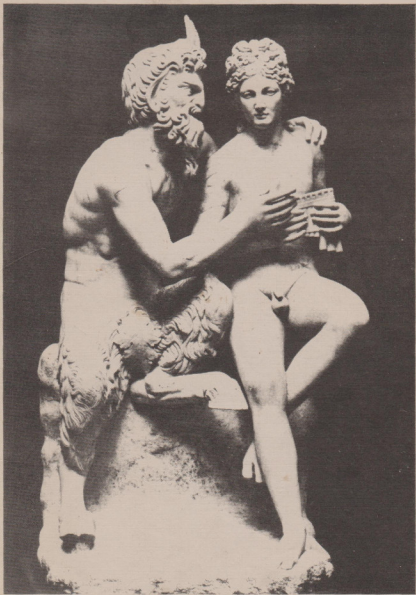


# UNBOUND

Volume 1, Number 1



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It was 20 years ago, I was 12 years old that summer. Only one month earlier my father had died and mother was trying to figure out what to do with four boys, of whom I was the oldest. Someone, the villain remains unidentified to this day, suggested a local military school. The school wasn't far from where we lived and it was affordable because the fee was determined by parental income which in our case was quite low.

I wasn't thrilled with the idea at all, neither was my brother, who was 10. My other two brothers were still too young to begin. The school had been around since the late 1800's and one of the founders was Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the President. Some of the buildings, and I suspect a few of the houseparents, had been there since the school was founded.

The building in which I lived was one of the older ones on campus. It was a large brick monstrosity with a living room, kitchen, office and dining room on the first floor. The second floor had a large bathroom with showers, three large bedrooms housing four to five boys each, and a small apartment for the houseparents, who were mostly elderly women with unpleasant temperaments. The basement was one large hollow concrete room stocked with lockers for our shoes and coats, a ping-pong table and another bathroom. The basement bathroom was a favorite spote for those boys who would periodically gather together for mutual jerk-off rites.

We all attended school in a small classroom building across from where I was living. There were only about 240 boys ranging from six to 18. And these age differences led to some interesting problems. Frequently, certainly, more frequently than the school ever admitted, younger boys and older ones entered into blatantly sexual relationships.

I was intimidated by the older boys, they were

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so much bigger than I, and so masculine. I was a slight boy with very blond hair and blue eyes. And I wasn't nearly as physically developed as some of the others. I had barely reached the earliest stages of puberty when I was sent there. A few hairs had grown under my arms and there was just a whisper of hair above my cock. But while I wasn't setting any record for body hair my cock was developing quite nicely.

I was constantly hard, at the most inconvenient moments. I regularly made trips to the basement bathroom where I would beat off in the stall. For me at least once a day was regular.

I was fascinated with cocks ever since I was five and our neighborhood was a hotbed of child sex-play. Everyone had been sucking and playing with everyone else. And I knew that I liked it. In the room across the hall from me was a boy, who while he was in 6th grade, was two years older than the rest of us. He had flunked twice and since house assignments are according to grade he was still living with us.

I was across the hall one evening as we were all getting ready for bed and this older boy, Tony, was sitting on the chair by his bed changing into his pajamas. He slipped his white briefs off to the floor and spread his legs. There must have been about five of us in the room at the time but that only encouraged him. Within a few seconds he was quite erect. I must have stared at him for some time. He smiled at us and spread his legs further. His cock, which seemed monstrous to me, proudly stood straight up, perpendicular with his stomach. He had dark pubic hair and quite a bit of it at that. I think he was Italian or perhaps Greek, his eyes were a dark brown and he had dark hair. His legs were quite muscular and covered with the same dark hair. I seem to remember a small tuft of hair on his stomach and he was the only boy in the group who shaved. He watched us watching him and smiled. He made some comment about his "big hard tree" growing

in his "hairy forest" and then stood up. His hard-on stood straight out from his body. He slipped his flimsy cotton bottoms on and let his erection stick out.

By this time I was also quite hard. But since I was still wearing my jeans it wasn't very noticeable. Not that I needed to worry about being seen since Tony's exhibition was drawing everyone's attention. I made sure I was the first one to stop looking and leave the room, I didn't want anyone to think I was queer. "Queer" was just about the worst thing you could be at the school and that should have surprised me. I just don't see how almost every boy on campus could be sexually active with other boys and still not be "queer". Actually the boys they usually accused were the ones most reluctant to join their sex games.

I knew that sex was happening all around me but I somehow kept missing out. Some of the boys formed "The Playboy Club" which in spite of a blatantly heterosexual name was a hot-bed of homosexuality. But since Playboy magazines were used as the justification for the erections they felt that somehow it wasn't queer. Of course they took turns jerking each other off but that was conveniently ignored. Surrounded by several hundred horny boys was quite frustrating -- I was horny too but still was forced to take matters into my own hand. I wanted desperately to join into the continuous erotic festival that permeated the school. But I just couldn't find the right boy. But the right man was about to find me.

There were so few adult males around that I suspect no one had read about the need for male role models for growing boys. Most of the house parents were women but a few married couples also worked in that position. The principal of the school was a mouse-like creature with wire-rim glasses and a bald head. He looked like a very wimpish Ed Koch and he seemed easily intimidated by the boys. I learned

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that he had once been admitted to the emergency room of the local hospital, where my mother worked, with a rather large dildo lodged up his butt. It didn't take long for that story to spread across the entire campus, mostly due to my brother's great enthusiasm for spreading the story to all who would listen.

Most of the teachers were also female but three men did teach. One was a married gentleman who lived off campus and liked to show us pictures of the surrender of the Japanese. He was standing in the front row when the treaty was signed and I think he felt that gave him a place in history. The other two male teachers were friends and both in their mid to late twenties. One taught science and the other substituted for absent teachers. Both of them also worked part-time as house parents substituting for the regulars on their days off.

They were the most popular adults on campus. Today I can only remember their first names even though we were supposed to call them by their surnames with the appropriate "Mr." preceding. But they insisted we call them Don and Mark. Don was the science teacher, which also meant he taught what pretended to be sex education. He was pleasant and once offered to take me to Mexico during the winter break but I declined, not wanting to miss Christmas at home.

Mark was the younger of the two and had boyish good looks himself. He was something of a cross between a blond and a redhead. When Ma, we were supposed to call female houseparents "ma" and male houseparents "pa", took two days off Mark substituted for her. All the boys were quite excited because they hated "Ma" and liked Mark. He let us stay up a little later and didn't roam the halls at night trying to catch someone giggling after lights out. In most ways he was easier on us and we responded accordingly. Sure we fooled around more but he had far fewer behavioral problems than did Ma.

Mark seemed especially fond of me. He could see that I was timid and uncomfortable about joining in with the other boys so he went out of his way to make me feel accepted. He also collected coins and that gave us something in common. Since 1st grade I had been a coin collector but one day most of my collection disappeared. My parents told me a babysitter stole them but I suspect my father was the culprit since he always needed money to buy booze.

I started collecting again at the school and could buy coins with money that Grandmother would regularly send. Each evening the boys would change into their pajamas and put on their robes and slippers and lie around watching television. There wasn't enough room on the couches and chairs for all of us so most of us would lie on the floor. Mark would sit in a big stuffed chair toward the back of the room where he could keep an eye on things. Sometimes he would bring out his coins and some coin magazines and invite me to share his chair. There wasn't room for both of us, even though he was slim, so I would sit in his lap.

For me sitting in Mark's lap was a doubly wonderful experience. I loved leaning back and feeling his warm, strong chest. I felt so safe and wanted when his arms were around my slim, young body. My deepest emotional needs were met by his affection and so were some of my sexual needs. As young as I was I was sexual and I wanted as much sex as I could get. It was especially nice when there was affection with it. Often as I sat in his lap I would get a raging erection. There was no hiding it under the flimsy, cotton pajama's that we all wore.

My pajama bottoms would tent up as my hard cock throbbed, begging for attention from me -- from Mark. But he appeared to ignore it. Would that I could do the same. I would shyly and with great embarrassment pull my robe around to cover the prominent hard-on. Mark would quietly turn the pages of the coin

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magazine and I would vainly try to concentrate on something other than my cock. Sometimes I could maneuver my arm around so that it was resting against my hard on and that enabled me to caress it unnoticed. But I was careful not to go too far, I made sure that I wouldn't cum sitting in his lap.

But one evening as Mark was turning the pages it was his arm that came to rest against my young penis. There was no way he that he could ignore the hard boy dick rubbing against his arm. And as he turned the pages, with more frequency than usual, it became almost unbearable for me. His arm muscle would rub up against the most sensitive part of my hard-on. With each move I could feel my self approaching closer to orgasm. My thighs had been slightly apart but as my leg muscles tightened they came closer to together. I could feel the muscles in my stomach and around my dick start to tighten. I fought the feelings as much as possible. But the moment I started to regain control over my urges his arm would caress my hardness again.

The sensation of his arm shot through my body. I inhaled rapidly in short, barely audible breaths and then exhaled. My dick muscles contracted pushing the head of my cock against his arm, intensifying the experience. I wanted to rip my clothes off and rub up against his muscular chest till I shot cum all over him. He moved his arm more purposefully than before. I could feel the final thrusts of my dick as the boy-sperm started up through the shaft of my dick. It was all I could take, it was all my over-stimulated cock could take.

What pretense there was disappeared as I spasmed several times with an obvious orgasm. I must have spurted five times before I was finished and my pajama's were soaked with cum. Almost immediately I could smell that special bleach-like fragrance of sperm. I was frightened that the other boys might have noticed and I looked around the room, but most of them seemed to be fixed on the television and



facing away from us. But my terror didn't subside. What would Mark say? Would he stop me from sitting in his lap because of what had happened?

By now the cum had cooled off and was cold and clammy. My pajama's were quite wet and sticking to my thighs and to Mark's arm. I turned and looked at him. His eyes meet mine and he smiled. He lifted the magazine a little higher and used one hand to caress my hard-on, which in spite of cumming all over the place remained as stiff as before. He wrapped his hand around my hard-on and squeezed and smiled again.

He let go of my dick and whispered, "I think you better go change pajama's before anyone notices. I hope you liked it as much as I did." He dropped the magazine to his side and pulled my robe around to cover my tenting erection and then released me so that I could go change.

I slipped out of the chair making sure my robe was discreetly covering my still hard cock. I looked at Mark and seeing his smile I smiled back. As I began walking to my room I glanced down at his lap and was thrilled to see his large erection straining inside his pants leg. I thought how funny it would be if he had to stand up in front of any of the boys at that moment. I wondered what his cock would look like. I wanted to know how much hair he had around it and how large it was. And I really wanted to touch it and jerk it off and watch him cum. I didn't know that all of that was soon to happen. Regardless, I was happy and headed off to the bedroom to change pajamas. And when I changed I stopped in the bathroom to beat off one more time thinking about what had just happened.

## Strange Case of Dr. Dooley

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The strange case of Dr. James Milton Parker Dooley took place in 1955; the McCarthy era. It was the time of witchhunts. Communists and homosexuals alike were uncovered and thrown out of their jobs. The witchhunt, begun by Democratic President Harry S Truman was carried on by the generally left-of-center Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy. And this climate is what makes the case of Dr. Parker so strange.

Dr. Parker was on trial in rural Northwest Connecticut for having sexual relations with young boys. His trial had all the makings of a hysterical media crusade but it didn't happen. His trial had all the ingredients necessary to encourage mobs of angry citizens to storm the courthouse demanding his execution, but that didn't happen either. Instead, the papers were quite kind to Dr. Dooley and the leading citizens of the area came out in his defense. All this in spite of the fact that he readily admitted to having had sex with numerous boys.

Dr. Dooley was in his early 50's when he was arrested. Born in Bloomington, Illinois in 1902 he had graduated from Illinois Wesleyan College in 1923. He went on to Johns Hopkins Univeresity for medical school and in 1927 became a two-year resident at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

It was at this time that fate stepped in and brought Dr. Dooley to the small town of Kent, Connecticut. Rev. Frederick H. Sill, an Episcopalian minister and headmaster of Kent School, contacted Johns Hopkins seeking help. He asked the hospital to investigate several unexplained deaths at his highly regarded prep school on the Housatonic River. The Hopkins panel recommended a school physician and Dr. Dooley was suggested for the position. From 1924 to 1939 he diligently fulfilled that position while simultaneously doing nationally respected medical research.

In 1934 Dr. Dooley left Kent, not knowing that

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in just a few years he would be back and standing trial as an accused pedophile. In 1934 he took a full-time teaching position at Cornell Medical School and then five years later joined the Pediatrics Department at the University of Chicago.

The summer of 1946 was quite hot but Dr. Dooley had accepted an offer from the Haitian government to do medical work in the primitive villages. But when he arrived in New York City he found that no ships were available. Seeking relief from the heat he went back to Kent.

It was there that he rented a cabin from an elderly spinster, Myra Hobson. The Hobson farm was well over 1,000 acres and on the farm, near a small pond stood an old wood cabin. It had no electricity, no plumbing, heat or telephone. And it was here that Dooley waited for his ship, a ship he was never to board. During his wait he broke his leg and had to give up his trip to Haiti.

But the towns people knew he had rejoined them and they began bringing patients to him. Soon he joined a local clinic and his popularity grew. It is said that he had over 2,000 children as patients. He became the school physician for the local government school and helped found a new Health Center. And during all this time he continued to live out in the woods, alone, choosing to walk the four miles into town each day.

Dr. Dooley had another interest, one that would win him the admiration of many people, and ultimately be responsible for his term in the state prison. He was concerned about young boys with behavioral problems. They were called delinquents and unmanageable. Their ages were from nine to sixteen.

Dr. Dooley called his program "the cabin project" because the boys would come and live with

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him for extended periods of time at his rustic cabin. It would be just him and the boys with most staying between two and four years. In all twenty-two boys stayed with Dr. Dooley. His success at getting through to these boys was undeniable. Even William F. Buckley's conservative National Review wrote, "The disorders of many of the twenty-two were lessened under Dr. Dooley's care: and it is generally believed that in some cases the improvement was outstanding."

But it was one boy in particular and his unusual problem that resulted in Dr. Dooley's arrest. A ten-year-old, referred to by the Court as "George", suffered from lycanthropy. This unusual affliction caused the boy to periodically howl quite loudly. These unexpected yelps made him unwanted at the local school and he had few friends. The boy's parents, quite concerned, approached Dr. Dooley and he agreed to take the boy into the "cabin project". That's how all the boys came to Dr. Dooley, at the request of parents, judges and school officials. The most respected members of his community regularly supplied him with young boys who needed help.

George moved in with Dr. Dooley and for some time so did both of his brothers, one 13, the other 9. The two other boys didn't stay long but long enough to have had sex with Dr. Dooley. It was the nine-year-old, who made a brief mention to his mother of what had happened and soon the entire village of Kent knew what type of therapy Dr. Dooley used to achieve his magnificent results.

On August 14, 1955 Dr. Dooley was arrested by the State Police. He was charged with "indecent assault and risk of injury to a child." Bail was set at \$7,500 and though Dooley could have easily raised the money he waited patiently in the Litchfield jail for his trial.

At his trial Dr. Dooley readily admitted that he was sexually active with the boys under his charge.

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He entered a plea of nolo contendere, meaning he waived a jury trial and place himself at the disposal of the court. Judge Elmer W. Ryan of Superior Court heard the case and Charles Ebersol represented Dooley.

The evidence in the case basically consisted of a statement by Dr. Dooley admitting everything, along with letters and affidavits from many citizens defending Dooley. On October 5, Judge Ryan found the defendent guilty. The Judge said Dooley was "a sex pervert" and clearly "the aggressor in these acts." Dooley was sentenced to from one to six years in the Wethersfield Penitentiary.

The leading citizens of Kent turned out to support Dooley. And by their support they earned the anger of Buckley's publication. According to National Review, "On the day of the trial, the bare room in which the Court sat, open to the public, as demanded by the Anglo-Saxon legal tradition even for such a case as this, was filled with spectators. These were not the farmers, artisans, merchants and laborers; nor, except for a marginal few, were they mere idlers. More than fifty of them, well dressed and assured in manner, were a selection of the region's intellectual elite. Most of them were women, the women recognized as community leaders, who head charity drives, belong to clubs, run the Parent-Teacher Association, the Association for the United Nations, the League of Women Voters. Almost without exception they were Liberals, by their own classification--though of course many who think of themselves as Liberals were not there, and would not have agreed with those who were." Neither Mr. Buckley nor his publication explained how they knew Dr. Dooley's supporters were "Liberals" except perhaps that only liberals would do such a thing.

It was Dr. Dooley's defense that was most unusual. He claimed that he had sex with the boys as a form of therapy. And he readily admitted that his "therapy" was not limited to the three brothers but

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to many other boys as well. Defense attorney Ebersol recounted, at the instruction of his client, several such encounters in clinical detail.

Dr. Dooley even wrote the local paper explaining his motivation for having sex with the young boys. His letter was printed on October 6. Dr. Dooley wrote: "I have not been a reader of the Lakeville Journal nor do I know your name [the editor's]. Someone sent me a clipping from the August 18 (?) issue of your paper, telling of my arrest and imprisonment. This account was so sympathetic that I thought you might be willing to publish a statement from me about my work at Kent.

"The work in question was a project for the study of disturbed and sick children in residence in a woods cabin on a lake, part of an old farm four miles from the village. During nine years, twenty-two children stayed there for long periods: and many more, for a short time. This project was separate from my clinical pediatric practice in the village.

"The people in this locality grew accustomed to seeing derelict children become respectable junior citizens of the community. The methods used to accomplish these results were always experimental and unorthodox, and occasionally illegal.

"The first two children in this study were from the middle west, and were placed in my care because their parents were familiar with my work in Chicago. With no exception, each subsequent child came because the parents or some agency had first hand knowledge of the results in the case of some child who had been at the cabin.

"In the management of disturbed children many general approaches have been used, among them: force, admonition, kindness, and traditional psychiatric medicine. None of these has been so successful that a

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further search for methods is not indicated.

"In this project, the approach was to induce the child to go back in his life to an age when his trouble started, and then to guide him anew up to his present age along lines which would be more comforting to him and more acceptable to others. Some observers thought that the children's progress was because I was so nice and the woodsso pretty. Actually, accompanying a child in a deep regression may be a raw and bloody business, not a trip for the squemish.

"Naturally I don't enjoy losing my freedom, but the fact remains that I knew the law, and knowingly violated it. That the methods used on occasion may have been technically illegal does not invalidate the soundness of the results."

The State's Attorney brought up the case of a boy, who at the time of the trial was sixteen. At Dr. Dooley's instruction Defense Attorney Ebersol responded: "Mr. Wall has referred to the case of another child, a sixteen-year-old boy; and I shall refer to him as Robert. A homeless ward of the State, no usable family, he came to the cabin on Thanksgiving Eve, 1952. He was still there when the Doctor was arrested. He came on the request of the juvenile court. From that day on, except for a rare day when he visited elsewhere, and for three or four weeks in this summer, the Doctor spent some part of every one of approximately one thousand days with him; and for many weeks of those days, early in his stay, he was never out of the Doctor's hearing. Upon his arrival, about all the Doctor knew of his history was his unusual record of eight runaways from foster homes and institutions. Only several months later, after repeated requests, did the Doctor obtain from the Division of Child Welfare of the State Department of Welfare a social summary of the information on the boy.

"The Doctor then learned, for the first time,

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that he was an illegitimate child, and that in addition to his chronic runaways, there was chronic thievery, chronic lying and deception, chronic truancy from school and chronic school failures, and chronic sex offenses.

"Quoting from the State report which the Doctor got several months later, 1951: 'A report from the director of the county home revealed that he displayed homosexual behavior at the County Home to the extent that he became ostracized from his own age group. In April, 1952, he was in trouble again: and the juvenile court authorities advised his [social case] worker that he was taking a short cut through some fields in his neighborhood on his way home from school and, upon encountering two younger boys, he took ten cents and a jackknife away from them. He then made homosexual advances to the other children, but the juvenile court took no action on this.' End of quote.

"Here, then, was a radically, desperately sick boy with whom the agencies the State and the court, did not know what to do."

Mr. Ebersol summarized the results of Dr. Dooley's unorthodox "therapy". He told the Court: "This was the situation when, three runaways later, he [Robert] was brought from the juvenile detention home in Hartford to Dr. Dooley at the request of the juvenile court. A radical case requiring radical, unorthodox and experimental treatment when all else had failed. As a psychologist wrote of Robert, 'Robert needed someone to love him' and that the Doctor did, being father, mother, brother, or whatever and whenever the boy needed him.

"...As for results, it has been reliably reported to us that a psychiatrist examining Robert after the Doctor's arrest, found him to be a well-integrated boy, and could not, after reading the report on him, written before his going to the cabin,



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believe that he was, in fact, the very same boy he was examining."

But Attorney Ebersol was not alone in his defense of the Doctor. From all across New England people came to his defense. The headmaster of a private school wrote: "We... are desperately sorry that your wonderful work has had to be interrupted." The president of the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association wrote: "It appears to us that you are suffering a penalty that often lands on forerunners, both in science or art. The threat of popular disapproval or of law infringement is set up to warn off the fainthearted or the criminal...So, in the doghouse or the jailhouse we find the best and the most mixed-up together or, rather, to use a less harsh term, the most creative and the most destructive....In a sense both are threats to stable status quo society; and yet the first group are the seeds of tomorrow's best harvests."

"...The size and character of your practice is evidence enough that your ways are sound and practical. No doubt it would be easy to find points where your methods carried you across the frontiers of the legal or the moral codes and made you vulnerable to accusations like the present ones; but we do not see that such pin-point out-of-context challenges have any validity. They may be true, but, lacking the whole truth, they are a kind of lie about you and your purposes."

In the courtroom a leading authority on child guidance and her husband encouraged the Doctor. The two of them ran a school for disturbed children and they wrote the Judge: "The Law necessarily follows, rather than precedes human experience. But if scientific exploration ceases until legal processes catch up, where would human progress be? History has presented us, again and again with the dilemma of brave men of insight and vision who have elected to proceed at whatever personal cost with the task of blazing new trails..."

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"One could hardly imagine that the seriously disturbed children brought to Dr. Dooley, the so-called hopeless cases, could respond to anything or any person external to him. To use psycho-lingo, their transference was to him. It seems obvious that these youngsters had to work through their anxiety in the acquiescence and acceptance of his own person.

"Knowing what small amount I do about children, it seems to me that Dr. Dooley did an enlightened act of professional and personal giving of himself that could be conjectured to have made cure possible for these children...

"Scientifically he has given us clues to understanding children and the deep roots of their disturbance that few other scientists have even dared to look at, let alone expose.

"I feel that my own knowledge of children and effectiveness to them in time of trouble has been vastly increased by these observations."

A colleague of Dr. Dooley's, another doctor from the clinic, wrote: "His actions, as described by himself, represent the exploration of little known problems with equally little known techniques. The problems were unorthodox: the approach equally so. To assume that he allowed himself to indulge in self-gratification ignores a completely selfless past and loses sight of the incredible amount of time and energy devoted to maintaining, feeding and teaching the boys under his care. This was a twenty-four-hour, seven-day job without interruption. This was the work of an exceptionally devoted man, for a man with very unusual singleness of purpose.

"There is no doubt in my mind, speaking as a physician, but that Dr. Dooley's actions represent an

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extension of scientific research into the sexual problems of adolescents. I am not competent to judge as to the value of what he accomplished with them or discovered. I have no doubt as to his motive."

Even Dooley's seventy-nine-year-old landlady came to his defense. She shared the farm property with him and wrote: "The cabin provided a place of his work and I have been close enough to be acquainted with many of the problems of the children, and to observe the day to day progress of these patients.... You may rest assured that the innate integrity that is Dr. Dooley's has in no way been impaired; rather has it been all the more demonstrated....The treatments used surely in time shall be considered justified by the results achieved... It is my fervent hope that in time he may return to the cabin on the mountain."

The principal of the Housatonic Regional High School wrote the local paper: "This case is without question one of the most confusing that I have ever known...As one grows older, the more he is convinced that seldom is black all black or white all white, but that the pervading color in this world is some shade of gray!...I cannot defend Dr. Dooley for the particular acts that brought about his arrest and imprisonment because I do not know all the facts... The Regional High School has been the richer that Dr. Dooley lived among us."

And another man wrote, "As to Dr. Dooley's 'illegal method' in the case of the ten-year-old boy, only the very cold fact by itself was the matter of the accusation leaving completely out the spirit in which it was done."

Was Dr. Dooley's sexual experiences therapeutic for the boys? Yes, of that there can be no doubt. But as Dr. Thomas Szasz has pointed out virtually anything can, under the right circumstance, be therapeutic. Dr. Dooley's methods were not

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scientific, not in the classical strict sense of the term, but they were beneficial. It is likely that both the good Doctor and his boy patients derived much pleasure and happiness from them. And the boys, long considered "problems" by the institutions set up to "look after" them, needed desperately to feel completely loved and wanted. As all humans innately know sex when combined with love is the most gratifying of experiences. There can be no doubt that these boys, as sexual beings, experienced the intensity of Dr. Dooley's total love.

The tragedy in this case was that a careless remark brought down the full force of the law. A kind and gentle, loving man was torn away from the boys he loved and helped. A town was deprived of one its most benevolent leaders. And the boys were sent back to the institutions that helped destroy them in the first place. Was anyone damaged by Dr. Dooley? No such evidence was given. Were the rights of any individual violated? No, all actions were consenting.

But as tragic as the state intervention was there is something wonderful and unusual in the response of the townspeople from Kent. They stood by the man they had grown to know and love. They had witnessed the miracles that can happen in a boys life when he is totally loved by a man. They saw the difference Dr. Dooley made in the life of these boys. And, even though they learned his love was also physical, they stood by him.

His attention glued to the activity of the screen before him, the blonde-haired boy did battle with the colorful abstract shapes of the video game, his right hand gripping the joy stick and knocking it roughly back and forth while rapidly firing the gun with his left. The blue centipedes continued to descend upon him from the top of the screen, but he managed to eradicate all but one. This last one was elusive and threatened to collide with him at any second. His frenetically moving hands, frantic in their mission, fired relentlessly at the malicious insect. There! He got it. But just then, a spider, having snuck up behind him, bit him, presumably, and Montgomery could only watch himself, mortally wounded, wither away on the screen.

"Fuck," said the boy, under his breath. It was not so much his losing that bothered him, but the fact that he was out of tokens and Phillip had not yet shown up. He looked at his watch. It was 1:30 and Phillip had told him he would be there by 1:00. He gave Phillip a good cursing-out to himself. "Fuck you Phillip. You asshole," he added for emphasis, hoping nothing had happened to his best pal.

A man who had been playing the machine next to him finished his game and half-turned to look at the boy. Montgomery noticed the man smile at him and he smiled briefly in return, looking quickly away.

"Do you need some more tokens? I've got plenty if you would like some."

Montgomery was an old hand at this by now and knew from the first moment he had seen the man what it was he wanted. It had probably taken the man a half-hour to drum up the courage to talk.

"Sure, thanks." Montgomery reached out his hand

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and the man, looking into the boy's face all the while, dropped five tarnished golden coins into his hand.

"Do you want to play a game" asked the man hopefully.

"Okay", said Montgomery dispassionately, acting bored. He did not want to encourage this guy too strongly. Phillip was bound to be here any moment. But it might be satisfying to see Phillip's reaction upon seeing him playing video games with another man. And it might be fun to see this guy's reaction upon seeing Phillip.

"Great." Encouraged, the man placed his hand briefly on Montgomery's shoulder. From this, Montgomery knew his recent acquaintance could move pretty fast. While not exactly good looking, he was friendly, even if he seemed a little "dorky". But he also seemed potentially generous. And Montgomery sensed the man hadn't "gotten it" in awhile.

The boy could always tell when a man wanted him. Even when they couldn't manage to tell him that he was cute or handsome or had nice eyes, or a sexy smile, or some other shit. He could always tell. Was it ESP or could he read their faces? But people were always telling him, with their words, or just with their looks, that he was beautiful. They were always reminding him of that. At times it became annoying but he also knew its advantages. After all, he wasn't just sexy, he was smart, too. Much sought after; most of the seventh grade, both boys and girls, some teachers and even a janitor showered him with attention. And of course, there was the choir teacher. He had kept after Montgomery every day for a month to try out for the choir. Montgomery hadn't even known who he was, but he kept accosting him in the halls, telling him he had a nice speaking voice,

and wouldn't he please do himself the favor of coming in one afternoon after classes and letting him hear his voice? When he finally gave in and showed up one afternoon, he thought the man was going to cream his pants on the spot. If he didn't then, he certainly did later when he took Montgomery to his house for an hour before dropping him off at home. That was the first time a man had gone down on him.

Whenever he thought of the teacher he was reminded of his ability to fellate. He had even once told Phillip about the choir master's talented tongue, "He acts like a woman but he sucks great," though he quickly added, "But you do it good too." However, it was because of the teacher's effeminacy that he decided not to do any more with him. It broke the man's heart but he did not want to be seen being too palsy with him. Word had already spread to some boys that the choir teacher was "queer" and that could only mean trouble.

"Gosh, you're pretty good at this, I'll bet you spend a lot of time here practicing," his video game opponent said, a little too eagerly.

"Yeah, pretty often. I come here with my friend mostly." Montgomery began to set the man up for a surprise.

"Oh, yeah. Is he here?"

"No, but he's supposed to meet me here. He should be here any minute--he's pretty late."

"I'd like to meet him when he gets here. Maybe you and he would like to go find some food with me. I'm hungry," he said. The man broke his gaze with the video screen and looked at Montgomery with these

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last several words. He smiled conspiratorially and lifted his eyebrows slightly.

"Hungry, I'll bet you are," Montgomery thought to himself. "Sure, maybe," he replied flatly.

Larry added, "Don't worry, I'll pay for it."

"That's the only way you'll get it," replied the boy, smiling slyly.

The man appeared not to have correctly understood this last remark. He was not very good at the video game, either. When Montgomery had beaten him handily, Larry asked him, "By the way, what's your name?"

"Montgomery."

"Well, good to meet you Montgomery, my name's Larry." He extended his right hand for a handshake. Montgomery shook Larry's hand as briefly as he could. "God, this guy is really a loser," he thought to himself.

"So how old are you, Montgomery?" Larry asked. He was looking absolutely ravenous as he said this, looking up and down with greater rapidity and with a more ravenous eye than Montgomery had seen in a long time.

"None of your fuckin' business," thought Montgomery to himself. Larry's eagerness turned him off. If he wouldn't try so hard in such a nerdy way, he might stand a chance, thought the boy. But with this guy? Only for money. God, he wished Phillip



would hurry up.

"Thirteen." Montgomery sounded bored.

"You're probably in what, the seventh grade?" Larry pursued this very nosey line of questioning. To himself, Montgomery thought, "Shit, what's this guy's story?"

"No, actually I'm in the tenth grade." Larry looked stunned. "Yeah, see they said I was just too brilliant to be in the seventh grade, so they keep kicking me up. I'm real quick, I figure things out fast." As he said this he looked at Larry's hand that was squeezing his arm and then looked back up at Larry with a smile. Montgomery could be fast with the smart ass remarks.

Larry tried to stay cool in response to this but he was obviously flustered. He quickly let go of Montgomery's arm and forced a laugh. "Yeah, I can tell you're pretty quick. Well, look, do you want to play another game while you're waiting for your friend?"

"I want to take a piss."

Larry couldn't tell if this had been said with hostility, but decided to follow up on it anyway. "Oh, okay. So do I. I'll come with you."

"Somehow I thought you would," Montgomery said only to himself.

He led the way to the back of the large arcade, and into the restroom marked MEN, although it

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serviced at least as many, if not more, boys as men.

Despite being generally turned off by Larry, he still found it titilating to be looked at by him while they were standing next to each other at adjacent urinals. Even while he was peeing, he felt his dick start to stiffen, he could feel Larry looking at it. He shook it a few times to get the last few drops of pee off the very tip. He hadn't planned to do anything, he still didn't, but he moved slowly, having not yet replaced his half-hard penis into his pants, perhaps giving Larry the opportunity to start something. God, he amazed himself, he could get so horny, even with somebody like Larry.

Larry couldn't take it anymore. Holding his own growing cock with his right hand he reached down with his left and very gently stroked Montgomery's prick, first the underside and then the tip. Then he wrapped his fingers around the entire length of the boy's cock and gave a firm squeeze--feeling it expand and stiffen in his hand. Montgomery swallowed. He had suddenly lost some control of the situation.

Continuing to rub, the young prick came alive in Larry's hand. He had difficulty talking. "Want me to lock the door?" He spoke in a low whisper.

"Sure," Montgomery whispered too.

The restroom had a sliding bolt lock which Larry quickly engaged. He then returned to Montgomery, standing in front of him; his dick fully erect.

"Boy, that's nice," said Larry, a little more evenly now, his large hand continuing to stroke Montgomery's dick. "Let's sit you down in one of

these stalls, okay?"

"Sure."

They went into the last stall and Larry attempted to pull Montgomery's pants down. It was difficult for him to do over the boy's hard-on. Montgomery saved him the trouble and had them down in seconds. The hard black plastic of the toilet seat was at first cold against his flesh but it quickly warmed underneath the lean and smooth buttocks pressed forward in anticipation.

Larry made oohing and aahing sounds as he knelt down to take Montgomery's attractive dick into his mouth. As he was doing this, he reached underneath Montgomery with one hand and ran his middle finger through the crack, where it quickly advanced and was enveloped by the boy's warm bottom. His fingertip sought the little hole and, having found it, gently pushed and massaged it till it yielded slightly and allowed the finger half-in.

Suddenly, Montgomery had an overwhelming urge to get naked. That happened to him a lot. He knew that he would feel real stupid for doing this later. But he had to do it. "Excuse me, do you mind if I take off the rest of my clothes?" Stunned, Larry looked up at him stunned.

"Well...no, I guess not...that would be great." He hadn't expected this, it was more than he could ask for. He just hoped that no one would want to come into the john.

He slowly withdrew his finger and stood back, allowing the boy room to undress in the tiny stall. Montgomery did so with great haste, throwing his clothes on the dirty tiled floor. Soon, he stood in

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front of Larry, naked with a saluting hard-on. The only thing he still wore were his white gym socks with the red bands just below his knees. Larry paused to appreciate the view: the boy's body was lean and developing a little muscle, his skin tanned, impeccably smooth and hairless, except for the wispy little tuft of light hair that had emerged above his penis, itself a feature of exceptional merit. A perfectly formed and executed piece, his penis was of fine proportion and hung with the pendulous and loose variety of balls, appearing proud and audacious as it stood upright, seeming to typify the boy as a whole. His bottom, two charming, inviting symmetrical units, smooth and unblemished, existed to be squeezed, parted, and licked.

But it was his face that emerged as his perfect feature; a face that caused heads to turn abruptly, eyes to fix and linger, many breaths, many pulses, to quicken, and many loins to tingle with envy and desire. This boy possessed the brightest, sky-blue, dancing eyes, framed by long, luxurious lashes, and a flawless, slightly upturned little nose, and full, sensual lips that so many had dreamed of touching to their own while running their fingers through his luxurious golden hair. It was his face that his admirers found most enervating, most incapacitating.

This sight, as any admirer of thirteen-year-old boys might well imagine, left Larry breathless. And while he could look forever, he decided instead to seize the moment, to take opportunity in hand, that it might grant him its fragrance and its most precious emissions.

"All right." Montgomery spoke with a husky whisper.

That was all Larry needed. Dizzy with

anticipation and greater vigor than before, he took the very stiff, pink penis into his mouth, tightly sandwiching it between the roof of his mouth and his tongue, eliciting in Montgomery two very distinct tactile sensations. Responding, the firm young prick achieved its optimal angle of erection, throbbing powerfully, repeatedly. At times the man could feel this driving pulse, transmitted from the underside of the boy's penis to his busy tongue. Larry's mouth traversed the length of Montgomery's penis with growing rapidity, squeezing it even tighter between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

"Your finger, too...." Montgomery gasped, pleadingly, his breath coming faster, his heart beating wildly.

Little beads of sweat formed on his brow and as Larry reached up into the crevice of the boy's bottom, his finger hastening to find the hole, there was evidence of moisture forming on either firm round cheek. The hole welcomed this penetrator far more eagerly and receptively than before. Larry's entire middle finger was granted immediate entry, and having been moistened by saliva, quickly fell into a debilitating rhythm synchronous with his sucking mouth.

The rhythm continued for some moments, sending Montgomery into higher and higher states of arousal until at last, accompanied by a faintly audible whimper of pleasure, Montgomery's prick gave forth with five or six successive, high-pressured jets of semen, momentarily suspending his consciousness and registering in Larry's mouth as a spontaneous, viscous flood of taste and warmth. While much of the substance was ejected directly down his throat, some lingered in his mouth, which, after savoring momentarily, he swallowed.

After some moments had passed, Montgomery's eyes

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were still closed and he had not yet caught his breath. Finally Larry, himself out of breath, his throat burning slightly and the unmistakable taste of cum dominating his tongue, asked, "Well, how was it?"

It took Montgomery several moments to answer. "Excellent", he had to admit, still gasping. Slowly he opened his eyes, focusing on the white paper towel dispenser on the wall opposite him.

Looking slightly drugged, he added, "If it hadn't been in your mouth it would have shot six feet." Larry smiled with satisfaction and with what Montgomery sensed to be a kind of victory.

"Seriously." Montgomery said, now feeling a little silly about his nakedness.

The following is reprinted from Herbert Spencer's Social Statics which was originally published in 1850. This is from the 1864 revised edition.

If we are once sure of our law--sure that it is a divine ordination--sure that it is rooted in the nature of things, then whithersoever it leads we may safely follow. As elsewhere pointed out, a true rule has no exceptions. When therefore that first principle from which the rights of adults are derived turns out to be a source from which we may derive the rights of children, and when the two processes of deduction prove to be identicle, we have no choice but to abide by the result, and to assume that the one inference is equally authoritative with the other.

That the law--every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man--applies as much to the young as to the mature becomes manifest on referring back to its origin. God wills human happiness; that happiness is attainable only through the medium of faculties; for the production of happiness those faculties must be exercised; the exercise of them presupposes liberty of action; these are the steps by which we find our way from the Divine will to the law of equal freedom. But the demonstration is fully as complete when used on behalf of the child as when used on behalf of the man. The child's happiness, too, is willed by the Deity; the child, too, has faculties; the child therefore has claims to freedom--rights, as we call them--coextensive with those of the adult. We cannot avoid this conclusion if we would. Either we must reject the law altogether, or we must include under it both sexes and all ages.

Further excerpts will be reprinted in our next issue.

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