

# PAN

## a magazine about boy~love

THE PIE  
TRIALS

### NEWS

New York, Colombo,  
Odense, Brisbane

### THE NUTTY NURSE OF BOSTON

THE BODY HUMAN  
a U.S. Sex-Ed TV show

### 12th CENTURY HEBREW BOY-LOVE POETRY

### BOOKS

*The Boston Sex  
Scandal*

### ONE NIGHT STANDS

by Dr. E. Brongersma

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on p.2**

number 8



# PAN

Number 8

April, 1981

**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, including cover photos, are by Pierre Le Rosignol.

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## IN BRIEF...

UTRECHT, NETHERLANDS On 8 April the University of Utrecht held a press conference to present a research report by social psychologist Drs. Theo Sandfort (See PAN 5, page 10) entitled *The Sexual Aspect of Paedophilia: Experiences of Boys*. The report was published on the same date and deals with 25 boys between the ages of 10 and 16 each of whom, at the time of the investigation, was actively involved in sexual relations with an adult man. The boys came from a variety of backgrounds, some with bad but also some with quite happy home situations. Sandfort used the same "self confrontation" method described in his article in PAN 5. Perhaps the most important finding was that almost without exception the boys had very positive feelings about the sexual part of their friendships: their biggest concern was that, with the present laws making it punishable, they might be "trapped". One of the stated reasons for calling such a conference to introduce this publication to the media is that the Dutch legislature must decide in the next year or so whether to change Article 247 of the Penal Code criminalising "indecent behaviour" involving people younger than 16. The so-called "Melai Commission", appointed several years ago by the Minister of Justice to study the problem, recommended only a slight liberalization in the law. Recently a psychologist at the Wilhelmina Childrens' Hospital in Utrecht by the name of W. Wolters held in Amsterdam two "child abuse" symposia which had wide coverage in the popular press. Wolters is very much in the camp of the Freudians and he appears to have saturated himself in the American literature wherein all children involved in paedophile relations

are "victims" and their adult friends "molesters". People who attended his symposia report that speakers made little or no distinction between incest, attacks on children and mutually consenting sex acts. Thus it is fortunate that Sandfort's study, which is based on responsible research rather than police reports and psychoanalytic theory-spinning, will have adequate exposure in the media. Sandfort wishes his publication to be seen as preliminary to a much wider study of both boys and girls in sexual relations with both men and women which will include a "control group" of youngsters who have *not* had sexual relations with adults.

NEW YORK *Fallen Angel*, the disgustingly lurid NBC television program about a little girl who is seduced into becoming a porn movie star, was finally shown here in early March, receiving terrible press reviews. PAN reader reactions indicate it was a do-it-yourself kit on how to procure child actors and make and market such films. The only thing good about it was the appearance of 12-year-old co-star Adam Gunn, "a sturdy, wide-eyed creature who has been seen before in segments of *Little House on the Prairie*," according to one of our correspondents. The film ends with a pious statement that naturally the film did not mean to portray all teachers, athletic directors, choirmasters as paedophiles (having already effectively done that) but that people who are attracted to children must be stopped! One of our readers comments, "Nobody has coupled the fact that the kiddie porn hysteria, plus articles and films such as this, have had a negative effect on adults having *anything* to do with children. The Boy Scout authorities here are frantically advertising on TV as



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adults desert their ranks in droves for fear of being labeled 'ped'. (I called the NY scout headquarters and they discretely suggested the basic cause was break-up of families — single parent homes don't have so much time for outside activities.) Simultaneously, as the *New York News* proudly announced, 'Kiddie Crime Comes of Age' and now we have cute 9-year-old bank robbers and cute 12-year-old gunmen, who want 60 cents for a candy bar. 'Kids', like blacks, will soon be a race of their own, and any adult who dares cross over will be labelled 'unnatural' because he is a 'kid lover who must be stopped!'

ROTTERDAM With an increased foreign population in The Netherlands — and children growing up in this country feeling at least as much Dutch as, say, Moroccan or Turkish — there is a growing problem of boys and girls who, torn between two cultures, run away from home and do not wish to return. In a country like France this wouldn't cause difficulties, since anyone who houses a run-away youngster, for any reason, can be thrown in jail, but in

Holland, according to Rotterdam Chief Police Inspector J. Hollebrand, it is not the practice of the police or the child protection authorities to force a youngster to return home against his will. In 1979 193 foreign children ran away from their parents; last year the figure had risen to 277. During the same period a very much smaller percentage of Dutch children fled from their families.

BERLIN Frequent PAN contributor Dr. Fritz Bernard of Rotterdam appears once again in print in Germany, this time as author of a paedophile novel, *Verfolgte Minderheit* (Persecuted Minority), published in the German language edition by Foerster-Verlag, Postfach 100 230, D-1000 Berlin 10 (18 marks).

SWITZERLAND A commission appointed by the Swiss government to study "moral" laws in the penal code has recommended a lowering of the age of consent to 14 years for all mutually consensual sexual acts. The report, we are informed, has been printed but was not

## \*Kirulapone

yet available for distribution at the time we went to press. But already opposition has started, in the form of a campaigning group headed by a taxi driver.

COLOMBO, SRI LANKA Much recent resistance to westerners residing in this country, especially gay and paedophile westerners, seems to have been generated by a certain Tim Bond, now living in Kirillipone. Bond is said to be 32, unmarried, a slender six foot two inches tall, with fair hair. He is supposed to have attended a Public School in Scotland. He does not seem to be connected with Mary Whitehouse in England, or Densen-Gerber and her Odyssey House in the USA. Rather he is said to be funded by *Terre des Hommes* of Switzerland, a very Christian child welfare organization headed by someone named Kaiser. It seems he purchased a Spartacus Gay Guide somewhere along the way and this is what stimulated him to make a personal drive to expose and eliminate boy-sex from Asia. He has already produced major newspaper articles on child exploitation in Bangkok and will soon be moving on to The Philippines to look into the boy prostitute scene there. In the meantime he has done a study of boy-sex in Sri Lanka and turned it in to the police and the newspapers. He seems to have acquired (using another name) the Holiday Help Portfolio Spartacus has on Sri Lanka and this was recently featured in the *Ceylon Observer*. Curiously enough he has apparently tried to obtain copies of PAN from us but has been unsuccessful — we can't think why, unless he refused to pay for them! People in England should be on the lookout for him soon on London Weekend TV. He also hopes to come to Amsterdam to attend a conference on child abuse.

NETHERLANDS The press here, popular and professional, has been filled with articles on paedophilia recently. The new Dutch magazine *Partner* carried a fascinating account of the Potanski affair in California (See following). The first 1981 number of the Dutch *Tijdschrift*

*voor Seksuologie (Journal of Sexology)* carried an informative article on paedophilia, but, in *Ned. T. Geneeskunde (Dutch Journal of Medical Science)* 124, Nr. 51, 1980, a certain Professor Musaph of Utrecht presented the standard psychoanalytic view of the phenomenon: children are traumatized by sex with adults, even though they might enjoy it at the time (a woman who had had sex at age 8 with a man who deserted her after a month is consequently — according to Musaph — now anorgasmic in her otherwise idyllic marriage!). He has since been strongly attacked in other professional journals for this unscientific rubbish. Musaph did feel, however, that imprisonment for paedosexual contacts was "senseless". He sits on the so-called Melai Commission, the body appointed by the Dutch government to study "moral" legislation and which, despite his view on prison sentences for paedophiles, recommended only a very slight easing of the articles in the penal code criminalizing sexual activity involving people under 16 (See PAN 6, page 4).

The report of the Melai Commission was recently attacked in a masterpiece of

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juridical reasoning by regular PAN contributor Dr. Edward Brongersma and Drs. \*A. X. van Naerssen in an joint article "Enkele Kanttekeningen bij het rapport Melai met betrekking tot seksuelen handelingen met kinderen" (Some Observations on the Melai Report with Respect to Sexual Contacts with Children), published in *Tijdschrift voor Criminologie* (Journal of Criminology), Jan/Feb issue, 1981, pages 3 - 20. Dr. Brongersma also contributed a closely reasoned article to the February issue of *Obzif*, the Dutch feminist magazine, called "Feminism and Paedophilia" in which he performed the same reasoned surgery upon the malignant absurdities of such doctrinaire feminists as Alicia Schwarzer (See PAN 6, page 19).

Finally, Holland's closest thing to *The News of the World*, the semi-literate *Nieuws van de Dag*, printed a full-page exposé of a boy-lover who had once been in prison for sex contacts with children having trouble once again with the police. It seems that the official Youth Advisory Council here had been placing run-away boys with him for some time, knowing, of course, that he was paedophile, and had received no complaints. Finally the inevitable happened: one of the boys stole something, was picked up by the police and started telling tales of sex parties. Unusual for Holland is the fact that the man's picture (eyes blocked out) appeared in the newspaper, together with a photo of the entrance to his house and his call name over CB radio.

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LOS ANGELES, USA The famous Franco-Polish cinema director Roman Polanski had a rough time of it a few years back in Los Angeles. First his wife was slain by a group of heterosexual crazies, then, capitalising on Polanski's notoriety from this sordid murder, a home-grown, goody-goody Van Nuys Democratic politician by the name of Alan Robbins got hold of a police report of Polanski dallying with a young girl and moved heaven and earth (successfully) to have the man shot down. Polanski, after several weeks of incarceration in a mental hospital, knowing the impossibility of getting a fair trial, fled America — and faces extradition to the US from almost every country in the world except his native France. Now it turns out that, typically, State Senator Robbins is a kiddie-plucker himself. On January 16 he was indicted for "illegal intercourse with a minor" and is up for trial on May 6 in Sacramento on four charges of unlawful sex and five charges of oral sex with two underage girls. PAN wishes demagogue Robbins all the bad luck in the world, and a nice long stay as guest of the state he has so badly served.

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, 24 March, 1981 & *Workers Vanguard*, 13 Feb, 1981.

RALEIGH, USA The Supreme Court of North Carolina will hear the appeal of a man convicted of "attempting to take indecent liberties" with a 12-year-old boy. The incident and the trial had several curious features. The boy claims that one day he was fishing in a park when a man offered to pay him for sex. He became frightened, hit him with his fishing pole, ran home, grabbed a pencil and wrote down the license number of a parked car. The owner of the car was one Willie Pilkington, who was soon arrested. The boy identified Pilkington as the man who propositioned him. Pilkington pleaded innocent, said he had never seen the boy before, but that he had been waiting at the park for his sister, who lived nearby, to return home so they could visit. At the trial a criminal record of *another* Willie Pilkington was introduced (the accused



## MY MOTHER WRITES MY OBIT — BECAUSE SHE HATES ME

*ODENSE — Our dear son and brother Jesper was suddenly taken from us on 26 September. The funeral will be in private.*

This obituary was published in the 28 October *Fyns Stiftstidende* — and it came as quite a surprise to the alive and kicking Jesper. "I cried a bit inside, I've got to admit," says the 15-year-old boy, "but I still couldn't help laughing at my mother's malice. And that's just what it was!"

Among other things, the death notice resulted in friends from London sending a funeral wreath before they were told the obit was a hoax.

At the moment Jesper lives at the Rosengardskollegiet, a private establishment near Viborg. He had been thrown out of home at age 13 when he told his mother that he was gay. "I was not only kicked out of my home, but Mother had me admitted to a closed psychiatric ward to get me cured of my tendencies. She convinced the doctor that I was mentally deranged."

Jesper lived through hell inside that closed ward. He tried to commit suicide, by taking sleeping pills and by slashing an artery. "I wasn't sick, but I certainly *got* sick. Every time I told them I wanted to go home the door was locked. And when I made trouble I was put into a straight-jacket."

Jesper today is quite well balanced, although he says he cannot stand the Rosengardskollegiet. "I live with other young people, but actually most of them are loony. One has conversations with the washing machine, another with himself in the mirror and a third is constantly wiping what he thinks is dirt off his nose. It's almost more than I can stand."

"Are you going to school?"

"No. I'd love nothing more, but I'm just a work slave. I cook meals for the rest of the inhabitants of this so-called college."

Last weekend it got too much for Jesper. On his day off he went to Odense, then to Copenhagen. He just couldn't make himself return. He could see no way out of the "system", which had controlled him since he was two years old. He had been in institutions 12 times, and with a family once.

"My father died when I was two years old and after that I was an unwanted child. My mother went through a nervous breakdown then and hasn't been the same since. She found a new friend who didn't want me around. Gradually I got to the point where I didn't want to see my mother any more than she wanted to see me, but unfortunately she has custody over me. Every time the welfare has something to report it goes through her. When she kicked me out two years ago she threw all my things out of the third-floor window."

Although Jesper has gone from institution to institution, he has no criminal record. Only once has he had contact with the police, and that was when he was 14 and was caught having homosexual relations.

Jesper now has found friends in Odense who want to help him, and yesterday they persuaded him to go back to Rosengardskollegiet. But since Jesper's friends have no family relationship to the boy, they can do nothing through welfare. They are fighting to get him into private care, however, so he can live in more congenial surroundings and start going to school to make up for lost time.

"I want to learn something," Jesper says, "but unless things happen soon I'll run away again. And then I'm not coming back!"

B.T., 30 Jan, 1981



only had some driving violations in his file) and there is a question as to whether the jury ever did understand that this was a mistake. Also the prosecuting attorney asked Pilkington if he was gay and he, unwisely, perhaps, answered in the affirmative. "In the minds of a North Carolina jury that is enough evidence right there," Pilkington said. He was convicted and is presently serving four years in prison.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 13 Dec, 1980.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA The Christian doctrine of "turn the other cheek" took on new meaning last summer at Clairvaux Christian Brothers College when three 15-year-old boys were publically flogged by Brother B. Shortill "on their hands and buttocks" for perpetrating a bomb hoax. Some parents complained that the episode was barbaric, said the strapping Brother, but the parents of the floggees all seemed to have approved. "My son might have gone through a lot of pain, but he learned his lesson," said one father, a Mr. Syd D'Mello.

SOURCE: *Daily Telegraph*, 14 July, 1980.

WASHINGTON, USA The American Library Association's Office of Intellectual Freedom has seen a marked increase recently in censorship attempts, according to Judith Krug, Director. For years such reports came across her desk at the rate of about 3 to 5 a week. Now, beginning literally on election day, they are arriving at the rate of 3 to 5 a day. "I hate to say it, but I'm not sure we could pass the First Amendment today in this country by referendum," Krug said. "It's getting to the point where being committed means being intolerant of any opposition. People are turning into zealots. Anyone who is willing to just listen to another view is seen as somehow suspect." Although she seems to have swallowed the current conservative line on kiddie-porn ("...that child who was used — that child has been destroyed...") she adds, "you're never going to eliminate child pornography by censoring the product. That just salves

your conscience for you." Other fascinating insights into censorship in the US: 89% of the attempts are related to schools, especially "what's left of sex education in the schools". Censorship tends to grow like Topsy. In Virginia a certain fundamentalist minister demanded that two books, one by Sydney Sheldon and the other by Harold Robbins be removed from the county library shelves. Then he demanded that *all* books by these authors be removed. At the present time he is asking for the names of *every person* who ever checked out a Robbins or a Sheldon book. (And PAN would like to know the name of this bible-thumping nut.)

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, 4 March, 1981

LONDON The courts of England continue to be bent on *de facto* approval of murdering men who approach minors sexually. Last May a certain Justice Chapman in London congratulated a steelworker, one James Clarke, for killing a drunk who, in a crowded bus, put his hand on the knee of a schoolgirl. Now, in the same city, another robed and be-wigged pillar of British Justice, one James Mistin, Q.C. upheld this proud tradition once again in The Old Bailey. It seems a 16-year-old schoolboy boxer by the name of David John Parris murdered the leader of a youth club he belonged to. The boy's story was that the club leader, George McKenzie, tried to "sexually assault" him in McKenzie's apartment. No one but the murderer and victim were there at the time, so it was the boy's word against the silence of a dead man, but it is known that McKenzie had been punched in the throat, strangled dead with a towel, and later his apartment had been set fire to. After hearing all of this the righteous judge told Parris, "You suffered so gross an insult that the Crown thought you completely lost control and were no longer master of your mind. Any other basically decent lad of your age might well, if so insulted, have lost his self-control and acted as you did. Go away and try to forget this dreadful business." We have never at PAN had a



very high respect for "justice" as practiced by the British, but we are surprised to see an English judge daring so openly to incite the youth of his country to kill.

SOURCE: *Daily Telegraph*, 13 March, 1981.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA This city seems to be growing its own publicity-seeking paedophobes. One was recently revealed as a certain Dr. John Whithall who published an article in the *Medical Journal of Australia*, of all places, exposing "a million dollar loophole" in legislation on child pornography. He then got the ear of Graham Gambia, reporter for *The Sun-Herald*, and claimed: 300 to 400 children are working in the Kings Cross area of Sydney as prostitutes, suburban parents are "selling" their kids for sexual acts at home, there is an informal 'club' of elderly men who have collections of "thousands of erotic photographs featuring children," there are "huge stocks of child pornography" hidden away in Sydney warehouses, there is a photographer trying to get primary school teachers in the Bondi area to set up their charges for porn photo sessions. Part of Dr. Whitehall's "two-year study" (was it publically funded?) included a junket to California and (of course) a little rap session with Lloyd Martin.

"I've been around a lot in England," said a certain anonymous Sydney author, "and I thought I knew the scene, but when I first came to Sydney I was shocked for the first three months. I became progressively more shocked, not so much because of the things which were happening, but because everyone was so blasé about it all." And what were the things, aside from a little tolerance, that shocked this man so much? Well, according to Reporter Gambia, he had "discovered a group of elderly men who regularly swap photographs of what they describe as specialties — photographs of children in unnatural acts and indulging in fetishes." We wish we could print the name of this individual, who claims to have been working secretly in Kings Cross for the last three years preparing a book on child prostitution and

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drugs, but all we know about him is that he seems to be in contact with a certain Rev. Ted Noffs, director of the Wayside Chapel.

SOURCE: *The Sun-Herald*, 11 Jan, 1981

WASHINGTON, USA Despite the headlines generated by the Robert Bauman scandal (See PAN 7, page 5) police activity in the nation's capital against mutually consenting man/boy sex contacts, commercial or otherwise, appears to be rather low. In a recent newspaper article George Washington University Law Professor Gerald M. Caplan gives some good reasons. First is that the gay rights movement has had some success in urging reforms. "Under pressure," says Caplan, "the police have made enormous progress in overcoming a long history of harassment and entrapment." Now in Washington the policy is not to interfere where the parties are consenting, and this means, "as a practical matter, not only the men but the boys are left alone." Second, honest cops don't like "working queers" — hanging around public lavatories, spending hours in gay bars. It is not a preferred assignment. (Dishonest cops in



## FIGURES DON'T LIE, BUT...

The gutter-dreadfuls of England are determined to out-do even such accomplished figure-fudgers as Judianne Densen-Gerber and Lloyd Martin when it comes to juvenile pornography and prostitution. Way back in 1977 the American press was astounding us by saying that kiddie porn had become a million-dollar business. Within a couple of months it had become a *multi-million-dollar* industry. Now we read in *The News of the World* that "Child porn in the U.S. is said to have an annual turnover of £1,000 million!" In American reckoning, that is *over two billion dollars a year!* And all this at a time when the big European child porn producers have all but shut down because of the zealotry of various customs officials.

Even more fun is the statement a little further in the same *News of the World* story that, "according to one American survey, 12 million children under 16 are involved in either pornography or prostitution." This figure, too, has come a long ways since the Big Kiddie-Porn Panic of '77. Robin Lloyd, author of *For Money or Love* (See PAN 2, page 24), seems to have come up with the first estimate. After what he claimed was extensive personal research into the subject, he threw out the figure of 30,000 for the US as a whole, which he admitted had

no statistical or any other hard basis in fact — it was strictly a hunch. His friend Lloyd Martin of the Los Angeles Police Department's Sexually Exploited Child Unit, however, thought this was a very conservative estimate and was soon using 30,000 for the number of sexually victimized kids in his city alone — and for some unknown reason applied a multiplier of ten to it to derive a 300,000 figure for an estimate of kids into prostitution and pornography for the whole of the US. Densen-Gerber, noting that there were as many girls as boys in America and that the two Lloyds were talking mostly about boys, simply doubled this figure, so now we had 600,000 victimized kids. Perhaps there is something magic about multiplying doubtful figures by ten and then doubling them, because that seems to be what *The News of the World* did to produce the 12 million figure out of 600,000. If the competing *Daily Mirror* follows the same procedure it ought soon to terrify us with the information that 240,000,000 kids are seduced and pornized in the US each year, which would roughly comprise the entire population of that lusty nation, including men, women, children, cats, dogs and mustangs.

SOURCE: *News of the World*, 22 March, 1981 & *Sexual Exploitation of Children, a Report to the Illinois General Assembly*, August, 1980

departments where harassment is still acceptable may make extra money from the suspect, his bondsman or his lawyer, Caplan observes.) Third, there seems to be a feeling that the offense is minor. "The boys are not injured. They are hustling, not hustled. They keep what they earn. They show less of the pathology (infantile dependency) that so characterizes their female counterparts. When too old to hustle, many will get legitimate jobs; some will marry and raise children. In this view, boy prostitution is troubling but

not tragic." Finally there is "the reality of limited police powers... To fine a boy is to participate in his business. To rehabilitate him is, if not impossible, surely beyond the capacities of our bureaucracies. To punish him seems to miss the point."

SOURCE: *The Washington Post*, 18 March, 1981.

BOSTON, USA Tom Reeves, of Boston/Boise Committee fame, North American Man/Boy Love Association and *Gay Community News* have taken on no less for-



midable a presence than the Massachusetts "correctional" authorities in an attempt to get men convicted of having had consensual sex with boys set free. Last December Reeves wrote a touching article in *Gay Community News* about some of the men incarcerated in the infamous Bridgewater Treatment Center. There "sexually dangerous persons" are held "from one year to life", which means until they convince some prison psychiatrist that they are no longer likely to do the "sexually dangerous" thing which got them in trouble in the first place. Reeves also spoke with two of these psychiatrists. At first one of them claimed almost none of the "patients" at Bridgewater were convicted of non-violent sex with boys. When Reeves said he knew of at least 25 such people locked up in Bridgewater and forgotten, possibly forever, the psychiatrist said, "You know, we never really think about that. If it's with a boy under 16, the law says it's rape. So we don't distinguish." Some psychiatrist! The main thrust of NAMBLA's efforts is to get Richard Peluso, the fall guy in the Revere scandal and in Bridgewater for several lifetimes, re-tried. Prison officials have seized films from visiting NAMBLA officials and tried to stop the first-ever demonstration outside an American prison

to pressure officials to cease locking up men who have mutually consensual sex with kids. They have had some success in the Peluso matter. The courts agreed at least to hear his re-trial motion and to review his status as a "sexually dangerous person".

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 13 & 20 Dec, 1980 & 3-10 Jan, 1981

DALLAS, USA Nutty research, it seems, even goes on in Texas. Juvenile Court Judge Pat McClung wants to stop doctors from measuring the genitals of boys admitted to the county Juvenile Detention Centre here, supposedly to determine if there is any correlation between the youth's sexual development and his propensity for crime. It seems that these "examinations" have been going on for four years but no attempt has been made to analyse the data. Measurements are made not with rulers or other instruments but by the "Tanner system" in which size is estimated "by the physician's feeling of the testicle". It seems the practice came to light a couple of months ago when a youth reported this as "a homosexual advance". The complaint was determined to be unfounded.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Chronicle*, 4 Jan, 1981

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# TRASHING THE PARTY OF THE NUTTY NURSE

One could write volumes about victimology. A likely candidate can be anybody with what he thinks is a disadvantage — a Jew, a black, a gay, a boy-lover. Once he has identified himself as vulnerable there are a hundred bullies eager and ready to turn him into a victim. And they have the tracts to justify it: *Mein Kampf*, the Epistles of St. Paul, laws in the penal codes, even the unending stream of prurient “exposés” in gutter journals too numerous and well-known to mention.

A good case can be made for civilisation advancing only when victims stop being victims and turn on their bullies. People might feel sorry for the hundreds of thousands of Middle-Age Catherists who went to their firey deaths as the priests of Rome danced about them clutching bible and cross — but the Catherists didn’t leave much behind them. It would seem to be no coincidence that anti-semitism in the Western world didn’t diminish one iota as the world learned of the Warsaw ghetto and the torture/extermination camps — but it did after Israel was established and, for better or worse, showed a national aggressiveness the Jews had never been thought to possess.

It might seem that we spend a lot of time in these pages talking about Boston — and that Massachusetts paedophiles are subject to an unusual amount of victimization. This is only because we hear about it. (Does a stone cast in a pond really make a noise if it is unheard? Does a boy-lover screaming the truth in some police cellar, abandoned by friends, abandoned by gays and other boy-lovers, really make a noise either?) In this one medium-sized American city there is a small group of people who refuse to let the bullies get away with everything they want. These men are very much out of the closet. They are excellent at getting attention in the press, over the radio, even on TV. *And the authorities have left them alone.*

Their latest success was trashing the “Nutty Nurse” caper. It seems that Boston University has a rather nasty nursing dean by the name of Ann Burgess (“the living image of Nurse Ratchett in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*,” according to Tom Reeves) who somehow inveigled \$50,000 out of the US government to “rehabilitate” children photographed by

paedophiles. No sooner was the cash in hand than she put on a wing-ding party (excuse us, a *conference*) — and invited a fine cast of bullies to participate. There was Lloyd Martin, of course, as the keynote speaker at the celebratory banquet. The affair was to begin in the morning of 12 March at 9 am in the Curtis Auditorium of the Boston University School of Nursing. The nutty nurse herself would kick off with a one-hour presentation called *Linkages Among Child Victimization: Prostitution and Pornography* (evidently grammar was not one of the required subjects in her education). This was to be followed by a Dr. Roland Summitt talking on *Incest Patterns*. After lunch the cops were to hold forth on *State and Federal Laws and Investigation of Child Pornography*. Then there was to be an “Interagency Panel Discussion Identifying Child Pornography: Roles of the Various Federal Agencies”. In case all of this had been a little too serious, participants could unwind at a “cash bar” at 6:00 (“Har, har, har, you shudda seen that little scout-leader’s face when the judge slapped him



with a lifer — make the next one a double, Harry!’) Finally dinner at seven, and the Lloyd Martin Show would start with the ice-cream.

Well, the party went off almost as planned, except for a little background music from the opposition. Tom Reeves attended the “serious” part of the affair, the morning and afternoon conference. “The day got off to a swinging start,” Reeves reports, “with Nurse Burgess standing at the podium beneath a huge screen on which slides of boys were shown. The first were slides of boys fully clothed, playing ball, swimming, sitting around, wrestling, etc. These she called ‘innocent but essentially pornographic to the paraphiliac (sic)’. She explained that certain men lurk near playgrounds, etc., sometimes using zoom lenses, but sometimes actually photographing the boys up close. These types do not ever even touch their ‘victims’, but later masturbate over the photographs, imagining vile scenarios.

“The next photos showed boys in the process of undressing. ‘This is typical,’ she confided. ‘There is something special about slipping in and out of underwear and bathing suits, and they seem to prefer red ones. It is possibly the image of innocence before the fall.’ Next came nudes. ‘These were seized from a man (George Jacobs — see PAN 5, page 7) who made over 90,000 such slides and is now serving a prison sentence. A part of his plea bargain included a deal that he would

work with us, and he is now working with us, especially to identify the victims and their families so we can interview them, and also to lead us to other potential paedophiles and to the rings.’ The nudes were individuals and groups of boys, really beautiful, well-photographed artistic photos, of apparently happy, uncoaxed, relaxed boys. Each one, though, had its special significance in her mind. Regarding one photo of three boys, about 12-13, wearing little black haloween masks (and nothing else), ‘Now, this means something, probably sado-masochism. It follows a pattern. Secrecy, that sort of thing. And games — the paedophile loves games and puts his boys through all sorts of tricks for the camera.’

“She showed several photos of nude boys (not aroused) on beaches, in woods, fields, etc. ‘This is very frequent. It definitely means something that they always want them outdoors.’ She showed one photo of two boys, about 10, pissing. ‘This is a real specialty. Urination is a request — they take big orders for this: golden showers, you know.’ (Lots of laughs, guffaws, ribald remarks, as at a stag party.) Next were a series of ten photos of different boys taken by another photographer — I saw nothing peculiar about them. ‘What do you see?’ Burgess asked. Nobody responded. ‘They all are *skinny!* That was especially true of this man. He was very fat. But a lot of these men are overweight and you will see as

**Photograph unrelated  
to the text was  
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See Note on p.2**



you examine the pornography collections circulating in these rings that the boys are usually skinny. I mean, *look* at that boy, look at how *skinny* he is!' (The boy was lovely, lying on his stomach, nude.) 'Just imagine this old, fat man looking at this photo and you can perhaps get inside the paedophile for a moment. He is imagining that the boy is *himself*, as he once was or wishes he had been! We find that this is what they are usually fantasizing. Especially where there are two or more boys, they are imagining they are one of the boys in the photo. Essentially it is *narcissism*.

"I hope I have prepared you now by these slides, because I have to show you the hard-core stuff now. It is important to prepare people slowly, to let them get used to the easier slides, before moving on to the really bad stuff.' She flipped through about a dozen slides of boys with erections, mutual masturbation, fellatio, and commented, 'They have this oral fixation. Oral is definitely *in*. They get a lot of orders for special things. Now look at this one...' Virtually every boy in the slides has looked like he was having fun. She seems suddenly to notice this and says, 'They often drug the boys first... They usually smile. They obviously are cued to smile, they tell them they do have to smile. Or sometimes you can see the stupor, they are just stoned.' Not one of the boys in the photos she showed looked stoned. They looked incredibly innocent and having fun.

"The slides stopped. 'This whole thing is a big business,' she said (Later, incidentally, this was contradicted by the chief New England FBI officer who tells the conference that they have not been able to prosecute a single case of organized, commercial pornography under the child porn law in 4 years because they don't seem to exist, 'or we can't find them.'). 'The most important thing for us after we are in on the raid of a ring is the follow-up. We seek out the victims and their families. Many of them won't talk. This one boy — one of the ones you just saw — would not talk at all at first. He is 13. But we talked to his parents and they were frantic at what damage might have been caused by this.

They were so disturbed. So we went back and we just kept insisting...' The upshot was that the boy finally confessed he was gay, into S and M and hates the man who seduced him when he was ten and 'made him that way.'

"The self-loathing is so great among the boys who have been victimised,' Burgess continued. 'They blame themselves as well as the offender, and they carry the awful secret which they must keep from their parents and those they love... That is the usual course for these things. The boy meets the man — usually a neighbour, an uncle, someone known to him — he poses nude, he feels funny taking off his clothes, but his friends do it. Next comes sex. Then the photos. Then he starts doing the sex for money. He

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*Notes made by Mitzel during Lloyd Martin's banquet speech:*

This man is deeply sick and opportunistic in the manner of a self-made promoter.

He trashes pro-paedo service agencies (which I had never heard of and which he probably made up).

"Child pornography is the ultimate crime," he says.

"Paedophiles look like you and I." He keeps telling little stories which begin, "I, Lloyd Martin, am a paedophile and here is how I operate..."

A male paedophile, he says, will seduce Mom to get Billy, and when he gets Billy alone he wants to "suck his pee-pee", then will blackmail Billy not to tell, saying there will be no more long camping weekends, fishing trips, etc. "And as soon as Billy turns 13 the paedophile drops him and goes after the younger brother."

"I don't like to read." Quite obvious from his language and his platform manner. He's a semi-literate onto a scam.

Goes into the Stayner story (See PAN 5, page 4 & PAN 7, page 7). He says the reason Stevie Stayner turned in Timmy White was that he was

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goes downtown. And it's all over.'

"Father Mark Janus is introduced as Director of *Bridge Over Troubled Waters* which works with street kids, especially sexually abused kids. Actually he is a 'consultant', not the Director. Janus explains that the kids are in the grasp of pimps and pushers the minute they step onto the streets. They 'are out there ready to jump right in when they see a fresh face, a new body.'" Tom Reeves chronicles the good Father's analysis of the kinds of kids who end up "on the street" and concludes with what he calls the "typical spiral down." "Sexual abuse is the start," Reeves quotes Janus. "It is where the money is. It is fun. It is exciting. The streets are alluring — where else is there so much excitement in today's boring world? But then comes

the exposure to cold nights, diseases, VD, drug overdoses, fights, being thrown out in the middle of the night, suicide, murder. Many of the boys make the circuit over and over: Boston, New York, Florida, California and back. The longer they stay, the worse they look. I don't know what happens to most of these kids. They become missing persons. It may be when they are 12 or 30, but I really believe what happens is (pause) they *die!*"

Most quotable of the afternoon speakers seems to have been Detective Tom Rodgers of the Indianapolis Police Department. According to him the big problem with child porn is that much of it is *not* commercial. Most of it is "deep underground in the child sex cults. We need laws to deal specifically with these

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jealous of Timmy's appeal to Parnell and wanted to get rid of him. Martin suggests that Stevie was planning to go back to Parnell. Quite a departure from the usual straight-hysterical approach to this story. Martin has really thought out a boy-man affair, how the boy and the man must feel and how important it is to each.

Martin: "Wherever your children go, so goes the paedophile... I spell paedophilia L-O-V-E."

He says René Guyon Society has 5,000 members, Childhood Sensuality Circle 10,000 members, that PAN is published in West Germany.

Most irrelevant touch: he has a photo, which he walks through the audience, of some device picked up on a 45-year-old man. He calls it "Big Bertha — The Balloon Buster". Some gimmick which inflated balloons up the man's anus and then popped them. Overheard at this point a comment from a psychiatric professional from Washington, "This is Kiwanis-circuit stuff. It doesn't belong on a university campus."

He is asked what he would do with a sexually active 14-year-old male who is gay identified. "We must protect him

until he is 18." From whom? "From himself and from the paedophile he will find who will give him love and attention." Why? "Because the paedophile *will destroy the boy's soul.*"

At the end of the address he asks people not to divorce. He says paedos can't love kids if families love their children. "How many of you will go home tonight and line up your children and hug each and every one of them — the wives will have no trouble with this, but some of the macho guys will find it kind of hard — and tell them you love them?" 6 or 7 hands go up (out of 50). It's the Peter Principle. Because he was a success on the yahoo circuit he's moved up and out of his level of competency and now he's just a joke.

His speaking fee is estimated at \$1000.

As soon as he finishes he gathers up his kiddie porn (hundreds of mags which were all over the tables in the dining room and in the foyer) and stuffs them all into his case, ties his rubber fastener around it and is gone. Wonder if he has any trouble at airports carrying around a case full of contraband.



underground cults. They are organized into big groups like PIE in England and PAL and PAN in Germany (sic) and they have cult magazines like *BSJournal* and *Man Boy Love Journal* and the sole purpose of these groups and mags is to protect child molesters and exchange photos. The groups maintain they are not involved in illegal activity. Our task is to prove they are. Where that is not possible we can link individual members of the groups to sex crimes and discredit the groups."

Like all policemen, his mouth watered at the thought of what the micro-chip might do. "So far there is no nation-wide, computerized system on child molesters, child sex cults and sex offenders, but we are working on one and hope to have it in place by 1982." (Surely he meant 1984!) "Then we will have every name, every group, every address and even before specific laws are broken, and we will share this with all law enforcement agencies. Colorado is an example of a state with exciting new innovations in law... (Here you ) can get severe penalties. We must raise the penalties for these offenses to discourage the acts..."

"Someone talked earlier about the 'innocent' photos. We have to have some way to deal with those guys, because they are usually at the bottom of it. They just take these photos of children fully clothed, but the guys later use the photos sexually and they sell this kind of item for a lot of money."

A little later Rodgers described the typical paedophile: "He usually lives alone and is lonely. His only adult friends are other paedophiles, with whom he is competitive and jealous. The paedophile with boys is not usually interested in penetration. Now we have wondered about that, and we think it is because penetration leaves evidence. You know, if you penetrated the anus of a small boy he might bleed to death. And these men don't mean to hurt — they always say that. One paedophile told me he wanted to penetrate, but it wasn't practically possible. He especially liked little babies, up to about 4 years, and penetration was just out."

"We don't usually get involved with the

victims. The kids are often uncooperative. They usually deny they had sex at all. You have to establish rapport with them, explain to them that they have been victims. They usually don't know they are victims, and some don't know it was wrong. Once they admit it they usually say they were drugged, drinking or asleep..."

At one point during the afternoon session Boston Vice-squad cop Skippy Halliday came up to Tom Reeves, flashed his badge and said, "Let's go out in back and work this thing out." Reeves refused. The Nutty Nurse had obviously ordered Halliday to get rid of Reeves, although she denied it later.

The dinner got off to a tense start when guests had to enter through a picket put up by NAMBLA members carrying signs which read STOP KILLER COP LLOYD MARTIN and FIRE DEAN BURGESS AND DETECTIVE MARTIN. A flyer entitled *Who is the LAPD Det. Lloyd Martin whom B.U. honors tonight?* was passed out detailing the terrible career and horrifying statements of California's most famous paedophile. The flyer demanded that Martin be suspended without pay immediately by L.A. Police Chief Daryl Gates pending an official investigation of his activities and asked some pointed questions: "Why is Martin here at Boston University tonight? Why is Martin using the Kiddie Protection scam to kill and imprison so many faggots? Why do Martin and others like him continue to deny youths the right to full sexual consent? What crimes in his own past is Martin covering up? How can a cop who has terrorized kids by hanging them by their ankles over a cliff (See PAN 6, page 9) now pose as a protector of children?" The flyer also demanded that B.U. investigate the connection of its nutty nurse with Martin and the illegal entrapment of homosexuals behind the smoke screen of supposed statutory sex offenses and kid porn. Finally it asked the university to make a public apology to the gay community for allowing Nurse Burgess to invite "criminal-cop Martin to this city."

— Continued on Page 25



# THE PIE AFFAIR

*If there is anything the English love it is a sex scandal, and recently the courts, the police and, of course, the "news" papers have given them a bumper harvest in their treatment of the PIE trials and peripheral matters.*

**Inviting the Media** It all began, really, with Tom O'Carroll assuming leadership of the Paedophile Information Exchange a few years back and his subsequent decision, in the summer of 1977, to invite "the media" to attend one of its open meetings. Hindsight is remarkably clairvoyant: it seems, now, like an incredibly stupid move, considering the level British journalism has descended to in recent years. The upshot was that the gutter tabloids, which have far and away the greatest readership in Great Britain, tripped over each other exposing PIE members as "monsters who prey on innocent children". They published photos of people who attended the meeting, gave their occupations, home addresses, etc. All of this, of course, is history.

Judging by the popularity of this series of articles, there must be a huge number of repressed paedophiles in London. People on the whole do not read about sexual matters which really, deep down, turn them off. It is the unconscious paedophile "strivings", to use a favorite psychoanalytic term, of conventionally sexed, respectable citizens which in the long run cause all the trouble - not because such feelings exist, but because they are buried through shame. (The imagery of the gutter press is interesting in this respect. The PIE people should "crawl back under the stone from which they came!" pontificated the *Daily Mirror* - and spoke for the repressed desires in a whole population of gutter press readers.)

*The News of the World* demanded, and got, a police investigation going. The *Daily Telegraph*, a sort of Praying Mantis of the "respectable" papers, demanded, and got, Tom O'Carroll sacked from his job. The police started raiding houses and

leaked names on expropriated mailing lists to gutter journalists, who began their own investigations into the private lives of private citizens. A quarter ton of material was confiscated (by the police) from Tom O'Carroll's home. Journalist Roger Moody, one of the few avowed paedophiles in England at the time, was treated to the same humiliation, even though he had never been a PIE member (See PAN 5, page 15). When a straight psychiatrist published a relatively sensible article in *Forum* very gently suggesting that the so-called "Protection of Children" act (then proposed but not yet passed) would make bad law, the police raided his premises, too, just for good measure. Obviously anyone who dared to keep an open mind about these matters warranted investigation. It was of supreme importance for the police to divert a substantial part of its manpower from the relatively unimportant business of combatting violent crime (for which the English, like the Americans, have a high degree of tolerance) to ferreting out and destroying people who loved kids and looked at porn. Dr. Edward Brongersma, then a senator in the Dutch parliament and chairman of the Permanent Committee on Justice of the Upper House, was barely allowed to speak at one CHE symposium in England and had others cancelled on him in horror. Not since the days when his native Holland had been occupied by the Nazis had he felt such an oppressive atmosphere.

**Freedom of Expression, but...** The response of the British population to all of this was, unfortunately, to sit on its hands. "We believe in freedom of expression and thought, but *this* is going too far," was the kind of comment one heard everywhere at the time. The Campaign for



Homosexual Equality dithered and dallied (just before the recent trials, it finally came out with a kind of luke-warm support for paedophiles' right to express their views). To its enormous credit, *Gay News* took on Fleet Street, calling the editor of *Sunday People* and three of its reporters, Harry Warschauer, Angus Mayer and Graham Ball "the vilest men in Britain" in huge, screaming headlines worthy of the gutter dreadfuls themselves. For weeks, however, the Director of Public Prosecutions did nothing.

At last, buoyed by the Conservative victory and the establishment of a government which, whatever its accomplishments in other areas, must hold some record for sexual regression, the DPP finally moved against five men on the Executive Committee of PIE and brought them to trial in the Old Bailey.

Right from the beginning there were problems. Despite the tons of papers the police had confiscated from scores of PIE members and executives, no evidence was ever found that any of the five defendants had actually broken any law. This, of course, was not the point. The point was that England had to be rid of an organization, and the people who ran it, challenging publically a doctrine burned into the very heart of our society: that children are innocent, asexual beings, the property of State and parents, who could only be corrupted and destroyed through sexual experience.

**The Bigotry Laws** There are two laws in the United Kingdom which conservatives and religious bigots have found handy in attacking sexual minorities. Both are ancient, ill-suited to present times and have thus fallen during the last century into disuse. One is the law against blasphemy, under which Mary Whitehouse prosecuted *Gay News* for publishing a homosexual poem about the legend of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. The conviction of *Gay News* Editor Dennis Lemmon is now being investigated by the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg for possible violations of that very convention of which the UK is a signatory.

The other is a bizarre law going back three and a half centuries. Its modern use seems to stem from an incident in 1663 when a certain poet, Sir Charles Sedley, and a few of his friends got drunk in Covent Garden and "put down their breeches and excrementiz'd in the streets." The successful prosecution of the scatological Sedley established the power of the courts to punish whatever a particular judge and his jury felt was a "conspiracy to corrupt public morals". Curiously enough, corrupting public morals itself is not an indictable crime; only *conspiring* with others to do so is. The state must also show that the conspirators *intended* to corrupt public morals. According to the charges against PIE the "corrupting" was done through a "contact page" in an early PIE publication in which members could solicit responses from each other to various questions or write to one another about their hobbies and concerns.

One result of the indictments and the preliminary hearing last year was that the court placed press restrictions upon the case and for a while Fleet Street was mercifully silent and inactive. Tom O'Carroll took the breathing spell to complete his book about paedophilia (despite the confiscation of much of his research material by the police). A new leadership assumed control of PIE and began developing plans to set up an international paedophile coordinating agency. PIE actually managed to put out one more issue of its excellent house organ, *Magpie*.

**And Then There Were Four** Finally, on 19 January, 1981, after a number of delays, resignations of barristers and so forth, the case began in The Old Bailey. The original five "conspirators" were now down to four. George Grove, who had been treasurer of PIE several years ago, had early requested, through his attorney, that charges be dropped against him because of his age and the fact that he was sick with cancer. The DPP wanted to know how much more time the doctors gave him. Grove answered about six months. That was too much, it seems: only if a doctor guaranteed he would be dead and



## buried

buried in *two* months would they drop the charges. Finally in December, when Grove was on his death bed, they relented (for humanitarian reasons, DPP explained) and Grove died shortly before the trial began.

It took some three days just to get the charges sorted out and made understandable to the jury, and the evidence in support of those charges accepted by the court. "The only question facing the jury," wrote Roger Moody, who was at the trial, in *Gay Community News*, "was whether the...members of PIE's executive sitting in the dock had agreed, either with each other or with others named in the indictment (but not present), that advertisers should be provided the opportunity to offer their respondents the opportunity to do naughty things. The prosecution's case rested not on (the defendants) having sex with children, or themselves pouring over lewd pictures of young boys. It didn't even rest on their putting PIE members into contact with each other to do the same. It rested simply on their intending to provide *opportunities* for others to do so."

To everyone's surprise, and the deep disappointment of Fleet Street, the prosecution did not revel in the tons of pornographic photos and fantasies said to be captured by the police. Instead Prosecutor David Tudor Price in his opening statement tried to put across one of those technical truths but actual untruths most shaky legal arguments seem to hinge upon: "I want to make it immediately clear that these persons are not being prosecuted for being members of that organization or for what most people would think are bizarre and unpopular views on the desirability of adults having sex with children. This prosecution is limited and confined to a complaint that they agreed to corrupt public morals by publishing regularly a contact sheet which to their knowledge and intention not just encouraged immorality but encouraged immorality of a kind contrary to criminal law."

So, technically, the men were not on trial for their membership in PIE or their beliefs, but, as *Gay Noise* editorialized, "it

soon became evident that (the prosecution), and the defence, were using this disclaimer to pander to the prejudices of judge and jury." Roger Moody agreed: "Despite re-iterating throughout the week's trial the importance of the jury putting prejudice behind them, (Price's) whole presentation was based on shoring up the stereotypes. Wouldn't a 'reasonable' person believe that paedophiles only wanted sex with children, or masturbatory material? Wouldn't a 'reasonable' person believe that if Mr. O'Carroll — unashamed boy-lover and author of a major study in defence of paedophilia — wanted to change the law to 'make his perverted ideas legal' he would use any method to encourage those illegal acts? When he talked of 'helping' paedophiles in their difficulties, didn't he really mean helping them meet children who would pull down their pants for him?"

Juicy Tit-bits Fleet Street was able to get a few juicy tit-bits from the prosecution's case, however. According to *The Daily Telegraph*, a former member of PIE testified, "I was making myself ill, staying up all night typing fantasy stories and answering contact letters," said Mr. Lesley Charlton, 58, a handyman, of Fifth Avenue, New York. He left the organization after latenight typing sessions wore him out." At the same time the *Telegraph* got off its usual number of prejudicial distortions: "The members (of PIE) made world-wide contact through an information sheet published in Britain and set up to promote sex between grown-ups and children... Readers, mostly men with interests in young boys, advertised their own perverted interests and sought contact with others to encourage them."

"The defence's case," Roger Moody continued, "was, quite simply, that paedophiles weren't all like that. Their main need was to break out of their sometimes suicidal isolation (to which a prosecution witness testified) and PIE had helped them do this. Sure, some paedophiles then made contact with other paedophiles and illegal acts may have been planned. (In fact, the prosecution failed to show that even one illegal act



between an adult and a child had taken place through PIE advertisements.) But this in no way amounted to an intention by the PIE executive that the law should be broken.

“Despite a somewhat bumbling presentation, barrister Archer for defendants John Parratt and Michael Dagnall, made the crucial distinction between paedophilia and paedosexual acts: PIE was an organization for men (only two members were women) who loved children in a huge variety of ways. The prime concern of PIE was to explore the different ways of love between the young and their elders. Attraction to children could take many different forms. ‘Men attracted to women collect pin-ups and put them on their walls. There’s nothing pornographic about that. Why shouldn’t men who love young boys just want to see and photograph them?’”

To the uninitiated mind, most trials seem to take place in a never-never-land where both sides are determined not to face, or even discuss, the facts most relevant to the dispute. At one point the defence argued that even if kiddie porn had circulated among PIE members it could not have been “obscene” because, under the Obscene Publications Act, such material would have to be shown to “deprave and corrupt” – and PIE members already, in that sense, were corrupted. In other words they were paedophiles, had long before discovered they were turned on by young children and were already persuaded that sex between children and adults could be a good experience for the kids. The prosecution countered that some members of PIE may not originally have been convinced that seducing minors was a good idea, even though they may have had strong emotional drives to do so, and it was only after being exposed to PIE’s siren call that they let themselves go – and in so doing were corrupted. Stuart Shields, Tom O’Carroll’s barrister, answered that, on this definition, O’Carroll’s book itself, and PIE as an organization, must be depraving and corrupting, but wasn’t this just what the prosecution was careful to say the defen-

dents were *not* being tried for? And so the trial went on.

In the end the jury retired, charged to come to a majority verdict. It decided to acquit all but Tom O’Carroll of the more serious of the two remaining charges, the one involving the physical corruption of minors, but with respect to the less serious charge involving kiddie porn they could come to no decision. Since the Judge had previously instructed the jury to find David Wade innocent of these charges as well, one more of the defendants went free. The jury was out nine hours. It was a young jury, on the whole, and mostly male, and word has leaked out that the majority was in favour of acquittal of all four defendants. But nine hours is a long time to be locked away and a big inducement to coming to a verdict, just or unjust, or simply to a decision to give up.

So now the defendants were down to three. The case was set for retrial before the same judge with the same cast of attorneys but, of course, with another jury. What everyone thought would be a great show trial had ended ambiguously.

**Talking as Sexual Assault** During the inter-trial period there were two incidents of note. Michael Dagnall, one of the remaining defendants, was forced to resign from his teaching post at the British School in The Hague, and he and Tom O’Carroll were picked up by the London police for, in effect, talking with a couple of boys (See box).

If the first PIE trial was surprising for its mildness and the general optimism it gave to the gay and paedophile community, the second trial was marked by its severity and what one can only surmise was a rather well planned conspiracy among the conservative heavies of England to distract attention from the boring turn the PIE affair had taken. This time the jury was older, split evenly between men and women. Prosecutor Price conveniently forgot what he had told the first jury about the defendants not “being prosecuted for being members of (PIE) or for what most people would think are bizarre and unpopular views on the desirability of adults having sex with children.” PIE now



was "sick and a force for evil", an organization which attracted "dirty-minded predators". The jury was out only three and a half hours and returned not-guilty verdicts against Dagnall and the other defendant but a guilty verdict on both charges for O'Carroll.

**A Punishment to Fit the Crime** Now Judge John Leonard could show himself for what he was. Pronouncing an unexpectedly severe prison sentence of two years, he made no bones about the fact that O'Carroll was being dealt with harshly because of his book and because of his campaigning for law reform and change in social attitudes. Even *The Daily Telegraph* seemed surprised at this turn of events. "Despite fears that O'Carroll...could face attacks from other prisoners, the Common Serjeant, Judge John Leonard, Q.C., told him, 'The public would be surprised if the court took a lenient view of a man who had such serious intentions as you did.'" One might ask Judge Leonard whether he would have punished Tom O'Carroll less harshly if he *hadn't* been serious — been, say, one of those exploitative, superficial paedophiles we are always reading about — and what role 'surprise' or lack of 'surprise' on the part of 'the public' is supposed to play in a judge deciding on an appropriate — and just — sentence.

But by then "the public" had been whipped up by an altogether different issue, what has come to be known as "the red Huddersfield herring". For months the Huddersfield police had been making life miserable for local gays. The old, established Gemini Club, a meeting place where gays can dance and socialise, had been raided night after night, with hundreds of patrons herded, none too gently, into police wagons and booked for such "crimes" as drinking after hours. More serious charges were made against several gays supposedly having it off with each other in the yard outside the Gemini Club (sex contact between adult males is legal in England only in a private place such as a home and only when no more than two persons are present) and against one of the owners of the club for sexual contacts with teenage patrons. State-

ments made by a certain Stephen Skellern, speaking for the police, about the Gemini Club when it came time for a new liquor license to be issued sounded every bit as pathological as Hitler (or Martin Luther) denouncing the Jews. The Huddersfield attacks became so rabid that England's usually placid gay community seriously considered moving the next Gay Pride March planned for London to Huddersfield in a demonstration of support. Finally local gays started asking questions of their members of Parliament. And one of the persons they asked was the MP representing Huddersfield, a beefy, oily Conservative by the name of Geoffrey Dickens.

Whether Dickens had taken an interest in homosexual affairs before this point is not known. He gave the usual evasive statements politicians mouth when confronted with gay issues, but most likely he did have some sort of contact with the Huddersfield police. Perhaps that is where he was put on to the "Henderson" matter. While the prosecution at the PIE trial had been detailing its investigation into the private papers and lives of various PIE members, a senior diplomat referred to only by his alias "Henderson" was mentioned as having had a substantial porn collection.

**The Huddersfield Cover-up** No sooner was O'Carroll sentenced and packed off to prison than Dickens was on his feet in the House of Commons demanding the real identity of "Henderson", claiming that the "old boy" network of England was involved in "the cover-up of the century". And wherever Geoffrey went the gutter press was sure to go. Who was this senior diplomat? Did he have security clearance? Could he, using diplomatic privilege, run kiddie porn films and magazines in and out of Great Britain? (Why not a small boy hidden in the diplomatic pouch?) Dickens demanded that Home Secretary William Whitelaw name the man. Attorney-General Sir Michael Havens denied that there was a cover-up, saying the retired diplomat "had committed the trivial offense of sending obscene material through the mails". The diplomat had



been cautioned at the time, it seemed, and told not to do it again. But why wasn't he brought to court, Dickens asked? Other people were, but then they didn't have protection in high circles.

Actually it was all Show-Biz, for the identity of the diplomat had long been revealed by the gutter press itself! Three months earlier the October 24 issue of a crime and scandal magazine called *Private Eye* carried his photo and, in a major article headed THE BEAST OF BERLIN, told of how the police, discovering a package of kiddie porn addressed to "Mr. Henderson, 95 Linden Gardens, Notting Hill," had searched that address and found a huge collection of erotica, plus 46 quarto-size books of 80 pages each of written sex fantasies "which included every conceivable perversion."

It turned out that "Henderson" was a very big fish, indeed — and a member of PIE. "The man in question," *Private Eye* went on, "is Sir Peter Hayman, KCMG, CVO, MBE who ended a distinguished career as British High Commissioner in Canada from 1970-74. Previously Hayman held a series of highly delicate posts including assistant principal to the Ministry of Home Secretary 1939-41, Personal Assistant to the Chief Staff Office to the Minister of Defence 1949-52, member of the UK delegation to NATO 1952-4, Director-General of British Information Services New York 1961-64 and, perhaps most crucially Minister and Deputy Commandant in the British Military Government of West Berlin 1964-66."

Nobody in the gutter-dreadfuls/political conservative coalition was so rude as to point out that this was all stale news. For days the name and photo of Geoffrey Dickens was on the front page of almost every English daily. Would he or wouldn't he use his parliamentary privilege to do something which, theoretically, no other British subject could: reveal the identity of the highly protected "Mr. Henderson"?

Well, he did, and Fleet Street started printing all the dirt it had been busily preparing ever since it realized that the old *Private Eye* story was saleable in some sort of new packaging. But now, with mat-

ters on about the level of the kind of libretto Verdi gloried in during his middle years, the MP from Huddlesfield, in one brief press conference, transposed the whole affair into an *opera buffa*. Like most witch hunters he had a rather fully fleshed skeleton in his own closet. Although he hadn't bothered to tell his wife, or his teenage children, the cuddly Huddersfielder had been hugging not just one but two Other Women, met, it seems in a local loney-hearts dance hall, and had decided to leave his wife for OW number two. He then took off in hiding for "Cornwall or Devon", according to one of his  
**[this text continues on p.23 in the un-coloured area of the page]**

*Just before this issue of PAN was typeset we telephoned Roger Moody in London for the latest developments. His report follows.*

Both Michael Dagnall and Tom O'Carroll are pleading not guilty in the affair arising out of their arrests during the inter-trial period. It would seem to be a case of obvious public and police harassment. The two men were swimming and playing table tennis with a number of boys near O'Carroll's home in Newport Pagnall. Someone recognized O'Carroll and phoned the police. The police arrested Dagnall and O'Carroll and charged them with "conspiracy to procure children for gross indecency." Some of the boys were questioned and presumably at least one of them made a statement. The parents of another, who knew Dagnall, have refused absolutely to cooperate with the police. Both O'Carroll and Dagnall vehemently insist that nothing "indecent" was ever discussed with the boys or even contemplated. The trial is scheduled for some time in April.

Tom O'Carroll is in good spirits and has been able to have visits. He has been cast into the infamous Wormwood Scrubbs Prison (Du Cane Road, London W12) where he would appreciate receiving letters from his friends and interested readers of his book. Wormwood Scrubbs is one Britain's



[this text is continued from the un-coloured area of p.22]

sons, leaving Mary Whitehouse and a certain Valerie Riches, secretary to something called the *Responsible Society* (20,000 members) to sing a sort of unaccompanied coloratura duet asking for the suppression of PIE and requesting an interview with Mrs. Thatcher, of all people, to accomplish this. Dickens's mother is reported to have said simply, "Oh, Geoffrey, shut up."

**Scattered Support** During the trial one small group of supporters had appeared outside the courtroom each day with home-made signs and leaflets. It was the

Campaign Against Public Morals which Tom O'Carroll himself had attacked in a *Gay News* interview as having turned against him. This was perhaps not quite fair, although CAPM was at least as interested in using the PIE affair to further its Marxist aims as to support the defendants in their hour of need. But at least the CAPM people were there, to be counted and photographed, which is more than can be said for the whole rest of England's gay and civil libertarian community (See box).

It was left, alas, to a couple of private individuals, writing for or to the few

[this text is continued from the coloured area of p.22]

worst. It is, among other things, a remand prison where people denied bail are packed away awaiting trial and is well known for its over-crowding and the harshness of its officers. It's also a little short on security; it seems not long ago many prisoners were simply slipping out at night and celebrating at the local pubs. This situation came to light only when one of the absentees came back so drunk he couldn't climb in over the walls. O'Carroll at the moment shares a cell with the famous "M5 rapist", so-called because he found his little girl victims along one of Britain's busy freeways.

The 19 March issue of *New Society*, a leading popular sociology magazine, in the Supplement for Schools section, carried an article on paedophilia entitled, "Do we Repress the Sexuality of our Young?" It quotes PIE's statements and position accurately, acknowledges that the majority of people wouldn't agree but concludes that views on this matter are better aired publically than privately suppressed. In the same issue columnist "Tail Gunner Parkinson" compared the PIE trials with the trials of Oscar Wilde. "If the law claims the right to use its teeth in dealing with these disturbing problems, society has the right to be convinced that they are not false teeth. I would rather a paedophile knocked on my front door and asked permission to

seduce my son than secretly plied him with vodka in the local Scouts hut." Parkinson predicts that O'Carroll may gain a similar stature to Oscar Wilde once he is out of prison.

By the first of April not one single gay or civil rights group had yet made an official statement condemning the conviction. Campaign for Homosexual Equality was to issue its statement on April 3. The National Council for Civil Liberties, which is probably the largest civil rights body in Europe at the present time, will be presenting an emergency motion to its annual general meeting on April 11. Barry Prothero, NCCL's gay rights officer, says that the motion is not yet written but it will certainly condemn the trial, uphold the right of paedophiles to organise and demand the release of Tom O'Carroll. He predicts its swift passage. Finally *Gay Noise*, the sprightly, leftist, well-written homosexual newsletter which has been firm in its support for the PIE defendants, has organized an inaugural meeting of a new campaign to carry on the struggle for O'Carroll's release. The group will also seek to decriminalize all "victimless crimes" including mutually consensual sex between partners of any gender and any age. Leaders and members from all the major civil liberties and sex reform organisations have been invited.



genuinely liberal and decent publications left in Great Britain, to express the sense of horror and sadness every Englishman should have felt over this affair. *Guardian* columnist Alan Watkins wrote, on 22 March, "I do not believe Sir Peter Hayman should have been named, I think Mr. Geoffrey Dickens is an appalling person — appalling in general, I mean, not merely in relation to the present case — and I hope MPs will now curb the absolute privilege they now possess... But Sir Peter is still a free man. When he has completed his holiday he can return to his house in Oxfordshire. He will be welcome in his local church — we have the vicar's word for that.

"Mr. O'Carroll, on the other hand, is, unless an appeal is successful, to go to prison for two years: a term which, if it is served, will not be served in easy circumstances... The court which sentenced Mr. O'Carroll took less account of (various) jurisprudential considerations than of the circulation of lists not of children but of paedophiles. No evidence was produced to show that a single child had been sexually assaulted, or corrupted in any other respect. There was no evidence that Mr. O'Carroll had conspired with others or had incited them to perform these actions or secure these results... Mr. O'Carroll...has not done anything to anybody. He wishes the age of consent to be drastically lowered. And he has circulated people with interests similar to his own. He is entitled to agitate for the lowering of the age of consent (subject to the qualifications about encitement made above). He is equally entitled, provided no specific offence is proven, to circularise people with similar interests...

"The Prosecution could prove no specific offence... To be sure...while homosexuality and prostitution are (within limits) lawful, active paedophilia is not. But this is no reason to convict him under a judge-invented variety of lynch law that enables the courts to punish any activity of which they may disapprove. For Mr. O'Carroll was not convicted of active paedophilia. He was in effect convicted of writing, or fantasising, about it. This is, or

should be, an entirely different matter. If Mr. O'Carroll is to be punished he should be punished for a specific and defined action. And the judge-made law of conspiracy to corrupt public morals should be repealed."

Two days earlier the *Guardian* published two telling letters from thoughtful readers. One was from a brave mother of a 12-year-old (she gave her name and address). "I feel that much of the loathing aimed against such an organization (as PIE) stems from a misguided belief in the innocence of children as far as sexual matters are concerned. This has been exposed as a myth ever since Freudian times and, although many of Freud's theories have taken a bit of stick in recent years, it is still a well-known, if not admitted, fact that small children are not only capable of being aware of sexual contact, but of enjoying and even instigating them in some cases." She then went on to tell of an early seduction which she had experienced when she had been 11. It had frightened her at the time but she got over it in a matter of days and was able to maintain friendly, if somewhat more distant, contact with the man thereafter. "What has moved me to write," she continued, "is that the hysteria this subject arouses in the general public is the basis upon which an outmoded law has been used to put a man behind bars for two years for publishing a book. One can only surmise that Tom O'Carroll was really jailed for being the leader of an unpopular organisation. Are we then to expect other minority groups to be treated likewise? Upon whom will public outrage fall next?"

Finally a certain Rodney Legg, of Wincanton, Somerset, observed, with telling irony, on the same page, "Tom O'Carroll's conviction in the public morals case brings the conspiracy laws into a state of further contradiction. Mr. O'Carroll faced two trials arising from the same charges, and in both his fellow defendants were cleared. That leaves Mr. O'Carroll sentenced for a one-man conspiracy — a plot with himself. We would appear to have crimes of thought enshrined in our law — well before 1984."



## **NUTTY NURSE, Continued from Page 16**

Tom Reeves and reporter Mitzel attended the banquet and actually dined with Detective Martin — and his wife, who seems to have come along with him on this federally-funded junket all the way from Los Angeles. "During coffee Skippy Halliday and Burgess joined us," Mitzel reports. "Burgess was trying to neutralise us by being sweet. Tom asked her if she was heterosexual and — I actually counted the seconds — she took six seconds to decide how to answer."

After the banquet speech (see box) Mitzel told a conspicuous assistant of Burgess "that what I had observed was the grossest orgy of unscientific pandering of homophobia and gross manipulation of children's lives for phonies to make bucks that I had ever seen and I would leave the room and go out into the community and work tirelessly for the immediate firing of Nurse Burgess." That, of course, brought the nutty nurse herself, who asked, "What did you say about getting me fired?" "I repeated my line," Mitzell continues. "She grabed my wrist

**Mitzel**

and said, 'No, please don't!' Well, if *she* thinks I can do it, perhaps I can!"

The following day there was a follow-up "evaluation" session, and this was attended by George Jacobs's attorney Tom Butters. Martin and the nutty nurse "were furious at our presence," according to Mitzel. "We had ruined it for them. They couldn't talk about anything else. Burgess kept wondering 'when are they going to drop the other shoe'."

NAMBLA is putting together a press release and packet demanding a federal investigation of the \$50,000 of taxpayer's money the nutty nurse received. Pressure is also being mounted in California — with the speaker of the House, the Attorney General, a pro-gay L.A. City Council member — to get Martin at least discredited and possibly investigated and fired.

And it all might just happen. Bullies like victims: they are afraid of fighters. And in Tom Reeves, Mitzel, Tom Butters, Michael Thompson and the others behind the magnificent trashing of the nutty nurse's little federally-funded party they have found a group of wily fighters indeed.

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# THE BODY HUMAN

by Dennison Nichols

"I say nobody's got all the answers to a boy's growing up. But know something? It's not as complicated as it's cracked up to be — and it can be a heck of a lot of fun, too."

Despite the somewhat hokey tone of this opening statement to *The Body Human: Facts for Boys*, an American CBS television program first aired nation-wide on 6 November, 1980, what follows in the next twenty-five minutes is an easy-going explanation of what adolescence was all (well, *almost* all) about — the mastering and enjoyment of life as one approaches adulthood.

The narrator is Ken Howard, known to American TV viewers as a school basketball coach in *The White Shadow* series, but the real stars of the show are twelve-year-old Shane ("and you better believe Shane really feels he's changing"), Kade, ten ("he used to think girls were plain awful — now he's not sure about that") and Billy (a "cool, cool" fourteen-year-old who "figures he's going on twenty"). Altogether they do a pretty good job of getting the show's message across.

First comes a standard explanation of what's going on in an adolescent boy's body: brief statements about hormones and what they do, genital organs and what

they do — erections, ejaculations, nocturnal emissions — all accurate, as far as it goes. But little is said about sexual feeling ("The penis...is very sensitive to touch, especially the front, near the tip, called the glans."), nothing about the ecstatic moment known as orgasm, and, incredibly, the accompanying illustrative drawing in profile shows the penis flaccid as the semen is ejected! Most unfortunate is that there is no mention here (or anywhere else in the program) of masturbation.

Shane, the twelve-year-old, is the most articulate: "A lot of boys, you know, they talk about, have you ever been to bed with this girl? And, you know, they haven't because we're pretty young yet to do anything about this. We learn it all on TV, you know, and at the movies, and then you start thinking about it 'n realizing we'll be doing that someday, I guess. I guess it's supposed to be *fun!*" (This last is said in a laughing voice of healthy anticipation.)

Ken Howard, the narrator, comments, "Right, Shane, it's *supposed* to be *fun* between two people." But, of necessity, there have to be rules, so he goes on, "Sometimes our bodies are willing and able to follow urges we are still not ready for as people. So I've got two simple rules I believe in. Rule one: nobody wants an unwanted baby. The plain truth is that once a boy ejaculates, having sex with a girl, even having sex the first time, can make a girl pregnant." (Technically this is correct, although it is pretty well established that during the first months of ejaculate production what is emitted by the overwhelming majority of boys at orgasm is just prostate fluid and contains no viable sperm at all — as every boy-lover knows, this is the time when it has the sweetest taste.)

"Rule two," Ken Howard goes on, "sex without love and caring for a person is just plain selfish; it's mean and it's irresponsi-

Recently we have received a number of moving and plaintive letters from men in American and English prisons for paedophile "offenses" wanting to receive PAN. In many prisons, believe it or not, PAN is allowed to enter. Most prisoners, however, are paid just enough pocket money to buy cigarettes and razor blades and do not have access to outside funds, thus simply cannot afford the price of a subscription. Would any of our readers be willing to subsidize a gift subscription for one of these people?



ble." Here the problem is that too many boys will miss the *and caring* and thus assume that there are supposed to be only two kinds of sexual situations: those where love is present and those based solely on one's selfish desire — nothing in between. The implication is that relationships which aren't lasting are selfish and that sex for its own sake can never be fulfilling. Also, this could lead a youngster into deceiving himself that love is present at a sexual act when in reality it is not.

Now Ken Howard is shown with the three boys around a campfire. They have eaten and settled down for the night in their (separate, alas) sleeping bags and Howard steers the subject around to sex — boys being boys, this is easy to do. It seems they have earlier seen a herd of cows which was being serviced by only three bulls.

"You thought they needed more bulls?" says Howard.

"They do!" says Shane. "Man, they get around so good!" Howard chuckles and then Shane goes off into peals of laughter. "They get around to every one."

"Not everyone has the same conventions," says Howard.

"How many buttholes do you..."

Shane's question is interrupted by Howard: "I'll give you something to think about. I was talking to (the farmer) and how old do you think a cow has to be to breed?"

"How?" asks Shane.

"A year and a couple of months," says Howard, "so that by the time they're two years old they're already having calves." The kids laugh, and Howard continues, "Think about that."

There is more laughter as Shane replies, "Really, we can *start*?"

"Oh, yah?" Howard comes back. "How you gonna start?"

"You *already* started," Shane says. Howard, it seems, has three kids, but from his wife's previous marriage. "So you never did *anything!*" Shane gibes.

"What do you mean I never did anything? I just never did anything to start *those* three."

"Yah!" says Shane, understanding.

"Do you think you have kids every time

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HOWARD Tell us something about it, Billy? How did a girl let you know it is okay for you to kiss her?

SHANE Yeah?

BILLY I don't know.

SHANE Did you ask her or did you just go ahead?

BILLY *(After a momentary silence.)* I just went ahead. I mean, you know, you've experienced that by now, haven't you?

SHANE Well, yeah, but... *(Momentary silence again, but quickly followed by laughter.)*

HOWARD You've kissed Leslie, right?

SHANE Yeah.

HOWARD And then after you kissed her goodnight and, you know, you say goodnight...

SHANE I feel *really good* after that!

HOWARD How? I mean, what...?

SHANE It just makes you feel better. I don't know. I mean, what'd you feel like when you were... *(He decides in the middle of the question to direct it to someone else.)* What about you, Kade?

KADE Don't look at *me!*

SHANE You haven't had any yet?

KADE Un uh. *(Laughter all around.)*

HOWARD Does it sound like fun or does it just sound kind of gushy?

KADE *(Without much conviction.)* Oh, it sounds okay.

BILLY That's all right. *(Again, everyone laughs.)*

SHANE *All right!*

HOWARD So it *does* feel good

SHANE *(After a sigh)* You're shy, though. Man, you know, a person can be so wide open, but then when you come near a girl, you can get *so shy*. Just like that, you know."

you have sex?" Howard asks. Silence. Some of the boys, obviously, are unsure. "That's two different things, you know." Shane nods his head.

There are scenes in the show of each of the boys engaging in one or another non-sexual activity and *mastering* it — driving, practicing in a band, shooting at target-cans, social dancing. "Sex is only one part

of growing up," Howard comments. The point is made that around puberty "boys and girls discover some new feelings about each other. So it's normal and natural and okay for boys to experience crushes, daydreams and romantic feelings — even feelings of desire for a girl."

At this point I began to have more serious reservations. Boys are told that they ought to withhold full sexual intercourse until they are ready in all respects to handle the responsibilities that accompany it (responsibilities undefined). Meantime nothing is said about the outlets the boy *can* engage in. What should these three boys *do* with their "daydreams and romantic feelings"? Just wait at slow burn until they are mature enough to have intercourse? Reference is made to nocturnal emissions, but where does masturbation (surely a *much* more common experience for boys) fit into all of this? And what about oral intercourse? It is obvious that the three kids rapping around the camp fire would have been more than willing to talk about these aspects of a young person's actual and fantasy life.

Then, too, what about homosexuality? Of course, it would be too much to hope that the boys viewing this sex-education program would be informed that there were kindly men who would not only gladly share their sex with them but enrich their lives in numerous other ways as well until they were ready for complete sex with females, or offer them friendship and sex as a *supplement* to what they did with girls. But with all this heterosexual laughter and joyful anticipation, there should be some good advice for that one boy out of twenty who only longed for the body of another male — and for that one boy in three who has had, or shortly will have, pleasurable homoerotic experiences without being mainly, or even importantly, gay.

But with all these reservations, the show is a step in the right direction — away from the Densen-Gerber image of the innocent child who could view sex only with horror. It shows America about where Holland and Scandinavia probably were 20 or 40 years ago.



# "AND MY FAWN RIGHT BESIDE ME"

by David Gil

One of the more remarkable products of the efflorescence of Jewish culture in Islamic 11th and 12th Century Spain was a sizeable body of Hebrew poetry of an overtly homosexual, even paedophile nature.

This poetry drew from two very different traditions: on the one hand it harkened back to the Old Testament for the richness of language and religious and philosophical themes, while at the same time it borrowed the metres and poetic conventions of contemporary Arabic poetry. From this synthesis two distinct yet interrelated bodies of poetry emerged — one liturgical, the other secular. Most of the major Jewish poets of the time wrote both kinds of poems, expressing on the one hand their reverence of God and yearnings to return to the land of Israel, on the other hand the pleasures of wine-feasts and their love for women, men and boys.

The love poems — heterosexual, homosexual and paedophile — were closely patterned after their contemporary Islamic counterparts. At the same time phrases and expressions from the Hebrew *Song of Songs* were generalized to apply in homosexual and paedophile contexts as well and incorporated in the poems. The Jewish poets apparently adopted the prevailing Moorish sexual mores with great ease.

How could the same poet sing in praise of the Jewish God and of the beautiful figure of a man or boy? David and Jonathan notwithstanding, the Old Testament characterizes homosexual relationships as an abomination. To the best of my knowledge, this intriguing question has hardly been broached, let alone answered. Instead, almost all of the current authorities on medieval Hebrew poetry have lent their hands to a cover-up of quite incredible magnitude.

These authorities adopt a three-

pronged strategy. To begin with, they maintain that the love-songs are asexual, reflecting a pure Platonic friendship untarnished by any form of "evil". But what to do when the poet and his boy undress each other, get into bed and suck nectar from each other's lips? Then strategy number two is called upon: the boy is not a boy but a girl! The critics are undaunted by the fact that the poet uses a masculine pronoun to refer to his beloved, or a masculine form of the traditional terms of endearment "fawn" and "gazelle" — according to these latter-day arbiters of Jewish morality, the poet is merely exerting poetic license. But how, then is it possible to explain away the unambiguously male features of the beloved's body which the poet describes? Here the authorities play their trump card: let there be sex between man and boy — the poem is symbolic, representing the love between God and his chosen people. In doing so they follow the Talmudic scholars' allegorical interpretation of the heterosexual sensuality of *The Song of Songs*". However, they offer no explanation for the surprising choice of an "abomination", namely homosexuality and paedophilia, as a symbol of a divine love. Surely the misinterpreted poets must now be turning in

*Stricken, as though by  
Arab arrows, my  
Heart has bled for a  
Young handsome boy, red  
Cheeks, lips of silk thread.*

*This apple, verily, God did not form,  
But to infuse admirers' hearts with joy;  
For, in its streaks of green and red, I  
found  
The faces of a lover and his boy.*

Two poems of Moses Ibn Ezra, translated by David Gil.



their Andalusian graves.

While the tradition of Jewish homosexual and paedophile poetry died out under Christian rule in Europe, it lived on in Moslem Yemen where, under the influence of the Spanish golden era, poetry with homosexual and paedophile themes continued to be written until recently. Many of these poems are still sung by the Yemenite Jews in Israel, at weddings and other festive occasions — however they are generally interpreted as being directed from a bride to her groom. When I asked an old Yemenite at one such occasion why the “bride” should be using a masculine form of the verb in first person, he was unable to answer.

I do not know how the homosexual and paedophile themes of many medieval Hebrew poems were reconciled with the religious convictions of their creators. The fact remains, however, that they were.

Let us take a look at one typical paedophile poem:

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The two things that please me, inspire  
and delight me;

A glass in my hand and my fawn right  
beside me.

Though many would spite me, I never shall  
heed them;

Come with me, gazelle, and I'll go to  
defeat them;

As time will unmake them and death come  
to meet them;

Come with me, gazelle, and arise to  
receive me,

And let your lips' nectar come forth to  
suffice me.

Why is it they try to divert my affection?  
If ever in sin and with guilt-laded passion,  
I fell for your beauty, may God send  
destruction;

Don't follow the coaxings of those who  
defy me;

Don't stubbornly spurn me, instead  
come and try me.

Consenting, he beckoned me home to his  
mother,

And taking my burden to bear on his  
shoulder,

All night and all day let me be his own  
lover;

I took off his clothes as he also  
undressed me;

I sucked from his lips as he fed me and  
kissed me.

But when my own heart in his eyes cast its  
anchor,

The yoke of my crime in his hand became  
stronger;

He suddenly turned on me bursting with  
anger,

Indignantly shouting — enough of that,  
leave me,

And don't ever force me or try to  
mislead me!

Don't scorn me, gazelle, for I cannot with-  
stand it;

Your will is so fickle I don't understand it;  
Just kiss your friend once and his wish will  
be granted;



For if you desire that I live, come and heal me,

But if you would rather I died, why then kill me.

This poem was written by Moses Ibn Ezra, one of the outstanding figures of the golden era. Moses Ibn Ezra was born in Granada, not later than 1055, and died between 1135 and 1140. The poem's form is typical of the medieval Hebrew love songs, consisting of five stanzas tied together by a two-line refrain which also heads the poem. The song portrays the course of the poet's love for a boy: at first he complains about other people who attempt to come between him and his beloved, then he and the boy go to the home of the boy's mother where they make love, and finally the boy rejects his lover who pleads with him to take him back.

My translation is nearly literal — in attempting to convey some of the original metre I have failed to reproduce the compact elegance characteristic of the Hebrew language. It is equally difficult to do justice to the numerous Biblical allusions in the poem. For example, when the boy brings his lover home to his mother, the poet is following *Song of Songs 3.4*: "I had brought him into my mother's house". And when they make love the poet paraphrases *Lamentations 1.4*: "The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand".

In addition to their art, the Hebrew poets of medieval Spain left us another precious gift: a testimony to the possibility that traditional religious values may coexist with more enlightened sexual mores. In this light they deserve to be studied with care.

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# LETTERS

In PAN 7 mention was made of two books which warrant, it seems to me, further comment. The one admits to be fiction, but tells a truth. The other, perniciously, despite footnotes and all the trappings of factuality, is a lie.

*Kevin*, the new novel by Wallace Hamilton (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1980) is fast becoming the gay publishing event of the season here. A major press, issuing a positive, contemporary novel about a man-boy relationship, by a skilled and established gay writer — to positive reviews in main-line gay publications — *anno mirabile!* *Sandel* never reached these shores; *The Persian Boy* was safely antique; now all at once it comes together.

The story, for those who have not heard, concerns Kevin Stark, a fifteen-year-old "street kid" with no background except the all too common experience with the American "child welfare" system, and Bruce Andrews, a wealthy, established 35-year-old gay man with "too damn much past" and a yearning to be free, to find himself. They meet by chance, fall in love, progress through trials both self-created and social — and in the end live happily ever after in New York, where Kevin blossoms into a brilliant student and Bruce gets a redecorated apartment and a new job as investment broker. Strange to say, even Bruce's ex-lover accepts their relationship. It is, as we said, fiction.

But fiction can help shape future facts, as we know from the past when negative portrayals of gay life blighted our self-understanding. The important thing is that *Kevin* has been published. Yes, the characters are flat; Kevin never comes to



vivid life as an individual apart from the problems by which Hamilton defines him; for a supposedly sophisticated man, Bruce — well, the clichéd description above speaks too loudly. And the “happily ever after” ending is a bit too pat. As the veteran of a similar relationship with a 14-year-old (in some ways a tougher age, in some ways easier), I can aver that being a working single parent (of whatever sexuality) is no picnic. There are enormous adjustments and time commitments to be made by the adult — as Bruce’s lawyer friend observes quite well, somebody must pick up the socks — and the process of testing limits and learning to accept responsibility in a relationship is hard for the boy, especially from a background where he has had neither. Hamilton passes silently by this whole process in his final chapter. Most street kids come into a relationship much more damaged than Kevin, and most men do not have Bruce’s resources. In all these things Hamilton assumes the best possible case. I guess it does help to have a trust fund.

Still the truth is that such relationships can and do work for both partners. One may wish that Hamilton had created more complex characters and probed more deeply into the workings of an ongoing

relationship, but that is to review what is not here. What is here is a well-written book that is, moreover, positive about man/boy love. And that’s *not* fiction.

In contrast, Florence Rush’s *The Best Kept Secret: Sexual Abuse of Children* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1980) is a sad example of what happens when one begins with a thesis and looks only far enough to document it. In Ms. Rush’s case the thesis is that all intergenerational sexual relations result from male power in a patriarchal society, and thus are inevitably exploitative and harmful to the younger partner. The thesis does allow her to see some things correctly; against the impressions left by homophobes like Lloyd Martin and Robin Lloyd, Ms. Rush contends that adult/child sex is largely a *heterosexual* phenomenon and occurs most frequently within families. But trading the canard about gays as child molesters for a feminist chestnut about all males as child molesters does little to advance understanding, the latter having about the same validity as earlier feminist charges that all men are rapists and marriage is nothing but legalized prostitution.

Which is not to say that it is totally inac-

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curate; indeed, I believe Ms. Rush properly identifies power inequities as the cause of long-term psychological effects of incestuous relations, where a child has little choice but to accept advances, has no one supportive to turn to, and because of societal attitudes is burdened by the secret or humiliated in its revelation. However, when Rush seeks to apply this analysis to man-boy relations, problems begin. She admits (p 176) that boys and girls have much different reactions to sexual encounters with adults, and that there is some evidence to show that boys' reactions tend to be much more positive, but then, rather than follow this up, she keeps her thesis intact and simply insists that this can't be so. Had she not denied the evidence so quickly she might have looked further for the reasons. She would have noted that most man/boy relations occur *outside* the coercive family matrix and thus reflect a *greater* freedom of choice for the younger partner.

Of course, Ms. Rush could not admit that either; a corollary to her thesis is that children (and by this she clearly means everyone under 18), being by definition, victims, cannot ever willingly participate in sexual encounters with adults. Another corollary, stated repeatedly, is that young people are never sexually attracted to adults. In fact she twice seems ready to suggest that the whole idea of children as sexual beings is merely a male plot. Both contentions are patently absurd, although the first may be largely true about intergenerational sex *within* the family and the latter frequently applicable in the case of very young children and genital contact. Even more silly is her claim that women cannot be child molesters. Despite citations of such activity, Ms. Rush (p 182) claims that, by definition, this behaviour cannot be 'molestation' for 'molestation' can only be done by the powerful, i.e. males!

It is hard to see much difference between the actions of a mother who "makes the periscope come up" when bathing her son and a father who fondles his daughter. I cannot even agree with her reservations about long-term psychologi-

cal and sexual effects of mothers who make a practice of sleeping with young boys (although cases I have encountered suggest this is less likely to include genital contact than similar father-daughter sleeping arrangements). I do beg to inform Ms. Rush that the former is a fairly common male experience, and the latter by no means as rare as she insists.

But the greatest lie is revealed in the condescending and demeaning nature of Ms. Rush's conclusions. Although she claims to be interested in protecting young people, 'protection', as she uses the term, is only a euphemism for oppression — as was much the case for women. Rush ends up denying the reality of young people's interest and sexual experience as it may relate to adults. If she will protest that it is society that currently denies this choice by eliminating the possibility of saying "no", she still cannot explain why her "first steps" toward a solution are solely in terms of forbidding such contacts, saying "no" *for* the young person, and not in terms of providing the information, alternatives and the proper safeguards to create a situation in which minors are free to say both "no" and "yes" themselves. In the end Ms. Rush seems oblivious to the fact that her solutions parallel the patriarchal line on women, against which feminine protest first began: they are incapable of choice; they wouldn't choose it if they could; we must choose for them. One can only hope that Mrs. Rush will encounter the work of a fellow-feminist, Pat Califia, who, in the *Advocate* late last year, reached much different and wiser conclusions.

At least Rush's book appears to be sinking without the kind of attention lavished on Robin Lloyd's equally pernicious work some years back — probably because her feminist rhetoric is too much for the male establishment to swallow. Or maybe, coupled with the positive reception of Hamilton's novel, because the tide is turning. It's just that it will be a long time before fictions like Hamilton's will undo the effect of fictions like Rush's.

— D.M., New York





# BOOKS

Hard on the heels of Tom O'Carroll's *Paedophilia: the Radical Case* comes another book of outstanding interest to instruct, amuse and hearten boy-lovers, this one from America. The two books could not be more dissimilar. Mitzel's *The Boston Sex Scandal* is a rapid-fire, sarcastic, angry, irreverent and sometimes wonderfully funny account of one segment of the Great American Witch Hunt, from its inception in Washington, D.C. in early 1977 to the present time when its perpetrators, still unable to believe that bedroom-spying isn't good politics, occasionally try to blow a little life into the remaining embers of the boy-abuse fire they started and which in Boston ended up, thanks to Mitzel and a few others, scorching their own feet and branding their own tongues as organs which know not how to speak the truth.

While O'Carroll writes as a serious, intellectual, idealistic man, Mitzel comes across as the prototype happy warrior, the sort of person who cannot wait to get out of bed in the morning so he can see what the fools are up to now and bring them down to earth with a volley of laughter. His sarcasm has bite but the laughter is infectious.

The seamy world of kiddie-abuse scam may have a ready cast of intriguing characters, but it takes a born writer like Mitzel to bring to life such grotesques as Judianne Densen-Gerber, Lloyd Martin and Anita Bryant on the national scene, or, locally, Lawrence O'Donnell, Francis Xavier Orfanello, Robert Mesvere, a senile judge by the name of McCooey and especially an even more senescent DA by the name of Garrett Byrne, who is the chief heavy of this book. Or perhaps he

and the other opportunists who play their little roles in the Boston sex scandal are really just manifestations of one of the most evil and best entrenched forces in American politics, the Irish-Catholic machine which for nearly a century has run Boston.

Mitzel does not try to cover the whole Kiddie Porn Panic in all its ramifications. Between November, 1976, when Father Vermilye's Boys' Farm in Tennessee was exposed, and the present day it has sent its evil tentacles into every city, every county of the US, jailing a good man here, causing a boy to suicide there, destroying straight Scout groups as well as groups run by paedophiles, breaking up countless friendships between lonely or misunderstood kids and their adult friends. Mitzel restricts himself to just one local manifestation of it and that is the scandal Garrett Byrne started as part of his reelection campaign in 1977. The broad outline of what happened is pretty well known to every reader of PAN: the screaming headlines in the local press about tiny tots being raped, vice rings within cults within rings. Then it turned out that boys, first publicised as victims of child abusers, had, in reality, been severely abused by police, priests, welfare authorities. Next, hundreds of men, gay and straight, were booked for "indecent behaviour" in the Boston library bathrooms by spying and entrapping cops. Finally a small group of gays associated with *Fag Rag* and *Gay Community News* blew the whistle on Byrne and, after a nine-month campaign, succeeded in defeating him at the polls. And virtually all the defendants in "The Revere Ring" were acquitted, not brought to trial or got off with a suspended sen-



tence.

Reading about it as told by a first-hand witness and a masterly reporter brings back this huge campaign in all its colour and blood. There is the pathetic dithering of lesbian congresswoman Elaine Nobel, who was all for sexual freedom and against bigotry yet urged everyone to use Garrett Byrne's Hot-Line to turn in men suspected of loving boys. There is the quashing of this infamous Hot Line. There is Gore Vidal addressing a Boston/Boise Committee fund-raiser — and a (non-Irish) Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court being impeached as a result of attending the meeting. There is poet Allen Ginsberg saying on a morning TV talk show "I can't believe Garrett Byrne is *still* the DA here. I remember him 20 years ago, prosecuting *Naked Lunch*. Why don't you get rid of him?" And "I had sex when I was eight years old with a man in the back of my grandfather's candy store in Revere, and I turned out OK," at which point the MC hustled Ginsberg right off the set. There was the (peaceful) demonstration against Anita Bryant, called in to help in the reelection of the 80-year-old DA — and the violent vandalization and ransacking of the *Gay Community News* and *Fag Rag* offices by Bryant followers. Finally there is the memorable trial of Dr. Donald Allen, one of the Revere Defendants at which everyone, including even O'Donnell, the defence attorney, played their parts as though the show were going on before an audience of Spanish Inquisitors:

O'DONNELL Do you have some understanding of God?

PELUSO (*a witness, now serving several lifetime sentences for sex with kids*) Yes, I do.

O'DONNELL Do you think of Adam and Eve?

PELUSO Yes.

O'DONNELL Your whole life is made to interfere with God's way!

And the following:

O'DONNELL Do you see anything wrong with your way of life before your arrest?

PELUSO Yes, Sir, I did.

O'DONNELL Thinking of God, what

steps did you take to stop?

PELUSO None.

O'DONNELL Will you agree that now you will testify that the acts with kids were harming children?

PELUSO Yes, Sir.

O'DONNELL And you won't admit, "I am a liar?"

PELUSO I am not a liar.

O'DONNELL *Then you are not forgiven!*

Much of this raw material is a cross between a bad libretto for an even worse Italian Opera and an Irish dirty joke. It is Mitzel's accomplishment that he can make it compulsively good reading. Any boy-lover who starts this book before turning off the light at night will find himself staying up with it until he has finished all 150 pages. But it would be a mistake to think there was no tragedy behind the laughter. Terminated careers, ruined lives, even dead bodies litter these pages, too — and it's not a matter of some tenor who will take his bow before the curtains a few minutes later. These are real people who have really bled. As Mitzel comments near the end, what he cannot forget has been the cost of all of this in terms of human suffering.

**The Boston Sex Scandal**, by Mitzel. Published by Glad Day Books, 22 Bromfield Street, Boston, MA 02108. 1980. Cost: US\$ 4.95; CAN\$ 5.95; UKE 2.25; AUSS\$ 5.95.

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# BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

## ON ONE NIGHT STANDS

Sweden has a long tradition, going back to the 1930s, of sex education in its schools. At first it was optional, but in 1956 it became compulsory and the government issued at the time a small teacher's manual of less than 100 pages; this was replaced in 1977 by a *Handbook for Instruction in Personal Relationships*, which comes to nearly 300 pages.

Sex education in Sweden has always been very open and progressive, not bent on instilling traditional morality but rather on giving factual information from which the children themselves can draw their own personal conclusions. A striking example of this is what is taught about casual sex experiences.

Traditional morality has always frowned upon such contacts, of course: sex is sup-

posed only to become acceptable when sanctioned — not to say excused — by love, which implies a relationship of longer standing. This often makes boy-lovers feel inferior, for in our world, in which boy-love is a forbidden and thus a secret thing, many adults who love boys and many boys who like to have sex with adults feel constrained to limit themselves to casual experiences.

This is really the main effect of every law that makes sexual activity illegal: it doesn't prohibit the sex, because the sexual impulse is too strong to be deleted by a written text. But the law may very well be successful in making impossible the very best and finest love relationships — the sexual intimacy which is part and parcel of the deep and lasting affection between a man and a boy — the boy feeling safe and protected in the embrace of his lover, the man feeling responsible and happy to give his care and love to his young friend, both enjoying the togetherness of their bodies in all those delights which nature provides.

Having done everything possible to prevent lasting boy-love relationships, and to destroy them wherever they *do* emerge, society accuses boy-lovers of being promiscuous, of having sex with a boy just for the pleasure of the moment, without taking responsibility for what happens to him afterwards.

And many boys have convinced themselves that it is best this way, that it is safer not to commit oneself to a single man, that you should only look for the lust of sex and not a relationship. In Vienna a man met an attractive 14-year-old boy at a swimming pool and they started to have sex with one another rather regularly. The boy was nice and pleasant to be with; the man came to like him more and more. So one day he suggested to the boy that they

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see a movie together, then dine out in a fine restaurant afterwards. But the boy refused, saying, bluntly, "Oh, no, I'm not in for that. I'm only here for the sex."

So the real effect of our religious morality and the social prejudices which have given birth to our laws is not that they prevent sex from happening, but that they tend to substitute second-rate sex for first-rate sex, the one-night stand for a lasting relationship. A paradoxical situation indeed, quite contrary to the ideals professed by our culture which disapproves of the casual meeting of two bodies moved only by lust.

But in this very disapproval, isn't our culture showing a certain blindness? First rate sex is, if course, by definition better than second-rate sex. Champagne may be better than a simple white wine, but that's no reason to despise the wine. If first-rate sex is rendered impossible by our cherished social taboos, it is healthier to have second-rate sex than no sex at all. It is to the immense credit of the Swedes that in their official teachers' manual they recognise this. "Sexual activity," it says, quite correctly, "which is an integral part of a close relationship is more fulfilling than impersonal and casual activity and is therefore something worth striving for." But then it adds that longevity in a relationship does not guarantee true intimacy and caring (think of the married lives of many couples!) and, on the other hand, "a casual sexual experience need not be marked by indifference and may well include tenderness or affection."

By his very beauty, or his behaviour, a boy may appeal to you so strongly that you find yourself wanting to cuddle and caress him. If the boy responds to your desires, spontaneously agrees to partake in their expression, you may find yourselves in no time at all involved in a complete sexual union as the most natural expression of your mutual feelings. The joy of such a meeting can rise — for both partners — to a rare level of intensity and leave a lasting memory of something perfect. There's nothing shameful or degrading about that!

One of the most impressive passages in

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André Gide, the French Nobel Prize winner, deals with the first sexual experience he ever had with a boy. It was with a little Arab flute-player whom he met through Oscar Wilde. For years Gide had fought against his paedophile impulses, endeavouring to suppress or deny them, until that night in an Algerian oasis when "at last I found what was normal for me. Here there was no compulsion, no hurry, no uncertainty, and there is nothing that impairs the memory I preserve of that night. My happiness knew no limits and couldn't have been more perfect if love had been implied. But how could there have been love? How could my desires have dominated my heart? My lust had no afterthoughts and knew no fear of conscience. But how could I give a name to the delight I experienced in pressing this perfect, savage, hot, lascivious, ambiguous little body in my arms? Long after Mohamed left me I remained in this condition of trembling bliss, and though I had felt the explosion of lust five times when I was with him I repeated my ecstasy



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several times afterwards and, back in my hotel, I prolonged its echoes until daybreak."

For the younger partner, the boy, the impact of a casual meeting may be just as profound. In PAN 5 I related the story of Olaf, the Swedish boy who went home dancing and singing for joy after having discovered that he could provoke such strong feelings and inspire such a passion in an adult man. A German told me how, as a young boy returning from a holiday at his uncle's home, he suddenly decided to save on the railway fare by hitch-hiking. Luckily he was picked up by a driver who was going a long way in his direction. The man was pleasant, kind, invited him for lunch at a wayside restaurant and told him afterwards, "You can stay the night at my home if you like." The boy accepted, not being expected home that evening. He was given the guest room and went to bed, but just as he was going to sleep his host came in, sat down on the bedside, pulled the sheets firmly back and started to unbutton the lad's pyjama buttons, saying, "I want to see what's there inside."

Now this boy had never consciously felt any interest in sexual matters and had never even masturbated. He was quite over-powered by this determined approach: one third of him was scared, but two-thirds was simply fascinated. So he put up no resistance, and a moment later he found himself completely naked. Then the man himself stripped off his clothes, came into the bed, and there followed a passionate sex-scene. The boy was enormously excited and thrilled. Now, as an adult, after a lapse of many years, he says, "I still feel immensely grateful for the way I was initiated, for it was marvellous — and just exactly what I had needed without knowing it. When I left for home the next morning I hugged and kissed this man. I never saw him again. But he had opened the door to a new universe for me. I shall never forget him."

The best young people's guide to sex I have ever seen came from New Zealand. It is *Down Under the Plum Trees* by Felicity Tuohy and Michael Murphy. In it a boy tells the story of meeting a man at a teacher's



birthday party. "He gave me his name and address and said, 'Ring me'. That was Saturday night. I rang him Sunday night and he told me to come in and meet him at his flat in town. I went in about eleven o'clock in the morning." They went to bed and had sex with each other. "It was so good. He treated me so well and he was really good (at making love). It was an incredible thing for me because at home everyone was hostile to each other and at school I had no friends. Here was this guy showing me kindness and gentleness and it was an amazing experience. I went back Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

and that was the last week of the school holidays. Then I went back to school and never saw him again."

To every one of these boys the casual experience was a thing never to be forgotten and always to be recalled with bliss. It was a moment of elation, of the utmost joy. For each boy his whole conception of himself, of his value and significance to others, was changed in a single moment.

Was I just, after all, in calling this second-rate sex? Reflecting upon these stories, remembering Gide, I'd rather ask how many times loving relationships attain such perfection.

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