

PAN
aedo lert ews

a magazine about boy~love

NEWS

Pagsanjan, Auckland
Geneva, Paris, Los
Angeles, London

Boy-love as

RELIGION

by J. Darling

ERIC

a story by
Henri Philippe

BOOKS

THE CHILD LOVERS,
by Wilson & Cox;
Two photo books

BOYCAUGHT

Consent & Resistance
by Edward Brongersma

number 16

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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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*The byline on p.17 lists this author as Philippe Henri. It is unclear which is correct.

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IN BRIEF...



NEW YORK, NY USA The *NAMBLA JOURNAL* No. 6 is out, and a very impressive publication it is: 28 pages, tabloid format, professionally designed and mounted, with attractive sketches and a few cogent photos. We are proud to see two of "our" authors contributing fine shorts stories: Kevin Esser and Louis Colantuono. There is an interesting article by "Camilla" dealing with feminism and boy-love; it's good to have this point of view in a boy-love journal even if it starts from premises which have more to do with female psychology than the reality of males of different ages interacting with each other. Roger Moody is incapable of writing a dull or shallow article: his comments on "sex tourism" in the poorer countries are based upon an enormous amount of reading and personal experience. Like most radicals, he has a kind of anti-hedonist list: sex can't just *be*, as a natural expression of good feelings two people might have about one another; it must be justified philosophically, culturally, serve a purpose. Thus he views inter-cultural man-boy friendship/love/sex in politico-economic terms and concludes that NAMBLA should take a stand against Westerners having sex with Third World kids unless it elevates the boy (preferably by helping him throw off his economic and governmental shackles). Probably the best article is Mark McHarry's trenchant discussion of the background to the *New York v. Ferber* ("anti-kiddie-porn") US Supreme Court decision a year ago. If you're a NAMBLA member (\$20 per year) *NAMBLA Journal* No. 6 comes, with the *Bulletin* as part of your membership. Otherwise \$3: NAMBLA P. O. Box 174, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018, USA.

GHENT, BELGIUM The STIEKUM paedophile film festival went off as planned in mid-March — with a little background music by the super-Christians and right-wing bigots, who not only tried to pressure the Ghentse Rijksuniversiteit into throwing the group out (with partial success) but also picketed and threatened violence against the participants. (Signboards included "Uw poten van onze kinderen!" (Your hands — or queers, for the word has a double meaning — off our kids!). The festival was co-sponsored by the Workgroup in Morals and Philosophy at the university. A number of films featuring children were shown. 400 spectators were counted during the two days of the festival. Speakers included Dutch radio minister A. Klamer. Although the press covered the protesters' activities more thoroughly than the contents of the festival, it appeared not to be hostile.

SOURCES: *De Morgen*, 12 & 15 March, 1983; *De Gentenaar*, 16 March, 1983; *Metro*, 24 March, 1983.

PAGSANJAN, PHILIPPINES The meddlesome French exile of Pagsanjan has finally left this little tourist village. Recently Georges Veran (Pee PAN 9, page 4 & PAN 10, page 9) found himself *persona non grata* both to the town officials and the Philippine government. It seems that it was he who "fingered" for the Immigration Police the five visitors last November who were expelled from the country for having local boys as companions. His *Vigil Bureau Against Child Prostitution, Council for the Protection of Children* was unpopular with locals for generally stirring up trouble and bad publicity. Also he fed frequent articles to the

Manila press about "child prostitution" which the government found increasingly embarrassing, especially since Veran was openly living with three young males himself (like many gays, Veran condemned sex with males younger than his own lower age preference threshold, which in his case seems to have been about 15 or 16). Last March, after receiving threats from several foreign visitors, and seeing the tide of local feeling turn against him, he fled, leaving unpaid debts in his wake.

NEW YORK, USA The *Journal of Homosexuality* carried in the autumn of 1982 (Vol. 8, No. 1, pp 61-95) an excellent piece by Gerald P. Jones entitled "The Social Study of Pederasty: in Search of a Literature Base: An Annotated Bibliography of Sources in English."

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL Famous English train robber (and culture hero) Ronnie Briggs has been able to stay safely in Brazil (except when the English try to kidnap him Eichman-style) because some 8 years ago he fathered a child by a Brazilian woman. Now that child has become a super-star on the international bubble-gum circuit. Mike Briggs can sing, dance and hosts his own CBS kiddie show. His first LP record has been a smash hit. With a son like Mike, father Ronnie must be wondering why he didn't get into the parent game earlier rather than rob trains.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA, USA A beautiful example of how "rape victim protection laws" can be extended to adult/child contacts was given last May when a California Court of Appeals ruled that when an adult is tried for "statutory rape" the "victim" cannot be asked about his or her previous sexual experience. Thus one Lloyd Allen Jordan now stands to be prosecuted on charges which had previously been dismissed because the court felt it unfair to proceed without knowing the sexual background of the 14-year-old with whom he was accused of having been intimate.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Chronicle*, 5 May, 1983.

LONDON, ENGLAND When the wife of an ex-math and history teacher at Harrow, one of England's finest "public" schools, writes a book about what really goes on the boys' dormitories at night, well society can't be expected to take that lying down! Daphne Rae's *A World Apart*, (Lutterworth Press, London, £8.95) was attacked by, among others, Ian Beer, the present headmaster of Harrow, who said the book contained many errors of fact and had turned "dinner party gossip into reality." However, a certain Humphrey Barclay, former head boy at Harrow while the Raes were there, said, "I found the book highly evocative and an excellent portrait of Daphne herself. There was nothing in the book that I found inaccurate."

SOURCE: *Telegraph*, 6 May, 1983.

NEW YORK, NY, USA The New York Mayor's Office of Midtown Enforcement released a report in May which ran counter to current myths promulgated by police and clergy about the Times Square area teeming with innocent young runaway boys prostituting themselves out of desperation. 69% of the 39 boys interviewed in the study (average age: 15) lived at home. 72% on a particular night were Hispanic and about half had had encounters with the police. Parents knew where they were but not what they were up to. Many of the boys didn't view themselves as prostitutes; they were simply doing something to earn extra money.

SOURCE: *New York Post*, 2 May, 1983.

HOUSTON, TX, USA A possible new entrapment scheme has surfaced recently here. One of our correspondents received a letter and questionnaire from something called "B. L. Ltd." It sounds as though they are offering kiddie-porn — and trying to find out if you have any to offer. You are asked your "age range in sexual preference", whether you purchase, trade or sell "young material". Supposedly your name was obtained "when B. S. J. discontinued operations" and B. L. Ltd. is "a group of individuals that were in the

past closely associated with B. S. J." However, the letter is suspiciously like those used by the Illinois Investigating Commission (See PAN 9, page 44) and U.S. Postal Agent Martin Locker's "Cumkid" come-ons. We have written to B. L. Ltd. and to some of our correspondents trying to determine the legitimacy of these people but feel it imperative to warn our readers that as of now we know nothing about them and until we do it is best simply not to respond to any feelers they put out.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA We have always doubted that the idealistic Left is any less paedophobic than the Extreme Right (Christian or otherwise). At an Easter Karl Marx Centenary here one national committee member of the Socialist Worker's Party said if he had his way he would line up all the members of NAMBLA and shoot the lot of them. Incredible as this will seem to English and American boy-lovers, members of Gay Solidarity holding a workshop here the following day were outraged. Later the Communist paed-basher claimed he had been drunk.

SOURCE: *GCN* (Boston), 23 April, 1983.

CONCORD, CA, USA Sometimes it seems a boy-lover behaves as though his deepest desire is to get nabbed by the police. A top administrator of the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland by the name of Robert J. Lawson had business cards printed advertising "free X-rated video movies for horny males and females" — and gave his home telephone number! The cards started turning up all over town, in parks, schools, tennis courts — and the police did the (for them) inevitable: they got a 15-year-old boy stooge to go to the home and view the porn — and then arrested Lawson.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Chronicle*, 29 & 30 April, 1983.

LONDON, ENGLAND A new paedophile magazine has started in England, trying to fill some of the needs left by the recent dormancy of PIE's *Magpie*. Issue No. 1 of *Minor Problems* was out on 15 April. Its approach is very militant, extremely left wing, quite non-erotic. There is a listing of past and present events of interest to paedophiles in Europe, a review of the film *Abuse*, a prison letter from Claude Sigala, director of "Coral" before he became one of *jude d'instruction* Michel Salzmänn's victims (See

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P.A.N. 15, page 19 ff), the beginning of what seems to be a series of articles called *Free Childhood — Free Sexuality: A Marxist Analysis*, a centre-spread interview translated from the German with Ulli Reschke of the Indiannerkommune in Nürnberg, a perceptive review of Tsang's *The Age Taboo* by Tom O'Carroll. There is also an excellent three-page run-down on articles bearing on paedophilia in the various gay and alternative periodicals in the UK, USA, Canada and France. You don't have to be a convinced Marxist or even socialist to enjoy and profit from *Minor Problems*. Cost (in the UK) is £5 for a 1-year, 6-issue subscription, £7 abroad. The address is BM Minor Problems, GB-LONDON WC1 3XX, England.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND A resident of this lovely but very conservative country ordered a copy of Theo Sandfort's *The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations* and Paul Wilson's *The Man They Called a Monster* - only to have both books seized by one N. T. Taylor of the New Zealand customs, who added, in his

letter to the customer informing him of the confiscation, "I would warn you that any further importations of this nature could render you liable to prosecution."

The recipient, however, wrote to Dr. Wilson at Queensland University in Australia, who, in turn, fired back an indignant letter: "I am appalled at this action. The book was a serious academic study of a social issue and in line with work I have been doing for years on criminal and social problems." Theo Sandfort also wrote a letter to the New Zealand Customs — and the chairman of his department at the State University, Utrecht, Dr. Rob Tielman, wrote a strong letter of protest to the New Zealand embassy in The Netherlands asking how a country which considered itself civilized could censor scientific reports backed financially by the government of a friendly nation. (Dr. Tielman also sent a letter of protest to the American embassy protesting the supposed surveillance by the American secret police (FBI) of people receiving books from us as reported recently in *Advocate*.

SOURCE: *Advocate*, 26 May, 1983.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK The most recent issue of of the Danish gay organization FORBUNDET's excellent publication PAN (no connection with P.A.N.!) carries an interesting interview with a 14-year-old boy Peter, who perceives himself gay. Although age of consent in Denmark is 15, it is fine to see that FORBUNDET addresses the problem of adolescent sexuality rather than taking the position that "it isn't a gay issue".

SOURCE: *PAN* (Copenhagen), June-July, 1983.

HOLLYWOOD, USA Arthur Bressan's feature film *Abuse* is getting serious reactions in almost all the published media — including the gay press. Unlike the trash aired by American TV networks, *Abuse* attempts to make the distinction between real child abuse (in this case a 14-year-old boy who was being regularly tortured in his home) and consensual sex relations with a man who loved him. It was touch and go whether *Abuse* would ever

be shown; 35 distribution companies turned it down, and it was only after it made a success in international film festivals that Promovision International (distributor of such gay films as *Taxi zum Klo*) was able to get bookings for it in independent theatres. *Abuse* has started a great many gays asking questions about man/boy affairs, questions they often avoided by pretending this "wasn't a gay issue". While the gay publications were on the whole laudatory, the film made less of an impression on reviewers for the straight media. "If *Abuse* were a better film one might be able to call it sordid," said Vincent Canby for the *New York Times*. "It's only tacky." The *San Francisco Chronicle* was more lenient: "The film is infuriating because it should be so much better than it is.... And yet, even with all the film's amateurisms, it carries the viewer along, sometimes most compellingly. What Bressan was able to do on a shoestring \$27,000 budget is something to be admired...."

SOURCES: *Advocate*, 26 May, 1983; *New York Times*, 15 April, 1983; *San Francisco Chronicle*, 20 April, 1983.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA Recently two paedophile ex-prisoners were interviewed in an alternative gay newsletter which is so underground we can't even mention its name. One extract is interesting in light of these older psychological reports on the "true sexual desires" of men in US prisons for contacts with minors (such as the study by Gebhard, P. et al: *Sex Offenders: Analysis of Types*, New York, 1965): "When you're getting a report for rehabilitation — from a parole officer or a psychiatrist — you have to lie. You can't say you are in love with a child and there's nothing wrong with that in your view, or you'll be inside for the maximum time. You have to say you're ashamed of yourself and you really have the desire to reform." We have always maintained that prison research interviews with "child molesters" are utterly worthless, even where confidentiality is supposedly guaranteed. No boy-lover in his right mind is going to put at risk years of potential freedom, not to mention his

physical safety against violent attack in prison, by telling the truth to some naive establishment investigator. If American or Australian researchers really want to know about the sexual longings of such people they should interview them *after* they are out of jail and their period of parole is up — or, better yet, before!

STANFORD, CA, USA Last February President Donald Kennedy of Stanford University turned down funding for gay scholarships because this was "a proposal to restrict those funds to a student who announces a sexual orientation publicly." A lovely example of how academics discriminate by claiming if they don't they will be accused of discrimination! Now we understand that a "task force" at Stanford is doing a minute "textural analysis" of P.A.N. magazine for the Feds — not, of course, to learn anything about man/boy relationships (they've all read their Finkelhor and Densen-Gerber) but to come up with some sort of recommendations which would make it easier for the FBI and local minions to catch boy-lovers and put them away. Needless to say, the Stanford University task force has never bothered to contact us.

SOURCE: *Las Vegas Sun*, 15 Feb., 1983.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND The United Nations has at last come out with its official report on child prostitution and pornography in the world. Author was one Jean Fernand-Laurent, one-time French ambassador. As expected it follows the Densen-Gerber line right down to the finish. 8,000 youngsters pound the pavements of Pigalle and other areas of prostitution in Paris peddling their innocent young bodies; 20,000 children are sold (presumably for prostitution) in Bangkok every year; 2,000 little children are "offered" in Colombo, Sri Lanka; \$500,000,000 is spent on kiddie porn per year in the USA... The "solution" to the "problem" is, of course, vastly stepped up police action locally, intervention of INTERPOL — and lots more "education" of parents and children through media-created "awareness". One

doesn't expect balance from a body like the UN, but quite such an assemblage of phoney figures and outright lies is, well, shocking.

SOURCE: *L'Autre Média*, 5 May, 1983.

LONDON, ENGLAND The Inner London Education Authority has determined to root out discrimination in the city's Boy Scout troops: they must open their ranks to homosexual boys who wish to join — otherwise the scouts will never get the £62,000 grant it has now frozen pending an investigation of the movement's recruiting methods. "Marxist!" grumbled the gutter *Daily Express*, "Promoting sexual deviation was never in the mind of their founder, the tough old general, Lord Baden-Powell." The gutter conservatives don't seem to be having much of an impact on the ILEA, which is determined to withhold the funds if the "militant recruiting practices" of the scouts aren't abandoned.

SOURCES: *Daily Express*, 5 May, 1982; *The Sun*, 5 May, 1982.

SACRAMENTO, CA, USA A California Highway Patrol Officer's suicide after his arrest last April for sex contacts with three 6- and 7-year-old boys might have been just another dreary cipher in the current American witch-hunt victim score had it not been for a perceptive and sympathetic article by Ann Japenga in *The Los Angeles Times*. CHP Paul Garret seems to have been the kind of cop there should be more of in the world: he was liked by his fellow officers, the public — and the neighbourhood kids who didn't seem to be able to get enough of being around him. Yet, had he gone to prison, as Japenga points out, he would have been a double target for officially tolerated inmate sadism: he was not just a "child molester", he was a cop, too. Journalist Japenga discovered that not all police officers were as hard-nosed and unforgiving of paedophilia as one often assumes. She spoke with one Lt. John O'Donnell of the CHP, who recognized that most paedophiles don't want to hurt a child. It's a loving, caring, lustful rela-

tionship. One of Garrett's "victims" told a cop, "He was my best friend." Another interesting fact emerged after the suicide was that the families of both the "boy-victims" and Garrett himself were very unhappy about the affair being brought out of the area of private handling and before the police and courts. The article was a far cry from the usual knee-jerk support *The Los Angeles Times* has traditionally given to the extreme sexual conservative crowd, and perhaps it means a maturing of perception on the part of one of our most influential media adversaries.

SOURCE: *The Los Angeles Times*, 18 May, 1983.

NEW YORK, USA On a recent NBC network special one Los Angeles attorney Jacqueline O'Connor came up with some wonderful quotes: "Child porn is worse than alcoholism in the United States." "Recently a child care center owner took pictures of nude boys and girls together. The children were between the ages of two and four years." "A child molested is alright except that they have scars left inside them for the rest of their lives." (Sorry about the grammar — it's hers, not ours.) "Very few molesters are in jail and the ones that are there are in jail for a short time." "Molesters are usually child care center operators, teachers, coaches, bicycle shop owners, uncles and baby-sitters." "Child molesters will always seek occupations involving children." "People and juries don't believe it is happening or can happen." "Children should tell their parents if they have even been touched by a person. And parents should report that person to the police."

SOURCE: NBC *Gary Collins' Hour Magazine Show*, 25 April, 1983.

LONDON, ENGLAND We have long held that homophobic James Miskin, QC of the Old Bailey should be regarded as a sort of national treasure in reverse and be disposed of in whatever way negative treasures are disposed of in the UK (See PAN 8, page 8; PAN 9, page 10; P.A.N. 13, page 7; P.A.N. 15, page 11). It

would seem that the Thatcher government has other ideas, and in mid-June he was knighted. So now it's Sir James!

WASHINGTON, DC, USA The Sixth World Congress of Sexology, held here in late May, lamented the fact that the severe conservative backlash in America was making life difficult for its members and their research. Neither President Reagan nor the mayor of the nation's capital city would oblige with the routine courtesy of a welcome message, fearing that a dangerously large proportion of voters might consider sex research and education little more than pornography (and sex therapy downright illicit). Nevertheless the congress went on — with the assistance of porn stars, exhibits of sex video-cassettes, etc! Serious papers were also given. Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins told of his success in "treating" boy-lovers by giving them injections of Depo-Provera (to "turn off sex desire"). More constructive, Dr. Mary S. Calderone told of sonograms of male fetuses showing that even before birth boys get erections. Sexual response is "a birthright," Dr. Calderone stated. "You can't say it's something that happens much later in life so we won't teach you about sex until you're eighteen... If you stop a child from talking it starts stuttering. The same holds true for sexuality. If you stop a child from expressing it, he will stumble. Much of the sexual 'stuttering'... probably began with early suppression." Dr. Wardell Pomeroy was optimistic in the long run about sexual enlightenment. The march toward greater freedom and openness in dealing with sexual matters was "so inexorable" that the views of his audience would ultimately prevail, if not in two years, surely in 20.

SOURCES: *The New York Times*, 21 May, 1983; *San Francisco Chronicle*, 26 May, 1983.

PARIS, FRANCE First round on the legal counterattack against infamous *juge d'instruction* Michel Salzman begins on 29 June when Parisian author Gabriel Matzneff brings to court Jean-Claude Krief for

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personal slander. Krief has been revealed as Judge Salzman's tool, and the only source of evidence Salzman had before when he started the Coral scandal last winter.

SOURCE: *Gai Pied*, 4 June, 1983.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA The "Adolescent Family Life Program" was conceived a couple of years ago by an Alabama Republican Senator with the appropriate name of Jeremiah Denton. Its aim is the suppression of all teenage sexual outlets and expressions. Last year it received \$13.5 million from the American taxpayer; it is one of the very few Federal public health programs for which President Reagan is requesting increased funding: \$16.3 million next year. Thus far it has given money to some 62 stop-the-sex drives and "research" projects. Fortunately one of the program's top priority items, the "squeal rule", was temporarily thwarted last March 2nd by U. S. District Court Judge Thomas Flannery in New York; should his decision be overturned (as President Reagan advises), all federally financed health clinics which dispense

contraceptives to teenagers would have to inform the kids' parents. Last February the *San Francisco Chronicle* polled 15,000 northern California citizens, asking, "Should parents be told when minors seek birth control devices?" 84% said no — and we just hope these 84% remember what Reagan and company are trying to put over on them when the next elections come round.

SOURCES: *New York Times*, 10 May, 1983; *San Francisco Chronicle*, 17 Feb, 3 March & 8 May, 1983; *USA Today*, 10 May, 1983.

GRIMSBY, ENGLAND One John Edward Sunley, a 46-year-old bachelor mathematics teacher here, was fined but not sent to prison for having taken naked pictures of a number of local boys in the 12-14 age group. And the reason for such uncharacteristic English clemency in the face of a sexual non-crime was that Sunley's attorney was able to convince Judge Geoffrey Jones that the photos were not taken for erotic pleasure — but to capture on film the "aura" of the boys as part of his "psychic research"!

SOURCE: *Grimsby Evening Telegraph*, 26 April, 1983.

LOS ANGELES, CA, USA Lloyd Martin is slowly emerging from the doldrums after being pushed out of the Los Angeles Police. Recently he has been touring California promoting on behalf of his Foundation for America's Sexually Exploited Children his own *We have a Secret* (See P.A.N. 12, page 12) and a new children's book called *What If I Say No?* Co-author Jill Haddad describes this as a soft-cover "activities book for children" in which "we reinforce that they have the right to say no." (Nothing, of course, is said about their right to say yes, for they don't have that right in the USA.) Martin still, apparently, hauls down \$18,000 per year as "disability pension" (he suffered psychic damage from being fired from the police force, he claims). Money is definitely on his mind, and he is con-

vinced that NAMBLA "raises a lot more money than we do." For once we wish he were right.

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, 6 May, 1983.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, USA Judianne Densen-Gerber has been brought before the New York Attorney General again — this time for disregarding the terms of last year's order that she stop running Odyssey House and pay back a tiny part of the money she converted to her own use from public funds. Now she is moving the centre of her activities out of New York (while attendance at one of her Detroit meetings was 700, it was only 8-12 in New York). She is also busy with her new anti-child-sex PACT pressure group, giving lectures throughout New England. One of our correspondents was present at a rally and (of course) fundraising meeting in New Hampshire in mid-April, at which Jingle-Bells got off some new ones. She came out for "orifice protection legislation to protect *all* of children's orifices, not just some of them." She called upon gays to denounce paedophilia — and threatened that they would never get any rights for themselves until they did. She is sponsoring New York state legislation to outlaw NAMBLA: "While no sexual activity has apparently taken place at their public meetings," she said, "the real question is what do they do when the meeting is over?" (Her legislation would somehow make NAMBLA meetings a conspiracy.) She said 24 school teachers were arrested in the Boston/Revere scandal. NAMBLA is like Jim Jones and Jonestown — because there was sexual abuse of children there. Washington DC has no age of consent laws; in New York and Arkansas it is 11, in Maine 13. She said Sri Lanka, Thailand and Brazil supplied children for "snuff" movies — real-life cinema records of children being raped and then tortured to death as the camera grinds away. Finally, according to her, Childhood Sensuality Circle of San Diego was founded and is currently run by... (British novelist) Iris Murdoch!

BOY-LOVE AS RELIGION

by J. Darling

Recently an English judge, presiding over the trial of a paedophile, declared that P.I.E. was "evil" because it attempted to give a moral justification to the "perverted lusts" of the child-lover. One's immediate reaction to such a charge is, 'How irrational! What a ridiculous, ignorant remark; and this from a supposedly intelligent and civilized man!' One asks, 'Why is it evil to involve natural behaviour in a code of ethics?' One ends up feeling hot under the collar, indignant, aware of the hopelessness of trying to plead one's case by appealing to the reasonableness of humanity.

Again, if one were to take any psychiatrist and debate with him on the beneficence of paedophilia, one would find it easy to demolish any reasoned, opposed argument he cared to make. Pressed, the psychiatrist would either admit to you that, in fact, paedophilia had no harmful effects on either party, but that nevertheless society refused to tolerate it, or he would drop all pretence of scientific objectivity and flatly declare paedophilia to be unnatural, wrong, deviant, or evil, and that all paedophiles, if they did not respond to treatment, should be locked up for life. Nothing more enrages supposedly reasonable people than the reasonableness of paedophilia.

The boy-lover soon realizes that the opposition to the natural expression of his sexuality is based on a set, obsessive concept. The boy-lover notices the power of this concept, which appears, like the monster in the film *Alien*, to burst voraciously from the very heart of an otherwise ordinary, decent human being. What the boy-lover is up against is the

primitive, but potent, force of Taboo. Taboo is a negative aspect of Religion. Its lack of response to Reason is due to its primitive origins in the human mind, a relic from that period of human savagery when Reason and Logic had not yet become prominent in the conduct of affairs. The mistake of today's Western paedophiles is to answer this terrible hatred with the voice of Reason alone. It is as if a Jew in Nazi Germany, in order to save himself from the gas-chambers, had engaged Herr Hitler in debate upon the illogicality of anti-Semitism. What the paedophile should realize is that boy-love is attacked by Taboo because it, too, is a religious force. The paedophile's rational understanding of his sexuality should be backed by a faith in the absolute rightness of his love, and by a sense of awe, akin to worship, of the source of its power over him. With such a fundament of belief, amounting to religious conviction, he will have the inner strength to combat and survive the persecution against him.

Many paedophiles are anti-religious because their most vocal antagonists have often been people who have invoked Christianity in their condemnation. One should not confuse, however, the concept of Religion only with such evolved religions. Much of the intolerance of boy-love, I believe, stems from the recognition by the great monotheistic religions, and by the modern monopolistic State, of its essentially religious nature. It is seen as a rival. In a work which I shall use as a guide to definition and terminology (*Religion Without Revelation*, New York, 1957), the late Sir Julian Huxley, the biologist and naturalist, wrote:

Every advanced religion must experience some hostility towards religions at lower levels of development, whether intellectual, moral, or emotional; it is impossible for it to remain neutral. The ideal of religious tolerance is probably the best which the State can adopt, but even where it has been adopted it has only been between certain limits.... So long as States exist, it is clear that religious toleration cannot, or at least will not, be permitted in cases where religious belief aims at or tends toward the overthrow of the State or the principles on which its existence is grounded.

It is in the context of the above quotation that one can best understand the extraordinary statement at the end of last

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January's *Time Magazine* article on NAMBLA, to wit that no State can allow such an organization to flourish if it cares about its survival. It is my contention that boy-love is one of the world's less-developed religions, and therefore extremely vulnerable to the hostility of organized socially-reinforced monotheism, just as the animism of primitive Pacific peoples was crushed by the activities of nineteenth-century American missionaries.

What do we mean by Religion? Are we talking about belief in boy-gods? Are we elevating our young friends into godlings to whom we administer their due rites? That is a charming idea, a fancy to be indulged in, but it is not a belief to be held to literally. Belief in gods, however, is not necessarily what religion is about. Sir Julian Huxley regarded religious experience as a necessary function of the human brain. Many people today declare that they are not religious. This arises from the misapprehension that religious experience assumes a belief in supernatural beings or in God. This need not be the case. In our secular world many feelings, associated, for example, with music or the adoration of a political figure, are religious in nature. It is well known that early Buddhism did not accept the existence of a supernatural being. What religion does do is subjectively to invest things or ideas with an immanent power to which the person reacts with feelings of awe and reverence, feelings powerful enough profoundly to alter his behaviour and to forge the destiny of his inner life. As Huxley pointed out, students of primitive religions testify that

feelings essentially and obviously religious may be evoked in reference to an undefined sense of spiritual power or sanctity inhering in objects...or events...without linking them up with belief in any spiritual being.

Huxley went on,

What, then, is religion? It is a way of life. It is a way of life which follows necessarily from a man's holding certain things in reverence, from his feeling and believing them to be sacred. And those things

which are held sacred by religion primarily concern human destiny and the forces with which it comes into contact... I believe, then, that religion arose as a feeling of the sacred. The capacity for expressing this feeling in relation to various objects and events seems to be a fundamental capacity of man, something given in and by the construction of the normal human mind...

Huxley indicated how religions, like social organization and ideas, have evolved: monotheism and organized dogma backed by philosophical argument being an extremely late development in religious history. In no way, of course, can this historical evolution be regarded as an evolution towards Truth. Scientifically, there is no evidence at all for the actual existence of either transcendent deities or immanent spiritual powers. These must be considered as constructions of the human mind. What is true, what is evident, is that man is a religious animal.

How is boy-love a religion? Just because we like boys does not make us cultists, in the same way that our appreciation of a rose does not transform us into high priests of horticulture. The distinction between a religious experience and a passing aesthetic fancy is that the one has become the centre of our life, its events central to our destiny as men, while the other is tangential to our conception of ourselves and how our loves should be conducted. Then should not a loving parent, as much as a paedophile, be a devotee of our religion? Parents, however, adore (or not, as the case may be) only their own genetic excrescences. They are usually indifferent or hostile to other people's children. Their affection is nothing more than a tribal attachment, or a form of narcissism. The boy-lover recognizes the universality of the idea of the boy, and sees its beauty in greater or lesser degree within all boys. The boy-lover is so devoted to the image, concept and the body of the boy that he will make the boy the centre of his spiritual, and subsequently active, life.

In looking at boy-love as a religion one should not presume that the boy-lover

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must perceive any particular young friend of his as instilled with numinous power in the manner of a primitive totem. Certainly, however, the boy has served in history as a symbol of certain basic religious ideas.

Most often in the past, religious feelings associated with the love of boys have been disguised, for they have been grafted onto existing religious traditions. In his contribution (in collaboration with C. G. Jung) to a study of the myth of the divine child (*Essays on a Science of Mythology*, Princeton, 1963) Carlo Kerényi indicated how such divinities as Apollo, Dionysus and Hermes were transformed in the evolution of Greek art from being rendered as bearded, mature men to being depicted as supple, adolescent boys. Kerényi went on to argue that these boy-gods are symbols of the fructifying source of all things. They are the seeds and origins of men. They are thus associated with water, the primordial home of life. Many are the images in Greek art, for example, of young boys riding on the backs of dolphins. In one

myth a certain Enalus jumps into the sea to be united with his beloved boy, Phineis, who has been cast into the waves as a sacrifice; dolphins appear and rescue the lovers. In another, Apollo brings the first priests to his shrine at Delphi by appearing upon a Cretan ship in the form of a dolphin. He leads the ship to Krisa, the port of Delphi, and then transforms himself into a beautiful, golden-haired boy. So enchanted are the sailors that they vow to remain at Delphi the rest of their days, that they might serve the god. In the Ancient World Apollo was to become a divinity particularly associated with the wooing of boys. Crete, the great island-nation of seafarers, was traditionally connected with the love of boys (even down, according to Hans Licht, to a form of ritualized rape). Another legend holds that as well as being taken by Zeus to be the wine-pourer of the gods, Ganymede was the concubine of Minos, King of Crete. The association of Ganymede with the source-concept, with the outpouring of life-giving substances, is strong. For the gods the boy dispensed wine and nectar. It was also said that, in order to protect his beloved from the jealousy of Hera, whose daughter Hebe had been supplant-

ed as cup-bearer, Zeus set Ganymede permanently among the stars as the constellation Aquarius, whose water-jar was the source of the ever-flowing Nile. Any man who reached the Source, and drank from the jar held out to him by the hand of the beloved of Zeus, would be blessed with eternal youth.

A well-known example of the deification of a boy, on account of his beauty and of his having been loved, is that of Antinous by the Emperor Hadrian. More statues of Antinous exist than any other mortal who ever lived in the Ancient World, including those of any particular emperor. Many of these images put Antinous in the guise of a pre-existent divinity, such as Silvanus, the Italic spirit of the woods, or of Dionysus. The hieroglyphics of an obelisk, now mounted on the Pincio Hill in Rome, describe the details of Antinous' own cult. As Marguerite Yourcenar has shown in her novel, *Memoirs of Hadrian*, there may well have been religious significance in the historical fact of the youth's being drowned in the Nile.

Medieval Persian poems of the Sufi school associate, although the meaning is often veiled by several layers of allegory, the love of boys with the mystic understanding of God. The 'sarghi' of Old

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Persia, the wine-pourer, is represented in poetry and paintings as a beardless adolescent boy.

J. Z. Eglinton, in his pioneering work on Greek Love, claims that in Europe during the Middle Ages angels were not thought of as sexually neutral, but as beautiful boys. In baroque Rome the painter Caravaggio was to have his first altar picture for the Chapel of Saint Matthew, in the church of San Luigi dei Francesi, rejected because it showed the boy-angel bodily embracing the Saint as he wrote his gospel. Another painting of Caravaggio's, the 'Amor Victorinus' (Staatliche Museum, Berlin), blatantly combines the sexual sauciness of a young boy with the symbolic attributes of Eros. When the picture was first hung in the palazzo of Vincenzo Giustiniani it was covered by a curtain of green velvet, which the prospective viewer would pull aside by means of a cord.

Neo-classical nostalgia for Ancient Greece and Neo-Gothic for the Middle Ages sometimes represented themselves in an investiture of sacredness in the figure of the boy. Wincklemann developed his theory of beauty from the proportions of Greek statues of youths. Frederick Rolfe's attachment to Roman Catholicism was in part due to his worship of certain of the boy-saints venerated by the Church.

The religious emotions connected with beautiful boys which reappear in mythology, literature and art link the boy with the source of life, and through it with redemption and salvation. The boy is also associated with immortality. It would appear that three central ideas — Beauty, Salvation and Immortality — transform boy-love into a religion. The boy's evident power over us, and his gifts to us, as much spiritual as physical, make him central to our destiny, to the integration of our personalities and sense of self. By saying this, I am not suggesting that this numinous power, which appears to us as invested in boys, actually exists as an independent force: it is a natural, religious conception in the mind of the lover. This is made apparent in Visconti's famous film version of Mann's *Death in*

Venice. There, the ethereal, all but unearthly beauty of the boy is recognized and duly worshipped by none save von Aschenbach. Von Aschenbach's adoration of the boy is never physical; the man is involved in a long mystical meditation upon that beauty which can only be described as celestial, yet which, to his surprise, is rendered in the flesh.

Why is boy-love a central religious experience? Why is it so prominent, so universal in human psychology? What is it that the lover is seeking? It will be recalled that Sir Julian Huxley stated his belief that religious conceptions were natural, not inspired, products of the human brain. In his contribution to Kerenyi's study of the myth of the divine child, which was referred to above, Carl Jung emphasized the importance of the child in our psychological structure. He described the idea of the child-god as an 'archetype' in the human collective unconscious, one of the ingrained primordial nuclei upon which our minds are built. The essential core-meaning of the archetype can never be fully grasped by the conscious mind:

It was, and still is, only interpreted, and every interpretation that comes anywhere near the hidden sense... has always, right from the beginning, laid claim not only to absolute truth and validity but to instant reverence and religious devotion. Archetypes were, and still are, living psychic forces that demand to be taken seriously, and they have a strange way of making sure of their effect.

Jung went on to state that the Christian destruction of both the religion of Classical Antiquity and that of early Germanic Europe has done serious harm to the acceptance of the child archetype by both the conscious and unconscious sections of the modern mind. The 'puer aeternus' has become a demonic figure. In dealing with neuroses, Jung tried to persuade the patient to accept the child archetype, to meditate upon its images (according to him the child was often grafted with the form of a jewel, pearl, flower or chalice). Jung regarded the image of the child in dream or fantasy as

the projection of the ideally synthesized self, a self which had been repressed by the artificial ego of the adult. Jung saw a real danger in this repression, while a religious conception of the child might ensure once again a healthy balance between the conscious and the unconscious:

Religious observances... consequently serve the purpose of bringing the image of childhood, and everything connected with it, again and again before the eyes of the conscious mind so that the link with the original condition may not be broken.

I hold that paedophilia is such a religious observance, a celebration of the idea of childhood which is basic to our mental health and stability. Their very fury, the insane hatred, evident in those who attack paedophiles, is a result of their having sundered themselves from the child archetype, and in consequence they suffer.

As Jung stated, the religious conception of the child is a symbol of the potential synthesis of conscious and unconscious elements in the personality: "It is therefore not surprising that so many of the mythological saviours are child gods." The child functions as a uniter of opposites: Jung alluded to the hermaphroditic nature of young boys, where opposite qualities are, for a brief but crucial space in the lifespan of the male, harmoniously united. Jung rightly pointed to the modern mania for mass, compulsory education as a sub-conscious attempt to destroy the specific qualities of childhood, since the child as such is now feared, a primordial threat to the illusion of omnipotence built up by the conscious minds of twentieth-century adults. To sum up, Jung saw the child as the ultimate symbol of man's sense of wholeness and the relation of his individual life to universal time:

The 'child' is all that is abandoned and exposed and at the same time divinely powerful; the insignificant, dubious beginning and the triumphal end. The 'eternal child' in man is an indescribable experience, an incongruity, a handicap, and a

divine prerogative; an imponderable that determines the ultimate worth or worthlessness of a personality.

It is the central place which the idea of the child has in the human mind which forces boy-love to be a religion. The celebration of the boy plays too important a rôle at the very core of human personality to be regarded as a "perverted lust", or a mere fetish, or a sign of immature emotional development. It is the boy-lover's detractors who are the immature ones, the psychically underdeveloped, the schizophrenics. Boy-love must be accepted as one of the world's sincerest religions, genuinely reflecting a natural process of the human psyche. Its lack of organized myth and dogma, its non-integration with the State, make it very vulnerable to the wrath of the great developed religions of the world, and of the communities they influence or control, hence the horrible, incredible punishments meted out to boy-lovers. Yet that very lack of theological consistency allows boy-love to adapt to changing historical and social environments, prevents it from becoming ossified and limited, to which fate the high religions are always prone. To quote once more Sir Julian Huxley:

But it should always be remembered that any particular religion will always be incomplete and that many potential religion-arousing objects will not be utilized in it. They may be forced into opposition, so to speak, and acquire negative sacredness, become taboo or sinful, as with sex in Christianity, in striking contradiction to many religions like Hinduism, in which sex and its emblems are part of worship.

What is required is for boy-lovers to recognize that they are indeed undergoing a religious experience when they minister to a young boy's happiness. In this experience, most paedophiles would admit, sex plays only one part in a much broader scheme. Boy-love is ecumenical, undivided by sects or schism, drawing its devotees from all nations and classes. Therefore it should not be categorized as a sex-offense, but as one of the world's great, enduring religions.

ERIC

by Philippe Henri *

***The cover and Table of Contents list this author as Henri Philippe. It is unclear which is correct.**

The movement hadn't been quick enough: I was certain he had just stuffed a book into his jacket and was now sliding up the zip upon it.

As always this early on a Monday afternoon the huge supermarket was nearly deserted. Nearly everything on my shopping list was in my cart. I was just wandering about, returning, curiously enough, again and again to the book and record display. This time, coming around the electronics counter, I had surprised him.

Our eyes met. He looked about thirteen. He had straight long blond hair, was dressed in the uniform of his age: jeans, old white tennis shoes, shabby leather jacket. An intelligent, expressive face. A slight movement of the head liberated his left ear; I saw a tiny gold ring in its lobe.

Now, what was I going to do? I searched my mind for some experience I could draw upon. I have never really had much to do with the delinquents who haunt this suburb northeast of Paris, yet every so often I have had confrontations with young mischief-makers. For two years, before going into aviation, I had taught English to boys his age; I had also worked at several summer camps, as director at the last two. But most incidents I could recall involved boys or girls who were more or less my responsibility. This lad I had never set eyes on before.

It was against my deepest impulses to call in the authorities. Lecturing him was absurd and useless. The idea of forcefully removing the plunder from his jacket didn't appeal to me either. My indecision didn't go unnoticed.

At first he had looked like a trapped

animal. Now he was regaining his confidence, becoming cocky, even arrogant. In his world you didn't admit to weakness; sheep were devoured without pity.

He passed me slowly, the shape of the stolen book clearly visible inside his jacket; he tapped it with his fingers and continued on his way, favouring me over his shoulder with one long look eloquent of what he thought of me.

I had witnessed a theft and done nothing about it. Moreover, I had allowed a young boy to make a fool of me. I quickly finished my shopping and fell into the check-out queue.

I was turning this all over in my mind when I saw him approach. One of the disadvantages of slack times is that most of

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the check-out counters are closed; today only one was in operation. The boy acted as though he had no choice but to take his place in my queue, and so put himself at risk, which rather surprised me. I would soon learn that if you were going to commit a theft you shouldn't leave through the "No Purchases" exit, which was right under the noses of the store detectives watching the crowd — one had only to pick up some small item (in this case a pack of chewing gum) and then pay for it like any other honest young client.

He watched me, his face maintaining the same cocky smile. Without lowering his eyes he broke into the queue in front of me, much to the displeasure of the woman behind:

"Now, just what do you think you are doing?"

The boy looked her up and down. "What's wrong? We're together. Do you mind?"

The woman turned to me, comparing the energetic young office worker (me) with the little suburban street Arab — and having a hard time seeing the connection.

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To me the boy said, "We are together — aren't we?"

Now I was becoming his accomplice! Torn between anger and reluctance to cause a scene, I simply muttered something under my breath. The boy beamed.

"There... you see?"

The good woman kept further thoughts to herself, but judging by her expression they were not very flattering. The boy, on the other hand, began to revel in this little comedy:

"Now, what have you got that's good?" he asked me. "Is that fish?"

I didn't want to continue playing the rôle of a fool: "Yes. It's excellent for developing one's intellectual faculties — I don't believe you really need any."

He wrinkled his nose, visibly surprised at my change in attitude but still unwilling to back down.

"And what's that?"

"Corn Flakes. You know what Corn Flakes are?"

"No."

"Very well, you shall have the pleasure of tasting them — since we are together today."

I put a little more harshness in my voice than was necessary, but I wanted revenge for my humiliation.

It was then that I saw the man bearing down upon us. It happens that the supermarket is close to the airport where I work and I patronize it frequently enough to know a number of employees by sight. Thus I immediately realized that this was one of the surveillance inspectors. The boy hadn't yet seen him but he did notice the change on my face. I spoke to him rapidly:

"Whatever happens, don't move! Just trust me."

Talking all the while, and not giving him time to react, I quickly opened the boy's jacket and let the stolen book fall into my shopping cart. Even now I'm not really sure what made me do it — it was more like a reflex.

The boy was cunning enough to catch on immediately. He followed my eyes, and met those of a type of man he'd probably run into many times before, but under far different circumstances than I

ever had. I grabbed the sleeve of his jacket and kept him from carrying out his first impulse, which was to flee.

"I said don't move."

We locked eyes. He was reappraising me, surprised to find such authority in a man he had just judged a weakling. The look only lasted a few seconds, but I then could see, by a kind of softening in him, that he had placed his fate in my hands.

Now the inspector was upon us. He grabbed my young companion roughly by the arm.

"You! Open your jacket!"

"It's already open."

"What kind of manners are these?"

This last response was mine. If it didn't surprise the boy it earned me, on the other hand, a scowl from the inspector. I continued: "What do you want with this boy?"

"That's not your concern."

"It most certainly is. He's with me, so it seems I have every right to an explanation."

"With you... *him*?"

The inspector made the same comparison of the two of us that the lady behind me had. The little thief was elated by my support:

"Of course he is with me. Why not? Does that bother you?"

The inspector turned back to the boy:

"All right, first of all, where is the book you stole?"

"I haven't stolen anything."

"And the surveillance cameras? What are you going to say about that? We're beginning to get very familiar with your thieving little face around here. This isn't the first time, is it?"

Meanwhile, I had stepped in front of my shopping cart to face the inspector, who had instinctively moved back a bit. I said angrily, "Now, that's enough! This, I suppose, is the book you're talking about. He chose it by himself at the book counter and now he has put it in our cart. So, either leave us alone and return to your job or I propose to finish this affair in the office of Monsieur Meignard."

The inspector looked surprised.

"You... you know him?"

"It would appear..."

He hesitated, frowned, grumbled, "Very well... this time. But in the future

you'd better keep an eye on your little... pet!"

He left us, a bit stooped-shouldered under the amused or intrigued observation of the other shoppers.

"Who is this Monsieur... Machin?" the boy asked me.

"Monsieur Meignard is the big boss of the shopping complex."

"You know him?"

"Is that any of your business?"

Our turn came before the cashier and, as we continued to talk, the boy helped me put my purchases on the rolling counter. When he came to the book — it was a beautiful edition about the great cats — he hesitated for a moment.

"Wake up! We can't stand here all day."

I took the "object of the crime" and placed it with the other articles, paid the bill, put all of my own things in several plastic bags flying the colours of the establishment, the book and the chewing gum together in another, and held it out to the boy.

"Here you are," I said.

He didn't take it. Instead he said, "Why did you do that?"

"Would you rather I hadn't?"

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"It's not that, but..."

"All's well that ends well. Here are your things. You can go home with your head held high — and not between two policemen."

He still didn't take the bag.

"Come on — make up your mind. I'm getting cramps."

He hesitated, then asked, "I can come with you to your car?"

I put the plastic bags back in the cart. "If you wish."

Just for the sake of memory, I wanted to know how to tag that little face.

"What's your name?"

"Eric Mortier."

"And how old are you?"

"Fourteen and a half."

I had guessed less. My mother would undoubtedly have expounded on the unbalanced diet which he ate at home.

"And you live...?"

"At La Rose des Vents."

A complex with one of the worst reputations in all of Aulnay-Sous-Bois. We walked on in silence.

"And you?" he asked.

"Me... what?"

"What is your name?"

In the shopping centre he had been addressing me (in conformity with our

little charade) by the informal "tu" form of the word "you". Now he had used the respectful "vous", and I commented on this.

He looked amused; he had totally lost his air of the arrogant little thief.

"I'll use whichever you prefer, he said."

"I really don't care."

And that was perfectly true. Since our relationship would terminate in a few minutes it was a matter of complete indifference to me whether he called me "tu", "vous" or addressed me in the third person. He continued to extract little bits of information: my first name, my age, the identity of the airlines where I was operations chief.

"You're married?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Just to know."

We had finished loading the back of my car and I slammed the hatch. He stood on one foot and then the other holding his gaudy little sack.

"Look..."

"Now what?"

"I mean... why haven't you told me off yet? You never said what I did was wrong."

"You know that as well as I do; you're

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the one that's bringing it up. So what good would it be for me to repeat it?"

I had opened the door and sat down behind the wheel.

"What's its name? Your airlines — I forgot."

I told him again. Now he started firing questions at me, in a sort of uninterrupted rhythm, about my exact professional functions and the general life of the airport. He was trying to postpone the moment when, once again, I would close the door on our short friendship. I smiled:

"Now, I am afraid I'm going to have to leave you, otherwise I'll be late..."

Late for what? No one was expecting me; in fact there was nothing I really had to do, yet I seemed compelled to shake off my encumbering companion:

"See you soon, perhaps!"

"You think we'll meet again?"

"Who knows?"

There was a last exchange of looks; I started the car. As long as I had him in sight in my rear-view mirror he stayed where he was, the little advertising sack dangling, inert, from his hand.

That evening I was surprised to catch myself several times reliving our strange encounter, with reactions oscillating between amusement, curiosity (how little I knew about the boy!) — and also, I had to admit, a degree of regret that our short affair had run its course to the end. Two days later, however, he was far from my thoughts when one of the reception hostesses came into my office:

"Someone wants 'Monsieur Jacques' at the counter."

"Who does?"

"A very proper little person."

That description seemed so incongruous that I was quite surprised to find a rather shy Eric standing on the other side of the counter. True, he was quite properly attired: his hair had been washed and carefully combed; he wore a blue linen coat nicely pressed, impeccable navy-blue velvet jeans, even polished mocassins on his feet. (I later learned that part of these luxurious accoutrements were borrowed from his more affluent friends.)

"Well... what brings you here?"

"Nothing. I was walking around the

airport... just walking... and I just decided to come by... to see if you were in..."

He was using the formal "vous" again. And he was a poor liar.

"You never go to school, then, Monsieur?"

He made a little movement of surprise:

"Why are you calling me 'vous'?"

"Because *you* are, my friend." I went back to using "tu". "You still haven't answered my question about school."

"Yes. It's Wednesday. There isn't any school."

"And the other day?"

"The teacher was sick."

During this short exchange I had had time to examine my feelings a bit, ask myself whether I really wanted him just to turn around and walk away. Really I was rather glad he had come. The affair was taking a distinctly pleasant turn.

"So, what are you going to do now?"

"Nothing. I just thought I'd say hello to you, that's all."

Was that all? The expression on his face contradicted his words. As for me, I had made my decision:

"Eric, I believe that the elegance you have assumed today calls for me to invite you out to lunch."

It had been a long time since I had had the feeling I'd made another person quite so happy. I introduced Eric to my colleagues rather vaguely as the son of one of my neighbours, and then I took him to a restaurant which my fellow-workers and acquaintances generally didn't frequent.

The meal was most agreeable. We talked about animals, which seemed to be his great passion in life — a passion which led him to steal the books poverty prevented his parents from buying for him. And it just happens that this is a subject which interests me just as profoundly: before acquiring my certificate in English, I had toyed with the idea of becoming a veterinarian. And I had used my airline travelling privileges to make a number of wild animal tours, taking countless photos and, more recently, video tapes.

"You'll show me your films?"

"Of course, if you wish."

"When?"

"I don't know. Some time..."

"I'm free today. I can stay out late... if you want."

"But... your parents?"

"I sort of warned them that I might be coming home very late. Besides, the less they see of me in general the better they like it."

I didn't say anything for a moment; he misinterpreted my silence. His face stiffened and he blurted out, "You don't want to bring a thief into your home, is that it?"

The raw feelings of the poor! I deserved the slap in the face. I smiled at him:

"Come on, now, stupid, what have you been imagining? I was just trying to figure out how I could get off from work a bit early."

"You mean it?"

"Of course."

He beamed again. But there *was* a problem: now that everyone knew he was in my charge, more or less, I didn't want to see him wandering around the airport with all its temptations, from shop windows to the video games — and with the rounds of our plain-clothes police. Since I still had a few urgent tasks

to complete I took him into my office. And there, I had to admit, he was very good; he immersed himself in some tourist literature I put at his disposal, then studied, with one of my hostesses, the way in which reservations and registrations were handled. As we were about to leave he even said, "Just a moment; she's got one more thing to show me!"

He couldn't have been more enthusiastic over my home had it been a palace out of the Thousand and One Nights. Reality, however, was a simple apartment on the top floor of a modern building overlooking the Chaumont Hills. "We're going to eat on the terrace?" he asked.

He was inviting himself to dinner — and the day was exceptionally mild for that time of year! Well, I had already decided to intervene as little as possible in the way in which this odd adventure was evolving. So I took a look in the refrigerator and freezer to see what I could throw together to eat.

Then I lowered the blinds and put on the video-tape I had told him about and gave a running commentary, stopping, sometimes, reversing, re-playing. He sat next to me on the couch; little by little he drew closer, until he was nestling cozily against my side. And I realized, with a bit of worry, that I was becoming aroused.

Memories of childhood and adolescence flooded back into my mind, recollections of things which for years I had dismissed as "what you do when you're a kid". But in my case "being a kid" had gone on a bit long: there were certain "improper acts" with the boys at the summer camps — very insignificant ones, to be sure, but all the same... Was that why I had worked so hard, gone to the trouble of acquiring a diploma: to be camp director where I wouldn't be quite so physically close to the kids?

My reverie exploded as I felt Eric's soft, warm lips lock onto mine.

"My God, what are you doing?" I exclaimed.

"Don't you like it?"

His sweet, seductive smile did nothing to calm my feelings. "Well," I stammered, "people just don't do things like that!"

He lowered his eyes mercilessly to-

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wards my fly.

"Don't tell me it didn't turn you on."

I sprang to my feet.

"Watch the film by yourself. I have to see about dinner."

He wasn't about to be put off; he came after me.

"You know, you're a very strange guy."

"Where am I strange?"

Bang! Half of the bag of potatoes fell on the tile floor.

"You do things for me nobody's ever done. You bring me to your home, you start making out a little, and just when it starts getting nice you run off to the kitchen."

"Me? /started to make out?"

"Well, you had your hand on my neck, and then in my hair..."

He was probably right: lost in my own thoughts, I really hadn't been keeping track of what I was doing.

"I just... did it without thinking..."

He planted himself in front of me, blocking the way to the refrigerator. "Okay, go ahead: tell me I don't turn you on!" His eyes were becoming hard and arrogant again, as on our first encounter.

"Good God, do you know what you're saying?"

"Listen, Jacques, I'll put it to you plain and simple. I was broken in at age twelve by an eighteen-year-old guy: I swapped it for rides on his motor-bike. I got to like it. Then one day another boy took me to Pigalle, and I twigged to the fact that there were these old men who were ready to pay a lot of money to do that with you. I started to cruise like my mates, but that was no big deal. I've never been to bed with a girl. What I really want is to find a guy like you, a fine man who would be my friend — *my* friend and nobody else's. I thought I'd found him. I was wrong. So, good-bye."

He turned and ran away. Happily, he had to stop to put on his jacket, which gave me time to come back down to earth before he made it out the door. His hand was already on the handle when I grabbed his arm. "Wait!" I said.

He tried to break away:

"Leave me alone!"

"Eric, I don't want you to leave."

He stopped at once:

"Then kiss me!"

"But..."

"Kiss me or I'm off!"

It's midnight. I've just returned from delivering the boy back to Aulnay-Sous-Bois. How strange that I should have had to wait until I was 26 before discovering the pleasure, the naturalness of using your whole body to conjugate with another body! Until a few hours ago I had always made love by rote, hygienically, conformably. Tonight I *lived* my love; or we lived our love, Eric and I.

Of course, we also have developed a sheaf of projects. He had already told his parents a somewhat expurgated version of the incident at the super-market; in order for me to spend as much time with him, officially, as I want, I will certainly have to meet them. And afterwards... afterwards? I don't know.

I have the feeling that I have just been reborn in a new skin, one that is really my own. Until now I have been living by mistake in the skin of another man, one which doesn't fit. So, as with all newborn, give me a little time to take the first steps.

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BOOKS

The Child Lovers, Glenn D. Wilson and David N. Cox. Peter Owen, London & Boston, 1983.

It is always questionable whether it is wise to do scientific work in a country which will restrict, either legally or socially, the free publication of your results or honest conclusions drawn therefrom. In Russia you don't study free market flow of money and goods. Likewise, in England and America most scientists opt for examining career-safe phenomena (cancer, space, bigger bombs); if they study socially "sensitive" subjects they must somehow introduce, perhaps in the very structure of the research project itself, a bias which their colleagues will either not spot or forgive, and which at

the same time guarantees conclusions which don't ruffle the feathers of the power structure. A very tricky business.

Thus one has to give credit to Glenn D. Wilson and David N. Cox for invading an area where most psychological angels would fear to tread: a study of 77 self-designated paedophiles who were not in prison (practically a first in the English-speaking world), members, in the early-witch hunt days, of P.I.E. It is doubly to the authors' credit that they used, among other things, the *Eysenck Personality Questionnaire* (EPQ), a standard psychological test, upon their subjects, and that they dared to publish the results. To the surprise of the medical-mind industry these 77 men gave little indication of

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We receive many touching letters of appreciation for our little magazine from readers all over the world. The following came to us recently from one of the German-speaking lands:

Spartacus:

I have for my 50 DM 6 PAN to receive but I am sour and squarely. You have me on my ask answered, that 'PAN' is the best magazin with youngest boys for my interest, but only any pictures and only in trunks and shorts and trousers and much, many heads and much, many text. Word print stories and in English. I can bad to see and bad English. Boys all ages

here in shorts and trunks on the all streets and in free bath, parks, bath lakes, camping forest also fully naked. Is in sun and water, beach, all green places permet but not photographes under 14 years. And in youth — "schoul" — boy-scouts magazines and illustrated newspapers much many pictures from boys in trunks and also fully naked in nature by play, sports.

For your "PAN" not money and what will boys over with heads??? Sucking, licking, rubbie the nose? Fucking in the ear? Only kissing? From portraits I nothing have, nothing for money become.

Boyheads on post cards only 0.25 DM. I send not again money.

being sick or the "monsters" the media and shrinks have described.

Wilson and Cox also taylor-made for their study (subject to the approval of the P.I.E. people) something called the *Pædophile Questionnaire*, which could have offered unlimited opportunity to construct a no-win instrument should they have so desired. To a certain extent they did yield to this temptation. One wonders how commonly a probe into the personalities of heterosexuals who weren't viewed as having "problems" with their sexuality are asked "What were your parents like and how did you get on with them? What was their attitude toward sex?" Here, quite obviously the researchers were attempting to test hoary old theories about non-monogamous/heterophile sex orientation being rooted in over-protective mothers, distant or hostile fathers, both being sexophobes. Not surprisingly, they had no control data with which to compare the results of these questions (with the exception, amazingly enough, of a survey conducted by the English gutter newspaper *Sun* into the percentage of fatherless families!). However, this does not prevent Wilson and Cox from saying that the 77 respondents came from very restricted, puritanical backgrounds and that they had generally negative feelings about their parents. But compared with whom: the average En-

glishman or some man with an ideal upbringing? The authors are to be credited with stating that the reported parental friction may have been a *result* of the son's sexual orientation rather than a cause of it (anticipated, in the case of androphile homosexuals, in the much more important *Sexual Preference* of the Kinsey Institute).

One very peculiar finding was that for just under half of the respondents their first remembered sexual experience was homosexual mutual masturbation with an approximate age peer, *with only one out of seven having experienced solo masturbation first!* Surely one would have expected private masturbation to have preceded sex contacts in more cases than that, yet the authors don't even comment on this anomaly. It would seem that most respondents interpreted "earliest sexual experience" to mean "earliest sexual contact", thus excluding solitary acts. If so, there were really major problems of definition and precision in the "Paedophile Questionnaire" which were neither resolved with the respondents nor are discussed in the book. The unfortunate result is that this particular "finding" can be used to bolster the theory of Groth and others that the "abused" child (i.e. one who has experienced shared sexual acts) grows up to be a "child-abuser".

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Most of the 77 respondents were sexually indifferent to adults as possible sexual partners, although 18% felt disgust or revulsion at the thought of sex with a grown-up, just as heterosexual men often do at the prospect of sex with another man. There was no evidence that the respondents' lack of sexual enthusiasm for adults was rooted in fear.

It will come as no surprise to P.A.N. readers that most of the respondents characterized their paedophile relationships predominantly as affectionate, loving, gentle; they were about equally divided between declaring them platonic or sexually expressed.

Sexual fantasies, except for the fact that the "sex-targets" were children, were not unlike those of males in other groups, according to the authors, although loving and caring fantasies (thought to resemble those of the typical *woman!*) were a very common theme. There was little to support the theory that the secret sex desires of the respondents were especially violent. A very few of the men fantasized spanking boys

lightly. (Spanking would seem to be a rather common fantasy in *all* groups of older English males and is often attributed to the formerly almost universal practice of spanking and caning in British schools.)

About a third of the respondents were happy and proud of their paedophile orientation, the rest being disturbed, frustrated, puzzled, sad or depressed about it.

21 of the 77 had had some sort of brush with psychiatrists or psychologists; 13 said the "treatment" had been of no help at all and none reported any beneficial effects.

As for the data from the EPQ, they lend themselves, as with all standard psychological tests, to statistical manipulations to yield indices of mental health. We are not shown the scores or even the formulae by means of which the indices of "psychoticism", "extraversion", "neuroticism", etc. were derived, but, presumably, standard procedures were followed. The paedophiles are shown to be distinctly more introverted than the control group of "normal" Englishmen, and the authors rightly comment that this may be caused by the social effects of their paedophile orientation rather than being an indissoluble aspect of it. The 77 are only slightly more psychotic than normal — on par, strangely enough, with doctors, architects, students and welfare officers! As for neuroticism, they are also a bit worse off than average — about the same as actors, apprentices, machinists, students and members of many female groups. The EPQ would appear to be self-testing, for it is stated that the 77 subjects were no more often caught out lying than their controls.

Some 55 pages of the book are given over to "case studies" which attempt to flesh out the attitudes and careers of 10 different boy-lovers among the 77. Despite numerous quotes from these men there is a clinical air about this chapter which is a bit off-putting. Not everyone, of course, is articulate, but one keeps wishing the authors had given these pages over to pure interview material, however shortened it might have had to have been, and left out the commentary.

Well, so far so good. Only a few other minor quibbles, such as the frequent interruptions to discuss data-results in light of psychological and psychiatric theories concerning the etiology of paedophilia or some standard clinical picture of "the paedophile" — most of which theories hardly merit serious consideration. The picture emerges of 77 paedophiles who are really rather nice, rather normal people, if somewhat drawn into themselves. On May 17 the New York Post ran an article by "America's foremost psychologist", Dr. Joyce Brothers, who gave as her professional opinion, "Child molesters [i.e., paedophiles] are emotionally disturbed, sometimes even psychotic, and they act out their sexual impulses with children, usually because they can't do so successfully with adults. They also need to feel the sense of dominance and power that they can feel only when they know the other person is weaker... Like other sex offenders, they tend to view their victims as objects rather than as individuals with needs and desires of their own." Wilson and Cox, if they have done nothing else, show that at least this sample of paedophiles is about as different from Dr. Brothers' generalized conception as you can get.

So, *these* men, at any rate, are not monsters; these men are not cruel, don't wish to harm kids but wish to love them and form long-term relationships. Also, according to the authors, "numerous empirical attempts to demonstrate that lasting psychological harm is done to a child through sexual contact with adults (e.g. changing his sex orientation, or making him impotent) have generally failed to adduce any such evidence... Most researchers seem to be agreed that, except in the case of physical assault against an unwilling child (tantamount to rape), no lasting harm to the sexual or social development of the child 'victim' can be detected." Furthermore, the authors agree that "heavy-handed intervention by police and legal authorities can result in great trauma and lasting emotional harm to the child involved (when, for example, a favourite uncle is sent to prison and the child feels responsible for

this)."

Well, one now expects recommendations to be made - recommendations for changes in the law, in education, in penal practices. Boy-lovers are pretty nice people, right? Mutually consensual sex with an adult does a child no harm, right? And intervention by the Authorities does, right? Ergo...

Ah, there's the rub. You just can't take the next step, not in England in 1983. Not if you want to retain your professorship, get grant money, avoid being drummed out of the professional associations. It's also dangerous just to leave the data to speak for themselves. You must make your recommendations — safe ones.

The way out Wilson and Cox have found is to suddenly invoke "moral considerations". The issue of "empirical harm needs to be separated from the more directly moral question of whether meaningful consent can ever be obtained from a child... we still regard sex as immoral if there is any suggestion that social power has been abused in obtaining it... Adult-child relationships in general fall into this category. Children are trained to respect and obey all adults, not just their parents, and this results in such an imbalance of social power that legalizing sex between adults and children could quite easily result in exploitation."

What a gargantuan jump the authors now have made! They have gone from an honest examination of perhaps imperfect research questionnaires dealing with the personalities and conduct of adult boy-lovers to speculation about factors not even touched on in their study: points raised by clerics, feminists, criminologists, politicians but which have received precious little scientific investigation by anyone, points about the supposed imbalance and abuse of power in a man/boy relationship, about boys automatically obeying adults. There is not one piece of data in the research of Wilson and Cox which sheds light on any of these questions, yet populist answers to them are used *exclusively* to shore up their recommendation that the legal status quo be maintained (but that

"some discretion and compassion" be shown paedophiles who have collisions with the law — the wardens and turnkeys will have a good laugh over that one!) Coming on the last page of the last chapter entitled "Conclusions", the casual reader, skipping all the facts and figures, the nuts and bolts of the research, will read this and say, "Aha, just as I thought, these expert scientists, after all this interviewing and testing and working up of data, have come to the conclusion that, when you get to the bottom line, man-boy sex is wrong and must remain punishable."

But it is the nuts and bolts which are important. Two competent scientists have dispassionately examined some facts about adult/minor sex and the only arguments against it they can come up with are *moral* rather than clinical or psychological. And that is quite an advance for a pair of presumably straight researchers. This book, which should be on every boy-lover's shelf, has a lot of ammunition with which to combat the hysterics.



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Two recent boy photo books are worthy of mention. One is Gérard Marot's amusing *Collages*, published by Editions Imagine, 20 Ile de Migneaux, F-78300 POISSY, France. Like most French publications, the details of the production leave much to be desired, but the concepts and designing are very nice indeed. Bodies of naked boys are imposed, usually brashly, upon landscapes and urban scenes with sublime insouciance. One moment a naked 12-year-old is stretched out on the collective laps of four old ladies on folding chairs, the next he is being seduced by a classic marble statue. One especially funny photo-collage shows him falling naked but for his roller skates down a sidewalk trap entitled "Entrée Gérard Philippe". Cost is 160 French francs, plus 40 francs for foreign registered post.

The other book comes from Germany and its title in English is *Costa in the Magic Forest* (DM 29.80 from Werner Jäke, Käthe-Kollwitz-Strasse 4B, D-6710 FRANKENTHAL, West Germany). Costa, a handsome blond boy who looks about 15, goes camping with a few friends in a forest which turns out to be the magical domain of an old magician who wants to turn him into stone for trespassing. Costa can only save himself by going on an epic series of adventures, all of which he performs naked and which are depicted in the black and white photos. Text is in German but the pictures are universal; they will appeal especially to lovers of boys in their mid-teens.

Also from France is a new book by the former director of "Coral", Claude Sigala — reflections on the work which was being done in his home for disturbed children, the impulse behind "alternative education", the meaning of love, sexuality, his arrest and battle with the infamous Michel Salzmänn (See P.A.N. 15, page 19). It is called *Multiciplicités, ou des lieux de vie par milliers*, Editions Vrac, 15 rue Saint-Sébastien, F-75011 Paris, France. 59 French francs (foreign orders should add an extra 15 francs for postage).

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma



Only in a society with institutionalized slavery, and in certain initiation rituals of primitive peoples, is it legally permitted to use another's body for sexual purposes against his will. In the Ancient World — in our culture, in fact, up until the abolition of servitude — the sexual capacities of slave boys and young men were used and abused by their masters in the most arbitrary manner. In a well-to-do Roman household the handsome, long-haired favourite of the master may have had to satisfy his owner's every salacious whim; some slave boys or youths might be put at the disposal of guests, others made to serve as companions of the sons of the family, or for their sexual training. Less fortunate boys were castrated as soon as their organs had grown to full size so that they could service the ladies without risk of pregnancy. Boys were bought by brothel owners and, of course, had to comply with the wishes of the customers. Where sexual activities were considered undesirable (as in the case of singers and acrobats), the foreskin was pierced in two places and a metal ring inserted through the holes, thus making any sexual use of the organ impossible. Some boys were publicly raped, assaulted by men and animals or subjected to genital torture so that their contortions and cries of pain could amuse the onlookers. In later times, when the abolition movement made it increasingly difficult to abduct and transport blacks from Africa to the American sugar and cotton fields, some plantation owners started systematically breeding their slaves: strong, healthy adolescents were used as "studs" to generate black babies — and it was the master who decided when and with what woman the

youth would copulate.

To us, living at a time when "human rights" has become a cult, all of this seems like horrible, incredible abuse. We insist upon freedom and consent. Let us not forget, however, that for young people sexual freedom is far from complete — and in many respects they are even less free now than they were two centuries ago. In modern society a boy is well protected on the negative side, but positive freedom is only granted him after he reaches a rather high (and very arbitrarily chosen) age. Until then he is considered unable to give a valid consent to a sexual act, and is thus put on par with people who are physically helpless, unconscious, dim-witted or insane. Any friend with whom he may seek the natural pleasures of the body will be judged to have raped him, and will be prosecuted accordingly.

This is, of course, blatantly stupid. Even the smallest boy is quite capable of deciding whether or not he enjoys being touched by a particular person in a particular way, just as he can decide whether he likes candy or not. Admittedly, pre-pubertal boys cannot, in general, experience a sexual relationship in quite the same way as a mature individual does, just as a boy's experience of art or religion will probably be different and won't reach maturity until a little later, for richness and subtlety of feeling develop only gradually. But this is no reason to forbid him to have pleasurable physical contacts with a person he likes, any more than it is to forbid him to listen to music, visit a museum or go to church. Nature makes a boy's body susceptible to the joys of skin contact and to sexual excitement right from the start. Such feelings are not only

harmless, they are necessary for the healthy development of body and soul, while their frustration is actually dangerous. Nobel prize winner André Gide asserted quite rightly that to provoke sexual excitement in a boy, to teach him how to experience the utmost physical pleasure and how to give this to a partner, is to render him a very important service.

Nevertheless it will always remain an essential condition that we have to respect the boy's own sexual decisions, whatever his age. Nothing is allowed unless he is willing to take his part in such activities. Overpowering a younger partner with moral or physical pressure (not rare in certain groups of older boys where virility has to be proved), like rape and assault, must be rejected just as strongly as legal or parental prohibitions against sexual activity.

Now, if boys were simple, uncomplicated beings it would be easy to know when one of them really wants to engage in a certain sexual act or not. But human beings are not simple and uncomplicated, least of all boys. By the time their sexual impulses start imposing themselves upon them most strongly they have already been indoctrinated for years about the immorality and perils of sex. Nature has to break through this artificial crust, and this is often a very difficult process involving strong and contradicting emotions. When it comes to the question of having sex with a male friend there are, moreover, anxieties about being "sissy" or "turning queer" for the rest of one's life. These fears are as groundless as the supposed dangers of masturbation, but this doesn't prevent them from appearing in the boy's mind as grave problems.

In naive, uninformed youngsters desire may be strong but incomprehensible; mysterious, even embarrassing. A boy may imagine himself to be the only one in the whole world who wants to do such crazy, dirty things; thus he may go to great lengths to hide his secret. What a healthy liberation it is for him, then, when someone shows him the way, or when he sees in pictures or movies how boys and men can use their bodies in the old, old play of pleasure and tenderness!

Less naive, more sophisticated boys may know exactly what they want and how to do it, yet at the same time remain mortally afraid of the consequences upon their reputation and personal development.

A minor American poet, Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) put it admirably:

*He was a boy when first we met;
His eyes were mixed of dew and fire,
And on his candid brow was set
The sweetness of a chaste desire:
But in his veins the pulses beat
Of passion waiting for its wing,
As ardent veins of summer heat
Throb through the innocence of spring.*

A man may be terribly excited by this mixture of wanting and refusing when it manifests itself in an attractive boy. In smaller boys it is often quite obvious that their "no!" is really meant as an inviting "yes!"

Ten-year-old David was playing with two of his friends in the livingroom. As soon as I sat down he presented himself provokingly in front of me and said, "I'd like to wrestle with you but you don't play fair: you always start tickling me and I can't stand tickling." Hearing this, his two friends jumped up, came over and both declared firmly, "I can't stand tickling, either!" This was, of course, a quite obvious invitation, and when I accepted they all three filled the house with delighted screams.

A first sexual encounter with an inexperienced boy may pose problems. The Belgian correspondent quoted in my column for P.A.N. 15 on the Thera inscriptions invented a play that leaves the boy quite free to refuse at any moment any activity which he feels is "going too far" while at the same time affording the man a good opportunity to probe the boy without shocking him. In his play the boy must imagine himself to be the son of a rich father who has hidden a treasure somewhere in the house. The man plays the part of a pirate who has captured the son and wants to steal the treasure. The boy lays down, pretending he is fettered and blindfolded (in reality, of course, he is quite free to see and move his arms

and legs). The man says, "If you don't tell me where your father has hidden the treasure I'll torture you. Every time I'll tell you exactly how I'm going to torture you and I'll do just that unless you say no. When you say no I'll stop immediately and we'll change rôles: you'll play the torturing pirate and I'll play the son. But when you don't say no I'll proceed, then announce the next torture. Now the first torture is: I'll touch your nose with my finger. Second torture: I'll touch your mouth with my finger..." And so on. The moment the man suggests anything his "victim" doesn't want to accept, the boy says no, and they change rôles. Nearly always the boy, when he takes the part of the torturing pirate, suggests more daring and intimate things than the man has so far performed on him, according to my correspondent. It is an easy and safe way to ascertain how far the boy really wants to go without forcing him in the least.

Older boys may ask for sex quite bluntly and their behaviour, devoid of any false shame, may be pleasantly provoking. But many are quite well aware that a show of sham resistance will excite the partner. When the French author Jean Genet (*Pompes funèbres*) invites his young friend Jean to stay over night the boy says, smiling,

"But you won't let me alone if I do."

"No, I won't bother you. But if you want, you can go home."

"You'll leave me alone? Then I'll stay."

Jean very slowly undresses and when, at last, the boy lies naked in his friend's bed, the man takes him in his arms and, doing so, feels he already has an erection.

"This isn't fair: you promised to leave me alone!"

"I'm just hugging you — I'm not hurting you."

"Well, all right. But suppose I want to do it *now*?"

"What?"

Impatiently: "You *know* what I mean. If I just let you to make love to me right off the bat..."

This play of no and yes (in the original text the scene is longer) is old as the world. Straton, one of the best known poets of boy-love in ancient Greece, warns that such acting should not be overdone:

*When I want to make love I don't like
an obstinate struggling, nor wild cries nor
scuffling.*

*Nor am I pleased by he who, when I
take him in my arms,*

*Immediately is willing and abandons
himself without resisting.*

*I prefer the boy who carefully combines
these two attitudes*

*And who knows how to say no and yes
at the same time.*

The ideal boy, according to Straton, is the one

*Who kisses me when I show no desire,
And who's not willing when I want to
kiss.*

*He's not ready for it when there's no
desire in me*

*And when I want to do it, he struggles
and resists.*

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