

PAN

a magazine about boy~love

NEWS

Paris, London,
Stockholm, Detroit

THE MASTER OF PAUSIAS

a story by Jean Joup

PAN

visits a Dutch
Paedophile home

Loup

TRAVEL

Boy-love in Sweden

BOOKS/BATTLE LINE

The American Witch Hunt
Documented: *Sexual
Exploitation of Children*

number 4

Cover
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See Note
on p.2

N.B.

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

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

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

[p.2, full page photograph deleted]

PAN a magazine about boy-love



Number 4, February, 1980

PAN magazine is published bi-monthly by **SPARTACUS**, P. O. Box 3496, 1001 AG Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Editor in Chief, John D. Stamford; Executive Editor, Frank Torey. It is a serious international non-pornographic English language magazine about homophile paedophilia. PAN does not advocate the violation of any national laws, although it maintains the right to criticize them wherever they suppress the universal right to sexual self-disposal. Opinions expressed in signed articles are those of the writer and not necessarily those of PAN. Editorial, art and photographic contributions should be submitted at the above address at least two months before date of publication and, if not used, will be returned if a self-addressed envelope with appropriate international postal coupons is provided.

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WE NEED YOUR HELP. The world is our arena, but we cannot know what is going on everywhere without the assistance of our readers. News clippings, comments, evaluation of the social climate with respect to paedophilia in every land are most urgently needed if we are to make PAN the best, and most informative, magazine on boy-love ever produced.



IN BRIEF...

PARIS, FRANCE The age of consent for homosexual acts will not be reduced here in the foreseeable future. Although a bill which would have lowered the age to 15 passed the French Senate over a year ago, once it came to the all-powerful National Assembly it encountered rough going. Enemies in the right wing, the gutter press and the Church set about to kill it, not openly but through well-orchestrated scandal (See PAN 1, page 22). The commission appointed by the National Assembly to study and report on the bill was headed by one Jean Foyer, an elderly, arch-conservative Roman Catholic. On 14 November the commission made its report, and dashed all hopes of liberalization.

KREFELD, WEST GERMANY *Rundbrief*, the bi-monthly newsletter of the Deutsche Studien- und Arbeitsgemeinschaft Pädophilie, has been coming out for over a year now and serves the German-speaking Paedophile community very well. News, poetry, drawings, book and film reviews, philosophical and psychological articles, all, of course, in German. 16 pages, often with reprints from other sources. Write: DSAP *Rundbrief* Redaktion, Postfach 3236, D-4150 Krefeld, B.R.D.

WEST GERMANY On Wednesday, October 24th, West German Television broadcast a beautiful one and three-quarter hour drama about a paedophile relationship between an artist and a fifteen-year-old boy. In *Feuerzeichen* (Fire Alarm), produced by Herbert Brödl and Rainer Boldt, sex was delicately but unmistakably suggested in a scene where the boy crawled

out of a double sleeping bag he had obviously been sharing with his adult friend, stripped naked, plunged into a pond and swam out to join the man fishing from a little rowboat. As the boy, Adrian Mendoza was both handsome (before he shaved his head to look like an Indian) and affecting. The ending was sad (the relationship was destroyed by a society which correctly suspected it contained erotic fulfilment), but the message and the moral were beautifully clear: only good would have come out of the friendship if the boy and the man had been left alone.

FLEETWOOD, LANCS., ENGLAND Not all people desert their friends when they are accused of paedophile offenses. When 50-year-old George Rawlinson was sentenced here to 6 years of prison for "indecently assaulting" three fourteen-year-old boys, his neighbours, who knew well of his sexual preference, intervened and wrote on his behalf to the Court of Appeal in London. There Justices Eveleigh, Bristow and McNeill set aside the prison sentence and imposed a two-year probation term. Rawlinson had been "subjected to a great deal of temptation and blackmail," the neighbours said.

SOURCE: *Daily Telegraph*, 8 February, 1980

FT. LAUDERDALE, U.S.A. Americans were given a fascinating glimpse into paedosexual activity in its prisons recently when a 45-year-old Florida escapee told of the violence and death threats directed against him by other prisoners after he testified that inmates had violently raped an 18-year-old prisoner in the

shower. Jim Maslinski said that he had been threatened with death, stabbed, burned and beaten at nearly every stop after the Department of Correction began transferring him from prison to prison subsequent to the trial of the assailants. Most prison officials ignored his pleas for help, and when they did take action they simply put him into solitary confinement cells normally used for trouble-makers. Thus he fled from prison, married and took a job. His freedom only lasted six months, however, and now he is back in jail. At the time of his escape he was serving a two-year sentence for violating probation on a \$35 cheque forgery conviction. It seems that American prison culture is equally violent toward boy-lovers and those prisoners who attempt to interfere with their own boy-sex activities.

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 27 November, 1979

ANTWERP, BELGIUM The Dutch-speaking Studiegroep Pedofilie (Consciencestraat 46, B-2000, Antwerp) has published a 62-page catalogue of the numerous publications and articles on paedophilia, child sexuality and homosexuality in its reference library. Most of the material is in either Dutch or English. Roughly half the collection, or some 465 documents, is devoted to paedophilia and much of it is available on loan or can be photocopied at cost.

NEW YORK, U.S.A. Dr. Mary Steichen Calderone, founder of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., delivered herself of a few succinct comments on the occasion of her 75th birthday celebration at the Sheraton Center: "The facts are that pornography does not produce crime. Lack of it may." Has the American attitude toward sexuality changed over the past decade? Not appreciably. "We're still a sexophobic society, afraid of the wrong things for the wrong reasons."

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 29 November, 1979

MORE ON JINGLE-BELLS JUDY...

NEW YORK, U.S.A. The unfolding scandal of paedophobe "psychiatrist" Judianne Densen-Gerber (See PAN 3, page 27) was taken one step farther in a massive cover story appearing in *New York Magazine* recently. Among the facts unearthed by writer Lucy Komisar: D-G never completed her psychiatric residency nor has she fulfilled the requirements which would have made her eligible for certification by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology; for years government staff investigators and private persons have reported Odyssey House facilities to be filthy, run by an abusive and insensitive staff which promoted, under D-G's direct supervision a "jailhouse atmosphere" of fear and paranoia; D-G expected totally to regulate the patients' sex lives - one investigator discovered a young girl who had been sitting on a folding metal chair for 40 hours because she had broken a "cardinal rule", holding hands with a young man; a \$100,000 damage suit is still pending against Odyssey House when D-G tried to force a young mother to stay by refusing to allow her to take her own child. "I don't need to be liked," D-G herself has said. "I wouldn't say I like people.... I have very little pity, very little compassion, very little sympathy.... I think compassion is destructive." There can be little doubt, now, that Judianne Densen-Gerber is a deeply disturbed woman who, despite the enormous destruction and misery she has caused, deserves our pity. What Americans need to ponder carefully is how this very obvious psychopath was able to befriend such figures as Nelson Rockefeller and Melvin Laird, pass herself off as a psychiatrist when there were ample records proving she wasn't one, milk the government of tens of millions of dollars to support a regal, jet-set way of life and launch a phony crusade against paedophilia, a phenomenon neither she nor her staff had studied or even read about.

SOURCE: *New York Magazine*, 19 November, 1979

NIJMEGEN, NETHERLANDS The Catholic University of Nijmegen has accepted a Doctoral thesis entitled *Paedosexual Contacts and Paedophile Relations*, written by a young psychologist, Theo Sandfort. The thesis is published by the Netherlands Institute for Social Sexuological Research (Dijnselburgerlaan 1, Zeist. In Dutch. 20 guilders.) Dr. Sandfort studies in detail ten paedophile relationships and finds that in *all* of them both the man and the child benefit substantially. Two weaknesses of the thesis are that the feelings of the child are described only by the adult partners and not by the children themselves, and one cannot help suspecting that the relationships studied are somewhat pre-selected to put paedophilia in a good light - there are, as in all interactions between children and adults, bad contacts and unhappy relationships, and, to present a really unbiased picture, those should be studied, too. Since last spring, when the thesis was accepted, Dr. Sandfort has completed a pilot study on five boys between the ages of 11 and 14 entitled *The Experience World of Children in Paedophile Relationships* (In Dutch, available from the author at Brakkensteinweg 19, 6526 RN Nijmegen). In it he attempts to remedy the first of these weaknesses through direct interviews with the children; he has them evaluate certain aspects of their experience worlds, such as home, school, friend, the older partner, sex with the older partner, etc. and the results can be, and are, tabulated and statistically analysed. Dr. Sandfort is hoping for grants which will enable him to extend his pilot study to 100 Dutch boys and girls.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN The Supreme Court here recently refused to extradite to the USA a Kentucky physician who jumped bail and fled to Uppsala after being convicted of sex offences "against young males" and sentenced to 59 years in prison. The lengthy sentence and the inhuman conditions of American prisons were given as reasons for the refusal to extradite. According to Alvin Bronstein, Director of the NPP for the American Civil

Liberties Union, this is the first time that a foreign nation has refused to extradite a person to the US in a non-political case because of American prison conditions.

SOURCE: *The Hapotec Collective*, Amsterdam

BALTIMORE, U. S. A. The third conference by the North American Man/Boy Love Association was held here on 13 October in the World Trading Center. The Baltimore Gay Alliance was host later to a dance. About 75 men and boys from 20 states and Canada attended (by invitation only). Dr. Thomas Reeves of the Boston/Boise Committee opened the conference with a talk on "Ethics of Man/Boy Relationships", staking out a much more radical position with respect to contemporary society than have such previous commentators as Den Nichols, whom he criticised for attempting to help youths adjust to American life as it is. "The core of our identity must be unashamed love of boys *as* boys," Reeves said. "The authentic boy-love identity is not apologetic, does not view sex as temptation, and does not see the need for therapy or 'help' of any kind to reform or modify his sexuality. Love of boys as they are rules out any attempt to mould boys into what society expects of 'adults', and certainly not into 'normal' heterosexual men." In other action, the group established a Defense Fund to be used helping men and boys arrested for non-coercive sex and voted to select the case of Richard Peluso, now serving a life sentence for sex with a minor in Massachusetts, for its first effort. The next day, Sunday, 14 October, 50 men and boys marched under the NAMBLA banner in the gay march on Washington.

WOODS HOLE, U.S.A. George W. Jacobs, a 53-year-old Woods Hole, Massachusetts man, was one of the latest victims of infamous Los Angeles cop Lloyd Martin (See BOOKS/BATTLE LINE). Jacobs was arrested on 13 September for possession of pornographic slides and prints involving children and for various sexual offenses against minors.

When the police raided his house they seized some 90,000 photos and a mailing list of 178 clients around the US to whom he was offering this material for sale. As a result, six other arrests followed in rapid order, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and California and many other boy-lovers are reporting visits by the local police to ask if they knew Jacobs, "belonged to" Better Life (a now-defunct boy-love organization), etc. Although the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts stated that it opposes distributing Jacobs's list to local police departments there is no doubt that this distribution has taken place and that the FBI, the postal authorities and many, many local police departments are cooperating with enormous energy and zeal to track down and destroy America's boy-lovers. The Jacobs arrest was set up by Los Angeles television repairman Ralph Bonnell. A

boy-lover himself with a criminal record for paedophile contacts, Bonnell was blackmailed by Detective (now Captain) Martin into making contact with Jacobs, casing the premises on a visit and then telling all. On 22 January Jacobs pleaded guilty to various charges and received a curious sentence. He forfeited some \$50,000 of money and equipment and was ordered to serve a theoretical 20 years in prison which will turn out to be an actual 14 months (unless the psychiatrists determine that he is a "Sexually Dangerous Person", in which case he could be incarcerated in a state hospital for life). After the sentencing, Judge Augustus Wagner called Jacobs to the bench and lectured him, "You are a despicable, vile creature, a disgrace to the human race. This conduct is worse than murder." Judge Wagner, who is only 37, seems to be more familiar with the

REVERE AND ALL THAT

BOSTON, U.S.A. The bad odour from the 1977 Revere scandal and witch hunt continues to cause the Boston "Irish Mafia" police and politicians embarrassment. Courts in both New York and Maryland have refused to extradite some of the accused because they "will not receive a fair and impartial trial," in the words of Baltimore City Court Judge Allen. He was referring primarily to the sloppy and vindictive indictment drawn up by former DA Garret Byrne. The actual trials, once they got under way, mostly resulted in suspended sentences for the defendants. Roger E. Spear, a 46-year-old millionaire, won an outright dismissal, but is now officially a "suspect" by the police for the murder of a 20-year-old man. Spear has started a two-million dollar civil rights suit against the law enforcement officials for harassment and attempts to frame him. Gay journalist David Brill, who was reporting on the murder and some of the seamy policemen investigating it, died mysteriously recently of cyanide poisoning.

None of this has deterred the American College of Trial Attorneys, however, from

giving Boston lawyer Robert W. Mesvere the "Award for Courageous Advocacy" at its recent meeting in Dallas, Texas. Mesvere was the prosecutor at the "misconduct" trial of Massachusetts Superior Court Chief Justice Robert Bonin after he attended a speech by novelist Gore Vidal on the Revere Affair. The trial resulted in Bonin's resignation. A former president of the American Bar Association, Mesvere has been an outspoken opponent of rights for gays. ("I remember when we used to call them fairies," he commented during the Bonin trial.) The award read, "Your demeanor and fairness in a matter to you distasteful, the brilliance of your examinations and in a summation that will endure while the advocacy system lives, you demonstrated to the profession, and - more important - to the public that honor is the foundation and decency is the touchstone of our legal system, and conduct that is anything less is not to be tolerated in the judiciary."

SOURCES: *Gay Community News*, 15 September, 10 October and 10 November, 1979

Gospel according to Captain Lloyd Martin than he is with the psychology of children, or even the Canons of Judicial Ethics.

SOURCES: *Boston Globe*, 14 September, 1979; *Gay Community News*, 6 October, 1979

GHENT, BELGIUM When the Delft Comedy tried to take their paedophile musical review *Would You Like a Piece of Candy* (See PAN 2, page 8) to this city in early December, Socialist Municipal Magistrate of Culture, Piet van Eeckhout forbade them the use of a city auditorium. Mr. van Eeckhout is a founding member of something called "Gent Committee for Free Expression of Thought". "We are opposed to all forms of censorship," he said, then added "but there are limits. Besides, refusing a performance hall is not necessarily a form of censorship." Mr. van Eeckhout also said, "Homosexuality is a misdemeanour, and should remain one. We are absolutely not going to promote it!" The resulting scandal gained *Candy* players a better auditorium at the University of Ghent...and a packed house for the performance.

COPENHAGEN A new law forbidding the manufacture and sale of visual juvenile pornography goes into effect in Denmark on 1 April, 1980. The age of consent for models is 14 and the test, apparently, will be whether or not there is pubic hair. COQ, largest Danish supplier of such material, is presently holding a clearance sale and has placed all its originals with Hygron Nederland (Abr. v. Beyerenstraat 23, Rotterdam, Netherlands). In Holland it is still possible to distribute kiddie-porn. In nearby Sweden a similar law outlawing visual juvenile porn took effect the first day of this year.

DETROIT, U.S.A. It has been a bad autumn for professional paedophobes. Soon after the Densen-Gerber revelations in New York, Genesee County, Michigan, prosecutor Robert F. Leonard, former president of the National District Attorneys Association and star witness at the

televised Conyers Crime Subcommittee hearing on "sexual abuse of children" in 1977 (See BOOKS), was convicted of embezzling over \$100,000 of federal funds. The money was supposed to have been used to pay informants in organized crime and narcotics cases but instead was directed toward purchasing his \$157,000 home on Monterey Peninsula, California. Mr. Leonard is appealing.

SOURCE: *New York Times*, 24 November, 1979

LONDON, ENGLAND A Home Office report which recommends a slight easing of laws on obscenity and pornography is causing considerable embarrassment to the Thatcher government. Commissioned by the previous Labour government, it recommends licensing of porno films and the legalized sale, in certain establishments, of all visual pornography except S&M and child sex. But Conservative Home Secretary Whitelaw has pledged his administration to make a stand against "those who seek to undermine the moral standards upon which the vast majority of our people believe our society and family life depend", and Professor Bernard Williams, who chaired the committee which wrote the report, is "a non-Christian humanist". According to critics he was thus not the right man for the job.

NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. The Human Services Department here has been placing problem homosexual teenagers in gay foster homes for the last four years. "Some heterosexual foster parents just can't deal with the kinds of problems these kids have, and some of these kids don't function well with other kids in the foster families," said Anne Burns, spokesperson for the Department. "They are good foster parents. They take care of these kids as though they were their own." She said the teenagers seem to be adjusting well and that the Department has ceased having trouble with them. The homes give them "a kind of supportive atmosphere that helps them deal with their problems and their homosexuality."

Opposition, however, has come from

the Archdiocese of New York. "From a moral position it's just fostering and perpetuating an unhealthy, immoral situation," said Archdiocese spokesman, the Rev. Kenneth Jadoff. "It seems that the State of New Jersey has given up on any rehabilitation of homosexual teenagers."

SOURCE: *New York Post*, 27 November, 1980

LONDON, ENGLAND The government's case against Paedophile Information Exchange for "conspiracy to corrupt public morals" rolls ponderously on. The prosecution's evidence was received by the defence attorneys on November 14. A five-day committal hearing ended on 12 February and the case will go to trial, probably next year, in the Old Bailey. Ex-treasurer, David Grove (75) has had two operations on throat cancer and is presently undergoing cobalt treatment. His doctor and solicitor are trying to get the charges against him dropped on medical grounds. Maximum sentence could be life in prison. Due to reporting restrictions, we cannot give further details at this time. Contributions to the PIE Defence Fund can be made to P.O. Box 318, London SE3 8QD.

PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. Republican State Representative David S. Hayes (37) was arrested here on 17 December and charged with anal and oral intercourse with a 17-year-old boy. If convicted he could go to prison for up to 45 years. It seems the boy "complained", but whether he did this on his own or after police grilling was not revealed. In any case Mr. Hayes is unlikely to find much support from fellow gays and paedophiles: his was one of the innumerable government voices raised in protest recently when Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh proclaimed Gay Pride Week.

SOURCE: *Gay Community News*, 1 December, 1980

TORONTO, CANADA Two years ago *The Body Politic*, a Canadian gay magazine, carried an article called "Men Loving Boys

***Hannon**

"Loving Men" in which writer Gerald Hanon seriously examined three paedophile relationships. A month later homophobic columnist Claire Hoy attacked the story in the *Toronto Sun* and within the week, right on cue, the police raided the magazine office and confiscated 12 boxes of "evidence", including the subscription list. *The Body Politic* was brought to trial one year later. None of the confiscated material was used by the prosecutor who instead relied upon general anti-homosexual and anti-paedophile diatribes by people like Evangelist Ken Campbell well known for their seething hatred of "deviates". The government lost; on 14 February Judge Sydney Harris dismissed the charges, but the whole affair cost the largely non-profit publication and its supporters some \$30,000. Now Ontario Attorney-General Ray McMurtrey has appealed the decision following a concerted campaign by a group of Christian fundamentalists. *The Body Politic* is again asking for donations (The Body Politic Free The Press Fund, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X9).

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

*ITHACA

* **ITHICA, NY, U.S.A.** Jacqueline Livingston, one-time Assistant Professor in the Art And Architecture Department of Cornell University, has found herself in a load of trouble since publishing some posters depicting the naked male body and especially photos of her 6-year-old son playing with his genitals. She was fired from her job by the university (which suddenly found her performance "unsatisfactory") and is now under investigation by the Tompkins County Department of Social Services for "child abuse". It seems the county agency was talked into starting the case by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which wants Ms. Livingston prosecuted under New York State's new Child Pornography Law (See PAN 1, Page 7). The boy, "Sturdy Sam", as one of our correspondents calls him, has a different view. "Don't you think it would be really cruel," he asked his mother, "if they came and arrested you and we were separated?"

SOURCE: *Village Voice*, 8 & 29 October, 1979

LONDON, ENGLAND An Eltham scout-master received "only" a 9-month prison sentence for sexually "assaulting" three boys in his troop at a summer camp because, as Deputy Circuit Judge G. Bathurst-Norman said, "the men convicted of such an offence receive a harder time in prison". For 32-year-old Ian Hounscome, the hard time seems already to have started. Before his arrest, Hounscome was truly assaulted by one of the boys' parents, and hurt so severely that he had to receive treatment for his injuries. No charges, of course, are being pressed against the violent father.

SOURCE: *Kentish Independent*, 8 November, 1979

EL FERROL, SPAIN A Spanish soldier, one Hilario Aguire Rojas, was sentenced to 27 years in prison for sexual contact with two boys, 10 and 11 year old, and several girls of 9, 10 and 11 - and insulting the military honour. He was also fined 800,000 pesetas.

SOURCE: *La Vanguardia*, 20 November, 1979

[THE MASTER OF PAUSIAS]

THE MASTER

by Jean Loup

CLARITY, MYSTERY, ENCHANTMENT - impressions which well out of one's primordial awareness when first entering the world of Pausias, Galaxy M38 Centarius....

How should I describe this planet at the end of the Universe - in poetry or through the abstract elegance of space mathematics? No matter: here the two are fabulously interwoven - the passions with the concrete. Thus the love of a real man (long forgotten, presumed dead) with a child of dreams....

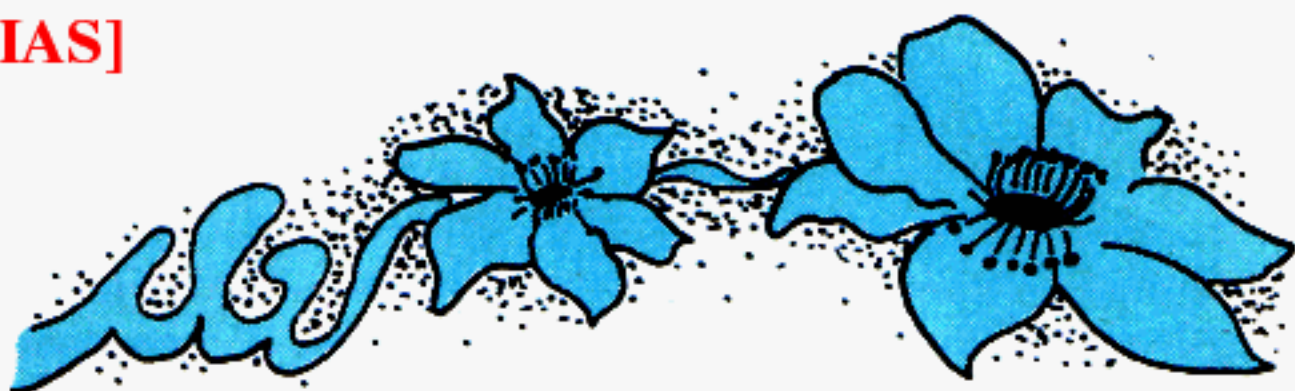
There what is seen, touched, breathed is transfigured by the most tender plays of imagination, ignited with the spark of the Magi. The mind is drawn like the wind through vast mountain forests to enchanted clearings and allowed to linger there over feasts for all the senses....

Who but I can bear witness to this world? Only I have set foot on Pausias.

I AM DISPATCHING my space ship to track automatically negative vector 58 ZM 08 (spiral space dynamic) in the hope that this message will be intercepted and believed. In so doing I am following, if you will, the customs of another era, when shipwrecked mariners on Sun-planet Earth confided their plight to a note and sealed it in a bottle and set both upon the waters of Earth-ocean in the hope of being rescued. In my case, however, the message is one of good cheer, telling of my happiness and saying that I have no need of rescue, nor use for it.

It is impossible to describe this happiness: it is very much a personal matter and cannot in its particulars be a model for another man. Yet I feel a very moral need to communicate my great good fortune so all this can enter the retained consciousness of our species. Knowing that Pausias is indestructible I can safely tell of the Being who is the source of my ecstasy.

OF PAUSIAS



He is a young boy: let me call him, for the present, "The Prince of the Universe". My happiness, paradoxically, was born of some major troubles I experienced an indeterminable time ago aboard this very space craft....

LET ME RECALL the state of our knowledge in the year 22, Second Cycle, in the event that this message travels an immense span of time before it is intercepted.

It had long been known that in the Galaxy M39 Centarius there was a star nearly identical to the Sun with a similar planetary system. It was also known that one of these planets had a suitable environment for human life. But it had always been impossible to make a landing upon it. Approaching space craft encountered a sort of magnetic barrier which did not permit them to advance any farther.

Yet this planet appeared to be a paradise, a magnificent place with enchanted lakes, lush and flower-decked vegetation, great seas, a marvellous climate. Why it remained so inaccessible was one of the great riddles of the Universe. It was baptised Pausias, in honour of the ancient Greek painter of delicate scenes of temple dwellings, floral motifs in which danced the little Eros, the musical Eros, Eros mounted on chariots - scenes which enchanted the art lovers of Hellenic times and which, millenia later, inspired our own spaciographs.

I was piloting a cargo liner toward several of the colonised planets of M39 Centarius - Valerius, Esmerald, Conglomer - when one day my power generator failed; I knew I must soon reach a base able to handle emergencies. But the planet closest to me was Pausias and I was faced with the unhappy choice of either attempting some sort of landing upon it or following my present trajectory endlessly and eternally through interstel-

lar space.

I let my cruising speed decay and the craft lodged gently into the expected magnetic cushion. We glided to a stop upon this invisible surface, a glare-ice skating rink of some incomprehensible force field. 2,000 kilometres beneath me the lovely surface of Pausias slowly turned. And there for days I sat, immobilised, transmitting call after call of distress on all my frequencies but knowing that the impulses which carried them were dying out a mere million kilometres away, reaching the ears of no one.

It was then that I decided to dictate a record of my life and present misadventures. I alternated the recording of these thoughts with continuing and weakening calls for help.

That is how I occupied my time, praying, but without much hope, that I would somehow not be abandoned to the lonely death all intergalactic vagabonds most dread. My cargo, a thousand tons of fulminium, enough to supply the energy requirements of most of the space craft in the Universe, was infuriating in its present uselessness.

THE OXIDE REDUCER began to fail. Panting, in a high voice, I started dictating, through the fever which was beginning to kill me, my record of what I felt was essential in my life, the fire of my loves. Beatific images surged through my dimming consciousness. I saw again the two magnificent children (a boy and a girl) I had once had by a noble and generous woman. Especially I saw the face of my most beloved, a young boy named Qoor who drowned one day accidentally upon Earth...and sent me on my lonely career of space pilotage - it is well that our Organization finds use for damaged souls.

Despair...euphoria...death, that of old and the one now approaching...the last



limits of perception, insane warmth, the recapture of joys shared with a divine, spontaneous, intelligent child...

I was about to die, sweetly, in final resignation, when I realised that something extraordinary was taking place. My space craft had changed course; the deadly monotony of its orbit was interrupted. I glanced at my altimeter: yes, we were descending slowly toward the surface of Pausias. We had lost 300 kilometres while I was unburdening my soul.

What had happened to the barrier? Had the force field finally yielded to the persistent pressure of my ship?

Could it be that I was fated to live, or even live through death, on this idyllic planet? The joy which surged through my veins (like new blood flowing) displaced all fears of landing on an unknown terrain.

WE CAME GENTLY to rest and I stepped out into a small glade surrounded by deep green shrubbery and flowers which cast into the soft atmosphere a perfume of strange delight. Then came a vision which nearly stopped my heart: a child, beautiful beyond description, appeared from the forest. At first I thought he must be part of the narcosis of the air I breathed. But no - I pinched myself - he was alive and real, a young adolescent, a boy with golden hair and a body clad only in harmony. He was 12, 13, 14 - I couldn't really tell. His eyes, two sparkling and limpid

diamonds, looked at me with infinite goodwill and sweetness.

He took my hand and squeezed it gently and I was filled with a wild, delicious confusion. "I know what you are feeling," he said, in the language and accent of my people. "I think we love each other."

I realised then that I was saved, although there was much I could not comprehend. His speech (more melody than voice) found deep resonance in my own memory traces. It confused me and filled me with comfort. How could this boy see so deeply into my soul and supplant my thoughts with his own? Tears rolled down my cheeks and spilled onto my chest like so many playing insects. As I came to myself again I had the sense of being deliberately chosen....

"I know of your torment, your loneliness," the gentle boy continued. "I have heard your recorded message and understood it. It was I who willed that you come."

There was so much that I wanted to ask but didn't dare, because I wasn't willing to risk breaking the dream I found myself living. It was all I could do to ask him why he had allowed me, and no others, to visit Pausias.

"Because you need me," he said, then added after a long pause, "and I need you."

I knew then my future. As I became conscious of the love I felt for the little master, for the young prince of this planet, I knew that I would forevermore live with him among these serene orchards, these pastures, forests inundated with musical light, where golden waves break in the air, where nothing ends and decays but the torments of man, where in a profusion of leaf and petal (greens, turquoise, ochre, the greys and purples of distance climbing into the immaculate azure of the Pausanian sky) love takes up residence in the tender flesh and spirit of a young boy, there where that boy has his home.

What a quest it had been. It had led me away from our conventional worlds - barren fields of bitterness - out past the meteorites along intergalactic vectors into

the vastness of space. I saw now how necessary the risks had been, and how great the reward. I beg you, unknown souls listening to this electronic trace of my pilgrimage, to see beyond your known world, into your private hearts, to follow me, drinking in the hypnotic scents of the flowers of Pausias, along the footpath leading to the home of its Master.

I LISTENED THERE without end to his gentle voice, soft as the breeze in our orchards. He whispered to me such simple things: "Relinquish your burdens.... Give your heart and your time.... Sow peace about you." Slowly we dismembered my life; we plunged back and back, toward that sunny afternoon on another world... the lake, the boat, the floating oar....

"Why," I asked one day, when we had long become accustomed to one another, "why was it you alone who inhabited this planet? Why have you so fiercely guarded it, and what is its secret?"

"The powers which so astonish you I simply cannot describe," he sang to me sweetly. "As for my solitude, it has always been with me, yet I knew that I was somehow tied to another being, the only one who could interrupt and disturb the patterns of my existence. Then you came. I heard your message and, of course, I knew...."

I felt vaguely unworthy of all this beauty, this happiness, but I was quickly becoming accustomed to it. What we did on Pausias, I and my gentle master, was

love. We loved with the heart, with the blood, with the flesh. I came to know the deepest recesses of beauty...and of myself. For now I can reveal the greatest miracle of all, the name of my lover, my master, my gentle prince. I learned it just the other day. It is Qoor.

I am only a man and I cannot understand the mechanics of this transfer of existence. It matters little. What *is* important is that I carry my message of hope back home to those troubled worlds from which I came, and to do that I risk the loss of everything.

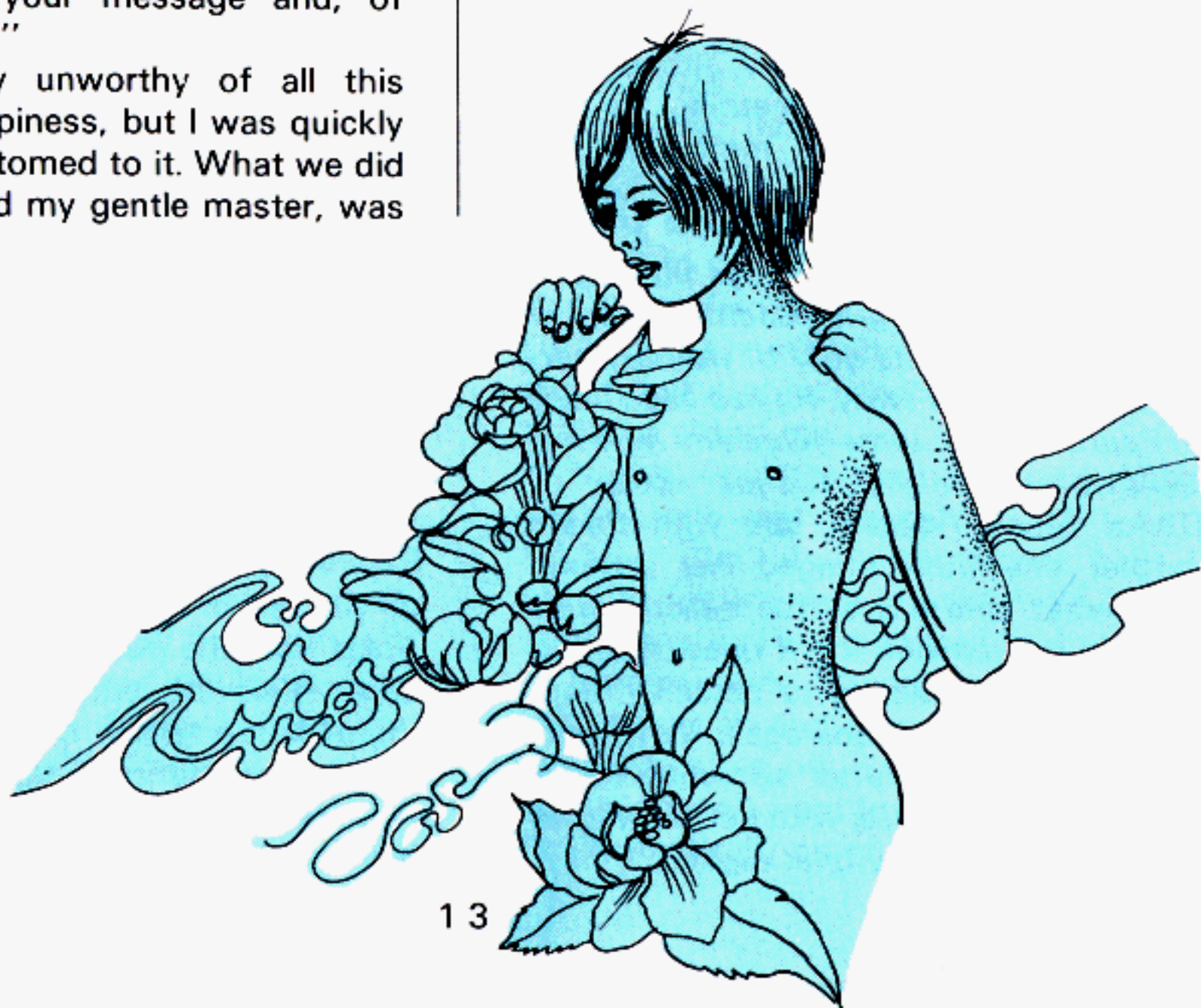
LEAVING, STEPPING into my space craft, I kissed the lips of my young Master of Pausias.

"Qoor, I love you. I love you Qoor."

"I love you," he replied. "I love you, now and for eternity."

ONE DAY on trajectory 58 ZM 08 (spiral dynamic space) a shipwrecked fulminium space transport was encountered. In it was the dead body of its sole pilot and, beside him, instructions to listen to a long recorded message....

The existence of a small house on the magnificent but still inaccessible planet of Pausias has been confirmed. It seems to be inhabited by two people...



THE HOUSE THAT PAUL BUILT

PAN visits a Dutch paedophile Household

with the cooperation of Wm. Barns

Paul's flat is in a older district of Amsterdam, just outside the canal-girdled, Golden Age Centrum. At the street entrance we ring the bell and a moment later the door opens mysteriously, the latch having been tripped by a rope running up the stair well through an ingenious network of steel eyes. We climb beside it to the third floor and come into a small, tidy livingroom. The usual TV and stereo, but also books, pictures, plants. It is cosy here. Soft carpets on the floor which invite sprawling. In fact two boys are stretched out there when Paul greets us at the door. Paul is 37, dark brown hair, quiet, serious, gentle. He offers us coffee and we greet his young friends.

PAN Paul, you are homophile, paedophile?

PAUL Paedophile.

PAN Are you interested in girls as well as boys?

PAUL No, not at all.

PAN When did you realise you were a boy-lover?

PAUL Well, I was in kindergarten when I had my first sex experience. But I don't remember saying to myself then "Hey, boys are nicer than girls." I was 16 or 17 before I was aware of that. I ran around with younger boys. I liked that better.

PAN Did you ever go with girls?

PAUL Sometimes, when I was younger, because I was supposed to.

PAN What was the reaction of your parents to your paedophilia?

PAUL My father never knew, although he may have suspected something. He has since passed away. My mother knows now and she accepts it, but it still troubles her.

At this point one of the boys interrupts. Daan is a strikingly handsome youth of 18 now serving his year of military service in the Dutch army. He has been living in Paul's flat for some years and now has his own room in the attic just above.

DAAN Since I had a talk with Paul's mother she has changed her attitude somewhat. She has a little beach house and we visited her there once and she was always mumbling to herself, "Here comes that difficult boy again. Why does Paul have to look after someone else's child?" So I had a talk with her. Now I can come to dinner, stay over night...

PAUL That's because she has known you longer.

PAN You have brothers and sisters?

PAUL Two sisters, and a brother who is paedophile.

PAN That must have been a help.

PAUL Well, when we were boys we never talked about it, although we both knew after we discovered we were going to bed with the same boy. And then my brother got into trouble with the police over a kid - this was fifteen years ago - and we had a family conference. My two sisters said, "Now what is really going on?" And then it all came out. After that things were a lot easier in my family. My brother didn't go to jail, incidentally.

PAN Have *you* ever had trouble with the police?

PAUL One time. I was with a boy and I got three months in prison. That was in August, 1973.

PAN If it happened now do you think you would get three months?

PAUL No. Well, it depends. If I attacked a kid or something I would certainly be punished, but here in Amsterdam if the boy himself wanted the sex nothing would happen. Absolutely nothing. And then, too, the parents would have to make a complaint.

PAN What do you like about boys? What do you find in boys you don't find in girls? Aside from the pleasure of sex, of course. What kind of additional fulfilment is there? Is it a father role?

PAUL *(Paul searches his mind, obviously at a loss to find an easy answer to this.)* Boys are just very attractive to me. But

there is much, much more than sex. There is mental contact. In all our years together I think Daan only went down on me three times. He knows I like that most of all, but I never pushed it. We made love, we held each other, we caressed each other. And, of course, masturbated each other. I suppose it's the whole business of bringing up a child. But there are a lot of problems. PAN What sort of problems?

PAUL You have to come to terms with their age, put yourself in their place. They are 13, 14, 15. Their world is completely different from my world. They have their own music and they love it, but I like another kind of music.

PAN And their games....

PAUL Yes, flipper machines, and driving. There aren't many fathers that allow their sons to drive in their cars; maybe they let them steer a little, but that's all.

PAN We know someone who likes to drive....

That someone is Peter, who is sprawled in an easy chair, now, one lanky blue-jeaned leg flung over the arm. Peter has just turned fourteen; he is blond, blue-eyed, good looking. When he talks his voice cracks unpredictably between treble and the deeper tones of adolescence. He has that combined air of defiance and shyness one often sees in children who have lived for a long time in institutions.

PETER When I was thirteen I was already driving Paul's car.

PAUL I probably carry it too far. Sometimes I let them do too much. But Peter loves to drive. Some boys just aren't interested - they would rather go to the library and read, or see five films in a week.

PAN What kind of boys do you like the most?

PAUL Home-loving boys.

PAN All with problems?

PAUL Well, if they come from an ideal home they don't need you, do they? Oh, yes, such kids might come by just for the sex, but you won't have long-term relationships with them because they find their love at home. But boys who don't find the love they need at home may be looking for sex, sure, but for something

else, too. So when they come into my house and see how different things are they say to themselves, "I'd like to be part of this." And they come back.

PAN Many people will say that this talk about love is all very fine, but the adult always has the upper hand - he is more clever than the child and can manipulate him, make him feel guilty if he refuses intimacies, and the adult can do this a lot easier if the child comes from a bad home. Really the child is just being used to satisfy the lusts of the boy-lover.

PAUL Well, that is nonsense. The paedophile has a lot more trouble than the child ever does. Take Peter. I've had many problems with him, and I know I will have more. But you still want to go ahead. And not just for the sex. That's *part* of the whole relationship, an important part, of course. But you can't have sex with a boy all day long.

PAN Daan, how long have you been Paul's friend?

DAAN Five years or so.

PAN And this is your home?

DAAN Of course. I've been permanently living here two and a half years.

PAN And you didn't become homophile?

DAAN No. I'm one hundred percent heterosexual. I'm only interested in girls.

PAN But, before, you did make love with Paul. You got pleasure out of that, didn't you? You never did it against your will.

DAAN Well, I did everything, but...it wasn't a big thrill for me. I was only fifteen, fourteen....

PAN All kids that age fool around. It has nothing to do with adult homosexuality. You didn't find it dirty or anything?

DAAN No, I never felt that way. I guess I didn't find it objectionable because I felt that Paul loved me.

PAN You would rather have been doing the sex with a girl, though.

DAAN I don't really remember how I thought about it then. I once left Paul for a while because I had a girl and I didn't want to have sex with him any more. Now the idea of me having homosexual relations really turns me off. Paul likes my girl Elli but he doesn't want to go to bed with her. I'm fantastically close to Paul, but I don't

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See Note on p.2**

want to go to bed with him. Everyone has his own tastes and I'm not against them.
PAN Most boys who have contacts like this are, or become, heterosexual.

DAAN Or have always been.

PAN Well, better than most people in this world. Daan, you have some idea of how paedophiles behave with boys. If you had a little son, 12 or 13, say, and Paul took a fancy to him, would you want to punch Paul in the face or would you permit the relationship?

DAAN I've thought about that a lot and it's a very difficult question. There are circumstances where I would definitely forbid it.

PAN But we're talking about Paul. A relationship with Paul.

DAAN There I would have absolutely no objections, because Paul is always good to people. That's how I feel now. Of course, I don't know how I'll feel in fifteen, twenty years.

PAN You're not afraid this kind of sexual gratification is bad for a boy?

DAAN Of course not.

PAN And you don't think that paedophiles should be shot or castrated?

DAAN Absolutely not. Boy-lovers do more for you than a normal father does. I know typical family situations where the father regularly beats his children. That would never happen here. Peter and I would have to be really terrible before Paul ever thought of hitting one of us.

PAN What difference is there between a normal father and a paedophile? What does a boy find here that he doesn't find at home?

DAAN I suppose you could say that the

paedophile is both father and mother. You can talk about everything with him. And he does so much more for you - he shops for you, washes up, cooks. Now, I have a father and mother, but they are divorced. I didn't get much love at home. That's why I came to Paul. Here I can go to the fridge whenever I want. I can play my records. A paedophile has more to give than a father. He has time to talk with you. If you feel someone loves you, you automatically start talking. I have no secrets at all from Paul now. I could talk a little to my father and mother, but my father was the sort of person that if you came home five minutes late at night you would have to go early to bed without supper for four weeks.

PAN If you are one hundred percent heterophile, don't you find it difficult living in this house?

DAAN You can be around boy-lovers without wanting to go to bed with them.

PAN The idea of sex with a man like Paul doesn't appeal to you at all, does it?

DAAN Well, it just seems boring to me. *(To Paul)* I'm sorry to be saying this. But

all my things are here, I've been here, really, five years, I know every nook and cranny of the house, so why should I let this one small sex aspect spoil the rest of it?

This is *my* home, too. And I've gotten to know a great many people, homophiles, transvestites, who are different from me. I understand them. They didn't make themselves. I mean, one person loves this kind of a person and another loves that kind of a person. I have no trouble respecting them. On the whole I think you're better off with a homophile boy-lover than with the average father. The boy-lover can understand better how you feel, he can identify better with you. A father always has to be the boss.

PAN Peter, you're now a member of the family, too. When did you meet Paul?

PETER It was around September of last year.

PAN How did it happen?

PETER I had a friend, Freek, and on Saturday he dropped by and he said, "Come on and let's go to the shopping centre," so I said I'd go along.

PAN Did you know what was maybe going to happen?

PETER I felt it. I had already been with men.

PAN You have a mother and father?

PETER Yes, but I'd been living in boy's homes since I was two years old.

PAN When was your first contact with a boy-lover?

PETER I was eight or nine. It was vacation and I went with my brother to a café and there was a man at the bar and he started buying me stuff, biscuits and candy and drinks and chips, and the man said, "Could you come to my house Sunday afternoon?" He didn't live too far away and I went there and it happened.

PAN He liked you, didn't he?

PETER *(He smiles, a little embarrassed.)* He thought I was a nice boy.

PAN Didn't you think it was strange that he liked a little boy of eight or nine so much? Or did you think it was nice?

PETER Yes, I liked it.

PAN Was that a long-term relationship? Did you go to live with the man?

PETER No. I was in a boy's home. There was always a lot of trouble at my father's home. We had fights. I had a step mother. This man tried to talk with my parents.

PAN He was nice to you?

PETER Yes.

PAN How long did that go on? Was he the only man you went with?

PETER At first. And after him I got to know Jan and Harry. I met all of them in Cafés.

PAN And you got pleasure out of the sex?

PETER Yes, I did. Yes.

PAN You've had a lot of experience, haven't you? Did you do it for money or for pleasure, or a combination?

PETER Money. *(He isn't being entirely serious.)*

PAN Didn't it matter that the man was kind to you?

PETER No, it was just for money *(Laughs.)* Or maybe he'd let me drive his car.

PAN You never did it when you didn't want to do it?

PETER No. Never.

PAN And that went on until you were almost fourteen years old?

PETER Until I came here. That day with Freek it was all over.

PAN You can no longer go with other men?

PETER I had to choose, to live here with Paul and not go with other guys, or go with other guys and not stay with Paul.

PAN Was it a hard choice to make?

PETER No. *(A sly smile.)* I'm over it now. *(We all laugh.)*

PAN And no other man offered to take you in?

PETER No.

PAN What do you like, sexually - boys, girls, men, women?

PETER I don't know.

PAN What do you think about, when you're alone in bed, say, and enjoying your sexuality?

PETER Well, if I've just seen a nice boy walking around I think of him.

PAN Girls, women?

PETER Never women. Boys the most.

PAUL A few times he has said to me, on the street, "There goes a nice girl," but it's always a boyish-looking girl. Or an Indonesian girl, with darker skin. She has to be young.

PAN When you began to masturbate,

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See Note on p.2**

how old were you?

PETER Ten.

PAN What did you think about then?

PETER A nice looking boy in the children's home.

PAN Did you have friends you made sex with there?

PETER Yes.

PAN But you didn't like the children's homes, did you? How many homes have you been in?

PETER I've lost track. I only remember the last four.

PAUL He's been in homes all over The

Netherlands. They couldn't handle him anywhere. He kept running away.

PETER They were always hitting me.

PAN Really hitting you?

PETER Well, they knocked me around. And I was always making a mess.

PAN Were you really that bad?

PETER I was awful. Like everyone is sometimes.

PAUL He can be very annoying.

PAN Did you get on well with the other boys there?

PETER No, not well. I didn't have many friends.

[this text continues on p.19 in the un-coloured area of the page]

TWO OTHER PAEDOPHILE ARRANGEMENTS

One which worked...

Cees lives in a small walk-up flat on the 6th floor of a working class apartment building just outside the centre of an industrial Rhine river town. With him lives Nico (15), Gijs (14), Wim (14) and Toon (12). Thierry (13), who lives next door, is also in the flat most of his free time. Cees is in his young thirties and has had a spotty career, including a few months in prison for sexual contact with a boy. Despite this episode he has been appointed guardian of both Nico and Gijs by the children's judges in the boys' home towns. The government is giving him a monthly allowance for the youngsters' maintenance. At present he is fighting to become guardian of Wim and Toon, too.

"The judge asked me where I wanted to live," Nico says, "and I told him, 'With Cees.' He asked me whether I had sex with Cees and I said, 'Of course. I love him.'"

Cees considers himself head of a family. It's a rather unusual one. The flat is filled with the things boys love: an old (inoperative) telephone exchange, electric gaming machines, two aquaria, a dart board, posters and drawings everywhere - and three cats, a Guinea pig and one blissfully spoiled dog. There are no beds; at night mattresses come out of hiding and are placed about in the three rooms, roughly in pairs. "We desperately need a bigger place to live," Cees says. "I've

already applied for one with the municipality."

It is a matter of pride with Cees that he lives openly as a paedophile. He and Nico often walk about town holding hands, much to the surprise of passers-by. Community reaction seems to be rather benign, however: he was recently provided, on attractive terms, photographic equipment with which to pursue one of his avocations.

At one point when Cees was struggling to become Nico's guardian he told the judge, "If you take Nico away from me, I'll kill you!" The judge laughed and said, "I wish half the fathers I have to deal with here felt as strongly about their boys."

High-strung and energetic, Cees is the antithesis of the fatherly, wise boy-lover; he is very much a factor in every phase of his younger's lives, from their general health to their sexuality. Each member of his family is expected to do the chores, keep on top of his school work - and stay away from other paedophiles, for Cees is jealous of his boys and often becomes upset even when they start something among themselves.

The arrangement works. Cees may be demanding, but he loves his boys deeply and he fights hard for them with all the judges and policemen and bureaucrats who usually control the destinies of homeless kids in Holland.

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[this text is continued from
the un-coloured area of p.18]

PAN But it's better here? What do you like about Paul and this home? There are other boy-lovers in Amsterdam. What does Paul have that you haven't found with the others?

PETER Paul is more tolerant. He understands me.

PAN And you didn't find that in the children's homes?

PETER No.

PAN You can talk with Paul better?

PETER Yes.

PAN What do you talk about?

PAUL Everything. Everything in the whole

world.

PAN What is Peter's position here now? He has permission to live in this house?

PAUL I am in the process of becoming his legal guardian.

PAN The Child Protection Authority knows you are paedophile and that you served time in prison?

PAUL Of course. They checked everything about me.

PAN You think you will still get your guardianship?

PAUL Yes. His present guardian in the Child Protection Authority called me last

And one that didn't.

[this text is continued from
the coloured area of p.18]

Last August Dutch radio carried a half-hour interview with 14-year-old Robbie, member of a large East-Netherlands family. Robbie described his paedophile relationship with 40-year-old Piet:

"To me love means being held closely and protected. When Piet is making love with me I feel so safe.

"I was eleven the first time I had sex with him. To be honest it was me who seduced him much more than he who seduced me. I forget how I did it: I sort of looked at him the way you do, and rubbed against him, that kind of thing....

"I guess I love my parents. Of course I get mad at them sometimes, but later it's all right again. So my feelings go up and down.... At home I can't talk about Piet. My mother teases me with being a queer if I do - I hate that, even though I know she isn't serious.... After Piet spoke with my parents about our relationship my mother said to my father, 'This is the way things are so you'd better not interfere. If you do your son might run away.' And I would, too.... My mother accepts all of this fairly well but my father has problems with it. He doesn't object but I can see that he doesn't like it.... I'm certain of one thing: I love Piet more than either of them.

"Sex isn't the most important part of my relationship with Piet. We spend more hours just talking and fooling around than we do making love.... I suppose Piet is finding with me the same things I'm find-

ing with him - a feeling of being safe and free to talk about whatever comes into your mind.... Every Saturday night my parents let me stay with Piet, and in his bed I sleep so soundly, so peacefully. Sunday night at home I sleep well, too, but Monday through Friday I'm restless and fidgety and in the morning all the blankets have landed on the floor - just because I miss having Piet beside me.... In the future I'll certainly fall in love with a girl, and that will be the end of my sex with Piet, but I'll remain close friends with him. Piet and I have agreed to very gradually cut down on our sex. I've promised to stay with him until I'm twenty...."

That promise has been broken, but not through any fault of Robbie's. Shortly after the radio broadcast the relationship between Robbie and his father began to deteriorate, until the point was reached where almost every day there was physical violence between the two. At last the child protection authorities intervened. Two psychologists, one an advisor to the childrens' court, recommended that Robbie live with Piet, but unfortunately the woman from Child Protection assigned to the case would not agree to this. Instead she prevailed upon the father to send Robbie away to a childrens' home. There he is permitted no contact whatever with Piet, the one person in his life ideally suited to care for him.

There are still backward parts of The Netherlands where traditional concepts of "child protection" can snatch tragedy from ready-made solutions.

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See Note on p.2**

week. He wants to have a meeting with me and the children's judge. He told me the judge has his back to the wall - there is nothing else he can do. He said not to worry about Peter being taken away from me.

PAN And Peter's parents?

PAUL His father is co-guardian together with the one appointed by the Ministry of Justice, but since his father doesn't want Peter at home he hasn't much say in these matters any more. His mother has no say at all - she doesn't even see him. Nobody knows what to do with him.

PAN Is Peter really the most difficult boy in the whole history of Child Protection?

PAUL Yes, he is difficult.

PAN Does the father know you are a boy-lover?

PAUL Yes, and he doesn't like it. He thinks Peter would be better off in the children's home, but the guardian says no, they won't do that, they'll let him stay here - because they know if they put Peter back in the home he will just run away again.

PAN So both the guardian and the children's judge know you are paedophile and they both think it is better that Peter stays with you. That wouldn't happen in most countries of the Christian world.

PAUL It has just started happening here in the last few years. They are taking into account how the child himself feels. In former times his wishes were ignored. What he wanted didn't count. But that is all changing.

PAN Do they ask if the boy is homophile, bisexual?

PAUL I think they give that some consideration. *(To Peter.)* Did the guardian ask you that, too?

PETER Yes.

PAN Is the attitude at school just as enlightened? You were going to an outside school, weren't you, even though you were living in a children's home?

PAUL He had a lot of problems at the old school. When he ran away from the home I brought him back to the school a couple of days later. That was a month and a half ago, when he started living here. And the school found out, through the guardian,

that I am a paedophile. The school wasn't sympathetic. They thought it was terrible. It was a school for difficult children, so perhaps they were tougher in these matters than a normal school would be. They started making trouble for Peter.

PAN Who did?

PAUL The teachers. They had meetings to discuss him. They told the other boys not to associate with Peter because he was homophile.

PAN (*To Peter.*) Did they have any reason to think that you were homophile?

PETER No, but the teachers gave me a bad name. The kids started calling me queer.

PAUL He wasn't allowed to make friends.

PETER I couldn't even sit next to another boy.

PAUL If he started to talk with a boy a little later one of the teachers would call the boy over and warn him not to let Peter get his filthy hands on him. Of course, when I talked with the teachers on the telephone they were always very nice to me. But our case was weak, wasn't it? What they were saying about me was true. I *am* a boy-lover. I'm not going to act humble about it. I have never acted humble. Not even in court. When I got into trouble six years ago the judge asked me if I still loved that boy and I answered, "Yes, of course." Anyhow, that old school is no good for Peter. After vacation we will look for another one. He has to go to school, of course.

PAN You will have all the responsibility for Peter. Don't you find that difficult, to take the role of a parent?

PAUL No, because I succeeded with Daan.

PAN But you were not Daan's legal guardian, were you?

DAAN That doesn't make any difference. I lived here with my mother's permission.

PAUL I will be *legally* responsible when Peter gets in trouble, but that's so for all parents. Well, of course he'll get in trouble. Every boy does some time in his life. I'm not afraid of that.

PAN What kind of support money do you get?

PAUL The government will pay me for

Peter. I get nothing for Daan.

PAN That would certainly never be understood in the child protection circles of England and the United States. In the US the Kinsey Institute is supposed to have done research, but they haven't published it. Obviously you don't feel that someone who goes to bed with a little boy is a criminal.

PAUL No, of course not.

PAN But in America you can get life in prison for making love to minors. You are far better off to beat a little boy within an inch of his life.

PAUL I know, Daan knows, Peter knows that sex with a child doesn't do him any harm.

PAN Even if the child is only five or six?

PAUL I don't condemn that, if the boy wants it, too.

PAN People will say you can't really talk about a six-year-old wanting sex: a man can sort of talk him into it.

PAUL Perhaps. But so what, if there is nothing wrong with sex? My experience is that if a child doesn't want to do it...

PAN Really doesn't want to.

PAUL Really doesn't want to, he just won't do anything. You can try, but he'll do nothing. And if he *does* want sex he will do it, bribe or no bribe. What I *do* think is true in a paedophile relationship, if I look at Peter and Daan, is that the boy grows up faster. He becomes more independent than the usual child, and that's good, and it's all because he is intimate with an adult. He has a whole different kind of conversation with you than he does with his agemates, or even with his father. I think that is to his advantage.

Since this interview, which took place last August, Paul has been granted legal guardianship of Peter and is receiving a government subsidy for his maintenance. A new school was not found for Peter; he returned to the old one, and the old difficulties. When one of his friends came to visit and the teachers found out, Peter was expelled. Daan is out of the service and has his first full-time job as a truck driver. He still lives in his attic room above Paul's flat.

REPORT FROM SWEDEN

by Keith Spence

A couple of years ago a twelve-year-old friend presented me with a copy of a booklet which had been handed out to all boys at his London school. Among a number of other improving and uplifting exhortations it contained the following stern advice:

If a strange man speaks to you in the street or in a bus, do not reply. If he goes on talking with you, run away as fast as you can, and ask a policeman or a grown-up lady to help you.

A few weeks after receiving this valuable *vade-mecum* I took up a job teaching in Sweden; and one evening, I can't think why, I was talking about sex education with some Swedish boys who had come to visit me. I showed them my booklet and the following day one of them, an 11-year-old called Klass, brought me the equivalent pamphlet distributed to the Swedish kids. Loosely translated the relevant passage went something like:

If a man you don't know suggests that you and he have sex together, don't be frightened. He will not hurt you. Say, "No, thank you" politely, and talk about something else.

"Amazing," I said.

"Is dumb," said Klass. "'There it should stand, 'Say, 'Yes, please' politely'." And the rest of our conversation has no direct bearing on this article.

Nowhere are the considerable differences between England and Sweden more apparent than in the attitude of the two countries toward their children. Instead of the all-pervading DONT'S that are stockaded around British kids, Swedish children are given endless freedom in practically every area in their lives. Some people feel the freedom goes *too far*; there is no discipline of any sort for kids - at home, at school or in society. Not even a parent has the right to strike a child and the whole concept of punishment is seen as a desperate last resort to be repaired to when all else has

failed. Delinquent Swedish kids get away with truancy, vandalism, shoplifting (even assault) because if they are under fifteen they are seldom prosecuted - and they know it.

There is, indeed, a tradition of not interfering in kids' lives at all except where it is absolutely unavoidable. Teachers only see their pupils in the classroom; youth club leaders switch on the record-player and retire to their offices. And the concept of traditional family life is on its way to joining religion in the limbo of discarded superstitions. Over half the kids I know have parents who are divorced or separated, and most of the children - unlike their British counterparts - couldn't care less. How should they? They most likely began spending all day in communal day nurseries at about the age of six months, so that both parents could go out and work. As the children grew older they spent less and less of their remaining time at home. Even kids I know whose families are intact think nothing of phoning their parents at midnight and saying they're with their English friend and won't be home until 2:00. If I had to glibly distinguish between the British and Swedish points of view, I would say that in England kids are hated, and in Sweden they are ignored.

Anyone who reads PAN will not need to be told that children don't like being ignored. Swedish kids are quite simply starved of sympathetic adult companionship, and this, together with their social independence, makes it delightfully easy to form friendships with them. In fact, if there is a problem in this area, it is one of surfeit. Once the kids realise that you really mean it when you say they can come and visit you, they tend to start turning up at 7:00 in the morning, usually in batches of about six, and staying all day.

And what about liberation in other directions? Is Sweden the land of guilt-

free eroticism? The answer must be a qualified "yes". Sexually aware boys most certainly are: they know the score from a mind-bogglingly early age. However, being so aware, they are inclined to start having complete sexual relationships with girls at around 13, and any other form of sex has got to compete with that - has got to compete, too, with a pretty rigorous gang morality. In the absence of imposed adult standards the boys find them in conformity with their friends. It's a familiar adolescent phenomenon the world over, but it's taken to extremes in Sweden - where all children consider it absolutely obligatory to get drunk every Saturday night, to acquire a moped the moment they are fifteen and to assert their heterosexuality stridently and frequently. Failing any of these tests, being "different" in any way, loses them the respect and support of their friends - and that respect and support is vitally important in a society where the security of family life is so slight.

However, what you tell your mates and what you do when you aren't with them are two very different things, and the sexual taboo is not too difficult to overcome. Money, inevitably, is a powerful inducement in a culture which is so property orientated. The attraction of trying something new, of "taking a dare" is also strong. Perhaps most significant of all, the majority of Swedish boys have never been taught (nor have ever needed) to curb their sexual drives; they become aroused very quickly and, once aroused, demand instant relief. Moreover, they don't seem to suffer any guilt feelings afterwards. To be sure, they bind you with fearsome oaths never to breathe a whisper to their friends, but there is none of the crippling moral or religious anguish which too often inhibits British boys from enjoying sexual encounters. Swedish boys can be energetic, inventive and passionate sexual partners.

If you go to Sweden the first place you must visit has to be the local swimming baths, with attached *batsu*, or sauna. For the visitor from more repressive places this is as vital as a decompression cham-

ber for a surfacing diver. The contrast between the terror of nudity indoctrinated into too many kids in the English-speaking world and the unconcern of Swedish children can give you the emotional bends if you don't come at it cautiously. So - install yourself in a *batsu* and let yourself get acclimatized. There will be a cold shower outside which, as I remember my old headmaster once informing me, is an efficacious aid to self-control.

Once you have reached the stage of no longer needing to drape a towel across your lap you can start talking to the boys. Swedish kids begin English at school when they are nine, and get fairly good at it quite quickly; they're usually delighted to have a chance to practise. Once you get into conversation, of course, it's up to you. Don't be overcautious. Swedish boys have no fears of adults; they are mostly pretty bored and will therefore usually accept invitations to come out to the cinema or go back to your flat with alacrity. And don't worry about nearby grown-ups overhearing; so long as you don't actually start fondling the kids (which you can sometimes do if you are alone with them) adults simply won't think this is any of their business.

So physical encounters are possible - and, over 15, legal. Even under 15 they are not viewed with anything like the opprobrium that they attract in England. In the eyes of society and the law the quality of the relationship is a major consideration. If it is loving and consensual authority will often see no reason to intervene. Emotional relationships, though, are more difficult. Never having experienced emotion from adults - not even from their parents - Swedish boys are understandably at a loss as to how to display it themselves. That some of my young friends feel affection, gratitude, even tenderness, towards me I now have no doubt at all. But they find enormous difficulty in expressing them, and almost as much in accepting them from me. Even among Swedish adults emotions aren't very evident. Pairings tend to partnerships of mutual convenience rather than love affairs. This is even more the case with

children, and if you are someone who needs an intense romantic relationship you'd probably do better in the Mediterranean than in Sweden.

If, on the other hand, you are someone who enjoys the constant company of boys, and who gets a kick out of joyous and uncomplicated sexual encounters which are viewed as fun rather than serious romantic attachments, then Sweden - in fact, I believe, Scandinavia as a whole - is a pretty good place to be. The typically Swedish determination not to interfere in other people's affairs makes for a high degree of personal privacy and a strong "live and let live" sort of tolerance. But, probably as a result of this, there are a lot of lonely boys here who are starved of adult friendships. Klass certainly isn't the only one who will be happy to say, "Yes, please" politely.

BOY-CAUGHT

by Dr. Edward Brongersma

Most parents take great pride in the development of their children. The first smile of his baby inspired a famous psychiatrist to write one of his finest essays. Many mothers keep "baby books" in which they record their infant's first steps, first words, first phrases. Later there is the child's progress through school: his earliest writings, the first page he has read by himself, records of his victories in sports. The child learns to swim, to ride a bicycle. All the steps in his evolution toward adulthood are followed with natural pride and pleasure.

But then, suddenly, something happens that is passed over in embarrassed silence, willfully ignored, although to the boy himself it is of the utmost importance: he becomes sexually mature. Nature tries frantically to draw attention to this change. His penis, which until now had been a nearly negligible appendage to his belly, grows for a few months at a tremendous rate to become a large, con-

spicuously dangling organ, different in colour from surrounding parts of the body and crowned by a tuft of hair which stands out in striking contrast to the smooth skin elsewhere. Since birth, of course, the boy has been able to experience feelings of pleasure and excitement in his penis, but only occasionally have they been compelling. Now they can no longer be ignored and, if other boys haven't taught him already, nature takes a hand and, by frequent and violent spontaneous erections, and eventually by wet dreams, shows the young man how to relieve his sex urges and get rid of the seed his body has begun to generate.

At the same time the thoughts and fantasies which accompany this activity and his increasing awareness that his own sexual desires are stimulated by other beings make him realise that not only can he experience alone, with his own body, the most exquisite pleasure man is physically capable of feeling, but also that he himself is so made that he can create this same joy in other bodies, too. This discovery is accompanied by a mental change which adds new depths to his capacity for love and affection and his appreciation of men and things, art and nature. Not only is the boy affected by this change but so are his family and the society he lives in, for from now on his sexual activities will have the potential for producing children.

In cultures close to nature the ripening of the boy's body is an occasion for rejoicing. Impressive rites celebrate his farewell to childhood and the entrance into society of a new man. The boy is often subjected to cruel and painful endurance tests and at the same time instructed in the secret wisdom of his elders. Equally impressed, those close to the boy sing and dance to welcome his newly acquired maleness.

In our culture, on the contrary, there is usually just this embarrassed silence. Thus the boy himself is embarrassed - by the sudden bulge in his trousers, the frequent erections, the stains of his young seed on his sheets or in his undershorts.

Not many parents show their sons openly that they are aware of what is happening to him, sympathize with his feelings and desires and are happy and proud that he has passed this important threshold.

Dr. de Vaal, a well known Dutch specialist in adolescent health matters, advises fathers not only to discuss masturbation with their pubertal sons but to instruct them in it if they don't already know how to do it themselves. At the very least, according to Dr. de Vaal, a father should see to it that there is a box of Kleenex beside his son's bed and tell him that it is there to use to catch his seed, thus in a discreet way showing that he knows the boy masturbates and approves.

There are, fortunately, exceptional and understanding parents. I know one family where the son (who was well prepared for the event) reported with great excitement his first ejaculation to his father, who promptly celebrated it with a feast at which, in the boy's presence, this important happening was announced to the guests. In another family the 15-year-old son came home late for dinner one evening and, after apologizing, explained that his girlfriend, with whom he had been doing homework, had, just as he was about to leave, invited him into her bedroom. "Then you are excused," the father said. "It would have been stupid to lose such an opportunity - and, besides, it's good for your health." I am acquainted with a mother who always used to remind her 15-year-old son when he was invited to a party to take along some contraceptives, and a few years ago I was asked by parents to celebrate with them their son's first complete sexual experience with a woman, which had taken place the night before.

It is also unusual for parents to show pride in the eroticism and physical beauty of their sons. A German father of a 14-year-old boy once told me, with an amused smile, "Volkmar's organ is incredibly big - much longer and thicker than mine - and he knows how to use it, too - very well." One Dutch father used to keep a large picture of his son, stark

naked, on his writing desk for all his visitors to see.

Perhaps you have to have the perception of a Thomas Mann (*Death in Venice*, *The Magic Mountain*) to be conscious of your son's attractiveness. Mann recorded in his (recently published) diaries that he found his 13-year-old son Klaus "tremendously beautiful in his bath. It is quite natural that I fall in love with him." On October 17, 1920 he wrote, "There was an uproar in the boys' room and I surprised Klaus playing around, acting the fool, at Golo's bed, completely naked. I was impressed by his smooth, pre-pubertal body. Deeply moved."

On many occasions fathers must have experienced such feelings but they remain suppressed. Our culture teaches parents not to confess them. Not to themselves and certainly not to their sons. And so we have boys embarrassed, shy, puzzled and unhappy at a phase of their evolution in which they should be boisterous, proud, confident, feeling "great". What parents neglect a boy-lover should thus give to his young friend: a setting where his sexual development is welcomed and openly discussed, where his new physical capabilities for enjoying himself and his partner are fully appreciated.

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BOOKS/BATTLE LINE

SEXUAL EXPLOITATION OF CHILDREN, hearings before the Subcommittee on Crime of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States House of Representatives, 95th Congress, May 23, 25, June 10 and September 20, 1977. Serial No. 12, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

It is hard to decide whether to laugh or cry. Seven congressmen of the most powerful nation on earth, for four days in the summer of '77, put on a televised show-hearing on "sexual exploitation of children" and never once mentioned that children have sexual lives and desires of their own, never once distinguished between psychopaths raping and murdering children and adults entering into loving relationships with them, and never received any testimony from a recognized psychiatrist. Instead they invited the world's greatest collection of liars, kooks, embezzlers, religious fanatics, yellow journalists, sadistic DAs and opportunistic politicians to rattle on about degenerates and perverts and praise each other's anti-sexual campaigns. Whatever America's faults, it does carry out its deeds in the open, and all the dirty linen is there to see in this 477 page volume. Depending upon your philosophical turn of mind it is either the season's greatest humour book or the radical's ideal justification for permanently eradicating the American political system.

Much of the testimony revolves around the ticklish problem of how to suppress the sorts of sexuality condemned in the Bible (and the writing and photographing of them) without at the same time violat-

ing "freedom of speech" guaranteed in the first amendment to the American Constitution. This is the kind of thing lawyers love to chew over but which puts others promptly to sleep, especially when the obvious answer is simply, "You shouldn't and you don't". Roughly one half of the book has to do with this "constitutional question" and can be safely skipped, except to note that 100% of the legal witnesses, including a representative from the American Civil Liberties Union, expressed themselves as supporting severe criminal penalties for those involved in "kiddie porn" and the "sexual exploitation" of children, which would seem to include every kind of sexually expressed relationship between adult and child.

The fun begins with the testimony of "psychiatrist" Judianne Densen-Gerber, who is off to her usual paedophobe hysterics (See IN BRIEF and PAN 3, page 27). Loonie as ever, she asks Committee Chairman John Conyers to set up a meeting between her and President Carter so she can give him "all this American-made pornography". She claims she has received a letter from the President saying he couldn't see her "because I represent a special interest group, America's children." When Conyers asks her how many young people are "being affected by abuse and pornography", Densen-Gerber says she has counted 400 different children, but, she adds, Robin Lloyd, author of *Playland* (See PAN 2, page 24), "counted 300,000 boys (busy man, that Robin). She assumes there are as many girls as boys, so that brings the figure up to 600,000, which she then doubles for good measure, because "Lloyd...feels the

number is twice what he can statistically validate."

Next comes the other Lloyd, Inspector Lloyd Martin who for the last six years has been with the "Pornography Unit" of the appropriately entitled "Administrative Vice Division" of the Los Angeles Police Department. The previous October he had started the "Sexually Exploited Child Unit" which had conducted over 50 investigations involving "150 victims and suspects". It seems, according to Martin's SEC unit, that 30,000 children are sexually exploited in the Los Angeles area every year and "a 12-year-old boy in Los Angeles can earn \$1,000 a day" by being a prostitute. "Child molesters and chickenhawks are organized," we are told, through "an ad listing service coming out of Colorado" called the *Broad Street Journal*. (As every subscriber knows, BSJ is simply a personals newspaper for gays in which, very occasionally, some teenager makes a listing or is solicited.)

A sexual crime against a child, according to Martin, "has no equal. It is worse than homicide. A homicide is terrible, but it's over with very shortly. The victim of sexual exploitation has to live for the rest of his or her life with the memories of what pornography and sexual deviation brings upon them."

Predictably, Martin finds his staff of six too small to cope. "I could use 100 men in my unit right now in the city of Los Angeles alone to combat the problem...." He has two problems, actually. One is, as he says rather ingenuously, "these victims are willing. They don't come forward, and to locate a victim is one of the hardest jobs there is. The child molester or chickenhawk is usually the victim's best friend." One would think that even Sgt. Martin would have suspected that there might be a message here some place, but he instead gives us a somewhat chilling hint of what goes on when his unit starts to work on a kid: "In most cases the victims are cooperative with the police department. As I said before, they are very glad to get out of the (prostitution and/or pornography) situation. These

kids are looking for a way out, and to a runaway or someone else, a police department doesn't seem like a way out, but after talking to the children 3 or 4 or 5 hours, they find that it is."

The other problem is that, with his estimate of 30 to 50 commercial producers of kiddie porn films in Los Angeles, he and his six men have so far only managed to bring one into court. This is a little much even for the gullible politicians: "Are we really talking about a lack of people to do the investigating?" asks Congressman Elizabeth Holtzman of New York. Rather flustered, Martin retreats to generalities (Is he perhaps being accused of incompetence, or is his estimate of porn producers off by about an order of magnitude?): "I think really the problem is public awareness...."

(Recently Martin, obviously afraid of losing influence, or even his job, under a police chief more liberal than the former homophobe Ed Davis who appointed him, has greatly increased the area, tempo and intensity of his witch-hunting: see IN BRIEF, the news item emanating from Woods Hole, Mass.)

Chairman John Conyers is from Michigan, and so is Congressman Dale

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Kildee, author of the federal anti-kiddie-porn bill which has since become the law of the land. Kildee makes a brief appearance at the hearings simply to introduce his friend Robert F. Leonard, another Michigander. Leonard, at this time, is President-Elect of the National District Attorney's Association and has been instrumental in setting up the Association's "Task Force" dealing with "criminal sexual abuse of children". We now know that during these very same years Leonard was embezzling over \$100,000 of federal funds (See IN BRIEF), but this does not stop him from rising to fine heights of moral indignation over men supposedly misusing their trusted positions in Big Brothers of America and the Boy Scouts to extend personal contacts into sexual relationships: such organizations "are infiltrated by these types of perverted degenerates, and as a result they prey upon these young children." All foster homes should be checked by "a federal agency". Also "we have to deal with the pornography problem because that is a necessary ingredient to many of these perverts, and this is the way they earn their money, this is the way they keep their organizations going, this is the way they interchange information relative to what children are available, how they switch these children around, how they exchange them."

In its early stages the Great Paedophile Witch Hunt was very much a Michigan family affair. Leonard introduces a series of articles from the *Traverse City* (Michigan) *Record-Eagle* written by one Marilyn Wright. Wright had obtained some police records concerning the sexual activities of a very small-time Michigan pimp and amateur boy-porn photographer who called himself "Brother Paul" and had a few friends scattered across the country, and she exploded his importance into unrecognizability. The police records clearly show (but Wright never mentions) that the pimp, at the time of his questioning, was a patient in a hospital psychiatric ward. From there he sent a murder threat (on boy-love stationery, no less) to the judge

who was soon to sentence him to 2 to 20 years in prison - 2, presumably, if he showed "psychological improvement" (cooperated with the police?) and 20 if he didn't. The one visual exhibit printed in this volume is a "Flow Chart of National Connections, Etc." drawn by Brother Paul: half Rube Goldberg and half paranoid, it depicts *The Advocate*, "Children's Nudist Camp, Vermont", Wayne State University, Robin Lloyd, the Internal Revenue Service and many, many men and organizations whom no boy-lover we have spoken with has ever heard of in various boxes, circles, triangles and blobs linked by a breath-taking network of arrows and dotted lines.

Also not mentioned in Wright's articles, or by any of the other Michiganders at the hearings, was that just before the Brother Paul story broke, either she or the local police called on an 18-year-old friend of a man involved in the scandal and this boy went home and that evening killed himself with his father's rifle. Wright received four Michigan journalism awards for her series, a pay raise, a promotion and transfer to Albany, New York. In addition, most of her news stories were personally copyrighted. As the hysteria mounted during the spring of 1977 and the series was reprinted in newspaper after newspaper across the country, Marilyn Wright must have made far more money out of "Brother Paul" than that poor mentally disturbed man had ever hoped of seeing in a lifetime of boy-love activity.

Just as bad as Wright's articles was a series appearing in *The Chicago Tribune* at about the same time. Three reporters from this predatory paper testify at the hearings. According to the *Tribune's* Miss Sneed, "We believe we have established conclusively that child pornography and child prostitution, which are inextricably tied to each other, are multi-million dollar industries exploiting thousands of children as young as three years old...." All witch hunts have to have massive documents proving their extravagant claims but which become inexplicably lost through dark government conspiracy. Miss Sneed now brings us *The Mystery of*

the Disappearing List. A certain John D. Norman, "a convicted sodomist...heads a nationwide ring that sends young boys across the country to serve a network of podophile (sic) clients." The "Norman mailing list of more than 30,000 clients" was seized by the police, sent to Washington but was there destroyed. Other gems from Miss Sneed and her colleagues: "Male perverts in New Orleans established a boy scout troop for the sole purpose of having sex with the boys in the troop." As for those 30,000 children exploited in Los Angeles every year, some of them are "smuggled in from Mexico in specially constructed automobiles". Also "there have been instances in Illinois of children being sent to homosexual foster homes. The Department of Services counters that they do not have the proper authority to ask are you homosexual or not...?" Chairman Conyers thanks Sneed and company at last for their testimony and says, in syntax as confused as his judgement, that he thinks *The Chicago Tribune* "moved without an attempt to sensationalism a subject matter subject to that."

The American Civil Liberties Union is represented by Ms. Heather Florence, an attorney whose chief concern is the "constitutional question" of freedom of speech. However, she makes it clear that the ACLU "strongly urges that criminal laws prohibiting child abuse...should be vigorously enforced...and enhanced in order to eliminate this repugnant activity", thus showing that the ACLU's interest in Civil Liberty stops short of the sexual liberty of children or of the adults who love them. At one point, however, the sweet light of reason breaks through the testimony of Ms. Florence: "My hunch would be that the largest effect (of anti-kiddie-porn legislation would be) to increase the involvement of organized crime." Chairman Conyers is horrified.

Next come a few politicians who merely grandstand upon the figures of Lloyd Martin, Robin Lloyd and Densen-Gerber and the book is pretty dull reading until we come to the testimony of Kenneth Wooden, Director of the National Coali-

tion for Children's Justice. Wooden was one of the men responsible for the CBS "60 Minutes" television tirade against paedophilia, and he is up to form before the congressmen (and the TV cameras): "Child sex and pornography...have insidious ramifications for every child... No child is safe from these adults who reap sexual as well as financial gratification from their victims." He is sharply critical of the FBI: "During the crucial period of piecing together (sic) the child porno scandal the FBI stood far removed from local police departments...." He advocates enforced fingerprinting of people suspected of sexual crimes and mandatory fingerprint checks of all men applying for jobs which would bring them into contact with children.

And so it goes, on and on, windy discussion of "freedom of speech" interleaved with the same repetitive rhetoric about "victims", "sexual crimes", "perverts" and "degenerates", the same inflated figures deriving from sources so doubtful as to be totally useless - politicians, DAs, postal inspectors, directors of right-wing coalitions, associations, societies, all lining up to bear expert witness to something they know nothing whatever about but in which their oppor-

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tunistic noses sniff promotion, money and fame. Larry Parrish, the famous Memphis DA who conducted the successful prosecution of "Deep Throat", its actors and producers: "I am a born-again Christian.... I am very much against censorship.... I am very pro-sexuality.... There is in my opinion no punishment too great nor too severe for a person who would abuse children by using them as sex objects and exploiting tender human life for material gain.... I think increased penalties are essential.... Penalties in The United States are just borderline penalties, and therefore you can't really tell the effect of what a genuinely severe penalty would be...." (Father Vermilye's 25 to 40 year prison sentence in Parrish's home state of Tennessee is, then, just "borderline".) Richard B. Wier, Attorney General of Delaware: "We...are faced with a new type of heinous criminal conduct that has been sweeping the nation...." Robert G. Gemignani, another DA, this one from Illinois: "We have no problems convicting.... I should say, we end up with confessions from defendants. It is remarkable how these defendants will finally, in the light of an accusation, confess to what they have done to these children." Breaking a sex ring "is best done by building a solid case against someone in the inside and then offering him his freedom in return for his in-depth knowledge of the organization."

150 pages of appendixes follow, papers submitted to the Subcommittee but not presented there by their authors. Might some light, smothered at the hearings themselves, emerge here? The title *A Psychiatrist Looks at Pornography*, by Melvin Anchell, M.D. seems promising. He is, however, just another intemperate crazy obsessed with sex guilt: "The adverse effects of audio-visual obscenities permitted in today's entertainment media are sexually devastating to children and adults.... The regressive effect of pornography on sexual behavior brings on premature death.... Pornography has pervaded our world to such a degree that today even many 'G' rated movies deserve to be boycotted." We turn to *The*

Rockford Papers, 18 pages produced by the Rockford College (Illinois) Institute: "I will suggest the need to consider the introduction of formal censorship on pictorial representation of human sexuality. The survival of humanness in America may now depend on such a prohibition....

The sexual experience, as it is now inculcated by the liberal culture...brings about a hazy anticipation of an unnamed holocaust. The cruelest catastrophies of history...were always associated with cheap, instant, mass-produced, animalistic, benumbing sexual dissipation which results from the abrogation of sexual conventions. A mournful orgy accompanied the downfall of Rome, the atrocities of Attila and Genghis Khan, the Thirty Years' War, and the liquidation of the Warsaw Ghetto."

The lies, the self-serving consensus of these people, the totality of their negation! Slowly, as one thumbs through these 477 pages, the picture emerges of a small group of mutually appreciative opportunists who are linked together, through friendship, embezzlements and other bonds of power, into a frightening conspiracy directed against human love and decency. Not one of these men or women would you want to invite into your home. The cops, especially, rouse our anger, for it is they who deal with the kids, they who break them down to betray their loves and their lovers, they who portray these loves as perversions, they who destroy the lives of old and young alike, even driving them to suicide.

Leonard will be going to prison; Densen-Gerber is at least discredited and may soon be following him there. Is embezzlement a prerequisite to becoming a successful witch-hunter? We hope that the honest cops in America (there are a few) and the humanitarian journalists (there are even some of them) will continue to dig into the personal and financial lives of the members of this clique: Conyers, Kildee, Sneed, Marilyn Wright, Lloyd Martin, Robin Lloyd, Larry Parrish, Richard Wier, Robert Gemignani, Kenneth Wooden. The dirt, we are convinced, has only begun to come out.

LETTERS



In recent months PAN has been carrying on a very interesting correspondence with Dr. John Money of the Johns Hopkins Institutions in Baltimore, U.S.A. It was Dr. Money who recommended to the Maine legislature that, rather than denervate the penises of paedophiles, they should be treated with sex-repressant drugs, which PAN calls "chemical castration". A few extracts from his letters - and reactions to his activities from his fellow citizens:

Antiandrogen therapy is a time-limited therapy and totally reversible in effect... Intelligent people everywhere know that every artifact of science and medicine can be ethically misused. The ethical problem is not that artifacts exist and have a use, but that they can be misused. It is against the misuse of antiandrogen that you should be focusing your energies... Face the facts: pedophilia is not currently acceptable in most legal jurisdictions of the US and Europe... I think you would be well advised to learn how to join forces with your natural allies in science and medicine in this less than perfect world.

Dr. John Money

Dr. John Money is pushing chemical castration as a means of social control of paedophiles, of me. With friends like that who needs enemies? When I first heard that he would testify at the (State of Maine legislature) hearings I thought it would be a great day. But I don't see where chemical castration is an improvement on what (Congresswoman) Lewis was advocating. As for the Lewis bill, it was killed last May and John Money's proposal has been talked in committee. It

is impossible to say that neither will be brought up again.

J. P., Portland, Maine, USA

It is extremely difficult to work to help sex offenders in the United States. The new dogma is that people who have been apprehended automatically are deprived of their right of informed consent, for it is falsely argued that they will agree to anything in the hope of leniency. The Human Rights Committees of most medical institutions play ultra safe and withhold permission for innovative treatment, through institutional fear of losing government funding, should they err. Thus, in effect, sex offenders get no choice of rehabilitation, but are cast instead to the new Inquisition.

I have encountered so much opposition and lack of funding that I shall be obliged to quit the field, except for continuing to give service to those few long-term patients to whom I'm already obligated. It's very depressing to see so many others go to prison for years and years.

Dr. John Money

Unfortunately my back was to the wall. I was facing the balance of my life in one of the rottenest prisons in the USA. I was left with no choice but to allow myself to be sexually castrated on the installment plan. The injections, of which I am sure you have heard, of depra-provera are proving out to be quite successful so I have no distractions to prevent me from concentrating on my new business. However, I can't help but feel also that these injections represent a basic insult... It is my hope that in a year or two I can take a "vacation" from this "sexual holiday"...

L. U., Washington, DC, USA

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