

PAN
aedo alert ews

a magazine about boy~love

IN BRIEF

London, Copenhagen
Washington, Chicago
Bonn, Montreal

LUTHER

a story by
Kevin Esser

NUTTY NURSE TWO

Ann Burgess in the
Amer. J. Psy.

BOOKS

IT'S A BOY! by Casimir
Dukahz; HOI! by Jos Maier

LETTERS

to Judge Hugnagel

BOYCAUGHT

The Naked Child
by Edward Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

US Postal Stings

number 20

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on p.2**

N.B.

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

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

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

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All photos in this issue
by Jean-David Filmar

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IN BRIEF...



LONDON At last PIE, that courageous attempt to bring freedom of speech to Great Britain on one sensitive subject, after being virtually comatose for over a year, has folded its wings, and with its final dissolution the English gutter press is losing one of its most convenient "monsters". But not without one last salvo of mud-slinging and lies. Faced with charges of "conspiring to corrupt public morals" by publishing contact ads (essentially the same charges that put Tom O'Carroll behind bars for 16 months), Steven Adrian Smith, O'Carroll's successor, apparently decided to disappear, probably convinced that he didn't stand a chance of acquittal.

Unfortunately his friends at London's Gay Youth Movement claimed in their little news sheet that he had gone to Holland to seek political asylum; this was picked up by the gay press in England and eventually by the gutter dreadfuls. "Child-sex case man flees to 'porn haven'", screamed the sleazy *Mail*. And right on cue two well-dressed young men slaughtering the Queen's English appeared on our doorstep here in Holland and were so unwise as to announce right off that they were "British journalists". They were told, "We don't talk to British journalists" and we ordered them in no uncertain terms off the property, saying "You're in The Netherlands now, not England, and if you're not outside that gate in five seconds we are calling the police." They went, but were back that night snooping around. They chained up the dog so he had to spend the night in the rain.

But British journalists have great disadvantages trying to victimize you out-

side their own country: they don't know their way around, can't speak the language, and so can't do their usual English trick: stir up the neighbours with lies and calumny into a rioting mob to break windows and beat you up if you don't give them the news story they want. In this case, all they could do was lie in their horrid little tabloids, and lie they did: "An American spokesman for an underground international paedophile organisation called Spartacus told us, 'Smith is in Amsterdam but we can't tell you where.'" There was a photo of Smith, and of the "House of Shame: Secret HQ", presumably of the "underground international paedophile organization" — and of a 6-year-old Netherlands girl who died last month in a Dutch Holiday Inn from an overdose of cocaine administered by a Hindustani which the *Mail* implied was somehow connected with Smith!

A week later Murdoch's *Daily Star* announced that Smith was travelling around with Spartacus owner John Stamford in his mobile home in Spain. The only explanation we can come up with for this fantasy is that the journalists, meeting in Holland nothing but doors slammed in their faces and the searing contempt of nearly everyone, could find no trace of their quarry and tried to put the best face on their failure by maintaining Smith was in a country where he couldn't be caught and from which he couldn't be extradited.

SOURCES: *Daily Star*, 24 Sep 1984; *The Mail*, 16 Sep 1984.

BALTIMORE, MD, USA The apparent concern of the American public to pro-

fect the "innocence" of adolescent boys is only equalled by its general indifference to the ritual torture and rape of incarcerated young people in virtually all American prisons. Americans by and large feel that society has no real obligation to protect its prisoners from violence and, as one American visitor to these shores told us a few months ago, those cry-baby prisoners "should have thought about what might happen to them in jail *before* they committed their crimes."

With a rapidly expanding prison population, development of an ex-prisoner movement would seem inevitable, and one evidence of prison victims fighting back can be seen in a recent out-of-court damage settlement received by seven men raped in the Prince George's County Detention Center here in 1980 and 1981. The settlements were agreed upon when the government realized it would lose at least two or three of the cases. Unfortunately the settlements were rather low (\$52,000 was the highest of the seven) and there was no movement to try the warden of the prison for criminal

neglect, but this is at least a start and an encouragement to other victims of prison violence to bring suit against their jailers when they are free once again.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 11 Aug 1984.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK Mark Nykanen and his NBC team which produced "The Silent Shame" turned up one day last summer unannounced at the country offices of Coq, Denmark's old and respected producer of erotic homosexual magazines, and, without identifying themselves or their interests, with hidden cameras photographing the proceedings, asked if they could buy some child pornography. When they were informed that such material had not been produced by Coq, and had also not been available in Denmark, since 1980 when the Danish anti kiddie-porn law was passed, they looked around the Coq storehouse and then purchased some copies of Coq's current magazines which, quite legally, show older teens: "Super Boy" and "Wonder Boy".

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They then asked for a pre-1980 hard-core magazine called "Joe and His Uncle" ("Joe" looks to be about 14), but again were told that this no longer exists, nor were any copies available. Now they asked if they could purchase the plates or negatives outright from Coq, and were turned down. Finally the NBC people wanted to know whether, if they supplied some pornographic pictures, Coq would be willing to have them printed in magazine form. Again, this was refused.

The NBC crew at last returned to Copenhagen and, to a selection of the Coq magazines they had purchased in which the models looked the youngest, they added a copy of "Piccolo" No. 18, a boy-sex magazine which *had* been published by Coq some seven years ago, but, in compliance with the law, all stocks and colour plates of which had been transferred out of Denmark in 1980. Obviously, the NBC team had procured their Piccolo somewhere else. Following the most honourable traditions of American reporting on sexual matters, they then went to the Copenhagen police and claimed that *all* of this "child pornography" had been openly offered to them by Coq.

The gutter press in Copenhagen was alerted (presumably by NBC): it did a story on NBC's bust; a snippet of the NBC film was also shown on Danish TV, featuring one of the Coq owners.

The police contacted Coq. Coq invited them to examine all their stocks, which they did. They removed a small number of magazines and subsequently a number of charges were laid against Coq because it was considered by somebody in authority that some of the models might not be over the legal age of 15. Since then all charges have been dropped — including, apparently, those concerning the "Piccolo" — except for two relating to one picture each in "Super Boy" and "Wonder Boy".

The police appear willing to forget the whole thing but there seems to be some pressure from higher up to show the Americans that Denmark will not permit the production of "kiddie-porn".

Possibly a panel of doctors will be convened to examine the pictures in question and give an opinion on whether the boys shown were or were not over the age of 15 (as if anyone can tell without knowing the boys in question!).

Also involved in NBC's ersatz exposé was a certain Mr. Strauss who did dabble in kiddie-porn, but all charges against him have since been dropped, possibly because he was not a printer or producer since the change in law but only a peddler.

One result of NBC's mendacity and deceit is that Coq is now refusing all US orders because of the danger they feel such shipments pose to their American customers, and is returning their clients' money.

ENGLAND We have always suspected that in the Old Days cabin boys in the merchant fleets served more purposes than making up the captain's bed and serving his meals. It seems that it may have been more a matter of serving *in* the captain's bed and, in dire straits, making *up* his meals, for cannibalism at sea was once much more common than is generally realised, according to Brian Simpson in his recent book *Cannibalism and the Common Law*.

SOURCE: *The Observer*, 22 July 1984.

LONDON As author-scientist C. P. Snow once remarked, England is supreme in pure research, ceremonies and theatre, and it was theatre which caused a "shocked reaction" recently from local school boards when, under the auspices of the Inner London Education Authority, the Cockpit Theatre, Marleybone, performed for fourth-form students "dramatic tableaux" on various sexual questions. One tableau showed a man raping his 8-year-old daughter and 12-year-old friend — and subsequently being murdered by his wife and the other child's mother. "What will the ILEA think of next to harm young lives?" harrumphed Mr. Harry Greenway, Conservative MP for Ealing North.

SOURCE: *The Times*, 5 Oct 1984.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN The Scandinavian paedophilia meeting in Sweden this summer had fewer participants that had been hoped: 15 Norwegians, 5 Swedes, no Danes — but two British. One interesting story passed around was that two Stockholm men were arrested recently for having sex with the same ten- and eleven-year-old boys. One man was married, the other declared himself paedophile. The latter received a suspended sentence on the theory that he had no object choice in sexual matters; the former had to go to jail because, being heterosexual, he could get along well enough with adult women.

AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS Pornography law reform still lies in limbo here (P.A.N. 19-8). Following the July police raids on Amsterdam sex shops, police chiefs in most of the other Dutch cities explicitly distanced themselves from the Amsterdam action and publicly stated that child pornography was no problem in their municipalities and there was no contemplation of similar raids within their jurisdictions. And then, one week later, the Dutch coalition government released to the legislature its bill which would make *all* porno legal with only two restrictions: 1) it will no longer be allowed to be shown in shop

WASHINGTON, DC, USA The new "Child Protection Act of 1984" effectively amends Chapter 110 of title 18 of the US Code (earlier amended by the 1977 "Protection of Children Against Sexual Exploitation Act") in several ways important to the American boy-lover: 1) every time the phrase "visual or print medium" in the old law appeared in connection with alleged pornography, it has now been replaced by "visual depiction"; 2) fines have been raised about ten-fold for pornography offences; 3) determination of "obscenity" in visual pornography is no longer a legitimate defence; 4) age below which a photo model is considered a "child" for the purposes of this act has been raised from 16 to 18; 5) actual mailing of alleged pornography is no longer necessary for prosecution: knowingly reproducing such material for distribution in interstate or foreign commerce or through the domestic mails is now sufficient; 6) any property acquired through profits from sale of porno is subject to forfeiture, as well as all porno-producing or reproducing equipment; 7) wire-tapping is authorized, with warrant from a Federal judge, to catch child pornographers.

This makes it vastly more dangerous for boy-lovers to photograph,

film or tape (or deal with photos, films or tapes of) anyone who, according to the Department of Justice, "looks like a child" and is involved in "sexually explicit conduct". This latter includes the various forms of contact between genitals, and genitals with mouth and anus; also bestiality, masturbation, S&M for the purpose of sexual stimulation and "lewd" exhibition of genitals or pubic area. The effect of the new act is to sharpen the aim at and toughen the prosecution of visual kiddie-porn but to specifically exclude the written word: while erotic stories and verbal descriptions were threatened by Chapter 110, Sections 2251-2 before the enactment of this act, they are now explicitly excluded. They remain, as before, subject to seizure and prosecution if the State can show that they are "obscene" and have no redeeming informational or literary value — something which is very difficult to do. Thus, ironically, it would seem that P.A.N. and our Coltsfoot Books are, if anything, less tempting targets of the Federal censors than before.

SOURCES: United States Code, Chapter 110, Public Law, 98-292 98 Stat. 204, May 21 1984; Public Law: Legislative History P.L. 98-292, pp 492-511.

windows and 2) sale to people under 16 will be forbidden.

Predictably the Dutch feminists were outraged. And in the USA, reacting to accusations by Mark Nykanen in NBC's "The Silent Shame" TV special that most of the child pornography which was flooding into the US was posted from Holland, one Senator William Roth called upon the Reagan administration to get Holland to stop its export. Women's groups picketed the offices of the various political parties in The Hague. Working through Catherine Keyl, an announcer for AVRO television and an old enemy of paedophile enlightenment, half-hour TV specials were mounted on national Dutch television to prove that child porno was brutal, increasingly violent and psychologically damaging to the "victims". An Amsterdam policeman named Wilting said recent American research proved that the more prevalent child porno became the more normal and permissible and thus frequent sex with kids became, but that didn't make it any less harmful to the victims. (When later questioned as to what specific research Wilting was referring to, the police were unable to come up with anything specific.)

For the most part newspaper publicity was rather subdued, the various developments rating little more than 3-column-inch stories on back pages. One exception was a full page analysis by the weekly *Vrij Nederland* which found the whole Amsterdam police raid episode a bit ridiculous, and caught the police out on many exaggerations. For example, it was claimed that child porno was getting steadily bigger and more violent; *Vrij Nederland* pointed out that commercial kiddie-porn production in The Netherlands had all but ceased due to the practical impossibility of legal export: what was on the sex shop shelves was all old material which had been produced many years ago. "Those boys and girls are already in the old folks' home," one porn distributor was quoted as saying. Another statement police made on the radio was that one of the photos showed an

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abuser inserting a hypodermic into a young boy's testicle: actually this was a private photo picked up in a police search of a paedophile's apartment: it had never appeared in any magazine and had been faked with a broken needle.

Vote on the government bill was due the second week in October. Feminists got the vote postponed for a couple of months at least. An informal canvass of lower house legislators suggested that a majority would like to see child porno outlawed. While feminists and most psychiatrists are actively working for its suppression, no single voice has been raised in its defence. No one has even attempted to point out that the image which the crusading ladies are painting of child porn as violent and degrading applies only to a tiny and most atypical fraction, and that it's really only erotically effective if the kids portrayed are spontaneous and obviously enjoying what they are doing. COC, the national homophile organization, and the NVSH, the umbrella sex reform society under which the national paedophile

workgroups take shelter, issued a joint communiqué suggesting the production and distribution of child pornography be legalized, for any kind of censorship was obnoxious in a free society, but that prosecutions be instituted against the actual sexual offences depicted whenever they could be tracked down.

Best guess at the present time is that if a pornography reform measure is voted through the Dutch legislature, photo depictions of sexual activities (including solo masturbation and erections) involving people under 16 will no longer be allowed.

What all this means for paedophiles is unclear. After nearly a decade of generally favourable treatment in the media, one is beginning to hear more and more professional voices raised against it: Professor Frenken at Leiden University whose Dutch sexology text is

Paul Rogers, the enormously gifted author of *Saul's Book*, (P.A.N. 17-24), died last September 13, apparently at the hands of his adopted mentally disturbed nineteen-year-old son Chris and an older companion. They bludgeoned to death the author while he lay in a drugged and drunken stupor — apparently to raid Roger's \$35,000 bank account to buy drugs; in the real world, Sinbads aren't all so nice. Better luck, conceiver of Saul, in the next reincarnation: you gave us one compelling boy-love book; we can't really do without you.

one of *the* standard references in this country, and even contains a chapter by P.A.N. columnist Dr. Edward Bronger-sma, recently told a reporter, in connection with a sexually motivated child murder, "Many paedophiles, as a result of enormous traumas in youth, are frightened of adults; they have the tendency to avoid people of their own age as much as possible and form their contacts with children." Also in the

news recently was pediatrician A. Koers, who said of a little 6-year-old girl who had been used in some amateur porno films and died, apparently accidentally, from an overdose someone had given her of cocaine, "For Thea Puymbroeck death was merciful" — presumably because the sex had been so horrible! However Prof. Dr. M. Musaph has recently retired from his position at the Academic Hospital in Utrecht. Musaph sat on the government's "Melai Commission" which was charged with recommending change in "moral legislation" in Holland; his conservatism was a great impediment to real reform (It is Musaph's opinion that paedophile contact in childhood can cause impotence in adulthood!)

SOURCES: *Het Parool*, 13 & 23 July, 28 Aug, 27 Sep 1984; *De Telegraaf*, 23 July 1984; *Vrij Nederland*, 28 July 1984; *Martijn*, Aug 1984; *Het Algemeene Dagblad*, 18 Aug 1984; *De Gooi en Eemlander*, 21 Sep 1984.

PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA On September 24, former Deputy Police Commissioner James J. Martin was sentenced to 18 years in prison "for presiding over a system of extortion within the Philadelphia Police Department." Chief Inspector Joseph DePeri received a 15-year sentence and various shake-down and bag men in the department sentences ranging from three to 12 years.

Their trial had been going on for months. Obviously the Department had to do something to up-grade its image; obviously too the current media campaign against "child abuse" was tailor made for this purpose. As in all large cities there were areas where teenagers hustled. For decades this activity had been tolerated by the cops who usually only arrested upon complaint of parents or catching sex in the act. Now they made a sweep of the Kensington hustling area. 16 men were arrested. Of course some pornography was seized when they raided some of the men's homes; of course all men now were part of a "porno ring".

Well, it worked. Newspapers and radio stations forgot about the extortion scandal and concentrated on this much juicier scandal of the police's own manufacture. No one dared point out that this was a roundup they could have made any time in the past; why had they saved it until now? "A very professional investigation... the kind of performance that distinguishes a police force and the best of its men and women," editorialized *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, which then went on to sing the official American psychiatric line: "There is no credible body of psychological or psychiatric theory or practice that does not recognize that sexual contacts between adults and children are profoundly damaging... Those impositions of power dehumanize children..."

SOURCES: *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, 13 & 25 Sep, 1984; *Philadelphia Daily News*, 12 & 13 Sep 1984.

NORTHERN IRELAND The long simmering Kincora Boys' Home scandal (PAN 7-10) gives evidence of both widening slowly and being hushed up. Allegations have been made that the Royal Ulster Constabulary has deliberately covered up a 20-year practice at Kincora of allowing, encouraging and even profiting from sexual contacts between the boys and both staff members and men outside of the home. Tittle-tattle and rumour are rife: even here in Holland we have heard tales of black government-operated limousines (why is it always *black* limousines?) pulling up to Kincora year after year and disgorging important Arab clients who would then throw themselves on the hapless innocents inside — pawns in the machination of government expediency! Kincora was even the subject of a chant by local football fans. A kind of homosexual witch hunt has been going on in Northern Ireland against social workers. It seems other boys' homes have been investigated by the RUC and convictions of staff personnel obtained, including, in Belfast, Williamson House, Bawnmore, De La Salle, Palmerston Assessment Centre and the Family Group Home,

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Manor House and Barnardos in Newton-abbey. A full inquiry, it has been estimated, would cost some £4 million.

SOURCES: *Social Work Today*, 7 & 11 May, 15 June 1984.

CHICAGO, IL, USA One evening in December, 1982, a six-year-old Chicago girl climbed out of her bathtub, came downstairs dripping wet to join her parents, found Dad's 35 mm camera lying around, shot pictures of her mother and father, then started to dance and do somersaults, still stark naked. Dad picked up the camera and took photos of his romping daughter, and some time later took the film to the local drugstore to be developed. There a snoopy clerk saw the naked child photos and called the cops. Six days later two policemen came to the little girl's school and informed the head mistress that her pupil was the victim of pornography and probably parental sexual abuse. They took the girl off to the police station, where she was intensively interrogated,

given a full gynecological examination (which showed no evidence of sexual violation) and was repeatedly told that her parents were "bad". The same day the mother was arrested by five cops with drawn guns, thrown into the slammer and was only able to get out when \$500,000 bail was arranged for. The

father was arrested the following day.

The little girl was placed by the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services in a foster home where, for five days she refused to eat and just cried. Subsequently she was allowed to go to her grandparents' home, where she stayed for five weeks.

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CHICAGO, IL, USA The arrest of a serial psychopathic killer last August has added fuel to the local media attack on boy-love but resulted in none of the right questions being asked. Larry Eyler, 31, was a sometime social worker in children's homes, often a drunk and troublesome patron of gay bars. Acquaintances described him as alternately gentle and brutal — and when he was in the latter mood it now seems that he picked up youths in their late teens and early twenties — probably some 20 of them — raped them, killed them and dismembered their bodies. He is formally charged with the murder of one Danny Bridges, a 16-year-old boy who last February was "united with his mother" by the cops and NBC television, that great caring enterprise (see following news report under Copenhagen).

The truth about Danny Bridges is not to be found in any self-congratulatory NBC airings or in the Chicago papers. It can, however, be learned from one of the men Danny knew, who helped him, listened to him, gave him shelter for a period when he was only fourteen but who now is in prison for caring for other street boys. Danny had been trained by his hooker mother from his 8th or 9th year on to be a prostitute. He had had contacts with gay men from a very early age, and became one of a small band of teenage hustlers working the North Side Uptown streets. There not long ago he became a pawn in the hands of the police: three undercover cops, Mickey Dolan, Sam Christian

and Brian Killacky were currently posing as "customers" and so forcing some of the boy-hustlers to turn in their real customers for prosecution. The time-honoured and apparently legal technique is to find boy hustlers on one or another of the addictive drugs, arrest them, keep them in jail until they are climbing the walls, then give the kids the drugs they crave in return for "services". One notorious cop, who has appeared on television making paedophile arrests, is well-known among the boy hustlers for blackmailing the more attractive kids into giving him sexual favours and dealing in dope. Most of the police, however, simply use their pawns to entrap drug dealers, drug users and boy-lovers. Sometimes the cops settle for payoffs, sometimes they get convictions: either way they come out ahead. Danny was one of the boys so used.

Meanwhile the Eyler murders had started. Danny knew that if the then unknown murderer of Chicago youths didn't get him, friends of the men he had been forced to snitch on certainly would. So he did what anyone whose sense of self-preservation was working properly would do: he ran away. He hitch-hiked with another boy hustler by the name of Sammy to Sammy's family home in North Carolina.

All might have gone well for him setting up a new life there had not Mark Nykanen, NBC reporter on the make, not tracked him down and, with the Chicago cops, had him brought back last February, under as

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At his trial, the father was convicted of violating Illinois' child pornography statute, suffered a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized for three weeks. Owner of a small manufacturing firm, his business went into decline and he was forced to resign his vice-presidency in the exclusive social athletic club

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strong a protest as a shy, gentle boy can make, to Chicago: Nykanen had his story, the cops had another find — and Danny his death warrant.

“Danny Bridges was special to me,” writes his former protector. “Very few people under the age of sixteen are. It’s just that I loved that kid very much and my intentions with him were just to give him what love I could and a home. Well, the so-called society of people looking out for the welfare of young people like Danny thought my way of giving him love was wrong and their way right.... You see why it’s so important that we stop the so-called straights from interfering in us good gays giving protection and security to those people of our own kind. We know how to take care of our kids and we know who and what to protect them from. The straights don’t and wont. They only want to condemn, inflict shame and guilt in people’s minds and torment people who follow the philosophy we do. Please help me get people to wake up about what their stupid attitude is doing to people like myself and Danny. How many more of us have to die in this horrible manner because people are too stupid and stubborn to realize that gays have got to take care of each other in their way?”

SOURCES: *Chicago Sun-Times*, 23 & 27 Aug 1984; *Chicago Tribune*, 26 Aug 1984; NBC TV programme “The Silent Shame” shown 25 Aug 1984.

which he had belonged to for years. He sold his house at a loss and moved out of the neighbourhood. Today, the daughter still remains in the custody of the Department of Children and Family Services, although she has been returned to live with her parents. A social worker still checks up on the family from time to time; obviously the child was deeply traumatized by these photos, according to the latest twist in psychiatric theory, for she refuses to talk about what happened to any psychiatrist or other therapist.

In the four years since the heavens fell in on this family, harsh new state and federal laws have been enacted which make it infinitely easier to convict such parents and make their incarceration obligatory. Does Christian/shrink sex morality ever learn from the tragedies it creates? In America, the answer has to be a resounding NO.

SOURCE: Nat*Hentoff, writing in *The Washington Post*, 2 Aug 1984.

BONN, WEST GERMANY A handsome 11-year-old boy by the name of Michael Burkhardt went missing here in the second week of June. It seems he was picked up at Bonn’s Central Station by a 30-year-old man, who told him all sorts of stories about travel and camping adventures. So the boy decided to go along. First they went to a holiday park near Brühl, then to Cologne, finally went on a walking trip through the Eifel Mountains, sleeping out in bedrolls, where the two were ultimately discovered near the town of Gerolstein. The boy was returned to his parents; the man was detained for further questioning.

SOURCE: DPA, 5 July 1984.

SAN LOUIS OBISPO, CA, USA. Author Louis A. Colantuono now has to serve another 30 days in prison as a result of writing his autobiography, *The Trucker and the Teens*. A disciplinary board in the California Men’s Colony found that he smuggled the 800-page manuscript to us at the Coltsfoot Press “a few pages at a time through an

intermediary"; this, they claim, was against the prison rules. When we heard what happened we sent a letter to Mr. Roy Gutierrez, Chief Disciplinary Officer, explaining that Colantuono had mailed us the script in two large packages directly from the prison and we hoped that this injustice would be corrected. Instead we received an idiotic letter from Colantuono's cell block chief saying the prison wasn't permitted to give us any information about Mr. Colantuono. Colantuono was also found guilty of "promoting child abuse" in his book; thus he has been forbidden to send out any more letters or stories dealing with sexuality. Whether in so doing the prison authorities have violated Colantuono's First Amendment rights to speak his peace may well be investigated by the American Civil Liberties Union.

MONTREAL, CANADA Over a year ago a local TV Mistress of Ceremony named Denise Bombardier launched, on her TV talk show *Noir sur Blanc*, a virulent attack on Montreal psychologist and gay newspaper editor Alain Bou-

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chard who had been invited to speak on the subject of man/boy sex relations (Pan 17-11). In fact her behaviour was so offensive that subsequently the Conseil de Presse du Québec censored her. Dr. Bouchard, however, wasn't willing to let it go at that and, in an example which one hopes will be emulated more and more in forcing these anti-sex crusading journalists into some semblance of civilized, or even professional conduct, is suing Bombardier for \$70,000 for defamation of character. It seems that, among other things, she characterized Dr. Bouchard as a paedophile after he had clearly stated he wasn't. Much as we hope Dr. Bouchard will melt Bombardier right down to her pedal-pushers, it is a sad commentary on public appreciation of paedophilia that such a statement can support a defamation of character suit!

SOURCE: *RG*, September 1984.

HONG KONG We haven't seen much in the American press about Judianne (Jingle Bells Judy) Densen-Gerber recently. Her difficulties with the New York Attorney General and the hostility of the New York press have seriously reduced her credibility at home. This doesn't mean that she is totally quiet, however. Last summer she was in Hong Kong accusing the police there of being soft on drugs. "I've been to places in Hong Kong where some very well-known people were using coke. They weren't just rich, they were very rich." (Among other things, she wants us to know the economic circle she moves around in.) And recently she has been on British television urging a crack-down on porn, as though there already wasn't one already. Just because she has been exposed as a charity swindler and child abuser in the US (PAN 4-5) doesn't mean that she intends to remain quiet abroad.

SOURCE: *South China Morning Post*, 1 July 1984

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA Echoes of the dying Rockspider Affair continue to reverberate across Australia. A little more information has come out about

"Greg Daniels", the police spy who infiltrated the Paedophile Support Group and taped his attempts to entrap members into supplying boys (P.A.N. 18-6, 19-10). He is Stephen John Mayne, lives at 187 Gladstone Street, South Melbourne and his telephone number is (03) 690 7236. (We are sure some P.A.N. readers will feel it appropriate to discuss his activities with him, politely, of course, and certainly not when he is trying to sleep.) He is often seen at the Laird O'Cockpen gay pub in Collingwood and it is suspected that he could be involved with Right Wing political elements. He is evidently *not* a cop, as we previously reported.

Delta Task Force may very well be on its way out. The complete collapse of its prosecution against the Paedophile Support Group members, its invoking in that case the "conspiracy to corrupt public morals" non-law, its dubious entrapment methods, its scandalous treatment of school teacher Alison Thorne, its mistreatment of kids, its blatant lying about the nature of paedophilia and its tireless attempts to throttle open discussions on this subject — all have brought it into disrepute with many leading sociologists and jurists. There seems to be a lot of evidence now that Delta Squad is a quasi-political body as much as a police unit: it is closely connected to, and supported by, the ultra-right National Civic Council and the League of Rights. It has extended its area of activity well outside Melbourne, finding a forum in the Brisbane *Catholic Leader* for its opinion that all sexual violence is caused by pornography, of all things: "There is only one way to protect these people. Ban pornography." The gay community shows no signs of resting until Delta has been disbanded once and for all.

But death throes can often be violent. There are substantive charges still pending against two PSG members — their trials come up in November. And Delta Squad was in the forefront of the successful effort to have a paedophile workshop banned at the National Conference of Lesbians and Homosexual Men at Queensland University on

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September 1. Even Premier Bjelke-Petersen got into the act: "No decent person could countenance such a forum. No matter what they call themselves, these people in the eyes of the ordinary person are nothing less than child molesters and should be dealt with accordingly." The university itself was divided on the issue: the vice-chancellor, Prof. Brian Wilson, said it was not the university's role to act as censor and restrict free debate. However, the university senate held an emergency meeting, over-ruled Prof. Wilson, and chancellor Walter Campbell, with senate backing, ordered that either the workshop be cancelled or the whole conference would be sent off campus. This prompted many conference delegates to attend the workshops which *were* allowed with sticking plaster over their mouths. News releases from the conference were largely devoted to this issue — with virtually no gays siding with the censors.

SOURCES: *Gayzette*, July & 31 Aug - 2 Sep 1984; *Outrage*, June 1984; *Newcastle Herald*, 1 Sep 1984; *Daily Telegraph*

(Sydney), 19 Sep 1984; *Melbourne Age*, 7 July & 1 Sep 1984; *Sydney Star*, 23 July & 23 Aug 1984.

PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA A rather empty-headed little pamphlet provocatively entitled *How to Have Sex with Children* caused a big stir here last summer and brought demands from many citizens of the Liberty Bell city that the pamphlet be banned from the shelves of the gay/alternative bookstore Giovanni's Room. It seems that owner Ed Hermance ordered 10 copies of the pamphlet from David Sonenschein, its Texas author. One fell into the hands of city councilwoman Joan Specter, who sent copies to the D.A.'s office and the local media. A march on Giovanni's Room was organized by WWSH radio announcers Dan Cooke and Kelly Randall. Threatened by an angry mob (made up partly of gays and lesbians), Hermance announced the withdrawal of *How to Have Sex with Children*, but the fracas started some very deep discussion in the gay world of censorship, the right of paedophiles to explain themselves and the difference between molestation and sexual relations. For months the gay press in the eastern United States was full of it — and for almost the first time most of the women writers were in favour of listening to and examining the experiences of boy-lovers. Outstanding were articles in *Gay Community News* by Scott Tucker and Pam Mitchell.

Unfortunately the furore over the pamphlet added motivation to the police and media in Austin, Texas, where author Sonenschein lives, to investigate and arrest him; doubly unfortunately this further led to a police search of Childhood Sensuality Circle in San Diego; in 1983 he had become associate editor of CSC's "Nusletter". As a result that brave little organization of Valida Davila's which for ten years has fought openly for a sensual upbringing of children, has ceased operating.

SOURCES: *Au Courant*, 12-18 June 1984; *Gay Community News*, 28 July & 18 Aug 1984; *New York Native*, 2 July 1984.

GERMANY John Henry Mackay was one of the more interesting figures of modern boy-love. Despite his name, he was very much a German — and a respected poet: two of his boy-love poems, "Morgen" and "Heimliche Aufforderung", were set by Richard Strauss (who, of course, assumed the beloved was a girl) and remain in the concert repertoire to this day. He was also a commentator on anarchist philosopher Max Stirner and, himself, made notable contributions to anarchist philosophy. Finally, he was a fiction writer who produced one novel at least, *Der Puppenjunge*, about a boy prostitute in the Berlin of the 1920s, which is something of a boy-love classic and is still read in Germany.

Now there is a Mackay Society in America (c/o Libertarian Book Club, 339 Lafayette St., Rm 202, New York, NY 10012) which produces an interesting little 24-page pamphlet "The Anarchist of Love: The Secret Life of John Henry Mackay" and plans next to bring out *Der Puppenjunge* in an English translation called "The Hustler".

USA Here and there one comes across a reaction to the appalling paedophile witch hunt. Although the *New York Times* runs stories almost daily about "child molestation", the noted sexologist Vern L. Bullough complains in it that child sexual abuse is really not on the rise. And Los Angeles psychologist Stan J. Katz says that "while the publicizing of child sexual abuse is salutary, a hysterical reaction is not. We need to establish a reasonable approach that is proportionate to the severity of the problem." He goes on say that professionals dealing with children have been trying to educate the public for years about child mistreatment. But "in truth, it seemed that few people were very interested in the problem until the media's recent focus on sexual exploitation."

Clergy seem to be drawing some sympathy when accused of molestation. In Hollywood one Rabbi Melvin Teitelbaum was accused of attempted rape of

an Iranian woman and oral contact with her 13-year-old son, plus molesting another 12-year-old boy. But the latter recanted, and his mother now claims the police kept asking him if Teitelbaum "touched him". Finally he agreed that the Rabbi put his hand on his groin for just a minute. But, says the mother, "my son is a very polite boy and respects the police and the feeling was he wanted to please them. He agreed with the police just to be nice." So she told the police, who immediately came around to talk to her. "I would not let them in. I told them I would leave the country before we would get involved any more." And what did the Los Angeles police say? Ralph Bennett, Lloyd Martin's successor at the Sexually Exploited Child Unit, responded, "It's not true that we put words in the child's mouth. This is a very complicated case..."

Then in Fall River, Mass., Rev. Leonard W. Silvester was arrested and charged with the *possession* of obscene photos — an offence which hasn't been an offence since 1974. And the D.A. is furious, for the minister's reputation has been damaged.

Also in Massachusetts, it seems that Father Bruce Ritter won't get into the Boston kid-saving business: the local Catholic groups have torpedoed his attempt to refurbish the old Avery Hotel in the "Combat Zone" (Boston's red light district) and turn it into a "shelter and service agency for runaway and homeless youth".

Finally, some of the hard facts about teenage hustling developed by Urban and Rural Systems Associates of San Francisco (P.A.N. 12-9) is entering the popular press: in a series on prostitution last summer, the *San Francisco Examiner* informed its readers that most of the "Polk Street kids" ran away when they were 15 or 16; about a quarter seeking freedom and adventure, most of the rest because of intolerable family situations often revolving about their gayness. The boys on the whole do not have negative self-images, mostly like their "johns" and, far from being "trapped" into some sort of downward spiral by their

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hustling, are on the street for a relatively short time — usually when they first arrive in town and until they find a job.

SOURCES: *New York Times*, 17 April & 20 June 1984; *Los Angeles Times*, 16 Aug 1984; *Boston Herald*, 3 Sep 1984; *Boston Globe*, 14 Aug 1984; *San Francisco Examiner*, 14 Aug 1984.

USA The latest turn in the anti-child-sex campaign in the USA seems to be tot abuse in day care centres. It all began in California with the McMartin pre-school facility in Manhattan Beach, where hundreds of charges have been placed against virtually everyone who worked at the centre. There probably isn't a newspaper or magazine in America which hasn't reported extensively on the case. Not to be outdone, the New York cops have come up with their own scandal in the Bronx: the Puerto Rican Association for Community Affairs in which, it is alleged, "tots, 4 to 8" were "attacked" (i.e., involved in sex). Two men and one 60-year-old woman have been booked. Vermont has its Bristol Day Care scandal in Middlebury and

Florida its Country Walk Babysitting Service scandal in Miami. There probably isn't a day care facility in America which isn't tempting some cop, D.A. or reporter to do a little creative investigation. None of this has much to do with boy-love, so we are not really reporting these cases except to point out their place in the anti-child-sex drive.

SOURCES: *New York Daily News*, 3, 4, 5 & 11 Aug 1984; AP wire service, 23 & 24 Aug 1984; others too numerous to cite.

BOLTON, ENGLAND Another man photographing a child nude, another discovery, another arrest, another newspaper report identifying the man and where he lived, another mob breaking into the man's house while he awaited trial, beating him up, with this time the man losing an eye — ho hum, just another British paedophile incident. But the case of Frank Green, 42, became slightly different when his judge, one Ian Webster, said, after hearing of Green's loss of sight, "You will also suffer in prison. The lot of a transgressor like you in

prison is worse than for those in jail for theft and the like." So not only did Judge Webster recognize the unchecked cruelty against paedophiles which prevails in British prisons but gave tacit approval to it.

SOURCE: *Bolton Evening Post*, 24 July 1984.

LANSING, MI, USA An appeals court here has held that a circuit court judge had no right to prescribe chemical castration as punishment for Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company heir Roger A. Gauntlett. "It goes without saying that there is no statutory authorization in Michigan for treating sex offenders with... Depo-Provera," the judges stated. This may be of little comfort, however, to Gauntlett, who, besides the chemical castration sentence, was sentenced to probation and one year in jail; he will be resentenced by the circuit court, probably to a considerably longer jail term.

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 18 May 1984.

HOUSTON, TX, USA Modern technology serves nosey snoops, too. One of our readers reports that a 13-year-old boy reports that one of his neighbours actually taped sexually incriminating telephone conversations between two adult men and boys of 9 and 11. They were using *cordless* phones, and cordless phones are transmitters: anyone with the right kind of a tunable receiver can listen in. This neighbour taped what he heard and turned over his tapes to the police.

BAKERSFIELD, CA, USA We suggest that all American P.A.N. readers send \$3.50 to the Foundation for America's Sexually Exploited Children, Inc., P. O. Bin 5-B, Bakersfield, CA 93385 for a copy of *What If I Say No?* the famous colouring book for children by Lloyd Martin and Jill Haddad. If it doesn't make you angry it will surely make you laugh. If ever a child's book was designed to teach sex guilt it is this. Fortunately most kids will probably spot it for the rubbish it is.

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Luther

by Kevin Esser

Luther's parents insisted that he would eventually be tossed into the Mary Bloom Home for Delinquent Boys, an institution known to the youth of our town as, simply, "The Mary". I shrugged with a noncommittal smile whenever the assertion was made. They were probably right. Luther was, beyond doubt, a Bad Boy. I knew that from the start. But, if anything, his naughty reputation seemed to me an actual turn-on, an attribute as wickedly titillating as a bulge in the pants.

It's hard to remember now my initial impressions of the boy. I probably thought him rather homely (albeit in an intriguing, offbeat way). Tall for a thirteen-year-old, he could easily have been labeled "skinny". Even his hair — dark blond verging on brunette — hung in long straight hanks over his ears and down onto his slender neck. An oval, hollow-cheeked face added to the effect of slightly lunatic emaciation.

Lunatic: yes.

At times, his energy would explode in a nova of comic invention pulsating between brilliance and insanity. Kim, the boy who first brought Luther to my apartment, dubbed him "the white Eddie Murphy" in grudging tribute to his eruptions of madcap gutter humor. But his flights of comedic fancy were erratic, often giving way to doldrums of odd calm; he became pensive at times, even sulky, his dark brown eyes staring almost sorrowfully from that gaunt Tartar face: all cheekbones and baleful squint. One moment he might be performing a wildly vulgar masturbatory pantomime, lying on the floor in his underwear and yelping as he bucked his hips and pretended to "glaze" the ceiling. But then a darker mood would seize him and he'd sit alone in a dim corner of the living room, gazing at rock videos on TV and chewing a plug of

snuff. (I don't know where or when he ever picked up that smelly habit, but I never liked it. My displeasure, though, failed to stop him. As always, Luther did whatever he pleased.)

During our final week together, a feeling of gentle sadness crept into our friendship. His nomadic family, originally from the hills of Missouri, was on the move again. Our relationship, pursued sporadically for almost a year, was at an end. I told Kim one day in July how much I'd miss Luther. He wrinkled up his nose in a typical twelve-year-old expression of cocky disdain. "*That* retard!? I'm glad he's goin'."

"Why don't you like Luther?"

"Because... he's a jerk!"

"I thought he was your friend."

"Maybe he *used* to be, but now I'm sick of him." He punctuated his contempt with a sharp swipe of his hand.

I always found Luther's lack of popularity hard to understand. Besides the fickle Kim, he had no friends that I knew of. In fact, he seemed to enjoy solitude, cultivating his isolation like a youth aspiring to the monastery. As far as I could detect, he saved his rare outpourings of humor (and affection) for me, doling out his emotions with the care of a castaway rationing provisions.

During that last week, he visited me every day on his bicycle, bringing me farewell gifts of fried chicken and barbecued ribs left over from family cook-outs. Our final day together was, I think, a Friday.

Wearing nothing but baby-blue gym shorts with his white knee socks and hightop sneakers, he skidded his bike to a daredevil stop on the sidewalk in front of my house. The summer sun had streaked his hair gold and given his skin a fine brown luster. He smiled up at me with gapped teeth and shouted his customary "Hey, dude!"... then slipped off

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his red-and-white Japanese rising-sun bandana and tied it around his slim suntanned right thigh.

Still smiling, he shambled lazily up the steps of the porch. "D'you read the paper?"

I nodded, a bit puzzled by his question. He grinned wider with a flash of crooked teeth before pulling a rolled-up newspaper from the back of his shorts and handing it to me. "Here, I had an extra one after my route."

In memory, I can still hear the throaty croon of his voice... a voice softened still further by a susurrous frontal lisp that turned all his "s" words to velvet.

He dropped beside me onto the porch swing. "Kim here?"

"Inside, watching *Star Trek*." I patted his sweaty knee. "Thanks for the paper, Luth."

"I thought you might wanna see the sports or somethin'."

"Well," and I stroked his warm neck, "I certainly do appreciate it, old pal. Now... how about some dinner?"

The three of us ended up at a nearby steakhouse — one of those fast-food restaurants with pretensions to middle-class chic. Ranch motif: lots of saddles and steer's horns and paintings of cowboys at sunset. Kim and I had come here often, but never with Luther, who peered about him with the agog air of a gamin dragged suddenly into Maxim's. "I don't like fancy places," he said.

"Fancy? This place?"

Kim laughed. "Shoot, man, this place ain't *fancy*! It ain't fancy at all!" He glanced across the table at me with a look of pride and pleasure that deliberately — and smugly — excluded Luther. "We go to some *really* fancy places sometimes, don't we?"

"Sometimes," I conceded, hoping not to bruise Luther's feelings. "But this place is nice enough."

I suppose we all enjoyed our food; I don't recall. After dinner, and a few sweaty frames of bowling, I took Kim home to his parents (collecting my usual boy-sweet kiss as I let him out of the car); then Luther and I drove back to my apartment, alone in the July night swelter, a moon of molten silver glowing hot above us. Rock'n'roll summer anthems throbbed in feverish succession from the radio.

As we swung into the driveway, the car's headlights swept quickly across Luther's bike.

"Nobody stole it."

The boy looked at me. "Stole what?"

"Your bike, jack."

"Hey, dude!" He punched my arm in mock resentment. "Who you callin' 'jack,' jack?"

I returned his playful punch, then ruffled his sweat-damp hair before climbing from the car. "You coming in?"

"It's pretty late. I dunno."

"I've got root beer and ice cream. You could have a float."

"How 'bout a beer, dude?"

We were already inside. I flicked on the lights, the TV, the window fan. "No way, Luth. No booze. Just a root beer float. Take it or leave it."

"I was just kiddin'," he grinned, cradling both thin hairless legs against his

chest as he sat on the couch. "Sure, I'll have a float. Lots of ice cream." Suddenly inspired, he grabbed a little pillow from beside him and stuffed it between his legs. "Ooo, baby!" he howled, thrusting his hips up and down and rolling his head. "Come on, baby, come on, faster, faster!" With a mad whoop, he jerked upward and flung the pillow into the air. "Shot her across the room, man! Oh, baby, it was great. Oh baby baby baby!"

During this brief performance, his eyes — bright, cunning, coquettish eyes — never left me.

I brought him his float, watched him drink it, lazed my arm around his bare shoulders as he sucked noisily at the dregs of amber foam. "I'm going to miss you, Luth."

He nodded, but said nothing. Of course I hadn't expected him to gush maudlin farewell sentiments. He was a boy, still too young to indulge in such adult follies. Instead, he glanced at me with a smile of gentle, bittersweet affection, his eyes brilliant with unspoken memories, unshed tears.

I kissed his cheek. "You have to leave pretty soon, right?"

"Yeah, in a few minutes."

I asked him, without words, whether we could make love for a final time, letting my hand play timidly between his legs. And, without words, he consented. I could see and feel the hardness inside his shorts. (He was, very plainly, wearing no underwear.)

"Wait a minute," he said, pausing to set aside his glass before slipping the blue shorts down his legs. They remained crumpled around his ankles as I tasted the saltiness of his chest and belly and thighs. My tongue explored him slowly, sliding in lazy, playful circles. Luther's hand touched my shoulder, then shyly withdrew. I could hear the quickening of his breath, feel the deliciously agonized squirm of his hips as his pleasure swelled and burst and flowed.

Outside, a dog suddenly howled. Luther caught his breath, giggled, then imitated the canine yelping and pulled

up his shorts. "I'm just an old hound dog," he sang, "just a dirty old *hound dog!*" Leaping up to improvise a few lunatic dance steps, he noticed a damp spot on the front of his shorts. "Whoa, baby, can't have *that!*" Still singing and whooping, he danced out to the kitchen and grabbed a dish towel.

"That'll teach you to go around without underpants," I yelled.

"Hey, dude, us dirty old hound dogs don't *need* no underpants!"

And that's how I remember Luther: singing, dancing, cracking inane jokes. Before riding off on his bike, he allowed me one farewell kiss. His breath smelled of root beer; his lips tasted ice-cream sweet.

"Be good, Luth," I told him.

"Don't worry," he laughed back, "I won't!"

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Nutty Nurse Two

The *American Journal of Psychiatry* is the professional publication of The American Psychiatric Association, probably the world's largest and most influential organization of its kind. Even opponents of psychiatry recognize the generally high standards which the Journal has demanded of its authors: if the premises upon which the articles are based have more to do with Truth Revealed in the rooted past than principles derived from empirical study, at least the working out, like the best of theological writing, has had both internal logic and appeal to the mind rather than

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emotions. So when the Journal publishes a blatantly bad, gutter-press type paper on a sensitive, if not explosive, subject written by people who, if we use the standards imposed by the American Psychiatric Association itself, have sub-minimum professional qualifications, one is entitled to wonder why.

Ann Wolbert Burgess is not a medical doctor and thus is no psychiatrist. She does, however, have a long record of professional paed-bashing, going back to the so-called "Nutty Nurse" conference at Boston University on "child abuse" (See PAN 8-12; 9-11; P.A.N. 11-12; 12-7), plus the ability to attract government money for "study" of kiddie-porn and sex between adults and minors. In 1981 she was part-beneficiary of an \$8 million Federal grant, and in 1982 received, all for herself, a more modest transfusion of \$100,000. Recently she appeared on NBC's inflammatory documentary *The Silent Shame*. The fruits of her efforts first appeared in one of the FBI journals earlier this year, and now, dressed up with a few elementary figures and percentages, it is on display for all mind industry professionals to see: "Response Patterns in Children and Adolescents Exploited Through Sex Rings and Pornography", by Ann Wolbert Burgess, R.N., D.N.Sc., Carol R. Hatman, R.N., D.N.Sc., Maureen P. McClausland, R.N., M.S., and Patricia Powers, R.N., M.S. *Am. J. Psy.* 141:5, May, 1984. *

Scientific literature goes to great lengths to eliminate emotional bias in the terminology it uses, and so, for the most part, does medical literature; propaganda does not. The title alone of this paper gives a clue as to which category it

falls into: it contains three loaded terms: "exploited", "pornography" and "sex rings". As one plows through the 3,300-word article which follows, the terms "ring, rings, sex rings, ringleader" are used 61 more times, "exploit, exploited, exploiter" an additional 19 times and "pornography" (undefined, but probably including all photos of children which paedophiles might find erotic) 34 times. "Victim, victimizing, victimization" are used 18 times, "abuse" five times, "sadism, sadistic" three times and "used" (in the sense of "sexually exploited") four times. Other biased terms include "rape", "molestation", "enticing", "crisis", "crisis intervention", "recruitment", "extortion", "network" and "offender". Were this article written with pretensions to dispassionate examination, "exploited" would become "participating in", "exploiter" and "offender" would be "the adult partner", "sex rings" "established sex relationships", "pornography" "erotic photos", "victim" "the younger partner", "abuse" and "molestation" "sexual interaction", etc. Thus a more responsible title would have been "Reactions of Children and Adolescents to Erotic Photo Modeling and Sexual Interaction with Adults".

The paper deals with 62 minors involved with 14 adults in 11 "rings". Burgess and her fellow-nurses distinguish three types of "sex rings". First there is the *solo ring*: one adult involved with one or more children. Thus, according to them, *every man/boy relationship is a "ring"*! Then there is the *syndicated ring* which "includes several adults which form a well-structured organization for the recruitment of children, the production of pornography, the delivery of direct sexual services, and the establishment of an extensive network of customers." Finally there is the *transitional ring*, where "there may be more than one adult with several children, but the organizational aspect of the syndicated ring is missing." (Obviously most of the 11 "rings" were "solo rings".) Such a classification — at once mixing unalikes and drawing divisions between likes —

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is, of course, absurd: it simply confuses matters. More meaningful divisions of adult-minor sexual relationships could be made on the basis of whether long-term or short-term relationships exist between adults and minors; degree of mutual interaction (apart from sexual interaction) between the two; whether adult or minor preferentially interact with a single partner or many partners; whether or not the adults permit, or even encourage, sex for profit with other adults and/or sale of sex photos of the kids. But to do so would suggest a curiosity about the *quality* of the relationship between adult and minor, and such a curiosity would be heretical within whatever Christian or psychiatric value system these nurses were using.

According to the nurses, "entrance into a sex ring introduces children to an elaborate socialization process that not only binds them to the ring but locks them into patterns of learned behaviors. The maintenance of the children in the ring is through a distortion of the belief

system that convinces the child the activities are 'normal' and strongly discourages any challenges to the behavior... The leader uses a peer network that forces a pattern of adaptation which perpetuates sexually aggressive and potentially sadistic behaviors." He "pits the group members against one another, encourages them to act out, and vicariously enjoys the peer sadism."

No qualifications are given to these statements, no attempt to limit their applicability to leaders of "syndicated rings", say, or even the 14 "ringleaders" which make up the nurses' sample: such Machiavellian manipulation and indulgence in sadistic thrills characterizes *all* active boy-lovers.

Deplorable reporting but, in Falwell-era America, effective myth-making. Of course, in reality, establishing a sexual relationship with an adult is a new experience for many youngsters, but is it really "an elaborate socialization process"? And does this new experience "lock him into" behaviour patterns which he would have difficulty breaking out of? Nonsense. In all adult-minor sexual relationships the minor holds the trump cards. He can tell his parents,

turn the adult in to the authorities or — more easily — just not come back. As for peer pressure, it is generally weak compared with the weapons society puts at the disposal of the reluctant juvenile seductee! And notice how inobtrusively these nurses slip in the premise that sex between men and minors is not "normal": the boy has to be made to "believe" it is — i.e., suspend his healthy, rational (heterosexual, apple pie American) thinking in order to adopt an alien, abnormal, distorted "belief system". The idea that sex between an adult and a minor could be a perfectly normal and healthy variety of sexual behaviour would seem to be so threatening to these nurses' value system that it requires this elaborate sort of screening.

Next we read that "in all rings adult pornographic books are used for instruction". (The nurses are big on sweeping generalizations.) Once again, it isn't "in all these eleven rings", but "in *all* rings" — that is, all men everywhere who have sexual relationships with minors show the kids porn. This isn't even bad psychiatry: it is simply self-evidently false. *Some* boy-lovers *do* use standard heterosexual porn magazines to help their boy-friends learn about the reality of coitus — or to turn them sexually on; *some* may use homo-porn to show the possibilities of male coupling; *some* may even use child-porn to persuade minors that having sex with adults can be fun (for most child-pornography is of the happy, spontaneous sort) — but as long as *some* men don't do this (and probably the majority don't) the statement must be regarded as untrue.

And then, according to the nurses, the kids are made to pose for pornographic photos themselves "and its lucrative outcome is a powerful reinforcement to the group... The use of alcohol and drugs, together with promises of extra money for the photographs, plays a key role in enticing the child." The photos, of course, are then used to blackmail the child into keeping quiet: "Would you like your mother to see the pictures?"



We have often wondered why such blackmailing is so very rarely reported. Perhaps boy-lovers are more ethical than their straight brothers, perhaps a blackmailed boy becomes a reluctant, and therefore uninteresting, sex partner, or perhaps the boy becomes frightened and unpredictable and thus dangerous. Whatever the reason, the only adults we have heard of who regularly blackmail boys through sex photos are cops trying to make boys testify against their adult friends.

The crusading nurses don't tell us what percentage of their 14 "ring-leaders" gave the kids alcohol and drugs, nor do they give any data to indicate how common these practices are in other adult-child relationships. Instead they invoke a kind of rule that this is what the sexually active paedophile simply *does*.

So much for the nurses' description of "sex rings". There is worse to come. Each of the "sex rings", obviously, was broken up by the cops; each of the "ring-leaders" was arrested. Every one of the "children" was questioned by the police, some made to testify against the adult he or she was involved with; there seems to have been abundant newspaper and television publicity which strongly altered the social climate in which many of the children lived. All of the minors, subsequent to the discovery of the "ring activities" and arrests, "agreed" to let these nurses probe into their personal and emotional lives: did they wet their beds, bite their nails, develop speech impediments, suffer temper tantrums? Worse, did they day-dream and fantasize? Did they sometimes act rebellious and stubborn? They were asked about the sex that had taken place within the "ring": how did they feel about it then, and about it now — and how did they like discussing these matters with the nurses? There were also "questions about the exposure of the ring and who found out about the activities."

"We found four patterns of response to stress based on the overt behavioral adjustments of the child," say the nurses. First, there is *integration of the*

event, where the child has "mastered the anxiety about the exploitation". Such kids believe that the adult "was not only wrong but was responsible for initiating the behavior." Criminal prosecution of the adult is "viewed positively" and the child makes such statements about the erstwhile older partner as "He should stay in prison forever". It doesn't occur to the nurses that this may simply be opportunistic behaviour, or that the child has been successfully brainwashed by the police, judges, parents and nurses, or that he has been terrified into saying what he knows adults want to hear. Instead, a kid who reacts this way has "a future orientation" and is busy with making "age-appropriate adjustments" with peers, family and school. In other words, capitulation to social conformity — and this is equated by the nurses with a return to mental health.

Then the child can display *avoidance of the event*. The kid doesn't want to talk about "the event" — at least not with the nurses. He or she may have troubles at school and as a result may have terminated some of his friendships. Since he "does not have a sense of right and wrong" he can't see where any of the kids in the ring were exploited. "Unconsciously," the nurses solemnly assert, "the child feels responsible." Typical, it seems, is the case of Jimmy who at 12 was "introduced to drugs and sex" (by whom, and whether separately or together, we are not told): by the time he was 17 he was heavily into drugs and had been arrested three times for breaking and entering. "While he did not make a connection between the ring activities and the deterioration of his behaviors, he viewed himself as 'bad and a loser'." A clear case of cause and effect, apparently, which the poor boy himself couldn't see! (The nurses aren't only big on generalizations; they never shrink from making causal connections where there is only the dimmest trail to follow!)

Worse is *repetition of symptoms*. The child is "not successful with socializing with children of the same age." He or she may "continue sexually explicit

behaviors or be repeatedly victimized." The child blames himself for what happened, believes he should have blown the whistle on "ring" activities. In other words, the boy or girl continues sexual relations with adults, but society has been successful in making him feel guilty and has prevented him from having friendships with his more conventional peers.

Finally there is *identification with the exploiter*, and it is worth quoting extensively from what the good nurses say about this reaction, for it is a beautiful example of how loaded terminology and confusion of sex with violence can be worked up with blithe disregard of logic and lack of worry about presenting evidence into the most fantastic verbal soufflé: "In this response pattern the child has introjected some characteristic of the anxiety caused by the exploitation and assimilates the anxiety through impersonating the aggressor. The child transforms himself from the person threatened into the person who makes the threat. The child masters the anxiety by exploiting others and adopting an an-

tisocial position toward peers, school, and family."

We leave it to the reader to discover how many non sequiturs and mind-bogling violations of causality he can find in just these three sentences. We will simply point out that even by the nurses' own testimony these kids evinced no anxiety over whatever sexual acts took place, leaving the nurses no other option than to use an old and hoary psychiatric trick: the kids really *were* suffering from anxiety over the sex, in fact it was so intense and profound that they didn't even know about it themselves. It was eating away inside their *unconscious* minds and could only be dealt with through a neurosis, by transforming themselves from victim to victimizer. Also note that the "exploiter" has now been vilified one step further: he has become "the aggressor" and obtained his evil ends through "threats".

A child reacting in this way "minimizes the exploitation and pornography, resents the interference of the authorities and feels there is 'much ado about nothing'. The child maintains emotional, social and economic ties with the offender and feels sorry or angry that the adult was exposed and convicted." In the topsy-turvy world of these nurses' analysis, such a response, which, shorn of the prejudicial description the nurses use, would be considered most healthy were it operative in most other settings, is considered the worst, most tragic, most intractable.

Of the nurses' sample, 45 of the 62 "victims" were boys. 13 of them (29%) "integrated" the event, that is, after a shorter or longer time, underwent a kind of born-again process, turned against their former adult sex partners and so rejoined apple pie American society, another 13 reacted with "avoidance", 8 (18%) "repeated" the "symptoms", while 11 (24%) "identified with the exploiter". It is noteworthy that over half of the boys, despite what must have been enormous social pressures, could not be induced to blame the adult for what had happened and a quar-

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ter of them actively resented the intrusion of "the authorities" into an activity which they apparently enjoyed.

All through the paper the nurses refer to "anxiety" suffered by the boys and girls, whether the kids are aware of such anxiety or not, yet they never analyse what specific situations or experiences actually caused this alleged anxiety. They refer vaguely to "the ring event", and most adherent descriptions are of "ring activities", i.e. sex and sex-photo making. To be fair, the nurses do devote five short paragraphs to the stresses the boys and girls were put under by their social environment once the rings, and thus the kids themselves, were exposed by the press and television. They even admit that in all but 13 cases "symptoms" of anxiety *began* at the time of "ring" exposure. But no mention is made of questioning by the police, being made to testify against a former friend or lover in court or verbal or physical beatings by shocked parents. One is left with the impression that in the minds of these four nurses the overwhelmingly greater part of the anxiety (conscious and unconscious) they allege was rooted in the sex and pornography. *That was what was traumatic, that was what turned the boys and girls into anti-social persons, destroyed their relationships with family and peers, give them nightmares, made them wet their beds, have temper tantrums, rape girls, drop out of school, resign from the football team — even though these behaviour patterns developed after exposure of the "ring" they belonged to and not before!* Obviously the nurses are either deliberately not making the right distinctions or they are incredibly naive.

One finishes reading this article with the strengthened conviction that psychiatry is neither science nor medicine but a peculiarly Western form of religion which grew from sincere, if misguided, roots thrust tenaciously and precariously in turn-of-the-century Viennese soil into a lucrative and powerful industry dedicated less to the emotional well-being of men, women and children than to the implementation and justification

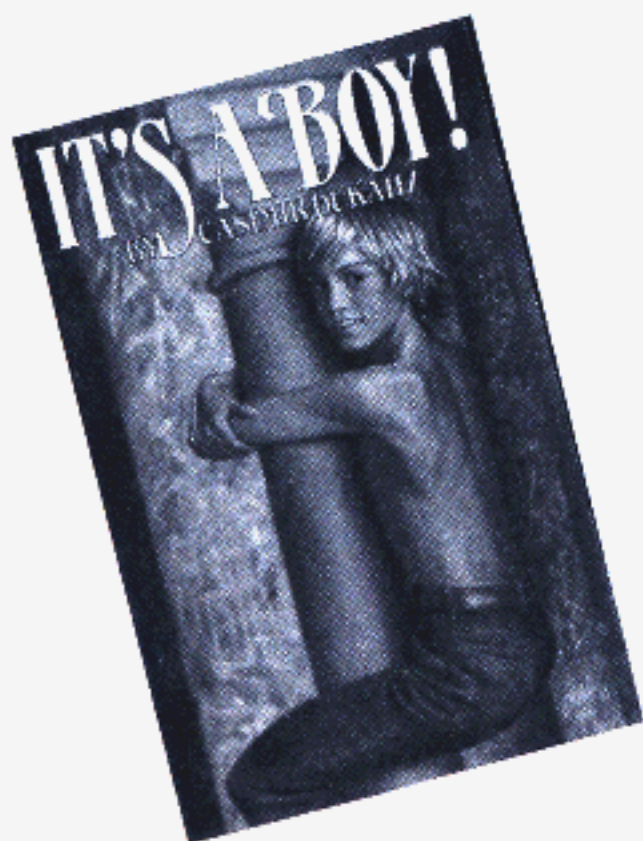
of social, and especially sexual, conformity. By accepting and publishing such a patently propagandistic and non-professional paper, the Decision Makers in the American Psychiatric Association have told us a great deal about themselves, how they view their social responsibilities in this area. The very badness of the paper marks it as a kind of editorial, a message to APA members that, despite the intense interest of the public in what it conceives of as "child molestation", open inquiry into adult-child sexual interaction is not only unnecessary but must be discouraged. A "position" has been taken, and woe betide the psychiatrist who might question it with logic, honesty, facts and dispassion. That is the significance of this paper: not its idiocy, for many idiotic articles about child-sex appear every day of the year in America and England, but the fact that it was published at this particular time by this particular profession in its most influential journal.

As MacLuhan said, the medium is the message.

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BOOKS



The Duke does it again
and again...
and again...
and again...

Prices, including post and packaging, in the currency of the country where the book will be sent: AUSS\$ 12; ÖSch 180; BFr 450; CAN\$ 12; DKr 90; IR.£ 7; FMk 50; FFr 70; Drch 700; Lit 13,000; Yen 2500; HFl 25; NZ\$ 15; NKr 70; Esc 1000; Rand 15; Ptas 1200; Skr 70; SFr 20; £ 5; US\$ 10; DM 25; Middle East, Cent. America, N. Africa US\$ 10; All other countries US\$ 14.

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We were late getting Casimir Dukahz's third book of fiction off the press — unfortunately just after P.A.N. 19 was mailed to our subscribers. Most of our readers are already familiar with the boy-love writings of this famous American verbal magician; suffice it to say that *It's a Boy!* is the same blend of dirty story, tall tale, shrewd observation, word-play and boy-worship as is found in *The Asbestos Diary* and *Vice Versa*. "Duke", the narrator anti-hero in all three books, isn't everyone's cup of boy-mead: he is furiously misogynic, finds women physically revolting creatures whose sexual functioning and parts he describes in the most disgusting terms. He is more than a bit urolagnic. He is the prototype Dirty Old Man leching after pubers, debasing himself endlessly in order to gain access to their "nobler parts". In fact there is probably not one single precept of the puritan Left or the Feminist theology that he doesn't violate time and again. As for "exploitation" — a word constantly on the tongues of our enemies — *It's a Boy!* is a cornucopia dripping with succulent examples: in every skit, in every way, the boys — exploit Duke!

At his best, Dukahz is a masterful story-teller. In "Thanks for the Buggery-Ride" Duke takes a 21-year-old virgin youth to a Georgia whorehouse, only to find for himself a thirteen-year-old lad passing out the punch. The raucous pseudo-respectability of the establishment, plus its passionate dedication to the Confederate Cause, is beautifully sketched, as is Chulius (the bashful youth), Madame Irma La Douche herself and the punch boy. Dukahz's dia-

logue is never off by so much as a syllable; it moves the little tale (it's only 14 pages long) effortlessly to its most appropriate and amusing conclusion.

It is easy to dismiss Dukahz as old-fashioned, bigoted, facile, a mere entertainer. Not to read him on those grounds would be a mistake, for a number of hard home truths emerge from his books. First of all, he is utterly honest and himself. He is not writing to please any social or political group: in fact he distrusts nearly every institution which exists and doesn't care who might protest. He is an observant man with a vast amount of sexual experience behind him and it is out of this experience that he writes. Dukahz knows boys, knows their sexuality — and above all knows how pleasant and utterly dismissable sex with a man is to most of them. He knows that boys are rarely victims, but their adult lovers frequently are. He knows that boys are selfish and exploitative until they find something real in you, and then they can be loyal and constant companions. He knows

that boys don't care especially about a boy-lover's looks or his age or how eccentric his life-style may be, but are always searching for the kernel of genuine humanity which may or may not be in him.

At the end of the last tale in the book, Duke asks his boyfriend, "OK, but you *do* like me a little, don't you?"

"Why, boss, I *love* you! I love you a bushel an' a peck an' more'n that, by heck! — but you *know* whatta nawful liar I am!"

Like all fiction writers, Dukahz is a "nawful liar", but *It's a Boy!* cuts much closer to reality than most gentler, nicer, more idealistic books.

Pojkart's first photo album "Hoi" is just out and should cause no problems with any censors anywhere in the world. The photos are by Swiss photographer Jos Maier and the verbal description of the ideal boy sets the theme of the photos which follow: he is an "engagingly clean, youthfully dressed creature... always honest and straightforward..."

pojkart

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doesn't talk when he has nothing to say. Doesn't think or act dirty... His attitude to work is methodical: he concentrates hard, takes pains...." From the evidence of these pages, he is about 12 to 16, dresses in running shorts, jeans, swim suits, briefs and, in a few photos, posing bikinis, but never *never* (postal inspectors please note) goes about naked. He climbs rocks and rides mopeds, fishes, shines shoes, drives tractors, hikes in the woods, walks barefoot about the city when he can, and sits and lies on chairs, benches, sofas, woodpiles, and deep-pile carpets — that is, when not doing his homework. Maier's lens is strongly drawn to legs, but it is the portraits in "Hoi" of thoughtful, intelligent, non-rebellious and alarmingly handsome adolescents which will appeal most strongly to those who feel the face is the boy's most erotic organ. 76 black and white photos (mostly full-page), hard cover, A-4 format. Price: DM 68, plus DM 7 surface post or DM 18 overseas airmail. Pojkart, Moislinger Allee 191, D-2400 Lübeck 1, West Germany.

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LETTERS

The following letter was received in response to the obscene treatment of an American black boy-lover by a Denver judge and some of her fellow feminists, as reported in the Battle Line section of P.A.N. 19. It is from a writer whose stories have frequently appeared in our PANTHOLOGY books.

Dear Judge Hufnagel:

"The victims were humiliated and degraded by what you did." Words you will recognise, Judge Hufnagel — your words imperiously said in court last June when you decided on the slow destruction of paedophile schoolteacher and scout leader Gerald Hall by sending him to a terrible, intentionally lifelong darkness of 56 years in prison.

But I suggest a new use for your words, Judge Hufnagel. I suggest the whole human race is "humiliated and degraded" by what, from the coldness of your heart and the shallowness of your intellect, you did to a broken fellow human being standing before you hoping for womanly compassion and helplessly at your mercy.

Mercy is a very strange word to link with your name. Do you ever think about mercy from your tower of authority, Judge Hufnagel? Do you even know what it means? Let me explain. It means forgiveness, forbearance towards those in your power; it is about the relief of human suffering. It has wonderful uplifting meanings that, tragically for Gerald Hall, are clearly non-meanings for you.

You were not lost for words on that bleak day. A Jekyll and Hyde you called him. His responsible appearance, you said, was a mere "facade". And he had

the propensity for sex assaults on children. You saw his character very clearly — no room at all for doubt. And yet someone more generous than you, and very much better informed, described him differently. Publisher Barry Wright saw “Jerry” Hall as a “kind, gentle and loving man.” A man who, over the years, “helped countless boys find self-respect.” Wright, remember, truly knew Hall. You, Judge Hufnagel, had only aggressive feminist theory and courtroom facts — and from other feminist officials at that it seems — to judge by. Even so, you *knew* you knew.

Now I am about to make a prediction. I predict that you have a big, an incalculably large embarrassment coming. Writing from England (you see your fame has spread) I bet you a pound note to a dollar bill on the arrival of that embarrassment. Do you take me on? You will be quick at money and should like the odds. And this embarrassment, let me assure you, will come quite soon and well within the 56-year smash you gave your fellow American, Hall. Hall is undoubtedly American but, of course, he is also black. How do you feel about blacks, Judge Hufnagel? Tell us frankly, please, and I am sure you will be as truthful as you are demonstrably ruthless and rich.

Your embarrassment, already on its way, will simply be the continuing emergence of evidence, factual evidence scientifically weighed and incontrovertably documented, which shows that loving paedophile relationships not only do no harm but do positive good, and specially do good for the child partners. Even you will have to acknowledge that evidence in the end — though you will resist to the last. Following embarrassment will come — and rightly come — a draining sense of guilt. Your guilt will be the knowledge, year after year after year, that thanks to you and the blindness of your judgement a good, loving black American is suffering the disintegration of spirit and eventually, no doubt, a prison death. A sentence of unspeakable severity for no crime.

How many under-privileged boys

have you given positive help to in your conspicuously privileged life, Judge Hufnagel? Let me guess the answer.

One last thing. I am sure you hold some form of religious belief, judges always seem to, do they not? The day is coming when you will die. What then? Will you be judged for gross inhumanity to one man known to us and, no doubt, others unknown? Could it be that your embarrassment and guilt will be followed by divine and condign punishment? I do hope so, Judge Hufnagel, I do so greatly hope you go to hell, and that you stay there for very much longer even than 56 years.

Sincerely yours,

Steven Wood

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BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Months ago, in a country far from my Dutch home, a local friend invited me to his apartment one evening when boys would come and dance. There were eight of them, all high school students.

Nothing was obligatory, everything was permitted. I was struck by how completely these boys respected one another's freedom. Some wished to dance entirely naked, and so they did. Others retained their trousers, or used loin-cloths, and did so without being ridiculed or pressured into following the example of the more daring. The music alternated between American disco and native. I was intrigued by the fact that some put on their loin-cloths whenever music of their own culture was played, only to cast them off for the disco dances. One boy, with a most handsome face and a body close to the Greek ideal, kept his blue jeans on during the whole session, until the long final dance when — happily — he suddenly flung them aside, exhibiting completely his magnificent physique.

I say "happily" because the marvelous flowing lines and curves of a boy's body are interrupted and disturbed by briefs, slips or loincloths. To admire a boy in toto, nudity must be complete. And enjoyment of beauty was the real purpose of this gathering.

All of these boys were heterosexually oriented: they all had girl friends and enjoyed sex with them. But that was no obstacle to their enjoyment of this all-male show of beauty nor did it diminish their pride in exhibiting their exceptionally fine bodies to their friends. Afterwards each of the boys came to me, one

by one, to thank me for coming. I was surprised, and said it was rather up to me to thank them for such a splendid spectacle. "No," my host protested, "your presence gave them something special. The fact that you were paying such rapt attention to them flattered their vanity and greatly increased their pleasure."

Without exception, the boys were most polite, well-educated and well-behaved. The dances over, one of them went to the kitchen and prepared an enormous omlette which we all consumed together. Later, without even being asked, they cleaned the plates, forks, the kitchen and even the bathroom, then returned the furniture to its usual place, leaving the apartment just as they had found it upon their arrival. They couldn't have conducted themselves more perfectly.

I suspect their nakedness contributed to this. Throughout the whole dancing session their bearing had been remarkably dignified: no jokes, no giggling, no affectation. The reader may smile, but I would liken the atmosphere at our gathering with that at a symphony concert — people enjoying beauty in serene gladness.

A French author — I believe it was Tony Duvert — once observed that you can take the most vulgar, foul-mouthed, impudent Paris gutter-snipe and see his behaviour change completely the moment he drops his last piece of clothing. All at once he moves more quietly, chooses his words better, acquires a strange dignity. Perhaps the reason is that, standing entirely naked in front of others, he becomes very conscious of

being a male, demonstrating himself as a sexual being. For this would seem to be the design of nature (if we may describe nature as a designing force). Nature strives to make sex very conspicuous the moment puberty is reached: the curious dangling movements of the penis, independent of those of the rest of the body, the darker shade of its skin, its crown of thick hair; they all attract the eye to this bodily organ which in the human race is proportionally much longer than in the other higher primates.

It is this very exhibitionistic element which embarrasses the average boy in our civilisation when he has to go about naked. Face, arms, legs, back, chest, belly — yes; but genitals — no! Swimming trunks or briefs are indispensable. Why?. He is ashamed. Why? He was taught to be!

Shame is a curious word. For the most part in our language the prefix "un-" changes to a negative sense a word with a positive connotation, or vice-versa. No so with shame. It is unpleasant to be ashamed, and it is bad to be unashamed, or shameless. Applied to

sex, shame means that we don't want to be associated with sex, sexual desire as well as sexual activity. But why? Such an attitude is only logical if we consider sex vile and dirty.

A positive view of sex, on the other hand, goes hand in hand with the absence of shame and timidity, perhaps even with pride. Why should a boy be ashamed of showing that he has attained sexual maturity and is now able to father children? Why should a boy be ashamed of the organ with which he can tenderly unite himself with someone he loves? Why should a boy be ashamed of that part of his himself which can cause the most exquisite pleasure to course through his body, and with which he can arouse such immense delight in someone with whom he wants to be intimate? Why should he feel ashamed of abandoning himself to the powerful forces of nature?

Why indeed? Shame is a superficial and artificial shell, easily shaken off. When Masters and Johnson wanted to study the reactions of the human body during sexual excitement and orgasm in their laboratory, they were surprised to

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find there were so many people, male and female, of all ages between 18 and 80, who were quite willing to masturbate and perform intercourse in the presence of a group of observers. These subjects very quickly lost any inhibitions they might have had. Children originally are entirely devoid of shame about nakedness, and boys may soon get rid of indoctrinated shyness if they are properly taught and encouraged.

I know one old man - I believe I have mentioned him previously in this column - who has a university degree, had an important position in society, is a pious Christian and, now that he is retired, devotes his leisure to the study of religion and philosophy. In his late boyhood an age-mate introduced him to the joys of nudity and sex. One day while sunbathing on the beach he met a middle-aged man and they soon became friends and lovers. This man, with deliberate instruction, managed to liberate him from the last remnants of feelings of shame and taboo; he presented him stark naked to his friends, had him pose naked for painters and photogra-

phers and even perform naked dances before an audience.

As his inhibitions gradually dropped away he found himself enjoying these occasions more and more. After several months his friend asked seven friends over for dinner and it was decided that the boy would serve drinks and the meal as an ancient Roman slave, wearing nothing save the ring of servitude on his ankles. The guests were delightfully surprised to find a naked youngster in their midst catering to their needs, and they loudly praised the beauty of his body. This excited him enormously, and the inevitable happened: his penis began to swell irresistably and spontaneously and soon it was fully erect. At first, facing the fully dressed guests with nothing to hide the evidence of his salacity, he was deeply embarrassed. The guests grew silent, the atmosphere tense, everyone stared. Then there was a sudden applause, cries of "bravo!" and "how beautiful!" His embarrassment was swept aside and replaced by pride. From that day on such spontaneous erections occurred all the time during the shows he gave, and he found he utterly enjoyed them. One more taboo was wiped out!

Now he is, as I said, a pious old man, but his Christian piety did not adulterate or vilify his memories. "What I did in my youth," he says, "was simply obeying the call of my nature, and I'll be eternally grateful to the man who showed me the way and gave me the opportunity to liberate myself from all those taboos. He didn't make me shameless; he made me shame-free, a positive condition, and thereby he enabled me to take an uninhibited delight in sex, see it as a source of immense happiness to myself and my intimate friends. Morally I cannot see any wrong in this. Aren't people created to make each other happy? I'm a happy and contented old man now, but the period when I was an adolescent and a young man was just one big spring of gladness and a climax of lust. Marvellous!"

His experience gave him a profound insight into human sexuality, seeing all its facets in proportion. He is not afraid

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of sex in any form, as long as it is based on the consent of the partners. He is fully convinced of the benefits of sexual freedom, on the proviso that it respects the sexual rights of others. His youth was full of sex, full of happy partners, full of shared pleasure and quite devoid of guilt feelings, taboos, frustrations and inhibitions. As an old man, now, many admirers of his wisdom seek his counsel.

For a boy, whose naked body symbolizes so clearly the central place of sex in his life, nudity is the school par excellence for the acquisition of such a healthy view of sex: no secret can be hidden in timidity, no shame, no guilt; sex is rather something to enjoy, to be proud of, a source of happiness to share with your friend or lover.

There were highly cultured people like the Greeks who held to this opinion. On their monuments, on their temple fronts, where sculptures represented battles with the barbarians who surrounded them, the enemy wore clothes while the Greeks fought naked. Watching naked boys and adolescents was one of the most popular pastimes. The festivals of the "gymnopaideia" (dance of naked boys) such as were held in Sparta and on the island of Thera drew thousands of spectators. With the advent of Rome, morality changed, and not for the better. Romans still liked to see nudity, but despised the actors who had to put their bodies on display. They themselves remained carefully clothed — and, as we know, cruelty and license proliferated.

Today there are still peoples — we call them "primitives" — with sound views on nudity and thus on sex. Their minds are generally healthier and happier than ours, they usually display more kindness, more friendliness, less aggression, less criminality than do we in our society. The most discerning attitude seems to me to be that of the Nuba in Southern Sudan. We see them in the magnificent pictures of Leni Riefenstahl: male and female are completely naked as long as they remain young and healthy: only the old and sick cover their bodies.

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Fortunately the nudist movement is spreading in the Western world. There existed much more realistic attitudes about nudity before the taboos of the Victorian age poisoned the European mentality, with the resulting increased sale of bathing suits and pornography, high frequency of rape and sexual violence visited upon women and children. Today nudism is no longer considered a freak expression of crazy fanatics, but rather another way of living.

If nudism were widely practiced in the West more realistic sexual attitudes would prevail. Boy-lovers therefore should be supportive of this movement; they can only benefit by its effects. And if they have a long-lasting relationship with a beloved boy, and thus have their special responsibilities toward him, they shouldn't forget the words of my old Dutch friend about the man who liberated him from taboos and guilt feelings and made him enjoy a shame-free nakedness: "I'm grateful to him every hour of my life!"



THE BATTLE LINE

The case of US vs Thoma which reached the US Court of Appeals, 7th Circuit last summer (certiorari was denied June 4, 1984) details very openly the entrapment methods of American postal inspectors working with local police against a paedophile, and it defines what it believes the limits are to permissible entrapment.

William L. Thoma had a record of prior arrest for sexual contacts with minors. In September 1981 Postal Inspector John Ruberti devised a mail "sting" operation called "Crusaders for Sexual Freedom", P. O. Box 3050, Glen Ellyn, IL 60138 (See P.A.N. 18-14), and on November 2, 1981 sent Thoma a bogus "survey" the purpose of which was to make him reveal his sexual proclivities. This mailing was apparently coordinated with the police of Downers Grove, the Chicago suburb where Thoma lived, for they conducted a search of his trash and found in it the CSF survey, filled in but subsequently torn up and discarded.

On November 24 Ruberti sent Thoma a second CSF sting pamphlet with 90 personal advertisements covering, according to the court, both legal and illegal options. (We have a copy of the CSF "Volume 2, No. 10" which contains 106 personals, 61 of which — 57% — are, as far as we can determine, illegal.) For the second time Ruberti received no response from Thoma, perhaps because the pamphlet stated that one had to pay money to join.

On December 9, 1981 Ruberti tried again, this time mailing Thoma a letter informing him that he had been sponsored for a free membership in CSF, and now Thoma bit, filled in the form

and sent it off. Ruberti welcomed Thoma into the club by letter dated December 21, and Thoma placed an ad seeking photo sessions with "young pre-teen and early teenage boys and girls".

Next March 16, 1982 Ruberti sent out a second CSF newsletter in which, once again, all the personals had been written by him — with the sole exception of Thoma's ad. Thoma responded to seven of the bogus ads and placed another himself, this one seeking contact with a mother and her children. He also enclosed a letter to "Kim, Membership Director" asking how one could be certain none of the ads were from the police. Ruberti, as Kim, wrote Thoma (with beautiful irony which could only be appreciated if you were in on the sting) that CSF was particular about who became a member and had not received any complaints.

From then on Thoma answered many bogus CSF ads, including one that read, "Collector would like to buy photos of teen and pre-teen girls"; to that one he responded that he would sell a video tape consisting of 500 photos of teens and pre-teens. Ruberti got a colleague in the St. Louis postal department, one Inspector Truitt, to answer. A price of \$100 was agreed upon and Thoma sent the tape. Similarly, Thoma sold tapes to undercover postal sting operators in both Cleveland (probably Research Facts, see P.A.N. 18-14) and Detroit. On June 25 he was arrested.

As in all real criminal court cases, there was a multiplicity of issues, but what is of immediate interest to us is how the courts dealt with the entrapment problem. According to Judge Pell

of the Appeals Court, "the defence of entrapment focuses upon whether the Government's actions implanted the criminal design in the mind of an otherwise unprejudiced person," and the court agreed that there was enough evidence "of Government involvement in coaxing defendant into committing the offence" to make this an admissible defence.

There were, it seemed, five factors which had to be analysed in order to determine whether a defendant was predisposed: 1) the character or reputation of the person, 2) whether the suggestion of criminal activity originated with the Government, 3) whether the criminal activity was engaged in for profit, 4) whether there was evidence of reluctance to commit the offence, 5) the nature of the inducement or persuasion used by the Government.

Interestingly enough, the Court did not deal with the first point: no mention is made of Thoma's paedophile sexuality being a factor of predisposition to criminality. Instead it dealt at some length with point 4, maintaining that the original reluctance of Thoma to join CSF (mere membership would have been legal) was due to fear of prosecution and not lack of predisposition to commit the offences offered in the newsletter. And once Thoma decided to start answering ads, "he did so with a vengeance".

The court then goes on to examine point 2: "Although the government offered a plethora of apparent opportunities to make contact with persons expressing sexual tastes similar to defendant's, these opportunities encompassed both legal and illegal activities and offered no more inducement to choose the illegal than the legal." It would seem that the court erred on this point, since the entire purpose of the sting was to stimulate illegal activity: the "legal" options offered were merely camouflage and, in the example of CSF literature we saw, made up less than 50% of the total. The court further maintains that the operation "provided little incentive for a non-commercial collector

of pedophilia" and that the CSF sting "clearly was not geared toward that end" — another obvious error.

As for point 5 above, the CSF, according to the court, acted within the law because it did not supply any contraband, nor did it induce Thoma to injure any third party by engaging in pornographic photography (all the porno on the posted tape seems to have been in Thoma's possession prior to his entrapment by Ruberti).

With respect to point 3, quite obviously Thoma did sell the video tape for \$100, and the court maintains: "Defendant was not an innocent collector of pedophilia induced or coerced into selling his collection to the Government, but rather a willing seller..." This, of course, is doubtful: one wonders whether Thoma, if left alone, no matter how much he might have wanted to sell porno video tapes, would have found any willing legitimate buyers in present-day America. The truth is that Ruberti, through CSF, created an illusionary market in the mind of Thoma, and that, in our opinion, goes beyond "mild inducement".

In two places the Court affirmed the constitutional right of the US citizen to *possess* obscene material in his home. And the court did not explicitly affirm that paedophilia in itself constituted predisposition to criminality. Furthermore, it placed great stress upon the commercial nature of the offence, that Thoma *sold* the tape for \$100 cash, and was not

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“an innocent collector of pedophilia” — which suggests that the Federal government would not have been interested in his case if he had been. (This has changed since the recent amendment to Chapter 110 of the US Code: now the mere *reproduction* of visual porn involving models under 18 with the *intent* to distribute, trade in the mails, etc. is prosecutable — see IN BRIEF.) On the other hand the court did maintain that Ruberti’s entire operation, the conception and modus operandi of Crusaders for Sexual Freedom, was in no way obnoxious or abhorrent: “CSF was nothing more than an undercover operation of an inherently clandestine activity and did not constitute Government misconduct...”

One other interesting fact emerges from this case. Between September 1981 when Ruberti formed the CSF ploy, and March, 1982, when the second issue of the CSF newsletter was mailed to Thoma, the only ad published by Ruberti which wasn’t written by Ruberti himself was the one which Thoma placed. Does this imply that Thoma was the

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only paedophile who fell into Ruberti’s trap? On NBC’s gutter documentary *The Silent Shame* Ruberti claimed 35 arrests as a result of the CSF sting, with thus far 30 convictions, but for what? Is this kind of reluctant small-time amateur video-taping all there is to the much-touted multi-billion-dollar domestic kiddie-porn industry? If so, an enormous amount of time and money was spent by the US government cultivating the trust of a few rather naive men and then patiently coaxing them, staying just inside what was legally permissible, into committing an offence which the government admitted — had to admit, in fact, to keep the cases from being thrown out of court — had caused no one any harm. For this, Thoma must now spend four years in prison.

It also opens up the question of what the postal inspectors will use next, now that the CSF cover has been blown both in court and on network TV. We have already mentioned Research Facts, P. O. Box 91971, Cleveland, OH 44101 (P.A.N. 18-14). According to Judge Pell, there is another sting operation located in Detroit, but we have no information about it as yet. In the past month three readers have sent us copies of *It’s A Small World*, newsletter of The American Hedonist Society, P. O. Box 2098, Madison, WI 53701. Except for being typeset and printed on better paper, it is very similar to the CSF sting pamphlets: there are 109 personals, of which 46 (42%) appear to offer illegal options. Some of the same ads which appeared in the CSF issues reappear here, suggesting cooperation and exchange of copy between entrapping postal inspectors. But, again, most of the ads are obviously written by one person: he uses somewhat cruder language than Ruberti (who seemed to have a thing about “Milkmaids”, “golden showers”, the phrase “teen and pre-teen” and eschewed the simple “man” for “gentleman” and “woman” for “lady”!); the “Don and Mary” man of The American Hedonist Society prefers telegraphic style and has a thing about “Roman culture”, whatever that is. A P.A.N. reader reports that

his copy of Humanist material was *hand-delivered* to his address!

Last August one James E. Oelstrom was trapped by an underground postal inspector in northern Virginia, and in the same area Walter M. Plaue was charged with possession of sexually explicit materials after a two-month investigation by the Fairfax police and postal service. In California, someone calling himself Jim Lester, P. O. Box 2121, San Jose, CA 95109-2061, sends out a crudely reproduced form letter: "What we are looking for is any material that you may provide for our distribution". He says he is "an associate of Kathy" — a reference, if you are in the know, to Catherine Stubblefield Wilson sentenced in mid-May to four years in prison (9 months of which she must serve) for kiddie-porn sales and, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, responsible for 80% of US kiddie-porn film and video tape imports (See P.A.N. 19-10). Postal Inspector Daniel Mihalko in New York is probably operating as Eugene Weiner (P.O. Box A125, New York, NY 10116). He makes contact with his intended victims after a customs seizure, saying he was formerly associated with some presumed porn service which "due to problems beyond anyone's control... were unable to fulfill requests for special erotic material." He offers to buy kiddie-porn in any form and give his victims "free copies of magazines or tapes in which your material is used."

In Kansas City a postal sting trapped elementary school teacher James T. Huddleston, who returned an initial questionnaire such as CSF and The American Hedonist Society provide "from which the postal inspectors made a psychological profile". Huddleston's entrapment followed the identical pattern of Thoma's.

Then there is something called "BL Ltd." of Houston, Texas, which claims some sort of vague connection with the old BSJ of Colorado. "Fred Johnson", who runs it, strongly protests his innocence. However, one of our readers writes that he received from him a typical entrapment letter, which began, "A

friend gave us your name" — always a give-away. It was probably another Texas entity which trapped one Robert Carter of Baton Rouge, LA, who was "induced to join a Dallas-based group involved in 'pedophilic activities'. It was actually a test organization operated by the Postal Inspection Service." After lengthy tempting correspondence, Carter proposed to undercover policeman W. T. Gorman that he bring three young girls from Pensacola to New Orleans so that Gorman could have sex with them. When Carter, Gorman and the girls (17, 15 and 13) all eventually met, Carter was arrested and charged with causing the girls to come to Louisiana for "prostitution, debauchery and other immoral purposes". This, presumably, was also permissible entrapment, and it was Carter, not Gorman, who was responsible for the girls' crossing state lines with illegal sexual aims.

Most likely these bogus societies and their tacky little pamphlets will soon come to the end of their useful life and will be succeeded by fresh schemes. One possible avenue which hasn't yet been thoroughly exploited is working through "legitimate" alternative publications. *Wonderland*, newsletter of the Lewis Carroll Collectors Guild, is an obvious candidate (c/o David Techter, No. 25-B, 2520 N. Lincoln, Chicago IL 60614). Along side of advertisements from existent European porn merchants, naturist clubs and manufacturers of legal video tapes, are ads of a more dubious nature: "Love them young and innocent! Will buy photos and films, magazines, videotapes of young girls or boys. Write to..." "Custom film processing... Confidentiality assured." "Fancier of fauns & nymphs. Connoisseur of young boys and girls, am interested in expanding my library of rare or unusual references. Photographs, films, magazines, and video wanted. Generosity is assured. Also would enjoy correspondence with others who truly appreciate the young, especially fellow Texans..." — this latter is illustrated with the same little Pan sketch which The American Hedonist Society uses on its newsletter. If the

Feds and postal inspectors were protecting Techter because *Wonderland* was useful, then NBC and Mark Nykanen must be in their bad books: using hidden cameras, Nykanen trapped Techter into telling all about how he seduced little girls.

That *Wonderland* has been used by the authorities to catch paedophiles can be seen in the arrest last July of Robert M. Woodruff in Houston after police there spotted a classified ad he had placed in it. Apparently that was enough to start an investigation which eventually led to charges, among others, of "sexually assaulting a 4-month old baby" — whatever that means and however that might be done. David Sonenschein, Austin, Texas paedophile pamphleteer (See P.A.N. 15-10; 19-21 and the In Brief section of this issue) also had advertisements for his publications in *Wonderland*. An Austin TV reporter by the name of Bruce Gordon ordered a catalogue and two "Pedo-Paks" from Sonenschein, which he turned in to the authorities. As a result Sonenschein was arrested and charged last July 6 with promoting obscene material, a Class A

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misdemeanour which could result in a one-year jail sentence. Sonenschein also was associate editor of the CSC Newsletter (See P.A.N. 11-15; 12-12 & 43; 13-10; 16-10; 18-3), and last June CSC was raided by the police and material confiscated. As a result CSC has become inactive.

As elections in America near, accretions of ignorance and concern begin to approach critical mass. Around them media hype increases exponentially. An entrenched administration with hillbilly preacher mentality releases vast sums of money to stamp out immorality and is seen to be "doing something" if, by hook or by crook, it can double the prison population of sex-offenders and triple its misery. Americans can look forward to a massive effort to roll back the frontiers of permissible entrapment.

But the postal fishermen will still have to make you bite, and it would be well to study both the bait and the hook. The initial contact must always be with an unknown person, unless entrapment is carried out by a blackmailed friend, the rather expensive and cumbersome technique used by Lloyd Martin on George Jacobs (See PAN 4-6) or a blackmailed hustler, the highly successful (and lucrative) ploy of the Chicago cops. And there will always be an appeal to an illegal prurient interest. Finally, it seems that the first concrete proposal to put porn in the mail or buy, sell or trade porn or engage in sex with minors or induce them to cross state lines will have to be made not by the entrapping agent but by his victim.

One of our correspondents put it rather well when he forwarded us a copy of *It's A Small World*: "Help! It's 1984 and Big Brother is in my mail box."

SOURCES: *Federal Reporter*, 2d series: "United States v. Thoma" (726 F.2d 1191, 1984), pp 1191-1201; *Houston Post*, 7 & 8 July, 1984; *Houston Chronicle*, 7 July & 5 Sep, 1984; *Wonderland*, No. 5 & No. 6; *The Missourian*, 29 July, 1984; *Washington Post*, 28 Aug, 1984; *New York Times*, 16 May, 1984; various pamphlets of The American Hedonist Society, BL Ltd, Crusade for Sexual Freedom; videotape of *The Silent Shame*, NBC 25 Aug 1984.

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Prices quoted below include postage and packing. For orders outside of Europe copies will be sent by air.

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Ireland	IR.£ 3	IR.£ 15
Finland	FMk 15	FMk 75
France	FFr 25	FFr 110
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