

He was in love with me. What-a man? Why not?
He was a human being, and human beings aren't
allowed to Love: Woman, Man, Cat-or God.

Patrick White

my luff o god gif gif I haf
believed truly always yurss
god... too tired too end-less obvi indi-ggoddd.

Patrick White

by the same author

ROCK IDOL & SUPERSTAR:
Freddie Mercury and Rudolph Nureyev

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Yuri Matthew Ryuntyu

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Cover: Painting by Rudolf Nureyev "*I am Dying of AIDS*" 1989
Private Art Collection Cairns Australia

"*I am Dying of AIDS*" was one of 8 canvas and oil paintings that were
painted by Rudolph Nureyev between 1986 and 1990. These artworks are
currently in private collections in Russia and Australia.

Frontispiece: Yuri Matthew Ryuntyu ЮРИ МАТТЬЮ РЮНТЮ
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This book is dedicated to three courageous Aussie senators and their gay-partners, who represent Gay Pride and *Gay and Lesbian Culture* in Australia.

To the Honorable Senator *Bob Brown* and his gay-partner *Mr. Paul Thomas* (since 1996). Born in Oberon, NSW, Australia on 27 December 1944, *Robert James Brown* is the first openly gay member of the Parliament of Australia (1996), and an Australian Leader of the Greens (2005).

To the Honorable Senator *Penny Wong*. She is the second openly gay member of the Australian Commonwealth cabinet (2007), and the first Asian-born Federal Minister (2007). *Ms Penelope Ying Yen Wong* was born 5 November 1968 in Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, Malaysia.

To the Honorable Senator *Louise Pratt* and her gay transvestite partner *Mr. Aram Hosie* (since 2006). Born in Kalgoorlie, WA, Australia on 18 April 1972, *Ms Louise Clare Pratt* is the third openly gay member of the Australian Commonwealth cabinet (2008).

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INTRODUCTION

Love is monumental and fragile in chorus. Before *Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet'* (1591), parents treated their children as property investments, just a vessel for breeding so as to increase wealth generation by generation. *Romeo and Juliet* broke the Law and Order in the Educated Community, High Society and the Church. All of them were convinced that their so-called love was a simple rebellion, an attack on common sense, but a miracle happened - because in the heart of many people lives a dream of love without calculative borders. The public was trapped and hypnotized by the magic of *Shakespeare's* language; they found *Romeo and Juliet* rehabilitating over the centuries.

It said: No - lust, No - hate for mum and dad, No - madness and No - egotism in *Romeo and Juliet's LOVE*.

Yuri's 'Rudy Nureyev: With-Out Make-Up' has moved the Aussie Public Opinion Pool in the direction to believe - there was; No - drugs, No - grass, No - lust, No - hate for mom and dad, No - madness and egotism in *Gay LOVE*.

Gay's LOVE says - *I do NOT* need your *Superannuation* my Dearest Parents.

Gay's LOVE says - *I do NOT* need your *Land and Bank Accounts* my Dearest Parents. I am not your Property anymore.

Gay's LOVE says - *I do NOT* need your *Blessings* my Dear Churchmen, if I am ex-communicated by my Church - *My LOVE is my GOD*.

49 HIDDEN LETTERS

'He was in love with me. What? A man? Why not? He was a human being, and human beings aren't allowed to Love: Woman, Man, Cat - or God.' Patrick White.

I slept for such a long time. Why can't it be true?

The dream discloses the open truth of the matter, which is created by Mother Nature, Sigmund Freud proved this. That's maybe why we wake up one day forever.

He still stands before me. I can remember word for word, all that was spoken by him. That meeting changed my fate. I couldn't alienate myself from such a man. It collapsed unusually alarmingly. I didn't search for the answers. How? If the question... isn't defined...

Patrick was so old... I saw in him passions, which excited his body. I was unable to love a man. They held no mystery for me. Their faces are one and the same.

I opened their secrets. I discovered their lusting desires. Everything revolves around one and the same.

We had the same sexuality.

We arose from the same seed and in a single instant it was extinguished: at once everybody was as one.

Such was my life.

It was clear and simple.

My boredom towards the female body had awakened since adolescence. Sexual maturity was over burnt and turned into sexual hunger...

Patrick wasn't like the rest.

The difference of half a century couldn't separate us.

Worst yet, he was dry, blind and a chatterbox. Such qualities don't turn me on.

Hasn't he said enough in his tough life?

My question was... reasonable. The answers were... countless.

I listened to myself and recognized something important. My heart told me what my eyes didn't see. The secret wasn't immediately at hand.

I found the answer in the Himalayas.

The secrets of truth overwhelmed me the night of Christmas Eve.

I accepted what I should have never known. Its so, simple!

A genius was born in such place. His life was wasted in this century, where nobody waited for him.

Only his unusual sexuality stirred untalented, jealous people. This

and only this were exposed to many. Self-centered colleagues ignored his outstanding skills. It was a conspiracy by blind, silent, cynical pretenders. They couldn't forgive themselves for their own hypocrisy, compared to the value of his outstanding heavenly gift.

His inventiveness and literature discoveries gave a reason to be provoked by naive idiots. He constantly wedged spanners into the eye sockets of these broiler-brained peers. Unlimited primitive ideas about the meaning of life, gives birth to caprice and cynicism, which irritated him regularly.

The wonderland down under is infected. Australia fed by the gold rush, is seen as an intellectual swamp, where self-stupidity and snobbishness replaced the young nation of shepherders, gold hunters and farmers. The scent of intellect was faint. Its smell was blown through immigration holes of embassies.

Self-conscious yuppies are drowned between political fantasies, feminists and yanks. Their lives are melted between the enjoyment of watering the garden and lawn, sitting in the pleasant kitchen, in the garage showing off their new cars or resting in the lounge-room and relaxing around the pool. Here are no dreams to travel the world or to discover new horizons and unknown civilizations. They adore being in self-hypnotized cocoons. They are still sleeping as pupas.

The contented lived and amused them in the banana country. They loved greenery, green in their souls, green in their ideas, green in their achievements. They didn't want anything more, only to live like a banana. The nation of pub sitters escaped from maturity. The endless oceans gently warmed their spirit and dominated their souls.

The land, which was snatched from nature and improved by the sweat and tears of their grandfathers, became more valuable from decade to decade. Being sentenced to wealth poisoned the younger generation's mind. It made their inheritors soft as putty. Now Australians have no wish to fight for a place under the sun or any desires to gain the skills to understand the secrets of science in universities. Only here Asians strive constantly in their studies, to make advanced achievements in medicine and in sciences of our British crown.

Those whose forefathers were Australian pioneers are never seen among the intellectual cream of the nations... doctors of science, musicians, lawyers and surgeons.

Australians of the fourth or fifth generation are pushed to leisurely waste their lives for the sake of feeling orgasmic on the beaches and to hunt for multi-sexual partners. Their life is absorbed in pubs, just yarning about nothing. Oh, Patrick, who can accept your openly honest self-confession about the everyday life of lounge potatoes.

Gossip and fantasy made by society produces revenge behind your back. Did he argue, that dear old Patrick? No. Mr. White wrote about

such ideas half a century ago. He was lucky to publish his book in the United States. He then stepped aside from the filth of intellectual rats. He prophesied that wealth and greed would give birth to the paralysis of creativity.

He noticed everyday that modern yuppies have no incentives to do anything with their lives, because of this fact. Already, as a teenager they start to count, his or her parents assets, which will certainly be left behind. How many thousands is it worth? Yes, why work hard? It's clear, beyond any imagination, that if you worked and saved for thirty years, it would be less then the future market value of your ancestor's land. The rule is simple. Nothing has changed. The cycle is indefinite. My parents waited for their parents who waited for theirs.

Mr. White stressed with his finger...

'In precisely such a place are evil and the ancient roots of leaches and buggers, who breed in the never-ending pubs of Patrick White's provincial Australia.'

He's right, that Mr. White, half a century in age and a thousand times correct in everything.

It was and remains the truth about sleeping boring lifelessness of Melbourne and Sydney.

Nothing changes in the Banana Republic.

I was silently stunned.

I had heard enough and lowered my gaze. No, I didn't need his contact and his words.

I already met him through his books, which was read so carefully without rushing.

I stopped and spat back his own words into his face.

Here and now I see how he becomes pale and hunched... lowering his fingers between his knees and starts to cry.

They were tears full of salt and vinegar. He received from my lips a simple confession. It was exactly what I knew before he even thought about it.

We were united. Nobody spoke of it earlier. I thought like him and caught his concept about the meaning of Aussie life as a newcomer to the land down under. Australia is where his life experiences have reached their peak.

'I understood that your personal life polished me, like a penny in a Christmas pudding. Was your life always such a fun celebration?' I asked, hoping to glimpse inside his soul.

He was jolted, as if struck by an electric shock. His hand muscles

quivered. No, I was wrong. The skin on his cheekbones began to pulse in anger. Suddenly he leaped upwards like a football, staring with widened eyes. My soul penetrated the light of his pupils.

'Pain! Such... unbearable... pain. Leave me alone Patrick. I'm my own master. I'm frightened of your life and fate.' My eyelids slam shut and their vibration echoes in my ears. Tears blur my vision.

'You must tell the world about the gay lovers in 'blue', isn't that so, Yuri? But, the most important of all, about your Great Russian treasure, Rudy Nureyev. Let's wait and see, perhaps beyond any doubts Russians can write best about their own character. You're Russian aren't you? So go on and write!'

I'm paralyzed by my destiny.

'I see that you are such a hard nut to crack. Your talent is unbelievable, you Russian bards. That's typical of you.' Taking my hands, he lowers them onto his knees. It is already six months since I immigrated into the green hell that they call Australia.

Patrick leant towards my lips and stared deeply into my eyes. My body resisted. My hair bristled unexpectedly. I am hopelessly drowned in his pupils, afraid to confess to myself about my emotional ties to him.

It was a mutual attraction.

What else can happen? Of course! Defense... but the last is impossible! Such tense feelings are sure to grind us to dust.

We act as one, forever. Our souls melt together. What about the age gap and life experiences? All our differences were burnt to ash. We were twins.

Did I love him? I'm not really sure. One thing I remember was his fire, sexual starvation.

His kiss was craving, very hungry. For him, it was like taking a gulp of fresh air... The writer, like most geniuses was unpredictable.

Master and slave lived as one. They were like clay and feathers, stuck together with saliva to make a beautiful magical nest, created by a workaholic bird. He sang and spoke with its voice. Finally it conquered him. He became a blue bird... a gay genius. It was this that caused his, fidgetiness, accidental desires and unexpectedness in his relationship to people. The genius, so they say, was out of this world. God blessed his heart, to develop double vision inside himself. Such gift transformed him and helped him to see the world from a distance.

It's not that he glanced at the universe better than others.

That is only possible from afar... from the altitude of birds.

He experienced the true color of human souls in their naked form... and the sins of our subconscious.

Could it be indigo in a blue halo of sexuality?

Now I'm choked by tears, my heart is torn apart.

What can I do with my body and with death, which has separated us for a time?

It was so long ago... How long?

But where does Rudy fit into the story?

I knew about him a lot later. Now it's the end of 1981.

These pages are a recollection of our first acquaintance.

What's written is a memorial to Patrick White, my friend, who reshaped my destiny.

2

PATRICK

Time passed, I knew Patrick for five years already... starting...1981.

I lived at the same place on Wentworth St., Randwick.

Our favorite pastime was to accompany the sunset hours on the lawn of the Centennial Park, which is across the road from home.

Patrick saw everything, which moved about, without any jokes or noisy rattling and stupid decorations.

His pupils didn't know any error.

They didn't stupor from deception.

His tongue was exact like a surgeons scalpel.

Yes, five years flew by.

One evening he rang and demanded that I come to our usual pond.

I came at once.

He sat in his usual pose on the bench. I didn't recognize him.

That wasn't my Patrick, his figure was stiff, voice tiresomely trembled and his face changed to ash gray.

His... words vague... and...m...o u r n f u l.

He looked tired and broken, and the peace of mind, which amused me so, had disappeared.

A week without our meetings turned him into an angry old grumbler.

'What is... with... you?' I hoarsely whispered, not understanding why he held out to me a heavy package.