

PAN

**a magazine
about boy~love**

NEWS

Paris, Amsterdam
Sydney, Los Angeles,
New York

LOVE AT SEA

a story by
Randy Woltz

Firbank's Novellas
by David James

BOOKS

Children and Sex
by Constantine & Martinson

BOYCAUGHT

On the novels of hope
by Edward Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

Social Workers

number 11

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Number 11

March, 1982

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IN BRIEF...



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

Perhaps most memorable was the showing of a 50-minute home-made super-8 sound film by one of the members of the Venlo workgroup commemorating his 6-year love affair with a local boy. Called *Afscheid nemen van een vriendje* (roughly translated as "accepting a young friend's farewell") it was put together by both man and boy *after* the affair had come to an end (but a warm

friendship remained) from many reels of casual movies taken over the years — of the boy playing the organ, riding a pony, wind-surfing, sailing, bicycling, at his 14th birthday party, even, briefly, making love. There was an interview with the boy's mother; a simple woman with over a dozen children struggling to care for her poor family, she accepted, in the end, the friendship and its sexual aspects — in fact she was even in the audience at Venlo when the movie was shown!

Adult-child relations are being depicted more and more on film and over TV in Holland, but *Afscheid nemen van een vriendje* was doubly touching because the man and the boy were real. The boy was no idealized beauty nor the man a brilliant intellectual or polished actor. These were two quite ordinary Dutch people who had the need and the courage to enter into a love relationship with one another and then defend it. The film has been copied onto video-cassettes for use in other symposia by groups working for youth emancipation. Since it is a private document it is not for sale or rent to private individuals. But it is a good example of how boy-lovers and their young friends can take the initiative with the talents they have to bring some light to this variant of the love instinct.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA A recent law enforcement circular of the US Postal Service makes interesting reading to see how the kiddie-porn bill of 1977 is faring in the federal courts. On evidence, it would seem just fine. A certain John E. Dawson was given a 12-year sentence in Florida for selling kiddie porn through the mails. In Wilmington, Delaware Francis J. Naughton received 5 years imprisonment

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on federal charges, 14 years on state charges for the same thing. In Detroit, Michigan, William D. Gilbert received a sentence of three to fifteen years in prison for making his own kiddie-porn and distributing it, and having sex with the boys, too. Finally, in Madison, Wisconsin, John S. Langford received 9 years imprisonment for selling and distributing kiddie-porn through the mails.

SOURCE: *Postal Inspection Service Law Enforcement Report*, Fall/Winter 1981.

HILVERSUM, NETHERLANDS At 9 o'clock Sunday evening, February 21, the VARA service which shares National Dutch Television with a half-dozen others, presented a beautiful 60-minute drama about the converse of "paedophilia" — the erotic response a normal Western boy can have to an adult male who takes an interest in him. *Nachttocht* (Night trip) shows 12-year-old Thomas literally in love with his hero, 23-year-old Frank, sport instructor at an

Amsterdam rowing club, and very much with the approval of the boy's mother. During at least the first half of the film it is quite evident that Frank is reacting positively to the boy's physical advances. In one subtly suggestive scene, when a rowing party has pulled up on the banks of Het Amsterdamse Bos, the big city park, and the other boys have swarmed off in search of mischief or adventure, Thomas finds Frank sprawled on the grass alone, flops down beside him, bites off the end of the ice-cream cone he has just bought and, as they talk, seductively drips the melt upon Frank's face. There is also a lot of groping around in Frank's pocket — for a tube of chap-stick.

The plot thickens when a night rowing trip through the lighted canals of Amsterdam is planned and Frank, at the last moment, informs his young friend that someone else will be the leader — because he has to participate in the birthday celebration of his niece. Thomas, unwillingly, goes off on the trip, but a thunderstorm spoils the event and the boy makes his way home, only to find his friend in bed with his mother!

The boy's reaction is rather extreme: he runs away, even fakes a suicide, but a sort of reconciliation is achieved at the end. In a remarkably effective cinematic close, the camera circles slowly two times around the three participants in this love triangle as they drink a cup of coffee in the sport club canteen and grope their way, through speech, to an understanding of what has happened. A very Dutch approach to the crises that come with being human and one which other countries could do worse than emulate.

The honest, sensitive script (his first for television) was provided by Marc Fiolet and the production was mounted by Nick van den Boezem who is proving to be one of the very best directors in The Netherlands. Van den Boezem has many interests, in the distinctive Dutch Cabaret, in comedy, theatre and music. He got marvellous performances from his three chief actors: Cox Habbema was warm and sympathetic as the divorced mother; Cees Heijne played a superb

gangling sport leader — “Just a big child himself”, as one of the characters said. Most remarkable was the complete absorption in the role of Thomas by 12-year-old Abel Claesen who was equally natural and convincing when he was being seductive, angry, suicidal, or just standing naked under the shower.

Not all the networks which share the Dutch transmitters are as fair and enlightened. Last January National Christian Radio (NCRV) produced a 20-minute shocker on Third World child prostitution which was almost entirely a Tim Bond show. A 15-minute taping of commentary by Executive Editor Frank Torey was reduced to three sentences selected solely for rebuttal by a thoroughly embarrassed Sri Lankan representative to the United Nations. One of the many preposterous statements made by Catherine Keul, the righteous MC, was that the police had been trying to track down Spartacus for months but she and her Christian sleuths had discovered us in one short morning, a statement which, incredibly, was believed by two congressmen of the far-left PPR political party who demanded in the Dutch parliament an explanation from the ministers of Justice and Foreign Affairs!

BALTIMORE, MD, USA An elderly construction engineer fell victim last May to the System here after a long struggle to balance family obligation, his sexuality and the demands of his probation authorities. Raymond R. Latham was arrested as he was leaving one of his construction sites with his 12-year-old daughter (who also, for some unaccountable reason, was hand-cuffed). Latham had pleaded guilty in 1977 to some mutually consensual sex with a boy and agreed, as a condition of parole, to receive weekly shots of Depo-Provera, a chemically castrating drug used and publically advocated in paedophile “cases” by his doctor, John Money of Johns Hopkins University, a treatment which, as Latham writes, “at my age of sixty-six I needed like a hole in the head.” It also, he is convinced, caused or at least aggra-

vated (medical experts would disagree) the rapid spread of skin cancer, for which he has recently had to undergo a third operation.

Another condition of his parole was that he not associate with boys, and he made the mistake of befriending and taking into his home a fifteen-year-old with dyslexia (and consequent learning problems in school) and giving him employment during the summer. The boy made rapid strides in school, at work and stopped the petty thievery he had engaged in before, but when word leaked out about this relationship Judge Ernest A. Loveless, Jr. of Upper Marlboro (against the advice of Michael English, Latham’s probation officer, and a Johns Hopkins psychiatrist, Dr. Fred Berlin) sentenced him to 16 years of imprisonment, even though there had apparently been no sexual contact whatever between Latham and the boy. Despite the sadistic sentence of the appropriately named Loveless, there is a hope that letters of support will help Latham obtain parole once again — and in a somewhat similar case in Michigan the state Appeals Court ruled that it was unconstitutional to bar a

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sex offender from associating with people under sixteen. Write Ray Latham, P. O. Box 549, Jessup, MD 20794, USA.

Surprisingly, one local newspaper printed a letter from Latham describing this judicial outrage and gave it the heading, "Many Prisoners Jailed for Trivial Reasons".

SOURCE: *Baltimore News-American*, 14 July, 1981; *New York Times*, 20 Dec., 1981.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA For a "straight" but liberal magazine it was an exceptional article. It came to such sensible conclusions as: "The innocent asexual child victim is as much a myth as the predatory monster child-molester. Both, no doubt, exist somewhere, but in the majority of cases are distortions fabricated to justify the hysterical shock-horror reaction to child-adult sexual encounters. The bulk of evidence, drawn from a wide range of cases throughout the world, suggests that, not only are the children rarely the innocent victims of an adult, but that they almost inevitably are fully consenting partners, if indeed they are not actively involved in establishing the relationship."

After outlining all the psychiatric assertions about paedophiles as emotional casualties or mental defectives, and how they got that way, writer Greg Tillet dismisses them with the simple statement, "For such theories no scientific evidence has yet been produced." Note that he doesn't just say that the theories haven't been proved; he says that there wasn't even any evidence upon which to erect them in the first place! He then goes on to demolish the argument that the child will be bent toward homosexuality or suffer intense guilt from the relationship after it "learns what sexuality is meant to be about", pointing to the fact that most boys involved sexually with men evolve into heterosexual adults who lead normal, productive lives thereafter: "It does seem... that children have a greater resilience than adults and can ignore such simplistic models when they know they are not realistic. The child will know that, provided his encounter

was a satisfying and a happy one, the adult concerned was not a degenerate and was not abusing him. The adult may, indeed, have offered a more satisfactory and satisfying parental model than either of the child's parents." Finally, he states categorically that "there is very real evidence that making a paedophile encounter known to the authorities will do damage to the child."

Entitled "Paedophilia", the article appeared in the last issue of *Forum*, which has now changed its name to *Issues*. It is a remarkable and courageous piece of truth-telling in a land where even homosexuality is against the law in many states.

PARIS The French TV "documentary" *Les Trottoirs de Manille* stirred up a lot of controversy when it was released last December (See PAN 10, page 9). The Minister of Communication, Georges Fillioud, tried to have the showing stopped, and this, predictably, brought on a furious reaction from the media as a heavy-handed attempt at censorship. As we reported, the 14-year-old boy interviewed gave the impression that he was playing a part in a play, and this, indeed, was the substance of a \$125,000 legal action brought by Philippine Minister of Social Affairs Sylvia Montes and joined by the parents of the children interviewed against producer Debré and the French television service - that "Michael", the "13-year-old" boy interviewed was in reality 16, that he and his "mother" (who wasn't his mother) received \$100 to read his lines for what was supposed to be a piece of fiction, and young "Dana" received 300 pesos. Such minor violations of truth didn't seem to bother the French press or the television industry very much, however, for virtually all newspapers and magazines were full of praise for Debré's "courage". *Trottoirs* was the French entry at the 22nd International Television Festival at Monte Carlo in February and there received two awards. The TV "jury", on which sat a certain Catholic priest, the Reverend Father Michel Dubost, in effect "acquit-

ted" Debré and the TF1 television network and censored George Fillioud for his attempted intervention.

Libération, journal of the left, however, was unconvinced, and Guy Hocquenghem, one of the well-known French gay writers, penned a scathing attack on the hypocrisy and inaccuracy of the programme, to which Debré responded that "humanitarian organizations" (that's what *Terre des Hommes* calls itself, see PAN 10, page 38) proved that "gay boys... are really in the control of criminal organizations, extorted, forced to quit school, perhaps kidnapped in the country, beaten - you can see that juvenile prostitution is a tidal-wave which, because of tourism, has submerged Southeast Asia and especially The Philippines." To which Hocquenghem responded that he still maintained anyone could see the children in the film were reading a prepared text and that Debré based all his assumptions about the harm being done to the youths upon two sources: the neo-missionaries and a recent brochure from UNICEF which says, among other things, that "nature has not provided for sexual relations between children and adults" and "child prostitution and paedophilia constitute the gravest of threats to children." He then pointed out that this, in turn, was directly based upon the writings of none other than Jingle-Bells Judy Densen-Gerber, who is being quoted by the UN these days as the ultimate authority on these matters! And so the battle rages - no victory for the boy-lovers yet, but at least, when man/boy contacts are lied about by our enemies in France, the gays aren't sitting on their hands, as happens in England, and most but not all of the time in the USA.

SOURCE, *Libération*, 9 & 17 Feb. 1982, *Differences*, Nov., 1982; *Bulletin Today* (Manilla), 21 Jan. 1982.

LOS ANGELES, CA, USA The *Los Angeles Times* continued to hack away at the rights of boy-lovers and their young friends and give free advertisement to paedophobe cop Lloyd Martin.

CHILD MOLESTERS FACING A FULL-TIME FOE headed a quarter-page article last December in which staff writer Mark Landsbaum examined the career of the famous "child-protector" (reported to have once dangled boys by their heels over a cliff to extort sexual confessions from them) with all the objectivity of St. Paul reporting on the activities of Jesus of Nazareth. Martin, strangely enough, has always been closer to an understanding of paedophile relationships than most professionals who earn their (more than comfortable) livings writing about it: "I get blamed all the time for saying paedophiles love children, but I don't know a better word than love. It becomes kind of like a marriage in a sense." He believes that paedophiles turn to children because they find adult relationships unsatisfactory (and, of course, in a sense he is right - just as straight men turn to women because they find relationships with other men unsatisfactory). Also, "Once a child-lover, always a child lover. There's no cure for paedophilia." He is, however, convinced that sex activity "destroys a boy's soul" and that

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"molested" boys often become "molesters" in adulthood. The *Times* gave the address of Martin's *Foundation for America's Sexually Exploited Children, Inc.* as P. O. Box 5835, Hacienda Heights, CA 91745.

That was three months ago. Now the *Times* has lost its hero. Last February the head of the Los Angeles Police Department canned Martin (to be accurate, reassigned him, at same pay and privileges) because of statements he had made about several youth organizations being infiltrated by child molesters and a conflict of interest with the Police Department involving his foundation. Martin immediately went on "sick leave" for "psychiatric stress", poor thing. According to his wife, Beth, "My husband was transferred without being told why. He was given a piece of paper with some writing on it a week after he was transferred. The paper said 'You have too much zeal'. That was all he was given; no explanation, nothing."

Martin's downfall seems to have been

brought about by Big Brothers, a national organization which seeks to match fatherless boys with adult males. In 1980 Martin said on a radio talk show that he could not recommend Big Brothers to mothers seeking male companionship for their sons and advised the organization to fingerprint all the men on its rolls to discourage infiltration by sex criminals. Last July BB's Los Angeles executive director Richard Arbenz officially complained about Martin at a meeting with LAPD officials. (At the same time Arbenz gave some interesting statistics: between 1977 and 1980, out of 5,513 men applying to be Big Brothers, there were only 12 complaints about possible sexual involvement, and of these only 3 resulted in arrests.)

It seems that the city attorney's office was also becoming concerned about Martin's increasingly bizarre activities (See PAN 8, page 12 ff). "When he was involved in speaking engagements," said Capt. Robert Taylor, Martin's boss in the Juvenile Division, "nobody knew whether he was speaking for the foundation or for the Police Department. We don't want to place him or the department in that position." So on February 7 Martin was reassigned to the administrative unit of the Juvenile Division and a certain Ralph Bennett was transferred out of the administrative unit to fill Martin's old job.

Ever since PAN began we have been trying to have this dangerous man removed from his position in the "Sexually Exploited Child Unit". At one point we were in correspondence with him and, recognizing the fact that he had an instinctive understanding of man/boy love, thought he might be educable. We were wrong. If there is a larger than normal paedophile component in Martin it is under such intense repression from socially conditioned guilt feelings that it emerges only in vengeance against boy-lovers and implacable pressure against the boys they love. Every issue of PAN printed so far has carried something about Martin and his activities. It is good to know that at last the community he

has worked in has recognized the danger of his fanaticism and seen fit to divest him of his power. Perhaps it is a sign of the times that almost simultaneously Judianne Densen-Gerber met a similar but not quite so drastic defeat on the other side of the continent (see following).

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, 10 Dec, 1981; 12 March, 1982.

ALBANY, NY, USA Since PAN last appeared, Judianne Densen-Gerber, chief witch of the American charity scam industry, has won one and lost one. She won with no less a body than the United Nations, where her writings are being treated as the Last Word on "sexual exploitation of children". The Human Rights Committee and UNESCO both have used her papers, books and rantings to shore up their propaganda to stop "prostitution" with "children" (in other words, *all* mutually consensual sex between Western tourists and "natives" under 21) in the Third World. A resolution criticising The Netherlands, among other European nations, for not doing more to control "sex tourism" will be introduced this spring.

Before New York State Attorney-General Robert Abrams, however, she made out less well, although considering her crimes she got off all but free. She was ordered to pay back \$20,000 of the public funds she had personally appropriated over the years and relinquish her strangle-hold on the operations of the Odyssey House chain of drug treatment centers. In the future, when she and her staff jet around the world on "business trips", they will no longer be allowed to travel first class, nor charge more than \$25 for a meal. She is still, however, allowed her salary (at public expense) of \$126,000 per year and keep up to \$40,000 from her private "psychiatric" practice at Odyssey House (Densen-Gerber is not a psychiatrist, since she never received any degree in this field of medicine; she is not a member of any recognized psychiatric associations). This was a bit much even for the New

York tabloids, which have shown little concern in the past for Jingle-Bells' fraudulent statements and personal cruelty against the very children she is supposed to be saving. When the forced reorganization of Odyssey House "is complete," editorialized the *Daily News*, "the new board might put at the top of its agenda a renegotiation of Dr. Densen-Gerber's contract."

No judgement has yet been made on her bizarre forms of "therapy" for adolescent inmates, including having them wash her feet and feed her in bed, or her punishments, such as making inmates sit in metal folding chairs for up to 40 hours (for a boy and girl holding hands) and endure group spitting ordeals (a black boy had propositioned a white girl). In an interview with Mitzel of the *Gay Community News*, Nathan Riley of Abrams' office said that an investigation of such personal abuse of inmates would have to be done by the New York Office of Medical Conduct and other professional disciplinary boards.

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 12 Jan., 1982; *New York Post*, 12 Jan., 1982; *Gay Community News*, 23 Jan., 1982; *Daily News*, 13 Jan., 1982.

HAYWARD, CA, USA At last Kenneth Parnell and his accomplice Ervin Murphy were brought to trial for the kidnapping of Steven Stayner on 2 December, 1972 (See PAN 5, page 4; PAN 6, page 7; PAN 8, page 14; PAN 9, page 5), and Stevie himself, now a handsome teenager of 16, testified. He had been given a great deal of personal freedom, it seems, during his 7 years of "captivity" — having even made two trips to San Francisco on his own to go to a baseball game and the zoo. He had regularly attended school, played on a Little League baseball team, participated in an average amount of minor mischief. And during all of those seven years he had never revealed his identity nor made any attempt to leave Parnell. He also testified that he had had regular sex with Parnell (he actually said Parnell had regularly abused him sexually) — and a psychologist testified that

Stevie had even had "boring" sex with one Barbara Mathias, a live-in baby-sitter who shared their blue bus home with them for a short time in 1975 when Stevie was 9 or 10. Timmy White, the 7-year-old sexual replacement for the ageing Stevie, whose kidnapping in February, 1980 led to the "escape" of the two lads a few weeks later, was prevented from testifying. Stayner also testified that Parnell tried to pick up other little boys using Stevie as a go-between. As a 10-year old he seems to have been a shy lad with few friends but later, as Parnell moved about and Stevie attended a succession of northern California schools, he started making friends and, with Parnell, presented a normal father-son picture to both Barbara Mathias and a rancher who took Stevie on a working trip. The image of Parnell emerging at the trial was of a loafer, a drifter, an itinerant preacher and distributor of religious tracts. One thing there seemed to be no disputing: he had never used physical violence on Stevie Stayner, although he once told him that if he revealed his true identity he "would get a spanking". Parnell was sentenced to 20 months in prison in addition to the 7 years he will serve for the kidnapping of Timmy White. Ervin Murphy, his accomplice in the Stayner kidnapping, received 5 years.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Examiner*, 14, 15., 16, 17 Dec., 1981, 3 Feb., 1982; *San Francisco Chronicle*, 17 Dec, 1981; *San Jose Mercury*, 16 Dec., 1981.

LONDON Fortunately, PIE just refuses to die. *Magpie* No. 17 follows hard on the heels of No. 16 (in fact, as PIE points out, in the last months *Magpie* has been coming out more frequently than PAN) and contains 24 vitally packed pages. France receives a lot of attention: there is a lengthy review of the recent GRED congress in Paris, an article on the imminent reduction of the age of consent and one on the "St. Ouen Affair". PIE has long advocated an international paedophile organization under which the present national bodies would work, a proposal we see many practical difficulties in

implementing; now, in a short column, it is suggesting simply closer cooperation between these groups. There is an article on boy-love in Zambia, a heart-breaking story of a young paedophile who was driven to suicide by the police in New Zealand, book reviews, notes from NAMBLA, an account of the Indianner trials in Munich, and lots more.

Two pieces interested us in particular. One was an attack on PAN, its parent SPARTACUS — and their editors. PIE was angry about the letter from a correspondent in Sri Lanka we printed in PAN 9 (page 27) which was strongly critical of PIE. It also, with some reason, objected to the advice given in the 1981 Spartacus Gay Guide, published in the midst of the Old Bailey trials, that membership in PIE was a very risky proposition, that *Magpie* would not be coming out any more but that English paedophiles could keep current by subscribing to PAN. The accusations in this piece, unfortunately, went beyond these matters and ranged from the possibly justified (we didn't print the several long letters of complaint from PIE and its demands for retraction) through the slightly paranoid ("Hardly was Tom O'Carroll settled in his cell before PAN was trying to rake up some customers from PIE's misfortunes." Our statement in the 81 Guide was "a tissue of lies concocted by Stamford and Torey; a cold, calculated attempt to scare away any potential PIE member who might read it") and the silly-inaccurate (that Editor Stamford "cruises the Far-East in a mini-bus bearing the registration BOY-1" — actually it's a mobile-home used to research the European gay scene, has never been east of West Berlin and "boy" is universally used by gays, but not paedophiles, to refer to any male who is young and attractive) to the libellous (that the Spartacus "Paedophiles and their Vacations" portfolio was "basically a guide to boy-prostitution in the Third World). Since this piece is called an editorial it presumably represents the thinking of the PIE Executive Committee, which is rather sad.

The other article was an update on the

scandalous mistreatment Tom O'Carroll has been subjected to in the English prisons. Despite being on "Rule 43", a well-meaning but badly administered provision to protect "sex offenders" and others whose crimes make them targets for inmates' anger, he has been physically attacked many times, and when he has tried to defend himself he has been charged by the prison authorities with "fighting" and formally cautioned - a circumstance which has undoubtedly diminished his chance of being paroled before his two-year sentence is served. This article seems to have been prepared last December. Since then word has reached us that in Wandsworth Prison, where he has now been transferred from Wormwood Scrubs, he is on "Double Rule 43", which means that he sits in his cell 23 hours a day and is taken out on a walk on the 24th - alone with three guards. These have now begun attacking him, and this is very easy since the three "screws" are the only witnesses. Their favourite trick is to try to trip him as they walk around a little pond so that he will stumble into it. One time, when they

blocked his way, Tom O'Carroll trod on the foot of one of them, who retaliated by kicking him in the testicles.

BERN, SWITZERLAND The proposals of the Expert Commission to lower the age of consent for homosexual and heterosexual acts to 14 (See PAN 8, page 4, PAN 9, page 3) was met with a resounding "no" when a referendum was taken of the electorate last month. All is not lost, however, for, thanks to the report and the controversy it stirred up, the Swiss voter has been made aware of current professional thinking in Europe about sexual encounters between men and boys.

BOSTON, MA, USA The A. Nicholas Groth conference on child molestation went off last autumn at Boston University without all the fireworks predicted for it. Tom Reeves of NAMBLA was invited to participate if he would call off the promised protesters. When it developed that Reeves would simply be the target for the questions and denunciations of other members on the

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"panel", he declined and informed Groth and Company that it was to be total war. The result, according to one observer who works in the building where the conference took place, was "total paranoia" — security checks, frisks, plain-clothes cops. And all for nothing, for no protesters showed up.

One other bit of good news was that the gravy train of public money which kept conferences like this and the "research" of Nutty Nurse Burgess in business has been cut off by the penny-pinching Reagan Administration. The woman who ran the thing in Boston (and was a conspicuous heavy at the first Boston University conference) is out of a job.

The bad news is that Tom Reeves and Michael Thompson, of *Gay Community News*, were arrested on 19 January and charged with sexual contacts several years ago with a teenage transvestite hustler. Although this would seem to be the break the FBI had been looking for in their raids on the houses of Swithinbank and Fox (See Pan 10, page 16), the whole thing appears to have been a kind

of accident involving another runaway boy, homophobic parents, a chance meeting, etc. The radio/TV media carried the affair for a few hours and the *Globe*, which has been struggling for years to be America's worst newspaper, seemed to be off on a fantasy trip totally unrelated to the facts of the arrest. Giving, of course, Reeves' name and address, it went on to accuse him of rape and reduce the ages of the boys involved.

But the good news which followed was that the case was soon thrown out of court by the judge when the principal witness, the boy who had been badgered into making the charges, was prevented from testifying at any proceedings because he himself was facing criminal prosecution on a variety of felonies quite unrelated to sex. Everyone is now waiting to see whether the present District Attorney will, in the best tradition of Boston Irish politicians, appeal and try to use the arrests for political advantage.

THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS The first woman Dutch police commissioner, A. C. S. Visser, discussed paedophilia recently: "I think one should not approach paedophile activities with a lot of preconceptions, because so much depends upon the manner in which they take place. It is extremely dangerous to categorize as undesirable every relationship between an older person and a child. You have to say, I think, that a relationship at the expense of a child is not good. And it happens that there are many people who just cannot live without a relationship and for them a naïve, unsuspecting child is an easy target. But that is also just a theory that I have formed after talking with a great many of these people and maybe I'm completely off the track."

SOURCE: *Avenue*, Dec, 1981.

LEONIA, NJ, USA Children who have fine relationships with adults have always rejected the popular image of boy-lovers built by psychiatrists as sick defectives. And there are signs here and there that adults, too, may be a bit wiser than the shrinks, the cops, the politicians and the

newspaper reporters think they are. Last January the All Saints Episcopal Church in this small town held a benefit supper for 38-year-old elementary school teacher John Anagnosti who resigned his teaching job about a year ago after one of his 9-year-old pupils accused him of making sexual advances. He was indicted by a grand jury in October. But instead of running him out of town, as, sadly, often happens in such cases, the community rallied to his support. Of course all his supporters say they don't believe the accusations — in America you would have to do that — but what they were expressing was appreciation for a good, loving man who had proved to be an outstanding teacher, and doing so in the face of a very strong taboo. One thing is sure, and it must have occurred to more than one of the good parents at the All Saints Episcopal Church: John Anagnosti is a paedophile in the true sense of the word; he loves children, and whether or not there is a sexual expression of this love would seem not to be very important.

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 12 January, 1982

EINDHOVEN, NETHERLANDS A new book in Dutch called *Wat doe jij met mijn kind?* (What are you doing with my child?) by 34-year-old Sytze van der Velde has recently caused quite a bit of publicity in Holland and Belgium. It is the diary of a paedophile who has been in prison several times for sexual contact with minors, sometimes with their consent and sometimes not. It is full of his personal experiences, advice to boy-lovers, anecdotes, philosophy. It is not, really, a very good book — in one place he admits raping and really hurting a very young boy; in another he says he wants to kill boy-lovers who hurt children! The best part of the book is not van de Velde's self-serving confessions but an essay by Theo Sandfort, which fills nearly a third of the pages. Cost is 14.50 guilders and it can be ordered and purchased by GIRO: 3300542, Stichting JEP, Eindhoven, Netherlands.

LOS ANGELES, CA, USA The January issue of *Police Magazine* has a long article by George University Law Professor Gerald M. Caplan (See PAN 8, page 9) called "Sexual Exploitation of Children". There are two heroes in his report, Lloyd Martin, of course, and one of his detectives, a certain Glenn McConnel, who stars in all four accompanying photos. The contrast between Martin's statements and Caplan's is more a matter of style and education than content. Caplan: "Those who are involved in investigating paedophilia emphasize that the fact that the children consent does not make the crime any less serious. The children involved are, by definition, victims. They are used to satisfy the adult's needs, not their own. They lack the capacity to decide matters of long-range consequence. There is no such thing as a consenting child. Though their conduct often appears voluntary, this is a measure of their own fragile grip on right and wrong, and of the adults' manipulative skill." As one can see, Caplan isn't a law professor for nothing: he can pour more blind mis-

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conceptions into one paragraph than Densen-Gerber has indentured servants in her Odyssey House archipelago!

The article gives some advice on how to set up your own sexually exploited child unit. "Obtain a list of paedophiles recently released from prisons and state hospitals and place some of them under surveillance. Once a department or unit has developed a few cases, Martin says, it is easy to make more. Both victims and the accused. . . will often cooperate in identifying other suspects. 'One child leads you to other children,' he says. 'Paedophiles associate with other paedophiles. . . You may uncover 100 from one person.' The investigative process, he adds, is to obtain information on a suspected perpetrator and then watch him until you find his victim or victims."

One interesting aspect of this study is that it was "drawn from research that was supported by a grant from the Ford Foundation." There is also an advertisement, on one of the pages of the article, for something called "The Nebulizer": it

looks like a gun, is carried in a holster and produces a blinding flash as a prelude to an "all new repellent spray, not mace and not teargas, that is designed to render individuals harmless for up to 30 minutes."

SOURCE: *Police Magazine*, January, 1982

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND A new book by Christian Gury called *L'Homosexuel et la loi* (The Homosexual and the Law) has recently been published by Editions de L'Aire, Lausanne 81, Switzerland and distributed in France by the Presses Universitaires de France (75 French francs). There are good chapters on paedophilia, ages of minority, the views of paedophiles and the experiences of children. In French only.

PROVIDENCE, RI, USA The Metropolitan Community Church in this rather conservative New England city is sponsoring a group, which meets weekly, for adolescent homophiles. It is called Rhode Island Gay-Lesbian Youth (RIGLY) and is for boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 21.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA A gutter crime news publication called *Juvenile Justice* gave some surprising information recently on adult/child sex contacts. First of all, it seems NAMBLA has "a child sex-by-catalogue operation" (and they never told us!). "The prospective client purchases the catalogue, which runs to 600 or 700 pages, by writing to the address in Europe. He then can select the child he wants from photos and the complete catalogue descriptions, which tell him what the child is skilled in sexually as well as describing the child's physical attributes. Once a child is selected and the order is placed, payment is arranged through most major credit cards. The child is then delivered to the client." As for the children, according to Indianapolis Police Sgt. Tom Rodgers, who was making similar statements at the "Nutty Nurse Burgess" symposium (See PAN 8, page 15), "a lot of them are killed and

dumped in shallow graves, especially if they rebel against what is being done to them." Just as surprising is what Rodgers has learned about Valida Davila's Childhood Sensuality Circle, which is "very difficult to get into and infiltrate. The people who run this ring come to your house and check you out if you are a prospective client for their children. They take your social security number and interview you and then they do a complete background investigation on you to make sure you're not with the police. They have people working for them who have access to Social Security computers..." And then Houston has a terrible problem: "the proliferation of halfway houses and foster homes". Commander Michna of the Juvenile Unit of the Houston Police says, "many of the people who run these places are sexually abusing the children assigned to their care." One solution, it seems, would be a national registry of child molesters. A final tidbit of information about runaways hustling on the streets: "All these children possess is their young bodies and they are being forced to sell these bodies for \$200 a night." The amazing thing is that this publication is financed from public funds!

SOURCE: *Juvenile Justice*, Vol. 9, No. 24, 23 Dec., 1981

SCOTLAND True to form, the social workers are busy trying to restrict the sexual rights of underage persons. The British Association of Social Workers has been advising the Scottish Law Commission that the present law on incest should be scrapped and replaced by a law "safeguarding all children from sexual abuse", according to the 17 February issue of *Social Work Today*. Of course this is all being done for the "child's" own good: "BASW is concerned that all children should be protected from sexual interference and exploitation."

POPLAR, MT, USA The darker side of American Christianity takes many strange forms. There is Moral Majority, of course, an infection which is spreading

through the American government. Now word comes from the Rocky Mountains that a small sect calling itself The River of Life Tabernacle Church includes emotional and physical abuse of children in its philosophy and is being accused of the murder of a 4-year-old boy. Five missing girls, or their bodies, are also being sought by the authorities.

SOURCE: *Plain Dealer*, 14 January, 1982

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

SOURCE: *Plain Dealer*, 12 January, 1982

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

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

6-year prison sentence, plus a heavy fine to recompense the families whose sons he had "harmed".

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN *Barens Ö*, the lovely Swedish film reviewed in PAN 10, page 4, has attracted so much comment from our subscribers that a bit more information is needed. It is based upon a Swedish novel of the same name by Christian Jersild and has been translated into German (title: *Insel der Kinder*). The

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HOW IT'S DONE IN THE US of A

Part Two

Few Europeans realize just how primitive the American police really are. In PAN 10 we wrote about the infamous NAMBLA raids masterminded by the even more infamous FBI. The following statement by college teacher Jerry Fox, one of the FBI victims, submitted by his attorney to the court where he will be tried, gives a vivid glimpse of how American police deal with paedophile matters.

At about 10:30 in the evening as I was preparing to go to sleep in a guest room while the other persons watched network television, I heard two loud bangings and crashes (which I later found out were at the door) which shook the whole house. I went to investigate. I was standing in the middle of the staircase dressed in dungarees, a "Tee" shirt and sneakers when I saw several large men and one woman charging up the stairs towards me from the direction of the door. They grabbed me, spun me around, snapped handcuffs on me, and pushed me upstairs. The officers charged into the room where the other people were and arrested the other people. I watched as

between 15 and 18 officers commenced a general search of everything in the house. Although I asked repeatedly for a lawyer I was not allowed to make a telephone call until almost 4:30 in the morning.

From approximately 10:35 pm July 11 to 7:30 am July 12 I was deprived of sleep and subjected to 9 hours of questioning, intimidation, threats, insults, accusations and abuse — all without the presence of a lawyer I had requested. Detective Gannon at first seemed kindly, almost fatherly, in his approach. When I refused to agree to give false statements against other men he said that telephone calls would be made to my employers and my hometown newspapers and television stations telling them I was a pornography king, child molester, rapist and homosexual. He and Detective Bradberry said they could not care less if the accusations were true or not because I deserved to lose my job and be "run out of (my home) town". When I said I doubted anyone would believe such lies about me, they laughed and said I underestimated how convincing police can sound to a small-town reporter. Gannon said if I refused to "cooperate" in convicting other men, some of whom I did not even know, I may as well "forget about everything you have back in Pennsylvania". (I was fired from my job and evicted from my home. At least one of my employers was telephoned weeks later by a person apparently reading from

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German hardback is published by Kiepenheuer & Witsch, Rondoffer Str 5, D-5000 Köln. There is also a pocket book edition (No. 6309) by Wilhelm Goldman Verlag, Neumarkter Str. 22, D-8000 München 80.

McCALL, ID, USA He's a little bronze, many times stolen, on a narrow street in the old section of Brussels, but, because he is a happy little boy and for the last several hundred years has been blissfully relieving himself into the fountain, he has

probably attracted more tourists than all the Rubens in all of Belgium. But copied and carved in ice by McCall barber Carl Whitaker for the Winter Carnival in this Idaho mountain town, he was judged indecent by Mayor Bill Evans, and shortly thereafter a front-end loader "pulled right up on the sidewalk and smashed it all to hell," according to one observer. With the *Manneken Pis* reduced to ice-cubes, first prize went to something called "A Star is Born" depicting a sex-queen posing before a movie camera.

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seized evidence of mine and distorting, exaggerating and tampering with the original in an apparent further effort to cause me to lose employment.)

At District Attorney's office in Mineola, New York, several more Vice Squad detectives joined in harassing me and trying to coerce information from me. When I refused to speak about persons and activities of which I knew nothing and asked for an attorney before I gave information I was told that I would be severely punished for "not cooperating" and having "a bad attitude". I continued addressing my captors as "sir" and "officer" and at no time displayed anger at the detectives or the treatment I was receiving.

The detective who seemed to be in charge of the group took me to a small room alone and said he would let me go free if I agreed to serve as a witness against other men. When I said I did not know of any wrong-doing about which I could testify he said that did not matter as long as I said things — true or false — that resulted in convictions of other men. When I said I would not do that and continued asking for an attorney, he became very angry and said he would arrange a "punishment worse than death" for me at the Nassau Country Corrections Center (jail).

Other detectives then said that they would telephone the jail and "set (me) up", telling their friends on the guard force that I was "a baby fucker", "a child rapist" and "a kiddie porn king" —

"worse than a murderer". They said that the guards owed the vice squad many favours and "would go along with anything". Such a set-up, they said would assure that I would be physically attacked in the jail and the guards would do nothing to protect me.

Protective custody would not be given me and I would be put into a cell block with the biggest, most violent, most sadistic and most anti-white anti-gay prisoner the guards could find. This, the detectives said they hoped, would result in my death. One of them said that death is too light a punishment for me and that his friends among the guards would see to it that I was "beaten silly", tortured and "raped 'til you can't sit down" before my life was taken.

At the jail the detectives' threats proved to have a basis in fact in very serious, gruesome threats, which I will testify to in detail later.

Despite repeated requests, I was refused all means of communications with the outside: no pencil, no paper, no telephone calls.

One inmate confided in me that the guards had told all the inmates to "have fun with" me, i.e. at least harass and assault me. I was told that I was to be raped and then killed.

The next day another inmate warned me that I was being set up by the guards to be killed and I had better get someone to get me out on bail before nightfall.

I was bailed out at 2 pm.

LOVE AT SEA

by Randy Woltz

Ring! Ring!

The phone knocked me out of a daydream.

"Hello? Youth Director."

A nasal voice answered, "Sir, we have a fire report from the third deck recreation room."

"Again?"

"I'm afraid so."

A loud rapping on the door. I opened it to find a middle-aged woman in distress.

"Did you see a large red purse?"

"No, madam. Please check with the purser."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Young man, that wasn't funny."

"I... Just a minute, please - I'm on the phone."

The nasal voice continued. "The captain wants you to investigate. Can you come right away?"

"Why me?"

Silence.

"All right, I'll be right over, good bye."

Now the lady was glaring at me. "Madame, I wasn't being funny. The purser is a ship's officer who can help you. Just go to the first deck, room B-13. Now, please excuse me. I have to investigate a fire."

"What?" Her eyes bulged.

"Don't worry, it's nothing serious." I brushed her aside and hurried up to the third deck.

Working on a cruise ship can be a pain. Every time something like this happens I wonder why I didn't take a job as an entertainment director in Las Vegas. Hotels never have fires, right?

An anxious face popped in front of me: "Pardon me, but..."

"Don't worry, Sir, it's all under control."

For such a small fire everyone seemed

to know about it.

This particular cruise had all types, the rich, the elderly, the singles looking for romance, families, kids. *Kids!* Last summer a group of young boys turned the third deck into a race track, screaming and swearing, tearing around the swimming pool. The old people would complain, the steward was after me to contain them. Just when I wanted to exterminate them their cute, defiant eyes melted my anger into...

"Ah, hello Davis."

"Hello Mr. Youth Director. While you were gone one of your brats lit a match to one of the fire sprinklers causing the main..."

Oh my God!

The boy he was referring to was so beautiful it was a wonder the paint wasn't scorched right off the bulkhead wall by his bed. Sleek brown legs contrasted cupidinously with bright white shorts that left little to the imagination. Topped by a see-through body shirt. I was helplessly staring at a pair of mischievous, hypnotic hazel-grey eyes. Nothing else mattered; the whole world just vanished away.

Davis must have noticed. "Hey, are you all right?"

My face wouldn't stop smiling. I assured him I could handle the situation and told him to check on the ladies' shuffleboard game.

After a wonderful eternity in time and space the silence was broken by a young voice (eyes fixed on the ground): "Don't get mad, I was just fooling around."

"Fooling around? Don't you know that can be dangerous?"

Suddenly he looked up at me and smiled - and gave me a billion kilowatt shock I will never forget. "Yeah, I know."

He shifted his weight and looked down again.

"How come I haven't seen you here before?"

"I don't know."

"What's your name?"

"Kevin."

"Kevin what?"

He figeted. "Kevin Hennesey."

"Where are your parents?"

"I'm just here with my mom."

"Where is *she*, then?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Probably eating somewhere."

"Don't you have anything to do?"

"*No!* It's *boring* around here."

"Have you been in the game room?"

"Yeah. Two of the machines are busted."

I tried to think more like a 13-year-old. "Would you like to see the private parts of the ship where nobody's supposed to go?"

His eyes brightened. "Sure!"

"You have to promise me not to get into any more trouble."

"Okay."

We went down inside one of the service corridors, past a group of gossiping Greek busboys who smiled at us knowingly. (Knowingly? What did they know?)

"This is one of the kitchens, and here they pre. . ."

"What's your name?" Kevin had suddenly turned to me.

"Uh. . . Just call me Randy."

He spied some frankfurters cradled in a great mass of foreign-looking food and looked up at me for approval, giving me a chance to test him.

"Sure, go ahead," I said. "But did you know that if they run out of them, I'll have to send the cook to your room with a big knife so he can cut your thing off and put it on a tray?"

He burst out laughing, almost choking on his wiener. "That's gross! Besides, you wouldn't have a big enough tray!"

I picked up an olive and pegged it at his mouth — and found an orange slice coming back at me. I was giggling with him as though I was 13 again myself.

Up on the observation deck he wanted to look through the shiny brass telescope but seemed to be more preoccupied with rubbing the bulge in his shorts against the metal railing. When I made a joke about it he just smiled and kept looking out at the ocean, the breeze gently ruffling his soft brown hair.

Down in the engine room he wanted to know "who takes care of all this plumbing", but before I could answer he had leapt onto a large gas pipe bristling with

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pressure gauges and levers and was enthralled himself in some motorcycle fantasy.

"Brummmm, Brummmmmmmmmmm—
— — — — rrrrrrr!"

"Kevin, don't!" He wasn't listening.
"Kevin, get off!"

"Brummmm, rrrrrrrrrrr!"

I grabbed him about the chest and tried to pry him off, but he had a leg-lock around the pipe and wouldn't budge.

"Rrrrrrr, mmmmmmm, brummmmmmm, eeeeeeee!" He was in third gear, now, leaning into corners, burning rubber. I tugged on him, snaked an arm under one thigh. He was enjoying every minute. I was getting nervous. What if someone should see us?

Finally the fantasy motorbike screeched to a halt and I lifted him off. Just in time, too, for in walked the captain himself showing off the engine room to some important guests. Seeing Kevin he winked at me and said, *sotto voce*, "Is our little fire under control?"

"Oh, yes, sir, under control." I was

hoping he didn't note my red, perspiring face. Kevin was calmly standing there like the little angel he wasn't.

And so it went for several days. Always there was a new adventure, new discoveries, endless energy, marvellous schemes. And at some point, it seemed, I always had to restrain him physically (which he loved) or he'd fly off the ship altogether.

Then came the night of the captain's party . I wore my best uniform, so carefully pressed and so dazzling white that it was a hazard to the eyes. Every brass button gleamed. My hair was perfect. Everything was perfect, for Kevin and his mother were coming. . . weren't they? Better call and make sure.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Hennesey, this is Randy, the youth director. I wanted to know if you and Kevin would like to join me tonight at the captain's party."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful! Let me tell him."

I stood there for two minutes listening

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to what sounded like a nasty argument. Then she cleared her throat. "Uh, hello? Kevin apparently isn't feeling very well. He may join us later."

"Okay, Mrs. Hennesey, I'll see you tonight at eight o'clock, table six."

Suddenly my uniform didn't seem so bright and shiny any more. My hair wasn't so perfect. Did I do something wrong? What had they been saying? What happened?

Eight o'clock and all's well. Everyone was laughing and having a good time. The music was great; the food was going to knock their eyes out. I said hello to the captain and all the right people. Now I could relax. Stavros, the head waiter, greeted me at table six. "Sir, your guest has arrived. Will there be one more?"

"I hope so. Ah, Mrs. Hennesey! You look wonderful!" (She was a lot older than I had imagined.)

Quick formalities. We were soon on a first name basis.

"I've heard so much about you — from Kevin, of course." She had a gracious smile and a look of smug sophistication. "You've given him such a good time on this cruise, and I want you to know I appreciate it."

There'd been a divorce, of course. She wanted to remarry but the boy wouldn't accept. Soon after the boat docked in New York Kevin was to be packed off to a New England prep-school, the traditional easy out of wealthy parents.

As I listened my eyes kept checking the door to see if Kevin would show up. My thoughts began to wander about the room with the smoke and the laughter and the music and the starry night outside. I relived my first meeting with the boy. Hard to believe it all was nearly over.

"What's the matter? You haven't eaten very much."

"What? Oh. . . . no, I was just thinking about. . . ."

"Kevin. You're crazy about him, aren't you?"

My face turned red. I forced a smile. "Oh, no, I was just thinking about all the work I have to do tomorrow. Helping people pack and so on."

"I was hoping that I would have a chance to talk to him, but I just got caught up in all the activities and the food. You know, for me this has been a wonderful cruise."

"Un huh."

Later, much later, I went out onto the deck, leaving the dregs of the party to the party stalwarts. I listened to the waves splash against the ship. The air was fresh and clean. Moonlight danced and shimmered on the water, still and empty.

Back in my cabin I just lay on my bed and thought about how I was always so efficient, so reliable, so perfect, so phony. Maybe that's why I hurt all the time. Oh, if only. . .

Knock knock. It was one a.m.! Why didn't they leave me alone? "Just a minute." I put on my pants and unlocked the door.

"Kevin! What are you doing here? What happened?"

He came in, looking every bit as dejected as I felt, and sat down on my bed.

"She's been yelling at me," he said. "All she talks about is what she wants. What about me? Why does everybody treat me like I'm nothing?"

He hit his fist against the wall and turned his head away.

"Join the club," I said.

Suddenly he stood up. "I don't want to go! Get me a job on this boat!" The cabin light revealed the skid marks of tears on his face.

"Kevin, I can't do that. Just. . . . What the hell did you say to your mother?"

"I told her to shove off!"

I laughed. "You're kidding."

"I hate her! I don't want to ever see her again!"

"Look, why don't you stay here tonight with me? Maybe things will look better tomorrow."

"I don't know!" A sigh, and he sat down again. I started to rub his back. He leaned over and let me rub under his shirt for a while. Then he turned to me. "Really?"

"Sure. It's okay."

A new look came into his face. "But..."

"But what?"

"What if the cook comes in here with his knife and cuts my thing off?"

I laughed and started to tickle him. "Don't worry, I'll protect it."

He grabbed my legs and wrestled me until we both landed on the floor exhausted. I could see, and feel, that he was very, very excited. His eyes looked deep into mine for a moment, then he got up and went into the bathroom. I kicked off my trousers, slid into bed and fell back onto the pillow, heart pounding for joy.

The bathroom door opened a crack. I reached over and turned out the table lamp. A moment later he was standing beside me, naked. Then the covers drew back and his warm skin pressed against mine. My lips found his soft cheek, hands caressing, touching, moving, as love flowed into us.

In the weeks and months that followed I thought of him constantly, much more than of any boy I'd ever known.

One day a strange letter came to me care of the cruise line, all covered with different postmarks and my name misspelled. There were several red arrows with RETURN TO SENDER UNABLE TO FORWARD printed inside. Someone was being very persistent.

My arms started to shake. Could it just be...? Like a maniac I tore the envelope open. My eyes raced through the jumble of words.

It wasn't from Kevin: it was from his mother! She had been trying to reach me... Kevin had run away from prep-school... He had been struck by a car...not serious...kept asking about me... She wants me to come right away...expenses taken care of.

Can you believe it? My head was spinning. I made arrangements and left at once.

Mrs. Hennesey met me at the Los Angeles airport with her best manipulative smile. While the chauffeur manoeuvred her limousine through the city traffic toward wealthy canyonland she explained that she and her new hus-

band would be travelling extensively in the near future and needed someone to look after Kevin, who was going to a local private school. The boy had agreed to this on condition that I be produced as his keeper!

"I am aware of what Kevin means to you and you mean to Kevin," she said, and then went on to tell me she knew just what would happen, what had happened already, in fact. "I am a very liberal mother. I would rather approve of something it would be unwise to prevent." Mrs. Hennesey was showing unsuspected depths.

Just when I regained my senses the car pulled up in front of the house. Kevin burst through the front door screaming all the way. Tears ran down my cheeks as I hugged and kissed him.

At last we caught our breaths. "Hey," he said, gesturing vaguely toward the house, "you want to see our private parts, where no one's supposed to go?"

Before I could answer he had jumped on me for a piggy-back ride through the front door.

The Hennesseys went out that night, and now the exuberance of long lost friends gave way to a quiet dinner by the fireplace and a longing to continue what we enjoyed most.

Outside gentle evening shadows drew across the hills, stealing the faint glow from the skies and spreading a blanket of soft sensuality that made us one. At last, held fast in each other's arms, our dreams became a reality: we now were the only people in the world, flowing in a rhythm like the great ocean that had brought us together.



"A Bright, Particular Galaxy of Boys"

by David James

His world is peopled by strange characters: crowned heads, blackamoors, society ladies, ecclesiastics, lesbians and extremely youthful boys and girls. His highly individual style is all but impossible to describe — Evelyn Waugh thought it too intangible to exert a significant literary influence, although certainly he, and perhaps Ernest Hemmingway and Anthony Powell as well, were indeed affected by it. It would be equally difficult to explain why the novellas of Ronald Firbank are so screamingly funny.

Firbank was born in London in 1886, son of highly conventional parents who were dismayed when he survived only two terms of school and had to be provided with a private tutor. He went on to Cambridge but did not sit for any examinations, thus frustrating his parents' ambition that he enter the Diplomatic Service.

At Cambridge Firbank came under the influence of the aesthetic movement of the Eighteen Nineties, saturating himself in the writings of the French decadents, especially those of Huysmans. He also was received into the Catholic Church. When the world went to war in 1914 he was unfit for military service and so set about writing and developing and refining his style.

There are lots of young boys in Firbank's work. The first to appear is in *The Artificial Princess* (1915), a page boy who is paid a large wage to "look wilful, and to stand about corridors and pout". In *Vainglory* (1915) little Guy Fox, asked what he would like to be when he grows up, replies, "Kept!" to the consternation of his mother, while it is confirmed that Reggie Cresswell, the first of many choir-

boys in Firbank's books, "will do anything for a sixpence".

Much is made in *Valmouth* (1919) of the farm boy Bobby Jolly whose appearance is lovingly described:

Between his long curly lashes were blue eyes — not very deep: a slight down, nearly white, sprouted below a dainty little nose, just above the lip at the two corners.

At one point Bobby is offered to a middle-aged matron, who rejects him as too young at twelve but agrees that he is "a king's morsel". This incident mirrors another, earlier in the book, when, asked to take a boy under her wing, another lady asks pertinently, "But is he ripe?"

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The servant boy Angelo, in *The Princess Zoubaroff* (1920), who is "sixteen, fair, sleek, languishing", hints so broadly and so often to the house guests that he would like to be taken away that one of them finally gives him a letter of introduction to an American millionaire living in Memphis! Cherif, the young protagonist of *Santa!* (1921), lives in fear of the wealthy procurer, Ibn Ibrahim, "daily expecting a cargo of very young boys from Tunis", who makes a number of sinister appearances in this, one of Firbank's shorter works.

The three most masterful novellas, however, have boys as central characters. *The Flower Beneath the Foot* (1923) is quite overrun with them, from Prince Olaf, "a little boy racked by all the troubles of spring", to the slim Tunisian boy Bachir, who is described as going on excursions "which ended on occasion in adventure": indeed he is at one point discovered sitting on a garden bench with the Prime Minister.

One of the important relationships in *The Flower Beneath the Foot* is between

the exiled statesman, Count Cabinet, and his "secretary", the ex-choirboy (of course) Peter Passer, whose amazing habit had been to scatter petals from the choir loft onto the grey heads of the monsignori below.

To watch Peter's fancy-diving off the terrace was perhaps the favourite passtime of the veteran viveur: to behold the lad trip along the river breakwater, as naked as a statue, shoot out his arms and spring, the Flying head-leap or the Backsadilla, was a beautiful sight.

The relationship does not last, however, as we later find Peter going to the big city "to advance his fortunes, in ways best known to himself".

The exuberantly corrupt city of Cuna-Cuna in *Prancing Nigger* (1924) is one of Firbank's most colourful creations:

Oh, Cuna-Cuna! Little city of lies and
peril! How many careless young nigger
boys have gone thus to seal their doom!

One of the principal strands of the plot has the black Mouth family moving to the city, partly to satisfy Mrs. Mouth's social pretensions. The book documents the inexorable corruption of her young son, Charlie, who has previously been preoccupied only with butterfly-collecting. Having fallen in with a group of more knowing boys, he soon learns their ways:

Ever so lovely are the young men of Cuna-Cuna — but none so delicate, charming and squeamish as Charlie Mouth.

At the story's end we find him one of the habitués of "a notorious bar with its bright particular galaxy of boys".

It is in *Prancing Nigger* also that we first come across a phenomenon which is to figure more prominently in Firbank's next novella: dancing boys. Here we see a corps of them practising for a performance, gliding "amid a murmur of applause", their privileged audience enraptured by the swaying torsos and their feet fettered with chains of orchids. Their dancing mistress confides that she has warned them to leave out their salacious final dance,

". . . on account of the Archbishop. But

young boys are so excitable and I expect they'll forget!"

Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli (1926) is in some ways the most remarkable of Firbank's books. The chief character is the eponymous Cardinal Archbishop of Clemenza who is given to prowling the streets of that city in full drag and, when in the robes of office, particularly savours the respectful kisses of young men on his be-ringed archiepiscopal hand. The other inhabitants of the city seem to share his lubricity: one noblewoman even prays to be relieved of the temptation afforded by her grandson

fifteen, white and vivid rose, and ink-black hair. Heaven defend a weak woman from *that!*

The cardinal is told that even his acolytes are misbehaving:

At least half of them are absent, confined to their cots, in the wards of the Pistache Fathers.

The Cardinal, perhaps deliberately, ignores the implication. We are quickly introduced to the motley collection of choir-boys, acolytes and dancing boys who inevitably crowd all Firbankian cathedrals. Felix, who luxuriates in the title of "chief dancing-choir-boy", is accounted the most responsible, in that he confines his dancing to

those slow Mozarabic movements which alone are seemly to the Church.

He is contrasted in this with the opportunist Christobal,

a youngster of fifteen, with soft, peach-textured cheeks, and a tongue never far away. It was a matter of scandal already, how he was attempting to attract attention, in influential places, by the unnecessary undulation of his loins, and by affecting strong scents and attars.

The Cardinal's downfall is brought about by one of the acolytes, Chicklet,

an oncoming-looking child, with caressing liquid eyes and a little tongue the colour of raspberry-cream — *so bright*.

His Eminence first comes across Chicklet playing ball against an ancient

fresco

depicting the eleven thousand virgins, or as many as there was room for.

He caresses the little acolyte's hair. At this sign of interest Chicklet decides to try to seduce his master. He serves dinner in the Cardinal's private apartments, flirts with him shamelessly and finally wishes him goodnight:

"And if you should want me, Sir."

Chicklet, Firbank writes, possessed the power to convey the unuttered.

The climax to this seduction, a marvellous *tour de force*, comes when the Cardinal, having locked Chicklet in the Cathedral for "frivolity", is overcome with remorse and decides to visit him there. "I feel quite rompish," he says. He wakes the sleeping boy, who runs away from him teasingly. The cardinal pursues him, calling him "jewel-boy", "sunny-locks" and "apple-cheeks", and declares that Chicklet would not flee if he were really fond of him, to which the boy replies,

"But I *am* fond of you, Sir. I care a lot."

The pursuit continues, with the Cardinal becoming increasingly annoyed and frustrated and Chicklet going to the scandalous extreme of asking the prelate's price. At last, with all of his clothes having dropped away from him, the Cardinal's poor heart gives way and he expires.

When Ronald Firbank himself died in Rome in 1926, the year this book was published, he left behind a body of work that is readable, economical, indeed almost cinematic. In true decadent fashion he concentrated on form rather than content. He never considered the serious implications of his characters' behaviour: they were naughty, irresponsible, but never evil. Boy-love was simply one more quite ordinary and suitable subject for comedy, but boy-lovers will appreciate Firbank's successful avoidance of the bathos which plagues so much writing on this subject.

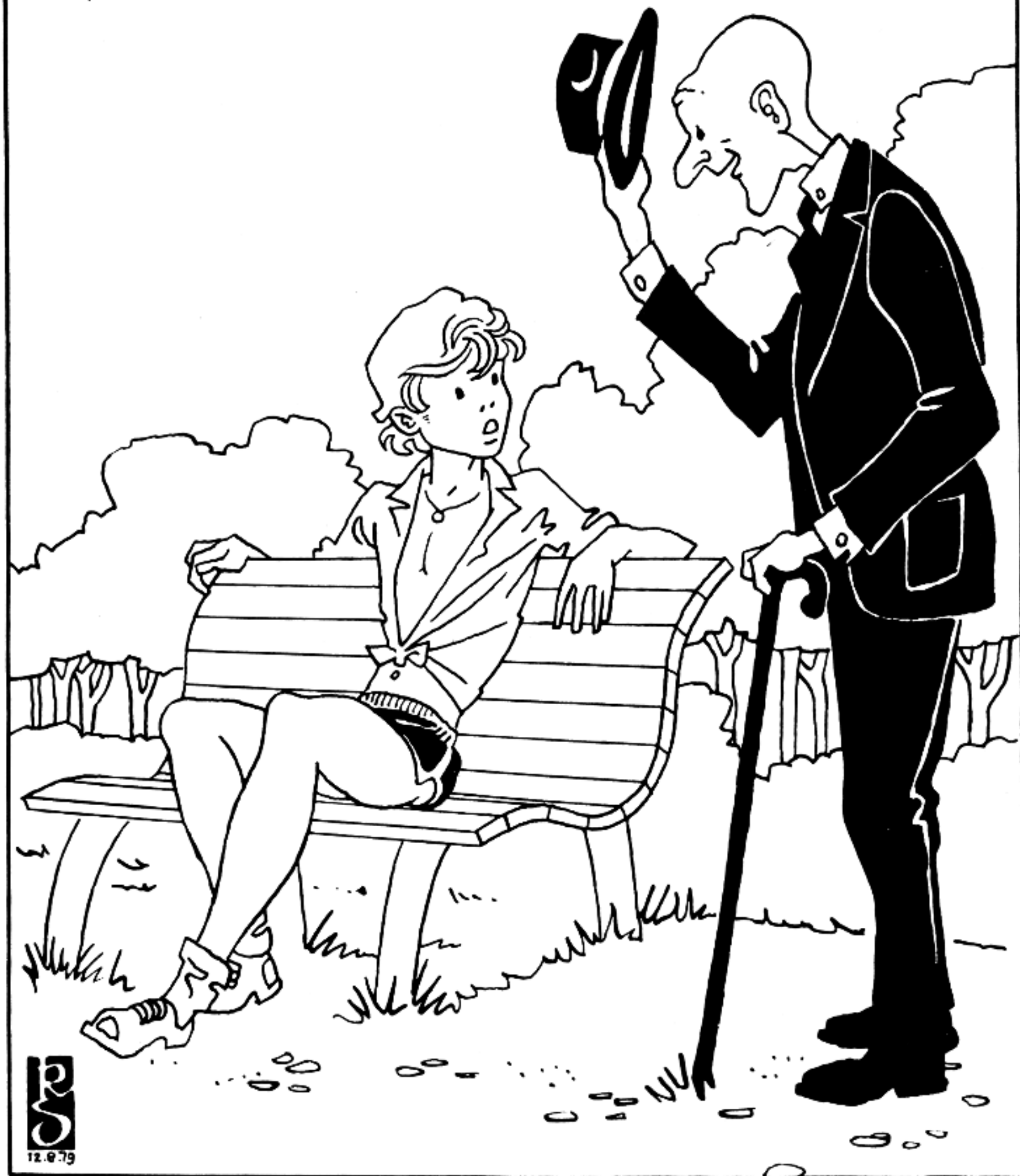
The past decades have seen a resurgence of interest in Firbank. His

***Benkowitz [Weidenfeld & Nicolson . . .**

novellas have been published in one volume by Duckworth, 43 Gloucester Street, London NW1. Biographies have been written by Miriam Benkowitz

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 5 Winsley St., London NW1, 1970) and Brigid Brophy (Macmillan London Ltd, 4 Little Essex St., London WC2R 3LF, 1973).

I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME PRESUMPTUOUS, KID—
BUT I'M EIGHTY-NINE YEARS OLD AND YOU'VE
JUST GIVEN ME AN ERECTION.....



LETTERS



The following letter was received from a writer whose story we had criticised for being too tame (our problem is usually the opposite!):

All social decay brings with it an accentuation of the primitive aspects of love at the expense of the spiritual. The metaphysics of love are being replaced by the physical in the modern world and I'm afraid I see your demand for "more sex" in my story in just that light. There is another point I should like to make — I have no means of knowing, but I have a strong hunch that the majority of boy-lovers only have a sexual encounter very infrequently in their lives; there are probably not a few who do not ever have a sexual relationship for any number of reasons, perhaps even out of choice, since the subject of "paedophilia" is more complex than either its enemies or supporters seem prepared to admit. I have argued in the past, and shall continue to argue, that it is wrong to put sexual "freedom" at the top of the agenda of any group that wishes to alter the structure of social relationships between adults and children. It constantly amazes me how indifferent most boy-lovers seem to be about the increasing unpleasantness of children these days, their foul language, their lack of consideration for others, their rudeness, their cynicism. The youth of Europe is being ever more prostituted to the "American way of life". Trendy left-wing "youth leaders" who encourage children to "rebel against authority" are symptoms of the very society they are opposing. "Anti-estab-

lishment" pop groups are Big Business.

The conflict between the anarchists and the reactionaries may be a problem for Americans, but for Europe it should be a case of "a plague on both your houses". The choice between a "permissive society" on the one hand and a "Moral Majority" on the other is not a choice that I should wish to make. It is an American problem: *laissez faire* morality against the Puritan family ethic. Whilst permissiveness reduces human love to a common hedonistic factor, puritanism reduces it to a God substitute. Against these two values I would oppose the Hellenistic values of form, elitism, aristocracy, courage, adventure, appreciation of the noble, the spiritual and the beautiful. Only societies totally blinded by the Judaeo-Christian hatred of life could deny the beauty of boyhood. Only societies that are utterly decadent could equate the beautiful with a potential for sexual, rather than spiritual, gratification. We have the worst of *both* worlds these days.

Don't get the impression that I am carping entirely. Your attacks on the puritans are devastating and very much to the point. I was glad you brought the attention of your readers to the financial exploitation of the Third World through child prostitution and the lack of sensitivity of some paedophiles there. The back-lash this is provoking there should remind us all that a reaction against prostitution played a significant role in the creation of the age of consent laws throughout Europe. Who can blame the legislators under the circumstances?



BOOKS

It may well be that the first two years of this decade will be reviewed by future historians as a marvellous time of progress in the liberation of child eroticism in the English-speaking lands. We can become so concerned with the numerous personal tragedies we hear about, the depravities of such people as Judianne Densen-Gerber and Lloyd Martin, the short-term political victories of SLAM and Moral Majority, that we lose sight of the recent tide of responsible books on the subject of inter-generational sex and love, from Tom O'Carroll's epoch-mak-



TEEN

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ing *Paedophilia: The Radical Case* to Mitzel's *The Boston Sex Scandal*, to the recent *Age Taboo*, with notice along the way to the mixed accomplishments of Taylor's *Perspectives on Paedophilia* and the Cook/Howells *Adult Sexual Interest in Children*. Now along comes what is certainly the best American scientific book published so far, *Children and Sex*, edited by Larry L. Constantine and Floyd M. Martinson. Although it bears the date of 1981, first copies seem to have come off the Boston presses in January 1982.

The fresh wind of change can be read in the very first paragraph of the preface: discussing what has been written on child sexuality, the authors state,

With scant exception, such books are mostly concerned with *adult* sexuality and with the child's development toward adult sexuality. Sex, if it is seen as at all relevant to childhood, is something in the child's future, a province of adults and, occasionally, mature adolescents. Children are not, in the majority of these previous works, seen as sexual creatures themselves.

Page after page of *Children and Sex* contains a real insight, or a fresh evaluation. In Thore Langefeldt's study of childhood masturbation:

This chapter is an attempt to illuminate some of these questions and to structure the information in terms and systems relevant to the child's own situation, rather than to employ the standard psychoanalytical approach that emphasizes childhood sexual activity as processes preceding adult sexuality.

And from the same paper, discussing pre-pubertal boys' mutual masturbation clubs,

These groups serve an important sex

education function; in most cases, this is the only sex information that a boy receives. In school, sex education often is presented several years too late and is irrelevant to the child's own situation.

Considering the great argument raging in the US at present between the "liberals" (who mostly practice repressive tolerance) and the Moral Majority types, one wonders whether the battle for such feeble and irrelevant sex education courses is worth the hot air expended over it. "The street" probably teaches boys, if not girls, more than a hundred of these books on birds, bees and foetus development!

Freud's "latency period" is threatening to become the best buried psychoanalytic concept ever formulated. Martinson tells us that, in a study as early as 1943, 14% of males interviewed said they had masturbated by the age of 8, 23% by 9, 29% by 10, 54% by 11, 73% by 12, 85% by 13, and by 15 years of age only one out of 50 didn't.

Psychiatrist Warren Gadpaille, discussing some recent anthropological data from sexually permissive societies, forsakes the fundamentals of his training long enough to observe,

While there is great theoretical and clinical concern in psychoanalysis that ego development and the capacity for sublimation and object relations will be grossly impaired by exposure to parental nudity and to the primal scene ("primal scene" is analytic jargon for a small child observing his parents in coitus - *Ed.*) and by unrestrained child and adolescent sexuality, there is no evidence that the members of the permissive societies referred to are rendered unequal to whatever maturation their cultures demand of them in those spheres of psychological function.

However, his Freudian orientation reveals itself in what immediately follows, his discussion of "normal" and "successful" adult sexuality:

That is to say, their freedom of sexual expression and curiosity in childhood is consistent with successful adult heterosexual relationships and constructive social participation as defined by their cultures.

THE AGE TABOO

DANIEL TSANG (Ed.)

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Gadpaille is a short-term pessimist:

It is inaccurate to misperceive the publicity given to various manifestations of sexual permissiveness as proof of a major shift in the culture's official morality. The most recent large surveys of representative population samples reveal the durability of our traditional sexually prohibitive attitudes.

Children and Sex is well planned and carefully edited. Cross-references to other papers in the volume are encountered throughout; the papers are grouped into six sections, each of which has a thoughtful introduction written by the editors. The biggest fault of the book is that the terminology in three of the papers is a regrettable left-over from the "age of psychiatry"; such words as *sexual abuse*, *victims* and *molestation* appear all too often and never did have a place in a scientific discussion of adult/child sex relations. It is evident, too, that the book has been some time in the making, for many of the papers were first published in 1976 and 1977. But, for once, research from the non-English-

speaking lands is included. There are three papers from Norway and one from Holland. And one of the other chapters, by American anthropologist Richard Currier, reviews in some detail the non-Hindu Muria culture of the central Indian hill country, where very free sexual expression is expected during childhood and divorce among the adults, despite infinitely easier procedures, is one fifth the American rate. At last American sociologists and psychologists are becoming aware of the work and experiences of men who speak in other tongues.

But not all of the material is culled from professional journals. Three of the most interesting papers in Section IV, *Sex in the Family*, appear here for the first time. David Finkelhor surveyed 796 New England college undergraduates on whether or not they had had sex with a sibling. 13% said they had. Of these experiences, 74% were between brothers and sisters, 16% between brothers and 10% between sisters. Finkelhor is particularly interested in the extent to which these people felt victimized, and it is interesting to note that "girls were victims of force in 82% of the coercive experiences, while boys were victims in only 18%". He finds that the two best predictors of how negatively the children felt about their sibling sex experiences was whether or not there had been force involved and how much older than themselves their partners had been.

In the following much more positive paper, "Forbidden Sexual Behavior Among Kin", Carolyn L. Symonds, Maureen J. Mendoza and William C. Harrell study over a hundred responses to an inquiry about intra-familial sex and conclude that for many boys and girls the incest experience was positive:

Rather than contributing to disorganization, the incestuous relationships led to increased feelings of closeness for more than half of our correspondents.

Most important was whether the child in the relationship felt it was free to participate or not participate according to its will.

The next paper, from an unpublished master's thesis at Antioch College by Joan A. Nelson, begins with a confession:

When I was a child I experienced an ongoing incestuous relationship that seemed to me to be caring and beneficial in nature. There were love and healthy self-actualization in what I perceived to be a safe environment. Suddenly one day I discerned from playground talk at school that what I was doing might be "bad". Fearing that I might, indeed, be a "bad" person, I went to my mother for reassurance. The ensuing traumatic incidents of that day inaugurated a 30-year period of psychological and emotional dysfunction that reduced family communication to mere utilitarian process and established severe limits on my subsequent developmental journey.

Nelson also finds that most of the teenage participants in the incestuous relations studied felt the experience positive, providing they felt free to engage or not engage in the sex.

Frits Bernard contributes a fine chapter on the consequences of paedophile rela-

tionships for the child, much of which material appeared in PAN 3 (page 13).

The last three papers are by editors Constantine and Martinson and all, surveying the actual research which has been done on children in sexual relationships, come to the conclusion that these experiences are commonly evaluated positively providing they were done with the child's wholehearted consent. The final thought which co-editor Constantine leaves with us (he is discussing the sexual rights of children) is

What is attempted in this chapter is an exploration of the implications of extending a presently radical view of children's rights into the area of childhood sexual experience. Almost certainly this extension will be found repugnant, perhaps even frightening, by some; it is unlikely to be looked upon with favor by more than a few. There is little doubt that between contemporary Western sexual mores and full recognition of the sexual rights of children lies a social gulf of awesome magnitude. Nevertheless, the serious and open-minded appraisal of such far-fetched possibilities can be useful as we tread, small step by



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small step, toward healthier acceptance of
the sexuality of all, young and old.

It is only a year since *Perspectives in
Paedophilia and Adult Sexual Interest in*

Children appeared, and already the
progress is enormous. With the sole
exception of the antiquated terminology
in a few of the papers, this is a book
which strikes one immediately with its
uncompromising honesty, its freedom
from obsessive Christian sex morality, its
determination to find out what children
really think about the sexual experiences
they have, or their lack of them. There are
no papers telling you how to torture
paedophiles in prison, no dogmatic and
unfounded sermons about "willing
catamites" damaged for life by having
their immature penises pleased by
adults, in order to "give a balanced pic-
ture" of "expert" opinion about child
sexuality. This book stands squarely and
unabashedly on the side of the child and
shows little sympathy for traditional psy-
choanalysis and the profession of "child
protectors" which it finds all too willing
to overlook the real needs of children in
order to reinforce the values of contem-
porary adult society.

*Children and Sex, New Findings, New
Perspectives*, edited by Larry L. Constan-
tine and Floyd Martinson. Little Brown
and Company, Boston, 1981. Price in
USA: \$19.95; Dutch price: Hfl 54.65.

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BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma



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

Fortunately, the period which produced this kind of literature is drawing to a close. These tales stimulated self-pity in like-constituted people, and to pity oneself is dangerous. The authors also hoped to reach "the others", those who weren't attracted to young people or members of their own sex, and infuse them with justified pity and so change their attitudes, but this was always in vain. No minority ever gained a greater measure of human rights because the majority began to pity it. A minority which is serious about emancipating itself has to show both force and its own capacities: it must impose itself into society and had best hide its tears.

Nobody honours a weeping beggar.

In recent years it seems authors have become aware of this and have changed their tactics. They are no longer dramatizing the way society cripples innocent people for being what they are but are showing what profit society can reap when it leaves such people alone and allows them to live in accordance with their own inclinations. In the old-fashioned boarding-school novels boys were driven to suicide (Peyrefitte's *Amitiés particulières*) or socially ruined (Montherlant's *La ville dont le prince est un enfant*) for loving each other. In their modern counterparts boys find a lot of satisfaction, happiness and health in getting on intimate terms with a friend of about their own age or with an adult man; at the end the boy-heroes seem better prepared for love and sexual relationships with either a girl or a man, each

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according to his nature.

An excellent example of this new kind of novel is *Jede Liebe ist Liebe* (Every kind of love is love) by a 77-year old German writer who, using the pen-name of Heinz Birken, has published quite a number of shorter tales in such magazines as *Pikbube, Ben*, (Germany) and *Der Kreis* (Switzerland). In 1980 Foerster Verlag (Berlin) made a collection of some of these in a volume called *Knabenträume* (Boys' dreams). A book of his verse has been illustrated by Richard Steen and is called *Jungen an meinen Wegen* (Boys on my paths). But *Jede Liebe ist Liebe* is his first full-length novel and was published last year (in German), by COQ, in Copenhagen.

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

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

he wishes to experience the same thing with Wolfgang.

Fortunately, when Lothar leaves school the following summer, the doctor still finds his health delicate and recommends another two months on the Baltic before starting his apprenticeship with a hairdresser. After some hesitation, Mrs. Wagemuth, director of the seashore camp, lets Lothar board with Wolfgang's family rather than in the dormitory. She recognizes the love between the two boys and is very much aware of what will happen when the two of them share Wolfgang's bedroom. But her own son once had such a relationship with an adult friend and when her husband found out about it he went to the police and as a result the boy committed suicide. This she tells the two boys as a cautionary tale, but they are very sure of themselves and Lothar is quite prepared for his initiation by Wolfgang. Their first night together is ecstatic, and this is followed by many more happy episodes.

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

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

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

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

A year passes. Wolfgang is certainly not forgotten, but the boy slowly accepts the fact that this phase of his life has come to a close forever. One day he meets a sympathetic man who is still grieving over the loss of his fifteen-year-old boyfriend, killed three years before in a motor accident. By the end of the book it is clear that Lothar and this man are entering into a love relationship with one another.

A well-constructed story, but one which might have a lot of pitfalls for the unwary author. Heinz Birken must be complimented in his ability at avoiding them. It would have been easy sentimentality for Lothar to hold true forever to his lost love, or easy heroism for the fifteen-year-old boy to forsake his family and return to East Berlin. As it stands, the tale is much more true to life. The only critic-

ism I would make is that Birken, evidently a man of fine character, seems unable to create really bad or disagreeable people. Lothar finds an unbelievable amount of understanding everywhere, from Mrs. Wagemuth to Wolfgang's parents. The benevolence of his own mother and stepfather are improbably large, but this does show that giving boys a free hand in the expression of their positive feelings towards each other is much more constructive pedagogy than an intolerant fight for obedience to traditional morality.

Birken should also be praised for the good balance he obtains between pornography and prudery. Sex and its manifestations play an important part in the story but this never becomes obsessive, nor is it exaggerated. It is described, frankly and without reticence, just as it ought to be in the life of a healthy boy of Lothar's age: not something to be ashamed of or shy about, but a mysterious source of joy and pleasure, a natural force impelling him toward friendship and love.

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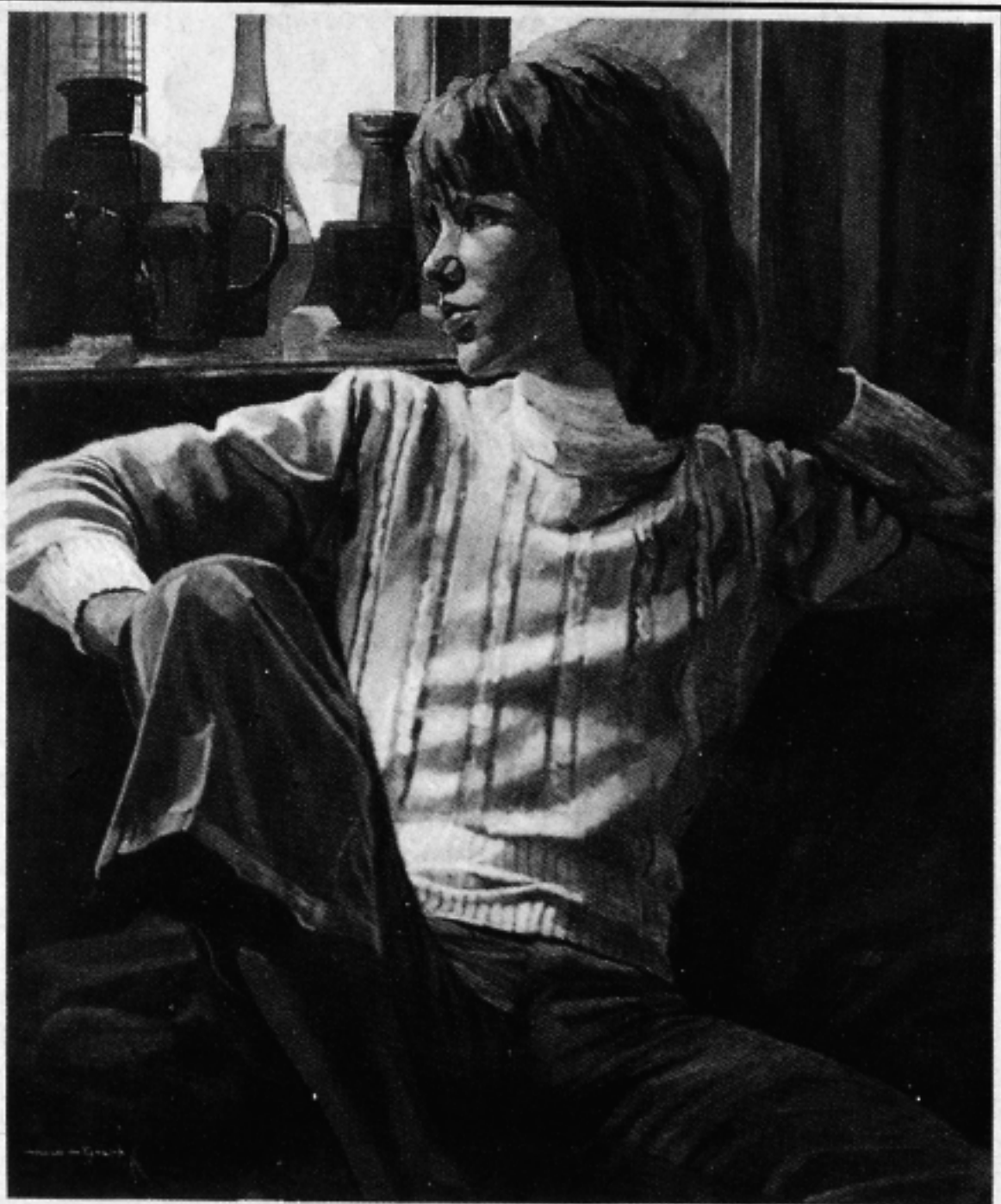
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THE BATTLE LINE

One of the most tragic developments in modern life has been the increasing involvement of "professionals" in force-feeding children Christian sex morality. A couple of hundred years ago it was the churches which, interpreting and misinterpreting the Judaeo-Christian holy writings, provided the ultimate justification for jailing, torturing and killing humans who practiced mutually consensual but socially "deviant" sexual activities. Now the intellectual support for its modern equivalent is coming to rest upon the writings of psychiatrists, especially those of the psychoanalytic school; less intellectual people have used these as a spring-board for any number of pop-psych publications, and now social workers, thumping their Densen-Gerber as fanatically as Jerry Falwell does his Bible, rush to drive the "paraphiliacs" from the land.

The following two cases are, unfortunately, all too representative. We are used to the police riding rough-shod over human feelings: after all, we employ police to stop criminality, and if we criminalize sex for children we can expect that the police will make little distinction between paedophiles, say, and murderers. But social workers are supposed to have learned something about human nature and view their function in society as helping, on a very individual basis, people needing help, and so their sexual condescension, their breaking up of happy but atypical families (usually one-parent families where children are allowed a degree of sexual freedom) and their complicity in in what can only be considered an epidemic of kidnapping adventures is most condemnable.

The first example we want to give involves a middle-aged medical doctor (not, we hasten to add, a psychiatrist) serving what amounts to a lifetime sentence in a Kentucky penitentiary after being convicted of sexual contacts with some boys he had known for a long time. There is a great deal more to this case than we can squeeze into this issue of PAN - previous arrests, the background of the boy's mother, a continuing love affair with "Robbie", etc. Also, as in 90% of boy-love convictions, visual pornography played an important role, for the doctor, despite his knowledge of the activities of the social workers against him, had taken erotic nude photos of his boys and had these in his home when the authorities invaded it. What is certain, however, is that this was an intelligent, productive, valuable man who had excellent relations with the boys he interacted with and now, unless his bid for appeal is successful, he will idle in prison until he dies, an expense to society, his talents unused. We are protecting the anonymity of the doctor at his request and changing the first names of the boys involved and their families, but, of course, not changing the names of the social workers who seem to have dedicated a great amount of their time four years ago to destroying this man and the boys he had befriended.

The first social worker I became involved with when I met Robbie in December, 1977 was Sharon Townsend, who is with the Department of Human Resources, Bureau for Social Services, 710 West High Street, Lexington, KY. She was unsuccessful in trying to persuade Robbie's mother to terminate the relationship in 1978. She conspired with a certain Debra Arbitman, who

used to work in my own hospital as social worker, to make an anonymous phone call to the police on 21 June, 1978 alleging child abuse. I was cleared, but my attorney could get no statement to that effect in writing. On 7 September, 1978 Robbie's mother called me and said Sharon Townsend had visited her and said that it was her decision as a mother whether to let Robbie continue to associate with me, but if she did she would likely be put in jail. Robbie and I continued to see each other, with him staying with me weekends or when he was not in school. On 22 March, 1979, Sharon Townsend abruptly and without warning removed Robbie from his mother's custody when the boy stayed out late *one* night and the police, returning him home, found his mother somewhat intoxicated and put her in jail. Despite family pleas to let me have charge of Robbie, Sharon Townsend put him the same day in a strange foster home from where Robbie called me to let me know where he was. I was refused permission to visit him. A month later he was put in another foster home with a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were distant relatives, and the first thing he did was call me and spend the next day, Easter Sunday, with me. The social worker warned the Smiths that Robbie was not allowed to visit me alone but was to be always accompanied by his 11-year-old cousin Joey and was *not* allowed to spend the night.

By June, however, Robbie was staying over all night on weekends with me as usual - I put Joey in another bedroom alone. On 27 June, 1979 a new social worker replaced Sharon Townsend, this one named Donna Silliman, and she reiterated that Robbie was not to be alone with me and certainly not stay over night. The Smiths ignored this command, but on 24 October, 1979, Mrs. Smith nevertheless telephoned Donna Silliman when Joey became increasingly jealous of Robbie and complained that we always slept together and excluded him. Donna Silliman visited Robbie's foster home on 25 October for an interview and the next day called the police to interrogate Robbie and all of his friends (between 8 and 12) who had been constantly calling me wanting to visit or stay. Over the next several days all were picked up by the police and interrogated to obtain statements against me.

On 1 November, 1979 my home was raided by 6 or 7 police detectives armed

with a search warrant and led by the chief Lexington Police Department detectives, James Castano, Doug Smith and Dave Childre. They were actually accompanied by the prosecutor, Commonwealth Attorney Rebecca Overstreet (most unusual). I was arrested, handcuffed and put in jail under \$30,000 full cash bond. I managed to borrow that amount and was released on 3 November, but was arrested a second time on 6 November and a third time on 12 November, this time with the bond raised to \$280,000 full cash, which I could not possibly raise.

Donna Silliman attended every hearing prior to the trial the next April - there must have been a dozen - and opposed every motion (through the prosecutor) to release me on bond, close the trial to the news media, change the venue in light of the tremendous publicity which the press was now generating, etc. And she never missed a day of the trial, sat beside Robbie during his testimony so he wouldn't weaken and refuse to testify as he had told me he planned to do when he visited me secretly in jail on 9 March.

Actually I have no real *proof* of the enormous pressure Robbie and the other boys

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were put under to obtain statements against me, true or false (and most were false), other than what Robbie himself told me during that visit and, to a lesser extent, what he told an investigator sent to interview him by my own attorney and taped (I listened to it) but subsequently erased when trial Judge Tackett threatened the interviewer and my own attorney with contempt of court for visiting the boy.

I don't know exactly how they threatened Robbie to get him to testify, but I know that he was very frightened that he would never be allowed to leave the foster home with the Smiths and return to his real mother. When he wrote to me in May after the trial Robbie said the social worker "might find out and I'll get into trouble". But he never said what form the "trouble" might take if they found out he had visited or written to me. I'm sure Robbie would be afraid to repeat the story to anyone else. And I'm also sure the police detectives would never admit the amount of pressure they applied to the kids. It's an amazing fact that state law in Kentucky (KRS 509.080) regarding criminal coercion exempts officials or authorities who either a) believed the accusation to be true, or b) felt their actions were justified! Who is going to admit otherwise?

The second case of kidnapping occurred in the infamous Catford police area of southeast London last February 25th. For several years Ralph Alden had been operating something called *Gay Youth Help Service* from his home and so had been subject to an unusual amount of police harassment and surveillance, especially since many years earlier he had served a prison term for sexual contact with a minor. Recently he had appeared on an English television program on homosexuality in the armed services. (He had tried to help a young man by the name of Darkins who was being bullied by his fellow soldiers: Darkins later committed suicide.) Although Alden is gay, he is not physically drawn to pre-pubertal or pubertal boys or even boys in young adolescence. He does, however, enjoy helping such children and over the years has established very close affectionate, physical but not sexual friendships with a few of them.

This was the case with two brothers, a 10-year-old whom we will call Todd and 14-year-old Billy Brown. They and their sister lived with their divorced mother who, probably simply because she was single, had a social worker assigned to her family. As the relationship between Todd and Ralph deepened, Ralph sought out Mrs. Brown and explained something of his background, that he was gay, that he helped gay youths, that he had once served 4 years in prison for a relationship he had had with a boy whom he still loves very much and who loves him (See PAN 2, page 30). This Mrs. Brown accepted, on condition that Ralph's affection for her Todd not be sexually expressed, and with this proviso the relationship went on, with Todd spending many nights at Ralph's flat, sometimes even sharing his bed. Somewhat later, at Ralph's insistence, Mrs. Brown questioned Todd as to whether there had ever been any attempt at sex but, to continue in Ralph's words,

She assures me that Todd has not made any complaints and she also assures me that a) she knows easily when Todd is telling the truth and when he is lying and b) she has no objections to my sharing my bed with Todd, and Todd certainly had none. She also confides in me that she has, in fact, spoken with all of her children, explained my past to them, and demanded that they tell her if I make any advances. So Todd returns once again to my home and when I go to bed he is already asleep.

It is now Thursday, February 25th and I decide that Todd ought to have a bath, and while he is taking his bath I wash his socks, vest and shirt. When we have both finished and are sitting in front of the fire so Todd can get completely dry before putting on his old jeans and pullover there comes a knock on the door. On opening it some 8 police officers storm in. They have obtained a warrant to search my place which states that there was a six-year-old boy there without his parents' permission. No amount of protesting that the warrant is deficient, that the boy is 10 and he has his mother's permission, will change their minds. I am arrested and taken to the Catford Police Station, closely followed by Todd, who is not permitted to put on his

jeans but just his shorts, parka and shoes. I remind Detective Inspector Hill, who is in charge of this investigation, of Judges Rules and tell him that he should call Todd's mother, but by 10 pm, two hours after arriving at the station, Todd is still without his mum. I am not questioned until the following evening when I am asked, among other things, why I had PAN in my home; what are my views on it and on homosexuality. On Saturday morning I am brought before the magistrate and am released on £500 bail until the 16th of April, permission granted for me to leave the country, as my sister in Berlin is fatally ill with cancer.

Wishing to collect my passport on Saturday after court at the Catford police station, I see Todd's mother just coming out. She tells me that they not only still have Todd, but also Billy. Apparently the previous Thursday the police were still in my house when Billy dropped by for a visit, so they took him, too, to the Catford police station and, without informing Mrs. Brown, put both boys on a "temporary care order", thus placing them outside their mother's reach. It wasn't until 2:30 pm the day after her children had been picked up by the police that she was told what had happened to them. When she went to the Catford station she was only informed that her sons were safe and well; she was not allowed to see them and the police would not tell her where they were being kept. She was told to call back that evening and then, after waiting two hours, she was able to talk to Detective Inspector Hill. She asked to see Billy but was told the boy wasn't there, which was a lie, since I actually saw him through a window at the time. Hill asked Mrs. Brown whether she knew anything about me and she stated that she knew everything, including the fact that I had been in prison, which upset Hill very much: he shouted and raved, banged repeatedly on the table with his fist and tried to intimidate her. I tell her that not only had Billy been in the station but he had been questioned at the late hour of 8 pm. The police have just told her that both of the boys are telling a lot of lies but they have to admit that so far nothing has been found amiss. Although the Care Order is only valid for 8 days, it now seems that it has been extended, as they are still in Care (they were placed in Orchard Lodge, Annerley, near Crystal Palace, in the care of

social workers). Needless to say, this is a sort of intimidation for, until they have complied with the wishes of the police they will not be allowed to return to their home.

Now, over three weeks later, the Brown children are still kidnapped, kept from their mother, and the social workers who run Orchard Lodge are part of this conspiracy. How someone in a "help" profession can justify such cruelty is beyond comprehension, unless one recalls that social workers have become more and more powerful in our increasingly regulated society, and with this power has come a sense of elitism, of conceit, of knowing best. Mrs. Brown is one of the unfortunates: poor, divorced, unsophisticated, she nevertheless had very close and good relations with her children, whom she loved very deeply. Now her family is smashed and her children traumatized because a certain Detective Inspector Hill wants a conviction of a conspicuous gay and the social workers will not only back him up but act as jailors for the boys.

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