boy waves a bill in front of me. It looks like a one . . . or is that a zero there, too? "Don't go!" I whisper against his hair. "Stay with me! Go to the movies tonight."

"I can't, Duke!" the boy protests. "They show the cartoons and the serial only in the afternoon."

He slips out of my arms—and crafty inspiration enters them. "Have some milk before you go," I invite. And whisk it out of refrigerator, pour a big glass which the boy drains. Now a bottle of frosty Coca Cola stands before him. "To take the taste of the milk away," I tempt, pouring again. Amar drinks, then goggles at the root beer which has replaced the empty coke bottle. He hesitates . . . but root beer is his second favorite beverage and it too disappears, slowly but completely.

Sinking into chair, the boy hiccups, groans, puts hands on swollen belly. With smug satisfaction I gloat over his liquid-logged little middle and propose: "Come and lie down on the couch a while—you got plenty time." Amar lurches to his feet and I sweep him up, carry him to my Castro pervertible, put a cushion under his head, kneel beside him, tenderly begin to persecute his pulchritudinous plaything.

"My boots!" the boy murmurs, closing his eyes. "Take off my boots!" My ever considerate one, careful of my too much loved-upon, second-hand furniture!

My detaining ruse is eminently successful—the boy falls asleep. I try not to disturb him and with lips soft and insinuating as fog I draw in the conical little glans, suck it gently, then tenderly tongue its slick firm environs.

The raptured minutes pass, ten minutes, a quarter-hour. Amar's eyes fly open. He looks at clock, at me, smiles, stretches, sighs. Heavier sighing, I prepare to take my lips away. "Stay there!" says the boy. "I got orina!"

Peter and Paul

I know not what ironic coda to a certain period of my life brought me to that odd and alien city called Los Angeles where the police are assiduous in their pursuit of the perverted, who are safest to harass because they never shoot back, always submit meekly to arrest and rarely complain. Being in a faience mood shortly after my arrival, I cased a nearby beach and in no time at all was assisting two swim-suited lads in building a sand-castle to which I added a realistic phallic tower with a constructive skill that astonished even myself. Peter and Paul were stepbrothers of about 13, young Cinderello orphans of some parental storm, currently wards of an indifferent uncle, and to one of them I at once yearned to play Fairy Godfather.

Now you could not in a month of Sundays have found two more dissimilar youngsters, for Paul was a gregarious extrovert remindful of the Three Bad Monkeys who, sitting on their paws, see and hear and speak Evil. This morally truant lad would stoop to anything if the price was right, a guapo boy ungainly in body and atavistic in character, alternating sullen silences with blazing brazen dissoluteness, his only redeeming feature large languishing green eyes which reflected beauty on occasion. Peter, on the other hand, was a quiet, reserved little introvert with limbs of gazelle grace and a face so fetching it at once focussed your incredulous gaze . . . and suffused with tempestuous rapine ideas (why does pulchritude ever provoke campaigns of turpitude!) you close your eyes to the too beguiling prospect before you.

And on that first day of our meeting Paul gets me to one side and cutting his absinthe orbs at me, asks if I would like to see him that night, alone. My own eyes steeped in his dulcet stepbrother, I concur, trusting a close association with the one will lead to intimate relations with the other. And that evening Paul promptly turns my heretofore respectable residence into seething boy-bordello for he rips off his garments, flops into bed quoting his charge for his calefacient body, adding with devastating candor that he doesn't usually play the queers but his girl-friend has so complete and tough a hymen that he almost ruptured his glans trying to get into her, so while she is remedying the situation with a knitting-needle he will allow me to haul his ashes. Not entirely overwhelmed with gratitude at this tergiversation but still hopeful of Peter, I pay Paul his Forty Thieves fee and determine to get my money's worth if it kills one or both of us.

As you might have expected, it nearly caused my possibly overdue demise for Paul's universal joint, while nicely sized, is so muscled, veined, knotty and chapped that it hurts my lips and abrades my tongue, especially in the bullying manner he plies it—as if I were some poor inoffensive whore and he scalped Jack the Ripper. And after arduous half-hour minimizing his maxiinized penis-potential, that organ spits contemptuously into my mouth a few drops which seem more pre-coital fluid than sperm—neither of which is in any respect palatable. In simulation of sincere passion, uncallow Paul now gnaws at my lips like boned Old Dog Tray then turns over and waggles a fundament unappetizing in the extreme, and I crawl upon rough-skinned buttocks that rasp my wincing loins like a gravelled road, thrust myself into so open a popo that I rattle around in it like lone pea in a pod . . . and with a burst of raw laughter the boy asks me if I've gotten into him yet!

When the caustic ordeal is over and the boy has reclad himself in his mad mod raiment, he

breaks half the teeth in my imported English tortoise-shell comb unsnarling his wiry sienna hair into boisterous semi-order, and I am ready to write the whole evening off as a sordid fiasco when Paul's abominable lips speak words that inflate me to floating euphoria. "How'd you like to go to bed with my brother?"

"With Peter?" I say hoarsely. "I didn't think he was that kind of boy!"

"He ain't! He's a goody-goody, bible-reading, churchgoing, Sunday-schooling little shit, so goddam pure that he gives me the heaves!"

My face falls faster than my fond hopes. "Much as I'd like to know Peter better, if he's as pure as you say then he certainly won't be willing to go to bed with anybody!"

"Fuck that noise!" Paul says violently. "He'll put out or I'll kick his ass through his belly—but it'll cost you!" And the national debt the boy asks for delivering his brother almost sends me through the window, but my libido-thermostat now gone completely out of control I utter eager confirmation and even pay in advance.

The next night shy Peter scratches at my door and I welcome him, pry the latest issue of the Christian Boy's Own Weekly from his nervous hand, lead him to the kitchen, sit him down, stuff him with expensive delicacies, all the while attempting to steer his hesitant conversation about gold stars for sedulous Sunday School attendance into more fruitful channels concerning fruits and their unrecognized social value. Then I manage to undress him by a sort of thaumaturgical sleight-of-hand, getting him out of his sober garb while he isn't, so to speak, looking . . . and the sight of his glace body, all lovely expanses of smooth soft flesh and skin of finest rose silk tell me Peter is paramount, a boy in a million, and carefully I refrain from glancing at his privates lest too much felicity at one time stampede my already unstable sanity into ignominious rout.

By cunning roundabout route I guide him to my bed and gently tip him into it, whereat he blushing asks that the lights be turned out, rubbing his small behind ruefully as if it had been recent recipient of severe kicks from his pimping brother . . . and I feel a categorical imperative guilt. I douse all illumination, the friendly full moon daybrighting the room with silver glow as I begin to explore the boy, vestal object of my evil desire. But the first touch of my fingertips on his arm sends him into gales of giggles and wildly windmilling limbs—he is so ticklish that slightest fleshly contact anywhere on his aquarelle body reduces him to mild hysterics. So I hunt up a candy bar which I stuff into his mouth as saccharine gag and shove the Christian Boy's Own Weekly into his hands to divert him while I concentrate on his excretory areas. And speedily I am cursing that cursed con-man Paul and his horrendous swindle for I find not only that his stepbrother's ass is distressingly unusable because of protruding, bleeding piles but he is also unavailable frontally. Peter is peter in name only, he is good because he cannot be otherwise . . . for by natural infirmity or by surgeon's knife Peter is an entire, 100% ball-less, cockless eunuch!

Amar

Like mountain-climbing, boy-love is an exhilarating obsession: breathing the rarefied air, every sense sharpened and agog with the new and unusual, reaching dizzying heights never attained by most men. But a slight misstep, a move not carefully planned . . . and catastrophe hovers. Unless you possess a small Guardian Angel!

It is more than a day to remember—it is a day for which memory was made. Late October mellow with summer's borrowed warmth, sun burning-leaves hazed, caracul clouds. 'Neath a silly sycamore tree still stubbornly aching to its withered railent, I wait outside the Corvo School for Boys at afternoon recess. I shouldn't be there, it's highly indiscreet, rumors of rapists abound—but I am consumed with an overpowering need to see Amar. Just a passing glance will do, a fleeting glimpse of his back, his legs, his scuffed boots will suffice.

A bell peals, doors slam, feet thunder, and an avalanche of plangent lads bursts out, flows down the steps, inundates the playground. I search for a bright head and several see but none is he. Where can he be! Cleaning erasers for teacher? Oh, those devious women teachers—detaining the comeliest young males for little odd jobs! Or was he kept in for some small dereliction? Couldn't spell "paedophile" and now has to inscribe it correctly on the blackboard one hundred times!?

And then in some metaphysical way there suddenly looms a police uniform, tenanted by frowning suspicion. I should have climbed the sycamore tree and pursued my vigil through its masking leaves! Fuzz inquires what I'm doing here in this place at this particular recessed moment. Improvising with the speed of light, I place one agitant hand over my left breast and quaver unhealthily: "I felt a little faint so I stopped to rest, officer. I have a slight heart condition." (True! True! Where is my fair-haired indisposition!) The Law, scenting prevarication and perhaps even a worse stink, is dubious. "You married?" he interrogates with ponderous pertinence. "Yes, in a way!" I stammer, and then paler pale. "Common-law marriage," I hastily amend but it does not incline fuzz in my favor—he asks for identification. I display the contents of all my pockets: a handful of change, handkerchief, keys, grocery-list . . . and one of Amar's socks that I clumsily conceal. I have forgotten my wallet, can't even find an unpaid bill (but there are always bills!) that could identify me. Feebly smiling, I recite name, address, occupation but not avocation, even past proud rank and serial-number for ameliorative good measure . . . but officer's stern visage coldly indicates I am resurrected Ananias and can expect to be legally struck dead. "Been several cases of young boys interfered with around here." With sincere indignation I protest: "I despise child-molesters as much as you do!" but my declaration doesn't impress. Sweatier sweating, I fumble with my tie, shuffle my feet, cough . . . ever careful to avoid glancing at the froward youngsters at noisy play so near. Fuzz hitches up his belt, gun cannonly evident. "You'd better come along with me!" I thrust my trembling hands behind me and open my mouth, but I can utter only silence. Law grasps me by the shoulder . . . and then from watering eye-corner I descry a flaxen flash that swiftly assumes welcome shape and substance. Amar! He darts to my side, covertly winks, pulls my sleeve, smiles up at me and convincingly exclaims: "Hello, Uncle! Have you been waiting long?"

Confounded Parole-Officer Confounded

Cyril Ethelbert Arbuthnot is my parole-officer, an unnecessary evil occasioned by a traitorous window-shade which raucously flew up exposing a nude lad and me in an illegal tableau to the busybody gawpers across the court who had long had me marked as one to bear watching! And perforce I some time served, then incredibly was paroled because my space was needed for an even more reprehensible wrongdoer . . . and Cyril came into my life like a ray of gloom, like a tarnished silver lining to dark judicial clouds.

Perfect for his job is Cyril who is about 40, fattish, short, moonfaced, supporting horn-rimmed glasses on his nose and bankers'-gray suits on his flabby figure. He is a pillar of every rectitudinous edifice in town except the Boy Scouts (he doesn't approve of boys!), and he still cannot quite conceive how any human being could be capable of the acts I was found guilty of. Each time I duressedly visit him he discusses my perverted proclivities with paling cheeks and pinched nostrils, mouth primmed to a line thin as string. And since now I have little to lose, I tell Cyril in vivid anatomical detail exactly what I did with the lad in question until Cyril whimpers out a sound betokening the imminent heaving up of his guts . . . and shakily he bids me begone to sin no more! But why is he so interested, like a dog returning to some other dog's foulness? Doubtless he is hoping to trap me into a confession of my amours with other boys!

And sometimes when I am in Times Square or Bryant Park or the Village casing the taboo possibilities—and a sadly unsatisfactory lot they ever are!—I spot Cyril dogging my trail, panting for me to make a second stumble. But innocently I stare at news bulletins on the Times-Allied Chemical Building or scan windows of hock-shops or schlock-shops, and inevitably Cyril soon will loom at my side and solemnly warn that these environs are no environ for me, and if he sees me here again he will be forced to report me!

And on weekends at any hour, or during the night at all hours my phone will ring and I answer at once, hoping it might be some harlequinesque youngster who, finding time and his testicles hanging heavy on his hands, is desirous of spending both with me. But more often than not my caller is Cyril who asks with unbelievable naiveté: "Are you alone? Or are you with someone you shouldn't be!" And I reply: "I am with Hamlet." Sharply he cross-examines: "Shakespeare's immortal Hamlet or some depraved juvenile delinquent thus oddly named?" "Neither," I say. "Hamlet is my dog who is dachshund and female!" And he hangs up, not altogether satisfied circumstances are as I have represented them. They're not, and I return to Harold-Hamlet who aggrievedly inquires how the fuck I expect him to get his nuts off when I keep interrupting my love-play to answer the friggin' phone!

And one week in the month of June—always a period when I am especially absent-minded, I forget to report to Cyril so he reports to me in prim, tight-lipped expectancy of the unimaginable worst. And I drown him in apologies and tea and crumpets, abjectly beseeching him to overlook my inadvertent lapse and give me one more chance! Finally he relents but spews dire threats of what will transpire should it happen again . . . and asks to see the dachshund! I tell him Hamlet is at the vet's getting spayed. Then his gimlet eyes rove the room taking in the oversized Bible (came with my rented, furnished apartment), the albums of church music (which I'm storing for a tone-deaf friend), and the photographs of defunct female relatives on the mantel (which have

been left behind by the previous tenant and which I intended to remove), and Cyril warms considerably at this spurious evidence of my essential probity and commences to converse about the weather, and whether continence or abstinence is the more holy condition in the eyes of Our Lord.

And eating his way through my refrigerator (has he never heard of the sin of Gluttony?), Cyril stays and stays and stays until I am seriously considering cutting my throat with the salted edge of a soda cracker, when my door suddenly is thumped upon and my heart sinks to the basement and below . . . for it is Gareth (a pinciana puer who can ejaculate four times in forty-five minutes with the help of a drop of Astring-o-sol dripped into his meatus!). I have forgotten it is his night to see me—but if I don't open the door maybe he will go away.

"Someone is at the door," helpful Cyril remarks through a watercress sandwich.

"I'm not expecting anybody," I say feebly.

"It's only common courtesy to answer, whoever it is," says Cyril disapprovingly.

I hesitate to door, delay, but knocks reverberate again and I crack it open and Gareth, always an impulsive lad, hurls himself in but when he catches sight of Cyril he stops so suddenly his heels tear holes in the carpet.

"Well!!!" says Cyril, dropping his teacup and spilling cream-puff down the front of his impeccable puce vest as he immediately concludes the true worst. "Well!!!"

Gareth casts him a measuring glance, then turns to me. "Is he . . . ?" he asks, jerking a thumb at Cyril and meaning: Is he a banana-eater too?

"Mr. Arbuthnot," I say painfully, "this is the . . . um, the paper-boy who has come to collect his weekly bill. Gareth, this is Mr. Arbuthnot, my parole-officer!"

Boy and man goggle at each other but the boy recovers his sang-froid first. "Parole-officer?" he says to me, not without respect. "What'd you do—rob a bank?"

"His felony was much more serious than that, young man!" Cyril intones severely. "What paper do you vend, may I ask?" "All of 'em!" replies Gareth promptly.

And firmly believing all is lost but still attempting to implement the deception I have initiated, I go into the bedroom in search of my wallet. Gareth follows me.

"Is he really a parole-officer?" he whispers. "He looks fresh fruit to me!"

"He's no fruit!" I hiss despairingly. "And though it's not your fault, your coming here is going to send me back to prison!"

"Why?" asks Gareth indignantly. "We ain't done nothing . . . yet!"

"Because you're a boy, which was what I got sent up for, and also you're a juvie delinq with a record of your own though it's only for stealing hub-caps and rolling drunks."

"You mean he knows what I came over for?"

"He suspects, and with my reputation and criminal case-history, that's enough! So for God's sake pretend you're a paperboy and—"

"Now wait a minute, Duke, let's think this thing out. You sure he don't eat it? You'd be surprised the kind of guys gobble the goop. I had a judge once . . . well, maybe only a justice of the peace, but—"

"Gareth, for the love of Heaven, go back to the living-room! If you stay here any longer he'll come moralling in with handcuffs and revoked parole papers and—"

"OK, Duke, but listen! I've got an idea that might work. You still got your camera?"

"Yes, but what has that—"

"Film in it, and flash-bulbs?"

"Yes, but—"

"Good! Now I'll go back and see your friend—maybe I can sell him a paper! You wait here and if my idea works out I'll whistle . . . then you come running with your camera at the ready. OK?"

I grasp at this unknown straw which is but the shadow of a straw. "OK," I quaver and go to the closet to dig out the camera.

It's a beautiful picture. Pictures, I should say. Four of them, all very clear, black and white tones nicely contrasted, interesting poses of subjects. They show Cyril lying on his back in his overturned chair . . . and though his face actually was a tortured mask of outrage, horror and disgust, what the camera has registered with nemesis'd poetic justice is Cyril's features writhing in the throes of eager lustfulness as Gareth, astride his chest, presses his distended penis against the lips of my no longer troublesome parole-officer!

Amar

Heaven on earth would be the psychical-physical capacity to be raped every hour on the hour by the one you love! I have not yet arrived at that zenith of ecstasy but the peak is within sight on this starred night moon-painted in shades of blue beneath a wash of shimmering silver. A night that breathes magic: anything seems possible, highly probable—for unpredictable Amar, my paradox'd impresario of rapture, is twined about me. Thy presence conquers, Ganymede! All I am is thine!

Displaying his usual felicity for creating shatteringly unexpected dramatic effects, the boy walks his fingers across my chest, opens my mouth with his lips and proposes that I let him give me an enema with his personal syringe . . . and outside the window a rude treed raven raucously a flatulent note of cacophony.

"No!" I deliquesce, bliss-numbed by the peregrine wantonness of this enchanting lad.
"Why not? You do it to me!"

"I don't want you to waste your precioso fondant in a comparatively insensitive receptacle like my ass."

"I don't like you to say 'ass'! Say 'culo'! Why do you always have to talk so dirty?"

"My equivocal peri-puritan, in Spain and Cuba and many other countries you'd be talking dirty!"

"But I ain't in them countries—I'm here! Come on, Duke, turn over!"

"No."

"You got piles?"

"No."

"Don't tell me your big of butt is cherry!"

"Well, in a . . . urn, half-assed way it is."

"I don't like—!"

"Sorry, baby! Sorry!"

"Well, then, give out, Duke! What are you—chicken! You scared of being knocked up or something? Try it, you might love it!"

"I told you before why I wouldn't like it." Confound this febriferous boy-tart's too abundant crust!

"I won't come off! Cross my heart crossways and hope to drop dead three times, I won't

shoot!"

"No!" And to put an end to his pleading I cast myself in eager immolation upon his fiery loins, sink so low as to perpetrate piracy on the high seize, kiss up the pollen-like smegma formed in half a day, then blow frantic dinner-calls on his alimentary bugle until it loses its head and commits semenic suicide!

The next evening no Amar, no Dinner at Eight. I wait until ten, then tired from a busy day retire to sleep on my belly—not the most comfortable position but I am given to understand it reduces a pot-gut. And immediately I am whirled into whoopee dream of being wrapt in synergistic oneness with my young cater-cousin, rejoicing in that surreptitious sex-play which excites the most . . . and am on the propitious point of culmination when I awake, hazily aware that I am not alone.

The room rose-softly is lit by pink-shaded lamp, radio mutedly plays sentimental love-songs of the 'thirties: Love Walked Right In and Stole My Heart Away! and I seem to be covered by an electric blanket, by warm silken comforter most welcome on this cool night—then with a start I remember I don't own an electric blanket! What is this! Who is here! Then my questing nostrils catch an unmistakable sweet clover scent and I recall that I gave Amar a key to my apartment which evidently he has used in sweet surprisal. He is with me—late, but better than never! Correction: he is not only with me, he is on me, lipping pasquinade kisses into my tremulant nape. Nay, he is not only on me, he is in me—our catenated bodies in penile-anal conjunction, his pubis agitating against the upper divide of my buttocks. Hurtling through imponderables of perverse parapsychology, I wince as his inexorable thrusts invade me with almost-pain, pain, then pleasure-pain succeeded by unalloyed pleasure . . . and yet farther he probes, penetrates and now I am aware of an intense euphoria, more psychic than sensual at the revelation that my little passionflower's melliferous stamen is planted deep within me! He has had his way, as always . . . but!

"You little devil!" I weakly protest. "Get off me—get out of me!"

"Awww! Why'd you have to wake up just when I was beginning to feel good!" And my small caballero shoves his Brobdingnagian bicho deeper, no doubt wishing he wore spurs. "You know, Duke, you're lots tighter than Gallo was! I bet you're even tighter than a lotta cricas!"

"Naturally!" I groan with delight. "I told you I'm an ipse dixit virgin! Hey, slow up, take it easy! Aren't you using anything?"

"Sure! Spit and brilliantine—I couldn't find the stupid baby-oil." His balled boldness begins to thump with increased tempo against my yammering perineum.

"Pull out!" I grate half-heartedly. "If you unload I'll break your little neck!"

Unabated the boy's thrilling espieglerie continues. "Don't worry, Duke, I'll stop in time! We got to do this more often, you know? Don't it feel good? Don't you like it?"

"No comment!" I gasp, in fever heat heaving up against him despite myself.

"You like it, Duke! Don't gimme no crap you don't!" Amar crows. "Anyway, why shouldn't I get into your culo? You get into mine, you bastard!"

It's the incontrovertible argument, containing the implied too formidable threat. I have made no move but he has jumped me —I am checked and checkmated! My heart in pawn to this fair usurer who has me in abulia'd thralldom, I say no more, I surrender to his supersensual symposium. And now my pitiless ravisher becomes bowwow boy, nipping my ears in hydrophobic frenzy and I feel within a seeping liquid warmth. Faithless love! He has lost control and even now his balsam is pumping into me!

"Amar!" I say strangledly, "you promised you wouldn't—!"

"Relax, Duke!" the boy reassures, pressing closer. "I didn't come—it's only orina!"

The Last Noel

Bingle jells, bingle jells, bingle all the way! It might have been the yuletide spirit but probably was some giddy Gide notion that led me to apply for a job as Santa Claus at Gacy & Mimbel's Department Store—despite the glaring warning on my new bottle of tranquilizer pills which labelly shrieked in outsize scarlet letters: KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN! And G & M take me on with unsuspecting affability, pad me into red and white costume plus snowy flowing beard, tasselled cap and shiny black knee-boots. And soon nauseating little misses are ensconced on my knee flirtily fluffing their premature perms, flaunting pastel-tinted fingernails, batting mascara'd moronic orbs and twittering they want a diapered wee-wee, poo-poo doll, subteen size Modess and a boy-friend for Christmas. And only by exercising superhuman restraint do I resist hurling them into nearby gaping maw of ventilator-shaft to make way for the sex with the outdoor plumbing who now approach (ah, ecstasy!), perch their hard little behinds on my lap and pinch me to see if I'm real. And one engaging little Communist says he's not quite sure but he thinks he doesn't believe in me; and I gruff back that I don't believe in him either, and if he wasn't so big and his doting mom wasn't looking on, I would give him a good clout in the pastafazool! . . . which so charms this young charmeur that he slobbers a chap-lipped kiss on my cheek and hauls out his Christmas list scrawled on a roll of chartreuse toilet paper which swoops away from him in his greedy enthusiasm and unwinds 187 feet down the aisle to the contraceptives section in 'the South Wing! And other tiny precocious kindergarten lads ask me searching questions concerning my reindeers' dietary habits and meteorological conditions at the North Pole, and wouldn't it be more efficiently expeditious if my sled were equipped with multiple or series fan-jets? And all state in no-nonsense, firm tones exactly what they expect from S. Claus down to the last frigging nut and screw, never considering for one moment what I would like though I sincerely hope they will when they're a decade older. Then along comes this absolutely seraphic formula-smelling blond wearing a halo for stocking-cap, ajiggle and ajump in his eagerness to visit old St. Nick, and he clambers upon my ungirded loins, wiping his feet on my pants while I wonder if I dare press my vulture lips to that moonlight-on-gold hair without transmogrifying the assembled maternals into a pack of havocking hounds after foxy sex-fiend. And this angelic tot winks both his cherubic eyes, twists and squirms, lisps with sweeter than sugariness: "I got thomething nithe for you, Thanta dear!" and I am all aglow with melting tenderness and praiseful panegyrics to Piece on Earth, Good Will to Boys, when incredulously I realize that my right shiny black knee-boot is gigglingly, overflowingly being pissed into!

Amar

Among all Webstered words, merry is the word for Amar. He is my Merry Christmas, perennial festive holiday, my personal Santa with loaded bag of gifts, ever stuffing my greedy stocking-mouth with rock candy goodies . . . though thereby rendering it delightfully difficult to chant my appreciation for his carolled joys!

And this evening, this white and crimson satyr'd blood-surge of December evening, Amar is songster Scheherazade to my sultan desire, especially eager to please for I have intimated that the watch he would like for yule is practically tick-tick-ticking on his slender wrist if he will continue to be kindly little Saint Nick. My young Master Skylark does not sing on the wing—he vocalizes in my bedded arms, my heart furnishing the background music so soft it is but an echo of itself which only I can hear . . . and now and then I touch my lips to the boy's mellifluous ones and receive a chord, half a chorus on my melody-mazed tongue.

In deference to constructive musical criticism, the carping captious might opine that Amar's voice reminds of a corrupt choirboy frog-hoarse from clandestine whiskey and cigarettes, emitting tonal turpitudes that would wilt the ears of a braying jackass. But my ears assure me the boy lovelier lilts than nightingales (why sings the philomel if he sings not to me?), he is part of the romantic legend, he is supreme chorister for all other nocturnal symphonists, feathered or fleshed, fall silent when my love's crystal notes pour forth.

And what does he sing? Brahms' Lullaby? Schubert's Serenade? The Berceuse from Jocelyn? Well, no. From Beatle Song Book his strong, clear, mock-passioned young voice intones bathic selections, some of which provoke fervid response: "Boys," for example, and "Bad Boy"—There is a boy in our neighborhood . . . who was, I gather, so bad that he must have been indecently good! Then my versatile little soprano will trill with linnet sweetness of lost innocence and found ecstasy, of heartbreak and despair:

*I love the turtle-dove, ah!
Clear blue skies above, ah!
My false lady's glove, ah!
I'm in love with love, ah!
For gone is my true love, ah!
Oh! How I suffer!*

And then, shouting his own accompaniment, mass of gilded hair tossing from left to right to left, Amar will rock-and-roll and frug and watusi and mash potato and igly-glug about the room, writhing, stomping, shifting, swaying, shaking . . . dancing like maddened boy-priest at midnightest Black Mass until self-panicked as kitten chasing whirlwind autumn leaves, he stands on his head in frenzied finale. And I seize the flushed and laughing reversed lad, thrust my head between his thighs—and myself now musically inclined, proceed to play the rousing refrain of a Ganymedean gavotte on his upside-down mouth organ!

Sodom-1966

Along with me come dream a dream of the illicit idyllic, of a city by an inland sea or on an Edenic isle or sheltered by mountains whose cloud-wreathed peaks are seldom seen. A city where handsome boys of all ages are accessible as fruit, ripe or green, in a lush untended orchard, and where you can easily purchase that which you may not be able to inspire—affection, passion, love or their very credible counterfeits. Here lads will often accost you, engage you in artful conversation that soon veers to sex—and if some of these youngsters lack English it is hardly a handicap, for all possess a cabalistic sign language that more than suffices to express the idiom of amour in every tongue. A stroking of the cheek, an eloquent agitation of the fist against the body, certain fingers employed in thrilling revelation—all convey that these extrovert little males are delightfully uninhibited and immediately available! And if you are so phenomenally unlucky as not to encounter such outgoing adolescents, do not despair. Merely cast an obviously admiring glance or two at the passing juvenile parade and shortly a pimp will be at your side, volubly and fairly accurately touting what he can supply! Scarcely a decade ago legitimate boy-houses flourished in this fairyland but now there are none, officially. Westernization has reached its blighting hand even here.

If your tastes incline to the ostentatious, luxuriously voluptuous and you can afford to indulge them, you may be the fortunate recipient, after rigid screening, of an invitation to attend and partake of the rites of the Knights of the Burning Pestle, an inordinately exclusive and mystery-shrouded organization whose secrets are jealously guarded, with good reason. These rituals (euphemism for orgasmic orgies) are conducted in a small pleasure palace of varicolored marble amid landscaped gardens shaded by exotic jacaranda, ilex and acacia. Pleasances, pools and fountains prism the mellow air with liquid tints of sapphire, aquamarine and lapis lazuli shimmering with polychrome accents of turquoise and chrysoprase. Ascending steps that seem gemmed with amethyst and tourmaline, you enter hushed rooms hazed in shades of violet and lavender, washed with the brilliancy of diamonds set in the designed intricacies of snowflakes. And as the idlesse hours dusk into Etrurian night illumined by lovers' moon, you with aberrant curiosity examine classic statues whose candid male nudity fires the already ignescent imagination; gaze at pictures whose shameless and unadorned life-size models steam the protective glass covering them; pore over strange and terrible books which emit a puff of perverse smoke when opened; linger before the portrait of an unclad Grecian youth weeping over his dead cock which lies across his knees, its feathers dulled and drooping; gape at adjacent canvas depicting improbable trees beneath whose stirring leaves reclines a nude boy fingering his magic flute and tempting a nearby monk to excitant fellation; go on to view an immense painting, muted with the soft golden light of Renaissance romanticism, of the boy-popes Benedict and John whose naked ivory-hued bodies contrast startlingly with the scarlet habiliments of two venerable cardinals, puer-prone princes of the church, suctorially genuflectant in rapt reverence.

Then the summons of a silver bell sounds and you climb a graceful flight of velvet-laid stairs, the balusters of which are carved au naturel boy-angels, and whose balustrades are mosaic'd with curious reliefs and intaglios of sexually acrobatic young Arabs possessing cabochon rubies for testicles and huge embossed gold ingots for phalli. And you enter a lofty room aroma'd with spikenard and hung with Coromandel tapestries displaying tableaux of amorous boys so

obscene that they sear the eyes and turn the brain giddy with a sweet lascivious malaise. And in armchairs soft with Tyrian purple cushions you sit at an enormous spherical table spread with heavy white satin, on which you are served deliciously insidious food and treacherous wines that inflame but do not inebriate.

And when the banquet is over—everyone dines hurriedly in palpitant anticipation of the richer feast to come!—the table is cleared of all but its snowy cloth on which now pour a galaxy of beautiful boys, none seemingly over 14 years of age, whose skin-tones range from creamy alabaster to deep amber. They are nude except for a wisp of rose silk about their loins, whose transparency reveals more of their astoundingly large erections than it conceals. Reminiscent of 17th century pages of royal courts, every boy wears in his left ear-lobe a thin gold circlet on which his name is engraved in tiny gothic script.

These putti, confides an old gentleman sitting next to me, are the elite of many lands and have for months been trained in the sensual subtleties of their profession. Prior to their appearance tonight, each young charmer has been given a warm perfumed enema, then soaked for hours in a hot scented bath. His hair is fashioned to the style that best suits his particular type of comely appeal; his body severely depilated of every hair except the pubic and axillary growths, which are anointed with an unguent to render them curly and fragrant; his nails on hands and feet are closely cropped and buffed to natural shining pink; teeth are whiter whitened with pumice, tongue inspected for healthy hue, breath tested for the wholesome freshness of youth . . . and finally, lips and nipples and glans penis are lightly massaged with an ointment that produces swelling and exquisite sensitivity. Then the little boy-courtesan is stuffed with rich, invigorating foods and drinks copiously of warm milk and honey laced with aphrodisiacs. These haughty young beauties, my informant goes on, command two hundred dollars for a night in their arms and they are worth every cent—though their customers frequently have to spend a recuperative week in a rest-home, surrounded by oysters!

Entranced, I gloat over the youngsters as they walk about. One can smell them—a heady incense compounded of the clean, fresh flesh of passionately aroused young males, coupled with a musky, moss-rose scent that emanates from their straining genitals. Sexual allure cloaks them like a diaphanous veil, shines from their gleaming lustful eyes, in their feverishly red lips and stiff niplets and their crimson congested glandes and thrusting phallic columns that bulge each cache-sexe, already damp, wet, oozing with pre-coital fluid. The spirited lads engage in subdued horseplay as they circle about on the table—make lewd, inviting gestures to their seated admirers, finger themselves and each other, laughingly simulate *pedicatio*, *fellatio* . . . antics cleverly calculated to excite the beholder.

Now the guests begin to examine in detail the individual attractions of the concubini before them. On request, a youth will bend over, part his tight nates, offer his hot little anus for judicial inspection. One may penetratingly view any part of any boy except his genitalia, which is reserved for his purchaser's eyes alone, in the privacy of their room. One may also freely question the lads as to their talents, habits, preferences. Politely they will answer every query put to them, no matter how personal, and in terms intended further to stimulate.

"How old are you, little love?" someone will ask an auburn-haired tender morsel with Trebizond eyes.

I'll be thirteen next month.

"Only thirteen! Can you give semen?"

I've been able to shoot for over a year!

"Do you ever play with yourself?"

Yes, but not since coming here—it's forbidden!

"How often can you come off in one night?"

Five to seven times—it depends on my lover!

"Do you come quick or slow?"

The first time quick, after that slower.

"Do you have lots of boy-juice?"

I will choke you with my first load! The others are less but not much less.

To a shy child whose wide eyes are jade and serene as emeralds in a twilight pool. "Little darling, you look like a virgin. Are you?"

I was when I came here, a week ago!

"Are you sorry you lost your cherry?"

No! I wish I had a whole tree full of cherries to lose!

To a rosaceous sapling with blue-black hair. "Have you ever fucked a girl?"

No. Only men.

"Do you like men?"

I love them—if they love me! "What do you do in bed?"

Whatever you want me to do!

To a dark-eyed little big standard-bearer with roguish grin. "How old are you, lovely imp?"

Twelve—but I'm 15 between my legs!

"Where did you get such a big prick?"

From my father! Where'd you get yours?

"Have you ever masturbated?"

Sure! Ever since I was about two years old! But they don't allow it here! They whip you if they catch you beating your meat!

"What do you like best to do in bed?"

I like . . . I like to be blowed so many times that I can't hold my piss! An' then . . . then I like to piss in your mouth!"

(Hmm! There's the boy for me!)

Now arrives the penultimate high point of the evening, the pre-climax of the evening, so to speak. Numbers are about to be drawn by guests and lads to determine the rhapsodic pairing for the night . . . and regretfully I prepare to leave. I cannot afford two hundred dollars for a boy, regardless of how zenith'd he is in looks and capabilities. But I am not crushingly disappointed, for in this wondrous land there are thousands, tens of thousands of acquiescent youngsters whose delights are within my modest price range—and it is to them that I shall fly. I thank my sponsor for enabling me to visit this stately pleasure-dome, refuse his offer to stake me to one of its nonpareil habitués, and depart.

Returning to town, I discover that everywhere one turns one glimpses vistas of desirable lads, for this dream city is the small end of an immense funnel which is the surrounding populous, povertied area. Adventurous boys, homeless, hungry, jobless, footloose youths like iron filings are irresistibly drawn to this prosperous, tourist-thronged magnet. In many cafes and coffeehouses, spermful striplings are to be had at the lift of a finger—unless they have already been spoken for. These when importuned will smile, shake their heads, indicate a nearby older companion who is their admirer, protector, bedmate.

In most parks at night you may walk beneath towering poplars, their branches making gentle surf-sounds in the cool breeze; or sit by swift Shalimar stream fussing about the boulders in its bed; or tread grassy expanses studded with ornamental mazes of flowers and shrubbery—and you think you are alone with the bright moon and winking stars and the hovering shadows. But now these shadows advance and solidify into slim shape and substance, and suddenly you are encircled by a panorama of animated young masculinity softly, shrilly, hoarsely, coarsely, loudly, insistently offering their winsome wares: I got six inches! . . . I can cream four times in an hour! . . . My ass has never been entered but I will sell it to you for the price of new shoes! . . . Do you like to be screwed? I never get soft! . . . I like to do 6 if you like to do 9! . . . Take me, sir, I know what Americans like best! And dazedly you appraise, discount, contrast and compare—and then perhaps you beckon to the small silent one on the fringe of the crowd, for he seems lost and a little frightened and you know that his sad young face, deeply pitted from smallpox, discourages amour. And you take him home, and as his soft supple warm little body nestles against you and you feel the first touch of his fresh so-sweet lips on yours, you know you have chosen well.

In the slum sections of the city the approach is even more bold and open. Here in the light of day they crowd about you—tiny tads of 7 or 8, mere buds in the garden of love; newly nubile lads eager to share with you their flowering maleness; spitfire youths of 16 and older whose glinting eyes are wise with the knowledge of passion's every perversity. And they cry: Take me for my mother is dead, my father is dead, I am an orphan, I have no place to sleep! But you take the too slender little one who quietly, blushfully murmurs: I am hungry!

On occasion, perhaps weary from sightseeing, you sink upon a wayside bench to rest—and soon you are recognized by a pimp whose services you have utilized, or by a lad you have had before, and instantly a deluge of flavorful young flesh flows about you, chanting their hard sell; and you are faint with vertigo'd bliss at this too abundant buyer's market, you cannot decide . . . until a plaintive little voice in the rear pipes up: Please, sir, do you like one-armed boys? And you get up, part the passion-red sea of wriggling bodies, go to him and take his lone hand. And later, if you have money enough and heart, or if you have heart but little enough money, you will arrange for him to be supplied with the limb he lacks. And the wonder and joy and gratitude in his small face as he fondles and admires his marvelously lifelike new hand and wrist and arm will repay you as no other charity, no other giving can. If you have heart!

Overwhelmed by this fabulously inexhaustible source and supply of what you prize most, never wanting to leave, perhaps you rent a house or an apartment where in utmost privacy you may enjoy your abundance of little friends. And if your particular interests are known in certain quarters= then you will never again need to seek boys—they will come to you! They will knock on your door, offering shoe-shines, gum, fruit, vegetables, shopping-bags, newspapers—and themselves. They will work for you, play for you, play with you—teaching you rapturous games you have long forgotten or never before dared to learn. And that you may be in no doubt as to the sex and age of your visitor, one or another child will softly announce: Sir, I am a boy! And if you admit him (can you send him away!) he will smile, shed his clothes, ask to take a bath—for these lads, given the chance, are almost fanatically clean. And he will return, smelling faintly of youth and soap and sexiness, fling himself into your bed, into your arms, possibly even into your profoundest affections. And if it is not this vivacious youngling who hopelessly ensnares you, be assured there will be others—and one of them will be the One!

Are there thorns in this re-created Garden of Eden? Does serpent lurk 'neath the budding bush? Amazingly, there are few stinging nettles and the reptile is virtually fangless. The police, underpaid and overworked, are realistic and open to reason to a very elastic degree. They may look with thinly-disguised contempt at the symbolic mark of Sodom on your brow, but they have a compelling respect for the dollar. And if you should fall afoul of them they will arrest the boy if he is a known prostitute, but tactfully they will usually ignore you on receipt of a very modest donation. And the other inhabitants of this fantasied locale, the adult heteros, et cetera, what of them? Whether they are tolerant or not, studiously they will look the other way so long as you are discreet and do not make a public exhibition of your peculiar penchants.

This metropolis that is real only in slumbered fancy, does it have a name? It does. In fact, this Mecca of all true boy-believers actually exists and no rain of fire has yet threatened its sodomic ecstasies. What is the name of this laddered Shangri-La? Ah, well, it would be hazardous to identify it for doubtless you would visit it at the earliest opportunity—to have your fondest hopes

realized! You would want to stay forever. Yet for most of us there is a point of inexorable return. And reluctantly, hopelessly you would go back to Des Moines, Iowa or Topeka, Kansas, delightfully shattered by sweet nostalgia for this daydream city so beatifically replete with boy'd joys—and you would never be the same again!

Amar

Money-wise and every-wise, Amar is the best boy-bargain, the best boy I've ever known. Do not judge this to be a penurious or grasping note—I enjoy giving lads almost as much loot as they plead for, but to give them more would probably plunge them into such orgies of spending that I wouldn't see them for weeks. Intentionally or not, Amar is considerate of my budget. As a self-respecting gesture his requests are mildly exorbitant but he invariably settles for a comparative pittance, and his charming way of asking is difficult to resist: "Duke, I sure could use an extra buck today if you'd like to give it to me!" And on his next visit faithfully he returns full to overflowing value for the extra dollar.

Quite a few dollars have gone toward a bicycle, the existence of which I'm beginning to doubt but it is as good an excuse as any for extracting the required lucre. I am long accustomed to having youngsters beg aid for unemployed fathers, ailing mothers, pregnant unmarried sisters, brothers in trouble with the law. In these areas either the truth is sordid or the boys' imaginations boundlessly ingenious, but it hardly matters which—within reason I strive to meet their demands, for the urgent necessity may indeed exist.

Amar has no brothers or sisters, his father is dead and his maternal parent is an unknown and speculative quantity constantly afflicted with "sick headaches" which apparently mystify local medical science. His father left a moderate amount of insurance which is paid in monthly installments, and his mother occasionally supplements this by working as a waitress until she is "fired for dropping trays and insulting the customers." Though the boy says very little about her and that always respectful, I sense a lack of real affection or closeness and suspect she is by way of being a lush. Also I am convinced she neglects her son for I know Amar buys all his clothes out of his "earnings," besides doing most of the housework and preparing of meals at home. I sometimes wonder if he gets enough to eat, for he is always ravenous when he calls on me and I feed him lavishly to supply any lack he may have in this respect—a not entirely unselfish action for I realize that so amorously active a lad requires constant stoking to keep him in tiptop condition!

Sex-wise also, Amar is the boy who best delights. Often he will come to me so ruttish, so passionately on fire that he can hardly contain himself, his feverish chatter focussing all to the perverse point; heatedly he crawls all over me in impulsive urgency to give every last vestige of himself. Yet even at these times he cannot forbear the impulse to tease, to tantalize, to offer and refuse, unzipping to show his magnificent turgidity, then concealing; slipping nether garments down to reveal his penis acock, then masking it. And when lust-crazed I tear the clothes from him he retreats and advances in some primitive mating ceremonial of his own, protruding his aching stiffness at me with tempting grin only to swiftly cover himself with his hands and dart away, or revolving like a top to give me too brief glimpses of his inviting culo . . . and the heat of him, the boiling sexuality of his young body plays havoc with the asthmatic air-conditioner in my bedroom and Jekyll-Hydes me into subman, into horned horny beast of the forest primevil. And when at last he permits me to take him, and after I have succussioned my five reeling senses in sucrose suckling of the seven deadly boy-sins, sometimes I must sheepishly, shamefacedly confess that unexpected expenses have today arisen requiring immediate payment, with the result that presently I am more broke than a double compound

fracture . . . and a clamorously indignant lad rolls away from me, beats at pillows, mattress, wall, me with furor fists and uncrying cries: "W-a-a-a-h! You take my bicho twice and my culo and the orina I saved for you—and then you tell me you can't pay!" And wrathed he is, but not for long . . . shortly he is all smiles again as he tells me to forget my debt, skip it, it's a free-for-nothing gratis present from him to me!

Recently I gave my a la carte love a key to my apartment, beseeching him to visit me whenever he has a free hour, half-hour, fifteen minutes; and I neglect other pressing duties to await that promiseful light knock on the door. But infrequently I am away when he calls, and this early afternoon when I return I find the boy has been here and has cleaned the place to spic-and-span gleam, leaving a priceless gift on the kitchen table, a toilet-paper-wrapped picture of himself he has had taken in a downtown photo-while-you-wait booth. Wondrously it has caught every facet of his scintillating beauty, plus the dazzle of his unilateral-dimpled smile—a thing of beauty and Amar forever! and I hoard it away in my secret tin treasure-chest where I keep my put-upon bankbook, my five shares of Syntex, the boy's shorts and other too few souvenirs of him.

Going into bedroom to change my clothes, I find Amar asleep on the bed—warm naked boy all bronzed flame and shadow in the darkened room, reflection of my most idyllic imagery, his wideawake cockiness excitingly absorbed in some lascivious penis-reverie. Quietly I ease myself onto the bed, hover over the boy's face to drink in his milky expelled breath, touch his mouth tenderly with mine . . . and his lips quiver and part as if they recognize my invisible caress.

And softly, gently, lightly I tongue down the young body, into the russet-gold pubic thicket that frictions silkily against my lips, up the proud phallic column to the full-blown inverted tulip bud of the pulsing glans, feel against my mouth the ripple of prepuce, sensuous ebb-tide as it recedes from the hardening head, nuzzle the moist little plum that returns my embrace, presses against my lips, allows its small widening bedewed eye to be kissed, further entices then shyly retreats. And I pursue it, capture, draw it into my mouth, hold its soft hard wet hotness close, savoring its vibrant flesh-flavor; and softer, gentler, more lightly not to arouse my sweet Endymion I caress the straining bulb from pulsing meatus to tight-stretched bridle and back again, then around, around, around and down and up until I feel a growing tension adamanting the boy's body; and stroking the throbbing penile shaft, now more forcefully I lick the scalding glans that soon succumbs to my mollescent ministrations, and a sudden blissful cry trembles like a paean on Amar's lips as his loins in brisanced orgasm deliver up great gouts of albescent love-liquor to flow like melted pearls across my tongue . . . and berserk bee I drown in the rare honey of this flower-boy whose bloom reduces red roses to pale envy.

When at length I look up I see Amar smiling lazily, languorously down at me, awake and aware. "That was good, Duke!" he sighs. "I dreamt you were doing it and I didn't want to wake up, but it began to feel better and better and I knew I couldn't stay asleep. I think it feels the best when you're sucked while you're sleeping and then slowly wake up . . . you know, it's like half a dream and half the real thing and—well, I can't explain it exactly, but it was wonderful!"

As he is about to leave, the boy hugs me with rib-cracking vigor. "Don't go away tonight, Duke, 'cause I'll be back. I got something to show you!"

Shortly before nine Amar arrives, literally on bicycle which he has ridden into the lobby, into self-service elevator, through the hall to my door. "I wanted to show you what your money bought!" he says, and obviously it has bought the best—a good make, practically new, no fancy gadgets or decorations but with every latest device for speed, safety and comfort, in shining chrome and fire-engine red. When the boy has demonstrated its speedy pickup and its several brakes and stentorian horn and front, rear and side lights; its thief-proof lock and reinforced wheel-spokes and numerous other excellences, he dismounts and I kiss the hot seat where his compact little bottom has rested. Smiling, Amar comes up to me, clasps me tightly around the waist, tips back his head to offer his lips. My infinite passion for this lad now seems refined into a humble devotion, instilling almost a sense of purification as I gaze into the glowing little face—vision sought by saints, all subtle nuance and inflection of the imagined exquisite realized. I linger on the rose dore cheeks, impudent nose, imprudent mouth, hair aureoled fantasy impatient of disciplining brush, and the wide lustrous eyes so lovely that my heart protests at their azure torment. Gently, prayerfully, I press my mouth to his and the boy's arms come up to pull my face hard against him as he gives me a bruising Amar-kiss with hotly wet ardor.

"Thanks for the bike, Duke," he murmurs as I swiftly undress him. "I've always wanted one—ever since I was a little kid."

"You're still a little kid," I whisper. "My little boy!" "Yes, yours! But I'm a big boy now!"

"Tremendous!" I say tremulously, carrying him to bed. Amar's smile flowers into a laugh. "I'm glad I'm big—if you like me that way!"

I begin to stroke the satin warmth of his inner thighs, mouth the velvety drape of scrotal sac, bury my lips in the plush pubic fringe brocatelled in obscene design, kiss up the stirring phallus to Corona Borealis of the sunrise peak.

"Duke, wait—we got lots of time. I'm going to stay all night . . . to sort of really thank you for the bicycle."

Amorous electricity kilowatting through me, I move up beside him. "Will it be all right? Is your mother away?"

"No, she thinks I'm in my room doing my homework. My mother is half . . . well, she won't miss me tonight, that's for sure! But I got to be back by six in the morning."

"I'll set the alarm clock for five."

The boy snuggles close against me, slips a slender young arm beneath my head. "You know, Duke, when I first met you I figured you were just another old queer hot for bicho and that was OK with me. Then after a while you wanted everything . . . most guys do and I always ducked out on them if they bothered me too much. But you—"

"Yes, my small darling, you gave me everything I asked of you—and more!"

"But I still don't know why I did! Oh, I don't mind—in fact, now I like it but—"

"You gave all of yourself because your beauty and appeal made me eloquently persuasive and devilishly seductive—and because you don't have a selfish bone in your body!"

"But what I'm trying to say is that at first I thought you were an old pato and you are but . . . do you remember when you came to my school one afternoon and I saved you from getting fuzzed by pretending you were my uncle?"

"Could I ever forget?!"

"Well, that night in bed I thought: I wish Duke really was my uncle! And later on . . . you know, my father died when I was 7 and I can't even remember what he looked like 'cause he was away most of the time. And it was a funny thing, but when I got to know you better I began to think it would be nice to have you for my old man—which is just stupid 'cause you'd make a hell of a father, going to bed with me and all!"

"But we're not blood relations so it hardly matters."

"Yeah, I s'pose so. But, see, I'm all mixed up! Sometimes I think of you as my uncle and sometimes as my old man, and then again you seem like a . . . a brother or another boy that I can talk to and play with and boss around. And a lotta times I even think of you as a woman—at least your mouth! Do you think I'm going nuts, Duke?"

"Of course not! You're a very sane and sensible, highly masculine, adorable . . . uh, how do you regard me now, at this moment?"

"Now? Right now you're a . . . an ugly old girl! A morfydite girl with a bicho!"

"Whatever you want me to be, dear heart, that I am!"

"And since you're just a freaky girl and I'm a man, or almost, it's OK for me to tell you, to say . . ." the boy twists to hide his blushing face against my throat ". . . to say: I love you!"