

PAN

a magazine
about
boy~love

NEWS

Geneva, Paris
London, Los Angeles

THE KEEPER

a story by
Alan Edward

Interview with
HAJO ORTIL

TRAVEL

Sri Lanka

BOOKS

Perspectives on
Paedophilia; Small
Press Items

Jan's Love Letter
by Dr. E. Brongersma

THE BATTLE LINE

The Illinois Reports

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number 9

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N.B.

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

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

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

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All Photos in this issue, including cover photos, are by Alpha Bravo.

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IN BRIEF...



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND The recommendations of the Commission d'Expert pour la révision du Code Penal appointed by the Swiss government to examine age of consent laws (See PAN 8, page 4) has at last released its report (in German and in French — French title: *Modification des codes pénal et militaire suisse concernant les infractions contre la vie et l'intégrité corporale, les moeurs et la famille*). The report, presumably, is available from the Swiss government at Berne. If adopted by the legislature (observers give it a less than even chance, alas), it would eliminate homosexual sex contacts as a special category entirely and reduce the age of consent for all sexual acts to 14. Excepted would be incestuous relations, exhibitionistic acts and acts between adults and minors dependent upon them (children, grandchildren, foster sons and daughters, pupils, apprentices, employees, etc.).

MILWAUKEE, USA Gloom shrouded the fifth National Conference on Child Abuse and Neglect held the first week of April in this city because the anti-spending Reagan Administration favours repeal of the Child Abuse and Treatment Act of 1974. Under this act not only was the Center for Child Abuse and Neglect established but some \$15 to \$20 million dollars a year was appropriated to stimulate research, support pilot programs, professional training and conferences. This would, indeed, be cause for regret had not most of the delegates and organizations present at the Milwaukee conference jumped on the Densen-Gerber kiddie-porn bandwagon of 1977 and frittered away large amounts of money and time redefining paedosexual contacts as a particularly

obnoxious kind of child abuse and then trying to stamp it out. If President Reagan's parsimoniousness does nothing more than stop these Nicholas Groth/Nutty Nurse conferences (See PAN 8, page 12) it will have served some good purpose. What America's children need as much as anything else is protection from the child-protectors — and maybe the conservatives are onto a good thing!

SOURCE: *New York Times*, April 7, 1981

AMSTERDAM Sexual attitudes can change in time for the better. In 1968 a major public opinion poll in Holland asked people, among other things, whether or not they agreed with the following statement: *Homosexuality can never be good because it is clearly contrary to nature*. 50% of the men and 57% of the women agreed. The same question was asked this year, and now 61% of the men and 71% of the women *disagreed*. One of the additional findings was that young people were leading this swing toward enlightenment: this year 47% of those under thirty thought homosexuality was "completely normal", while only 6% of those over 40 did.

SOURCE: *Panorama*, 23 Jan & 6 March, 1981

MANILA, PHILIPPINES The strenuous campaign of Western "do-gooders" to stop man-boy sex in the Third World has met with mixed success here. Editorials in Spartacus publications under the general title *Rape of the Third World*, first called attention to misbehaving paedophiles in this country over a year ago. Last winter the French paper-back pot-boiler *Desert*

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Patrol appeared in the Paris bookstalls, amply illustrating the sex scene (but, unfortunately, putting the dirtiest possible construction on everything - see PAN 7, page 12). *Desert Patrol* and its author came under attack by a retired French journalist, one Geo. C. Veran, living in Pagsanjan, a village specializing in boat trips for tourists to a famous waterfall. Veran discovered that many of the boatmen, and some of the young boys, were earning additional money by bedding down with tourists. He has been busy with the Philippine and French Embassies, the police and the newspapers ever since. In Paris *Le Monde* ran on 19 April a major two-page story called *Enfants de Manille*. And in Manila, two papers took up the attack: *We Forum*, and, most important, the *Times Journal*. In late April reporter Lourdes Molina launched, with much fanfare, a six-part series on juvenile prostitution in the *Times Journal* - only to see it axed, apparently on government orders, after two of the articles had appeared. Spartacus editor John D. Stamford had an audience with Manila Mayor Bagatsing (he

had been trying for several years to have some particularly sadistic pimps and blackmailing cops nailed) but came away with the clear impression that the mayor and his wife (Chairperson of the all-powerful Catholic Women's League) were only interested in *appearing* to do good and didn't really care much whether the children were helped or harmed by any "clean-up" campaign the authorities initiated. Meanwhile, "in an effort to save them from falling into the hands of persons recruiting boys and girls for prostitution", as *We Forum* piously stated, the police began rounding up vagrant kids hanging around the tourist belt (115 boys on April 29th alone) and packing them off to something called *Boys Town Manila*, a kind of youth prison in the suburbs which would be a scandal even in tough-prison countries like the US. There the children's heads are shaved; food is inadequate and medicines are all but non-existent. In addition, some of the guards are said to be sex sadists: one, we have heard, specializes in tattooing prison numbers on the boys' buttocks. As if these unfortunates didn't have enough to worry about, Tim Bond of *Terre des Hommes*, is off to Manila right now. But for the moment, until, or unless, Bond is successful in re-kindling the sex-suppression crusade of last April and early May, the storm appears to have died down a bit. Orders have apparently gone out from those on high not to rock the boat too badly.

SOURCES: *We Forum*, May 9-15 & 16-22; *Times Journal*, 27 April; *Bulletin Today*, April 30, 1981; *Le Monde*, Supplément au Numéro 11266, 19 April, 1981.

DARWIN, AUSTRALIA The age of consent for both homosexual and heterosexual acts in the Northern Territory of Australia is to be lowered to 13 years of age, according to *Campaign*, Australia's major gay newspaper. All specifically homosexual offenses will be repealed. "The proposed code changes are supported by both sides of the Northern Territory Parliament and are expected to be passed without much fuss." At this point

we are not certain whether the law change would apply to mutually consensual acts between, say, a thirteen-year-old boy and a 30-year-old man or simply to acts between two teenagers. It also seems strange that the government of the Northern Territory would be so many light-years ahead of the more populous states to the south, where sex contacts between adults and 17-year-old boys are punished by decades of imprisonment.

SOURCE: *Campaign*, April, 1981

MERCED, CA, USA Jaffee Productions of Los Angeles has bought the film rights to the Steven Stayner story (See PAN 5, page 4; PAN 7, page 7 & PAN 8, page 14), at least the account offered by Stevie himself. His mother Kay said the family was reluctant to commercialize on "the missing years" in the life of their fifteen-year-old son but that they "had to sell the story to protect ourselves". They are supposed to retain script approval but would not reveal how much money they are to receive. In the last week of June the man with whom Stevie lived for seven years, 48-year-old Kenneth Parnell, was convicted of kidnapping 7-year-old Timmy White and will go on trial in November in Alameda County, California for the same charge involving Stevie.

SOURCE: *San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*, 12 April, 1981; *Los Angeles Times*, 30 June, 1981

LONDON The British Board of Censors, for the first time in history, has begun banning commercial films which deal with the subject of child sexuality. First to fall was **Kissing Cousins*, a French film in which 16-year-old Thierry Tevini plays the part of a 12-year-old boy falling in love with his girl cousin. "It's time the whole board resigned and made way for younger people with their fingers on the pulse of society," said Stanley Long, distributor for the film in England, somewhat over-optimistically. **Kissing Cousins* is not backstreet rubbish. It's packing cinemas in Paris and is a sweet story about the first awakenings of sexuality for a boy. It's not porn and it isn't going to deprave or cor-

rupt anybody. We won't cut the film either. It will be shown in its entirety or not at all." James Ferman, Secretary of the Board of Censors, claims the film runs foul of the Mary Whitehouse/Cyril Townsend "Protection of Children Act". It also, according to Ferman, "encourages an audience to view people, apparently below the age of consent, as proper objects of sexual interest." The infamous Festival of Light organization, of course, was delighted. "We're 100% behind him," said FOL Field Director Frank Deeks, "though we'd like to see him being more consistent. How he gave a certificate to *Caligula* we just don't know. And I was staggered by *La Luna*." *La Luna* was a 1980 film which dealt honestly and tastefully with a rather problematic incestuous relationship between an American boy in his mid-teens and his Italian mother.

SOURCE: *News of the World*, 14 June, 1981

WASHINGTON, USA Poor America! Just when the hucksters want to get down to some good clean selling, along comes kiddie-sex to put all those machos in a twit. First, last May, Hollywood's own het-paed sex queen Brooke Shields (in the 1978

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movie *Pretty Baby* she played a pubescent prostitute) posed for an anti-smoking poster with cigarettes sticking out of her ears. But, "Is she the most appropriate model?" asked David Newhall, chief of staff at the Health and Human Services Department. The answer, obviously, was *no*, and the poster was axed.

And then the staid *New York Times* ("All the news that's fit to print") made the terrible mistake of running an advertisement for a New York department store showing a pair of rather bare, obviously young female legs, one of which, with the toe, was daintily pushing down the bill of a Little League cap worn by a curious pre-pube. No sooner was the paper out than the phones at the *Times* began to ring: *Incest! people cried, kiddie-porn, motherhood defamed, a slur upon the Little League!* Hastily the *Times* withdrew the copy, full of apologies and promises of better behaviour in the future.

O tempora, o mores!

SOURCES: *Miami Herald*, May 9, 1981
& *American Photographer*, July, 1981

NEW YORK, USA Incredibly, Judianne Densen-Gerber ("Jingle-Bells Judy") is still out of jail and raising hell all over the

world despite the ongoing investigation by the New York Attorney General. There is overwhelming evidence that she is a power-hungry, sadistic keeper of America's worst chain of juvenile concentration camps, that she has been systematically engaged in bilking the taxpayer of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of dollars, that she is a professional fraud and is totally ignorant of (and uninterested in) the subject of child and adolescent sexuality, yet such newspapers as the *Daily News* of New York and the *Los Angeles Times* continue to print her inane "expert" opinions. Predictably she was incensed that the New York supreme court recently knocked out the state kiddie-porn law (See PAN 1, page 7).

Probably no single person in the whole world has made more money out of kiddie-porn than Densen-Gerber — by attacking it, of course. Some of her recent statements: "The children used in pornographic films are being abused and people are profiting from this." "The British recently convicted the leader of The Pedophilic Information Exchange (sic), and put him in jail, where he belongs." "Child pornography is a one-billion dollar

business." "The more we see pornography involving children the greater the possibility of child molestation becomes." "To me there's a definite relationship between kid porn and situations like Atlanta." (In the spring of 1981 a number of bodies of black youths had been discovered in that southern US city and some elements of the press were suggesting the murderer was a "sex deviant". Recently the Atlanta police arrested and charged a married black man with one of the murders.)

But screaming lies in her heavy Brooklyn accent has never been enough for Jingle-Bells Judy: hiring politicians to do her bidding is another, stronger, string to her anti-cupid's bow. Just as in England Mary Whitehouse has her political kept boy in MP Cyril Townsend, Densen-Gerber "has enlisted the aid of David Merritt, Counsel to New York State Senator Joseph Pisani," as the *Los Angeles Times*, graciously puts it, to draft a new law. This one will be even tougher than the old one struck down by the state Supreme Court: it will be a felony even to *possess* "any product showing children under 16 engaging in sexual activities". The Odyssey Institute, propaganda arm of the concentration camp chain, obtained 3,000 signatures (probably *some* of them are legitimate) on a petition demanding enactment of the Densen-Gerber/Pisani law. 16 organizations held a news conference in New York in early June. Predictably, William Katz, sexophobic director of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the man who tried to have the 12-year-old son of photographer Jacqueline Livingston taken away from her because she had exhibited photos of him playing with his penis as a 6-year-old (See PAN 4, page 10 & PAN 5, pages 4 & 9), was part of the braying crowd: "Child pornography is big business," he is quoted as saying.

SOURCES: *Daily News*, May 20, 1981; *Los Angeles Times*, June 14, 1981; Gannett Westchester Newspapers, June 12, 1981

LONDON, UK The trumped up charge of "conspiracy to procure children for gross indecency" brought against the last two

of the PIE defendants (See PAN 8, page 20 & 22) was finally dropped by the Director of Public Prosecutions. Michael Dagnall is thus cleared of all charges and O'Carroll will have to serve no more than 2 years in solitary confinement.

PARIS The recent election of François Mitterand and the establishment of a socialist majority in the National Assembly has cheered up French gays and boy-lovers alike. Mitterand promised that the repeal of all legal discrimination against homosexuality would be a priority item. If this campaign promise is fulfilled the age of consent for man/boy sex would be 15, putting France on par with Scandinavia and, in this respect at least, ahead of Holland. In France homophiles tend not to be the enemies of paedophilia they are in England and the US: nearly 10,000 gays marched in the 4 April Paris *manifestation gai* against Article 331 of the Code Pénal which calls for punishment for sexual acts involving minors under 18 years of age. Undoubtedly one of the important factors in this dawning understanding is the enormous vitality of the Parisian paedophile literary scene. Books by Peyrefitte, Matzneff, Duvert are best-sellers; a lively (and enlightened) discussion of boy-boy and man-boy sex continues in the excellent pages of gay publications such as *Gai Pied* and *Masques*.

GRAND RAPIDS, USA Baptist children are getting a taste of the tastes of the Christian God in this midwestern state (which has the honour of being the kick-off site of the Great Kiddie-Porn Panic of 76). And they are learning perhaps a very important lesson — that he is more interested in visiting pain upon his faithful than bringing them love. Rev. Dwight Wymer uses a "hot seat" to demonstrate this point. "Sometimes God talks to you and we just don't listen," he explained to his Bible class at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Grand Rapids. "But sometimes he can shock you into hearing His word and this makes that clear." So — *Zapp!* — 12-volts shoot out of the wire-mesh seat of the good Reverend's invention and the

body of some unsuspecting little boy writhes in pain. "It hurt me," complained 8-year-old Brian Ten Hopen, "until I went home and got in the tub." Brian's mother wasn't concerned: "He's learning about God," she said — and PAN certainly wouldn't quarrel with her on this point. Rev. Wymer is quite proud of his invention. "I was just teaching the children that God is alive and well and speaking to them. It definitely got the attention of the kids." It also got the attention of the child abuse authorities in Des Moines, who are investigating.

SOURCE: *New York Post*, 10 July, 1981

AUSTRALIA On May 15 a Queensland University sociologist, Dr. Paul Wilson, presented a controversial paper which dealt with paedophiles and their treatment by the law and the media at the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science congress. Although reporters and the public were barred from its reading and ensuing discussion, the report is being expanded into a book to be published later this year. Tentative title: *The Man They Made a Monster*. Specifically dealing with a Brisbane man who committed suicide after being accused of having had sex with 2500 young boys, it goes on to say that man/boy sex contacts are not at all rare in Australia and it is not uncommon for some men to have sex with up to one thousand children and adolescents during their lifetimes. "Society should understand what is involved in these relationships," Dr. Wilson said. "In very many of these cases the children and adolescents go to the adults for sexual relationships rather than the other way around."

SOURCE: *The Weekend Australian*, May 16-17, 1981

CINCINNATI, USA A bizarre paedosexual incident in this conservative Midwestern American city recently split the gay-lesbian community and nearly brought to a halt plans for the local gay pride celebration on June 28th. It seems that one of the leaders of the Greater Cincinnati Gay Coalition (GCGC) had engaged the nine-

year-old son of a member of the Lesbian Activities Bureau (LAB) in some kind of sex play "because of his curiosity and their closeness" (the man claims not to be a boy-lover). The youngster then got it on with a five-year-old neighbour boy, whose mother promptly had the nine-year-old packed off to juvenile court accused of statutory rape. The court, in turn, threatened to take the lesbian's son away from her if the boy ever was seen in court again.

The man involved resigned from his

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HILVERSUM, NETHERLANDS On 10 April the first of two programs about inter-generational sex was broadcast over National Dutch Radio (the second, a month later, dealt with "the way Justice acts against paedophiles"). It began with a very free-wheeling discussion among a group of pre-pubertal boys and girls about their sex experiences and feelings. This was followed by a conversation between Gerard Zwerus, former chairman of the National Youth Emancipation Workgroup (See Pan 2, page 15), and Drs. Theo Sandfort (See PAN 5, page 10 & PAN 8, page 3). Most interesting was an interview with 11-year-old Edgar a Dutch boy involved in a sexual relationship with a 57-year-old family friend, Jan. A few excerpts:

EDGAR That's not so crazy. It's stupid when people think it is. If two grown-ups can have sex, what difference should your age make?

INTERVIEWER But a man of 57 has been doing it for a long time and has had a lot of experience, and you, as an 11-year-old, haven't.

EDGAR So what?

INTERVIEWER Isn't there any difference, then?

EDGAR Well, not much. In the beginning I didn't know much about it, but everything just sort of naturally happened.

INTERVIEWER Was he the one who taught you how these things are supposed to go?

EDGAR Actually my father did.... It was normal for us to go about the house naked.

[this text is continued from the un-coloured area of p.8]

position in GCGC, but the lesbians voted to withdraw from the celebrations because the gays wouldn't categorically condemn man/boy sex. "No gay man or group of men has even had the courage to state publicly that it is highly hypocritical and destructive to the movement for such a spokesperson to urge the general public to let go of its homophobic stereotypes while behaving in ways that reinforce the very worst of what is believed about us," wrote one LAB leader in the Bureau's newsletter *Dinah*. Like most lesbian

groups, LAB opposes man/boy love "because of the power differential" which is supposed to accompany relationships between adults and minors.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, May 23, 1981

LOS ANGELES, USA The *Los Angeles Times* seems to be doing for the foes of child sex what The *Boston Globe* did for DA Garrett Byrne during the great Boston sex scandal. Under the headline CHILD MOLESTATION: CAUSES, CURES,

[this text is continued from the coloured area of p.8]

INTERVIEWER Did you sometimes lie in bed with your father?

EDGAR Sure. Maybe in the evening. Or when we woke each other up on the weekend we'd lay in bed talking.

INTERVIEWER And you caressed each other? Did you also do sex?

EDGAR No, not real sex, but we'd do it to our penises. They were my parents and I liked it. We all thought it was nice, my mother, too.

INTERVIEWER And what do you do with Jan?

EDGAR Well, in the beginning he usually caresses me, and I do it a little back to him. And then he gets aroused. And we don't like it if there isn't enough time. If you want to come and there isn't enough time that's very annoying.

INTERVIEWER Do you two do it a lot?

EDGAR Yes, two or three times a day.

INTERVIEWER How often do you actually see each other?

EDGAR Not too often, because I don't have vacation all the time.

INTERVIEWER Don't you miss him, seeing him so seldom?

EDGAR Yes. I really miss him more when I know he is coming than at other times. At other times I kind of get used to it, and then I feel it a little less.

INTERVIEWER So you really love him?

EDGAR Yes.

INTERVIEWER Do you ever think it might be nicer to be doing it with another boy your own age rather than a man of 57?

EDGAR No. I don't think I'd like that very much.

INTERVIEWER You wouldn't want to?

EDGAR You mean sex? I'd rather do that with a girl.

INTERVIEWER Does Jan sometimes want to have sex and you don't?

EDGAR Not too often. If maybe I'm a little tired I'll of course say I don't want to, and then he won't.

INTERVIEWER Does it ever happen that you really don't want to but you give in because you are grateful for something he has done?

EDGAR No, not really. He doesn't pamper me very much. And anyway I usually want to do it too...

Perhaps even more surprising was the following interview with Edgar's parents. Both were aware of the sexual aspect of the relationship between their son and his 57-year-old friend. Neither was afraid that Jan would abuse the boy's trust or compel him to do something he didn't want to do. "I am not the least bit jealous," said Edgar's father. "I see it as just someone else you can be crazy about, whom you can love." When asked whether he wasn't afraid that such a relationship might have undesirable side effects on the boy's future, he answered, "Edgar is more open toward people; he has become more human, asks more questions, is more curious and thinks things over better. From Jan he is receiving a tremendous amount of information about things which are important in his life. So I think Edgar...well, I think he is a wonderfully fine boy."

SOURCE: VPRO Publiekservice - transcript of 10 April broadcast of *Expres VPRO*

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PENALTIES in the April 3 edition, appear photos of a really frightening trio: Lloyd Martin (who needs no introduction to PAN readers), one Prosecutor Jean E. Matusinka, who "has a 98% conviction rate in trials of child molesters" and finally a quite mad looking psychiatrist by the name of William Vicary, resembling nothing so much as a bit-part player out of *Dr. Strangelove*. And his statements are equally mad: "Exhibitionists, child molesters and rapists have much more in common than differences," he tell us. There seem to be two types: "alcoholics and/or drug abusers...passive personalities..." On the other hand "the other type — the aggressive — is rare, those given to temper tantrums, to punishing people around. But some of these are pedophiles, too."

The article reports at some length the campaigning of a relatively new group called SLAM. Although formed only a year and a half ago, in response to the grizzly kidnap-rape-torture-murder of a 2-year-old girl named Amy Sue Seitz, Concerned Citizens for Stronger Legislation Against

Child Molesters claims 20,000 members and 43 chapters. The *Times* calls SLAM's message "impressive" and quotes state Vice-President Bill Sugars: "Since we've been active the incidence of reporting has gone up three-fold in Ventura County."

Lloyd Martin: "When (children fall) out of the age group the pedophile prefers, they become throwaways, not runaways. They are not prostitutes, they are victims. Once you sell your body all self-respect is gone."

Matusinka, to her credit, speaks in the article only about rape, murder and forcible incest cases, although you never know to what extent people in the "child-saving" business use such examples as the Amy Sue Seitz case to justify prosecuting men who have sexually expressed love relations with 16-year-old boys.

SOURCE: *Los Angeles Times*, April 3, 1981

KREFELD, W GERMANY DSAP, the major German paedophile organization, with chapters in Düsseldorf, Berlin, Frankfurt, Heidelberg and München, continues to flourish. Discussions are underway with West German authorities to have the organization designated an official referral agency for paedophiles or people who have problems about paedophilia. For boy-lovers who can read German, DSAP's series of thick, magazine size publications *Betrifft Beziehung* are all but indispensable. They come out at irregular intervals; the visual quality and readability vary from excellent (doppelnummer 5/6) to poor (No. 4) The latest issue is January, 1981. Write DSAP, Postfach 3236, D-4150 Krefeld, West Germany. Meanwhile, Frits Bernard's paedophile novels in German translation, *Costa Brava* and *Verfolgte Minderheit*, published by Foerster in Berlin, have been paid the ultimate compliment — appearance in not just one by two pirated editions.

LONDON Word has reached us that James Miskin, QC, 4 Pump Ct., London, EC4, the famous homophobic pillar of British injustice at The Old Bailey, is not above mixing a little "Old Boy" favourit-

ism with his law. It will be remembered that Miskin (See PAN 8, page 8) all but congratulated a 16-year-old youth for strangling, bludgeoning to death and setting fire to the body of a social worker who, the youth claimed, had made sexual advances toward him. It seems that the 16-year-old murderer, David John Parris, was something of a local boxing star. And Miskin (ex-Haileybury, Navy, Vincent's Club, Oxford) just happens to have been Appeals Steward of the British Boxing Board of Control from 1972 to 1975.

TAMPA, USA One more morality crusader has been arrested on a sex rap. 46-year-old Jack Gregorio, President of Taxpaying Parents Against Kiddie Smut in Tampa, had been trying to have sex-education books removed from the children's sections of the local libraries — perhaps, as it turned out, because he wanted to teach kids about such matters himself. In mid-April he was arrested and charged with having had sexual relations with both a 17-year-old boy and an 8-year-old girl.

SOURCE: *Austin American Statesman*, April 24, 1981

NÜRNBERG, W GERMANY Leader Ulrich Reschke of the colourful, somewhat anarchistic Indianer Kummune, has been arrested and will be tried for having had sex with minors in his group. The Indianer are a group of adults and adolescent youths living in a very free counter-culture. They frequently turn up at German paedophile discussions.

BOSTON, USA The second round of Boston University "conferences" about "child molestation" (financed by an \$8 million Federal grant to study child prostitution and pornography "rings") will take place next October 5 and 6 at the Sherman Student Union, 775 Commonwealth Ave. For this particular affair Nutty Nurse Ann Burgess (See PAN 8, page 12) has been retired in favour of one A. Nicholas Groth, PhD, Director of the Sex Offender Program for the Connecticut Department of Correction, Co-director of

the St. Joseph Institute for the Treatment and Control of Child Abuse in West Hartford, Conn., member of the Advisory Board to the National Center for the Prevention and Control of Rape in Washington and (finally) training instructor for the Massachusetts Criminal Justice Training Council and the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. He is author of a book on rape and has co-authored something called *Sexual Assault of Children and Adolescents*. During the past 16 years he has "worked with" 1000 "sexual offenders" at, among other places, the infamous Bridgewater State Hospital (Massachusetts) for the sexually dangerous (filled in large part with men who have had mutually consenting sex with teenage boys). He seems to be convinced that "sexual abuse" is catching and has worked "with sexual offenders who were sexually exploited/assaulted as children", although he claims to be open minded and would like "to interview a 'straight' adult who had an ongoing sexual relationship as a child with an adult male, who feels good about this, does not feel it adversely affected him, or better still, that it contributed positively to his develop-

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ment — all you need is one flying saucer to prove they exist." (What a horrible commentary on the state of American sex research this statement is!)

According to the announcement flyer, the seminars "are intended for anyone interesting in learning more about the nature of sexual assault in relation to the dynamics of the offender and the impact on the victim. They are of special relevance to professionals who work in the mental health, criminal justice, law enforcement, health care, social and protective service systems, as well as to crisis center workers, teachers, clergy, and others whose work brings them into contact with the perpetrators and victims of sexual abuse." Further information can be obtained from Mrs. H. Jean Birnbaum, 3 Ireland Road, Newton Center, MA 02159.

All signs point to a more subtle attack on paedophiles this time round: Groth has a more impressive pedigree than the nutty nurse and has even stated that he is "not opposed to consenting sex between adults and adolescents", that he doesn't "feel it is helpful to blurr issues with...rhetoric that puts labels on persons

such as *child molesters* or *homophobes*." There is no mention of scam artist cop Lloyd Martin as after dinner speaker at his affair. Also, strangely enough, no cash bar is advertised.

Topic descriptions are couched in more comfortable (and grammatically correct) sociologese: *The spectrum of child sexual victimization and a typology of offenders*, or *Characteristic personality traits of child molesters, their perceptions of and approach to their victims*. There is even a distinction, of sorts, between different kinds of paedophile sexual depravity: *Rape vs. molestation: implications for treatment*. (So much for not blurring issues with labels!) Once again registration for the conference appears to be open to anyone "interested in learning more" — and, once again, registrants will include a few vitally interested and outspoken paedophiles.

Meanwhile, NAMBLA (P. O. Box 174, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018, USA) has prepared a cogent 14-page document analysing the first ("Nutty Nurse") conference and discussing such topics which the "child savers" like to go slippery on as *What is consent in children? Why is no distinction made between children and adolescents? What is pornography? What is the proof that sex between adults and children is harmful?* NAMBLA has coined a wonderful psy-fi term for the likes of Groth and the nutty nurse: *Mega-erotophobiacs*.

SOURCES: Forensic Mental Health Associates: announcement of Groth seminar; *Springfield Morning Union*, 26 March, 1981, *Towards a Dialogue*, NAMBLA, March, 1981

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA About a year ago we received a letter from an Australian announcing the formation of that country's first paedophile group (See PAN 7, page 14). SYBOL, as it was called, had a short life. Some members of a conservative gay group got wind of it, threatened to go to the cops and turn in members' addresses. We have been trying to find out what gay organization this is so that everyone interested in sex liberation can boycott it.

CALIFORNIA DISASTER

SACRAMENTO, CA, USA Spurred on by Los Angeles cop Lloyd Martin and the members of such fanatical groups as SLAM (Concerned Citizens for Stronger Legislation Against Child Molesters), California legislators are falling all over themselves to make even more brutal the state machinery for dehumanizing paedophiles. Figure-fudging is the order of the day (See PAN 8, page 10): Robin Lloyd's 1976 estimate of 30,000 US kids involved in pornography and prostitution has now grown to Berkley police officer Seth Goldstein's guess of 2,000,000 American "chicken-hawks" (cop talk for boy-lovers) roaming the countryside — with 30,000 to 40,000 living in California alone! Proposed new laws include proposals for mandatory prison sentences for *all* convicted paedophiles, finger-printing of all Boy Scout leaders and Big Brothers ("These programs are infiltrated" by child molesters, claims SLAM President Jessie Kloppenberg), extension of the statute of limitation for "child-abuse" offenses and for permitting videotaping of the "victim's" testimony to be used in the "child molester's" trial. Under heavy attack too is the "Mentally Disordered Sex Offender Program", through which some paedophiles are released while still attending sessions with their shrinks: opponents want to see the paedophiles go back to prison after they complete "the cure" to serve out the rest of their sentences. Latest ploy has been to link the "child molester" bills to the bill proposed by liberal Governor Brown to increase the sales tax a quarter-cent. If this is not done, says Terry Goggin, the Assemblyman who introduced the linking, "the prisons will collapse for the lack of facilities to take care of the kind of criminals that we will get convicted under these new laws."

Surprisingly, none of these developments can be gleaned by reading the

pages of *Advocate*, the major California gay newspaper — all dialogue (and it's pretty much a monologue with the microphones directed exclusively towards the anti-sex crowd) is carried out in the straight press. In San Francisco the inhabitants of what has been described as the world's biggest gay ghetto are much too interested in living their own scene to be bothered even to criticize the SLAMers or blow the whistle on the lies of the preachers and the cops which grow bigger every day they are allowed to repeat them unchallenged.

Meanwhile, Martin, who retires from the LAPD in a couple of years and has set up a "foundation" to keep himself busy, has started work with a certain Bill Dobbins on a book tentatively titled *The Child Lovers*. In it one can read of the way Martin induced Ralph Bonnell to betray George Jacobs in Massachusetts (they appear under different names, of course) and the sad, probably fictional, story of "Joey" a Los Angeles teenage hustler who ends up in the morgue. An idea of what Lloyd Martin thinks should happen to paedophiles can be gleaned from the title he gives to the chapter dealing with their imprisonment and chances for "rehabilitation": *And Throw the Key Away*.

But not all initiatives from the Moral Right have been successful. In the closing days of 1980 an omnibus "child abuse reform" bill sailed through the California senate on a 27-6 vote, but at the last moment was recalled because of a provision that compelled doctors and other "care providers", under penalty of imprisonment, to report *all* suspected sexual activity by minors to the police. This provision had been put into the bill by the conservative Christian Committee on Moral Concerns. But the doctors and virtually all social agencies objected, and in early May, to the horror of the good Christians, the Senate voted 70-2 to make reporting discretionary.

SOURCES: *Los Angeles Harold Examiner*, 11 April, 1981; *Los Angeles Times*, May 5 & 25 June, 1981

THE KEEPER

by Alan Edward

In the interval between the first and seventh stroke of the Chapel clock Crispin had navigated across the rugger field, through the rhododendrons and the vegetable garden, over the wall, and all the way down the narrow, half-overgrown lane to its junction with the main road.

Collins never knew how it was done. He opened his nearside door and the boy got in, then the Rover moved off straight away; in the thinning traffic they would reach Ayelsbury in thirty minutes, the cottage in perhaps another five.

"How long do you have?" Collins asked.

"Till nine tomorrow," the boy said. "It's okay. I told them my mum was having people to dinner and I had to be there to play the piano — or stand on my head, or recite *Gunga Din*, or something."

Halted at the junction, Collins took his first proper look at the boy since last Sunday. His foot slipped off the accelerator and the engine stalled; he re-started and they moved forward again. In the intervals between seeing Crispin he would begin to doubt whether the boy could possibly look like he did; the renewal of his belief

always came as this brief delectable shock.

"Cheap petrol," he said.

Mingled with elation, there was again the imperative need to find a form of words for conveying to Crispin what he knew could not be conveyed — that from now until nine tomorrow nothing else on the surface of the earth mattered, nor could possibly matter, that for him, Anthony W. Collins, nothing could be better than it was. He could try, but would in the end say something deflating, banal, and quite possibly inaccurate, such as that Crispin's hair needed cutting.

"Your hair needs cutting," he said.

The boy pulled a face. "That's not what you said about me before."

"And you have brought a detectable proportion of the school shrubbery into my car."

Still, St. Andrew's uniform did the boy proud, colour triumphantly imposing on texture and form in a manner that was, for a conscientious driver, unsettling. Blond hair just touching the scarlet blazer, pale brown legs against the tops of the matching socks.

"Your tie is crooked and your socks need pulling up," he went on.

The boy made some token adjustments. "It's called radical chic, didn't you know? Anyway, next month I'll be thirteen and moving up in the world — into long trousers for one thing. My legs grow longer, my pants don't, and the nights grow chilly."

Against certain possibilities Collins had specified an automatic gearbox. This was one of them. With his left palm, unhurriedly, he massaged the boy's smooth bare knees and thighs, up and down, over and under, to and fro.

"That's *much* better," said Crispin several miles later.



"I'll do all of you when we get home."

"Promise?"

Collins nodded and transferred his hand back to the wheel, preparing himself mentally for the boy's next request.

"Let me drive."

"Crispin, I've told you many times that in no circumstances...."

"Well, let me steer then. Please, Tony?"

The boy slid an arm around Collin's neck; Collins felt the boy's chest, hip and thigh press tightly against his own. When Crispin did this Collins felt at once, as always, that two inches of space had materialised between his neck and the lower part of his skull, that his head was moving rapidly in a wide arc or circle, free of all roots and attachments.

"No, Crispin." He kissed the boy with great firmness, then detached his hand from the wheel and turned slightly to lift his arm. Outside, it had been raining; the Rover half-spun and, at something over seventy miles an hour, went into the next bend within inches of the opposite grass verge.

He was still now and quiet, still after an eternity of drifting, and at last he was rest-

ing and there was no pain; soon he would be awake. From some deeply remote area of consciousness fugitive recollections spun and twisted past him, too distant for capture or scrutiny, leaving only the palest forms, the lightest impressions. Of pain, undurable pain, blotted out in an instant, of moving endlessly through dark, of slowing, of moving again. Of passing lights like torches, of darkness like smoke, of mists and forms that took shape, reared and threatened, then retreated or fled as he neared them, turning, sinking, dissolving. Thus did the wide region empty; he was blissfully alone.

He had opened his eyes and he could see that he had lain where he did for a very long time, because the sky was lit again, evenly as if by dawn; pale light was spread from horizon to horizon like the sheen filtered by a warm early haze or thrown up by sheets of flat water, by lakes; he thought of Italy, of Como. Then it was if the remaining weights had at once lifted from his body, and he sat up, panic-stricken. What had happened? Where was the car? Where was Crispin?

He must have been thrown clear — a long way clear. He remembered the cor-

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ner, the juggernaut, the swerve, but not any impact. A glancing blow, perhaps... He sat on grass, or so it seemed; his eyes were still misted by sleep and he could scarcely see even his own limbs, but around him he could discern greenness — bushes, tall plants, trees possibly. It still didn't make sense. Had he been thrown over a hedge? Then why had nobody found him? He thought he heard sounds, voices somewhere, not far away.

Then he was standing up, looking for the road, for the car, but nothing was familiar. A very long distance beyond the hedges there was a glimpse of low hills, of tree-clad mountains, of falling water. A brightly-coloured bird rose, wheeled in the light warm wind, then dropped out of view again. He still heard the voices, a shout, laughter, and he followed the sounds along a path between thick foliage that clustered on either side to form an avenue. Where the sound was clearest two immeasurably tall pillars stood; between them hung a heavy studded gate, partly closing the path. Beyond it he could see nothing. Half lost in shadow at the foot of each pillar great dark shapes like black dogs stirred as he came nearer, then were quite still. Now light flooding through the gap, faintly golden as if at last the sun was rising, and then it came to him, though perhaps he had known all along. *This was it.* The juggernaut hadn't missed, hadn't struck a glancing blow; on the narrow bend there hadn't been space and there hadn't been a chance. But even now there was no pain of body or of mind. He was clam, no more than mildly interested, politely curious. This was it, then. The gate yielded easily when he pushed; he stood completely, then, quite suddenly, laughed.

It was a familiar country after all. The usual dream, or one of them, — Arcadian Type Two, he would say. Everything was there as before. Boys, mainly. Dozens, scores of them, playing on the grass, in the water and among trees as far as he could see. All, of course, unbelievably beautiful, with their floating blond locks and those brief Classical see-through nighties or whatever they were — except for the usual number who had, by accident or design, lost everything but a daisy-

chain or two.

He felt, there was do denying it, overwhelming relief. Too much Glenmorangie, the bang on the head perhaps. Next one of the *innocenti* would toss him a ball; he would catch it, and so on.

"Well, come in, then," said a voice from somewhere. "I have to keep it at least tolerably warm in here — I mean, just look at them. I can't keep the door open all day, you know."

Collins looked around. He could see nothing; a shape, maybe. For the second time, he mentally revised his position. "Who are you?" he asked. "And where are we?"

"The answers to both question would, I should have thought, be quite evident to a man of education," said the Voice with slight impatience. "Questions, questions. All this and they're still not satisfied, I don't know. Have some nectar."

A naked little boy ran across the grass with it, his golden locks bouncing as if he had just tried the newest telly-ad hair conditioner. Collins sipped; it was sweetish, but nicely chilled.

"They're all yours, you know," said the Voice. "Your rewards; it's the system, as you are probably aware. We've known about every single one down below, of course — over the years, the orphans, the kids without dads or without love; we know what you've given them all. So we thought you'd like this. There, now!"

Collins still hesitated, and the Voice said tetchily, "Something *still* the matter? Aren't they pretty enough for you, then?"

"Oh, yes," said Collins, "oh, yes, but — well, I was just looking for somebody, one in particular."

"Description?"

It was as if a sheet of paper rustled, somewhere.

Collins said hesitantly, "Sort of blond hair, not very well combed, needs cutting, a rhododendron leaf in it when last seen. Distinctly grubby hands and dubious neck. Leaf-mould both knees, inclined to be cheeky or make bad puns, some —"

"*Please!*" The features were still not clear, but Collins glimpsed growing distaste. "Nobody of *that* description here. Really — grubby hands, dubious neck,

leaf-mould... I'm surprised at you."

"Or — anywhere else around here?" asked Collins, uncertain about how to put it.

"No — nobody of that description came though at all today. I have the records here, and I know." Something snapped shut.

"In that case," said Collins firmly, "I must ask you to excuse me."

He stepped backwards very quickly, as if he take the Voice unaware.

This time there was no mistaking the expression. Rage, incredulous rage. "Excuse you?" said the Voice, "Excuse you? Stop him!"

The boys came shrieking from the grass and the river, scores of hands clutched at him, but he managed to keep moving backwards, and again further backwards... The blue sky vanished and it became dark; there was a noise like thunder and some warm drops began to fall, wetting his nose, cheeks and forehead.

Lights had come on again; one was coloured and spun and flashed. Someone shouted and nearer a child was sobbing hysterically, "No, Tony, please. Please don't..."

He could move his arms a little, though it hurt. With a tremendous effort he raised them, touched neat flannel, then tender wet flesh and around and above it uncut hair, grubby ears, a dubious neck... The warm drops ceased; it was lighter and he half opened his eyes. They were in an enclosed space, a vehicle; the walls and fittings were white — an ambulance perhaps, but Crispin was busily hugging him, agreeably restricting his view.

A door slammed and someone in light blue uniform leant over — the driver, he imagined.

"We thought you would never come to," he told Collins. "Delerious you were, talking no end of nonsense."

"I was miles away — in another place, you might say," said Collins, smiling faintly.

"The wrong place, by the sound of it," the driver said briskly. "Now, then, let's get going. You can sit where you are, nip-

per. Keep an eye on him for me, won't you?"

Crispin grinned up at him. "You're very nice. What's your name?"

The driver smiled back at him, then picked up the bunch of keys he had been holding in his lap and gently dangled them in front of the boy. They were larger than average and caught the light unexpectedly, making tiny yellow specks flicker up and down the walls; Crispin screwed up his eyes a little. The driver put the keys down again, and his blue sleeve covered them.

"Guess," he said.

They began to move.

"I'll look after you now," he said. "Both of you."

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Interview with
HAJO ORTIL

Hajo Ortil, grand old man of youth nature photography, stopped by our office in March and we made a recorded interview with him. Herrn. Ortil graciously consented to speak with us in English, which is only his second language but which he uses with great force and colour. We have resisted the temptation to "edit" his expression and have left, as best we could, this remarkable testament of a remarkable man in his own words.

ORTIL In Germany you spend two years learning the practice of a highschool teacher, then you get the title of Studies Counselor. For me that was during the Nazi years. I was always an adversary and I printed on my typewriter and made circulars against the Hitler regime and in 1933 they caught me. That first time I went to prison, but afterwards they said, oh, he's a young man and he'll become a good National Socialist, so they accepted me as a teacher. But then I did it again, at the beginning of the war in 1939 when Hitler was fighting Poland. They gave me three years of imprisonment.

PAN Not for homosexuality.

ORTIL No, no, they didn't know about that. I was very cautious, because they executed people sometimes, especially where there was something to do with young boys. A friend of mine got ten years in prison only for caressing a boy.

PAN Just on a shoulder?

ORTIL Well... In that time the Hitler boys had very short shorts, and so it was a wonderful aspect for people loving boys to see always the thighs, the knees. And he only caressed him here (*indicating the thighs*) and there was another boy seeing that who told the Hitler Jugend leader. My friend was liberated in East Prussia by the Russians. So although I continued my boy-love during the Hitler time it was only with some few boys whom I trusted and who trusted me.

So the prison was a disaster at the time but later on this disaster became good luck to me, because after I was dismissed they didn't dare take me to make a soldier of me, so they said, how can we use this man, and they sent me to Vienna and made me an air-raid warden. I always had to go by bicycle where bombings were made and write reports where buildings of the administration, the government, were destroyed. And I was a member of the Viennese Nudist Association. And I taught evening school, too.

When the Russians came they came very quickly, for the German command didn't tell us at the time that the Russians were at the frontier: they always told us, our troops went back but quite in order, so there was no panic in Vienna. The day after I escaped — and I took with me a group of boys and girls — everywhere the houses were in flames.

PAN These were children you had met in Vienna through your teaching? All Viennese kids?

ORTIL Most of them, yes.

PAN They were how old?

ORTIL Sixteen to twenty.

PAN What you did was a rather unusual thing. Most Austrians and Germans didn't take up a group of ten or fifteen teenagers and go off into the mountains

ORTIL Ah, but you must think of the end of the war. The girls always thought, "The Russians will take us and rape us so it is better to leave." Some told their parents and some didn't; they just came with me. They told their parents, "We shall go with our teacher skiing in the mountains," and when we stepped off the train the Russians were already there. We were in the Schnee Mountains, quite near Vienna. The people said, "Oh, the Russians are approaching very quickly, it's better that you go to the next hut, more into the interior of the Alps."

PAN This was on foot? These were huts

the people used in the summer when they took their sheep to higher ground? Mostly the families lived in the little villages down below? You were going from little hut to little hut?

ORTIL Yes, from hut to hut, like a bird dances from twig to twig. Oh, it was a wonderful time, only the thundering of the cannons, that was, of course, no nice music to us.

PAN This was winter, spring?

ORTIL It was March. I know because we lived for the month of April in these huts and, later on, on the 8th of May, the war was over.

PAN I suppose you sent girls into the villages to say, "Oh, I have a poor grandmother living up in the mountains..."

ORTIL Yes, and one woman from the village climbed up and she was full of tears and said, "Oh, we forgot our blankets. Would you be so kind as to fetch our blankets for us? Our house has that and that number. Go in and you may take what you like, things to eat."

And what we took were bags full of artificial sugar, because sugar was very rare and we could change it into victuals with the peasants. And so we fetched the

blankets, and it was the last moment because two hours later the Russians were there, and the German soldiers said, "What are you doing? The Russians will come and take you."

And we said, "Well, you know there are these mothers with their children up in the mountains and we want to take them all their blankets."

So the soldiers said, "All right, it's your risk." The next morning we put on our skis and we went on into the mountains to find the next hut.

I remember that on one slope there was suddenly an attack by the Russians, but nobody was wounded, and then we came again into a valley and there were German soldiers, mostly SS men, and they said, "Where are you going?"

And we said, "We want to go home to Germany."

They said, "No. All your girls and boys will remain here. The girls can do nurse service and the boys can get a gun and defend the Fatherland."

I said, "No, no, I'm a teacher. Look here, these are my pupils and I am responsible for them, not you. First they must write their parents." And so on and on.

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Well, the Lieutenant said, "You do a thing which is not legal," but he told us to go on to the next soup kitchen.

One day Russian paratroopers came on us in one of the mountain huts and they wanted to shoot us. But my boys and girls, some of them, had been studying Russian and they had Russian books, and this the soldiers were very interested in. They asked, "Who is Marx? Who is Lenin?" And we could answer them, so the Russians went down into the valley and let us alone. But the SS had been watching them with binoculars and they were all shot. Then the SS came after us and one of our boys was shot through the two buttocks. The SS thought we were on the side of the Russians. But now the boys had their Hitler Youth cards — they had wanted to destroy them but I'd told them to keep them and hide them — and they showed these to the SS. So the SS sent us on a peasant wagon to the nearest hospital, but then the Russians approached again and we had to go with all the wounded people into cars.

The roads were terrible. You know how painful it is if you are wounded to be knocked about so the boys and girls held

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their hands under the wounded soldiers to try to ease their pain. Then we reached the Danube and went on a ship where the cook hid my girls. That was because he wanted to make love with them in his bedroom, but the girls didn't want to do something with him so he chucked us out in the middle of the night in a little village in Germany.

PAN This, of course, was a mixed group of boys and girls. There must have been quite a bit of sexual activity.

ORTIL Oh, of course. The girls said, "If you don't do it the Russians will!" And, then, we were comrades, you see. And at that time I developed my principle to allow everything but to be a good guard and teacher and always telling them what they should do and what they couldn't do and so on. The chief thing was...

PAN You couldn't afford a pregnancy.

ORTIL This was the only thing that was of any weight. If the boys did it with the boys or did it with me... *(Shrugs)*

PAN Were most of the boys willing to have sex with you, or with other boys, or did most of them want to go with one of the girls?

ORTIL The boys among themselves not so much. They preferred the girls, of course. But they knew what I liked — you must see me as a man of thirty years; I was a sports teacher and I looked quite well.

PAN So with these Austrian boys you were establishing intimate relations?

ORTIL Yes.

PAN They had no difficulties with this, even though they were in adolescence?

ORTIL No. I saw that a good comradeship can tolerate this and it's good for the boys. And in this case we had so many dangers. Being in danger everywhere brought us together.

PAN I would think that would be so, that a frightened young boy would like to be held and caressed.

ORTIL Well, they liked it. I can only tell you. Now I'm accustomed to it that boys accept this. Since then I've had sexual encounters with maybe 800 boys — only boys — and only 5, 6 or 7 boys said no.

PAN Really? You must have a sixth sense...

ORTIL And with those I always remained

friends. They said, "No, I am not accustomed to it; I prefer girls," but they never left me. They even came again to my home, later with their women and children - none of them became mad and said, "You are a dirty old man," or anything of that kind.

PAN What did you do after you were thrown off the boat?

ORTIL Now we got a lot of food, because the Americans were there and I became an interpreter to the American troops. I could rescue a lot of watches - and beer, because the Americans wanted beer and the people had the beer but they hid it. Then we took our bicycles and went to Hannover. My mother was living at the time near Hannover, in the Hartz Mountains.

PAN How did you get your bicycles?

ORTIL By attacking people who had stolen these bicycles. In those days there were all these foreign people who had had to work for the Nazis and they wanted to go home, so they took away the bikes of children and younger people and where they found a bike they stole it, and we did the same. We were behind the bushes and now we were ten people and we shouted and attacked and kicked against their bones and they fell down and we took the bikes and before they could rise and run we were away. That was a terrible time. There was no right, no wrong, no rules, no laws.

PAN Have you kept in touch with the boys and girls you escorted out of Austria?

ORTIL Only with a few of them, because after the war it was difficult even to write letters to Vienna. The bridges had all been destroyed by order of Hitler. Half of my group tried immediately to go back to Vienna. They said, "Oh, my poor parents, they don't know where I am." They often found an American or an English guard and the soldier said, "Step in; we shall go to Vienna," and they were very nice and they didn't do anything to the girls. The other half said, "No, we go on with you," so they went with me all the way to my mother's home, and there they lived with me a week. But then the newspapers announced a train taking Austrians back to Vienna, so the rest of them left.

PAN That must have been a very sad part-

ing for you.

ORTIL Yes, because at that time I really had no male friends. But I found new companions. The youth at that time was very excited. The war was over. The Americans would bomb Hiroshima. And so we discussed and discussed. And all these girls and boys, all these post-war youths, wanted to dance. To dance, dance. I found there a lot of highschool students whom I liked and who liked me; and then a small group of us, a very small group of three or four young boys would go into the woods and, of course, loved each other.

And then suddenly there was a great need of teachers in Germany, because, as you can imagine, most teachers were Nazis.

PAN During the Hitler years you couldn't be a teacher if you weren't a Nazi?

ORTIL No, so now I was an important man, because I had resisted and been in prison, and everyone said, "Oh, God, what you did suffer," and so on. So I moved to the city where I now live and taught first girls, then boys.

PAN What did you teach?

ORTIL English, German, Philosophy and sports. - gymnastics, football and so on. I had a diploma.

PAN You also founded the Pirates and began to take those wonderful photographs.

ORTIL In 1947 I founded the Association for Canoeing. At first I had ten girls and only three or four boys. That changed in the course of time, and today we have three girls and twenty boys.

PAN Is this because the kids feel that you are more interested in boys than girls?

ORTIL Well, now, look here, I learned that in order to get boys you have to have some girls. It's very difficult in Germany to found a boys only group. Because male associations were always suspect in Germany. Many parents didn't send their sons to the Scouts because they thought there might be homosexuals there. But what many people don't understand is that the Pirates has always been a mixed group. Now, many people knew me and saw what I was doing and tried to do the same. But they always made mistakes. There was a group in Munich but all they were

interested in was playing games, so it was only half a year and they were caught by the police. Then a friend of mine in Stuttgart said, "Oh, I shall do the same as you, but I know nothing about canoeing, so I will bring together young men interested in motorcycling." Well, good, but his flat was in the middle of an apartment building, and these men they drank and they were singing songs very loud and they had their stereo, all too loud. So the neighbours got angry and called the police, and when the police came they were naked lying in bed making love. The boys were very, very good. They said, "No, we won't say anything." But the police had the proof by their eyes and so the men got two years of imprisonment. All these attempts to do the same as I did exploded because they always made mistakes. And for me I had three protections. First, the naked living, because, of course, we were organized as a nudist association. Second, I was a sports teacher. Third, I always had boys and girls, a mixed group. These three things protected me.

PAN So people thought, well, you are interested in nudism, and sports, and heal-

thy living — and, since you have girls with you, obviously you aren't doing anything with the boys.

ORTIL Now the parents, and the Board of Education, all said, this man is very good. First, he is an official of the state — in Germany all teachers are officials of the state — and he was persecuted by the Nazis. He's one of ours. He's a man of socialist ideas, because the city where I live is ruled by the Social Democratic Party. So I am an estimated man. Perhaps there are some who can look behind the wall, but only those who are my friends. Some of my boys, too, are now men of high profession; one is the highest man in customs — he was a lovely boy. And one is a senator.

PAN Can you tell us something about your sexual liberality in the Pirates?

ORTIL Well, in Germany there are three pools of people based on their age: the pool of children, up to puberty; the pool of adolescents; the pool of adults. Within one of these pools people can do what they like without any punishment. But when you try to transgress the dikes between these pools, then there is trouble, if, say, a youth of 15 goes with a much

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younger boy. But not if a youth of 15 goes with a boy of 13 — it is possible, of course, but our judges in Germany are not as severe as in England or the United States. And this is because there are three parties in Germany — four with the communists — and the Liberal Party just standing in the middle and being very mighty because it can go either to the left or the right. And now the Liberal Party is demanding that we do away with Paragraph 175, or maybe an age of consent of 14, but I think I have heard some people say they want to do away with it altogether, because there are so many other paragraphs — strangling, beating, when a man gets into the anus of a very small boy and tears all those things — there are many paragraphs against raping a person.

PAN Is the liberal party very big?

ORTIL It is third biggest, after the Social Democrats, then the Christian Democratic Union.

PAN And the communists are fourth?

ORTIL But the communists are not in favour of this.

PAN Of course not. Neither are the Christians.

ORTIL Because, you know in the Soviet Union they don't even tolerate adults doing that. When I was a young student I thought the Communist Party would be progressive and they would found a new era of mankind and so on. And, you see, it's a pity I fought for them. Especially in my field of boy-love they are against it in the same way as Adolf Hitler.

PAN The Pirates were mainly a canoeing association?

ORTIL Every summer, when it started to get warm, we took six weeks of the German vacation and went on a long trip. One year it was the Arctic in Scandinavia, the next the Mediterranean. Mostly they were troops of 10 or 12 — that is the best size, because you can supervise them and look after them.

PAN They were always mixed groups?

ORTIL Always mixed groups. And we usually used the railroad, which was cheapest. Fold-boats you can roll together. Every boat comes in two bags. We always took the bags into our com-

partments. Putting them between the seats we built a roof above us, so we could sleep as in a sleeping car.

PAN And make love?

ORTIL Yes, of course, always being careful of the conductor controlling the tickets.

PAN What were the ages of the girls and boys?

ORTIL Twelve to twenty.

PAN That's quite an age span. Didn't the youngest and the oldest sometimes have problems with each other?

ORTIL Well, first, they were all able to swim. When a German boy is 12 or 13 he is instructed in swimming. This is a duty. They must do it. Families are proud of that sort of thing. And then before starting on the voyage they all knew each other by coming together every weekend in my home. They were good friends. It's very important that a 12-year-old girl or boy has a comrad among the older ones, and this doesn't mean that they have sex with one another or want to have sex. If they did I didn't care — only if there were difficulties. One day a girl came to me in the evening and said, "Winnie and Rollo are always touching me."

And I said, "You don't like it?"

"No, I don't like it. I want to sleep."

I went into the tent of Winnie and Rollo and said, "Now, look here, the girl will come into my tent." And they were satisfied that I wasn't angry. In my tent she felt secure. I would have liked to caress her — not sexually, of course — because she was one nice girl. She was in all my brochures. Today she is a doctor, a brain surgeon, but she never married!

PAN I think all of us who are working in the field of man-boy intimacy are interested in the so-called continuing relationship. One of the things which our enemies keep saying — well they say many things — is that we don't love the individual, we love the age of the individual, and when the boy changes into an older boy or a man our love stops and we throw him over and he is heartbroken. We are interested in your experience. Does this happen? Have you kept in touch with retired pirates, so to speak?

ORTIL Let's say 80% of them. Others are

far away, let's say in America or England, so I have lost about 20% of my pirates and had no contact later on. But 80% is quite a lot, you see. Suddenly they come knocking at my door: "Here is my wife and my two children." Then, "Come in, come in!" And I take the telephone and, "Please, cakes," and so on and so on.

There is a boy who married an Italian girl he found while on a trip with me in Sardinia when he was 14 or 15. Later he came back home because he could earn more money in Germany than in Italy. Then there is a millionaire in England who is the representative of a big chemical company. And Winnie visits me every year — he is manager of a German school in South America. And, oh God, I cannot tell you: I never know who will visit me next. Even when I underwent an operation and I was in my bed there came four boys and they had just been in Turkey and they had made very difficult trips on the white waters and they brought with them their film and projector and I saw the film on the hospital wall. One day a Dutch friend came to visit, but I was away in the Himalayas, so I gave my keys to the Pirates and they let him in with his friend from Austria, and

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they lived together and I wasn't even at home. And, of course, with the pirates they made love. And the older ones with their families they visit me. Well, they cannot visit me every year, that is impossible. There were 800 pirates in the course of time!

PAN In your experience, when a boy is becoming too old, what usually happens?

ORTIL Oh, he just says to me, "Look here, it's now passé. I cannot any more and I won't any more." And there are others who try to go on up to thirty years.

PAN Have you ever felt that you broke the heart of a boy because he loved you and he became too old?

ORTIL No. It's not the same as with girls. You can break the hearts of girls, because a girl puts her hands into your heart and she weeps and, oh God, the lost lover, you know — there are so many songs in the world about this. But not with boys. Because all these boys are heterosexual. I am only their helper while they are twelve to seventeen, in adolescence, and they need help.

PAN Travelling with a mixed group, sometimes a boy had the chance to make sex with a girl but would chose you, or another boy.

ORTIL Not so often with another boy, but sometimes. About midnight I always went around all the tents to check that everything was all right. In the Mediterrenian it was hot in the tents and there were insects, so very often they slept under the free sky and sometimes you would come across a boy and girl and they were naked and in embrace. I found that quite natural. And the boys were sometimes with me. The boy, for instance, would say, "I'll sleep beside you this night." And then he laid his mattress beside my mattress. Well, we were friendly to each other. All these questions you put to me show you coming from another world. You don't know that we have this free way of living and loving together. That we had in the course of 30 years — and no one major problem, only minor problems, like the girl I mentioned.

PAN We are trying to anticipate. Most PAN readers do live in a different world. You have had many, many years of quite

free experiences — and, perhaps, a certain amount of luck. Most people in the world are very sincerely convinced that if a boy has a sexual relationship with a man he is very severely damaged. We know, for example, of two instances in the United States where boys have been driven to suicide. In one case the boy was 18. The police — this was in a small town in Michigan — gave him such a hard time he shot himself with a rifle. Everyone, of course, blamed his older friend. In these countries the horror of sex is so strongly driven into everyone's minds that they just cannot think in any other way. So they come up with all these objections: one, if a boy has sex with a man he is turned into a homosexual; two, of course he is sinning; three, he doesn't enjoy it; four, if he does enjoy it there is still damage done to him but it won't show up until later; five, the boy is always cast out of the man's heart when he grows pubic hair or a beard. All psychiatrists are utterly convinced of this; if they listen to our experiences at all they regard them as symptoms of an illness.

ORTIL Now I understand your questions. Well, I have the same point of view as Dr. Brongersma. We both agree that nothing better can come to a boy than for some time during his adolescence to be the friend, the intimate friend, of a nice, cultivated man. There is nothing better. And if I had sons they all might have male friends, older ones, up to thirty and more, for age isn't important. I'm 77 and I have three intimate friends, from 14 to 17, and the parents allow it.

PAN The parents know that these are intimate relationships?

ORTIL They don't *know* but they *suppose* it. Clever parents don't ask their boys. When boys are willing to visit a man, and then they like it and say, "Papa, Mama can I go visit my friend Hajo?" they always say "Yes". Because even young parents like to be alone Sundays. And then they are convinced that no harm will come to their boys. And I even say, "Have you done your school work? First school work."

Then they say, "Yes, I don't know... This essay..."

And I say, "Don't know? Let us now have a discussion. What is the theme?"

Then we go over everything, and after one or two hours they are very safe for school, because boys are always a bit nervous when they aren't prepared. And the parents are happy. It was my experience, and the experience of others in the youth movement, that it was on a fine erotic basis which was not only sexual, didn't have to be sexual but often was sexual, but we didn't speak of it, and perhaps that was a mistake. One should make all these problems clear to the understanding so that one stands over them.

Some people like still love in rooms or in foreign countries and that is their way. My way was to have a human surrounding about me, and that is good for me. Soon I will be 80 and shall lie in bed and be, well... Now I'm a senior in the Pirates and a good friend of mine, who is a teacher, married, follows my path, but not because he likes boys. He is heterosexual but he is liberal in sexual things, so the Pirates can still do what they like. And today it's not so difficult as 30 years ago. In former times, 1900 to 1930 or so, there was such a mysterious dark taboo that boys had to suffer very much, and their lovers, the older ones, too. Today, there will be ten boys and girls visiting me every day. Even last winter they came when the snow was deep, and they said, "Oh God, Hajo is now all snow around him and he cannot go out and go shopping. They came and they dug and dug. And even the parents, they are grateful, and I make coffee and cakes. And I show them slides and films of the boys. And my old boys come with their family now and say, "Oh, have you the film of 1967, when we were in Sicily?"

And I say, "I'll look for it." And, oh, to see them again, when they were young, 14, 15 years!

And then they say, "Look here, that was I when I was a boy!" And the children see their father when he was young, quite naked. Oh, why not?

PAN That's wonderful.

ORTIL Yes, we are a great group. And that we can have this is only because our communications in the course of time were honest. We had no secrets and I can tell you we had festivals, 20, 30 girls and boys, living as if we were in Old Greece.

Dyonisian, went naked in the woods singing and loving and drinking...

PAN Do you think the sexual contact you had with your boys turned them toward homosexuality?

ORTIL I have been intimate with some 800 boys and only 5 or 6 turned out to be homosexual as far as I know.

PAN Experts estimate that between 5% and 20% of the males in our society are more homosexual than heterosexual. That means at least 40, and maybe 100, of your 800 Pirates should, everything being equal, be homosexual. But perhaps your program attracted more heterosexual than homosexual boys. Another question. Have you ever been intimate with a boy who later grew up, produced a son with whom you were also intimate?

ORTIL. No. Well, almost. One of my Pirates, a boy I had been intimate with for eight years, married and had a wonderful boy. When the boy was 14 I asked his father, "Does he need any help in school? Would he like to become part of our group?"

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"No, no," the answer was. "He has no difficulty at all, and he is so very busy..." Then I backed off very quickly.

PAN So what was good for the father wasn't for the son. And you don't know how his wife felt.

ORTIL She wasn't a Pirate.

PAN You had, it seems, compared with most boy-lovers we have come across, a particularly good preparation when you were a young man which made you very realistic and very tough. Most boy-lovers have always lived as good citizens, said good morning to the policeman, and so are absolutely terrified of being taken down to the police station and booked on a sex charge.

ORTIL Oh, that's a heavy blow for those people.

PAN But you went through the hell of the Nazi years. You were in prison two times — not for sexual offenses, of course — but you know what a prison is, what police and the military are, what the Nazis were. You also know what it is to have to scheme for food and fight for bicycles...

ORTIL I was a robber at that time.

PAN So you probably thought nothing quite so terrible could happen to you again, and you were not frightened.

ORTIL Oh, yes, it's been a happy life up until now. I admit I am one of the happy few of paedophiles.

PAN That joy comes through so strongly in your photos. All of us can remember when those first big books came out, *The Boy* and *Boys Will Be Boys*.

ORTIL I was chief contributor. That was with Mr. Swithinbank in New York. These two books, that's the merit of him. But he never paid, and then the police searched his home and took away everything.

PAN Including your negatives?

ORTIL It's too bad. In a way it's a pity, but, look here, in the past years I was very angry, but now I only have some five years to live. I can take nothing into my grave. But I shan't get a grave. As a man living in a sea town I would like...first burned, and then on the sea, on the North Sea, the captain will prey and the ashes scattered on the waters. That's the best thing, and it's cheap. Because my pirates will have to pay. I'm lying in the sea.

TRAVEL



LETTER FROM SRI LANKA

A Tale of Two Cultures

There has been a flurry of activity here recently. Five or six Germans in Negombo have been convicted of offences with young boys. A law is being passed prohibiting persons under 18 from entering hotels or other places intended for residential occupation by foreigners unless accompanied by a legal guardian. Hotels that are lax about enforcing this law will have their licenses revoked.

It certainly looks as though things will be tougher for the tourist than hitherto. I suppose something had to happen. I have never been to Negombo, but by all accounts the scene was pretty flagrant: ghastly tales circulate about physical damage to children requiring huge transfusions of blood and so on. The prosecutions of the Germans were at the behest of a local committee in Negombo composed of big-wigs and important residents. These committees will be formed in all the major tourist areas, and it is expected that some will be more active than others. I have not heard of prosecutions in other places yet. The restrictions on hotels are the ones that count; they seem pretty comprehensive and it might be a hit and miss affair for tourists to know which hotels to avoid. In the long run I can't help thinking it may not be such a bad thing if there is a sharp drop in the number of tourists coming for these purposes. There is a long term solution for people who genuinely care about their lives and relationships that has nothing to do with tourism at all. PIE may have blown this apart for the time being. Anybody seeking any kind of residential status here

will now be specifically checked into in this respect. Especially from the UK.

There has also been a certain amount of reportage concerning PIE ("the notorious British child-sex organization, with links to the Mafia"). Extracts of private correspondence between members of PIE in the UK have been reproduced in the press, including attempts to raise money for two retiring members to go to settle in Sri Lanka. Members are also asked to remember that by helping now they may be creating a "refuge for tired PIE members in the future". The government is reported to be very concerned about this Mafia attempt to organize child prostitution on a large scale here, and intends to take strong action to prevent it.

All of this appeared in the local paper *Weekend*. I think I can detect the hand of the British Authorities here somewhere, or at least Fleet Street, for the editor recently had a visit from the editor of *The News of the World*. I don't know who is in charge of strategy or tactics for PIE but there certainly seems to be a deplorable lack of security amongst the remnants of that ill-fated organization.

The sad thing is that it *could* all be done, refugees, political pressure, a freemasonry of practical assistance, legal help, etc., but it must be done secretly, as befits an organization of criminals intending to succeed in their enterprise. Giving away one's order of battle, as it were, in advance, is not a good idea. It is characteristic of the carelessness in all PIE's activities, that they should not take elementary precautions to protect themselves or unconnected third parties from the inevitable consequences of their actions. How like them, even now, to allow confidential, potentially explosive correspondence to fall into their opponents' hands. And be

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published in the press!

I grieve over the unnecessary carnage of human life and hopes that lies behind every spiteful prosecution. It is not too much to ask people to look squarely at their situation, and strip out the self-deception, and ask themselves whether they can function effectively as criminals, and if they can, to do so. If they admit that they cannot, then they must be prepared for the worst.

I can't see the Tim Bonds of this world making much headway here in Sri Lanka. The ready physicality of the people, their friendliness and profound spiritual love of the rupee will triumph over Christianity any day. When I arrived this time I caught the train into Colombo with a group of tourists, mostly couples, who were obviously on their first visit. This could be seen from their refusal to believe that the tired collection of ironmongery and timber leaning dejectedly against the platform was in fact the train. A group of youths also boarded the same carriage, their ages from eleven or so to about seventeen.

They ranged themselves opposite the tourists and proceeded to make enticing oral gestures and mouth "Do you want me?" at the male members of the group, and pose themselves provocatively on the seats, exposing acres of long slim brown legs and neat hips cased in tight brief shorts. To make it worse they were a particularly attractive group, well-proportioned and handsome as they come.

At first the tourists seemed puzzled as to what this could mean. Then the penny dropped and they immediately started clutching their wives and a period of desperate hand-holding and kissing followed. Their eyes registered stark terror. Not a word was spoken. I felt sorry for them in a way. Fed for decades on a diet of scurrilous journalism, they were suddenly exposed to a whole area of human experience they had never allowed themselves to admit existed. Their acute discomfort and susceptibility was manifest in every attempt to block out the unbelievable scene in front of them. But they couldn't tear their eyes off those boys, who gained in appeal as the Western women wilted, the vast acreage of their white flesh dissolving in the tropical heat. The sheer sensuality of those kids was amazing, with their flagrant tongue and hand gestures and big white smiles.

After fifteen minutes I took pity on them, and told the boys gently that these tourists didn't want them (yet!), but would like something to drink, *thambili*, perhaps. I have just about enough Sinhalese to accomplish this. I sent one of the boys off to get some, and offered them to the wretched tourists, who accepted with trembling hands.

"You mustn't be upset," I said blandly, "customs are different in the East." Apart from that inscrutable comment the entire journey to Colombo was made in total silence.

It's a pity that the authorities have allowed the Western term "prostitution" to be applied to what happens here. There really is very little similarity. In the English language there are no other words that are suitable. In a way it's a good thing, because it shows up the objections to an overlay of alien culture, and helps render

them irrelevant.

I suppose those boys hang around the airport waiting for tourists to take them straight to hotels in Negombo, so that particular sight may not come my way again. Still, once was enough. I shall not easily forget it. They were really gorgeous.

Recent radical changes in official outlook have made Sri Lanka very dangerous for boy-lovers. As reported in PAN 8 (page 5), most of this is due to a young British social worker named Tim Bond and his boss Edmond Kaiser of the Swiss do-good organization TERRE DES HOMMES. Last June these people called a press conference in which they denounced Spartacus as the "international centre of filth distribution", a charge they also made in Amsterdam at the Third International Congress on Child Abuse and Neglect in May. There Bond forged an alliance with none other than Judianne Densen-Gerber herself, who was trying to sell an anti-kid-sex resolution to the group (with only partial success). Bond's description of third-world boy prostitution was

inflammatory and ill-informed, but effective enough for even Peter Davies of the respected Anti-Slavery Society in London to jump on the band-wagon. When The New Standard quoted Davies as saying "porn shops in Soho and Amsterdam have homosexual guides like Spartacus and Pan with pictures of these children for sale with their addresses" we at last took action. Davies claimed he never made that statement; the editor of The New Standard claimed we misinterpreted Davies' quote. We have demanded a written retraction through The Press Council, which is investigating.

The writer of the above letter has long believed that boy-lovers have been turned into criminals by society and thus should regulate their behaviour as criminals must in order to be successful, a view which it is hard to share outside the English-speaking world. It does, however, emphasize the overwhelming need to act cautiously — for example, never to have even commercial kiddie-porn lying about in one's home.

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LETTERS

Lloyd Martin's Sexually Exploited Child unit probably first noticed me around town as part of a surfing club – the oldest member, in fact (I'm 25 now). On weekends 5 or 6 of us would jump into my convertible and we would go to the beach. The boys in the club would also come to my place to visit me after work or in the evenings. That must have been what attracted SEC's attention. Early one morning there was a knock on my door. It was the police with a search warrant (unsigned by any judge). They took my complete pornography collection, my address book, all my letters. Then they left and said I would be hearing from them soon.

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I was shattered and scared. I had one particular friend in the club, Jim, who was fifteen and my lover. I went to him first and told him about the raid. Then that evening I met with the others and, without being too specific, said that the police might be paying them a visit and not to say anything that would get me in trouble. In fact, there was little they could say, since nothing, with them, had really "happened". I didn't actually admit that I was paedophile, but it came out that most of them had already suspected it anyhow.

During the next couple of days the police interviewed all of the boys closest to me. Some friendships were destroyed, including my relationship with Jim. His mother made him feel guilty; his friends were suspicious of us having spent so much time in each other's company.

Now I hired a lawyer to find out what the police were up to. He talked with Lloyd Martin, who told him we could get this thing "cleared up" if I came down for an interview, which I did. By this time, incidentally, he had a copy of the search warrant that was signed by a judge. He asked a lot of questions and seemed particularly interested in my contact with one eleven-year-old with whom he was convinced I had been having sex. He referred to me as a boy-lover and a boy-love collector. He then suggested several felonies I might face, but that if I agreed to plead guilty to a lesser charge, and let my collection be destroyed, it would be all over.

Some interesting things came out at the interview. I learned that I had been under close surveillance for some weeks before the early-morning raid. I had been followed by cars, a van with mirrored windows, and once, even, by a helicopter. On

that occasion I had been in the mountains and a chopper had flown overhead and I was told, over a loud-speaker, "This is a fire restricted area - please leave." That had seemed weird at the time, but I hadn't given it much further thought. All my young friends had been watched, too.

Ultimately, I was charged with contributing to the delinquency of two minors (one 13 and my 15-year-old friend Jim). I received a 6-months suspended sentence and 18 months probation.

I also agreed to see a psychiatrist, and *this* man, at any rate, I believe I have enlightened quite a bit. He has told me that I seem to him quite well-adjusted and deal with my social difference with society intelligently. He said my only problem was with the police and that I was a good moral citizen. To avoid further contact with Martin's unit I have left Los Angeles for safer territory. It's been hard on me, but even more unfortunate for the boys I knew who lost a friend.

J. L., Los Angeles

*This story is interesting for a number of reasons. One is the tendency of Lloyd Martin's unit to neglect the legal niceties. Juvenile witnesses are frequently intimidated. Their "statements" often aren't signed. In this case a signed copy of the search warrant was only produced later, when a lawyer was brought into the act. Another is the fact that the man's porn collection was the real turning point in the affair. Had the police raided his home, without a valid search warrant, and found nothing, and had he lodged a complaint after warning the boys, he would have been in a much stronger position with Martin and his minions — but it is hard to deny you are a paedophile when your foot locker is full of **Lover Boys and Piccolos**. Finally, if it is really true that he was followed by cars, special vans and a helicopter, the amount of money which went into this operation must have been considerable, and one would think that the good citizens of Los Angeles would much prefer to have it spent on reducing muggings, rapes (the real, not the statutory, kind) and murders.*

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BOOKS

The last half-year has seen more quality English language publishing on paedophilia, paedophiles and their boys than than did the whole preceding century, and it is largely due to the fact that boy-lovers themselves are beginning to stir. Brian Taylor, in his introduction to this remarkable collection, says, "If paedophilia is held to be morally revolting, then any attempt at definition will reflect that attitude. Conversely, if, as some writers and as contemporary paedophile awareness groups maintain, paedophile encounters can have mutually beneficial effects...then this, too, will affect attempts at a definition.... *Questions of definition ought always to be informed by the realities of paedophile behaviour*" (emphasis ours).

The very concept of "paedophile behaviour", as distinct from "child molesting", is something of a new thought in the English-speaking world. Gradually we are seeing reflective Britons reacting to the tragic PIE affair with at least a bit of unease. Is it right that Tom O'Carroll be thrown into solitary confinement for two years because he dared advocate the lowering of the age of consent and encouraged paedophiles to get in touch with one another to ease the agony of their loneliness? Are paedophiles really the monsters the gutter press, the English police and Judge Leonard have been telling us they are? Does sexual contact with adults really hurt kids if they seek and enjoy it? These questions are goading people whose sexual preference is *not* for youngsters to learn a little about boy-love and boy-lovers, and to write.

It would be too much to expect that enlightenment be total. (The only totally enlightened person is one who realises

that sex, per se, is *always* good, pleasant and healthy when everyone involved agrees to it and unwanted health, pregnancy and social side effects can be prevented.) "Any understanding of paedophilia in its social context suggests that there is every reason to suppose that its indulgence will remain conventionally unacceptable behaviour," Taylor states. Sometimes, too, he shows a lack of understanding of other societies and other times: "The simple observation that paedophilia, loosely defined, is negatively stigmatized in all cultures suggests that ideas of some large importance to the maintenance of human relationships are threatened by its manifestation."

But it would be a mistake to stress the negative. Quite rightly Taylor criticises the earlier work on paedophiles incarcerated in prison as being severely biased (Would one study heterosexuality by questioning convicted rapists?) and speaks of "the often less than helpful use of terms such as 'victim' and 'assault'". He hopes his collection of papers will rescue the phenomenon from its reputation and return it to reality.

The first paper deals with British legal realities. Acts are defined, sentencing practices are discussed. There are some lovely examples of the law being an ass: "A boy under 14 is presumed irrebuttably (sic) to be incapable of intercourse, whether heterosexual or homosexual, and in the latter case whether as penetrator or penetrated." The deteriorating tolerance of the English is reflected in the stepped-up rate of paedophile prosecutions in the UK: 820 in 1969, between 1,500 and 1,700 in the years 1973-1977; all reports from England suggest that since 1977, when the PIE witch hunt began, prosecu-

tions and sentences have escalated once again.

Sentencing practices are discussed and the opinion of a Court of Appeal is quoted: "In many cases (indecent assault) amounts to no more than putting a hand on or under the clothing in the region of the testicle or buttocks. Such cases are not serious. In some the assault may take the form of a revolting act of fellatio, which is as bad as buggary, maybe more so." For cases which are "not so serious" a sentence of 6 to 12 months seems to be average, while for oral sex, especially when many children are involved, once can expect to get three to five years. This may seem harsh, especially when one takes into consideration the brutal treatment paedophiles receive in British prisons, but it should be remembered that the United States is infinitely worse. In the state of Nevada alone we know of two men imprisoned for life (in once case for several lifetime sentences) for have had mutually consenting oral sex with teenage boys.

Peter Righton, Director of Education, National Institute for Social Work, does some valuable spadework on the so-called scientific studies made in the past of paedophilia. He points to the obvious weaknesses of prison research (although, curiously, he takes at face value the protestations of inmates convicted of sex contacts with minors that they aren't *real*-/ypaedophiles at all but only turned to kids because they were under stress, drunk, isolated from adults, etc. and will never touch a kid again when released - honest!). A more serious weakness, he feels is "the fundamental assumption" by virtually all researchers in the past "that the adults under consideration are either evil or sick". And he calls attention to the dearth of accounts by paedophiles themselves. "These studies, taken collectively as expressions of 'expert' opinion, act as powerful reenforcers of the stereotype influencing members of the public to equate paedophiles with child-molesters." Previous research on paedophiles, then, serves not to enlighten but to perpetuate superstition.

Righton, it seems, rather than devising

ways to pickle, drug, electrocute or traumatize the brains of boy-lovers, has actually *listened* to them in the course of his counselling experience — 68 by his count — *and* to some 14 of the boys they had relationships with. He has come to some remarkably sensible conclusions. Discussing the aetiology of this phenomenon he says,

My major objection to all the approaches is that their strenuous insistence on pathology begs the question. What we tend to forget is how narrow the sexual preferences of most humans in fact are. Heterosexuals do not find *all* members of the 'opposite sex' attractive; on the contrary, men and women are commonly very clear and specific as to age-range, size, height, shape and personal qualities of the people who most appeal to them sexually; who hold a special magic for them. If a man declares he is particularly 'turned-on' by tall, slim, readheads in their early twenties, and is to be found chatting up girls of this type at every opportunity, no one is likely to express any surprise or objection, nor will psychiatrists spend much time in explaining his preference in the language of compulsions, fixations, or early seduction experiences. I see no reason to think that an attraction to children in or

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approaching early adolescence is either more or less mysterious, (or more restricted), than a *penchant* for redheads. The important difference between them rests not on the dubious assumption that one is 'normal' and the other so perverse as to require special explanation, but on the *social* rule which permits adult men to have sex with adult redheads if both so please, but forbids them to do so with children. The rule may be perfectly sensible; but it cannot be invoked to prove that sexual *attraction* to children is pathological."

Righton finds that boy-lovers, "in common with human-beings whose sexual preferences command social approval" are "motivated as much by love and affection as by lust." Of the 14 boys (between 11 and 16 years of age) he had interviewed, nine told him "that this particular friendship was the first occasion on which the boy had felt himself to be fully accepted as a person in his own right." Nearly all the boys told Righton that they "believed they had benefited and grown emotionally through their friendship, though some of the older ones felt they

were now beginning to outgrow it. All, without exception, told me they had enjoyed the sexual aspects of the relationship, and confirmed that their friend was more concerned for the boy's pleasure than his own." The boys did admit to "a measure of guilt and confusion" over the sex despite their pleasure in it.

Righton introduces a salutary note of caution, however: "The most serious faults displayed by paedophiles, in my view — a view that received ample confirmation in my counselling practice — are those of almost limitless over-indulgence of the child on the one hand, and of a hothouse possessiveness on the other." These are faults, of course, which afflict many human pairings but are more characteristic, he feels, of "liasons which are both transitory and illicit", and they can be "potentially devastating to the emotional health of children."

"If a child does develop a warm friendship with a paedophile which includes shared sexual pleasure," he concludes, "the sex is unlikely to do the child harm, and the friendship may well be more beneficial than otherwise."

Some time ago we had occasion to praise a remarkable book by London Psychiatrist Morris Fraser called *The Death of Narcissus* (See PAN 5, page 20). It is suprising, then, to find him writing the most condemnatory, negative and stereotype-afflicted article in this whole volume. It is his thesis that sex between minors and adults often has horrendous consequences for the child, although this might not become apparent until years later.

"Is there, Fraser asks, a *natural victim*, "a child who is particularly liable to fall prey to sexual encounters"? With his answer he gets off to a good clean start. "We can greatly improve the value of our conclusions by ignoring all studies by groups with a declared or self-evident interest. That is groups searching for evidence to bring about some change in public attitudes or even in the law." (In the days of witch-burning would he have ignored studies by anti-witch-burners showing that squint-eyed old ladies really didn't cause earth-quakes or church steeples to

be struck by lightning?) He prefers "the clinical impressions of experienced but uncommitted professionals to figures from spurious 'surveys'".

He now sets out to portray the kind of boy who is searching for love and sex with an adult so that this "natural victim" can be spotted, isolated and denied the affection and sexual attention he craves — for his own good, of course. Since Fraser cannot use the data gathered by people who want to change laws or social attitudes he has to rely on the work of people who find present day laws and social attitudes just fine. His "uncommitted professionals" are interesting. Most, of course, are of psychoanalytic persuasion, but he also cites Mary Whitehouse's own Cyril Townsend, MP (See PAN 1, page 6).

One of the most annoying habits of psychoanalysts is their tendency to ignore the work of psychologists, sociologists and anthropologists as being "superficial" and, instead, to cite a handful of supposedly typical clinical cases drawn from their own practice (in five or less paragraphs) from which they come to generalized conclusions by grinding their observations through the mesh of such Freudian premises as the Oedipus Complex, the Latency Phase and other "unquestionables" of Victorian-Edwardian psychology. Fraser cites the cases of two disturbed young men who had had sex experiences with adults in their youth. One was an active participant, yet, Fraser says, "he was nevertheless a victim throughout... Here the willing catamite is in as unhappy a situation — more so indeed — than the child who is repelled or resists." In other words, if a boy doesn't like it, it's bad; if he does, it's even worse!

When it comes to the "seduction into homosexuality" argument, Fraser is even more old-fashioned than Freud, who felt that the basic contours of one's sexuality are pretty well established by around the age of five. "Paederastic reality", we are told, is a pattern that often persists "and is replicated as the seduced becomes, years later, the seducer. Sexual behaviour is not just a matter of deep unconscious urges, but equally one of habit, of learning, of a need to recall first remembered atten-

tions. So if we ask whether early homosexual experience can 'make' a boy homosexual, the answer is that it can, especially if repeated — in spite of received wisdom to the contrary." This we are supposed to accept as Revealed Psychoanalytic Truth, and the growing evidence accumulated by psychologists that Fraser's thesis simply doesn't square with reality is, presumably, to be disregarded because the researchers may have disagreed with society's stereotypes and laws.

From here on howler tends to follow howler. Although Fraser won't read the research of "committed" scientists, he has no objection, it seems, to scouring the popular press for exposés of paedophile "rings": "Chicken-hawks" of Los Angeles seduce and export alienated youngsters (A Robin Lloyd/Densen-Gerber fantasy); Brazilian paedophiles rape, force into prostitution, then abandon their kids; their counterparts in the Eastern United States ten years ago had a "prostitution ring" of "generally fatherless youngsters" as "boy victims". Even the dubious Father Ritter of New York gives indirect witness to the

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"young delinquents and runaways who haunt the notorious homosexual playgrounds of Times Square and 42nd Street." (The notes at this point refer the reader to *The Guardian*, *The Times*, *The Sunday Times*, *Time* (2 citations) and *The Daily Mail* — all, presumably, professional in this area and "uncommitted" to changing laws or public prejudice.)

In conclusion Fraser admits that it may be all right for normal kids to go to boarding-schools, summer camps, join boys' choirs or youth organizations but "natural victims" should not be exposed to such "push factors" which might involve them in erotic relationships with adults. As for what must be done when such a relationship *does* come to light, "punishment of either party in the first instance will neither protect nor 'normalize' the child. Much more likely the anxiety created will inhabit and distort his own evolving sexuality, giving rise to fears that may themselves be later expressed as deviance." Well, now, doesn't this suggest the author would like to see laws and social attitudes changed? Does that mean we can ignore his contribution to this volume? Casuistry, perhaps. Fraser may be wrong-headed, illogical and committed to a psychological system which, as time progresses, seems to explain less and less about human nature, but he is never dull reading. And one could do worse than ponder this article, get mad — and do a lot of hard thinking about where this gifted, sensitive man has gone wrong.

The following paper, by Graham Powell and A. J. ***Chalkley**, contradicts Fraser at almost every turn. After surveying most of the responsible literature on the effects of paedophile encounters upon participating children, they find "a large degree of consistency" in everyone's conclusions: 1) no lasting negative effects were observed, 2) Children that were disturbed after the event tended to be those who were disturbed before hand, 3) In the case of male children who had encounters with a male paedophile, no increase in the incidence of homosexuality was noted, 4) About one half of the children either didn't resist the incident or actively encouraged it. While

the authors suspect that these surveys may be biased, it is in a different direction than would be popularly supposed. They postulate that "the most disturbed children are *more* likely to come to the attention of psychiatric clinics, the police and researchers. Therefore, if anything, research studies are likely to *over-estimate* the (harmful) effects of the paedophile assaults."

The contributions by Maurice Yaffé on assessment and "treatment" of paedophilia, Sean McConville ("What Fit Punishment") and especially social worker John Hart are of less interest. None of these authors appear to know much about the phenomenon he is describing. "Paedophiliacs, in common with many other sexual deviants, generally do not possess the heterosocial skills necessary to develop a more intimate relationship with another adult," we are told by Yaffé, who then goes on to describe various kinds of therapy which includes "masturbatory conditioning" (one thinks about women rather than boys as one *does it*), aversion therapy, shock therapy, physical castration, stereotactical operations on the hypothalamic receptors, drugging the pituitary glands and, what must be the grandest description of chemical castration making the rounds of professional literature today, "inhibition of action by anti-androgens at the target organs". Yaffé stresses that in order to establish rapport with the patient who is going to receive such treatment "it is necessary to emphasize the educative and re-training aspects of therapy which involve the learning of new, wanted behaviours rather than the 'cure of an illness'" — a lovely example of clinical hypocrisy!

McConville's article has the virtue of admitting to no conclusion. No punishments seem to work, but neither do "rehabilitation" programs; there is no way of predicting recidivism, or evaluating which is more effective in preventing "offenses against children", retributive punishment or therapy. A sentencer is advised "to maintain both his caution and his scepticism."

Hart at least does not recommend that

social workers turn in paedophiles to the police, but the article is so confused and the writing so obscure that it is difficult to know just what he does think should be done.

Sociologist Ken Plummer of Essex University concludes the book with a sprightly article entitled *The Paedophile's Progress: a view from below*. At last the voice of the turtle is heard in the land! There is no need to review it in detail here, since it quite accurately reflects the positions of the more articulate paedophiles in Great Britain. The PIE affair is described in some detail but the story stops short about two years ago. Plummer finds, however, that the ideology of "the paedophile movement" flounders (founders?) on three major points: 1) "hypocritical paternalism", that is, justifying the rights of others (children) who cannot justify their own rights, a view echoed by some paedophiles themselves (See PAN 6, page 21); 2) "ageism", that is, paedophiles, in loving kids, are discriminating against the old by not loving them, too; 3) the arguments of the feminists, that boy-love is *sexist*, in that it excludes women, and involves a child in an *objectifying* and *unequal* relationship. Points two and three are a bit silly, but the first deserves close consideration by all of us.

In short an invaluable book, and one that nobody can accuse of being produced by people pleading their own cause. PAN subscribers will find a sheet enclosed offering both *Perspectives on Paedophilia* and Mitzel's *The Boston Sex Scandal* (See PAN 8, page 34) as a cost-saving package mailing. New subscribers before the publication of PAN No. 10 will also be able to take advantage of this offer.

Perspectives on Paedophilia, edited by Brian Taylor, Batsford Academic and Educational Ltd., London, 1981, 148 pages. Hardback £14.95, paperback £5.95.

Small Press Items from North America

Small poetry presses are the unacknowledged legislators of the world,

to paraphrase Shelley. Even as the acknowledged legislators of the English-speaking world tighten their repression of boy-love — particularly in the graphic arts — poets and small presses are busily legislating in its favour. Indeed, small gay poetry presses are just about the only friends paedophilia has in North America at the moment.

In general, even gay periodicals here are indifferent or hostile to boy-love. Winston Leyland's *Gay Sunshine* in San Francisco has been one notable exception, frequently publishing high quality boy-love poetry, both contemporary and in translation. (Another exception is Boston's *Fag Rag*. A continent away from Leyland's serious-to-the-point-of-stuffiness journal, no one is likely to accuse *Fag Rag* of artistic pretensions, but it is without rival in its vigorous advocacy of every form of gay sexual activity.)

Orgasms of Light (San Francisco: Gay Sunshine, 1977) is a good place to begin looking at current boy-love poetry. It is an anthology collected from *Gay Sunshine* by Winston Leyland and is, of course, primarily concerned with androphile homosexuality. Not unexpectedly, too,

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most of the boy-love verse that is included is translated from ancient sources: Erskine Lane and Winston Leyland rendering Arab, Persian and Moorish poetry, Jim Egging, Winston Leyland and Tom Meyer translating from the Greek in their individual styles. As Strato observed of blond boys and brunettes, one can like them all but still have a preference: Leyland renders the Greek into English verse in close translation where the others are more free with the text; Egging shows a much sharper observation of the originals, but reading Meyer's translations one feels that the words come straight from the heart.

There are contemporary writers as well: Dennis Cooper's memory of a boyhood crush, Robin Maugham's *Cairo Testament* in its first appearance, Ginsberg making love to a street boy, Sandro Penna's quiet fragments from the Italian:

My boy is light and nimble
as an April wind, and as quick to
change.

*Egging

But the grass is hot in my meadows. In
vain

it begs for a more constant caress.

Then there's Jim *Egging: a witty, trenchant observer, Martialis wandered into our century; he gets the scene down with all its lusts and folly, celebrating it none the less: see his wealthy chicken-queen, Zeus, in a "Latemodel Cadillac", picking up Chicano kids:

& it took

Two of them to equal one Ganymede,
they were so
skinny.

Though widely anthologized, Egging has yet to have a separate collection of his work; some small press should get busy with it!

Meyer's translations from the Greek Anthology, incidentally, have been separately published by Ian Young's gay press, under the title *Uranian Roses* (Scarborough, Ontario: Catalyst, 1978) in a most beautifully designed limited edition, a pleasure to the mind — and eye too, except for a curiously smeary frontispiece. Although Meyer claims that his verses are merely 'in the spirit of' the Anthology, they are in fact recognizable fragments translated and arranged to chart the course of a Greek-love affair.

Gay Sunshine has also produced *A Lover's Cock* (San Francisco: Gay Sunshine, 1979), a translation of the homoerotic poetry of Verlaine and Rimbaud. Theirs was a man-boy affair — Verlaine was 27 and Rimbaud but 16 when they met — but they were no common man and boy in their talents, their disastrous personality flaws, or, for that matter, their tastes (while I know some teens into rimming, I know none who savour the delights of coprolagnia as this pair evidently did!). Still, they speak to us: for example, Verlaine on who seduces whom in our relationships:

Oh, you beautiful little wolf,
You came to me warily...
And you overwhelmed
All my scruples
Concerning your extreme childhood,

Your barely formed character.
Almost you overwhelmed
All my desires.

The translation is servicable but often misses the power and subtlety of the French which, happily, is printed across the page for those who can read it.

Also pushing the upper limits of boy-love is Dennis Kelly's *Chicken* (San Francisco: Gay Sunshine, 1979). Despite the come-on title, cockerels are what actually interest Kelly. He writes brilliantly, nimbly dancing within that tiny plot bordered by homage, mimicry and side-splitting send-up in imitation of the styles of Norse, C. H. Ford, Ginsberg, Catullus, Whitman. Here and there is a good boy-love, Dukahz-like line, as when the grocery boy looks up from his bulging bag — of groceries. But good lines don't quite make up for deceptive packaging. (A new Dennis Kelly collection entitled *Size Queen* has just been brought out by Gay Sunshine Press; Kelly's familiar felicities will be enjoyed by PAN subscribers whose age range of interest includes youths of conspicuous sexual maturity as well as boys, but we wish the publishers would suppress his dreadful montages — Ed.)

Speaking of Casimir, another current West Coast small press item is being heralded as "good as Dukahz". For *Puppies* by "John Valentine" (Glen Elen, California: Entwhistle, 1979) the raves are deserved. Behind the pseudonym is a well known writer and American counter-culture figure — and unlike the Dukahz books, this is not primarily fiction but the work of a true journalist (in the sense of one who keeps a factual journal and 'uncovers investigations' he has conducted). A few of the puppies are distinctly into their dog-days for my taste, but enough younger ones pass through, and the affairs with older ones are so engagingly told that *Puppies* is a must have.

"Poetry and Illustrations" was the title of the first issue of *Dragonfly*, a New York little magazine that first appeared in 1975, which makes it the longest-running boy-love journal in North America. Issues, appearing occasionally, contain the poetry of little-known East Coastwriters, illustr-

ated by poet/editor Sydney Smith. Dragonfly Press has also issued a score of small books, including *Inner Tides* (Brooklyn: Dragonfly, 1976, 1977), a cycle of boy-love poems by Bob Burdick, and limited editions of drawings by Smith. Smith's books, in their minimalist style, often evoke a future world in which, by accepting and sharing love between males, boys, and the men they will become, liberate themselves from the hatred and death that grip our society.

Shaking off that grip will be a struggle; meanwhile these poets, artists and small presses are busy with their special kind of legislating.

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BOYCAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

The boy caught this time was a thirteen-year-old youngster by the name of Jan. His big friend Antoon had just come back from a long vacation in the Far East, bringing with him a full bag of gifts — nice T-shirts and, most exciting of all, a beautiful *kris*, which is a large Indonesian ceremonial dagger. They had met at the airport; now, walking home alone in high spirits, he was filled with delicious anticipation at soon lying in Antoon's arms once again and telling him all the stories which nobody paid attention to at home. Jan couldn't resist taking one more look at the *kris*. Out of the bag it came — and a policeman on the street saw it.

Now Dutch law is particularly severe on weapons. Nobody is allowed to own a firearm, or anything resembling a firearm, without a license, and licenses are very

difficult to obtain. Many other weapons, including swords and daggers, are prohibited. Well, here was a thirteen-year-old walking the street and brandishing a *kris*. The policeman stopped Jan, inspected the bag, which was bulging with new T-shirts, and his worst suspicions were confirmed: this was a dangerous young criminal, an armed shop-lifter! Jan was promptly marched off to the neighbourhood police station.

There the boy was questioned by a detective. No, Jan said, he wasn't a thief, these were gifts from his best friend. A phone call to Antoon quickly confirmed the truth of these words, and the boy was released with his bag of T-shirts but minus the *kris*, which was confiscated.

Actually he was returned to his parents by two policemen who wanted to inspect his room for other weapons. In the meantime the detective had looked up Antoon's record and discovered that six years ago he had been sentenced for having had sexual relations with a young boy. He felt it advisable, then, to inform Jan's parents that their son was associating with "a homosexual".

Now, Antoon was a frequent visitor in Jan's home and was on very friendly terms with his mother and father. They had been deeply impressed by how much better their son had been since he had come to know Antoon. Jan's school work had improved; he was much more pleasant at home. The boy was so obviously fond of Antoon that there could be no question of his being forced to do things he didn't want to do. Once Jan's father had asked his son whether there was a sexual aspect to their relationship, whether he had ever posed for nude photos (Antoon was a skilled amateur photographer). Jan had denied all this vigorously. Now his parents were upset — but more because their son had lied and not confided in them than in this official

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confirmation of facts which they had long suspected.

While they were busy scolding Jan, two detectives arrived at Antoon's apartment. "You're guilty of importing a kris and giving it to a minor," one of them announced. "We want to search your apartment for other illegal weapons." Their search bore fruit — not in uncovering a secret arsenal but in finding two albums filled with photos of young Jan in all his naked splendour. "We'll take these to the police station," they told Antoon, "and you will have to come with us."

But when they saw the horror in Antoon's eyes they tried to reassure him. He wasn't to be afraid. He would be back in an hour. He only had to sign a statement about the kris. As for the photo collection, they only wanted to discuss it with Jan himself and find out what the lad had to say about their relationship. Actually they knew quite a bit about Antoon, and it wasn't all bad. They knew, for example, that he had had close relations for a number of years with a certain Mustapha who used to do a lot of shop-lifting and bicycle stealing, but all of that petty criminality had stopped as soon as his friendship with Antoon had begun. Mustapha had also been backward in school. Since getting to know Antoon, however, his school work had steadily improved until now, at seventeen, he was first in his class. "Perhaps your influence on Jan is just as positive," they concluded.

"Fine," Antoon told them, "but when you people took me for only a half hour to the police station in 1975 I was there for two weeks!"

Antoon went to the lavatory for moment; the police continued their search. When he came out he found they had made another discovery: a letter Jan had sent him while he was away. "Dear Antoon: I'm longing so much for your return. I'm counting the days... Oh, I've so much to tell you and ask you, and I'm feeling so lonely..." And so it ran on.

"Sir, we've read this letter," they told Antoon, "and it tells us exactly what we wanted to know." They wouldn't need the albums any more; he could keep them at home. Their concern had been whether Jan was acting of his own volition or whether he was somehow being coerced into the relationship. Obviously he loved

Antoon; this was a case of complete mutual consent. Since the boy's liberty had not been impaired they saw no reason to interfere. There was only one remaining problem: Jan's parents. Antoon probably ought to have a talk with them. Would he prefer them to accompany him or would he rather go there on his own? "It wasn't we who told them you were 'a homosexual,'" they said. "One of our colleagues did that, unfortunately."

Antoon went alone, and was surprised at how cordially he was received. Jan's mother and father were not so stupid as to think that they could increase Jan's filial love by destroying his love for another man. They didn't consider Antoon a competitor, rather a collaborator in the upbringing of their son. They weren't jealous. Their boy was happy and free, partly due to the influence of his big friend. That was all that was important. The boy could set his own course in these matters!

The police had asked Antoon to report to them the outcome of this meeting. This he did, and they congratulated him. Wouldn't his relationship with the boy be much finer and less anxious now that he didn't have to hide it and fear discovery?

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"You're a lucky man. Jan is a nice kid and he is fortunate in having found a loving friend in you." There was only one further comment they wanted to make. "One day Jan will grow too old to be physically attractive to you any more and you'll be looking for a new boy-friend. When you find him, go to the lad's parents and explain yourself. It will save you a lot of trouble!"

Here, I am afraid, these well-meaning policemen were too optimistic. Many parents would be disgusted, upset or angry if some man whom they had never met before suddenly announced that he was in love with their son and wanted to sleep with him. Jan's parents were wise and broad-minded, but, most important, they had known Antoon for some months and had been able to observe the beneficial effects of the man's influence on their son before they learned of the erotic element in their friendship. How would they have reacted without this preparation?

Antoon didn't make this point to the police officers, but asked them a quite different question. "Six years ago when I was arrested your colleagues treated me as a dirty queer, a dangerous criminal, a child molester. So I couldn't believe my ears when I heard you talking about my friendship with Jan and Mustapha the way

you did. What has happened to you?"

One of the policemen smiled. It seemed that at the police academy they had heard a talk by a member of the Dutch Paedophile Action Group. They had discussed paedophilia with paedophiles. They had read quite a bit about it. "We even went to a meeting of the Action Group. We have learned a lot. And it has changed our minds."

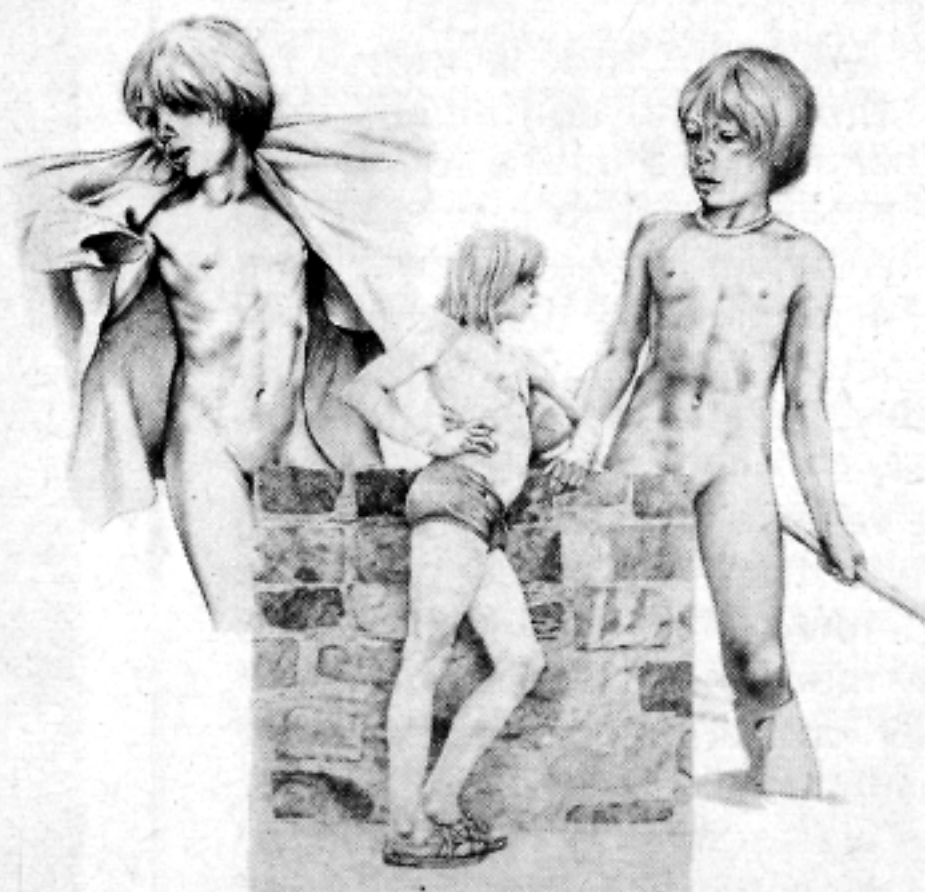
Dear readers, to many of you living in other lands this must sound like a fairy tale, a dream. But I assure you, with my hand upon my heart, that this is not a con-fabulation. It is the simple truth as reported to me by Antoon himself not long after I had received a cry of distress from Mustapha: "Antoon is in trouble with the police!" And I know Antoon to be a very honest man.

But it is more than an encouraging story. The last words of these police officers contain a message to all of us: it is our task to explain boy-love to every authority, to show every thinking and responsible parent what boy-love really means. It is not too complicated, because boy-love simply means loving boys! This we must make clear, to fight sex-negative superstitions, to fight the witch-hunt of our age, so that more couples will be as fortunate as Jan and Antoon.



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THE BATTLE LINE



After three years of "research", and more than a little entrapment, the Illinois Investigating Commission (300 W. Washington St., Suite 414, Chicago, IL 60606) has finally published two of three projected volumes on juvenile prostitution and kiddie porn. *Sexual Exploitation of Children* (Printing Order 18345) and *Child Molestation: The Criminal Justice System* (Printing Order 18823) give a bit of insight both into methods used by "the authorities" to spy on the bedroom activities of paedophiles and the rather more encouraging evolution of public knowledge about commercial teenage sex. In the height of the Great Kiddie-Porn Panic of 1977 the Illinois House of Representatives, shocked by a sensationalistic series of articles in *The Chicago Tribune*, and the televised hearings of the Conyers Sub-Committee in Washington (See PAN 4, page 26), authorized a study "to determine the truth to certain allegations made" on this subject. In the introduction the Commission is careful to dispell a number of myths about man/boy relations. Discussing the findings of a Los Angeles Police Department task force set up in 1976 to study "crimes of these types", the report says, "the relationships established with the offenders seemed, at least at the time, to be the only valid relationships many of the victims ever had. Transcripts...include that final phrase 'his best friend' too often to be mere coincidence." For nearly the first time in official reports it is admitted that most sexual contacts with boys and girls are not violent and are often accompanied by strong feelings of friendship, at least on the part of the youth. The commission also calls attention to the fact that the figure thrown out by Robin Lloyd for the incidence of sexual victimization of

children in the USA (30,000) and subsequently multiplied many times over by such paedophobes as Lloyd Martin and Judianne Densen-Gerber (See PAN 8, page 10), is no more than a hunch. Regarding Lloyd's *For Money or Love* (English title: *Playland*), the Commission comments, "Too much information contained in this unsupported document made its way into the media without interference, creating the probable illusion of young boys prostituting themselves on every street corner of the country." (See PAN 2, page 24)

There are some sensible words, too, about the size of the kiddie-porn industry in the US: "Pornography and other sex-related 'industries' continue to be enor-

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mous operations in this country. However, neither child pornography nor child prostitution has ever represented a significant portion of the industry. Individuals may have made significant amounts of money from their own small child pornography operations, and certainly some pimps have made a good deal of money from individual juvenile prostitutes, but these have not been organized activities. They should not be construed to be significant elements of the very real sex industry which exists in this country."

Soon, however, one sees that the Commission has fallen into a common semantic trap. The adult in any man/boy sexual relationship is invariably a "molester", the youngster a "victim". Unsupported psychological observations also find their way into the text. A "child" is *always* damaged by sexual experience with adults (although he may not know it at the time).

When the Commission begins to describe some of the pathetically few (and weak) publishing attempts of paedophiles in the US its basic sexophobic bias begins to show itself. Discussing something

called *B.S.A.F. Newsletter*, which seems to have been very soft-core indeed, consisting simply of xeroxed copies of boy-actor photos, calendars with dates circled when certain boys were to appear in TV shows, etc., the good congressmen say, "Even a relatively innocent, completely illiterate magazine such as this can have deleterious effects on its audience — or can simply fuel the desires that already exist within that audience."

More doubts arise reading the long chapter on Gerald Richards, then serving two to ten years in a Michigan prison. Richards was the central figure of the seminal "Brother Paul" scandal which helped kick off the Panic of '77, rocketed *Traverse City Record Eagle* gutter journalist Marilyn Wright to fame and fortune and resulted in the suicide of one 18-year-old boy. Numerous sources confirm that Richards is a man of very unstable mental make-up, yet his statements about man/boy sex contacts are set forth as at least partially representative. Since his incarceration Richards seems to have regressed to a state of fundamentalist Christian righteousness which may simply be an attempt to get him "outside" in closer to two years than ten. In order to control these criminal offenses Richards recommends prison treatment reform, castration for "predatory sex-offenders", execution of second offenders in which death or serious injury results and repeal of all statutes which allow "abnormal behaviour".

Unfortunately, as with the CIA, the mere gathering of information was not enough for the Commission; covert operations had to be instituted. One of the fables Gerald Richards had sold to the Michigan authorities years earlier while he was plea-bargaining his "two to ten" was a boys' camp he and some wealthy backer were supposed to have been running. Although as far as anyone knows no scrap of evidence has ever surfaced that such a boys' camp existed anywhere but in Gerald Richards' fantasies, the idea seems to have taken root in the conspiratorial minds of the Illinois investigators. They invented a hoax, the ILIC, Ltd. Summer Camp (for *Like Children* — probably also a pun on *Illinois Investigating Commission*). ILIC placed small ads in such homosexual pub-

lications as *Broad Street Journal* and returned to respondents suggestive form letters which are reproduced here for all to see, together with applications for phoney counseling jobs. ILIC solicited a frank description of sexual tastes (*What age boy do you like? What build? What colour of hair and eyes? What kind of counseling and problem solving do you wish to partake in with the kids?*) Over a hundred paedophiles fell for the hoax, returned indiscreet but honest letters, some of which are also reproduced in these volumes. There was talk of a spring kick-off meeting. Likely prospects were further solicited, stimulated, drawn along with vague promises.

A typical victim was Donald Warren Witt of Chicago. Through correspondence he was drawn into the Commission's web. A meeting was arranged in a motel and Witt brought along what he claimed was his entire porn collection. There was talk of providing Witt with a 13-year-old boy whom he could meet twice a month for the next two years. Needless to say a suitable photo of a handsome 13-year-old was produced in order to hormonally lubricate the ensuing deal: a \$5 sale of some of Witt's porn to the ILIC entrappers. At that point a signal was given, the cops marched in and Witt was arrested. But that wasn't the end of it. According to this report Witt made a deal with the authorities to "co-operate" in their investigation in return for a suspended one-year sentence. Co-operation may or may not have involved fingering other boy-lovers he knew. According to the report, "Witt finally admitted having sex with two young boys provided by an associate of Strait's (Guy Strait, a well-known California photographer of adolescent boys at the time) during the period 1970-1972. The friends of Strait's who had provided the boys were subsequently arrested in California. They were identified as Eugene Leach and Robert Kurtz." The anonymity of Gerald Richards, such as it was, is protected in these reports (he simply appears as "Jerry", without address or photo), but then Richards played faithfully into the hands of the hysteria mongers. One surmises that the Illinois Commission wasn't as pleased with Witt, for not only is his name given, and his

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address, but there is a full-page photo of him taken at the time of his arrest.

This frank description of how the Illinois authorities set about victimizing boy-lovers sends chills down the spine. Americans should keep in mind that police entrapment may be technically illegal but there are a thousand ways of circumventing the entrapment laws which will be tolerated, in paedophile cases, in virtually every court of the land. One should realise that photos, porn magazines, even boys themselves, can be used by the police, the Postal Department and state investigating busy-bodies to stimulate selected paedophile victims to the point where they will almost certainly break some law or other. Once that happens they can be coerced into betraying other boy-lovers, as Ralph Bonnell was blackmailed into betraying George Jacobs in Woods Hole, as Gerald Richards was induced to "cooperate" in order to reduce the length of his sentence, as Donald Warren Witt was made to tell what he knew.

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[p.48, back cover]