

PAN
aedo lert ews

a magazine about boy-love

NEWS

London, Minneapolis
Amsterdam, Paris
Melbourne, Washington

PACIFIC 4-6-0

a story by
Alan Edward

THE GOLDEN AGE AND THE MYSTERY OF W.H.

by Alan Jay

PROTECTING CHILDREN FROM SEXOPHOBICS

by Robin Phillips

BOOKS

STREETBOY DREAMS by Kevin
Esser; ATTIC ADOLESCENT by
Bob Henderson; THE TRUCKER
AND THE TEENS, Vol. 1, by
Louis A. Colantuono

LETTERS

The Kinsey Institute &
Johns Hopkins

BOYCAUGHT

Boys and Girls
by Edward Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

Three women, one black
teacher & one boy



number 19

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NOTE: the photographic illustrations in this issue are shown as originally published, unlike most of the other issues on this Web site, because they are known to be in the Public Domain. They were donated to the Brongersma Stichting by the photographer, Hajo Ortil (1905-1983). See p.2.

Hajo Ortil, whose memory we honour here, lived as exciting, full and beneficial a life as any boy-lover could wish (See PAN 9, page 18 ff). Over the years he led some 800 "Hanseatic Pirates" on summer naturist fold-boat trips to virtually every wild corner of Europe. His pioneering naturist youth photo books grace the libraries of boy-lovers the world over. Below, one of the young Pirates holds his picture.

The Brongersma Foundation now has the Ortil collection from which all the photos in this issue are taken. Since Hanseatic Pirates lived naked whenever they could, Hajo's most characteristic photos show the youngsters nude. But shrinks and preachers have sold the lawmakers of England and the USA that photographing a boy without his protective clothing traumatizes him for life, thus we can't print them. We hope this clothed, cropped selection will give some idea of what a "pirate" trip was like.

England would appear to have launched a book-burning spree which finds its only modern parallel in the early years of Hitler. At one time or another every Coltsfoot book as been seized by customs and confiscated as being "indecent" or "obscene". No bookstore in the British Isles dares stock and sell them. Thus we can no longer replace mail-order books confiscated by British customs as we do for our customers in other parts of the world.



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IN BRIEF...



LITTLEHAMPTON, ENGLAND While few Americans seem to object to the dictatorial powers of social service agencies in atypical families, the English are getting more and more vocal in their outrage (P.A.N. 11, page 38; P.A.N. 14, page 29). *Observer* columnist Katherine Whitehorn cites one case where a Social Service employee wouldn't let a mother visit her son in a "care" home simply because the social worker felt slighted over some missed appointments — and no explanation was given to the child as to why he had been forsaken by his parent. Children taken from homes and placed in "care" at present have no "ombudsman" to whom they can complain.

Gay boys have an even rougher time with the "S.S.", and London's Gay Youth Movement won a possibly precedent-setting case when it took the West Sussex Social Services to court over a "care" order imposed upon Simon Knill-Jones one week after his 17th birthday in order to separate him from Chris Moore, his 40-year-old lover. Last year the boy's (male) social worker David Mison had Simon thrown into a sort of youth remand prison (Cophthorne assessment centre), from which Simon escaped to live with Chris. When the boy was discovered five months later working in the Lancing Keymarket stores, Mison told the youth's employer that the boy was on probation (an outright lie) to get him fired and then insisted that Simon stay confined in his lodgings from 7 pm to 7 am every night of the week. "Until your lifestyle improves considerably there can be no question of the care order being revoked... I, with my other colleagues, insist that you remain in your lodgings from 7 pm until 7 am..." Mison wrote the

youth last autumn. By now even Simon's parents had become reconciled to their son's relationship with Chris and wished the care order removed, but the S.S. refused. At the trial Mison said, "I hope Simon will be rehabilitated, away from Mr. Moore.... I'm concerned about their age difference.... As legislation stands, Simon is rightly in our care."

"Rehabilitation" in this case would seem to mean de-homosexualisation, since Simon has no criminal record and his family, although rather "Victorian" in their sexual attitudes, is not considered a problem, at least by the S.S. The sole purpose of the original "care" order issued a year before had been to break up his alliance with Chris Moore.

"I'm quite capable of making my own decisions," said Simon. "I realised I was gay quite a few years *before* meeting Chris Moore, around the age of 9 or 10." Evidently the Worthing Court magistrates agreed — and dismissed the "care" order.

SOURCE: *The Observer*, 1 July 1984; *Gay Youth*, Spring, 1984; Gay Youth Movement press release 18 June, 1984.

MINNEAPOLIS, MN, USA The local Bureau of Criminal Apprehension has brought down the wrath of the gay community here in its handling of a boy-sex scandal. Tim Campbell, writing for the *GLC Voice*, a Minneapolis gay newspaper, discovered a number of irregularities in the two-year investigation, arrest and charging last May of John Donahue, founder and director of the Minneapolis Children's Theater. Earlier this year the BCA investigators tried to coerce testimony out of one of the adolescent boys involved in the Judge Crane

Winton scandal (See P.A.N. 13, page 10). Now a local shrink, one Michael O'Brien, appointed by the cops to give the Children's Theater teenagers "therapy" for the trauma they supposedly suffered, "was extraordinarily willing to talk to the media in a style that prejudices the case against the accused". Campbell sums up the case: "The fact of the matter is problems at the Children's Theater couldn't have been too out of hand if it needed... two years of surveillance and priming of witnesses to build a case."

SOURCE: *New York Native*, 4-17 June, 1984.

CARDIFF, WALES Last April, at the annual meeting of the Classical Association, Professor Keith Hopkins presented a paper on the origins of sex guilt in Western society, and gave a nice illustration of the revolution which took place in Imperial Rome with its Christianisation. First he told the story of Empress Messalina challenging a leading Roman courtesan to a sexual competition — and winning it after servicing 25 men in a single prolonged public session. This was praised as an act of social heroism. Three

centuries later a young girl went on a pilgrimage from Rome to Egypt and forced her way into the presence of a local ascetic saint to beg him to pray for her and remember her. "Remember you?" the indignant saint replied. "It will be the prayer of my life to forget you!"

According to Hopkins, Christianity in the meantime had developed from a radical sect of chosen believers into the universal religion of the civilised world. Although the cardinal virtue celebrated in the New Testament was love, the cardinal virtue adopted by the fathers of the church, after a century of theological and ideological argument, was chastity. "When Christianity was adopted as the state religion, the clergy obtained the political power to impose their new morality. And the new morality they chose was obsessed with sexual sin, which became a crime." Another speaker argued that Christianity could, and should have, taken a different road in the theological struggles of its founding fathers. It adopted the moral standards of its radical ascetic wing — with disastrous consequences for Western civilisation.

SOURCE: *The Times*, 13 April, 1984.



SAN FRANCISCO, CA, USA Boy-lovers will be happy to know that NAMBLA plans a 7th *Journal* and wants to see possible contributions as soon as possible. Readers of last year's consistently excellent *Journal* will be pleased to know that the same editorial team is working on this one. There will be an article on the institutionalization of children, corporal punishment, hustling, tourism, and an interview with a man/boy couple. Submittals should be sent to San Francisco NAMBLA, 537 Jones St. No. 8418, San Francisco, CA 94102, USA.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA The U. S. Customs service is compiling a computerised "target list" of boy-lovers who receive confiscatable erotic material from overseas — and names and addresses are being offered to local law enforcement agencies. "We have been quite surprised at the occasional coincidence that recipients of large volumes of child pornography often live across from public playgrounds or are on the staffs of child day-care centers and that sort of thing," said Customs Commissioner William von Raab. The list seems to have been broken down into three categories of "target" people: convicted child molesters, convicted recipients of kiddie-porn, and finally repeat recipients with no record of convictions.

2,000 "target" names compiled from the Chicago import depot have been entered into the Customs Service computers, and New York officials are about to enter 4,000. "Informal federal-local task forces" have already been set up to make use of this information in New York and Denver. Another "task force" is in the process of formation in Seattle.

Is all of this legal? Von Raab says that the Customs Service must, by law, keep a list of recipients of pornographic material. More important, few citizens dare object in this Reagan/Falwell era — with the exception of the American Civil Liberties Union, whose Legal Director Burt Neuborne declared that such lists are "flatly unconstitutional... The most dangerous thing any society can do is

keep a list of who reads what..."

SOURCE: *USA Today*, 13 Apr. 1984.

PARIS, FRANCE *Desert Patrol* (PAN 7, page 12) has a sequel, this time published under the real name of its author, Guido Franco. The text of *Prières pour des paradis meilleurs* is the same mix of cynicism about the motives of everyone, boy-eroticism and hatred of sex as in the former book, but supplemented by a black-humour fantasy (about on the level of MAD Magazine on an off day) involving Spartacus and Terre des Hommes people (Frank Torey, for example, as a child, honed his talents as P.A.N. editor by paper-clipping together the ears of cats — Tim Bond and Edmond Kaiser don't come off much better!). The only real interest of the book lies in its sexy (but non-pornographic) photos of Philippine boys, for what Franco lacks in compassion and as a writer he makes up for in his skill as an erotic boy-photographer. (His photos, in fact, might well send a number of French boy-lovers off to Manila next winter — quite at odds with his "prayer" that paedophiles leave the youth of this troubled land alone.) As in the earlier book, the erotic boy photos are interspersed with secretly taken, unauthorised (and probably libelous) telephoto-lens shots of boy-lovers in the same Third World haunts where Franco himself spends many months of the year with his two "sons", an attractive European 14-year-old and a slightly older Filipino lad.

SOURCES: *Prières pour des paradis meilleurs*, by Guido Franco, Paris: Editions de la Jungle, 1984; *Gay Men*, May, 1984.

WASHINGTON, DC, USA In a Rose Garden ceremony, American President Ronald Reagan announced formation of a commission to "study the effects and dimension of pornography on American society". Dismissing arguments that forbidding erotic depictions of minors was an infringement of legitimate personal expression, Reagan called it "ugly and dangerous. If we do not move against it to protect our children, then we as a society just aren't worth much. No one is

lower or more vicious than a person who would profit from the abuse of children, whether by using pornographic material or encouraging their sexual abuse by distributing this material..." — and so demonstrated once again the dangerously fuzzy and illogical thinking of this third-rate intellect at the head of the world's most powerful society. At the same time he signed into law legislation (which passed the House of Representatives 400 to 1) which boosted fines ten-fold (to \$100,000 or \$200,000) for porno violations, and at the same time authorised the use of wire-taps "to catch pedophiles".

SOURCE: *New York Daily News*, 22 May, 1984.

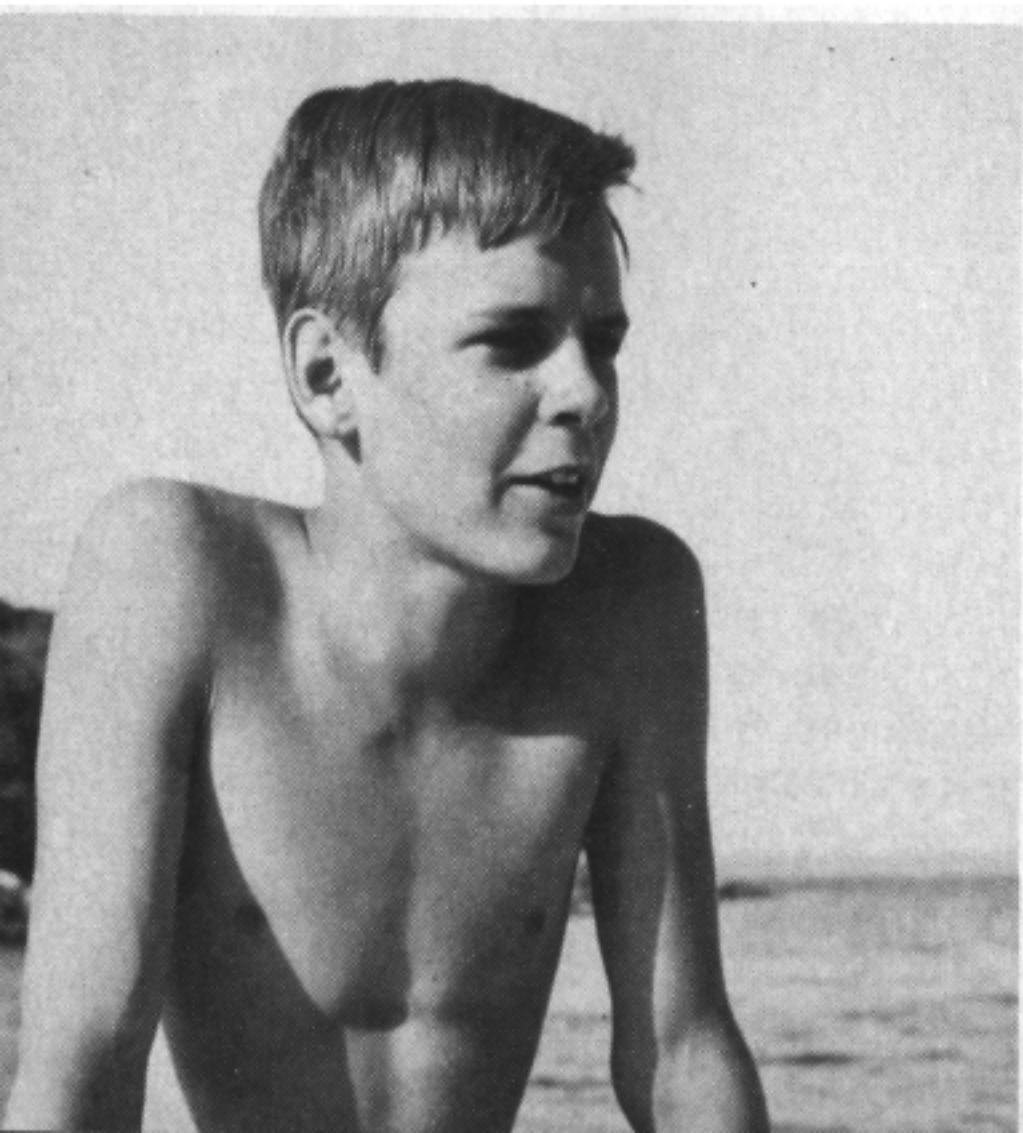
READING, ENGLAND The crime business must have been a bit slack in Reading last February 7th, for two constables went into the women's section of a public lavatory around 11 am, locked it and removed the grill which gave onto the men's section so they could see whether its patrons were properly attending to their natural functions, a matter of evident concern to the local rates payers. And who should be up to no good than poor old Sir Peter Hayman, 69 (Pan 8, page 21ff), former high-level diplomat exposed by Huddersfield's slimy MP Geoffrey Dickens in the first PIE trials as

an importer of kiddy-porn and prolific writer of private sexual fantasy. The shocked constables saw Hayman pass a note from one cubicle to another, together with a pen. Inside the second stall was Leonard Beach, a 36-year-old lorry driver of Newbury. Beach scribbled "O.K." on the note. But, claimed Beach, it had been his intention to urinate over the writer of the note because he "was a bit shocked" and "did not realise this sort of thing went on... But I didn't get a chance, as an officer banged on the door..." Both men were found guilty of "gross indecency" (evidently the passing of the note, which was never produced in court!) and fined £145.

SOURCE: *Daily Telegraph*, 17 May, 1984.

NEW YORK, USA *Newsweek* can't seem to let a month go by without generating more hysteria about child sex. In its worst article yet, a cover story called "A Hidden Epidemic", all the mind industry crack-pots and opportunists are trotted out to blur the distinctions between violence and sex, rape and love, sex with boys and sex with girls, consensual and coerced sex: A Nicholas Groth, "Nutty Nurse" Ann Burgess, Roland Summit, names wearily familiar to P.A.N. readers, each of them getting rich on public money for spreading their "expert" opinions in the popular press which never reports on the responsible research of people like Constantine, Martinson, Langfeldt, Bernard, Sandfort, Nelson, Baurmann.

According to *Newsweek*, "The American model for dealing with sexual abuse is catching on quickly in Europe..." a rather chilling thought, until one notices that the accompanying photo captioned "A West German salesman visits child prostitutes at a private club in Paris" was actually pirated from the photo on the box of a widely circulated commercially produced 8-mm porno film of days gone by and so realises that this part of the coverage is as shoddy as the rest. Well, we could go on about the stupidity of the article, such as the claim that "studies show that although even small children



can feel sexual pleasure of a sort, they don't enjoy sex with an adult for long, if at all." But how can you even begin to deal with a mendacious statement like that?

SOURCE: *Newsweek*, 14 May, 1984.

FRANKFURT, W. GERMANY The Colts-foot Press and Spartacus will have a booth at the Frankfurt Book Fair, 3-8 October: Stand F 906 in Hall 4, Floor 1. Our representatives will be happy to meet any writers, publishers or even readers at that time.

ITHACA

ITHACA, NY, USA Cornell University has long had difficulty reconciling its rather puritan sexual instincts with the tradition of "academic freedom" dear to the hearts of all Ivy League universities. In 1979 its Art and Architecture Department fired Assistant Professor Jacqueline Livingston for having mounted a photographic exhibit of male nudes which included a series of close-ups of her 6-year-old son masturbating (See PAN 4, page 10). Last year freshman Bill Andriette lost his scholarship with the Telluride Foundation when it came out that he was a spokesman for NAMBLA. And only last April NAMBLA's Charles Shively was heckled at a talk sponsored by the Cornell Government Department at which Shively argued for the right of children to control their lives, including their sexual lives. "Do you really consider yourself a human being?" one student asked, "since everything I consider human you've managed to desecrate." The Government Department requested that a statement be read saying it "in no way endorses Prof. Shively's views." Before the talk was ended much of his audience had noisily walked out.

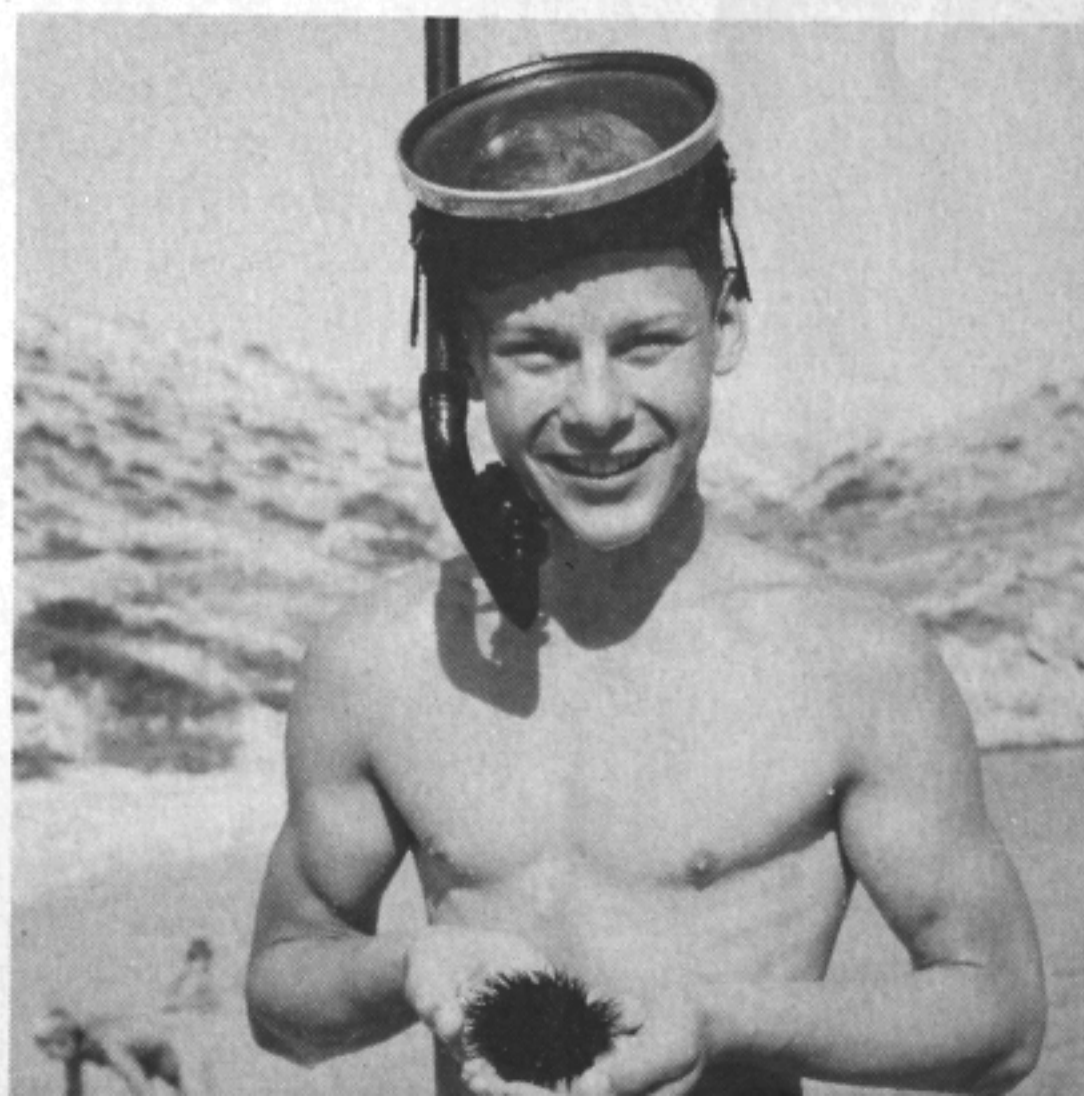
SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 12 May, 1984.

AMSTERDAM An investigation into sexual intimacies carried out "without any scientific pretensions" by six researchers in schools in seven of the larger Dutch cities came up with some interesting reactions on the part of the kids. 328 were questioned. Of the 92 girls who

had "suffered intimacies", 11 said they had desired them, 34 said they were forced, 26 threatened, and 5 invited to bed by a teacher. Only 68 boys were questioned and of these 22 had "suffered intimacies": 5 found the experience not bad or even nice, five had been invited to bed, the remainder were forced — a very different picture than with the girls.

SOURCE: *De Volkskrant*, 14 June, 1984.

BOSTON, MA, USA The "Nutty Nurse" research carried out at Boston City Hospital on 66 children (mostly teenagers) involved in "sex rings" (See PAN 11-12 & 14; 12-7; 17-8) couldn't disguise some findings and statistics in sharp contradiction to the statements of "researchers" Ann Burgess, Carol R. Hartman, Maureen P. ***McClausland** and Patricia Powers that all 66 had developed "long-lasting psychological problems similar to those associated with battlefield trauma". 16 of these kids blamed themselves for their participation in the sexual activities and had problems with family and peers, 17 also felt responsible for the activities, were afraid of the adults involved in the case but refused to discuss the sexual events, while 13 of them continued to maintain social and emotional ties with the adults, blamed the authorities for any problems they had experienced and resented their interference. These three



groups account for 70% of the Nutty Nurse investigation sample and hardly suggest that the sex was traumatizing, although the arrests and police questionings (much more of a battle-field environment than the trysting bed!) and family reactions may well have been. Even so, the children's families seem to have behaved more sensibly than the Nutty Nurse people: they tended to minimise the seriousness of it all with such statements as "The boys will do okay" or "It's all part of growing up."

SOURCE: *The Desert Sun* (Palm Springs, CA), 3 May, 1984, reporting on an article which appeared in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* in May, 1984.

AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS Holland has been the last country in the West where photographic pornography — magazines, films, video-tapes — involving pre-pubescent boys and girls has been freely available and on display in sex shops and book stores. With the rise of feminism here, as elsewhere, pornography, always technically illegal in



The Netherlands, has come under increasingly heavy attack, the thin end of the wedge, of course, being "Lolita"-type material. In mid-April the mayor of Amsterdam requested that the vice squad take action, and a letter was circulated to establishments where pornography was sold requesting that "child pornography" be removed from the shelves. "This letter is intended as a warning," it stressed. When questioned as to what constituted "child pornography", the police specified photos, films, tapes, etc of children below the age of puberty clearly engaging in sexual activity (including having erections). Despite the warning most shops continued to display and sell the proscribed material, and on 12 July the police visited 8 sex shops and confiscated "ten video-tapes, 60 films, 50 photos, hundreds of packets of picture postcards and hundreds of child pornography magazines. Seven shopkeepers and two salesmen were arrested." Pornography involving boys clearly in their adolescence was not seized, nor were books, nor were magazine like *Paedo Alert News* which in writing dealt with sex in boys of all ages and had photos of clothed pre-adolescent boys. Somewhat worrying was the claim by the police that if child pornography is not curbed "an American investigation has demonstrated that sexual contacts with children will gradually become considered normal, although for the children concerned it can be highly damaging". Whether this programme marks the beginning of a general campaign against pornography and most forms of genitally expressed sexuality, which the feminists are pushing for, remains to be seen. Best guess is that this was a rather easy sop to give the militant ladies, since no one really opposed the move except the shopkeepers and the poor paedophile who finds porn important in his life — and even his wants were undefended by the paedophile workgroup of the NVSH which had officially condemned child pornography some time ago.

SOURCES: *Het Parool*, 6 & 7 July, 1984; *De Telegraaf*, 13 July, 1984.

BROCKTON, MA, USA Finally, 17 months after the dramatic televised arrest of Brett Portman and David Groat in a Wareham cottage (which made *Time* Magazine and the national television networks - see P.A.N. 15, page 30ff), and their carefully plotted torturing in prison (which didn't make *Time* or any other straight media), Brett Portman agreed to exchange a guilty plea to "indecent assault and battery on a person over the age of 16" for a 5-year suspended sentence and "psychological counseling". Despite his plea, Portman emphatically maintains his innocence. "Standing up for truth and justice isn't worth the risk of ten years at Walpole," Portman said. "I was up there on the stand swearing all this stuff was true and it was all fairy tales. But that was the price of plea bargaining. Portman's attorney, Richard Landoli, said the police and prosecution had put pressure on Portman's "victim" Ishmael Rodriguez "to keep him lying." Rodriguez will be remembered by NAMBLA members as the boyfriend of David Groat's who stole most of the money out of the NAMBLA treasury.

But even in Massachusetts, a state with a long witch-hunt tradition going back several centuries to Puritan Salem, there are a few compassionate people in authority. Plymouth County Superior Court Judge Francis Keating was concerned that prisoners convicted of sex crimes were often beaten by fellow prisoners and prison guards. He also observed that "despite all the talk about pornography, there was no pornography, and despite all the talk about a ring, there was no ring." And, he noted, there was all that national publicity and nothing had come of that.

But the dunderhead police detective Jack Russell who had made the arrests (with the patient coaching of the FBI and New Jersey cop Dennis Aponte) said "I think he shoulda went to jail. I don't worry about the safety of a person. If a person commits a crime, he goes to jail. I've been a cop a long time and that's my theory." (He's been a cop too long - and that's *our* theory.)

The other man charged at Wareham,

David Groat, who reportedly still has four big holes in his mouth where the prisoners of the Plymouth County jail or cop Russell or his friends or the FBI kicked his teeth out, didn't show up for his trial on April 24 and so forfeited his \$10,000 cash bail.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 19 May, 1984.

HAMILTON, SCOTLAND The local Hamilton College of Education, built in the 1960s, was up for grabs. Scottish Chief Valuer, Mr. John Gilchrist, estimated that the college and the grounds could fetch as much as six million pounds, and recommended that top estate agents be appointed to handle the sale and that the District Valuer be consulted about changes in planning permission.

Instead, the Scottish Education Department seems to have done everything possible to use it in a rather spectacular pay-off to one of the Thatcher government's less known but sleazier propagandists. It buried advertisements of the sale in four popular newspapers at the time of the Christmas holidays, more or less assuring that few potential purchasers would notice it. Despite this there were four bids over the next eight months. Finally the Department accepted its *lowest* bid, for little more than one-tenth of the official appraisal, and the property passed into the hands of its new owner combine for £680,000. The land went to the big Edinburgh builders, Millers, for £410,000 - and the main buildings and its ground, for £270,000, went to someone who should gross, with Torey support, one million on it annually: none other than PIE spy, police informer and self-confessed educational sadist, Charles Oxley! (See PAN 13-9 & 17-15)

SOURCE: *Daily Mirror*, 8 March, 1984.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA, USA Despite many notable individual exceptions, psychiatrists have probably done more to shore up traditional hatred and prejudice against gays and boy-lovers than any other professional group, for it is they

who perpetuate the myth that there is a "normal" kind of sex (the rest being sick) and that the pubertal and adolescent boy is "traumatized" by sex contact with older partners (see P.A.N. 12, page 44). Whenever government people are forced to justify the laws and legal practices which keep tens of thousands of American boy-lovers in prison they cite psychiatric "research" to prove how harmful man/boy sex is. Without those heavy tomes of "science" generated by the mind industry, the maker of laws would have to confront the fact that "moral" legislation was nothing more than government imposition of Pauline Christian sex constraints.

At last one group of "non-normals" is taking action against some of the worse offenders. The Lesbian and Gay Associated Engineers and Scientists (LGAES) has organized a group called Gays Against Psychiatric Assault (GAPA) and has compiled a directory of 50 of the most notable anti-gay shrinks in the USA. GAPA intends to monitor "queer-bash research" and publicise its findings in the gay media. Much of this research is supported by federal grants (See P.A.N. 18, page 10). GAPA has produced a 15-page paper called *Anti-Gay Technology* available upon request. We don't know what GAPA thinks about "paed-bash research" like that of A. Nicholas Groth and "Nutty Nurse" Ann Burgess, or the chemical castration programs for "sex offenders" at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, but it would be interesting if some concerned Americans pointed this out to GAPA. Their address is GAPA, P. O. Box 4247, San Francisco, CA, 94101, USA.

SOURCES: *Gay Community News*, 24 March, 1984; *Mandate*, Aug, 1984.

LOS ANGELES, CA, USA. The numbers game for the dollar value of the American porn market never ceases amuse politician watchers. The latest guesstimate seems so comparatively low that it must have horrified the propagandists at *Time* and *Newsweek* and the national TV networks, assuming they have any inter-

est in verifying the figures they throw around so indiscriminately. In the trial of "kiddie-porn queen" Catherine Stubblefield Wilson (See P.A.N. 13-8) it was asserted that she "used mail-order business to control 80% of the U.S. market for movies of explicit sex among children, bringing in \$500,000 a year", according to the prosecutors. So now kiddie-porn films in America are a \$600,000 a year business. Keep this in mind when the Densen-Gerbers and other whacky propagandists exhaling fumes of ersatz Freud and/or criminal statistics make their usual claim of a multi-billion dollar industry (See P.A.N. 8, page 10).

SOURCE: Associated Press, March, 1984.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA The sensational November 5th "Rockspider" bust of the Australian Paedophile Support Group by the Melbourne police "Delta Squad" (Pan 18, 6-7) fizzled out on May 10th when all men charged with "conspiracy to corrupt public morals" were acquitted. Although the magistrate who acquitted told the press it was at liberty to report his decision, not one of the Australian dailies did so, even though the arrests last November filled almost all of their front pages. Only the scandal tabloid *Truth* five weeks later managed to stitch together a series of outraged comments, filling its front page with 3-inch headlines: CHILD SEX VICTORY PARTY.

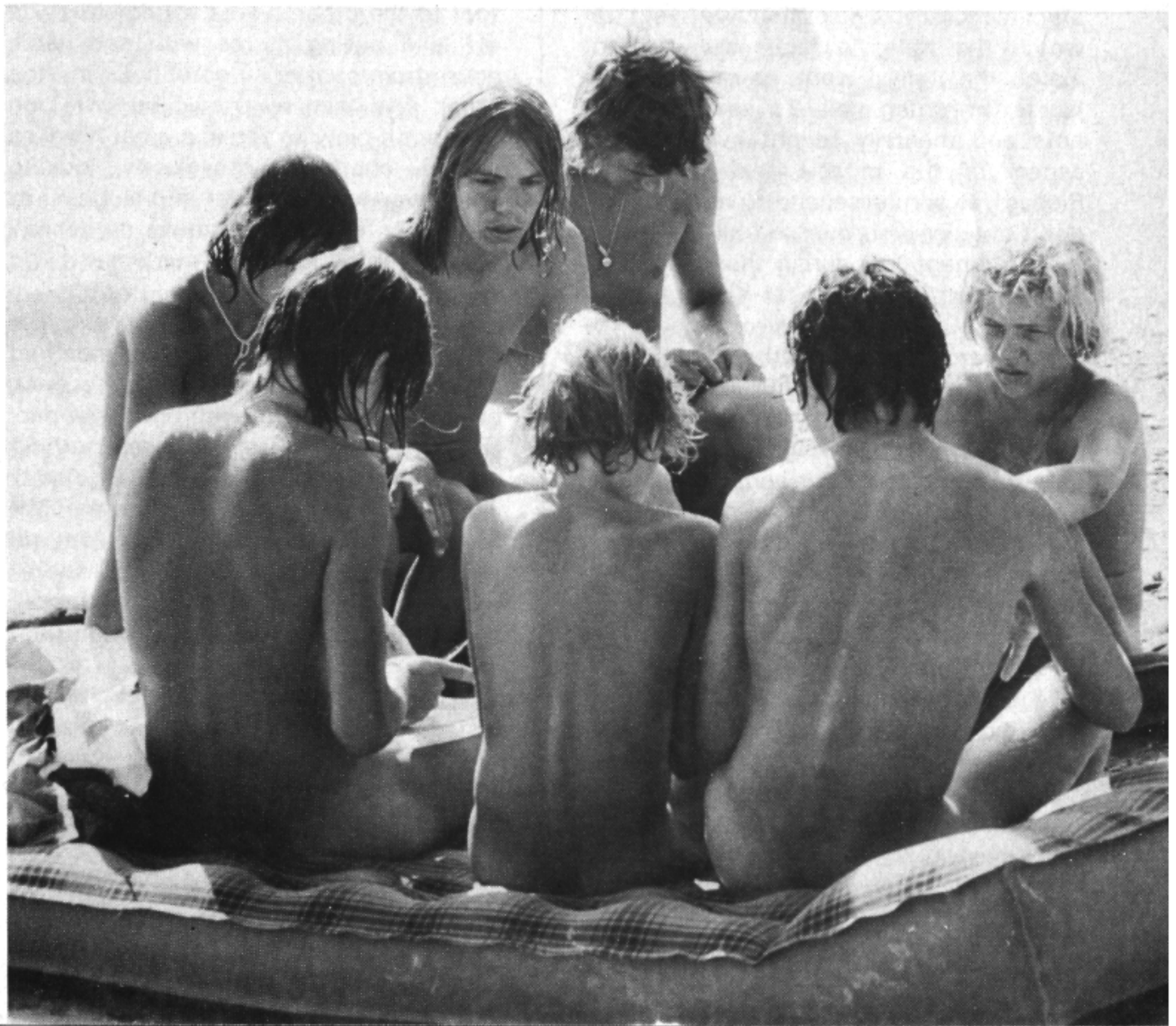
Infiltrator "Greg Daniels", previously identified by Delta Squad as just a "concerned citizen", turns out to be a man by the name of Stephen Mayne and, according to the magistrate, was "a member of the police force". We don't have policeman Mayne's address, but in any case, rather than a private citizen betraying other private citizens, he is a professional paid by his society to infiltrate and destroy socially suspect groups, so the outrage at his activities must shift from the spy to his puppeteer, Delta Squad's Neil Cromie (promoted to the rank of "Inspector" between the arrests and acquittals).

Undoubtedly effective in this victory was the solid support of the accused by the Australian gay community and civil libertarians and the noisy demands that Cromie be fired and Delta Squad disbanded. "Delta Squad and their equivalents elsewhere must be fought," wrote William Ward in *Outrage*. Gay Legal Rights Coalition Jamie Gardiner said, "All the hard work has paid off — it has worked out as well as we could have hoped for." Probably strengthened by the publicity and their victory, the Paedophile Support Group held a symposium on Paedophilia at Melbourne University on June 30th.

SOURCES: *Outrage*, May, 1984; "Stonewall Day" program, June, 1984; *Truth*, 16 June, 1984.

LONDON, ENGLAND *Minor Problems* informs us that, like PIE, it was summarily

cut off from the British Monomarks accommodation address. All mail received at the Monomarks office is returned to sender without explanation — so many correspondents have assumed MP has either folded or been put out of business by the Thatcher-Whitehouse-gutter press combine. MP is very much in business, continues publishing literate, provocative articles and news and a most useful review of what the media in other countries are saying about paedophile matters - including, usually, an intelligent, if rather puritanical roasting of our feet at P.A.N. for ideological impurity. No matter, *Minor Problems* remains the one national publication for boy-lovers in Great Britain, deserving support from everyone whether he agrees with its militant radicalism or not. New address: *Minor Problems*, 52 Broughton St., GB-Edinburgh 1, EH1 3SA.



Pacific 4-6-0

by Alan Edward

It must be all of a quarter of a century since steam ran from St. Pancras to Bedford, and probably a good deal more — though I was never quite certain about details like that, and I'm no different now. What I do know is that yesterday was the exact anniversary of the day when the last Pacific-whatever pulled the 3.15 on the old branch line to Hoddeston, and you and I went to see it. You were altogether train-mad, as were most thirteen-year-olds in those days, so when you assured me that we simply, absolutely had to observe this puffing marvel I didn't question you, I just got my bike out — though I was a pretty wobbly cyclist even then.

Before I go on, incidentally, a slight correction is necessary in the interests of strict accuracy. I said that we went to watch the train; in fact, *you* went to watch the train. I went, as on all those jaunts, to watch you. To see, observe, note and mentally record every tiniest aspect of the miracle that was you, Richard, to scrutinise, and to remember. I don't imagine you guessed all that even for a moment, not during those long afternoons on Platform 5 at King's Cross, nor during all the endless expeditions to goods yards, local suburban lines, disused and snoozing country stations, or wherever your enthusiasm took you. But now, all these years later, it has to be time for a little honesty and, sitting yesterday in the field by the now deeply overgrown cutting, I decided that I simply had to put on paper for you, and for you alone, my memory of that extraordinary July day when the old-style semaphore signal dropped with a clatter and the 3.15 came puffing out of the tunnel and then up the long incline into rural Hertfordshire, leaving behind two spectators for whom trains, railways, and a number of other things would — well, never have quite the same associations again.

I always wondered how much you truly believed my phony eagerness as you rattled on about gauges, cylinders, boghies and the like — but my excitement, the absolute, shimmering joy that I must always have radiated when we were together were real enough, and probably made me an immensely cheerful companion, and I suppose that was why you tolerated me on all those trips of yours though, come to think of it, we must have looked a fairly ill-assorted pair. I mean, we weren't exactly contemporaries, were we? And at least to a young boy an age difference can loom pretty large where friendships are concerned. But there you invariably were in my front doorstep, after school or on Saturday mornings, jumping from one foot to the other in your eagerness to be off, and pulling at me with one hand, your train-spotter's notebook in the other. And then we would be away, on foot or on bicycle, you in a great hurry as always, chattering ceaselessly, looking back over your shoulder and laughing at me, telling me to get a move on, while I panted and struggled in your wake, doing my best to keep up.

That summer holiday was your first from your boarding-school; you had started after Easter and I had, of course, been devastated. But with both your parents in Africa, there had been nothing else for it. And there were, as you said, always the holidays; it was the thought of the summer months that had kept me going. I used to do little sums; soon I would have six whole weeks with you, over a thousand hours, *sixty* thousand minutes...

And this was our first day out, the hottest day of the summer so far; we left our bikes in the lane (no-one seemed to steal bikes then) and walked over the brow of the hill, down through the long grass to where we could see a glint of sunlight on the curve of the line; the

signal was still up. In fact, we had at least half an hour till the train came; you were as always far too early, Richard. I lay on my back in the sun but you, for heaven's sake, took out your notebook right away and started drawing lines and ticking squares. I remember asking wearily, "Don't you ever give up?", but I also remembered that today I was indulging my own latest hobby; I had brought my Box Brownie. What was more, I wasn't even going to waste one shot on your precious Pacific. You see, I had experienced an odd but considerable bump of excitement somewhere inside (and had gone back for my new camera) when you appeared at my door that morning in the brief linen shorts that you hadn't worn since last summer, and which in fact you had outgrown a little. Probably it was simply that you felt cool and comfortable in the shorts and your small white ankle socks, but I remember once I'd said how much I liked you dressed (or half-dressed) that way and — well, you *were* quite tolerant of my various little likes and dislikes, and were quite willing to humour me at times. At any rate, it brought me out in goose-pimples of delight now, looking at you seated on the grass hugging your knees, the sunlight on your cool bare thighs, as you frowned at your notebook, then went on ticking and scribbling. Then, all at once, you closed the book and put it down, then rolled over and cupped your chin in your hands.

"Well, that's it; we'll just have to wait. What a bore, though."

I squirmed a little closer. I would have loved to slide my hand over yours, but didn't dare. I simply traced little lines on the back of it with my fingers, and you didn't seem to mind that, or didn't move away. I blew gently into the hair just behind your ears. I had completed my sums; over three *million* seconds...

You picked your time, Richard. You said then, "By the way, Joe, I'm leaving tomorrow."

I stopped everything I was doing and stared; I didn't follow. "What?"

"Just that. I got this invitation to stay with a chap from school I've been trying to decide whether to go or not; I was to

phone him tonight. I'll tell him that I'll catch the 8.15 from Paddington. That's a pretty decent train, Great Western of course, Coronation Class probably, maybe one I haven't got. He said his Dad would pick me up from the station."

"Who — who's this?" I asked foolishly.

"The chap's called Smithers. A bit of a weed in some ways. He keeps gerbils and collects birds' eggs and sings alto in the choir; he's pretty putrid, really."

"Then why — why..?"

"I don't know," you said carelessly. "But I've decided I'll go. Just like that."

I turned and shoved my face into the long grass. Above all, I would have hated you to see me cry, but successive waves of desolation rose then and swelled in me till I knew it would all burst from me no matter what I did; I clamped my teeth together, dug my nails into my palms, but I was quite helpless. Then, in a moment, I was aware that you were tugging at a wisp of hair at the nape of my neck. "What's the matter, Joe?"

At least, now, you sounded just a trace disconcerted. I gulped and shook my head. Then I started to say, "I'd been looking forward so much to — to —" I had to stop again. Then you took away your hand, I heard you laugh, and I looked up. You were sitting back again, rocking gently on your heels, and you said teasingly, "I know what's the matter with you. It's the sort of thing they tell you about, when you start at boarding-school usually."

You became a little earnest, joined your finger-tips and looked at me over the top, like a doctor. "You've got a *crush*."

I sat up. You said, "I'm right, aren't I? Go on, admit it."

Off guard, I almost nodded my head, then quickly shook it.

"I don't mind, really. I've had crushes on me before — often," you said shamelessly. "At school, you know."

Oddly, the possibility of competition hadn't occurred to me before, though I certainly didn't doubt you. At the same time, I felt a fresh stab of misery at the thought. But I simply said grumpily, "Not

bad for one term, I suppose."

"Oh, not *very* often. You can't tell for certain. But sometimes you get... notes and so on."

"Is Smithers a... crush?" I asked.

"Of course not," you said scornfully. "You'd get some dreaded disease from Smithers. I expect you'd die horribly."

"Then why go there?"

"Just. Well, I might tell you sometime, but not now."

"Notes and what else?" I asked after a few moments, reluctantly curious. "I mean, what happens after that?"

"Nothing," you said with emphasis. You pulled up a dandelion clock and started blowing the tiny seeds off. "I never let anyone do *anything* to me," you said with great severity. "Nor will I."

So was I expected to nominate you for some kind of award? But I didn't feel too much like being ironic, so I kept quiet.

You had picked up another clock and were pulling the seeds out by hand, one by one. "That is," you said, giving microscopic attention to the task, "with one *possible* exception." You pulled out the last seed; I was looking at it closely as well, not at you. "And," you added, "that's only because *he* won't be seeing me again after tomorrow — not for a while, at least."

Richard, now that I'm a lot older and a little wiser, people sometimes come to me for advice about this and that. And there was a man who'd squandered just about all his money on a trip to Morocco where (they say, and he believed them) the boys are more beautiful and willing than anywhere else. As it happens he was lucky, but when the moment came — the moment actually to do what he'd dreamed about and fantasied about for years — he simply was so overwhelmed that he couldn't... well, perform. And that was what I felt then, the bewilderment of the kid suddenly given the freedom of the candy store — and you misunderstood and got up.

"Come on, let's get our bikes," you said. "I don't want to wait for this mouldy train any longer."

It was the first time I had heard you speak disparagingly of steam in any

shape or form. I grabbed hold of your sandal, the nearest part to me and, for the want of something to do with it, started to unfasten the strap. Then I took off your sandal and your sock and, as you had sat down by now, started on the other foot and... well, went on from there. And — I laugh a little about it now — I remember how a moment or two later you said, "wait", and ran quite naked across the grass for a few yards and jumped up on a little hillock to look down at the signal, shading your eyes against the low afternoon sun. Christ, even *then* you were thinking about your bloody trains. Yet for a little while I sat where I was, entranced, mesmerised, and just about everything else. Richard, to think that people travel halfway round the world, that they even *pay*, as I did, to look at those impossibly mesomorphic tag-wrestlers on Pope Clement's ceiling, when this — this on a sunlit English hill was not only incomparable for grace and proportion but actually quite free — with no extra charge, either, for being three-dimensional and live. Though, come to think of it, it was the only sensible thing for them to do; on the same scale of charges, *nobody* would have that much money.

Then I was determined, for once, to make you forget all about the Midland Railway and the branch lines thereof. We rolled down the slope in a tangle of clothed and bare limbs. And soon, surprisingly soon, I had succeeded; in fact, you just about took over. Maybe I was inexperienced, which I admit, because I couldn't get it quite where you said (were you really so innocent?) but near enough and, with you assisting me with the most vigorous and delightful squirmings, quite suddenly I was thinking — of all things — of the train, thumping and thumping closer until suddenly the whole world went bang and I was left clinging to you half-lifeless and sobbing — but then you had flipped over in an instant and put both hands behind my head, pulling. "Please, Joe, *please*" — and I came right back to life and was again the engine-driver until all at once you stopped breathing, gasped, then rocketed up

from the grass and yelled at the top of your voice before falling with a thud again and making quite a lot more noise, and then I remember you holding my head tightly where it was, you still wildly restless from top to toe, rolling and wriggling, running your hands up and down through the hair on the back of my head and then all round it, saying to me over and over, quietly and breathlessly, things I never would have believed or hoped — not till then, not till that afternoon.

I can't quite remember what happened in the next few minutes — or perhaps it was much longer. I was perfectly content to remain where I was indefinitely. But the sun was much lower now and it was cool.

"Shouldn't you be getting your clothes on now?" I said reluctantly. "We really ought to be going."

"I suppose so," you said, but didn't get up. Then you asked, "Where shall we go tomorrow?"

"Well, you'll be birds-egging with Smithers about now," I said, a trace of the original acrimony returning. "You'll be all right."

You rolled over on your back and looked reflectively at the sky.

"Actually, I'm not going to stay with Smithers. Come to that, he didn't invite me; I made it up."

I rose to my knees.

"You made it *up*? You're not going?"

"I made it up and I'm not going."

Wonderful, blissful news. But...

"But why, Ricky? It was — it was —" I wanted to say it had been cruel, but didn't. I stopped.

You said, "I'm a bit sorry now. I didn't think you'd be quite so upset."

"But why do it at all?"

You considered a very small passing cloud above us and said hesitantly, "Well, if you *hadn't* thought I was leaving... I mean — well, it worked, didn't it?"

I was thrilled and outraged — and at least you had the decency to blush; you put your arms over your face but I could see even your ears turning bright pink.

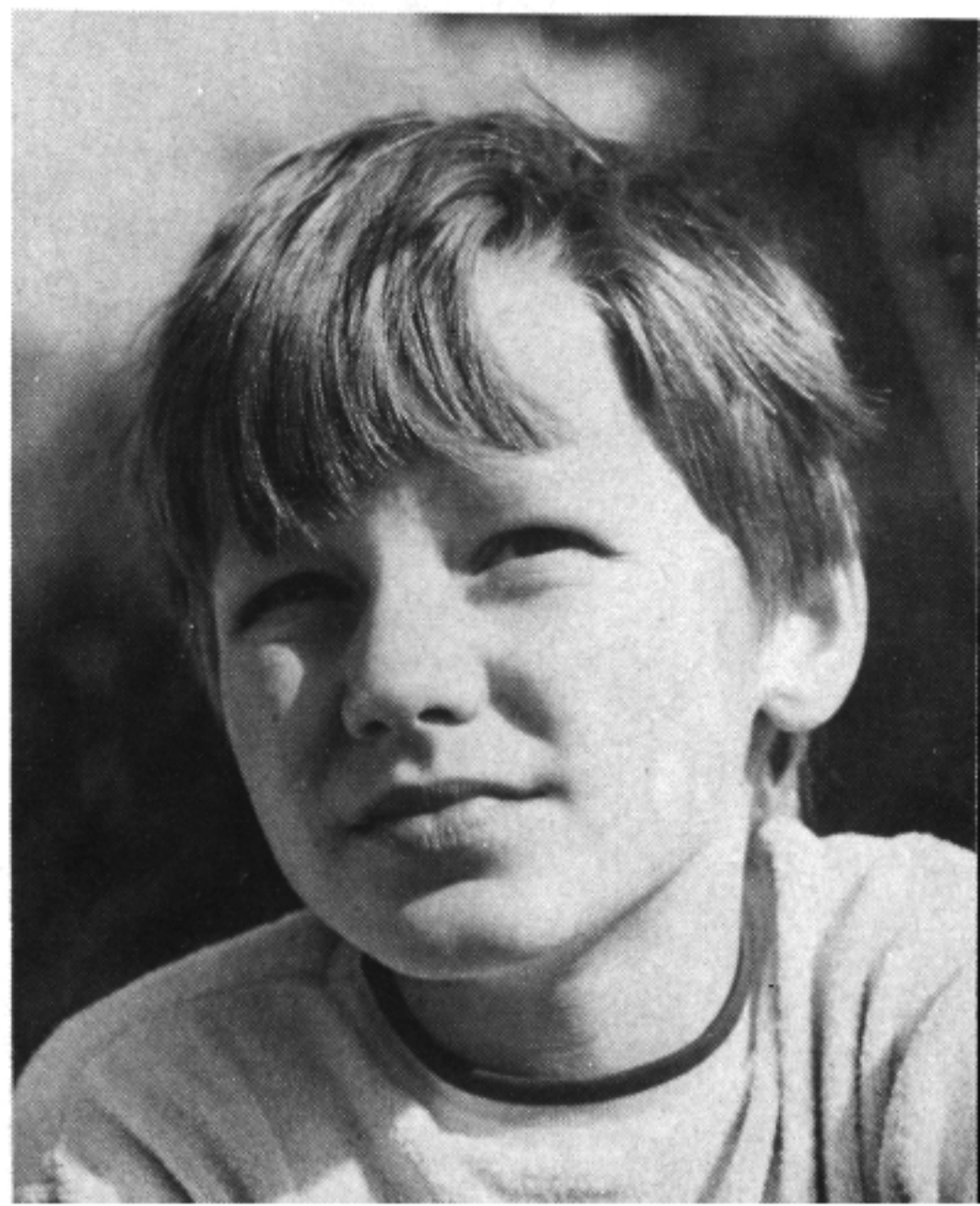
"So it was all — all a story," I said

soon, rather stupidly, still not quite sure that I had got it right. "There was no invitation — none at all?"

You shook your head; you had regained some of your usual nonchalance. You put a long blade of grass in a corner of your mouth and cradled your head in your hands, watching the cloud again. "Come to that, there's no Smithers either. A pity in a way. I was beginning quite to believe in him, with his gerbils and his birds-egging. Actually, I'd grown quite fond of Smithers, in a way."

It was too much. I rolled you over on your tummy and brought my palm down on those pale exquisite cheeks of yours about half a dozen times, then I buried my face in the warm soft skin and said back to you some of the things you'd said to me a few minutes earlier. And more.

Well, even then we didn't miss the train, but saw it coming back. It had to, come to think of it; the British Rail network didn't exist in those days. And then we got our bikes and went home. So that was it, Richard; that was how we became and remained, shall I say, "best friends". True, our ages were quite a bit different, but I didn't think much about that at the time. One doesn't think about anything very much, at eleven. And I suppose I was a pretty average kid, really.



The Golden Age and the Mystery of W. H.

by Alan Jay

It is generally agreed that the English Golden Age was the Elizabethan period which produced internationally dominant personalities such as Drake and Shakespeare. It was also the golden age for paedophilia. Sexual relationships between man and boy were not considered sufficiently unusual to be worth recording and, as a result, the mystery of Shakespeare's "Mr. W. H." has remained unsolved despite four centuries of research.

The Golden Age certainly produced a startling number of geniuses and it is no coincidence that paedophilia flourished at the same time. Looked at through the eyes of a paedophile, it is obvious that the latter created the former.

Man-boy love has been practiced and understood by the nobility in England

since the time of the Norman conquest. Even today the upper classes are far more tolerant in such affairs than the rest of the population. They know that the key to success for a person, a family or a nation lies in the transmission of knowledge from one generation to the next. They know that knowledge leads to superiority, wealth and dominance — and that this always has been so since the days when knowing how to make fire was the most valuable gift a boy could receive from a man.

Today, of course, it would be how to make an atomic bomb or to bankrupt a competitor. Knowledge is power and power brings success, which includes wealth — and if your knowledge includes how to dispose of a wealthy unwanted



wife, or to acquire the entire British assets of the Roman Catholic Church, it is all grist to the mill.

The nobility, prior to the Golden Age, were well aware that blood is thicker than water and that semen is thicker than both, so when they employed a tutor to instruct their sons there was often a tacit understanding that the tutor would not be denied access to the "seat of learning".

What mattered to them, and will always matter, was the transmission of knowledge. If the relationship between tutor and pupil developed into a love affair, so much the better, since the transference of knowledge under such circumstances could approach 100%; by comparison, today's schools and universities fail miserably. If there was also transference of spermatozoa, what did it matter? By the same token, the noblemen who made love to their pages did less damage to their family heritage than those who, by exercising their "droit de seigneur", populated the neighbourhood with pretentious bastards.

Every developed country has had its Golden Age, and, no doubt, research

would show that paedophilia made a large contribution to each such development. It certainly did so in Ancient Greece where it produced the "Cradle of Civilisation", in Ancient Rome and again in Renaissance Italy.

The chemistry of paedophilia is well understood by paedophiles who have lived through all its phases, but for those in the agonising throes of the learning period it is well worth setting out in print.

Paedophilia is an instrument of natural selection (i.e. the survival of the fittest) and has *always* been so. It is probably the most powerful selective instrument of all since, if allowed unrestricted activity, it results in the survival of the physically beautiful, the intelligent, the curious and the ambitious.

On the first instance, the attraction must be animal and it is the physical beauty of the boy which attracts the man. The sexual acts which take place cement the man and boy together with their semen; and the natural outcome of the union is mutual love and understanding. This leads on to protection and instruction in an atmosphere of happiness and trust on a twenty-



four-hours-a-day basis.

There exists in *all* men a degree of sexual attraction towards beautiful boys and only the law and public opinion prevents its development.

In most cases this attraction is shared by beautiful girls but in others only the boy attracts the man. It is these men who become paedophiles: their need is stronger than the legal penalties — or any censure.

Once the sexual conjunction has been made the relationship *can* endure until the boy matures; but *only* if the boy has more than beauty to offer. He must be able to offer the man the opportunity to exercise his *paedophile instinct*. He must be able to absorb *all* the knowledge and experience the man has to give. He must be curious, eager to learn, intelligent and ambitious to succeed in his adult life.

If the boy is merely beautiful, or is a foreigner with whom the man cannot converse easily, the relationship cannot fully develop and may turn the boy into a prostitute — but at least he will benefit materially and could be a kept boy until he matures.



The mystery of Mr. W. H. has exercised the minds and imaginations of scholars since Shakespeare's sonnets first appeared in 1609. One hundred and fifty-four sonnets, of which the first hundred and twenty-six were addressed to a beautiful youth, appeared under an introductory dedication:

To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets. Mr. W. H. All happiness... etc.

It is generally agreed that the sonnets were all written much earlier — some more than 10 years earlier. Expert assessment is between 1592 and 1598 when Shakespeare was 28 and 34 respectively.¹

Since this is the exact age when the natural conjunction of sexual desire and paedophile instinct produces an irresistible need in the average paedophile, it must be accepted as probably correct for sonnets 18 to 126.

Looked at from the point of view of a paedophile, the youth must have been young enough to be Shakespeare's son (i.e., between 12 and 16 when the first love poems were written); and, more probably, nearer 16 than 12, judging by the subject content of the first 17 sonnets (which advise the youth to marry, and soon).

We are therefore looking for a beautiful youth living about 1596 — or possibly earlier since the first 17 sonnets are so obviously written in a formal fashion, probably at the request of a parent or guardian of the youth, and designed to impress the relative with their sober intent, something an established poet would probably not want, or need, to do. Perhaps they were Shakespeare's first poems?

The names of the possible candidates have been put forward: firstly, an imaginary boy actor called William Hughes, on the assumption that the play on words in Sonnet 20 gives the clue.

Secondly, William Herbert, Earl of

¹ Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died aged 11 in 1596 when Shakespeare was 32.

Pembroke — because of his initials. As he was born in 1580 and would have been only 8 or 9 when the first sonnets were written (advising marriage)², this seems an unlikely choice, even though the first folio of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623³ was dedicated to him.

Thirdly, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield: born 1573, succeeded to the title at age 7, ward of Lord Burghley until 21, of such outstanding physical beauty that it was contemporarily recorded, refused to marry young, refused his guardian's grand-daughter, obliged to pay (when 21) £5000 for her "blighted affections", married secretly when 25, condemned to death for treason but imprisoned (when 29) in the Tower until Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603.

Despite the initials being the same (although transposed) as in the sonnets' dedication, I do not believe the sonnets were dedicated to Southampton. As a pederast, everything tells me that the sonnets were certainly *addressed* to Southampton but *dedicated* to a *real* Mr. W. H. with whom Shakespeare may have had a relationship when he himself was a boy. In 1593 and 1594, Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* respectively to Southampton⁴ — the latter dedicated in quite loving terms. Why not the sonnets?

If, as seems certain, the beautiful youth was Southampton, who was Mr. W. H.? Again, various names have been suggested.

Firstly, William Hall, a printer. There is no known connection with Shakespeare.

Secondly, Sir William Harvey, who married Southampton's mother in 1598 when the son was 25.

To my mind, Mr. W. H. was certainly Sir William Harvey. And it was he who was the begetter of the sonnets in the sense that the first 17 were written at his

² By my reckoning — see footnote 3.

³ Seven years after Shakespeare's death in 1616.

⁴ Southampton came of age in 1594.

request to please Southampton's mother. Of course, it is quite possible that Harvey himself had an affair with Southampton and Shakespeare merely wrote the sonnets for him. But could anyone write the words

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?

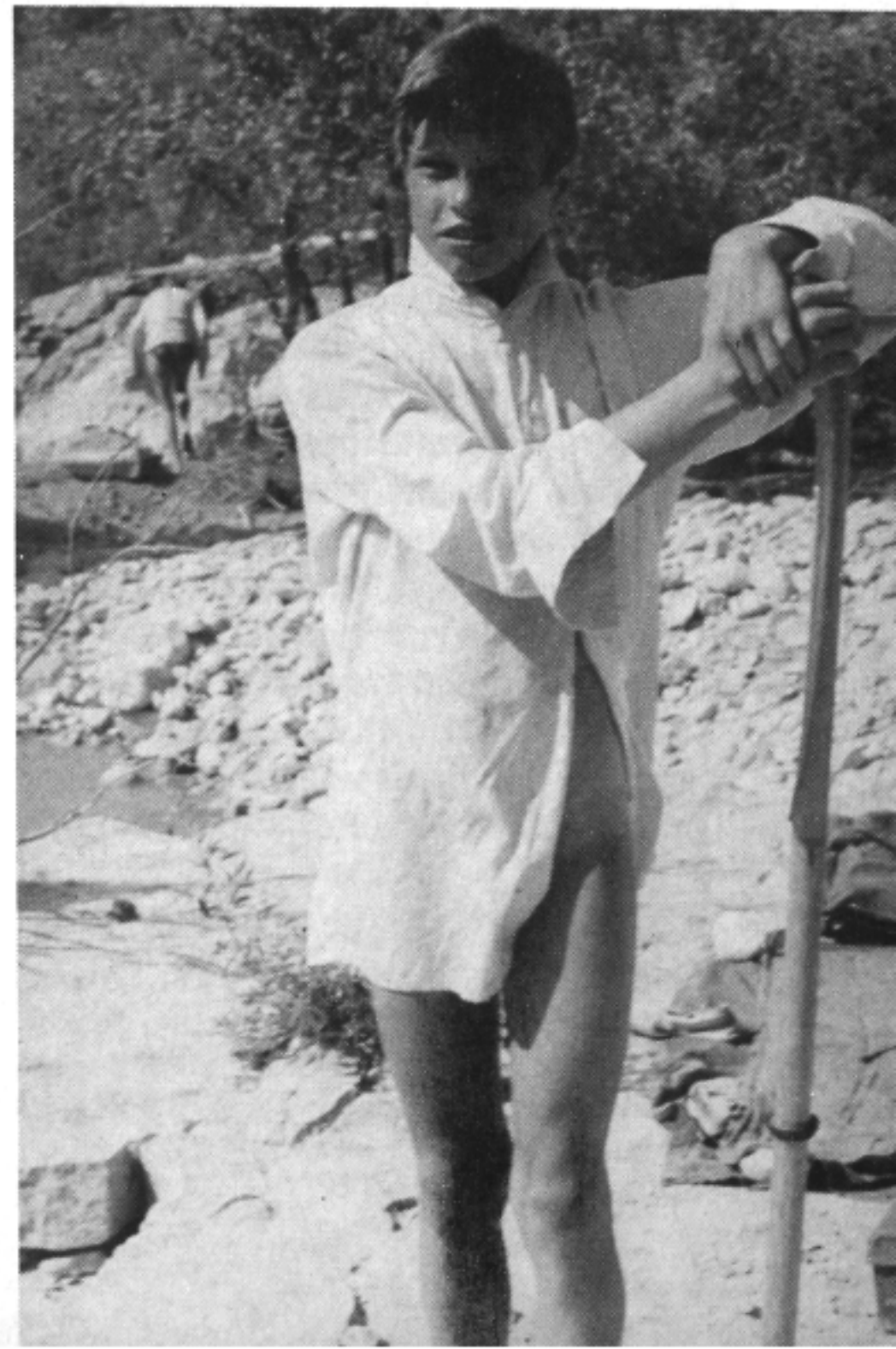
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

on behalf of another? I think not.

Again, it is quite possible that neither the beautiful youth nor Mr. W. H. have ever been identified, nor will they ever be.

For me the mystery does not finish with the identification of either the youth or Mr. W. H. There are other intriguing questions to be answered concerning Shakespeare's early life.

He was born in 1564. His father was a prosperous and respected man in Stratford. His mother was of "gentle birth" (née Arden from Wilmcote). In 1582 Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway, daughter of a farmer. They had three children before 1585.



From the point of view of a paedophile, the years from 12 to 18 are crucial (i.e. from 1576 to 1582). And nothing is known of this period — nothing definite, that is. There is, however, a rumour that he had to leave Stratford in a hurry because he had been stealing deer — a very serious offence in those days — and was in trouble with the local squire and magistrate, Sir Thomas Lucy. If this is true, then with a little imagination, the missing years can be filled in.

For his own safety, Shakespeare had to leave town for a secret destination which *had to be* in the household of a nobleman who could protect him from Sir Thomas Lucy. Shakespeare's mother, being herself related to the nobility, could have known Sir Thomas Harvey. Shakespeare *could* have gone to live with him and acquired from him the fantastic knowledge of history and human nature later to be displayed in his plays. The historical knowledge alone *had* to have been learnt over a long period of personal tuition by an intelligent person of noble lineage.

Whether there was a sexual relationship between W. S. and Mr. W. H. will never be known. However, it is probable in view of the incredible transfer of knowledge which must have taken place in order to transform a deer-stealing boy into the world's greatest dramatist.

Another interesting possibility is that Sir William Harvey took the young Shakespeare with him when he visited Southampton's mother and that the two boys became firm friends. Indeed, in view of Shakespeare's dazzling brilliance, it would be surprising if the young Earl of Southampton did not form a "crush" on him, and this could have resulted in his refusal to marry⁵.

Whether it also resulted in sexual activity between them is not important, but

⁵ This would date the set of 17 sonnets at 1888 or '89, with Southampton 15 or 16 and Shakespeare at 24 or 25 — too young to experience the full pressure of paedophile desire — not too young to have written sonnets 1-17, but too young for sonnets 18-126.

it probably explained Shakespeare's being asked by Harvey to write the first 17 sonnets in order to please the mother.

If the boy later confessed to Shakespeare that it was because of his love for him that he would not marry, it would also explain the other 109 sonnets, some of which are so beautiful and passionate that sexual consummation seems certain to have taken place.

It is also possible that Shakespeare became the boy's tutor or companion for a few years.

1598 is an important date in the story. Southampton (aged 25) married Elizabeth Vernon; Sir W. Harvey married Southampton's mother and Shakespeare was recognised as the greatest English dramatist.

Having just re-read what I have written about Shakespeare, I am first of all convinced that it would make a marvellous film if directed by an Italian, since the famous Italian directors seem to have a talent for this sort of sensitive subject — someone of the stature of Luchino Visconti, who made *Death in Venice*, for example.

Secondly, it is obvious that there can be no second coming of the Golden Age in anything approaching the Welfare State, since modern society is geared to the speed of the slowest, dedicated to the elimination of superiority and to conformity to the currently socially acceptable norm.

If we are to witness more Golden Ages they will take place in the emerging "Third World" countries where it is still every man for himself and no holds barred in the struggle to survive and succeed.

As far as the developed world is concerned, it would be necessary to return, via economic or atomic disaster, to the Middle Ages.

Finally, I have a horrible suspicion that the tolerant nobility who understand paedophilia and its "survival of the fittest" test, are the same people who control our legislature: and they jealously believe paedophilia to be "too good for the ignorant masses."

They may be right.

Protecting Children from Sexophobics

by Robin Phillips

The author of the following piece is the father of two young boys. He has published a number of technology and family articles for various magazines and newspapers.

The openly sexophobic person can just come out with, "Sex is dirty, so children have to be protected from it." These people are so disturbed by sex that they can't even attempt a reasonable discussion.

Most sexophobics hide their phobia, pretending they don't think sex is dirty. Closet cases, they know it's not healthy to feel disturbed by anyone's gentle loving pleasure. In order to *appear* healthy, they must come up with some logic, however forced, to justify their own hysterical reactions. We are all too familiar with their rationalisations.

First they tried, "The child has no sexual desires or capacity to enjoy sex, so any adult who has sex with children is using some kind of force or coercion." This confirms not only what we have long suspected — that they lived through a childhood deprived of the joy of sexual discovery — but also tells us that they were poorly educated: they have never even read Kinsey.

As this argument was slowly eroded over the years, the phobics, in their embarrassment, began to act even sillier. They said that because adults are more powerful than children, sex between adults and children should be prohibited. Now everyone knew another of their secrets: these men and women had not yet discovered affectional sex. They still confused loving with fighting. Rather than seeing sexual assault as a form of violence, they viewed sex as a form of assault. (Perhaps the experience of some of these people was so limited that they had viewed only rape scenes on television or the mating of dogs. What is certain is that they were ignorant of the many varieties of human affection.)

Despite their efforts to focus attention on cases of power abuse, we have today many sexophobics who have finally come to realise that lots of children happily participate in the exchange of sexual affection with adults. Viewing this in light of their own early negative impressions, the sexophobics squirm uncomfortably. They search for one more excuse.

Still disturbed, but forced to face facts, they are left only with, "Well, maybe some children enjoy it at the time, but I'm sure it will ruin them later on if they do it."

Once again the sexophobics have told us more about themselves than about children. Like anyone else, they do have sexual components in their feelings of affection. Lying just beneath the surface of the phobics' consciousness are thoughts which they view as horrifying and perverted. Too afraid to confront their feelings in order to learn to use this energy in a positive way, they try to suppress them with guilt and punishment.

Looked at from this perspective, it seems reasonable to worry that those who participate in gentle, loving sexual affection in childhood, however pleasant and enjoyable at the time, will suffer anxiety later. That the sexophobic would try to prevent anxiety with the threat of punishment seems absurd only if you forget for a moment that it is the act of someone who is disturbed.

Young people have long suffered sexual misinformation and misguided punishment from their advisers. Many years ago the sexophobic might have responded to a young person's confession of masturbation with, "Oh, you poor thing, that causes such awful guilt. That's why we try to keep people from doing it. Guilt is so destructive!"

The contemporary sexophobic, having moved just far enough to accept masturbation as a necessary evil, is nevertheless still giving out the same sort of nonsense in the same sort of package,

Dr. Richard Pillard, director of the Family Studies Laboratory of Boston University Medical Center offers these comments on phobias in general and sexophobia in particular.

"A phobic is characterized by a generally high level of anxiety, with occasional panic attacks. There is avoidance of settings in which the object of fear may be encountered, but this may be coupled with an unconscious attraction to the feared object."

with similar results. If we can bear to spread this misinformation out and take a close look at it, everyone can see just how unpalatable it is.

Sexophobics use guilt as the excuse for the rigorous enforcement of prohibition, while admitting that prohibition is the source of the guilt. *Trying to alleviate guilt through more rigorous enforcement of prohibitions is nonsense.* Only someone who is driven to act quite outside of reason could try to use such an excuse.

We know the origin of these attitudes: an early-in-life impression that sex is something nice people don't do. As parents, a few of them can (but usually don't get around to it) go so far as to say to their older children, "Yes, many nice people like sex". But when have their children seen *any* evidence that nice people like it, or how nice people practice it?

Their children learn sex from television rape scenes, misinformation from their peers or from dogs.

Sexophobics feel compelled to teach (by their actions) what they themselves learned as children: "sex is something nice people don't do". They must hide and deny the sexual components of their own affection, *and they react hysterically* when another adult displays any evidence of not "playing by the rules".

It's a classic phobia. They are disturbed by an illogical fear of an exaggerated threat.

What can we do when dealing with close friends or relatives who are "uncomfortable" with cross-generational sexual affection? Let's assume we have here the kind of people with whom we can normally communicate, but it is difficult for them to face the fact that they are subject to exaggerated and uncontrollable fears.

"Do you think you are totally free of any feeling that sex is dirty?" is an appropriate question when trying to communicate with people who say they are bothered by this particular form of sexual affection. Then it should be pointed out that the answer to this question may be related to their discomfort.

I have tried it; it works. Not until they perceive the barrier can they cross it rather than trip on it. Now hit them with a logical argument and watch them fall again. They can feel it now. Don't be mean, don't overdo it, but do it enough to be sure they know what's going on.

Point out that they are trying to protect children from guilt by protecting them from sex. If they are sincere about protecting children from anxiety, let them vow to teach children that sex is not something to fear.

No doubt there are cases in which the younger partner in an otherwise beneficial relationship will suffer from a great deal of immediate and/or delayed guilt. It is not enough to blame the young person's parents or peers. What can be done?

Some of us have friends who are now adults with whom we had sexual contact during their early years. These friends make good advisors on this topic.

"I think it was important just to have had someone around who didn't make me feel ashamed of my sexual feelings," said one I consulted.

Another factor mentioned is the importance of confidence in themselves and confidence in their older partner. If the older partner is a reliable person they can have confidence in, and who has confidence in them, then they are likely to feel secure, despite the need to be discreet.

There is no doubt, however, that

parallels can be drawn between this hiding of sexual *activity* and the hiding of sexual *feelings* for which a sexophobic so viciously fights.

It is the hiding which can cause the guilt phobics say they fear children will experience. But *hiding is necessary only when privacy is not respected*. We do in private that which we fear might offend others. We do in hiding that which we fear others may attack us for.

The sexophobics invade privacy, attack, punish and cause lovers to hide. Those who would expose anyone's loving embrace so that it can be ridiculed are just plain obnoxious.

When school children exhibit this behaviour, we realise that we have to wait for them to learn to love before they'll ever understand. When an adult exhibits this behaviour, we wonder how long we can wait.

Can children privately engage in activities that do not have widespread social approval without suffering trauma?

One day my son came home from school saying his teacher had told the kids not to pick their noses. He seldom does it anyway, but he was upset because he thought that he must never do it again.

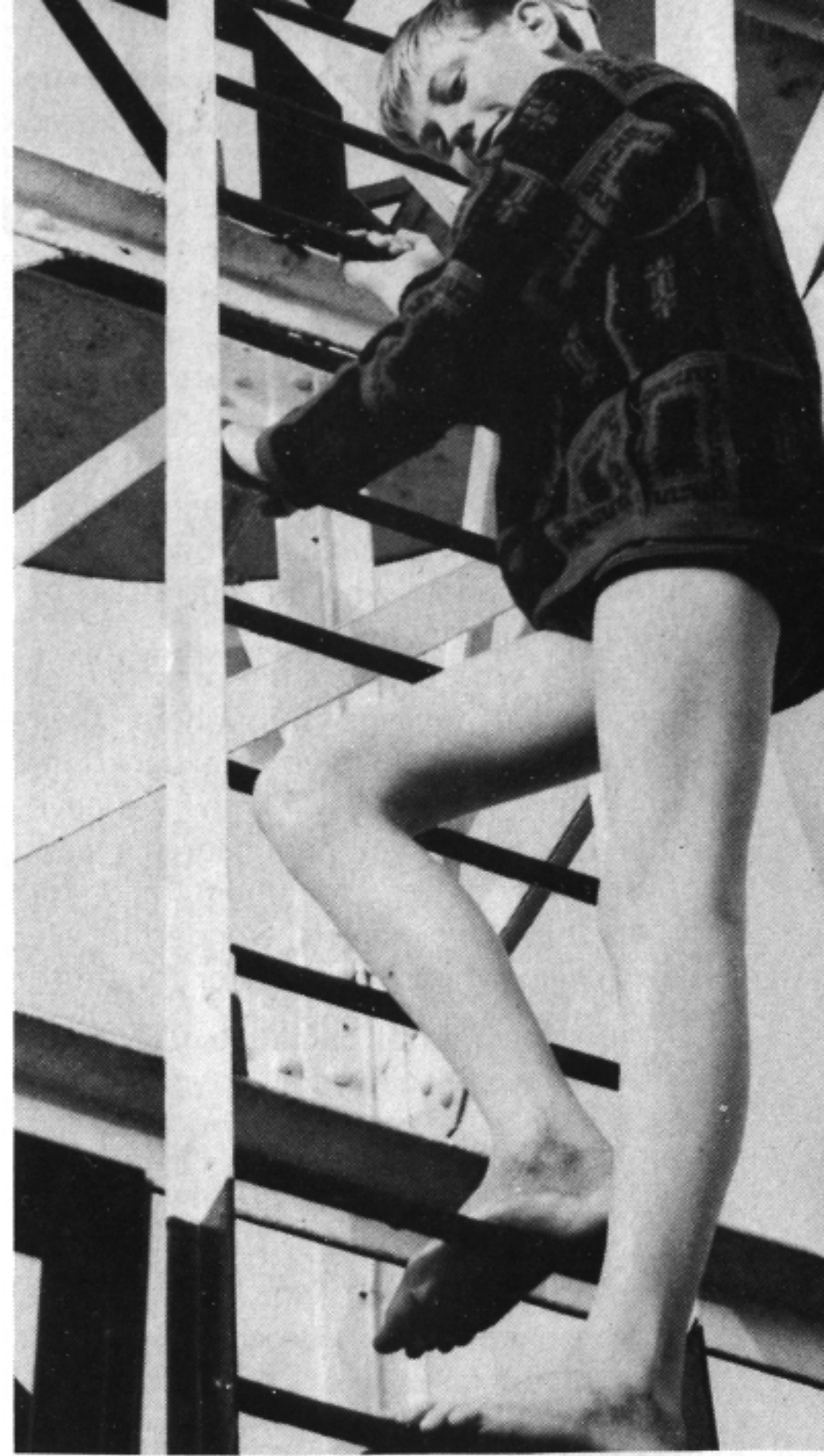
"It's okay," I assured him. "It's just a private thing, that's all."

Nose picking is not socially approved, and maybe he will feel guilty even doing it privately, but I don't think so. Nor do I think it would help things any were I to try to catch him at it so that I could punish him.

The sexophobics tell us that we must invade our children's privacy in order to seek out and punish any illicit sexual activity. Doing so drives children out of the relatively safe privacy of their own bedrooms into unknown hiding places. My children are much safer knowing that I will respect the privacy of their rooms.

But what if I looked in my son's bedroom and saw someone (of any age) rolling around on the floor with him, both of them naked, and various kinds of licking and laughing and such going on? Would I interfere?

I believe my children know that if they



have a friend of whom I have always approved I will not withdraw that approval if I find that their affection is boundless. That's the difference between my children and the children of someone who has an irrational fear of sex.

So whose child has to hide? Whose child is anxious? Where is your logic now, sexophobics?

The sexophobics would try to generate enough anxiety in their children to prevent them from engaging in such a thing — but might succeed only in having the child do it anxiously.

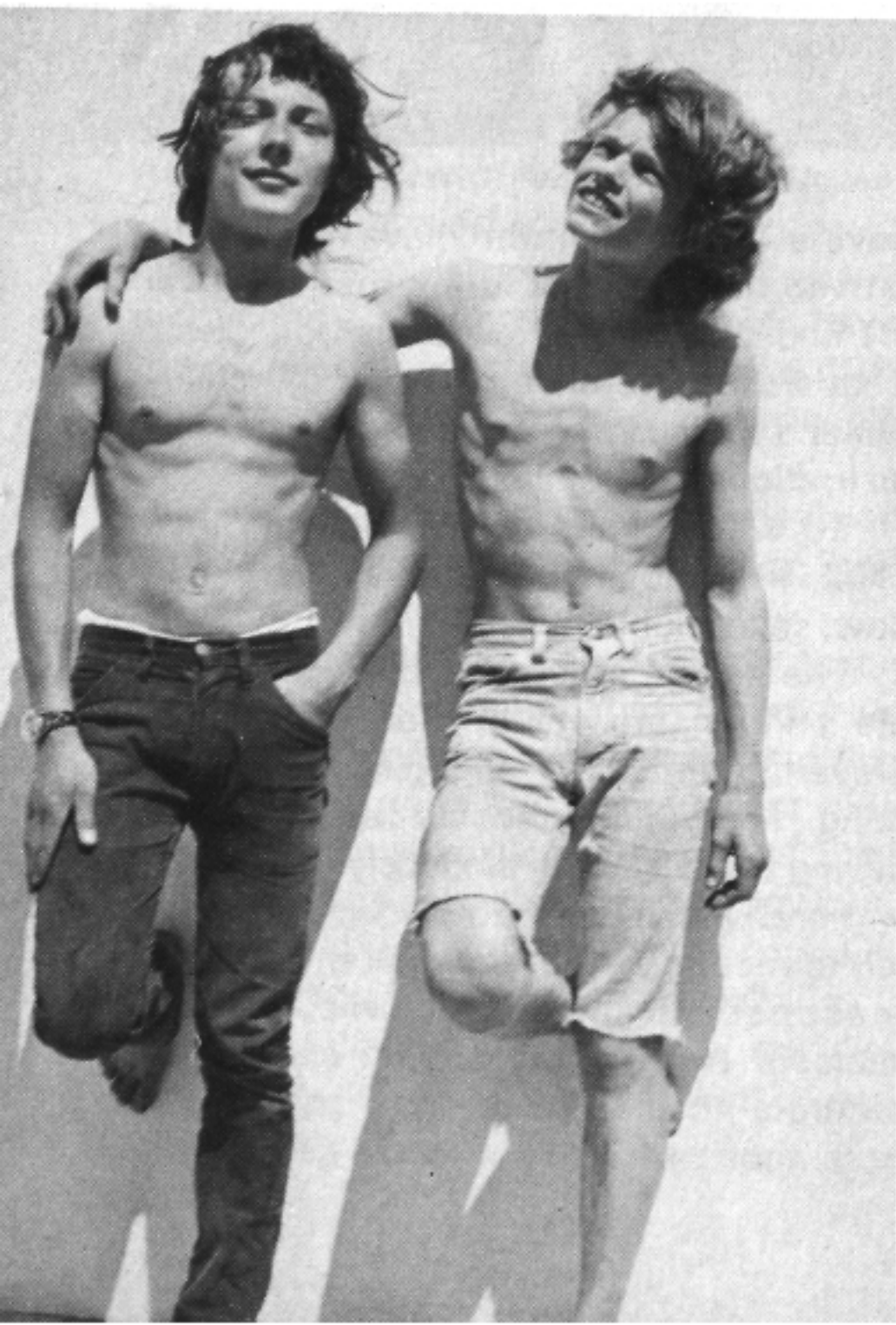
Fortunately, it is not unusual for children to recognise that their parents are unreasonably anxious about certain subjects. Nor is it unusual for children to separate their own feelings and values from those of many of their peers. It is

easy for the sexophobic to exaggerate the degree of alienation a sexually active child might feel.

In contrast, there are today parents who will work with dedication to ensure that their children feel comfortable with whatever sexual expression comes naturally to them. These are parents who have confronted the "sex is dirty" message and are determined that their children shall not believe it. Each day we see more such parents, a growing proportion of people who are not afraid of loving sexual affection.

People who enjoyed the presence of their sexual feelings throughout their early years are likely to view sexual affection in this light. We will know we have done a good job with our children's view of sexuality when, for them, and for those they love, sex is wonderful. We have failed when, for them or for those they love, sex is anything less than wonderful.

The sexophobics cannot reduce the number of paedophiles, but their efforts can further the conditions which increase the number of sexophobic paedophiles.



Our children are not protected by such efforts.

We know it is no coincidence that several of those persons who put so much effort into calling for the protection of children from paedophiles have been caught "fucking kids". They aren't just trying to cover their own activities, though: they really are sincere; they want children to be protected from people like themselves. They are sexophobic paedophiles.

All sexophobics rape children's minds. The sexophobic paedophile may go so far as to rape children's bodies. Obsessed with a frustrated desire for sex with children, convinced that sex is dirty — and certainly scary to children — such people can physically molest a child and feel that's the only way it can possibly be done.

But it isn't, even for them. Phobias can be overcome. An exaggerated and illogical fear of spiders, heights or sex, honestly confronted whenever it manifests itself, can be conquered.

Those with any sort of phobia just look silly and naive to the rest of us. Sophistication is our children's best protection against all varieties of sexophobia.

The sexophobics must look at their own lives, at their own children, and realise that they can teach only what they have learned. They must honestly recognise and confront their own phobic reactions before they will be able to open themselves to growth. No matter how much they may deny it to themselves or others, their actions will drill into the minds of their young children the idea that sexuality is not nice.

To leave a child with the impression that sex is dirty is to molest that child's mind, leaving scars. It is a crime against nature.

Those people who have a hysterical, irrational reaction to anyone's gentle loving sexual affection cannot win their arguments through reason. In the end, they are left only with "it bothers me".

It is sick to think sex is dirty. It is time these men and women face their own dis-ease concerning sex. They have run out of excuses.

BOOKS



With the appearance in America of its third locally grown and published boy-love novel, it is perhaps inevitable that comparisons will be made. Kevin Esser's *Streetboy Dreams* is less ambitious than Paul Rogers' *Saul's Book*, being content with tracing a relationship and leaving the cosmic question of responsibility for human suffering aside. And Esser's novel is decidedly less fantastic than *Kevin*, the book by Esser's mentor, the late Wallace Hamilton, which began the process.

Several years ago, upon its arrival, I praised Hamilton's book in these pages, despite misgivings about it. It was just so good to have a story in which the man didn't do time for love, commit suicide or kill the boy to protect himself that one could ignore the flatness of the characters and the improbability of the circumstances. Re-reading *Kevin* again before sitting down to write this review, I find that judgement confirmed. Good and brave as Hamilton's work is — and forever honourable just for being *first* — it has not worn well. It is, for instance, a measure of the maturity gained since *Kevin* was published that we can now dispense with the scene of the lovers walking away, arm in arm, into the swirling snowflakes, happy forever and ever, in favour of the more open-minded conclusion of *Dreams*. Now happily in each other's arms, Peter and Gito may stay together — or they may not, given their characters.

Still, Esser's title is *Dreams*, and some of the fantasy remains. I'm glad we can now have an adult character who not only has doubts about what he is doing, but can realistically behave selfishly, manipulatively, and even foolishly and destructively on occasion. Once into the

relationship, Peter is *real*. But — can we believe a gay teacher in his thirties who has *never* considered a relationship with a kid, either psychological or physical? Previously considered it and repressed it, or deferred it to anonymous cruising, perhaps, but never *thought* of it until suddenly one night...? If the repression was that deep, then there is too little inner struggle on Peter's part. And happily we have moved beyond the image of the street kid as a Young Upwardly Mobile Professional waiting to be discovered — how many relationships have we seen come to grief over that illusion! Gito is realistically capable of manipulation and deception, like Peter. But Gito, while more real and complex than Kevin, still seems, from my knowledge of street kids, a bit too pat for someone supposedly three years on the street. I am not speaking of "innocence", for it is the mark of such kids to know everything, seek to manipulate everything, and yet control nothing for want of self-knowledge. Sinbad, in *Saul's Book*, is much truer to type. Somehow, Gito's response at the end seems too easily won. It is perhaps both wise, and too hopeful, for Esser to end the story where he does, before the fall's inevitable conflicts about school, responsibility and Peter's other tricks.

All this said, *Streetboy Dreams* is realistic and persuasive in a way Hamilton's pioneering book was not. The characters do live, and you are drawn into their lives. If they have not the mythic stature of Saul and Sinbad, you nevertheless really are drawn to care what happens to them, for you've known them. The writing is fluid, that of a born storyteller, avoiding the conventions of

both pornography and sexual polemic. The book is informed by a sense of good humour — as in the central irony of the opening, foreshadowing as it does the eventual offer of himself, where it is the *boy* who offers the *man* some candy. In this attitude of gentle humour, it is apparent that Esser regards his characters, for all their flaws, with tolerance, and leads you to do so as well.

Streetboy Dreams is, in short, a good, pleasant read. If it is not read years from now as literature, as I suspect *Saul's Book* may be, *Streetboy Dreams* will still richly repay your time now.

— D. M.

Streetboy Dreams is available from The Coltsfoot Press, price code 35 — see colour pages for price in the country where you live.

"There is no doubt, a paedophile needs a guide."

So begins *Attic Adolescent*, by Bob Henderson, one of the two Coltsfoot Press books we have brought out this spring. The author is a young Australian who settled down several years ago in

Athens, and from his rich and very individual experience with the boys of Attica he has constructed in eight stories and one novella a fascinating account of what it's like to be a foreign resident boy-lover. Actually, the book reads more like an episodic novel, for although boys grow up and away from his heart, and so change from story to story, not only is there a single narrator, but one meets his circle of friends from time to time throughout the book and they act, appropriately enough, as a kind of Greek chorus.

Henderson is a very professional writer, not just of fiction but of drama as well, and he knows how to pace a story and make every word count. He has a very distinctive writing style, which readers of P.A.N. and *Panthology One*, where stories of his have previously appeared, will remember. Here is his first meeting with fourteen-year-old Andreas in the Plaka, at that time the haunt of part-time hustlers and boys looking for sexual opportunities with men:

There were several boys, draped across their bikes as usual. Some of

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them were so unreasonably good-looking as to suggest the cover of a gay magazine. One or two said hello, allowing me into their conspiracy as I passed.

Andreas had no bike. No leather.

Never showed any interest in such things.

Another dream, his, entirely.

A touch bourgeois, perhaps. Uxorious.

But romantic, to the core.

With a stockpile of loyalty and affection ready to greet the dream, and hold on to it.

(...)

As I pushed open the squeaking wooden gate, reluctant to descend, he nodded, almost bowed, and greeted me politely.

"Good evening." In some strange, provincial style.

If I never met him again, I knew, I would not forget that moment, that promise.

Andreas belongs in the world of grand opera.

I doubt if he has ever seen an opera performed. But he would be at home, from the overture on.

Several nights I saw the boy standing in the street. Loitering. Not displaying himself in quite the same provocative way as the bike boys.

And always greeting me with a discreet smile.

Waiting for someone, or something, you would have said. Remaining, all the while, his own man.

I started to dream about him.

Serious boy-love books can now provide us with men who have big faults and little annoying ones. David, the narrator, is frequently jealous, possessive, uncompromising in trying to make the life he builds with the boys he loves closely fashioned upon his own tastes. One relationship nearly founders over the boy's love of disco bars and fraternising there with his age-mates (David would rather love quietly at home or go to the movies.) But the boys seem to cope with these problems well enough: they protest, bully, get

hurt feelings, turn cold shoulders, tease David out of his temper, overpower him with their raw sexual impetus — and stay lovers. When David sends a boy-friend in the Peloponnese a furious postcard claiming neglect, with, at the end, a word of sexual abuse, he receives the following letter from the boy:

I do not think that that was a very nice way to tell me you did not get my letter. I wrote to you straight away. And sent you a small photograph of me, like you asked. It is not my fault if you did not receive it. Of course, I haven't forgotten you. I remember everything. I remember your letter, too. You talked about my navel. I don't think your postcard was very nice. Are you coming here again?

Humour, balance, judgement, these are the qualities David appreciates in others and strives for in himself. As time goes on, as he grows older, his insight into boys, and into humanity, deepens, too — in contrast to the abiding, and delightfully depicted, superficiality of his best friend Christopher, the conventional gay who has all the arguments and prejudices against boy-love. The deepening process is often painful. With his very first relationship with Andreas, he can write, "I hope that experience has taught me this much about love relationships — only the central fact remains, whatever it is. A hundred other things about the two people concerned may also be true, and interesting. But they don't count, in the face of the first." And he goes on to say that "the central fact about us two, crystal clear the first time we saw each other in the street, and amply confirmed when we went to bed together, was simply that we were wild about each other: deeply attracted, physically and emotionally. We only had to see each other, to be together. To touch each other, in order to set the fires burning. That never changed." By the time we get to the closing novella, *Reaping* David is able to explore much more elaborately the nature of love, both in its individual and social contexts, but, realistically



enough, he is still riding his old demons of jealousy and possessiveness — now, however, he can give more in compensation.

One comes away from *Attic Adolescent* with the feeling of having been amused, aroused, of having spent time in good company, and been allowed to probe the experience of a very human, urbane, honest boy-lover with the knack of putting down in most readable form just exactly what it was like to have affairs, successively, with nine Greek boys whose ages ranged from about ten to sixteen. There is Andreas, the provincial boy described above, forced to leave home by an unsympathetic step-father to seek his fortune in Athens, a couple of middle-class lads David is tutoring in English, a rough-and-ready but enormously spontaneous island boy as natural in his sexual response as he is unpredictable, a very sophisticated fourteen-year-old courtesan happily housed in a boy-bordello, a rather sad small-town hustler descending into petty criminality — and finally Vassili whom we watch mature during the course of the novella from an obstreperous bored little language pupil into a gloriously

sweet and beautifully rounded adolescent lover.

It was perhaps two years ago that we received in the post a little boy-love tale called *Greek Creek* which had everything wrong with it — form, grammar, style, punctuation, spelling — but was vivid and touching in a way that many more successful stories simply weren't. We finally discovered that the author, Louis A. Colantuono, was an inmate in the San Luis Obispo prison in California and was busily teaching himself — literally — how to write. Colantuono is severely dyslexic. Until fairly recently he had been able to do little more than sign his name. But faced with many years of incarceration (it was his second imprisonment for loving boys) he decided that his life story was worth telling and he must find some means of putting it down on paper. So he acquired a typewriter somehow (American prison policies vary widely with respect to allowing such dangerous implements into the cells), covered the keys and learned to type.

Now the words began to flow. First was a 500-manuscript-page account of a year he spent in Alaska at age fifteen with some Aleut Indian boys fishing for salmon on a boat they rescued from a watery grave — and making love with the inexhaustible energy of adolescence. Strangely, for this is a kind of autobiographical slice, Louie's voice is just one of many who tell the tale. But the characters are sharp, shrewdly observed, and after a short time it seems natural to have the writer go inside the heads of the people surrounding him.

Next came an episodic telling of his trucking adventures all across the contiguous 48 states, for after leaving Alaska, Colantuono gradually worked into the long-haul transport business — with occasional breaks for car racing and rodeo performing, following the circuits of these two typically American entertainments from small town to small town. His last prison projects have included short stories, one long novel about a fantasy trip with a group of pubertal and adolescent boys aboard a trimaran sail-

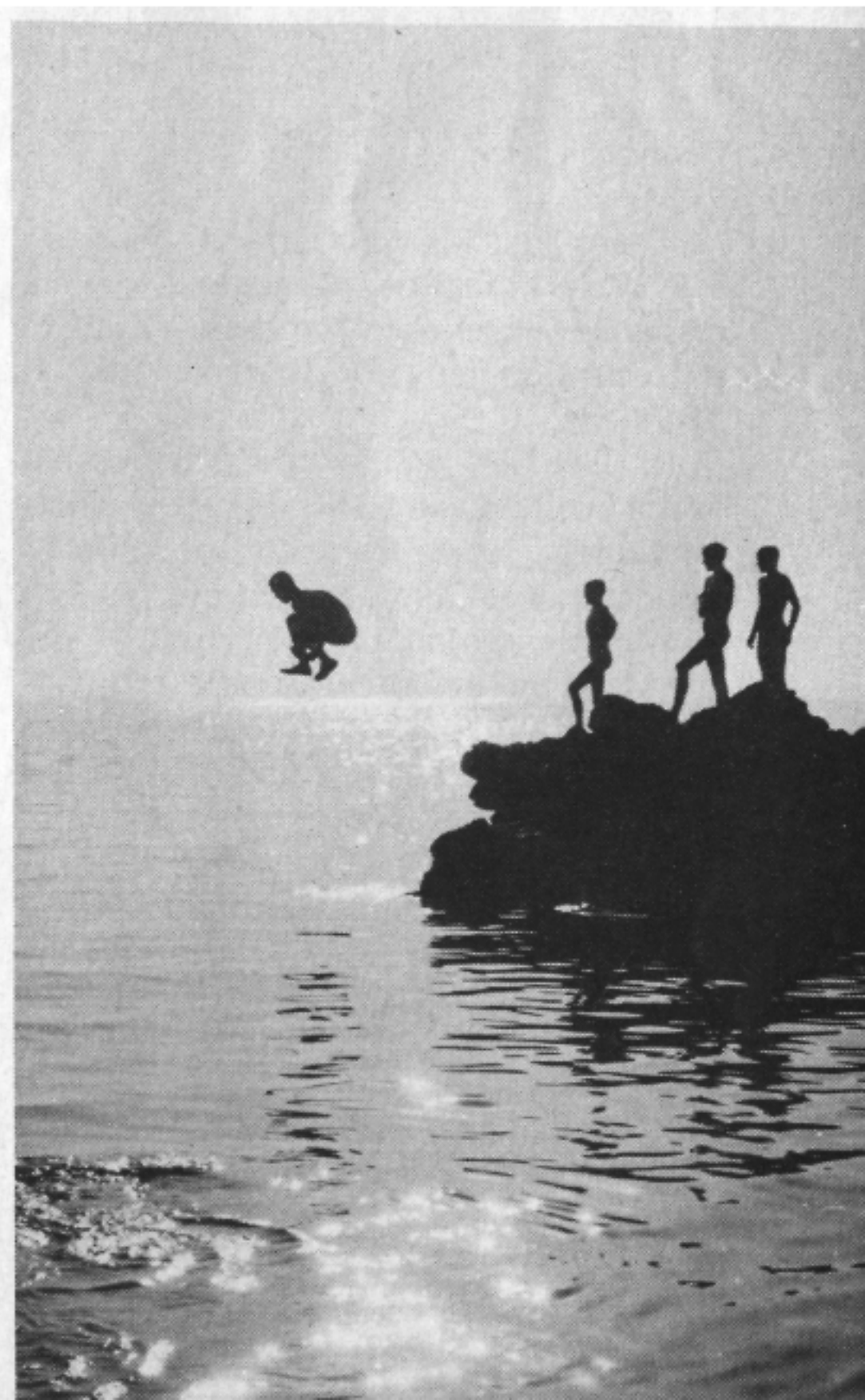
boat he actually did own at one time — and *The Trucker and the Teens*, a two-volume account of his life between imprisonments.

Volume One is now published, covering the years 1969-1975 from the burned out end of the hippie culture years, as Colantuono puts it, through the rise of Sunbelt Christianity (now reaching its crowning glory in Ronald Reagan). Colantuono pulls no punches in his remembrance of things past: the gang wars of barrio kids, the inconveniences of sleeping with a 12-year-old hyperactive enuritic, the jealousies of an "understanding" wife and enmity of a prudish step-daughter — all are fully and fairly described along with moments of deep oneness with individual boys. *The Trucker and the Teens* is about as sexually explicit as you can get, and yet each boy is so individualised, and the sexual activities he participates in so integral to his character or his evolution through adolescence, that the book can hardly be termed pornographic. Art it perhaps isn't, but truth it has in full measure, communicated with the kind of zeal and candour that bypasses words and design.

It is a big book, and when Volume Two comes out later in the year the complete work will be by far the longest we have so far published. It's only structure is of day to day life and the growth of the boys that are loved in it, yet it makes compulsively good reading. Mostly this is because everyone is described with such a warmth of human feeling: you quickly come to care about Keha, the orphan Indian boy who had run away from a Catholic mission, as if he were a boy of your own. Keha had been born in the Black Hills, but when he was left fatherless, "they sent him to live with the ladies in black who made him spend hours on his knees per day because he was the son of a savage. They taught him about their wooden god, they taught them how to pray for being dirty little savage children. The children found out they were without sin until they read a book of the wooden god's that gave them sin, to make them children of sin now that they knew what sin was." Keha

is picked up half-starved on the side of a desert road and becomes Colantuono's son/lover/live-in boy. A year or two later Colantuono takes on Tommy, the hyperactive enuritic. And then there are his lovers (not chosen by him but who chose him!) in his wood-working shop where some two-dozen barrio boys are usefully employed (and so kept out of gang fights and thievery): Gabe, the chubby gang-leader, Darly the gentle gay boy, Gato, equally gay but physically underdeveloped and perpetually quarrelsome, 9-year-old Gil injured in a hit-and-run driver. And lovers found along the road: the black boy Sammy, white Jimmy Lee from a Tennessee farm and his brothers.

The price code of both *Attic Adolescent* and *The Trucker and the Teens*, Volume 1, is 25 — see colour pages of this issue for cost posted by us to your country of residence. P.A.N. subscribers will find enclosed a handy order form for all three of these outstanding books.





LETTERS

I feel that non-conseual sex is harmful and I feel that a child is not in a position to consent. So it is my personal opinion and that of the Institute that any interaction between adults and children of a sexual nature is wrong and bad for the child and probably bad for the adult as well. But that's the adult's decision. But it is wrong and bad for the development of children, and we are absolutely against it (pederasty).

— Dr. June M. Reinisch, Director of the Kinsey Institute on a "Rapline" Public Radio broadcast 24 Jan, 1984 (See P.A.N. 18, page 3)

June 12, 1984

Dear Mr. Torey:

Thank you for your letter of February 29, 1984. I trust the thoroughness of my response will explain the delay called to my attention by your letter of May 7, 1984.

Dr. Gebhard retired from directorship of the Institute and I was appointed director August 1982; he continues to serve the Institute as Curator of Collections.

After reviewing the transcript of my interview on the *Rapline* radio program on January 1984 and Institute policy, I can document that the quotes reported to you are subject to misinterpretation.

For example, my explanation of the research on Depo-Provera was in response to a question about violent rape, not consensual sex behavior. My answer included consideration of having hormone therapy and counseling as an added option available to persons convicted under sex laws; imprisonment or death is not a sufficient range of options.

As to your concern that the role or philosophy of the Institute has changed with my appointment, the philosophy of the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender, and Reproduction is, and always has been, that all aspects of sexual behavior warrant objective study. The purpose of the Institute continues to be to conduct and encourage research, to collect materials, and to disseminate research information about the entire spectrum of sex behavior, gender, and reproduction.

The Institute does not make social policy nor does it take advocacy positions. The only policy statement with regard to specific sexual behaviors issued by the Institute can be found on page 875 of *Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types* (1965):

Ultimately our society may solve many of its sexual problems by following the suggestion made by various groups such as the American Law Institute and the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry: that sex law be confined to: (1) cases where force or threat was employed, (2) cases involving sexual activity between an adult and a child, or (3) cases of sexual activity or solicitation so open as to constitute a public nuisance.

That 1965 statement of policy was authorized by Dr. Gebhard and will be followed while I am director unless or until research findings support a revision.

Records of interviews with research subjects, personal materials donated to the Institute, correspondence with the Institute, and all other items have always been held in strictest confidentiality. In fact, the Institute's standards of confi-

dentiality forbid it to respond to even court subpoena so that it's relationship with any individual or group will never be jeopardized, regardless of existing laws, public pressure, Institute policy statements, or opinion of individual staff members.

The Institute understands that individual staff have personal opinions on many topics. In recognition of this, we consciously work to guard against bias in our research. One safeguard is for the Institute to maintain contact with as many different individuals and groups as possible, many of whom advocate particular sexual practices or beliefs. These exchanges, protected by our confidentiality pledge, have been a valuable contribution to the validity of our research projects and publications.

The Institute continues its commitment to gain a better understanding of human behavior through research and collection of material from *a//*sources.

To insure an accurate picture of the Institute's position we request that, if this letter is made public in any way, it is reproduced in full

Sincerely,

June Machover Reinisch, Ph.D.
Director and Professor.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY
The Kinsey Institute for Research
in Sex, Gender, and Reproduction

29 June, 1984

Dear Dr. Reinisch:

Thank you for your considered letter of 12 June in response to my earlier correspondence with people in the Kinsey Institute.

I believe there is a very fundamental difference in philosophy between the Kinsey Institute — now, at any rate — and us, and it is somewhat broader than the matter of whether or not it harms a child to have sex with an adult.

Your institute represents itself as studying, among other things, human sexual behaviour. Presumably you follow,

as closely as possible, scientific methodology. This means, as you point out in your letter, that you approach the phenomena you study free of pre-formed concepts or "beliefs" which have not been soundly established by previous work. (I am not talking about *personal* biases or beliefs, which all of us have, but of officially adopted premises, positions or guidelines which directly impinge upon your work.)

Now, unless the quotation from the radio programme was in error, you stated quite clearly that "a child is not in a position to consent" to sex and that "any interaction between adults and children of a sexual nature is wrong and bad for the child". Furthermore, you gave this as not only your opinion but that of the Institute.



Well, don't those very definite statements made by you, as director of America's most famous sex research institute, demand to be backed up by facts? What is the evidence that a child, especially an adolescent, cannot make it perfectly plain whether he wants to do something or doesn't, consent or doesn't consent, sexually as well as playing football, say? Are you really unaware of the investigators who have concluded that freely consensual sex in childhood or adolescence, no matter what the age or gender of the partner, does *not* hurt the child, may, in fact, be beneficial? These statements, made as a scientist, imply that you are certain that facts show kids cannot consent to sex and that the above-mentioned investigators have had their conclusions disproved — and I think many people would like to see the evidence which underlies this scientific certainty of yours.

No, I am afraid you have launched the Institute into the field of social propaganda for a particular moral/sexual point of view which is very popular at the moment in America (thank god, not here in Holland) but which is bound at least to



cast suspicion upon and perhaps even blight your investigation of this particular kind of pair bonding. Taking a moral position on sexual activities desired by all participants is hardly consistent with research into them. I am afraid many people involved in sexual enlightenment will think your institute cannot *objectively* study a phenomenon which many responsible investigators feel is at worst harmless and at best beneficial when it has *a priori* labeled it "bad and harmful" to one of the partners.

Your quote from the American Law Institute raises all kinds of questions. Are we to conclude that the Kinsey Institute feels people should actually be punished for having sex with "children" (a 7-year-old, a 12-year-old, a 16-year-old, a 20-year-old? What do you mean by children?), and that people who are a "nuisance" with their sex should also be legally punished (a teenage boy holding hands with a teenage girl in a park? Two teenage boys holding hands? Kissing your wife good-bye at an airport? Gays having sex in the bushes where nobody could see them except for a cop who has been on the prowl for them for two hours?) I think it is terribly dangerous for a research institute to adopt moral guidelines drawn up for legal purposes, for they are bound to impinge upon its own research. I am happy to see that you regard these moralistic principles as alterable if "research findings support a revision", but it looks as though other people are going to have to carry out that research, since they seem to have trapped you into a Catch-22 sort of situation. (And, please don't object that it is right to study murder scientifically even through you disapprove of it: with murder there is a real victim whose non-consent doesn't have to be established by circular reasoning and torturous moral sophistry — and even so you will learn a lot more about the mental anatomy of killing if you put away biased terminology.)

The final thought I have is that it is refreshing to have someone in the American "establishment" actually respond seriously to our criticism, and, despite our

deep divergence of approach to this subject, I thank you for the courtesy of both considering and responding.

Very truly yours,

Frank Torey



Dr. John Money
The Johns Hopkins Hospital
Baltimore, MD 21205
USA

Re: Execution of Arthur Frederick Goode, III, Pedophile.

Dear Mr. Torey:

Dr. Money asked me to forward the enclosed xeroxes to you, with the suggestion that you publish the case in P.A.N. Mr. Goode's life could have been saved had he not been a dropout from antiandrogenic treatment as a young man. So also could the lives of the children he strangled. He maintained that he loved these kids, as well as Billy Arthes.

Yours Truly,

Michael Lamason

Enclosed were several clippings from March and April issues of "The News American" and "City Paper" about the execution in Florida on 5 April of a 30-year-old serial child killer. Goode had been in trouble with the police all his life because he was a boy-lover; possibly even in his adolescence he was a violent and coercive one, although that is not clear from the newspaper stories. In 1975, when Goode was 22, he was arrested after abducting and having sex with 11-year-old Billy Arthes. He spent the next eight years in a Florida prison and actually requested his own execution: "I've got so many problems here due to people being prejudiced against my case. I believe I'd be better off executed." Actually that was the last thing he wanted, he said: "I'd like to be on the street doing sex with young boys." "Do you want to go out and kill young

boys?" the interviewer asked. "No... Well, it depends, now. If society would leave... What I want to do is get a legal way to marry a boy. You know Ricky Shroder on 'Silver Spoons'? He's almost fourteen, but I'm crazy about him." "Do you blame people for being against you when you're killing their children?" "The thing of it is I didn't kill any kids for years..."

8 May, 1984

Dear Mr. Lamason:

I cannot really comment very intelligently on the Goode case or the advisability of having in the past prescribed Depo-Provera as treatment (possibly in lieu of punishment). Off hand I would say that if it was thought that this man was a (potential) rapist or a murderer or a criminal psychopath of some kind, then his case would have to be considered quite different from that of a boy-lover who only sought mutually consensual relations with boys. I don't really see that it is any more justifiable to generalise from the Goode case to other homosexual paedophile men than it is to generalise from "Jack the Ripper" to the heterosexual. I think, incidentally, that this is a point where the opinions of Dr. Money and me would meet.

Where we apparently part ways is that I do not believe Depo-Provera should be used on boy-lovers who show no signs of being violent, psychopathic or coercive — simply because I think that boy-love can be, and most commonly is, a healthy phenomenon for both parties when society leaves them alone. I am outraged that judges in your country sentence gentle, loving boy-lovers to the same draconian punishments they do rapists, and I do not find it acceptable when they give such a victim of American Justice the "choice" of a long prison term or injections of anti-androgen. I appreciate that those of you at Johns Hopkins who administer this drug often do so only after such a victim has made his agonizing choice between two terrible alternatives (and thus, in a way, you are being

humane). What I strongly object to is the propagandizing you people have done in the past for Depo-Provera as a general "solution" to the problem of the "sex-offender" — which in America includes not only the psychopaths but practicing boy-lovers who in every way are mentally healthy despite the direction of their sexual desires. (I suspect you people would think that paedophilia *is*, ipso facto, symptomatic of a disturbed personality and, furthermore, that boys are somehow damaged by sexual contacts with adult men, but that is a different matter and is not raised in your letter and its enclosures.)

Coming back to the Goode case, I cannot see a connection between this and the situation where some social worker, say, has sniffed out the sexual aspect of a firm friendship between a loving teacher and a boy who, in turn, loves and worships his older friend and enjoys their sexual activities together. Surely you are not suggesting that putting such a man on Depo-Provera under pressure from the court is going to save the boy, or other boys the teacher may



come to know, from rape, torture and murder.

It is most illogical to conclude that Good carried out his murders and suffered execution because he dropped out of an anti-androgen programme. He could have dropped out of the programme *because* he was a psychopath — in other words the programme didn't stand a chance of working right from the start because of the man's anti-social personality. Or he might still have murdered kids with all the Depo-Provera in the world coursing through his body, since, from the record, he seems quite unconcerned about killing people and was quite willing to kill "as a protest" even the boys he really liked.

Finally, I think it is most insulting to reference your letter "Execution of Arthur Frederick Goode, III, *pedophile*". It would never occur to you to do this with a heterosexual rapist of adult women: "Execution of John Jones, *heterosexual*". This simply shows that you are not making the proper distinctions and are forgetting that sexually motivated acts of violence are committed by men of all sexual leanings and are first and foremost acts of violence and not sexual acts. Are there any reliable figures about the rates of violent crimes for boy-lovers vs heterosexuals? I think not, as nobody has ever come up with so much as an educated guess as to how common man-boy sexual contacts actually are and how many adult men find at least part of their sexual outlet in this manner. Nor do we know how many men would prefer to have sex with boys, if they dared, rather than with women and thus must also be considered paedophile despite an absence of paedophile sexual activity. Until better data are developed it would be best that the researchers at a superb institution like Johns Hopkins refrain from suggesting that "paedophiles" are any more criminally inclined than other categories of men erected upon the gender or age of desired sexual object.

Very truly yours,

Frank Torey

BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma



Boys and Girls

As soon as the boy's body starts maturing upon entry to puberty, nature vastly increases his sexual appetite. This appetite, of course, has been in existence from birth on, but now it becomes much more demanding. At the same time the sexual organs of the boy undergo changes which make them more sensitive and excitable. Spontaneous erections occur frequently during the day, caused by his spurt of physical growth, mental desires or a combination of both. These responses, together with erotic dreams, nocturnal emissions and a compulsion to masturbate, make the boy very conscious of his sexual drive. One boy of fifteen, after just having had intercourse for the first time in his life, said to me, "You feel like that's just what you were made for." He had grasped, philosophically, the sense of his existence and felt that happiness lay in carrying out the role destined for him.

Since the heterosexual impulse is stronger — or at least more strongly stimulated — in most societies, the thoughts of most boys turn, now, to girls. Superficially, girls would seem to be the ideal partners, equipped as they are with all the bodily charms necessary to elicit feelings of lust in the average boy. Nature, however, in her unfathomable wisdom, as ordained otherwise. Girls may possess the physical attraction to turn boys on, but they generally don't yet have the correct mentality to satisfy the boy's urgent needs. The mind of the boy is, first and foremost, occupied by his physical desires. Where these are not simply stimulated by are also tenderly satisfied, he may gradually come to love the person who so serves him. But his

first impulse is to experiment with sex, to train his body for it, to exercise his sexual organs, to make as many conquests as possible. He wants girls.

For a girl, on the other hand, the situation is quite different. Personal affection, love, is more important for her than sex. If a boy, in response to her feelings of love, convinces her that she is loved by him in return, she may gradually be more and more willing to permit sexual advances and finally intercourse. But her most important desires revolve around the emotions of individual love and romance. We said that a boy wants girls. Well, a girl doesn't want boys; she wants a particular boy, a special boy.

Usually a boy learns to love by the way of sex; a girl learns sex by the way of love. This explains Kinsey's finding "that the average girl gets along well enough with a fifth as much sexual activity as the adolescent boy."

In Iris Murdoch's novel *The Nice and the Good* there is a scene which perfectly illustrates this disparity. Fifteen-year-old Pierce is madly infatuated with Barbara, who is back home on holiday from her school in Switzerland. Her continued rejection of his advances makes Pierce bad-tempered and irritable, a total nuisance to everybody, and finally pushes him to commit a nearly suicidal act of bravery: swimming into a cave where the entrance is submerged as the tide rises. Impressed by this, Barbara gives in. And then, after they have united in sex, chapter forty begins:

"Was that really it?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you did it right?"

"My God, I'm sure!"

"Well, I don't like it."

"Girls never do the first time."

"Perhaps I'm a lesbian."

"Don't be silly, Barbie. You did like it a little?"

"Well, just the first bit."

"Oh, Barb, you were so wonderful. I worship you."

"Something's sticking into my back."

"I hope you aren't lying on my glasses."

"Damn your glasses. No, it's just an ivy root."

"You were so *heavy*, Pierce."

"I felt heavy afterwards. I felt I was just a great contented stone lying on top of you."

"Are you sure I won't have a baby?"

"Sure."

"Do you think I'll get to like it more, to like it as much as you do?"

"You'll like it more. You'll never like it as much as I do, Barbie. I've been in paradise."

"Well, I'm glad somebody's pleased."

"Oh, Barb, darling —"

"All right, all right. Do you think we've been wicked?"

"No. We love each other. We do love each other, don't we, Barbie?"

"Yes. But it could still be wrong."

"It could. I don't feel it is, though. I feel as if everything in the world is with us."

"I feel that too."

"You don't regret it, you don't hate me?"

"No. It had to happen to me and I'm glad it's happened like this."

"I've loved you so long, Barb —"

"I feel I couldn't have done it with anyone else. It's because I know you so well, you're like my brother."

"Barb!"

"Well, you know what I mean. Darling Pierce, your body looks so different to me now and so wonderful."

"I can't think why girls like men at all. We're so rough and nasty and stick-like compared with you. You're not getting cold, are you?"

"No, I'm fine. What a hot night. How huge the moon is."

"It looks so close, as if we could touch it."

"Listen to the owl, isn't he lovely? Pierce —"



"Yes?"

"Do you think we'll either of us ever go to bed with anyone else?"

"No, well, Barb, you know we're quite young and —"

"You're thinking about other girls *already!*"

"Barb, Barb, please don't move away, please bring your hand back again. Darling, I love you, good God, you know I love you!"

"Maybe I do. You were horrid enough to me."

"I promise I'll never be horrid again. You were horrid too."

"I know. Let's *really* love each other, Pierce. In a good way."

"Yes, let's. It won't be difficult."

"It won't be easy. Perhaps we could get married after you've taken your A levels."

"Well, Barb, we mustn't be in *too* much of a hurry — Oh, darling, *please* —"

"When are we going to do this again? Tomorrow?"

"We can't tomorrow. I've got to go to Geoffrey Pember-Smith's place."

"Can't you put it off?"

"Well, no. You see there's this chance to have the yacht —"

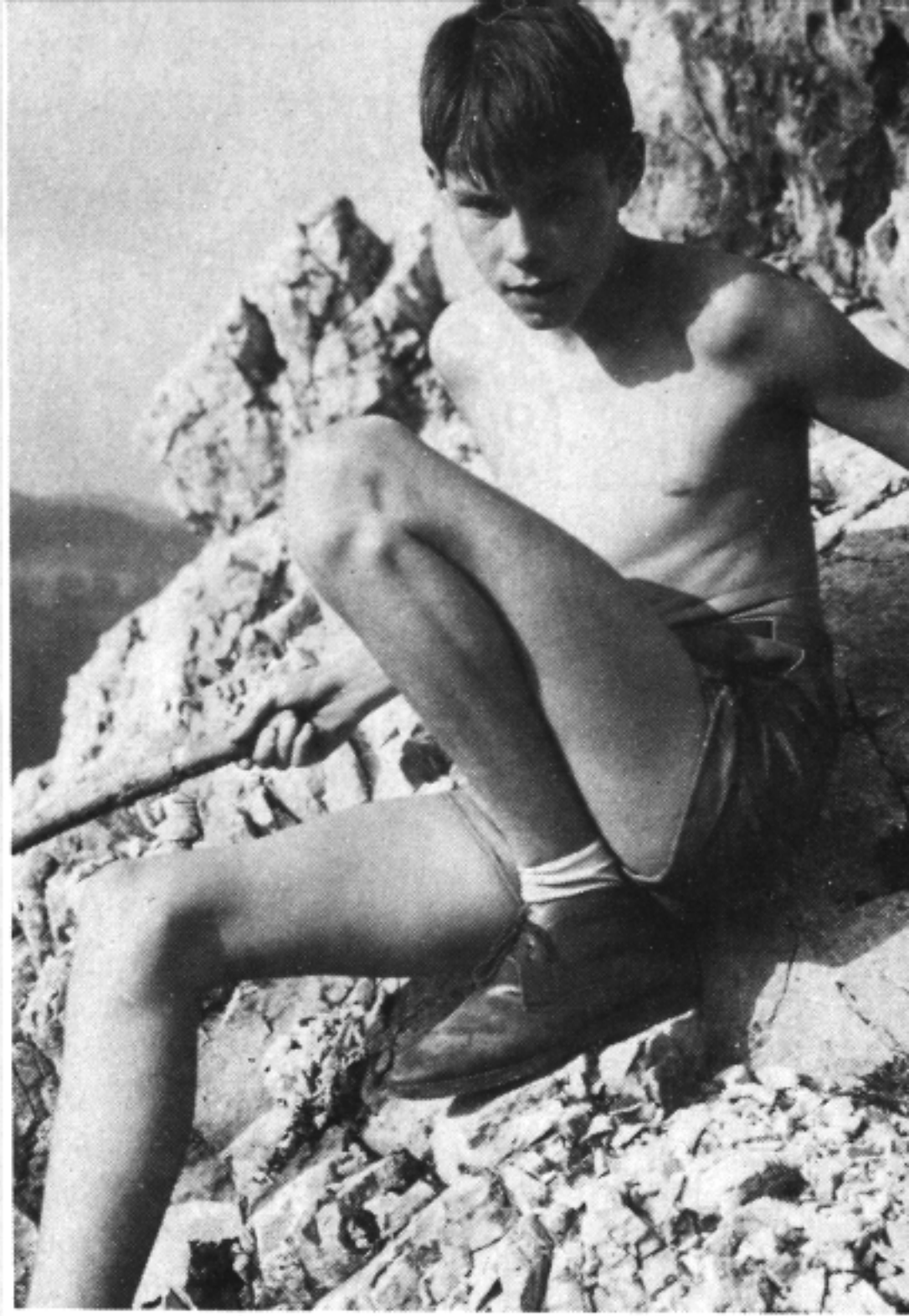
"What about me? I thought you loved me!"

"I do love you, darling Barb. But yachts are important too."

It is most interesting to speculate upon nature's purpose in creating this disparity. Man is always tempted to think of nature as an intelligent force with an intent to attain certain objectives. Perhaps man is justified in so doing. But in our everyday lives it is much more interesting to ask how boys ought to solve this problem.

The answer might be that of the German author Hans Bielefeld: "The natural partner for the little child is the mother, for the young boy it is a boy of his own age, for the older boy it is a man, and for the young man it is a girl."

The small child needs skin contact — cuddling, fondling, caressing — and no one can do this better than a caring, loving mother. Then comes the time of



somewhat rougher play with age-mates. Erections are stimulated by roughhousing; sensual feelings are concentrated in the sexual organs; masturbation is taught or discovered in solitude. To establish, in the next phase, the link between these bodily experiments and the spiritual need of loving and feeling loved, more is demanded than another boy of his own age, or even one slightly older, is usually able to give. A close and intimate friendship with a boy-lover can well be the best solution, combining, as it does in mutual veneration, the intense enjoyment of lustful sex and tender care. If all goes well, such a man may remain his trusted friend for life. In the end most boys as they reach late adolescence will finally turn to a girl, and now — as the follies of puberty have been left behind by both — the partners are much better suited to one another: the girl more open to sex, the boy to love and constancy. An adolescent Pierce will, it is to be hoped, think his future wife more important than a visit to Geoffrey Pember-Smith's yacht.



THE BATTLE LINE

Three women succeeded last month in putting away in prison a 42-year-old black elementary school teacher and scoutmaster for 56 years for having had sexual contacts with five boys, all around the age of puberty. Denver District Judge Lynne Hufnagel said sexual assault on a child is one of society's worst crimes: "It is clear that all the victims were humiliated and degraded by what you did," she told Gerald Hall. Chief Deputy District Attorney Diane Balkin said Hall had a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" personality: "Beneath the facade of a responsible citizen, he had the propensity for... sexual assault on children." And Denver psychiatrist Kathy A. Morall (called as a defense witness!) testified in court that the "bottom line" of "sexual assault" on boys "is that it is nothing less than a devastating experience for them." All of this can be read in the 7 June edition of *The Denver Post*.

Hall's close friend (and former publisher of *Better Life Monthly*) Barry Wright has another tale to tell:

"The story of Jerry Hall is not so different from that of many hundreds of other boy-lovers. He is a kind, gentle and loving man who cared greatly for young boys. Over the years he has helped countless boys find self-respect and to move on to a more adjusted life. However, a number of these relationships included the component of consenting sexual contact. Force and violence were foreign to his nature.

"It was in June of 1983 that this wonderful man and a number of young boys had their lives crumble around them. Jerry made one big mistake: he befriended and tried to help two delinquent teenagers and they repaid his kindness

by robbing his house and stealing his car. They were caught by the police and by a process never fully revealed the boys told of sexual contact with Jerry and said he possessed photographs of nude boys. In return for this information they were not charged in the matter of several burglaries.

"My friend Jerry was subsequently arrested following a search of his house by an "army" of some 10 officers; the television news had its hottest story of the month and within hours his life was destroyed. Jerry lived in hell from June 1983 until his trial last March, at which point his story ceases to be typical.

"The prosecutors were both women and the judge was likewise a woman. The judge decided to allow television news cameras in the court room — a very rare occurrence. A number of kids were subjected to the trauma of the court proceedings. I must point out that force or violence were never a factor in this case. All sexual contact was consenting but the judge totally ignored that as a defence: to her Jerry was a monster that must be removed from society forever. On March 8 he was found guilty and three months later, on June 6th, she delivered her obscene sentence. Jerry is now 42 and he will be 70 before he has a chance for release: given the stress of prison and his state of health he will probably die there, so Judge Hufnagel's wish is likely to come true.

"The defense lawyers intend to appeal the case, but the current atmosphere in this society makes the chance of success minimal, and this will likely set a very dangerous precedent that will have far-reaching effects throughout the entire nation. The Feminists are certainly

a primary cause of the insanity that is spreading like cancer throughout the United States. What, if anything, can be done to reverse this trend? I'm afraid I have no ready answers."

Well, gays and straights who don't like us often say, 'We only hear from the

boy-lovers, never from the boys they get it on with.' By coincidence, another Denver boy-lover sent us a copy of the following letter penned by an outraged *Reader's Digest* reader, showing that victims of the Moral Majority-Feminist-Mind Industry coalition can and do sometimes raise a fuss:

Dear Readers Digest:

I think your stupid story in June issue, "Child Prostitution"

SUCKS.

There aint a word of Truth in it. Who wants to stop it?

Not us that do it.

I am 14 years old & GAY.

And proud of it. So there.

I do it because its fun. It feels good. I make a lot of Money.

I keep it all what I dont give to my mother. So we can eat.

Nobody pushes me around. Nobody makes me do it. I make a lot of money.

My men are always nice. They never make me do what I dont want to.

How come you never write a story on GAYS? Are you Afraid?

Or the men thats better than Daddys to us & love us?

I like your Magazine very much. Except for SHIT like this.

Yours Very Truly,

A 14 year old FAG.





[p.40, back cover]