

PAN

a magazine about boy~love

NEWS

London, Boston
Tehran, New York

SLEIGH BOY

a story

PAN

interviews

DR. F. BERNARD:

Paed-Lib in Holland

REPORTS

from Paris
and Amsterdam

BOOKS:

Men and Boys

THE BATTLE LINE

Judge McCooey as
Monster of the Month

**Cover
photograph
deleted.
See Note
on p.2**

number 1

[cover]

N.B.

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

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

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

[p.2, full page photograph deleted]

PAN a magazine about boy-love



Vol. 1 No. 1 June, 1979

PAN magazine is published bi-monthly by SPARTACUS, P.O. Box 3496 1001 AG Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Editor in Chief, John D. Stamford; Executive Editor, Frank Torey. It is a serious international non-pornographic English language magazine about paedophilia. PAN does not advocate the violation of any national laws, although it maintains the right to criticize them wherever they suppress the universal human right to sexual self-disposal. Opinions expressed in signed articles are those of the writer and not necessarily those of PAN. Editorial, art and photographic contributions should be submitted at the above address at least two months before date of publication and, if not used, will be returned if a self-addressed envelope with appropriate international postal coupons is provided.

WHAT'S INSIDE

Why Holland?	4
News Briefs	6
Sleigh Boy , a story by Asger Lund	8
Paedophile Liberation in Holland, an interview with Dr. F. Bernard	15
PAN mail	19
Reports from Paris and Amsterdam	22
Travel: The Isle of Serendip	25
Books: Men and Boys, an Anthology	28
The Battle Line: Judge Edwin McCooey as Monster of the Month	31

WE NEED YOUR HELP. The world is our arena, but we cannot know what is going on everywhere without the assistance of our readers. News clippings, comments, evaluations of the social climate with respect to paedophilia in every land are most urgently needed if we are to make PAN the best, and most informative, magazine on boy-love ever produced.

All Photos in this issue of PAN are by William Barns.

WHY HOLLAND?

Why publish an English language magazine about boy-love in The Netherlands?

Two reasons, essentially.

Dutch law and Dutch social attitudes are reasonably sexually sane. English and American law and opinion are totally, criminally mad. And getting madder and more vicious by the minute.

In these pillars of the English-speaking world the 'Three Ps' (police, press, politicians), aided by a sprinkling of big-bosomed female fanatics (Bryant, Whitehouse), have effectively conspired to keep all reasonable, accurate information on paedophilia out of the hands of their subjects.

ITEM Three years ago *Better Life Monthly* of California died of editorial harassment.

ITEM One year ago The Chicago Tribune killed *Hermes* and tried to jail its editor. (They were unsuccessful. He paid a few fines but is free . . . having lost his job, of course.)

ITEM Last summer the English gutter press all but put the Paedophile Information Exchange and its publication *Magpie* in the terminal ward, using a brand of journalism so yellow - in both senses of the word - that, had it happened here, editors and reporters would have immediately found themselves in court.

ITEM Last August an Englishman with a conscience wrote to a local magazine gently questioning the advisability of passing the infamous 'Child Protection Act' (criminalizing the mere possession of 'indecent' photos, whatever they are, of children under sixteen). Two days later the police raided and searched his home - for pornography, they said - and, on leaving, told him threateningly, 'We'll be back.' (This in a country which fought the Nazis and their Gestapo thirty-five years ago!)

The Netherlands is hardly a paedophile paradise but, as in Scandinavia, people here seem willing at least to examine the phenomenon without hysteria. It helps that they can do so without being hassled by the 'Three Ps'.

In fact Dutch newspapers, magazines, radio and TV have recently been treating boy-love in an amazingly positive manner. All of which means that a publication like PAN is here possible. And a serious, responsible international boy-love magazine in English is desperately needed.

In this first issue we pledge ourselves to that need. We won't be pornographic. We have no objection to pornography. In fact, we endorse all the standard arguments in favour of it.

But we want this magazine to come into England and the U.S.A. without violating any brand new 'indecent with children' laws. For obvious reasons. If the Catos, the MINITRUTH departments, the Committees on Morality, or whatever the thought police are calling themselves these days, are going to stop PAN, let them explain that it is our editorial content which they find dangerous to the people, which must be kept from their subjects at any cost. Because we intend to be a fighting magazine as well as an enlightening one. We will name names and give dates and places.

We will try to be as up-to-date with international news as our bi-monthly publication schedule permits.

We will be entertaining, too, with short fiction, travel advice and so on. Most important, we hope to be some kind of a life-line of communication with the often desperate paedophiles who live in the Whitehouse-Bryant-curtain countries.

The best justification for PAN we have seen yet appeared, of all places, in London's scurrilous News of the World last August 6. Once again a 'boy-sex ring' was being exposed. (A boy-sex ring to the 'Three Ps' is two boy-lovers corresponding with one another.) A 'police spokesman' said that the ring was aimed at linking up paedophiles.

'It was a means of justifying their perversion,' the spokesman said. 'A paedophile who thinks he is sick suddenly finds other people with the same interests - and then looks upon himself as a child lover and not a child molester.'

Well, Mr. Spokesman, that's exactly what PAN aims at, too. We want to 'link up' paedophiles with each other. We want to make the child-lover realise he *is* a child lover and not a child molester.

Maybe, Mr. Spokesman, we can even help prevent some of the suicides you cause every year.





NEWS BRIEFS

LONDON Scotland Yard, which in its spare time goes after criminals, has, after an eight-month investigation, compiled a 60,000 word dossier on the Paedophile Information Exchange and sent it off to the Director of Public Prosecutions. The gentlemen in this office will presumably make up their minds in due course whether to try at least some of the members of PIE for . . . what? London's **News of the World**, which may well be the vilest paper in Christendom, self-servingly takes credit for all of this: 'We revealed the existence of a "Circle of Evil" - a nation-wide ring of men calling themselves paedophiles.'

(Source: NEWS OF THE WORLD, 25 Feb., 1979)

SYDNEY A film, apparently of police origin, called 'Paedophile' on the subject of child molesting is making its rounds through the Sydney public schools. Gay activist groups take exception to the statement in the film that most child molesters are homosexuals and are trying to get the screenings stopped by appealing to the Australian Anti-Discrimination Board. They point to a government report which shows that not more than 11% of known sexual contacts between adults and children are homosexual in nature. No one, however, seems to have called attention to the biggest lie in the film: the equating of paedophilia with child molesting and paedophiles with people who attack and rape small children. (Source: CAMPAIGN, Vol. 38)

BEXLEYHEATH, KENT, ENGLAND

Cyril Townsend, M.P., the silly little Mary Whitehouse camp-follower who introduced

the 'Child Protection Act' in Parliament, has been busy spreading his vision of things in the London 'Stockbroker belt'. At a recent meeting of the Youth Workers Congress in Bexleyheath, he told of how seventy kiddie-porn photographers in England go about their business. First they say to the children, 'Come along and have a cup of tea'. (And all these years we thought it was candy!) Then they take decent photos, which are shown to the parents. Parents, of course, are delighted and give their consent for more photos, and this leads to modeling track suits and other indecencies. Finally, say the sexy seventy, 'Let's try a shot with no clothes on.' These photographers are real swingers, it seems. Each 'might have up to 300 children on his card index system,' Mr. Townsend informed his Youth Workers, whose minds were probably boggling at the mathematics of 21,000 delicate cups of tea precariously balanced upon 42,000 jiggling adolescent knees.

(Source: KENTISH TIMES, 22 Feb., 1979)

KÖNIGSWINTER, GERMANY

In early March the Association for the Advancement of Social Scientific Sex Research held its fifth scientific congress on 'Sexuology and Violence.' At the 'criminalized sexuology' symposium Dr. F. Bernard (see page 15) gave a paper, 'Paedophilia - Insight and Outlook', in which adult-child relationships were presented in a positive light. Audience and other members of the congress were reported to be most positive about childhood sexuology in general and paedophilia in particular, an attitude adopted by the local press reviewing the congress.

BOSTON, USA In the state of Massachusetts witch hunting has a long and honored tradition, going back to over 200 years ago when the Puritan clerics of Salem used to burn women at the stake. Paedophiles seem to be the contemporary counterparts of these unfortunate ladies. The affair of the Worcester hairdresser (See **THE BATTLE LINE**) follows close on the heels of the infamous 'Revere scandal' in which police, press and politicians thought they could make political hay by a noisy prosecution of some two dozen men accused of sexual relations with boys. But things turned out differently than they had expected and they have all ended up with egg (if not a lot worse) on their faces. For almost the first time in American history the paedophiles fought back - and were joined by significant elements of the gay community. Massachusetts Supreme Court Chief Justice Robert Bonin tried to do the unforgivable: inform himself about the phenomenon of paedophilia. He attended a rally at which Gore Vidal spoke, and for doing that the Massachusetts politicians forced him to resign. He sent a stinging letter of rebuke to Governor Edward King, published in the **Boston Globe**. So far only those of the accused who had (unwisely) pleaded guilty have been convicted and sentenced. The state seems afraid now of bringing the others to trial, for fear, evidently, that the nauseating tactics the police used against the children involved will come to light.

HANNOVER, WEST GERMANY

What causes puberty? What are the changes in the molecular biology of a boy which brings about this small metamorphosis from child to adolescence? The Institute for Human Genetics at the University of Göttingen has launched a 560,000 mark project to try to find out.

(Source: Gay News Germany)

U.S.A. Only half of the people in the United States admit that sex is important in their lives, according to the Louis Harris poll. Question: is it this half or the other half that busies itself with the sexual activities of paedophiles and other minorities? (Source: Gay News Germany)

TEHRAN In the wake of the great Iranian upheaval, two kinds of people are being executed by the victorious Muslim faction: political enemies found guilty of torture and brutality, and men convicted of leading boys into prostitution. The condemned men are being hanged in public.

NEW YORK 'Show me!', an illustrated book for small children telling them about sex, is once again vulnerable to the attacks of New York State's Virtue Vendors. By a 2-1 decision the United States Court of Appeals for the Second New York Circuit paved the way for the possible jailing of the people connected with St. Martin's Press, the local distributors of 'Show Me!'. 'This is a case of the wicked fleeing where none pursue,' said Judge Ellsworth A. van Graafeiland, referring to the fact that no one has yet officially charged that the controversial book violates the new state law against childhood pornography but ignoring the fact that his court's decision now makes St. Martin's Press officially 'wicked' and paves the way for the professionally virtuous to 'pursue'. St. Martin's is pondering whether to appeal further to the Supreme Court, risk seven-year jail sentences for continuing to distribute the book or give up. (Source: New York Times, January 14, 1979)

HAVANA A new Penal Code brings Cuba more in line with other communist countries with respect to boy-love. Age of consent for all sexual acts is 16 years for boys and, curiously enough, 12 for girls. You can receive anything from a 5-year jail sentence to death for 'pedcrasty with violence'. For leading a minor into homosexuality or prostitution the sentence is 3 or 8 years, and for failing to notify authorities of illegal sex with minors, or for committing sexual acts in the presence of minors, you can get 3 or 9 months. The good news is that there is no evidence of the 1960s policy of internment camps for homophiles. Cuba's tourist business is expanding and the present government is concerned about Havana resuming its pre-Castro 'vice-ridden' character.

(Source: GPU NEWS, November, 1978)

Sleigh Boy



18.2.79

Actually, it hadn't been bad advice at all. 'Peter, my friend,' he had said, 'you're just over-worked. Even for someone thirty years old, the flesh - and in your case we must include that fattily degenerate mass you call a brain - sets a limit to what it's able to endure. You've been too successful; your paintings are selling too well; you go to too many parties. You need peace and quiet, a change to de-clutch and recharge again on your own.'

Mixed metaphores, if you wish, but he was quite right. I had consulted Claus because I was having trouble sleeping, and he was a psychiatrist. We had known one another since our undergraduate days. We remained close friends. And he knew my sexual secret.

'I have a proposal,' he had continued in that soothing drawl which was such an asset in his profession. 'You know I have a cottage in the woods, miles away from nowhere. Here are the door-keys . . .'

It had been the last thing I had wanted: idleness, and no one to love. But doctor's orders, if the doctor is a friend or you are paying him a healthy fee, are to be taken seriously. I had obeyed, and found the pill not too bitter. After a few days I had actually begun to enjoy the quietness, the winter line of landscape lying sung against the horizon. Already I was sleeping quite a bit better.

That evening snow was falling, silently from a blue black sky. It gathered on the forest ground and muffled the landscape, isolated my silent hut from the busy world beyond. I had grown so accustomed to the limited sounds of my new dwelling place - the great hush of north wind in the pines, the creakings of the cabin - that I was startled when I heard a faint jingling outside. Sometimes during the week the snow-muffled bell of the parish church had carried through the forest, but this sounded much closer. I opened the door and peered out: all I could see was snow falling and swirling in the empty evening dusk.

I went back to my chair before the fire. I had eaten and I was growing sleepy. But the sound came again, then disappeared, then came again, and again. Curiosity finally overcame my laziness. I struggled into boots and overcoat, opened the door once more

on the now-black night and fought my way through the snow drift beneath my eaves and out into the drive.

In front of me, just beyond the gate, was a dark shape. Supposing it to be a car, a traveller in trouble, out of petrol and running out of warmth, I waded toward it through the snow, but when I got to the gate I discovered, to my surprise, a horse hitched to an old country sleigh. There were bells on the harness and they rang as the horse, in its impatience, snorted and stamped in the snow.

No driver was to be seen anywhere. Inside the sleigh there was only a heap of old furs. I was trying to decide what to do with this odd apparition and puffing horse out on such a snowy night when something in the shape of the furs, the way they lay on the seat, suggested a human form. I reached for the furs, pulled them aside. And there, to my utter amazement, lay a sleeping naked boy!

I quickly covered the boy and lifted both him and the bear-skin - for that is what the furs proved to be - into my arms. His cheeks were ice against mine, his body stiff. I began walking toward the cabin with my odd burden, too preoccupied with the many questions racing through my mind to have noticed at first the dying jingle of sleigh-bells beyond the gate. At last I turned back but saw only snow and the black lace of trees against the sombre winter sky. Sleigh and horse were gone.

Inside I deposited my bundle on the sofa before the fire and carefully opened the furry wrapping. The boy was almost blue with cold but, although quite unconscious, he was breathing still. His young body was in the full bloom of early adolescence, firm, smooth, tender and, to one of my tastes, staggeringly beautifully. And his face, if possible, was even more compelling; half-length light-brown hair, now in abandoned disarray, framed it against the dark fur. Long, dark lashes curved down onto pale cheeks. The firmly closed mouth was full and somehow sensual: was that a smile, or a hint of a smile?

I worked to revive him, to bring him back to life. Sitting beside him on the edge of the

sofa, I ran my hands over the cold but perfect flesh, infusing my warmth into his, massaging shoulders and chest and thighs and arms - oh, the feel of those thin, young fingers cold between my own clasped hands! 'Please God,' I whispered, although I'm not in the least religious, 'don't let him die here!'

Something, or someone, responded to my plea. The boy's breath came more regularly, his chest arched to take in the warm, life-giving air. Color came to lips and cheeks. At last he sighed and the long lashes raised on gray eyes staring into mine. They were full of confusion at first and wonder, but later, as I silently worked to revive him, there was something timidly imploring, a look of dumb, inarticulate need as well. At last the boy sat, and threw his arms about my neck. As I carried him to my bedroom his cheek was no longer cold, but burned against my own.

And then all of him was against me, moving, claspng, shuddering. In the total blackness of that bedroom a great sun awakened and rose higher and higher, evaporating the space about us, consuming our united flesh in the fierce fusion of its furnace. And set, sweetly, quietly, to let us doze against each other, then rose again and compelled us to penetrate its fiery secret in order to extinguish ourselves and sleep once more.

When I awakened in the morning both the boy and the bear-skin were gone. It was harsh, winter daylight now; with it came reflection - and a lot of questions. Where had the boy gone? I opened the door, but the gently drifting snow had long since filled any footprints made in the night. Who was this boy? What would the police say if they ran into him cruising the neighborhood in a sleigh and a bear-skin? Or did he even exist? I had come here, hadn't I, in exhaustion, to avert a nervous breakdown? Was he not, perhaps, a visual, tactile manifestation of my own hysteria?

Yet I was more at peace than I had ever been with myself. I started a painting - of a boy, of course, in a bear-skin in the snow. I worked almost euphorically through the day and hardly noticed when evening came again to the northern woods. At last I made myself some supper and was just sitting

happily and sleepily before the fire when I heard once more the sound of sleigh-bells.

I struggled out into the night. There beyond the gate stood the same sleigh, the same proud and impatient horse, the same pathetic little bundle of furs. Once again I carried the precious burden indoors, revived the all-but-frozen boy and brought him into my bed. This time there was something else in his eyes: fear, and a look, somehow, of blame. But when the light was out and we were wrapped in darkness and each other, the same burning, compulsive ardor returned and, in great pulses, lit our sleep-interrupted journey through the long winter night.

Who was this boy? Why didn't he speak?

In the morning he was gone, but the questions remained. Who was this boy? Why didn't speak? Was he deaf and dumb? Did he even exist outside the over-heated imagination of one painter? That night he returned again, the same way, but now the fear in his eyes was enormous. I tried to speak to him. He wouldn't answer, but, as before, his body in the night welded itself to mine in a need which seemed born of burning pain. Pain, perhaps, for him; for me it was bliss, a salve to over-stressed nerves, a healing which seemed simple and deeply profound.

That was the last time the boy came to the cabin. The next evening, and the next, I listened for the sound of sleigh bells, but I never heard them again. Slowly, and a little sadly, I concluded that the boy, the horse, the sleigh, the bear-skin were of my own invention. It would make, at least, an interesting tale to tell Claus.

Three weeks later I was back in my own

apartment, happy and cured. The phone rang. 'Peter, you're neglecting me,' came the familiar drawl, 'both as host and doctor. How are you?'

'Fine, but I have a surprise for you, and a very curious experience to . . .'

'And I have a surprise for you, dear Peter. Are you revived enough to endure a dinner party I'm having next Friday? Fine. I can't tell you about it now since a patient is pacing the floor of my waiting room turning into Napoleon or something, but I want to hear all about your stay in the woods.'

I am not really the hermit type. It was good to get back into society again. Claus's apartment was filled with guests when I arrived, mingling, drinking. Many of them I knew. Some of the women were the tiresome type that buys one of your paintings and then thinks she is your divine patroness from then to doomsday. So when Claus came up behind me and said, 'Peter, there are two people here I especially want you to meet,' I turned about with something like resignation.

I found myself staring into the fear-struck, imploring eyes of the boy in the bear-skin, only now he was neatly and handsomely

His eyes filmed over and he crashed to the floor in a dead faint.

dressed in a suit. A big-bosomed woman beside him put out her hand and started saying something about how much she and her son Torben had been looking forward to meeting the internationally famous painter, Peter Viltoft, but I hardly heard her, staring as I was at the sudden materialization of what I had convinced myself was some kind of male psychic sprite.

As for the boy, the colour drained from his face until it was every bit as pale as on those nights when I had brought him in from the sleigh. His eyes filmed over and he crashed to the floor in a dead faint.

It was a minute or two before the party regained its equilibrium. Claus carried the boy to his bedroom and then explained to the worried guests and strangely angry

'Brandy,' he demanded. 'Mercy on your poor old doctor, and friend!'

mother that there was nothing to be concerned about, that boys at such an age often fainted, especially if they were socially anxious for some reason. A little later the mother collected her errant son and marched him out to a waiting taxi. I avoided his eyes, but not Claus's. Toward the end of the evening I drew my host aside and said, 'Was Torben your surprise for me?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'but I didn't think he would take one look at you and pass out. His family are country neighbours. He is a lost kid. I thought a friendship with you would be better therapy than anything I could give him. I would guess, incidentally, that he is not, and never will be, drawn to the opposite sex. You saw his mother; perhaps you can guess why.'

'Well, now it's time for my surprise,' I said, and I told him of the sleigh, the bundle of furs and the boy. Claus shook his head. He was every bit as mystified as I.

A week passed. an enormously busy week for me catching up from my 'cure' in the country. Then one evening there was a knock on the door and Claus stamped in from the snowy street. 'Brandy,' he demanded. 'Mercy on your poor old doctor, and friend, especially because I bring very good and interesting news'.

I took his coat and made him comfortable with footstool and drink in one of my over-stuffed chairs.

'Your friend — our friend — Torben has been my patient this past week,' Claus began. 'And all because his mother was impressed that I knew the famous Peter Viltoft, by the way.'

'I'll expect a commission,' I joked, but only to cover my very real excitement.

'Perhaps you'll get it, only differently than you might imagine. I don't usually talk about my patients to others, but in this case it seems necessary. While you were away in the country so were Torben and his mother, and just about the time you were having your strange experiences, Torben began having nightmares. He awakened every morning in a deep sweat, and with more than sweat on his sheets, so he knew the nightmares were somehow sexual, although he couldn't remember what they were about.

'It seems the dreams always begin the same way: he is in a sleigh in the middle of a snowstorm . . .'

Well, under skilled probing, that memory is beginning to come back. It seems the dreams always begin the same way: he is in a sleigh in the middle of a snowstorm. He is wrapped in some old fur skins, but otherwise he is naked. The sleigh stops before a gloomy and lonesome house. Someone comes outside — a man or a woman, Torben doesn't yet know which — and picks him up and carries him in. The rest he doesn't remember, except that it's terrifying and he wakes up screaming.'

'Has he talked about what happened at your party?'

'He doesn't remember even seeing you. All he knows is that he fainted, and disgraced

his domineering mother. Now, it is strange, isn't it, that his nightmares coincide with your real or imagined erotic nocturnal experiences. Could he possibly have known you before?'

'I am convinced we are dealing with love . . .'

'I don't think so. But what about the sleigh and the horse?'

'Torben tells me there is one in the neighbor's barn, but after those three wild nights he went to look at it and decided it couldn't have been moved for years. It was covered with dust and cobwebs. That was when he became so hysterical that his mother brought him back to the city.'

'And his nightly visits with me stopped.'

We searched each other's eyes for a minute, then Claus smiled. 'I told you I had good as well as interesting news. I don't know how to explain all these things, but I am convinced that we are dealing with love. Love in conflict with a strong drive to deny his non-heterosexual nature, for which I'm afraid we have his mother to thank.'

The phone rang. It was for Claus: the coming and goings of psychiatrists seem to be a secret from no one. I went to the kitchen and poured another brandy, and when I returned he met me standing, with grave eyes. 'That was Torben's mother, quite hysterical. It seems the boy has disappeared. He vanished without a trace from his bedroom about an hour ago. No clothes are missing, not even his overcoat.'

There was a rush in my mind, in my feelings, in my intuition. Somewhere, far off, in another plane of existence, came the sound of sleigh-bells, the creak of runners in the snow, the snorting and trotting of a proud horse. I knew what I had to do. 'Claus,

quick,' I said, 'let me have the keys to your cabin.'

It was, again, a harsh and snowy night. The drifts before the front door were bigger than ever. I shoveled them away as best I could, went in and started a fire in the open hearth. I made myself a brandy and settled down to wait before the hypnotic flames. And all the time I could hear the sleigh-bells, the ring of horse's hooves upon frozen ground.

When the knock came I started out of my chair. I ran to the door, flung it open, and there stood Torben. He was naked but not in the least cold. There was still fear in his eyes, but also a strength, and a kind of resolve which was quite new. I drew him inside, then into my embrace. Wordlessly, possessed with a wild and deep excitement, I led him to my bedroom.

The track was easy to follow. It led to the gate . . .

Once more the heavens, the far galaxies reeled as we joined our flesh and spirits, as we drove into the deep secrets of ultimate union. Then our spirits came back to our bed in the little cabin lying snug under the northern wind. I kissed him good night and we both slept.

I awakened with a sense of loss, knowing even before I opened my eyes that the boy no longer lay beside me. I threw on my clothes and went out into the livingroom. The door stood open. This time his footprints in the snow hadn't yet had time to disappear under the caressing fingers of the wind.

The track was easy to follow. It led to the gate. And there, in the shelter of a drift and a couple of small bushes, the boy lay, cold, stiff, completely unconscious but still breathing. I picked him up, turned to

carry him once again into the cabin, when suddenly behind me came the thunder of hooves, the clang of harness bells, and I stumbled out of the way just as horse and sleigh loomed out of the snowstorm and drew up beside me.

I didn't, of course, know what I was doing. I had no reason, only some blind intuition, which derived from I knew not where, to guide me. But in the back of the sleigh was the bear-skin, and, kissing Torben gently on his icy cheek, I laid him in it and wrapped him as snugly as I could. The horse whinneyed, put its one raised hoof firmly down in the snow and the sleigh moved off into the winter night, the sound of its bells fading with the apparition.

A few days later the mail brought a letter from Claus:

Dear Peter: I have just had a phone call from Torben's mother. It seems the morning after his mysterious disappearance he was back in his own bed but covered with an enormous bear-skin. This is most curious. Has anything happened at the cabin? It appears that he is a changed boy. He is full of enthusiasm for life, for new projects at school. But when he is asked where he went that night and how he came by the bear-skin, he just smiles and won't answer. At any rate, he is extraordinarily happy. His mother claims she is delighted, but I detect a bit of worry on her part that, in losing his neurosis (or whatever it was) she may be losing him. I think you can safely return.'

The next day I was home. The painting of the boy in the bear-skin was almost finished. I was staring at it, strangely pleased by what I felt was a new departure in my work, when the phone rang.

'Hello,' said a hesitant voice. 'Mister Viltoft?'

'Yes,' I said, somehow recognizing the voice although I had never heard it before, already feeling my heart-beat accelerate.

'This is Torben. I think it's time we got to know each other as people, don't you, rather than spirits. Are you alone? Can I come over?'

Asger Lund

**Full-page
photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

[p.14]

PAEDOPHILE LIBERATION IN HOLLAND

an interview with Dr. Frits Bernard

PAN We all know that Holland is much more liberal than surrounding countries. Has this always been the case?

DR. BERNARD That's not so easy to answer precisely, because nobody has published a study on it, but I think you could say that before World War Two the Netherlands was a very Victorian, puritan country.

PAN more so than, say, England and France?

DR. BERNARD Perhaps, because we have that strong Calvinistic element which is missing in France. The best comparison, maybe, would be with Switzerland. Let me speak of my own experience in those years. After the war I came into professional contact with paedophiles in distress. They made appointments to talk with me, because there was no place they could go, here or in other countries. Thus I became even more interested in this problem than I had been before. It was clear to me that there should be an organization which would both deal with the practical problems which paedophiles were encountering and carry out scientific investigations of the phenomenon. People with paedophile leanings should unite and work together for a better future. If paedophilia was never investigated from the standpoint of child sexuality it would never be able to be understood. Now, in those days this was difficult to start, because the whole mentality of the public was very much against all forms of non-conventional sex. The fears of the paedophiles were enormous. You cannot imagine how different it was then.

PAN Those of us who have lived in the English-speaking world can very well imagine it.

DR. BERNARD I felt that, for protection, a wider organization was needed, so I contacted the COC. That, of course, was, and still is, an organization for homo-

sexuals, not paedophiles, but it did have paedophile members.

PAN Including Arent van Santhorst, who died, at 90, last May!

DR. BERNARD He was an amazing, timeless man. He had joined the homophile society before the war. It was an outgrowth of Magnus Hirschfeld's organization in Germany.

PAN Was homosexuality totally illegal in the thirties, before the war?

DR. BERNARD It was illegal in Germany, but not in The Netherlands. Since 1911 the age of consent for homosexual acts had been 21. This was reduced to 16 in 1971. At any rate, when the Germans occupied the country, Arent van Santhorst and Bob Angelo, then head of the COC, destroyed all the files so that the Nazis could not trace the members. Now Arent van Santhorst had a terrific memory. What he did was memorize all the addresses. After the war he wrote them down, so the old members could be contacted again.

PAN And he was paedophile?

DR. BERNARD Nobody called himself a paedophile in those days.

PAN It was a dirty word, then, even within the COC?

DR. BERNARD Not a dirty word, exactly, but most homosexuals were very frightened of paedophiles. If the general public even suspected that the people in COC liked little boys . . . I mean, that would have been a very bad thing. At any rate, in the COC I met a number of paedophiles and I started the international Enclave movement. It was many things — a circle with a correspondence all over the world . . .

PAN It was also a publishing house.

DR. BERNARD That was the only part of Enclave that came out in the open, and those activities began in 1958. It was the first international publishing house specifically oriented toward paedophile books.

We even published a novel by Jef Last, who was a very famous author during those years. He has written, I think, 64 novels. **The Youth of Judas.** He always maintained this was his best book, and he could not find another publisher for it because it was about paedophilia. Another novella we brought out was by Cor Huisman. But first were two by me, **Costa Brava** and **Vervolgde Minderheid.** The latter had a scientific afterword — in those days the

At that meeting it was decided that a book must be written. SEX WITH CHILDREN was the result.

subject had to have some sort of justification, because it was too new. And that was only 20 years ago. With my own books I did everything myself: I wrote them, did the layout, took the copy to the printer and the finished books to the book shops. There were no sex shops then, of course. There were a couple of stores in The Hague that sold 'naturalist' magazines, and 'muscle' magazines from America. All the pictures were of adults, except for a few nudist families romping on the beach, say, with a ball!

PAN This publishing wasn't illegal, was it?

DR. BERNARD No, no, it was never illegal. It was a matter of the social consequences. But right from the beginning the Netherlands Society for Sexual Reform (NVSH) published reviews of our books, favorable reviews, in their magazine. 'For the first time,' they said about **Costa Brava**, 'here is a book about people like us, normal people, who just have different tastes.' The **Haagse Courant** gave us reviews, and they weren't too bad. Other journals followed, because this was really news in the early sixties. And COC let me publish on paedophilia in their magazine.

PAN Frequently?

DR. BERNARD Very often. I was a member of the editorial board in those days. In 1962 they printed an article of mine called **About Paedophilia.** In it I proposed a centre for paedophiles and discussed the value of paedophilia, the forming of a study group and a work group, with a board of advisors consisting of a psychologist, attorney, social worker. One of the jobs of the work group would be helping paedophiles in trouble and getting them to accept the fact that they were paedophile. And, of course, scientific work on paedophilia should be done, too, and information distributed to the outer world, to people working with children, teachers, parents and so on. This article is considered of real historical interest because it predicts virtually everything that we now have in the NVSH work group.

PAN Much later.

DR. BERNARD Well, the Enclave movement went on for several years. It had many members from all over the world. It published 12 or 13 books and pamphlets, and not just in Dutch. Then, in the beginning of the 1970s, within the NVSH, the idea was born to, well, do something about paedophiles.

PAN The impetus came from NVSH, no longer COC?

DR. BERNARD No, it did not come from COC. There was a case here in Rotterdam of a paedophile who was in trouble with himself — he later committed suicide.

PAN Was he being persecuted by the police or the courts?

DR. BERNARD No. But NVSH was then handling nearly all aspects of human sexuality, except child sexuality and paedophilia. So the board organized a meeting. About 16 or 17 people gathered in the main office in The Hague, a multi-disciplinary group, all professionals.

PAN They weren't exclusively paedophiles pleading their own cause.

DR. BERNARD By no means. There was Witte, head of NISSO, The Netherlands Institute for Social-Sexuological Research. He is not at all a paedophile. There were

Peter van Eeten and Ids Haagsma, both journalists and not paedophile. At that meeting it was decided that a book must be written, and **Sex With Children** was the result.

PAN A fine book, not, unfortunately, translated into English yet.

DR. BERNARD It was a kind of turning point. It marked the emergence of the paedophile work groups in The Netherlands and abroad. The first was formed in Rotterdam, in January 1972, just before **Sex With Children** came out. I remember it was my thinking at the time that a woman, a mother with children, rather than a man, should be our president, so a Mrs. Fonk served in that capacity for several years. Soon other cities started work groups. Amsterdam, I think, was second. Now there are fifteen, and they are listed in the last pages of NIKS, the monthly magazine.

PAN Yes, this is very remarkable, because in England and America there would be one or two meetings and then everybody would be rounded up by the police.

DR. BERNARD Within the framework of the NVSH five international meetings

Police generally aren't very much interested if you keep things open.

were organized in Breda between 1972 and 1975, at half-year intervals. I remember how exciting that first meeting was, with over 100 people interested in paedophilia gathered together! About one-third, incidentally, were non-paedophile. The meetings were completely open. Even the police were invited. Police generally aren't very much interested if you keep things open.

PAN Were there any repercussions, reprisals, as there were following the Swansea meeting a year and a half ago?

DR. BERNARD Well, you cannot compare Breda with Swansea. The Swansea symposium on paedophilia, where I gave a paper called 'Paedophilia: the Consequences for the Child', was part of a larger

I suppose the Bishop was greatly shocked . . .

conference organized by the official Psychological Association of Wales. Someone, indeed, from the United States, had some trouble. He lost, or will lose, his job after he presented a paper, and it has never been very clear to me how that can happen, but this was in America, not in England. In England there was a lot of publicity, but that was mostly generated by PIE, not the symposium itself.

PAN So in Breda there was no difficulty with newspapers and so on?

DR. BERNARD A few journalists came, but they didn't publish so very much — notices that such a conference was being held, that sort of thing. But there was a reporter from the Bishop of Breda who told me, after the first conference, 'I will make a long story on this because I think it is very important.' I suppose the Bishop was greatly shocked! I did research at Breda, too. It was an exceptional opportunity, with so many paedophiles from all over. I studied the composition of the group, the personalities, the neuroses of the paedophiles and so on. The results have been published in professional journals like the *Journal of Sex Research*, and in my book, recently published in Germany, *Pädophilie* (Aschenbach, Lollar/Lahn 1979).

PAN Changing the subject completely, what about Dutch prison sentences for paedophile acts? Even in the bad old days of the thirties, weren't sentences very

different from those in England and America? For example, even now in England and America it is not at all unusual for someone convicted for the first time in his life of contact with, say, a 14-year-old boy, to be put in prison for 20 years. Was this length of sentence ever given here?

DR. BERNARD No. Maximum sentences for homosexual contact with a boy between 16 and 21 used to be 4 years (that law was abolished in 1971), between 12 and 16 it is six years, so you could never get more than that. And the practice in this country is that you have to be a very bad boy indeed to get the maximum. So even before the war no one was in prison as long as you say they are in America, but a several-year sentence was not unusual.

PAN Since the general liberalization we have been talking about they have been much lighter, haven't they? The usual prison term for a **repeated** paedophile offence would be one or two months, in the Amsterdam-Rotterdam area, perhaps

more in Arnhem or Groningen.

DR. BERNARD This is true of other offences, too. You are in prison a far shorter time now than you used to be.

PAN Finally, what would be your advice to paedophiles in other countries? Is there hope of further liberalization here and abroad?

DR. BERNARD That is very hard to say. Old prejudices, even though research may have shown them to be groundless, die very hard. I continue to think it is necessary for paedophiles, wherever they are, to form groups and to work, with whatever degree of discretion their national environment demands, for enlightenment and tolerance. There is a great need for more and better research into the sexuality of the child and the man or woman who loves it, and for the distribution of this information to parents, teachers, lawmakers and so on. But it will be a continual struggle and there will be many reversals.

Dr. Bernard was born in Rotterdam in 1920. He studied psychology, psychopathology and criminology at the Universities of Amsterdam and Nijmegen. As a practicing psychologist he has held positions in many parts of the world, including Barcelona and Karachi. His published books include **La psicología y sus aplicaciones** (Applied Psychology), Barcelona 1949; **Sex met kinderen** (Sex with Children) (Co-author), Den Haag 1972; **Pedofilie**, Bussum 1975; **Pädophilie — Von der Liebe mit Kindern** (Paedophilia — Love with Children), Lollar/Lahn 1979. He has written numerous papers for German, American, Dutch and English scientific journals. At the present time he is scientific advisor to the Paedophile Workgroup of the Netherlands Association for Sexual Reform and is deeply involved both in cross-cultural research on paedophilia and childhood sexuality and in the international movements for sexual emancipation. On March 4 he was



elected to the board of the Association for the Advancement of Social Scientific Sex Research.

LETTERS



Many years ago I helped an Albanian clan-chief escape from an Italian concentration camp. In return he invited me to visit him as often as I wished for as long as I live, an invitation I have availed myself of so thoroughly that I have now learned to speak the language. One million Albanians live in the Kossovo area of Yugoslavia. There I have been able to gain some insight into their sexual customs. If you become a **Probo** or **Probatin** (the closest English equivalent I can come up with is 'elective brother') of a family or clan, nobody has any sexual secret from you.

In the Kossovo district sexual relations with children, homophile as well as heterophile, are very common, although officially forbidden. Some orthodox priests even marry homophile men to one another, or a man to a boy. Of course, such weddings are rare, secret and illegal, but they are, as far as I know, ecclesiastically valid.

Albanian paedophiles have developed a vocabulary to describe the various age groups of their loved ones. A **tabaraki** is a boy between 5 and 15, a **cimili** a boy between 6 and 9, a **voca** a boy between 10 and 14, a **kalma** a boy between 7 and around 10 or 12, a **quimepadale** (literally, hairless) a boy or girl who does not yet have pubic or auxiliary hair. In 1972 I published an essay (in the Albanian language) called 'Paedophilia - an alternative way of life' in Prishtina, Yugoslavia.

It is not difficult to find a boy or a girl for love-making in the larger cities of Macedonia like Prishtina, Prizren, Bitola, Skoplje, but these youngsters, like their counterparts everywhere, are commercial. In the small village, where the real Albanian life still is lived, boys and girls consider

sexual relations a pleasure and not a business and if you offer a village lad money he will be insulted. Of course he will be delighted to receive gifts — knives, printed T-shirts, stamps, air rifles and so on, but he will probably only accept them if they are a gift from the heart.

The Albanians of Kossovo are an amiable and noble people, and I consider their land, more than any other, my home.

D. P. P., Stuttgart

I am a 52-year-old boy-lover. Recently a Massachusetts man got 15 years in prison for merely looking at a 15-year-old naked boy (see *The Battle Line* — PAN). For me that would be a life sentence, and I would rather flee the country if I were caught. Is there anything I can do to prepare for that midnight knock on the door?

E. S., Boston, U.S.A.

Plenty. Get a passport, decide where you would go, move some cash there, and clue in a local lawyer now about this possible area of exposure.

Being a fugitive is not the most comfortable thing in the world, but many people find it preferable to spending the rest of their sexually active lives as known paedophiles in American prisons. Many countries, even Christian countries, are shocked by American attitudes toward paedophilia and the prison sentences handed down by American courts, and there a sexual fugitive can be relatively safe and free from heavy social discrimination. Let us examine the steps one would take more closely.

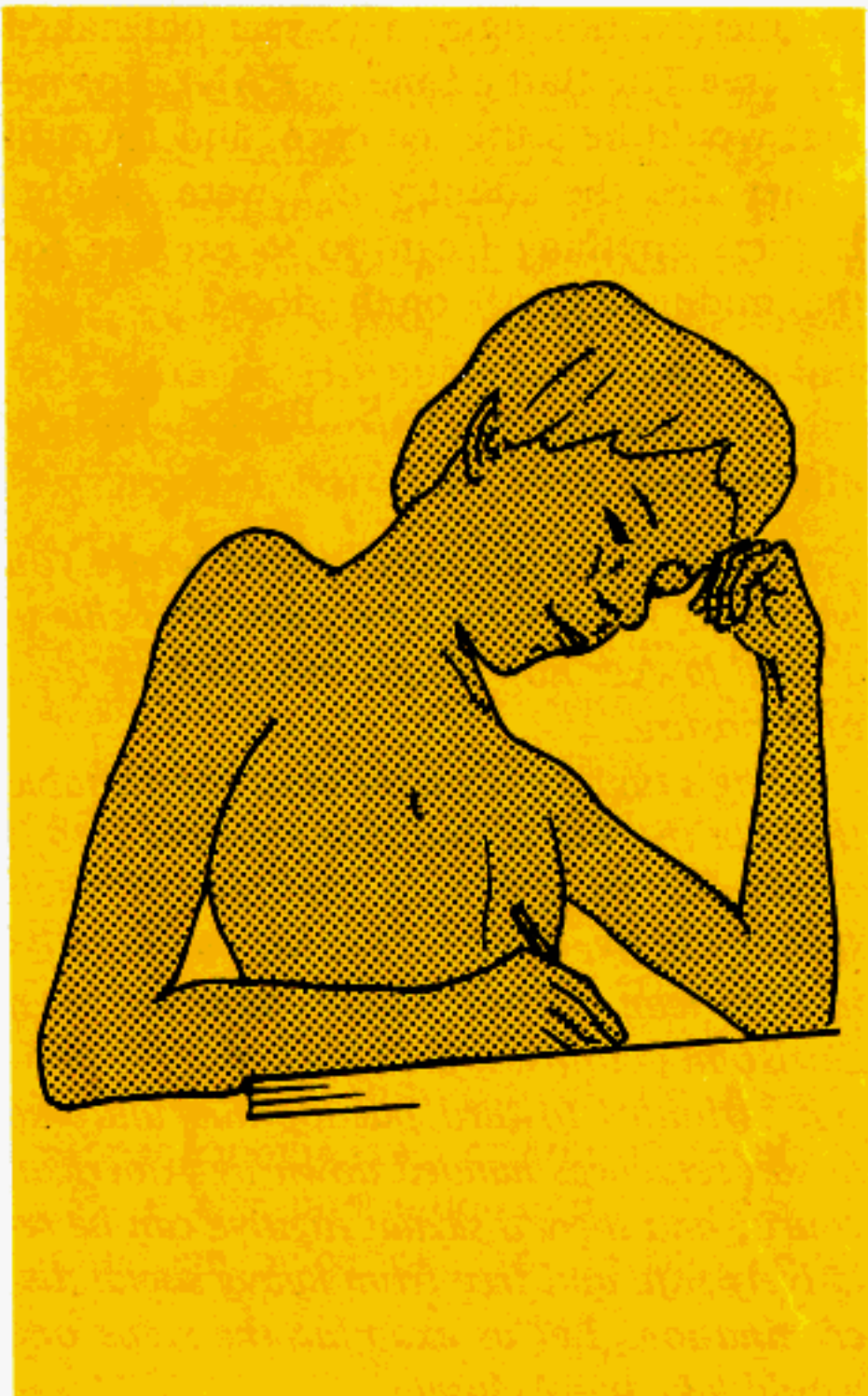
Current U.S. passports run for five years, and can be extended, through an embassy, for another three. If you don't have a passport already, get one, and then keep renewing it so that it always has at least 3 years of validity remaining. Most likely, if you are a fugitive, the U.S. State Department will cancel your passport, but, if you are careful with border crossings, and avoid air travel altogether, this is unlikely to be detected for some time. And time is worth its weight in gold - for you to adjust to a totally new situation, and for the case of the police to be slowly eroded away. In many major European cities there are American fugitives who have been living there quietly for years.

Deciding where to go may call for some extended world travelling. This is expensive but, if you are considering this alternative, it is highly recommended. Sweden and The Netherlands have no extradition treaties with the U.S. covering sexual offenses. Sri Lanka, too, would seem to be safe, as would several North African countries, and Guata-

mala and the Dominican Republic. In general, any non-Christian land which belongs to the non-aligned nations group would seem to be a pretty good bet. Avoid West Germany and Great Britain; the former has the most efficient computerized international police records in the world, with terminals in all airports and border crossing points, while England is every bit as fanatic about childhood sexuality as the U.S., and you must enter the island, no matter how you come, through centralized immigration stations.

Cash and other assets in the U.S. cannot legally be impounded just because you are a fugitive, but they can quickly become worthless to you. Anyone moving money to you outside the U.S. (from the sale of your house, say) can be imprisoned for 'aiding and abetting' a fugitive. Banks and stockbrokers will be very reluctant to transfer cash. So, before you get in trouble, build up a nest egg where the U.S. criminal authorities can't threaten the people who handle it. A couple of points to keep in mind: if a civil judgement is brought against you (psychological damage to the boy you made love to, for example), this could be enforced through most banks in most countries, so it is probably wise to break the chain of record somewhere outside the U.S. by making additional physical cash transfers. Also it is tempting to place your assets in an offshore trust company, but most of these firms are not very responsible and some are run by outright criminals. It is always better to have complete control over your own funds.

If you don't already have a lawyer who knows that you are a sexually active paedophile, get one immediately. When you receive, as you put it, 'that midnight knock on the door' you will be in no state to grapple with the problem of selecting a lawyer who might be sympathetic but might not after you drop your surprise in his lap. And often police allow you only one phone call. If you don't know any lawyer with whom you would like to entrust this information, get in touch with the Boston-Boise committee, which has helped with other witch-hunt victims' legal defenses.



**Full-page
photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

[p.21]

REPORT FROM PARIS

The two opposed forces of reasoned enlightenment and greedy reaction have been more than usually visible in this city recently. After years of debate and research, France was in the process of lowering its age of consent for all sexual acts, homosexual and heterosexual, to fifteen. Surprisingly, the opponents of liberalization had been rather quiet and, until January, it looked as though the new law would clear the National Assembly without the kind of storm and protest which usually accompany such changes.

There were signs that the French were beginning to take a new look at paedophilia. A young teacher, Gilbert Villerot, imprisoned for a year in the north city of Alençon for contact with minors, wrote a moving series of articles in **Libération** on his experiences both in prison and in his love for an eleven-year-old boy.

True, there had been a few bad signs. In November, 1977 the **Nouvelle Observateur**, a rather liberal weekly magazine, printed a scurrilous, badly researched article on boy prostitution in the United States. Although written by a French woman it followed closely the current formula of American newspaper reporting on paedophilia, even to quoting extensively Lloyd Martin of the Los Angeles Police Department (disguised as 'Inspecteur Jason'). European paedophiles were incensed and flooded the editor with letters. None, unfortunately, were printed, only one note from a homosexual saying that **they** never molested little boys.

And then there were a couple of scandals in the Midi, one involving an alleged boys' club and the other a bank manager who seems to have had relationships with minors. In both cases the heat had been confined to the gutter press. The banker, never jailed, was actually re-employed by his bank at his old salary but in another city.

Now, however, the opponents of reform have a scandal after their own hearts. Last autumn the police in far away Los Angeles raided the home of one Harry Johnson and seized his private correspondence. In it were letters from a French basketball coach by

the name of Jaques Dugué. The Los Angeles police, whose fanatic persecution of paedophiles contrasts strangely with that city's world-wide reputation of liberality, tipped off their Parisian colleagues, who, in turn, put Dugué's house in suburban Saint-Ouen under surveillance. On September 29th they entered his quarters - and struck gold.

Photos and letters - Dugué seems to have been both a prolific correspondent and photographer - led authorities to Chartres and Lyon, and by the time they had exhausted their leads 12 men stood indicted. To the credit of the French police they made no effort to bring this affair into the headlines. That was done by **MINUTE**, a Paris gutter journal. The father of one of Dugué's young visitors, mad at what he assumed was police inaction, went to **MINUTE** and told all. It was a 'million-dollar scoop', one which must have brought more money tinkling into **MINUTE**'s treasury than Dugué and his contacts could ever have earned in multiple lifetimes of pornographic photography. And commercial porno seems very much to be a part of the scandal.

According to **LE MONDE**, one of the best French newspapers, photos shot by Dugué of boys Dugué knew appeared in the Danish color boy-porn magazine **LOVER BOYS**. Dugué, who admits to taking photos and films, claims no knowledge of how this material came into commercial circulation, or who profited from it. On January 26 and 27 **Libération** published a long, rambling letter from Dugué, written from his prison cell to the judge assigned to his case. A few quotes:

'I concede that I have no chance (of winning). And that is really unjust, since the punishments are so enormous compared with the acts themselves, which hurt no one'.

'All the boys with whom I have had contact have loved me. They have enjoyed and willingly participated in everything we have done together - participated not only freely but with pleasure and love!

'You probably don't want to admit it - maybe you haven't even thought about it this way - but you have destroyed a strong and beautiful friendship between the boys and myself, something important which we

will never be able to replace.'

'It is no accident that suicide rates in prisons are the highest amongst people who have been incarcerated for having made love to minors.'

The reference to suicide seems not to have been fortuitous. 'Lonely in his cell and aware of the near-certainty of a heavy sentence,' as LE MONDE put it, Dugué tried to take his life. For 15 days he lay in a coma but, by the end of February, he was once more out of danger. He has refused the services of any attorney and will be handling his own defense. But in this country justice is very slow and it may be two years before the case comes to trial. Meanwhile Dugué and many of the others indicted wait in prison.

The tragedy echos outward. 'Judging by the emotions aroused by the Dugué affair,' editorialized Bertrand Le Gendre in the February 27th edition of LE MONDE, 'the revision of the articles in the Penal Code dealing with adult-child relations . . . is not yet ready to be accepted by the public.'

Suspended sentences . . . Androcur . . . Law reform . . .

REPORT FROM AMSTERDAM

The Netherlands may be many years away from true sexual enlightenment, but at least the Dutch have the admirable habit of publicly **discussing** sensitive sexual issues, and of bringing into their discussions as much reason and knowledge as they possibly can.

Six months ago a social worker who had had sexual contact with several boys in the 13 to 15 year old bracket appealed the sentence handed down by a local court in The Hague of two months in prison. That case stimulated a major effort on the part of the Paedophile Workgroup of the Netherlands Association for Sexual Reform

(N.V.S.H.), and the court of appeals set him free with a suspended sentence of one month and a fine so small as to be only symbolic. This favorable outcome set a precedent which recently was followed in another case, also coming up in The Hague courts.

A man was charged under the much harsher law which penalizes sexual contacts with a child who is in the care of the accused. Once again the accused was released with a suspended sentence, even though he had had several previous convictions for the same offense. This case, unlike the earlier one, made little stir in the press. Judges, at least in the heavily populated region of Holland which includes Amsterdam and Rotterdam, are slowly coming to the conclusion that sexual contacts with children are not very serious offences.

That seems less to be the case in Dutch prison circles. The big issue at the present time has to do with giving 'sexual delinquents' the choice of long term incarceration or submitting to chemical castration. The argument became especially heated after the conservative Minister of Justice defended the practice which, now that it has been revealed, is causing, to the enormous credit of the Dutch, a major scandal.

It all began when a paedophile in the Arnhem area of Eastern Netherlands was arrested for having had admittedly consensual sexual contact with a boy slightly under the national age of consent. He was placed in a 'Psychological Observation Clinic' (a sort of mental hospital for the evaluation of people who may be criminally insane) in which, following Dutch law, a 'patient' can be kept indefinitely, without trial or sentence, if the powers that be feel he is a threat to society. There he came into contact with a certain Dr. J. Schüler, psychiatrist, a man who was to play a decisive role both in his life and in the ensuing scandal.

Dr. Schüler gave him a simple choice: dose himself with androcur, a drug which stops all sexual feelings and the ability to get an erection for as long as it is taken, or face indefinite incarceration either in a prison or a psychiatric hospital. The man started taking the drug - and in a couple of months suffered a physical and emotional collapse.

Fortunately the victim got in touch with the NVSH Paedophile Workgroup, which first persuaded him to stop taking the drug, then immediately notified the 'Reclassering', the Dutch agency which reviews prisoners' dispositions and the terms of their confinement. From here the issue spread to the big Dutch dailies.

It now seems that androcur is a relatively new drug on the market, and that it has many unhealthy side effects, including the growing of female breasts which not infrequently have to be amputated, and the possibility of permanent sexual impairment following long use. Not long ago another Dutch youth attempted suicide after his doctor prescribed it.

How does the good Dr. Schüler feel about forcing the paedophile to take androcur? 'Of course the convicted man was not free to chose,' he said, 'but what was the alternative? He himself decided he didn't want to stay in the detention house. I am a practical man and I don't see that what I did was wrong. Naturally, this man would have had more freedom if he hadn't done what he did . . .'

And about the drug, androcur, 'It has already been tested for many years. It is the sort of substance you can regulate, so you can leave someone a small bit of his sexuality. It has side effects of dizziness and nausea, the same as for anyone who suddenly finds himself without his balls. Of course it's a chemical castration, but I don't think it's **that** bad: you're not cutting the man's head off.'

The Dutch Minister of Justice, Mr. J. de Ruitter, denies that it is a form of castration, or that there can be any physical damage caused by the drug. De Ruitter is not a physician; he is a lawyer, and both a member and appointee of the Christian Democratic Appeal, the conservative ruling party in the present coalition government of The Netherlands.

De Ruitter tried to bolster his argument for the continuance of androcur in the affairs of criminal justice by stating that surgical castration has been outlawed here for ten years, and that, as a practical matter, there would be little use made of androcur because

there are very few 'sexual delinquents' who can be successfully treated in this manner. It seems that this would be of only limited comfort to those who lost their genital parts ten or eleven years ago, or to those paedophiles today who some police psychiatrist thinks can be 'successfully treated' with androcur.

Lost in the discussion as far as Schüler and de Ruitter were concerned was the question of why it should ever be necessary to forcefully deprive a man of his sexuality when it has only been used lovingly in mutually consensual relations.

There was more bad news for boy-lovers in Holland last month when sources close to the government commission which advises on 'moral' legislation reported that it would recommend neither lowering the age of consent (which now stands at 16) nor decriminalizing adult-child sexual relations.

Two years ago when the Minister of Justice of The Netherlands, acting upon the request of influential members of both houses of parliament, charged the commission to look into the matter of liberalizing the laws, there was great optimism within the NVSH and dozens of youth groups which had long been demanding legal reform. However, as the months, then the years, dragged on without any visible signs of progress, spirits fell. In a last-ditch attempt to stimulate some activity, the NVSH published in December, the report, 'Age Boundaries in Moral Legislation: Protection or Deception?' (available in Dutch only from NVSH, P.O. Box 540, Zoetermeer, Netherlands). There is no indication however, that commission members have even read it.

As this issue of PAN goes to press, the Dutch parliament is debating whether to stop chemical castration in the nation's prisons.

TRAVEL



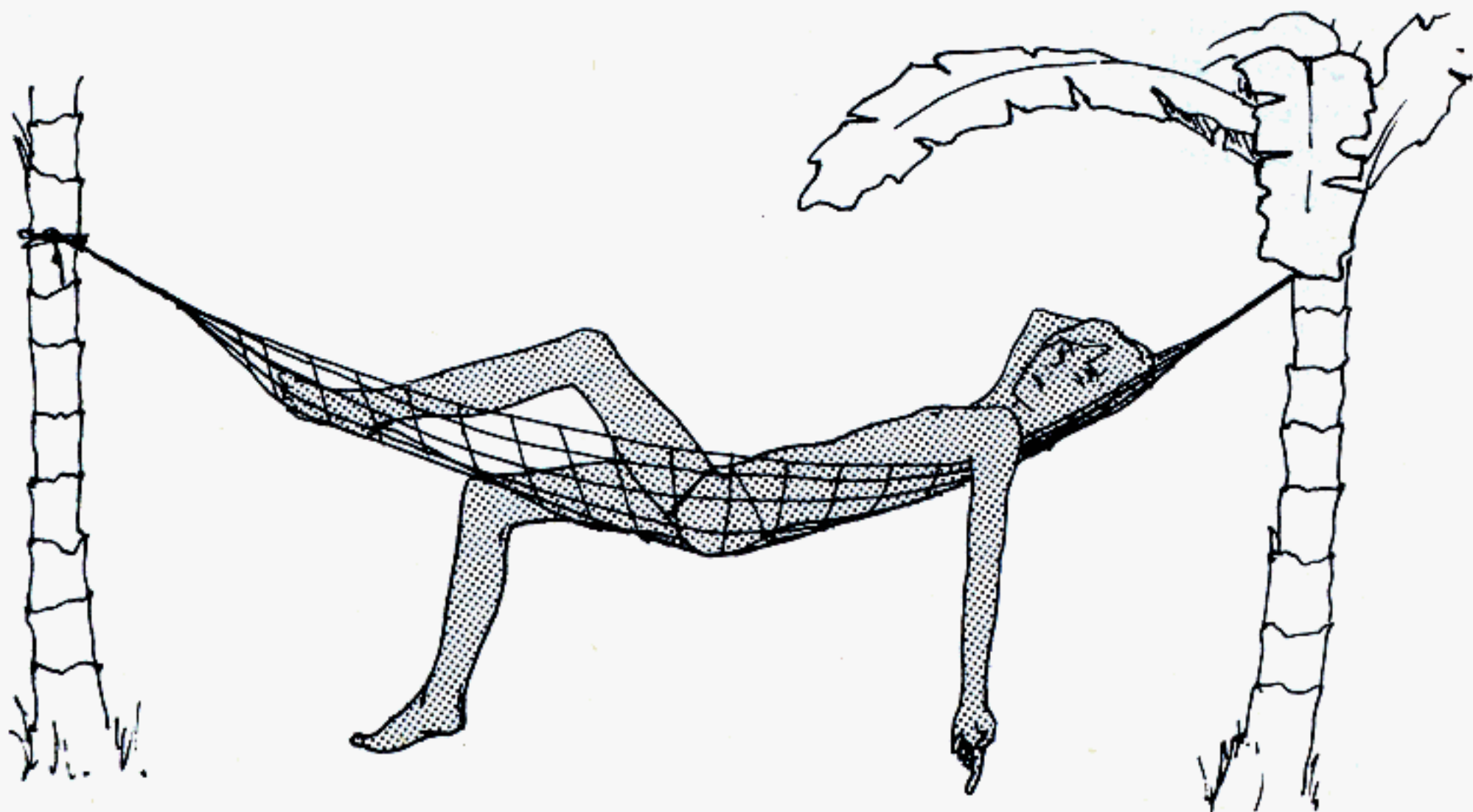
THE ISLE OF SERENDIP . . .

Take a gently varried little continent 200 miles long by 100 miles wide and set it down in tropical waters where the waves of the Indian Ocean can comb its beaches and the sea breezes cool its shores, then populate it with the most handsome, smiling, friendly people on earth and you will have Sri Lanka - Ceylon, as it used to be called. Or The Isle of Serendip, whence comes the word 'serendipity', meaning the faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident.

Many peoples have discovered Sri Lanka. The first to leave a clear imprint were the Sinhalese, still the dominant population group. They came, according to legend and the linguists, from northern India and built great cities - and ambitious irrigation systems which are still in use some 2,000 years later. Then began a millenium of Dravidic invasions. The Tamils from the region around Madras in southern India

eventually succeeded in occupying the ancient cities of the north and driving the Sinhalese farther and farther into the southern mountains. To this day the northern plains are mainly farmed by Tamils, who have their own language and follow either Islam or the Hindu faith, while the Buddhist Sinhalese own most of the rest of Sri Lanka.

Europeans, too, have discovered Ceylon, from ancient Greeks and Phoenicians sailing there in their fragile ships to sun-starved Scandinavian tourists arriving this year in Boeing 747s. The Portuguese were the first to stay. They set up trading stations along the western shores, built churches and lent their names to many of the people. To this day half of Colombo, the capital, seems to be made up of Pereras, de Silvas and Fernandos. Next came the ambitious Dutch, who were the dominant western power from roughly 1650 until 1800. They built canals (of course), leant many words to modern Sinhalese and added their distinctive architecture to several towns. Finally England drove the Dutch out



and conquered the one Sinhalese kingdom which, through the centuries, had resisted European invasion, the Mountain Kingdom of Kandy. For another century and a half Ceylon was the jewel of the British Empire and English remains one of the three official languages.

Ceylon became independent when England moved out of the Indian Peninsula. Since then it has had a reasonably popular, open and democratic government which is mildly socialistic and has placed Sri Lanka firmly in the non-aligned nation group - a major blessing for paedophiles, since U.S. and English moral pressure is not very effective. There is always, politically, a sort of underground warfare between the Tamils and Sinhalese, and this has even broken out into violent conflict on a couple of occasions. No tourists or other westerners have been hurt in it, however, and on the whole the Ceylonese are among the gentler groups of Indo-Europeans.

And certainly among the best looking. Although they range in skin color from café-au-lait (Sinhalese) to prune-black (Tamil), their features are quite European, and many a Sri Lankan could pass for a westerner with straight black hair, brown eyes and a deep sun tan. Rumor (probably a Tamil rumor) has it that Tamils are better endowed than the Sinhalese. It is a fact, however, that westerners are much taller (and in middle and late life, alas, much fatter) than the Ceylonese, who have slender, strong bodies, straight white teeth in youth, straight, luxuriant hair on their heads and very little on their bodies. Tamils and Sinhalese alike are physically graceful and have deep brown, expressive eyes. Hair develops quite late on their faces and upper lips, if it ever comes at all. Most Sri Lankans seem years younger than they are: a thirteen-year-old looks like a European ten-year-old, and fifteen-year-olds are mistaken by us for lads of twelve or thirteen.

The impression of beauty is greatly strengthened by the fact that the Ceylonese always seem to be smiling. This isn't just a facial tic: it is indicative of a very deep and genuine friendliness, and a kind of trustfulness rare in the modern world. Seventy percent of the Sri Lankans are Buddhist. It is interesting to speculate on the influence of this gentle religion.

Would the Sri Lankans be as nice, as open, as friendly, as free of sexual guilts had they been subject to one of the great Middle-East desert religions adopted by Europe and the Mediterranean world? True, many Tamils are Muslim, and the Christian missionaries have been active at least since the 1400s, but Buddhism has determined Ceylonese society and somehow it seems to have gentled these foreign faiths.

It would be a great mistake to think that the Ceylonese were without sexual inhibitions, however. Every country has to have its own peculiar vices. Great stress is laid on virginity, and this goes hand-in-hand with the inferior status of women. It will be years before women's lib (and its vile flotsam like Mary Whitehouse and Anita Bryant) reaches Sri Lanka. As a result there is an almost complete separation of the sexes, socially and to a large degree sexually. On the street, in shops and restaurants, you will see groups of men and boys (often pairs are holding hands, openly caressing one another) and groups of women and girls, but the two groups never seem to meet and merge.

So it isn't surprising that the average Sri Lankan male is for all practical purposes bisexual. Before he makes his (usually family-arranged) marriage nearly all of his sexual experience is with other members of his own sex. Fortunately Ceylonese society takes a very liberal view of homophile love-making, and an equally enlightened view of childhood sexuality. The myth of the 'innocent' (non-sexual) child is a late European invention which fortunately didn't make it to the shores of Ceylon.

There is a peculiar combination of liberality and prudishness in Sri Lanka. On the one hand nudity is absolutely taboo (naked swimming is considered especially shocking) and interaction between boys and girls before marriage carefully proscribed; on the other hand quite young boys, certainly from the age of puberty on, are allowed a freedom of sexual self-disposal undreamed of in even the most liberal western country.

Fortunately for the visiting boy-lover, the friendliness and openness of Sri Lankan

boys extends to foreigners, too. White skin may recall the colonial past but it doesn't seem to stimulate resentment: most often it merely makes you appear distinguished in the boy's eyes, on a practical level, rich. In a smiling country your smile is the best introduction. If you smile at a young lad who appeals to you it will never be resented, even if the boy doesn't especially want to go with you.

Prostitution, in the western sense, does exist in Sri Lanka, but the prostitutes are women. Police and hoteliers are as disapproving here as in any place in Europe. What may transpire between a western visitor and a Sri Lankan boy must go by some other name. It is true that sometimes boys who go with foreigners profit from the contacts, through employment as house-boys, gifts, trips, payments of money or goods. But such boys seem to suffer little from social pressure if they aren't highly promiscuous, even less from sexual guilt. They have nothing of the suppressed anger and self-disgust of so many American or European hustlers. Many westerners have been surprised to find themselves, after making uninhibited love with a boy, being invited into the home of his parents, who often inform him, with quite sincere pride, of their son's continuing friendship with some German or Englishman.

You will not run across the kind of boy who permits himself only passive participation in a love episode. Most boys have a surprisingly wide repertory of sexual activities and simply assume that affection, kissing and caressing, are an indispensable ingredient of love. But also indispensable, from his point of view, is that he like you.

This brings up a very interesting point: what does a Ceylonese boy admire? What kind of a man is he likely to like? In the first place age does not seem to be the disadvantage it is in the western world. Older men have found Sri Lankan boys just as open toward them as to the young and good-looking. Older people are admired in Sri Lanka, and respected. Also, baldness seems to conjure up associations with Buddhist priests who, from their training as pubertal lads onwards, shave their heads.

What the Ceylonese boy wants most of all is to be liked, to be valued, perhaps, if he is poor, to be helped and protected a little. If you are able to do these things other considerations, such as looks, youth and so on, become very much less important, and you will probably be surprised at the depth and sincerity of the devotion a young boy can show you.

What the Ceylonese lad doesn't like is crudeness and all the trappings of the macho personality. It is almost impossible to overstress the matter of decorum. The numbers queen who comes to Sri Lanka with a camera and a diary, who is loud and braggish and is used to treating his sexual partners as slaves, will not be very welcome in this land.

Decorum is especially necessary because, contrary to what you frequently hear, there are laws against homosexual activity on the books, inherited from the British. In all the 20 years of Sri Lanka's independent existence they haven't once been used in a criminal process or made the basis of complying with an extradition request, but that could change over night. All it would take for these old laws to be dusted off and enforced would be a bevy of complaints from the precious Christian tourists that authorities were allowing 'vice' to flourish right under their noses. Anyone doubting this only has to remember that the British law against blasphemy hadn't been put to the test for 56 years before it was handed to Mary Whitehouse to help her persecute England's gays. Similarly, Tunisia had been a notoriously tolerant country when it came to paedophile contacts until complaints by virtuous (and big-spending) European hets led to mass arrests of the little beach boys and their incarceration in 're-education' camps.

But for the moment Sri Lanka is a blessedly relaxed, wondrously beautiful, unbelievably friendly place for the boy-lover to visit **provided** he is an essentially gentle man and requires affectionate love. Let us hope it can stay that way - and let us all who visit pledge ourselves to helping the Isle of Serendip preserve this most precious custom.



BOOKS

MEN AND BOYS: An Anthology, Edward M. Slocum, Ed., New York, 1924. Reprinted, with An Appreciation by T. d'Arch Smith and an Introduction by Donald H. Mader by The Coltsfoot Press, Inc., 507 Fifth Ave, New York, NY 10017, 1978, \$ 18.00.

The Victorian-Edwardian era (in America the years of McKinley, Cleveland, Teddy Roosevelt) were an odd time for boy-lovers. On the one hand love, every kind of love, was immensely idealized; on the other hand its physical manifestations were held to be so abhorrent that most people knew very little about other people's tastes and other people's sexual practices. As a result, paedophiles, providing they did not otherwise bruise the law or offend local sensibilities, could operate in a vastly less suspicious climate than we do now; they could write idealized, lightly erotic poems which passed muster in an unsuspecting heterophile society. And, taking their cue from inhibited straights, some could even wallow in their platonic loves while reacting with virtuous horror to any suggestion that their passions be fulfilled through human coupling.

This curious collection of paedophile poetry seems to have been the first of its kind ever published in America. There are translations (surprisingly few) from the Greek poets, a few from the Roman and medieval writers, but the bulk of the collection is of English and American boy-love verse.

The editors of this new edition have done a lot of bibliographic sleuthing to discover the identity of the anthologist. It seems he

was a chemical engineer by the name of Edward M. Slocum (1882-1946) who graduated from the university of Tennessee, obtained a doctorate from Columbia, spent much of his life in Malaysia and was a prolific writer - of such treatises as 'Synthesis of Some New Higher Aliphatic Glycols...' in **The American Perfumer and Essential Oils Review!** However meticulous he may have been in his scientific career, Slocum was a terrible scholar and committed in the present volume the unpardonable sins of altering poems in any way he liked - not emasculating verse that was a little too sexually explicit, but **masculating** some that wasn't sexy enough. He treated poetry with about the same cavalier disregard of ethics as, say, the **Chicago Tribune** or London's **News of the World** treats news.

Yet **Men and Boys** is enormously charming; its value doesn't rest entirely upon its historical interest. Roughly half of the poems are from the latter half of the 19th Century and the first quarter of the 20th. The earlier English poems are full of Greek gods and allusions; later the boys come down to earth somewhat and are seen swimming, doing things with flowers, sometimes even kissing. Most of them have golden hair: usually the hair is in curls. (Curiously - for many of these poets were clergymen - we hear little about choirboys: perhaps clergy knew better than anyone else that inside the angelic surplice you found just another grubby kid.)

Of especial interest is the last 25 pages devoted to American boy-love verse. It may well be, as Smith maintains in his introduction, that there is little here of much artistic merit, but many of the poems have

the ability to bring you sharply back to a former time and let you see boys through the eyes of boy-lovers of our grandfather's generation:

I like rumped little boys,
With collars upstanding
And buttons missing;
Little boys with rough red cheeks
And freckled noses,
And restless hands
That are never still.

I like neat little boys
In Norfolk suits
With white collars and dotted winsor ties
And slicked black hair, still wet,
And restless hands
That are never still.

I like little boys.

The new Coltsfoot Press edition reproduces the exact 1924 text of 83 pages but adds as many pages of commentary. The loose circle of American boy-love versifiers who exchanged letters, poems and experiences with each other during the quarter decade preceding publication is nicely described. Most of the writers themselves are identified and one is struck by the generally distinguished company we are in. The picture modern psychiatrists draw of boy-lovers as failed human beings is once again

shown to be nothing more than social prejudice carried over into a supposedly scientific pursuit.

One of the great American collections of boys' books is now available for public use in the University of South Florida Library, Tampa. **A Bibliography of Hard-Cover, Series-Type Boys' Books** (Tampa, Data-Print 1977) describes the 4,000 volume collection and is an index to it.

PÄDOPHILIE - Liebe mit Kindern (Paedophilia - Love with Children) by Dr. Frits Bernard, with an afterword by J. Hohmann. Verlag Andreas Achenbach, D-6304 Lollar/Lahn January 1979, 176 pages, 22 DM. Text in German.

For those who can read German there could be no better introduction to the psychology of paedophilia than this extremely important, and economical, paperback by the well known Dutch psychologist (See page 15). We hope some day it will be published in English and when it is we will give it the full review it deserves. Suffice it to say at this point that Dr. Bernard approaches the subject blessedly free of all the social prejudices which have crept into conventional psychology and presents his own findings, and those of the few other scientists who have conducted substantial and original research, in a clear and understandable way.

.....✂
SUBSCRIPTION FORM

**SPARTACUS P.O. Box 3496
1001 AG Amsterdam THE NETHERLANDS**

Please enter my one-year (5 issue) subscription to PAN.

Name

Address

I enclose _____
for a one-year subscription.

Please also send me information about picture magazines containing boys*

* Due to recent repressive legislation in England and the U.S.A., SPARTACUS will send no sexually explicit pictorial material containing juveniles into these two countries.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION:

Prices quoted below include postage and all copies will come in sealed envelopes. For subscriptions outside of Europe copies will be airmailed.

	1 copy Newsstand price	One Year Subscription 5 copies
Australia	5 \$ Australia	20 \$ Australia
Austria	50 Sch.	200 Sch.
Belgium	110 BFr.	440 BFr.
Canada	5 \$ Canada	20 \$ Canada
Denmark	19 Krone	75 Krone
Finland	14.85 Markka	60 Markka
France	16 FFr.	64 FFr.
Germany (West)	7.50 DM	30 DM
Greece	140 Drachma	550 Drachma
Italy	3150 Lira	12,500 Lira
Japan	765 Yen	3050 Yen
Netherlands	7.50 HFl.	30 HFl.
New Zealand	5 \$ New Zealand	20 \$ New Zealand
Norway	19 Krone	75 Krone
Portugal	180 Escudo	700 Escudo
Spain	260 Peseta	1030 Peseta
Sweden	16. Krona	65 Krona
Switzerland	7.50 SFr.	30 SFr.
United Kingdom	1.85 £	7.40 £
U.S.A.	5 \$ American	20 \$ American

HOW TO MAKE PAYMENTS FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO PAN

If you live in **Britain** or **Eire**, send an ordinary cheque with your order, or write for our Bank-Giro payment form. If you live in **Continental Europe** exclusive of France, you may 1) send a cheque drawn on a German, Swiss, Belgian, Dutch or Spanish bank, in the currency of the country of the bank, 2) send cash by registered post or 3) send a Mandat International Postale. Dutch guilders in cash are accepted only from subscribers in **The Netherlands**. If you live in **France** you can comply with French currency regulations by sending an Mandat International Postale or a Euro-cheque made out in Dutch Guilders. If you live in **USA**, **Canada** or **Latin America**, send a cashier's cheque in USA \$ on a USA bank, or USA dollars in cash by registered post. If you live anywhere else in the world send cash in your native currency by registered post.

THE BATTLE LINE



Judge Edwin McCooey as Monster of the Month

American justice broke out again in Massachusetts last February when a 39-year-old gay was sentenced to fifteen years in prison for ogling and massaging an adolescent boy in a private sauna. By the boy's own admission there had been no sexually suggestive talk, nor had the man, a hair stylist by profession, even touched the boy's sexual organs.

The trial was heard in the Worcester Superior Court by one Judge Edwin McCooey. Judge McCooey distinguished himself by denying every motion offered by the defense. He refused to allow the defendant, Richard Barse, to have the lawyer of his choice. He would not admit any expert testimony for the defense, not even that of a psychiatrist. He hurried the defense but let the prosecution take all the time it needed. He all but instructed the jury to find Barse guilty of the charge of 'assault with intent to rape a child under sixteen', and then added that this was the worst crime he could imagine, worse even than mass murder.

The Gay Community News described the goings-on in the Worcester courthouse: 'Throughout the trial Judge MacCooey exhibited bizarre behavior. He mumbled aloud constantly to himself; he grimaced, burped, stood up and sat down rapidly during testimony, pressed his hands against his crotch while standing, and flapped his arms like a chicken. He made faces at the defendant and defense counsel, indicating alarm, surprise, disdain, sarcasm and disgust in an exaggerated manner.'

No country, of course, can claim that its bench is completely free of senile practitioners, but Judge McCooey's perverted ideas of what constitutes high criminality, his warped concepts of fairness, were surely not born just in his old age: he must have been dispensing this kind of law day in, day out for decades. One shudders to think of the lives ruined, innocent souls rotting away in the dreary prisons of Massachusetts because he was allowed to assume jurisdiction over them.

It is sad for Americans to reflect that their country, once the beacon of the oppressed, which received floods of refugees from all of Europe, is now driving good, loving, gentlemen from its shores with all the ferocity of a Cossack pogrom. When Richard Barse realized all was lost, that he was the classic victim of the classic Kangaroo Court, he slipped unobtrusively out of the courthouse while the jury was pondering its foregone verdict, fled Massachusetts, fled the United States and is now safe, at least temporarily, in The Netherlands.

Whether he will be able to find a permanent home here is an open question, but there can be no doubt about the vicious treatment he received in Massachusetts. In any minimally civilized society Judge Edwin McCooey would not only immediately be relieved of his authority but would be placed in a psychiatric institution to see if he was safe to turn loose on the streets. The continued presence in court of this nasty excrescence only strengthens the impression here that America's much publicized concern over human justice is totally insincere.

**Full-page
photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

[p.32, back cover]