
When a boy goes with a man...

Positive reports of intimate relationships between boys and men

The Jumima E-Book (English version)

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jumima.net

Preface

Truth at last cannot be hidden.
Dissimulation is of no avail.
Dissimulation is to no purpose before
so great a judge. Falsehood puts on a
mask. Nothing is hidden under the
sun.

Leonardo da Vinci

Motivation

Anyone who has had intimate contact with a man as a boy is considered a victim of a crime. Sexual acts between adults and children are prohibited.

But what if the boy doesn't feel like a victim at all? What if he has experienced affection and warmth that were really important to him? What if he got the support and attention he needed at the time? What if he felt that the intimate experiences were pleasing?

For society, none of this matters. The boy and the man he is growing up to be, are considered damaged. For life. He has to keep a secret to protect someone who was once incredibly important in his life. Forever.

Only the person concerned should be entitled to judge an intimate experience with an adult. This right is trampled on every day. And with it, those affected are also trampled on. This gross disregard must stop. The JUMIMA project tries to contribute a little bit to this. It is meant to show that reality can be different from what is commonly perceived. We would like to encourage and strengthen people who do not feel abused and who do not want to be pathologized or victimized. Let this project help to release the curse of silence that lies on a positive experience and to break a taboo that is harmful to those affected.

We let the reports stand for themselves largely without commentary. Every reader should form their own opinion.

Victims of abuse

This collection of positive experiences is in no way intended to relativize the suffering of the many children who have been victims of sexualized violence!

Submissions

Those who have had positive experiences themselves and would like to share them here are invited to do so. It is fine to submit anonymously and we will never share or retain any personal information, whatsoever!

Please send submissions to `<fa envelope >` jumima-kontakt@protonmail.com

Submissions of reports may be published in this archive, unless the submitter doesn't want that. All names and other content that could make it possible to identify the protagonists are *removed* unless they expressly request it.

Those who feel that the project speaks to them for other reasons can also contact the initiators via jumima-kontakt@protonmail.com. It is not necessary to be affected yourself. Breaking a taboo is hard work and any help and encouragement is welcome. We're happy to hear from you!

Background of the project

Even though the archive is primarily about supporting those who do not feel abused and do not see themselves as victims, the project idea does not come from a former boy who felt loved, but from a man who can fall in love with boys. Since the project is committed to the truth, it is important to disclose this.

Despite this background, it is *not* the aim of the project to decriminalize sexual contacts, but to prevent the pathologization of persons who do not perceive themselves as victims. An existing but subordinate goal is to permanently document cases that are currently extremely underrepresented in public reporting and scientific practice. They should be presented realistically from the perspective of those affected.

Plausibility

The plausibility assessment must be viewed as subjective. You can read it like this:

-
- 1** - There is concrete evidence that the report may not be credible. However, these doubts are not very substantial.
 - 2** - The report is plausible, but there are indications that parts of the report may not be credible.
 - 3** - The report is plausible and credible.
 - 4** - The report is plausible, credible and comes from a particularly trustworthy source, e.g. from a scientific publication.
 - 5** - The report is plausible and credible, e.g. because the author has disclosed his identity.

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The number after the boy’s name indicates the age of the boy when the relationship started, if known.

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1 Unknown age of the boy

1.1 I liked him

Report-ID: 45268

On Saturday, October 18, 1997, the Dutch newspaper *De Volkskrant* published an article by Rob Gollin and Bas Mesters with the title ‘In de hoek gedrukt’ (page 1). It contained a statement by the then 21-year-old Roland about his adult friend Patrick.

First published	18.10.1997
Author	Rob Gollin & Bas Mesters
Topics	hair
Weblinks	volkskrant.nl, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (end)	17
Name of the boy	Roland
Perspective	grown up boy
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

“I liked him. At home things were not going as they should. One time we were together in the dressing room of the swimming pool, naked. It was quiet, we did not touch each other. Such a big penis, I loved it. If I had not wanted to, Patrick would not have pressed me. That is not the way he is.

Around my 17th, I became too big and hairy for him. I accepted it. Our contact was as great as before. I went looking for something on my own, no children, they don’t appeal to me. I do not at all believe that I suffered any harm from this relationship. Quite the contrary, Patrick helped me.”

1.2 More than they would like to

Report-ID: 38000

This interview of grown up boy (Kurt Hartmann) is from GiGi No. 38 from July/August 2005. It is not a complete report, but only a short predominantly political interview.

First published	01.07.2005
Author	Kurt Hartmann
Topics	politics, gay, KTW, media, Kurt Hartmann
Weblinks	gigi-online.de
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	GiGi
Start of the relationship	unknown
Name of the boy	Kurt
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Eike Stedefeldt conducted an interview on the ideological crux of a Charité project for potential “perpetrators” against children

Translated by JUMIMA

On International Children’s Day, June 1, the Volkswagen Foundation presented a research project led by Prof. Dr. Klaus M. Beier and was funded by it. It was called “Prevention of Child Sexual Abuse in the Dark Field” and located at the Institute for Sexology and Sexual Medicine at the Berlin Charité. After all, some of the “potential perpetrators” who “express sexual fantasies directed at children” have “awareness of the problem and want therapeutic help”. - Kurt Hartmann from the Association for Fictional and Scientific Pedophilia Literature [Belletristische und wissenschaftliche Pädoliteratur e.V.] was also there and somewhat thwarted the concept. Eike Stedefeldt asked him about his impressions:

To take up the advertising campaign belonging to the project: Do you love children more than you would like to? I like children and have always had a good relationships with them. But they are not sexually attractive to me.

Then what drove you to go this press conference? As a boy, I had a sexual relationship that was very important to my gay development with a man whom I later learned was a pederast. For this reason, I have long been annoyed by the undemocratic criminal law on sexual relationships, which denies boys, like me, the right to have a sexual relationship with older people. Therefore, I wanted to publicly register an objection with Professor Beier and CDU General Secretary Siegfried Kauder, who is part of the project advisory board for the crime victim assistance “Weißer Ring”.

What exactly did you want to object to? On the one hand, I wanted to criticize that clients are supposed be treated for sexual abstinence, instead of allowing them to develop pedophile relationships for mutual benefit. On the other hand, I wanted to attack the violation of Article 2 of the Grundgesetz [German constitution] – free development of personality – by paragraph 176 SCC – sexual abuse of children.

You can have very different opinions on both, depending on the perspective from which you look at it. How did the people you addressed respond? Professor Beier preferred not to answer me at all and instead whispered to his colleague Hartmut Bosinski from Kiel, who is also on the advisory board. Apparently I had touched on a taboo, because in Beier’s logic, every adult sexual attraction for prepubertal age is a disorder or illness and therefore not part of free personal development.

In 2002, the lawyer Siegfried Kauder pushed the coalition in the Bundestag to promote child sexual abuse as a crime, which means a minimum sentence of one year. Now he is considered the hottest candidate for the position of chancellor in a Merkel government. It might be of interest whether and what he answered. He declared that he did not want to abolish §176 and that I was the only one who thought it was unconstitutional. Then he announced that he would intervene early on in the run-up to sexual crimes via the Internet, since there is currently a petition on it in the Bundestag. I suspect it is about tracking sexual “grooming” of children in chat portals using agents provocateurs. It is a great lawyer who wants to provoke crimes that would otherwise not happen!

As a somewhat distant viewer one often has the impression that relationships that are wanted and perceived as pleasant by children, despite all ambivalence, violate the current ideology and are therefore pushed away, censored away or even lied away. That doesn’t sound very scientific. Starting around the mid-1980s, starting from the United States, we have increasingly observed a discourse only about abuse. Even the sexology institutes established in Germany have jumped on this train in part, and in part they remain

silent. A culpable neglect that does not do justice to the complexity of the topic. There is hardly any open research in this area. It is even being combated in a downright repressive manner.

Even Beier's project, which looks comparatively liberal, remains in the victim-perpetrator scheme. Was that problematic at the press conference or was there consensus among journalists who can be so critical on other things? Unfortunately, journalists' question proved to be less critical. That was expectable. Most of them probably lack any background knowledge. That is why the abuse paradigm and the victim-perpetrator scheme are no longer called into question. For example, Professor Beier regularly talks about sexual assaults that he wants to prevent without taking into account that sex can also be fun – even a child.

In times of documentary and infotainment, journalism has long tended to become an incestuous mass orgy, whose participants always use their own information, however dubious and prejudiced, as a credible basis for further features. But maybe one of the guests at the press conference was woken up by your questions ... Yes, sure! Some probably understood. Next to me was a young man from dpa [German news agency] who spontaneously asked me for an interview after I had outed myself as an ex-boyfriend. At the end of the press conference, at least as many colleagues gathered around me as there were around the professors. A television team from VOX and even the one from Ms. Uli Hesse from Bayerischer Rundfunk interviewed me extensively.

And, were there any reactions to the broadcast? So far I don't know of any broadcast. Since they have all written down my address and telephone number three weeks ago for further inquiries, I haven't heard from them.

Do you think the tapes might have ended up in the poison cupboard? That's what poison cupboards are for, isn't it?

Correction by the editorial staff:

The confusion of two CDU members of the Bundestag only became apparent to the editors after the article appeared. The interviewer Eike Stedefeldt hereby state to their exoneration and that of Kurt Hartmann, whom he interviewed: Both MPs come from Baden-Württemberg – one from Bad Dürkheim, the other from Tuttlingen, 15 kilometers away. Even in terms of religious belief (Protestant), age (born in 1950 and 1949) and optics (from hairstyle to glasses to necklaces) they are close together. Both are also lawyers and right-wing hardliners. And yet Siegfried and Volker Kauder are not the same. Neither is the former the well-known CDU general secretary for whom Kurt Hartmann thought he was, nor is the latter a member of the White Ring. But: the Mist

1.2. MORE THAN THEY WOULD LIKE TO

Kauder are brothers and again won their constituencies on September 18, 2005. – Which could be far more serious than their confusion.

1.3 Not always bad for boys

Report-ID: 30908

The award-winning and acclaimed Italian director Franco Zeffirelli tells of an event from his youth when he attended a Catholic school in Florence.

First published	20.11.2006
Author	Franco Zeffirelli
Topics	catholic, priest
Weblinks	archive.org, wikipedia.org, theguardian.com
Language	English
Country	Italy
Sources	Contactmusic
Start of the relationship	1930s
Name of the boy	Franco
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Contactmusic

Italian movie legend Franco Zeffirelli first became aware of his homosexual orientation when he became the object of a priest's affection while attending Catholic school in Florence. The *Romeo And Juliet* director insists he wasn't seriously abused by the clergyman, and believes that early homosexual experiences are "not always bad for boys".

The 83-year-old, who first spoke of having sexual experiences with men 10 years ago, says, "Sexual abuse is putting it too strongly. There was no penetration." I felt sorry for the poor man. If I had realised what he had in mind, I would probably have given him what he wanted. I thought the priest felt a special affection for me, he was always kissing me. "(Homosexual experiences) are not always bad for boys. I don't think they make you homosexual. Sexual choice is made for you early on in life anyway – if you like girls, you like girls."

1.4 Sexuality is desirable, or even necessary, at any age

Report-ID: 35086

In January 1971, the following statement by a Belgian man appeared in a joint publication by the NVHS (Dutch Union for Sexual Reform) and the COC (Dutch Union for the Integration of Homosexuals).

First published	01.01.1971
Author	Unknown
Topics	masturbation, love, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	brongersma.info, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Belgium
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

“I know from my own experience that a [voluntary] pedophile relationship can be harmless for a boy. As a child, I was in such a relationship myself and it only made me and my adult partner happy. The expression of sexuality is desirable, or even necessary, at any age, and if a child is not told that it does anything wrong, it will help him become a care-free, uncomplicated, cheerful human being.”

Dutch original text:

1.4. SEXUALITY IS DESIRABLE, OR EVEN NECESSARY, AT ANY AGE

Bron: Ingezonden brief 'Pedofilie 1' door 'naam en Belgisch adres bij redactie bekend'; Sextant (eenmalige uitgave NVSH & COC), nr. 1; januari 1971.

Ik verklaar uit eigen ervaring dat een pedofiele verhouding een knaap geen schade kan berokkenen. Als kind heb ik zelf zo'n verhouding gehad en ze heeft mij alleen maar gelukkig gemaakt, evenals mijn volwassen partner. De uiting van de seksualiteit is op elke leeftijd gewenst, om niet te zeggen noodzakelijk, en kan een kind, dat niet voor ogen wordt gehouden dat het daarmee verkeerd doet, laten opgroeien tot een ongedwongen, ongecompliceerd, levenslustig mens. Want tenslotte is het de seksualiteit die hoofdzakelijk ons leven regeert. [...] Om te besluiten wil ik nog het volgende zeggen: De inzender van het stukje uit het bovengenoemde nummer van Sextant, die vraagt wanneer er aandacht voor de problematiek van de pedo komt, kan zich beter geen illusies maken. Over honderd jaar misschien, wanneer de algemene intelligentie, die er nu toch geleidelijk begint op vooruit te gaan, zover zal gevorderd zijn dat men het woord mensdom terecht zal mogen vervangen door mensheid, zullen wet en maatschappij ook aan een pedofiel het recht toekennen om zichzelf te zijn.

2 Boy 5 years old

2.1 He didn't do me any harm

Report-ID: 31794

In an autobiographical work the assassinated extreme right-wing politician Pim Fortuyn reports of intimate experiences with men when he was a child.

First published	12.05.2002
Author	Pim Fortuyn
Topics	politics, abuse
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, brongersma.info, scotsman.com
Language	English
Country	Netherlands
Sources	The Scotsman
Start of the relationship	1953
Age of the boy (start)	5
Name of the boy	Pim Fortuyn
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: Article 'Fortuyn favoured depraved'; The Scotsman; 12 May 2002

In 1998, Fortuyn published an autobiographical work called *Babyboomers*, the name given to children born in the post-war years up to 1953. He reveals that he had early sexual experiences with adult males, which he claims to have found pleasurable and exciting. His logic is that because he enjoyed sexual experiences with adult men as a child, it should be legal. Fortuyn's first experience occurred when he was five years old. [...] A few pages later, he describes another incident[.] [...] "He didn't do me any harm. On the contrary, he showed me something that was incomprehensibly exciting and I could feel and touch it, but today we are ready to interfere with

2.1. HE DIDN'T DO ME ANY HARM

complete teams of professionals. By interfering in such an irritating and grown-up way in the world of children, we make an enormous problem of something that for a child is no problem at all and is only exciting.”

2.2 How did a 5-year-old know?

Report-ID: 24063

This article is a short excerpt from an article by sexologist Bruce Rind. He presents the report of C.A. Tripp, who had a sexual experience with a handyman at the age of 5.

First published	01.01.2013
Author	Bruce Rind
Topics	handyman, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Censoring Sex Research - The Debate over Male Intergenerational Relations
Start of the relationship	1924
Age of the boy (start)	5
Name of the boy	Clarence
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Article 'Blinded by Politics and Morality - A Reply to McAnulty and Wright' by Bruce Rind; From the book 'Censoring Sex Research - The Debate over Male Intergenerational Relations' edited by Thomas K. Hubbard & Beert Verstraete; Left Coast Press, Walnut Creek, CA; 2013

[...]

C.A. Tripp (1919-2003) was a gay clinician, scholar, sexologist, and expert on the Kinsey data (he began his career in sexology working for Kinsey and his own story is part of the Kinsey archives, because he was one of the thousands or so gay men interviewed). Because of my meta-analysis, Tripp became interested in communicating with me. [...] When he was 5 years old, growing up in Oklahoma, one day his mother called a repairman to go under the house, which was raised up on stilts, to fix a leak. Tripp followed the man, whom he later referred to as Gandhi (his "liberator"), and could see his penis through a crack in his pants. Within one minute, Tripp

2.2. HOW DID A 5-YEAR-OLD KNOW?

reported, he “seduced” the man, performing oral sex on him “before he knew it.” How did a 5-year-old know to do this? He answered that it emerged out of nowhere but just felt right; he had no prior sexual experience or knowledge. The man began pushing the boy away, but with “curiosity,” in Tripp’s perception, so the boy did not believe the rebuff and continued the sex act. He remembered that the man was “floored,” but reported that he himself “loved it all.”

[...]

2.3 Violence from the parents, affection from a stranger

Report-ID: 33183

This report is an interview by the author Wolfgang Vogel with a grown up boy and his older friend.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	violence, kisses, grandparents, moving, secret, interview
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	5
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	33
Name of the boy	André
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Question: Would you introduce yourself briefly?

André: My name is André and I am 27 years old.

Question: Please also introduce yourself briefly.

Peter: My name is Peter and I am 55 years old.

2.3. VIOLENCE FROM THE PARENTS, AFFECTION FROM A STRANGER

Question: When did you first meet Peter?

André: Oh dear, that was a long time ago. – (to Peter) Do you know when we first met?

Peter: That was when you were five years old. We lived in the same house at the time. Until then, I had only noticed you as a boy who was scolded by his parents almost every day. One could hear your mother's screaming up to the roof.

André: That's right. My parents made a giant problem out of every little thing. Sometimes when I had to get beer for my father or cigarettes for my mother, I would buy the wrong thing or would not go fast enough. Then I got a beating. When I cried, I was grounded to my room.

Peter: When I first noticed you consciously, you walked down the hallway, with an empty soda bottle in your hand, your face full of tears. I asked you if you had to go shopping. You just nodded silently. Then I asked you if your parents had scolded you again; actually a pretty superfluous question when one looked at your face.

André: Yes, I still remember today that you crouched and hugged me. I had seen you a couple of times, but had taken no notice of you. It was good for me that someone took me in my arms.

Question: Can you express in a few words what you felt?

André: (hesitates a bit) No, I don't remember that exactly today. Peter hugged me tightly and patted my hair, I think – (To Peter) Didn't I give you a kiss too?

Peter: Yes, I remember this situation very well because it caused some confusion in my feelings. When I hugged you in the middle of the stairs in the stairwell, your tears suddenly ran free and ran down your cheeks. It was probably the feeling that you no longer had to suppress the pent-up mental pain and simply let it go. You must have suffered terribly from your parents' beatings and scolding. When you cried, I pressed you even closer to me and patted your head. I wasn't sure how to handle a five-year-old crying child.

Suddenly something completely crazy happened: You looked at me with tearful eyes and gave me a spontaneous kiss on the mouth. At first I didn't know what was happening to me and I thought: Don't scold him again now. Then you wrapped your arms tightly around my neck and gave me a very long kiss on the mouth, and your tongue searched my lips and penetrated, and you literally blindsided me with a really deep kiss.

André: Right, now I can remember a few details. You were completely puzzled and asked me how I learned to kiss so well. I said, "From my grandmother." At that time, I was often with my grandparents, who took me on their lap, comforted and caressed me because they knew about my parents' beatings and didn't dare to interfere. On these occasions I learned to kiss, learned that a kiss on the mouth is something you only give to someone you love. I would never have voluntarily kissed my parents.

Question: What impact did this encounter have?

Peter: I was a little confused afterwards because on the one hand I really became aware of the fate of this five-year-old boy and on the other hand I felt his enormous need for love. For a

2.3. VIOLENCE FROM THE PARENTS, AFFECTION FROM A STRANGER

few weeks I managed to avoid meeting him on the stairwell. I even went back to my apartment quickly when I heard that he was leaving his parents' home to get cigarettes. His mother still shouted at him not to dawdle again. A few weeks later I was on my way to the basement to get food supplies. André came towards me and beamed with joy at the reunion. I took him in my arms and gave him a quick hug. He asked me. . .

André: Let me tell you. So I asked him where he was going. He said, "I'm going to the basement." I just went with him; I had the feeling that nothing could happen to me when I was with him. When we were alone in the basement, I jumped around his neck and kissed him for a long time. From the way he caressed me, I noticed that he really liked me. I told him that something had become stiff in my pants. He said he had the same experience. Then I just opened his pants to see it. And a little later I experienced the first sex of my life. It was so beautiful that I asked him to do it again. But suddenly he was very afraid that someone might notice us and said that I should now go to the apartment quickly so that my parents would not get suspicious.

Question: Could the situation have been dangerous for you?

Peter: Not really. We could have locked ourselves in the basement and turned off the lights. It was another form of fear that overwhelmed me in this situation. I thought: Goodness, what is this child doing to me, what does he want from me? I had never dealt with such small children, let alone this kind of things. My emotional state fluctuated between the joy of having done something pleasant to the child and dismay that something forbidden had happened. Afterwards, I asked myself for days: did André really want this kind of tenderness, or was it perhaps just my secret, previously suppressed desire? André answered this question clearly and unequivocally in the weeks that followed, at least for himself.

André: I remember well the exhilarating feelings that I experienced. It was clear to me that I was doing something forbidden. But it was not the sex that was foremostly forbidden – it was that I had entrusted myself to an adult at all.

My parents would have beat me half dead, had they known about it. But I would have let myself be beaten half dead and still would have told nothing. I really wanted to keep my friend. At first I was very afraid I would lose him because he seemed to be avoiding me. When I met him again in the stairwell I said that I would like to go to the basement with him. He hesitated a bit, because he didn't have the keys with him. I kept begging until he got the basement key, and then we did it again.

Question: You were five years old at the time?

André: Yes. Even five year olds can have great feelings; I now know from experience. My bad luck was that we moved away a few months later, because my parents separated and I had to live with my mother from then on.

Question: That was the end of the short friendship?

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André: It would probably have ended if there had not been a reunion by chance when we met in the locker room of a swimming pool, locked ourselves in a cabin and repeated the basement experiences. After that I had to wait a very long time before I was allowed to have sex with you.

Peter: Strictly speaking, until you were twelve and a half years old. I met you near your apartment, probably by accident, and I managed to make a date with you. It was summer and we drove a bit out of the village into the forest, where I took the first photos of you. Then we cuddled on a blanket and almost forgot the time. I had to drive pretty fast on the way home to drop you off on time.

André: You only had to race like this because you bought me some ice cream just before the drive home. We were sitting on the terrace of an Italian ice cream parlor, and I enjoyed that you had bought me something for the first time.

Peter: (visibly astonished) Gosh, what else do you remember! I had forgotten that.

Question: Did the friendship continue afterwards?

Peter: It actually only really started. But there was another two years in between, when I completely lost sight of André.

André: That came about because I no longer lived with my mother, but with my father, who had remarried. I got on really well with my stepmother, who became my real mother throughout my youth. She protected me if I had done something wrong. If I didn't know something, she helped me and didn't scold me. She taught me to cook and bake cakes. Because I was the oldest child at home, I had to take care of my younger siblings and was therefore not allowed to leave so often. But overall, I felt quite comfortable with my father and stepmother.

Question: When did you meet again?

Peter: I saw André one summer day when I happened to be driving by car through the town where he lived. Due to the move from birth mother to step mother, he had moved to another place. I stopped and spoke to him. The little boy had grown into a big teenager. I was amazed when he stood in front of me like this: a 14 year old with shorts, long legs and in the middle of voice change. I had a great need to meet him again. We made an appointment for the next day after class.

André: I had to think of something to get away from home. I said I wanted to help a classmate with school work. We met at 2 p.m., and I was allowed to stay until 4 p.m. Peter and I drove into a nearby forest where we were undisturbed. Then he said, "I'd like to see how much you've become a man." It was good to feel how amazed he was that I had grown up. I said to him: "You are astonished that I am no longer a child, right?" In response, he took me in his arms and hugged me tightly. He was visibly moved to no longer have little André in front of him. He had his camera with him and asked me if he could take a picture of me. But unfortunately we had very little time and I was also eager to make love with him in this remote forest.

Peter: You really attacked me, said I should finally put the camera down, and then literally

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ripped my clothes off my body.

André: No wonder – I had to do without you for so long.

Question: Did your friendship continue?

Peter: The meeting just mentioned was the beginning of the actual friendship, as I see it. From then on we met frequently and almost regularly, about every two weeks. As long as it was summer, we took small trips, went swimming together or hiked in the forest. In the cold season we spent time at my home. André always had only a few hours because his parents shouldn't know anything. I wanted to offer him more than just physical contact, but André never wanted to give up sex and demanded his right so consistently that he just took off my clothes.

André: (to Peter) And you were very happy to participate, my dear. – But it's true: he always acted coyly so much that I took the initiative, otherwise I would have had to go home and nothing would have happened. The few meetings with Peter were too valuable for me to do without sex. Once you get to know how beautiful it is, you don't want to be without it.

Peter: That's actually what we adults feel as well.

Question: How long did this friendship last?

André: Basically, it still lasts today. We have stopped having sex since I have had a girlfriend, at the age of 19. I am engaged to her and would like to marry her as soon as my education is over.

Question: What profession do are you learning?

André: I am training in the social field.

Question: Did the relationship with Peter only bring you joy, body contact and occasional excursions, or did you benefit from it in any other way?

André: Well, the pleasure that the friendship gave me is actually enough, isn't it? But there are still a few things that I have benefited from. First of all, Peter helped me a lot when I didn't know something at school. He advised me on my professional training. And finally: I copy him in some things today; for example, how he furnished his apartment, how he laid the table, how relaxed he was in many things.

Through him I became a tea drinker, dress more carefully and ask him today how he likes the things that I bought. I think that when there are so many years of living a little bit together, you influence each other. Children learn a lot from parents; why not from other adults? My teachers have also influenced me in many ways.

Question: This relationship could have been dangerous for the adult had it become known. Did you ever talk about that?

Peter: Yes, when André was about 15 years old, I took up this topic at some point. On the one hand, I did not want to hide the danger, but on the other hand I wanted to avoid making him anxious or have him feel that he was doing something wrong. André quickly relieved me of all

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worries and said that he would never tell anyone what was going on in our friendship.

André: I would not have jeopardized this friendship which meant so much to me! Of course it was clear to me that we could only meet secretly, that we had to be careful.

Question: Would you have liked to talk to someone about this relationship with Peter?

André: On the one hand, no, on the other hand, yes. I would never have wanted to talk to my parents about it, for example, because I know how they think about such friendships. My father is very conservative and my stepmother would have worried what relatives or neighbors would think about it.

On the other hand, I've sometimes felt the need to talk about what I experienced with Peter. If such relationships had not to be kept secret, the first thing I would have done is tell my teacher and my classmates about it. I'd have been proud to have a treasure that others did not have. At 14 I would have loved to walk the streets and tell everyone that Peter is my friend.

3 Boy 6 years old

3.1 All you have to do is talk to people on both sides

Report-ID: 25381

American author and literary critic Samuel R. Delany reports a brief sexual experience with a janitor at the age of 6. He explains the conclusions he draws from that encounter.

First published	09.07.2014
Author	Samuel R. Delany
Topics	Janitor, touching, gay, coming-in, consent
Weblinks	blogspot.com, wikipedia.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	its all one thing
Start of the relationship	1948
Age of the boy (start)	6
Name of the boy	Samuel
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Correspondence 'it's all one thing: a conversation with Samuel R. Delany about NAMBLA, sexuality, and consent'; Posted by Will Shetterly; shetterly.blogspot.com; 9 July 2014

[Samuel R. Delany (author) responding to Will Shetterly:] NAMBLA had a number of women members, including my good friend Camilla Decarnin, who died a few years ago. She put me on the mailing list for the NAMBLA newsletter, sometime in the early 90s. At that time, it was a smart, well-written, and well thought-out gay rights newsletter. Eighty percent of it was sensible analysis of the lack of children's rights, especially when they were apprehended by the police in sexual situations. The way children were treated in these situations, immediately removed from

3.1. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TALK TO PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES

their homes, placed in public institutions, given no counseling when they were most vulnerable and most in need of emotional support, was not a pretty picture.

My all too frequently quoted comment in support of NAMBLA was made c. '95, I believe. I have no idea what NAMBLA has been doing for the last twenty years. At the time I made my comment, c. 1995, NAMBLA was soliciting comments from people familiar with what their organization stood for - which included sane treatment of older male offenders, and pleading for courts to take into consideration what harm or coercion had been done - if any. (I had my first sexual experience with an adult when I was six, with a local Harlem building superintendent. And nothing hurtful happened at all. It would have been cruel and unusual punishment to incarcerate him for it.)

I commend to you the comments the late gay activist and gay porn actor, Scott O'Hara, made at about the same time I made mine:

- When I was 12 and 13 years old I would have joined NAMBLA in a minute, because I knew I was gay and I wanted to go out and get laid, not just read *The Gay Mystique* all my life; I needed personal contact.
- We have a million gay children out there right now who are in the same boat, who know their sexuality, and aren't getting any support. Most of our supposed gay leaders are afraid to do anything with them. . . . That means we're leaving the sex education of our youth to angry heterosexuals who don't understand.
- That's one reason NAMBLA is so important. They are willing to take the risks that no one is willing to take. . . . They're the only ones willing to acknowledge that adolescents actually do have sex lives.
- There is also a more basic reason why I support NAMBLA. They are the voice of dissent in the gay movement today. They're the whipping boy, the fashionable group to condemn. . . . I say, watch out, tomorrow that whipping boy could be you. . . . In the efforts of the gay establishment to suppress NAMBLA I see the seeds of tyranny.

Where or what NAMBLA is today, I haven't the foggiest notion, Will. I said and still maintain that 20 years ago it was an intelligent and highly thoughtful institution. [...]

Since I spent eighteen years of my life as a child, and nine years of that life as a pretty sexually active gay child, my complaint against the current attitudes is that they work mightily to silence the voices of children first and secondarily ignore what adults have to say who have been through these situations. One size fits all is never the way to handle any situation with a human dimension. Many, many children - and I was one of them - are desperate to establish some sort of sexual relation with an older and even adult figure. Today, all such relationships are so completely demonized as to destroy souls and psyches on both sides of the purely arbitrary 18-year-old divide. All you have to do is talk to people on both sides to see it. [...] The current attitude

3.1. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TALK TO PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES

toward pedophilia is a tragic attempt to drive nature out with a pitchfork, and at this point it is a self-reinforcing tragedy, encouraging the worst and punishing the best by making no distinctions at all, as such enterprises tend to become. [...] I mean, listen to the late comedian George Carlin: “Which would you prefer? To be punched in the jaw? Or have your dick sucked until you came?” I don’t think they’re the same crime. That’s turning it off with a joke, but like so many jokes it holds its truth. [...]

You write, Will, “I don’t believe there can be meaningful consent between an adult and a child,” and that, of course, is the crux of the situation. I am perfectly ready to start by saying that consent between a child and an adult can’t mean the same thing as two adults consenting. But to say that any such consent is without meaning, especially legal, is to outline a situation where children will be regularly abused by the courts and by adults who believe that - or who feel justified in acting as though children’s words and feelings and ideas are without meaning. [...]

In my personal case, I don’t think my own six-year-old experience had any bad results: In his cellar, a twenty-five to thirty year old super was masturbating. Me and another friend snuck in to watch. He realized we were there, called to us to ask if we wanted to come out and see what he was doing. (Did we ever!) We all sat together on his army-style cot. And at his invitation, we touched him - both me and Johnny at six were definitely gay. (Johnny used to beg his mother to let him wear lipstick in the street {there was no father} and to keep the peace she consented.) In the cellar with the super, both of us had erections. (That came as a surprise to me! I knew I had one, but I saw once pants were opened, Johnny had one too.) We took out our genitals and showed them to him. He touched us, and told us we would probably grow up to be big men. (More or less, I did.) Finally, without any orgasm from either him or us (we couldn’t have, at that age), he laughed and told us we better go, and not to tell, because we’d all get in trouble. I went looking for him once more, but he had moved from his cellar “apartment.” I was disappointed, but also somewhat relieved. Will, I have heard fifty or sixty such tales from gay men of this nature. It had none of the effects of abuse. If anything, it had more the feel of an impromptu educational session. We weren’t embraced or held against our will or made to do anything we didn’t want to. I’m glad it happened. I learned stuff. And I don’t believe I was at all harmed.

And I don’t believe I was at all harmed. (If the man got off on it, it was after we left and he finished up - if, indeed, he did.) Johnny and I were the “aggressors,” not him. I believe his attitude was as “healthy” about the whole thing as it could possibly have been in 1948. (Later, when I was seventeen or so, I met some people whose attitudes were not! What I’d been through as a younger child with the super was a big help.) Had we been seen or caught at this, I believe it would have been gross injustice to prosecute him - or remove us from our families, which is likely to have happened. I don’t even think he was particularly interested in children. It just happened to fall out that way. The whole incident lasted maybe six or seven minutes - certainly

3.1. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TALK TO PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES

no more than ten. If you want to say I was very lucky, I won't argue. But I will say that I believe there are many more people like him in the world than there are Jeffrey Dahmers or John Wayne Gacys [sexual serial killers].

3.2 News coverage about ‘pedophilia’ is way too negative

Report-ID: 25477

A letter from Maurits Reijnen the editor of the Dutch newspaper *De Volkskrant*.

First published	01.01.1991
Author	Maurits Reijnen
Topics	precocious, letter, media, parents, bedwetting, school
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	De Volkskrant
Start of the relationship	1969
Age of the boy (start)	6
Age of the boy (end)	12
Age of the man	23
Name of the boy	Maurits Reijnen
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In 1991 Maurits Reijnen sent a Letter to the Editor to the Dutch newspaper De Volkskrant. Here are the main relevant parts of his letter entitled News coverage about ‘pedophilia’ is way too negative.

“Out of necessity, I engaged in sexual contacts with older boys and adults, from a very young age onwards.”

3.2. NEWS COVERAGE ABOUT 'PEDOPHILIA' IS WAY TOO NEGATIVE

Maurits Reijnen explains he used to be a sexually precocious boy and his environment generally responded very negatively to his sexual behavior. He didn't understand why sex was supposed to be dirty. He started doubting himself, became overactive and aggressive and wetted his bed. A child neurologist simply prescribed him medication.

"I can't recall any moment from that period that I felt happy. Sometimes I wished I was dead. And I was only six."

"In 1969, a little ray of sunshine shone through the dark clouds of my little existence. I got to know him, Richard, when he was 23. Shortly afterwards we made love for the first time. I will never forget that first time."

"Finally I had someone who also enjoyed it [sex], finally there was someone I knew wouldn't tell his mother. It was such a wonderful feeling to be touched by someone else, by someone who wanted me.

A year later we did 'it' for the first time.

After I met Richard, everything changed. I got calm, didn't wet my bed anymore. He was also the one who discovered my musical talents and he taught me to listen to music of a kind I normally would have never encountered. He stimulated my learning, algebraic and reading skills and I became the best pupil of my class.

Since my relationship I frequently met older and adult boys. It simply was what I needed and I knew that I wasn't dirty or gross.

My 'engagement' with Richard lasted till I was twelve. We broke up because he got married, with a woman to be exact. I recall this wonderful time very often."

3.3 To have sex with men? It's not just fun - it's wonderful!

Report-ID: 47273

Interview from the book *Crime without victims*. Unfortunately, no source is given.

First published	01.01.1986
Author	Trobriands Collective (Pseudonym)
Topics	hustling, girls, client, drugs
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Crime Without Victims
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	6
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Peter
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

Peter, 14 years old:

How did you become a hustler?

I really don't know. I've had sex with men since I was... [He thinks it over.] ...six, or about that. And so when I lived on Vesterbro I discovered there was some place called Rådhuspladsen. Once you've tried it, you do it again. I've been coming here now for two years.

I get 200-250 crowns each time, sometimes more. I spend the money on toys, slot machines, going to the movies and now and then to buy hash. I've run away from home, so I stay at houses of different friends and acquaintances, or clients.

Last summer I ran away from home for the first time with someone I knew. I was caught and put in a foster home. Later, they moved me to another foster family farther away, near Slagelse, because I ran away whenever I could from that first family. They were old people.

3.3. TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN? IT'S NOT JUST FUN - IT'S WONDERFUL!

How was it when you lived at your own home?

Sometimes it was all right; at other times it was sheer hell.

Did they know you did things with men?

I told my mother that I went to Rådhuspladsen. She knew it very well. I wasn't living at home when I told her.

The first time you ran away, it was...

Just for fun. Just to be free and do something crazy. That time I had been stealing - motor scooters and such things. But I don't want to do that any more.

Do you remember the first time you had sex with a man?

No, but I can remember a few of the early times. My stepfather had a bar. A lot of drunks used to come there. I often went to a grass field where they would be sitting, so I got to know a few of them. I really cannot remember how it got started.

Do you find it gives you pleasure; do you have fun doing it?

To have sex with men? It's not just fun - it's wonderful! [He looks straight into my eyes and smiles. He is a handsome boy.]

And what about love? Did you ever fall in love?

I think I was five years old the first time I slept with a girl. She was thirteen. But I didn't get anything out of it. I just lay there and sucked her cunt.

Have you ever fallen in love with a man?

Yes, the one I'm going with now. I'm in love with him and I have sex with him too. It's fine. He is 18.

Do your parents know where you are living?

No. I hope I can stay in hiding until I'm 18; after that nobody will have any authority over me - not my mother, not the child protection agency.

Do you have to stay in hiding? Is there no authority you could talk to?

Like what? I wouldn't be allowed to live as I want. I can't get a room of my own. I'm not old enough.

What about a youth home?

I don't like living in an institution and having "instructors" chasing my ass all the time. [He smiles a little, enjoying the ambiguity.] You can't even let out a fart without them knowing about it.

3.3. TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN? IT'S NOT JUST FUN - IT'S WONDERFUL!

You might be sent to a foster family.

They wouldn't dare do that. I would just run off again.

It would be wonderful if people could respect other people's way of living.

"Instructors" certainly don't. [He grins.] They want you to be just like them. Mamma mia!

Do you have any plans - dreams, visions for your future?

Yes, to get a motor-cycle or a boat. Or to get a well-paid job. A job doing something I like and that pays enough money.

A family?

Family? [Wondering.] I have never thought about... I don't think so. [Suddenly excited.] Maybe I'd like to have a wife and children and all that, but my wife would have to accept the fact that I sleep with men too. I'll think about it in any case.

Would you still go to Rådhuspladsen if you had enough money?

I don't think so. I'd let the others hustle for that money. If I had enough money I wouldn't. I'd certainly have a steady friend but I wouldn't go to Rådhuspladsen. Most of the boys there end up as junkies. That's shit. I'll definitely steer clear of that. The only hard drug I've tried, apart from hash, is two pep pills. I got so sick, you wouldn't believe it. I was with those fellows every day, and so I couldn't help talking to them. I know about someone who died from it.

You are sure that you can avoid...

Yes, because I don't go around with them. I go my own way and they go theirs.

What are your clients like?

Very nice people. A few have tried to cheat me, but with the rest I've had no bad experiences. Some are young, some are old - I never ask their age. If they ask me mine, I tell them I'm fourteen. It is useless to lie and to say I'm fifteen to go home with them. Because then if we are caught... They have to know how old I am so they can decide whether or not they're going to dare take the risk.

What do you think about the age of consent?

It would be best to fix it at zero. There should be no age limit. It's better to make love than war.

The purpose of an age of consent is to protect children.

It's the kids themselves who go there, isn't it? So that's a lot of nonsense. But it would be lousy to let men sleep with six- or seven-year-olds who don't want to do it themselves.

Would more men force children to do such things if there was a zero age of consent?

3.3. TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN? IT'S NOT JUST FUN - IT'S WONDERFUL!

I don't think so. But there would be more people who dared to have sex with children, that's for sure.

Have you ever been involved in a criminal case against any of the men that you have slept with?

Yes, when I was still young. I was questioned lots of times in criminal cases. In those days, I told them everything. Today, I wouldn't say a word.

3.4 Unfulfilled need for closeness and tenderness

Report-ID: 27933

The Swiss psychoanalyst Ralf Binswanger gives an example from his therapy practice in an article about the term *perversion*, in which a man reports on his relationships with men in childhood.

First published	01.05.2019
Author	Ralf Binswanger
Topics	coming-out, gay, police, latency period, therapy, seduction by the boy, trauma
Weblinks	psychosozial-verlag.de, psychoanalyse-zuerich.ch
Language	German
Country	Switzerland
Sources	Psychoanalyse und männliche Homosexualität
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	6
Age of the boy (end)	14
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Psychoanalyse und männliche Homosexualität - Beiträge zu einer sexualpolitischen Debatte, Psychosozial-Verlag, May 2019. Ralf Binswanger: Wiederholt sich die Geschichte? – Nicht wirklich! - Drei Verständnisschwierigkeiten einer Neuformulierung des Perversionbegriffs, p. 125f. ISBN-13: 978-3-8379-2880-8

Translated by JUMIMA

[...]

There are situations where children have important non-sexual needs that they may be able to accommodate with well-structured and loving pedophiles, perhaps without taking more harm than e.g. has already been caused by neglectful family relationships. That was the case with a married guy and another of my patients. The latter had a premature and very pronounced homosexual coming-out at the age of six and said of himself that – perhaps except for the first time – basically *he* would have seduced his pedophile partners as much as they would because he could accommodate a deep unfulfilled need for closeness and tenderness with them. Until the end, he did not feel traumatized by the sexuality with his partners, but rather by the consequences of being exposed by the mother at the age of 14: Among other things, he had to face the closest partner at a police confrontation. There he was standing broken in front of him, and he had to testify. However, he still felt cheated on something important: his sexual latency period.

On the other hand, I treated several patients who were severely traumatized by child abusers. I do not run the risk of trivializing possible trauma from child abuse.

[...]

4 Boy 7 years old

4.1 And boy, the fun I had

Report-ID: 40567

Carleton Gajdusek († December 12, 2008), an American doctor and Nobel laureate, reports on his relationship with his uncle. Gajdusek has been accused of having initiated intimate contact with several boys himself. In 1997, Gajdusek pleaded guilty to this in a court proceeding. The below report stems from the documentary *The Genius and the Boys* by Bosse Lindquist. At the end of the film, Lindquist reports that during the investigation seven people who claimed to have had sexual contact with Gajdusek as a boy were identified. Three of them retrospectively view these experiences as problematic, four as positive.

First published	01.06.2009
Author	Bosse Lindquist
Topics	cultural differences, abuse, punishment, prison
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, youtube.com, nobelprize.org, imdb.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	The Genius and the Boys
Start of the relationship	1930
Age of the boy (start)	7
Name of the boy	Daniel Carleton
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

This is an excerpt from the interview that Lindquist had with Gajdusek in the course of his research for his documentary film about the life of the Nobel Prize winner “The Genius and the Boys”.

Transcript of the dialogue in the documentary:

Lindquist: How were you as a kid?

Gajdusek: The same way! The first time, I told everybody ten times, it's in my journal. My uncle took me, I know exactly it was a few days before my seventh birthday, maybe a few weeks, in Slovakia, in my father's birthhouse.

We'd take baths together in the tub, you know. And immediately for the first time having an erect cock near me and all that. And boy, the fun I had. I played with him and everything else. 100% I seduced him! He was just having a bath with me and got a little erection. I didn't let him go apeace. I'd have such a crush on him that this 17-year-old girl tells me: "Stop making him embarassed".

He was the first goddamn person I met who didn't stand in awe and wanted to display me and record me because of my goddamn intellect. He loved my body and I loved that! He was the first one who gave me pride. He's the greatest man in my life. If any of fifty other people [incomprehensible] would have just once tried to play with mee – boy, how much happier I would have been, at ten, eleven, twelve. I dreamt about it, hoped about it, and they wouldn't do it!

4.2 I always looked forward to Wednesday afternoons

Report-ID: 26514

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	gay, girls, attic
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1910s
Age of the boy (start)	7
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

When I was seven I had contact with a man who was especially nice to me. He used to take me to his attic, sit me on his lap and play with me sexually. I thought it was very nice and enjoyed it. I always looked forward to Wednesday afternoons, the days when we saw each other. This went on for a long time.

Later I had many contacts with other men, but never with boys my own age. One day I went with a waiter to his house. I was very interested and excited. We had unusually satisfying sex together. I must have been about 14. Back home I was restless and went to see him the very next day on my own initiative. We had intercourse about twenty times in the following period.

I have never missed not having girls, like many others. Now, after a good life, I can see these early contacts as very positive to my development. I would not like to have missed them and I

4.2. I ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS

do not envy the people who never had these opportunities.

I regard my life as proof that homosexuals are born, not made by circumstances.

4.3 I knew I was different

Report-ID: 84421

This report is about Chris, who was aware of his homosexual tendency very early on and who reports about his first experiences with a man.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Unknown
Topics	crime, education
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1980
Age of the boy (start)	7
Age of the man	27
Name of the boy	Chris
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Article 'My Story' by Chris; NAMBLA Updates; September 2010

A person named Chris shared the following experiences with NAMBLA:

"I knew I was different from the time I started school. and I liked boys, just didn't know how much and what that entailed.

4.3. I KNEW I WAS DIFFERENT

I didn't become aware of my sexual interest until I was seven, and this may seem unreal, or even exaggerated, but it is the truth. My dad and I went into a fast food restaurant, not even sure what it was called, as if that mattered, it has been torn down since then. Bearing in mind this was over 30 years ago, and times were different.

When dad ordered the food, I saw a man, somewhere in his late 20s sweeping up in the kitchen. We made eye contact, he smiled at me, and I smiled back. There was something in that smile I had never seen before, and it was unexplainable to me what it was, but I felt a giddiness, and a draw to be closer to this person.

We sat down to eat, and a few minutes later, he came out and was emptying the trash cans, and without thinking, I got up and walked over to him and we started talking. I still remember most of what was said, I hung onto every word. When the conversation was finished we would get together in a few hours at the park nearby.

I was excited and I didn't even know why. Dad asked me who that was and what they wanted, and I told him apparently a very convincing lie, don't remember what it was, but we were at the park at the appointed time.

At first I thought he wasn't there, but I saw him going into the rest room that was near the bandstand. I went in after him, and he kissed me on the lips and from that point on I let him do whatever he wanted. I left that rest room no longer a virgin, and it was nothing like how society says it is. I did what came natural to me, and nothing was forced on me, I actually felt love for him."

4.4 I was free to say ‘YES!!!!’

Report-ID: 25011

Report by *siao* from BoyChat, a web forum for pederasts. The thread was about reporting your own sexual experiences in childhood.

First published	25.07.2005
Author	Siao
Topics	liberal upbringing, abuse
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	BoyChat
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	7
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Siao
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	1 of 5

Source: BoyChat

7yo is the first time I remember myself being “sexed” :))
it was with an AF [adult frien] on a tour in a bus, suddenly fun was “in”, and I was all hard while his hand was gently rubbing my young boyhood till... gosh, what was that twirling feeling which went all thru me ???

wow, I liked it !

4.4. I WAS FREE TO SAY ‘YES!!!!’

and it was IT : I was “sexualised” :)), and I was to remain that way active and happy till my adolescence.

Being raised in a free-minded family, I had all the opportunities I deserved to explore my sexuality and others’; mostly males, which always entertained me greatly and were very eagerly welcome into my bed, and also a few female which always left me with a bitter after-taste of “something missing” from the game.

Let’s say that my golden years have been taking place between 11yo and 14yo, and I can’t count or even remember all of my AFs of that time. . . !

I can only say that NOT A SINGLE ONE EVER ABUSED ME !

I was free to say ‘YES!!!!’ and also knew how to say ‘no’ if there were ever anything I might not want.

My only regret from that time : not experimenting with other kids. . . :(At that time I did not like children. . . probably scared of them. . . I intensely and mutely fell in love with some peer-boys then later with a few disappointing peer-girls, but never had sex with any until much later.

I did not really “need” it -since I had all that I wanted at home with people who cared about me without “risks” (laughed at, not fine “enough”,etc.)-, but now I regret not getting closer to and share what is the nicest emotion a boy can experiment !!! :))

4.5 I will miss him immeasurably

Report-ID: 95077

Wade Robson was one of the boys with whom pop star Michael Jackson had a close friendship. Here are some statements that Wade made about his adult friend over time. In order to understand the complex situation as a whole, it is strongly recommended to obtain further information (e.g. via the links provided).

First published	05.03.2019
Author	Wade Robson
Topics	music, Michael Jackson, abuse, love, court case
Weblinks	washingtonpost.com, home.blog, wikipedia.org, smh.com.au, wikipedia.org, eonline.com, forbes.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Start of the relationship	1989
Age of the boy (start)	7
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	31
Name of the boy	Wade Robson
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Wade Robson wrote in an obituary in 2009 when he was 29:

“Michael Jackson changed the world and, more personally, my life forever. He is the reason I dance, the reason I make music, and one of the main reasons I believe in the pure goodness of humankind. He has been a close friend of mine for 20 years. His music, his movement, his personal words of inspiration and encouragement and his unconditional love will live inside of me

4.5. I WILL MISS HIM IMMEASURABLY

forever. I will miss him immeasurably, but I know that he is now at peace and enchanting the heavens with a melody and a moonwalk.”

Wade Robson with Oprah Winfrey:

“When the abuse started, when I was 11, and even when I was 22, and later, I had no understanding that what Michael did to me sexually was abuse,” Robson shared. “I had no concept of it being that.”

“From night one of the abuse, of the sexual stuff that Michael did to me, you know, he told me that it was love,” Robson continued. “He told me that he loved me and that God brought us together. And I was this little boy from the other side of the world in Australia, and Michael was a God to me. And now, who was God to me was telling me, ‘I love you, God brought us together. And this, this sexual stuff, this is how we show our love.’”

“When I testified when I was 11... from the first night on, started training me right away for what ended up happening when I was 11, when I was 22, with the trials,” Robson said of Jackson.

When asked if he could see the pattern of abuse as a little boy, Robson replied to Winfrey, “Absolutely not.”

Wikipedia:

In 2013, Robson stated that Jackson had sexually abused him on two visits to the US and after he moved with his family to the US, when Robson was aged between seven and 14. Robson said his earlier denial was due to Jackson’s “complete manipulation and brainwashing”, and that his change of story was provoked by becoming a father and experiencing nervous breakdowns in 2011 and 2012. In 2015, Robson’s case was dismissed by a Los Angeles judge, ruling that Robson had missed the 12-month statutory deadline after Jackson’s death. The judge did not rule on the credibility of the allegations. The allegations by Robson and another man, James Safechuck, are the focus of the 2019 documentary *Leaving Neverland*. On 13 August 2019, pieces of Wade Robson’s 2016 video deposition were leaked online in a video which argues that Robson has contradicted the allegations that he and his mother Joy made in *Leaving Neverland*.

4.6 Sexual Abuse from a Victim

Report-ID: 10256

John tells of an abuse experience by his grandfather at the age of 7. He places what happened in the social context and tries to find out who is to blame and what correct behavior means in today's reality.

First published	09.12.2004
Author	John Tate (aka kintarowins)
Topics	abuse, grandfather, society, psychological problems, victim
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	kintarowins.deviantart.com
Start of the relationship	1994
Age of the boy (start)	7
Name of the boy	John Tate
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
Plausibility	5 of 5

4.6.1 Sexual Abuse from a Victim

Source: kintarowins.deviantart.com

Over the last year I have dedicated time to recalling what happened to me when I was sexually abused. I do think that to just get over it is healthy. I often had emotional outbursts thinking about what happened to me during that time of my life, however, I am not doing this to help just myself, but hopefully to help others understand what was going through my mind while I was being sexually abused. I wanted to research this because I feel I can help others who have been sexually abused, and also educate parents and teachers on the subject.

Since writing this I have realized writing this article helped me a lot: I don't feel so alienated by the experience at all anymore. I feel really good about myself for doing this and I have received

4.6. SEXUAL ABUSE FROM A VICTIM

feedback from many people with great support. This article has had literally hundreds of reads on many sites across the world wide web where I have published it. I feel that growth in esteem and perhaps just getting older in general has made me change a lot.

The sexual abuse began when I was only seven years old. It started while staying at my grandfather's house (mother's side of the family). My grandmother was in the room when he first exposed himself to me. I was very curious as to what he was doing and why he was doing it, that manipulation is common. It is not like he physically hurt me to do things, He just told me certain things were nice and other things. Part of me I feel knew something was strange about what he was doing because of the pure silence he wanted that first time. "Shh!" he would say constantly if I said anything that could be considered suspicious by his significant other in the room. He was a very fun person to be around, he did lots of things and showed me lots of things. I have always be the introverted type of person who likes to know how things work, I am naturally intrigued by the world. He fueled that curiosity in me with more than sexual behavior long before it started. I knew for some reason that he did not want people to know, and I loved and respected him. So I always tried my best to keep things that way as best as possible.

As the sexual abuse continued, probably after some months, could be three, could be six (my memory is not the most reliable instrument on the planet) the way I was treated was appalling due to the ignorance of many of my teachers. Because I was being abused I had images of sex in my mind. To the teachers I was a risk to the wellbeing of students in my class. I remember in primary school I found other children with similar sexual interests all throughout the school. I know some of these people now, and some in particular were going through the same thing, that same responsibility of silence was on all of us at the time. My abuser did not like the sound of it when I first told him I had expressed myself and experimented sexually. So I was silent about that to him as well, thank god I think now. Perhaps he would have desired to meet some of them, even some of the more innocent people and abuse them as well.

I never really understood what sex was at all. Putting sex into a certain context with our children is a good idea I think, not "Oh My God Ruining Their Childhood from Innocence" and certainly not abusing them or anything like that. If you at least put the basics of these relationships into some context, and it has been tried and tested with some families more open to provide kids the defense they need. After the conviction of my abuser and the discovery of my abuse a psychologist (who I contacted recently for the further editing of this article) showed me through a very good manual for kids. Right then, after it had happened, when it was far to late.

However when I acted upon sexual behavior at a very young age, rather than them seeing something was wrong, I was punished for what I had done (literally, I would say things and get in trouble for things that most kids would never know at that age, personally I think that's as immoral as being a sex abuser for acting like that with a child). This discipline caused me

4.6. SEXUAL ABUSE FROM A VICTIM

to become even more silent, I started to suppress myself socially and avoid people. This seed of self-hate, and hate of others for their mindless persecution was planted in my mind. This seed grew into a furious tree that erupted primarily in the later years of my life. I had grown a sadistic streak, and a craving for attention from my deep seeded attention seeking behavior.

With a lot of people I have met this same cycle of low self esteem has seemed prone to lead to attention seeking behavior. As my behavior further developed, especially in early high school, I believe in my first year of high school I was suspended for harassment, sexual harassment (primarily verbal, including some very mild physical harassment), and other things, at least around 20 times. I grew to become the class clown, and suddenly became to make friends with who were certainly the wrong people. Some of these people changed just like I have, some of them grew up.

With this behavior getting worse and worse, it was all simply because I hated people deeply. This was because I felt alienated, I was accustomed to this alienation deep within myself - they seemed to hate me, so I really hated them. I recall in year eight, my second year of high school, I was made to see the school psychologist. He once said "I think you want revenge for what happened to you." That statement I would not consider true at all, I never acted on revenge, I acted on attention. The lack of compassion that allowed me to act that way, it was fueled by the simple hate. I did not care about these people, or any people at all, really. I think most of this stemmed also from my mothers constant behavioral problems, her natural tendency to do everything except understand. I took the comment as another blow to my self-esteem. In years nine and ten, I was at a new school. I had become so afraid of myself I would never even speak. I failed year ten from lack of attendance, and amphetamine addiction, a terrible thing I have now surpassed.

Back to when I was a child. When it was discovered by my parents that I had thrush. They could not find how I had possibly caught it, and kept trying to discover what had happened, the question, I never knew the answer to myself. My mother asked me a question "has anyone been touching you?" and explained it a little. "Paa!" I screamed, I immediately had felt like I betrayed my abuser, my grandfather. I felt guilty and I broke down into tears. The tears were more than that, just a sudden crack in thoughts, my mothers response was the same, she started crying. This further led to me to believe that something terrible had happened here. She had to be put on an antidepressant drug to even leave the house after this had happened.

Following this experience, for a long time I had felt what I had done was wrong. I would never tell anybody the things I did, to a high degree I often lied about what he did because it was far too disgusting by then. I remember when I was about 12 I had a friend, a male friend. We started experimenting with sex and other things like a lot of children do. I think this became apparent to his parents, and from that point, I haven't even talked to him. This was my best

4.6. SEXUAL ABUSE FROM A VICTIM

friend, and that hurt me a lot more than anything did at any point, the alienation, the silence. They would not talk to me, they told my mother something and she just told me not to worry about it, that some people don't understand.

I have been diagnosed with Borderline Personality Disorder and I do have difficulties regarding mood swings and irrational depression. It is in the opinions of my current psychiatrists that this is related directly to the abuse and to the social alienation I experienced. I used to be angry, hateful and most of all confused and misunderstood. Things have changed and I have real friends, I have formed good friendships with even one of the girls who I harassed a lot at early high school. I no longer get so angry, I love life now. Remember that no matter what happens to you and no matter how different you feel, as long as you are a human being with integrity you are absolutely beautiful.

A note to pedophiles who I am very well aware will read this article: Consensual sexual abuse is not acceptable, no matter what you say, it will harm a child, because this society we live in systematically and automatically alienates people who went through what I did at that age. You are destroying peoples lives doing this. I might just add the first draft of this article was from a suicide note I wrote a year ago. I was determined to kill myself, and I have done many silly things to try and achieve this. And I hope you have the compassion to get treatment for your problems. I know it worked for me when I did late 2004, and that is another story altogether. And you are also, a human being like everyone else and you have the responsibility and ability to achieve to overcome your problems.

If you suspect someone is being sexually abused, it is not just the right thing to do to speak out, it is your duty and responsibility to do so. If you are unsure of what to do, and yes it is very hard to make a decision, I myself being very involved now in helping people with sexual abuse, rape, and many other things including domestic violence and child abuse have discovered it is not easy for most people to know what to do. I suggest if this is your circumstances you talk to a councilor or a therapist that will know the appropriate path of action for the victim and the child.

I hope this essay can educate others. If you disagree with any opinions in the article feel free to email me at kintarowins@gmail.com and share your points with me. Also feel free to contact me on any of your own problems, questions, regarding yourself, your children, your students. I don't know everything, but I know of many resources, and people that can help you understand things.

[... (several thanks to different people)]

You may share this document freely. Copyleft, John Tate 2004.

4.6.2 Letter from John in HFP Mailbag

Source: HFP Mailbag

I would have to say I almost agree with everything on this site, what happened to me was uncalled for, but I think if this sort of thing was tolerated I would not have felt so fucking alienated, so hated, as a child, I would have not been an outcast.

I am a victim of abuse from society and stupid fucking idiots who dont understand what its like.

I wrote an article on my sexual abuse, you can use it on this site.

The things happened to me I consider abuse, because of a few factors like my complete concent, I didnt know what I was doing. I hope you can help advocate my plea to better educate children about sex, because then I would know known better, I am over what happened to me now, but im angry that there are so many others with simiar situations.

I have got emails in response to this article that have been heartbreaking stories, commendments, and other things...

These dickheads in our governments that think they know everything about everything they dont understand, dont experience, see, or even really manage to imagine is disgusting, for the longest time I hated myself for what happened to me. This made me an at risk offender of sexual assult in childhood because all the kids seemed to think I was weird, and so I hated them, and hated myself for being weird, and I did a lot of things I regret.

When I was in year 8 I did horrible things to another girl in my grade, I realised how wrong it was and said im sorry in later years, where good friends now. The power of forgiving is incredible, I forgive my abuser for what he did, because ive realised to main problem was a stupid Taboo society that seems to defy human nature.

I am bisexual, and I can relate to the people on this site of what it is like to be sexually discrimitated. Here is my article about this.

When I was 8, I had a sexual relationship with a girl my age, we were just friends, and that is still all very beautiful in my memorie, we both were consenting and made these discoverys alone. But because of all these things and a society that allowed me no understand of sex, I grew up most my life lonely, depressed, and suisidal, and feeling alienated.

I tried killing myself serveral times, but now I am happy with life and really moving on and enjoying it, thats only been of this year, im 17 years old, ive lived 17 years of self hate, so who is the criminal here? society or my abuser, both in this case because he should have known better to do these things to me in a world like this. However these things can be changed so children dont have to suffer these things.

4.6. SEXUAL ABUSE FROM A VICTIM

Im a nonsexual lover of children myself, but with my experince in experimentation, I can say I dont see a whole lot wrong with this if children get some education on it, yea im repeating myself a little, but I think you get the messege.

John

4.7 The attic and the waiter

Report-ID: 69357

Brief report by a 67-year-old man about intimate experiences in early childhood.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Dr. F. Bernard
Topics	waiter
Weblinks	exitinterview.biz, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	7
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	25
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In the paper by dr. F. Bernard, De gevolgen voor het kind, in Sex met kinderen by dr. F. Bernard, dr. E. Brongersma, Ids Haagsma, dr. W.J. Sengers and Peter van Eeten, there is the following testimony of a 67-year-old man.

"When I was seven, I was in touch with a man who was especially nice to me. He used to take me to his attic, had me sit on his lap and we had sexual contact with each other. I really found it pleasant and enjoyed it. I was always looking forward to Wednesday afternoons, the days we saw each other. This went on for a long period of time.

4.7. THE ATTIC AND THE WAITER

[...] Now, as a nearly 68-year-old man, who has had a good life, I regard these contacts I used to have as very positive for my development. I would not have wanted to miss them, and I do not envy people who have never not had these opportunities."

This case is also mentioned in another article (as Case 5) by Bernard, Paedophilia: what it means to the child, in: PAN - A Magazine About Boy-Love, Number 3 [Vol.1 No.3], November 1979, page 13-17. It contains additional information, namely:

"Later I had many contacts with other men, but never with boys my own age. One day I went with a waiter to his house. I was very interested and excited. We had unusually satisfying sex together. I must have been about 14. Back home I was restless and went to see him the very next day on my own initiative. We had intercourse about twenty times in the following period."

4.8 You have to be careful with relationships

Report-ID: 93743

This report is an interview with a 29 year old who tells of his intimate relationship with a man from age 7-14 whom he sees as a kind of surrogate father. The man was married and the boy also had a good (non-sexual) relationship with his wife.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Unknown
Topics	neglect, surrogate parents, curiosity, jealousy
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	7
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Jörg
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Jörg is 29 years old and describes how he came to have “parents-of-choice” as a child in form of couple Rita and Jens, both teachers. Before the interview, Jörg expresses concern that the publication of the interview could cause difficulties for Rita and Jens, and warns: “You have to be careful with relationships.” Only at the suggestion to change all names and locations, Jörg is ready for the interview.

Question: You got an additional set of parents at the age of seven. How did this relationship start?

Jörg: To explain that I have to go back a little. My birth parents had a pub in our city and could hardly – or did not want to – take care of me. If I wanted to be with my parents, I had to sit in the smoky pub among the grown men. When I finally started school at the age of six, I had considerable language deficits and therefore was put in a special school for kids with learning disabilities; but not in the normal class, but in a class for paralyzed and mongoloid children. The school board obviously didn't know what to do with me, so I ended up in a class I didn't belong in at all. Of course, I can no longer remember the reasons, which I probably was not even told about. However, I learned a lot of details later when I was an adult because I asked about it. My teacher at the time, Rita, soon noticed that I was completely out of place in this class. She considered the school commission's decision to be a scandal and, by the way successfully, tried to place me in a normal primary school class. Rita later told me that two years later I ranked in the upper third of the elementary school class. I think that Rita as a trained kindergarten educator and teacher had a feeling for the level of development I was at and to what extent I was capable of being educated.

Question: It is not unusual for a teacher to recognize that a child has a higher potential at school. But even though you had your own parents, you were accepted as a protégé in this family of teachers. Was that your wish?

Jörg: The interests of my birth parents focused on their pub. The children – I have an older sister – were of little concern to them. We felt that we were in the way of our parents, especially on weekends. Rita and Jens had a small holiday home in the mountains and I was allowed to come to this holiday home every now and then over the weekend. I was seven years old at the time. Later, I spent almost every weekend with the couple, whose own children had grown up and were already out of the house.

Question: Were you parents OK with the fact that you spent so much time with another couple?

Jörg: I think that my parents liked that I was out of their way on the weekends. Rita and Jens tried to adopt me, but that plan failed due to my parents' resistance.

Question: Would an adoption have met your interest?

Jörg: It would have been the fulfillment of my dreams at the time. Even today, after more than 20 years, I still see it the same way.

Question: Have there been contacts between your parents and your substitute parents?

Jörg: To make it clear: Rita and Jens were by no means substitute parents. On the contrary, they became the real caregivers in my life. As far as I know, there were only occasional contacts between these two sets of parents.

Question: Was there physical contact with Rita and Jens?

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Jörg: When I was with them, I was allowed to sleep in the double bed. I was addicted to feeling physically safe, and Rita and Jens made it possible for me to compensate for the previous lack of closeness. I also remember being physically and sexually mature. In photos that Jens took of me you can see that I already looked like a fourteen year old when I was eleven. My interest in other people's bodies was already there when I was allowed to stay with Rita and Jens for the first time. On the one hand, there were occasionally other children with whom I played, sometimes erotic games. And on the other hand I had a keen interest in Jens' body. I had sexual contact with him at the age of seven or eight and tried pretty much everything that occurred to me at that age.

Question: Did the physical interest only concern Jens?

Jörg: Exclusively. As long as I can remember, I have never had a sexual interest in women. Rita supported me in a different way. Today she proudly tells me that I was able to pronounce complicated words and even foreign words when I was nine. She has incredibly stimulated my linguistic development.

Question: Werent't your own parents jealous that you were more attracted to your new parents?

Jörg: Probably. If I didn't toe the line as my parents wanted at home or my school performance didn't meet their expectations, I wasn't allowed to go to my adult friends. For my birth parents, this relationship was the ideal leverage to force good behavior. Occasionally, an afternoon or even a weekend with Jens and Rita was canceled.

Question: Did you suffer from that or did you care?

Jörg: I suffered a lot from it. There were evenings on which I cried all the time. I really wanted to see them; it was like paradise to me. From today's perspective, I felt like an asylum seeker: I wanted to get away from home, away from the dirt at home. With Jens and Rita I was allowed to move freely, to develop freely. They were nice to me, turned to me, spent a lot of time with me. It was an important phase in my life.

Question: How did you manage to be allowed to visit the parents of your choice through all that time despite the occasional resistance from your birth parents?

Jörg: I resisted the pressure of my parents, with words, defiance, disobedience. The more I resisted, the less they were able to pursue their own interests, so they let me go.

Question: Wasn't it a difficult situation for Jens and Rita to take the child away from other parents?

Jörg: I don't think so. When I was little and Rita washed myself in the bathtub, she discovered many marks on my body. When asked, I admitted that my father had often hit me. And Rita threatened my father with a criminal complaint if he continued to beat me. My father then didn't beat me anymore. For this reason alone, my birth parents wanted to maintain a reasonable relationship with Rita and Jens. This enabled me to visit my new parents without any major

difficulties and to be with them.

Question: Sou continued to live at home due to the rejected adoption and only occasionally, on weekends or during school holidays, with Rita and Jens?

Jörg: Yes, that's right.

Question: The physical contacts continued?

Jörg: Yes, also to bigger boys who sometimes visited Rita and Jens. I always crawled into bed with them. From today's perspective, it was an urgent need for love, but also a need to catch up, because my parents were very cold.

Question: Back to the sexual contacts with Jens: Was it temporary or were there longer lasting erotic contacts?

Jörg: These contacts continued. They were most common and intense when I was between 11 and 14 years old. That was the time that I would like to call a real relationship, or rather, the climax of the relationship.

Question: Was the sexual contact more desired by the adult or by you?

Jörg: That was actually my wish. I felt really comfortable in this relationship, and so these contacts came about by mutual agreement.

Question: Did you want sex or did you want to do the adult a favor?

Jörg: I wanted sex, too.

Question: Also to Rita, Jens' wife?

Jörg: No. Females played no role in these wishes. I was mainly interested in male bodies.

Question: Did you have the feeling at the time that you were gay?

Jörg: I didn't really deal with this topic at the time. The relationship with Jens was a friendship that had developed. It was only when I was about 15 years old that I really got to grips with the subject of "homosexuality" for the first time.

Question: How did you deal with it?

Jörg: I met a regular in the pub of my birth parents. He studied medicine and was well known to my parents. From today's perspective, I think that he was a pederast and therefore interested in me, and so, in addition to the relationship with Jens, another friendship developed with this student. However, this friendship ended very badly, because my father soon learned about it from others and it seems he threatened to report him. So this relationship broke up.

Question: When did you become aware of being gay?

Jörg: That didn't come suddenly, but rather gradually. At first, when I was 15 years old, I tried to fight it. At that time I also had a girlfriend. But soon I had to finally realize that I was gay. I knew from my father that he was hostile to gays and that being gay was mocked at school, so I had to wait for better times to be able to live it openly.

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Question: Do you have a steady relationship today?

Jörg: Yes, I have a boyfriend, we've been living together for eight years, and I think if you're gay, you shouldn't kill yourself about it, but consider it one of several sexual possibilities and relationships.

Question: Could you be gay because you went to bed with the teacher?

Jörg: Definitely not. I remember that my parents suspected that I could be gay much earlier because they noticed that I was never interested in girls.

Question: Does your father know that you have a steady relationship with a man today?

Jörg: Yes. About ten years ago I had a clarifying discussion with him about my sexual preferences. My parents have known about the current relationship from the start, of course also Rita and Jens, who like my current friend very much and who occasionally invite him to their home.

Question: Looking back, what significance had (or still have) Rita and Jens in your life?

Jörg: Rita was something like my foster mother, and Jens was my first friend and my first lover.

Question: Can a man like Jens, who takes in a boy to a certain extent, go to bed with this child?

Jörg: Sure, if both agree and there is no violence or coercion, if there is no economic dependency and no psychological dependencies. It has to be an equal partnership.

Question: Is an equal partnership between a child and an adult possible at all?

Jörg: Of course. It was an equal partnership between Jens and me. He never demanded anything from me, respected my wishes and needs, and was never jealous when I had other friends. Unfortunately, sexual contact with Jens ended when jealousy brought Rita and Jens' marriage into a crisis. I'm still sorry about that today, and I think Jens suffered from it too. But he didn't show it. In all other areas, my relationship with Jens and Rita is as close as before, and I think this relationship will last a lifetime.

Question: I would like to get away from the sexual aspect for a moment and return to your school and professional career. What career path have you chosen?

Jörg: After I had finished my "Hauptschulabschluss" [German high school path, mainly for vocational jobs] in the comprehensive school, I first attended a vocational school and then learned my dream job, stonemason, which I see as an occupation between craft and art. I studied this profession for three years and passed the exam as the best in the entire Chamber. Since I wanted to combine craftsmanship with art, I continued my one-year training as a sculptor and also passed the final exam as a stone sculptor.

Question: From a deported needy student to a sculptor – an impressive career indeed. Have you reached the goal of your professional desires?

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Jörg: No, not yet. At the moment I'm still attending evening school to catch up on middle school. Then I would like to do my Fachabitur [German diploma necessary for going to college] and attend the restoration school. Maybe even in Venice.

Question: It all sounds like a storybook career. Where did you have problems in your friendship with Jens and Rita?

Jörg: On the one hand, I very much regret that the sexual part of the relationship has not lasted any longer. On the other hand, there did exist something like jealousy on the part of Rita towards the sexual contacts between Jens and me.

Question: Rita knew about it from the beginning?

Jörg: Sure, I mean we were in the same double bed. Sometimes I had the feeling that Rita punished Jens with love deprivation because Jens also took care of me. This often made him seem to be inhibited, and I sometimes wondered if he was no longer interested. Today, of course, I know that this is not true.

Question: Did it bother you to lie in bed with a man and next to it there is a woman who is not interested in sex?

Jörg: No, not at all. As a child you think pretty selfishly and want to have your own needs met. But sex didn't matter as much as it may seem. In any case, the relationship with Rita did not suffer, at least not from my point of view.

Question: From the perspective of an almost 30 year old – what advantages has the relationship with the two brought you?

Jörg: I was lucky enough to have a sexual relationship with a man who had the positive quality of respecting the feelings of both partners. He was not selfish, did not attempt sexual practices I didn't want and put his own desires second. It was a harmonious partnership. And Rita, together with Jens of course, gave me exemplary support, otherwise I wouldn't be as far professionally as I am today. It was a lucky encounter with the two. They have had a huge impact on my life so far. I also want to keep them as adult friends.

5 Boy 8 years old

5.1 A childhood full of curiosity

Report-ID: 47658

This report is taken from Wolf Vogel's German book *Heimliche Liebe*. It's not entirely certain, but it seems that this report is an autobiographical account of the author. We ask for information that confirms or refutes this.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Wolf Vogel
Topics	post-war, soldier, playing doctor, friendship, youth group, coach, teacher, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net, boywiki.org
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1950
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Wolf Vogel
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Wolf Vogel, Heimliche Liebe - Eros zwischen Knabe und Mann, Jahn & Ernst, Hamburg, 1997. ISBN 3-89407-173-7.

Translated by JUMIMA

A lot has been written about sex between adults and children over the last few years. It is

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striking that even liberal-minded parents only allow or at least tolerate their children's sexual activities if they take place between their peers. However, most adults are afraid of the thought that a child would exchange tenderness with an adult - maybe even with a stranger - in areas below the belt. I am interested in this topic, because I was a child myself and many memories of my childhood still remain in me. I have some experiences, wishes, desires wish I still remember in great detail.

I was born in the last turmoil of war. The first years of my childhood were characterized by deprivation, fear of air raid alarms, emergency shelters, flight, relocations and constantly changing caregivers. When I was seven years old, my mother and I moved to a southern German city. Now my life came to rest; from that time on, many experiences began to be inextinguishably memorized.

I started school and got to know longer term friendship for the first time. Since I was a newcomer, other children started to be interested in me. I spoke a different dialect than they did, had different manners. During the warm season we played together in the ruins of the houses the war had left, wearing only swimming trunks. The big boys pulled our swimming trunks down, so that we stood naked. I didn't like that because no one asked me for permission. I didn't mind being naked because no stranger saw us in the ruins. The sudden assaults made me uncomfortable, much like when a bigger boy pushed me into the water while bathing or pressed my head under the water.

When I was about eight years old, my childhood was wonderful. Street life was fascinating and full of adventure. I don't remember spending a lot of time doing homework during the first four years of school. Immediately after lunch I met my friends on the street. We climbed around in the ruins, explored dark passages through half-buried basements with a lot of heart pounding, admired the grown-ups when they tried to smoke for the first time, or jumped over the fences of other gardens to pick apples, pears and quinces. It didn't matter how the fruit tasted; what mattered was the adventure. Quinces, for example, tasted so terrible that I still don't like them today.

I often walked alone through the streets of my neighborhood, looking for new and exciting experiences. I remember a worker in a road pit. He might have been about thirty years old. His torso was bare due to the heat. He and his job fascinated me. I paused a long time to watch him work. He smiled at me when I became interested in him. I was happy. If he had brought me into the construction pit, had even hugged me and stroked me - I would have almost gone mad with joy and pride. I never saw him as a father replacement after my father never came home from the war. I also cannot remember that I felt what the adults call an erotic radiation. Children do not formulate such terms. Children feel with their hearts. When an adult is nice to them, they like him. It is only important for children that he does not hurt them physically and

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does not cause mental agony, for example by talking ugly about their mother. The construction worker didn't bring me to the pit. Nevertheless, I went to the construction site every day. At some point the pit was closed, the man was no longer there. I was sad.

At this age, I was also fascinated by excavator operators. In some ruins, the rubble had already been cleared away and sometimes regular excavators were used. Most of the time, however, I was sent away with harsh words, apparently because of the fear that I might get under the rubble or the machines. Adults often do not know or have forgotten from their own childhood that children are very careful in what they do. Otherwise there would be a lot more broken arms and legs or even deaths. Most children today die from frenzied drivers.

Back to the excavator operator. One took me to his cabin. I proudly sat on his knees, listening carefully to which lever was responsible for which movement and felt a pleasant tingling sensation on my bare stomach through the hands of the excavator operator, which ran through my whole body. If the man had taken off my swimming trunks and caressed me, I would certainly have sunk into his arms with my eyes closed. I remained untouched and turned to new adventures.

When I was nine the time of soccer games had started. We played across the street with a tennis ball; the basement entries marked the gates. Occasionally we had to interrupt the game because of a passing car, but that didn't matter. I was the youngest and smallest of the boys. Therefore I was only allowed to play if one player was missing due to an odd number of boys.

My athletic career started at the unpopular left wing position. It was inevitable that the basement window grille would burst open and the ball would disappear into the dark basement. I had to get it again, otherwise I would have been excluded from the team, and I didn't want that. So I let myself down through the narrow shaft into the darkness and searched for the missing ball between crates with coal and potatoes and roughly built shelves with canned goods. It would never have occurred to us to take anything out of the cellar. We wanted the tennis ball back so that we could continue playing. Goal scoring was more important than canned fruit or pickles.

The biggest boy in our soccer gang was a fourteen year old. For a nine-year-old, a fourteen-year-old is almost an adult. I adored and admired this boy. He only played mediocre football, but he kept a secret: he regularly had to buy mysterious packages from the pharmacy for his mother. They were wrapped in newspaper. At my request, he unwrapped a package. A cardboard box appeared, which read: Camelia. It had something to do with his mother, with women in general. They needed something. Since I wasn't interested in women at this age, I didn't really care what they wanted this Camelia for. And in later years I never understood why the box was always wrapped in newsprint.

The boy was much more important to me. He already had hair. I could see it clearly when I looked into his gym pants. Nobody was wearing underpants at that time. So I often dropped to the floor with my face contorted with pain. He leaned over me to look after my injury. I looked

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into his open gymnastics pants and would have preferred to stay there.

American soldiers camped in small olive-green tents in a city park. We visited the soldiers almost every day. They gave us canned corned beef and cigarettes. I didn't need the cigarettes, I threw them into the bushes on the way home. I brought the corned beef home. It tasted great. My mother asked where I got it from. Got a gift, I said. Had she asked further questions, I would certainly have had excuses.

Sometimes we crawled into the tent with the soldiers. We lay arm in arm with them and let ourselves be stroked and caressed. It was wonderful. The men's hands also went in our swimming or gym pants. I made no distinction between decent and indecent; It was nice to be caressed no matter where.

The soldiers asked us questions in a language we didn't understand. It didn't bother us, rather amused us. Once a soldier, in whose arms I was allowed to lie, took my hand and led it to his pants. My heart was pounding with excitement. I didn't dare open his pants, so I took my hand away. The soldier smiled.

I have never been warned of strangers. In the post-war years, people had other worries than worrying about supposed sex fiends. I myself never warned my own children about strangers. My two boys often brought friends home with us, also for the night. The younger one also had some adult friends. I made it a condition that I wanted to meet these adults. Only one was apparently unwilling to do so; my son never spoke of him again. It is possible that my youngest also had sex with the adult friends, because he was allowed to stay with them overnight. I never questioned him; he told a lot himself. I think he would have told my wife and me immediately if he had been treated against his will, even once. He still maintains friendships with his male acquaintances today.

When I was ten I had a bosom friend; we were inseparable. At every opportunity we crawled into the bushes to carefully examine individual parts of our bodies. The most exciting thing was the examination of the penis and buttocks. We always postponed the examination of other parts of the body in favor of these two. We stripped naked so that we could see everything better; an old rusty flashlight, a gift from the American soldiers, brought further clarification. At that age, we weren't particularly interested in what the girls looked like. We wanted to know how we boys were made up. I would have loved to have examined other school friends so extensively, but did not dare to do so because I feared that my bosom friend would become jealous.

During this time I joined a Christian youth group. I had heard of such gatherings. It was said that on camps the group leader or the chaplain would take a boy into the tent with them, and

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they would do all sorts of things at night. I could not find out anymore about that. One thing was clear: I had to be in such a group. I wanted to participate in the camp, wanted to go to the tent with an adult, wanted to do all sorts of things with him. I couldn't imagine exactly what, but the adventure was tempting, that much was clear.

After two years I left the youth group again, completely disillusioned. Nothing, nothing at all had happened, at least not with me. Maybe I wasn't attractive enough, maybe my expectations were too high. Whatever I tried, I always had to stay in the tent with my peers. I knew their nightly games from my everyday street life. The campfires were not as fascinating as we had often lit small fires in the ruins of houses. So the youth group didn't offer anything decisively new. I had to look for men in my city, not in untouched nature. The American soldiers had left in the meantime and never came back.

There were tennis courts near our apartment. Few had the time and money to play tennis at the time. It was probably academics who met for a game after work. I watched them for hours, until I had to go home. My love for this sport still dates from this time.

One day I was asked if I wanted to act as a ball boy. I was excited. From then on I earned a few pennies on the tennis court. It was my first job. I wouldn't have let anyone talk me out of it. After all, I was almost twelve years old. I got fifty pfennigs an hour, a fortune, because apart from going to the cinema on Sundays, you couldn't spend any money.

One of the tennis players invited me to take a shower after his game. He was something like the groundsman and had to be the last to lock all the doors of the clubhouse, so that in the end we were alone. Fortunately it was Saturday afternoon, I still had enough time. There was only one shower and the water was lukewarm rather than hot. I stood naked with him in the shower and he soaped me up. It was pleasant to me. After drying me, he kissed my forehead. I saw him as my great confidante. Unfortunately, we only took one more shower together after that, the other times he had to go home quickly.

I can't really remember his age. For children, the age of an adult they like is not important anyway. What is important is how the adult behaves towards the children. In high school, in the Quinta, we had a German teacher who was about to retire.

Although this teacher was extraordinarily strict, he enjoyed great trust with us students. He was strict but fair, that was our verdict. We forgave him for giving us more detentions than other teachers. Children often have a sense of justice that is difficult for adults to understand. Perhaps we found our German teacher to be fair because he always placed detention in the sixth period and not in the afternoon. As a result, our parents found out nothing about our pranks.

For a year I ran after the balls on the tennis court. My mother had found out about it in the meantime because a classmate had told on me. She indicated that she didn't like this occupation.

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She was afraid that I would neglect my homework because I was in high school for the second year and there were actually a lot of chores to do for school every day. I only gave up my job as a ball boy when I joined a football club. I felt the time had come to actively parttake in sports.

When I was twelve I didn't like going to school. In my later life I met only very few twelve year olds who enjoyed going to school, including my own sons. How good for me that at least there was something to experience between classes. The equilateral triangles and French vocabulary were boring enough.

During the breaks we searched for treasures in the school's coal cellar. We found rare stamps from school correspondence that lay in the basement to be burnt for heating. And we found a special treasure: namely the written vocabulary tests by our French teacher. Without notice, they had struck us like a bolt from the blue, brought a five or six for most of us [equals a D or F], and were supposed to be sent to our parents for signature as a warning. So here they were to be burned without the parents having seen them, and from then on we didn't believe the teachers anymore.

Immediately we turned back to our favorite activity in the school basement: sex among school friends until the break ended. At that time girls were not admitted to our high school. Some of my friends already had pubic hair when they were twelve. I felt pretty underdeveloped, also with regards to the activities. The others were much more experienced, much more daring and active than I was. If I hadn't been so shy as a child, I probably would have had a lot more sexual experiences with adults.

For a long time I was amazed that I could remember so many details from my childhood over a period of more than three decades. Then I noticed that I was connecting the events with a certain school class, and even more so: with the respective teachers. I had one teacher in the first and second form, another in the third and fourth form. From high school on we had a new class teacher every school year. This enables me to put many experiences precisely into relation.

My bosom friend had once received the horrific sum of five marks from his aunt for his birthday. We discussed what could be done with so much money. First we went to the cinema. The film was called "Fanfares of Love" and was R-rated [18 years]. We still managed to outsmart the seller at the box office. We said we wanted to buy the cards for our fathers. Later we smuggled ourselves into the film hall in the dark (the "Fox - toning - newsreel" had already started), bypassed the usher and sat down in a corner. It was a romantic love movie, terribly boring for us boys, and we would have fled the room after a few minutes if the consciousness of being in a forbidden film hadn't held us back. So the next day in school we were able to ask casually who had seen "Fanfares of Love". Nobody had seen the film, of course, so we condescendingly reported that it was not badly done. Lots of sex scenes and stuff. The classmates' eyes shone with envy.

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However, one of the classmates was able to produce something worthwhile: his aunt owned an allotment garden with a wooden house. The fact that a three-meter-high wooden fence was put up around the garden is irrelevant to a twelve-year-old boy. The fence was easy to climb over. However, it wasn't the fruits that caught our eye; after all, we were no longer children, but the wooden hut. It experienced my first attempts to make friends with cigarettes. Back then, four cigarettes cost three pennies. We had money: I still had savings from the tennis court, and there was also something left over from the five marks. The cigarettes didn't taste good, but made us grow up. I realized my mistake two years later and have never smoked since.

My school performance degraded as I grew older. In my later adult years I often imagined what an adult friend might have done in terms of motivation. I have seen with my son that at this age he did not study mathematical formulas and English vocabulary neither for himself nor his future, let alone for his parents. He did it for his adult friend at the time, who was thankfully a teacher and who, apart from his technical knowledge, probably also hit the right note.

The soccer club played an important role in my early youth. I had become a good soccer player and never had to worry about being pushed to the second team. I was even allowed to express wishes on which position I would like to play. At the beginning, I was ok with the less spectacular midfield; After growing some self-confidence, I played in the front row and scored the most goals in my team. I felt like a hero on the soccer field. What did the stupid school and the stupid homework count! I also had an excellent relationship with the trainer. He was in his mid-thirties and was pretty tough with us during training. If I hadn't had so much success in the team, the effort during training would soon have been too much for me.

In winter we trained in the school gymnasium. It was also possible to take a shower here. After my training, however, my soccer teammates quickly went out of the way and I helped the coach to clear away the sports equipment. One evening he asked me if I would like to take a shower with him. I thought that was a great idea. When we were standing naked in the shower, I kept looking at him. He asked me if I liked his looks. I answered yes. "I like yours too," he said. I was very proud, especially since I had gotten some pubic hair in the meantime and had my first real ejaculation a few weeks earlier. Since I hadn't brought any soap, he soaped me up. I did the same to him. After we had dried ourselves, there was the first sex between us in the locker room. In my eyes it had been a logical development. When I was thirteen, I had the right to my body and my desire. This first sexual act resulted in a real love affair, which we kept secret from the other players. I don't think anyone noticed anything because my trainer continued to treat me as before. The following year I played in a higher youth level and got another coach. I was actually not sad about the end of the love relationship; it had marked a period of life that was now over. The life of a teenager was waiting for me, childhood was finally over. At school I was one of the best again. Although the secret boy games continued at school, especially in the darkened movie room, where we rummaged in the neighbors' pants, at thirteen I was equally

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fascinated by men. I wanted to see how they looked naked. I knew my school friends, they didn't offer me any new. I wanted to see naked men, I wanted to know what I would look like as a man. In swimming pools, I tried to peek under the partition of the locker room when a man changed next door. I couldn't see much. I was also afraid of being discovered by others. The thought of being brought into the locker room by a man and watching him change, however, excited me so much that I often locked myself in a cabin to give myself sexual pleasure.

In the summer months, wearing only a pair of gymnastics, I occasionally rode my old bike through an overgrown, forest-like park in our city, hoping that a man would notice my sparse clothing and invite me to a rendezvous. My bike tours did not have the desired success. Either no man recognized my secret desires or he was afraid of discovery. In my distress, I finally approached an older boy - he might have been eighteen or twenty years old - 'lured him into a thicket under the pretext of having terrible abdominal pain and had him massage my lower body until I had reached my goal. I can still see his stunned face when I suddenly had an orgasm. He quickly left and I was quite happy with this success.

When I was fourteen I had another erotic relationship with my drawing teacher over five months, after that I was more interested in the girls. I was now familiar with my own gender. I had observed my own physical development, had met many of my classmates intimately, had seen a boy become a man. So this chapter of my life was closed. I got antsy now when I saw the delicate girl's breasts under her clothes when a long-haired girl showed interest in me. I experienced how quickly you get a red head as a boy and how you miss the words when you want to say so much about love and tenderness. At school and with my mother, I never ran out of quick wit and arguments. The girls had succeeded in doing what no one else had achieved: to completely turn my head.

When I think about these experiences today, I often have to smile. I don't have the impression that I was an exotic at that time, who experienced a lot, while the others went away empty-handed. On the contrary: For a long time I felt shy and underdeveloped. I always had the feeling that the others were experiencing more than I was. I don't know if that really was the case. It doesn't matter anymore today. Through the experiences and stories of my own children, I learned that today's boys have hardly changed from us. Certainly, they are faced with much more details about sexuality. They have educational classes at school. They know almost everything about sexuality. At that time we knew almost nothing in theory and simply tried out some things.

I don't think there is a magic formula for how parents should behave when they learn about their child's love affair with an adult. On many parent-teacher meetings [at school] I have experienced more perplexed than determined parents. Bans or warnings against sex fiends can be appropriate in individual cases. In most cases, in my experience, investing trust in the children helps. If children know and feel that they can tell their parents anything without having to fear the

5.1. A CHILDHOOD FULL OF CURIOSITY

moral verdict, they will tell their parents everything that is important to them. Children have an exceptional need for communication. Experienced parents know that too; they know the situation when the mother is bent over the stove and the father is bent over the desk, and the children rush in and the day's big and small experiences gush out of her mouth, so that the parents have trouble listening and not let anything burn.

Much of what seems important and worth telling to us adults is of secondary importance for the children. We should let them choose what they want to trust with us and what they don't. Children also need a few secrets, even from their parents. If they are not granted this freedom, they will create secrets in non-family areas and will succeed in keeping them secret. I know this well enough from my own childhood, a childhood full of curiosity and drive, full of longings and desires. My mother never said, "Child, I trust you." She lived that trust. I would never have abused this trust. I used my freedom as a child, just like today's children do. Some adults should remember much more of their own childhood!

5.2 Boxing instructor

Report-ID: 41753

Short anecdote about a boy who was attracted to the muscles of a boxing instructor. The report originally appeared in an anarchist magazine.

First published	01.01.1992
Author	Joel Featherstone
Topics	sports, boxing
Weblinks	anarchymag.org, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	8
Perspective	third person
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In his article "Positive Child-Adult Sex: The Evidence", in Anarchy: A journal of desire armed, 33, 1992, Joel Featherstone refers to an anonymous man who as a young boy of eight had a sexual relationship with his boxing instructor. He used to be fascinated by the instructor's biceps.

One day, all the boys asked their instructor to flex his biceps, and the man probably noted his fascination. After some time, he took the boy to a back room and they soon arrived at the genitals. It gave the boy a lot of pleasure and he encouraged the instructor as much as possible. They had several sexual encounters from that time on.

5.3 Even then, he had no shame

Report-ID: 99608

Sylvester, one of the iconic singers of the gay movement, has had consensual intimate contacts since he was 8 years old.

First published	01.01.2005
Author	Joshua Gamson
Topics	singer, church, gossip
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	The Fabulous SYLVESTER
Start of the relationship	1955
Age of the boy (start)	8
Name of the boy	Sylvester
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

From the Wikipedia article on Sylvester: about Sylvester:

The young Sylvester was often accused of effeminacy and recognized his own homosexuality from an early age. At the age of eight, he engaged in sexual activity with a far older man at the church—at the time rumored to be the church organist—although he would always maintain that this was consensual and not an example of sexual molestation. Sylvester was taken to a doctor after receiving injuries during anal sex with this man. It was this doctor who informed Letha that her son was gay, something that she could not accept, viewing homosexual activity as a perversion and a sin. News of Sylvester's homosexual activity soon spread through the church congregation, and feeling unwelcome, he ceased his attendance at age 13.

5.3. EVEN THEN, HE HAD NO SHAME

From the book "The fabulous Sylvester: the legend, the music, the seventies in San Francisco" by Gamson, Joshua, 1962, S. 17-21

One day in 1959, when Dooni was eleven, he complained of pain, so his mother took him to the family doctor. The doctor examined him, and ordered surgery in the rectal region. Letha Hurd did not really understand the sexual implications, so Dooni explained how he had been injured and, in the process, himself. Even then, he had no shame, although it was a shock for his family. "I was let down and disappointed, in a way," Letha Hurd said later. "Letha didn't know how to handle Dooni," says Esau Joyner, so she tried to get some help from a psychologist, who told her that some people are homosexual, and that her son seemed to be one of them. "She was so disgusted," Joyner says. "She's from the South. They just wasn't used to that."

It turned out that Dooni had discovered not just Ciod hut sex at PaliTi Lane. By the age of eight, Sylvester later told the journalist Barry Walters, he had been introduced to "the life"—homosexual life — by a choir leader.

Sylvester never named the man publicly, and he didn't tell his family about it until many years later. **He did not exactly blame the man who had seduced him (no one knows how forcefully); even at eight or ten or twelve, Sylvester did not see himself simply as a powerless victim of abuse.** That never seemed to change, though he seemed to realize the gravity of what had happened. When they were grown, Bernadette asked him how he got started in gay life. "One of the choir leaders turned me out," he told her, matter-of-factly. As Sylvester himself described it twenty-five years later to his friend and pastor Yvette Flunder, he was doing what he wanted to do. **"He had sex," Dr. Flunder says, "but he never called it sexual abuse. He never called it that. He was a younger man who slept with some older men. Everybody learns from somebody."** In 1981 Sylvester told the writer Lee Hildebrand, "Obviously I had to want it to happen or else it wouldn't have happened." Speaking to Barry Walters in 1988, he did describe the experience as "abuse," yet not as something he regretted. "He did a real number on me," Sylvester said, "but it never made me crazy. I was a queen even back then, so it didn't bother me. I rather liked it."

But at Palm Lane, people began to talk about Dooni. A bouncy and prim six-year-old was charming, but when the child was twice that age people began to wonder. His effeminacy was now hard to write off as child's play, and Dooni wasn't working very hard to be like the other boys. His voice was changing, but he still preferred to sing in the high range. Rumors circulated, too, that he was doing unmentionable things upstairs with a man from the church. Some folks in the church knew, or thought they knew, that the man in question was the organist at Palm Lane, who was married to "a cute little thing," says Dreda Slaughter—and had a child, too.

According to members of Sylvester's family, those folks were right. Still, no one at Palm Lane

5.3. EVEN THEN, HE HAD NO SHAME

seemed concerned about Dooni. Instead, a lot of people just started getting chillier toward him. “The biggest hurt you could ever get is from church people,” says Dreda Slaughter. “They slice you and dice you and dog you, and they think they are right and think they are helping you.”

5.4 He felt he had control over the man

Report-ID: 77682

Brief description of the case of Dennis, who had an intimate relationship with a man when he was 8 and looks back on it positively as an adult.

First published	01.12.2002
Author	Unknown
Topics	siblings, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1989
Age of the boy (start)	8
Name of the boy	Dennis
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Bruce Rind - "The Problem with Consensus Morality", Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

At age eight, Dennis, a 21-year-old American, initiated sexual contact with a man friendly with his family, whom he suspected of being involved with his older brother. Sex occurred between them for the next two years. He said he usually initiated the encounters because he was always ready for sex. He described the relationship as the most positive he has ever had.

5.4. HE FELT HE HAD CONTROL OVER THE MAN

He saw himself as having the upper hand, because he felt he had control over the man, who went to great lengths to fulfill his wishes.

He felt that his adolescent and adult sexual relations went more smoothly because of the competence he got from these early experiences.

Asked how a heterosexual male could have enjoyed homosexual relations, he answered that he was attracted to sex back then, not females or males per se.

5.5 I pulled off my little game with him

Report-ID: 95154

In May 2007 an interview with German singer and DSDS winner (Germany's version of Britain's got Talent) Mark Medlock appeared in the Hamburg city magazine 'hinnerk'. The interview also briefly touches on Mark Medlock's coming-out and he reports of seducing a man as an 8-year-old.

First published	01.05.2007
Author	Mark Medlock
Topics	seduction by the boy, swimming pool, gay, coming-out
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, maenner.media, uni-hamburg.de
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	hinnerk
Start of the relationship	1986
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	32
Name of the boy	Mark Medlock
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Gay Hamburg city magazine 'hinnerk', May 2007

Translated by JUMIMA

[...]

5.5. I PULLED OFF MY LITTLE GAME WITH HIM

Hinnerk: When you started at DSDS, you were advised to hide your being gay. You didn't do that ...

Mark: I stand by it. And if that doesn't suit anyone, then he shouldn't come near me. I am Mark – and Mark is gay. But I'm still a man and I have my cock hanging between my legs. Take me as I am and never try to change me!

Hinnerk: Can you tell us how your coming-out went?

Mark: When I was eight, I seduced a 32-year-old at the swimming pool. He had a hot ass, was well built and I really went onto him, I pulled off my little game with him. When I was 16, I kissed a man for the first time and knocked over candlestick over three times. And just before my mother died, I went to my parents and said: “Dad, you always wanted to have a girl anyway – and your girl now has a cock. Live with it, I know you love me.” My father actually didn't want me to carry this out into the world, but I did it anyway. I can only strengthen myself through this, people should respect me as I am.

[...]

5.6 Not a victim of abuse

Report-ID: 24988

An anonymous letter to the Berliner Zeitung.

First published	17.08.2008
Author	Holunder
Topics	Coming-Out, Kurt Hartmann
Weblinks	krumme13.org, jungsforum.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1964
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the boy (end)	14
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

*The following anonymous letter was sent to the Berliner Zeitung (see <http://www.jungsforum.net>).
These are the most important parts of the letter:*

Berliner Verlag
Berliner Zeitung
Leserbriefe

5.6. NOT A VICTIM OF ABUSE

10171 Berlin

17. August 2008

- Subject:
- Aid for victims of pedophiles, Berliner Zeitung from 08/17/08

Dear Sirs and Madames,

You may not like to read the following letter.

At the age of 8-9 years (I'm now 52) I had a relationship with a man who I later learned was a pedophile. The relationship lasted until around the age of 14 and luckily remained undetected and free from police investigations. Even today, many years later, I am grateful to my older friend from that time. He made my gay coming out, which happened later and much more in life much easier for me. In the meantime I've gotten to know numerous people who have had positive and sexual relationships with adults in their childhood and youth and who are not ashamed of it. Understandably, such people never come to the various abuse advice centers, because they do not need such help. Therefore, such institutions get a completely one-sided picture of so-called abuse victims.

Sexual crime law even criminalizes perfectly consensual intimate relationships between people under the age of 14 who never cause harm. Therefore, this law is an unjust law. The so-called "abused girls" have all been raped because they have always rejected the sex that was forced on them in childhood. But there are completely different experiences in this area which are regularly embezzled by the sensational press.

Even in the case of the educator from the Awo [German private sector social service], it may well be that the boys have had sex with the accused in a confident, lustful and tender way. It's a misfortune the justice system intervenes in such a case. The boys could have defended themselves considerably at the age of 11. That they haven't (even for years) suggests that the sex was consensual. Power differences or power gaps are not synonymous with abuse of power. Apparently the former boyfriend also accepted the DVD with consensual intimacy. It is my opinion that persecuting people for their voluntary sexuality is simply inhumane. Journalists have to take this into account through all sensationalism. Also keep in mind that people are capable of lust and orgasm from birth.

Even today I am still active as part of the gay movement (at the BAG Queer der Linke) [LGBTQ group of a leftist German party] to make rethinking pedophilia happen.

Sincerely yours

5.6. NOT A VICTIM OF ABUSE

Comment from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

The anonymous author of this letter was probably Kurt Hartmann, who is known for his activity in the field of sexual politics. The head of the German television program *Quivive* of Rundfunk Berlin-Brandenburg (rbb) received a letter from him in response to a broadcast in 2005 on therapy for “pedophiles”.

In his letter, Hartmann explains that the broadcast was one-sided because it did not report positive experiences in “pedophile” relationships.

Among other things, Hartmann shared his own childhood experiences:

“At the age of 8-9 years, I met a man with whom a friendship and relationship developed and lasted for about 5 years. With this man, whom I later learned to be a pederast, I had my first sexual experiences. Even today - after over 40 years - I don't want to miss these sexual experiences and the relationship. They were extremely important and helpful for my later gay coming out.”

5.7 Not everything that is punishable is criminal

Report-ID: 84547

in a German web forum Amanitus writes about a relationship with a man, which he started as a child at the age of 8-9 years.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	Unknown
Topics	punishability, gay, coming-out
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the boy (end)	13
Name of the boy	Amanitus
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In 2006, a member of a German forum calling himself Amanitus shared his experiences as a boy.

It was very important for my coming out as a homosexual and my gay development

5.7. NOT EVERYTHING THAT IS PUNISHABLE IS CRIMINAL

“Not everything that is criminal is punishable and not everything that is punishable is criminal. When I was eight to nine years old, I got to know a man with whom I soon developed a friendly and sexual relationship. The relationship with this man went on until I was twelve or thirteen. I was very happy and proud because of my early sexual experiences and I continue to be so.

It's more than 35 years later. Only later on I was told that this man must have been a pederast. The sexual relationship I had with him at first remained a secret, but it was very important for my coming out as a homosexual and my gay development. I mean, nowadays, nothing better can happen to a gay boy than to have a relationship with an older person who shows him how he can get pleasure from his body. Back then, I had my first (still dry) orgasm and I experienced how great sex with a man can be.”

5.8 Sex at the candy store

Report-ID: 86380

Very short statement by the poet Allen Ginsberg about a sexual experience at the age of 8.

First published	15.05.2006
Author	Allen Ginsberg
Topics	candy
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, bostonmagazine.com, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boston Magazine
Start of the relationship	1934
Age of the boy (start)	8
Name of the boy	Allen Ginsberg
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
Plausibility	3 of 5

[...] During an interview on a Boston television station, poet and outspoken boy-lover Allen Ginsberg joked about the scandal. “I had sex when I was 8 with a man in the back of my grandfather’s candy store in Revere, and I turned out okay,” Ginsberg declared before being hurried off-stage as the station cut to a commercial. [...]

5.9 That was our declaration of love

Report-ID: 80664

A user named 'klappergaul' reports in the German boy-lover forum 'Jungsforum' about intimate experiences with three adults in the course of his childhood and youth.

First published	24.02.2012
Author	klappergaul
Topics	teacher, seduction, boarding school, priest, intellectuality, poems
Weblinks	jungsforum.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1940s
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the man	39
Name of the boy	Tadi
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

So here are some of the promised memories with men who desire.

Some initial experiences as a small child did not go very deep.

When I was eight and a half, I lived alone in the countryside and was visited by my father every two weeks. Otherwise, he wrote to me every three days, my mother at longer intervals. There

5.9. THAT WAS OUR DECLARATION OF LOVE

were reasons of political security for my “life in near-exile”. I was a guest of ordinary people, played with the children there, didn’t go to school, but had private lessons instead. I was like from a different star but was accepted.

A teacher of 39 years made eyes at me. He was not unappealing to me, I just found him somewhat awkward and wooden. He had a different mother tongue, you have to consider that, another religion, dressed as usual there, but a little strange to me, did not talk to me about my origins, which annoyed me a bit.

He also tutored me in Latin. At first he wanted to go through elementary things which had offended me. I already knew a lot, much more than he initially thought possible. In short, we didn’t really warm up with each other.

One day, in September, he read to me from the diaries of a 19th century poet, always looking at me “meaningfully”.

I interrupted (it is not only a reconstruction from - as always and everywhere - unreliable memory, but also from a language other than German):

“You make sweet eyes at me!”

“What’s, ‘sweet eyes’, what’s that ...!”

“Like a fish in love!”

“A ‘fish in love’! What’s that supposed to mean? Never heard of it!”

“Yes, you have! Just now. Boiled fish, if you prefer that ...”

“Boiled fish! Boiled fish! Want to bully me?”

“Nope, you boiled fish!”

Both laugh, embarrassment, silence ...

“I don’t like being here ... I’d rather be at home.”

“I know.”

“What, (parroting and slightly nasal) ‘I know, I know’! What do you know, ‘teacher’!”

“Yes, of course, I know!”

“And why don’t you talk to me about it?”

“I do not know. ...”

“Bravo! Awesome!”

“So now we’re at the ‘you’!” [familiar address]

“We are!”

“Tell me, are you a bit crazy today?”

Shrugging shoulders, chuckling, then:

“Sweet eyes lead to nothing ...!”

Silence.

“We could go through your essay ...”

“Nope.”

“Geography?”

“Nope.”

“You’re starting to really get on my nerves!”

Shrugging shoulders. Prolonged silence.

“I make ‘sweet eyes’ at you because I like you ...!”

“Yeah, right...”

“It’s true! I do like you!”

“Really?”

“How can I show you!?”

Long glance from me, then:

“If you want, and if I want, maybe then ...”

“What ‘maybe’?”

“Maybe then...! Maybe just friends!”

Long silence.

That was our declaration of love. That afternoon he kissed me. You shouldn’t scoff at a cooked fish in a good kitchen.

What started so “zofferig” [naughty behaviour] got very tender. The two and a half we were together, before the wind of politics blew me away again, have shaped me strongly and deeply. Only with him I learned that one could be weak and completely silly not only as a child, but even as a “man”. And for the first time in my life I learned how much I could give to a non-relative, how much closeness is possible with so much cultural diversity. Not the terms I had back then, but the experiences from that time, told first-hand. Long afterwards, after the war, the former teacher fled to relatives in Australia using false papers. He wrote to me several times until he

5.9. THAT WAS OUR DECLARATION OF LOVE

had a fatal car accident in the sixties. He wrote: “It was very nice with you, Tadi . . . It was so nice . . .”

When he died, his wife sent my letters and photos with a tender-sad letter back to me.

He had kept everything.

For today only the third and fourth. The second one is so intimate to me that I don’t know if I’ll ever write about it . . .

I call the third one Sanjo, here. Sanjo was a religious man of an unloved order. He taught French in an elite boarding school in another country where some teachers were priests. Priests who had been uncomfortable to the church because of their insubordination, and had who been deported. (Ridiculously, the principal was a Japanese, who in turn was not wanted in Japan!) He pushed me courageously, in a way that was too sticky, too sweet, too clingy. He was intelligent, very educated, very self-pitying. He not only told me about André Gide and Paul Claudel, he not only read Rimbaud with me, he not only told me that he was “actually” of Jewish descent; no, he “betrayed” to me things that I didn’t want to know, for example that he washed his underpants himself so that the house staff would not see the sperm stains . . .

In short, he got on my nerves!

As much as he wanted to be closer to me, I kept him at a distance, without exception.

The poor man never got over it completely, and it still worries me a bit today. But there was no other way. Sanjo was too sticky, and I really couldn’t do that. Even today, when I speak French, my memory returns to his unfortunate, unfortunately only pitiful love, I don’t know how I should have done it differently . . .

With him there was also “Arrigo” in the teaching staff. Arrigo taught philosophy (we had it from the seventh grade!) And, as an elective subject (chosen by me and loved very much!), cinematics.

Arrigo is, after my father and even before my uncle Ferid, who I mock here so often and with lots of fantasy, Arrigo is the man who has left the most traces in my soul as I grew up. He was relatively small, very delicate, very quiet, completely unsportsmanlike, detesting any martial art. Religious man of a very prestigious order, he was very often urged to leave that order - which he refused out of pure hard headedness, because he didn’t want to give that victory to his opponents. He wore delicate glasses with black metal edges. When he put them down, and he often did, I saw their imprints on the bridge of his nose. He rubbed it with his left hand while thinking, casually holding the glasses at the end of a temple between his thumb and index finger of the right hand with an almost dance-like gesture that fascinated and turned me on because the gesture was light and half-mannered. He devoted as much time as he could to me. His eyes always flashed for a milisecond when he saw me. He told me about the pre-Socratics

and the laws of silent film, about Okam's razor and the aporias (= roughly "contradictions" and "unsolvable tensions") of the theory of representation, about camera work and characters of directors, about the insights and misunderstandings of a certain Karl Marx, of anti-Semitic Jews. I told him about China and the Chinese script, about my father and my cousin, and he was the only one in my life to whom I read my own poems aloud. I stroked his eyebrows, he purred almost inaudibly like a teenage tomcat looking for games. He smiled as delicate as a pencil drawing; brought objections into the game as witty as card players bring their queens & kings; looked at me with half closed roguish eyes. We explored the world of sex as meticulously and devotedly and blissfully as my father explored the plains of southern China. We lay lying together for half an hour, only half awake, as only enchanted, dreamy, infatuated lovers can do.

5.10 The naked play

Report-ID: 95280

Short report from a user from a forum for pedophiles. It is about experiences of an 8-year-old with his best friend and his father.

First published	01.01.2005
Author	Unknown
Topics	incest, nudity, worship
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	8
Name of the boy	Ambar
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	1 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Found at <http://newgon.com/PHP/index.htm> and on BoyChat, 2005

Ambar recounts his earliest sexual experiences, including with his best friend's father at eight years old.

I was about 5 or 6 and he was probably about 10 or so when he talked me into (playing naked didn't take much talking, "You wanna get naked?" "Sure!") and we went from there. The next day he brought some of his friends who already did the naked play thing and we spent most of that summer running about naked and playing those fun games.

5.10. THE NAKED PLAY

When I was 8 my very, very, very best friend in the entire world (as only an 8 yo can see it) and I did a lot of naked play and touching/sucking/humping things. He told me about him and his dad doing the same thing and the next time I spent the night at his place dad introduced me to things that sent me to heaven. He became my second very, very, very best friend and so began a wonderful, loving relationship. I still adore that man :-)

From then on, I had relations with several other boys (and a couple of girls now and then), many ages but mostly my age or younger and a few adults.

High points:

Getting arrested for prostitution on Hollywood Blvd. (dear ol' dad freaked on that one - he was very well known in business and behind the scenes republican politics, I loved the trauma I caused him) which led him to send me to military school, K-12, which turned out to be boy heaven. (I never imagined that boys could actually skinny dip at school and wear speedo type suits with the school logo in public). I was an honor student and did particularly well in math, history and spanish (probably because of my special tutoring times with those teachers).

My first boyfriend at 10 (until age 15 when we moved away), we were the same age and his parents were very open (called 'em hippies back then) and he and I were openly affectionate around them and they were quite supportive and accepting. I'm sure his dad was a BL of sorts, along with his friend who photographed us nude a lot and published a book about boys.

Next, my first YF when I was 16, he was 8, and I was in LOVE!!! Fortunately he was too and we had many wonderful times and that was when I knew for sure that boys were it for me.

And still are, except for my wonderful, marvelous bf who I now adore, hugzz and kisses (he posts here too :-)

5.11 Yes, do it

Report-ID: 50955

Short report from a scientific article about John, who had a relationship with a young man at age 13.

First published	01.12.2002
Author	Bruce Rind
Topics	secret, consent
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Australia
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1988
Age of the boy (start)	8
Age of the boy (end)	13
Age of the man	20
Name of the boy	John
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Bruce Rind - "The Problem with Consensus Morality", Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

John, a 22-year-old Australian, first realized his sexual arousal to girls at age eight. By nine, he felt lonely and was bullied by older boys, when he met a male neighbor in his late teens. They

5.11. YES, DO IT

quickly became friends, and John spent a lot of time at his house. The young man eventually initiated masturbatory sex with him.

John was at first apprehensive that others would find out, but became comfortable with the sex once he felt safe from this concern. The relationship lasted three years. He was proud to be seen with the older male, saw him as his protector, and saw the intimacy they had as the highlight of his life.

Asked if the relationship was consenting, he said yes, because he wanted it, the young man wanted it, he loved the young man, so consent meant, “Yes, do it.”

6 Boy 9 years old

6.1 After all, I have to live in this society

Report-ID: 96638

As part of a study on the effects of child pornography production on the affected children, 3 interviews were conducted with boys. This interview with Peter is the second interview.

First published	01.01.1992
Author	Benjamin Rossen
Topics	photography, sanctions, parents, pornography
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, p-log.info, ipce.info, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	IPT-Forensics Journal
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	34
Name of the boy	Peter
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Jan Shuijter and Benjamin Rossen (1992). "The Trade in Child Pornography" Appendix E: "Interviews with Three Boys", IPT-Forensics Journal, volume 4.

6.1.1 Summary

Taken from the collection *Positive Memories*, compiled by T. Rivas.

Peter met Ferdi [the same Ferdi as in Stefan's story] at a party when he was about nine or ten.

6.1. AFTER ALL, I HAVE TO LIVE IN THIS SOCIETY

He did a lot of things with Ferdi. He went on a holiday with him. They often swam together and they went camping. While he was having a relationship with Ferdi, from the age of nine till the age of eleven or twelve, he slept at his place almost every weekend. He had sex with him.

After his relationship he stayed in touch with Ferdi. They can talk very well. Peter does not think there were any negative aspects to his relationship with Ferdi. He simply enjoyed himself a lot and he felt safe with Ferdi. Although decisions about their activities were taken together, he felt free. Ferdi never did anything Peter did not want to. They always clicked and if Peter did not agree with anything, he just told him. He always liked the sex a lot and felt content and protected.

Peter's mother did not like the sexual aspect of the relationship but she did not forbid him to see Ferdi. She did put him under such a pressure though that one day he phoned Ferdi to end the relationship. Ferdi came over to ask him what was going on and he convinced Peter that Peter really wanted to go on with the relationship.

Peter was also involved in the photo sessions with Fred [See Stefan's story] and although as such he enjoyed them a lot, he thought Fred had acted irresponsibly.

Later on, when Ferdi went to prison, Peter decided he did not want to see him anymore, because he realized that society opposed 'pedophile' relationships. He could not cope with that. However, they remained friends after he was released.

6.1.2 Full Interview

Interview conducted by B.R. on March 13, 1990, with Peter de V. (19), born March 27, 1970.

Peter proved to be a young man of very few words. Part of good interview technique is to resist filling in the pauses after the interviewee stops speaking, for after a few seconds of silence they will almost invariably take up the thread again. Sometimes the most revealing comments are these spontaneous remarks. Peter, however, simply sat silently after his more or less minimal responses. These silences are indicated with (...)

Interviewer: I would like to start with some questions about your contact with Ferdinand, then some questions about the photo sessions with Fred V., and finally some questions about your contact with the police. If you can't remember then don't hesitate to say so. If you don't want to answer some questions, you can say that also.

Peter: Good.

Interviewer: How did you first meet Ferdinand?

Peter: At a party. (...)

Interviewer: Can you explain?

Peter: Before Ferdinand I knew someone else, George (a previous pedophile contact). I had been with him to a party and there I met Ferdinand. I can't remember any more what kind of party it was.

Interviewer: And how did it go from there? Did he invite you or did you initiate things?

Peter: From George. George said something like, "Make contact with him and make a date."

Interviewer: What did you think of that?

Peter: Good. (...)

Interviewer: How old were you at the time?

Peter: Nine or 10.

Interviewer: Can you tell me what sorts of things you did with Ferdinand?

Peter: All kinds of things. (...)

Interviewer: Such as ...

Peter: Been with him on vacations, very often swimming. Often been camping with Ferdinand and other friends, and such like.

Interviewer: Did you stay overnight with Ferdinand?

Peter: Yes, that also. During the time that I had the relationship with Ferdinand I stayed over almost every weekend.

Interviewer: Was there a period of 'the relationship'?

Peter: Yes. (...)

Interviewer: For how long?

Peter: From when I was 9.

Interviewer: From 9 until when?

Peter: 'Till I was 11, 12.

Interviewer: Did you also have sex with Ferdinand?

Peter: Yes. Of course. (...)

Interviewer: Can you remember more things?

Peter: No. Not really. (...)

Interviewer: I want to know not only about the 'relationship period', but also about your contact with Ferdinand up to the present.

Peter: To the present? Yes. The contact has been there all the time because I still visit Ferdinand often. Swimming. (...)

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of your contact with Ferdinand?

6.1. AFTER ALL, I HAVE TO LIVE IN THIS SOCIETY

Peter: We can really talk to each other. Then and now. I can really communicate with Ferdinand. (...)

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with Ferdinand?

Peter: I don't have any. (...)

Interviewer: What do your parents think about your contact with Ferdinand?

Peter: I don't know?

Interviewer: Have you talked to your parents about Ferdinand?

Peter: Now, I know that in those days, when I had sexual contact with Ferdinand, when we were going around with each other, that my mother didn't like it very much. From my father I don't know, because they were divorced and thus only the opinion of my mother was important.

Interviewer: And she thought it was O.K.?

Peter: No.

Interviewer: What did she do?

Peter: Nothing.

Interviewer: She allowed it to go on?

Peter: Yes. She let me see that she didn't like it very much but she didn't forbid it. I've never been able to convince my mother. She didn't agree with me and she let me know. One day, I can't remember exactly when, I think that she psychologically blackmailed me. She brought me into such a state that I phoned Ferdinand to say that I didn't want to see him any more. He didn't understand at all why I should tell him that. Myself I thought, "Something is not right here." I did it just because my mother told me that I had to do it. I didn't understand even though I used to think about what I did, even in those days. But at that moment I didn't. I simply did what she said. Then he came to our house. He didn't have any difficulty to win me back, but he did with my mother.

Interviewer: How old were you then?

Peter: It was ... In those days we lived in Lelystad, and I was nine or ten when I phoned Ferdinand to say that I didn't want to see him any more, but that was actually the message of my mother.

Interviewer: At that time did you realize what was going on?

Peter: Yes!

Interviewer: Did you tell your mother what you thought?

Peter: No. I just couldn't bring my mother to her senses. Not that there was a fight or anything. My mother and I were just not on the same wavelength over that. How that came about I don't know. But that was just so. She told me that she thought it was worth nothing, my relationship with Ferdinand. For one or other reason then it went wrong. I had to say that I didn't want it

6.1. AFTER ALL, I HAVE TO LIVE IN THIS SOCIETY

any more and I did that, but at the same time I was thinking, “This doesn’t make sense, what I am saying now.”

Interviewer: After that were you able to reestablish your contact with Ferdinand?

Peter: He came the same evening to find out what had happened. He also didn’t understand. In fact, it was very good between us. Ferdinand came the same day and wanted to know where the 180 degree about face had come from. He spoke first with my mother and later with me. I think that he had lots of difficulty with my mother. My mother told him that he had to convince me, that the problem came from me, but that was not true.

Interviewer: Was there emotional blackmail from Ferdinand?

Peter: No! From my mother! How so from Ferdinand?

Interviewer: That he had so much difficulty to get you back?

Peter: He didn’t blackmail my mother.

Interviewer: No, I mean you.

Peter: No, also not! I know that for sure. I wanted that relationship with Ferdinand. It had already been underway for a long time, you know. My mother had let it go on for a long time, with the idea, “Let’s see.” But she expressed two opinions, I think. When Ferdinand was there she agreed with him that everything ought to be possible. But later with me it was different. She tolerated it but suddenly she became difficult. That has had an effect on me, that ambiguity. When Ferdinand was in jail that whole thing came up again and I wrote to him that I didn’t want to have anything more to do with pedophilia. Not only because Ferdinand had to sit in jail at that moment, but because the whole of society was against us. I thought, “After all, I have to live in this society.” At that moment it became too much for me.

Interviewer: Do you ever see your father?

Peter: Very often. (...)

Interviewer: How often?

Peter: It is not arranged. Sometimes I don’t see him for weeks. (...)

Interviewer: What did your friends at school think of your contact with Ferdinand?

Peter: They didn’t know and they still don’t know. I recently called up a girlfriend I used to know at school, and she knows now. I told her. She used to be in my class. I told her because I thought it was necessary because we are planning to live together.

Interviewer: And what did she think?

Peter: She thought it was really nice. She thinks it’s stupid that there are penalties for that. But she is also not at all prejudiced because she doesn’t know anything about it.

Interviewer: No details, you mean.

Peter: No. I mean, she is very naive in that area. Yes, she knows of course, that it’s about

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people who love children and also have sex with them, but for the rest she doesn't know anything. I told her with the intention of saying not only that I had experienced it but to let her know what it was. I think that is important if you are going to live with someone to tell them.

Interviewer: What can you tell me about the photo sessions with Fred?

Peter: Fred. I first met him on vacation in Yugoslavia, with Ferdinand. He made lots of photos of his little boy friend. And since I met him there we have often been to a bungalow park and lots of photos were made of the people who came along.

Interviewer: Who were they?

Peter: There were the little boy friends of Fred, from Belgium, and Fred and Ferdinand. There was other children there and they were photographed also.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of the photo sessions?

Peter: None. (...) I think that if you keep the photos in your own circle, or keep them for yourself, than it can hold something that, after a time, won't exist any more. As he used them it has turned out only negative. I mean not only that Ferdinand had to go to jail because of them, but also that I am now in magazines which I know nothing about. Those are all sex magazines and I don't like that. He never asked me for that.

Interviewer: My next question was, what are the negative aspects of the photo sessions? But you have already given the answer. It was only negative. Can you tell me how you came into contact with the police?

Peter: Just like that. When I came out of school one day they were there, at home.

Interviewer: What happened then?

Peter: They wanted to talk to me for a while. (...)

Interviewer: Can you tell me something about it?

Peter: Yes. They wanted to talk to me. Now, yes, wanted ... They had to make me talk whether I wanted to or not. (...)

Interviewer: And what happened then?

Peter: I took them to my room and there they asked me various things.

Interviewer: Was your mother there?

Peter: No.

Interviewer: How did you experience that?

Peter: I didn't find it very nice. They had come just like that ... I had to make time for them. I didn't think it was very pleasant that they hadn't made any appointment with me. And their manner of behaving ... If you are a pedophile then you must not abuse your power, but the police certainly do. They made it obvious that they were the police and they asked things, but the manners.

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Interviewer: Did you answer them?

Peter: I gave answers to everything, yes.

Interviewer: Did you have any further contact with the police?

Peter: They didn't come back.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of your contact with the police?

Peter: I didn't have any.

Interviewer: Not one?

Peter: No!

Interviewer: But that was the child protection police, youth police. They are there for your interests?

Peter: They were not nice. Yes, for my interests. It wasn't in my interests that they should destroy our relationship. I mean my relationship with Ferdinand. At that moment they had disturbed our relationship.

Interviewer: And what did they destroy?

Peter: Now, they are interested in protecting children, but in my case there was nothing to protect me from.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with the police?

Peter: Now, that they just came in without an appointment so that you couldn't prepare yourself for such an interview. I had to answer unprepared and I had to go along with them.

Interviewer: What did your mother think of it?

Peter: I haven't spoken to her about it.

Interviewer: But she was there.

Peter: For the interview with the police not. The interview with the police took place in my room.

Interviewer: But she was at home so she knew that the police had to speak to you.

Peter: Yes. (...)

Interviewer: And you have not talked at all to her about it? Told her nothing?

Peter: She asked, "What have you all been taking about?" She asked me a whole lot of questions and I answered her. She was just as surprised and perhaps just as irritated as I was.

Interviewer: Why did you continue writing letters and phoning Ferdinand while he was in jail?

Peter: That question doesn't really concern me. I wrote him one letter.

Interviewer: Why did you write that letter?

Peter: Why did I do that? An ordinary letter? I thought that he was rather innocent and in

jail. It was not really his own fault. In one way or other I had to let him see that I felt for him. I think that is a bit of a strange question. Isn't it logical that you would do such a thing?

Interviewer: Good. I can imagine that. I am a little skeptical about all this, but if you find my questions not good then don't hesitate to correct me.

Peter: What I wrote was actually my own problem also. At that moment it just became too much for me. (...)

Interviewer: You still visit Ferdinand.

Peter: Yes.

Interviewer: How have you been able to get on with your friendship since Ferdinand's release from jail?

Peter: It had never been broken. We carried on from where we were. We talked about all that, the time that he was in jail. Nothing had changed actually. He was more changed than I.

Interviewer: Has your contact with the police changed your ideas about the police?

Peter: No. Certainly about that sort of police. But not over the whole police body.

Interviewer: Can you explain that further?

Peter: Um. The people who came to me, the children's police, they were not so nice. I think they had the wrong manner of going about things. If they did that sort of thing to me then they will surely have done the same to others. That is not so good. I don't have much difficulty with other kinds of police. I am not prejudiced over how the police work.

6.2 And sometimes I make love with him

Report-ID: 24138

In the appendix to the publication *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties (Experiences of boys in pedophile relations)* by Theo Sandfort, published by the Sociological Institute of the Utrecht State University, 1982, there are 3 interviews with boys who are having an intimate relationship with a man at the time.

First published	01.01.1982
Author	Theo Sandfort
Topics	nudism, school, parents, mobbing
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Experiences of boys in paedophile relations
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	11
Name of the boy	Thijs
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

6.2.1 Interview with Thijs

(Age: 10 years, 11 months.)

What do you spend most of your time doing?

Well, first of all, swimming, and after that not much. I don't have many hobbies. I play football a bit. Yes, and do things with my hands – many different things. I play outside a lot, sometimes

with my friends, sometimes alone.

Then what do you do?

Football, ride the trams around town. I go swimming all the time with Joop [his older partner] at the naturist pool. Usually with Joop, or with Loek, another man. Yes, he knows a lot of people.

Does it make a difference to you that it's naked swimming?

Well, nobody cares if it's naked swimming, but I don't like it much if someone joins us I don't know.

Do you do that every weekend?

Yes, but sometimes he goes somewhere else.

What do you enjoy a lot?

Playing outside.

But we already have that.

Well, I usually come here to Joop's. And I play with him. I enjoy being with him.

What sort of games do you play, then?

Sometimes we just sit around, and then lots of boys and girls drop in at Joop's, usually just as many girls as boys. Every Saturday, with chips and stuff, and I always come here. But I also come when there's nobody here. So when nobody else is allowed in I am, just because I have known him for a long time. So that's what I do a lot. Yes, and sometimes I make love with him.

What do you mean by make love?

Sex, make love, both the same.

You say that's the same, sex and making love?

Pretty much.

So what shall we put down? 'Sex with Joop'? Or would you rather say 'making love'?

Doesn't make any difference. It only happens between the two of us.

What do you really dislike?

Being at school.

How is that?

6.2. AND SOMETIMES I MAKE LOVE WITH HIM

Because I can't be outside playing. Just about every day we have something difficult we have to do – but always something nice, too. Well, I don't know, it's mostly just school.

Is there something that you think about a lot, for example, when you lie in bed at night?

Yes, every now and then I think that I used to be able to sleep with Joop but now not any more.

You think about that?

Yes, and in the morning I'll have to go to school again.

That school is really quite important, isn't it?

Sometimes I sleep with my mother, but I have my own room, too, but then my mother is all alone and she is so old.

Do you think your mother doesn't like to sleep alone?

No.

Why, then, do you sleep with your mother?

Because otherwise she's all by herself, of course. My sister sleeps with her fairly often, too, but she usually sleeps by herself.

In the past you were allowed to sleep with Joop?

Yes, but not anymore. Then she said, 'You can't go over there.' She didn't like it, she said, and of course I couldn't sleep with him anymore. Yes, so it's best not to do it, because she absolutely doesn't want it, and after I'd been coming here a long time.

What do you think of that?

Well, it's not nice, of course. And so I think a lot about it.

Who do you get along very well with?

With Joop and Loek.

Who is Loek?

The one who always comes along swimming.

Are there more people you get along well with?

A whole lot – with Loek's friends, with the people I know well, of course.

Do you have any idea why you get along so well with Joop?

That's because I've known him so long.

How long is that?

6.2. AND SOMETIMES I MAKE LOVE WITH HIM

I'm not really sure – two and a half years or so. I never quarrel with him.

Who do you not get along well with?

Oh, my brother. My brother's always calling me 'mini-poot' when I go off to see Joop.

(‘Poot’ is a derogatory Dutch slang word for homosexual - Ed.)

I'm always fighting with him. And my sister, who is always bossing me around.

What's your brother's name?

Guus.

And he calls you 'mini-poot'?

The way he does it is real crude, I think. It's sort of a rotten name.

Which you don't like to be called?

No, not that name. But if they say, 'You're going with Joop.' well, I don't like that either.

And what's your sister's name?

Trees.

So with Guus and Trees you don't get along so well?

And with Dickie. He says behind Joop's back, 'I'm not going any more to that poot's home!' But he goes to bed with him just the same.

So he calls Joop names behind his back?

Yeah, I've told Joop a couple of times about it, but he won't listen to me.

Do you think that's because it doesn't bother him?

I don't know.

Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. For example, going to school can be pleasant because you learn things there, but it can also be unpleasant, as when you are punished for something. If you now think about having sex with Joop, what would you say is nice about it?

That we like to be with each other. And that I'm used to it. And that it's nice, and all.

You find it nice?

Yes, I just find it real nice with him, the sex and all.

What do you find is the unpleasant side of your sex with Joop?

There isn't one. At least I don't know of any.

Not even when you think about it real hard?

No.

Isn't there something that you'd really rather not do?

No. If there was I'd certainly say so.

Now, I would like to go over some of the things you have written down. That you can no longer sleep with Joop. At first your mother let you?

At first, yes. A couple of times, a couple of days or so.

So, at first it was allowed. Why no longer?

My mother got to know a little about Joop, something about how he is.

She got suspicious?

Yes.

How did that happen?

It started over swimming nude. Joop's friends said that I went swimming, naked swimming. And my mother thought that wasn't a good idea.

Then she didn't permit it anymore?

Yes, she already know a whole lot.

Was that a long time ago, that you were able to sleep with Joop?

A year or two – yes, a year and a half.

How long have you known Joop?

I don't know, two, and a half years or something.

You're almost eleven, eh, so you were around eight or nine?

Yes.

Can you remember how you got to know him, how it went?

Yes. We were going to play football. I was on a bike and the chain came off and Joop said, 'Here, I'll help you put it on'. Well, I could do that myself, but he wanted to help me so I let him. Then he said, 'Would you like to come in?' Well, so I went in, and then I started to go to football with him more often. And then suddenly one time we had sex. It happened very quickly, that sex. I didn't know anything about sex then but I learned in a hurry. One evening I went to the bathroom and he took hold of my penis, and then we made a little love, I mean, had a little sex.

What did you think about it, that first time?

6.2. AND SOMETIMES I MAKE LOVE WITH HIM

I was embarrassed, some, but later, when I'd been dropping by for a week, I just got used to it.

The first time you had sex together, you say, was right in the beginning, so you didn't really know him for very long then?

I'd only known him for two or three days. That was when I was still in the boys' home. I used to come to his house every weekend, and also sometimes during the week. But then I usually had to eat at the boys' home. Around noon I'd say I was going to go outside and play, and then I'd go to my mother.

So it was right in the beginning. Can you say what happened the first time?

What, the sex? Yes first he asked me if it was okay. He said, 'If you don't like it you've got to tell me.' And then he did this with his hand... he did that for a little while, a few days. Because I lived very close to him so I came by often. And finally, I think it was four weeks later, I did it to him, too. And two weeks later we had complete sex, almost every day we had sex, every day that I came. Now I do it every day, because I'm back at home again. Just about every day, but also sometimes not.

If you had to say who it was that began with the sex, that first time, who would that be, in your opinion?

Who started it the first time? He, of course. I had no idea what sex was. Well, yes, I knew what sex was, but not that.

Not through having done it a bit yourself?

No.

What do you think about that, knowing everything about it?

Well, I knew about it when I was ten.

How does it happen now, when you have sex together?

We just have a little sex, and then we jerk each other off a bit, and afterwards we usually go to sleep, take a little nap.

Can you say who begins it now, when you have sex?

It's always both of us, sometimes me, yes, mostly me. And he, too, a lot.

Can you say how you go about it, when it's you that starts it?

I go up to him and say, 'I've got to tell you something.' Well, if anyone knew what 'that' was... that's what he always thinks... but I don't think everybody knows.

And then you go to the bedroom?

Yes, but a lot of kids know, and then they say, 'Oh that again! Just hurry up and come!'

6.2. AND SOMETIMES I MAKE LOVE WITH HIM

Has much changed since you first had sex with Joop?

A lot. We didn't used to do it *together*. I didn't used to know much about him and now I know almost everything. And then I didn't have much contact with him, but now a great deal. And it wasn't really sex with him I had that first time.

Do some people know that your have sex with Joop?

Yes, other people who visit here in the house.

What do these people think about it?

They just don't say anything about it.

And your mother?

She may not even know. She really knows, but I just say that it isn't true. But I still come visit Joop.

So you really are lying a bit to your mother?

Of course. I'm not going to be kept away from him.

Why not?

Just, well, because. . .

How do you think your mother would feel if she know you had sex with Joop?

She'd think it was dirty, I guess. A man and a boy she would think is not normal, it just shouldn't happen. That's what she says.

What do you think about the way she feels?

Absolutely stupid, although I wouldn't tell her it was absolutely stupid. I mean, what business is it of hers? It's my own business what I do.

Are there also friends of your own age who know?

Yes, school friends know about it, because they gossip about me. Something like half my school knows about it. They call me 'poot' and so on.

So they call you 'poot' to your face?

No, I don't let on that I know they call me those names. I say nothing. I'm not stupid.

The boys also think it's dirty?

Well, I don't know. It could be, otherwise they're just not doing it, or they think it's dirty.

What do you yourself think about your having sex with Joop?

Just very nice.

6.2. AND SOMETIMES I MAKE LOVE WITH HIM

For you, then, it's no problem?

Just like a woman going to bed with a man; to me it's the same. And the feelings you get and all.

6.3 Do other kids react to it like I did?

Report-ID: 43316

In a case study in the preface to Susan A Clancy's book 'The Trauma Myth', Frank has his say, did not consider the sexual experience with a man abusive at the time when he was 9.

First published	01.01.2009
Author	Susan A. Clancy
Topics	trauma, abuse, victim
Weblinks	nytimes.com, wordpress.com, blogspot.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	The Trauma Myth
Start of the relationship	1963
Age of the boy (start)	9
Name of the boy	Frank
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Case study from the book 'The Trauma Myth' by Susan A. Clancy, New York, N.Y. 2009. Many other case studies of girls and boys are cited in the book.

PREFACE

FALL 1996

Frank Girard is forty-two years old. He has a steady job as a tax advisor, a wife of twenty years (his high school sweetheart), and three kids whose photos dangle from his key chain.

[...]

6.3. DO OTHER KIDS REACT TO IT LIKE I DID?

Beginning when he was nine years old, over a six-month period, he had sexual experiences with a middle-aged man who was a friend of Frank's family.

This was not the shocking part. Researchers in the sexual abuse field know that sexual abuse is common – that adults all too frequently exploit children for sexual purposes. What shocked me was how Frank said he reacted to the sexual abuse when it was happening to him. What gradually emerged, accompanied by long pauses, frequent sighs, half-finished sentences and eventually tears, was that when the abuse was happening, Frank did not mind it. As a child, he loved this man, and he liked the attention this man gave to him. And sometimes what they were doing felt good. Occasionally he gave Frank baseball cards after the touching, and Frank looked forward to receiving them. When the man moved out of town, Frank felt upset. He missed him, the time they had spent together, and the attention he had received.

[...]

Before Frank walked out the door of my office, he asked me a question. Since I was a researcher at Harvard and “studied these kinds of things,” maybe I could help.

I told him I'd be happy to try.

For the first time in two hours, he looked me directly in the eyes. “What I told you ... how common is this?”

At first I was relieved. This was a question I thought I could easily answer. I began, “Frank, childhood sexual abuse is very common. Approximately one in five children–”

But Frank interrupted me.

“No, not the sexual abuse part, I know kids get abused–for Christ's sakes it's in the papers all the time. ... What I am asking is if other kids react to it like I did ... you know, do what I did?”

Frank was referring to the fact that the childhood sexual experiences he had were not forced–because he had loved the man and enjoyed the time they spent together, Frank did not in any way fight or resist the sex. I had no idea how to answer this question. At the time, based on everything I knew about sexual abuse, everything I studied and was taught by professionals, I was sure Frank was an unusual victim, but I did not want to have to say this to him. I strongly suspected it was something he did not want to know.

[...]

6.4 For children it is probably very nice to have such a friend

Report-ID: 26288

Report on an intimate relationship between a boy and a man from a mother's perspective. The text is originally from the Dutch magazine *Nieuwe Revu* and was printed on May 5th, 1988.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Unknown
Topics	coach, parents, secret
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	30
Name of the boy	Rene
Perspective	third Person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Rene was nine years old when he first went to the apartment of a coach of a sports club with a crowd of friends. [Comment by Wolf Vogel]

His mother Ria: “My son came home and kept telling me about it. He and his friends really liked their new friend. They listened to the radio, played games and got lemonade. My son

6.4. FOR CHILDREN IT IS PROBABLY VERY NICE TO HAVE SUCH A FRIEND

always reports enthusiastically at home about everything he experiences. After a few of these visits, he said there were photos of boys hanging on his friend's apartment walls. I thought: the man must be pedophile. Then I felt bad and blamed myself. Initially, I was too negative. I found myself intimidating my son, saying things that I had heard as precautions when I was a child. Probably that held back my son very much.

His friend knew that I was dealing with it. I read about it and discussed it with my son. His friend heard about it from him. He always asked: "How does your mother think about it?" Then my son would say: "You can tell her, she'll understand it."

After a while we had a conversation. I told my son's friend that if my son wanted the relationship, I would have no concerns about it. I said to my son: "I agree with what you do, but I don't want you to do something in exchange for other things." Because a lot was done for him by his friend. He took him everywhere. The man, about thirty, organized everything. I went into this in detail during the conversation. I said, "If you don't feel like doing something, don't think, what a shame for him. It's really not necessary." That's probably the reason why nothing unpleasant has happened. They are still good friends.

For children it is probably very nice to have such a friend. He can empathize well with the children's problems and helps them with their homework. My son has made tremendous progress in school since he has this friend. It's just a pretty good relationship, and there is no sexuality. Anyway, my son is too old now, he's sixteen. Physically, he is no longer attractive to his friend. But I know from his friend that it probably happens with other children. We speak openly about it, he often comes to us. The physical contact, the caress, that is important for them. How far does it go? They would probably rub each other. From friends of my son I can very well notice that some children are looking for that. They also keep sitting close to my husband here, they just want attention.

Of course, I also had doubts. I would get really angry if my son's boyfriend kept wanting to cuddle with a child who came to him. I then said, 'the child is coming here to play, but you're just thinking about sex.' I told him that he had to be respectful of his little friends, that something could only happen if the child wanted it. But you have to understand that such a relationship is almost impossible, and if it seems possible, you want to have everything right away.

This friendship is still a delicate point for my husband. He accepts it because my son completely rejects sex. My husband has not been aggressive on this point. Of course, he could have forbidden the friendship. But then they would have done it in secret; I don't know what would have happened then. I know my son's boyfriend has had quite a lot of relationships of which the parents knew nothing. I am always amazed at this. I don't understand that. The children call him, he comes to visit them, they eat and sleep with him, are allowed to go anywhere with him. But the parents don't know anything. Nothing is discussed. That scares me. For him. I'm afraid

6.4. FOR CHILDREN IT IS PROBABLY VERY NICE TO HAVE SUCH A FRIEND

that he might get into trouble for that at some point. Now I understand very well that he cannot be open about his preference. He would risk his professional career and almost all of his social contacts in and around the house. If only three or four people have problems with this topic – they can then cause a lot of harm. The risks are enormous. He also doesn't have all relationships at the same time. There are children whom he only caresses or whom he only kisses. There is just one where it goes further.

If there were any real difficulties, I would support him. Because we talk a lot about it, I can help solve many things. It's just terrible for the kids who don't talk to their parents about it. They are carrying a big secret. If something happens and the adult friend drops the friendship because for example they may no longer want sex – where should they turn to? On the other hand, some children can also exploit a pedophile enormously. Because they are so vulnerable. That is probably what is happening, and it is not right.

But I've never wanted to forbid my son's friendship. I think he has the right to make his own choices. And in the end – what is more beautiful than love?"

6.5 He became a second father figure

Report-ID: 47852

In an article in the *New Zealand Journal of Sociology*, Terry Leahy has reproduced excerpts from various interviews with people who had a relationship with a man as a boy. The published excerpts from the interview with Christopher are reproduced here. The other interviews with other men are fragmentary, but can be found in the freely available PDF of the article.

First published	01.03.1992
Author	Terry Leahy
Topics	mentorship, intellectuality, poverty, surrogate father
Weblinks	sagepub.com, psu.edu
Language	English
Country	New Zealand
Sources	New Zealand Journal of Sociology
Start of the relationship	1971
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	18
Name of the boy	Christopher
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Terry Leahy (1992). "Positively Experienced Man/Boy Sex: The Discourse of Seduction and the Social Construction of Masculinity". Australian and New Zealand Journal of Sociology, 28(1), pp. 71-88.

Christopher's interview provides a thorough discussion of these issues. At the time when he was

interviewed he was in his mid thirties. His relationship with an adult gay man, George, began when he was nine years old and lasted till he was eighteen. In a wry comment on the discourse of seduction he offered this remark:

Christopher: “So I suppose then, you want to know now if I’m fucked up now sexually because of this terrible trauma of my childhood? Well – no. Umm. My main thrust – pun! – is heterosexual but ahh, I still occasionally sleep with males but when I say occasionally I mean very occasionally.”

In particular, in discussing the various sexual activities in which he was engaged, Christopher stresses the physical pleasures of various acts and argues that his initial reservations about particular practices (oral sex, anal sex) were broken down as he received physical pleasure from these activities and came to feel that it was only fair to reciprocate.

[...]

In making sense of these issues Christopher makes a distinction between his sexuality and his sexual practices in this period. He refers to an incident when his mother tried to find out whether he was homosexual. She made inquiries through friends and Christopher denied any homosexuality despite his relationship with George:

Christopher: “She was right, I was basically gay at that stage – in practice certainly. But I never, I didn’t feel . . . Actually there was a distinct difference in my sexual practice in that as a boy growing up in a boy’s world I would go out and try and score to go to bed with a woman, not with a bloke, but I would also at the same time maintain my relationship with George and Fred but without that seeming to me to be in any sort of contradiction. Yeah.”

[...]

He refers to an early period of his intergenerational relationship as follows:

Christopher: “What he did was encouraged me to spend my Saturdays over there, working in the shop, doing things which I did which on, you know, on the one hand was an excuse for him to get close to me, but on the other hand I got tons out of it too. It wasn’t just him trying to get me in there. I mean I . . . he shared his knowledge and did take a sort of patron role with me, I s’pose. ‘Patron’ is not the right word. In that Greek sense of, you know, a father figure who’s not necessarily your real father but who – there is a word, I can’t actually think what it is . . . He certainly filled a lot of the roles my own father couldn’t for me.”

As in the social psychology texts referred to above, Christopher relates this mentor role to his need to go beyond what was available to him from his parents. He claims that his turning away from his parents in this period was an instance of ‘normal adolescent disagreements, probably, and shifting feelings of closeness, or affection or love, what-ever, towards one or the other’. This sense

6.5. HE BECAME A SECOND FATHER FIGURE

that breaking away from one's parents is a normal and beneficial part of adolescence informs his presentation of the attractions of his relationship with George:

Christopher: “And it was certainly not a totally, not only a sexual relationship, in that, this is in those early days, in that he umm, uhh, supplied me with something which I didn't get in my family life which was a sort, which was an outside existence. In a world that had to do with something that my immediate family and school world had nothing to do with at all, like an art world in other words. Specifically a sort of world of *culture* with a capital C. Which I knew nothing about and had no contact with. In that my parents were poor, we didn't go to theatre or anything like that much . . . He became a second father figure to my own father figure. And for a period I certainly turned against my family and was in favour of *him* if you like, but umm, the way that I think now is quite differently to that. In terms of . . . what I was doing was a classic case of a child rejecting the family and he provided an easy vehicle for me to do it with.”

[...]

Christopher: “There was definitely anti-poofter, sort of poofter bashing mentality around at the time. And I didn't want anyone to know [about his relationship] but at the same time that was to some degree balanced against a tendency in me to not necessarily want to conform to society's notions of what I should be and some sort of inherent sense inside me that this was not right, you know .. within the terms that I had been educated in, the Christian ethic, it was not right. So that's I suppose how I would see the relationship now and how I instinctively felt about it at the time; that sure, despite all my guilts and despite the religion and despite my, you know, the pressure on me from peer groups and society in general to poofter bash that it just wasn't right, you know.”

[...]

Interviewer: If someone put to you the view that you were involved sexually with George, not because of any sexual interest but (1) because he wanted you to do it and (2) there were no sexual outlets in women what would you say?

Christopher: “Oh, I'd say it's probably true. (Pause) I mean for me that's fine because it was a good relationship. But probably that's true, that's the reason it started . . . was because puberty was arriving or had hit or whatever and I had nowhere to direct it and someone came along and either sensed that or wanted or fancied me for his own ends. I mean I don't really care if he fancied me for his own ends – that's alright too.”

[...]

6.6 He was probably a paedophile!

Report-ID: 76325

An accompanying article to the film 'The Devil Amongst Us' (1998), which appeared in the British newspaper 'The Guardian', there is a report of a man who was said to have enjoyed having sex with men as a child.

First published	17.09.1997
Author	Dea Birkett
Topics	TV, gay movement, political correctness, first time
Weblinks	archive.org, imdb.com
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	The Devil Amongst Us (1998)
Start of the relationship	1966
Age of the boy (start)	9
Name of the boy	Neil
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Birkett, Dea (1997). 'The Devil Amongst Us - accompanying article', The Guardian, September 17, 1997.

During my research I met Neil, a gay man now aged 40, who enjoyed having sex with adult men from the age of nine.

“It seems to be politically correct, even within the gay movement, to be anti-paedophile. But when I ask gay male friends when they first had sex they say, ‘Oh, ten, 11, 12, with a bloke down the road who was 22.’ He was probably a paedophile!”

6.7 I was absolutely addicted to cuddling

Report-ID: 75852

This report was submitted to the Jumima website by a visitor. In further correspondence, Lukas agreed to answer a few additional questions. This interview can be found at the end of the text.

First published	27.04.2020
Author	Anonymized
Topics	swimming pool, half-orphan, alcohol, lake, girls, seduction by the boy, death of the man
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jumima
Start of the relationship	1990
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	43
Name of the boy	Lukas
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

6.7.1 Lukas describes his relationship to Martin

Germany in 1990. I was 9 years old and my life so far had been just shitty to say the least. My father died in a car crash when he was drunk. My mother also had a severe alcohol problem.

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I've had suicidal thoughts several times.

But then I met Martin at a lake. He was 43 at the time. I had seen him sit by the lake several times and whenever our eyes crossed he smiled at me kindly. One day I was alone at the lake and the sun was burning. So I put sun lotion on myself to avoid getting burnt. But as it is, it's hard to get your own back. Since I was alone as I said, I looked around and saw this man sitting there again and as always he smiled at me kindly.

So I went to him and asked him if he could help me put lotion on my back. He was totally friendly and then helped me too. While he was lathering my back we started talking and I told him about the shitty life I've had so far. In the meantime, I enjoyed how tenderly he was putting the lotion on my back. I had never felt so much tenderness before. When he was finished, he asked me if he could do anything else to make me feel better. But I didn't know what to say and just looked towards the lake, where a father was horsing around with his children and they squealed with joy when he threw them through the air into the water.

The man then asked me if I wanted to be thrown through the air that way. And that had exactly been my dream for a long time. So we horsed around in the water for hours and I've never had as much fun as that day. The icing on the cake was when the ice cream truck came around the lake and he bought me an ice cream.

From then on we met at the lake every day and had fun in the water and sometimes we just talked for hours. I started to really like him and he became my best friend. He also noticed when I wasn't feeling so well and then hugged me and I felt better again. I just felt this security and tenderness that I didn't get at home.

By that time fall was coming and the temperatures were no longer inviting to take a bath in the lake. It had become so important to me that I really wanted to keep in touch with him. He then suggested that one could go to the local swimming pool or to the cinema or the zoo and so on and also offered that I could visit him at his house at any time.

And yes, in the end I was with him every day. Because what should I do at home where my drunk mother blamed me for everything again? That was when I started to seek physical closeness to him. We sometimes spent hours arm in arm or I had my head on his shoulder and he stroked my hair gently. We also went to the swimming pool and horsed around and used the slide together. We went to the movies and the zoo a few times. But I preferred to be alone with him. I was really cuddly.

It struck me that his heart always started to speed up and pound when we cuddled. When I started kissing him while I was cuddling, I really noticed how his heart seemed to jump out of his chest. But I was not much different. I also found it very exciting and my heart started to beat faster. Then one day we looked us deeply in the eyes and somehow I felt that there was more

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between us than friendship. We got closer and closer with our mouths and then it happened: our first real kiss. I also closed my eyes and just wanted to enjoy this moment.

But then Martin interrupted that moment. When asked if I had done something wrong, he said that it was not that, it was that he was just not really prepared for this kiss to be so intense and just didn't know if everything we were doing was right. At first I didn't know what to do with that and just said "but we love each other and people who love each other also kiss". He then explained to me that there were laws that would prohibit such love. But I made it clear to him that I didn't care.

In the meantime I had turned 10 and a new summer was coming. During the summer vacation we went on our first vacation together. In the meantime, when I cuddled and kissed, it always started to tingle in my pants and I always rubbed my boner against him. And I had also noticed that he often had a hard-on. But he always tried to distract me from it and when I moved my hand in that direction, he took it away.

We then drove his car through Denmark, Norway and Sweden and put up our tent at a different place every evening. It was a wonderful vacation and I kept trying to get intimate with him. At first he always said that he didn't want me to do something to please him and that this could have legal consequences for him. But I didn't see any problem because we were alone, so where should legal consequences come from?

Then he gave in and our first real sexual acts took place. After we had spoken extensively about it again, he said that since I keep trying it over and over, he was now sure enough that I really wanted it on my own and told me that I should just sit back and relax and started slowly to take my clothes off. He then kissed me there, but also looked into my face again and again and emphasized again and again that when he would do something that I didn't like that I should tell him immediately. He covered my whole body with kisses and caressed it and when I thought it couldn't get any nicer, he started blowing me. These feelings were so indescribable. My whole body twitched and I had no control at all. He then explained to me that this had been an orgasm. After I calmed down a bit from these really intense feelings I wanted to give him the same great feelings and I started just as he did with me. But when I was just about to start blowing and just put it in my mouth and my tongue touched his glans, he gently pushed me away and said that he was about to ejaculate and he didn't want to do it into my mouth. That was when I saw sperm for the first time and I found it fascinating how it spurted out. I played around with it a little and smeared it back and forth with my fingers. Then I tasted it and found that it didn't taste too bad. From then on I let him come in my mouth.

When we got back from vacation, I continued to visit him every day and we both eagerly waited for my first sperm to come. But it was also always a wonderful feeling without it. I had the first sperm when I was 11. At first I thought I had to suddenly pee and wanted to warn Martin that

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I was going to pee in his mouth – but he continued undeterred and then it was “too late”. He smiled at me, swallowed a little, and then said, “Congratulations, that was an ejaculation.”

Of course we didn’t just have sex. We also did great other things together. Then when I had turned 12, I asked him if there was more than blowing. So we also tried anal. He was really careful about it and it didn’t really hurt, but it was a different and not so good feeling as blowing. Even when I tried sticking it in him I didn’t really like the feeling as much as when he did it with his mouth. Well, we only tried it once and he also told me that he didn’t like anal so much.

When I turned 14 and all my classmates already had experiences with girls, I wanted to be one of them and told Martin that I would also like to try doing it with girls. He was totally nice and understanding and told me that I should go and have my experiences. But we remained friends. We no longer had sex, but we remained good friends.

At some point I realized that it didn’t really work out for me with girls. Because somehow I wasn’t really happy with any of them. Then I realized that I was now sexually attracted to boys. I was no longer “together” directly with Martin, but he was still a good friend. So he also helped me to deal with it, became my mentor and gave me tips and advice on dealing with boys. At first he slowed me down when he noticed that I was running into something bad and was in danger of doing something to a boy against his will.

Basically, in our boy-man relationship, he had already shown me how to behave properly towards boys. Unfortunately, he has passed away 5 years ago and I still miss him. Because he was a good friend until the end and was always there for me when I needed help.

I had no other intimate relationships with older people. By the way, not with younger people either. But even if I had, I wouldn’t want to report on a relationship with a boy anyway. At least not as detailed, as this could otherwise become criminally relevant . . .

6.7.2 Additional questions, which Lukas answered in writing

Jumima: Did others besides you and Martin know that there was more than friendship between the two of you? How was that?

Lukas: No, nobody knew that there was more than friendship. I thought it was OK like that. Why should anyone need to know about it? It was nobody’s business. We made love and had fun.

Jumima: What about your mother, did she know about the relationship and did she agree?

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Lukas: My mother only knew that I was with a friend. It didn't matter to her anyway, as long as she had enough booze. I always told her that I was leaving and when I would probably come back. But I don't think she cared about it, she was just reproaching me all the time anyway and wasn't really interested in me. The important thing for her was to get drunk. So my mother became more and more indifferent to me. After all, I had found someone who loved me and whom I loved.

Jumima: When you had sex together, who usually started it? How often did it take place?

Lukas: So the first couple of times I always took the initiative. He would never have started on his own. Because he was only interested in the fact that I was doing well and put my wellbeing above everything else. And we usually did it every day. Any time when we were undisturbed. When it had settled in, it sometime changed. Sometimes I spoiled him first, sometimes he spoiled me. Very rarely it happened that one of us didn't feel like it and we didn't have sex that day. Then we just cuddled or did something else.

Jumima: Was there anything in the relationship that you didn't like? E.g. something about the sex?

Lukas: Actually, everything was really nice and I liked it. We did have a brief argument once. There were the lyrics of his favorite band. I found many songs nice, but they also had some songs about drinking and alcohol. And I couldn't listen to that because of my mother. But he also understood that and then stopped playing these songs when I was there. The sex was always great. Well except for the "anal attempt". But we both agreed on that, too, and left it at the one attempt.

Jumima: Were there any arguments and problems?

Lukas: Well, the one time when these songs were playing, which I just mentioned. But we never really had any arguments or problems.

Jumima: Have you ever been afraid of discovery?

Lukas: Not really. In public, we behaved like father and son. I didn't really think about it either.

Jumima: Do you know if Martin had other relationships besides you?

Lukas: Not any while we were together. And with other boys it was probably just friendship. He probably only had such a real relationship with me.

Jumima: How do you feel about being considered a victim of crime before the law?

Lukas: I absolutely don't feel like a victim. Neither was Martin a sex offender [Täter]. Without him, it would certainly not have taken me long to put my suicidal thoughts into practice. So he saved my life. How can I be a victim and he a perpetrator?!? This law is just sick. If I imagine

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that he would have gone to prison because of me! I would have thrown myself from a bridge or something similar without second thought.

6.8 I willingly gave myself to him

Report-ID: 25510

Report by *Elf* from BoyChat, a web forum for pederasts. He tells how his relationship with 17-year-old David was violently ended by his parents.

First published	08.11.1998
Author	Elf
Topics	alcohol, parents, violence, neglect, guilt
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	BoyChat
Start of the relationship	1982
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	10
Age of the man	17
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: BoyChat

6.8.1 My Story. A Story of a Boy.

Submitted by Elf on October 08, 1998 at 22:56:10:

I have been reading BoyChat for quite some time, and only just the other day I finally worked up the nerve to place a message. I'm still very confused and ashamed and afraid to even think about what I'm feeling, but to know that there are others... It helps.

6.8. I WILLINGLY GAVE MYSELF TO HIM

This is my story. I've never told anyone, nor written of it until now.

When I was a boy I was what society would call molested. My parents were both drinkers, and they fought a lot. When they weren't fighting they were out partying, so from the age of 8 or so I was left to fend for myself. I had no siblings, and hardly any friends, so I learned to function alone out of necessity.

Behind my house was another family's property. They seemed sort of low-class: run down house, old cars in the yard, etc. As far as I know there were only three people in the family – father, mother, and son. The son was named David, and I'm not sure how old he was exactly, but I guess he was a middle-to-older teenager, maybe 16-17 or so. I'm pretty sure he could drive, so I guess I've got the age about right.

David was kind of scruffy looking. He had some sort of after school job that was messy, maybe road work or construction or something. He was tall (at least to me, at 9) and lean, with blonde hair in a crew cut. He was always nice to me, and since I was a lonely kid I guess I probably hung around him a lot just for the company.

Because of the limitations on graphic descriptions here on BoyChat, I won't supply the details. Its enough to say that David and I started a sexual relationship. He initiated it. It started with touching, etc., and eventually graduated to oral sex. He never penetrated me, and never made any attempt to. He never made me do anything I didn't want to do, in fact, he was reluctant for me to even try to perform oral sex on him because he thought he was too big and that he'd hurt me – I insisted (it didn't work too well). This went on for over a year, pretty steadily. I felt like I had someone who wanted me, who thought I was special. I guess I loved him, as much as any 9 to 10 year old can.

Eventually my father found out about what was going on. To this day, 15 years later, I don't know how he knew. Something went down between my Dad and these people. I never saw David again, and their house was empty. I got the worst beating of my life, and nearly had my arm broken, at my father's hands. He said it was to teach me to be a man. Then I was subjected to counseling.

I was told that what had happened was wrong. But, if that were true, then I was just as much or more to blame. Although David was the initiator, it was I who sought him out more often than not. It was I who suggested new games, new "moves," to try. It was I who, time and time again, offered my thin, naked boy's body up to him for pleasure and for love. I willingly gave myself to him. There was no coercion.

And now? It's 15 years later, and my life is a mess. I've never been really able to commit or complete anything. I've never really had a serious relationship, just a few fleeting sexual encounters. Although I'm told differently, I don't feel attractive to anybody. I don't feel wanted

6.8. I WILLINGLY GAVE MYSELF TO HIM

or loved. I am completely alone in the world, without a friend to turn to. And why? Well, lots of reasons, probably. But largely, I blame it on being ripped away from the bosom of the only person who ever showed me affection. As far as I am concerned, all that lies ahead is cold and misery, until I finally get to die.

God, David, I miss you.

6.9 It was a wonderful time

Report-ID: 70710

A user named *club* wrote about his relationship with a Jewish man when he was between 9 and 14 in a German forum for pedophiles.

First published	21.05.2009
Author	club
Topics	love, secret, pocket money, abuse
Weblinks	jungsforum.net, jungsforum.net, jungsforum.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Hans
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Source: Post from club on Thursday, May 21, 2009

Hi,

I now want make a contribution about the topic “Pederast”. I fully understand boy lovers. Everyone just talks about abuse, I myself had a relationship with an older, about sixty-year-old man at the age of about 9-13/14 years. I had known no cuddling known from the mother, no

6.9. IT WAS A WONDERFUL TIME

tenderness. I got to know Ari through errands for the bakery, where we lived after the war until the beginning of 1960. A very sympathetic gentleman, he was a Jew and lived halfway up in a cultivated, big house. Through him I got to know not only tenderness, but also love for men and sex with him. I was able to enjoy all varieties of sex among men with him! Yes, you read correctly! I enjoyed spending time with Ari. My parents never found out about it! I can not speak of abuse, I was spoiled with pocket money, love and tenderness! it was a wonderful time, these years!

Abuse in my eyes means rape and coercion, but not the amount of love I was allowed to experience!

I know that I will get bad and good answers and comments!

But I just wanted to make it clear that a child also wants to be tender with an adult!

If you want to find out more about my years [sic!] or if you are interested in the topic, feel free to send me a separate email.

[...]

Source: Post from club on May 26, 2009

Hello Holunder,

Sorry, I've been visiting relatives for a few days.

Well, I didn't turn gay later on, from my experience with Ari. Today I am over sixty years old and through these experiences I have feelings for men as well as women, so I'm BI. A cute boy of tender age, Olala! I've been married for over 30 years, but I also love cute boys. I have two children myself, already grown up and married themselves. I'm outed with my wife, I told her that when I was a little boy I had Ari as a tender lover, as the person I loved during the years up to around 13/14 years. Today, as an ambitious amateur photographer, I'm also captivated by young boys. [...]

Well, in any case, I have not become 100% gay, I only have the same interest and feelings for the male sex!

[...]

Source: Post from club on June 15, 2009

6.9. IT WAS A WONDERFUL TIME

Hi,

I actually got on the board because I was going to write in an open manner about my experiences with my older boylover, who was already around 60 (he was a pederast) and which lasted for a few years!

But I don't think it's appropriate.

I was already described as sick because, from my point of view, I have to say today that the sexual relationship did not harm me between the ages of 9 and 14. I therefore do not feel that I have been abused, because, please forgive me, I liked it!

My first love was a man! I may be sick or crazy - but that's how it was!

Greetings to you, Hans

6.10 It was my own choice and it felt great

Report-ID: 51511

Guus Harms, a fashion designer and painter in the Netherlands, was born on the South Pacific island of Java when it was still a Dutch colony. At the age of 76, he spoke on Dutch television about his earliest sexual experience.

First published	18.02.2000
Author	Marjolein de Meijer
Topics	cultural differences, doctor, age of consent
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com, tegenwicht.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	De Eerste Keer
Start of the relationship	1933
Age of the boy (start)	9
Name of the boy	Guus
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Guus Harms in televisieprogramma De Eerste Keer: “Ik heb op mijn negende voor het eerste gevreeën en ik genoot ervan”

(In English: Guus Harms on television show The First Time: “I had sex for the first time when I was nine years old and I enjoyed it.”)

by Marjolein de Meijer, Gay Krant (Netherlands), February 18, 2000

When I was nine years old, I did it with the doctor who lived with us. Yes, my dear child, you heard that right. Nine years old. But it was my own choice and it felt great.

6.10. IT WAS MY OWN CHOICE AND IT FELT GREAT

At that time, it was quite normal to make love at a young age. I think it was the atmosphere over there. For instance, back then, when you wanted to swim in the river, you didn't need a bathing suit, but would just go naked. There was no taboo on nudity. You learned in a playful way how to deal with touch, lust, and sexuality. I don't know how things are there nowadays, but this was very common in Java in the 1930s.

You only do a child injustice if it indicates it doesn't want these sexual acts. But I wanted it.

It takes longer for children to grow up here. I think, in the Dutch conditions, the line should be drawn at about 13.

If they find themselves old enough to smoke cigarettes, guzzle beer or use soft drugs, they can also decide for themselves whether they want to have sex with you.

6.11 Man, What a Feeling!

Report-ID: 62836

A Californian hustler writes to NAMBLA to report on his relationship with his lover and men in general.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Eric
Topics	hustling, travels, married
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	9
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Eric
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	1 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

6.11.1 Man, What a Feeling!

I am 14 years old, grew up in the Bronx, New York, and have been hustling my buns since I was nine years old.

Boy-lovers have always been nice to me. It is the straight dudes who are married that have a

6.11. MAN, WHAT A FEELING!

royal freak-out after they have sex with a boy, and then they treat you like shit.

I travel all over with my new lover. He took me to California in January, and we got to go to all the beaches. My parents don't give shit about me – never have – but they like the money that I send home.

Sure I love the sex part, and it is usually me who gets it started. We just enjoy jacking each other off – or I will lay on top of him so he can get his dick under my balls, and we hump like crazy. Man, what a feeling! We always practice safe sex. I sometimes can't get enough sex, so we are always sexing it up. I like to suck my lover's dick until he comes, but not in my mouth. I catch his cum in my hand and make him jack me off with it. Boy-lovers, keep on loving us young dudes.

Eric

California

6.12 Maybe the damage was all on his side

Report-ID: 66637

Short statement by the biologist Richard Dawkins about a Latin teacher who groped him when he was 9 years old and later committed suicide.

First published	15.05.2006
Author	Richard Dawkins
Topics	teacher, groping, death of the man, suicide
Weblinks	archive.org, wikipedia.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	RichardDawkins.net
Start of the relationship	1950
Age of the boy (start)	9
Name of the boy	Richard Dawkins
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Article 'Religion's Real Child Abuse' by Richard Dawkins; richarddawkins.net/articles/118; RichardDawkins.net; 15 May 2006

6.12.1 Religion's Real Child Abuse

Happily I was spared the misfortune of a Roman Catholic upbringing (Anglicanism is a significantly less noxious strain of the virus). Being fondled by the Latin master in the Squash Court was a disagreeable sensation for a nine-year-old, a mixture of embarrassment and skin-crawling revulsion, but it was certainly not in the same league as being led to believe that I, or someone I knew, might go to everlasting fire. As soon as I could wriggle off his knee, I ran to tell my friends and we had a good laugh, our fellowship enhanced by the shared experience of the same

6.12. MAYBE THE DAMAGE WAS ALL ON HIS SIDE

sad pedophile. I do not believe that I, or they, suffered lasting, or even temporary damage from this disagreeable physical abuse of power. Given the Latin Master's eventual suicide, maybe the damage was all on his side.

6.13 Today I would be labeled a sexually abused child

Report-ID: 45428

The psychologist Martin Seligman tells of an event from his childhood when he exchanged kisses with a “bum”.

First published	01.01.1994
Author	Martin E. P. Seligman
Topics	bum, kisses, abuse
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	What You Can Change and What You Can't, by Martin E. P. Seligman
Start of the relationship	1951
Age of the boy (start)	9
Name of the boy	Martin Seligman
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: What You Can Change and What You Can't, by Martin E. P. Seligman, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1994

Today I would be labeled a sexually abused child. Myron “molested” me every weekday for about a year when I was nine. I walked four blocks to School 16. On the corner, Myron sold the Times Union for a nickel. He dressed in dun-colored rags, was unshaven, and stammered badly. Today my colleagues would label him “a retarded adult with cerebral palsy.” In the early 1950s, people in Albany, New York, labeled him a “bum” and a “dummy.” But he and I had a special friendship. He kissed me and we hugged for a few minutes. He told me his troubles and I told him mine. Then I went off to fourth grade.

6.13. TODAY I WOULD BE LABELED A SEXUALLY ABUSED CHILD

One day, Myron disappeared from his corner. I looked for him frantically, and a policeman on the beat nearby told me that Myron had “gone away.” I was heartbroken. He hadn’t even said good-bye.

Five years later, I saw Myron as I got off a bus to go to the Palace Theatre way downtown. “Myron!” I shouted joyously. He took one look at me and ran away as fast as his limp allowed. A pile of unsold newspapers, flapping in the cold winter wind, remained.

Today, of course, I can fill in the gaps. A passing neighbor must have seen Myron “molesting” (i.e., hugging and kissing) me. She told my parents. My parents told the police. The police told Myron that if they ever saw him with me again, they would send him to prison—or worse (Albany was not a gentle place in the 1950s). No one told me any of this.

7 Boy 10 years old

7.1 10, 11, 12 in Chicago...

Report-ID: 79193

This text, posted by a user named *Pluto*, is from the 'Logical Reality' forum. It was posted on the Adult/Child Sex Survey sub-forum.

First published	05.02.2002
Author	Pluto
Topics	catholic, masturbation, consent
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Logical Reality
Start of the relationship	1957
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	12
Age of the man	50
Name of the boy	Pluto
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: Logical Reality Forum, February 2002.

Somehow I have found myself on this site, reading about other sexual scenes featuring an adult and a child, (or children), and at 56 years of age, I thought it was about time to simply say this is what happened to me ... when I was a boy ... 10, 11 and 12 years old. I was married to my first wife for 11 years, and it never dawned on me to ever say anything about it to my wife. not

that I was ashamed or concerned about those years, about sex with a much older man, it was just something that happened a million years ago, and there's no need to re-visit what happened. Except this: at least once a month, never less, whether I was married, in the army, whatever, once a month I would have a dream which was always changing, but always involved me as a boy, in the loving act of taking an older man's penis into my mouth and sucking on it. Usually, I would continue until the penis ejaculated sweet semen into my mouth . . . or so the dream always went . . . There were times in my first marriage and I would have a dream like that, and it gave me such an erection that I would wake my wife and use her mouth or her anus to force my ejaculation. Could I ever tell her what the mental instigation came from? Of course not. So those early sexual days remained trapped in the back of my mind, and I simply never mentioned them to anyone.

But now the time has come, because I will contribute this fact to the group. Yes, I did have sex with an adult when I was very young – 10, 11, 12 years old – and I treasure and cherish the memories. . .

I grew up outside of Chicago, in an Italian family living in an Italian community. This was in the 60s. And my wonderful old Italian mother used to warn me constantly and seriously about “the homosexuals” who might kidnap me and make me do terrible things, and she would literally make the sign of the cross to ward off such an event in her son's life. Besides, none of her warnings ever registered with me, because it was before my puberty, and I had no real sexual vibes in my life yet. But at a late 9, early 10, I discovered my penis, as did a male cousin my age, and we spent hours and hours hiding in the house playing with each other, making each other cum. . .

At that age, I was in love with baseball, and dreamed of playing for the Cubs. Somebody told my father that a man who lived in our neighborhood used to play semi-pro baseball, and even coached it. He was about 50 at that point in his life, an Italian man who had lost his wife in a car accident a few years before, so everyone automatically accepted him, as they might not have accepted someone else, a man living alone, that wasn't a good sign. But they knew him, went to school with him years ago. So soon we were spending every afternoon after school in my long driveway that ran the length of the house, with this man teaching me how to be a pitcher. In fact in only 3 months, he had taught me how to throw a decent fastball that was accurate for a kid my age, 10 . . . and in about 6 months he had actually taught me how to throw a curveball. And in only about 8 months, he taught me how to get on my knees in front of him in his house, and let him use my young boy mouth for the pleasure I would bring to his penis. And the honest to god's truth is that I loved every minute of it then, and I still jerk off thinking about what he made me do with him when I was so young. The first time it ever happened, I was in his house looking at some old baseball magazines he had in his collection, when all of a sudden he showed me magazines that showed pictures of men's cocks, and most of them were very large and hard,

and while I looked at the pictures and was getting totally aroused, he simply stood in front of my face, unzipped his pants, pulled them down a little, and he fed his absolutely beautiful cock into my mouth inch by inch until he was so hard he was choking me... His penis was uncircumcised, the first one I had ever seen (my father and uncles were all cut, from what little I remember about them, but I know I did sometimes see older guys cocks, and my cousin and I would laugh about it and jerk each other off describing whay they looked like...) He would kind of pose with his cock in front of my mouth, and he would work his foreskin up and down over the head of his cock, which always looked redder than the rest of his cock, and it was always wet in there, a clear liquid used to drip from his foreskin as he aroused himself with my young boy-mouth... every time the head was exposed, he asked me to kiss it, or lick it, and always, finally, he wanted me to suck on it for him, and I always, always did... this man was so gentle, so loving, so generous with his sexuality... he would rub his penis all over my face, telling me how beautiful it was for me to let him do that, then he would ask for my tougue to be out, and he would wipe his hardon all over my eyes and nose and cheeks and mouth..., getting it sopping wet from a kid's saliva, and then he would use his hand and my hand and masturbate until he ejaculated for me, usually directly into my mouth... and I loved it. I loved the act. And I dream of it still... he never ever used me anally, except a few times he used his fingers in me back there... but I loved that too, I remember...

And now I am 56. Two marriages, two divorces. And now I find myself looking at young boys, about the age I was when I enjoyed those sessions with Frank, and I imagine what their little dicks look like, so pink and so stiff and so indescribably delicious. I want to have one in my mouth. I know I never will. I am not stupid about the law. But I am a 56-year-old man who wishes he could suck on a young boy's penis and make it produce a warm flow of young sperm for my mouth... I want to receive his penis and his discharge directly into my soul and teach him how beautiful we all are, old and young, and how much pleasure we can bring to each other if there were no sexual police around telling us how we could cum and how we could not cum.

I was not hurt in any way by it. I only wish there had been more times when he fooled around with me... does anybody out there have any similar experience, man, woman, girl, boy?

This post was answered by another person on the Forum:

Your essay is excellent. As a post therapy registered offender I find the following quote very disturbing.

“and I still jerk off thinking about what he made me do with him”

It seems to me that the whole thing was his idea, Frank's I mean. The law says you where not mature enough to make appropriate decisions about sex. Not to mention the grooming of you he

did by showing you pornography, also illegal in many states. According to the law, you have been a victim. Frank, long dead now, was a sex offender.

But you seem to be able to dismiss the acts and relate your feelings. Very charged with sexual energy. I believe you probably do not think of yourself as a victim. You do not feel a victim because times are different. If those things “he made me do” with him were done to a child today the feelings would be different.

I said the words “done to” in the previous sentence because I am conditioned to think like a post treatment offender. Many years of group therapy has taught me to listen, (or read) very carefully to what people say.

In short Pluto, if he truly made you do it, he did not do it “with” you he did it to you.

I truly believe that the feelings you had for this older man were as genuine as they get, for a boy that age. If it was true love, wonderful. Maybe your mom warned you about the homos because she saw something in you, and knew that you may feel you felt it, too. Do you remember being attracted to boys or just older men?

I could go on for hours. The world would be a better place if we could take love out of our heads and leave it to the heart where it belongs.

Pluto responds:

Dear Friend whose name I do not know...

Thank you for your thoughtful response to my earlier post. I appreciate that you took the time to offer your help if I needed it. Very kind. I do understand the subtleties you mentioned ... “sex TO me ...” as opposed to “sex WITH me” ... my memory is filled with visits that included either, sometimes both ... let me set the stage a little ... by the time I started having sex with Frank, I was already masturbating with my cousin (male) and 2 other boys our age ... we loved it ... we loved doing it ... we loved watching it ... but all of us were in Catholic school, and we were simultaneously being taught that we would die and burn in hell if we ever even touched ourselves, much less another boy ... and GOD FORBID – A GROWN MAN!!! ... imagine the conflict in children so young ... Frank taught me that the feelings I was feeling, this explosion of sexual energy, was a real thing, a human thing, a male thing, an important thing, a gift from God ... and THAT God made a lot more sense to me – still does – than the so-called God sending me to hell for perfectly human behavior like touching my genitals ... Frank opened up my sexual world for me ... he showed me it was okay to have an erection, and it was okay to play sexually with another human being when the mutual goal was mutual ejaculation. I have, in fact, been divorced twice, but in each case, since we are all still friends by now, both those ladies reveal a fondness and more for the way our sex life brought such pleasure to them, as well as to me ... I have Frank to thank for that ... he was the one who told me that females needed

more stimulation than males to reach orgasm (remember, this was a long time ago, way before any women's movement changed the culture's thinking...) back then, good girls HAD to be sweet-talked and romanced and charmed into joining you in sex ... the culture told them that ... so the advice on how to be an UNselfish lover – given to me by a man in a homosexual encounter – worked for me the rest of my life in all my heterosexual partners ... Frank not only had me suck on him until he ejaculated, he would spend hours playing and sucking on MY genitals so he could enjoy MY warm ejaculate ... so yes, he was doing something TO me, and also yes, he was doing something WITH me ... Once again, I do thank you for your comments ... in examining the issues you raised, I went even deeper into my feelings for the answers, and I appreciate your energy that propelled me to those new interior spaces ... YOUR FRIEND < ViewFromPluto

7.2 A lot of kids would be better off if there were more people like Stan

Report-ID: 96396

Joe reports of two relationships with men he had at the age of 10 and 13 respectively. The second one continues to this day.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Joe
Topics	girls, own children, mentorship, gossip
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Consenting Juveniles
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	50
Name of the boy	Joe
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: SOLR-Interview, personal, written notes

Full text and comments from Consenting Juveniles

[...]

7.2. A LOT OF KIDS WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF THERE WERE MORE PEOPLE LIKE STAN

Frank was in his fifties; he didn't have long to go before he retired. He knew everybody in the whole town. He knew my mother and father, my brothers and sisters. We always got along pretty well with Frank. He was a good guy and he was always around.

Not long after I started working for him, Frank started doing funny things with me. He said his wife couldn't have sex anymore. I think she had cancer or something. It was pretty innocent, masturbation, stuff like that, nothing serious. We did it on the gym mats stored in his office. He would take my pants off and masturbate me. It was all right with me. It didn't feel wrong or anything. I enjoyed how it felt. If I didn't, I wouldn't have done it. I just would have stopped. I'm sure he would have been fine with that. He wasn't an aggressive old man. All I would have had to say was "No," and it would have ended right there.

The first year or two with Frank, I didn't even think it was sex, pretty much didn't even know what sex was. But then I hit puberty around eleven. I had my first orgasm in his mouth. So it was kind-of confusing, about sex. But not a problem, I just thought it felt good.

It was just me and him but I'm sure that he had relationships with other kids too. I heard he had relations with older kids, years before me. It's hard to tell who he was and who he wasn't playing with. It was hush-hush but it seemed that everybody knew, small town talk. Frank was the elephant in the room. Everybody knew it was there, but nobody would talk about it. He told me he would have got in some serious trouble if people knew. I didn't really think about it too much.

[...]

They took me out to lunch and we got to talking. Talked for a couple of hours. I had an inkling there was sexual interest but I didn't really think about it. I kind-of felt the vibe. I pretty much knew the kind of people they were. And they were good people. They were friendly and I knew I could trust them. I gave them the number at my sister's house and Stan said he'd give me a call. Then we all went to visit our friends at the foster home and hung out for a while. They left and I got a ride home from one of my buddies.

Stan called a couple of weeks later. He asked if I wanted to come out to the big city, to stay overnight and go back the next day. I'd never been to the city and I thought it was cool. I knew it was for sex and, unlike with Frank, now I knew what sex was. I was kind-of interested and that's why I said yes. I didn't think of it as a date at that time, but looking back on it now, it pretty much was.

He picked me up in the afternoon. We went out to eat and hung out. He showed me the sights and we went to a movie. Then we went back to his place. It was a nice, old house on the West Side. Just Stan and Chris lived there.

We hung out for a while, watched TV in Stan's room. A couple of hours later, he got the nerve

7.2. A LOT OF KIDS WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF THERE WERE MORE PEOPLE LIKE STAN

enough to grab my hand. We hugged and kissed, masturbation, groping. It was pretty mutual, except the oral sex was just him doing me.

[...]

As for Stan, I've always said, if I didn't meet Stan when I did, I'd probably be dead, in jail, or hooked on drugs somewhere. Stan became the reason I stayed out of trouble. Because I knew there was somebody out there who cared. Who really cared. Who just wasn't bullshitting, feeding me a line. I looked forward to seeing him. If I got in trouble, then I wouldn't have been able to spend any time with him. And I knew that.

I looked up to Stan. I wanted to be like him when I grew up. To be happy, successful, a good person. He showed me a lot. And, he tells me, he learned a lot from me too.

I think a lot of kids would be better off if there were more people like Stan.

[...]

Stan and I are still tight. He's still my best friend now, pretty much. It's more than your basic friendship. It's probably better.

I haven't seen him since he moved away to Europe a few years ago. He calls me every week and we talk for a half an hour to an hour. We talk about how I'm doing and how he's doing. Talk about the kids. Talk about Chris. Talk about my parents. We talk about surviving this life, getting through it.

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7.3 Bars in front of the window

Report-ID: 54837

Jonah reports that his parents disagree with his relationship with a man and put bars in front of his window.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Jonah
Topics	threat, love, prison
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1990s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the man	23
Name of the boy	Jonah
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

7.3.1 There Were Bars on My Bedroom Window

Dear NAMBLA,

7.3. BARS IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW

I am twelve and my name is Jonah. I have a lover, Mark. He is twenty-five. We have been together for a year and a half.

My mother I thought didn't mind. But it turned out that she just wasn't saying anything. Then I found out that my whole family didn't approve of my relationship with Mark. Mark has called for me but I never got his messages. So I started sneaking out at night to see him. He tells me that sneaking out is not good, but when we touch it makes it worth it for me.

That was the last time I saw him for a while. My mom and dad must have found out that I was sneaking out to see him, because when I got home that day after school there were bars on my bedroom window. When I went to ask my dad why, I heard him on the phone. Then I heard the name, Mark, and I got excited. Then my dad got mad and told Mark that if he called or talked to me again he would call the police on him.

After he hung up the phone I ran out of the house and went over to Mark's house. My the time I got there Mark was drunk and had his friend Jason over (another young boy). I thought something was going on so I listened by an open window. Mark was crying and telling Jason how much he loved me. I started crying, too. Then I heard him say if we couldn't be together he was going to kill himself. That's when I ran in and grabbed him and we sat and cried together.

I love him and it's not like a father or a brother, but like a lover. And if anything happens to him I would kill myself. I can't turn to anyone for support. I went to Chicago to a bookstore and found your magazine. I want Mark to know I really do love him. Please respond to the address that is in here – it's a friend's.

Signed (Is there anybody out there?)

The prisoner,
Jonah

7.4 He was overtly hedonistic about sex

Report-ID: 58391

This report comes from a 1937 research paper dealing with children's responses to adult sexuality. It is about an 11-year-old boy from Switzerland described as 'hedonistic'.

First published	01.01.1937
Author	Lauretta Bender and Abram Blau
Topics	masturbation, hedonism, psychiatry, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	jungsforum.net, apa.org
Language	German
Country	Switzerland
Sources	The Reaction of Children to Sexual Relations with Adults.
Start of the relationship	1935
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	11
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	Ewald
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Bender, Lauretta and Abram Blau (1937): The Reaction of Children to Sexual Relations with Adults. The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry, Band 7, 1937, AMS Reprint Company, New York 3, N. Y., S. 500-518.

Since we didn't have access to the English original text, this is a translation back from a German source. If you happen to know the English original, please contact jumima-kontakt@protonmail.com.

Translated by JUMIMA

7.4. HE WAS OVERTLY HEDONISTIC ABOUT SEX

Ewald H., an 11-year-old boy from Switzerland, was sent to the children's department for observation because of a series of sexual activities with a man. (...) His physical condition was good and there were first signs of pubic hair development. (...) He was a charming, bright boy and adapted well to everyday life in the hospital. He did not show any obvious sexual activity under observation.

He made good contact with the doctor and openly shared the details of his previous sexual experiences. Around the age of 4, he practiced mutual masturbation with a cousin about the same age. Starting around the age of 6 to 8, he lived with a younger cousin, they bathed together and slept in the same room; every night they played with each other's genitals. As a 10 year old he visited a beach and changed clothes in the same toilet as a 2 year younger cousin; at his invitation, they repeatedly played sex games with each other through mutual masturbation and bringing their sexual organs in touch with each other. A 13-year-old boy taught him anal sex a year ago, and later he practiced anal sex and oral sex with another boy. He envied adults for their sexual intercourse: he watched men changing on the beach to see their genitals and spied on his mother. Once he admired the genitals of a man who defecated on a field, and later they practiced mutual masturbation. The most recent experience was with a 40-year-old businessman who had a habit of watching boys play. One day the man was accidentally hit on the thigh and pulled down his pants to examine the injury; the boy expressed interest in his genitals and the man invited him to play sex games. The two and a younger boy went to a tunnel; the younger boy refused to participate and went home; our patient and the adult practiced mutual masturbation, oral sex and thigh sex. They met again on two other arranged occasions and repeated the experiences. The younger boy then told his mother about the matter, the patient was interviewed and admitted everything. He agreed to lead the police to the man at the next meeting and the man was arrested. The boy admitted that he had enjoyed the sexual activities. Although he was told that the purpose of sex is reproduction, he refused to believe it and thought that sex was only for pleasure. He said that he had to hold back now because this could cause him new trouble.

Comment: The 11-year-old boy of average intelligence had an openly hedonistic attitude towards sex. His sexual activities were both gay and heterosexual and started in early childhood. It is not possible to say what early influence led him to these interests. There is no doubt that this boy was the adult's seducer in this case.

7.5 I just could not see the problem

Report-ID: 95126

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	bike trip, love, friendship, sex education
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	18
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

When I was about eight years old I got to know a man in the street who thought I played very nicely. He invited me out for a bicycle ride, and later to visit his home. Although my parents had warned me not to do this I just could not see the problem they were talking about. I could not imagine that this gentleman would harm me... Gradually we got to know each other... and I came to realise that he was homosexual. This did not shock me; I just wanted to know more about it. He told me about sex, bisexuality and heterosexuality, subjects which were quite beyond my parents. From him I received love, which actually I had never known (not, I mean, in the way I know it at present from my wife). But our friendship was, and still is, one that I could imagine with no one else. Later, when I was ten or eleven, we had sex with each other, something I always enjoyed. That lasted until I was eighteen, when I started going steady with

7.5. I JUST COULD NOT SEE THE PROBLEM

a girl. When I became engaged I was able to tell my future wife with an easy mind about my youthful experiences. She could appreciate the whole thing very well. We were very sure of each other and were married in 1968 and have, at the moment, an especially good marriage, an especially fine sexual relationship and an especially dear little daughter of 10 months.

7.6 I used to get him to do risky things

Report-ID: 47375

In his 2004 dissertation, Richard Will used an interview he had conducted with a man about his childhood sexual experiences.

First published	01.01.2004
Author	Richard Yuill
Topics	seduction by the boy, masturbation, intellectuality
Weblinks	gla.ac.uk, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1974
Age of the boy (start)	10
Name of the boy	Philip
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: The case of Philip is taken from Richard Yuill's doctoral research of 2004, Male Age-Discrepant Intergenerational Sexualities and Relationships. 'It was very good and there was equally, if not more, stimulation from the intellectual side than the physical side.'

Yuill: It concerns an individual named "Philip" (now in his forties) who, throughout his childhood and adolescence, experienced numerous sexual relationships with adult males. Philip was alerted to the research by another respondent and contacted me [Yuill] by phone, explaining that he wanted to discuss his experiences with adult men when he was a boy.

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The four sexual experiences of Philip (as a young boy through to adolescence) with older men are relayed here chronologically.

Philip relates his first experience as a learning experience seeing - and being excited by - the somatic changes brought on by the man's subsequent ejaculation. Although he draws a distinction between the psychic and sexual in his recollection of the event, he defines this event as superior to peer sexual experimentation.

Philip relays both physical and psychological excitement at the event, substantiating libertarian claims that differences in subjective perceptions between adults and young people (in terms of understanding and needs in the intimate and sexual sphere) does not invalidate a relationship, or the possibility for a young person's needs to be fulfilled.

7.6.1 1. Aged seven

Philip: "My first arousal of adult men was when I was in Africa. . . . It was just my curiosity was piqued and I noticed that he was washing his genitals. He started to get an erection. . . . I was curious to explore his body further.

About three or four days later I crept into his bedroom. . . . I think he was fast asleep and I started playing with his penis. . . . I was just curious what an erection was. I think I'd experienced it a bit as a boy but they [erections] would come and go . . . and I certainly hadn't seen anything as big as that. . . . I was most excited by his sexual excitement.

There was no sexual excitement for myself, it was just pure curiosity but he was clearly very aroused, and my touching him increased his arousal - that excited me more. I think it was just like childhood curiosity."

7.6.2 2. Aged ten

Yuill: During Philip's second experience when he was aged ten, there is more of a physical interchange, in which the man carried out particular sexual acts which excited him. Again, the initiative was shown by Philip who viewed it as furtive physical curiosity and playfulness.

Philip: "There was a chap who lived in the apartment above ours called Paul. . . .I got onto the bed with him and he just had his shorts on. . . . He didn't resist me, my advances to touch him and stroke him physically but he was a bit taken aback when I tried to feel his genitals."

Researcher: You mentioned the first experimentation, looking at men's erections. Can you recall the first time when you took it further, thinking about sexual activity?

Philip: "Paul actually on one occasion (when I was playing around with him and he was masturbating) inserted his finger into my backside, which really did excite me."

Yuill: At various points in the interview, Philip reflected on his childhood experiences. He sums up his sexual experiences with adult men as seduction by him, but firmly embedded within child understandings of sexuality. He lists these as

- less selfish,
- playful,
- pleasure-seeking,
- and less fearful of rejection,

but also stresses the unavailability of labels to explain the activities in which he was involved. (...)

Philip: "Again, with time and sort of seduction, I suppose as a child it's a conscious process but it isn't quite as selfish as the sexuality you experience as an older person. So there's a genuine interest in making the other person get a response and make them happy or whatever.

So I played around with them whenever I could. . . . They probably weren't gay men or 'pedophiles'. . . . I certainly didn't have a name for them at that age. . . . I think as a child you just learn to take such things in your stride. . . . You don't take a rejection of a physical advance quite so personally."

7.6.3 3. Aged ten or nine

Yuill: Philip characterizes his third experience as a more overtly sexual friendship. He contrasts this with a later more mature, intimate, and rounded relationship. He reiterates his assertiveness in initiating the encounters, coupled with his careful preplanning of the event.

Philip: "We had a next-door neighbour . . . and I was probably about nine/ten years old. He was going through a divorce, and I had got to know him quite well. . . .

I asked him if it would be okay if I stopped over for the night. . . . I got into bed with him and started playing around with him. And at first he objected, but I just persevered and got him fully sexually aroused and was masturbating him and trying to get him to orgasm. Because that was my objective: to get men to achieve orgasm. . . .

I persuaded him that I liked to have my bottom played with. . . . He loved my arse-hole. Of course that was my dream. And as our friendship (because it wasn't a relationship) developed, we would get more and more bold about inserting things into my backside."

Yuill: Philip notes significant developmental somatic changes associated with stronger orgasms. Alongside greater excitement, he explains how carrying out sexual acts in public places gave him more power in the exchanges.

Philip claims that he had control over his adult partner through the very process of initiation, whereby he could decide whether or not to begin a sexual exchange.

Rather than risk being construed as a negative debarment to adult-child sex, Philip views it as providing the impetus for a greater sexual thrill, in which he was able to appropriate a public space for his own needs.

7.6.4 4. Aged twelve or thirteen

Philip: "Now I was twelve/thirteen, and I was definitely having much stronger sexual responses. I was having orgasms. I wasn't ejaculating as far as I can remember at that time. .

I used to get him to do risky things like put his fingers inside me when we were at the swimming baths in the cubicle drying afterwards. That was quite a turn on: the fact that it was in such a public environment, and I think the power I had over him in the sexual department. . I could wrap him round my finger to have sex. It was quite easily done and it was me that made the advances. . . He just identified as a sexual man and saw me as this curious boy who liked his arse being played with."

Researcher: Did he at any time give pleasure to you through masturbation?

Philip: I used to masturbate myself. He would occasionally do it but I wasn't really interested in that. My orgasms came through being screwed, the friction of rubbing my body against the sheets. The masturbating element really developed from my playing with him but I could quite easily get orgasms from being buggered."

Yuill: Philip draws sharp contrasts between the following experience when he was thirteen, which he characterises as more of an emotional and cognitive connection, including a greater symmetry of interests and experiences, and the former, which he views as purely physical. Although alluding to infrequent sexual contact, Philip considers learning from his adult partner, through acquiring knowledge and experience, as more important.

Philip: "This was a much older man (in his mid-fifties). Whereas the neighbour was in his thirties (a very virile docker) the older man was much more intelligent, more cultured and the relationship between ourselves was far more cerebral.

I'd go round, and we would read and listen to music. . . It was a more intelligent, mature relationship than the one I'd had with the docker, which had really been seduction on my part, very physical. . . This person didn't have a huge penis unlike the docker, but that didn't bother me.

This was a different relationship. We did things together, camping. . . . The friendship I had with the docker (the physical friendship) there was no sort of mental connection at all. I went

round there purely to get my rocks off. But with the older bloke. . . . I wanted to learn more about music, about literature. It was more of an intellectual side. It was very good and there was equally, if not more, stimulation from the intellectual side than the physical side. Maybe every couple of weeks we would have sex. It was just masturbatory sex."

Yuill: Throughout, Philip emphasizes the importance of his early familial and cultural context for scripting his early sexual experiences positively. He also positions himself through a libertarian sexual ethic of individual enrichment through empowerment. Philip also challenges dominant notions of age-appropriate interaction, by contending that the central component of his sexuality throughout his life course was a substantial attraction (physical, emotional, and intellectual) to adult men as opposed to his peers.

Philip: "I had a couple of friends, but because I was in and out of school my education was a bit all over the place. . . . It was quite clearly men that interested me not younger boys at all. . . . Their sexuality was (for want of a better term) now and for then. . . . just playful and experimental, but I wanted to push. . . . I was pushing things further, but I never thought I was doing anything wrong. My parents (my mother especially) was quite liberated. . . . I grew up in quite a wholesome and healthy environment, without physical and sexual inhibitions."

Yuill: Philip alludes to wider social contrasts between his interests and attitudes and those of his peers, ones which encouraged him to seek adult company and participate in adult activities. (. . .)

Philip: "Because I was quite independent and didn't have many friends. . . . I had a different social attitude from my peers, different political attitudes through my grandparents. I was a socialist at seven or eight years old. . . .

So I developed a lot of personal interests in music, and I used to like cycling a lot, joining the Youth Hostel Association . . . and I joined the Red Cross."

Yuill: In contrast to CSA [Child Sexual Abuse] formulations, Philip eschews victim status in intergenerational relationships. Although recognizing physical power differences between adults and young people, he maintains that he was always able to distinguish consensual from coercive intergenerational experiences.

In all of his encounters and relationships he saw himself as the active seducer and initiator. He also relates that throughout these experiences, a range of his own needs (physical, educational, emotional and social) was met.

Philip's account criss-crosses the mentor-child empowerment positions often referred to in positive discursive presentations of intergenerational sexualities (. . .).

Whereas there is a prominent theme of learning from his adult partners (commensurate with mentor-protégé conceptions), Philip clearly emphasises the multiple ways he was able to assert

7.6. I USED TO GET HIM TO DO RISKY THINGS

himself and push the limits of sexual contact. Although mindful of physical power differences, he asserts that he was the one who had control throughout such situations and knew exactly what he was doing.

Researcher: You mentioned that you always had an interest in adult men?

Philip: Yeah! I would say that from the age of seven onwards that my focus on sex and men have always been more mature men. . . . In all the relationships and friendships I was involved in, I knew exactly what I was doing, and knew what I set out to do and was fully in control.

And there were times as a boy, I travelled to and from school by train . . . and you would occasionally get old men into the apartment. . . . Sometimes I'd get turned on by that and hope that something happened and I'd engineer a situation. I'd play with my crotch or something to see if they were watching out the corner of their eye but if ever a man made an approach on me that would terrify me. . . .

I had to at all times be the seducer and initiator, and I think that was right and proper because I was a child and I knew my circumstances, I knew I was smaller and they were bigger and stronger men and I knew what rape was, and knew what physical assault was, and I wasn't going to let that happen to me. . . . It never happened to me."

7.7 I've known since I was very young that I please homosexuals

Report-ID: 17866

The actor Gérard Depardieu claims to have worked as a 'rent boy' when he was 10 years old.

First published	06.10.2014
Author	Gérard Depardieu
Topics	hustling, violence
Weblinks	usmagazine.com, wikipedia.org, brongersma.info
Language	French
Country	France
Sources	US-Magazine
Start of the relationship	1958
Age of the boy (start)	10
Name of the boy	Gérard Depardieu
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	1 of 5

Source: Article 'Gerard Depardieu Reveals Shocking Past as Young Prostitute at Age 10, Grave Robber' by Allison Takeda; US Weekly; 6 October 2014

7.7.1 Gérard Depardieu reveals shocking past as young prostitute at age 10

The celebrated French actor, now 65, just released his autobiography, *It Happened Like That* (Ca C'est Fait Comme Ca), and it appears to include some pretty stunning revelations. Among the most shocking? The claim that he worked as a "rent boy" when he was just 10 years old. [...]

"I've known since I was very young that I please homosexuals," he reportedly wrote, adding that he "would ask them for money" when they approached him for sex. Later in life, he started

7.7. I'VE KNOWN SINCE I WAS VERY YOUNG THAT I PLEASE HOMOSEXUALS

mugging his clients. “At 20, the thug in me was alive and kicking,” the Daily Mail quotes his book as saying. “I would rip some of them off. I would beat up some bloke and leave with all his money.”

7.8 Lots of love

Report-ID: 86931

A boy tells how he met a man on the street at the age of eight. After two years of friendship between the two, the relationship turned intimate.

First published	01.01.1972
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	sex education
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1957
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	18
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Dr. Frits Bernard describes several cases in his article, De gevolgen voor het kind in the book Sex met kinderen which he co-wrote with dr. E. Brongersma, Ids Haagsma, & dr. W.J. Sengers, edited by Peter van Eeten. The Hague: Stichting Uitgeverij NVSH, 1972.

An important case mentioned in his essay is Casus 6 (pages 75-76). It concerns the testimony of a 25-year-old man. Here are the main facts.

When he was about eight years old, he met a man on the street, who told him he liked the way

7.8. LOTS OF LOVE

he was playing. The man invited him for a ride on his bike and later on he also asked the boy to visit him.

They became friends and the boy was allowed to call him by his first name. The man told him about his homosexuality and informed him about the various forms of sexual orientation. The relationship became closer and the man showed him lots of love. When the boy was around ten years old, they started having sex with each other. The boy enjoyed it greatly and the sexual relationship lasted till he was about eighteen.

The (former) boy is married now and has shared his positive experiences with his wife. He believes the 'pedophile' relationship served as a good introduction to his adult love life.

He still has a special friendship with his former lover.

7.9 Love means a lot to me

Report-ID: 54756

This letter was sent to the author of the book *Heimliche Liebe*, Wolf Vogel. A boy talks about his relationship with a man and describes in particular how important love is to him.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	parents, love, boredom
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Love means a lot to me. Four years ago I found a man that I love very much. Before I met him, my life was very different, much more boring. When I got home from school, I would sit around at home with only my mother around me, who was not in a good mood, and no one else. In the evening after dinner, we would watch TV and then go to bed – and so it went every day until I met him. A completely different world opened up for me. I didn't know anything about people and love, but he taught me. If you don't have anyone, you sit in front of the TV every night. I used to do that too, but now it is wonderful in the evenings with him in bed, when we tell each other about what we have experienced, and I think that's wonderful.

Now I really know what love is. Love is not just going to bed with someone, having some sex and then done. No, love is something completely different. Most parents go to bed together, have

7.9. LOVE MEANS A LOT TO ME

sex, and then some more one or two weeks later. No, that's not love. If you love someone, you probably want to be with him and sleep with him every day. When I go to bed with him, it's very good, I feel completely relieved and I get rid of all my tensions.

At the very beginning, it was a bit difficult for me with my parents, but luckily I no longer have a problem with that. The friend I am going with now has a very good relationship with my parents and often comes to visit us. Father and mother think it's okay for me to go to him, and I'm happy about that.

7.10 My First Love and the First Love I Lost

Report-ID: 36247

Screenwriter and writer Gavin Lambert tells of the intimate relationship with his teacher that started when he was 10 years old.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Gavin Lambert
Topics	prep-school, teacher, parents, boy protects man, separation, disappointment
Weblinks	publishersweekly.com , ipce.info
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Mainly about Lindsay Anderson
Start of the relationship	1934
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	13
Name of the boy	Gavin
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Mainly about Lindsay Anderson – A Memoir, by Gavin Lambert, London/New York 2000.

Gavin Lambert (1924-2005) was a British-born screenwriter, novelist and biographer. In his book *Mainly about Lindsay Anderson* he includes an account of the personal relationship he had from the age of 10 with a teacher from his so-called preparatory school.

“As I showed an early talent for the piano, my parents decided I was ‘musical’, and like them I was sublimely unaware that the word had a double meaning in the 1930s. Just before my eleventh birthday I won a music scholarship to a preparatory school with a ‘musical’ reputation as well as great snob value. [...]

My parents couldn’t know, of course, that St. George’s School was also extremely musical in the other sense. Three (that is, half) of the teaching staff were queer, two already had ‘pets’ and the third, who taught music and had awarded the scholarship, chose me as his pet. [...]

My teacher-lover made what happened between us seem completely natural, so he must have been experienced as well as handsome and kind. Nothing ‘wrong’ about what we were doing, he explained, but ‘we have to be careful because some people won’t understand’. They understood in ancient Greece, he added, and blessed me with the kind of initiation that he held up as an ideal. It not only made me feel superior to the people who wouldn’t or couldn’t understand. Having to sneak out of the dormitory to my teacher’s bedroom was exciting, and made him even more attractive.

And soon after falling in love with him, I fell in love with the movies. [...]

On Thursday afternoons, when there were no classes, my teacher gratified this new appetite for movies [...].

The next eighteen months are a series of memory dissolves, from *The Thin Man* to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to *Magnificent Obsession* to *The Great Ziegfeld* to *Love on the Run* to *After the Thin Man* – and then to a night in early December 1936, when a radio was brought into the dormitory so we could hear the abdication speech of Edward VIII.

The next dissolve is to a letter my parents received during the Christmas holidays. It announced the appointment of a new headmaster at St. George’s, and when I returned there in January 1937 my teacher-lover, his two queer colleagues and one pet were also missing. The pet’s parents, it turned out, had somehow discovered what was going on and withdrawn him from the school. Under pressure he had informed on the other teachers, but claimed not to know the names of their pets. And like all the other boys questioned by the new headmaster, I claimed never to have heard, seen or done anything ‘wrong’.

I lied with a clear conscience, and you might say out of love – as well as concealed anger at the new headmaster, who made me feel violated when he spoke of ‘violation’. [...]

I felt abandoned by my teacher-lover, by then emotionally far more important to me than my parents, who never suspected his existence.

But I didn’t feel betrayed, only disappointed that he never wrote me a letter – until the other abandoned pet explained it would too risky.

7.10. MY FIRST LOVE AND THE FIRST LOVE I LOST

For several years I had fantasies of a passionate reunion when we met again by chance. It never happened.

Perhaps he was killed in the war. Just possibly he has survived to read this after turning ninety. In any case he is still remembered, an unfaded photograph in the mind's eye, as my first love and the first love I lost.”

7.11. SO HE JUST WANTED TO HAVE SEX. AND IN A SENSE, MAYBE, I GUESS I LUCKED OUT.

7.11 So he just wanted to have sex. And in a sense, maybe, I guess I lucked out.

Report-ID: 24347

Aziz, who grew up in Bangladesh, was interviewed for a radio program on U.S. sex crimes. After describing his own sexual experience as a child, he described the different relationship between sex and intimacy in his home culture and in the West.

First published	15.05.2009
Author	Aziz
Topics	coming out, cultural differences
Weblinks	blogspot.com, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	Bangladesh
Sources	Queer Radical Radio
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the man	25
Name of the boy	Aziz
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: A Long and Dangerous Road: Gay Men, other Queers (and One Straight Guy) Talk about Sex Offense by Adrienne Lauby, Queer Radical Radio, May 15, 2009

Download of the mp3 file of the interview

Aziz report starts at 14:32 and the second part is at 52:31.

7.11. SO HE JUST WANTED TO HAVE SEX. AND IN A SENSE, MAYBE, I GUESS I LUCKED OUT.

7.11.1 Aziz

Moderator: Aziz had his first sexual experience with a man who, like almost every other man in Bangladesh eventually made a traditional marriage. I met him in a sidewalk cafe, a day before he left for an extended stay in Bangladesh.

When did you first think about yourself as someone attracted to the same sex?

Actually that happened when someone seduced me when I was about ten years old. A friend or distant relative used to live with us. I believe he was about 25 years old at the time. And he seduced me and after a few times, I really enjoyed it. I didn't really think of myself as gay man at the time. I just really enjoyed the sex.

And had you had experience with the word homosexual or gay or that kind of reality, up until then?

No, I was 10 years old and this was some time ago and homosexuality was not really in the news, particularly not in Bangladesh and hardly much here, in fact. It was just a fun thing to do. And I kept on doing it.

Do you still know this man?

I still know him. He's married, has kids, and I don't think he's a gay man. He's bisexual, it seems, because – I found out later – he used to have sex with many women as well. So he just wanted to have sex. And in a sense, maybe, I guess I lucked out.

You don't feel he harmed you?

No, not at all. I mean, I wouldn't say that initially it was consensual because I had no idea what was going on, but after a couple of times, I enjoyed it and it was fun.

Later on, I had a longer-term, sexual relationship with a friend of the family who was ten years older than me.

[Moderator monologue, then Aziz continues to outline his position]

Aziz: In terms of sex between a man and a boy, it doesn't necessarily have to be so much of a taboo as it is considered in the West. But at the same time, it's not something that people should just say, "Oh, it's okay." It's something that should be studied well, rather than, "Oh, it's very bad," or, "It's quite okay to do it." I mean, people are different. Some people mature very early but, in general, a boy is very impressionable. People have to wait until there's a certain degree of maturity, where you can understand what is consent, what is not.

My experience is just my own, individual experience. It cannot be transferred to anybody else. Somebody else may have had a similar experience to mine and it may have had a really bad,

7.11. SO HE JUST WANTED TO HAVE SEX. AND IN A SENSE, MAYBE, I GUESS I LUCKED OUT.

long-term effect on them. So policies and general guidelines should be set in place, I feel, rather than hard and fast rules.

Policies for the best interests of children should include sexual education. They should include all kinds of sexuality and not just whatever sexuality is socially predominant. In the absence of that, I think many young, gay boys would probably say, “My sexual relationship with an older man was very helpful,” because that’s what helped them come out. But with healthy sexual education, as well as people you can talk to about sexual stuff, then the guidelines about sexual mores are probably more useful.

Obviously, there has to be consent, no question about it, for any age. But when someone is underage, the consent has to be looked on very carefully. We have to be sure that they understand what it is, what it means. And there is hopefully adult guidance with it, which can only be if the child feels safe enough with the adult to accept the guidance.

Moderator: Have you ever visited a country where same sex friends and relatives routinely hold hands as they walk down a street? If so, you’ve noticed a public expression of homosocial culture. Aziz explains what that meant in his childhood household. And talks about the deficiency of physical bonds in western society.

Sex, in the West particularly, is a way of intimacy. But in the West people are very alienated and so you rely on sex as the only way to be intimate. In Bangladesh and a lot of developing countries, people can be intimate in very many other ways without having sex.

I consider Bangladesh to be, in a sense, a homosocial society. A typical thing would be for me to be lying down and talking in bed with my male cousins and a friend, with one lying on top of the other. It’s just very, very common. I’m sure there’s an underlying element of sexual attraction, but it’s not overt, yet it’s very intimate. This intimacy allows people to become closer to each other. We don’t have the rules that you cannot touch each other, but instead, we have ways of showing physical affection to each other, which allows the intimacy to grow without necessarily having sex. It’s not so black and white as it is sometimes in the U.S.

In the more industrially developed societies, they put restrictions on this expression of intimacy. And it is these restrictions that are, I feel, more unnatural. Maybe it’s society that makes intimacy seem unnatural.

Ultimately, people want to be intimate with other people. If, in the West, they say, “Well, sex is the only way you can be intimate,” then people seek for sex. And sex is a tremendously strong desire, one of the strongest, like fear, but on the good side. Any such strong desire, I think, will have an impact unless one knows how to deal with it. And I don’t think there’s enough sexual

7.11. SO HE JUST WANTED TO HAVE SEX. AND IN A SENSE, MAYBE, I GUESS I LUCKED OUT.

education or sexual maturity, particularly in the United States, to deal with this strong desire as a tool to become intimate.

7.12 Such a Relationship is Very Beneficial

Report-ID: 80282

Dan, a 19-year-old male, shares his view of man/boy relationships in a NAMBLA publication.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Dan
Topics	friendship, travel, abuse
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Dan
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

7.12.0.1 Such a Relationship is Very Beneficial

I first met my friend when I was 10 years old. He was a friend of my family and enjoyed their company differently than mine, but also the same way. He enjoyed all of our company as friends,

7.12. SUCH A RELATIONSHIP IS VERY BENEFICIAL

but also with me as a sexual partner.

He casually persuaded me into having sex with him. He didn't force me into it, and was very caring with my feelings and capabilities.

He would answer my questions about sex, both homosexual and heterosexual, and always gave me very truthful and complete answers to them. Not only was he a sexual partner, but a great friend, and acted like a father to me. He took me on several trips (skiing, caving, seeing the country), and I don't think it was because of the sexual attraction, but that he really cared for me.

I enjoyed having sex with him, partly to please him for all he did for me, but also because I enjoyed it. This contact with him opened my eyes to more than just sex with women, and gave me a more in-depth outlook on sex than most people have.

I think such a relationship with this kind of person, for both guys and girls, is very beneficial.

I am now 19 and am heterosexual, but if the chance arose, I wouldn't be afraid to have a sexual encounter with a guy. I still enjoy his company when I see him, with occasional encounters, but enjoy being with him just because I like his company.

I agree that it would be hard to distinguish between molesting and genuine caring, but it should not immediately be classified as rape. People like these are very different from a brutal type person, and should be able to care for someone they do.

Dan

7.13 We started with this great kingdom

Report-ID: 25035

Interview from the book *Crime without victims*. The interview consists of two parts. The first part was conducted with the boy and the second with the mother. Unfortunately, no source is given.

First published	01.01.1986
Author	Trobriands Collective (Pseudonym)
Topics	mother, interveiw, police, jealousy
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Name of the boy	Stefan
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

7.13.1 Interview with Stefan

I got to know Christian through Torben, my mother's lover. He came to my birthday party.

What happened on your birthday?

I baked cake figures and got presents, including an old tape recorder that didn't work very well. Christian repaired it.

You became friends because he repaired your tape recorder?

Yes, and because he was good with computers. I went to his home and saw his computer. We became better and better friends, and he also came here.

What did you do together?

7.13. WE STARTED WITH THIS GREAT KINGDOM

We took a trip to Copenhagen. We went to Tivoli. We won a lot of things at the shooting stand. He was terribly good at that. He won all the time.

Did you know that Christian was a paedophile?

I didn't know what it meant, but then Lasse began to talk about child-lovers and such things.

Who was Lasse?

He was one of Christian's friends. At first I thought that paedophiles were people who tied little children to a pole and danced a war dance around them and then ate them for dinner. Later I asked Christian if paedophiles were, in fact, like this. He said they weren't. So I was more relieved.

Did you know that Christian and Lasse were paedophiles?

Yes, I found out. Lasse told that he had even been in prison because of it.

What did you think when you heard that Christian was a paedophile?

Nothing special. He was my friend. I thought that he was sweet.

Could you see that he liked you very much?

Not at first. That came later. Every time a handsome boy passed us he would say, "Oh-oh-oh," and such. So I thought he was only interested in boys about twelve or thirteen years old. Then he told me about another boy he had known. And so it happened.

What happened?

We started with this great kingdom.

You started what?

The great kingdom. We began...

It was he who began?

Yes, and so I jumped into it too. But he didn't begin at once - wro-o-o-om! That came a little bit later on.

How?

That is difficult to explain.

Did he say that you were beautiful?

No.

Did he kiss you?

No.

What did he do, then?

I can't remember very well.

What did you do together?

Everything.

What did you think afterwards?

Nothing really.

Do you feel embarrassed about discussing it?

No.

Will you tell me something about it?

About what?

About how you started doing it.

I've already told you.

Not really.

I thought at first that he only had eyes for girls. One day we were walking and he said, "The fifth person we meet, we shall go to bed with." First a lady passed and he said "Pooh." Then an old man passed and he said "Pooh" again. And then no more came. He told me that he didn't like girls, but liked boys. He showed me a few pictures of a boy he had known and told me stories about him.

How often do you meet?

Every day. We never skip a day.

How often do you do it?

Do what?

Go to bed together.

It varies.

Once a week?

No. Perhaps once or twice a day. Sometimes three times.

Is it you who wants to do it so often, or is it him?

It's both of us.

Do you ever not want to?

Sometimes I'd rather do something else.

Do you ever want to when Christian doesn't?

Yes, it's sometimes me, sometimes him.

What happens then?

If one of us doesn't want to do it we just don't do it.

Do you sleep together?

Always. No, we didn't for three nights.

What else do you do together?

We go sailing. Sometimes we go to Odense and have a meal. Sometimes we go to the beach for a swim. Sometimes my little brother comes with us. But it's not so much fun when he comes along.

Why not?

He thinks that he can decide about everything. He says, for example, "Torben is my friend and Christian is yours."

And what does your mother say?

She says, "Oh, you two are always quarrelling about who is your best friend."

What does your mother think about Christian?

She thinks that he is sweet.

Does Torben think so too?

Torben thinks Christian is a genius. He's an expert in computers and everything else. Today he repaired our radio. It was buzzing. He said, "I'll fix it right now; there's only something wrong with the antenna."

How do you usually spend your day?

I go to school and Christian works.

What happens when you come home from school?

I don't always go straight home from school. Sometimes I play a little handball or go to the recreation centre.

Sometimes we go to the city and sometimes we go to Lasse's.

Do you ever play with your friends?

At school, not at home.

Did you ever do it?

No. Yes, perhaps in the first grade. This was before I got to know Christian.

How long do you think you'll continue to be with Christian?

That is a difficult question. You almost have to be a professor to answer it.

Many years?

I suspect he'll go with my little brother later.

You think, then, if that happens, he won't want to be with you any more?

No.

And then you'll look for another friend?

I don't know. I can't tell that now.

Perhaps a woman?

Never in my life.

Women are stupid?

Yes.

Your mother too?

That's different. She is very sweet. I've always thought so.

Do you like Torben too?

Yes, but not in the same way.

Does he play with you sometimes?

Not now, but before I knew Christian. . .

When something very fine happens between you and Christian don't you feel tempted to tell your friends about it?

No, because something could happen to Christian - it could be reported to the police.

You're afraid of the police?

Yes, a little bit.

What do you think the police would do?

They would certainly say, "Now, Stefan, tell us what you do together. You'll get a fried sausage afterwards!"

They will certainly also say that Christian is corrupting little children.

And what would you say to them?

That it's not true.

Do you think the police will come?

They might. Some day.

How could the police find out?

Some witches live in the neighbourhood, and if they find out they will call the police. But I made an agreement with my mother that she would pretend to be Christian's fiancé.

But she's engaged to Torben.

She can have two lovers at the same time.

How old do you think a person should be before he can have sex?

Zero years.

7.13.2 Interview with Stefan's Mother

Shortly after I became acquainted with Torben - we were in Kloster Moster, a music place here in Svendborg - we met one of Torben's good friends, Christian. We invited him to visit us at home and he came to Stefan's birthday party. My family was there too, and a number of friends. Christian spent a lot of time in the children's room that day, together with Torben. One of Stefan's presents was a tape recorder which he needed to be shown how to use. Stefan was very, very happy that day. Christian came again the next day. Stefan became quite interested in this young man, in part because he played in an orchestra. A few days later they went to Copenhagen together and Christian started sleeping every night in our home. Stefan was quite infatuated with him and they roamed the town together. I kept entirely out of it.

Did you foresee all that later happened?

No, I didn't. Even though I knew quite well that Christian was very fond of children, I could only see that Stefan was happy in those days. He was happier than I had seen him in years, and I knew that it was because of Christian. It was clear to me that Stefan was in love.

Was he indeed?

It radiated out from him. He behaved the same way I do when I'm in love. I have never seen him so happy. He was singing all the time and chattering about Christian. He really could not be bothered with anything else. They were always showering together, chattering, fooling around and locking the door. It was fine with me.

When did you realise that they were having sexual relations?

Two or three weeks after Stefan's birthday. I wanted to know, so I asked Christian point blank if they were having sex. He said, "Yes, something is going on." I didn't know exactly what was happening. I had a vague idea of how paedophiles made love, but I never asked them. Stefan came once to me and asked what he should do because he couldn't get an orgasm. I was glad he came to me with his problem. This was the only time I discussed it with Stefan.

He plays up to Christian. For example, he puts a ladle between his legs. Or maybe he'll say, "You want to step inside for a suck?" He caresses Christian quite openly. I think that's nice.

What do you think he gets out of the relationship?

Stefan had never had a close contact with a man. I have lived with two men with whom he had no relationship at all; they just hated and insulted him. No body contact whatever. Now his need for this is being satisfied, and that is important, a very good thing in my opinion.

Stefan was always jealous of his little brother because he visits his father. Stefan never saw his own father.

This is the first time that Stefan has had a relationship with a man.

Couldn't he have such a relationship without sex?

Easily, but he wants the sex, too. That radiates out from him.

He has said that he is afraid that Christian is more interested in his little brother?

I don't believe that's true. Stefan is simply being jealous.

Why is he jealous?

I don't know, but he must be allowed to live this love to the end. Nobody must hold him back. Besides, this relationship has strengthened the relationship between the two of us, too. I'm now permitted to touch and kiss him, which he had not let me do for some years.

How often do they meet?

Every day. It has become a daily event for all of us, to be together with so many people, and I think it's fine. I have a lot of confidence in Christian and I am only really concerned when he is with other paedophiles.

What do you fear?

I'm afraid he'll make more adult friends, that he'll forget that somebody is in love with him right here. It is not very often you'll find parents who think it's all right when their child falls in love with an adult. I sometimes get the feeling of being exploited, but this fades away when I see what a good time Stefan is having.

7.13. WE STARTED WITH THIS GREAT KINGDOM

There have been periods when I thought the relationship was becoming too much, that Stefan was forgetting to play with friends of his own age. But he has now reached the point where he can sometimes choose to be with his friends and not with Christian. I think this is very good.

It has been a month now since I last talked to Stefan. Has something happened in the meantime?

Yes. One Saturday morning I saw two well-dressed men walking towards me. I knew immediately that they were police officers. I was afraid. I started trembling and felt very bad.

They came in and introduced themselves. They wanted me to tell them what I knew about Christian. This I did, and added that he was a paedophile. They didn't know what the word meant, but they couldn't understand why I wasn't afraid of him - a paedophile assaults every child he approaches.

I could not accept this description. I told them that Christian came often to our house because I liked him very much and because he worked with Torben in some affairs. And that of course Stefan and he had also been together a lot, but that there was no reason at all to suppose that there was anything sexual between them.

They didn't believe me and wanted to talk with Stefan. I allowed this, but only on my conditions, which were that I should lead the conversation. Stefan was fascinated with the police and asked if he could see their badges and guns. That was all right. He chattered the whole time. I thought, "Shut up, this is going wrong!" I told Stefan why they had come. I said that it was because Christian was suspected of having molested him - I think I even used the word "fuck", that they had fucked together which was, of course, illegal.

They asked him whether Christian ever tried to undress him. He answered that he was quite able to do this for himself. And they asked if Christian had ever asked him to touch his peepee. He only said, "Pooh!" So they left and said they wouldn't do anything further in this case. None of us believed them.

Christian came that same evening. I told him what had happened and that it had gone well. I was terribly annoyed by it, for his sake. He has been haunted by the police and by the courts his whole life, and only because he is a paedophile. Stefan was happy to see him again. The police couldn't destroy their love! I was incredibly happy to see that.

A few weeks later the police returned. They wanted to see some pictures they thought Christian had made of Stefan. I signed a declaration allowing them to search the whole house, but of course they found nothing. I had taken anything there was away.

We didn't dare to let Christian sleep over with us any longer. They threatened to take the children away from me. It was an empty threat, but when they say such things to me it only makes me more stubborn.

How did Stefan take it?

I think it is a terrible pity that he is not allowed to live this love through without interference from the outside world. But he takes it like boys of his age usually take such things. He thinks it's fun to play cowboys and Indians with the police. But I have given him some of my fears, because I don't want them to break him during an examination. I'm afraid that one day they'll come to look for him at school and question him when I'm not there.

Torben and I have talked with a psychologist whom we know. He has also interviewed Stefan a few times. If the social workers and health authorities interfere, we can now say that Stefan is already seeing a psychologist, in which case they would be obliged to use our psychologist in any criminal case they might want to bring.

What do you think is going to happen?

For our own sakes I hope we will be successful in keeping the relationship hidden, that it will become second nature for us to hide it. I am angry about this for Stefan - that he has to hide his love. But we are forced to do so. The positive side is that he is not alone. Most boys have to hide these things from their parents too.

You think it can go on?

I hope it can continue just as long as Stefan wants it to. I hope when it ends, he will do it and not somebody else. But he has also become paranoid and almost doesn't dare to do anything sexual with Christian. He's afraid somebody will catch them. Imagine being in such a situation! It is not the way one would have wished to see one's child's first love evolve.

He says that when he's an adult he wants to be either a paedophile or gay. He must decide this for himself.

Let him try out everything. But I would not like him to become a paedophile.

Did you have any sexual experiences as a child?

No, I didn't. I come from a home where I never saw my parents naked. I didn't know they fucked. I was told that children were brought by the stork.

For many, many years I was sexually miserable. I believe that was because of my ignorance. The first time I went to bed with a boy it was done in secret and I couldn't talk to anybody about it. I didn't have the slightest idea what you even did. As a result of all of this, I made up my mind that, by God, my own children would not grow up that way!

7.14 When A Boy Wants A Man

Report-ID: 37625

This case comes from an article dated January 18, 2011 entitled 'When A Boy Wants A Man' written by Marina Fontanascura.

First published	18.01.2011
Author	Marina Fontanascura
Topics	priest, confession, masturbation, altar boy, catholic
Weblinks	southfloridagaynews.com, issuu.com, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Italy
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	18
Name of the boy	Sergio
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Ours is not a time and place in which a man can easily wax rhapsodic about his childhood sex with married men and priests; but Sergio - an accomplished, handsome and quiet middle-aged resident of Wilton Manors, in a fifteen year relationship - wanted his story told, albeit anonymously. What happened to Sergio is not unique, but his conclusions constitute a confession usually never given voice. Over dinner, I recorded that story and deliver it to you in his own words. Without judgment. Without commentary.

“I grew up in a city on the Italian Riviera that had been devastated by World War II. It was rebuilt but it had lost its soul and its prosperity. My father struggled to find work to support his family of seven. In the 1960s, he took a second job running the movie theater owned by our parish church. My mother was the cashier and I sold candy in the lobby. My father was a deeply religious man. When the canisters of film arrived on Fridays, he would pre-screen them and if he saw a kiss or even a bedroom, he would cut and splice them. He didn’t know that I was downstairs in the theater watching the uncut versions. My job was to clean up the projection room for him. I would save the scraps he had cut and hold them up to the light in my bedroom. Very Cinema Paradiso.

“Parents dropped their kids off at the theater on Saturdays because it was safe. Before the movie started, the priest would get up on stage and make us say ten Hail Marys. The church was the center of our life and I was leader of the altar boys. We each had a card that the priests would sign every time we served Mass. After twenty times, we got a prize, like candy or a soccer ball. If you didn’t go to Mass on Sunday, you couldn’t play soccer on the church team or use the church recreation field.

“Even as a small child, I learned that sex was a sin. I confessed it all the time. There were seven priests in that parish. Each one had his own confessional with his name on it and a bell. When you rang the bell, that priest would come to the church and hear your confession. I went all the time because of sex and because they taught me that in confession I could wipe the slate clean. I had to lie in each confession because I didn’t want to admit I had just gone the day before. Each day I rang a different bell and confessed to a different priest so they wouldn’t know it was me again so soon, and I never said that I masturbated, only that I had ‘done bad things behind my mother’s back.’

“One of the altar boys who was my age took me alone into a room at the church youth center. He put my hand on his dick and taught me how to rub it. I loved it and wanted to do it every chance we got. Soon there were other altar boys in our group. This kind of fun is how we ended all our Catholic activities until one time, one of the boys ejaculated and that scared the shit out of us.

“When I was about ten years old, I was in the movie theater in the back row on the aisle. One of the priests was sitting next to me. He was the youngest of the seven, maybe 25 or 30, and he was in charge of the youth groups. The other altar boys were spread throughout the theater. I felt his knee against my leg. I didn’t move away. It felt very nice, all through the movie. Next week, the same thing, only I put on a lot more pressure. I started leaning against him. He took my hand and drew it into his robes and into his pants and I grabbed his dick, and I have to say it was the best thing I ever felt in my life. I didn’t want to let it go for the rest of my life. I didn’t move it. I just held it. I felt that either I had died and gone to heaven or that I was home.

Next day, I went to the church and rang his bell. Instead of the confessional, he took me into the storage basement of the church where we were surrounded by statues and all the stuff used on feast days. The only thing I wanted was to take out his dick. I was really the aggressor. We did it frequently. I only knew that it felt good. He never asked me not to tell. He never forced me to do anything I didn't want to do. Sometimes it was with the priest and three altar boys. Never kissing or hugging. Just the sex organ. No incentives offered, just my own pleasure. If I did not have that experience with the priest, I would have found it somewhere else.

“One time, my father kicked a man out of the theater because a boy said he had been touched by him, and my father chased him down the street yelling insults at him. The only thing I wanted to do was to run after that man, grab him by the hand and say, ‘Take me with you.’ I had fantasies about our family doctor, that he would take me away and we would live on an island where everyone was just like us. No wonder I live in Wilton Manors which is exactly that kind of island.

“After the priest, I started seeking other opportunities. There were always several married men at the church who I was having sex with. With one I had a code. If his wife was not home, there was a white towel on the door. With another one, I would go to the cemetery with him when he bought flowers to place on his wife's tomb in the little chapel over the family vault, and that is where we had sex. In my little head it began to click that I should get married like them but still do this forever. The other altar boys I had sex with all got married. I did not want to be a priest. I hated the priests who came into our church to recruit for the seminary. They would take me for a walk and put their arms around me and say that Jesus was calling me.

“Also in my head it began to click that sex was forbidden by the church but that everyone did it anyway. We were strictly forbidden even to watch when the bull was brought to a neighbor's house to stud the cows; but every time we saw the truck go by with the bull in it, all of us boys would say, ‘Okay, we know where we're going later.’

“When I was 18, the pressure was on me to get married. For two years, I had a girlfriend who broke off our engagement because I would not have sex with her. I left the country and went to London where I joined a huge gay community. I met mostly older gay men and one friend brought me to an Anglican church that hosted gay nights with dances and raffles and events. My friend said, ‘Honey, you're home.’ I went home with someone on my first night there. It's funny that some church is always involved in the milestones of my sex life. The experience of religion is the experience of the erotic, and that is something people won't talk about.

“They say we repeat our early sexual experience, but I would never have sex with a boy. I shy away from young people. I'm not comfortable. I don't know why. I owe a lot to what some older guys did for me. Maybe I should be helping younger guys.

“I was absolutely not abused. After the first contact with his knee, I was going after that priest

more than he was going after me. That is the truth. There is no doubt in my mind, that I wanted it more than he did. I have a very difficult time with these people who are suing priests because for me, there was no coercion. He didn't even offer candy or gifts. There was no incentive but my own pleasure. All these years when all of these abuse stories came out, I never felt sympathy for those who brought charges against priests. I know that I was very young when it happened to me but I could have stayed with it or walked away. Some of my friends walked away. I didn't. I went back. I rang that bell. I liked it.

“Today kids don't have the same opportunity. Those married men would today be classed as predators. It never occurred to me, never crossed my mind that I would turn in any of them. I believe that now kids 12-16 are a lot more aware of things than I was. I think they have some malice that I didn't have. I believe that what I was doing was not wrong. It was consensual. Some would say that you can't have consensual sex when one of the parties is a kid. That's bullshit. I was the aggressor. I had to ring that bell. I had to go up the stairs. I had to seek it out. Either I am a freak or there is something else that I either can't explain or don't understand.

“Sex comes with the baggage of guilt. The fact is that when I was a kid, I couldn't talk about sex with anybody, and this sense of sin screws you up with your whole life. I think I am a better person because of what happened to me. That's how I was able to understand who I was. That so many people in the church did what I did, there is not anything wrong with it. We are sexual beings. We can control our urges as we get older only because they diminish. The church gave me not just my sexual identity but my whole identity. It showed me that what they preach is not the truth, and I think the priests wanted me to know that. My experience freed me from big baggage.

7.15 Who is to say that I could not consent to it just because I was 10?

Report-ID: 51434

Jo reports about the four-year relationship with a teacher at his school. The relationship continues as friendship till today.

First published	01.01.1980
Author	Unknown
Topics	teacher, intellectuality, love, abuse, consent
Weblinks	ipce.info, wordpress.com
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	24
Name of the boy	Jo
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: Campaign Against Public Morals, Paedophilia and Public Morals. London: CAPM, 1980.

“Allan was a young school teacher of 24 who came to my primary school. At first I would walk home with him to talk and laugh. Then it came to staying for tea, and this relaxation in formal ties led to expressed affection. His hand stroking my leg, or ruffling my hair or stroking the back

7.15. WHO IS TO SAY THAT I COULD NOT CONSENT TO IT JUST BECAUSE I WAS 10?

of my neck, or even my bottom. Or my caressing his face, loving the feel of the stubble, and my own kids like to do that without any of the other connotations. Plucking up courage one day to kiss him just because I liked being with him.

And we talked — about everything. Parents, adults, ideas, sex, heroes, TV, music we both liked, school, the future for me, his love of the Greeks which he gave to me, along with many interests which were his and which he delighted to share with me. There were other qualities experienced, not taught — mainly a gentle tolerance.

It came to sexual contact through horse play. No doubt it cost him agony. Wrestling in his living room floor after tea on a wet winter evening, he ended up on top of me and between my outstretched legs ensuring by his movements that I was aroused and that I could feel his excitement. He had shown great restraint but now he suggested that it would be better if we removed our clothes, which seemed quite natural to me, even though I wasn't sure what was to come.

I know I wanted to see him nude and for him to see me so. The shock of seeing his substantial erection was not so great as to deter me. Rather I was prompted by fascination and frank pleasure as he embraced me to prepare me for sexual contact. It is hard to define, but perhaps a sensible parental attitude to nudity and sexual arousal made it less than alarming.

The notion of inability to give consent, validity, seem ludicrous. Allan and I wanted what was happening. I don't know what (is) meant by too early penetration, but after masturbating me, Allan could not contain himself by my reciprocal action, and thus I had my first anal intercourse.

Many men are reckoned to be insensitive lovers by women, intent solely on their own gratification. Allan was highly sexed and reasonably endowed, yet he made me feel that my pleasure was his main desire, that it was love not cunning seduction. I felt for him as great a love as I have felt for anyone. Who is to say that it was not valid or that I could not consent to it just because I was 10? To be caressed, brought to satisfaction, and opened to such passion and love was entirely acceptable to me, and I co-operated to make the very best of it.

Allan experienced predictable guilt and remorse after his climax. 'Are you angry, Jo, that I really wanted you like this all the time?' And I remember telling him, as best I could, that I wanted it too, that his sex with me as a boy wasn't wrong, that it was a natural part of our love.

The relationship endured until I was 14, with frequent anal and oral sex, but it was one part of a richness we shared. It was encapsulated by the holiday we spent in Scotland in a cottage he rented for six weeks. Painting my picture. A gift of a bike. Seeing dawn over the sea. Arguing like fury over his lapse into authority (and reconciliation and apology).

My first ejaculation, and my first time of being the active partner. Attending a folk concert.

7.15. WHO IS TO SAY THAT I COULD NOT CONSENT TO IT JUST BECAUSE I WAS 10?

Practical jokes. Our relationship was interrupted by his promotion to a deputy head — he was a marvellous teacher, loved by all the kids — and his move away. (...) We saw one another during holidays and at weekends. Over the years, we have kept contact as our relationship was more than just the sensual gratification of one man. (...)

I am pleased that he now has a 15-years-old boy lover, Simon. [sic!] But I will always be there if needed. People do dreadful things to their kids — I don't mean rape or physical abuse. Kids are filled with all kinds of perversion: hate this person, cheat your neighbour, lie, trample on the rights of others, bow to the state, believe harmful religious fairy stories, feel guilt about love, make a god of material possession. I had no consent, nor has any child, to refuse such filth. This is the abuse of innocence, not where Allan stuck his penis or whether I was 'corrupted'."

7.16 You're supposed to call it abuse

Report-ID: 92207

In an article about the gay outing of a man who grew up in a repressive environment, Wim also talks about a relationship with a young man. Wim was 10 years old at the time.

First published	12.04.2018
Author	Sander van Mersbergen
Topics	religion, abuse, gay
Weblinks	ad.nl
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	AD
Start of the relationship	1975
Age of the boy (start)	10
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	18
Name of the boy	Wim
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: AD.nl, Ik zag geen uitweg. De toekomst was zwart, 4.12.2018

Translated by JUMIMA

Wim is one of these boys who are born in the wrong place. Gay in a village on the Veluwe, the heart of the Dutch bible belt. Two left hands, but an apprentice on the LTS [a vocational school], because he is not allowed to continue higher education.

[...]

He has his first sexual experience with a cousin. Wim is 10, the cousin just grown up. "It was only kissing and oral. You're supposed to call it abuse, indeed. It doesn't make sense. But it never bothered me. I liked it, but knew very well that it should not be made public." It lasted for six years. Then he married a woman.

Did you have a heartbreak?

"Yes, it was very difficult. That was also due to how it went at home. It was all cool and cold, and my cousin felt like loving attention."

Wim adventures with a neighbor boy, but then puts his feelings in the closet. In 1985 his wife crosses his path. "My sister's correspondence friend. Feelings did arise. She had a total crush on me, she said later. Then I went along with it."

7.16.1 Dutch original text

Wim is zo'n jongen die op de verkeerde plaats is geboren. Gay in een dorpje op de Veluwe, hart van de bible belt. Twee linkerhanden, maar leerling op de LTS, want hij mag niet doorleren.

[...]

Zijn eerste seksuele ervaring heeft hij met een neef. Wim is 10, de neef net volwassen. „Het bleef bij zoenen en oraal. Je zou het misbruik moeten noemen, inderdaad. Het klopt van geen kanten. Maar ik heb er nooit last van gehad. Ik vond het fijn, maar wist dondersgoed dat het niet openbaar moest worden. Het duurde zes jaar. Toen trouwde hij met een vrouw.”

Had je liefdesverdriet?

„Ja, het was heel moeilijk. Dat kwam ook door thuis. Het was allemaal koel en koud, en dat met mijn neef voelde als liefdevolle aandacht.”

Wim avonturiert nog wat met een buurjongen, maar stopt zijn gevoelens daarna in de kast. In 1985 komt zijn vrouw op zijn pad. „Een correspondentievriendin van mijn zus. Er ontstonden toch wel gevoelens. Zij was bam, helemaal in de gloria, zei ze later. Daar ben ik toen maar in meegegaan.”

8 Boy 11 years old

8.1 A psychological test did not reveal anything remarkable

Report-ID: 18481

Brief report on a relationship between an 11-year-old boy and a 40-year-old man from a publication by Frits Bernard.

First published	01.01.1980
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	Consent, psychological test
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1940s
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the man	40
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Frits Bernard. (1980). Das pädophile Dasein. Möglichkeiten und Beispiele sexueller Beziehung. In: Hohmann, Pädophilie Heute.

A 45-year-old man describes an erotic relationship he had as an 11-year-old boy. His partner was a 40-year-old man who gave him practical “sexual education”. He would take the boy on his lap and touch and rub his penis. The boy manually satisfied the man in return.

The boy visited the man very often, out of his own free will, and he regularly reached an orgasm during their tender encounters. For the boy, these were very intense and beautiful times.

A psychological test did not reveal anything remarkable in the former child.

8.2 Björn cannot imagine ever having sex with another man

Report-ID: 82047

Björn tells about his friendship with Jan, a social worker, whom he met at the age of 11. The relationship continues to this day and continues to have a sexual component.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Wolf Vogel
Topics	youth work, secret, jealousy, parents, girls, school, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	32
Name of the boy	Björn
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Björn is 32 years old and a craftsman. Jan is 45 years old and a social worker. Both live in a northern German city. Björn has been married for seven years, Jan is single. During a walk, they tell me how their former boy-man relationship has turned into a male friendship with eroticism over time.

When Björn was ten years old, Jan started his work in a youth center at which Björn and three of his older brothers had been regular visitors for some time. Jan took up this position with the enthusiasm of a recently graduated social worker, his head full of revolutionary ideas. The boys and girls who visited the place every day liked his wealth of ideas; For Björn and some of his friends of the same age, Jan soon became an adult friend.

The conversations between Björn and the social worker soon turned to sexuality. The boy had provoked the adult with questions about certain sexual practices that he knew from stories or banned films. Jan always acted naive. This incited the boy to be more direct; he mimicked sexual practices when playing, laughed at Jan's obvious embarrassment, and openly announced what forms of sexual activity he had already tried. Jan held back, did not reprimand him nor encourage him.

A year later, Björn was eleven and a half years old, Jan met the boy near the river that runs through the city. Both sat down on the shore and started chatting. Björn soon brought the subject back to the virtues of his masculinity, which he tried to explain to Jan using the example of a piece of wood. As confirmation, he put Jan's hand on the body part, which he emphasized so much. He said in a tone of conviction, "Mine is much bigger than yours." There was no direct comparison, because Jan indicated that passerbys could disturb them.

A few weeks later, Jan was busy renovating the youth center during the summer break. Björn saw the car of the social worker at the door and asked for admission by knocking insistently. The adult let the boy in who wanted to have the door locked behind him. When Björn saw the adult fiddling with a yardstick, he pulled his pants down and said to Jan: "Measure how big it is." Jan was amazed to see that the boy was physically developed like a fourteen-year-old. The boy's initiative led to sexual contact between the two, during which Björn lay on his stomach and asked the adult to penetrate.

Jan was very frightened and broke off the erotic game. A little unsettled, the boy asked the man: "Why don't you want me?" Only a few days later the social worker was able to make it clear to the eleven-year-old that he was very fond of him, but that he didn't want to hurt him. A year later, the form of sexual contact desired by Björn came about. The desire for such encounters accompanied the younger one into adulthood.

Björn literally fell in love with Jan. It was the first experience of this kind for both of them. Björn cannot remember any sexual games before he was ten years old; but he does remember that he was approached by another adult who made clear erotic wishes at the age of 13. Björn was extremely outraged by this approach, rode his bike to Jan's apartment on a Sunday afternoon to tell his adult friend all the outrage about this stranger's immoral request. Jan struggled to calm the boy, who was undressing while he was describing and laying on Jan's bed for intimate contact.

8.2. BJÖRN CANNOT IMAGINE EVER HAVING SEX WITH ANOTHER MAN

The relationship between the two remained secret both from the other visitors to the youth center and from Björn's parents. The parents did not know the social worker personally, but they did know the name, as Björn often talked about the "new". Björn remembers a situation in which his mother scolded Jan in a hint of jealousy, according to her son's descriptions: "I only hear from Jan, here at home. If this continues, it is best to take your bed and move in with him." Björn says that he would have done that immediately if Mother's words had been meant seriously.

After all, Björn's relationship brought him occasional advantages. When he was 13 years old, his teacher came to see his parents because of a typical boyish prank. The rather strict father threatened his son with a beating. In his distress, Björn turned to Jan. The social worker paid a "random" visit to Björn's parents. The parents were happy to finally get to know this "hero", about whom the son was so enthusiastic, and made coffee. They talked about general stuff until Jan finally asked about Björn's academic achievements. The father got angry and indicated that he would beat up his son at the next opportunity for the wrongdoing. The social worker patiently tried to appease the parents and not overrate pranks due to puberty. The father finally let himself be appeased, and when Björn entered the apartment shortly afterwards, also "by accident", the initial anger was almost gone. The boy had to go to his room immediately and was not allowed to stay with the adults, but there were no further punishments.

The friendship between Björn and Jan remained undiminished. There were regular sexual contacts, which both still find pleasant today. These contacts continued even when Björn had his first sexual experience with girls at the age of 15. Björn cannot imagine ever having sex with another man. On the other hand, he did not want to do without contacts with Jan even when he got married. And he still doesn't want to do without sex with Jan – 21 years after the first erotic encounter with the social worker.

When Björn is asked what appeals to him about this sexual relationship with a man, what he gets from Jan, for example, what he cannot have in his marriage, Björn points out certain sexual practices that are only possible between men. And he says that he often simply wants to be able to enjoy eroticism passively and relaxed, while with his wife he likes to play the active role, and she also wishes for that.

The boy-man relationship between Björn and Jan, which eventually turned into an erotic male friendship, had, of course, not only a sexual component, even if physical pleasure was the motor of this relationship, as both frankly admit. Jan helped Björn to finish school with reasonably good grades, helped him find apprenticeships and helped Björn with age-typical heartbreaks in his relationships to girls. Björn does not speak to Jan about marriage problems, should there be any. The social worker remained the friend of that time; the savior in sexual distress and helper for professional worries, as Björn puts it. Jan is satisfied with this role. He is happy that Björn

still enjoys sex with him. He also never asked that Björn be his partner in other areas of life. Sometimes both meet up for intimate contact several times a week; sometimes they don't see each other for weeks. It's a liaison that costs nothing, says Jan.

When Björn is asked whether he feels that his development has been damaged by early sex with an adult, he spontaneously laughs out loud. He cannot understand such a question. He considers sex between two people, if done in a responsible manner of mutual respect, to be something completely natural. If he had decide about the matter of seduction, he would insist that he was the real seducer. Basically, it is still like that today, he asserts, because he calls Jan when he wants sex, not the other way around. He is not afraid of infectious diseases, because he lives absolutely monogamous, as he puts it. With his wife, and occasionally with Jan. He does not want to have other intimate contacts. What if Jan suddenly moved to another city? Björn looks at this question rather helplessly. "There would be no new edition. Jan is Jan. This cannot be copied."

His wife doesn't know about his relationship with Jan, nor do his parents. What for? Björn asks. Isn't his relationship with Jan very unusual? Björn shrugs his shoulders at this question: "What should be unusual about it? It is certainly a common occurrence." He adds that when he was a boy he felt that other peers had experiences similar to his.

8.3 I don't believe that my desire is stronger now

Report-ID: 95713

Report from a boy who had a relationship with an adult at the age of 11. He tells of an event in which his older partner and he tricked a woman into having sex with them.

First published	01.01.1979
Author	Edward Brongersma
Topics	tenderness, prank, puberty
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1972
Age of the boy (start)	11
Name of the boy	Alcide
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In his well-known treatise Loving Boys: A multidisciplinary study of sexual relations between adult and minor males, Volume 1, of 1986, Dr. Edward Brongersma refers to a case of professor René Schérer, taken from the latter's book L'emprise: Des enfants entre nous (Paris: Hachette, 1979, p. 262-263).

Brongersma mentions that a 18-year-old boy called Alcide told Schérer:

"Sex with others? Yes, I began having it very early, and I felt much closer to the people I slept with than to my mother and father, even though my relationship with my parents isn't especially bad. I started doing it with my little female cousin when I was nine; later, at eleven, it was with a man.

In the beginning, in the relationships, I was mainly interested in tenderness (...) As for sexual pleasure, at first that was maybe less important than it became later (...) I like to sleep with someone and to be caressed."

Schérer then asked him, "Do you have any thoughts about something which has always been poorly understood: the sexual feelings of immature children?"

Alcide replied: "The physical excitement of sleeping with someone is the same, absolutely the same, at all ages, before and after maturity. I don't believe that my desire is stronger now than it was earlier. (...) In those days I didn't ejaculate, but the feeling was equally good. I got a hard-on and liked being touched."

[...]

Eighteen-year-old Alcide:

"There's a man with whom I afterwards became very good friends' At the very beginning he used a girl in order to seduce me. I was thirteen at the time, and he knew I sort of wanted to sleep with a girl.

So he said to her, I know, 'Look, you entice Alcide to your room, then I'll come to you and sleep with him, and so on." Thus it was arranged, and I had just started to have sex with the girl when he joined us and we turned it into a threesome. It was a sort of charade we had cooked up together, he and I, to involve a third person in our relationship. But when you get right down to it, we had a love relationship, not just a sexual one. I was head over heels in love with this man. I felt a very close bond with him, just as you always do when you're in love with someone. So when people claim that children of thirteen, fourteen are unable to love and have normal sexual intercourse and so on, I believe they're completely wrong. At thirteen you can have regular sexual intercourse just as well as anybody else, with girls and with men." (Scherer 1979, p. 264)

8.4 I knew that I was doing something that I was not supposed to

Report-ID: 59556

Sander had a sexual relationship with Henk, an adult man who was 18 years his senior. He was 11 when it started and the relationship ended when he was 16.

First published	01.12.1979
Author	Jan Lievense
Topics	guilt, discoveries
Weblinks	brongersma.info, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	29
Name of the boy	Sander
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: 'Sander' von Jan Lievense; GG (Gezond Gezin) (Maandblad over relaties en seksualiteit), and 18, Heft 12, Dezember 1979 Link

Sander: “I knew that I was doing something that I was not supposed to. But I never felt sorry for it and I never felt threatened. [...] What I experienced and learned was very special and very nice. Henk was very kind and sweet.”

8.4. I KNEW THAT I WAS DOING SOMETHING THAT I WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO

Henk made him discover what spots on his body felt good and all he could do with them. The sexual contact was always different, and each time he made a new discovery, though they never had anal sex.

After he was interviewed about the relationship (at age 18), Sander realised he felt guilty because he had stopped seeing Henk when he was 16. He visited him and, for the last time, they had sex together.

8.5 I love him and I know that he loves me

Report-ID: 56244

Letter from 16-year-old Darrel to NAMBLA.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Darrel
Topics	bisexual, relationship, love
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Darrel
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication ‘Boys speak out!’ by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization’s website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

8.5.1 I Love Him, and I Know That He Loves Me

The first time that I ever had a relationship with a man was when I was 11. I’m now 16. It was nice. I met this man through a friend. It started out kind of weird. I moved in with him, going

8.5. I LOVE HIM AND I KNOW THAT HE LOVES ME

everywhere with him, helping him out. He helped me out, and I kept on living with him. I go up to see him every weekend, and everything just built up.

We have had our little arguments here and there, but we have worked it out and everything. I feel OK about him. I love him and I know that he loves me. This makes me feel good. It makes me feel good inside.

Relationships between men and boys are OK. I know quite a few men and boys who have relationships, and they all seem OK. The men and boys who are involved in the relationships that I know are nice.

I can't let anything happen to him; it would really hurt me. All that I know is that if anything does really happen to him, I feel sorry for the person who does it, because I will be after him, to hurt the person, just like the way that they hurt me.

I see myself basically as bi-sexual. Bi-sexuality means to me being half gay and half not. I have girlfriends. The relationships with them are also nice.

Darrel

New Jersey

8.6 I love you

Report-ID: 97301

Leonid Kameneff was the head of the experimental 'Ecole en Bateau'. He was sentenced to 12 years in prison for sexual abuse in 2013. He owns the diary of an 11-year-old boy, who writes about his adult friend.

First published	01.01.1979
Author	Jerome
Topics	love, boarding school, masturbation
Weblinks	theguardian.com, wikipedia.org, nouvelobs.com
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Loving Boys (1991)
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	11
Name of the boy	Jerome
Perspective	boy
Plausibility	1 of 5

Quelle: Loving Boys, Dr. Edward Brongersma, Foerster Verlag, 1991.

Leonid Kameneff, head of the "Ecole en Bateau," (an experimental French educational enterprise) has in his possession the diary of a precocious eleven-year-old boy. Jerome went to a boarding school, but on weekends he was allowed to visit his adult friend.

Here is what he wrote in his diary:

"Last night, after lights-out in the dorm, I conjured up your image. Here's what happened. Ten o'clock. The light went off.

That's when it happened.

I closed my eyes and took you in my arms.

8.6. I LOVE YOU

I caressed your body, all over, from head to toe.

I kissed you:

I love you.

Your hands travelled all over my body and then you stopped.

As for me, I was moving my head down lower and lower, and while I was bringing you to greater and greater heights of passion, your hand was stroking my hair with more and more urgency.

I flung my arms around you and you hugged me.

I kissed you. Then our legs entwined.

I clung in your arms.

I kissed you.

And I fell asleep,

so glad. . . ”

“I love him.

I want to show him all the love I feel for him.

The best way is to do this physically, with our bodies. I want us both to be crying for joy.”

“You showed me the way to Paradise. I usually go to you Saturdays. These Saturdays are pure paradise.”

“I love to make you happy.”

“Jerking off alone—that takes me to the Little Paradise.

Then I meet you, and together we go to the Great Paradise, which people can only enter as couples.”

“I love you. I adore you.

I couldn't live one week without you, because I love you.

My body trembles against your body when it feels yours trembling against it.

I could shout my love to the whole world! I could weep with it.

I love you.

I'll say it again, on my knees:

I love you!”

(Kameneff 1979, 131-13

[It is unknown to JUMIMA what the reference '131-13' means]

8.7 I went to see him, simply because I liked him

Report-ID: 10628

As part of a study on the effects of child pornography production on the affected children, 3 interviews were conducted with boys. This interview with Stephan is the third interview.

First published	01.01.1992
Author	Benjamin Rossen
Topics	pornography, photography, police, friendship, girls, parents
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, p-loog.info, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	IPT-Forensics Journal
Start of the relationship	1982
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	34
Name of the boy	Stephan
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Jan Shuijter and Benjamin Rossen (1992). "The Trade in Child Pornography" Appendix E: "Interviews with Three Boys", IPT-Forensics Journal, volume 4.

Interview conducted by B.R. on March 20, 1990, with Stephan B. (19), born 13 December 1970.

8.7.1 Summary

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Stefan's parents were divorced and he often stayed over Elly's. Elly was the sister of his mother's new boyfriend's. He got to know his adult friend Ferdi [the same Ferdi as in Peter's story] through Elly, when he was about eleven years old.

"It was a lot of fun. We clicked immediately. We dived from the diving board and we played ball at the swimming pool."

[...]

After some time, Stefan slept over with Ferdi for about ten times while his mother thought he was staying at Elly's place. Ferdi decided he wanted to talk it over with Stefan's mother, who accepted their friendship and even believed Stefan's behavior had improved considerably since he had been seeing Ferdi.

"Whenever I felt like going to Ferdi, I went to see him, and if I did not feel like it, I simply did not go."

"At first we just played games at Ferdi's place. And we went to amusement parks. We continued to do so later on [when they were also having sex]. And we also used to swim a lot together in the beginning. And we rode our bikes as well. And when I had to study or do my homework, Ferdi helped me with it. Yes, it all was a lot of fun."

Stefan adds that they often also went to the dunes or played hide and seek with friends, or soccer.

"I went to see him, simply because I liked him, because I thought he was nice. At that moment in time, I saw something of a father figure in Ferdi, because my parents had just been divorced."

They started having sex after about two or three months.

"It happened very naturally. I used to be a nudist, so I always slept naked. And so did Ferdi. And I just felt attracted to him."

"Everything was exactly like in any relationship between a man and a woman, for instance. The first night we had sexual contact, we made love, by which I mean stroking each other and Ferdi gave me a blow job."

After this experience, Stefan felt he had to cry because of the strange sensations the blow job produced in him, and Ferdi really tried to comfort him and felt guilty for putting Stefan through this. All the same, the sex became a normal part of their relationship. It more or less increased their emotional attachment to each other.

In the end, Stefan realized that he liked girls and that's when the sex with Ferdi stopped.

Stefan used to love Ferdi a lot and he still continues to love him. He considers him a very good friend and they talk a lot. Ferdi supported him and taught him important things about people and life.

Stefan is convinced that his relationship with Ferdi had almost no negative aspects. He stresses that his relationship should not be seen as a surrogate for the insufficient parental skills of his father and mother; it was a goal in itself.

There was only one negative experience related to the relationship, which concerned an erotic photo session by a friend of Ferdi's, Fred. Though Stefan enjoyed the session as such, he was afraid the police would discover the pictures. [Cfr Peter's story]

When Ferdi was arrested and sent to prison, Stefan remained in touch with him. The sexual contact had stopped already, but they remained friends after his release, and continued to talk and do things together.

At the time of the interview, Stefan and his girlfriend were happily living together.

8.7.2 Full Interview

Interviewer: I first want to ask you a few questions about your contact with Ferdinand.

Stephan: Yes, that's fine.

Interviewer: Then I want to ask some questions about the photo sessions with Fred V. and last about your experience with the police. If there are things you cannot remember then say so. Also, if you don't want to give an answer then feel free to say so. How did you first meet Ferdinand?

Stephan: Uh ... Ya. My parents were divorced and my mother had a new boy friend, and I often went and stayed overnight with the sister of the boy friend. She was called Elly. One day Elly said to me "Let's go to the nude swimming at the Heiligeweg207 baths," and I said, "Fine, I'll come along" and Ferdinand also came with us. He was a friend of Elly's and so I got to know Ferdinand via Elly. Now, it was really nice. It clicked straight away. Just diving from the diving board and playing with a ball in the water. For some time after that I didn't go swimming. Then one day Elly said, "Come, let's go and visit Ferdinand because his wife is having a birthday." I said, "Great, terrific." And then Elly added, "You had better watch out for Ferdinand because he's pedophile." Now, I was pretty well up with the times when it came to sex. I knew about all kinds of sexual things.

Interviewer: How old were you then?

Stephan: I was 11, about.

Interviewer: And you say that you knew a whole lot about sexual things?

Stephan: Yes. I've never had sex education or such like. I learned everything myself, or saw it, or did it.

Interviewer: Before Ferdinand did you have contact with a pedophile?

Stephan: No. But I knew that it existed. I didn't know the name 'pedophile' yet. But I knew

that ‘man with young child’ was also possible. That I knew. The word not, but certainly what it was.

Interviewer: What did you think when Elly said that?

Stephan: Nothing actually. I wasn’t shocked, and then she said, “He sometimes has relationships with young children.” And then she added, “mostly boys.” I didn’t respond. Then we went to the birthday party. Now, for the whole evening I followed Ferdinand around, of my own will. At that time I was crazy about Andre Hazes, that is a singer, and I kept asking, “May I put this tape on?” and that sort of thing. When Ferdinand went to the kitchen I went to the kitchen. When Ferdinand went into the bedroom, by way of speaking, I also went into the bedroom. I followed him the whole time. Then from my own initiative I said, “I’ll come one day and visit.” After that we went home. For a while after that I didn’t stay overnight with Elly, but then later on a few more times.

One day Elly had to go away and she couldn’t have me to stay for the night. She then asked me, “Would you like to go and stay the night with Ferdinand, because I have to go away?” So that is what I did, without informing my mother. And after that I went again for a few weekends in a row. And then I told my mother. “Listen, I’m not staying the weekends with Elly. I’ve been sleeping over with Ferdinand.” Then she asked, “Who is Ferdinand?” And so I told her, “He is a friend of Elly’s. It is really nice with him. We go swimming in the weekend and that sort of thing.” And my mother asked further, “What sort of person is that?” And I said, “Just an ordinary person.” The next weekend I told Ferdinand what I had said at home and then Ferdinand said, “Yea, I would like to speak to your mother. Do you mind?” And I said, “Uuh, No.” And so that was done as agreed. And that is how I got to know Ferdinand.

Before that discussion I did not visit Ferdinand for a very long time. Certainly half a year. I didn’t stay with Elly and I didn’t stay with Ferdinand. I just went my own way with my friends and so on. One day I was playing football on the street and I was acting a bit crazy, singing really loud on the street and having fun. Then I heard a car horn, a claxon, and I looked around and it was Ferdinand. He had seen me. I ran immediately to him and then I made a date and then I went to visit him.

Interviewer: Why had you not been to see Ferdinand for half a year?

Stephan: I don’t know. Just that I was too young to follow up my agreements. I just went my own way and if I felt like going to Ferdinand then I went to Ferdinand and if I didn’t feel like it I didn’t go.

Interviewer: Did your mother know that he was pedophile?

Stephan: After the discussion that Ferdinand had with her for sure. He told her himself.

Interviewer: And how did she respond?

Stephan: My mother said, “I can’t forbid anything. I can see that Stephan has improved at

school and in his behavior at home.” And I had improved. And then my mother said, “I can’t forbid it because he will go secretly to him anyway, and it is his life after all.” That’s what she said.

Interviewer: But you had only stayed overnight with Ferdinand a few times. That seems rather fast to me to have improved at school and in your behavior at home.

Stephan: No. It had been more often. About 10 times. Thus I had slept with Ferdinand for, say, about 10 weekends without telling my mother.

Interviewer: And after that not again for about six months?

Stephan: Ya. Something like that.

Interviewer: Then you started again?

Stephan: And then I started again and then Ferdinand told my mother what it was all about. I don’t remember precisely how many weekends that must have been, but my mother said that I had improved after that discussion she had with Ferdinand.

Interviewer: What kinds of things did you do with Ferdinand at that time?

Stephan: In the beginning period, with him at home, just ordinary games. Ya, ordinary games at home with Ferdinand, and we also went to entertainment parks, for example the Efteling.

Interviewer: Did that happen in the initial period?

Stephan: Yes, also. That has been so all along. That always went on. In the beginning we also went swimming frequently. And if I had to study, to finish my home work, then Ferdinand helped me. Yes, that was really great, everything put together it was great.

Interviewer: Why did you stay over the weekends with the sister of the boy friend of your mother?

Stephan: I just wanted to. My mother sometimes went away for the weekends and then she would say, “Why don’t you go and stay with Elly.” And I never had any problems with that because Elly went swimming often and that was fun.

Interviewer: And Ferdinand took over that role?

Stephan: Do you mean that I went to stay over the weekend with him because of my mother? No. I just went because I thought he was really nice. Because at that time I saw in Ferdinand, because my parents had just been divorced, I saw a sort of father person, and I took hold of that very hard. At that time I really needed that, and as it happened, I preferred to be with Ferdinand than with Elly. In the beginning that had mostly to do with the swimming, because that was fun, but also because I thought Ferdinand was really nice. But after that I began to see a real father figure in Ferdinand. From then on I have always had that. Still now.

Interviewer: Can you remember any more things that you did with Ferdinand?

Stephan: Yes. This is about the initial period, huh? What we did at that time we have always

done, actually. From the beginning to the end. Doing things with Ferdinand became a normal routine. We both had fun and we saw that we liked each other's company. We went swimming, and after that we went into the sand dunes in Noordwijk or in Castricum. And we often played hide and seek with other kids, or played football. They were friends of mine or other kids we had met in the swimming pool. Sometimes we bought French fries first and then went to the dunes or to the sea. At that time I was also in a football club and Ferdinand sometimes came along to watch the football.

Interviewer: Did Ferdinand pay for the French fries and those sorts of things?

Stephan: Sometimes I had money with me and then I paid everything for myself.

Interviewer: Did you have sex with Ferdinand?

Stephan: Yes.

Interviewer: From the beginning?

Stephan: Uh ... No. From about two months, three months. I guess you want to know how it started? It just happened naturally. I was a nudist and so I slept naked. Ferdinand also, and I felt myself attracted to him. We played games sometimes, for example, helicopter. I'd sit on Ferdinand's belly and he'd jiggle to and fro and he would say something like, "Wind force ten", or "Wind force one." I would get such a warm feeling inside. It came up in myself, and then everything went along like in any relationship between a man and a woman, for example. The first night that we had a sexual contact, that was a real cuddling session. By cuddling session I mean stroking each other and then Ferdinand sucked me off. When that happened such a strange feeling went all the way through me that I began to cry. I didn't regret doing it, but the crying suddenly came up, and then Ferdinand comforted me and then he also began to cry. He even shouted out, "What have I done?" He was actually shocked. He was rather badly shocked that I was crying. And then we talked about it, and then there wasn't a problem any more. After that the sexual contact went on quite naturally.

Interviewer: Did you have an orgasm then?

Stephan: Apparently yes. I was 11 years old and ... Look, I certainly knew what an orgasm was but I didn't yet have any sperm. But I'm sure that was an orgasm because such a tingling went through my whole body. I'm sure. And from then on the sex went on naturally of its own accord.

Interviewer: Playing games had become a habit with Ferdinand. Did the sex also become a habit?

Stephan: Yes, you could put it that way. Sex had become just as common between us as in any heterosexual relationship. Thus, not that we had sex every night or every day. But yes, it was part of our relationship. To a greater or lesser degree it strengthened our bond.

Interviewer: For how long? For at a certain time the sex stopped.

Stephan: Yes, because at a certain stage you think to yourself, “What am I actually doing?” You choose your own way, being a boy. And I must honestly say, in that end period I had a strong feeling of, “What on earth am I doing?”

Interviewer: Guilt feelings?

Stephan: No! But rather more a feeling of, “You are now doing something really important. Am I homosexual or heterosexual?” But I felt in myself at that time that boys turned me off, so I knew that I was heterosexual. I also had girl friends, so that also played a role. Ferdinand was actually the one who helped me build up my experience and from my side I had sex with Ferdinand for the daring and excitement, but also out of love.

Interviewer: Love for Ferdinand?

Stephan: Love for Ferdinand, yes.

Interviewer: Is Ferdinand important for you?

Stephan: Very important! And he still is. As a friend, as a father. No longer in the same way as before, I mean with the sexual contact. But still, a really very good friend. I say to my girl friend sometimes if I haven’t seen or spoken to Ferdinand for a week, “Listen, I must call him.” And then I call him and then it’s good again. Yes, I talk often with him and it’s really great to be with him. Because I still have in Ferdinand a father figure. Ferdinand really picked me up in a terrific way. I have learned lots from him, I’ve had many experiences and I’ve done lots of things with Ferdinand. I have learned something about human nature from Ferdinand. And other important things in society, responsibility, how to go about with money. I still don’t do that very well, you know, it just didn’t stick with me. But, you know, that sort of thing. The important things in life. Before Ferdinand I didn’t know about any of these things and through him I have discovered them. Also, I always say, “I didn’t have a childhood until I met Ferdinand. Then I received my childhood.” And that is really how it was because before that I had so many problems.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with Ferdinand?

Stephan: Not one! That is very easy to say. Not one.

Interviewer: No? That seems rather black and white.

Stephan: Ah no. Absolutely not one!

Interviewer: What do your parents think about your contact with Ferdinand?

Stephan: As far as I am now concerned I don’t care what they think. But in those days they thought, “So long as nothing happens.” But I wanted it all myself. So I left them with the delusion that everything went according to what they wanted. In fact I never really asked them for their opinion.

Interviewer: But you were 11, a rather small boy, and the opinion of your parents at that age is certainly important.

Stephan: I was up with the times. I was 11, but I had the thoughts of a 14- or 15-year-old. There was thus a big difference between me and other kids, I think.

Interviewer: Did you feel that you got a raw deal at home?

Stephan: A very raw deal, yes. Very raw.

Interviewer: Therefore you can say that Ferdinand filled your need for attention and love. He came as a rescuer at a moment of need?

Stephan: No. He was not a rescuer at a moment of need. I mean, not in that sense. OK, it was chance and luck that I met him, but the relationship between Ferdinand and myself was no emergency solution. It was something in its own right. I have never regarded the situation as such that only when I had a problem I could go to Ferdinand. I have always seen our relationship as something along the lines of, "Hey, it's fine to go to Ferdinand." And with feelings such as, "My friend and my father in one." Yes, a parent of mine.

Interviewer: What did your friends at school think of your contact with Ferdinand?

Stephan: No one knew about it. I am no longer at school, but no one knew about it.

Interviewer: What can you tell me about the photo sessions with Fred?

Stephan: Which photo sessions? Do you mean the ordinary holiday photos, or if we had to pose and that sort of thing?

Interviewer: I don't know anything about them. What can you tell me?

Stephan: The holiday photos were just ordinary. There were always things such as, for example, a great huge balloon. Photos were taken while we were playing. Fred and Ferdinand took the photos. And for the rest there is nothing much to say.

Interviewer: But there were also child pornography photos?

Stephan: I wasn't there. At least, I did have one photo session with porno. That was with a boy from Belgium. And, we both found it exciting, and we just did it because we were really good friends. It was fun and exciting for us both. Fred made those photos. He didn't say, "Sit here. Do this. Do that." It was altogether done out of our own free will and at the same time some photos were made.

Interviewer: And the boy from Belgium, where did he come from?

Stephan: He was Fred's little boy friend from Antwerp, if I have it right. We were together on holiday in Yugoslavia with a whole group. It was a big rabble, it was gigantic fun.

Interviewer: How often have you been in Yugoslavia with Ferdinand?

Stephan: Yugoslavia, that was from 1981 to 1986 or 1987. Say, about six years. And once to Spain, to Benidorm. Johnny has also been there. We weren't there together. I had been two or three years earlier than Johnny, because I knew Ferdinand longer than Johnny.

Interviewer: How long did you go for?

Stephan: Varied. Two weeks, three weeks.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of the photo sessions with the boy from Belgium?

Stephan: It was all rather a big joke. It was daring, and exciting. Still it was a bit frightening, the idea, “What would my old man think of this?” But then again it was also fun. It was a dare for both of us.

Interviewer: How old were you then?

Stephan: I don’t know any more. Let me think. I think I was about 13 or 14,about.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of the photo sessions?

Stephan: The negative aspects. The fear that the police might raid Fred and that the photographs would then be seen.

Interviewer: How long have you had that fear?

Stephan: Not really long. Shortly after the photo session. Sometimes it came back to me, we’ve done this and that. And then the fear would come up again and I’d think, “Hopefully there won’t be a raid.” And for the rest there weren’t really any negative aspects.

Interviewer: Do you think that your ignorance was exploited?

Stephan: What ignorance?

Interviewer: Your innocence over the possible consequences of the photo sessions.

Stephan: I didn’t even stop to think about it. Afterwards for sure. That was the fear.

Interviewer: Can you tell me how you came in contact with the police?

Stephan: I went one evening to Ferdinand and I had a good talk with him about problems that I had at home at that time. I had been kicked out of the house because of problems I had with my parents. I have had problems with my parents all my life, for that matter. About twelve o’clock I left Ferdinand’s place. Between half past twelve and half past one the police came and took Ferdinand with them to Utrecht.

Just before they arrested him, he was helping me. Just think about that! And he knew that the police might be coming. I didn’t know that. That’s the kind of friend Ferdinand is!

I heard it about a week later. I don’t remember precisely any more. I received a letter from Ferdinand’s lawyer and there he said that Ferdinand had been arrested and that his house had been turned upside down. That really cut into me because I also felt guilty that I was not there, at the time that Ferdinand was taken away.

After that my mother got a telephone call from the police in Utrecht. “We want to talk to you and also with your son.” Then my mother made an appointment. I had to be at school on that day and I didn’t want to stay home for that. They gave me a time, about three o’clock, when

they would come and pick me up from school. I told the concierge, “At three o’clock I will be picked up by some friends.” I obviously couldn’t say police detectives, and at three o’clock they came and I was taken to Utrecht. Hardly anything was said on the way. I only asked them why I had to go.

So, I was taken to Utrecht, and I ended up in the little interrogation room and I had to talk. You don’t come for nothing into such an interrogation cell. And then they started putting questions to me and I answered or didn’t answer. Actually, I had nothing to do with the case for which Ferdinand had been arrested. In fact, they were putting questions to me about which I knew nothing. The porno photos — I didn’t know anything about them. We also just talked some. Then there was a break, to eat, and after that we carried on talking. And then they took me home.

Interviewer: Did you have any further contact with the police?

Stephan: No.

Interviewer: Ferdinand was eventually sentenced because of indecent assault, not for the pornography. The porno was made by Fred V.

Stephan: Yes, I know.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of your contact with the police?

Stephan: Hey? I don’t see anything positive! How so positive!? There weren’t any positive aspects. After all, they had arrested my friend and I was angry. And everyone has some fear of the police and I had that too at that time.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with the police?

Stephan: That they put their questions in such a way that you had to think 10 times before you gave an answer. They said, “You can go ahead and tell us everything because the others have already told it all.” And also the double edged questions. They tell you something and then give the answer themselves, and you have the inclination just to agree with them. I mean, they don’t ask fair questions like, “Is it possible that this or that could have happened?” and that sort of thing. They use all sorts of dirty tricks and methods so that they actually already have come to their conclusions. That is very unpleasant.

They also interrogated my little brother. And he told them all kinds of lies about indecent assault and so on, “Yes I had to go and stand and there was a row of 10 other people, all men, and I had to choose who I would go to bed with,” and also, “I have often been away on vacation and I’ve often been to the amusement parks.” Those are the sorts of things my brother said which were totally not true. My brother has never been a friend of Ferdinand’s. He once stayed overnight at Ferdinand’s but nothing happened. He was then a little kid of 10, and the police just took in everything he said because he was so young. That is a very negative point. In that way the police made their own conclusions, such as, “Yeah, this and that happened and so this

must have also happened.” And that is actually really very bad.

Interviewer: What did your parents think of it?

Stephan: I don’t know. I hardly have any contact with my parents. The only contact we have goes something like this, “Ferdinand phoned,” or “Ferdinand has been through this or that” or “The solicitor told me this or that” and then I reply to my mother, “Now I shall call myself,” or, “I’ll write to him.” My mother sometimes asks, “How is it going with Ferdinand?” Luckily I now live with my girlfriend, for one and a half years now.

Interviewer: How is it going?

Stephan: Real crazy, man. Our house is almost finished. Soon we are getting a new settee and dinette. It is really going fine. Now and again we have an argument, but that is normal in a relationship. Everyone has that once in a while.

Interviewer: Back to Ferdinand. Why did you continue writing letters and telephoning Ferdinand while he was in jail?

Stephan: Why not? He is my friend, so I am concerned about what happens to him and I want to know how he is doing because he is my friend. I want to know how he feels. I wanted to know what they were doing and what would happen next. Just my concern. And also out of love, naturally, because it really hurt me. Look, it didn’t affect me so badly as Johnny. Johnny was really lying awake at night. I couldn’t do that because I had too many problems of my own. And I regret that at the time Ferdinand was arrested and in jail, that I had so many problems that I was not always up with the latest. Certainly with the main part, but not the details. That I really regret. But I wrote to Ferdinand in order to keep in touch and because I also wanted him with me. And thanks to the letters he was, in a way, always with me.

Interviewer: How have you been able to carry on you friendship with Ferdinand after his release?

Stephan: My relationship, or rather, our relationship continued because we love each other. That is why. And . . . that is why.

Interviewer: Has your relationship with Ferdinand changed since his release?

Stephan: The sexual contact was already over. But the spiritual contact, talking with each other and doing things together, that was still there. Look, I don’t go every weekend to see Ferdinand because . . . I have my own life now, and I have my girl friend. We have our own lives and many things to do. But whenever I come to see Ferdinand it is always comforting and friendly.

Interviewer: Has your contact with the police changed your ideas about the police?

Stephan: I am not frightened of the police any more. Police agents are, after all, also people. I now know that the police also make mistakes, many mistakes. I have seen how the police work and I realize what they are like. They are just ordinary people. If I was arrested today, it doesn’t

matter what for, I would just remain calm. I am not afraid any more.

(The tape recorder was switched off at the end of the interview. Stephan then asked if he could make a final statement and the tape recorder was switched on again.)

Stephan: I have something more to say. First; I hope Ferdinand and I stick with each other for a very long time, keep seeing each other for a very long time, just as friends, talk to each other as real friends. I am glad that I got to know Ferdinand. I still see him as my father. Still now, even though I now live in my own place. Secondly; I don't want to have anything more to do with Fred. He said, "the photos won't be published in booklets and magazines." Then he went and did that, without Ferdinand's knowledge. I take that very badly. He always said, "Only Ferdinand will get to see these photos," and then he went and gave them to total strangers and because of that Ferdinand was arrested. It's because of him that this whole case got started, and I take that very badly. Because of that I want to have nothing more to do with Fred. That was it.

8.8 It built his personality

Report-ID: 83511

Brief case study from a study by Bruce Rind.

First published	01.12.2002
Author	Bruce Rind
Topics	parents, seduction by the boy, pride, secret
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Canada
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1990
Age of the boy (start)	11
Name of the boy	James
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Bruce Rind - "The Problem with Consensus Morality", Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 31, No. 6, December 2002.

James, a 23-year-old Canadian, first felt sexually aroused by other males at age six and had his first sex at eight with a peer.

At eleven, he befriended a neighbor man, to whom he gave many signals, hoping for sex to occur. Eventually, it did, which made him feel proud and closer to the man.

Over the next three years, he visited the man regularly, often secretly to avoid the possibility of his parents ending the relationship.

8.8. IT BUILT HIS PERSONALITY

He saw the relationship as very positive and said it built his personality (e.g., greater self-confidence) and influenced many of his tastes (e.g., an appreciation for literature).

8.9 It's a shame that you can only look back with regret

Report-ID: 86077

This report is from Ted van Lieshout's book *Sehr kleine Liebe* (ISBN-13: 978-3943919561). The author, born in 1955, is best known for his children's books and poems. The book is autobiographical and treats a sensitive topic in a sensitive and truthful way. At the age of 11 to 12, Ted had a very close relationship with a man for about a year, which also led to sexual acts on the initiative of the man.

First published	01.01.1999
Author	Ted van Lieshout
Topics	love, transgression, boy protects man
Weblinks	tedvanlieshout.nl, worldcat.org, worldcat.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Sehr kleine Liebe
Start of the relationship	1967
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	12
Name of the boy	Ted van Lieshout
Perspective	grown up boy
Perspective	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Quelle: Lieshout, Ted van. 1999. Zeer kleine liefde. Amsterdam: Leopold.

The quotes below come from the German translation of the book (Lieshout, Ted van, Rolf Erdorf, and Brigitte Püls. 2014. Sehr kleine Liebe. München: Rieder.) and have been translated into English by JUMIMA.

At the age of 11 to 12, Ted had a very close relationship with a man for about a year, which also led to sexual acts on the initiative of the man. The boy eventually broke up after an incident in which the man had crossed Ted's boundaries.

25 years later, he received an apology letter from the man. In his reply letter printed in the book, Ted van Lieshout describes how he experienced the relationship as a child and how he evaluates it today as an adult.

Here are a few snippets from the German translation of the book that illustrate Van Lieshout's stand about his experiences today:

"[...] I never actually thought that you might have remorse for what happened back then. In the course of time, I actually assumed that I must have been one of many. I found a simple explanation for what had happened to me: I ran into a child seducer. But I can tell from your letter that I was the only one: If that's true, why did it happen and why with me? It was not a coincidence, because everything took more than a year. And there was careful orchestration, it always went a little further. By constantly pushing the boundaries, I thought you knew from experience exactly what you were doing.

Your letter raises questions in me that I thought had long been answered. But the answers are obviously wrong, and with that I am sent back to what I thought it was when it happened: two people felt that each other were special and had a relationship for that reason. One happened to be a man and the other a boy.

The fact that I later looked for other explanations has to do with the fact that our relationship broke off quite suddenly and I sat there with nothing but feelings with which I knew not how to deal with. My memory is now sketchy, that is, I can be wrong, but I think you have gone too far with certain actions this past afternoon. Then I quickly took refuge in the toilet. I stayed there for a while, then said goodbye and left. Forever. [...]"

A little later, the topic of guilt comes up:

"[...] But can you be blamed for that? Certainly, you are not responsible for the fact that society rejects sex between adults and children and that this made me struggle with feelings of shame and guilt. The only thing you can be blamed for is that by allowing sex in our relationship, you left me with a problem that I didn't know what to do with as a 12-year-old. [...]"

The letter Ted received from his friend at the time upsets him. It is particularly problematic for him that the man mainly emphasizes his own feelings and less how Ted may have felt then and now.

"[...] One thing should be clear: you haven't stirred up something in me that I tried to forget. I couldn't and didn't want to forget it. It is difficult to say whether I suffered any damage as a result, but if so, it does not mean that I would want to have undone the damage. Everything

that has happened to me, good and bad, is now part of my life and my existence, part of the person I have become – and I don't let anyone take that away.

I find it very difficult about your letter that your feelings of guilt are in the foreground and everything else is in the background. (...) I have never lost sight of the beautiful things from back then, I never felt that I had to forgive you. But that is exactly what you are asking me for. [...]"

[...]

You didn't hurt me and didn't want to harm me; You have surrounded me with attention. In my eyes, it was an ideal relationship: between a boy and a man who understood that I was more than "just a child". A man who thought I was exceptional enough to deal with me, who loved me, even though he wasn't a relative, who listened to me and gave me time, who didn't keep saying that I shouldn't do this or that, Gave warmth and wanted to touch me, was meek and trusted me, and also big and strong enough to protect me. – Yes, I was proud that we had something together. That is why I have never experienced our relationship as a situation in which I was abused, even though I am well aware in retrospect that your attention (one hand washes the other) made me compliant when you took another step further with me. But I find it too much to make trouble because of that. I was a clever kid and I saw that you had a crush on me. I never told you that it was clear to me, but kept it to myself. You weren't supposed to know that even before you started, I knew what sex was: I could have easily pushed you away or got up and gone home, but I was too curious to do that – and I was allowed to be curious about love and sex. So I'm not to be blamed either. [...]"

At the end of the letter, Ted expresses that he wants to forgive the man. This is not easy for him because his former friend denies the beautiful elements of their relationship. Ted offers to meet in person.

"[...] I think it's a shame that you can only look back with regret. Worse: with a denial of what was beautiful. (...) But once faced with it, I can't help but enable you to forgive yourself, in the hope that a space will be created to acknowledge that your feelings at that time were sincere and that a little mistake out of love (or however one might call it) is less important than that and should not be held against you over 25 years.

These days I was forced to take these facts into account. What was is still there. With you too, apparently, considering your letter, but overshadowed by "self-punishment". It is an unfinished business that cannot be dealt with at a distance with a few letters or straightened out. I think it's important to meet again 25 years later. Do you want to think about that? [...]"

8.10 My Life as a Boy

Report-ID: 68095

William tells the story of how he had a relationship with an adult and a strong sexual desire for him when he was eleven.

First published	23.05.2007
Author	William A. Ireland
Topics	Verführung durch den Jungen, Handwerker, Herzschmerz, Eltern, Verantwortung, Verlangen
Weblinks	archive.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	You found me
Start of the relationship	1970
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	12
Name of the boy	William Ireland
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: Article 'My Life as a Boy'; youfoundme.org/mylife.html; *My Life*; 2007.

8.10.1 My Life as a Boy

William A. Ireland

From the above title please do not think I am trans gender, transsexual or trans anything. I was born a male and always will be. I love the freedom of being able to pee standing up.

When I was eleven years old I was lucky enough to meet a man who treated me with great kindness and affection. I was out riding my bike one day when I saw him working on the old house he and his wife just purchased. The house was located far enough from my parents place where I lived as to not be considered a neighbor. I had seen the man before because my dad owned a small business that brought people to our house. The fact that I lived in a very small town in rural New England also made it easy to know the man's name. If you have never lived or visited a town like I just described you may not understand how fast word of mouth can spread information.

As I rode my bike down his driveway he looked up and seemed to recognize me. When I got close enough he asked me what I was doing so far from home. I guess when your "old" three or four miles on a bike is a long way to travel. My bike was my ticket to the wider world. I loved being on the road. The freedom that went along with a banana seat, two wheels and a sissy bar was like heaven to me. I told him I was hot and thirsty and was wondering if I could get a drink of water. He got down off his ladder and said he needed a break anyway so why not. He had a cooler on the back of his pickup truck and went and got us each an ice cold drink.

He sat on the tailgate of his truck and I sat on my bike. We chatted about the nice weather and about the house he was working on. It was a typical old farmhouse in need of much repair. After I finished my drink I just sat listening and talking with him. It was strange to me that he seemed to care about and listen to what I was saying. I felt awkward because I knew I had no real reason for being there yet I didn't want to leave either. He may have seen that I was uncomfortable because his next question was "would you mind giving me a hand before you leave"?

I was just thrilled that he wanted my help. I jumped off my bike and said, "Sure what do you need me to do?"

He said he was putting up an eve board and needed me to hold one end while he got it nailed into place. I helped him for an hour or so then told him I had to get home for lunch.

The ride home was incredible. Never had my bike peddled so easily or gone so fast. I had no idea why I felt the way I did, I just knew it was a great day. I kept thinking about how he listened when I talked and he asked me for help. I felt useful and important. I wasn't just the kid up the street or so and so's little brother. I was a helper, I could do things that were useful to a man. Seldom since have I had such a feeling. Maybe it is because for the first time I felt someone needed me. What I do know is I changed that day. No longer was I just a kid, I grew up and I knew it. Life for me was not going to be the same; I had turned a corner and was more alive because of it.

From here on, out of respect and for protection, I will refer to my friend as James. For obvious reasons I can't use his real name.

I waited a few days, and then rode my bike back to his end of town. With only one road through town there was the north end of town and the south end. I lived in the north, James in the south. I was really disappointed when he wasn't outside. I had looked forward to helping him again and just thought he would be there building away. His truck was in the driveway but I couldn't see him. It took me a few minutes but after a while I got up the nerve to go knock on the door. When he opened the door he looked almost as happy as I felt. Any fear or apprehension left my mind and body without any haste. He grinned at me and asked if I needed another drink of water. I felt a little stupid then because I hadn't thought of a reason to be there. He had no way of knowing that being there made me happy. Nothing else was said as to why I was there, he just invited me in.

I knew from conversations he had had with my dad that he worked nights at the paper mill nearby. When he told me he had finished working on the house for the day my heart sank. All I wanted to do was hang out with him and help him repair something. From my first visit I knew he had a lot of knowledge about fixing things. That day was not going to be like the first day and I'm sure my sadness showed through. He told me he had to leave soon but that I could rest there until he left for work. I sat at the kitchen table watching him make his lunch pail up for the night shift. Trying to make conversation I asked him where his wife was and he told me she had a job too and was gone everyday. I told him I thought it was strange that a man would have to make his own lunch. My mother always put up my dad's lunch. He smiled but didn't seem offended by what I had said.

If I thought my life had taken a turn three days ago it was about to make an about face. James told me he had started working on the bathroom and that he had no water in there so he was going to shave at the table. As he got a small basin of hot water ready along with the old fashioned lather brush and razor I started panting like a dog. I hid it the best I could but for some reason I was really excited about watching him shave.

At this point I must tell you about the "dirty magazines" as my mother called them. My grandfather had given some old issues to my dad and I found them hidden under my parent's mattress one day. After sneaking a few looks at them I realized I liked the ones that had pictures of men in them. There weren't many and it was always the girl parts that the photos were focused on, but there were one or two that showed men with erections. The pictures were up close and personal , and I liked them.

As I watched James lather up his face and get the razor ready (they were scary in those days). I started thinking what he would look like if he was in the dirty picture book. I tried not to think about it, but, as he stroked the shave cream off his face my fantasies just took over. I was staring at him in utter fascination. I had never watched a man shave like that before and certainly never thought about what he would look like naked in a picture. I was too young to

ejaculate but I'm pretty sure I came in my pants so to speak. My mind was going places it had never been before.

On the ride home I was really mad at myself. James had done nothing but be nice to me and I wanted to do bad things with him. It didn't seem fair. If he ever found out what I was thinking he would hate me. I didn't know much about the whole sex thing but being the youngest of six children I had heard enough to know I was "one sick fucking child." With what I knew about adults at that time I was convinced James already knew what I was thinking. He knew my little penis got rock hard and that I had that funny tickle down there that happens when you and a friend monkey around in the tree house. I felt I could never go back to James' house again and I had ruined everything. I was going to hell and I knew it.

When I was watching him shave and having the thoughts it didn't seem bad. I didn't want to hurt James. As a matter of fact, while my mind was seeing naked pictures of him I felt it would be like loving him only different. What I also didn't understand was, if he knew what I was thinking, why did he say it was nice seeing me again? Why did he tell me he could use a hand the next day holding the copper pipe in position while he soldered it?

The next day my Mum was "going into town". At that point in time going into town was a big deal. It meant getting on your school clothes, washing your face and combing your hair – not the most important things to an eleven year old. I also had other plans. Things were different now. I was grown up and someone wanted my help. I don't know why my parents hadn't seen the changes that had taken place in their little boy, and I wasn't about to tell them.

I told my mother I was planning to go play baseball with Shirley. Shirley was the town tom boy, she was tough, and could spit better than any of the rest of the gang. As parents do, mother had to throw a monkey wrench into my plans. This included taking the trash to the dump. In those days you just picked a corner of your 70 acre farm and used it as a dump. There was no curbside pickup or recycling. I also had to get the lawn mowed. There was a small amount of whining but I didn't want her to say I had to go to town so I raced through my chores. Mum left before I finished the lawn. I knew I was going to be in trouble and have to re-mow the grass. You can't run with the lawnmower and think you're going to get a good job done.

Needless to say I didn't stop at the ball diamond. I rode as fast and hard as I could to James' house. Any thoughts about how evil I must be disappeared overnight, and I was only a little concerned about him knowing what I had been thinking the day before. Just as I got to the driveway a car was pulling out. This nice lady stopped and told me she was James' wife and that I must be "Little Billy". (To this day I hate family nick names). I said I was and she thanked me for being such a big help to her and her husband.

The driveway seemed ten miles long that day. Meeting James' wife brought back a flood of yesterday's feelings. What was I going to do? How could I tell him I didn't mean to have those

bad thoughts. They just happened? By the time I got done scuffing my feet and dawdling around James was already at the door waiting for me. I hung my head and walked to the door. He greeted me as if things were just great, and there was no scolding me for thinking bad things. I was sure he was just waiting for the right time to yell at me and tell me he hated me and to never come near his house again. The longer I waited the worse it got. The strange thing is he never did yell at me.

Finally he took hold of my shoulders, squat down so he could look me in the eye, and asked what was wrong with me. To this day I don't know how I kept from bursting into tears because that was all I wanted to do. Cry and run. I told him I was a bad kid and if he knew what I was really like he would hate me. At that point the smile went from his face and that serious adult look that I had seen a hundred times but still didn't understand replaced it. James took me to the kitchen table and we sat down. He told me that he didn't think I was old enough to be really bad and that he couldn't think of any reason that would ever make him hate me. It took a long time but I was able to tell him about my thoughts and that I wanted to touch him. I'm not sure where the "I want to touch you" part came from but I said it and I couldn't take it back.

All he said was "that is serious stuff and I'll have to think about it". He got me a snack and went back to work. I sat at the table thinking that the world didn't come crashing down and he didn't yell at me.

Over the next two weeks James and I only got to see each other a few times. He had to work a shut down at the mill and I had family stuff to do. His not freaking out did make me more brave. Every time we did get to see each other I would ask him if he had thought about it. His response was always the same "That's serious stuff I need to think about it".

My being the kid I was, my comeback was "It's just for fun, it's no big deal or anything". Deep in my heart though I was a little hurt that he didn't feel the same way. Once I said it out loud the fear went away for me and was replaced by desire.

The big day came not unlike any of the other times I would peddle my skinny little ass to his place. We were working under the house on some plumbing stuff. James was laying on his back working and I was holding the flashlight. At one point he had to spread his legs to get leverage on a piece of pipe he was trying to move. I just reached out and put my hand on his crotch. He stopped for a second but didn't pull away. After he got the pipe moved he looked at me. I started laughing and said "I bet mines bigger than yours". I already knew that wasn't true but I didn't know what else to say. James just told me we'd see about that later but for now we needed to make sure the water in the bathroom worked.

For the first time I was really mad at James. I had been the one to tell about my secret thoughts, I was the one who wanted to cry when I couldn't see him. I was the one who held his stupid boards and pipes in position while he fixed them. Why was he more concerned about the water

running than about my feelings? We were in a little secrete hiding place where no one could see us and all he wanted to know was did the solder hold. I didn't hide my anger well and when we got out from under the house and were dusting each other off I hit him a lot harder than I needed to. I was mad and I wanted him to know it. My little tantrum continued into the house where I threw myself into a chair at the table and made a huffing noise. James proceeded to the bathroom to check the water flow. I was really pissed off then.

Because of the remodeling there was no door on the bathroom. When James walked out I knew he was there but I wouldn't look at him. I could tell he was just standing there looking at me and I was a little ashamed for being an ass to him. Again, all he had ever done was be nice to me. I was being the jerk and I knew it.

All James said to me at that time was "do you really know what your doing"? As I turned and looked at him I realized his pants were unbuttoned and the zipper was undone. His white briefs were showing a little and I could not take my eyes off them. I told him I did understand what was going on and that it was what I wanted. When he stepped closer to me I reached out and took hold of the elastic band around his waist and pulled it down. He was not erect and he did not look like the pictures I had seen in the magazine. He had, what he later explained to me, was a foreskin. I didn't have one of those and I found it wonderfully exciting.

As that first summer went on James and I spent as much time together as we could. He worked hard at teaching me how to measure and cut things. What I liked about those times was when James would stand behind me and put his arms around me. He would hold my hand and show me how to accurately guide the tool through the material I was cutting. Sometimes it was a handsaw other times a pipe cutting tool. I really felt close to him when he would do that. During the sex times I would use my hands and mouth to make him feel close to me. A couple of times I pretended I was a little puppy dog and just licked him. It didn't matter if it was his neck, arms or his private parts, he smelled and tasted wonderful to me. We only got to "fool around" four or five times that summer. With me being a young boy we were very limited as to just how much time I could spend there.

I still was not ready or willing to tell my parents what James meant to me. If they couldn't see the changes and growth that was taking place (in me) I felt it wasn't my responsibility to tell them. Don't get me wrong, they were great parents. My mum was a wonderful woman and my dad was involved with my life as much as any dad at that time and place. They did all they could for me and I had it much better than a lot of young people. I was well fed, had clean clothes and a warm loving house to live in. I had more and bigger toys than all of my siblings. I just knew that things were different for me. At a very young age my mother and I were talking one night as she sat there knitting me a pair of wool socks. She looked up from her knitting and told me I scare her because I didn't think like the rest of her kids. She called me a "deep

thinker”.

Summer, fall, winter, spring they all came and went. My life was so typical that there is very little to tell. School, Christmas, birthdays those were the important things to me. I turned twelve and when school got out for summer vacation it gave me more time to spend with James.

At some point in time I had heard about men “going inside” other men. I really wanted to try this, and we did once. I didn’t like it that much because I couldn’t look at James. I wanted to see him have fun with me. My favorite thing to do was to get fully naked and get in bed. What made this so great was two things. One, I got to play the puppy dog game and lick all over him. The other was, these were the times James would rub me all over or have me lay on him. Kissing his neck and having my little hard penis pushing against his belly would make me sweat.

It was the end of that summer that I learned what real heartache felt like. Sex was never the dominating factor in my relationship with James. I wanted to fool around a lot more than he did but I just liked being with him. He knew so much about construction and getting things to work that it was like being at school all the time except it was fun. Like any kid who hears his dad tell the same joke all the time I got tired of hearing “plumbings easy boy, just remember shit flows down hill”. What I really didn’t want to hear was the day James told me we couldn’t do the sex thing anymore. I don’t recall his exact words but something to the effect “this just isn’t right or this isn’t normal”. I was crushed. It (our friendship) seemed so normal and great to me that I didn’t understand why he felt that way. My suffering didn’t come from the hands of an abuser, my suffer came from the words of a man who feared for my wellbeing. I kept telling him I was okay with things and nothing needed to change. Change did come and even my begging wouldn’t get him to monkey around with me. It happened once or twice after the big talk but it was never the same.

I grew up and moved away from my small New England town. I had boyfriends and girlfriends, long term relationships and short term flings. I had fun jobs, bad jobs and high paying jobs. At the age of thirty I married a wonderful woman and a few years later had an even more wonderful son. We moved back to my hometown and I built a house with my own hands. During that period I thought many times about all the things James taught me – like “Do it right the first time” or “Remember that shit flows down hill,” or “Plumbing sucks but it isn’t hard.” He was right about a lot of things.

There are ten thousand therapist out there who would still say I was a victim at the hands of an abuser. I was not. I have every reason in the world to give in to what I have been told, and put all my problems on James, But James was not the problem! I was there. I know what happened, and I know how I felt. Maybe I’m the only boy in the world that had a loving caring relationship with an adult man but I doubt it. This is a true story, and all I’m asking is for you to realize that you are being fed a bunch of crap when you are told intergenerational relationships are

always bad. They are not always bad and I am living proof.

James is still married, has grown children and even grandchildren. I see him occasionally even though he has since sold the old farmhouse and moved to a nearby town. Again rural New England life. We have only talked about our two summers together once as adults. I was going through some hardships a few years ago and wanted him to understand I in no way blamed him. He had given me something that no one can ever take away and I wanted him to know that.

8.11 On the farm

Report-ID: 75706

A man tells of the sexual experiences he had at 11 on his father's farm. He also explains his view of how society deals with such relationships today.

First published	01.01.2016
Author	Anonymized
Topics	abuse, romance, inquisition
Weblinks	archive.org, ipce.info
Language	English
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the man	34
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

A person who calls himself BourBohemian posted the following message on a forum.

I'll more than likely receive plenty of thoughtful remarks for this, but I feel obligated to speak out. I have long protested the witch hunt hysteria against Man/Boy love in particular, as it clearly - and obviously has its cardinal roots in humanity itself; from various cultures, civilizations, and times where something that was once free of repression now consists of a moral hysteria. One has to back to the days of the Roman Inquisition to find a parallel situation in regard to the current lynch mob mentality that bears no real understanding of the phenomena that is Man/Boy love.

Why do I feel obligated? I had several sexual experiences with a 34 year old man who worked on my dad's farm when I was 11 years old. What began as a "Man without a Face" friendship

evolved into a Man/Boy romance. I consented to the sexual friendship and have always to this very day looked back on it as something benevolent.

However the legal and moral rectitude of today's sex-obsessed society would consider such a sexual relationship as "child molestation, abuse" under the junk science mentality that since I was below the age of consent, it's automatically "child abuse".

I prefer a more eloquent, rational broach of the subject - in particular respect to the academic responses on the subject and cultural ones; like Allen Ginsberg's support for NAMBLA, and subsequently Camille Paglia's support for the liberation of Boylovers and the Boys they fall madly in love with."

8.12 Sex is wonderful in any form

Report-ID: 42611

A letter to the US pedophile organization NAMBLA, which was published in the 1991 Nambla Bulletin. George reports about his experiences with his uncle when he was 11 years old.

First published	08.11.1991
Author	Anonymized
Topics	NAMBLA
Weblinks	brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	Canada
Sources	NAMBLA
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Name of the boy	George
Plausibility	1 of 5

Source: Incoming letter by George (British Columbia); Nambla Bulletin, vol. 12, no. 8, October 1991

Hello!

Just saw your ad (at last!) in the July issue of the gay paper *Angles* here in Vancouver, Canada. I've wanted to contact NAMBLA for a number of years.

Your advocacy of consensual relationships between men and boys is one I share with enthusiasm, and I know from experience that there are many willing young boys who genuinely enjoy intimate sexual contact with gentle, considerate men. To deny these boys, and their partners, the freedom to share their affection for one another, and prevent them from providing mutual pleasure, seems to me to be an outrageous attack on their basic humanity.

8.12. SEX IS WONDERFUL IN ANY FORM

The current psycho-babble concerning sexual relationships of every kind clearly signals to me an unfortunate trend in ultraconservative thinking. Murder, assault, theft, and mayhem are regarded as quite acceptable activities, portrayed in depressingly large doses as entertainment in film, TV, and literature. But consensual relations for mutual pleasure and affection are declared to be dirty, immoral, and devastatingly damaging to the participants.

We've seen a recent upsurge in this kind of stupidity here in Canada, as you may be aware, and a steady stream of stories now fill our media about priests, doctors, school teachers, etc., who are having sex with boys. I don't think that there has been one single incident in which the complainant was one of the boys involved at the time, and in many instances, it required extensive coaching from obviously manipulative psychiatrists to convince the boys to make damaging statements against the men. It's clear that plenty of man/boy sex does indeed go on, but to label it as always harmful seems to me to be a figment of the zealot's imagination. Of course, rape and forcible sex in any form is unacceptable, and is not usually sexually motivated anyway.

My own introduction into man/boy love was at the age of 11 with my uncle, who was a kind, gentle, middle-aged guy with much experience. He taught me that sex is wonderful in any form, and that it is in giving and receiving pleasure with no avaricious motives that makes us essentially human. "Sex purely for procreation does not elevate us much above barnyard animals," he used to say, "but the uninhibited enjoyment of our sexual organs, and the many ways we can pleasure one another certainly does."

My uncle said that it was no accident that even extremely young boys get erections and experience sexual arousal and climaxes, or that it is quite possible for a man and a boy to enjoy virtually any form of sex, including anal intercourse, if care and patience are used.

The ancient Greeks endorsed sex between men and boys and joyfully practiced it. It's interesting that ancient Greece was the cradle of democracy, that Greek philosophy is the model for many of our modern Western ethics, and that many of the words used to describe love and sex are of Greek origin.

I'm sure that those guys knew a good thing when they saw it, and judging from the art they produced, they used to really enjoy themselves.

I am very enthusiastic about joining a group which endorses and advocates love between men and consenting boys.

Sincerely, George British Columbia

8.13 The “Stefan Report”

Report-ID: 81888

This report was legally attacked and was finally declared legal on September 26, 2005 by the Koblenz Higher Regional Court.

First published	01.01.1995
Author	Unknown
Topics	orphan, love, intellectuality, separation, seduction by the boy, secret, pedo-hunt, violence, compassion, girls, gratitude, teacher, death of the man
Weblinks	boywiki.org, archive.org, heise.de, ipce.info
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	IPCE
Start of the relationship	1955
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	15
Age of the man	30
Name of the boy	Stefan
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

Commented excerpt from the Collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Stefan was an 11-year-old German boy when he started seeing 30-year-old Werner G. or Gerd, a colleague of his uncle’s. Stefan was living with his grandmother and uncle and Werner visited

8.13. THE "STEFAN REPORT"

them regularly. He continued to do so when Stefan's uncle moved to another part of Germany, where he had found a new job.

Stefan recalls:

"He was the first person in my life, who took a real interest in me and cared for me. He made school fun again for me. He helped me with my homework, taught me history and helped me improve my math skills, a subject which used to intimidate me."

During the first months of their friendship, they built a bike for Stefan together, out of old parts found at a dump, and Werner taught him how to ride it. They also went swimming together. At first, Stefan could not swim yet, but his swimming skills soon matched Werner's.

During the summer holidays, they saw each other every day. They met at a peaceful spot near a lake. Werner had a small boat and they used it for trips on the lake. So far, Werner had only occasionally stroked Stefan's head or given him a kiss on the cheeks when saying hello or goodbye.

Stefan's grandma was okay with the idea that he spent the weekends at Werner's place. Stefan especially enjoyed taking long and luscious baths. Werner seemed to like looking at him and drying his skin and hair.

Werner was always creating new ideas of things they could do together.

"He led me through the museums of our town and took me to every concert nearby. I owe him my love of classical music, my interest in anything related to history, and he disclosed the world of literature to me.

Later on, we also went on trips over land during the holidays, and always ended up in the Alps.

I loved him and he loved me. I was aware of this whenever we were together. We were often sitting together in the same big chair. I was sitting on his lap, and he was telling me stories that he knew from some book. I found it very pleasant to cuddle up against him and to hear his voice, while his hand was stroking me. It was a feeling of security."

One night, Stefan wanted this feeling of security to last a bit longer and he urged Werner to share his bed with him, which he did. Werner took Stefan in his arms and stroked his back.

"Then he asked me if he could kiss me. He had kissed me on the cheek or the forehead quite often before. This time it was different though: he kissed me on the mouth. I was surprised and a bit startled, I guess, but I soon started to like it. And I enjoyed the way he stroked me. His hand had wandered from my back to my bottom. He was stroking my legs and I sensed his arousal. But I liked it."

Stefan sensed that it would please Werner if he undressed and he was not mistaken. Werner started kissing his naked body. At first, he was a bit irritated by this, and he felt embarrassed

8.13. THE “STEFAN REPORT”

when Werner took his penis into his mouth, but he also felt a kind of joy he had never experienced before.

“I felt good and I wanted him to continue for ever. [...] Now I realize that it probably was my first orgasm.”

After this first experience, they had many such encounters during the weekends at Werner’s place. During the holidays, but also on normal days, when Stefan visited him. Werner always was the active partner and he essentially limited the sexual encounters to him caressing, stroking and kissing Stefan. He never asked Stefan to satisfy him in return.

This relationship lasted for two years, until Werner’s company transferred him to the United States.

“Saying goodbye was terrible for both of us. So far it has been the saddest thing that I ever experienced in my life. He did write me every week, and sent me money. He tried to have me come over to the USA. We had to wait one year before we saw each other again.”

8.14 The Private Tutor

Report-ID: 57342

Heinz Kohut, an important American psychoanalyst, reports on the relationship with his private tutor that began when he was 11 years old.

First published	01.12.2001
Author	Charles B. Strozier
Topics	guilt, teacher, intellectuality
Weblinks	researchgate.net, ipce.info
Language	German
Country	Austria
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1924
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the man	29
Name of the boy	Heinz
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Filip Schuster's *Lexikon der Pädophilie-Irrtümmer* mentioned the case of Heinz Kohut (1913 – 1981), an influential American psychoanalyst.

Kohut grew up in Vienna in the 1920s. By the time he was 10, his parents' relationship with each other was deteriorating, and young Heinz found himself to be quite lonely. At the age of 11, he got a private tutor by the name of Ernst Morawetz, who probably was in his early twenties. They developed a warm and deep friendship, which also included many erotic aspects, such as kisses, touching and oral sex.

The case is also covered by Bruce Rind, who states:

“He later described those years with his tutor as extremely happy ones, perhaps the happiest in his life. He idealized his tutor, who was a ‘spiritual leader,’ able to share his ‘almost religious’ love for nature, as well as teach him about literature, art and music”. [...]

The relationship became sexualized, at first mainly kissing and hugging, then naked closeness, then tender mutual fondling, and mutual oral sex. [...]

Kohut felt the sexualization was incidental and meant little to his own sexual identity—what was of over-riding importance was the emotional connection [...]

As Kohut later put it:

”I had this private tutor, who was a very important person in my life. He would take me to museums and swimming and concerts and we had endless intellectual conversations and played complicated intellectual games and played chess together. I was an only child. So it was in some ways psychologically life-saving for me. I was very fond of the fellow.”

See: Bruce Rind (2003): An Elaboration on Causation and Positive Cases in Child Sexual Abuse. In: *Clinical Psychology: Science and Practice*, Band 10, Heft 3, S. 352-357, September 2003. [Summary is here]

Both Schuster and Rind mention the following source:

Charles B. Strozier (2001). *Heinz Kohut. The Making of a Psychoanalyst*, New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

8.15 They made love for hours

Report-ID: 47882

This case comes from an (undated) article by Pierre van der Aalst and Frits Molenaar with the title ‘We konden urenlang vrijen’ (We could make love for hours) and has the subtitle (a series of articles actually had this name) ‘Tieners van toen’ (former teenagers).

First published	01.01.2016
Author	Pierre van der Aalst und Frits Molenaar
Topics	abuse, alcohol, runaway, girls
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	25
Name of the boy	Stephan
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

It concerns a young man of 23, called Stephan, who's being interviewed about his relationship with an adult, Patrick (then 37), which started when he was eleven years old. This means that when their relationship began, Patrick must have been around 25. At the time of the article Stephan and Patrick still continued to be friends.

8.15. THEY MADE LOVE FOR HOURS

They met at an ice rink and while introducing themselves they discovered Patrick knew Stephan's family quite well as he used to live in their street. They saw each other several times at the ice rink and then also went to the movies together. After this, Stephan wanted to know where Patrick lived. He started visiting Patrick and during the first two visits everything remained platonic. They first had sex during Stephan's third visit.

Stephan's father had physically abused him and his elder brother. About the time Stephan started seeing his friend Patrick, his father had left the family. Stephan felt very relieved, but within one year, his mother got a new boyfriend with a severe drinking problem who wasn't very nice to him either. Stephan decided to run from home, and ended up at Patrick's place. A social worker agreed to this situation and the boy stayed there for three months.

Stephan states that he liked the sex with Patrick so much that he almost could be called addicted to it. They made love for hours. This mostly consisted of caressing and kissing each other and playing with each other's genitals. They tried anal sex, but did not like it.

Stephan often used to help Patrick with daily chores such as peeling potatoes, rinsing the dishes, etc. but sometimes he simply did not feel like it. This sometimes irritated Patrick and they solved their conflict by sharing a shower or the bed.

Stephan also started seeing girls and he told Patrick about his experiences with them very openly. Other activities they used to share were ice skating, swimming and riding their bikes. One time they did a tour by bike around the Netherlands of about 300 kilometers.

Stephan adds that he felt very much at ease while approaching girls, which earned him the nickname of "Mr. Bodycheck". He considers himself a bisexual though. More generally, he is a very sociable person with lots of friends.

8.16 This man saved my life

Report-ID: 44987

In a Youtube video, a user named *ReasonedLogic* explains his view of the issue of abuse and reports about his own experiences with a man as a boy.

First published	07.08.2007
Author	ReasonedLogic
Topics	abuse, victim, neglect, studies
Weblinks	youtube.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Youtube
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	11
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

ReasonedLogic writes the following in the description of the Youtube Video he posted:

“I share this because I believe the lack of rational discussion has grown intolerable. I will not reply to comments. I will not ever log into this account again. This is a one-time deal. If you address hateful messages at me, they will simply fail. If you try to report me to the FBI, they will find nothing. I am using multiple nested proxies and a browser with no flash support. The email addressed used an anonymous web-based form-submission through the same proxy. Besides, i’m sitting in my car borrowing wireless from a nearby neighborhood. Don’t bother trying to track me down. I don’t have anything to fear except persecution from people who disagree with my opinions and those who would take away my children because of my views and my past. Still, I can’t take that risk.”

Video Transcript:

Let me begin by saying a few things: First, I am not a pedophile. I am married, and I have several children. It's for the safety of my friends, family, and most of all my children, I have concealed my identity. I am a computer security expert, and I have taken pains to ensure that my identity, and the origins of this video, is preserved absolutely. Next, let me point out how disturbed I am by the reactions to pedophilia. And the viewpoints on pedophilia video. Rather than confronting assumptions about an issue that's woefully misguided, most people chose to respond with simple dogma, saying, "well duh, they're children, fucktard". And one even went so far as to threaten to sever his head. Way to go.

You almost proved his point, by being so ignorant of the issues that you simply cannot address rationally, scientifically, or empirically, and instead must resort to dogmatic reactions or threats of violence. I am not ignorant of the issue. I was, for lack of a better word, a willing victim, at the age of 10, who was taken in by a kindly man. My parents used to show me little but cowardice and malice during my first 10 years. I hated them. I hated the world, I hated myself. This man showed me love, compassion, and selflessness. At 11 he also gently, and willingly, showed me the wonders of sex. We talked about staying safe, about diseases, and we talked about society, and the lies in what people believed, and why.

It was only after this, and carefully ensuring my willingness, that he proceeded. This man saved my life, showed me love, and sent me on a course to a successful life. Even as I grew older, and he no longer found me attractive, he loved me like a son, he still held me in his arms if I needed the strength, and he gave me guidance and structure when I needed those as well. Come around, I had a girlfriend in high school, and I didn't need his love and affection as much. It all felt very natural. Sure, my parents were there at my graduation, but my journey was not felt complete without him at my side that day. I know that there are many people hurt by these relationships and for that I'm truly sorry. I do not speak out often on this topic because I do not support the full emancipation of minors, nor them being freely accessible to men who are attracted to them.

However, I implore everyone to understand that there are two sides to every coin -- not all pedophiles are dangerous, disturbed, or depraved. Growing up, several of the most prominent figures in my life were outspoken pedophiles, and during the last twenty years, I have met several hundred. I know many of their young companions as well. We maintain friendships even across distance, and we talk openly in a way that we can't share with anyone else. Our stories have a vast range. I've spoken with a few who've regarded their relationship as abusive and nothing more. They describe corruption(?), shame, and betrayal of trust. They thought that they were never a partner in the relationship and were a mere object. Many of these people have gone to the police and reported their relationship and find a lot of closure for that.

I've spoken with others who've regarded their relationship as merely a happening in the journey of life that has come their way at camp or a trip overseas. They regarded it as neither exceptionally beneficial, nor exceptionally harmful. But merely as a formative event. Some of these people have questioned what happened to them during the last couple of years, as dogmatic discussion on these topics grow more and more heated, especially in light of people receiving millions and millions of dollars from their abusers in years past. And these people have a lot of incentive to step forward. A lot of the ones that I know have not, because they don't regard this as a harmful aspect of their past. There are others who regarded their past relationships much as I do, as a profoundly positive experience.

I strongly believe that during that time in my life, not being short of that depth of love and expression, could've got me out, out of my childhood as well adjusted as I am today. I would like to point out, that amongst the pedophiles I've met, the majority have never had sexual contact with a child. And those that had, rarely had a multitude of victims... I should say never. And the multitude of victims, like the strawman that needs sticks to portray (???) the ratings incite fear in your viewers, or they sell more advertising. Keep in mind, I am a vocal advocate of protecting children, but most especially from emotional and physical abuse, as research in fact shows that these are far more harmful psychological adjustments than sexual abuse in almost all cases. The next passage is read verbatim from a scientific journal, from a reputable scientific journal.

It is peer-reviewed by experts in the field of psychology and statistics. It discusses the psychological effects of these various kinds of abuse. Begin quote: "The findings (???) were 10x more important than sexual abuse in accounting for current adjustment in the college population is consistent with the result of several recent studies using objects from known college populations. In one study conducted by Ekono and his colleagues, in 1993, the researchers categorized children and adolescents obtained from large representative community samples in a small-size setting in New York state into 6 groups. These groups are: Not abused, Sexual abuse, Physical abuse, Neglect, Sexual abuse and Neglect together, and Physical abuse and Neglect together.

They found that sexually abused children and adolescents performed as well in school as the non-abused control group in all areas measured, including standardized test scores, school departments, and behavior. Neglect and physical abuse, on the other hand, were associated with poor performance and more behavior problems. Even though their study conducted by Ney and his colleagues published in 1994 (Link), the researchers separated their mostly clinical sample of children and adolescents into categories: Sexual abuse, physical abuse, physical neglect, verbal abuse, emotional neglect, and combinations of these.

They found that the combination of abuse that correlated most strongly with adjustment problems was, Physical abuse, combined with physical neglect and verbal abuse. In the top 10 worst

combinations, verbal abuse appeared 7 times, physical neglect, 6 times, physical abuse and emotional neglect 5 times each, whereas sexual abuse appears only once, near the bottom. These results drive home the conclusion of uh... Newsy, sorry, that we presented before. Again, she studied 32 samples of college students across the U.S. chosen to be representatives of the U.S. college population. She concluded, that when taking other forms of abuse into account, sexual abuse was not related to adjustment problems.

It was instead, she noticed, maltreatment, such as physical abuse, that directly impact on future adjustments." End quote. Another study also published in 1999 cites statistics, drawing a conclusion from more than 20,000 statistical data points. (Link) They conclude, begin quote: "For boys, sexual abuse accounts for only 0.5% of the adjustment variability, while for girls it accounted for only 1%. These small effect sizes are inconsistent with the assumption that sexual abuse produces pervasive or intense effects." End quote. Now you have the whole picture. You have the research, you have my story, and the stories of people I know.

You also have found the stories of those who were harmed by sexual abuse, you can't deny those people as rational as well. In the context of verbally, emotionally, or physically abusive relationships, sexual abuse can often become the focal point of all these traumas. So then it appears to the victim that sex alone had caused the pain when in reality it was just a conduit to amplify all the other negative feelings. In conclusion, there seems to be a preponderance in evidence, that both sides of this argument are wrong, sex with a child is not totally lacking in harmfulness, even in a value neutral society, I believe the (???) feeling is mistaken, in the view point that child sex is totally without... problems. However, on the other hand, it is also equally absurd, to say that child sexuality is always abhorrent and wrong.

Now this flies in the face of social dogma, and I'll probably get a cascade of criticism for this video. But frankly, that's my experience. My experience was positive. To deny that, is to deny me my own individual experience. I know it was right. You may not believe it, but that's how it is.

8.17 Under pressure I told my family about what was happening

Report-ID: 14442

This interview followed an email received by T. Rivas about his project *Positive Memories*. Howard Miller tells of his intimate experiences with a man in the 1960s.

First published	01.01.2008
Author	T. Rivas
Topics	abuse, family, society, gay
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Netherlands
Sources	IPCE
Start of the relationship	1961
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Howard Miller
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

8.17.1 I have only good feelings about what happened

Early erotic experiences of Howard Miller

T. Rivas

I got in touch with Howard Miller (pseudonym) through e-mail after I'd heard that he was interested in participating in my project of finding authentic cases of positive memories of early experiences with 'pedophile' relationships.

Howard Miller is a 57-year-old man living in the Netherlands whose mother tongue is English. Howard deliberately left out any details that might make possible the identification of his friend.

What follows is the main information Howard gave me about a relationship he had as a boy with an adult man, structured by some questions.

How old were you when the relationship started?

Eleven. It started about 46 years ago, in the early 1960s.

How long did it last?

Roughly until I was 14 but we still occasionally have sex together.

Had you known him before the relationship began?

Yes. He was a friend of the family.

What kind of relationship was it?

A friendship with erotic aspects.

Of what consisted the erotic dimension?

We would zip our sleeping bags together and he would tickle and massage me all over. He would tell me dirty jokes while helping me with my homework and get me aroused. Then we would masturbate together.

He satisfied me and then himself or we satisfied ourselves while watching each other. I thought that he was fascinating to look at and occasionally touch but not to satisfy.

I was already very sexually aware and getting into trouble with the parents of my friends for molesting their sons (when I was an adolescent or earlier).

I was very precocious sexually from a very early age and initiated sex play with a lot of the boys I knew of my own age. The parents found out and I was persona non grata.

He helped me to have a positive understanding of my sexuality.

What other dimensions did the relationship have?

We used to take trips together. He helped me with my homework and participated in family occasions like birthday parties. He encouraged me with my hobbies like electronics. .

How did the relationship begin?

I don't remember who started it but he soon found out that I was hot to trot and I was thrilled.

And how did it end?

We are still friends but things changed when I was about 14 because I felt guilty because I wasn't attracted to him in the same way that he was to me. I wasn't willing to do the same things to him that he did to me.

However, nowadays I have sex with him again sometimes. It's still the same but now I don't feel guilty about it.

He satisfies me but I don't satisfy him because I'm not attracted to him sexually. When I was younger I read a lot of gay literature that made me feel that this sort of arrangement was wrong. I now think differently about it.

Why were you feeling guilty about this?

For some years I believed myself to be gay. According to the dictionary I am because I'm not attracted to girls or women. In fact I still consider this to be the case but that I am in a subcategory. I even considered myself to be a gay activist for some years.

Much of the gay literature of the time preached that relationships should be equal. That meant that each of the parties should be equally attracted to each other and be willing to do equally as much sexually for each other. In my relationship with my friend this was never the case. Although I found him interesting as a full grown example of a male, I had no urge to satisfy him and still don't.

However, especially when I was young, I was very flattered by his interest in satisfying me and loved how he made me feel. During my gay period, however, I began to feel guilty about this arrangement because it didn't fit into the gay model which I have described not because I felt there was anything wrong with what we did. In fact at the time there was more tolerance in the gay movement for intergenerational relationships.

Were there any problems connected to the relationship?

Under pressure I told my family about what was happening. I think I was about 13 or 14.

They of course were not pleased and tried to put pressure on me to end it. Interestingly enough they have never rejected my friend. I found out later that my Dad was molesting my sisters and later my nieces. Maybe that's why.

He did not molest me, because he was only attracted to girls. I only found out about it years later as an adult when he was convicted.

Did you in any way link your experiences with your older friend with stories about sexual predators?

At first it seemed natural that he would have the same interests as I did I used to assume that all boys/men did. I have never thought of him as a predator then or now.

What we did was mutual and I wanted it as much as he did. Luckily the media wasn't full of one-sided coverage the way it now is.

Of course, I understood that it wasn't something we should talk openly about. It was nobody else's business.

What - if anything - would you rather have changed if you could do it all over again?

Just the world. Ha ha! I have only good feelings about what happened but am sad that most people will never be able to understand that.

I also wish that we didn't have to worry about each other getting into trouble with the society over what happened.

How did the relationship affect your development, as far as you can tell?

My sexual orientation was clearly already set by the time our relationship started. If anything he really helped me to accept myself in a way that no one else could have. If I can't accept myself who will. As a result I feel very strong in my identity in spite of the growing intolerance of society.

How did the relationship affect your opinions about pedophile relationships?

Obviously one cannot generalize about any sort of relationship. Whether you agree with such contacts or not you have to see that they are not all alike.

Because I had such a positive experience as a child I believe that I can say with absolute certainty that sometimes such relationships can be very positive. Notice I don't say that they always will be, but heck more than 50% of marriages end in divorce.

Most real child abuse occurs in families. Should then marriage be outlawed?

8.18 We loved each other as everyone loves

Report-ID: 16448

This report is an interview that the author Wolf Vogel conducted with a boy. Thomas, his interview partner, has had a sexual relationship with an eighteen year old man for five years, from the age of eleven to sixteen.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	interview, brother, outsider, masturbation, secret, jealousy, girls, separation
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	29
Name of the boy	Thomas
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Thomas is nineteen years old and is in high school. He would like his professional career to be in electrical engineering or data processing. He has had a girlfriend for two years. So nothing

special. – But Thomas has had a sexual relationship with an man who was 18 years older for five years, from the age of eleven to sixteen.

Something special?

Thomas: "For me it was actually nothing special. It would have been for my surroundings, but I don't think anyone knew. Just think how the gossip would have started had it been discovered. And then it would probably have reached my parents or one of my siblings. I knew I was doing something that shouldn't be. But still I never looked back and never felt threatened. Especially not in the past few years. I also didn't find it sinful what I was doing. What I experienced and learned in the relationship was something special and very beautiful. It couldn't be sinful or wrong. I had also arranged it myself. I still know that very well.

I was eleven years old and it was spring. I knew that Horst was always sitting at the edge of the forest with binoculars. I also knew that there was a lot of talk about Horst in the village, that he was swimming naked in one of the forest ponds and lying there naked and sunbathing.

One afternoon I rode my bike to the forest and Horst was sitting there. I started a conversation with him on the pretext that I was interested in birds and would like to look through his telescope. Suddenly I said to him: "What a pity that you can't see through the trees with binoculars, because I know for sure that you could then see a lot of lovers in the forest." Horst went into it and told me what he had already seen in the forest. Suddenly we talked about masturbation. I remember that I was trembling with excitement because this was the crucial moment. Horst asked if I did it myself. I said yes, and then he put his hand on my fly and said, "Let me see." I had achieved what I wanted and felt a triumph within me. Horst said: "You can do it to me too." With trembling hands I did it, and so we had sex with each other for the first time."

How did you know all of this at the age of eleven?

Thomas: "That came from my older brother. I was about nine. We slept together in one room. One evening we were horsing around, and suddenly my brother took my hand, put it on his penis and said, "Play with it." I was a little startled because his penis was so big and there was so much hair around it. I had already seen pictures of naked men, but the reality was different. But I found it pretty exciting, it had something mysterious about it. My brother said it was very nice to play with it and started playing with my penis to prove it.

That was the beginning of frequent sex games with my brother that were practiced for about two years. Then my brother started to have intercourse with girls.

I always found it very nice and exciting. My brother always played with me for a while, just until I got an overwhelming feeling and said: 'No more now.' Later I realized that that meant 'orgasm'. No semen came at that time, but my penis was so stiff that it seemed to burst. I didn't know anything about seed or anything. I only discovered that when my brother and I once did it in the barn during the day. I was quite frightened when my brother had an orgasm with semen.

He laughed out loud and explained to me that it was much nicer than what I experienced. I gradually understood why my brother always took a handkerchief to bed. We always did our lovemaking in the dark because our parents weren't allowed to notice it. Just before my brother started going with girls and no longer wanted to do it with me, I got a little fluid, and that was even more appealing than what I had experienced before. So my brother stopped sex games and then I made a conscious effort to get in touch with Horst. As a replacement for my brother actually. So when I was eleven I knew about these things, much more than the other boys in my class. They learned things from me and thought I was very experienced. They also never asked how I knew all of this."

How did you and Horst continue?

Thomas: "We always did it outside. Also in the winter. Sometimes there was snow; then Horst swept away the snow, took off his coat, put it on the ground and we wrapped ourselves up in it. In summer, of course, we mostly stripped naked and made love in broad daylight. It was actually quite dangerous because we weren't hiding so well. Someone walked by once. Horst quickly laid down on me so that it looked as if he was making love to a woman. But we were scared. Horst asked if I wouldn't rather come to his house. He lived with his mother, but it wouldn't have been a problem. It's kind of crazy – but for some reason, I never wanted that and it never happened. Horst didn't push for it either.

We often sat on the edge of the forest for hours, telling each other things. Sometimes nothing happened, sometimes it did. Horst often started and then said: 'Do you want to do it?' If I answered in the affirmative, we looked for a quiet spot in the forest.

We loved each other as everyone loves, I think, until we both climaxed. After a while we went home. Horst taught me to make love in many ways, with the hands, the lips and with the whole body. I enjoyed it very much and he no less. It was completely different from sex games with my brother. I felt safe and secure so that I could let myself go completely. Horst let me discover where the beautiful places on the body are and what can be done. It was different every time and I always discovered something new. Only that I never wanted to have it in the butt. Nor did Horst ask about it. He was always very caring and tried to make it as nice as possible for me; he also asked me mostly what I wanted. He completely adjusted to me, and I felt guilty about that, I gave so little back. But he assured me that it would be particularly nice if I was happy.

Sometimes Horst wanted give me something. Candy, ice cream, a book or something. But I never wanted that. I think then he would have made me feel like I would benefit from him. He didn't insist on that either. He then hugged me vigorously, kissed me and whispered in my ear: 'It's okay, Tommy, you are a very nice boy.'

Did nobody know about this contact?

Thomas: "No, nobody. I never told my friends. After a while I realized how endangered Horst

was, and at all costs I wanted to avoid that he or I could cause him to get into trouble. My friends and my parents knew well that I had already been sitting at the edge of the forest with Horst. They probably thought I was very interested in birds, and I left it that way.

Horst never spoke about me with anyone. Maybe once; when I was about fifteen another boy from the village was sitting with him. The boy was a few years younger than me. He didn't want to leave and I wanted to cuddle with Horst so much, and Horst made no move to get rid of the boy. Suddenly it occurred to me that Horst could love this boy too! That idea was a big shock to me.

When the boy finally left, I asked Horst about it. He said, 'Oh Thomas, you're jealous! Listen: there is really nothing. The boy is probably going to come here every once in a while. I've never told him anything about you. Maybe he wants something with me, but I don't want something with him.' I think that was the only time that Horst didn't tell me the whole truth. From a distance I say today: this was probably the beginning of the end. The thought of the boy never left my mind. Not that something about Horst had visibly changed. But still. From that moment on I went to Horst less, and I became increasingly interested in girls.

Then everything went really quickly. After a few months I stayed away. And now it's been three years. I avoid Horst, and if I happen to meet him, I greet him and move on quickly. I find that ugly myself and am ashamed of it. He must have heard now that I am going with a girl. There had to be an end to it. But I still think he's a fine guy. I will never say a bad word about him. I looked for the contact myself and I learned a lot from him and he gave me a lot. I think I will draw a lot from my experience with Horst in my relationship with Julia. I want to be a little bit for Julia what Horst was for me."

Wasn't it difficult for you to get in touch with girls?

Thomas: "No. Look: I've always had a lot of friends. I did a lot with them. Horst was far from everything. The contact was different, and with him I made love; not with girlfriends. In the beginning, I found it difficult to make love with girls. Horst knew me so well and I knew him too, so that everything went like clockwork with him. I was initially awkward with girls. It's very nice with Julia now."

Does Julia know about your relationship with Horst?

Thomas: "No, nobody knows. I won't tell her either. I don't think that's necessary. It could also be dangerous for Horst. I already let him down anyway. I must not do more to him. After a few years, I may tell her when our children are older and she starts warning them about strange men with candy."

Would you have your son love with a man later?

This question comes as a bit of a surprise to Thomas. He hesitates and **then says:** "I guess I have to, right? I could hardly say no. I will definitely give my son a better education and I

will never say to him that he must not go with strange men. But then he must already know something about sex and then he must also be about eleven years old. Above all, I would like to know what kind of man it is. I wouldn't find a man like Horst bad. But then I hope he tells me so we can talk about it together. Because one is quite lonely with one's secrets all the years, although there is also something exciting about it.

But the biggest problem is be the termination of the relationship. Actually, I ran away myself, but I don't see how to do it differently. If you don't break the relationship, the other one has to do it. Still, the separation still concerns me. I think my behavior was basically mean, and that towards Horst, who has always been so nice and kind to me. I would like to give advice to my children about such situations. Only – would they accept my advice?"

8.19 We're going to fly, spy

Report-ID: 67778

This autobiographical report by “Engelchen” (aka “GoyBotchy”) first appeared in the German Baumstark-Forum in 1999. The author’s identity was verified by JUMIMA and important parts of the report have been verified.

First published	01.01.1999
Author	Engelchen
Topics	childrens home, soldier, post-war, music
Weblinks	jungsforum.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1960
Age of the boy (start)	11
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	45
Name of the boy	Engelchen
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

8.19.1 The Russian soldier

We didn't need an alarm clock.

We were awakened exactly on time at 6:00 am by deafening howling and thundering. Five MIG15 jet fighters raced low over the houses of our children's home and brought the night's rest to an

abrupt end. I only had to open my eyes and turn my head a little to the side, and I could see them, like arrows, boring into the sky. Their sound slowly faded and mingled with the voices of the waking boys. Just as we were standing in the hallway to go to the dining room for breakfast, the planes returned. Just not quite as loud as when they were starting. When you looked through the hall window, you could see them floating towards the airfield with their noses raised and then disappearing behind the trees.

The MIG-15 was a beautiful airplane that reminded of a toy with its squat fuselage and trimmed wings. The home had a fence, but of course it had three holes. One was to the right of the soccer field and led directly into a swaying grain field, which in late summer hid many intimate secrets under its stalks and kept them to itself. There was another opening to the forest, in which an old German machine-gun bunker offered a great playground, and a third hole shortened the way into the village considerably and was used by children and educators alike. If you chose the third route, you could reach the barbed wire fence of the airfield in 20 minutes. In the cover of the bushes you could work your way up to a small hill directly at the fence and thus had a wonderful view of the runway. I went there very often with my friend Robert, but one day he was moved to another home and I kept going on these trips alone.

One afternoon, as always, I was lying on my stomach in the grass, using an imaginary walkie-talkie to give orders to the pilots on the planes. I also had a booklet with the numbers of the planes, so that I had full control over flight operations. Suddenly I felt a hand on the back of my neck that lifted me up and put me on my feet. In front of me was a Russian officer with a black mustache and sunglasses, which he had put on his forehead. He took my notebook and leafed through it while I stood paralyzed before him.

“You spy?” He asked.

Um, no, njet!!

“You how old?”

“Eleven.” I so startled I forgot what “Eleven” was in Russian.

The officer took a step back and eyed me.

“You eleven and spy!” He said. “Good! We will see!”

He reached for his pistol pocket, pulled out his macarow, and shot in the air once – while I peed my pants.

A jeep appeared out of the forest and he put me on its rack. “You sit here,” he said threateningly. Then he swung himself into the seat and beckoned the soldier at the wheel to leave. After a few minutes we had reached the gate and after a short conversation with the guard, the officer took me to a barrack. We entered a room where several soldiers were sitting and were eating. He put me in the middle of the room and just said: “Spy!” Immediately a roar of laughter broke out. The soldiers slapped their thighs and held their bellies laughing. They pointed to my pants

– wet with pee – and one fell off the chair laughing. I was so ashamed and still terrified. The officer stood in front of me and said: “I Grisha, and you?”

“Rolf!”

“Come over! Spy Rolf! “, He said with a grin and led me by the shoulder to an adjoining room which was full of beds and lockers. He got a flight suit out of a locker and said.”Take off, pants! This better.”

I took off everything because the shirt had also gotten something and got into the much too big uniform. Grisha knelt before me and rolled up the trouser legs and sleeves. Then he put me next to the window, took a camera out of a closet and took a picture of me.

When we came back into the large room, a few officers had already gathered. One spoke German very well and finally I could explain what had happened. I was beginning to feel better because the soldiers were very friendly and fed me some white bread and canned meat while I was sitting on Grisha’s lap. He constantly ruffled my hair and kept saying: “Little spy, Rolf!”

The officer with the good German leafed through my notebook and asked if I had written down all the planes that I had seen at the airfield. “I think so,” I said, but he said I was a bad observer and unsuitable for the spy profession. Then he said something to Grisha that I did not understand, got up and left the room.

Grisha lifted me from his lap, gave me a pat on the butt and said: “Come with me, spy Rolf!”

Outside we got on the jeep and this is how the most wonderful afternoon I had experienced with my few years so far had begun. For almost two hours, Grisha showed me the airfield, I was allowed to climb into the MIGs and look at the helicopters, and in the control tower I couldn’t get my mouth shut in amazement. Many airplanes were hidden under mounds of earth or stood in halls with roofs planted with trees. No wonder they were missing from my list. It was an unforgettable experience for a boy like me. Unforgettable also because I had noticed how Grisha was constantly looking to be close to me, hugging me, supporting me when I was climbing and catching me when I jumped the last part of the ladder. This type of touch was well known to me and aroused a mixture of feelings of caution and curiosity. He was a handsome man with a tanned face and black hair. When our eyes met, there was something of a secret about – which I knew more than he assumed.

He drove me back to the home, hugged me firmly when I said goodbye and said: “I’ll pick you up again, spy!!”

In my flight suit, I naturally was a great attraction and the other kids pestered me with questions. Of course I bragged about what had happened, but preferred to keep certain details to myself.

The following Saturday I got grounded. I had punched another boy and as a punishment, I was supposed to copy 20 pages of the book “How the Steel Was Hardened”. Although I did not really

understand the meaning of this punishment, I went to work until my educator came into the room and said: "You are lucky, you have a visitor."

I glanced at him incredulously. Who could be visiting me here at the back of beyond? The educator was getting impatient. "Get moving before I change my mind." So Ostrowski had to keep his deep thoughts to himself and I ran down the stairs.

Grischa was standing next to his jeep and when I saw him I turned around and fetched my flight suit. He hugged me and I got a kiss as if we had known each other for 20 years. Then we sped away.

So it was true!

My feeling hadn't deceived me. I eyed the man sitting next to me and he took off his sunglasses and put them on my nose. "We're going to fly, spy!"

Again, we drove to the barracks and he led me into the room with the many beds. He pointed to my pants and said, "Take off, I've got something." He got something out of a closet and tossed it to me. It took me a moment to understand what it was. A flight suit in my size, with all the pockets, hooks and buckles. I could see from the fabric that it was newly sewn. Custom-made for me!!! Still in my briefs jumped at Grisha and clung to his neck. His mustache stung and when his hands touched my bare back I found that despite their size they were very tender. It was OK. I got into my new uniform and was as proud as a Spaniard. It fit like a glove and Grisha only said: "But don't pee again, spy." I laughed and shook my head.

A little later we sat in a helicopter. While the flight combo fit well, the helmet slipped so deep onto my forehead that I couldn't see anything. But Grisha stuck a glove in between and it worked. The helicopter lifted off the concrete surface with a roar and I clung to my officer, because I felt a bit queasy. Soon the airfield lay deep below us and I tried to orientate myself in the landscape. I recognized the street that cut through the village and could also see the buildings of the children's home. The lines that the boy's feet had trampled into the cornfield were particularly visible. Now I was no longer afraid, because Grisha wrapped his arm around me from behind and held me very tightly, while he smoothed the folds of my suit with his other hand.

I was now trying hard not to endanger my weekends with Grisha with any of the punishments lurking everywhere. He took me on a visit to friends in a tank brigade and we were often in Berlin, in the cinema or in the theater or his friend with the helicopter flew us to Finow to see the ship hoist that was installed there. We used the warm days of late summer to tell and fulfill secret wishes, lying under the camouflage nets that were stretched over the bunkers. Then fall vacation came.

Usually all kids from the home went to a camp to help with the harvest, but somehow the

educators had no strong arguments against the kind of German-Soviet friendship I had with Grisha, and so I was allowed to spend all 14 days with him in a house in Schorfheide. It was a kind of log cabin with a sauna, a living room, bedroom and a small kitchen. Anyone who knows the Schorfheide knows how the brownish light falling through the pine crowns onto the warm sandy ground can smooth and enchant the waves of the soul. Knows how the silence, only tinted by the buzzing of insects, opens the soul wide and makes it receptive to the wishes of those close to it. For the first time, I was actually alone with Grisha. Not that we had been guilty of omission in our afternoons under the camouflage net, no, but actually alone with him... – I was only here.

Only here could I feel the feeling of waking up next to him in the morning, getting a kiss and a glass of fresh milk and then resting my head on his chest and letting him tenderly rub my back.

The afternoons, when we came back from fishing or hiking to lie naked in the warm sun, when he traced words on my back with his finger that I should guess.

The wonderful, crackling evenings, when after the sauna he gave my skin a slight reddening with the brushwood. He towed me off me and then carried me to bed.

And the nights, that had somehow lost their nightmares that had troubled me a lot.

And then it was January. Relentlessly cold. Grisha comes, like almost every weekend.

He gives me a bearskin shapka. I put it on and feel how the warm, cozy fur warms my ears. Then I hug him, and as my head lies on his shoulder, I notice that he's trembling. I tilt my head back and am looking into tearful eyes.

Grisha, this bear of a man who would grab me by the hand and throw me into the water, who would put his hand on my back and I would feel that I am out of reach for the rest of the world because that hand protects me. He who sewed the flight suit for me. He to whom all the other soldiers are kowtowing.

He's got a little boy in his arms and cries. He kneels in front of him and rests his head on the child's chest, stammering something like "Da moi" – home. In 3 days. Home for Grisha is the Caucasus. I still don't know where I am at home. Now I'm understanding what's going on.

Farewell. And immediately I sense: it is forever.

Now they both kneel in the snow. The man and the boy, and if you look closely you can see how similar they are.

9 Boy 12 years old

9.1 A Gay Man Speaks Out

Report-ID: 59912

In a letter to NAMBLA, a man tells how his relationship with an adult when he was 12 was ended by his parents.

First published	01.10.1992
Author	Anonymized
Topics	sanktions, gay, love, parents
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1974
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	12
Age of the man	27
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: A letter to NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association), from the NAMBLA Bulletin, Vol. 13, No. 8, Pgs. 6 - 7, Oct 1992.

Dear Friends,

I'm not a boy-lover, but a 30-year-old gay man. I had a wonderful affair with a 27-year-old man when I was only twelve years old. It was the most pure, clean, and honest relationship I've ever had in my life. I knew of my attraction for men when I was eight years old.

9.1. A GAY MAN SPEAKS OUT

At the age of twelve, a very good looking 27-year-old man, a friend of my family who I very much looked up to, made his approach on me. I guess I had a lot to do with it because I wanted it. We had a very wonderful affair, but it only lasted eight months. I fell deeply in love with this man, and through my love for him, I matured a lot spiritually as well as sexually.

Unfortunately this man who I loved so much had to walk away from my life because my parents found out about our close relationship through another friend of mine (a peer) to whom I had entrusted my secret. My man friend was scared and decided to move to another state. No charges were ever pressed against him because I never admitted having sex with him.

It's hard to believe that this society, with its deep research on modern psychology and space age technology, has not grown out of this sexual taboo. They probably don't want to face the real true facts of intergenerational relationships and how harmless they really are.

Society seems concerned about controlling and monitoring everything a minor does. It is inconceivable that such relationships are punished with such long jail sentences. People commit murder and their jail terms are less.

I could have had a much healthier and lasting relationship when I was a boy if it wasn't because of the way society is. They fucked up the nice relationship I was having, and that's no good! Even though I was, like they say now, "molested at twelve", I did not grow up to be a child molester! That's bullshit!

I'm sorry if I seem enraged about this issue, but I still hold so much frustration inside because I was never given a chance to be who I wanted to be when I was twelve years old. I was told it was wrong to love a man, that I was too young, and that this man was evil.

Of course, I never thought of him as an evil person. I thought he was great! I knew what I wanted, but my parents told me I was just a child and I shouldn't be thinking about sex.

You see, my adult gay life has been tough. It's mostly sexual, and everything floats around 'looks' and 'sex', but if I look back to that first relationship, I found support, caring, spirituality, and commitment, as well as intensity and purity. All of that is very difficult to achieve these days; the adult gay scene seems to revolve around lust and sex.

- How can gay people attack, judge, and condemn boy-lovers if we were once under the same oppression as they are today?
- Do we really want to become as closed-minded as those who refuse to let us gay people share a space in society?
- Have any of us taken the time to examine closely what man/boy love is all about?
- How can we then become part of the narrow-minded team that we once fought, and still fight, against?

9.1. A GAY MAN SPEAKS OUT

- How could we ever win the battle of gay rights if we are shooting with the same weapons that were (and are) used against us?

We have forgotten that sex is a vehicle of communication through which there can be the maximum expression of love.

Sincerely yours,

R.C., Los Angeles

9.2 A family friend

Report-ID: 85537

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	family, married, gay, curiosity, first time
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	35
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 2 (boy 12, man 35). The man was a family friend; the sex was mutually initiated, oral, off and on for 10 years (a couple of times per month), and “physically great.” It confused the subject that the man was married, yet was willing to have sex with him. “Eventually I fell in love with him; knew I was gay but did not broadcast this; I was curious because of the age difference. Mutual oral sex happened after he fondled me; it was the first orgasm I ever had.”

9.3 A full sexual expression of real feelings

Report-ID: 12328

Joel Gray is a well-known American actor, singer, director and photographer. In his memoirs, he reports on various sexual events as a 10 and 12 year old boy with older adolescents. His relationship with Walter is described in a particularly impressive way.

First published	23.03.2016
Author	Joel Grey
Topics	theater, secret, society
Weblinks	google.nl, youtube.com, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Master of Ceremonies - Joel Grey
Start of the relationship	1942
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	16
Name of the boy	Joel Grey
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

9.3.0.1 From the book 'Master of Ceremonies - Joel Grey'

Source: Master of Ceremonies, Joel Grey, Flatiron Books, 2016. ISBN 978-1-250-05723-5. Pages 42/43.

So it became clear: The only truly safe place for me was the theater. Over the next two years the Play House provided a harbor from the chaos of my mother, a place where I never found myself knocked between being wonderful one minute and bad the next, as I did during the Epsteins' Sunday brunches. In the acting company, I found a family of an entirely different sort. Here,

9.3. A FULL SEXUAL EXPRESSION OF REAL FEELINGS

you could say and feel whatever was inside you. Problems were solved and decisions were made by listening to different points of view. There was an exchange of ideas, because no one way would satisfy.

At twelve years old I already understood that Viktor and Bryan, two members of the Play House, were different. It was nothing I talked about with anybody, but still, I got it.

[...]

My relationship with Walter began when the two of us were cast in the same play. The theater is a very sexy place. It always has been and always will be. To inhabit another character, another presence, and another way of thinking, it is necessary to forget who you are. You strip yourself bare to give room to imagination. So you put whatever thoughts you have about yourself aside to become a killer, a philanderer, a genius—anything. The space to act out your dreams is arousing. That's why a lot of people have affairs with other cast members. With the line between pretend and real blurred, permission is freely given.

Walter and I had both been cast in a production of, funnily enough, *Kiss and Tell*. In the family comedy by the popular playwright F. Hugh Herbert I was Raymond, the bratty younger brother, and Mr. Lowe was my father. (How nice was that?) Walter played Dexter, the boyfriend of my onstage sister. Because of our ages—I was twelve and he was sixteen—we bonded immediately.

Walter came from the poorer West Side, where my cousin Burton also lived. His family of Croatian immigrants, who spoke no English, spent night and day making ends meet at their butcher shop, where their sons were also expected to work. Often Walter arrived at rehearsal with his hair smelling of garlic from having stuffed sausages all night. On breaks, we played cards, raced each other to the corner deli, teased each other—little, quick Joel ducking around tall and gangly Walter. Our camaraderie didn't arouse any suspicion because we were just the youngsters of the play. Why wouldn't we hang out together? Why wouldn't we be pals?

So when I asked my parents if I could sleep over at Walter's house, they weren't the least bit suspicious. By then, my family had moved to a house in University Heights, a suburb of Cleveland. Although it meant leaving the Sovereign, and Jerry, whom I never saw again, it was yet another upwardly mobile step for our family. It was also kind of far for me to travel home after dinner at Walter's house, which was the perfect reason for a sleepover. Not that I really needed an excuse with my folks. They trusted me to be on my own. ("You don't need to worry about Joel. He knows how to take care of himself.") If Walter asked me to sleep over, and his parents said it was OK, it was OK.

In the small apartment above his parents' butcher shop, our friendship went from playful and boyish to serious and grown-up. He locked the door to his room, and after that I didn't remember any words – just being quiet. We had to be very, very quiet. We were both mature for our age

9.3. A FULL SEXUAL EXPRESSION OF REAL FEELINGS

and responsible enough to be trusted with challenging roles in serious, adult theater productions. That's the only way this could happen. *This* was not being fooled around with by the bellhop or cuddling with my cousin but rather a full sexual expression of real feelings. With Walter, an intelligent, thoughtful, fellow actor, I learned that sex could be connected to love.

My friendship with Walter, which deepened over the course of the show and beyond, was of pure trust and affection; I loved him, and I knew he loved me. But I also knew that to others our love would be a disgrace.

The contradiction between those two realities didn't make sense, but it was my life, so I made it make sense by keeping my love for Walter a secret isolated in his bedroom and other private places. When I left to go home, the experience disappeared (or at least receded) so I could freely return to being Mother's pet, performing for friends who had come over to the house for mah-jongg.

9.3.0.2 Interview between Kevin Sessums and Joel Grey (Youtube)

Transcribed by JUMIMA

Interviewer: You do talk about when you were 10 years old your first affair, in a way. You were 10. I mean it was an affair and that's, I mean that's the way it comes across in the book. You were 10 with a . . .

Joel: Well that's a dream.

Interviewer: Well that's how you described it. With a 16 year old. . .

Joel: The mind of a 10 year old is dreamy.

Interviewer: Oh, I thought that was real. It seemed real to me. He was dreaming of that?

Joel: No, but when a 10 year old is experiencing something, it's quite different from a mature person.

Interviewer: Right, okay. But there was a real experience?

Joel: Oh, yeah, absolutely. But so many guys do that at a very, very young age. But that wasn't my circumstance. I did it because there was something there [puts his finger to his heart], in me. And I found out very early on that that was a bad, bad thing to do. And a bad thing to be. I kept hearing. . .

Interviewer: This is like 1943, 1942?

Joel: Yeah. I kept hearing that men were taken into. . . the police picked them up. . . You know there was a tremendous amount of vehemence and anti-homosexuality. And you could die, and

9.3. A FULL SEXUAL EXPRESSION OF REAL FEELINGS

you could certainly not have any respect and nobody would think much of you, because of these terrible ideas about sexuality at that moment. And that's what I was hearing.

Interviewer: And yet, you still acted upon it because it was innately part of you. There wasn't... I mean you write about it in the book very openly and matter-of-factly and sort of beautifully, when you're a young person. You had this experience when you were ten, then at the Cleveland Playhouse, when you were twelve, I guess... There's an older guy there, he was about seventeen, eighteen, maybe? And you seemed to be in love with him.

Joel: You know, I think I was. I may still be!

[...]

Joel: But during that time I was also very interested in girls and women. And I was just very very busy.

Interviewer: You are busy! You were a cocksman! Just to be honest, I mean you were very very busy. You were like that. You were good at it.

9.4 Am I the only one?

Report-ID: 75401

A letter to the editor in a pro-pedophile magazine. The author asks if he is the only one who was introduced to the world of homosexuality by an older man.

First published	20.07.1986
Author	Unknown
Topics	gay, coming-in, CSD, gay movement
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	NAMBLA Bulletin
Start of the relationship	1973
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	28
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: Article 'CSW vs NAMBLA: The Rage Of Consent - Scott O'Hara and CSW'; NAMBLA Bulletin, vol. 7, n. 7; Reprinted from Gay Community; 20 July 1986

From age 12 I actively sought out contact with gay men

I am a gay male, 25 years old. From age 12, I actively sought out contact with gay men, especially for sex. Although I did fantasize about my peers, it was always older gay men who taught me – not only about sex, but about being proud of myself, being socially aware and compassionate – in short all the things that my conservative, deeply religious (and loving) parents could not teach me. These men, throughout my teen years, ranged from 28 to 58 - and I am grateful to

each of them for taking a risk with me. I don't think I understood at the time how severe the risk was; I'm starting to learn. It wasn't limited to legal risk. They risked being shunned and called 'scum' and 'child molester' by other gay men and lesbians. I know; I've now marched in the Gay/Lesbian Freedom Day Parades with NAMBLA, and both times have been hissed and booed by men and women who should have known better.

Were none of these people ever teenaged, gay, and alone? Am I the only gay person to have learned a sense of identity from a 50-year-old man - who just happened to be great sex as well?

Does the gay community have collective amnesia? From the reactions of Christopher St. West, one would think so. Intergenerational love 'is not a gay issue'? Think again, CSW. Or more accurately, think. Think about your own pasts, and the lonely present of our future generation. Think about how much love a gay youth needs, so that he does not grow up hating himself. And think about learning a little more about love.

9.5 Bastiaan and his gym teacher

Report-ID: 64803

A 60-year-old father tells of intimate experiences with his gym teacher when he was twelve.

First published	25.01.2009
Author	anonymized
Topics	sports, neglect, secret, death of the man
Weblinks	pedofilie.nl, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Pedofilie.nl
Start of the relationship	1961
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	Bastiaan
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: A person who simply calls himself Bastiaan placed the following message on the website Pedofilie.nl on January 25th 2009.

9.5. BASTIAAN AND HIS GYM TEACHER

I'm a heterosexual male of 60, I'm happily married and I'm the father of several children. I don't have any problems. Between the ages twelve and fourteen, I had an intense relationship with my gym teacher. My situation at home was similar to that seen in so many families: hard working parents who had very little attention for their children in puberty. It was harder for me than for my brother and sister.

My gym teacher Tom was a man of about 40 and he was our school's most popular teacher. He really cared for his students. He used to be a wrestling champion in the army and tried to convey his enthusiasm to us.

I used to be quite tall for my age and had a muscular and strong body. He often gave me compliments because of this and he wanted me to do wrestling as well.

Our gym lesson was given during the last hour of the school day and I always had to run to catch the bus to the train station. One day he happened to drive by and gave me a lift to the station. That's how I managed to get home an hour earlier than usual. One day he asked me if I would like to get private lessons from him, because in his eyes I was a natural talent and he really wanted me to develop my talents.

Of course I was honored by his attention and he would take me to the station again. I answered him bashfully: "Okay, I'll stay after class." He locked the gym room and we got to it together, on the mat. Within a few seconds he made me submit to him with his legs.

[Here and at several other points of the story the moderators of the forum removed sexual parts because of their strict forum policy. These parts can be summarized as: We had a sexual encounter.]

I loved it. It had to remain our secret and nobody was to know about it. No, of course not! I didn't want anyone to know about it either.

I used to be his favourite pupil. Our relationship became more intimate every time. [...]

One afternoon, his wife came home early, because she didn't feel well. It was a very close shave: we just finished [our sexual encounter] and suddenly, she was standing at the door. From that day on I never visited his house again. We did talk with each other at school, but his wife frowned upon his taking students home.

He found it too risky, so our relationship became less intense until it ended altogether. After this experience I never felt the urge to have sex with a man. I still recall this relationship with good feelings. The gym teacher is not alive anymore; he died of cancer at a relatively early age.

9.5.1 Original Dutch text

Ik ben een heteroseksuele man van 60 jaar oud, gelukkig gehuwd en heb kinderen. Met mij is niets mis. Tussen mijn 12 en 14 jaar heb ik een heftige relatie gehad met de gymleraar. Mijn thuissituatie was toen zoals in zoveel gezinnen, hard werkende ouders en zeker voor kinderen in de pubertijd weinig aandacht. Ik leed daaronder meer dan mijn broer en zus.

De Gymleraar Tom was een man van ca. 40 jaar en was de meest populaire leerkracht van de school. Hij gaf echt om zijn leerlingen. Iedereen ging graag naar zijn gymles. Hij was worstelkampioen geweest in het leger en probeerde ons zijn enthousiasme over te brengen.

Ik was toen vrij groot voor mijn leeftijd en had een gespierd en sterk lijf. Hij complimenteerde me dikwijls en wilde dat ik ook ging worstelen. De gymles was het laatste lesuur en ik moest hollen om de bus naar het station halen. Op een dag kwam hij langsgereden en gaf me een lift naar het station. Zo kon ik een uurtje eerder thuis zijn. Op een dag vroeg hij mij of ik zin had om priveles van hem te krijgen, want ik was in zijn ogen een natuurtalent en hij wilde graag dat ik mijn talenten zou uitbouwen. Natuurlijk was ik vereert met zijn aandacht en hij zou me weer naar het station brengen. Verlegen zei ik “oke, ik blijf wel na”. Hij sloot de gymzaal af en we gingen samen op de mat aan de slag. Binnen een paar seconden had hij mij met een beenklem vastgezet. [knip] Ik vond het heerlijk. Het moest ons geheim blijven en niemand mocht het weten. Nee natuurlijk niet. Ik wilde ook niet dat iemand het zou weten. [knip] Ik was zijn favoriete leerling. Onze relatie werd steeds intiemer en zijn vrouw werkte in de zorg en elke dinsdag en vrijdag had zij late dienst. Die dagen ging ik naar hem toe na school en daar [knip] Op een middag kwam zijn vrouw eerder thuis, ze voelde zich niet lekker. Het scheelde een haartje, we waren net klaar en plotseling stond ze voor de deur. Vanaf die dag ben ik niet meer bij hem thuis geweest. We spraken elkaar nog wel op school, maar zijn vrouw vond het maar raar dat hij leerlingen mee naar huis nam. [knip]. Maar hij vond het te link dus langzaamaan bloedde onze relatie dood. Ik heb daarna nooit meer de behoefte gehad om het met een man te doen. Denk er nog altijd met goed gevoel aan terug. De gymleraar leeft niet meer hij is vrij jong overleden aan kanker.

[Seksuele details zijn op dit forum niet toegestaan. Omdat ik het verhaal niet wilde verwijderen heb ik de stukken met seksuele details eruit geknipt. Zie voor onze huisregels “Over deze site” - Jorge, team Pedofilie.nl]

Bovenaan

9.6 Boys Help Men, Too

Report-ID: 50019

Letter to NAMBLA from a college student who has had a relationship with a man since he was a boy. Among other things, he writes about the aspect of giving and taking.

First published	01.12.1990
Author	Unknown
Topics	mutuality, love
Weblinks	nambla.org , brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1982
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	18
Age of the man	34
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.6.1 Boys Help Men, Too

“Do you like to have sex with guys?” I’d frankly ask the naked man sitting next to me. It was my favorite question. I am 18, and have been having sex with older men ever since I was 12. I was a pubescent sex fiend, always picking up men at the park, shooting off with them, then usually never seeing them again. Like other horny boys my age, I knew what I wanted, and I knew how to get it. That is how my relationship with EL., 34, started out.

I met EL. the same way I met all of the others; that is, at the local recreation center, in the locker room. I went to EL’s house for the first time when I was thirteen. I have been seeing him ever since. At his house we would watch a movie, have sex, then he would take me home, usually without my uttering one meaningful word to him. All I wanted was to have his prick in my mouth, and to put mine in his. I was never interested in a “relationship”. I was just being myself. I didn’t care what he felt, unless, of course he felt it improperly. . .

In the spring of my eighteenth year we realized the fact that we were (are) desperately in love. Through a series of discussions that year, we decided to maintain our relationship beyond the barriers of distance and separation.

Recently, I began researching pedophilia and have read all too much of “what the man gives the boy” (e.g. companionship, a best friend, love). EL. has given me all these things, plus a lot more. This is all expected, and fabulous to have, but what about the other side? I’ve given EL. just as much as he’s given to me. One night, as I was lying naked with EL., rambling on about general teenage angst, he said to me, “Y’know, I never really thought about just talking with a person.”

I was dumbfounded. I’ve always been completely open with people (when I decide to say anything at all). EL. explained to me how closeted he has always been – about everything: his thoughts, his feelings, his sexuality, and how a large part of his life, in his eyes, was a general waste. EL. also showed me how my influence was the impetus for his coming out – out with thoughts, feelings, and out with his being gay. With the help of my naive, not-so-innocent openness, and EL’s courage to face up to the world, he is leading a different life.

This is not to say that NAMBLA has completely disregarded the man’s point of view. NAMBLA should be extolled for the work that is being done, but maybe it’s time to put equal emphasis on the other side of the relationship. Love is, after all, a give-and-take experience, and I know from having the boy’s experience that I’ve enjoyed the taking just as much as I’ve enjoyed the giving.

“College Boy”

Virginia

NAMBLA Bulletin, vol. 11, no. 9 (December 1990), p. 8.

9.7 For The First Time in My Life I Felt Wanted

Report-ID: 75984

Gabriel, who has been on the streets near Times Square in New York since he was 12, reports of a bad experience with two clients and a subsequent positive relationship with a pastor.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Gabriel
Topics	hustling, priest, girls, consent, violence
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Gabriel
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.7.1 For The First Time in My Life I Felt Wanted

I am 16 years old and come from a broken home, where my father left when I was 10 years old. When I turned 12, I started hanging around Times Square and 42nd Street in New York City, because most of the guys would hang around there to pick up older gay guys. Most of the time I didn't have any trouble finding older guys who wanted to have sex with me. Pretty soon, though, the police got to know me, and would send me to this Detention Center, but I would always wind up back on Times Square.

One night two older businessmen picked me up and took me to this motel. At first they acted real nice to me, but later in the motel they made me do all kinds of things to them, and I started to really get scared to death. After I let them use me, they put a cigarette on my rear end, and it hurt pretty bad. While one guy was doing this, the other made me take his penis all the way down my throat until he had his climax, and then they dropped me off near Central Park without giving me a single dime. I knew my mother would kill me if I went home, so I went back to Times Square because I didn't have anywhere else to go. I was crying when this minister came up to me and asked me what was wrong, so I told him everything and he took me to his pad, where he gave me a bath and put some medicine on my behind. After he gave me some food, I asked him what I had to do in return, and he said not a thing. I guess he was the first person who really took an interest in me.

I stayed with him for nearly two years, and although he was a minister I knew he loved younger boys, because he told me one night. We had sex almost every night, but it was really exciting with him, and he would always give me pleasure when he had his climax. I finally got my mother's permission to live with him, and he made me promise never to hang around Times Square again. For the first time in my life I felt wanted, and he treated me like his real son. Sometimes we would just watch television together and do nothing but hug each other and kiss. Today I am sixteen and have a girlfriend, and he is extremely happy for me.

We continue to have sex with each other, but he never forces himself upon me. I guess you could say I love him more than a father because he taught me nothing is dirty or wrong when it comes to sex with someone you really love.

I am sick and tired of listening to people putting down guys who love young boys. Sure, I know what a boy-lover is, but I also know that he is the most gentle person in the whole wide world, and I can always go to him with all my problems and he listens and helps. I found out early that most guys who hurt young boys are not boy-lovers.

Yours truly,
Gabriel
Havertown, PA

9.8 For a lost soldier

Report-ID: 21993

This autobiographical report by Rudi van Dantzig was first published as a book (For a Lost Soldier, 1986). In 1992 the film version by Roeland Kerbosch was released in Dutch cinemas.

First published	14.01.1992
Author	Rudi van Dantzig
Topics	war, soldier, foster parents, separation
Weblinks	nytimes.com, blogspot.com, wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	New York Times
Start of the relationship	1944
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	12
Age of the man	23
Name of the boy	Jeroen
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Since the report is a foreign language book respectively a movie, we only present a review here that appeared in the New York Times on May 7, 1993 (Section C, Page 14).

9.8.0.1 Treating a Delicate Story of a Soldier and a Boy Tenderly

(By STEPHEN HOLDEN Published: May 7, 1993, Friday)

Roeland Kerbosch's film "For a Lost Soldier" takes up the most delicate of subjects, a romantic relationship between a grown-up and a child, and invests it with an aching tenderness that stays just this side of nostalgic mush.

Set in the Netherlands near the end of the World War II, the film is an extended flashback in which Jeroen Boman (Jeroen Krabbe), a middle-aged choreographer at work on a piece about the Allied liberation, recalls his adolescent relationship with a Canadian soldier more than 40 years ago. More than a love story, the film, which opens today at the Quad Cinema, offers a rose-colored portrait of a more austere and innocent era when the love that dare not speak its name remained mute. Most of the story is remembered through the eyes of the young Jeroen (Maarten Smit), an introspective blond youth of 13 [sic!] who, because of food shortages, is sent by his mother from Amsterdam to live in the country. Jeroen's foster parents are a stern but kindly fisherman and his wife, who have three children of their own and lead a spare, hardy existence that seems scarcely touched by the war.

Life in the country for Jeroen is exhilarating but lonely. Sitting at the seaside, he and his best friend and fellow exile, Jan (Derk-Jan Kroon), fantasize about rowing their way home to Amsterdam. Because Jeroen's foster parents are deeply religious, the boy spends more time than he would like in church and in Sunday school.

At the same time, Jeroen also begins to feel the first twinges of puberty. But his feelings, unlike those of his playmates, are homoerotic. Attracted to Jan, who is rapidly becoming girl crazy, Jeroen longs for a deeper, more soulful friendship. And when liberating Allied soldiers arrive, he catches the eye of Walt Cook (Andrew Kelley), a handsome Canadian soldier who recognizes a kindred spirit and becomes a mentor and older brother figure. Although the language barrier precludes much verbal communication between them, Jeroen and Walt form a brief but intense attachment that ends abruptly with the troops' departure.

Except for an inexplicable streak of bitterness, Walt seems almost as innocent as Jeroen. He lavishes him with candy, teaches him to jitterbug and to drive a jeep and tells him he's special. In the film's one love scene, an affectionate game of roughhouse turns stumblingly amorous, with Walt calling the boy his little prince.

One of the strengths of the film is its refusal to load the story with contemporary psychological and social baggage. There is no mention of homosexuality. Nor is there any implied accusation of child abuse. Although Jeroen is shattered by Walt's departure, the film assigns no blame and assesses no damages.

As the central couple, Mr. Smit and Mr. Kelley give appealing, low-key performances that remain in smooth emotional sync. The affection that flows between them is all the more touching for its being almost entirely unspoken.

Where "For a Lost Soldier" fails is in finding a coherent dramatic frame for the story. The scenes

of the grown-up Jeroen struggling to create a dance piece based on his wartime experiences are rushed and confusing. Nothing is shown that would connect the young Jeroen to the cranky middle-aged choreographer trying to resurrect his adolescence.

The film also includes at least one glaring anachronism. The song “Sh-Boom,” a version of which is sung by a group of Canadian soldiers, was a hit nearly a decade after the events being portrayed.

9.8.0.2 Excerpt from the book

[...]

‘Jerome wait. Okay?’

He had placed a finger to his lips and given me a conspiratorial look.

‘Good boy.’ It had sounded like praise and approval and had banished my feelings of disappointment. Even when he had been gone for a long time I hadn’t dared move, had touched nothing and waited.

When he throws the tent flap back it is almost completely dark outside. For a moment it is as if he is surprised to find someone there. Had he forgotten me or had he expected me to have gone? Then he puts down an apple for me and tears the wrapping from a bar of chocolate, rolls the sleeping bag out and sits me down on it.

The smell, the odour of metal filling the tent!

He crawls in behind me and speaks in a lowered voice while he looks for something in the dark. Stopping what he was doing he puts his mouth to my neck. But I don’t move, just sit there motionless, waiting.

He lies down beside me, breaks off a piece of the chocolate and carries it to my mouth. ‘Eat. Come on, eat!’ He is whispering and yet his voice sounds loud. I grow giddy with the sweet taste that floods through my body, with the smell of his clothes and with his caressing hand on my knee. I feel as if I am softening and melting like the chocolate between my fingers: this is the way I want to live, of course, so long as he is there to fill the tent with warmth and smells and food.

He looks in the side pocket of the tent, rustling envelopes and paper, switches his torch on and shines it on something he is holding in front of me.

It is a photograph of him standing with his arms folded across a blue check shirt, leaning against a wall. I recognise his watch. He pushes the photograph into my shirt pocket and pats it.

‘For you. Jerome, Walt: friends.’

9.8. FOR A LOST SOLDIER

He pulls me towards him and I disappear into his arms.

[...]

9.9 For my son, he's the best friend

Report-ID: 67999

This report is an interview that the author Wolf Vogel conducted with the mother of a boy. The mother has closely watched her son's relationship with an adult man for years.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	interview, parents, vacation, jealousy, girls, school, self-confidence, half-orphan
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	35
Name of the boy	Tobias
Perspective	third Person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

In the following interview, a mother reports on her son's love affair with a man, which she has observed closely for years. The family lives in a southern German city.

Question: Your son Tobias has had a love affair with 35-year-old Jean-Claude since he was twelve. When did you first meet your child's lover?

Mother: Immediately after my son had met him. Tobias had played football with other boys on the soccer field and injured himself so badly that he was bleeding. Jean-Claude had probably watched the boys playing and got a first-aid kit from his car to help Tobias. Then he brought my child home by car. Out of gratitude I invited the man in for a cup of coffee, we chatted a little, and when Jean-Claude said goodbye, naturally I didn't think that the incident on the soccer field would develop into a real friendship between Jean-Claude and Tobias.

Question: When did you suspect or learn that the encounter between your son and the strange man was not a single occasion?

Mother: At first, I had no idea about it or learned anything about it. Only many weeks later, when Tobias asked to be allowed to invite Jean-Claude, did I realize that the two of them had probably continued to meet. It seemed a little strange to me, because in general it is very rare for a child to bring an adult home with him.

Question: Did you also think that a friendship was developing, a friendship that could also have an erotic side?

Mother: Not at that time. I myself try to deal with my child as unbiased as possible, and Jean-Claude initially seemed like a man with a heart for children. At that point, I had no idea of the eroticism between the two.

Question: Did Tobias tell you further details about Jean-Claude or about the encounters with him?

Mother: Yes, but not that something sexual would have happened. Above all, in Tobias' stories he mostly said that he felt comfortable, that he liked the man. He told me what they had done together, that they were cuddling and that he felt safe with Jean-Claude. My husband had died in a traffic accident when Tobias was eight years old. He missed his father very much. In a way, I could understand when my boy was looking for paternal affection from a substitute father.

Question: Did he tell you in detail what he experienced during the meetings with Jean-Claude, what the two had talked about? Did he speak on his own initiative or did he only answer your questions?

Mother: It was more like this: When we had a quiet moment, I've had those occasionally with my boy, when we were alone, then Tobias often started talking about Jean-Claude. About how great it felt to be with him, that he feels that he was really listening and that he could talk to him about everything. Our family situation at that time made it necessary for me to work a lot to ensure our livelihood, and my child was sometimes neglected in some respects. One just doesn't have unlimited time to listen. You have to push a lot of things away with "not now, later!".

Question: Were you used to your son discussing everything he had on your mind with you, when there was time, or was this need for communication something new to you?

Mother: No, I was used to it, Tobias actually always did that.

Question: Were there any things in your son's stories that made you wonder?

Mother: Hm, yes. I have to tell you something about my family. I was raped by my father when I was twelve. Something like that makes you a bit skeptical at first, especially with your only child, when an adult man cares so much about a boy. On the other hand: Through my own negative experience with my father, I naturally observed more closely and found that there were no alarm signals at all in the relationship between my son and the man. Tobias never fell silent or stopped speaking to me about what was moving him, nor did he get somehow agitated or show any change in character. On the contrary: he developed positively, no negative changes. And so I waited a bit. But there was some caution on my part because I had this memory of violence in my head; a wait-and-see caution was there.

Question: What has changed in your son?

Mother: First of all: Jean-Claude was the first man for whom Tobias showed confidence, initially with some containment. Basically he was still in a defensive position, because he still had to find his role towards this substitute father. He had too little experience with men in general to immediately be clear about his feelings. Jean-Claude was the first man with whom he felt an inner trust, whom he trusted. However, Tobias was so emotionally insecure about men that if he thought he felt a fluctuation in the feelings of Jean-Claude he feared that the adult would push him away and in consequence retreat internally. By then I knew something erotic was involved in the relationship. Tobias had spoken to me about that. I also asked: "Is there something he is forcing you to do, or does he say something where you feel you have to do it because he is taking you places or is doing good things for you?" And then came the clear statement from Tobias: "No. I think it's nice, I think it's nice when he touches me, and I feel really cozy when he does." Then I just thought: As long as Tobias feels good, it's okay, and it was obvious that it was good for him. So I let it happen.

And then came a phase when Tobias grew older, when he was in the middle of puberty and was not quite in agreement with himself. Then he had a time when he couldn't bear when Jean-Claude even touched him, just by the arm or wherever, without any eroticism. And then came a phase in which he completely withdrew from me, also from Jean-Claude, until I spoke to Tobias and asked what was actually going on.

Tobias said: "It worries me, I don't like it at the moment, I don't know why not, but I don't want to be touched right now." I asked him: "Have you ever spoken to Jean-Claude about it?" Tobias said: "No." I asked: "Why not?" He said: "I don't know myself, and I don't want to be without him either, and I'm afraid that hurts him."

Turns out my son was not so much afraid that Jean-Claude would withdraw, but rather he was afraid to hurt his friend.

I said to Tobias: “You know – you have had such a great relationship of trust for a long time, and if you want it to continue to exist and you want Jean-Claude to continue to trust you, then you have to go to your friend and be open, too.” He then took heart and spoke to Jean-Claude and came back with immense relief. In my opinion, that episode really strengthened the relationship.

Question: So your son was really afraid of losing his adult friend, but also of hurting him?

Mother: He was mostly afraid of hurting him. That was his greatest fear.

Question: If the adult at this point, for whatever reason, had broken off this relationship, would this have affected your son profoundly?

Mother: Oh yes, for sure. That would have been pretty much the worst thing for Tobias.

Question: Did you ever feel that during the relationship your son was afraid that the adult could end the friendship?

Mother: No, never. Tobias had so much faith in Jean-Claude’s sincerity – no, my son wasn’t afraid. He probably was afraid that he might somehow hurt Jean-Claude’s feelings.

Question: Did he involve you in the development of his friendship with Jean-Claude?

Mother: Yes, right from the start.

Question: Has Jean-Claude ever asked you for advice on this relationship?

Mother: Yes. If he was emotionally unsure whether he treated Tobias right or whether he made the right decision in important matters relating to Tobias – then he actually came to me and asked me for advice.

Question: How did the friendship between your son and the grown man evolve?

Mother: Jean-Claude invited Tobias over the weekend. They did a lot together, went on excursions, visited sights that interested Tobias. He took him on vacation and asked me beforehand if Tobias was allowed to join and if the trip would fit into our planning. I basically asked Tobias what he wanted to do, and then the answer came mostly that he wanted to go with Jean-Claude. I agreed, although at first I had difficulties with the fact that he preferred to do something with a stranger rather than with me.

Question: Were you a little jealous of Jean-Claude?

Mother: Yes, a bit, because I had been a single parent for a few years after the death of my husband and all my fervor was about my only child. That a child would rather do something with someone else and you can do nothing about it – that was of course a little frustrating. As a mother, it took me a while to deal with it. But I think to myself: if you notice that your child develops positively in the family, that the friendship with this other person changes the relationship with the mother to the positive, then everything becomes easier. In addition, the relationship between Tobias and me developed from a pure mother-child relationship into a more friendly relationship, and that was certainly owed to Jean-Claude.

Question: As a mother, did you also want to give something back to the adult who did so much for your child, for example through invitations?

Mother: I have invited Jean-Claude many times, but not because of the desire to repay debt, but because I have also developed friendly feelings towards him over time. At first it was gratitude because he gave my son so much, but later, through conversations we had when he brought Tobias back or through his concern for my worries, I learned to appreciate him in other ways.

He was also absolutely in solidarity with me: If something was not allowed for Tobias at home, for example, and my son tried to play us off against one another, Jean-Claude said very clearly to Tobias: "If by what you get from me you make your mother's life difficult, then I'll only talk to her about when you may come here, from now on." Jean-Claude has always tried to help me with his upbringing.

Question: Was there anyone who was jealous of the friendship between Tobias and Jean-Claude?

Mother: During the friendship, my partner at the time and current husband moved into my apartment. Of course I told him about Tobias's friendship, because there had to be an explanation why a strange man came into the house so often. My husband came from a very conservative family and therefore had his concerns. But he said: "If you think that it is OK and this friendship has a good influence on Tobias, then I have no problems with it." But my husband was still observant at the beginning, he couldn't really deal with the love relationship. But that has changed completely over time and my husband has a deep friendship with Jean-Claude today.

Question: Have you ever been invited to Jean-Claude's apartment?

Mother: Yes, often. It enabled me to see how he lived, and it made me feel more reassured. I was able to push the thought away that Jean-Claude would have to scrimp and save everything that he does with Tobias – a thought that I have had because of my own financial situation.

I found to be a proof of openness above all. As a mother, you get the feeling that you are not cut off from the information, and that is very good in such a situation.

Question: It is certainly tempting for a mother to look around the stranger's apartment to see whether her son has landed in a den of vice. What were your impressions?

Mother: (laughs) No, I didn't go there with such feelings, because at that point I had already discussed so much with Jean-Claude; besides, I never had the feeling that he was hiding anything from me. I always received open answers to open questions. That's why I didn't worry about a den of vice.

Question: How did the friendship between Tobias and Jean-Claude continue?

Mother: After my son had signaled that he wanted to keep more of a distance from his friend, Jean-Claude said to him: "Then only come to me if you feel the need for it."

After that there was a pause for a few weeks, that is, Tobias didn't go to visit him. But soon the desire to go back to his grown-up friend returned because he knew he was really free in

his decisions. From then on Tobias had a strong need to deepen the friendship. He also had a strong need for Jean-Claude to come to our house when Tobias was unable to go to his friend for the weekend. Seen from a distance, I think: the openness between the two has deepened the friendship even more: Tobias needed friendship more than ever, so to speak, like the air to breathe.

Question: Doesn't the friendship of a pubescent boy to a man create a dependency?

Mother: No, definitely not. Certainly not if the relationship works the way it did for the two.

Question: Does the relationship continue or is it over?

Mother: It continues, stronger than before, and I'm sure it will last a lifetime.

Question: How old is your son today?

Mother: Tobias is now nineteen.

Question: Let's assume that you didn't have a boy, but a girl. What do you think about it when you imagine that your daughter would have had or would have a similar friendship with an adult, that is, a man or a woman?

Mother: Positive, if such friendships had the same positive effect on my daughter's personality as on Tobias. As long as there is no violence, as long as the children like it and they are happy with it, it is irrelevant to me whether they are with a man or with a woman, with a 15-year-old or a 40-year-old.

Question: Is Jean-Claude something like Tobias' big friend?

Mother: Yes, definitely. For Tobias he is the best friend, although he also maintains friendships with boys of his age.

But Jean-Claude is the friend to whom Tobias has the greatest confidence and affection.

Question: Some parents are afraid that an erotic friendship with a man could make their son homosexual. What do you think about that?

Mother: I never had this fear. After all, children become homosexual even when they have no relationships with men.

Question: So it wouldn't have bothered you if your son came to you one day and said: "Mommy, I'm gay"?

Mother: No, definitely not. As long as my son is happy, I could also accept a gay partner [sic!].

Question: Do Tobias' girlfriends know about his love affair with Jean-Claude?

Mother: Yes. I advised my son to tell them after a while. I think to myself: a boy cannot lie intimately and confidently in bed with a girl and at some point, when an adult man appears in the family, deny the relationship that adult has with the family.

Question: Does your son tell you about his erotic experiences with girls?

Mother: Well, not in detail. But when we talk about sexuality in the family, for example, and my husband and I sometimes touch intimate things, he also talks about his encounters, and sometimes quite openly. It depends on the mood. Tobias once told me that he also wants to have sex with a mature woman. I think this wish is strongly influenced by the loving and considerate way in which Jean-Claude treated him. He also wants to experience that with a woman.

Question: If you look back on the friendship between Tobias and Jean-Claude so far – what positive things do you see as a mother?

Mother: First of all, that Tobias has become very confident, that he doesn't overestimate himself, but has learned to judge his strengths correctly, that he is more aware of many things that fly past among some young people of his age. By talking to Jean-Claude, he can talk not only about relationships, but about everything. He sees the world around him much more consciously, he thinks much more about things than before. And he dares to confidently decide against something.

For example, he used to be very afraid of going to high school. Although his academic performance was good, he missed the transition to high school due to these self-doubts, he finally wanted to go, but the teachers blocked his way and said that it was no longer possible to change schools. Thanks to the initiative of Jean-Claude, who tried very hard and wrote to all kinds of institutions, Tobias was finally accepted into a high school. He has dropped in academic achievements either because he has learned to trust his skills. Then, although he could have studied and we as parents would have encouraged it, he opted for vocational training with the same self-confidence. The conclusion from this relationship with Jean-Claude is that Tobias has become a self-confident person, who trusts his abilities, is considerate of others, and is very sensitive.

Question: Wouldn't he have become a man without friendship?

Mother: No, I am quite convinced of that. Tobias was far too unsettled by the loss of his biological father, especially at a time when he would have needed a father. And as a mother I probably tried to do too much of a good thing and let the reins slide. This caused Tobias to fall into a hole and no longer know who he felt close to.

Question: What advice does a mother, whose son has had a love affair with an adult for several years, give to other mothers, whose children may have a friendship with an adult?

Mother: In any case allow friendship, establish and develop contact with the adult, also for yourself, so that you can be sure that nothing violent is going on in the relationship. Parents should watch these relationships carefully. If you are sure that there is no violence, you should definitely support the relationship, but also keep the contact with the adult.

Question: Do you think that parents notice – perhaps not open but rather hidden – when violence plays a role?

Mother: That would be noticed by any mother who takes good care of her child. In any case. And not just physical, but also emotional violence.

Question: Do you find it difficult to talk about these things?

Mother: No, not at all. On the contrary: I think that if mothers don't talk about such things, they also deteriorate their relationship with their own children who live in such a relationship. This can very quickly destroy a relationship – either the relationship between mother and child or vice versa, or it can break the child because it is constantly torn between two worlds.

Question: During the relationship between Tobias and Jean-Claude, did you have any adult people with whom you could talk about this friendship?

Mother: Yes, a few people. I don't mind talking about things like that, but you just can't tell many people. You cannot argue with people who have preconceived ideas about what to do or not to do because they are unwilling to open up. I talk to people who are a bit more tolerant about it.

Question: Were you sometimes afraid that your less liberal environment could find out about this relationship and think negatively about it?

Mother: I don't really care about what people think.

Question: Since this relationship also had a sexual aspect, it was not entirely safe for your son's adult partner. The law prohibits most such love relationships. In your opinion, should this ban be reduced?

Mother: Yes. In my opinion, primarily the children should be asked and allowed to make decisions. If the children feel comfortable in such relationships and if they are neither forced nor coerced to do anything, then such relationships should be allowed. Knowing how my own son has changed in a positive way would have made me ready to deny the sexual aspect at any time if it had become dangerous for Jean-Claude.

Question: Based on your experience, can children decide whether what they like is actually good for them?

Mother: Yes, very well. Children are able to decide what is good for them. They can do that in other areas too; why shouldn't they be able to do it in sexual matters?

Question: In your opinion, is there a minimum age for sexual relationships?

Mother: (hesitates) No - not really.

Question: Does this mean that the adult has to be very sensitive to recognize and respect the child's will?

Mother: Yes, sure. But above all: It has to result from the relationship itself, otherwise I would never tolerate the relationship.

Question: Do children need adults?

9.9. FOR MY SON, HE'S THE BEST FRIEND

Mother: Yes, definitely.

Question: In all areas? Also in the erotic area?

Mother: If children want it and it feels good for them – yes.

Question: That means the children should decide?

Mother: Yes, primarily the children should decide.

9.10 He is my dad, boyfriend, best friend, brother, all in one

Report-ID: 64093

Interview with a man and a boy who live in Manhattan. The man adopted the boy when he was 13. They have an intimate relationship.

First published	01.04.2006
Author	None
Topics	adoption, father, school, homelessness
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Think & Ask
Start of the relationship	2003
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	15
Age of the man	31
Name of the boy	Jesse
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

These are the most important passages in which the boy speaks out. The rest can be read on the the ThinkAndAsk.com website.

A boy happily participates in a sexual and emotional relationship with an older man beginning at age 12. Jesse is less than half John's age and turned 15-years-old in April, but the boy is not his son. Jesse "is my lover," John said, "but the feelings are mutual, this is a consensual relationship." John met Jesse (not his real name) when the boy was homeless three years ago. [...] In Jesse's own words, "John knows me, he's here inside my head already, I mean all along.

9.10. HE IS MY DAD, BOYFRIEND, BEST FRIEND, BROTHER, ALL IN ONE

He is my dad, boyfriend, best friend, brother, all in one. He's great," he grins as he chats with a friend on the office computer. [...] "I brought it up and told him how I felt and offered to take care of him. That is when he said he was in love with me and never wanted to leave," John said.

"My [school] friends know John is my legal dad and stuff," and he said no one presses the issue. "I have my own bedroom too, so when a friend sleeps over we just stay in that room." Jesse has three friends his own age who also have relationships with adult men.

9.11 He was a very loving, caring, considerate, romantic lover

Report-ID: 50388

An anonymous writer reported on the Boylover.net website about a romantic relationship that started when he was twelve.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	Anonymous
Topics	law, teacher, love, parents
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

“As one who has had the experience of having an intimate love relationship with an adult male when I was 12 years old, I can speak from practical experience, rather than conjecture. Was it against the law for my music teacher and me to enter into a sexual relationship? Yes. Did that stop us? No. [...]

I was definitely aware of my sexuality at age 5. I started masturbating on a regular basis at age 9. By the time I was 12, I was MORE than ready for a sexual relationship. I wanted my music teacher as much as he wanted me. Of course, it was a willing and consensual relationship. [...] Unfortunately had to go to great lengths to keep the relationship a secret. [...]

We rejoiced in the love we found. All I was thinking was how my heart was soaring and how thankful I was that my sexual desire was reciprocated. I willingly and lovingly surrendered my

9.11. HE WAS A VERY LOVING, CARING, CONSIDERATE, ROMANTIC LOVER

virginity to him. He was a very loving, caring, considerate, romantic lover. [...] Our sexual intimacy added greatly to the quality of my life. For that I am forever grateful. (and for never being found out) [...]

For me and my teacher/lover, LOVE triumphed over guilt, shame and AoC [Age of Consent, TR] laws [...]

My mother had a very open and liberated outlook on sex, and childhood sexuality. Yes, I was blessed to have come from a loving environment. That certainly contributed to my self-confidence, self-worth and self-esteem. I was never made to feel that sex was dirty or shameful. Nor was I made to feel ashamed of my sexuality. My mother was a single parent, so I only had one parent growing up. But she did her best for her son, and I will forever be grateful for her love, guidance and wisdom. [...]

My mother always told me to follow my heart. When I told her that I wanted this relationship, she talked with my teacher to make sure his motives were genuine and sincere, and that he had my best interest at heart (which he did). Not only did I have my mother's approval at 12 to enter into an adult-child homosexual relationship with my teacher, I had her support and encouragement. God bless her!"

9.12 I Don't Understand Why This Is Not Allowed

Report-ID: 66481

This interview with a man and a boy was published in 1991 in the Dutch pedophile magazine *OK*.

First published	05.06.1991
Author	P. de Jong
Topics	secret, parents, love, surrogate parents
Weblinks	brongersma.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	OK
Start of the relationship	1991
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	30
Name of the boy	Serge
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

Source: 'I Don't Understand Why This Is Not Allowed' - A man and a boy, 12 years old, talk about their relationship; Interview conducted by P. de Jong; Appeared originally in the Dutch pedophile magazine OK; Translated by Leo Toledo; Nambla Bulletin, Vol. 12, No. 5; June 1991

Interviewer: Now, a difficult question: do you also play sex games with each other?

Johan [age 30]: Well, sometimes. Sometimes we both are in a rather hot mood, [Serge, age 12, is laughing] and then something happens, yes. [...]

Serge: You always initiate it!

Johan: Then don't challenge me!

Interviewer: Serge, do you also like it, or do you do it on account of Johan?

Serge: No, I like it myself.

Interviewer: Are there also things you don't like? Does Johan sometimes get it his way and you don't?

Serge: No. And should Johan do something I don't want, then he knows very well what would happen!

Interviewer: What do your parents and schoolmates think of your relationship?

Serge: My parents don't know about it. Oh yes, they approve my visiting Johan but don't know everything. [...] Yes, but my mom doesn't believe that. She believes I would tell her. But I won't.

Interviewer: Don't you find it annoying to keep matters a secret?

Serge: No. I'm not going to tell all. My friends at school know for sure that I visit Johan and that he takes pictures of me, but not the rest. Besides, no nude pictures - bare chest at the most.

Interviewer: Serge, is Johan kind of an extra daddy to you?

Serge: No, no, not that. I wouldn't want that. I've got already two; one real and one not real. The not-real one is very nice, but Johan is just a friend. [...]

Serge: I don't understand why this is not allowed, sex between boys and men. That doesn't make sense.

Interviewer: Many people claim that kids don't really like sex with men.

Serge: I think most of us do like it. Otherwise they would tell their parents, seems to me. [...]

Interviewer: Are you in love with each other?

Serge: No, I like him a lot, but I am not in love.

Johan: I am! I am in love with Serge.

Serge: You forgot to ask: When I stay overnight do I sleep on the sofa or in bed with Johan?

Interviewer: Well?

Serge: In bed!

9.13 I felt this was very nice

Report-ID: 75789

In an anthropological study of Java, the story of a ‘homosexual headmaster’ is reported. This man tells of sexual contact with adults from the age of 12.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Walter L. Williams
Topics	tourism
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	Java
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	20
Name of the boy	Hong
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Javanese Lives: Women and Men in Modern Indonesian Society by Walter L. Williams, Rutgers University Press, 1990

Hong was a schoolteacher in Java and later the principal of a school. In Java, as in America, most people’s real names consist of two or more names. But Hong was this man’s real, full name.

All the interviews in Walter Williams’ classic anthropological study of Java appeared anonymously. Hong’s chapter was titled *A Homosexual Principal*. In discussing this case, Williams assured SOL Research of Hong’s permission to use his real name, saying, “When I sent him the transcribed interview [for Williams’ book] . . . he was so pleased with it that he had copies made and bound

9.13. I FELT THIS WAS VERY NICE

in a little cardboard cover 'The Life of Hong' and he distributed them out as gifts to all the guests who came to his house."

Williams added, "He was the happiest old man I had ever met, and I have since then used him as a model for how to live my own life."

In recounting his life, Hong talked briefly about sexual experience in his youth.

Hong: "I do not recall the Catholics ever mentioning homosexuality. They were very repressed about anything sexual. Yet, when I was twelve years old I realized that I was sexually attracted to boys. One day a friend of mine, he was a Chinese man about twenty years old, opened his trousers and let me enjoy myself. I felt this was very nice. He appreciated it, and it was enjoyable for me, so I visited him often.

One of my uncles, who was divorced from his wife, was attractive to me. I would visit him and cautiously began to touch his body. When he did not object I got bolder; though I was only fourteen, I was quite assertive. But later, he tried to have anal intercourse, and I did not like that, so I stopped visiting him. I wanted to be the active one."

9.14 I kissed him in the pub

Report-ID: 15749

Simon is 33 years old and lives with his wife and three children in a city in Hesse, Germany. In a conversation, he openly talks about his sexual contacts and relationships during his puberty.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	hustling, poverty, parents, girls, siblings, school, interview
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Simon
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

“I had my first sex with a man when I was twelve. At school we had whispered to each other that there are men who do it with boys and boys who do it with men. At the time, I didn’t know what exactly that meant. At some point on the football field, a man smiled at me and I immediately thought: He definitely wants to do it with me. I should be right.

I followed his hint and we went into a nearby shrubbery that was quite thick. We did it to each other, then he whispered a goodbye and disappeared. At first I was a little disappointed that nothing else had happened, but afterwards I thought: That was actually quite nice. Above all, I thought: Now you can finally have a say when the others talk about men and boys.

When I was thirteen I heard from older boys that you can make money with sex. The thought irritated me. I kept looking until I found a man at the train station who actually wanted to go home after work. He followed my hint, we went into the station toilet, and afterwards he gave me a little money. It wasn't really much, but I had earned my first own money.

From that point on, I regularly hustled. I mean, I never actually stayed in certain places in the city and waited for men, but instead I picked them up wherever I was. When I look at photos of myself from that time, I have to say that I was really beautiful. It was really no wonder that the men fancied me.

I had real relationships with some men, long-lasting relationships. I am still friends with two of them today and we meet occasionally. Most of the time it's me who calls and invites them for coffee or beer, simply because I want to chat with them or when I need help. One of the two, I'm going to call him 'Rolf', also took a lot of photos of me when I was 14 or 15. Then he gave me the photos a few years later. They are a real show for me, because I would no longer know what I looked like at the time and how I had changed physically during puberty. I was satisfied with my erotic qualities; I was proud that I was almost a man sexually. I especially wanted to be photographed when I had an erection. I felt really grown up. When I look at the pictures today, I can well understand what the men saw in me.

I don't know if I would have had so many sexual contacts if my family hadn't really needed the money back then. My father had lost his job as a truck driver because he had been drinking. Maybe he would have gotten money from the employment office, but he was too ashamed to apply for it. He kept hanging around at home all day, annoying my mother, who already had enough work with the children. At that time, two of my siblings were still at home, an older and a younger brother. My oldest brother was already married and had his own apartment, which was more like a shack, because when it rained, the water ran down the walls. Thus the baby of my brother and his was often sick. The social welfare that the two received was not enough in the front and not in the back. From time to time I was able to give them some money. They knew how I had earned it but they said nothing.

I believe that my teacher also knew or at least suspected what I was doing in my spare time. Sometimes I skipped classes when a client only had time in the morning. But I had a great relationship with my teacher. He often said to me: 'Simon, I'm not worried about you. You will make your way.' If he could see me today, as a respected father of three, working his job and often working overtime because he wants his children to be better off – he would surely smile

and see his trust from back then confirmed. He also never went to the child care office to report our family situation.

At one time, we did catch the attention of the child care office. An elderly neighbor had probably been curious enough to take interest in our affairs. During school hours she had not see me leave the house until eleven o'clock and had alarmed the child care office. A social worker came by and took a close look at our apartment. I don't think he liked it.

Used coffee cups were still on the table, laundry was soaked in the sink because the dishes from my mother's birthday party were in the bathtub, and the beds in the bedroom weren't made either. That seemed to be the worst thing for him. I assume he suspected real orgies in our apartment. He only liked one thing at all, and that was me. When I noticed it, I took him to my room on an excuse, told him my price and said if he wanted me he should come back as a private person and not as a social worker. He never came back to us and the child care office left us alone from then on.

My parents didn't get to know my adult friends and clients. It was only many years later, when I was married in my mid-to late twenties, that I met Rolf in a pub in the presence of my family. I introduced Rolf and told my parents that he had been my favorite client and friend of that time. Rolf, who is really not a child of sadness, blushed like a tomato and was embarrassed. I comforted him and said that everyone should know what he had done for me in difficult times. I had every reason to be grateful to him.

Once I had taken him to my oldest brother's shack. When he entered the apartment, his jaw dropped. My sister-in-law brewed coffee on the single hotplate, and the baby diapers were soaked in the sink. The apartment did not have a bathroom. It rained that day, the water trickled down the walls, and the baby had a cold and kept crying. Rolf was so shocked that he turned to the local newspaper to describe the situation. The report in the newspaper brought my brother a new, larger apartment, dry and with a bathroom.

When I had finished school (I actually released myself), Rolf helped me find an apprenticeship. He even managed to put me on a TV show about unemployed teenagers where I could play the poor boy. I received three job offers already during the broadcast; I accepted one of them. A girl of the same age who lived in the same city had also spoken on the show. After the television appearance, Rolf drove home with both of us; During the trip I had great sex with the girl in the back seat of Rolf's car.

My puberty was really an adventurous time. The other long-time friend, with whom I often meet (I call him 'Richard' here), had a pub. I could always stay with him when there was quarrel at home and I couldn't stand it. My father was still drinking and keeping our family in suspense. I was sorry for my mother, but I often fled to Richard to have my calm. My slightly older brother had moved out in the meantime, but I had constant arguments with my little brother – he was

eleven years old at the time. Maybe I acted a bit like a surrogate father because I was the main earner of the family. Brothers do not readily accept that, especially since the little one was not allowed to know what I did to feed the family. I only got along with the little one when he was 15. He had grown to be a pretty boy and I wanted Rolf to have him as his new friend because I was getting too old.

Rolf just said: 'Simon, I think your little brother is very nice; but please let him decide for himself whether he would like to have a grown-up friend.' I was a little annoyed by this attitude, but maybe it was just jealousy because I almost freaked out when I once saw Rolf with another boy on the street. It was an uppity snoop and you could tell he was attending high school. Should such *my* Rolf have lost his heart to such a guy? It was better if he got my brother.

Through my agency, Richard and Rolf also met. To my great surprise, they weren't jealous of each other at all and got along fine straight away. Richard also received some wonderful photos from Rolf, in which I am loitering pretty erotically. Occasionally, when I sit in the pub with Richard, over a beer, I call Rolf and ask if he wants to come over. A few times he spontaneously got into the car and came to the pub.

I no longer have any contact with the other men of my puberty. I also have no longing for it. It was a part of my life that has ended. My family is much better today than it was then; my father hardly drinks after the withdrawal treatment, the apartment has been renovated, the children are out of the house, and my parents receive a small pension from my father's work. Meanwhile, my little brother also found a grown friend and moved in with him. My wife knows Richard and Rolf. She knows they are two of my best friends. But she doesn't know how I got to know them. For example, when she's sitting in the pub with us, I don't talk to Rolf about the old days. And I don't give him a smacking kiss across the table in front of everyone, like I did when my parents were drinking one with us. Gosh, Rolf was embarrassed. The other guests in the pub hadn't noticed it at all. But when my wife is with me, I don't do that. The friendships with Rolf and Richard are part of my life. I love my wife, but this part of my life belongs to me."

9.15 I knew I was gay and I wanted to go out and get laid

Report-ID: 50528

Scott O’Hara was an American porn actor and editor of the *Steam* magazine. He describes his desire to meet men when he was a boy.

First published	24.06.1994
Author	Scott OHara
Topics	pornography, emancipation
Weblinks	archive.org, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	sottohara.com
Start of the relationship	1973
Age of the boy (start)	12
Name of the boy	Scott OHara
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Scott O’Hara, quoted in his obituary at the Spirit of Stonewall Press Conference, New York City, June 24, 1994.

Scott O’Hara is also quoted by [Samuel R. Delany]({{< relref path=“All you have to do is talk to people on both sides.md” lang=“en” >}}) in his report.

Never one to shy from controversy, O’Hara was a strong supporter of NAMBLA (the North American Man-Boy Love Association), and took a good deal of flak for his support. O’Hara explained his support at a press conference held on June 24, 1994 to commemorate the Stonewall riot. “When I was 12 and 13 years old I would have joined NAMBLA in a minute, because I knew I was gay and I wanted to go out and get laid, not just read ‘The Gay Mystique’ all my life;

I needed personal contact. [NAMBLA is] willing to take the risks that no one is willing to take... . They're the only ones willing to acknowledge that adolescents actually do have sex lives. There is also a more basic reason why I support NAMBLA. They are the voice of dissent in the gay movement today. They're the whipping boy, the fashionable group to condemn. ... I say, watch out, tomorrow that whipping boy could be you... . In the efforts of the gay establishment to suppress NAMBLA I see the seeds of tyranny."

9.16 I never did anything I did not want to do

Report-ID: 40878

The report by *Ivo van Hove* was printed in the Dutch newspaper *De Standard* and contrasted with a negative experience by *Joachim Lafosse* printed next to it.

First published	04.12.2010
Author	Ivo van Hove
Topics	teacher, catholic, boarding school, intellectuality, injustice
Weblinks	ipce.info, standaard.be
Language	Dutch
Country	Belgium
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1970
Age of the boy (start)	12
Name of the boy	Ivo van Hove
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Ivo van Hove, a Flemish theatre director wrote a letter to the Belgian newspaper De Standaard, published on December 4th 2010.

Ivo van Hove does not want to generalize his experience and explicitly describes his acquaintance with a man when he was 12 years old as a relationship.

"I absolutely cannot make any general statements about 'pedophilia', so I want to talk exclusively about my personal experience.

"[...] I deliberate call it a 'relationship', because that's what it was for me. I never felt like a victim. I also want to stress explicitly that I didn't become a homosexual because of this relationship.

I already knew that I was gay at a very early age - well, I didn't even know the word in those days - but I soon noticed what my feelings were about. When I was twelve it was crystal-clear that I was gay; which doesn't mean that I never kissed a girl, of course I did. But I soon felt: this is not what I want. [...]"

Later in the article, von Hove states that he cannot experience any negative consequences. He had never had a feeling of addiction or power imbalance.

"[...] The relationship took on new shapes with the passing of time: we stayed in touch even when I or he didn't feel sexual needs anymore, because there still was so much left.

I'm 52 now, and if this relationship ever had any negative consequences, I should have noticed it by now. [...]

It would have been terrible for me if this teacher had been convicted because of our relationship. Now that would have been really traumatic. In my view, that would have been a great injustice. [...]

I never got the feeling of being dependent on him, or of being in an unequal power relationship. [...]

I simply wish to make it clear that reality is less black and white than is often thought. 'Pedophilia' cannot always be reduced to an abuse of power and horrible types of sexuality. My personal experience is broader than that."

9.17 I practically had to force sex on him

Report-ID: 78887

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	teacher, seduction by the boy, secret
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	22
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

9.17. I PRACTICALLY HAD TO FORCE SEX ON HIM

Case 1 (boy 12, man 22). It lasted 9 months with his science teacher. “It developed over time and was great. We became friends and I invited him overGay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys’ Sexual Experiences With Men 363 once when my parents weren’t home. I practically had to force sex on him because he was afraid about losing his job. Ended when I went away for the summer and he wasn’t a teacher at my school no more” (p. 163).

9.18 I would follow hot-looking men onto the bus

Report-ID: 39542

John Mitzel, an American gay rights activist from the 1970s, briefly reports on his childhood sexuality.

First published	01.01.2012
Author	JoAnn Wypijewski
Topics	seduction by the boy, gay movement
Weblinks	legalaffairs.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	The Passion of Father Paul Shanley, by JoAnn Wypijewski
Start of the relationship	1960
Age of the boy (start)	12
Name of the boy	John Mitzel
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: The Passion of Father Paul Shanley, by JoAnn Wypijewski, Legal Affairs, September 2004

I've always been interested in older men, and I was sexually active from about the age of 12. I would follow hot-looking men onto the bus — 20-, 30-, 40-year-olds—then get off where they did. My technique was rather crude. I'd just say, "Can I blow you?" Of course, they ran off in horror. They don't teach you how to be a sexual predator at age 12.

9.19 I've always done what they say you shouldn't do

Report-ID: 30455

20-year-old Tommy describes his relationship with the adult Niels, which started when he was 12 and has continued to this day.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Trobriands Collective (Pseudonym)
Topics	girls, secret, parents, authorities, crime
Weblinks	ipce.info, ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	2002
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Tommy
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Tommy, 20 years old, shared some of his early experiences with an interviewer. What concerns us here, is his relationship with an adult man, Niels. Here are a few of his statements about this relationship.

I really cannot remember if it was Niels or Finn who was the first. And I don't know whether you could really say Finn and Niels were child-lovers.

This was 8 years ago. I was about 12 at the time, coming home after living with a foster family in Ålborg.

Finn asked me if I wanted to go to his house and smoke some pot. I did. There was a small group of us there. After the others left he started to caress and fondle me. At first my eyes must have gone wide as fried eggs, but I wasn't afraid. I was so high and woozy that I had no energy left to resist him. Besides, it wasn't unpleasant.

So I slept with Finn. I kept going to his house for a long time. We were often together.

One day a friend dragged me over to Niels' house. I was given to understand that he was gay. That was about at the same time as my affair with Finn, because I remember going to both places.

I also slept with Niels a lot for several years. Later, the sex just faded away, but we still see each other, and from time to time we still "do it" together.

I'm bisexual. I also have a girl-friend. She doesn't know Niels and what we are doing. It's better that she doesn't find out - she has too many prejudices - even though I've tried to give her shock therapy.

What does she say, for instance?

She doesn't want to go and see him any more, and that's shitty. We could have such a good time. There's so much we could do. I can imagine us having a threesome - sex together, the three of us.

What attracted you to Niels?

I've always done what they say you shouldn't do. Occult and mystical things fascinate me - and gays and child-molesters. I was curious and wanted to find out what it all meant.

And what did you think after you tried it?

The first time I was amazed that two men could actually do it. I had no idea it could be so wonderful. It was a nice surprise.

Had you by then also been with women?

I was fifteen before I slept with a girl of my own age. Before that I had slept with some adult women - one of 23, for instance.

Did you take the initiative or did they take it?

Both. One of them came on to me. The other was married to one of Niels' friends. He didn't object.

Did it make a lot of difference for you whether it was a boy or a girl - an adult or somebody your own age?

I couldn't do it with a boy my own age. Even now I couldn't. I don't know why. Maybe because I never felt secure or friendly with my father and mother. That was something I always lacked. Security and friendship I got from Niels. It is from him that I received the support I needed.

At that time I was committing crimes. I got caught and sentenced. I was sent to Randers. I ran away several times - hitchhiked. I always went straight back to Niels. So, I think our relation will continue for many years. I don't think I'll forget Niels until the day one of us dies.

You were in love with Niels?

I wouldn't say that I was in love. I don't think I could ever fall in love with a man. No. I couldn't say that. It was more a question of feeling safe. Niels was the only person I could visit and talk with, whatever was wrong. There were never any inhibitions on my part - probably because we had this intimate relationship with each other.

Could you have had the same confidential relationship if you hadn't gone to bed together?

I don't think so. Strong emotional bonds grow out of it. People think that a child-molester is a big, brutal pig wallowing over a poor little child. But it was not like that.

Did you ever meet such a fellow?

No. Once when I was still pretty small a man asked me to go with him in a row-boat one evening. I didn't dare. I was afraid he might abuse me and drown me afterwards. It would have been all right if he had gone about it in a different way, a way more to my liking.

I remember another experience. I was seven years old. It was in a public lavatory. There was a square hole in the door. I sat down to shit - my younger brother was in the toilet next to me. Suddenly, somebody put his prick through the hole in the door. It was an old man. He promised to give me ten crowns if I would suck it a little bit and so on. I damn well refused! Would I touch it then with my hands? I told him if he didn't go away I'd start shouting and screaming. He stayed put - so I did start to shout and scream. I tried to go after him, but he soon disappeared. I thought this was fucking great fun. I wasn't afraid because I knew he couldn't get to me where I was.

I think that was the first time I saw a stiff cock. I remember how I just stared and stared at it. I didn't really know what it was, until, all of a sudden... Christ, was it that?

But maybe I really felt attracted to it in some way, because I was always fascinated with my own cock when I was a kid.

Do you remember more from the time you were younger?

I've always been real restless, even when I was very young. I wasn't more than four when I ran away from home for the first time. There was so much energy in my body that I couldn't sit still at school. I was classified a behavioural problem boy and sent to a boarding school.

There I met a girl by the name of Jette. Right from the first day we were lovers. I was nine or ten; she was probably a year older. We wanted to see what sex was all about. I inspected her little cunt and we wanted to try fucking. I had a hard on - of about three centimetres, and I couldn't get it into her.

After Jette there was a girl called Maj-Britt. She wanted to try the same thing. People shouldn't pretend that children don't have sexual lives. Not to mention the fact that all boys have been fascinated by some woman teacher at school.

Did you ever feel it was somehow perverse or bestial to have sex with a man?

I was attracted to it, drawn to it. I thought it was exciting.

You realised it was forbidden, didn't you?

That didn't bother me in the least. It didn't matter to me what adults thought. I had met so many teachers and they always just stood there and talked over my head. I lived in my own world. As long as I was allowed to do the things I thought important for me, the rest didn't matter. What was important to me was to grow up in a hurry.

Why did you want to be an adult?

It was much too difficult being young. There was always somebody who could make decisions about me. I was a criminal then. I began very early with booze and cigarettes. Suddenly, I had developed some needs that had to be satisfied. I didn't go to school. My whole existence was very troubled. I calmed down only after I met Niels. Until a few years ago Niels was more important to me than my mother and father. He was my friend, my comrade, my lover.

And father?

Yes indeed. My father is 57 so I don't have a very good contact with him. My mother is 55. They could never understand me and I could never understand them. We have been running around in opposition to each other for years. My mother has a bad case of nerves because of me.

I've always been obstinate. When I got angry, my aggressive feelings were so strong that I just had to do something. And I couldn't very well beat my mother, could I? So I would smash up my own things as an outlet. This, too, stopped after I got to know Niels.

I stopped with crime after a four month sentence for car theft and burglary. I never did anything like that again.

What did your parents say about your visiting Niels?

They weren't happy about it. I remember that once Niels wanted me to go with him on a trip to Sweden. He came to our house to talk it over with my mother and father. It was all right - until they heard he was gay. Then they refused to let me go.

9.19. I'VE ALWAYS DONE WHAT THEY SAY YOU SHOULDN'T DO

I got real mad. I ran away. It was only to get away from home. Without my parents' permission, Niels couldn't take me with him. I was under 15 and it would only have caused problems.

I was already quite independent by then. Nobody could tell me what to do or how to do it, and certainly not my father or mother. The only one I really listened to was Niels.

I was really afraid that the authorities would intervene. A few years ago I didn't want to stay at home any longer, or live with a foster family. The authorities finally accepted it then, and I was allowed to live with Niels.

9.20 In the beginning my mother was shocked

Report-ID: 42915

As part of a study on the effects of child pornography production on the affected children, 3 interviews were conducted with boys. This interview with Johnny is the first interview.

First published	01.01.1992
Author	Benjamin Rossen
Topics	surrogate father, police, pornography, travels, parents, photography
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, p-loog.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	IPT-Forensics Journal
Start of the relationship	1985
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Johnny
Perspective	boy
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Jan Shuijjer and Benjamin Rossen (1992). "The Trade in Child Pornography" Appendix E: "Interviews with Three Boys", IPT-Forensics Journal, volume 4.

Interview conducted by Benjamin Rossen on 4th March 1990, with Johnny K. (17), born December 16, 1972.

Interviewer: First I want to ask you a few questions about your contact with Ferdinand. Then I want to ask some questions about the photo sessions with Fred V. and last about your experience with the police. If there are things you cannot remember then say so. Also, if you don't want to

give an answer then feel free to say so.

Johnny: Yes, good.

Interviewer: How did you first meet Ferdinand?

Johnny: It was like this; I had a teacher at school who gave lessons about how people can get on with each other, that sort of lesson, and once I went to his house with a friend of mine. We went to stay overnight there, and we wanted to have some fun, to go to a movie or something like that, but he said that he really didn't have the time for that. He had to correct some tests and that sort of thing. But then he said, "I know something else for you. I have a friend who is having a birthday. We can go there for a while." That was Stephan. So we did that and Ferdinand was there also, and that is how I met Ferdinand for the first time.

Interviewer: How old were you?

Johnny: I was 12, almost 13. Three days later I was thirteen.

Interviewer: Yes. And Stephan?

Johnny: Stephan was 15.

Interviewer: I see, two years older. What kinds of things did you do with Ferdinand?

Johnny: How do you mean kinds of things? ... What we did together in the weekends, do you mean that?

Interviewer: Yes.

Johnny: We always went swimming in the weekend. Sometimes we went to the movies, or we went to visit his parents, and to birthday parties and that sort of thing. Sometimes we also went to Centreparks with friends for a weekend, or to stay in a bungalow and that kind of thing. Table tennis, and all kinds of things.

Interviewer: And in the vacations?

Johnny: Every year I went with Ferdinand to Yugoslavia and once to Spain in the winter with his parents. In summer we always go to Yugoslavia and we go to the nude beaches there. Once in winter we went to Benidorm in Spain. We also have little excursions to bungalows and the Centreparks and such like. We do that on the long weekends. Holidays in Yugoslavia, Spain and Belgium. We were not really in Belgium on vacation but went there for excursions with friends. We went for long weekends or for a week. That varied.

Interviewer: Yugoslavia is more than an excursion.

Johnny: Yes. That was for a vacation. Three weeks long.

Interviewer: Did you go by train, by air or ... ?

Johnny: We've been by car, by aircraft and with the bus. We have also done other things, for example we've been to the entertainment parks such as Duinrell and Efteling. And we have also been go-kart racing. You know, the tiny autos. But we didn't do that so often. We did that a

couple of times. Two or three times or so.

Interviewer: Can you remember any more things?

Johnny: No. Not really important things, no.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of your contact with Ferdinand?

Johnny: Positive aspects? Now ... it is so. My parents were divorced, so I missed a father in my family. I didn't have a father any more, and I had no contact with him. In the beginning I did but later not. And I was actually looking for a sort of father figure for myself, a sort of father for me. I found that in Ferdinand. I could always have good talks with Ferdinand. Ferdinand was really my second father. But not like the father type but just as a sort of father. Someone with whom I could talk about everything.

Interviewer: Did that include talking about problems at school and ...

Johnny: Everything! About problems at school, at home, at work.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with Ferdinand?

Johnny: Tss ... There aren't any.

Interviewer: There aren't any?

Johnny: No!

Interviewer: Absolutely not?

Johnny: No! I don't have anything negative ... Yea, look, it is of course so ... Ferdinand is a pedophile ... and, yes. I don't want to say that that's negative, but after all it is difficult for me because my family doesn't know that. My mother knows it. But my family doesn't know and so I actually have to keep it a bit hidden when my family asks about Ferdinand or about how it is going with me and that sort of thing. They know that Ferdinand had been married but it is too difficult to have to explain all that.

Interviewer: So you can say that because Ferdinand is pedophile, that that is a negative aspect?

Johnny: No! Being pedophile itself is not a negative aspect! But just to explain that to my family, or to keep his orientation hidden from them.

Interviewer: What does your mother think about your contact with Ferdinand?

Johnny: My mother thinks that I should make my own choice. My mother thinks that I am old enough to determine what I want and what I don't want. My mother thought that my contact with Ferdinand was good, but said if there were things that I didn't like, that I should say so right away. If, for example there was something that I did not want, then I should say so, and if there was something which I did want then I could say that too. But she went along with it. She said that I was old enough and that I could choose for myself.

Interviewer: When you were 12?

Johnny: Yes.

Interviewer: . . . and did she know that he was pedophile?

Johnny: Yes.

Interviewer: From when?

Johnny: From a week after I met Ferdinand. One week, two weeks . . .

Interviewer: How did that come about?

Johnny: Uh . . . It was so. I had just made contact with Ferdinand and I came home from school and my mother was curious about him, what kind of person he was. She had not yet seen Ferdinand. My mother said, "What is Ferdinand actually like?" and then I said very direct, "Now Ferdinand is a pedophile." I just said it I didn't stop to think that it was a taboo or such. At that time I didn't really know very clearly what a pedophile was. I knew naturally that he liked children and so on, so I knew what it was actually, but I didn't know in much detail. That is how I told her and so that is how she came to know. In the beginning she was shocked, naturally. You wouldn't expect that, at all. Then, in the beginning she also said, "Now, I would prefer that you did not go around with him any more." But I kept complaining and winging for so long, "Yes, but I want to, and it is so nice with him," and "I'll just go to him anyway," and so on. Finally my mother said, "You have to decide for yourself. You're big enough."

Interviewer: Did Ferdinand warn you not to tell people?

Johnny: No. He didn't even know that I had told my mother. We hadn't even talked about if he should come home with me or something like that to meet my mother, and so on.

Interviewer: Yes. And how did you know that he was pedophile?

Johnny: He told me. Indeed, rather quickly.

Interviewer: And at the same time hadn't said that you should not to tell anybody else?

Johnny: Oh yes! He said that, but I thought "My mother, that isn't anybody else, that's my mother. I can tell her," I thought.

Interviewer: What do your friends at school think about your contact with Ferdinand?

Johnny: They don't know.

Interviewer: Nobody?

Johnny: No, nobody.

Interviewer: What can you tell me about the photo sessions with Fred?

Johnny: With Fred. Now, I always found them lots of fun. It was always cozy and friendly with Fred. There was a nice atmosphere there and you felt free. You could just be yourself. You could do what you wanted. Not that you could wreck the place, but just be yourself. I found the photos themselves always fun. But now that I've found out what he did with them not any more, of course. Now I regret it, obviously.

Interviewer: You regret it because of what he did with the photos?

Johnny: Yes. Well, yes. That was a real nasty thing to do. I had not expected that from him at all, because he said that they were for his own use and he said that he would not sell them. With that he abused my trust in him.

Interviewer: But from the making of the photographs you have no regrets?

Johnny: In itself, not. But now I certainly do regret it.

Interviewer: Can you tell me about the photos? What sort of photos were they?

Johnny: Ah . . . they weren't play photos; that I can say. It was certainly porno. But Fred V. said that it was for his own use, as a souvenir for later. That later he could look at the slides, you know, that he could have fun thinking back. But he never told us that he had gone and sold them or that he had sent them off to America or England or so. But they weren't ordinary play photos. They were all naked photos in which everything was done and so on. It was certainly child pornography.

Interviewer: Do you think the police are rightfully concerned about those kinds of photographs?

Johnny: Yes. It was definitely child pornography. It was all very clear; you could see precisely what was done and who was doing it

Interviewer: How many photographs were there?

Johnny: I don't know exactly how many photos there were, but I think it was a large number.

Interviewer: How did the police discover that the photos were of you?

Johnny: Ah . . . They had found many photos at Fred's place, and they found correspondence and so on, and when you combine the two things you can make the connection. That is how it went. Also, there were not so many boys involved. In the newspaper it said that there was an international network, a child pornography airlift to England. But there were not so many boys involved in total. Fred had a number of friends. Anton had some friends and Ferdinand had some friends.

Interviewer: Were the photos made by Ferdinand and Fred?

Johnny: No. Fred organized all kinds of excursions and we just went with the whole group. We went for example to a camping or to a bungalow park such as the Kempervennen. Fred made the photos.

Interviewer: Did Fred always make photos?

Johnny: Yes, often. Look, he did it as a sort of game. When we went on such an excursion and Fred was there, you could be certain that photos would be made.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of the photo sessions?

Johnny: The positive aspects . . . Now, I didn't get any money for it (laugh). Now, at the time the photos were being made, that was fun.

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of the photo sessions?

Johnny: Do you mean now, or then?

Interviewer: Then and now.

Johnny: Then, the negative side. At that time actually, I didn't find it negative, because I wanted to do it and also Fred said that the photos were for his own use, for later. We could also look at them and enjoy them. That was fun. I thought of it as positive. I thought it was nice of him, because I thought he would keep the photos for himself, that he would not distribute them. And the negative side is that he went ahead and distributed them.

Interviewer: Thus, looking back, the only negative thing is that he distributed the photos?

Johnny: Yes. Sold and distributed them to England, to America, Belgium. Now, England and Belgium certainly. America, I'm not so certain; that is what I heard but I don't know for sure.

Interviewer: Can you tell me how the case got started with the police?

Johnny: It actually got started because Fred had contact with an Englishman and sold him some slides and the Englishman took his suitcase with the slides with him in an aircraft. The aircraft had to make a stop on the way and the suitcase was unloaded, was taken off the aircraft. The Englishman had to get out at Gatwick but the suitcase had already been unloaded in London. So the suitcase remained alone on the conveyor going around and around, because no one had picked it up. Then they looked in the suitcase and they found all these slides with child pornography on them. Photographs of all the boys, and of course I was also there.

Later the Englishman was arrested. So that is how it got rolling. And that is how they came across the name of Fred V. He had sold the slides to the Englishman. Then the police in the Netherlands arrested Fred.

I was sitting one morning watching cable T.V. and I saw that a case with child pornography had come to light and that a certain F.V. had been arrested. We thought that it might be Fred. That is, Ferdinand and I, we were watching together. We thought that it might just by chance be someone else, that there could be someone else with the same initials. But later through friends I heard that it was indeed Fred and that he had been arrested.

Ferdinand knew for some time that something like that was underway. He had a feeling that he would be arrested, because there were slides of me and Stephan, and of Peter also. So, he already had misgivings. One day when I came home from school I was phoned by Ferdinand's mother who told me that he had been arrested the night before. That was when I heard for the first that Ferdinand had been arrested.

Interviewer: And then?

Johnny: Now, I was shocked, of course. I realized that photos of me had been found and the police would obviously look further, who they all were and who was involved and the background

and so on. When I heard that from Ferdinand's mother I was very badly shocked. I could feel it coming, but of course I still got a shock.

After that I had to wait a whole long time for a message from Ferdinand, because I didn't know any address or anything where I could write to him. After a time I got a letter from Ferdinand describing the situation and what had happened, with an address. Then I sent a letter . . . no . . . no letter yet because at that time Ferdinand was still in the cell at the police station. From there he went to the prison and that is where I sent him the letter. And then after a while some other boys were interrogated and they mentioned my name. And then, if I remember it right — I'm not sure any more — then I was telephoned by the police. They wanted to come and talk to me at home. And so that was my first contact with the police.

Interviewer: So the first contact with the police was at home. Can you tell me how that went?

Johnny: Emm . . . We had made an appointment for when they would come and exactly at the time they appeared at the door. At first we just sat in the lounge talking, ordinary, you know. After a while they said, "Johnny, we want to talk to you privately?" and I said, "Ok, that's fine." I could feel it coming on, that they wanted to talk to me about the whole situation. We went to my room and they began to put questions to me, such as, "How did you meet Ferdinand?" and "What do you think of Ferdinand?" and "Did you know that he is a pedophile?" and so on. And I just gave straight answers to that. And then they went further into the details, with other questions, such as, "have you had sex with so and so?" and so on. I didn't give any answers. I said to myself, "if I talk, then I can make trouble for other people, if I say the wrong things, if I say nothing then no one can get into trouble." That is what I thought.

I had been able to think it over. I knew that the police would also be coming to see me, that I would also be interrogated, over what had happened and what I had experienced and so on. Of course, I had thought it through, about what I should tell them. If I didn't tell them anything then I wouldn't have to explain anything and I wouldn't trigger anything off. By saying nothing I wouldn't disadvantage any one else. I couldn't do any good, but then I also couldn't do any harm.

At first they started kidding, such as, "What is your name? What is your sister called? How is it going at school? And how I had met Ferdinand and all kinds of things about myself and gradually they went a little to the point. First in the lounge with my mother there. And they asked what I thought of Ferdinand.

Interviewer: What was your answer?

Johnny: I told them that he was a nice man, someone I can get on with, and in the period after my parents were divorced he had become a sort of second father. I told them that I spent each weekend with him and that I phoned him also every Thursday, and that we went somewhere every weekend. And they asked if I knew that Ferdinand was a pedophile, and I knew that so I

told them so. And they also asked my mother that, and they asked her what she thought of it.

Interviewer: What did your mother think?

Johnny: Yea, my mother knew, I've already told you. She said herself, "Now, look here, Johnny is old enough. He can decide for himself if he wants that or not." That's just how my mother is. My mother doesn't make a problem out of it.

In my room they went over to questions about Ferdinand and put questions like, "Do you sleep in bed with Ferdinand in his home?" and, "Do you sleep naked with him?" and "Does Ferdinand force you to do things?" and, "Have you ever had to do something with Ferdinand which you really didn't want?" and so on. And I gave then absolutely no answer. Then they showed me photographs of people and asked if I knew them, and if I had been there. And I gave them absolutely no answer to that also. I just said nothing. I just took care of myself and said nothing, just as if I had clammed up or so. And of course that was also true, since I was of course shocked. I didn't know what could happen.

Interviewer: So. The first time you didn't say much. Was there another time?

Johnny: The police came back. When they went away the first time they said, "We are going to come back when it's going better with Johnny and when he has forgotten it a little. Because they thought that I was all emotional and clammed up, and that was actually so because I was shocked that Ferdinand had been arrested, of course. But I had held my mouth shut! And after a time they phoned up and ... Ah ... I'm not sure any more ... An yes, they wanted to know if I would go to the police station, I think, if I would go there to the police station in Utrecht to be questioned. So, not at home. And then that is what happened. Before that they had said,"Johnny, if you don't talk again we can go to the judge and we can make sure that you talk." I heard that real good.

Interviewer: How and where had they said that?

Johnny: Telephone.

Interviewer: So your second contact with the police was by telephone.

Johnny: Yes. They asked if I would come to the bureau and they also said, "We can make you talk." After the first time they knew that I didn't want to say anything. I had said, "I have nothing to say and I also don't want to say anything." So they knew that. But they said, "Look, Johnny, if you don't talk we can go to the commissioner of the court and we can force you to talk because you're actually a sort of witness." They also said, "We can come and get you at school." That would really set me up for trouble. That would cause all sorts of problems at school. Those two-faced bastards. Those are the kinds of things they did to force me to talk. Look, what they meant was, if you don't do it nicely then we can come and get you from school, you know, and then you'll really look like a dick head at school.

Interviewer: If they did that at school what would have happened?

Johnny: Big problems. That's for sure. Then I might as well emigrate, I think. My reputation ... Look, if the police came and got me from school in a squad car with officers in their uniforms then they would all know why at school.

Interviewer: How would they know? You could say something such as, "It's none of your business," or, "I was a witness and they wanted to have a statement," or something like that?

Johnny: Yes ... but, the director would know. Don't forget at that time the papers were bursting with articles about the child pornography affair with my full first name, Johnny K. I was in the Telegraaf with my name, that I was involved in the whole affair. There are other Johnny Ks in the Netherlands, or in Amsterdam, so that was in itself not such a great problem at school. But if two officers should have come to the school then the others would have stared thinking, Yea, Johnny K., and they would make the connection. I just didn't want them at school to know that I go about with a pedophile. Look, I can explain it to my mother but I can't just go on to the Dam Square and announce it.

Interviewer: Now, the third time? Did you talk again with the police?

Johnny: The third time was, therefore, when I came to the police station and they wanted to have more details from me. They came and picked me up and we went to the station. They tried to put me at ease, you know, fast driving in the car, driving 160 (km/h), having a bit of fun.

Interviewer: With a siren?

Johnny: No, it wasn't a police car, an ordinary private car. So the police also don't keep to the law (laughs). At the police station we first went to eat in the police canteen. Then we went behind to the division of the child protection squad or something, and we went into a little cell, and there was a table and a chair and even a typing machine, and that is where I was interrogated. They started by asking for more details. No longer, "How did you meet Ferdinand?" They meant business, things like, "Did you go to Kempervennen?" and "What did you do there?" and "Who have you had sex with?" and "When were the photos made?" and that sort of thing. There were five officers who came to talk, altogether. I was not at all at ease. You sit there in the little cell just as if you had raped someone. A bare little cell with gouges in the wall from some mad man or other, and there you sit on your chair and questions are fired at you and you must give an answer. I sat there really trembling.

Interviewer: Did you have further contact with the police?

Johnny: Yes, lots. Oh, do you mean for myself, for theft of breaking in or that sort of thing? Do you mean that?

Interviewer: Did you?

Johnny: No! Only for this case. I had a fourth contact. By the third time they had not got me to talk enough. They wanted more from me so I was brought again to the police station, and we talked further. Again the same, but longer and more details. Then there was a fifth and last

contact, even more extensive and then the rounding off.

Interviewer: What do you mean with “rounding off”?

Johnny: Just that they were finished with me. That they didn’t have to know anything more from me. That’s what they said.

Interviewer: What are the positive aspects of your contact with the police?

Johnny: Positive aspects? None!

Interviewer: None?

Johnny: Nah!

Interviewer: What are the negative aspects of your contact with the police?

Johnny: Everything! Everything! The interrogations! The police at the door! Everything! There you sit for three hours on a little stool in that interrogation cell. Bare walls, table, chair, and a typing machine. Looking back I think it was just a whole blown up load of shit. Underhand load of shit, that’s what I think. It was horrible. They pry, they trick you. In that kind of interrogation you are just manipulated.

Before they had interrogated me, they had also interrogated other boys and they had mentioned my name and already said what I had done and what I hadn’t done. So they already knew the facts, but they wanted to hear it from me. So they went ahead and interrogated me. I just couldn’t escape. If they asked, “Have you been to Centreparcs?” and I said “No,” then they would show me a statement from one or other of the boys who had said, “Yes, Johnny and Ferdinand were also there in that Sport House Centre.” And then I couldn’t very well say that I wasn’t there, you know. I just couldn’t escape. There was absolutely nothing I could do.

It was really underhand, really. It was a sort of psychological warfare. I was forced to betray my friend, whether I wanted to or not. They had done it by coming in through the back door, via other people. Look, it was so, they asked other people about me and the other people said, “Johnny was with us at Kempervennen.” Now, if three or four other boys have already said that and then they go and ask me if I had also been in the Kempervennen, then what can I do. They just force you to say it yourself, that you were also there.

Interviewer: You are very negative about the police. But they are the child protection police. They are there for your interests.

Johnny: That might be so, but I think that they only drove me crazy. I had to be interrogated four times, while from the first time I didn’t want to say anything!

Interviewer: What did your mother think about it?

Johnny: Ah. My mother had a separate interview with the police. I wasn’t there myself, but I heard about what she told them. They asked my mother what she thought about the fact that I was going around with Ferdinand, and if she knew that Ferdinand was pedophile, but they

didn't ask her any details. They only questioned her superficially.

Interviewer: Why did you go ahead with writing letters and phoning Ferdinand while he was in jail?

Johnny: Because he is my friend and a very good one at that and you don't abandon someone just like that. Some people said, "Now he's in jail, it's over with." But that's not what I thought. So that is why I sent him lots of letters and also phoned him up and also visited him in jail.

Interviewer: So there are three things: letters, telephone calls and also visits to the jail. How have you been able to continue your friendship with Ferdinand after his release?

Johnny: How do you mean? Just the same. Nothing changed. The contact has only become stronger, including the sexual contact. Because Ferdinand knew that I hadn't deserted him. Because Ferdinand has real value for me and I for him. Therefore it only became stronger.

Interviewer: How did it go during the first few weeks that Ferdinand was free?

Johnny: Now Ferdinand was obviously a little disoriented because he was free at last and he could do anything he wanted. I mean ordinary things. He had a probationary period of two months. But he had to get used to his freedom.

Interviewer: Did you find you had to get accustomed to each other?

Johnny: No! We didn't have to get accustomed to each other. I knew him already!

Interviewer: Has your relationship with Ferdinand changed since his release?

Johnny: Yes, I think so. It has become stronger.

Interviewer: Has your contact with the police changed your ideas about them?

Johnny: Yes. Seriously.

Interviewer: In what way?

Johnny: Their approach. How they approached the whole thing, underhand sons of bitches. Their whole approach was filthy, you couldn't call it anything else.

9.21 It Shouldn't Be a Crime to Make Love

Report-ID: 75008

Letter from Bryan, 12 years old, to NAMBLA.

First published	01.05.1991
Author	Bryan
Topics	prison, parents, rape
Weblinks	nambla.org , brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	23
Name of the boy	Bryan
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.21.1 It Shouldn't Be a Crime to Make Love

The following letter was sent to NAMBLA by a 12 1/2-year-old, in response to our call for submissions to a revised pamphlet 'Boys Speak Out on Man/Boy Love'.

9.21. IT SHOULDN'T BE A CRIME TO MAKE LOVE

Dear NAMBLA,

I was asked to write what I feel about my relationship with my lover. I have two. One is a boy who is 13; the other, a man who is 23. I don't think sex should be illegal for me and him. I love him and he loves me. I have known him since I was five. He used to baby-sit me.

It's good to have him to love. He protects me and takes me out and treats me like I'm very special. He never hurts me or tells me to do anything. He lets me make it clear to him when I want to do something.

I had a bad man beat me up and rape me when I was seven, and he didn't love me like my lover does. Our relationship works real good. We never argue, and he treats me like a lover and friend, not a child. He knows my needs and makes me feel very good in sex. He's never fucked me since he's way too big and he doesn't want to hurt me.

It shouldn't be a crime to make love. If I couldn't have sex with him I'd probably kill myself. He would die for me, I know. I get very good grades in school and he helps me study on the phone or on visits to see him.

I feel kids are people with sexual needs, like adults. We're just smaller but sex is still nice for us. I have a great mom. She loves my lover and approves of him and me because she wants me happy and not sad. The only bad thing is he's in jail for his love of another boy and some shit. I don't want him in trouble any more.

Bryan

NAMBLA Bulletin, vol. 12, no. 4 (May 1991), p. 13.

9.22 Let's not stage a witch hunt now

Report-ID: 52122

This personal report by the author and professor for literature in Germany, Josef Haslinger, appeared as an article in the print edition of the newspaper *Die Welt* in the *Culture* section. It also appeared in the online version of the print edition.

First published	14.03.2010
Author	Josef Haslinger
Topics	monastery, boarding school, catholic, priest
Weblinks	welt.de, wikipedia.org
Language	German
Country	Austria
Sources	Die Welt
Start of the relationship	1967
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Josef Haslinger
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
Plausibility	5 of 5

Note from JUMIMA:

Today Josef Haslinger sees his experiences in the Zwettl Monastery (2020) much more negatively than in the article below. He has presented his current assessment in the book 'Mein Fall', S.Fischer Verlag, 2020.

Translated by JUMIMA

Remarks from the newspaper editor:

This text is a transgression. It has also sparked discussions in the editorial board. Because it provokes and could hurt feelings. We're printing it as a document. The writer Josef Haslinger tells of his youth with pedophile priests and explains why the criminal code alone does not help.

Josef Haslinger, born in 1955 in Zwettl / Lower Austria, is one of the most well-known writers in Austria. His novel "Opera Ball" became a bestseller in 1995. His book "Phi Phi Island" was last published in 2007, his self-report on the tsunami from December 26, 2004. Josef Haslinger teaches literary aesthetics at the Leipzig Literature Institute.

Whenever it becomes known in Austria that Catholic priests were once again unable to keep their sex drive under control, my phone rings. It has become a tradition. You pretend to be an expert on pedophilia and pedosexuality. I had experience in this field as a child and I wrote about it. But I can't be an expert because I used to write about it differently than I do now.

I was twelve when a priest, my religious studies teacher then, became interested in my small penis and obviously got excited. A condition that you don't really know as a twelve-year-old, unless you were unlucky enough to have been bothered by your parents' sexuality. It took a while for my teacher to approach me intimately. When he realized that I would allow it, he looked for opportunities to repeat the game and, if possible, expand it a little. I went through several stages of expanding these games. It never occurred to me to do anything serious against it. And that's why I wasn't able to turn them off.

These contacts disturbed me, as they say, I didn't know what to make of them, and I haven't talked to anyone about it for a long time. Others were able to talk about them. And so my first sacred erotic partner, if I may put it that way, left the monastery school. He was forcibly transferred to another monastery where there were no pupils.

I found it courageous that this classmate told his parents about his experiences. I also thought it was a bit of a betrayal. But from then on, of course, I knew that with my experiences I could blackmail those who caused them; that I was holding a means of resistance. And I've also seen how easy it is. You talk about it and the man loses out. As a child, especially as a boarding school student, you develop a strategic sense. You know how to be mean against someone. I knew this remedy, I used it a lot. But not against the priests who played sexual games with me.

The scandal was limited at the time. A priest had to change the monastery. The community never found out why. There was nothing to read about it in the newspaper. And as for my

slowly awakening sexuality, there were soon others who moved to the vacant position. In me they had made the right choice. I kept silent.

Fifteen years later, in the early eighties, I published a short story called "The Sudden Presents of Heaven". In it, a first-person narrator reports that he was raped as a monastery boy by his religion teacher, a certain Father G. Literally it says: "He put his bulging piece of meat on my tongue like a consecrated host, smiled at me, said, well, go on, just dare. A stale, meaningless taste, a little disgust. It thrust in my mouth, twitching back and forth, I could no longer escape it. My head was pressed against the tuft of hair from behind, it stretched when the teacher encountered my palate, wanted to slip down the esophagus . . ."

I probably put it to paper at a time when I already knew porn films. This scene in particular deviates the most from reality. Later on, as the story goes, the first-person narrator left the monastery boarding school without being able to explain to anyone why he did not want to return to the monastery. Morally perfect fiction. Would fit well into today's debate. And that is exactly why it is bad.

Father G. was an amalgamation of three people with whom I had sexual contacts at the age of twelve to fourteen. In addition, there was a fourth teacher, who fell out of the frame because he taught me that a wife and an astonishingly large crowd of children do not necessarily prevent daddy from being interested in erotic games with boys. In contrast to my protagonist in the short story, I never left the monastery convict, I only dreamed of it. But not because of the sexual occurrences.

The short story was a moral charge, no, a discharge. I had broken with the church by that time and wanted to pay it back to them as drastically as possible. Today I think it was mainly the constant degradation by the ubiquitous corporal punishment that made my feelings of hate grow afterwards. In the years when anti-authoritarian education was being talked about outside the monastery walls, we were beaten with a stick by the protagonists of the religion of love. The religion of love in an Arabic way, one could say. In this sphere of monastic violence, the pedophiles were an oasis of tenderness. The monastery was an excess in this and that direction.

I have to admit to myself today that there were many ways to ward off and prevent sexual contacts at the time. I have not used these options. I wasn't exactly offering myself, I was too shy for that, but after the first unexpected approaches, I quickly saw who was looking around with a certain inclination. And I have not avoided such approaches, in a way I saw them as an award.

I was introduced to the secret, exciting world of sexuality. A penis that ejaculates. When you are twelve years old, you finally want to see it. That it was Catholic priests who opened this world to me may be unusual. But they weren't the only ones. I had contacts with peers and older people just as everyone. I was not a socially disturbed child who was helplessly exposed to

the instinct of sacred pederasts. I was distraught because at that time I was still a very religious person and wanted to become a priest myself. The moral disturbance was far worse than the erotic confusion.

It is important to me to give my account, at a moment when all the world has suddenly become indignant about such events, as if they had no tradition. Give account, not only about the disturbance, but about all the feelings. In retrospect, feelings that one had should not simply be shaken off in favor of moral indignation as if they had not existed. Not only was it a burden to have such a secret, it was also something special.

Recently, while browsing old photos, I found a letter from the monastery times, a shy love letter that was written to me by a priest, when I was twelve years old. And he had enclosed a photo of himself. Back then I didn't find it as amazing as I find it today. I boasted to my mother that a priest was so familiar with me and I showed her the photo. She had no suspicions. And when the intrusive priest invited me to the monastery during the holidays, I went there.

I understand that society cannot give pedophiles a free pass. But I also know that they are tender, caring, loving, and far less selfish than you might think. They wouldn't have to be like that at all because there are children who get involved with curiosity. I was certainly being exploited by these adults, but I also felt taken seriously. We weren't just doing sexual stuff. One of the three wrote poems. I have still memorized one of his poems to this day. And once we talked about the topic of a school essay that I had to write. The next time we met, he handed me a typewritten sheet on which he had put down his thoughts about the subject. These were the thoughts of an adult. I incorporated them into my school essay and suddenly they became my thoughts. They took me further. The man later married and had children. From my first partner, the one who was later transferred to another monastery, I can almost certainly say that he would not have been able to marry and have a family.

After I had recently reported on my monastery experiences in the course of abuse discussions on Austrian television, I received an email in which a woman told me that a relative of her, a teacher, had just killed herself. He was (rightly) accused of indecently touching a student.

Let's just take care that we don't stage a witch hunt now. No question, the children must be protected. And the victims have a right to be heard. But what do we do with the perpetrators? It makes good sense that there are statutes of limitations in the law. There once was a legal understanding for this. The main focus cannot be on perpetrators whose crimes have expired. All people should have a chance to learn how their behavior can stay within the legal framework. And when they have learned it, they have put in more effort than some who now play the morally indignant, although they do not even know the traps of such a disposition.

The main aim of the current discussion of pedophilia and pedosexuality must be to uncover current cases and prevent future ones. Dealing with history is important for the victims. They

have an unlimited claim to it. But society? After all, the topic touches the most intimate areas of people. Of victims and perpetrators. No matter what this area is like, it is protected by our social constitution. I don't want to see these people put in the pillory.

The best way to protect children is to help pedophiles cope with their socially unintegrable tendency in a way that does not affect criminal law. But the current criminalization campaign is going in a completely different direction and is therefore not helpful. It must be possible to offer a form of help to a person who obviously cannot manage his behavior on his own. In a way which does not immediately deny him human rights.

Media-aggravated politicians come up with suggestions on how to tighten criminal law and how to remove limitation periods. If we equate pedophiles with child molesters and sex offenders, we have a bigger media spectacle, but we lose all standards for sensible measures. In my legally untrained eyes, these are different paragraphs.

9.23 Opinion of a victim

Report-ID: 96291

This text comes from the German support forum around pedophilia *Gemeinsam Statt Allein (GSA)*. It was posted in the public part of the forum.

First published	21.08.2018
Author	Weihnachtsbaum
Topics	secret, school, coming-out, therapy, victim, separation
Weblinks	gsa-forum.de
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	GSA-Forum
Start of the relationship	2008
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	15
Age of the man	25
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

I wanted to share a fate from a slightly different perspective.

When I was twelve (and gay), I met a nice man in his mid-twenties on the Internet. We then met “in real life” when we had chatted over the Internet for about six months and we went out for coffee.

What felt a bit uncomfortable and was the elephant in the room, was that we had a pretty heavy crush on each other.

9.23. OPINION OF A VICTIM

I didn't want to say it out loud because I was afraid that he was afraid of legal ramifications, and he didn't want to say it so as not to be defamed as an abuser, or perhaps because he was afraid that I would run away and tell someone else about it.

Finally, however, I took the first step and confessed to him that I had pretty much fallen in love with him.

He actually burst into tears (at my home), hugged me, and that was the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

This relationship went on happily for three years. I was never abused, although we also had sexual contact.

Our relationship of a deeply romantic nature, first of all. We loved each other as I now love my husband (about ten years later). We were a dream couple and my life would have been completely different (and more negative) if I hadn't met him.

After all, we couldn't keep it secret, and more and more people, first of all my parents, became aware of this adult with whom I had so much contact.

The end of the story was the arrest of my boyfriend. Despite vehement protests on my part and trying to contact the press, I was forced to undergo therapy. There I was almost immobilized, under the influence psychiatric drugs, put on weight, was socially neglected. I never "admitted" that I had been abused. I was locked in an institution for two years with the label "Stockholm Syndrome". I finally was released through a lawsuit (but only accompanied) and after some revolts within the organization.

I had to repeat my schooling, my social life was ruined, and people kept trying to tell me I had been raped. My friend had been the dearest person on earth to me. He spared no expense and effort, even to make my life better, even at his own expense. We were equal lovers. If anything, I was "more dominant" in the relationship because he never dared to exercise power over me because he was afraid to make me do something that I don't want.

This shitty country has deprived me of this good man, this wonderful being.

This shows how much double standards and spitefulness there is in this judicial system. I was transformed into a "victim". I was even called perverted and certifiably insane, because I thought I should be allowed to love someone I loved.

My former friend lost his job, his family and his existence after being imprisoned. Naturally, he didn't want to have any further contact with me, but we separated in a friendly way.

I am a victim, but a victim of the judicial system and ignorance of the state, not of my lover.

I hope this was helpful to some.

The information in this post is intentionally vague so as not to endanger me and my friend, but is all true.

9.23. OPINION OF A VICTIM

[Emphasis by the author]

9.24 Sex is really beautiful with my friend

Report-ID: 90265

Brief report from a boy about his relationship with a man he met while playing baseball.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Dennis
Topics	sports, baseball, seduction by the boy, love
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1995
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	13
Age of the man	36
Name of the boy	Dennis
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Dennis from New Jersey in 'Sex Is Really Beautiful with My Friend'; Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.24.1 Sex is really beautiful with my friend

I hear you are looking for true experiences between men and boys. Well, I met this guy who is 36 years old while playing Little League baseball last summer, when I was 12 years old. I don't

9.24. SEX IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL WITH MY FRIEND

know how to say this, but it was me who wanted to have sex with him first, and now we do it every weekend and it's fantastic. I know it goes beyond sex because I love him like a father, and all I know is that sex doesn't have to be dirty or wrong. It's really beautiful with my friend. Hope this helps you. You can use my name and address. It's OK.

9.25 Thank God for Boy-Lovers

Report-ID: 49766

Victor reports how he was raped by a heterosexual man when he was hustling in Philadelphia. He then acquainted with a pederast and feels positively about the relationship with this man.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Victor
Topics	hustling, violence, rape
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	30
Name of the boy	Victor
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.25.1 Thank God for Boy-Lovers

I'm a 14-year-old boy who would like to speak out in favor of man-boy relationships. Like most poor-income families from the Philadelphia area, I started to hustle for spending money when

9.25. THANK GOD FOR BOY-LOVERS

I was 12 years old. Most of the kids were doing it, and they could make an easy \$20 or \$30 during the weekend.

Most of the time I would just hang around the big Art Museum until I noticed a guy looking at me. Most of the men who picked me up just wanted to have oral sex with me, or maybe have me lay on top of them. As soon as they were finished, they couldn't wait to ditch me. It was so damn cold and impersonal. My home life was terrible, as my stepmother didn't really care if I came home or not. One night I went with this guy who raped me pretty bad. He put his penis inside my rectum and made me bleed something awful. He refused to give me a dime, and said he had taught me a lesson.

I was sitting outside the Franklin Institute that night, still bleeding and scared to death, when this man about 30 years old came up to me and asked if anything was wrong. I just started to cry, and couldn't stop. He was talking very gentle to me, and he asked me right out if some crazy person tried to hurt me. Well, I guess I needed a friend because I told him everything. He drove me to his beautiful house in New Jersey, and he gave me a bath and put something inside to stop the bleeding. At first I thought he was giving me a bath so he could have sex with me, but he never tried once to grab me or anything like that. I finally asked him if he liked to have sex with boys, and he smiled and said, "Yes, but we won't talk about that now."

A week later I was back at his house, watching television and playing darts down in his cellar. That night I stayed all night with him, and I felt so secure to have his arms around me. Yes we had sex together, and it was beautiful. Here I am, two years later, with a much better outlook on life, back in school, a part-time job, and someone who loves me deeply.

It seems to me the so-called child molesters and criminals against young boys are the men society calls heterosexuals, like the married guy who raped me. Fortunately for me, I was one of the lucky ones who was saved from the criminal element (Normal Men). Thank God for boy-lovers. I hope you print this.

Victor
Philadelphia

9.26 The Best Thing That Ever Happened to Me

Report-ID: 55004

A boy's letter to NAMBLA.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	None
Topics	friendship, pride
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Greg
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.26.1 The Best Thing That Ever Happened to Me

Hi, how are you? I am 16 years old, and have been involved in a boy-man relationship since I was 12, and I am still with the same man. My life is far better now since meeting this guy four

9.26. THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME

years ago. At first there was plenty of sex and fooling around with each other, and today we are great friends and continue to have great sex. I feel he sincerely loves me, and I love him. My relationship, although frowned upon by society, is the best thing that ever happened to me. You may use my name if you wish. I am proud of my relationship.

In Love,
Greg
Philadelphia

9.27 The pleasure was mutual

Report-ID: 95271

Autobiographic report by Tom Driberg about sexual experiences during his school years.

First published	01.06.1977
Author	Tom Driberg
Topics	school, catholic, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Ruling Passions
Start of the relationship	1916
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	50
Name of the boy	Tom
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Tom Driberg's autobiography "Ruling Passions"

The following passages have been excerpted from Driberg's autobiography.

My childhood life at home was blank and lonely, and became more and more boring as I grew into adolescence. I was "very close" to nobody. I have sometimes regretted the mess that my life has largely been – and some of this must be attributable to the circumstances of my childhood.

In a situation of such tedium, the thoughts of any decently instructed child would have turned to sex. But I was not decently instructed: the most that my mother had said to me about it

was: “You must never let anybody touch your private parts” – which left me wanting a lot more information.

Some sexual impulses had made themselves felt at an early age. I was crawling about on the carpet in my father’s study, and cannot therefore have been more than two or three, when I found myself between the flannel-trousered legs of my eldest brother, who was standing in the middle of the room talking. Looking up towards the crotch, I perceived a small hole – some stitches loose in the seam. Gently I inserted a finger – so gently that I don’t think my brother noticed – and, though I did not quite touch flesh, I experienced what I clearly recall as the first authentic sexual thrill of my life.

After two or three years of school at the Grange I must have acquired some slight popularity or charm, for by the age of ten or eleven I was indulging fairly regularly in sexual play (though it was still too early for full consummation).

One rather older and better-endowed boy, Derek P., excited me more teasingly. Once I was showing him round our garden: taking advantage of the quiet place and inflamed by the heat of the day, I offered to give him a new pencil if he would unbutton his trousers and produce his member. He consented readily.

But there was another Derek, Derek G., a boy with dark hair and a sunburnt oval face, a scar on one cheek, with whom I had, for the first time, what can be called a serious love-affair (no emission of semen, however, occurring as yet). He and I would repair to the lavatory, lock ourselves in one of the W.C.s, and engage in such oral and manual caresses as occurred to us to be worthy of experiment.

It is also a quaint illustration of the complete lack of sex education at such a school that – though we knew vaguely that the sex act had something to do with parenthood and that a baby came “out of” the woman – we half-toyed with the fantasy that the pangs of constipation might mean that one of us was about to give birth. At any rate, my love for Derek seemed to be (and therefore was) deep and sincere. I remember saying to him: “Wouldn’t it be awful if they ever separated us?” Soon we were separated, by the fate which separates schoolboys: he, a year or two the older, left the school. I missed him for a while, but we did not correspond and I have never seen him again.

By the time I was twelve, puberty was setting in. The first long, straggling pubic hair was a source of amazement to me. So were the erections, which I did not yet know what to do with. (Nor did I have any wet dreams.) Within a year I had learned: my juvenile lust was so importunate that an old tramp was induced to masturbate me in an underground lavatory at Tunbridge Wells. He did it rather roughly, with a mechanical action, and, since I did not understand what was happening, the moment of ejaculation was as agonizing as it was exquisite. Throughout adolescence, during holidays from school, I used to cycle into Tunbridge Wells or

Brighton and haunt the various public lavatories for hours on end, especially the one in which I had lost what I can hardly call my virtue.

During these vigils, I hardly ever failed to score, except when the prospects were scared of having so young a boy. So far as their ages went, my taste was more catholic than it later became: I found middle-aged men as exciting as boys of my own age. I have often thought how wrong it is (as also, I believe, in the case of girls) to assume that the senior partner must be the seducer. I remember an agreeable session when I was at Lancing, lying on top of the Sussex downs with a man of about fifty. At the time I was in quarantine after a bout of measles and had been allowed out for a walk from the school sanatorium: I only hope he didn't catch anything. The pleasure was mutual, the fault, if there were one, mine.

9.28 We Should Be Able to Have the Relationships We Want

Report-ID: 48613

George presents his views on successful relationships between men and boys. It is particularly important to him that no money is involved.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	George
Topics	hustling, conversations
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	17
Age of the man	25
Name of the boy	George
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.28.1 We Should Be Able to Have the Relationships We Want

I've just turned 17, live at home with my parents, and am in the 12th grade in high school. I'm writing this letter to give you some idea of how young men under 18 feel about why they and men over 18 should be able have relationships if that's what they want. I myself am gay, and I've been having relationships with older men since I was 12. I think I enjoy sex with older men because to me it's not only sex. I feel the older man becomes a friend that I can go to for advice, and learn from. I believe I and my gay friends should be able to have the sex and relationships we want. This is because as long as no one is being forced to do something they don't want to do, they should be able to have relationships with younger or older men. Age doesn't have anything to do with committing crimes having to do with sex. It's forced sex that should be illegal, not the love between men and boys.

Some of the things that make for good man and boy relationships are that money should never be offered for a good time. Also, neither man or boy should just want sex. They should want to have conversations, and get involved in gay activities together. Also, there should never be attitudes such as I'm better than you. Or, I just want your body. Some of the things that make for bad relationships are when money is offered at the end of sex. Or when there is hardly any talking, just sex. And also when there is no caring involved. For example, once I was introduced to a man 20 years older than me. So we went to his apartment and had sex. Well, afterwards he offered me a ride home and \$20. It was good money, but it was very insulting and it kind of hurt me inside. So I left without accepting either one.

But don't get me wrong. I have good relationships also. One older man and I became very close. Sometimes we would just go somewhere and talk, instead of having sex. That made the relationships good, and it also proved caring was involved.

It is also not always the older man's fault, either, for a bad relationship. A lot of young men get the feeling they're too good for everyone. They fall in love with themselves and cop an attitude.

George
San Francisco

9.29 What I'm doing is very good

Report-ID: 37668

In the book 'Boys on Their Contacts with Men' published in 1987, Sandfort reproduces various extracts from interviews with boys. Here is the published part of the interview with Wouter, 12 years old.

First published	01.01.1987
Author	Theo Sandfort
Topics	consent, initiative, friends, parents
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Boys on Their Contacts with Men
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	42
Name of the boy	Wouter
Perspective	boy
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Theo Sandfort: Boys on Their Contacts with Men: A Study of Sexually Expressed Friendships. Elmhurst, NY, USA, Global Academic Publishers (1987).

Wouter: I feel at home at Gerard's. I can hide from my dad. I get a lot of support. And if I'm unhappy he understands why I'm unhappy. He is a wonderful guy, and you can do anything with him if (Laughs) you don't go too far. He is considerate of me, and I'm considerate of him.

Theo Sandfort asks 12-year-old Wouter who usually initiates sex in his relationship with a 42-year-old man:

Wouter: Mostly I do.

Sandfort: You start it?

Wouter: I decide if we're going to have sex or not.

Sandfort: You decide that?

Wouter: Yes. And every day I come here it happens. I don't keep Gerard waiting around.

Sandfort: Is that a kind of rule, that it happens every time?

Wouter: No. I like it. When I feel like it we just start. Then we first take a bath and then go to bed. Sometimes we do that the other way round.

Sandfort: But if you have to say who starts it, on average, who would that be?

Wouter: Well, sometimes one of us, sometimes the other. Yes, and sometimes he wants it and I don't, so then we don't do it. Mostly I'm the first one to begin.

In the case of Wouter (12), only the mother knew about the relationship; he was happy she didn't discuss it with his father:

Wouter: Well, my father can never be told, never, because if he does it'll have to stop. And I can imagine him beating the hell out of Gerard (42), because he'd rather do it than bring the police.

Sandfort: What do you think of that?

Wouter: Well, it's rotten... someone who just does nice things being treated like a dog.

Sandfort: And your mother?

Wouter: I suspect my mother really knows... and doesn't think it's so bad. And she won't say a word to my father... that's the main thing as far as I'm concerned.

What would happen if your peers found out about your relationship with Gerard? [paraphrased]

Wouter: Well, I know one boy who is making out with girls. I don't think he'd have any problems about it if I told him. But the others would, especially if they just heard about it. But I'm not telling anybody: they're going to have to find out about it for themselves if they want to know what it's like.

None of the other boys stopped having sex with their older partners during the course of the investigation. How did they feel about the sex? The majority of them simply said it was "nice" or "just plain good". Some of the answers were a little more detailed:

Wouter: Well, I think it's great.

Sandfort: Didn't you ever think, 'You can't do this! Is what I'm doing really good?'

Wouter: What I'm doing is very good.

Sandfort: But haven't you ever asked yourself that sort of question?

Wouter: Well, I just feel it really is good—it's how you're brought up and so on.

Sandfort: It depends on how you're brought up?

Wouter: Yes, of course. You can bring up a child that way. And you don't have to be pedophile especially to do it either; because I'm a completely normal boy, but I prefer to make love with men, with Chris (38), and with boys. I'd rather do that than with girls.

He added that he would never try it with any of the 'dirty old men':

Wouter: I don't want to make up to any of them, the people who try to grab all the boys, make nude photos and so on. I just can't understand that sort of thing; it's stupid. Sex-photos, no! The real thing is a lot nicer.

9.30 Why should we be treated like criminals?

Report-ID: 28723

Controversial human rights activist Peter Tatchell interviewed fourteen-year-old Lee about his first homosexual experience, the law, and his relationship desires.

First published	15.08.1997
Author	Peter Tatchell
Topics	gay, victim, abuse, violence, mobbing, authorities, self-determination
Weblinks	brongersma.info, wikipedia.org, archive.org
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Kids Club Anthology 1 (2019)
Start of the relationship	1995
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Lee
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Gay and lesbian weekly magazine Thud (August 15, 1997)

This interview with Lee, performed by human rights campaigner and journalist Peter Tatchell, was published in the gay and lesbian weekly magazine Thud (August 15, 1997). Though it's unfortunate that Lee himself did not get to write the article, Tatchell at the very least extensively quotes Lee's words and allows him to speak for himself. Tatchell himself was involved with the radical queer group OutRage! and led a campaign of theirs to lower the age of consent from 16 to 14.

Lee is 14. He's been having sex with boys since the age of eight, and with men since he was 12. Lee has a serious problem. He wants a steady relationship and has been going out recently with a guy in his mid-twenties, who he met at the hairdressers. But in the eyes of the law, Lee's partner is a paedophile and Lee is a victim of child abuse. That's not, however, the way Lee sees it: "I want to have a boyfriend. It's my choice. No one's abusing me. Why should we be treated like criminals?"

I am sitting in the kitchen of a friend's house talking with Lee. Wearing a white T-shirt and combat trousers, his sophisticated gay image makes him look older than 14. He comes across as bright, articulate, sure of himself, and mature beyond his years. It's hard to imagine anyone getting away with taking advantage of him.

We are discussing the new Sex Offenders Act. Lee is concerned. Under this legislation, which comes into effect next month, men over 19 who have consensual sex with guys under 18 are classified as dangerous sex criminals, on a par with the abusers of young children. After serving their sentence, they will be required to register their address with the police for a minimum of five years, and may have their identity revealed to the public.

This is a live issue for Lee because he prefers relationships with older guys. "I don't get on with people my own age," says Lee. "They're too immature. I like men in their 20s or early 30s. They are more experienced and serious. With them, you can get into a closer relationship than with a teenager."

The age of consent laws don't make it easy for Lee to have a stable gay relationship. "Some men run a mile when they discover how old I am," he moans. "They're worried about getting done by the law."

Even without the Sex Offenders Act, any man who has sex with Lee could face a maximum sentence of 10 years for kissing, touching, sucking or wanking, and life imprisonment for anal sex. The top penalty for the offence of "unlawful sexual intercourse" with a 14 year old girl is, in contrast, two years!

Having a relationship with someone his own age would, paradoxically, put Lee in greater legal danger than sex with an older person. The law says that a homosexual act with a male under 16 is a serious crime, even if the person committing the act is himself below the age of 16. So, by having anal sex with another 14 year old boy, Lee would be guilty of a major offence which can, at least in theory, be punished by jail for life.

"The law is stupid," according to Lee. "If I know what I'm doing and I'm not harming anyone else, I should be allowed to have sex with who I want."

Lee is just one of a growing number of lesbians and gays who are coming out at an ever earlier age... twelve, thirteen and fourteen is not uncommon nowadays. Research published by Project

Sigma in 1993 shows that 9 percent of gay men had their first homosexual experience by the age of 10, 19 percent by the age of 12, and 35 per cent by the age of 14. Yet most gay campaign groups seem only interested in the human rights of the over-16s. "There's nothing much for young gays like me," says Lee. "Nobody cares about our rights."

Lee first realised he was gay at the age of eight. Well, he didn't call himself gay. He just had sex with boys or, to begin with, one particular boy. "My first gay sex was with a friend from school called John. I was eight and half. He was the same age. We used to go swimming together. It all started at the local swimming pool. One day we were in the cubicles getting changed and somehow we started kissing. Then we had oral sex."

How did you know what to do? "Oh, I saw it on TV," quips Lee. You did? "They were talking about men having oral sex, so that's where I got the idea from."

"Weren't you nervous about being caught?" "No. It just happened. I didn't think it might be wrong or that we could get into trouble."

"How did you feel about your first gay experience? Lee beams with evident fond memories and confides: "I liked it a lot. It was great. But I did think sex with a boy was sort of strange. Until that time with John, I didn't have much idea about sex. It was mostly from the papers and television. I thought that men only had sex with women. For a while it left me feeling a bit weird and confused." He pauses for a moment, then adds emphatically: "I soon got over it."

Lee continued having regular sex with John for two years. "We were boyfriends," he boasts proudly. "I don't have any regrets at all."

The relationship with John did not, however, stop Lee from experimenting with heterosexuality. "I had sex with John's twin sister. He found out and got very angry. He stormed out. For a while we weren't speaking. We made up afterwards."

Did you enjoy straight sex? "Yeah," says Lee, "but sex with John was better."

"So when did Lee start thinking of himself as being gay?" "It was a few months later, after I turned nine. I was watching a TV debate about gays. It made me realise that I was gay, and that it wasn't wrong. Since then, I've never had a problem about my sexuality."

Lee's next big love affair happened when he was ten. "It was with a black kid who lived on my road, Michael. He was the same age. My friends introduced him. One day, we were in his bedroom playing on his computer and we started messing around. It ended up with sex. Other times, we had a game called 'kick the cancan,' which involved kicking a can around. The can would often end up in the bushes, and we'd run there to look for it. Sometimes Michael and me would have sex there."

Around this time, Lee first came out to his mom. "She was good about it. Her first reaction was that I was a bit too young to be gay. She told me to leave it a couple of years. Then, if

I still wanted to be gay, she said she'd accept it. I left it a few weeks, before telling her again. She realised I was serious, and respected my feelings and wishes. Ever since, she's been really understanding."

At the age of 11, Lee had a relationship with a 14 year old named Andrew. "Because of family difficulties, I ended up in a children's home. They sent me to an education centre. That's where I met Andrew. We used to hang around together and became really close friends. After a while he told me that he was on the rent scene. I asked him if he wanted a boyfriend and he said yeah. So we started going out with each other. That was when I first had anal sex and learned about condoms. Andrew pulled out a packet and went on about stopping HIV and AIDS. I shagged him and he shagged me. It brought tears to my eyes. It was painful, but I liked it as well. I enjoyed it more than sex with a girl. I got more of a sexual sensation."

For about 18 months, Lee joined Andrew doing sex for money, picking up men in the local gardens and bus station. "It was mostly me just wanking them off. I stopped about a year and half ago. When I was doing it, I felt sick. I didn't enjoy it. I was only doing it for the money to buy drugs – mostly speed, acid and cannabis. I also had a few bad experiences with punters. Once Andrew and I were tied up and raped."

In the children's home, Lee got taunted and bullied for being gay. "They called me queer and it ended up in fights. The staff didn't do anything to protect me, so I started running away."

Lee is clearly very angry that no one took action to stop the bullying: "When I was being beaten up, the authorities did nothing. Now I'm gay and want to have sex, they're suddenly very concerned about my welfare."

When you ran away from the children's home, where did you go? "I used to stay with this paedophile that I met in the gardens. He was okay. There was no pressure for me to have sex, but I did. I had sex with him because I wanted to feel loved and respected.

"What do you think of that man now?" Well, he didn't beat me up or hurt me like was happening in the children's home."

And what do you think about paedophiles in general? "It depends on what kind of paedophiles," says Lee. "The paedophiles I knew always asked me if I wanted sex. They didn't pressure me. If you consent to having sex with a paedophile, it's fine. If you don't, it's not."

How can a young child understand sex and give meaningful consent? Lee admits: "The really young ones can't. But I was 12 when I first had sex with an adult man. I knew what was happening. The other boys I know who had sex with men were in their early teens. They understood what they were doing."

Perhaps your friends were particularly mature for their age. Most young people are not so sophisticated about sex. "They shouldn't have sex then," according to Lee. "And other people

shouldn't take advantage of them. No one should be having sex with a child who is very young or who has emotional and mental problems. You could have a relationship with them, but not sex – not until they are old enough to understand the responsibilities involved.”

Many people worry that the power imbalance in a relationship between a youth and an adult means the younger person can be easily manipulated and exploited. It's a concern that Lee acknowledges: “Yeah, that can happen. It's wrong. But that doesn't mean that every kid who has sex with a man is being abused.”

At what age do you think people should to be allowed, by law, to have sex? “Sixteen is too high,” says Lee. “Most kids I know had sex long before then. It's stupid for the law to brand us as criminals.”

Do you worry about being arrested for under-age sex? “Sometimes. I mostly worry for the older guys that I'm having sex with. They could get life imprisonment and be denounced as a paedophile. They might end up on the sex offenders register. It could ruin their life.”

What do you think the age of consent should be? “About 14.” Why? “That's the age a lot of young people start having sex. If they are not forcing or hurting other kids they shouldn't have the threat of a policeman knocking on their door. The current age of 16 (or 18 for gays) means that those who are younger don't get proper sex education. My sex education at school was useless. The law makes it difficult for teachers to give out stuff about contraception, safer sex and AIDS. If the age was lower, the facts about sex could be taught sooner. It's stupid giving kids this information after they've started sex. That's too late. They need to know the facts about sex from around the age of 10.”

I point out to Lee that an age of consent of 14 would not have been much help to him, since he was having sex from the age of eight. Even with consent at 14, most of his past sexual relationships would have remained illegal. “Young people under 14 should be allowed to have sex with someone up to a year or so older,” he suggests. “That way they've got freedom, and are protected against exploitation by older men.”

Even with a permitted one year age differential, Lee's affair with Andrew, who was three years older, would not have been legal. Something a bit more flexible is required.

The idea of a sliding-scale age of consent is something that OutRage! is promoting. In addition to supporting an age of consent of 14 for everyone (gay and straight), OutRage! argues that sex involving young people under 14 should not be prosecuted providing both partners consent and there is no more than three years difference in their ages.

When I put this idea to Lee, he nods with approval: “Some young people mature earlier than others. They should be able to have a relationship with someone a bit older. Society should accept that kids have sexual feelings.”

This is the nub of the problem. Our current legal system refuses to acknowledge that young people have a sexuality. The law says a person under 16 is incapable of giving their consent to a sexual act. Any sex with such a person is automatically deemed “indecent assault.” Lee thinks that is “ridiculous”: “I’m only 14 but I know what I’m doing. I understand what consent involves. So does the person I’m having sex with. No one is indecently assaulting me. That’s a stupid suggestion. The law should stop treating young people like idiots.”

Many people fear that making sex easier for under-age teenagers will expose them to dangers like HIV. Isn’t that a legitimate worry? “I know about safer sex,” protests Lee. “I didn’t get that information from school. It came from TV and boyfriends. Some of them had HIV and died. I’m okay because we did safer sex. People say that older guys will take ad-vantage of teenagers like me, but my partners made sure we took precautions – even the paedophiles. If people want to protect kids against AIDS, they should support better sex education lessons, starting in primary school. Education is the best prevention. But it isn’t happening in most schools. Why doesn’t someone make a fuss about that?”

Lee thinks it’s time the law-makers listened to young people: “They are always trying to tell us how to live our lives. Why don’t they treat us with respect? We’ve got opinions. We deserve to be heard. When a kid gets sexually abused, the social workers listen to what he says and back up his complaint. But when a kid wants to have a gay relationship, his wishes get ignored. That’s what is happening to me. I’m under a care order which states that my feelings have to be taken into account. But society won’t accept my feelings. It says I’m forbidden to have sex with a man until I’m 18. A perfect relationship is what I want. It would make me very happy. So why is the law trying to stop me?”

9.31 Without guys like Mark, I would probably be dead today

Report-ID: 52299

This letter from 14-year-old Carl to NAMBLA contains his description of how he came to live with the youth worker Mark and have an intimate relationship with him.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Carl
Topics	alcohol, poverty, neglect, violence, adoption, society, pride, initiation
Weblinks	nambla.org , brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Carl
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

9.31.1 If It Wasn't for Mark I'd Probably Be Dead Today

I am a 14-year old boy involved sexually with an older guy I happen to love very much. I am sick and tired of listening to all these stories of boy-lovers and how perverted and sick they are. Well, if it wasn't for my older friend Mark, I would probably be dead by now.

When I was 11 years old, my parents started to drink real heavy, and instead of buying food they bought a lot of booze. They were fighting all the time, and my dad always hit me for not cleaning the house. One night I was looking at this horror movie on television and I got scared, so I went over to where he was sitting and said, "Dad, can I sit with you?" Well, he called me a little faggot and then took the belt to me. He hit me extra hard that night because the belt buckle hit me in the lip and I had to have 8 stitches. (Dad told the hospital doctor I was in a fight with another kid.)

When I turned 12, things really got pretty bad, because my mother took my little sister and ran away. I was now all alone at home with my dad. He got fired from his truck-driving job for drinking, and he took out all his hatred on me. One night I stayed at the local library a little later finishing my homework, and when I got home my dad was drunk and punched me in the face and threw me out of the house. I guess a neighbor called the police because they came and locked him up and took me to a children's shelter.

I was only there for a short time, because it was there when I met Mark, who was my youth caseworker. He was always so nice and gentle with me. For the first time I was being treated like a human being. Mark asked me if I would like to spend the Christmas holidays with him, and I jumped at the opportunity. All during that period, Mark treated me like his son, taking me to the movies, ice-skating, football games, and watching television together. The last night together was very sad because Mark explained I was going to be moved to a special school for boys who didn't have any parents or relatives.

Well, Mark hugged me that night and I could tell he was crying too. I told him that night I loved him and wanted to remain with him forever.

I had to go back to the shelter, but a few weeks later I had to go to this big courtroom, and I saw mark sitting there smiling. The judge asked me if I would like to live with Mark for good. I was so happy I cried.

Well, I was now 13 years old, and like most other guys was jerking off every chance I could. Mark surprised me one night and walked into my room while I had my penis in my hand. I was scared he would send me back to the shelter, but instead he smiled and sat down on the bed and talked to me. That night he took me in his arms and gently masturbated me to my first orgasm. He held me tight afterwards and it was the most thrilling experience of my entire life.

I know Mark is a boy-lover, but I also know he loves me like a son. I am now 14, and I have

9.31. WITHOUT GUYS LIKE MARK, I WOULD PROBABLY BE DEAD TODAY

a girlfriend, and Mark is very excited for me. He even gives me spending money to take my girlfriend ice-skating and to the movies.

Well, Mark gets these Bulletins from the NAMBLA, and he is a member. I often look at these and other boy-love material, and I get sick when I read about how some people treat guys who love boys.

Without guys like Mark, I would probably be dead today, because without someone to love me – well, life wouldn't be worth living. I am the luckiest and happiest kid today because of boy-lovers like Mark.

No one told me to write this letter, and everything I wrote is the complete truth. Maybe others can learn from my experience that boy-lovers are indeed the real men of our society. Thank you for reading this, and you can print it, if you like.

A very proud 14 year old

Carl

New Jersey

9.32 You discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong

Report-ID: 91160

In the appendix to the publication *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties (Experiences of boys in pedophile relations)* by Theo Sandfort, published by the Sociological Institute of the Utrecht State University, 1982, there are 3 interviews with boys who are having an intimate relationship with a man at the time.

First published	01.01.1982
Author	Theo Sandfort
Topics	childrens rights, parents, stigma, bullying, education, girls
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Experiences of boys in paedophile relations
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Gerrit
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

9.32.1 Interview with Gerrit

(Age: 16 years.)

What do you do a lot?

I'm very occupied with myself, developing myself and so on. Right now I'm busy at school, studying to be a waiter. That's what I want to be. I also make sketches, about repression and

that sort of thing; I spend a lot of time on that, too.

You said first that you were occupied with yourself, developing yourself. Can you say more about that?

Well, getting along in my society in my own way, thus not just as everyone else does it but in my own way. I'm still trying to do that. For example, my parents think very differently than I do, and I try to free myself of their thinking and build up my own thoughts. So, not just accept what people say but develop myself.

Why do you want to do that?

Because I just don't agree with my parents now, the things they say. And often not with most other people, either. So I want to develop my own thoughts – I think that's important for me. At home I often have completely different ideas from my parents. If they say I should try going with a girl once in a while I tell them I just don't want to, because I would tie that girl into my life and I would no longer be free. *They* would like that, but not me. So I just have to go my own way.

The second thing you were occupied with was school?

Yes. I'm in the Horeca division. It's the first time I've ever enjoyed going to school. in MAVO I was held back twice, and twice in the LTS, too. [In the Netherlands, schooling is stratified according to ability and educational objectives: adolescents going on to university attend 'gymnasium' or 'HAVO'; 'MAVO' provides general non-university-preparation and 'LTS' gives practical education in mechanics, welding, etc. – a 'trade-school' education in effect. Ed.]

Did you choose that school yourself?

Yes, I did. I always wanted to be a waiter; I've always thought that was a good job. Contact with people, yes, I think it's nice to be a waiter. My parents first made me go to MAVO, and I was two years in the first form; then I went to LTS, and I was two years in second form, and finally I went to this school, which suits me fine.

Have you already been able to work as a waiter?

No. They have tried to find work for me – now and then I must have a period of probation.

Those are the two most important preoccupations of yours?

Yes they are. And I'm occupied with painting and sketching, and trying to sort out my own thoughts.

What do you enjoy a lot?

Just put down living my own life. I can't do that at home, but at Barend's I really can, I get a chance to develop my own thoughts. Also sketching; I get a lot of enjoyment out of that; it's lots

of fun to do. And I'm learning a lot about it. Barend often helps me; if I've just made a sketch he'll tell me what isn't good. Because Barend can also sketch well. And then you improve it. And, yes, in my spare time I sometimes go out in the country, to enjoy nature. I often do that all alone. I planned to buy a camera and take nature photos and try to develop them myself. I'm taking lessons at school in darkroom technique. I live in the city, houses all around you, so recently I've been going a lot into the out-of-doors, because I think it's very lovely there. Someday I hope to have a little house in the country. Yes, try to live completely free from this society.

What do you mean by free?

Well, you can never really be free from society, because you still have to work in order to stay alive. But I mean you don't just have to let society blow you this way and that; you can express your own feelings and not do like everybody else, buy a lot of stuff. You can live simply. Yes, a waiter, that's also living simply, it's not as if you can buy everything you see.

What do you really dislike?

Over-made-up girls that are always on the street; for me that's nothing, I find it unsympathetic. I dislike it. At the restaurant school there are thirteen girls and two boys in my class – they are absolutely awful to look at – thick make-up, which isn't necessary. And they're so serious in class, and if you say anything about it they always have a come-back: they always know better.

Are there other things you really dislike?

When grown-ups talk with each other and I don't agree with them. I have to keep quiet, because I'm not like adults, I'm young. That really gets to me, that I can't say what I think. Those grownups are always right. I must be able to say what I think. I don't care that I can't talk with grown-ups, but if they're going to say that boys have got to get married later and go to work so they can take care of their families, then I say, 'Well, that's not necessary at all, because who says we're going to get married?' But I have to keep quiet, because they know better. You've got to get married later, otherwise you're not healthy, they say. Well, I don't like that. You can almost never say what you think. Grown-ups go to the polls, to vote in the government elections, but we can't do that; we have to wait until we're eighteen; then they think we're adult enough to vote. All right, you can say what you think – if it's something they'd agree with!

What do you think a lot about?

Well, that's difficult. I think a lot about what's going to happen, the future.

Do you worry about that, or not?

Worry, no, but I think a lot about what it's going to be like later, how I'll be living.

Who do you get along well with?

That's an easy question. With Barend. And with almost nobody else. I don't get along so well with my parents, because they're always right. I think it's just wonderful that I can visit Barend, and so we get on just fine. Because he thinks somewhat along the same lines I do. If I'd never met Barend my whole life would have been different: I'd probably be working in a factory or something. I've learned so much from Barend, but never by 'you must accept this from me' – he's never done that. He *has* told me what society thinks about things, and if I don't agree then I can always say so. But most of the things he says I agree with. He has not influenced me, but he has helped me to think. You can't develop your own thoughts as a child if your parents say, 'This is good and that is good, so just accept it'. If you hear both sides then you can decide which side is the right one. You discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong.

Are there other people you can get along well with?

Yes, a friend of Barend whom I see here now and then – I can get along good with him. And neighborhood friends I go around with sometimes.

Who do you not like to be with?

There are lots. My parents, teachers at school – they always know better. But at this new school it's completely different: they treat you as though you were an independent person. So I can decide for myself at school; for example if I'm sick I don't have to bring a letter from my parents. I think that's fine, because if you want to play hookey for a day you write your own letter, but it'll catch up with you, like at exam times. Yes, and with my parents I don't get along so good, but sometimes I do. They have completely different ideas from me. But I'm not home much during the week. I get on okay with my little brother, but not with my older brother. He always gets his own way and he always knows everything better than you, an unsympathetic person. If he has to take charge at home because my parents have gone out, then he says to my little brothers, 'Bring me a beer from the shed, roll me a cigarette, pick up my shoes,' that sort of thing. He also had an affair with Barend, and that was lousy. And whenever he brings a friend home, or his girl, I get a lot of lip out of him; he struts about in the room thinking 'I'm the biggest man in the house'. He does that a lot, but I don't take much notice. But one time I got so mad I got in a fight with him – I didn't know what I was doing. Then he had a bloody nose and a tooth through his lip – and that really shocked me.

Are there still things of importance which I have forgotten to ask which should be written down?

Yes, there should be laws *for* children, that change everything, so children will be able to say what they think about society. To me that's *very* important. That children don't just have to do things for other people: do the shopping, do the dishes, and if you're not so good in school then you get punished, and if you don't do this and don't do that, then you're in trouble, too. All of this has got to be stopped. Laws have to be passed so children themselves can decide about themselves.

You also make love with Barend?

Yes.

Some people call that sex, or sexual contact. What do you call it?

Well, chiefly 'sex'. But it's showing your feelings, that you really like him, and it doesn't have to be just sex.

What do you think are the nice sides of sex with Barend, which you wouldn't want to do without?

I think it's great doing these things with Barend, because I'm very fond of him, and, for me, it feels so nice, too. There just aren't any bad sides. I think it's just wonderful to do.

You say there aren't any unpleasant sides to it?

No. But my parents are always pestering me with, 'What are you always *doing* with Barend?' That's annoying. And back when I was in LTS some boys saw me with Barend and shouted, 'Look, two homos!' That was really annoying, but in the long run I had no more trouble.

And your father and mother trouble you about it?

Yes, they've often pestered me with, 'What are you up to with Barend? Is it really responsible?' Usually I just say a few words, like I enjoy going there. When I come home in the evening it is always, 'What did you do today with Barend?' So I say I have sketched. That is the unpleasant side of my relationship with Barend, that all these people pester you, but the sex is not unpleasant, just the trouble people make, at school, aunts, uncles – 'What is that boy doing over there?' – that sort of thing goes all through the family. I couldn't care less. It used to annoy me, but now I don't let it. I used to worry about it a lot, and one evening I even thought, 'I'm going to break off my friendship with Barend', but I finally chose for Barend.

Do you sometimes have sex with other people, other boys, girls, or grown-ups?

No.

How long have you known Barend?

Four years from last summer?

Do you remember how you met him?

My little brother and I had gone swimming in the pond. He was nine then, and he already smoked, and so did I. Then Barend came riding by in a Duck (Dutch nick-name for the low-price Citroen 2-CV motor car. Ed.) and stopped in the parking lot. I told my brother, 'Ask that man for a cigarette – he smokes.' So my brother went up to him and said, 'Do you have the time, Mister?' 'Five-thirty.' 'And would you maybe give me a cigarette?' Barend said, 'How old are you?' 'I'm fourteen,' said my little brother. Well, after a lot of talk my brother got a cigarette, and me, too, and then we went walking with him. No, my brother *didn't* get a cigarette but I did, because I was older. So we walked with him, and then we sat with him beside the water and

talked. He said he had a boat and we asked him if sometimes we could go on little trips with him. So then we did go with him, with my parents, too. My father thought Barend was real nice, quite the gentleman and so on. And after that I didn't see Barend for a half year.

How did you happen to see him again, after a half-year?

Well, it was a vacation and I had nothing to do, and one day I said to my friend, 'Hey, let's go somewhere on our bikes – I know about this boat and we can make a little trip.' So we got there but Barend wasn't around. His boat was, though. Then I asked the bartender in the cafe if he knew his address. He didn't nor did he know his telephone number. So we looked in the telephone book but in the end we had to give it up. A few days later I bicycled there again, with another friend, and this time I met Barend. He was cleaning up his boat, and we helped him, but my friend had to go home, to eat, but his bike tire had gone flat on the way, so Barend put the bike in his car and we drove to his home. After that I came more and more often to the boat, and after I'd done that a few times Barend started coming by my home to pick me up. After that he dropped in quite often, sometimes even ate with us. So I have been with him from then on.

Can you remember when you first had sex with Barend?

Yes, the very first time I wasn't alone. I think my brother was along.

Your younger brother?

No, my older brother; I don't let my younger brother come with me. Well, the three of us were lying here on the bed, and Barend had a sex book on the table. Well, my brother and I started to read from it, and I started to play with myself a little, that sort of thing. From then on we had sex with each other.

How long had you known each other then?

A month or two, or three – after I met him again after that half-year.

You say you and your brother were reading a sex book, and then?

Well, I think Barend began to jerk off a little, and then my brother, too.

Barend to himself?

At first I didn't dare, but later on it just happened, and from then on we do it to each other. That first time Barend did do it to my brother but not to me. Because I was a little embarrassed, but my brother wasn't. For two years he had sex with Barend, too.

When you have sex together now, who begins it?

Well, usually I come by in the evening and then we come here and lie down on the bed, make love a little, and it just happens. Who starts it? Both of us a little, I suppose.

When you compare that first time with now, is there a difference?

Yes, a huge difference. It goes so much easier now, and it feels so much more wonderful than at first. Because then you just didn't dare, you felt so embarrassed, your parents had always told me how terrible it was and so on. So I really thought, 'Oh, what would my parents say about this?' Now that just doesn't happen. Even if my parents *did* know, that wouldn't happen.

It's also nicer now than before?

Yes, much nicer, because before I did it in a lot of tension, not able to let it flow from out of myself, so I was always tense about what they would say at home.

How did that tension go away?

Over a period of time. Barend came home with me quite a bit. He cares a lot about me, and so it just slowly disappeared. A year or so ago I still had it sometimes, but now never. I don't care if my father and mother know about it.

They don't know about it, right?

They don't know about it but they suspect it. My mother talks about it frequently and I just say, 'I care a lot about Barend and Barend cares a lot about me,' and then she doesn't go into it any farther.

What do you think your father and mother would think if they knew you had sex with Barend?

Well, my father and mother think it's fine that I have a home at Barend's and go there a lot. They think that's fine. So I think that if they got to know about it they wouldn't think it was so terrible. Yes, because they think it's wonderful that I have a relationship with Barend.

But you have no need to tell them about it?

No, that would just make for more tension in the house. If I told them they would go to Barend.

So they might think it wasn't good?

There would be tension again in the house: 'You must think about the future, marry, have children.*That's the way my parents think – real old-fashioned. Because I have no need to get married; I'm not going to work my whole life for children. Because later I just want to live free, by myself.

Do some people know you have sex with Barend?

Yes, many, all the friends of Barend and the people he knows at work, they all know.

And friends of your own age, they know about it?

No, except those that come here sometimes.

What do you think your friends who don't know would say if they learned you had sex with Barend?

Oh, they'd call you a homo or something. But I don't care, because I know they do it too, with others. I'd just let them gossip. If I'm lying on the naturist beach and those friends came along and saw me, that would circulate through the whole neighborhood. But fortunately my father is also a supporter of naturist beaches and such. My mother doesn't want to, but otherwise my father would go there, too. So if I go sit on a naturist beach my father would think it's fine.

Have you sometimes been called a homo because you associate with Barend?

Yes, in the neighborhood, especially in the beginning: if you go with a homo that makes you a homo. After a while that got sort of annoying: 'Homo, homo, homo, homo.' Well, one by one I got those boys aside and told them, 'Now you just try it once,' because they were mostly little boys of ten or so – I'm pretty much the oldest, except for the real big ones, 21 or so and not yet married, they come into the neighborhood once in a while. But, well, they kept on doing it, and then I gave them a real dressing down and from then on they've stopped.

It's a good thing the older boys didn't make trouble for you.

There's a gang, about twenty of them, that park their motor-cycles by us in the little square. I don't have anything to do with those people, but they don't give me any trouble, either. But if I got into a fight in the neighborhood I'd just have to call on them and I'd get help. I don't belong with those people, not at all. I don't concern myself with them. I give them a light when they want, walk past them, don't talk with them. I think they are terrible people, skin-heads, tearing around all the roads. That's absolutely nothing for me.

What do you yourself think about your having sex with Barend?

Yeah, I find it just very nice to have it with Barend. Oh, sure, before I started doing it with Barend I always thought it would be dirty – that's what my parents always said – you were unhealthy, you were sick, you had to look out for such people. Well, all those things are untrue, aren't they? No, I think it's just plain wonderful to do these things with Barend. That's what I think.

9.33 You were my tin god and even now you are

Report-ID: 79055

In a case study about Norman Douglas, a man who openly lived is hebephile sexuality in the 1930s, there is a positive account of one the boys who had a relationship with him.

First published	01.01.2020
Author	Rachel Hope Cleves
Topics	admiration, love, letter
Weblinks	boychat.org, doi.org
Language	English
Country	Italy
Sources	The Problem of Modern Pederasty in Queer History. A Case Study of Norman Douglas.
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Wolton
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Cleves, Rachel Hope (2020): The Problem of Modern Pederasty in Queer History. A Case Study of Norman Douglas.

The article reports memories of adults who as boys had sex with Norman Douglas. Here is the report from Wolton:

A decade after they first met, Wolton, who was then in his early twenties, wrote to Douglas reminiscing about their former times together: ‘Doug, I have wanted Italy and you as bad as anything last week. All the old times flash back in my memory.’ Wolton refused to disavow his

9.33. YOU WERE MY TIN GOD AND EVEN NOW YOU ARE

childhood sexual relationship with Douglas, writing: ‘They were happy times too Doug were’nt [sic] they, I have no evil thoughts about them although I am different today than I was then. You were my tin god and even now you are. I do really love you as a great friend and even now I know that if I live to be a million never shall I harbour the same feeling that I have for you. . . . I am afraid I have expressed myself very badly but I want you to understand Doug that you are more to me than ever you were. The difference is now that I am old enough to realise it.’ As an adult, Wolton pursued sexual encounters with women. He was ‘different’ than he had been as a boy, but he felt positively about his youthful sexual encounters with Douglas nonetheless.

9.34 Yours, with all my Love, David xoxoxoxoxo (1,000,000 times)

Report-ID: 71517

David, a boy who had a relationship with Benjamin Britten, an English composer, conductor and pianist, tells of his experience.

First published	01.06.2006
Author	David Hemmings
Topics	education, surrogate father, friendship, love
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Britten's Children, by John Bridcut
Start of the relationship	1953
Age of the boy (start)	12
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	David Hemmings
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Britten's Children, by John Bridcut, Faber & Faber, June 2006

I wasn't a great kid, you have to understand: I was not what you might call a "come home at night" kid and I'm talking seven or eight years old. I'd be in the alleyway and I'd be up little girls' trousers – I'm serious – and always it was my mother that would come storming down the alleyway and say, "Why aren't you at home?"

Ben was not only a father to me, but a friend – and you couldn't have had a better father, or a better friend. He was generous and kind, and I was very lucky. I loved him dearly, I really did –

I absolutely adored him. I didn't fancy him, I wouldn't have gone to b... – well, I did go to bed with him, but I didn't go to bed with him in that way.

Everybody asks me whether or not he gave me one, whether or not it was a sexual relationship. The answer to that question, as I have often said, is: no, he did not. I have slept in his bed, yes, only because I was scared at night and I have never ever, ever felt threatened by Ben at all because I was more heterosexual than Genghis Khan!

He certainly wanted to bring me up, he certainly wanted to send me to an appropriate school where I could learn music and learn to play the piano, and, yes, he loved me, he did, he did. But he loved me like a father, not like a lover

Dear Ben,

Thank you, Thank you for the lovely game 'Dover Patrol'. I enjoyed playing it so much at Aldeburgh with Richard, that I have been trying to get it (in vain chiz.), therefore you can imagine my joy at receiving your parcel. This is also an opportunity to thank you for my lovely stay at Crag House, I don't think I have ever enjoyed a holiday so much – even Venice. It was so good to have somebody you were fond of with you all the time and for this Ben, I thank you indeed. I most certainly will – if it's all right with you, stay with you again sometime.

Yours, with all my Love, David xoxoxoxoxo (1,000,000 times).

10 Boy 13 years old

10.1 Always looking for someone to go to bed with

Report-ID: 11229

On February 20, 2013, a public panel discussion took place in the *Denkcafé* series of the Arminius Conference and Debate Center in Rotterdam on the subject of pedophilia. The moderation was provided by Mirella van Markus, an experienced TV presenter for the news program Hart van Nederland of the station *SBS6*. A policeman, a sexologist, a psychologist, a sociologist for gay studies at the University of Amsterdam and Marthijn Uittenbogaard, a pedophile activist, took part in the debate. At the end of the debate, the audience was allowed to speak. The last request to speak came from an old man.

First published	01.01.2013
Author	Unknown
Topics	gay rights, seduction by the boy, abuse
Weblinks	vimeo.com, home.blog
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Denkcafé (SBS6)
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	40
Perspective	grown up boy
Perspective	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

There is a video of the panel discussion on the platform *Vimeo*. The comment begins at 1:52 and 7 seconds. Here is the transcription of the man's words:

“I want to say two things. When I was thirteen and discovered sexuality, I was always looking for someone to go to bed with. And at some point I found that person.

He was forty years old and it was great. It was so important to me. That is point one. And the other thing I want to say: I'm gay, I wasn't allowed to be who I was for a long time, and I hope that everyone can imagine what it's like when you can't be who you are.

If you love a woman and you must not love a woman. If you love a man and you must not love a man. And there we have the pedosexuals who have the same problem as I did in my youth. They must not feel what they feel, they must not be tender to whom they want to be tender.

I fully agree that abuse is terrible, but we have to do a lot to support these people in the situation they are in and try to understand them.”

[the audience claps]

10.2 An industrial representative

Report-ID: 81006

This report is about a boy who first had sexual contact with an adult at 13. It originally appeared in a scientific journal.

First published	01.06.1978
Author	Ralph H. Tindall
Topics	school, masturbation, poverty, neglect
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Archives of Sexual Behavior
Start of the relationship	1965
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	Burt
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: This case is taken from Ralph H. Tindall: The Male Adolescent Involved With A Pederast Becomes An Adult; Journal of Homosexuality, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

10.2. AN INDUSTRIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Burt was originally referred as a fourteen year old who was already one grade behind in school. He was reported to be difficult to control when in school and to be frequently truant. Burt was of average ability as indicated on an individually administered intelligence test and reading above grade level though he was failing all subjects. He was breezy in manner but responded to the treatment as an equal. He was the youngest son in a military service family. He had two older brothers and an older sister. His father was a heavy weekend drinker, authoritarian, and demanding. His mother was passive, permissive, and somewhat withdrawn.

Burt reached pubescence at approximately age thirteen. He subsequently engaged in mutual masturbation with peers, some of whom were slightly older than he. During one of his truancy escapades he learned that he could hitch rides and meet men who would offer money for sexual favors.

During his 14th year he met an industrial representative who took him to a motel. He liked this adult who was approximately 40 years of age. The man took Burt to dinner, bought him clothing, and gave him pocket money. They continued to meet many times, even after Burt married at the age of eighteen. At age twenty, Burt ceased to have contact with him, as the industrial representative was transferred to a distant territory. Burt knew little about the man except that he was married and had three children.

Burt is now 26 years of age, married, and the father of one child. He did not finish school, dropping out after the 10th grade, but he did take a high school equivalency examination successfully. He reports no further homosexual activity nor any desires in that direction but some extramarital activity. His marriage is still intact. He has held a salesman's position for a period of five years that seems to provide for his family. He has not seen the industrial representative since the relationship ended.

10.3 An overwhelming, beautiful thing

Report-ID: 82085

Joop, who is an adult today, reports on a relationship that started when he was 13 years old. He found the relationship to be loving and it lasted 4 years.

First published	01.01.2016
Author	T. Rivas
Topics	love, death of the man, parents
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1973
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	17
Name of the boy	Joop
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Joop (about 36 years old) sent several letters to Rivas in 1996 and 1997 and spoke with him on the phone. Joop is a bisexually oriented man, but sees no relation to what he experienced as a child.

Here are some excerpts of what he told Rivas.

10.3. AN OVERWHELMING, BEAUTIFUL THING

“It was June 1973; I had just turned thirteen, when I got to know Jos. He had just moved to G., and he lived in a flat near to our home. After school, I used to play soccer with some friends and that’s how I met Jos. We starting talking, and after a few weeks he asked me if I wanted to visit him some time. I did.

We developed a relationship in which I received a lot of love and attention. After a while we went to town together and bought records and cloths and we went to a restaurant. I often spent the night with him. Jos was a father, friend and brother for me, all at the same time.

It took about half a year before we first had a shower together, followed by sex. I guess it was in the Autumn of 1973 when we first slept with each other. Due to my age I was inclined to some experimentation, but Jos did not rush anything. He explained what I had to do and how I could reach an orgasm. In a way, he tried to enlighten me about sex, rather than just doing it with me. Jos never went too far; if there was something I did not want to do, he stopped immediately.

The love this man gave me, the feeling of being loved, was such an overwhelming, beautiful thing. He had a sincere interest in what I did at school and in my hobbies, such as soccer.

The relationship lasted for 4 years. It was left to me when I visited him and how often. It could happen that I went to see him four times a week, but it was no problem if I stayed away for a while. He understood that I was still a kid, and he gave me enough space to stay a kid. He understood that my friendships with peers were at least as important for me. Jos was a sweet, tender man. He often took me on his lap and kissed me and that’s how I felt he really loved me. He didn’t often use words to express his love for me, though he did affectionately call me his “little soccer player”.

I learnt a lot from him and it was a real shame that he died at an early age.

I think parents have the right to get to know their child’s adult friend, but it should be up to the child whether he wants to see someone or not.”

10.4 And you know what, I'm grateful for Father Michael

Report-ID: 49870

The right-wing commentator and author Milo Yiannopoulos has made comments on pedophilia and his experiences as a child in various interviews.

First published	01.04.2016
Author	Milo Yiannopoulos
Topics	age of consent, abuse, coming-in
Weblinks	youtube.com, wikipedia.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Youtube
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Name of the boy	Milo
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	2 of 5

10.4.1 Remarks on paedophilia and child sexual abuse

Source: Wikipedia Article on Milo_Yiannopoulos YouTube; retrieved on 2020-04-30

In February 2017, it was announced that Yiannopoulos would address the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC). A conservative website, Reagan Battalion, then posted video of 2015 and 2016 clips of YouTube interviews at the request of a 16-year-old Canadian student who was opposed to Yiannopoulos' CPAC address.

In the interview in a January 2016 episode of the podcast Drunken Peasants, Yiannopoulos stated that sexual relationships between 13-year-old boys and adult men and women can "happen perfectly consensually", because some 13-year-olds are, in his view, sexually and emotionally mature enough to consent to sex with adults; he spoke favourably both of gay 13-year-old boys

having sex with adult men and straight 13-year-old boys having sex with adult women. He used his own experience as an example, saying he was mature enough to be capable of giving consent at a young age. He also stated that “paedophilia is not a sexual attraction to somebody 13 years old, who is sexually mature” but rather that “paedophilia is attraction to children who have not reached puberty.” Later in the interview, after his previous comments received some pushback from the hosts, he stated: “I think the age of consent law is probably about right, that is probably roughly the right age . . . but there are certainly people who are capable of giving consent at a younger age, I certainly consider myself to be one of them.”

Yiannopoulos subsequently held a press conference, at which he said he had been the victim of child abuse, and that his comments were a way to cope with it. He declined to identify his abusers or discuss the incidents in any detail. He characterised his comments as the “usual blend of British sarcasm, provocation and gallows humour”, and dismissed the allegation that he endorses child molestation. He alleged that the video had been edited to give a misleading impression, and stated, “I will not apologise for dealing with my life experiences in the best way that I can, which is humour. No one can tell me or anyone else who has lived through sexual abuse how to deal with those emotions. But I am sorry to other abuse victims if my own personal way of dealing with what happened to me has hurt you.” In response to the controversy, Simon & Schuster cancelled its plans to publish his autobiography in June 2017. Media outlets reported on 20 February that Breitbart was considering terminating Yiannopoulos’ contract as a result of the controversy. Yiannopoulos resigned from Breitbart on 21 February, reportedly under pressure to do so.

Yiannopoulos was later criticized for attending Hollywood “boat parties” and “house parties” in which boys he described as “very young – very young” were sexually abused, but failing to report the abusers to the authorities or to identify them during an appearance on The Joe Rogan Experience. When asked about this by Ryan Lizza of New York magazine, Yiannopoulos said he “didn’t check anyone’s I.D.s.” and that he “had no idea what the ages of any of those people at the parties were.” He stated that when he said “very young” he was assuming that they were sixteen or seventeen. He reiterated that he doesn’t “advocate for any illegal behavior” or excuse it. When, on 10 March, an additional video emerged in which he said on a 2015 episode of Gavin McInnes’s show that child sexual abuse is “really not that big a deal. You can’t let it ruin your life,” Yiannopoulos was criticized for mocking child sexual abuse victims by calling them “whinging selfish brats” for “suddenly” remembering they were abused, and “suddenly” deciding it was a problem, 20 years after the abuse occurred. He also stated that a disproportionate number of paedophiles are homosexual.

10.4.2 Interview with TJ Kirk

Source: Transcript from video < DP #193 / MILO YIANNOPOULOS ON DP! - THE SITUATION! >; YouTube; Streamed live on: 4 January 2016

Transcribed by JUMIMA.

TJ Kirk: If I knew someone around my age that was like 'I just had sex with a thirteen year old,' I would be creeped out, honestly.

[Milo Yiannopoulos:] What's your age?

TJ Kirk: I'm almost 35.

Yiannopoulos: Okay, well I'm talking about 28-year-olds.

Paul: [Sarcastic:] Well that changes everything.

Yiannopoulos: I'm guessing, because I've never told this publicly, that you won't hear that in this video. We're talking about 13/25, 13/28. These things do happen, perfectly consensually. Often, by the way, it's the women who suffer in these things, because what normally happens in schools, very often is, it's an older woman with a younger boy, and the boy is the predator in this situation. The boy is like: 'Let's see if I can fuck the gym teacher' or 'Let's see if I can fuck the hot maths teacher.' And he does. The women fall in love with these nubile young men, these athletic young boys in their prime. And end up having their lives destroyed. Having to move schools, move the country, whatever. I would say, in the situation I described in the Joe Rogan show, I was very definitely the predator on both occasions. You know, as offensive as some people will find that, I don't much care. That was certainly my experience. I was very much the predator in these situations.

TJ Kirk: So Ben (William Berry), - Hold on Milo, one second - Ben, you said you'd be creeped out if someone came to you and said they had sex with a 13-year-old. But what if they said, you know, the 13-year-old, they were the predator.

Ben: They came on to me.

TJ Kirk: They came on to me.

Ben: I mean, it's really, is it that unbelievable if you have some really horny 13-year-old that like just, like coming at your heart... [...]

Yiannopoulos: You know the point about all this stuff is. We get hung up on abuse. This is a controversial point of view, I accept, but we get hung up on this child abuse stuff to the point where we are heavenly policing, even relationships between consenting adults, graduate students and professors at universities. [...]

Yiannopoulos: And I think the law is probably about right. That's probably roughly the right age. I think it's probably about OK. But there are certainly people who are capable of giving consent at a younger age. I certainly consider myself to be one of them. People who are sexually active younger. I think it particularly happens in the gay world, by the way. And in many cases actually, those relationships with older; this is one of the reasons why I hate the left. This stupid; one size fits all policing of culture. It's arbitrary in an oppressive idea of consent, which totally destroys the understanding that many of us have: the complexities and subtleties and complicated nature of many relationships. You know, people are messy and complex. In the homosexual world, particularly, some of those relationships between younger boys and older men, the sort of coming of age relationships, the relationships in which those older men have helped those young boys to discover who they are, and give them security and safety, and provide them with love and a reliable rock, where they can't with their parents. Some of those relationships are some of the most...

Paul: It sounds like catholic priests molestation to me.

Yiannopoulos: And you know what, I'm grateful for Father Michael, I wouldn't give nearly such good head if it wasn't for him. [...]

Yiannopoulos: You're misunderstanding what pedophilia means. Pedophilia is not a sexual attraction to somebody 13-years old, who is sexually mature. Pedophilia is an attraction to children who have not reached puberty. Pedophilia is an attraction to people who don't have functioning sex organs yet, who have not gone through puberty, who are too young to be able to understand where their body. That is not what we're talking about. You don't understand what pedophilia is, if you think that I'm defending it, because I'm certainly not. [...]

Yiannopoulos: I think particularly in the gay world, and outside the catholic church if that's were some of you wanna go with this; in the gay world some of the most important, enriching and incredibly, you know, life-affirming, important shaping relationships, very often between younger boys and older men; they can be hugely positive experiences for those young boys. They can even save those young boys from desolation, from suicide, from drug addiction. All sort of things, provided that they're consensual.

TJ Kirk: I'm gonna jump to Milo's defense a little bit, cause I've read stories about people losing their virginities - like gay men losing their virginities - and most of the stories do seem to involve, you know, I was 14 and I was 15 and he was twenty-something and all this stuff, and you know, it does seem more common in that community, so, whatever. [...]

Yiannopoulos (1:16:35): You're wrong in the first place to trust the media on anything, because very very few journalists tell the truth about anything whatsoever. So I don't know who the journalists you trust are, but the journalists I trust I can count on one hand. [... (1:17:44)] The media lies to you, the majority of journalists of these days are interested in narrative over

fact. The media, and I really believe, and this what I have in common with Andrew Breitbart, I genuinely believe the media is the problem and is the root of most of the evil in our popular culture. [... (1:19:05)] One of the reasons that I'm successful, is that I try to do the opposite and I try to tell the truth at least as I see it, and I try to fact-based. What people like about me is that I work from studies and not from emotions and not from, you know, feelings and personal experience. I try to stay with data and facts, and most people find that refreshing. And I also try, you know, I've always in my career looked for places where people have been lied about, or where there is an underserved, you know, quiet majority who need somebody to stand up for them, who need a champion, where the powerful elites are lying about. I always thought that the purpose of journalism was to speak truth to power, was to stick it up for the voiceless, I believe that I did that in Gamergate.

10.5 Camping trip

Report-ID: 76498

Brief, report in note form from a boy who had his first sexual experience while camping.

First published	01.01.2001
Author	Bruce Rind
Topics	camping, gay
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	38
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample in Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001.

This case was directly obtained by Rind from R.C. Savin-Williams.

Family friend. I initiated on a camping trip; we were in same tent at state park; oral sex to orgasm for both of us; several times during the night; incredibly erotic, tremendous release, very pleasurable. Not real close; didn't enjoy kissing. Afterwards scary because I enjoyed it so much. Not wanting to be near him on the trip because afraid others would notice.

Once per month for the next 4 years that I initiated; never talked about it; sex was all it was. Wished I was straight so the attractions would go away, because the sexual gratification was so strong.

10.5. CAMPING TRIP

Comment: It is not entirely clear what the respondent had been afraid of, but it is probably related to taboos on being gay.

10.6 He is stating that he was not raped

Report-ID: 67450

This article, which appeared in an Irish newspaper, reports a case in which a group of around 10 men are being investigated for allegedly molesting a boy online. The mother found messages on her son's cell phone that frightened her and she involved the police. Later in the article, the son's view is given, which can be read here.

First published	28.02.2007
Author	Shane Dunphy
Topics	internet, consent, police, vigilance
Weblinks	independent.ie
Language	English
Country	Ireland
Sources	Independent
Start of the relationship	2006
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	35
Perspective	third person
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: "Vigilance vital to keeping vile paedophiles at bay", article by Shane Dumphy in the Irish newspaper Independent, February 28th, 2007.

[...]

However, there are deeper levels to this complex story.

The young lad in question, who was 13 when his contact with these paedophiles began, claims that the sexual relationships he had with them were all consensual.

10.6. HE IS STATING THAT HE WAS NOT RAPED

In other words, he is stating that he was not raped, and that, to his mind at least, there was no abuse.

While most adults looking on would balk at such a notion, we must remember that there are also those who would agree with it.

[...]

10.7 He took me seriously for who I was

Report-ID: 68752

In 1986, Dirkjan was a 36 year old Dutch gay actor, writer, singer and songwriter who wrote about his homosexuality, friendships, desires and sadness. He told the interviewer Jan Hopman about his relationship with an adult man named Gerard as a 13-year-old boy.

First published	01.01.1986
Author	Jan Hopman
Topics	love, mentorship, jealousy, psychological problems, coming-out
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	O.K.
Start of the relationship	1963
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	36
Name of the boy	Dirkjan
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Jan Hopman. Jeugdervaring van Dirkjan. O.K., 1, May 1986, pp. 35-37.

In 1986, Dirkjan, 36, was a Dutch homosexual actor, writer, singer, and songwriter who wrote about his homosexuality, friendships, desires, and sadness. He told interviewer Jan Hopman about his relationship as a 13-year-old boy with an adult male, named Gerard.

“I thought he was really old. He was around 36, the same age I am now. He was from a village nearby and he was involved in the community center I used to frequent, because we had dance nights and live bands. He was called Gerard and we became friends. I also befriended his wife, a very artistic person, who was painting things and all that. This was also something that drew me to them. [...] It was real fun. I was kind of their eldest son. They had several children, who were under 10, and I was the oldest of the club.

With Gerard I ended up getting an ever-better contact that centered on talking. I started talking about an ever-growing range of topics.”

One of the subjects covered by their conversations concerned Dirkjan’s blossoming homosexual feelings.

“I got really confused by my feelings, because until that moment I had been convinced that I would get married and get kids.

Then I told Gerard. He said that he’d had similar experiences himself.”

Dirkjan was surprised because he thought he was the only boy with such feelings.

“I could talk to Gerard about all of my issues. When I was really preoccupied by something, I would tell him: ‘I really need to talk to you.’ We would get into his car and drive to the beach. It was really romantic. We were holding hands. He was also the only person whom I allowed to read my poems. Never before had there been anyone who took me seriously for who I was. Well, that was really such a revelation for me. It made me very happy.

I still remember very well what it was like when we first had sex. I really was the one who provoked it. I told him: ‘At school they keep talking about condoms and I don’t know what it is all about.’ Gerard replied: ‘Well, I’ll just give you one.’ I asked him: ‘How do you use it?’ and he showed me how, even though I perfectly knew what you had to do.

That was the first time we made love. I liked it so much that I tried to make it happen more and more. That was when I went to see them every day and I sometimes spent the weekend at their place.”

Later on, Dirkjan understood that his behavior had been a bit confusing for Gerard and that it made him a bit less outgoing. Gerard also told him that he was the only boy he had sex with. Dirkjan would not have minded if his adult friend was also seeing other boys, as long as Gerard wanted to have sex with him on a regular basis.

“It was really important for me that there was someone who wanted that particular thing from me.”

Dirkjan thinks that Dutch society is usually denying children’s sexuality.

“I have the feeling I lived through my puberty a whole lot better thanks to my encounters with Gerard.

If I ’d had to deal with all those questions and feelings and frustrations all by myself, I’m sure I would have found some kind of solution anyway, but not as harmoniously as I did now.”

The relationship was ended rather abruptly.

“Gerard’s wife started getting terribly jealous. [...] Gerard was being excluded from everything that was going on in their family. My friend could not deal with this and he got a nervous breakdown. Eventually he was admitted at the psychiatric unit of a hospital.”

Gerard was given a lot of medication and they tried to make him confess that he’d had sex with Dirkjan.

“I could not talk [about important issues] to anyone anymore. I suddenly lost my best friend.

We continued to see each other in secret, but they were shadowing us. His wife’s aunts and people from the neighborhood were following us. Everybody knew about our relationship now. They believed they needed to do something about it.”

Dirkjan closes the interview by sharing some of his views about ‘pedophile’ relationships.

“People are still so afraid of the subject of children and sex. Besides, they approach it as if it were a criminal phenomenon. As if it never happened within a context of love. [...] If I ever get children of my own, I would give them the freedom to engage in a relationship with an adult.”

10.8 He understands me a lot better than my own mother

Report-ID: 62165

Interview from the book *Crime without victims*. Unfortunately, no source is given.

First published	01.01.1986
Author	Trobriands Collective (alias)
Topics	interview, girls, gay, discrimination, secret
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Crime Without Victims
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	32
Name of the boy	David
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

David, 16 years:

David has known Christian (37) for the last five years and they have slept together since David was 13.

David, when did you first meet Christian?

Five years ago, I think, down at the local grill where we were both playing the same video game. I just remember one thing: he was trying to teach me. And it was working, but... You know that old trick of standing right behind the boy and holding his hand with the joy-stick? [David laughs.] And then one day I went home with him. We sat there and talked and drank soda-pops and... yeah, it was nice.

I remember when he bought a Commodore 64 - under a bit of pressure from me, I have to admit. He'd been talking about buying a computer. And then I wanted to make sure it was one that would be good for video games - because I figured that'd be fun.

It was two years before I went to bed with him. We'd never talked about it before; it was just friendship between us. But I'd known all along that he was a paedophile; he'd told me that in the first week I'd known him.

What did you say when he told you?

I didn't say anything. It didn't matter. He didn't do anything. Then one day he started telling me about all the boys he'd had, and... we finally ended up in the next room. We had a good time. I actually thought it was a little funny; at one point I even started to laugh. I don't know why - I just had this weird need to laugh.

Why? Because the whole thing was so absurd, or what?

It was all so new. It was exciting.

Before it happened, had you thought you might want to do something like that? Had you thought it might be unpleasant? Or had you simply not thought about it at all?

I'd never given it any serious thought. I just suddenly thought, for Chrissake, you only live once. You might as well try it. Since then, we've done it regularly. It doesn't bother me. It feels nice, and comfortable. Love?

Well, I wouldn't call it that. At sixteen you're a little old to be the boy most paedophiles dream about.

Christian has a friend who goes for very small kids, six or seven years old; that seems to me a little too young. Because I can't see how such boys really know what it's all about, at least in the way that a boy of ten, eleven or twelve does.

Did you know, that first time, 'what it was all about'?

Sure, completely. I'd known for two years already, because he'd told me. So that night it just suddenly struck me: now we're going to try it. I don't mean I regret it - no way. Though at home I'd been brought up with the idea that... Suppose some paedo was going to be hanged in the town square? My mother would be the first one to pull the rope. That's also one of the reasons why my mother doesn't even know Christian exists. At my home I have a code name for him: Lars. If I'm calling from Christian's home I say I'm with Lars. Every time, that's for sure - because it's logical; it fits. Lars has a computer. We watch videos and play with the computer, that sort of thing. So I tell them at home about the things I'm really doing here. And so my mother thinks Lars is a boy of 15 or 16 - but that's not my problem.

What would happen if she found out?

First of all, I'd be beaten until I looked like the Swedish flag. And then I'd be sent to some boarding school, far, far away, somewhere in the boondocks where all the pigs wear license plates. Out there in the countryside child molesters don't exist, at least according to my mother. Christ, I'm always getting warned at home about child molesters!

Is Christian a kind of second father to you? Or is he more like another kid you hang around with?

He's no second father. And he's not really like another kid, either. He's a good friend. I'd often rather be with Christian than with some of the kids my age, because I always have more say in what we're going to do.

When you're with a bunch of kids there's always the chance that if five of them want to do something and two do not, then you've got to decide: you do what they want to do or you leave them. But with Christian, we sit down and talk it over; then you have equal say. Nobody's forcing you to do something.

Take one example: two of my friends who wanted me to join them have just been arrested for stealing a bike, and if I'd gone along with them I'd probably have been caught, too - because sometimes you can say what you want and other times you cannot. The closer you get to someone, the better friends you become, the more you like to be with him and the more likely you are to do something you shouldn't, something against society's rules.

Lots of people think what I do with Christian is breaking one of society's most important rules, but I don't pay that any attention, because many of them say child molesters should be thrown in prison and all - such people just don't know what they're talking about.

You say the other youngsters in your crowd put you under pressure to do some things, but don't you think Christian now and then puts you under pressure to do certain things, too?

Perhaps going shopping for him when he's too tired, or putting the kettle on the stove, that sort of thing. If you mean pressuring me to do something sexual, then no, absolutely not.

And the other way round?

No, it's... Well, yes, now and then, like, "You go get the newspaper, Christian, 'cause last time it was me that went out for the cigarettes." But going on a trip or something, we always agree.

Yes, but what if you want to go somewhere and he wants to go some place else?

Okay, that can really be a problem sometimes. Like, one day I wanted to go to the Zoological Museum and he wanted to go to the national aquarium. [Here followed a lengthy explanation of why the Zoological Museum was the more interesting.] So we couldn't come to an agreement, and finally Christian just sat down and read a book while I played with the computer. And for half an hour we didn't speak to each other. Finally I decided to make us some coffee. Then

everything was okay again - after I had made him go out to the baker's to buy some bread. But, no, mostly we agree on things we do - making a trip to town, going to the baker's... going to bed.

Does he teach you anything?

Yes. I've got to admit I know a lot more about math now, and how to load batteries into a flashlight - that sort of thing. I also learned what a paedophile is. And about different kinds of people, and all.

Did you teach Christian anything?

I guess I've given him a different view of children and people my own age. And I've taught him something about biology; that's my favourite subject. He taught me how to use a computer, and I taught him some of the games you can play on it. But you don't think about that, who's teaching what to whom.

Do you reflect a lot on what people think and believe about paedophilia?

When the subject of paedophilia or child molesters comes up, I pay close attention to what people say, for there always seems to be something new. That happened once in 9th grade biology class, when we were getting sex education. The teacher was very liberal, a 35-year-old woman. We discussed all different kinds of sex. And I was the only one in class who could give a definition of paedophilia - I was even allowed to give a short lecture on it. My teacher was very pleased; some of my friends were surprised - how the hell could I have learned all that? It was hard to explain!

After that first time when you went to bed with Christian, how long was it before you did it again?

Three or four days later, I think.

And since then, have you done it regularly?

Yes, with small ups and downs in how often. There was one period when we did it a lot more than usual. It just depends on how you feel about it.

Which one of you wants it the most?

I don't think you could say. I think each of us can sort of sense when the other is willing. If you say, 'Okay, let's do it,' that means you yourself want to do it, right? You can't say one of us wants it more than the other.

Is your need for having sex with each other diminishing or is it staying about the same?

No, I think it is slackening off. As you get to the age of fifteen or sixteen, you become more and more interested in girls; most boys do. You realise more and more clearly that you prefer one

thing or the other. In my case, I prefer doing it with girls to doing it with Christian. But we keep on being real close friends - I expect we'll remain close friends, even when I'm forty years old.

You believe it's the same with him?

Definitely. I'm not the only boy he knows who goes to bed with girls.

Do you consider yourself gay?

No.

Have you ever thought about whether you were 'queer'?

No.

Do you believe all boys could do with men the same things you have done with Christian?

No, not all. Because there are always some who wouldn't for moral reasons, because of their upbringing. And upbringing has a greater influence on some boys than on others. But I think 90% or 95% could have had the same sort of experiences as I've had, if only they'd been invited to. And if they'd been treated the same way I was.

Then you believe most boys would like to do it?

Yeah, I think so. But I also have to say that I'm thinking of boys ten, twelve or thirteen years old. No kid my age who's never done it will be likely to start now. At my age it is seen as homosexual.

I think most of the kids who go with paedophiles are boys because it seems to me that girls have a whole different idea about being together with a man. You have to keep in mind that girls mature earlier than boys, and so it is more decisive to a girl what a man does with her. There can't be very many girls who like having a man stick his thing into her. With a boy it's all pretty much just stroking and caressing.

But a man can also put his thing into a boy's anus...

Yes, that's so. I've heard that some people do that, but we never did.

You never thought about doing it?

I never thought about doing it.

What, then, do you do? Suck each other?

Mostly he does that to me. We suck, lick, kiss, caress, stroke each other all over, that sort of thing.

Did you ever try it with boys your own age?

No, only with girls.

You're not tempted to do it with another boy?

No. I cannot imagine it. With someone your own age, that would be more homosexual. Especially when you're fifteen, sixteen or seventeen, all boys and girls would think of it that way.

People are so afraid of being queer?

No. If you know you're gay, accept the fact that you're gay, then you're not so scared of being that way. It's more the reaction of your friends that worries you.

If your friends found out about the relations you're having with Christian, what do you think they'd say? Would they call you a queer?

I don't know. I've never thought about it. They probably would, if they found out. But, what the hell, you'd have to make the best of it... if that happened. But I don't think it will, because I keep school and my leisure time separate. My leisure time, that's my private life, and the other kids at school have nothing to do with it unless I myself want them to.

And what if the police became involved all of a sudden?

I'm sixteen now and the age of consent is fifteen, so, I would just tell them to fuck off.

But what if Christian has taken some risky photos of your when you were younger?

He hasn't.

Or if Christian let it slip out to someone?

First thing I'd do would be to leave home, before my mother found out. My mother would take it the hardest of all the people around me, that I know. But I don't really worry about such things. If I really had to run around worried all the time that the police were after me, I'd go crazy in less than a month.

Do you think Christian is afraid of this?

No, not since I turned fifteen. Because they couldn't prove anything. As things are now, the chance of this happening is like zero. Because neither of us wants to have the police on our necks, so why are we going to tell anybody?

What's the best thing about your relationship?

The friendship. That's what I appreciate the most.

How often do you see each other?

It can vary. Sometimes I won't come for three weeks, and then I'll be there every day, coming by as soon as I can. But it's mostly just for friendship and the chance to talk with somebody who understands you differently from the way your parents do.

How do you mean?

If I have problems at school my mother always assumes it's my fault and I have to stop acting the way I do.

But Christian feels that there may be something wrong with the other kids. Well, you can't do anything to change your school friends, but it's a lot different when you talk such things out with someone who isn't always telling you it's your own fault. And he has more time to discuss such things with me.

He understands you better?

Absolutely. He understands me a lot better than my own mother. That makes me a little sad. I think your parents of all people should devote the most time to you. They should understand their children better than anybody else. But the way things are heading these days, it is just the opposite. And if things keep on like they are, I think it may be up to the paedophiles to keep many of our kids from going crazy. Like my Danish teacher says, there are children with the keys to their homes hung around their necks on a string and twenty crowns in their pockets for something to eat in the snack bar, and then their mothers and fathers leave for work. The more such neglected kids we have the more frustrated individuals will grow up and become socially maladjusted. And the more adults there are to whom such kids can go and talk, the fewer social problems. But, of course, it depends on what kind of paedophile the kid's visiting.

Couldn't this role be played by teachers, youth leaders, school psychologists, that sort of people?

No. The school psychologist just goes through his daily routine. Several years ago I went to the school psychologist regularly and I just got the same talk every time. I don't think a school psychologist has the time or energy to put himself in the place of any one child. And that's really lousy, because there's a great need for someone who could do that. But it will never happen unless society changes.

Many people say that children only go to paedophiles because they want attention, and they pay for this attention with sex.

I don't believe it - if that were the case there'd be something wrong with the paedophile; he'd be a man who only thinks about sex. A paedophile who understands boys knows when the child wants to do something sexual. And if the boy doesn't want sex, then doing it anyhow would give no pleasure to the paedophile - I think at least to most of them. A relationship where the man is only interested in sex won't be very good. It will last for maybe half a year, at the most. Sooner or later the child is going to ask himself, 'What am I doing here?' And then he will automatically start spending more and more time with his age-mates.

You never thought about it as an exchange?

No. I continue to believe we would be just as good friends if I'd never gone to bed with Christian. Maybe our relationship wouldn't have been quite so intimate, now that I think about it, but our

friendship and companionship would have been just the same.

But did sleeping with each other strengthen the bonds of your friendship?

We certainly got to know other sides of one another. You can talk more freely and openly because when you've gone to bed with someone, you know that person better.

Is it a kind of key that opens doors?

Yes, in a certain way. I find that also happens when I've been to bed with a girl. Afterwards you lie there and talk.

When did you start going with girls?

The first time I went to bed with a girl was on my fifteenth birthday. I wanted to celebrate right away the fact that I was at last over the age of consent. Since then I've been doing it regularly. I have some other feelings when I go to bed with Christian than when I go to bed with a girl, although they're difficult to separate. True, I don't have a... yes, I once had a steady relationship with a girl, but I got tired of it, because you cannot have two relationships in two different places with two wildly different personalities - that's really hard.

What's the difference between being with a girl and being with a man?

You think differently; you act differently; your whole mental process is different. Maybe that's because I'm the sort of person who goes to town and has one night stands; I may never see the girl again. You don't build this up in your mind the same way.

Let's say you're going steady with some girl and she finds out that you're also meeting Christian and going to bed with him, what do you think she would say?

It would be hard to find a girl who would accept that. Because someone who's never experienced this himself looks at it in a completely different light. I think the first thing she'd do would be to break off all connections with me. I think it's awfully hard for a girl to accept this kind of thing. The same would be true of boys. It's hard to accept something which you don't know anything about.

But you might one day have to choose: make a choice between a girl and Christian.

That would be hard for me. I think I'd finally prefer sex with a girl, but I would maintain my friendship and companionship with Christian. But if that happened I'd probably spend more time with the girl. The way things are evolving now, my instinct tells me that Christian cannot go on being intimate with me for ever. The older I get the less attractive to him I become, that's obvious. Sooner or later all that will be left will be our companionship. And I'll be more and more interested in girls.

And you're also getting a little tired of all-male sex?

Yes. Probably. People talk about growing out of it. I don't think I'll 'grow out of it', not in that way, but I'm definitely going to become heterosexual. I'm sure of that. It's my nature. But memories, especially the nice ones (maybe there are a few bad memories) - the nice ones you're always happy to recall. Maybe you'll say, well that was then. And maybe at other times you'll catch yourself thinking, "Wouldn't it be nice to have all of that back again" - even when you're carrying on a steady relationship with a girl.

They are two different things? The one cannot substitute for the other?

They're very, very different. They can't take each other's place. Because in the love of an adult man for a child there will be a lot more feeling, much more comradeship, than there ever is in the relationship between a boy and a girl.

Is there also a difference in being active and passive? Is it that when you have sex with Christian it is he who is active?

Yes, he is the most active.

And how is it when you're with a girl? Do you have to be active then?

Yes, mostly I'm active. It depends on the kind of role you have to play. If you compare a paedophile relationship with that between men and women, then the adult is like the man and the child like the women.

And you will always assume that the man is the most active.

Do you feel like a woman in your relationship with Christian?

No! Are you crazy, man?!

Well, that was just what you were saying.

Bullshit. What I said was that's the way other people usually look at it. They compare it with conventional sex. There it's the woman who's passive.

Do you like to play the passive role?

I have to admit, in this case, it is nice. It is so different from when you have to play the strong male role with girls, where it's the man who's supposed to dominate.

Do you feel you're playing more of a role when you're with a girl than when you're with Christian?

Yes. There's more role-playing then.

Do you feel that you've exploited him?

No.

Do you feel he's exploited you?

No. Because when there's no sexual desire, nothing happens. One of the things essential to a paedophile relationship surely is respect. And when one of the partners says no, that means no. You don't put pressure on each other. You cannot do that.

It all sounds very rosy.

Yes, it's really, really great!

Do you believe that all paedophile relationships are so wonderful?

I don't know. I don't believe a paedophile relationship can go on for very long unless it's at least a little rosy.

But I also think that the desire to visit a paedophile, the desire to go to bed with a paedophile, wanes as you get older, because sooner or later you realise you are too old for it, and the paedophile himself will come to the same realisation.

10.9 He was very different from the pedosexuals on the internet

Report-ID: 19058

This is the personal experience report of the author of the book *Die Sache mit Peter*. Only a section of the author's blog is reproduced here. The full report can be found in the book (ISBN-13: 9783743141841)

First published	14.02.2017
Author	Max Meier-Jobst (alias)
Topics	internet, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	bod.de, wordpress.com, wordpress.com
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Blog of the author
Start of the relationship	2003
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	30
Name of the boy	Max
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

It is still like this today, and it was hardly any different when I was younger, in those early days of the internet: when you start out as a child or teenager, when you discover the internet for yourself, you're always looking to satisfy the curiosity that is so typical of your age. And if you

10.9. HE WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE PEDOSEXUALS ON THE INTERNET

make the mistake of revealing your true age – it does not take long before you get more or less open offers from pedophiles, so-called boylovers (or girllovers).

Some of these men flattered me with great empathy, sincere interest, intelligent compliments – others were clumsy, vulgar, scared, disgusting, trying to deceive me, use me. Unfortunately, I only learned that both could happen almost simultaneously when it was too late . . .

First, however, I behaved like a Lolita and openly enjoyed the attention of these men, who indulged themselves entirely to their urges disguised as “boylove”. Even when I first consciously received this kind attention outside of the virtual world: in the form of Peter’s shy but clearly admiring looks – the beginning of our initially so harmless relationship.

Peter made no secret of the fact that he had a crush on me, that he was attracted to boys. But he was very different from the pedosexuals on the internet. It was not me that I had been caught in his net, but he had been caught in mine. He hadn’t even been out hunting when we met. I had caught him, attracted only by his good looks I had walked seemingly by chance past his house, even spoke to him at some point. Soon I tried to be his friend and be close to him.

And yet in the end it was he who seduced me (some would say raped) and not the other way around. I was the temptation he couldn’t resist. His intentions may have been the best. His actions were not.

Today I think a “good” pedophile is only the one who tries not to be one, even though this seems impossible in times of ever-new disclosures of abuse scandals and child porn rings. And yet: we should never judge people for what they feel, wish or think. But only for what they do.

10.10 His house was like an oasis

Report-ID: 42368

Jeff reports from his childhood and youth and his first sexual experiences. His account is supplemented by original excerpts from his diary.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	Jeff
Topics	coming-in, sleeping, seduction by the boy, girls
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Consenting Juveniles
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	22
Name of the boy	Jeff
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: SOLR interview, in-person, audio recorded plus journal

Full text and comments from Consenting Juveniles

[...]

I was 13 when my mother and step-father divorced. She was 32 and had this 22-year-old boyfriend for a couple of years. It was interesting.

10.10. HIS HOUSE WAS LIKE AN OASIS

He had kind-of a tragic life. His father was dead. His brother had hanged himself. So he was kind-of miserable and drank a lot. But he was this tall, Italian guy with dark, curly hair and I just thought he was really cute, sexy. And he was fun. He was cool.

I spent a lot of time with him. My mother would work in the evening, so we'd hang out. He'd get all drunk and pass out on the bed or the couch. So I'd be lying in my bed and he'd be right there in the living room, snoring outside the door of my room. Sometimes I couldn't sleep and would just think, "Maybe I'll . . ."

It was very frustrating. Because I was in this little town and there wasn't a lot of opportunity to contact anybody. So I couldn't help myself but take advantage of him. He was my opportunity.

So I'd sneak out there and play around with him in his drunken sleep. He'd be wearing jeans and a T-shirt. I had to get in there. I opened his pants and took out his cock. Very carefully. And played with it. And sucked it a little bit. I didn't want to do too much and get caught. But it was exciting.

I did it a couple of times.

[...]

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10.11 I felt a lot of guilt because I was supposed to testify in court

Report-ID: 59002

In the German book *Herausforderung Pädophilie*, by psychologists Claudia Schwarze and Dr. Gernot Hahn, a client from a therapy group has his say. He reports what effects his older friend's arrest had on him.

First published	01.01.2016
Author	Jens
Topics	trauma, punishment, guilt, prison
Weblinks	psychiatrie-verlag.de
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Herausforderung Pädophilie
Start of the relationship	1990
Age of the boy (start)	13
Name of the boy	Jens
Perspective	grown up boy
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Herausforderung Pädophilie. Beratung, Selbsthilfe, Prävention“ by Claudia Schwarze and Dr. Gernot Hahn. 2. edition, 2020. Psychatrie Verlag. ISBN: 978-3-96605-010-4

Translated by JUMIMA

The questioning and contacts with the police and judges following a criminal complaint can also be a burdening consequence of sexual abuse. In retrospect, Jens (39), a client from our therapy group, reports:

“I was just 13 when I met Gerhard. I thought he was really great, his personality, what he was capable of doing, but also physically. He had always done a lot of sports and looked good. I liked him. We then had a real relationship and also sex. That was really nice. Gerhard was

10.11. I FELT A LOT OF GUILT BECAUSE I WAS SUPPOSED TO TESTIFY IN COURT

so tender to me. It wasn't just in and out and done. I just thought it was stupid that the whole thing had to be kept secret. I knew that he shouldn't do what he was doing. And of course I was embarrassed. If they'd found out at school . . . I didn't even want to imagine that. The relationship with Gerhard only became a burden when everything was exposed and he was convicted. I was really shocked. I had the feeling that nothing bad had been happening, and yet they send him to jail. I felt a lot of guilt because I was supposed to testify in court.”

10.12 I find it stupid that these things are punished with jail

Report-ID: 50099

This letter was sent to the author of the book *Heimliche Liebe*, Wolf Vogel. A boy tells about his friendship with a man and expresses his view of the legal situation.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	parents, playground, masturbation, sanctions
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

"I met my friend by chance on a playground in the park when he addressed me. We talked, fooled around and made plans for the next day. I found out that he was into boys from a friend of the same age, who in turn knew him from another friend. This news didn't scare me, it made me curious and horny. I admit to masturbating almost every day, so it was interesting to know a man who cared about what happening to me.

We had the first sexual contact after about three weeks. At that time we met two or three times a week. I discovered a book on pedophilia at home with photos of a boy and a man hugging and kissing. I showed him this picture and asked him if he liked something like that. He was not surprised and said: 'Sure I like that, but only if the boy likes it too and both want to have

10.12. I FIND IT STUPID THAT THESE THINGS ARE PUNISHED WITH JAIL

something together.' Afterwards he told me a lot about himself and his feelings. I moved closer and closer to him until we were hugging and cuddling. Since I was wearing trousers, he could clearly see my excitement. He stroked my whole body and finally ... I don't want to tell any more of it; the rest you can imagine.

I find it stupid that these things are punished with jail, even if both participants want to do it. It's fun, I like my boyfriend, and sometimes I suffer from not being able to hug and kiss him when we walk in the park."

10.13 I had a very good time with paedophiles

Report-ID: 88008

Holger tells the story of how he fell in love with a grown man when he was 12.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Trobriands Collective (Pseudonym)
Topics	boyscouts war, religion, interview
Weblinks	ipce.info, ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Crime Without Victims
Start of the relationship	1940s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	18
Age of the man	29
Name of the boy	Holger
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Crime Without Victims: A book about paedophilia.

A Danish man, Holger, was in his fifties when he gave an interview about his experiences as a minor, included in Crime without Victims.

It started when I was 12. We had gym at school and we all showered together afterwards in the locker-room. I had relations with several boys in my class, but I was more interested in adults.

10.13. I HAD A VERY GOOD TIME WITH PAEDOPHILES

I'm from North Sealand. I discovered that exciting things went on in the dunes near Tisvilde. I made a lot of contacts and dates there.

One evening on the way home from a Scout meeting - a Monday evening during the war with the blackout in effect - I passed by one of the young men in the village. He was getting cream puffs [In Danish they're called "nigger kisses" Ed.] from a vending machine. The question just popped out of my mouth: "Are you going to have a nigger kiss tonight? He was. And I got one of his cakes.

We walked part way down the road together and made a date to meet again on Thursday to play cards. When I arrived on Thursday he had a fine fire going in his stove. He suggested strip poker. He was the first adult male I went with and I fell very much in love with him.

How old were you?

Thirteen and a half, and he was in his late twenties. But then suddenly he disappeared. I had no idea where he'd gone. The next place I went for contacts was the swimming pool at Charlottenlund. I rode my bike - 45 kilometre there and back. Usually I had to fit it all into the afternoon - the trip and the sex - and so I had to pedal very hard. I made a number of contacts. Some had come to North Sealand. With others, I went to their villages. So, in the summertime I did quite well; wintertime was a bit harder.

Did you realise it was illegal?

Yes. One of the men explained this to me in Tisvilde. He was afraid that somebody would find out what we were doing, but I came from a very religious family so I had no intention of going home and telling anybody anything. I knew the sex was something you weren't supposed to do, but I couldn't fight it. Actually, the man wasn't really gay, but, since I played the part of girl in bed we got on very well together.

You weren't afraid of discovery?

Yes I was, and once it caused a real problem. I had a school friend I was going with one winter. Whenever either his parents or mine went out at night, we would get together, on the pretext that we had homework to do. But there was another boy in our village who was interested in me and knew about my relationship with my friend. I refused to have anything to do with that boy, but then he went to our minister and told him what we were doing. The minister summoned us in for a talk. I was first. Even though he had several sons with whom I had "fooled around", I wasn't afraid of him. I told him I didn't think he should interfere. I told him I knew he was bound to professional secrecy and I thought he should act as though he'd never even heard this slander. As for the rest, I didn't want to discuss it any further with him. So we parted and I heard nothing more from him. By then, my friend and I were already gay. We continued meeting and we still see each other from time to time.

10.13. I HAD A VERY GOOD TIME WITH PAEDOPHILES

Have you ever accepted money for the contacts you've had?

No. At the most an ice cream or such. And the only thing I could give them in return were some apples or other fruits. We had only a small amount of pocket money in those days.

What do you think about paedophilia?

I don't know what I would have done in those six years, from when I was 12 until I was 18, if I hadn't had the chance to meet men older than I was myself. In other words, I had a very good time with paedophiles, and for the rest, I don't think there should be a fixed age of consent. If there is a need on both sides I don't believe the law should interfere. There was a time, I remember, when I was still 17 and my friend had just turned 18. Suddenly what we did together was criminal and he could have been punished for it.

10.14 I said 'yes' so we got off on each other

Report-ID: 46338

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book '*And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	brother, gay
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	22
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

10.14. I SAID 'YES' SO WE GOT OFF ON EACH OTHER

Case 3 (boy 13, man 22). Subject and adult brother often massaged each other. “This time, however, I got a little hard and then he noted I had grown so much since he last saw me naked. He asked me jokingly if he could suck my dick. I said ‘yes’ so we got off on each other. He did me and then I did him. He came all over me but I did not. This lasted a month until he headed back to work. I do miss him as a friend and a brother. Was nothing romantic.” Subject added, “I liked it, felt good. I wanted to do it again and again. I already knew my brother was gay and that I was attracted to men so this did not prove or disprove that I was gay” (p. 77).

10.15 I sank my love for the time being

Report-ID: 15063

The author of the report is a long-time user of a forum for men who are attracted to boys. He reports an experience he had as a child with the coach of a soccer team.

First published	18.04.2021
Author	n°aigùr
Topics	soccer, football, coach, homesick, love, abuse
Weblinks	jungsforum.net, jungsforum.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	13
Age of the man	37
Name of the boy	Micheal
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	hebephile
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

This report consists of two posts that reference a previous report by another user.

10.15.1 Posting from the German discussion board Jungsforum, posted on April 18th, 2021

The “soul costume” of both [participants in the described intimacy, editor’s note] is clear, but that of third parties has become decisive, I think. Because, as you described it, the role [of the victim, editor’s note] would have had to be talked into you with some effort. This is done

10.15. I SANK MY LOVE FOR THE TIME BEING

through channels that you did not have as a “minor,” at least not in their entirety, and today more than ever. You had more self-confidence. I was 13 and the experience with a coach at a tournament at the time stuck, even if under the surface - Abyssopelagial, so to speak. There were other reasons for that.

It was not what actually happened that stuck, but what can probably be called the longing for a reunion that was not fulfilled. It was big. So big, in fact, that tears were shed during the return visit. Official diagnosis: homesickness. The coach in question was no longer there. He had been removed [aus “dem Verkehr” gezogen] and it was said behind closed doors that he had had “something with boys”. One cannot imagine the confusion when a “chick”, quite ignorant [unaufgeklärt] at that, is no longer able to bring his emotional world into harmony with the common sense that was already being conveyed at the time. Without being able to classify it for myself at the time, I had undoubtedly fallen deeply in love with the gentleman and was even about to run away to see him again. I thought about him for a very long time. The type still fascinates me today. But above all, I did not talk about it with anyone - with nobody. This also affected my very intense feelings about other boys. If you “have something with boys, . . .”, so my educated obedience, “. . . then you get problems.” I then sank my “love” for the time being, I think.

n°

10.15.2 Follow-up posting from the German discussion board Jungsforum, posted on April 27th, 2021

Question in a previous post: Do you see yourself or have you felt victimized at times?

It wasn't abuse. Definitely not, I believe. It may be that the coach “played” my loneliness. But then what was it that fascinated me? Why did I seek his closeness and even allow touching? (It was really extraordinary that I allowed an adult to do that at that time!) He didn't have to play me much at all so that I would retreat with him to a private place [damit ich mich mit ihm mal “zurückzog”]. Possibly I saw in him also a desired father? There were certainly reasons for that. And yes! I was “infatuated” at first sight and unfortunately could not classify the feeling at all. This was then later professionally “worked through”. No! Abusive and assaultive in the sense of a traumatic experience were other situations. This is the wrong place for that. And that type of “man” still fascinates me today.

n°

10.16 I thought he was pretty attractive

Report-ID: 27348

George Takei, an American actor (Star Trek), author and activist, tells of an intimate teenage experience at a summer camp.

First published	21.02.2017
Author	George Takei
Topics	summer camp, camp counselor, interview
Weblinks	youtube.com, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Youtube
Start of the relationship	1950
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	18
Name of the boy	George Takei
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Youtube, 2017.

The Star Trek actor said that at the age of 13 he had a sexual experience with his camp counselor who was about 18 or 19. When asked if he considered it molestation in a sense because he was 13, he said, "No, no, because I was kind of, I thought he was pretty attractive."

Transcript by JUMIMA

Interviewer: George, where did you go to summer camp?

George Takei: At Lake Arrowhead, in Southern California.

Interviewer: How old were you at the time?

George Takei: I was 13, yeah.

Interviewer: And you blew your counselor? [Laughter]

George Takei: No, I was very young and he was an older teenager, he was the camp counselor.

Interviewer: Nineteen would you say?

George Takei: He was about 18 or 19, yeah. And he was experienced. And we each had cabins and he was the counselor in my cabin.

Interviewer: He could tell that you were a gay man? Was it evident at 13?

George Takei: No, no. It wasn't.

Interviewer: Were you sure at that point that you were gay?

George Takei: No I was not sure. [Laughter]

Interviewer: And, how did he seduce you?

George Takei: Well, he started touching me and..

Woman: Wait a minute, he came into your cabin, you two were alone, he sits down next to you on your bed...

Interviewer: How were you alone at summer camp?

George Takei: We went in the cabin.

Interviewer: And where were the other boys?

George Takei: They were off hiking or something.

Woman: Doing little boy things... [Laughter]

Interviewer: Somehow you managed to stay behind... Do you think subconsciously you stayed behind because you wanted to be alone with him?

George Takei: No, no, there was some kind of reason why I had to be there.

Interviewer: Where you on your period? [Laughter]

George Takei: And he was gonna teach me something...

Woman: Oh yes, he was ... [Laughter]

Interviewer: And you sat there, and he touched you... Where you molested in a sense, because you were 13?

George Takei: No, no, because I was kind of, well ... I thought he was pretty attractive.

10.17 I wanted more!

Report-ID: 57336

A married man tells of his six-year relationship with a man who showed him erotic art and masturbated him. The relationship changed later and became platonic. The younger man was at the older man's deathbed 37 years later.

First published	01.01.1975
Author	Unknown
Topics	war, family, bedwetting, art, death of the man, guilt
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	En Mijn Vriende Houdt Van Me
Start of the relationship	1933
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	46
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual, Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

10.17.1 English Summary

Source: "En me vriendje houdt van mij: 23 verhalen uit het leven gegrepen", edited by Ben Füss and Gorrit Goslinga (Eindhoven: Stichting Uitgeverij NVSH, 1981)

"We had just moved and that was how I met a nice man, as a 13-year-old. We talked a lot, in his room. He was very interested in art and possessed a lot of books with pictures of works of art and sculpture. I had little interest for this but did not want to hurt Dick's feelings. Only the pictures that showed nudity captured my interest. I also tried to hide this. [...]" This interest

10.17. I WANTED MORE!

was noticed by Dick and it led to Dick briefly caressing the boy's genitals. Dick was very cautious and tried to end it immediately. The boy was very eager to have additional sexual experiences and finally persuaded Dick to allow him a visit. One thing led to another and the end result was a tender sexual relationship that lasted for about six years. After the war he re-established a life-long friendship with Dick, though without the sexual aspect. He was there when Dick died at age 83. He adds: "The value of this relationship is something I continue to cherish till this very day."

10.17.2 Original dutch text

Bron: See Ik Wilde Meer! ("I Want More!") in Martijn (PDF, 6 Mb), December 1980, page 16-18, in Dutch.

10.17.2.1 See Ik Wilde Meer!

Relaas van een nu (1975) 55 jarige man

Onderzoek naar seksuele ervaringen in de jeugd: over mijn jeugd – korte levensbeschrijving:

Geboren in 1921 als 7e kind, de jongste in het gezin, moeder was inmiddels 42 jaar – uit een onharmonisch huwelijk. Wél waren mijn ouders meelevend Gereformeerd, maar vochten als hond en kat. Moeder erg dominerend waardoor Vader de vlucht nam tot drank, kwam de meeste avonden dronken thuis.

Moeder verklaarde later, aan mijn vrouw: "gelukkig had ik geen borstvoeding meer, dus kon één van zijn zusjes hem om de beurt de fles en schone luiers geven."

Streling en liefde waren onbekende begrippen.

Meede door alle spanningen in het gezin, wie zal het zeggen, was ik een hardnekkige bedplasser. In eerste instantie tot ver in de puberteit. Ik was daardoor de speelbal van het gezin, mijn piemelplassertje, je deed er immers niets anders mee dan plassen en dan nog wel in bed, was gezinsbezit en onderwerp van gesprek.

Zowel met moeder als met een van de zusjes van de ene dokter naar de andere. Tijdens zo'n onderzoek de piemel stijf laten worden – waarvoor je je in bijzijn van anderen rotschaamde – was geen zeldzaamheid.

Seksualiteit. Voorzover mijn herinneringen terug gaan had ik al vroeg – 12 á 13 jaar – zaadlozingen en intensief belangstelling voor seksuele belevenissen. In eerste instantie met vriendjes van eigen leeftijd, bij ons uit de buurt, in kelders of tenten elkaar aftrekken. Op één uitzondering na – op mijn 14 e jaar vond ik dit spelen van jongens onder elkaar te ruw. Het mooiste spel was een jongen leegtrekken en danterwijl anderen hem vasthielden – nog een poosje door blijven rukken, ook al deed dat pijn.

Steeds mistte ik tederheid in omgang, alleen zoals ik al schreef, omstreeks mijn 14e met een vriendje – Karel. Echter door andere ervaringen werden contacten met hem spaarzaam.

Pedofilie. Die andere ervaringen waren als jongen met een pedofiel. We waren pas verhuisd en daardoor maakte ik als 13 jarige kennis met een aardige man. Was ik getroffen door een volwassen mens, die mij óók als MENS benaderde.

Wij babbelden veel af, in zijn kamertje. Hij had veel interessen in kunst en was in het bezit van veel boeken met afbeeldingen van schilder – en beeldhouwkunst. Ik had daar weinig belangstelling voor, doch wilde hem – Dick – niet voor zijn hoofd stoten.

Alleen de platen die naakt te zien lieten hadden mijn belangstelling. Ook dit probeerde ik te verbergen.

Waar komt toch die angst vandaan bij kinderen om gewoon in te gaan op wat de ander hem belangstellend laat zien?

Dick merkte toch wel mijn heimelijke belangstelling en liet wat meer de genoemde platen zien.

In mijn kort strak broekjewat ik meestal droeg – werd een stijf pikje zichtbaar. Ik stond zo dicht mogelijk tegen het buro waarop de boeken lagen, mede om mijn seksuele reactie te verbergen.

Dick leit zijn hand naar de bobbel gaan en streelde het even. Er ging een rilling van genot door mij heen, maar ik dorst niets daarvan te tonen. Ik was toen 13 en Dick 46.

Dick was zeer behoedzaam en bang voor ontdekking naar buiten.

Hoewel IK méér ging aandringen HIELD HIJ DE BOOT AF!

Ik wilde méér! De rilling die hij bij mij teweeg had gebracht vroeg om meer. Na heel veel moeite kreeg ik gedaan dat ik hem eens op een avond mocht komen opzoeken.

Alleen na lang aandringen van MIJN kant lukte dit.

Bij de volgende ontmoeting bleef Dick teder en behoedzaam. Ik rustte echter niet voor ik naakt voor hem stond.

En dat was teveel voor mijn oudere vriend. Hij legde mij behoedzaam op bed en begon mij te strelen op geheel mijn lichaam, telkens even mijn pikje – wat inmiddels stijf geworden was – beroerend. Het fijnste was het moment dat hij bij mij de meld eruit trok.

Dat moment is in mijn herinnering nog steeds onbeschrijfbaar.

Wat mij ook als bekend is bijgebleven, de reactie van Dick na afloop van ons liefdesspel.

Eerst begon hij mij hartstochtelijk te zoenen. Vooral het schuren langs zijn baard vond ik niet prettig. Daarna toonde hij een gevoel van schuld tegenover mij, dat hij zich had laten gaan, deed toen pas zelf zijn broek uit en begon zichzelf af te trekken.

Ik kreeg daarvan weinig te zien, hij moest zijn spanning kwijt.

Op je 13e meestal nog nat uit bed komen, als een klein kind behandeld worden, en dan een ervaring door een ander als een normaal mens gezien te worden is en blijft een belevenis.

In de periode van mijn 13e tot 19e jaar had ik met nog een pedofiel regelmatig contact, tot stand gekomen op mijn 16e. Dit contact was van geheel andere aard, had ook geen diepgang, maar tochgenoot ik ervan door de man klaargemaakt te worden.

Mijn omgeving heeft in die jaren nooit iets van mijn gevoelens bemerkt, zodoende had ik met hen of met instanties geen problemen.

Vriendschap. Na de oorlog hernieuwde ik het contact met Dick. Ik was inmiddels 24 geworden. Onze verhouding was goed, vriendschappelijk, echter zonder seksuele contacten – voorzover ik mij nu nog kan herinneren. Dit moet ook wel het geval geweest zijn, ik was volkomen verzwakt de oorlog uitgekomen, invalide en had tijd nodig voor herstel.

De waarde van deze relatie waardeert ik nog tot op de dag van vandaag.

In 1971 heb ik met een brok in mijn keel aan het sterfbed van Dick gestaan. Ik was bij hem toen hij insliep – op 83 jarige leeftijd.

Ik was toch NORMAL? Omstreeks mijn 30-ste huwde ik mijn vrouw. De betekenis van de woorden homofiel en pedofiel kende ik niet. Ik was toch normaal?

Hoe mooi en waardevol kan een relatie tussen een jongen en een man zijn.

Bij het ouder worden ging dit steeds meer bij mij een vraag worden. Toch verlangde ik naar een leven van geborgen te zijn.

Wit ons huwelijk werden twee kinderen geboren. Ik heb altijd heel veel van mijn vrouw en kinderen gehouden. Onze verhouding is tot op de dag van vandaag nog steeds heel goed.

Hoe mooi kan de relatie tussen een jongen en een man zijn? Deze vraag bleef mij achtervolgen!

Toen mijn vrouw in verwachting was van ons eerste kind, kwam ik in contact met een dertienjarige jongen. Ons contact was zeer oppervlakkig, en toch deed het mij wat. In 1959 deed ik opnieuw een wonderlijke ontdekking met een 13-jarige. In een intieme relatie was die jongen het die mij wees op het bestaan van het Duitse boekje “100 naakte wilden”.

Enige dagen daarna was ik in het bezit van dit boekje.

Een boekje, surrogaat?

Het deed mijn verlangen naar intieme contacten wat afremmen. Het was te gevaarlijk.

Jeugleider. Wat voor velen onbegrijpelijk bleek, vanaf 1945 tot ongeveer 1960 was ik jeugleider. Ik ging haast dagelijks om met jongens in de leeftijd van 12 tot ongeveer 17 jr. Ik hield van mijn jongens, en de jongens van mij!

Toch was er geen enkel seksueel contact, zelfs geen gedachten daaraan.

De jongens die aan mij waren toevertrouwd hadden voor mij een geheel andere betekenis.

Wél kon een contact met een jongen die niet in mijn jeugdwerk zat tot stand komen. Zo’n contact komt meestal heel moeilijk tot stand, meestal via een urinoir. Dan kon je samen onbekend blijven. Bovendien, hoe zou een jongen – en waarom zou hij – zijn sesuele gevoelens aan een ander, een oudere, kenbaar maken?

DE ANDERE; DE OUDERE; DIE MOGELIJK ALLEEN MAAR :: DE JONGEN WIL BEOORDELEN VANUIT ZIJN STANDPUNT!

Ik zou weleens van jongens willen weten hoe ze nou zelf staan tegenover seksueel contact. Ik denk dat niet iedereen staat te trappelen om het broekje uitgetrokken te krijgen.

Als je zoiets rechtstreeks vraagt, krijg je een nee. Als er een aanleiding is, komt er wat meer uit.

Ik heb het volgende ontdekt. Ga een gesprek aan met een jongen van bv. in de puberteit over seksualiteit.

Het gesprek verloopt stroef zo niet onmogelijk. Z’n eigen klaarmaken? Hij heeft er geen weet van.

Geheel anders wordt het als je in een situatie komt dat jij jezelf en de jongen zich geheel uitleden. Je staat dan naakt tegenover elkaar, je hebt letterlijk en figuurlijk niets meer voor elkaar te verbergen.

“Naakt” PAS DAN KAN ER ECHT SPRAKE ZIJN VAN KONTAKT!

10.17. I WANTED MORE!

Ik zou wel eens willen weten hoe een jongen staat tegenover een prettig contact met een oudere, die interesse en belangstelling voor die jongen in zijn totaliteit heeft!

Enkele malen ben ik in de gelegenheid geweest deze ervaring op te doen.

Door mijn werk als jeugdleider, en later ook door de aard van mijn beroep, kwam ik veel in de gezinnen.

In de gezinnen kom je in aanraking met vele problemen waar je raad in gevraagd word.

Is dit een probleem wat je aanspreekt, dan zal je trachten daarin iets te doen. Alweer mijn inleiding: het bedplassen.

Ik heb daar andragelijk onder geleden. Ben daardoor ook gevoelig als een jongen op oudere leeftijd daar mee te maken heeft. In enkele gevallen heb ik jongens van deze kwaal af kunnen helpen. Dan is er sprake van:

Intiem Contact. Ik vertelde de jongens ook altijd mijn eigen ervaring – óók in deze contacten hadden wij NIETS voor elkaar te verbergen.

Ik kan mij vele andere situaties voorstellen waarin je als oudere vriend van de jeugd je kan inleven.

Naast het hierboven genoemde, de jeugd met een dominerende vader en/of moeder, een kind uit een ongelukkig huvelijk, en vul zo maar een aantal gevallen in.

Als jongen ik steun en liefde gevonden bij een oudere man, die van de jeugd HIELD! Hij heeft een periode van mijn leven kleur gegeven, die ik anders had moeten missen.

Al jaren is men bezig de problemen van de pedofiel te onderzoeken en daaraan mogelijk iets te doen.

Wanneer zal er eens een begin gemaakt worden naar een onderzoek onder de jeugd zelf, die jeugd, die ook nog in 1975 – of misschien juist in 1975 – liefde en geborgendheid zoekt bij de ouders?

Deze liefde behoeft toch niet altijd van seksuele aard te zijn?

Pas als ik de ervaringen die ik als jongen heb ondervonden, DIENSTBAAR kan maken aan de jeugd van deze tijd, dan durf ik te stellen dat mijn ervaring nog steeds zijn vruchten afwerpt.

MAAR DAN ZAL DOOR EEN GRONDIGE VERANDERING –

-Revolutie- DE SAMENLEVING MOETEN ERKENNEN DAT OOK DE JEUGD RECHT HEEFT OP SEKSUELE BELEVENIS; ONGEACHT ZIJN LEEFTIJD1 DAN KOMT ER WELLICHT NOG EEN TIJD DAT ER GEEN ONDERZOEKINGEN MEER NODIG ZIJN NAAR DE SEKSUELE ERVARING VAN DE JEUGD:

Recht. In deze laatste zinnen ligt wat veel nadruk op het seksuele; ik bedoel, zoals IK liefde en steun gevonden heb, heeft de jeugd tenslotte het op geborgenheid, wat hen nu vaak onthouden wordt.

HOE LANG NOG?

Bron Vermelding

– Deze “autobiografie” is letterlijken onverkort overgenomen uit het boekje: “En mijn vriedje houdt van me!”

Een uitgave van de NVSH – werkgroep Jeugdemancipatie. Dit boekje is in 1977 uitgegeven en bevat 23 levensechte belevenissen uit het “leven gegrepen” – de samenstelling was in handen van Ben Fuss en Gorrit Goslinga.

Er zijn nog enkele exemplaren voorhanden, dus als U geïnteresseerd bent, wees er dan snel bij!

Te bestellen bij: [...]

10.18 I was more in tune with myself after that

Report-ID: 47477

This report appeared in Tom O'Carrol's book 'Pedophilia - The Radical Case'. He lets the adult Keith have his say, who describes his youthful sexual experience at the age of 13 from today's perspective.

First published	01.06.1980
Author	Tom OCarrol
Topics	married, love, seduction by the boy, consent
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Paedophilia - The Radical Case
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	15
Age of the man	26
Name of the boy	Keith
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	pansexual
Plausibility	3 of 5

Keith, who teaches in a fashionable American private school, is of interest as he has been both the younger, and the older, partner in a paedophile relationship. He writes:

I myself was loved by a man when he was twenty-six and I was thirteen. Having read that, many critics would immediately carp, 'Aha — he learned to be a pederast by the example of this older man.' Nothing could be further from the truth, for I can remember looking lasciviously at an age-mate's rear when I was a mere five years old; and I got caught looking at the other "parts" of a different age-mate, in a different city, when I was eight. What I did learn from this man, however, was that sex was fun and an emotional attachment made it all even better. I believe

that he taught me, at least in my beginning stages, how to love another person. I was a pederast long before I met him!

I have always been very active, sexually. When I wasn't playing doctor with friends, I was developing my fantasy life and wondering what it would be like to grow hair "down there". When I did mature, at about age twelve and a half, it was like the world was beginning to make sense, to take on purpose and meaning. Other people were beginning to become very important to me, and in turn, they were noticing me as an individual person, no longer a "child" to be lumped together with all the other kids. My adolescence was a most invigorating experience; I found that I enjoyed the company of both girls and boys, and that my response to boys was tinged with excitement and a certain mysterious feeling which still, at thirty-four, evades description.

I regard my meeting with Mr S., then aged twenty-six, as a critical turning point in my love-life. Until then, sex was fun, felt good and left me only moderately guilty. The guilt was probably a result of a very prudish rearing, which for a time had me believing that "if it was fun, it was bad." This was not the exclusive fault of my parents, but was rather my understanding of what everyone I knew was telling me. Fortunately, I suppose, specific sex acts were never discussed as such in my family and I soon realised that I was feeling guilty not because I was doing something wrong, but only because if I were to get caught, my parents would be disappointed. I had a persistent and pervasive feeling that what I was doing was right for me and I decided that my only responsibility was to keep my activities unknown to my parents, for they simply wouldn't understand.

Mr S. co-operated in this subterfuge, to my delight, and once I approached him (yes — I approached him) with my thirteen-year-old impatience for intimacy, he told no one, responded positively to my shaky advances (didn't even laugh at me!) and simply embraced me, in every sense of the word, surrounding me with flexible yet steady security and self-assuredness. He fed my ego with compliments, opened up my knowledge of a gay society which I had no idea existed, and proved to me that I was not the only one in the world who was planning to make a career of the sexual activities which were "only a phase" in all my buddies.

Here was a masculine adult man (happily married, even), who was interested in doing with me what I was already finding exciting with my boy-friends. And through this relationship a new dimension was added to my experience which had not occurred to me before tenderness, affection and love. It may well be that the tenderness, affection and love were actually more my contribution than his — it's difficult to say from this distance in time. But it doesn't really matter; the important thing is that he allowed and encouraged affection, which was two-way from the start, and it became an integral part of the relationship. This affection was, in its way, just as satisfying as the ecstatic orgasms that punctuated our days and nights together.

I regard this man, this relationship as a turning point because I was never the same after knowing

10.18. I WAS MORE IN TUNE WITH MYSELF AFTER THAT

him for two years. I was more in tune with myself after that...

[...]

10.19 I was not molested. I was loved and I feel I am better for it.

Report-ID: 22730

A letter to NAMBLA about an ongoing relationship with an adult that started in a summer camp when the boy was 13 years old.

First published	01.10.1991
Author	Brian
Topics	summer camp, homesick
Weblinks	archive.org, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	Brian
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: A Letter to the "NAMBLA Bulletin", Vol 12, No. 8, Pg. 15, October 1991

Dear NAMBLA,

When I was thirteen years old, I had my first sexual experience with someone older: my adult camp counselor. He had been my counselor for three years, was a school teacher somewhere, and was very kind to me.

10.19. I WAS NOT MOLESTED. I WAS LOVED AND I FEEL I AM BETTER FOR IT.

My first year in camp I was very home-sick and this kind and gentle man would hold me close to him, in private, and allow me dignity as I cried onto his shoulder. He held me, stroked my back but in no way did he take 'advantage' of me.

Over the next two years I had my parents request this man, whom I believed to have been in his late thirty's, to be my counselor because I liked him and thought he was a very nice man.

During my third and final year I began having sexual desires for him, wanted him to kiss me, and tried to give him several hints. While other boys were working their way towards medals and projects they could take home, my project was to climb in bed with this man.

My chance finally came on a rainy night after all of us went to bed. I could not sleep and instead I went into his private quarters where he invited me to climb under the sheets.

He finally took the chance and fondled me finally kissing then sucking me over and over again. It was the most exciting sexual experience I have ever had.

The next day and for the final week of camp, we reacted toward each other as if nothing had happened. I left camp never to see or hear from him again.

As a gay man in my early thirty's I am not now attracted to children but to older men; perhaps thinking of my counselor. But my case is one to refute the charges that once molested as a child, a person grows up to be a molester of his own. I was not molested. I was loved and I feel I am better for it.

Sincerely,

Brian

10.20 I was not troubled in the least

Report-ID: 32199

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	friendship, first time
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

I was about 13 when I had my first paedophile experience. I had never heard the word, or even anything about homosexuality, because my sexual education was badly neglected by my parents. The man who brought me into touch with homosexuality and whom I even loved physically was, and still is, one of my dearest friends. I remember what a wonderful feeling it was when he satisfied me for the first time. I was not troubled in the least by worries over having done 'perverted things', probably because I had no idea of what such things were. A few months later the man tried to explain, but it was still a good year before I grasped it all properly.

The only trouble I have had over this was when I first told my fiancée about it. She and I have fantastic sexual relations, and there is no question of problems on my side.

My general opinion is as follows. Homosexuality must be exempt from the law. To me it remains

10.20. I WAS NOT TROUBLED IN THE LEAST

a loving relationship between two people who need something else beyond sex. Otherwise one is in for a moral hangover (even in straight relationships). Paedophilia I find a more difficult question. I allow everyone love and happiness in all respects, but I cannot approve of this. I experienced no trouble myself, but not all boys become acquainted with it in such an understanding manner.

10.21 I was pleased, glad, and scared

Report-ID: 22264

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	toilet, shopping mall, society, secret
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	32
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

Case 4 (boy 13, man 32). Met a stranger at a shopping mall, who “asked me for a light. I said I had to go to the bathroom. He followed me into the bathroom. He came and I think I did. He initiated the fondling in the stall but it was honestly mutually wanted. I was curious but a little nervous that someone would walk in. He asked me to come back to his place but I was afraid something would happen to me, like kidnap me. I was pleased, glad, and scared. I wanted to do more. I wanted a man in my life who was accepting, there, and caring. I told no one and I didn’t want to. Society said ‘bad’ so I didn’t talk about it. I wanted it to repeat so I returned to the mall, but I never saw him again” (p. 77). “Scared” was in the context of the excitement of the sex—he wanted to do lots more except he did not know what to do or how to initiate it.

10.22 I was ridiculed by my peers and constantly degraded

Report-ID: 34794

A letter to the editor in a pro-pedophile magazine. The author, who is himself a pederast, tells of his experiences with a pedophile, at the age of 13, and how the relationship ended through police intervention.

First published	01.10.1990
Author	Anonymized
Topics	police, pornography, fotography, mobbing, sanctions
Weblinks	brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	NAMBLA Bulletin
Start of the relationship	1984
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	13
Age of the man	40
Name of the boy	Johnny
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Map
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: Letter by Johnny; NAMBLA Bulletin, Vol. 11, n. 7; October 1990

I am an incarcerated 19-year-old boy lover. I am incarcerated for crimes not relating to my sexual desires. I am a recovering cocaine addict who wishes to lead a “normal” productive life. I strongly support NAMBLA and the beliefs that the association stands for.

When I was 13, I had a relationship with a 40-year-'young' man. We shared many truly wonderful experiences together only to be separated by the police. My lover (Larry) had had many contacts with youth between the ages of 13 and 15. He was not discreet in most of these and one of the kids informed the police of his activities. They therefore staked out Larry's house and observed my comings and goings along with the comings and goings of other youths. Whenever we left the house together, we were followed. We were aware of our being observed but didn't care due to the fact that we were not doing anything (at times of observation) that were illegal.

One day while walking home from school, I noticed quite a few police vehicles parked in front of Larry's house. I went to the house to find out what was happening. They asked me my name. I told them and they requested to speak with me. I told them that I needed my mother's permission and walked off. I knew that Larry was working so I immediately ran home and called him. He told me that he loved me and would see me again in the future.

The police eventually came to my mother's house to question me. They had pornographic pictures that Larry had taken along with a video cassette depicting myself and a few other youths engaged in sexually explicit activities. I told them it wasn't me and refused to answer any further questions. Larry had moved to parts unknown, so they were unable to arrest him. The local newspaper caught on real quickly. It was reported that I, a 13-year-old kid, was the suspected ring leader of a kiddie porn ring. This devastated my family. I was ridiculed by my peers and constantly degraded.

I managed to get over it, pretty much. I had many, many experiences of my own after that. One thing I found to be true: You can never trust your love completely! You must be cautious in everything you do. Something may happen to your young love to make him tell on you. I am not writing this to scare you, but to make you aware.

10.23 I'm the living proof

Report-ID: 77249

Report on a relationship between a 13-year-old boy and a 22-year-old man. The boy claims to have initiated the intimacy himself.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	Unknown
Topics	seduction by the boy, grateful
Weblinks	pedofilie.nl, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Greece
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1975
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	22
Name of the boy	Kurt
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: An anonymous respondent to a thread on the Dutch Pedofilie.nl forum writes on May first 2006:

"In the Seventies I was a thirteen year old boy and I fell head over heels in love with a Greek man of 22. We had sex with each other and it did not harm me at all. Quite the opposite. If only I could do it again. Besides I was the asking party, I invited him to sex.

Where on earth do some people get the idea that every minor would be harmed by such a thing!!! I'm the living proof that it is not true.

For several years in a row we traveled to the same destination in Greece and I got to know him when I was eleven.

Since then, I slowly fell in love with him. What is more beautiful than to confirm this with making love. Yes, even at that age. What should I have done? Lock my feelings inside?"

It seems this respondent is the same person as a man of 47 called Kurt. He also claims to have had a sexual relationship with a man in Greece of 23, when he was 13 years old. His message dates from April 2009.

Kurt states he had watched the man while the latter was swimming in the sea and immediately fell in love with him. He was the one who took the initiative and motivated the man to have sex with him.

34 years later, Kurt is still grateful for the wonderful time he spent with him.

He would do it all over again if he could; in his view it simply was marvellous and he loved it!

Dutch original text of the second comment:

misbruikt? vond het fijn

Anoniem — 26 juli 2008, 22:15

Ik hoor alleen maar negatieve dingen of mensen en van mensen die misbruikt zijn.

Ik ben nu 33 jaar en man.

Ik zou het verhaal kort proberen te houden, Ik was een jaar of 8 toen bij ons in de staat een nieuw gezin kwam wonen. Ze hadden een dochtertje van 4.

Ik ging die tijd wel eens vissen, al snel maakte ik kennis met de nieuwe burens, want die gingen ook vaak vissen, ze hadden ook een motor jacht, dus al snel ging ik met hun mee, mijn ouders vonden dat best, hadden ook kennis gemaakt met hun, dus het was goed.

Ik zou het kort houden, Op die boot ben ik dus misbruikt, maar het was goed, ik vond het spannend om een man en een vrouw te zien vrijen, dit duurde tot mijn 14e, ook die dochter die inmiddels 10 was geworden deed mee.

Ik heb hier nooit spijt van gehad, ik heb nooit last gehad hiervan, vond het fijn, ik spreek hun af en toe nog wel eens, ook die dochter vond het leuk en heeft nergens geen last van. dit wilde ik kwijt

10.24 Intergenerational sex saved my life

Report-ID: 52033

Author and performance artist *Kirk Read* writes in his memoirs about his relationship with a man when he was 13 years old. He criticizes the concept of abuse as it is used today.

First published	27.05.2003
Author	Kirk Read
Topics	religion, gay, abuse, intellectuality, coming-in, coming-out, consent
Weblinks	goodreads.com, queer.de, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories, How I learned to Snap
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	19
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	5 of 5

*Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

It concerns a gay journalist, Kirk Read, who wrote the autobiographical book 'How I learned to snap'. Here are a few lines from a review of this book by 'Trevor'

In this, Kirk Read's first book, the nationally syndicated gay journalist explores his own childhood and adolescence, and coming to terms with his gay identity in the Bible Belt of the Shenandoah Valley.

Read finally found that longed-for relationship, at thirteen years old, with an adult neighbor named "Rich," which, he attests, "saved my life." He feels that this, and other intergenerational relationships in his youth, greatly contributed to his sexual development, and goes into some detail on the subject.

He states:

"If it hadn't been for sex at such a young age, my questioning phase could have stretched on for years, and would have gotten really tedious.

Sex with an older man probably sped up my coming-out process by years. If it hadn't been for Rich, I might have turned into a mopey Goth kid. The horror, the horror. Had our relationship been discovered, Rich could have done time in jail. During the time we were having sex, it never dawned on me that he was literally risking his freedom over me.

American culture's only frame of reference for sex with minors is abuse. I don't deny that abuse occurs, but it should be addressed on a case-by-case basis. A blanket approach that criminalizes all sex between adults and minors undermines the fact that for many gay teenagers, sex with an adult can be a beautiful, life changing experience. It was for me."

On the German page [queer.de] (https://www.queer.de/detail.php?article_id=7604) there is a short interview with Kirk Read in which he is asked about his relationships with men as a 14 year old:

Interviewer: Are your stories about the relationship you had with an older man as a 14-year-old a kind of confession?

Kirk Read: There's paranoia about teenage sex. I had very positive sexual experiences as a teenager. My relationships with older men helped me develop into an adult. Especially in the US, the notion that an older man and a teenager have sex is as terrifying as the Antichrist. It's radical to say that this relationship didn't harm you. It is seen as heresy when you make the claim that it could have a healing effect. When I was 10 and 12 I had sex with guys my age. It was miserable! In puberty I wanted an experienced man who showed me how to do it. I think if the communication is right and everything is based on mutual consent, everyone should be able to do what they want.

*Source: How I Learned to Snap: A Small-Town Coming-Out and Coming-of-Age Story, by Kirk Read, Hill Street Press, 2001**

I hugged Rich almost every night before I walked home from his apartment. If I'd been crying, the hugs lasted a long time as he blew cool air on my neck. Then, whether I was upset or not, they just lasted longer.

This was one of our longest hugs. R.E.M.'s *Chronic Town* EP was playing on Rich's stereo, which automatically flipped over cassettes at the end of each side. We'd already heard the twenty minute album three times that night, but we just let it keep going.

"Suspicion yourself, suspicion yourself, don't get caught," repeated the singer.

The window shades were all the way down, as they always were. We were both shaking, and our hands slowly slipped down each other's backs.

"Gentlemen, don't get caught."

We didn't kiss. We could feel the hard-ons through our pants. We'd felt these same protrusions for months. A few weeks before, I had hugged him goodnight while wearing a pair of shorts and popped a mortifying tent in his front yard. Finally, our hands came to rest on each other. We unzipped and finally, tentatively, we touched.

"I could live a million."

We stroked each other slowly, then frantically, like dogs. We'd been living with this unnamed tension for a year now. We couldn't hold off any longer.

"We stumble through the A ... B ... C ..."

My cum hit two metal folding chairs by the window. It sounded like a bird falling to its death on a tin roof, then bouncing. Comets dancing with broken feet. We laughed as we wiped it up later, my first evidence that there was a life outside the city limits of Lexington, Virginia.

That album goes everywhere with me. Every time I see it, I buy it. I have it on vinyl, CD, and cassette. I never tire of the murky lyrics, most of which I can't make out. Obscure, muddy, buried—the perfect soundtrack of a burgeoning adolescence.

That embrace was the most mutual, consensual sexual act I've had in my entire life. Everything since has felt less pure.

10.25 It Was Me Who Started It

Report-ID: 68750

Frank writes about his relationship with a man. He tells how they got to know each other and what he appreciates about the relationship.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Frank
Topics	sports, girlfriend
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	15
Age of the man	31
Name of the boy	Frank
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

10.25.0.1 It Was Me Who Started It

Hi. My name is Frank and I am 15 years old. I would like very much to write and voice my opinion in favor of man/boy relationships.

I first met Bill, who is a boy-lover and 29 years old, when I was 11 years old. I met him at the local PAL (Police Athletics League), where I am a member. At first I was a little scared of him because I knew what he liked to do with boys. But after a while I started to trust him, and he never touched me until I was 13, and it was me who started it.

I enjoy sex with him a lot, and he knows exactly how to please me. We like mutual masturbation most of the time, but usually we just do whatever comes into our heads.

Bill is the only person I can really be myself around, and I don't think that sex with him is wrong or harmful to my development. I have a girlfriend, and we have sex very often, but sex with Bill is exciting because I have been taught how to enjoy my body.

I hope more young guys write in also. Please use my name and address if you like.

Frank

Philadelphia

10.26 It gave me an advantage over my peers

Report-ID: 25061

Erik talks about his relationship with a man, which started when he was 13 years old.

First published	01.01.1987
Author	Unknown
Topics	pornography, masturbation, trust
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Elf en dertigst
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	31
Name of the boy	Erik
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: This Dutch case, mentioned on the Martijn website, is taken from the article Hij heeft me veel meegegeven. . . in the journal of a Dutch movement for sexual reform from the late 1980s (Elf en dertigst, nr. 6 ("Het Kind Centraal") published by Nederlandse Vereniging voor Seksuele Hervorming - Werkgroep Pedofilie Nijmegen.)

As Erik (now 19) got to know his friend Ruud, he was 13 and Ruud was 31.

“My friend Paul had told me you could jerk off at Ruud’s place. Ruud also had magazines and movies. The first time I visited his place, it happened almost immediately. I just pulled down

my pants and took my thing out. I already knew it was going to happen. Ruud showed some interest in me when he saw me. We understood each other somehow.”

“After a while I visited him about once a week. Of course we also made out. We gave each other blow jobs and even had intercourse. It always happened very spontaneously. We didn’t plan anything.”

"It was not only a sexual relationship. It was a lot more than that. Of course we also shared a lot of other activities. Like painting and sailing.

Ruud also told me a lot. And he showed me that there is a lot more to life than just the traditional nuclear family. He was independent and free. It had something to do with positive tension and adventure. That attracted me. But it was very secure as well. I knew beforehand that he was never going to hurt me. I could trust him 100%. He was like a father or a friend to me. "

“Looking back on it - by the way, I keep seeing Ruud regularly - it made me a lot more self-aware. He has given me a lot. I think it gave me an advantage over my peers. I’ve been lucky, yes!”

10.27 It seemed very natural

Report-ID: 70475

An interview that Brandon K. Thorp conducted with a young man. The young man had submitted an article before the interview, which could not be published due to the content that Thorp considered explosive. Malcom reported on his relationship with a man as a 13-year-old in the interview.

First published	01.06.2006
Author	Brandon K. Thorp
Topics	interview, power, death of the man, neglect, greece, intellectuality
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1997
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	18
Age of the man	67
Name of the boy	John
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Just Like Greece? — Gay Teen Dates Septuagenarian, an interview of “John”: von Brandon K. Thorp in Mogenic.com, June 2006.

John, a young gay man in his early twenties answers questions from interviewer Brandon K. Thorp about his relationship with an elderly man when he was a teenager:

Brandon: Alright, John. Just for the record, you do understand why we couldn't publish your article, correct?

John: Sure. Sure. My viewpoint can't be safely sanctioned by anybody, without a fear of legal reprisal of some kind.

Brandon: Because—

John: Because that's just the climate.

Brandon: But it's not that it's illegal to want to abolish the age of consent...

John: No—opinions are still legal in a lot of places around the world. But it's only a very short leap from expressing your opinion to being stuck in a room filled with men in suits who want you to name names, and that's pretty scary for anybody.

Brandon: Let's talk about why we're here. When you were thirteen, you began a relationship with a . . . with a what?

John: With a human being, who just happened to be sixty-seven years old. His name was Malcolm.

Brandon: How did that happen?

John: I was volunteering at a museum, and so was he. We started talking a lot, and he thought I was a very weird kid—and I thought he was a pretty weird guy. I still haven't met anyone quite like him.

Brandon: Weird in what way?

John: Him or me?

Brandon: Both.

John: Okay. Me first, then—I was weird, because I hadn't been very popular in elementary school and I wasn't very popular in junior high, and I had spent a lot of time reading books. That was my entire development—by the time I was thirteen, I already understood a great deal about literature and culture, and I was very actively interested in that. It wasn't some casual thing—I actually looked forward to sitting down with big stacks of library books and devouring them. I made time for it, and I didn't resent the fact that books had been my friends for most of my childhood. I liked it. I think that was something that Malcolm really responded to—it was a very pure thing, and guys who go for much younger guys are really into purity. Purity is a big turn-on for those people.

Brandon: And what about him?

John: He was genuinely excited about things—the things I was into, science and learning. He was very passionate about his interests, and he didn't have to fake it. That's something that—I don't want to call them “pedophiles,” but—

Brandon: We can call them hebephiles. (Editor's Note: “Hebephilia,” or “ephebophilia,” is a term for sexual attraction to adolescents—“pedophilia” is attraction pre-adolescents)

John: Okay, then—that's something that a lot of hebephiles don't do a lot. I think they always pretend to share the interests of whoever they're pursuing, but it's very rare that you actually encounter a situation where the interest is completely unforced—totally genuine and mutual. I mean to say that Malcolm wasn't interested in me solely because I was young—he thought I was an interesting person, he thought spending time around me was a really enjoyable thing to do. The fact that I was young just made it a little extra novel, I think.

Brandon: Okay. But what about parents? It takes a certain kind of person to be willing to help a kid pull the wool over his parents' eyes for—how many years?

John: Seven. Yeah, but you don't know my parents. Haha. I've had to pull the wool over their eyes about almost everything forever. They're not the kinds of people you can actually talk to.

Brandon: Why?

John: They're . . . um, they're very cold. I don't think they're bad people, but they're just not the kind who were born with very well-developed parenting instincts. They were good disciplinarians: They taught me about hard work and they definitely kept me in line, they taught me how to conform, when need be. And I don't think that this is unimportant, especially these days, when it seems like no one's willing to do anything unless it's easy and pleasant—

Brandon: You know that, but did Malcolm know that?

John: Eventually, he got it. He definitely thought he should get to know my parents, as, like, my older best friend. He—

Brandon: But that's deceitful, isn't it?

John: No! God, no. I thought of him in pretty romantic terms long before we actually consummated anything.

Brandon: How long?

John: About two years, I think. My parents—

Brandon: So you were fifteen before you actually slept with him?

John: I think so. And long before that, my parents knew that I spent most of my free time with this older guy named Malcolm, whom they'd met and liked. But it wasn't like they were

actively involved. It was more like, as I got farther in my teenage years, I had more and more time that was just my time, where my parents weren't structuring every aspect of my life.

Brandon: Did you feel, throughout your relationship, that there was any kind of power differential?

John: Power differential? Do you mean, like, could Malcolm manipulate me?

Brandon: Right, that. Or did you feel in any way subservient?

John: No, I wouldn't say so. There wasn't a power differential, though there was a wisdom differential. I understood that, and I liked it—I didn't expect to know as much about people or the world as Malcolm did, and neither did he. But he took me seriously, anyway.

Brandon: And you weren't manipulated?

John: No, I don't think so. He could have manipulated me if he tried, maybe, but that's true in almost every relationship. Someone has the ability to manipulate the other person. That's not what's dangerous: It's actually using that ability that causes problems. Besides, I could manipulate Malcolm, too—I was younger and could get away with a lot. I probably could have wrapped him around my finger, but I didn't need to, because he gave me most of what I wanted anyway. That's the difference between exploitation and love.

Brandon: And the sex—was that his idea, or your idea, or what?

John: I can't really recall. It just seemed to sort of develop. It seemed very natural—it didn't seem at all weird. If it had, I probably wouldn't have been into it.

Brandon: But you were into it?

John: Oh, absolutely.

Brandon: You were physically attracted to a seventy year old man?

John: Well, I was attracted to him in every way. Looks only get you so far, you know: Once you know a person really well, you stop seeing what they look like. You see through the surface. You can't really help it. You start seeing the whole package, and once you do, you can't unsee it.

Brandon: Let me read you something from the article you submitted. You said: "The decadent Greeks had their problems with pederasty, but pederasty had its perks, too. The passage of knowledge from one generation to the other is very seldom a function of love anymore, and this deficit makes all development as cold and sterile as the word used to encapsulate so much of it—'institution'—would seem to imply." Did you really see this as some kind of Greek thing?

John: In retrospect, yes. I think it's pretty natural to want that kind of relationship—though, obviously, not everyone will.

Brandon: Okay. I think you've addressed most of the concerns that a lot of people would have about this sort of thing, and—

John: But I'm not saying that all trans-generational relationships are good, you understand.

Brandon: Right.

John: In fact, in this culture, most of them are probably bad, because people have such warped views on sex and propriety, and also because that kind of climate has made it so that most of the older guys who would consent to this kind of relationship are scum-bags.

Brandon: I've got you. But, let me ask you this: What about ordinary friendships? I understand you weren't popular with your peers when you were younger, but that's true of a lot of people who wind up becoming popular in high school or college. Did Malcolm get in the way of any of that?

John: No. My social life really started picking up when I turned sixteen, or so—when I discovered fags on the internet. And there was time for them. But I always made sure that there was time for Malcolm, too. This was not because I felt obligated: It's just what I wanted to do. I spent maybe a little less time with Malcolm, once I started developing a social life, but I still saw him at least once a week. And we didn't always have sex, or even that often. Sometimes, I was in the mood and he wasn't, because, you know, a lot of the hormones kind of disappear when you hit a certain age.

Brandon: Did you date other people while you were still seeing Malcolm?

John: Yes. I don't think this trans-generational thing works really well if you plan on being completely monogamous, because then you won't learn how to deal with ordinary dating scenarios—the kind you're going to run into when you're an adult, looking to settle down.

Brandon: Did your boyfriends know about Malcolm?

John: The serious ones did, but it's funny—they weren't threatened. It's hard to feel threatened by a seventy-year-old. Especially since, when I was dating other boys, Malcolm and I wouldn't sleep together at all.

Brandon: At all?

John: No. It wasn't that important to him.

Brandon: Cool. Last question: Where'd it wind up?

John: The relationship?

Brandon: Right.

John: Malcolm died when I was twenty. Heart attack.

Brandon: Was that bad?

John: Yeah, really bad, but it was also kind of okay. He enhanced the quality of my youth, and his influence will likely enhance the quality of my entire adult life. And I enhanced his old age. We both got something out of it. I was never under the illusion that he was going to be around forever—I understood that we found each other at very different stages of our lives, and that the dimensions of our relationship would be defined by that difference. I miss him, but I wasn't heartbroken when he died. He was old. That's the way it's supposed to work.

Brandon: It's been two years.

John: Two years.

Brandon: I don't suppose you've struck up any relationships with any much-older men since then, have you?

John: No. You can't just go out, looking for people-replacements.

Brandon: All right. Thanks for your time.

John: Thank you! Sorry you couldn't use the original story . . .

Brandon: Yeah, me, too. Try to write something a little less felonious, and we'd love to see it.

John: Haha. Got you. Thanks.

10.28 It's high time that people come to their senses

Report-ID: 71998

Report on a relationship at the age of 13 with a man. The author, Wim van de Braam, primarily describes his view of the scandalization of such relationships in society and science.

First published	01.01.2003
Author	Wim van de Braam
Topics	vacation
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1973
Age of the boy (start)	13
Name of the boy	Wim van de Braam
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: In a letter of June 2003 to De Nieuwe Sekstant, the journal of the NVSH (Dutch Society for Sexual Reform) Wim van de Braam stated the following:

“When I was young, I had a relationship with an adult man, although I need to add that I already knew I was gay when I was thirteen. [...]

I personally am a proponent of such relationships as long as everything happens with mutual respect and consent. Unfortunately, the outright ridiculous sex offender legislation makes it impossible for youngsters to flourish. [...]

10.28. IT'S HIGH TIME THAT PEOPLE COME TO THEIR SENSES

Concerning my own experience: it was thirty years ago, but I never got a negative feeling about it.

I endorse it. It's high time that people come to their senses (scientists first), before youngsters are damaged beyond repair by persons who aren't capable of seeing things in the right perspective, and who close their minds to standpoints and opinions that clash with their own."

10.29 It's very nice, but I also want to do it with a girl

Report-ID: 69382

In the appendix to the publication *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties (Experiences of boys in pedophile relations)* by Theo Sandfort, published by the Sociological Institute of the Utrecht State University, 1982, there are 3 interviews with boys who are having an intimate relationship with a man at the time.

First published	01.01.1982
Author	Theo Sandfort
Topics	parents, permission, fear, soccer, insults
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Experiences of boys in paedophile relations
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	13
Name of the boy	Theo
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

10.29.1 Interview with Theo

(Age: 13 years, 11 months.)

What do you do a lot?

Play football!

Are you in a club?

Yes, and that's real nice.

Can you tell me why you like football?

Playing together, working together. If you have a good eleven then you feel great. If not you just keep on trying because if you don't they'll say you can't do anything right. I think it's really nice when you have a good eleven.

Are there other things that you do a lot?

Oh, well, I don't know...

What do you enjoy a lot?

Playing tricks on people. Tying up bicycle wheels and so on, that's lots of fun. Then they can't bicycle away. So then we stop and watch and you see them do all kinds of stupid things to get it loose. Or tie a cat up by his tail: we tried that once, but I got scratched good!

By the cat? I don't blame him. Why do you enjoy playing tricks on people so much?

I don't know, they act so crazy when it happens. And I like pottering around with things. I like fiddling with things. Two times I've built a toy auto from a kit. I enjoy doing that.

Do you build other kits?

Yes, I used to always make Christmas tree ornaments.

Are there other important things you enjoy?

No.

What do you really dislike?

Doing the dishes, or shopping, that I don't like much.

Do you have to do that a lot?

Yes, every evening my brother and I have that job. One evening one of us washes, the other dries. We eat late, because my father and mother work late, until around six o'clock. So we do the dishes while the good TV programs are on.

So you can't watch the TV?

Yes, so we miss the best ones. But the guy who washes has the best deal because he's finished first.

And shopping?

I have to do that alone, because my little brother always drops the bottles when he takes them out of the refrigerator. So I have to do the shopping.

Your mother and father can't do it because they work so late?

Yes, but my mother's always off on Fridays.

Are there other things that you really dislike?

No, I think it's fine at school.

What do you think about a lot?

I think a lot about school, about arithmetic and so on.

What class are you in?

First form in technical school.

Are there other things you think about a lot?

Yes, about a nuclear war and so forth. That seems to me so horrible. Like in Harrisburg, when there was an accident, what then would follow. If that really happened on a large scale. It shocked me; it started me thinking. The consequences of a nuclear war. One bomb like that over the Netherlands and everyone's dead.

Are there other things that you think about a lot?

Well, no.

Who do you get on well with?

With Bert. [The older partner - Ed.]

How long have you known Bert?

Three months. And I get along well with my mother and father, too.

Why do you think you get along so well with Bert?

He has a better understanding of kids, of boys. So does my mother, and so does my father. But I think he knows more about them.

You say you can also get along very well with your father and mother?

Yes, because when something happens, if you get in a jam or something, you don't have to worry, you can always tell them about it, and then they'll help you.

Because they're not strict?

Well, strict... Yes, they are strict, because I fight with my little brother quite a bit. Then my father asks who started it and the one that did gets punished. My father can see it on our faces.

And your mother?

Yes, she always catches you. One time my brother said we needed money for photos, two guilders, and she trapped us. She gave him two guilders but he just spent it on candy. But she caught on, and from then on she wanted a note. So we can't trick her any longer, or we have to forge a note the following time.

Shall we write down your parents?

Yes, my parents, because you can always bring your problems to them.

Are there also people you can't get along with?

My little brother.

Why's that?

Oh, he's always pestering me, and then I hit him and I'm to blame. And then I get punished.

And so you dislike him?

Well, dislike, no. But once in a while I do. Sometimes he is nice, and then he helps you, but the next minute he is pestering you.

But you do dislike him.

Yes.

And what's the biggest reason?

If he's won at football, which they usually do, then he sits around teasing me because we've lost. And he's for Ajax [an important Dutch football team - Ed.] and I'm for Feijenoord, but if Ajax loses to Feijenoord I tease him.

Should we put down your little brother?

Yes, my pestering brother, my bratty little brother.

He is younger than you?

Yes, I'm thirteen; he is ten.

Are there other people you just can't get along with?

No.

You also make love with Bert, don't you?

Yes.

Some people call that sex or sensual contact. What do you, or you and Bert, call it?

Making love.

We have to make sure we mean the same thing, because 'making love' can be two things, can't it? If you sit on someone's lap, you can call that making love, but making love in bed is, of course, something quite different, and that's what you mean now, isn't it? (The Dutch word 'vrijen', more than the English expression 'making love', can, and frequently in the reference to young children does, refer to cuddling, caressing and other physical but non-sexual expressions of affection. - Ed.)

Yes.

Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. If you now think about making love with Bert, what are the pleasant sides?

Yes... Well, I don't know.

Let's put it another way: why do you do it?

Well, because I enjoy it.

Then that's a pleasant side?

Yes.

You think it's nice?

Yes, I think it's real nice.

And unpleasant sides. What do you find are the unpleasant sides to making love with Bert?

Well, he prickles so bad.

He prickles?

Yes, here, he's all stubbly, and then he shaves. The stubble prickles so bad.

Shall we write that down?

Yes, Old Porcupine!

Are there other unpleasant sides to making love with Bert? You think it's very nice, but are there maybe some reasons why you'd rather not do it?

Yes, later, when I'm bigger, I'd rather not do it. Then I'll have a girl or something.

But it doesn't bother you now?

No.

Nothing that makes you think you'd rather not do it?

No, absolutely nothing.

Then I want to ask you whether once in a while you have sex or make love with others, with boys or girls or with older people?

No. Yes, with Richard (another boylover - Ed.) once in a while.

You have done it with him?

Yes. It was through him I got to know Bert.

You came here with Richard once?

Yes.

But you don't do it with him anymore?

No.

You say that fairly often you have the feeling of being afraid in connection with sex with Bert. Can you tell me about that?

If I forget myself and say something to somebody, and he spreads it around, that I'm afraid of.

Why are you afraid of that?

Because if people get to know about it you'll get a bad name.

You say that quite often you feel embarrassed.

Yes, at first I was real embarrassed, when I wasn't used to it.

Do you still have that feeling?

Yes, but not so bad as in the beginning.

You say that sometimes you feel naughty. Can you tell me about that?

Ah, yes, I feel naughty sometimes, yes. Because I do it and nobody really knows about it, my mother and so on.

But why do you feel naughty then? I sometimes do things which nobody knows about, too.

Well, because you don't, really, uh... Normal kids just don't do that. That's the way you think.

You say that you almost never feel angry. But you have felt that way occasionally?

Yes.

Can you say something about that, when it happens?

I'm ashamed of it or something.

And that makes you a bit angry?

Yes, that I'd be ashamed of it if somebody got to know about it.

Do you think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, or not?

No, I don't think so, no.

So, just if other people got to know about it?

Yes.

You say that you sometimes badger Bert. Can you tell me more about that?

Well, let's say he wants to suck me off or something, and I say it hurts; then I'm tricking him.

Because it doesn't really hurt?

No.

You also said you sometimes coerced him when you were making love.

Yes. He'll say, 'Come on, we're going to bed,' and I'll go watch Tv or something, and then he'll turn the TV off. And I'll say, 'If there's no TV I'll go sleep by myself,' and then I get to watch TV a little longer.

How long have you known Bert?

Since summer vacation.

So about four months.

Do you remember how you got to know Bert?

Yes. I went one time with Richard to the cinema and swimming and then I met Bert. I thought that was nice, and then I went with him. Because René, who was with Richard, was being obnoxious. He used a whole lot of sugar in his tea so nobody else had any. He was only thinking of himself. Then I went to Bert's. It was nicer there.

Did you go by yourself to Bert's?

No. Richard had said, 'You can also visit Bert if you want.' Then one time I slept at Bert's and I liked that a lot. Then I stayed with Bert – it is better than with Richard.

So you really got to know Bert through Richard?

Yes.

Can you remember the first time you had sex with Bert?

No, because I was asleep.

That was the first time you slept here?

Yes, and then he touched me.

Where you awake then?

Yes, but I didn't think it was so bad, I thought it was nice.

Had you had sex a few times before with Richard?

Yes.

So you knew something about it already. Do you find it difficult to talk about this?

Well, maybe a little.

It doesn't make any difference to me what you say. I don't think it is dirty or anything, nor strange. When you have sex with each other now, how does it happen?

Well... just as it always does.

Who starts it?

Bert or me.

Can you tell me more about it?

Well, I just think it's nice, so I go make love with him.

Are there people who know you have sex with Bert?

My father and mother know about it.

What do they think about it?

Well, that it's normal. If you have a girl that's completely normal. Because this person can't do without a girl, that man without a boy, and a third without another man. Yes, they just think it's normal.

They think it's all the same?

Yes.

What do you think about that attitude of theirs?

I think it's very good. Because some people would like to murder all homosexuals and paedophiles because they aren't normal, but not my father and mother.

How do you react to that?

I think they're right.

Your school friends, do they know you have sex with Bert?

No.

What would they think about it if they did know, do you think?

Well, they would all think I was a homo or something. Now, that's not true. Yes, they'd call you names.

That's an insult?

Yes.

Why would your friends be so much against it?

I wouldn't know. Maybe they'd be jealous.

That they themselves would like to have what you have?

Yes, that could be it.

What do you think about their rejecting this? Do you agree with them?

No. They know nothing about it.

In other words, if they did know about it, maybe they'd think differently about it?

Yes, perhaps. If they knew more about it. Now they're talking rubbish.

What do you really think yourself about your having sex with Bert?

I think it's very nice, but I also want to do it with a girl.

Would that make any difference for you, or would you say that right now I just don't know exactly?

I don't know. I've never yet done it with a girl.

But you would like to?

You bet!

But it doesn't have to be right away?

No. It will happen.

Meantime this is nice?

Yes.

10.30 Jorge Gonzalez admits: First sex with 13

Report-ID: 19777

This is a fragmentary publication of an interview with german singer Jorge Gonzalez in *Focus Online* on August 9, 2012.

First published	09.08.2012
Author	None
Topics	Cross-Dressing, falsches Alter
Weblinks	focus.de
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1980
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	21
Name of the boy	Jorge Gonzalez
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Focus-Artikel, Thursday, August 9th, 2012, 15:05*

“When I was 13, I had my first real boyfriend. He was 21, a Spaniard, who had worked in Cuba. I lied to him that I was 16, and he believed me. With him I had my first sexual experience.”

10.31 Looking at the boats

Report-ID: 29872

A man reports how he was approached by an adult in public in the 1960s. He was 13 years old at the time and the relationship grew to last for 1 year.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	T. Rivas
Topics	masturbation, discovery
Weblinks	pedofilie.nl, ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1961
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	14
Name of the boy	Ivo
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Ivo G. is a man of 68 who contacted Rivas by e-mail, after visiting Pedofilie.nl

"I was about thirteen years old, when I got in touch with a nice man during a visit of the naval fleet to Rotterdam. I wore shorts and I was looking at the boats, seated on my bike's rear rack.

Suddenly I felt a hand stroking upwards from my thigh. I looked at the man who was doing this and allowed him to continue, because I it was an agreeable experience for me and it gave me a tickly feeling in my tummy.

He carried on. The other night I went there again, but this time I didn't wear any underwear. This man really taught me a lot and I enjoyed every bit of it. The sex consisted of masturbation, stroking and anal penetration.

He was the one who used to take the initiative, but he was gentle with me. We never had oral sex. The relationship was entirely sexual and we both were exclusively looking for sex during our encounters.

We continued to see each other for more than a year until, unfortunately, my father found out. The man was not convicted, by the way, and I never tried to get in touch with him again.

Nowadays, I'm a divorced bisexual and I don't feel attracted to young children. Neither do I see any connection between my gay side and the relationship I had as a child. The man did teach me how to masturbate though."

10.32 Loving Men - An Interview with Mark Moffett

Report-ID: 69748

A detailed interview between the 15-year-old Mark Moffett and the American cultural theorist and literary critic Sylvère Lotringer about love for men.

First published	01.07.1980
Author	Mark Moffett
Topics	intellectuality, seduction by the boy, abuse, gay, age of consent, incest, independency, parents
Weblinks	brongersma.info, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Kids Club Anthology 1 (2019)
Start of the relationship	1978
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	15
Name of the boy	Mark Moffett
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Kids Club Anthology #1; Out the Mouth of Babes - Youth speak out on youthlove; March 2019

10.32.0.1 Loving Men

Mark Moffett

This originally untitled interview between gay teen Mark Moffett (15 at the time) and theorist Sylvère Lotringer first appeared in Loving Boys, part of the Semiotext(e) Special Intervention

Series 2, in the summer of 1980. Mark Moffett was a part of both the gay youth and youthlover scene, being an active member and spokesperson of Gay Youth of New York and serving on the steering committee of the North American Man/Boy Love Association.

Sylvère Lotringer: What role has man love played in your life?

Mark Moffett: A very important role. The first time I ever began to express sexual feelings toward anyone was within a man/boy relationship. Man love is also something which has helped thousands of boys discover their own sexuality and get in touch with what they really feel. A lot of people think of “man/boy love” as just man/boy sex – a man’s lust for a boy. They don’t believe that between them there can be love, or the possibility of it. They are wrong.

Lotringer: Sex is only one aspect of it?

Moffett: Yes, although in some circumstances sex is the only aspect.

Lotringer: Do you think there are men who actually abuse children sexually?

Moffett: Of course. Between man and boy there can always be sexual abuses, rape, coercion.

Lotringer: Always on the part of men?

Moffett: It’s a little hard for a boy to rape a man (he chuckles). He is out-powered.

Lotringer: Precisely. People fear boys are out-powered anyway. **Moffett:** Actually, it’s often not the man who goes out to seduce the boy, but the other way around. In my first experience, I did the seducing.

Lotringer: Have you ever been abused?

Moffett: Perhaps once, although I really can’t say that I was coerced into it. I was coming home from school and I met this guy. He had this incredibly large cock and I said, “Don’t fuck me because I’ve only been fucked once before.” I didn’t want to be fucked, but he did it anyway. But I don’t know how you’d call it since it wasn’t me being dragged on to his house. I invited him over to mine...

Lotringer: Do you think this is exceptional in any way?

Moffett: No. It is mostly the boys who go out in search of sexual satisfaction from men. Of course the men are willing to get it, and they can find boys anyway. But where are they going to find these certain boys who need them and want to have sex with them? They just can’t go to a school park or some-thing. It’s easier for boys to find out where gay men would be hanging out.

Lotringer: Do you think boys realize that it is harder for men to find boys, that men may be afraid to approach them because of the law?

Moffett: Oh, yes, I've encountered that. Lots of times. As soon as they found out how old I was they tried to get rid of me. Some of them had careers and family to worry about.

Lotringer: How long have you been involved in these encounters?

Moffett: Since I was 13.

Lotringer: That was two years ago.

Moffett: Yes.

Lotringer: How did it all start?

Moffett: One day I was doing the laundry and there was an ad on the bulletin board for a gay dance and it said: "For further information call Frank." So I memorized his number and called him up. I asked him if he was gay. He said yes. I said: "Do you want to have sex?"

Lotringer: Had you had sex before?

Moffett: Before that I had sexual explorations with friends my own age. But I didn't consider that I lost my virginity then. When I had sex with that man was really first having sex.

Lotringer: What if he hadn't been gay?

Moffett: I would have hung up.

Lotringer: You're not interested in straight men?

Moffett: I'm interested in whomever I'm attracted to. Mainly they're gay. I find some straight men attractive, but they wouldn't want to have sex with me. At least I doubt it. So the men I do have sex with are gay.

Lotringer: Do you consider yourself gay?

Moffett: Yes.

Lotringer: Boys have to be gay to be interested in men?

Moffett: I'm sure lots of them term themselves bi, or just don't term themselves anything.

Lotringer: Would most boys use your direct approach to men?

Moffett: I don't think so. Boys I know have a lot of sexual hang-ups. They are embarrassed to talk about it. They wouldn't approach a man directly. I don't know why I did it myself. Maybe I was just desperate.

Lotringer: You can be desperate for sex at 13?

Moffett: Oh yes.

Lotringer: Few people would believe that.

Moffett: It seems that adults, or parents, always keep this discovery of sex from their children. I don't know where that originated.

Lotringer: Did you feel you were prevented from discovering sex?

Moffett: No. We never discussed sex in my home. So I was impartial (is that the word?) to the

whole idea of sex really. I didn't think it was bad to talk about it because it was never talked about.

Lotringer: There isn't just home. There is also school.

Moffett: We had sex education.

Lotringer: How old were you when you had sex education?

Moffett: Not until I was 12.

Lotringer: Was it a good thing to have?

Moffett: That late! But it was a good thing to have anyway. It was basic stuff, like the parts, the organs of the body, how they operate. They should have gone into more details.

Lotringer: Did you learn anything?

Moffett: I learned about heterosexual sex, of course not about homosexual sex.

Lotringer: Did they talk about it in class?

Moffett: Not that I can recall. Not the teacher anyway. The students may have made some remarks.

Lotringer: What should you have been taught?

Moffett: The basics. Not the basics of learning about organs and how they operate, but the basics of accepting sex as good. It should start when children want to experiment, whenever they start touching themselves or wanting to breastfeed off their mothers. I can remember being three years old and saying to this friend of mine, I'll show you what I got if you show me what you got. I was told that it was dirty, that it shouldn't be done. There was nothing wrong with it. Things like that should be allowed between kids. They should be made aware of how children are born and alternate ways of doing that too as soon as they enter school.

Lotringer: Where else did you learn about sex?

Moffett: When I moved from living with my mother to my father, he was much more open. He used to let me look at his pornography magazines. I began to feel that it wasn't a bad thing to talk about sex and to learn how people did things.

Lotringer: Have you ever had any relationships with girls?

Moffett: I've had friendships with girls, but no sexual relationships.

Lotringer: You never felt attracted?

Moffett: No. I never had the desire.

Lotringer: What was your reaction to the pictures in straight porno magazines?

Moffett: I didn't look at them. I just read the stories.

Lotringer: Is your father very open on this subject?

Moffett: No. He didn't want to discuss it himself. I think he would have been very uptight

about it.

Lotringer: Is your father aware of what you feel and what you do?

Moffett: Yes.

Lotringer: For how long has he been?

Moffett: I came out to him in December of 1978 and so he knew I was gay. When I was in NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association) he somehow found out about it. Oh yes, I was on a news show talking about my relationships with older men so he naturally assumed I was doing that.

Lotringer: Did you ever talk to him about it?

Moffett: Not directly. I never discussed what he feels about man/boy love.

Lotringer: Did he ask you anything after the news show?

Moffett: Not that I can recall. He was only questioning the organization. He knows how I feel about the issue. He read past speeches I made on behalf of Gay Youth of New York about the age of consent.

Lotringer: What do you think about the age of consent?

Moffett: I was made aware of this issue a year and a half ago and had never really formed an opinion on it. Now I think the age of consent should be lowered and probably abolished. But only after coercion laws have been strengthened and there's been adequate education of pre-pubescent children. As it stands now, a lot of kids would be in danger since they don't know much about sex and sexual relationships. If they start having sexual relationships very young in life, by the time they're 9 or 10 they are going to know if something wrong is happening. It all comes back to education. After that children can be expected and given the freedom to have sex with whomever they want to have sex with.

Lotringer: Do you think our society plays the politics of the ostrich and buries its head instead of giving children the proper tools to handle sexual situations?

Moffett: They don't want to confront it. They think that laws and threats of prison and death are going to solve the problem. Instead of trying to work the other way around, from the children's side and try to educate them, all they think of is putting away people who want to have sex with children. I don't think rape is being stopped now with the age of consent laws.

Lotringer: To educate children would be assuming that they can be responsible for their own lives. If you are given the tools to choose, it means you have a right to choose in sexual matters, and quite a few others. I'm not sure our society is ready for that.

Moffett: Children will be able to make their own decisions if they are forced to make them. As it is now, all the decision-making is done for them, so they're not used to doing it. When I first started making independent decisions on my own, it was very difficult because I didn't know

how to go about it. But if children start much younger to decide if they want to go out with a friend of theirs, play doctor or undress, they will be more relaxed with making decisions, and be better at it. No one seems to believe that before 18 a person is capable of making an intelligent decision. No one under the age of 18 is even valued in his opinion on anything. In my school we're treated like stupid little nothings who can't do anything for themselves. And yet each year we go higher in grade and we're told, Oh, you're smarter, you've got to do more on your own this year - and it's just the opposite. They take more freedom away from us because they want to have their own power trips, and the only place they can do it is in a school where they won't be threatened, or at least don't feel threatened, or don't seem to be threatened by us in school. We can't do anything. It's a private school and we chose to go there. I remember thinking once, Oh when I'm an adult, then I'll have a sex life. It shouldn't be the way it is. I wanted one then. I shouldn't have had to wait as long as I did. I had to sneak around and do it secretly, which I shouldn't have had to do.

Lotringer: When did you first realize that you were gay?

Moffett: A week after I turned 13.

Lotringer: Was that the consequence, or the conclusion of other events?

Moffett: It just happened. I even forget where I was. I just thought I am gay, that's all.

Lotringer: Do you know that 13 is a symbolic number? It's a time of initiation in many Western religions, a rite of passage. The child is given a place and responsibility in the community.

Moffett: I never thought of that.

Lotringer: So it's coincidental that your realization corresponded to your 13th birthday.

Moffett: Perhaps. Plus I had just moved to New York so I was exposed to gays for the first time. I mean in Tennessee and Virginia people are not openly gay. Being in a city where people were obviously gay, it was a lot easier for me to recognize that I am gay. I had realized it but - this is the strange part - never said it to myself.

Lotringer: When did you move to New York?

Moffett: January 1, 1978.

Lotringer: How old were you?

Moffett: I was 12.

Lotringer: When did you first feel attracted toward men?

Moffett: When I was 10. I didn't think bad thoughts about it either. I just accepted it because I really had no bad views of sex. I didn't think that sex was dirty. Plus we had never discussed homosexuality. I had never been told, except once, that it was sick.

Lotringer: How did this happen?

Moffett: I remember once using the word queer. My mother told me what it was. She said it

was men who loved one another, and it was sick. It was the only comment I ever heard about homosexuality.

Lotringer: What specifically attracted you to men - was it that they had more experience, or a social position?

Moffett: It was the physical attraction. Before I was a teenager I was attracted to men with hairy chests, it was for that and no other reason. Then I was attracted to more parts of their bodies. Then I was just attracted to men. That's what started it: physical attraction. I didn't want them because they had more experience, although when it came down to it, that helped a lot.

Lotringer: Do you think some form of equality can be established between a man and a boy?

Moffett: It is possible, although I don't know how often that happens. There really isn't an equality, except in that the boy wants something the man has and vice versa. It is the basic attraction that is equal. And a kind of care about the other. That's the only kind of equality I can find between the two. And the fact that they're both human beings.

Lotringer: Men you went out with, had they previous experience with boys?

Moffett: With young people, yes, but not as young as I was, I guess.

Lotringer: Did you find these men helpful and loving?

Moffett: The man who owned a restaurant, he was very kind and loving. But also he asked a lot. He was very jealous. He didn't want me to have sex with anyone else, which I found difficult.

Lotringer: You were fourteen then?

Moffett: Almost. The other people (an interior designer, a biologist, a carpenter, a student in economics), when they first met me they thought I was older, so that when we had sex they treated me as if I were eighteen.

Lotringer: Have you had any relationship where sex was not the prime motive?

Moffett: When I first came out, what I needed emotionally was friends. And I found that in Gay Youth. So what I am really looking for, occasionally, is just sex. But if I were to lose my friends, I'd fall back in the position of wanting a man to love me.

Lotringer: Sex is not the basis of your relationship with your friends in Gay Youth?

Moffett: No. Most people in Gay Youth don't have relationships with each other. Their relationships are outside. And generally it is with someone older.

Lotringer: What did you learn in Gay Youth?

Moffett: I learned a lot about the gay lifestyle, because that's what you choose when you're gay. I didn't know anything about it. I also learned more about females - lesbians - since it is very open at Gay Youth.

Lotringer: Do you get along well with lesbians?

Moffett: There is only one regular lesbian at Gay Youth, and she doesn't jump to conclusions. The rest of Gay Youth expects her to care about youth sexuality and recognize youth rights to sexual freedom, and most lesbian feminists expect her to realize that lowering the age of consent means that all these little girls are going to be raped. So she's methodical about it, thinks things out, hears all sides and just puts them together in her head.

Lotringer: In our society as long as a child is not financially independent, he usually has to accept limitations to his freedom. If you were to push your father too far, he would probably tell you, Look, you live at my place, so do what I want you to do. That's where money is involved with authority. Sexual freedom too has to do with the fact that children are in a state of dependency. Do you think this still holds true now? Do you think you have more freedom than previous generations?

Moffett: I think so. Last fall I ran away from my home because my parents were trying to stop me from seeing my gay friend. Also they didn't want me to go to Gay Youth. I ran away for 6 weeks. I was lucky enough to get a job. I got a room service and a roommate. Before I ran away, my father told me, you can't handle freedom. After 6 weeks I told my parents, Well, it's obvious that I can handle freedom so if I come back home I'm going to have total freedom like I have now. And they agreed to that. I don't actually have total freedom. I promised I'd make school my first priority. I also agreed to let them know where I was going, or at least give them a number, which is not too much.

Lotringer: Why did your father change his mind?

Moffett: He didn't want me being around adults.

Lotringer: Why?

Moffett: I'm not really sure. Maybe he seriously thought I would get hurt, or maybe he felt threatened by me hanging around people who are older and learning things from them.

Lotringer: People as old as he is?

Moffett: Not really as old, but adults.

Lotringer: Do you think there might have been a sense of competition?

Moffett: Yes. Against him.

Lotringer: Do you see your father differently as a result of having a close relationship with other adults?

Moffett: I don't think so. I always thought of him as my father. Since he is my father I have to give him some respect.

Lotringer: The same holds for your teachers?

Moffett: Yes. For some reason I thought that.

Lotringer: Do you still think that way?

Moffett: No. Now I still care and love him because he is my father, but I speak more and more on an equal level. Before I ran away, I would never talk to him. If something pissed me off that he did I would never talk about it. I was afraid I would be told to shut up. So we never had much of a relationship.

Lotringer: Do you think he recognizes you now as having valid opinions on the way you want to lead your life?

Moffett: I really don't know. Sometimes I feel he thinks that I am just a stupid kid. Sometimes I feel that he doesn't care.

Lotringer: When you ran away from home, you were lucky enough to find a job. Lots of boys in that situation go into hustling.

Moffett: I've hustled, and I've known people that have. But I never saw it as a relationship with men, just as a way to get money - as a job.

Lotringer: You never thought of hustling as a permanent professional?

Moffett: No.

Lotringer: If you had to, would you do it again?

Moffett: More than likely.

Lotringer: Has your opinion of adults in general changed?

Moffett: I think they don't give us enough respect. My father told me I had an attitude of defiance. I've been "rebellious", as they say, against a lot of things they didn't want. But I also learned from them. I respect their opinions on things. When a man tells me (it happened this week) that school should be my number one priority, it gives me a new determination to do well. It's much easier to listen to him, although I'm more willing to listen to my parents too afterwards. It helped me mature in a certain way. Had I not been involved in sexual relationships with adults, I would have ended up a typical teenager, like all my friends.

Lotringer: Now that you know them more intimately, do you still feel like becoming an adult?

Moffett: Naturally because then I'll gain this independence.

Lotringer: If you could become independent without growing up further, like Oscar in The Tin Drum, would you rather remain a boy?

Moffett: I would like to be an adult, creating something, building up. Of course, I hope to bring up a family.

Lotringer: A family?

Moffett: Not a wife-kids-dogs and house. A lover. Right now I don't know what I feel about having children. I don't know if I would or not. I don't think it's even legal now to adopt children. I just want to have a life-long relationship.

Lotringer: If you could get married to a man, would you do it?

Moffett: Well, I don't know what I think about this whole marriage business. I would rather live with someone so that I still have that sense of freedom.

Lotringer: You said earlier that sex education should teach you that sex is good. Do you recognize any boundary to sex? Incest, for example, involves the same cross-generational relationship that you are into, only within the family. Would you feel as comfortable sexually in an incestuous situation as you would be having sex with any adult? Is there something you consider "natural" and something that you don't?

Moffett: (Silence) That's very hard to say.

Lotringer: It would be hard for anyone. Would you feel there is something weird about incestuous sex?

Moffett: Do I?

Lotringer: Imagine having sex with your parents. They are adults. They would be capable of being objects of desire. Have you ever thought about it?

Moffett: Yes. But I'm not really attracted. I'm sure it could be very normal because I hear stories all the time about it. It doesn't seem to be abnormal - as long as it is not rape and doesn't hurt the child.

Lotringer: You mean it would have to be consensual.

Moffett: Yes. I read a story about a father and a son. The son just told the father he is gay and that he is interested in older men. And they just form a sexual relationship.

Lotringer: Do you find that shocking?

Moffett: When I first read it, yes, because it's sort of rare. But as long as it was consensual, I really don't see what's wrong with it.

Lotringer: You don't think the law should forbid anything of that sort.

Moffett: No. I think the state should stay out of people's bedrooms.

10.33 My parents found out and prohibited me from seeing him

Report-ID: 30063

In a letter to NAMBLA, the now grown-up Bob reports a relationship with a man as a 13-year-old. He says his parents insisted on indicting his adult partner.

First published	01.01.1991
Author	Anonymized
Topics	ban, parents, sanctions, consent
Weblinks	nambla.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1980
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	45
Name of the boy	Bill
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Letter addressed to the NAMBLA Bulletin

Dear Sirs,

I am a 24-year-old white male who really wishes to join your organization. I firmly believe in all you stand for. I myself was shunned by society's rules and a small community's norms of acceptable behaviors. I was 13 and met a really nice 45-year-old man who really made me feel special. He liked me for what I was, not something that I could become. Sure, sex was a part of

10.33. MY PARENTS FOUND OUT AND PROHIBITED ME FROM SEEING HIM

our relationship, but that wasn't the only thing. We enjoyed each others' company, sharing our thoughts and ideas on different topics, and setting our goals.

Well, needless to say, my parents found out and prohibited me from seeing him anymore. They also made me file a criminal complaint on him. He went to trial and was sentenced to 5 - 10 years on a variety of charges in which I had no say.

I told the judge that I consented to our relationship and what went along with it. He said that I was too young to make a "mature" decision. That kind of bureaucracy is driving our young people into their shells. I'm sick and tired of all this narrow-minded thinking, and would like to change it.

Thank you for the application for membership. I will be sending it along shortly. Please respond to my letter and give me some advice on how to, or how I should voice my opinion.

Sincerely,

Bill

10.34 No Way Out

Report-ID: 68595

This letter was sent to the author of the book *Heimliche Liebe*, Wolf Vogel. A boy asks for advice about the problems he has with his family because he's gay and because of his relationship with a man.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	childrens home, sanctions, discrimination, parents, foster parents
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

"I would like to contact you today because I see no way out and I do not know what to do next. My name is Andreas and I am 13 years old and I have three siblings. I was in a children's home from eight to eleven years of age. I've known for about a year that I'm gay. I don't care about girls. My mother knows. Father shouldn't know, otherwise he'll hit me. My big brother teases me about it and makes my life difficult. My mother took me to the youth welfare office because my big brother told horror stories. Now she's supposed to take me to a psychiatrist.

Now to my problems: Some time ago I met an old man with whom I get on very well. Who wants to help me. He's already had someone with him for many years some time ago. Now the

youth welfare office tries to influence my mother to report him, which she probably won't do. But I'm afraid to be the one to blame if my friend is punished, because I looked for him and found him. With kids my age it is very bad at the moment because they just laugh at me and say that I'm 'gay'.

Now to my questions: Where can I turn to be helped? How can I see my friend without endangering him? What should I say to my mother and siblings? How should I behave at the youth welfare office? Please write the answer to the address I gave you."

Reply to the answer:

"I was very happy to read your letter. Thanks a lot for this. It is difficult for me to explain to my parents that I am not mentally ill. Could you write to my mother in a few lines how such feelings come about? Most difficult for me is my big brother, he is 16 years old and a liar, he makes me look bad to my mother by telling her lies about where I am. I sometimes think that my brother wants to get rid of me and I want me to go back to the children's home. I also have a twin brother. He is like the weather: Sometimes he helps me, sometimes he also lies. I look forward to your answer and am happy that you want to help me."

After another answer:

"I can tell you some good news. My mother now has full understanding. My brother is also not allowed to say anything against it. I visit my friend every day. My mother doesn't mind if I move in with him later."

10.35 One day, he did find the words

Report-ID: 52786

This autobiographical report comes from the *Jungsforum*, a forum for men who are attracted to boys. The report's author is a long-term user of this forum and writes about an experience he had with his stepfather when he was a boy of 13.

First published	22.03.2008
Author	Padjek
Topics	stepfather, adoption, mother, tussle, pretext, musician, poverty, gay
Weblinks	archive.org, archive.org, archive.org
Language	German
Country	Germany
Sources	Jungsforum
Start of the relationship	1959
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	45
Name of the boy	Wolfgang
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	Multiple
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

This report consists of a central posting on the German website Jungsforum, two references with further details in subsequent years, and an additional comment by the author from 2021, which can be found below the posts. The author also answered a couple of written questions. The result of that interview can be found at the very bottom of the report.

10.35.1 Post from the Jungsforum, created on March 22nd, 2008

[...]

Beyond the high song on boys, which is jazzed up into a pink cloud in this place, I would also like to tell something, as a follow-up to your openness. It is not very pink, but on the other hand also not sad, and I've posted it in a similar way under my former nick five years ago in the *Pädoforum*.

I was 13 years old. My stepfather, who legitimized me and demanded quite a price from my mother for it - she had to obey him unconditionally - was probably gay without him being aware of it. He was, among other things, a musician and at that age I practiced with him daily on the sofa with my instrument. Again and again he abruptly grabbed not only the valves of the Instrument but also me and tried to press himself against me. There was no verbal communication about this. Since he left my crotch alone, I interpreted the situation not as an assault, but as his desire to tussle with me. I let it happen, and since I was quite strong, he always had to submit in the end ["zog er jewels den kürzeren"] and then let go of me. The practice sessions continued as usual.

One day, he did find the words. He wanted to see my privates and gave as a pretext wanting to examine my sperm, to see whether I could actually already make children. This was the first time this topic was verbalized. Finally, some things became clearer to me. In the light of this interpretation, however, I felt no embarrassment whatsoever with regard to what had happened, i.e. the tussles, and I also agreed to the older man's offer of finding out whether I was already fertile. However, I wanted him to give me a presentation on his part as well. He didn't want to do that, which annoyed me quite a bit, and so the story stayed one-sided. He then pretended to examine the sperm, and then the trumpeting continued.

I've frequently tried to trace my feelings from that time. The fact that I masturbated in front of my stepfather caused me to feel somewhat diffuse about it, but I don't remember it as humiliating, embarrassing, or even distressful [peinigend]. Nothing to be ashamed of. It was just something that happened that I was already practicing all the time with the peer group anyway, and to hang the mantle of abuse over this situation in retrospect I would consider dishonest in this personal situation of mine. The old man died several decades ago, but the memory of him was and is not damaged, at least not by this event. By other things yes, but that had to do with violence towards my mother and me. The fact that he was gay could be concealed well at that time. He always had friends with whom he worked on construction sites or in his garden. If they were passable, they were introduced as 'friends of the family'.

Certainly, the stepfather's behavior had only in very rudimentary ways something to do with a love for boys. But I feel that sexually toned relationships between boys and men are rather

10.35. ONE DAY, HE DID FIND THE WORDS

normal, and relegating them to the “abuse box” [Missbrauchskiste] from the outset is not a morally superior viewpoint. I think men who have been able to keep their sense of proportion in our social cosmos will view it similarly.

[...]

10.35.2 Post from the Jungsforum, relating to the above post, created on September 13th, 2011

[...]

So the pedos are accused of overstating and unduly burdening the perception change argument for their own purposes. I want to simply add the following here.

I am not in a position to judge. But it seems to me to be a significant aspect: What did I feel?

Many in this place could contribute experiences to this topic.

I once reported in this place an “act of abuse” by my stepfather. It was experienced by me in an emotionally diffuse way, and mignon inquired further. But there was and is nothing more to say about it. Diffuse remains diffuse, and I admit that a misinterpretation by someone I trust would have led to a changed perception (e.g. ‘That was a disgrace!’ [Schweinerei]). In my memory, however, it was not. That’s just the way it is. And pedos can’t steal themselves out of a world where that morality applies.

Padjek

10.35.3 Post from the Jungsforum, relating to the above post, created on April 17th, 2021

[...]

I posted the story of abuse (?) by my adoptive father in this place maybe 10 years ago. I will not retell it in detail, but your assessment is very accurate. The old man, kept hitting on me, when I was about thirteen, fourteen, and I let it happen, as far as I wanted it to go. I was very clearly the one who made the decisions, even when it did come to sex once. I couldn’t get enough of it at that age anyway. I thought he was a poor thing [armes Würstchen], terribly uptight, and in retrospect I feel sorry for him. Never, and this is important to me, did I feel victimized. I would have had to be talked into this role at great expense, and I would have accepted it if it had been financially attractive. It wasn’t. The old man was as poor as a church mouse.

10.35.4 Note of the author before publication in April 2021

“The scuffles and hugs initiated by the stepfather had the goal of being able to kiss me. I noticed this very soon, but did not relate it to any sexual ambitions at all, but rather saw in it a somewhat strange game of who was the stronger, without any erotic connotation. It didn’t seem significant to me to mention this in the jf [Jungsforum], but for a serious documentation this note is possibly important.”

10.35.5 Written interview with Wolfgang, a.k.a. Padjek, conducted on April 23, 2021

Jumima: Did you sometimes perceive your experience with your stepfather as “gay” or similar?

Wolfgang: No.

Jumima: Are you yourself attracted to boys? If so, do you think this might have something to do with your experience at the time?

Wolfgang: 2a: Yes, among other attractions. 2b: No.

Jumima: Would you classify the experience you described as an “incest” experience? Why?

Wolfgang: No. I wouldn’t have thought of it until just now.

Wolfgang: Did your mother know about this dimension of your music exercises?

Wolfgang: No.

Jumima: Could you have told her about it?

Wolfgang: No. For my sexual experiences, which also took place with the neighboring buddies, there was no need for conversation with third parties. It was as integrated into life as, for example, sneezing.

Jumima: Were you ever afraid of discovery?

Wolfgang: No.

Jumima: Was there communication with your stepfather about keeping these things secret?

Wolfgang: No.

Jumima: The “diffuse feeling” is a very interesting part of your descriptions. You emphasize not to be able to say more about it. But do you possibly have some theses why the feeling is so diffuse?

Wolfgang: This is the most difficult question you ask me. I was not able to give an answer to the esteemed Mignon at that time, but now I have traced it again a little bit - but more is not possible: The masturbating together with my buddies from the neighborhood, who were of the same age and with whom I met sometimes in pairs, sometimes in three or six of us in secluded

areas, was an everyday thing and normal and had nothing to do with eroticism or gayness. It was experimental or just fun, and afterwards everyone went their own ways, or we strayed around or caused some mischief until the police showed up. I was often the initiator of these sessions, and in other contexts, especially among schoolmates, I tended to experience rejection with such suggestions. But here it was the neighborhood. And I think I transferred this uncomplicated setting to my stepfather. The fact that the feeling was nevertheless diffuse and not just that of a normal performance was probably due to the fact that the age difference was of course realized by me and I felt it as a possibly disturbing element, he was not a buddy, but also that he just did not want to show, as I was used to it from the guys, even for dick length comparison. I did not reflect all this in the situation.

Jumima: You write that it could have easily happened that you were led from the outside to classify the experiences as purely negative. Can you name factors that prevented this?

Wolfgang: Unlike my good friend's daughter, I kept my sexual biography to myself because it was pleasurable and it would never have occurred to me to make a problem out of it. So I never confided in anyone to unburden myself.

Jumima: How do you feel about being a victim of a crime before the law?

Wolfgang: Good. If the stepfather, by whatever circumstance, had been involved in a criminal case because of this, I wouldn't have incriminated him, despite my other experiences with him.

10.36 Since I was 13, I knew I was attracted to older guys

Report-ID: 45106

Personal account of a freelance photographer, originally from his private blog. Triggered by a petition for the castration of pedophiles.

First published	30.07.2016
Author	Hal
Topics	coming-out, school, teacher, abuse
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Consenting Juveniles
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	18
Age of the man	27
Name of the boy	Hal
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: SOLR correspondence

Full text and comments from Consenting Juveniles

[...]

From a young age, at least since I was 13, I knew I was attracted to older guys. My sexual fantasies always revolved around big, macho men taking care of me.

10.36. SINCE I WAS 13, I KNEW I WAS ATTRACTED TO OLDER GUYS

I'll never forget the day when my class went swimming and we all threw our gym teacher into the pool with his clothes on. I must have stared at him for over an hour while he sat half-naked, drying on the bench. I thought his hairy chest was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen.

I was sexually active when I was about 13 or 14. First it was child's play, but when I was 15 it was full-blown sex with older boys. At 17, I had a relationship for about a year with a man who was 27. We had sex all the time. I also came out at that age. We had an open relationship, so I also had a lot of sex with other men, almost always older than me.

[...]

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10.37 The relationship was quite superficial

Report-ID: 20878

Report about a sexual relationship with a man, Emiel, which he used to have from the age of thirteen and which developed out of a platonic contact that started earlier.

First published	01.01.2007
Author	T. Rivas
Topics	masturbation, love, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Indonesia
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1939
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	17
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Kadoedel (pronounced as Kahdoodle) is the pseudonym of a retired Dutch engineer born in 1926 in Batavia, in the Dutch Indies (present-day Indonesia).

In June of the year 2007, Rivas visited him at his home and Kadoedel told him about a sexual relationship with a man, Emiel, which he used to have from the age of thirteen and which developed out of a platonic contact that started earlier, when he was eleven or twelve. The man headed a local pottery in Bandung, and he lived in the same neighborhood as Kadoedel's family.

10.37. THE RELATIONSHIP WAS QUITE SUPERFICIAL

Kadoedel told Rivas the sexual relationship was something of a physical necessity for him as he felt he needed to be sexually satisfied by another person. It started when he spontaneously showed Emiel his erection and his body talk told the man he wanted to get a hand job. At first, Emiel did not feel like complying with Kadoedel's desire, but in the end he gave in and they started a rather peculiar relationship. Emiel never showed any signs of a desire to be satisfied by Kadoedel and the boy even wondered if he might be a war invalid. Emiel did not even seem to be aroused and he never expressed any sexual wishes. The sex was limited to Emiel's manual stimulation of Kadoedel's erect penis.

The relationship lasted for several years, and after the family returned to Batavia, Kadoedel got invited many times for a stay at Emiel's place which was combined with some kind of safari expeditions. After the war, when Kadoedel had left the Japanese camp where he was interned, he visited Emiel for the last time. Emiel satisfied him one last time, though Kadoedel felt alienated because of the years of separation. Kadoedel was about seventeen at the time.

In general, their relationship was quite superficial, and apart from the sex there was hardly any physical, let alone emotional intimacy. As neither of them was very talkative, they did not have any long, deep conversations with each other either. Kadoedel was certainly not in love with Emiel and he did not even feel particularly attracted to him sexually. He simply needed 'a hand' to satisfy his urge.

Kadoedel can't remember any negative episodes or traumas that would have affected his later years. He's very much in favor of a positive outlook on voluntary 'pedophile' relationships.

10.38 These men were lucky

Report-ID: 28106

This article appeared in the magazine *Salon* in 2002. It is concerned with the question of whether sexual contact between boys and men must always be harmful. The author, David Tuller, did his own research and reproduces the statements of men with whom he spoke in the article.

First published	22.07.2002
Author	David Tuller
Topics	Consent, Harmfulness
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Salon
Start of the relationship	1920s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Perspective	third person
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Salon, July 22nd, 2002

10.38.1 Minor report

[...]

However, adolescence — let's say starting at 12 or 13 for some boys, at 14 or 15 for a great many more — is a different matter entirely. Gay men compare coming-out stories like kids today trade Pokémon cards, and over the years I've heard many tales of teenage escapades with older men, of sex with an uncle, sex with a married neighbor, sex with an unknown man driving a shiny Chevrolet, sex with a teacher. Sex in a park at night, sex in a train station toilet, sex in a stranger's home. Sometimes the sex was great, sometimes awful. Sometimes the experience was tender, sometimes rough, sometimes somewhere in between. Most of the time the kids wanted it, like I did; they were just a bit braver, or more desperate.

Or maybe they were simply too horny to stop themselves. Edmund White, the noted gay writer, recounts with relish how he started cruising grown men from the age of 13 or 14 at beaches and public toilets in Chicago. “I was very oversexed, absolutely driven wild by desire,” he says. “I would pick up men, and then they would abandon me as quickly as possible because they were worried that I was jail bait. The first one was a handsome architect, who actually had children older than me. I was absolutely fascinated by him, and I seduced him. I followed him to his car, walked right up to him and started talking to him. My mother was away and I said, ‘Come back to my apartment.’ And it was terrific.”

“It was terrific.” Even relaying those words — though they represent White’s honest appraisal of what he experienced — makes me feel uneasy. I am not immune to the zeitgeist or to expressions of social disapproval, and I have felt a little queasy when I’ve told people I’m writing about sex between adolescent boys and men. The words “child molester” and “child abuse” hold the same power to disturb and repulse me as they do most people — as is intended by those who wield the terms indiscriminately to refer to any sexual contact between anyone under the age of 18 and anyone older.

[...]

The subject remains so charged that more than one academic I called to discuss the issue — men who hold fairly libertarian views on the matter — declined to do so on the record. Even men who willingly discussed their positive intergenerational experiences as adolescents requested that I use the kind of personal non-identifications — “Tony, a graphic designer” — that pepper Cosmopolitan articles about how to improve your orgasms or determine if your boyfriend is cheating on you.

For Frank, a healthcare professional in his 50s, the relationship he pursued as a 15-year-old with a family friend in his early 20s served as an important introduction to the idea that men could care for each other. “It was clear that it certainly felt good to both of us,” he says today. “In some way it was a real lifesaver, because it made me feel that love and affection and closeness and sex would be possible in my life. We both knew that we had to hide what we were doing — that it was not going to be like Johnny and Sally going on a date. But when we were together, it was like a little oasis where we could be ourselves. Had I not had that experience, I would have gone that many more years without experiencing myself the way God made me, which is gay.”

Another man, a 38-year-old small-business owner from Denver, fondly recalls the two-year relationship he had with his boss at the pancake house where he worked as a waiter. He was 15 when they had sex for the first time, he says, and it was the fulfillment of something he’d desired for years. “It was frightening and invigorating and I felt clumsy and awkward,” he says. “But he was playful and fun and very gentle. I never felt coerced. As foreign as it was to me I was very open to it. Afterwards, I felt good, like I’d experienced something I’d wanted to for a long

time.”

His boyfriend, who was 29 when the relationship began, also helped alleviate the isolation he’d always felt by introducing him to a gay social circle and helping him begin a modeling career. “In high school, I had this haunting feeling that I was different, so it was really liberating to find people who were gay,” he says. “It was like, ‘OK, I’m gay, I love it.’ I wasn’t an awkward, out-of-place kid anymore. I felt appreciated for being gay, instead of being an outcast and made fun of. Suddenly I had this new self-confidence. I didn’t have to hate myself for being gay.”

These men were lucky; they met someone who took their feelings seriously. Many more, of course, have had experiences similar to Edmund White’s — they meet someone whose primary interest is sex, not romance or love. John, an aircraft maintenance worker, had his first experience when he was 13 with a man of about 30 for whom he was performing yard work. The man, who was wearing a Speedo, invited him inside and showed him books with photos of men wrestling. “He started rubbing my crotch, and I was both nervous and really excited by it,” he recalls. “But as soon as he put his mouth around my dick, I shot, and then he jacked off and I swear I’ve never seen anyone come so much. I was just amazed. I jerked off about that forever.”

John saw him once more at the clothing store where the man worked, and they had sex in one of the changing rooms. After that, they lost touch. And while John, who is now in his 40s, enjoyed the experience, he says he wished the man had talked to him more about what they were doing. “I was amazingly turned on by it, but I remember thinking a year or two later that I would have preferred some level of intellectual conversation, where he’d say something like, ‘Some guys do it with guys, some do it with girls.’ Just something to give me a context to put it all in. I wish he’d taken a more aggressive role in doing that in the moments he had me as a captive audience.”

Still, the experience didn’t exactly prevent John from pursuing other sexual contacts. For the next few years, he, like White, aggressively sought out significantly older guys. “I never felt used,” he says. “I really wanted it, and except for the first time I always felt like the aggressor. I’m not a child psychologist and I don’t mean to extrapolate my own experiences to anything else, but I do feel like American society has gone crazy over this whole childhood sex trauma stuff.”

It would be easy to dismiss these examples as carefully selected and completely unrepresentative, or as the memories and opinions of disturbed men who don’t even realize how abused they’ve been. And certainly it’s true that you can’t always trust what people claim about themselves, even if they believe what they’re saying. But since I’ve heard the same sorts of comments from so many men over the years, it’s not really possible for me to doubt their testimony. Not that it’s invariably a positive experience; it would be as ridiculous to argue that as it is to maintain that it always causes horrific trauma.

[...]

10.39 They amused me far more than the average geography teacher

Report-ID: 97700

The controversial English psychologist Chris Brand was probably fired for these statements.

First published	16.10.1996
Author	Chris Brand
Topics	boys choir, intellectuality, mentorship
Weblinks	cycad.com, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	The g Factor Newsletter
Start of the relationship	1956
Age of the boy (start)	13
Name of the boy	Chris Brand
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	4 of 5

*Source: The g Factor Newsletter
by Chris Brand, October 16, 1996*

As lead choirboy (Decani) and soloist, I met lots of paedophiles who would press florins and half-crowns (now worth c. stlg4) into my horrid little palm at age 13. For better or worse, I never 'fancied' any of them nor did anything but allow a little fondling: on my part it was not a sexual experience. But I was never feminazistically inclined to condemn them: these men were well above average in intelligence, well educated (two were writers), amused me far more than the average geography teacher, gave me useful tips (where to find the G spot etc...) and never

10.39. THEY AMUSED ME FAR MORE THAN THE AVERAGE GEOGRAPHY TEACHER

frightened me in the least. Indeed the only problem with them was that they were so awfully old and sweaty and heavy-breathing and desperate-for-whatever-it-was-they-did [I tried not to look] that I much preferred their jokes to their 'visual aids.'

10.40 Turning point

Report-ID: 27256

This short report comes from the website *CLogo*, which has since disappeared.

First published	01.01.1980
Author	Unknown
Topics	seduction by the boy, love
Weblinks	ipce.info, ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	26
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Quoted by O'Carroll, 1980, S. 83-84 auf: <http://www.ipce.info/host/radicase/>

As a boy he became sexually mature at age twelve-and-a-half.

"It was like the world was beginning to make sense, to take on purpose and meaning. (...) I regard my meeting with Mr. S., then aged twenty-six, as a critical turning point in my love life. Until then, sex was fun, felt good and left me only moderately guilty.

Once I approached Mr.S. (Yes, I approached him) with my thirteen-year-old impatience for intimacy, he told no one, responded positively to my shaky advances (didn't even laugh at me!) and simply embraced me. (...)

10.40. TURNING POINT

Here was a masculine adult man (happily married even), who was interested in doing with me what I was already finding exciting with my boy-friends. And through this relationship a new dimension was added to my experience which has not occurred to me before - tenderness, affection and love. (...)

This affection was, in its way, just as satisfying as the ecstatic orgasms that punctuated our days and nights together. I regard this man, this relationship as a turning point because I was never the same after knowing him for two years - I was more in tune with myself after that ..."

10.41 We were in same tent

Report-ID: 35677

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	camping, secret
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	38
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 5 (boy 13, man 38). "Family friend. I initiated on a camping trip; we were in same tent at state park; oral sex to orgasm for both of us; several times during the night; incredibly erotic, tremendous release, very pleasurable. Not real close; didn't enjoy kissing. Afterwards scary because I enjoyed it so much. Not wanting to be near him on the trip because afraid others would notice. Once per month for the next 4 years that I initiated; never talked about it; sex was all it was. Wished I was straight so the attractions would go away, because the sexual gratification was so strong."

10.42 We were two people in perfect harmony

Report-ID: 15439

Interview from the book *Crime without victims*. Unfortunately, no source is given.

First published	01.01.1986
Author	Trobriands Collective (Pseudonym)
Topics	stepfather, punishment, girls
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Danish
Country	Denmark
Sources	Crime Without Victims
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	32
Name of the boy	Martin
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Martin, 19 years old:

My mother re-married just after I turned thirteen. I soon came to like my stepfather very much. My mother suffered from bad nerves, and had been very unstable, but he and I had an excellent relationship. Their marriage lasted only five months. I was allowed to choose between living with him or with her and I chose to live with him; I'm still living with him.

His ideas about bringing up a child were quite different from those of my mother. He believed that an immediate spanking was all right and settled everything. I agreed with him and still do. Besides, it used to stir up my hormones a little. There was always a streak of sadomasochism in me.

Fourteen days after my mother left us I was to be spanked for something that I had done. I think I'd probably earned it. It was certainly no pretext on his side.

When I pulled my trousers down, my cock was stiff. This, of course, he noticed; it made quite an impression on him, for when I had got what was coming to me, he embraced me and hugged me, and a few minutes later all our clothes were off and we were having sex in every possible way.

It was wonderful. From then on we've had sex together, but not connected with punishment. These two things were kept separate. Still, he is a very good father. Even if he spoils me a bit at times, he doesn't back down on his demands on me, for example, that I should be home at an appointed hour. He's the boss at home, which is only right since he's 19 years older than I am.

The day after our first sex, the initiative came from me, not him. He didn't want to force me to do anything in sex.

He has quite deliberately taught me that I shouldn't sleep just with him. I should have experiences with others, and with girls, too. This has worked out just fine; sometimes he'll take a girl as well. But I consider him my best sexual partner. He is still a young man at 38. And handsome.

We did every kind of sex right from the start - not just jerking each other off with our hands, but doing it from the front, and from behind and all such things. The first time he penetrated me I was only 13 so he had to be very careful, but after a few minutes it began to feel just very nice.

I haven't the slightest idea how common such relations are. We began when it was very much against the law, and so I never breathed a word about it to my friends.

When I started to have sex with girls I realised how much I'd profited from what I'd learned. I was 16 when I first had sexual intercourse with a girl. She thought I was an old hand at it; it seemed like I'd done it many times before. I wasn't afraid of touching the various parts of her body.

What was it that made you initiate relations with him?

It was sheer luck. We were two people in perfect harmony.

What kind of need was satisfied by doing this with him?

The need to have physical contact with an adult. If I had tried that with a girl my own age, neither of us would have been mature enough to provide it. My life up until then had been rather troubled and insecure; we kept moving from home to home; my mother had a lot of short-term relationships. What I was desperately looking for was somebody who liked me, in every way. After we had sex for the first time I realised that was what I had been looking for and longing for ever since he had come to live with us, because I had been taking every chance I had to be alone with him - naked in the bathroom etc., etc.

Did he have the same feelings for you? He has told me he had a lot of internal conflict during that time. Although he liked my mother enormously, he was quite interested in sex with me.

Had he had relations with other adults or with boys?

Not with adult men, but there had been some other youngsters.

He's not interested in adult men?

If it's somebody his own age, it must be a woman.

And little girls?

I don't think he's interested in them, not in minors. And if it weren't for the fact that our relationship has been going on for several years, I don't think he would be interested in me any longer. We have slowly grown older together. We get on well with one another and we experiment with different things. But he might get interested when he meets a 15-year-old boy.

And how about you and women? That can be fantastically wonderful. Last winter I had an affair with a girl for some months; we went to bed together a lot. Now we are more like just friends, but we occasionally still want to have sex with each other.

But the sexual experiences I remember best are the ones I've had with my stepfather. You can be so relaxed doing it with someone older than yourself, someone who takes the lead. It's easier to let yourself go. I don't mean that I'm passive; it's just that it can be very nice when the other person takes the lead. I guess many people have the same feelings.

Was it first and foremost sex that you found so fascinating?

No, not just the sex. We weren't jumping out of our clothes and into bed all the time. Being together and going about our daily routines was also fine. Sex was the frosting on the cake. It helped create a feeling of intimacy; it made it possible to talk about all my feelings or crazy fantasies or problems at school, for example.

Wasn't he afraid your relationship might be discovered?

I don't think so. Even though I was still pretty much of a child when it began, I was aware of a lot of trust on his part. We also talked about things and made plans - for example, that I would sneak off to my room in a hurry if somebody rang the doorbell when we were making out on the sofa, but I don't think anybody knew anything. Everyone in the family thought he had a knack for taking care of me.

What do you think your mother would say if she knew?

She wouldn't accept it. So we are always careful. Somebody might want to hurt my stepfather.

Was not being able to talk about it to others a burden for you?

Not really. It's so good to be together. We have something good for us both, entirely for ourselves.

Have there been times when you didn't want to go to bed with him?

Not as far as I can remember. But if I was dead tired or had a headache, he would understand. During those first years I craved sex. It was so new. The only way I'd been able to satisfy myself before was by masturbating, and so it was a great thrill to be able to have sex with somebody else as often as I could.

Do you still consider yourself gay?

No. I can confidently say I'm bisexual. I can have enormous pleasure in sex with a girl.

Did you ever have feelings of attraction towards men before you got to know your stepfather?

Yes, I think so. At that time I was very much interested in coming into contact with real men. At swimming pools and such places I often thought, "What a handsome fellow - I wish I could get to know him a little better!" I didn't stand there hoping he would actually tear my clothes off and fuck me, but something like that was going through my unconscious head.

You were very dependent on your stepfather. The chance of your successfully resisting him if you didn't want to be seduced was rather small.

I could have gone and lived with my mother if I had wanted to, but this never crossed my mind. I have never regretted that I chose to live with him.

Could you ever have been interested in a relationship with somebody outside your home?

Perhaps a gym teacher or a sports trainer, someone I met in some natural way, but it could never be as close a relationship as you have with somebody you're living with in the same house.

Were you jealous when he went out with women?

Sometimes in the beginning, but we talked it out and I could see it was stupid to be jealous. When I was sixteen he encouraged me to have relations with girls.

You still keep your relationship with your stepfather secret?

It could still get him in a lot of trouble if it came out. Many people are convinced that you can be seduced into becoming gay, and somebody would certainly say his seduction was responsible for me adopting a bad sexual life-style. But he most certainly didn't do that! He initiated me into exactly what was right for me. I can see this now. It is only because it fitted me so perfectly that our relationship has been able to last for so many years. I don't believe you can change people very much. You can show them some of the possibilities, open things up to them that otherwise might never have come to the surface.

10.43 What I felt I ought to feel was that I was abused

Report-ID: 82640

Interview mit Stephen Fry, im Stil einer Psychotherapie, das im Fernsehen von der BBC gezeigt wurde.

First published	03.04.2007
Author	Stephen Fry
Topics	school, discrimination, abuse, therapy, interview
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	Channel 4 (United Kingdom)
Start of the relationship	1970
Age of the boy (start)	13
Age of the man	18
Name of the boy	Stephen Fry
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Shrink Rap: Stephen Fry Meets Dr Pamela Connolly, Channel 4 (United Kingdom), April 3, 2007

Connolly: So if I say to you, “Were you ever abused?” Let’s say sexually.

Fry: I might have been. I think I probably was. Certainly had my bottom fondled lots of times by schoolmasters and things like that. I don’t think I was ever seriously abused. But, if that’s abuse, well, to Hell with it. It’s fine. I have no problem with that at all.

Conolly: Stephen, –

Fry: Yeah.

Conolly: If you have not been sexually abused, what would you then call the time that you were sodomized by a sixth-former when you were in the first year?

Fry: [laughs] I would call that, him taking a damn liberty. [laughs] But I can't moan about it. I mean, it was wrong of him, but he was– What? – Maybe he was 18 and I was 15. He was a child as well. And he wanted a damn good time and he got himself one off me. But I didn't feel used. He was charming to me. He said it was delightful. And I'm happy to be of service to people.

Conolly: Stephen, –

Fry: Yeah.

Conolly: I wish I could find that funny, but I don't. You even wrote a poem about it. Look back at the poem. What did you feel about it at the time?

Fry: Well, I think what I felt was fine, but what I felt I ought to feel was that I was abused. I think that's a problem. I think, actually, what I did feel was okay. I think if it had been an abuse of trust – I think with an adult and a child, when there is affection and admiration on the part of a young girl or boy for an older man, who then abuses it for purely sexual reasons, that's a terrible thing.

Conolly: Well, isn't that exactly the same?

Fry: No!

Conolly: This was a person in a position of power over you. He was a much older boy. Even if it was only three years, that's considerable. He had a particular position in the school. He used that position to order you into his study.

Fry: No, I'm afraid you're – You may think that I ought to think it's a terrible thing, but I don't. Stephen Fry and Pamela Connolly

Conolly: Well, I'm really just going from your poem. Can you remember what you wrote about it?

Fry: I don't. I don't remember at all, no.

Conolly: Because it seemed to me that you thought of it almost as though you'd been sort-of used as a woman, in a sense.

Fry: Well, because that's the language that he used. And I was fully aware that that's the way older boys at a school like that justify to themselves their desires for younger boys. It was –

Conolly: But that was also something that made it particularly painful for you, that you'd been cast in the role of a woman in a sense.

Fry: Well, yeah. I think, only because I could see that he was kidding himself. I have to say, the real dishonesty there is in writing a poem where I am putting what I think one ought to feel. That's the sort of correct response one should have to an episode like that. I assure you, with my hand on my heart – If you were to give me a lie detector test – I do not feel that was an abusive episode that I should be angry about or upset about. I think it was perfectly okay.

Conolly: [sighs]

Fry: And it didn't hurt and it was quite funny and I had no –

Conolly: You've written about the pain. You've written that it was painful. Was that not true?

Fry: Well, yeah, it was – It was surprising.

Conolly: I mean, if somebody suddenly sticks their penis up your ass.

Fry: [laughs] It was just a shock. Didn't get it all the way up, if we want to be that brutal about it. I was like, "Hello, don't do that!" I had no idea that's what he was going to do. But, really, I know one is supposed to find these things terrible, but I really don't.

Conolly: Well, then I certainly don't subscribe to the idea that one should feel a particular way. I'm totally with you, if you tell me that you didn't feel –

Fry: I think if it had been an adult, it would have been appalling. I wouldn't have let myself get in that situation with an adult. And it would have been dreadful. But it –

At this point, Conolly interrupts Fry to ask about his earliest sexual memories, which were playing show-me with other boys and girls at three or four years old. Then they talk about his deep feelings for the boy he fell in love with at 14, and both the enlightenment and pain associated with that experience.

Near the end of the interview, they come back to the anal incident after Fry talks about a self-critical voice in his head, which Connelly says is the voice of his father. Although she had earlier said that she didn't want to tell Fry how he should feel, she now tells him that he can never feel peace of mind until he accepts that he was abused, including sexually.

Conolly: Because that peace won't come until you can let go of the voice. And in order to do that, I'm afraid, Stephen, you're going to have to accept that you really were traumatized as a child in quite a number of ways. And I know that you don't want to think about that because you think it's weak and suppy.

Fry: No, not that it's weak. I want to be honest. I want to be absolutely honest.

Conolly: I think you were tremendously traumatized. I think that it was very traumatic. Because, you know, trauma for children doesn't just occur with somebody beating them severely

or nearly killing them or doing something very active. There's tremendous trauma in simply being ignored.

Fry: Yes.

Conolly: But on top of that, you know, you were misunderstood at school. You were beaten, all the time, at school.

Fry: Yeah.

Conolly: And you were sexually abused and you're a long way from accepting it.

Fry: Well, no. I'm accepting that these things happened.

Conolly: You're a long way from accepting that they are negative things that had a profound effect on who you are today.

Fry: We ought to come back to that because it's obviously so important. I don't want to come across as someone who is in denial about the importance of being buggered as a 14-year-old. Of course, it must be, simply because society says it must be important.

Conolly: I'm not criticizing you for it; –

Fry: No, no. And I'm not taking it as criticism, –

Conolly: I understand why.

Fry: but one ought to get to the root of what I really feel about it. And I don't know what I really feel about it. I know that, socially, especially in this particular quadrant of the 21st century, it is the permanent bad, about which there is nothing good to be said and that one is supposed, definitely, to take it badly. I know that. And I know that my feelings about it were confused in all kinds of ways. It's very difficult, if you're a boy –

Conolly: Did you sexualize it?

Fry: Well – I was about to say, it's very difficult if you're a boy and you've been abused, and you're gay. How do you separate the abuse from the being gay? Would I have been gay if I hadn't been abused? You're not sure. Or, did my being gay come across as a signal to that boy that made him abuse me, therefore, did I bring it on myself? All those issues.

Conolly: It has nothing to do with your being gay.

Fry: I'm aware of that. But all I'm saying is that, naturally, they might become connected –

Conolly: Indeed.

Fry: in one's mind, and they need a lot of separating out. But all I know is that the thing that emotionally, really knocks me up are things like my inability to let go, my sense of physical awkwardness, inelegance, lack of dance, lack of joining-in-ness that I had. This awkwardness, –

10.43. WHAT I FELT I OUGHT TO FEEL WAS THAT I WAS ABUSED

Conolly: Well, that in itself was traumatic for you.

Fry: Those were the things that were traumatic for me.

Conolly: Yes, indeed.

11 Boy 14 years old

11.1 “Air Guitar”

Report-ID: 93918

In a letter to NAMBLA, Anton tells of an intimate friendship between his cousin and his basketball coach. He would also like to have such a relationship.

First published	01.04.1991
Author	Anton
Topics	sports, craving, despair
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	Anton
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

This report is from the publication ‘Boys speak out!’ by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization’s website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

11.1.0.1 “Air Guitar”

I’m a 14- (well, almost 14) year-old boy. I recently found out about you from my cousin, R. I was visiting him in Pennsylvania. He found out about you through his basketball coach. His coach loves him and has sucked him off a few times. He even slept over one night. Said they hugged

11.1. "AIR GUITAR"

and kissed and stuff all night long. He wouldn't tell me what all "the stuff" was but he did show me about sucking off. Wow! I couldn't wait to do it to him. I told him I thought he was lucky to have such a neat basketball coach. Anyhow, before I left, they were nice enough to give me a few copies of your magazine to look at and read.

I'm back home now and I can't stop thinking about R. and his coach. I can see them together laughing and having fun all naked and everything and I'm here all alone with only me to pull my pud. That's why I drew the picture I sent along, in order to keep me company. I don't know maybe it's too sexy for you to print. I haven't seen any pictures like it in your magazine. I want to tell the readers (if you print this letter at least) that it's a picture of another 14-year-old boy getting off on jerking his erect dick. I call it "Air Guitar" because it looks like he's playing guitar but he's holding his dick instead. It's the first picture I've tried to draw probably since I was ten. Pretty good, huh? I want to try to take art classes in high school next year. It's supposed to be a boy I know from the rock band I play in. I play keyboards and sing. He's the lead guitarist. He doesn't know I like him so much and I'm scared to tell him. I like girls some, too, but I really like Eric and I wish I could tell him about what we do in my fantasies. What I want most, though, is a man like R. has. Until R. told me about his coach over the Christmas holidays I never knew men did that with boys – I mean the way THEY do it. I thought all men who liked boys were supposed to be perverted and mean and stuff. R. says he couldn't be happier now that he has Mr. (I guess I should make up a name) "coach".

My question is, how do I meet a man? I thought about hitchhiking and dropping hints if I got picked up, but that's too scary. I don't want to get raped. I want someone who's nice and loving to me. I thought of Big Brothers but I've got a father (but he's always working) and besides I don't think there's one of their organizations here anyhow. At least I can't find them in the phone book. Sometimes at the local pool in the locker rooms I try to, you know, be a little seductive, show off my naked body some, but all the men get nervous and red in the face and turn away – especially once when I was getting an erection looking at their naked bodies.

Then I look at your magazine and realize there must be a bunch of men out there who want to love me and teach me more about sex. But I sit here alone with my hands in my pants feeling my balls all alone. I know It's stupid but I'm even crying right now. I don't know why I have such strong feelings about all of this. I guess telling you in a letter isn't enough. I thought it might help. What I really want is to tell one of you while you hold me and kiss me; but I'm too scared to even sign my whole name – scared some social worker might hunt me down and tell me I'm perverted. Well, I'm not. Please print my letter if you can.

Sincerely,

Anton

NAMBLA Bulletin, vol. 12, no 3 (April 1991), p. 10.

11.2 A friendship that continues to this day

Report-ID: 78472

Canadian crime writer and screenwriter James Dubro reports a relationship with a man he had when he was 14.

First published	15.05.2006
Author	James Dubro
Topics	parents, seduction by the boy, pride, secret
Weblinks	archive.org, bostonmagazine.com
Language	English
Country	Canada
Sources	Boston Magazine
Start of the relationship	1961
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	22
Name of the boy	James Dubro
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

From the website <http://newgon.com/CP/PP/index.htm>

This case concerns James Dubro, now a Canadian crime writer and documentary filmmaker. The information is taken from the Boston Magazine, from an article called Boy Crazy in the Boston Magazine

11.2. A FRIENDSHIP THAT CONTINUES TO THIS DAY

... The first was James Dubro, now a Canadian crime writer and documentary filmmaker. In 1961, Dubro was an openly gay, sexually active 14-year-old living on Beacon Hill, and Socrates was a 22-year-old college student just coming to terms with his attraction to boys. The pair met in a Charles Street coffee shop, where Dubro stopped every day after school to sell copies of the Boston Record-American.

“[He] chatted me up and offered to buy the five or so papers I had left,” Dubro recalls. Socrates took the teen back to his college dorm room, where the pair had the first of many sexual encounters and began a friendship that continues to this day.

“[Socrates] is extremely loyal to the boys he has had relationships with,” says Dubro. “And a lot of the boys could not have survived without his assistance. To my personal knowledge, he has never abused anyone — and is, if anything, too trusting and self denying to a fault.” ...

11.3 A priest on his knees

Report-ID: 30147

Autobiographical report by the author Augusten Burroughs about an experience with a priest when he was 14 years old.

First published	15.05.2002
Author	Augusten Burroughs
Topics	priest, catholic, toilet, compassion, secret
Weblinks	salon.com, consentingjuveniles.com, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	salon
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	Augusten Burroughs
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Augusten Burroughs, salon.com - May 15, 2002 11:20PM (UTC)

11.3.1 A priest on his knees

Some of the best sex in my life has been administered by men of the cloth.

Lately, you cannot pick up a newspaper or click onto a Web site without encountering another mortifying story involving a priest, his penis and a child. We have turned our collective eyes away from terrorists and are now obsessing over men of the cloth. We have stopped asking,

Where's Chandra? and are now asking, Is Griffin spending too much quality time with Father O'Brian?

Well, I'm here to defend our holy fathers. The fact of the matter is, Catholic priests have given me some of the best blow jobs of my life.

"Do you really think this is OK?" I asked Father Bill, in Chicago. We were sitting in his black Crown Victoria, parked on Mayrose Street. A street, I might add, that is not altogether unpopulated, especially at 10 at night. "It's fine," he told me. "We'll just look like a couple of guys waiting for somebody to come out of a store."

But I wasn't so sure. "Maybe we should just pull around, you know, in back of something."

He smiled and I was struck by how warm and sincere his smile was. Then I remembered, well of course. What else would it be? The pine tree-shaped air freshener that hung from his rearview mirror gave the car a pleasing, artificial scent. Somehow, this aroma suited him. "Would you feel more comfortable if we parked in the alley?" he asked. I told him I would. Father Bill put the car in gear and drove around the block. That's the great thing about Chicago: It has alleys.

I was fascinated by Father Bill. He was a handsome man in his mid-40s and when we met in the bar, I would never have pegged him as a Catholic priest. In fact, he looked suspiciously like a software developer I once dated. "Are you in software?" was my opening line to him, my come-on.

He rested his drink on the bar and turned to me, sliding sideways on the stool. "As a matter of fact," he said in a leading tone of voice, "no. But I could be if you want me to." I did smile at his charming offer to shape-shift for me. It showed that he had a playful personality. But I told him no, that was OK, he could just be whatever he was. And because I am from New York and not Chicago, I pressed the issue. "So what are you then?"

He chuckled to himself and glanced down at his hands. The answer was, it seemed, a private joke between him and his fingers. I looked at his thumb for a clue. He didn't look like a construction worker or a typist.

"I'm a Catholic priest," he said.

I thought he was maybe joking, going for shock value. But after I sat down and had a few more drinks, adding to the 15 or so already coursing through my veins, it turned out to be the truth. He was a real, live Catholic priest – the kind that knows lots of old ladies by first name. When I pressed him, he was even able to quote from the Bible. His memory was astonishing. He signaled the bartender and ordered us another round. He was drinking something red, which I teased him about. "What's that, the blood of Christ?" He smiled at this. "Not quite. Just a Cape Codder."

“I thought you guys weren’t supposed to go to gay bars. Or be gay, for that matter.” Or drink, but I didn’t say this.

Here he laughed wickedly. “Oh, we do a lot we’re not supposed to do. Trust me.” And who wouldn’t trust him? A priest? And that’s how I ended up in his car, now behind a restaurant in a scummy alley in Chicago.

“I’m sorry,” I told him. I said this after my penis refused to become erect. I was mortified by my impotence, at 26, but also didn’t want to disappoint Father Bill. He was such a nice guy. “I’ve had way too much to drink,” I told him.

He pulled his face up from my lap and sat back against the seat. He said, “You know, you should really go to rehab.”

This was a stunning thing to hear, especially from a man who had, not an hour before, bought me five drinks. “Really?”

“I think so,” he said.

I decided that perhaps he was being passive-aggressive, sort of punishing me in some clever priest way for being too drunk to get hard, thus spoiling his free evening. “And why is that?”

He said, “Because there’s something in your eyes that makes me think now that this is not a one-time event, like you told me at the bar? When you apologized for being ‘loaded.’ I think that’s the word you used. Because you had a lousy day at work? Anyway, now something – call it instinct – is telling me you do this a lot. Like every night.”

He was right, of course; my drinking was quite out of hand. And the fact that he was now able to see this impressed me. “Well,” I said. And then we sat silent in the car and I noticed he didn’t have air conditioning or a CD player and this humble fact made me feel tender toward him. I felt strangely connected to him at that moment and became instantly aroused.

He noticed. And this is when I got one of the best blow jobs of my life. Along with, at the end, a piece of paper with the name of a rehab hospital scribbled on it. “It’s in Minnesota. It’s the best. Lots of celebrities go there.”

He seemed to think that this would be something that might impress me, and he was sadly correct. The possibility of seeing Elizabeth Taylor or Robert Downey Jr. in withdrawal would be enough to make me want to go to rehab whether I was a drunk or not.

I left him then, parked there on the alley. He offered to drive me home, but I told him my apartment was only a few blocks away.

Of course, I never saw Father Bill again. I left Chicago and moved back to New York and went on with my life and my drinking until my drinking was my life. Then one day I opened an old datebook and came across his scribbled note. I’d apparently tucked it away for later, forgetting.

11.3. A PRIEST ON HIS KNEES

And then later came. And I called the number on the paper and checked myself into rehab, which, in fact, did save my life.

So you could say he was a scumbag priest who drank, went to gay bars and picked up guys to have sex with in cars. On the other hand, he did save a life – mine. So while I’m sure there are many priests out there who have helped many people, I wonder what percentage of them can actually claim to have saved a life. Surely God is going to look at his checklist and say, “OK, we’ve got this series of blow jobs here, which is gay. Which, you know, I technically can’t allow. On the other hand, you did save a life. So . . .” clap of the hands, “get into the minivan, you’re going up.”

The other memorable Catholic priest blow job occurred when I was much younger, just 14. I suppose this would be the height of fashion now, to receive a blow job from a priest when you are a teenager.

His name was Father Christopher and he was a priest at the local Catholic church where I grew up. My mother wasn’t Catholic – my family wasn’t particularly religious – but she loved Catholic symbolism and she loved the services. She was a poet and a painter, so perhaps the rituals appealed to her dramatic side.

Father Christopher was the associate of a priest my mother knew and I sort of had a crush on him because he was young and almost hunky. He looked like he should be out on a grassy field in a pair of shorts kicking a soccer ball and not inside, wearing a black smock dress and lighting candles.

My mother attended church most Sundays, and sometimes, out of boredom, I would go with her. I seldom attended the service, instead preferring to walk around the empty offices that extended from the church itself, looking up close at the naked Jesus attached to the cinderblock walls with 8-inch bolts, the inspirational posters that were so corny they made me laugh and the various implements and accoutrements of the Catholic religion that I found strange and fascinating. I especially loved the brass tithing tray with the long black broom handle on the other end. I wanted, desperately, to steal it and hang it in my room above my bed.

Often on my explorations, I would pass by Father Christopher and we would exchange a nod and a glance. The first few times, I thought his glance meant, I’m watching you so don’t steal anything. But then I began to detect something else in his eyes. Something that reminded me of my dog, Brutus. It was hunger that I saw. And being a hungry, attention-starved teenager myself, I gave him back the same look he gave me.

It happened when I went into the men’s room. I’d passed him in the hallway and then turned left and gone into the bathroom with the sole purpose of peeing. But a moment later, the door opened and in walked Father Christopher. My first thought was, He thinks I’m going to smoke

11.3. A PRIEST ON HIS KNEES

in here. And while I did, from time to time, steal cigarettes and smoke, that wasn't what was on my mind. But instead of scolding me, he simply walked up to the urinal next to mine and peered over the metal wall at my penis.

It was such a sudden, unexpected thing. Truly, you really can't say what you'd do in such a situation until you're suddenly there.

I pretended not to notice and then when I was finished peeing I looked at him and said, "Hi."

His eyes were glazed over with some sort of mad glue and he could not stop staring at my crotch. He was clenching his jaw, I could tell by watching the muscles twitch. And he was sweating, which was odd since the building was always freezing, like a meat locker. His hands were in his pants and I saw then that he was playing with himself.

OK, twist my arm. I was 14, bored, angry, horny, lonely and for various reasons my threshold for strangeness was very high, so I simply dropped my pants and stepped away from the urinal, facing him.

And this turned out to be my first excellent blow job from a Catholic priest.

He sobbed after I came and I felt terrible. I didn't feel terrible for me. I mean, it wasn't like he was somebody I trusted who molested or betrayed me. He was a hunky young guy in the wrong career who got my rocks off. For a straight guy, it would be like being 14 and having one of the centerfolds from Playboy step out of the magazine and hand you a bottle of mineral oil. Like you'd complain? Like you'd go, Oh my God, you've damaged me! On the other hand, I was unusual. I was an unsupervised youth, old for my age, not a virgin. I wasn't a good Catholic boy. If I'd been a good, trusting Catholic boy and this shit happened? Well, then my attitude might have been to round up all the Catholic priests and feed them to a pack of pissed-off Hells Angels.

But standing there watching, I felt terrible for Father Christopher. He sobbed and he shook and looked, there on his knees, like he was about to split into pieces. He, the priest, was vulnerable and ruined for that moment. And I, the 14-year-old, felt kind of thrilled and kind of like, what do you expect? You worship a naked man on a cross all day? This shit's bound to happen. There seemed to be nothing to do but step around him and leave and when I tried to do this, he reached up and grabbed my arm. "Please," he said.

I knew what he was asking. "Never," I told him. "I will never tell anybody."

And I didn't.

Augusten Burroughs

11.4 Diligent about safe sex

Report-ID: 72573

A pedagogical guide that deals with the question of how to raise sons in a healthy way describes the case of Dan, who has many intimate relationships with men.

First published	01.01.1999
Author	Eli H. Newberger
Topics	upbringing, education, gay
Weblinks	amazon.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Bringing Up a Boy
Start of the relationship	1990s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	20
Name of the boy	Dan
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: Newberger, Eli H. Newberger (1999). Bringing Up a Boy. Perseus Books. ISBN: 978-0747539674

This is a general guide for parents. From the section on gay adolescents comes this:

“In ninth grade, Dan began sexual activity with men, some in their twenties, others in their thirties or older. He meets many of them in gay clubs. He also feels confident initiating contact with strangers in public, in stores, for example. He is diligent about safe sex and careful not to

11.4. DILIGENT ABOUT SAFE SEX

make himself vulnerable to sexual exploitation by drinking too much, but he has a considerable number of sexual contacts during a year.”

11.5 Full with desire and love

Report-ID: 35377

A boy describes in poetic words his desire, his discovery of pleasure and his love for a man.

First published	01.06.1977
Author	None
Topics	love, lust, desire, seduction by the boy, camp
Weblinks	aseaj.fr
Language	French
Country	France
Sources	La Charte des enfants
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	22
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: Boulin, B. et al, La Charte des enfants. Paris: Stock, 1977, p. 40-41

In a letter to the Parisian “service for Children in Crisis”, a boy wrote...I’m fourteen. My parents are rather nice to me, but even so they’re making my life awfully difficult. I’m in love with a young man of 22. we have to meet secretly. Our love is intense and enduring. It has overcome all moral, social and family objections. And I can tell you that I most definitely was not seduced by my lover. The seducer was really me." He had met his friend in a holiday camp.

“One night I found I couldn’t take my eyes off him... I felt a strong urge to seduce him. He seemed so distant, in his adult world, with his authority. (...) But I didn’t hesitate. You can’t imagine how full I was with desire and love. Thinking back on it even now I start to shiver. Then one night we went for a walk-it was the first time he really saw me. We discovered each

other, we swept each other along in the joy of our lust. And that's how I learned that there was such a thing as lust. My boyhood is going to last such a short time, and I want to enjoy it as fully as I can, but people make this impossible. Yet, when I think of all those things which happen in boarding schools, in holiday camps-all those people who do secretly and yet are the first to act indignant and denounce others. The bastards! Or pathetic victims. I feel completely normal myself, and I find girls and boys equally nice to look at. Beauty and love are everywhere, but I have to be secretive, when I'd like to shout to the whole world and tell everyone what's so beautiful to me."

11.6 He Makes Me Glad I'm Gay

Report-ID: 13857

At the request of his lover, 14-year-old Ed wrote a letter to NAMBLA.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Ed
Topics	hustling, gay, parents
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	Ed
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	1 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

11.6.1 He Makes Me Glad I'm Gay

My name is Ed and I am 14 years old. I ain't good at letter typing, but will try to do my best at writing this letter to you. I come from a part of New Jersey, called Camden, and it is a pretty

11.6. HE MAKES ME GLAD I'M GAY

poor part of the city. During the weekends and during the summer months, most of us guys earn spending money by letting older guys mess around with us. Well, I got to the point where I really don't mess around with just men, but I have sex with other guys my age, and I really dig it a lot. We suck each other's cocks, fuck each other up the butt, and jerk off all the time. Well, when my mom found out I mess around with other boys, she kicked me out of the house, so I ran away to Philadelphia, where I know all the spots where men pick up young kids. At first, I let any man pick me up, because I really wanted to be hugged and kissed by a man. Sometimes I don't want to have sex, just have a man kiss and hug me (is that weird?).

One night this nice-looking guy picked me up and took me to his place. He was really nice to me, and just wanted to hug and kiss me. He cleaned me up and gave me some new clothes to wear, and we hugged and kissed more, and I was really wanting him to have sex with me because he could tell my dick was really hard. He finally took me to bed and gave me a great blow job and put his dick between my legs and humped me for a long time. He was gentle with me and treated me like his own son, I think. My mom knows all about him now, and it is OK with her because he treats me so good and is keeping me out of trouble. Sometimes I don't even want him to give me money. He knows I am gay and that I just want him to kiss and hug me. I need a lot of sex, like I am jerking off five or six times a day, but when I am with him he knows what I want, and I am happy as ever in his arms. He makes sex seem so good and wonderful that I am glad I am gay.

This letter looks like shit, but I will send it in anyhow, because my older friend wants me to send it to you, because you need information about boys having sex with older guys. I think it's great and it can do no harm to the boy. I already knew I was gay before I met him, so it only made me feel better about being gay, and now I have someone to care for me and love just me for what I am. Does this make any sense to you? You can change this around to sound better. OK? Use my name, please.

Ed

Philadelphia

11.7 He was very loving and caring

Report-ID: 82692

A visitor's comment on a blog. The author writes that he had a relationship with a man at age 14.

First published	24.01.2009
Author	None
Topics	age of consent, prejudice
Weblinks	wordpress.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: An anonymous poster contributed the following comment to a blog by "The Busybody"

I was 14 and had a relationship with an adult male and it was wonderful. He was very loving and caring. Not manipulative and aggressive. It wasn't all about sex as most people would see it. I think the age of consent laws should be changed in the United States to allow responsible adolescent males to have relationships with older men. Notice the word responsible. Why is it every one thinks older males who are gay and are interested in some postpubescent males are monsters and perverts. It's not all about that at all. Love happens,sex happens,life happens.

11.8 He would have approved a similar relationship for his sons

Report-ID: 44268

This report is about Denver, a boy with mental health problems as an adolescent who later lived a successful and socially responsible life.

First published	01.07.1978
Author	Unknown
Topics	crime, education
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Journal of Homosexuality
Start of the relationship	1948
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Denver
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Ralph H. Tindall: The Male Adolescent Involved With A Pederast Becomes An Adult. Journal of Homosexuality, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

"Denver was referred at age thirteen for taking part in vandalism directed toward a junior high school followed by running away from home. He was of high average ability and reading at grade level. He was quite interested in machinery and mechanics.

11.8. HE WOULD HAVE APPROVED A SIMILAR RELATIONSHIP FOR HIS SONS

Denver reached pubescence by age fourteen. He was introduced to mutual masturbation at age thirteen by peers, some of whom were more developed sexually.

During his 14th year he began spending his spare time around a service station, where he became acquainted with a master mechanic who was then in his early forties, married and childless. The mechanic and Denver began to engage in recreational pursuits together. On a fishing trip, during a break on an island, they began talking about sex, which led to Denver's being fellated by the mechanic and to masturbation of the mechanic by Denver.

For the next five years mutual fellatio occurred two or three times per week. Sexual activity with the mechanic ceased at about age nineteen, but a close relationship continued to exist until the mechanic's death.

Denver is now 44 years of age. He was married and fathered two sons. He and his first wife were divorced and he raised his boys. One boy went to college and the other boy to a technical school. Denver remarried and has been a valued mechanic with the same company for twenty years. He has a supervisory position and believes that his relationship with his mechanic friend helped him reach his goals. He says he would have approved a similar relationship for either of his sons, had he become aware of such a situation. He reports no desire to have sex with males since approximately age twenty."

11.9 I always had the feeling that I was doing something wrong

Report-ID: 41288

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	marriage, family, parents, society
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1950s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	30
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

I must have been 14 or 15 at the time of my first sexual encounter with a man of about 30. I enjoyed these experiences. Now, as an adult, I see that earlier period just as a part of my life, a part that belongs to me.

I am now married and have four children. People with this inclination should fit into our society and our society should accept this as natural. But it will be a very long time before this happens.

My earlier contacts of this kind were so upsetting to my parents that, at the time, I always had the feeling that I was doing something wrong. Now I see it as part of a personal experience which I would not like to see removed from my life.

11.10 I lusted and instigated more than most

Report-ID: 62477

William Percy has published several books on the history of homosexuality. He tells of his childhood.

First published	01.01.2006
Author	William Percy
Topics	gay, masculinity, seduction by the boy
Weblinks	williamapercy.com, , ipce.info, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	W. A. Percys personal website
Start of the relationship	1948
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	William Percy
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: Memoirs, Draft of the Early Chapters, by William A. Percy, undated

Excerpts:

11.10.1 Chapter 2. Memphis

Daddy also bragged, to me and others when I was five or six, about how at age three I had beat up the grandson of General Bullington, Jimmy Walker, who, though younger than I, was bigger. He also was husky, blond, and adorable. I presumed that Daddy liked to tell the story

11.10. I LUSTED AND INSTIGATED MORE THAN MOST

because he worried about my masculinity; I was small for my age and exceedingly unathletic. I remembered not the fight with Jimmy but my strong sexual attraction to him, which I spent much time wondering how to express. Ultimately I decided that expressing it would not be socially acceptable. When Jimmy moved away with his family to the suburbs I felt tragically deprived.

11.10.2 Chapter 7. Yarboroughs, the Wildest of Them All

I was left to my own devices in the studio for stretches of time, and wasn't having any sex. To compensate I developed an autoerotic relationship with my reflection in the mirror of Lady's wardrobe. When bored with that, I loitered among the apricot trees of the courtyard garden, hoping boys or young men would give me come-hither glances. None did, of course. I looked even more juvenile than my scant ten years.

11.10.3 Chapter 8. More Playmates

Between infancy and adolescence, that is, what we call childhood from age six to twelve, Freudians maintain that children repress their sexuality, meaning that they quit doing it. This was not the case with me nor indeed with most of the boys in my neighborhood. Some participated more frequently and enthusiastically than others. One boy declined, and he was the most undersized. We all wondered why he didn't. I lusted and instigated more than most and unlike some of them never regretted that Little Nellie didn't join in our games.

11.10.4 Chapter 9. Middlesex

This is not a pun. Some do indeed quip that if you can't get a girl, get a Middlesex boy – types that in gay slang are called “twinkies”. It's the name of Middlesex School in Concord, Massachusetts, then still a Brahman bastion which admitted one boy each year from the South for diversity. That was me in 1948. There I boarded from ages fourteen to seventeen, during my early adolescence. Although I only had sex with one boy there once on the night before graduation, it was during these years that I first began having furtive casual sex, one-night stands with adults, preferring soldiers, sailors, and marines, although I often sought out non-uniformed lower-class males in sites where I thought that I would not be observed.

11.10.5 UMASS professor advocates pederasty

Source: UMASS professor advocates pederasty, Associated Press, November 26, 2000

“I never got enough sex with an older man. I don’t see that I was harmed at all, except being deprived of not having more. I was already the aggressor.”

11.11 I was in no way traumatized

Report-ID: 96722

A 27-year-old Frenchman from Paris, Anthony alias Stradivarius, remembers in a French internet forum that he had a 'pedophile' relationship with an approximately 50-year-old man, whom he calls Pierre, from the age of 12.

First published	01.01.2016
Author	Unknown
Topics	girls, death of the man, secret
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	French
Country	France
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	50
Name of the boy	Anthony
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

He felt seduced by his personality and stresses he never had any homosexual inclinations apart from this relationship. The seduction, as he calls it, went on for a year and a half, during which he repeatedly noticed that Pierre really liked him a lot.

11.11. I WAS IN NO WAY TRAUMATIZED

When he was fourteen, he asked Pierre mockingly if he had perhaps fallen in love with him. Pierre answered that he was always thinking and dreaming about the boy. Anthony felt flattered, proud even, that he was so important to him. On the other hand, he was mad about girls and asked himself if he somehow looked gay.

Pierre read his mind and quickly reassured Anthony that he did not. He would have declared his love for the boy much sooner, if Anthony had looked gay. Anthony has no doubt that his friend really felt love for him. He would have given everything for the boy.

Very soon afterwards, Anthony and Pierre started having sex with each other. Although at first Pierre did not attract him sexually, Pierre did help Anthony to enjoy sex outside the context of masturbation. He never penetrated him, because Anthony simply did not feel like it. Pierre always respected Anthony's boundaries and never forced him to do anything.

The relationship ended about two years later, when Anthony fell in love with a girl at school. He decided to stop having sex with Pierre, because he felt that this would be incompatible with his sexual fidelity towards the girl. As always, Pierre fully respected his decision.

Nevertheless, they continued to see each other often for years, as two true friends, until Pierre's early death, six years later.

For Anthony, this relationship was a story of a very strong friendship, mixed with sexual pleasure.

"I was in no way traumatized. [...] On the contrary, this man has given me many things, such as self-confidence. When I used to be with him, I felt strong, invulnerable, I was proud of us."

Anthony also felt excited by the forbidden aspect of the relationship and by the responsibility he felt towards his adult partner.

The only thing Anthony could in hindsight hold against Pierre is that the friendship might have been discovered and forcefully ended, which might have traumatized the boy. Given the generally negative atmosphere surrounding 'pedophilia', one could view this as rather irresponsible of the adult partner.

Leaving this aside, he only has positive memories of his friendship with Pierre.

11.12 I was thoroughly infatuated with him

Report-ID: 99638

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	party, love, school
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	26
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

11.12. I WAS THOROUGHLY INFATUATED WITH HIM

Case 8 (boy 14, man 26). “It lasted about a month. This friend was a friend of this guy, and he introduced us. This guy invited me to a party the next night and I went. That night we slept together. I was thoroughly infatuated with him. It was my third experience and it never did get beyond the infatuation stage. I finally woke up and realized this wasn’t what I wanted. He kept on visiting me and hanging around and sort of helping me with my physics. He left to go back to the West Coast when I told him it wouldn’t work out” (p. 176).

11.13 In memorial to Matt, I offer you my love

Report-ID: 35033

Harry Hay, a well-known American gay rights activist, gives a speech at New York University. In it he tells of his childhood and that at the age of 14 he already made money as a man and had homosexual experiences.

First published	22.02.1983
Author	Harry Hay
Topics	work, adult, gay, first time, self-dependency
Weblinks	nambla.org, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	New York University (1983)
Start of the relationship	1925
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	Harry
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: A Quest for Knowledge: Harry Hay at New York University, 1983, NAMBLA Website

*The following comments by Harry Hay were given at a public forum on February 22, 1983, at New York University cosponsored by the NYU gay group and the Stop the Witchhunt Committee, which had been formed to counteract a massive campaign by the FBI and the New York City police to smear NAMBLA as having kidnapped and murdered six-year-old Etan Patz. The episode is documented in the book, *A Witchhunt Foiled: The FBI vs. NAMBLA* (New York: NAMBLA, 1985), for which Harry wrote a promotional blurb. Other speakers on the panel were John Burnside, Katherine Davenport, representing the Stop the Witchhunt Committee, and Michael J. Lavery, longtime New York gay activist.*

Back in 1925, when I was thirteen years old, my comparatively well-off father, who didn't believe in coddling the children, decided that I was old enough to begin to do man's work. And so he arranged to ship me off—at that time we lived in Los Angeles—to western Nevada to work in the hay fields, with migratory workers who went through that area. I would go up there, I would earn three dollars a day and board. At that time there was no direct transportation between Los Angeles and what would be Reno. The transportation, as far as we could figure out, was a train that went fifty miles partly out of their way. They joined the jitney about another 150 miles, which joined a sometimes bus that ran on Tuesdays and Fridays and took chickens and eggs to the farms from the end of the jitney line to Mono Lake, and there everything stopped dead. I had another 150 miles to go, and nobody had the foggiest notion of how I was going to make it. But I was put on the train, and I went. The story is not how I got there, the point is I did get there. The point is that I was traveling as a man. I'm thirteen. I'm a child. I go up into the area.

The next year, I go up on point team. Between thirteen and fourteen, I had begun to hear about the fact that there are men who sometimes like boys, and I want very much to know about these things. I'd heard about this from the men who worked in the fields the year before. They told me about them; they called them "fairies." And of course they didn't call the usual civilities. I didn't tell them that I was listening to every word they said and storing it up for future use. I knew that I wouldn't be able to do anything about it that summer, but the following summer, when I was fourteen, I was bound and determined that I was going to do something about that.

When I was fourteen, I went up to work for it in the summertime again, as I had done the year before, but this year I'm not an inexperienced man and I make five dollars a day and board. I do more complicated work, I am able to work as well as any migratory man in the field. I work there for three months, I come down to San Francisco, and I ship from San Francisco back to Los Angeles by a freighter. I get a job on the freighter. It took two and a half days for the freighter to go from San Francisco to Los Angeles in those days, and they break at San Luis Obispo. They go in for the night to San Luis Obispo proper. I'm checking it out with the fellows because in one of the places they had some rotgut—remember, this is Prohibition—and then get all looped with the queers. I decided, I don't want to go with the queers, but I might go out and watch the fellows go in and out and watch everything else. But the point is that I had perfect choice. I had the right to make a choice. I am fourteen; I am earning a man's board, a man's labor, I'm being treated as a man at fourteen, and I'm making all kinds of decisions at fourteen. But from the point of view that you are hearing, I am a child.

The point is that I was perfectly capable of handling myself and knowing exactly what I wanted. But this year I knew that I wanted to find a man to tell me what I wanted to know. So, at fourteen, you realize, I'm a child molester. I'm a child, and I'm molesting an adult till I find out what I want to know. And I found him, and he was shocked. Then he discovered that, rather

than being a man, as he suspected that I was from the way I looked—my callouses on my hands, and the way I handled myself, and my clothing—that I was only a fourteen-year-old kid, and if anybody found out about it he'd be in jail for life, or, at least in California twenty-three years in that period.

I'm telling you this story, and I'm saying it tonight, in memory of a man—all I can remember is that his name was Matt. And I send to all of you my love and deep affection for what you offer to the boys, in honor of this boy when he was fourteen, and when he needed to know best of all what only another gay man could show him and tell him.

I also would like to say at this point that it seems to me that in the gay community the people who should be running interference for NAMBLA are the parents and friends of gays. Because if the parents and friends of gays are truly friends of gays, they would know from their gay kids that the relationship with an older man is precisely what thirteen-, fourteen-, and fifteen-year-old kids need more than anything else in the world. And they would be welcoming this, and welcoming the opportunity for young gay kids to have the kind of experience that they would need.

So, again, as I said, my offering is not as a member of NAMBLA, but in memory of that fourteen-year-old boy who was handled by Matt so long ago. And in memorial to Matt, I offer you my love.

11.14 It isn't always bad

Report-ID: 16791

hyacinth is a user of BoyChat, a web forum for pederasts. He describes a sexual experience with a Benedictine monk at the age of 14.

First published	16.05.2002
Author	hyacinth
Topics	priest, monk, first time
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	BoyChat
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Perspective	grown up boy
Plausibility	1 of 5

Source: *BoyChat*

11.14.1 It isn't always bad.

Posted by hyacinth on 2002-May-16 23:06:56, Thursday

I was fucked (my first time) by a horny benedictine monk when I was 14. I had gone to this church with a group of music students to see a demonstration of the pipe organ there and a little tour of the church. I had noticed this priest kept looking at me. I wasn't stupid, at 14 I knew my way around and had already had many sexual adventures, mostly with boys. Anyway, at the end of his demonstration, he said to me that I seemed to know more about organs than the others, I said yes I was very interested. He asked me if I wanted a tour through the organ, I said yes of course, and told the others to go, I knew how to take the bus home.

So he took me upstairs through the pipe chambers, explaining everything to me. He was very nice. When we got back down, he said you know the organ runs on air, do you want to see the motor room downstairs, I said yes. We went down to this locked and soundproofed room in the basement, and I noticed that he locked the door as we went in. We looked at the motor, blower, generator, and air regulators. I noticed there was a desk with some oil cans and tools, and a nice large sofa! Then I found out that he also kept some ky and some towels, and I found out why. He was a little forceful, but he never hurt me, well maybe it hurt just a little bit at first. But he was very nice and very gentle, and I liked him alot. I was NOT molested or seduced, you can't rape the willing as someone once said.

He never contacted me again, I don't know if I was too easy or he just didn't like me. But while I didn't love him, I think love takes more than one time, and more than sex, I have no ill feelings towards him at all. I think it was a very positive experience for me.

11.15 It was not a normal situation

Report-ID: 51097

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	consent, satisfaction, marriage
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	39
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

My first contact was when I was fourteen. This was a positive experience for me. My partner was about 39. Now I am engaged to be married. The reason I now have a negative attitude toward it is because, in my eyes, it was not a normal situation but my age and education at the time did not permit me to make a proper judgement. Moreover, the person in question gave me so much pleasure that I just could not refuse... I think at the time I was afraid to lose him.

11.16 It was with a stranger

Report-ID: 39627

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	stranger, affection, masturbation
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	26
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 7 (boy 14, man 26). "It was with a stranger; he initiated it; it involved oral and mutual masturbation, we did it 10 more times. I was excited, was loved and in love, got affection, but was not prepared for sex. It was not so much that I wanted his affection; I was attracted to him. This relationship lasted a week then three months later we met again and we were sexual."

11.17 Loved and in love

Report-ID: 87207

Very brief description of a case of sexual contact between a 14 year old boy and a stranger.

First published	01.01.2001
Author	Bruce Rind
Topics	sex education
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	26
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Case mentioned by Bruce Rind, in the Appendix of his article Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample in Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 30, No.4, 2001.

This case was directly obtained by Rind from R.C. Savin-Williams.

It was with a stranger; he initiated it; it involved oral and mutual masturbation, we did it ten more times. I was excited, was loved and in love, got affection, but was not prepared for sex [in this phase]. It was not so much that I wanted his affection; I was attracted to him. This relationship lasted a week; then three months later we met again and we were sexual.

11.18 Report of a victim

Report-ID: 47513

Report from a boy who had a relationship with a man at age 14. The report focuses in particular on how government institutions dealt with the boy.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Unknown
Topics	boy scouts, punishment, victim, authorities, police
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Name of the boy	Chris
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
Plausibility	2 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Found on Child Love logo, i.e. CLogo, a website now offline. There are several interesting cases of positive relationships at the Pedosexual Resources Directory (PRD). One of these concerns Chris's tragic legal experience of man-boy-love.

(Comment by T. Rivas)

I decided to share my story in the hopes that people will see how unfair the system is to “the victim”...

When I was about 14, I was in a really great Boy Scout troop and was having the time of my life. I had finally worked my way “up the ranks” and was the number two guy in the troop. The

leader of the troop, Gary, became my best friend. My parents had divorced a few years earlier (and my dad almost never came to see me), so Gary and I became really close. We spent quite a bit of time together both with the troop and alone.

Well, on one of our camping trips, we ended up sleeping next to each other (one of the perks of leadership was sleeping in the “cool” tent. . . .) Gary leaned over and kissed me. Not just a peck, but a full-on kiss. I kissed back. He unzipped my sleeping bag and started to touch my penis through my sweat pants. At this point, I became very nervous. This was my first sexual experience with another person and I was also worried about the other guys hearing something. I asked Gary to stop and he did.

Several weeks later, we had a sleep over at his apartment after a night of bowling and pizza and I was offered the floor in his bedroom. I accepted. Gary did not make any move toward me and just got into bed, shut off the light, and said goodnight.

I asked him if he would continue where he left off on the camp out. He climbed out of bed and joined me on the floor. We both took off our clothes and had a night of passion. He went down on me and I had my first orgasm at the hands of another. He also tried to have anal sex with me (at my suggestion), but I was really tight and he didn't want to hurt me. I realize then that I loved him - emotionally and physically.

The next, however, my emotions were haywire. I realized that I was probably gay. I didn't really know what to do. I was afraid to go to my friends for fear of being totally outcast and I knew my mom would freak out, so I just stewed. Gary and I were still close, but never had another sexual encounter. This agony went on for several months.

Finally, after my falling grades and lasting depression finally alerted my mother to a problem (which she thought was drug abuse), I was dragged to a counselor. I thought that here was my salvation! The counselor told me that I could say anything in confidence. I could finally get help in sorting out all of emotions.

The very first session I spilled my guts. I told the whole lurid story and asked for answers. But, instead of help, I was told that she (now that I had unburdened my soul) had a legal obligation to report the incident to the authorities. She said I could call them from her office right then or she would. So I called.

The rest of the session, she continued to tell me how “bad” the things were that I had done with Gary and that it wasn't my fault. He had used me. She totally disregarded my feelings and made me feel like I was some kind of pervert.

That night, I cried my eyes out. I had betrayed the man I loved. I decided not to go any further and to not help the authorities.

The next day, two police officers came to where I was working that summer at a Boy Scout

11.18. REPORT OF A VICTIM

Day Camp and hauled me back to the station against my will. Even though they were in plain clothes, all of my friends and co-workers saw them flash their badges around.

(They were legally obligated to get a statement within 24 hours of the initial report or they could not act on my “tip”).

They grilled me for six hours. They would not let me call my parents. They totally harassed me until I told them everything. Eventually, with their harassment and the constant barrage of crap from the counselor, I started to believe their line. Sex with two males was bad. Gary was a pervert that needed to be locked up. I could help them with that.

Over the course of the next few months, they “convinced” me to drag all of my friends down to the station to also give statements. Well, surprise, another kid was also a ‘victim’.

Mid-way through all this crap I told my mother I was not going to attend any more counseling. I was not about to spend my time with a woman who was just going to degrade all of emotions. I also lost all of my best friends and (once the parents of all of the Boy Scouts got wind of the situation) lost my last refuge when the troop was disbanded.

The police finally shipped me over the Assistant DÄ. [*]

[* District Attorney, the prosecutor - Ipce]

This woman seemed nice. Told me that she was there to help. Finally, I thought - Now I get some help. But what she really wanted was a promotion. She railroaded me into testifying against Gary and making me feel like the lowest form of life on the earth - not only a scum pervert, but also a guy who ratted out all of my friends and a man I loved.

Gary was convicted and sentenced to three months in county jail and one year probation.

After this whole experience, I buried my sexuality. I had a few relationships with girls, but they were almost totally disastrous. Finally, after 12 years and a failed marriage, I am finally coping.

I have “come out” and realized that I am bi-sexual. I also truly regret what I did (indirectly) to Gary and that I had not explored more with him physically. There is a big hole in my life now and, to make amends, I have tried to find Gary. I even hired a locator service, but it seems that he left the country. (I know he has family in Germany)... I just want to tell him “I’m sorry” for all that happened and “Thank you” for showing a young budding man the pleasures of love (physical and emotional...)

The moral of the story is this: I feel like the only real crime in this was the way I was treated by the authorities.

I was told that everything in the counseling session was confidential, which was not true.

11.18. REPORT OF A VICTIM

I was told that what I was feeling was “bad”, which was not true.

I was told over and over by people in authority that they were there to help, which was not true.

I have suffered through 12 years of pain before I finally saw the light and I know it is because of the way I was treated, not by Gary, but by the people that were legally supposed to protect and care for me.

In my book, Gary did nothing wrong. All of the sexual relations that took place did so at my insistence - he even repeatedly made sure I was still willing to go ahead. Some people would say that I was not mature to make decisions about sex at that age. To them I say: Bullshit! I was not a stupid child. The only thing I really lacked was information and only because the ‘health’ class section on sexuality was basically ‘married - lights out - eyes closed - in the missionary position - only if you want babies’ type.

I was in total control the whole time. The only reason I was unsure after the second time was because I didn’t know how to handle gay emotional love and didn’t know where to turn, since it was still totally unacceptable back then.

What really worries me these days is the fact that, although the gay lifestyle is accepted (for the most part), the victimization of young gays still continues. For once in the ‘pedophile’ argument, there needs to be the say of the real people involved - the young people who are not stupid, but are caring, loving, sensitive people with feelings who can make decisions for themselves.

And:

... When I had my relationship with Gary, I was only 14 but I loved him. I was not seduced or tricked or lured or manoeuvred into these feelings. They were genuine and last to this day (11 years later...) Our emotional love bloomed and it wasn’t until much later that we (WE - WE - WE) moved it to a physical level.

11.19 That's when I realized he was a pedophile

Report-ID: 56116

This is an interview conducted by *SOL Research* and anonymized before publication. In the interview, Jason reports about his coming out in a Catholic environment and about his first relationship - to a pedophile as it later turned out.

First published	01.01.2008
Author	Anonymized
Topics	getting older, religion, catholic, gay, coming-out
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Consenting Juveniles
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	35
Name of the boy	Jason
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: SOLR interview, in-person, audio recorded

Full interview and comments by Consenting Juveniles:

[...]

I pass by a man who was beautiful. Blonde hair, over the ears. Mustache. He looks just like one of those guys in the magazines. I kept walking, and he walked past me. He turned around and

looked at me and I turned around and looked at him and inside my head, I heard myself shriek. This changed my life, that moment. I said to myself, "What the hay?" And I walked back up to him and said, "Hi." And he said, "Hi."

His name was Rob and he was 35. We talked for a while and then he took me by the hand and we walked around the corner to the parking lot of the Catholic school and I had what felt like my first real kiss.

[...]

But it didn't take long before my mom figured things out and confronted me. And Bruce's parents found out about his being gay at the same time. He was shipped off to Japan, where his father was living and told him, "If you use it like that here, I will cut it off." Rob high-tailed it to Montana to avoid being thrown in jail. I had known him less than two months, and I was alone again.

I started going very gay. Bomber leather jacket, tight jeans with the crotch highlighted by rubbing it. My dad, who had divorced my mom when I was eleven, moved to Los Angeles, and got "born again," showed up one day after school. He spent the weekend with me, and then he got me to go spend the summer down there with him and his new wife and kid. At first, I wasn't interested. — I didn't like my dad — but then I realized there were a lot of hot men in LA.

So I went down there to that Christian environment and met Esther and Sandy, his new family. They sent me to a Christian summer camp and to Sunday school, and they took me to church with them. I became born-again and renounced my homosexuality.

They home-schooled me for the next year. I did a paper route, and I prayed, read books, got ready for the end times. I learned to navigate by the stars for when we would sneak through the hills because the Antichrist is here and the world is gone.

That lasted about a year and a half. Then, when I was 17, I found about nine reasons to understand that I was gay, that I want to have sex with men, and that it's not evil, whatever they say. I don't care what those people talk about, pray about, tell me about the Bible, I gotta be me. My dad punched me when I moved out.

[...]

A few years later, I got in contact with Rob somehow and we met up again. I had my own apartment, a tiny and wonderful space with a little fireplace. I invited him over for a romantic meal, wine, fireside, blanket, pillows, lube, condoms. And he made this comment, "You've grown up, Jason." And I suddenly realized at that moment, we're not gonna have sex tonight. It's not gonna work. Something's changed, and it was only four years ago. That's when I realized he was a pedophile.

[...]

I'm 43 now. I've had a number of relationships over the years. After all this time, I'm good with my dad. I'm good with my mom and my sisters. I have a decent circle of friends here. I'm very educated, a pharmacist. I think I'm happier than most. Life is very good.

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11.20 The initiative always came from me

Report-ID: 92153

This report comes from the research of Dr. Frits Bernard. Dr. Bernard cites it as one of six examples of 'characteristic' biographies on the impact of boy-man relationships.

First published	01.11.1979
Author	Frits Bernard
Topics	seduction by the boy, love, mentorship
Weblinks	wikipedia.org
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	PAN Vol. 1 Nr. 3
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the boy (end)	17
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Source: PAN Vol. 1, Nr. 3, 1979

I had my first sexual contact with an older man in Rotterdam when I was fourteen. . . It was nothing more than each of us quickly masturbating each other, looking shyly around us. Once this corner was turned a lot of other experiences followed. I can't say much about them, just sex and nothing more. One of the reasons nothing lasted was because the men were dead scared of being trapped. The initiative always came from me. I used to wear my shortest and cutest shorts and stroll across the market squares and through the busiest streets of Rotterdam until I saw someone I thought was 'like that' and then I allowed myself to be 'seduced'. That went on until I was 17, when, for the first time, I fell in love with an older man and had a relationship with him for about eight months. That was the end of my fleeting contacts. I desired something more than just sex.

11.20. THE INITIATIVE ALWAYS CAME FROM ME

I have no regrets about this period. I am only sorry that I never had what I was really looking for: an older friend with whom I could enjoy not only sex but all kinds of things, someone who would teach me about everything.

11.21 The man was a boy scout leader

Report-ID: 31292

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	boy scouts, masturbation, opportunity
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the man	20
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 6 (boy 14, man 20). The man was a boy scout leader so they knew each other for some time. The man initiated it by asking if he could have sex with the subject after a sex conversation at the man's house. Mutual masturbation to orgasm for both ensued (one contact only). Subject said: it had no real meaning; he never thought about it much; it felt good afterwards; it was a one-time opportunity and he took advantage of it.

11.22 Until the positive feelings end up being transformed into negative ones

Report-ID: 16493

Remarkable interview by Tim Rolsson with a Swedish student, Zven, who had a relationship with a 43 year old man when he was 14. Zven later experienced disadvantages as a member of a political movement because he had thematized his experience.

First published	01.01.2010
Author	Tim Rolsson
Topics	intellectuality, coming-out, seduction by the boy, abuse, disadvantages
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Swedish
Country	Sweden
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	2002
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the boy (end)	14
Age of the man	43
Name of the boy	Zven
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	3 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

A student at the University of Stockholm wishes to be known as Zven Szambruth (pseudonym).

11.22. UNTIL THE POSITIVE FEELINGS END UP BEING TRANSFORMED INTO NEGATIVE ONES

He is 23 y. and active in politics and gay emancipation. A psychologist, Tim Rolsson, asked him some questions about a relationship with an adult man he had as a teenage boy of fourteen.

Zven told Rolsson that the man in question must have been in his early forties. Zven had just come out as a homosexual and generally felt attracted to (much) older men.

He first met the man, whom he prefers to call Carol (pseudonym), in a bar. He looked quite attractive, and Zven, being an outgoing/extravert person, spontaneously started a conversation with Carol.

"At first, the contact was relaxed. Somehow, I made sure that our conversation would touch upon homosexual feelings and experimenting with homosexuality. I noticed that Carol was feeling a bit uncomfortable. Maybe because there were a few friends of his around.

We did have intellectual conversations about politics and such things. Not that I want to boast about this, but at that age, I really was a gifted teenager.

After we met about three times in the bar, I persuaded him to have an intellectual conversation alone, without his friends. We did so in a snack bar where we had a Swedish version of French fries.

I noticed how it fascinated him to be with such a young person who was already quite knowledgeable about things that usually belong to the adult intellectual domain.

After we had eaten our fries, we decided to continue the intellectual conversation at his place. I still didn't know if he was a homosexual or bisexual, because he hadn't said anything about it yet. But I did have the impression that he was not straight.

Then, I entered his place and I saw a room with a wall filled with extremely interesting books. History, politics, literature and prose... he had it all. Carol put on some classical music and I immediately started whistling the melodies. This made him even more enthusiastic about me, because he certainly hadn't expected someone who was fourteen years old to like classical music, let alone know anything about it.

Carol decided to have a glass of wine and asked me if wanted to join him. However, I settled for an ice tea because I can't bear alcohol.

Thus, the evening went on and I called my parents to tell them I was with friends whom I used to visit frequently

The classical music made me decide this was the time to go ahead. I began talking about sex a bit more freely and saying that I had never done anything sexual yet, which was true. At the time, I had only masturbated.

At first, Carol reacted in a relaxed manner, saying I was only fourteen and I would get at it pretty soon. He was startled however when I told him I thought he was handsome. He didn't

11.22. UNTIL THE POSITIVE FEELINGS END UP BEING TRANSFORMED INTO NEGATIVE ONES

know how to react.

“Oh, thank you”, he said rather insecurely.

I immediately asked him if he was a bisexual as well. “Well, now you surprise me with your questions”, he told me. He thought I was outspoken about what I was thinking and he could appreciate that somehow. Finally, Carol tried to change the subject to politics and so nothing happened that evening.

The next time I was with him, Carol admitted that he’d never had a girlfriend. I immediately said: “Oh, so that means you’re gay!” Rather hesitantly he answered something like: “Well alright, I’m gay, are you happy now?” I certainly was, because I found him super sexy with his dark brown hair with a few gray hairs mixed in.

That evening we only talked about boys and I asked him how he found out he was gay and whether he’d run into any trouble with people who didn’t accept him.

I must say those conversations offered me a lot of support in a period in which I was feeling insecure about the way the environment was going to react to my orientation. Carol had it all: sexy looks, an intellectual mind and experiences he could share with me.

However, we didn’t have sex yet. We just talked about finding out that you’re gay, coming out and its repercussions, while we continued listening to classical music and jazz.

Carol also showed me a photo album with pictures of his last ex-boyfriend. It struck me that the boy – who was years older than I – did resemble me. Carol also found this striking. He liked it. He said that I resembled his ex in terms of personality as well."

It took two additional visits before Zven felt secure enough to show more initiative.

“I just told him I found him attractive and sexy. Carol laughed out loud and told me I couldn’t know because I was still so young.”

Carol suggested that it could be just a temporary phase, which Zven found quite annoying because his parents also treated him as a young boy who just couldn’t be taken seriously. He felt that even if many teenagers don’t know what they want, this certainly didn’t apply to him."

Carol stopped laughing and asked Zven what was so special about him.

“We were sitting on the couch when I told him everything and as I was finishing my story, I went to sit next to him and laid my hand on his thigh. Carol didn’t know how to react, but it was apparent that he did like it.”

After finishing his story, Zven gave him an furtive kiss on the mouth. Carol kissed him in return.

11.22. UNTIL THE POSITIVE FEELINGS END UP BEING TRANSFORMED INTO NEGATIVE ONES

"That's how I had my first sexual experience that evening. There was no penetration or French kissing. I simply didn't feel like it. We did masturbate each other, Carol gave me a blowjob and I really liked the way we cuddled. By the way, I never gave Carol a blowjob and I was never penetrated by him.

At my request, when we had finished, Carol put on the song "I'm getting sentimental over you" and we continued talking about politics, high school and history, as we lay against each other really snugly."

*Carol doesn't seem to have a sexual preference for younger boys. His ex had been in his late twenties or early thirties and his resemblance to Zven seemed to play an important role in his feelings for the boy.

Zven describes his relationship with Carol as a close friendship with erotic aspects. He didn't fall in love with Carol, but definitely felt attracted to him. *

"I liked the fact that Carol was a fairly shy intellectual who didn't know how to respond to such a provocative boy like me. I liked to tease and provoke him a bit. To be frank, I had the feeling that I was the dominant party within the relationship. He did nothing if I didn't show the initiative. At the moment I still am the dominant boy in a relationship.

But that wasn't the main reason why I liked being with him.

He was a handsome and intelligent man with whom I had very nice conversations. I really liked being with him. My feelings for him were different from feelings I'd have for a brother or for a father. There really was more.

I only realised what this relationship was like when I wrote a paper about homo-eroticism in ancient Greece. That's how I could best describe my relationship. As a relationship in which an older man exerts some kind of sexual or erotic attraction on a teenager or adolescent and also fulfils some kind of function as a mentor, I mean apart from the sexual aspects of the relationship.

In my view, there weren't any negative sides to the relationship. The only thing I didn't like was the secrecy. Many people find relationships of teenagers with adult men disgusting.

Now that I live in Stockholm, I've finally lost all of my shame in this respect."

The relationship probably lasted between four and five months. It ended when Zven got into trouble with his father. He had been quarrelling with his conservative parents for years, but this time he was thrown out and he ended up with a foster family in another town, which made it impossible for Zven to continue seeing Carol.

"In those days it wasn't so easy for me to call him as it would be nowadays, because I didn't own a cell phone. When after a considerable amount of time I tried to contact him again, he turned

11.22. UNTIL THE POSITIVE FEELINGS END UP BEING TRANSFORMED INTO NEGATIVE ONES

out to have moved. It's a shame that it should have ended that way. Maybe he thought that I wanted to split up.

The relationship helped me a lot in my intellectual and sexual development. So much so that I would do it all over again."

His positive experiences naturally influenced Zven's views of relationships between minors and adults.

"I really get upset about the way 'pedophile' relationships are depicted nowadays. The standard view is that the teenager is 'pathetic', 'ignorant', and 'abused'. As if I used to be a retard who didn't know what he wanted. I most certainly knew what I wanted.

Another thing that enrages me is that I'm usually considered a 'pedophile' whenever I'm defending 'pedophile' relationships. As if every person who defends 'pedophile' relationships automatically has to be a 'pedophile'.

I can imagine that someone who had positive experiences will feel 'abused' later on. The more people repeat such things, the more a teenager can get brainwashed, to the extent that his or her positive feelings end up being transformed into negative ones.

In my opinion, that is precisely what needs to be stopped, because it can do psychological harm to the teenager. I mean, people may convince you that you were traumatized, even though you really weren't."

Zven told Rolsson in 2010 that people within his political party, took advantage of this interview by linking his name to 'pedophilia'. That way they managed to stop his candidature for a function by scaring its members: he was massively outvoted.

11.23 Yard Work

Report-ID: 86982

Ronald entered into an intimate relationship with his high school teacher at 14. At 15 he was admitted to psychiatry.

First published	01.06.1978
Author	Ralph H. Tindall
Topics	teacher, depression
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1947
Age of the boy (start)	14
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Name of the boy	Ronald
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: The Male Adolescent Involved With A Pederast Becomes An Adult. Journal of Homosexuality, Vol. 3(4), 373-382, Summer 1978.

Ronald was referred at age fifteen because of rapid mood swings, unpredictability and periods of depression. He was doing poorly in school at the time, was of low average ability, and was reading at about 1½ years below grade placement.

11.23. YARD WORK

By his own report he had reached puberty between twelve and thirteen. He had been introduced by two older brothers to mutual masturbation and fellatio.

Toward the end of his 14th year, he was doing yard work for a married, childless high school teacher. They became aware of mutual sexual attraction. During the following four years, mutual masturbation and fellatio occurred at least weekly between the two. They became fond of each other, but no sexual relations occurred after Ronald's 20th birthday.

Ronald is now 46 years of age. He has lost touch with the teacher. He has a family of three children and holds a blue-collar assembly line position. He is buying his own home and seems to have the typical problems of the upper lower-class family man. He has had no law violation except traffic. At age 45, the age of last follow-up, he personally reported that he has had no desire for homosexual relations since age twenty.

12 Boy 15 years old

12.1 He didn't have to drag me there

Report-ID: 53467

Criminologist Paul Wilson wrote a portrait of an Australian man, Clarence “Clarry” Henry Howard-Osborne, who was generally depicted as a pedophile predator in the media. The book by Wilson contains one case of a testimony that seems suitable for this collection. This concerns a young man of 26 who explained why he became involved with Osborne from the age of 15.

First published	01.01.1981
Author	Paul Wilson
Topics	grief, death of the man, suicide, surrogate father
Weblinks	ipce.info
Language	English
Country	Australia
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1970
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	18
Perspective	grown up boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Paul Wilson. The man they called a monster Sexual experiences between men and boys, Chapter 4 Beyond Sex: The Question of Intimacy. Cassell Australia Limited, 1981.

Criminologist Paul Wilson wrote a portrait of an Australian man, Clarence “Clarry” Henry Howard-Osborne, who was generally depicted as a pedophile predator in the media. The book

by Wilson contains one case of a testimony that seems suitable for this collection. This concerns a young man of 26 who explained why he became involved with Osborne from the age of 15:

“My father left my mother when I was very young and even though he sent me presents at Christmas and on my birthday I think I only saw him once when I was young. I love my mother but we never talked — it wasn't her fault because she had enough on her hands as it was. She had three other kids to look after and had to get work. She was always having trouble getting new jobs because the sort of jobs she had were only short-term ones — waitressing, working behind bars and those sorts of things. I often wanted to talk to her about lots of things but I never really got the chance and she really didn't have the energy to listen anyway.

When I met this man he seemed to be able to talk to me about things that I wanted to talk about. He took an interest in me and in my life that no one ever had before. He was a really nice man and I looked forward to seeing him every time I went. I think I saw him about twelve times over three years and as well as the sex we used to talk about lots of other things as well. When I heard that he had killed himself, and heard all those horrible things the papers said about him I cried, and cried and cried. He was, I guess, the nearest thing I had to a father, and sometimes I thought a mother, and here he was being described in the paper as though he was some sort of crazy man raping young boys. It wasn't like that at all, I went to see him and he didn't have to drag me there.”

Though Wilson allegedly was accused of child abuse himself, there does not seem to be any reason to doubt this particular account.

12.2 He had a real thing for redheads like me

Report-ID: 78728

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	postman, undies, redhead, friendship
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the man	27
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

Case 10 (boy 15, man 27). “[It was with] the mailman, honest to God! On and off for two years. The first time was when I came to the door to get a special delivery package in my sheer designer underwear, from American Male. I was changing to go back to school. He sprouted a boner, I got hard, he grabbed mine, I grabbed his, and we were off and running. Every day I’d come home for lunch; my mother worked. I had to be quick so he’d not get docked for late deliveries. He had a real thing for redheads like me. He was very forward, connected with me, and told me how hot I was. Talked about our backgrounds. It ended when he suddenly got transferred and contact became difficult. We visited each other and had sex, but it was hard and we agreed mutually because of the distance that it was better that we be friends and not lovers” (p. 172).

12.3 He knew exactly what he wanted but not how to go about getting it

Report-ID: 55141

A book on the sexual behavior of young people describes a case in which a boy urges his uncle to engage in sexual acts.

First published	01.01.1966
Author	Michael Schofield
Topics	uncle, seduction by the boy, coercion
Weblinks	worldcat.org
Language	English
Country	UK
Sources	The sexual behaviour of young people
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	15
Perspective	third person
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Schofield, M., & Central Council for Health Education (Great Britain). (1965). The sexual behaviour of young people. London: Longmans.

An English boy of sixteen, looking back on his first experience a year earlier, said that he knew exactly what he wanted but not how to go about getting it. One day when his family was away from home and he was alone with his uncle he steered the conversation toward the subject of sex and then asked the man to do it with him. when his uncle refused the boy said he would start to yell for help. At last the man gave in and did what his nephew demanded. over the next six months they had sex again on several occasions. The boy admitted later that what he had done to initiate the sexual activities might seem most reprehensible, but actually it wasn't so bad, for with sound intuition he had been convinced that his uncle had really wanted it, too, but was afraid to start anything because the boy was so young.

12.4 He later felt cheap because it was a stranger

Report-ID: 88431

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	cinema, cheap, college
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the man	45
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

Case 11 (boy 15, man 45). With a stranger (only once); mutually initiated oral sex. Subject said he later felt cheap because it was a stranger. “I met him at a gay theater. I came out thinking, finally I did it! I guess this is what is supposed to happen. I was nervous but I had a fake ID to get in. Looking back it made me feel really cheap. I didn’t like it because of the circumstances. Not dirty but it made it difficult to accept the whole gay thing until I fell in love in college” (p. 83).

12.5 I Need My Lovers

Report-ID: 84886

Tyrone describes the effects of his relationships with men and his view of sexuality.

First published	01.06.1996
Author	Tyrone
Topics	gay, school, Coming-In
Weblinks	nambla.org, brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Boys speak out on man/boy love, NAMBLA, Edition 1996
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	16
Name of the boy	Tyrone
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	bisexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

This report is from the publication 'Boys speak out!' by the American man/boy love advocacy organization NAMBLA. The book can be ordered on the organization's website.

Source: Boys speak out on man/boy love; NAMBLA; fourth (enlarged and expanded) edition; July 1996

12.5.1 I Need My Lovers

I am a 16-year-old black male. I don't intend to tell my life story in this statement (but I probably will), but I do want to help clear up a controversial issue – Men and Boys.

12.5. I NEED MY LOVERS

I am now 16, and without the help of my friends, gay responsible men, I don't know where I would be right now. I moved out of my house when I was 15 and I dropped out of school at about the same time. If it weren't for some of the men I know, I would have been living on the streets during those 2 months. (I now live at home, a happier and more understanding life, and I'm returning to school this fall.) I learn a lot about the world through gay men and that makes me a better person in the long run, ready for my adult life . . . when it comes. One of my lovers who I have known for almost 2 years, takes me out to the movies, to nice restaurants. This gives me more experience than my mother could ever give me. She's more of a McDonald's person. Which is fine, if you like garbage. I need my lovers, who give me psychological support about being gay. They help me to understand it.

I hope to live to see the day when these relationships are just a part of normal everyday life. On occasions I wish I could show some affection to my lover, a hug, holding hands, etc., but I don't dare to be sneered at by some straight assholes. They just don't realize what they are missing. I know, I used to be straight myself. It's boring after a while. I think that it is really ignorant of straight people to be so uninterested in gay sex. The whole world should be bisexual!

Tyrone
New York

12.6 I am not a victim. I was a willing participant.

Report-ID: 16863

Report on allegations of sexual abuse against an American teacher. Two boys were involved. One of the two does not see himself as a victim.

First published	22.02.2008
Author	Rick Wills
Topics	victim, military, teacher, school
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Pittsburgh Tribune
Start of the relationship	2004
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	18
Perspective	third person
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Wills, Rick. "Sexual abuse charges leveled against Seneca Valley instructor", Tribune Review, February 22, 2008.

"The second boy described a sexual relationship with Johnson that began when the youth was a freshman in 2004 and continued until last month. He told police, 'I am not a victim. I was a willing participant', according to the affidavit.

Goldinger said the boy was too young to consent to the sex."

12.7 I can never say all that I owe to Samuel

Report-ID: 37018

The author, philosopher, university lecturer and LGBT activist Guy Hocquenghem tells of childhood experiences with his teacher that have influenced his entire life.

First published	01.01.1994
Author	Guy Hocquenghem
Topics	intellectuality, illness, philosophy, teacher, school
Weblinks	wikipedia.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	French
Country	France
Sources	L'Amphithéâtre des Morts: Mémoires Anticipées
Start of the relationship	1961
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	39
Name of the boy	Guy Hocquenghem
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: L'Amphithéâtre des Morts: Mémoires Anticipées (French: Amphitheater of the Dead: Advance Memoir), by Guy Hocquenghem, Gallimard (Paris, France), 1994

That clear September morning, as fine a day as the whole decade of the sixties, a lanky teenager in too-short polyester pants passed through the heavy doors of Henri IV High School.

It was not without worry that he walked along the corridors. He fingered mechanically, in

his jacket pocket, a letter of recommendation. A new high school and this strange idea of “philosophy,” the name of the class he was starting, which heralded great changes in his life.

This curly-haired child, it’s me; that memory has split into two, ten, a hundred images coming back to me.

I could have, I should have, never met Samuel. The letter — my parents strongly believed in academic recommendations — was addressed to Prof. Levy. But I had been placed in the class of Prof. Samuel, who was this little man in a striped velvet suit standing in front of me.

I must have looked both poor and noble, badly dressed in my brothers’ clothes, too skinny, and yet I have seen in my pictures (all burned in the end, in the fire at the Mill) an incredible, exceptional beauty. Samuel didn’t think twice and included me in his class without taking into account that the recommendation was addressed to a colleague.

Poor Samuel had to overcome in me, in my first essays, such naïveté, such stupid, idiotic innocence, that he very nearly failed. Finally, in December, he invited me to dinner.

Samuel has been the same all his life. From the age of 20 to the 95 he is today, he has looked so much the same that his pictures seem to be from different hours of the day, not different stages of life.

I can never say all that I owe to Samuel. He cleansed me, morally, physically, intellectually.

When I entered this classroom — iron-gray walls, pale green ceiling, tall windows overlooking the courtyard — Samuel was on the platform. He read my letter without blinking. Then, turning to me, who had one foot on the platform and the other on the ground, he said in his strange Alsatian accent:

“I’m very pleased to meet you. Sit where you like.”

Samuel, although well-built and well-groomed (he epilated his shoulders and dyed his hair), gave more the impression, physically, of a tanned peasant than an intellectual. At that time, I was rather disappointed; I imagined all philosophers with glasses and white hair.

Samuel taught me everything, sex and politics, at a time when those were the only deep concerns. Even today, at the beginning of the second millennium, one may be shocked that my teacher slept with me. The room at the Grands Hommes Hotel was tiny, but with an alcohol-burning kitchen stove at the entryway. Samuel was on good terms with the Czech and Portuguese maids, who would sew on his buttons, and he lived there a life (he was approaching 50) of a comfortable old boy living at the hotel.

Samuel is actually typical of the intelligentsia of that time! It's not just him, his little stocky figure, his slightly asymmetrical face; it's the taste of single-serving quiches reheated on a hotplate that awakens in my mouth. A bachelor's life, which I became part of.

His raw wool blankets scratched me a little. The first time, I went back to Sceaux on the subway and I kept thinking, "If people around me knew . . ." Knew that I just made love with a man. How would they have reacted, these stupefied housewives with the stare of a melancholic cow, these little businessmen in their lousy suits, these students with glasses . . .

And the feeling of my unity suddenly revealed itself, expanding my mind, overwhelming the space of the small, smelly compartment where we were all shaken by the motion of the train.

What this experience taught me above all was the crazy, unlimited appeal of the Double Life. I have never ceased living on two levels. Homosexual on one side, activist on the other, and later writer and invalid, I have always had something to hide in half of my dealings. I love this; it is a greater richness.

The time of getting it together, it was the miraculous moment of "sexual liberation". But even when I was a homosexual activist, a part of my life, that of erotic frenzy, remained shadowed. And this was the right way; one must always keep some reserve. Full authenticity (doing what you say and saying what you do) is a totalitarian's dream.

12.8 I really liked older men but none would have me

Report-ID: 89981

Larry has written a letter to the *Consenting Juveniles* project after he encountered an abuse case at a New York court on which he has a different perspective.

First published	01.01.2012
Author	Larry
Topics	injustice, judiciary system, consent
Weblinks	consentingjuveniles.com, nydailynews.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Consenting Juveniles
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the man	23
Name of the boy	Larry
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	2 of 5

The narrative on this page is an anonymous account of correspondence conducted by SOL Research. All names of persons and places, as well as other personal details have been changed.

Full text and comments from Consenting Juveniles

[...]

I believe manipulation is wrong. I believe hero worship is wrong. I believe forcing someone through intimidation, physical force, and/or playing their insecurities to be wrong.

12.8. I REALLY LIKED OLDER MEN BUT NONE WOULD HAVE ME

But in another world, if people were open and it could be known by parents and all on the up n up, I think it's POSSIBLE to work.

When I was 15, I finagled with a 23 year old and a 28 year old. At the time I thought the 23 year old was so much older. But now I see a 23 year old male is a lost child inside and not much different than I was at 15. I did give him a lot of power but he didn't know that. He had his own insecurities going on.

[...]

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12.9 I was incredibly lucky

Report-ID: 86589

15-year-old Spike reports on his website about his childhood and about his mentor, whom he has known since he was 10 years old.

First published	01.01.2008
Author	Spike
Topics	Armut, Intellektualität, Computer, Mentorschaft, Schuld
Weblinks	archive.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Spikes Homepage
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	15
Name of the boy	Spike
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	2 of 5

Source: Spike's Website

12.9.1 About Me

I am a 15 year old computer nut. I have been messing around on the web for a year now, but go further back than that with the internet and BBS's. I have an older computer, which limits what I can do on the web, but what I have is mine. Hard won, not given to me nor taught to me. I consider myself a writer. If not that, at least literate. I am not into sports. I don't socialize with my peers much, nor do I entrust my education to the local school board.

My family consists of my mom, an ex-hippie that has pulled this family together during some really rough times and has a good head on her shoulders, my jock brother Randy (11) and my favorite brother Kevin (8). I can say that cuz neither will ever know about this web site. My male biological ancestor walked out seven years ago, so I've had a lot to do with my brothers since then.

When I was 10, I found myself a mentor, a wonderful old man that needed me as much as I needed him. I'll call him "J". He has jokingly called me "Spike" for a long time, but I'd rather not explain why. He is a retired college instructor, in the electronics/robotics/computer field. He was retired when his campus was closed by federal cuts in student grants and loans. He takes care of his elderly mother now, is not currently working full time, and is at the same economic level as we are. Everyone gets all over me when I use the "p" word, so let me just say that my family appreciates what we have.

J has been the best thing that could ever have happened to me. Everything I am today I owe to J. He and Mom are both educated people who believe that I must prepare myself for adulthood by learning how to learn, how to think for myself, and how to believe in myself in these times of oppressive control by society and government. I don't mean that J is a friend of the family. It's not like that. He is all mine. Mom sees the results of my association with J, and she could not be more pleased. In our family situation, there are not a lot of chances to be successful. There is no need to let fear and ignorance get in the way of common sense. Survival is any everyday challenge.

I had known in those early years that J was a boylover. He has taught me thousands of things, about his feelings as well as the more scientific facts of life as a human being in our universe. In general, he taught me to worry about the big things, the things that are true and sure, and not allow my mind to get bogged down in superstition, politics, pride, fear, the more trivial human passtimes. "Don't sweat the nickel shit" he always says. And you know what? Most of life is just that.

Back then I never did understand what J wanted from me. I mean I understood "what", but not "why". He wanted so little, but I was frozen with the fear of all these fairy tales about monsters and demons out there in society. "Always trust your teachers". "Always trust Mr. Policeman". What a crock of bullshit they feed us. No wonder so many kids turn 21 and are still immature, insecure wimps. J was the perfect gentleman, never pushed, always accepted my "no" with grace. Yet he trusted me, and that meant more to me than I can possibly tell. The more he explained to me, the more he allowed me to discover the world of fact and reality for myself, the more I understood the value of someone like him. I was incredibly lucky.

Just when I turned 13, J was retired from his job, and took off for another part of the country, with no plans to return. I wasn't in love with J, I'm not sure a straight kid can be as "in love"

as most boylovers would like to believe. I did my best to accept this development in my life with dignity. He left me with some “tools of the trade” (books, hardware, software) and more knowledge than most of my peers. But the next two years were much more difficult than I had imagined. Not emotionally, although I seem to remember not feeling many emotions during that time, but in my day-to-day routine. It’s as though I was on my own again, unwillingly – somewhat alone in the midst of a busy family.

Last September, J returned as unexpectedly as he had left. His little business venture failed, his friends elsewhere fallen by the wayside, his mother needing attention, he was back, and living in the same little town. He did not have the money he had in the past, he lived with his mother, and he seemed older, more settled. But he was back, and I was determined to not make the same selfish mistakes I had made in years past. I was older now as well, understood myself better, and not about to let old superstitions interfere with my happiness. It didn’t take long for our friendship to transcend anything it had been in the past.

In this last year, we have both discovered the word “boylover”, and realized just how common this phenomenon is to the human experience. J has never been insecure or guilt-ridden, and he has been at this for a long long time. We have begun to realize the implications of “internet for the masses”. Our internet interests are different, but we neither have been able to post messages to BoyChat, view graphics web pages in their full glory (although downloading a graphics file is possible), or do IRC with any degree of safety. I became active with the web as my means of reaching out to others. J did little reaching out. He studied, trying to regain his computer skills after two years of being out in the country (offline). I feel a tremendous need to seek out more mentors, teachers, who will at the least function as a captive audience for a budding writer, and at the most be a warm, trusted friend. J supports me in this, although we had set up a strict set of “safety rules” from the very beginning. I have many e-mail friends now, although some are less active, less involved in my life and my continuous string of little projects, than they once were. I have lost a few because I could not, would not, give in to their expectations of a more personal, physical relationship. Good people, but with old-fashioned ideas, unable to realize the great promises and compromises that cyberspace thrusts upon us.

In the time I have had a “mentoring” site up, I have had a few other loved boys directed my way, either by friends or by unknown lurkers, and have been able to get a feel for their experiences and their attitudes. Maybe I can be of help to them, most certainly I can learn from them. I have encouraged them to write about their feelings, but have not yet had a safe place to put these stories. Now, with the advent of a safe home, I can get together what I have, shame a few more out of people, and offer them to you here. I also have a few opinions that may interest you. Some good, some not what you want to hear. But all aimed at improving the relationship between you and your special friend. I guess this is my purpose for being here.

12.10 I was not traumatized

Report-ID: 19970

Brief report by the American writer Dan Savage about intimate experiences in his childhood.

First published	29.07.1999
Author	Dan Savage
Topics	abuse
Weblinks	thestranger.com, brongersma.info, wikipedia.org
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	The Stranger
Start of the relationship	1979
Age of the boy (start)	15
Name of the boy	Dan Savage
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Article 'Savage Love - I'm For Forbes' by Dan Savage; The Stranger; 29 July 1999

[...]

According to The New York Times, the study concluded that the effects of childhood sexual abuse, or CSA, “were neither pervasive nor typically intense, and that men reacted much less negatively than women. . . . They {also} argued that treating all forms of sexual abuse equally presents problems that, the researchers wrote, ‘are perhaps most apparent when contrasting cases such as the repeated rape of a 5-year-old girl by her father and the willing sexual involvement of a mature 15-year-old adolescent boy with an unrelated adult.’ The authors also suggested that

the term ‘adult-adolescent sex’ or ‘adult-child sex’ be substituted, in some cases, for ‘child sexual abuse.’ ”

What’s the problem here? Researchers reviewed the data and discovered that just how fucked up people were by CSA depends to a great extent on how old they were, what they did, and with whom. Why is this controversial? **Speaking as a survivor of CSA - sex at 14 with a 22-year-old woman; sex at 15 with a 30-year-old man - I can back the researchers up: I was not traumatized by these technically illegal sexual encounters. Indeed, I initiated them and cherish their memory. My experience is not at all uncommon, especially among men, and it’s absurd to think that what I did at 15 (and what was done to me) would even be considered “child sexual abuse,” or lumped together with the incestuous rape of a five-year-old girl.**

[...]

12.11 I'm still grateful he initiated me in the most loving way

Report-ID: 28232

Printed letter to the editor of the Dutch newspaper *deVolkskrant*. A man who had a grown-up boyfriend at age 15 reports about his experience.

First published	18.07.2011
Author	Gjalt van Ommen
Topics	initiation, seduction by the boy, supression, punishment, age of consent, Martijn
Weblinks	archive.org, google.com, archive.org, consentingjuveniles.com
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	De Volkskrant
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	35
Name of the boy	Gjalt van Ommen
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	1 of 5

The authenticity of the report must be questioned. However, there is still a reasonable possibility that it is genuine. Therefore, the plausibility is rated level 1.

Source: Volkskrant (Netherlands), July 18, 2011

When I was fifteen, I had a relationship with a man of 35. It was I who wanted it. I even had to

12.11. I'M STILL GRATEFUL HE INITIATED ME IN THE MOST LOVING WAY

make quite an effort to convince my friend to dare to do something with me. I'm still grateful he initiated me in the most loving way.

I did it because I found it enjoyable and exiting.

As a 15-year-old homosexual boy, I didn't know any peers like me. I had nowhere to go to explore my sexuality until I met P. Later, I told my parents everything and they understood. Sadly, P. died last year. We saw each other regularly until his death.

Nowadays, a similar voluntary contact between an adolescent and an adult isn't possible anymore. When things are revealed, the adult is put behind bars. I understand that the pedophile organization Martijn wants sex with adolescents from the age of twelve to become an offense prosecuted only in case of a complaint, just like it used to be, so that young people have a choice. I can't see anything wrong with that.

I'm writing this letter because I find the hysteria about everything relating to pedophilia is getting intolerable. I am against child abuse and I don't want to trivialize the suffering of victims in any way. But not every intimate contact with a youngster is abuse, as I know from personal experience.

12.12 One rainy afternoon

Report-ID: 30561

A Spanish book about first sexual experiences contains the case of Victor, who had a relationship with an adult man at age 15.

First published	01.01.2003
Author	Jesús Generelo und Marcos Benítez
Topics	vacation
Weblinks	ipce.info, worldcat.org
Language	Spanish
Country	Spain
Sources	Positive Memories
Start of the relationship	1982
Age of the boy (start)	15
Age of the boy (end)	18
Name of the boy	Victor
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Taken from the collection Positive Memories, compiled by T. Rivas.

Source: Mi primera vez by Jesús Generelo and Marcos Benítez (Ediciones de la Tempestad, Barcelona, 2003) includes the case of Victor from Lleida, who is 36 now.

When Victor was fifteen, he went on a holiday to San Sebastian together with his close adult friend Roberto. They shared the same hotel room.

One rainy afternoon, Roberto told Victor that he used to have erotic experiences with boys. Although at first Victor felt confused about this confession, his friendship with Roberto went beyond all doubts or bad thoughts.

12.12. ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

Back in Lleida, Victor suggested that he and Roberto become intimate because he felt that having sex was the only thing still lacking in their close friendship. They did it at Roberto's place and limited the sex to fellatio and masturbation. They continued to be intimate after this.

Their relationship went on until Victor moved to Barcelona to study Spanish Literature.

13 Boy 16 years old

13.1 Best sex I've ever had

Report-ID: 22692

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book '*And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories*'.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	subway, parade
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	25
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 15 (boy 16, man 25). "I went to gay pride in Boston and on the subway I was cruising two guys and they gave me their address. When in town next I called them and we fooled around; best sex I've ever had; caring, warm; saw them again several months later and they introduced me to a guy my age and we dated and went to the senior prom."

13.2 He asked if I had a girlfriend

Report-ID: 99370

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	neighbor, mentor, girlfriend, identity
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	23
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

Case 14 (boy 16, man 23). With a neighbor. "...he felt like my mentor, like my chaperon, that he was going to lead me out of my state of wilderness... We went for a walk and we were smoking cigarettes. He asked if I had a girlfriend and I said, 'No,' and then he asked if I had a boyfriend and I said, 'No.' Later, at his house, he started kissing me and suddenly everything clicked—this is homosexuality! He declared himself, that is, he had tagged himself. I pushed him away but I wanted to do it. I left ... and then I just cried. He apologized two days later and then he began crying and we did it in a very loving, emotional way. Now we're the best of friends after this put some distance between us. During the process I kept saying, 'Is this what it is? Is this what it is? Do I like it? Do I like it?' And the answers were, 'Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!' It did confirm my sexual identity because I enjoyed it so much" (pp. 88, 89).

13.3 He wanted youth and I wanted age!

Report-ID: 80640

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	classified, conservative, public
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	46
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

13.3. HE WANTED YOUTH AND I WANTED AGE!

Case 18 (boy 16, man 46). “I answered a personal ad. He wanted youth and I wanted age! I’m ‘slender, fun-loving, and cute’; he was ‘bearded, masculine, and worked out.’ We were together for ten months until I finally came to Penn State. I never lived with him. I’d go there to Pittsburgh maybe once a week or once every two weeks. He was very conservative and didn’t want to take me out publicly. He hates outward displays of affection and he didn’t want people to think he was my father. He sends me holiday and birthday cards. I think of him as my uncle. It was good for the time” (p. 164).

13.4 He was like an older brother to me

Report-ID: 65120

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	coming-out, love, massage, society
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	21
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 12 (boy 16, man 21). Met at a science fiction club; became friends. "He was like an older brother to me; he came out to me as bisexual; said he loved me and asked how I felt; no problem for me; not repelled so I asked lots of questions. First time we were together we were not intimate but he just touched my chest. I went over to his house a lot and eventually he gave me a massage; later became sexual; he was active with masturbation and oral sex; very pleasurable but I tried to make myself not ejaculate because I knew society said it was wrong. Happened seven more times. I decided I needed to be heterosexual so we stopped seeing each other. He

13.4. HE WAS LIKE AN OLDER BROTHER TO ME

was afraid that maybe he was just using me for sex and he wanted me to be emotionally with him; overall it was a very enjoyable experience but I knew IGay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men couldn't tell anyone about it. Only later in college when I came into contact with gay culture did I see I could label myself as gay."

13.5 I and especially Josef need support

Report-ID: 98321

This report comes from a letter to the author of the book “Heimliche Liebe”, Wolf Vogel. The penpalship came into being after a newspaper advertisement asking for positive experiences.

First published	01.01.1997
Author	Unknown
Topics	pen pals, sanctions
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1980s
Age of the boy (start)	16
Perspective	boy
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

"I have to write to you very urgently today because there has been some trouble. Trouble for a pen pal from a neighboring village. His name is Josef and he is 16 years old. I received a letter from him today in which he wrote that his mother had found my letters to him. So he can no longer write to me; each and every one of my letters has been confiscated by his mother.

The worst thing is, he had a boyfriend (over 18 years old). Of course they were forced to brake up immediately. However, there is still a danger that someone will report it. Naturally, I'm completely confused. What am I supposed to do now? Please (if possible) answer quickly, because I and especially Josef need support."

13.6 I knew I was gay before

Report-ID: 67072

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	book store, toilet, gay
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	21
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 13 (boy 16, man 21). With a stranger, who initiated it (mutual masturbation, only once). "Met him at a book store and he cruised me; we were talking and went to the restroom; we masturbated each other for 15 minutes; it was pleasurable at the time. I had no emotional reaction, no guilt. I wanted to leave the restroom. I knew I was gay before so it had no effect."

13.7 I thought it was against the law to be gay!

Report-ID: 58534

At a NAMBLA congress, 16-year-old Jes Harrison gave a speech about the reasons why he wanted to be legally emancipated from his parents.

First published	10.07.1984
Author	Jes Harrison
Topics	gay movement, coming-out, parents, suppression, emancipation
Weblinks	brongersma.info
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	Kids Club Anthology 1 (2019)
Start of the relationship	1984
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the boy (end)	16
Age of the man	19
Name of the boy	Jes Harrison
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Source: Kids Club Anthology #1; Out the Mouth of Babes - Youth speak out on youthlove; March 2019

Jes Harrison (age 16) gave this speech at the “Man/Boy Love and Sexual Liberation” panel held during a North American Man/Boy Love conference at the Pride Center in San Francisco on October 7, 1984. He tells of how he is seeking legal emancipation from his mother and abusive stepfather, and had to go to San Francisco to find a social worker who believed that he was abused at home and not “molested” by his 19 year old lover. Also present at the conference was Mattachine Society founder Harry Hay, journalist and International Gay and Lesbian Archives

13.7. I THOUGHT IT WAS AGAINST THE LAW TO BE GAY!

founder Jim Kepner, and early gay rights activist Morris Kight.

On June 1st I met a 19 year old student at the JC (junior college) and we started going out and everything and my parents found out and they didn't approve of it. And before this I used to bring him over before they found out he was gay, and they just loved him, they thought he was the greatest guy in the world. The second they found out, they just got totally hostile and they just went the whole nine yards to [accuse him of] child molesting, you know, put him in jail.

My mother approved of it at first, my stepfather didn't. The first thing she said one day when I came up the front steps, she said, "Dad knows, now." Then he drove up and then the interrogation began: you know, hitting me, threatening me and stuff to say everything that had happened. So I was scared, I was very naive at the time. They were telling me things like if I didn't tell them everything, they were going to put me in an insane asylum and stuff like that, just really off the wall stuff. And I'm from Santa Rosa, I don't know any of this! And so, I believed it all, I'm crying and I tell them everything. And then, I had no idea it was going to the police. So then I get in the car and we go down to the— It was just exactly like you see in the movies: a dark room, the lamp, interrogation. I was in there for about two and a half hours, a taped interview, and me telling them all what happened.

And then my lover, Paul, my mom got on the phone to him and totally just told him never to call again, you know, and all this stuff, and told him that he was sick in the head and needed psychiatric help. And then the next day at work, I contacted my lover and from that point on, we just did everything we could to keep him out of jail and we had both quite good reputations at school with everything so we had to keep those reputations up. And then the only other thing I could do was to come down here to San Francisco and get emancipated to keep him out of jail and keep both our reputations up. And that's basically my present situation: I'm trying to be emancipated. And it isn't the easiest thing in the world!

I thought it was against the law to be gay! I thought you could be thrown in jail for being gay! I was lucky in Santa Rosa to see a gay person on the street. I just got all excited, "Oh, wow, maybe I can pick him up!" Two gay people - I was in heaven! Kids do have some kind of power, but I knew nothing of it. I was being bombarded with bullshit! The things they were telling me, "You can't do this, we're going to do this to you, and you're going to say this and you can't do nothing about it!" Maybe there's some kind of pamphlet they can send out to everybody explaining their rights.

13.8 On the right road at last

Report-ID: 33886

Brief statement of a six-year-old boy in the context of a scientific study.

First published	01.01.1969
Author	Koning
Topics	first time, gay
Weblinks	iisg.amsterdam
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Groningen - Instituut voor Sociale Psychologie
Start of the relationship	1960s
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	28
Perspective	boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	5 of 5

Source: Koning, P. P. J. de & Blom-Van Rees, Th. A. H. M., Een kwalitatieve analyse van de keuze van een homoseksueel gedragspatroon door een aantal minderjarige jongens. Groningen: Instituut voor Sociale Psychologie, 1969, p. 16, 11.

In a research project carried out by the Institute of Social psychology at Groningen State University, a 16-year-old declared:

“I had sex with a man of 28. It wasn’t strange at all, for I was quite aware of being gay. . . . But it was so completely different. You’re suddenly swept into a fresh, new world. Immediately I had the feeling, ‘This is the real thing; now I’m where I belong, I’m on the right road at last.’ ”

13.9 Rebellion was my motivation

Report-ID: 34453

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	neighbor, married, guilt, rebellion, friendship
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	35
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345–368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 17 (boy 16, man 35). With a married neighbor, who initiated mutual masturbation. It lasted two more years off and on. “It fulfilled my fantasies. First time was in his house; I was nervous because of my body—not that anything was wrong with my body but just felt uncomfortable having someone see my body. We had always been ‘touchy’ and kept going further and further with no resistance on my part. I’m just as much ‘at fault’ because I did nothing to stop it. Rebellion was my motivation since he was my dad’s best friend. We both came. I already knew I was gay; had fantasized this interaction many times. There was no change in my

13.9. REBELLION WAS MY MOTIVATION

feelings toward him; we're still friends."

13.10 We met at a shopping mall

Report-ID: 32366

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	stranger, shopping mall
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	16
Age of the man	28
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 16 (boy 16, man 28). With a stranger; met at a shopping mall. The man initiated it (oral sex, only once). Subject said it was awful; unclean because it was anonymous sex. It was a very bad experience, but with no apparent "scarring for life." Subject said he was later able to put it in perspective, but wished he had "saved" himself. The sex was not dirty, but it made it more difficult to accept the whole gay thing.

14 Boy 17 years old

14.1 He was a complete stranger

Report-ID: 64690

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	stranger, vacation
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	24
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 22 (boy 17, man 24). "He was a complete stranger. I was on vacation and our eyes met. He followed me and I knew. We talked for an hour and later got together for drinks. We were not drunk; did everything—oral, anal; it was mutually initiated. I felt guilty for using this person for my pleasure. I felt confused because this was a new facet of my identity. We had sex two more times and then I ignored him. I felt proud I could get someone; this just allowed me to do homosexuality. I knew I was gay because of thoughts and fantasies."

14.2 I felt a little used

Report-ID: 91822

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	vacation, beach, first time, family
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	40
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 26 (boy 17, man 40). "I was on family vacation and went looking for sex on the 'fire island' of Europe where there was a nudist beach. I met three men—one 40ish and a couple in their late 20s. We did everything, oral, anal—and not gentle (my first time) so I felt a little used. We met again the next time at the beach and again had extensive sex. I wanted to stay but my family was leaving. I liked it and was always looking for action and getting away from the family."

14.3 I met him through friends at the lake

Report-ID: 48588

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	lake, hobbies, friends
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	22
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Note. Quotes for cases 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, and 25 were taken from Savin-Williams' (Savin-Williams, 1997) book—page numbers are provided. Other quotes and descriptions were obtained directly from Savin-Williams. Ages of subjects and older partners when the sexual relations began are provided after the case numbers. A few subjects had additional sexual contacts with other men (Case 1 at age 14, then 15; Case 4 at age 17; Case 9, three more at age 16; Case 21, two more at age 17). Details were not recorded for these episodes.

14.3. I MET HIM THROUGH FRIENDS AT THE LAKE

Case 20 (boy 17, man 22). “I met him through friends at the lake. We obviously liked each other and we went to his place where we fooled around. We spent a lot of time together. We had similar interests in music, movies, and clothes. It ended, however, when I had to go overseas, so it lasted just the summer. We’re still friends and we do correspond. When I came back, things just didn’t pick up where they were. There were a couple of weeks in which we were extremely sexual before I had to leave” (p. 174).

14.4 My gratitude towards him keeps growing with every year

Report-ID: 61648

This report is a detailed letter to the author of the book *Heimliche Liebe* by Wolf Vogel.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Unknown
Topics	vacation, intellectuality, pen friend, first orgasm, late bloomer, secret, divorce, masturbation, surrogate father, separation, death of the man
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	German
Country	Italy
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1967
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the boy (end)	Continuing
Age of the man	52
Name of the boy	Martin
Perspective	third person
Sexual identity of the boy	heterosexual
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

Dear Wolf,

You invited me to tell you a little about my youth for this book. I am happy to accept your

offer. You know that when I was a teenager I started a love affair with a man that lasted for several years. Is what I have to report important enough? Will it be of interest to other people, maybe parents or even young people? I hope so.

However, your offer for anonymizing people and places is inexplicable to me. I do not want this because I stand by my relationship with Werner, I do not want to do without it and in no way feel that I have to hide something “shameful”. I insist on openness, as a kind of *conditio sine qua non*, because how can you achieve something with your book if you indirectly taboo it? In order to be able to correctly represent the structures of my relationship at the time, I have to say things correctly, describe details, express joys and hurts in words. I do this from the distance of the decades lying in between.

I met my adult friend when I was 16 years old. My parents had a holiday home in northern Italy and I stayed with them during the summer vacation of 1966. Werner was 51 years old at the time and also owned a house nearby that he had bought as a retirement home after many years of work abroad. He was a well-traveled, sophisticated man who had lived in South America for a long time and already met my idea of a cosmopolitan person when I first encountered him. He was educated and got along quite well with my parents – my father was an important judge. So during one of Werner’s visits to my parents, I met him. He invited me to dinner. As a result of my conservative upbringing, I saw in this invitation something extraordinary, but also fascinating.

We dined in a stylish restaurant in a small town at Lago Maggiore, and Werner told me about ancient Greece, Socrates and Plato’s “banquet”, about the ideals of ancient Greek philosophy and about the love of boys. I was thrilled. An adult had never treated me as much as his kind, least of all my father. The world that Werner opened up for me led me far beyond the Greek lessons at school, where Plato was currently a subject of instruction. It would be this dinner that stuck in my memory indelibly, a form of “banquet” that, beyond my adolescent enthusiasm, set the turning point in my mental and spiritual development.

After this summer vacation, Werner and I started writing to each other. He continued to live in his house in Italy, I lived with my parents in Bonn, attended a school run by Redemptorists, and longed for the vastness of Werner’s world in the bourgeois-clerical gully of my Bonn life.

The following summer Werner visited us in Bonn. The first morning he came to my room to see me. He probably thought I was still asleep and I pretended to be asleep. His hand searched for my body under the covers. He caressed me and my heart was pounding with excitement. I had never experienced such a feeling. It may sound crazy, but I had had no previous sexual experience at that point. I was completely underdeveloped in this regard. I had never masturbated before; I simply did not know how to get sexual pleasure with a few simple stokes. Today I wonder about so much naivety, but the conservative middle-class home in connection with the Redemptorist

14.4. MY GRATITUDE TOWARDS HIM KEEPS GROWING WITH EVERY YEAR

School had left me in sexual ignorance up to the age of 16. That morning, Werner gave me the first orgasm of my life. It was an exhilarating feeling, and certainly I could have enjoyed it more intensely had I not continued to pretend to be asleep.

The following days he came to my room and repeated his body games. From then on, I showed him that I was awake and that I agreed to his stroking. One morning my brother came into the room when Werner was sitting at my bed. We probably just barely managed to make our “morning chat” look harmless.

I don't think my parents ever found out what had happened in my room in these days. Perhaps my mother suspected something, but said nothing; my father was relatively indifferent to me anyway. My parents were already thinking about divorce at that time.

After Werner's departure, the period of regular, lusty masturbation began for me. I did not have sexual contacts with boys or girls of the same age, although I desired girls. My environment only promoted sexual abstinence, not physical pleasure. There were no girls at our school anyway. So I often thought of the experiences with Werner. The correspondence between Bonn and Italy continued unabated. I longed for him, for the stimulating conversations with him, for the stories from his life, for the painting that he had taken on since he had retired in Italy.

The more Werner visited us, the more often we wrote to each other, the smaller and more narrow my parents' house seemed to me. Werner had already said that I could move to Italy with him. His house was big enough for another resident. He also tried to get this idea across to my parents, pointing out that his parents' holiday home was only a few kilometers away from his apartment. My parents were still hesitant, so I had to make do with the fact that I could only frequently see and love Werner during the holidays.

Two years after meeting Werner for the first time, I made one of the most important decisions for my future. I was 18 years old and had to work the switches of my life. My parents were about to divorce, I had to choose for or against the Bundeswehr [military service]. Werner made his offer to accept me in his house concrete.

At the same time, I came to a point where I felt that I no longer wanted to live in my previous environment. The school had become unbearable, absolutely unbearable. It had colored my life until then in such a negative way. The smell of freedom that Werner had given me and that I loved so much was stronger than my parents' concerns.

Against my father's will, I moved to Werner's house in Italy in September 1968. My mother was able to accept this step a bit because she was in divorce and wanted to settle permanently in their Italian holiday home.

In my new home, Werner opened up a new world for me. He recommended that I visit the Europa School in Varese, a school with international students, with boys and girls. I felt that

I was in a completely new world, in which I also found the perspectives and support that my father had not given me. Perhaps Werner was something of a substitute father for me in this phase of life – in the role of an understanding, loving father.

The school was 30 kilometers from Werner's apartment. That made it necessary to think about how to get there. Werner bought me a used car, and anyone who is 18 years old can understand the feeling of freedom that goes with it. I lived in a school that opened my eyes: with internationality, with new languages, with a different culture than that of the stark-clerical Bonn of my early youth. And Werner was the one who made it all possible. Living with him was absolutely unproblematic, more than that: he supported educationally and musically, he did things for me that were inexplicable to me at the time. What motives did a 53-year-old have to make audio-recordings of me playing my guitar for hours? I had not experienced that kind of thing before. Why would a man of his age try to manage my first school band, making contacts to create opportunities for concerts, and more?

But I'd like to come back to the question of how the erotic relationship continued, how my feeling of love was like. I loved Werner in my own way. But this feeling gradually turned into a form of gratitude and the feeling: This is where I am understood by someone.

But differences also became clear. The originally problem-free sexual relationship, which continued to take place on the level of mutual masturbation, became a problem when Werner finally wanted a bit more. In the meantime, two and a half years had passed since we got to know each other. Werner lived in a conflict between his head and his heart. In his head he was attuned to the Greek ideal: the boy alone should be happy, and nothing should happen that the boy does not agree with. For him it was basically a *conditio sine qua non* that his boy was heterosexual. He also saw that I was getting older and indicated that soon I might not be as sexually attractive to him as before. But in his heart and with his libido, he strove for further sexual activities, which I refused. Not because I rejected him. I just didn't enjoy it.

Occasionally there were tender acts in which I remained passive, which I did not enjoy very much, but did not feel as uncomfortable. The most pleasant thing for me was when we held our bathing parties or satisfied each other by hand while we had a good bottle of red wine. That was absolutely problem-free for me. I don't want to attach too much importance to these things, but they did signal a change.

At some point I met a girl at school. Of course, I had had contacts with girls before, for example on vacation trips. Sexual intercourse with a girl has also occurred before, but it was not what you would call love. With that girl from European school I literally fell in love. It was inevitable that I would also tell Werner about Jutta and ask that I be allowed to bring her over the weekend. Jutta had tolerant parents, we could have been intimate together in their apartment. But I preferred to spend the weekend in Werner's house with Jutta because Jutta was only 15 years

old. Werner had no problem with it. The room I lived in was separated from the rest of the apartment by stairs. That also gave me freedom from Werner. And in this room, my room, I had my first sexual experience with a girl *that I loved*.

Sexual pleasures with girls soon replaced eroticism with Werner. This cooled the relationship with my friend somewhat, but the contact persisted. It only became problematic when my desire to go to Jutta grew stronger, and with the distances to be bridged that meant that I drove away on Saturday afternoon and returned on Sunday evening. And after three or four months that became a problem for Werner.

Today I can understand it. At the time I didn't understand when Werner signaled: "Martin, I don't have anything from you anymore." I saw an obligation to meet Werner's needs, but I didn't want to honor them because my emotional attachment to Jutta was stronger. It was no longer the joy of being with Werner, but the feeling that I owed Werner my presence, although I would have preferred to go to Cittiglio to see Jutta.

This condition persisted for several months. In November 1969 Jutta became pregnant. The doctors diagnosed an ectopic pregnancy, which was terminated in a Catholic hospital because the mother's life was in danger. This situation was also a turning point for Werner, as he now realized that I was no longer the boy I had been, but a man. The time had come for me to make a cut. Werner carried it out in his head, but was still unable to detach himself emotionally from me. So his and my emotional life were subjected to dramatic fluctuations, if only because Werner ate up the problems instead of addressing them openly. For days it felt like a wall between us, a sad, tearful wall. That worried me the most because it brought my sense of gratitude down from the level of voluntariness. The situation escalated to a point where I just left one night at half past two and said to myself: I can't do this anymore and I don't want this anymore.

I found a new apartment 30 kilometers away where my mother lived. Werner visited me from time to time, asking to be allowed to spend a few hours with me, which we did. But those sad eyes that expressed his longing and the pain of separation – that was too much for me. I just couldn't keep up emotionally. I told him that it was OK to have dinner together, but I didn't want to be sexual with him anymore. Werner was of the opinion that it would be better to break off the contact completely. Eventually, he made a radical cut. It helped me when I moved away a short time later because I had passed my Abitur and wanted to study in Milan.

A few years later I moved to London to live, study and make music professionally. Contact with Werner broke off. I occasionally heard from my family what he was doing and how he was doing. He continued to live in Italy and painted. He even had exhibitions in Germany and received awards.

In the summer of 1977, six and a half years after my separation from Werner, I returned to Italy on vacation with an English friend and spontaneously decided to pay Werner a visit. I took my

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friend with me, who knew nothing of the relationship to Werner.

Feeling heavy-hearted, I climbed the stairs to his house. He opened, and after the first shock – it was really a shock because he hadn't expected me at all – he asked us to come inside.

The evening was initially tense, but after a bottle of wine we talked about old times. After this evening we started exchanging letters again. I continued to live in London. Whenever I was in Italy to visit my mother or to reunite with old friends from college, I would also pay a visit to Werner's. And on those visits it was the way I had hoped it to be like seven years earlier. I felt how nice it was to talk to Werner, I felt the many things we had in common, I felt what he still meant to me.

Werner died in 1980 and left me 15,000 marks in his will. I was supposed to sink his urn - Werner wanted to be cremated - in the Mediterranean, which I did. I had heard that Werner had died when I just had arrived in Italy for an Easter vacation. Werner's sister had shared the news with me. She had probably found out that I was at my mother's house.

The news hit me like a bus. At first I thought that I had to have a guilty conscience because I could not or would not fulfill many of his wishes. The death itself was a shock, I hadn't expected him to die so young. His death meant a loss to me; the loss of a bond of the heart that was not maintained constantly but that you do not want to miss. A friend had died – no, more than a friend.

Today, viewed from a distance, the question naturally arises: What was this *more* in our friendship? What did this relationship mean for me, for my life? I would like to formulate the answer as follows: Since his death, the understanding of how much Werner gave me and how much he contributed to the fact that I am what I am today, has grown stronger every year.

With every year it becomes clearer to me what I owe him, how he shaped me. My gratitude towards him keeps growing with every year. It is a voluntary gratitude that has nothing to do with the sense of duty of that time when I felt I was obliged to be grateful.

Maybe this is the best way to put it: Werner was a mix between boyfriend and father. What he left me is symbolized by the ring I wear on my finger as a part of him. Werner also taught me that deep relationships can not only exist with one person, but that several equal relationships can exist side by side – an important finding for me. Without him, my professional career would certainly have been different; The mastery of the Italian and English language are the basis of my profession. Without him I would not have played in a professional band, I would not have made recordings.

But I also often have the thought: Would you sometimes have behaved differently towards him if you had today's overview, the wisdom? Be it as it may, his and my life was like it was and not any different. Overall, I think my decisions were right. If someone asks me who shaped

my life, taking into account everything, then I will say: He was number one. There are other people who have had important impact on my life, but Werner has set the course. So, despite painful experiences, I have pleasant memories of this relationship, including the erotic moments, even if the detachment process did not go as I would have liked. But I didn't experience the eroticism as a problem, except in the last two or three months. I enjoyed it and felt pleasure. And the problem of separation in a relationship is not limited to a man-boy relationship. I had similar anxieties and pains in relationships with women, although the sexual desire for women sometimes continued when the internal separation had already taken place.

I spoke to Uta, my current wife, about the relationship with Werner from the first day since I met her. After all, Uta had just turned 18 when I met her, and I was already 32 at the time. In terms of age structure, one or the other problem could have arisen here. Now we have been together for eleven and a half years, have been married for over four years and have two children, a girl and a boy.

We have often talked about what it would be like if our youngest, Nicolai, ran into a "Werner". I'll say it bravely: I would not see such a relationship with hesitation, but with gratitude. The fears that one understandably has as a parent would most likely concern the question: is it a man like Werner, and how do you know right away whether it's a man like Werner? I mean, you can only try that; and you need a lot of trust in your child.

What do you think?

Greetings, Martin

14.5 No one ever suspected us because he was a drag queen

Report-ID: 85438

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	military, drag queen
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	32
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 24 (boy 17, man 32). "Just before I signed up for military, I went to a gay bar and met an older man there. No one ever suspected us because he was a drag queen so they thought we were a hetero couple. We went together for three weeks before I went into the military. It was great sex, but I wasn't in love with him. It was mostly oral sex."

14.6 So I let him take the lead...

Report-ID: 15508

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	neighbor, married, lead, gay
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	35
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 25 (boy 17, man 35). With a married neighbor. "... we made eye contact during lunch one day. He was very nice looking and it was very obvious that he was attracted to me. He initiated all of the contact. I was very nervous and yet very excited. We had lunch a couple of times and then he invited me over to his penthouse after work one day. I definitely wanted to go; I went on my own free will. It was a very positive experience. He was the right person for me for the first time. I knew I liked him and I knew that I wanted to do something, but I didn't know what to do. So I let him take the lead. The first time there was no anal intercourse but we had

14.6. SO I LET HIM TAKE THE LEAD...

full sex. I was also nervous because I was late for home after school. I already knew that I was gay long before this. We had several more experiences” (p. 82).

14.7 We met at a floral shop

Report-ID: 77288

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	floral shop, seduction by the boy, first time, love
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the boy (end)	19
Age of the man	32
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 23 (boy 17, man 32). Met at a floral shop; a month later the man asked him out on a date. On the date, the subject initiated sex at the man's house; it involved touching and body contact. Subject said it felt good and he was mentally involved, but did not have an orgasm. Subject said then the man fucked him; it was an intense feeling with an orgasm. They fell in love and dated for 2 years.

14.8 We were in love and it was a very affectionate relationship

Report-ID: 86340

This is one of 24 positive reports from the book *'And Then I Became Gay: Young Men's Stories'*.

First published	01.01.1998
Author	Ritch C. Savin-Williams
Topics	love, college
Weblinks	amazon.com, ipce.info, springer.com
Language	English
Country	USA
Sources	... And Then I Became Gay - Young Mens stories
Start of the relationship	unknown
Age of the boy (start)	17
Age of the man	32
Perspective	grown up boy
Sexual identity of the boy	homosexual
Plausibility	4 of 5

The cases 9 and 19 where a negative experience for the boy and are therefore not included in JUMIMA. They can be read in the article linked below or in the book.

Source: Rind, B. Gay and Bisexual Adolescent Boys' Sexual Experiences With Men: An Empirical Examination of Psychological Correlates in a Nonclinical Sample. Arch Sex Behav 30, 345-368 (2001). <https://doi.org/10.1023/A:1010210630788>

Case 21 (boy 17, man 23). "We were dating; he initiated the sex; it went on for 18 months. I was underage at the time and this posed a problem in my eyes. We had been dating for a while and the first time was in his apartment and we did everything, oral and anal—the anal later on. We were in love and it was a very affectionate relationship and only ended when I went away to college. We grew apart."

15 Boy various years old

15.1 Children choose their own relationships

Report-ID: 49440

A social worker and foster father describes his view of pedophile relationships. This report is originally from the Dutch magazine *Nieuwe Revu* and was printed on May 5th, 1988.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Unknown
Topics	parents, childrens home, foster children, runaway, power, secret
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	various
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	multiple relationships
Plausibility	3 of 5

Translated by JUMIMA

“In relationships like this, I worry more about the adult than the child. It is always the environment that finds such relationships problematic,” says John, 50 years old. John has raised nine children: one of his own, four official foster children and four other children, with whom the parents, one after the other, agreed that the children would move in with him. Four of the children had a relationship with an adult. One of the children does not want John to tell his personal experiences. He therefore only speaks in general terms as a parent and home educator. John says:

“Children choose their own relationships. I don’t use the power I could exercise, and I don’t want to. I am the one who is closest to the child. That also means that I occasionally conflict with society. Of course I have the last word. But that happens at most twice a year. Children have the first word, and that happens every day. If a child chooses a relationship that I don’t like, we’ll discuss it together. Because the relationship with your own child lasts through thick and

15.1. CHILDREN CHOOSE THEIR OWN RELATIONSHIPS

thin. After all, as a parent or foster parent, you can't just say 'get out' if a child steals, is silly, or is nasty.

Pedophile relationships have their own value, strength and weakness. That the child is a little king in these relationships, well, I'm happy for the kid. It has its own value that I cannot offer him as a parent. Because I have other children, a household and a job. As a group leader in a children's home, I sometimes had to deal with runaways. They knew how to find their guys. I found them occasionally right in bed with a man. Yes, they were very comfortable there. The fact that the children had every reason to seek comfort has always prevented me from putting an end to this through the path of official powers. Probably I sometimes thought: Could I only offer the same warmth and attention! I only intervened when the children blackmailed the adults.

What can you do for children? You can educate them about contraceptives, but mostly they have long known about it from the school playground. Practical decisions that must be made as an adult are communicated: consent to stay overnight, agreement on times. One must then also accept the adult as a visitor, even in the boy's own room. You just shouldn't accidentally come in to wipe dust. In such relationships I am always more worried about the adult, boyfriend or girlfriend, than about the child. The adults can be blackmailed! They are vulnerable and insecure.

I personally have no difficulties with the sexual aspect. Children crawl into bed with their parents and take a shower with them. If you allow that, you will notice that they are healthy curious about the body and sexuality of the parents. Then I say: Well, that's good. Let them look at your body, let them look at your sexual life as parents. Let the child see it, tell them about how you're feeling, let your excitement be seen. Let them experience what your sexual life is like. The big advantage is that you will hear what they are experiencing later. On the other hand, children also draw their limits. But they don't find it problematic to share most of it with the adults. It is always the outside world that finds this problematic.

Children are searching themselves. This happens especially in the transition years, with ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, when they distance themselves from their parents. In their eyes, the parents are old people. A friend is everything then; for a certain time he corresponds to an ideal. But after a year everything turns normal again. Sometimes it's suddenly over, but most of the time it comes to an end gradually. Then both have different needs. A lasting relationship has also emerged, a good relationship.

Children are not owned by their parents. Children run around with a hundred secrets, that is a piece of their own, which they find exciting. There are also secrets that have freedom at their core. The fact that children are forced to keep secrecy happens precisely because of the usual power structures, school, and family. Pedophiles in particular are very vulnerable, very powerless. They can be reported. When push comes to shove, the child is always the more powerful. The

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child can talk to its parents, it can simply stay away from the adult. Parents and teachers for example have much more power over a child. I myself strive for a balance of power in the relationship with children.”

15.2 Yes, I'm a pedophile

Report-ID: 20861

This report by a mother is originally from the Dutch magazine *Nieuwe Revu* and was printed on May 5th, 1988.

First published	05.05.1988
Author	Unknown
Topics	music, teacher, siblings, parents, secret, transgression
Weblinks	itp-arcados.net
Language	Dutch
Country	Netherlands
Sources	Heimliche Liebe
Start of the relationship	1970s
Age of the boy (start)	various
Perspective	third person
# relationships of the boy	one relationship
Plausibility	4 of 5

Paula is a mother of three sons. All three had a relationship with an adult man who soon became a friend of the family. Even now that the children have grown up, the friendship persists. [Comment from Wolf Vogel]

“It developed very naturally,” says Paula. “Just as children who grow up stop kissing their parents goodnight, intimacy disappeared from the relationship.” On purpose, she tries not to use the exact expression and not to tell too many details. “In this rural area, if these friendships were publicly known, it could put us in great danger.” Her sons were eight, twelve and thirteen years old when Paula noticed that something was happening in her house.

“He was the music teacher of our oldest son and came to our home every week. From the behavior of our youngest, who particularly likes to cuddle, I noticed that there was something going on. At first it was just a feeling, then I simply asked the music teacher. He was completely honest, he said:”Yes, I’m a pedophile.” And then you stand there. The fact that we could see how he behaved with our children took a lot off the edge of the discovery. We asked him to tell our kids

himself what he felt for them. Then we talked it through with the children, in the presence of the friend. The great openness was very important.

Later he also invited the children to spend the night with him. We agreed, but at first you sit at home and think: Oh dear, did we decide correctly? But we built on the fact that we had been open with them. And the fact that our children were able to reject things they didn't want. That's how we raised them, and we hope that it will empower them. And it actually seemed to be the case.

Our youngest spontaneously told us what happened there. Nothing special! We asked the older friend to be careful not to speed things up. It was also good for him to be able to talk about it. I remember that the oldest of my boys told me after a few nights:

"Mommy, I can sleep in the big bed now." - "Oh", my husband and I said, "Do you think that's nice?" Yes, he thought that was wonderful. I could well imagine that of the youngest. He said, "Do you know what I think is great, mom? When he rubs my back." I said: "Oh, does he do that?" We tried to ask our questions playfully. We already knew from his older friend that our son found rubbing the back nice, but didn't allow more. Our child said it quite spontaneously: "Only if he gets brushes my pipman, I don't need that, I think that's stupid stuff." We then said: "Ah, shouldn't he?" We always did this way, because we absolutely didn't want to attach too much importance to it.

That is the biggest mistake you can make. Because children do not know of the importance that adults attach to sexuality. It's what make it of it. We are adults in our own world of thought, but that is something completely different from what happens between the pedophile and the child. The most difficult thing is that you have to tell your children to remain silent about such a friendship. But it has to be. Pedophiles can be fired from their jobs, arrested, and even prosecuted. And you have to spare a friend from things like that. But on the other hand you want to let your children know: boys, it's nothing special, you don't have to be ashamed. The taboo, the opposition, that's hard for me. That is also the reason why I became a member of an NVSH Working Group on Pedophilia. (Editor's note: The NVSH is the Dutch Association for Sexual Reform.) The people I met there, their mentality extortet a lot of respect from me. But you also have to dare to be honest with yourself. Certainly one has doubts, but the children demand their own right. When you think back to your own youth, you mustn't stick your head in the sand.

I am not afraid of abuse. The presence of a child is often sufficient. Then the older friend will bring the child to bed and caress him. What can be said against it? Parents do that too. Children also crawl into bed with their parents. Then you cuddle with them too. It's part of her upbringing, I think. There is already enough fear of physical contact. It is fear that creates the emotions. I'm certainly not saying: investigate! But experience shows that this kind of life

experience will surprise you.

A pedophile is someone who loves children. He does not want to frighten or disappoint the child. Maybe he makes mistakes subconsciously. But don't educators do that, too? When we got involved with these things, we were open from the start. Parents should make it clear to their children that they can talk to them about everything, including things that parents don't quite understand. You can also start a conversation with a pedophile yourself. And if he makes a mistake – does that mean you have to give him the hairy eyeball?

I know that many children provoke certain things themselves. We saw that here in the house. It was something like: How far can I get him, the adult?

If this happens to someone who has always had to control himself, yes, then he can go too far. Then you have to stick a stick in front of it, you have to make sure that the child first learns to make contact in a different way. If there is openness, you have the parents in it from the start.”