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CRIMINAL *JUSTICE ?*

***SHNEUR EXPLAINS THE PRISON EXPERIENCE -
PAGES 5 AND 25***

PRISONERS SPEAK - PAGE 36

NAMBLA topics

Number 2

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The views expressed here are those of the writers, and do not necessarily reflect positions of NAMBLA.

Your ideas and comments are welcome.

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The North American Man/Boy Love Association is both political and educational. We work to educate society on the positive nature of intergenerational relationships. We condemn sexual abuse and all forms of coercion. We call for the empowerment of youth in all areas, not just the sexual.

Inquiries about NAMBLA membership, or about subscribing to NAMBLA publications may be sent to PO Box 174, Midtown Station, New York NY 10018, USA. Membership includes a subscription to ten NAMBLA publications yearly, which includes a mix of *NAMBLA Bulletins*, *NAMBLA topics*, and *Gayme* Magazines. Membership is free to prisoners. Limited income memberships are available.

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FROM THE EDITORS

Mass Incarceration: The Extent of the Problem

According to 1991 US Department of Justice figures, there are about 42,000 people (99% male) in state or federal prisons for sexual acts other than "rape" or "prostitution," in a category called "other sexual assault." From the available data, it cannot be determined directly how many in this category are locked up for consensual acts. The content and volume of letters processed by our Prisoner Program suggest that it is not uncommon for consensual sex to be characterized by police and government agencies as assault, even when it is very far from it. If we assume that age-of-consent convictions are routinely placed in this category, we can attempt to extrapolate a crude estimate of how many boy-lovers are locked up for consensual sex.

Using the demographic data provided for "victim(s)" (80% "minors" and approximately 20% male), we can estimate that 6,270 men are locked up for some sort of "sexual" contact with "minor" males (and around 25,000 men locked up for contacts with girls, plus about 400 women for contacts with "minors"). If we factor in the findings of the two largest "victimological" studies, one by David Finkelhor in the US and one by M.C. Baumann in Germany, showing low to very low rates of coercion and harm for boys involved with men, we arrive at a conservative educated guess of around 5,000 men in US state and federal prisons for consensual and harmless contacts with boys. Extrapolating again, there may be an equal or slightly lower number in local jails, another almost equal number on parole, and perhaps three times as many on probation, for a total of around 25,000 to 30,000 boy-lovers caught up in the criminal "justice" system. These numbers are conservative, as each statistical table has a note at the bottom indicating how many thousands were not counted because they gave incomplete data or did not fit the designated categories.

Other figures are even more alarming. According to data compiled by the FBI, arrests nationwide for "sex offenses" (excluding "forcible rape and prostitution") average 108,000 per year. According to Justice Department figures, between 1985 and 1990 the annual total of new court commitments to state prisons for "other sexual assault" rose more than 40%, from 5,725 to 8,220.

Of those in prison for "other sexual assault," the average time served upon first release is 30 months, about the same as for "negligent manslaughter." In the current political climate, this also may be expected to rise.

-- David Miller

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The two articles by our contributing editor, Dr. A. Shneur Horowitz, are the intellectual centerpieces of this magazine. The "Prisoners Speak" section is the anonymous voices of many prisoners, in the tradition of the late Boyd McDonald, letting people speak in their own words, with only the lightest editing. I make no judgment as to the truth of their statements. I only claim that everything I chose to include has the ring of truth to this twelve year veteran of visiting and corresponding with prisoners. I regret the omission of the many personal accounts that I did not have room for. My thanks to all of the contributors to this issue, whether or not their stories made it into print.

Most of the stories here are from persons imprisoned for sex with minors. Recognizing our society's present laws and attitudes, we do not advocate engaging in illegal sex, although we do advocate changes in the laws to recognize the beneficial aspects of intergenerational relationships. I suggest that you consider the extreme consequences of illegal activities as seen in the prisoner's stories in this issue. Before acting in a way that could enmesh you and your young friends in the legal and prison system, consider the necessity of being a celibate martyr in our cause, and sublimate your desires into promoting reasonable laws, honest sex education in our schools, and honest and intelligent enforcement of laws against *real* child abuse.

There is no attempt here to air the many other issues surrounding intergenerational relationships, as we do in our other publications. *NAMBLA topics* treats one issue at a time, in depth. This time it is the legal and prison systems.

-- Rock Thatcher



THE PRISON EXPERIENCE: SOME PSYCHOSOCIAL COMMENTS

by A. Shneur Horowitz

After graduating magna cum laude from Harvard College, A. Shneur Horowitz received the M.D. and Ph.D. degrees from Duke University, and is an orthodox rabbi. After twenty years of following these professional interests, Horowitz is now a political prisoner in the United States.

Did you ever have a dream where everything seemed quite logical, and yet even at the time a part of your mind knew that when you awoke, the sense would be completely lost? Not only would you be unable to make a reasonable recounting to anyone else, but even to yourself the dream-events would appear disconnected and the logic bizarre. Talking about prison to those who have not been there, and for whom incarceration is not part of their culture, is very much like that. Both dreaming and imprisonment are *alternate realities* in which the usual checks and controls have been removed and replaced with other rules for which our normal experiences have left us unprepared.

This severe culture shock applies to *all* prisoners who have lived their lives in the middle class or mainstream society. We child-lovers, however, suffer a more profound and pervasive psychosocial disintegration because of circumstances relatively specific to us. Personal accounts serve an important purpose, helping those who are not here to appreciate our experiences. However, I would like to use this space to comment on just what it is that makes incarceration different, and worse, for child-lovers than for virtually anyone else. The first section discusses the psychosocial impact of imprisonment with reference to child-lovers. The second deals with special factors which impede our adjustment to incarceration. The third section introduces ideas relating to the possibilities for growth and positive outcome.

It should be noted that much of the material in this article is not relevant to *all* persons jailed for participating in intergenerational sex. Four exclusionary criteria are evident: 1. short sentence - "Short" is subjective, but many individuals with sentences of five years or less engage in what I call a "count-down" technique. They handle their imprisonment by maintaining and emphasizing a psychological

continuity between a remembered Before and an anticipated After. The incarceration can then be endured as an unpleasant interim/interruption/interregnum within an ongoing life. 2. strong outside support - Those who have frequent visits, telephone calls, and exchange of letters with family and continuing friends who encourage and support them may be spared the crises described here. Their psychic reality remains Outside, even over a long period of time, and their personal identity is stabilized and reinforced. 3. prior economic/social poverty - For some, prison represents only slight decrement, or even actual improvement in living conditions and/or social opportunities. For such persons, the culture shock mentioned above is minimal or absent. 4. low intelligence - Some of the processes discussed below entail ability to introspect and conceptualize that may be poorly elaborated in persons of very low intelligence.

Being Imprisoned

How we perceive and react to imprisonment derives from our previous self-image and lifestyle. For almost all of us, being "outed" is a concomitant of our arrest and prosecution. This in itself precipitates a personal crisis of the greatest magnitude. We must face, perhaps for the first time, our identity as pedophiles. It may seem strange to say that a person who has lived many years as an active lover of children can suddenly *realize* that he is a pedophile, and I don't mean that he has been exactly lying to himself up to now. Nevertheless, there is a strong tendency to wall off or encapsulate the child-lover part of our identity, except when we actually are engaged with children. After all, it sadly cannot quite be integrated into a typical home or professional life in this society. This type of ignoring, or "selective inattention" is a common means of handling perceptions, about ourselves or others, that don't fit into overall conceptions of who and what we are. It is so much easier to think of oneself as "teacher," "carpenter," or "executive," than to label oneself with the most hated characterization in the culture. Parenthetically, I think this may contribute to why we are now being "caught" in such prodigious numbers. Because we have assigned "child-lover" a subsidiary place in our own self-image, compared with "husband," "coach," "doctor," and so on, we assume unconsciously that others view us the same way. Actually, our loving manner and ability to bond with children is as obvious to our enemies, when they choose to attune themselves, as it is to the kids themselves.¹

Being a lover of children is the defining characteristic of our identities, whatever we previously may have thought. It is a beacon which shines from us, for better or for worse, and by which the responses of others to us are illuminated.² What has changed in recent years is the motivation of our enemies to tune in to us, and the threshold for their turning suspicion into persecutory behavior.

If the positive part of our internal crisis is confronting and integrating our child-lover identity, then the negative side is facing the realization that we have "lived a lie" for all or most of our adult lives. We built a house of cards right there on Main Street, and then moved in lock, stock, and barrel, papering the inside walls with hypocrisy and the outside with deceptions. We did this so we could live in comfort and ease, so we could "pass," so we could eat our cake and have it too. We did not hold sit-ins or vigils or freedom rides. We did not engage in letter-writing campaigns or in civil disobedience. We attended PTA meetings where our brothers and sisters were vilified, and perhaps even made "appropriate" comments to our neighbors about the danger of "child molesters." We lied to our parents and spouses. We were cowards.

So what goes on internally is a major re-alignment, in today's terms *re-formatting*, of our whole personality structure. This includes not only re-arrangement of our hierarchy of self-definitions, but also acceptance of some stark and not very favorable truths about our character. This tidal wave of realizations is even more devastating than that during puberty, because the identity crisis of adolescence brings with it the unveiling of seemingly unlimited potentials and possibilities for the future, whereas the identity crisis of outing implies the closing off of possibilities and a confrontation with what we already are.

A third aspect of imprisonment is its interpersonal/social impact. The concurrence of incarceration and outing often triggers abrupt and total disappearance of our support system. Well socialized, middle class individuals build strong social linkages, and depend on them not only for self-validation, but for the communication and clarification of emotions. Nowadays, even males are adapted to "sharing feelings" rather than suppressing or denying them. While there are exceptions, it is not at all unusual for a child-lover to lose *all* of his significant relationships simultaneously when he is outted and arrested. Of course, for us, our most significant and invigorating relationships are those we have with children, be they overtly intimate

or not. These are annihilated, with traumatic and tragic consequences both for us and for our young friends. We confront the knowledge that not only have our tenderest bonds been torn cruelly asunder, but that, using modern psycho-technology, even our partners' memories of us will likely be revised, perverted, and turned into their opposites. This loss not only of the present and future, but of the past as well, defies description. Furthermore, we find that families of orientation and of procreation, colleagues, confidants and lifelong friends either turn *on* us, or turn *from* us. We have become non-persons, anathema. Distinct from other middle class prisoners, who often are sustained by their successful social networks, we, in our time of greatest need, find ourselves utterly alone.

A flowing river can appear quite serene, but if all its effluent channels were blocked at once, the weight and force of water turned back from its natural outlets would convert it quickly to a churning maelstrom. Thus it is with our psychological energy when all our relationships are suddenly cut off-- a cataclysmic emotional implosion, flooding back against the damaged bulwarks of our much-weakened selves. The effect is overwhelming, and depression is very severe at this time; the risk of suicide is proportionately great.³ Depression and identity dissolution combine to make us vulnerable also to the manipulations of prosecutors, unscrupulous "defense" lawyers,⁴ and soon-to-be ex-spouses, among others. It is well known that mid-adolescents, whose identities are in flux, are susceptible to the lure of demagoguery and fanaticism. Likewise, after outing and prosecution, many of us leap into the clutches of the rapists and reprogrammers, who offer a shred of substitute identity, even be it that of "interminably *recovering* pervert."

Being In Prison

HAVING passed through the transition to incarceration, there continue to operate factors which make our physical and emotional survival particularly difficult in our new status and environment. The most widely known of these is that we are social pariahs within the prison population. A child-lover is known *politely* as a "molester," but more frequently and pointedly as a "baby raper," or "tree jumper."⁵ In an environment where violence is never far from the surface, this appellation hangs like Damocles' sword over the child-lover's head. Chronic anxiety interferes with concentration and judgment, and

probably contributes to physical stress-related disorders over the long run. Because of the danger, most "brothers" whose identity as child-lovers is not generally known, go to great lengths to avoid being "re-outted" within the prison population. While one hardly can blame them for wanting to protect themselves, this results in there never being a mutually supportive network Inside to substitute even partially for the lost relationships Outside. While some states have special facilities, units, or "treatment" programs, most of these are generally for "sex offenders." Ironically, these child-lovers, more often than not the gentlest of souls, find themselves sequestered with brutal rapists and sex-murderers, who may be even more dangerous to them than run-of-the-mill prison inmates.

A second factor, less immediately apparent, is that we are the only prisoners not to utilize two of the three primary mediators of group formation within the prison social system, viz. sexual orientation and type of conviction. (The third is ethnicity, and we frequently will be in a small minority there too, or be excluded on the basis of middle class traits of speech, manners, etc.) Talking about sex, real or imagined, is an immediate common ground for both heterosexuals and homosexuals everywhere. In prison, where many individuals' social development is that of delinquent early adolescents, it forms the stock-in-trade of most conversation. Both ambivalence and fear contribute to child-lovers being unable or unwilling to seek each other out on the basis of our common orientation. Aside from sexuality, there often is affiliation among those with similar reasons for their incarceration, e.g. drug dealers, murderers, or those involved in organized crime. For us, of course, our "crime" and our sexual orientation are one and the same.

Faced with the absence of our own group, many of us choose to lie, i.e. to create an ersatz sexual or criminal history. Not only does this run the risk of violent or even fatal consequences if discovered, but it also feeds into and exacerbates the "living a lie" problem discussed earlier. The other choice readily available is to remain a permanent loner. Loners are not all that uncommon in prison, and generally fall into two categories. There are those with fairly short sentences who are putting up with incarceration while remaining basically aloof and as untarnished by it as possible. We seldom fall into that category, and do so less and less as sentences for child-lovers become increasingly outrageous. Then there are those individuals whose self-imposed

isolation causes them to drift ever further into idiosyncratic and impoverished mental states. Appearing far older than their years, they resemble patients with chronic schizophrenia or organic brain syndromes. This is not an attractive prospect.

Aggravating our sense of isolation is the fact that we are the *only* prisoners denied access to what might be called "non-interpersonal" reinforcers of our identity. Inmates have the opportunity to view television, individually or communally, and most facilities show movies weekly or more often. Heterosexual bonded relationships are displayed frequently, and homosexual ones occasionally. Murder, assault, fraud, drug use and sale, theft, espionage, exploitative sex and rape all are common entertainment fare. Moreover, the perpetrators of these crimes often are portrayed in a sympathetic if not approving manner. There is ample opportunity to watch men or women scantily dressed and in erotic situations. Also, on prison staffs, both male and female adults are present "in the flesh" and have at least superficial real relationships with prisoners, as well as supplying a framework for their fantasies. Over and above this, one may obtain books and magazines dealing with crime and/or with sexual behavior. In many places, one may post even erotically stimulating nude pictures on the walls of one's cell or cubicle. All of that applies to *everyone except us*. All forms of visual or literary art dealing with adult-child intimacy either are unavailable or are specifically and systematically censored. Even depictions of children which are neither erotic nor intimate could be risky to display or even to possess. Thus, the child-lover, now in a state where he should, and must, develop a newly honest, mature, and profound self-concept, finds himself totally lacking in "props," cues, test-objects, and feedback to use as tools in this monumental task.

A fourth, and perhaps ultimately the most important factor that militates against both our adjustment in prison and our making positive use of our prison time, is that we are unacknowledged *political prisoners*. Our enemies assert that because physical expressions of love between an adult and a child are defined as illegal, we are criminals. Further, they would rebut that political prisoners are only those incarcerated for speech and writing, not for behavior. Historically, both of these arguments are incorrect. One hundred fifty years ago, an African-American who fled the site of his involuntary servitude was defined by law as a criminal. We, however, view his behavior,

correctly I believe, as a political act. Eighteen hundred years earlier, a Judean who circumcised his son was defined by Roman law as having committed an act of bloody child abuse. We, however, term his act religious and political (whether or not we agree with the practice). I aver that a political prisoner is one who is incarcerated for an act which he, in good conscience, believes to be right and good. Moreover, his belief is not idiosyncratic, but is shared by a number of other persons who consider themselves united in part by this belief. This still is short of *civil disobedience*, as that would require conscious political intent. Most political prisoners, here and elsewhere, are those whose "crime" is no more than living their lives as persons of conscience, according to their best judgment of what is right and good, and without necessarily intending their behavior as a political statement or even considering themselves as politically "involved."⁶

Political prisoners differ fundamentally from other prisoners in being, not only well-socialized, but in fact extraordinarily ethical. At the very least, this is because as members of a persecuted political minority, they have been forced to consider matters of right and wrong more consciously than the average citizen. Such persons tend intrinsically to be rule-followers because, although they think certain rules should be different, they believe in the *concept* of rules, i.e. that there are aspects of right and wrong, good and bad, which override one's personal desires. Contrariwise, the great majority of prisoners at the penitentiary level, are "antisocial," or "sociopathic." Studies indicate that as many as 80-90% of inmates are intrinsic rule-breakers and lack either an ethic that transcends their own needs and impulses, or the ability to modify their behavior in conformity with such an ethic. The child-lover placed in such a milieu faces a dilemma: to be honest and forthright and persistently exploited, or to compromise his own values in order to make his way in prison.⁷

In some societies, political prisoners have been segregated from criminals, and this oftentimes meant that they received harsher treatment. However, two advantages that almost always accrued are *solidarity* and *support*. Even where they were termed criminals, and even where they were confined along with criminals, they were *acknowledged* as political, both inside and outside of the prison system. Although their handling might be severe, they were accorded a certain respect as being prisoners of conscience. Further, they had automatic alliance with their fellows in the penal system, and received support

from unimprisoned members of their group or movement, even when such communication was officially interdicted. Thus, while not minimizing their suffering, their *basic identities*, both personal and political, were not weakened. In fact there could be a buttressing and encouraging sense of furthering The Cause by one's very presence in prison. Recent examples could be drawn from among incarcerated dissidents in South Africa, the former Soviet Union, and at this very moment in China.

As imprisoned child-lovers, we experience the worst of both worlds. North American and some other governments go to great lengths to define the love of children as a serious felony. In doing so, they have created and financed the development of an entire pseudo-science, "victimology," which has coopted and corrupted the mental health professions to a degree unimaginable twenty-five years ago.⁸ Once arrested, we, like political prisoners everywhere, are subjected to a travesty of the criminal justice system. Usual guarantees are explicitly or implicitly suspended, e.g. the right to confront one's accuser, the inadmissibility of hearsay evidence, and the presumption of innocence. As mentioned elsewhere, the "defense" counsel often supports and surreptitiously cooperates with the State to produce a "show-trial," the outcome of which is indisputably pre-determined.

Once incarcerated, the child-lover is told that he is "just like any other inmate," and that "no one cares why you're here." As far as not receiving special privileges, or any attention to the special needs engendered by total lack of experience with a criminal sub-culture, that is true indeed. However, one may soon find that in order to gain parole, one must complete a "treatment" program, and be certified as being "in recovery," as I have discussed elsewhere.⁹ This sounds quite a bit like the "political re-education" programs of other oppressive societies. Then, one finds that access to writings, even scholarly literature, on the subject of intergenerational love, is forbidden; this in an environment saturated with stories of murder and mayhem, and where racist publications advocating hatred and violence are freely available. One may find that requests for inmate-to-inmate correspondence are routinely denied-- only when both parties are child-lovers.

So it seems that while labeled as felons, child-lovers are in fact treated in very significant ways as political prisoners. That in itself is not unique. It is characteristic of regimes dependent upon fanatical

elements to criminalize the essential behaviors or rituals of groups whose philosophy and lifestyle are perceived as potentially subversive to the existing order.¹⁰ What is different here is that child-lovers themselves appear to accept and internalize the cultural opprobrium, at least to the extent of deep ambivalence, and frequently to the extent of denial and self-hatred. No unbiased test can demonstrate intergenerational love to be anything worse than *politically incorrect*, and yet the widespread emotional reaction to it is as though it really were the *violent crime* it arbitrarily is labeled. In an horrific extension of this phenomenon, child-lovers, who are in the best position to know the reality of adult-child bonded relationships, begin to view themselves through the eyes of the professional "victimologists."¹¹ This ambivalence also explains the failure of *unimprisoned* child-lovers to form an effective support network for their incarcerated brethren and "sistren." The analogy comes to mind of a boy, perhaps a generation or two past, whose brother gets caught masturbating. He wants to say, "Leave him alone, there's nothing wrong with it— even *scientists* say so!" However, he says nothing, not only because he fears that he will be found out himself, but also because there lurks still at the back of his mind the nagging thought that maybe it *really is* dirty and nasty and makes you go blind.¹² Surely, "un-outed" members of other movements for social reform also have feared for their own security and safety. However, they always found means to help imprisoned colleagues locate each other; if necessary to smuggle food, literature and encouragement to them; and to re-integrate them upon release, or arrange for them to continue their work in exile.

Being

The abrupt collapse of one's personal psychological identity, all or most of one's interpersonal relationships, and all of one's social and cultural roles, precipitates a state of inner chaos that some will not survive. It is akin to traumatic amputation of all four limbs; the bleeding and shock will be fatal to many. Beyond the acute phase, however, living or dying becomes a process in which we may participate. We are confronted, for the first time in most cases, with having only ourselves for company. What kind of companions do we make for ourselves? To what extent can we take over the complementary functions which others, particularly children, have

performed for us? How well do we know ourselves? The substitution will always be poor and incomplete. You can't tickle yourself. You can't be your own sex partner. However, that is not really the point. The question is whether or not we can provide ourselves with the bare minimum requisites for making the decision to live and remain sane.

Possibly the most important task in working through our relationship with ourself is resolving the negative aspects of our self-image. First, we must understand and eliminate traces of self-hatred caused by identification with the culture's rejection of us. This already has been discussed. Second is coming to terms with negative events in our own psychosexual history. Many if not most people have sexual fantasies and experiences, especially during adolescence and young adulthood, which they later regret. That is normal. All adolescents are dealing with greatly heightened sexual and aggressive drives, and doing so with the handicaps of neuropsychological immaturity and social inexperience. It is no wonder that they often blunder, injuring their own feelings, and sometimes bodies, and those of their partners. Most people eventually forgive themselves their youthful mistakes, or just forget about them. For child-lovers, however, the part of us that is prone to accept society's labels can seize on these shameful memories to "prove" that we really are despicable. Instead of self-acceptance, we wind up with self-loathing. Now that all outward channels are closed, can we focus the tremendous love and compassion we have poured into others on ourselves? Can we regard our past and present selves with the lavish forbearance and instant forgiveness we once bestowed upon the children we cared for? Can we come to see the essential goodness of our nature, and the essential falsehood of our enemies' calumnies? If so, then we will accept ourselves as less than perfect. We will be able finally to integrate and move beyond the memories of those times when, for whatever reasons, we hurt the ones we loved.

If one gets to this point, one has survived the catastrophic centripetal reversal of energy flow, i.e. one has avoided psychic meltdown. The quadruple amputee who has not died from shock can now begin to figure out how it might be possible to control a computer, or a paintbrush. For us, part of our energy should continue to go into self-exploration and development. Many of us are so "other-oriented," such great givers, that we have not sufficiently come to know ourselves. Working toward knowledge of ourselves and our

place in the universe, through religion, meditation, or other means, is a lifelong task. Planning for the future after release also can play a role in the process of renewal. However, we must guard against excessive preoccupation with fantasy, and there is a tragically large number of us who cannot count on release in this lifetime. Substantial progress in personal development may be necessary before one can achieve sufficient equanimity to emerge from the contracted or imploded state mentioned earlier.

Concomitant with increased self-acceptance, there develops a desire to re-establish communication with others. One basic fulfillment of this is through correspondence and visitation. Some individuals may be able to re-contact family members or friends. With the passage of time, and finding the prisoner "sadder but wiser," one or more of these may choose to renew their support. Other prisoners may find new associations through their religious or philosophical alignments. However, there is no doubt that the most important contacts for the incarcerated child-lover are with others of his orientation. Only these can provide opportunities not only for relating with our evolving self, but for corroboration and validation of our most essential identity. This of course requires that there be numbers of child-lovers outside of prison who also are working on development of their own positive identities and resolution of their own ambivalences.

Another mode of communication is through creative expression. For some, it may take considerable effort and re-training to direct the love energy we previously have expressed in our thoughts, words and actions directly with children, into "media." Words that we write, images that we paint or carve, cannot become real children, but they can provide us with an outlet for our caring and passion, as well as our yearning and grief. Creative media include fiction and non-fiction such as this article (I hope).

This leads to a third means of establishing relationship between the revised self and the outside world, viz. working for The Cause. Engagement in such work requires further solidification of a positive personal identity and also firm commitment to the role of political prisoner. Can we resist all systematic attempts to brainwash us and break our spirits? Can we, in the absence of internal network or external support, come to view ourselves as members of a persecuted minority? Well, we can, but as the old song says, "Don'cha

know it ain' easy." Our success, and indeed our survival, depends not only upon our own work, but also upon parallel maturational work, both individually and organizationally, of child-lovers on the Outside.

Impediments to survival of outting and incarceration alive and sane are daunting. Subsequently, obstacles to continued personal growth and re-emergence as productive human beings are formidable. As in any popularly sanctioned and governmentally executed genocide, there will be countless direct and indirect casualties. History will not ask us why we died, but it *will* ask us why we died cowering. It will not question why our enemies did not help us, but it will demand to know why we did not help each other. □

Notes:

1. Recently, I showed a friend a photograph of myself and a twelve-year-old boy with whom I was bonded years ago. We are standing side by side with my arm around his shoulder, in what I would consider a typical adult-child pose. My friend took one look at the picture and said, "You were lovers." To my surprise, he pointed out that there was absolutely no space between us. The boy had molded his body so that he was in continuous contact with me from his ankle to where his shoulder fit into my armpit.
2. This is true in the same manner that being Jewish was the defining characteristic of European Jews during the Nazi reign, whether or not they themselves previously had thought about it that way.
3. One can see here clearly the confluence of various models of suicide, including Durkheim's original *anomie*, the psychodynamic *rage turned against the self*, and the cognitive psychologists' *helplessness/hopelessness* paradigm.
4. I have heard so many accounts, besides my own, of defense attorneys cooperating, either actively or passively, with the prosecution, that I must conclude there is some truth to them beyond "sour grapes." The hatred of child-lovers in this culture is so deeply ingrained, and so irrational, that it operates substantially at a subconscious level, and biases the actions even of professionals who have trained themselves ordinarily to separate their personal feelings from their work.
5. I'm not really sure of the origin of this term, but assume it is some obscure reference to hiding in trees or bushes and then jumping out to

attack hapless children.

6. I know that I have defined at least some Nazis and other war criminals as “political prisoners.” Fortunately, I am not the first to have done so. Although their politics may be abhorrent to me, I believe that if they acted subjectively in good conscience and their values were shared by their group, then the definition must stand.

7. The “sociopathic society” of prison includes both staff and inmates and is beyond the scope of this article. I ask the reader to “take my word for it” that any adjustment to prison life demands at least some degree of lying, stealing, and other behaviors which on the Outside we would reject as unethical.

8. The author is classified as a *violent felon*, and so housed and treated, because the law *defines* sexual contact with a child less than eleven as a violent crime. The irony is profound. The child in question once had to go find his brother to help him remove a bothersome loose tooth because the author couldn’t bear to cause him even momentary pain.

9. [Horowitz, A.] Shneur. “And If The Twig Be Broken...,” in *Gayme*, v.1 #2 (January 1994) pp 20-28, and in the present publication.

10. The question of *why* pedophilia is perceived as subversive in contemporary “Western” societies is beyond the scope of this article. Let it be said that this culture is both *child-hating* and *erotophobic*. Consequently those who *love children* receive the proverbial double whammy.

11. Psychologically, this is the mechanism of *identification with the aggressor* described in classic works by Anna Freud and Bruno Bettelheim.

12. The reasons for Americans being especially susceptible to this kind of pernicious *double-think* are beyond the scope of this article. Briefly, however, I believe they stem significantly from early and persistent conditioning by the mass media to place conventional, externally imposed labels on experiences, overruling individual instincts, perceptions, and judgments.

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BOOKS

by Peter Reed

The Best Defense, by Alan Dershowitz. Copyright 1982. Alan Dershowitz, the famed "patron saint of lost causes," begins this book with the statement "A conspiracy of silence shrouds the American Justice system." The conspiracy conceals the fact that the usual bromides about the "whole truth" and "innocent until proven guilty" are not as operative as what Dershowitz calls "The Rules Of The Justice Game." Here they are:

Rule I: Almost all criminal defendants are, in fact, guilty.

Rule II: All criminal defense lawyers, prosecutors and judges understand and believe Rule I.

Rule III: It is easier to convict guilty defendants by violating the Constitution than by complying with it, and in some cases it is impossible to convict guilty defendants without violating the Constitution.

Rule IV: Almost all police lie about whether they violated the Constitution in order to convict guilty defendants.

Rule V: All prosecutors, judges, and defense attorneys are aware of Rule IV.

Rule VI: Many prosecutors implicitly encourage police to lie about whether they violated the Constitution in order to convict guilty defendants.

Rule VII: All judges are aware of Rule VI.

Rule VIII: Most trial judges pretend to believe police officers who they know are lying.

Rule IX: All appellate judges are aware of Rule VIII, yet many pretend to believe the trial judges who pretend to believe the lying police officers.

Rule X: Most judges disbelieve defendants about whether their constitutional rights have been violated, even if they are telling the truth.

Rule XI: Most judges and prosecutors would not knowingly convict a defendant who they believe to be innocent of the crime charged (or a closely related crime).

Rule XII: Rule XI does not apply to members of organized crime, drug dealers, career criminals, or potential informers [or child “molesters?” -ed.].

Rule XIII: Nobody really wants justice.



A POEM

by a prisoner

Alone in my prison cell I sit on my bunk and wait.
Sentenced by a judge in a court of law who determined my fate.
A crime never committed, but no one seems to care,
As long as that low life boy lover is locked up in there.

I am a menace to society, a predator, so the powers to be say,
And confined to 40 years hard labor on that very fateful day.
A victim of the withchhunt for boy lovers that abounds;
That all but destroyed my life and sent my soul and spirit down.

I never hurt anyone, either young or old,
But because of what I am, I am hated, so I've been told,
I yearn for the days, unshackled and free,
When I could express myself as I wanted to, and really be me.

A blond haired, sun bronzed boy with not a care on this earth,
Happy, full of innocence and mischief, a trait since my birth.
I miss my childhood friends who have long since grown old.
Bobby, Jimmy, Johnny, Ritchie, all of them so very bold.

At Baily's Creek we would swim, all sun bronzed and bare,
It was our private paradise on earth, in the middle of nowhere.
We would splash each other, swing high on a rope and do crazy dives.
We never had to worry back then about how we would survive.

On the bank of the creek, naked we would lay,
Exploring each others' bodies, a fascination to this very day.
Our fingers would dance across warm flesh and eventually feel
To see if it's true, that we could become as hard as steel.

Warm feelings abound, prickly, ticklish and pleasant down there.
What is that I see growing, Bobby, your first pubic hair?
Afterwards, back in the water, all ripple and cool,
Racing, diving, and playing tag, acting like a fool.

But then childhood ended and life became a fear.
For as we grew older, those sunny days all but disappeared.
A need to go back, to relive those days and have fun.
An investigation, indictment, trial by jury, then conviction!

Oh what was it that I have done so wrong to deserve this fate,
Why am I looked upon as someone perverted, to hate?
In this prison cell I sit, hoping someone would hear my cry.
A scorned upon, rejected boy lover I am, and probably will be
till I die.



CRIME BILL IS A DISASTER FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

by Bill Andriette

The Washington lesbian and gay political establishment hailed the passage of the Clinton crime bill, which the president signed into law on September 13. "This is a victory for all Americans who are worried about crime," said the Human Rights Campaign Fund's Daniel Zingale. In a similar press release, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force concurred. They congratulated themselves because Congress threw the gay lobbyists a bone--increased penalties for antigay hate crimes (part of across-the-board increased penalties for just about every crime). With that bone in their mouths, the NGLTF and the Campaign Fund stood silent about provisions of the new law that will further criminalize consensual sex, whittle away the rights of sexual minorities, and establish a national registry of people who engage in illegal sex. Here's an overview of the Clinton crime bill's draconian sex provisions.

Sex outside the US and across state lines: The new crime law makes it potentially a felony to intend to travel outside of the US, or to another state, to have sex with a person under 16 years of age, even if the sex would be completely legal under the laws in the particular country or state.

Under this new provision, sex in Canada between a US citizen and a 15-year-old Canadian partner, which would be completely legal under Canadian law (which establishes a national age of consent of 14) could still be prosecuted by the US government. To convict you, prosecutors would not have to show that you actually had sex or even that you actually visited Canada--merely that you intended to. Those found guilty face up to ten years in prison.

This provision even affects the age of consent within states. If you take a Greyhound bus from Albuquerque to Santa Fe and have sex with your 15-year-old boyfriend, legal under New Mexico law, you could still be prosecuted by the feds, because Greyhound busses count as interstate transport even if you don't cross a state boundary.

Registry of sex offenders: Perhaps the most chilling and far-reaching aspect of the crime bill is the requirement that persons convicted of illegal sex register with the state.

The law mandates that within three years, every state set up a

registry of sexual offenders. The list of crimes for which registration is mandatory is broad. It includes violent sexual offenses, such as rape, but also consensual sex involving persons below a state's age of consent. Even offenses that involve no actual sexual activity are included, such as soliciting a minor for sex or possessing pornography depicting a person under 18. Kidnapping or false imprisonment of a minor are crimes also requiring registration—except when committed by parents.

Those forced to register will be divided into two categories: those who are declared to be “sexually violent predators,” and others. Convicted persons are found to be “predators” if the court decides that they have a “mental abnormality or personality disorder” that predisposes them to engage in illegal sex.

In practice, “personality disorders” will be found much more frequently for homosexual men than any other group. The American Psychiatric Association claims that men who feel erotic desire for boys are much more intransigent in their attraction than men attracted to girls. In particular, the APA claims that fathers who have sex with their young daughters do not generally have any discernible psychiatric condition, and are simply “opportunistic.”

Persons found not to be “predators” will have to register their home address, fingerprints, and photograph with the state within ten days of being released from prison or being put on parole or probation. If they move, they have to re-register within ten days or face criminal charges. Every year they have to re-register, for ten years following release from prison or start of probation.

Persons found to be “predators,” on the other hand, will have to register for the rest of their lives, or until a court finds them no longer to suffer from a “disorder,” which in practice will be almost never. In addition, the data that states collect will be forwarded to the FBI, which will establish a national registry of sexual offenders. Persons on the federal registry can expect difficulty getting a job or traveling outside the country.

In cases of both “predators” and “non-predators,” the law stipulates that authorities are empowered to publicly release information they collect, and are immune from liability if release of such information results in vigilantes attempting to attack or kill a registered person, as has happened in states that have enacted such laws.

Unproved accusations admissible evidence in sex cases: The crime bill changes the federal rules of evidence to allow unsubstantiated accusations of past illegal sexual activity—accusations never proven in court—to be introduced in federal criminal and civil trials. This provision overturns centuries of common law precedent. In the US and English legal tradition, even past convictions are not generally admissible in court, on the grounds that they would unfairly prejudice the jury. But under the crime bill, even unproved accusations can be revealed to the jury.

Forcible HIV testing: Under the crime bill, a person charged with a sexual offense, but still innocent under the law, can be forcibly tested for HIV if the accuser so petitions a federal court. If the HIV test comes out negative, the accused can be forcibly re-tested two more times, at six month intervals, unless the charges by then have been dropped or the accused is found innocent.

AIDS groups succeeded last spring in getting this measure dropped from the bill, but in the final horse trading with the right wing, the Clinton administration re-inserted the provision.

Openly gay Congressman Barney Frank (D-MA) told Boston's *In Newsweekly* that, "I don't understand why it's a gay issue." It would have been a "terrible mistake," he said, for gay groups to appear to defend the rights of rapists.

"But Barney Frank's comments reveal that he is unaware that accurate statistics on the sexual orientation of all sexual offenders are not kept," notes *In's* Arthur Falkson. "Furthermore, the amendment could potentially affect a substantial number of men who engage in sex with men under the legal age of consent and who could be accused of statutory rape."

In addition, the crime bill calls on the US Sentencing Commission to increase penalties for an HIV-positive person who engages in sex and "intends" to expose another person to HIV. Given that people have been prosecuted for "intending" to transmit HIV through activities as harmless as spitting, this provision will likely establish a separate standard of justice for HIV infected defendants.

Three times and you're out: Persons convicted of two prior state or federal felonies face a mandatory life sentence without parole upon conviction of a third federal felony. Only "violent" felonies count, but the law stipulates that consensual sex crimes count as "violent." Like the death penalty, three-times-and-you're-out

provisions magnify the biases – racial, class, and sexual – built in to the US criminal justice system. As sexual minorities, gay men are far likelier to become criminals—because our pornography is likelier to be found obscene, because our sexuality is criminalized, because seemingly neutral sex laws are more likely to be applied to homosexuals.

The Clinton crime bill is a great leap forward in repression. The US prison population has quadrupled since 1970, to 1.3 million, and crime has not decreased as a result. That's no surprise, because the roots of crime and violence lie in poverty, lack of opportunity, and communities and families rent by deprivation and disarray. Under this law, the prison population will skyrocket further, and many more of the newly jailed will be nonviolent offenders inside for victimless crimes. In the years to come, thousands of gay men will go to prison, sometimes for life, for activities most of us would agree should not be crimes at all: possessing marijuana, sex with a teenager, owning 1960s physique magazines. Thousands more will lose their civil rights and become targets for vigilantes because they will be publicly denounced as “sexually violent predators,” as Walt Whitman and Horatio Alger probably would if alive today.

The failure of our lesbian and gay leaders to protest or even acknowledge what has happened shows how completely corrupted they are by a political process that buys them off with baubles, like harsher sentences for hate crimes. Rather than safeguarding our rights and freedoms, our national leaders seem entranced by the illusory power they get by helping trade them away. Full of smiles and themselves, they invite us to board trains to the camps, and hand us baggage claims with assurances that everything has been arranged. □

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AND IF THE TWIG BE BROKEN...

by A. Shneur Horowitz

As the war on "sex deviants" heats up, queer adolescent boys are getting sent to prison in record numbers. Shneur looks at their plight behind bars.

The setting sun highlights a wolf-pack of rapidly traversing clouds, seeming to flee across the sky as if driven in hot pursuit. All eyes in the rag-tag column of men are drawn to the slice of brilliant color shining between canyons of dirty red brick and rusted iron bars. If only their bodies could follow their eyes, they would soar toward the distant tip of mountain just visible over the thirty-foot gray concrete wall. Black, white, and Hispanic, they emerge into the cramped sand and cement yard for their daily "recreation." Some shout loudly in the raucous accents of their native ghettos; a few are dressed as much like females as prison regulations will tolerate; but most are absorbed in a sort of grim determination to walk, talk, or gamble away a few hours of the timeless "time," of the unbidden "bid."

If one were to poll these men, incarcerated in a special unit of the New York State prison system, one would find a collection of thieves, murderers, extortionists, and Mafiosi. However, the reality is that two-thirds or more of them are imprisoned because of sexual relations with minors. Here, in what probably comes closest to being a "community" of lovers of adolescents or children, the flight from self-awareness and acknowledgement seems singularly pathetic. Here, where the secret has been "outed," often in sensationalistic newspaper headlines, and where individuals might find comfort in the sharing of their common tragedy, the self-imposed isolation and denial seem particularly pointless. And saddest of all are the young faces, those still adolescent or barely into adulthood, whose identities have been cut off, crushed, aborted literally "*in statu nascendi*." These unfortunate young prisoners are the subject of this article.

The author has spoken informally with a number of fellow prisoners who were persecuted as adolescents for their sexual orientation. Some of these conversations have been in great depth, and some only brief, depending upon opportunity and the degree of trust established. These hard-won confidences are protected here by exclusion of identifying details. This is not a scientific study, nor even

a pilot study. But if systematic research were to be done in this field, some promising points of inquiry are herein suggested. Five areas were included in all the discussions; they are:

- 1) When and how did you begin to realize that your sexual orientation was "different" from that of most of your peers?
- 2) When and how were you first "officially" persecuted by the political system?
- 3) How did "Authorities" attempt to convince you that you were "bad" or "sick"?
- 4) How do you feel now about your sexual experiences with younger persons?
- 5) How do you plan to "handle" your sexuality after release from prison?

1) *How did you realize your sexual orientation was "different"?*

Young persons who are attracted to children or adolescents become aware of their orientation at a fairly wide range of ages, although in general later than that found for "adultophiles," either heterosexual or homosexual. The age of awareness seems to correlate more with overall personality and level of sexual activity than it does with orientation. By orientation is meant the individual's subjective hierarchy of sexual responsiveness to men, women, boys, and girls.¹ Individuals who are more highly sexual, and/or who have more extroverted personalities, tend to have more and earlier contacts, and to become aware of their orientation at an earlier age. One outgoing respondent, who describes himself as having been "promiscuous" as a child, was aware by age ten of his strong preference for younger partners.² Another respondent, who says he was a "loner" throughout childhood and adolescence, did not "discover himself" until he was into his early twenties. Even today, he is a gentle and retiring person.³

The most common pattern involves sexual identity emerging during early to mid-adolescence, around ages thirteen to sixteen years. As contemporaries, one by one, make their definitive turns toward adult orientations and away from childhood sexuality,⁴ the lover of adolescents or children is gradually "left behind." This is why awareness comes at a relatively late age. If, at age eleven or twelve, a girl is having erotic fantasies about teenage women at the same time

that her peers are falling in love with high school boys, it rapidly occurs to her that she is sexually "different." However, if, after several years of sexual expression with "the kids in the neighborhood," she continues to enjoy the kids in the neighborhood, she probably thinks nothing of it. A twelve-year-old boy masturbating with another twelve-year-old boy is "just playing around," i.e., expressing childhood sexuality. A twelve-year-old boy masturbating with a ten-year-old boy is also just "playing around" - or is he? One young prisoner recalls an ongoing sexual relationship he had at twelve with another twelve-year-old. This person was one-and-a-half years into puberty at the time, while the other boy was just pubescent. The partner remarked, "How can you get turned on by someone who has less hair than you?" To which the respondent replied, "Why would you want to do it with someone who has more hair than you?" Clearly in retrospect, this peer relationship had inter-generational overtones. However, not until most of one's peers have made their definitive turns toward either adult heterosexuality or adult homosexuality, and one continues to age but one's desired sexual partners do not, does the suspicion of difference assert itself. Finally, when one's partners begin to regard one, not as a slightly older contemporary, but as "grown-up," the identity component "I am someone who loves children and adolescents" must come to the fore. So the continuity between childhood sexuality and an adult orientation as a person who feels erotic love for adolescents or children delays self-recognition, probably by two to four years.

2) *When and how were you first "officially" persecuted by the political system?*

The younger the prisoner in my sample, the more likely he is to have been officially persecuted as an adolescent. The author found no prisoner over the age of forty who had been arrested as a teenager. Those in an intermediate age range may have been prosecuted as "juvenile offenders," or just "sent for treatment." But the youngest group - those in their early twenties or later teens - had as adolescents been tried and imprisoned as adults. This change represents, of course, the new witch-hunt mentality around sex involving minors. That which a generation ago was viewed as eccentric and undesirable is now seen as a heinous crime, committed by a "monster" who is hopelessly incorrigible - even if that "perpetrator" is himself little more than a

child.

Among older respondents, political persecution often first took the form of mandatory "counseling" or "treatment." This may have been mediated through parental or school authority, or under the threat of (or with actual) juvenile court intervention. Removal from the home, or banishment to a special school, may have followed. Younger respondents generally were simply arrested, sometimes quite roughly, and almost always with vicious verbal abuse. Among older interviewees, there was almost never any malicious intent on behalf of their younger partner, who merely shared what appears to have been a pleasurable encounter by relating it to a "significant other." That is not the case with the more recent episodes, where government-sponsored indoctrination programs create sexual self-hatred in young persons, frequently causing them to reinterpret pleasurable experiences in a negative light.

3) *How did "authorities" attempt to convince you that you were "bad" or "sick"?*

The two key concepts in understanding how these young prisoners are brainwashed to reject themselves are isolation and unanimity. These are essentially mirror images of each other. The young person is isolated from any alliance with other persons who share his erotic and emotional feelings in a positive and self-affirming way, and all the adult authority figures around him agree unanimously that he is "sick" and in need of "help."

In the 1950s, numerous studies and experiments were done to try to understand the phenomenon of Nazism. One persistent question was, "How can persons who otherwise are intelligent, cultured, and moral, be persuaded to perform acts of egregious cruelty, contrary to deeply held principles?" The two salient factors that repeatedly emerged were conformity and approval. In experiments where all the other participants agreed to an incorrect perception of reality (e.g., that the shorter of two lines was longer), an experimental subject would not only come to agree, but would actually begin to believe that his perception was the same as everyone else's. In other experiments, approval voiced by persons seen as authority figures (such as scientists or doctors) could cause ordinary people to perform acts which they otherwise would have rejected as morally reprehensible.⁶

In these studies, the "others" were strangers. The adolescent attracted to younger partners, however, is confronted by his very own, very personal, authority figures: parents, teachers, clergy, relatives, and so on. They all present to him that what he thought was loving, delightful, and "good," i.e., sexual pleasure with young partners, was really terribly "bad." Furthermore, what he thinks is "bad," i.e., being incarcerated and never seeing his loved ones again, is actually "good," both for him and for them. The principles of both conformity and approval unite to urge the youth's personality to collapse in the face of such unanimity.

Another finding in these experiments on conformity was that many individuals could resist the pressure of the group if they were given one ally. This minimal case of "strength in numbers," combined with some degree of confidence in their own subjective perception, was enough to insulate them against group unreality. Those in prison for sex with minors are carefully guarded from forming any self-affirming alliances. Supportive literature is not allowed in most prisons, and outspoken advocates tend to be transferred to other prisons where they may be beaten, raped, or killed. Where group "treatment" is employed, the young subject is isolated in a group of more thoroughly brainwashed prisoners, who can resolve their own remaining doubts⁷ and gain approval from their captors by strongly affirming the shared unreality to the newcomer. Such submissive and brainwashed prisoners believe that they may be rewarded with earlier release.

Perception and memory, then, are not as static or carved into stone as many people believe, but rather fluid and subject to modification and revision. Very recent studies, both naturalistic and experimental are showing that "memory implantation" in both children and adults may be relatively common and easily accomplished. The same brainwashing techniques discussed above are also used to change the "affective sign" of past experiences, i.e., to remember them as "bad," "unpleasant," or "coerced" when in fact they have been "good," "pleasurable," and "sought after."

The "drug-addiction" model is generally used with these imprisoned youths to accomplish this transformation. Young people today are familiar with that model. Most adolescents today have had experience with drugs, and at least know someone who is addicted to, or otherwise dependent on them. Youth today are familiar with the

paradigm of the addict whom everyone else sees destroying himself, but who lusts after his addiction with a sick passion to which he himself is blind. The adolescent imprisoned for sex with minors is told that he, through no fault of his own, has become addicted to an "unnatural" sexual outlet, the way that opium might be seen as providing an "unnatural" relief from life's stress. Like the opium addict, he must learn to give up his "easy high" and direct himself to more "natural," "better" outlets. As to how he came to be "addicted" in the first place - well, obviously there must be a "pusher" lurking overtly or covertly in the past. Whether the poor addict remembers it or not, his father must have flipped his penis a couple of extra times on the "changing table," or her grandmother must have washed her clitoris a little too attentively back in the bassinet. Just as the drug addict must come to view the pleasurable memories of pharmacological euphoria as suspect, and ultimately to remember those experiences hatefully in light of their long term destructiveness, so the imprisoned adolescent must come to reverse the "positive sign" of his loving experiences, and remember them as acts of cruelty and self-destruction.

4) *How do you feel about your sexual experiences now?*

Asking these youths in prison how they now feel about their prior sexual experiences was truly eerie. Their responses conjured images from *Manchurian Candidate*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and *A Clockwork Orange*. Generally, the first reaction was to not answer the question at all, but to make some statement about future behavior. If the query were pursued, frightening changes would be observed: voices lost normal intonation and rhythm, eyes glazed. One heard what sounded like a memorized statement, always featuring the words "crime" and "victim," delivered in a flat, affectless cadence. Attempts to elucidate further or to elicit details were usually met with a deflection from the subject, or with premature termination of the conversation.

This reaction was quite different from fellow prisoners who were older when they were publicly identified and humiliated. The latter are more likely to refuse to talk about their experiences at all. This would seem to indicate a reluctance or inability to spout the party line, silence being a preferable alternative. If they do discuss themselves, they recall their loves with nostalgia and yearning. Apparently, passing through the adolescent crisis of identity

formation, and then having the opportunity to "live with oneself" for a period of years, insulates to some extent against the disintegrative effects of oppression. Having a history of loving relationships, perhaps even having seen some of one's partners grow to healthy maturity, makes it more difficult to acquiesce to a revisionist discrediting of those relationships.

Persons with erotic feelings for youths who are caught in the implacable jaws of the legal machinery as adolescents or young adults suffer identity dissolution, not resulting from inner psychological conflict as described in classical sources, but as a consequence of confrontation between the proverbial "irresistible force" and the "immovable object." Long experience with adolescents has taught the author that despite outward bravado, their adult personae, their emerging senses of self, are beautifully tender, hothouse flowers. Long, graceful stems they have, vibrant contrasting hues and moist petals; but too much or too rough handling, too much stress, and they readily wither and die. Transplanted outdoors, after a time they will toughen, perhaps less heartbreakingly lovely, but hardier and better able to survive in stormy weather. Adolescent personalities attacked at the very root of their sexual selves simply crumble. These adolescents are confronted with an "immovable object" of overwhelming power: not only the power to bodily take them out of their natural environment and lock them up as criminals, but the power to make labels of "deviant" and "pervert" stick within the mind of their prison peers and within their own minds. Under this dual physical and mental onslaught, the unfolding personality retreats to cower silently in some forgotten corner of the mind, fermenting, and biding its time. Meanwhile, an alien pseudo-identity is forcibly grafted onto these unfortunate young people, giving rise to the automaton-like productions noted earlier.

5) *How do you plan to "handle" your sexuality after release from prison?*

Persons whose sexual identities were severely damaged during adolescence by imprisonment are at great risk upon release. They have no solid, stable sense of self, only that which has been foisted upon them by their captors. Even in this, they have not been allowed to "identify with the aggressor," a psychological defense mechanism that, although neurotic, might afford them a workable identity of some

kind. This is because, along with the "drug addict" model discussed above, they have been taught an "Alcoholics Anonymous" approach to "treatment." Thus, they see themselves forever "Recovering" - "Once an abuser, always an abuser" - with eternal vigilance and total abstinence being the only protection against "falling off the wagon." In this way, their identities are destroyed, but they are not permitted to "join the club" of their "normal" persecutors. The goal of "AA" is not for a person to become a normal drinker, but become a non-drinker. Transferred to those who feel erotic love for adolescents or children then, the goal with which these people have been indoctrinated is not "normal" relationships with young people, but to have no contact with them.

In fact, within the prison walls or fences, where there are almost never any children or young adolescents, it is quite possible for these young individuals, who after all have never lived as adults in the outside world, to believe that they are "in recovery" from their "sickness." Their identity, which had never really "gelled," is dissolved: their sexuality stripped of all appropriate stimuli, except for long-faded memories, is suppressed and denied. They naively but honestly believe that they will live without any eroticism ("I can look but not touch"), or that with the omnipotentiality of childhood still intact, they will now suddenly manifest the "straight" hyper-heterosexuality they have read about in pornographic magazines, but never experienced ("I'm *normal* now"). They delude themselves and serve their sentences without ever learning how to understand their sexuality, or how to handle it in the real world, either through appropriate expression or through selfconscious non-expression. When released, they are vulnerable to being swept away by erotic stimuli, and with the added stress of insidious parole practices, they are susceptible to again becoming victims of their captors.

The only exception noted to this depressing picture is the individual who has a strong secondary, or even primary, adult homosexual attraction. These persons often are able to grow into at least a partial adult sexual identity during the years of their incarceration. Caring and emotionally stable gay partners are themselves rare in prisons, and unfortunately some youths imprisoned for relationships with minors may have been yet further traumatized by nonconsensual jailhouse encounters. However, if they found mutuality in a growth-promoting relationship for any substantial

period of time, they may have avoided to some extent at least the identity dissolution discussed above. Once again, older prisoners in jail on the same charge, having lived with themselves over years or decades, tend to have a much more balanced attitude, and more realistic plans for themselves upon release from prison.

From the very same considerations discussed in this article as contributing to the tragic situation of youths jailed for sex with minors, a program of intervention and rescue may also be inferred. First and foremost, their isolation must be broken. People on the outside with an understanding of these issues should take it as their duty to befriend these unfortunate prisoners.⁸ This actually is not very difficult in prison: prison grapevines generally possess accurate knowledge of the charges for which each person is incarcerated, and young prisoners are most often hungry for friendships in which they perceive they will not be sexually assaulted. Sharing news of the struggle of sexual minorities for human rights, or even just small talk, can provide the crucial ally to help someone preserve his identity in the face of efforts to undermine it.

As discussed, pressure toward conformity depends on near-unanimity, especially among authority figures and "significant others." Young prisoners must be provided with authoritative information with which to bolster their intuitive sense of right and wrong. Papers and reports on the history of this kind of affection - its nature, its practices, and its benefits - must find their way into the hands of all who share these feelings. Legal and administrative restrictions on the free flow of information must be fought in the courts and circumvented by creative legal alternatives. Any positive publicity for organizations dealing with these issues - even just that such things exist - can help the young, isolated prisoner to feel that there are others who hold an opinion different from that of his captors.

Perhaps the greatest service that those on the outside can offer their imprisoned brothers, particularly those incarcerated before reaching full adulthood, is help upon release. This should begin in advance, with stories and information about the lifestyles of people like themselves who live successfully on the outside, and where and with whom one can live. Also included should be stories about those who have chosen to live openly as advocates of free sexuality in a hostile society, i.e., a sort of celibate pederast priesthood. Upon

release from prison, support and comfort should be immediately at hand. Remember, these are individuals who have never lived as adults outside prison. As with all such persons, one can expect them to be pathologically mistrustful, lacking in age-appropriate social and relational skills, and combining excessive external toughness with abnormal internal vulnerability. In addition to all of this will be found the self-deprecation and confused sexual identity resulting from years of brainwashing and indoctrination.

What has just been described is indeed a labor of love, and not without its risks. America has always been a nation of social and political movements, of groups and classes and races struggling for recognition of their basic right to exist. The difference between the nineteenth-century civil disobedience of Emerson and Thoreau, and twentieth-century civil rights movements, is that nowadays nobody wants to take the consequences of his actions. One must stand up to laws and policies that are unfair or morally wrong. This is war; it is no different from the previous generation's fighting to remove the blight of Nazism from the world. One need not volunteer to fight in every war, but in the Army which one has joined, one must be prepared to suffer, bleed, and possibly even die. Activists can and should provide as much protection as possible, both for those who are already "out," and for those who are "not yet out." However, it should be understood that there is no perfect protection, that there is no benefit without risk, no growth without pain. These are our children, and they are being destroyed.

A young man in his twenties walks 'round and 'round the prison yard. With him is a gay man ten years his senior. They glance about furtively at the guards, then clasp each others' hands. Some say they are lovers, when they get the chance. They say they just talk. What do they talk about? Not about kids, that's for sure. The young man has been imprisoned for several years; he will soon be going home. Home? Well, not really; after all, he was a child when he last lived there. He has "grown up" in prison. He and his friend/lover promise to write each other frequently, but because of parole, that will have to be mediated clandestinely through a third party, hoping not to get 'caught. Someone has talked to him about a group of organized boy-lovers, but he doesn't need them, because he "won't be doing that anymore." No, he doesn't want to come back to jail. So what will he

do? Well, he'll work very hard, maybe buy a house, maybe open his own business eventually.... His friend will surely look him up when he gets out.... □

Notes:

1. The author employs a ten-point rating scale for global attraction to each of four types of "sex-objects" (man, woman, boy, girl) thus producing a "Sexual Orientation Profile" of the form m:w:b:g. A rating of 10:1:1:1, for example, would indicate a person attracted exclusively to men, and not at all to women, boys, or girls. The author's SOP is 1:5:8:7. The SOP gives a measure of overall subjective sexuality, as well as of its distribution. This will, G-d willing, receive separate treatment in a future writing. It is interesting to note that of all interviewees, only one reported sexual attraction to boys only, and not to girls. After further discussion, his SOP was found to be 8:4:4:1, so attraction to children was for him in general a secondary eroticism.
2. His SOP is 1:6:8:9.
3. SOP 5:2:6:4.
4. It is the author's belief that sexual orientation in life is biphasic, with a "childhood hierarchy" involving attraction to other children and/or adults in varying degrees; and an "adult hierarchy" which emerges around puberty plus or minus two years. See above, note 1.
5. Remember that sixteen-year-olds most often are regarded by children as "grown-ups," and they certainly regard themselves as fully mature and worldly-wise!
6. Stanley Milgram, *Obedience to Authority*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963.
7. This process is called by psychologists "reduction of cognitive dissonance," and is responsible for the well-known phenomenon of "no fanatic like a convert."
8. This may be accomplished through such organizations as the Gay Community News Prisoner Project, 25 West Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02111 USA.

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PRISONERS SPEAK ABOUT THEIR EXPERIENCES WITH THE LEGAL AND PRISON SYSTEMS

In the interests of readability, I have made some deletions without the conventional use of ellipses. My comments are in italics. All else is in the prisoners' own words, unless otherwise noted. □ indicates the end of each prisoner's statement. -ed.

In June of 1991 I was arrested on false charges of molesting boys. A 10-year-old boy I barely knew, the friend of one of the kids I did know, was angry with me because I wouldn't include him in outings with the other kids, due to his constant misbehavior. He had a history of behavior problems and was in trouble again at school when his mother threatened to send him away to a military school. In order to get himself out of trouble (and to get back at me and the other kids) he said the reason he was acting up was that I was molesting him and two of the other boys. After a "fishy" police investigation, tainted by police bias after learning that I had been acquitted of a similar charge in 1981, I was arrested several weeks later on a four count secret grand jury indictment. I was taken home so I could turn off the alarm and let the police in for their search. They searched for three hours in their effort to find evidence of a "child pornography ring," which their training told them they'd find. They were angry and disappointed that they found nothing illegal at all. However, that didn't stop them from taking lots of other stuff, including some things belonging to my housemate, but I didn't say anything, as I was remaining silent. They took a piece of wall from my room on which I had marked the heights of some boys I'd known for several years as they grew. This wall chart made the police very angry. According to their "profile," pedophiles always keep meticulous records of their sex acts, so to the police this wall with names and dates on it was a "diary" of my sexual adventures with these boys! It's crazy, but to them it was hard evidence. They also selected, from the many books and magazines in my room, material related to pedophilia. E.g. a library book *Pedophilia: Biosocial Dimensions* and of course all my issues of *NAMBLA Bulletins, Journals, PAN, BLW*, etc., all of which they labeled "male juvenile erotica." They took a lot of stuff but they were frustrated in their search for illegal pornography, or evidence of a "ring."

After I was arrested the police proceeded to get additional statements from three other boys, including two from a family I was particularly close to - especially the boy who was then 13, who was like my own little brother. This boy (and his whole family) was at first supportive and he announced that he would testify for me. Later, though, he joined the first two boys in their accusations. But over the summer he recanted his charges in front of his whole family and a counselor. Next he had a meeting with the prosecutor, and ended up testifying against me. It was the most painful day of my life. He acted like a robot; it reminded me of those hostages during the Gulf War who were forced at gunpoint to make a video saying they were being treated well. Was there some coercion behind the scenes? I believe so. How about coaching? All the boys used exactly the same phrase over and over: "He put his hand and mouth on my penis." No kids actually talk like that. They were told what to say and how to say it to conform to the specifications in the indictment (i.e. that I had performed fellatio on them). Very convenient testimony for the state.

By the time of my trial in December 1991 they had come out with a second indictment containing six more counts with three more boys. All ten counts charged that I had performed fellatio by force on each boy. In Ohio, any sex act with someone under 13 is defined as rape, and if force is specified it's a mandatory life sentence. Just before jury selection was to begin I was offered a plea bargain. If I'd agree to plead guilty they'd give me five years flat time (i.e. released in five years with no parole). This was an amazing offer and I was forced to seriously consider it. I knew my family and friends would understand if I took the easy way out. But I was suspicious of such a generous deal and I felt I was being pressured to do something I knew was wrong. When I pictured myself walking into court and pleading guilty to something I didn't do and could never do (rape a boy) I chose to insist on my constitutional right to a jury trial. Of course this made the state very angry. The judge was furious that I wouldn't play along. He had another trial he wanted to start on; the lawyers were all set up just waiting for me to enter my plea and get out of their way. They had to pack up and leave! The judge let his bias against me be known to the jury throughout the trial, even commenting that the trial was taking longer than it was supposed to. In fact, even though both sides cut their witness list in half it still took eleven days total.

At trial the state called the boys accusing me, who

'contradicted each other and themselves on some details, and showed obvious signs of having been coached. One of the arresting officers testified, clearly demonstrating the police bias. He felt that I was guilty in my 1981 trial and was only acquitted due to some legal error, and so I must be guilty in 1991 as well. It seems to me that the police need to review their junior high school civics book and refresh their knowledge of the meaning of the word "acquittal" and of civil rights in general.

For my defense I called one of the boys' teachers who knew of my efforts to help the kids with their schoolwork, as well as friends from work and church. I called one of the boys' friends from the neighborhood who testified that one of my accusers had told him over the summer that they were doing this for the money they expected to get from a civil suit, like the one which was in the news at the time against a priest and his church. I called a 24-year-old friend who had lived with me when he was 14-16 at his mother's request (she couldn't get him to go to school; I could) who testified that he had lived with me as a boy and I had never molested him. But my star witness was the 15-year-old brother of the 13-year-old I mentioned earlier. This friend testified that he had known me longer than any of the other kids, had often spent the night with me, and I had never molested him, that his mother had tried to pressure him into joining the other boys in their accusations, so that they could get money from this, that he was present when his brother recanted his charges, and that his brother was in fear of recriminations for having done so. This 15-year-old testified at great personal sacrifice, not only to his family relationships but to his liberty. He was at the time AWOL from a juvenile home for truants. He had gone home on a weekend pass and not returned. I told him he didn't have to show up, but he insisted, saying that he had promised me. He did appear, with his hair brushed back, and wearing a necktie. When he was finished the juvenile authorities handcuffed him and took him away. He did a year in the state juvenile prison. Of course I testified as well, saying that my interest in these kids was educational, spiritual, even emotional, but not sexual.

Throughout the trial the prosecutor made a big issue out of the NAMBLA materials. He treated it all as if it were child pornography. Four potential jurors asked to be excused because they didn't want to view such evidence. The prosecutor referred over and over to this material in spite of my lawyer's objections. As far as the

prosecutor and the judge were concerned I was already guilty and the NAMBLA materials proved it! The prosecutor stated "Why would he have these things if he weren't actively involved in some sort of child abuse?" In his closing argument he said "There are unfortunately in this world people who feel that sexual abuse of young children is fine. NAMBLA is such an organization. He belongs to such an operation" Of course this is mischaracterization of NAMBLA. I also called my late friend and mentor to testify for me. He stated that he was a member of NAMBLA and that it was not an evil organization. "Child molesters do not form a national organization to draw attention to themselves!" But that aside, it is still not evidence of guilt.

The fact is that this kind of misuse of evidence is not only illogical, it is against the Ohio rules of evidence and is clearly unconstitutional. It requires the jury to pyramid assumptions. I.e., I read the material, I agreed with what was written, I was moved to act on it, I did act on it, and I acted on it against the boys accusing me. This kind of inferential leap frog is prohibited. It assumes that you are what you read. Furthermore, Ohio rules of evidence require material to be excluded even though it may be relevant if it would cause more prejudice than its probative value. It's easy to see that the NAMBLA publications, while certainly not obscene or illegal in any way, could incite a jury to feel prejudice towards one who read them. Remember, this was in Cincinnati, Ohio, where they ban *Hustler* magazine and prosecute the art gallery for a showing of Mapplethorpe photos. The prosecutor succeeded in stirring up this juror prejudice against me. After deliberating for a day and a half, the jury announced that it was deadlocked. This itself is a good indication of how much reasonable doubt there was. The judge then gave the jury further instructions and they came back in about two hours and convicted me on seven of the ten counts. Sadly, one of the boys in the convictions was my 13-year-old friend. The judge was still angry with me for having refused the plea bargain, and insisting on my right to a trial. During the trial the word force was removed from the charges. I was sentenced to seven consecutive terms of 10-25 years, or 70-175 years. In Ohio this translates to 15-life.

The Ohio appellate court affirmed my conviction, turning down all 15 assignments of error my lawyer cited, and in spite of clear constitutional violations. "The First Amendment protects all persons against broad power wielded by narrow minds, and ought therefore to

be held to prohibit the attribution to one accused of crime the views of authors of printed materials seized by law enforcement from the house of the accused." The appellate court's response was eerily Orwellian:

"First, we note that the materials in question advocate, advise and support the reader in an activity which is prohibited by law. Contrary to what defendant alleges, he is not being punished for possessing materials on pedophilia. However, engaging in sexual acts with minors i.e., rape, is illegal and the fact that defendant had numerous magazines, books and newsletters that encourage their readers to engage in sexual activity with minor boys and offer assistance to avoid prosecution for such acts, is, we believe, evidence of defendant's preparation and purpose."

This is a truly terrifying precedent. Simply possessing such reading material - even though completely legal - is now considered evidence of preparation and purpose. The police, apparently, can now raid the home of someone accused of drug use and seize their back issues of *High Times* as evidence of their intent to violate drug laws. The next thing you know the police will take Agatha Christie or Sherlock Holmes stories from the bookshelf of someone accused of murder and use it in court as evidence of intent. What if someone accused of sex with an underage girl has a copy of Nabakov's *Lolita*? As my lawyer argued, "One must be convicted of acts and deeds, not for reading and thinking. And proof that one reads, or thinks, has not, until now, been converted into substantive proof of the commission of criminal acts." This is exactly what has happened in my case.

To my despair and total disillusionment, both the Ohio Supreme Court and the US Supreme Court have refused to review this decision and correct it. I am now about to go into federal district court for Habeus Corpus proceedings. It's much more difficult to be granted a new trial than some people imagine, and the more time that passes, the slimmer are the chances. As I write this I've been locked up for just over three years. As long as there's any chance of getting a new trial, I will continue to press my appeal. Meanwhile I have to cope with being in prison.

I have some advice for those of you who are free. I've been reading the *Bulletin* for many years and one of the most important things it taught me was to remain silent when arrested. Far too many people, through fear, ignorance of the law, or panic, simply throw away essential constitutional rights. When the police tell you that anything you say can be used against you in court, they are *not*

kidding. Any comment you make, as innocent as you may intend it to be, can be twisted and distorted beyond recognition and *will* be used later to show up any inconsistencies or contradictions you have made. If you're arrested, stay calm, be polite, tell the police your name and address, but do not even begin to discuss anything with them. Remain silent, insist on talking to a lawyer (even if it's a public defender) before making *any* statement. This is not as easy as it sounds. There's a natural urge to contradict things they say, or to explain or justify things during a search. One cop will be hostile and try to provoke you into saying something in anger. If that doesn't work, a different cop will start talking to you quietly about apparently unrelated topics. *This is a trick!* Do not fall for the mean cop / nice cop ploy. It's the oldest scam in the book, yet people are fooled by it every day. Do not be bullied or sweet talked into cooperating by giving them a statement or any other information.

Eventually the prosecutor will offer you some kind of plea bargain. Remember that no matter what crime you're accused of, no matter what "evidence" the police claim to have, you still have the right to insist on a jury trial. The state will try to get you to accept a deal, that is, plead guilty to reduced charges or fewer charges, resulting in a lesser sentence than if convicted as originally charged. This is a difficult decision and can only be made by you, based on the facts of your situation and the advice of your lawyer, which you might or might not follow.

The best way to stay free is to stay legal, and the only way to stay legal is to know exactly what the law says. Before I was arrested, I had no idea how the law read. I strongly urge everyone reading this to do some basic research on the laws in your own area. You can go to your local public library and ask to look at the volume of criminal statutes for your state. Look up the section on sex offenses and read the legal definition of rape and other offenses. You might be surprised. There are differences in some of the specifics of definitions, ages, degrees of seriousness, etc. from state to state. And while you're at it, don't forget to look up the penalties for each offense. I know this sound depressing and scary. It is. However, how can we stay within the law if we don't know just what it says? Learn what they are where you live! Learn the laws so you can stay legal, and know your civil rights. You never know when you might have to exercise them. Also, educate *all* your friends! Take care, and stay free! □

From a prisoner's appeal to the Supreme Court of the US, after being denied relief in state courts including a state supreme court: Police seized from a library containing thousands of volumes, certain printed materials, among which were pamphlets published by the North American Man-Boy Love Association. While not in the least pornographic, the focus of the NAMBLA materials was principally concerned with pedophilia, an activity which was cast in a favorable light in the NAMBLA pamphlets. At trial, the state attempted to use the NAMBLA and other materials seized against Petitioner, as evidence of his guilt.

The prosecutor, during cross-examination of defense witnesses, read from the NAMBLA pamphlets and suggested that reading or subscribing to magazines advocating pedophilia makes the reader a child molester; during final argument, the prosecutor argued that Petitioner should be convicted because he belonged to an organization which advocated pedophilia. Petitioner was convicted on seven of ten counts alleged, and was sentenced to maximum, consecutive sentences of 70-175 years' imprisonment.

The freedom to receive information, and to retain and use it within the confines of one's own home is absolute and secured by the first amendment, and the use of it by the prosecution to prove that words written by persons other than the accused constitute affirmative evidence of his criminal intent is a gross violation of the first amendment. While acknowledging that possession of *Mein Kampf* does not make one a Nazi, the prosecutor argued precisely the opposite to Petitioner's jury. Not since the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy has there been such a blatant accusation of guilt by association. □

A prisoner's attorney on appeal says: It seems as if everyone involved in your case, the judge, the DA, the police, Social Services, and even your own attorney, all took a number and stood in line waiting to fuck you!
The prisoner continues: I have very substantial arguments and by all rights I should have never been arrested, indicted, or forced into a pleas but unfortunately our courts no longer judge by truth, facts, or law any more, especially in child "abuse" cases. I do not want to trade a 4 to 12 year sentence, of which I have 6 years in, for a 300 year sentence, but what the caseworkers, cops, and court did was WRONG, and it must be exposed. □

I offered to plead guilty to spare boys the trauma of testifying. In four cases, parents pressed charges. In dozens of others, no charges were pressed, with boys making comments like "It was no big deal." □

My butt is in the slammer for a crime I did not commit, and which should not have been a crime to begin with. □

I have been convicted of two charges dealing with a minor. Charges of which I am not guilty. But that's neither here nor there. Meanwhile I am serving a 40 year sentence for the charges. □

If you have a past record for sex with boys you will go to prison even if you're innocent of any offense. Two brothers lied in court but the jury believed them. The judge told the jury that we had other young men at our flat. Even the police lied in court but our lawyers let it go. We had a doctor saying that he didn't believe us to be guilty as they would have found DNA or other medical evidence. □

The fifteen year old son of a lady friend joined me in bed while sharing a motel on a fishing trip. I'd known him for three years but never realized how uninhibited and knowledgeable he was when it came to sex. We got together a few times over the following months. Then he called me and said he wanted to spend the whole night in my bed, and 'that he'd be glad to pose for a few pictures. Not only was our sharing totally consensual, but I paid him \$150 and never coerced him to do a thing he did not care to do. I took about ten photos, but none while he was engaging in any sexual activity. Two weeks later the photos came back from the out of town processor I used, and they were superb. I immediately called the boy's mother with whom I'd had an unusually intimate relationship for three years, to arrange to meet for pizza where I shared the photos with her. She remarked how good they were and pointed out how well endowed her son was, taking after his father. Soon after, she told me the family was going for counseling with the plan she would re-marry the children's father. During one session she confessed to the psychologist about my encounter with her son. He, by state law, had to notify the police

who raided my apartment with a search warrant and found the pictures. I was sentenced to 12 years for abuse of a minor and sexual exploitation. I have since learned that my victim had been selling his sex as a hustler since the age of twelve. □

A prisoner's account of a news clip he saw: A man got 45 years in prison for pleading guilty to 3rd degree criminal sexual contact. Thirty years for being with a boy from ages 12 to 15, and 15 years for a boy from 13 to 17 years old. These were obviously ongoing relationships. The prosecutor stated it's certainly the longest sentence that I know of in our office for a sex offender. The man was discovered when a neighborhood group told police that several boys were observed going in and out of his house. Upon this information a search warrant was obtained and a video camera and other pornographic material. Meanwhile in the same paper a man shoots dead a totally unknown woman in a robbery attempt and receives 12 years. □

From the NY Times 11/01/94: The New Jersey bills go even further than the Federal law, which also establishes a registry of sex offenders. The New Jersey package would require sex offenders to provide blood for genetic testing and a DNA database. They would also have to submit to lifetime community supervision, similar to parole, and involuntary hospital commitment if they are judged by the authorities to be dangerous.

A handful of states have already struck down community notification statutes as unconstitutional. The executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of New Jersey said that courts in five states - California, Illinois, Arizona, New Hampshire and Alaska - had struck down the laws. But the registries, which enable the police to track sex offenders' whereabouts, have been upheld in those states.

Washington is the only state that has upheld both a registry and a modified community-notification law pertaining to violent and repeat offenders. □

I was arrested for sexual assault of a minor under fourteen. I was then sentenced to life in prison. The sentence requires that I serve 10 years before I am eligible for parole. This is my first offense. □

I am 25 years old and I am currently incarcerated. I am serving a sentence of 10-to-life which means that I must serve 10 years before my first parole review. This was my first arrest and conviction. The everyday struggles I face in prison are ones that no human, regardless of his so-called crime should have to endure. The people of my small apartment complex were friendly to one another. It is because of the close knit relationship of the community that I happen to meet a young boy named "Phillip." He is nine years old and comes to my place to play with my four year old boy. He is very bright, and very artistic. He is also neglected at home. He begins to spend more and more time at my home, and eventually he begins to stay overnight. I find myself fascinated at his intelligence and his ability to understand his mother's demand for self-sacrifice for the benefit of his young siblings. He requests no gifts for his birthday and shows no disappointment when he receives none. I know that the boy is in fact hurt. I got him some things for his natal celebration, mostly clothing. He was ecstatic. [After detailing the development of the relationship the prisoner continues.] The extent of our activities was limited to my performing oral sex on him, yet I cherished every moment. Not because I was having sex with a young boy, but because I was making love with someone I cared a great deal about. The police learned of the "strange" relationship I shared with the boy from my ex-wife. When the authorities went to question Phillip about the nature of our friendship, he vehemently denied any wrong-doing on my part. After threats of separation from both his family and me, the boy broke down, and through tears of sadness told them our story. He was not to blame, and I will never hold it against him for telling the truth. I applaud his courage. I called Phillip from the city jail. He accepted my collect call, only to burst into sobs when he learned of my whereabouts. That was the last contact I ever had with him. The conversation ended with him telling me he loved me. I must now spend the next eight years of my life trying to understand why I was punished for loving this boy, whereas if I had beaten him, or murdered him, I would have come out of this with a slap on the hand. The child was removed from counseling after four sessions because his therapists stated that "the greatest trauma this boy suffered was being separated from the perpetrator of the 'crime.'" □

I am hoping my story gets printed because I think if I read a story like that I would not be here. *It is one of the stories printed here, and it could be many of them.* □

Until coming here I had no idea anyone else in the world had the same "strange" and unaccepted feelings as I have. I am now 43 years old and have known of my attraction to boys since I was about 14. I just love being with a boy, holding him, caressing him, showing him a good time. And although I enjoy sexual relations too, it wasn't always the focus. A kissing and loving relationship, without sexual contact, and sometimes even just a hug would be the extent of our physical relationship. But always present was love and caring. Needless to say, I am in prison for my expressing that love. □

I grew up in a state children's home for more than fourteen years, in which I was around boys all the time. Sure, there were girls there but I was homosexually oriented. I've been gay for as long I can remember, enjoying the sexual pleasures only boys could provide. For years countless people tell me I'm a mentally disordered sicko but to be truthful, I don't believe I'm entirely at fault here, if there is any fault at all. I can't help being in love with boys. It's a natural thing in my life although there are times I wish it weren't. I'm totally addicted to sex, often dreaming and masturbating to memories and pictures (whenever I can get them) of 10-16 year old boys. Am I wrong for being this way? I don't want to change but I must in order to be acceptable in society. □

I have been seeking your address for at least twelve years. I recently stumbled onto it in *Factsheets* 'zine out of San Francisco. Although I have been active with my sexuality in the past, my charges are absolute lies. State workers are pros at coercing the young to tell of "abuses" that did not happen. □

In June 1993 I was arrested for indecency with a child. I was taken to the local jail and my bail was set at \$10,000. The county that had the warrant out for my arrest took me back to their county and raised the

bail to \$50,000. They informed my wife that if she came up with the money they would then raise the amount so that I could not be released. And they told her that they were going to hang me regardless of the facts of the case. I accepted a plea bargain of eight years in prison. The legal system was not concerned with the facts; only that I had been sexually involved with a minor. It didn't matter to them that the limited involvement with this young man was consensual and that it had been his decision. I never forced any of the sexual acts upon this young man but it was him who came to me and asked to be intimate. Since my incarceration the only real problem I've had has been with the Sex Offenders Treatment Program . In the beginning I was very willing to be a participant until I realized what they were all about. First of all the therapists view you as a worthless, no good monster. They hold their opinions and views as being the only ones which exist in this world that are correct and right. They lie to you and others about everything that is contrary to their belief regardless of the facts that are available. The individual is always wrong the they are right no matter what. They degrade, intimidate, humiliate, manipulate, shame, and pressure you, with no concern for your feelings or thoughts. In other words they could care less for you in any form or fashion. I'm in prison for one charge and one of their schemes is to manipulate you into stating that every sexual act you've ever been involved in amounted to rape. This is in an attempt to get numbers down in writing as to how many persons you've been sexually involved with who they feel were raped by you regardless of the fact that no rape ever took place. Then they allow parole officials to review these numbers and the parole board will continue not to release you until you've done all your time. □

I was placed in a program for sexual deviance and I have been in the program for about two years now. However after this long in this program I can't believe that my sexual identity is in any way deviant and I have resigned from the program because I feel it is wrong for me to allow them to treat me for something I feel is completely natural and treat me like a dog. □

Being placed in the general population of the same facility at which I was in the Special Unit associated with sex offenders is probably the

least safe placement for me anywhere within the state. In fact, the prison officials here were so astounded to see me that they checked up the hierarchy only to find that the order for my transfer here had originated in the Central Office. In a nutshell, they want me dead. Their fury at my refusal to do the "mea culpa" knows no bounds. □

I'm behind the wall with the most violent criminals, in a state with no death penalty. My charges have been announced by guards in front of other prisoners. I have been violently attacked three times and raped twice. I'm still HIV negative, though. Condoms are forbidden. Anal sex is rampant. Most prisoners practice it. □

Whenever you mail stuff to me, please be discreet, as I am being censored. My mail is watched because I'm in prison for having consensual sex with several boys. They said I treated them better than their fathers or family. Everything I did, I did with their permission. I'm doing 15-30 years, and am constantly tormented by inmates and guards. □

I am a sex offender. I sexually abused an eleven year old girl. It was my niece. I am not at all proud of what I did. I'm in a prison where the inmates give me a lot of shit because of my crime. I guess I deserve that. I have to and want to go through a program called Sex Offender Treatment Program. □

To a pen pal: I was verbally told not to receive in the mail any photocopy or articles cut out from any source. Your envelopes [containing pictures of boys, no nudes, not more than one boy in a picture] got here today and I was called in to the office and with my supposedly confidential inmate records in front of him, a lieutenant ordered me not to receive any more contraband. Not only did he look through my personal files (only classification staff are allowed access) in front of a few other officers, but he specifically reminded me of my charges and stated those charges in front of these officers, and threatened me with disciplinary action if I would receive any more of these photocopies or news clips. □

Sorry for the delay in getting back to you but I wanted to check a few things out regarding censorship here. Presently there is ongoing civil litigation pertaining to conditions as a whole here; incoming and outgoing mail major issues of the lawsuit. Injunctions are pending and I've been informed that I should have no problems receiving the information and materials you provide, and I'd very much like to receive the *Bulletin* as fully published. I am well aware of the harassment and even cruelty perpetrated by persons with no understanding, and I'm grateful for your concern. However I am on lock down indefinitely and I anticipate no problems due to my beliefs and associations. Thanks you for your concern and for being there. □

I am in prison because of a crime of sodomy. I have been from July 1985 on a sentence of 99 years. □

I wrote to you and asked for information on how to buy this magazine. When I received the information, the mailroom here said it was "perverted and twisted." □

Many of us in prison for pedophile crimes have been held three years past our out dates, working on the max dates, only because we had crimes with unconsenting ages below sixteen years old. My crime was with a boy thirteen. Three years ago I wrote a letter to another gay inmate in another facility. It was returned to my facility, and even though I had a parole, they turned that letter into one of child pornographic writing, and it had nothing concerning a child in it. Everyone mentioned in the letter which was a personal letter to another gay person was over 21 years old. I have been held for false therapy reports, and am now in the courts trying to get that corrected. Also the state is now requiring blood samples along with hair and urine. The law was passed for new offenders, has nothing to do with anyone before this last summer, yet no one can leave until they give up these samples. *This prisoner related a great deal of his personal history, of the type you can read in many letters to the Bulletin, and which I do not have the room to reprint here. But a couple of memorable quotes are:* I owe him [an older lover when the prisoner was much younger] everything and the best part is he never forced me to do anything

sooner than I was prepared to; *and* I never felt so darn good about myself. *And referring to a young lover after he (the prisoner) became older* he was a troubled boy, but soon after our relationship started, his parents told me he changed 100% to the good. That made me feel like I got paid a million dollars. □

This mess started in the midst of a new prison system coming into play. The old system had building tenders, inmate guards, so to say, so there was not much inmate to inmate problem. When the new system came in they got rid of the building tenders which allowed the inmate population to pretty much run wild. Stronger inmates started running over others, forcing them to pay for protection, and have sex at their demand. I declined and let the wardens and majors know what was happening. I requested protective custody which was denied. Therefore I was forced to either stand up for myself or submit to the demands. At one time I was forced to use a weapon in order to win, which landed me in administrative segregation (adseg) for two and a half years. Upon my release I again was sent to the general population where again I faced the same problems. *The prisoner continues, detailing four subsequent trips to adseg and his continuing inability to get protective custody.* □

The two individuals [pen pals] who wrote me got me in deep trouble because of their confessions of illegal activities. Making it worse was their wish to include me in further such activities. The state seized all my mail and kept me confined to a 5 X 9 foot cell while they investigated the possibility of conspiracy charges which would have put me away for life. They even called in the FBI because using the mails was a federal thing. *Pen pals please take note, and follow my advice not to discuss any activities that could be considered to be illegal.* □

From a federal prison: "Publication denied to prisoner since sex is not allowed in a prison environment." *I hope the (probably) fairly ordinary guy, just doing his job as he was told, blushed, or at least laughed, when he wrote that line. It's the legislators and top prison administrators who make the rules who are totally divorced from reality.* □

Before coming to prison I did not have any kind of sex with guys or girls. I learn all about sex when I came to prison and met a gay guy. We were locked in the same room together for about three years. It was so fucking cool and good at times he could make me forget about us doing time. □

The state considers community correctional centers (half-way houses) to be out patient programs, which they are not, of course. They send people back to prison because the therapist doesn't like bisexual people. And they wonder why the recidivism rate is so high - 70% here. □

Because I would not speak of past criminal history at a counseling session, they violated my parole. Because I wouldn't give up my fifth amendment right to remain silent I got sent back to prison. I lost a car and two jobs and the place where I was staying. □

From a prisoner who served six months on a minor first offense, and was re-arrested while still on probation: I was convicted of one count of assault with intent to commit second degree criminal sexual conduct. It also counted as a violation of my probation, which meant I would be resentenced on the original charge. Since my sentences would be concurrent, I decided to confess all of my sexual encounters with boys. I confessed to 38 counts. I figured none of them would press charges, and if any did, my total sentence would be unaffected. If any of them pressed charges at a later date, the sentences wouldn't be concurrent. Only three of my confessions became charges, with most boys saying what happened was no big deal. The three charges came about because of the boys' mothers. My confessions ended up adding three years to my sentence. I now regret confessing. My case got publicity in the local paper. So the guards and inmates at county jail knew what my charges were. One guard turned up the volume of the spout on my sink to flood my cell, while yelling "Babyraper!" I was also attacked by other inmates. In prison, a guard read my file to other prisoners. One of those prisoners threatened to kill me. The greatest threat to my life came from myself. A few months ago I was suicidal. When I am released in 4 to 12 years, I expect that I will again be sexually

involved with boys. If I'm caught, I will go back to prison for life. Life in prison isn't worth living. My only chance for an early parole was to attend sex offender group therapy, so I was attending it. Then I had the NAMBLA *Bulletin* sent to me. It was intercepted, and I was kicked out of the sex offender group therapy. Currently, I'm not suicidal. □

Before I knew my true feelings I had agreed to participate in a sex offender program as the contract I signed stated none of the information was to be placed in my DOC file. I found out recently every word including group notes are in my DOC file. The pressure continues in other ways. Such as being denied work release because I don't have a psychological evaluation recently and they will not supply me with one. But I have realized that policy means nothing if you love children. But the one thing that scares me the most is the registration laws which are designed to brand people and is truly a witchhunt that needs to be stopped. □

I have been locked up for four years now and never does a night go by when I don't dream about how it used to be for me. For over ten years I had worked with boys in an outdoor therapeutic program and it will be hard for me not being able to go back into that line of work ever again. I want to give thanks that your organization exists to lend some emotional support. I was called up to the mail room and told that I could not have 8 to 10 letters and the *Bulletin* due to content. Apparently the two correctional officers had been reading my mail. I looked up the rights of prisoners in the law library and found that correctional officers are in fact not allowed to read inmate mail. I filled out a grievance and filed it. My grievance was denied by the warden here, and I was given an option to appeal which I did. I met with an investigator from the DOC internal affairs. He told me that every issue I touched upon was valid and should not have taken place, including officers reading inmate mail, mail sent back to sender without the inmate being notified, officers personal opinions as to what an inmate should read. A memo was immediately put out from the department of internal affairs that included what officers can't do as far as mail is concerned. Since then I have not had any problem with my mail and have received everything sent to me. *One such*

success in filing a grievance does not mean that other officers in other prisons don't get away with this kind of action, and filing a grievance, especially a successful one, can lead to retaliation by the prison staff. Remember who holds all the cards. □

What stands out most in my past eight years of doing time is how the state breaks the same laws I'm serving time for. Their very own staff many times under cover, in the closet, seek out young males then through contacts by other inmates pressure the young men into giving up their assholes for the pleasure of state employees. I've known only one case where a guard was brought to a court of law, and then he got a light slap on the wrist. He returned to the system in a different prison. I talked to a boy just out of kids' prison. He was fourteen and charged with having sex with a boy age 12. In the boys' training school he was without funds for his health needs. Less than four weeks after he was taken to the boys' training school, he was offered \$40 to have sex with an unknown official. The deal was he have to sleep with this person overnight, in a separate room, and if he didn't say anything to anyone in the boys' school about it, he'd have money in his account. He agreed. Much to his surprise, the unknown official turned out to be one of the legal staff members who brought him in on the complaint. □

I was arrested in 1983. I spent 18 months in the county jail. During my time in the jail I was treated like I had a disease. I was kept away from the other inmates. After my sentence I was transferred to the prison. When I arrived I was put directly into the general population. The inmates really harassed me here. Some inmates talked with me but only because they were also in here for having relationships with children. The harassment went on for almost 4 years. I took this harassment in stride and just let it go through one ear and out the other. There were times I wanted to fight these people but I didn't want to spend my time in the segregation unit. In there you are in your cell for 23 hours a day. All you have is a radio and books to read and paper to write with. Every time I look in a newspaper or watch TV there is something about a person taking a child and using him or her for their own purposes and then killing them. That just makes things harder on people like me that are in prison. □

A friend has tried twice to send me a birthday package and was refused each time as she failed to follow the prison's exact requirements. Money orders seem to take a couple of months to get into the system. I've been indigent for some time and somehow they put some money on my books in error. They noticed it the same day and corrected it. End of the problem? WRONG! Some ignoramus failed to take account of the correction and I lost out on my due issue of ten postage free envelopes. □

Guards raided my cell and read my mail. Also discovered were some 3X5 cards that had information about publications on man/boy relations. I was issued a minor contraband ticket. The usual punishment is eight hours of extra duty like mopping or washing windows. This time I got 15 days loss of privileges, meaning lockdown 24 hours a day except for meals and a shower, no phone, no store. Even the RUM (Resident Unit Manager) who sentenced me admitted that she had never given the max on a minor ticket before. Although I'm now at a moderate security prison, I was informed that I will be transferred to a maximum security prison as soon as a bed is available. Here I can be out of my cell seven and a half hours a day. At max I'll be locked in my cell all but one hour a day. I've been told by staff that I will serve all 15 years of my sentence because the parole board will not parole a pedophile. Since a local infamous case, the board was packed with prosecutors and sheriffs. If current legislation passes, a committee will have to declare that I'm cured and no longer a risk to have sex with boys, or else I'll be kept locked up in a mental institution indefinitely. If the committee believes there is no cure for pedophilia, then my 7 to 15 year sentence was a joke, and I'll do natural life. Keep in mind my crimes were second degree, with no penetration, threats, force, bribes, drugs, or alcohol involved. If I get life, the same sentence given to a man who is a mass murderer of boys, where is justice? *Prisoner provided a copy of his hearing on the minor ticket, which states: "Your incoming and outgoing mail will be screened for the next 60 days to determine if it is allowable by institutional rules." I wanted to give this prisoner some encouragement and advice, but under the circumstances I settled for sending him a rather vague letter and asked him to let me know when his circumstances change.* □

I have been in the system since 1989 with a ten year sentence. I have obeyed all rules and policies governing conduct of inmates, but I have been turned down three times for honor grade and once for parole. I have had no infractions. I have gotten a diploma in marine and diesel mechanics while being in. But each time I ask my case analyst why I can't get some help I am told it's because of my crime. Since I have been in the system I have seen men with a lot more time and worse crimes get honor grade and parole. My case analyst even told me if my crime victim had been a girl and not a boy, I would get my honor grade or parole a lot sooner. □

THANK YOU, THANK YOU! I received my very first issue of the *Bulletin* and a *Gayme* with it! You can't imagine how excited I was to get it. I have always been a boy lover in the classic manner. I made up my mind at the tender age of 10 not to be ashamed. I have made friends and brothers with others around the world. WE ARE NOT ALONE! I shall let all of them know of your kindness in sending me and others sexually deprived of our pleasures, information etc to make it easier to bear the burdens of prison life. □

I am seventeen years old. I was reading one of your NAMBLA publications and I found it so nice to know that someone cares about boys and what they go through. At the present time I am incarcerated because of male prostitution. I have yet to realize what I want in my life. I wish I could thank your organization for helping me think a little clearer and also I hope that you guys can help me find my true self. □

Does your NAMBLA *Bulletin* help restore self esteem and help provide insight and perhaps guidance for a confused mind and conflicting emotions? I know that I have done nothing wrong. I have hurt no one and yet I have been criminalized and stigmatized as unfit and immoral. □

When I was nineteen I was charged with having a sexual relationship with a thirteen year old boy. At first I thought I was weird or crazy

but after reading the *Bulletin* and articles in *Gayme* I understand clearly why I feel the way I do about boys. *Rock comments: I have long held that NAMBLA is the only organization trying to help peds to understand and cope with their sexuality. Any attempts at so-called rehabilitation by prisons are a sick joke. Their idea of rehab is usually to try to change sexual orientation. The only legitimate goal for a prisoner is to understand and accept himself as he is, and the only legitimate goal for society, given the existing laws, is to help the prisoner avoid re-offending.* □

I have enjoyed the *Bulletin* for the last year. It has provided me with lots of information, entertainment, and lovely sights. □

I myself had very good relationships with older men when I was young, underage. In fact I feel that it helped me in my understanding of sexuality. □

From a prisoner in a county jail awaiting sentencing: I heard of your organization via computer e-mail on the Usenet newsgroup "alt.sex.intergen." I've been more or less abandoned here by those who I thought were my friends. I have one other friend in another jail that I correspond with and that's it. I think it would do me good to talk with others like me, as I'm pretty scared of what's going to happen to me when I get to prison. □

Got your Xmas card Bro! It truly made my freakin' day to know that somebody out there is thinking about me. Straight-up bro. It was great!!! □

You can't know how much it means to know that in a world that hates you, there are some that understand. Don't ever forget the immense importance of what you are doing. □

I've spent 9 1/2 years in a long struggle and search for others to relate to. Until I found your organization I felt totally alone, but at least you give me some sense of belonging and relief I never had before and I thank your prison program for that. □

Starting in December, I have to go to the parole outpatient clinic to be evaluated to see if I am a prime candidate for group therapy. I've been trying to put this off, but my parole officer finally put her foot down. I can't tell you how much this makes me angry and resentful. Who the fuck they think they are, to impose their shortcomings on me. I know what the purpose of this group is all about. To make me feel guilty for what I've done and what I am and repent through making amends. It'll be like a dog therapist making the cat feel guilty for being a cat. Bastards!!! I already did four years in the pen for these motherfuckers. Now they want me to do three years of picking my brain. (signed) **PISSED.**

Rock replies: I can think of two ways that you might approach the group therapy. One is to be yourself, but don't be too confrontational. Just tell them you are not going to change, but also assure them that you intend to avoid any illegal acts in the future and to avoid any further problems with the law. But to take this approach you will have to convince them that you do not want to break any laws in the future. The second way is to play along with them and let them hear what they want to hear, and need to hear in order to end their supervision of you. This is tougher because it is not being your real self. If you have an honest therapist who is not too full of typical corrections' bullshit, the therapist should accept the first approach. You will have to decide which approach will work in your case. Personally, I believe, and the best professional therapists also believe, that changing a person's sexual orientation is not a legitimate goal of therapy. Here's a quote from the Arizona Psychological Association's recommendations: "A Therapist does not attempt to change the sexual orientation of the client without strong evidence that this is the appropriate course of action and that change is desired by the client." Make no mistake about it: Sexual orientation doesn't just mean the Kinsey zero to six scale; it means a multi-dimensional scale including pedophilia, pederasty, S&M, water sports etc, etc, etc. Helping you to accept yourself and adjust to the way you are is a legitimate goal. □



The Prison

by Russell T. Kinkade

This publication deals with a serious subject, but often fiction reveals truths that even good non-fiction does not. Here is a fanciful tale from one of our published prisoner-members that may be closer to truth than we want to admit.

Night winds blew down from the snowcapped Tehachapi mountains, spitting a cold, slanting rain into the face of the prisoner staring fixedly at the barbwire topped chain-link fence.

No guards walked the yard. No lights lit the towers.

The prisoner took a step - then another - breaking into a run. Hitting the fence six feet above ground, he scrambled to the top. Grabbing barbed wire, he ignored the slicing pain and threw himself over the top. He landed on his feet, mud splattering his brown state shoes and blue denim pants.

No whistles blew. No alarms sounded.

Keeping low, he zigzagged through chaparral, climbing to the tree line. He listened for harsh voices calling him to halt. None. There was no sound of tires crunching gravel on the fire trails. No dogs barked. He kept climbing, and as he climbed he felt a renewal of his spirit with that of the land, as had his ancestors.

Wind chilled his wet body, clothing soaked through. Still, he ascended. Rain became snow. Flakes dappled his face. He shivered, and a smile rippled across his lips. The cloud shrouded sky was his ally. Rain and snow would cover his tracks, take away his scent.

He raised his hands and face to the heavens, gave a war whoop.

His legs were strong, and he reached the peak undetected. Looking down, he saw only a black pit where the prison should be. He shook his fist in defiance. Using his heel, he kicked away snow and scooped a shallow hole in the earth. From his pants' pocket he removed a beaded pouch. Then he knelt. Reverently he poured tobacco from the pouch into the hole, whispering an ancient prayer as he did so. He pushed dirt over the hole, rose, and looked once more at the black pit in the valley. He turned away.

Light from a distant farmhouse beckoned him. He walked toward the light.

Hours later, fingers and toes numb from the cold, he stole into a barn, hoping to find warmth among the animals. Horses snorted, and some chickens fluttered as he stumbled about in the dark. A cow lowed. He bumped into a bale of hay. With crooked fingers he clawed at the hay. Maddeningly, tufts were reluctant to be pulled free from the bale. He cursed. As he worked, his fingers warmed, and eventually he was able to grab handfuls of hay. A pile formed around him. He sank into it, buried himself, and fell asleep.

A sharp kick in the buttocks rudely awakened him.

"Huh. What the hell." He skittered away from the foot which continued to prod him.

"Get up. You got no call making a mess of my barn." There was no anger in the man's voice, just reasonableness. "Get up."

The prisoner turned to look at the man, but the glare of a lantern made him squint. His eyes teared.

"Suppose you come from the prison over the mountain?" Again no anger, it was only a question.

"Are you going to turn me in?" He stood, ready to bolt.

The farmer chuckled. "No, son, I ain't. You hungry?"

"Yeah."

"What's your name?" The farmer walked to the barn door, opened it. Outside it was still dark and cold, though the storm had stopped.

"Kelly Whitehorn." He followed the farmer. "What's yours?"

"Martin Pritchard. Wife's Rebecca. Son's Carl."

The warmth of the kitchen hit Kelly like a guard's backhand. Rebecca eyed him from the stove. Carl, a lanky boy in his late teens, stood blank-faced by the sink. Looking around at the family's fresh-scrubbed faces, Kelly became aware of how he must look: clothing torn and dirty, raven hair matted, hands and face grimy.

Rebecca wiped her hands on a floral-printed apron, brushed a strand of gray hair from her forehead. "You got to clean up before you sit." She showed no surprise that he was there. "Saw you come across the north field last night. Figured the barn would do till morning."

"Bathroom's upstairs," Martin said, pointing toward the steps. "Reckon you got to use the facilities, then you can wash up."

The family was already seated around the table when Kelly came back downstairs. He took the empty seat.

Rebecca held out a plate of fried eggs.

"Yes, Ma'am. Thank you."

As he ate, Kelly noticed that Carl never looked at him, or even at Martin or Rebecca. The boy kept his eyes on his plate, which Rebecca filled. Martin cut the food into small pieces.

After breakfast Martin stepped onto the porch. Kelly followed. The sky was changing from purple to blue, with only a few fluffy clouds in the distance, the sun just peeking over the horizon.

"Got milking to do," Martin said. "Want to help?"

"I don't know anything about it, but I'll help if I can."

Martin milked. Kelly forked clean hay into stalls. Taking a break, he leaned on the pitchfork and said, "You folks don't seem to mind that I'm from the prison."

"Nope."

"No one's followed me here?"

"Nope. Won't be no one."

"I didn't think there would be. I hadn't seen a guard in days at the prison. They just all disappeared one night."

"Don't need 'em no more. Only one's left is prisoners."

Kelly wondered what the old man meant, but didn't ask.

As they left the barn, Kelly noticed Carl standing at the road which shot straight away from the farm. He was looking with longing into the distance. "If you don't mind my asking," Kelly said to Martin, "is Carl...retarded?"

"Nope. Been locked inside himself since he came back three weeks ago from tryin' to leave."

"Trying to leave?"

Martin sat in a rocking chair on the porch, putting the pail of milk beside him. He pulled a pipe from a pocket in his overalls, filled and lit it. "You been locked up a long time, ain't you son?"

"Since I was eighteen. Mostly solitary. I was released to the general population the day before the guards disappeared."

"You a danger?"

Kelly smiled. "No. My spirit is too large for those who want to confine it."

"Son, for what you'll find your spirit will have to be large to break free."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, 'bout ten years ago they - the authorities - just up and stretched a fence, barbed wire and all, oh, some miles down the road." Martin nodded to where Carl was looking. "Never told the boy. He weren't too bright even before he tried to leave, so I figured why tell him."

"You mean the authorities expanded the prison?"

"Yep. Me and Rebecca ran afoul of the law on taxes. The Jenkins down the road was makin' hashish. There were so many laws, laws piled upon laws, until it was near impossible to live and not break one. There's a bunch of folks around here who crossed one line or another."

"No guards?"

"Used to be. Like at your prison they up and left." Martin sucked on his pipe. "That's when Carl decided to leave. Just packed up some clean clothes and said good-bye. I figured he'd be back soon enough."

"Why?"

"Others had escaped, even when we had guards. Came back."

Kelly waited for Martin to go on.

"Fences. Barbed wire. Towers. Out forever. Appears the authorities just kept expanding till everything's a prison far's a man can walk."

"And the guards?"

"Don't rightly know for sure. They must be out there somewhere, wherever the last fence is."

Kelly spent a week with the Pritchards, then packed up some of Carl's clothes.

"Perhaps I can," he said to Martin before leaving, "discover what those who have abused people through multiple and virulent laws have done to our world. Maybe it's all of California they have in lockup. Or maybe the fences go all the way to Texas. The guards might be watching the western borders of Georgia. Wherever they are I'll find them - then I'll break out. Free. Once and for all."

He took off to see what lay ahead of him.

He came to the first fence from the farm in half a day. Someone had torn a hole in it, and he crawled through. The second

fence was two day's walk. Whole sections of it were gone. Kelly walked on, through farmlands, towns, and cities. Everywhere he met people, learned that they too had violated some law, and that yet another prison fence lay ahead.

The weather warmed with the coming of spring and Kelly's descent into the country's southern region. One Sunday, seeking respite from the heat, Kelly slipped into a university library whose doors had been battered open. Inside, he found it filled only with law books, and they were strewn about, torn, and trampled on as if a frenzied mob had attacked the sanctum. There were books about laws governing sexual behaviors: with whom, in what positions, prescribed and proscribed ages (often depending upon a marriage certificate), public nudity, sodomy, pandering, solicitation, prostitution, exhibitionism, necrophilia, bestiality, use of contraceptives, pornography. Books about drug laws: historical analysis, symptomatology, definitions and categories, medical exceptions, sales, distribution, amounts allowed for personal use, needle distribution. Books with laws about spitting on sidewalks, breast-feeding, cursing in public, child stealing, jaywalking, murder, excessive noise, burglary, failure to file tax returns - the one that got the Pritchards, bigamy, polygamy, perjury, riding horses on a Sunday, littering, assault, corporal punishment, failure to supervise your children, parental responsibility when a child commits a crime, truancy, parking violations, farm animals within city limits, zoning regulations, failure to obtain permits, panhandling, urinating in public, use of public parks, spousal abuse, smog emissions, smoking in public places, right to bear arms - with numerous amendments, animal license fees, failure to return library books, banned books, public access - or lack of - to federal and state lands, extortion, embezzlement, wearing of safety helmets, leashing dogs, voting frauds, assassination, open alcohol containers, drunkenness, dancing on the Sabbath (varied according to religious beliefs and which day was considered the Sabbath), tax exemptions for religions, marriage, abortions, midwives, medical malpractice, funerals, one-way streets, stopping at intersections, use of crosswalks, speed limits, pilot licenses, trapping licenses, poaching, fishing, hunting, tagging, hazardous waste disposal, holiday decorations, fireworks, burning leaves. Laws existed for every imaginable behavior, and some Kelly could not imagine. The stacks in the library seemed to go on into eternity.

Kelly moved east.

And as he journeyed his heart sorrowed. Earth, his mother, had been raped by those who neither honored man's free will nor respected Earth's sovereignty. Yes, he accepted Law, nature's Law, but man - or some men - had corrupted the nature of Law by shackling men with every kind of restriction. Not to protect or preserve, but to fulfill some supposed moral purpose, to supply their own inflated egos with glory, and to fill their pockets with filthy lucre at the expense of others' pain.

One clear night, shortly before dawn, as Kelly lay upon a beach south of Mobile, he looked toward the eastern horizon and knew where the authorities had gone.

As the Earth rotated, sunlight not only reflected from a quarter moon but also glinted from huge strands of fencing and barbed wire being stretched hundreds of miles above Earth. □

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