

PAN

**a magazine
about
boy~love**

NEWS

New York, London
Los Angeles, Brussels

BEING COMPASSIONATE
a story

THE VIEW FROM GERMANY
action in the press

CORRUPTED & CORRUPTORS
by Dr. E. Brongersma

BOOKS

*Near Fatal
Attraction,
Paedomorphs I,
Heart's Witness,
Young, Gay
& Proud*

THE BATTLE LINE
On Kiddie porn

number 6

**Cover
photograph
deleted.
See Note
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.

[p.2, full page photograph deleted]



PAN

Number 6

September, 1980

WHAT'S INSIDE

- IN BRIEF** New York, London,
Los Angeles, Brussels **4**
- BEING COMPASSIONATE**
a story by Scott Peters **12**
- LETTERS** from author Morris
Fraser; a 14-year-old boy;
L. A. cop Lloyd Martin **17**
- THE VIEW FROM GERMANY**
Action in the press **19**
- BOOKS:** *Near Fatal Attraction,*
Straight Cut Ditch, Paedo-
morphs I, Heart's Witness,
Young Gay and Proud **23**
- BOYCAUGHT**
The Corrupted and Corruptors
by Dr. Edward Brongersma **26**
- THE BATTLE LINE**
On Kiddie Porn **31**

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

All photos in this issue are by Olivier Ralet.
Sketches on pages 13 and 18 are by Jean
Loup.

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



IN BRIEF...

AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS The commission chartered by the Dutch Government to look into possible changes in "moral" legislation involving minors has finally brought out its report. It did not recommend lowering the age of consent for sexual acts (which stands at 16 for both homo- and heterosexual contacts) but did suggest that at least non-oral and non-anal acts involving youngsters over the age of 12 be decriminalised where the child took the initiative. While such a law, if enacted, would present very real problems to the courts, it does show the direction informed opinion is taking in this country. The report will be published at the end of August.

COPENHAGEN A correspondent writes us, "The Danish law against kiddie porn came into force, after some delay, on 1 July. On 7 August the largest (and highly bigoted) Danish daily, *Ekstra Bladet*, which had started the campaign against kiddie porn in the first place, reported buying child porn magazines in a provincial bookshop. The police, in common with many leading politicians and jurists, aren't terribly interested, it seems. Ironically, the first complaint to the police under this law was over a pseudo-scientific book written by one of Denmark's most hysterical opponents of pornography, a feminist by the name of Lone Backe. Her book, *The Lewd Lolita*, contained a series of hardcore photos copied from various paed magazines. Some courageous activists told the press that they would fight this woman with her own weapons! The situation, now that the law has passed, is uncertain. Nobody knows where to draw the line between legal and illegal photos.

Pictures of sex between a 40-year-old man and a 4-year-old girl would be illegal, but where sex between two minors is shown there is more doubt, since such activity in itself is not illegal. Nude posing by minors is not considered pornographic, thus not illegal. At present no trials are expected."

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND Gay teenagers may at last have some sort of recognition here. A homosexual youth club has opened in St. Martin's Church in the Bull Ring and will be accepting members as young as 13 years of age. Whether it will be permitted to continue its existence by the West Midland Police Department or the National Association of Youth Clubs is a moot point. Meanwhile, the Joint Council for Gay Teenagers is trying to assert some political muscle and is actually hoping to arrange a meeting with Home Secretary William Whitelaw to ask that the age of consent for homosexual acts be lowered from 21 to 16. "Under the present law, gay males are regarded as criminal if they do anything to express their sexuality before they reach the age of 21," states the Council. "Any organization which exists to help gay teenagers can also risk being regarded as breaking the law."

SOURCES: *Observer*, 13 July, 1980 & *Daily Telegraph*, 11 July, 1980

LONDON 138 male inmates in British prisons have been fed "chemical castration" drugs without their knowing it — and now 17 face breast amputation operations as a result.

SOURCE: *Het Parool*, (Netherlands) 28 July, 1980

HILVERSUM, NETHERLANDS A one-hour TV program on paedophilia, originally aired in The Netherlands a year ago last October, was repeated late July over National Dutch Television. Five persons were interviewed by host Koos Postma, including Dr. Edward Brongersma, a radio pastor, an elderly housewife active in civic affairs, and two young men who, as children, had been deeply involved in paedophile relationships with adult men. The program was remarkable, even for Holland, in that virtually nothing negative was said about mutually consensual adult-child contacts. We have translated the entire broadcast into English and in this form it is available for study (subject, of course, to all copyrights held by the producers of the program) by interested groups or individuals (15 guilders or equivalent in Europe or \$10 elsewhere to help cover our expenses in photocopying). Its rebroadcast in neighbouring Belgium sparked a major, and equally positive, article in *Humo*, a widely-distributed Dutch language Belgian radio and television magazine. Belgium is my no means as liberal as Holland in its sexual laws, and it is considered an important step forward to have this kind of article appear in the popular press.

SOURCE: *Humo*, No. 2078, 3 July, 1980

CLAVERACK, NY, USA The Reverend Johannes W. Kuiper of the Reformed Church of America has been charged by his church "with the offensive life-style of homosexuality" and faces de-frocking. Kuiper came into the news last year when he won adoption of a thirteen-year-old boy, Alden, who is now officially his son, despite the fact that Kuiper had come out as a gay and was living with another man (See PAN 2, page 4). Kuiper's church is the unrepentant American offspring of the severely Calvinistic Dutch Reformed Church and the action against Kuiper was brought in its Columbia-Greene Classis by Rev. David Corlett, Rev. Bruce Wierks, Elder George Miller and Elder George Van Brunt and approved by the full Classis in a simple majority vote. One of the demands of these gentle Christians was that he

THE UGLY BOY-LOVER

PAGSANJAN, PHILIPPINES The following news story is quoted in its entirety from a Manila newspaper:

Pagsanjan, Laguna, July 6 — The Rotary Club of this town denounced the other night foreign homosexuals who prey on the youth in their drug trafficking activities. The denunciation was aired during the induction ceremonies of the officers and board members of the club at the Rapids Hotel here. Armando de Rossi, newly installed president of the club, said victims of foreign homosexuals are male students mostly in the high school and collegiate levels. Rossi said perpetrators of the drug trafficking activities are Manila-based foreign homosexuals who visit this town during weekends. He said foreign homosexuals induce good looking male students by giving them money in exchange for "hours of lustful activities." Other foreign homosexuals, he said, entice the young by financing their school expenses and other deeds. An unsuspecting parent would welcome the "gesture of generosity" offered by the foreign homosexuals without knowing they will be the losers in the end, Rossi said. Once enticed by the prey, foreign homosexuals start inducing the youth to take drugs, alcohol, and cigarettes, he said.

In the 1980 edition of the Spartacus Gay Guide and in the first issue of PAN's sister magazine, SPARTACUS, we have called attention to the bad behaviour of paedophiles in this country. Although most of what de Rossi said is untrue in detail (foreigners haven't been pushing the drugs, rather Filipinos; *none* of the parents in Pagsanjan are ignorant of their sons' hustling) the fact that this virtual town industry is coming under attack for the first time in 50 years is significant — and, unfortunately, predictable.

undergo "appropriate therapy" in an attempt to change his sexual preference. The photo in *Gay Community News* shows Kuiper and his gay friend Angelo linked by young (and very handsome) Alden with his arms around the necks of the two men. All three are wearing T-shirts emblazoned with *Label Jars Not People*. The de-frocking by Super-Calvinists Corlett et al, which Kuiper feels is inevitable, will probably not interfere with his pastoral calling: by September he will be ordained in the Metropolitan Community Church.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 5 July, 1980

LONDON The British legal system seems to be bent on allowing its citizens to kill with impunity — providing it can be alleged that the victim was somehow attempting to "molest" children. A certain Justice Chapman here actually commended one James Clarke, a steelworker, for killing a drunk who was annoying some little school girls on a crowded bus. The dead man, Royston Hirst, 40, put his hand on the leg of one of the girls and they became very frightened, witnesses testified. Clarke struck Royston at least three times; one blow broke his jaw and another, placed just below the ear, caused a fatal brain hemorrhage. "The whole unfortunate episode arose out of the most commendable action on your part," opined the good Justice, pillar of English

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

civilisation. "I am not surprised at any decent man losing his temper at what was happening. These little girls were being molested by a drunken hooligan. Too often these days people are too anxious to keep out of things when incidents such as these arise." Clarke pleaded guilty to manslaughter and received a 12 month conditional discharge.

SOURCE: *Daily Express*, 20 May, 1980

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM The long-established Francophone Belgian homophile association ADEHO has recently formed a Paedophile Workgroup. Their first publication (in French only) is a three-part essay entitled "Love between Children and Adults", and the chapter titles are, "Reflections on child sexuality," "Different pictures of paedophilia," and "Sexual encounters between children and adults". Price: 100 Belgian Francs and obtainable from ADEHO, Rue de la Sablonnière 17, B-1000 Brussels, Belgium.

NEW YORK, USA Dr. Michael Baden, pathologist husband of "psychiatrist" Judianne Densen-Gerber, has been reinstated as New York City Medical Examiner. Baden would seem to be a worthy husband for "Jingle Bells Judy". He was fired in July, 1979 for a number of unethical and illegal activities, including falsifying death certificates and telling people at a conference at Lenox Hills Hospital that medical evidence showed New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller had died during sexual intercourse (and the Governor had been one of Jingle Bells' staunchest backers!) It has long been suspected by people trying to combat the pernicious empire of D-G that husband Michael helped his wife get rid of embarrassing bodies from the Odyssey House chain of juvenile concentration camps. Despite the investigation by the New York Attorney General's office into her misappropriation of public funds (See PAN 3, page 29), D-G is still loose and making trouble around the world. We have heard reports that she was on the radio in Japan, of all places, and may possibly be making a bid to "clean up" the prostitution scene in Sri

Lanka. Last spring she was the star attraction of a WXYZ (Detroit) television show where, for one hour, she held forth on the sins of child sex, sounding more like an unstifled Mrs. Archie Bunker than the professional woman she claims to be. Incredibly, the unctious announcer brought up the exposé of her empire by *New York Magazine* — and wished her well in her battle against her enemies!

SOURCES: *New York Times*, 9 May, 1980 and a tape recording of WXYZ television interview with Densen-Gerber

LONDON Paedophile Information Exchange, much to the embarrassment of the Thatcher Government and the British courts, is not dead. In fact it is continuing to fight and will even be bringing out a new edition of its newsletter *Magpie* in the next months. Date for the trial of five former PIE Executive Committee members for "conspiracy to corrupt public morals" has been set for 5 January, 1981.

NEW YORK, USA *Christopher Street* continues (with *Gay Community News* of Boston) to be a happy exception to the rule that American gay publications treat paedophilia with not-so-benign neglect. The May issue carried a long interview with photographer Jacqueline Livingston (See PAN 4, Page 10 and PAN 5, page 4). Although not in the strict sense paedophile, Jacqueline is well aware of her own erotic response to her young son, as can be seen in her art. A few extracts from this highly quotable interview: "Censoring porn is treating the symptoms so that you don't have to look at the problems. It is what does *not* get communicated that can be the killer, because that is the education we are without... Children must have the freedom they need for their own sexual development and healthy emotional growth without shame or guilt. They have to have legal protection also, but those laws have to be very clear about where the protection begins and ends as to suppressing their very rights to their own person, to explore their own bodies, thoughts, ideas and dreams without adult

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

interference. They also have to have the freedom of sexual information and their choice of a sex partner. One does not learn responsibility without taking responsibility." Many of Jacqueline's nude photos of her young son Sam are included. In the same issue is a delightfully cool analysis of the feminist fight against pornography. For boy-lovers who do not know about *Christopher Street*, the address is 250 West 57th Street, Suite 417, New York, NY 10019.

SOURCE: *Christopher Street*, May, 1980

MERCED, CALIFORNIA The Bizarre north California boy-abduction story (See PAN 5, page 4) moved one step toward clarification recently when Steven Stayner, who turned 15 on 18 April, admitted that his relationship with 48-year-old paedophile "kidnapper" Kenneth E. Parnell had been sexual. Steven disappeared from his home when he was 7 and for the next eight years lived in various California towns as Parnell's son "Dennis". Steven testified at a preliminary hearing in the Merced court that as time went on, and as he grew into puberty and adolescence, the sexual contacts, which, according to the charges, included both oral and anal acts, became less and less frequent. "Toward the last it happened once a month...maybe about a couple of times a month, that's about it," the boy said. Last February Parnell, who seems to be attracted primarily to pre-pubertal boys, brought home a 5-year-old lad by the name of Timmy White, presumably as a sexual replacement for the ageing

Steven, and it was shortly after the appearance of the younger boy in their home that Steven took Timmy and ran away to the authorities. Steven's testimony, coached by the police and extracted by the prosecuting attorney, is, of course, suspect. What roles jealousy, sexual frustration, incompatibility or simply a growing erotic interest in girls may have played in the teenager's decision to leave Parnell and cooperate in his prosecution remains a mystery. Perhaps Steven doesn't know himself.

SOURCES: *San Francisco Examiner*, 18 April, 1980 & *San Francisco Chronicle*, 30 April & 20 May, 1980

LONDON The January issue of *The British Journal of Criminology* carried an article by Dutch jurist, ex-senator and regular PAN contributor Edward Brongersma on the need to decriminalize sexual contacts with children. Surprisingly, Professor D. J. West of Cambridge University, in a commentary printed along with Dr. Brongersma's article, agreed with Dr. Brongersma that criminal law should not deal with consensual sexual behaviour involving children, although, in common with virtually all British public figures who have had the courage to comment sensibly on these matters, he expressed strong doubts about the advisability of allowing children to have sex relations with adults. But Dr. West felt that children are much more severely traumatized by police and court experiences than by even the most distasteful sexual acts where violence or coercion was not used.

LONDON During the 12 months preceding October, 1978 the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children dealt with 40,052 cases of physical violence against children. Sentences handed down to English adults who batter children within an inch of their lives are usually suspended, or, at worst, very light — and are not to be compared to what a paedophile who makes love to a child would draw.

SOURCE: *London Gazette*, 18 June, 1980

LOS ANGELES, USA A father who punished his 8-year-old son by cutting off his penis (the boy came home late from school) was accused of "mayhem" and assault with a deadly weapon — and held in custody here recently "in lieu of bail of \$10,000". By contrast the bail set in 1978 for William Inglis, a Baltimore computer specialist accused of photographing and having oral contacts with the penises of much older boys, was set at \$250,000! However, before we jump to the not entirely unwarranted conclusion that, in the eyes of American jurisprudence, fellatio is 25 times more horrendous a crime than castration, it should be noted that Inglis had a top security clearance with the military and the magistrate feared that Inglis might "become a target for subversion or for haven in a foreign country — the communist countries."

SOURCES: Reuters wire service, 24 April, 1980; *The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, 16 March, 1980.

AMBATO, ECUADOR A 31-year-old murderer by the name of Pedro Alonso Lfpez has confessed to raping and killing at least 210 pre-pubertal girls. One of our readers commented, "Not even that Houston guy killed so many *boys!* Heteros are the worst!"

SOURCE: *Time*, 2 June, 1980

NEW YORK, USA US Congressman John M. Murphy of New York became well known to American paedophiles back in 1977 when he was co-sponsor (with Kildee of Michigan) of the Federal anti-kiddie-porn bill which has since become law of the land (See PAN 4, page 26). In statements before the Congressional sub-committee investigating "sexual abuse of children" he was full of fatuous virtue: "It (the bill) is aimed at stopping the sexual abuse and emotional annihilation of hundreds of thousands of children nationwide in the gutter industry of pornography.... Interviews with social workers who must deal with children warped for life by early sexual abuse show... (The bill) is absolutely necessary to protect our

LOS ANGELES, USA One of our correspondents here attended a class Detective Lloyd Martin was giving at the University of Southern California in a course on juvenile justice for a group of Air Force police officers. "Martin showed up," he reports, "set up three tables full of erotic materials, was introduced by a very tall, hulking man in a windbreaker and began to speak: 'I brought along some of my children today, so that you can pick them up, look at them, and see if there's anyone you know — maybe your children or those of friends.' His tone was super-emotional from the start and the students were prepared to react just as he wanted them to. We all went up to the tables, and there, laid out carefully and lovingly, were enlargements of the finest quality, proof-sheets, magazines, etc. 80% were of boys, mostly 14-15 years old. Anyone who knows pornography knows that girls are seen at least as much as boys, the quality of the pictures is often terrible and the age of the kids range much lower than this. I had the spooky feeling that we were seeing Martin's own preferences displayed here!"

Back in the days when *The Advocate* of San Francisco recognised the existence of paedophiles, it reported an early Lloyd Martin case. A certain Dan Yert stood trial before a Los Angeles Superior Court in 1974 for nine counts of "lewd conduct" with youths. It came out in the proceedings that Detective Martin had obtained signatures of two kids, witnesses for the state, on blank deposition forms, which he later filled in with "testimony" in their absence. Yert's attorney told *The Advocate* that two boys said Detective Martin had threatened them with removal to a Juvenile Detention Hall unless they testified, although they later denied this on the stand. At the trial one of the boys said he was driven to the edge of a cliff and dangled over the side by two policemen who demanded that he name the men who allegedly had sex with him. (Said D.A. James Grodin, "You sometimes have to go to extremes because these kids are afraid to tell the truth.") Yert was convicted — and Martin went on to bigger and better things, as we know.

SOURCE: *The Advocate*, 30 January, 1974

children from the most vicious creatures that breathe, the pornographers who live off the blood of children." But people never seem to learn that "moral crusaders" who talk this way are usually drunks, thieves or into kinky sex themselves, and in Murphy's case it was a matter of taking bribes for getting wealthy Middle East businessmen American citizenships. Four other congressmen were in on the racket, which was exposed by the FBI (it's nice to know that The Bureau spends some of its time going after real scoundrels, not just pornographers). Murphy is the third of the sub-Committee's big guns to go down for enriching themselves from the public coffers: Densen-Gerber is under investigation by the New York Attorney General for misappropriation of most of the state monies her Odyssey House chain of concentration camps received in the mid-'70s (See PAN 3, Page 29); Robert F.

Leonard was convicted last November of embezzling over \$100,000 in federal funds (See PAN 4, Page 8).

SOURCES: *New York Times*, 19 June, 1980; *The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, 16 March, 1980.

CLEVELAND, USA There used to be an old joke about governments declaring a war to which nobody came. There are indications that this may well be the case in the American "battle" against paedophilia. Early in the year the US Post Office Department established a "hot line" in Cleveland to handle an expected flood of complaints about "molesters" doing bad things with children. But several months later, according to postal inspector Ted L. Ecklund, there had not been a single call on it. "Either there is no sexual exploitation of children in this area, or people aren't reporting it." Perhaps there is a

third possibility which Mr. Ecklund doesn't wish to recognise: that there is lots of sex going on between adults and children but that neither party considers it "exploitation".

SOURCE: *The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, 16 March, 1980.

PLAINVIEW, NY, USA Another blocker by Martin Locker: the New York postal super-sleuth, busy building his career by destroying vulnerable paedophiles (See

PAN 5, page 8), recently brought down a well-known professional clown who has appeared on the Mike Douglas and Merv Griffin shows. Marvin Matthow, 49, known to millions of American TV watchers as "Baldy the Clown" and "The Human Seal", was set up by Locker, who arranged for two cops, posing as paedophile photographers, to make a porno film starring 14- and 15-year-old boys. Locker is an enthusiastic, if rather heavy-handed, entrapment operator. He seems to have blackmailed a Catholic priest by the name of Cornelius Otero (himself nabbed for selling commercial kiddie porn in a Manhattan garage last September) into setting up two fellow boy-lovers. One was a British citizen by the name of John Peters and the other a school teacher in the Queens named Ronald Drew, 45, who now, even before his trial, has been fired and denied his pension rights. (Otero, after the two arrests, was "relocated to an assignment out of the state" by the Brooklyn Archdiocese in reward for these presumably Christian betrayals.) Not long ago one of our PAN subscribers in far-away Ohio received the following cryptic note:

Dear Fellow Collector, I received your name from a mutual friend who tells me we have similar photographic interests in things which are innocent. I myself am a collector looking to touch base with other collectors who are into selling, trading or swapping source names. If you are interested please write to me at the following address: Box 621, Church Street Station, New York, NY 10008. Truly yours, ML. Please excuse the Xerox copies but I am trying to contact many people at one time.

Recently people in New England have been getting form letters from "Bob" talking about "similar tastes" and "similar collections" and offering to swap material — obviously written by some US postal agent. Locker was even a subscriber to PAN, under the name of Martin Lazar and using the same Church Street Station post office box as in the above note. His subscription expired with No. 5 and on our

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

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

routine renewal notice we politely called his attention to the story about him on page 8. He has not resubscribed, which suggests he has assumed a new cover, name and address-- or perhaps PAN isn't salacious enough for him.

Meanwhile, NAMBLA, the burgeoning US man/boy-love organization, plans on publishing a list of the names of entrapping postal inspectors, together with their aliases, ploys, post boxes, etc.

SOURCES: *Gay Community News*, 5 July, 1980; *New York Daily News*, 19 May, 1980

NEW YORK, USA A forum on adult-youth relationships was held here on 24 June in the Millenium Theatre. It was sponsored by several gay organizations including NAMBLA and Gay Youth. NAMBLA, of course, supports elimination of age of consent laws, but there was by no means unanimous agreement on this issue. "What NAMBLA is doing is tearing apart the movement," one opponent told the crowd. "If you attach (man/boy love issue)

to gay rights, gay rights will never happen." Other opponents asserted that age of consent laws were necessary to protect children from manipulation and coercion. But the kids themselves fought back. "Children *do* have the power adults are denying them to protect themselves," said Aner Candelario of Gay Youth. "The sexuality of all children should be recognized as desirable and healthy," said a member of Gay Activist' Alliance. Over 250 people attended the forum.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 5 July, 1980

LONDON When the time came around last spring for Queen Elizabeth to hand out peerages, knighthoods and other royal honors, who should be receiving the Order of the British Empire but Mary Whitehouse, the scourge of British gays and real author of the so-called Protection of Children Act. The only good news is that this official recognition seems to signal her retirement.

SOURCE: *Ceylon Daily News*, 14 June, 1980

BEING COMPASSIONATE

by Scott Peters

It was the sort of late summer afternoon that stops all industry: hazy sun, the smell of cut grass carried through the window on the lightest of humid breezes. Like an old man (which I'm not) I was nodding over my book when the phone rang.

Nurse Flemming's voice: "It's your boy again."

"Not mine. I'm a single man — you never seem to learn." The stubborn silence of female disapproval. "Okay, what's the trouble?"

"Spinach this time. It's all over him, and some of it's on me. He yelled that it tasted like, well... As he gets better he gets worse. In just two minutes I'm going to wheel his whole bed and traction thing right to the top of the stairs, and then..."

"Push. That's not nice."

"John, I've got to talk to you. We must do *something*."

I sighed mightily. "I'm just his dorm master."

"Please." I gave in, of course.

I crossed the Quad, ducking a low football pass from one running fourth-former to another, then climbed to the infirmary and marched immediately to Cory's room. Your first impression was of a boy who wasn't so much injured as trying to operate some advanced kind of body-building apparatus. He was half sitting up, bare-chested, his arms, both in plaster casts, extended straight before him and fastened to ropes, which led to pulleys and weights over the foot of his bed. His legs were similarly attached, while a sort of truss about his waist kept him from sliding forward. What was bare of him, as well as the sheets within range, were decorated with his rejected lunch.

I took a towel and started to mop up,

making no effort to disguise my disgust.

"You can replace it with something edible, if you really want to be human," he said. Cory claimed he was thirteen, which meant he had actually celebrated his twelfth birthday. Straight blond hair fell nearly to his scowling eyes which blazed their blue anger at me — and a kind of electric tension — certainly not the usual deference a boy shows to the master of his hall.

"I don't feel very human at the moment," I said, "and neither does Nurse Flemming. In fact, if there weren't laws against homicide..."

"What am I supposed to do? I can't fucking move. I can't even scratch my nose, and I'm supposed to take that shit shovelled into my mouth and actually swallow it. You want me to get well you gotta feed me. Food, I mean."

"Cory, it's what we all had at lunch today..."

"I believe it — you just said you weren't human. Well, I am. Still."

There's no reasoning with a runaway firehose. I closed the door on it and met Nurse Flemming with a schoolmasterly upward twitch of the eyebrow. Why she insisted on wearing those silly white uniforms and caps I'll never know. Perhaps it was like a policeman's badge, authority against the arousable adolescence bedded down in her care: she was young and, as my flesh had more than once tasted, enthusiastically female.

"It's no fun for him, I'll admit," she said.

"He should have thought of that before he went joy-riding on his brother's motorcycle." Here, had I been a smoker, I would have lit up. Instead I diddled with a handy Q-tip. "There's something more and I

don't understand it. He acts like he's about to jump out of his skin."

"He is." Nurse Flemming was looking at me as she did those nights when she invited me to bed: lips apart, a little smile.

"All right, you got it figured out?" I said.

"The first week there was pain, enough to keep his mind busy, the second week there was less. Now there's nearly none at all. Think of it: three weeks without being able to move. He's twelve. A very mature twelve I can tell you — personal observation of his nurse."

I laughed. "I had never thought of that."

"So..." It was a half-question, and, once out, it hung in the sultry air, serious in its absurdity.

"Good grief," I said, "are you suggesting...? Well, okay, go ahead, I've heard about nurses giving nice surprises to old-timers at their hospital baths. I can keep a secret...as you know."

She shook her head. "More to the point, so can I. You see, I'm not the one he could accept it from. In two years, maybe — *if* he grows up fast. Not now. It may not really be a man's world, but every twelve-year-old believes it is."

I actually gulped. "Maybe a friend," I said desparately. "Every schoolboy has *that kind* of a buddy, hasn't he?"

Nurse Flemming looked down at her record book. "You would know about such things. Do you really want to suggest it to one of your charges?"

"No."

"I didn't think so." Through the window came the *thunk* of a kicked football and an adolescent shout. "Well, it's your decision, of course. I'll promise to play guardian at his door."

I went to the window and stared out, stirred by things I thought I had long put away. It really hadn't been that many years ago: warm afternoons just like today spent on the banks of a muddy Nebraska river, brown blanket beneath us, the sun above, sheltering willows all around. And doing it and doing it and doing it.

I turned back. "I'll see. I'll check him out. You better keep tight on the security."

Cory was surprised to see me return — he was a little subdued. I drew up a chair

and sat down beside him. Surprisingly I felt on firmer ground with this boy, a member of my own sex, than with Nurse Flemming. "Okay," I said, "what are we going to do?"

"I just want to get out of this. I want to be free."

"To scratch your nose."

"Among other things, yes."

Now or never; the proverbial deep breath. "Cory, I'm going to stick my neck out and I sure as hell hope you deserve it."

"What's up?"

"Lie back, get comfortable, relax — *close your eyes*"

He didn't move except to raise a cheek and the corner of his mouth.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said.

"That's what the doctors always say."

"I'm not a doctor. I'm your dorm master. I'm trying to solve what I figure is a major problem. Trust me?"

"Not exactly. Well..."

This time he obeyed. I reached, searched, found.

"*Holy shit!*" His eyes were wide now, staring at me like a pair of poached eggs. His jaw dropped open, idiot fashion. "I mean, what ya *doin'*?"

My hand quickly told me Nurse Flemming had been right. "Easy," I said, "back against the pillows, eyes closed. Don't



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

sweat it. It's only what you can't do yourself."

"I'll...be...damned!" he said at last. And gave himself up to me.

I extracted a promise from him that he would start on the school work he was falling behind in. I would get tapes of his lectures and Nurse Flemming would play these for him; occasionally I would drop in and check verbally how much he was absorbing. Four days later I received one of the cassettes back and, slipping it into place in the privacy of my room, heard, "Sir, Corey, here. I need checking out. I mean real bad. I thought you would of come yesterday already. You can't just start this program and then not follow through. You got to monitor me before everything fouls up. Well, that's all."

He was right. I had been avoiding him and I wasn't sure why. I put it down to embarrassment, shrugged and climbed the stairs to the infirmary. Cory greeted me with a big toothpaste smile. "Man, am I glad to see you, Sir! Shut the door. I been remembering and remembering and I'll bet I know more about those lectures than any other guy, 'cause I've heard them all twice and three times and, of course, I had something to look *forward* to. Okay, before I show you what a super-ace student I'm becoming...back on the pillows — yeah, I know — close your eyes, relax...!"

In the weeks that followed I came every two days, which, by Cory's lights, was putting him on critically short rations. "Hell, I'm a fiend," he confided to me once. "I'm a *three time a day* man, really. I'm just barely making it the way things are going now."

"But I haven't the time for more," I protested.

"Does it take much time?"

It didn't really, but I was becoming increasingly involved. It wasn't just the mechanics or the innovations in technique he was demanding ("Next time, Sir, bring some *stuff!*") — and getting — but he was beginning to look at me while it was going on, something we never did back on that brown blanket in Nebraska. And then there was my regard for the boy himself and what was subtly happening to him. He had never been outstanding in his school work. He hadn't, in fact, been very good at anything. Now, in English, especially, which I taught, there were flights of fancy and imagination that betrayed the onset of that enormous adolescent revolution which all gifted people undergo. It was I who was bringing this out in him. Under my touch, to use an expression closer to the truth than most, in his smile, his laugh, his fantasy — and even, despite the anti-septic ugliness of the casts and traction in which he was harnessed, in his body — he was becoming beautiful. At last I had to admit to myself that he was turning me sexually on.

"What a metamorphosis!" Nurse Flemming commented to me one day. "Are you sure you aren't carrying therapy a little too

far?"

"I'm not sure at all," I said miserably.

"Well, it's making *my* life a lot easier."

The term was speeding ahead. October came and went. Cory left in an ambulance to undergo multiple surgery for one last time — and returned a week later tense as a pin-pulled hand-grenade. I averted the inevitable explosion in the usual way and we settled down to the old routine.

By now I wasn't just attracted, I was in love. The sight, the smell, the touch of him — everywhere, but especially *there* — made my pulse pick up, the blood rise to my face. Nights I lay awake fighting it, rigid as Cory had been before I had rescued him. I threw myself into my work, which, I am afraid, became rather erratic: one day in class I was listless and, let's face it, exhausted; another day I was winging high over the treetops of all the literature I was supposed to explicate, knowing my taped voice would soon be falling on the beautiful ears of my loved one — and I would actually mesmerize my class into not wiggling, spit-balling or farting for 25 solid minutes at a time. Psychotics speak to psychotics: all adolescents, and men in love, are mad.

Two great events loomed in the future and, under the press of work and tiredness, rushed toward the present: Christmas vacation and Cory's medical release. The latter was a let-down for both the boy and me. I was present when they cut off the casts. His limbs simply wouldn't move. They had warned him this would happen, of course, but boys always believe more in the infallibility of their bodies than in what adults tell them. Fighting back tears, he had to let them lift him onto a stretcher and put him in an ambulance to carry him to his convalescence at home.

I had two postcards from him over vacation. The first was in a hand so illegible it took me hours to decipher it; in the second it was stronger, a round school-boy script. "I'm actually walking," he wrote, "but not yet up to my usual karate kick." Nights, alone, I would put the cards to my lips and feel the slightly raised

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

stamps snuggled down, I knew, by his precious but ephemeral spit.

Of all the vacations I have passed, that was the worst. What need would a convalescent boy have of his old English teacher friend? There might be a bond, of course, fading with time. Maybe in college he would remember me as that nice man who helped him out when he was sick — now, what the devil was his name?

I was so preoccupied with my love that I had little time to think my way through the other problem of what I really was — one, let's face it, that I still haven't solved. I know what the law, the newspapers, the cops, the politicians and psychiatrists think of men like me, but I also know that there are other places, other times, societies uninfluenced by our terrible religion, where things were, and are, very different. Well, that's another story, or I

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

hope it will be. Nurse Flemming, to my initial embarrassment, was a help. She tackled me one day when I was moping around worse than usual.

"You could have fooled me. You could have fooled the world," she said. "Just be careful. You and I know it's normal, especially for the boy, but not everyone's of a like mind."

"I didn't realise it showed," I said.

"It doesn't, really, but after you stopped making love to me I was watching. Besides, I'm sort of a co-conspirator."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"So am I. But glad, for my own feelings, I knew in time."

Cory didn't return with the others at the end of vacation. Word came down from the headmaster (I didn't dare inquire myself) that the doctors felt he needed a little more time at home. Each day I awakened in an agony of anticipation; each night I went to bed disappointed. But then one Saturday afternoon while all the boys were out at a basketball game and I

was working over the bottomless pile of themes which seem to make up 95 percent of an English teacher's reality, there was a gentle knock on the door. I opened it to find Cory leaning on the door frame, glowing with good health and grace and friendliness — and so unbelievably handsome that I almost dropped through the floor.

"Well," he said, as though that solved everything, "here I am."

I just gulped, then stammered, "Good Good!" or something equally inane.

"Can't I come in?" The little devil was actually enjoying my confusion.

"Yes, of course." *Steady*, I thought, *this is no time for fainting fits!* "How was vacation? Was getting on your feet a drag?"

He nodded, sprawled, now, in my easy chair. "And painful. But, I can run and kick, and in a couple of months I can play sports again. I got scars — not big ones." He began to roll up his sleeves to show me, then a crafty look came into his eyes and he said, "That's stupid: you can see all of *them* tonight. Now what I want to mostly do is talk."

We talked, and he needed the talk. Home had been dull. The flights of enthusiasm he had shared with me in that terrible little infirmary room had been met with boredom, or even vague worry, by his parents, who in any event didn't know what to do with a confined boy on their hands. It was wonderful to be back, to tell me about what he had read. "But don't think," he warned, "just because I turned into a regular old *book-worm* in order not to go bananas, I haven't got a whole lot of hell stored up in me now."

I listened and listened to my radiant genii, too fascinated to worry about the future or the nature of his need for me. It was more than a crumb he offered; it was the whole force of his happiness, his young enthusiasm. At last the spell was broken by a rumpus on the stairs — the horde of boys returning from their game, fighting for first position in the showers.

"Oh, God, here they are!" Cory said, getting up and pretending an annoyance I could see he didn't really feel. "Till tonight,

then, and don't, for heavens sake, lock your door!"

I hardly remember how I passed the intervening hours. At ten, as I had been doing since time immemorial, I shut the hall down, saw that everyone was in his place, more or less, and the lights were out, and retreated back to my room, first to try to finish the last of the themes and then to bed.

There was a full moon in my window; it reflected off a blanket of January snow and saturated my bed with a sort of mother-of-pearl liquid light. I lay on my back, heart thundering in my ears. And then at last my door was opening and closing and Cory was turning back to lock it; now he was approaching me, at first just his bare chest bathed like milk in the moonlight, then, later, as he dropped his pyjama bottoms, all of him.

And I was telling him I hadn't dared hope, and why, and he began by spitting out his disgust with me that I hadn't known and trusted him. Then all words stopped because, kneeling, he took me as I had so often taken him, and, for me, time stopped, too. Centuries later he snuggled under the covers beside me and we lay together nose to nose and breathing each other's breath. Slowly we came into full embrace; now we found that the liquid moonlight was in us, too, and rising, and we moved, equals at last, to release it.

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



LETTERS

I have just read your review of my book *The Death of Narcissus*; it falls into the small category of book reviews that make fascinating reading in their own right, and I congratulate you. Much of what I had to say was imperfectly expressed; there was some need for allegory and indirection, but you are one of the few people who have really grasped what I was trying to convey.

You cannot of course expect me to agree that any of the book is "sad nonsense"; the word *sick* as applied to paedophiles is yours, not mine. My text does, I admit, read as if I am saying that man-boy relationships are inevitably harmful, and I could perhaps have expressed that passage differently. I was simply writing about *potential* for harm, and this most certainly exists and is very great, whether you care to recognize it or not. Clearly you object to a psychiatrist having to do with paedophiles at all — but if you read the last chapter more carefully you will see that I was not writing about altering the central interest, the love of boys, as I don't think this can be done — but about helping to avoid the damage that may flow from it, and this avoidance *is* to an extent possible. Further I can't, like you, see paedophilia as a mere variant within the normal range of sexual preferences; it is not just sex, but narcissism; there is in it an obsession, a yearning, that far exceeds what a heterosexual feels for a woman. A change in the law would not make as much difference as you think; a lot of the pain would still be there.

In fairness, I think our divergence arises from the fact that we meet very different kinds of people; the associates in your



venture must either have 'come out' or at least reached some kind of accomodation with their preferences. Not entirely by choice, I have to meet some of the others. Nevertheless, I congratulate you on the high standard of your publication and wish you well.

Morris Fraser, MD MRCPsych, DPM

The following is extracted and translated from a (signed) letter written by a fourteen-year-old Dutch boy to the editors of NIKS, where it was published in the issue of June, 1980.

Four years ago I met a man whom I now love very much. Before that my life was completely different than it is now. When I'd leave school in the afternoon I would go home and just sit around, bored stiff. Only my mother was there, and we didn't really understand each other very well. After supper I'd watch TV and then go to bed — and that's the way it went, day after day, until I met my friend.... In the beginning I had a lot of trouble (over this man) with my parents, but, fortunately, I don't any more. My friend built up a very good relationship with them; he visits us at home a lot. Now my mother and father think it's quite normal for me to go to his place so often, which is great. If I'd had very difficult parents this never would

have worked out... (After I met my friend) a whole new world opened up for me. I knew nothing at all about society or love, but he taught me about those things. If you don't have anyone in your life all you do is look at TV every day. Like I used to do, but now in the evening we lie happily in bed together and we tell each other everything that has happened and that makes me feel so good! At last I know exactly what love is. Love isn't just going to bed with someone and making out and coming. Love is a lot more. Most parents go to bed and have sex and then do it again the next week or maybe the week after. Well, that isn't love. If you really love someone you want to be with him all the time and go to bed with him every day. In bed with my friend it's absolutely wonderful: I feel completely relieved and I can get rid of all my tensions.

On the off chance that LA's most famous cop could be educated a little on the realities of paedophilia, we send Lloyd Martin back issues of PAN and received the following letter in return. Readers should be warned that Detective Martin is hardly a friend, has by no means proved his trustworthiness, so anyone accepting his invitation to share with him his views on boy-love should do so with great caution and give serious thought to the advisability of using a return address, etc.

Thank you for sending me copies of PAN. Your apparent openness is refreshing. I certainly feel that a crime against a child has no equal. I do not believe anyone has the right to molest or exploit a child under any circumstances. I would be interested in your opinions regarding child prostitution and child pornography.... At what age do you believe a child can give informed consent to a sexual relationship? I would like to extend an invitation to your readers to write me with their ideas or opinions about paedophilia.

Detective Lloyd Martin
Los Angeles Police Department
Sexually Exploited Child Unit
221 South Hill Street
Los Angeles, CA 90012.

THE VIEW FROM GERMANY

With the help of our DSAP Correspondent

At the Barcelona International Gay Conference this spring, paedophilia, for the first time ever, was a major focus of discussion. Several points were generally accepted:

The problem of power in sex is not confined to adult-child relationships but is universal. Mutual relationships are indeed possible between adults and children.

There is no necessary link between paedophilia and sexual violence. There is, however, a strong causal relationship between the repression of paedophile sexuality and its occasional surfacing in violent forms (rape, sexual assaults, etc.).

Homophobia is often expressed in "age of consent" laws, which vary enormously between countries, and in the way in which they are enforced.

Children have altogether too little power at present to determine the course of their own lives. A liberation movement should aim to equip children to take more control over their own destinies.

Since the IGA conference there has been a lively debate in the German press (unfortunately mostly in sex-lib and paedophile publications) on many of these points. Leading the attack on paedophilia were a certain Alice Schwartzer and Günter Amendt, who together formed a kind of radical left/women's lib coalition, writing in the pages of *Emma*, a well known women's magazine (See PAN 5, page 6). Schwartzer is of the opinion that "because paedophilia is a power struggle and women never experience their sexuality as an expression of power" there simply are no woman paedophiles, news which would certainly surprise a number of women we know who have close sexual relationships with children.

These doctrinaire paedophobic diatribes were answered in part by a fascinating open letter by one Barbara Retzlaff and Hans Stümke who, delving into the history of Western sexual customs, give a concise account of how modern sexual attitudes arose. Up through the Middle Ages, they point out, sexuality, including child sexuality, was considered normal and natural. Nannies and mothers, for example, habitually masturbated their little

boys while singing them to sleep at night. During feudal times the masturbating child was universally recognized as the healthy child.

Sexual repression, and especially the repression of child sexuality, began with, and paralleled, the rise of the middle class. It seems to have been part of the effort of the emerging bourgeoisie to emancipate itself from the "loose" morals of the nobility. The process began at the end of the Middle Ages and reached its climax in the 18th Century. During the 19th Century sexual morality became at last the concern of the law: under the guise of "protecting the child against sexual abuse" the state assumed power over his sexuality, and has retained it ever since.

Masturbation was "discovered" by the supposedly enlightened middle class idealists at the beginning of the 18th Century, as though it had never existed before. First it was socially tabooed; then the doctors took up the cause: "Out of a hundred children, there are two who steal and 90 who masturbate." A disease had been discovered. Masturbation led to disturbances in growth, phimosis, fainting

West Germany, for the moment, certainly seems to be the land where the action is — at least philosophically. The 21 July edition of *Der Spiegel*, Germany's equivalent of *Time Magazine* or the *Sunday Observer*, carried a major article on paedophilia superior to the sort of trash one reads in the US and England. The reporters had made some effort to do their homework: rather than once more rehashing the lies and polemics of Densen-Gerber and Lloyd Martin, they warmed over the arguments of Schwartz and Amendt. But they had also read Bernard (See PAN 1, page 29), talked with people in DSAP, even visited the "Indianner Kommune" in Nürnberg. Unfortunately they gave too much impor-

tance to the latter (a small extreme left group which believes kids should be taught to steal and undermine society in every way possible). But the fact that such a story appeared in the most important magazine of the German-speaking world and the authors did try to present the position of boy-lovers, too, is probably a good sign.

In the August edition of *Spontan*, however, a researcher by the name of Dr. Gisela Bleibtrau-Ehrenberg regretted all the attention paedophilia is currently receiving: although paedophilia is "in", it would be better if it were "out", because then people might be able to talk rationally on the subject!

attacks, epilepsy, impotence, hysteria, spinal consumption — and all serious illness which "strike quickly and fatally". You could recognize self-abusers by their eyes, which were dull, underhung by rings, unable to meet those of adults; masturbators' hair fell out and their hands were sweaty. Recommended cures began with "frequent meditation", great caution at the change of the moon and a lean diet and then moved on to anti-masturbation garb, hardening of the body, bandages, gadgets, including even the strait-jacket to be worn at night. Surgical intervention was considered especially effective in severe cases. With boys the foreskin was pulled as far as possible over the glans, punctured in two places and a ring placed through the holes, thus making every erection excruciatingly painful. (In 1827 it was suggested to the Prussian Ministry that this sort of infibulation be carried out on all men whose income was below a certain minimum.) There were other techniques: the glans of the masturbating boy was cauterized with a red-hot iron, or smeared with silver nitrate or crotonic acid until it festered. Little girls were similarly treated, often many times, with "iron and fire": "Mighty suffering demands mighty cures".

A parallel movement to the de-sexualisation of the child was the infantilisa-

tion of the child. As a consequence of the increasing complexity of society — and the ever greater time required for a boy's education — adolescents and children came slowly to be recognized as beings quite apart from adult society. Young people, it seemed, were best prepared for their place in the world by shielding them from it. According to Rousseau, "The childishness in the child must be retained."

This artificial preservation of the child in the child was justified by the concept of "innocence and weakness". The child was a little creature full of fun; he was loving, touchingly naive. By nature he was innocuous, harmless and pure. Contact with the world of adults could only damage the "innocence" of this infantilized child. Ghettos — nurseries, school, camps — were created where children could only mix with their kind — and a carefully selected teaching staff. Education at home was sometimes refused on the grounds of possible moral danger: a single thoughtless act, the very knowledge of the existence of sexual phenomena, could irreparably destroy a child's innocence. Protection began at the cradle with a stern nanny (forbidden sexual relations herself while the child was being suckled!) who kept vigilant watch for signs of prurience in her charge. Her

****[Jos van Ussel]**

successor, the tutor, continued to assure a sexually aseptic environment, often keeping his pupil abstinent until he was thirty years of age or even older. "In the wilderness," Rousseau wrote, "one would die without ever having experienced sexual feelings."

The child's innocence, it seemed, was threatened from all sides. Actions (touching and being touched) could sully this innocence, but so could words, thoughts, desires, dreams. By the second half of the 18th Century it was no longer enough for a child or an adolescent to remain innocent in his actions: even thinking about sex was a sign of infection.

The new ground broken by the middle class idealists and the doctors was quickly appropriated by the churches: sex should occur in sanctified marriages alone, and only for the purpose of reproduction. Sex organs became reproductive organs and, as for sexual feelings, by the 17th Century they are described only in the negative: *lust, adultery, rape, indecency, hermaphrodites, whores*, are the verbal badges of the new age and the new bourgeois morality. "In the 18th Century all recollections of things sexual disappeared," writes ****van Ussel**, the modern Belgian historian of European sexual morality, "and by the end of the century the process was almost complete and now even books intended for adults were cleaned up."

Retzlaff and Stümke point out that the modern counterparts of Rousseau and his fellow idealists of the so-called Age of Reason are the psychiatrists and pediatricians who practice and write today. They quote one Prof. Dr. Hellbrügge, publishing early this year in **Sexualpädagogik*: "It may very well be possible that children are unnecessarily sexually excited at an early age; in connection with such sexual stimulation irreversible character traits may arise (e.g. fetishism) which are a life-long cause of suffering to the child and which make a fulfilled sexual life impossible."

The point of departure, of course, for the good Professor Doctor is the asexual child. Note the passive form: the child is

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

excited by some outside influence, he doesn't experience excitement spontaneously. All excitation is at best "unnecessary," at worst risks some kind of perversion late in life (why fetishism rather than sado-masochism, ejaculation praecox or, horror of horrors, paedophilia, isn't explained).

Jürgen Reinacher, writing in the DSAP *Rundbrief* of April, 1980, addresses himself to the problem of power in adult-child relationships.

Those in opposition to paedophile expressions say that any sexual approach to a child is like rape because of the physical and intellectual disparities between the two partners; due to his "immaturity" the child is helplessly exposed to the seduc-

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

tive arts of the adult.

Paedophiles of the "Greek Love" school counter this argument by pointing to the way in which their selfless enthusiasm, guided by the pedagogical Eros, leads their loved ones into ever more elevated experience of life. The man is a father, a teacher who never denigrates his boy to the level of a mere lust object. Lust (if it is mentioned at all) is just another tool to realize pedagogical ideals. In such a relationship, of course, there can be no question of equality of status. The domination of the man is, presumably, justified by the great educational gifts he is bestowing upon the boy.

What about other — non-pedagogical — love relationships? Do they exist?

Accordingly to Reinacher, only rarely. Most adults, even paedophiles, are of the opinion that every association with a child must be either crudely sexual or exaltedly pedagogical. Unable to eradicate from their minds the supposed "nature of childhood", most boy-lovers find it impossible to enter into reasonable relationships with children. They imagine themselves worlds ahead of every child by virtue of their education, experience and cleverness — qualities which in the crunch often prove to be quite illusory, for many boys, as yet unmolded by society, are cleverer, more open, more curious, more imaginative, gentler and more loving than their adult friends.

Reinacher points out that our present social conditions make equal contacts among people very difficult. The laws threaten deep and long lasting relationships between children and adults with the harshest of punishments. The safest and, ironically, the most equal kind of sexual contact is that offered by child prostitution. The boy rents his physical charms to the man for an agreed price. The free market guarantees a sort of rough parity of value between the satisfaction which the man receives and the cash or gifts or other "perks" which come to the boy.

Reinacher makes a strong plea for the non-commercial, non-pedagogical man-boy relationship which he says is difficult to establish but not impossible. Children, he points out, have a very fine intuition for the power-grabbing arrogance of grown-ups. For this reason, every adult who has to do with children should monitor his own behaviour very closely and reject every move which smacks of authoritarian regimentation of the child. Anyone who can overcome his prejudices, who can learn from children themselves, will be able to find a child partner (in sex as in other areas) of equal status. He will grow out of his genital fixation and learn, from children, to experience his sexuality in an infinitely broader, and shared manner. For Reinacher, this is the only basis upon which relationships with children are conceivable.

BOOKS



NEAR FATAL ATTRACTION, by Hurstey Richey, and **STRAIGHT CUT DITCH**, by Richard Andersen. Ashley Press, 223 Main Street, Port Washington, NY 11050, USA. Both \$8.95.

Near Fatal Attraction just misses, as a novel, being very good. A series of deaths and tragic accidents in a Middle-South American boy scout troupe triggers a retrospective inquiry many years later by one of the survivors. It seems that the young lads had been into a sort of weekend *Lord of the Flies* kick, aided and abetted by a scout master with rape on his mind. The first part of the book, which deals with these grisly events, comes right out of US sexandviolence fantasyland. Despite the blood and screams it is all rather tedious, but just when the reader is about to give up the author focuses his attention on a genuine paedophile relationship between a pubertal boy and the narrator. This last third of the book makes up for all that goes before. The sex/love relationship is told with taste and restraint — and very erotically.

It's surprising, on the face of it, that such a book could be published in contemporary America, especially by an above-the-ground press. Probably the murders and violence and general misery surrounding the juvenile sex is enough to justify its fictional treatment in the eyes of The Authorities. It may also be significant that the man-boy relationship at the end becomes desexualized.

Straight Cut Ditch takes on the Catholic Church and the "Bleeding Martyr High School" for boys where, on the one hand, sex is considered the Ultimate Sin, and on

the other hand most of the power positions in the faculty are occupied by boy-lovers. The book is highly satirical — to the point where at times it begins to resemble a string of Catholic jokes. It will be of especial interest to boy-lovers of Catholic upbringing or who have wrestled with the conflict between their nature and Christian morality. One paedophile relationship between the narrator and one of his older pupils is explored. Well written, caustic, quite non-erotic, but a good dash of cold water on those forces in our midst which justify their victimisation of youth by reference to religious dogma.

PAEDOMORPHS I, by Nigel Downsborough. Kiryudo Publishing Company, Inc., P. O. Box 22-67, Taipei, Taiwan 106, Republic of China. \$2.45.

This is a curious book, supposedly drawn by journalist Downsborough from diaries and tapes of a middle-aged German emmigré sentenced by an Australian court to 14 years of prison at hard labour for sexual contact with a minor. This first instalment (more are promised if there is a demand) concerns the condemned man's early sexual love affair, at age 10, with a thirteen-year-old Japanese boy in the early years of World War Two. Unlike all English, American and Australian books on the subject, the author here is able to state exactly what he feels about boy-love, since the book was brought out in Taiwan. A passage like the following, for example, simply would not survive normal English or American editing:

Reflecting back on that whole affair I think that one of the reasons that children almost without exception

think that adults are so stupid is that the latter prefer believing that children have neither sexuality nor indeed any depth of feeling. In fact some even insist that children have no natural interest in sex at all. Adults like to think that children are, as it were, *innocent*. But innocent of what? Innocent of sex, of course. Why is it that our culture should define the admission of sexuality to be an admission of guilt? All animals and most plants have it. Some worms even have both sexes — they must be especially guilty! My parents, however, were different from most of our race in that although I'm sure they noticed our relationship, they did not regard it as unhealthy. In fact they seem to have encouraged it.

As the above shows, the writing is rather pedestrian, and there is a tendency in the book to launch into extended descriptions of peach blossoms, sea coasts and hikes through the brambles which are not terribly well integrated into the story, but the discovery by the two boys of their sexuality, and their growing love of one another, is quite touchingly depicted. At any rate, it is good to know that there are other countries than Holland where serious paedophile erotica can be brought out and boy-love honestly discussed in print.

HEART'S WITNESS, the Sufi Quatrains of Awhaduddin Kirmani, translated by Peter Lamborne Wilson and Bernd Manuel Weischer. Published by the Imperial Iranian Academy of Philosophy, Teheran, 1978 and distributed in the US by Great Eastern Book Company, 1123 Spruce Street, Bolder, CO 80302, \$9.50; orders from the rest of the world handled by Thames and Hudson, 30 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1, £4.50.

Kirmani was a 13th Century Persian philosopher-poet who believed that the Almighty revealed himself and touched the heart of man through Beauty. For Kirmani the most perfect expression of

Beauty was in boys, and he celebrated this spiritual-paedophile experience in a number of quatrains, a selection of which is here translated and handsomely published opposite the Persian originals.

*My pain flows
not from the Kaaba
but from your perfume
my drunkenness
from your attar -
not wine.
One sniff of Union
and I have become
an idol temple
those weird chants
rising from the sanctum:
a Song of Love*

The poet is no friend of the ascetic:

*Love's a guillotine
where a man
must lose his head
or else
he is not shriven
in the Church of Love.
'Well,' you say,
'I'd love to love — but
can't I keep my head?'
Keep it then -
but I fear you're not
destined for much success.*

*In the circle
of being only
you are.
I shall not confess
my motive for bowing
to you alone.
In the poem
I quote the name
of curl and musky down
but that's a pretext -
you alone are the object
of desire.*

Deliberately sometimes the loved boy is confused with God:

*For love of you
passion enters
every heart;*

*without the remembrance of you
not a breath would rise
from the soul.*

*Do not sell me
do not pardon me
do not free me;
though you have
countless slaves
you are my lord.*

Peter L. Wilson in his introduction discusses Kirmani, his time and that Muslim tradition tolerant enough to allow the worship of boyish beauty as a legitimate spiritual concern. If nothing else, *Heart's Witness* shows that there are, mercifully, currents of Islamic thought quite different from those of the present-day Iranian dictatorship.

YOUNG, GAY & PROUD! edited by Sasha Alyson, Enid Braun, Beth Ireland and young writers who have individually signed their work. Carrier Pigeon, 75 Kneeland St., Room 309, Boston, MA 02111, USA. (\$3.50 in USA, \$3.65 in Canada) Original Australian Edition available from Melbourne Gay Teachers and Students Group, P. O. Box 35, Fitzroy, VIC 3065, Australia. Also available from SPARTACUS

An excellent discussion of the problems of being a homophile adolescent in Western culture directed towards the young themselves. Clear, no-nonsense chapters on sexual mechanics, venereal disease, coming out to parents, etc. Visually attractive, although the drawings by Beth Ireland hardly idealise the human race, young or old. Unfortunately in crossing the equator and the Pacific to North America unnecessary feminist rhetoric has crept into the original Australian text, but, warts and all, this is the best book we have seen on the subject for young boys whose reading habits have progressed beyond the comic book stage. We have stocked copies of the book for resale as a service to PAN readers (see advertisement for prices).

young,
& gay
& proud!



*One high school student
in ten is gay.
The needs of that
invisible minority have
never before been so
clearly addressed.*

ORDER DIRECTLY FROM PAN

Within Europe: £2.50, Hfl 10, DM 10, Swfr 10, Ffr 20, Bfr 180, Lire 5000, Pesetas 400.

Outside Europe (except USA and Canada): US\$ 6.00, including Air Mail postage.

USA, Canada and Australia: Readers should obtain the book direct from the publishers in Boston or Melbourne (See BOOKS).

BOYCAUGHT

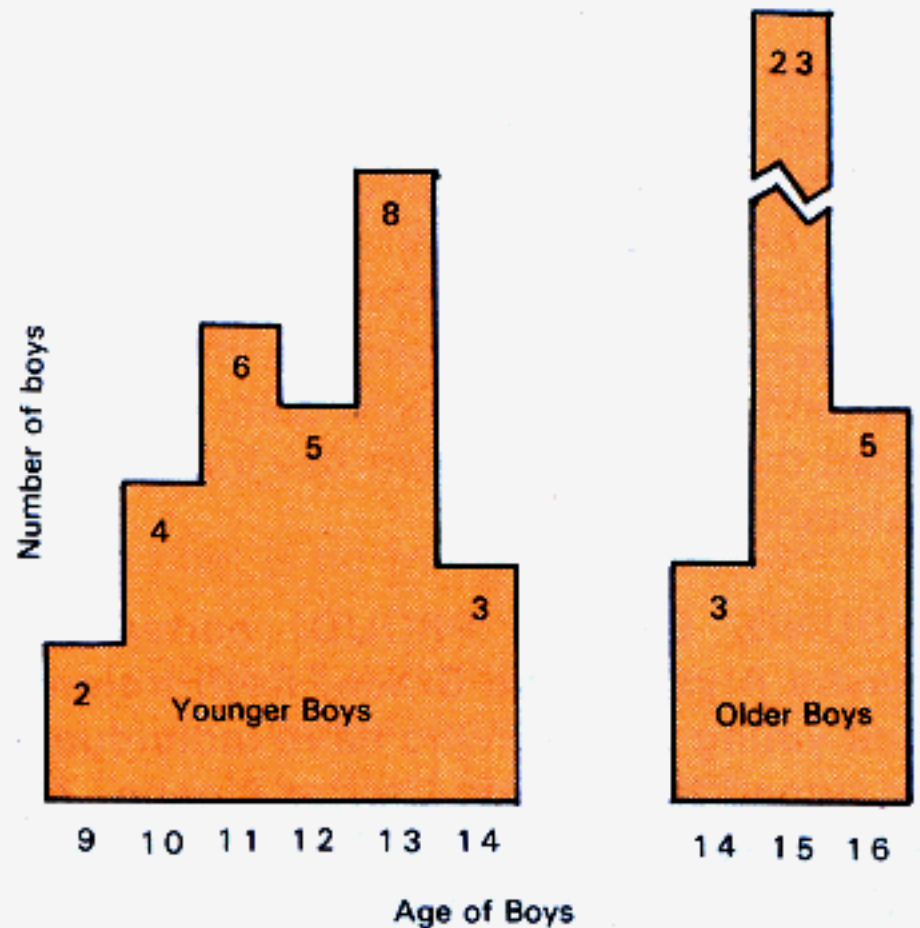
THE CORRUPTED AND CORRUPTORS

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Not long ago, on a trip to the United States, a young technical highschool teacher of boys in the 14-16-year-old range told me that it simply was not possible for him to discuss sex at any length with his pupils, for fear of stirring up trouble with the kids' parents and the powers that be in the school. One day in class, however, someone dropped the word "masturbation", whereupon my teacher friend told his students that, according to Kinsey and other research, nearly every American adolescent masturbates. It was as if he had launched a bomb. The whole room rose in indignation; "Not me! Not me!" they cried. Curiously, nobody asked "What *is* masturbation?" Evidently they all knew, but wanted their peers to think they had never even experimented with such a thing — and this at an age when boys are at the peak of their sexual drives, and, naturally enough, so keen on experimenting!

Very different were the results of a report I have before me now. A research team studied a group of schoolboys of the same age in a strongly Roman Catholic European country where sexuality is traditionally very much repressed. But these researchers approached the ticklish question of masturbation by asking what lawyers would call a leading question: "When did you first start to do it?" All the boys fell into the trap; not a one denied that he masturbated.

This question was part of a questionnaire passed out, with parental permission, to two groups of students, a younger group of 28 boys 9 to 14 years old, and an older group of 31 boys 14 to 16 years old. Their age makeup can be seen in histograms below.



The results of the questionnaire give fascinating insight into the sexual knowledge and frustrations of boys growing up in such an environment. Only two boys, one 9 and one 10, didn't know that children were born from their mothers. All the others were more or less informed, although three believed that babies came into the world through their mothers' anal openings and one thought birth always required surgical intervention. The younger group was asked, "Do you know how children were made?" Five boys (18%) said "No", 6 (21%) said "More or less". Of the two groups combined, the information, such as it was, came to the boys at ages ranging from 5 to 13 (with a mean of 8.8 years), but in only 18 (32%) of the cases from "official" sources (father, mother, teacher, etc.). Thus two-thirds of the boys picked up their knowledge from comrades or girlfriends, illustrating one point I made in my own book on boy-love: sex education should aim not so much at giving basic informa-

tion from the ground up but at correcting and completing what has already been acquired "from the street". Five of the boys in the older group had had the chance to see a couple during copulation.

Despite the poor quality of these kids' sexual education, their erotic urges were quite imperative. All but three of the very youngest boys had frequent spontaneous erections during the day — while they were exercising, riding a bicycle, lying in the bath, sitting in the classroom, or after a good meal; often erections were more-or-less provoked by looking at a girl. Curiously, only 8 of the older boys could remember at what age they had begun to

ejaculate: two at 11, three at 12, two at 13 and one at 14. Only six had noted in themselves the secretion of colourless lubricant from the Cowper glands during sexual excitation.

I have already mentioned that all of the older boys reported masturbation: only 6 of the youngest in the other group claimed not to do it. Age of commencement ranged from 5 to 15, with a mean of 10.5. The strength of the sex drive in many of them can be seen in the table below which shows how many boys in each group masturbate how many times per week or per day.

<i>Masturbation frequency</i>	<i>Number of boys</i>	
	<i>28 Younger boys</i>	<i>31 Older boys</i>
<i>Once a week</i>	2	4
<i>2 times a week</i>	2	1
<i>3 times a week</i>	0	2
<i>4 times a week</i>	1	0
<i>6 times a week</i>	0	1
<i>Once a day</i>	12	15
<i>2 times a day</i>	2	1
<i>3 times a day</i>	1	2
<i>4 times a day</i>	1	1

The way the boys discovered how to masturbate is interesting: in the older group only 4 found out how to do it by themselves; 11 were taught by a boyfriend, 6 by a brother, 4 by a girl-friend, 3 by a sister. One was shown, at age 11, by a man he had met at a swimming pool, another, at age 10, by the parish-priest, and a third, at age 7, by his father!

The boys were extremely open about

their accompanying fantasies, which suggests a freedom from guilt remarkable in such a sexually repressed society. (Only four of the younger boys and none of the older boys thought sex was sinful.) Heterosexual fantasies were mentioned by virtually all of them. The table below shows, by percentages*, the frequency of certain common fantasy themes in both of the groups:

*In general, when a population sample is small, as in this case, I think it best not to convert to percentages, as this exaggerates the importance of the results; here it is done to compare more easily the differences between the younger and older boys.

	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>Girl friend</i>	7%	6%
<i>Naked women</i>	29%	16%
<i>Their sexual parts</i>	46%	19%
<i>Their breasts</i>	21%	29%
<i>Coitus</i>	7%	28%
<i>Penetrating the (female) anus</i>	7%	0%

Homosexual themes in masturbation fantasies were frequent, too, and occurred

in 35% of the younger boys, 45% of the older boys:

	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>A boy friend</i>	11%	0%
<i>His erect penis and scrotum</i>	11%	16%
<i>Seeing how he masturbates</i>	11%	0%
<i>Mutual masturbation with a boy</i>	0%	26%
<i>Penetrating the (male) anus</i>	4%	3%

Two thirteen-year-olds said they used to drink their own sperm: one caught it in a glass to compare from time to time the quantity he was able to produce.

Masturbation was often provoked or accompanied by looking at pornography. In even the younger group, 93% of the boys had access to such material; two claimed not to be excited by it but 86% said that such pictures gave them erections and 75% said looking at porno pictures drove them to masturbation. Four of these younger boys (15%) said a perusal

of pornography made them so randy they usually had to achieve orgasm thrice within the hour, and 6 (21%) had to do it twice within the hour.

Much remained in fantasy or theory for them, however. Of the younger group 36% had never seen a naked female. Of those who had been fortunate enough to enjoy some kind of heterosexual act the following table gives an idea, for each of the groups, of the frequency of certain common experiences:

	<i>Younger boys</i>	<i>Older boys</i>
<i>"Doctor games" with a girl</i>	46%	45%
<i>Mutual masturbation with a girl</i>	4%	32%
<i>Coitus with a girl</i>	7%	35%

One thirteen-year-old had had anal relations three times with a girl. One boy first experienced coitus at age 10, four at 12, two at 13 and four at 14. But most of these experiences were isolated events performed hurriedly somewhere in the woods or a haystack. The boy who had his

first coitus at ten years of age repeated the act only 15 times in the following six years, and with four different girls. For the others the average was two times in their whole young lives; only two boys had done it with more than one girl. Of the eleven boys who had performed coitus,

only five had experience with deep kissing. For most of the boys coitus meant, as a fifteen-year-old Dutch boy once said to me, "getting on her and into her until you come."

Coitus wasn't always the most longed-for experience, even amongst those who had already done it. Asked what they would most like to do sexually, 16% of the older group wouldn't answer. Of those who did only 58% mentioned coitus; 12% mentioned anal penetration, a high 84% liked, among other things, oral contact and 65% listed mutual masturbation.

Homosexual activities with other boys were not so frequently recorded, but other research has shown how reticent boys in our culture tend to be about these matters. Of the younger group, only one boy admitted having examined the sexual parts of a boy-friend; two told about mutual masturbation. Of the older group, one boy wrote of getting spontaneous erections while urinating next to his friends. Five told of exciting themselves by sexy talk with their comrades. Almost half (48%) had been masturbated by a boy-friend; three of them had also done deep-kissing with a male friend, and one said he had been able to achieve orgasm by deep-kissing alone. Three had reached orgasm anally by means of massaging the prostrate internally with a sausage, carrot or finger.

Amongst the younger boys a surprisingly high 25% spoke about sexual relationships with adult men. One boy prostituted himself for money; another had been fellated by a man; 4 (14%) had been masturbated by men. All of these contacts had taken place in tea-houses or at swimming pools. Of the older boys only 2 (6%) admitted to mutual masturbation with an adult man, but other research suggests these older boys were being more reticent than they should have been and the real frequency was almost certainly much higher.

One's final impression from reading this report is of a group of boys severely deprived of sound information in a field which is of tremendous importance to them — accompanied by considerable activity and an immense amount of desire

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

and preoccupation.

One of the teachers of the older group wrote me that he thought sex was by all odds the most important thing in the lives of his pupils — the real centre of their thoughts. Frequent erections, surreptitiously manipulated through the clothing, were an every-day occurrence in class. "I often pity the boys," the teacher wrote, "because they have to keep bottled up so much of their desire and their anxiety. I would like to discuss these matters openly with them, put them at ease with their natural feelings, give them sound information, help them to solve their sexual problems. But if I did there would be protests from their well-meaning parents and I would surely be sacked as a corruptor of youth."

But isn't it really this obsessive situation of stifled desires and sexual ignorance which is corrupting these boys — a corruption blessed by the Church, tolerated by the State, wilfully ignored by society? Who, then are the real corruptors?

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Prices quoted below include postage and all copies will come in plain semi-sealed envelopes via printed-matter rates. For subscriptions outside Europe copies will be airmailed. If you wish your copies to come in sealed envelopes write us for special mailing rates.

	1 copy Newsstand price	One Year Subscription 5 copies
Australia	4 \$ Aus.	19 \$ Aus.
Austria	50 Sch.	220 Sch.
Belgium	120 Bfr.	550 BFr.
Canada	5 \$ Can.	24 \$ Can.
Denmark	25 Krone	120 Krone
Finland	15 Markka	70 Markka
France	15 Ffr.	70 FFr.
Germany (West)	7.50 DM	35 DM
Greece	200 Drachma	1000 Drachma
Italy	3600 ILi.	17,500 ILi
Japan	1000 Yen	5000 Yen
Netherlands	7.50 Hfl.	35 HFl.
New Zealand	4 \$ NZ.	19 \$ NZ.
Norway	25 Krone	120 Krone
Portugal	250 Escudo	1200 Escudo
Spain	300 Peseta	1400 Peseta
Sweden	18 Krona	90 Krona
Switzerland	7.50 SFr.	35 Sfr.
United Kingdom	2 £	10 £
U.S.A.	5 \$ US.	19 \$ US.

HOW TO MAKE PAYMENTS FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO PAN

In you live in Britain or Eire, send an ordinary cheque with your order, or write for our Bank-Giro payment form. If you live in Continental Europe exclusive of France, you may 1) send a cheque drawn on a German, Swiss, Belgian, Dutch or Spanish bank, in the currency of the country of the bank, 2) send cash by registered post or 3) send a Mandat International Postale. Dutch guilders in cash are accepted only from subscribers in The Netherlands. If you live in France you can comply with French currency regulations by sending a Mandat International Postale or a Euro-cheque made out in Dutch guilders. If you live in the USA, Canada or Latin America, send a cashier's cheque in US dollars on a US bank, or US dollars in cash by registered post. If you live anywhere else in the world send cash in your native currency by registered post.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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

Please enter my one year (5-issue) subscription to PAN

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose _____
for a one-year sub-
scription, beginning
with number _____

(All back issues of PAN
are available.)

THE BATTLE LINE



Primitive people often believe that if you photograph someone you take away a part of his soul, and it seems to us that the same sort of thinking underlies the current campaign against child pornography. Denmark and Sweden have laws, now, against it; even in The Netherlands the popular press is starting to push for similar legislation. In Massachusetts two men were nabbed late last July by the Postal Authorities just for receiving kiddie porn through the mails and face a possible sentence, as first offenders, of five years in jail — about what ex-cop Dan White will serve for his murder last year of the Mayor of San Francisco and one of his assistants who was gay.

But, superstition aside, what is really so terrible about sex photos of children? Nearly a hundred years ago Freud told us that children were intensely sexual beings. That young boys get erections, that they masturbate, that they play "doctor games", attempt intercourse and buggery, carry off oral contacts of every sort — and that they can be very wiley little creatures in attracting the physical attentions of adult men and women they fancy — is hardly news. Many reasonably liberal parents exercise "sincere oversight" when it comes to the sexual experiments of their kids. But show them a naked picture of their child proudly exhibiting his little mast raised on high, or playing with another boy, or performing for or with his adult friend, and they go into a state of shock. Evidently such "liberality" does not confront what sex actually entails: seeing a photograph makes it all too clear.

Of course, photos can be abused, laws being what they are — to extort money from adolescent boys or force them into prostitution or drug pushing. Such cases, fortunately, are very rare. It is possible that

the appearance of sex photos in magazines will embarrass a boy, although we have heard of only one case of this happening without the intervention of the authorities. Much more serious, and infinitely more common, is the misuse of private collections of boy sex photos by the police to obtain convictions; cops routinely use photos to destroy boys' reputations with their peers, force them to betray their paedophile friends and generally cause all kinds of social mayhem.

Talk to any paedophile who is into taking pictures of kids and he will tell you that, far from being coerced, the vast majority of boys pose happily, even proudly, for a man they like and trust. It pleases them to think they are so physically attractive that someone wants to photograph them in all their masculine splendour. Only when things go wrong do they start to have regrets.

We at PAN think it is extremely inadvisable, for purely practical reasons, for a boy-lover to take photos of the kids he is close to — but we do recognise that porn, especially commercial porn, has its uses. In the words of Dr. Mary Steichen Calderone, "The facts are that pornography does not produce crime. Lack of it may." As the cold hand of John Calvin and his successors closes around the natural sex expressions of boy-lovers and their boys, viewing porno pictures as an aid to fantasy becomes the one remaining marginally satisfactory alternative to foolish or even violent sexual outlets. The throttling of such an innocent substitute by heterosexual legislators and jurists and postal authorities who can legally get all the sex they want is as inexcusable as it is unjust.

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

[p.32, back cover]