

Sean

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but just as importantly it is our job to help make homosexuals socially acceptable. In too many cases they simply aren't. Because of this childishness and irresponsibility and instability.

Well, I suppose all this is fairly obvious, really.

I still think that the defect in many writers on the subject is the failure to distinguish between degrees of neuroticism. If one can reduce a severely neurotic condition to a mild one one has accomplished a great deal. Also some homosexuals are clearly much more neurotic than others. The argument as to whether or not a homosexual is neurotic or the picture of psychological health is a foolish and profitless one it seems to me. I think it is nonsense when homosexuals insist that there is nothing wrong with them, that they have perfect emotional health. It is just as nonsensical when analysts and psychiatrists make them out to be cancerous. Most of the answers lie somewhere in between.

If therapy can develop a confused and emotionally undeveloped homosexual into becoming stable and responsible and reliable in his relationships then I'm all for therapy. For the good of the individual and for the good of society and for the good of the entire homosexual minority. But I would never recommend a therapist such as Bergler.

And I believe that a great many homosexuals are understandably afraid of therapy because the therapist might turn out to be a Bergler.

(Do you agree with the statements of this letter? If not let me know your own opinion. The English Editor.)

SEAN

For more years than I can remember I have been fascinated by the shape of the back of young men's heads (said Joe from his corner in the Club).

There is something about that delicious curve which to me is far more seductive than the more ordinarily accepted roundness of the lower part of the male anatomy. But it must, of course, be exactly right in its formation; no squared-up Teutonic type or round dome of the Far East will do.

And I never saw this shape in such perfection as in the case of Sean.

I was in Dublin and felt like a drink before dinner after a somewhat strenuous day's work so I popped into a bar which was only mildly gay before going back to my hotel.

And even before I asked for my drink I saw it — the perfect back-of-head. Curving incredibly downwards and inwards to the neatest of necks in a line which can only be found in the nicest and naughtiest of Greek sculpture, this fabulous head (which on the other side was absorbing Guinness and reading a book!) was covered with tightly curling black hair.

So there sat this head (the rest of the body had no significance to me — then) and for the time being there seemed little point in doing anything but just to sit in silent admiration and gaze my fill.

However, you will not be surprised when I tell you that in five or ten minutes I came round to the idea that it might be equally pleasant to find out if the face matched the back of the head.

Now this may sound a quite simple matter but it proved to be astonishingly difficult.

The young man was sitting at the bar on a stool, with other people on either side of him, so that I could not get close. There were no mirrors behind the bar to give me a reflection and he sat perfectly still reading his confounded book without a glance in any direction.

Suddenly, without any warning, he dropped from his stool and strode rapidly out of the bar at the far end — without giving me so much as a glimpse of his face. So, sadly, I decided that was that — another glorious dream ended; went back to my hotel for dinner and an hour or so later started on a round of the bars.

In the first of these — and as this is a true story you will guess which I mean — there was a crowd of people, with just one vacant stool at the counter. I sat down and after some quarter of an hour or so was beginning to respond to the advances of a fair-haired Irish madame on my left when suddenly a few people to my right moved away from the bar — and there it was; my beautiful cranium, still reading and still back towards me.

A quick withering glance to the left disposed of Blondie as though he had been bitten and then I concentrated on my head (I still could think of it only as a sort of Cheshire Cat turned round, having no body at all). Then it moved, in the direction of the door. Believe me, this time I made no mistake. No greyhound ever left its trap faster than I got off that stool and went in pursuit.

He was a few yards ahead of me in the street and in a couple of seconds I was alongside.

«Hello», I said, and to my astonishment I was trembling — ME! And then I saw the face that lay in front of that wondrous curving head.

Now I know that you are expecting the anti-climax. You fully anticipate that I am going to tell you he had a face like the back of a bus, covered in spots and cross-eyed.

Well, you are wrong.

Long, sweeping black lashes surrounded deep blue eyes; a nervous mouth but below it a firm, square and slightly cleft chin. At that moment a rather startled and suspicious expression.

Before he could say anything I went on hurriedly, «I saw you in the bar and wondered whether your reading meant that you were as lonely as I» — for which Heaven forgive me, for I knew everyone in Dublin.

«Maybe» he said cautiously, but with a half smile.

Greatly daring, I took the plunge.

«Don't you think then that we might be lonely together?» I asked. He started at me very directly for a moment (thank goodness I have always looked as though I could be trusted) then slowly nodded; we turned and walked in the direction of O'Connell-street. — — —

Where are Sean and his head now? Why over there, dancing with that delightful young artist. Yes, that's the back of his head — the grey hair with the little bald patch.

J. B.