

Klaustrophilia

by Casimir Dukahz

That summer of '69 I wanted to get away from the hurly-burly, heat, noise and crime of New York City to write a novel about Elizabethan boy-actors who took the parts of females – Thespianly, not *sexually*, it is to be devoutly hoped! – and after much diligent searching I was finally able to rent, for the season, a small house in a little town in Connecticut: an actual honest-to-God wee rose-covered cottage on 69 Featherbed Lane which led me to muse that many young boys are like roses – lovely to look at and delightful to smell-'know' but beware the *thorns!*..

So I settle in my new abode and begin pounding on my abused portable (*typewriter*, that is, dear reader!) which I dourly suspect is even older than *I* am, but soon I become arousingly aware not of the Boy Next Door but of the Laddie Across the Lane – one Klaus by name (*Santa* Klaus, bearing gifts?) which I come to know from hearing his Mommy call him to supper at eventide and out of the corner of my eye I often glimpse him sprawled on his pretty piazza on his front porch or flashing about hither and thither like an earthbound comet. But sedulously I put him from my thoughts and yearnings for due to a schizophrenic flaw in my character I am totally unable to *write* about boys if I have one on tap at the same time! I complained of this to my medico, Dr. Feinschmecker, who is most tolerant of my affectional orientation though a hetero, and *he* said: “Well, Casimir, that's *life*.” (The *hell* it is! LIFE is a *magazine*, last I heard. I'm gonna hafta find me a new doctor!)

Regardless, I'm starting the second chapter of my 16th Century novel when one afternoon there comes a knock on my front door which I open and there is *Klaus!* And in this vivid living-color close-up he's even more beguiling than before: blond as a pubertal dandelion, perhaps aged 12-plus or 13-minus, one of those Aurora Borealis kids who turn your knees to water for desire of the tender prey. Highly disordered, I at length stammer: “*Hello!* To wh-wh-what do I owe the honor of this welcome visit?” Immediately the kid unleashes a torrent of words in a language I can't make head nor tail of and though it sounds vaguely Schadihoovian I don't know whether it's Norsk or Dansk or Svensk or Finnsk or Lower Slobbovian.

Nevertheless, I wave the heavenly vision in where he parks his pert prat on my chintz-covered sofa and continues to speak in unknown tongues but I let his mellifluous monologue go in one ear and out the other, content just to feast my famished eyes on his lovely animated face and seductive body, body, body. . . Oops! 'Scuse me, folks, my *needle* got stuck 'cause the kiddy is mother-naked except for brand-new red sneakers on his small slim feet and a narrow strip of

flowered cloth about his young loins which – barely an inch wide – is surely insufficient to conceal anything, yet not a quarter-inch of *Connecticutly* illegal anatomy is exposed. Hell and damnation! Has he been totally emasculated or (God forbid!) is he really a deceptive *tomboy*?! Time, I trust, will tell. Meanwhile, I shall assume, hope and pray that enchanting Klaus is a bona-fide intact *ball-bearing*!

As my hypnotic visitor dulcetly jabbars on and on, I wait in breathless suspense for his tiny cache-sexe to slip North or South so I can get a clue to his sexual identity – but that brief scrap of cursed cloth stays in place as if it were *glued* on! By now, of course – as it usually is with me – I am beset with an intense case of Klaustrophilia and I long to make a modest pass such as licking the perky cowlick crowning the top of his shapely head or like that. But I refrain, I contain myself for *this* little one seems to wear Innocence like an armor; he appears to be an Earthly Angel whose wings have yet to sprout: body fragrance of rare incense, chatterbox tones of celestial choirs – pure as a Springtime snowdrop or pristine December snowflake. Virgin young boys are sometimes hazardous to explore – yet nowadays *what* adventurous lad is virgin at age 10 or even 8? Most of them have been pleurably broken-in or broken into by a sibling or their peers of both sexes – but Judianne Densen-Gerber never mentions *that*, does she?! However, I shall give radiant ambiguous Klaus the benefit of the doubt and keep my hands off him.

Here I say to the boy, “Are you hungry? Would you like a little snack?”, making explicit motions of eating and drinking at which the kid nods eagerly, licking his rosy lips and rolling his eyes so I bring out ice-tinkling Pink Lemonade and Jewish fruit-and-nut cakes which are richly, expensively delicious though a trifle too circumcised as to *frosting*. Klaus smackingly engulfs 8 cakes and 3 tall glasses of lemonade after which he stands, gives me a stiff little bow, shakes my hand and twinkles off across the street, leaving me to hopelessly kiss the spot on the sofa where his sweet bottom has rested and without hope day-dream of a *nuit d’extase* with him. Is this to be the summer of my discontent?!

This frustrating situation goes on every day for a week during which my novel is entirely neglected, I absorbed only in Klaus's multitudinous charms and I cake and lemonade him or cocoa and cookie him – then deprivingly he just shakes hands and is gone with the wind. On the 8th day when he sticks out his small paw prior to departing, I am suddenly overwhelmed, overcome. Gently I take his hand, turn it over, kiss the warm smooth palm and tickle it with my tongue. At once the boy utters a joyous crow of. . . of *what*?! Satisfaction? Victory? *Triumph*?! And he seizes *my* hand, drags me to the door of my bedroom, kicks it open, kicks off his brand-new red sneakers, sheds his mini-mini floral loin-cloth, plummets into bed, puts his hands behind his head, spreads his legs wide and smiles invitingly up at me as my fever'd gaze is magnetized by a five-inch confirmation, proudly pointing straight up at the ceiling, that this is, indeed, a *boy*!