

PAN

a magazine

about boy~love

NEWS

Palma de Mallorca,
Melbourne, Manila, Brazil

MONEY FOUNT

US\$ Studies
"The Problem"

PAVLOS, a story
by Bob Henderson

THREE INTERVIEWS

with boys in paedophile
relationships

Boy-Love in
"The Arabian Nights"
by Bill Allen

BOOKS: The Sexual
Aspect of Paedophile
Relations (Sandfort)

BOYCAUGHT

On Paedophile Fantasies
by Edward Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

Psychiatrists

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

number 12

N.B.

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

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

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

[p.2, half page
photograph deleted]



PAN

Number 12

July, 1982

WHAT'S INSIDE

IN BRIEF Palma de Mallorca, Melbourne, Manila, Brazil	3
At the Money Fount	7
PAVLOS a story by Bob Henderson	14
THREE INTERVIEWS Theo Sandfort talks with Thijs (10 years), Theo (13 years) & Gerrit (16 years)	18
* BOY-LOVE STORIES FROM <i>The Arabian Nights</i> by Bill Allen	32
BOOKS <i>The Sexual Aspects of Paedophile Relations</i> by Theo Sandfort	35
BOYCAUGHT <i>Paedophile Fantasies</i> by Edward Brongersma	41
THE BATTLE LINE Psychiatrists	44

All Photos in this issue, including cover photos but excepting those on pages 4 & 5, are by Bill Michaels

PAN is published five times a year by **SPARTACUS**, P. O. Box 3496, 1001 AG Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Editor in Chief, John D. Stamford; Executive Editor, Frank Torey.

IN BRIEF...



PALMA DE MALLORCA, SPAIN Although even the most rudimentary sex education for children and adolescents has hardly become a reality in Spain, the first tentative steps, here and there, are being taken. The municipality of Palma de Mallorca commissioned a group of "experts" (including members of the local psychological association) to produce a small (50 page) text in Catalan for school boys and girls.. Called *The Green Booklet*, it gives such hardly startling advice as masturbation is a healthy and important activity, homosexuality is in every way comparable to heterosexuality and improper sex education leads to neuroses and psychic immaturity. This was too much for the good bureaucrats, however: the booklets were summarily confiscated; now a judge is being asked whether its authors have broken the law. Yet there were a few winners: several hundred copies of the book *were* distributed and are rapidly changing hands among the school children of this lovely Balearic island. The losers seem to be the tax-payers, who not only financed the publication but now must stand the cost of its repression and the prosecution of its authors.

SOURCE: *El Dia de Baleares*, 30 May, 1982; *Ultima Hora*, 1 June, 1982.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA Roger Moody, British author of the excellent book *Indecent Assault* (see PAN 5, page 15), was in Australia recently and on 20 May gave a talk on paedophilia before the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology Gay Collective. Around 50 members attended. One of our readers penned the following note on the announcement circular mailed to us: "This is one more

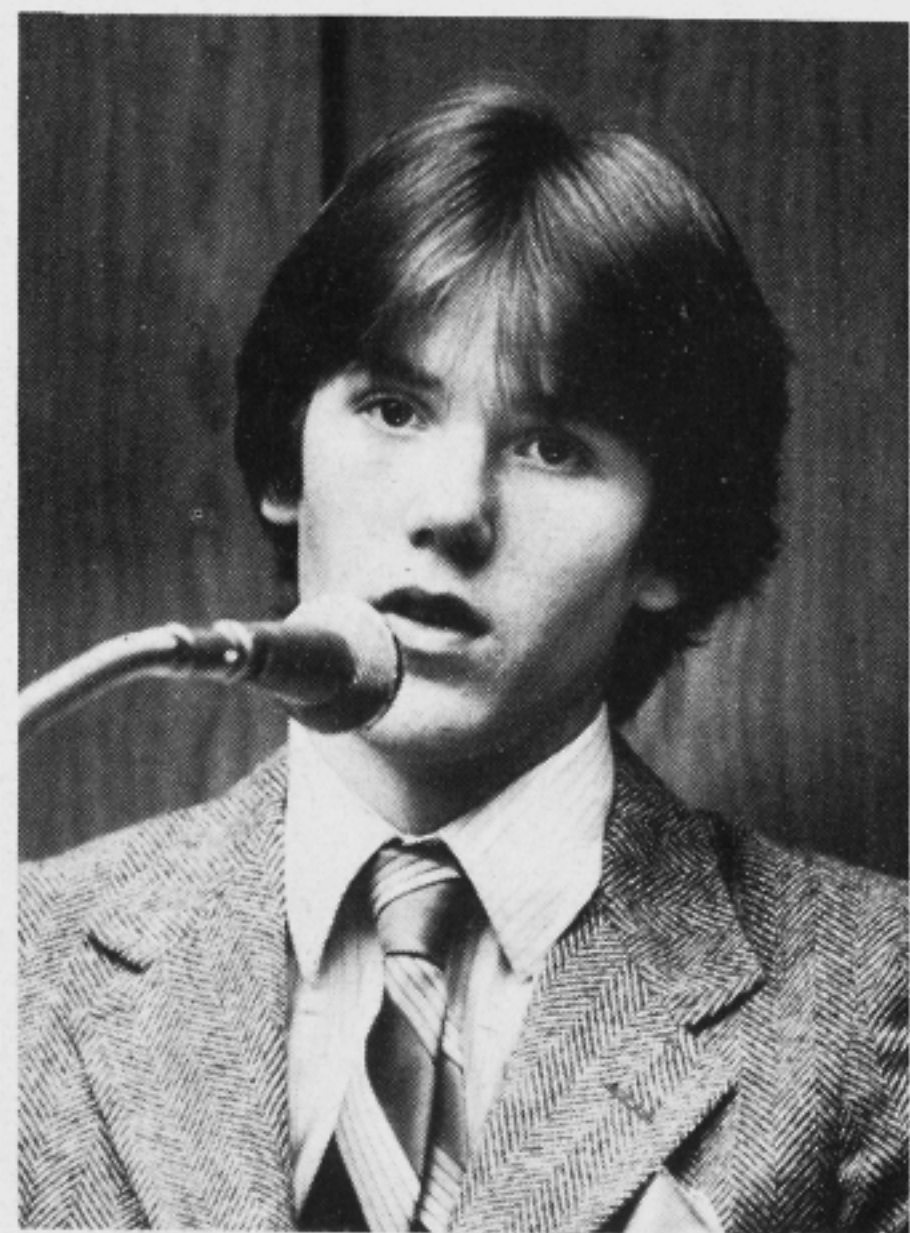
'proof' that our cause is going ahead by leaps and bounds in Victoria. I repeat — the talk was *very* well received. He answered lots of questions, winning over the entire audience." This is a big switch from the days when conventional gays destroyed Australia's first paedophile organization by threatening to turn its members over to the police.

ALBANY, NY, USA Two New York state legislators, Ralph Marino and Howard Lasher, of the anti-sex crowd, still smarting over the Appeals Court ruling that their state kiddie-porn law was unconstitutional on the grounds that the "offences" depicted may have occurred outside New York, have introduced a "cure": a piece of state legislation which would presume that all kiddie-porn discovered in New York had been made in New York unless the "purveyors" had filed a form stating otherwise. As part of their "investigation" the two men went to a live "sex show" in a Times Square theatre in which youths, who "appeared to be in their early teens, one as young as 14" danced in gym shorts and T-shirts to disco music. When the show was over the audience was invited upstairs for a light buffet and to meet the performers. There the good congressmen were told by "a middle aged man who introduced himself as Bob" that the boys were available in "dimly lit rooms down the hall." Well, we wish these people would get their act together: according to *Juvenile Justice*, (See PAN 11, page 15) "all these children possess is their young bodies, and they are being forced to sell these bodies for \$200 a night," yet Marino and Lasher were advised by "Bob" to offer the Times Square dancing

boys \$10 or \$15. Either someone's getting ripped off or two more anti-sex crusaders have got caught with their fantasies showing (See BOYCAUGHT).

SOURCE: *New York Post*, 17 March, 1982

HAYWARD, CA, USA Since the conviction of Kenneth Parnell last winter in the intriguing and ambiguous kidnapping case of Steven Stayner, things seem to have been quiet. Part of the boy's testimony was televised at the time of



Steven Stayner at the trial

the trial, and observers say his speech seemed somewhat backward for a boy who is now 16 but that otherwise he made a very sympathetic impression. Presumably plans are still going ahead for a cinema production of Stevie's story, for which the Stayner family has received a handsome payment. One wonders, however, whether Hollywood could come up with a more handsome actor than Stevie himself (see photo).

MANILA, PHILIPPINES The use of sexual liberality in some Third World countries by religious right-wing charities and

politicians to promote sexual repression at home has come under increasing attack here in wake of the continued showing of François Debré's TV pseudo-documentary *Les Trottoirs de Manile*. Social Services and Welfare Minister Sylvia Montes (who is suing Debré on behalf of her government) said in a recent interview, "We looked into the reports of child prostitution. It is very lamentable that our foreign press, just to be able to perhaps give a very bad image of the country, paid some children \$50 each to be interviewed. And when we investigated them they said they were asked to stand beside the garbage cans. These children never thought they were going to be used in such a film. When we found out about this, when child prostitution was already written all over Europe, it was not prostitution *per se* but more of vagrancy and neglect, especially in the urban centers. That is why our concentration now is to take out the children from the streets, especially during the usual curfew period, so they do not become vulnerable prey to evil elements. So the problem of child prostitution carried by the foreign papers is actually not child prostitution. So our ambassador Philip Mabilangan in Paris protested the film."

Well, we are not convinced that the boys going with tourists in the old Harrison Plaza were just vagrants, and we certainly aren't convinced that they are better off being "taken off the streets" and thrown into Manila youth prisons, as happened *en masse* in February, 1981 and sporadically ever since, but certainly we would agree with Mrs. Montes that Debré's fraudulent filming should be exposed and protested, especially as *Trottoirs* is now being shopped around from country to country in Europe: there is a German dubbing making its rounds through Switzerland and West Germany and this month the French original will be aired in Belgium. It was shown on Dutch TV, with Dutch subtitles, on 30 June.

All of this has sparked a veritable cascade of articles in the French and Swiss and German newspapers on the

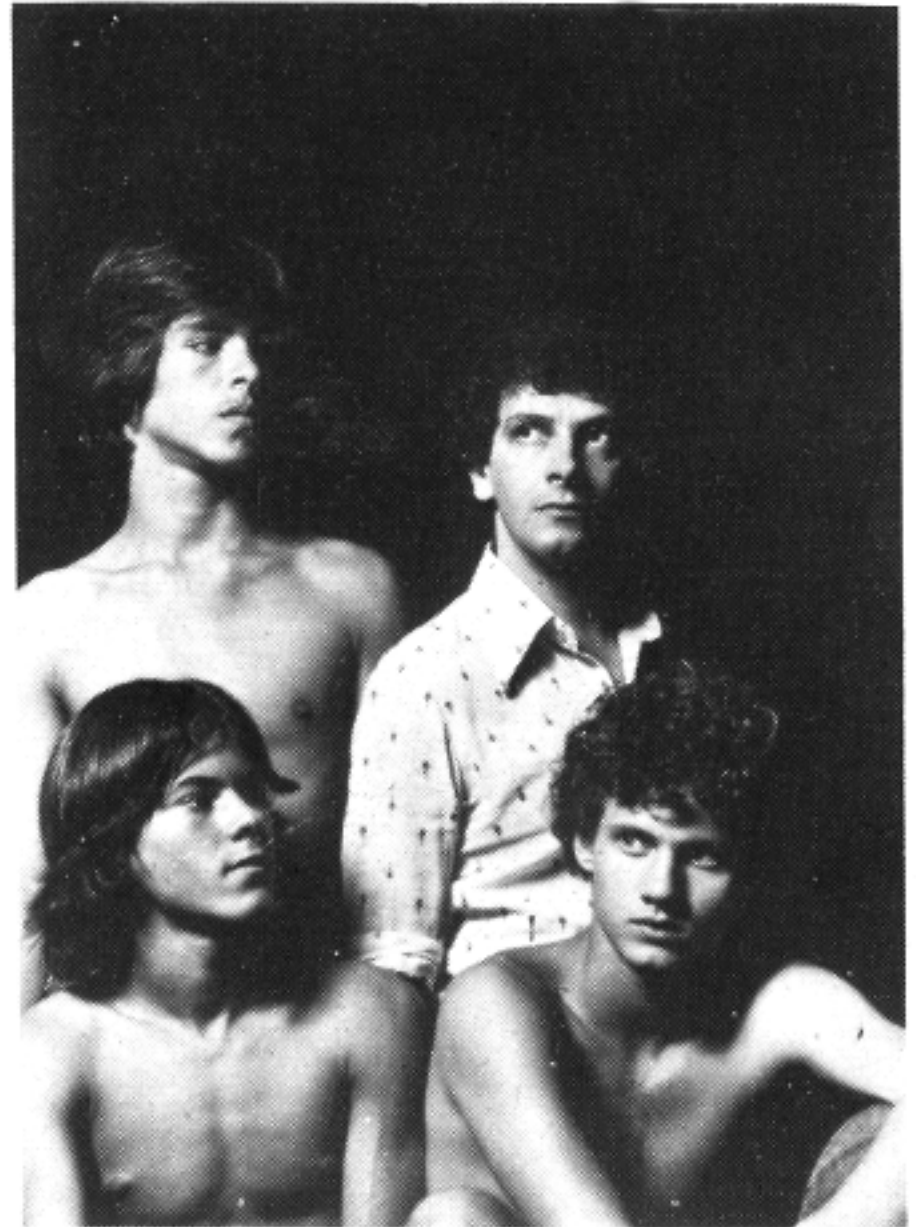
terrible damage being done to Third World kids by Western paedophiles (no mention of the poverty and starvation of a vastly greater number of their brothers, of course), all of which is keeping the Philippines embassies in these countries busy penning protests. Good news reaching our ears from Manila, however, is that the infamous Pol Pardoe y Niño, the only real adult boy-pimp we have ever heard about in the Third World, an evil Fagin who kept, robbed and mistreated an ever-changing gang of some dozen prostitute-thief boys, has been killed at last (by whom we don't know), and the equally evil "Sergeant Jimmy" of the Manila vice squad, whose specialty was robbing and raping "tourist boys" as they left hotels, has at last been fired.

NEW ZEALAND An unidentified head of an unidentified secondary boys' school here had been troubled with a disciplinary matter for some time and he wished to get to the bottom of it, so to speak: why were so many teachers "off target" when they caned their students? So he videotaped the punishment of two dozen boys, or rather their buttocks, for, as he explained to his increasingly incredulous critics, by playing back the tapes, slowly, he could follow the movements of the cane. An unscientific lot, these critics, for they began calling for his resignation.

SOURCE: *Club Magazine*, April, 1982.

BRAZIL An extraordinary and painful film called *Pixote* is making the rounds of the world and gaining rave reviews from boy-lovers and the straight press alike. It is about street boys in Brazil who, among other things, sell themselves to men; in particular it's the story of one 10-year-old whose name gives the picture its title. "He doesn't make an immediate appeal because he is rather homely," writes one of our American correspondents, "but as the picture progresses he grows on you, partly because of the appalling things that happen to him and his friends. One of the group is gay, and so takes a lot of abuse from his macho comrades. After breaking out of a bleak juvenile detention

centre these kids get into everything from purse-snatching through drugs to, finally, murder. What gives the film added impact is the statement that these are not professional actors playing rôles but actual street boys playing themselves." (This statement is not entirely true, for Edilson Lino, the young boy who plays the part of Chico, is currently performing in a Brazilian stage play about boy-prostitution called *Blue Jeans* - see photo.) Another correspondent of ours, who lives in Rio, says the scenes in the



Edilson Lino (lower left) and "Blue Jeans" boys

detention centre are 100% true to life and the misery of the Brazilian street boys is, if anything, understated.

One country did not, at first, welcome *Pixote*, however. In Australia, a certain Janet Strickland holds the office of Chief Censor, and she tried to ban it not only from being shown commercially but also from the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals this June, raising a storm of protest. The scenes of murder (*Pixote* sticking a knife in a woman's belly) were okay, of course, but not the ones of the 10-year-old hero watching simulated sex

between a 17-year-old and a middle-aged prostitute! "Off with her head!" wrote one reader of *The Age*, a Melbourne newspaper. "Mrs. Strickland's censorship of the Melbourne Film Festival has done more harm than the showing of any movie ever could," wrote another. "The festival must be free from censorship and Mrs. Strickland should resign." Amen to that, and the same to all these busy little pieces of inconsequence who rise to the top of such authorities! The festival audience had the last cheer, however, when the Commonwealth censorship at last un-banned the film and it was shown to a greatly increased audience.

SOURCE: *The Age*, 5 June, 1982.

BEACON, NY, USA Some time ago we reported on a certain professional clown who became another victim of Postal Inspector Martin Locker (see PAN 6, page 10). Martin Matthow was given 7 years imprisonment, and his 20-year-old professional partner and close friend 9 months, not just for the commercial porn Locker was theoretically looking for, but for some private blue movies turned up in the search. The friendship was destroyed, but Matthow has had an exceptionally untraumatic time of it in prison. He has not been victimized by his fellow inmates, despite the knowledge of many of what he is in for; he performs for them, to the delight of everyone, and makes the best of the situation. And one friendship he has not lost: that of his brother, film actor Walter Matthau, who visits him faithfully. With normal time off for good behaviour, Matthow should be out in two years, at which time he hopes to continue with his "Marvin the Clown" act, preferably in Europe.

Locker, however, is very much on the loose and has set up something called "Cumkid" (Box 240, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013) to trap his victims. "Cumkid" advertisements are placed in such marginal publications as *Fetish Times*. He also receives names from routine seizures by customs officials of porno mailings. Locker, as "Cumkid",

writes all his good prospects and offers to put them in touch with three or more "satisfied customers" who, of course, are Locker himself ensconced behind other post office boxes. A correspondence is started, the victim is led along, gradually, to a meeting at a motel room booked by Locker himself (no problem, then, with shaky search warrants of homes). The victim brings along his photos, films, magazines or whatever, and when he has it all laid out the trap is sprung.

FALKLAND ISLANDS Ever wonder what happened to Robin Lloyd, author of *For Money or Love*, (See PAN 2, page 24) the book which, in retrospect, appears to have been the first bomb dropped in the Great American Kiddie-Porn Panic of '77? Well, he has recently been in less hospitable climes than Lloyd Martin's California. He rated a brief mention in *Newsweek's* coverage of the Falkland war: "NBC news scooped its rivals last Friday when Robin Lloyd became the first American network correspondent to file a report from the islands. A spokesman for NBC said Lloyd travelled there with the knowledge of the Argentines, but he declined further comment." We haven't heard what happened to Lloyd since the British regained Port Stanley.

SOURCE: *Newsweek*, 26 April, 1982.

NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND Occasionally a judge in one of the English-speaking lands shows a sense of humanity and proportion in dealing with man/boy sex cases brought before him. When hairdresser Jeffrey Shaw and haulage driver Peter Japp were convicted here of having had sex with a 15-year-old local schoolboy, Judge Peter Weitzman, Q. C. said, "There is no evidence to suggest that either of you men corrupted this youth whom you both met quite independently. Unhappily this youth was only too experienced and willing to engage in these activities... In those circumstances, we find it just possible to suspend the sentences."

SOURCE: *Staffordshire Evening Sentinel*, 12 March, 1982

\$

\$

At the Money Fount

\$

\$

The US Government Accounting Office, a sort of watch-dog fiscal agency for Congress, has published an interesting report entitled, *Sexual Exploitation of Children — A Problem of Unknown Magnitude* (HRD-82-64, April 20, 1982). Despite its title it tends to cut most of the self-serving afflatus and virtually all of the tortured statistics out from under the "studies" of Robin Lloyd, Densen-Gerber, etc. Item: while Densen-Gerber states that there are two and a half million juvenile prostitutes in America, this report estimates they are in the "tens of thousands". Item: while Lloyd Martin said there were about 30,000 juveniles "sexually exploited" in California every year, his own police department records that at night about "65 teenage prostitutes, mostly male, are on the streets of Hollywood, where most teenage prostitution in Los Angeles takes place." Item: while most media stories on juvenile prostitution and pornography equivocably give ages as "some as young as 8", this report finds the typical boy prostitute "between the ages of 17 and 20". Item: while virtually 100% of the nation's newspapers have been carrying panic stories about a "dramatic increase" in child pornography, this study reports that Federal, local and state officials agree that *commercial* pornography has dramatically declined and what remains is "produced and distributed underground through an informal but close-knit network of pedophiles. Their pornography is homemade, rather than commercially produced, and is traded, rather than

sold." And Los Angeles Customs report that they "saw 10 to 20 pieces of child pornography a day in 1977-79. However, only 14 pieces of child pornography were seized between January and September 1981. All seizures involved small amounts, not commercial quantities.... It is rare for a commercial shipment to be sent to this country for resale." Item: while the media tell us the average boy prostitute runs away from home because he has been sexually violated by a parent, the report says the two most common reasons for leaving the family unit are "parental abuse (usually connected with the alcoholism of one or more parents), or the parental abuse which resulted from the issue of his 'gay' identity."

The study also outlines the direction of some of the public funding for "research" into these matters. \$100,000 went to both the Washington School of Psychiatry and Boston University's School of Nursing. We haven't seen anything from the psychiatrists but the Boston University project, of course, is the one in which the "Nutty Nurse", Anne Burgess (See PAN 8, page 12 ff), and Dr. A. Nicholas Groth (See PAN 9, pages 3 & 11; PAN 10, pages 3 & 28; PAN 11, page 11) were involved. (Nutty Nurse Burgess, incidentally, has left Boston University under mysterious circumstances and taken her \$100,000 federal money with her to Boston City Hospital.) The National Institute of Mental Health has been the biggest financial winner of all with a grant of nearly half a million dollars "to study the entrance of males

and females into juvenile prostitution and its relationship to early sexual experience, exposure to prostitution, and associated criminal activity" — you can imagine what a group of psychiatrists will do with *that* mandate!

Perhaps this is where the \$200,000 came from to buy in New York a three-year federally financed "study of 192 male child molesters that is refining behavioral treatment of sexual abusers of children", in the words of *New York Times* writer Glenn Collins. Groth, who has one of the best noses in the business for "child-abuse" funds, seems to have tapped into this project, too: "The dimensions of the abuse are staggering," he told the *Times*. "If we saw these same numbers of children suddenly developing some kind of illness, we'd think we had some kind of major epidemic on our hands." Chief beneficiary of the federal windfall is one Dr. Gene A. Abel, director of (take a deep breath) The Sexual Behaviour Clinic of the New York State Psychiatric Institute at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in Manhattan. "What we have is a relatively small number of people committing a relatively large number of crimes," said Dr. Abel. "These offenders molest many more children than has been previously suspected, and child molestation is a more frequent and serious crime than we had supposed."

The good Dr. Abel (he is a psychiatrist, of course — see THE BATTLE LINE) parts company with the likes of Lloyd Martin who say paedophile contacts are almost always non-coercive; according to Abel, "50% of all child molestation may involve violence" — and he quotes Kingston, Ontario police and emergency-room records which "show" that 40% of child molestation there was violent (which is like saying that emergency-room hospital records prove that 50% of all marriages involve stabbings, wife-beatings and murder).

Of course, since Federal funds are

getting harder to come by, Doctors Able and Groth claim that "sexual molestation of children" is on the increase: one cited study shows that while in 1976 only 1955 children were "sexually abused", in 1980 the figure had risen to 25,000. (Even so, this diminishes by a couple of digits the figures of Densen-Gerber and company.)

Dr. Abel seems to be addicted to the non-explanation: "The reason that offenders molest children is that they have a sexual arousal pattern that drives them to involve themselves with children." Dr. Groth, on the other hand, having "studied" over a thousand paedophiles in his prisons, has discovered that "there has usually been trauma or victimization during the offender's formative years". 80% of his prisoners, it seems, had themselves been "sexually abused" when young (it's not clear whether this includes *self*-abuse!), but "about 25% of these were abused by women — baby-sitters, relatives or care-takers". Getting it on the with baby-sitter was so horrible an experience for these poor boys that they evolved into sex-monsters, it seems. Another wonderfully funny statement this sly feeder at the public trough launched at the credulous *Times* reporter is that paedophiles don't really like the intimacies they manage to have with minors: "I don't see them molesting children out of a desire to have sex any more than an alcoholic takes a drink because he is thirsty".

Since the \$200,000, in addition to keeping Groth, Able and Company in pocket money, was provided to "develop model treatment techniques that may be used in sex-offender programs throughout the country" it would be interesting to know more about just what those 192 "male child molesters" have been subjected to. But here the *Times* is rather vague: "the offenders are taught how to call upon their aversions to disrupt deviant sex-

ual fantasies and give them control over their impulses." The therapists attempt to change fantasy patterns "by a variety of techniques commonly employed by sex researchers." The *Times* article, incidentally, was reproduced, word for word, in both the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Urban and Rural Systems Associates in San Francisco have put their quarter-million dollar grant to better use. Theirs is the first professional study of adolescent male prostitution in America, and it came to some conclusions which the gay culture could have predicted but which were quite unexpected by mainstream opinion. Despite news reports of child pornography rings, "it is extremely rare for a youth under 16 to be involved in prostitution," the report says. Most male prostitutes are between 16 and 22. They don't have pimps, "rather, they are independent street hustlers or freelance call boys." Unlike female whores, "a significant percentage of males indicate they enjoy hustling, including its sexual aspects... Many adolescent males involved in hustling exhibit positive self-images, imagining themselves to be entrepreneurs, entertainers and sexually desirable partners. Many also see hustling as an appropriate way of exploring their homosexuality." As for the rôle hustling plays in the lives of these teenagers, "to many it represents the only group of gay friends they have ever had — their only true families; to others it represents excitement and thrills; and to still other....independence and freedom." The report is entitled, *Adolescent Male Prostitution: A Study of Sexual Exploitation, Etiological Factors and Runaway Behaviour*, and is available from the Health and Human Services Department of the Federal government.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Examiner*, 12, Feb, 1982; *New York Times*, 13 May, 1982; *The Boston Globe*, 14 June, 1982.

FORBACH, FRANCE On April 14 four boys wandering in the Fipersquelle Forest near here came across a bare electrical cable. As little boys are wont to do, one of them, Christophe Schwartz, 10, couldn't resist *faire pipi* upon it. Unfortunately the cable was charged and his bold masculine act caused a spectacular electrical arc. Christophe was rushed to the burns centre at Merlebach and his three companions, less seriously injured, were admitted to the local hospital at Forbach.

SOURCE: *Midi Libre*, 15 April, 1982.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA, USA Fritz Bernard's novella (or long short story) *Costa Brava* (see PAN 1, page 16 & PAN 9, page 10) has at last appeared in a good English translation as part of a gay fiction anthology edited by Winston Leyland called "Gay Sunshine Journal" (Gay Sunshine Press, P. O. Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, USA. USA\$7.95). It tells of a deep love which develops between a man and a boy as both flee civil-war-torn Spain during the 1930s. This is the second language it has been translated into from the original Dutch: the German edition by Förster did so well it was actually faced with competition from a pirated version! It is good to have this touching little tale available in English; in addition to its inherent interest it played an important rôle in Holland in bringing about understanding of paedophilia at a time when repression here was almost as total (but never so violent) as in England and the US.

BOSTON, MA, USA A huge effort by the FBI and the police of several states resulted in a raid on a gay establishment here called *Club International*, the arrest of 5 people on prostitution charges — and a veritable bonanza of scurrilous reporting by the Boston press (international child prostitution ring... sent boys as young as 13 to Mexico, Canada and several US cities for \$500-plus sex weekends...) One 18-year-old and one 16-year-old were also arrested. NAMBLA spokesman Tom Reeves swung into

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

action and appeared on a local radio talk show: "I called this afternoon and asked the District Attorney's office how much money was spent in prosecution of the case of the murder of the black man in Savin Hill recently, and he told me, after several calls, that it was about \$5,000." (Reeves was referring to just one of several recent homophobic assaults in Boston.) "Estimating from what the newspapers say, this particular investigation....involved five different agencies, including the US Postal Service, for four or five months. According to today's *Herald*, they actually rented the apartment where the prostitution went on; the

Postal Service rented the apartment and set up these elderly men in that apartment. I estimate — and I would challenge them to disprove this — that this raid cost the taxpayers \$250,000." Well, that's about the right proportion for the corrupt Irish political machine which runs Boston: one dollar to solve the murder of a black man, fifty dollars to entrap an elderly paedophile into having consensual sex with a boy just under the age of consent.

SOURCE: *Boston Herald-American*, 3, 4, 6 & 9 May, 1982; *Boston Globe*, 3 & 4 May, 1982; *Gay Community News*, 15 May, 1982.

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA The famous *gamins* (street urchins) of Bogotá have found a fast friend in one Ward Bentley, an American ex-medical society organizer who, in early middle-age, decided that life was too short to spend it in boring middle-class comfort and set out to devote himself full time to helping *on their own terms* a group of fascinating and desparately needy children. Recently Bentley stopped off in Amsterdam on a world tour raising funds for his foundation, of course, and also comparing the Colombian little boy street gangs with those in such cities as Calcutta and Manila. Most of the time, however, he is in the Colombian capital making the rounds with a shoulder bag crammed with medical supplies and supervising the work of some half-dozen other volunteers. He has become expert in sewing up knife wounds and treating all the traumatic injuries these boys receive from each other, from the people they rob and the police. Unlike most dogooders he has no "social objective" other than providing a little physical help and a lot of affection. He does not try to reform the boys, save their souls, force them into schools or, like *Terre des Hommes*, exploit their sexual lives for gain and fame. "Papa Gringo", as they call him, simply tends to their present needs and hopes they can live to adulthood and establish themselves in life. And the boys love him, hang all over him,

call on him in need and, when necessary, protect him. A pity that all the money flowing into the coffers of the bad charities cannot be channelled to the very few organizations which really do help kids. This one is *Children of the Americas*, c/o Kent W. Peterson, M.D., 25 Bedford Road, Katonah, NY 10536, USA or *Niños de las Americas*, Ward Bently, Director, AA 38791, Bogotá, Colombia.

LEXINGTON, KY USA As a mere courtesy, before we published PAN 11 we sent a transcript of THE BATTLE LINE story which ultimately appeared in it, plus a copy of PAN 10, to the two female Lexington social workers responsible for ruining and imprisoning a local doctor convicted of sexual contacts with boys. We never heard from them. No sooner was the issue off the press, however, than we were informed that, although Sharon Townsend and Donna Silliman were prevented by law from commenting on the case of the unfortunate doctor, they had nevertheless run weeping and wailing and crying "victimization" and "harassment" to the Lexington *Beagle*, or whatever the city daily calls itself and gave them our letter and draft article and copy of PAN 10. We received two trans-Atlantic phone calls from an unctuous *Beagle* reporter pumping us for information he could use against the doctor and asking whether we thought it was "fair" to attack these worthy ladies without publishing "the other side" too. "What is the other side?" we asked. "Well, do you agree with what the doctor did to those boys?" the reporter countered. Since then we have heard that the *Beagle* plans an exposé of PAN as the vilest kind of pornography and promises vengeance — against the helpless incarcerated doctor, of all people!

And so it goes in this metropolis of the Bible-thumping, wife-beating, booze-making Rock-a-Billy heartland of America's Middle South where Falwell-type Christianity locks in a steel chastity belt people's minds and genitals: dogooders like Sharon Townsend and Don-

na Silliman, suffering from the most perverted of sexual phobias, devote their lifetimes to the savage destruction of gentle men whose worth they cannot even comprehend, yet dissolve in great puddles of self-pity when a small magazine in far-away Holland does a little truth-writing about their deeds. And the local newspaper editor, with nobody else in his jurisdiction to bully, vows holy revenge upon a man already sentenced to life in prison. The land of the free and the home of the brave indeed! In Lexington, in the Department of Human Resources, and on the local newspaper, they grow them cowardly and evil and mean.

NEW YORK, NY, USA Larry Constantine, co-author of the excellent *Children and Sex* (See PAN 10, page 28, also offered to PAN subscribers this month) didn't like being described as one of "the new apostles of child sex" by *Time* Magazine last autumn in its shallow and rather silly story about paed-lib. Nor did he like being quoted as saying that children "should have the right to express themselves sexually, which means they may or may not have contact with people older than themselves". He insists he never advocated adult-child sex, and implications that he has have hurt him professionally. *Time* refused to publish a letter of complaint he sent them, so he turned to the National News Council, a small organization which acts as a sort of ombudsman for people who think they have been wronged by the press. Constantine won: the Council found that *Time* had "distorted and misrepresented" some of the views of the professionals and the article did not "meet accepted journalistic standards for fairness and accuracy in reporting". Well, if the *Time* article didn't meet "accepted journalistic standards", what about the rubbish churned out almost daily by *The Los Angeles Times* and other newspapers which seem to operate on the principle that you can say anything you want about child-sex as long as you paint it black enough? Equally curious is the strength of Constantine's desire to dissociate himself from any suggestion

that a "child" might, under the right circumstances, be allowed to express himself sexually with an adult. But the key issue here is probably professional damage, for it is very difficult, in America, for a psychologist to survive if he is suspected of being "overly-liberal" on child-sex issues. In order to be effective he must define his position very precisely close to the cutting edge of progress — a step too far, as *Time* undoubtedly wished to force Constantine to take, and he would be finished.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Examiner*, 4 May, 1982.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND Edmond Kaiser, godfather of *Terre des Hommes* (see PAN 10, page 38), made news, and trouble again for gay paedophiles; this time by attacking a travel agency in Kloten which, said Kaiser, specializes in "sex tours" to Thailand. Kaiser hired a private detective by the name of William Flumenbaum to pose as a German boy-lover wanting to get it on with young Thais. Flumenbaum, so he reported to the Swiss press, went to the agency, was assured discretion at the hotel in Bangkok where he would be staying (probably true). "But don't the laws of Thailand condemn sexual contacts between children and adults?" Flumenbaum asked. "Yes, they do." (Not true - Ed.) "But out there we have the upper hand. Because, with the 100 or 200 marks a week you'll pay your partner you'll support his whole family for a month. And, you know, there are also laws against murder, but it's rare that any murderer is captured..." Flumenbaum asked if the agency provided partners. They didn't, it turned out.

Nevertheless on May 10 Kaiser sent a letter jointly to the Federal Department of Justice and Police and the Federal Department of Foreign Affairs demanding that they shut down this "Swiss pimping centre" which because of the great harm it was doing "to children, adolescents and adults in poor countries, of both sexes, is carrying on an activity incompatible with your responsibilities to

protect the good of humanity and respect the rights of the child, the woman and the man."

BAKERSFIELD, CA, USA Paedophobe cop Lloyd Martin has co-authored a book with California SLAM-type activist Jill Haddad called *We Have a Secret*. It is a curious mixture of all the current prejudices and misconceptions and exaggerations surrounding paedophilia, including the usual (but, as usual, undocumented) link to commercial pornography, prostitution, crime, violence and drugs, and a recognition that many, if not most, of the contacts between men and boys at least are consensual and involve more than an element of friendship or love. The first half of the book is devoted to sensationalistic newspaper articles about some of the well-known American scandals in the past 5 years (the Tennessee "Boys Farm" affair which helped kick off the Great Kiddie-Porn Panic of '77, local California arrests). Then follow some 25 pages of a radio interview in Memphis with co-author Haddad who on that unspecified date, at least, had some amazingly inflated ideas about the size and importance of California paedophile organizations: *Childhood Sensuality Circle* had a membership of 10,000 and the René Guyon Society 5,000 (that's the number of "supporters" René Guyon's stationery claims; as far as we can tell it has a real membership of one). The source of Haddad's information became apparent when the announcer said, "She has brought a huge scrapbook and the scrapbook contains newspaper clippings from around the United States that have come out in the last 90 days only — is that correct, Jill?" "Yes." A little later (and it was very late, for this talk-show *began* at one o'clock in the morning) Haddad made a wonderfully funny statement about how paedophiles "got that way": While in many cases paedophilia is caused by being molested as children, some paedophiles were never molested. "One, for instance, his family suffered a disastrous bankruptcy when he was 9 years old. He likes 9-year-

olds."

The latter half of the book concentrates on paedophile groups, NAMBLA, PIE, even PAN ("...two-colour printing some of the finest in the trade.... The people contributing articles to *Pan* are among the most articulate writers and scholars in the world.") We are a plot, a conspiracy, we work 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. It would seem that porno is big business, too: Guy Strait is supposed to have made \$7 million in his brief career as a boy-photographer! And a number of statements by paedophile writers and organizations are reproduced (not especially out of context, either). The final answer, for any "intellectuals" who might dip into this volume, is dragged out of an article (from somewhere — there's no bibliography, of course, in a book like this) by Dr. David Finkelhor (See PAN 10, page 30) titled "What's Wrong With Sex Between Adults and Children?" What's wrong, according to Finkelhor (unless *he* is quoted out of context), is that children cannot give consent because they are too young to know what is involved, to understand society's

rules and how society will react if they get caught. Also, it seems, the child has no free will. The book is printed by a "vanity" press (Crown Summit Books of Newport Beach, California) and is reasonably well produced. Probably it will be sold mainly by mail order. ("We Have a Secret", Lloyd Martin & Jill Haddad, M. H. Cap & Co., P. O. Box 3584, Bakersfield, CA 93385, hardcover, US\$12.50 including postage, tax and handling).

PARIS, FRANCE "The sexual revolution is real," declared *Parents Magazine* for May. In the last 12 years the average age at which boys have had their first sexual contacts has lowered by 5 years: 30% of French boys now have them before they are 15. Even if the French government manages to do away with age discrimination against homosexual contacts, this one-third of French boys younger than 15 will still be violating the law in their *rappports sexuels* with partners of either sex.

SOURCE: *Libération*, 6 May, 1982; *Parents*, May, 1982.

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

PAVLOS

by Bob Henderson



He's twelve now. Handsome little bugger, full of spunk.

He knows all about me; and I know almost all about him.

You could say we're used to each other, without the boredom that might imply. I mean, we have ceased to be surprised by our desires.

Loyalty seasons custom.

In the beginning, it was different: I was surprised that it could happen at all.

Because then, when he first bowled me over, he was just seven, going on for eight.

That was the trouble. I had never been bowled over by a seven-year-old before. In fact, it had never occurred to me that it was possible.

Well. It's not to the general taste.

Love at first sight, your Honour.

That's what happened, all right, to Pavlos and me.

And the years since that first electric moment have done nothing but confirm. We have endured. Look, we've hardly been threatened.

We've grown up together, mutually enchanted. Me finding my grateful way in a strange land. He finding his wide-eyed way through boyhood.

I don't know what he longed for and dreamed of through those years before we met; but, as for me, I can say quite certainly that I never expected nor planned anything like — us.

"But little boys, my dear! Children!"

Christopher is genuinely shocked.

I let it sink in. Needing to tell it, and to listen to somebody.

We play with our ouzos, sipping tensely, leaving the appetizers untouched.

Uncomfortably close, those other tables, those respectable Greeks.

Conversation, laughter, the colours of Friday night. But shaded now, with danger. We both feel it, foreigners. The threat of my disclosure.

"I must say, my dear," — Christopher allowing himself the smallest scoop of *zatsiki* on a chunk of crusty bread — "I did *not* expect to come back to something like *this!*"

Back from Paris, that is, ready to expound at length on his adventures. And normally I would have listened, gratefully, diverted.

"Don't panic, Christopher," I murmur guiltily. "You are not, after all, involved."

Scraping his iron chair on the cold tiles to undescend his opposition:

"But I *am*, and it is half the point at least, I *am* involved."

"You don't teach *him*," I say sullenly.

Seeing my last hope going. Of a sympathetic ear, of some helpful advice, or even encouragement.

Dreamer. Why had I expected that?

When I was, myself, heavy with doubt.

This was all years ago, you understand. Based on shallow ideas. Not experience. Which followed.

They had approached me first, this nice family upstairs. There were two girls, and a boy in the middle. Would I give English lessons to Angeliki, the eldest? They had heard of me, from the landlord.

Nice people, but teaching is not my line, so I quickly organized Christopher, who has it down to a fine art. And everyone was satisfied.

Months passed, then Christopher was off to Paris for a brief assault on the civilized North. And would I fill in? Because. Such a good family, such a good student, not to be lost lightly.

In short, I was talked into it.

In Christopher's deafening absence, then, I began filling in. And, primed by the admirable, solicitous Christopher, we fumbled through it together.

Hospitality was generous: I was soothed with home cooking, drinks, sweets, fresh coffee.

But — when did I, did he, did we first see us?

It can't have been the first time I 'filled in'.

But anyway, somewhere early in the game, I became aware of this other presence. It was like that at first: a presence, a promise. Then, a glimpse. A tentative smile.

See Jean-Louis Barrault in some old pantomime.

This glowing, coal-eyed, gollywog of a kid, leaping out of doorways, and back out of sight again. In and out of the corner of my eye a dozen times. Theatre. Tantalizing, and puzzling.

Until the good Angeliki gave the name of her brother.

Pavlos. And I was in future able to greet him, even if he should appear only for a moment or two, grinning, intense, seeming to burst with energy.

Tricks with rubber balls and cracking pistols, which I learned to answer with a mimicking finger.

And always, this instant connection between us, not to be denied, even by Sis, who was containing her resentment, confidently abiding the return of her official tutor.

So, Pavlos would open the door to me, changing any mood into joy with that first smile. His body straining towards me.

And Pavlos would bring in the coffee for me, half-way through the lesson, and

linger as we laboured, not listening to the alien tongue we used.

Standing silent at my elbow, breathing deeply through his mouth, the spark of recognition never leaving his eye.

Pressing ever bolder into my side, his warm hands on my thigh; the fresh ripe smell of him. Straining toward me still.

Relaxing a little as my hand slid curiously around to cup his buttocks. And occasionally, wondering, to squeeze.

What a sight, for anyone. For Sis, if she noticed.

United we were, Pavlos and me, gratified by a clear beginning.

Which was now, however, an ending, with Christopher back at the reins, all responsibility and caution.

We parted coolly, that Friday night, Christopher and I, after I had assured him that I would not destroy his good name nor involve him in any scandals.

I resolved never to mention the subject to anybody again.

Unless — wistfully — it should be to Pavlos.

I needn't have worried. His determination kept us meeting. Pavlos has always been more optimistic than I.

Living in the same building, we were unlikely to lose each other altogether. But it was more than chance, our meeting in the lobby so often.

That intense smile, that straining of his body towards me.

Or outside on the steps, where I would find him waiting in the afternoon, when I came home from the studio, his handsome face lighting up as I turned the corner. With the eyes of a hundred neighbours upon us, I would try not to linger with him for too long.

In those days. Now, we don't mind much what they think. They're accustomed, anyway. We are a fixture around here, Pavlos and I.

Not surprising, that I came to look forward to our meetings. Those innocent conversations about the football, details absorbing us for jealously prolonged moments.

We have always had plenty in common.

Dear Pavlos, I see you as you were then. Carrying my helmet possessively, with both hands, until we parted at the lift. Always with some whispered, conspiratorial word, as the steel doors slid across to restrain us.

Look, I already enjoyed a fairly ambitious sex-life. In the Athenian style – sensuality and non-involvement. I was not a lonely character, not frustrated. Against this, I valued friendship with Pavlos more and more as time passed.

With Christopher, the subject was *verboten*.

I used to amuse myself imagining the remarks I might make, and his reaction.

God, he's a darling, Christopher. He grows more luscious every day. Those curls. That skin. You know, I think about him all the time. I even dream about him.

Most of this would have been true.

The facts were: Pavlos persisted. Pavlos cared.

I knew nobody else who was always so pleased to see me. It counts. Especially on a rough day.

Pavlos gave me the good old feeling of being loved, and waited for.

I searched for ways to please him, and amuse him. A joyful occupation.

His mother, aware of his persistence, would become embarrassed, apologizing for the nuisance.

We got around this.

I have always had good relations with Pavlos' mum and dad. This is important to both of us. Especially now that he is older, and we think more of the future.

We had known each other for over two years before we started having sex.

Not strangers in the night, you see. By then, we were very familiar and trusting.

We avoided the shocks of contact which we might have suffered, had I felt paternal towards him. My feelings for Pavlos have never been parental. The general lack of such feelings is probably a gap in my nature.

We had always touched each other a lot, in the easy way of the Greeks. And I had sneaked a few kisses when nobody was looking. Loving to bury my face in the hot fragrance of his curls.

To these kisses, Pavlos responded with little grunts of satisfaction, and that straining of his body.

We took the big step, naturally enough, when he first visited my apartment. Though this had been suggested before, there had always been an awkwardness about it.

He came, finally, under the pretext of bringing pastries from his mother. I am not sure whose idea they were, but I can imagine him bludgeoning her into baking them.

He stood at my door with a look of triumph on his face.

And so we spent our first hours together on the bed, with the shutters closed against the midday heat. Helping each other, slowly, toward nakedness and knowledge.

There was humour in our loving. Until lately, we have kept passion to a minimum.

His frank cries of protest at anything he did not enjoy reduced the fear of taking advantage. Of course, there was no question of it. Though certainly, my own sexuality was fully developed, his was now looking for ways to answer it. He wanted to indulge me.

Even now there are things we do together which give me the most exquisite pleasure, while leaving him quite indifferent.

To put it simply, he does it for me. In the sweet, calm spirit of friendship.

Yes, I appreciate it. But he knows that well.

I admit he has always loved me better than I have loved him. My excuse is, that he took me by surprise. Apart from that, I'm working on it.

How lovely he looks, now, as he lies naked beside me, spent and undesiring. His dark head nestling under my chin. His nipples brushing against my chest. The curve of his smooth, brown back dipping into the shadows. His buttocks rising to catch the light. My hand resting gently between. As we breathe together.

How long will we lie like this in peace, before we want each other again?

My darling, as you murmur at my

throat with your love-ripened lips, I think of last summer. The rain outside the window now reminds me of the cave. Where we completed our exploration. Sharing everything, for the first time.

I didn't press you, I think. But you knew.

You could feel me straining, in those long days on the hot sand, straining, and waiting, as you had done, before.

And so you accepted it, and gave everything.

We ran, and crashed into the crystal sea of a cloudless August, swimming out as far as we needed.

To stand like reeds trembling in the cool.

Did I suggest taking off our costumes, or did you? Or perhaps we tore them off each other, I don't remember. We were a little light-headed.

Sun-baked and reckless.

The water encasing us like solid glass.

And when we moved together, it was more intimate than I expected. Our slippery bodies tangling in the wet. Awakening to the possibility. Venturing.

Until you gazed around, squinting, and said,

"Someone will catch us."

Truly, anyone within a hundred yards could see what we were at.

I was groaning for you, but not so far gone that I would risk a scene with unknown consequences.

I whispered to you shakily, "Will you help us? Do you know a place?"

And so we scrambled out; and up the shimmering, scalding rocks, up into the scrub. Panting, hand-in-hand, towards the cave,

Which you had discovered years ago with your sisters.

Deep and blissfully cool, after that hasty climb in the broiling sun.

"Does anyone come here now?" I wondered.

"No. Nobody else knows about it."

I was ready to be convinced.

"It's a great shelter," you added, "when a storm comes."

The cave's mouth lying not far off the track from the beach up to your summer

house.

I spread my towel on the sandy floor, and you did the same.

"It is not raining now, Pavlos," I sighed.

Feeling, somehow, that this was a solemn truth.

You stretched out on your towel, pulling at the drawstrings of your briefs.

"No," you said easily, "But it *could* be. It could have started to rain now, and we wouldn't know."

I smiled at this piece of whimsy, lying down beside you.

"And," you asserted confidently, "you can *always* hear the rain when you're inside a cave. Listen."

I listened. God, you were right.

Realizing immediately that it was the sea. Hard to tell the difference, in the semi-darkness.

"It's the sea, Pavlos."

"Maybe. We don't know that. It could be raining."

After all, you were trying to help, and with a rush of gratitude and affection, I rolled towards you, covering your beloved flesh with mine.

Now, I see you are stirring. Smacking you cherry lips, as if you are thirsty. Wiggling your fingers and toes.

I love you.

What would Christopher say, if he saw us now?

Easy to guess. And who cares?

I do, though. He's my oldest friend.

And I wish he could see. How perfect we are together.

I suppose he will, eventually.



***Het seksuele aspekt van pedofiele relaties: ervaringen van jongens
(The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations: The Experience of
Twenty-Five Boys) THREE INTERVIEWS
[see pp.35-36]**

As an appendix to his latest publication, *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties* ^{*}
(*Experiences of boys in paedophile relations*) published by the Sociological Institute,
State University, Utrecht, 1982, Theo Sandfort included complete interviews with some
of the youngsters who served as research subjects in his investigations into the real
world of man/boy love (see BOOKS).

Interview with Thijs (10 years, 11 months):

"What do you spend most of your time doing?"

"Well, first of all, swimming, and after that not much. I don't have many hobbies. I play football a bit. Yes, and do things with my hands — many different things. I play outside a lot, sometimes with my friends, sometimes alone."

"Then what do you do?"

"Football, ride the trams around town. I go swimming all the time with Joop" (his older partner - Ed.) "at the naturist pool. Usually with Joop, or with Loek, another man. Yes, he knows a lot of people."

"Does it make a difference to you that it's naked swimming?"

"Well, nobody cares if it's naked swimming, but I don't like it much if someone joins us I don't know."

"Do you do that every weekend?"

"Yes, but sometimes he goes somewhere else."

"What do you enjoy a lot?"

"Playing outside."

"But we already have that."

"Well, I usually come here to Joop's. And I play with him. I enjoy being with him."

"What sort of games do you play, then?"

"Sometimes we just sit around, and then lots of boys and girls drop in at Joop's, usually just as many girls as boys. Every Saturday, with chips and stuff, and I always come here. But I also come when there's nobody here. So when nobody else is allowed in I am, just because I have known him for a long time. So that's what I do a lot. Yes, and sometimes I make love with him."

"What do you mean by 'make love'?"

"Sex, make love, both the same."

"You say that's the same, sex and making love?"

"Pretty much."

"So what shall we put down? 'Sex with Joop'? Or would you rather say 'making love'?"

"Doesn't make any difference. It only happens between the two of us."

"What do you really dislike?"

"Being at school."

"How is that?"

"Because I can't be outside playing. Just about every day we have something difficult we have to do — but always something nice, too. Well, I don't know, it's mostly just school."

"Is there something that you think about a lot, for example, when you lie in bed at night?"

"Yes, every now and then I think that I used to be able to sleep with Joop but now not any more."

"You think about that?"

"Yes, and in the morning I'll have to go to school again."

"That school is really quite important, isn't it?"

"Sometimes I sleep with my mother, but I have my own room, too, but then my mother is all alone and she is so old."

"Do you think your mother doesn't like to sleep alone?"

"No."

"Why, then, do you sleep with your mother?"

"Because otherwise she's all by herself, of course. My sister sleeps with her fairly often, too, but she usually sleeps by

herself."

"In the past you were allowed to sleep with Joop?"

"Yes, but not any more. Then she said, 'You can't go over there.' She didn't like it, she said, and of course I couldn't sleep with him any more. Yes, so it's best not to do it, because she absolutely doesn't want it, and after I'd been coming here a long time."

"What do you think of that?"

"Well, it's not nice, of course. And so I think a lot about it."

"Who do you get along very well with?"

"With Joop and Loek."

"Who is Loek?"

"The one who always comes along swimming."

"Are there more people you get along well with?"

"A whole lot — with Loek's friends, with the people I know well, of course."

"Do you have any idea why you get along so well with Joop?"

"That's because I've known him so long."

"How long is that?"

"I'm not really sure — two and a half years or so. I never quarrel with him."

"Who do you *not* get along well with?"

"Oh, my brother. My brother's always calling me 'mini-poot' when I go off to see Joop." ("Poot" is a derogatory Dutch slang word for homosexual - Ed.) "I'm always fighting with him. And my sister, who is always bossing me around."

"What's your brother's name?"

"Guus."

"And he calls you 'mini-poot'?"

"The way he does it is real crude, I think. It's sort of a rotten name."

"Which you don't like to be called?"

"No, not that name. But if they say, 'You're going with Joop,' well, I don't like that either."

"And what's your sister's name?"

"Trees."

"So with Guus and Trees you don't get along so well?"

"And with Dickie. He says behind Joop's back, 'I'm not going any more to

that poot's home!' But he goes to bed with him just the same."

"So he calls Joop names behind his back?"

"Yeah, I've told Joop a couple of times about it, but he won't listen to me."

"Do you think that's because it doesn't bother him?"

"I don't know."

"Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. For example, going to school can be pleasant because you learn things there, but it can also be unpleasant, as when you are punished for something. If you now think about having sex with Joop, what would you say is nice about it?"

"That we like to be with each other. And that I'm used to it. And that it's nice, and all."

"You find it nice?"

"Yes, I just find it real nice with him, the sex and all."

"What do you find is the unpleasant side of your sex with Joop?"

"There isn't one. At least I don't know

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

of any."

"Not even when you think about it real hard?"

"No."

"Isn't there something that you'd really rather not do?"

"No. If there was I'd certainly say so."

"Now, I would like to go over some of the things you have written down. That you can no longer sleep with Joop. At first your mother let you?"

"At first, yes. A couple of times, a couple of days or so."

"So at first it was allowed. Why no longer?"

"My mother got to know a little about Joop, something about how he is."

"She got suspicious?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen?"

"It started over swimming nude. Joop's friends said that I went swimming, naked swimming. And my mother thought that wasn't a good idea."

"Then she didn't permit it any more?"

"Yes, she already knew a whole lot."

"Was that a long time ago, that you were able to sleep with Joop?"

"A year or two — yes, a year and a half."

"How long have you known Joop?"

"I don't know, two, two and a half years or something."

"You're almost eleven, eh, so you were around eight or nine?"

"Yes."

"Can you remember how you got to know him, how it went?"

"Yes. We were going to play football. I was on a bike and the chain came off and Joop said, 'Here, I'll help you put it on'. Well, I could do that myself, but he wanted to help me so I let him. Then he said, 'Would you like to come in?' Well, so I went in, and then I started to go to football with him more often. And then suddenly one time we had sex. It happened very quickly, that sex. I didn't know anything about sex then but I learned in a hurry. One evening I went to the bathroom and he took hold of my penis, and then we made a little love, I mean, had a little sex."

"What did you think about it, that first time?"

"I was embarrassed, some, but later, when I'd been dropping by for a week, I just got used to it."

"The first time you had sex together, you say, was right in the beginning, so you didn't really know him for very long then?"

"I'd only known him two or three days. That was when I was still in the boys' home. I used to come to his house every weekend, and also sometimes during the week. But then I usually had to eat at the boys' home. Around noon I'd say I was going to go outside and play, and then I'd go to my mother."

"So it was right in the beginning. Can you say what happened the first time?"

"What, the sex? Yes, first he asked me if it was okay. He said, 'If you don't like it you've got to tell me.' And then he did this with his hand...he did that for a little while, a few days. Because I lived very close to him so I came by often. And finally, I think it was four weeks later, I did it to him, too. And two weeks later we had complete sex, almost every day we had sex, every day that I came. Now I do it every day, because I'm back at home again. Just about every day, but also sometimes not."

"If you had to say who it was that began with the sex, that first time, who would that be, in your opinion?"

"Who started it that first time? He, of course. I had no idea what sex was. Well, yes, I knew what sex was, but not that."

"Not through having done it a bit yourself?"

"No."

"What do you think about that, knowing everything about it?"

"Well, I knew about it when I was ten."

"How does it happen now, when you have sex together?"

"We just have a little sex, and then we jerk each other off a bit, and afterwards we usually go to sleep, take a little nap."

"Can you say who begins it now, when you have sex?"

"It's always both of us, sometimes me, yes, mostly me. And he, too, a lot."

"Can you say how you go about it, when it's you that starts it?"

"I go up to him and say, 'I've got to tell you something.' Well, if anyone knew what 'that' was...that's what he always thinks...but I don't think everybody knows."

"And then you go to the bedroom?"

"Yes, but a lot of kids know, and then they say, 'Oh, that again! Just hurry up and come!'"

"Has much changed since you first had sex with Joop?"

"A lot. We didn't used to do it *together*. I didn't used to know much about him and now I know almost everything. And then I didn't have much contact with him, but now a great deal. And it wasn't really sex with him I had that first time."

"Do some people know that you have sex with Joop?"

"Yes, other people who visit here in the house."

"What do these people think about it?"

"They just don't say anything about it."

"And your mother?"

"She may not even know. She really knows, but I just say that it isn't true. But I still come visit Joop."

"So you really are lying a bit to your mother?"

"Of course. I'm not going to be kept away from him."

"Why not?"

"Just, well, because..."

"How do you think your mother would feel if she knew you had sex with Joop?"

"She'd think it was dirty, I guess. A man and a boy she would think is not normal, it just shouldn't happen. That's what she says."

"What do you think about the way she feels?"

"Absolutely stupid, although I wouldn't tell her it was absolutely stupid. I mean, what business is it of hers? It's my own business what I do."

"Are there also friends of your own age who know?"

"Yes, school friends know about it,

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

because they gossip about me. Something like half my school knows about it. They call me 'poot' and so on."

"So they call you 'poot' to your face?"

"No, I don't let on that I know they call me those names. I say nothing. I'm not stupid."

"The boys also think it's dirty?"

"Well, I don't know. It could be, otherwise they're just not doing it, or they think it's dirty."

"What do you yourself think about your having sex with Joop?"

"Just very nice."

"For you, then, it's no problem?"

"Just like a woman going to bed with a man; to me it's the same. And the feelings you get and all."

Interview with Theo

(13 years, 9 months):

"What do you do a lot?"

"Play football!"

"Are you in a club?"

"Yes, and that's real nice."

"Can you tell me why you like football?"

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

"Playing together, working together. If you have a good eleven then you feel great. If not you just keep on trying because if you don't they'll say you can't do anything right. I think it's really nice, when you have a good eleven."

"Are there other things that you do a lot?"

"Oh, well, I don't know...."

"What do you enjoy a lot?"

"Playing tricks on people. Tying up bicycle wheels and so on, that's lots of fun. Then they can't bicycle away. So then we stop and watch and you see them do all kinds of stupid things to get it loose. Or tie a cat up by his tail: we tried that once, but I got scratched good!"

"By the cat? I don't blame him. Why do you enjoy playing tricks on people so much?"

"I don't know, they act so crazy when it happens. And I like pottering around with things. I like fiddling with things. Two times I've built a toy auto from a kit. I enjoy doing that."

"Do you build other kits?"

"Yes, I used to always make Christmas tree ornaments."

"Are there other important things you enjoy?"

"No."

"What do you really dislike?"

"Doing the dishes, or shopping, that I don't like much."

"Do you have to do that a lot?"

"Yes, every evening my brother and I have that job. One evening one of us washes, the other dries. We eat late, because my father and mother work late, until around six o'clock. So we do the

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

dishes while the good TV programs are on."

"So you can't watch the TV?"

"Yes, so we miss the best ones. But the guy who washes has the best deal because he's finished first."

"And shopping?"

"I have to do that alone, because my little brother always drops the bottles when he takes them out of the refrigerator. So I have to do the shopping."

"Your mother and father can't do it

because they work so late?"

"Yes, but my mother's always off on Fridays."

"Are there other things that you really dislike?"

"No. I think it's fine at school."

"What do you think about a lot?"

"I think a lot about school, about arithmetic and so on."

"What class are you in?"

"First form in technical school."

"Are there other things you think about a lot?"

"Yes, about a nuclear war and so forth. That seems to me so horrible. Like in Harrisburg, when there was an accident, what then would follow. If that really happened on a large scale. It shocked me; it started me thinking. The consequences of a nuclear war. One bomb like that over The Netherlands and everyone's dead."

"Are there other things that you think about a lot?"

"Well, no."

"Who do you get on well with?"

"With Bert." (The older partner - Ed.)

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

"How long have you known Bert?"

"Three months. And I get along well with my mother and father, too."

"Why do you think you get along so well with Bert?"

"He has a better understanding of kids, of boys. So does my mother, and so does my father. But I think he knows more about them."

"You say you can also get along very well with your father and mother?"

"Yes, because when something happens, if you get in a jam or something, you don't have to worry, you can always tell them about it, and then they'll help you."

"Because they're not strict?"

"Well, strict... Yes, they are strict, because I fight with my little brother quite a bit. Then my father asks who started it and the one that did gets punished. My father can see it on our faces."

"And your mother?"

"Yes, she always catches you. One time my brother said we needed money for photos, two guilders, and she trapped us. She gave him two guilders but he just spent it on candy. But she caught on, and from then on she wanted a note. So we can't trick her any longer, or we have to forge a note the following time."

"Shall we write down your parents?"

"Yes, my parents, because you can always bring your problems to them."

"Are there also people you can't get along with?"

"My little brother."

"Why's that?"

"Oh, he's always pestering me, and then I hit him and I'm to blame. And then I get punished."

"And so you dislike him?"

"Well, dislike, no. But once in a while I do. Sometimes he is nice, and then he helps you, but the next minute he is pestering you."

"But you do dislike him."

"Yes."

"And what is the biggest reason?"

"If he's won at football, which they usually do, then he sits around teasing me because we've lost. And he's for Ajax" (an important Dutch football team

- Ed.) "and I'm for Feijenoord, but if Ajax loses to Feijenoord I tease him."

"Should we put down your little brother?"

"Yes, my pestering brother, my bratty little brother."

"He is younger than you?"

"Yes, I'm thirteen; he is ten."

"Are there other people you just can't get along with?"

"No."

"You also make love with Bert, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Some people call that sex or sexual contact. What do you, or you and Bert, call it?"

"Making love."

"We have to make sure we mean the same thing, because 'making love' can be two things, can't it? If you sit on someone's lap, you can call that making love, but making love in bed is, of course, something quite different, and that's what you mean now, isn't it?" (The Dutch word 'vrijen', more than the English expression 'making love', can, and frequently in reference to young children does, refer to cuddling, caressing and other physical but non-sexual expressions of affection. - Ed.)

"Yes."

"Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. If you now think about making love with Bert, what are the pleasant sides?"

"Yes.... Well, I don't know."

"Let's put it another way: why do you do it?"

"Well, because I enjoy it."

"Then that's a pleasant side?"

"Yes."

"You think it's nice?"

"Yes, I think it's real nice."

"And unpleasant sides. What do you find are the unpleasant sides to making love with Bert?"

"Well, he prickles so bad."

"He prickles?"

"Yes, here, he's all stubbly, and then he shaves. The stubble prickles so bad."

"Shall we write that down?"

"Yes, Old Porcupine!"

"Are there other unpleasant sides to making love with Bert? You think it's very nice, but are there maybe some reasons why you'd rather not do it?"

"Yes, later, when I'm bigger, I'd rather not do it. Then I'll have a girl or something."

"But it doesn't bother you now?"

"No."

"Nothing that makes you think you'd rather not do it?"

"No, absolutely nothing."

"Then I want to ask you whether once in a while you have sex or make love with others, with boys or girls or with older people?"

"No. Yes, with Richard" (another boy-lover - Ed.) "once in a while."

"You have done it with him?"

"Yes. It was through him I got to know Bert."

"You came here with Richard once?"

"Yes."

"But you don't do it with him any more?"

"No."

"You say that fairly often you have the feeling of being afraid in connection with sex with Bert. Can you tell me about that?"

"If I forget myself and say something to somebody, and he spreads it around, that I'm afraid of."

"Why are you afraid of that?"

"Because if people get to know about it you'll get a bad name."

"You say that quite often you feel embarrassed."

"Yes, at first I was real embarrassed, when I wasn't used to it."

"Do you still have that feeling?"

"Yes, but not so bad as in the beginning."

"You say that sometimes you feel naughty. Can you tell me about that?"

"Ah, yes, I feel naughty sometimes, yes. Because I do it and nobody really knows about it, my mother and so on."

"But why do you feel naughty then? I sometimes do things which nobody knows about, too."

"Well, because you don't, really, uh.... Normal kids just don't do that. That's the

way you think."

"You say that you almost never feel angry. But you have felt that way occasionally?"

"Yes."

"Can you say something about that, when it happens?"

"I'm ashamed of it or something."

"And that makes you a bit angry?"

"Yes, that I'd be ashamed of it if somebody got to know about it."

"Do you think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, or not?"

"Yes, if somebody else knew about it."

"But if nobody else knew about it, do you think it's something you should be ashamed of yourself?"

"No, I don't think so, no."

"So, just if other people got to know about it?"

"Yes."

"You say that you sometimes badger Bert. Can you tell me more about that?"

"Well, let's say he wants to suck me off or something, and I say it hurts; then I'm tricking him."

"Because it doesn't really hurt?"

"No."

"You also said you sometimes coerced him when you were making love."

"Yes. He'll say, 'Come on, we're going to bed,' and I'll go watch TV or something, and then he'll turn the TV off. And I'll say, 'If there's no TV I'll go sleep by myself,' and then I get to watch TV a little longer."

"How long have you known Bert?"

"Since summer vacation."

"So about four months."

"Yes."

"Do you remember how you got to know Bert?"

"Yes. I went one time with Richard to the cinema and swimming and then I met Bert. I thought that was nice, and then I went with him. Because René, who was with Richard, was being obnoxious. He used a whole lot of sugar in his tea so nobody else had any. He was only thinking of himself. Then I went to Bert's. It was nicer there."

"Did you go by yourself to Bert's?"

"No. Richard had said, 'You can also

visit Bert if you want.' Then one time I slept at Bert's and I liked that a lot. Then I stayed with Bert — it is better than with Richard."

"So you really got to know Bert through Richard?"

"Yes."

"Can you remember the first time you had sex with Bert?"

"No, because I was asleep."

"That was the first time you slept here?"

"Yes, and then he touched me."

"Were you awake then?"

"Yes, but I didn't think it was so bad, I thought it was nice."

"Had you had sex a few times before with Richard?"

"Yes."

"So you knew something about it already. Do you find it difficult to talk about this?"

"Well, maybe a little."

"It doesn't make any difference to me what you say. I don't think it is dirty or anything, nor strange. When you have sex with each other now, how does it happen?"

"Well...just as it always does."

"Who starts it?"

"Bert or me."

"Can you tell me more about it?"

"Well, I just think it's nice, so I go make love with him."

"Are there people who know you have sex with Bert?"

"My father and mother know about it."

"What do they think about it?"

"Well, that it's normal. If you have a girl that's completely normal. Because this person can't do without a girl, that man without a boy, and a third without another man. Yes, they just think it's normal."

"They think it's all the same?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about that attitude of theirs?"

"I think it's very good. Because some people would like to murder all homosexuals and paedophiles because they aren't normal, but not my father and mother."

"How do you react to that?"

"I think they're right."

"Your school friends, do they know you have sex with Bert?"

"No."

"What would they think about it if they did know, do you think?"

"Well, they would all think I was a homo or something. Now, that's just not true. Yes, they'd call you names."

"That's an insult?"

"Yes."

"Why would your friends be so much against it?"

"I wouldn't know. Maybe they'd be jealous."

"That they themselves would like to have what you have?"

"Yes, that could be it."

"What do you think about their rejecting this? Do you agree with them?"

"No. They know nothing about it."

"In other words, if they did know about it, maybe they'd think differently about it?"

"Yes, perhaps. If they knew more about it. Now they're talking rubbish."

"What do you really think yourself about your having sex with Bert?"

"I think it's very nice, but I also want to do it with a girl."

"Would that make any difference for you, or would you say that right now I just don't know exactly?"

"I don't know. I've never yet done it with a girl."

"But you would like to?"

"You bet!"

"But it doesn't have to be right away?"

"No. It will happen."

"Meantime this is nice?"

"Yes."

Interview with Gerrit (16 years):

"What do you do a lot?"

"I'm very occupied with myself, developing myself and so on. Right now I'm busy at school, studying to be a waiter. That's what I want to be. I also make sketches, about repression and that sort of thing; I spend a lot of time on that, too."

"You said first that you were occupied with yourself, developing yourself. Can you say more about that?"

"Well, getting along in society in my own way, thus not just as everyone else does it but in my own way. I'm still trying to do that. For example, my parents think very differently than I do, and I try to free myself of their thinking and build up my own thoughts. So, not just accept what people say but develop myself."

"Why do you want to do that?"

"Because I just don't agree with my parents now, the things they say. And often not with most other people, either. So I want to develop my own thoughts — I think that's important for me. At home I often have completely different ideas from my parents. If they say I should try

going with a girl once in a while I tell them I just don't want to, because I would tie that girl into my life and I would no longer be free. *They* would like that, but not me. So I just have to go my own way."

"The second thing you were occupied with was school?"

"Yes. I'm in the Horeca division. It's the first time I've ever enjoyed going to school. In MAVO I was held back twice, and twice in the LTS, too." (In The Netherlands, schooling is stratified according to ability and educational objectives: adolescents going on to university attend 'gymnasium' or 'HAVO'; 'MAVO' provides general non-university-preparation and 'LTS' gives practical education in mechanics, welding, etc. — a 'trade-school' education, in effect. Ed.)

"Did you chose that school yourself?"

"Yes I did. I always wanted to be a waiter; I've always thought that was a good job. Contact with people, yes. I think it's nice to be a waiter. My parents first made me go to MAVO, and I was two years in the first form; then I went to

LTS, and I was two years in second form, and finally I went to this school, which suits me fine."

"Have you already been able to work as a waiter?"

"No. They have tried to find work for me — now and then I must have a period of probation.

"Those are the two most important preoccupations of yours?"

"Yes they are. And I'm occupied with painting and sketching, and trying to sort out my own thoughts."

"What do you enjoy a lot?"

"Just put down living my own life. I can't do that at home, but at Barend's I really can, I get a chance to develop my own thoughts. Also sketching; I get a lot of enjoyment out of that; it's lots of fun to do. And I'm learning a lot about it. Barend often helps me; if I've just made a sketch he'll tell me what isn't good. Because Barend can also sketch well. And then you improve it, you learn how to get the best results. And, yes, in my spare time I sometimes go out in the country, to enjoy nature. I often do that all alone. I planned to buy a camera and take nature photos and try to develop them myself. I'm taking lessons at school in darkroom technique. I live in the city, houses all around you, so recently I've been going a lot into the out-of-doors, because I think it's very lovely there. Someday I hope to have a little house in the country. Yes, try to live completely free from this society."

"What do you mean by free?"

"Well, you can never really be free from society, because you still have to work in order to stay alive. But I mean you don't just have to let society blow you this way and that; you can express your own feelings and not do like everybody else, buy a lot of stuff. You can live simply. Yes, a waiter, that's also living simply, it's not as if you can buy everything you see."

"What do you really dislike?"

"Over-made-up girls that are always on the street; for me that's nothing, I find it unsympathetic. I dislike it. At the restaurant school there are thirteen girls

and two boys in my class — they are absolutely awful to look at — thick make-up, which isn't necessary. And they're so serious in class, and if you say anything about it they always have a come-back: they always know better."

"Are there other things you really dislike?"

"When grown-ups talk with each other and I don't agree with them. I have to keep quiet, because I'm not like adults, I'm young. That really gets to me, that I can't say what I think. Those grownups are always right. I must be able to say what I think. I don't care that I can't talk with grown-ups, but if they're going to say that boys have got to get married later and go to work so they can take care of their families, then I say, 'Well, that's not necessary at all, because who says we're going to get married?' But I have to keep quiet, because they know better. You've got to get married later, otherwise you're not healthy, they say. Well, I don't like that. You can almost never say what you think. Grown-ups go to the polls, to vote in the government elections, but we can't do that; we have to wait until we're eighteen; then they think we're adult enough to vote. All right, you *can* say what you think — if it's something they'd agree with!"

"What do you think a lot about?"

"Well, that's difficult. I think a lot about what's going to happen, the future."

"Do you worry about that, or not?"

"Worry, no, but I think a lot about what it's going to be like later, how I'll be living."

"Who do you get along well with?"

"That's an easy question. With Barend. And with almost nobody else. I don't get along so well with my parents, because they're always right. I think it's just wonderful that I can visit Barend, and so we get on just fine. Because he thinks somewhat along the same lines I do. If I'd never met Barend my whole life would have been different: I'd probably be working in a factory or something. I've learned so much from Barend, but never by 'you must accept this from me' — he's never

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

done that. He *has* told me what society thinks about things, and if I don't agree then I can always say so. But most of the things he says I agree with. He has not influenced me, but he has helped me to think. You can't develop your own thoughts as a child if your parents say, 'This is good and that is good, so just accept it'. If you hear both sides then you can decide which side is the right one. You discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong."

"Are there other people you can get along well with?"

"Yes, a friend of Barend whom I see here now and then — I can get along good with him. And neighbourhood friends I go around with sometimes."

"Who do you not like to be with?"

"There are lots. My parents, teachers at school — they always know better. But at this new school it's completely different: they treat you as though you were an independent person. So I can decide for myself at school; for example, if I'm sick I don't have to bring a letter from my parents. I think that's fine, because if you want to play hookey for a day you write your own letter, but it'll

catch up with you, like at exam time. Yes, and with my parents I don't get along so good, but sometimes I do. They have completely different ideas from me. But I'm not home much during the week. I get on okay with my little brother, but not with my older brother. He always gets his own way and he always knows everything better than you, an unsympathetic person. If he has to take charge at home because my parents have gone out, then he says to my little brothers, 'Bring me a beer from the shed, roll me a cigarette, pick up my shoes,' that sort of thing. He also had an affair with Barend, and that was lousy. And whenever he brings a friend home, or his girl, I get a lot of lip out of him; he struts about in the room thinking 'I'm the biggest man in the house'. He does that a lot, but I don't take much notice. But one time I got so mad I got in a fight with him — I didn't know what I was doing. Then he had a bloody nose and a tooth through his lip — and that really shocked me."

"Are there still things of importance which I have forgotten to ask which should be written down?"

"Yes, there should be laws *for* children, that change everything, so children will be able to say what they think about society. To me that's *very* important. That children don't just have to do things for other people: do the shopping, do the dishes, and if you're not so good in school then you get punished, and if you don't do this and don't do that, then you're in trouble, too. All of this has got to be stopped. Laws have to be passed so children themselves can decide about themselves."

"You also make love with Barend?"

"Yes."

"Some people call that sex, or sexual contact. What do you call it?"

"Well, chiefly 'sex'. But it's showing your feelings, that you really like him, and it doesn't have to be just sex."

"What do you think are the nice sides of sex with Barend, which you wouldn't want to do without?"

"I think it's great doing these things with Barend, because I'm very fond of

him, and, for me, it feels so nice, too. There just aren't any bad sides. I think it's just wonderful to do."

"You say there aren't any unpleasant sides to it?"

"No. But my parents are always pestering me with, 'What are you always *doing* with Barend?' That's annoying. And back when I was in LTS some boys saw me with Barend and shouted, 'Look, two homos!' That was really annoying, but in the long run I had no more trouble."

"And your father and mother trouble you about it?"

"Yes, they've often pestered me with, 'What are you up to with Barend? Is it really responsible?' Usually I just say a few words, like I enjoy going there. When I come home in the evening it is always, 'What did you do today with Barend?' So I say I have sketched. That is the unpleasant side of my relationship with Barend, that all these people pester you, but the sex is not unpleasant, just the trouble people make, at school, aunts, uncles — 'What is that boy doing over there?' — that sort of thing goes all through the family. I couldn't care less. It used to annoy me, but now I don't let it. I used to worry about it a lot, and one evening I even thought, 'I'm going to break off my friendship with Barend', but I finally chose for Barend."

"Do you sometimes have sex with other people, other boys, girls or grown-ups?"

"No."

"How long have you known Barend?"

"Four years from last summer?"

"Do you remember how you met him?"

"My little brother and I had gone swimming in the pond. He was nine then, and he already smoked, and so did I. Then Barend came riding by in a Duck" (Dutch nick-name for the low-price Citroën 2-CV motor car. Ed.) "and stopped in the parking lot. I told my brother, 'Ask that man for a cigarette — he smokes.' So my brother went up to him and said, 'Do you have the time, Mister?' 'Five-thirty.' 'And would you maybe give me a cigarette?' Barend said, 'How old are you?' 'I'm four-

teen,' said my little brother. Well, after a lot of talk my brother got a cigarette, and me, too, and then we went walking with him. No, my brother *didn't* get a cigarette but I did, because I was older. So we walked with him, and then we sat with him beside the water and talked. He said he had a boat and we asked him if sometimes we could go on little trips with him. So then we did go with him, with my parents, too. My father thought Barend was real nice, quite the gentleman and so on. And after that I didn't see Barend for a half-year."

"How did you happen to see him again, after a half-year?"

"Well, it was vacation and I had nothing to do, and one day I said to my friend, 'Hey, let's go somewhere on our bikes — I know about this boat and we can make a little trip.' So we got there but Barend wasn't around. His boat was,

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

though. Then I asked the bartender in the café if he knew his address. He didn't, nor did he know his telephone number. So we looked in the telephone book but in the end we had to give it up. A few days later I bicycled there again, with another friend, and this time I met Barend. He was cleaning up his boat, and we helped him, but my friend had to go home, to eat, but his bike tyre had gone flat on the way, so Barend put the bike in his car and we drove to his home. After that I came more and more often to the boat, and after I'd done that a few times Barend started coming by my home to pick me up. After that he dropped in quite often, sometimes even ate with us. So I have been with him from then on."

"Can you remember when you first had sex with Barend?"

"Yes, the very first time I wasn't alone. I think my brother was along."

"Your younger brother?"

"No, my older brother. I don't let my younger brother come with me. Well, the three of us were lying here on the bed, and Barend had a sex book on the table. Well, my brother and I started to read from it, and I started to play with myself a little, that sort of thing. From then on we had sex with each other."

"How long had you known each other then?"

"A month or two, or three — after I met him again after that half-year."

"You say you and your brother were reading a sex book, and then?"

"Well, I think Barend began to jerk off a little, and then my brother, too."

"Barend to himself?"

"At first I didn't dare, but later on it just happened, and from then on we do it to each other. That first time Barend did do it to my brother but not to me. Because I was a little embarrassed, but my brother wasn't. For two years he had sex with Barend, too."

"When you have sex together now, who begins it?"

"Well, usually I come by in the evening and then we come here and lie down on the bed, make love a little, and it just happens. Who starts it? Both of us a little, I

suppose."

"When you compare that first time with now, is there a difference?"

"Yes, a huge difference. It goes so much easier now, and it feels so much more wonderful than at first. Because then you just didn't dare, you felt so embarrassed, your parents had always told me how terrible it was and so on. So I really thought, 'Oh, what would my parents say about this?' Now that just doesn't happen. Even if my parents *did* know, that wouldn't happen."

"It's also nicer now than before?"

"Yes, much nicer, because before I did it in a lot of tension, not able to let it flow from out of myself, so I was always tense about what they would say at home."

"How did that tension go away?"

"Over a period of time. Barend came home with me quite a bit. He cares a lot about me, and so it just slowly disappeared. A year or so ago I still had it sometimes, but now never. I don't care if my father and mother know about it."

"They don't know about it, right?"

"They don't know about it but they suspect it. My mother talks about it frequently and I just say, 'I care a lot about Barend and Barend cares a lot about me,' and then she doesn't go into it any farther."

"What do you think your father and mother would think if they knew you had sex with Barend?"

"Well, my father and mother think it's fine that I have a home at Barend's and go there a lot. They think that's fine. So I think that if they got to know about it they wouldn't think it was so terrible. Yes, because they think it's wonderful that I have a relationship with Barend."

"But you have no need to tell them about it?"

"No, that would just make for more tension in the house. If I told them they would go to Barend."

"So they might think it wasn't good?"

"There would be tension again in the house: 'You must think about the future, marry, have children.' That's the way my parents think — real old-fashioned. Because I have no need to get married;

I'm not going to work my whole life for children. Because later I just want to live free, by myself."

"Do some people know you have sex with Barend?"

"Yes, many, all the friends of Barend and the people he knows at work, they all know."

"And friends of your own age, they know about it?"

"No, except those that come here sometimes."

"What do you think your friends who don't know would say if they learned you had sex with Barend?"

"Oh, they'd call you a homo or something. But I don't care, because I know they do it too, with others. I'd just let them gossip. If I'm lying on the naturist beach and those friends came along and saw me, that would circulate through the whole neighbourhood. But fortunately my father is also a supporter of naturist beaches and such. My mother doesn't want to, but otherwise my father would go there too. So if I go sit on a naturist beach my father would think it's fine."

"Have you sometimes been called a homo because you associate with Barend?"

"Yes, in the neighbourhood, especially in the beginning: if you go with a homo that makes you a homo. After a while that got sort of annoying: 'Homo, homo, homo, homo.' Well, one by one I got those boys aside and told them, 'Now

you just try it once,' because they were mostly little boys of ten or so — I'm pretty much the oldest, except for the real big ones, 21 or so and not yet married, they come into the neighbourhood once in a while. But, well, they kept on doing it, and then I gave them a real dressing down, and from then on they've stopped."

"It's a good thing the older boys didn't make trouble for you."

"There's a gang, about twenty of them, that park their motor-cycles by us in the little square. I don't have anything to do with those people, but they don't give me any trouble, either. But if I got into a fight in the neighbourhood I'd just have to call on them and I'd get help. I don't belong with those people, not at all. I don't concern myself with them. I give them a light when they want, walk past them, don't talk with them. I think they are terrible people, skin-heads, tearing around all the roads. That's absolutely nothing for me."

"What do you yourself think about your having sex with Barend?"

"Yeah, I find it just very nice to have it with Barend. Oh, sure, before I started doing it with Barend I always thought it would be dirty — that's what my parents always said — you were unhealthy, you were sick, you had to look out for such people. Well, all those things are untrue, aren't they? No, I think it's just plain wonderful to do these things with Barend. That's what I think."

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

Some Boy-love Stories from "The Arabian Nights"

by Bill Allen

When we were children most of us were told, or read, a few of the tales from *The Thousand Nights and One Night*, also called *The Arabian Nights Entertainment* — Ali-Baba and the forty thieves, Aladdin and his obedient Jinnee, poor Sheherazade spinning the Persian equivalent of porno and adventure stories to save her slim neck. What we weren't told, of course, was that if one searched through all sixteen volumes of the complete Islamic masterpiece, one would find imbedded in it here and there some sexy tales of love affairs between men and boys. They are few, for most of the book is about heterosexual love — and they are completely missing from the condensed (and usually expurgated) versions commonly found in bookshops.

Complete editions of *The Arabian Nights*, because of their rarity and value, are usually to be examined only in the 'reserved' sections of the larger libraries. The best complete English versions are those by Mardrus and Mahers and the translation by Sir Richard Burton.

Let us begin with the story of the Third Kalandar. He tells us he was once shipwrecked on a desert island. One night another ship came to the island, anchored, ten slaves disembarked from it and, as he watched, opened a trap-door in the ground and lowered food and provisions through it. Then he saw, amidst the slaves, a venerable old man leading by the hand a little boy of surprising beauty: we are told that the lad had been

cast from that very mold in which Allah had made perfection; his beauty was at once amorous and pure, his body being slender and pliant as a young green branch, so he bewitched the heart out of my bosom and made all the texture of my flesh tremble in love.

The boy was put into the hole in the ground, the trapdoor shut and weighted

down with a great boulder and the old man and slaves departed.

Immediately the Kalandar set to work and, after much effort, managed to dislodge the rock. He opened the trapdoor, descended and found himself in a richly furnished cavern with a spring-fed pool in its rocky floor. Now he saw the boy whom he told at once he had come to deliver him from this sunless place. It seemed, however, that the lad had been imprisoned for his own protection, for the stars had foretold that within the next forty days he would be killed by the son of King Kassib.

The boy fell in love with the Kalandar, who fed him, played with him, bathed him tenderly. And, of course, they made love.

On the fortieth night the Kalandar reached for a knife to cut a water-melon. Just then the boy, in play, tickled him in a sensitive place and the man fell forward, accidentally killing the boy. Heartbroken, the Kalandar left the cave and hid. The father returned for his son. When the ship had at last left, the sea fell, leaving a strip of dry land over which the Kalandar escaped back to civilization.

There the Kalandar learned that his father was really King Kassib and he was the son foretold in the prophecy. The moral of the tale: the ways of Allah are inscrutable: He gives with one hand and with the other He takes away.

A more rollicking story is *The Tale of the Wazir Nureddin*. Young Hassan, son of Nureddin, has just turned fourteen. There is nothing more for him to learn from his tutor, so his father dresses him in a magnificent robe, sets him on a mule and sends him off to work for the Sultan at Bessoro.

When he comes to Bessoro the people, on seeing him, shout "Ye Allah, how beautiful; may Allah preserve him!"

But the Sultan's response is even more intense. He is instantly smitten, overwhelmed by the lad. He declares he cannot possibly live without Hassan and makes him his under-secretary, as well as appointing him to many other positions.

Nureddin dies. Hassan sadly goes home to mourn his father and, in his grief, puts the Palace out of his mind and doesn't return. The Sultan thinks he has been ignominiously rejected and takes another boy to his bed, greedily confiscating all of Hassan's possessions.

Hassan's famed beauty, however, has now come to the attention of the spirit world: a jinnee and jinneeyeh (female jinnee) rave about Hassan and instantly transport him to Cairo and into bed with a woman. Nature takes its course; he is busily engaged in coition, when the jinnee and jinneeyeh again transport him, this time to Damascus, where he suddenly finds himself in the streets without his pants. Acutely embarrassed, he leaps through an open shop door and into the arms of a pastry-cook, who falls in love with him and adopts him as his son.

Soon Hassan discovers that the worthy cook is a big bore, so he leaves the shop and finally makes his way home. There, an adult at last, he marries the Wazir's daughter.

The following episode illustrates the relaxed attitude of the Arab peoples toward man-boy love. The story is told by the celebrated poet, Muhamad of Damascus:

One day I entered a hammam to take a bath and the master detailed a handsome boy to serve me. As the cleansing proceeded I began to chant to myself, led on by I know not what whim of the mind, certain verses I had composed to celebrate the birth of a son to my great benefactor, Al-Fadl bin Yahia. Suddenly the boy who was washing me fell to the floor in a swoon. When he came to himself a few moments later his face was wet with tears and he fled, leaving me alone in the water. In some astonishment I left the bath and reproached the owner of the hammam for allowing me to be attended by an epileptic. But the man said that he had never noticed a sign of the

malady in the youth and, to prove his words, recalled the delightful fugitive to my presence.

"What has happened to make this lord so discontented with you?" he asked.

The boy hung his head and then turned to me, saying, "Do you know the author of those verses you chanted while I bathed you?"

"I am the author," I replied.

And he continued, "Then you are the poet Muhamad of Damascus. You made those verses to celebrate the birth of a son to Al-Fadl. I beg you to excuse me if the sudden hearing of those lines gripped me about the heart and caused me to fall. I am that son." And he fell into a second swoon.

Moved to the soul to see the lad so reduced, I lifted him and clasped him to my heart, saying, "Oh, son of that great generosity, I have no heir. Come with me to the kadi; I will adopt you, and everything I have will be yours when I am dead."

But the boy refused the money.

One poem, a very good one, in the collection, gives some insight into Arabian boy-love of the time. It is from *The Tale of Zobeida*, and the English translator couldn't help mixing in a bit of Greek mythology to stir his stodgy Victorian readers (how badly we need a *real* translation!):

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

A watcher of the stars at night
Looked up and saw, so rose and white
A boy with such delicious grace,
Such brilliant tint of breast and face,
So curved and delicate of limb,
That he exclaimed on seeing him:
"Sure it was Saturn gave that hair,
A black star falling in the air;
These roses were a gift from Mars;
The Archer of the seven stars
Gave all his arrows to that eye;
While the great sagacious Mercury
Did sweet intelligence impart;
Queen Venus forged his golden heart
And....and... But here the Sage's art
Stopped short; and his wits went wild
When the new star drew near and
smiled!

Not always does the boy in *The Thousand and One Nights* accept the man's overtures. There is *The Tale of Alladin Abu al-Shamat*. When Mahmud, the suitor, tries to seduce the boy Alladin (who will later rub that magic lamp), the lad, much annoyed, says, "Why dost thou persist in thy evil designs upon me?" — which is not a bad line for one so young! Mahmud then trots off to find a more willing partner.

Things go better in *The Tale of Taj al-Mulmut and the Princess Dunye*. A Wazier and his two young sons, Taj and Azis, go to the local market to buy soap and visit with the overseer. The boys are

described as "youths", and in *The Thousand and One Nights* "youth" means a boy whose facial hair has not yet begun to grow.

The overseer is a great connoisseur of youths, preferring boys to any member of the female sex, and at first glance he is delighted with Taj and Azis. To himself he says, "This, indeed, is fine game. Glory be to Him who fashioned them!"

The next morning the overseer meets the boys returning from the hammam, cheeks still rosy from the steam, faces shining like two lustrous moons. He greets the boys. Taj says, "Allah be bountiful to thee, but why did you not come to the baths with us?"

The boys kiss his hand and walk before him into his shop, but as they do the overseer is spellbound by the motion of their hips. Desire and longing surge through his soul and he says, out loud, "Their backsides are rounded like the revolving heavens!"

As soon as the boys hear this utterance, they ask him respectfully to go back to the hammam with them. He can hardly believe his ears. Once there they draw him by the hand into a private cubicle, where he submits to everything they do, his emotions running completely wild. Taj washes him all over and never ceases to pamper him, while Azis works on him more sensually, until the old man thinks his soul has at least reached Paradise where the faithful (so says the Koran) are waited on eternally by beautiful boys.

Well, *The Thousand Nights and One Night* is not a boy-love book, primarily. It is also a medieval classic which is still considered a bit shocking by the stricter elements of Muslim society, the way a half-millenia-old collection of *Playboy* magazines will no doubt be regarded in 2500 AD in, say Chattanooga, Tennessee. Yet the stories are there; they make good reading; they give permanent witness to the fact that boy-love springs up everywhere as a minority taste, and it's not something an enlightened society can afford to let its "experts" tell us is sick, wrong, immoral, damaging or abnormal.

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

BOOKS



Someone several years ago remarked that in the United States alone there were over 1000 separate laws proscribing various kinds of consensual sexual contacts between people. Most of them deal with "unnatural acts" presumed to be a threat to both the individuals performing them and society at large. Yet, even at a conservative estimate, one quarter of these laws probably criminalize sexual contacts involving minors.

Now, that's a lot of law-making, and one would have thought that considerable research would have established the harmfulness of the activities one could so easily go to jail for. It comes thus as something of a shock to learn that until now absolutely no empirical study has ever been published, in English or any other language, on one important aspect of this: how do boys involved in sexually expressed friendships or loves with adult men, who have *not* had problems about them from police, social workers, psychiatrists, etc., really feel about those relationships and the sex they participate in?

Not that there has been a scarcity of papers *theorizing* about how the boys *should* feel — humiliated, coerced, defiled, made homosexual, frightened, angry, alienated, terrified forever of grown-ups. Such feeble attempts as have been made to talk with sexually active boys have been laughably slanted to reinforce the stereotypes: researchers have interviewed victims of real rape and generalized from this to *all* juvenile sex contacts with adults (which in many countries are called *statutory rape*). They have gone to the court records and read confessions wrung out of unhappy boys after hours of brutal questioning and

assumed that the evident misery of the boys at that time characterized every second they spent in bed with their adult lovers. To say that these papers are inaccurate is an understatement. They are wilfully mendacious, social propaganda disguised as professional work.

That is what makes Theo Sandfort's *The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations* (see accompanying advertisement) such an important book. Sandfort is a young Dutch social psychologist who received his "doctorandus" degree (candidate for a doctoral) at the Catholic University of Nijmegen last year and is now a researcher at the State University, Utrecht investigating paedophile phenomena.

Holland is one of the few countries where such research is possible. Although sex with (and for) anyone younger than 16 is, technically, criminal behaviour in The Netherlands, the consequences of discovery are in practice rather mild compared with those in the English-speaking world. Usually people don't go to jail, and if they do it is after repeated incidents, or where coercion or violence was used; sentences are short (6 months would be excessive). Thus there tends to be less fear in paedophile relationships. Boy-lovers have formed sociopolitical organizations; boys loved by them have dared to talk about their feelings on the radio and carry signs in demonstrations; police, at least in the larger cities, tend to question the *quality* of a man/boy relationship in which they suspect (or even know) sex takes place before they attempt to break it up and punish the adult.

Sandfort was thus able to assemble a research group of boys who were much

The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations

The experience
of twenty-five boys

by
Theo Sandfort

PAN/SPARTACUS
Amsterdam



"The first rigorously scientific study ever made on sexually expressed paedophile relationships in which boys who have *not* been traumatized by courts, psychiatrists, social workers or police have been able to express how they actually felt about the men they interacted with and the sexual activities they shared."

Published by Spartacus. Prices, including packaging and posting (airmail outside of Europe): £ 6.50, £E 8, HFI 30, DM 30, FFr 70, BFr 550, SFr 30, ÖSch 190, AUSS\$ 11.50, CAN\$ 14, NZ\$ 17, US\$ 13, Lit 16,- 500, Yen 3500, DKr 95, SKr 75, NKr 70, FMk 55, Ptas 1300, Rand 16, Escudos 950, Drachmas 700; for countries whose currencies are not listed above US\$ 14.

You can pay by VISA or BANKAMERICARD. Please quote your card number, date of expiry, and sign your order.

Order direct from:

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

more representative of younger partners in long-standing man/boy couples than has ever been gathered before. Not that finding such boys was an easy task: many of those approached were unwilling to participate because they were afraid, ultimately, of exposure; in other cases the adult partner felt that the investigation would make self-conscious the non-reflective, spontaneous sexual behaviour of the boy. In the end Sandfort settled on 25 younger partners between the ages of 10 and 16, most of whom had been contacted through the NVSH, the national Dutch sexual reform association.

These he studied in light of something called "valuation theory" and its derivative techniques which allowed him to objectify as much as possible the youngsters' feelings about various important areas in their lives, including the paedophile relationship and the sex which entered into it.

This gives rise to a great body of numerical data (for a description of the technique used by Sandfort, see his article in PAN No. 5, beginning on page 10), and 45 pages of his book are given over to appendices of tables which, with a little study, are not, however, as formidable as they might appear; the first set (called "Affect and Behavioural Matrices") neatly summarizes for each of the boys the rôle a number of common emotions played in the various vital areas of his life.

Of course, all statistical studies in the social sciences are open to criticism. Numbers can give to inadequately evaluated transient feelings a sort of solidity which they sometimes don't deserve. Numbers can distract us from the little untruths, the distortions made to protect one's own image, or the image of one's partner. When you manipulate these numbers into higher mental constructs (hierarchies, product moment correlations) the errors don't always average and cancel each other out. Nevertheless, with all its faults, an approach like this is infinitely preferable to that used in virtually all previous "research", where the untruths were gigantic and inherent in the

very vocabulary adopted (the subjects weren't 'boys', for example, they were "victims"; they didn't have sexual contacts, they were 'molested') and where socially determined attitudes on the part of the researchers were projected in toto upon the boys.

It was Sandfort's objective to study paedophile *relationships* and not sexual acts, and a relationship, at least one outside of the family, implies a willingness on the part of both participants to continue it. A one-time sexual episode does not constitute a relationship; there must be a certain consistency and continuity of human interaction. Almost by definition, then, this excludes the sort of situation where one of the partners finds the sexual events unpleasant. If a boy has had a bad experience with a man he is hardly going to run the risks all paedophile partners run in order to endure more unpleasantness; he will simply not come back, and there will be little the man can do about it. The question which Sandfort does not try to answer (but which would be very interesting to know the answer to) is how representative this sample is of man/boy sex in general; to what extent can we generalize from the experience of these 25 boys? Even amongst paedophiles the guesses will vary; some boy-lovers are hunters, some are romantics; some are promiscuous, some cannot conceive of carrying on with more than one boy at a time. But while there will be disagreement as to how typical a *relationship* of one or two or six years may be, few paedophiles would doubt that the overwhelming majority of sex contacts (even those lubricated by money) proceed with the wholehearted consent, and evident enjoyment, of the younger partner.

And that, certainly, is the major conclusion this book comes to: 100% of the boys liked (most of them loved) their older partners and found the sex, at the very least, fun. Sandfort, in the conclusion to his chapter entitled *The Results of the Research* gives some revealing extracts from the interviews he taped with the boys:

Children and Sex

by

Larry L. Constantine
& Floyd Martinson

Professional papers on the sexuality of children and adolescents, including their relations with adults and members of their own families. Most papers avoid the obnoxious terminology of the media and the courts ("perpetrator", "victim", "abuse", etc.) and attempt to explore how children and teenagers really feel about sex, not how they should feel according to some social, religious or theoretical construct. A cautiously positive book brought out in January by Little Brown, one of America's most important publishers. Hardcover.

Prices: AUS\$ 31, ÖSch 480, BFr 1400, CAN\$ 37, DKr 230, IRE 20, FMk 135, FFr 180, Drch 1800, Lit 40,000, Yen 8500, HFI 76, NZ\$ 45, NKr 175, Esc 2200, Rand 50, Ptas 3100, SKr 175, SFr 60, £ 17, USA\$ 33, DM 70; Middle East, North Africa and Central America USA\$ 33; Asia USA\$ 34; South America USA\$ 36.

You can pay by VISA or BANKAMERICARD. Please quote your card number, date of expiry, and sign your order.

Order direct from:

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

PAUL WILSON
**THE MAN THEY
CALLED
A MONSTER**

Sexual experiences between men and boys



The case of Clarence Osborne, an Australian gay who kept archives on his sexual encounters with over 2,500 adolescent boys, sympathetically told by one of Australia's best-known and most respected social scientists.

Order direct from SPARTACUS. Prices: AUS\$ 11, ÖSch 200, BFr 500, CAN\$ 15, DKr 90, E£ 8, FMk 50, FFr 80, Drachma 700, Lit 16,000, Yen 3000, HFI 30, NZ\$ 30, NKr 70, Escudos 850, Rand 15, Ptas 1200, SKr 70, SFr 25, £ 6, US\$ 12, DM 30; for countries whose currencies are not listed above, US\$ 13.

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

Kees (15 years, 6 months): "Well, yes, I think it's quite normal, because there are, for example, other things, quite a lot of strange things that go on now-a-days, for example, let's say an older girl, twenty-five, say, goes with, for example, an 18-year-old boy; that can happen. Or, again, let's say a 14-year-old girl goes with an 18-year-old boy; that's exactly the same thing. That can happen."

John (13 years, 6 months): "I have *no* objections!" (laughing) "No, I think it's good, just like I told you before. And love."

Wouter (12 years, 7 months): "Well, I think it's nice."

"Haven't you ever thought, 'I really can't do this. Is what I'm doing really good?'"

"What I'm doing is *very* good."

"But don't you ask yourself that once in a while?"

"Well, I feel it's very good. It goes with the way you're brought up or something."

"It depends on the way you're brought up?"

"Yes, sure, you can bring up your child like that — and you don't have to be a paedophile, either. Because I'm a completely normal boy, but I prefer to make love with men, with Chris (his older partner) and other boys. I'd much rather do it with them than with girls."

Rob (12 years, 5 months): "I think it's very nice."

"Do other people make problems about it?"

"Yes. I don't know why they make problems, because I'm the one who has to decide, it seems to me. I'm the one who has to decide whether I think it's nice or not, but they're the ones that are making the problems."

"So it's no problem for you yourself?"

"No. I don't find it's any problem at all, none at all. If I did I'd have stopped things long ago, of course — if I'd found it wasn't necessary."

It would be impossible to do justice in

this review to the enormous number of interesting facts which emerge. (See the article "Three Interviews" in this issue.) A few points stick in the mind and make one wonder how many other relationships are so coloured: In 7 of the 25

We are so convinced that *The Sexual Aspects of Paedophile Relations* should be in the hands of every judge, social worker, police investigator and legislator who can read English that we would like to encourage our readers to order additional copies which they could then distribute as only they knew best in their own communities. If you order 5 or more copies you may take a 50% discount on the price of order.

cases the boys' parents knew about the sexual contacts and fully accepted them; in one case, however, the step-father's feelings were somewhat complicated by the fact that he, too, was carrying on a sexual affair with the boy! One boy, at

the time of a second interview, had stopped having sex with his older partner — because he had begun a sexual relationship with a girl; this was the same boy who, unlike the other 24 boys, had said he did the sex because it felt good and *not* because he loved the man (cynics will say he was the one honest youngster in the lot!). And then there is the 14-year-old who, when called upon to explain why he sometimes felt "naughty" in the sexual contact, said,

"Yeah, naughty, I agree there are some people who don't think it's right, but I still find it nice. For example, my mother: if she knew about it she'd probably think it wasn't right, and my father, too, probably also not, and lots of others wouldn't think it was right, but I feel deliciously naughty, and do it anyhow."

The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations is a scientific book and makes no compromise with popular writing. It is not difficult to understand, for no mathematical concepts are discussed, but readers looking for smooth writing, a

PANTHOLOGY ONE

stories about boy-love

A PAN/SPARTACUS Publication

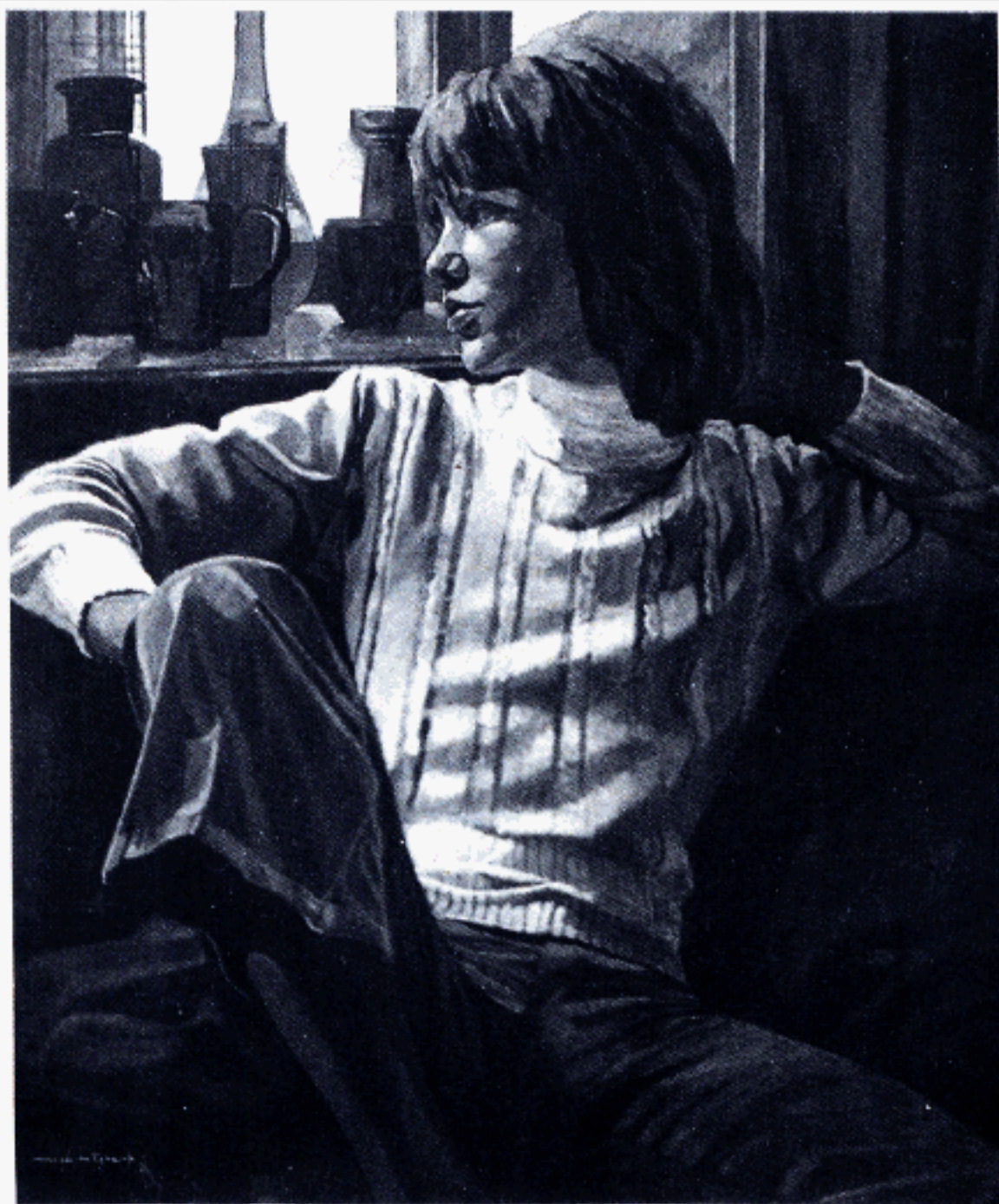
Prices include postage and packing — airmail outside of Europe:

Hfl 16, £ 3.50, £E 4.30, DM 15, FFr 38, BFr 280, SFr 12, Sch 105, US\$ 8, AUS\$ 7, CAN\$ 9, NZ\$ 10, Lit 9000, Yen 1700, DKr 50, SKr 40, NKr 40, FMk 30, Ptas 700, Rand 7, Escodos 500, Drach 500, Middle East & Africa US\$ 7.50, Asia & S. America US\$ 8.

You can pay by VISA or BANKAMERICARD. Please quote your card number, date of expiry and sign your order.

Order direct from:

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





TEEN

FILM • FOTO • BOOKS

COQ GRATIS/FREE BROCHURE:
COQ INTERNATIONAL
BOX 30 • DK-4300
HOLBAEK • DENMARK

sort of Carl Sagan approach to science, will be disappointed; in translating it from the original Dutch we made no attempt to "prettify" the prose. But through the carefully worded text the honesty of the investigation comes through loud and clear (Sandfort always takes great pains to qualify his claims and point out weaknesses in his research), and through the numerous quotations from the boys one gains a very clear idea of what their experience really was like.

It's not just that we published this book: had it been brought out by Odyssey House we would still have to say the same thing: *The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations* is beyond question one of the most significant studies ever to appear on the subject of paedophilia. We feel honoured that Theo Sandfort and the Sociological Institute at the State University, Utrecht have allowed us to prepare this English edition and make it available to the world outside Holland.

ART & Jeunesse YOUTH

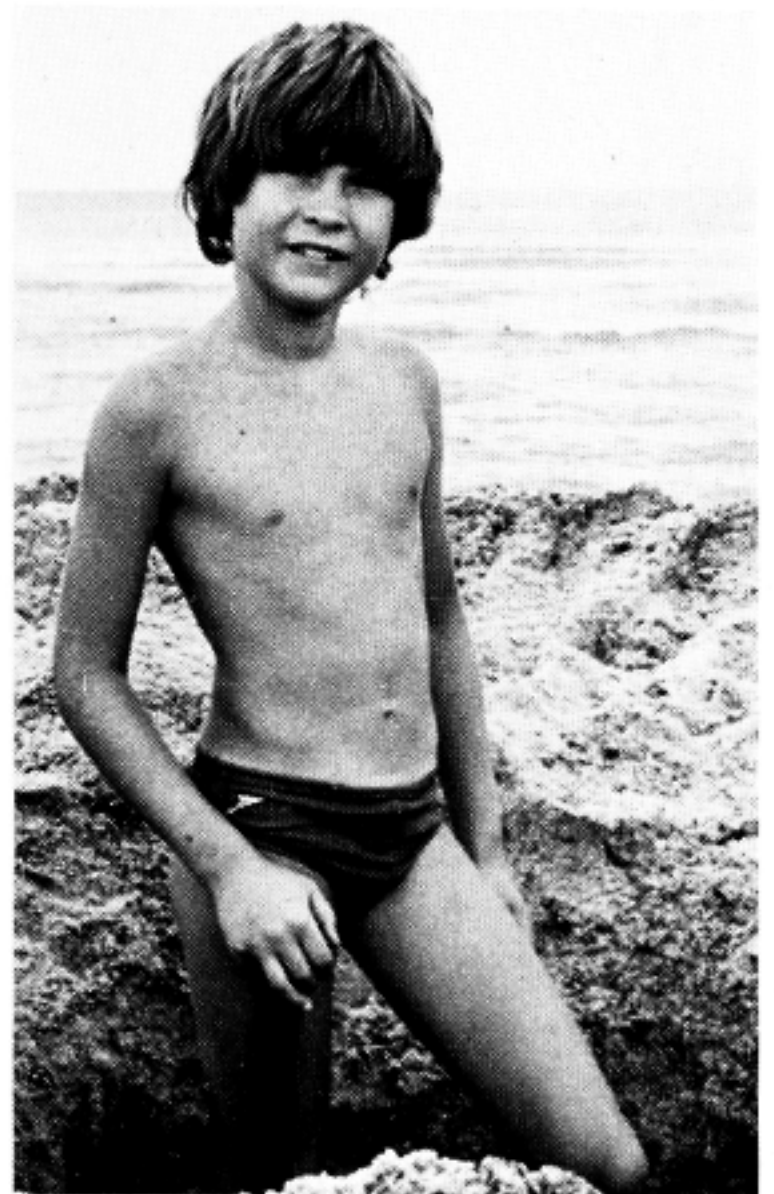
a monthly non-pornographic essay
on boyhood photography

Portfolios representing the works of the best boyhood photographers. Each issue contains 16 ready-to-frame photos printed on quality stock.

6 issues — \$25 (Canadian or US)
12 issues — \$45 (Canadian or US)

Payments by International postal money orders to:

Signe de Piste, P. O. Box 204, Station 5,
Ville Emard (Montreal) P. Q.
CANADA H4E 4H7



BOYCAUGHT

by Edward Brongersma



Dear PAN:

I'm getting fed up with your constant attacks upon people who really belong in that cadre of humanity for which your magazine was conceived and amongst whom it circulates. I refer to such ladies and gentlemen as Judianne Densen-Gerber, Sergeant Lloyd Martin, Sergeant Tom Rodgers, Tim Bond, François Debré and others of their ilk.

People who involve themselves with such time and energy in a particular sort of sexual behaviour can be suspected, at the very least, of having a personal interest in it: in some way it must excite them, for if it didn't they would long ago have turned their attention to another, for them more attractive, subject. Negative attitudes here are no less indicative of interest than positive attitudes: you never have to become emotionally outraged toward something sexual which doesn't stir up your own feelings. It's the *attraction* of the forbidden fruit that makes it hateable. The opposite of love is not hate; it is indifference.

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

But what about the man who loves a boy and has given physical expression to those love feelings in a way that boy has liked and encouraged? A policeman tells this "criminal" (so called because the law

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

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

Violent emotion against sex-offenders is always suspect. The distinguished British criminologist, Professor D. J. West of Cambridge, wrote in *Homosexuality Re-examined*: "Placed in a situation which threatens to excite their own unwanted homosexual thoughts, (people) over-react with panic or anger. Repressed homosexuality may sometimes be the explanation why men of intelligence and judgement, who could never express themselves so crudely on other topics, indulge in wildly inaccurate and absurdly emotional pronouncements about homosexuality. In advocating

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

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

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

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

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

part perhaps to make himself important, starts telling his masturbation fantasies to equally excited, and receptive, journalists: this is "the tip of the iceberg" of an international ring delivering boys on order for sexual abuse. The newspapers, of course, print all of this, knowing quite well that many of their readers will enjoy the stories for their salacious titillation.

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

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

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

address in Europe ("Amsterdam or Copenhagen" — it's a pity that Sergeant Rodgers here is so inexplicit, but of course he has to keep in mind that one of his readers might be tempted to order it, and that must not be allowed to happen!). Sergeant Rodgers tells us that it is a book of "600 or 700 pages" (evidently he had left his copy at home when he wrote the text of his speech so he wasn't able to count the pages exactly). The reader of this amazing volume, the good Sergeant assures us, "can select the child he wants from photos and complete catalogue descriptions which tell him what the child is skilled in sexually as well as describing the child's physical attributes". When the child is delivered payment is arranged through credit cards (evidently the client is not afraid to give written proofs of his activities!). NAMBLA, of course, Sergeant Rodgers continues, "is only one of the major corporations in America dealing with children".

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

Another ring like NAMBLA, Sergeant Rodgers says, is "Child Sensuality Circle". At first I was tempted to identify this with the *Childhood Sensuality Circle*, but then I read that Sergeant Rodgers found it "very difficult to get into and infiltrate." As I myself found it very easy to contact this Circle as soon as I arrived in Los Angeles, "infiltrated" without the least difficulty into a meeting in Venice and was most kindly received by the pleasant, energetic lady who presides at its headquarters in San Diego, Sergeant Rodgers must mean another organization, for how could a poor foreigner, on

his first day on the American continent, intrude successfully where a well-trained American policeman, after much effort, had failed?

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

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**



THE BATTLE LINE

In the first place, however, we can greatly improve the value of our conclusions by ignoring all studies by groups with a declared or self-evident interest. That is, groups searching for evidence to bring about some change in public attitudes or even in the law.

These words, written by a noted psychiatrist in an article discussing paedophilia (See PAN 9, page 34) should be memorized by every boy-lover — and etched in Depo-Provera at the very least in his brain if he ever forgets them! For they are marvellously revealing about the profession of psychiatry.

First, let them remind us that psychiatry is dedicated lock, electro-shock and analyst's couch to maintaining the sexual status quo. Laws must not be changed. The Freudochristian sex ethic must be preserved at all costs, and if this means driving variant people to suicide, herding them into prisons, torturing, drugging or castrating them into a kind of living death, well, some people *always* have to suffer for the social good, don't they?

Second, the psychiatric mind permits only those who are happy with present-day laws (the "normal" people) the right to talk about sexual variants: men who work to change these laws cannot be listened to. It isn't clear just what disqualifies such nay-sayers from speaking their piece: their desire to end government enforcement of sex morality or the suspicion that they might harbour variant feelings themselves. But either way, according to the psychiatrists, their testimony is worthless. No matter how impressive their information and sound their methodology, we must close our eyes and stop up our ears because their research would only confuse us.

No such problems, of course, occur when the psychiatrists trot out once

again their century-old cases of Viennese neurotics to prove the universality of the Oedipus complex, or, following in the footsteps of the Masters, describe in flowing prose some not-unusual childhood sex episode and then blame upon it with sublime lack of logic all the individual's subsequent *angst*. Since the psychiatrists are not opposed to contemporary sex laws we can safely read and confidently believe every blessed word they write!

Well, somebody has to be the conservative conscience of society, and it is probably better that a group of people with a bit of practical training play this rôle rather than the assorted ascetics, sadists, celibates and costume queens who had the field all to themselves until Freud came along. And those of us who have memories reaching back to the fifties can recall how liberating we perceived the impact of psychiatric thinking then: children *did* have sexual thoughts; these thoughts *were* remarkably diverse, homosexuality was a sickness which could be cured, not a crime which dared not speak its name. Less evident were the insidious corollaries: sex virtually stopped between ages 5 and 12; there was only one non-neurotic direction it could take when it returned, genitally and with a vengeance, at puberty.

Thought, sexual thought, social thought, humanitarian thinking, fortunately has gone forward a bit in the meantime and left psychiatry, with religion, as co-keeper of the flame of the

vested virgins. In centuries past judges turned to the Bible or their resident clerics to justify the harsh sentences they imposed on practicing paedophiles; nowadays their serene consciences are more likely maintained by the vast psychiatric literature which "proves" that sex experienced too early or non-heterosexually is harmful. Judges may make jokes about psychiatrists behind their backs ("Anyone who goes to a shrink ought to have his head examined") but they find their testimony comforting.

For psychiatry can now be viewed as simply another variant of Western Christian mysticism. Certainly there have been some changes: instead of sin we have neurosis; instead of Sodom and Gomorrah we have polymorphous perverse; Narcissus has taken over from Onan; in place of Father, Son and Virgin Mary we have Oedipus, patient and Mum.

Not that psychiatry has been totally non-responsive to liberating trends. The

gay movement dragged the American Psychiatric Association (kicking and screaming, from all one can gather) into at least the earlier part of the Twentieth Century by shaming it into declaring homosexuality no longer a mental disease (although informal poles show that most members still think it is). This has caused quite a dilemma for the compilers of a modern list of the perversions, for, with homosexuality officially okay, the old Freudian (and Papal) criterion of a healthy sex act as one which could lead to pregnancy has to be abandoned. Thus we find such "liberal" psychiatrists as John Money using the new buzz-word *paraphilia*, which seems to include all the old perversions except homosexuality and the usual oral and anal acts associated with it, and coming up with a tortured and most curious definition:

A paraphilia is an erotosexual syndrome in which a person is reiteratively responsive to and dependent on atypical or forbidden stimulus imagery, in fantasy

**Photograph unrelated
to the text was
deleted from this spot.
See Note on p.2**

or in practice, for initiation and maintenance of erotosexual arousal and achievement or facilitation of orgasm.

The key phrase here is "atypical or forbidden". That, it seems, is what makes the playing of this imagery a "syndrome", and of course this will change from society to society and from decade to decade. In other words, the "paraphilias" are socially defined, a sickness with a syndrome here and now, a healthy custom elsewhere and in other times; they are sexual expressions which, rightly or wrongly, are disapproved of by society or punishable by law.

We have already observed that homophilia is not a paraphilia. Paedophilia, of course, is, and Money defines it as "the condition in which an adult is dependent on the fantasy or actuality of erotosexual activity with a prepubertal or early pubertal boy or girl, in order to initiate and maintain erotosexual arousal and facilitate or achieve orgasm."

Similar definitions are given for paraphilias relating to a fantastically mixed bag of objects, body-products, body types and activities (ranging from the loving to the murderous): *asphyxiophilia* (self-strangulation), *autoassassinatophilia*, *coprophilia* (feces), *epehebophilia* (youth), *exhibitionism*, *fetishism*, *frotteurism* (rubbing), *gerontophilia* (older partner), *kleptophilia* (stealing), *klismaophilia* (enema), *lust murderism*, *masochism*, *mysophilia* ("something filthy, for example, sweaty underwear..."), *narratophilia* (erotic talk), *necrophilia* (corpse), *pictophilia* (pictures), *raptophilia* (assault), *sadism*, *scoptophilia* (watching coitus), *somnophilia* (sleeper), *telephone scatophilia* (lewdness), *troilism* (couple plus one), *urophilia* (urine), *voyeurism*, *zoophilia* (animal).

The only glue which holds these "philiias" together is social disapproval, which is a pretty sorry foundation upon which to build a scientific classification of mental disorders. It reminds us of the Soviet practice of putting dissidents in insane asylums for much the same

reason. Even the root suffix betrays a kind of cultural shallowness, for it is probably the most inappropriate of the three Greek words for love: *eros* meant sexual desire, *storge* meant disinterested love, *philia* meant love shared between people for some person, household, etc. Most objectionable is that this list is a terrible mixture of un-alikes: lust murdering turns up in the same cubby-hole as attraction to youths and adolescent girls!

One wonders if this isn't just the point. Sex guilt must be maintained at all costs (as the power elite of the Christian hierarchies have known for millenia): touching someone asleep, touching an attractive stranger in the crowd, watching love being made, enjoying erotic conversation, being attracted to older partners or younger partners, being aroused by the human smell of a loved one's sweaty underwear (called "filth", of course, by the psychiatrists for cleanliness is next to godliness) — it may well be that some people are strongly directed toward one or another of these stimuli (are "addicted", to use Dr. Money's terminology), for sexual preference is often narrow. Far more people, however, simply include a number of them from time to time in their sexual experiences or fantasies — and well they should, for they are harmless, pleasurable and enrich our experience of living — yet in Dr. Money's list all are linked to murder, sadism and having sex with corpses. And so guilt is perpetuated.

To his credit, Dr. Money (who, after all, didn't invent this absurd classification) shows a healthy curiosity about other fields of investigation, especially in animal behaviour, where he looks for biological or genetic origins for his paraphilias. (Freud was remarkably narrow in this respect: middle-class Viennese society was for him the universe; the burgeoning discoveries of contemporary anthropologists left him quite unaffected.) And in his "selling" of Depo-Provera (a synthetic progestinic steroid marketed by Upjohn which prevents males from having sexual feelings and getting erections) Money is careful to

point out that this form of chemical castration may be preferable to imprisonment: "Paraphilias are not...subject to self-regulation or voluntary control; they do not go into remission in response to punishment. Therapeutic intervention is essential if a sex-offending paraphiliac is to be enabled to avoid conflict with the law."

But he never asks whether we need most of these laws in the first place, or if so why, or who in their violation is being hurt. What the judges, the law-makers, will remember is "therapeutic intervention is essential". The terrible danger of this kind of thinking and writing and lumping and stereotyping is that judges and law-makers will say, "Well, these paraphilias just won't go into remission (we don't really know what 'remission' means, but it only happens to the most horrible diseases and evil malignancies, and then only if you're lucky). Now, along comes this extremely liberal doctor, and even he says 'therapeutic intervention is essential'. The citizens who elect us want our laws toughened; even the doctor doesn't imply the laws are bad. And the problem is so much more serious than we realized: all these sex-offending men who like youths, or rubbing strangers, who masturbate sniffing boys' underwear, or look at porno pictures, or tell dirty stories to each other, why they're cut from the same cloth as sadists and murderers and violators of dead bodies: they've all got a 'syndrome', they're all *paraphiliacs!*"

And so down the marbled corridors of Justice wings yet another whisper of the body hatred of Saul of Tarsus (otherwise known as St. Paul): "not subject to voluntary self-control or remission" ... "sex-offending paraphiliac" ... "atypical or forbidden stimulus imagery". The definitions are circular: the stimuli become paraphilias because they are atypical or forbidden, and they are kept atypical and forbidden because the psychiatrists call them paraphilias. Although the logic is thin it is enough to keep the whisper alive, and growing: somnophilia, pictophilia, mysophilia, murder.... "A sen-

tence of 22 consecutive lifetimes of imprisonment"... "worse than mass murder"... "on condition that you undergo weekly injections of Depo-Provera".

Don't look. Don't read. Don't think. Don't investigate. "We can greatly improve the value of our conclusions by ignoring...."

It's time to stop all of this. Psychiatry is not science; it is mysticism, middle-aged offspring of the Middle East religions. It is not our ally; it has gradually become our deadly enemy, whispering in the ears of justice that we are sick so the law can condemn some of us to a lifetime of cruelty behind bars, holding before others the redeeming hypodermic needle which will kill our manliness and stifle our love instincts. But it is vulnerable just because it dabbles with science, and science is a heartless eliminator of nonsense. The psychiatrists must be challenged to prove their claims: has any one of them ever "cured" homosexuality, or paedophilia? Does early sex really spoil you for later life? Do boys dislike the sex they have with adults? And, like ordinary human beings, they should be held accountable for the moral decisions they make: giving Depo-Provera (which results in real physical and emotional harm) and not denouncing the alternative prison sentences which they claim make the injections the better choice. With logic, with patience, with real research on real people, like that done by Theo Sandfort (see Books), we *can* pull down their sacred curtain and show the world that the psychiatrist is just another Wizard of Oz pulling his levers and twisting his little cranks, one more shaman whose time has come, and gone.

A number of people have said that PAN should be read by *all* men and women of power and influence in society and suggested that subscribers subsidize gift subscriptions which we would send to certain potentially sympathetic persons whom they would designate in their community. This would be one good way to strike a blow anonymously for your freedom, and the freedom of the boys you love.

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

[p.48, back cover]