

j.darling
*it's okay
to say
yes*



*close encounters
in the third world:
the adventures and misadventures
of a well-travelled boy-lover*

TRUE LIFE EXPERIENCES SERIES

ACOLYTE
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IT'S OKAY TO SAY YES

J. Darling

Close Encounters in the Third World:

**The Adventures and Misadventures of a Well-
Traveled Boy-Lover.**

© 1992 by The Acolyte Press

Printed in The Netherlands by Krips Repro, Meppel

First Edition published January, 1992

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Cover design and painting by Mario de Graaf

The Acolyte Press

P. O. Box 12731

1100 AS Amsterdam

The Netherlands

CIP GEGEVENS KONINKLUKE BIBLIOTHEEK, HAAG

Darling, James

It's okay to say yes / James Darling ;

[ed. by Frank Torey]. - Amsterdam : Acolyte Press

Met lit. opg.

ISBN 90-6971-035-8

Trefw.: homoseksualiteit ; mannen.

IT'S OK TO SAY YES

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Introduction

After a six-months journey to the Far East, I found myself, on an October evening, once more in the streets of London. Still suffering from jet-lag, I went to Leicester Square in the hope of seeing a film. There was none which addressed life seriously – all offerings were to do with domestic trivia or psychopathic violence. I wandered into a pub on the Charing Cross Road. There I was diverted, at least, by the aspect of the clientele. The pub was a heterosexual meeting place with tribal significance. All the drinkers were young men and women, alike dressed in leather jackets and boots, with occasional variations of trappings in sequins and silver studs. I sat down with a gin-and-tonic in hand, and let the rock music, cigarette smoke, jet-lag, and the memory of the twelve-year-old Ceylonese boy embraced the afternoon before, enfold my senses. I was disturbed in my reverie by a hand which pawed at my shoulder. I found that I was seated next to a tall, hefty young man.

“What are you into?” he asked. When it was evident that I did not understand him, he added, “I’m bi-sexual.” The pawing resumed. “Doesn’t all this make you sick?” He waved his beer glass in the direction of the heterosexual couples. I said it did seem pretty tedious. “Come on then,” he continued, “what’s your game?”

“I’m a pederast,” I replied. The booze and the jet-lag must have affected my judgement.

“A *what?*”

“A pederast,” I shouted over the din. “It means somebody who likes young boys.”

“How do you like them?”

“Well, you know,” I said, and regretted my folly in confiding in this stranger, “go to bed with them.”

The man was silent for a while. Then he said, quietly, “If what you say is true, you better get out of here.”

“Oh no,” I expostulated, “I was joking, of course. If I really were like that, you don’t think I’d admit it, do you?”

The man did not seem convinced. The closing bell sounded. I dived into the protective cover of the leather jackets and the pall of smoke.

This story shows how ordinary people's opposition to boy-love is

founded on a combination of ignorance and aggressive prejudice. Firstly, my Everyman, that nameless drinker in a London pub, did not know what “pederasty” was. Secondly, when he had some inkling, there was no intellectual curiosity about it, no attempt at argument, just a reflexive threat of violence. The rest of society is no different from Everyman, neither judges, politicians, nor journalists. In the United States and Europe the boy-lover is up against this universal prejudice, a prejudice which is difficult to argue with because it is alien to the developments in rational ethics, moral philosophy, and scientific psychology which his civilization has triumphantly evolved.

The boy-lover has found himself in the position of the Jew in Old Europe, hated not for what he has done (since few know those details), but for what he is. Even the Jew has never been the recipient of quite the universal condemnation which has been the lot of the paedophile. In the midst of the Second World War, J. C. Flugel, the great London psychologist, was able to write, in his *Man, Morals and Society*, that “the whole sphere of sex is, of course, still the most taboo-ridden of all subjects in the modern world, in spite of the very considerable advances that have been made in the last half century or so as regards the liberty of both speech and action.” The boy-lover has found himself, especially since the mid-Seventies, the subject of universal disgust. This has had severe repercussions on his basic sense of self, of dignity and self-worth, not to mention on his place in society, if his name is revealed. Flugel has written, “Permanent and universal disapproval is a condition that is well-nigh unthinkable and unendurable, and no more appalling calamity can befall a human being than to feel himself utterly outcast and alone.”

It is difficult for the boy-lover to re-educate public opinion because he is faced with a relentless, apparently self-willed ignorance on the part of those whose job it is to listen to rational argument. I went into Hatchard's, the London bookshop, recently, and bought a little volume called *The Safe Child Book*, by Ms. Kerns Kraizer. She was described in the blurb as one of America's “foremost experts in personal safety training for children.” In spite of my forebodings, I have found it quite a sensible book. After all, children can be at risk from sexual coercion by adults, not least, as the book points out, by their own fathers. Yet, although the authoress has a Master's degree in “Special Education and Psychology”, the book exemplifies the ignorance of even qualified professionals in the matter of child-sex. What is astounding is that Ms. Kraizer appears uninterested in finding out the reality. She makes sweeping assertions, and, unfortunately, it is just such unsubstantiated

statements which are taken as truth by those who wish to justify repressive laws against paedophilia.

For example, she uses the term “sexual abuse” to cover any sexual encounter between an adult and a child. She refuses to make a moral distinction between a cuddle and a rape. Her only definition of “sexual abuse” is a legal, not a moral, one: “Sexual abuse is legally defined as any sexual contact with a child or the use of a child for the sexual gratification of someone else.” She then lists various sins which would be involved in this definition, but adds, “Of all of these, fondling is the most common form of sexual abuse.” A reasonable person might then say, “So that's what all the bother is about. Aren't we getting worked up over very little?” Yet men have had their lives ruined because they caressed a child. In newspaper articles (the Press seems to have a morbid fascination with child-sex) the term “sexual abuse” is used indiscriminately in reports of adult-child sexual contacts. The definition of “sexual abuse” has become so broad that it is meaningless, just as if a man were to be convicted of rape if he pinched a barmaid's bottom.

Ms. Kraizer shows no interest in the sexuality of children as a natural phenomenon. In spite of her degree in psychology, she ignores Sigmund Freud. Freud's views were dangerously close to a reality she is not prepared to admit:

It is surely nothing else but habitual prudery and a guilty conscience in themselves about sexual matters which causes adults to adopt this attitude of mystery towards children; (...) It is commonly believed that the sexual instinct is lacking in children, and only begins to arise in them when the sexual organs mature. This is a grave error, equally serious from the point of view both of theory and of actual practice.

– (*Sigmund Freud in an open letter to Dr. M. Furst (1907), translated by E. B. M. Herford.*)

Unlike Ms. Kraizer, Freud, with the humility of wisdom, as opposed to the I-know-it-all arrogance of today's “expert”, did want to know more about children's sexuality; in fact, he regarded it as crucial to the understanding of human nature. He lamented the lack of first-hand evidence:

Children are not credited with any sexual activities, therefore no pains are taken to observe anything of the kind,

while on the other hand any expressions of such a thing which would be worthy of attention are suppressed. Consequently the opportunity of gaining information from this most genuine and fertile source is greatly restricted.

– (*On the Sexual Theories of Children (1908)*, translated by Douglas Bryan.)

The only scientific study of child sexuality that I know of is Theo Sandfort's *The Sexual Aspect of Paedophile Relations*. Its finding is that boys desire and enjoy sex with adult male friends. Even Piaget stayed clear of this vital area, preferring, instead, to record how children in Geneva played marbles. (Since I wrote this, Dr. Edward Brongersma's *Loving Boys, Vols. 1 & 2* have been published.)

So it appears that only boy-lovers know anything about how boys make love, but they would be lynched if they tried to hold a serious discussion with the public on the matter. A world-wide hysteria appears to have arisen against boy-lovers. The rights of boys themselves are trampled on in the search to root out those who would befriend them. What are boy-lovers to do in these circumstances? How should they think of themselves? Are they sure that what they do is morally right? What motivates otherwise decent people to clamor for their imprisonment, even for their castration and execution? Can it be that these moral outcasts, the boy-lovers, actually hold a key to a juster, saner, more caring society? Unlike Freud eighty years ago, professional psychologists and sociologists today seem unable or unwilling to confront these questions. That is why this book is necessary.

That adult-child sex is illegal is not a morally sufficient reason to withhold serious, objective examination of children's fundamental nature. Modern Western states have advanced radically in such fields as social welfare, housing and education, but their legislation is archaic where morality is concerned. In the Sixties, the Oxford-based Farmington Trust reported on the question of "moral education". In its report, *Introduction to Moral Education*, Professor John Wilson wrote that

we should be able, so to speak, to *get outside* the rules, to inspect their point and purpose, and make decisions about them which must of necessity be based on something other than the rules themselves: that is, on the wants, wills, feelings or interests of other people.

In the tidy world of modern bourgeois ideas there is no place for the “feelings” or “interests” of paedophiles or of the children with whom they are associated. Instead, those interests are directly under attack. In order to preserve his identity, the boy-lover must understand the motivation of his oppressors, the moral basis of his actions and their consequences for humanity as a whole.

Flugel wrote that “nearly all progress, individual and social, involves some infringement of the moral rules of the past. (...) Hence... many of the pioneers whom we now revere as benefactors of mankind were in their own day looked upon as dangerous and subversive revolutionaries.”

At present, it is dangerous for boy-lovers in the United States and Europe to lobby publicly for legal changes which would decriminalize paedophilia. In the Third World, however, the law is not such a tyrant. Often it is manipulated, evaded, or ignored. In spite of official disapproval and haphazard pogroms, many Western boy-lovers have been able to bring succor to desperately needy children in Latin America and Asia, and so fulfill an important social function. Even where active boy-love has become too dangerous to practice, at least the recognition by men and boys of the intrinsic goodness of such love may continue to uphold the message, “It's okay to say yes!”

It remains to address the one major objection, undeniably with substance, which can be raised against men and boys having sex with each other: AIDS is not choosy of its victims; suitably transmitted, it can infect anyone, even the very young.

What about boy-love in light of this new threat?

It is a remarkable fact that, although we all know many gay men who have fallen victim to the HIV virus, I cannot count a single one of my pederast acquaintances who has been so unfortunate. I can only assume that the disease has not to any notable extent entered the pool of men and boys who are sexually active with one another, and/or the kinds of sexual contacts which they have involve a very much lower risk of transmission than those indulged in by gays. The boys we interact with are not on the whole enthusiastic about being penetrated anally.

Realistically, then, isn't a youngster better off having oral, masturbatory or intercrural sex with a protective boy-lover than going to the often drug-ridden female prostitute who is all too frequently his only alternative? And cannot a boy-lover give his young friend important information about AIDS avoidance which his contemporaries simply lack?

1. The Nature of the Beast

As a student in London, I got on well with my landlady. She was a woman in her late forties who had liberated herself from a marriage with an army officer. She took great interest in the concerts, plays, and art exhibitions that London had to offer. She was an extrovert and loved company. She would become depressed when alone and when it rained. Her politics were of a liberal bent. At that time the I.R.A. were indiscriminately blowing up people in the streets and there was a debate in Parliament on the death penalty. She thought that nothing justified executing a person, even a terrorist.

Landladies are traditionally curious about the intimate lives of their lodgers. One afternoon, when I had returned from my studies, she announced that she had changed the chest-of-drawers in my room. "Don't worry, I've replaced all your things exactly as they were." I thanked her, but inwardly I was appalled, for she would have discovered in one of the drawers several copies of *Boys International*, a magazine at that time openly and legally sold in Soho.

A few days later I was drinking coffee with her in the kitchen, when she said, "You know, there is one thing for which I think the death penalty is deserved, and I am sure you will agree with me, and that is having sex with children." I agreed, not wishing to be evicted from my digs.

Indeed, those who have possessed pictorial pornography will have shuddered on occasion at the possibility of its being discovered, the grisly secret revealed to family, friends, and professional colleagues. My closest brush with disgrace (or worse) occurred during the events connected with the Islamic fundamentalist revolution in Iran.

In 1977, when still a virgin as far as relations with boys were concerned, I left my country to work as a schoolteacher in Tehran. I was yet another of Britain's unemployed whose only recourse, now that Empire's opportunities no longer beckoned, was to proffer their skills to alien peoples. Shortly before leaving my lodgings in London, I deposited in a litter basket in Hyde Park that collection of photographs of naked boys on which my landlady's disapproving gaze had rested. As I

have said above, these photographs were culled from the fairly tame magazines that until that year had been legally available in the United Kingdom. In those images little boys with flaccid cocks did such innocently boyish things as swim, take showers, climb trees, or recline in the bracken. Since then public hysteria and The Protection of Children Act have singled out such pictures as “dangerous commodities”.

In the sexual wasteland of Iran my imagination often consoled itself in fantasizing about certain of my young charges. Although I never hinted that I was attracted to them physically, these boys were very quick to notice my underlying sympathy, and, in consequence, we enjoyed each other's company in a manner separate from the formal teacher-pupil relationship. When I gave a school prize to a beautiful boy, instead of to a top-scoring girl, that intelligent lass rather wistfully, and truthfully, remarked that it was because he and I had something special between us.

At the end of the academic year, flush with cash, I revisited Western Europe. One of the points on my itinerary was Amsterdam, a city I had never been to before. I had heard that child pornography was readily available there. I may have visited the Rijksmuseum, but my main occupation was the selection and purchase of what at that time was still a wide range of magazines featuring young boys not just in statuesque poses but also involved in startling sex acts, not only among themselves but also with men. The impression these pictures made on my chaste person was profound. Through them I realized that boys really did enjoy homo-erotic sex and that they were quite happy to indulge in acts of gross and marvelous salaciousness with adult males. I understood that boy-sex was not just something that had happened in Ancient Greece or in the secret recesses of a pasha's palace, but, as the photographic record revealed, was widely practiced in my own time.

Unable to part with these joyous images, I selected my favorite examples and brought them with me on my return to Iran, there to console me in the sexual desolation of the school year. That year's appointed span, however, was never completed. The Islamic revolution was gathering force, soon to sweep all before it. For a while the school routine continued as if nothing was happening – riots, gunfire, distant columns of smoke were ignored. Parents began to vote with their feet. My classes were reduced to less than a third of their normal complement, as families got themselves and their wealth out of the country while they could.

During the Christmas holidays a British colleague and I undertook a motor tour around Iran. We were probably the last Westerners ever to

have visited many of the interior towns before the portals of darkness, xenophobia, and superstition closed upon them. Examining a 12th Century mosque near Yazd, we were followed by a hundred glowering youths, who kept telling us their king was a robber and that we should inform our people of the fact. On a lonely waste near Mashad we had to accelerate through a menacing crowd which blocked the road. Its members banged on the roof with shovels and threw rocks at the vehicle when we gathered speed. Approaching one small town, we were flagged down by other motorists at the side of the road. It was apparent that there was a riot in progress. Burning tires blocked the main street. Eventually a lorry-load of soldiers arrived, commanded by a gigantic sergeant with a bristling black mustache. After several volleys were fired down the street, the crowd retired to the side alleys, and, cautiously driving round the flaming road-blocks, we were able to continue upon our way.

When we returned to Tehran we got caught up in a traffic jam. Traffic jams are normal in that city, but this one had been caused by the Ayatollah Khomeini, who was still in France. He had called for a massive demonstration, and hundreds of thousands of his supporters were being motored into the capital. We found ourselves stuck between lines of Toyota pick-ups black with *chador*-veiled women. These harpies quizzed us good-humoredly about our nationality. My friend, who spoke some Farsi, had the bright idea of saying that we were Italian. "Italian good, American no good," replied the ladies.

The school term resumed as if nothing untoward was happening. Shortly after classes had recommenced the Shah fled to Morocco, a country which I was later to visit, but as a sexual rather than a political exile. Photographs of the monarch and his family which had adorned the administrative offices were removed, although the headmaster was sensitive enough not to replace them with the caprine visage of the ascendant power. The Ayatollah Khomeini arrived from Paris and eleven days later put the finishing touches to the revolution by seizing the organs of state.

My apartment was near an army barracks which was stormed after a prodigal expenditure of ammunition by Khomeini's bearded partisans. During this battle I could think of nothing better to do than to go to bed, although it was early afternoon. The street cat, which it had been my wont to feed daily after school, appeared and jumped in with me, and there the two of us remained until the gunfire abated. I have always had a soft spot for cats, and if I were to abide in a boyless land, I would

console myself with the company of such a cuddly and playful animal.

A few days later the American Embassy was briefly over-run, and the ambassador, William Sullivan, held captive for several hours. Moustachioed members of the local *Komite* appeared at the door of my apartment, asking pointed questions about what my Polish flatmate and I were doing in Iran. "Yankee go home," they said. In expectation of such a visit, as I had heard that foreigners' homes were being searched, I had wrapped my pornographic collection and my cash in a plastic bag, buried the package in the kitchen garbage, and poured noisome dregs on top. As it was, these precautions were unnecessary. Many intersections had road-blocks manned by heavily armed youths. The Ayatollah announced that all weapons looted from army garrisons were to be returned to his government. The appeal, naturally, was ignored. The first executions took place, some of the Shah's senior commanders and old-time henchmen being the victims. Lurid pictures of their bullet-riddled bodies appeared in the newspapers. In the midst of all this my headmaster announced over the radio that school must resume at once, in spite of road-blocks manned by self-appointed Revolutionary Guards and of a severe petrol shortage. That afternoon I got a call from the British Embassy: there would be an RAF Hercules arriving at the airport; did I wish to be put on the passenger list for a flight to Cyprus? I packed at once.

The airport was in absolute chaos. The Americans had several jumbo jets on the tarmac in order to evacuate thousands of their citizens, who had been employed in the Shah's massive military equipment program. Not only were there Europeans (Iranians were forbidden to leave the country) but also hundreds of Sri Lankans and Pakistanis fighting to get on flights. Adding to the turmoil, Yasser Arafat had arrived from Beirut to convey his congratulations to the new regime. Loudspeakers blared revolutionary songs.

As the hours went by, I stood in the immense queue waiting to pass through the Iranian passport "formalities". I asked some English people in front of me what the delay was all about. "Oh, they're searching everyone. They're going through all luggage, opening everything." I was aghast. "They" referred to the Revolutionary Guards who had taken over the customs and passport control. In my baggage was an envelope stuffed with my cuttings from Amsterdam. The crowd of waiting travelers inched towards the examination point. *British schoolteacher, pederast in charge of Iranian youth, discovered in possession of child pornography by alert Islamic militia.* Would such be the newspaper

byline after my cache had been revealed? “Oh,” I said to the decent, ordinary English folk waiting around me, “I think I’ve got too much stuff here. Would you keep my place while I get rid of some of it?”

I took my suitcase to a large rubbish bin in a deserted part of the foyer. There was only a lowly sweeper nearby. Trying to look casual, I threw away some old bank statements, then the envelope with its guilty secrets, then some more odds and ends on top. I nodded to the sweeper and rejoined the queue. I was pure again, fit to take my place among my fellow creatures. When my turn came before the Revolutionary Guards my chief worry was that my money would be confiscated, but the Guards, in the first flush of the Revolution, were more interested in touting their newly-acquired G-3 automatic rifles than with material gain. If I had not dumped it, my pornographic collection would certainly have been discovered. I would have been shamed not just before my compatriots in the queue behind me, but perhaps, as a hostage to revolutionary propaganda, before the world.

Now that the hysteria against paedophiles is intensifying, Great Britain is not far behind Iran (which shoots them) in the savagery of its persecution. The Chief Constable of Manchester has strongly urged that paedophiles be castrated. The Conservative government's proposed Criminal Justice Bill will make it an offense just to possess child “pornography”, even in the privacy of one's own home. It is unlikely that police will not abuse their powers to search and trash people's houses, for theirs will be the noble quest to track down concealed caches of pictorial obscenity.

Since the fall of National Socialism, it has often been remarked upon that it seems incredible that the ordinary citizens of Germany, the country of Goethe and Beethoven, should have followed the monstrous bidding of Adolf Hitler. Sigmund Freud's work on the links between self-repression, guilt, and aggression had already provided the answer in psychological, if not historical, terms. Boy-lovers today ask themselves, “How is it that decent, apparently rational people should turn like wolves upon their fellow men, solely on account of a difference in sexual preference? How can anyone seriously think that we are a threat to society?” Similarly, the Jew, in the Germany of the Thirties, bleated, “What have I done wrong? I am as loyal and patriotic a German as any!” As Tom O'Carroll has shown in his *Paedophilia: The Radical Case*, it is even counted against him if the boy-lover should attempt by rational argument to justify himself to men of the 20th Century. It was as useless

as a Waldensian heretic to appeal to the teachings of Jesus Christ as he was seared by the instruments of the Inquisition. It is necessary, for his own defense, for the boy-lover to understand both the nature of his oppressor and the moral ground on which he himself stands.

His oppressor is the ordinary person, whether he or she be politician, voter, broadcaster, or reader of *The Daily Mail*. Newspaper editors know they will always increase their sales if they raise the cry of "sexual abuse" or "child molestation". Exposure of paedophiles is prime copy. One is reminded of *M*, Fritz Lang's film of the early Thirties, made just before the Nazis came to power. It concerns the effects on society, on ordinary people, of the murder of children. No one knows who the murderer is or where he will strike next. An old gentleman walks along the pavement and meets a little girl. He offers her a sweet. Immediately he is surrounded by accusers. He is under suspicion because he has offered a child he does not know a toffee. His protestations are ignored by the gathering crowd. The film does not disclose his fate.

Why should ordinary people become so hysterical where child-sex is concerned? Men exposed as paedophiles turn out not to be murderers, but harmless, contributing members of society. The answer lies in the effects on people's minds of repression of desire and of guilt. Statistical evidence shows that it is *within* the family that most sexual abuse takes place. In May 1991 the Canadian Center for Justice Statistics reported that the number of Canadian children who were homicide victims had risen dramatically in the past thirty years, and that most of the killings were committed by their mothers and fathers. The latent guilt of parents could destroy the family. Subconsciously they seek a scapegoat.

In 1986, Miss Esther Rantzen, the hostess of a BBC television show, *That's Life*, which had discussed child-abuse, received 3,000 letters from people saying they had been abused as children. Ninety per cent of the cases concerned sexual abuse, and in nearly all of them fathers and other family members were the abusers. Ms. Kraizer, using research by David Finkelhor, claims that an "overwhelming percentage of sexual abuse takes place with a family member, including parents, grandparents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and step-parents." Yet the wrath of the public, when it comes to punishing individuals, is generally directed against the solitary paedophile, whose aim, as even Ms. Kraizer admits, is to have "an intimate, non-judgemental, affectionate relationship with a child." It is the classic scapegoat psychosis, so well analyzed by Freud at the beginning of the century.

In 1984 my travels brought me to Miami, the drug capital of the

United States. One evening at my hotel, I turned on the television to watch the news. There was nothing about the war against drugs. The lead story announced the closure of the Country Walk kindergarten and the arrest of its staff for child molestation, all this due to the unsubstantiated denunciation of a single disaffected parent. The next story showed the arrest of a teacher at the Hebrew Academy. Accused of molesting one of his pupils, this slight young man, bearded and wearing a skull cap, was being pushed into a police car. In the crowd people were fighting with each other to glimpse the man's face, as if he were some fairground freak. The scene reminded me of another country, another era.

A few weeks later The Miami Herald published an editorial which lamented the threat to families from child molesters. "Frightened parents", it declared, did not know whom to turn to for help, whom to trust. The authorities seemed powerless. The next day's edition had a matter-of-fact report about a man in Indiana who had shot himself. Before doing so, he had also shot his wife and six children as they slept. There was, of course, no outraged editorial on the threat to children from their own parents.

I discerned a similar double standard in the moral outlook of a young Cambridge-educated woman who was preparing Amnesty International's report on Brazil's human rights abuses. We agreed that in spite of that country's official evolution into a democracy, the police continued with their tradition of arbitrary arrest, torture, and murder of citizens whose socio-economic status left them without influential protection. When her report was published some time after I had been arrested myself, I could not read it without some cynicism. A friend had written to me in jail that, on receiving news of my fate, she had commented that I deserved it. In jail I had witnessed numerous examples of gross abuse of constitutionally-sanctioned human rights, but this employed and salaried do-gooder was not in the least interested in receiving first-hand evidence from so tainted a source as the pen of a paedophile.

The fury (unaccountable in a rational sense) of those obsessed with rooting out the paedophiles from society can be explained by its neurotic origins. Social controls basic to the Judeo-Christian tradition have required the repression of paedophile desires. The fact that these desires do not themselves cease to exist, so much are they embedded in the nature of man, will burden the people with guilt. This guilt, if not dealt with, will lead to mental suffering in the individual. The desire to love

and cherish children, essential to the survival of the species, is fundamental to the nature of man. To deny it is sufficient in itself to cause an acute neurosis.

The burden of guilt has been treated in several ways. One is to make a moral virtue of renunciation and asceticism. Abstinence from sex is thought to exalt the worth of the individual. If the abstainer then surrenders to desire, even in thought, he shall require punishment. He will invent a Jealous God with which to chastise himself, or he will call for yet stricter penalties to be prescribed in the laws of his country.

The creation of a taboo, a prohibition enforced by supernatural or social sanctions, is another way to deal with guilt. Paedophiles today are subject to the full force of a taboo. Primitive and irrational, it cannot be argued with, only fought by breaking it whenever there is an opportunity to do so. "At its worst and most fantastic," wrote Flugel, "it involves mankind in unnecessary and quite unrealistic fears, and imposes curious and often crippling restrictions on its liberty of thought and action." Freud (in *Totem and Taboo*) saw it as a form of the obsessive-compulsive neurosis. That which is forbidden is nevertheless greatly desired. Objects that are revered on the one hand, are considered unclean and polluted on the other. Flugel has pointed out that the puberty rites among primitive peoples combine a reverence for and a hostility against the adolescent. Adult privileges (such as sex) are taboo for the young until they go through arduous and unpleasant tests. In this way the repressed adult can assuage his unconscious envy, even hatred, of the adolescent. The American Adlerian psychologist Rudolph Dreikurs, in his *Happy Children*, observed that parents often seem irrationally suspicious of their children, apparently believing that they are born bad and have to be forced to be good. "Every psychiatrist knows that most sex play among children is fortunately never discovered by parents." Most modern "experts" on children uncritically take it for granted that sex, especially with adults, is not to be countenanced, whereas the evidence, as we shall see, points to sexual expression as a necessity for them.

A third way to deal with guilt is to project it onto another party, the scapegoat. This has become the nemesis of the boy-lover in the last decade, as this projection is given greater force by its being a mass, not just an individual phenomenon. It appears to be a psychological fact that those who have renounced their desires and erected prohibitions are then urged on by an unconscious force to compel others to suffer as well. This projection of guilt onto others is associated with the condition known as *paranoia*. The public is constantly being told by "experts" on

sexual abuse that there exist paedophile rings, conspiracies to abduct innocent children and debauch them. In this environment even the moral imbecile feels good about condemning paedophiles. His righteous indignation costs him nothing, and distracts attention from the septic core within his own mind. It is no accident that the most brutal persecutors of paedophiles are criminals in jail, for by assaulting them the criminal feels he atones for his own inhuman deeds.

The prisoners whom the British government allowed to rampage through Strangeways Prison, Manchester, in 1990 were intent upon breaking into the 'segregated "Section 43" area of sex-offenders' cells. This was not in order to liberate their fellow sufferers, but to kill them. In the consequent inquiry into the riot, officials declared that they were prevented from regaining control of the prison by the Home Office's fear of bloodshed and loss of life. Evidently this fear did not encompass the helpless Section 43 inmates: at least one of them died at the hands of the rioters and others received horrendous injuries.

The implications for society are sinister. Social harmony and mutual trust are fragile. Once a society embarks on a witchhunt it may end by tearing itself to bits. In 1984 a British radio personality was put on trial for molesting little girls. This man had been in a public swimming pool and there had played with the children, tossing them about and swinging them around. Other adults observed the frolic and called the police. At his trial the case turned on whether he had or had not allowed his finger to go inside a girl's bathing suit when he picked her up. His wife, a cripple in a wheelchair, had to give testimony on how many times the couple had sexual intercourse each week.

Finally, the persecutor of paedophiles fears that if the child-lover is allowed to continue, he himself will lose his self-control, and, tortured by guilt, seek out what is forbidden. Tolerance requires the inner happiness and serenity of someone who knows himself and has adapted his life the best to fulfill his wants. The intolerant person is incapable of presenting a morally reasoned case in which he uses his own ideas on the nature of good and evil.

Fortunately, not all ordinary people are afflicted with this obsessional neurosis about the relationships between adults and children. Several people I know accept the fact that I like boys, and they do not feel the need to express disapproval. Although they may think differently, they decide to live and let live.

Such a person was my landlady when, in 1983, I rented an apartment

in San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. On occasion I was visited by a 13-year-old orphan from San Miguel, which lies in the embattled eastern part of the country. One evening, when the boy and I were watching television, there was a knocking on the door. The boy went to one of the bedrooms and I opened the door. A squad of policemen, bearing sub-machine guns, entered. The sergeant announced that he had a report that I was keeping *menores* in my apartment. I replied that there was only one, that the boy was an orphan and I was taking care of him. He asked to see him. The boy was in bed and appeared to be asleep. The sergeant and I sat on the bed, the sub-machine gun resting across the boy's legs. I "woke up" the boy, and the sergeant received confirmation of what I had told him. He asked the boy if I kissed him, and the latter replied calmly, "Yes, but like a father." The answer satisfied the sergeant and the patrol filed out. It was evident the policeman was not particularly interested in the matter (El Salvador has more serious problems), but was merely investigating a denunciation. The next morning I told my landlady about the incident. She was outraged, not because she might be harboring a pederast, but because someone had called the police and let them into *her* apartment building.

She was determined to identify the culprit. It did not take her long. It was the person whom I myself suspected. At the head of the stairs dwelt the mistress of a lawyer and her illegitimate son. This woman often had her front door open, and sometimes she even sat on the stairs, so that no one entering the building would escape her notice. I had always greeted her courteously and had shown no interest in her unpleasant offspring. Yet this kept woman had taken it upon herself to be the champion of morality. The landlady struck swiftly. The rent was already in arrears, and on that basis she asked the woman to vacate the apartment by the end of the month. The woman refused, so the landlady cut off the water and electricity. The siege lasted a fortnight before the tenant finally departed. I was impressed by the landlady's uprightness of character and her common sense. A widow (her husband had been murdered by the guerrillas), she managed by herself the family *hacienda*. Her experience of life had taught her the real distinctions between good and evil.

Two years later I was living in Brazil. My domestic servant, Carlos, then a boy of fourteen, told how one day he was returning home from work, when he was summoned by a woman seated with her husband in a bar. The boy had never seen her in his life, but she seized his arm and vehemently accused him of committing immoral acts with the *Americano*, meaning me, although I am English. She and her husband

took him to the *Delegacia de Menores* (Minors' Police). The boy's father was summoned. The woman repeated her allegations. The father was furious that a complete stranger should make such charges against his son, and, though a poor man, he would hire a lawyer if necessary. The *agentes*, who belonged to the state police, not the Federal police, were exasperated. A pastime of the Brazilians is to denounce each other to the authorities over the most trivial disagreements. The police, who get paid anyway, do not like having to waste their time on following up wild and malicious accusations. The woman, who was now so angry that she pounded the desk, was herself arrested. She remained in detention while her husband went to the bank to withdraw sufficient funds to ransom her. The police showed a sense of proportion. For them the main problem is the endemic juvenile delinquency stemming from the *favelas*. In this instance, a single boy's sex-life was of no importance to them. In Britain, the matter would have been remorselessly investigated regardless of the cost to the taxpayer and in police time.

(I wrote the above paragraph before my arrest by the Federal Police. Unlike their provincial colleagues, the *Federales* were to have no compunction in wasting their taxpayers' money on the minutiae of my private life.)

The enormity of man-boy relationships is relative to people's preconceptions. Between those who continually agitate for greater legislative and police activity to destroy these relationships and those who openly lobby for such liaisons to be given legal protection, there is a majority whose indifference to the matter results in a practical, if not an ideological, toleration.

While living in Brazil, I had a German friend who was a raving heterosexual. His way of dealing with my young companions was to ignore them. He would come to my apartment to engage in geo-political discussions. He could spend an hour dissecting 20th-Century German history or the sexuality of the adult female without ever acknowledging, or being disturbed by, the presence of the small, brown-skinned boys playing around us.

When visiting Maceió, in the Brazilian state of Alagoas, I met a 13-year-old boy and took him back to my cheap hotel near the port. We were half way up the stairs, when the patron raised his voice in protest. *Menores* could not be invited to guests' rooms. When I demurred, the man started shouting and threatened to call the police. The boy suggested that we take a taxi to the red-light district and try to get a room

in a *castelo*, what the French call a *maison de passe*. Four different establishments refused us entry. At one place the nice woman at the desk had given us the key, and we had already locked ourselves in the room, when there was a violent hammering on the door. The proprietor had discovered our presence and was enraged – his was a “respectable” fuck-hotel. His outbreak of virtue, however, did not stop him demanding payment for the room. We ignored him and went to the *castelo* up the street, which was operated by a couple of Chinese ladies. They handed us a key and a towel with oriental impassivity, and so at last, well after midnight, my friend and I were able to take advantage of the human right to free association.

In the Far East, too, I have found hotels run by Chinese to be hassle-free. The remarkable commercial success of the Chinese around the world is due to their ability to adapt to differing cultures and world-views without absorbing any other values except their own, the most important of which is the making of money.

The Thais' phenomenal success in attracting foreign visitors is due to the same strategy. The atmosphere of sexual tolerance brings together people from diverse cultures and backgrounds. In the minibus taking me from Bangkok to Pattaya were a couple of white Zimbabweans and a Saudi-Arabian. We all chatted amicably on the two-hour trip to Nirvana. On a cruise to one of the islands across from the Royal Cliff Hotel the passengers were a party of male Arabs (their culture would not have accustomed them to taking jaunts with the opposite sex), an Australian homosexual with appropriate escort, an American Protestant pastor with his Thai girlfriend, a respectable married couple, ophthalmologists from Bombay, and an Englishman, namely myself, with two 14-year-old boys in tow. On the island we shared a table for lunch, and the conversation was relaxed and jocular. Nobody interrogated anybody else about the nature of his relationship.

I have since heard that a BBC documentary exploited Thai tolerance by portraying Pattaya as a den of iniquity. The consequence was a crackdown by the police, who indiscriminately routed innocent tourists out of bed in a desperate search for minors. The Thais should beware, as their country relies on tourism for a large part of its foreign exchange earnings. The abandoned and decrepit resorts which litter the west coast of Sri Lanka owe their devastation as much to opportunistic police action as the smoldering warfare in that beautiful land between Tamils and Sinhalese.

2. The Boy-Lover

Lake Toba lies in the mountains of Sumatra. Samosir is an island in the lake, twice as large as Singapore. It is inhabited by the Batak people, who, unlike most Indonesians, are Christians. They speak their own language, and until the end of the last century they were cannibals. The Samosir Bataks, for most of their history, were isolated from the rest of Sumatra. The population is divided into about fifteen extended families. Everyone knows what everyone else is doing. Gossip ensures absolute social conformity. The society is rigidly patriarchal. Now the island is overrun with European tourists, mostly young couples who trudge relentlessly around the countryside, to the amazement of the water-buffaloes.

On Samosir I met a boy as he was walking home from school with his friends. In this almost incestuous society, where everyone has known everybody else all his life, the boys have an intense desire to establish an outside relationship. My young friend held my hand all the way to his home, where he introduced me to his mother, older sisters, and small brothers. His father was dead. Our friendship was almost a love affair. Defying harassment from the hotel flunkeys, the boy would come daily to visit me, so happy that he would keep clutching my arm or squeezing my knee when we were seated together. Several times I was the honored guest at his home. His mother was delighted with the relationship. I bought new sarongs for her and her daughters, clothes and schoolbooks for her sons. The household, which had been starving, began to eat again. When I was visiting, the little brothers would sit either side of me and hold my arms as if they feared I might suddenly depart. The neighbors observed all this domestic happiness and did not approve. I found myself the object of leering remarks from older men and youths. In a destitute patriarchal society, these masculine layabouts did not like to be left out of things; they felt that they could expropriate me for themselves. When they were given the cold shoulder, they lurked and plotted. The boy became more furtive, less at ease in my company.

The blow fell one morning when I was still in bed. A police corporal and an old man entered the room. The corporal spoke some English. He introduced the man as my friend's uncle. Although I had never heard of

this man, he had charged me with having sex with his nephew. When I protested my innocence, the corporal sent a colleague to fetch the boy from school. My friend, frightened, guileless, and in awe of his elders, confirmed the truth of the accusation. After the boy had been led away, the corporal said that he had been ordered to take me to Ambarita Police Station. The sentence for what I had done would be five years in prison. I dressed quickly, brushed my teeth, and said I was ready to go. My escort, however, remained seated. I asked if I could take a book with me. The request was granted. Thinking of the five years I would have to read it, I selected Michael Holroyd's biography of Lytton Strachey. The corporal looked at the book, studied the photographs, asked me who was Lytton Strachey. It occurred to me that he was deliberately delaying my departure, so I inquired of the uncle if there was anything that I could do which would persuade him to withdraw the charge. In the negotiations that followed I tried to put up a front, but in the end I accepted the man's price, US\$ 250. The policeman said, "Now you are free. This matter is no longer of any concern to you." The uncle said, "I hope you come back next year." At that point, the owner of the hotel came in. "Nothing like this has ever happened here before," he told me ostentatiously. "You must leave immediately. I did not tell you, but I was a major in the Army, and I don't like that sort of thing." On the launch to the mainland the boat-boy kept saying loudly, "Homsex, homsex."

After five hours in a bus, I arrived in Medan, where I checked into the best hotel in town. I poured myself a large whiskey and thought about what had happened. I had lost a friendship, I had been humiliated, but I felt elated. I realized that I had passed through the whole dreadful experience without feeling any guilt or shame. It had never occurred to me that my friendship with the boy was wrong, and when others had destroyed it and had justified their predatory actions by gesticulating at my heinous crime, I could only think them fools and hypocrites. The moral superiority I had felt was mine had given me the strength to remain calm and diplomatic throughout the ordeal. I had lost two-hundred-and-fifty bucks, but the uncle had lost the trust and confidence of his nephew. The boy had been humiliated by a member of his own family, who should have protected his dignity and reputation. The boy had lost a lifeline to the future. I was free. The next morning I flew to Singapore, withdrew my funds from the bank, and then continued on to Sri Lanka.

Several years later I was in Zamboanga City, in the Philippines. Near the docks I had met a street boy. He was thirteen and thought he was a

Muslim. He had that look of “need”, of an ineffable yearning, which so appealed to Michael Davidson (*Some Boys*). We went for picnics at Bulong Beach and swam in the fresh water pools in Pasonanca Park. I asked him why he did not live with his mother and he replied that she was too poor to feed him. One evening we were having supper at the night market called Puericulture (a defunct boys' club). Suddenly we were surrounded by policemen armed with assault rifles. It appeared that someone had complained about us keeping each other's company.

We were taken to the police station. While the boy was being hit in the face and stomach to force him to denounce me, I sat before the *investigador* and chatted calmly. When a policeman stuck his revolver in the boy's mouth, I protested, and the *investigador* told the thug to desist. The latter glared at me and said, “You know what we in the Philippines do with people like you? We cut their penises off!” After some hours the *investigador*, a mild-mannered man with the slightly distressed air of an elderly school teacher, told me I was free to go. He said there was insufficient evidence against me. I would not be reported to the Department of Immigration and Deportation. He did not ask for money, but detailed two policemen to escort me back to my hotel. There I feted with San Miguel beer and *lechon* (suckling pig).

I did not know what had happened to the boy, but the next morning he appeared at my bedroom door. I would not let him in, being too nervous. “It's finished,” I said. A look of such misery came over his face that I put my arm around his shoulder and he burst into tears. I had bought a ticket to fly to Manila on the following day, but for the last night in Zamboanga I changed to another, more secluded hotel, as I could not turn away this boy's plea for love. He was at that age when the genitals have of a sudden swelled with puberty whereas the body still remains supple, boyish, and smooth. For all their bullying, the authorities had failed to crush our united will; our lovemaking was in itself a sacrament of liberty.

Convinced as I was that loving boys was morally right, I had been given the strength to bear persecution. Guilt had not touched me. Like an agent paratrooped behind enemy lines, the boy-lover must continue to believe in his cause, even though he be caught and interrogated. He should respect, not repress, his instinctive energies, and as a healthier person he will be better able to serve his fellow human beings. I do not mean that he should “come out”, for such a course could be disastrous, but that, being aware of his nature, he will be better able to judge his behavior and how it affects others. He can assess objectively the degree

of covertness necessary to protect a relationship, without being obsessed with secrecy and the fear of discovery.

The process of self-knowledge, which leads to actions that are both beneficial to the individual and to society, begins with the recognition of the need for values. Moral action involves deeds which are in the service of ends that are considered valuable in themselves. If, as an act of intuitive knowledge, a man has discovered beauty in the beings of young boys, and realizes that to delight in this loveliness is for him the Supreme Good, he will seek to understand his ideal through observing boys and, by service to them, becoming of their company. By knowing himself, the lover will gain insight into what really matters to him, and be strengthened by the knowledge of an ultimate truth.

He should realize that the opinion or prejudice of others is of no consequence to the veracity of his own experience. The justification for that experience is self-evident in the existence of boys themselves, and cannot be undermined by negative assertions concerning "guilt" and "betrayal of trust". The only, and necessary, qualification to be taken into account when judging the inherent goodness and universal validity of the love of boys is that their interests and desires be held to be paramount. As I shall discuss in the following chapter, the benefit to boys so beloved could be fundamental and immeasurable, or it could be no more than a free lunch, although for many that would be sufficient in the scheme of their carefree lives.

When judging the goodness of his action, the boy-lover observes the facts of themselves; he does not need to compare his actions with the traditional notions of morality unthinkingly accepted by the mass of society. His love will manifest itself in rational acts which take account of the reality he has objectively, even scientifically, observed, the reality that boys by their very natures demand and draw to them the advocacy and the passion of men. Such acts do not exist without their object, the interests of the boy. If the love of a boy furthers his interests, then it is right, however much it may be pronounced as injurious by those who have not so loved that boy. When parents or the authorities step in to break up a paedophile relationship they never consider first whether the boy would like the friendship to continue. His enduring interests as a human being are sacrificed to conformity with a transitory social convention. To have destroyed a consensual relationship out of prejudice is to have inflicted profound humiliation on a young person, and to have perpetrated an outrage against the liberty of the spirit.

The boy-lover is he who has followed one of the courses which

evolution has set out for mankind. There is no special psychological “type”. Where Ms. Kraizer tries to classify paedophiles she merely adds to her list of errors. She describes them as having been themselves “abused” as children, and, for some unaccountable reason, this compels them to abuse others, as if they were victims of a virus. She adds that paedophiles are people who need to have a sense of power and control in their relationships. This latter assertion is pure feminism. Feminists seem unable to look at love or sexual relations except in terms of a power-play. In fact, paedophile relations rest on equality and mutual respect. The boy has exercised free choice in accepting the friendship of an adult. The man has no power, in a coercive sense, whatsoever. The boy is free to come and go; he can rat on his lover if he feels mistreated, and rarely does he depend on him for his sustenance. Boy-lovers have very different personalities, and they have different psychological histories. They do not suffer from any peculiar mental disease or emotional deformation. Every now and then children (usually girls) are raped and murdered by psychopaths, but so are adult females. Jack the Ripper never succeeded in making adult heterosexual intercourse an offense in law, in spite of the barbarity of his crimes. No one can identify a boy-lover in a crowd. So profoundly is the love of children established in the human spirit that it affects everybody. The boy-lover is merely someone who has had the courage and the clarity of vision to enrich his being by drinking at that grail which Nature has proffered.

It has been said that paedophiles are emotionally inadequate people who are incapable of sustaining an adult relationship. The same could be said about people who like dogs.

During the months that I resided in EsSâouira, in Morocco, I developed several friendships there with other foreigners who were homosexuals or boy-lovers. I had come to that country almost by accident. After leaving my job in El Salvador, it had been my plan to spend a year in Italy, sharing a house with an English friend in the Abruzzi mountains. Unfortunately, we found that we could not co-exist under the same roof, but not before I had lent him a large portion of the money I had put aside for my year's sojourn. With my funds drastically reduced, I realized I could not afford to stay in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. I had to reach a country which was cheap to live in, but not too far away. In Rome I bought a guidebook to the Maghreb countries. At that time, my only experience with boys had been in El Salvador, but in many books and articles I had read of the traditional pederastic traditions of the Moors. It was with a feeling of anticipation that I boarded an Air

Maroc flight to Casablanca.

I had chosen to go on to EsSāouira because it was a small town on the coast, picturesque, and supplied with economical places to stay. My guidebook had also mentioned that boys met one at the bus station to take one's bags to the hotel. To my dismay, after the six-hour trip from Casablanca, I was greeted not by boys but by old men with carts. My baggage was loaded, exorbitant tips were demanded, and I was escorted to a dismal hotel. Several times in my life I have seen my plans fall about me, and have ended up in a hotel room in an unknown place. I look at the walls and wonder what I am going to do with myself, with my life. Whatever is decided in that room will alter my destiny. It is like a return to the womb.

For several days I strolled about the town, enjoying the exotic bustle of the streets. No one spoke to me except some rapacious-looking youths whose unwanted company I shunned. Certainly the younger boys did not give me a glance, except to say, "Donnez-moi un dirham." Moroccans, once accustomed to lives of plunder and murder, had become a nation of beggars, I mused. One evening, at the point that I had given up hope, I was strolling on the esplanade when an adolescent boy approached me. He offered me a card. It bore the address of the Hotel Atlantique. The boy was solicitous that I should dine there. Lobster was the *plat du jour*. There was also another *etranger* whom I could meet. My young guide led me through the narrow streets to the old, and somewhat mysterious, hotel. The only diner was the said *etranger*, a tall, impressive-looking American in his middle years. We sat at different tables, but soon fell into conversation.

"Are you here for the same reason as I am?" he asked.

"Yes, the lobster is excellent," I replied with a prim English correctness.

"No, I don't mean that. Are you looking for boys in EsSāouira?"

"Well... er... I suppose so, yes, but I haven't met any yet."

"What about him?" He pointed at my adolescent companion.

"We haven't been introduced yet," I said, blushing.

"Chain 'em to the bed!" He spoke rapid French to the boy, and, lo, I had been fixed up with my first young Moroccan friend. I am grateful to this man for embarrassing me into ridding myself of my traditional reserve, the bane of the English gentleman, and into getting on with the business of life. Once, to give another example, we were returning from a walk to the village of Diabet. On the path we met a boy of fourteen or fifteen. The boy knew my companion and smiled broadly. We were

introduced. My French was very bad, and silence fell.

“Will he do?” the American asked me.

“Yes, I suppose so,” and I turned to the boy and bumbled out some instructions about meeting me at my hotel on the morrow.

“Why wait?” said the American. “You take him into the bushes, and we’ll meet for dinner later,” and off he strode towards the white walls of EsSâouira.

I was left alone in the *bled* with the boy. I put my woollen pullover on the ground. I was awkward because I did not know what I was expected to do. The boy's cock was quite big and I certainly did not want to be fucked. We embraced in the sand. I enjoyed the contrast between my white, bloated, out-of-shape body and the dusky suppleness of his torso and flexing buttocks. I sucked him for a while and then helped him to jerk himself off onto my chest. I did not come at all, but nevertheless I was exhilarated. A week before I would never have imagined that I would have had the nerve to drag a completely unknown boy into the bushes and perform such gross indecencies.

The American's story was bizarre. Lansing had held important posts in the C.I.A. and had, through most of his career, been happily married. After retiring from “the Agency”, he and his wife had run a resort hotel in Florida. As he aged, he gradually realized that he was profoundly bored, and was passionately fond of adolescent boys. He made a wrong turning by deciding he must be “gay”, and he plunged himself into the world of homo bars, pick-up joints, shabby hotel rooms, and nocturnal cruising which Miami provided. After his divorce he moved to San Francisco, as he thought that that was where people like him were supposed to go to find happiness. He was never more lonely in his life. Eventually, following Truman Capote's famous dictum, he cleaned out his bank account and fled to Morocco. He had already been in that country a year when I met him in the dining room of the Hotel Atlantique, EsSâouira. By the time I had finished my lobster I had learned the central facts of his life. It was only by traveling alone through the cities of the Moors that he had discovered that what he really yearned for was the adolescent boy, the boy who, to some extent, could fill the part of an eternal son.

Another of the foreigners I knew in Morocco was a retired British Army captain. He, too, had been married and had a grown-up daughter, but by the time he had emerged from adolescence he had realized his inner identity was defined by his secret desire for boys of fourteen or fifteen. He had received a half of his pension as a capital sum, and had

squandered it at the races. On the income from the other half he now resided in Morocco. If his money ran out, which it frequently did, he would sign bad checks or cadge cash from “suckers” like myself. I once supported him for a month. We traveled from Taroudant to Sidi Ifni, staying in the cheapest hotels and eating bread, tangerines, and tinned tuna fish to economize.

He had joined the Army as a private at the age of eighteen. It was 1942, and he was posted to North Africa. After the invasion of Sicily, he took the credit for liberating Taormina. His platoon was lavishly feted by the mayor and his council. When guarding German prisoners, he discovered many of them were not out of their teens. He was stunned by the beauty of some. He wanted to caress their golden hair, and he cared for these hapless boys as best he could. Wounded in Normandy, he was transferred to a training camp in Scotland. Far from resenting such a fate, he delighted in the opportunity of being again in close proximity to teenagers. Accustomed to life in the Army, he stayed on after the war and received a commission. After serving in Malaya, he was seconded to the Trucial States, where he was brought into contact with young Arab soldiers. Learning Arabic at the famous language school the British then maintained in Beirut, he became cognizant, through the poetry of Abu Nowas, of the traditional pederasty of the Arab world, and he reveled in the involved and delicate wooing of Arabian boys. I last saw him in Marrakesh, in front of the Cafe de la Renaissance. I was not particularly pleased to see him, as I had lent him 150 pounds to help him return to England. It was apparent, instead, that he had blown the money to extend his stay in Morocco. He had given me a post-dated check by which I was to be repaid. Six months later I credited it to my account. It bounced.

In a guest house in Guatemala I met an Englishman whose profession was that of radio operator in the merchant marine. We had engaged in conversation, as he had traveled extensively in the Far East. At that time, I had never been to The Philippines and was chary about visiting the country due to the many negative reports about arbitrary arrests of boy-lovers. I dropped the name of Pagsanjan and discovered that the man, David, had been there the year before. I mumbled something about the supposed beauty of the waterfalls in order to conceal my real interests. David said that he had felt uncomfortable there during his four-day visit. He mentioned that the town had been disturbed by “paedophile operations”. From his use of such a phrase I presumed the man to be a normal, upstanding sailor whose heterosexual needs had been amply

catered for by the multitude of whores for which Mrs. Aquino's country is famous. David had twice been back to The Philippines at his own expense. I asked him what it was that he so much liked about the country. He replied that he liked the hospitality of the people. He was often invited into the homes of simple folk and made to feel a part of their families. It was a sensitive, interesting answer.

The next day David came in from the street with two boys, about 12 years old, in tow. He took them directly to his room, closed the door and did not emerge for a long time. That evening I invited him to share some of my whiskey with me and returned to the subject of Pagsanjan, asking whether there were other places in The Philippines where paedophiles had been conducting operations. I tried not to appear too interested. Then two 10-year-old boys, who were used to dropping by about dinner-time, entered the guest house. They embraced me, making a big show of kissing my cheeks. I blushed, for I stood revealed. Little boys are not normally so affectionate towards strange adult males unless they have received some encouragement. The incident broke my reserve with David and our conversation became easier. He admitted that he accepted invitations to Filipino homes so he could be close to the children. At thirty years of age, however, he had not yet engaged in sexual activity with a boy. He did not disapprove of such intimacy, it was just that he had not had the courage to initiate it. A few days later I left for Europe, but I learned by mail that he had finally taken the plunge and rented a house to facilitate his developing life-style.

Based as it is upon the nurture and cherishing of the young, the love of boys brings out the best in a man's nature. It could be that his very goodness, exemplified by his caring for others, would incline him towards paedophilia. In this sense, child-love is a natural expression of virtue. Whereas the self-appointed moralists and politicians of the age hope to attract public acclaim by verbal and legal aggression against paedophiles and, in consequence, against the paedophiles' young lovers, the man who desires children behaves towards them in a selfless manner. A cynic might assume that the pervert's show of consideration for his love-object is merely a preliminary to getting the boy's pants off. Such an attitude reveals a trivial, exploitative view of sex. To care for children is not just to provide the necessities of food, clothing, and health, but also to hold significant their affectional sexual needs. How many a new boy at a boarding school has been adequately clothed and fed but nevertheless has been almost suicidally miserable due to the lack of any kindness shown to him?

I am impressed by the saintliness of boy-lovers. In their conversation there is little of the verbal coarseness of the heterosexual, who prides himself upon the conquest of adult females. David, the radio operator, emanated a gentleness surely rare in the society of shipboard life. Other boy-lovers, men who have served their country in war or government, manifest a decency and personal modesty uncommon among those who ogle the female form. No better than the Third Reich is that society which savages men such as these.

3. The Boy

In order to write this book without being disturbed by importunate boys, I left Brazil and took lodgings in a Portuguese coastal village. After doing a little work in the middle of the day, I would walk down to the quay for a plate of clams and a jug of wine. On occasion, the local police chief, his wife and two sons would also be lunching there. The youngest of his offspring, a child of about six, developed a habit of sitting at my table. He would put his hand on my knee and stare while I ate, drank, or read a book. I neither encouraged nor discouraged this behavior. Within a few minutes his mother would call him to her side, but, after a while, he would return. The close scrutiny of a very young child is disconcerting. One feels that one is being judged. To mask my embarrassment I once offered him a clam. He seized it like a trophy, rushed to his mother, and waved it under her nose, as if this were a symbolic vindication of his attachment to me. The mother, like a true Adlerian, finally tried another tactic to remove him from my presence. She sent her elder son with a bag of toys, which he showed to his little brother. He asked him if he would like to come and play with them in the sand, and off they went. That broke the habit. The problem, if it was that, was resolved.

This small boy had shown that he had a mind of his own. His behavior indicated that he was no mere excrescence of parental flesh, but as a separate individual would associate with whom he wished. In all the talk about “minors” and “victims” of “sexual assault”, it is forgotten that the boy is a person who exists in his own right, although in law he is at his parents' disposal.

In 1980 a 12-year-old Ukrainian immigrant to the United States refused to return with his homesick parents to the Soviet Union. He “defected”. A lengthy court case lasting several years eventually settled the matter in the boy's favor. It was notable that the American Civil Liberties Union provided legal aid to the parents because this supposedly liberal organization regarded the child as his parents' private property. It was unfortunate that the final ruling could only be made after the boy

had reached the age of majority, otherwise an important precedent in the establishment of children's rights would have been set.

Without boys there would not be boy-lovers. Whatever laws are passed against boy-love, however many of their adult friends are imprisoned, it will always exist because boys, by their very nature, would have it so. Even Ms. Kraizer recognizes that children have a natural right to dispose of their own bodies as they wish:

Children can and should speak up for themselves. They definitely have something to say about what happens to them. (page 15)

Children are capable of making judgments – that is, they can consider the alternatives and make decisions for themselves. (page 15)

Children have very clear ideas about what they like and what they don't like... They discover that there is “yes” and there is “no”. (page 17)

Children learn they have control over what happens to their body when we teach them, and when we show them our own behavior, that their body does indeed belong to them. (page 46)

Ms. Kraizer grants such sweeping liberties to children because she believes that children do not enjoy “sexual abuse”; it doesn't seem to occur that they might enjoy sex without the abuse.

Rudolph Dreikurs, the American continuator of the work of Alfred Adler, argued vehemently in his *Happy Children* that in the modern world children, although the responsibility of adults, should be treated as equals, as human beings in their own right. He regarded the ability to respect the child as essential for the health of the community:

Each child has his own creativity; each child responds or reacts to what he encounters in his life. Each child has his own individual hand in the shaping of his personality.

This “progressive” philosophy of bringing up children has been largely absorbed into modern Western culture, but, curiously and

inconsistently, it does not apply to sexual liberty. The whole noble structure wobbles when the topic of sex is introduced. An attempt has been made to isolate this rogue element by the implementation of “sex education” in schools. Unlike biology or chemistry classes, in sex education practical demonstration, surely the best way to teach the subject, is prohibited, thus rendering the enterprise virtually useless. To be useful and truly informative, however, is not the purpose of sex education. In classrooms, rather than bedrooms, amid suppressed giggles and the occasional horse-laugh, children review garishly colored charts, so grisly in their detail that, if he had gazed upon them, Don Juan would have at once disentangled himself from his latest conquest and rushed to take refuge in the nearest monastery. After their confrontation with spermatozoa, ovulation, fallopian tubes, and testosterone, it is hoped the children will banish the subject of sex from their now sanitized minds. A far more effective way for children to be introduced to sex, and to develop a mature attitude to it, would be to let them explore each other's bodies in a guilt-free environment, and for adults who actually like children to lend guidance and knowledge by means of individual counseling sessions.

For there is no question that sex is of supreme importance to children. It is my pet theory (I beg the reader's indulgence) that, in the course of human evolution, young boys developed their pert bottoms, chiselled chins, lovebow lips, and saucy, long-lashed glances in order to attract men sexually. Male monkeys and apes are tempted by buttocks, not breasts. It is interesting that pre-pubertal boys, not girls, have the physiological feature of these curvaceous mounds (the zoologist Desmond Morris has put forward the theory that adult human females have developed large breasts, since the species stood erect, in order to simulate the formerly prominent buttocks). By assuming the female role the young boy ensured that he would not be seen as a challenge or threat to a dominant adult male. Moreover, he would have gained the protection of the adult and the use of him as a mentor and role model. These advantages would have been of great assistance in the struggle for survival.

In matters of sex there is no firm line to be drawn between the pre-pubertal boy and the adolescent. A decade ago, I walked into a bookshop on the Charing Cross Road. It specialised in Greece and Hellenic culture. There I discovered J. Z. Eglinton's *Greek Love*, a work at that time unknown to me. I read it with passionate attention. It recounted earnestly and in scholarly fashion many of the justifications for boy-love

that had half-formed in my own mind. To my great disappointment, the author flatly stated that boys under fourteen were too immature to appreciate a sexual relationship with a man. All the benefits which he had claimed for such a union were reserved for adolescents alone.

Sigmund Freud, on the other hand, was adamant that children were sexual beings from birth:

As a matter of fact, the new-born infant brings sexuality with it into the world; certain sexual sensations attend its development while at the breast and during early childhood, and only very few children would seem to escape some kind of sexual activity and sexual experiences before puberty.... The reader (of his *Drei Abhandlungen zur Sexualtheorie*) will learn that the specific organs of reproduction are not the only portions of the body which are a source of pleasurable sensations, and that Nature has stringently ordained that even stimulation of the genitals cannot be avoided during infancy.... Puberty merely brings about attainment of the stage at which the genitals acquire supremacy among all the zones and sources of pleasure.... On the other hand, the child is capable long before puberty of most of the mental manifestations of love, for example, tenderness, devotion, and jealousy. Often enough the connection between these mental manifestations and the physical sensation of sexual excitation is so close that the child cannot be in doubt about the relation between the two. To put it briefly, the child is long before puberty a being capable of mature love, lacking only the ability for reproduction; and it may be definitely asserted that the mystery (about sex) which is set up withholds him only from intellectual comprehension of achievements for which he is psychically and physically prepared.

– (Open letter to Dr. M. Furst, 1907, translated by E. B. M. Herford)

I have quoted this passage at length because it seems to me to be definitive. Children are ready for sex at infancy and need it for proper development. The passage puts an end to the debate about at what age the child should be introduced to sex. The introduction should start at birth. The Roman historian Suetonius accused the Emperor Tiberius of taking advantage of the oral instincts of babies to pleasure himself. Far

from being a monster of vice, the Emperor can here be seen, in the light of Freud's research, to have been assisting in the physical and psychical development of infants. When they are free to do so, children do act sexually on their own initiative. They do not have to be lured into such activity by the wiles of scheming perverts, or bribed with ice-cream. Suetonius, however, revelled in making the kind of uncorroborated charges which would, in a later but no more civilised age, have earned him a job on *The News of the World* or *The National Enquirer*.

At Omoa, a small fishing port in Honduras, I met a ten-year-old boy who hung around the beach comedores to pick up small change from the bourgeois day-trippers from San Pedro Sula. I invited him for a meal. He talked incessantly, even if nobody was listening; he shut up only when he was sucking his thumb. We became friendly and he used to visit me at my primitive hospedaje. Sex occurred as a matter of course. During these sessions he did not utter a squeak, while his breathing slowed to a measured, intense rhythm. On occasion he would lie beside me while I read, sucking his thumb as if in a trance. He seemed to enjoy so profound a reverie by this practice that I offered him my cock instead. Without the slightest hesitation, he laid off his childish behaviour and gratefully enfolded the alternative with his lips, sucking the vascular staff embedded in his face with the deep contentment of a babe at the breast. It was apparent that the oral transition from the infantile to the sexual was completely natural.

The self-evident happiness which this boy showed in my company drew the attention of his colleagues, who would assemble before breakfast outside the hospedaje and await me as if I were Louis XIV appearing for the Grande Levee. These boys preferred to follow me around all day to selling the local delicacies from the baskets with which their mothers had entrusted them. The money I would give them for their embraces was hardly so lavish that one could assume their affections were motivated by commerce or by greed induced from the traffic of their young bodies. Gentle, calm, and unaffected in manner was the pie-boy, who had soft, curled brown hair and green eyes, and was adorned with a doughy bottom matched only by that of his companion, the doughnut boy, whose impish, knowing smirk was crowned by sandy, ivy-wild locks.

Successful in winning first place in my affections was Alex. I had been swimming by the dock when this 12-year-old had dived into the sea, surfacing beside me. At first I was reluctant to accept his advances, as my cornucopia of boys was replete, but in the ensuing days his

persistence made me yield to temptation. Unlike his rivals, he did not have to go home in the evenings, as he camped on the shore with the fishermen. For a little food he helped them with their chores. Now he was free to sleep with me. When I climbed into bed he would entwine himself around me, pressing his face into my breast. Favoured by him was the caress of my tongue upon his anal fissure while, in the *soixante-neuf* position, I spread his pulpy thighs as might a chef dress a chicken for roasting. "Yo ti quero, yo ti quero," he repeated in the throes of my ministrations.

At the port of Acajutla in El Salvador, I used to stay at the Hotel Miramar. From its terrace, during cocktail hour, I could view the sun's blaze as it slipped towards the Pacific horizon. One evening I noticed a boy, naked, revelling with the great rollers as they foundered on the beach below. Fearless, he flung his small body about the fall and thunder of the foam.

I waded to him, and shortly, to my astonishment, he appeared beside me, agleam and grinning. There seemed to be nothing I could do but to offer him a shower in my room. He was eight years old and his name was Xavier. I was amazed that a child so small could take as blithely to sex as to the waves, his little body passing with ease from the marine to the carnal medium. His size and suppleness assisted the complexity of our intimacies. I could hold him upside down by the hips so that, while I tasted of his smooth-seamed interstices, his mouth offered haven to my member. Without disgust or surprise he received the final libation, letting the lustral secretions lave cheeks and lips.

In this case, the boy was not coaxed, cajoled, bribed or threatened to gratify a man's desire; rather his actions coincided instinctively with mime, as when joyous children dance spontaneously to an unknown choreography, and in their new-found paces celebrate all life.

In Belize I visited a town near the Guatemalan border which was inhabited by Mayan Indians. Having been historically subjects of the Spanish Empire, they are Roman Catholic by faith and have Spanish names, but do not speak Spanish. The children learn some English at school. After putting up with the boisterousness of the negro boys on the coast, it was a delight to meet the almost demure Mayan youngsters.

One afternoon, while I swam in a jungle pool, a group of boys like fauns came to bathe. Without embarrassment they stripped and dived into the limpid waters. One of them, Feliciano, was more forward. He cried, "Chase me!" and I lumbered after him through the undergrowth. When I was just about to grab him he climbed a tree. He laughed down

at me while I gazed up reverently at his nicely turned buttocks and smooth divide.

In the evening Feliciano came to my room at the guest house and lay down beside me on the bed. I found myself caressing his young chest and nipples, having rolled his T-shirt up to his chin. He whispered, "Would you like to do it in my botty?" I was charmed by the quaint English of his anatomical reference, and assented to his suggestion. I did not take him literally, but anointed him between the thighs, the while meditating on the sculpted contrast of muscled chine and buttocks orbed in beauty. I gave him some money for the purchase of school books. On two later occasions he slipped into my room and ordered me to undress as he rolled his trousers down to his ankles. Each time he asked for more money than on the previous occasion. I gave it to him, tantalised by the phenomenon of a 12-year-old boy with long black hair and delicately curved lips playing the whore. He deserved to be rewarded for his impudent salacity.

Feliciano had unwittingly followed the precepts laid down by Ms. Kraizer: he had spoken up and decided for himself, had clear ideas of what he liked, and had shown with masterful confidence that his body did indeed belong to him.

In Malacca, in Peninsular Malaysia, I became friends with boys from the *kampong Portuguis*. This Eurasian community is a relic of the Portuguese trading empire overthrown by the Dutch in the 17th Century. The members of the community speak a "patois" which is a mixture of Portuguese and Malay. I speak some Portuguese, but I found it easier to talk to the boys in English. Unlike the tightly-controlled young of the exclusive Chinese and Indian communities, these boys had a liberty of action and an energy level which reminded me of Brazilians. They were not cowed by parental or social prejudices. One nine-year-old liked to take baths with me at my hotel. On my last evening in Malacca (I was to go to Singapore the next day) he asked if he could stay for the night. He dismissed my doubts about whether his parents would allow it, so I asked his friends, on their return to the *kampong*, to tell them that their son would be sleeping at the hotel. Some hours later the boy and I were lying naked on the bed, watching a video film, when there was a sharp knocking on the door. The boy hid behind a curtain and I threw his clothes after him. With a towel around my waist, I opened the door. A man, who looked rather like Charles Bronson, entered.

"Where's my son?" he asked.

"What's his name?" I said, trying to gain time for my friend to put his

clothes on. The man was indeed the boy's father and I called to his son to emerge. Fortunately, the child had got into his shorts.

"Why was he behind the curtain?" the father asked peremptorily.

"He was afraid. He did not know it was you."

The man muttered something which I did not understand, but I caught the dread word "police". I put on an effusively genial front. I asked him to sit down and offered him a drink, which he refused. Airily I said that everything had been above board, that it was I, after all, who had sent word to him as to the whereabouts of his son. I apologised for the inconvenience caused by his having to come out so late at night. I opened my wallet and gave him a sum well in excess of the taxi fare which was its ostensible purpose. The father accepted the settlement and led his son, who was speechless and literally shaking in terror, off to his doom. What had been significant was that the boy must have known his father would disapprove of his staying the night in a hotel with a stranger, but nevertheless he was prepared to risk a "walloping", as he would have put it, in order to sleep in the arms of a man.

In Brazil I was to befriend a 10-year-old boy, nicknamed Bambino, who insisted on sleeping with me. When his mother came to my house he told her to get out and not come back. He had very smooth skin and almost purred when it was caressed. He used to wake me up in the morning and joyfully announce that it was the *hora por amor*.

This desire is neither unnatural nor perverse. Freud, in his *Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy* (1909), argued that there is no such thing as a separate homosexual instinct in children, but that boys are likely to express themselves homosexually as it is the male genitalia with which they are most familiar.

Although an adult may initiate the sexual encounter with a child, this does not invalidate the genuineness or the quality of the child's experience. It is not so much that the paedophile perverts or instructs in vice an otherwise asexual being, it is that the adult creates a free environment which the child exploits in the exploration of his own sexuality. It is not that the paedophile is an emotionally immature adult, but that he is able to relate to the child as if the latter were his peer. Some children are "babyish", but this is often a stratagem to gain the attention of neurotic parents. Most kids like to be treated by adults with the same respect which adults accord each other in normal life. By giving that respect it is only natural that the paedophile finds himself selected by children as their companion. Often the only "initiative" which the paedophile takes to win the affection of a child is to treat him

with the decency which should be granted to any human being.

Sometimes I have seen boys disappointed if I am not interested in sex when they come to visit me. My apartment would be the only place they had where there was the opportunity for sexual expression. In Brazil, if I were not available to lead the class, as it were, the boys would often have it off with each other. I was once summoned to my bedroom by two boys who were insistent that I watch them experiment with different positions of intercourse. I gazed upon their dark bodies (one boy was 12, the other 13) twining about each other, alternating with active and passive roles. Compared to what these boys were doing to each other, my own "assaults" upon them were as respectable as Jane Fonda's aerobics.

Once awakened to his own sexuality, the boy will often be zestful in exploiting opportunities for erotic play. The flight of his liberated spirit draws the body with it.

I had first met Cisco in San Salvador, El Salvador, when he was eight years old. I was interested in his elder brother, Toni, and hardly gave the boy a glance. Four years later I met him again, and was captivated. Toni was still my best friend (indeed, I had contributed towards rearing him), but, at sixteen, he was now over the hill physically as far as my erotic responses were concerned. (Toni himself was cutting a swathe through the girls of his *barrio*. People criticise boy-lovers for "discarding" their boys when they get too old. The point is that the adolescent himself is what the word implies, someone growing into adulthood. He no longer requires the amount of physical attention that smaller boys like, rather he is now the one giving the attention, usually to girls.) Cisco, on the other hand, was in his prime. In the meantime, while living in the port of Acajutla, he had met a German sailor. He adored this man, pined for his return, and kept his photograph. I asked if the relationship had been sexual, and he denied it was so. Yet Hans, the sailor, had already come back twice to El Salvador on his own account to see Cisco, and it was also evident that Cisco had learned some tricks in bed. This boy was one of the best lovers I have ever met. He would use the sinuousness of his 12-year-old body to full effect. He seemed to have a primal yearning for my own flabby frame. We would swim together in the long-spaced Pacific rollers, he clasping my neck and twining his legs around my hips. As we were rocked gently by the ocean, the boy reached for my cock and endeavoured to impale himself upon it. On one occasion, at my hotel in San Salvador, just before I left for Panama, he went down on his knees in

the shower and begged for sex, sucking at my genitals in order to arouse me.

I was also sexually assaulted by a small boy in Pattaya. He was about ten years old, and was a complete waif. When I met him in the street, his shirt consisted of two pieces of cloth joined together by a safety pin. In order to get him into the hotel I had to outfit him. The investment paid off, for once we were in the shower the boy clasped me hungrily. His head hardly came up to my navel, and when my member began to rise he seized it as if it were an ice-cream cone and guided it into his mouth.

In Salvador da Bahia, Brazil, I would frequent at dusk the Cantina da Lua in the historic square which is bounded on three sides by baroque facades. As I sipped my *batidas con limao*, a drink guaranteed to drive one to lunacy, I would be continually entertained by the little negro boys who would be selling peanuts to the imbibers. One emerged as my friend. His white grin would be first to greet me when I arrived for my pre-dinner aperitif. Rather than sell peanuts, he preferred to hang around my table, lean on my shoulder, whisper in my ear. One evening the drinkers at the other tables became more than usually uproarious. In Brazil it is common for people in bars to kill each other during drunken arguments, so the boy suggested I leave the outside tables and withdraw upstairs. There we sat in a cozy niche. There was an electricity failure, and we were plunged into blackness. As we chatted on, I discovered that I was fondling his cock, and it was erect. This went on until candles began to appear on the tables. When it was time to leave, the boy followed me, happily holding my arm as we strolled along the darkened streets to my apartment building. I was living in a one-room place with only a mattress as furniture. My companion said he would like to spend the night. Once we were reclining on the sheets love-making began as a matter of course. After some mutual caressing, he announced gravely that, if I wished, I could go into his *cou*. He made this suggestion with a courtesy that was almost archaic.

The sexual desires of small boys are not always to my taste. The beaches of Natal, Brazil, are lined with *barracas*, canvas stalls where one can buy beer, crabs, and fried fish. I have spent many an afternoon in such places, watching the immensity of the ocean, and conversing with the boys who purvey peanuts or confections to the *banhistas*. One day a peanut-boy sat beside me and apparently gave up all intention of flogging his wares. He was twelve years old, fair-skinned, with large green eyes. I plied him with tapioca and sodas. Night fell. This boy showed no desire to return to his mother, who lived across the river.

During dinner he was flirtatious and seductive. It was now too late for him to catch a bus home, and he would have to spend the night with me. We were on the bed and naked, but we were at cross-purposes. The boy squatted on my chest and thrust his member into my mouth. He gyrated his hips for a while, then withdrew, slapped my haunches and told me to turn over. “*Viré*,” he ordered. I was astounded at the impudence of this little squirt. If anyone was going to do the fucking it would be me. I burbled about making love, but he looked at my cock as if a toad had grown between my legs, and when I tried to knead his buttocks (which were choice) he held his hand over them fast as a portcullis. It was a stand-off situation, but it was too late to get rid of him. The next morning I sent him packing with bus-fare as his remuneration, although I gave him a pair of shorts just so that he could exit the hotel looking reasonably decent.

In the fishing village of Paracuni, Ceara, Brazil, numbers of brown-skinned boys populate the beach. They have some of the most beautifully crafted torsos I have ever seen, for they are constantly exercising themselves on home-made surf-boards and helping to push those classic fishing craft of north-eastern Brazil, the *jangadas*, up onto the beach. These boys' lives seemed to be blissfully happy and completely self-contained. They were friendly, but always kept me at a distance if I appeared to be suggesting further intimacies. They had no desire for and no need of sex with me. They led carefree lives upon the white, sweeping beaches of Ceara, forever at play in the surge, and nourished by the juice of the coconut and the bounty of the sea. I had to be content to watch day-long their beauty and their happiness, and accept that my philosophy did not have universal application.

The discovery of a gap between theory and practice can be embarrassing. Ramon was a 13-year-old shoeshine boy whom I encountered in the main plaza in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. We met several times and he accepted my invitation to lunch in one of the *cabanas* in the former botanical gardens. Afterwards we walked beside the river, and he put his arm around me. He talked of friendship and asked me if I would buy him a bicycle. I replied that that would depend on how the friendship developed. I thought my meaning was clear, especially when he agreed to come back to my hotel room, ostensibly to watch television. There was an awful Indian version of a Tarzan movie, with extended footage of stampeding elephants. While the trumpeting of these beasts filled the room I gently caressed the boy, and when I felt his erection grow beneath the taut cloth of his jeans, I asked him to stand up so I could lower them.

He helped untie the belt, and the well-turned erection was a few inches from my face. Hair had not yet begun to grow but the member's size indicated that the boy had embarked upon adolescence. The genitalia gave off a clean, flowery odor and I fastened my lips around the stem. I had been sucking for a while when the boy abruptly withdrew. Blushing, he said, "Why did you do that?" Hurriedly he arranged his clothing and walked out. Later, whenever I passed him in the plaza he would turn his head away, refusing to acknowledge my existence.

What children need is to be allowed to express their sexuality free of guilt, without fear of parental discovery. Guilt is disabling to the personality, and much of the hysterical opposition to child-sex is due to the corrosive effect it has on people, long after they themselves have ceased to be children. The boy-lover is the ideal counselor for young people in matters of sex. The boy finds to his delight that not all adults disapprove of one of his most important instincts. His personality and self-knowledge, not to mention his happiness and joy in living, will flourish when he learns from the adult what love is about, how it feels and what it implies. This situation is far preferable to the silly game of "playing doctor" with each other, which is the only form of sexual expression allowed to children under the regime of Ms. Kraizer.

The family should not be the only available unit in which a boy can form an attachment to an adult. Most psychologists today would agree that for a child's healthy emotional development two factors are essential. One is that he should feel that he belongs, that he is wanted, appreciated, and is useful. The other factor, and this overlooked by those who enshrine "the family", is that the child, in the course of his self-realization, must free himself from the authority of his parents. The most obvious way to resolve these contradictory necessities is for the child to develop a strong relationship with an adult to whom he is not bound by compelling domestic ties. The only person who would have the patience to involve himself deeply and for a period of time in the life of a child not his own is the paedophile.

School teachers are often thought of by society as acceptable substitutes for parents as adult role models. Having been a teacher myself, I know this to be false. The predominance of women in the American teaching profession can make life exasperating for any boy over ten. As for the male teacher, to be effective, he must work in part through the natural authority credited to him as an adult. This authority would be weakened if he were to absorb his energies in only a few of the

children under his command. The numbers of pupils with which a teacher has to cope discourages the formation of relationships of sufficient intimacy, as does the public and temporary nature of the association.

The intelligent parent should encourage his son to establish an informal connection with an adult male friend outside the family. This allows the boy to develop his individuality and moral independence in a manner that does not involve open rebellion or stressful defiance in the home. Parents often make a child feel hemmed in by being overly concerned about his "progress". The child may resort to lying to cover up his "faults". Parents whose children lie to them have only themselves to blame. The child who does not feel that he is valued in himself may turn to more extreme forms of anti-social behavior. These domestic tensions would be dissipated if a boy-lover were available to keep the child's view of himself in perspective. The child would realize that the new person, which he feels himself becoming, is as valuable to grown-ups as was the mother's darling of yore. Fundamentally, over-protection of a child by his parents is an insult to his existence as an autonomous human being.

The most important sphere in which the boy is over-protected is the sexual. In the United States, especially, there is a perverse custom to force children as young as twelve or thirteen to "date" the opposite sex, and yet forbid them any more intimate contact than to hold hands. In fact, it is not until well into adolescence that boys desire the company of girls at all. Co-education, anyway, has brought them up to think of them as asexual beings. As a teacher supervising a school dance, I remember the difficulty I had in persuading the seventh-graders to mix. Each sex was happiest dancing with its own members. As W. Pomeroy has pointed out in his *Boys and Sex*, early adolescents are going through an intense homosexual phase. Even Pomeroy, who rightly emphasized its temporary nature, discouraged a too severe repression by adults of this instinct. For the boy the sexual renunciation which is required of him has no biological justification; in fact the opposite is the case. If an adolescent feels the urge to masturbate every day or two, it is self-evident that his sap-filled body is crying out for sexual release. Social convention, however, requires the boy to undergo a form of psychic annihilation in which his very concept of himself as "boy" is invalidated by its repudiation of his most important part, his penis, as anything more than a urinary tract.

A brief sexual encounter with a boy has its own unique qualities.

Elements of chance and adventure, drama and pleasure are temporarily but intensely intertwined. Boy-lovers sometimes over-emphasize the benefits of the long-term relationships in which they are involved. It is apparent that having one boy as one's friend is a lot safer than several. In Europe today, especially, there are just not that many boys who are sufficiently discreet, perceptive, game and socially available for sexual liaisons with adult males. In consequence, boy-lovers tend to invest perhaps too much importance in single, airtight relationships. In countries where boys do not regard sex with men as such a big deal, there are opportunities for one-off encounters that can be satisfying for both parties.

Actually, one-time encounters are rare, for if the sexual and emotional content of a liaison has been satisfying to both partners, then a series of meetings is likely to occur. External factors, like onward travel or difficulties of access, may prevent a repeat. In Asunción, Paraguay, I met a 13-year-old shoe shine boy in the Plaza Uruguaya. I rented a room in a nearby Korean-run fuck hotel. Unlike the shoe shine boy in Santa Cruz, this one was more amenable. We had a shower together, and while I was soaping his balls his penis became erect. After drying him off, I led him towards the bed where, unshocked, he accepted my ministrations. Before he left I gave him a T-shirt and some money, not an extravagant sum but significantly more than he would have received just for polishing my shoes. We agreed to meet again in a Korean-run cafe. I was timid, however, about picking the boy up again in a public place, and I arrived two hours late for the rendezvous. My friend had waited for me, the cafe owner said, but had finally given up and left. The fault was mine.

Brief encounters may lend color and variety to one's life which may be otherwise founded on the enduring pillars of long-standing friendships. These short-term liaisons are as the fluting, scroll work, and acanthus-leaf ornamentation to the marble columns which uphold the edifice of one's affections. They are playful with the senses and not onerous upon the emotions. Boy-lovers, talking of a long-term friendship, may remark that sex is not the most important element in it. What is so enchanting about the few-times-only affair is that sex *is* the most important factor. Such affairs are the satyric interludes lightening the measured sequence of the more noble drama.

In Marrakesh, one December evening, I was dining in a small French restaurant. The weather was wintry and I was thankful for the *steak au poivre* and the wine that accompanied it. I became aware that I was

being observed through the window. Outside, huddled in an old coat and on his head one of those unfortunate woollen Moroccan youths are prone to wear in inclement weather, stood, or rather leaned, a boy. I continued eating, but occasionally glanced over to find those large Moorish eyes directing a yearning gaze not towards me but towards my plate. Having left over some bread, potatoes, and meat, I motioned to him to enter the establishment and finish up the remains of my meal. The boy sat at the table, nervously looking over at the fussy, self-important waiter, who looked very unhappy and kept muttering that my guest would have to go. Under my protection, however, the boy ate heartily. I learned that he was called Mustapha and was thirteen years old. No, he had no plans. Would he like to spend the night with me? "*D'accord*," was his laconic reply.

In the darkness I managed to get him past the *Haji*, who at night guarded the door of my hotel. Unwrapping Mustapha from his old clothes, I told him to take a shower. Unfortunately only cold water was provided. After his shower, he got into bed quickly and clung close to me, not out of ardor for my physique but for my body temperature. He felt very cold, and I pressed him against me and caressed him for a while. With his circulation restored, he recalled the reason for his lying naked in bed with a strange man. To my delight, he was one of those boys who do not divide sex into what is permissible and what is not. His body possessed a flexibility and sinuousness which I like to think is peculiarly Moorish. He spent the night entwined about me. He got up before dawn, partaking of another bracing cold shower. I towed him down vigorously, so that with the sunrise there came a bloom into his being. With the 20 dirhans I pressed upon him before his departure he became positively radiant.

Later that day I was to take the train to Tangier. "Perhaps the next time you are in Marrakesh?" he said with a slight shrug on leaving, but both of us knew that the experience that we had had together was sufficient in itself; repetition could not improve on it.

The claustrophobic atmosphere of EsSäouira, where one was under the continual observation of young men "waiting to be chosen", made a long-term relationship with a boy all but impossible. Yet my time there was not entirely barren. Once, when returning to the town after a walk along the beach, I fell in with two boys of about fourteen. One was ugly – pallid and with a great Arab nose stuck on his face; the other possessed the delicate features and bronze-dark skin of the southern Berbers. Our

conversation was formal and courteous, but my mind was occupied on how to separate the pretty boy from the other, and then get the former up to my room without hassle. The gods were with me – the unwanted boy allowed himself to be fobbed off with a few coins, while his companion and I were able to get up the stairs of the hotel without attracting notice. (I always kept my room key with me, in order to avoid going to the reception desk.) Although I sensed that my young friend was a “good” boy and had never had any association with a foreigner, I encountered no surprise or resistance when, after a few ritual words of small talk, I proceeded to ease him from the folds of his *gandora* and lay his youth-wrought form upon the bed. He reposed quietly, in the attitude of the Sleeping Hermaphrodite of the Terme Museum in Rome, while my member caressed the marble-smooth recesses of his upper thighs. My body's homage to his completed, I chatted to him for a while. I felt somewhat embarrassed at having engaged so precipitately in such intimacies. What must he think? I distracted myself by showing him postcards of London and of the Trooping of the Color, but I soon ran out of polite conversation. After I had given him 10 dirhans he left. I was still sitting on the bed, somewhat stunned by the experience, when the door opened. The boy had returned. Did he want more money? He maintained his grave silence, however, and sat beside me. He put his arms around me and kissed me. He then went to the door, smiled suddenly, and again departed. One other time I saw him. He was in the market with his grandmother. He briefly introduced me to her, but obviously did not wish to appear too intimate in her presence. Yet, while the old woman was haggling over some vegetables, he gave me one of those brilliant sidelong glances on which one's heart may subsist all day.

The most beautiful boy in EsSâouira at that time was called Jawad. He was thirteen and the adored recipient of the suit of several local youths. He had been raped by a Berber peasant when only nine years old, and, so it was said, his anal orifice was consequently open. If we met in the street, I would try to have a few words with him. He wanted to talk, but his admirers would home in and take over the conversation. Several times we managed to arrange a place to meet later, but we would soon be spotted and interrupted by others. Once an older brother saw us, angrily reprimanded the boy and ordered him home.

A few days before I was to leave EsSâouira for good (I had decided to spend my time in Taroudant with my little friend, Majid) I let it be known that I would give Jawad 50 dirhans if we could get together. With Lansing I was to take a bus to Agadir. I had just finished packing, had

locked the door, and, suitcases in hand, was approaching the stairs when Jawad suddenly appeared at the top of them, alone. He had evidently given his warders the slip, and was making an end-run. I opened my mouth to say it was too late, but the boy, like Gabriel the Archangel, *was* there, and none but he and I in the corridor. Awed by his presence, I reopened the door that I thought I had closed for ever. I put my watch on the table by the bed. I had half an hour to make love to Jawad and walk with my luggage to the bus station at the other end of town.

The boy, however, did not expect dalliance and stripped. We embraced each other and I inhaled the boyish humors of his young flesh. He positioned himself, and I sustained his buttocks with a pillow the better that he might proffer himself. He lay with his head nestled in the linen, haloed in the silk of his hair, his lashes half-closed over some childish dream, his kiss-sought lips slightly apart.

During the few minutes granted to me I reveled in that boy's heretofore untouchable beauty, the very intensity of my absorption bringing the reverie the sooner to its final moment. We struggled into our clothes. Jawad pocketed the green fifty-dirhan note I nonchalantly handed him and slipped away. Laden with my luggage I hobbled through the crowded *souk* to the bus station. My American companion was pleading with the driver to wait a moment longer.

"Where the hell have you been?" he shouted as I came into sight. We had plenty to talk about during the three-hour journey to Agadir.

These one-off meetings partake of a quality of mystery. The encounter is the gift of chance, the beloved but a stranger. It may be that some kind of deity grants the worshipers of boys these little treats as reward for assiduous devotion.

Unable to sleep, I was walking one night on a Brazilian shore when, from a *barraca*, I heard my name called. Drawn by that voice, resonant, alto, of a boy with whom puberty is gentle, I answered the summons. He was lying in a hammock, stretching cat-like, chortling, bantering with a bearded man, apparently a relative. That I might know more of this boy and tarry, I ordered a beer. He held court from his hammock, a 13-year-old prince in torn T-shirt and jeans.

My drink finished, the moment of decision had come. Could he spare half an hour and come back to my apartment with me? After politely asking permission of his older relative, he assented. In bed I dallied with his nipples, which, as is often the case with boys at that stage of life, were slightly swollen. This attention amused him and brought forth a musical, almost Mozartian, laughter. Our session over, I delivered him

once more into the hands of his guardian on the beach. Yet although on many other occasions I passed that way, never again did I hear my name called out of the night in those haunting, Ariel tones. I might peer under the canvas, but would be met by the baffled, incurious gaze of grizzled drunks.

Guatemala City is a cold, cloudy and dull town. The Indians there are a reserved people for whom Spanish is very much a second language, if they speak it at all. White-skinned foreigners are not welcomed with open arms. The shadow of the Conquistadors endures with the “death squads” that roam the streets.

Unsuccessful in forming any attachment, late one afternoon I trudged back to my broken-down hotel in the center of the city. In the passageway, as I approached my room, stood a boy clad only in his undergarments. He did not seem to be going anywhere, so I asked him what he was doing. His older brother, he said, was in the company of an American guest at the hotel but he, being too small, had been told to wait outside. I suggested that he wait in my room. There I sat in a chair wondering how to start.

His name was Jose and he was thirteen. I went through the usual vacuous questions one asks in order to assess the situation and to summon up courage to take the plunge. Did he go to school? How many brothers and sisters did he have? What did his father do? This last is very much a leading question, as it may well be the father is no longer a part of the boy's family, or, if so, the family's social status is revealed. (In Morocco a sweet little boy in a frilly shirt, when asked, said his father was the Chief of Police! Later, from other sources, I found out he was the son of a mathematics teacher.)

Throughout our conversation Jose was standing beside my chair. I began to stroke his chest and arms. I put my finger in the waistband of his underwear and said, “May I?” He nodded in a matter-of-fact way. He would have been amazed if told that by legal definition in British or American law, he was in the process of being sexually assaulted. I pulled the white garment down, revealing his finely-modeled, dusky thighs, his penis sprouting erect from their nexus. He kicked the garment from his ankles and stood before me hand-on-hip, legs slightly apart.

I was still fully clothed, but the boy's smooth, hairless genitals were asserting themselves only a few inches from my lips. I cupped one of his buttocks to support him, with the other hand fondling his testicles. By these I drew him to my lips which enclosed the springy cock. After fellating him for a minute, I withdrew to play manually with the pert,

salivated member. The boy stood there, his chin on his chest, mouth open, breathing shortly, looking entranced at what was happening to his young body. Suddenly he spurted, smearing my fingers with his honey. He grasped my shoulder, steadying himself as his thigh-muscles clenched and relaxed.

We showered in embrace. I attended to him with a perfumed soap of Paris (while he attended to me in a manner quite different). When he was dry I stretched him out on the bed and powdered his torso with Eau Sauvage talc. Thus scrubbed and scented, several quetzals the richer, he was dispatched to his older brother.

Failing to find an actual partner, the boy may develop an alternative fantasy. Boys' adventure stories often involve the dislocation of their young heroes to remote exotic lands where the parental writ does not run. Such a hero may find himself captured by savages, who either plan to slay him in one of their rituals (and there is a strong subconscious sexual element in this situation – the boy's desire to be ravished) or, through the agency of a sympathetic adult figure, a man who warms to the boy for his own sake and protects him from danger, he is adopted into a group that has no relation with his domestic origin.

Freud, in a note in Otto Rank's *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero*, wrote that just before puberty the boy may develop a fantasy in which his actual parents are replaced by others of higher eminence.

In these fantasies the boy is expressing an instinctive desire to be upheld and loved by someone other than his parents. It is at this period, just before and during puberty, that the natural symbiosis between man and boy is at its strongest. Where they are free to do so, boys, on their own initiative, will attach themselves to someone of a different background and station. The fantasy's depiction of the boy as lost or set adrift in a strange world reflects the insecurity he feels upon his realization that his home and family no longer satisfy his moral and psychic requirements. This initial defenselessness and *ingénue* quality are unspoken calls to one as yet unknown to him.

In the modern world, where the alienation between the generations is almost complete, it is only the boy-lover who can answer this immemorial summons. It is a tragedy that Western society uses the whole apparatus of judicial and police powers to keep the boy isolated from those who are best able to befriend him. On the other hand, non-paedophiles have abrogated their responsibility to cherish and give counsel.

Among the most sickening aspects in our society are the groups of rowdy, oafish youths grouping to create peer cultures that grow more bizarre and ridiculous each year, and may even be dangerous, as with soccer hooliganism or gang warfare.

These sub-cultures arise in later adolescence and early manhood as a perverse compensation for the *previous* lack of affection and emotional bonding with adults in childhood. The idea that social workers, school counselors, or priests should solve the problem at an earlier stage is erroneous. Such people have neither the time, resources, nor (unless they are themselves boy-lovers) the interest in developing relationships of the necessary intimacy, intensity, and mutual confidence which the children need and want.

The success as counselors of the young of such men as George Dennison (*The Lives of Children*), Paul Goodman (*Compulsory Miseducation* and *Growing Up Absurd*), and John Embling (*Tom*), is extremely rare today; it depended on their being able to absorb themselves totally in their children's world and on their enduring sympathy for children as children.

It is a psychological imperative for every boy, especially as he approaches puberty, to have had a strong emotional, if not physical, relationship with a man other than his father. If this imperative is not obeyed, and its mandate is thwarted, what are the consequences for society? The next chapter examines the implications of social prohibition or encouragement of intimate, consensual man-boy friendships.

4. Boy-Love and Society

The issue of inter-generational relations is of importance not just to the individual, but to society as a whole. The stakes are high. By repressing the love of boys, modern society has risked the moral health of its young, pointing them in the direction of psychopathic behavior, the result of a lack of affection at a critical age. If he obeys his country's laws on sex, the boy-lover risks losing his identity, living in a gray world of melancholy, guilt, and repression of his libido. If he ignores them, he finds himself an outlaw, and at any moment he may be deprived of his liberty of person.

By denying the right of men and boys to cohabit, modern Western society is revealed as unable to nurture its young, except in the provision of material sustenance. Bored youths huddle together, fearful and callous of adult company and “bourgeois” values. They sniff glue, experiment with dope, indulge in weird crazes, lose themselves for hours in the dementia of hard rock music. For them it is too late.

Traditional social institutions have failed abysmally to give meaning to the lives and the ideals of the young. Only where the institutions have themselves been penetrated by paedophiles can they be in any way effective in the moral nurture of youth. Christianity has nothing to offer the young person who must set out on the path to sexual enlightenment. Its failure to provide moral leadership began with the persecution of classical paganism, that joyous fusion of Nature and the human spirit, continued through the Middle Ages, where it always supported its accusations against heretics with charges of sexual as well as doctrinal aberrations, to the present day, where its legacy remains as a bituminous residue in the form of “bourgeois” attitudes and conventions. Heroic figures like Sigmund Freud and Wilhelm Reich have toiled unsuccessfully to repair the damage to the human psyche. Although few today believe in the fires of Hell, the sense of sin, of guilt, and the resulting sado-masochistic complex remain.

Christians who are genuine boy-lovers, however, will probably attempt to reconcile their affections with their religion. The Early Christian notion of *agape*, the love of God reflected in the love of one's

fellow human beings, is the most obvious link. In the Gospel according to St. Luke (Chapter 9, vv. 47-48) we read:

“And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him,

“And said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.”

It is a traditional Judeo-Christian notion that if love is expressed physically it is devalued or corrupted, yet this is not the inference to be drawn from the canonical gospels. Jesus' teachings gave sanction to the flesh, for the path to eternal life was through existence in the flesh. Love that is certain, that is felt by the lover to be part of his being, is pure, whether it is expressed physically or through philanthropy.

It is a Christian virtue to give alms. Where, as an act of love, the lover gives to his beloved those material things which may sustain him in life, it is also an act of charity (Christian or otherwise). Yet Christians feel guilty if the object of their generosity is the one who has been loved carnally by them.

Father Michael Ingram, in his contribution to *The Betrayal of Youth* (edited by Warren Middleton) writes that “one never expects an assault on a child which involves... payment for the child's services to go without some sort of deleterious result upon the child's character.”

This guilt about money is unnecessary. How is it more corrupting to give a boy the money to buy a sandwich than to give him the sandwich itself! Money is merely a medium of exchange. I know some boy-lovers who proudly proclaim that they “never pay for sex”, yet their natural generosity and concern for the boys in question prompts them to satisfy, sometimes on a lavish scale, their friends' material needs.

“*Pecunia non olit*,” (money doesn't smell) said the wise old Emperor Vespasian when his son criticized him for littering the streets of Rome with *vespasiani*, (the gratuitous urine being sold to the fullers).

All my young friends come from social classes below mine, and their material needs should be satisfied within the bounds of my budget. The largest amount of money that I have given on a single occasion has been about US\$5. In most cases the child has divided the sum with, or given all of it to, his mother, to help with the family's fight against poverty. For me to justify, by invoking Christianity, stinginess toward those who have

been so generous of themselves would be the height of hypocrisy.

In fact, my concern for young boys in Brazil has often led people to ask me whether I am a *padre*. The question is not absurd, as my role is, to the large extent, pastoral. From conversations with boys, I have learned that certain orders, such as the Salesian Fathers, are renowned for their pederastic tendencies. The boys are amused by this, but it in no way lessens their liking or respect for the priests who minister to them.

In Salvador da Bahia I talked with an Irish Dominican who was running a parish in one of the poorer quarters of the city. He frankly admitted his desire for adolescent boys. He reconciled this desire with the prohibition of sexual intercourse for Catholic priests by taking boys out among the rocks for masturbation sessions. He was agonized, however, by the fact that he could not bring himself to have a full-scale love relationship with a boy.

In the capital of El Salvador, when Toni was living with me, the American Protestant chaplain, who served the English-speaking community, warmly praised my relationship with the boy, without inquiring too specifically about its nature. If there were more people like me, he said, much of the social deprivation among poor children could be alleviated.

The State, too, has failed to provide moral leadership for the young. The old authoritarian hierarchy, which appealed to emotions of nationalism and patriotism, courage and self-sacrifice, mortgaged its credit to the requirements of the machine gun, poison gas, and the atomic bomb. Modern democracies are retrograde where sex is concerned. For example, there was a lot more sexual freedom in the Weimar Republic and the Vienna of Dollfuss than there is in West Germany and Austria today. These states have delivered the mandate of moral leadership to the worst possible agency – the Law.

Laws, throughout legal history, are notoriously resistant to change. They almost always inflict on a society a world-view that is at best out-of-date and irrelevant, or at worst persecutory and atavistic. Laws enforce the tyranny of the past over the present.

English Common Law was once a positive force – it was not so much concerned with prohibitions, with denying things of men, as with upholding their rights against the arbitrary exercise of power by noble or monarch. Since then, it has been obscured by the accumulated legislative debris of successive parliamentary governments. It took seventy years to rid Britain of the infamous Labouchère Amendment which had ruined the lives of so many homosexuals, often men of genius

and brilliance in the civilization of the kingdom.

Too often, the bigot's cry, "There should be a law against it!", is listened to in the political scramble to curry favor with this or that strident pressure group. To have left morality in the hands of the Law is to have reduced it to a list of "don'ts" which lack relevance to real human situations.

Concomitant with the unthinking surrender of private morality to the statute books is the invasion of people's lives by the police. One of the social tragedies of the withdrawal of the European empires from what is now known as the Third World has been the proliferation of police forces in the newly independent countries, as well as in the older republics of Latin America. Where before social custom was thought sufficient to control people's morals, now rapacious and corrupt police invade their lives using written, European-derived legal codes to repress and brutalize ordinary citizens. Whereas formerly social disapproval of perhaps too blatant homoerotic associations between men and boys would have been sufficient to ensure at least discretion, nowadays it is the police who are called. The whole power of the state is summoned to tear apart the delicate fabric of personal relationships.

As was observed above, the family has also failed to give an adequate moral framework in which young people can feel at ease. It is either used as a form of petty persecution, denying them the right to personal privacy and restricting their freedom of movement, or its authority has broken down completely, thrusting them into a crazy, anarchic world where there is neither guidance, compassion, nor communication.

Western politicians, especially when they are running for re-election, like to idolize traditional family values. Yet it is from the close, blood-related social unit of the family that almost all real child abuse emanates. In fact, the boy-lover should be seen as an essential safety valve for the claustrophobic emotional pressures to which children are subjected. Where modern films do recognize the existence of love or friendship between man and boy, it is almost always disguised in the context of father and son. Chuck Norris, in one of his movies, rescues a pretty 12-year-old Amerasian boy from the clutches of the Vietnamese communists, but only because the child is genetically related to him. In *Rambo III*, Sylvester Stallone is followed into combat by an Afghan boy of about twelve. Even though the kid is an orphan, when the battle is over, Rambo just drives off in a jeep, leaving the boy, with his memorable, man-yearning, hero-worshipping eyes, in the dust.

Modern urban civilization has made it increasingly difficult for the

young to experience valuable interpersonal relationships. They are corralled into classrooms where the curricula are forever being expanded, where even their recreation is supervised, controlled and organized. He who once had been an inquiring spirit, his delight being to discover his world, becomes just another “brick in the wall”. Young people find that they shall gain no esteem if they become “good persons” who seek to help others, but only if they become bank managers, business executives or bureaucrats. Except with their parents and underpaid, harassed school teachers, children are denied the possibility of any meaningful, individual adult companionship, either emotional or pedagogic. As the sociologist Dr. Barry Sugarman wrote in his contribution to the Farmington Trust's *Introduction to Moral Education*,

A crucial element in moral education is always likely to be a social relationship between adult and youth. At present this is one of the greatest obstacles to more effective moral education... On the whole, mass society is very lacking in effective relationships between youths and adults. This means that those young people who do not get on with their parents often have no alternative models or sources of support, and it means that young people in general are unnecessarily limited in their choice of adult models. Mature moral development requires that the individual should have a greater degree of choice than merely between a total acceptance of, or reaction against, his parents.

Sugarman went on to make practical suggestions to solve the problem of the alienation of youth:

– Some form of residence other than their homes might be provided for teenagers.

– The teenager would choose for himself whether to abide there and live under the eye of a friendly and responsible adult. The residence, as far as possible, would be just that, not an institution like the Y.M.C.A. or a boarding school. Teenagers “want a place of their own to pass the time and meet friends.”

– There should be more play between adolescents and adults “at a fairly basic physical level.”

– There should be shooting galleries where “caricatures or effigies of authority-figures were set up so that bullets, bricks, rotten eggs and so on could be projected at them.”

There is no suggestion in Dr. Sugarman's thesis that the moral education of the young should involve pederastic relations with adults. If, however, his ideas were to be implemented, I would regard the involvement of boy-lovers as essential. The cost of establishing and indefinitely maintaining "residences" would be regarded as extravagant by both local authorities and central governments. Also, the supervising adults would expect to be financially rewarded for their time. If, on the other hand, boy-lovers were to be given free rein to organize their own adolescent communities it is likely that they would be prepared to use their own resources, although a provident local authority could subsidize certain boys.

In the matter of physical competition with adults (Dr. Sugarman suggests boxing, wrestling, football), presumably more would be needed than just the odd match with the local police force. The only adults who would willingly give up their free time on a frequent basis and enter into the spirit of the game would be boy-lovers. If they were to undertake this task, and then be arbitrarily arrested on suspicion of committing indecencies with their charges, the project would fail.

On the beach at Natal, Brazil, boys hung around me because they liked to have an excuse to be together, to play, and chat with each other. I did not have to talk to them much (I usually read a book while drinking my beer), as they were perfectly able to amuse themselves. Every now and then a group of boys would run into the surf and gambol about, while others would sit at my table, eating tapioca and sipping sodas. On those occasions when I had rented an apartment, it became a kind of club for my young friends. They would come up for company as much as for sex. There would be food in the refrigerator and they could make up their own snacks if they wished. Some children would divert themselves with their toys on the balcony, while others might play cards or read comic books. Subconsciously the boys were learning the discipline of co-existence, a civilizing process. Those who misbehaved knew that they would be told to leave, and that was usually a sufficient deterrent to anti-social conduct.

On weekends there would be outings. Across the River Potengi are the great dunes which lie between Redinha and Genipabu. It was a delight to take a party of boys on a hike over them. Freshwater lagoons lay tucked between the sand mountains, and, coming upon them, the boys would take off their shorts and plunge naked into the limpid waters. Their play, by nature, not by any prompting by me, would be erotic: embraces, tussles, and underwater fellation. I merely watched, or

occasionally helped a child with his back-flips.

A party of boys could be taken by train to the big lagoon at Extremoz (pronounced “eschtreinoiz”). Here the setting is Arcadian. The lake is verged in green, the flamboyance of the palms contrasting with the sombre hue of mango groves. During the twenty-odd years of Dutch rule in the 17th Century, it was projected for the lagoon to be the central, reservoir for a vast irrigation system, but since then its waters have remained undisturbed. In the following century the Jesuits built a basilica upon its shores, but hardly had it been completed when the Marquis de Pombal in Lisbon decreed the expulsion of that order from the dominions of the Portuguese crown. Today, the ruins, rising amid the shadows of tropical verdure and of times past, stand in lonely witness to children at play.

The boys I had brought from Natal would bathe, clamber among the boughs, or shoot down fruits with catapults. Our picnic eaten, we would walk along the railroad track to the point where the Rio Doce, draining from the lagoon, streams out through culverts. Those concrete channels provided perpetual amusement for my escort. Like a benign prep-school master, I would recline upon the bank and watch my “minnows” shoot through them into the central stream.

At those times that I resided in Salvador da Bahia, trips of several days would be made to the fishing village of Arembepé 'or to the island of Itaparica across the bay. On Itaparica we would take long walks down the palm- colonnaded beaches, stopping at some *barraca* to savor a lunch of soft-shelled crabs, or, in the grounds of a *quinta*, explore among the orchards, the boys reaching to gather succulent mangoes and guavas. To my knowledge no one remarked on the curious sight of this fat Englishman with his gaggle of black boys in tow, the symbiosis was so natural. Boy-love, unfettered by social disapproval, creates its own balance within the larger society, contributing to the integration of the generations.

Another possibility, if the legal emancipation of boy-lovers is at present out of the question, would be the granting of equality before the law to minors. That children should be given equal rights with adults has been advocated by the American educational philosopher John Holt, and by the social theoretician, Ivan Illich (*Deschooling Society*). It is not sufficient to agree with the psychologist Rudolph Dreikurs, that parental love is best demonstrated through constant encouragement of the child towards independence, and not be prepared to make that independence a reality. As Dreikurs asserts, equality means equal claims to dignity and

respect; but that can only be if the child is at liberty to conduct his private life free from unwanted intrusion and to choose his own society. As the Brazilian bishop Dom Luciano Mendes de Almeida put it to the influential Brazilian Bishop's Conference in 1987, "The child is not the problem. The child is the solution."

His words have gone unheeded. In 1989 the municipality of Belo Horizonte, the third largest city in Brazil, requested its police to round up all the street-kids as vagrants, even though most of them were carrying on tasks, such as shoe shining and peddling, which were essential for a bare subsistence. The jails were accordingly filled with boys. One local lawyer pointed out that the police action was illegal since the boys had not actually been accused of specific crimes. Their crime, however, as far as the respectable, bourgeois citizens of Belo Horizonte were concerned, was that they existed in the first place.

Indeed, in 1990 Amnesty International reported that Brazilian police have been dealing most effectively with this crime of existence: "Hundreds of children in Brazil's cities have been gunned down by death squads and many more have been beaten and tortured by on-duty police – and the violence is continuing." Bruce Harris, an official of the U.S.-based charity Covenant House, has filed complaints against 22 Guatemalan police officers for the murders of street children in Guatemala City.

In the First World, children are deliberately hindered in integrating themselves into society at large. Laws, supposedly created to prevent the exploitation of child labor, actually deny children the right to work and to support themselves.

One is amazed at the self-confidence of Brazilian street boys, even when they are as young as seven or eight. They have no fears about going out all night to ply their wares, visiting bars and beaches. They get used to dealing with adults as equals, and can make up their own minds whether the man who might suggest a more private relationship will treat them decently. Shoe shine boys who squat at one's feet, their thighs spread wide, know very well that their client will be taking a peek up their ragged shorts. Savvy Brazilian boys are adept at achieving both sexual freedom and economic independence at a stroke.

I recall the old Mercado Modelo in Salvador da Bahia, which was gutted by fire in January 1984. In the open colonnaded hemistyle by the quay were numerous tables run by fat negro women. Between the tables, accosting the eaters and drinkers, boys moved in the hope of shining shoes or flogging cheap jewelery. I used to call it the slave market for,

once one's tastes were known, the boys would present themselves for hire. In the willingness of Brazilian children to be of service, to make themselves available to fulfill one's requirements, whether such be running an errand or the provision of friendship, there is hope for the country's future. Many families are sustained by their children's sheer adventurousness and spirit of enterprise.

It is indeed beyond the First World boundaries that we must look to see a resolution of the crisis facing man-boy relations. The Third World offers models for the integration of children into society.

5. Boy-Love and the World

The repression, if not the suppression, of boy-lovers in the United States and Europe has had an important international consequence. Boy-lovers have sought in the Third World for their young friends. Their enterprise and financial resources, which might have been used to ameliorate the psychological and material condition of the youth of their own societies, have helped to forge enduring links with people of the Third World.

Although in their legal codes, which are copied from the First World, they may forbid man-boy love, not all of these peoples regard the crime as a sin. Under the influence of the First World, however, and out of xenophobia, these countries as well have launched occasional pogroms against boy-lovers within their frontiers.

“No Sex for Tourists” was the theme of a talk given by Corazon Aquino, President of The Philippines, to a conference of international travel agents in Manila in 1986. She argued that it was all right for foreigners to come and enjoy Philippine culture(?), with the implication that they allow themselves to be fleeced in the process, but that if they enjoyed sexual relations with her subjects, then it was exploitation of their poverty. Mrs. Aquino would rather have her people continue to live in the “virtuous” squalor of their shanties than let them better themselves by unofficial alliances with their country's guests. She could solve many of her nation's economic difficulties if she realized her fellow-citizens had a much more profitable resource than “culture”.

Western charities, which have a vested interest in seeing that the majority of people in the Third World remain in abject poverty, have raised the cry of “child prostitution” whenever a First World tourist has dipped into his own pocket, by-passing their bureaucracies, in order to help a Third World child. These institutions, which claim a monopoly of righteousness, would rather have a child die of starvation and disease than be succored by a paedophile.

After a trip to Guatemala in 1984, I returned to the port of Acajutla in EI Salvador to find my eleven-year-old bed-boy prostrated with malaria. This child, for some unaccountable (or not) reason, had fastened himself

upon me and had stayed with me for the months I had lived there. I had not lured him into vicious practices, but he had given of himself in the most open and generous manner possible. Now, finding him unable to stand up, I ordered a cart and had him conveyed the couple of miles to the nearest pharmacy, where he was given (for three days in a row) injections. These broke the fever and he quickly recovered, but had I not fortuitously arrived when I did, it is problematical whether he would have survived.

In Sri Lanka I was asked to help a 13-year-old boy whose leg was infected with toxic dermatosis. The family was at the end of its tether, having exhausted its minimal resources on traditional *aryurvedic* folk doctors whose ministrations had greatly aggravated the infection. The boy by now was in high fever and moaning with insupportable pain. I agreed to take the matter in hand because this child had earlier given himself freely to me. He was one of the few boys I knew who actually sought to swallow sperm, as he adhered to the archaic belief that it would make him stronger.

The cost of installing him for a week in a nursing home, where he was treated with penicillin and the swollen leg was incised to drain off the pus, put me back the equivalent of \$150. That is not a great amount to save a boy from becoming a cripple for the rest of his life.

It is argued by some that the child suffers himself to be sexually abused because his economic situation is so desperate. In fact, it is the reverse. If the child has been born into an impoverished environment (impoverished by First World standards), and has therefore grown up free from the spinster-morality of the bourgeoisie, his psyche is more likely to have been spared the sexual guilt and shame which pervades the developed nations. First World do-gooders often speak of poverty as if it were a personal degradation. A 1990 editorial in Sri Lanka's most prominent newspaper, *The Daily News*, complained that thousands

of our children... sell their bodies to foreign tourists often with the knowledge and consent of their parents.

It is nothing but abject poverty that has driven them to this. Dr. (Gamini) Jayakura (a consultant venereologist and Secretary of the National AIDS Committee) has said that boy prostitutes are launched in the trade apparently with the tacit consent of their parents.... During the tourism boom years prior to 1983, Sri Lanka won a questionable reputation as a paradise for gays. Many European homosexuals holidaying

here developed relationships with some of the ubiquitous beach boys, and the possibilities available were publicized in various gay magazines.

Terre des Hommes, an organization that has done some very useful social work in Sri Lanka and elsewhere, attempted to wean away some of these beach boys from striking easy money liaisons on beach resorts.... There were some half-hearted attempts, some years ago, at trying to stop tourists taking children they have picked up from the beaches or the streets into their hotel rooms. There was talk of regulations, legislation and what have you. But nothing really came of it. And in any event, with the depression in tourism, the whole business disappeared from the public eye....

Conditions today are vastly different from what they were before 1983. AIDS is very much a fact of life; and many of our visitors, coming from infected areas, are definite risk factors....

They (the boys) get used to an affluent life-style. Drugs, often, are not too far down the road. The cycle is vicious, and although some upper middle and middle class children are reportedly engaging in boy prostitution, the poor – as always – are the main victims.... The problem, of course, is largely economic. As Dr. Jayakuru has said, if the families of these boys can manage without the money the children earn from prostitution, the problem can be handled.”

Yet Diogenes was quite content to live in a barrel. Those who unquestioningly accept that Western materialism is the moral ideal to which all men should aspire consider poverty as an evil, as a personal disgrace.

With respect to sexual morality, however, and thus to personal happiness, it has its blessings. Bourgeois moralists contradict themselves when they condemn sex if its practitioners have unequal economic resources, although the very sexual act may result in an amelioration of that imbalance.

Hakim Bey put it rather well:

The question of whether one ought to approve or disapprove of boy prostitution is really beside the point, or at least so un-subtle a question as to be unanswerable. Ideally, of course, it wouldn't exist – but ideals do not exist.... In love there are

always degrees of control and submission – always an energy exchange of some sort. If this subtle exchange is solidified through the medium of money – love for sale – why should it not still be love?

– *Pompa: A Book of Hours*, in *The Fourth Acolyte Reader*, p 65-66.

In Pattaya, in Thailand, there is an orphanage run by an American churchman. Many of the clip-joints and whorehouses have a box so that the clients can assuage their consciences by contributing to his charity. The man was outraged, however, when he discovered that many of his kids did not wish to sleep in his orphanage, but preferred to spend their nights in the arms of foreign tourists. His jealousy was presumably aggravated, as well, by the fact that the boys were earning enough not to have to depend on his largess. He arranged for photographs to be taken of boys entering a guest-house in the company of foreigners. He then handed the prints to the police, in the hope that the establishment would be closed down. The receptionist was arrested for allowing the clients to take minors to their rooms. In consequence, he had to be ransomed for 4,000 baht, and the boys now have to go in separately from their patrons.

Another example of a First World do-gooder making things worse in the Third World is Shay Cullen, an Irishman who hangs around Olongapo, the town which services Subic Bay Naval Base with R and R. This man, a missionary who has worked in The Philippines for over twenty years, shows a monumental miscomprehension of a Third World sexual culture. He claims to help women and children “damaged” by the sex trade: “The Seventh Fleet is supposed to defend the American way. Well, if sexual abuse of children is the American way, I’d like to see what Congress says about it.” Father Cullen wants the base to be closed down, with the consequence of thousands of people being thrown out of work, just to prevent the locals having sex with U.S. Navy personnel.

On Jomtien Beach, Pattaya, I met a German from Munich who was in the company of a pretty boy of fourteen called Lao. I was enchanted by their evident happiness. Money had brought the two together and helped to sustain their mutual felicity. Deutschmarks had been used wisely to rescue a man from the emotional wilderness which is modern Europe and bring him to where a needy Thai boy was waiting to be loved. The trouble is that such relationships have to be transitory. On the point of his departure for Germany the man asked me to take the boy on.

I took Lao and a companion to the island of Ko Samet, where the three of us stayed in a small chalet in a palm grove. The boys spent most of their free time fishing while I roamed the island ways. I parted with Lao when I left for an excursion to Chiang Mai and the Golden Triangle. Lao wanted to visit his mother in Lop Burl, north of Bangkok, and for this journey I gave him sufficient funds. Except for this request the boy had never asked me for money for its own sake, nor had he pestered me with demands that I buy him things. If I gave him money or presents on my own initiative, he would thank me with that extraordinary courtesy which to the Thais is second nature.

Upon my return two weeks later Lao had not reappeared, so I took up with a friend of his called Tep. Tep's consequent loyalty and friendliness was quite genuine, and the money I gave him was considered as an expression of my liking for him, not as payment for services rendered. If our relationship had been merely commercial he would not have wasted his time in my company when we were out of bed. If I asked him what he would like to do on a particular morning, he would merely say that he wanted to be where I was. When I returned to Bangkok for the last time he came with me, as he wanted to take a train to Udon Thani, where his family lived. I bought his ticket and sent him on his way with 300 baht in his pocket. Moralists who could claim that the relationship was phoney, because the boy had allowed his body to be sexually exploited in return for money, should realize that the corrupting lure amounted to about twelve dollars in U.S. money.

I was dropped for a time by a boy in Pattaya when he found a more generous patron. He was to have spent the night with me, when his elder brother informed me that the boy had been recalled to Rayong by his father. I discovered, however, that he had met a Swiss and had been offered 500 baht a night to sleep with the man in a luxury hotel. The Swiss did not stay long and after a while the boy tried to re-integrate himself into my train. I cold-shouldered him, annoyed at having been jilted for the sake of money.

The boy hung about, friendless. His evident distress and loneliness broke my resistance, and he rejoined my entourage. He also happened to be the best of all my friends when it came to raw sex. I shall always remember him because of our first meeting. In the company of another boy I had been eating one of those delicious Thai shrimp soups, and my future friend was lingering near the table. He looked quite sexy in black T-shirt and shorts. I pointed to the soup dish and said, "You like eat?"

"Yes," he replied, "I like eat, and too I like fucky-fuck!"

I felt no embarrassment about the arrangement I made when I rented an apartment in Colombo. I had found it impossible to strike up a relationship with a boy in the age-group I preferred. Instead, I was plagued by a plethora of youths in their late adolescence. These youths just could not understand why their company was unwelcome.

Eventually, I told one of them that what I wanted was someone younger. Did he know anyone? He brought several boys, and after some experiments, I settled on the 12-year-old to whom I referred at the start of this book. His visits would follow a routine. He and his older escort would arrive for lunch cooked by my servant and guide. After the meal the servant and the escort would sit in the front room to chat, drink tea and smoke cigarettes, while the boy and I retired to the bedroom. The business over, the boy, bathed, paid and perfumed, would be returned to his chaperon, who received a commission for his assistance.

The transaction appears clinical, but in Sri Lanka discretion is now advisable. The mechanics of the arrangement in no way precluded genuine friendship and affection. I would not have selected the boy if he had felt uncomfortable about what he was doing. His happy and relaxed demeanor demonstrated that he would have been the last person to accept the common Western idea that he was the victim of sexual abuse.

When I lived in Acajutla, El Salvador, I made friends with several of the local children. I was drinking coffee in a shop one night when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was a small boy, with some negro blood, who wanted me to buy him some milk: Since I was already accompanied, I felt one more guest would be too much, so I refused the request. After a while the boy returned and asked again. I looked at him more closely. This was, after all, a human being, not just a fly to be brushed aside. Was it such an imposition for me to provide a child with some milk?

Afterwards, whenever I came to stay in Acajutla, the boy attached himself to me, becoming a kind of mascot at my hotel. At first he was puzzled by my physical interest in him. He would lie motionless on the bed while I stroked him. One day he surprised me by leaning up to kiss me. He had discovered that his little body, starved of yore and on occasion wrung out by fever, could be the source of a great happiness, previously unknown. For him, lovemaking became as the play of light emanating from a knowledge new found. The relatively small sums I gave him, averaging two dollars, he passed on to his mother, who really did need them to buy the very basics of existence. Through the boy's friendship with me his family received direct economic aid. Although the amount of money was modest, it reached those who had most need,

whereas of the hundreds of millions of dollars poured into El Salvador by the American government that boy and his family have not benefited by a cent.

If the quantity of money to change hands is regarded as a measure of immorality, heterosexual prostitution is far more heinous. Not so long ago co-eds at Brown University, Rhode Island, were renting their bodies to traveling salesmen for up to \$250. On arriving in Bangkok, I was invited by my taxi driver to allow myself to be taken to a brothel. "Not so expensive," he said, "only thirty dollars." I thought that an exorbitant amount and declined the adventure. A few weeks later I paid a visit to Patpong Road, but the bars there have to close at 2:00 a.m. I found myself in the street, drunk and without having "made it".

One of the ubiquitous taxi drivers accosted me to say he could take care of the problem. "Do you want long hair or short?" he asked. He drove me to a large, nameless building. I was ushered into an empty room with benches around the walls. The manager clapped his hands and twenty teenage girls ran in and sat around me. Some of the girls were giggling, but most had a blank look about them, as if they had completely tuned out of life.

I chose a long-haired girl of about fifteen (one of the tuned-out ones) and led her to the designated room. The manager requested the stipulated sum (600 baht) in advance. The door finally closed, the girl took off her clothes like an automaton. She lay down on the bed and opened her legs. The rest was up to me. After struggling with a prophylactic, I endeavored to maintain an erection. She did nothing to help me, merely stared at the ceiling. I contented myself with watching our unpassionate lovemaking in the large wall mirror. Afterwards, she went into the bathroom and washed herself up with the aid of a piece of plastic hose. On leaving, I gave her a tip, but she went straight to the manager's desk and handed the money over.

In comparison, the expenditures required for boys are trivial. It is apparent that young boys like sex for its own sake and for the friendship it brings with it. Five dollars in the hands of a Brazilian kid is a fortune. If I gave more, I would be thought a fool, but around two dollars is regarded as handsome. Pre-pubescent boys see sex as fun, not as a path to riches. Sex with a boy is not just that. He will expect to hang around, to pass the time of day in one's company. He would be disappointed if he were paid and dismissed the instant the vaseline had been wiped off.

Until about 1960, Morocco was the *nirvana* of European boy-lovers. Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, Andre Gide, Michael Davidson

and Lord Maugham were among the illustrious figures to have graced the country with their beneficent presences.

Although a peculiarly brutal form of pederasty (casual rape is commonplace) is customary among the natives, a xenophobic reaction, encouraged by the authorities, has, in the last two decades, partially closed the country to foreign paedophiles.

Chaouen, which once had a significant reputation as a boy slave-market under the French, I found to be a desolation. Loathsome youths followed me about the street, propositioning their unwanted services. When I finally met a boy who, at fifteen, was just inside my upper age-limit, I discovered, on a picnic to the river valley beneath the town, that all he wanted to do was take me into the undergrowth and “berber” me.

Life in EsSâouira was tedious, as daily I had to fight off the advances of these dog-like creatures. Whenever I actually got into conversation with a tender young boy, they would move in to break up the association.

At length, I settled in Taroudant, the old walled town on the other side of the High Atlas from Marrakesh. In the *place* there, I met 11-year-old Majid. That little boy had no doubts about the value of his friendship with a *Français*. I lived in a native hotel, in considerable squalor, so that he could pass in and out without being conspicuous. For his sake, I put up with the occasional *sale pede* flung out from a comer cafe. Once, when I had had an argument over the price of an article in the *souk*, the enraged shopkeeper followed me back to my hotel shouting, *'Vous aimez les petits garçons! Vous aimez les petits garçons!'*

Morocco would have been a disappointing wasteland for me, if it had not been for that sharp little fellow, Majid. He had a graciousness of manner which disarmed those who would interfere. He had the classic oval, olive face of the Berber peoples of the south, animated by the large light-flecked eyes of that race. With him I would go for picnics in the *bled*, where we could enjoy each other's company without harassment. On several hills about Sidi Borja we knew, and became friendly with, the shepherd boys; when we approached they would hail us and come running to share our simple repasts. I once carried him on my shoulders through ancient olive groves, and he sang as we passed beneath the boughs. In the heat of the afternoon, he would bathe naked in the irrigation canals, their waters still cool with Atlas snows; or we would retire into the shade of eucalyptus borders, and there engage in amorous dalliance.

I had to leave my hotel when the other guests (members of a literary corps) dragged Majid into a room and interrogated him on the nature of

his relationship with me. Instead of treating the incident diplomatically, I lost my temper. I thought I would be supported by the hotel keeper, as I had been a resident for several months. "This is a hotel, not a brothel," was his reply to my protest. I denied that any improprieties had taken place. "Eight witnesses have seen the boy go into your room and shut the door," he asserted. As if he were already a witness at my trial, he kept repeating, "*Huit témoignages! Huit Témoignages!*" Exasperated by the primitive bigotry of the Moroccans, Lansing, my American friend, and I for some time had had plans to go to Brazil. A few days later I took Majid to Agadir, whence I was to fly to Lisbon, and I was fortunate enough to find a hotel which did not question his accompanying me.

In Marrakesh, I also had problems with "access", that is with conducting boys to one's hotel room. I had met Nurdin, a lithe fourteen-year-old, and from one day to the next I would not know whether he would be able to pass unhindered through the lobby. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes not. With the flunkies I tried discreet bribes, but their point was not always taken. I had a furious row with the night watchman, a self-important old fart, a *haji*. He accused me of insulting the Monarchy, and said that the police would be called.

Eventually Lansing suggested that the four of us (as he also was accompanied) go to Ourigane, which lies above Asni in the foothills of the High Atlas. There we checked into one of the few remaining French-owned hotels in Morocco.

What a difference it was to be in a place free from the oppressive shadows of suspicion and bigotry that lurk in the minds of the Mohammedans. *Madame*, recently widowed, welcomed us with European courtesy. She assigned us our rooms and told us at what hour lunch (and it was to be an excellent one) would be served. She never so much as cast an appraising glance at our youthful companions.

The next day we planned a hike, and she provided us with a picnic lunch. All day we wandered the wooded paths. Simple shepherds or women bearing vases of water greeted us. This was Morocco as it should be, the romantic Morocco which I had imagined. Walking in the pure air of those hills, with Nurdin's graceful form beside me, I was able to rid myself of the underlying tension I had felt in Marrakesh, of the fear of sudden humiliation or arrest.

We halted beside a tumbling stream and, modestly keeping on our underwear, splashed among the pools which swirled between the boulders. This, I felt, was how it must have been to have lived in the

Golden Age, when boys, and men, arm in arm, could freely pace the earth, their friendships not reviled, but, in the splendor of their mystery, acclaimed and in awe beheld.

When we returned to the hotel, to my confusion, I discovered the grounds to be full of uniformed policemen. Had they been informed that foreign perverts were sleeping there with Moroccan minors? To my relief it became evident that the local gendarmerie were holding their annual banquet and were in benevolent mood, paying no attention to us as we walked across the lawn to our rooms.

In contrast to that of Morocco, Brazil's blended social traditions go back less than five hundred years. One has reached there the New World, and the formation of Brazilian civilization is not yet complete. The crust of bourgeois custom is very thin indeed. If one travels there from Portugal, one is aware that Portuguese civilization's impact has been limited to only a small class. Inter-racial sex began the moment the first settlers arrived.

The Indian blood evident in the boys of Belem, for example, gives them a striking appearance. I was reminded of Michael Davidson's phrase, "smoked gold". Around Salvador the mulattos took one's breath away with their extraordinary energy, love of music, and open-heartedness. One has only to read Gilberto Freyre's *Casa Grande e Senzalla* to realize that sexual promiscuity has been an essential catalyst in the historical integration of Brazilian society. Only the white bourgeoisie, in their well-guarded apartment blocks, try to resist this tide of all-embracing sexuality. The great mass of Brazilians have assumed few prejudices against the various forms of sexual expression.

Along with Thailand, Brazil is famous for its transvestite culture, which is particularly noticeable at carnival time. Brazilian boys are not shocked if a man makes it known that he is attracted to him. Sex is natural for them, and with whom or what they have it hardly matters. Gilberto Freyre alludes to rustic boys using watermelons or goats where other outlets are lacking. The opposition to boy-love stems from the social exclusivity of the white bourgeoisie, who have aped the moral outlook of modern Europe and the United States. This class is ferocious in defense of its interests, and it is unsettled by the sight of a white man on terms of utmost familiarity and trust with someone of a darker color.

Over several years I had often returned to Natal, one of the littoral cities of the *Nordeste*. The boys there had an alertness and quick-wittedness which meant that finding friends, who knew what it was all

about, was not difficult. As one of my special favorites moved into mid-adolescence, becoming preoccupied with disco-dancing and girlfriends, his two younger brothers, aged eleven and nine years, took the opportunity to fill the vacancy. Josivan and Rogeiro came daily to wherever I was living, and used it as a second home. I clothed (and unclothed) them. I fed them, provided materials for school, and treated their illnesses. We would go together to the market, up-town, or to the beach. It was evident that apart from any material benefit the boys incurred, they spent their time with me because they did not want to be anywhere else. Our relaxed, open association suggested that paedophilic relationships, if not compelled to be secret and furtive, develop a natural society and structure of their own.

On one of my visits I rented an apartment on the beach front. My young friends, feeling no guilt, happily came to see me as usual. This time I was unlucky with my neighbors. One of them was agitated by the risk that my friends might play with her children. She began to complain about the *Americano* who invited *menores* to his apartment. Several officials of the *Policia Federal* also lived in the building. The Federal Police is the Brazilian equivalent of the Gestapo. Its purpose is to ensure that the fifteen million members of the white middle and upper classes continue to control the wealth of the country to the exclusion of the more than one hundred million people of negro and Indian ancestry. If there is anything that could be seen as a threat to this order, they move to eliminate it. My neighbor now complained to them.

One evening I returned from the beach with Josivan. I was sitting on my balcony drinking a whiskey when the boy pointed out a disturbance on the esplanade below. My friend Lansing, who had traveled with me from Morocco, was sitting at a table with his youthful coterie and was being spoken to aggressively by an authoritative-looking man. Lansing was waving his arms, and then I noticed his interlocutor look up at my apartment and gesticulate in my direction.

I sent Josivan down to find out what was going on. He returned to say that the man was from the Federal Police and that, having mistaken Lansing for me, had gone down to interrogate him. Lansing had been able to clear himself, and the policeman, embarrassed, had apologized and declared that he could arrest me at any time. Later he was seen to go to his car and speak into his radio telephone.

I was at first stunned by all this. I wondered whether I should go down and talk to the man, do nothing, or get out at once. I took a cold shower and put on clean clothes, so that if confronted I would have a

certain presence. I paced about my bedroom, trying to think clearly.

I decided to bolt. If the policeman had mistaken my identity, it was unlikely that he would recognize me. Nobody knew my full name. The only way I could be identified would be to continue residing in the apartment. I told Josivan to leave at once, call a taxi for me, and then go home. I gave him the name of a small, lower-middle-class hotel in the center of town.

The taxi was waiting when I emerged with my suitcases. The hotel was run by a kindly old widow and her grown-up daughters. I was well received, and no questions were asked why I should suddenly turn up at 8:00 p.m. with great quantities of baggage. I had another shower and then descended to the restaurant for dinner, wearing a coat and tie to give myself an air of solid respectability. With my meal I drank a bottle of Chilean red wine to calm my nerves. I felt like Napoleon after the burning of Moscow.

I was now far from the boys' familiar haunts, and they would probably have been frightened off altogether. Then the door of the dining room opened and, their faces alight with amusement at my astonishment, in walked Josivan and Rogeiro. They had taken a bus to the hotel, and, unabashed by the curious glances of the other guests, they had now come to have their dinner with me as usual. Their dishes were duly ordered, and my morale restored.

I was impressed how sensibly these two little boys had reacted to the dramatic turn of events. They were not going to give up a friendship they valued just because an officious policeman, who had never done anything for them anyway, had disapproved of it. After the meal, Rogeiro asked if he could spend the night, and I gratefully assented.

The next afternoon I went to the beach to find out what had happened. I learned that during the day police from the *Delegacia de Menores* had repeatedly called at my apartment, and had waited in a car outside the building. At length, Lansing with his retinue of boys had passed by for a swim, and once more the poor man had had to explain that he was not the *Americano* in question.

This incident occurred in March 1986. In March, 1988, as we will see later, I was once again denounced to the Federal Police, but then I was not to escape their clutches.

I tarried three weeks in that pleasant, old-fashioned hotel. Rogeiro in particular became the darling of the maids, and he would play with the children of the other guests. The six months, however, which the tourist is allowed in Brazil were now up, and I decided to go on a half-year trip

to the Far East. Yet in the Orient my mind constantly dwelt upon my little Brazilian friends, and, after an excursion to see my family in Britain, I once more boarded an aircraft bound for the tropical coast of Brazil, that palm-traced shore which for me had become a new Eden, or, perhaps, that Nirvana where terrestrial beauty unites with man's immortal yearnings, for which Robin Maugham sought all his life long.

When I reached my destination I was met at the airport by Josivan, but Rogeiro was not with him. To my dismay I learned that he had been farmed out to an aunt who lived in a distant *favela*. Once ensconced in my hotel I ordered Josivan to collect two older brothers and together go in a taxi to pick up the little boy. Fortunately the aunt was out when they arrived at her house. Rogeiro was playing inside, and was abducted. He refused to believe that I had returned until he was conducted to my room. I loaded him with presents: a Meo costume brought all the way from Thailand, a watch, and toys purchased at Hamley's of Regent Street. Indeed, some children are lucky enough to discover that Father Christmas does exist after all.

I rented an apartment on the esplanade, where Rogeiro and I could live together again. I was following a Brazilian social tradition, the raising of a child who is not one's own. One of the happy aspects of Brazilian culture is the lack of strong family ties. Among the urban masses parents rarely live together for any length of time. Siblings in one family will often have different fathers. The absence of a suffocating family atmosphere gives the kids a tremendous zest for life. It is common for people to help out with logistics by taking into their homes a *filho de criação*, a foster child. It is often the child who chooses the household in which he wishes to be raised. When in the streets, the shops, or on the beach it was unremarkable for me to be in the company of a small boy who was evidently not my son. It was accepted that I was doing my bit to help rear the child.

Not far from the Federal capital of Brasilia, in the adjacent state of Goiás, I saw a more extreme case of this tradition. I had been invited to spend a few days on the estate of a cattle rancher. This man had traveled in the United States and Europe and spoke American English. He was a boy-lover, and I had met him through mutual and youthful acquaintances. In his study he proudly produced a copy of Tom O'Carroll's *Paedophilia: The Radical Case*, a work, he said, which had helped to give him the courage of his convictions.

On his ranch, or *fazenda*, there lived several boys whom my friend had garnered from different parts of Brazil. These boys reveled in their

open-air life. They learned the business of raising cattle and also the equestrian arts. As I sat on the terrace with my sundowner I would watch those beautiful adolescents, riding bareback, bring in the steers to the corral.

Upon a hilltop, three miles from the ranch house, my host had constructed a pleasure pavilion, the *Casa d' Equinox*. He had installed a jacuzzi and, accompanied by some young favorite, he would immerse himself within it to view, through plate-glass windows, the final descent of the sun over his ancestral estates. To me this was the ideal to which unfettered paedophilia should aspire, the development of a pederastic society. There is no question here of prostitution, of moral corruption. The association of boys with men is seen to be instinctive to humanity.

Perhaps this ideal may seem obnoxiously aristocratic to some. There is, however, something “feudal” about man-boy love, if we use the word neutrally, thinking of its origin in the Latin word *foedus*, meaning a treaty or social contract. In any consensual man-boy relationship the man is responsible for the boy, not the other way around. Where the boy is poor the man may impart to him food, clothing, shelter, money. Where the boy is already adequately cared for in a material sense by his family, the man may impart affection, diversion, instruction in some skill or other, supremely wisdom and companionship. In return the boy lends what he has – his own body, his personality, loyalty, service, and perhaps the oblation which is love.

In spite of harassment from neighbors or the authorities, a paedophilic society can develop and play a beneficial part in the life of the community. The presence of a responsible Western paedophile in a Third World city can give a positive focus to the lives of impoverished young boys. Every now and then the media announces scandalous revelations concerning child prostitution in the Third World. In almost all cases these revelations are untrue. In 1982, for example, the *Los Angeles Times* ran a story which claimed that there were fifteen thousand child prostitutes (apparently female) in the city of Belém, in the state of Pará, Brazil. The article mentioned two bars in the Rua Gaspar Viana. Shortly afterwards I was passing through Belém and checked out the joints. I got drunk on bad rum as I waited to be embraced by pre-pubescent whores. Not one manifested herself; instead I had to fight off the attentions of alarmingly upholstered dames, who argued over me like fish wives over a piece of haddock.

As with the term “sexual abuse”, that of “child prostitution” has

become meaningless. It is used of any adult-child sexual relationship in which the child receives so much as a pickled onion from his partner. Such prostitution, however, in the sense of a child living in a brothel or acting like a curbside whore, is virtually non-existent. Yet it is one of the most fundamental instincts of mankind to succor the young, to nourish and cherish them. Even as a matter of courtesy, a man would offer food, drink, or pocket money to a boy whose friendship has given him happiness. A boy is not a scheming cynic who is merely awaiting the moment to get paid for his lewdness. The fact that the sums involved are trifling is not due to the miserliness of Western paedophiles, but to the on-going nature of the associations, in which money in itself is not important, but affection and nurture are. As Rudolph Dreikurs has proclaimed, children need a sense of routine, of normality, and they realize this. The paedophile who washes, feeds, clothes, and loves a boy is not corrupting the morals of a minor, but is performing a rite sanctified by the immemorial instinct to rear the young.

Sri Lanka used to be regarded as a paradise for boy-lovers, as the natives practiced pederasty among themselves and the boys reveled in guilt-free associations with their First World adult friends. After a certain Tim Bond of the Swiss-international charity, “Terre des Hommes”, observed this idyllic scene and raised the howl of “child prostitution”, laws were tabled which would allow the corrupt police force to burst into bedrooms and hold foreigners (not Sri Lankans, of course) to ransom. These threats to boy-love have had a devastating impact on the Sri Lankan economy. The natives will tell you that there are few tourists because of the civil war, but this is the “respectable” reason. The war is confined to the principal Tamil areas in the north and east of the country, whereas the main tourist areas are in the western, southern and central parts of the island.

When I arrived in Sri Lanka in 1986, the Golden Age was long since over. I went to Negombo, a town famed of yore. It was like Arromanches a week after D-Day, just a strip of empty guest houses and defunct restaurants with menus in German. There was nothing for the visitor to do, except stare at the Indian Ocean while drinking little bottles of Beck's beer at the equivalent of five marks each. It did not seem to occur to the locals that people do not travel thousands of miles just for that.

I moved down the coast, south of Colombo. I found myself ignored by the native boys, except when they asked for money, as if they thought me some strange beast from Mars which ambled along sweating rupees

in its path.

At length I came to a small fishing town which, visually at least, was the Ceylon of legend. The green phalanx of palms leaned forward as if to kiss the turquoise chaos of the ocean. I trudged alone down the golden path which separated land from sea, day-dreaming of Brazilian shores where the mulatto boys writhed and tangled in the surge. Then, as I passed a fisherman's hut, that clear note, the call of a boy, beckoned to me. I diverted my course and stood in the darkened doorway. There in his sarong reclined a boy of about thirteen. He invited me to come in, and motioned to the space beside him. I was about to do so when, my eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, I observed that there were six men in the hut. I nodded a greeting at the company and withdrew. I had not gone a few yards before the boy called again. He had left the hut and now ran up to stand before me.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"England."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Do you like boys?"

"Yes."

"Where are you staying?"

I gave him the name of my simple guest house on the beach, and told him to meet me there in ten minutes.

Actually, I was so astonished by this unexpected bounty having fallen within my grasp that I went to have a beer, and did not arrive at the rendezvous until half an hour had passed. The boy, however, was waiting and, with only a little hesitation, followed me off the beach into my room. Soon he was being unraveled from his sarong (the pleasantries could come afterwards). In bed, he had an interesting technique and I asked from whom he had learnt it. He said he had invented it himself, while spending the occasional night at sea with the fishermen.

After the formal introductions to his family, it was acceptable that the boy would accompany me for the rest of my stay. This child was not so much prostituting himself but transferring, for a temporary period, the responsibility for his nurture from his parents to me. He would rise with the tropical dawn, shower, and go home for breakfast, handing over to his mother the half of the money that I chose to provide. I had new school clothes made up for him, so that he could cut a dash among his less enterprising fellows. After school, he would rejoin me to play badminton, take a walk along the beach, or to retire to my room for an

amorous siesta. At dusk he would recline at my feet as, sipping a whiskey, I meditated upon the palm-tops growing black against the last of the light.

The temporary transfer of responsibility for the rearing of a child: this is the beneficial social process which the Press and the do-gooders have condemned as "child prostitution". In the case of the Third World, it is not a question of the exploitation by Western paedophiles of the poverty and misery of its peoples, but, rather, the most direct and effective transfer of resources from the developed industrial countries to the less developed nations. This form of aid by-passes corrupt government officials and organized charities whose bloated bureaucracies cream off, in the form of disproportionately large salaries and "perks", the funds which ignorant and guilt-ridden individuals have entrusted to them. Every European or American paedophile in a Third World country today is doing, in deed, more to alleviate poverty than a score of UNICEF desk clerks.

Unlike with the development projects, funded by such pork-barrel organizations as the World Bank, the destruction of the environment is not involved in this form of economic assistance. Dams do not swamp primeval forests and ancestral villages, wetlands are not drained to create deserts and famine, titanic and unnecessary steel plants are not erected to foul the atmosphere with their detritus. Instead, where men, boy-lovers, have come at their own expense to make love to and aid the children of the poor, there is no exploitation of natural resources. Ancient societies may grow prosperous without their members having to sacrifice their children to the Moloch of modernity.

The opposition of do-gooders, the media, governments and police to the work of boy-lovers in the Third World is even more hypocritical when that work is directed towards the millions of street children who lead their own lives in the teeming, overcrowded cities. The bourgeoisie often deplore the social "problem" of "abandoned" children. What is overlooked is that these children have often on their own initiative chosen to leave their families in order to live in what might almost be called autonomous child-states. Continuous warfare may exist between these states and "bourgeois" society, which assumes that a child cannot be happy and self-reliant unless he is locked into the family structure and the educational system. What is extraordinary about children is how easily they can adapt to an independent life if they have the opportunity. Bourgeois society resents this independence and tries to crush it with

brutal methods, which it justifies as being a form of compulsory charity.

Sri Lanka's *Ceylon Daily News* printed a letter from a reader who demanded that the authorities round up homeless women from the streets of Colombo and sterilize them. The reader put this forward as a way to eliminate beggar-children from the capital's streets.

In San Salvador, El Salvador, for several months I befriended a 13-year-old boy who had escaped from the *Protectura*. Mauricio had approached me while I was playing one of the machines in an amusement ground. There was something about his look, what Michael Davidson in *Some Boys* called "need", which made him win my attention. He came from a *barrio* in the east of the city, and from a young age had wandered the streets in preference to lurking among the shanties. One day, when he was nine years old, he had been picked up by the agents of the *Protectura*, a child-prison on the outskirts of San Salvador. These men, like dog-catchers, were paid ten *colones* for each urchin they arrested.

Mauricio's mother was happy with the arrangement, as she now had one mouth less to feed. After two years in this sadistic, brutalizing institution the boy had escaped. In his innocence he had gone home to present himself to his mother. She reported him to the police and he was taken back to the *Protectura*. After a year, by his calm, helpful manner and by his natural courtesy, he had won the trust of his "protectors". He was given greater freedom and privileges, which at the opportune moment helped him escape a second time. He had been free ever since. He once took me to a hill overlooking the *Protectura*, at the place where the well-traveled escape route came through a fence into the liberty of a public park. I asked him if he did not feel homesick for the place – after all, his guardians had given him clothes, food, and a basic education. With a rare passion, he replied, "I hate them. I'm going join the guerrillas and I'll get my revenge."

I went to Bogota in 1983 to look at the *gamines*, the street kids of the Colombian capital. I succeeded in establishing a friendship with a 12-year-old boy who had walked the 110 kilometers to the capital from Villavicencio.

The relationship was strange to me because the boy did not think it of any importance. Invited to my apartment, he would have dinner and spend the night. He partook of sex in a detached way, as if it were just another bodily function and of no great matter. The money he earned (a little under \$4) he never kept for himself but took to the common fund belonging to his gang.

I learned from him that the *gamines* belong to groups of about twenty, and that they usually sleep together in a ruined building or in a crash pad provided by priests. Everything which a *gamin* gains is pooled for common use or divided equally. In this way the boy has some security, for even if he has not been successful that day as beggar or thief, it is likely that some of his fellows will have been.

The boy, although happy to be given a good meal, to have a hot shower, and to pass the night in a warm bed, never wished to live with me. He did not keep the appointments we made to meet again, and my encounters with him were almost by accident (for I would go to those places most frequented by the *gamines*.) His personal commitment was to his group, and I was extraneous to it. He liked the priests because they respected him and his likes as human beings, whereas society as a whole put them on a par with rats.

One night I saw an American in the streets. He had a bottle of anti-septic liquid, and whenever he met a *gamin* he would talk to him gently and bathe the boy's sores. That was the only act of charity towards those young outcasts which I noted throughout the two dreary months I stayed in that dismal city. .

Society was hostile to them. I once went to the *Parque Salitre*, where there was a lake, to watch the *gamines* bathe in the nude. I reclined at a little distance and observed the young boys frisking in the cold water. Mounted police arrived. Apparently bathing was against park regulations. The policemen rode behind the scattering boys, giving them vicious kicks with their leather boots. I shall never forget my anguish as I saw weeping, naked children run panic-stricken through the encompassing woods.

What I learned in Bogota is that young boys are capable by themselves of organizing their own society. I was reminded of William Burroughs's book *The Wild Boys*. He imagined a teenage revolution in Morocco. The adolescents withdraw into the desert from Marrakesh, where they have been persecuted by the police. An army is sent against them, but, using guile and guerrilla tactics, they destroy it. They reproduce themselves by imagining an act of sodomy, by which the boys of fantasy, with whom they are having intercourse, attain, through the intensity of vision and sensation, corporeal reality.

Sitting on a Brazilian beach, a boy may stop by me. I speak to him, offer him something to drink. Soon he will be joined by other boys. There will now be half a dozen. They begin to play among themselves. I cease to be the center of attention. Yet in some subtle way I am the focus

of the group, a kind of totem about which a child-society is being formed even as I watch.

Historically, young boys have been able to assert themselves in a military or paramilitary role. The British Army has a long tradition of using boys as young as thirteen. The last photograph of Adolf Hitler shows him patting the cheek of a child of that age who is being decorated for having destroyed a Russian tank. In Belfast, British troops on riot-control duty have reason to take the Irish Catholic children seriously, for these boys seem to have no fear, being too young to imagine death. The stones and Molotov cocktails which they hurl can have a demoralizing effect even on seasoned soldiers.

In 1990 Time Magazine published an article about children at war in Afghanistan and Cambodia. In cases such as these children are usually following adult example rather than creating their own child-warrior societies, such as portrayed in Kevin Esser's futuristic novel, *Dance of the Warriors*. Even worse is when children are conscripted into their country's army and thrown into conventional battles with which they cannot cope. Ethiopia does this, while Iran's use, during its war with Iraq, of young boys in human wave attacks upon entrenched positions is infamous. It is not surprising that Iran executes its boy-lovers.

In São Paulo, Brazil, the Archdiocese assesses the number of *filhos da rua* at 600,000 (1987). The trees and fountains of the Praça da Seé and the Praça da República lure them from the concrete canyons of the largest city in South America. It is as if these outcast children, despised by the denizens of Megalopolis, yet have some atavistic remembrance of Paradise, of that Eden destroyed by the Portuguese colonists.

The police drive around in vans in the hope of catching them. The children call these vehicles *barcas de gambé*, or prawn-boats. If they are caught, they may be interned for a while in a detention center run by the inappropriately named FEBEM (*Fundação Estadual do Bem-Estar do Menor*). A female human rights lawyer who inspected one such institution in Salvador (Bahia) compared it to Auschwitz. She suffered severe emotional distress after her visit. At one point she was talking with the director in his office when a boy of about nine years, with a gaping, untreated wound in his chest, ran in and clung to her skirt. He was prized loose by the guards and dragged off screaming.

Anyone who has seen the Brazilian film *Peixote* will have a clue to the brutality with which bourgeois society oppresses the free children of the streets. Merely to arrest children and confine them is no solution to a problem which reflects fundamental flaws in the social order.

One of the most sensible suggestions has been made by the *Campanha da Fraternidade*, a program sponsored by the Conference of Brazilian Bishops. It called for educators and sympathetic people themselves to go into the streets, to establish friendships with the children, and patiently transform their behavior so that they can be reintegrated into society. If ever there was a significant contribution which boy-lovers could make to the good of mankind, it would be in this role of friends and protectors of the street kids. It is a tragedy that society does all in its power to prevent this from being carried out, and it is society which pays for its blindness.

It is apparent that if boy-love were to be made legal it would be the answer to many of the intractable problems, especially where young people are concerned, which afflict the world today. In the First World, children desperately need the moral leadership and emotional succor from adults which modern urban civilization has denied them. In the Third World children need the very basics of life – shelter, food, clothing, and medical attention.

Whatever their social or economic background, children need affection. Ironically, it is the children of the Third World who are more likely to have this ultimate psychological need fulfilled. The misery, squalor and degradation which mires their lives liberates them from bourgeois values. It is the opportunity granted by poverty to these children that they will be the better able to benefit from sexual self-awareness. Abandoned by the world economic and social system, they have the independence to choose for themselves a patron who will give them succor, guidance, and self-respect.

Those boy-lovers, oppressed in their own country, who travel abroad in search of the beloved, are not as the colonists of old; they do not come to further shores as destroyers and exploiters. Neither are they as the friars or missionaries who sought to impose their own peculiar outlook upon alien cultures. If boy-lovers influence or change the courses of human development, it will not be by coercion or propaganda, but by love.

6. In the Maw of the Beast

“When thou goest with thine adversary to the magistrate, as thou art in the way, give diligence that thou mayest be delivered from him; lest he hale thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and the officer cast thee into prison.

“I tell thee, thou shalt not depart thence, till thou hast paid the very last mite.”

– The Gospel According to St. Luke, 12, vv, 58-59

1

Since 1984 I had been drawn repeatedly to the city of Natal, in the state of Rio Grande do Norte, Brazil. In January of that year I had rejected the offer of a teaching post in Tanzania because of my affection for the city and its younger inhabitants. And it was there that I recently found myself surfeited with a kind of experience I could just as well have done without, but through which the ideology propounded in the first part of this book was tested to the utmost

The “elbow” of north-eastern Brazil, which brings the South American continent closest to that of Africa, is a desiccated, impoverished region. Although claimed by the crown of Portugal, in the 16th Century this coast was the haunt of pirates from Brittany and Normandy. Blond hair is not uncommon among children and such are called *gallegos*, for the earliest Portuguese settlers came from Viana do Castelo, just south of Vigo and Spanish Galicia. The principal racial type is the *caboclo*, a person of mixed Indian and European ancestry.

Natal is situated spectacularly on the south bank of the estuary of the Potengi River. The site of the Fort of the Magi (*Forte dos Reis Magos*) received the first Portuguese settlement in 1599, nearly a century after the discovery of Brazil by Pedro Cabral. The present fort, dominating the approaches to the estuary, is the product of Dutch genius, dating from the quarter-century when those intrepid colonizers succeeded in wresting the area from the Portuguese. The golden tints in the hair of boys is sometimes attributed to the Hollanders, but their colonial epoch was too short, their numbers too few, and their relations with the Indians

too chaste to have influenced the genetic codes of later generations.

The dry breeze and clarity of the light, especially in afternoon, reminded me of the Grecian archipelago. I thought, too, of ancient Cyrene as described in Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*. During the few years I frequented Rio Grande do Norte, many miles of coast were marred by the construction of hotels to cater for the *veranistas*, summer holiday-makers from São Paulo and the industrialized south.

In spite of the growing development of Natal's tourist potential, few Europeans or North Americans visit the city. It is 1500 miles north of Rio de Janeiro which draws most foreign tourists. French and Italians prefer the negro vitality of Salvador da Bahia. Nikki Lauda, the former racing driver, was operating a charter flight from Vienna to Recife, some 200 miles to the south. An official sent to Rome in 1989 to explore the viability of charter flights was accused of embezzlement when his expenses reached US \$100 a day.

The discerning traveler will shun the bourgeoisified beaches adjoining the luxury hotels and prefer to frequent the town ones used by ordinary people. Many an afternoon I would go to watch the boys swimming upon the foaming margins of the Atlantic. On her brief stop-over here in 1941, when flying to Africa, the journalist Eve Curie had noticed "the brown, naked children diving through the breakers, and, on the bank of the sleepy river, the huts of wood and clay of the local fishermen."

Eve Curie was brought to Natal by a combination of history and geography. Before the Second World War, Natal's proximity to the west coast of Africa made it a vital link in the air routes being developed between Europe and South America. An Italian airline started a seaplane service in 1928. A broken column commemorates this early link between the continents. Reputedly excavated from the Capitol in Rome, it was presented by Mussolini, who dispatched it to Natal by air. The Italian connection was broken with the advent of the war. Eve Curie mentions the "old hangars of Air France, the first ones ever to have been erected there," finding them "abandoned, empty – already moldy."

Natal had also been used by the French aviation pioneers who flew the mail between Argentina and Europe, their ordeals and tragedy being so somberly described in *Vol de Nuit* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, "Because of the armistice of 1940," Eve Curie continued, "the French air lines to South America had become a thing of the past: the young Frenchmen who had toiled and died in operating these lines had toiled and died in vain."

Unbeknownst to Eve Curie, the “sad town”, as she called Natal, was about to enter its only period of international importance. Less than a month after her departure, the United States of America had entered the war. The major air route for American personnel and materiel to reach the theaters of war had to go via Natal and West Africa. Old men reminisce about the days when the Yanks were there. Caucasian foreigners are still automatically referred to as *Americanos*. Between 1942 and 1945, planes were landing every three minutes at Parnamirim Field.

The Americans held dances, open “for all”. The lascivious dance subsequently known as *fórró*, a speeded-up version of the forties' American band music, is the staple rhythm for teenagers there today. More shameless than the samba-based *lambada*, *fórró* requires the boy to rub his jean-clad crotch against his partner's pubis until he achieves orgasm in time with the beat of the music. Throughout the state even the smallest municipalities sport open-sided dance halls where the *criancada*, from infants to teenagers, will gather to lose themselves in the liberating rhythms of *fórró*, while their elders sit at bottle-cluttered tables to admire frankly and with open gaze the writhing bodies of the young.

The Americans loosened up the conservative *natalenses* and freed them from the constraints of an incestuous peasant society. Pamamirim Field is now a flying school for the Brazilian Air Force, although it is open to civil aviation. The nearest international airport is at Recife; yet a legacy of Natal's great days as the world's hub is an openness with foreigners, an easy-going friendliness sustained by the social informality of a littoral civilization.

2

Supported by the remains of an inheritance, I consoled myself for my inability to find a job by studying what appeared to be a pederastic tradition in Natal. This tradition seemed to be entrenched in the older *barrios* such as Rocas, Brasília Teimosa, and Santos Reis. This old quarter of Natal, with its narrow, cobbled streets, has long since been abandoned by the bourgeoisie, but is no *favela* or shanty-town. It is the home of artisans, small businessmen, and laborers.

Whereas I could not afford to live in Europe, by changing money on the black market I found myself almost a rich man in this backward corner of so vast a country. Sometimes I lived in apartments, at other

times in hotels, but my life was centered around a single family, that of a hospital refuse-collector. Three of his sons kept me company for five years. I adored the youngest, Rogeiro, who was first introduced to me when he was seven years old. Again and again I returned to Natal to witness the stages of his boyhood.

My American friend, Lansing, with whom I had first traveled to Brazil from Morocco, now followed me to take up residence in Natal. I have already described in a previous chapter the danger of this proximity. His personality could be described as “baroque”. A man of great charm, he is the opposite of a recluse. With our mutual association and enjoyment of each other's company, we became the center of a pederastic society. Some members of the bourgeoisie disapproved of our life-style, but in the face of our obvious decency and the tolerance Brazilians grant themselves on sexual matters, they did no more than grumble. There had been the scare in 1986 when I had felt it necessary to bolt from my apartment, but upon returning after a six-month journey to the Far East I found tranquillity to reign once more.

For both of us 1987 was, in retrospect, an Indian Summer. He had rented an apartment near the beach and was working on his autobiography. I lived in a hotel nearby, reviewing the draft of the first part of this book which I had completed in Portugal. Enchanted by Rogeiro's little-boyishness, my emotional life had reached a plateau of stability. The purpose of my existence was to be the guardian of a boy. I was as the toiler in a vineyard who at last sees his vines mature and may sit at evening beneath the trellis to savor his vintage.

3

In November 1987 I had gone with Rogeiro to the village of Genipabu three miles to the north of the Potengi. Genipabu used to have one of the most beautiful beaches in Brazil. The dunes, surmounted by cashew copses, tower above the settlement, and at one point appear to invade the ocean itself. Now the dunes have been eroded by tourism. Sand buggies (*bugres*) hurtle over the delicate declivities, wearing them down like old molars.

Rogeiro had made friends with local boys and would rent their horses for rides. Although his feet got nowhere near the stirrups he galloped these beasts along the shore like the young film hero in *The Black Stallion*.

One day I was asked to accompany him and his companions on a *cajú* expedition. I insisted that my horse go at walking pace and a boy lead it by the reins. After bathing in a fresh water *lagoa*, we returned to the village with our spoil of ripe cashews. Rogeiro's brother, Josivan, met us with the news that Lansing, who had been in Portugal, was back in Natal. He also mentioned that many things in Lansing's apartment were missing. I recalled seeing someone's wash drying on the terrace of that apartment and hearing that someone was living there during my friend's absence.

Upon my return to Natal, Lansing told me that his landlord, a Greek, had put up a compatriot there as a means of repaying a debt. The illegal occupant, a smuggler of electrical goods, had helped himself to some eighty house hold objects, which Lansing valued at US \$1,000. My friend deemed the landlord responsible for compensating him for the stolen items, and when the latter refused to do so, he refused to pay the rent.

In the meantime, Lansing threatened to lodge a complaint with the police and he hired a lawyer, who was to prove fatally incompetent. My own advice was to reach a compromise and not to take things further, as the landlord was fully informed of Lansing's unconventional life-style. Lansing replied that it had been his property, not mine, which had been stolen. Later he informed me that also missing from his apartment were photographs of him in the company of young boys, some of which could be considered compromising. I was almost relieved: surely he would not go ahead with his complaint given the hostage to fortune now in the hands of his opponents? "If you proceed," I told him, "I shall just have to leave."

I had decided to go to Belem, in the state of Para, but not until I received some dollar-denominated bank checks ordered from Europe. My projected trip was also delayed by minor surgery. Psychologically I was averse to just getting up and leaving. The dispute should not involve me. I was not represented in the missing photographs. My young friends, I assumed, wouldn't betray me. I did not wish to abandon Rogeiro just because I was scared. Natal was as much my home as anywhere else in the world.

In January 1988 I received a summons to the local police station, where Lansing had lodged his formal complaint against the Greek for theft. I was questioned as a potential witness. I confirmed that I had seen evidence of someone occupying Lansing's apartment during his absence.

A few days later Lansing and I were sitting on the beach when the Greek appeared, livid with rage. He became even more angry when my friend refused to speak to him.

“Do you want to go to extremes?” the Greek shouted. Shaken by the unpleasantness of the incident, I suggested to him that he take no more than legal recourse to collect his unpaid rent.

One evening not long after, as I was walking along the esplanade, the Greek drew up beside me in his car and asked me in. We drove off; he started shouting. While saliva from his lips showered upon me, I heard that, unless Lansing withdrew his complaint, he was going to denounce both of us to the Federal Police for involvement with *menores*. I replied that I was not a messenger for such threats and left the car. I did not wish to show alarm, having only contempt for bullies and people who menace others as a matter of course. I informed Lansing, even so, of the Greek's tirade, and I was relieved when he decided to go to Portugal for a month. I, too, was planning to leave Natal in order to spend *Carnaval* in the company of Rogeiro's family in Santa Cruz, a town in the interior where they had relatives.

Carnival week in that rural town was great fun. A few motley processions wound through the streets, the revelers painting their faces with flour or wearing skull masks. That Sunday we all went in a taxi to a nearby reservoir for a swim. The men sat in palm shelters drinking *cachaca*, the cane alcohol of Brazil. Small boys sold them minnows they had caught in the reservoir and which their mothers had fried.

When I got back to Natal I asked the hotel receptionist if anyone had been inquiring about me. Nobody had. I told him I wouldn't speak to anyone unless the person identified himself. A letter from Lansing urged me to join him in Portugal, not because he thought me to be in danger, but because he would have enjoyed my company at his solitary vinous dinners. Before *carnaval* I had gone to the Federal Police, which has charge of immigration, and received a three-month extension of my visa, but that by itself seemed a poor reason to travel all the way to Europe.

4

In late February a sensational article was published in one of the newspapers about an arrest by the Federal Police of a number of foreigners accused of illegal sex with teenage girls. The German who

rented the house where these goings-on were supposed to have taken place allegedly received an anonymous phone call tipping him off that the police were on their way. He tried to escape in his car but was waylaid on the road and taken into custody with the additional charge of attempting to evade arrest.

The morning after this article appeared I was in the lavatory when there was a hammering on my door. It was the maid saying I had a telephone call. I shouted that I was indisposed and asked that whoever it was identify himself and call again in ten minutes. Half an hour later the caller had still not rung back, so I went down to the lobby to inquire. It seems that it had been a man; he'd used only his first name and refused to identify himself further.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 2nd of March, Rogeiro came as usual to my room. There was a color television and he liked to watch the daily children's show *Xuxa*, on the Globo channel. Afterwards came a cowboy film in which Robert Mitchum stalks a gunman in a ghost town and, suddenly appearing behind him, drops him with a single shot.

In the afternoon I took a walk along the beach road to the fort. Rogeiro had gone off on the second-hand bicycle I had bought him. I noticed a white Volkswagen pass me at a curiously slow speed. It stopped; I walked by; nobody got out.

On my way back to my hotel I tarried at my usual *barraca* on the beach. Rogeiro and some friends were already there, playing and swimming. Four men arrived and sat down at another table. They drank beer and ate crabs. I ordered soft drinks and fish for the boys but told them not to sit with me. I didn't want them to appear too friendly in public. I read a book for several hours.

At six o'clock I went along the esplanade towards my hotel. Rogeiro was in the habit of coming in after me to take a shower, put on clothes for the evening, and receive some money for a sandwich. We had an arrangement that he should enter the hotel some time after me, so that people would not see us arriving together. This sensible provision had frequently lapsed, especially now that Rogeiro had a bicycle and could catch me up. That evening I delayed further by stopping at a magazine kiosk, as I wanted to see if the men who were at the *barraca* were following me. I didn't observe them.

A minute after I was in my room, Rogeiro arrived. He stored his clothes and toys in an old suitcase of mine. He did not keep his belongings at home because his brothers would steal them. Rogeiro had a shower and put on trousers and a tracksuit jacket to go out, but he

paused to eat some biscuits and watch a Japanese SciFi adventure episode on the television: bizarre monsters wandering around Tokyo being zapped by young men and women on motorcycles. I was still in my bermudas and had turned towards the bathroom when there was a violent hammering on the door.

5

I opened it immediately. The hotel receptionist was there, along with several men. At a glance I could see they were the fuzz, and not just any fuzz, but members of the highly efficient and ruthless *Policia Federal*. I went out to the corridor and closed the bedroom door behind me. The receptionist apologized but said that the men had demanded to see me at once. I asked the one who seemed to be in charge whether he and his companions belonged to the Federal Police and this was confirmed. I inquired what I could do for them. The leader asked me where Lansing was. I said he was in Europe. I hoped that I had answered the man's inquiry satisfactorily, but he and his fellows just stood there. One of them, a tall man with a severely scarred face, asked me who else was in my room. I said that my friend Rogeiro was watching television. Then a man with a beard suddenly pulled out a huge badge attached to a wallet and shouted, "*Policia Federal!*"

"I know that already," I said.

"We would like to search your room."

"By all means," I said and opened the door for them. As I came in I told Rogeiro to go, but he was detained in the corridor. The receptionist stayed with me as an independent witness. The small room was filled with policemen (all in plain clothes). From Rogeiro's suitcase they took his photographs of himself and his family. They were very pleased to find these, even though not one of them was in any way scandalous. I had given Rogeiro my old instamatic camera, and the boy had built up a small collection of snapshots including some showing me with Rogeiro and my taxi-driver on visits to scenic points in Rio Grande do Norte. The police put these into a bag along with several of Lansing's letters from Portugal which they found on a shelf.

One thug discovered a jar of vaseline among my medicines and proclaimed that I used it to fuck *menores*. For a moment my cans of tea were suspected of being *maconha* (marijuana) and received a good sniffing before they were considered harmless. On a top shelf was a

computer print-out of a draft of the first chapters of this book. The scarface man leafed through the pages but found the incomprehensible English too baffling to bother with and let them be. When a little collection of things had been gathered – the photographs, a toy gun, Lansing's letters, and the vaseline – the police were ready to leave. I was told to dress and accompany them.

6

Outside stood two Volkswagens, one white, the other red. Rogeiro got into the red one, and I the white. We were driven to the *Delegacia de Menores* in the *barrio* of Ribeira. The place was swarming with police – my reception committee. One man with a black beard was giving orders. He was Dr. Farhaz, deputy-superintendent of the Federal Police for the state of Rio Grande do Norte, and, like many in that organization, of Palestinian origin. There was also a press-liaison officer, a fat, gnome-like creature. I felt that I was about to be processed like a product on an assembly line.

I was told to sit in a hallway and wait. Two policemen sat next to me in case I decided to take a walk. In my hands were a book and Rogeiro's packet of biscuits (each biscuit had a representation of Snoopy, the cartoon dog, molded into it). The little boy was led away into the bowels of the dilapidated police station, cased about by numerous members of the fuzz.

I tried to read in an unconcerned manner, deeply concerned about Rogeiro and hoping that the little boy would have the sense and guts to deny that there had been anything physical in our relationship. A half hour later the deputy-superintendent came out of the office, a look of triumph on his face.

“You sucked the penis,” he said.

I said I had done no such thing.

I was ordered back to the white Volkswagen and cramped in with four *agentes*. I heard that we were going to Natal's main civil (state) police station in the *barrio* of Candelaria. “So you fuck the *boyzinhos*,” one of my escorts said.

At the Candelaria station I was summoned into the presence of the night-duty *delegado*, who informed me that I was accused of a very serious crime, sucking the penis of a minor. After making my denial of the charge, I was led down a corridor to a barred door which was the

entrance to the cell area.

Before this door I was sat down at a desk where a policeman took down my name. At that moment the deputy-superintendent came up and began to shout, "Go back to your own country! Do those filthy things there, not here in Brazil!" He continued with these theatrics until I told him that it was not necessary to talk so loudly and that I had great respect for the Brazilian authorities. He calmed down and became almost nice.

I passed the dreaded portal between liberty and its deprivation. I was taken into a small room which was littered with other prisoners' clothes and told to strip to my underwear. Then I was put into a cell which contained another inmate. Frightened of the kind of people I might meet in such circumstances, I shook his hand, afterwards going over to lean against the opposite wall. The cell itself was in darkness, but light came through from the corridor, from which I was separated by a steel grill.

I soon realized that my fellow prisoner was a lunatic. He kept jumping up and declaring in a panic-stricken voice that he was about to be beaten up. Whenever a policeman passed in the corridor he would beg for a cigarette and sometimes got one.

As time passed about a dozen prisoners were fed into this cell, ranging from about seventeen to forty years old. Most seemed to have been connected in one way or another with *maconha* (which in Natal is the poor man's narcotic since the marijuana plant flourishes in the hot, dry climate).

A man in the corridor pointed me out to the other captives as a man who had violated a minor and therefore they had permission to rape me. The prisoners ignored this and continued chatting among themselves – I suppose my over-weight, middle-aged body would not have stirred their libidos even in more commodious surroundings.

After about two hours a policeman told me to put my clothes on and accompany him. The *delegado* was waiting to take down my statement. I recounted how I had been arrested and denied having engaged in sexual acts with Rogeiro. The *delegado* was very anxious that all the legal formalities be carried out correctly: He was clearly puzzled by the case thrust upon him by the Federal Police. I did not appear to him to be a sex maniac. He could not understand the significance of the vaseline, Lansing's letters, and the toy gun on his desk.

Before returning to the cells I was led into an office where Rogeiro was seated surrounded by *agentes* of the *Policia Federal*. The deputy-superintendent was congratulating them on their highly competent work. While Rogeiro sat in silence various policemen kept pawing and

caressing him. I asked if the boy was going to be returned to his home. I learned later he spent the night at the *Delegacia de Menores* to be available for interrogation the next day.

The *delegado*, who seemed almost solicitous, escorted me to a cell where prisoners scheduled to be put on trial were held. I did not have to take my clothes off again. Using my shoes as a pillow, I got to sleep at 4.30 a.m.

7

The cells started to come alive about six o'clock. That first morning there were four other prisoners in my cell, but the numbers were to fluctuate according to events in the outside world. There was a Christ-like figure who had been shot by the police and was accused of drug-trafficking. His wounds were going septic but his concern was for everybody else. He set the tone by welcoming me as if I were joining a club. Other members included two young men who were to be helpful and supportive – one was being investigated for the murder of a loving couple in a wood, while the other, an ex-security guard, had been detained for discharging his gun in a bar-room brawl.

Soon I was to learn of the existence of other long-time prisoners. There was Tregeiro, a rich *fazendeiro* (rancher) who had murdered his male lover and then unsuccessfully tried to burn the corpse. There were a man and wife who had already waited eight months to be put on trial for receiving stolen goods.

Next door there was Chamorro, a Nicaraguan who claimed to be a scion of the famous political family. As a medical student he had emigrated to Brazil, and later had risen to the post of doctor for the inmates of the state penitentiary, known as the *Colonia Penal*. The Federal Police had arrested him the previous July on charges of smuggling and selling *maconha* to his captive patients. He was appealing against a 10-year sentence.

There was a youth nicknamed Passaro Magro (Skinny Bird) awaiting trial for a shooting murder committed in the course of gang warfare. Demus, an extremely mild and decent young man, an ardent soccer player, stood accused of the *violação* of an 11-year-old girl.

The prisoners took care to keep their cells clean. The lavatory was of the oriental type, over which one squatted, and was bounded by a low wall to give a modicum of privacy. For bathing there was a cistern built

into the ceiling and plugged by a wooden peg which one withdrew in order to have a shower. Food (rice and beans with maybe a piece of chicken) was served twice a day. Like most people cast into jail (I prefer the American spelling of this word) I did not at first have any appetite, but I had plenty of reserve flab around my middle which at last could be put to use.

On my first morning I was visited by Edna, Lansing's lawyer, and his next-door neighbor, who had heard of my arrest at the hotel. Not knowing any other lawyers at the time, I signed Edna up to represent me, and she brought me personal effects and books from my hotel. She prepared a petition to the judge requesting my conditional release (the petition was rejected). The neighbor, a sales representative for an industrial cleaning company, turned out to be a friend of the *delegado* of the police station where I was lodged (not the same man as the night-duty officer who had taken my statement). Due to this connection I was later to receive some vital privileges.

At 11.00 a.m. I was called to meet the press. The "interview" consisted of a correspondent asking the dwarfish police press-liaison officer for the details of my case. The journalist glared at me, openly showing his contempt. Two days later my face was on the front page of the local newspaper. The caption described me as a *tarado ingles*, an English rapist. The article asserted that Lansing and I were homosexuals who prowled the beaches in search of minors. These were lured by the promise of clothes, money, toys and food. Even though I still denied the charges, the article continued, it was certain that I would be convicted due to the declarations the minors had given to the police and due to the photographs "found in (my) possession."

When the paper circulated through the cells, everyone, prisoners and police, treated the article as a great joke. All the detainees had appeared at one time or another on the crime pages, all had suffered from the vilification of the press which coordinated its attacks with the prosecutors; and so this deluge of printed abuse had the quality of a ritual, an initiation ceremony. The best one could do was to grin and bear it, to treat the matter as a joke and laugh at oneself.

The legal machinery which was working towards my ruin was headquartered at the *Delegacia de Costumes*, the Morals Police. This meant that I got some relief from being confined to the cell, as I had to be driven over there to answer questions. The chief of the Morals Police was preparing his case for the prosecutor (*promotora*), who turned out to be a raving virago determined to have me crushed. As a foreign tourist I

had no influential friends in local society. She could destroy me without any risk of retribution.

There was no attempt to torture me, perhaps because I was a citizen of an important country. The chief said that the evidence given by the victims (the investigation having now spread from Rogeiro to two of his brothers, Josivan and Reginaldo), combined with the fact that I was caught *en flagrante*, meant that my confession was unnecessary. I would just make things worse for myself by continuing to deny my guilt. The *flagrante* aspect of the case was particularly wicked. The *federales* in their statement reported that they had discovered me in bed with a minor in a hotel room, implying that they had witnessed me committing sexual acts with Rogeiro.

Throughout March 1988 these investigations continued. My name was being artificially linked with Lansing's in order to present a case of conspiracy. Although I had been living in a hotel for the last eleven months, the prosecution declared that I was actually staying with Lansing in his apartment, the better to plot the corruption of minors. The Greek, wishing to force me to pay Lansing's rent arrears, swore that I was also a tenant of the apartment.

To improve on the conspiracy theory, my taxi-driver, Roberto, was also charged as an accomplice, accused of bringing *minores* in his taxi to the apartment where Lansing and I would debauch them. He was embroiled in the affair because he appeared in two of Rogeiro's snapshots. The police had tried to get him to give evidence against me, refusing to accept his assertion that he had no knowledge of my sexual tastes. The *promotora* said he ought to have suspected something and informed the authorities. Roberto was never arrested, although he was put on trial with me. He was to become a vital link in my communications with the outside world.

Meanwhile my morale had been boosted by an event which was to lead to a secret liaison structure critical to my defense.

8

Lansing's neighbor, the friend of the *delegado* in whose police station I was confined, received permission to drive me to my hotel to pick up some sheets, towels, clothes, etc., and to buy a mattress (there were bruises on my joints now from sleeping on the cement floor of the cell). We were escorted by two of the station policemen. Before we reached

the hotel I asked for the car to be diverted along the street where Rogeiro's family lived. Rogeiro and his older brother, Reginaldo, were standing outside their small, two-room house. I signaled to them through the car window to go to the hotel, which was down the hill towards the beach.

At the hotel the neighbor, the boys and the policemen accompanied me to my room, which I had last entered on the day of my arrest several weeks before. From the receptionist I ordered beers for the police. I swigged a few shots of Vat 69 from the bottle which was still where I had left it on a shelf. I was pleasantly surprised to discover that the local police were happy to extend privileges to those prisoners prepared to tip them generously.

From the boys I learned that they had blabbed to the police because they were frightened. Rogeiro (who had only just reached the age of eleven) said that he had been told that if he did not answer truthfully he would be incarcerated in a FEBEM institution; they also said I had already confessed everything.

I couldn't feel aggrieved that he and his brothers had talked, after more than four years of friendship. The important thing was to get them back on board, to give them the courage to stand up for themselves during further questioning (Edna was to tell me later that, shortly afterwards, Rogeiro successfully weathered a three-hour nocturnal interrogation by the Morals Police).

The boys agreed that whenever they were summoned before the judge they would reverse their previous testimony. My two escorts, for whom I was now a jolly good fellow, also told the boys to keep their mouths shut for my sake.

That was the first of numerous similar expeditions. Roberto would come to the station at Candelaria each week and take me, under escort, to the hotel. The official excuse was for me to hand over my dirty laundry and exchange it for fresh, but soon I was stopping over for lunch as well.

Rogeiro would have already been informed by Roberto when to go to the hotel. After the judge rejected Edna's petition for my release, I gave up my room, but the management always lent me one in which to drink beer with the police escort and discuss my affairs with my lawyer. I was also allowed to talk privately with Rogeiro, who gave me news of the progress of the investigation against me.

As the months progressed these meetings became more elaborate. I was allowed to spend the whole day away from the station to meet Rogeiro in an up-market hotel near the airport where we could swim in

the pool or watch videos in the air-conditioned room.

The tips to the escorting policemen were sufficiently handsome to give me quite a free rein. There was a games room with a bathroom off it. The police would not object to the boy and me going to play billiards or ping-pong while they remained in the bedroom watching videos and drinking beer. We would slip into the bathroom where we became proficient in having sex in three minutes flat. My chaste regime at the police station resulted in my being able to climax both profusely and quickly.

There were many opportunities to escape, but at that time the judge held my passport and I did not wish to lose all the trust I had accumulated. The investment I had made in befriending my captors and gaining their confidence was paying me considerable dividends, and I did not wish to squander them in an impulsive, ill-planned flight.

Meanwhile progress toward my trial was proceeding at a glacial pace. Brazilian justice is renowned for its slowness. Although according to law a *processo* should be completed in 90 days, sometimes the prisoner must wait years before learning his fate.

Justice is *sumario*, there being no jury except in murder trials. The judge listens to the evidence of the prosecutor, someone he knows well and works with daily, and then decides at his leisure upon a verdict. In a cozy provincial set-up like Natal it is not surprising that acquittals are extremely rare. The best the defense can hope for is a light sentence.

In Rio Grande do Norte the appeals court (which is the state supreme court) always confirms the first-instance judge's verdict, although sometimes it increases the severity of the sentence if the prosecutor has formally complained that it is too light.

When my judge had rejected Edna's petition for conditional release, she had appealed unsuccessfully against his ruling to the Supreme Court, a body of five old men who met once or twice a week and were allowed special holidays for the months of July and January.

After her failure I realized she was out of her depth and released her, taking on a man whom Chamorro recommended, a Dr. Mendonça. This lawyer was more upbeat. He decided that since the prosecution's case was so flawed, and my continued detention after 90 days so illegal, he would appeal to the Federal Supreme Court in Brasilia to have the case dismissed. He did not submit his appeal until August and it was not to be considered until December by which time my trial was over.

It was not until June 21, 1988, over three and a half months after my arrest, that I appeared before the judge. The *promotora* was prosecuting

me for two crimes: the violation of minors with presumed violence, and the corruption of minors.

The violence was assumed because Rogeiro and Josivan were under 14 and Brazilian law does not admit that children under that age could consent to sexual acts with an adult except under duress. The corruption consisted in my having given food (fried fish and soft drinks in the *barraca*,) clothes, toys and “even a bicycle” to minors. It was automatically assumed that these were used as inducement for sexual relations.

When I entered the simple courtroom (everyone sat at the same table like at a company board meeting) the judge, a fat man with a red, bloated face and protruding eyes, shook my hand gravely. He had mistaken me for a lawyer (I was dressed with jacket and tie while *sua Excelencia* was open-collared and with shirtsleeves rolled). Usually his victims were presented to him in handcuffs, but my friendly police escort assured him that I was *manso* (tame).

I gave my version of events and asked to see the photographs, to the scandalous nature of which the press had luridly alluded. After my arrest Rogeiro's snap-shots had been counted and their number recorded, but now the quantity of photos had been doubled by the surreptitious addition of those which I knew had been stolen from Lansing's apartment and delivered to the Federal Police by the Greek and his smuggler compatriot friend. They showed my elderly friend in the company of other males of much tenderer years, and, of the photos, only some three could to the prudish mind be considered scandalous.

My protests that I had never before set eyes upon these images were ignored. It seemed absurd that I should be presented as having hoarded pictures of someone else's social life, but then the whole trial, with me depicted as a violent rapist, was straight out of Kafka. Lansing, who had left the country before any charges had been brought (I had warned him by letter not to return to Brazil) had now become a fugitive from justice (*foragido*) and was being tried *in absentia* with me. After the hearing I had a few beers with my lawyer, who reassured me that I had not made any gaffes. Then it was time to return to jail.

As anyone who has been imprisoned knows, the monotony, especially if joined with hopelessness, is the most difficult thing to bear. Most prisoners come to terms, after a while, with their fellow inmates and with their guards. When you have been confined for some weeks you cease believing that you'll be out in just a few more days, and you try to make yourself as comfortable as possible. The long-term prisoners in the police station at Candelaria had mattresses, clean sheets and pillows, televisions and cassette players. They had the paraphernalia, the small comforts of existence, brought in by relatives – tasty dishes, coffee, soap, toothpaste, toilet paper, shaving equipment, detergent, sanitary chemicals, cigarettes. Since I had no relatives, each week Roberto would shop for me and bring the purchases, along with any mail, to the police station.

I read a lot, not sitting or lying down too much. I paced the cell, even if it was only four paces in length, with a book in hand. I had my weekly outing to look forward to, although permission for this was not automatic.

Sometimes I could arrange a separate foray under escort to the *Cultura Inglesa*, an English-teaching school connected with the British Council. The Englishman in charge, whom I had known before my arrest, was polite enough never to mention my predicament. There I would borrow books to take back to my cell, leaving copies of *The Economist* magazine, to which I subscribed, in return. For want of material I even read The Holy Bible. Although I was appalled by the brazen genocide committed by the Jews, as related in the Pentateuch, I found their endurance of endless suffering to be deeply moving, as I did the message of Jesus. The reader had been cast into a pit and had met with repeated disappointment in his attempts to extricate himself from it.

The *delegado* was decent enough to trust certain prisoners to stroll in the garden behind the station. Passaro Magro watered the plants, while I paced up and down, interrupting my reading now and again to view shrubs of plantain and papaya wave their leaves when a breeze blew in the afternoon light. I tried to think of the next legal step my lawyer was taking as giving grounds for hope. July was void, as the courts were closed for the holidays, but in August Dr. Mendonça at last got around to going to Brasilia to submit his petition to the Federal Supreme Court (a campaign which was to be overtaken by events).

To distract ourselves from boredom, Chamorro and I persuaded some of the guards to smuggle in small bottles of *cachaça*. The necessary planning, then the covert drinking, and the clandestine disposal of the bottles, diverted us from the yoke of the passage of time. Unfortunately Chamorro would get over-excited when he was drunk. There was a night-duty *delegada* who seemed to be out to get us. We were listening to *fórró* music, perhaps too loud, in Passaro Magro's cell when she made a raid. When the policemen circulated into the cell I thought at first they were joining the party. A bottle of orange juice mixed with the suspected alcoholic beverage was discovered. Passaro Magro, that miserable youth, immediately ratted on Chamorro and me. We were handcuffed together and taken to the police forensic laboratory for testing. Chamorro, being a doctor, noticed that the breathalyzing equipment was broken, so the attendant had no choice but to declare us sober. Thwarted, and being a woman to boot, the *delegada* bided her time, confident that another opportunity would present itself in due course.

10

On September 21 I again appeared before *sua Excelencia*. The *promotora* had finally got around to calling the prosecution witnesses to take the stand, well over six months after my arrest. They consisted of the doorman to Lansing's apartment building, some of the inhabitants of the same edifice, and the three minors in the case, all brothers, one of whom, Reginaldo, was now a major. As I had not been living there, the people in the apartment building were unable to give any details about my sex life. When the boys took the stand they declared they had never said the things attributed to them by the police. The *promotora* walked out in disgust. "They were very well prepared," she said curtly.

As indeed they had been. Two nights before the hearing my lawyer had driven the three boys to his house and briefed them on the likely questions they would be asked and how they should be answered. The following day I had been able to arrange with the *delegado* an outing to the hotel near the airport, the Pousada do Sol, whither Josivan and Rogeiro were driven by Roberto's father, an old man who had a virulent loathing for the authorities who were victimizing his son.

While my police escort relaxed as usual in the air-conditioned room I had taken, I went with the boys to the games room, briefing them there

for two hours. Not only had they to learn the correct answers to the list of questions Dr. Mendonça had drawn up, but also to overcome the psychological timidity likely to overtake a child while being questioned by an overbearing adult.

In court their performance was good. Reginaldo was able to stay calm when the *promotora* threatened to have him arrested for perjury since he was now an adult. Rogeiro, the most important witness, confirmed every detail of my version of the so-called *flagrante* incident and repeatedly denied that I had ever had any sexual contact with him. Josivan was the least convincing. Although he answered the questions according to our plan, he squirmed and grinned with an embarrassment that might have thrown doubt on his veracity.

When the *promotora* became excessively menacing with Rogeiro, my lawyer calmly pointed out to the judge that the little boy was supposed to be a victim, not one of the accused. At the end of the hearing there was a discussion as to when the witnesses for the defense should be called. The Judge said he could not find time to listen to them before Christmas, which meant that I would have to rot in jail for several more months just to reach that state. I told my lawyer to dispense with it, since my witnesses could hardly improve on the contribution the prosecution's had made to my defense. I wanted the trial to be brought to a close as quickly as possible. I hoped that a conviction was unlikely given the record of the day's hearing.

11

My spirits revived, I once more returned to my reading at the police station. I found myself enjoying D. H. Lawrence's *The Plumed Serpent*, his semi-fascist novel about Mexico. His descriptions of the charred, death-pregnant landscape of the central valley combined well with my lonely walks in the arid station garden with its withered papaya plants and sombre plantains. In the hour before dusk I was allowed to sit with the duty policemen in the station porch, sipping tea while I watched the traffic pass in the road and the light change against the painted facades of the houses opposite.

By October my status at the police station had risen sufficiently high for me to be taken on an all-day outing with the *delegado*. In his office I heard him complain about having to go to Campina Grande in the neighboring state of Paraíba. As his visit was a private one, he would

have to pay for the petrol out of his own pocket. I offered to meet that expense if he would take me along. He accepted the proposal with alacrity.

In the car, besides the driver, was the *delegado's* lawyer. The *delegado* was involved in a dispute over alimony payments with his ex-wife, who lived in Campina Grande. The lawyer, Jorge Geraldo, was very fat, especially so for a man only in his late twenties. He had come to Natal from São Paulo the year before and was trying to make his way as a “fixer” for important people. He was already a friend of the judge, and later I was to use him as a line of communication with that worthy. He used to take the judge out for drinking parties (they were both unabashed *cervejaos*, or beer-boozers) and arrange for girls to be on hand. He even claimed that towards the end of one orgy the judge had asked him to fuck him and he had obliged. He was impressed by my company because even though I was a prisoner I insisted on picking up the tab for everyone.

The boozing started at noon at a street-corner grill at which goat was the specialty, and the succulent morsels were washed down with *batidas* of *Cachaça* and lemon. We still had time to kill as the ex-wife was not available to see the *delegado* until the middle of the afternoon. The fat lawyer complained that he was still hungry, so we went for a second lunch at a more up-market restaurant; again I was successful in grabbing the check. Before starting on the return trip, the *delegado* took us on a scenic tour of the town.

At dusk we arrived at Nisia Floresta, to the south of Natal. Jorge Geraldo again felt hungry, especially since the local delicacy was *pitú*, or crayfish. I suggested a restaurant which I had visited with Rogeiro fifteen months before, but after the dishes were served the lawyer condemned the preparation of the creatures and mentioned another establishment which satisfied his exacting culinary standards. We washed this second dinner down with whiskey. When the bill arrived I once again opened my wallet.

“It never ends,” marveled the lawyer at my seemingly inexhaustible supply of cash. The *delegado*, somewhat shamed, insisted this round was on him.

The next morning at the police station I had to be sick, but, as I had now procured a cell of my own, I could suffer in privacy. The driver, who was on station duty, was white, and I gave him some Alka Seltzer. The *delegado*, however, appeared to be in the best of health and addressed himself to his duties with aplomb.

All the privileges which I had accumulated during my months of imprisonment had depended on the goodwill and humanity of the *delegado*. Now he informed me he would be taking a three-week leave at the end of October. As a farewell present he would allow Chamorro, Passaro Magro and me to go to the beach for the day.

A pick-up truck, provided by Passaro Magro's father, a contractor, was to be our transport. The day passed pleasantly enough. Chamorro was accompanied by his wife and two small daughters. A sour note entered when Passaro Magro wanted to visit his family house, and so we had to leave the beach earlier than planned. We had been eating and drinking at a restaurant near the seashore, with me footing the bill. Passaro Magro promised to provide once we reached his home.

When the truck stopped outside the house, Chamorro was too drunk to get out of the back, where he lay spread-eagled. A crowd gathered to watch his prostrate form.

I was ambulatory and asked for a whiskey, which was refused. I was so annoyed that on the way back to the station I asked our escort to stop the truck so that I could have one last beer at a roadside bar.

At the station Chamorro and I berated Passaro Magro for having refused us the promised booze. In the heat of the altercation I flung the contents of my teacup in his face. He howled and shouted for his pet cop to come to his aid. Chamorro and I were hustled away to our respective cells. It was unfortunate that the night-duty chief was the same *delegada* who had sent us handcuffed to the forensic department back in August. Now she filed a formal complaint to higher authorities.

Before going on his leave, the *delegado* asked whether I would give him a hundred dollars to help him have a good time (his monthly salary was about \$400.). I agreed, and in return requested permission for an outing on his last day at the station, as I expected to remain locked in my cell during the three weeks while he was away on leave. So on the morning of October 27, 1988 I found myself swimming in the pool of the Pousada do Sol in the company of Rogeiro.

This hotel is somewhat decrepit but it has a large garden with trees, and running about the garden were small lemur-like animals which Rogeiro used to talk to, offering them bits of fruit. After our gambol in the pool, we went to the games room for our customary three-minute session. This had been pared down to me caressing Rogeiro's small

body while he knelt or sat on the toilet seat, and it came to a conclusion with him jerking me off as I stood before him. He always had a look of innocent surprise, which made me laugh, as he watched the sperm dribble down his breast towards his belly-button.

My lawyer, Dr. Mendonça, and his family came for lunch. While his children played in the pool with Rogeiro we drank Scotch and reviewed the legal situation. The paperwork for winding up the trial was nearly complete and the judge would shortly announce his verdict. We had wine with the meal and were enjoying the post-prandial liqueur, a good imitation of strega, when my escorting policeman came to the dining room to tell me that there had been a phone call from the *delegado*. I must return to the station at once. I thought this very much out of order and told the policeman to say that I was having an important conference with my lawyer and needed more time. To soothe my nerves I had several double whiskeys at the bar, but finally my escort insisted that we go. Leaving Rogeiro and the family to enjoy themselves, the lawyer drove me to the police station.

Awaiting me were cars to transport Chamorro and me to the *Colonia Penal* by order of the Chief of Police of Rio Grande do Norte. My lawyer made frantic phone calls from the office of the *delegado*, who insisted that he had had no prior knowledge of the transfer order, but I refused to give him his money anyhow. Dr. Mendonça got through to the Chief of Police who said he could not rescind the order, as it had been approved by the judge and was now a judicial matter.

My transfer to the state penitentiary was a result of the complaint by the *delegada* about the ingestion of alcohol by Chamorro and myself. To suit the occasion; I was now drunk and, with the added release of adrenalin into my blood, was almost delirious. During the trip to the penitentiary, the reputation of which was appalling, I reprimanded the driver: he should have been ashamed of himself for taking me to a place “worse than Auschwitz”. I was not handcuffed and I toyed with the idea of flinging myself out of the car and making my escape through the mangrove swamps of the Potengi estuary.

The *Colonia Penal* is on the north side of the river, not far from the fishing village of Redinha and the dunes of Genipabu. Often I had read in the newspaper of its horrors, of the maniacs who prowled within.

Chamorro and I passed through the gate of the institution to have ourselves and our baggage searched by the guards. They wore the uniform of the *Policia Militar*, Brazil's paramilitary gendarmerie. Two secretaries typed details onto a card, and then we were summoned to the

office of the *coronel*, the commandant of the prison. I was surprised by this man's politeness: he shook our hands and invited us to sit down. He was an evangelical Christian whose humane treatment of the prisoners under his charge had gained him their respect, but had drawn him much criticism from the local press and opportunistic politicians. While we were in his office the telephone rang; it was my lawyer asking if Chamorro and I could be lodged with the privileged prisoners in the library. The commandant agreed, and we departed with our baggage to meet our new colleagues. I reflected that that morning I had been as if in paradise, frolicking with my lover-boy amid the groves of a luxury hotel, and how, at dusk, I had made the passage to hell.

13

The alcohol I had consumed earlier that day mercifully numbed my awareness of what had happened. Chamorro and I put our mattresses on the library floor like settlers staking their claims to living space.

On the walls of our new home prominence was given to a 1943 framed portrait of the dictator Getulio Vargas. There was also a picture of Tancredo Neves, the president-elect who had died on the eve of taking office in 1985. Later I took this down, as Neves was a symbol of hopes raised and then lost.

Interspersed with the bookshelves were the living areas set up by the various prisoners who, often by informing on their fellow inmates, had been able to wangle, for their own protection, the privilege of residing there. Chamorro was greeted as an old friend, for he, as the former prison doctor, had been one of the principal routes by which *maconha* had been smuggled into the penitentiary. Now he quickly arranged with his old buddies for a supply of the stuff for his personal use. In fact, because of the accumulation of traffickers held there, the *Colonia Penal* had become an entrepôt for the trade.

I found conditions in the prison to be more tolerable than at the police station in Candelaria. The chief drawback was the difficulty in communicating with the outside world. The library detainees had their own keys to the room so that we could lock ourselves in if we were threatened by the more vicious thugs from the *galeria*. There was plenty of space for walking around, including access to a garden which was home to a herd of goats. I befriended one of these creatures: she would playfully butt my thigh until I pacified her with the offer of banana skins.

As I was with the *manso* prisoners I was not subjected to any physical aggression or personal abuse. There was none of the victimization of sex-offenders for which British and American correctional institutions are notorious. After all, Brazil's is hardly a puritan society.

In the library I found some old textbooks on the Latin language and I found the return to schooldays exercises effective in diverting me from the passage of time. I also became friendly with the young man who was the warden of the chapel to which he held the key. He had become an Adventist after murdering his grandmother. Formerly, in the interior town of Caico, he had lived a life of dissipation involving alcohol and drugs. One evening, in his usual state of inebriation, he had returned home and had an argument with the old lady which resulted in her death. When he awoke in a police cell the next morning, he had no idea why he was there. He would allow me to rest in the chapel in the afternoons when I took a siesta and I would read the Bible. Those tranquil hours helped give me a bit more inner peace. Upon the wall above the altar were Jesus' words according to the Gospel of St. John: "If you have faith in me, you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free." Upon the opposite wall there was a fresco, painted by a prisoner, of a man's hands breaking asunder the chains which manacled them.

In early November my legal situation received a double blow. In the small juridical office used for conferences between prisoners and their lawyers, I received from mine a copy of the arrest order issued against me by a judge representing the federal court of Rio Grande do Norte. Although I was already incarcerated in the state penitentiary, the Federal Police had petitioned a federal judge to authorize my immediate arrest by their agents and my indefinite detention at their headquarters if I should ever be liberated by the state judge under whose ordinances I was now suffering.

The other blow, however, postponed the implementation of the order. I was informed that I had been condemned to three and a half years' detention, but in *regime aberto*. This should have meant that I would be released from prison on parole. Having been found guilty, I would also be obliged to pay the costs of the trial. Roberto, the taxi-driver, was given the same sentence for being my accomplice, but he was allowed to continue at liberty.

Dr. Mendonça provided me with the copy of the verdict. The judge had discounted the inconvenient fact that the "victims" had denied the police evidence by writing that I, as a *turista ingles*, had obviously had the money to bribe the boys to change their testimony. My lawyer urged

me to appeal. By refusing to accept the verdict and by appealing against it to the state supreme court, I would not be transferred to the care of the Federal Police. Also, I would not yet have to pay the court costs. The drawback, as it turned out, was that the judge, indignant at my not having signed my name to his verdict, refused to let me out of jail.

On the legal front, the weeks before Christmas were spent drafting and submitting the appeal, petitioning the federal judge to rescind his arrest order and, when he rejected this petition, appealing to a higher court, the *Tribunal Federal de Recursos* in Brasilia, to overrule that judge's order. My lawyer left for Brasilia to submit this petition just before the holidays.

Unfortunately, the month of January would be another judicial vacation and my appeal against the federal arrest order would not be heard until February 1989 at the earliest. As for the appeal against the verdict of guilty, there was no time limit as to when it would be heard by the state supreme court. This consisted of retired judges, all of whom were chums of the one who had condemned me. In prison I met a man who already had been waiting three years for his appeal to be heard.

During this period my morale reached its lowest point. It was as if I had descended, as in a suffocating dream, down tortuous tunnels into a dark pit out of which I would never be able to claw my way back into the sunlight of liberty. I had not informed my relatives in Britain about my predicament. The disgrace would have been too great. I wrote to my mother informing her that I was involved in a legal dispute which would take some time.

I experimented with the *maconha* freely available in the prison, but found that under its influence my problems seemed even worse. Time seemed to pass by too slowly and I could not think of the steps to be taken which might win my release. I felt none of the sense of calm and ease which habitual users claimed for the herb. Like Solzhenitsyn's Ivan Denisovich, I had to live each day as it came.

14

I exploited what opportunities there were to make life more bearable. Under the benign rule of the *coronel* it was possible to apply for medical treatment outside the prison, which had no hospital or clinic of its own. Chamorro's successor held surgeries once a week in an office, but his services were mainly for those inmates who did not have the resources

for private treatment. My lawyer prevailed upon a doctor friend to diagnose me as a claustrophobic who had to be let out of prison twice a week. This resulted in my gaining more real freedom than I had had at the police station in Candelaria.

My appointed escort was *agente* Claudio of the *Policia Civil*. We would leave the prison about 7.30 a.m. and return around ten o'clock at night. He had no objection to my meeting the boys, although this time I did not engage in any of my hotel antics.

We usually stopped first at Roberto's house where I had breakfast and reviewed my finances which Roberto was guarding. My legal situation would be discussed at Dr. Mendonça's house over lunch. Claudio, the boys, and I would go for a swim on the beach at Ponta Negra, then repair to the nearby villa of a cocaine trafficker, one of my colleagues in the library, who coordinated his "medical treatment" with mine. Whiskey would be served on the terrace and we would watch dusk fall upon the palm-bordered coast.

After dinner in a restaurant, Claudio and I would go to the house of a man convicted of fraud, who still had large stocks of whiskey left over from his days of affluence. I was courting his thirteen-year-old daughter and would bring her shoes and fancy clothes. I was only diverting myself, but unfortunately she took it seriously and fell in love with me, so her father had to quash the budding romance.

Under the influence of alcohol, Claudio would become quite deranged, bemusing the Portuguese-speaking Brazilians by conversing in fluent Spanish.

Just before Christmas, Claudio and I were reported returning to the *Colonia Penal* "holding each other up". The result of our indiscretion was a notice on the bulletin board which announced that my treatment had been suspended indefinitely. I had been observed returning to the jail "in a visible state of inebriation". As it was, all excursions from the prison were suspended during the seasonal holidays of Christmas and the New Year.

Inmates, however, were entitled to be visited by family and friends. My three "victims" came to cheer me up in the library. I treated Rogeiro and Josivan to Coca-cola and biscuits, while Reginaldo, now an adult, readily accepted a joint ordered from one of the incarcerated traffickers. The police and the prosecutor had squandered public funds to imprison me and protect from "sexual abuse" those minors who could hardly wait for their abuser to get out of jail so they could be "abused" and "victimized" yet again.

During such visits the prisoners' children would play with each other. Childish screams and laughter echoed through the grim halls. I found myself assuming the appropriate role of baby-sitter while parents retired behind curtains to make love. I built up friendships with several of my "charges", who appreciated the sodas and sweets I bought for them.

There was one little boy, the son of a professional assassin with a thirty-year sentence, who liked to climb on my lap and take every opportunity to touch me. When I went to the lavatory he would follow me in (as there was no lock on the door) and watch me pee, taking out his own little member and joining his golden libations with mine. The eight-year-old daughter of an *asaltante*, or mugger, noticed that my gaze lingered upon her. She responded flirtatiously, writhing around on mattresses and flashing her crotch at me.

Surrounded as I was by the copulation of prisoners and their female companions, I asked the *asaltante* if he could get me a girl. I was offered one of his wife's sisters, who was seventeen years old. She came twice a week and was quite happy with the five dollars I gave her for her services. Another sister, aged fourteen, was very pretty, some mulatto blood in her descent giving her a richly nubile form. She denied me the ultimate act, but permitted me to caress her superb breasts in return for money with which to adorn herself in lace blouses and jewelery.

On Christmas Eve the commandant erected an altar at the point where the main passages crossed, and held a non-denominational service for the prisoners and their families. He hoped that our problems would soon be solved and wished us well. After the service his wife handed out toys and sweets to the children. The atmosphere was festive.

On New Year's Eve the atmosphere was even more festive. The prisoners waited up, watching on television the various civic *festas* that were being held around the country and at which fireworks were to be released at midnight. When the moment came they shouted with joy and ran around shaking each other's hands. I thought how strange it was that these oppressed victims of their country's barbarity should be so happy at marking the passage of yet another year in jail. There is a touching irrepressibility about the Brazilian poor which prompts them to make a *fiesta* in the bleakest of circumstances. For myself, I had always hoped that I would be free by the end of the year, and now that hope had been disappointed. Hope had become something to be avoided, as its futility left one's spirit more broken than it had been before. I resolved that I must exert myself to look for new avenues by which to win my release before another New Year's Eve came around.

I had become friendly with the prisoner who was in charge of the juridical office. His work was devoted to the legal procedures for inmates who did not have the money to pay anyone to represent them. Many prisoners' confinement was prolonged unnecessarily as they could not afford lawyers to give the almost inert judicial system a nudge. Some of them had been literally forgotten, as they had no one to remind the judges formally that they had served their sentences. Queveido, my friend, had taken it upon himself to help these wretches.

He was a portly, middle-aged man sporting the mustache of so many Latin American politicians and businessmen. He had already been in prison for ten years. He was following a tortuous legal course in trying to persuade separate judges in Natal and São Paulo that he had already served his sentence. He had been one of Brazil's biggest car thieves. Several weeks before the *coup* in Paraguay, he told me about General Rodriguez, who had been one of his clients. Queveido roundly criticized my lawyer, Dr. Mendonça, as an alcoholic incompetent.

"You should not be here," he said to me. "You're not a real criminal like the others. You are an honest man. What you need is a big-shot lawyer with the influence to get you out of here." He had easy access to the commandant and put my case to him – I needed to be allowed out again for medical treatment in order to seek a high-powered lawyer with the right connections.

In the middle of January 1989, however, events at the *Colonia Penal* served further to isolate it and me from the outside world.

The prison is built on sand, and its foundations are honeycombed with the tunnels dug by would-be escapees. Some of the most hardened inmates were at the time digging a new one, but just as it was nearing completion the guards were alerted. The foiled escapees blamed the more privileged prisoners in the library for the disclosure. Whether or not this was true, the failed fugitives decided on revenge. In the jungle law of the prison the inmate who rats on his fellows should expect to die.

"Justice" was swift. Shortly after breakfast on the third day following the attempt, I had gone to the juridical office to chat with Queveido. Our conversation was interrupted by shouts from the library area. Shots were fired. Queveido barricaded the door with a wooden beam. As the commotion died down we saw from the window the limp and bleeding

body of one of my colleagues being dragged from the cells for disposal by the authorities.

Later we heard the screams of men being beaten up by the guards. It transpired that the would-be escapees had picked the lock of their cell and had erupted into the area reserved for the privileged prisoners. Quick action in barricading themselves in their quarters had saved all the prospective victims from death or injury except for one, who had been killed with a home-made knife sleeping in his hammock. A guard, firing shots from his revolver, had frightened off the assailants, who were then rounded up and beaten. After this outbreak, all prisoners were confined indefinitely to their cells by armed riot police.

The pit in which I found myself was getting darker and deeper by the day. One morning, however, when I was writing to the British Consul in Rio de Janeiro, I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Gomes, the commandant's chauffeur. He told me to put on my street clothes at once: my "medical treatment" was being resumed.

Before getting into the official car, I was summoned to the commandant's office. He told me to moderate my drinking, but added that he had not filed the previous complaint in my dossier. I asked him if there was any way I could express my appreciation and gratitude. Very diffidently, he said he would like a Video Cassette Recorder. I said I knew nothing about these new-fangled machines or where to get one, so we agreed that he himself would choose a model and then inform me of the cost.

The following week Gomes took me out three times. Each day I based myself in the Hotel Tirol, in the Tirol district, and telephoned various eminent lawyers whose names had been recommended to me. While I was so engaged, Gomes left, in the commandant's official car, to collect his girlfriend – and Rogeiro for me.

I found the lawyers I had been calling generally unresponsive. The accusations against me were so lurid that these self-important men really did not wish to sully themselves with me. The vilification I had received from the press had done its dirty work.

One evening when Gomes was taking me back to the prison, we passed the commandant going home in the opposite direction in his own car. He flashed his lights, and we turned to draw up behind him on the side of the road. He got out and walked up to my window. "You know, the best man for you is Cleito Barreto. He's expensive, but he'll get you out."

I now realized I needed a consultant to help me choose the right big-

shot lawyer. I had never heard of Cleito Barreto. The next time I was installed at the Hotel Tirol I spent a long time alone with Rogeiro, and more time drinking, and, elated from love-making and whiskey, I picked up the phone and called Jorge Geraldo, the fat lawyer who had accompanied me to Campina Grande back in October. I had enjoyed his benign cynicism exemplified in his saying, “One hand washes the other, and both wash the face.”

“I have just the man for you,” he said, “Cleito Barreto.”

I invited him to come to the hotel at once.

Over drinks at the pool he revealed that he was a junior partner in Cleito's firm and that his boss was amenable to hearing me out. Leaving Gomes and his girl-friend to baby-sit Rogeiro, I went with Jorge Geraldo to Cleito's office.

Cleito was a man of modest height, but with a broad, red face and a resonant, manly voice. He greeted me as if I were a long-lost brother. He noticed my gaze wandering to a bottle of Dimple Haig on his desk and at once poured me a generous shot. I gave him the papers involved with my case.

There were two main tasks to be handled – one was to persuade the judge to let me serve my sentence on parole, and the other was to persuade the *Tribunal Federal de Recursos* in Brasilia to grant Dr. Mendonça's petition to have the Federal Police's detention order quashed. Money would facilitate matters – the sum required verging on US\$15,000. *Carnaval* was to begin shortly and he would be meeting *sua Excelencia* at a beach party where he would raise the subject of my provisional release. When the festive week was over he would fly to Brasilia to attend to the other matter.

16

During the first week of February my excursions from the *Colonia Penal* were suspended while the country ground to a halt with the *Carnaval* celebrations. I finally had a bed made for me in the prison workshop. I had resisted the idea for months, for it seemed that if I were to do that I would have tacitly accepted the fact that all my legal efforts to get out of jail had failed. Now, superstitiously, I thought that if I had the bed made I would soon be released, that having accepted my fate I would be delivered from it.

Television news revealed that Queveido's old chum, General

Rodriguez, had seized power in Paraguay. I sensed that somehow the *coup* was an omen of my deliverance. The deposed tyrant, Alfredo Stroessner, had fled to Brazil. Fate whispered in my ear that I should soon be fleeing to Paraguay.

In the juridical office, Queveido and I discussed the idea of coordinating our next forays for medical treatment and absconding together. We would charter a plane to fly us to the Paraguayan *hacienda* of a mutual friend of both Queveido and General, now President, Rodriguez.

By Friday, February 10 1989, Carnival was over. I would once again be eligible for excursions outside of the prison. Gomes wanted the commandant to let me out for the weekend so we could visit his girlfriend's family in Tacima, Paraiba. If I came along I would save Gomes the petrol expenses. The commandant had said he would give me his decision before he went home from work.

After lunch (always a piece of chicken with salad accompanied by a bottle of Coca-Cola) I went to the chapel for my customary siesta. I stretched out on one of the benches, my head against the wall, the Bible opened and turned upside down to shade my eyes. I dozed off.

I was awoken by a loud hammering on the door. The Adventist warden, irritated, went to see what it was all about. People rushed into the chapel. "You're free!" they exclaimed.

"You're joking," I replied.

"No, we're not. Your lawyer is at the gate. He wants to see you immediately."

A guard told me to pack at once, but I went first to the gate to see if the lawyer was there.

"The commandant is waiting to see you," Dr. Mendonça said. "We must leave in ten minutes to catch the judge to sign the final papers, otherwise you will not get out until Monday."

I struggled into my street clothes. Prisoners were congratulating me and asking me for items of use – my bed, my electric water heater, the wooden boxes in which my clothes were kept.

In his office the commandant shook my hand. He looked a little glum, presumably because he had not got his VCR. I thanked him for the excellent treatment I had received, as if I were the departing guest of a grand hotel who compliments the manager on the quality of the service. Indeed, as we started off in the lawyer's car with the court-officer who had brought the release order, Dr. Mendonça said it was customary to give that official a tip, which I did at once.

I remained in the car while Dr. Mendonça entered the court building to procure the final signature from the judge. Although he naturally took credit for my release, I strongly suspected that it was a consequence of Cleito's beach-party rendezvous with His Excellency. Some understanding about a pay-off had probably been reached.

17

I had been imprisoned for eleven months and eight days. Although I was no longer subject to the rigors of confinement, technically I was not free. I was serving my sentence in *regime aberto* and had to appear every two weeks at the court to sign my name in a book. It was also required that I establish myself in a fixed abode known to the authorities. The Federal Police were informed that they could not implement the federal judge's arrest order because I was not yet *liberado* from the state judge's authority. For the meantime, I was taken to Dr. Mendonça's house where I would stay until I found a residence of my own.

In fact I spent much of February in the small rural municipality of Tacima in Paraíba. By coincidence, not only did Gomes, the commandant's chauffeur, have family and amorous connections with the town, but my lawyer's mother-in-law also resided there. That Saturday morning I joined Dr. Mendonça and his family for the drive to Tacima, where they also had planned to spend the weekend.

After long confinement, any prisoner will find freedom disorienting. Tacima, which I was to visit often during the next six weeks, provided the balm of tranquility to the spirit strained by the ugliness of prison existence. Dr. Mendonça had remarked that I did not appear particularly elated at being free. Those who have not been subjected to prolonged incarceration do not understand that the prisoner preserves his sanity by depleting emotions from his mind, by taking each day as it comes. The captive ceases to be fully aware of the passage of time, ceases to be moved by events in the outside world. He is the dried-out husk of a man, desiccated except for the kernel of himself which he has so carefully guarded from extinction during the arid time of hopelessness. When at last he is free, the germ of life cannot at once shoot forth luxuriant foliage. Tentatively the new green shoots of delight and wonder at the world make themselves apparent under the sun of liberty.

I enjoyed the two-hour drives through the barren *serras* of that remote region, then awaiting rains for the planting of beans and maize. The

village, gay with the colors of painted facades, the sudden green flame from a watershed, the use of ox and donkey, lent a Biblical nobility to the landscape.

Since my days in confinement I had grown accustomed to rising early. At Tacima I would go at dawn to the cistern to draw water for my bath. Later I watched as a lad would sit by the cow behind the house to provide milk for breakfast. The concourse of good-hearted people about me, the discussions of women in the kitchen, the walks in the countryside with their menfolk, eased for me the transition to the normal round of existence.

Most curative of all was the company of children whom I seemed to attract by some mysterious aura. It was unusual, after all, for a lone Englishman to appear in that stark hinterland. Children, both boys and girls, would wait outside the house until I emerged for the day and would then provide a perpetual escort. At evening, at the dancing place, they would cluster about me while I drank my beer. "Last night there were thirteen children at your table!" the lawyer's wife once reproved me. I replied that I did not encourage them; if I so much as looked in their direction, they would follow.

On one occasion, when driving to Tacima with Gomes, who had been lent the commandant's official car, I brought along Rogeiro and Josivan. Gomes' girl-friend was particularly fond of the smaller boy. She petted and fondled him constantly. We had a picnic at an *açude*, or reservoir, cooking steaks on sticks, the Natal boys afterwards playing soccer with the local kids.

With the coming of April I ceased to visit Tacima. By then I had set up my own domestic routine in a rented house at Redinha. The seasonal rains also discouraged me from the journey. Tacima's purpose had been fulfilled. With my mind healed, I understood the limitations of such a place, a small town where everyone knows everyone else. Of the concourse of children about me, there could not be one who would dare to escape the group and be my special friend. That special friend, however, was to await me elsewhere, and his presence was to give me joy in the last months of my Brazilian sojourn.

18

Upon my release I had arranged for a considerable amount of my private capital to be transferred from Europe to Natal. I not only needed

to find a house, maintain myself, but had to pursue the legal campaign, the object of which was my complete absolution of the charges against me. Cleito Barreto had pointed out that in Brazil only money counted. Not only did I have to fight the federal arrest order in Brasilia, but I also had to rig the State Supreme Court if my appeal against conviction was to have a chance.

At the end of February, Cleito flew to Brasilia to attend the hearing of the *Tribunal Federal de Recursos* which was considering my appeal against the arrest order. As a personal friend and former schoolmate of the principal judge, he came laden with presents. He airlifted crates of fresh lobster packed in ice, a welcome gift for residents of the federal capital, isolated as it was on barren grasslands and carved out of the state of Goiás. Before the hearing, he entertained the judges to lunch at the best restaurant in town, of which well-known politicians, such as Delfun Netto and Ulysses Guimaraes, were regular customers. The wheels of justice being so well lubricated, the hearing was only a formality. Cleito returned to Natal in triumph; the court voted 5-0 in my favor. Jorge Geraldo said, "Where there's no water, Cleito will make rain."

But the Federal Police had now been made to look like fools, and this exposed me again to danger, for they decided to observe my movements. They were soon complaining to the judge that they couldn't find me.

At the end of February I had taken a small house in the middle-class suburb of Ponta Negra. At the same time I was invited by Cleito's brother, a professor of economics, to rent his summer house in the fishing village of Redinha just across the estuary from the colonial fort. I had already signed a three-month contract at Ponta Negra, but the Redinha house was much larger and was cooled by sea breezes. Not being registered with the authorities as my official residence, the Redinha abode provided more security against police spying. By continuing to associate with boys, especially Rogeiro, I risked re-arrest.

I never doubted that I would go on seeing the boy. Both of us had suffered so much for our friendship. I loved him and couldn't just cut him off because of the risk. One cannot repeat too often that the most effective argument a boy-lover can fling at the prejudice of a bigoted society is to continue to love boys. After the reasoned apologies offered by J. Z. Eglinton, Tom O'Carroll and Dr. Edward Brongersma, there is little I can contribute to the ideology of paedophilia – but I can strive to implement it as a force for good in this world.

The active cooperation of boys with their lovers maintains a pederastic culture which becomes, whether courts, police, or

homophobic parents like it or not, an integral part of a civilization. However reasonable and enlightened are the arguments presented to the public in favor of boy-love, the sorry result is their thoughtless rejection and often the persecution of their propounders. The *act* of loving a boy, especially if that act is but one of a continuous stream in time of like acts, creates the historicity of this rare and noble form of sexuality. Boy-love is proved by the event, not by the dialectic, for, at least in a moment of time, two individuals, a man and a boy, have accepted the love between them as in the natural order of things, morally right, and possibly sublime.

My happiness depended upon my ability to enrich the lives of the boys who had chosen to be my companions, and, by continuing my association with them, I repudiated, through each act of love, the hatred, malice, and tyranny of my enemies. In this light I saw my sexual practices as part of a campaign of Resistance, a slap in the face not just of those petty individuals who had abused their power to attack us, Rogeiro and his brothers and me, but of that system of law and morality which had chosen to condemn one of the principal means defined by Plato for the realization of the Supreme Good.

19

Rogeiro visited me in Redinha about twice a week, but he would not stay long. We were both nervous of another *flagrante*. Carlos, my old houseboy, now seventeen, returned to take up his job with me. And then there was a 10-year-old vagabond who soon came into my life.

Rogeiro had been playing billiards in the arcade off the old stone club on the beach. I had been seated at a nearby table drinking beer. A boy with fairish hair and deep-gold skin was watching him. His clothes were ragged, the shorts slipping to reveal the top of his buttocks. Gomes and his girl-friend had agreed to come for drinks on my terrace at about six, and when I returned to my house to await them, the new boy tagged along.

Gomes' girl-friend who had so much liked Rogeiro took to the child at once, engaging him in amusing, bawdy repartee. He gave his name as Gilberto and said he survived on tips from carrying customers' bags outside a supermarket. He was a natural son of liberty who preferred to sleep on the verandas of empty houses, in the environs of all-night service stations, or in roadside groves. He had no set plans as to where

he was going to spend this particular night. Gomes urged him to stay with me. The boy was to acquiesce and, when the time came, climbed into my large, extremely creaky double bed. He obeyed my house rule that boys must sleep naked. In tropical climates, too many poor children retire in dirty clothes which raise rashes, fungoid and parasitical infections. The boy who is lucky enough to be befriended by a paedophile becomes aware of the importance of personal hygiene.

I cannot remember whether on that night Gilberto enjoyed any "sexual abuse", but from then on he wished to live in my house. He became a kind of pet, like a kitten, a source of amusement and delight. I regarded him as a gift from the gods, for what better reward can a boy-lover who has suffered for his faith receive than that child of living flesh who incarnates his beliefs? Rogeiro called him "Bambino" in a deprecatory way, but the name stuck.

Bambino was very good with adults. When I was visited by my landlords, the economics professor and his wife, they complimented him on his behavior. We would go for lunch at the Hotel Praia de Redinha, which had a swimming pool. Bambino had no trouble lolling the afternoon away looking cute in his swimming trunks, playing with the hysterical, overweight children of the bourgeoisie.

I rented a room there for one weekend, sharing it with the little boy. That night Bambino fell asleep on the sofa in the lobby as I lingered late at the bar. Before going upstairs I tried to rouse him, but it was characteristic of him to plunge suddenly into a deep sleep as if he had been shot dead. I gave up and went to my room alone. About fifteen minutes later there was a knocking on the door. It was the security guard, the sleepy boy by his side. "He is not allowed to sleep in the lobby; he must sleep with you," the guard told me. As I put Bambino to bed, I reflected on how often in the past hotel security guards had indicated that boys were *not* welcome in the rooms.

Bambino's attitude to sex was that it was an appetite to be indulged. As he would fall so suddenly asleep at night, while I was still reading by the lamplight, he would wake me up in the morning and demand his share of love. Before he met me he had done quickies with Pedro, a retired policeman. I liked Pedro a lot. A war veteran, he now ran a bar and restaurant near my house. Although he was married, he had an Andy Capp type of relationship with his wife, who looked the other way at the old man's meddling with young boys.

Bambino was no more of an artist at sex than most boys of his age, but he was game to try anything. He expected to be caressed and he did

not mind being fucked if the operation was performed gently. He would suck if required and was not repelled by sperm sliming his body. He realized that I wanted to get off on him, not to spend hours worshipping his button-like penis.

He became more active with João-Maria, a blond 13-year-old whom I had first met two years before. João-Maria *was* an artist at sex, and soon the two boys got the idea to experiment with each other. I once opened a bedroom door to find João-Maria sprawled face-up on the mattress as Bambino, squatting on top, strove to insert his minute member in the older boy's mouth. Another time João-Maria and I were in the 69 position when Bambino came in to watch. After a few moments of fascinated observation, he teased my boy-partner for sniffing at my balls (*cheirando os ovos*). “João-Maria's bottom (*cou*) smells of sperm (*galla*)!” he once proclaimed to me, to the embarrassment of his friend.

The significance of Bambino to me was his unabashed adoration. Every individual who is worshiped by someone whom he loves and cherishes will admit that the experience is a heady one, and rarely in people's lives does this magic occur. As a balding, corpulent, and judicially-condemned pederast, I was surprised to receive this reverence. Bambino's extraordinary affection would manifest itself quite suddenly. Once, at night on the terrace when I was padlocking the front door, he went down on his knees, embraced and kissed my thigh. At other times he would bury his nose in my breast, or in my navel, and inhale deeply as if my body were a sack of the perfumes of Araby. In the morning he might stroke the stubble on my chin and rub his cheek against it.

“Do you like me?” I would ask playfully.

“*Nao... Eu ti adoro.*”

When I had to visit São Paulo in May and was away four days, he lingered around Pedro's bar where he could watch the road for my return. He was attacked by some kind of pneumonia and had to be taken to hospital for oxygen. When I came back he seemed as fragile as bone china.

In those months I had everything I wanted in life: a sufficient income for the circumstances, a boy companion, and the shelter of a spacious house. Yet this happiness was built on sand, depending on the whim of a corrupt tyrant – the judge. I was not yet free. I suffered from the paranoia of the condemned and hunted man; external events, of no consequence in themselves, in the imagination sometimes assuming dream-harrying, demonic forms.

After Cleito's brilliant victory at the end of February, my legal situation had stagnated. There was no indication as to when the state supreme court would hear my appeal. In spite of the funds I had put at Cleito's disposal, there was no guarantee that, with its proven hostility to me, it would reverse the verdict of guilty as charged. If that was so, I would have to enter into the protracted and expensive business of taking my appeal to the federal supreme court in Brasilia. However much I enjoyed my cozy domestic situation in Redinha, my continuing association with boys put me at risk of a return to the *Colonia Penal*.

After our conviction, Roberto, my taxi driver, had traveled to southern Brazil. He had been afraid that the judge might pack him off to prison as well. Now, with me out on parole, he had felt confident enough to return to Natal and was back living with his parents.

On his trip he had visited Puerto Stroessner (just renamed Ciudad del Este) on the Paraguayan frontier with Brazil. Puerto Stroessner is linked with the Brazilian town of Foz do Iguacu by the Friendship Bridge spanning the Rio Parana. He said that one could just drive across the bridge into Paraguay without border checks. This was possible for Brazilians as they only required an identity card. I had my passport, which the judge had reluctantly returned to me after repeated requests by Dr. Mendonça. As a British citizen, I did not need a visa for Paraguay. Roberto's father advised me to make the crossing before I was ruined by legal expenses. Jorge Geraldo also mentioned that Foz do Iguacu would be a good place for me to leave the country.

I was in a dilemma. The idea of escape was intoxicating. Just the thought of it gave me a jolt, like the injection of some rejuvenating drug. There seemed to be something predestined involved in the prospect of Paraguay. There had been Queveido's reference to his relationship with General Rodriguez who had so dramatically seized power in a *coup d'etat*. Now my ruminations with Queveido were mixed with Roberto's and Jorge Geraldo's information. If I were to risk all, however, and fail, I would sacrifice everything I had striven to achieve. I would never regain my credibility and could look forward to years in a Brazilian prison. I had no experience of crossing frontiers illegally and I wanted to have the verdict against me reversed in law.

After my arrest my American friend Lansing had canceled his return

reservation to Brazil, but sent a stream of letters which arrived torn open, their contents read by the Federal Police. With a letter posted by a friend in Recife to avoid its interception, I had urged Lansing not to write to me, as he was putting himself in danger. Back in December, while I was still in the *Colonia Penal*, his sister had written to tell me that he was living in Salta, northern Argentina.

In early May 1989 he sent me a cable giving me his telephone number. After much trouble I was able to get through. It was wonderful to hear his voice again. I broached the idea of trying to leave Brazil via the Friendship Bridge. He said if I determined to make the attempt he would come to Paraguay to organize help on that side of the frontier. After his career in the CIA he was experienced in clandestine operations. I agreed to phone him again the following week at a set time.

21

In the meantime I had come under pressure from the judge. My finances had been strained by my transfer of funds to Cleito, who was in charge of pay-offs. The trouble with this sort of thing is that one has no control over the budget. Although Cleito had verbally agreed to a certain figure he would still require further contributions from me. Now he asked me for \$500 which would be transferred to the judge as a *lembrança*.

Shortly afterwards I received a summons to the judge's chambers. His Excellency told me that he had been informed by the Federal Police, both by phone and by , letters, that I was not living at my stated address, the house in Ponta Negra. I replied that I was under no legal obligation to be in my residence at all times to satisfy the convenience of those who wished to spy on me. As required in the conditions of my parole, I was signing my name in the court's book every two weeks. That should be sufficient.

The judge said that in order for him to be able to help me, I had to help him. I asked if he had received the \$500 from Cleito. He had not. As it happened, I had just come from changing money myself, and so I opened my briefcase and handed the judge a wad of notes amounting to \$500 in local currency (at that time called the *cruzado novo*). We shook hands and I left.

The next day I received a message from Cleito: I was to come to his office immediately. He was profusely apologetic. Of course he had

meant to give the \$500 to the judge, but he had been delayed by business. I suspected the judge had complained to him. Cleito went on to explain that His Excellency's son had run his father's car into a tree and a new engine was required. So would I mind allowing His Excellency to have Cleito's \$500 as well? I agreed – of course.

I thought that might be the end of the extortion, but I was mistaken. A few weeks later there was another preemptory summons to the judge's office. His Excellency was just leaving for lunch, but on the way was going to pick up his granddaughter for school. Would I care to accompany him on the drive? In the privacy of the car His Excellency came right to the point: "I need \$1,000." He explained he was making additions to his house and did not have enough money to pay the builders. He bemoaned the fact that judges were paid very poorly in Rio Grande do Norte. I did not feel in the mood to commiserate with him, but felt that I had no choice but to cough up. I was buying protection.

We drove to Roberto's house, where I then kept my funds. I went in and withdrew ten \$100 bills, while His Excellency waited in the parked car. I returned to the vehicle and handed him the notes under the dashboard.

In May my financial situation deteriorated still further. The employees of the Banco do Brasil had gone on indefinite strike. The branch in Natal was the only agency there to which foreign currency could be telexed from abroad. Since January 1, 1989 it had been possible to receive wire transfers in U.S. Dollars and be paid out in dollars, not the local currency. After picking the dollars up at the Banco do Brasil, I would change them on the black market. Owing to the strike, my bank in Europe sent remittances to a private correspondent bank in São Paulo. To get my money I would have to fly to São Paulo.

I had never been to what was the biggest city in South America, and was a little nervous about finding my way around so vast a megalopolis. The flight time from Natal to São Paulo is over three hours. For the first time in 19 months I found myself in a jetliner (an Airbus), the experience bringing nostalgic memories of that distant past when I had been free to roam the world.

São Paulo itself, a serious, modern city buzzing with energy, was a refreshing change from the squalid provincialism of Natal. I lunched at the restaurant on the 41st floor of the Edificio Italia with its panoramic views of the many-towered conurbations stretching into the haze. At the bank the \$5,000's worth of remittances which I withdrew seemed to entitle me to treatment accorded to a millionaire. After coffee in his

office, the manager himself strode into the street to find me a taxi. It was exhilarating to be treated as a human being again instead of as a convicted pervert. I felt almost free.

Yet the baleful influence of the judge was to reach me even here. On the day before my return to Natal I telephoned Roberto to check that everything was all right. He said the judge had demanded to know my whereabouts and was enraged on hearing that I had gone to São Paulo without his permission. I was commanded to present myself at his office as soon as I returned. I felt sick. I wondered whether I should just proceed to Foz do Iguaçu and try to get to Paraguay. I had my passport and \$5,000. After a few gulps of whiskey I calmed down. If I went now it would be a flight, not an escape. Queveido had said that for an escape to succeed it had to be very carefully planned. I telephoned Jorge Geraldo, who was a social friend of His Excellency, to meet me at Parnamirim Field when the VARIG flight touched down.

This jovial fellow was there along with some of his professional buddies and I invited the whole crowd to lunch at a nearby steakhouse. Over the beers, he told me not to worry – he would come with me to see the judge.

When we got to the courthouse, I was surprised to be cordially greeted by His Excellency. There were a lot of people in his office and he was in a good humor. Jorge Geraldo traded jokes with him, helping to sustain the atmosphere of bonhomie. His Excellency did not refer to my trip to São Paulo but declared that he must know where I was living. I realized I could no longer keep my Redinha address off the record, and I instructed Jorge Geraldo formally to inform the court of it. The judge said he wanted me to teach him English at my home. Naturally, I could not refuse this bizarre request. I felt like one of those captive Greek philosophers that the Romans kept as domestics. A date a few days hence was made for the first lesson.

22

As arranged, I called Lansing's number in Argentina. I was surprised to discover that he had left the hotel where he had been staying. I was given another number. After the usual difficulties in getting through, I was answered by a man who did not sound particularly friendly, but he did get Lansing on the line. "I'm in the same soup you're in," he said. I'd reached the Salta police station and he was being held there on charges of

“you know what”. All I could do was to tell him to stick it out, not to admit anything, and never give in to despair. If he were released he was to inform me immediately, otherwise I would call him in five days.

That Saturday the judge was due to arrive at my house for his English lesson. I had no idea how to begin teaching an old man a foreign language. I dismissed Carlos and Bambino and left the gate open for His Excellency to drive in. He did not turn up. The next morning Rogeiro came on one of his short visits. He played hide-and-seek with Bambino. Carlos, the houseboy, was nervous. He was sure the judge was coming, and virtually ordered the two smaller boys from the house, then left himself.

Ten minutes later I went to the window and saw His Excellency standing beside his car parked on the curb. I ran down to open the gate. The hog-like form of the judge now entered my house. Seating him at the dining table, I went to Pedro's bar to get some cold beer, leaving word in the process that the boys were on no account to return until the judge had left.

While my guest drank his beer, I steadied my nerves with whiskey. I asked him if he had really come out to learn English.

“I'm *liso*” (broke), he replied.

I said my funds were low but I would give him half of what I had in the house.

“I don't want you to sacrifice yourself,” he said graciously.

I returned with \$200 in local currency. He did not seem very happy, but I stressed that that was all I could afford at the moment.

“You are under the protection of the *estado*,” he said formally,

I wanted something more definite for my money, so I asked him if he would have a chat with the *relator* of the supreme court to the effect that he would not mind if his guilty verdict were reversed.

The judge said he would do so, adding that I had been condemned on police evidence alone. As he departed he said he would pay me another visit about July 20. I wondered whether I shouldn't make an arrangement to pay him a fixed monthly amount, say \$200. At least then I would be able to draw up a sensible budget and live within my means, as these sudden hold-ups by His Excellency threw my finances into chaos and weighed upon my nerves.

I was intrigued by the date he had chosen: the 20th of July. On that day in 1944 von Stauffenberg's bomb had nearly killed Adolf Hitler. On that day in 1989 the judge would come *alone* to my house. It so happened that a neighbor, an unemployed security guard, was trying to

sell me his pistol, a vintage Browning manufactured in Liege, along with its ammunition. As a convicted felon I might need it, even if only to blowout my own brains. Now I thought of the judge's brains. Of course, the idea was absurd, but then von Stauffenberg's plan had also been "absurd". I didn't think I could really murder anyone, but who knew to what extremes a decent man under intolerable pressure could be pushed?

I telephoned Lansing. The chief of the police station cut off our conversation after five minutes. It looked bad. Being on parole myself, I could hardly rush to my friend's assistance. I was actually relieved at my having to postpone a decision to escape to Paraguay.

On June 5 I was having lunch with my landlord. Our conversation turned to the events in China. I remarked that Ayatollah Khomeini had died at about the same time as the suppression of the student demonstrations in Beijing, and recounted my own experiences of the revolution in Iran. Whereupon my landlord invited me to give a talk to his class at the federal university campus in the interior town of Currais Novos. I did not consider my Portuguese to be up to such a task, but his insistence wore me down.

Ten days later we made the three-hour drive to Currais Novos. The town was atypically prosperous for that region due to a tungsten mine which, out of politeness, I had to inspect. The subject of my lecture was Revolution. The students and I agreed that there would never be a mass uprising in Brazil – its people were such accomplished thieves that they were perfectly capable of redistributing the wealth without a political upheaval.

Back in Natal, I gave a copy of the university's acknowledgement of my lecture in *Economica Politica* to Dr. Mendonça. He included it in a request to the state supreme court to accelerate the hearing of my appeal which had been submitted to it more than seven months before. If the verdict against me was overturned I ought to be free to leave Brazil legally. Unfortunately, holidays would close the law courts for the month of July.

Roberto's father, the old man who had advised me to break my parole and clear out while I had the chance, died suddenly of a heart attack. I attended the seventh day mass in his honor, and meditated on the advice he had given, his legacy to me.

After a bibulous lunch, Jorge Geraldo and I decided to force the Federal Police to acknowledge in writing that their arrest order had been quashed, as this meant that they had no legal basis to follow or harass me. Jorge Geraldo left me in the car outside the station while he entered

the dragon's mouth to do battle. I was reading a newspaper when I heard my name called. On the pavement were two *agentes* of the Federal Police, one of them the man who had arrested me nearly sixteen months before.

“Where are you living?” asked my nemesis.

“In Ponta Negra,” I lied.

“I know you're guilty. I'm absolutely certain of it. The boys told me the whole truth about you.”

“Apparently they told the judge the complete opposite of what you said they said.”

“They lied.”

“Haven't you got anything more important to do than to go around arresting innocent tourists?”

“Everything is important.”

To my rescue came Jorge Geraldo emerging from the headquarters building. He tore into the *agentes* for harassing his client, demanding to know their names, announcing that he would submit an official complaint, etc. With the situation thus defused, we drove off. I was shaken. I knew those swine had it in for me and were just awaiting their chance. My idyllic existence in Redinha with Carlos and Bambino looked terribly vulnerable.

23

The festival of São João, the 24th of June, was approaching. In the *nordeste* it is commemorated by each household placing logs before the front door and setting them ablaze. The fires illuminate all-night revelry in the streets.

I received a telegram from Lansing. It gave me a telephone number which turned out to be that of a hotel in Salta. It took them an hour to make the connection. When I got through, the receptionist told me Lansing had just left town for an unknown destination. Some days later Roberto told me Lansing had telephoned him from Formosa with instructions on how to contact him. Neither Roberto nor I knew where Formosa was. After consulting a map we found it to be on the Argentine side of the Rio Paraguay, south of Paraguay's capital of Asunción. Again I sat by Roberto's phone dialing repeatedly until the connection was made. Lansing had been released and the charges dropped after his judge and his lawyer had split \$1,200 between them. Argentine hyper-inflation

had made the dollar king in that country.

“What about you?” Lansing asked me. I said I wanted to see when my appeal would be heard. Lansing declared he was not going to hang around Formosa indefinitely waiting for me to make up my mind.

“Give me two days,” I said.

I visited Dr. Mendonça to ask him whether he had made any progress concerning the date for my appeal. He replied that the Supreme Court judges met normally on two afternoons a week, but on their last working day none of them had bothered to show up. He would have to wait until August before making further inquiries. He added that my judge, the one who was *liso*, had already left Natal for the holidays.

This is the moment to go, I thought, the moment to get out, when the whole justice system is closed down, with nobody to notice that I was not around any more. Finally, all the forces leading to a decision had merged. I could either stay and continue my long expensive legal war, a hostage to the archaic, fossilized Brazilian judicial system, always with the possibility of being re-arrested, or I could use this moment after which circumstances might never be so favorable again, to risk all for the supreme prize of liberty.

I rang Lansing. “I’ll go,” I told him. “Of course, once the decision is made, there can be no turning back.”

We both agreed that Carlos, who had been Lansing's houseboy at the time of my arrest and now was mine, and who had shown himself to be fanatically loyal to us both, would accompany me. As he had just turned eighteen he was no longer a minor. In Brazil minors have to have judicial permission to cross state lines. He now had a federal identity card which would allow him to enter Paraguay. Lansing was delighted at my decision. He would start his journey to Asunción. I was to leave Natal once I confirmed his arrival in the Paraguayan capital, and there we would start contacting people who could help me to get across the frontier.

The decision made, I felt elated. With a map of South America laid out on the dining table I reviewed with Carlos the moves that could bring us to Foz do Iguçu, to Puerto Stroessner and freedom across the Friendship Bridge. I felt like a panzer general planning a lightning offensive as my fingers swept this way and that across the map. What a relief it was to be making my own decisions about my destiny, instead of always having to respond to others'.

Lansing called me from Asunción, and I gave him my program. It was all systems go; the campaign was on. The elation of battle helped

me to fend off the melancholy of separation, the tearing up forever of so many friendships.

I took Bambino on my knee and lied to the little boy. He would have to go home for a few days, I said, as I would be traveling to Rio to pick up some money. He helped me burn my papers and many photographs of my years in Natal. I joked that we were making a bonfire for São João. When it was time for him to leave I gave him money, more than enough for the period I said I would be away. He would starve slowly rather than quickly. Should he leave his clothes? He asked. No, he had better take them, I said.

I must live with the burden of my deceit. It was like the sacrifice of Isaac. He was too young to know the truth. Little boys cannot keep their traps shut, unless they are autistic or otherwise mentally deranged.

Without realizing it, a paedophile's young friends will betray him – by careless words, by their gullibility before the wiles of a trained interrogator, even by that sudden happiness at being loved which their open faces cannot conceal. Sixteen months before, in spite of many warnings, I had lingered on, to my ruin, unable to abandon a boy whom for four years I had cherished and nurtured and who in the space of half an hour of police questioning had given the game away. This is the true immorality of those who abuse their power in order to crush the friendship between a boy and a man: for they exploit, and by exploiting, corrupt the innocence of the one to destroy the devotion of the other.

Carlos and I had agreed that we should leave Natal by taxi, for there were always police of one kind or another around the airport and bus station. Carlos recommended a driver who knew not to ask questions. My plan was to make the four-hour drive to Recife in the state of Pernambuco, there reserve seats on a flight to São Paulo, whence we would be able to fly to Foz do Iguaçu. My cash in hand at this point was \$3,000, but I had been waiting over two weeks for a transfer of \$2,000 from Europe. The bank strike was now over, but the telex had failed to materialize. I had made several fruitless visits to the Banco do Brasil to trace it. It looked as if the money would have to be abandoned. Carlos and I loaded the taxi. I entrusted the house keys to Pedro. I said we were going up the coast for a few days, and gave him a generous tip. His sage old eyes looked into mine, and I knew he had guessed that I would never be back.

When the taxi reached Natal I asked it to stop at the Banco do Brasil. I would inquire one last time for my money. It had arrived! I felt that its coming was an omen of the success of my venture. Outside, as I moved

towards the car, my hand clutching the brown envelope stuffed with the cash, I heard my name called. I tried to ignore it, but the voice cried out more insistently. I turned to meet the threat. It was *agente* Claudio, my old drinking buddy and police escort from the *colonia*. Where was I going? He asked. I stammered that I had rented a house in Tacima and was just leaving for there – like right now. He seemed disappointed: after all, he had not gotten anything out of me yet, not even a beer. I pulled a wad of notes from the envelope and pressed it into his palm.

“For old times' sake – for an old *amigo*,” I added.

His eyes lit up with joy. “Ah, at last I can drink whiskey again!”

I climbed into the car and told the driver to get moving. Outside, the familiar landscape was slipping by: buildings, streets, monuments that I would never see again. I remembered the friends I had lost.

24

The journey was uneventful except for a police road-block near João Pessoa, the state capital of Paraíba. As in most Latin American countries, police infest the nation like lice. These underpaid supernumeraries put up road-blocks to increase their income. They usually expect a tip before a vehicle is allowed to proceed. In this case I had to open a suitcase for inspection. Inside there was a box of cigars. I gave one to each of the policemen around me. This tribute was regarded as sufficient and we were able to continue on our way.

According to plan, Carlos and I checked in at the Grande Hotel in Recife. There was a message to call Lansing. On the line he told me he had contacted a customs broker in Asunción who would be prepared to bring me across the frontier. He had once been a high official in the Paraguayan customs service and had extensive contacts with the authorities on both sides of the border.

The next evening Lansing rang up with the startling confession that he had lost all his money gambling. While I had been captive in Brazil, he had been wandering around South America squandering his capital in casinos – and in Argentina every town has one. Now he was broke. Within a year, however, help would be on its way, he said. With the fortuitous death of an aunt, his family would be able to receive a reverse mortgage (a loan secured by property) on a prime piece of New York real estate. The legal technicalities were still to be worked out. I told him I would pay his hotel bill when I got to Asunción and provide for him until

he was able to get his affairs in order. One consequence of this unexpected development was that I would be unable to return to Europe to see my family, as the expense would be too great. Until Lansing's cash came in, the two of us would have to remain in Latin America in a state of indefinite exile.

The travel agent in the hotel lobby was unable to get through to any of the airlines. He shrugged and explained that school holidays had begun and it would be very difficult to find seats. The gods were with me – and one of them was called Murphy!

The next morning Carlos and I decided to take pot luck at the airport. VARIG and Transbrasil were booked up for a week, but we were able to get on a VASP flight to São Paulo.

So for the second time in six weeks I was back in that mighty city, but it was only for one night, as the following day we were booked on a plane bound for Foz do Iguaçu. From our hotel in São Paulo I called Lansing to give him details of our projected arrival in Foz. He would set out with the customs broker on the long drive across Paraguay to Puerto Stroessner.

When we arrived at Guarulhos, São Paulo's main airport, for our flight to Foz, we found the terminal thronged with passengers and their baggage. The board showed many flights to be either canceled or delayed. I learned that a mass of frigid air had escaped from Antarctica and was causing havoc in the southern cone of the continent. Our plane's departure was postponed hour by hour until, in the late afternoon, we were cleared for take off.

As we descended towards Foz the storm was lifting. Beneath the shredded clouds I glimpsed the vast Itaip dam and the thin line of the Friendship Bridge over the anaconda-like course of the Parana. Beyond lay the mud- brown plains of Paraguay and freedom.

25

My instructions were to remain in the Hotel Estoril until the broker came to introduce himself. He would then brief me on the operation. I entertained him in my room with Ballantine's 12 Year Old which Lansing had told me was his favorite whiskey. He looked rather like one of those aging Hollywood actors of the 1930s, still possessed of a rakish charm. He told me bluntly that he would have nothing to do with me if I were involved in smuggling arms or drugs. I replied that my problem was that

I had overstayed my permitted time in Brazil by fourteen months, showing him the relevant stamp in my passport to confirm this. I did not refer to myself as a fugitive from justice.

He said he would do some shopping and return in half an hour. In the meantime Carlos and I were to pay the hotel bill and wait in the lobby with our luggage. Four hours went by. I thought that the broker had decided that I was too hot to handle: I would just have to go back to Natal. I still had about four days before I would be due to sign my name in the court's book. Carlos stood outside in the cold in the hope of catching sight of the broker's car.

About 4.30 p.m. a huge station wagon, almost as large as an armored personnel carrier, drew up at the hotel entrance. We were going after all. The broker explained that he had been waiting for the rush-hour traffic to build up on the bridge, for this would reduce the risk of our being stopped by the Federal Police. As instructed, I sat in the front seat, and we eased our way into the bumper-to-bumper traffic making for the bridge. The stream of vehicles moved slowly through the Brazilian checkpoint. As we passed by, the bearded man on duty turned his back and went into the office. He wore a flak jacket with POLICIA FEDERAL stamped on it in large orange letters. Like a waiter in an expensive restaurant, he had turned away at the moment he was most needed.

We crossed the span of the bridge and I admired the beauty of the river's wooded banks. Paraguayan officials dressed in gray trousers, blue blazers and red ties were stopping some cars, but waved on the broker's easily-recognizable Oldsmobile. We parked in a side street of Puerto Stroessner. Carlos and I waited in the car while the broker took my passport over to the *migración* to get it stamped. During the half-hour wait I watched the Guarani boys chattering in their incomprehensible language. I wondered if I would have any young friends in Paraguay.

The broker returned. "You must go back to Brazil," he told me. I was shocked. He said that the Paraguayan *migración* would not stamp my passport unless I had a Brazilian exit stamp.

Under no circumstances, I said, would I return to Brazil. We agreed to meet with Lansing first.

Lansing was pacing the street, his expression tense. He also had been waiting for hours, and if I had been caught at the border he would have been stranded in Paraguay without financial resources: He was very relieved to see us, and immediately led me into one of the numerous imported goods shops to buy a bottle of champagne with which to

celebrate our reunion.

We discussed my passport problem with the broker. He said he could arrange for me to acquire an exit stamp from Paraguay but did not have the right connections to manage the entry stamp. As there was, of course, no possibility of my going back to Brazil, I would risk my status of being an illegal alien in Paraguay until I could leave the country.

During the night the broker drove us to Asunción. It was cold and our host brought out glasses and a bottle of Ballantine's 12 Year Old. With the whiskey warming my veins, I savored the success of the venture. In spite of my bureaucratic problems, physically I was no longer in the power of a nation which had held me hostage for sixteen months.

Carlos and I checked in at Lansing's hotel, a seedy dump in the center of Asunción. We sat up drinking Lang's whiskey and talking. The first priority was to regularize my status in Paraguay. As a first step, the broker advised, we must move to more prestigious lodgings, and recommended the 4-star Hotel Internacional. He had friends at the ferry crossing for Argentina (on the other side of the Rio Paraguay), who he said would stamp one out of the country. As Britain did not yet have diplomatic relations with Argentina, I did not think that I could get a visa, but we thought that with his connections the broker could get me stamped in for a twelve-hour visit, and, then, upon return to Paraguay, I could procure the entry stamp I did not now have.

A few days later Lansing (who as an American already had a four-year visa for Argentina), the broker and I boarded the ferry bound for Pilcomayo on the Argentine bank. I had paid \$500 to get my Paraguayan exit stamp.

The *migración* at Pilcomayo is in the hands of the Argentine navy, and its officers refused to make any exception for me with their regulations. They were stubbornly incorruptible. I must have a visa, they said. As a courtesy they were prepared to give me a day pass to visit the nearby town of Clorinda, but refused to stamp my passport. So after our excursion to Clorinda in a taxi, we returned to Paraguay and my \$500 exit stamp was canceled. I could not receive a Paraguayan entry stamp since officially I had never left the country. The only solution was for me to apply for an Argentine visa. We discussed the possibility of the broker trying to arrange an exit stamp for me at the airport so that I could fly to Bolivia, but he warned that his contacts there were not as good as at the ferry port. At this point I had to contemplate the prospect of having to spend years in Paraguay as an illegal alien, with the possibility of being arrested at any time.

Carlos had plane reservations to return to Natal from Foz. The broker drove us to the terminal where Carlos was to get the bus to Puerto Stroessner. I gave him my remaining Brazilian currency, about \$300 worth. He had been a loyal and devoted friend, but we would never be able to see each other again. I told him to contact my landlords so that they could recover the Redhina house and to explain things to Bambino. In January 1990 I was to receive a letter from Carlos. Bambino was now living in his house; it had taken five weeks for the authorities to realize that I had vanished; as part of a police investigation both he and Bambino had been arrested, but had been released when the interrogators, who did not know about Carlos's trip to Paraguay, had been unable to extract any clues as to my whereabouts.

To my surprise the Argentine embassy gave me a ten-day transit visa, renewable for another ten days. This was a breakthrough in my favor. Soon Lansing and I were once more on the ferry to Pilcomayo. The broker, after arranging another \$500 exit stamp for me, was himself to drive over the new suspension bridge with our baggage to Clorinda, where we would meet. Armed with the full-page transit visa in my passport, I had no difficulty with being officially and legally stamped into Argentina. Now, at last, my papers were in order – or so I thought.

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The cold spell was over. In the sunshine I drank white wine while we waited for the broker's Oldsmobile. When it arrived we drove to Formosa, ninety miles to the south. We had a bibulous lunch to celebrate our success. As a commission for the broker's services I had not been able to give him more than \$1,000, aside from \$300 for expenses. I thanked him profusely. He had taken considerable risks on my behalf.

My dollars went farther in devastated Argentina. We decided to tarry in Formosa to take advantage of the *dorado* season, as Lansing is an enthusiastic fisherman. Since my visa was only a transit visa, I could not return to Paraguay; I had to “transit” to another country. We decided to fly from nearby Salta to Santa Cruz, Bolivia.

In the meantime we rented a motorboat, making, in all, four day-long excursions on the river. Even though we were a thousand miles inland, the Rio Paraguay is so broad that one might consider oneself on the shore of a large lake. Its course is made complex by numerous islands so that it is difficult to distinguish the Paraguayan bank. Trawling painted

decoys, we had little difficulty catching the voracious *dorado*, a large salmon-like fish. Mooring at one of the islands, we would grill one of our victims, washing it down with Mendoza wine. We had made friends with shoeshine boys from the plaza, and would bring along one or two of them to assist the boatman.

Argentina is very formal and hierarchical in its social outlook. The bourgeoisie struggle to maintain a standard of living similar to that of Italy in the thirties. Surprisingly, we had “access” at our hotel, but it was only to discover that the boys were not heirs to any pederastic tradition. I did not get further than a shared shower with my chosen companion.

Lansing suggested we take the ferry to the Paraguayan side to buy whiskey (much cheaper than in Argentina). One was not officially visiting Paraguay, as the *Migración* there merely held one's passport while one went shopping. Unlike at Pilcomayo, the frontier authorities at Formosa belong to the Interior Ministry. At the dock the officials stopped me getting on the ferry because they did not like the look of my British passport. I was detained while they checked it against telexed lists. I feared that Brazil, the immigration records of which are computerized, might automatically provide neighboring countries with the names of fugitives. I was finally permitted to embark. Upon my return two hours later, the officials again took my passport. They informed me that as they had stamped me out of the country I would have to go to Asunción and get another visa before returning to Formosa. I pleaded that I be allowed to stay. Lansing used his fluent Spanish and his expertise in dealing with Latin American government officials to persuade them to relent. Eventually they canceled the exit stamp, thus re-validating the visa, for Lansing had dropped the name of a certain major, head of military intelligence for the province.

We had met him at a lunch given by the landlord of the company from which we had hired the motorboat. He spoke fluent English with an upper-class accent and was most charming. After gaining experience in the *guerra sucia*, he had been assigned to intelligence duties at Rio Gallegos during the Falklands War. Hikers bearing New Zealand passports kept wandering over from Chile. At the height of the conflict the Argentines feared an attack on their airbases by British commandos. A Sea King helicopter had already crashed in suspicious circumstances near Punta Arenas in Chile. The hikers had been detained and brought to the major for interrogation. He handled them with kid gloves, merely having them deported. He had great respect for the British Empire. His present job, he said, was to reconstruct the lists of leftist subversives

lurking in Paraguay. During the recent *coup* in that country, the police had remained loyal to Stroessner, and the files had been destroyed or scattered when the headquarters had been stormed by troops under the orders of General Rodriguez. His friend the landlord was a fascist whose father had emigrated from Italy before the war. Angel, as he was called, would terrorize the neighbors by marching about in the middle of the night in a black leather jacket while his record player boomed out the speeches of Mussolini and anthems of the Thirties.

A few days later I went to the *Migración* office to have my transit visa extended. The Interior Ministry official there told me that I should never have been given the visa in the first place. The embassy in Asunción, he said, had no authority to issue a visa to a Briton. I should have gone to the Brazilian embassy, which looked after British interests in Argentina. He agreed, however, to telephone the Ministry in Buenos Aires for advice. After waiting for two hours I was informed that permission had been given for me to stay in the country for another week. If I did not leave by then, I would be placed under arrest.

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As the time was short, Lansing and I set off the next day on a journey that was to take us to Salta, on the other side of northern Argentina. There were no flights between Formosa and Salta. First we had to reach the airport at Resistencia, 120 miles to the south. We loaded our worldly belongings into a decrepit taxi (all taxis were decrepit in Formosa). The journey was plagued by gendarme and police checkpoints. The bribes requested, however, were modest, as the police were little more than roadside beggars. At the border between the provinces of Formosa and Chaco they were content with two liters of petrol siphoned from our taxi.

This vehicle eventually broke down and we spent the night in a drab hotel in Corrientes. From Resistencia a Fokker Friendship took us over the plains to the mountains' edge at San Miguel de Tucuman. From there it was four hours by bus to Salta.

Lansing was taking some risk by returning there. Legally his situation was clean, but his case had appeared in the newspapers and he had been warned by his police captors never to repeat his transgressions. He was friendly with the chief croupier at the local casino where not long before he had lost thousands of dollars. This man invited us to a

traditional Argentine *parrillada* (mixed grill) at his house.

On the afternoon of our departure for Santa Cruz in Bolivia we decided to have lunch in the scenic restaurant in the little park surrounding the statue of General Guemes, a hero of the independence war with Spain. To share our meal we had brought along two ragged urchins who subsisted by shining shoes. Their condition was pitiful, made the worse by the cold nights of the southern winter. The four of us sat at a table under an arbor.

Delighting in the company of these two boys (13 and 10 years old) and drinking brandy, Lansing and I had left it rather late for getting to the airport. During the meal a uniformed policeman appeared in the park. He circled us and finally entered the restaurant kitchen. Lansing recognized the man's blue uniform and Afrika-Korps hat as appertaining to the *Brigada de Investigaciones*. As we left we asked the boys to look out for a taxi. We would give them a lift to the city center where we had to collect our luggage from the hotel.

We had just reached the steps leading to the road when we heard a shout. The policeman had followed us. He had a red face with pig-like, suspicious eyes. He demanded to know what we were doing with the boys and tried to grab the arm of one of them. I interposed to say that we were looking for a taxi. While the policeman was distracted the boys ran off. Lansing and I walked the couple of blocks to the taxi stand indicated by the officer. The boys were waiting there, one of them already seated in a car. As we got in, the other boy suddenly bolted, crying to his friend to run. Two police cars appeared and halted beside us. The thug from the *Brigada* emerged, yanked open the door of our taxi and pulled the shoeshine boy out by the hair. The screaming child was dragged away, pathetically clutching his wooden box.

We ordered the taxi to start. Lansing's status in Salta was delicate, and my passport was littered with anomalies. At that time Britain had no diplomatic relations with Argentina. We couldn't risk an intervention on the boys' behalf. A plane was waiting for us at the airport. When we got there the check-in counter had just closed. A helpful tout appeared, persuading the airline staff to process our tickets. We were conducted to the head of the queue at the *Migración* booth. My documents from Formosa were examined and my passport received the all-important exit stamp. Shortly afterwards Lansing and I were in the air, courtesy of Lloyd Aereo Boliviano. Exhausted by the shock and nervous strain of our latest encounter with the police, we found the complimentary whiskey served on board to be very welcome.

Westward, the black tongues of mountains looked as if to lick the belly of our plane, while sudden winds seared the wing-bolts. The pilot announced an unscheduled landing at Tarija. I had never heard of the place. Was it in Bolivia or Argentina? I assumed the pilot was playing it safe, and yet upon landing the air was found to be calm. There were palm trees and a suggestion of the tropics. The captain announced that all passengers must disembark to have their documents checked by the *Migración*. But which country were we in? The effects of the whiskey had worn off. Like those condemned at the railhead at Auschwitz, the passengers marched in file towards the low terminal buildings. Helmeted guards with automatic weapons ensured that none strayed from the path of doom.

But above the terminal flew the Bolivian tricolor. Advancing, I held my passport like a banner. We had been misinformed: the *Migración* were not vetting our identities after all. There was time to change money at the bar and enjoy a bottle of frothy Bolivian rice beer, before re-embarking for Santa Cruz de la Sierra.

The warm, windy climate of that city was like a caress. Set where the last incline of the Andes merges with remote ranch lands, which in turn subside towards Brazil and the Pantanal, Santa Cruz, city of the *cruceñas* renowned for their loveliness, gave me a sanctuary at last.

A few mornings later I awoke in my hotel room with a strange sensation, and could not at once identify it. I felt cherished, as does a child when he presses his cheek against the warm flesh of a comforting adult. There was a complete absence of anxiety. Consciousness could serve other things than the struggle to survive, to remain free. I could do anything I wanted now. Happiness had returned to me. Beneath the palms of the cathedral plaza the shoe shine boys would already be arrayed, awaiting men to come to them.

Epilogue

Lansing and I were to wander South and Central America for ten months more. Fugitives from justice, trapped by impecuniosity, we hobbled from one country to another. References to several incidents on the way I have added to the personal observations on the nature of boy-love made in the first chapters of this book.

In the spring of 1990 my companion's reverse mortgage in New York was finally closed. Overnight, from abject poverty he came into possession of a substantial sum of money. He generously offered to buy my ticket from Guatemala to Amsterdam, whither both of us were bound. I had had enough of banana police-states with their death squads and starving children.

I did not sleep during the flight, in spite of the quantity of champagne I had consumed. An epoch had ended. Like Raleigh returned from the quest for El Dorado, I came to Europe with diminished resources. The South American continent was littered with friendships from which I had walked away, abandoned. Self-exiled, I was an outcast from the harmonious methodologies of modern life-styles.

I found the normality of the Amsterdam airport unreal. I had been away from Europe for two and a half years. No longer the despised *gringo*, I blended with the herd shuffling toward the baggage claim. No longer was I an international child molester but just another balding fellow passing through the airport formalities under the burden of his middle-age spread. We checked into a five star luxury hotel, with Lansing picking up the tab. In recognition of my somewhat attenuated hospitality over the last year, he was to take me on a sumptuous gastronomic tour of Belgium and the Palatinate.

Even so, we were tiring of each other's company. Over the third bottle of wine, during a lunch at *Comme Chéz Soi* in Brussels, we found ourselves plunged into a furious, irrational altercation. We were like a married couple who have run out of things to say. We agreed to go our separate ways. As a man of substance, Lansing could cast off the black fleece and face his family in the sober weeds of a New England gentleman. I would not be able to subsist long amid the brazen wealth and gross materialism of modern Europe. Of necessity, both financially and spiritually, I would have to seek out some tropic pit, some torrid strand where, perhaps, young limbs flash in the foam of a foundered ocean.

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