

NAMBLA BULLETIN



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The Voice of the North American Man/Boy Love Association

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Limon Case

Child "Safety" Bill

War on Science

*Acquainted With
the Night*

NAMBLA BULLETIN

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The dehumanization resulting from an unjust order is not a cause for despair but for hope, leading to the incessant pursuit of the humanity denied by injustice. Hope, however, does not consist in crossing one's arms and waiting. As long as I fight, I am moved by hope; and if I fight with hope, then I can wait.

— Paulo Freire

Collective

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The Collective operates autonomously, by consensus, with only general policy determined by NAMBLA's Steering Committee. Criticism, suggestions, contributions, and graphics are welcome.

Please send them to our Post Office box or to arnoldschoen@hushmail.com Unless permission is specifically given, contributors' names will not be printed.

The Collective may edit manuscripts for length, syntax, grammar, and clarity.

Photographs must depict models in a public setting so that no release is necessary for publication. Items submitted cannot always be returned or acknowledged.

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published November, 2005

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Where We Stand

The North American Man/Boy Love Association is both political and educational. We work to organize support for boys and men who have or desire consensual sexual and emotional relationships and to educate society on their positive nature. We speak out against the oppression endured by men and boys who love one another and support the right of all people to consensual intergenerational relationships. Throughout most of Western history (and not only Western), man/boy love has been the primary form of homoeroticism, and it is this love for which NAMBLA stands.

NAMBLA was founded in 1978 within Boston's gay and lesbian community, in response to a witch hunt against man/boy lovers in that city. Since then, NAMBLA has worked to build a community of support through our publications and conferences. Our spokespeople raise awareness of our issues in the media and academia, before community groups, and among the general public.

While NAMBLA's members represent a diversity of backgrounds and politics, we all share a libertarian, humanistic attitude on sexuality. We believe that sex is good and wholesome and that it is an important medium of personal expression.

NAMBLA condemns sexual abuse and all forms of coercion. We insist there is a distinction between coercive and consensual sex. Laws that focus only on the age of the participants fail to capture that

distinction, for they ignore the quality of the relationship. Differences in age do not preclude mutual, loving interaction between persons any more than differences in race or class.

Some existing laws criminalize sexual relationships that are loving and fully consensual. These laws are ill-conceived and morally repugnant. As is our right, we advocate their repeal. Nothing published here, either now or in any previous issue, is or has been intended to advocate or counsel the violation of such laws.

NAMBLA calls for the empowerment of youth in all areas, not just the sexual. We are against arbitrary constraints on the rights and freedoms of all, young and old. We support greater economic, political, and social opportunities for young people and denounce the rampant ageism that segregates and isolates them in fear and mistrust.

Join NAMBLA!

We need your support. All who agree with our goals of personal freedom and youth liberation are encouraged to join.

Membership entitles you to our publications. You must be a member to attend NAMBLA's membership conferences. For more information about joining, see the box below.



Membership Information: Annual dues in NAMBLA are US\$35 (US, Canada, Mexico) US\$50 (outside of North America). A three-year membership is \$95 (\$140 outside of North America). Supporting membership is \$75 per year. Sustaining membership is \$200 per year. Life membership is \$1,000. Upon application, persons with limited income may pay \$15, and prisoners may receive our prisoners newsletter free. All memberships include a subscription to the Bulletin. Nonmembers (individuals, libraries, institutions) may subscribe for \$40 yearly.

the north american man/boy love association

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Letters

Dear Peter Herman,

Thank you for your courage and strength and your work with NAMBLA! For years I thought I was the only one who felt about boys the way NAMBLA members do. By an odd coincidence I ran into a former co-worker who told me about your organization. Of course, like most people, he had a lot of the facts wrong. I started searching on the Web, found your address in New York City, and got the phone number from directory assistance.

I was elated to finally speak to someone who understood my feeling about boys. I live in Orlando, Florida where the laws are med-evil. They are extremely arrest happy.

We've had only a few conversations, but you have been a source of encouragement, enlightenment and friendship. In our last conversation you said that being a boy lover is *normal!* That's my feeling, too. Just knowing and hearing that took a huge burden off of my shoulders! I had started believing that I was some sort of pervert and thinking something was wrong with me. I was becoming suicidal because I could find no answers to this "dilemma." You have changed my outlook on life and in myself. If I owned the world it would be yours! I will continue to support you and your efforts as best I can, and wish I could do more.

Please print this letter so that others may be encouraged. I sure hope that it helps. You have been a great inspiration to me!

Jeremy
Orlando, Florida



Dear NAMBLA,

I am enclosing membership dues and a donation for our work. The membership in NAMBLA is very important to me: it gives power to withstand this life and gives hope for a better world one-day.

The article in the last Bulletin about the Catholic Church was interesting, and

the joke was good. I think the churches should give their riches to the poor and sick people. The Pope and his followers could lead a modest life in a simple quiet, monastery. I believe in the good Lord, yes, but I think it is better to sing and dance to praise him rather than whimper in church to beg for mercy. I think as soon as a child romps with happiness, or only for fun, one angel in Heaven begins to dance. Love and respect for other cultures can save the world. Hate is the laugh of the Devil.

I like to laugh, and maybe you can throw in some more jokes or good satire.

But now to another subject: One month ago I met a boy (or he met me?). His name is Daniel; he is almost eleven years young and a sunbeam. He lives in difficult circumstances. The parents are poor, divorced. He has only his mother to care for him, and she works. He is a wild boy sometimes, but also a clever boy. He, his heart, is looking for a good friend who likes him as he is.

I think he suspects I am a boy lover, but that doesn't bother him. One evening he came to me at home and asked for a sleeping accommodation. He had a row with his father and the mother was at work. I said OK and after a little skirmish from him to keep face it was obvious he wanted to sleep in my bed. I said OK — if he didn't snore! We cuddled a little bit during the night, that was all. For me it was a very happy night and I believe it was for him also. He smiled as I woke him up in the morning and for some time he was a very well-behaved boy.

I fear Daniel's father has had, or is having an alcohol problem. I know him only from seeing him, but Daniel says he is often drunk. He doesn't like his father this way. And now, a few days ago Daniel came to me and said his mother is moving with him and his sixteen-year-old brother to another town. He said he will not see his father again and only hear from his mother and that he does not like the town nearby where his father lives. I said, "That's right! But it's a great pity that you will not be able to come to visit me at home." Daniel was a little bit glad to hear that and said, "Perhaps I will come, if I can, but not to

visit my father." I'm a bit sad, and I pray to the good Lord to protect him. I am sure Daniel will find his way.

I am very glad to have you as friends.

Helmut
Wiesbaden



Letters Policy

Unless permission is specifically given to do otherwise, full names of letter writers will not be printed. Letters will be identified by first name or initials or place.

Opinions expressed in the letters column do not necessarily reflect NAMBLA's positions. Letters are presented in the spirit of a free and uncensored forum of ideas.

Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

Say what's on your mind!

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Sure Quality Internet Radio: YOUR Boylove PRIDE Station!

By Roy Radow

For years the voice of Renato Corraza on NAMBLA's New York City answering machine urged us all to "Be proud to be a boy lover." In this spirit of pride and enthusiasm comes SQR (Sure Quality Radio) Boylove radio.

It should be said that SQR is not in any way affiliated with NAMBLA. It is its own, independent operation. Nevertheless, it clearly reflects a common goal of self-respect and liberation.

SQR can be heard, world-wide, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, by going to their web homepage at <http://www.surequalityradio.org>, and clicking the "Tune In" link.

For those who enjoy music by, for, and about boys, there's no better place than SQR. There's no longer any need to desperately search your regular radio stations for the rare performance of your favorite boy singer, from classic to popular — it's all here. Just tune in and listen to hours of music dedicated to the Boylove community. And better yet, by email or chatroom, you can request that they play your particular favorites! (Requests can also be made online using the "Requests" button on the main web page to select from their extensive playlist.)

You see, SQR is Boy Love radio. These are our people. They are there for us, and they welcome our participation and involvement.

And then there are the talk portions of SQR. What an entertaining, invigorating, curious, provocative, and/or infuriating experience this can be! Currently, there are eleven different DJ's on SQR, with more joining the station all the time, and each has their own particular style and focus. Check out the SQR home page <http://www.surequalityradio.org> and click on "DJ Schedule" to see when your favorite DJ will be on the air.

The DJ Appy Show was the first program I heard on SQR. And after just a little while, I was in love with BL Radio. Here was this engaging young man casually recounting the story of his relationship with Jason, his younger boy friend. How natural, how wonderful! I was buoyant and more proud to be a boylover than I had been in years. In a world full of hatred and oppression, here was a glimpse of what being a boylover could be and what it's really all about. Thank you, Appy, for renewing my faith and hope for the future.

Appy is currently on twice a week, Friday and Sunday. He plays music, recounts his past and current experiences with boys, does movie reviews, exchanges comments and reactions in real time with his listeners via SQR's dedicated chatroom, and posts relevant photos on his journal site.

Jeffrey Gold is the Founder and President of SQR. Since March of 2001, when SQR first went on the air, Jeffrey has dedicated himself to making his dream of giving a voice to the BL community a reality.

Jeffrey has his own "Oldies Show" on Monday and Wednesday, and on Sunday evening he and DJ Divinaw have a talk show which features real-time, internet phone-in participation of their listeners using Skype. If you ever wanted to express your views on live radio here's your chance!

Can you imagine how terrific it would be to tune in the radio and listen to a real teenage boy? Well, DJ Jesse is 16 years old, gay and proud, and as real as they come! On the air, he plays music and talks about life as a typical Canadian teen in the new millennium. Want to request your favorite song or suggest a particular topic? Jesse welcomes listener participation via email or the SQR chatroom.

And then there's Jesse's 7-year-old stepbrother, Brett.

The interaction between these two brothers is just delightful. Whether it's Brett singing along with a piece of rap music, or jumping on his older brother in the middle of a show, The DJ Jesse Show is a dream come true.

DJ X is 15 years old and straight. He has, however, been active in the boylove community for years and is one of our most vocal activists. Music, talk, and chats with listeners - DJ X is a show you'll be sure to enjoy.

Dylan Thomas (the current webmaster of BoyChat <http://www.boychat.org>) provides a critique of today's news affecting boy lovers and an activist's perspective on liberation politics. Dylan is intelligent and opinionated. His show is both informative and thought provoking.

There is such a variety of shows on SQR that you will surely find something you like, and new shows are being added all the time. In truth, I've yet to listen to their complete program schedule. To give you a flavor of their complete lineup, however, here are their own descriptions of what else is on SQR Boylove radio.

DJ Renne "Listen to the cool, soothing voice of DJ Renee as she taunts her boys late into the evening... Shouldn't they all be in bed!!" [Yep, Renne is a woman on BL radio!]

Continued on page 8

Coming Down the Pike Alert! The Child Safety Act of 2005

On July 27, 2005, the House Judiciary Committee approved H.R. 3132, the “Children’s Safety Act of 2005.” In September the full House passed the bill 371 to 52 and sent it on to the Senate. We urge you to visit <http://thomas.loc.gov> and search for HR 3132 to see all of its provisions.¹

This bill became a catch-all for several other bills that had little or no hope of passing on their own. It incorporates a great many mistakes and misconceptions which will not only provide no protection to children, it will needlessly hurt many people — in order that its sponsors (including the media of the cultural right and organizations such as the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children) may play to public fears. Of course, it is the bill’s sponsors themselves who have engendered these fears. Like so many portmanteau bills, this is bad law designed to make politicians look good.

So how do we prevent this lunacy from becoming law? Every one of us needs to contact public interest organizations to inform them of the dangers and urge them to oppose this bill. Here are a few strong reasons why *everyone* should oppose the misguided and dangerous “Children’s Safety Act”:

* The bill’s premises are flatly wrong. Empirical evidence shows mandatory minimum sentences, no matter how tough, will not solve the problem of sex crimes against minors.² The Judicial Conference of the United States and the U.S. Sentencing Commission have found that mandatory minimums distort the sentencing process and have the “opposite of their intended effect.”³ Mandatory minimums “destroy honesty in sentencing by encouraging charge and fact plea bargains.” Moreover, mandatory minimums result in unwarranted sentencing disparity. That is, “mandatory minimums treat dissimilar offenders in a similar manner, although those offenders can be quite different with respect to the seriousness of their conduct or their danger to society...” and... “require the sentencing court to impose the same sentence on offenders when sound policy and common sense call for reasonable differences in punishment.”⁴

* The bill attempts to make criminal law in areas where Congress has no business. Under the U.S. Constitution, Congress has the power to make criminal only four types of conduct: treason, piracies and felonies on the high seas, counterfeiting, and offenses against the laws of nations. This unconstitutional bill would expand the definition of sex offense, extend the category to include juvenile sex offenses and mere possession of child pornography, set mandatory minimum sentences and set up a national database of those labeled sex offenders.

* The bill targets all sexual expression in film, television, and any kind of published image (including digital publication and publication on the internet). A sweeping provision of the bill expands the definition of “sexual activity” to include simulated acts, such as those we see in the bedroom scenes of many typical Hollywood and independent movies and prime-time TV shows. These shows’ producers, and the publishers of still images from these scenes, would be required to comply with the same onerous record-keeping requirements currently enforced against the adult porn industry⁵ — and the



producers would be ineligible for federal tax incentives, and some state tax incentives, designed to discourage “runaway production” (moving a production to lower costs) — a *double* and in some cases *triple* economic penalty against movie and TV bedroom scenes. Moreover, many mainstream movies in which teenagers are depicted in sexual situations would become illegal to own or distribute. In 1988, a federal court ruled a similar provision unconstitutional. Congress later rewrote that law so that it included only actual sex acts; not the pretend acts in movies and TV shows. Here we go again! (but this time, with two Bush appointees on the Supreme Court).

* The bill would impact tribal governments and communities by requiring tribes to maintain a sex offender registry and participate in a national sex offender registry, broadening the circumstances in which Native Americans would be required to register, and impose a five-year mandatory minimum sentence for failure to register.

* It would also add child abuse and neglect to the Major Crimes Act, and impose a host of harsh new mandatory minimum sentences for existing offenses under the Major Crimes Act. Native Americans comprise the vast majority of people prosecuted in federal court for offenses listed in the Major Crimes Act, and their sentences are already significantly longer than the sentences imposed in state courts on other Americans for the same conduct.

* The bill adds new requirements for many of those already required to register under ever-broadening sex-offender registration laws, and makes all of them subject to the whim of the US Attorney General. The second-class citizenship of registered sex offenders is already presenting so many problems for them and their families — especially for school-aged children — that organized protests have been threatened in some jurisdictions. In some states, those required to register include teenagers convicted of sex with teenagers,

men convicted under old sodomy statutes that have been ruled unconstitutional, as well as men (and women) convicted for fooling around in public spaces (such as the back seat of a car, a deserted restroom, or the back room of a bar). The breadth of the laws is creating a divided society, of the sort that the framers of the U.S. Constitution sought to avoid by prohibiting “laws of attainder.”



Victorious against all foreign enemies, only to be sunk by it's creation - the Congress and the President.

Notes:

1. The Thomas site is a gold mine of information about various bills. Everyone should use it to stay abreast of what Congress is up to.
2. The legislation establishes 36 new mandatory minimum sentences and increases the sentences in eight existing provisions.
3. See U.S. Sentencing Commission, Special Report to Congress: Mandatory Minimum Penalties in the Federal Criminal Justice System (August 1991).
4. Id.
5. *i.e.* US Code, Title 18, sec. 2257



NEWS FOLLOWUP:

Matthew Limon Released After 5 Years, Pending New Trial

Supreme Court Rules in Favor of Equal Treatment

In *Bulletin* Vol. 24 No.1, we unhappily reported that a Kansas Appeals Court had reaffirmed the unconscionably long 17-year sentence of Matthew Limon for, at age 18, having sexual contact with a 14-year-old boy. (Had it been a 14-year-old girl, Mr. Limon would have been out in 15 months!) This came after the case was remanded by the US Supreme Court (which strongly hinted that, in light of the decision in *Lawrence v. Texas*, such disparate sentences were unconstitutional.)

Needless to say, Limon's lawyers appealed to the state's Supreme Court, which ruled unanimously in late October that Kansas cannot punish illegal underage sex more severely if it involves homosexual conduct.

The Court said in its ruling that a law that specified much harsher treatment and led to a 17-year prison sentence for an 18-year-old defendant "suggests animus toward teenagers who engage in homosexual sex."

The defendant, Matthew R. Limon, now 23, has been behind bars since he was convicted in 2000 of performing a sex act with a 14-year-old boy. Had either of them been a girl, the state's "Romeo and Juliet" law would have dictated a maximum sentence of 15 months.

The court said Limon should be resentenced within 30 days as if the law treated illegal gay sex and illegal straight sex the same, and it struck language from the law that resulted in the different treatment.

"We are very happy that Matthew will soon be getting out of prison. We are sorry there is no way to make up for the extra four years he spent in prison simply because he is gay," said Limon's attorney, James Esseks, of the American Civil Liberties Union's Gay and Lesbian Rights Project.

Limon and the other boy, identified only as M.A.R., lived at a group home for the developmentally disabled. In court, an official described M.A.R. as mildly mentally retarded and Limon as functioning at a slightly higher level but not as an 18-year-old.

Limon's attorneys described the relationship with the younger boy as consensual and suggested that they were adolescents experimenting with sex.

Attorney General Phill Kline described Limon as a predator, noting that he already has two similar offenses on his criminal record. Kline contended that such a behavior pattern warranted a tough sentence and that courts should leave sentencing policy to the Legislature.

After the KS Supreme Court's ruling, however, Mr. Kline said in a statement that he would not appeal.

Mr. Limon had been convicted of his third offense for molesting a child and the decision whether to recharge

Mr. Limon with a revised charge now rests with the Miami County Attorney. As a legislator, I voted against the provision the Supreme Court found unconstitutional, as I did not support the public policy of providing a

lengthier sentence for same sex exploitation as contrasted with opposite sex exploitation. Just as my predecessor, however, I defended the actions of the legislature. It appears the Court has limited its holding and rejected the argument forwarded by the ACLU that the State cannot render Mr. Limon's conduct illegal. While further



review is necessary, a preliminary review indicates that a petition for certiorari to the United States Supreme Court will not be filed.

(Don't feel too kindly disposed towards Mr. Kline for opposing the law. In his arguments before the KS Supreme Court, he said the ACLU's position was that all people, no matter their sexual orientation, were protected from discrimination and that this would lead to the legalization of same-sex marriage — as well as marriages with multiple partners, incestuous marriages and bestiality.)

"Moral disapproval of a group cannot be a legitimate state interest"

Kansas law prohibits any sexual activity involving a person under 16, regardless of the context. The 1999 "Romeo and Juliet" law specifies short prison sentences or probation for sexual activity when an offender is under 19 and the age difference between participants is less than four years — but only for opposite-sex encounters.

In reaffirming the sentence, the Appeals Court had said the state could justify the harsher punishment for homosexual acts as protecting children's traditional development, fighting disease or strengthening traditional values.

In overturning the sentence, the Kansas Supreme Court's ruling said the law was too broad to meet those goals.

"The statute inflicts immediate, continuing and real injuries that outrun and belie any legitimate justification that may be claimed for it," Justice Marla Luckert wrote for the court. "Moral disapproval of a group cannot be a legitimate state interest."

Matt Foreman, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, said the Texas decision and Friday's ruling "shored up the principle that gay people are entitled to equal protection."

"But no one's quite sure how firm that foundation is," he said.

National health groups and the National Association of Social Workers had filed legal arguments supporting Limon's position. A conservative law group, Orlando, Fla.-based Liberty Counsel, helped prepare written arguments from 25 legislators in support of the law.

Naturally disappointed with the ruling, conservatives claimed this to be yet another example of 'judicial activism' and complained bitterly that the court intruded on the Legislature's authority to make the laws.

"This is legislating from the bench that does not reflect the rule of the citizenry," said Jerry Johnston, pastor of the First Family Church in Overland Park, Kansas.

Patricia Logue, a senior counsel for the gay rights organization Lambda Legal, said she hopes the decision will slow efforts in various states to enact legislation targeting gays.

"A lot of the reasoning used here by the state comes up again and again," she said. "What the court is saying is, 'If you've got a better reason, you would have told us by now. The ones you've come up with are not good enough, and they amount to not liking gay people.'"

You can read the decision at <http://www.kscourts.org/kscases/supct/2005/20051021/85898.htm>

Update: At a late afternoon hearing on November 3rd, Miami County District Judge Richard Smith rejected a bid from Mr. Limon's lawyer for his immediate release. Instead, he ordered Limon held in custody until November 26th so pros-

ecutors could decide whether to lay new charges or attempt to go back to the US Supreme Court.

After some hurried negotiations, Limon, now 23, was released under house arrest from the Miami County Jail and required to work on his aunt and uncle's farm in western Kansas while awaiting his resentencing. He is not even allowed off the farm to attend church (something he requested).

It will be interesting to see if the state tries to require him to register as a sex offender. People sentenced under the "Romeo & Juliet" statute do not register. ▼

Continued from page 4

DJ QWERTY "Go on, be mad... Join QWERTY in his quest for the truth! Music and fun with the guy who just might have answers to everything."

Rev Justme "The clergy never looked so cool! Here he is, the very reverend Justme in his very own slot. Featuring: Not-so religious sounds... except maybe for the choristers!" DJ AMADEUS "Debauchery unleashed! — Quips, quotes and quandaries with SQR's villainous DJ — AMADEUS !!!!" [His 11 year-old son Damien is a frequent guest on the show.]

Fleetwood's Garage "A world of music brought to you in style with the mellow voice from BoyChat. 'This dude could be the next John Peel.' — whyhowwhich."

So, if you are looking for something to make you feel valued, rejuvenated, and involved again in the Boylove community, listen to SQR BL radio, rejoice in SQR BL radio, support SQR BL radio. And, above all — Be Proud To Be A Boy Lover!

In Liberation,
Roy



War on Science: Academic Publisher Caves to Right-Wing Pressure

Haworth Press is an academic publishing house which focuses on “scholarly and professional books and journals.” It is the publisher of the long running *Journal of Homosexuality*. A special up-coming issue of this journal was to have been published in book form as *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in the Classical Tradition of the West* (edited by Beert C. Verstraete, PhD, Professor, & Vernon L. Provencal, PhD, Associate Professor, both in the Department of History and Classics, Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Canada)

This is how the book is described on their website:

In ancient times, the Greek god Eros personified both heterosexual and homosexual attractions. *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in Classical Tradition of the West* explores the homosexual side of the vanished civilizations of Greece and Rome, and the resulting influence on the Classical tradition of the West. Respected scholars clearly present evidence that shows the extensive nature of homoeroticism and homosexuality in the classical world. Iconography such as vase decoration and carved gemstones is presented in photographs, and the text includes an examination of a wide selection of literature of the times with an eye to opening new vistas for future study.

Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in Classical Tradition of the West lays to rest the myths generally accepted as truth about Greco-Roman views on homosexuality and brings fresh insights to philological and historical scholarship. This book provides nuanced, humanistic discussions on the common phenomena of same-sex desire. Topics include Greek pederasty and its origins, the Greek female homoeroticism of Sappho, homosexuality in Greek and Roman art and literature, and the emergence of the gay liberation movement with the influence of discussions of Greek and Roman homosexuality in the twentieth century. The text is extensively referenced and includes helpful notation.

The book was to have included a chapter by Dr. Bruce Rind titled “Pederasty: An Integration of Cross-Cultural, Cross-Species, and Empirical Data.” He described it thusly:

Pederasty, or sexual relations between men and adolescent boys, is condemned in our society as an unqualified evil that maims and destroys. In ancient Greece, samurai Japan, and numerous other cultures, pederasty was seen as the noblest of human relations, conducive if not essential to nurturing the adolescent’s successful intellectual and physical maturation.

Current psychological and psychiatric theorizing have pronounced and promoted the former view, while

ignoring the vast array of cross-cultural data related to the latter view. Mental health opinion has also ignored a wealth of cross-species data with important parallels. Instead, this opinion is based on feminist models of rape and incest, which are backed up by clinical research on child sexual abuse.

The current article examines empirical rather than clinical data on pederasty, and supplements this with cross-cultural and cross-species perspectives. The empirical data show that pederasty is not only not predestined to injure, but can benefit the adolescent when practiced according to the ancient Greek form. Cross-cultural and cross-species data show the extensiveness of pederasty in the natural world, as well as its functional rather than pathological nature in these societies and species.

An evolutionary model that synthesizes the empirical, cross-cultural, and cross-species data is proposed as an alternative to the highly inadequate feminist and psychiatric models. The animal data suggest that the seeds for pederasty were planted at the dawn of humanity. The human data suggest that pederasty came to serve a mentoring function.

Two days after the right-wing web sites of NARTH and WorldNetDaily posted stories about this upcoming book, claiming it promoted child abuse, Haworth Press suddenly announced it was cancelling publication.

Haworth’s decision to cancel the book appears to have been a direct result of the outcry precipitated by the news story. The notice of cancellation confirms this when it thanks “the public” for bringing Rind’s article to Haworth’s attention.

A few days later, however, Haworth Press reversed its decision and announced that it has decided to proceed with publication of the collection, **minus the Rind article**. The company stated:

The decision to cancel the book edition and specifically to pull the Rind paper was ours, not a special interest group’s. The paper’s advocating the normalization of pederasty is not a position we share, and neither could we endorse the paper’s supporting arguments about why pederasty is vilified in Western society. For business reasons and in keeping with our own value judgments, we chose not to contribute to the literature attempting to advocate for the normalization of pederasty.

We remain committed to the *Journal of Homosexuality*, and believe one of our most important publishing tasks is to provide a forum for research and scholarship in this important area. We don’t believe that homosexuality should be equated with pederasty and pedophilia, and we better serve the discipline when we make decisions like this one.

Although Haworth claims that “the decision to cancel the book edition and specifically to pull the Rind paper was ours, not a special interest group’s,” they demonstrate how

incorrect this statement is immediately afterwards, where they regurgitate the rhetoric advanced by the anti-gay, right-wing interest groups whose influence Haworth just denied.

NARTH itself understands the role it has played in striking Rind's article, even if Haworth is too dishonest to admit it. The cancellation of *Same-Sex Desire and Love* has emboldened NARTH to increase its demands. NARTH's site quickly featured another story about Haworth Press, in which the question was posed, "If Haworth is really worried about not promoting pedophilia, why is it still selling *Male Intergenerational Intimacy*?"

The editors of the upcoming issue, both of whom are professors at a Canadian university, expressed shock and disappointment that their scholarly volume was subject to such villification. "This says a lot about the United States right now," Beerte Verstraete said. He and fellow classics professor Vernon Provencal compiled and edited the volume of essays. "We want to make clear that we judged as editors the article did not, I repeat did not, advocate pedophilia, and the publisher has (since) admitted as much."

Mr. Verstraete said they received a letter from Haworth Press that "basically exonerates Bruce Rind from advocating pedophilia." The letter says Mr. Rind's article was "sound, but in view of the cultural and political climate in the States, they would withhold the article" to avoid negative press and "economic repercussions." Mr. Provencal said the whole situation has blown up unfairly within a climate of intense political pressure in the U.S. surrounding the issue of same-sex marriage. "It's a mess we're looking forward to straightening out," he said.

There was also outrage in the academic community. Here is one letter sent in to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*:

Dear Editor,

Your article on the *Journal of Homosexuality* of 12 October is wrong. The issue in question volume 49 numbers 3-4 (2004) has been published. It was freely available on the Internet, including the whole text of all articles with abstracts about 3 weeks ago. I saw copies of downloaded articles including Dr. Bruce Rind's which now the periodical refuses to publish in paper form. In short the issue has been published. By pulling the issue from the internet Haworth in effect withdrew it.

All writers, scholars and academics should boycott Haworth Press until they publish the full text including an article by Dr. Rind, who is one of the greatest living gay scholars. Haworth, in any case, do not pay contributors and take all copyright of articles except for articles published in book form by the writer. They state that Dr. Rind's article is "pro pederasty," pederasty being sexual behavior between post-pubescent teenagers and older persons. I have read the article and it is no more "pro pederasty" than any of the other articles in the issue. In fact all are pro pederasty in my reading. Indeed, Haworth

has published a whole issue of the *Journal of Homosexuality* on Intergenerational Sex which was much more confronting.

I would like to point out that when people reach puberty they have sex. Perhaps this was why the legal age of sexual consent was 12 in Great Britain and much of the anglo world until 1885 and is in some parts of the world even today, probably a majority of nations. Indeed the age of marriage from Roman times in Western Europe and its colonies was 12 for girls and 14 for boys.

My *Encyclopedia of Male Homosexual Poetry and its Reception History* (2005), which came to 1 million words and covered 243 languages shows there is a great deal of pederastic poetry in many languages, notably Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Urdu and medieval Hebrew but also in such languages as English, French, Italian and Dutch (see also Anthony Reid's great 2 volume gay poetry anthology worked on for 50 years, *The Eternal Flame*, 1991-2002, which is the largest and most widening anthology in any language known to me). My *Encyclopedia of Male Homosexual Art* (2005) which has 8,300 entries also shows a similar pattern (for instance Cupid or Amor (love) in Latin). I am not a pederast or pedophile but an androphile homosexual and I hope my re-

search is objective. It fully supports Dr. Rind's conclusions — that pederasty is natural and normal — as does all of human history prior to 1885 and, as Bruce Bagemihl has shown in his book *Biological Exuberance: Animal Homosexuality and Natural Diversity*, non human animal history as well. The opinions here expressed are not those of the University of Sydney.

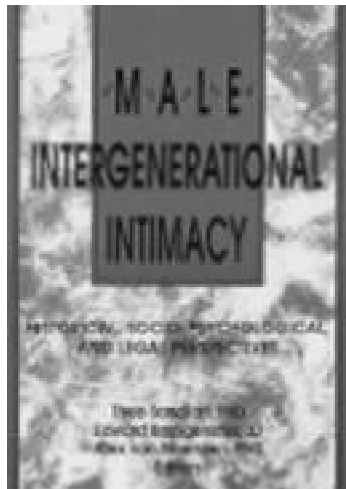
Yours sincerely,
Paul Knobel
Honorary associate
University of Sydney

In response to a complaint emailed in by David Thorstad, cofounder of NAMBLA and longtime activist and writer, Haworth press wrote back:

We appreciate hearing your opinion about Haworth's decisions surrounding the article "Pederasty: An Integration of Cross-Cultural, Cross-Species, and Empirical Data," by Bruce Rind which was scheduled to appear in the book *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in the Classical Tradition of the West*, an edited work intended as a special issue of the *Journal of Homosexuality*.

Comments both in support of and against this decision show that this matter inspires vehement responses on both sides of the ideological fence. We cannot answer every note or phone call individually, but we would like to make a statement about our position on this matter.

The decision to cancel the book edition and specifically to pull the Rind paper was ours, not a special



interest group's. The paper's advocating the normalization of pederasty is not a position we share, and neither could we endorse the paper's supporting arguments about why pederasty is vilified in Western society. For business reasons and in keeping with our own value judgments, we chose not to contribute to the literature attempting to advocate for the normalization of pederasty.

We remain committed to the *Journal of Homosexuality*, and believe one of our most important publishing tasks is to provide a forum for research and scholarship in this important area. We don't believe that homosexuality should be equated with pederasty and pedophilia, and we better serve the discipline when we make decisions like this one.

We wish to state for the record that the timing of the editorial decision to pull the paper was not unusual. Haworth's editorial process is such that editors have considerable autonomy when submitting material, and our in-house review takes place during the production process. Because our entire production process is conducted in house, it is not unreasonable or difficult to make editorial decisions after submission.

This edited work, minus the Rind paper, will continue to be published as a special issue of the *Journal of Homosexuality*. Indeed, the contents of this special issue provides a valuable contribution to the historical literature about sexuality in antiquity, and the business of history is, in the best case, about discovery of fact. Since our inhouse production allows us to keep all works in print, we may choose to issue a hardcover edition of the modified special issue at a later date.

Regards,
Rebecca Browne
The Haworth Press, Inc.

Which brought this response from Mr. Thorstad:

Ms. Browne:

You are oh so wrong when you state that homosexuality and pederasty, in your view, cannot be equated. It is hard for me to believe that a publisher such as yours could possibly harbor such a mistaken view. Pederasty involves a mature man and a male youth. It is not "pedophilia"; it is not "abuse." It is a feature of the high points of Western civilization. It is the main form that male homosexuality has taken throughout Western (and not only Western) history.

If this is not homosexuality, I'd like to know what you think it is. Don't words mean anything anymore to Haworth editors?

I suggest you bone up a bit on this subject. Your ludicrous statement simply confirms that Haworth's censorship of this book, not to mention the *Journal of Ho-*

mosexuality (henceforth obviously required by your ignorant and craven editors to excise pederasty from the very subject it is part of!), is based on caving in to pressure from a preposterous, outside ignorant heterosupremacist outfit not worthy of any consideration at all.

I repeat: Haworth should be ashamed of itself. I am sending this exchange to as many gay, progressive, and civil libertarian recipients as I can think of.

I wonder if your future editions of books you have already published that do address the issue of man/boy love and pederasty (including my own contributions) can be expected to now bite the dust of your oh-so-pc capitulation to ignorance and prejudice.

Shame on you.
David Thorstad

Dr. Rind himself weighed in with a letter to a reporter who had written about the controversy:

Regarding your second point above [about the controversy surrounding the meta-analytic study]: in 1998, two co-authors and I published a statistical review of child sex abuse studies in *Psychological Bulletin*. This article went through a rigorous review before being accepted and then published.

Starting in the winter of 1998 and continuing into the spring of 1999, various socially-conservative groups attacked the study. The first to do so was NARTH. Social conservatives brought in allies in Congress, who then formally denounced the study.

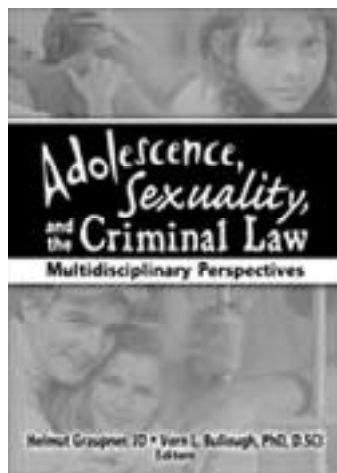
The American Psychological Association then agreed to have the study re-reviewed. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, publisher of *Science* magazine and largest science organization in the U.S., agreed to do this.

The results were that they found nothing wrong with our study, but rebuked the critics as exaggerating and misrepresenting our study for political purposes.

Then, in March 2002, the APA published a full issue in the *American Psychologist* devoted to our study. The authors concluded nothing negative about our study, but had much to say about the politics of our critics.

One article, by a psychologist who was also a member of Congress (who abstained in the vote to censure our study), complained that of the 535 members of Congress, fewer than 10 actually read the study, and fewer still were qualified to understand its contents. Rather, to them, this congressman complained further, "good" science must agree with their politics.

In the fall of 2001, two groups of therapists wrote critiques of our study in *Psychological Bulletin*. We responded with a rebuttal. In our rebuttal, we demonstrated the strength and validity of our original study by showing that virtually every criticism made was faulty, and



no point made changed the conclusions of our study in any way.

In short, our 1998 study survived quite well perhaps the most intense scrutiny ever given to a psychological paper. Our critics' claims, in your words, that we "soft-pedaled the long-term traumatic effects on children," are simply false. We accurately synthesized, using the precision of mathematics and statistics, the general nature of the effects of abuse. As cited above, there is an enormous amount of published commentary to date on our study showing this. Our critics come from the standpoint of advocating for morality, but wrongly conflate science with morality. Their science arguments in the end don't fair well.

Regarding your first point, the editors of this special issue are holding off comments until more is learned from the publisher about what's going on, and so will I. But I will remark that my paper was in response to a request from one of the contributors to the volume, as well as the editors of the volume. It followed scientific protocol, as did the attacked but perfectly valid 1998 article. In considering the merits or faults of the present article, it would be valuable to consider who the critics are.

Because of these protests from academics and authors involved with the book, Haworth Press decided to try to have it both ways. They now state, on their website, the following:

It is the intention of the Press to publish a future volume (title and publication date to be announced) which will ex-

amine the controversial issues surrounding research on adult-adolescent sexuality in a fully-framed context from as many perspectives as possible, including Dr. Rind's and those of his critics.

In an e-mail message to *Chronicle of Higher Education*, Bill Palmer, editor in chief of Haworth's book division, said that his colleagues and the editors of the journal "were able to come to an understanding ... that the inclusion of the Rind material in this volume of historical scholarship was unnecessarily controversial in the current social and political climate."

No date is given for such a volume and one would be hard pressed to imagine the critics and supporters of the Rind study would ever collaborate. Thus, it seems entirely likely that — without constant attention — such a project will quietly die. Don't let it. Write in and express your interest in such a volume being published.

In 1933, the NAZI party in Germany orchestrated a nation-wide series of book burnings in which hundreds of thousands of works deemed antithetical to the official state orthodoxy were destroyed. In 1999, the US Congress voted to officially condemn the study by Rind, et al. Now in 2005, an academic publisher is forced to cancel publication of a book containing a chapter by Dr. Rind. What's next, do you wonder?

"Dort, wo man Bücher verbrennt, verbrennt man am Ende auch Menschen." ("Where they have burned books, they will eventually also burn people.") — Heinrich Heine



Acquainted With the Night

fiction by Trevor

Okay, I'd had a bad day by anybody's standards. It started with my awaking lazily, dawdling through dreams of doe-eyed boys, reluctantly and slowly grasping reality through a haze of impossible pleasure. It occurred to me that the morning sun was just a little too bright, and the ease of my waking just a little too comfortable. I turned my head and squinted at the digital alarm clock by the bed, and felt an instant shock at the monotonous, blinking numbers: 12:00. 12:00. 12:00.

"Shit!" I looked at my watch. Ten minutes after ten. The power must have gone out during the night. I hurled myself out of bed, hopping on one foot as I struggled to pull on my pants. I am so screwed, I thought, I am so fucking *screwed*. I ran my way through the house to the front door, grabbing my keys on the way, and flung it open. The sight that greeted me was beyond a shock; I was stupefied. My driveway was empty. Where was my car? I looked up the street, down the street... where the *hell* was my goddam car?? Oh no, this couldn't be happening. This was not happening. Not to me. Not this morning. God couldn't be this cruel... and then I saw it. Taped to my front door was a bright yellow piece of paper. "Notice of Repossession." I snatched it down and barely took in the details: "Failure to make payments ...2000 Jeep Cherokee ... license plate VRN 236 ... British Columbia...." I could feel a vein pulsing steadily in my forehead, and realized if I didn't take a minute to calm down, I'd likely go into cardiac arrest. I unbuttoned my collar, suddenly overwhelmed with heat, and sat down on my front step. What did I expect? I knew I'd have trouble making payments when I bought the damned thing, and now that my sales were down at work, well, I really *was* behind on the payments....

So, in my usual self-appeasing way, I could deal with this. Right now, I *had* to get to work. I got up, shaking my head, and went in to call Yellow Cab.

It took the guy almost thirty minutes to show up, and when he did, he drove straight past my house. I ran out into the street waving my arms in the air ridiculously, and finally he pulled into a neighbor's driveway, turned around, and came back.

"Where pleeze?"

He looked Indian, or possibly Pakistani, and was alarmingly emaciated. "Cambie Street, sixteen hundred."

"Theese ees downtown, suh?"

"Yes, it's downtown," I hissed, "right off Granville."

The guy obviously didn't know where he was going, so I coached him a bit, and by and by we pulled up at my office. I paid the skinny man his fare, and rushed into the building.

I got to my floor and nonchalantly walked down the hall towards my office, trying to blend in with the usual hustle of secretaries and assistants, when I cringed at the sound of my boss's voice.

"Jerry, would you come in here, please?"

There he was; King Bob in his throne, glasses perched on the tip of his nose, glaring at me through his office door.

"Look, Bob, I'm *really* sorry, you wouldn't believe the morning I've had..." "It's Okay, Jerry... we need to talk. Close the door."

Reluctantly, I shut the door and turned to face my master. "Sit down, Jerry."

I did as I was told.

"Look, Jerry, I'm not even going to go into the hour and I don't want to hear your excuse..." I started to protest, but he silenced me with a hand.

"Jerry, we've had this conversation before. It's pointless and irrelevant. I've been going over the numbers. You haven't had a sale in over two weeks ... and three weeks before that one! I've got a quota to maintain here. I've got bosses too, ya know? I'm sorry Jerry, this just isn't working out. I've been more than patient with you, and feel I've treated you generously. But there are limitations on kindness in the business world. I'm gonna have to let you go.

Fifteen minutes later I was sitting on a barstool at the Cambie Street Pub, drinking morosely and contemplating my situation. I had my house, left to me by my mother, and a few stocks I could cash in, but that was about it. I had very little savings, and no car. The situation was bleak. I sighed, took a gulp of beer, and lit a cigarette.

I had so little direction in my life; no real hobbies, no goals, no interests. Nothing excited me anymore. There was no spark, no fire. I mean, what did I really want out of life? What did I want to do? Where was the *meaning* in it all?

I noticed the darkening window pane, the raised din of the after-work crowd around me, and realized I'd been there several hours. Time to walk. If there was one thing in this world that soothed my frazzled nerves, that offered opportunity for reflection and self-exploration, it was walking. I could walk all night, and I often did. There was a Robert Frost poem that always came to mind on these excursions. It was my creed, my identity:

I have been one acquainted with the night.

I have walked out in rain — and back in rain.

I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Yes, acquainted with the night I was. It was early yet, and as I walked the streets of downtown Vancouver, I watched the familiar routine of office workers and Starbucks employees and department store cashiers, all hustling to get home; to lives of family dinners and solitary apartments, to Yoga classes and mundane TV shows. Long lines queued at bus stops and traffic was its usual nightmare. I worked my way up Robson Street, looking through the windows of trendy stores that sold organic soap or alternative CDs or Gap apparel. I observed the beginnings of the nightclub crowd strutting their stuff, giving flirtatious smiles to their dates in absurd but well practiced ritual.

Midnight found me on Davie Street in the gay district, an area well known to me, checking out the drag queens and

leather daddies, the limp-wristed dainties and their “fag-hag” friends gossiping excitedly. I stopped at the “Little Sisters” all night gay bookstore, and browsed for new additions to my boy-love library. I walked down Davie, past Granville, and into “Boy’s Town.” Boy’s Town was the local area for gay prostitutes, but strictly speaking, there were rarely any boys there. Mostly they were a collection of sad, disheveled twenty or thirty-something year old junkies, nervously shifting from foot to foot and attracting only closet-case family men in SUVs, and elderly gentlemen who couldn’t score in the nightclubs. I often helped them out when I could, a few bucks here and there, and nodded to the familiar faces I saw. I was just walking up to “Teacup,” a bleach-blond twenty-five year old I often took out for burgers when he was having a slow night. A new face caught my eye.

“Looks like just your taste,” Teacup said, observing the direction of my eyes, “fresh chicken!”

“Now come on, Teacup, can’t you refer to your brethren as something other than meat? He’s just a kid — what’s he doing out here?”

He looked tired and world weary. He could barely be thirteen.

“Oh, you know the game, sugar. At that tender age, he’ll only be out for a few hours ‘til he picks up a full time sugar-daddy. He’s valuable goods out here.”

“High market value, huh?”

“Ahh, the flower of youth, so fleeting...” Teacup sighed wistfully.

I gave him a five dollar bill from my pocket, and walked up to the boy.



“Lookin’ for a date, mister?” He took a long drag off his cigarette, the cherry glow illuminating his childish features. He had jet black hair and a small, pointy nose brushed with freckles; incongruous with his up front manner and cigarette.

“How old are you?” I asked.

“What’s it matter? I ain’t jailbait, I’m fourteen.”

It was true, the age of consent in Canada is fourteen, but somehow I doubted the truth of the statement. Anyway, I had a problem with paying a kid for sex — it felt like coercion. But I’d had a bad day — I could *really* use the company. I stood there wrestling with my conscience, and decided the boy was going to end up going home with *someone* tonight — at least with me he’d be safe.

“Well, I ain’t gonna wait all fuckin’ night. You wanna date or dontcha?” I smiled wryly at him. “Yeah, let’s go for a walk,” I answered.

Teacup winked and smiled as he watched us leave.

“So whatcha want?” he asked, “Fifty for a blowjob, hunnert-fifty round the world...”

“Hey, hey ... slow down cowboy. I’ll tell you what; I’ll pay you for the night, you come back to my place, have a bath and a meal, and you can crash on the couch if you want. You don’t have to do anything.”

He looked up at me suspiciously. “You’re not gonna read me Bible passages or somethin’, are ya?” he asked. I laughed. “No, *definitely* not,” I said. “I’m agnostic and I don’t own a Bible. I just want some company, and you obviously need a bath. What you decide to do is up to you — like I said, you get paid either way.”

“Whatever’s clever,” he said.

We caught a cab off of Granville, and soon were at my house. He walked uncomfortably around the living room, looking at the pictures and classic movie posters on the wall. In the bright light of the room, I noticed he had green eyes; perhaps the greenest, most beautiful eyes I’d ever seen. But his face was dirty, and his hair a little greasy.

“Let me get you a towel and bathrobe. You can run the bath, and I’ll throw your clothes in the washer.”

I showed him to the bathroom, and busied myself in the closet of the hallway getting a towel and clean robe. I heard the shower running, and guessed he’d opted for that instead of a bath. The door to the bathroom was cracked, and I entered to drop off the towel and robe and pick up his clothes. The sliding shower door was wide open, and he stood there in the steam, looking at me. Water cascaded over his head and down his skinny pale body, glistening over the bumps of his ribs and running over his barely developing pubis; dripping off his small, uncircumcised penis. I could barely take my eyes off him long enough to set down the towel and robe, and pick up his clothes. He smiled at me suggestively, and lifted his arms to stretch under the hot water. I smiled and winked, then turned around and made my way out the door.

After throwing his clothes in the wash, I took some hamburger meat out of the fridge and started frying up some burgers. The appealing smell of the cooking food eventually drew the boy out of the bathroom, and he sat at the table in

his comically oversized bathrobe, inhaling the burgers. I lit a cigarette and observed him fondly, wondering what this poor wayward urchin was doing on the mean streets of Boy’s Town. Then I noticed the answer: running up his left arm were the distinct tracks of an IV drug user. Odd as it seemed, it was not uncommon for very young kids to get addicted to heroin in Vancouver. It was a heroin town; its high population of Asian immigrants ensured a steady flow of China White from the Golden Triangle, and the Triads ran the show as far as organized crime was concerned in Western Canada. Sad, but not at all uncommon. I offered him a cigarette as he finished eating, and he took it, and lit it, with practiced ease.

“So what’s your name, mister?” Exchanging names had completely escaped my attention up to that point.

“Definitely not ‘mister.’ ‘Mister’ was my dad. The name’s Jerry. What’s yours?”

“Sean. Nice house. Whadda you do for a livin’?” he asked.

I chuckled. “Nothing, *now*. How old are you? For real.” He cast his eyes down. “Thirteen.”

“Yeah, I figured. What’re you doing working Boy’s Town at thirteen? I mean, not to judge or anything, but that’s a pretty hard life for a thirteen year old to be living.”

“Shit happens,” he said.

I chose not to pry into his junk habit for now; if he wanted to tell me about it, he would. I got up, pulled a beer out of the fridge, and walked to the living room. I popped a Neil Young CD into the machine, and put on “Cowgirl in the Sand.” As I was collapsing into the couch and twisting open my beer, Sean followed me into the room. He smiled as he stood in front of me, and undid the belt on his robe.

“You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to, you know,” I said.

He ignored me, and slipped the robe off his shoulders and onto the floor. He was already aroused and fully engorged, and he came forward and sat on my lap facing me. I set my beer down on the end-table and ran my hands up his back; from the crack of his buttocks upwards, feeling the ridges of his spine bump under my fingers, his skin hot. My hands came to his neck, and I brought him forward to kiss me, lightly at first, until I felt his tongue probing at my lips. I opened my mouth and kissed him deeply then, running my tongue over his teeth, and my fingers to the nether regions below. I laid him down gently on the couch, and stretched out on top of him as he worked my belt.

Blinding sun, again. Ahh, but this morning, this morning there were no commitments, there was no rushing. I opened my eyes slowly, at my convenience, and rolled over to touch the boy. The bed was empty. I snapped awake quickly, sitting up. My drawers were open and rifled through; clothes hanging haphazardly out of them. I felt the vein in my forehead pulsing again. I jumped out of bed, and ran to the living room. My stereo. My DVD player. My CDs ... gone. I ran back to my bedroom and checked the drawer in the night table. My wallet was gone. My credit cards, my ID, my cash...all gone. Now, it takes quite a bit to make me lose it, to make me really explode. This did it. I screamed in a blinding *fury*.

“*FUCK!!!* Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Goddammit!!”

I kicked the wall violently, my foot flashing with agonizing pain. I reached down and grabbed the injured appendage, hopping around on one foot maniacally, cursing my existence. I felt like Job; what in the hell did I do to deserve all of this? It was beyond comprehension, and I was seeing red. I threw on some clothes, grabbed my hidden emergency cash, called a cab, and limped out the front door.

By the time I got to Boy’s Town, it was still only eleven in the morning, and only the most stalwart junkies were out. There was almost no business at this hour, most of the clientele shying away from the light of day. The street walkers that remained were sad, desperate cases, probably dope sick. There was no sign of the regulars I knew, but that was okay. I could wait. I went into the Subway shop on the corner of Davie, and sat down.

I sat there all day, watching the comings and goings of local business people, and finally, around five, I saw Teacup stroll onto the scene. I ran out the door.

“Why you limpin’, honey?” he asked.

“Don’t even fuckin’ ask, Teacup. That little turd ripped me off last night.”

Teacup cackled loudly. “Honey, don’tcha know never to fall asleep with a trick in the house? You’d think you just fell off the dildo truck!”

He continued laughing at the hilarity of my dilemma, almost doubling over. “Teacup, as amusing as this all may seem to you, I’ve gotta find the kid...”

“To do *what*, sugar? The brat’s not even legal! One peep from him and you’ve gotta one-way ticket to the joint! You *know* he holds all the cards, baby.”

I hadn’t even thought of what I was gonna do. I mean, I’d never *hurt* the kid ... but maybe I could catch him before he hawked all my shit for dope.

“I don’t know *what* I’m gonna do. I’ve just gotta find him. Where’re you guys scoring your smack these days?”

“Well, you know it’s a supermarket out there, but you happen to be in luck. I saw your kid this morning — he was scoring off Cong at Main and Hastings. Hang the corner, he’ll show up again sooner or later.” He smiled encouragingly.

I gratefully gave him twenty bucks from my emergency cash, and flagged down a cab.

Main and Hastings was perhaps the most horrible corner in Western Canada. It was referred to in Vancouver as “Skid Row,” and it deserved the reputation. Vancouver police had long ago come to a tacit understanding with the voluminous addict population of the city: stay in your own little corner of town, and we’ll leave you alone. Police only arrested the most flagrant abusers of the law here, and the result was horrific. The area boasted the highest per capita AIDS rate in the civilized Western World, and absolute poverty was the rule. Drunken aboriginals lay heaped on the sidewalks, dealers openly plied their trade, and junkies fixed their dope in doorways. Ironically, the Vancouver Police Department’s main office was located right smack in the middle of it all; on the corner of Main and Hastings. The fortress-like building was always within sight of the wheeling and dealing push-

ers.

I stood there, leaning on the wall, and watched the activity. “Cong” was a small, enterprising Vietnamese man who always wore a baseball cap. He’d become sort of notorious in the area for never getting busted. He always had a flunkie doing the actual business for him, while he stood by and supervised, cussing out sick junkies begging for fronts. He wore cheap, shabby clothes, but nobody doubted his wealth. He brought in thousands of dollars a night, and he’d been working the area for ten or fifteen years. What’s more, he never seemed to *spend* anything; he was always out here. If he kept it all in a mattress somewhere, it’d have to be a pretty goddam big mattress.

I didn’t have to wait long to find Sean. Soon enough, he showed up flashing a wad of bills. So much for my stuff. Nobody bothered him, ‘cause nobody dared touch one of Cong’s customers. I waited ‘til his business was done, and followed him. He walked about three blocks and turned into an alley. I peeked my head around the corner, and observed him by a dumpster, preparing his fix. He tapped the contents of a small paper flap into an Evian bottle cap, sucked up some water from the bottle with his syringe, and squirted it in. He stirred the mixture with the plunger from his syringe. Then he dropped a small piece of cotton, a “filter,” into the solution, and sucked it up through the cotton. I winced as he pushed the needle into his arm, drew some blood to ensure he had a vein, and depressed the plunger. I hoped he was using a clean needle. It suddenly dawned on me that I was no longer mad at the boy. How could I be mad at him? He was a slave to his own pathos. His head lolled in apparent ecstasy and relief, and I felt only empathy.

I walked up to him, his eyes closed, and made my presence known. “Hi Sean.”

He opened his eyes, widely once he recognized me, and immediately tried to dart. I caught him by the collar. “Relax, Sean, I’m not gonna fuck you up.”

He eyed me skeptically.

“I am gonna take my money back, though,” I said.

With my hand still on his collar, I reached my other hand into his pocket, and removed the money. I also, thankfully, found my credit cards and ID.

“Sean, I’m gonna let you go now. You can run back to Boy’s Town if you like, get picked up by some looney tune or worse, and continue your life of self-inflicted crisis... or you can come with me. I’m probably the last chance you’re gonna have for a really long time to pull yourself out of this hole, and I suggest you take it.”

“Whatta you want from me?” he asked, his translucent green eyes angry.

“Absolutely *nothing*, Sean. I *don’t* need this in my life right now — you couldn’t have picked a worse time to show up. But I can’t let you go without offering you a chance. I think you probably deserve it and you’re young enough to change paths.”

“So whatta you wanna do? Take me to some hospital? Put me in the system?”

“Sean, I’ve seen what the system does to kids — you’d

come out worse than when you went in. And I *don't* have money for a hospital. Look, why don't you come home with me and we'll talk about it?"

He looked down at his shoes. He looked so vulnerable, so tragic at that moment, that I let go of his collar and took him in my arms, embracing him. He began crying like the child he was supposed to be.

"You can *do* this, Sean," I whispered, "you're a tough kid. And I'll be right there with you. You won't be alone through this..."

"You *don't* understand!" he cried, "I'm gonna be *so* sick..."

"But you only have to do it once. Once, and it's over... you can go to school, play video games, have a boyfriend ... you can be a *kid*, Sean. You can do all those things."

"You promise you'll stay with me?" he asked. "I'll have you in my arms the whole time, Sean." And so, I took him home.

I had a friend who was a doctor, and I managed, after some delicate explanation, to get a prescription for some mild Valium and clonidine, which he told me would make the boy more comfortable through the worst of it. And the worst of it was bad. Within twenty-four hours, the cold sweats had started. He was relieved only by continuously running hot baths. Day two brought vomiting to a level I'd never experienced before. He could hold nothing at all down, and when he had nothing more to throw up, he dry heaved agonizingly, crying in pain at the spasms. Day three started with volcanic diarrhea, and continued the same through the *fourth* and fifth days. I was becoming seriously concerned about dehydration. He had no control over his bowels, and the watery feces ran freely, often on *me* as I held his shivering, convulsive body. But it was just shit, and the boy had to know I was right there; that he was inherently valuable, and we were doing this together. Shit washes off, but wounds to the psyche can last forever. It took 'til day six for him to be able to hold any significant amount of water down. He'd managed to choke enough down through the past six days to keep going, but never more than a few tablespoons. This day he actually drank a full glass, the water dribbling down his chin, and I knew the storm was breaking.

ONE YEAR LATER

Sean came home with a bloody nose. I guess he got into a fight at school, or so the letter from his principal said. He was suspended for three days, but that's okay. We'd been through worse. It took a *lot* of creative paperwork to get him back in school, but we managed it. His adapting into a school setting with peers, concerned only with shopping and dating, was a harder task. But we're dealing with that, too. We have a lot of issues to work on, like his stealing and hoarding money from my wallet. I think the answer lies in convincing him that his home life is stable; that he's never gonna have to pick up and run, that he'll always have a home here.

I'm working again. Nothing spectacular — selling insurance — but it gets the bills paid. Sean's mom shows up from time to time. She's a skid row whore, and a junkie too.

I'm really ambivalent about her. She's happy that Sean's doing well (she refers to me as his "sugardaddy," which irks me to no end), and she seems to genuinely love the boy. But it makes me wonder why she couldn't have conquered her addictions to care for him, instead of passing on her habits. Despite my reservations, she's his mom, and I think it's important they stay in touch.

Sean is a very needy, vulnerable, and sometimes angry kid. And I'm completely in love with him. He has this uncanny wit, this way of crudely putting things that would challenge even Socrates. He doesn't give himself enough credit for his sharp intelligence, and I'm trying to nurture his self-confidence. But it's slow going. Day by day, one day at a time.

We have this ritual every night. Sean comes out of the shower and stands in front of me coyly, as though this was our first night. His robe drops to the floor. I take in his alabaster skin; the smooth ridges of his ribs, his "outie" belly-button. The light dusting of hair on his pubis. The rigid penis. He straddles my legs, and I run my hands over his warm skin. My fingers find the moist, clenching ring below. He undoes my belt.

Good old Job. All he had to do was withstand God's trials, and the riches of heaven would be his.

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Editor's Notes: *The preceding story touches upon some significant emotional truths. That said, however, it also manages to gloss over some important legal and ethical issues.*

At one point the story mentions that the age of consent in Canada is 14. This is, as far as we know, still true, but there are some major exceptions:

- *Nonconsensual sex is considered "sexual assault", and illegal regardless of age. I believe sex in a public place also is illegal regardless of age, but I did not find a citation on this question.*
- *Anal intercourse with someone between 14 and 17 years of age is illegal, but — not so in Quebec (R. v. Roy); and — not so in Ontario (R. v. M.)*
- *Consensual sex with someone between 14 and 17 years of age is illegal if it is considered exploitative. This includes sex involving prostitution, pornography or an abuse of trust, authority or dependency of the boy.*

The ethical issue is one of consent. The story implies that the boy gave his consent: "You don't have to do anything ... "You don't have to do this if you don't want to, you know," I said. He ignored me, and slipped the robe off his shoulders and onto the floor. He was already aroused and fully engorged ... " The problem with that assumption is that the boy needs money to procure drugs. For an addict, feelings about the sex are secondary to the need for drugs or confused with the need. Even after he doesn't need drugs, the boy steals money and hoards it. The boy's idea seems to be that sex actually is the man's motivation, even when he denies that.



BOYS IN THE MEDIA

by Nat M. Black

MOVIES: A professional review of the new “Oliver Twist”: Barney Clark plays the well-mannered Oliver and, like the rest of the movie, is presentable without being compelling ...

Some friends went to see it said it was pretty good — the darker version promised was there, but in many ways the movie didn’t stick with the book. The kids, who were mostly 14, were all good; Barney Clark as Oliver looked fine but his acting was just OK. Ben Kingsley, who played Fagin, was over-acting. The film was shot in Czech Republic ...



Josh Hutcherson and Jonah Bobo in *Zathura*

cheetah who could show emotions on his face.

Josh Hutcherson from “Little Manhattan” is 13 (Charlie Ray, a girl of about the same age, plays his love interest). He’s a Kentucky boy with several other roles to his credit: Polar Express, Kicking and Screaming, Zathura, RV. A pro reviewer said he’s a natural with perfect wry comic delivery ... “Innocent Voices” is about an 11 year old boy caught up in El Salvador’s civil war in the 1980’s. The director looked at 3000 boys to play the lead before Carlos Padilla, 10, with acting experience, showed up. He looked “dangerous, unpredictable, and natural.” It was filmed in Mexico ... Josh Flither did well as a 10-year-old caddie who has a relationship with Francis Ouimet in “The Greatest Game Ever Played.”



Piotr Jagielski plays a boy with no name in *I Am*

Some friends and I went to see “I Am,” a Polish film which was part of the NY Film Festival. It’s about an 11-year-old who has a bad family situation and

goes to live on his own, making friends with a girl of similar age who’s usually giggling and drunk.

One fellow called it Dickensian, mainly that no one cared about this boy who obviously had no guardians.

Another fellow said nothing happened. I don’t fully agree but none of us thought that highly of it.



I’m just glad the Social Service people who came in were made to look like the villains.

TV: Tyler James Williams, just 13, the Chris in “Everybody Hates Chris,” is a Manhattanite. He’s done Sesame Street, Law & Order, and voiceovers. His mom is

a Christian singer-songwriter and he has 2 younger brothers. Tequan Richmond, who plays younger brother Drew, tried out first but had too much swagger for the Chris role. They liked Williams’ expressive face and that he acted a little less sure of himself.

CHOIR: American Boychoir will perform at home in Princeton, NJ, Dec. 17-18. Their new temporary music director is Nathan Windley. They had their first grandparents day.

THEATER: Someone I hadn’t heard from for years sent me a postcard from London that it’s worth the trip to see “Billy Elliot: The Musical” on stage. It will be coming to Toronto and then New York next year.

A BOOK REVIEW: “The Tricky Part” by Martin Moran, a gay actor/writer, caught my eye in the New Biography section. The jacket depicts a small 12 year old wearing a 1970’s style Speedo in a rural water scene.



Jerry O’Connell in *My Secret Identity*

Moran describes his relationship with Bob, a camp/ranch man, at ages 12-14, with clear detail. He soon after felt uncertainty and shame and battled this, went with a woman, and finally accepted his gayness.

The parts of the book of the adult Moran are not as well written or interesting. He does seek out and find Bob many years later, but there was little drama there.

NOSTALGIA: Jerry O’Connell, 31, is engaged to Rebecca Romijn, an actress. His first marriage but not hers ... Elian Gonzalez has a direct line to Fidel Castro ... Elijah Wood, 24 but only 5’5”, wants to distance himself from “Lord of the Rings.” His last role was as a violent soccer fan ... Dante Dan Bonaduce slit his wrists when his wife suggested a divorce.



Alex Michaletos in *Duma*



Barney Clark in *Oliver Twist*



Tyler James Williams in *Everybody Hates Chris*



Carlos Padilla in *Innocent Voices*



James Lomas, George Maguire and Liam Mower take turns playing the lead in *Billy Elliot*



Josh Flither in *The Greatest Game Ever Played*

