

PAN
aedo lert ews

a magazine about boy~love

NEWS

London, Manila,
Brisbane,
Philadelphia
Adelaide

BEACH BOY

a story by
Kevin Esser

WHY BOY-LOVE

a zoölogical
hypothesis
by Arthur Johnson

LETTERS

Western men
& 3rd World
Boys

BOOKS

Rolfe's "Toto"
Stories, *An
Asian Minor,
Bom Crioulo*

BOYCAUGHT

Hylas
by Edward Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

Runaway boys

number 14

**Cover
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See Note
on p.2**

[p.1, cover]

N.B.

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

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

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

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PAN
aedo alert news

Number 14

December, 1982

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All photos in this issue, except for the publicity photos for "E.T." and snapshots taken by Ralph Alden accompanying *The Battle Line*, are by Diamond. Sketch on page 11 by P.N. The Christmas cartoon was drawn by Richard Steen.

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IN BRIEF...



NEW YORK, NY, USA What started as a joke on an American recording company by a group of parents and kids with a stage/pop music/media background ended up launching the career of 5 boys in a pre-pubescent rock group which writes, composes and plays its own music. "The Bratles" have attracted the attention of Andy Warhol, one of Charlie's former Angels, the TV networks — and boy-lovers lucky enough to see them, for at least one of the youngsters is sensationally good looking.

PARIS, FRANCE The "Coral" affair (See P.A.N. 13, page 4) seems to be going the way of the famous "page boys" scandal in the US — exposed as a police-political-media invention. It seems that Jean-Claude Krief, who accused the management of a small "alternative" private home for disturbed children in the south of France of having and promoting sexual contacts with the kids, is a liar, blackmailer, spy and petty criminal. Furthermore, he is in the employ of the gutter press, specifically the Saturday police rag *Minute* and notorious yellow journalist Jacques Tillier (see PAN 10, page 18). Krief has been used by a strange assortment of right-wing political types, reactionary police and a kiddie-sex-obsessed "juge d'instruction" (the French equivalent of the American D.A. or public prosecutor) by the name of Michel Saltzmann to try to shoot down some liberal literary figures and a minister in socialist Premier Mitterrand's cabinet. The French gay community is outraged over the willingness of the Right (especially this evil Saltzmann) to violate the law and trample upon the truth, peo-

ple's right to privacy and childrens' lives: it staged a protest in Paris on 17 November. In addition, a committee was formed by the parents of the children at Coral to defend the accused and raise money for their legal expenses — *Libération* has printed some of the letters from the furious fathers. Even the local priest in Aimargues, where Coral is located, has come out in defense of the accused who, when last heard, had all been released from preventive detention. Now strong voices are demanding an investigation of the irregularities in Saltzmann's office. The references below give an idea of the literally hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles about this sad affair, which might just be turned around against our enemies and used to discredit them and so weaken their power.

SOURCES: *Le Matin*, 16, 18, 20, 21 Oct, 1982; *Minute*, 23, 30 Oct, 1982; *Le Journal*de Dimanche*, 17 Oct, 1982; *Le Monde*, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 26 Oct, 1982; *Libération*, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 28, 30 Oct, 1 Nov 1982; *Le Figaro*, 18, 20 Oct, 1982; *France-Soir*, 18, 19 Oct, 1982; *Le Parisien Libère*, 19 Oct, 1982; *Le Quotidien de Paris*, 19, 21 Oct, 1982; *Le Nouvel Observateur*, 23 Oct, 1982; *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, 28 Oct, 1982; *Paris March*, 28 Oct, 1982.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA The continuing reverberations from the Clarence Osborne case (See *The Man They Called a Monster* by Paul Wilson offered to P.A.N. subscribers in colour supplement of this issue) have produced a fascinating glimpse into Queensland police psychology in a recent article by Sergeants Dugald McMillan and David Jeffries of

*du

the Juvenile Aid Bureau published in the *Australian Crime Prevention Council Quarterly Journal* (Vol 4 No 6). The good sergeants feel that the laws of evidence and police investigation unduly restrict the police in trying to secure arrests and convictions of "child abusers". Child abuse is, of course, any kind of sexual contact with persons under sixteen. While social workers are frequently seen by boy-lovers as threats to their relationships with kids, and to the kids themselves (See PAN 11, page 36), Sgts. McMillan and Jeffries regard them as misguided obstructionists and deplore all attempts to "legitimise, legalise and

rationalise" adult/child sexual relationships. They are especially miffed by the law which prevents a person under seventeen from testifying against his older friend in a consensual sexual act because he is then "an accomplice to the offense". They would like to set up a new category of assault called "assault by invitation" - in other words, solicitation of a minor. Finally they think police informers in potential "child abuse" situations should be given civil immunity from libel suits!

They are disturbed about the government being prevented from getting more into "the kid business" (orphanages and

HOLLYWOOD, CA, USA It is nice to write something positive after a USA heading. *E.T. (The Extra Terrestrial)* is a touching film about a little boy and a bewildered visitor from space which has become a great hit in America and promises to be just as successful in Europe. Boy-lovers will especially appreciate hero Henry Thomas, a nice looking pre-pubescent lad who proves that Hollywood kid stars don't have to act like idealized wooden replicas of their daddys. P.A.N. readers will also enjoy Robert Macnaughton, a handsome teenager. The story revolves around a space creature deserted by his comrades in California and befriended by a group of children who try to shield him from the frightened and threatening world of Earth adults. The effects are lots of fun, and creature E.T., who was manipulated by more than 20 technicians, is one of the best yet.



reform schools and such) and deplore commonly expressed feelings of social workers as: "As long as there is love in the home, why remove the child?"; "A bad home is better than a good institution"; "Why prosecute? What is achieved?"

The good sergeants are dumbfounded that they receive almost no complaints of "child abuse" while, extrapolating from American statistics, they are convinced that there are some 20,000 "cases" in Queensland a year. Most incomprehensible is the attitude of the "victims" of "sexual abuse" themselves: most of the time they don't want to testify against the "deviant" who "defiled" them! "Such is the relationship between the child and the adult that seldom, if ever, is a complaint volunteered... The relationship develops to a stage the child even feels loyalty to the male companion."

SOURCE: *Gay Community News* (Australia), Nov, 1982

LONDON, ENGLAND The Paedophile Information Exchange was again under attack from the gutter press and Parliamentary foe Geoffrey Dickens (See PAN 8, page 21; PAN 12, page 9). It seems that another Geoffrey, one Geoffrey Arthur Prime, who was unmasked as a Soviet mole last month, was also a lover of little girls — and was actually arrested as a sex offender, whereupon his wife discovered some of his spying equipment under his bed and turned it in to the police. Unfortunately, Prime fooled not only his superiors at the top-secret electronic intelligence centre at Cheltenham and the whole British intelligence apparatus, but also PIE, of which the executive committee was horrified to discover he was a member. A great "red paed under the bed" panic is currently being orchestrated by the London media and Geoffrey Dickens, who wants to have PIE placed on the same footing as the IRA, in other words, outlawed as an enemy of the state! The leadership of PIE can at least feel complimented at being credited with more

counter-spy savvy at bringing a mole to the surface than all the experts in British Intelligence.

SOURCE: *Time*, 22 Nov, 1982.

LOS ANGELES, CA, USA Los Angeles Police Department Officer Rodney Sieg found himself in hot water last February 17 when a gay by the name of Arthur Weinger, trying to improve relations between the notorious LAPD and the gay community, introduced himself as a member of the "Gay and Lesbian Police Task Force". Sieg (heill!) turned to a fellow police officer and said, "What is this department coming to when the criminals are telling us what to do? Next thing they'll have prostitutes and child molesters riding along and advising us. I mean, they're minorities, too."

We don't know whether it's because Sieg called gays criminals or because he implied they were as degenerate as prostitutes and paedophiles, but the fact is he was actually suspended for a week and as a result is \$500 poorer!

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 16 Oct, 1982.

MÜNCHEN, WEST GERMANY Three separate 1983 *POJKART* calendars for boy-lovers can be ordered from us. One is a collection of Otto Lohmüller paintings (some are full-length nude studies, seven in full colour), a second has black and white photographs and the third black and white portraits by Michel Gourlier. *Prices:* Lohmüller Calendar: AUS\$ 20, ÖSch 280, BFr 800, CAN\$ 21, DKr 130, IRE 12, FMk 80, FFr 110, Drch 1100, Lit 24,000, Yen 5100, HFI 40, NZ\$ 25, NKr 110, Esc 1400, Rand 23, Ptas 1770, SKr 110, SFr 35, £ 10, US\$ 20, DM 40; South America US\$ 21; all other countries US\$ 20. Other two calendars, each: AUS\$ 13, ÖSch 195, BFr 580, CAN\$ 15, DKr 105, IRE 8.50, FMk 60, FFr 80, Drch 850, Lit 17,000, Yen 3500, HFI 30, NZ\$ 17, NKr 85, Esc 1200, Rand 16, Ptas 1350, SKr 85, SFr 25, £ 6, US\$ 12, DM 30; Middle East, Cent. America & N. Africa US\$ 12; all other countries US\$ 13.

MANILA, PHILIPPINES At long last, after strong pressure from the West, the government of The Philippines has instituted a crackdown on sexual dalliance between Philippine kids and foreigners. "Arrest and deport all alien sex perverts!" said Immigration Commissioner Edmundo M. Reyes on 5 November, ordering all 56 alien control officers scattered throughout the island republic to

"check the 'unhappy' state of child prostitution in the Philippines reportedly being perpetrated mostly by Caucasian tourists," according to one of the large Manila daily newspapers. At the same time Reyes ordered Immigration Intelligence Chief Lamberto F. Almeda to form a special team (dubbed "Task Force Hookers") to immediately start arresting suspected child prostitutes. The "hunt

*Report from a Manila correspondent,
15 October, 1982:*

The international media, along with the local press, is catching on to the long-obvious fact that the Philippines is a favourite destination of gays. The immediate future, if not longer, looks grim for "the scene" in this country.

In early October the *International Herald Tribune* carried a long and predictably biased report on child prostitution in Manila. The *Trib* carries considerable weight with the Philippine government because of its international readership. Gay residents of the country believe the scene is already experiencing the effects of such publicity.

In the near future, *Ms Magazine* in the US reportedly will carry an article dealing with female child prostitution, which will almost certainly have ramifications in the boy scene.

When President Marcos departed for his state visit to the US he turned loose on the country something called *barrangay tanod*, or village peace-keepers, a kind of vigilante police. One group of them took up posts in the evening in Manila's tourist belt and began enforcing forceably the 10 pm curfew for minors. Arrests of minors were immediate.

A number of young girls were arrested the first night, said they were prostitutes and the story was picked up and front-paged the following day by an afternoon tabloid. Asked for comment, the Commissioner on Immigration and Deportation said any foreigner caught with an underage girl or boy in

his hotel would be arrested and deported.

Within a week a long article was published in a respected afternoon daily defending man-boy relationships in the Philippines. Resident gays held their breaths. There was absolutely no response.

The *barrangay tanod*, meanwhile, continued harassing youths in the tourist belt, effectively closing down the scene, at least for the present.

In Pagsanjan, meanwhile, the favourite haunt of touring gays, the Lodge, posted guards at the swimming pool and forbade underage boys entry to the Lodge unless accompanied and registered by guests. This, the management said, was because of thefts and drugs.

The San Carlos Hotel in Manila closed its doors completely to minor visitors for two weeks, immediately losing 11 clients. The closure is slowly being lifted but guests are encountering problems about visitors still at this writing.

On October 10 one of Manila's afternoon tabloids carried a photograph of a small boy and a Dutch tourist in company of police officers. In the local language the caption reported that the Dutchman was accused by the boy of taking him to a Manila pension from Luneta Park and sexually molesting him.

There is a very strong chill in the Philippine scene at present, a kind of anxious waiting to see if further publicity will come and whether such publicity will lead to an all-out purge.

against undesirable aliens" will center on tourist spots like Pagsanjan and Baguio. "It was garnered that many of these places have become a haven for foreign drug addicts and sex perverts," the paper reported. Police, of course, have been brought into the action.

There have been quick results. "At least six child prostitutes who have been victimized by foreign sex perverts already have been turned over to the Ministry of Social Services and Development for rehabilitation." In The Philippines that means, invariably, incarceration for a few weeks in a youth prison camp where the youngsters are raped by the guards and bigger children, physically brutalized and underfed. After this government rehabilitation is over they are turned loose again with a short haircut.

Terre Des Hommes, (See PAN 8, page 5; PAN 10, pages 7, 9 & 38; PAN 11, page 6; PAN 12, pages 4 & 12; PAN 13, page 5) the Swiss Christian do-good "charity" which generated much of the pressure on The Philippines government, must have been especially happy when among the first arrests of "foreign sex perverts" were three Swiss fellow-citizens. Two of the men, whose names and ages were given in the Manila papers, were caught with two 14-year-old boys in their hotel room; the other was picked up in a shopping centre in the company of three boys. The boys were questioned by the police, at which time they are supposed to have made statements saying the Swiss men had paid them money for sex. Almeda recommended that the foreigners be deported. (For a first-hand description of the deteriorating climate in The Philippines, see coloured box.)

SOURCE: *Maynila*, 6 Nov, 1982

PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA On October 9 NAMBLA held its 6th annual membership conference here in the Gay and Lesbian Community Center and was attended by some 65 members and 15 selected observers. Predictably the lesbian/feminist element was horrified: NAMBLA was "anti-woman, anti-child, anti-gay", according to one Roaslie Davies of

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See Note on p.2**

Custody Action for Lesbian Mothers (CALM). Roberta Hackler of Voyage House, Inc. feared the community center, through its "affiliation with NAMBLA", supports the "stereotyping of lesbians and gay men as child molesters". Tacie Vergara of the National Association of Social Workers Women's Issues Task Force of Pennsylvania said, "I firmly believe that almost all cases of a sexual relationship between an adult and a child constitute sexual abuse... By totally ignoring questions of issues of dominance and power (the NAMBLA position) amounts to nothing more than advocating greater sexual license for men."

A few voices of reason were raised, however. Ed Hermance of the famous *Giovanni's Room* bookshop and book service, said, "I've talked with several hundred men and boys who claim they had intimate relationships. I believe they care about each other as people as pro-

foundly as two adults care about each other."

For once the feminists lost and the meeting was allowed to take place. In light of the recent FBI pressure on NAMBLA, much of the discussion centered around defense both of the organization and its individual members from hysterical and illegal harassment by Federal, state and local authorities. Some members urged, as expedient, the adoption of some minimal age of consent recommendation, but this was voted down.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 23 Oct, 1982.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA An interesting example of how the media in the US turns a social phenomenon into a social problem, and then blames a sexual minority for it, is a recent story by Datson Rader in *Parade*, a US newspaper Sunday supplement. A former child-runaway himself, he is now a successful writer. After a fairly sensible introduction he goes off into the realms of fantasy: "There are local and national call services and 'buy-a-kid' rings from which customers can purchase a runaway child for a night or permanently. In New York, runaways told me that the cost of buying a child for life was \$5000. It's cheaper elsewhere. In San Diego, for example, I interviewed a runaway who had been sold by his grandfather to a woman for \$500." (Rader doesn't explain whether the buyer gets back his \$5000 or \$500 from the "ring" if the purchased runaway runs away again from the purchaser.) From here on the article fairly bristles with dubious statements: "Many runaway children don't live long — 150,000 children disappear each year." "A major cause of death among runaway boys engaged in prostitution is rectal hemorrhage."

Writers like Datson Rader never seem to get it right. The truth is that the vast majority of these kids actually prefer the street to living at home or becoming victims of the "kid industry" — the burgeoning archipelago of dreary, often

brutal, youth prisons scattered across the countries of the Western World and administered by incompetent and unfeeling bureaucrats. The boys' plight is seldom soured by paedophiles "who prey on their innocent bodies". A commonly expressed hope of thousands of runaway boys is that they be taken in more or less permanently by a man who cares for them — and if sex is part of the bargain, so what? Rader betrays the youths he claims he would like to protect by pointing an easy finger at the "child molester" and refusing to identify the factors in modern society which have turned the age-old phenomenon of runaway kids into a social problem (see THE BATTLE LINE).

SOURCE: *Parade*, 5 Sep, 1982.

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA The Department for Community Welfare's Working Party on Child Sexual Abuse here has produced a 33-page mimeographed booklet intended as a guide for professionals who may be "persons of first contact for families in which the sexual abuse of children has taken place". One interesting sidelight is given in the chapter titled "Incidence". In 1980, 48 cases of child sexual abuse were reported to Child Protection panels in South Australia. Of these "victims" *only one was a male, a boy aged 14 years!* (One explanation of the low overall reporting is that "professional persons have been unaware in the past of their obligation to notify"!.) About a dozen phone numbers are given for help in the Adelaide area. "Help" includes "intervention on behalf of the child", "support and treatment for the family" and, significantly, criminal prosecution "only after consideration by an informal group, committee or panel of the likely consequences of such action to the family and the victim".

There is a lengthy list of "skills needed in interviewing the child or adolescent victim" and the same for interviewing the "alleged abuser" (Point M: "Need to be aware of the alleged abuser's level of impulse control, tolerance for frustration, contact with reality and emotional

stability"). One encouraging feature is that the following statement is printed in italics near the end of the pamphlet: *In most instances sexual trauma, unless reinforced by Court testifying or parental over-reaction, produces few permanent consequences.*

SOURCE: "The Sexual Abuse of Children", available from the Dept. for Community Welfare, Box 39, Rundle St. P.O., Adelaide, S.A. 5000, Australia, September, 1982.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA In a newspaper article entitled *Students, Teachers and Sex — a Volatile Mix* passing reference was made to an interesting racket of some rebellious schoolboys which was all too easy to carry off in a climate of child-sex hysteria: "One particularly dedicated male teacher tried to make life more interesting for his class in a deprived suburb of Melbourne. With their parents' permission he would take them to the country on weekends. After trouble with six boys in a class he wrote letters to their parents arranging a meeting. Feeling threatened the boys concocted stories about sexual advances. The police arrived at the teacher's home, he was suspended from teaching for 12 months and, although he was eventually found innocent, his career was ruined."

SOURCE: *The Age*, 11 Sep, 1982.

NEW YORK, NY, USA As the United States slips back toward the Dark Ages of child sex-repression, *Show Me!* the much applauded sex education book for children, was withdrawn by its US publishers before the vigilantes could jail them after the recent "kiddie-porn" decision of the US Supreme Court (See P.A.N. 13, page 9). "The decision is a vexing erosion of our First Amendment right to read and publish, and the loss of a superb and enlightened work of sexual orientation for young people," said Thomas McCormack, president of St. Martin's Press. Do-gooders, especially Christian do-gooders, were delighted over the withdrawal, if sceptical about whether it was for real. Craig Loken,

senior attorney for Covenant House, a Catholic "shelter" for "runaways", called the recall "a publicity stunt". *Show Me!* is "an extremely tasteless work," he opined. He would "protect children from seeing it". He is "concerned about children who are damaged because of being shown in a very personal part of their lives." (Personal = secret = sin — and let's keep it that way, world without end...!) He also says that, of the million US kids who run away from home each year, "perhaps 30,000 survive by making pornography". (Now, let's just see: if it costs \$4000 a year for the average kid to "survive", that means kiddie-porn featuring runaways alone nets them *one billion two-hundred million dollars!* Oh, well, if you're "working for the Lord" everyone expects you to lie.) Citizens of other countries can still obtain *Show Me!* in most of the major languages of the world.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 23 Oct, 1982.

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See Note on p.2**

BEACH BOY

by Kevin Esser

Nicky is back...again.

I watch for him daily from my lifeguard's perch above the beach. At first his visits were erratic; but for two weeks now he has appeared each day without fail, sauntering with the easy grace of a young prince, every lean, supple inch of him glowing a deep reddish brown, like dark copper. I've never seen such a gorgeously tanned boy. Never.

Today — as always — he is alone, and wearing the same skimpy yellow briefs that first quickened my breath more than a month ago when he appeared (it seemed) from nowhere and dropped lightly to his knees in front of my chair. He couldn't, I guessed then, have been more than thirteen years old, yet was without a companion, and as perfectly at ease as a lone pup out for a bit of a romp. I was intrigued. I climbed down, walked slowly toward him. And as my shadow touched his cheek he turned, grinning, and said simply, "My name's Dominic."

I crouched next to him, watching his buttocks bouncing lightly against his smooth calves as he scooped sand into a pile. Then he glanced back around and added, "But you can call me Nicky, OK?" with a crinkle of his sun-pinkened nose.

OK...and so it began. But we talked little that first day: I had my duties to perform, and was forced, after returning to my chair, to watch from a distance as the boy constructed a very crude castle, then stood up and moved down the beach. I hoped as he wandered off that he might turn and confirm our bud of friendship with a smile or a wave. But I hoped in vain....

Did he come back the next day? Or was it the day after? Time becomes jumbled...plays tricks. But he *did* return: silhouetted against the sea's sequin-sparkle, ambling towards me kicking gently at the sand. When our eyes met he

smiled. And as I smiled back and climbed down from my chair to greet him his glossy brown hair stirred in feathery wisps about his ears.

"Back again?" I called.

"I like it here," Nicky answered, one hand turned backwards and resting lightly on his hip.

"Where are your friends?"

"Friends?"

"Well, you must come here with *somebody*."

"No...nobody." Then, pointing vaguely up the beach, "My aunt lives over there. But she's *old!* She *never* comes here."

"Your aunt?"

Nicky glanced away at the foaming surf with the faintest of sighs and shifted his weight from right foot to left. "I stay with my aunt...all the time."

Enough. I inquired no further. Perhaps I should have.

Of course I should have.

It was a week before I saw him again. I was surprised — even then — at the violent catch of breath in my throat as he roamed into view. I'd forgotten, somehow, the dark, graceful beauty of him.

He waved, then broke into a fluid trot, his feet kicking up sand in golden plumes as he approached grinning. Was it eagerness that prompted his haste? Joy at seeing a friend? Or merely an eruption of boyish energy? I watched, and wondered.

"I've been gone," he announced, slightly winded now and panting softly gazing up at me squinting with jade-green eyes into the sun.

"I know...I missed you."

"I had to go to the city with my aunt and see a judge."

I nodded, waiting.

"And *he* said my aunt's too old and gets sick too much so I gotta go live with somebody else." He shrugged, weary of

the world and its peculiar ways.

"With who?" A stab of...what? Grief? Fear? Sorrow?

"I don't know. They gotta find somebody." He smiled and pointed (I thought) at me. "Can I use some of that?"

I looked down. "This?" and picked up my bottle of suntan lotion.

He nodded, and lifted a hand to shade his eyes.

"I don't think you really need any, do you?"

"I like the way it smells," he replied rather cryptically.

"OK," I said, "catch," then tossed him the bottle, which he grabbed with both hands against his chest.

"I want it on my *back!*" he pointed out, sitting down onto the hot sand as I ventured from my perch and knelt beside him.

I squirted the white lotion onto his freckled brown shoulders. He flinched as it dribbled cold down his back. "That feels funny!"

I spread it gently, letting my hand slip in slow, slow circles. "So you'll be moving away pretty soon, hah?"

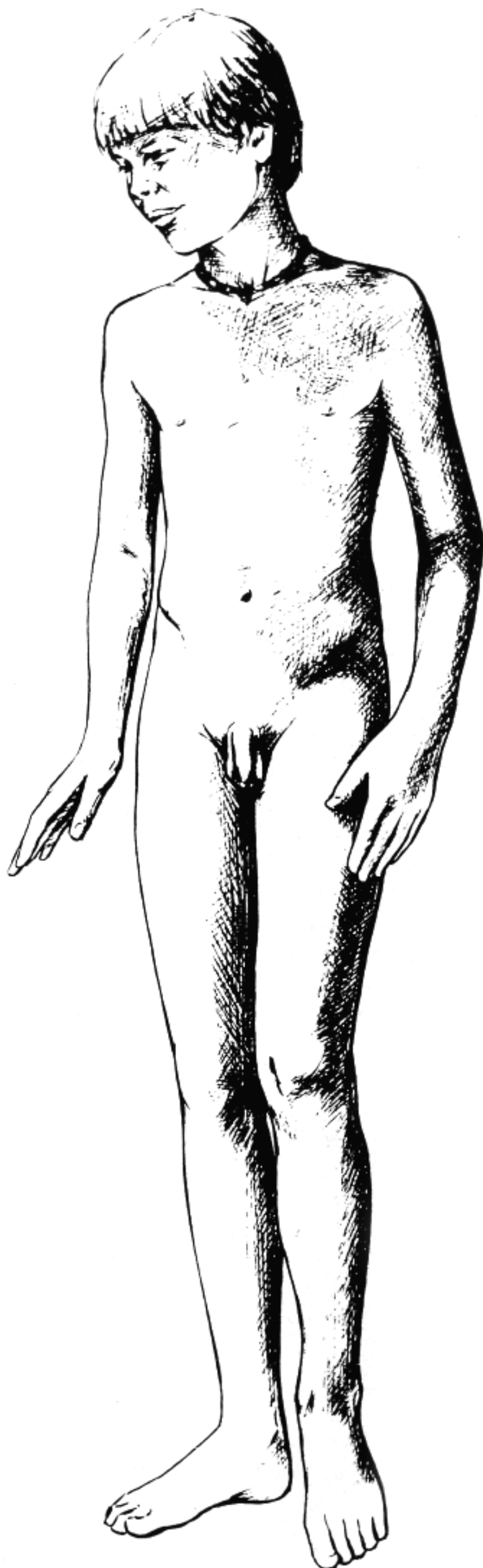
"Yeah, I guess...but I don't mind too much. I've moved a *million* times since my mom died last year."

"And your dad?"

"Never knew him," Nicky shrugged, then jerked as I squirted a bit more lotion between his sharp shoulder blades. Lulled by my stroking hand, he lowered himself slowly onto his belly and lay resting with his cheek flat against folded arms. "That feels super," he sighed...then giggled as I drizzled the cold lotion onto first one thigh, then the other, smearing it with a hand nearly trembling now feeling the hard young muscle tensed as I stroked lower to the soft hollow behind the knees, lower still to the lean calves tanned dark and silky without a hair.

At the feet I stopped — breathless. "Do you want me to do your front?"

He rolled over, nodding. "Yeah, I do..." then stared with an odd wide-eyed intensity as I began a slippery massage of his chest and belly and slender brown legs,



letting my hand slide down to the ankles then up again slowly to the knees and up farther farther as Nicky spread his thighs welcoming my hand with a soft moan. I glanced around at the nearly-deserted beach while my hand continued its timid exploration feeling a swelling now between the boy's legs as I pushed my fingers beneath the yellow elastic past soft damp hair to where I found him hard and warm.

Then, quickly, I withdrew my hand. "I'm sorry," I murmured, apologizing to the youngster for starting what couldn't be finished – not there, not then.

Nicky (my patient, sweet-tempered boy) nodded understandingly and sat up. "That's OK," he said, and I think he smiled.

Wiping a trickle of sweat from my cheek, I caught a whiff of him sharp and sweaty on my fingers.

"I'll come back later," he said, already springing to his feet. "After supper...OK?"

"Definitely OK," I replied, then laughed in joyful amazement as the boy (heedless of the sunbathers around us) gave me a quick hug before loping away up the beach...a hug that I could still feel warm around my neck when at last he reappeared on the empty beach like a sprite in the golden evening sun. I laughed in an echo of my earlier joy as he wrapped me again in his arms, an embrace which I now freely, eagerly returned.

Then, high-spirited as a little colt, he pulled away smiling. "Let's swim for a while...you wanna?" And as I watched he wriggled the snug yellow trunks down his legs past the knees and stepped free. "Come on!" he waved, and together we plunged into the gleaming surf, where I frolicked in ways forgotten since childhood until our fatigue brought us finally stumbling and laughing back to the beach.

I trailed (reverently) behind the boy as he trudged naked through the wet sand up into the dunes. His body was burned a ruddy brown everywhere but his sweet little rump glistening white as ivory flexing smooth as I stepped closer and cupped it softly causing Nicky to turn and show me with a gentle smile the evidence of his desire bobbing pink and pretty between his thighs.

"Now," he whispered, then purring deep in his throat like an eager little kit sank slowly to his knees dragging me down with him onto the warm bed of sand...

...and as he approaches now I smile and wonder how much longer we must wait before the judge awards me custody. I've been assured there are no problems. It is, I'm told, merely a matter of time. My patience wears thin now and again, but Nicky reassures me. There is, he says, no rush...

We have the rest of our lives.

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See Note on p.2**

WHY BOY-LOVE?

by Arthur Johnson

The purpose of this article is to set out a "zoological" hypothesis on why some men love boys, and to invite confirmation of it or otherwise, especially from those qualified in relevant disciplines.

Briefly, the hypothesis is that the human male animal has an inbuilt instinct to protect and love pubescent boys, important to the species because half-grown boys are endangered by the competitive instinct of adult males during the lengthy period of human pubescence.

Before stating this hypothesis more fully, let me define some assumptions.

Assumption 1

The personality (or, if one prefers, behaviour) of an individual member of any advanced species is a permutation, specific to itself, of many instincts built into its species. It will have some of these instincts in stronger form than its fellows, some in weaker, some perhaps absent. In the human species, the individual's personality is also modified by the exercise of intelligence, consciously controlling his instinctual inclinations.

One such instinct is competitive male behaviour. Human males, like those of many other species, are programmed to compete with one another, for power, sex, and other desiderata. Additional instincts relevant to my topic are the sex drive, the herding instinct (man is gregarious), and the wish to protect and encourage (small) children.

Assumption 2

The physical and emotional development of animals to adulthood falls into a number of recognisable stages:

Infancy The infant is totally dependent, physically and emotionally.

Childhood The child is physically independent over short periods (hours not days), but remains emo-

tionally totally dependent. It benefits from the pro-child instinct in adults, which it evokes by appealing "childhood indicators" (childish appearance and behaviour), and by manifestly not being a rival.

Pubescence The just pre- and just post-pubescent animal is acquiring a reasonable degree of physical independence, but is emotionally still largely dependent, though beginning to break away. It is starting to lose the childhood indicators (in the case of human boys, growing fast and losing bodily softness, the voice breaking, the pubic hair sprouting). It is beginning to become a rival in some respects (e.g. sexual capacity) to adults.

Young adulthood The young adult is physically and emotionally independent. It is adult in appearance, and an evident rival to other adults.

The Hypothesis

The hypothesis may now be elaborated as follows. The pubescence stage constitutes a problem in all species with the competitive male instinct, in that the pubescent male is at risk of being seen, and treated, as a competitor by adult males, without having the physical or emotional resources to cope. This problem is particularly acute for the human species, because with our slow physical development the pubescence stage lasts an unusually long time (say 3-4 years from being obviously a child to being a reasonably competitive adult), despite the growth spurt that, no doubt for this reason, accompanies it. In compensation for this peculiarly human problem, human males have an inbuilt, animal, pro-pubescent boy instinct, to mitigate the risk of destroying adolescents before they can mature.

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This instinct is triggered by "adolescence indicators", comparable to the "childhood indicators", in the boys. These consist primarily of the pubescent boy's distinctive tall, slim shape, his tender, blooming, almost hairless skin, and his sexiness. As the sexuality of adolescents is strong, the pro-pubescent boy instinct, unlike the pro-child instinct, tends to manifest itself in a sexual form. In most adults it is weaker than the sexual instinct towards women; in some it is stronger.

Correspondingly, the pubescent boy has inbuilt instincts of his own, to break away from emotional dependence on his parents, to seek relationships with other adults, and to respond to adult admiration and protection. These too have a tendency to operate sexually.

On achieving adulthood his body reaches competitive maturity; the tall, slim shape changes, coarse body and facial hair appear. The old instincts on both sides cease to act; the young man's

sexuality focusses on its long term objective (usually women).

Two Riders

This is an appealing theory, though objections leap to mind and will be discussed shortly. Two general observations first.

One is that the hypothesis is essentially zoological and in no way ethical. If it were valid it might explain boy-love but it would not justify it. There are plenty of zoologically programmed behaviours upon which society chooses to frown, like men's instinct to have sex with every woman in sight, or the instinct to open the bowels for flight when frightened. This article is less concerned with ethics than with origins - but it would be nice to understand why some of us are attracted to boys rather than women.

The second observation is that any hypothesis worthy of the name must have a means, preferably of proof, or at least of weighing evidence for or against it. I shall suggest at the end of this article some kinds of evidence which would support the hypothesis, which appropriate experts might provide or deny.

Objections and Questions

I am setting a series of these out in question and answer form for clarity: I certainly don't pretend to offer a full set of adequate answers. What seem to me the two most difficult questions are kept to last.

If boy-love is an inbuilt instinct, why is it so widely and passionately disapproved?

As the disapproval is in the sphere of ethics not zoology, it provides no evidence for or against the existence of the instinct.

But how did such disapproval arise?

Presumably from a mixture of general disapproval of sexuality, of the desire common in sophisticated societies to prolong childhood, and of the wish, conceivably based on insecurity, for clear-cut male/female role differentiation.

If boy-love is switched off by the physical signs of maturity, why does

homosexuality exist between adult males?

Adult homosexuality is, I believe, a quite separate phenomenon from boy love, overlapping at the edges, but in general affecting different individuals and for different reasons.

You stress the risks of adult-adolescent competition. But much boy-love applies to pre-pubertal boys (choir boys and all that) who are not yet adult-like.

My suggestion is that boy-love is provoked by the adolescent indicators (shape, skin, sexiness), which start to develop shortly before puberty, before the competitive, and hence dangerous, stage of development is reached. There is obvious utility in a protective instinct getting to work before it is needed, rather than after and perhaps too late.

Why hypothesize a new instinct? Isn't the protection of adolescents just an extension of the instinct to protect children?

The indicators of childhood and pubescence are different. Children aren't perceived as competitors. I don't think most men react instinctively to adolescents in the same way as to children. I certainly don't (quite apart from sex).

An instinct to protect doesn't require sexual desire. We don't desire kittens, say.

Perfectly true. I can only say that this particular protective instinct does seem to involve sexual desire — of another sexy human body.

Isn't this the "Greek love" theory again?

Not as I understand it. I understand "Greek love" to be a sophisticated, essentially educational, justification for boy-love. What I am describing is primitive and instinctual. Greek love might perhaps have its roots in it.

If adolescent boys are supposed to depend for survival on adult admiration and protection, why aren't all adolescent boys attractive?

Why aren't all women attractive? It is worth noting that the stronger adolescents, those less in need of protection, tend to appeal less to boy-lovers than

frailer ones.

If the boy-lover is the protector, the male type in the relationship, wouldn't he always take the male part in sexual techniques? But boy-love doesn't work like that.

It doesn't follow. Between lovers any physically possible embrace may be welcomed. Emotionally, all sexual activity is the same thing.

If the hypothesis were right, all primitive tribes should practise boy-love.

Perhaps, but how many truly primitive tribes, in the sense of having no social refinements of instinct, are there? How many, for example, go totally naked?

The age of puberty and the age of full maturity have been getting earlier. In some hypothetical "primitive state", boy puberty would arrive at something like 16, and full maturity at 20. What does that do to the hypothesis?

Not much really. A 16-20 year old adolescent might be better able to look after himself intellectually than one of 13-17, but the physical problem of his competitiveness is not affected by absolute age.

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How do puberty rites, circumcision and so on, relate to the hypothesis?

They go beyond instinctual behaviour, and cast light on the hypothesis only in that they confirm the special interest adults have in pubescence.

There are various theories attributing boy-love to narcissism, or to inability (or unwillingness) to sustain a mature relationship. How about these?

They may not be wrong in individual cases. Maybe such characteristics in a particular individual might make it easier for his boy-love to outweigh his woman-love instinct, although narcissism and immaturity are hardly unknown among woman-lovers. However, I find it impossible to believe these theories are general: boy-love is surely more widely and deeply rooted than they suggest.

Girls too can be tall and slim, have blooming skin, and be sexy. Indeed this is from time to time the fashionable look.

Yes. Such girls may, for many men, appeal to the woman-lover instinct and to the pro-pubescent boy instinct as well.

Why the North/South difference between attitudes to boy-love?

It seems to be as much a difference in attitudes to sex generally as in attitudes to boy-love. Climate, religion, immemorial custom all probably have something to do with it. Boy-love does seem to be "hereditary" in that it is accepted by generation after generation of boys (and men) in places where it is established.

If, as the hypothesis states, there is a widespread instinct among men to love boys and among boys to reciprocate, what effects does the suppression in practice of the behaviour prompted by these instincts have?

On most men, only that they have to be careful what forms they allow their relationships with boys to take. On boy-lovers, frustration or danger. Too bad for them!

But what about the boys, for whose benefit the whole instinctual system is hypothesised?

In a civilised society they do get protected from the dangers of competing adults, though by other means: we simp-

ly don't allow adolescents to compete with adults, either sexually or generally. But they probably lose out somewhat on adult companionship as a result of our taboos. And they don't get the physical love. Is that a problem? Does it throw them back on to solitary masturbation, make them more inclined to sex with other boys, delay their sexual focussing? If so, are any of these consequences bad?

By now I have strayed from the scientific discussion of the hypothesis into the ethical and sociological. Which leads to the two final questions.

The Two Hardest Questions

Your hypothesis not only has men loving boys, but boys loving men. But they don't. On the contrary, the first love object of an adolescent boy is frequently a younger boy.

My view in more detail about the development of boys' sexuality (at least in sophisticated societies) runs as follows. Pre-puberty boys herd together, despise girls, are physically modest, aren't for the most part spontaneously sexually active, and inhabit a solipsistic world (i.e. do not empathise with other people as having feelings and aspirations mirroring their own). With the intensifying sex drive of puberty all this changes, but slowly. They become "dirty-minded". Sex activity is at first solitary, and only later does a desire develop to share it.

The point at which this last development occurs may be crucial. If it is while the boy is still in the herding stage (and the time at which he leaves this will depend on his personality and his environment as well as his physical development) the preferred partner is likely to be a boy of around his own age or younger. If it is later, individual circumstances are likely to determine whether the first partner is woman, man or boy. Subsequent choices of partner will similarly be influenced by circumstances, with an overall long term preference gradually emerging. In other words, generalised sexual desire precedes sexual preference.

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All this produces quite a high probability that boys' early choice for partners will be younger boys — and indeed that doesn't make too much sense in relation to the protection hypothesis. It is I suppose to some extent a protection for the adolescent boy if he is not competing for the females that most males want.

In a society where man-boy relationships were regarded without disfavour, might there be a higher likelihood of a boy in his period of generalised desire choosing an adult male partner? Are we perhaps observing behaviour distorted by societal conventions and attaching too much weight to it?

What makes an individual a long-term boy-lover?

If the hypothesis is right, one would expect some kind of natural selection mechanism to produce a small but consistent proportion of adult males who are predominantly boy-lovers (just as a

natural mechanism roughly equalizes the number of boys and girls born). This may happen, but it is difficult to prove and, if true, the mechanism is not easy to spot.

Is the early-maturing boy, because likely to form more sexual partnerships while still in the herding stage, more likely to become a long-term boy lover? Is the strongly-sexed boy, whose sex is a more absorbing concern to him, likely to focus his long term preference early, thus increasing the possibility that it will be for boys? Is the boy who is first attracted to younger boys but never manages to consummate this feeling more likely to be stuck with it than if he had? Is the boy who is not popular with his contemporaries at the herding stage likely to continue to long for a boy-companionship he never had?

These speculations are perhaps oversophisticated. Many men have an element of the pro-pubescent boy instinct mixed into them: what makes this outweigh the pro-woman instinct in different individuals is not likely to be a

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question with one general, simple answer.

What evidence for the hypothesis could be sought?

Our discussion has turned a fairly simple hypothesis into a complex one with a host of trailing ends. This is hardly surprising: human behaviour does take complex and untidy shapes.

More to the point, it remains only a hypothesis, and a personal one at that. What could be done to take it further?

It seems to me that a number of disciplines may be able to help. For the hypothesis to be credible, one would need:

psychologists to confirm that many men admire, with a touch of sensuality, pubescent boys;

psychologists, again, to confirm that many pubescent boys respond to adult admiration and even physical desire;

anthropologists to give evidence from such "primitive" societies as can be observed;

zoologists to tell us whether there is any behaviour consistent with the hypothesis among relevant animals; and, most expert of all, *boy-lovers* and maybe even *boys* to say whether the responses and emotions I have attributed to them make any sense.

The author of this article has proposed that at least one survival advantage of a "boy-love instinct" in men is that it would protect the male newly emerging from childhood from the threat of lethal destruction by older competing males. Boy-love is viewed as a kind of *internal* counterforce within adult men preventing them from destroying their own vulnerable young.

Another survival advantage might be that, manifesting itself actively in the behaviour of older males of his own tribe, it would help protect him from *external* aggression, especially where some dangerous activity was carried out by all-male groups away from the villages or tribal centres with their resident female populations. Two such situations immediately come to mind.

One is in some hunting cultures where males are on expeditions for many days at a time and bears, lions, elephants, buffalos, sharks or other dangerous creatures are encountered. Hunting skills must be acquired, through practice and imitation; chances must be enlarged for inexperienced males to survive a mistake.

The other is in war parties, where the dangers are much greater and separation from women of longer duration.

In both situations an adolescent boy

under the guidance and watchful eye of a mentor is, all things being equal, more likely to survive than one left to his own (often awkward) devices. And here it is that a boy-love instinct could be important. The boy might sleep better through the long nights away from home if he lay in the arms of a strong man he trusted, liked, perhaps even loved. He might learn more quickly if they were emotionally close. The man's guidance and protection would probably be better if their relationship were cemented by physical coupling, if he acted in love or at least gratitude for the sexual fulfillment the boy was giving him in moments of rest — and would continue to give him as long as the lad survived. One wonders how many pubertal warriors down through the ages have been saved by the spear or the sword or the rifle of the man who had spent his seed with him the night before.

Perhaps, even, this is one reason an adolescent boy's sexual drive is so strong and so compliant with a large variety of sexual objects: it is one tool he instinctively tries to use to gain help from more experienced men in coping with a dangerous and imperfectly understood environment.

LETTERS



Charges of "sex tourism" and child-prostitution have been used to attack relationships between Western men and Third World boys. As has been repeatedly noted by PAN, these charges are readily believed by the Western press. No serious refutation has been offered: contributors to PAN and SPARTACUS adopt a "holier than thou" attitude, indiscriminately blaming supposed battalions of North-European package tourists trampling the coastal villages of Sri Lanka or the shanty-towns of Manila. But let's face it — it does help to be an affluent Westerner with hard currency in one's pocket, or at least have the appearance of carrying it, when forming one's first acquaintance with a curious-eyed unit of the swollen boy-populations of the Third World. This does not add up to encouraging child-prostitution. Instead it should be seen that poverty grants to children a much greater degree of freedom than they would otherwise enjoy if they were incarcerated in "bourgeois" households. If the poor boy chooses to make himself the friend of a relatively rich man, he is not only aiding himself and his family, but also he is integrating the unattached Western paedophile into the host culture. The boy-lover is not making his friend a prostitute if he feels socially committed to give aid and sustenance.

I would like to illustrate the opportunity granted to children by poverty with examples drawn from my own experiences in El Salvador and Morocco.

In El Salvador the majority of births are illegitimate. Concubinage rather than marriage is the normal social rule. The institution of the family is weak. Most children remain with their mothers, while

the fathers make little effort to claim financial or any other responsibility for their offspring. While the mothers toil relentlessly, the boys are released, free and uninhibited, into the world around them.

I had just moved to San Salvador, the country's capital, and was looking for an apartment. On the first day of my search I was stepping out of my car when Toni appeared. He asked if he could guard my vehicle. I was at once astonished and aroused by the contrast between his impish, fragile face and the rags he wore. When I returned, I tipped him extravagantly — I was not trying to buy either his soul or body, but just to make his day. The boy waved to me, smiling, as I drove off. I looked at other apartments in other parts of the city, but I kept thinking of the little urchin who had made so humble a request of me. I took the apartment which I had inspected that first day, hoping it lay within Toni's territory.

For the ensuing year, through some tribulations and adjustments, Toni and I were companions. He was my "concubine", my kept boy. Certainly, at first, he considered me a rich idiot to be mercilessly exploited, but he learned for himself the complexity of human relationships, their tidal motions of giving and receiving. I marvelled at the maturation of this boy into a friend. He imposed upon himself a new sense of order, propriety, self-discipline and cleanliness. I persuaded him to eat, I got the lice out of his hair, I made him beautiful in new clothes. I ensured that every few days he went back to his mother with money to buy food for his family. When the roof of their shanty collapsed I bought logs (at a cost of ten dollars) for the structure to be

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re-created. For a year I helped the boy grow up and gain a sense of self-respect. I came to feel myself committed to him and his mother. I persuaded Toni to go to school to learn to read and write, giving him a sense of purpose and routine, of evolution and progress in what was once the life of a street-waif. I was only a school-master in San Salvador, but my relative wealth was used in the manner of a prince caring for his subjects, not that of a pervert luring an innocent child into prostitution. Anyway, I was doing a lot more for Toni than such crocodile organizations as *Terre des Hommes*.

In Morocco I found prostitution more prevalent — because of the social and

governmental restrictions placed on relationships between men and boys. Islamic disciplines, a strong patriarchal element in the family, a day-absorbing system of continuous compulsory education, made sex a furtive, thirty-minute affair for which immediate payment was expected. Far from encouraging this type of prostitution, I did my best to avoid it, and would have left Morocco if I had not been lucky enough to meet Majid, an eleven-year-old with a pearl-like Berber face and great, brilliant eyes. I was seated at a street-side café in a dusty, olive-fringed town south of the High Atlas. I had been bothered by repulsive, scabrous and aggressive beggar-youths. At a little distance a group of ragged children were playing. One of them was beautiful. I wondered why, in Morocco, it is only the ugly who accost one. The boy became conscious of my gaze and smiled back. He would have gone on playing, however, if I had not motioned him to my table and given him a dirham. The boy, full of glee, skipped off. A few minutes later he was back, eating a sandwich to show how he had made use of my largesse. I paid my bill and walked to a tea-house where one could rent a room for five dirhams. The boy, unsummoned, followed. The squalor of the chamber to which we ascended did not deter that charming child from showing me the utter naturalness and the loveliness of what a young boy can offer a man. Later he escorted me to the *souk* to purchase a glittering shawl for his mother.

For a period of nine months I kept returning to that little town between two ranges, bedecked with its carpet woven of groves and irrigated fields. My relationship with Majid was greatly aided by the poverty of his family. His father had left, and had raised a new household in Agadir. Majid lived in a mud-walled house with his mother, grandmother and elder brother, an unemployed mason. Again, my help to this family was not a question of a pay-off for the use of their son's body, but the method by which I could best contribute to the betterment of that

child's life. I would buy lamb, vegetables and spices for the most succulent *tajins* and *kous-kous*, specialties of Moroccan cuisine. At such feasts the boy, the family and I myself fed much better together than we would have done apart. The family lived in two rooms. I gladly paid the small sum needed to give those mud walls a new coat of whitewash. I bought colourful cushions for the main room (as Moroccans entertain their guests composed upon rugs). I was treated with the highest honour, in the manner of a prince, and I dispensed appropriate benefits, balancing requests with real needs, as is the obligation of a good prince. At those times when I left the town, to visit Marrakesh or Essaouria or Spain, the boy would weep himself to sleep in my arms. I felt unworthy of his emotion. There was nothing that I could have given him, even if I had been awash with deutschmarks or dollars, that would have matched in value what he had laid before me. By his acceptance of the material compensations with which I expressed inadequately my gratitude he did not thus become a prostitute. For me to have taken his gift, that being first his body and later his love, and afterwards not to have cherished and nourished him, would have been a cruel abdication of an adult's responsibility for a child, for his is a trust which both father and lover share.

From my own experience, as illustrated in these reminiscences, Third World boys are not being exploited, but rather helped, by Western paedophiles. The love between them is a more direct, personal and humane form of aid than that provided by those soul-saving and self-serving monsters — the official and semi-official charities created to allay the guilt of the Western World as it gazes upon mass starvation through the medium of television and Sunday supplements. Poverty, far from leaving a boy helpless, vulnerable to sexual abuse, gives him the freedom, denied his richer age-mates, to work out his own life and seek for himself the free expression of his own boyish nature.

— J. Darling

Certainly Mr. Darling has laid bare a truth we could all agree to. Critics, however, will tear his thesis apart on the following points: 1) Western paedophiles seek only the beautiful boys and leave those "repulsive, scabrous and aggressive beggar-youths" to stew in their wretchedness. 2) A Western paedophile, no matter how close his relationship with a Third World boy becomes, always ultimately leaves: from then on the boy must "weep himself to sleep" alone. 3) There *is* genuine boy prostitution for foreigners in the Third World devoid of the benefits and caring described in this letter, and its conspicuousness is what alerted employees of opportunistic charities like *Terre des Hommes* and set off the current witch hunt by UNICEF and the media. 4) The role of dispensing "appropriate benefits, balancing requests with real needs, as is the obligation of a good prince" implies an enormous power imbalance.

Alas, one man, with all his peculiarities and the limitations upon his career, can only do so much for so many people for only so long. Because he helps himself while helping a boy he perceives as beautiful should not be used as a reason to prevent him from helping. Because the man will ultimately leave, and may leave a gap in the boy's heart, does not mean that the boy will be emotionally (and physically) poorer for the relationship. Because there is hard, sometimes exploitative prostitution in the world does not mean that less casual relationships between richer men and poorer boys should be broken up. Finally, we should never lose sight of the fact that there is a "power imbalance" in all adult-child relationships and what counts is the way the adult handles his power not the fact that he or she has it: using this argument to attack *sexual* relationships is just clothing old psycho-religious sex mores in lefty-trendy-feminist rhetoric.



BOOKS

Straight after his expulsion from Scots College, a Catholic Seminary in Rome, Frederick Rolfe, alias Baron Corvo, stayed with the elderly English Duchess Sforza-Cesarini in her country villa in the Abruzzi hills. Here in 1890, with his camera, he photographed many of the young boys of the neighbourhood. These boys served him, not only without question, but with adoration.

One boy he loved. His name was Toto Ephoros. The 'Toto' stories, published in John Lane's *Yellow Book*, established Rolfe as an author. Later, the collected *Toto* stories appeared under the title *In His Own Image*. (The Bodley Head Ltd., 1924) Although mainly fictional, they sensitively depict Rolfe's adoration of the lad, as well as give us a glimpse of Toto's character.

The first Toto story, not published during Rolfe's lifetime, was based on an incident in the life of the Duchess Sforza-Cesarini, when she had sent flannel shirts to Garibaldi's troops.

Toto, in it, was the gardener's son. He lived in a little cottage just outside the gates. He was nearly fifteen years old, a beautiful brown boy with long muscular limbs, hardy and strong, and the devoted slave of the house.

At eleven one night the watchers in the palace heard a shot fired, and a half hour later in walked Toto as "cool as a cellared melon".

"Yes, they fired at me," he said, "but I lay flat on the ground and said fifteen Hail Marys."

At two in the morning he went out for the last time. He never returned. The men were told to search for Toto. Another night passed slowly and painfully to the

distracted mother. In the morning two Garibaldians desired an audience with the Princess. Toto was found. On the farther side of the palace was a deep gorge with a precipitous cliff forming the opposite boundary. On top of the cliff, within 100 metres of the palace, was a little ruined tower. At daybreak a soldier had seen a cloth fluttering in the window. With three or four of his comrades he ascended and found the entrance barricaded by heavy stones. On moving these the tower lay open and there they found Toto, entirely naked. He had been caught by the Neapolitans, his bundles of shirts discovered and they had stripped every stitch from his beautiful body and blocked him up in the ruined tower. At the little window he had stood, one lithe soft arm against the wall and his dauntless brow leaned thereon. He rested on one foot, the other slender limb was advanced in his usual graceful pose. They thought he was alive when they found him for his attitude was nature itself, his grave bright eyes fixed with a soft yearning on his home, his sweet brave mouth firm-closed with a half smile. But he was frozen to death, in the magnificent prime of his youth. He had given his life in charity. They brought him in his naked beauty and laid him like a lily in his mother's arms.

And the Princess had to leave her castle: in her political naïveté she had made the shirts out of *red* flannel.

In that story we can almost see Toto posing for Rolfe's camera. A reproduction of a nude photograph of Toto, taken by Rolfe in 1890, appears in Donald Weeks's biography *Corvo* (Michael Joseph, 1971), where there is also a photo of Toto's younger brother. But

Rolfe made the mistake of killing off a hero about whom he wished to write many more stories.

In *About One Way in Which Christians Love One Another*, Toto says of himself that

During the night, after my father had seen me go to bed, I rose; and I left my shirt in the porch... and I wandered around quite naked and happy and free.

Here he tossed his arms and threw up his legs and wriggled all over in an indescribable manner.

It is interesting to compare this excerpt with a description, given by Rolfe to Masson Fox in a letter from Venice, of the Venetian boy hustler Amadeo Amadei:

He assured me that he knew incredible tricks for amusing his patrons. "First, Sir, see my person," he said. And the vivacious creature did all which follows in about 30 seconds of time. Not more. Moving, every inch of him, as swiftly and smoothly as a cat, he stood up... He rolled his coat into a pillow and put it on my end of the table, ripped down his trousers, stripped them down to his feet, and sat bare bottomed on the other end. He turned his shirt up right over his head, opened his arms wide and lay back along the little table with his shoulders on the pillow... and his beautiful throat and his rosy laughing face strained backward while his widely open arms were an invitation... He crossed his ankles, ground his thighs together with a gently rippling motion, writhed his groin and hips once or twice... laughing in my face as he made his offering of living flesh.

In his descriptions of Toto, Rolfe was fairly explicit. In one story he looks "divinely smart". In others he "undulated deliciously", or is called "a slim faun of the forest", or has brown skin "smooth as a peach", or "his calm eyes glittered like diamonds in the brown robe of his skin".

The stories, supposedly told by the sincere but credulous Christian-cum-pagan Toto, are mostly warm, humorous tales of angels, saints, the Eternal Father, "divils" and sinners, in which Rolfe appears as "dear Don Friderico" or "Eccellenza". The boy slaves who serve

Corvo "could have waited upon the caesars or the gods before them", as Donald Weeks puts it.

Harry Harland strongly suspected a "taint of homosexuality" in the tales. Just before their publication he wrote to Rolfe warning him that if he persisted in publishing the book as it was, he and all his friends would close their doors to the errant author.

Alfonso de Zulueta, in his review of the 1924 edition, said that "the second edition was bought up by a fanatical female who piously made of it a bonfire in her back garden".

Father Martindale, S. J. rightly said that "Toto has a quaint and humorous view of religion which is a product of his spontaneous and vital faith." He also said that the stories were "charming but also pervaded with homo-sexuality and I thought Rolfe was ego-centric and arrogant and could be cruel."

According to Donald Weeks, Toto appears in Rolfe's last novel, *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (a punning title?). Weeks says that although the girl Zilda is partly based on Rolfe's boy Ermenegildo (Zildo) Vianello, "the character no doubt is but another fragment of the original Ideal: Toto."

My final offering from the *Stories Toto Told Me* shows Rolfe conforming to the anti-sexual mores of his time; but his fascination with boys threatens to break through at any moment. In *A Caprice of Some Cherubim*, Toto says:

When you have the happiness, Sir, to see the Padre Eterno sitting upon His throne, I can assure you that, at least, your eyes will be satisfied with the sight of... cherubini; and you will find their appearance quite beautiful and curious to look at. They have neither arms, nor bodies, nor legs, like the other angels. They are simply heads, like those of little boys.

Where their ears would normally be

they have wings shaped like those of a sand-piper, and as blue as the sky at day-dawn.

The cherubini ask the Padre Eterno to let them go to Earth to play with a little boy-devil.

Perched in the trees in the gardens of the Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini, in that city over the lake,

the cherubs wait while St. Michael asks Satan for a boy from hell.

The arch-fiend shook his chains with rage, because he was forced to obey, and caused a horrible little kakodaimon to flash into bodily shape from a puddle of molten brimstone. If you looked at his face or body, you would have thought he was a boy of the age of 14 years.

The arch-fiend skewers his "devil" with his lance and brings him up to the cherubs. The lance causes the devil to

kick and struggle, just as I should, sir, if you whipped me naked with a whip of red-hot wires, instead of with the lilac twigs which you do use when I am black with crime. So they come into the Prince his garden; and, having released the little devil from his uncomfortable position, San Michele Arcangiolo — who, because he commands the armies in heaven, is very fond of soldiers — went down into the city to pass a half-hour inspecting the barracks.

The devil saw a fountain and jumped into it. But there was steam and hissing; the devil got out and leaped and howled. The cherubin laughed at him.

Sir... you see, one of the torments that the devils and the damned have to bear is to be disappointed alway; so, when the wretched little creature plunged into the cold water, the heat of hell-flame boiled it; and, instead of being cooled at all, the little devil took a very handsome scalding."

The devil asks them to listen to some stories, but

Suddenly, the cherubini found that they did not desire to play with this little devil any longer.

They returned to paradise.

When the Ave Maria rang, and this company of cherubini went on duty in the aureola, the Padre Eterno observed, from the expressions of their faces, that they had been insulted.

God enquired the reason. They replied that the little devil, with whom He had allowed them to play, had been "very rude". They had asked him

to show them funny tricks, and to tell them why he had a nasty black heart-shaped blotch dangling in the middle of his inside, and so forth; and that he had agreed to answer all this, if they would sit down on the grass round him; but they had been obliged to reply that they were not able to sit down, and the little devil had asked then why not; and they had answered politely that they had not the where-withal: and then the little devil jumped up from the ground, where he was lying with his legs astraddling, and showed them that he could sit down, and had turned heels over head, and laughed and jumped and made a jibe and jeer of them, and had done many other disgusting tricks before them, which had caused them much offence; and so they were bored and came back to paradise... They begged pardon if they had seemed to prefer their own will this time. And the Padre Eterno smiled, and at that smile the light of heaven glowed like a rainbow...

The biographers expect us to believe that Rolfe looked at Toto and the six other boys he played with in the woods of the Arbruzzi hills but didn't romp with them sexually. Yet he took nude photos of them, camped out all night with them, wrote stories about them. Rolfe's biographers claim he had taken a vow of chastity for 20 years, so how could he have done otherwise? When, in Venice, Rolfe admitted to "touching" a boy, Donald Weeks suggests he was lying in order to extract money from Masson Fox! It is amazing the lengths to which literati will go in order to deny the consummation of boy-love.

— Bill Allen

In the colour section of this issue are listed a number of books by other publishers which we are offering for the first time to our subscribers and customers:

The American gay press has given quite a bit of favourable attention recently to Felice Picano's *An Asian Minor*, a longish short story published as an illustrated paperback by Sea Horse Press, New York. The tale is of 12- to 14-year-old Ganymede, his dalliance with various gods and his final ascent to Olympus in the arms of Zeus.

Gays drawn to the mature male will

probably be attracted to the David Martin drawings which depict Ganymede as a slightly effeminate young man, but one wonders what they will make of a story in which the hero's voice still hasn't broken by the time three-quarters of the tale is told. For the boy-lover, not only are the illustrations inappropriate but the style often breaks into a sort of disturbing camp. For example, here is Ganymede today, still together with Zeus after all those millenia, remembering the Troy of his youth:

Whatever the reason, we had a really rich city and province. Great agriculture, some light industry, and trade that extended as far as Egypt and Spain. In short, everything was pretty hunky-dory in Troy when I was born.

An Asian Minor falls between many categories of things which don't mingle very comfortably: the lusts of gays and the lusts of boy-lovers, Greek myth and camp style, a hero who is twelve talking like (and illustrated as) a 22-year-old man: neither the story nor the execution are vital enough to carry it off very well. Having said all that, there is little enough fiction today even remotely appealing to boy-lovers and it is possible that this slim volume will entertain, even if it doesn't arouse one, for an hour.

The book is reasonably well produced: an attractive colour cover, good paper, professional quality illustrations, although there seem to have been some letter-spacing problems in the typesetting.

Born-Crioulo, The Black Man and the Cabin Boy, is a very much more interesting novel by a 19th Century Brazilian named Adolfo Caminha. A black naval sailor falls in love with and seduces a 15-year-old blond, blue-eyed cabin-boy. There are descriptions, remarkably explicit for the time (1895), of masturbation, wet dreams and paedophile sex. Fascinating is the ambivalence between Caminha's obvious empathy with the physical aspect of this man-boy relationship and his absorption of contemporary attitudes. For example, the hero, who has remained essentially celibate until the age

of 30, was "obliged often to commit excesses which medical science condemns". The same "excess", indirectly, got a young teenage sailor flogged:

It so happened that, the evening before, Herculano had been caught by another sailor practicing an ugly and depressing but very human act. He'd been found, all by himself, standing by the main rail, moving his arm to and fro in an awkward position, committing the most shameful of offences against himself.

And when the protagonists first couple (in the lower deck of a naval ship), after a warm and sympathetic description of how each felt, he has the boy say:

"Go ahead!" he whispered quickly and rolled over.

And the crime against nature was consummated.

But *Born-Crioulo* is more than a historical document; it is an interesting tale in its own right. The style is an odd blend of the naturalism of Zola (which permits Caminha to describe things unmentionable in Rio 90 years ago) and a gushy sort of romanticism. The English translation by poet E. A. Lacey is serviceable; it is difficult to know how many of the descriptive infelicities and frequent clichés derive from the original Portuguese. If the dialogue isn't very natural it is no less strained than what one finds in the standard English renderings of Tolstoy, say.

The *Gay Sunshine Journal*, 192 pages of good gay fiction, autobiography and poetry, will be of interest to our readers especially for Frits Bernard's novelette *Costa Brava* (See PAN 12, page 9). But don't miss some of the gently erotic boy-love poems at the end: the two by E. A. Lacey are exceptional.

Several other books offered for the first time in the colour supplement have been reviewed in previous PANs. Note that Tom O'Carroll's *Paedophilia: The Radical Case* (see PAN 7, page 21) is coming out in paperback at one-quarter the price of the British hardback edition. *Adonis Garcia* was mentioned, briefly, in PAN 10, page 31.



BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Hylas

One of the striking things about Greek mythology is that nowhere do we find gods who are untouched by the base and the bad: they were just immortal humans, with all the passions, virtues and immoralities of humanity. Like men, gods could be liars, but if they told lies they were enormous lies. Like men, gods could be cowards and traitors, but then they were very big cowards and very dirty traitors. All their traits, good and bad, were exaggerated.

As men, the gods liked sex and were, of course, very active at it. Now for the Greeks, just as for the Romans who came later, sexual attraction was less defined by the sex of the beloved than by her (or his) age. It wasn't so much the maleness or femaleness which stimulated sexual passion, rather it was the loved one's youth and beauty. Sometimes the poets sang of some man who was happy "with a beautiful boy or girl". In wars, boys as well as girls of the conquered had to serve the lust of the victors; in brothels both were at the disposition of clients.

Here, too, gods were like men. Most were married and enjoyed their love-making with women. They not only engendered children but had numerous extramarital adventures on the side. And, like men, they loved sex with boys. Supreme god Zeus raped the beautiful Ganymede; his wife Hera had every reason, it seems, to be jealous of the boy. Apollo wept at the death of his handsome play-mate Hyacinthus. In the excavations under St. Peter's basilica in Rome I was shown a Roman sarcophagus with a fine sculpture of Dionysos and Eros: it is exciting to think

that beneath the foundations of the central church of Catholicism lies this marvellous image of boy-love.

Heracles, the prototype body-builder, was actually only a demi-god: his mother, Queen Alkmene of Thebes, was a mere mortal, although a rather virtuous one, for she had always been a faithful wife to her King Amphitryon. She caught the eye of Zeus, however, who conveniently assumed the form of her husband and so seduced her. To make things better, Zeus ordered Helios, the sun, to stay at home that day, thus making the night he spent with Alkmene last three times as long as usual. Heracles, the superman, was the result of this delirious orgy.

He was a superman admired not only for his muscle and wit but also for his sexual potency. As a young man Heracles had to choose between Arete (virtue) and Kaka (evil) and he opted unhesitatingly for virtue although he knew she would make his life much more difficult. But this did not rule out proving himself a sexual athlete: in one single night he is supposed to have taken the maidenheads of no less than twenty different girls. For the Greeks there was nothing dirty about sex; it was in no way incompatible with virtue.

Heracles was married several times and had several children, but in the course of his eventful life he also, being Greek, had fourteen boy-friends. His nephew Iolaos became his shield-bearer and charioteer. The two are often represented together, as patrons of boy-love and protectors of those who love each other. But most moving is the story of Hylas.

One day Heracles was passing through the Parnassus Mountains with his wife

and young son when the little boy grew hungry and, seeing a man ploughing the fields by the roadside, Heracles asked him for some food. The man refused, rather gruffly, and Heracles flew into a rage, slew one of the man's oxen and set about preparing the meat for his hungry son.

Now the ploughman, one Theiodamus, was the local landowner; he returned with some of his men, attacked Heracles and, of course, all of the attackers were slain.

Not so Theiodamos' son Hylas, who was very young and very beautiful. Heracles immediately fell in love, and took the boy with him. Despite this rather dramatic way of getting acquainted, Hylas requited that love in the hero's arms at night.

Two poets of Greek antiquity, Theokritos and Appolonios, wrote some very lovely verse about these lovers. Man and boy were inseparable. Theokritos idealized the relationship as the finest example of pedagogy: not only did sexual passion unite them but Heracles was to the boy "like a devoted father to his son, teaching him everything he had learned himself, to be a true man, good and courageous."

Hylas and Heracles started off on the ship Argo with Jason on the dangerous search for the golden fleece, but they only got as far as the Propontis. Camped on the beach one night, Hylas took a brass cup and went off into the forest looking for fresh water. Soon he discovered a lovely clear spring surrounded by bushes and flowers, and

down to fill his cup.

But in the spring there dwelt a nymph, a restless being who made all the simple peasants thereabouts shudder with fright. Seeing the boy "whose beauty and charming graces shone in the moonlight" she grasped his hand and drew him to her in the water, "burning with desire to kiss his delicate lips". There she comforted him and was kind to him.

But Heracles grew worried over Hylas' absence and went in search of the boy. Three times with his mighty voice he called the boy's name. Hylas heard his lover and thrice he answered, but his voice, from beneath the surface of the water, was weak and always seemed to Heracles to be coming from far ahead. Deeper and deeper into the mountain



"IT MAY NOT BE HEADING YOUR CHRISTMAS LISTS, BUT IT SURE DOES MINE!"

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See Note on p.2**

forest wandered the distressed lover, growing gradually insane with longing for his lost beloved boy, forgetting the allegiance he swore to Jason, forgetting the expedition, the golden fleece, everything. The next day the Argonauts, assuming, sadly, that Heracles was a traitor to their cause, continued on their way without him, leaving the hero to roam about the mountains, a prey to madness, "his heart torn by a cruel god".

It is not difficult to see in the plight of Heracles the plight of many boy-lovers. Since most males have greater heterosexual than homosexual interests, it is to be expected that most boys who are loved by men and return their love will sooner or later begin to seek relations with girls and eventually cleave to women more or less exclusively. Before puberty and during the first few years thereafter it is important to many boys just to have a sexual partner, and the gender of that partner is much less important. I have known boys who felt themselves to be completely heterosexual, who, when looking at erotic pictures, were only interested in the females, whose masturbation fantasies and wet dreams were all about girls but who nevertheless were very much in love with a male friend and enjoyed their sex with

him intensely. As time passes, however, this flexibility usually diminishes and the sexual impulse seems to become more rigid in its choice of object.

Sooner or later some nymph will come and draw young Hylas to her. And Heracles will be mad with grief.

If he is reasonable — and how difficult it is to be reasonable in love affairs! — the man will accept his loss as a fact of life. It is characteristic of boy-love that a relationship cannot last forever, simply because a boy will some day no longer be a boy. Morally, boy-love can only be justified if it helps the boy to become a better man — and for a majority of men the most natural coupling is with women. During the course of my investigations, a number of boys have told me that their sexual relationship with a loving man had been a great help preparing them for sex later with girls. For all boys, except those who are actually homophile, this is very much as it should be.

A modern-day Hylas may well see that his Heracles is sad when he acquires a girl-friend and no longer desires his friend's intimate embrace. But if Heracles' sadness turns into unreasonable fury, if he acts as though the boy had betrayed him and refuses to see him any longer, Hylas can only conclude it was just his fine young body which sexually excited the man, that Heracles never really loved him for the human being he was.

I've known followers of Heracles who have said to their Hylasses, "I love you. Even if I'm sad that sex is over between us, you'll always be welcome in my home." This is usually enormously impressive to the boy, makes him extremely happy and turns him into a close friend for the rest of his life.

And just possibly there will come a few times when young Hylas finds the nymphs a bit tiring and exacting, so that he leaves their pool to return for a few moments to Heracles' lair, to lie down again at the side of his hero, to be kissed and fondled and cuddled, and abandon himself passively to the familiar caresses which guide him to the peaks of pleasure, as of old.

THE BATTLE LINE



Boys have always run away from home, mostly from bad homes — but sometimes from good homes, too, if they're bored with their existence and want to broaden their horizons. And probably everywhere and in every culture past and present the good-looking runaway boys have found that sex, for a few years at any rate, can help them get by.

In a large nation the sheer number of runaways is impressive, and so it is tragic that virtually all current media attention paid to this phenomenon harps upon the sexual doings of these youngsters, implying that the "paedophile market" sustains the "problem", even lures the young boys out of their homes.

A far more characteristic example of these "children who disappear each year", and what happens to them subse-

quently, is the case of a London youth by the name of Glen Robertson, born 24 January, 1966. The following report on Glen was sent us by Ralph Alden, who runs a one-man youth advisory service in London. True names are used throughout, with Glen's permission. Glen's story would never appear in the Sunday supplements because sex was simply not central to his situation at all.

Glen's mother died when he was still very young, leaving behind six sons, two daughters and a husband who was at best a mediocre father. Since the Robertson menage was now a one-parent family, the Social Service Department was brought into the picture. They soon determined that the father was incapable of handling his offspring and the children were passed, for a brief period, to aunts and other relatives,



Glen Robertson in 1981

before being separated and placed in childrens' homes as much as 100 miles apart. The Social Service took over complete control in 1977 and in 1978 Glen was placed in the care of a Ms. Barbara McKenzie.

After a brief period in a Home, Glen was "fostered out" to the family of one Chris Seal of Brockley, London SE, who had a son of his own slightly younger than Glen. Although Seal received £80 per week for Glen's maintenance, which should have been enough for the boy's food, clothing and a bit of pocket money, he was, in fact, poorly fed, rarely received new clothing and hardly ever any pocket money. In addition, he felt he was unfairly and frequently blamed for everything that went wrong in the home, even when it was the fault of Seal's son; this often resulted in his so-called pocket money being forfeited for breakage and a physical hiding. He complained to Barbara McKenzie but she simply wouldn't listen to him.

Friends of Glen who knew me asked me if I could help the boy. Glen came to me and we had a long talk. He was told that I am gay and I respected that he was not. We discussed his position at length and came to the conclusion that Glen would move in with me for a week trial period. Glen was then 13. We had very simple rules: 1) he had his own room and would be responsible for looking after it, including making his bed in the morning, 2) he would go to school (which turned out to be impossible due to the intervention of Social Service), 3) he would help in the running of the home, 4) when he went out he would either be back when he said he would or he would phone me of any change in plans, 5) we would respect each other's way of life and make allowances for each other as necessary.

Glen soon came to feel at home. He never made any demands upon me or caused me any disharmony. He was and still is a "great guy" and very loyal. He helped in the house far beyond what was expected of him; indeed we even decided that I should foster him but we were both realistic enough to know that this would not be allowed by the S.S., which had total control over his case, because I am gay and have served time in prison for sexual contact with a minor.

Glen stayed with me for about 6 months, and then one night in October he was picked up by the police, who had been watching my house. He was taken to the

Catford Police Station (See PAN 2, page 30), given the usual thumping in the presence of D/C Shakespeare of the Juvenile Bureau, was made to strip and given a sexual assault medical examination. He was kept in the cells until morning, then handed over to the S.S., which placed him first in a secure unit, then a boys' prison and finally in a Home called Neasworth House, Royston, Leicester, many miles from London.

In due course Glen was back in the city, back with me, as he now considered my house his real home. With the help of his three elder brothers, one of whom was married, Glen went "on tour", never staying too long at any of their homes. Despite repeated visits by Barbara McKenzie, Glen was



Barbara McKenzie at the wedding

always able to evade her and all the other authorities looking for him. One day she arrived in my home with D/C Shakespeare and other police officers with a warrant for his arrest, but by that time Glen was already "on tour" again. Glen was not wanted for any crime (he didn't start stealing until later), only for running away from the control of the S.S.

And so Glen lived, seldom in a proper home, often in squats, keeping himself in food and clothes as best he could. His elder sister Lorraine had by this time run away from a Home and was back in London. Despite the attempts of the S.S. to break up the Robertson family, they all tended to regard Ladywell as their natural base and communicated with one another through the social network there. Lorraine got married and, with the help of the S.S., obtained a flat in a tower block where nobody else wanted to live. Barbara McKenzie attended the wedding, but she was not there so much to wish Lorraine every happiness as to bring a brother (14) and a sister (12) still in Care and living 20 miles apart. She made very sure the youngsters toasted the bride and groom only with orange squash and were never more than a few yards from her. They also had to depart from the reception after only one hour: she wasn't going to leave the children, who could have easily found their separate ways home, with or without help — and she certainly wasn't going to work overtime! It was at this wedding reception that the accompanying photo of McKenzie was taken.

When Glen was 16 he moved in with his sister, and the S.S. finally capitulated, but not before the boy was marked for life. While he was living with me he couldn't attend school, for the school was informed of his runaway status and was watched by the police. So, though he was still a very likeable lad, he was forced to live by his wits, engaging in all sorts of petty and not so petty criminal acts, very often caught and brought to the courts but never giving his real name and never being recognized, even at the Catford Police Station.

How much better it would have been for Glen if he had been allowed to stay with Ralph Alden, if he had been allowed to go to school, if he had not been chased by the Social Service and the police from friend to brother to sister to squats, if he had not been arrested by the

police for simply living where he wanted to live, if he had not been beaten up and raped by them in a travesty of a medical examination! Barbara McKenzie comes off in this history as a villainess, but is she, really? Looking closely at the accompanying photo it can be seen that she brought to the wedding a pocket camera, suggesting the event held some sort of importance for her. And ultimately she did intervene in behalf of Lorraine and her husband to find a flat, and so gave Glen, now 16, a home at last. The problem is with the setup, the abysmal ignorance of social workers and society in general about the thoughts and feelings and needs of kids and how they cope with their own and other people's sexuality.

The ways of ameliorating the lot of the boy runaway would seem to be self-evident, but they would be hotly resisted by the religious element and other conservative forces in our society. First, children should have some say about where and with whom they live; this is especially true where the State assumes control over them. Second, there should be a general loosening of the restrictions against "child" employment; kids should be allowed to work at most jobs they can do well, and at lower wages than adults. (This would give young runaways especially an alternative to crime or sex as a way of keeping body and soul together.) Third, it should be absolutely forbidden for governmental authorities to intervene in the *consensual* sexual lives of the minors they control; it should be a matter of complete indifference to them whether a child chooses to live with a gay, a paedophile or in a commune with other youngsters, provided only he is happy, is well cared for, receives some kind of education suitable to his abilities and keeps out of trouble.

Any nation which allows (or orders) its kid industry to adopt these principles will soon experience a dramatic drop in juvenile crime and reap the benefits of a far greater number of runaway kids growing up into happy and productive adults.

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