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«Why do you constantly bring that up?»

«To make you think. Are you happy doing what you think is right?»

«Yes!»

«Your answer is too prompt. You impress me as a man who has embraced a religion fanatically — not because he believes in God but because he's afraid of going to Hell. Would you call melancholia a type of happiness? Tell me frankly, Phillip, how many times in the past ten years have you been happy?»

«I — I can't say accurately. Three, maybe four. A few days with Anne.»

«But society says Anne is taboo for you.»

«The birth of Fan's boys.»

«Vicarious fatherhood for you.»

«Really, Tim!»

«And the third time, Phillip, the third time you were happy, when was that? A night in San Francisco, perhaps?»

Phillip dropped his eyes. «I'm afraid so.»

«Which leaves us with a problem in words: social versus personal inclination. You must decide.»

«But, Tim, you haven't answered my first question: what is justifiable? What is degenerate?»

Tim looked at him closely. «That, Phillip, you must answer for yourself. That, if you are wise, will be your secret always; and, incidentally, your key to personal happiness, for that is the dividing line of your dual life.»

## AS I LAY WITH MY HEAD IN YOUR LAP CAMERADO

from Drum-Taps by Walt Whitman

As I lay with my head in your lap camerado,  
The confession I made I resume, what I said to you and the open air  
I resume,

I know I am restless and make others so,  
I know my words are weapons full of danger, full of death,  
For I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws, to unsettle them.  
I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have  
been had all accepted me,

I heed not and have never heeded either experience, cautions, majorities  
or ridicule,

And the threat of what is call'd hell is little or nothing to me,  
And the lure of what is call'd heaven is little or nothing to me;  
Dear camerado, I confess I have urged you onward with me, and still  
urge you, without the least idea what is our destination,  
Or whether we shall be victorious, or utterly quell'd and defeated.