

The following are all of the "Boy-caught" columns written by Dr Brongersma which appeared in *PAN* -- aka, as of Issue 13, October 1982, *P.A.N.* [*Paedo Alert News*] -- magazine, No.1 (June 1979) to No.21 (December 1985)

To the best of my knowledge, this is the *only existent reproduction* of his columns in this format.

This file *does* contain formatting, i.e. the *original italics*, and is not simply a "straight text" copy.

Interspersed are a few other relevant mentions of Dr Brongersma from other pages of the magazine.

Paragraph indentations are *not* indicated, so the reader must be careful when reading dialogue, etc.

Column width is as appeared in the magazine.

Photographs which were interspersed within the text have been omitted, which may cause the apparent "page lengths" of his columns to appear anomalous.

NOTE: "n.2" indicates "*PAN* number 2," "p.28" indicates "page 28"

To identify the dates of the issues, please see the listing at the end of this file:
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BOY-CAUGHT

by Edward Brongersma

'The more we treat children as children and try to protect them from adults, said the well-known Austrian psychologist, Ernest Bornemann, 'the more difficult we make their lives, the more unhappy they grow and the more suffocating becomes their loneliness.' He goes on to quote historians who, describing the plight of children at different periods in our culture, concluded that youngsters were best off during those times when they were least protected. Like many pedagogues, Dr. Bornemann felt that 'child protection' doesn't so much protect the young as impose the will of society upon them and, in so doing, impairs their development.

These remarks were brought back to mind recently when I had the opportunity to study the official German court records in the case of one Peter Schult.

Schult was tried in Munich last May 9th. He was accused of having had sex on 15 December, 1977 with two boys, Gary Beach and Uwe Schnugg, both then 13. The sex consisted of caressing the boys' naked bodies and touching their genitals. The prosecutor demanded three years in prison but the judge sentenced Schult to seven and a half months on probation. Schult has

refused to accept the sentence, claiming he is innocent, and is appealing.

For the purpose of this discussion it doesn't matter whether Schult is guilty or not. What does matter is that Gary and Uwe ran away from their homes and took refuge with Schult because they felt they were badly treated by their parents. This was clearly established in court and recognized by the authorities.

Gary's mother is divorced from her American husband and has returned to Germany. There Gary feels lonely and unhappy and faces the difficult task of having to learn a new language in order to make friends. On top of that Gary's mother has a violent temper and even exploded during a visit by the psychologist assigned to the case. Gary seems used to these temper tantrums and no longer reacts to them, but no one takes any real interest in him. He is fond of music and would like to play an instrument but nobody helps him. At school, where only German is spoken, he has many problems. Away from school he hangs around clubs and only reluctantly returns home. With Uwe things are even worse. His working mother has no time to care for him. She placed him in a children's home. There he was put with a group of older, stronger boys who abused and maltreated him. He didn't, of course, dare complain, for fear of reprisals. Uwe is small for his age. He gives the impression of being undernourished. He distrusts people who make overtures toward him.

Gary stated at the trial that he would have liked to have gone back to Schult's home and stayed longer. Uwe testified that he tried to visit Schult again at Christmas but his mother stopped him. The judge concluded that both boys preferred staying with Schult to living where they were supposed to live. The psychologist who examined the boys said both Gary and Uwe were pleasantly surprised at the freedom Schult granted them and were extremely happy to have at last found one adult who took a personal interest in them and their problems.

Yet, despite their full knowledge of this situation, the authorities insist only on punishing Schult. They do nothing to help Gary and Uwe, whom they leave to their unhappy fates. And so the whole concept of 'child protection' is turned on end and transformed into a hypocritical farce. Any society that thinks it a worse offense to caress a child than to ill-treat it, which imposes a heavier sentence upon a man who fondles a child

than upon a man who beats it, is, by definition, a society which cares little about human happiness. With a horror of the natural pleasure of sex it pardons cruelty more easily than it does affection. Unnatural, cruel, devoid of love, it claims to be Christian. How can it dare?

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BOY-CAUGHT

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by Edward Brongersma

Most of the objections people have to boy-love would evaporate if they could just have a quiet peep into the room where a man is being intimate with his young friend. It is imagining what they think is *supposed* to happen that makes people react so furiously against paedophilia. Even where people are intelligent enough to understand that violence and rape are – fortunately – very, very rare (in fact much less common than in comparable heterosexual relationships), they usually suppose that the younger partner is under compulsion to do things he really doesn't like very much and probably finds in some degree disgusting.

If such people could only watch for a few minutes while a boy is trying to seduce a man (as happens in over half of the cases when a relationship begins), or the expression on a boy's face while he is together with his adult friend, making love!

It is a shame that there is nearly no way to show this to the world at large. Pictures of real love scenes are very rare. There is a lot of pornography, of course, but most of this involves only paid models doing gymnastics with their sexual organs, and that is not love-making. It seems you must be a boy-lover yourself to know a boy's expressions and behaviour at such moments, and this is one of the main reasons why boylovers have ideas about boy-love that differ so much from those of 'ordinary people'.

Of course the boys, the adolescents themselves, know what the situation really is.

And it would be of inestimable value if the general public had more substantiated evidence about their feelings. Research in this field has only started recently, and it stumbles on many obstacles.

Last year Theo Sandfort, a Dutch psychologist writing for the Netherlands Institute for Sociological

Sexuological Research, completed a brilliant

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Edward Brongersma, who with our last issue joined PAN as a regular contributor, has lived in the Haarlem area of western Holland all his life. A doctor of law, he became a senator in the upper house of the Dutch Parliament in 1946. Four years later he was convicted under a law which now no longer exists forbidding physical love between a man and a boy under twenty-one. Debarred and imprisoned for 11 months, he earned his living for a number of years thereafter writing books and newspaper articles, doing social work and research for the Criminological Institute in Utrecht. Eventually he was able to reconstruct his legal and political career and served fourteen more years in the Dutch senate, eight of them as chairman of the Permanent Committee on Justice. He has now retired from politics but continues his work as an attorney specialising in cases involving so-called 'indecent conduct' with minors. He is legal advisor to the paedophile workgroup of the Netherlands Society for Sexual Reform and travels and lectures extensively throughout Europe on the legal and sociological aspects of paedophilia and childhood sexuality. He is the author of several books and papers on this subject, including *Das Verfemte Geschlecht* (1970), *Sex en straf* (1970), *Sex met kinderen* (1972) (Co-author) and *Over pedofilen en kinderlokkers* (1975).

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240 page report on the subject of the child's reactions to these contacts and relationships and he outlined the problems the researcher is confronted with and, in the last section of his paper, selected ten cases for detailed analysis.

Leonid [*or* Leonid] Kameneff, who sails the Mediterranean with his 'School on a Boat' for boys and girls, quotes from the diary of an elevenyear-old French boy, Jerome in his book published just this year, *Ecoliers sans tablier*. Jerome was in love with an adult man and his written sentiments give us a fine example of how common prejudices could be debunked by the 'victims' of paedophilia themselves.

Misconception 1: *A child has not yet the capacity for sexual love.* Jerome writes, 'In the dormitory last night – I imagined you are there. It is like this – I close my eyes and I embrace you. I caress your body all over. I love you. You do the

same thing to me... And then I fall asleep, so happy!' In another place Jerome confesses, 'I love him. I want to prove to him all the love I feel for him. The best way I can do that is with my body. I want to make both of us weep for joy.'

Misconception 2: *The boy gains nothing from such a relationship; the man just sacrifices the boy to his lust.* Jerome writes, 'You taught me the meaning of love. I might never have known it without you.'

Misconception 3: *The man dominates the child – thus it is a completely one-sided affair.* Jerome writes, 'You have changed me; and I have changed you.'

Misconception 4: *Such relationships don't contribute to the child's happiness.* Jerome writes, 'You introduced me to paradise. Every Saturday I go to paradise. With you I am happy; with you I live.'

Misconception 5: *The boy is debased by such a relationship.* Jerome writes, 'I feel this week like I am somebody, and that I will do good things.'

Misconception 6: *The child acts only under compulsion by the adult.* Jerome writes, 'I have never before felt so free.'

Who was it that said, 'From the mouths of children you'll learn the truth?'

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BOY-CAUGHT

BOY-CAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Most parents take great pride in the development of their children. The first smile of his baby inspired a famous psychiatrist to write one of his finest essays. Many mothers keep "baby books" in which they record their infant's first steps, first words, first phrases. Later there is the child's progress through school: his earliest writings, the first page he has read by himself, records of his victories in sports. The child learns to swim, to ride a bicycle. All the steps in his evolution toward adulthood are followed with natural pride and pleasure.

But then, suddenly, something happens that is passed over in embarrassed silence, wilfully ignored, although to the boy himself it is of the utmost importance: he becomes sexually mature. Nature tries frantically to draw attention to this change. His penis, which until now had been a

nearly negligible appendage to his belly, grows for a few months at a tremendous rate to become a large, conspicuously dangling organ, different in colour from surrounding parts of the body and crowned by a tuft of hair which stands out in striking contrast to the smooth skin elsewhere. Since birth, of course, the boy has been able to experience feelings of pleasure and excitement in his penis, but only occasionally have they been compelling. Now they can no longer be ignored and, if other boys haven't taught him already, nature takes a hand and, by frequent and violent spontaneous erections, and eventually by wet dreams, shows the young man how to relieve his sex urges and get rid of the seed his body has begun to generate.

At the same time the thoughts and fantasies which accompany this activity and his increasing awareness that his own sexual desires are stimulated by other beings make him realise that not only can he experience alone, with his own body, the most exquisite pleasure man is physically capable of feeling, but also that he himself is so made that he can create this same joy in other bodies, too. This discovery is accompanied by a mental change which adds new depths to his capacity for love and affection and his appreciation of men and things, art and nature. Not only is the boy affected by this change but so are his family and the society he lives in, for from now on his sexual activities will have the potential for producing children.

In cultures close to nature the ripening of the boy's body is an occasion for rejoicing. Impressive rites celebrate his farewell to childhood and the entrance into society of a new man. The boy is often subjected to cruel and painful endurance tests and at the same time instructed in the secret wisdom of his elders. Equally impressed, those close to the boy sing and dance to welcome his newly acquired maleness.

In our culture, on the contrary, there is usually just this embarrassed silence. Thus the boy himself is embarrassed – by the sudden bulge in his trousers, the frequent erections, the stains of his young seed on his sheets or in his undershorts.

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Not many parents show their sons openly that they are aware of what is happening to him, sympathize with his feelings and desires and are happy and proud that he has passed this important threshold.

Dr. de Vaal, a well known Dutch specialist in adolescent health matters; advises fathers not only to discuss masturbation with their pubertal sons but to instruct them in it if they don't already know how to do it themselves. At the very least, according to Dr. de Vaal, a father should see to it that there is a box of Kleenex beside his son's bed and tell him that it is there to use to catch his seed, thus in a discreet way showing that he knows the boy masturbates and approves.

There are, fortunately, exceptional and understanding parents. I know one family where the son (who was well prepared for the event) reported with great excitement his first ejaculation to his father, who promptly celebrated it with a feast at which, in the boy's presence, this important happening was announced to the guests. In another family the 15-year-old son came home late for dinner one evening and, after apologizing, explained that his girlfriend, with whom he had been doing homework, had, just as he was about to leave, invited him into her bedroom. "Then you are excused," the father said. "It would have been stupid to lose such an opportunity – and, besides, it's good for your health." I am acquainted with a mother who always used to remind her 15-year-old son when he was invited to a party to take along some contraceptives, and a few years ago I was asked by parents to celebrate with them their son's first complete sexual experience with a woman, which had taken place the night before.

It is also unusual for parents to show pride in the eroticism and physical beauty of their sons. A German father of a 14-year-old boy once told me, with an amused smile, "Volkmar's organ is incredibly big – much longer and thicker than mine – and he knows how to use it, too – very well." One Dutch father used to keep a large picture of his son, stark naked, on his writing desk for all his visitors to see.

Perhaps you have to have the perception of a Thomas Mann (*Death in Venice*, *The Magic Mountain*) to be conscious of your son's attractiveness. Mann recorded in his (recently published) diaries that he found his 13-year-old son Klaus "tremendously beautiful in his bath. It is quite natural that I fall in love with him." On October 17, 1920 he wrote, "There was an uproar in the boys' room and I surprised Klaus playing around, acting the fool, at Golo's bed, completely naked. I was impressed by his smooth, prepubertal body. Deeply moved."

On many occasions fathers must have experienced such feelings but they remain suppressed. Our culture teaches parents not to confess them. Not to themselves and certainly not to their sons. And so we have boys embarrassed, shy, puzzled and unhappy at a phase of their evolution in which they should be boisterous, proud, confident, feeling “great”. What parents neglect a boy-lover should thus give to his young friend: a setting where his sexual development is welcomed and openly discussed, where his new physical capabilities for enjoying himself and his partner are fully appreciated.

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AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS – For three days, May 1 through May 3, a commission of the Council of Europe dealing with the general problem of decriminalisation (reducing the extent of penal laws) met in Amsterdam to discuss, among other matters, sexual acts involving minors. Among those appearing before the commission were the producers of *Would You Like a Piece of Candy?* (See PAN 2) and regular PAN contributor Dr. Edward Brongersma. The *Candy* company spoke of their experiences producing the review – what they had learned about paedophilia themselves and the response of audiences both in The Netherlands and Belgium. Dr. Brongersma spoke on three general categories of paedosexual acts: 1) those accompanied by violence or coercion (where, he felt, the force or violence should be punished and not specifically the sex), 2) those in which the child fully consents, in which he may even have taken the initiative (which, of course, should be decriminalised) and 3) an “in-between” category, where the child finds the act slightly unpleasant, or runs away, is a bit frightened, sniggers, etc. This last category, Dr. Brongersma felt, is best dealt with not through criminal proceedings. Foremost in the minds of the commission was the extent to which police questioning traumatized children involved in these sexual activities. There were members of the commission from most of the countries of Europe. Judge Vitaliano Esposito, from Naples, was most impressed by Dr. Brongersma's qualitative distinction between different kinds of paedosexual acts. Not surprisingly, the representative from the United Kingdom had the greatest difficulty accepting the idea

that these sexual acts could ever not harm kids, or that police questioning could hurt them more than the sex itself.

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NEW YORK, USA – The success of the campaign waged against intelligent discussion of boylove by such psychopaths as embezzlers Robert Leonard and Judianne Densen-Gerber can be seen in the reaction of New York's "liberal" listener-access radio station WBAI to some recent programming on the subject. On Wednesday, 26 March, reporter Sidney Smith aired on *Gay Rap* a taped interview he had made with Dutch Senator, and regular PAN contributor, Edward Brongersma on paedophilia. On Thursday, 26 March, Sidney Smith was fired, with the explanation that the material did not represent (and might hurt the interests of) gays and that the tape was "full of inaccu-

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curacies and baseless statements". Actually, it was later revealed, Smith was only fired from WBAI's gay programming division but has been retained in the station's art and literature department, where his next job will be a gay poet's look at Walt Whitman. Sidney Smith, as well as being a radio reporter and poet of distinction, runs Dragonfly Press, 1502 President Street, Brooklyn, NY 11213.

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BOY-CAUGHT

BOY-CAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

In 1970 a committee was appointed by the Dutch Government to look into those parts of our Penal Code dealing with sexual crimes and offences. Three years later, in its official report, it recommended that in almost every area there should be less interference by the authorities. Among other things it supported legalizing complete nudity on some sections of our beaches – but also warned that boys and girls under 16 shouldn't be allowed to go there. Evidently the committee members thought that the sight of stark naked men and women would inflict serious harm on the innocent souls of children and young adolescents.

The government didn't heed this warning. Two

years later it legalized our *de facto* nudist beaches without imposing any age limits at all. Every year, now, boys and girls flock to these spots and no one complains of their being traumatized. Many parents feel it is good for their offspring to get acquainted from the start with the conformation of both sexes and to know the healthy joy of playing naked in the sun.

It is very strange, this concept that confrontation with things as natural as nakedness and sex damages children. People who are ready to believe this must never have asked themselves what happens to children in cultures where nudity is common and there is no secret or mystery about sexual activities. Anthropologists who have studied such cultures have, on the contrary, often been struck by the obvious mental health and happiness of the children living in them. Even in Western Europe some centuries ago both sexes mingled naked in the common bath houses – sometimes even walked there from home without their clothes. The whole family – father, mother, children, servants, guests – slept naked in the same room. Needless to say, children in those times didn't receive special lessons in sexual matters, nor were there special books written for them on the subject. They simply learned about sex by watching it happen in the bedroom, and evidently they grew up without being troubled by their observations.

Erasmus of Rotterdam, the famous humanist, dedicated a book to the six-year-old son of one of his friends, and in it he discussed the joys of sex and recorded a conversation between a whore and one of her clients. No one at the time found this unusual: a boy of six was evidently thought capable of understanding such information.

As a matter of course, young people began their sexual lives quite early. The city of Ulm in Germany even had to ban boys younger than twelve from the brothels because they were becoming too numerous. Marriages at 14 were common.

It was only much later in history, and only under the pressure of social and economic evolution, that adults decided that the sight of naked bodies and sexual activities was contrary to Christian morals. Soon, too, they convinced themselves that nakedness and sex were harmful to children. Freud and his followers made much ado about the disasters wrought upon children's souls if they witnessed the coitus of their parents. This became a constant theme in literature, and Norman Kiell devotes one long chapter in *Varieties of Sexual Experience – Psychosexuality*

in Literature to descriptions of “the primal scene”. Now a sexually naive boy who stumbles upon a couple of lovers may, of course, be horrified and disgusted – by the movements, sighs and groans of passion, the seeming violence of the scene – and so he may interpret what he sees as a sadistic and brutal act. But the problem lies not in his witnessing the copulation but in his upbringing which has failed to prepare him for it. Had he known what to expect, and that both people were enjoying the sex, he would suffer no harm, and, in fact, **n.5, p.26**

his natural curiosity would be satisfied. I know of one case where a boy of eleven, John, was entrusted to foster parents, a young couple of about thirty. Peter, the new father, talked with John about sex, describing everything in a nice, personal way. As Peter told it, this was not something “the man” did to “the woman” but an act of mutual loving. Encouraged by Peter's openness, the boy asked lots of questions, revealing that he was quite familiar with sexual tension in himself and how to relieve it and showing in general a lively curiosity in these matters. So Peter invited John to come to their bedroom that night and see how it all went. John was not shocked, disgusted or traumatized by this spectacle of adult love-making. On the contrary, he was impressed by the beauty of it – and at the same time became terribly sexually excited. Now, is there anything wrong in this, in the phenomenon of healthy and natural sexual excitement in a young boy?

John grew up to be a nice, open adolescent, in fine mental health, adoring his new-found parents and deeply grateful that he had been allowed to watch them in one of their most intimate moments. Sex from then on had a fine and rich meaning in his life.

I recall a boy-lover telling us at a paedophile group meeting that he always avoided having an orgasm himself while making love with his young friend. He explained that his orgasms were always very passionate and violent and he didn't want to shock the boy he loved by his behaviour. Most of his listeners thought he was wrong – and I agree with them.

I remember a story once told to me by Olaf, a Swedish homophile author. One bright summer day when he was eleven he met a stranger at the local swimming pool. The man was very nice to him, they had a pleasant conversation and finally they started play-wrestling by the edge

of the pool. The physical contact was nice, in fact it was stimulating and they soon both had hearty erections. Then the man said, "Wouldn't it be nice to do this naked?" Olaf agreed. "Then let's go to my home," the man proposed. Olaf followed the man to his flat, where they both immediately threw off their clothes.

Olaf liked the fondling, the cuddling, the loveplay that went on for some time. Then the man pulled Olaf into a tight embrace; his movements became passionate and he had a violent orgasm. Olaf at the time didn't know anything about such experiences but he was not in the least shocked. In fact he was enormously impressed by what had transpired and ran home dancing and singing for joy, elated at the fact that, young as he was, he could provoke such strong feelings and inspire such a passion in an adult man. The experience strengthened his self-esteem; he gained in self-assurance; his body acquired a new significance – and importance – to him.

Nature has her reasons for what she does. Sexuality and its physical expressions are not shocking or traumatizing but are quite natural, beautiful and exciting to a child if he is confronted with them in a natural way. We should better question how traumatizing to a child's mental development are so many of the non-natural things with which we, in our society, don't hesitate daily to confront him: the lack of playgrounds in our cities, the dullness of so many of his hours in school, the tension of tests and examinations, violence on the television screen, the peril of life on the roads. These kill or cripple children; in growing numbers they are driving children to suicide. Nevertheless we accept them. The only things our culture really "protects" them from (i.e. deprives them of) are the natural pleasures of sex which could make them happy and teach them how to love and to be loved.

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HILVERSUM, NETHERLANDS A one-hour TV program on paedophilia, originally aired in The Netherlands a year ago last October, was repeated late July over National Dutch Television. Five persons were interviewed by host Koos Postma, including Dr. Edward Brongersma, a radio pastor, an elderly housewife active in civic affairs, and two young men who, as children, had

been deeply involved in paedophile relationships with adult men. The program was remarkable, even for Holland, in that virtually nothing negative was said about mutually consensual adult-child contacts. We have translated the entire broadcast into English and in this form it is available for study (subject, of course, to all copyrights held by the producers of the program) by interested groups or individuals (15 guilders or equivalent in Europe or \$10 elsewhere to help cover our expenses in photocopying). Its rebroadcast in neighbouring Belgium sparked a major, and equally positive, article in *Humo*, a widely distributed Dutch language Belgian radio and television magazine. Belgium is by no means as liberal as Holland in its sexual laws, and it is considered an important step forward to have this kind of article appear in the popular press.
SOURCE: *Humo*, No. 2078, 3 July, 1980

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LONDON The January issue of *The British Journal of Criminology* carried an article by Dutch jurist, ex-senator and regular PAN contributor Edward Brongersma on the need to decriminalize sexual contacts with children. Surprisingly, Professor D. J. West of Cambridge University, in a commentary printed along with Dr. Brongersma's article, agreed with Dr. Brongersma that criminal law should not deal with consensual sexual behaviour involving children, although, in common with virtually all British public figures who have had the courage to comment sensibly on these matters, he expressed strong doubts about the advisability of allowing children to have sex relations with adults. But Dr. West felt that children are much more severely traumatized by police and court experiences than by even the most distasteful sexual acts where violence or coercion was not used.

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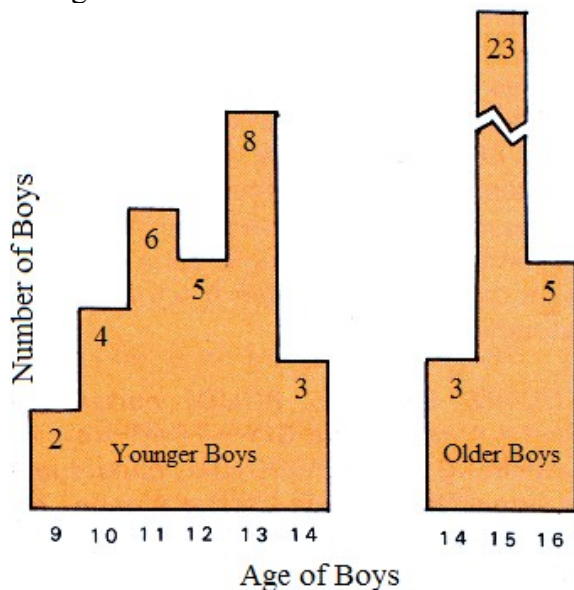
THE CORRUPTED AND CORRUPTORS

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Not long ago, on a trip to the United States, a young technical high school teacher of boys in the 14- to 16-year-old range told me that it simply was not possible for him to discuss sex at any length with his pupils, for fear of stirring up trouble with the kids' parents and the powers-that-be in the school. One day in class, however, someone dropped the word "masturbation," whereupon my teacher friend told his students that, according to Kinsey and other research, nearly every American adolescent masturbates. It was as if he had launched a bomb. The whole room rose in indignation; "Not me! Not me!" they cried. Curiously, nobody asked "What *is* masturbation?" Evidently they all knew, but wanted their peers to think they had never even experimented with such a thing – and this at an age when boys are at the peak of their sexual drives, and, naturally enough, so keen on experimenting!

Very different were the results of a report I have before me now. A research team studied a group of schoolboys of the same age in a strongly Roman Catholic European country where sexuality is traditionally very much repressed. But these researchers approached the ticklish question of masturbation by asking what lawyers would call a leading question: "When did you first start to do it?" All the boys fell into the trap; not a one denied that he masturbated.

This question was part of a questionnaire passed out, with parental permission, to two groups of students, a younger group of 28 boys 9 to 14 years old, and an older group of 31 boys 14 to 16 years old. Their age makeup can be seen in histograms below.



The results of the questionnaire give fascinating insights into the sexual knowledge and frustrations of boys growing up in such an environment. Only two boys, one 9 and one 10, didn't know that children were born from their mothers. All the others were more or less informed, although three believed that babies came into the world through their mothers' anal openings and one thought birth always required surgical intervention. The younger group was asked, "Do you know how children were made?" Five boys (18%) said "No," 6 (21%) said "More or less". Of the two groups combined, the information, such as it was, came to the boys at ages ranging from 5 to 13 (with a mean of 8.8 years), but in only 18 (32%) of the cases from "official" sources (father, mother, teacher, etc.). Thus two-thirds of the boys picked up their knowledge from comrades or girlfriends, illustrating one point I made in my own book on boy-love: sex education should aim not so much at giving basic informa

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tion from the ground up but at correcting and completing what has already been acquired "from the street". Five of the boys in the older group had had the chance to see a couple during copulation. Despite the poor quality of these kids' sexual education, their erotic urges were quite imperative. All but three of the very youngest boys had frequent spontaneous erections during the day – while they were exercising, riding a bicycle, lying in the bath, sitting in the classroom, or after a good meal; often erections were more-or-less provoked by looking at a girl.

Curiously, only 8 of the older boys could remember at what age they had begun to ejaculate: two at 11, three at 12, two at 13 and one at 14. Only six had noted in themselves the secretion of colourless lubricant from the Cowper's glands during sexual excitation.

I have already mentioned that all of the older boys reported masturbation: only 6 of the youngest in the other group claimed not to do it. Age of commencement ranged from 5 to 15, with a mean of 10.5.

The strength of the sex drive in many of them can be seen in the table below which shows how many boys in each group masturbate how many times per week or per day.

<i>Masturbation frequency</i>	<i>Number of Boys</i>	
	<i>28 Younger boys</i>	<i>31 Older boys</i>
<i>Once a week</i>	2	4
<i>2 times a week</i>	2	1
<i>3 times a week</i>	0	2
<i>4 times a week</i>	1	0
<i>6 times a week</i>	0	1
<i>Once a day</i>	12	15
<i>2 times a day</i>	2	1
<i>3 times a day</i>	1	2
<i>4 times a day</i>	1	1

The way the boys discovered how to masturbate is interesting: in the older group only 4 found out how to do it by themselves; 11 were taught by a boy-friend, 6 by a brother, 4 by a girl-friend, 3 by a sister. One was shown, at age 11, by a man he had met at a swimming pool, another, at age 10, by the parish-priest, and a third, at age 7, by his father!

The boys were extremely open about their accompanying fantasies, which suggests a freedom from guilt remarkable in such a sexually repressed society. (Only four of the younger boys and none of the older boys thought sex was sinful.) Heterosexual fantasies were mentioned by virtually all of them. The table below shows, by percentages*, the frequency of certain common fantasy themes in both of the groups:

*In general, when a population sample is small, as in this case, I think it best not to convert to percentages, as this exaggerates the importance of the results; here it is done to compare more easily the differences between the younger and older boys.

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	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>Girl friend</i>	7%	6,00%
<i>Naked women</i>	29%	16,00%
<i>- their sexual parts</i>	46%	19,00%
<i>- their breasts</i>	21%	29,00%
<i>Coitus</i>	7%	28,00%
<i>Penetrating the (female) anus</i>	7%	0,00%

Homosexual themes in masturbation fantasies were frequent, too, and occurred in 35% of the

younger boys, 45% of the older boys:

	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>A boy friend</i>	11%	0,00%
<i>His erect penis and scrotum</i>	11%	16,00%
<i>Seeing how he masturbates</i>	11%	0,00%
<i>Mutual masturbation with a boy</i>	0%	26,00%
<i>Penetrating the (male) anus</i>	4%	3,00%

Two thirteen-year-olds said they used to drink their own sperm: one caught it in a glass to compare from time to time the quantity he was able to produce.

Masturbation was often provoked or accompanied by looking at pornography. In even the younger group, 93% of the boys had access to such material; two claimed not to be excited by it but 86% said that such pictures gave them erections and 75% said looking at porno pictures drove them to masturbation. Four of these younger boys (15%) said a perusal of pornography made them so randy they usually had to achieve orgasm thrice within the hour, and 6 (21%) had to do it twice within the hour.

Much remained in fantasy or theory for them, however. Of the younger group 36% had never seen a naked female. Of those who had been fortunate enough to enjoy some kind of heterosexual act the following table gives an idea, for each of the groups, of the frequency of certain common experiences:

	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>“Doctor games” with a girl</i>	46%	45,00%
<i>Mutual masturbation with a girl</i>	4%	32,00%
<i>Coitus with a girl</i>	7%	35,00%

One thirteen-year-old had had anal relations three times with a girl. One boy first experienced coitus at age 10, four at 12, two at 13 and four at 14. But most of these experiences were isolated events performed hurriedly somewhere in the woods or a haystack. The boy who had his first coitus at ten years of age repeated the act only 15 times in the following six years, and with four different girls. For the others the average was two times in their whole young lives; only two boys had done it with more than one girl. Of the eleven boys who had performed coitus, **n.6, p.29**

only five had experience with deep kissing. For

most of the boys coitus meant, as a fifteen-yearold Dutch boy once said to me, “getting on her and into her until you come.”

Coitus wasn't always the most longed-for experience, even amongst those who had already done it. Asked what they would most like to do sexually, 16% of the older group wouldn't answer. Of those who did only 58% mentioned coitus; 12% mentioned anal penetration, a high 84% liked, among other things, oral contact and 65% listed mutual masturbation.

Homosexual activities with other boys were not so frequently recorded, but other research has shown how reticent boys in our culture tend to be about these matters.

Of the younger group, only one boy admitted having examined the sexual parts of a boy-friend; two told about mutual masturbation. Of the older group, one boy wrote of getting spontaneous erections while urinating next to his friends. Five told of exciting themselves by sexy talk with their comrades. Almost half (48%) had been masturbated by a boy-friend; three of them had also done deep-kissing with a male friend, and one said he had been able to achieve orgasm by deep-kissing alone. Three had reached orgasm anally by means of massaging the prostate internally with a sausage, carrot or finger.

Amongst the younger boys a surprisingly high 25% spoke about sexual relationships with adult men. One boy prostituted himself for money; another had been fellated by a man; 4 (14%) had been masturbated by men. All of these contacts had taken place in tea-houses or at swimming pools. Of the older boys only 2 (6%) admitted to mutual masturbation with an adult man, but other research suggests these older boys were being more reticent than they should have been and the real frequency was almost certainly much higher. One's final impression from reading this report is of a group of boys severely deprived of sound information in a field which is of tremendous importance to them – accompanied by considerable activity and an immense amount of desire and preoccupation.

One of the teachers of the older group wrote me that he thought sex was by all odds the most important thing in the lives of his pupils – the real centre of their thoughts. Frequent erections, surreptitiously manipulated through the clothing, were an every-day occurrence in class. “I often pity the boys,” the teacher wrote, “because they have to keep bottled up so much of their desire

and their anxiety. I would like to discuss these matters openly with them, put them at ease with their natural feelings, give them sound information, help them to solve their sexual problems. But if I did there would be protests from their well-meaning parents and I would surely be sacked as a corruptor of youth.” But isn't it really this obsessive situation of stifled desires and sexual ignorance which is corrupting these boys – a corruption blessed by the Church, tolerated by the State, wilfully ignored by society? Who, then are the real corruptors?

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Old Athens, city of famous boy-lovers and beautiful boys! Only married, free citizens were allowed into the “gymnasium,” but there they could admire the boys as they wrestled, shining with oil and stark naked; there they could make friends with them.

Even in this time and culture, there was no boy like Alcibiades. His modern biographer, E. F. Benson writes (not without a bit of Anglo-Saxon prudery), “In order to understand Alcibiades we must try to realize, not by the standards and decencies of our own day but by those of Athens, on what amazing and incredible pinnacle he found himself when he came to the age of sixteen or thereabouts. To put it quite bluntly, the whole town was in love with him. Never had even Athens seen a boy of such amazing beauty. He had wit and charm, high breeding (for all his escapades) and wealth, and Athens was mad about him, and did her utmost, with conspicuous success, to spoil him. In the city of the maidengoddess every good-looking youth had a man who was in love with him (indeed it was a reproach to him if he had not), and Alcibiades had lovers by the score.” (p.59)

It made him insolent. Once – he may have been thirteen or fourteen – he met in the street a certain Hipponicus, who was not only highly respected but the richest man in Athens as well. Alcibiades smacked him in the face, just to see what would happen. The next day, however, he turned on his charm, went of his own accord to Hipponicus' home, stripped off his tunic and, quite naked, invited Hipponicus to give him a sound flogging.

Hippocraticus didn't flog him, however: he forgave...

Many of the young beauties of Athens crowded around the philosopher Socrates, and Alcibiades was amongst them. Socrates was as poor, shabby and ugly as he was wise, but he was in no way an ascetic man. At parties he used to drink twice as much as the other guests and he made no secret of his passion for beautiful boys. In battle he had proved himself a soldier of exceptional courage. Socrates did his utmost to be a good pedagogical influence on Alcibiades but he didn't succeed. A precocious boy, Alcibiades was quite unused to restraining his sexual impulses. Later his incessant whoring drove his young wife to sue him for divorce. Socrates seems to have been the only man who, occasionally, made him feel ashamed of himself – and Alcibiades both loved and hated him for this.

Plato, in the *Symposium*, tells how Alcibiades, as a boy, tried one night to seduce his master. It was Alcibiades' habit to use his splendid body and sexual techniques to drive men mad with desire, and so bend them to his will: he ruled by his beauty and his charm. But on Socrates he used all his tricks in vain, and an astonished and awestruck Alcibiades related afterwards how the great teacher had slept the whole night at his side without touching him. Like a brother.

Alcibiades' good fortune began to run out many years later with the famous incident of the smashed statues. Hermes columns were abundant in every city of that time. Benson describes them as “busts, bearded or youthful, with the head and shoulders made in a piece with the pedestal on which they stood, armless, legless and bodiless,” but half way down the square column the sex organs were to

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be found, the penis usually in erection. These representations of the god were supposed to safeguard public buildings and private dwellings; the erect penis was thought to drive away bad thoughts and bad spirits. Often, too, they served as road signs, the erection pointing toward bath houses or other places where sex orgies were common.

One night a gang of drunken youths went around Athens and mutilated the Hermes columns by taking up sticks and smashing off the penises. Athens, in the midst of war with Sparta, was about to launch its ill-fated expedition to Sicily and the people felt that this outrageous sacrilege presaged death and disaster. Alcibiades and his

friends, probably unjustly, were suspected of the crime. However, it was some time before he was officially accused, and by then he had sailed with the Athenian fleet. When he finally received the message that he was to return to Athens and stand trial he deserted to the enemy. And there, in Sparta, using his charm and political talents to earn him popularity and influence in state affairs, he was able to engineer one of the worst military defeats Athens ever sustained in her history.

Ultimately the tide turned against him in Sparta, too, and once again he betrayed his friends and returned to Athens. There, incredibly, all accusations of complicity in the Hermes sacrilege were dropped, and he wasn't even prosecuted for desertion and treason. That he was welcomed as a beloved exile returning home and once again acclaimed as a popular hero shows his immense political ability and talent for diplomacy.

Athens suffered enormously at his hands, and many people reproached Socrates for not having given better guidance to his brilliant but unruly student, who could have been one of the city's greatest assets. Socrates replied that he had had access to only one part of Alcibiades' body – his ears – while his disreputable friends had had access not just to his ears but to his mouth and his sex as well.

Perhaps it would have been better for Alcibiades, for Athens, and for Socrates, too, if the great philosopher had been a little less chaste in his dealings with Alcibiades, had given in to the boy's desire to share with him the joyful discoveries of his maturing sex. For no man has a more profound and lasting influence upon a boy – for good or evil – than the adult who shows him his affection and tenderness not just in words but, at an age when the boy's body is so all-important to him, expresses his love and respect in the lust of sexual union too.

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NETHERLANDS The press here, popular and professional, has been filled with articles on paedophilia recently. The new Dutch magazine *Partner* carried a fascinating account of the Polanski affair in California (See following). The first 1981 number of the Dutch *Tijdschrift voor Seksuologie (Journal of Sexology)* carried an informative article on paedophilia, but, in *Ned. T.*

Geneeskunde (Dutch Journal of Medical Science) 124, No. 51, 1980, a certain Professor Musaph of Utrecht presented the standard psychoanalytic view of the phenomenon: children are traumatized by sex with adults, even though they might enjoy it at the time (a woman who had had sex at age 8 with a man who deserted her after a month is consequently – according to Musaph – now anorgasmic in her otherwise idyllic marriage!). He has since been strongly attacked in other professional journals for this unscientific rubbish. Musaph did feel, however, that imprisonment for paedosexual contacts was “senseless”. He sits on the so-called Melai Commission, the body appointed by the Dutch government to study “moral” legislation and which, despite his view on prison sentences for paedophiles, recommended only a very slight easing of the articles in the penal code criminalizing sexual activity involving people under 16 (See PAN 6, page 4). The report of the Melai Commission was recently attacked in a masterpiece of

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juridical reasoning by regular PAN contributor Dr.

Edward Brongersma and Drs. Alex van Naerssen in an joint article “Enkele Kanttekeningen bij het rapport Melai met betrekking tot seksuelen handelingen met kinderen” (Some Observations on the Melai Report with Respect to Sexual Contacts with Children), published in *Tijdschrift voor Criminologie* (Journal of Criminology), Jan/Feb issue, 1981, pages 3-20. Dr. Brongersma also contributed a closely reasoned article to the February issue of *Obzij*, the Dutch feminist magazine, called “Feminism and Paedophilia” in which he performed the same reasoned surgery upon the malignant absurdities of such doctrinaire feminists as Alice Schwarzer (See PAN 6, page 19). Finally, Holland's closest thing to *The News of the World*, the semi-literate *Nieuws van de Dag*, printed a full-page expose of a boy-lover who had once been in prison for sex contacts with children having trouble once again with the police. It seems that the official Youth Advisory Council here had been placing run-away boys with him for some time, knowing, of course, that he was paedophile, and had received no complaints. Finally the inevitable happened: one of the boys stole something, was picked up by the police and started telling tales of sex parties. Unusual for Holland is the fact that the man's picture (eyes

blocked out) appeared in the newspaper, together with a photo of the entrance to his house and his call name over CB radio.

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma
ON ONE NIGHT STANDS

Sweden has a long tradition, going back to the 1930s, of sex education in its schools. At first it was optional, but in 1956 it became compulsory and the government issued at the time a small teacher's manual of less than 100 pages; this was replaced in 1977 by a *Handbook for Instruction in Personal Relationships*, which comes to nearly 300 pages.

Sex education in Sweden has always been very open and progressive, not bent on instilling traditional morality but rather on giving factual information from which the children themselves can draw their own personal conclusions. A striking example of this is what is taught about casual sex experiences.

Traditional morality has always frowned upon such contacts, of course: sex is supposed to only become acceptable when sanctioned – not to say excused – by love, which implies a relationship of longer standing. This often makes boy-lovers feel inferior, for in our world, in which boy-love is a forbidden and thus a secret thing, many adults who love boys and many boys who like to have sex with adults feel constrained to limit themselves to casual experiences.

This is really the main effect of every law that makes sexual activity illegal: it doesn't prohibit the sex, because the sexual impulse is too strong to be deleted by a written text. But the law may very well be successful in making impossible the very best and finest love relationships – the sexual intimacy which is part and parcel of the deep and lasting affection between a man and a boy – the boy feeling safe and protected in the embrace of his lover, the man feeling responsible and happy to give his care and love to his young friend, both enjoying the togetherness of their bodies in all those delights which nature provides.

Having done everything possible to prevent lasting boy-love relationships, and to destroy them wherever they *do* emerge, society accuses

boy-lovers of being promiscuous, of having sex with a boy just for the pleasure of the moment, without taking responsibility for what happens to him afterwards.

And many boys have convinced themselves that it is best this way, that it is safer not to commit oneself to a single man, that you should only look for the lust of sex and not a relationship. In Vienna a man met an attractive 14-year-old boy at a swimming pool and they started to have sex with one another rather regularly. The boy was nice and pleasant to be with; the man came to like him more and more. So one day he suggested to the boy that they

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see a movie together, then dine out in a fine restaurant afterwards. But the boy refused, saying, bluntly, "Oh, no, I'm not in for that. I'm only here for the sex."

So the real effect of our religious morality and the social prejudices which have given birth to our laws is not that they prevent sex from happening, but that they tend to substitute second-rate sex for first-rate sex, the one-night stand for a lasting relationship. A paradoxical situation indeed, quite contrary to the ideals professed by our culture which disapproves of the casual meeting of two bodies moved only by lust.

But in this very disapproval, isn't our culture showing a certain blindness? First-rate sex is, it course, by definition better than second-rate sex. Champagne may be better than a simple white wine, but that's no reason to despise the wine. If first-rate sex is rendered impossible by our cherished social taboos, it is healthier to have second-rate sex than no sex at all. It is to the immense credit of the Swedes that in their official teachers' manual they recognise this. "Sexual activity," it says, quite correctly, "which is an integral part of a close relationship is more fulfilling than impersonal and casual activity and is therefore something worth striving for." But then it adds that longevity in a relationship does not guarantee true intimacy and caring (think of the married lives of many couples!) and, on the other hand, "a casual sexual experience need not be marked by indifference and may well include tenderness or affection."

By his very beauty, or his behaviour, a boy may appeal to you so strongly that you find yourself wanting to cuddle and caress him. If the boy responds to your desires, spontaneously agrees to partake in their expression, you may find yourselves in no time at all involved in a complete

sexual union as the most natural expression of your mutual feelings. The joy of such a meeting can rise – for both partners – to a rare level of intensity and leave a lasting memory of something perfect. There's nothing shameful or degrading about that!

One of the most impressive passages in Andre Gide, the French Nobel Prize winner, deals with the first sexual experience he ever had with a boy. It was with a little Arab flute-player whom he met through Oscar Wilde. For years Gide had fought against his paedophile impulses, endeavouring to suppress or deny them, until that night in an Algerian oasis when “at last I found what was normal for me. Here there was no compulsion, no hurry, no uncertainty, and there is nothing that impairs the memory I preserve of that night. My happiness knew no limits and couldn't have been more perfect if love had been implied. But how could there have been love? How could my desires have dominated my heart? My lust had no afterthoughts and knew no fear of conscience. But how could I give a name to the delight I experienced in pressing this perfect, savage, hot, lascivious, ambiguous little body in my arms? Long after Mohamed left me I remained in this condition of trembling bliss, and though I had felt the explosion of lust five times when I was with him I repeated my ecstasy
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several times afterwards and, back in my hotel, I prolonged its echos until daybreak.”

For the younger partner, the boy, the impact of a casual meeting may be just as profound. In PAN 5 I related the story of Olaf, the Swedish boy who went home dancing and singing for joy after having discovered that he could provoke such strong feelings and inspire such a passion in an adult man. A German told me how, as a young boy returning from a holiday at his uncle's home, he suddenly decided to save on the railway fare by hitch-hiking. Luckily he was picked up by a driver who was going a long way in his direction. The man was pleasant, kind, invited him for lunch at a wayside restaurant and told him afterwards, “You can stay the night at my home if you like.” The boy accepted, not being expected home that evening. He was given the guest room and went to bed, but just as he was going to sleep his host came in, sat down on the bedside, pulled the sheets firmly back and started to unbutton the lad's pyjama buttons, saying, “I want to see what's there inside.”

Now this boy had never consciously felt any interest in sexual matters and had never even masturbated. He was quite over-powered by this determined approach: one third of him was scared, but two-thirds was simply fascinated. So he put up no resistance, and a moment later he found himself completely naked. Then the man himself stripped off his clothes, came into the bed, and there followed a passionate sex-scene. The boy was enormously excited and thrilled. Now, as an adult, after a lapse of many years, he says, "I still feel immensely grateful for the way I was initiated, for it was marvellous – and just exactly what I had needed without knowing it. When I left for home the next morning I hugged and kissed this man. I never saw him again. But he had opened the door to a new universe for me. I shall never forget him."

The best young people's guide to sex I have ever seen came from New Zealand. It is *Down Under the Plum Trees* by Felicity Tuohy and Michael Murphy. In it a boy tells the story of meeting a man at a teacher's

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birthday party. "He gave me his name and address and said, 'Ring me'. That was Saturday night. I rang him Sunday night and he told me to come in and meet him at his flat in town. I went in about eleven o'clock in the morning." They went to bed and had sex with each other. "It was so good. He treated me so well and he was really good (at making love). It was an incredible thing for me because at home everyone was hostile to each other and at school I had no friends. Here was this guy showing me kindness and gentleness and it was an amazing experience. I went back Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and that was the last week of the school holidays. Then I went back to school and never saw him again."

To every one of these boys the casual experience was a thing never to be forgotten and always to be recalled with bliss. It was a moment of elation, of the utmost joy. For each boy his whole conception of himself, of his value and significance to others, was changed in a single moment.

Was I just, after all, in calling this second-rate sex? Reflecting upon these stories, remembering Gide, I'd rather ask how many times loving relationships attain such perfection?

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

The boy caught this time was a thirteen-year-old youngster by the name of Jan. His big friend Antoon had just come back from a long vacation in the Far East, bringing with him a full bag of gifts – nice T-shirts and, most exciting of all, a beautiful *kris*, which is a large Indonesian ceremonial dagger. They had met at the airport; now, walking home alone in high spirits, he was filled with delicious anticipation at soon lying in Antoon's arms once again and telling him all the stories which nobody paid attention to at home. Jan couldn't resist taking one more look at the kris. Out of the bag it came – and a policeman on the street saw it.

Now Dutch law is particularly severe on weapons. Nobody is allowed to own a firearm, or anything resembling a firearm, without a license, and licenses are very difficult to obtain. Many other weapons, including swords and daggers, are prohibited. Well, here was a thirteen-year-old walking the street and brandishing a kris. The policeman stopped Jan, inspected the bag, which was bulging with new T-shirts, and his worst suspicions were confirmed: this was a dangerous young criminal, an armed shop-lifter! Jan was promptly marched off to the neighbourhood police station.

There the boy was questioned by a detective. No, Jan said, he wasn't a thief, these were gifts from his best friend. A phone call to Antoon quickly confirmed the truth of these words, and the boy was released with his bag of T-shirts but minus the kris, which was confiscated.

Actually he was returned to his parents by two policemen who wanted to inspect his room for other weapons. In the meantime the detective had looked up Antoon's record and discovered that six years ago he had been sentenced for having had sexual relations with a young boy. He felt it advisable, then, to inform Jan's parents that their son was associating with “a homosexual”.

Now, Antoon was a frequent visitor in Jan's home and was on very friendly terms with his mother and father. They had been deeply impressed by how much better their son had been since he had come to know Antoon. Jan's school work had improved; he was much more pleasant at home. The boy was so obviously fond of Antoon

that there could be no question of his being forced to do things he didn't want to do. Once Jan's father had asked his son whether there was a sexual aspect to their relationship, whether he had ever posed for nude photos (Antoon was a skilled amateur photographer). Jan had denied all this vigorously. Now his parents were upset – but more because their son had lied and not confided in them than in this official

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confirmation of facts which they had long suspected.

While they were busy scolding Jan, two detectives arrived at Antoon's apartment. “You're guilty of importing a kris and giving it to a minor,” one of them announced. “We want to search your apartment for other illegal weapons.” Their search bore fruit – not in uncovering a secret arsenal but in finding two albums filled with photos of young Jan in all his naked splendour. “We'll take these to the police station,” they told Antoon, “and you will have to come with us.”

But when they saw the horror in Antoon's eyes they tried to reassure him. He wasn't to be afraid. He would be back in an hour. He only had to sign a statement about the kris. As for the photo collection, they only wanted to discuss it with Jan himself and find out what the lad had to say about their relationship. Actually they knew quite a bit about Antoon, and it wasn't all bad. They knew, for example, that he had had close relations for a number of years with a certain Mustapha who used to do a lot of shop-lifting and bicycle stealing, but all of that petty criminality had stopped as soon as his friendship with Antoon had begun. Mustapha had also been backward in school. Since getting to know Antoon, however, his school work had steadily improved until now, at seventeen, he was first in his class. “Perhaps your influence on Jan is just as positive,” they concluded. “Fine,” Antoon told them, “but when you people took me for only a half hour to the police station in 1975 I was there for two weeks!”

Antoon went to the lavatory for moment; the police continued their search. When he came out he found they had made another discovery: a letter Jan had sent him while he was away. “Dear Antoon: I'm longing so much for your return. I'm counting the days... Oh, I've so much to tell you and ask you, and I'm feeling so lonely...” And so it ran on.

“Sir, we've read this letter,” they told Antoon, “and it tells us exactly what we wanted to know.” They wouldn't need the albums any more; he

could keep them at home. Their concern had been whether Jan was acting of his own volition or whether he was somehow being coerced into the relationship. Obviously he loved Antoon; this was a case of complete mutual consent. Since the boy's liberty had not been impaired they saw no reason to interfere. There was only one remaining problem: Jan's parents. Antoon probably ought to have a talk with them. Would he prefer them to accompany him or would he rather go there on his own? "It wasn't we who told them you were 'a homosexual,'" they said. "One of our colleagues did that, unfortunately."

Antoon went alone, and was surprised at how cordially he was received. Jan's mother and father were not so stupid as to think that they could increase Jan's filial love by destroying his love for another man. They didn't consider Antoon a competitor, rather a collaborator in the upbringing of their son. They weren't jealous. Their boy was happy and free, partly due to the influence of his big friend. That was all that was important. The boy could set his own course in these matters! The police had asked Antoon to report to them the outcome of this meeting. This he did, and they congratulated him. Wouldn't his relationship with the boy be much finer and less anxious now that he didn't have to hide it and fear discovery?

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"You're a lucky man. Jan is a nice kid and he is fortunate in having found a loving friend in you." There was only one further comment they wanted to make. "One day Jan will grow too old to be physically attractive to you any more and you'll be looking for a new boy-friend. When you find him, go to the lad's parents and explain yourself. It will save you a lot of trouble!"

Here, I am afraid, these well-meaning policemen were too optimistic. Many parents would be disgusted, upset or angry if some man whom they had never met before suddenly announced that he was in love with their son and wanted to sleep with him. Jan's parents were wise and broad-minded, but, most important, they had known Antoon for some months and had been able to observe the beneficial effects of the man's influence on their son before they learned of the erotic element in their friendship. How would they have reacted without this preparation? Antoon didn't make this point to the police officers, but asked them a quite different question. "Six years ago when I was arrested your colleagues treated me as a dirty queer, a

dangerous criminal, a child molester. So I couldn't believe my ears when I heard you talking about my friendship with Jan and Mustapha the way you did. What has happened to you?"

One of the policemen smiled. It seemed that at the police academy they had heard a talk by a member of the Dutch Paedophile Action Group. They had discussed paedophilia with paedophiles. They had read quite a bit about it. "We even went to a meeting of the Action Group. We have learned a lot. And it has changed our minds."

Dear readers, to many of you living in other lands this must sound like a fairy tale, a dream. But I assure you, with my hand upon my heart, that this is not a confabulation. It is the simple truth as reported to me by Antoon himself not long after I had received a cry of distress from Mustapha: "Antoon is in trouble with the police!"

And I know Antoon to be a very honest man. But it is more than an encouraging story. The last words of these police officers contain a message to all of us: it is our task to explain boylove to every authority, to show every thinking and responsible parent what boy-love really means. It is not too complicated, because boylove simply means loving boys! This we must make clear, to fight sex-negative superstitions, to fight the witch-hunt of our age, so that more couples will be as fortunate as Jan and Antoon.

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

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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.

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THE MINUTE SCANDAL

THE *MINUTE* SCANDAL

Three years ago a reporter by the name of Jacques Tillier, writing for the Paris gutter journal MINUTE, manufactured a French childmolesting 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 deal 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.

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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.

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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

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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 around 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 consecrated 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 expresses 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

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soldiers in the *Corps Expéditionnaire* had had sexual relations with the young boys who followed the troop as liaison 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 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

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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, but 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,” as 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-a-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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BOYCAUGHT

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 boylovers 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 opinions 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. One 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 boylovers 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 boylovers 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."

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?

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IN BRIEF..

IN BRIEF...

VENLO, NETHERLANDS It seems that every time PAN is published we have another Dutch symposium on paedophilia or child sexuality to report on. The latest was held in the small eastern Netherlands city of Venlo on 16 March, hosted by the local Workgroup on Youth Emancipation and Paedophilia. One trend which is quite conspicuous in these symposia is the increasing attendance of non-paedophiles. Two years ago one wondered whether the speech makers and forum members weren't endlessly talking to the same group of converted: the audiences were small, cosy, appreciative, and everyone knew everyone else. At the Venlo symposium the attendance was well over 200 and consisted mostly of local social workers and other members of the "help industry". For once, women probably outnumbered the men. The symposium was not so remarkable for any new paths it cut through the tangled underbrush of adult/child sexuality as for the intense interest of this first-time audience, as it listened to Dr. Edward Brongersma, Theo Sandfort and other knowledgeable people discuss the historical, legal and psychological aspects of childhood sexuality. (See also THE BATTLE LINE for a comparison with American and English social workers.)

Perhaps most memorable was the showing of a 50-minute home-made super-8 sound film by one of the members of the Venlo workgroup commemorating his 6-year love affair with a local boy. Called *Afscheid nemen van een vriendje* (roughly translated as "accepting a young friend's farewell") it was put together by both man and boy *after* the affair had come to an end (but a warm friendship remained) from many reels of casual movies taken over the years – of the boy playing the organ, riding a pony, wind-surfing, sailing, bicycling, at his 14th birthday party, even, briefly, making love. There was an interview with the boy's mother; a simple woman with over a

dozen children struggling to care for her poor family, she accepted, in the end, the friendship and its sexual aspects – in fact she was even in the audience at Venlo when the movie was shown! Adult-child relations are being depicted more and more on film and on TV in Holland, but *Afscheid nemen van een vriendje* was doubly touching because the man and the boy were real. The boy was no idealized beauty nor the man a brilliant intellectual or polished actor. These were two quite ordinary Dutch people who had the need and the courage to enter into a love relationship with one another and then defend it. The film has been copied onto video-cassettes for use in other symposia by groups working for youth emancipation. Since it is a private document it is not for sale or rent to private individuals. But it is a good example of how boylovers and their young friends can take the initiative with the talents they have to bring some light to this variant of the love instinct.

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WASHINGTON, DC, USA *The Supreme Court* of the United States, on 11 January, rejected the death penalty for sex “crimes” involving children. A case in Florida, where an adult had “raped” a 7-year-old girl, had been appealed to America's highest tribunal and the court had refused to consider it, allowing a lower court decision that capital punishment would be “cruel and unusual” in rape cases to stand.

SOURCE: *Plain Dealer*, 12 January, 1982

PARIS The French government official who wrote the article appearing on pages

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18-25 of PAN 10 was sentenced to 5 years of imprisonment last month. Since he has already served over three years of preventive detention in prison and since in France one is usually released after about two-thirds of the sentence has been served, he will probably be free some time this spring. He plans to record in minute detail all the facts bearing on this case and lodge the manuscript for study with the Brongersma Foundation. “Jean,” the sports director who was involved in the affair with him, received a 6-year prison sentence, plus a heavy fine to recompense the families whose sons he had “harmed”.

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

It seems only a short time ago that homosexual and boy-love fiction was sad and pessimistic, the testimony of a persecuted and misunderstood minority. Some heroes abstained, in despair and misery, from the desired but all-too-dangerous physical expression of their love; others, in its consummation, were overwhelmed with feelings of guilt or sin, committed suicide or ended their days in prison. Doom permeated everyone and everything. It was the authors' intent to show how cruel and stupid society was in its treatment of innocuous, kindly men, making their lives a hell without any good arguments for doing so. The very fact that homophiles and boy-lovers, through no choice of their own, were differently constituted from the majority seemed reason enough for society to despise them, punish them, render them nervous wrecks and finally to kill them. The sexual nature of these unfortunate heroes conflicted with Christian morality, thus society felt justified making their lives as unhappy as possible.

Fortunately, the period which produced this kind of literature is drawing to a close. These tales stimulated self-pity in like-constituted people, and to pity oneself is dangerous. The authors also hoped to reach "the others," those who weren't attracted to young people or members of their own sex, and infuse them with justified pity and so change their attitudes, but this was always in vain. No minority ever gained a greater measure of human rights because the majority began to pity it. A minority which is serious about emancipating itself has to show both force and its own capacities: it must impose itself into society and had best hide its tears. Nobody honours a weeping beggar.

In recent years it seems authors have become aware of this and have changed their tactics. They are no longer dramatizing the way society cripples innocent people for being what they are but are showing what profit society can reap when it leaves such people alone and allows them to live in accordance with their own inclinations. In the old-fashioned boarding-school novels boys were driven to suicide (Peyrefitte's *Amitiés particulières*)

or socially ruined (Montherlant's *Le ville dont le prince est un enfant*) for loving each other. In their modern counterparts boys find a lot of satisfaction, happiness and health in getting on intimate terms with a friend of about their own age or with an adult man; at the end the boy-heroes seem better prepared for love and sexual relationships with either a girl or a man, each

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according to his nature.

An excellent example of this new kind of novel is *Jede Liebe ist Liebe* (Every kind of love is love) by a 77-year-old German writer who, using the pen-name of Heinz Birken, has published quite a number of shorter tales in such magazines as *Pikbube*, *Ben*, (Germany) and *Der Kreis* (Switzerland).

In 1980 Foerster Verlag (Berlin) made a collection of some of these in a volume called *Knabenträume* (Boys' dreams). A book of his verse has been illustrated by Richard Steen and is called *Jungen an meinen Wegen* (Boys on my paths). But *Jede Liebe ist Liebe* is his first fulllength novel and was published last year (in German), by COQ, in Copenhagen.

The story concerns Lothar a fourteen-year-old boy living in East Berlin who is sent for the summer holidays by the school doctor to a children's camp on the Baltic. There he meets Wolfgang, who lives on an adjacent farm and is two years his elder. Between them a warm friendship flowers, and this soon shows all the symptoms of real love. But Wolfgang doesn't want to "seduce" his younger friend and Lothar isn't yet able to see a link between the sex games he observes among his comrades in the dormitory and the exalted feelings which surround his relationship with Wolfgang. When the holiday is over and Lothar must return home for his last year at school the separation for both of them is awful. Will Lothar ever be able to come back again? But the two boys write each other regularly and their friendship continues undiminished by distance.

Lothar grows, physically and mentally: a late starter, he enters puberty; his outlook is much influenced by his school-mate Norbert, a somewhat bigger boy who likes and protects his smaller friend. Soon Norbert is telling him about his own love and sexual relationship with an older man. In due course Lothar meets this man and gets a very positive impression of him and his relationship with Norbert. Lothar comes to see such a friendship and its sexual expression as beautiful and natural, and now, with his whole being, he wishes

to experience the same thing with Wolfgang. Fortunately, when Lothar leaves school the following summer, the doctor still finds his health delicate and recommends another two months on the Baltic before starting his apprenticeship with a hairdresser. After some hesitation, Mrs.

Wagemuth, director of the seashore camp, lets Lothar board with Wolfgang's family rather than in the dormitory. She recognizes the love between the two boys and is very much aware of what will happen when the two of them share Wolfgang's bedroom. But her own son once had such a relationship with an adult friend and when her husband found out about it he went to the police and as a result the boy committed suicide. This she tells the two boys as a cautionary tale, but they are very sure of themselves and Lothar is quite prepared for his initiation by Wolfgang. Their first night together is ecstatic, and this is followed by many more happy episodes.

For two months Lothar is in paradise.

Wolfgang's parents are naturists; his smaller sister and brother habitually play naked in the garden and so Lothar learns not to be ashamed of his own nakedness. A visit, with the whole family, to a nudist beach, where they meet other naturists, is a fine and instructive experience.

While the love between Lothar and Wolfgang has sex as an important element, it comprises a lot more. They share their thoughts, their literature, their knowledge of people and things. When summer is over their farewell is no less passionate than the year before, but less sorrowful for Wolfgang will be going to the University of Berlin to study history and they will soon be reunited.

Alas, they are destined never to see each other again. The catastrophe is quite unexpected. On his return home Lothar is immediately smuggled by his mother to West Berlin (these are the days before the infamous Wall), for his step-father has made a political blunder. Now any letter or message to East Germany would endanger its recipient, so Lothar can't even tell his friend what has hap-

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pened. Lothar is sorely tempted to leave his family and flee back to East Berlin and Wolfgang, but he finally follows his parents when they are relocated to the area around Bonn.

A year passes. Wolfgang is certainly not forgotten, but the boy slowly accepts the fact that this phase of his life has come to a close forever. One day he meets a sympathetic man who is still

grieving over the loss of his fifteen-year-old boyfriend, killed three years before in a motor accident. By the end of the book it is clear that Lothar and this man are entering into a love relationship with one another.

A well-constructed story, but one which might have a lot of pitfalls for the unwary author. Heinz Birken must be complimented in his ability at avoiding them. It would have been easy sentimentality for Lothar to hold true forever to his lost love, or easy heroism for the fifteen-year-old boy to forsake his family and return to East Berlin. As it stands, the tale is much more true to life. The only criticism I would make is that Birken, evidently a man of fine character, seems unable to create really bad or disagreeable people. Lothar finds an unbelievable amount of understanding everywhere, from Mrs. Wagemuth to Wolfgang's parents. The benevolence of his own mother and stepfather are improbably large, but this does show that giving boys a free hand in the expression of their positive feelings towards each other is much more constructive pedagogy than an intolerant fight for obedience to traditional morality. Birken should also be praised for the good balance he obtains between pornography and prudery. Sex and its manifestations play an important part in the story but this never becomes obsessive, nor is it exaggerated. It is described, frankly and without reticence, just as it ought to be in the life of a healthy boy of Lothar's age: not something to be ashamed of or shy about, but a mysterious source of joy and pleasure, a natural force impelling him toward friendship and love.

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Edward Brongersma

Dear PAN:

I'm getting fed up with your constant attacks upon people who really belong in that cadre of humanity for which your magazine was conceived and amongst whom it circulates. I refer to such ladies and gentlemen as Judianne Densen-Gerber, Sergeant Lloyd Martin, Sergeant Tom Rodgers, Tim Bond, Francois Debre and others of their ilk. People who involve themselves with such time and energy in a particular sort of sexual behaviour can be suspected, at the very least, of having a

personal interest in it: in some way it must excite them, for if it didn't they would long ago have turned their attention to another, for them more attractive, subject. Negative attitudes here are no less indicative of interest than positive attitudes: you never have to become emotionally outraged toward something sexual which doesn't stir up your own feelings. It's the *attraction* of the forbidden fruit that makes it hateable. The opposite of love is not hate; it is indifference.

Take for instance theft. An honest policeman may arrest a burglar, but he will do it politely, or at least in a businesslike manner. It is his job and he performs it. An honest public prosecutor may ask that the thief be punished, but he will do it objectively, coolly, just as an honest judge may sentence the delinquent, trying to do him justice and inflict upon him no more suffering than he deems strictly necessary.

But what about the man who loves a boy and has given physical expression to those love feelings in a way that boy has liked and encouraged?

A policeman tells this "criminal" (so called because the law makes him such) that he's worse than a murderer; the prosecutor cries for revenge and retaliation and a judge declares that he will deal with him as severely as the law allows. At least that's the scenario which, time and again, runs its dreary course in many countries of the world.

Among my correspondents are boy-lovers who were dearly loved by their "victims" yet have been sentenced to anywhere from 40 years to 22 consecutive lifetimes of imprisonment. Even in my own country, where such barbarous sentences are inconceivable, I have recently read about a man who had a relationship with a boy who visited him often out of his own free will but was sent to prison for six months – while at the same time another man, who had been insulted by a youth, managed to catch the boy, bound him, whipped him, punched him in his stomach, smashed his head against a wall and tortured him for two hours with a hot iron, this man was given a prison sentence one month shorter than that of the boy-lover!

Violent emotion against sex-offenders is always suspect. The distinguished British criminologist, Professor D. J. West of Cambridge, wrote in *Homosexuality Re-examined*: "Placed in a situation which threatens to excite their own unwanted homosexual thoughts, (people) over-react with panic or anger. Repressed homosexuality may sometimes

be the explanation why men of intelligence and judgement, who could never express themselves so crudely on other topics, indulge in wildly inaccurate and absurdly emotional pronouncements about homosexuality. In advocating

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castration or the gas chamber for sexual corruption of youths, they betray a need to compensate for their own inner guilt by vigorous denunciation of sin in others.”

In this light, Sergeant Lloyd Martin's plea for locking up boy-lovers for life in order to eliminate them from society and the highly emotional outbursts of Mrs. Densen-Gerber become most revealing.

In France Mr. Francois Debre spent a lot of his government's money to go with his troupe of assistants to Manila, where he hired a little girl and a little boy to play the parts of prostitutes before his television camera – and all in the hope that this fake would be accepted at face value and thus prevent the French parliament from lowering the age of consent for homosexual acts from 18 to 15. The logic of his thinking is striking. How deeply involved this man must be with his own negative feelings! You never hate something with such intensity unless you feel secretly attracted by it.

There is another way these people betray themselves. To be candid, what boy-lover has never dreamed of a country, of an era, where healthy, beautiful, naked boys play freely in the streets, parks, countryside, where they run to their friends to be caressed and cuddled, openly displaying their sexual excitement? Who has not day-dreamed about houses where the handsomest of boys were at his disposition, where they could be picked out and would gladly unite their splendid bodies with his own in just the way he chose? Authors of erotic literature, the artists no less than the vulgar, have always indulged in such fantasies.

But not only they. This fantasy always breaks out when the police in France, Italy, England, the United States, etc. arrest a boy-lover and discover that he has been in correspondence with people of like-interest, exchanging ideas and pictures with them, visiting them and receiving them as guests (in other words, doing all the things ordinary citizens are likely to do with their acquaintances).

Immediately the excited policeman, in part perhaps to make himself important, starts telling his masturbation fantasies to equally excited,

and receptive, journalists: this is “the tip of the iceberg” of an international ring delivering boys on order for sexual abuse. The newspapers, of course, print all of this, knowing quite well that many of their readers will enjoy the stories for their salacious titillation.

The readers, however, very quickly forget such exposes, just as they forget other pornographic material they may have read. So nobody ever complains that there is never a follow-up. Were the stories true, hundreds of clients of these international rings would be brought to court, hundreds of boy-victims, freed at last from their slavery, would be telling us how they were kidnapped or lured away from their homes. Judges would have deprived hundreds of fathers and mothers of their parental responsibility for selling their sons' bodies or condoning their abuse. Journalists could have filled pages of their papers with *true* spicy stories; authors and publishers would have the shelves of our bookstores groaning under volumes of “confessions”. But nothing of the sort happens. What we see is that, from time to time, a single unfortunate man appears in court, perhaps with a companion, and that there is a boy, or perhaps a few boys, who are made to testify that they had sex with the accused and that they more or less liked him. As a lawyer I've seen a lot of such cases – and I have yet to hear a boy-witness say that he hated the prisoner. Curious...!

In most people sexual fantasies tend to be rather vague, but in the mind of a stout policeman, bent on stating facts, they become very concrete. A policeman is, of course, trained in noting down what he has seen or heard, and this he should do as exactly as possible, without adding his own personal views.

Now it seems that one of these gentlemen, a certain Sergeant Tom Rodgers, commander of the Child Pornography Unit in the Indianapolis (USA) Police Department, has seen a catalogue published by NAMBLA. He ordered it from an

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address in Europe (“Amsterdam or Copenhagen” – it's a pity that Sergeant Rodgers here is so inexplicit, but of course he has to keep in mind that one of his readers might be tempted to order it, and that must not be allowed to happen!).

Sergeant Rodgers tells us that it is a book of “600 or 700 pages” (evidently he had left his copy at home when he wrote the text of his speech so he wasn't able to count the pages exactly). The reader of this amazing volume, the good Sergeant assures

us, “can select the child he wants from photos and complete catalogue descriptions which tell him what the child is skilled in sexually as well as describing the child's physical attributes”. When the child is delivered payment is arranged through credit cards (evidently the client is not afraid to give written proofs of his activities!). NAMBLA, of course, Sergeant Rodgers continues, “is only one of the major corporations in America dealing with children”.

Sergeant Rodgers must be cordially complimented on this vivid rendering of his masturbation fantasy – it is quite delightful and stimulating. If it had even one grain of truth in it I would be quite furious with the NAMBLA people who were so kind and helpful to me and made themselves such delightful companions when I visited with them not long ago in New York: they discussed with me every activity of their organization but never whispered a word to me about this vast “child-sex-by-catalogue” operation!

Another ring like NAMBLA, Sergeant Rodgers says, is “Child Sensuality Circle”. At first I was tempted to identify this with the *Childhood* Sensuality Circle, but then I read that Sergeant Rodgers found it “very difficult to get into and infiltrate.”

As I myself found it very easy to contact this Circle as soon as I arrived in Los Angeles, “infiltrated” without the least difficulty into a meeting in Venice and was most kindly received by the pleasant, energetic lady who presides at its headquarters in San Diego, Sergeant Rodgers must mean another organization, for how could a poor foreigner, on his first day on the American continent, intrude successfully where a welltrained American policeman, after much effort, had failed?

A capable man, this Sergeant Rodgers. He tells the public how difficult it is to learn about boylove matters. “The investigator has to understand the paedophile,” he declares. Well, to him, of course, this comes easily, for he is one himself. Were he not he wouldn't have such vivid imaginings about catalogues of sexy children running to “600 or 700 pages”. Now, there's nothing wrong with being a paedophile: paedophilia is a kind of love, and love is always ennobling and good. So there's nothing wrong with Sergeant Rodgers as a man. We should welcome him in our midst, and I propose that we ask him to write a nice boy-love novel for your PAN line of books. What's wrong about him is not the sexual inclination which he shares with readers of your magazine, nor his fantasies,

which are delightful to hear, but the widening of his fantasies into delusion, his belief in them as fact. This may qualify him as a contributor to some future PANTHOLOGY; it disqualifies him as a policeman.

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Child sexual abuse by neglect

When, for the first time, in 1962, C. Henry Kempe and his associates described the “battered child syndrome,” the public became suddenly aware of the number of young victims whose bones are broken, skin scarred, skulls smashed by cruel or impatient parents. Everyone had to face the alarming frequency with which this horrible and disgusting crime of child abuse was committed.

As soon as the problem was studied more intensely, it was gradually realized that there was still another form of this crime, less sensational, less conspicuous: guilty neglect. Children are exposed to hunger or cold by parents quite well enough off to provide them with the necessary food or clothing. Children are intentionally left alone to play at the side of busy motor-roads. Their suffering may well be far more intense than the pain caused by a blow or a burning cigarette, as it is continuous over a long period of time. And then a third, even more insidious form was recognized: mental child abuse. This, too, can be intentional and violent. There was the physician who for some reason disliked his five-year-old son and daily drilled him on long and difficult words quite beyond his childhood capabilities and ordered him to repeat them. Failing, of course, the boy was told he was stupid and bad. It is easy to see how enormously damaging this kind of cruelty can be. Besides turning the child's life into hell, it deprives him of the last sparkle of selfconfidence, is likely to make him shy and timid and dumb for the rest of his days. Much better to have a leg broken in an outburst of paternal anger than to be helplessly exposed, year in year out, to an authority which makes you believe you're a lazy imbecile!
Other parents and teachers cause mental

damage in children not because they want to harm them but only because they are unthinking. This unintentional mental abuse is a fourth form of mistreatment. Never say to a boy, after he makes a careless mistake, "You're stupid": he might believe you and, if it happens often enough, give up hope and ambition to learn better. Say, rather, "That's a stupid mistake. If you'd considered the problem more seriously you wouldn't have given such an answer." And never forget – this is even more important – that a child needs to feel that he is loved, that he is safe, that he is cared for. The unloved child will never be a loving child, a loving man. He may become a hard-boiled businessman but he'll never be a nice friend, a good husband, a fine father. Abuse by neglect is the killing of every human feeling.

Sexual elements may be present in all these forms of child abuse, although they are sometimes partially camouflaged. There was the boy who wrote me about his life in a German home for neglected children: he had very well

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observed that the proctor who caned him for punishment always got an erection when he did. And then in the recent discussions in England about whether the caning of schoolboys should be permitted, the intensity of the emotions of those attempting to justify the practice beautifully revealed the sexual motives which lie at the root of this form of child abuse. Evidently addicted teachers wouldn't abandon their cherished and lustful hobby.

In other cases the abuse is more frankly sexual. There is rape and indecent assault. They may be – of course – very traumatising, but abuse of authority in order to satisfy sexual needs, while less violent, is an even more damaging form. Children who are well-behaved, disciplined by their parents to obey and honor adult people, are – and this is often not realized – much easier prey to child-molesters than the unruly ones: when an adult orders them to have sex with him, they simply don't dare refuse. Being compelled to submit, forced into resignation like a slave, inflicts much more lasting and serious damage on the victim's self-esteem than being conquered and subdued in a violent struggle.

All these forms of sexual abuse have been known, and practiced, since the origin of mankind. It is only recently, however, that we're beginning to perceive that here too, besides intentional, overt, active child sexual abuse, there

can also be child sexual abuse by neglect.

“It is not good for man to be alone,” the Bible says on one of its first pages. Man is not made to be alone; he needs someone else, not only spiritually but also physically, someone with whom to bring his body in contact and finally to unite with it. It is therefore of vital importance for the young to learn how to do this, and the human child learns everything, as we plainly see, by observation and experience.

Until about two centuries ago, this sexual learning process of children posed no problems. All over Europe, until the eighteenth century, the whole family – father, mother, children, servants, guests – slept in one big room, everybody quite naked when it was warm enough and naked beneath the covers when it wasn't. There was no need to explain to children the 'facts of life': they saw them. They saw the difference between male and female, between children and adult people, they saw the changes of puberty, they saw sexual intercourse, they saw birth, they saw old age and death. There were no books for sexual instruction because there was no need for them. Moreover, adults discussed these things openly whether children were present or not, and they used what we now call “vulgar” words in doing so because they hadn't yet got the strange idea that things become more decent if you use a Latin word for them. Parents and friends fondled the sexual organs of children because children evidently liked this. No one saw any harm in it. Children belonged to the same world as their elders.

In the last two centuries our world has drastically changed. Society became stratified into age groups, each with its different way of life. Middle-class and gentry started to become ashamed of nakedness and sex. The growth of science and technology made necessary many more years of schooling and apprenticeship before a young man became capable of earning enough money to nourish a family of his own. Longer and longer grew the period between physical puberty and marriage. There was now no legal outlet for his sexual drive (conception couldn't be prevented until recently): it therefore had to be suppressed. The simplest way to suppress it was to deny its existence. A good, well-educated boy had no sexual desires; he was “innocent”, asexual. Hence the increasingly violent campaigns against sexual instruction, masturbation and sexplay of any kind whatsoever. Every lie, every deception was permitted if only it

kept youth from sex.

The tide is turning now. It started to turn when contraceptives made it possible to separate sex from begetting children. Once again sex could be seen simply as an expression of love, or as

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only delightful play. Homosexuality gradually ceases to be immoral, or sick, or deviant, and becomes respectable.

At the same time we are becoming aware of the criminal sexual abuse of children by neglect – criminal not because of the personality of those who commit the crime (well-meaning but overly timid parents and teachers) but criminal because of the unnatural, perverted philosophy which inspires and intimidates those people. Our civilisation has driven boys and girls to suicide, has made them nervous wrecks by mortal fear, has rendered them aggressive and loveless, by withholding the sexual instruction they need, by not telling them that masturbation is a common and healthy practice, a habit of young and old alike, by preventing them from having sexplay with comrades and friends, by not giving them the opportunity to experiment with sex and to practice it, just as they have to experiment with and exercise every other capacity of their body. Parents don't even teach their children the necessary vocabulary with which to discuss sex, at least not to discuss it frankly and openly. Many really nasty child-molesters (rapists, aggressors, importuners) have escaped detection because the child simply didn't know *how* to tell his parents what had happened!

Contemporary youth in the western world is, in general, cruelly neglected, deprived of the knowledge, instruction and information it needs, kept ignorant, denied the liberty to develop and live according to human nature. No wonder so many marriages fail! We wouldn't allow parents to abuse their children in such a scandalous way if food or clothing or other elementary knowledge was at stake; we shouldn't allow them to abuse their children sexually by such neglect.

And we must fight to prevent our western stupidity, ignorance and cruelty from spreading to other countries where children are educated with more wisdom, more liberty and in closer harmony with nature.

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Hylas

One of the striking things about Greek mythology is that nowhere do we find gods who are untouched by the base and the bad: they were just immortal humans, with all the passions, virtues and immoralities of humanity. Like men, gods could be liars, but if they told lies they were enormous lies. Like men, gods could be cowards and traitors, but then they were very big cowards and very dirty traitors. All their traits, good and bad, were exaggerated.

As men, the gods liked sex and were, of course, very active at it. Now for the Greeks, just as for the Romans who came later, sexual attraction was less defined by the sex of the beloved than by her (or his) age. It wasn't so much the maleness or femaleness which stimulated sexual passion, rather it was the loved one's youth and beauty.

Sometimes the poets sang of some man who was happy "with a beautiful boy or girl". In wars, boys as well as girls of the conquered had to serve the lust of the victors; in brothels both were at the disposition of clients.

Here, too, gods were like men. Most were married and enjoyed their love-making with women.

They not only engendered children but had numerous extramarital adventures on the side. And, like men, they loved sex with boys. Supreme god Zeus raped the beautiful Ganymede; his wife Hera had every reason, it seems, to be jealous of the boy. Apollo wept at the death of his handsome play-mate Hyacinthus. In the excavations under St. Peter's basilica in Rome, I was shown a Roman sarcophagus with a fine sculpture of Dionysos and Eros: it is exciting to think that beneath the foundations of the central church of Catholicism lies this marvellous image of boylove.

Heracles [NOTE: "Hercules" to the Romans], the prototype body-builder, was actually only a demi-god: his mother, Queen Alcmene of Thebes, was a mere mortal, although a rather virtuous one, for she had always been a faithful wife to her King Amphitryon. She caught the eye of Zeus, however, who conveniently assumed the form of her husband and so seduced her. To make things better, Zeus ordered Helios, the sun, to stay at home that day, thus making the night he spent with Alcmene last three times as long as usual. Heracles,

the superman, was the result of this delirious orgy. He was a superman admired not only for his muscle and wit but also for his sexual potency. As a young man Heracles had to choose between Arete (virtue) and Kaka (evil) and he opted unhesitatingly for virtue although he knew she would make his life much more difficult. But this did not rule out proving himself a sexual athlete: in one single night he is supposed to have taken the maidenheads of no less than twenty different girls. For the Greeks there was nothing dirty about sex; it was in no way incompatible with virtue.

Heracles was married several times and had several children, but in the course of his eventful life he also, being Greek, had fourteen boyfriends. His nephew Iolaus became his shieldbearer and charioteer. The two are often represented together, as patrons of boy-love and protectors of those who love each other. But most moving is the story of Hylas.

One day Heracles was passing through the Parnassus Mountains with his wife

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and young son when the little boy grew hungry and, seeing a man ploughing the fields by the roadside, Heracles asked him for some food. The man refused, rather gruffly, and Heracles flew into a rage, slew one of the man's oxen and set about preparing the meat for his hungry son.

Now the ploughman, one Theiodamus, was the local landowner; he returned with some of his men, attacked Heracles and, of course, all of the attackers were slain. Not so Theiodamus' son Hylas, who was very young and very beautiful. Heracles immediately fell in love, and took the boy with him. Despite this rather dramatic way of getting acquainted, Hylas requited that love in the hero's arms at night.

Two poets of Greek antiquity, Theokritos and Apollonius, wrote some very lovely verse about these lovers. Man and boy were inseparable. Theokritos idealized the relationship as the finest example of pedagogy: not only did sexual passion unite them but Heracles was to the boy "like a devoted father to his son, teaching him everything he had learned himself, to be a true man, good and courageous."

Hylas and Heracles started off on the ship Argo with Jason on the

dangerous search for the golden fleece, but they only got as far as the Propontis. Camped on the beach one night, Hylas took a brass cup and went off into the forest looking for fresh water. Soon he discovered a lovely clear spring surrounded by bushes and flowers, and went down to fill his cup.

But in the spring there dwelt a nymph, a restless being who made all the simple peasants thereabouts shudder with fright. Seeing the boy “whose beauty and charming graces shone in the moonlight” she grasped his hand and drew him to her in the water, “burning with desire to kiss his delicate lips”. There she comforted him and was kind to him.

But Heracles grew worried over Hylas' absence and went in search of the boy. Three times with his mighty voice he called the boy's name. Hylas heard his lover and thrice he answered, but his voice, from beneath the surface of the water, was weak and always seemed to Heracles to be coming from far ahead.

Deeper and deeper into the mountain

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forest wandered the distressed lover, growing gradually insane with longing for his lost beloved boy, forgetting the allegiance he swore to Jason, forgetting the expedition, the golden fleece, everything. The next day the Argonauts, assuming, sadly, that Heracles was a traitor to their cause, continued on their way without him, leaving the hero to roam about the mountains, a prey to madness, “his heart torn by a cruel god”.

It is not difficult to see in the plight of Heracles the plight of many boy-lovers. Since most males have greater heterosexual than homosexual interests, it is to be expected that most boys who are loved by men and return their love will sooner or later begin to seek relations with girls and eventually cleave to women more or less exclusively. Before puberty and during the first few years thereafter it is important to many boys just to have a sexual partner, and the gender of that partner is much less important. I have known boys who felt themselves to be completely heterosexual, who, when looking at erotic pictures, were only interested in the females, whose masturbation fantasies and wet dreams

were all about girls but who nevertheless were very much in love with a male friend and enjoyed their sex with him intensely. As time passes, however, this flexibility usually diminishes and the sexual impulse seems to become more rigid in its choice of object.

Sooner or later some nymph will come and draw young Hylas to her. And Heracles will be mad with grief.

If he is reasonable – and how difficult it is to be reasonable in love affairs! – the man will accept his loss as a fact of life. It is characteristic of boylove that a relationship cannot last forever, simply because a boy will some day no longer be a boy. Morally, boy-love can only be justified if it helps the boy to become a better man – and for a majority of men the most natural coupling is with women. During the course of my investigations, a number of boys have told me that their sexual relationship with a loving man had been a great help preparing them for sex later with girls. For all boys, except those who are actually homophile, this is very much as it should be.

A modern-day Hylas may well see that his Heracles is sad when he acquires a girl-friend and no longer desires his friend's intimate embrace. But if Heracles' sadness turns into unreasonable fury, if he acts as though the boy had betrayed him and refuses to see him any longer, Hylas can only conclude it was just his fine young body which sexually excited the man, that Heracles never really loved him for the human being he was.

I've known followers of Heracles who have said to their Hylases, "I love you. Even if I'm sad that sex is over between us, you'll always be welcome in my home." This is usually enormously impressive to the boy, makes him extremely happy and turns him into a close friend for the rest of his life.

And just possibly there will come a few times when young Hylas finds the nymphs a bit tiring and exacting, so that he leaves their pool to return for a few moments to Heracles' lair, to lie down again at the side of his hero, to be kissed and fondled and cuddled, and abandon himself passively to the familiar caresses which guide him to the peaks of pleasure, as of old.

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Professor Beemer, a Roman Catholic priest and teacher of moral theology at the Catholic University of Nijmegen, wrote a most remarkable chapter on sexual ethics in Frenken's *Seksuologie* (1981). Beemer distinguishes between four main conceptions of sex:

1. *The biological conception:* Sex is necessary for reproduction of the species and serves at the same time to relieve certain tensions in the body.
2. *The hedonistic conception:* Sex is good because it is pleasant and the source of the greatest physical delight.
3. *The cosmic conception:* Sex makes us experience the stream of life, the basic forces of nature; in the divine ecstasy of sex – which absorbs all other feelings – in the orgy, we touch the divine; it is a deeply religious experience.
4. *The personal conception:* Sex is the expression of love for a person with whom the individual unites himself, gaining thereby a knowledge and insight of the other's personality unobtainable in any other way.

Sex has always served procreation: if it didn't we wouldn't exist. Sex for pleasure is so consonant with human nature that this way of regarding it is as old as mankind. Sex as an expression of love is the most accepted concept in our contemporary culture, accepted even by the majority of boys and girls just starting on their sexual careers. But the cosmic conception of sex seems to be absolutely lacking in our Western society; thus it is especially interesting that a priest like Professor Beemer describes the hedonistic and cosmic conceptions as unpaid bills which will sooner or later be presented to our civilisation. We ought to give more attention to them.

Cosmic sex differs from the other forms in that it is impersonal. In the orgy the other body is only an instrument to achieve ecstasy, for oneself and the other. This conception, then, offends our modern feeling of the importance and uniqueness of the “you” and the “I” and their relationship. In the cosmic orgy there is only an “us”, incarnated in many entwined bodies.

Such feelings may appear strange to many of us, the activities of an orgy rather repellent. But it is a curious fact that more and more adolescents are experimenting with group-sex – without any

mystic intentions, to be sure, and consciously bent only on lust – and describe it afterwards as a surprisingly unique experience: through it they have touched upon something they hadn't known existed.

Humans seem especially susceptible to such experiences when one phase of life is drawing to a close, giving way to another. The most striking example is puberty. In and after puberty sex is looking for a partner, but the first, rather distant phase of partner-seeking – masturbating together in a group, in a club – is not by accident so universally popular: the special delight so many boys take in it derives from the ancient mythical idea of the orgy.

In the open air we feel closer to nature.

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Couples feel this when they consummate their love in some deserted idyllic, pastoral setting. There is a beautiful passage in a book by the English author and painter Ralph Nicholas Chubb (born 1892) called *The Sun Spirit*, in which he speaks of a holiday he passed, at the age of eighteen, with a boy of fifteen:

*Idling we pass'd our sunny days bathing in
sequester'd streams, sprawling with gold-brown
bodies side-by-side beneath the noonday beam,
Fondling, spending, silently embracing, The mounting
heat, the shorten'd breath, the surging onslaught of
desire, Sweet pulsing short-lived agony seeking relief,
the brimming consummation and flood, The drooping
languor, the heavenly listless content with bright
swimming pupils gazing up seraphical at the azure
vault.*

Often closer to nature than the adult, a sensitive boy in puberty may become aware of his union with nature in all its fundamental power during the moments when he is mounting to a sexual climax. That is why he sometimes feels a very special delight, quite in addition to the usual pleasure, when masturbating in a lonely spot in the woods or on a deserted beach. Sometimes, too, the deep emotions evoked by the riotous fecundity of spring, the joy of being alive on a bright summer day, will impel a boy to bring himself to orgasm. This is no desecration of nature; on the contrary it is a perfect abandoning of himself, a complete surrender to it. Shedding his seed over the grass, casting it in the sand may have in his mind the significance of a libation, an offering in worship.

In such moments he draws close to the Hindu who venerates the male organ primarily as the instrument through which we can attain an ecstasy

which brings us on level with the divine. Procreation is only its secondary function. The world is conceived of as a spark of divine gladness, the joy of its creator: in the bliss of orgasm we approach its essence.

It was much the same in Ancient Greece. Here, as with many other peoples, the orgy was a religious ritual: the sexual acts could be performed in the precincts of a temple, to honour the deity.

One monument to such feelings are the famous inscriptions on the Greek island of Thera (Santorini). High up on the mountain there was a temple to Apollo and monuments to other gods. Here, once a year in September, after the wine harvest, completely naked youths performed a solemn, ceremonial dance in honour of the Sun god, the protector of all that is good and beautiful. As in Sparta, where similar rituals were performed by naked boys, people came from near and far to see these "gymnopaideia".

And here, seven centuries before Christ, men carved in a rock standing only fifty metres from the temple the declarations of their sexual union with boys – and did this in praise of the god. "By the Apollo of Delphi, Krimon copulated here with a boy, the brother of Bathykles." "Krimon copulated with Amotion here." "Pheidippidas copulated." "Timagoras and Empheres and I copulated."

The verb translated as "copulate" is οἰφειν (oiphein), which, according to Professor K. J. Dover of Oxford University, is "a very blunt word for sexual intercourse".

The sacral interpretation of these inscriptions finds many adherents among the experts on Greek Love, including E. Bethe (*Die dorisch Knabenliebe*, 1907) in Germany, Thorkil Vanggaard (*Phallós*, 1969) in Denmark, and the finest French authority, Professor Felix Buffiere (*Eros adolescent*, 1980). Yet it is disputed by Professor Dover.

Dover's book *Greek Homosexuality* is without any doubt brilliant and scholarly to the highest degree. In fact I admire it greatly and consider it a real treasure. Nevertheless I think Dover is wrong on this point.

According to Dover these inscriptions are "boasts, effusions and slanders" and Krimon only wanted to insult Bathykles over whose brother he had triumphed. The invocation to Apollo means nothing, he says: the use of such oaths was common in Greek speech.

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Perhaps! But isn't there a difference between

the vulgar use of a holy name in spoken language and carving it “with enormous characters” (fifteen of them – NAI TON DELPHINION on the face of a rock? Carving it so deeply, moreover, that the text remained readable after 26 centuries? It must have been a strenuous task, not executed lightly or without serious intent. It cannot be just a thoughtless exclamation.

And then, too, οφειν, however blunt the word may be, had the special meaning of *lawful* copulation. Thirdly, if Krimon had wanted to insult an enemy, why not say that he had copulated with Bathykles himself? This would have attacked the honour of his supposed adversary much more effectively than by substituting an unnamed brother. To the Greek mind it could be quite all right for a boy of 12 to 18 (Bathykles' brother is called a “pais”) to be a passive partner in intercourse, but an adult man forfeited his honour in doing so. There was certainly no prudery about sex between a man and an adolescent lad: famous orators in their public speeches attested to their enjoyment of these acts. Therefore how could texts like “Pheidippidas copulated”, with no partner mentioned, be read as slander? In other inscriptions, as old as Krimon's, on the same site, the boy is called “agathos,” meaning the good, the virtuous one. Would such a word be used in slander?

But perhaps the best explanation I have found of the sense of these inscriptions is in a book by the Dutch Greek historian Dr. H. Scholte (1958). It seems that one full-moon night at the end of the gymnopaideia a *staphylodromia* was held, a hunt for a young boy running naked but for a garland of *staphyli* (raisins). He was given a head start, but then a group of older boys (*ephebes*) ran after him; the first to overtake the boy caught him and possessed him. Krimon, evidently, won such a contest, and proudly proclaimed his victory.

No, I am convinced that Dover is wrong here, despite his immense knowledge of Ancient Greece. By a curious coincidence I have just received a letter from a man, now suffering five years in a Belgian prison because he made love to boys who loved him. Describing some of the journeys he had made in the past, he wrote:

“In Greece I never had relations with boys.

How misleading the reputation of a country can be! But I did have one strange experience.

Thousands of years ago there was a volcano in the middle of the sea north of Crete. One day it exploded, causing a tidal wave that destroyed the

palace of Crete's King Minos. This cataclysm left one side of the volcano intact, in the form of a crescent. On top of this rock is a city. The whole of the island has different names: Santorini and Thera. Some years ago I arrived there by ship. One of the sides of the volcano island rises vertically out of the water; the other descends in a gentle slope to a beach, with three or four houses, near a village. There I experienced something I have never since felt: a terrible dizziness. I walked for two hours on this deserted beach, then, having stripped naked, fell face down on its surface of fine shingle and a mad desire came over me to make love to this island. I felt as though I was crazy or drugged (without ever having taken drugs). I had the feeling of being transported to a superhuman world, of communicating with the raw forces of nature, of having been guided to that spot by a power which I could not name.

The next morning I left this strange island. On board the ship I discovered in my luggage a folder about the place I had visited. I trembled when I read it. It said that this island, with its frenzied formations, had been regarded in ancient times as the privileged site for boy-love. It was entirely consecrated to the love-cult of young boys. Today there are still ruins of a palace of 'divine children', with texts and inscriptions and drawings celebrating these forms of perfect love which today are so basely valued. I had never heard about all of this. Without any knowledge of what had happened there centuries ago, I had felt myself at home..."

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Only in a society with institutionalized slavery, and in certain initiation rituals of primitive peoples, is it legally permitted to use another's body for sexual purposes against his will. In the Ancient World – in our culture, in fact, up until the abolition of servitude – the sexual capacities of slave boys and young men were used and abused by their masters in the most arbitrary manner. In a well-to-do Roman household the handsome, long-haired favourite of the master may have had to satisfy his owner's every

salacious whim; some slave boys or youths might be put at the disposal of guests, others made to serve as companions of the sons of the family, or for their sexual training. Less fortunate boys were castrated as soon as their organs had grown to full size so that they could service the ladies without risk of pregnancy. Boys were bought by brothel owners and, of course, had to comply with the wishes of the customers. Where sexual activities were considered undesirable (as in the case of singers and acrobats), the foreskin was pierced in two places and a metal ring inserted through the holes, thus making any sexual use of the organ impossible. Some boys were publicly raped, assaulted by men and animals or subjected to genital torture so that their contortions and cries of pain could amuse the onlookers. In later times, when the abolition movement made it increasingly difficult to abduct and transport blacks from Africa to the American sugar and cotton fields, some plantation owners started systematically breeding their slaves: strong, healthy adolescents were used as “studs” to generate black babies – and it was the master who decided when and with what woman the youth would copulate.

To us, living at a time when “human rights” has become a cult, all of this seems like horrible, incredible abuse. We insist upon freedom and consent.

Let us not forget, however, that for young people sexual freedom is far from complete – and in many respects they are even less free now than they were two centuries ago. In modern society a boy is well protected on the negative side, but positive freedom is only granted him after he reaches a rather high (and very arbitrarily chosen) age. Until then he is considered unable to give valid consent to a sexual act, and is thus put on par with people who are physically helpless, unconscious, dim-witted or insane. Any friend with whom he may seek the natural pleasures of the body will be judged to have raped him, and will be prosecuted accordingly.

This is, of course, blatantly stupid. Even the smallest boy is quite capable of deciding whether or not he enjoys being touched by a particular person in a particular way, just as he can decide whether he likes candy or not. Admittedly, prepubertal boys cannot, in general, experience a sexual relationship in quite the same way as a mature individual does, just as a boy's experience of art or religion will probably be different and won't reach maturity until a little later, for

richness and subtlety of feeling develop only gradually. But this is no reason to forbid him to have pleasurable physical contacts with a person he likes, any more than it is to forbid him to listen to music, visit a museum or go to church. Nature makes a boy's body susceptible to the joys of skin contact and to sexual excitement right from the start. Such feelings are not only

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harmless, they are necessary for the healthy development of body and soul, while their frustration is actually dangerous. Nobel prize winner Andre Gide asserted quite rightly that to provoke sexual excitement in a boy, to teach him how to experience the utmost physical pleasure and how to give this to a partner, is to render him a very important service.

Nevertheless it will always remain an essential condition that we have to respect the boy's own sexual decisions, whatever his age. Nothing is allowed unless he is willing to take his part in such activities. Overpowering a younger partner with moral or physical pressure (not rare in certain groups of older boys where virility has to be proved), like rape and assault, must be rejected just as strongly as legal or parental prohibitions against sexual activity.

Now, if boys were simple, uncomplicated beings it would be easy to know when one of them really wants to engage in a certain sexual act or not. But human beings are not simple and uncomplicated, least of all boys. By the time their sexual impulses start imposing themselves upon them most strongly they have already been indoctrinated for years about the immorality and perils of sex. Nature has to break through this artificial crust, and this is often a very difficult process involving strong and contradicting emotions. When it comes to the question of having sex with a male friend there are, moreover, anxieties about being "sissy" or "turning queer" for the rest of one's life. These fears are as groundless as the supposed dangers of masturbation, but this doesn't prevent them from appearing in the boy's mind as grave problems. In naive, uninformed youngsters desire may be strong but incomprehensible; mysterious, even embarrassing. A boy may imagine himself to be the only one in the whole world who wants to do such crazy, dirty things; thus he may go to great lengths to hide his secret. What a healthy liberation it is for him, then, when someone shows him the way, or when he sees in pictures or

movies how boys and men can use their bodies in the old, old play of pleasure and tenderness! Less naive, more sophisticated boys may know exactly what they want and how to do it, yet at the same time remain mortally afraid of the consequences upon their reputation and personal development.

A minor American poet, Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) put it admirably:

*He was a boy when first we met,
His eyes were mixed of dew and fire,
And on his candid brow was set
The sweetness of a chaste desire:
But in his veins the pulses beat
Of passion waiting for its wing,
As ardent veins of summer heat
Throb through the innocence of spring.*

A man may be terribly excited by this mixture of wanting and refusing when it manifests itself in an attractive boy. In smaller boys it is often quite obvious that their “no!” is really meant as an inviting “yes!”.

Ten-year-old David was playing with two of his friends in the living room. As soon as I sat down he presented himself provokingly in front of me and said, “I’d like to wrestle with you but you don’t play fair: you always start tickling me and I can’t stand tickling.” Hearing this, his two friends jumped up, came over and both declared firmly, “I can’t stand tickling, either!” This was, of course, a quite obvious invitation, and when I accepted they all three filled the house with delighted screams.

A first sexual encounter with an inexperienced boy may pose problems. The Belgian correspondent quoted in my column for P.A.N. 15 on the Thera inscriptions invented a game that leaves the boy quite free to refuse at any moment any activity which he feels is “going too far” while at the same time affording the man a good opportunity to probe the boy without shocking him. In his game the boy must imagine himself to be the son of a rich father who has hidden a treasure somewhere in the house. The man plays the part of a pirate who has captured the son and wants to steal the treasure. The boy lays down, pretending he is fettered and blindfolded (in reality, of course, he is quite free to see and move his arms **n.16, p.31**

and legs). The man says, “If you don’t tell me where your father has hidden the treasure I’ll torture you. Every time I’ll tell you exactly how I’m going to torture you and I’ll do just that unless you say no. When you say no I’ll stop immediately

and we'll change roles: you'll play the torturing pirate and I'll play the son. But when you don't say no I'll proceed, then announce the next torture. Now the first torture is: I'll touch your nose with my finger. Second torture: I'll touch your mouth with my finger..." And so on. The moment the man suggests anything his "victim" doesn't want to accept, the boy says no, and they change roles. Nearly always the boy, when he takes the part of the torturing pirate, suggests more daring and intimate things than the man has so far performed on him, according to my correspondent. It is an easy and safe way to ascertain how far the boy really wants to go without forcing him in the least.

Older boys may ask for sex quite bluntly and their behaviour, devoid of any false shame, may be pleasantly provoking. But many are quite well aware that a show of sham resistance will excite the partner. When the French author Jean Genet (*Pompes funèbres*) invites his young friend Jean to stay over night the boy says, smiling, "But you won't let me alone if I do." "No, I won't bother you. But if you want, you can go home."

"You'll leave me alone? Then I'll stay."

Jean very slowly undresses and when, at last, the boy lies naked in his friend's bed, the man takes him in his arms and, doing so, feels he already has an erection.

"This isn't fair: you promised to leave me alone!"

"I'm just hugging you – I'm not hurting you."

"Well, all right. But suppose I want to do it *now*?"

"What?"

Impatiently: "You *know* what I mean. If I just let you to make love to me right off the bat..."

This play of no and yes (in the original text the scene is longer) is as old as the world. Strato, one of the best known poets of boy-love in ancient Greece, warns that such acting should not be overdone:

*When I want to make love I don't like an
obstinate struggling, nor wild cries nor
scuffling.*

*Nor am I pleased by he who, when I
take him in my arms,*

*Immediately is willing and abandons
himself without resisting.*

*I prefer the boy who carefully combines
these two attitudes*

And who knows how to say no and yes

at the same time

The ideal boy, according to Strato, is the one
*Who kisses me when I show no desire,
And who's not willing when I want to
kiss.
He's not ready for it when there's no
desire in me
And when I want to do it, he struggles
and resists.*

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

On Prostitution

Children learn by doing: by play and exercise. Sex, of course, is no exception. Discovering the joys and possibilities of sex is as natural and healthy for a boy as swimming and playing football. Boys should be quite free to have solitary sex – or sex with attractive friends simply for the fun and thrill of it or because they want to express, in the best way possible, how much they like that person.

It is best when other motives are absent. As soon as money becomes an incentive, corruption is imminent. No author put it better than Michael Davidson: “It's the money that corrupts, not the sex: the money which combining with sex in a kind of psycho-chemical way, produces in the growing mind a condition in which sex becomes inseparable from money. Sex by itself is quite innocent. Money by itself, unfused with any of the agents in combination with which it generates power (and sex is one), is merely a useful thing to have. But money acting upon sex can destroy the capacity for happiness; it adulterates and sophisticates the emotions that make sex a principal vehicle of happiness, so that the mind that ought to be a young lover's becomes the equivalent of a shyster-shopkeeper's.” (From *Some Boys*.) As an afterthought he added, “There can be no harm, surely, in linking a gift with any sexual transaction – corruption begins when the idea of 'gift' turns into one of buying-and-selling and becomes a habit of mind.”

This is perfectly true. I'm acquainted with a man of high academic standing, who, as a boy, adored sleeping with adult men. Some of them gave him valuable gifts – and also money, at times really substantial amounts. But he quite

convincingly declares, “I never gave them my body for the sake of money. I would never have abandoned myself to a man I didn't think attractive just for the earnings. I never asked for money, nor made payment a condition for intimacy. What my lovers gave me afterwards out of the joy in their hearts, this expression of their enthusiasm and satisfaction, made me happy – and, yes, even made me feel randy.”

It would be fine if money and sex were somehow mutually exclusive, but they aren't. Too often they are linked together; it is even difficult to imagine a world where such a connection could be totally avoided. St. Augustine, who was hardly the sort to plead for sexual liberality, thought prostitution was absolutely necessary to maintain order and decency in our society, and he recognized it as ineradicable. No jurist or legislator ever succeeded in putting an end to it, however hard he tried – and most today have stopped trying.

Men need sex. Travellers, seamen, all people who are on brief visits to a town far from home need it. Ugly, unpleasant, unattractive, unwell and old men need it. Shy and timid men need it. Such people aren't able to establish lasting, loving contacts. Non-commercial one-night-stands – casual affairs of meeting and having sex within an hour after first setting eyes upon one another – are not available to everyone. Therefore there will always be men looking for easily obtainable, more or less impersonal sex with boys. And wherever there is a demand there will be a supply. As long as men desire attractive young bodies with which to satisfy their sexual longings there will be boys who are willing to offer

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themselves if they are sufficiently paid for their services.

This is the arrangement which we call prostitution. A dangerous word, because it encompasses situations which are not only very different from each other but may even be antithetical. Since the word tends to be coloured by its worst connotations and applications, we may, in using it, condemn activities which are much less objectionable. Let us illustrate this by looking at two extremes.

Prostitution is the boy in the Middle East brothel. Sold to the owner of a “peg-house” at a very young age by his parents, who are too poor to feed him, he is forced to sit naked on a wooden bench from which a peg protrudes into his

bottom. By using progressively longer and thicker pegs, the master gradually enlarges the boy's anus. Customers viewing the lad on the bench can judge by the thickness of the peg extending below the seat whether the child will be able to accommodate them. For the boy the choice is either to starve on the street or to comply with the wishes of every client who picks him out. Prostitution is also a boy like Roy, hero of Roger Peyrefitte's novel of the same name. Like many other American schoolboys who have discovered this way of earning easy money for expensive sporting or electronic equipment, this son of well-to-do Los Angeles parents sells his body – and not at a cheap price – while at the same time enjoying the sexual activities immensely. His pride in himself is intensified by the money he gets and by the enthusiasm his naked body provokes in a strong and important adult lover. What Roy does is completely of his own choosing and it only heightens his self-esteem and feeling of independence.

There is little similarity between Roy's situation and that of the boy in the peg-house. We may deplore in both cases the mixture of sex and money, but the kinds of corruption are quite different. In the first example it has reduced the boy to the status of a slave, a human being treated as cattle. In the second it is the corruption of a businessman's mentality. The first situation we should fight unconditionally, while the second has to be seen more or less as inherent in our social structure. Unless we manage to change our social system very radically this kind of prostitution will always be with us. We have to tolerate it, and limit ourselves to fighting only its excesses.

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The worst of these excesses occur when a man thinks that, because he's paying the boy, he is entitled to do everything with him he likes. There are several reasons why this is completely unacceptable.

First, a strictly legal point: the contract of prostitution, like every other contract, is subject to conventions. In some places customs exist about what the boy is supposed to do or tolerate, and, unless other acts are clearly agreed upon beforehand, one shouldn't expect the boy to be willing to depart from his usual practices. For example, Albert J. Reiss Jr. ("The Social Integration of Queers and Peers" in Ruitenbeck's

The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society) describes the situation in one American city where the client pays to fellate the boy but is not allowed to be tender with him or to kiss him. In certain neighbourhoods nearly all of the teenage boys engage in this business. They discuss it openly with one another and don't need to hide it from their peers. In another American city the boys are "available" for passive anal intercourse. Everyone knows what is going on. Fathers have done what their sons are doing now. One visitor was independently told by three brothers that their father inspected their bottoms every Saturday night to see whether they were being treated too roughly or penetrated too frequently.

Second – and this is of much greater importance – a sexual contact is a meeting of human beings and, as such, is subject to the general rules of decent human behaviour. We're living in a democratic society and the times of slave-owning are past. Payment, however, generous, never gives us absolute rights over another's body. Therefore a boy, in accepting money to satisfy a client's physical needs, may never be obliged or forced to do unusual things that are disgusting to him.

Of course it is possible that a boy may not like his client and that sex with a man he dislikes doesn't appeal to him. That is the disadvantage of the job he has freely offered to perform. He has to put up with that. In this respect he is no worse off than many apprentices in shops and factories drudging daily for a disagree-

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able employer. And when I saw boys in rags searching through the rubbish dump of Manila for anything they could use or sell – passing hours in the midst of reeking refuse, smoke and dirt, about the most disgusting and unwholesome occupation one could imagine – I wondered why even Tim Bond and *Terre des Hommes* turned a blind eye upon this and reserved all their fury for the "terrible fate" of boys rewarded with a nice shower, new clothes and a good meal for an hour of erotic lust with a tourist. Why should sex always be seen as distinct from all other activities in human existence?

With clients who love boys for the boy's sake, the problem of force and coercion doesn't even arise. They want to see a boy made happy and so don't demand acts which are repellent to him or more painful than the boy will gladly suffer (some

boys enjoy the combination of sex with a small amount of pain!). Likewise, if a boy wants to stop doing something, they will immediately desist. For such men – like Michael Davidson – their main pleasure is to perceive the pleasure of their young friend. Any activity which doesn't excite the boy's lust immediately becomes tedious and drab for the man, too. And compulsion is completely without meaning.

Twelve-year-old Jonny says in a wave of tenderness to his adult friend, "I'd just do anything for you!" The man, kissing and cuddling him, explains how much it would please him if Johnny would let him go inside. Johnny: "You really want to do that?" The man: "Yes, more than anything in the world." Johnny: "Why?" The man: "Because I love you. And I don't want to do it until you love me enough to want to do it." Johnny: "Do we have to do it tonight?" The man: "We never *have* to do it." (D. W. Nichols, *Toward a Perspective for Boy-Lovers*) That's the right reply!

Our society pretends to be highly moral when it puts sex on a level apart from all other human activities. The truth is that this custom of seeing sex as something separate lies at the root of the most terrible aspect of prostitution. The worst figure in the scene of male prostitution is not the boy who earns money with sex; far worse indeed is the person who despises him for so doing. It is this contempt which bad clients use to justify their abuse of boy prostitutes: in the minds of men like this, cheating, rough treatment, insult and injury can be indulged in with hardly a prick of conscience when dealing with such a low creature! It is little wonder that boys, in their turn, begin to feel justified in robbing, cheating and despising their customers.

If society could shake off its hypocrisy and openly recognise that these boys are doing a job that society needs to have done, on behalf of its own safety and good order – a task that at times may be painful and more or less repugnant, but which, under other circumstances, may be chosen freely for its pleasures and the adventures it offers – then it could accord these boys at the very least the respect due every human being. In doing so we may discover some very fine and likeable lads among them. We might even recapitulate the experience of Socrates who discovered in a brothel a boy with a marvellous body and a brilliant mind: Phaedon. One of Socrates' rich patrons, to please him, bought Phaedon from the

brothel owner and the liberated boy became a part of the great philosopher's circle where he was accepted and honoured as an equal and participated enthusiastically in their discussions. It was to Phaedon that Plato dedicated one of his most celebrated works.

In this respect our contemporary culture is inferior to its predecessor, and to other civilisations. In a previous column I mentioned the male temple prostitutes in India, honoured and venerated because they guide men to unity with the deities through divine orgasm; the temple servants are organized, and even represented officially by a trade union. Compared with this, the prevailing custom in Europe and the Americas – needing these boys, using them and despising them – is utterly infamous and barbaric.

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

It is always best if the parents are fully acquainted with the relationship a boy has with an adult friend; this is doubly true when the beloved boy is still very young. Some boys may delight in having a very intimate secret – that depends upon the character of the boy and the character of his parents. But one of the attractive traits of young boys is their openness, and it is a pity if this openness cannot be carried into his affectionate life, too, and for as long as possible.

Mostly, however, this can't be done, because parents tend to be shocked by intimate contacts with people outside the family; they all too often interfere and destroy them. Thus secrecy becomes imperative. Pros and cons have then to be balanced, the cons being the reduction of openness in the boy, the necessity to tell lies and the pangs that the preservation of secrecy may cause him; the pros being his growing independence, his heightened self-consciousness and all the pleasures, physical and spiritual, that he may get from being loved. As he grows older the cons diminish in importance and the pros increase in weight.

In former *boycaughts* something has already been said about the feelings that cause parents to show such violent emotions on the discovery that

their son likes or loves a boy-lover. There can be the conviction that their children are their property and therefore not to be touched by someone else. Or the insecurity of their own love-relationship with him can give rise to jealousy. Their own unconscious paedophile tendencies towards their sons, carefully suppressed, can be stirred up; the knowledge that someone else has not suppressed *his* paedophile tendencies towards the boy, and has done to him what they unconsciously desired to do themselves, can drive them to fury. They can hold to convictions that a thing like sex is still beyond the experiential world of the child, who shouldn't become acquainted with it too early. This idea was firmly inculcated into our culture in former generations, and, however mistaken and erroneous it may be, it is still very much alive in the minds of most parents. Every loving father and mother will feel a pull at his heart when the moment comes for the child to leave home and to stand on his own; watching a child, long before it can be independent, go on his own separate way and seek and find love with another adult may well give them the feeling that they're losing him much too soon.

Some of these feelings do not deserve our sympathy, some are founded on error, some are quite respectable. But I think they're all wrong. Every time I observe a boy-love relationship where the parents of the boy are fully acquainted with what takes place and are permissive or even encouraging, I see something happening that is quite unexpected. A child loves his parents much more, is much more open with them, if he can share with them his joy over his intimacy with an adult friend. And the latter, being on good terms with the parents, may prove the best collaborator of all in their upbringing task.

The journalist Michiel Berkel interviewed the mother of 12-year-old Menno for the Dutch weekly *Haagse Post* (March 18, 1978). This mother allowed her son to spend weekends with Kees, an adult man, though she knew Kees loved

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boys (he had told her so himself), had been convicted for it and now had sex with Menno. "I trust this relationship," she said. "Why should I try to stop it? Kees is a close personal friend of mine. After my divorce I had the feeling that I had completely lost touch with Menno. The child was wholly alienated from me. I told Kees and he said, 'Send him to me, let me talk to him.' Well, since then Menno has gone almost every

weekend to Kees. I saw a strong affection grow up between them, so I thought it was just normal that they spend so much time together. I saw that Menno was becoming much more open towards me again. The change in his behaviour was striking. My oldest son observed it, too. Menno had lost his trust in people and Kees gave that back to him. I don't know what goes on between them sexually. I don't have to know. Wherever sex does happen I think it can only be a big help to a boy if he has a man like Kees to guide him in this area. If everything they do springs from a base of tenderness and friendship, how can it be wrong?"

Karl, a German schoolboy, took a great liking to Hans, an unmarried friend of his parents and, as the man lived in another city, he often stayed with him during holidays.

One day Karl arrived looking worried and depressed, and as soon as they had a chance for a confidential talk, he told Hans that he had made a disgusting discovery: his father was a homosexual! He had surprised him in sexual embrace with another man. Karl was extremely shocked and from that day on he had hated and despised his father: their former good relationship was over.

Hans didn't say very much to this. He quietly told his young friend some facts about homosexuality and left him to his own reflections. But that night, while the boy was taking a shower, he got into Karl's bed. When Karl came back from the shower he asked, surprised, "What are you doing that for?"

"Come here. There's plenty of space for two."

Karl hesitated but finally crawled into bed beside his big friend. Without saying a word, Hans started to fondle him. Then, as the Swedish author Gorling (1949) so aptly put it, "his body betrayed him". No matter what may have been going through the boy's mind at that moment, his body showed an immediate response of pleasure and excitement. Vanquished by such feelings, Karl whispered after a few minutes, "Wouldn't it be nice if we took off our pajamas?"

The next day no word was spoken about what had happened. But that evening Karl, already pajama-less, slipped unasked into Hans' bed. For two whole weeks they slept together and had sex every night.

Before returning home, Karl had another long, intimate conversation with Hans. From his own experience he was now able to understand his father's love-making, and soon good relations were restored between them.

It had been a “pedagogical seduction”, Hans said when he told me the story.

Another fourteen-year-old, Jim, had a big friend in Phil. Man and boy grew more

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and more intimate and one day sex simply happened between them, spontaneously, as the very human and common expression of affection and need it is. Jim's parents, loving and beloved, accepted Phil and liked him as a close friend. Obviously he made their son happy and had an excellent influence upon him.

Then Jim's mother became seriously ill and went into hospital. Jim, a sensitive and delicate boy deeply attached to her, was extremely upset. Part of him grew desperate; the other part tried to believe that her health would eventually be restored and she would be back home with them again. His eyes saw her decline; his mind couldn't accept it.

Then Jim's father invited Phil over for a threeway discussion with his son. When they were all together he said, “Jim, I have some very bad news to tell you. The doctors have given up all hope for your mother: she is dying and soon she won't be with us any more. Phil, I wanted to tell Jim this in your presence so you can help him and he won't have to be alone. Please sleep with him in the guest room tonight.”

The next morning Phil went to the hospital for a farewell visit to Jim's mother. He told her what had happened the previous day. Her sunken face became radiant with happiness. “This is marvellous,” she said. “I always feared that my husband might be jealous of you because Jim loved you so much. It's so good to hear that you stand together. Soon Jim will have no mother to care for him, but at least he'll have two fathers!” Only parents who have never won, or tried to win, their sons' affections lose their sons to boylovers.

They may fight – often, alas not without success – to destroy the competitor, and yet discover that they have lost the war. Will a boy ever forgive his parents for using him as a tool in the destruction of his best friend? Menno's mother and Jim's father were wiser. They were not upset by the discovery that someone else loved their sons. Indeed, weren't those lovers right? Didn't they prove that their sons were lovable?

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Boys and Girls

As soon as the boy's body starts maturing upon entry to puberty, nature vastly increases his sexual appetite. This appetite, of course, has been in existence from birth on, but now it becomes much more demanding. At the same time the sexual organs of the boy undergo changes which make them more sensitive and excitable. Spontaneous erections occur frequently during the day, caused by his spurt of physical growth, mental desires or a combination of both. These responses, together with erotic dreams, nocturnal emissions and a compulsion to masturbate, make the boy very conscious of his sexual drive. One boy of fifteen, after just having had intercourse for the first time in his life, said to me, "You feel like that's just what you were made for." He had grasped, philosophically, the sense of his existence and felt that happiness lay in carrying out the role destined for him.

Since the heterosexual impulse is stronger – or at least more strongly stimulated – in most societies, the thoughts of most boys turn, now, to girls. Superficially, girls would seem to be the ideal partners, equipped as they are with all the bodily charms necessary to elicit feelings of lust in the average boy. Nature, however, in her unfathomable wisdom, as ordained otherwise. Girls may possess the physical attraction to turn boys on, but they generally don't yet have the correct mentality to satisfy the boy's urgent needs. The mind of the boy is, first and foremost, occupied by his physical desires. Where these are not simply stimulated but are also tenderly satisfied, he may gradually come to love the person who so serves him. But his first impulse is to experiment with sex, to train his body for it, to exercise his sexual organs, to make as many conquests as possible. He wants girls. For a girl, on the other hand, the situation is quite different. Personal affection, love, is more important for her than sex. If a boy, in response to her feelings of love, convinces her that she is loved by him in return, she may gradually be more and more willing to permit sexual advances and finally intercourse. But her most important desires revolve around the emotions of individual love and romance. We said that a boy wants girls. Well, a girl doesn't want boys; she wants a particular

boy, a special boy.

Usually a boy learns to love by the way of sex; a girl learns sex by the way of love. This explains Kinsey's finding "that the average girl gets along well enough with a fifth as much sexual activity as the adolescent boy."

In Iris Murdoch's novel *The Nice and the Good* there is a scene which perfectly illustrates this disparity.

Fifteen-year-old Pierce is madly infatuated with Barbara, who is back home on holiday from her school in Switzerland. Her continued rejection of his advances makes Pierce bad-tempered and irritable, a total nuisance to everybody, and finally pushes him to commit a nearly suicidal act of bravery: swimming into a cave where the entrance is submerged as the tide rises.

Impressed by this, Barbara gives in. And then, after they have united in sex, chapter forty begins:

"Was that really it?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you did it right?"

"My God, I'm sure!"

"Well, I don't like it."

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"Girls never do the first time."

"Perhaps I'm a lesbian."

"Don't be silly, Barbie. You did like it a little?"

"Well, just the first bit."

"Oh, Barb, you were so wonderful. I worship you."

"Something's sticking into my back."

"I hope you aren't lying on my glasses."

"Damn your glasses. No, it's just an ivy root."

"You were so *heavy*, Pierce."

"I felt heavy afterwards. I felt I was just a great contented stone lying on top of you."

"Are you sure I won't have a baby?"

"Sure."

"Do you think I'll get to like it more, to like it as much as you do?"

"You'll like it more. You'll never like it as much as I do, Barbie. I've been in paradise."

"Well, I'm glad somebody's pleased."

"Oh, Barb, darling ..."

"All right, all right. Do you think we've been wicked?"

"No. We love each other. We do love each other, don't we, Barbie?"

"Yes. But it could still be wrong."

"It could. I don't feel it is, though. I feel as if everything in the world is with us."

"I feel that too."

"You don't regret it, you don't hate me?"

“No. It had to happen to me and I'm glad it's happened like this.”

“I've loved you so long, Barb ...”

“I feel I couldn't have done it with anyone else. It's because I know you so well, you're like my brother.”

“Barb!”

“Well, you know what I mean. Darling Pierce, your body looks so different to me now and so wonderful.”

“I can't think why girls like men at all. We're so rough and nasty and stick-like compared with you. You're not getting cold, are you?”

“No, I'm fine. What a hot night. How huge the moon is.”

“It looks so close, as if we could touch it.”

“Listen to the owl, isn't he lovely? Pierce ...”

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“Yes?”

“Do you think we'll either of us ever go to bed with anyone else?”

“No, well, Barb, you know we're quite young and ...”

“You're thinking about other girls *already!*”

“Barb, Barb, please don't move away, please bring your hand back again. Darling, I love you, good God, you know I love you!”

“Maybe I do. You were horrid enough to me.”

“I promise I'll never be horrid again. You were horrid too.”

“I know. Let's *really* love each other, Pierce. In a good way.”

“Yes, let's. It won't be difficult.”

“It won't be easy. Perhaps we could get married after you've taken your A levels.”

“Well, Barb, we mustn't be in *too* much of a hurry – Oh, darling, *please* ...”

“When are we going to do this again? Tomorrow?”

“We can't tomorrow. I've got to go to Geoffrey Pember-Smith's place.”

“Can't you put it off?”

“Well, no. You see there's this chance to have the yacht ...”

“What about me? I thought you loved me!”

“I do love you, darling Barb. But yachts are important too.”

It is most interesting to speculate upon nature's purpose in creating this disparity. Man is always tempted to think of nature as an intelligent force with an intent to attain certain objectives. Perhaps man is justified in so doing. But in our everyday

lives it is much more interesting to ask how boys ought to solve this problem.

The answer might be that of the German author Hans Bielefeld: “The natural partner for the little child is the mother, for the young boy it is a boy of his own age, for the older boy it is a man, and for the young man it is a girl.”

The small child needs skin contact – cuddling, fondling, caressing – and no one can do this better than a caring, loving mother. Then comes the time of somewhat rougher play with age-mates. Erections are stimulated by roughhousing; sensual feelings are concentrated in the sexual organs; masturbation is taught or discovered in solitude. To establish, in the next phase, the link between these bodily experiments and the spiritual need of loving and feeling loved, more is demanded than another boy of his own age, or even one slightly older, is usually able to give. A close and intimate friendship with a boy-lover can well be the best solution, combining, as it does in mutual veneration, the intense enjoyment of lustful sex and tender care. If all goes well, such a man may remain his trusted friend for life. In the end most boys as they reach late adolescence will finally turn to a girl, and now – as the follies of puberty have been left behind by both – the partners are much better suited to one another: the girl more open to sex, the boy to love and constancy. An adolescent Pierce will, it is to be hoped, think his future wife more important than a visit to Geoffrey Pember-Smith's yacht.

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Months ago, in a country far from my Dutch home, a local friend invited me to his apartment one evening when boys would come and dance. There were eight of them, all high school students.

Nothing was obligatory, everything was permitted. I was struck by how completely these boys respected one another's freedom. Some wished to dance entirely naked, and so they did. Others retained their trousers, or used loincloths, and did so without being ridiculed or pressured into following the example of the more daring. The music alternated

between American disco and native. I was intrigued by the fact that some put on their loin-cloths whenever music of their own culture was played, only to cast them off for the disco dances. One boy, with a most handsome face and a body close to the Greek ideal, kept his blue jeans on during the whole session, until the long final dance when – happily – he suddenly flung them aside, exhibiting completely his magnificent physique.

I say “happily” because the marvellous flowing lines and curves of a boy's body are interrupted and disturbed by briefs, slips or loincloths. To admire a boy in toto, nudity must be complete. And enjoyment of beauty was the real purpose of this gathering.

All of these boys were heterosexually oriented: they all had girl friends and enjoyed sex with them. But that was no obstacle to their enjoyment of this all-male show of beauty nor did it diminish their pride in exhibiting their exceptionally fine bodies to their friends. Afterwards each of the boys came to me, one by one, to thank me for coming I was surprised, and said it was rather up to me to thank them for such a splendid spectacle.

“No,” my host protested, “your presence gave them something special. The fact that you were paying such rapt attention to them flattered their vanity and greatly increased their pleasure.”

Without exception, the boys were most polite, well-educated and well-behaved. The dances over, one of them went to the kitchen and prepared an enormous omelette which we all consumed together. Later, without even being asked, they cleaned the plates, forks, the kitchen and even the bathroom, then returned the furniture to its usual place, leaving the apartment just as they had found it upon their arrival. They couldn't have conducted themselves more perfectly.

I suspect their nakedness contributed to this.

Throughout the whole dancing session their bearing had been remarkably dignified: no jokes, no giggling, no affectation. The reader may smile, but I would liken the atmosphere at our gathering with that at a symphony concert – people enjoying beauty in serene gladness.

A French author – I believe it was Tony Duvert – once observed that you can take the most vulgar, foul-mouthed, impudent Paris gutter-snipe and see his behaviour change completely the moment he drops his last piece of clothing.

All at once he moves more quietly, chooses his words better, acquires a strange dignity. Perhaps

the reason is that, standing entirely naked in front of others, he becomes very conscious of

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being a male, demonstrating himself as a sexual being. For this would seem to be the design of nature (if we may describe nature as a designing force). Nature strives to make sex very conspicuous the moment puberty is reached: the curious dangling movements of the penis, independent of those of the rest of the body, the darker shade of its skin, its crown of thick hair: they all attract the eye to this bodily organ which in the human race is proportionally much longer than in the other higher primates.

It is this very exhibitionistic element which embarrasses the average boy in our civilisation when he has to go about naked. Face, arms, legs, back, chest, belly – yes; but genitals – no! Swimming trunks or briefs are indispensable. Why? He is ashamed. Why? He was taught to be! Shame is a curious word. For the most part in our language the prefix “un-” changes to a negative sense a word with a positive connotation, or vice-versa. No so with shame. It is unpleasant to be ashamed, and it is bad to be unashamed, or shameless. Applied to sex, shame means that we don't want to be associated with sex, sexual desire as well as sexual activity. But why? Such an attitude is only logical if we consider sex vile and dirty.

A positive view of sex, on the other hand, goes hand in hand with the absence of shame and timidity, perhaps even with pride. Why should a boy be ashamed of showing that he has attained sexual maturity and is now able to father children? Why should a boy be ashamed of the organ with which he can tenderly unite himself with someone he loves? Why should a boy be ashamed of that part of his himself which can cause the most exquisite pleasure to course through his body, and with which he can arouse such immense delight in someone with whom he wants to be intimate? Why should he feel ashamed of abandoning himself to the powerful forces of nature?

Why indeed? Shame is a superficial and artificial shell, easily shaken off. When Masters and Johnson wanted to study the reactions of the human body during sexual excitement and orgasm in their laboratory, they were surprised to

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find there were so many people, male and female, of all ages between 18 and 80, who were quite

willing to masturbate and perform intercourse in the presence of a group of observers. These subjects very quickly lost any inhibitions they might have had. Children originally are entirely devoid of shame about nakedness, and boys may soon get rid of indoctrinated shyness if they are properly taught and encouraged.

I know one old man – I believe I have mentioned him previously in this column – who has a university degree, had an important position in society, is a pious Christian and, now that he is retired, devotes his leisure to the study of religion and philosophy. In his late boyhood an agemate introduced him to the joys of nudity and sex. One day while sunbathing on the beach he met a middle-aged man and they soon became friends and lovers. This man, with deliberate instruction, managed to liberate him from the last remnants of feelings of shame and taboo; he presented him stark naked to his friends, had him pose naked for painters and photographers and even perform naked dances before an audience.

As his inhibitions gradually dropped away he found himself enjoying these occasions more and more. After several months his friend asked seven friends over for dinner and it was decided that the boy would serve drinks and the meal as an ancient Roman slave, wearing nothing save the ring of servitude on his ankles. The guests were delightfully surprised to find a naked youngster in their midst catering to their needs, and they loudly praised the beauty of his body. This excited him enormously, and the inevitable happened: his penis began to swell irresistibly and spontaneously and soon it was fully erect. At first, facing the fully dressed guests with nothing to hide the evidence of his salacity, he was deeply embarrassed. The guests grew silent, the atmosphere tense, everyone stared. Then there was a sudden applause, cries of “bravo!” and “how beautiful!” His embarrassment was swept aside and replaced by pride. From that day on such spontaneous erections occurred all the time during the shows he gave, and he found he utterly enjoyed them. One more taboo was wiped out! Now he is, as I said, a pious old man, but his Christian piety did not adulterate or vilify his memories. “What I did in my youth,” he says, “was simply obeying the call of my nature, and I’ll be eternally grateful to the man who showed me the way and gave me the opportunity to liberate myself from all those taboos. He didn’t

make me shameless; he made me shame-free, a positive condition, and thereby he enabled me to take an uninhibited delight in sex, see it as a source of immense happiness to myself and my intimate friends. Morally I cannot see any wrong in this. Aren't people created to make each other happy? I'm a happy and contented old man now, but the period when I was an adolescent and a young man was just one big spring of gladness and a climax of lust. Marvellous!"

His experience gave him a profound insight into human sexuality, seeing all its facets in proportion. He is not afraid

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of sex in any form, as long as it is based on the consent of the partners. He is fully convinced of the benefits of sexual freedom, on the proviso that it respects the sexual rights of others. His youth was full of sex, full of happy partners, full of shared pleasure and quite devoid of guilt feelings, taboos, frustrations and inhibitions. As an old man, now, many admirers of his wisdom seek his counsel.

For a boy, whose naked body symbolizes so clearly the central place of sex in his life, nudity is the school par excellence for the acquisition of such a healthy view of sex: no secret can be hidden in timidity, no shame, no guilt; sex is rather something to enjoy, to be proud of, a source of happiness to share with your friend or lover.

There were highly cultured people like the Greeks who held to this opinion. On their monuments, on their temple fronts, where sculptures represented battles with the barbarians who surrounded them, the enemy wore clothes while the Greeks fought naked. Watching naked boys and adolescents was one of the most popular pastimes. The festivals of the "gymnopaideia" (dance of naked boys) such as were held in Sparta and on the island of Thera drew thousands of spectators. With the advent of Rome, morality changed, and not for the better. Romans still liked to see nudity, but despised the actors who had to put their bodies on display. They themselves remained carefully clothed – and, as we know, cruelty and license proliferated.

Today there are still peoples – we call them "primitives" – with sound views on nudity and thus on sex. Their minds are generally healthier and happier than ours, they usually display more kindness, more friendliness, less aggression, less criminality than do we in our society. The most discerning attitude seems to me to be that of the

Nuba in Southern Sudan. We see them in the magnificent pictures of Leni Riefenstahl: male and female are completely naked as long as they remain young and healthy: only the old and sick cover their bodies.

Fortunately the nudist movement is spreading in the Western world. There existed much more realistic attitudes about nudity before the taboos of the Victorian age poisoned the European mentality, with the resulting increased sale of bathing suits and pornography, high frequency of rape and sexual violence visited upon women and children. Today nudism is no longer considered a freak expression of crazy fanatics, but rather another way of living.

If nudism were widely practiced in the West more realistic sexual attitudes would prevail.

Boy-lovers therefore should be supportive of this movement; they can only benefit by its effects.

And if they have a long-lasting relationship with a beloved boy, and thus have their special responsibilities toward him, they shouldn't forget the words of my old Dutch friend about the man who liberated him from taboos and guilt feelings and made him enjoy a shame-free nakedness: "I'm grateful to him every hour of my life!"

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BOYCAUGHT

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Love and Pedagogy

If adults suddenly hush up when a boy enters a room it is probably because they are discussing sex. If boys suddenly stop talking on the approach of an adult it is probably because they are discussing sex.

Two separate worlds which hardly touch, yet in some societies they do.

There are cultures which don't stratify themselves into age groups and erect walls between them. Every now and then even in our society a man jumps over such a wall, risking scandal, to associate himself intimately with a boy, with boys. Such a man is a boy-lover.

Small wonder, then, that he is able to exercise an influence over youngsters which others never can, however well-intentioned and kindly they may be, however much they may try to

understand. We all know how important his body is to the growing boy: we see it in his interest in sports, physical activities of all kinds. But, symbolically, in the physical centre of this body of his lies (and sometimes stands) his sexual organ; many of the boy's thoughts, worries, preoccupations and pleasures are concentrated upon it. The man who meets him there, frankly, tenderly, affectionately and with understanding – and at the same time openly reveals his own sexual feelings and desires – makes an enormous impact.

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Parker Rossman in his well-known book *Sexual Experiences Between Men and Boys* gives several examples of social workers who achieved miracles with seemingly incorrigible young delinquents – not by preaching sermons but by sleeping with them. Affection demonstrated by sexual excitement at contact with the boy's body, and by pleasure in giving pleasure to the boy, proved to be more effective than years in reformatories. The French author Jacques de Brethmas says, “Show me the juvenile judges or pedagogues who have managed to disengage boys from criminal gangs, made them willingly throw away their stilettos, as have many men labelled 'molesters' and 'moral corruptors' by society!” There *are* judges who acknowledge this. In Berlin an experiment was made entrusting the supervision of younger delinquents to boy-lovers. It was entirely successful but was nevertheless dropped for fear of public reaction. The Amsterdam judge Cnoop Koopmans advocated such a system during the course of a speech at a public symposium. I personally have knowledge of one boy who had been arrested time after time for shoplifting, who had been a terror at home and a failure at school but who became an honest, pleasant boy passing his exams with excellent grades and who got so good in his chosen sport that he became national champion – all after a boy-lover was officially empowered to look after him.

The ancient Greeks, of course, knew all about this, as have other cultures.

The “pedagogical eros” was part, nay the essence, of their educational system for free-born boys. On Crete, as elsewhere, it was shameful for a boy not have found an adult male lover.

Contemporary boy-lovers, inhabiting a society with so little sympathy for their feelings, tend to idealize these ancient customs and overlook the

enormous gap which exists between their own dreams and fantasies and the tradition of “paidon eros” in Athens and other Greek communities.

In 1907 Eric Bethe published a celebrated paper entitled *Die dorisch Knabenliebe – Ihre Ethik und ihre Idee* (Doric Boy-Love, its Ethics and Meaning) in the German periodical *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie*. (It has just last year been reprinted in brochure form by Rosa Winkel Verlag in Berlin.) Bethe puts great emphasis upon the special significance that male seed had for the Greeks. It carried the man's soul, his spirit, his individuality. Sowing it into a woman's body, it made her fertile with child. Pouring it into a boy's body, the man could inculcate the boy with his virtues and influence his mind. Nature, in making women and boys beautiful and seductive, clearly intended that men should desire sexual union with them, giving the nation new citizens and helping boy-citizens acquire the necessary qualities of manhood. As active partner in anal intercourse, the man was the “eispnelas”, the inspirer.

This concept, however, resulted in Greek relationships being very different from good man/boy relationships nowadays. Only married men were allowed to assist at the ceremonies where naked boys danced, and every good citizen had to beget children as well as love boys.

Wherever boy-love becomes a common approved practice among men, the form sexual contacts take will be modelled on heterosexual intercourse: the man is expected to insert his penis in the boy's anus, or to move it between his thighs. What the man, in exchange for being granted this exquisite pleasure, gave the boy – at least the free-born boy, for with slaves everything was permitted – was considerable: care, affection, education, an ideal of virility and virtue, physical exercise and character training – and all this to such an extent that we find the Greek philosophers tempted to regard boy-love as the privilege of a personally distinguished and virtuous elite. Lukianos says, “Marriage is for everyone; to love a boy is reserved for the sage,” for it demands more character and sacrifice than the average citizen is capable of giving. In his treatise

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Menschliches, Allzumenschliches, Nietzsche stated that probably in no other period of history were boys treated with so much affection, love and careful consideration of their well-being. But

this doesn't alter the fact that any sex given to a man in repayment for his devotion remains a one-sided affair; what to the man is satisfaction of his lust, to the boy is a sacrifice. Later authors, such as Petronius (his witty tale of the Pergamon boy is a forerunner of the skits of Casimir Dukahz) may comment on the boy's pleasure in being penetrated, but the Greek philosophers don't mention this: for them the boy always suffers pain in order to satisfy the man's lust. For just this reason Ovid, an avowed expert on the art of loving, disparages this kind of intercourse: "I don't like a copulation which doesn't excite both partners to orgasm." Classical Greek love, then, had three chief characteristics, as summarized in a recent study by the German expert Patzer: 1) it was a relationship between an adult male citizen and a free-born boy; 2) the sexual activity was never mutual: the man must always be the active partner; 3) the practice was justified by its educational intent. The Greeks and Romans disapproved of a man indulging in any sexual practice with a boy other than active anal and active intercrural (between the thighs). Greek vase pictures often show the man touching the genitals of a boy, but the boy never has an erection: it was just solicitation by caressing, and never should go farther. A man masturbating a boy to orgasm was considered abuse; it was far beneath male dignity to suck a boy's penis.

How remote all is from contemporary boy-love can be read in Michael Davidson's biography *The World, the Flesh and Myself*: the author derives his greatest pleasure in observing the boy's sexual pleasure! Of course even in classical Greece and Rome there were men for whom the pleasure of the boy was indispensable, but if this came to light they were derided and despised. Martialis sneered at one man who left the curtains halfopen while he had sex with a boy in the customary way. Whoever likes to be observed in such a normal act, the poet maliciously suggested, will certainly do much more behind closed doors. Present boy-love practices are very different. Although socially the partners may come from very different strata, in sex they are equals. No method of obtaining and inducing sexual excitement is banned: it is entirely a matter of individual preference and mutual consent. The boy may be the active partner, exclusively or alternatively, just as he and his friend prefer. Also, the distinction between free-born boys and slaves has disappeared – some boy-lovers may even be

more drawn to youngsters of a lower social level. Finally, the concept of educating a boy through sex and a sexual relationship may be absent: sex is sought simply because man and boy think each other attractive, and mutual attraction can be the foundation for a lasting intimate relationship, just as it can for a casual passionate conjugation. That lasting relationships may exercise a strong pedagogic influence on a boy we saw at the beginning of this article. The partners may not have come into association for this purpose but the effect is the same. It is a curious, and sad, fact that the dismal anti-sex fury and prudishness of our society have blinded most people to the multitudinous benefits of physical intimacy with growing boys.

In boarding schools “special friendships” between older and younger students are fought rather than encouraged. And yet how many noble, caring, paternal feelings may be awakened in the older boy when a little boy places in him his trust! Sexual intimacy is not the corruption but the flower of such feelings. And how much admiration, sense of being safe and protected, how much willingness to please can be evoked in the younger boy! In becoming intimate with the body of his adolescent friend, the younger boy's legitimate curiosity is satisfied; he learns how his own body

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soon will appear and work, saving him from the anxieties so many boys still suffer at the strange changes which take place within their pubertal bodies. Such an intimate relationship strengthens his self-confidence at a time of uncertainty. Even more venomous is society's response to man/boy love. It doesn't succeed in eradicating it, for, as the American criminologist Ploscowe observed in his book *Sex and the Law*, nowhere is penal law more “inefficient” than in its fight against sexual delinquency; the natural impulses cannot be silenced. But the law is nevertheless effective in so far as it renders long-standing, loving relationships nearly impossible and pushes boylovers and boys wishing to have sex with men in the direction of anonymous, casual affairs blighted by all the anxieties of secrecy. Preventing the finest, most valuable and beneficial forms of boy-love, penal law increases promiscuity, superficial encounters, blackmail and violence. Thus the law is hardly “inefficient” in the sense that it is ineffectual. Only where parents give their consent, or where enlightened authorities like the Amsterdam judge just mentioned prevail, can

long-lasting man/boy relationships flower in defiance of society's fury.

Can we justify, in such an unfavourable climate, talk about “pedagogical eros”? Nowhere, I believe, has this concept been so openly discussed as in Western Germany. Famous names, such as those of the pedagogue Wyneken and the philosopher Blüher, can be evoked in favour of the concept. But paedophile action groups, especially of the political left, have vehemently attacked it.

Is there really a right-wing, conservative flavour to the idea of pedagogical eros? It should certainly appeal to those with a high regard for authority, who are attracted to the idea of the leader guiding the steps of those he governs. In some modern German youth movements there is undoubtedly this aspect of a ruling elite, the people on the top not accepting every boy who wants to join the group but carefully selecting new recruits according to their beauty, strength, intelligence and character. Such an exclusionary practice is repellent to left-wing egalitarians, who nowadays stress more than ever the equality of all. Men, women, children, all being human, are all equal. The adult has no right to impose his will upon the child. Why, indeed, should the opinions, the desires of the grown-up prevail?

So a new vision of childhood has been born. Formerly it was the adult in the prime of life who was considered the final goal of growing up, the complete human being. Childhood and adolescence were only preliminary phases on the way to such an ideal state. Children and youths, therefore, were inferior.

With this “rehearsal for life” view of childhood and adolescence under attack, the trend now is to see every phase as perfect in itself. The child and the youth don't exist simply to become adults, any more than adults exist in order to become corpses. Adulthood and death may succeed youth, but they

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aren't its *raison d'être*. A little boy a psychologist once told me about expressed this view most beautifully. When asked, “What do you want to be?” the boy rather indignantly replied, “Want to be? I *am*, aren't I?”

If the boy is complete, whole, an entity in itself, his relationship with the adult will be different. He must not be dominated, controlled, subjugated; boy and grown-up are equals, each perfect in his own way. Evolving into an adult is not all gain: something is also lost, and boy-lovers may

well be the most keenly aware of this, as they watch with sadness the fading of beauty, of freshness, of spontaneity, loss of the quick smile, of vivacity, as the years pass.

While recognizing the merit of this argument, I don't believe it's right to drop the discussion at this point. At its heart stand the words "pedagogy" and "education". If they are made to justify a sort of military training – mentally (religion, ethics, politics, choice of profession, etc.) and physically (cleanliness, politeness, sports, dress, haircut) – in order to mold the child into the image (or some idealized image) of the pedagogue himself, then the concept can be rejected out of hand. What many pedagogues call "education", Kentler says, is little more than "a procedure adults use to justify the process by which they have been repressed themselves and at the same time nurse the illusion that they surmount their consequent suffering by inflicting the same repression upon those engaged in growing up." But "education" can have quite a different meaning.

The child is born such that it cannot survive without the assistance of older people. It must live in a society which is far from ideal, which is certainly not of our own free creation but to which we belong, however much we may want to criticize it. So the child is inevitably subjected to an evolution. In this context, "education" means accompanying him through this evolutionary process, protecting him from certain accidents that might prove fatal, helping him get up again after less serious mishaps, providing a bridge over which the youngster as a unique specimen of humanity may find his own way into the human community.

There are two ways the bridge function of education can be destroyed: by pedagogy and through politics. The first is by training to conformity, ruining the uniqueness of the child in order to fashion it into a perfect cog in the social apparatus, a part with no real personality of its own. The second is to feed him only with criticism, negative responses to society as it is – in effect a training to *non*-conformity. If he has a strong character it will turn him into a rebel, a revolutionary. If he has a weak character it can drive him to despair or suicide. The first might possibly foster a degree of happiness, but it will hardly make him human; the second might make him human, but hardly happy.

One might try to eliminate the bridge-function

and leave the child to his own initiative. But, to the child, this means being neglected. He won't receive the things he needs. There are undeniably examples of the so-called "anti-authoritarian education" being successful, but there it has always been under the leadership of some brilliant person whose authority was so overwhelming and so natural that it was accepted and respected spontaneously by the young who, themselves, didn't perceive the degree to which they were being dominated. It still was authority, but it didn't need to be imposed in the usual way.

To treat as equal things which are different is both comic and hypocritical. Child and adult are equally valuable as human beings and thus must be equally respected. It is good that a child behaves courteously towards an adult, but he is likewise entitled to courteous treatment by the adult. On their way into and through the maze of society the child and the adult have reached different points; it is unjust to the child to neglect or try to deny this truth. Let me repeat that the journey doesn't mean advancement.

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ment alone: as we have seen, many fine characteristics are lost along the way. In some respects the child is a superior being to the adult, not an equal. Leonid Kameneff, the French founder of the "Ecole en Bateau" (Shipboard School) says, "We have relationships from person to person', and not from a child to an adult or from an adult to a child, or from boy to boy, or from girl to girl, or from boy to girl, etc. This doesn't mean that we're all equal. It means that I consider you a person and not an adult or a child, or a boy or a girl or a master or a subject. I wouldn't come over and help you because you're a girl and I'm a boy and electricity is something boys are supposed to be interested in. I'll come and help you because I see you're not able to manage it. I'll kiss you because I want to kiss you and I think you like it too, and it doesn't matter to me that both of us are boys. I'll explain to you how to do something even though you're an adult; I just see you don't know how to do it and I do... I do what you tell me to do not because you're an adult and I'm a child but because I think you're right. And so on."

The fundamental equality of rights between adult and child is most evident in sex play, the purpose of which is to delight in the joy of mutual nakedness. Whether or not he really wants to participate in this play, what methods will be used, what is pleasing to him and what is not – on all of

these matters the boy is quite as capable of deciding as the man, and his wishes and opinion are just as important. If one of the partners denies himself some personal pleasure or, on the other hand, does something which he doesn't really like very much, it is only justified if this little sacrifice is freely made and he derives pleasure himself from the pleasure enjoyed by the other. It is not justified if the boy is some kind of inferior being who is obliged to obey. Both participants must commit themselves completely.

From his longer experience, the man may show the boy new methods of increasing their pleasure; likewise in the non-sexual aspects of their relationship he may help the boy find solutions to the problems of living and enrich his knowledge, but this doesn't mean that he makes him "an object of education". It is education in partnership.

The boy, as he emancipates himself from paternal authority, may well feel the need of such an older friend. Like everyone in the process of breaking free, he will be tempted to speed up the process, push things too fast, just as those in authority are always tempted to slow it down too much. The boy wishes to be independent at a time when he's still not completely able to stand on his own two feet. One natural solution to this dilemma seems to be the free acceptance by the boy of a benevolent and loving semi-authority in a relationship so structured that the boy can terminate it any time he wishes.

Wherever such a steadfast, lasting relationship between man and boy is forged, it will always contain much more than sex, and everything else that happens between them will reflect this education in partnership. The paedosexual group of the Hamburg Gay Association says rightly, "Above all else, we older people must discard the nimbus of omniscience and experience. It may be very flattering to be venerated uncritically as a Great Example, and it may increase one's selfconfidence, but it creates at the same time the kind of hierarchic distance which we must keep striving to reduce." The group then adds, "We should always work to have self-confident, critical children who are no longer children in the traditional sense, but emancipated 'little men', not to be pedagogically tinkered with, whom we only help by word or deed if they want it – and accept us, just as we do with any other 'adult'."

These reflections can be acceptably interpreted, but they are phrased in such a way as to raise additional questions. Nature – and not our

will – makes children cease to be children,
makes 'little men' grow up to be big men. To destroy
childhood in a person by denying

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it is as cruel as to deny him the degree of emancipation
to which he is already entitled. Nobody is
mature at birth; emancipation has to be won by
critically improving upon one's performance.
Meddling pedagogically with a child to render it
critical in a way pleasing to non-conformist, “progressive”
adults about him is as traditional as
drilling him into conformity and conservatism.
Refraining from assistance by word and deed until
you're begged for it will be as prejudicial to the
lonely, timid child as to the all-too-bold, uncritical
and lazy boy. Sometimes it adds up to nothing
more than neglect.

The secret which love can give is pedagogical
influence which doesn't strive to be educational
(Kentler). We might recall the words of Euripides:
“Love is the best school of wisdom and
virtue, and there is no god mortals enjoy meeting
so much as Eros. With delight free from sorrow,
he guides us to hope. I would advise youth to love
and never to flee from Eros and, when he comes,
to profit as much as possible from his presence.”
And in modern times we find the French author
Gabriel Matzneff saying, “It is such a pity that the
boy-lover has to limit himself mostly to secret,
casual meetings which don't afford him time for
all the good he would like to do for the boy. Nothing
is more fruitful and salutary for a growing boy
than meeting an older person who loves him, who
takes his hand and helps him to discover the beauty
of creation, to learn to understand other people
and their aims, and to attain self-knowledge. If I
were a father I wouldn't hesitate one second to entrust
my 13-year-old son to such a wicked
stranger.”

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