Dear Stephen Foster,

Happy holleysdays. The enclosed is selfexplanatory.

Feel free to put my name on Ms. OJ's list. I have been intending to write her for some time, asking her a few pointed questions (in the hope that her reply will be so outrageously stupid that when publicized it will discredit her), but I have not known her address. We can begin with her well-known line that there is no moral distinction between gays and murderers. (Can you find the exact wording and source of that one? It has been quoted repeatedly, but I have been unable to trace it. It is, of course, orthodox Roman Catholic doctrine, orthodox Plymouth Brethren and certain other extremist Protestant doctrine as well. All of which makes me lean more and more towards JW's view that any form of traditional Xianity whatever is a menace, without further reason for existence, without discernible social benefit.)

I have heard nothing from Mader in several months, though his last letter was friendly enough, and as it followed my own critique of his introduction, conceivably the cause you fear may not be involved. He said he had received four different sets of corrections, each citing different problems/errors, no set identical with any other; and he was at that time investigating some of the more obscure figures, amounting to a Calamite circle of which Bynner, "Edwinson", Haniel Long, and others, were possibly the most active figures. It is unlikely he visits his VT. mailbox at this season; we may not have to seek other cause than the ghastly weather of late for his nonwriting. It is at least equally possible that the Uspod is at fault. You are not the only one whose \textit{xx} letters from FL to CA have gone astray! I have learned, only yesterday, that a young friend of mine wrote me in September thanking me for a gift of photographic plates of coins (replacing a set stolen from him last year), and he had been wondering why I never replied, while I had been wondering if a certain episode on the last night we were together had in retrospect alienated him--whereas it was the uspod's failure all along. (He wants to share my room at the next big coin convention he will attend, which is next August....) So write Mader again, \textit{mm} wish him a merry Xmas from me as well, and say we are both looking forward to his books.

For your Kirk Munroe (and Horatio Alger Jr, in whose honor there is now a Horatio Alger Society!!), and Irvin Westheimer of BB) let me give you Henry Collins, \textit{Wil}th century Newport (R.I.) merchant, the wealthiest citizen of that town, a well known philanthropist before the Revolution. The enclosed quotation from Isaiah Thomas, HISTORY OF PRINTING IN AMERICA, tells its tale loud and clear.

SOLONON SOUTHWICK was born in Newport, but not brought up to the business of printing. He was the son of a fisherman; and, when a lad, assisted his father in selling fish in the marketplace. The attention he paid to that employment, the comeliness of his person, and the evidences he gave of a sprightly genius, attracted the notice of the worthy Henry Collins, who at that time was said to be the most wealthy citizen in Newport, one of the first mercantile characters in New England, and greatly distinguished in the colony of Rhode Island for philanthropy and benevolence. Mr. Collins took a number of illiterate boys, whose parents were poor, under his patronage, and gave each an education suited to his capacity; several of whom became men distinguished in the learned professions. Among the objects of his care and liberality was young Southwick, who was placed at the academy in Philadelphia, and there provided for till he had completed his studies. Mr. Collins then established him as a merchant, with a partner by the name of Clarke.

(etc. Southwick later published the NY Mercury, various pro-Revolutionary speeches, and later on Rhode Island paper money, going bankrupt when the paper money depreciated. Nothing more is said of Clarke, but we may surmise that he continued much as he had done before, not much differently from Rabbi Kaster "Chaim M." in Gl, or Mario Palmieri--"Angelo da C." in Gl. One envies such people; there is so much I could do had I available funds, even as you would!)

If you have not yet seen CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, do so. Don't miss it. It is worth even a couple of hours' waiting time. Fantastic, incredibly beautiful, even awesome. I have had to rethink completely my earlier views about UFO contactees as a result of the inside view presented in this film. I have also had to rethink the question of what makes an experience awesome. The result is a 10-page critical review which is appearing in one of the science-fiction ingroup small-press magazines; if WARHOON does not print it, ALGOL probably will.

Best,
Dear Stephen Foster—

At the moment I am so tied up with deadlines that I do not know which of your various letters I have answered or not. I snatched up the only two I could find offhand and stuffed them into my suitcase for last minute packing to come here. (Everything these days is last minute, except for time pressure which is continuous.) I did manage to get time off on Sunday the 25th to march in NY against Ms. Orange Juice, though I had really wanted to march in San Francisco.

There is a proposal to market toilet paper with Anita Bryant's picture on each sheet, like the Nixon toilet paper which was common in 1972-73. I have not seen the PLAYBOY interview, though several people have promised to show me copies. Nobody here has seen GAY ACADEMIC. WJ finally gave me #1,2 of GAI SABER: probably the last ones ever to be published. With any kind of luck, late this month I will be going down to the Washington area to retrieve everything I can from Lindfors. He has expressed willingness to return all this. We are now thinking of either pouring $ into some local outfit or trying to locate someone else willing to work with the successor to JGKL/Kalos/whatever. The Micromedia project in NY may be a source.

I haven't seen GAY SUNSHINE in some time. When I go back to SF I will hear Winston Leyland in his den and see what I can do about getting back issues. Leyland's adamant Company Policy of using no pseudonyms has been a problem. My own name is not known in the Movement, or was not until it appeared in the Editorial Board of the new J of Hsx as published by John DiCicco's CHEER group in SFState Commlage. I still do not like the idea of being interviewed under my own name.

VERY VERY IMPORTANT

ARE YOU WILLING TO BE INTERVIEWED (BY TAPE CASSETTE) FOR A SCIENTIFIC PROJECT, ANONYMITY GUARANTEED?? This is for a book Charles Silverstein is doing, which will use many quotes from such interviews with BLs, the purpose being to let the truth Come Out and banish the usual lies. If so, let me know right away (if necessary, phone me here at 800 645-6607) and it can be set up. Silverstein is head of the Institute for Human Identity here in NY.

Just think. Leif Garrett would be of legal age in Washington DC though not in NY or Calif. Sob. :: Thanks for the clippings. L'AMOUR BLEU is on the stands in NY though I have not yet seen a copy; I am wondering how much is relevant to BL? The NY laws might make it dangerous to offer, the way they have made even something so obviously straight-oriented as SHOW ME into an underground item. Homophobia is clearly epidemic, and among gays the form it takes is aversion to BLs; evidently every group needs scapegoats, people to despise and reject as a lower form of life, so that we have been chosen. (There were T-shirts being worn at the June 25 parade saying I'M BISEXUAL: I LIKE MEN & BOYS. The nearest thing I HAD TO that was a button reading BATMAN & ROBIN within linked hearts.)

Let me know right away about the taped interview project, if Silverstein hasn't already gotten into touch with you.

Beat—min haste—

Walter
Dear Stephen Foster:

Thank you for your letter with its various references. I have been busier during this last six months than at any previous time in my life. I am probably an idiot for doing so, but I announced at the NAMBLA conference that I was working on the revised GL, and that I have found a publisher for it. (This is absolutely true.)

I don't know where SAIL magazine is sold, but I will look for it. WI have seen HARPER'S, which is not the only place where Carroll's proclivities have been lately publicized.

I met Byrne Fone in April 1976 at the GAA conference where I made the original speech; he was then slated to be editor of CHRISTOPHER STREET and I was to be one of the contributing editors. Unfortunately, there was some kind of shakeup in the hierarchy, and Fone was out before the first issue was. I will be very interested to see what he is doing.

The ms. of GL is not yet in final form, though some chapters are. However, the material on American Calamite poets 1790-1930 will be extremely welcome. The sooner it gets to me in any form, the more likely it will be to get into Chapters 14, 15 & 16. I am sure it will not only astonish me (as did Don Mader's intro to the MEN & BOYS reprint), but it will also astonish many other compilers. I have material also on some South American BL poets, never published before in English. There is evidently an enormous amount of such literature, only now coming to light. I no longer aim at complete coverage, only at showing how the literary material of any given epoch relevant to BL parallels in treatment the literary material of the same epoch relevant to any other kind of love; this is consistent with the general approach of the book, to the effect that BL is a legitimate sexual preference side by side with androphilia and gynephilia, our lesbian counterparts.

It might be interesting to write Lin Carter about your project of reprinting VULNIK'S Medusa. This book is not known to me. (I cannot ask MZB now as she is in England.) Lin can be reached c/o his publisher. Someone can use my name as an entree. Failing this, if the book is good enough, you might be able to interest either Gregg Press (div. of G.K.Hall & Co., Boston) or Pennyfarthing Press in San Francisco.

About the NAMBLA conference. They scheduled it deliberately for a time when I would be in NY. I was extremely busy there, but I managed--mostly on the LIRR between Albertson and my friends' apts in NYC--to write the keynote speech. A brief summary of it is to be in the next NAMBLA NEWS. (If you are not on the list, write NAMBLA c/o Box 331, Kenmore Sta., Boston 02215.) It did weird things to my head, being in a convention of BLs and totally, but totally, out of the closet--something I couldn't do even during the Gay Day parade last year, though I did hug and kiss friends openly on 5th Ave. at 42 St. and 5th Ave. at 57 St. in front of tens of thousands of people--and if the TV cameras caught me, nobody said word one to me about it later. But between a legit Gay Day parade and the Ultimate Taboo conference there is a vast gulf.

After my talk, Burdick rambled a bit, followed by several kids from Gay Youth. One of them, Cliff, maybe 17, told horror stories about how his family and school treated him after he came out; another, Mark Moffett, 14, whose name has already appeared in print in GCN and I believe FAG RAG, told a heartwarming story about how sunooptive his father has been since the kid came out--even to telling him "Mark, I don't really see what you see in your friends--after all, I'm straight--but if it makes you happy I am for it all the way." So that now when Mark comes home from gay dances or other gay gatherings at 3 AM, daddy waits up and greets him with something like "Glad you're back safely--did you have fun?"
After intermission (lunch), there was a very mixed panel including some adults and some kids; they mostly rambled, and the best showing was by Aner Cahdelario, about 16, who was really eloquent. This was followed by slide shows: one based on material assembled by Wayne Dynes, largely Greek vases and later gay artworks, another with Don Mader giving a capsule history of YB photography from W.V.G.I, to the present, another with Sidney Smith giving a rundown of BL visual art not covered in Dynes's presentation--including many of his own. By now it was raining hard, and we scooted over to another building where a political caucus was to be held; here decisions were made about NAMBLA News and about future conferences. Unfortunately NAMBLA has decided to take part in the march on Washington; I will not be there. I fear the backlash, which might well result in deaths and probably WILRL result in beatings by police, jail terms and gang-rapes of the victims.* The next day there was an Executive Council meeting, which I did not attend, and a Sunday brunch, which lasted till evening; GY and NAMBLA were both present in quantity. All told, out of a 600+ mailing list, about 175 people attended the conference.

*Good grief, I almost forgot the party, which was incredible; it was held in a loft just south of Canal St in NY, there were at least 85 present--including 8 or 10 kids. I am not into disco--the music is deadly dull, and I don't dance--but watching those kids made me suddenly realize what it is all about: virtuous dancing with a markedly erotic-display aspect. One of the kids, Fernando, a 16-year-old Cuban, became somebody's favorite; he is the successful version of what God was trying to make when (S)he made John Travolta as a factory reject. It was wonderful to be there where the closet did not exist at all.

In all, it was an amazing, incredible weekend: no political hassles, no factioning, no fuzz trouble, no bad apples, harmony all the way. We are planning a similar W. Coast gathering. My speech, and some of the other conference materials, were taped for rebroadcast on WBAI; the tapes are to be sent to KPFA as soon as we can get someone here on the Fruitpunch program to consent to run them. There are also tapes of Sidney interviewing me.

In the utmost chagrin I have this to report on the material by the late lamented Mario Palmieri. Instead of two copies of one ms., there are two ms., one of them stashed somewhere in MZB's files--I will have to try to get her to locate it in the garage when she returns from England; the other, which is not the one you wanted at all, is somewhere in my files. I am still trying to find it.

I still have a file of your letters and wish to quote several of them at some length in GL. It goes without saying that your contributions to this project will be credited to you by name unless you wish me to do otherwise. I say this because you have already published gay studies material. At the very least shall I use your name in the Acknowledgments section? It will be by side by side with the following: Dr. Torokfif Vanggaard, Dr. Charles Silverstein, Don Mader, Parker G. Rossman, Warren Johansson, and possibly several others depending on whether their contributions arrive in time.

A new questionnaire has been made up, called NAMBLA SURVEY, for inclusion in the next NAMBLA NEWS. This is aimed at obtaining usable statistical data for answering many questions which were raised and left unanswered in GL. In particular, we are taking as a starting point the repeated observation that many boys who have been involved in a gay affair grow up straight, and that BLs rarely have any experience of having been loved sexually by a man during their own teen years. (My therapist echoes many others in saying that he would have welcomed it, that he knew he was gay from puberty on--) to which my response was something like "I'm all the more sorry I didn't know you then!"--but that so far he has not found anyone the right boy, though he would certainly be open to anything of the kind happening; to date he has preferred to celebrate (1) his gayness with fellow psychologists owing to abundance of common interests. He says I am a textbook example of a man whose BL pattern is a legitimate sexual preference, that I have proved--especially of late--that BL is not a mere inability to relate to grownups, but a specific preference no more and no less specialized than any other, less specialized than s-m or any of the fetishes.) I trust you will fill out your questionnaire and return it; anonymity is of course guaranteed.
NB. Feel free to quote or xerox this, as needed.

Dear Stephen Foster:

Thanks for the clippings—though they came at a bad time for me, and I cried over the kid’s fate. As for the scoutmaster—what price paranoia? I doubt we will ever learn the whole truth about it. I have been suffering the agonies of the damned over one young person who turned within a few days from an outspoken gay into an allegedly straight homophobe, and who had the hatefulness to tell me that he thought I had mentally damaged him by making love to him; yet he still has the chutzpah to come around, expecting free food and companionship. I have within the last six weeks also been trashed by people who had been friends for 17 and 18 years respectively—merely because I was honest with them; one refused even to talk to me ever again, the other said "At least thank you for keeping your hands off me while we lived together." I have met with more anti-gay oppression in the last couple of months than in the preceding dozen years! I am on the verge of becoming militant in many other ways than merely reissuing the GL book! Like at the next riots. Speaking of which, I am deeply immersed in the rewriting; the book is growing under my hands, and will be considerably better than its 1964 version. I greatly appreciate your offer of help; this will be most needed in Part II, notably the last four chapters, which are (like the earlier ones) organized in roughly the same way as in the original editions, except that Ch. XV runs from the Victorians through the last of the Calamites, and Ch. XVI (minus Coeau) runs from the Wandervogel movement through NAMBLA and includes a brief overview of the BL rights movement historically as well as literarily.

The "Jonah Syndrome" is a valuable formulation; WJ sent me a xerox of your letter, which deserves wider circulation. There is a difference between a movement having individual members embarrassing because of ripping off their friends or bringing down the law on the whole group, and a movement having factions embarrassing because they espouse views counter to the conventional wisdom of the group. (I wish I thought that WJ would moderate his views in spite of your strictures and mine; but we are reasoning against not reason but gut feelings, which are apparently impervious to cerebral interference—he fears and loathes androgyny, whereas I espouse it. I have grown in the last 17 years; I am continuing to grow. He has learned but I am not sure he has grown; and he certainly is more rigid in some of his ideas than I am in mine. He is quite possibly the profoundest scholar in NAMBLA, far exceeding me in linguistic prowess [good thing I'm not competitive], yet he is unable to see some things no matter how plainly they are described.) I suppose it's much the same way with me vis-a-vis the S-M scene, which to me is repugnant because it is so firmly tied in with a form of machismo and outright sexism. A classic S-M text called THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK even spells it out in a chapter on "The Difficulties of Love"—when an M and an S get to love each other, the S loses some of the very qualities which had made him overwhelmingly fascinating to the M; whereas for me those qualities would turn me 180° away at the outset. It is not hypermasculinity which attracts me at all, any more than femininity per se; it is boyishness, complete openness, emotional honesty without pretense or power games, at any age. I answered a Jerry Rubin survey last year to the effect that the thing that sexually embarrasses me more than any other is in fact exaggerated gender roles of ANY kind. --But back to the JOHNNY Syndrome: I may have something to say about that in Chapter XVI; do you wish your name credited here as well as among my sources for other information? :: You speak of "Roman Love"—it's much the same thing I called "Roman sensuality" in GL alluding not only to the Romans. Elsewhere I referred to it ament William Burroughs. WJ's definition of GL is more restrictive than mine; I developed the definition from observing lots of people in these situations (then over 50% adults, now over 100), but monogamy is not part of it; in the first place, some boys introduce their friends to their lovers and expect that some at least will end up in bed, and it works the other way too—some men introduce their boyfriends to other boys or girls, after which it is up to the kids what they do. The point is that nobody expects a GL affair to be lifelong. As I told Dr. Charles Silverstein (in my interview for MALE LOVERS), Greek lovers have to take for granted that most of their boys will grow up straight and leave them! Just
as most boys who have NOT had the experience also grow up straight. My position is strictly empirical: having, or not having, the GL experience in boyhood is statistically independent of a boy's later sexual orientation or preference. There have been at last 8 psychological studies (which I will cite in Chapter III) confirming this finding. They constitute among them an effective rebuttal to all claims of early seduction as causal; and there I directly address Anita Bigot, the Baptist and Mormon Churches, the FBI and their vile cohorts.

Religious leaders who claim that the nuclear family is the basic unit of society are devoid of a sense of history. The nuclear family did not exist prior to the Industrial Revolution. Before that, marriages were invariably arranged by the parents of both bride and groom, usually without consultation of the young people; their accepted supposition was that each would find his/her loveliness outside, whereas the purpose of marriage was transmission of property to the heirs of their bodies. Any talk of "true" heterosexuality or "true" GL is ultimately based on a disagreement about definitions. I defined GL in my book because of observing empirically a cluster of related behaviors and expressed attitudes. The people I knew in the 1950s differed from today's largely by having stronger locks on their closet doors. But even then there were many who would have scorned the notion that GL is a totally monogamous ideal. The nearest we got to this concept anywhere was Charles B., of the DC/Baltimore VA group, who said that so long as he was totally committed to any one boy, he wouldn't make it with others; but when that boy's boyfriend pulled away even a little (by becoming interested in girls), CB began looking for another boy, and insisted on his right to do so over his bf's objections. I consider this view at least understandable, but not everyone becomes so exclusively committed to one other person, whether in straight life, or in any of the various gay lifestyles; nor is there any really good reason they should.

You have not shocked me in your theory of love; I would not disagree with you only in terminology for the most part. Jealous, possessive, monogamous forms of "romantic" love have such an admixture of paranoia that one can hardly speak of them in the same breath with any other form of love, and I prefer not to use the term "love" for the justification-for-sexual-feeling notion. They do not feel or sound the same. I can and often feel strongly sexually attracted to someone, but to me that is not the same thing as wanting to share years of my life with him, pull down all barriers between me and him [for me, that is a key concept in any definition of love], begin to give him the intensive education which for me personally is a large part of my deeper relationships, but which I do not try to assume is so major a factor in other GL affaires. However, please do not attempt to deny that what I feel and label as love is what I say it is; you can answer for the contents of your own head (and balls) but not for the contents of mine, unless I have communicated them. And in particular, please do not attribute to me any such notion as that "[Greek] love is a guilt-induced and self-deceptive feeling deliberately manufactured...to purify sexual feelings." I would be considered promiscuous by many people, because since I began having sexual affairs ca. 1951—present there have been 13 women and over 140 boys and men. Of all these, I would say I was "in love with" one woman and perhaps three men and perhaps 8 or 9 boys; but that I "loved" many others, more or less, and was good friends with the rest. I do not consider this promiscuous; promiscuity, for me, is indiscriminate sexuality, most often anonymous, in which feelings are deliberately excluded other than generalized horniness. Like that found in many of the raunchier bars and baths, the trucks down near the foot of Christopher St., the gay pier, some gay resorts. This is not my scene at all, but I can understand (especially now) how some people can get into it—if only as defiance of straight mores. ÉCRASEZ L'INNÉME! The churches are the enemy; and Voltaire had the right idea about them. I doubt you will get any answer from Henry Hay. If you wrote me in those terms I would file the letter in the wastebasket and not look at it again. I do NOT put down any of the four forms of effeminacy except insofar as they involve pretense to what is not genuinely felt. (The four are described in C.A.Tripp's book.) Lesbian objections to GL are based on their incorrectly generalizing from man/woman exploitation; it is understandable, but delusional. The dynamics between man and boy are very different from those between man and woman. I hope to clear up some of this in my book.

Best, as always,

J.Z.E.
Dear Stephen Foster——

No, I never even knew you sent me anything about the American Calamites. Evidently that is one of those which were lost in the mails. I suspect that lots of others besides us have been discovering losses attributable to the U.S.Post Awful. One of my salary cheques took nine (9) days to arrive from NY, special delivery; and another never did arrive, so that after three weeks (when we were beginning to hurt for the $) I finally had my boss stop payment on the earlier cheque and mail another one. Ordinary mail this time—it took a week, which is about what the special-delivery envelopes ordinarily take. Yech.

Thank you for promising to send a copy of the letter on the American Calamites. This should supplement what Don Mader managed to unearth. I am hard at work on the GL revision; the chapter organization is much the same as in the original except that certain chapters are longer and others totally redone, and Ch. XV goes through the Calamites, whereas Ch. XVI begins with the Wandervogel movement in Germany. I also have to include some of the early gay rights materials in Ch. XV, and some Sephardic (I) and Arabic/Persian/Sufi materials in Ch. XII. This will be a far more comprehensive book than the original, and more of a blockbuster. I suppose by now you know that Bashlow, publisher of GL, was the only American to die in the Zaragoza hotel fire; I heard of it while I was in NY, went to his apartment to which I had a key, rescued some of my property plus a group of films and some correspondence files, alerted one of his partners who has promised to hold aside anything relevant to me or to Oliver Layton Press pending my return to NY this fall, and am now regretting that I didn't go hogwild and take a 2-manual harpsichord on which I had played many times (sometimes duetting with Robert) which he would probably have left me anyway. His father, a millionaire retiree in Miasma Beach or St.Pete or some similar gilded ghetto, went up there with numerous protests, gave away some things better sold, and wanted to charge me $15,000 for the harpsichord, ostensibly “to support Bashlow’s sister” (the man’s own daughter!). I protested at being charged retail for a used instrument and said I would match whatever a dealer would give; but no deal. My boss, who is an attorney, is going to try to see what he can do. Mr. B. could easily have supported his daughter himself, and it ill behooved him to talk poormouth when it was known to all concerned that Alice Bashlow stood to inherit over $150,000 from Robert’s estate. Again, yech. I do not understand such people. Though a millionaire, he was practically crying over the phone because of a couple of extra days of car rental charges. My heart bleeds—no, more accurately, my arse drips over and bubbles for such people.

Your theory of love now sounds farther removed from what I thought. The name of the game is cynicism. There was no biblical taboo on lust in ancient Greece; and the love poems (gay and straight) which I have read in the original and in translation convince me that people felt something describable as love, even though not "romantic" love (which I am convinced was an XVIII century invention as a reaction against arranged marriages). Having felt both love and lust, I do not see any reason to assume that one is fake while the other is genuine; it’s best if both emotions combine with the same Other Party. Lust without love is a one-night stand and can be fun; but love, for me at least, means wanting to drop barriers and get to know a great deal about the Other Party—in and out of bed. I think your argument applies less to love per se (reread Chapter V of my book!) than to a particular distortion of natural feeling, immortalized in Tin Pan Alley lyrics and trashy sentimental books/movies/poetry in which love WAS a substitute for physical desire; but the existence of a counterfeit is not an argument against the existence of the genuine. :: As for soft drinks vs. alcohol, remember too that Coca-Cola originally contained cocaine in what was thought to be palatable form; and compare the history of...
of dry breakfast cereals. Both W.K.Kellogg and C.W.Post were Jesus freaks of their day, ad they genuinely believed (especially Kellogg) that these cereal foods would lower the sex drives of children and discourage masturbation, which they believed firmly would lead to unworthy insanity, various physical disorders, blindness, and early death. (Dr. Tissot invented this particular brand of bullshit back in 1781, and it was still being preached when I was a kid. I am not exaggerating.)

Tell Winston Leyland that I was not and am not offended at him. I did not and do not feel prepared to come completely out of the closet with WB = JZE. Not yet, anyway. But that is what I was effectively demanding I do if I were to have anything to do with GAY SUNSHINE. Either that or change my name legally to JZE. I intend to discuss this with him when I see him. Part of the problem is that BLs are still hated in many sectors of the gay community even as by Anita Bigot, and there are suspicious resemblances between the gay anti-BL arguments and Anita's own. The rest of it is that my own name, however charismatic it is in the coin world, doesn't mean much in the gay community; but anything JZE does is news to BLs and is going to be read about in GCN or Fag Rag or GNG or wherever it is printed. Just as anything WB does is news in the coin world. Rumors are long since proliferating about me; but I have not officially said anything to either confirm or deny them. These rumors mostly either make me out to be the Lindbergh baby—only lately refuted when the real one came to light, with foot deformities I never had--, or claim that I have a photographic memory (which is true mostly for coins, and incompletely true for anything else), or that I am bi or gay. On that last question, the rumors were heavy until 1964-5 when Marion accompanied me to two ANA conventions, both times pregnant; but they have again begun to show up in quantity. I will comment on them only when someone actually asks me plainly "Walter, are you gay?" Then I will say yes, but not give any details. Ted Sturgeon advised me against any public statement, and said that the important thing is to promulgate my ideas, especially in the GL revision, while it doesn't really matter what name goes on them. (Yes, that's the Theodore Sturgeon; he knows my book and completely approves, which surpised the hell out of me.)

Anything Ayn Rand approves of I am going to view with suspicion; her approval is the kiss of death, or something awfully close. I knew that hateful old bitch back in 1957; she was then one of the most dangerous people in the USA. Acting on God knows what kind of irresistible impulse, I became friendly with her beloved disciple (and sometime bedpartner) Nathaniel Branden, and got him interested enough in the Gestalt Therapy approach to promise me to investigate it thoroughly before setting up his own practice. The result: he became a Gestalt therapist, his therapeutic approach contributed heavily to his subsequent break with Miss Rand, and when they split he took many of her most intelligent followers with him, permanently weakening the Objectivist movement. I did not know this would happen, but in retrospect I am very glad it did, and am very grateful to whatever force (or chance, if you prefer) made it possible. (I am not an atheist; rather a deist/Gnostic, and my concept of god is closest to Einstein's.) Part of Miss Rand's problem: she generalizes from her rape-victim experience; she misread Aristotle*; she EXCLUDES data from other consciousneses. I don't know about the Sadean Overman, but the Nietzschean Overman is the passionate person totally in command of his/her passions, and its most effective media avatar is Mr. Spock, who differs from the Randian (John Galt) type by being compassionate, a virtue apparently as unthinkable to her as guilt-free boylove would be to Anita or Ti-Grace. Are you aware that women have written thousands of "relationship" stories linking Spock to Kirk as bed buddy? (Many of these were done unknown by people who did not know anyone else had tried! And they have raised consciousness among readers in dealing with gay feelings---theri own or their friends', husbands', sons', etc.)

*Aristotle: Humanity is capable of reason, Rand: Man is a rational animal. Aristotle deduced the former from Greek boys' learning to use the Greek numerical system, which was nonpositional and lacked a zero.
The libertarian position you espouse is nothing new to me. I read Rothbard's bible, and was not convinced. I read lots of other self-styled libertarians, I had read Albert Jay Nock's stuff thirty years ago and was moderately impressed; ditto Mencken's, at least his best stuff of the 1920's and 30's. I was MUCH more impressed by Lysander Spooner's VICES ARE NOT CRIMES. (Pub. by TANSTAAFL, Box 257, Cupertino, CA 95014. I am going to quote from it in the GL revision.) Bashlow was an LP member; he had an enormous library of libertarian literature. He had come to that position from dealing with foreign governments as part of his business of importing obsolete coins; his experience convinced him that one and all these governments were oppressive, irrational, and the biggest ones were dangerous to the human race. I would not dispute that with him, though I was sharply critical of many libertarian positions on particular issues. LP people were often very uncomfortable around the consequences of their own logic, which demanded tolerance of paiderasty and psychedelics; they would usually try to bend the argument around again to economic encroachments by government on what is properly private enterprise, and one and all their view was an averse to compassion as Ayn Rand's. They took it as an article of faith that if people were hungry enough, they would get off their high horses and take whatever menial jobs were offered, especially in domestic service. That is essentially an extreme rightist position. Over the years I have become convinced that the LP has been systematically (though quietly) co-opted by the people who have the most to gain from adoption of Prop.13-type enactments, or generally from any withdrawal of government controls: namely the multinational corporations and the billionaire fat cats who preach libertarianism and practice oppression, who have lobbies for government subsidies for their own companies but who spend $$$ to fight any kind of social-welfare legislation; the very people unions were organized to combat. My friend Mikhail Itkin was part of the LP and found out behind the scenes that this very process was going on in the NY LP groups—after which he denounced the LP in print as a sham and departed, taking lots of gays with him. (He was earlier part of the group which infiltrated the Nazi Party in NY and absconded with their mailing list and treasury, on behalf of the B'nai B'rith.)

My own beliefs concerning politics are quickly summarizable, after which I WOULD RATHER DROP THE SUBJECT—it isn't worth the adrenalin. 1) In the USA, the political party process is largely a screen for the real business of behind-the-scenes rule. 2) Both parties are, at policy-making levels, COMPLETELY CYNICAL. 3) Both have an agreed-on need to keep the proles and outer party people from access to dangerous information. 4) Their real enemy is the organized churches, which have a vested interest in controlling people through guilt, and in draining off funds the politicians want for their own games. 5) Both parties are thoroughly infiltrated by FBI and CIA agents (like the CPUSA and many fringe parties). 6) Feminist groups are also probably so infiltrated; this might account for some things lately published for them which have militated against them. 7) No gay political party can survive: gays to not agree on any issue other than liberalization of sex laws, and even then not on age-of-consent laws. (Same thing for NORNAL and similar groups.) Between the overt rightwing approach of a David Goodstein and the philosophical anarchism of the GAY POST people lies the entire political spectrum. 8) None of my own political attitudes on any issue are likely to be close to those of any existing party, and I am not ready to compromise principles for crumbs. On this you may quote me as JZZ. As long as politics is an arena, the prizes for whose games are bigger shares in the distribution of power, there is no reason to expect it to be played in other than the dirtiest manner by the most cynical people; and we are the sufferers. This is why they had to crush the flower children; we saw, briefly but clearly, the reality in its full ugliness, and withdrew support—refused taxes, refused army service in Viet Nam, refused to work for their purposes. Now the 1980's are coming; and I am part of them, as I was of the 1960's. Like the Theosophists, but without their public's brand of bullshit, I believe "there is no religion higher than truth" and I will continue to tell it as I see it.
Dear Stephen Poster--

The xerox of that lost May 27 letter just arrived today. Fascinating stuff! Never did see that issue of SALT; not that it matters.

No, I did not know Lin Carter's full name—not that this matters either. Anything I could say about him—well, almost anything—would be libelous, except that he is trying to come on like Col. Randolph Carter—as though 70 years old—despite his being in his 40s. At least, for once, he gave Marion Zimmer Bradley some partial credit for the ideas he lifted from her in his book on Tolkien; usually he does not bother to do this, but I suspect his publisher got after him. Maybe someone in the publisher's office had read MEZ's MEN. HALFLINGS & HERO WORSHIP in its original uncut form, or her various letters in XERO and other fanzines, which jointly were Lin's source for most of the better stuff in his Tolkien study.

No, I do not know Everett Bleiler. I know who he is, of course; but there are many pros in the s-f world whom I have not met.

It isn't at all unprecedented for purported mystics of either gender to count themselves brides of Christ. You might, if you read any Latin (I do not know if it has been translated into English), check up on the well-known text on the Carnal Love of Christ (75th century). I have misplaced the reference but will probably have to check it up myself.

Is the Hugh McCullough the same one who had been Secretary of Treasury? (NO--DATES. Sorry)

The Bayard Taylor volume may be a reprint of the Household Edition (Boston, 1880) of his Collected Poems. As Taylor died in 1878, the only chance that your POETICAL WORKS has anything that wasn't in the COLLECTED POEMS would arise from either more recently discovered, or restored (formerly omitted), items.

Is the Lucius Beebe of 'After Horace' the same Lucius Beebe who wrote of railroad and Western Americania and gourmandise, the Lucius Beebe who owned his own private railroad car and invited his boyfriends to spend the night therein? Would it be libelous to mention these claims—they originate with gay men I knew in Provincetown who had slept with Beebe while they were in their teens? It will be a challenge to me to locate copies of these books. UC Berkeley library may have some of them; Bancroft Library is apt to have some of the earlier ones as it specializes in Americana. I'll ask for 2nd-generation xeroxes of any I can't find.

I know nothing of the law in Maine, or for that matter ages of consent in many other states. Who is Ellen Goodman? A propos of hideous prison terms, a few days after the Daniel White verdict, my boyfriend spoke on the radio (a Free Speech program in which the assigned topic was the White verdict), and what he'd planned to say was a total surprise: "There is no justice in the USA today, when a Daniel White can get a judicial slap on the wrist for what were obviously two premeditated murders, while in another state a guy can get 25 years for holding a single joint, and in others you can get much longer than that for making it with another guy." When the announcer asked his age, everyone's mind was blown to hear that clear unchanged voice come out with "13." Then the kid asked about the police brutality reported at the City Hall riots and Castro St. reprisals, especially that aimed at media people (it seems that some TV cameramen and radio and newspaper reporters were bashed up indiscriminately despite having their press cards in plain sight and protesting that they were not rioters); only to hear the announcer confirm it circumstantially and add that he'd had his own experience of the same thing while covering the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1968, where the fuzz went after him the same way. The police, it seems, hate the press almost as much as they hate the drug pushers.

Sheesh, that Renoir portrait. I would love to see the original painting—the flesh tones, knowing Renoir, are apt to be Something Else. Where is it? Where was this reproduced? Same comment for "Young Arab" and "Shepherd Boy."
Dear SWF--

No, I did not manage to get to Baltimore or Washington. When these events came up I was on a plane headed for London where I spent some part of the remainder of the month--the first real vacation I'd had in many years. In England I managed to talk with Timothy d'Arch Smith (we are reconciled, but I still wish this could have happened BEFORE he attacked my book in his own), with Anthony Reid (who helped me get within the fence at Stonehenge, and who gave me information which goes far beyond anything printed to date about the Calamites--in particular, about a secret society to which many of them belonged, whose searing impression I have seen and translated, and which practically became a religion for many of them, according to the handwritten transcripts of its Rules), with some members of the Gay Left Collective (which is trying to carry on where PIE left off). I was not there long enough, alas, to see any of the PIE personnel; directions and phone numbers did not reach me until after I'd returned to Berkeley. (Next time, though...God willing.) With what I learned there, I can guarantee that the GL revision will be as much an eye-opener for this generation as the original book was for the early 1960's.

For that matter, on Oct. 24 in Glastonbury (the Avalon of Arthurian legend) I had an experience which took 14 pp. to write up, which lasted somewhat over three hours, and which would have made a believer out of a brass monkey--but a skeptic about of any orthodox Xian or Jew or Muslim; it has not changed my BL orientation at all (rather, it has deepened it), but it has let me know what my real lifework is, and the GL book is only a small part of that, though a definite part. (What? Consciousness research, basically; synthesis of existing mystical/occult systems.) I do not know where your head is at on these things; I suspect you are as much a skeptic and scoffer as Ayn Rand, but when I saw and heard That while the medieval Tower burst into flames and remained unburnt, and when I saw my entire sequence of past lives as part of the same Quest, I could no longer doubt the evidence of my senses or my memories; doubt and agnosticism have been replaced, not by belief in someone else's words, but by experiential knowledge.

You may be interested in the speech which was delivered for me by Jim Kepner at GAI in Los Angeles, Thanksgiving weekend. It was very well received, even by the lesbians in the audience who might have had most reason to scoff and denounce us. Prof. Wayne Dynes said it was one of the more interesting (and one of the most original) papers yet presented to GAI. I have to revise it slightly and append the bibliographical citations for J. Hsx; fortunately John DiCecco is readily accessible and an old friend.

A large envelope of clippings did arrive; the postmark was blurred, Nov 1979. There was no letter from you in it, only a letter TO you from someone whose name was clipped off--poor guy, I hope he can get a good solicitor. The Old Bailey--isn't that where the PIE trials are to take place? Thanks for the clipping about Chris Makepeace; I intend to mention MEATBALLS in the GL book as it is an absolutely classic treatment of the Theme. I have no idea about MY BODYGUARD--when will it be released? :: Apropos of that, when the new Robbie Benson movie DIE LAUGHING comes out, watch for the kid about 12-13 on either a bike or a skateboard, very Irish looking, dark curly hair. He is the same one whose picture appears in ads for VESPA motorcycles, riding behind a guy about 28-30, clutching him around the waist. (UPFRONT, a gay tabloid published in Houston TX but distributed free in the Castro district of SF and elsewhere, always carries this as one of its steady ads.) This pic is from a poster distributed for VESPA GRANDE, by VESPA of America Inc., Piaggio Group, 555 Valley Drive, Brisbane CA 94005. They sent me one free because I wrote and told them that the model (young Michael Vaughn) is a family friend, whose
career I have been following with interest. I do not know what story you will find it worthwhile to use; maybe you don't need one. These posters are found in motorcycle shops in various cities. (Marion's secretary took one look at the poster--she knows the kid quite well too--and said "Soft core!" Fortunately she is completely cool.)

No, I do not know David Hamilton's work. I am not a Roman Polansky type, and do not find a great deal of useful parallelism between korephilies and paidophilies. (In the first place, boys do not get pregnant; for the rest, see the text of my GAU speech.) I see no reason to start from scratch in researching korephilia whether hetx or lesbian; that is wildly tangential at best, and my books is already so crammed with digressions and ramifications that I am going to have to fight Double-day, I suspect, to keep it from being so drastically cut as to be mutilated. The 'role-model argument as merely a gloss to hide the essential sameness of BL & (korephilia), both being motivated by mere xenia' argument is dealt with in the revised Chapter III and a couple of the appendixies. Neither I nor any previous researcher, before 1979, had seen this argument clearly enough in its feminist context to devise an answer. I am still getting static from Edgar Leoni alias "Noel I. Garde" about analogous issues--he has been intermittently after me about that one (the alleged rationalizations in BL) ever since my book came out 16 years ago, and life is too short to waste dealing with this kind of disputation.

Child-brides are still known in some cultures. Note also the ages of consent for marriage in some Southern USA states; it is taken for granted that a girl that age is going to be the target for male attentions, and that unless she is given the possible outlet of marriage, she is either going to "get in trouble" or become an old maid." The average interval between "going steady" and either marriage or pregnancy in many of those areas, according to MZB who has done considerable research on the subject, is 18 months. Behind the whole thing is apparently the sociobiological consideration that many men want to be absolutely sure that any child they raise, especially the first, is THEIRS, i.e. has THEIR chromosomes, not someone else's. And what more dramatic proof of the fact than devirginating a young girl? This reached its apogee in the defloration mania in England: see my book, chapter XIV. An ugly topic, dealing with exploitation and misery; from everything I read about it, it is unsurprising that reformers would have tried to find ways of protecting little girls from being impregnated before they knew enough about raising babies to care for their own, then flung out onto the streets. This issue does not exist for boys, nor among lesbian korephilies; it is strictly a matter of male exploitation, and its relevance to BL is strictly in the consequence that made dogooders define kids of all ages and genders as a protected class--during the height of Victorian prudery.

I don't know anyone who has dealt with the issue of collecting sales taxes from kids without giving them representation. The nearest to it, perhaps, is the speech of that teacher in Truffaut's film SMALL CHANGE, which I recommend if you haven't seen it. (And did you also cry over THE CHAMP? That one hit me where I lived too, but for different reasons: instead of betraying me, my real father who--I mean my beloved stepfather both abandoned me, before I was the age of the kid in that film.) Of course, many legal beagles will tell you that most of the money collected from kids in sales taxes comes from their parents anyway, and that the law assumes that parents represent kids' interests. The law is an ASS.

As for why I have adopted a position of parallelism between BL and gay rights: this goes beyond gay radical rhetoric, which is in many instances irrelevant. The radical gays whom I respect enough to associate with, in and out of NAMBLA, are urging legalization of love in whatever form, with whomever, in and out of the bedroom. They are not the kind of separatists you allude to; they do not regard the hetx family as an evil to be extirpated, merely as something to which legal alternatives should be recognized. There is not any more unanimity in the gay movement on this issue than on any other since the separatists are as lunatic a fringe among the gays as
they are among the lesbians. Segaritism is a form of apartheid, and I refuse to assume for a moment that its voices speak for the gay movement as a whole.

You suppose that there are many gays who want it to be legal for landlords to "discriminate against families in favor of all-bachelor condos or all-gay ghettos." I have never heard this position advocated. However, a landlord who wants to rent or condo-ize his entire building in favor of gay tenants IN A GAY DISTRICT is certainly within his rights; in straight districts he is asking for trouble. Though the hetx family is the breeding ground of gays and of susceptible boys, even as of straights, it is also the breeding ground of anti-gay attitudes; for which reason I advocate mass uncolseting, mass exposure of the truth, so that the more openminded members of such families may choose with open eyes. The truth is never so threatening as the monsters of one's imagination. See the last five pages of my GAY speech.

I will defend this against any straw-man attacks.

"Why is Morris Fraser interested in 'le Vice'?" Use your imagination, man. Why was he in trouble with the police? Why did he write me an extremely appreciative letter about my book? Why has he been in close touch with PIE? Why were some of its members trying to arrange a meeting between him and me after all these years? No, I have not read his books.

For Leslie Shepard let me give you J.M.Barrie, Horatio Alger Jr., and Whitney Chase of the CMB. (Paul Krassner, Dec. 13-26, 1979, issue of Berkeley Barb, p. 5, "Krassner's True Gossip"). "Ken Wooden is the author of 'Weeping in the Playtime of Others,' about children brought up in institutions. While investigating police records for another book, about child abuse, Wooden uncovered documentation of an incredible scandal. Whitney Chase--whose Chase-Manhattan Bank has had such a vested interest in keeping the Shah alive--was once arrested for consorting with a little boy himself while running a pederasty ring for others. Although Sixty Minutes has seen the evidence, they've chickened out of broadcasting anything."

It sounds as though a book after your own heart would be Gabriel Matzneff's LES MOINS DE SEIZE ANS, published in Paris a few years back. If you have ANY overseas book connections, this would be worth any trouble in getting either in original or in photocopy. I have read it (in England, thanks to a friend who owns a copy); I do not know of any source of it in the USA, not even Glad Day Bookshops which carry many other obscure, difficult and downright scarce items in this line. Matzneff seems to share your views in toto. Keep a good French dictionary at hand; Matzneff's vocabulary is sometimes formidable, sometimes very slangy, and there were times I wished I had a Dictionnaire d'Argot and a Littre or at least a Larousse at hand.

You mention Igor Markevitch. Fascinating; this man is one of the better-known conductors of French and Russian music. I have heard many of his records. For that matter, Seiji Ozawa has been seen any number of times at gay baths in San Francisco, which is where my brother-in-law Don met him. WE ARE EVERYWHERE.

If Tadzie was Count Vladislav Moes, who was his Gustav Aschenbach? Mann himself, as Heinrich Mann and other family members have finally admitted?

And who was it mentioned that recent Canadian psychological studies have shown that very minute changes in penile volume among straights have uniformly indicated that a secondary source of excitement for them, even unknown to their conscious minds, is--besides the specifically female secondary and primary sexual areas--young boys' posteriors. Maybe the Deed of the Victorious Warrior does go back to our infrahuman primate ancestors after all, as Thorvald Vanggaard has suggested.

These pages cover the last few things I have received from you; I will have to check in my office for the possible earlier letters. You must forgive me; this kind of research occupies about 5% of available time, and often less than that. I am perpetually on the go, trying to deal with the demands of various professional lines of research, most of which would be full time in themselves, while I would rather be doing this. Unfortunately, I am not in a position to quit my job and work full time on the projects nearest to my heart. Thanks as always for your help!
used to, nor yet whether any class or caste can be ascribed a privileged status by ancestry rather than by money, but instead it is this: whether we can complacently tolerate an existing caste of fascists with tax money and a standing army and analogous groups (police forces, etc.) trying to define victimless human activities as crimes and as threats to the state. It is, in fact, a clear instance of the same dynamic that you cited earlier in this same letter: an attempt to maintain structures of adult power and parental authority, which is like the British in India, with the Establishment in the position of the British army, and with everyone not part of the hierarchy as unknown second-class citizens or worse, all the way down to Blacks as unknown outlaws. Worse still: this secular hierarchy works hand in hand with the Establishment clergy, using some of their definitions of sin as crime. Prohibition was a notorious example of this. Blue laws today are another. Sex laws—you know that one better than most people. Christianity is the religion that made love into a crime; rightwing establishments have adopted this same view, and we are the innocent bystanders pressganged into the role of victims and scapegoats.

Can you cite the exact source of the Adam Smith view you quote? I have not the time to reread WEALTH OF NATIONS to find it. I was aware of his general views; I had much to say against mercantilism as oppression in working up aspects of the history of Colonial America for my Encyclopedia of American Coins. However, I was not aware he had stated anything quite so crudely as that.

You should know, too, that to speak of "hippy" movements is to tar with a single brush an extremely vast range of internal proletarians and alienated (not necessarily anomic) groups; and the danger in so doing is to introduce confusion where it is most essential.

A prime instance of such confusion—one of many that could be cited—is Gershom Legman’s THE FAKE REVOLT, which was his depth analysis of "the hippie movement" based on a single ride in a closed car through Haight St., and reading of a few underground newspapers without any attempt to get to know any of these people. His view, like that of Middle America in general, appears to be "Don’t confuse me with facts—I’ve already made up my mind." I hope yours is not equally rigid/closed/stereotyped.

Thanks for the clippings. I intend to mention MEATBALLS and Chris Makepeace in Chapter XVI. Whether I mention THE BODYGUARD or not depends on the content of the film; I have not yet seen it—has it been released yet?

What a shame: the NY Times refused to review MZB’s THE CATCH TRAP yet did review the Edmund White thing. * Doubtless this failure on the Times’s part contributed to the book’s failure to become a bestseller. However, the paperback edition (which will appear in August) is likely to be given a big promo throughout the gay world and spilling over.

:: Interesting that the SCHOOLBOYS article from GAY NEWS should have begun with Roger Peyrefitte’s LES AMITIES PARTICULIERES. I cried over that book when I read it back in 1950 (I was then 19 going on 20). I had believed myself a minority of one, the only BL in the world. After reading that book, I thought there must be at least one other; but I feared to write to Peyrefitte. I am shocked by the commonness of the notion that BL (or even MM affairs between Yanks) had been equated with S=M. This issue must be dealt with in Chapter XVI as well.

The clippings were xeroxed together so that both were incomplete—that about the upcoming trial of the Nazi leader and that about White’s book.

If I drew the "divine punishment" of earthquakes down on Berkeley, * then who drew the tornado down on Fresno? or the terrible floods down on L.A.? I have just read Scot’s little pamphlet SOMETHING IN ORANGE, in which for the first time the story of Anita’s incredible remark about the drouth being God’s punishment on California for harboring so many gays (and its immediate consequence—rain in S.F.) was documented. (I had been hunting for the source of that one for three years.) Scot points out that the rain went not to L.A. or Orange County where Anita’s people are, but to sin-soaked S.F.

*Two quakes occurred during ordination of MZB and her lover Lisa. Nobody was hurt, thank God.
Dear SWF--

At the moment my office is in such confusion that I cannot find most of your recent letters--nor much of anything else. This is part of the consequences of trying to keep up with five separate careers simultaneously; I am at the moment looking around for a secretary (qualifications: gay, sympathetic to BL, either knowledgeable in numerology or ready & able to learn it, either knowledgeable in music or ditto, either knowledgeable in astrology or ditto, either knowledgeable in consciousness research or ditto, patient and able to tolerate the eccentricities of an employer whose working methods are apt to be weird or even incomprehensible from the Establishment angle, and PREFERABLY ready to take training in some of these fields from me. Oh, yes, he will have to be able to read, or learn to read, my handwriting.

*including everything from psychopharmacology to Physics/Consciousness to comparative mysticism!

However, yours of Feb. 17 demands an immediate reply.

Of course Dorothy L. Sayers would avoid lesbianism like the plague. She was an orthodox enough Christian to believe in some of the Pauline claptrap.

Answer: As for your insight about BL one of the major reasons for-written prejudice against BL and its congener. This is one of the major missing links in Chapter III of GL and I shall, within your permission, quote some of what you said in that paragraph, in great gratitude. This is a clear and cogent formulation of notions I have been groping toward for some time. This dynamic appears to be behind the objections made to Oscar Wilde for that he not only made it with stableboys and lower class hustlers, he had the temerity to cross class lines by instilling these boys to dinner and theatre and elsewhere; which objections figured heavily against him at his trial. There are numerous other instances where it fits in. Thank you again for spelling it out.

You are probably farther to the right than Warren J. He styles himself a Marxist. However, you and I do not communicate at all on political issues in that partisan sense. I am far too radical for any existing political party; the libertarians might have been the answer, except that they were so quickly coopted by the extreme right (who saw them as a suitable tool for their own aims, motivated by greed) that now any individual who defines himself as a mainstream libertarian (whether or not he belongs to the LP) is likely to parrot any number of essentially rightwing views which to me are as loathsome as the concept of the dictator of the proletariat. * Many who style themselves libertarians do not see that they are seeking to create a power vacuum into which a cartel of megacorporations can rush (assuming that some Castro-type dictator does not get there first) and set up a kind of tyranny against which there is rather less recourse than in Orwell's 1984 (our modern counterpart of Machiavelli's Il Principe, and a textbook reputedly used already by the Pentagon). One can overthrow a fascist dictator, and maybe even a communist dictator, but a technocracy like IBM or GM is likely to be impossible to dislodge short of the next Ice Age, for reasons of pure structure elaborated by Norbert Wiener as early as 1955, by Charles Musès in 1965, and by Galbraith mainly (in THE MODERN INDUSTRIAL STATE) some time also from the 1960s. I could never sympathize with the bashers in any such confrontation as you allude to. Two wrongs do not create a right. And you may think of me as you 10% well please for it, but I did draft counseling during the Viet Nam war, and I will do so again. I am antimilitarist, essentially as pacifist as the Quakers. I am convinced that military service in peace-time, and Marine service anytime dehumanizing. Once you have learned to become a professional killer, you do not unlearn it, and some of the authoritarians (ultimately fascist) attitudes slip over into civilian life. I have KNOWN such people. Randall Garrett (one of the few exMarines I have ever loved and respected) said in so many words that he does not think anyone can survive such training and remain thereafter completely sane; thirty years later, he knows that (despite his current creativity, capacity for affection, and general attitudes) he did not, any more than did any of his friends who went through it.

You may have a sympathy for monarchy and aristocracy; but the fact remains that we are not in that kind of society nor can we effectively counterfeit it, and the basic issue is not who can function as a focus of mass loyalty the way kings and queens
Dear SF:

No need to warn me about earthquakes and eruptions following mislaying your letter. We've already had the earthquakes. One, centered about 5 miles S. of central Berkeley, shook up our house, though the couple in the hot tub didn't even notice it; but it rumbled under us like a rush-hour subway at 80 decibels. As for eruptions, after St. Helen's, what's next?

Thanks for the various refs. I will be sure to see MY BODYGUARD, & mention it if I will. If you can furnish xeroxes of the "special insert on pedophilia" from LAMBDA, I will greatly appreciate it. My Italian isn't as fluent as my French, but it's good enough to read something like that.

As for the law being un anime, remember this too: Control guilt and you control the individual; control mass guilt and you control the masses. This was behind Constantine and Justinian—as behind Anita B. I'll have to check up on the "Willehalm" poem. Beyond doubt "Willehalm" was the nearest a MHG speaker could come to the Provençal Guilhem. Where do you think Tolkien got his names? His Dwarves' names derive mostly from the Ægþängal, his Hobbit names are a tweak at an old English tendency (esp. during the Renaissance and sometimes earlier) to give kids ridiculously hifalutin names; this Elvish names are all decipherable in terms of the fragments of received Quaya and Sindarin, which he takes to be ancestral to Indo-European (in parallel to his explicit posture that Middle-Earth is Europe prior to a major catastrophic change in the continental shelves and probably also in the orientation of the crust of the earth along its axis). ... I will have to discuss the warrior/lover (soldier-buddy) theme, but it is tangential because it was originally very different (probably androphile—late teenage buddies) and became assimilated, in the minds of Greek audiences, to the existing theme of BL (Hence the disputes over which was the man and which the boy in the Achilles/Patrocles pair.)

I have been lately bugged by more correspondence from one Edgar Leoni (aka Noel I. Garde) who has been trying for 16 years to get me to admit that the whole GL book is cynical rationalization and that all actually most gay porn prefers sex objects in what I take to be the GL preferred range. I have repeatedly told him that what I am discussing is not porn fantasies but real relationships, and that I cannot be cynical about either love or limerence. (On which latter term, = "falling in love," a very peculiar and little-studied syndrome, see Dorothy Tenno, LOVE AND LIMERENCE, NY, Stein & Day, 1979; it is the only really good study of this phenomenon known to me, it is methodologically good enough to make a convincing case, it is not homophobic though its gay samples are too small and there are no BL samples. I have written her and hope to talk with her at length while I am in the East.) (I also want to review it for GBB.)

Noted your review of TANGER in OBB. I am a little surprised you didn't try to compare it with SNOW IN MANVEST (Angus Stewart), which also struck me as cynical about Tangiers BLs, though more fortunately far less so. But who is the "Hoy" you bracket with Mary Whitehouse and Anita Bigot? :: Horseshit nourishes plants. The kind of homophobic bigotry you excoriated in your review is therefore much worse than any kind of shit. (However, that was a beautiful fadeout line!!)

Happy Easter,

[Signature]

W3
Dear Stephen Foster----
This is on yours of Aug. 3.
Sorry, but everything has come to a screeching halt. What with my being out of
town, then having to go through a lot of hassle to qualify for a license to become
legal fosterparent, then this stupid accident which now has me on crutches, you can
fill in the details. This soap opera of my life has its crashes as well as its cream.

WYRD is defunct? News to me. I will have to ask David what happened to it.

PUPPIES. 'John Valentine' = Chester Valentine John Anderson, author of THE BUTTERFLY KID.
Reference to the 'communications company' on verso of t.p. is a dead giveaway.
Sandro Penna. "Non sono omosessuale, sono solo pederasta": sounds like Camille Saint-
Såns, to whom is attributed "Homosexual? Mais non, je suis pédéraste." Then there
is Gabriel Matgneff, who said much the same thing in LES MOINS DE SEIZE ANS, though he
is interested in boys or girls in that age range.
I havent yet seen THE BLUE LAGOON. Marion did, and said it was good enough to see
twice; but she says the book is much better. I will have to ask her where she got
the book. Probably a recent reprint; I have not seen it.
MY BODYGUARD has also been recommended; same boy whom who made
MEATBALLS a relevant item and a much better movie than reviewers mostly thought.

Good that you find time to write letters. I have had almost no time even to read
of late, between professional writing and being (from 7 pm to 2 AM) effectively a
single parent. Professional duties have interfered with Our Project, but the
end is in sight. Which is why I can answer you now.

Then there is the movie AIRPLANE!, which is hysterically funny (though sometimes in
the manner of the National Lampoon, including one amazing bit between the pilot and
young Joey). This one is far better seen than described. After youve seen it,
youll know why young Barry (my foster son) will reply "Golly!" to anything
and we ALL crack up in giggles.

I have read discussions in fanzines on whether Tolkien was racist or fascist. He was,
of course, neither one, and I can easily prove from LOTR that the very passages which
made some people think he was are arguments against racism. This I can communicate to
you only if you are thoroughly familiar with Tolkien; but it is a tangential issue.
I am not surprised to learn that German boy scouts are more sophisticated than their
American counterparts. So are British kids. The real reason is that USA kids are not
encouraged to read, and the intellectual demands made on them in school are lessening
year by year.

The horror story pb you refer to is probably one of Stephen King's. Most of his
horror novels have a young boy in them, who is often featured on the cover. Shades
OF THE OMEN! It has become virtually a category in itself, the horror story with a
psychic kid as central figure.

Have you a recent address for Richard Sutton?
Dear Stephen Foster—

I will be in NYC from the night of Dec. 7 through probably Dec. 21; reachable by day at 212 0X7-1833 or sometimes at 800 645-6075; reachable evenings at 212 982-4885.

All I have to say by way of apology is that during the last three months—say since the end of August—I have been going through crises daily next to which anything previous is trivial. TO name only a few of the highlights: while having to finish the Encyclopedia (ms. xi ended on page 1,555 not counting over 50 inserted pages and 2,000+ photos), under deadline pressure, I went through two major infections, was trapped at home for nearly a month (away from reference books!!) carless, with nine people (including four house guests who overstayed the entire time and whose junk was piled up literally everywhere—family friends who’d been evicted), with ALL our major appliances simultaneously out of commission except the stove; during nearly a month I was on crutches because some turkey stretched an extension cord across a floor; after I resumed driving I had six (to date) narrow escapes from death at the hands of loose nuts behind other wheels; one of my house guests (age 16, a throwaway kid who had been part of the Tenderloin scene but whose experience at being forced to hustle turned him [he says] straight) was shot in the leg and suffered a fractured jaw from a mugger; my foster son was mugged, his bike stolen, and he was almost blinded by chemicals (fortunately he has recovered, but his personality is now changed for the worse so that we are seriously contemplating sending him back to the welfare people; we finally settled with the hotel in whose elevator we’d been trapped for two hours; another family member was abducted by a rapist and rescued by a friend at the last moment; I have been a single parent every morning and evening and during some part of that time 24 hours/day; my son was suspected of being schizophrenic and had to be tested—result is that yes, his perceptions are bizarre in the extreme, but he cannot be legally committed to a hospital without his consent because of the terms of the ne Calif. laws (he can find his way home by public transit, he knows what day it is and who he is and where he lives, he has some kind of idea of right and wrong), and he is now taking lessons at Berkeley Psychiatric Institute, which outfit thinks he will probably do trance mediumship work and healing (Edgar Cayce move over???????) as he has marked gifts in that direction; my daughter, besides her massive infections, has suffered a variety of hand injuries; I have had to deal with an intractable truancy problem with my foster son; there were three weeks during which I lived from one hour to the next unable to plan ANYTHING because of the likelihood that I would have to vacate the house at 24 hours notice; and all this (among other things) independent of internal crises which I would take pages just to list. I have had no vacation this year and am hoping to tack an extra two weeks onto a business trip to England next spring to make up for it; in the meantime, I have been hopelessly in love to the point where I cry myself to sleep realizing that I would literally give ten years off my life if I could know that he loved me enough to give a damn if I lived or died. Classical full-scale limerence, about which I can do nothing, at least not until I can imprint myself on LSD (this is the only thing that helped the last two times, when it got so intense as to interfere with my work), and I cannot do that in Berkeley: not without serious danger of interference. Never a dull moment; but it’s breaking me down... And how has your autumn been?

I received a packet of clippings in late Oct. without letter or visible date on envelope; another postmarked Nov. 8 but which just got there the other day. Some of the French slang escapes me: my standard French is fluent, but terms like "chêquiers", "papas-gâteau" (sugar-daddies??), pédé (= Pédophile??), are Something Else. Thanks for review of CONSEQUENCE, which I saw and cried over (though I cried far more over THE CHAMP, God forgive me: betrayal of a kid by his father is ample reason for tears); it’s not as bad as your British reviewers, nor as good as I’d hoped. I haven’t seen MY BODYGUARD nor BLUE LAGOON yet but I very much want to. I will be sending for REVUE PUERI CANTORES for an even better reason: I collect recordings of boy choirs; I write music for them
my current project is that setting of Psalm 150 in my own translation, for 6-part boy choir and percussion ensemble, ideally to be played by the kids; of this more later."

The offer of tape cassettes of scout choirs, etc., might be of interest, but that will depend on what is in the catalogue. Tom O'Carroll's book is Priority One, as is the issue of SEMIOTEXT(E) on LOVING BOYS/LOVING CHILDREN. Nobody in SF has this, nor does any local bookshop have Dr. John Money's LOVE AND LOVESICKNESS. (I am supposed to get together with him, probably when I am in NY; I have been working with Dr. Dorothy Tennov, author of LOVE & LIMERENCE, and both she and my shrink Dr. Stephen Morin have urged me to contact Dr. Money. Why? See below.) WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF THE TONY DUVERT "L'enfant au masculin" PIECE? "November 80 Numéro 20" is hardly a way to cite it. I could easily become addicted to Duvert's writings; among us, in France, he is one of the two major (if not one, the only) Satoshi Chipatzoff. Both have strange rich vocabularies, both write most eloquently and most persuasively; both need to be translated; both are unavailable in the USA except for "Paysage de Fantaisie" in its Etranger which is probably his weakest book. (Have you seen LE BON SEXE ILLUSTRÉ? It shows, as a recurring motif, a young boy sexually excited and naked, as a slight few straight of either gender have ever seen, and all puritans regard as evil, though in itself objectively harmless. It is, among other things, a flaming indictment of all the medical literature damning us.) Matzneff's MOINS DE SELZE ANS is in its own way unequaled; I wish I had had the courage to write it in 1963 when I still considered myself bi, and that some publisher in the USA had had the audacity to publish it. I wish someone would publish a translation in the USA even now.

The review of Brian Taylor's book is another of those Small World items: I met Francis King in England, at dinner with Timothy d'Arch Smith; I knew of King's work in occultism, but until then not about his interest in Our Subject. I will probably have to review the Taylor book side by side with the blog of J.M. Barrie; the two cases seem in many ways similar. To worship the Boy God is to worship the Ephemeral, the Ever-Renewed, but one cannot indefinitely long find His embodiment in the same individual. If one is lucky, a love affair— or, God help us! a limenent affair—fades into the sunset of a friendship. This has happened to me, and most of the other parties grew up straight, a few bi, a few gay, but none grew up condemnatory, or at least none stayed so who continued in my acquaintance. I was scheduled to meet Brian Taylor but there was a death in his family which prevented our getting together during my two weeks in England! I will try again in spring.

As for why I am supposed to get into touch with the sexologist Dr. John Money; did you see the interview with him published in CHRISTOPHER STREET last Sept.? The object is to work with Dr. Money on extending the theory of limenence as part of a fourfold symmetrical group of motivational states aimed at increasing (physical) intimacy with (another) individual(s): love, sex, limenence and conquest-lust; and, eventually, to place publicity material on limenence in the mass media such that eventually the concept is as universally familiar as hormones. A key to eventual mass tolerance (dare we hope for acceptance?) of gays and BLs is that most people become gay or BL because they have become limenent on someone of their own gender; and limenence is an obsession, overwhelming, totally involuntary state, productive alternately of ecstasy and agony. Those who have experienced it over the opposite sex can sympathize—once they know about the process—with those who have experienced it over their army buddies or their newsboys; those who have no firsthand experience of it are apt to scoff, as in fact I did until it happened to me. (I have been through it seven times and am still going through the 8th, Agonizing Christ!) There is talk of TIME Magazine interviewing me about; I actually talked over the phone to Mr. Leo, who is in charge of the "Behavior" and similar depts. (and who had reviewed Dr. Tennov's LIMERENCE book), and he does want to interview me, but he says he has to find a copy of the GL book first. There is also talk of "anonymity guaranteed" TV talk show exposure. I do not know what they expect to do to guarantee anonymity; ski masks maybe? damnit, my face is going to be recognized by 250,000+ coin collectors, unless they do something more efficient than merely blanking out the eyes. Exposure to Dr. Tennov's book, and realization that despite all my care I too had confused love, limenence and sex (when in fact all three are very different though the same individual can experience any one, two, or all three, for another one, at different times, or simultaneously), while church and state confuse—deliberately—all three with conquest-lust, so that condemnation of the latter can justify condemnation of the other three, has forced me to rewrite the first six chapters of GL. Material you have sent is being integrated into those and Chs X—XVII; for all this, thanks loads...

Blessings.
Dear WJ--

Thank you for the GAU pamphlet on Boswell's book. Now I will have to get the book itself; clearly I will have to deal with it in my own way in GL chapters III and XI and XII.

Yes, I will let you know when I need further data to fill in gaps in the GL book; but let me remind you that last year I wrote you asking for some publication data (books incompletely cited in the footnotes, mostly), and received no reply, I have managed to fill in some of those gaps myself, but there are still others. The theoretical revisions are at the moment nothing you can help with; I am dealing with areas not even touched in the previous editions, largely because of having to rethink everything in terms of the fourfold symmetry between love, sex, limerence and conquest-lust; as well as in terms of the old male=active=dominant vs. female=passive=submissive dichotomy, which is taken for granted in a lot of the Greek literature but not in my quotations or translations, and which render a lot of issues much more clear now than they were in 1964. I am adopting a position radically different in some respects from K.J. Dover even as from the one your pamphlet attributes to Boswell.

The date of this letter is going to go down in history, as well. This is the date on which the Moral Majority spokesmen actually reached newspapers nationwide with a declaration of war; their aim is the death penalty for gays of all kinds, outing Hitler by at least a full order of magnitude. Hitler's victims included supposedly 250,000+ gays, according to estimates by the Dutch Council of Churches (1975); you are probably in a position to improve on this figure, but I personally suspect it is too low. Jerry Falwell's infamous petition of March 21, 1980 (brought on that day to the White House with 100,000 signatures) prayed President Carter to introduce legislation in both houses of Congress to abrogate existing gay rights laws and to mandate the death penalty for gay sexual activity. As there are over 250,000 uncloseted gays in the San Francisco Bay Area alone, the comparison with Hitler is apt. The terms Falwell used are echoed in today's press releases from the Moral Majority; "arm pit" and "Sodom and Gomorrah of the USA" are applied to San Francisco, which is announced as the first battlefield.

We cannot afford the luxury of factionalism. I don't care how much you disagree with Messrs Reeves, Thorstad, Lauritsen, et al., the more effort spent on trying to discredit them, the less is left over for devising ways to discredit the Moral Majority. It is necessary to get to the media at once. If NAMBLA falls owing to attacks from within the gay movement, it represents a net loss for our side and a victory for the forces of Jerry Foulmouth. I will be probably engaging in political activity for the first time in many years--for sheer survival. The problem has become extremely acute for me owing to domestic developments which have forced my tailfeathers out of the closet. We need all the help we can get; I have been enlisting it even from straight and mainstream gays. All the logical arguments you can dream up will appeal primarily to scholars who pride themselves on scientific openness; and they will have their troubles because what you are doing is questioning a taboo thought to be outside the boundaries of the questions science can ask. To discredit Jesus freaks you need more than that; we must educate the public and teach them to distrust all kinds of brainwashing and out of the fundamentalist persuasion. "A clean mind is the result of brainwashing." That requires media contacts. I have a few and am going to see if I can float a syndicated column, which will afford me some chance to get in a few choice words for our side, especially if after publication of the revised GL my cover is blown, which seems all too likely. It will also be worthwhile publicizing the financial misdeeds of such people as the fundamentalist preachers (who conveniently forget about the need for continuing the separation of church and state) and the infamous Ms. Denson-Gerber. It will be essential to emphasize that against the fundamentalist claim that we are not a legitimate minority because we "choose" our immoral lifestyle, we instead do NOT choose the gender or age range of those we fall in love with, those we dream about, those we see in intrusive fantasies. It is only the luck of the draw that
allowed a straight man to fall in love (limerence) first with a woman rather than with his army buddy or his newsboy. All the "explanations" of the depth psychologists have not managed to account for these alternatives. Certainly—and this has to be stressed—it is not early experience. There are to date at least eight recent studies showing that the nature of earliest sex experiences is NOT decisive as to later sexual orientation; that about the same percentage of boys (5/6) grow up straight who HAVE and who HAVE NOT had the experience of sexual love with an adult male, This one statistic refutes the orthodox/Moral Majority line ("as the twig is bent...") completely, and undercuts their pseudo-logistical arguments against pederasty; but even if we refute all their logic, they will continue to fall back on biblical inerrancy, for which they claim 56,000,000+ adherents. All this has to get to the general public. I am willing to do anything (short of the equivalent of the Wilder trials) to implant it into public consciousness, to induce lessening of the undecided public's likelihood of following the Jerry Foulmouth line.

They have declared war; San Francisco is the first battlefield. I shall be around at Gay Pride Week, if my work schedule permits it; I shall continue my work with Dr. Tenno and—if he is willing after the receipt of copies of my speeches—Dr. John Money. I shall work with any BL support group that develops in the Bay Area; my skills as writer and editor may be of use there too.

Incidentally, that August Strindberg article startlingly anticipates Dr. Thomas Szasz in his emphasis on the shifting social definitions of insanity. Szasz is correctly regarded as seminal to libertarian views of mental hospitals and psychiatry; he, like Strindberg, is apparently unaware of the drastic effects of perceptual disorders (induced by prescribed medicines or sometimes by poorly understood metabolic aberrations), but both are equally aware that behavior defined as insane in one culture is definable as sane in a different one, so that the only rational criterion is "is this group of beliefs/permissions/practices consistent with ability to survive and function adequately—even if one must inhabit a closet?" Strindberg is also oddly anticipating Dr. John Money's view that any paraphilia is a sexual dissidence, completely analogous to political dissidence: a rebellion, in short. And reactionary elements dimly recognize the fact, for they treat us as heretics and rebels rather than as ordinary criminals. This has to be much of the reason behind such stricitures as that of the judge in the Barse case, who characterized any kind of sexual contact with a 15-year-old boy as worse than murder—or that of the various state laws which penalize making love with such a boy more severely than beating him to death. (I can use a digest of all such state laws; has one been published? What is needed is a comparison of ages of consent, penalties, and corresponding penalties for manslaughter or murder in any degree short of first.) Strindberg (p. 118) is also adumbrating the gay role of maitre d'hôtel or court jester, who under the guise of fool and buffoon tells truths nobody else can get away with saying.

Is it possible to find a copy anywhere of that BL issue of SEMIOTEXT?E?

I do not know when I will be in New York next: March or April, probably, depending on completion of assignments ongoing here. I hope that if there is a NAMBLA gathering in the area, I will be able to get to it.

The GAU pamphlet is much appreciated. It would be very interesting to learn to what extent Boswell had to tone down his work and try to exonerate the church in order to avoid clerical censure and possibly loss of his academic tenure. Ant clerical writings have a long history of stimulating official action leading to their own discredit or suppression, and possibly Boswell sought to avoid this, telling partial truths even as did Rossman. Not even in the revised version of GL can I become either totally anti-clerical or tell the utmost limit to which my own logic brings me; this would bring me into a position more radical in some respects than that of Tom O'Carroll but one where I would be completely alone, out on a limb beyond the "Guyon Society" (is it anyone else besides O'Hara?) or the CSC under Ms. Davila, it would make publication impossible short of a vanity press, and it would probably precipitate importunate action by the first redneck judge to whose attention it comes. I speak thus cryptically;
I can say more onlyin person, and I doubt even you will be able to go along with me. As it stands, you seem to emphasize and even favor the Dorian/Spartan/military macho form of BL, and I object to malakoi as though they deliberately sought to subvert higher values. I have come to regard the Dorian/Spartan custom as perversion: as a sellout of love for military/Majores... I do not wish for a community in the same kind of Landnahme as the Hebrews. A lot of what I called the "oriental tradition" in GL (but only imperfectly understood then) was mixed up between love, limenence, and exotic tastes; but overall it seems to have been more genuinely loving than the exploitive Dorian custom! Probably it was well for the other Greek city-states that the Spartan customs were not more closely imitated.

When I wrote GL, I was concerned to show (what others have since proved) that the experience of being loved sexually by a man in one's teens was neither decisive for establishing sexual orientation, nor productive of any kind of intrapsychic distortion, so that with the rational objections to GL disposed of, the openminded could recognize all remaining arguments as based on taboos, themselves based on selective enforcement of biblical passages aimed at different folk in different circumstances for different purposes, but accepted by Europeans as though literally true for all in all circumstances. You have given a good account of the etiology of the taboo (though I am still hoping it can be redone with minimal dependence on Freud—he is too weak a floor to stand on! and I do not want your good arguments to be swept away by those who will attack the Freudian weak points); it still remains to show that GL can be a positive force for good (where "good" is defined in the sense of orthopsychology). I am now prepared to argue that any genuine love experience is better than none, even if it is only brief. I derive this in part from the Gestaltists, in part from psychologists like Redi (Children Who Hate) who have shown that the existence of even one loving adult in a child's life is the best prophylaxis against development of the worst kinds of criminal psychopathy. This position will be intuitively obvious to many, but formal proof may not be possible.

On page 32 of the GAU pamphlet you put down Boswell for not devoting more attention to "the unconscious motives of his characters." On what conceivable ground could he have known them, given only their writings in church Latin and/or medieval vernaculars, where even the semantics and the worldviews (as exemplified in the modified Sapir-Whorf hypothesis) are dubious? You may be right, but the critique does not invite that conclusion. Worse still, on page 3 your throwaway line "a far cry from the claim of modern effeminists..." is not only irrational—it serves no discernible purpose aside from signaling your aversion to androgynous people—if I read the term "effeminists" right and it is not sheer abuse. For the sake of science, please reexamine your own thinking here: it sounds less like scientific thinking than like a moral judgment based on personal (negative) preferences. Only with danger does one make such interpolations into a scientific investigation; usually such a tactic only introduces confusion, or—more cynically—it attempts to establish the validity of the moral judgment "by the company it keeps."

It remains to show, perhaps in GL chapter III, how BLs and a fortiori teenage gays are the victims of soulmurder more often than mainstream gays outside the bible belt. I am at present having to deal with a ghastly instance of this, where pastoral counseling is not enough. The boy in question has known since age 8 that he is gay; his parents both battered him for it, and he shows over 200 scars from something his mother did to him only a little over a year ago (he will not be 15 until April). He will probably have to find alternative guardianship if he is not to commit suicide.

I have comments also on Dyness's essay, which I will write separately; the major problem there is that he attributes the rural narrowmindedness to Protestantism, whereas there is evidence that it dates back centuries before Christianity, as witness early aspersions against the Boeotians and the Arkadians—the latter credited (if that is the proper word) with human sacrifice. I also will have some things to say to Lauritsen, if I can keep my adrenalin levels down: Sir Cyril Burt's fake scholarship was more than a mere "peccadillo"—it was outright fraud and ultimately gave rise to a lot of racist claims which have been quoted even by people who do not revere Jensen or Shockley. The bit about Burt comes close to home, as my own theories about human intelligence do emphasize the contributions of hereditity as did Burt's, though my own models here are Galton, Terman, and Leta Hollingworth, not Burt. Lauritsen's penultimate paragraph reads laughably today in the light of Fundamentalist/Majority advocacy of the death penalty (echoing Philo and Theodosius and Justinian, not to mention Hitler and Stalin).