



*"In my tenth class, I fell hopelessly-in love with a boy one year my senior with an incredible body and classic Rajput good looks. We were buddies for, a long time and then started flirting and making jokes about how attractive we found each other. The jokes started getting serious. One evening we were at his house and were lying on his bed and talking. The next thing I knew we were hugging madly. We took each other's clothes off and touched for hours. Our affair continued for a year. He always felt guilty after sex and would go to his family mandir to pray. I would feel a little guilty on seeing his guilt, but felt largely happy. Emotionally we were close as any lovers. We wrote love letters, had passionate telephone conversations much to the astonishment of our families. In recent years he got married. When he talked to me about it, what came through was his terror of social disgrace. Right now he is being a good Rajput son with a wife and maybe kids--goes to the mandir for Gita readings--in short, living the classic life of the closet gay. His family will probably never know how scared he is of their rejection.*

*Trikone, May-June 1989*

