

PAN

a magazine about boy~love

NEWS

Copenhagen, Nice,
Melbourne, Boston

VENETIAN WATER-COLOUR

a story by
Ian McLaughlin

HOW IT'S DONE IN THE U S of A

The NAMBLA raids

THE *MINUTE* SCANDAL

*Prisoner reports on
The St. Ouen Affair*

BOOKS *Adult Sexual
Interest in Children, The
Man They Called a Monster,
The Age Taboo; Panthology One*

Once long, long ago. . .
by Dr. E. Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

Terre des Hommes

number 10

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See Note
on p.2**

N.B.

PAN and, as of issue 13, *P.A.N. (Paedo Alert News)* contained a number of photographs unrelated to the text material, included as artistic content (dependent, of course, on the "eye of the beholder") illustrating the beauty and grace of boyhood. There was never nudity, and all photographs were strictly legal by standards in operation at the time of publication, as well as today.

Some of the photographers were professional, some amateur, and likewise for the models. Photographs that were related to the articles in most cases have been included here. To respect privacy and because of unknown copyright status of the individual photographs, illustrations not related to the text have been deleted from these Web copies of *PAN*.

Exceptions have been made, and noted where appropriate, for photographs that are part of the public record; for which permission to publish has been obtained; or that previously have been published elsewhere on the Web, for example, at anti-paedophile Web sites.

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All Photos in this issue, including cover photos, are by Skip.

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IN BRIEF...



COPENHAGEN, DENMARK Readers of Danish will be interested in a new novel by Jens Eisenhardt called *Kim, min elskede* (Kim, my Beloved) published this autumn by Borgens Forlag, Copenhagen. In it a 48-year-old teacher tells of how, 20 years earlier, he was seduced by a 14-year-old-boy, and about their continuing love affair and friendship over the next 12 years, with all its passion and tenderness, fear of discovery and jealousies. In the end it was the boy who taught the teacher — taught him to accept his sexual orientation which, before they met, the man had considered immoral and shameful. Slowly something ugly was transformed into a rare beauty, and the experience left him with a sense of rage: rage against the prejudices of Western society.

SOMERS, CT, USA The famous foe of child sexuality, prison psychologist Dr. A. Nicholas Groth (See PAN 9, page 11), has been busy recently "destroying myths" about paedophiles and their doings — and creating one or two nice ones of his own. It seems to be *out* to regard boy-lovers as old, demented, dirty strangers who hide timidly behind trees with bags of candy, as the Nicholas Groths of this world were telling us a few decades back. Now paedophiles (here comes the good news) are just like everybody else, more likely than not well known to the kids they get it on with, which (here comes the bad news) makes them doubly dangerous. So American society has to be suspicious of all family members, family friends, plus teachers, scout leaders *and* the baby-sitter. The good Dr. Groth has some handy advice to children: "You have the right to say 'no' to anyone who wants to touch the private parts of your body, and you can

scream or do anything to stop them." (Corollary: You *don't* have the right to say 'yes' if someone wants to touch the private parts of your body and you want it, too — you *must* scream and do everything you can to stop it from happening.) In nearby Suffield, a Dr. Suzanne Sgori, who claims to "treat" sexually abused children, warns of family gatherings: "The grownups are eating clams and drinking beer, and it's assumed that the older kids will take care of the younger ones. Make sure they don't disappear down the beach behind the bathhouse. And just before the event reenforce the warnings you've already given the child." A final assertion by *Parade* writer Julie Lewin: "Children do not provoke sex abuse. A child is never responsible for an adult's or older child's action." Translation: Children don't like sex and never lead other human beings on — and if they do they don't; all sexual interaction between an adult and a boy is an action of the adult and not the child.

On second thought, Drs. Groth and Sgori, wouldn't it be best just to lock the kids up at home? — or not have any in the first place?

SOURCE: *Parade*, 4 October, 1981.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA A Massachusetts Appeals Court ruling that involuntarily committed mental patients had the right to refuse drugging by prison psychologists will be reviewed by the newly conservative US Supreme Court. This could effect thousands of boy-lovers presently incarcerated in American prison hospitals who are constantly threatened with chemical castration (See PAN 2, page 6; PAN 4, page 31).

SOURCE: *San Jose Mercury News*, 4 October, 1981.

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STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN A beautiful colour film about a boy coming into puberty is making the rounds of Europe. *Barens Ö* takes a youngster through a Swedish summer in which he is supposedly attending a boys' camp but in reality (or in fantasy — it is never entirely clear) he is having all kinds of wild adventures in the city. Reine is convinced that the end of childhood will be the end of his life, that he will become just another "beast" when he grows up. Talking obsessively into his cassette recorder, he inspects his genitals every morning for signs of growth or the coming of his first pubic hair — "Inspection positive," he tells the spooling tape, "one more day to live." Slowly, as he gets to know a boutique "family" of cripples, another "family" of carnival performers, a girlfriend of his mother's current sometime lover, a drifting band of hot-rod, brawling youths, and, perhaps most importantly, as he tries for a Guinness Book record for the longest time a child has been able to stay under water, Reine develops understanding of himself and the world about him. Most remarkable in

the cinema, the face of the beautiful boy who plays the part of Reine reflects it. This is not one more apple-pie little manikin such as we see walking over the screen in even the best of American and British films: this is a real human brought to life by a gifted actor brilliantly directed. An unforgettable movie, but one which, unless the genital inspections (and even one scene showing an erection) are censored by the virtue-vendors, it is highly unlikely that the cinema public in the English speaking world will ever see.

LONDON The Joint Council for Gay Teenagers (BM JCGT, London WC1N 3XX, England) is a relatively new organization. Already, however, it has brought out the first issue of its newsletter, *Gay Youth* and is deeply involved in counselling work. The London group has set up a switchboard and reports that on average 7 or 8 calls each evening are from kids under 16. They have met with opposition from the bureaucrats and some parents but seem to be flourishing nonetheless. They have produced an excellent booklet called *Breaking the Silence* which contains transcripts of statements by 33 British teenagers about growing up gay. No editing was done, but localities and names of people were changed, for obvious reasons. Cost is £1.25.

BLOOMINGTON, IN, USA The formidable Kinsey Institute of America, after decades of research on gays, their lives and histories, has come to a few interesting conclusions. One of them: "A homosexual orientation usually seems to emerge from a fundamental predisposition possibly biological in origin," say the Kinsey researchers. In their massive study of American homosexuals, *Sexual Preference, Its Development in Men and Women*, (Indiana University Press, Tenth & Morton Streets, Bloomington, IN 47405, USA) they discovered that "homosexual feelings almost always preceded homosexual activity by several years. For males in particular, sexual orientation was seen to evolve early in life, often before the teen years." If this is so, why do we have these brutal laws which

Jingle-Bells

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA Judianne Densen-Gerber ("Jingle-Bells Judy") made another overseas junket recently at the expense of the American taxpayer and charity donor, visiting her Australian branch of the Odyssey House chain of concentration camps for kids and, of course, propagandizing for herself in the press. In an interview with columnist "Ita" there were a few interesting revelations. 1) She was looking tired and discouraged (because of her selfless crusading, of course). 2) She feels her views on child sex ("There is too much sexual freedom. . . . Children should never be used sexually by adults. . . . Sexuality is a mutually reciprocal relationship, something special between people who understand what it means. . . . Children are powerless in such situations. They are robbed of their childhood.") have led to her being attacked by people "financed by mobsters who make big money out of drugs and child prostitution". 3) Odyssey House is opening a branch in Auckland, New Zealand. 4) The governors of New York, New Hampshire, Utah and Michigan have officially declared October "Odyssey Month" — so now Jingle-Bells not only has young junkies to wash her feet and send out into the street to beg for money to let her live like a millionairess but had a month (in four American states, at least) of her very own!

Perth will have the first Australian derivative of Lloyd Martin's Sexually Exploited Child Unit. It will be housed in the Brenda Cherry Centre, Subiaco and was inaugurated by Minister Hassell of Police and Community Welfare, who mouthed the usual nonsense about there being "well documented evidence" that early sex experiences scarred people for life.

Also in Australia at the time was one of Jingle-Bells' pet psychiatrists, Henry Giarretto, co-signator with her of a petition presented last April to the Third World Congress on Child Abuse and

Neglect in Amsterdam calling for eradication of all Sexual acts between kids and adults in every country and culture of the world. "Child-abuse" conferences draw the anti-sex crowd like garbage flies, and the one in Brisbane on 23 September was no exception. This was diverted for hours by a lurid tale of a "network of deviates" which kidnaps, molests and then kills young boys. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, "American expert on child abuse Dr. Henry Giarretto said there was no reason whatever to discount the existence of an organization which captured runaway children and eventually murdered them after sexually brutalizing the child victims." (See also item under GOLDEN, CO, USA)

Fortunately Prof. John Money (See PAN 4, page 31) was also down under lecturing at a Perth seminar organized by the Australian Association of Sex Educators, and, while we at PAN take strong exception with the apparent enthusiasm with which he prescribes "temporary chemical castration" for American paedophiles in lieu of imprisonment (at best a choice of two wicked alternatives), it is interesting to compare what he said with what Jingle-Bells was telling much the same crowd: Money: "There is a long history of inhibiting childhood sexuality and it is an area which has been actively ignored by sexologists. . . . The punishing of children for following their natural sexual instincts in play has its roots in religion." Recalling that Aboriginal communities traditionall allowed their children to act sexually, Money continued, "Much can be learned from this. It may come a surprise that the children's sexual play was not as frequent nor as obtrusive as one might imagine." Money said that inhibiting children's sexual expressions led to the development of the "macho" image in men and many other problems in the way adults viewed themselves and each other.

the lawmakers blandly excuse on the grounds of "protecting children" but which do nothing to keep boys from developing as homosexuals, only bring about years of misery for genuinely gay teenagers? Could it be that the lawmakers aren't so much interested in the welfare of children as in maintaining the fundamentalist Judaeo-Christian sex morality which has poisoned life in the West for so many centuries?

COLOMBO, SRI LANKA Some paedophiles we could all wish would simply move to another planet and not trouble this one any more. Not that they are bad men: they are just incredibly stupid and insensitive. Despite all the publicity in Sri Lanka about the government crack-down on Western paedophile "exploitation" of Ceylonese youth ("Bring out the Millstones," thundered the editorial writer of the government-run *Ceylon Daily News* recently) one Englishman in late September "rented" ten young Negombo lads between the ages of 10 and 14 from a well-known "tourist guide", took them to the sacred Buddhist site of Tissamaharama, installed them all in the Government Rest House there, and proceeded to go on a five-day orgy of filming and group sex. Inevitably the local police heard about it (how could anyone believe you could keep ten young boys on a five-day orgy quiet!) and filmed all of this themselves. The Englishman will probably escape imprisonment (if he had done that at home he would have been incarcerated for life, and probably castrated chemically to boot) but certainly will be deported, "hopefully," one of our correspondents writes us, "to the South Pole".

SOURCE: *Ceylon Daily News*, 1 October, 1981

NEW YORK, USA The embattled American boy-love organization NAMBLA has just published an interesting pamphlet entitled *Boys speak out on man/boy love*. It has a sensible introduction by David Thorstad addressing the charge often made against boy-lovers that they are always speaking for themselves and not

for the boys with whom they sexually interact. The rest of the pamphlet consists of 12 statements of American boys 13 to 17 years of age about how they feel in their sex and love relationships with the men in their lives. It is nicely illustrated with nude sketches by Sydney Smith (See PAN 5, page 9; PAN 9, page 39). Names and addresses, of course, have been altered. Write NAMBLA, P. O. Box 174, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018, USA. Price within the US is \$1 (Postpaid), elsewhere \$3 (postage and handling included).

PARIS The French paedophile organization GRED (Groupe de recherche pour une enfance différente) held its first international congress in Paris on the weekend of 28 & 29 November. Only two years old, GRED has already attracted much favourable attention in the French gay press. It publishes a small review called *The Petit Gredin*. Topics at the congress included whether an international paedophile organization should be started and "Children and the Left." One Saturday evening there was a public debate (to which some non-paedophile group representatives were invited) on the subject of "The Minor Sex". On Sunday there was a closed meeting for GRED members. For more information on GRED, write c/o SEP, 1 rue Keller, F-75011 Paris, France (In French, if at all possible).

ABU DHABI, UAE A judge in this small, oil-rich Emirate paid indirect tribute to the power of young boys to attract. Like most expanding areas in Arabia, there are many "guest workers" from all over the Middle-East and Indian Ocean regions, and often they come without their wives, who are tending families back home. "Courts are busy in cases of assault on your boys and girls," said Judge Fathi Lashin, who added that the presence of too many bachelors will undoubtedly have a bad effect on the young members of the community. "It creates homosexuality among young boys. . . . And this is dangerous because boys will grow up with confused sexual habits."

SOURCE: *Ittihad*, 29 September, 1981.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA One of the gifts the New South Wales government sent to Prince Charles at his recent wedding was a book of fiction by Australian author Frank Moorehouse called *The Everlasting Secret Family*. In Chapter 5, *The Gift of a Son*, a thirteen-year-old lad receives a rather unusual birthday present from his father: the loan of his dad's adult male lover for a few hours' tumble in bed as a sort of coming-of-age initiation rite. We haven't heard what was the reaction of the future King of England, but we know what the censors of sister state Western Australia did: they banned it, "thus ensuring that it will be passed around in the school lavatories for years to come," as one of our Perth correspondents writes us. (In defense of the censors, their stated reason for banning the book was that the boy was drugged in order to enjoy his birthday present, not that the sex took place.)

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM The Flemish Society for Sexual Reform recently brought out a 92-page booklet called *Tinka en andere viesse verhalen voor kinderen* (Tinka and Other Dirty Stories for Children). It is written for Dutch and Dutch-speaking Belgian children in the 9 to 13 year age bracket and shows them just what healthy, explorative and uninhibited kids do and think about sex. No grown-up nonsense about birds and bees, conception and contraception and responsibility: rather jokes, kissing, stripping, touching, coitus — and football! And crazy, naive adults. It's great fun, for those who can read Dutch, with kids' illustration. In Holland it can be obtained from Ekologische Uitgeverij, Saenredamstraat 4a, 1072 CE Amsterdam.

PARIS, FRANCE The Mitterand government is moving steadily ahead to make good its campaign promise to end legal discrimination against homosexuality, and, as far as the criminal law is concerned, this means sharply lowering the age of consent for homosexual acts. Under the present law it is fifteen if the partner is of the opposite sex and 21 if both parties are male. But already reality has anticipated the coming reform, for the

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Director of Criminal Affairs, Mr. Michel Jéol, has issued a directive to public prosecutors to desist from prosecuting all homosexual "offenses against children" 15 years of age or older except in exceptionally grave cases.

SOURCE: *Le Monde*, 2 October, 1981.

NICE, FRANCE Now Edmond Kaiser and Tim Bond of TERRE DES HOMMES have a Swiss sister in the child-sex-repression business — and all were in evidence at the September convention of the International Federation of Abolitionists (F.A.I.) here. A Dutch woman living in Geneva named Kati David has started something called *Défense des enfants*, which describes itself as an "Amnesty International for children", although it appears to be more interested in curtailing kids' right to say "yes" to sex they want (for reasons best known to the kids themselves) than seeing that there are not jailed and mistreated for activities which cause no one any harm.

Boston Victory

BOSTON, MA, USA Perhaps the most significant victory for boy-lovers this year in the American East was won on August 31 when Suffolk Superior Court Judge Walter E. Steele declared that Richard Peluso was not a "sexually dangerous person" (SDP). Peluso was the "fall guy" in the infamous "Revere sex ring" scandal (See PAN 1, page 7; PAN 2, page 4; PAN 3, page 5, PAN 4, page 7; PAN 7, pages 5 & 10; PAN 8, page 34; PAN 9, page 9) cooked up by senile District Attorney Garret Byrne as an election issue — but one which backfired badly on him when, for once, gays and boy-lovers united in anger and proved him little better than a pathological liar (he lost the election). Peluso made a "deal" with the cops and pleaded guilty to going down on and masturbating two boys of 11 and 13. He was sentenced to 15 to 25 years of prison, *but*, and here has always been the rub for Massachusetts boy-lovers, his conviction amounted to a life sentence, for he was declared an SDP. And who are classified as SDPs? Rapists, of course, but also men who are simply attracted to minors and want only consensual contacts with them. So if you are a boy-lover and find yourself convicted of a boy-love sex act, you are in great danger of being declared SDP and, unless the prison shrinks effect some sort of miracle "cure", you can stay behind bars for the rest of your life.

Judge Steele's decision, and the hearings he presided over in early May, have set precedents which it will be hard for the other courts to ignore. Over the objections of Assistant Attorney General Linda Katz, who acted as prosecutor, Dr. Charles Silverstein, world famous author (see BOOKS), psychologist and sex therapist, testified that sexual contact between men and boys is not always harmful and may actually be "nurturing". Richard Landoli was attorney for the defense, and legal costs were paid in large part by NAMBLA.

Tim Bond's figure of 2,000 boy-prostitutes roaming the streets of Colombo, Sri Lanka, was widely quoted at the F.A.I. convention, but, perhaps because it is already at least 20 times too big, hasn't shown the tendency to make quantum growth pulses as public hysteria was whipped up, as did Robin Lloyd's 30,000 figure for the USA, which grew to 600,000 in two years. Once again we heard of that mythical US photo studio where children are tortured to death as the cameras grind away making movies worth millions in the paedophile underworld. We also learned to our astonishment that our own *Spartacus International Gay Guide* listed places in 150 countries where men could have safe sex encounters with pre-adolescent boys!

SOURCE: *Le Progrès de Lyon*, 1 September, 1981; *Nice-Matin*, 10 September, 1981; *Tageszeitung*, 12/13 September, 1981; *Volkskrant*, 1 September, 1981.

NIJMEGEN, NETHERLANDS An important symposium on *Child, Adult and Sexuality* was held at the Catholic University of Nijmegen on 19 August and was well attended by psychologists, sociologists and the press. Drs. Theo Sandfort (See PAN 2, page 21; PAN 4, page 6; PAN 5, page 8; PAN 9, page 9) talked about "Sex in paedophile relationships", summarizing his research on how 25 boys actively participating in sex relationships with men experienced both their relationships and its sexual episodes (they thought both were great). This was followed by a talk by Larry L. Constantine called "Child Sexuality: Recent Developments". Constantine is the author of the forthcoming book, *Children and Sex: New Findings, New Perspectives*, to be published this autumn by Little Brown, Boston. While Sandfort reported on his own original research, Constantine reviewed the more responsible literature on adult/child sex interaction and came much more cautiously to many of the same conclusions: such activity is not necessarily harmful to boys, in some instances it is beneficial, and this is true, surprisingly enough, of relationships within a family. Most important is how a child

perceives his freedom to say "yes" or "no".

Unfortunately a subsequent symposium held in a student political coffee house "O-42" on November 10 on the subject of heterosexual and child pornography, at which Drs. Sandfort and Dr. Edward Brongersma presented papers, was broken up by the radical feminists, who burst into the auditorium, destroyed a movie screen by throwing paint on it and later "occupied" the premises when a public forum was to be held. "We don't want open discussion about pornography but action against it!" they screamed. "Pornography is violence against women and children and makes them slaves of men!" When a gay asked them about homosexual pornography their only response was to snigger.

MANILA, PHILIPPINES Toward the end of July a French TV crew of six, with an operating budget of a half-million francs, arrived in this city and started making a film on "child prostitution". For hours they shot Western tourists coming and going with boys outside the San Carlos Apartments and taped an interview with a carefully rehearsed rent boy (who, of course, echoed all the "correct" opinions about how horrible his life was, etc.) Director of this project was one François Debré, son of the well-known prime minister, and it seemed to be another politically inspired effort to torpedo the impending French sex-reform legislation to which the Mitterand government is committed: if the conservatives and the missionaries can show Western "deviates" preying on kids abroad they can generate a popular storm of protest against lowering the age of consent in France. The Filipinos were furious. "This is what we get for our hospitality," wrote Teodoro F. Valencia in the *Philippines Daily Express*. "We either get a kick in the face or we're labelled anti-freedom of the press. The film proposes to say we have child prostitutes but not in France or any Western nation."

The film was actually shown on December 2 on prime time on French TV, over the protests of M. Filioud, Minister of

Communications. It began with an interview with Edmond Kaiser of TERRE DES HOMMES. As the camera zoomed in on a 1981 copy of the Spartacus International Gay Guide and Holiday Help Portfolio, Kaiser fulminated against "les centrales maquereelles" (pimping combines). There were interviews with a well-rehearsed 14-year-old boy (and one girl), scenes of children picking through the city's garbage dump (apparently this was preferable to sleeping with affectionate tourists in the nice little white little missionary mind of Mr. Kaiser).

Meanwhile in nearby Pagsanjan more trouble seems to have been stirred up by one Georges Veran, a very dubious Frenchman living there and calling himself a journalist. (Recent visitors to Pagsanjan tell us he was a journalist in France — during the Nazi occupation, during which time his support of Hitler was so enthusiastic that he found himself jailed after the war!) He now is a very old man living in a dingy Pagsanjan basement with a few miserable looking boys in the 18 to 21-year-old age range, and he grows most indignant over anyone loving boys any younger. Although he claims to be poor, he makes weekly trips to Manila where he dines in the best restaurants with rather dubious-looking Westerners, all of which gives rise to suspicions that he is in the intermittent pay of secret agents of France and the USA.

SOURCE: *Philippines Daily Express*, 31 July, 1981

NEW YORK, USA There are signs in the newspapers here and there that the American public is beginning to catch on to what the "sexual child-abuse lobby" is up to. In a letter to the *New York Times* last August one Philip Nobile blew the whistle on the statement bandied about the Milwaukee Fifth National Conference on Child Abuse and Neglect (See PAN 9, page 3) that Kinsey had said one quarter of American girls were sexually abused before the age of 13. Kinsey, of course, had said nothing of the kind, only that one-quarter of American girls had had sexual contacts with an adult male — and "sexual contact" included such things as

seeing a flasher or being verbally propositioned. Kinsey also said something the Milwaukee feeders at the public trough would love to forget: that serious trauma following even undesired sexual episodes was rare, that if the girls were frightened the fear was over rather quickly and was culturally conditioned. "Undoubtedly this sort of dispassionate intellectual honesty is seldom replicated by the new child-abuse lobbyist," Nobile concluded.

A certain V. de Foggia, too, in the *Soho News*, found that the 25% figure, which the radical feminists were now applying to pre-adolescent *rape*, seemed a bit suspicious, went back to Kinsey and discovered that in about two-thirds of the cases there was no touching whatever and that only 3% of these incidents involved intercourse! De Foggia also quoted Kinsey: "Some of the older females in the sample felt that their preadolescent experience had contributed favourably to their later socio-sexual development." Well, the storm of protest which greeted this letter threatened to sink all sense in the matter. De Foggia was advocating parents raping their children (a housewife from Elmhurst), a "crisis counselor" *believed* the 25% figure because he comes into contact with lots of boys and

girls who are "victims of sexual assault", Women Against Rape (WAP) said Kinsey probably was wrong — the figure is closer to 100%. Finally a certain Bruce Shapiro, who had worked in a Massachusetts mental hospital for adolescents and claimed the kids there who had had sex with adults were sicker than anyone else, was all for WAP; with beautiful child-abuse lobby logic he advised de Foggia to use facts, not distortions!

DARWIN, NT, AUSTRALIA When the citizens of the Northern Territory (population around 100,000 in slightly over 500,000 sq. miles) realized that the proposed criminal code revision bill (See PAN 9, page 4) would have lowered the age of consent for *all* sexual acts to 13, there was something of a public outcry, and the second published draft, tabled in the Legislative Assembly last June, raised the age to 16, which is still quite liberal for Australia. "Sexual acts" are defined to include touching not just the genitals but also "the clothing covering those parts or that immediate area", kissing — even defecating or urinating when done for sexual arousal. If a boy-lover is convicted for any kind of *penetrative* sexual act with a boy younger than 16 he can go to prison for 10 years, with hard labour; for other sexual acts the maximum term is 2 years, also with hard labour. Taking porn photos of kids is punishable by 3 years (first offense) or 5 years (for repeaters). Interestingly enough, there is no reference to homosexuality in the new articles, except in relation to pornography where depictions of intercourse between persons of the same sex of any age (but not of heterosexual intercourse between adults) is a punishable offense.

SOURCE: *Northern Territory Draft Criminal Code Bill*, second published draft, tabled 10 June, 1981.

CINCINNATI, OH, USA A certain John Zeh, host of a local gay radio show here, made the fatal mistake recently of discussing sexual lubricants on the air and, although there had been previous warnings on the show to parents that the material "might not be suitable" for

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children, a certain Mr. and Mrs. Platt of nearby Mr. Washington, Ohio, plus their four children, were all ears — and they disliked what they heard so much that they listened to every word of it and recorded it on tape! Next the local County Prosecutor, one Simon Leis, brought the matter before a Grand Jury, which indicted Zeh on four counts of disseminating material harmful to children (one count each for each of the junior Platts). If convicted, Zeh would have faced a heavy fine and imprisonment. But Americans victimized in the current puritan back-lash are standing still less and less to let the Moral Majority types and other bullies walk all over them and this case stimulated the formation of the First Amendment Defense Fund, c/o Greater Cincinnati Gay Coalition, P. O. Box 19158, Cincinnati, OH 45219. Zeh won the first round — he was acquitted — but Simon Leis has vowed a fight to the finish, and has appealed the decision. Perhaps someone will take pity on those four Platt kids and send them a family-size tube of KY.

SOURCE: *Nambla Bulletin*, 1 September, 1981

GOLDEN, CO, USA A new "scientific" book by the sexual abuse crowd has been announced by Pergamon Press (New York, Oxford and Willowdale, Ontario). It is *Sexually Abused Children and their Families* by Patrician Beezley Mrazak and C. Henry Kempe of the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center and will cost \$72 (unless you are a subscriber to one of Pergamon's journals, in which case it costs \$25). We haven't seen the book yet, but the titles and authors are enough to send permanent chills down the spines of all American boy-lovers and out to the tips of their appropriate appendages. There are papers by two of Judianne ("Jingle-Bells Judy") Densen-Gerber's pet shrinks, Henry Giarretto and Bruce Gotlieb, the former authoring something called "A Comprehensive Child Sexual Abuse Treatment Program". Most of the papers would appear to deal with how you can spot a kid having a love relationship with an adult, what laws you can use to throw that adult

into prison, how you can torture him there in the name of rehabilitation, how you can teach the child it really had been abused and "treat" it so it develops a suitable sense of sex-guilt and horror. Psychiatrists and social workers are coming to be recognized more and more as the most powerful, if most subtle, foes of humanitarian sex attitudes in the world today. As dogmatic Christianity becomes less influential, lawmakers and judges turn increasingly to these supposed sages of the modern world and the tax-supported books they write in justifying the savage punishments meted out in Western courts. And the sages themselves make a very good living out of it.

JERSEY CITY, NJ, USA A boy-lover by the name of Nicholas Federowicz has sued the parents of his 16-year-old boy friend and a pair of city detectives for attempting to change the lad's homosexual nature and give him "a negative view of homosexuality". Federowicz is under indictment for various sexual acts which were supposed to have taken place while the boy was between 13 and 15 years of age. He also charges that Detectives Joseph Viggiano and Robert Evans conspired with the parents of the boy to threaten him with arrest and to have the boy commit perjury. A Dr. Auston Hill is also mentioned in the brief, apparently in connection with a juvenile-domestic relations court complaint filed last February.

SOURCE: *The Jersey Journal*, 26 September, 1981.

ROME, ITALY Our friends in FUORII, the left-wing gay organization here, have clarified for us the legal situation in Italy for boy-lovers. The age of consent for homosexual acts is 16. If the boy is between 16 and 14, a man having sex with him can go to prison for one-half year to 3 years, *but* "punishability is excluded if the minor is already a morally corrupt person." (Article 530 of the Penal Code) Presumably this means he has already sunk his teenage teeth in the forbidden apple of shared sex. If the boy is under 14 the man who has sex with him can go to prison for 3 to 10 years. FUORII supports the fixing

of the age of consent for sexual relations at 16. Says John Ward on behalf of the organization, "This has always been the case in Italy and it has never been a problem here." Perhaps not a problem for gays into macho gays, but ten years in prison could be quite a problem for a boy-lover caught out in a love relationship with a lad of 13. On the other hand we have not been hearing the kind of horror stories from Italy that we do from England and especially the USA, where the sadistic treatment of "deviates" in prison by guards, low-level psychiatrists sucking at the public breast of bounty (See PAN 9, page 11) and uncontrolled criminal inmates is only exceeded by the length of sentences. Italian society would seem to have more important things for its police and courts to do than make a priority issue out of regulating people's consensual sex activities.

MINNEAPOLIS, MN, USA Now mid-west American kids can learn sex-fear in their very own childrens' playhouse. *Illusion Theater* (c/o Sexual Abuse Prevention Program, Hennepin Center for the Arts, Room 309, Dept. P., 528 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55403) stages dramatizes skits on "sexual abuse" — and so does something called Bridgeport Theater in Elkhart, Indiana. Carole Plummer, project director of the latter, feels her program has been most successful: "We've found victims who might have remained silent and scarred for life," she says. "We say to the kids, if the first adult you tell doesn't believe you, tell another, and another, until finally you find one who does."

SOURCE: *Parade*, 4 October, 1981

SACRAMENTO, CA, USA Although unmarried California Governor Edmund Brown, Jr. has the reputation of being liberal on most matters, he didn't hesitate to sign into law the most backward-facing, destructive, puritanical, bigoted, Moral-Majority-dictated collection of sex-repressive legislation ever enacted in one short period of time in any state in America. Brown's personal life-style has given rise to speculation that he may have

more than professional interest in gay matters, but if so his sympathies have not extended to his paedophile subjects. Not only has Brown allowed all this ritualized Christian cruelty to go through over his signature, but the whole powerful gay community and all its commercial and organizational voices (most conspicuously the *Advocate*) were totally silent as a disgusting collection of fundamentalist Christian ministers, hysteria-mongering politicians, careerist cops and broken-down actors sold in the press their bigotry, lies and hatred to the people of California in a sell-out for which one has to look to Nazi Germany to find a suitable comparison. The new laws, to which the California gay community would appear, through its silence, not to object, provide for long, mandatory prison sentences for *all* men who are convicted of loving boys, even longer sentences if such men are convicted for a second time, and no less than 20 years for a third time! "Pimping" or "pandering for child prostitution", however, these terms will be interpreted by the California courts, also will be punished by mandatory prison sentences. Even the exchange between two private individuals of private photos of boys which the cops might think are sexual is banned, as is the developing of such photos! In addition, all "help" to prisoners by psychiatrists under the "Mentally Disordered Sex Offender Program" will be denied. Anticipating a flood of prisoners as a result of all this hate-legislation, Brown approved of a \$495,000,000 prison construction bond!

SOURCE: *AP*, 2 October, 1981.

HILLINGDON, ENGLAND The poisonous sex-guilt climate of contemporary England claimed two more lives recently when Gordon Clapson and David Tottman, both in their early forties and teachers at the Abbotsfield Comprehensive School here, took their own lives in a suicide pact following a police investigation into supposed sexual contacts the men had had with their students. This, presumably, is the kind of thing Old Bailey Judge John Leonard hoped would happen with increasing frequency: it will be well

remembered that it was Leonard who cast Tom O'Carroll into solitary confinement for two years for heading an organization which published a newsletter with a contact page for paedophiles to use in order to alleviate their sense of isolation a bit.

SOURCE: *Guardian*, 22 August, 1981.

HOLLYWOOD, CA, USA Now the movie industry has its own male Densen-Gerber. Fading actor Robert Vaughn (of the old *Man from UNCLE* TV series) has been trotting about state legislatures in the US recently trying to get laws against man/boy sex made even more brutal. His public statements suggest he is is even worse informed than, and almost as mean as, Jingle-Bells Judy. But in American Show-Biz truth doesn't count for much, and Vaughn has been able to pack more vindictive prejudice and hate into one gutter-press interview than his President was able to shoot Indians in his celuoid days. Referring to the famous "Amy Sue" murder three years back, cannonized by the child-abuse lobby as typical

paedophile conduct, Vaughn says, "If someone like Theodore Frank (Amy Sue's killer) can molest 150 children, and kill half a dozen of them during that time, the balance has got to come down against the pedophile, regardless of the fact that he is a human being with feelings and emotions." So, to hell, Pardner, with laws: paedophiles should be "warehoused" until drugs or therapists are developed to cure them. Of course Vaughn would have us believe that he and SLAM and Lloyd Martin and Jingle-Bells are fighting an uphill battle: "Most politicians don't want to hear about it and the federal government won't even touch it (sic!). But child molestation is such a horrendous crime. Studies show that every single molestor was once molested. And every one they molest could wind up being an abuser himself. It's a terrible, unwinding spiral." In his spare time Vaughn is apparently making a film with Julie Andrews appropriately entitled *S. O. B.*

SOURCE: *Boston Globe*, 25 August, 1981.

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VENETIAN WATER-COLOUR

by Ian McLaughlin

It was in Venice that I seriously contemplated suicide. The thought came to me over coffee and brandy at Florian's. Just then the Piazza San Marco was plunged in the grey gloom of fog. In less than a half hour the lagoon city would be plunged in darkness.

I decided to disappear under one of those treacherous sotto-portegi that suddenly runs into a canal: one step, the familiar Venetian sound of garbage being dumped into the water, and that would be the end of me.

"It's a masterpiece!"

"Do you really think so?" I asked, looking up at the earnest face of a bearded little man.

"You have mastered that very difficult technique of suggesting form by counterbalancing large blank space with light touches of almost flat tones. That is the real challenge of water-colour painting. I suppose the artist derives from the country which produced Turner and Sargent?"

He had been speaking English all the time, with no more than a slight Italian accent.

"Turner, yes," I said, "but Sargent was an American. He built for himself quite a career in London, however."

"And he came to Venice very often. Like you. Ah, the light of Venice! So many artists fall in love with it!"

"Do you want the masterpiece? I'll sign it and dedicate it to you. It's my last."

"You don't mean it, Sir? One shouldn't jest about talent. Please come to my class at the Accademia tomorrow and let my pupils see your work."

"I'm afraid it is out of the question. I'm committing suicide tonight."

The professor shrieked with laughter.

"You Englishmen have such a droll sense of humour! Here is my card. I'll expect you around ten and now let me have another coffee and brandy with you."

I ultimately accepted his invitation — and was quite surprised at the professor's pupils. I had expected to be confronted with pimply young artists, but these were angel-faced twelve- and thirteen-year-olds. The professor noted my surprise and thought I would be deeply disappointed.

"Make no mistake," he assured me, "there is quite a lot of talent in this room. You are in excellent company."

I surely was. Some of the boys even wore short pants. The professor pushed one of his pupils forward. "This is our Tiepolo," he said, presenting him proudly. "His name is Angelo."

"Ciao, Anzolo!" I said to the boy.

"Aha," the professor laughed, "I see you have mastered the Venetian dialect. Angelo, show this gentleman some of your drawings."

As I remember, Angelo was indeed talented, but I barely looked at his

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sketches. It was the boy himself that I devoured with my eyes: slender, long-legged — he wore red corduroy short pants, red stockings and shiny black moccasins — Venetian blond curls, light brown eyes, long eyelashes that threw a finely notched shadow on his cheeks. Then and there I decided to postpone my suicide.

"Well, what do you think?" said the professor.

"I think he is excellent indeed. Shall I show him some of my work?"

"Please do. I'll give the boy some comment in Italian. I hope I will not misinterpret your artistic intentions."

To hell with my artistic intentions. My real intentions were of a very different nature, and while the professor kept prattling in Italian I feverishly tried to find a means of expressing them to the boy. I could think of nothing better than putting my hand on his red corduroy-wrapped cheeks and keeping it there while having "the light at the south side of the Punta della Dogana around five in the evening is most tempting to both young and older water-colourists" translated into Italian.

The message got through all right. Angelo came to the Punta at five o'clock sharp, with a huge box of paint, a block of Fabriano paper and an understanding smile which made it clear that he had no intention whatever of using all that material.

"Ciao," he said, "io sono Angelo," as if I hadn't noticed that: my eyes were almost popping out of their sockets. In that tempting south-side light Angelo kept up the credit of his name.

"Que bella valigia con colore que tenete," I said tentatively. Conversation was going to be painfully difficult. How stupid not to have mastered some rudimentary Italian! Angelo smiled again and opened the box for me to admire. Amongst the tubes of burnt umber, raw sienna and carmine red a tube of Vaseline leaped to the eye by the sheer obscenity of its incongruous presence.

"Quale colore è questo?" I asked, pointing to the irrelevant tube.

"Il colore del piacere," Angelo said, keeping a straight face. "Ed io porto con mi il pennelito particolare all'uso. Guarda!"

And he unbuttoned to show me an instrument not often used by the English lady water-colourists. The meaning of 'pennelito' came back to my mind: a little paint brush. This one had a little Kolinsky hair at the wrong end, but the handle was rigid enough.

"Noi no avere la intenzione di far questo modo da pittura in pubblico?" I stammered, scared stiff at Angelo's impertinent behaviour.

I sneaked him up to my hotel room and posted the *Don't Disturb* sign on the door.

Angelo did some remarkable brush work for me there, getting to the bottom of it hard, adding some pleasant finishing touches, until he finally ran out of paint and potency.

I gently bathed him like a child, which as a matter of fact he was, and while I was soaping him down said teasingly, "Il tuo talento con il pennelito è splendido. Io obbligato notificarlo al tuo professore."

Angelo gave me once again his knowing smile: "Il mio professore già sape. Perciò sono il primo della classe."

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HOW IT'S DONE IN THE US of A

It must have been embarrassing for the FBI. Here was NAMBLA free, propagandizing under their very noses month after month without anything happening to them. At its very birth, as the Boston/Boise Committee, NAMBLA had destroyed one of the sweetest press/politician scandals ever cooked up by a corrupt district attorney, and kept 23 out of 24 of those "monsters who preyed on our kids" out of jail. England had succeeded in throwing PIE leader Tom O'Carroll into solitary confinement for two years on the simple charge of bringing paedophiles together to ease their loneliness a bit. Was Scotland Yard going to show the FBI up?

Their answer came on July 11 like the dropping of a couple of neutron bombs. At 4:30 in the up-state New York town of Chichester, 15 FBI agents and local police broke down the doors to the home of one Karl Ahlers and found the owner and a visiting family consisting of several boys between 13 and 17 years of age, their parents, aunt and grandmother playing whist. A friend of Ahlers, 20-year-old Hugh Hammil, was captured when he dropped by with two youngsters of 12 and 13 for a visit. Ahlers and Hammil were packed off to jail and stayed there for 15 days, charged respectively with having marijuana in the house and possession of a phoney insurance card. During those 15 days the boys stayed in the Ahlers home, and one of them, with parental permission, even remained after Ahlers was released on bail.

That evening, at 10:30, another riot squad of 15 FBI agents and local police broke down the door and smashed up the furniture in the Long Island, NY, home of one Martin Swithinbank, guns drawn and all set to blaze away. They

found Swithinbank and a college professor by the name of Jerry Fox quietly watching television with two 13-year-old boys whom the police seized and questioned so brutally that they burst into tears. The two men belonged to NAMBLA. Ahlers and Hammil were not NAMBLA members, but Ahlers was a friend of Swithinbank and they had visited several times during the past weeks while the Swithinbank home had been under police surveillance.

What next happened to several children and teenagers who had known these four men is what the Americans would have us believe only goes on in Soviet Russia (never in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!). All were questioned for hours without their parents being present. One 7-year-old girl and her 11-year-old brother were shown reels of porn films captured in another raid and told to identify some child in it as their brother. One 15-year-old boy said he was "yelled at for hours, they shook me, they gave me beer and cigarettes, they told me I could be arrested if I didn't talk." After 6 hours of this he was hysterical and crying. In this state he was forced to sign statements that he had had sex with six men whose photos he had been shown. A 13-year-old got the same treatment and, although he did not cry, signed statements — but he later said he thought he had made a number of mistakes because "they scared and confused me". One 16-year-old fainted during the questioning and lay on the floor unconscious for at least one minute. All the boys and girls have asked for attorneys to represent them if they are going to be used as witnesses at any trials and in complaints they are lodging against the FBI and local police.

The media and the Nassau County

(Long Island, New York) district attorney with the wonderful name of Denis Dillon, now had a field day. DA SAYS CHILD-PORNO RING CRACKED, screamed *Newsday*, the big regional daily. According to another paper "over 300 hardcore child pornography films and video tapes" had been captured. (The 300 figure was correct, but Swithinbank's reels were almost entirely of old Hollywood movies, including *Bambi*, *King Kong* and *Snow White*. Only three videotapes of sex acts involving boys were listed by the police.) The boys involved were reported to be between the ages of 8 and 12 (they were 12 to 18). NAMBLA, according to a certain Sgt. Gannon of the D.A.'s office, was "a nationwide homosexual sex ring", and asked Tom Reeves of NAMBLA if he favoured having sex with 6-month-old babies. NAMBLA was an organization specializing in the "sexual exploitation of young boys" and "transported boys for immoral purposes." (In truth, *all* the boys involved were long-time friends of Swithinbank, Ahlers and the other adults.)

Ten days later four NAMBLA members took courage in hand to visit the vandalized Swithinbank home and take photos (which appeared in *Nambla News* No. 5). The police whipped up the neighbours' rage against them and then disappeared — and perhaps for good reason: before the NAMBLA men had to flee the wrath of the mob they discovered that the cops had not only smashed furniture and a boat belonging to Swithinbank but had stolen a 50-channel receiver for his television set. Later County Detective Dion Irizarri, 37, of South Farmindale, was arrested and charged with its theft.

Other arrests and incidents of police and FBI law-breaking and harassment followed hard on the heels of this. Always quick to jump into the fray when there is a chance to be cruel to kids and the men who love them, Lloyd Martin in far away Los Angeles used another one of his human trump cards. It is well

known that he has a few boy-lovers blackmailed into keeping him informed and betraying their paedophile friends. He used Ralph Bonnell (See PAN 4, page 7; PAN 5, page 7; PAN 9, pages 13 & 45) to bring down George Jacobs in Massachusetts last year, and now he pulled out one Jeffery M. Lassman of Simi Valley, California and threw him to the dogs. Jon Sherman, a NAMBLA member from New Jersey, visiting in California and preparing to make an overseas trip, unwisely mentioned his departure date and flight number to Lassman, who had long been suspected of being Martin's, and the FBI's, spy in NAMBLA but whom Sherman considered a personal friend. Dining with Lassman, the woman he loves with and her 16-year-old son the night before his departure, he was surprised when the woman announced that Lloyd Martin was on the phone. It all became clear the next day when Sherman was picked up on a phoney warrant as he was about to board the plane and forceably returned to New Jersey. (At about the same time Lassman was writing to us at PAN wanting to be put in touch with Europeans whose names and works have appeared in these pages. This, of course, we declined to do, not just because we had been told by various NAMBLA people as early as the spring of 1980 that Lassman was in the control of Martin, but because giving *anybody* the names of our PAN people is very much against our policy.)

NAMBLA members in Michigan, New Hampshire and New York were questioned, finger-printed and/or arrested. NAMBLA has spoken with most of the young police victims in this sad affair and arranged for lawyers to try to protect them from future police brutality. It is also suing WINS, a New York radio/TV station, for libellous statements at the time of the Swithinbank-Fox arrests and, of course, Denis Dillon, the publicity-seeking D.A.

SOURCES: *Nambla News*, No. 5; *Newsday*, 14 July, 1981

THE *MINUTE* SCANDAL

Three years ago a reporter by the name of Jacques Tillier, writing for the Paris gutter journal MINUTE, manufactured a French child-molesting sex-ring scandal out of the arrest in the Paris suburb of St. Ouen of one basketball coach and a handful of his paedophile acquaintances. This man had remained in preventative detention ever since and his case came to court in November. He was convicted, of course, in a trial closed to the public and sentenced to 6 years of prison. Also involved in this affair, and also languishing in prison for the last three years, is a 33-year-old government official from a border city in the north of France. Although he has given us permission to use his name

we shall keep his anonymity, since his trial has yet to take place. He sent the following illuminating and thoughtful account of his involvement in this case to Dr. Edward Brongersma. We have translated it and reproduce it below, slightly shortened. Although he has given us permission to use his name, and although others mentioned in his account are well known from the gutter exposés, we are protecting the anonymity of all victims of these arrests because of the pending trial and possible appeals. The coach we will designate as "Jean" and the community where our anonymous author lived will simply be called B.....

This case, known since the intervention of the press as the "St. Ouen Affair", is very long and complex and it would be hard to report it in detail. There are some 7 or 8 others, including young people, who, like me, are awaiting trial. I have filled two notebooks, about 200 pages, with a detailed account of these matters and given them to my lawyer; in them I have described the attitudes of the boys, the parents, the judges, the psychiatrists, the public, the press — and the accused. I don't want to sound pretentious, but I do think it's an important document for what it reveals about the responses of people to "moral" affairs.

I came to B..... in 1975 and started work as a government official. I took an apartment in a new part of the town inhabited for the most part by labourers and office workers. Within a month or two I had come to know some of the teenagers of the area (boys of 13 to 16), in some instances simply because we happened to be neighbours, in other cases through the municipal judo club or youth facilities. Without exception, every one of the boys

asked if he could come to my home, although the judges later accused me of having promised them gifts, which is totally false. There was never any question of money being exchanged for their... compliance to my requests. My problem was never how to get the boys to come to my home; it was to get them to leave, for they found it so pleasant there that they had a tendency to install themselves!

I had the opportunity to observe these boys from many sides, and I could say the following about them:

These were not unhappy children, mistreated children, even though some of them had rather difficult family problems.

It was enormously important to them to have a grown-up friend with whom they could talk about their problems, tell their little stories, even discuss sexual matters. Of all the boys who visited in my home, I didn't find one who could talk freely about sex with his parents. With their fathers they didn't dare, and they felt very uneasy discussing these matters with their mothers, whom they all more or less idealized.

They wanted very much to have a nice place of their own where, among themselves, they could talk, argue and have fun — and to be able to do it with someone they had confidence in.

I have always observed that children, and above all adolescents, find it necessary to get out of their homes because, on account of the small size of modern dwellings, parents and children are perpetually on top of each other, and this creates tension between them. If apartment building children are found most often in the street it isn't because they are particularly attached to the street. It's because they cannot always stay at home and they don't know where else to go.

I heard a radio program last year about the Norwegian family which stressed how important it was for an adolescent to have an "escape", some area to go to outside of his family.

Adolescents do not reject contacts with adults — on the contrary they want them. It should never be forgotten that the young boy of 15 knows very well that he will soon have to leave his family to go into the army, to a university or to work. *But* at the same time, in modern society, he will have had no human relationships with the adult world outside of his family.

One day I met a very handsome, intelligent, well-mannered boy of 15. For two months he visited me several times a week but continued to address me using the formal "vous". Finally I asked him why. He told me he *always* talked that way to adults. It made me aware of how deep this chasm is between the generations.

It's bad for both adults and boys. In the district of the Auvergne where I came from I notice that juvenile delinquency is practically non-existent, while in the suburban working-class districts of the great cities it is a major problem. In little villages the children either work side by side with their parents or they very quickly find their place in the adult world as apprentices, labourers, etc. The passage of the adolescent into the adult world takes place very quickly and very naturally.

It's not the same in the cities. Among the youths who came to my home, many stole and engaged in petty criminality,

minor delinquency. One should never forget, however, that this "minor" criminality sometimes has dramatic consequences. In France in the last few years, a number of youths, and even very young boys, have been slain by shop-keepers or others infuriated by the minor thefts of the young. But I found exactly the same thing happening with the boys who came to know me as happened with Antoon and Mustapha (See PAN 9, page 40): their thievery stopped immediately — and that is something the police have never been able to accomplish, despite blows and surveillance.

I think this is quite understandable, for most of these very young delinquents steal because they believe the money will bring them something. Actually what they are looking for, and what they need, is respect and affection and someone who takes an interest in them, but in the cities a teenager is usually just regarded as a nuisance.

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Innumerable times I let these children have the freedom of my apartment and they have never stolen so much as a centime from me. I think I could have put a million francs under their noses and they wouldn't have touched it.

The parents tended to look at our relationships in one of two ways:

1. Some, after initial reservations about their children coming to my home, were quick to see the change in them, not just with respect to stealing and petty delinquency, but in their attitudes as well. Unless a child falls into the hands of a really degenerate individual, I think he can only profit from meeting an adult who loves and respects him.

This change of attitude is hard to define. I think it all comes back to the idea I have already mentioned: outside of his own family the adolescent only associates with people of his own age who haven't really much to teach him, for they don't know a lot more than he does. From an adult he can learn all sorts of things, from basic good manners which are not always

respected in the family, to an explanation of a film on TV, to help with his homework. The adult can be a gardener, auto mechanic, bank employee — it doesn't matter as long as he is sincere in bringing something to the boy — and the boy will certainly benefit. I am sure that a simple countryman, a shepherd who can neither read nor write (as was the case with my great grand-parents) can contribute something, be it only by his knowledge of nature, of animals, his patience, his ability to observe, all things often forgotten today.

I can only echo your words and those of Hajo Ortil in PAN 9: the role of the adult friend is not competitive with but complementary to that of the parents.

I am sure that in my case some parents were very much aware of this, and that's why, after making my acquaintance, they had allowed their sons to come to my home — they even told me their boys had changed for the better since getting to know me. They attached much more importance to this than the fact that it is always a bit suspicious for an adult to be constantly in the company with a young boy.

2. Other parents pretended not to know that their sons, although away from morning to evening, had gone to the home of a neighbour.

The explanation is that they didn't know how to behave toward this adult who accepted their sons in his home, but they were quick to see a number of advantages in the situation. One of these was that they no longer had a bored adolescent under foot all the time, who either sat glued to the TV set or went out on the street just because there was no place else to go. The second advantage was that in case of trouble they could thank their lucky stars that they didn't officially know anything and so could swear to God they had absolutely no suspicions their son was visiting the home of a strange man, etc.

That is also exactly what happened in my case. I should add that such parents are often far from being above having their own selfish motives, as my story will show.

In general it is always best to get to know the parents of children who come to visit you, if only to talk about the problems their boys may be having in school, etc. It is better for the child, who will feel guilty about visiting in secret a man his parents don't know. It tends to avoid a lot of hypocrisy in an adult/child relationship. The problem is that certain parents are not very pleasant people to meet — there are certain parents' homes I wouldn't want to visit for all the gold in the world!

We have now come to the end of 1976. A number of boys were coming to my home, but I was not at all sure of the reactions of some of the parents whom I did not know. At the same time I wasn't sure just how I should handle some of my young visitors — some had formed gangs, each of which tended to consider my apartment its own conquered territory, and each gang didn't like members of other gangs coming there, although they easily enough accepted a single boy if they found him a sympathetic person. (I am interested in ethology, the science of the behaviour of animals and humans. Personally I think that through it one will learn a thousand times more about the reasons for human behaviour than through psychiatry.)

During the course of a weekend in Holland I saw a small personal ad in a paedophile magazine in which an adult stated he lived with a group of children from 10 to 15 years of age and would like to correspond with other people living in the same way. I responded, and shortly after I received an answer. This was "Jean" of St. Ouen, 40, a salesman. He seemed like a nice person. He soon visited me on one of his sales trips, accompanied by a 17-year-old youth who worked with him. Throughout 1977 I visited Jean in St. Ouen several times. His place was always filled with children making the most ungodly racket. He told me he had already spent 6 months in prison in 1971 on account of an affair with children, had been married and was the father of two children, but had divorced his wife because he did not want to involve her in his life for fear of further complications. Jean is a very honest, intelligent, agreeable man to meet. At the same time he loved not just adolescents but also young and very young children as well (down to five years!). He also was under the compulsion to be constantly taking photos which he sent to his correspondents scattered throughout the world, accompanied by written fantasies. This mania brought

PARIS As PAN 10 was being prepared the gutter dreadfuls of England and France were full of another boy-sex "ring". This one, we were told, took 500 police to crack and over 140 men were being questioned by *les flics*! A certain 31-year-old computer programmer by the name of Patrice Amaniera was supposed to have organized something called the French Association for Knightly Action, the purpose of which was to educate boys from poor families between the ages of 8 and 12. It was alleged that the boys were taken to sex parties where porno movies were made. These movies were subsequently distributed to the knightly members, who were supposed to have been able to order the boys, too. "Payment was by COD," reported the *Guardian* with a leer.

The truth, as always with newspaper stories, was far less spectacular. Three men were eventually arrested on various sex charges. No "ring" was found, according to the judge presiding over the case, only a rather unwise man and two of his paedophile acquaintances. As usual, the real target of all this mud-slinging was the socialist government of Mitterand: *Le Meilleur* of 23 October illustrated its exposé with a photo not of Amaniera, not of any of his "victims" but of the present minister of justice, whom the right-wing yellow press would like to see replaced by some Nazi type!

SOURCES: *Le Journal du Dimanche*, 25 October, 1981; *Guardian*, 23 October, 1981; *Le Meilleur*, 23 October, 1981.

about his downfall, which followed from the arrest in California of a certain Harry Johnson: Police (Los Angeles cop Lloyd Martin's infamous "Sexually Exploited Child Unit" - Ed) found some of these photos in his home and this led to inquiries.

Jean, however, always seemed to me to have very sincerely loved the children who, in turn, adored him, something which even the "psychiatric experts" have had to recognize.

He was working as a basketball coach for the municipality of St. Ouen; this did enable him to support the local boys when they wanted more playgrounds, subsidies for their club-houses, etc. — but not to "recruit his victims", as the prosecutor now pretends, even though it is undoubtedly true that he met through these activities certain members of his basketball team with whom he established intimate friendships.

In 1978 I paid him a visit in St. Ouen with 3 adolescents who were always coming to my home. This has been used by the court to charge that there was an "exchange" of children with Jean.

The following is what actually happened. I found I was confronted with a problem. Boys asked me to take them on trips during their vacations. Coming from families which, although not really poor, were of the labouring class of society, they didn't know anything of the world about them except for their own little area and what they had seen on television. Even the most well-off families went out very little and passed the weekend in front of the sacrosanct TV.

The children had been asking me to take them to Paris, where they had never set foot. Lodging with Jean did not in any way imply a "duty" to go to bed with him!

In this connection let me tell you what I have noticed about the reaction of young people when an adult makes a homosexual, or even a heterosexual, proposition. They accept, or even quite openly ask for it, if it's with someone they feel they can trust. I have never seen any signs of the "panic" which is supposed to seize a child or even an adolescent when an adult makes an "indecent proposal" (the con-

sacrated cliché). There isn't even any need to ask. Sexual caresses are just one game among others to which a boy doesn't really attach any special importance, except that it implies and express a greater degree of affection. The sole fear these youngsters have in this connection is of their mothers and fathers finding out, and this, as I have said, is in my mind due to the fact that they haven't been able to have any sort of frank dialogue with their parents about sexual matters. As for the parents, except for one hysterical mother, who in addition cordially detested her son, they all closed their eyes even when it became very difficult for them not to realise that something was going on.

What *does* panic young people is aggression, acting like a satyr or sadistic behaviour. Contrary to what Tony Duvert says in his book *Le Bon Sexe Illustré*, people of this sort do exist — they aren't just a myth. They are mostly tramps or very marginal sorts who for the most part cannot have sexual relations even with female prostitutes, who suffer from being expelled from society and who react to this rejection by "shocking" children. Is this true sexual desire, or is it simply a desire to shock? I don't really know.

But in any case if the sexual advances come from a friend the attitude of a youth is radically different (indeed, I think that is true of sexual relations between adults: I don't think that a young girl or woman appreciates sexual aggression from an adult either). Some of the children who asked to come to my home knew perfectly well that I loved boys without attaching any more importance to that fact than the fact that I had this particular occupation, that I preferred a car or a motorcycle, etc....

I should also stress that my preference for boys is not absolutely exclusive, that I have lived with girls without any problems, that my love for teenage boys is only one facet of my sexuality which is undoubtedly not the most important one. In this respect I think I'm not much different from many adults. In this area it is often "opportunity makes the thief".

I once worked with a labourer who had been in the war in Indochina in the 1950s. He told me that the majority of French

soldiers in the *Corps Expéditionnaire* had had sexual relations with the young boys who followed the troupe as liason agents, mascots, kitchen boys, etc....and who showed them a steadfast loyalty.

In all the countries of the world and in all ages pederasty has been considered a desirable bond between an adolescent and an adult who takes him under his protection. Only the Christian religion, with its sexual phobia, has turned it into a perversion.

But to return to my story. A few weeks after my visit to Paris Jean came to my place while I was away on vacation and ran into some of my young friends (the two who had gone with me to Paris and others who had never seen or heard about him). One of them introduced Jean to his father in order to get permission to go on a vacation with him.

This was the point when I began to realize that things were starting to go sour. Until then my relations with Jean had consisted of a couple of reciprocal visits. We had never tried to influence any boys to be intimate with us. They had always been free to do what they wished, to say yes or no, or simply to go away. I should tell you that the majority of the boys had been having sexual relations with girls or with each other since the age of 12 or 13. In the former situation things would usually go as follows: a girl would be taken away (with her consent) by a group of 10 or 15 boys who then had sex with her, one after the other, either in a cellar or a garage or some shelter or other. We are a long way here from Romeo and Juliet!

One small, likeable Italian boy of 13 had never gone on a vacation trip. His father not only immediately consented to letting his son go on a trip with a stranger whom he was meeting for the first time, but even asked if Jean wouldn't take two of his younger sons, too (age 9 and 11) — to which Jean of course immediately agreed. The father's offer was far from unselfish: in effect he asked for gifts in exchange for his children: fur coat, bowling balls, etc.

Jean brought the three boys to Paris for the months of July and August, 1978. I had never been consulted. Nobody asked

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my advice and these events did not please me at all.

Jean also brought with him during the vacation month of August a 15-year-old boy from my town whose parents didn't ask to meet Jean, or even me, despite the fact that their son had been coming to my home every day for the past eight months. During the police interrogation of the children his mother said, "My son went on vacation in the month of August; I don't know where or with whom." These are the parents who have brought a civil damage suit against me, and these are the parents who let their son go on vacation without one centime in his pocket!

When Jean brought back the children at the end of August one of the three

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brothers, the youngest, asked if he could return to Paris and stay with Jean until school began on the 15th of September. I wasn't even informed of this and only learned about it some days later. The boy returned with around 1000 francs in gifts: a bicycle, clothes, new toys....

In the beginning of October Jean was arrested, and I, myself, shortly after. Other acquaintances of Jean were implicated and likewise arrested but set free after 6 months of preventive detention. Among them were a couple who had presented to Jean their very young children, an elderly paedophile engineer, one of the boys who had known him in 1971 and who had taken up with him again after he had left prison and two brothers, both minors. (One of the latter stayed several months in prison, too, because he had brought their younger brother and sister to Jean).

Then there was the matter of the photos. These had been taken several years before I came to know Jean and seemed to have been sold to a Dutch paedophile magazine. But it is difficult to say who had asked for the photos to be made and to whom the money had been sent. It certainly hadn't been a large sum and Jean had paid so many of the boys' expenses that I don't believe he was greedy for money.

It was *Minute* which brought to public notice "The St. Ouen Affair". (Morals cases involving minors are not customarily made public by the authorities.) *Minute*, a newspaper of the extreme right, was

informed of the affair by the lawyer of one of the "victims" of Jean. The father used to regularly thrash his son, who would then seek refuge with Jean. *Minute* accused the municipality of St. Ouen (the city council of which had a communist majority) of employing Jean despite their knowledge that he had been previously convicted on a morals charge in 1971 in which 21 young boys had been involved. The first of the three *Minute* issues which dealt with this subject carried the headlines SCANDAL IN THE COMMUNIST PARTY: THE MILITANTS HAVE BEEN PROSTITUTING CHILDREN. What followed was a completely made-up story based on information supplied by the lawyer of the father of one of the boys (his name is Henri Garaud; he was scandalized that the trial of "Jean" was held *in camera*; he is suspected of having been paid handsomely by *Minute* for his "information" — Ed.) in violation of confidentiality: the boys had been living in terror, they had been put out for prostitution at 5000 francs per night, Jean's house was a veritable castle of Dracula, site of unimaginable orgies....

This story, with all of its totally unbelievable elements, was reproduced in the rest of the press, over the radio, television without any attempt to verify the facts, even with the judge presiding in this case. Only the journalists of *Le Monde* went to the judge two or three months later, and they wrote a much more moderate, and more honest, article.

My feeling about this affair is that the stories carried in the gutter press, despite elements that anyone with his wits about him would reject as being completely unbelievable (for example, how was it possible that the 15 or 20 boys of St. Ouen who "lived in terror" never said anything to their parents all those years they were visiting Jean?), had such an impact upon public opinion because of at least two factors. First of all, the newspaper writers had talked about "child prostitution", and in our traditional Christian society the child is a symbol of purity (Christ said if you want to go to heaven you should behave like the little child). The journalists had put their fingers on a taboo

as specific to the Christian tradition as is the virginity of the woman in the Muslim tradition. One does not respond to the violation of a taboo with reason, rather with hysteria.

The second factor is that public opinion, that of the "silent majority", needed such an affair, and it had come along at just the right time. We have arrived at a point in history in which the world isn't a very nice place for children: massive unemployment among the young, parental uncertainty, uninhabitable cities (lots of parking lots but no play lots), criminality, drugs (and we cannot just blame the "big pushers", for the children sniff glue, trichloroethylene, etc.). Parents and public opinion may have turned a blind eye to these problems but they nonetheless exist and are growing. The stroke of genius in the *Minute* series was to blame the "perverts" of the St. Ouen affair for this state of affairs (the newspaper wrote about drugs at St. Ouen): they were the perfect scapegoats for all the miseries which afflicted the young.

As for the sincerity of the *Minute* newspaper reporters, let me tell you the following. One of them (Jacques Tillier — Ed.) went to the home of a boy who used to visit Jean frequently and promised him a Hi-Fi set in exchange for his "revelations". When this boy, who was 16 or 17, presented himself at the *Minute* office to claim his reward he was met by this same reporter, threatened and thrown out of the building with kicks to his buttocks.

Admirable conduct on the part of the great defender of youth!

It remains to say a few words about the psychiatrists who examined the accused and the "victims" (at times called "witnesses", at other times called "accomplices" at the whim of the magistrates and depending upon whether they were older or younger than 15, 16 or 17 years). The only one of the boys interrogated by them in the affair who really did not know what had been going on, and who wasn't really in the least involved in it, these "experts" called "lazy, filthy, vicious, deceitful and obviously destined to end up as a male prostitute." All the other boys, by contrast, were deemed

worthy of being believed, were found "completely credible" even though they had made up their little alibis to cover themselves vis-à-vis their parents in particular.

I think this episode alone reveals a great deal about the competence of these psychiatrists: they are, after all, nothing more than spies, paid informers. Unfortunately their advice will weigh heavily in the forthcoming trials.

I haven't been able to tell you in detail anything about the boys, at the same time so alike and yet so different in their reactions, nor of the medical theories about paedophilia which I have read and which could have fit very nicely into a Handbook for Inquisitors, nor about the rather complex attitudes of various parents. Let me conclude on a note of optimism: one of the mothers in B....., a woman who doesn't have a great deal of sympathy for me, had nevertheless to admit that absolutely all the boys in the neighbourhood were behind me and stood in my defence...and so even did some of the adults!

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LETTERS

*In the last issue of PAN we published extracts from a long, thoughtful letter from Sri Lanka (PAN 9, page 27). Among other things, the anonymous author was sharply critical of the English Paedophile Information Exchange, and shortly after PAN 9 was published we received an equally thoughtful reply from one of the PIE board members objecting to this piece and confusing the position of its author with our position at PAN. It shouldn't be necessary to say that we have a much higher regard for PIE than does the writer of this article, that we do not agree that paedophiles should identify with or adopt the psychology of criminals — although it may be wise to study some of the precautions they take. (The last issue of PIE's *Magpie*, No. 16, incidentally, although a bit thinner than its predecessors, is perhaps its very best yet and contains, as*

*well as an up-dating of the O'Carroll trial and imprisonment, one of the most perceptive articles on the situation in Sri Lanka ever printed in the English language. It is impossible to praise too highly this remarkable and courageous publication — and another more modest news letter recently inaugurated called **Contact**.)*

In printing below the further thoughts of this man we realise that there are probably things in it with which many people will disagree. There are also things which need saying, and which he says very well. We have far too much respect for our readers to pre-digest this letter, point out what we suspected is exaggeration born of bitterness, to analyse it in light of some sort of dialectic, as the philosophers of the Left are constantly doing, or a supposedly universal boy-love Position.

Not long ago I had a talk with an English guy who was on vacation after completing a couple of years in an ^{*}English prison. Surprisingly, he was not badly treated, although this must have been due at least in part to his instantly likeable personality. His personal tastes seem to be so mild and innocuous that I was prompted to ask what kind of offence he had been convicted of. It was ludicrously, absurdly trivial. As usual the police had interviewed and obtained statements from every young person he had ever met in his life, naturally enough getting incriminating evidence from the usual statistical average. If you ask a wide enough circle of individuals you will eventually get the answer you are pressing for. Some of the kids he had apparently never met. The police then proceeded to trade off these extra, fictitious

cases against a guilty plea on the one original discovery. As it happens, they had no need to. Like most English boy-lovers ^{*} living in a dream world that they were entitled to the same rights as everybody else, having taken no precautions in the one area of their life where they are criminals, he had collapsed into a mumbling heap in the police station and agreed to plead guilty to to spare the children the necessity of a court appearance. Having had plenty of time to think about it he now feels that there was not really enough evidence to convict him. As he had pleaded guilty to an imprisonable offence he was denied bail and could do nothing to mitigate the horror of his position.

This is such a typical case! Here's what he should have done:

Lived like a criminal. He did a foolish

thing and allowed evidence of his tastes to fall into the hands of the Police. He now admits this was foolish. This wisdom has been dearly bought. A common burglar, for instance, would not make the same sort of mistake, however stupid he may be, or lacking in education. In this respect most of the rest of the criminal fraternity puts the boy-loving section of the brotherhood to shame.

Not pleaded Guilty. Guilt and innocence are matters for a court to decide. A man can plead guilty to something and yet in the Law be innocent to the charge. Indecent Assault, for instance, hinges utterly on the word "indecent", and circumstances of indecency must be proved. Who is the ordinary layman to say what is "indecent" and what is not when brilliant lawyers are able to argue successfully one way and the other? These arguments are frequently confusing to a jury, even. Leave this question to the court.

Intimate his willingness to fight, and his expectation to win. For a start, this is disheartening for his opponents, who were expecting a nice, tidy confession. Entitles one to bail, which is vital. He should make it clear that he is ready for a long and bloody battle. As his life is at stake, this is only reasonable. He should intimate his intention of communicating with a lawyer skilled in these cases — further disheartening news for the opposition, who know only too well that a lot of the "evidence" is make-weight and will serve to discredit the rest of it if skillfully used by his lawyer.

Get a lawyer, take courage, consider the options. Unlike the burglar, or pick-pocket, who usually knows in a matter of minutes whether he will be charged or not, the boy-lover is suspended for weeks or months in a vortex of uncertainty or fear. At the earliest opportunity he should contact the right kind of lawyer. The family solicitor will not do. If the boy-lover has followed the advice above the lawyer will have as free a hand as possible to secure his rights and obtain a fair trial. He should think clearly about his position. He may decide to flee, although that would be breaking the terms of his bail and for that reason alone cannot be recommended. His

lawyer will communicate with the officer in charge of the case, pressing him for details and insisting that the case will be fought to the bitter end, which could possibly be more bitter for the protagonists if they fail. Everybody involved should see that they have a hard messy fight ahead of them. Where evidence is fictitious, or shaky, they may decide to withdraw it altogether. It should also be made very clear that it is not the accused who is bringing the witnesses to court: it is the police and the parents, either of whom may exercise their discretion and decide not to subject them to this traumatic experience. The responsibility for making this decision does not rest with the accused.

This is a very, very highly condensed version of what I would like to say to every boy-lover in England who does not already know it. It is the barest minimum they must understand if tragedies like the case I mentioned earlier are to be avoided. Above all the words *Never plead guilty* should be engraved, surgically, into their consciousness. There is simply no excuse for making this plea. It is a suicidal idiocy and I am sure accounts for more than half the successful convictions. If defended properly they could be acquittals. This is the barest right of all litigants, that they be allowed to defend themselves. Why, oh why, do people deny themselves what is their basic right in a matter so desperately important? What other kind of criminal would give up that right in a case where he did not even understand the proper definition of the charge against him?

This is the sort of thing PIE should be writing to its members. Perhaps it is: I certainly hope so.

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BOOKS

About the same time that Brian Taylor's *Perspectives on Paedophilia* was published last winter (see PAN 10, page 32) Academic Press (subsidiary of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) brought out a similar collection of professional papers entitled *Adult Sexual Interest in Children* edited by Mark Cook and Kevin Howells. Cook was the organizer of the famous Swansea (Wales) International Conference on Love and Attraction in 1977 which included for the first time in British history a professional symposium on paedophilia. Quite aside from the scientific merits of the meeting, it will long be remembered for two ugly incidents: the refusal of the organizers, under pressure from the unions, to allow Tom O'Carroll, chairman of PIE at the time, to attend the meetings, or even sit in the audience (and the physical attack on him by one of the female participants) and in far-away America the firing of Larry Constantine by Tufts University because he had attended this symposium and supported O'Carroll's bid to listen to the papers.

But as so often happens in the wake of hysterical reactions, when the dust blew away a few people were left who wished to probe these matters in greater tranquility. Virtually everyone, our friends and foes alike, were convinced that there was something wrong with "conventional wisdom" on this subject.

More foes, certainly, are represented in this volume than friends. Nearly everyone writes about "molesters" and "victims". All intimacy between minors and adults is "child abuse" or "sexual abuse". The psychiatrists, thumping their Freud, trot out all the usual theories of how boy-lovers got that way. Co-editor Howells nicely sums up the idiocies of these latter-day

inquisitors: paedophilia, according to one, always involves "hostility, revenge, triumph and a dehumanized sex object", according to another it is due to inability to find sexual satisfaction in an adult relationship; one of these experts proclaims it is a form of revenge against the fantasized parents of the child, but Dr. A. Nicholas Groth, psychologist for various New England prisons and consultant to the FBI, seems to have some dim inkling that there may be a difference between men who rape and kill children and men who seek consenting sex with them (he calls their contacts, respectively, "sex-force" and "sex-pressure" offences), and in the latter case the "offender" uses "enticement" and "entrapment" to produce "acquiescence". After reading Howells' chapter one wonders just what in the world these highly educated men *do* in their professional time; they certainly don't study human beings!

One paper, by Kurt Freund on "phallometry", is unconsciously rather funny. Here you will find loving descriptions of various cylinders and tubes, cuffs and sleeves used to measure changes in penile circumference, volume, hardness, etc., on subjects exposed to erotic stimuli of various sorts, as well as the pitfalls in their use. One result of Freund's research, if it is to be believed, should cheer up androphile gays, so often accused of really lusting after little boys rather than grown men: homosexual males were significantly *less* turned on by boys approaching puberty than were heterosexual males by girls at the same time of life.

No such book would be complete without one more dreary recitation of sex tortures which are prescribed by the courts in

lieu of savage prison sentences or are administered during actual incarceration in a bid to gain earlier release. David Crawford shows gruesome familiarity with all these activities: castration, drugging and dosing with hormones (most of them cancer-producing or female-breast-forming), psychotherapy, aversion therapy (they either electrocute your penis and testicles as you look at a photo of a beautiful boy or feed you something that makes you feel sick), and its "negative", aversion relief (they *stop* electrocuting your genitals when they show you a porn picture of a supposedly sexy woman) and something called "Covert sensitization" (For a paedophile the scene might typically start with the patient imagining himself approaching a child, then starting to feel sick, vomiting all over the child and finally running away from the child.") Perhaps the most idiotic of all, if certainly the most benign, is something called "masturbatory satiation" — one is told to indulge in a favourite fantasy, masturbate to orgasm, and then go on fantasizing and masturbating for an hour. The theory is that boredom (if not friction sores!) will set in and arousal will be reduced to "a near zero-level". What happens a day later, when those old hormones get working again, we are not told. Well, there are 36 pages of this sort of thing.

Three papers are of genuine interest. The Norwegian Thore Langefeldt puts to rest a number of illusions about Freud being a knowledgeable observer of child sexuality. First fable to fall is that of the famous latency period: "Both erectibility, time to produce orgasm, and the intensity of orgasm seem unchanged after puberty. Interviews have shown that boys masturbating years before puberty and through puberty do not register any change in erectibility or orgasmic pleasure." The author points to the sex-guilt hidden in such advice commonly given to children these days as "Masturbation is normal and you shouldn't be ashamed of it," and suggests we tell the boys and girls quite openly, "I masturbate and I enjoy it." (Freud, of course, had all sorts of problems with masturbation: He thought the child ran the risk of neurasthenia if he did

masturbate and anxiety neurosis if he didn't!) There is a fascinating description of kindergarten sex in a permissive institution where "the basic target of sexual interest for both sexes seems to be the erected penis. . . . Usually boys are sexually aroused by looking at another boy's erection." He concludes that among young children "openness and a permissive attitude to sexual expression lead to organized behaviour while a restrictive attitude creates chaotic behaviour, over-use of sexual words, and displaced sexual 'blow-outs'." He also thinks that homosexual contacts among boys is a very important, if not the most important, way they get sex information: "Boys will learn to masturbate and others will teach them better techniques. . . . Boys who have joined such groups seem to have less guilt feelings about sexuality than boys who have no experience with other boys. The group seems to legalize the pleasure of sex more than any other group or individual would do." Langefeldt concludes, "To say that Freud discovered or 'invented' childhood sexuality, or that he

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was the strongest advocate of the positive meaning of childhood sexuality is wrong."

Kenneth Plummer contributes another illuminating explanation of paedophilia. Most of it is devoted to debunking the popular stereotype of the paedophile-as-monster/criminal/pervert adhered to so closely by the authors of two-thirds of the papers in this volume. Toward the end he addresses the real problems faced by human beings experiencing a paedophile relationship: the problem of growing up (the younger partner ageing out of sexual attractiveness to the older partner) and the hostility of a stigmatizing and age-stratified society. He goes on from there to discuss, briefly, two of the most important red herrings pulled across the path of the paedophile: the "consent" issue and the "exploitation" argument.

Finally, one of England's most distinguished criminologists, Dr. D. J. West of University of Cambridge, argues for some relaxation in the ferocity of prosecution and punishment of paedophiles,

preferring that boy-lovers be handled by "treatment centres" and shrinks. Children are harmed much more by "anxious probing by parents, police interrogation, court proceedings and the possible imprisonment of someone to whom the child has been much attached." than by the sexual activity itself, which Dr. West nevertheless would not like to see encouraged.

This book covers much the same ground as Taylor's paperback. At £16.40 and \$39.50 it will have an important place in the libraries of dedicated, or wealthy, collectors.

We hear so often that boy-lovers are psychopaths obsessed with raping innocent children (and so few boy-lovers have ever actually encountered such a person) that it is interesting to read a well-written, convincing novel about a borderline-psychotic killer whose sexual orientation is paedophile. In this book he abducts a handsome 14-year-old and a strange relationship develops between these two troubled souls. *The Manhood Ceremony* by psychiatrist Ross Berliner (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1978) is most interesting when it deals with the lad's ambivalence to the intense experience of being raped and then finding he deeply enjoys the subsequent sexual episodes; it is less convincing depicting the boy's dreary parents and grand-parents and an improbable pair of cops, one gay and the other super-macho.

The child-abuse lobby seems to have unlimited access to the printing presses in America. Jingle-Bells Judy Densen-Gerber has introduced a book "about children who engage in sexual activities" by Sam Janus called *The Death of Innocence* which is the usual unread polemic wedded to some 100 "cases" for which no reference or documentation is provided. It was printed by Morrow last July and costs \$12.95 if you wish to add to the horror shelf of your library. July also saw the publication of another shocker on child prostitution, Clifford L. Linedecker's *Children in Chains* (Everest House, \$12.95) A certain Susan B. Madden, Seattle librarian, says it pulls together "a condemning picture of this national disgrace

using interviews, newspaper exposés, court reports and congressional testimonies." It should be "required reading for . . . professionals in juvenile and social work, and anyone interested in youth advocacy."

SOURCE: *Library Journal*, 1 July, 1981

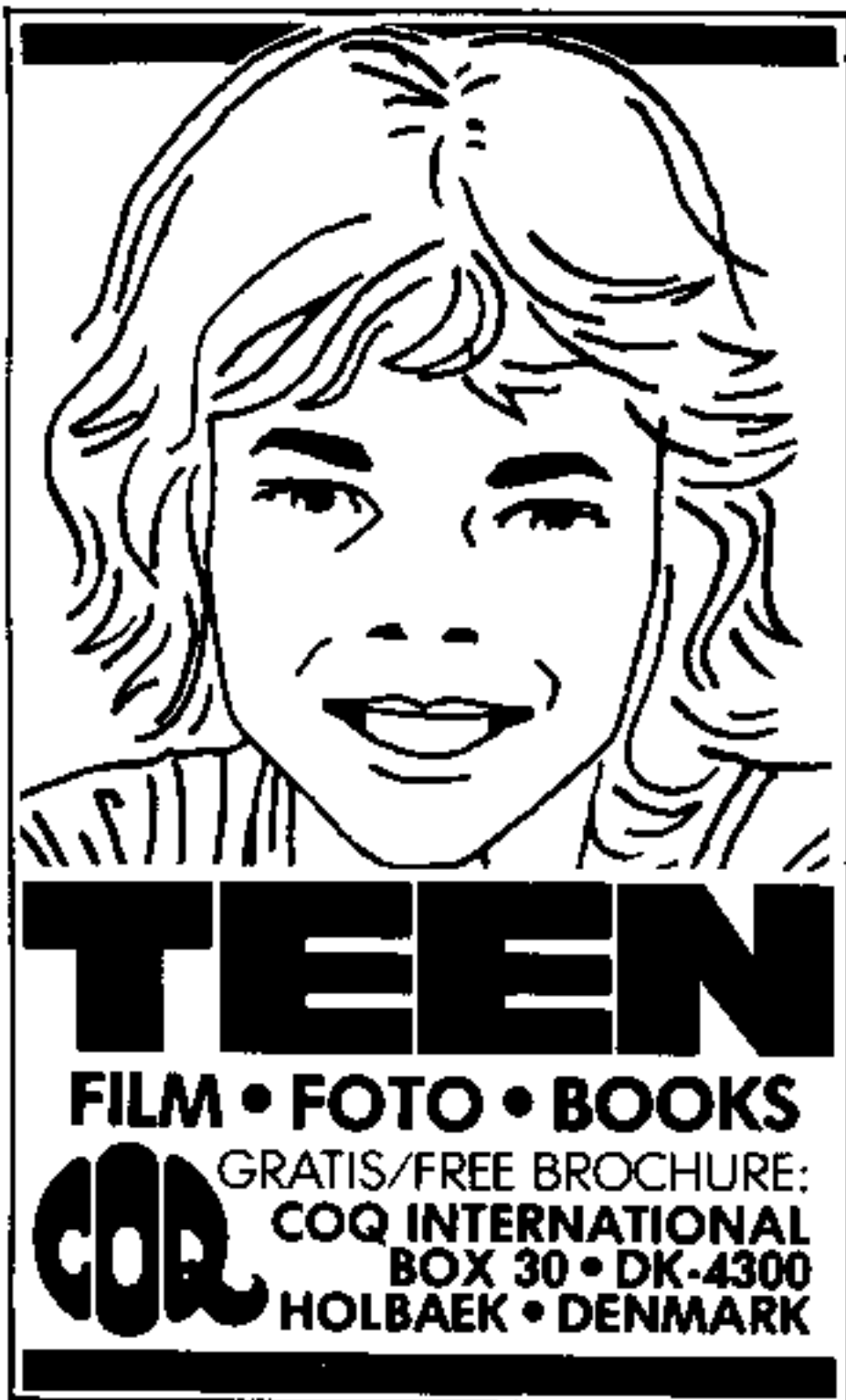
Of the small presses in America, Gay Sunshine of San Francisco continues to produce the most interesting material for boy-lovers. *Game Texts* (1978) was a remarkable book on an American's travels among the villages and boys of Guatemala. This year's *Adonis Garcia* will be of interest to those who like older adolescents. It is a sort of fictional biography of a Mexico City hustler. Set in rather pretentious, "arty" type arrangement, the language (translated from the Spanish) is numbingly repetitive and not very vivid. But there is a lot of information here about what it's like to be a gay teenager on the game today in Mexico.

Some time ago we had mixed words to say about a book called *Sexual Experience Between Men and Boys* (See PAN 2, page 24 & PAN 3, page 19). Now author Parker Rossman has brought out a very much better study of troubled youth in America called *After Punishment What?* It's a scathing attack on almost every establishment institution — courts, schools, prisons, political machines, police — which interacts with young law-breakers. Rossman has selected six fascinating and different boys (and one girl) to study in some depth. There is blond Jimby, charming, intelligent, tough and loyal; black Emilio whipped every sabbath by his nutty father who screamed at him Bible verses like "God is angry with the wicked" and "Ye shall fear every man, his mother and his father, saith the Lord". And there is homosexual Hector, also thrashed to numbness by the time he was ten by a father who felt such a "taint" could be beaten out of any child; Hector was ultimately spirited out of the closing clutches of the courts, and even out of the state, by a paedophile lover. Finally there is poor-little-rich-boy Danny, drunk, stoned, sex-sated — and feared because of his

father's enormous wealth — with his endless verbal nihilism which reads like an old *New Yorker* magazine edited on an off day. It is Rossman's thesis that after every punishment there must be a reconciliation between the punished child and his society, but that in America people are obsessed with vengeance rather than rehabilitation. He also feels (he is a theologian by training) that local churches can and should take a much more active role in bettering the lives of these youngsters.

Dr. Charles Silverstein's *Man to Man* (William Morrow & Co., New York, 1981, \$12.95) has been so widely, and so favourably, reviewed in the gay press and elsewhere that there is little need to say much more about it in PAN, except to point out that Silverstein takes a very positive view of man/boy love relations in a 16-page chapter called "Love Between the Generations". He regrets the politicizing of paedophilia in gay and women's liberation movements: "Man/boy love and sex appear to contradict so much that ideologies harangue us with. For instance,

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the puritans among us demand that all aspects of a relationship be egalitarian, especially sexual roles — that we not use each other as sexual objects. They fantasize man/boy sex as a scene where a young, reticent boy with tears in his eyes lies on his stomach, acquiescent to the demands of the exploiting man forcing entry at the rear. It is viewed as a classic case of adult exploitation."

He discovered in the course of his research that a great deal of sex between man and teenager goes on *with* the parents' knowledge. He points out that the two men who had had the longest gay love relationship described in his book (in fact its dedicatees) fell in love when the older partner was 21 and the other was a paper boy of eleven. ("He had the cutest little face and a beautiful head of hair. I fell in love with him the first day I saw him.") In these days, when in the English-speaking world virtually every gay organization, every feminist group, every psychiatrist, every gay publication (the *Advocate* is

only the most conspicuous) refuses to defend the boy-lover or actively condemns him, it is nice to know that there are a few humanitarian, articulate non-paedophile professional men who dare write honestly on the subject.

The October issue of *Campaign* carried an interview with Paul Wilson, one of Australia's most respected social scientists and author of the recently released *The Man They Called a Monster* (See PAN 9, page 8) This book details the career and collection of a 61-year-old paedophile Queensland Court reported by the name of Clarence Henry Osborne who committed suicide after the police captured some porn he had ordered from abroad. What the police didn't know, but were sure to find out, was that his home was a veritable archive of the sexual encounters he had had with some 2,500 boys over the years. It was certain that he would receive a long prison sentence, and, as Author Wilson points, out, there was no chance whatever that he would survive even three months in an Australian prison following the muck-raking newspaper stories which had been published about him.

"Society's reaction against pederasty brings out its strongest expressions of anger and fear," Wilson told *Campaign* writer Jon Ruwolt. "Yet this reaction is not shared by teenagers who had encounters with (Osborne). In 20 years not one whisper of his activities ever reached the police. When Osborne was finally caught it was not because any boy had given information. The police, who labelled him as the most horrifying pervert in history, were floored when appeals for information resulted in only two of Osborne's boys approaching them. More amazing still, (the boys) were not interested in giving information but with making sure the police did not make public use of Osborne's material."

The bigger the lie the more violently the press and the politicians have to push it: "The cremation of (Osborne) closed the most horrifying chapter of perversion in Australian history," wrote the *Brisbane Sunday Mail*. "It will be three months before his shocking legacy — a room full

of files outlining his relationships with about 2000 boys — is burnt to ashes."

Author Wilson had access to this "shocking legacy", and may just have been able to save it from the vigilantes. Some of the material was trivial — Osborne seems to have compulsively recorded boys' penis sizes; there was the usual collection of porn photos and films — but, as a skilled court recorder, he was also preoccupied with the spoken word, and he taped thousands of hours of interviews and relaxed sexual conversations with the boys he knew. It is to be hoped that this material can be archived in some sort of responsible foundation for future study. Contrary to the usual image of the paedophile "preying" on the poor and the unloved, Osborne's boys came from every conceivable background. Some grew to be men of considerable prominence.

Wilson argues strongly for gay organizations to support paedophile self-help groups, for the elimination of all age of consent laws (to punish force, coercion or trickery used in encounters with youngsters, not sex). He also attacks the doctors and psychiatrists who, more than anyone else in the modern world, have provided the "expert" opinion about boy-lovers which permit the bullies and opportunists to victimize them. He gives the usual "lists of barbarous and medical treatments that rival Nazi concentration camps". He is a pessimist, at least in the short term: "The paedophile is in a very precarious position. The Reagans, the Thatchers, the Frasers will make damned sure of that, indirectly, through the sorts of conservative attitudes they bring up. . . . As Australia society takes an increasingly more conservative cast, conservatism is going to manifest itself in more retribution towards groups which are seen as the cause of our problems. Gays have the same problems the paedophiles have."

How completely out of step with reality the police, the politicians and the news media are can be seen in the statement one of Osborne's old boys, now 25, made to author Wilson: "When I heard he had killed himself, and heard all those horrible things the papers said about him I cried and cried and cried. Here he was being

described as though he was some sort of crazy man raping young boys. It wasn't like that at all, I went to see him and he didn't have to drag me there."

The Man They Called a Monster, by Paul Wilson. Cassell, Australia, 1981.

Daniel Tsang has been one of the small circle of left-wing writers who has shown a sustained interest in and sympathy for paedophiles. Americans will recall a fine interview he made in the *Midwest Academic Gay Review* with Den Nichols on the subject of boy-love, and as editor of *Gay Insurgent* he has printed a number of stimulating articles: issue No. 7, for example, was devoted almost entirely to the subject. Now he has edited a quality paperback titled *The Age Taboo* (Alyson Publications, Boston, Gay Man's Press, London, 1981). There are some 20 essays by well-known writers, interviews with youths attached to members of paed-lib groups, etc. Tsang himself contributes a

THE AGE TABOO

Gay Male Sexuality, Power
and Consent

DANIEL TSANG (Ed.)

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vivid description of the meeting in Boston at which NAMBLA was founded; Mitzel, writing with his usual zaney grace, packs more factual information into a short history of the Great American Paedophile Witch Hunt than one would have thought possible in 9 short pages. Pat Califia is represented by a very much shortened version of her two articles which appeared a year ago in *The Advocate*. There are also thoughtful pieces by Roger Moody, Tom Reeves and several sympathetic lesbians.

The political slant is rather strong in most of these essays, and this may bother some people who would like to see the basic structure of Western society remain while working to cure its rotten parts. It would be a shame to ignore this book, however, since it is always stimulating, isn't too expensive and, like all Alyson publications, is most excellently produced. Subscribers to PAN are receiving a special offer for *The Age of Taboo* mailed from this office.

Finally, what can we say about our first book of fiction, and our first PAN line of

books ever? Over the years we have come to know, through correspondence at least, a number of talented boy-love writers who have produced stories which didn't get published in PAN. Some were too long, some were too erotic, but all were vital and, we thought, should delight the book-reading boy-lover.

PANTHOLOGY ONE (see advertisement for prices) is our first collection of this material. It is a nearly 200-page paperback of pleasantly erotic fiction — no photos, just good reading on which to hang a happy fantasy. There are realistic stories, poetic stories, modern stories, stories set in Classical times, and even one from the Golden Age of Islam — all, of course, about boys and the men who love them. They are, on the whole, happy and well-adjusted stories (to use that horrible criterion of the psychiatrists), remarkably free of guilt struggles or sex-derived traumas. PAN readers will recognize many of the names: Alan Edwards, Steven Wood, Asger Lund, Casimir Dukahz. Subscribers are receiving, of course, a special offer for this book.

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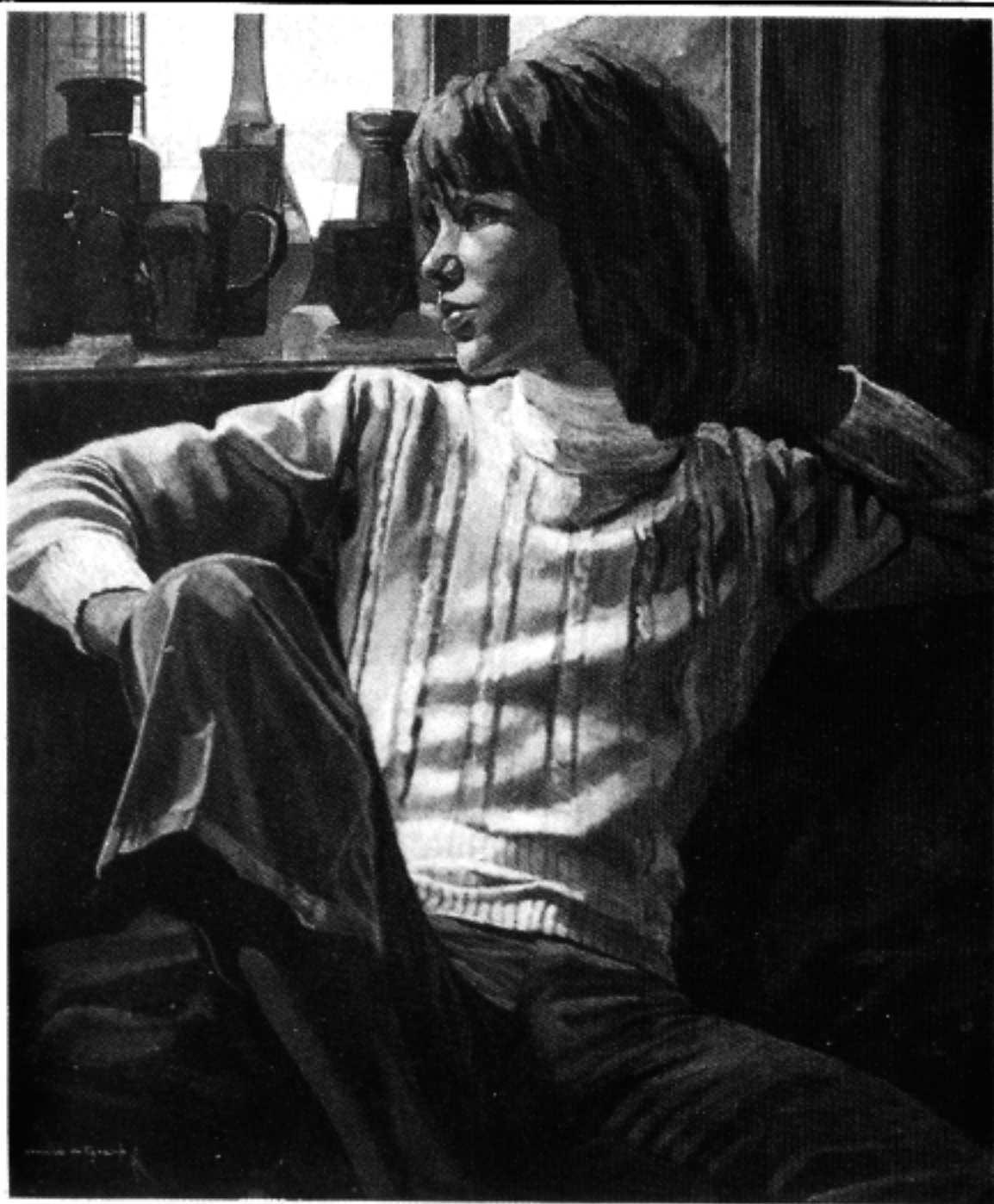
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BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma



Once, long, long ago, it was customary for men to sleep with boys and have sexual relations with them. All the men did this, and the real boy-lovers among them did it with even greater joy than the others.

Then the Christians appeared on the scene and told everyone that this was a very great sin. And from that moment on, whenever people managed to get hold of them, boy-lovers were burnt alive, strangled, drowned or beheaded.

That went on until the French Revolution, when a new breed of philosopher began to say that penal law should be used only to protect society and prevent individuals from being illegally harmed, not to enforce morality.

The boy-lovers began to take heart; they started sleeping with their young friends again, and weren't disturbed.

But soon some people began to preach that this was enormously harmful, for children were pure, innocent creatures who knew nothing about such a dirty phenomenon as sex. Once again boy-lovers were hunted down, and when the authorities got hold of them they perished in prison.

Then came Freud and his followers who affirmed that children weren't asexual creatures at all; he even went so far as to call them "polymorphously perverse".

The boy-lovers, who had known this for centuries, again began to take heart.

But along came the medical doctors, the same ones who had been busy telling everyone that masturbation caused horrible illnesses and brought on premature death; now they said that any boy who had sex with men would invariably be turned into a homophile himself and would remain one for the rest of his life. Legislators listened to these expert opi-

nions and they made the laws much tougher; now men were sent to prison for having sex with adolescents, and even young men.

Then came some psychiatrists who demonstrated that this was all nonsense and gave rise only to misery and injustice. In several countries the old harsh laws were repealed.

But now came another group of scientists maintaining that it may very well be that children were sexual from head to toe, and it may be quite healthy for them to have sexual play among themselves, but this by no means proved that they wanted to play in the same way with adults. Children had not matured enough for that. So the boy-lovers whom the police had managed to catch stayed in their prison cells. Moreover, as the aggression of society grew stronger and science progressed, they were subjected to torture by brain surgery and aversion therapy.

Now a group of researchers came forward with many examples of boys who wanted to establish intimate relationships with adults because adults could give them a feeling of security and protection which friends of their own age simply couldn't.

Once again the boy-lovers began to take heart.

But the traditional psychiatrists and psychologists raised the objection that in this kind of relationship the partners weren't equal; the adults dominated the boys. There was, of course, nothing wrong with dominating boys as long as it was done to teach them their lessons, send them to church, discipline them and bring them up properly, but where sex was involved it was absolutely impermissible.

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So the boy-lovers caught by the authorities continued to go to prison.

Then one psychologist came up with the crazy idea that even this concept of the man dominating the boy in all love/sex relations needed to be investigated. He studied in detail a number of such relationships and how the balance of power actually was held. And in none of them did he find any evidence that the man dominated the boy. On the contrary, in several instances it was the boy who dominated the man! In each case the boy wholeheartedly agreed to the relationship, including all its sexual aspects. Boy-lovers once more began to take heart.

But then the traditional psychiatrists explained that when children in such relationships say yes, they really mean to say *no*.

"And when they say *no*?" the boy-lovers asked hopefully.

"Then they also mean *no*!" replied the psychiatrists.

So when the police managed to catch

boy-lovers they still went to prison, and stayed there for a long, long time.

And the universities began to enlarge their medical faculties enormously, for wasn't it evident that, in the future, every child had to be provided with his own individual psychiatrist? Otherwise who could tell his parents, teachers and pedagogues what he really meant when he said *yes* and what he really meant when he said *no*?

But now a group of scientists came along doing follow-up reports on individuals who, as children, had consented to sexual activity with adults. These researchers agreed that they could find no trace, even after fifteen years, of damage resulting from their youthful sexual experiences.

Once again the boy-lovers began to take heart, but almost immediately the psychiatrists answered that the lasting damage done by early sex with adults would show up *more than* fifteen years later.

The boy-lovers shrugged their shoulders and asked for proof. And, lo and

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behold, along came a physician who shouted triumphantly, "It's not up to us to prove there *is* damage; it's up to you to prove there *isn't*!"

Now, this threw the boy-lovers into considerable confusion. No researcher had ever been able to prove that sexual relations with a boy were harmless, nor had it ever been satisfactorily established that sexual relations with *anyone* were harmless — nor, for that matter, that travelling in a train was harmless, nor the eating of green peas. And we all well know that under penal law every man is guilty until acquitted, that in this world everything is forbidden unless one's government specifically permits it.

The situation became even more confused when another psychiatrist suggested that one should totally disregard every piece of data and all arguments developed by people who recognized within themselves an element of paedophile response. The principle in itself seemed sound. Only bachelors should be allowed to write treatises on marriage; all sexological books should be compiled by scholars utterly devoid of sexual feeling. Never listen to the man with personal experience, never listen to the man who comes to the defence of something you don't like, for isn't that the essence of mental health?

The problem with this proposal, however, was that sexologists had long ago established that there was a bit, and sometimes more than a bit, of paedophilia in every human adult, thus *all* discussion of boy-love would have to cease immediately. How, then, could you send boy-lovers to prison if you couldn't even talk about what they did? So this idea ultimately gained little acceptance.

For a brief moment boy-lovers thought they again saw a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel when a few psychiatrists declared that any kind of sex in which a child willingly engaged was in itself completely benign, but then their hopes were dashed when these men of science added, "Such activity, however, brings the child into conflict with the standards of his environment and the society in which he lives, and *that* is most harmful."

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So the boy-lovers, half-crushed already, surrendered. They were well aware of how powerful the standards of society were. In Hitler's Third Reich a Jewish girl was in deep trouble if an Arian became enamoured of her; in South Africa a black youth is lost if a white woman takes him as her lover. So the boy-lovers ran weeping to the psychiatrists, begging for help, for it isn't only in Soviet Russia that psychiatrists are called upon to adapt people to the standards of society.

But the children didn't give in. They continued to seduce nice adults and called those who reproached them for this silly fools. For in the meantime they had learned a bit about psychoanalysis. They said, "For every objection they were forced to abandon, these funny ladies and gentlemen immediately produced another. Could it be that, though they don't realise it, they are just trying to hide the secrets of their *own* inner souls? Aren't they simply a little bit afraid of sex itself?"

But nobody bothered to listen to what they said, for how could truth ever be heard from the mouths of children?



THE BATTLE LINE

Terre des Hommes

More and more information is coming in about the biggest enemy boy-lovers (and their boys) have in the Third World. TERRE DES HOMMES was started some twenty years ago by one Edmond Kaiser in Lausanne, Switzerland. It quickly evolved into a loose federation of charities, each with its own child-help projects in different parts of the world, but the federation found that working with Kaiser was so impossible it had to dissociate itself from him, and TERRE DES HOMMES, Lausanne, stepped out of the federation. (There was something of a scandal a few years back when TDH was accused of "selling" Third World kids to European parents.) Right now there is a legal battle going on in Switzerland about the use of the name TERRE DES HOMMES, but this has not stopped Kaiser's original Lausanne group from raising funds based upon the accomplishments and reputation of the others.

As for the money which *does* come into TERRE DES HOMMES, Lausanne, it seems to be divided between three sub-organizations: TERRE DES HOMMES, Lausanne proper, TERRE DES HOMMES CHILD-HELP, and something called SENTINELLES which is Kaiser's political arm. It is SENTINELLES which "exposed" Spartacus as "the world centre of filth distribution", organizes "anti-child abuse conferences" the real purpose of which is to feed anti-sex propaganda to the gutter press of Europe, works tirelessly to get puritan laws enacted in such places as Sri Lanka and The Philippines and cranks out "child prostitution" reports for the United

Nations very much along the lines of what Jingle-Bells Judy Densen-Gerber manufactures in America. (To Kaiser and company, *all* sexually expressed friendships between adult Westerners and Third World boys is prostitution, and *all* prostitution leads to criminality.)

Although, incredibly, TERRE DES HOMMES seems to have the enthusiastic support of SOH, the Swiss homosexual organization and its monthly magazine *Hey*, nowhere else in the gay world have TDH's message and "facts" been believed. *Du & Ich* carried an attack on TDH in its most recent issue, as did the Dutch *Sek* in a gentler form. The response in Paris has been equally cool. And none of this has made the other groups in the TDH "federation" very happy, for their name is now being associated with sexual phobia and they are coming to be regarded as just one more group of "do-gooders" whose primary interest in the Third World is to teach the natives to wear clothes and have sex the way the Bible, the Torah or the Koran say you must. "Edmond Kaiser has done a great deal of good, let us not forget," said Peter Vroom of the Dutch TERRE DES HOMMES group in The Hague, "but within the federation he is a rather controversial person. We cannot work with that man."

These comments were elicited by an article on Kaiser's employee, British social worker Tim Bond, which appeared in *Vrij Nederland*, a large circulation, left-wing Dutch weekly, attacking gay "sex-tourism" in general and Spartacus in particu-

lar, an article which nearly provoked a public disclaimer from TERRE DES HOMMES, The Hague.

Last April Bond came to Amsterdam for a conference on "child-abuse". There he tried the tactic which had been so successful in the United States: to have all homosexual encounters of children and adolescents with adults declared "child abuse" so as to tap taxpayer and charity funds originally appropriated to combat child-battery, child-starvation and neglect to promote a puritan campaign against sex. He teamed up with none other than Jingle-Bells Judy Densen-Gerber herself and one of her psychiatric allies, Dr. Henry Giarretto, to put forth a resolution calling for an international crackdown, through INTERPOL, local legislation and lengthy prison sentences for offenders, on *all intergenerational sex everywhere in the world*. Fortunately the other conferees tabled the resolution, suggesting the world "non-consensual" be added. Bond then went to the Dutch Ministry of Justice and requested that Spartacus be made to toe the rigid puritan line (no inclusion of gay information in the Spartacus International Gay Guide, for example, in countries where homosexuality is illegal, elimination of all outdoor meeting places for gays because of the possibility that kids might come to such places, too.)

Also while he was visiting with the Dutch authorities he turned over a list of Sri Lanka boys supposedly "smuggled" into Holland for sexual purposes, presumably by us at Spartacus! Probably, if this list isn't completely fictitious, what Bond had gotten hold of while he was playing *James Bond* in Colombo were the names of boys who had made trips to Germany and other European countries over the past years to visit their adult friends. Mr. Scholte Ubing of the police directorate says he has done nothing with the TERRE DES HOMMES list, but in the present climate of paedophile hatred and vindictiveness which the Kaiser/Bond club is trying to orchestrate in Sri Lanka, if these names find their way back to Colombo we would guess that quite a few boys loved by foreigners will be, at best harassed. We suggest that any of our

readers who have young friends in Ceylon keep in discrete touch with them and let us know immediately if they are victimized. We cannot, of course, intervene in the social machinery of that country, but we can at least publicize the evil which this terrible "charity" is doing there.

Meanwhile, pass the word that *any charitable contribution sent to any organization calling itself TERRE DES HOMMES or SENTINELLES is likely to be used to destroy boy-lovers, homosexuals and teenage hustlers, beef up police vice-squads, feed names to INTERPOL, support homophobic legislation everywhere and grind out Moral Majority type propaganda throughout the world.*

And in general be very suspicious of any organization which claims to be fighting child-abuse — most likely it is not the least interested in stopping children from being mistreated, only in stopping them from having sex.

SOURCES: *Sek*, 1981/10; *Hey*, Nos. 9 & 11, 1981; *Du & Ich*, November, 1981.

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