

BRADY

A BARCLAY HOUSE PSYCHO-SEX STUDY

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# CLEAN AND GOOD

BY VICTOR DODSON







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*“ . . . I live in a hick town. The first night Lee picked me up, I felt attracted to him right off . . . Even when we started playing around with each other, it wasn't like just dirty sex. It was clean and good and I really dug it. ”*

*“ . . . We were jammed together during the subway rush hour. I was coming home from school and this guy was pushed up against me. He had his crotch against my hip. . . ”*

*“ . . . Howie took hold . . . and held it until it was rock hard. He brought his mouth close to my ear and said he wanted to try something, and asked me to turn over on my back. . . ”*

## PEDERASTY

has been referred to as “the sex life of the gods”; it has also been called “the corruptor of youth.” It has been indulged in since the beginning of time, and it will be a part of the sexual picture as long as people exist. Like any other sexual attraction, its intensity , its duration and its degree of sexuality vary according to the people involved. This book dramatically relates vivid and authentic case histories of sex between men and boys. It will, forcefully and eloquently, bring a clearer understanding of pederasty to all who read it.

# CLEAN AND GOOD

by

Victor Dodson

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by

## **BARCLAY HOUSE**

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## INTRODUCTION

*Delightful to me is the bloom  
of the twelve year old boy.*

(Strato)

The word pederasty is defined as meaning genital-anal sexual relations between two males, especially when one is a young boy. Recently some authorities have expanded the definition of the word to include any form of sexual intercourse between a mature male and a young boy. Pederasty derives from the Greek word *paiderasteia* (equivalent to ‘*paid—*’ meaning boy or child, plus ‘*erastes*’ meaning lover, a derivative of ‘*eran,*’ to love). It is appropriate that the word pederasty comes from the Greek because it was in that classic society that the practice enjoyed widespread acceptance and noble expression.

Why pederasty? To what does it owe its popularity? Aristotle expressed the thought that its popularity in the Greek civilization stemmed from fear of overpopulation. Many authorities today more or less tolerate homosexuality because of the self-same modern fear of overpopulation. Numerous arguments have been raised against this theory. The most obvious argument would be that a man need not resort to another male if he wishes to commit sodomy, thereby removing any chance of impregnating the female; he can very easily and simply sodomize the female. Therefore, resorting to pederasty for the sake of reducing the birthrate is a weak contention.

Freud explained that the most virile of males often seek out sexual relations with young boys not because the masculine character of the boy kindles the attraction or love of the older man, but because of the boy’s physical resemblance to woman as well as his feminine psychic qualities, such as shyness, demureness and the need of instruction and help. When the boy matures into manhood he ceases to be a sexual object for a man and in turn becomes a lover of boys himself.

It is easy to understand the popularity pederasty enjoyed in ancient times. Men were considered supreme and women were looked upon as almost useless beings. Virility was an object of worship and femininity a weakness. Men resorted to sexual pleasures with young boys because they felt that the boys held the basic ingredients of virility, yet outwardly displayed the charms and softness of womankind.

However, as obvious as this may have been in the Greek culture, our present day society is differently constructed inasmuch as woman can hardly be considered as being the weaker sex. The female of today enjoys every right and privilege that men enjoy and there is little that man does that woman does not do, or at least has not attempted. Therefore, why does pederasty continue to hold in modern day popularity? Dr. Daniel Cappon in *Toward an Understanding of Homosexuality*, expressed the thought that one reason might well be the romantic aspects related to it. The recognized evidence of pederastic practices emanated from the Greeks. The Greeks were idealists. They invented romantic love on a grand scale. The man's love of a boy was more an ideal form of love with sensuousness sometimes sublimated, sometimes spent in virile passions. Pederasty as it is known today could only have existed when and where there was romantic love. It was the Greek aristocrats, not the people, who invented love and venerated the beauty of youths. In our present day civilization men look back to the beauty and the purity that was so praised and exalted. Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, are read with reverence and respect. The beauty and delicateness of their phrases and philosophies soften the cold reality of today's problematic world and enable Twentieth Century man to escape back into the past; back into a seemingly trouble-free world, and the companionship and unquestioned love of a boy.

The following excerpt is from a popular novel published anonymously in 1756:

*"Oh, my master," cries out the boy, frightened by the quick removal of the prick from his mouth. "Have I done it wrong?"*

*"No, no," replies the Squire, "I have but other plans. I lust for something more, and by God I'll have it now, my little fucker, for I can restrain myself no longer, and my quivering pole must have its way."*

*Thus saying, he easily lifts the youth over so that he lies upon his stomach and his little pink arse, its cheeks soft and pale in the dim light, are turned upward to the wicked view of the Squire, whose sensibilities fail him now at so voluptuous a sight turned defenselessly to him.*

*"Ah, sweet beauty," he cries, and buries his face in the scented valley between those down-covered hillocks. "There is the prize for which I have lusted this while."*

*"But sir, 'tis only my bum back there, which can serve no good purpose to you, and why should you want to kiss it so, not unlike the way you did my cock?"*

*"My child, it is the grandest treasure can be given a man's hot prick, the virgin arse of a tender boy. Come, up with it, like so. I must have it, no matter the consequences. There, rest your head down, thighs apart, that is the way."*

*"Sire," says the young boy, whose face is now buried into the bedpillows and who crouches, up on his knees, so that his pink little buttocks are thrust upward, and between them a dainty rosebud of an opening is bared all helplessly. "I feel a poking and a knocking at my arsehole, but for what purpose? And what is that with which you prod, for it feels like a mighty stick." (Here the uncomprehending youth reaches a hand back, to clasp the Squire's prick). "Why, my master, 'tis your dear prick which pokes at me, but to what avail? I know not what game we play, you shall needs have to instruct me."*

*"But be patient a minute longer and you will get your teacher," says the Squire, and pokes anew, holding firm to the boy's slim hips so that his target is unmoving; and pushing mightily forward with all the strength of his hips, so that at last the pouting lips yield to him and the monstrous knob enters that heretofore undefiled cavern.*

*"Oh, good master," cries the lad, with a gasp and a jerk. "I feel pain. I fear that this will not do, good sir, one has only to feel of the two to see that one is too large and the other too small, for your prick to fit that channel. Oh master, master, I feel as though split asunder. I beg you, desist, let me but suck upon your staff again, forego this folly."*

*And with this crying and shouting, the young boy tries in vain to free himself from the strong embrace of his tormentor, who but holds*

*him the closer and, to the cause of yet more shrieks and cries, thrusts still more of this monstrous weapon into the quivering receptacle; for by this moment the passions within our Squire have blazed to such fire that they no longer can be restrained, and have turned this noble man into a veritable beast.*

*“Ah, squirm, my little man, I must fuck it, and your struggles only give me greater pleasure. Buck, yes, rear up, for it accommodates more of my cock into you, and jerks and twists it about. Oh, my child, if you but knew the pleasure that you give me now. Ah, I must plunge deeper,” and so saying, he does indeed poke so that another inch or so goes into the lad’s arse, which now holds nearly all.*

*“Oh, my lord, I beg you, no more, remove, remove it, it rends me, I bleed, I shall faint, or die, for what do you torture me so,” and with these and similar cries the youth continues to fling himself about, his movements, as the Squire had already said, only adding to his torment and to the pleasure of his fucker.*

*“Sweet flesh,” says the Squire in utter pleasure, “and such wisdom is mine to know at a glance an arse for fucking born. But,” with a pause, “but say that you wish this no more, and you shall have your way, and begone from here within a minute or so. Tell me quick, would the streets of London be more dear to you, for I’ll not detain you, my little cherub, if you needs must go before I have even finished my fucking.”*

*And hearing this, young David knows that he has but two choices, either to let himself be invaded by the mighty prick of the man atop him, or to take himself into the cold streets, with neither food nor lodging, exposed to the cruel elements and the misdeeds of unscrupulous individuals who might, since he would be beyond the scope of the Squire’s protection, disadvantage him many times over. And perceiving all this, and seeing where his safety lies, he ceases to protest and squaring up his shoulders vows to himself that he will endure whatever agony this may cost him, in return for the noble Squire’s generosity to him. (Had he not, he asks himself, vowed to serve in any manner, and was it not now the Squire’s desire to be served in this way, by an agreeable bum?)*

*“Master,” he says more calmly, “I perceive that the pain grows lesser and the pleasure more.”*

*“Wise child,” says the Squire, pleased with this attitude. “Then I shall give you all of the pleasure at my disposal,” and with this he shoves rudely inward so that all of his cock, up to his hairy balls, are embraced by the clinging channel. One, two, and three pokes, those delicious cheeks cushioning his thighs, and he feels the spunk boiling up within him.*

*“Ah, my angel, my beloved child, I am about to spend, and you, fortunate child that you are, shall be the receptacle of my noble spunk, which beyond doubt will cure you of any ills, strengthen your teeth and nails, and sweeten your breath, for all of those results have been reported to me by others. Oh, blessed, blessed . . . it comes . . . I explode . . . fuck . . . arse . . . oh, prick . . . give me your pecker . . .” and reaching wildly beneath the boy, he seizes his young cock, which is yet stiff, and shags it wildly. In a twinkling the Squire begins to shoot his thick spunk into the clinging arsehole, a powerful jet of white cream that spits far up and out and floods the chamber, and seems to shoot out forever.*

*“Ah, my lord, you drown me” cries the lad, and in truth he feels the pain less now, for the thrustings of the giant cock have touched upon some hitherto unknown place, and the frigging of his prick has brought him rapidly to another spending, so that even before the last spurt has emptied itself into his arsehole, young David’s own seed is again erupting, splashing hotly over the master’s jerking hand.*

It is a tempting idea to throw away the modern mantle of worries of work-a-day weeks of modern America and to don the crisp white toga and golden sandals of a romantic era; to rush from the stucco buildings and tall skyscrapers, so that one may stroll leisurely through cool marble colonnades, sit in the peaceful serenity of cypress gardens, or marvel at the athletic splendor of youthful virility as it moves gracefully about the lyceum or the agora. The attractions of pederasty were artfully presented and it is doubted if future generations will not continue to be lured by its romantic reputation.

Some modern day philosophers predict that in the very near future the “Greek Way” will come again. Their contentions find a basis in the emphasis placed on youth today. Everything is geared to the young . . . our advertising, television programming, music, dance, are all pointedly

youthful in concept. If it be true, as many authorities aver, that pederasty is an inert desire which every man harbors deep within himself, then the current trend of emphasizing the young male is easily understood.

Our various youth organizations of today are founded on the basic Greek principle of older-man-younger-boy. An ill-phrased poster displayed in the lobby of a Y.M.C.A. during Brotherhood Week stated, "Every Boy Needs a Man!" There are youth groups who carry on programs fashioned exclusively for one adult male and one boy. One organization has such a program entitled, "One Man, One Boy Adventure." And another organization has proclaimed as its beautifully phrased motto: "No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy."

Pederasty is still with us whether we wish to face that fact or not. It may exist consciously or subconsciously, but it is evident that the practice did not die with the ancient Greeks or Romans. Its spark glints dully in modern minds and in many instances that spark kindles itself into a flame . . . a flame which refuses to be extinguished . . . a flame that perpetuates the need of man by boy and of boy by man. Our society is not yet prepared to accept the application of physical love in the man/boy relationship. However, our teen-agers are throwing aside the restricting, stilted mores of past generations. They are boldly and honestly facing truths that have previously remained in the category of shameful topics for discussion. Sex is being taught openly and unabashedly in our public schools. Homosexuality and bisexuality are no longer considered by young people today to be some type of freakishness which must be tolerated but never recognized. Sex among our teen-agers is regarded as just exactly what it is, sex . . . not sin. It is talked about sensibly and rationally and its definitions are clearly drawn and markedly understood.

It is stressed that "pederasty" should not be confused with "homosexuality" as we know it today. Pederasty is specifically related to boy love. Many authorities and equally as many admitted homosexuals are quick to draw the line of distinction between the two. The adult homosexual often looks with disfavor and disapproval upon the pederast, in that the homosexual seeks his pleasure with another adult whereas the pederast is considered to be a corruptor of the young. In the many current attempts for legal reform concerning the laws surrounding our sexual practices, it is the homosexual who will shout the loudest that they must not be confused with the child molesters. But who is to say whether or not this shouting



homosexual is resorting to such measures solely as a matter of self-protection. It might well be that the homosexual is quick to point the accusing finger at the pederast so that the legislators will fashion laws that lean more gracefully toward the homosexual and jab out harshly at the pederast. Most authorities agree that, generally speaking, the overt homosexual is really not disinclined toward pederasty. Be that as it may, no one can help but sympathize with the parent whose teen-age son or daughter has met with sexual abuse. The child molester, heterosexual or homosexual, is a problem with which our society is faced. The corruptors of the young must be dealt with severely for their crimes. The sadistic harm of a sex maniac on the innocence of a child cannot be allowed or tolerated. Our laws are strict in this regard, and rightfully so.

Pederasty, contrary to what many believe, does not truthfully fall under the stigma of child molestation. The physical contact of man and boy is made out of love and respect. The boy will often suffer far more harm mentally from his irate parents than he might from his adult male companion. Unfortunately there are too many pederasts today whose interests lie solely in gratifying their own sexual appetites and give little concern for the effect of the relationship upon their youthful friends. The original practice of pederasty included guidance, education, love and the eventual marriage of the boy to a suitable young lady. Then, after marriage, it became the young husband's duty to take to himself a young boy whom he, in turn, might educate and guide. This is the pure definition of pederasty.

Our teen-agers are much more intelligent sex-wise than their elders care to admit. Consider for a moment a hypothetical case:

Rob M., age 25, meets and befriends Mike H., age 16, the latter a high school student, the former a new member of the school's faculty. Their relationship graduates to sexual experiences with each other. Mike's parents discover the two males engaged in a sexual act together. The results are drastic for both Mike and Rob.

Next: Consider the same relationship described above developing between Rob and Mike. The sexual aspect of their relationship is not

discovered, and the possibility of the affair ending on a more sensible, normal plane is very likely. No one suffers, and time tells the final story.

It is the parent who creates the monster. The child is quite well equipped (contrary to what the parents believe) to handle his adolescent situations. Why do most parents feel that their teenage son is some *non compos mentis* who is easy prey for the hovering homosexual Svengali? It is most often the case that the boy-man sex affair never comes to light and no one ever suspects. In these instances the boy matures to manhood, at which time he is given the freedom to choose for himself without the dominant influence of a parent. In those unfortunate cases wherein the boy-man sex affair is discovered or “found out,” tragedy usually follows for all concerned and it is the parent who sows the seeds of disaster, not the young people involved. Parents the world over refuse to recognize the fact that the boy is usually too intelligent to subject himself to situations in which he might feel unnatural; the boy usually knows the true harmlessness of the affair, although the parents’ ego will not face that fact.

What father can truthfully say he never carried a so-called “torch” for some younger or older male friend when he himself was a teenager? All young people, both boys and girls alike, travel through what educators call the “homosexual phase” of their adolescence. It is not really unnatural for a young boy to find himself idolizing one of maturity and wisdom, or becoming infatuated with the handsome star athlete. If sex becomes a part of their relationship the youngster does not automatically become a homosexual. Chances are if he has latent homosexual tendencies, then the youngster might well become an overt homosexual, but the tendency must exist; it is difficult to create a subject if the interest is not there. Simply because a boy engages in sex play with another boy or an adult male, either as a one-time-thing or repeatedly, this does not necessarily predestine him to be an inhabitant of that twilight world of “queerdom.”

Knowledge is necessary to the thinking person, and a thinking person is the only means through which a worthwhile society can exist and endure. Ignorance is too often the excuse for laziness, defeat and corruption.

# PART I

## THE PRACTICE OF BOY LOVE

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE HISTORY OF BOY LOVE AROUND THE WORLD

*The penis, smooth and round,  
Was made the anus for to fit;  
It would look just like a hatchet  
Were it made for sake of slit.*

(Arab proverb)

*“When I saw the guy who was sitting beside me rubbing his crotch while he watched the movie, I knew right away what his story was. The movie was a special about surfers. All the kids in it were teen-agers, like me. They were good-looking and had great bodies. Some of them, with their surfing trunks wetted down, showed baskets that even got me hot, even though I usually go for older men, like the stranger sitting beside me in the theater, rubbing his cock. Every once in a while he glanced over at me to see if I was aware of him, but I kept my eyes away from him, and my hands out of my lap — and out of his. But when I was ready to go, I brushed my hand along his thigh ‘accidentally’ right up to his cock. Then I got up and started to walk out. Sure enough, he followed me. I didn’t go into the men’s can. I don’t like that shit. When we were out in the street, he caught up with me and asked, ‘Like the picture?’”*

*“I told him that I did, because I did a lot of surfing myself.*

*“‘Do you?’ he asked. His eyes flowed over my body until I felt naked, even in my jeans and T-shirt. ‘Surfing sure builds up a kid’s body,’ he said.*

*“I figured I might as well get the show on the road, so I eyed his body, up, down and middle, and said, ‘You’re pretty well-built yourself, for an older guy.’”*

*“He was in his late thirties, and he had a strong, rugged-looking face, the kind I like to feed my prick into. He kind of relaxed when he*

*heard my words and saw me eyeing him. It was like he knew then that everything was set. He invited me for a cup of coffee, but I said — kind of a put-on — ‘I only drink milk. I treat my body real good.’*

*“He picked it up right away. ‘I’d like to treat your body to something real good myself.’*

*“‘Lets go,’ I said. ‘Why goof off talking about it?’*

*“We walked over to his apartment. When we got there, it was no coffee or milk deal. We went right into the bedroom, and he stripped down real fast. I didn’t, because I like a guy to strip me down himself. He did. He peeled off my jeans and T-shirt like I was a ripe banana. Which I was! My cock sprang out like a tropical fruit, and he went down on it like he had a vitamin deficiency! I flopped over on the bed, and he followed me like a hooked fish, still gulping at my bait. I scooted around so that I could suck him too. We were both gulping away, and then he stopped long enough to say, ‘My ass! My ass!’*

*“‘Shut up and keep sucking,’ I said, in a nice way, and then, I started licking his ass. Why not? I Weed that myself. He reached around and spread his cheeks and pushed his hole at my mouth. I licked him for a while, and he loved it. But I’ve got longer fingers than a tongue, so after a while I started finger-fucking him and went back to sucking his prick. He squirmed with pleasure like a hopped-up snake. He came before you could say, ‘Shit!’ A hefty, healthy load, and feeling his come in my mouth, I came too. He held onto my shooting cock like he’d paid a month’s rent on it, and I wasn’t about to evict him!*

*“I let him suck it hard again, and then I turned him over and fucked him. His ass was tight, but it felt lived-in, believe me! That’s one thing I like about older guys, instead of the young stuff. When he was ready to go again, I asked him how he wanted to make it this time. He said he wanted to fuck me, and he sure did! He loved me up from here to Hot Springs and halfway back! He fucked me ass-up, he fucked me belly-up and he fucked me side-saddle.*

*“‘Love it, Baby Boy, love it!’ he kept urging me hoarsely, and I sure was. He came in my ass until it dribbled out of my hole. I never did claim to be neat! Anyway, after that we did some more sticking, just nice and easy, no straining to come again so quick. I finger-fucked him some more, and he did the ‘Likewise, I’m sure,’ bit to me.*

*“After a while, I got dressed and started to leave. He was still laying naked on the bed, playing with his cock.*

*“‘You’re great sex, kid,’ he said, between jerks.*

*“‘Tell me something I don’t know,’ I said.*

*“When I left his apartment, I was still feeling kind of hot, so I went back to the movie theatre. What the hell, I get in for only a ‘Junior’ admission price, and I could easily pick myself up another fuck before I had to go home.”*

Boy love, or sex between men and boys, as described in the foregoing, tape-recorded case history, is hardly an invention of the modern century; it is as old as human existence. Written history places its beginnings in the ancient cultures of the Orient. It has received accolades from some societies and has been persecuted by others. It has never been absent from any era of history.

The Greeks, due to the openness with which they embraced pederasty, are believed by many to have originated the practice. However, it should be borne in mind that pederasty as we know it today has little in common with the attitudes or practices of the ancient Greeks regarding it.

Within the Greek culture, friendships among men were firm and lasting; and from all evidence sexual inversion was a part of such friendships, although it was not necessarily an integral part. The common idea today is that sex is the foremost consideration in a pederastic association and friendship is second to sex. Of course, the natural argument here would be that *any* lasting relationship must be built *first* on friendship, *second* on sex; and in some instances sex does not even enter the relationship at all.

Today, great emphasis is placed upon human life. This was not particularly so in ancient Greece. To the Greeks of the Heroic Age (The Achaeans), human life had little or no value. They felt no guilt about taking a life, and they heartily embraced and encouraged the practice of human sacrifice. Eugenics, or the science which deals with influences that improve inborn or hereditary qualities of the race, were rigidly adhered to and each father was granted the unquestioned legal right to murder his own child if the child appeared defective in any way. If the father could not bring himself to commit infanticide, the child was brought before a state council of inspectors, and if, after their careful examination of the child, the



youngster appeared defective, it was thrown from a high cliff onto sharp, jagged rocks, and was left there as food for the beasts and birds.

The Spartans followed many of the customs of the Chinese in regard to the rearing of sons. Under the Spartan Code, at the age of seven the Spartan boy was taken from his family and reared by the State; he was enrolled in scholastic classes and was assigned to a military regiment. In each class the bravest, strongest and most able of the boys was given the rank of Captain. All the boys in the class were subject to the Captain's punishments and were encouraged to attempt to equal or better him in all achievements. The Spartans placed the greatest emphasis upon martial courage and worth, whereas the Athenians, in contrast, were more sympathetic to athletic skill, grace and movement.

Nearly every Greek youth had a lover among the older men. It was the young man's duty to offer affection and obedient respect to the elder in exchange for guidance and education. Men were expected to take a wife after they had reached their thirtieth birthday. In Sparta, celibacy was considered a criminal offense and the youths were granted every sexual liberty, which made prostitution almost non-existent. Sexual inversion in Greece was accepted with placidity. Boys were imported by wealthy merchants and sold to the highest bidders, who used them first as concubines and when their bloom of youth faded, used them as slaves. A girl felt complimented when a man referred to her as his female boy friend; and most Greeks agreed that love between men was far nobler and more spiritual than love between a man and a woman.

But Greece was far from being the only society where pederasty held sway. During the period A.D. 628 to A.D. 1058, which Will Durant refers to as The Islamic Scene, under the strict Mohammedan law in Islam, fornication and pederasty were punishable with death; however the growth of a wealthy class brought an easier ethic and punished fornication with only thirty lashes, and closed its eyes to the spread of homosexuality. "Mukhannath," the name given to a class of professional homosexuals in Islam, came into existence; they imitated the costumes and conduct of women, braided their hair, painted their fingernails and toe nails and performed obscene dances. Although much effort was made to discourage homosexuality, the practice made rapid progress. It was very prevalent at Harun's court, and was prominent in the writings of the Caliph's favorite poet, Abu Nuwas.

Christianity had brought pederasty under the stigma of a forbidden practice. Christian ethics during the medieval period followed a policy of silence about sex. The Church absolutely insisted upon celibacy amongst its clerics and declared sexual relations a mortal sin if practiced by parishioners for any reason except to propagate the faith. They looked upon sex education as a threat to continence, and continence was considered a “must” to conjugal fidelity, social order and public health. But the Crusades brought an increase in the practice of pederasty. The influx of Oriental ideas and the unisexual isolation of monks and nuns helped to nurture and strengthen its practice. In 1177, Henry, Abbot of Clairvaux, wrote of France that “ancient Sodom is springing up from her ashes.” The Templars, one of a religious and military order established at Jerusalem about 1118 for the protection of pilgrims and of the Holy Sepulcher, were charged by Philip the Fair with notorious homosexual activities.

During the Renaissance, homosexuality flourished. It was particularly widespread in Italy; one of the most famous homosexuals of the period was Leonardo da Vinci. On June 7, 1476, Leonardo and three other youths were summoned before a committee of the Florentine Signory to answer a charge of having had homosexual relations. Leonardo was imprisoned for a brief span of time but released and the charge was dismissed as being unproven. Leonardo, according to record, had a penchant for handsome young men and from the evidences of homosexual activity that prevailed at the time he had little trouble in satisfying his ravenous appetite. Oddly enough, as openly as Leonardo confessed his love and admiration for young men, passages in his notes suggest a distaste for sexual congress in any form:

“And they will go wild for the things that are most beautiful to seek after,” he wrote, “to possess and make use of their vilest parts . . . The act of procreation and the members employed therein are so repulsive that if it were not for the beauty of the faces, and the adornment of the actors, and the pent-up impulse, nature would lose the human species.”

Boy love was more than normally present in Renaissance Italy under the Counter Reformation. It became almost an obligatory part of the Greek revival and was written about with a kind of scholarly affection. Lodovico Ariosto, a noted Italian poet of the time (1474–1583) claimed that everyone was addicted to it. Citizens and notables were known to embrace the practice. Politian, Filippo Strozzi, Michelangelo, Julius II, Clement VII were charged with resorting to homosexuality. San Bernardino threatened

that Naples would surely suffer the same fate as did Sodom and Gomorrah because of the widespread popularity of pederasty. In 1455, the Venetian Council of Ten made official notation “how the abominable vice of sodomy multiplies in this city..and to avert the wrath of God they appointed two men to each sector of Venice, who were instructed and empowered to do that which was necessary to put down the practice. Men had taken openly to wearing feminine dress and, conversely, women were wearing masculine clothing. In 1492, a noble and a priest were beheaded in the Piazzetta after having been convicted of homosexual acts. Their bodies were publicly burned, serving as a warning to the population of Italy.

In England, during the reign of Henry VIII (1509–1547) a financial crisis arose which brought to public notice the immense wealth of the monasteries in the Empire. Henry’s bankrupt condition prompted him to turn to the one institution in England that was wealthy, suspect, decrepit and defenseless: the monasteries. Henry appointed Cromwell as his “vice-regent in all ecclesiastical jurisdiction.” Cromwell launched into an investigation of the wealth of the various religious retreats and among the six hundred monasteries of England, it was disclosed that there was an impressive amount of evidence of homosexual deviations running rampant behind the walls of the retreats. It was a simple matter to extort the wealth from the various religious orders by threatening exposure. The monks gave up their wealth, but Cromwell, after fattening Henry’s treasury, still turned upon the monasteries and exposed their deviate practises. Cromwell conveniently turned and refused to recognize the same flagrant displays of homosexual relationships that were evident throughout Henry VIII’s court.

During the period of Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, Rembrandt, Galileo and Descartes (1558–1648), the handsome young male was praised and lauded; his beauty excited the Elizabethan. Shakespeare’s sonnets dealt subtly with homosexual love. Although Pope Sextus V and Pope Pius V dealt severely with homosexual actions, noble Roman youths held fondly to their male friends. Sextus ordered pederasts beheaded and Pius had eight Portuguese invertes burned at the stake for entering into a formal marriage.

The last Valois king of France, Henry III (1574–1589) was a notorious “drag queen.” He often appeared at state affairs in feminine garb; he had a passion for low-necked gowns and wore many strings of pearls around his throat, jewels on his wrists, ears and ankles. He was constantly surrounding himself with dozens of young men who painted their faces, doused

themselves with expensive fragrances and bedecked themselves with fortunes in precious gems. Henry III emptied his treasury on these frivolous young men. It is reported that he spent eleven million francs on the wedding of one of his male favorites.

But Henry III was far from being the only French king with a passion for young boys. Louis XIII (House of Bourbon, 1601–1643) was forced to bed his wife, Anne of Austria, so that the House of Bourbon would survive. Louis' aversion to women was so strong that he could not bear to look upon the body of a naked female. Anne miscarried after their first and only sexual contact. Louis abandoned her for thirteen years. Then the court insisted again upon an heir. At thirty-seven, Louis yielded to their demands for a dauphin; he tried again and Anne bore Louis XIV. Two years after that she bore Philippe I, who followed in his father's footsteps . . . he had an insatiable passion for young men.

In Safavid Persia (1576–1722), there were claimed to be three sexes, and a majority of the love poetry written during this period was addressed by men to boys. Thomas Herbert, an Englishman at Abbas' court saw "Ganymede boys in vests of gold, rich bespangled turbans and choice sandals, their curled hair dangling about their shoulders, with rolling eyes and Vermillion cheeks." The decrease of population in the country at that time was ascribed to the "sins against nature" which both sexes were found guilty of committing.

France dominated Western Europe in politics until 1763, and until even later in literature and art. Under the law, pederasty warranted a sentence of death, because France was preparing for war and children were a necessary commodity in the nation. Some homosexuals were burned or beheaded, but it was difficult to dole out such severe punishment to all, when the King's own brother was an obvious invert.

In England, on the other hand, homosexuality flourished openly, especially among the military. It is said that entire armies followed the practice. Rochester wrote a play entitled *Sodomy* which was acted out for the court of Charles II of England. English morals remained loose. In 1772 the "Macaronis" became a prominent sight on the streets of London. These "Macaronis" were young Englishmen who wore their hair in long curls, dressed themselves in rich fabrics and loud, brilliant colors and walked with mincing gait. Selwyn described them as "a kind of animal neither male nor female, but of the neuter gender." Houses of prostitution which stocked

young males as their selling commodity were in evidence throughout the city even though English law forbade homosexual practices; if detected and proven, homosexuals received the death sentence. In an attempt to cure the looseness of the people's morals, early marriages were encouraged. The law permitted a girl to marry upon reaching the age of twelve, and permitted a boy to take a wife upon his attaining his fourteenth birthday.

The nineteenth century brought the heavy hand of Victorian prudery to the United States as well as abroad. In America, three great literary figures wrote openly of boy love: Bayard Taylor (1825–1878), Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) and Walt Whitman (1819–1892). On the European continent Karl Ulrichs (1825–1895), Arthur Rimbaud (1854–1891), and Paul Verlaine (1844–1896) gave the practice publicity. Later Gide, Proust, Wilde, Cocteau, and Genet, all wrote, in part, of the beauty of male youth.

We are presently engaged in a sexual revolution. A new freedom of sexual expression is obvious in all media of entertainment and education. TIME Magazine recently made the statement that “Hollywood has suddenly discovered homosexuality, and the ‘third sex’ is making a determined bid for first place at the box office.”

Boy love is definitely “in” . . . but if one thinks about it for a moment one must concede that it has never really been “out.”

## C H A P T E R   T W O

### BOY LOVE: ITS CAUSES, MOTIVATIONS, PSYCHOLOGY

*There was a young priest from Madrid  
Who looked with lewd eyes on a kid.  
He said, "With great joy  
I could bugger that boy;  
I'll be damned if I don't!" — And he did.*

(Anon.)

Why pederasty? What reasons are offered for its seemingly constant popularity? It has always been classified as a social problem, though tolerated and even worshipped by some cultures. It is very definitely against the laws of the United States and many other nations throughout the world; it is considered a perversion; the corruption of youth stands as the most heinous acts of which society feels the adult homosexual to be guilty. Yet it continues to occupy an established place in the sexual practices of the civilized world.

What causes pederasty? In ancient Greece, Aristotle expressed the thought that its popularity stemmed from the Greeks' fear of overpopulation. This might be one reason, but it certainly is not the only one. Many authorities feel that pederasty is practiced because man is constantly in search of new and diverse pleasures; the imagination is a powerful weapon. Other experts on the subject contend that man is promiscuous by nature and the only thing that can induce man to remain constant is poverty and hard work, coupled with the strict supervision by one person. There are other motivations expressed by authorities; sheer sexual lust is one; boredom and financial gain are others; loneliness can also move a man or boy toward pederasty, as can unhappiness.

Greg involved himself with an older man because Greg despised his father and was searching for a substitute.



*“That first night Les picked me up I felt attracted to him right off I was thumbing a ride back home from the movies and he came cruising down the road. I didn’t have hot nuts for him or anything like that, I just liked him . . . Sex didn’t even enter my mind. He drove me home and we talked about stupid stuff like school, the farm, movies . . . stuff like that. He didn’t ask about girls or sex or any wise junk. I hitchhike a lot and I’m not dumb about what guys are after when they pick you up. I got my dick sucked lots of times, and I admit I liked it. I really was hoping Les wouldn’t turn out to be another john who just wanted to blow me. We talked a long time, sitting out in front of my house. My old man came busting out after a while and started yelling for me to get inside. I didn’t want him to get a gander at Les so I jumped out of the car and scooted inside. I really didn’t expect to see Les again, but the next night I was sitting out on the front lawn and he came by. He asked me if I’d like to go for a ride . . . That’s when we started running around together.*

*“I live in a hick town, and because of the big difference in our ages we had to keep our seeing each other pretty much on the sly. After all, I was only fifteen then and Les was pushing thirty-eight or nine. He lived with his Ma in a town about twenty miles away from where I lived. He drove over almost every night. He was a great guy. Even when we started playing around with each other, it wasn’t like just dirty sex, it was clean and good and I really dug it.*

*“Believe it or not, it was me who made the first pass. We were sitting down by the lake one night and talking about a movie we had just come from. I guess I was pretty brazen about it all, now that I think of it, but I just simply turned my face close to Les’ and told him I wanted to get kissed. He stared at me for a second or two, then without saying a word he closed his eyes and put his hands on the sides of my face and pressed his mouth against mine. I got goose bumps up and down my whole body. My cock was bursting out of my pants and I took his hand and put it on my crotch. Then I searched him out and he was as hard as I was. I never sucked a guy before in my life, but I was so damned hungry for Les’ meat that I pulled it out of his pants and shoved the whole God damn thing down my throat. I almost choked to death but I didn’t give a shit; I was hot as hell and I wanted to show*

*Les how much I liked him. You know something? I got my nuts off just sucking his tool. I was more surprised than anyone. I just shot all over myself while I was blowing him. He came in about a minute and it was his come shooting into my mouth that made me explode.*

*We rested for a while and Les was a little disappointed that I shot off. After a couple of minutes we were both ready to go another round. This time we took our pants off and sucked each other at the same time. It took a little longer for us to get our guns off, but the minute I tasted Les' come in my mouth I shot mine into his.*

*After that, the first thing we did whenever Les picked me up was to find someplace private where we could suck each other off, or where Les could fuck me in the ass. I got to like that the best of all."*

As previously stated, Greg's motivations stemmed from his intense hatred of his father and his desire for a father image. On the other hand, Les was motivated by his loneliness. Kinsey substantiated the fact that pederasty is prevalent in rural communities. He pointed out that the boy on the farm has few companions except for his immediate family, a few neighbor boys and older farm hands. Although Greg did not live on a farm *per se*, his small town was in the center of farm country and he worked summers on nearby farms.

Bill with a city background much different from Greg's, gave his reason for engaging in sexual relations with older men as:

"Older guys make you feel important; they pay more attention to you; they flatter a guy more than girls do or other young guys, and older guys can spend money on you."

Bill was born and raised in New York City. When he was thirteen years old he met an older man on the subway.

*"We were jammed together like sardines during the rush hour. I was coming home from school and this guy was pushed up against me. He had his crotch against my hip and after a couple of minutes I felt him get a hard on. I got excited as all hell and started to get hard myself. I was shoved up against some fat old broad and I was scared to death shed notice my erection. I tried to get my books down in front of me so my stiff cock wouldn't be so noticeable. The guy who was*

*jabbing his dong into my hip must have known I was enjoying it because he started rubbing himself against me. When we came to my stop he followed me off the train. He headed for the men's toilet and motioned for me to follow him. I was horny and ready. I went into the men's room and he was standing in one of the booths with the door open. He motioned for me to come over to him. There wasn't anybody else in the place so I did. He told me to stand up on the toilet seat and stoop down so my head couldn't be seen over the partition, just in case someone came in. He explained that if I stood on the seat, anybody who came into the john would only see one pair of feet under the partition so they wouldn't know what was going on.*

*"I did as he said and he sucked me off. I came in about two seconds. He jerked himself off while he was blowing me. When he finished he left first and I never saw him again. But, it started me looking for other guys to gobble my goo. I played the same scene a hundred times on the subway. I used to stay late at school just so I'd hit the subway during rush hour traffic. I'd search out the best-looking guys on the platform and squeeze next to them on the train and then I'd let myself get a hard on and I'd press it up against them. A couple of times I got told off, but on the average I got more blow jobs than turn downs.*

*"Then one day I met Pete. He was real nice to me. We didn't go into a toilet to do it; he invited me up to his apartment. He had the wildest pad I ever saw. He worked on Wall Street and was a real brain. After I met Pete I stopped playing my games with guys on the train. Oh, sometimes when an especially nice-looking guy stood next to me I'd be tempted to play around a little bit, but I never wanted to have sex with any of them. My main interest was in the size of the guy's cock. I use to let my hand drop down between us on the subway and I'd grope them without them realizing that I was doing it deliberately. They thought it was an accident, I guess.*

*"But getting back to Pete. That guy had a piece of meat on him that would put a horse to shame. He was hung like a stud mule and he was the first guy I really wanted to suck off. I could hardly get that damned thing in my mouth; and when he got his rocks off he almost drowned me with the fuckin' stuff. But I liked it. I liked the way he treated me and he always had plenty of cash to hand out if I wanted or*

*needed any. I never took him for too much because I really liked the guy.*

*“I even took him up my ass once in a while, just to let him know I liked him. He almost split me in two, but shit, I didn’t care; I liked him and I’d let him do anything he wanted to me.”*

It would be a simple matter to fill volumes with case histories of pederasty, from the standpoint of the younger man alone. If that were done, many of those cases would prove to be as unique as the two previously cited, each having individual merits and faults, each bringing to light new questions and considerations.

But what of the relationships as a whole? In what terms can they be evaluated? It seems that none of the participants in the foregoing case histories seemed to suffer any drastic effects from their relationship. Greg remarked that he had been blown by men who picked him up, even before Les came on the scene; and Bill confessed that he liked playing his little games of “grope” on the subways, even after he met Pete. Bill also admitted that he searched out the most attractive men to get next to. It is to be wondered if either of the young boys’ lives will be significantly different from what they had been before their involvements with their older partners. There is, of course, no way of telling what the boys’ heterosexual relationships might have been had they not experienced their friendships with Les and Pete. But their histories do not indicate either of them suffering from guilt feelings or shame. Both young boys seemed to retain a clear-headed view of their pederastic friendships for what they were, without romanticizing them.

The arguments as to the causes and origins of pederasty and the extent of homosexual practices throughout the world, are many indeed. Dr. Edward Westermarck averred that it occurs at least sporadically among every race of mankind. According to Moslem custom, the young men are separated from the company of women before marriage. This factor, authorities claim, prompts the young men to seek diversion in homosexual relationships. Women, on the other hand, finding themselves secluded from all men (with the exception of their relatives) relieved their boredom with perverted sexual activities among themselves. Every age of mankind has had its period wherein the morals of the young were corrupt, fornication

was not considered very sinful, and chastity and virginity were held of little worth.

In England during the sixteenth century, moralists fumed and raged about the lack of respect the people had for the teachings of the Church, and about the fact that the people no longer took to heart the terrors of Hell. On one hand, a puritan minority respected its morals; on the other hand a pagan minority openly professed that life should be sexually enjoyed, since there was nothing after death. Since growing old can only lead toward death, the fear of age can often motivate people toward sexual excesses.

*Jeff was motivated into a pederastic relationship by his fear of growing old.*

*"I started hanging around places where the teen-age kids congregated. I always felt younger when I was around them. I liked talking their language and listening to their crazy music and things like that. I struck up a conversation with Larry one afternoon and he seemed to take a shine to me. I treated him to a couple of movies and he started dropping by my place after school. I work out of my house so he usually found me at home.*

*"I've been queer all my life but I didn't think Larry swung that way. I was surprised the day he started talking about how he and a few of the other fellows held 'circle-jerks' in the shower room at school. He also told me about one of the boys in his swim class who liked to take guys' cocks in his mouth while he was under water. He came right out and asked me if I had ever had my cock sucked. I told him no, I never had. I don't really know why I lied to him but I felt I had to, for some reason or other. He said I didn't know what I was missing. He started rubbing his crotch and said that just thinking about it was giving him a hard on. He asked me if I minded if he pulled it out of his pants and jerked off, I was flabbergasted; I truly didn't know what to say to him. I played it cool and shrugged my shoulders. He didn't hesitate. He yanked his cock out and started jerking himself off. That kid had a big prick for his age. He invited me to jerk him off and said that if I wanted it he'd jerk me off. I thought, 'What the hell.' I knew it was wrong of me, but I was so fired up I couldn't hold back. We played with each other and decided to take all our clothes off and lie on the bed. The minute I took his body in my arms I knew I was lost. I rolled*

*him onto his back and crawled down between his legs. He must have realized I wanted to blow him because he had a knowing grin on his face when I looked up at him.*

*“The big surprise came when he shot his load and then started doing me. I almost blew my mind. That kid knew his stuff. He told me afterward that he was the kid who liked to stick dicks under water.*

*We did just about everything to each other, and we’d still be doing it if he hadn’t transferred to another school out of town. When he left I started hanging around the hamburger stands again and now I have Jimmy who comes over a couple of times a week. I just like surrounding myself with young guys. They make an old fart like me feel fifteen again.”*

Another type of pederastic relationship is illustrated by the following case. Mike and Don met during World War II and are still living together. Mike was only seventeen when he went into the Army. Don had been in service for several years and was a first lieutenant. Mike was almost fifteen years younger than Don when they met. Mike says:

*“We flipped for real the first time we saw each other in the mess hall. I was working the steam table and Don came through the line. We just stared at each other and when he smiled at me I started to shake all over. I thought he was the best-looking guy I’d ever seen in my life. He came back for seconds, but I found out later that he didn’t even finish the first tray he got.*

*“When I got off KP, he was lounging around the mess hall. He walked up to me and I froze. He really scared the shit out of me. He glowered at me and said, ‘Don’t you know you’re supposed to salute when you see an officer, soldier?’ I stammered something and continued to shake but I did manage to salute him. He seemed like a real prick, he never even cracked a smile. He asked me what barracks I was in and what company. He made me stand at attention all the while he talked to me. I started to dislike him after the first few minutes, but then he winked and said if I had any civvies with me to put them on and he’d drive over about nine o’clock and pick me up. I almost shit a brick. I ran all the way back to the barracks and jumped under a shower. Nine o’clock on the nose he pulled up and I climbed*



*in. He was driving the flashiest convertible I'd ever seen. He was wearing tight levis and a T-shirt that fit him like a glove. Was he ever a sexy bastard! The first thing he said when we drove away from the barracks was: 'Are you gay?' I started to laugh and told him that if I wasn't I'd turn queer if he wanted me to.*

*"We couldn't find a private spot quick enough. I had his cock out of his pants before we got off the base. We drove toward a little town away the hell on the other side of the base and we pulled off onto a dirt road and sucked each other until we dropped from fatigue. Don has the biggest damn cock in the world, I swear. But it's like velvet, and Christ, I just couldn't keep my hands, mouth or ass away from it. We screwed each other ten ways toward the middle and I'm telling you, I never did have better sex with anyone.*

*"We were lovers from that first night. There wasn't anything said about it, we just took it for granted. It was like it was destined to be that way. He was with the MP's and I was just finishing my basic. He got me into OCS and insisted that I go for a commission. It was hard as hell but I finally came out a snot-nosed lieutenant. I got shipped overseas and Don was transferred to Hawaii. We didn't see each other for almost a year and a half. But the war finally ended and we made a beeline for each other. I think the whole hotel shook that night we met in Washington and shacked up together. Man! We were wild . . . like two savages. We fucked for two days almost without stopping. Even after all these years we still carry on at least four or five times every week. We're just hot for each other all the time. Don's a great guy. He's the best thing that ever happened to me."*

As the two preceding case histories illustrate, the fear of aging and isolation of men from women (such as during times of war) are additional causes for developing pederastic associations. Many authorities contend that wars inevitably breed inversion; where one finds an exclusively male society, homosexuality is bound to flourish. As for growing old, the fear of aging is of concern to practically everyone. It is not uncommon for some men, when confronted with middle age, to try to recapture their youth by associating themselves with younger men. Often these associations lead to a pederastic relationship. But the causes and motivations behind pederasty

vary with the individual. It has been said that pederasty sprouts from the avarice of the rich, as well as the needs of the impoverished.

It was curiosity that led our next subject, Paul, to the threshold of homosexuality and caused him to become a part of it. Like so many other individuals, Paul was fascinated by anything that was forbidden him.

*“The first time I saw a kid with a hard on, something inside me snapped . . . I had this crazy urge to touch it. . . I even wanted to lick it to see what it tasted like . . . I was hypnotized . . . I couldn’t help myself . . . I just walked straight up to the kid (we were in a shower at school) and I grabbed hold of it, then went down on him. I can’t explain why . . . I never did that kind of thing before. I knew it wasn’t right to do stuff like that, but the thought that it was something taboo made me want to do it all the more. I’m like that with just about anything that is forbidden. I even steal, just for the hell of it.”*

Subject was asked what his reaction was after he had taken the boy’s penis into his mouth. Paul said:

*“I just tasted it . . . I didn’t suck him off or anything like that. I just put it in my mouth to see what it tasted like. The kid wanted me to stick him but I didn’t want to. It wasn’t until I was picked up by a marine one night in the movies that I started on the road to being a fairy. He was an officer . . . I’d say about thirty-five or so . . . I was just a kid . . . sixteen. He was sitting next to me in the balcony and he started to play kneesies with me. I didn’t catch on at first, but when he put his hand on my leg, then I got the message. I got a hard on right off. I took his hand and put it on my cock. He leaned over and said he had a car in the parking lot and wanted to know if I wanted to go for a spin with him. He was a big son-of-a-bitch, over six feet, and a build on him that wouldn’t quit. He said he was staying with a buddy, but the buddy was out and we could use the place if I wanted to go there with him. I agreed and we took off. I never gave a thought to the danger involved in a pick-up like that. He was a marine and I was just a stupid kid . . . I didn’t think any guy in service could be bad; and he wasn’t. He was great in the sack. He was the first guy I sucked off and*

*swallowed his load. He was also the first guy to eat my ass. I like that. It made me hot as hell. I wound up licking his asshole before the night was over. He wanted to fuck me so I let him. It hurt like hell but it was different and I didn't really care much. After he screwed me in the ass, he flipped over on his belly and asked me to fuck him. It was wild.*

*"After him, I started letting myself get picked up by other guys. Then one night I got curious about women and I tried it out . . . first with a girl from school, then with an older woman who works at the theatre. Neither one of them turned me on like guys did. So I accepted the fact that I was obviously a fag and I forgot about trying to prove anything to myself by shacking with girls. I liked sucking cock and I liked getting screwed."*

Eglinton touches upon yet another factor that might motivate pederasty . . . the alienation of the adolescent today from the adult world, suggesting that youths may seek sexual relations as a means of communication with the adult world. Dr. Albert Ellis, who is probably the most famous American advocate of sex freedom, argued this by stating that it was doubtful that today's adolescent is particularly alienated from the world of the adult. Nonetheless, Eglinton is not alone in this observation of adolescent alienation. It is true that many cultures other than our own have recognized it and have made provisions for it, as can be seen in the many forms of primitive puberty rites and the more subtle contemporary variations.

There are still other factors given by authorities as causes and motivations for pederastic practices; among them are prostitution, sexual lust (particularly for taboo pleasure), and boredom. The need for affection should definitely be included, as should hero worship and idealization, experimentation, and, although often overlooked, a genuine interest in the man as an individual. It has been pointed out previously that some youths are more intellectually and emotionally advanced than others of their age. Scholars often conclude that homosexuals are somewhat immature. It is not unlikely then that such a youth and such an adult might find themselves on a very nearly equal level of development, although Eglinton regarded such affairs as routinely asymmetrical.

It can readily be seen, therefore, that the motivations for many pederastic affairs are varied and still largely individualistic. The same can

be said for the people involved, both the adult and the adolescent.

## CHAPTER THREE

### FORMS AND TECHNIQUES OF MAN-BOY SEX

*Are not this child's eyes all fire?  
O, Desire.  
Feel the first flush of the eggs  
Between his legs!  
Dearest, seize what you can seize,  
If you please;  
Fill your boyish fist with me  
And then see  
Will it go a little way  
Just in play?*

(Abu Nuwas)

Like many other aspects of pederasty, the actual sexual activity of the pederast and his youthful partner is an area of contradiction and confusion. This chapter will concentrate upon the various forms and techniques of boy love, such as fellatio, buggery, mutual masturbation, and will touch lightly upon sado-masochism, and other unconventional sex behavior and practices.

Masturbation is considered to be the most common form of homosexual contact. Males who reportedly have never participated in any other types of homosexual activity often admit that they engaged in the practice of mutual masturbation during at least one period in their lives. During adolescence, boys frequently bring each other to orgasm in this manner. They sometimes arrange group masturbation sessions which are commonly referred to as “circle jerks,” a chain in which each young boy masturbates the boy on his right.

Entire books have been written on the ways in which a man masturbates. The most usual is the method wherein the male firmly grasps the shaft of his erect penis, then moves his hand in an up and down motion. The pace of the strokes depends entirely upon the desire and mood of the masturbator. If the male sex organ is uncircumcised the foreskin or prepuce

should be made to uncover then recover the head of the penis. Many males with circumsized penises often use a lubricant when masturbating.

Touching briefly upon the incidence of homosexual masturbation in America today, John S. Yankowski in his *Report on Premarital Sex*, states that 76% of all males who experienced orgasm homosexually did so chiefly through manual contact as opposed to 19% chiefly by oral contact and 5% chiefly by anal contact.

Fellatio, the technical term for mouth-genital contact, plays a major role in the sex life of practicing homosexuals and pederasts. The principles of fellatio are set forth in Vatsyayana's *Kama Sutra*, where the fellator is strongly urged to follow them without deviation:

- (1) Hold the partner's penis in your hand and caress it lightly with your lips.
- (2) Wrap your hand tightly around the head of the penis and with your fingers tightly closed together, bite and kiss the shaft of the penis.
- (3) Remove your hand and push the penis into your mouth. Close your lips tightly and then quickly pull your lips and mouth away from the penis. Do this with some violence; as though you were trying to dismember the organ from the body to which it is attached.
- (4) Part the lips slightly and blow on the penis, at the same time pulling the penis deeply into your mouth.
- (5) Kiss the penis at the tip while biting its shaft. Then bite the tip and kiss the head with your lips.
- (6) Caress the tip of the penis with your tongue, flapping and fluttering the tongue, as if you were attempting to polish the knob of the penis.
- (7) Suck the penis half-way into your mouth and lick it with your tongue. Begin a slow up and down motion, pulling the penis farther and farther into the mouth, then suck vigorously.
- (8) The above action should be continued until the partner reaches his climax, at which time you should take the entire penis into the mouth, pulling on it, gulping the semen as it is pumped forth from the head of the penis.

Regarding positions assumed in performing oral-genital relations, this necessitates experimenting with many different and varied positions until a mutually satisfactory one is found. The following are a few suggested positions to assume:

- (1) Kneeling or lying between the outspread legs of your partner.
- (2) One male lying below the other and looking directly up into the genital region.
- (3) Sitting on a chair with one partner kneeling in front of the seated partner.
- (4) The famous “sixty-nine” position, *i.e.* lying side by side, one male’s head aligned with the other’s genitals, each head resting on the other’s thigh (the leg being bent at the knee so as to present the thigh as a form of pillow or cushion for the partner’s head to rest upon while he fellates the other).

A little thought and imagination can modify the above few basic positions immeasurably. Remember: “Where there’s a will there’s a way.” It is also important to remember that no pleasure lasts long unless there is variety in it.

Another sexual act popular among homosexuals and pederasts is anal intercourse. In general usage the term “sodomy” is used to indicate anal intercourse but this term is sometimes too vague for it is used by lawmakers to cover other sexual acts ranging from fellatio to bestiality. More accurate terms referring to anal intercourse are “buggery” or “pedication,” although these have a somewhat antiquated sound.

Although anal intercourse is far from being an exclusively homosexual phenomenon, the practice holds a certain fascination for the pederast and overt homosexual. Why? The obvious answer would be that the anus is held to be one of the most important erogenous zones in the adult male. Masters and Johnson, in their *Human Sexual Response*, state that the erotic component of the male genitalia has been concentrated in external pelvic anatomy. The massaging of the prostate gland induces many males to accomplish orgasm. Some authorities make a connection between sado-masochism and anal intercourse . . . the passive member being considered the masochist and the active or penetrating member considered the sadist. A more obvious explanation of why the homosexual practices anal intercourse, or buggery, is that the natural course for the homosexual to follow would, of course, be the one most closely allied to heterosexual coitus. The invert cannot perform intercourse in the natural way so therefore he improvises and does the best he can with the materials at hand.

The techniques employed in performing anal intercourse, or buggery, are many and varied. Authorities on the subject seem to agree that the novice should assume the basic position of “aggressor above, passivist (the one being buggered) below.” This basic position is one in which the passivist lies flat on his stomach with his legs spread apart. The aggressor kneels between the passivist’s legs and positions himself so that the head of his penis is pointed at or resting on the opening of the anus. It is usually recommended that a lubricant of some description be applied to either or both the opening of the anus and the head and shaft of the penis. Also, make certain a towel or cloth is handy for removing the residue of the lubricant from the hands and fingers. The aggressor should hold the shaft of his penis with his hand until entry has been achieved. As the head of the male sex organ penetrates through the outer rim of the anus it is advisable that the partners rest for a moment or two until the passivist accustoms himself to the intrusion. As the mouth of the anus is stretched by the intruding male organ a sharp stabbing pain is usually experienced. The pain can be somewhat severe if the passivist has never been violated before and the penis of the aggressor is extremely thick and long. Both partners resting at this point allows time for the sphincter muscles to relax themselves, thereby making it possible for the anal channel to comfortably accommodate the entire expanse of the penis.

Before resuming activity, the aggressor should ask the passivist’s permission to complete the insertion. It is far better to receive the passivist’s permission than to violate him cruelly, thereby causing the episode to end unsatisfactorily for those involved.

One respondent, when questioned by his active partner as to whether or not the intrusion was hurting him remarked: “Yes, but beautifully.”

Once the sphincter muscles have been stretched the pain usually subsides. This takes but a very brief time, perhaps half a minute or so. However, if the pain is particularly severe and continues for an unusually long time, it is advisable that the head of the penis be removed from the anus allowing the passivist to relax fully. After another short rest period the second insertion should be made. This second insertion is generally far less painful to the passivist.

There are individuals whose sphincter muscles offer no obstacles and who can easily accommodate any size, shape or description of penis without the least bit of preparation. But in the case of the average individual



practicing anal intercourse, it is advised that cautious, gentle treatment should be employed. A great deal of damage can be done if the situation is not handled properly. Bear in mind that the walls of the large intestine are extremely vulnerable to puncture; that is why it is not advisable to insert sharp or pointed objects into the rectum. The penis, if aimed correctly and guided properly can do little harm to the walls of the large intestine.

After successfully inserting the head of the penis into the rectum, and after the aggressor has received the passivist's permission to continue, the performance of buggery takes on the exact same pattern as heterosexual coitus. Proceed first with long, smooth strokes. If the passivist can accommodate the entire length of the penis the aggressor should feel free to propel the entire shaft into the rectum, then pull it out, allowing the head of the penis to remain within the channel, then push back down with the hips, sending the penis deep into the rectal cavern. The aggressor can either suspend himself over the prone body of the passivist, or he may lay himself down flat on the passivist's back and work his hips up and down in order to accomplish the in and out movement of the penis.

The degree of strength and pressure exerted by the aggressor depends solely upon how much weight and pressure the passivist can tolerate. If the parties involved are both adept at buggery, the aggressor often utilizes great force in pounding his body against the buttocks of his friend. Also, the aggressor often throws himself down on the back of his partner and playfully kisses or bites or nibbles at his partner's neck, ears, shoulders, back, etc. Sometimes the passivist can successfully turn his head to such a sharp angle as to permit a mouth-to-mouth kiss.

When the passivist has accustomed himself to the insertion of the aggressor's penis into his anus, he might raise himself up on hands and knees while his aggressive partner is bugging him. This is crassly referred to as "dog fashion," and the position permits the active partner to masturbate the passive partner during buggery.

Another favorite position, which some say is the most favored, is that wherein the aggressor is above facing down at the passivist beneath him (the passivist lying on his back looking up at the aggressor). This face-to-face position is often the most comfortable as it places the penis in direct line with the slope of the anal channel. A pillow can sometimes be used to elevate the hips of the passivist, thereby granting the aggressor easier access to the anus.

But, as in all forms of sexual acts, experimentation usually succeeds in producing the most satisfactory results.

Mutual masturbation, fellatio and buggery are far from being the only sex acts the pederast performs in order to achieve an orgasm.

Unconventional sexual behavior and unusual practices are found in many sexual liaisons. Sado-masochism is one such example. Sadism is a behavior pattern in which pleasure is derived from inflicting pain on another individual, and masochism is a behavior pattern in which pleasure is derived from being the object of pain inflicted by another individual.

Dr. Paul Gillette contends that both phenomena are quite common among males and females, and the roles of the sadist and masochist may be interchanged or may be enjoyed both at the same time.

Further, there are those individuals who cannot reach a climax unless they are spanked or beaten or degraded. Some persons' sexual interests are fixed upon specific parts of the body, such as the feet or the hair or the nose, etc.; or toward certain articles of clothing, or inanimate objects. Some individuals prefer their sex partners to be of the non-human variety (this practise being referred to as "bestiality"). There are those whose sole interest lies in rubbing their bodies against another's with no actual sex play being involved. This practise is known as "frottage." Then there are the "copro complexes":

Coprolagnia — the sexual pleasure derived from handling feces;

Coprolalia — the sexual pleasure derived from verbalizing fecal words or phrases;

Coprophagy — the sexual pleasure derived from ingesting feces;

Coprophilia — the general fascination with feces.

Also, there is the "uro complex," the general sexual fascination with urine or unnary practices. In modern day American slang the uro complex is commonly termed "golden shower" or "golden screw" and the individual who goes in for this type sexual practice is vulgarly referred to as being a "piss queen."

There are those individuals who prefer to have sexual relations with an aged person (gerontosexuailty) or a dead person (necrophilia) or a member of their own family (incest).

The patterns of sexual behavior are numerous, and the techniques employed in their practice are just as numerous. However, the forms and methods of sexual experiences should suit the participants. Any sexual act which is not found mutually enjoyable should never be incorporated in the couple's sex life. Tolerating a particular act simply because one's partner finds it pleasurable will eventually lead to major problems.

From the very beginning of any relationship there must be a clear-cut understanding of what each expects of the other. This does not mean to imply that the roles of the partners must at all times remain unalterable; actually it is deemed advisable that the passivist be at times the aggressor and the aggressor at times the passivist; but, never venture along paths contrary to one's own nature. The atmosphere in which the individuals find themselves must be that which they desire.

New ventures almost always promote apprehension and solicitousness in the adventurer. This is particularly true with individuals experimenting for the first time with any form of sexual deviation. Many homosexuals interviewed admitted their extreme nervousness during their first overt homosexual experience.

*"I was scared shitless," said one young man, "but the guy was so damn handsome and I was so hot to trot that I just made myself go through with it. I couldn't even get a hard on. I did him for trade. After he came he got me to relax and that's when I admitted to myself that this was what I had always really wanted in the way of sex. He kissed me so passionately that my toes curled. While we were necking I got an erection. He blew me — I came — and I've been a fairy ever since."*

There are those young men, however, who experience no fears or doubts. One such individual was Alex, who wrote of his initial experience. . .

*"When I was still a kid in high school I was pretty well built and well endowed. It didn't take me too long to find out what the meat between my legs was for. My first lesson was from one of the other guys on our football team. We were horsing around in the gym one afternoon after everybody else had left, and when I grabbed for him, he turned suddenly and I had a handful of his crotch . . . He went right*

*after mine. Suddenly he straightened up and let me get a good feel. I squeezed, his cock and the next thing I knew he was unzipping my pants and sticking his hand right inside my shorts. I'd never had a guy grab me bare before, but it felt pretty good and I didn't want him to stop. I let him pull out my dick and he started to stroke it. One thing led to another and before long I was jerking his prick and he was jerking mine. I sure liked the feel of it, especially when the hot juices shot out of my pecker. After that we used to jerk each other off whenever we got the chance.*

*"Then I found another buddy who wasn't satisfied with just massaging my iron, and when we got to fooling around he stripped off my pants and shorts and left me naked with a big hard on. He said he'd show me a real thrill, and then he got down on his knees and started sucking me off. That really felt great . . . better than anything I'd ever felt before; he kept right on working on it even after I yelled out that I was going to come. He drank down every drop of that cream and afterward he said he had frenched lots of guys but that I delivered one of the best loads he had ever had. Anytime I wanted to go, he was ready to gulp my come . . . I kept him pretty damn busy.*

*"I pulled a muscle during Spring football of my senior year, so every day after practice the assistant coach would tape it for me. His name was Doug and he was about twenty-six or seven; a darn nice guy. One afternoon after I'd taken my shower, I was lying on the table in the first aid room with just a towel around me and Doug was taping my knee. All of a sudden I felt him slide his hand up my leg and underneath the towel. I didn't know what to do. He started playing with my balls and rubbing my cock. It didn't take long for me to get a hard on. I just couldn't help it, even though I was a little nervous, because after all, he was a teacher.*

*"He told me that he had watched me in the showers lots of times and that he had been waiting a long while to get to me. Then he went over and locked the door and pulled the blinds down over the windows. When he came back he grabbed the towel off me. My tool was sticking straight up in the air. He grinned and said it was sure a good-looking piece of meat. Then he bent over and started licking it with his tongue, just the big, pink head at first, and then he went all over; that made me shake like crazy. When he had it dripping wet he*

*began sucking it and playing with my nuts at the same time. I just lay there and it sure was something to watch my meat slip in and out between his hot lips. I got pretty excited and when I couldn't hold it any more I grabbed his head and held it down there while I jammed my cannon down his throat and let it fire all it wanted to. He gulped every drop and when I stopped shooting he went on licking me all over for a long time. After that I just lay there resting while Doug rubbed his hands all over my legs and arms and body. I really liked the way it felt.*

*"I fell for Doug, and I guess he knew it. He was pretty damn good-looking and although I'd never seen him stripped I just knew he must be very well built because he was quite an athlete. It wasn't long before we were spending a lot of time together.*

*"One Saturday night when my folks were out of town, Doug invited me to stay over at his place. We had a lot of beer and by bedtime I was kind of drunk. When I went into the bedroom Doug was already stripped down to his shorts and he sure looked great. He had big solid shoulders and arms, and his skin was very tan. His broad chest was covered with soft black hair and his belly was flat and hard as a rock. He knew I was gassed up so he helped me undress down to my shorts and then he turned out the light and we climbed into bed.*

*"It felt good just to lie there with him next to me. Then he turned on his side and began running his hands over me real slowly. Finally he got down to my skivies and he said we would both be more comfortable if we stripped all the way down. He pulled off my shorts and then his own, and then he put his arms around me and held me real tight. I liked the way it felt to lie up against him like that and after a while I got pretty excited. Doug had me stretch out on my back and he started running his lips and tongue all over me until his face was right in my crotch. My cock was hard by this time and he gave it a swabbing that really set me on fire and then he drank down all the juice I could shoot out of that prong. We lay real quiet for a while afterward and then Doug pulled me over so my head was on his shoulder and I put one hand on his chest. I liked playing with the soft curly hair that spread between his tits and ran down over his solid belly. Finally Doug moved my hand right down between his legs. I had my first handful of real man-sized cock. I fooled with his big slippery balls for a little while and then I wrapped my fingers around his rigid*

*dick and started stroking it. Having that hot meat in my hand, and hearing Doug's excited breathing made me feel very strange, and the next thing I knew I was on my knees between his legs just staring at his hard prick. There was something about seeing Doug lying there naked that really got me; and I couldn't take my eyes off his huge pecker. It was thick and long and the pink bulb on the end of it was swollen and throbbing with hardness. Then, without a word, Doug reached down and took it in his hand, holding it up to me. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I found I was rubbing my lips over it, and then I started licking it with my tongue. I heard Doug sigh and I felt his rugged body quiver . . . which made me even more excited. I took his whole cock in my mouth. I choked a couple of times because I wasn't used to it. I did the best I could and after a lot of tries I finally managed to hold it all the way down my throat while I swallowed all the hot come that poured out of it. Doug and I had a wonderful time together. I'd never known anyone as great as Doug.*

*"He said he would get me a job at the summer camp where he was going to be a life guard, if I wanted to spend the summer with him. I sure did.*

*"That was one hot summer that I'll never forget. We had a little cabin all to ourselves and we really had a ball. One night toward the end of the summer we were in the shower stall together and I threw a rod while I was soaping Doug's hack. I stuck it between his legs, and he told me it was about time he showed me how to put a guy's cock where it would feel the best.*

*"We climbed into bed and after he'd gotten me plenty worked up he covered my meat with some kind of grease and rolled over on his belly, telling me to slip it between the cheeks of his ass. He helped me work it into his hole and I was afraid I'd come just from the excitement. He had me start very slowly and pretty soon I was pumping my dripping tool in and out of his sweet ass like crazy, while I jerked him off. What a wild sensation! I thought I'd go nuts before we both shot our loads, mine into his steaming hole and his all over my jerking hand. I had never felt anything as good as that, and Doug gave me several more lessons before the summer was over.*

*"One night he said he would like to get his prong into my rear but that he would wait until he was sure I was ready to try it. A couple of*

*times he turned me on my stomach and fooled around my asshole with his fingers, but he said it would be easier for me if we waited until we got back to town and could get a little drunk first before he fucked me the first time.*

*“On the first night we were back home, four of Doug’s friends came over for a drink. George, Gene, Art and Ed were all in their early twenties and athletes like Doug. They had brought a couple of bottles of whiskey and we had quite a bit to drink. After a while George asked Doug to drive him somewhere he had, to go. As soon as they were gone Gene said he would fix me a real drink. He gave me a glass half-full of whiskey with just a little water in it and then he sat down on the couch beside me. When I finished the drink I was feeling pretty high. He put one arm around my shoulders and told me to relax, and then he kissed me very hard on the mouth. As he held me close I could feel him unbuttoning my shirt all the way down. Then Ed came over and sat down on the other side of me and pretty soon he was rubbing his hands up and down over my legs and crotch while Gene felt around inside my shirt. I got kind of scared because we were all getting so worked up. Gene saw I was scared, and he said they wouldn’t bother me if I would just suck him off. We all went into the bedroom and Gene took off his clothes and lay down on the bed. He was a husky bastard, very well built and his prick stood up nice and hard from his hairy crotch. Ed had me strip to the waist so Gene could get a good feel of my body. Then I knelt down on the bed between Gene’s legs. I’d never sucked anyone except Doug, but once I got Gene’s prong wet down, I didn’t have any trouble working on it. He went wild, squirming and rotting around and yelling how much he liked it and how good it felt. He shouted at me to suck him dry, and he cursed and swore. He finally unloaded a real hot blast right down my throat.*

*“Ed and Art were watching the whole show, and when Gene and I got up from the bed Art brought all four of us another drink. He said that he and Ed would be more comfortable if they took off their shirts, but when they stripped they did it down to their shorts. They were both plenty big and rugged guys and while I drank, Art stepped behind me and rubbed his hands over my ass. He said he had sure enjoyed watching me in action, especially the way my ass had quivered and*

*shook when Gene came. While he talked to me I could feel the thick, black hair on his powerful chest rub against my back . . . it soft of made me nervous and excited. Suddenly he jammed both his hands down inside the back of my pants and shorts, and grabbed the cheeks of my ass. That really scared me and I tried to pull away but he held me tight. He said that getting a handful of nice young tail made him hotter than hell and that I would have to strip naked so he could screw his tool into me. I told him I'd never been fucked before, but he laughed and said that no one who spent a whole summer with Doug could still have a virgin asshole. I pleaded with him to let me go but he got rough.*

*"Finally I got away from him and ran for the door but he got there first and locked it. He said he was going to fuck me whether I wanted to get fucked or not. Then he pulled off his shorts and came after me naked; I knew he meant business. He was bigger and stronger than I was but I kept trying to fight him off. I was doing pretty good until he yelled for Ed to help him. They were both all over me and I felt my pants being ripped open and my shorts tom off me. They got me naked and then Art stuck his hand between my legs from behind and grabbed my balls real hard. I screamed out with the pain and Art told me that if I didn't spread my ass he'd cripple me for life and then fuck me anyway. I couldn't think of anything except the way my balls pained and the next thing I knew I was spread out belly down across the bed. Ed was on one side holding my wrists, while Gene was on the other side hanging onto my ankles. Then Art got down on his knees between my legs. I felt him spread a lot of warm spit on my asshole and then his fingers dug deep between the cheeks into my hole. I was awfully drunk but I kept my ass as tight as I could while he went on poking around.*

*"Ed laughed and said it was too bad I couldn't take it while I was lying on my back so that I could see the solid ram that Art was getting ready to slam into me. Finally, Art muttered that if I wouldn't open up enough to get reamed, he'd fuck me without a warm up. Then he pushed a huge piece of throbbing prick between my ass cheeks. I could feel the smooth, solid head rub against my hole, and Art said it was already dripping enough to give me a good lube job. I wouldn't relax or open up, and everytime he jabbed that prong forward, it hurt a lot. I*



*kept begging him to let me go. He cursed me for not letting him slide it in without a fight and then he said he would have to dynamite me open.*

*“Gene jerked my legs as far apart as he could and Art grabbed my cheeks and held them wide open as he pushed the tip of his pecker against my asshole. I was too weak to tighten up enough to stop him anymore. I felt his huge cock ripping into me. He was tearing me apart and I yelled and fought back as best I could until Ed jammed my head between his legs and held me there helpless, digging his fingernails into my skin. His cock was flush up against my face and before I knew what was happening Ed forced my mouth open and stuffed his big prick down my throat. Then Art plunged his prong all the way into me and then he was lying flat against my back, and his hammer was pounding inside me. I heard Ed say that maybe I was a virgin because I was so tight and had put up such a fight. Art said that it didn’t make much difference now because he was going to fuck me until my trench was swamped with good juicy come. All the while they talked, Ed was pushing his big prick in and out of my mouth. Then Art began pumping his prong and after the first couple of strokes it seemed to slide in and out of my asshole a little easier. I was numb and dazed and I don’t remember much after that except the steady plunging of Art’s pounding prick as he drove it into me. I didn’t think I could stand much more. Ed’s cock was cutting off my breathing. I could hear Ed and Gene yelling to Art to fuck me harder, and Art was grunting and gasping for breath. Then I went out of my mind as the two stiff rods that were being shoved into me seemed to explode, both at the same time.*

*“The next thing I knew I was lying on the bed and someone was cleaning me up with a damp cloth and unping me dry with a towel. A few minutes later Ed brought me a drink of whiskey and while I sipped it he peeled off his shorts and lay down beside me, playing with my bails. He said he was still hot because the load he shot down my throat hadn’t really satisfied him completely. He said he was going to shoot a real big load into my ass. I begged him to leave me alone but he squeezed my nuts so hard that I thought he would rip them off. He told me to kneel, dog fashion, on my hands and knees. He yanked at my balls and I was too scared and too weak to fight any more so I did what he said. I felt him behind me and then his prick was pushing between the cheeks of my bloody ass. He probed a little, saying that*

*Art had gotten me nice and loose, and then he told me to grit my teeth because the head of his cock was a lot bigger than Art's. I knew that from having just been almost choked with the fucking thing.*

*"Suddenly Gene yelled that Doug was coming, and I shouted as hard as I could for help. Ed swore and smashed his hot rod against my hole and drove that huge knob inside just as Doug began pounding on the locked door. Ed pumped the head of his tool, making me groan because it was so big; then he said they might as well let Doug see his buddy getting fucked. Gene opened the door and Doug came rushing in, yelling at Ed to let me up. Ed just laughed and then he gave my balls a terrible twist and jammed his cock all the way into my aching, bleeding asshole. I could hear my voice croak as I tried to scream out and I think I came just from the sheer pain before I passed out.*

*"After that I vaguely remember being in the shower with Doug and having him wash me all over. Later we were in bed together and he was holding me close to his warm nakedness. He said that I would feel better after a little rest and I finally calmed down and drifted off to sleep. I sure must have slept hard because when I woke up the next morning I found Doug's tool buried in my ass and he said he had had it there most of the night. It sure felt a lot better than when Art and Ed had had theirs in the same place."*

This is not an uncommon example of a young man's introduction into homosexuality. Types of involvement vary with the individual as does the individual's degree of participation. It is the person himself who will dictate the degree and extent of his involvement. Generally, it is believed that a young man is made homosexual by exposure to one or more other homosexuals. This is not necessarily true . . . The young man cannot be made into something he is not. An introduction to the piano does not make a pianist. Thus it is with initiation into any type of activity. If it is not to the liking of the initiate, the activity will be avoided on future encounters.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### “I DREAMED I WAS A PEDERAST!”

*Last night Eros in my sleep  
Brought me sweet dreams:  
A softly laughing boy  
In bloom at eighteen.*

(Greek verse)

Bob was a young man of twenty-one, recently discharged from the Navy and unwilling to recognize the latent homosexual tendencies within himself. His repeated dreams and sex fantasies should have forced him into an awareness of his perverted desires, but he stubbornly refused to admit his penchant for young boys. This obstinacy ultimately led to a complete nervous collapse.

The psychiatrist who endeavored to get Bob to recognize his homosexual leanings, recorded that his first attempt was to get Bob to accept himself as bisexual. He pointed out to Bob that many leading authorities concur with Stekel, who very forcibly stated that nature created all of us bisexual beings and nature prompts us to *act* as bisexual beings.

Bob would not accept that He would not acknowledge his desire for sex with young boys. It was only under the influences of hypnosis that Bob willingly admitted his true sexual needs. The taped recording of his subconscious confession follows:

*“The dream is always the same. It never vanes in the least. It starts when I am discharged from the Navy and decide to take a trip to the South Seas where I had once been stationed. I book passage on a Danish freighter to Tahiti. The trip is uneventful, but when we get to Tahiti dozens of very young Danish boys seem to appear as if by magic. They swarm all over the deck. They’re beautiful, young, blond and all of them are between thirteen and sixteen years of age.*

*“The freighter is anchored in a cove. Lights are lit on the ship’s deck and someone is strumming a guitar. I’m lounging around watching the young kids. Someone taps me on the shoulder and when I turn around a card is pressed into my hand by a faceless figure. The figure is male . . . I know because he isn’t wearing any clothes and he has a gigantic sex organ. The card is an invitation to a party on board the ship. It is signed by the Captain and under his signature he has written in bold letters: ‘Dress very casually!’*

*“I go below to my cabin where I shower, shave and dress. As I get into my sailor pants, there is a knock at my door. When I open it, another faceless, naked man is standing in the passageway. He whispers, ‘If you don’t like what goes on at the party, keep your friggin’ mouth shut and go the hell back to your cabin.’ The man leaves, and for some reason or other I strip off my white pants, remove my jockey shorts, then put the pants back on. I skin out of my blouse and go up on deck without blouse, shoes or socks . . . just my tight, white beilbottoms.*

*“When I walk, the tightness of the pants pinches my cock and I get half a hard on. But I don’t give a damn . . . I go up on deck, half hard, and stand and watch the party which is in full swing. There’s plenty of drinking going on and all the young kids are half high already. Somebody hands me a drink. A group of young boys are doing some kind of folk dance and they ask me to join them. The drink relaxes me I guess, because I do join them, but I’m not very good at it and I soon stop. I just stand there and watch the kids cavort. Some of the steps require them to come in close contact with each other and I start noticing that several of the kids rub their crotches up against their partners every once in a while.*

*“I turn around and watch the rest of the guests. Every man seems to have a hard on which is bursting out of his tight pants. I start to sweat. Then all of a sudden one young blond kid, about fifteen, starts a wild dance all by himself. Everybody else circles around him while he performs this primitive dance routine. Everybody is clapping in time to the music, and the boy starts a slow strip. It’s a real frantic kind of dance and I feel my blood racing through my body. I look down at the boy’s crotch and notice that he has a hard on. As I watch, the boy tears*

*off his pants and his cock bounces into view, fully erect. He has one of the biggest cocks I've ever seen on a kid his age.*

*"Another young boy, about fourteen or so, breaks out of the crowd and throws himself on his knees in front of the boy who is dancing. In one deft thrust, the dancer sticks his big hard prick between the lips of the younger boy. The younger kid starts sucking wildly on the hard cock. Then the lights get dimmer and I notice all the rest of the people start pairing off. Almost everybody is openly sucking someone else. I just stand there, confused. I keep telling myself it's disgusting, but I'm not really disgusted. This puzzles me. I remember the young soldier boy who wanted to blow me on a Greyhound bus one night, and how I punched him in the mouth. I feel ashamed of myself. I turn and decide to go back to my cabin. But as I make my way toward the companionway I get stopped by the Captain. He's with a young boy of about thirteen. The Captain insists that I stay and watch the orgy. Both the Captain and his little friend are naked. The kid has an enormous prick which stands out from a golden thatch of hair that covers his lower belly and his small pink balls. The Captain is rubbing his crotch all the time he talks to me. Then the boy suddenly gets down on his knees and sucks the Captain's cock into his mouth. When I look down I see the Captain's prick slipping in and out of the young boy's mouth. It's the biggest cock I've ever seen on man or beast. It is gigantic and his balls are the heaviest in the world. The kid is sucking very slowly on the big prick and it keeps getting bigger and bigger. The harder the Captain's cock gets, the more excited the little boy becomes. The kid gags himself with the big tool and the Captain topples onto the deck, putting the kid with him. The boy grabs the Captain by the cheeks of his ass and sucks as fast and as hard as he can. The Captain gets more and more excited as the lad works him over, and the boy makes the situation even hotter by jerking himself off at a rapid pace as he sucks the gigantic rod. The Captain makes a motion for me to get behind him. I don't comprehend what he means. 'Shove your cock up my ass!' he gasps. I'm tempted, but again I feel embarrassed and I just continue to stand there and watch, transfixed.*

*"Suddenly I feel a wet, warm seepage and when I look down I notice that my pants are stained with semen which is dribbling out of my enlarged cock. I have a good nine inches and when it's hard it's*

*thicker than most guys'. My cock has a beautiful ruby head on it and every inch is straining to get out of the confinement of my tight white pants.*

*"From out of nowhere, the faces of a couple of girls whom I had played around with, float before my eyes, but none of them tempt me to masturbate. I want to stay there and watch the young kid as he sucks the Captain's big prick. I'm in a kind of trance or something because I don't notice the kid leaving the Captain and crawling over to where I am standing. He is kneeling at my feet and sliding his hands up and down my legs, and finally he grabs at my crotch. I back off but the Captain yells at me. He tells me he just shot his load and wants a chance to get his second wind. He demands that I let the kid suck me off. I freeze. I just don't know what to do. After a couple of seconds I let the kid lead me to a dark corner where he slowly starts opening my pants. I almost come when I feel his hands on my cock. His fingers encircle it and squeeze it and big drops of come seep out of the opening in the head of my prick. The kid is still naked as a jaybird and he eases me down on the deck and slips my pants completely off me. Now I feel too hot to stop him and I just don't seem to give a damn anymore. I have a driving urge to get my rocks off and I don't care how I do it.*

*"The boy slowly lowers his mouth onto my burning, straining prick. He kisses the head of my rod and swirls his tongue around the rim of the velvety head. I start moaning and thrashing around with passion and the boy sucks harder and faster. I seem to go wild from the warm, wet mouth that is sliding up and down my prick. Then just about the time I think I can hold it no longer, the kid stops. He rolls over on his belly and asks me to climb on top of him. I'm at the bursting point and the look of the smooth young butt really turns me on. I spit on the head of my tool and I stick it between the cheeks of that hot little ass. I shudder as I feel the heat of the kid's body under me. With a quick thrust I push my cock all the way into his ass. My big heavy balls bounce against his body and the kid moans in pleasure and pain as I start to fuck him hard.*

*"I pump in and out of the boy and the boy moves to meet my every motion. Faster and faster I fuck, until I feel that I'm going out of my mind. I can sense the hot tight little ass under me as it responds to my*

*violent fucking. I can feel it raise to meet my long hard thrust, and squirm from side to side when I am shafted all the way into him. I know I can't last too much longer. With a vicious lunge I jab my whole nine inches deep into him. The kid goes wild. I start pumping my hot come into his ass. Bolt after bolt, shot after shot of my steaming juice spews up inside him. My big heavy balls draw tight and jerk and throb as I shoot jet after jet of heavy, thick white cream into the violated ass of the young boy. I'm so excited I pass out from exhaustion and sheer pleasure. I drift around in a vacuum, feeling that nothing like this has ever happened to me before and how much I really love it. I stay in this semi-dazed condition for a few minutes, then I feel my young partner rubbing his large young prick against my moist full lips.*

*"I open my eyes and stare at the big prick that is pointed at my mouth. I open my mouth to object and the kid shoves his cock all the way down my throat. I gradually come out of the daze and realize I have a kid's prick sticking in my mouth. I get very upset and try to push the kid off but I am thwarted by the Captain. He helps the kid hold me down and I'm forced to suck the boy's increasingly excited prick. But then like magic I start liking it. It feels smooth and nice. I find the taste very good, almost sweet and wonderful. A strange feeling runs over me as my whole mouth is taken up by the boy's rigid, throbbing, thick, seeping prick.*

*"Also, when I look up I notice that about fifty guys are standing around in a circle watching me blow the kid. The Captain whispers to everyone that it's the first cock I've ever sucked. I find myself enjoying the attention. I suck in earnest now, with very little skill, but with enthusiasm and fervor. I grab the boy's tight little ass which I had just recently fucked and I pull the buttocks up and down as I suck on his prick. After a short while I feel the boy's ass grow tight and the kid starts to moan again. Then I taste it — heavy, thick, hot, sticky come is shooting in my mouth, down my throat, seeping out from between my lips. I try to spit it out but the boy keeps his cock in my mouth and I'm forced to let the stuff go down my throat. I start to gag, then I gulp and swallow. Surprisingly, I find the juice sweet and nice. I start to suck again on the cock to see if I can force some more of the nice-tasting come out of the boy. The kid pulls away from me and lies down on the deck to rest.*

*“But I’m not left alone. Another youngster breaks from the crowd circling us and falls to my feet and starts sucking my rod which is again hard and fully erect. At the same time one other fellow, a husky kid of about sixteen, throws himself on top of me and forces me onto my side. He gets behind me and starts to ease his prick, a rather long, thick one, into my ass. I find myself too aroused to do anything about it. I am very hot and passionate and want anything I can get. The boy is still sucking my cock as the other husky boy slips his prick between the lips of my asshole. I feel it creeping deeper and deeper inside me. It feels hot and thick and the pain is terrific but I love every inch of it. The kid starts to pound it into me and the force almost unloosens my teeth. He starts fucking the shit out of me and I’m so fucking hot I can’t stand it. The pain goes away and all I can concentrate on is the one boy’s hot mouth that is sucking my prick, and the gigantic tool that is forcing itself in and out of my ass. The big prick that’s fucking me is rubbing against something inside me and it’s driving me mad. I keep moaning for him to fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, please. I groan and pant and beg and cry and every second of it is driving me madder and madder. The husky kid behind me starts to bite my flesh and nibble at my shoulders and neck. The kid in front of me is sucking wildly at my prick. Then I feel the husky kid start to pound me with his fists and grind his cock deeper and deeper into me. He starts to curse me and dig his fingernails into my flesh and I get hotter and hotter. Then I feel the kid behind me pour his hot load into my ass and I let go my load. I almost drown the kid who’s sucking me. I jam my cock down his throat and don’t give a damn whether I rip him apart or not. Then it’s all over and I’m bathed with sweat . . .*

*“But the dream doesn’t end there. It goes on and on all night. The party gets wilder and wilder and before I awaken from the dream I’ve been sucked off five times, fucked twice more by two different boys and I have fucked two other kids, as well as the Captain. I end up by sucking off four young kids all at one time. When I find myself fully awake I start to cry, and for days I’m afraid of going to bed for fear I’ll dream the same dream. Then when I’m totally exhausted from lack of sleep I give in and close my eyes. Then the dream starts all over again from the beginning, where I start out on the freighter bound for Tahiti.”*



Following Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, Bob's doctor began searching back into his patient's childhood memories, as Freud contended that a memory from the dreamer's earliest childhood lies at the foundation of the dream. Unfortunately, Bob's therapy is presently incomplete and no conclusions have been reached. The analysis of Bob's dreams unearthed hundreds of hidden traits which Bob preferred to conceal. However, concealing these traits forced Bob to live a life untrue to his own nature, thereby creating serious mental problems for him.

From the patient's recitation it would appear that Bob's fears rested in his subconscious desire for sexual congress with young boys; the truth he refused to admit to himself was not that he was a homosexual, but that he was a pederast.

Bisexuality was briefly touched upon in his vision. This is worthy of some consideration as it is not a prerequisite that the pederast be an overt homosexual; many pederasts are bisexual in nature. It is not uncommon to hear of a husband and father caught seducing a young boy.

What draws a heterosexual (or a presumed heterosexual) male away from wife and family and toward a young boy? The answers are numerous and all subject to argument. Any latent facet of the individual's character and/or personality might drive him to becoming a pederast. Perhaps an overly concerned wife causes him to shy away from the female of the species and search for love and understanding within his own gender. Perhaps a young boy is the aggressor; for it is not unusual for a youth to seduce a married man into a relationship. The boy may himself suffer from the need for affection and attention, and the older man and he may find that they can fill each other's need.

But whatever the motivations, there is no set and established rule that says a pederast must be basically homosexual. A degree of homosexuality exists within every being, whether the individual desires to recognize that fact or not.

It is thought by many authorities that bisexuality causes most people's fantasies and dreams. It is the leverage which insulates them from the mundane normality of everyday life and enables them to find release in fanciful imaginations, dreams and fantasies.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE INCESTUOUS PEDERAST

*There was a young father from Dunne  
Who wanted to hugger his son.  
When the boy told his pals  
They gave up their gals  
And decided to join in the fun.*

(Anon.)

Sexual intercourse between members of the same family is as much a part of human sexual conduct as are pederasty and homosexuality; and like pederasty and homosexuality, incest was once a fairly acceptable practice in some societies. Egyptian royalty, for instance, insisted upon it in order to keep their “deemed-divine” blood lines clean and pure, free of blemish.

As in other types of perversions, satiety or dissatisfaction with the usual patterns of sexual intercourse may bring about experimentation into unnaturalisms, like incest. The sense of adventure and mystery, coupled with danger and the excitement of committing a crime and getting away with it, often are important factors that lead one into the realm of perversions.

Consider for a moment what might be the result if our moral code did not ban sexuality between parents and offspring. It is most conceivable that the normal parent-child affection might naturally gravitate toward sexuality; and this, of course, would open the path for pederasty.

Father-son empathy and compatibility are considered extremely important today. Society says that many of the problems of delinquency in teen-agers stem from the very fact that there was no closeness, no love, no affection between the delinquent minor and his father. It is possible that the father rejected the son out of jealousy, perhaps out of an unnatural attraction, perhaps out of sexual comparison between himself and his son. Or, on the other hand, it is possible that the boy rejected his father for the

very same reasons; perhaps the young man felt pangs of penis envy, jealousy, unnatural sexual attraction . . . all these are possible and must be considered.

As is the case with pederasty, accurate incidence figures on the actual extent of the practice of incest are vague and incomplete. There is no accurate answer to the question of how often incest occurs in our society. S. K. Weinberg, who published nationwide statistics in 1955, placed the rate at 1.9 per million of population. Yankowski found that 0.5% of all eligible males (those who had a brother or sister available) reported sexual contact to orgasm with a brother, and 1.5% reported sexual contact to orgasm with a sister. Using Weinberg's analytical methods, these figures would represent 5,000 per million of population in the first instance and 15,000 per million of population in the second instance. Even those figures are subject to question, since individuals are reluctant to admit to certain aspects of their sexual behavior, even under the cloak of anonymity. The more taboo the area of behavior, the wider the margin of error; few areas of behavior are considered more taboo than incest. Connect pederasty with incest and the area of behavior becomes even more taboo, even more likely to be concealed.

There are countless histories of young boys being introduced to sex by their older brothers or by an older male cousin. It is fairly common for brothers to experiment with each other sexually when they are in their middle or late teens. But this can hardly be considered as incestuous pederasty. When the brothers mature they usually drift into normal sex patterns and their furtive little teen-age affairs are never repeated. But there are recorded cases wherein pederasty plays an important part in an incestuous relationship.

One such history belongs to Jerry, 31, a civil service worker. Jerry was one of six brothers raised in the Middle West. His first experience occurred when he was six years old, when one of his older brothers, age 16, persuaded Jerry to masturbate him. This occurred on several occasions and progressed to oral intercourse, which Jerry admittedly enjoyed. When Jerry was about thirteen, his father died and within a year his mother remarried. He and his new stepfather liked each other very much right from the start.

The first time Jerry and his stepfather engaged in sexual relations was when his mother was called out of town to visit her sister who was seriously ill. Ordinarily Jerry slept in a small bedroom with three of his older

brothers, and so when his stepfather invited Jerry to share the big double bed while his mother was away, Jerry jumped at the chance. Once in bed, the stepfather seemed to fall asleep quickly. Jerry was extremely restless and found sleep practically impossible. He forced himself to lie as quietly as he could for fear of awakening his stepfather. He felt an uncontrollable urge to cuddle up to the older man, and finally, convincing himself that he felt cold, he moved closer to his stepfather who was supposedly asleep. When their bodies touched, Jerry's stepfather grunted softly and changed his position, throwing a careless arm around Jerry's waist. The boy began to tremble and felt his penis growing hard and pulsing. His stepfather snuggled closer and his hand moved lightly over Jerry's hip coming to rest in the sparse growth of pubic hair that based Jerry's penis. Jerry could hardly control himself. He felt the older man's rigid penis press against his buttocks. Jerry positioned himself and pushed against it just as his stepfather's hand encircled his erection and started to masturbate him. Jerry relates:

*"It was the first time I ever had anybody's dick up my ass, but I was so friggin' hot for sex that night that my stepfather could have done anything to me and I would have let him. I had never felt or even seen his cock before, and I had no idea of its size or anything. When he started to push it up my ass I reached back and tried to guide it into my hole. When I felt it, I was flabbergasted. I didn't know dicks grew to be that big. I was afraid that he'd rip me apart with that fuckin' thing, but I didn't give a shit.*

*I wanted to get fucked, and I didn't even know what gettin' fucked felt like. And I did get screwed ad right! Shit, he really gave it to me. And do you want to know somethin'?' I loved every friggin' inch of that prick. We did the same thing every night my Mom was away. It was always the same way too; he would pretend he was asleep and that he was fuckin' me in his sleep. We never talked about it when we were out of bed — we never talked about it in bed either, now that I think about it. We just did it.*

*"One night my stepfather started the usual approach to my asshole, then ad of a sudden he stopped, grabbed me and turned me around to face him. He started kissing me like mad and after the initial shock passed I started to kiss him right back . . . The kissing led to*

*sucking and the next thing I knew we were sixty-nining like crazy. The morning after we sucked each other for the first time, was the first time we ever talked about it. That morning he told me he wanted to suck me off again, so we went to bed and forgot about everything and everybody. We just sucked and carried on. The next day my Mom came home and our little games were interrupted. But even with Mom home we found time and places where we could do each other or fuck each other. Yeah, he finally let me screw him too, and we both enjoyed it. But honestly, I'm the one who likes gettin' fucked . . . and it's got to be a big cock or no dice. I'm what they call a 'size queen.'"*

Jerry related that the affair with his stepfather went on for almost three years. He finally was drafted and went into the army, after which things changed. He met other men who attracted him sexually, and he gave up his sex relationship with his stepfather.

The foregoing case history is not exactly an unfamiliar story to psychiatrists. Such affairs are usual enough.

Another incestuous affair was related by a young man of sixteen who complained about his older brother's brutal demands.

*"Hank was about thirty, I guess, when we first did it together. That was about three years ago. He had just come home from his run (he's a trucker). We shared a bedroom, and a double bed. I was still awake and he asked me if anything was bothering me. I hemmed and hawed for a couple of minutes then finally broke down and told him that I was awakened by some slippery stuff shooting out of my dick. I said it bothered me because I had never had that happen before.*

*"Hank laughed at me. While he undressed he explained about babies and semen and stuff like that. When he got into bed he continued talking about sex and then said he was getting a hard on just thinking about sex. I knew he was playing with himself because I could feel the bed shake slightly. It made me hot as hell. 'Haw'd you like to feel mine?' he asked me. My heart was beating like a drum. Without saying anything I reached over and took hold of his cock. I played with it for a while and loved the way it felt in my hand. It was so much bigger and, fatter than mine. I could, hardly get my fist around it. After*

*a while Hank took hold of mine and started jerking me off. I thought I'd come right there and then. I was boiling over. 'Suck me off,' Hank whispered. I didn't really know what he meant. 'Like this,' he said and he threw back the covers and took my dick in his mouth. He moved his tongue over the head of it and I creamed a load in his mouth. It took about a second for me to shoot off. He gulped me down and then told me to do the same thing to him. I almost threw up when he shot in my mouth, but I didn't. I forced myself to swallow the stuff.*

*"Hank and I balled every day, sometimes a couple of times a day. When school let out for the summer he asked me to make his night runs with him and he said he knew a bunch of truckers who liked young kids to suck their cocks. He said they'd pay me. I was all for it because I liked the idea of making a few bucks.*

*"By September, I was sucking about three or four drivers every night. Hank would shack me up in a truck-stop motel, make the necessary arrangements with my customers, collect the dough and I'd stay there and service the guys. Hank would make his run and pick me up on his way back home. When we'd get home we'd count our take, divvy up the cash and then Hank and I would have sex together. I didn't really like the sex, but I liked the dough.*

*"That went on for a couple of years. Then all of a sudden I didn't feel much like having sex with guys any more. I told Hank. I got the shit kicked out of me. He made me go on having sex with him and even with a couple of the other drivers. When I finally said I was through with cocksucking for good, he almost killed me. That's the night he pushed me through the window and the cops picked him up and took me here to this hospital."*

This is but one case history of incest between brothers. For each such case that reaches the attention of authorities, hundreds and perhaps thousands escape legal or medical attention.

## PART II

### THE CHILD'S ROLE

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE INQUISITIVE YOUNGSTER

*A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long long thoughts.*

(Longfellow — *My Lost Youth*)

A child's need for affection is most often the basis for his involvement in a sexual affair with an older person, male or female. The age of the child is an important consideration in view of the fact that most child psychologists, will agree that both male and female children pass through a totally homosexual stage in the process of maturing, before encountering the heterosexual and sometimes final stage in their sexual growth patterns. The homosexual stage is explained as that stage when little boys seek close companionship with other little boys, and the company of girls is looked upon as being weak or sissified. Many children never emerge from their homosexual cocoon into heterosexuality. Others do make the transition, but then revert to the homosexual stage where they feel more comfortable. Then, of course, there is the youngster who merely experiments with all forms of sexuality, finding himself incapable of remaining content with any definite situation. One such young man related his experiences. The following story in his own words is from a taped interview:

*"I guess I've been foolin' around with sex ever since I was, oh, about nine or ten years old . . . on a sort of you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine type of thing. But it wasn't until I was around eleven that I found out what it was for. I had been listenin' to the older guys' stories about fuckin' and so forth and it sort of got my curiosity up. Well, there was this one girl in our class at school who was sort of a Lolita type . . . you know, what they call a nymphet.*

*"Well, it wasn't any big thing to convince her to go all the way. I was old enough to get a hard on, not a very big one at the time, but*



*still it was a hard on, and it gave me a kind of all-over hot sensation to have it up in her little box. I still wasn't old enough to come, but I dug the sensation anyway.*

*'I balled around with her and a couple of other girls from time to time for a year or so, and then one day, while screwing away like mad I made the grade and had an orgasm . . . I came for the first time. It nearly scared the shit out of me 'cause I wasn't wearing a rubber or anything and I was afraid that I might make her pregnant. Man, I didn't do anything more until she told me that she had had her period.*

*"Anyhow, this chick had been around, and after I came that time she wouldn't let me stick her in the cunt anymore, but that didn't stop us from screwin' around in different ways. She said I could use her back door anytime I wanted to, so after that I fucked her in the ass.*

*"I finally realized that she wasn't gettin' as much fun out of that as she pretended. I had heard of guys goin' down on broads and so I suggested that to her one day and she said she thought it would be real groovy. Then she did me and liked it, so we decided to go all out and we tried everything, and man, I mean everything. It was sex education with laboratory practice. After we were through, the only thing I hadn't tried was men. I guess I was already kinda curious about guys but I just hadn't been attracted to any.*

*"It was later on when I was about thirteen — no — fourteen years old that I had my first experience with a guy. It might sound a little funny but you've heard the expression about how everything gets around eventually to sex and religion? Well, there was one of these neighborhood youth groups that had meetings on Wednesday nights, and one Wednesday night I didn't have anything better to do so I dropped in to see what it was all about. I started going regularly and stayed for the coffee hour and discussions afterward. In these discussions it seemed that the name of a certain 'Johnny B——' would come up from time to time; that he was quite a hero to the kids, and somehow I kept hoping that he would show up one of these nights so that I could see just who he was.*

*"Well, finally one night he did show, and I just wasn't ready. I had heard someone say he was about thirty-four or thirty-five years old, which I took to mean he was an old guy . . . Boy, was I ever wrong. He was just a little taller than me, blond, good-looking and with muscles*

*and a tan that told you he was used to beaches, swimming, surfing and the whole bag. I was really shook. And when he looked at me and smiled it felt like he was looking right into me and I felt my stomach flip over. Right then and there I knew he was the one I wanted to try it with and I was really ripe for picking.*

*“It must have been something in the way that I looked back at him that told him that I was eager and hot to trot, because as everyone was leaving he walked up to me and asked me if I had a way home. I told him that I only lived a couple of blocks away but since my folks were out of town for a couple of days, why didn’t he stop by for a cup of coffee.*

*“So . . . he came over . . . I fixed some coffee . . . and we sat around and talked for over an hour . . . There I was, hot as a firecracker. I kept looking at his full crotch, and I think he knew it, but he kept his cool and the whole conversation stayed on the up and up. Talk about frustrated . . . Wow, man . . . was I ever tied in knots.*

*“Well, this cat knew how to play his cards and win, ’cause as he was leaving he asked if I would like to come to his pad the next day and go swimming. I jumped at the chance and he said he’d be over about ten in the morning to pick me up.*

*“I didn’t know what it was about him but just thinking about seeing his cock bulging out of tight swimming trunks kept me awake half the night. I was up and ready, my towel and trunks rolled and waiting on a table by the door long before ten o’clock. I guess I went to the window about every five minutes to see if he was there yet. When ten o’clock finally rolled around I started to get real uptight. My cock was jumping, just thinking of him.*

*“It was around five after when he finally showed up and honked his horn. I glanced out the window to be sure it was him, and when I saw it was, it was all I could do to keep from running out the door to the car.*

*“As I got in the car he looked through me again with those sharp blue eyes of his, grinned and winked and said, ‘Betcha haven’t even had breakfast yet.’ And, as a matter of fact, I hadn’t, and said so. Nothing would do then but we had to go and have breakfast. I was getting lover’s nuts urith the waiting I was doing.*

*“Then after breakfast we drove up to his place in the hills. He had a real groovy pad. He took me to a little combination dressing and bathroom just off the pool in back and said I could change in there.*

*“I was so nervous that I fumbled everything while I was changing. My shoelaces got knotted, my belt stuck and so did the zipper on my trunks as I was getting into them. I felt like I was all thumbs and no fingers. Then, when I came out . . . there he was, poised on the diving board, and bare-assed naked. The tan I had seen on his face and arms, was all over; the muscles of his body were well defined and hard as rocks, and for the first time in my life I looked at a cock that I thought was just beautiful as it hung there from a mass of golden tangled curls that proved he was a genuine blond. He was built like the proverbial brick shit-house.*

*“‘No need for suits here,’ he shouted, and dove into the pool in as good a dive as I have ever seen. Taking my cue I skinned off my trunks and dove in, by now just as eager to cool myself off as to get close to him.*

*“We horsed around in the pool for some time, swimming, diving, splashing and ducking each other, and then finally we climbed out and lay down on the deck side by side in the warm sun. I started the conversation and slanted it toward sex, and soon we were discussing the various things that I had done, and the different aspects of heterosexuality and homosexuality, then finally he asked me if I had ever had a guy suck me off, and would I like him to.*

*“Trying not to sound too anxious, I said, ‘Sure, if you want to.’*

*“He slipped back into the pool between my legs which were dangling in the water, and started to lick the insides of my thighs, just barely touching the skin with the tip of his tongue, in long upward strokes that he started at the knees and continued upward just short of my balls. And my prick just started throbbing and in seconds flat it was standing straight up at attention and saluting in time with my pulse. Then he reached behind me and pulled me closer to him and buried his head in my crotch and took my balls, first one at a time and both together into his mouth and sucked on them, all the time slithering his tongue around them and tickling the skin in back of them. With his hands holding my legs just below the cheeks of my ass, and his fingers pressed on the inside of my groin, he started teasing my cock with his*

*tongue, lightly at first, first up one side then down the other. My own body started a movement all its own, and my hips started pumping back and forth; and he started sucking at the sides of my prick, working his way up and down again and letting his tongue come out and wrap around it from time to time.*

*“I started squirming more and more, and at last he came right up on top of it and sucked the entire length into his throat . . . all the way in. I blew my mind!!! I let go the biggest load I ever had. I had had my cock sucked before, by girls, but never like that. The only thing I could figure was that it takes a guy to know what another guy likes. And when I came he didn’t let go the way a girl does. He took it. . . swallowed it; and kept sucking and didn’t let go until I had come a second time, and he still kept on sucking. I was moaning and groaning and finally yelled out for him. to stop. ‘For Christ’s sake, stop,’ I yelled.*

*“Then, very gently and very slowly, he lifted his head and let my now-limp and very sensitive cock slide out of his mouth. With a devilish grin on his face, he looked at me with those blue eyes of his and said, ‘How about a drink to cool off? Would you like one?’*

*“I said, I guess I could stand a little cooling off.’*

*“As he walked into the house after the soft drinks I found myself watching his ass and thinking, ‘How I’d love to stuff my prick up that,’ and then, remembering the times I had screwed a girl in the ass, I started to wonder how it would feel. He was back in a minute with the two drinks and as we sat there talking (again about sex) I brought up the subject of corn-holing.*

*“I got around to hinting that I thought I might like to get screwed in my ass just to see what it felt like. We sat there for a while and he explained what might be in store for me as a beginner. Then he suggested that it would be better if we went into the bedroom where we would both be more comfortable and I could be more relaxed; being relaxed was the whole secret of enjoying getting screwed, he told me. We went inside and I lay down on my stomach on the bed with my legs spread far apart and he took a tube of vaseline or somethin’ and greased his cock and my asshole with it; then he started working his finger around and around and finally he worked it up into my ass. While he was fingering my hole he took his other hand and reached*

*under me and started to massage my prick. It's hard to describe the sensation exactly . . . I liked getting screwed, I think, right from that first finger getting shoved up me. The feeling of having something up inside me made my cock get hard. I started rubbing my nipples against the bed-sheets which made me even more excited. I started squirming all over the fuckin' place. I reached around behind me for his slippery prick and said, 'Shove it in me . . . fuck me.' I pushed his cock up next to his finger that was jabbing at my asshole. He took his finger out and let me guide his prick into my ass. I wasn't exactly relaxed enough at first and when the head started to go in my hole I grabbed hold of the pillow and bit it to keep from yelping, but then as the rest of it slid in it became easier for me to take it. Then he started fucking me . . . slow at first . . . just short easy strokes, then longer and longer ones. I could feel the muscles in my ass grabbing at his cock as he pumped in and out, and as he went faster and faster I started getting that funny feeling in back of my balls that tells you when you're about to come. I was so surprised that I shouted, 'I'm gonna come!'*

*"So am I, kid!" I heard him groan in my ear and I felt his hands cup themselves around and grab hold of my nipples as he began pounding out his last frantic thrusts. Then I felt my load shooting the length of my cock and the wet sticky come seeped up against my belly just about the same time I got the feeling that his own hot juice was going off way up inside me some place; then he wrapped his arms around me tight and we both let out a big sigh of relief.*

*"After we had rested awhile we got up and took a shower together. Let me tell you, that was a ball. We soaped each other and played with each other's pricks, balls and assholes, then all of a sudden he grabbed hold of me with one hand in the crack of my ass and the other in back of my neck and pulled me up to him and kissed me right on the mouth. Not just a peck kind of thing, but a real soul kiss, and I kissed him right back.*

*"Then he stepped back, grinned that grin of his, turned off the hot water and ran for the pool leaving me under the icy spray. I let out a yelp and ran after him. I caught him just as he was diving into the pool and both of us fell in together. We came up sputtering and climbed out on the deck and started to wrestle. Somehow I found myself with my face in his crotch and before I knew what I was doing I had a mouthful*

*of prick and I was pumping away furiously at it. Pretty soon he managed to work his way around and grabbed my cock into his mouth, and in no time at all we were both clutching each other and sucking like crazy. I almost gagged when he came, but he pushed himself so close up to me that I didn't get a chance to, and I took every single drop down my throat . . . and I loved it . . . I really enjoyed drinking him.*

*"Like I said, I've balled a lot of chicks in my life, but this cat was something else again. We played around as often as we could that summer, and turned each other every way but loose, and I got so hung up on the guy that when he told me his roommate was coming back and we would have to stop seeing each other, it hit me pretty hard.*

*"But that's another ball of wax, and you just wanted to know about the first experience, so that's it . . . screwed, blewed and tattooed."*

Inquisitiveness is the backbone of learning. Without questions and curiosity there would be no answers or discoveries; without answers and discoveries there would be no mankind and no world. It is natural for a child to inquire about, and experiment with, things with which he is unfamiliar . . . it is his sole manner of teaching himself, and the old adage of experience being the best teacher holds very true. A father might stress repeatedly the dangers of masturbation to his young son . . . he might dwell on the disastrous results month upon month, year upon year; but the child, unless he is among the very rare few, will nevertheless masturbate. He is motivated by an inner compulsion to find out for himself. You may frighten a child away from doing something which you do not want him to do, but when the child eventually experiments with that "thing" you didn't want him to do, and finds there is nothing really harmful or wrong with it, you've only succeeded in losing the child's respect. The youngster will probably wind up distrusting and disliking you.

Teen-agers today are far more promiscuous than their counterparts of twenty years ago. They find themselves less inhibited and less restricted by the boundaries of outdated mores and customs. The adult society considers them to be a rebellious generation, but rebellions have often brought about needed changes. Every generation must have its own individual place in the sun. An older generation cannot dictate what a younger generation is to be;

the younger generation must determine that for itself because it is *their* generation and *they* are the ones who must live in it; therefore they have every right to establish the code of ethics under which they wish to exist. They should be directed but never dictated to. They should be counselled but never cajoled. They should be listened to and not lectured.

There are varied views taken of the youngsters of today. One sociologist called them “the Freudian proletariat.” Another observer sees them as “expatriates living on our shores but beyond our society.” Historian Arnold Toynbee describes them as “a red warning light for the American way of life.” Bishop James Pike of California made the flattering and encouraging comment: “There is something about the temper and quality of these people, a gentleness, a quietness, an interest . . . something good.”

Dr. Albert Ellis, world-famous psychotherapist and sexologist, avers that the teen-agers’ promiscuity hinges upon their being deeply inhibited by outworn and unscientific teachings that should have been thrown on the garbage heap of history; or the youngsters (and some oldsters as well) are guilt-ridden for abandoning what they still believe is the good and pure path they supposedly should have followed. This appears to be a paradox when compared with their sexual freedom. However, our youngsters of today who are seemingly abandoning themselves to carnal pleasure are not really seeking sexual enjoyment but are in reality looking for an escape therefrom. Dr. Ellis contends that they are frantically engaged in one type of sex, not because it is pleasurable but because they are irrationally frightened of another type. Their sex way is an escape from what they wrongfully believe to be the overly onerous burdens and responsibilities of human existence. Their frenetic search is all the more hopeless because they demand a freedom which they may never achieve.

## C H A P T E R   T W O

### THE CHILD PROSTITUTE

*He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.*

(Shakespeare — *King Lear*)

Shocking as some may consider it to be, child prostitution is as present today as it was hundreds of years ago. Both in early Rome and in ancient Greece, young boys were lodged in houses, baths, and other establishments where they could be used to gratify and cater to the sexual needs of the clientele which was predominantly, if not exclusively, male. Although the strictness of our laws has forced child prostitution deeper and deeper underground until it is considered to be non-existent, the truth remains that children are still being employed and sought after by persons willing to pay the price.

One procurer who was interviewed openly admitted that he preferred to engage as prostitutes young boys rather than girls or women because boys are easier to handle. He explains that contrary to what some people may think, there is a greater accessibility of boys; young boys admire masculinity and are anxious to associate with older boys or men. Boys possess a keen interest in the male genitalia and are easily persuaded into performing homosexual acts. Kinsey more or less substantiates this by stating that, on the whole, homosexual child play is found in more histories, occurs more frequently, and becomes more specific than the pre-adolescent heterosexual play. Dr. Kinsey further stated that the mean age of the first homosexual contact, according to his studies, is about nine years, two and a half months.

The subject interviewed claimed that he had approximately twelve young boys whom he “loaned-out” to well-referenced and reliable customers. When asked how he happened to involve himself in such a profession he told the following story:



*“I was sucking cocks almost before my folks took me off pabulum. I can't really complain about my parents because they were both mixed-up characters and had more problems than the average person. I always felt that I added to their problems when I was born. But they never griped about anything. They raised me well enough, and when they taught me to hustle I was only too glad to be able to do my part in keeping the mountain of bills down.*

*“My dad was half queer and my mother whored, but only because my old man insisted on her doing her share. She tried to hold down regular jobs but the old man would go to wherever she worked and make a scene. Yeah, it was a rough household, sure, but we never did anybody any harm and I always felt that we brought a lot of good times into some peoples' otherwise dreary lives.*

*“The first time I made any dough at sex was when I was about eleven years old. My dad brought some guy home one afternoon and told me this guy wanted to stick my cock. I was told to let the guy do what he wanted to me. Now that I think back on it I kind of enjoyed the whole thing. I was just trade that time, but I remember my dad gave me a dime afterward and that paid my way into a movie.*

*“The worse time I remember was the first time a guy shoved it up my ass. I'll never forget it . . . and even to this day, queer as I am, I think twice before letting some man brown me.*

*“I must have been about twelve. My dad was shacked up with some broad whom he used to service for a couple of bucks. My old man, incidentally, was a prize stud . . . that guy must have had a dong on him that measured over a foot. Damn, he was hung! I always wished I had his cock. We use to kid him that if he sold it by the inch he'd make a fortune.*

*“Anyway, he was balling this broad and they really were going to town and in walks the broad's husband . . . fit to be tied. He started yelling and calling names and she yelled and called names right back at him. One of the things she called him was a 'fucking cocksucker.' That really made him mad and they started in slapping and punching each other. My old man, who ain't exactly Hercules in drag, tried to break it up but the broad and her husband must have dug the sado-maso bit, because they really kicked the shit out of each other. The*

*husband knocked his old lady down finally and she conked out. I was shaking like a leaf. Then the guy turned on my old man, and being the coward he was, dad tried to make peace with the guy. At first hubby wouldn't listen, then good old Pop threw me onto the bargaining table and the guy started to listen. Next thing I knew, I'm told to get out of my jeans so he could look me over. The wife came around when her husband was playing with my cock. She started in and called him a cocksucker again. He hit her, which shut her up, and she split out, naked as she was. She only lived one flight up but I still wondered where she got the nerve to take off without any clothes on.*

*"After she took off the husband told me to get out of the rest of my duds and lie on the bed. My old man made some feeble excuse about having to do something and he took off too, leaving me alone with the guy.*

*"The first thing the guy did was start sucking me, and as I remember he was great at it. I got hard right off the bat and that guy really chowed down on me. He sucked me until I thought I would go out of my ape mind. He had a great little gimmick, about wrapping his lips around the head and letting spit seep out of his mouth, down over my shaft, and drip over my balls; then slowly, really slowly, he dropped his mouth over my cock until his face was flush up against my belly, and my prick was shoved all the way down his throat. He kept that up for almost ten minutes. Then he got up, stripped off his clothes and crawled back beside me on the bed. He started to make love to me, kissing my mouth, my eyes, my ears, then covering me all over with his lips. The last place he concentrated on was my ass. His tongue felt good slipping around and into my asshole. He really knew his business. It all started out like the best thing that ever happened to me, but when he took away his tongue and started fingering me, that's when I wised up that I wasn't going to like whatever he had in mind. First he shoved one finger up me and wiggled it around, at the same time he was sucking my balls and licking my cock. Even so, the finger hurt and I started to feel sick to my stomach for some reason or other. When the second finger was pushed up my ass I really yelled. I tried to get away but he got rough and started belting me, so I stayed where I was. I guess I'm a coward like my father.*

*“He rolled me over on my stomach and I pleaded with him not to do anything that would hurt me. He started rimming me again and this time he turned himself around so that his crotch was up near my face. I stared at his thing and I couldn’t believe my eyes . . . he was bigger than my father. I learned later that his wife liked getting fucked by my old man because he was so small. That really made me laugh. But when I recall the size of that prick I know now what she meant. This guy was really a monster.*

*“Anyhow, he shoved the meat to me and I could barely get it into my mouth. I licked it and squeezed it and tried to suck it but it was too friggin’ big. The guy was really hot to trot though, because his shaft felt like a white hot poker. That thing was big, thick, hot and pulsing.*

*“He shifted around and got on top of me. Again I begged him to leave me alone. He only snickered and grunted as he positioned himself at the entrance of my ass. Then I felt the pressure. Jesus, did it hurt! I yelled at the top of my lungs but he kept pushing. Then all of a sudden I felt something tear loose and that big goddamn head was up my ass. It hurt like a son-of-a-bitch. I was screaming and crying but he never let up. He stopped for a second or two, then pushed toward me and I felt that big fucker squeezeing itself into my tight little hole. He worked it all the way up, then just laid heavy on top of me, panting hard.*

*“I kept thinking I’d pass out from the pain but I didn’t. He rested for a minute or two then started to really fuck the shit out of me. I yelled and screamed and begged and pleaded but he was interested in only one thing and that was getting his rocks off. He jabbed me so hard my teeth rattled. I felt him ripping and tearing in and out of my asshole. His big prick fucked so hard and so fast that I felt heat way up inside me. He must have torn every nerve and muscle I had back there because I reached back at one point and tried to push him out of me, and when I brought my hands back to my face they were covered with blood. I had thought it was either sweat or come that was running down my legs, but it turned out to be my blood.*

*“He grabbed me around the waist and lifted up, pulling me onto my hands and knees and he really slammed it to me — dog style.*

*“He sat back on the bed and seated me in his lap and lifted my body up and down on his prick as though I were some little plastic*

*puppet. My head fell back against his shoulder and I passed out cold. When I came to he was gone and my old man was washing my ass with warm salt water. I had to have about sixteen stitches taken in me, and I couldn't sit down for quite a long time. . ."*

Subject was questioned as to how he went about recruiting young boys to work for him.

*"Easy," he replied. "All I have to do is hang around the coke shops and other youngster hangouts, and when I see a likely-looking kid I try to make friends with him. We usually wind up in the sack, or at least I suck him off in my car, or someplace private. The second time I see him, I go a little farther, offer him some bread, and get him to suck me. After that it's simple. I tell him I'm busy but I have a friend from out of town who wants some action . . . you know the routine. I collect from the friend in advance, give the kid a few bucks to go suck the friend and I pocket my profit"*

Subject was asked if his young working boys don't usually drift away from him after a time.

*"Sure they do," he answered. "And I'm glad they do because once the kid reaches sixteen or seventeen he is too wise to handle and I don't get much call in my racket for an aging boy. In my particular bag the kid's washed up at about sixteen."*

Subject was asked: "What percentage of the boys would you say remain male prostitutes?"

*"That's hard to figure because I never keep tabs on my boys, any of them, once they fly the coop. Furthermore, being a good successful hustler means two things; a big cock and lots of good looks. Not many of the kids grow up to have both these things. Sometimes the looks aren't too important if the cock is big enough."*

In reply to the question as to whether or not child prostitution was widespread throughout the country, subject answered:

*“How in hell should I know? I just do my thing here in this town. If I do it here, I guess other guys must run the same kind of operation in other cities and towns. I work independent of everybody — no racket boys for me — I don’t want any part of the underground. I play it loose and alone, and that way I can keep my nose clean. If any problems come up they’re my problems and I can solve them. I don’t have to worry about my Frisco operation or my Vegas operation. All I got are about a dozen nice, young, desirable kids. I make a few bucks, live comfortably and that’s my only worry.”*

“Don’t you feel that you are aiding and abetting juvenile delinquency and directing the children toward perverseness?”

*“Hell, no! What are you talkin’ about! These kids don’t stick if they don’t want to. Kids will do anything for a few bucks. Besides what would you rather have them do, suck a few cocks of older guys who can protect them in case of trouble, or go around holding up liquor stores or stealing cars or getting mixed up with the Mafia? Which is worse?”*

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that male prostitution originated with the Greeks. From all currently available material, and after a considerable amount of research, it has been found that male prostitutes enjoy an Oriental heritage.

In the Chinese society, parents prayed for sons and considered girls a burden. Children were kept exclusively in the company of the female members of the family and seldom associated with the adult males until they reached the age of seven. Then if the family were wealthy enough to afford it, the boys were placed in school and carefully segregated from girls. When male children reached the age of ten years, they would be limited in their choice of companions to men and courtesans; and the prevalence of homosexuality and male prostitution sometimes determined this choice.

Although the daughters of the Chinese family rigidly held to the rules of chastity, the young men were allowed every liberty insofar as sexual relations were concerned. They were encouraged to visit the male and

female brothels and if they did not avail themselves of this “privilege,” they might be classed as somewhat abnormal.

In writing of the Chinese society, Will Durant in his *Our Oriental Heritage* notes that there was little or no opportunity for the growth of romantic love between the sexes in ancient China. He states that, in general, love as a romantic attachment was more frequent between men than between men and women; that in this respect the Chinese agreed with the Greeks.

In Japan, the reason for acknowledging of homosexual relationships was entirely different . . . the fear of overpopulation. The old laws prevented the Samurai warriors from marrying until they were thirty, and even then they were ordered to have no more than two children. Although male lovers were not openly suggested, they were hinted at with heavy emphasis.

Sir Richard Burton, when he was an officer in the Bombay Army, found that Karachi supported three rather luxurious brothels which offered the services of young boys and eunuchs. Burton stated that the boys demanded almost double the price one paid for a eunuch. To satisfy his curiosity as to why the boys commanded a higher price than the eunuchs, Sir Richard disguised himself as a Persian merchant and visited these “boy brothers” or *bech-cheh-khanat*. He found that the eunuchs had had their testicles and penises removed during infancy, and the customers preferred the boys who had their “handles” intact. It was considered that masturbatory manipulation of the youthful genitals provided pleasant pastime for the older partner.

For centuries, boy prostitutes have occupied a place in the cultures of Turkey, Arabia, and many other locales in Asia and Africa. Aristotle was not the first to describe this love for boys and Socrates was far from being the first man who was accused of corrupting the youth of the community. Julius Caesar was accused of prostituting himself to older rulers in order to secure the aid he required to advance his career. The Romans were notorious in their perverted interest in young boys. Tiberius was famous for his cruelty and sadistic treatment of the male youths of the Empire; it is said that he was guilty of subjecting young boys to the most immoral sexual practises ever conceived. The same was true of Caligula, his successor, and Nero was another who loved young boys and openly and publicly made love to them.

Brothels stocked with young men are difficult to find in the United States, where they are referred to as “peg houses.” In America, male prostitution is usually arranged for by telephone. The client specifies his requirements and the male prostitute services the client in his own home or in a hotel or motel room. Male streetwalkers are common enough, and they include very young boys, adolescent boys, teenagers, and adult males. Male prostitutes, both young and old, do indeed exist in our society today, and it is unlikely that they will ever not be a part of it.

## CHAPTER THREE

### LORELEI IN LITTLE BOY'S CLOTHING

*Elissos, fully rive in years for love,  
just sixteen — but with every charm both  
small and great, and when he reads a  
honeyed voice, and honeyed lips to kiss . . .*

(Greek Anthology)

Who can be more charming, more beguiling, than a young boy who wants a favor? There are few who can resist the innocent lure of a youngster. Purity and chastity reign supreme in their youthful forms, and no stain or vice, sin or corruption is ever attributed to their age. But youth is not all purity and innocence. The naive, unaffected simplicity of the little boy or girl is finally being questioned. Too many “Lolitas” and “Bad Seeds” have been brought to public notice; yet the wiles of the of the young remain a difficult temptation for the adult to resist. None is more adept at the art of seduction than the young girl or boy. They, if aware of it, know that they possess that most precious of commodities, youthful innocence. Those expert at their “trade” are in the enviable position of commanding an extremely high price for their services.

Andy B—— was such a little seducer. His father brought him under the care of a psychiatrist after having accidentally learned of the boy’s activities.

Andy was thirteen years of age. He lived with his parents in one of the most socially proper sections of a large city in the middle West. Andy was an only child and between the heavily laden business schedule his father adhered to and the unending social obligations his mother had assumed, Andy found himself alone much of the time and turned to himself and his vivid imagination for amusement.



*“It all started as sort of a game,” Andy confessed. “I was lonesome and everybody seemed to have so many things to occupy their time. I found that the only way I could get attention was to play for people’s sympathy. The maid and the housekeeper always catered pretty much to whatever I wanted, but they were such pushovers. It was the chauffeur who, I decided, would be my first big challenge. I don’t even think I had any kind of sex games in mind, but when I saw Robert screwing with a guy in the garage it kind of put ideas in my head.*

*“The easy way to get what I wanted from Robert would have been to walk up and tell him I had seen what he had been doing with the other guy, but that seemed too simple. I decided to see if I could get some action without blackmail, so to speak. So I started hanging around the garage and getting as friendly with Robert as I could. I liked teasing him by pretending to trip over something, and falling against him. I would grab hold of his leg or push my hand into his crotch every time. Once or twice I climbed up into his lap when he was sitting at the work bench and I’d bounce up and down. I knew he liked it because he got hard a couple of times and would push me off his lap.*

*“One Thursday, that’s the servants’ day off, Robert was getting ready to go downtown and I asked him if he’d take me along because my parents were all tied up with some social affair or other. He didn’t want to at first, but I coaxed and coaxed and he finally said O.K. He said he’d have to ask my parents’ permission but I told him they already had guests and wouldn’t like it if he disturbed them. I lied on purpose because I knew my folks would never allow me to go downtown with Robert for the whole day. But he went into the home anyway to ask permission. My folks said no. When Robert told me, I threw a tantrum. He calmed me down by telling me that he didn’t have to go downtown anyway and that he’d take me for a ride out into the country. Again he asked my parents’ permission and this time they said all right, but that he would have to have me back before four o’clock that afternoon.*

*“We set out almost immediately. Robert picked a pretty isolated section of the countryside and we found a secluded little brook where we could wade and picnic. Robert had stopped along the way and bought some picnic food. We fooled around for a while and then ate. After that we just sat and talked. I directed the conversation to girls*

*and Robert told me I was too young to ask about stuff like that. 'How about boys then?' I asked him. His face turned beet red and he didn't answer me. Finally he said, 'What about boys?' I told him I'd looked up plenty of girls' dresses and I knew they didn't have the same things between their legs that boys did. Robert put me off by telling me I had plenty of time yet to learn about the differences between the sexes. We talked in circles for a while longer and then I pretended to get sleepy and stretched out, resting my head on Robert's thigh. He was leaned back against a tree trunk and after a couple of minutes I moved to a more comfortable position, but I kept my head on his thigh. I snuggled it closer to his crotch and let one hand lie lightly on his bulge.*

*"That's when I knew he wasn't really sleeping. He tried to squirm out from under the weight of my head and my hand. His cock started to get harder and harder and every time he tried to move away from me I'd snuggle even closer. My hand rested right on top of his bulge and I could feel his dick stretching under the tight pants he was wearing. Still pretending to be asleep, I tightened my grip on his tool and pressed my cheek against it. I thought he was going to shoot right there and then. He groaned a little and tried again to ease himself from under me. As added torture for him, I turned my face into his crotch and breathed hotly on top of his stiff tool. That did it. He really pushed me away and stood up, adjusting himself so that I wouldn't see his pole sticking out in front of him. I looked up at him and smiled. I asked him if he was afraid of doing anything with me. He said I was only a kid and he would never do anything with any boy as young as I was. I told him that I bet I could be as nice to him as the guy in the garage had been. He stared at me real hard. His eyes, I'll never forget them, they were like hot coals. He was real scared, but I just smiled up at him and told him to show me his dick.*

*"He said he thought it was about time he took me back home. He started for the car. I got up and stripped myself of my pants and shirt and stood there bare-assed, waiting for him to turn to see if I were following him to the car. He turned and stared at me. He yelled, 'What the hell do you think you're doing, you crazy kid!' I just grinned at him and asked him if he wanted to see how big my cock was when it got hard. He came back and grabbed me by the arm and threw me down on the ground. He ordered me to get dressed, then turned away from*

*me. I lay there and started to play with myself. He didn't turn around. I crept over to his feet and started to run my hands up and down his legs. Then I stood up and pressed my body against him. My dick was hard as a rock and I kept pushing it up against his leg. He got real angry and pushed me away, knocking me down onto the ground again.*

*I started to cry. I hoped he would think that I had hurt myself when he knocked me down. It worked. He knelt down beside me and asked me if I had hurt myself. I told him I had cut my leg on the inside of the thigh. He asked to look at it. There wasn't any cut but when his hands touched my thigh I moved quickly and my peter was pushed into his hand. At first he just knelt there as if frozen to the spot. I wrapped my arms around his neck and stuck my tongue in his ear. I saw a girl do that to a man in a movie once. But he still didn't move. He just acted like he was made out of stone, except that he was breathing pretty hard. I moved my mouth around to his mouth and licked his lips. He turned his head away from me and started to get up. I grabbed his cock. It was hard as steel. I squeezed it real tight and almost tore his pants. I guess he just couldn't stand it any longer. He fell down beside me and started to kiss me all over. He sure knew how to kiss. He put his mouth on my dick and pulled it all the way into his throat. I thought I'd explode right then and there and I guess he knew it, because he started to move away again. I asked him please not to leave me. He hesitated for a second or two then turned around. There were tears streaming down his face. He fell on his knees and started to cry. He wrapped me in his arms and I knew I had him. He kept sobbing all the while I unzipped his pants and pulled out his dong. He sure had a big hunk of meat between his legs. I started to play with it. It was already stiff and it felt like a poker in my hand. I told him I wanted him to fuck me like he did to the guy I saw him with in the garage. I lay on my back and let him work over my body. He was good with his tongue. He licked my feet, even my asshole, everything. I just lay there and watched him work me over. It was like having my own slave all to myself. Everything I asked him to do, he did. I even pissed in his mouth and he drank me. I just had to test him to see how far he'd let me go. . . and I went all the way and he never objected to anything I made him do.*

*“After that first time in the woods I used to make him suck me off a couple of times a day. He asked me lots of times if I’d play with him and let him get his juice off, but I didn’t feel much like it so I never did. I wouldn’t even let him play with himself when he was sucking me.*

*“We went on like this for almost six or seven months; then my old man found out about us. He walked into the garage unexpectedly one afternoon and caught Robert and me fucking around in the back seat of the sedan. Dad hit the roof. Robert got fired, of course, and I never saw him again.”*

This was far from the end of Andy’s history. He underwent psychiatric care for almost two years. When he was about fifteen he ran away from home. He was later found living with an older man of fifty. The man with whom Andy lived reported Andy to the police after Andy had blackmailed him for almost twenty-five thousand dollars. The boy is presently on a correction farm for delinquent boys.

Not all young male sirens are dishonest and deceitful. One case on record is that of Charles L., age fourteen. Charles discovered that he possessed strong sex urges and found it necessary to obtain outlets for those urges. His favorite pastime was to lounge around playgrounds and parks, and flirt with older men and women until he seduced them into having sexual relations with him.

*“It wasn’t very difficult,” young Charles confessed. “In fact it was downright easy. Women were usually more reluctant than men, so I guess that’s why I started to enjoy men more than women . . . they were more plentiful.*

*“It began with my getting propositioned in the park one day by this guy. He came right out and asked me if I wanted my dick sucked. He scared me at first and I ran away. Later I got to thinking about it and the more I thought the more anxious I was to experience getting my cock sucked. But nobody propositioned me for a long time, so I decided that I’d have to flirt with people to lead them on. I’m small for my age so it wasn’t easy at first. After I learned the tricks, then I could get anybody I set my cap for. And I got sucked just about every time I wanted to. All I had to do was smile and pretend I was lost, or thumb a*

*ride from school. I'd give them the old line about not being able to talk to my father about anything to do with sex, and I would ask them if they'd answer a question or two that had been bothering me. I never found a single guy who'd refuse to 'talk to me about whatever it was that was bothering me. The ladies often backed away, but the guys . . . never.*

*Young Charles started to laugh, then said, "I remember once I asked one man if it was natural for slimy stuff to shoot out of the head of a kid's dick, and if it flew into another kid's mouth, and the kid swallowed it, was it poisonous or anything. The man was so surprised, I thought he was going to steer the car right up a telephone pole. He told me, finally, that there wasn't anything wrong with swallowing it. In fact, he said, it had a lot of protein in it and it was good for you. I played real stupid. He said that I didn't look old enough to be able to shoot off. I told him that I could. He said he didn't believe me and I told him if he'd drive out of town, out by the river, I'd show him a place that was private and I'd prove it to him. I made him promise, though, that he'd gulp down all I shot out. I almost drowned him with the stuff. He kept after me for weeks after that to let him suck me again, but I'd never go with the same man twice. There isn't any fun in that. . ."*

# PART III

## THE ADULT'S ROLE

## C H A P T E R   O N E

### THE LATENT PEDERAST

*Then give me health, wealth, mirth and wine;  
And if busy love intrenches,  
There's a sweet soft Page of mine  
Does the trick worth forty wenches!*

(The Earl of Rochester — *Poems Upon Several Occasions*)

*“Howie took hold of my cock and held it until it was rock hard. He brought his mouth close to my ear and said he wanted to try something and asked me to turn over on my back.”*

These are the words of a latent pederast who never knew he could experience sexual desire for a young boy. Before our subject's young ward entered his life it is doubtful whether or not he had ever considered homosexuality as a means of sexual gratification. The latent qualities of any human being can be prodded into conscious recognition by the most improbable incidents. In this instance, that prodding was done by a young boy who lost his parents and came to live with his nearest relatives. The history came to light by means of a letter. The following is the subject's frank confession of his first venture into the realm of pederasty:

*“Shortly after we were married my wife and I were in an automobile accident. Afterward, not only was she unable to bear children, but she was a permanent invalid and we were unable to have sexual relations of any kind. I remained faithful to the marriage vows, not only because I respected them and the community in which I lived, but also because I could afford no scandal.*

*“My brother and his wife and her son by a previous marriage were frequent visitors to our house and were very close to us. His job paid him little more than mine did, but because he was not as encumbered as I, he was able to afford more luxuries. He and his wife*

*travelled often. They were constantly vacationing in Europe or Hawaii or Acapulco. They could afford to send her son, Howie, to a private school for boys; in fact they were to some extent forced into it since my brother's occupation called for him to travel to different parts of the country for extended periods of time and his company paid for the expenses of his wife's traveling with him.*

*"It was while they were on one of these trips that the next major tragedy happened. They were on a flight from Houston to Chicago through some very rough weather, and the plane crashed and burned. My brother and his wife were killed.*

*"Fortunately, Howie was away at school at the time and had not been with them on the trip. He had just finished his end of the semester examination when the news of the cruel tragedy reached him. Of course, my wife and I decided he should come and stay with us during the time of the funeral and, for the between semesters vacation, at least long enough to find out what was to be done.*

*"When my brother's will was read, it was discovered that most of his estate was going to be eaten up by unpaid debts. He had never believed in insurance and had spent money even faster than he had earned it. Of course, sending Howie back to private boarding school was out of the question. We decided that the best thing to do would be to take him in since we were his only living relatives.*

*"So Howie came to live with us and he started going to the local high school. We only had a two bedroom house so Howie and I shared a bedroom as my wife required a separate bedroom to accomodate her hospital bed and all the other things we had acquired to make her life as bearable as possible.*

*"Howie was a bright boy. His grades reflected his intelligence. His marks were generally B's with a sprinkling of A's here and there. Only upon one occasion did he ever receive a grade as low as a C.*

*"He was a good-looking boy. He had inherited his mother's blond coloration and blue eyes, and his athletic activities had given him the muscular tone and proportions that one usually associates with the statues of the Greek and Roman gods, still unspoiled by the body hair that many a darker-haired youth has started by the age of fifteen.*

*"He was well behaved, too. Not once did we ever have any trouble with Howie running around with gangs of boys and getting*



*himself into the mischief that one reads about so frequently in the newspapers nowadays. On the contrary, he spent most of his evenings at home studying or reading. Frequently he would go in and read to my wife and he had a way of reading in his well-modulated voice that brought the pages to life for her. He endeared himself to both of us and we came to love him more and more every day. Not once did I suspect his motivations, or my own feelings toward him. That is, not until he and I took a fishing trip to the mountains that first summer.*

*“School had just let out for the summer vacation and I thought that a camping trip in the great outdoors would be good for the both of us. When I suggested it to Howie, he was enthusiastic and eager. I arranged with the housekeeper to spend the entire week at the house with my wife (who gave her wholehearted blessing to the trip).*

*“Howie’s enthusiasm was contagious and I felt almost as young as he while we went about the business of getting the camping and fishing gear in order and went about buying the necessary provisions and packing everything into the rear of the camper that I had rented for the occasion.*

*“We started out early on a Friday morning and by early afternoon had discovered a perfect camping spot by the side of a clear mountain stream that promised to be a good fishing area. We quickly set up camp, then got our tackle and started to cast for trout in the little stream. Howie was awkward at first, but quickly caught on and before nightfall we had an ample supply of fish for our evening meal.*

*“We had just finished cleaning our dishes and utensils in the stream, after enjoying our feast of freshly caught fish, when suddenly one of those late June thundershowers broke over us and drenched us thoroughly. It was not of long duration, but it had been heavy enough to force us to remove our clothing and devise a rack close to the campfire so that they would be dry enough to wear by morning. We were fortunate in that the spot we had chosen was isolated enough to permit our nudity without outside observation.*

*“By now it was late and we laughed as we towed ourselves off before retiring, and I recall a kind of feeling of anticipation as I thought of sleeping next to Howie’s young well-built body. We had put twin beds in my bedroom at home so this would be the first time we shared a cot.*

*“Nights in the mountains in the early summer are still on the cold side and with the animal intuition inherent in all of us, we unconsciously (I thought) began to snuggle closer and closer to each other as the night grew progressively colder.*

*“At first I lay facing his back and as he snuggled close to me I grew conscious of his firm, smooth butt right up against my groin. My arm was resting around his chest, which was smooth and well developed . . . especially his pectoral muscles which had been so exercised by his swimming that they were as round and firm as those of a girl just entering puberty. In any case, the dual stimulation proved too much for me after all my years of forced celibacy, and I felt myself getting an erection. Embarrassed, I turned over and moved away as gently as possible so as not to disturb Howie’s sleep. I had almost dropped off to sleep when I felt him turn over toward me and throw his arm around my waist; then as he snuggled even closer I could feel his own young cock as it lay nestled in the crack of my ass. I didn’t dare move at the time but soon he slipped his hand down over my abdomen until it was cupped gently over my cock and my erection grew bigger and harder.*

*“I turned over again, as subtly as I could to avoid his caressing palm, and faced him, putting my own hand over my cock so it would avoid any contact with him. But then he moved closer again and I felt his budding manhood pressing against the back of my hand and pulsing as it was coming into erection. I tried to feign sleep but my prick was just not cooperating. I removed my hand from my crotch, thinking that would help, but when his throbbing young cock came into contact with mine, my cock throbbed more violently and grew out to its fullest dimensions, which I admit, are ample. His arm was still around me and I felt him squeeze slightly and pull me gently toward him. Then he started an undulating motion with his hips that excited the hell out of me. Soon I was caught up in the heat of passion and I slipped my own arm around his waist and began to pump in time with him, our cocks pressed between our bellies.*

*“Not one word was spoken by either of us as we clutched each other tighter and tighter, pressed our groins together and pumped faster and more furiously, attempting to reach the point of climax. Little sucking noises escaped from time to time as we ground out our*

*needs for each other and finally with a series of mutual frenzied lunges we each spewed out our hot, wet loads on each other's bodies.*

*"We lay panting and gasping for breath for a while, hugging each other tightly, quivering from time to time with the excitement and release of the moment, then carefully we got up and rushed out into the cold night air, stark naked, and dipped ourselves in the icy stream and cleaned ourselves off.*

*"We still hadn't spoken to each other . . . he, possibly, because he wasn't sure of my reaction; and I, because I had been a willing participant and felt in no position to make any comment one way or the other, either for or against.*

*"It was Howie who finally broke the tension. As I turned to get out of the stream he reached down and splashed me on the back with an icy spray. Yelping, I turned and splashed him in return and soon we were both like schoolboys horsing around and laughing. Then, shivering, we dried each other off and went back into the camper where we again clutched each other for warmth.*

*"Soon we found our passions rising once more and Howie took hold of my cock and held it until it was rock hard. He brought his mouth close to my ear and said he wanted to try something and asked me to turn over on my back.*

*"Surprised and somewhat taken aback, I complied with his request. He then spat on his palm and applied the warm saliva to the throbbing head of my cock and massaged it, covering its entire length with the slippery spit. Then, positioning himself straddling my body, he reached behind him and spread the cheeks of his ass and impaled himself on my prick, slowly but surely. He began to rotate his body as he sat there and he squeezed my prick with the muscles of his ass, which drew me up to even higher and greater peaks of delight. He must have sensed that I was ready to come because he bent over and hugged me to him. He pressed his lips to mine and teased my mouth with his tongue until I parted my lips and sucked his tongue into my mouth. I started to approach climax and responded in kind. Our tongues searched every corner of each other's mouth and as the fury of my long years of denial poured deep into his body, I clutched and pawed at him, all the while kissing and murmuring softly.*

*“Although sexually relieved for the moment I was still in the throes of passion and resisted not at all as he arose from my now less rigid weapon and turned me over on my stomach. I knew what was about to happen but I was so happy I didn’t really care. I’m, sure the initial pain was lessened by my state of relaxation, and as he slowly but steadily worked himself deeper and deeper inside me I found myself beginning to enjoy it more and more, and as I finally felt his hot sperm erupting inside me I had a feeling that we were now more a part of each other than we ever had been before.*

*“During the following week he introduced me gradually to more and more homosexual delights, and upon our return home we continued our relations several times a week, discreetly and as unsuspectingly as possible. We were successful in disguising our activities because my wife commented on how happy she was to see Howie and me getting along so well together. He and I were considered by everyone to have the ideal father-son relationship. If they only knew . . .*

*“Until the day my wife died of complications from one of her many injuries a year and a half later, she frequently remarked about the wonderful understanding Howie and I had of each other.*

*“Howie continued to stay with me until his graduation from college. Then he was called into the Army. Never one to shirk his duty, he went willingly into service and was sent to Vietnam where he was killed when he threw himself onto a live grenade in order to save the lives of the rest of his squad.*

*“Soon afterward I asked my company for a transfer to the West Coast, explaining that I didn’t want to stay where there were so many unpleasant memories for me. It was granted, and I have taken another male lover since then, with whom I have lived for a number of years. I shall never forget Howie.”*

The foregoing case study falls directly in line with Sigmund Freud’s findings concerning man-boy love. Freud contended that when one parent (as in this case the wife) disappears either through death, divorce or invalidity, the other partner or parent (i.e. the husband) usually absorbs all the love of the child; such a state of affairs may establish the determinants

for the sex of the person later selected as the sexual object, and thus may create a permanent inversion.

What brings about those latent qualities, whatever their composition, whether latent murderer, latent millionaire, latent sex maniac? Again, the only seemingly sensible explanation is provided by Freud. He states that every newborn baby brings with it into the world certain germs of sexual feelings. These so-called germs continue to thrive for a while then are suppressed by the child's growth progression, which may in turn be broken through by the child's regular sexual development or may be checked by individual idiosyncrasies. Very little is known about this stage of sexual impregnation and the various oscillations embedded in the child's course of development. However, it is more or less agreed generally among our most recognized clinicians that it is in the third or fourth year of the child's life that the sexual nature of the child is manifested in some form capable of observation. Freud continues to state that it is in this period that psychic forces develop which later act as inhibitions on the sexual life of the person.

Many authorities completely disagree with Freud. Many argue that it is a physical and mental impossibility for a child of three or four to breed and harbor inhibitions and knowingly suppress certain desires. Every man, woman and child possesses latent desires of some kind. The potential set before us is ever present and the existence of that potential gives ample proof of the existence of latencies within all of us.

It is not too uncommon for a grown man to allow himself to be seduced by a young boy. The sexual urges of youth race hotly through their young veins and conscience usually takes a back seat when sexual desire pushes itself into evidence. The innocence of youth is as tempting as the provocativeness of woman.

Of pederasty itself, statistical and factual information on the subject is scant indeed. Due to the scarcity of documented reports on the subject it is virtually impossible to establish whether or not the practice is on the increase or on the decline. It is obvious that the activity does exist; this can scarcely be denied. However, the nature and scope thereof are clouded and certainly remain a matter of pure conjecture.

## C H A P T E R   T W O

### THE CHILD SEEKERS

*Boy love is as old as mankind.*

(Goethe)

Jim was an instructor in a very fashionable military academy. He enjoyed the rank of Major and was very well liked by the faculty as well as the student body. No one ever suspected that he had maintained a male harem during the eleven years of teaching at the academy. Jim's career ended when one of his so-called "proteges" unwisely told an older brother about Jim's after-school-parties. Jim was an exceptionally handsome man of thirty-four and it was generally thought that he was enjoying bachelorhood much too much to consider settling down into marriage.

"He'd be nuts to get married," was a remark often expressed by his other male friends. "If I had his looks I'd think twice before I tied myself down to a woman."

It wasn't women that interested Jim. His sexual proclivities lay in another field. . . young boys . . . preferably very young boys. When the truth came to light it was found that his favorite youngsters ranged between twelve and fifteen years of age.

Why? For what reason would a handsome, well-educated, successful man seek out and receive satisfaction from boys who had barely reached puberty? Freud contends that it is due to sexual immaturity. Sexual inadequacy is the reason given by some experts on the subject of of infantosexuality, explaining that the adult fears being incapable of engaging in a mature relationship, therefore searches out a child who, because of the child's innocence and lack of experience, will not be too critical of the adult's supposed inadequacies. Another supposition by many noted clinicians is based on feelings of guilt. The adult may experience the feeling that sex is dirty and wrong and he should be punished for his sexuality, so

he invites punishment by indulging in sexual relations with forbidden persons. Some experts combine the foregoing two reasons by stating that the adult may feel inadequate and therefore desires to be punished for his inadequacies.

What were Jim's reasons? It came out during a group therapy discussion. The following is an excerpt from an informal discussion that took place in a clinic where Jim participated in group therapy:

*Patient: Hey baby, you're a good-lookin' cat. Why did you go around suckin' off little kids' joints ?*

*(No answer. Long silence . . .)*

*Doctor: Jim? How about it? Can you answer the question?*

*Jim: Knock it off! I don't have to answer shit like that.*

*Patient: Sure you do, baby. That's what this here thing's ail about. That's what we're supposed to talk about.*

*(Another long silence . . .)*

*Doctor: Well, Jim?*

*Jim: I said knock it off. I don't want to talk about it.*

*Doctor: I can't force you to tell us about yourself, Jim, but we all would like to help. How about it?*

*Jim: Lay off, doc.*

*Patient: There ain't nothin' to be ashamed of, buster. I had a few cocks in my mouth in my time. (Chuckle) And other places too. (Laughter)*

*Doctor: Was it because you felt yourself inadequate, Jim?*

*(No Answer)*

*Patient: You hung like a stud mouse, buddy?*

*Jim: Fuck off!*

*Patient: Is that why you played with little boys? You got a tiny piece of meat, baby?*

*Another Patient: That's it, Joe. You hit it. He's got himself a little tiny pecker and he's ashamed of it.*

*Jim: Like hell!*

*Patient: Show us.*

*Patient: Yeah, baby, prove it to us. If you got a regular cock on ya, whip it out. Lets see it.*

*Jim: What the hell are you guys? A bunch of maniacs?*

*(Loud laughter.)*

*Patient: Show it, Jim baby. Let's see the equipment.*

*(No response)*

*Patient: He ain't got anything to show, do ya, buster?*

*Jim: I got as much as you got.*

*Patient: Show me.*

*(Subject stands, legs apart and shapes the outline of his genitalia through the trouser material.)*

*Patient: Take it out, man.*

*Jim: Fuck you guys. I'm not going to shake it in front of you nuts just so you can get your kicks. You can see by the shape that it isn't abnormally small.*

*Doctor: O.K. Jim. Sit down. Thanks.*



*Patient: If you got such a nice hunk of joint, why did you have to suck little kids' dicks. Why not fuck girls or even suck off guys?*

*Jim: You jokers are rotten.*

*Patient: We ain't rotten, baby, just interested, that's all.*

*(Pause)*

*Doctor: He's right, Jim. We're just interested. We aren't deriving any kind of sexual kick from the discussion. We're just trying to get you to open up, that's all.*

*Patient: Yeah, Jim, baby. Come on, tell us. Get it off your chest. Let it out. Tell us. Come on.*

*(Brief pause, subject obviously deliberating with himself.)*

*Jim: Kids just excite me, that's all.*

*Doctor: Why?*

*Jim: I don't know really. They always did excite me, even when I was a kid myself.*

*Doctor: When was the first time you remember?*

*Jim: I guess with my next door neighbor. We couldn't have been more than twelve or thirteen. We were looking at some movie magazines and we started playing with each other. After that we would jerk each other off almost every chance we got. I don't think either of us could have an orgasm but I remember it as being very exciting anyway. We stopped our little "games," as we called them, because my neighbor moved away. I used to play with myself and think about his cock. My little brother caught me jerking off one afternoon and wanted to know what I was doing. Timmy was about ten years old. I was hot and asked if he wanted to handle my prick. He started to fondle me and I felt his breath on it because he had his face close to my erection examining it like it was something strange. I put my hand on the back of his head*

*and exerted a little pressure. I told him to kiss the head of it. I had to force his lips against it. When he finally licked it with his tongue I must have started to seep come, because he wanted to know what that shiny stuff was that bubbled out of the hole. I was as curious myself because I still hadn't experienced an orgasm although my buddy had before he moved away. I told my brother it was full of vitamins and he should taste it because it would make him strong. The stupid kid tasted it. I told him I'd give him more if he'd suck on the head of my cock. He took to it like a lollipop. I shot off for the first time in my life. It really was great. After that my kid brother sucked me almost every night. After almost a year he asked me if I'd blow him. That was the first time I ever had a cock in my mouth, and I loved it. After the first couple of times I didn't care whether my brother blew me or not; all I wanted to do was suck him off. Even after we were both in service and would come home on leave at the same time I'd proposition him into letting me blow him. After a while, though, I just didn't get much of a kick out of it. I liked the young stuff, even then.*

*Doctor: Can you tell us why, Jim?*

*Jim: No, not really. It's just that whenever I think about sex, I think about young kids. I just like the way their bodies feel and maybe it has something to do with the taste of semen because I never got used to the taste. I always felt nauseous when I swallowed a load. The first time I swallowed it was with another younger brother. He was about sixteen and I must have been about twenty-one or so. I got sick as a dog.*

*Doctor: How big was your family, Jim?*

*Jim: Pretty big. My mother died when I was about thirteen. I have seven younger brothers. My father worked plenty hard to educate all of us, and being the oldest I was more or less responsible for their home life.*

*Patient: How about telling us about that scene at the military school? Why did you take such a chance there?*

*Jim: (Hesitantly) I didn't think I was taking any chance at all. I got the job right after I got my teaching credentials. My military training helped. I*

*never actually planned on seducing those kids. In fact, if I'm not mistaken, it was a kid who more or less seduced me at first.*

*Patient: How do ya mean?*

*Jim: One of the boys in my barracks came to my room one night complaining about stomach cramps. I told him to lie down on my bed and I started to test for possible appendicitis. I didn't find any symptoms but he continued to complain about the pains. I told him to curl up in my bed and I'd go get the school doctor. The doctor diagnosed the problem as stomach flu and suggested I keep an eye on the boy. He didn't seem sick enough to be taken to the infirmary so we bedded him down in my bed and I used one of the empty cadre rooms. By morning the kid was chipper as hell. The next night he was back at my door, thanking me for my attention. He said he still felt a bit squeamish. I had been lying in bed reading when he knocked, and I asked him to sit on the bed next to me while we talked. I don't know how the whole thing came about, but the next thing I knew was that Chuck had his hand on my leg and we were talking about the sex changes that boys go through. He asked my opinion about whether or not I thought he had reached full growth insofar as his cock was concerned. He asked permission to show me, and wanted to know if he could close my door. I found my throat dry and my voice was tight as hell. I merely nodded and I knew I wouldn't be able to prevent what was going to happen. It was obvious Chuck wanted to play and I sure in hell was hot as a pistol. Well, he closed the door and pulled out his cock. It was almost stiff as a rock by the time he got it out of his pajamas. When I looked at it I knew I was a goner. It was the prettiest piece of meat I ever saw. He asked me what I thought about its size and whether or not I thought it would get bigger. I told him that I was sure there was a lot more room for it to grow and not to be too impatient, that nature had a way of taking care of it. He asked if he could compare it to mine. He didn't know it but mine was hard as a poker and throbbing like a migraine headache. I hesitated, but the little bastard crawled on the bed and threw back the covers. He squeezed the hell out of my cock and asked me if I would shoot off for him because he never saw a cock shoot off. I was lost. I just couldn't stop*

*myself. I told him I couldn't do it alone, that he'd have to do it for me. It reminded me of the time with my little brother. We played the same game. I told him to put his mouth on the head and when he obliged me I reached for him and started to jack him off. I came in buckets all over his mouth, lips, face, everywhere. He was like a kid on Christmas. He just went wild. He licked me all over and rubbed the come over his face and neck. Boy, what a mad little bastard Chuck was.*

*Well, after that we got together almost every night. Then one night I asked Chuck if he ever fooled around with any of the other kids. He said, 'Sure, lot's of them,' and I asked him if he had told anybody about us. He assured me that he hadn't, but a lot of the guys were interested in sex and asked a lot of questions that he couldn't answer and wondered if he could arrange to bring the boys to my room on certain nights and we could hold sex classes. I agreed and I'll never forget that first class. We were all sitting around in pajamas and the boys were asking a million questions about girls and cocks and come and all the usual nonsense. Then Chuck started playing with himself and reached for the kid next to him. The horseplay turned serious and before anybody knew what was happening everyone was in a circle jerking off the guy next to him. I didn't participate that first night. The next class we held, it started all over again but this time I put a stop to it before it had gone too far. Chuck seemed peevish because I wouldn't let the kids jerk off. He said he'd blow me if I'd let the other guys do what they wanted to. That's how it all started. The boys all seemed to want to either feel or taste my cock. They fought over who'd get to suck me. They didn't only pay attention to my cock; they licked my asshole, my balls, they kissed me, everything . . . just like a bunch of sex-starved girls.*

*That first year I introduced them to every homosexual act I could think of. Chuck was a regular cock-hound. He laved to take my prick up his ass, big as I was and as tight as he was. But he insisted upon it almost every time we got together. I screwed a few of the other kids but nobody was as comfortable at it as Chuck. I let some of the kids screw me in the ass but I never went in much for that stuff; I'm what they call a 'face-queen' I guess. I like sex with my face.*

It is hardly surprising to find homosexual activities being carried on in a military academy. Any all-male school or institution will breed homosexual activity. In Jim's case it was unfortunate that he subconsciously found himself drawn to a teaching position in the boys' academy in view of his innate homosexual tendencies. The administrators of any youth group are fully aware that they must keep a watchful eye out for evidence of pederastie activities.

Y.M.C.A.'s, boys' camps, honor farms for delinquent boys, boys' schools, all have the problem built into their midsts. The pederast, like Jim, will usually, subconsciously or consciously, gravitate to such institutions in order to appease the demands of his sexual urges. Very often sex never takes place. Some pederasts are satisfied with association, and actual physical contact is not really necessary to satisfy their unnatural desires. Jim was questioned on this point and stated:

*Jim: No, I never really intended ever to have sex with any of the kids at the academy. When I took the job I more or less knew I enjoyed watching the boys in their sharp little uniforms, tight breeches and little bulges at their crotches. Yeah, I admit I liked looking but I never intended to touch.*

*Patient: Did you ever get hot for the kids when you were teaching in the classroom ?*

*Jim: No, not that I remember. I used to look at their crotches a lot, but I never let it get the better of me. Sometimes, though, I'd go to the showers and talk to the kids while they were showering then I'd go back to my room and jerk off. That was before Chuck and his stomach flu problem.*

*Patient: Didn't you ever feel that you were sick, in that you were so hot for young, boys?*

*Jim: Yes and no. It bothered me sometimes, but I guess it never really bothered me enough, because I never did much to stop it. Oh, once or twice I'd get a troublesome conscience and I'd force myself to go downtown to one of the gay bars and pick up a trick. But that was*

*never any good. I hated the smell of the older body and they felt hard and rough. Young boys feel more like girls.*

*Patient: So why didn't you fuck girls?*

*Jim: I tried, but I just couldn't keep it hard.*

*Patient: That's because you were lazy, man.*

*Jim: Lazy?*

*Patient: Sure; almost every fag I know is lazy . . . that's why he's a fag. It takes a lot of work to ball a broad. Fags must be against physical exercise, 'cause every one I ever met always wants to use his mouth and his ass and that's all. They never want to fuck because that takes too much exertion.*

*Jim: Bull shit.*

*Patient: I'm right, baby; wait and see if I ain't.*

*Doctor: What you say holds true with some individuals, but one can't say it's a hard and fast overall rule. Many homosexuals enjoy sodomizing another male. This requires just as much physical exertion as intercourse with a female.*

*Jim: Everything about sex is strenuous, even sucking cock.*

*Patient: I don't buy that, mack. What in hell's so strenuous about sucking cock? All a guy got to do is open his mouth, stuff the meat inside, and suck on it. The guy gettin' sucked can fuck back and forth with his hips and the cocksucker just kneels there and lets the prick shoot its load down his throat.*

*Jim: There's more to it than that.*

*Patient: (Chuckle) I wouldn't know, sweetheart; it ain't my cup of tea.*

*Jim: Fuck you!*

Although Jim was dismissed from the academy and the incident noted on his record, no formal charges were ever brought against him because none of his young pupils would testify against him. When questioned about their association with Jim, they all denied any knowledge whatsoever of the sex sessions which Jim was reported to have conducted.

People such as Jim, when discovered, are generally subjected to psychoanalysis. Cures, unfortunately, are difficult to achieve in that usually the patient is so belligerent and uncooperative that he prevents any good being accomplished as a result of his therapy. A mental disorder cannot be cured unless the patient desires the cure. Forcing an individual to place himself under the care of a psychiatrist is futile and useless unless the individual first of all wants to be cured of whatever ailment afflicts him. Curing a pederast is most difficult inasmuch as authorities themselves remain confused upon the placement of the pederast within the sphere of homosexuality. In *The Homosexuals* by G. S. Sprague, the author hypothesises upon a series of graded levels of homosexuality, covering the various types of aberrations. At the most advanced end of this scale, the end closest to ordinary heterosexual activity, he places pederasty, classing it as a "pseudoheterogenital level." The Kinsey Institute bravely shed some light on the practise by stating in *The Sex Offender* that from a statistical standpoint, the average pederast is 32.6 years of age, and unmarried, although there was some evidence found of certain pederasts having been married. The Kinsey Institute went on to state that their studies found no evidence of any telltale physical characteristics of the pederast which might serve to separate him from the normal heterosexual or homosexual male. The only other comment made concerning the pederasts interviewed was that few of the subjects were under the influence of alcohol and none were under the influence of narcotics.

## CHAPTER THREE

### FRIENDS AND LOVERS

*It is not good that Boy should be alone;  
He needs a helpmate even more than man.*

(E. E. Bradford)

It is usually the chance meeting, the pickup that brings down the public's wrath upon the pederast. The unfortunate man who accosts a young boy in the balcony of a movie theatre or in the public restroom at a park, generally gets his just reward . . . arrest. The laws cannot be too strict when the protection of the young is involved. But surprising as it may seem, statistics have shown that it is usually not the minor who complains about the advances of a pederasts; in 43% of the cases studied in the Kinsey group, the arrests came from complaints of friends and relatives, 12% from witnesses who were neither friends nor relatives. A further statistic which made the general public sit up and take notice was that the Kinsey research group reported that one-third of the pederasts questioned estimated that over 80% of their partners were pickups.

In 20% of the cases, however, the young sex partners were not pickups, but were friends, neighbors or relatives of the pederast. It is in such cases as this latter percentage that little or no scandal asserts itself, and the affair sometimes continues for several years, undetected and without problems.

An interesting case is the one of Dave and Gary, which started as a pickup leading to a pederastic relationship, and ended with Dave pretending to his friends and relatives that he had adopted Gary as his son. His deception was successful, and their relationship lasted for several years.

Dave was a good-looking man of about 40. Gary was only 12 when they first met. Dave picked up Gary in a town about twenty miles from where Dave lived.



*“He was hanging around a hamburger stand.,” Dave related to a psychiatrist, “and I thought he looked like a starving rat. I asked him if he was hungry and offered to buy him a hamburger. Well, I bought him three hamburgers and four bottles of pop. Then I bought him two pieces of pie and two glasses of milk. We took to each other very naturally. I had no trouble getting him to talk, and he seemed to like to listen to whatever I said. When I was getting ready to head back home, I asked him if I could drop him off at his house. He told me he didn’t have a family, that he was an orphan kid who was just wandering around . . . said he wanted to work his way out West eventually. To make a long story short, I brought him home with me.*

*“That night after we got home,” Dave continued, “Gary and I talked well into the night. When we were ready to go to sleep, I told him that I’d make up the couch in the living room for him, but he said he’d just as soon sleep in my bed with me if I didn’t have any objection, because it was easier. Of course I didn’t have any objection, so I told him to jump under the shower and then come to bed.*

*“In bed, he wanted to blow me because I had been ‘so nice to him.’ He was embarrassed when I refused to let him suck me. He thought for sure that I was straight. Far from it. I could hardly sleep that night. His body just seemed to throb beside me. I wanted so desperately to reach out and put my hand on his cock, but something held me back. I just can’t explain it. Maybe subconsciously I was hoping that this would be more than just a one-night stand, and I didn’t want to do anything to spoil it. With all my hot body, I wanted sex with him, but I didn’t want it at that moment. It was almost as though I was saving it for later, like a kid does with a treat. I know that sounds nutty, but that’s the way it was.*

*“Gary stayed on with me for several weeks, and during that time we never again talked about his blowing me or anything like that. There was no sex between us, but lots of nights, lying beside him in the bed, I was so hot that I was sure he could almost hear my cock throbbing! Sometimes, I almost felt I could, hear his!*

*“Then one evening I asked him if he wanted to stay on at my place permanently, and he said, ‘Sure, why not?’ The way he said it, kind of casually, pissed me off, and even though I didn’t say anything, I guess it showed in the way I acted toward him. When we went to bed*

*that night, he asked me why I had been so cool to him that evening. I told him bluntly that he had hurt my feelings. For a few minutes we lay there next to each other, not talking, but breathing like two stallions in heat. Then, I thought I felt him move, but I couldn't be sure. Suddenly, I sensed his hand moving slowly across the sheet toward my body. His fingers touched my naked hip and stopped there. After a second or two, the hand brushed up my hip and rested lightly on top of it. Another agonizing second passed and then the hand moved again and started toward the bushy hair around my prick. I thought I'd go out of my mind. He didn't hesitate. He pushed through the bristles of hair and cupped my cock in his hot hand. I didn't want to get hard but there was nothing I could do about it. He started to tickle the shaft of my cock with his finger and the sweat was pouring out of me. I finally managed to say, 'No, Gary, please don't. It isn't right.'*

*"He didn't bother to answer. He moved close to me and threw his body on top of mine and started to kiss me all over. Gary licked my whole body. He sucked me until I thought my nose would bleed and after he sucked me he screwed me, and after he screwed me I screwed him. I don't think there was a square inch of our bodies that wasn't touched, licked, kissed, tasted. Sex is always like that with Gary, there isn't any halfway mark with him. He throws himself into it and doesn't come up for air until he's almost totally exhausted. If anyone ever wondered why I stayed with Gary all these years, all I have to say is, go have sex with him and you'll know. There's nothing like it in the entire world."*

At a later session with the same psychiatrist, Gary related how he felt about his relationship with Dave. By that time, as far as the outside world knew, Dave had adopted Gary as his son.

*"I've always been in love with Dave," Gary said, "I'm not ashamed of it. He's been my whole life. I don't know what I would have done without him. Those first couple of weeks, when I stayed with, him without having sex with him, were tougher on me than he later told me they were on him. I could hardly keep my hands away from his cock, away from his ass, away from his balls. But Dave was becoming too important to me for me to want to spoil it for a quick fuck. So I played*

*it his way, waiting until just the right time. And it's worked out just the way I wanted it to . . ."*

*"But aren't you deluding yourself?" he was asked.*

*"What do you mean?"*

*"Didn't you really want to have sex with Dave when you first met him only because he was so kind to you, and you had nothing to give him in return except your body."*

*"No, I don't think that at all. Dave wasn't the first man I ever had sex with, even at twelve years old. I used to blow guys for a half dollar or a quarter or whatever I could get out of them."*

*"How about now? How do you feel about your future? Do you still love Dave?"*

*"I just told you. I'll never stop loving Dave. Of course, things are a little different now that we are both older. I know that Dave tricks with younger kids now and then, and even I admit that I've had a few youngsters as well as a couple of guys my own age, but I don't get the same kind of thrill out of sex with them as I do with Dave. We just never draw any lines on sex. We throw ourselves into it kook-line-and-sinker and have ourselves a real ball."*

*"What about marriage and all that sort of thing?"*

*"You're kidding. I'll never marry. I don't want to. I'm a born cocksucker and I'll never be anything else. Dave and I joke about the fact that we were born too late. We'd be perfect ancient Greek citizens. We even talked about my getting a young boy to raise like Dave did me."*

It is interesting to imagine just how many Daves and Garys exist within the almost two hundred million population of America today. They are but one example of the pederastic society, and they were uncovered accidentally in a small, almost unknown community. If only one such couple existed in every town in the United States, this would mean that thousands upon thousands of cases of pederastic relationships exist today. In this light, not even the most unthinking person could consider the problem of pederasty as being insignificant.

The age-old argument still rages as to whether or not homosexual tendencies are innate or acquired. There are, of course, many

misconceptions about homosexuals; some say that they suffer from some glandular imbalance; that their sexual nerve centers have been misplaced by nature and are localized in certain regions of the body such as in the mouth or the anus; that all homosexual men are effeminate and that female homosexuals are masculine; that homosexuality is incurable and that homosexuals seldom marry.

One positive stand has been taken by Dr. Frank S. Caprio and Dr. Donald R. Brenner in their *Sexual Behavior — Psycho-Legal Aspects*. They aver that homosexuality is definitely acquired; that it is not congenital or inherited. It is, they claim, the behavior symptom of a deep-seated and unresolved neurosis. Dr. Clifford Allen concurs wholeheartedly with Caprio and Brenner, stating quite emphatically that sexual inversion is not a congenital anomaly. Dr. Allen states that much has been said of the congenital and endocrine types of homosexuality but there is not the slightest vestige of evidence that this condition is congenital or endocrine. Conversely, Freud found after much research into the matter that. . . “Accordingly, in a number of cases, the inversion would be of a congenital character, while in others it might originate from other causes.”

Unfortunately, much as the overt homosexual may hate to face the fact, it is more or less conclusive that homosexuality is an acquired trait. Despite all the convincing evidence to the contrary, says Dr. Daniel Cappon, the hoax that homosexuality is hereditary is perpetuated by the homosexual himself. It strengthens the confirmed homosexual's will to believe that there is nothing he can do . . . or, more importantly, nothing that he ought to try to do . . . about his problem.

It is an easy task for two male friends to involve themselves so deeply in each other's lives that they become “lovers.” In a large number of cases, however, possessiveness hides under the mantel of love. It is not actual love that holds these people together, but the desire to possess the other individual.

## CONCLUSION

*Hear the four best things a man can ask of life:  
Health unmarred lifelong,  
Beauty of form and act,  
Honest gain of wealth; and  
While one's still a boy, to come to brightest bloom among heroic lovers.*

(Greek Verse)

There is so little factual data on the subject, that it is difficult to draw any definite conclusions about pederasty. The usual adult homosexual bitterly protests when he is referred to as a pederast. On the other hand, the pederast often does not consider himself in the same realm as the overt homosexual. If conflict exists within this small circle of related sexualities, then how impossible a task it is for the heterosexual society to establish definite focus and a realistic understanding of the practice of pederasty itself.

“We aren’t child molesters!” one overt homosexual objected when he was referred to as a pederast. “Kids don’t turn me on,” he continued. “I like a man in my arms — not some girlish little boy.”

The homosexual often feels an honest resentment toward the pederast; the pederast is often looked down upon because of his love for, and associations with, minors. The line between the two is indeed faint but it does exist.

Aside from the homosexual aspect of boy love, what are its merits? J. Z. Eglinton, in *Greek Love*, insists that it is a good thing for a boy to have a guide-philosopher-friend and counselor in a lover who is an older man. He claims that the boy should have someone who is prepared to watch the boy start to grow away from initial dependence and towards girls. Argument has been raised by Dr. Albert Ellis, who stated that the human sex drives are fetishistically oriented. Once a young boy becomes sexually aroused and satisfied by one kind of sex activity he is very likely to remain fairly fixated on that particular mode of behavior and not likely to bother training himself to go beyond it.

Naturally a parent will look with understandable disapproval upon any older male who is set upon corrupting the young teen-ager. The parent cannot be condemned for this attitude because there have been too many young boys who *have* been corrupted by older men. However, there is little or no evidence of sex necessarily playing a part in the boy's corruption. Men have led boys into fields of crime and lawlessness; men have forced boys to steal, and taught them the ways of the underworld. The youths of today are preoccupied with drugs and promiscuous sex habits. Much of the blame for these delinquent young men is placed on their parents, who did not give them adequate adult guidance. If this is the case, why not allow the older-man-younger-man relationship to generate the proper attitudes which society expects and wants the youngster to possess? These proper attitudes could be engrained in the youth through the love of the older man. It is only through love that anything is able to exist. Parental love is often not enough, especially if the young boy finds himself disturbed by the demands of his sexual appetites. How can a parent cope with this type of problem? The boy needs someone to offer him release from his frustrations, and that release should be ethical and moral. Contrary to what many authorities claim, the Greek Way did work, and if one made a thorough and deep study of the ancient Greek society, one would find little difference between the problems faced by them and the problems of our society today. True, the Greek civilization toppled, but it did not topple because of the practice of pederasty. Greek love did not weaken the Greek warrior; on the contrary, it made him one of the strongest fighters on the face of the earth.

There is much to be said in arguing the case for pederasty, even if it is only custom and habit which prevent it from occupying a place in the category of legal sex practices.

One subject interviewed expressed an interesting view of his pederastic practices:

*"I'm a rather well-known man in my home town, and I was the first civic leader to sign up for a local program to help underprivileged and delinquent boys. My motivations weren't exactly honorable when I signed up; I've always had a sort of weakness for young boys, ever since I was one myself."*

*“At first I maintained the role of civic leader, and I legitimately did everything I could to get the program under way. That didn’t take long, and after the first month or so I started watching the youngsters I found most sexually attractive. I set my cap for one kid named Rusty. He had a very slim, trim body and a face that would put a cherub to shame. He was a real charmer and I think he knew from the start that I had hot pants for him. He was always finding some excuse to get me to talk to him while he was under the shower or getting dressed at his locker.*

*“The first time we had sex was over a weekend when I took him to a youth convention in a nearby city. It happened because we both wanted it to happen. We started talking about sex and girls and stuff like that. I admit I allowed the conversation to get out of hand. The first thing I knew I had an erection and Rusty was sporting quite a big bulge in his pants. I was blunt as hell about the whole thing and I asked him if he ever did it with a guy. He said he jerked off with the kids a couple of times but he never really liked it much. I asked him if he’d ever been sucked. He told me once by some girl and another time by his brother, but again he didn’t dig it much. I came right out and asked him if he wanted to fool around with me. He shrugged his shoulders and said, ‘Sure.’ I looked him square in the eye and reminded him that he hadn’t enjoyed his other experiences with guys, and asked why he thought he’d enjoy doing it with me. He said that I was older, and he had always wanted a father to do things with.*

*“Well, to make a long, dull story short, we climbed into bed and tossed each other around. He was by far the dumbest lay I ever had in my life. He didn’t know the first thing about anything and although I tried to teach him, he just didn’t act as though he was enjoying it much. He had a roaring hard on all the time and when he came he shot a bucket full, but he still didn’t act as if he liked it. We did everything to each other . . . I sucked him, he sucked me, I screwed him in the ass, he fucked me in the ass — everything. But it was like having sex with a silly, flighty, callow little girl. The next night we just didn’t do anything.*

*“I thought it was the kid’s fault, so I took up with another of the boys, Chuck. The same overtures, the same build-up, the same sex session . . . and the same results. Dullest kid ever . . . even duller than*

*Rusty. After a couple of more tries, with the same disastrous results, I decided it must be me. One night I was sitting at home and an old buddy of mine from my Army days phoned, and then came over to spend a day or two with me. He was gay as pink ink. We had sex that whole first night, and I never had a better time! I decided then that older guys should be with older guys . . . experience needs experience for company. It's all right to fool around with the younger set, and satisfy their little sex urges and make them feel relaxed and relieved, but I truthfully do not feel that an adult male should ever involve himself seriously with a young kid. Kids just don't have what it takes to satisfy a man. I consider myself a pederast because young boys like Rusty and Chuck turn me on, but I don't really want to do anything except show them what it's all about. Sex is great, but I doubt if the pederast takes it seriously, and I'm sure the kid doesn't."*

Dr. Albert Ellis concurs with this idea, stating, "Boys . . . are almost invariably lousy lovers and would almost never be in the same class . . . as would another adult."

The study of pederasty is in its infancy. This is a somewhat startling thought when one considers the historical durability and the extent of the problem, let alone its implications. A fuller understanding of such practices as pederasty must await the results of further research into their nature. Study is needed, research of the most intensive and far reaching sort. It is unlikely that such analytical study will be forthcoming in the immediate future. Until such research is accomplished, the problems of the pederast will continue, and the pederast will remain a problem for society.



## GLOSSARY

NOTE: The following list of terms and definitions is not intended to be comprehensive or all-inclusive, but only to add to the reader's understanding of this particular work. In cases where the exact definition of a word is in some dispute, the word has been defined as generally used in this text. For more detailed definitions, the reader is recommended to those books listed in the bibliography.

ABERRATION — Deviation from what is considered right, natural or normal.

ALGOLAGINA — Sexual pleasure derived from giving or receiving pain.

ALTER-EROTIC — Sexual attraction or behavior characterized by the involvement of an individual other than oneself; as opposed to auto-erotic.

ANAL EROTICISM — State of being libidinally oriented to the anus rather than the genitalia as a primary sexual outlet.

ANALITY — Any form of behavior in which sexual satisfaction or pleasure is derived from the anus.

ANALINGUS — Anal-oral intercourse or stimulation.

A POSTERIORI — Pertaining to the coital position in which penetration is achieved from behind.

ASEXUAL — Not sexually inclined; an absence of sexual feeling.

AUTO-EROTIC — Sexual attraction or behavior involving only oneself; as opposed to Alter-erotic.

BALL — (Slang) To perform sexual intercourse ; plural, refers to the testicles.

BESTIALITY — The act of sexual intercourse between humans and animals; any form of sexual behavior between humans and animals.

BISEXUAL — Sexual attraction toward both male and female, also called Ambisexual; a person so attracted.

BLOW — (Slang) To suck or lick the penis until climax is reached; (See Fellatio). The act (noun) is Blow Job.

BROWN — (Slang) To penetrate the rectum with the penis in anal intercourse. See Sodomy, Buggery.

BROWNING QUEEN — One who takes the passive role in buggery.

BUGGERY — Penis-anus intercourse. A bugger is usually the one who inserts his penis into another's anus.

BUTCH — A homosexual term referring to the exaggeratedly masculine male, or sometimes to the masculine lesbian; also, in a liaison, the more masculine of the pair.

CASTRATION — Removal of the testicles by surgery.

CIRCUMCISION — The removal of all or part of the foreskin or prepuce of the penis.

COITUS — Specifically, penis-vagina intercourse ; generally used in reference to various acts of sexual intercourse.

COITUS A TERGO — Penis-vagina intercourse with entry from behind.

COITUS, EXTERNAL — Intercourse in which the penis is rubbed against perineum instead of inserted vaginally.

COITUS INTER FEMORA — Intercourse in which the penis is placed between partner's thighs without vaginal or anal insertion.

COITUS MORE FERARUM — Literally, "in the manner of the beasts", sexual intercourse in which entry is from the rear, both partners being on their hands and knees; in slang, "dog fashion."

COITUS PER ANUM — Penis-anus intercourse.

COITUS PERINEAL — Sexual intercourse in which the penis is rubbed against perineum.

COME — (Slang) To achieve orgasm; also, the male semen.

CONDOM — A covering or sheath for the penis, worn during coitus, usually to prevent impregnation. A type of contraceptive.

CONTINENCE — Agility to refrain from sexual intercourse.

CONTRACEPTIVE — Anything used to prevent impregnation.

COPROLAGNIA — Sexual pleasure derived from handling feces.

COPROLALIA — Sexual pleasure derived from the uttering or writing of obscene phrases.

COPROPHILIA — Behavior characterized by fascination with feces.

COPULATION — Sexual intercourse.

CORN-HOLE — (Slang) To perform anal intercourse.

CUNNILINGUS, CUNNILINCTUS — Oral intercourse performed on the female genitals, either heterosexually or homosexuality.

CUNT — (Slang) The vagina; also (slang) a woman.

DILDO — Artificial penis; a substitute for the male sex organ; a masturbatory device.

DO — (Slang) A basically homosexual term describing the active role of fellation or oral-genital intercourse; the passive partner is “done.”

DOG STYLE — Sexual intercourse in which entry is from the rear (into either vagina or anus) and both partners are on their hands and knees (more or less). May be homosexual or heterosexual.

DRAG — Apparel of the sex opposite to one’s own. A man who wears female apparel is said to be “in drag” or “a drag queen.”

EJACULATE — In the sexual connotation, the spewing out of the semen from the penis.

EPHEBOPHILIA — Sexual preference for adolescent males; usually used in a homosexual sense.

ERECTION — The rigid and elevated condition of the sexually aroused penis.

EROGENOUS ZONES — Areas of the body which bring about sexual excitation when stimulated by kissing or touching.

EROTIC — Anything tending to arouse sexual desire or interest; a person who is easily so aroused.

EXHIBITIONISM — Sexual pleasure derived from displaying one’s genitalia or other sexual characteristics.

FAIRY — (Slang) Male homosexual; frequently, an effeminate male homosexual.

FECES or FAECES — Excrement.

FELLATIO — Mouth-penis intercourse; placing of the mouth upon the penis and sucking it.

FELLATOR — A male who performs fellatio.

FELLATRIX (Also FELLATRICE) — A female who performs fellatio.

FETISHISM — Direction of the sexual energy to a specific area of the body or item of clothing (e.g. hair, shoes), or to non-sexual objects (whip, boots, chains).

FORNICATE — In general usage, sexual intercourse or coitus; sometimes defined as illicit sexual intercourse on the part of unmarried persons, or adultery on the part of a married person.

FRENCH, FRENCHING — Specifically, mouth-genital intercourse; used generally to refer to all forms of oral sexual activity.

FROTTAGE — Sexual pleasure derived from rubbing against the body, clothed or unclothed, of another, generally to the point of orgasm.

FUCK — (Slang) Sexual intercourse, either in verb or noun form.

FUCKPOLE — (Slang) The penis.

GAMAHUCHE — A French word of unknown derivation, but possibly from the Japanese ‘gamaguchi’ meaning purse; refers to oral-genital practices, specifically to cunnilingus, sometimes to fellatio.

GAY — A basically homosexual term used to describe that which is homosexual, or to refer to the homosexual himself.

GENITAL — Pertaining to the reproductive organs, especially the external parts, of both the male and the female.

GENITALIA — The reproductive organs, in the male or female.

GERONTOPHILIA — A sexual preference for an older person by a much younger; may be heterosexual or homosexual.

GLANS PENIS — The cap-shaped expansion at the end of the penis, also referred to as the “head” of the penis.

GO DOWN — Basically a homosexual term, synonymous with “do”; to perform fellatio or, less commonly, cunnilingus.

GOLDEN SCREW — Specific form of buggery in which, after insertion of the penis into the rectum, the active partner urinates into the passive partner. See Urolagnia.

GOLDEN SHOWER — Behavior in which one sexual partner urinates upon the other.

HARD; HARD ON — A penis in the state of erection.

HERMAPHRODITE — A person having both male and female sex organs.

HETEROSEXUAL — A person who prefers sexual relations with a member of the opposite sex; pertaining to relations between male and female.

HOMOSEXUAL — Pertaining to sexual relations between members of the same sex (from Greek, *homo*, meaning same); as a noun it refers to one whose sexual desires are directed toward persons of his or her own sex.

HUSTLER — Any prostitute, but in homosexual jargon, a male prostitute, especially one who works “free-lance” rather than in a “house.” Commonly refers to one who preys upon other males.

**HYPERSEXUAL** — Pretaining to unusually great sexual energies.

Oversexed.

**HYPOSEXUAL** — Pretaining to unusually low sexual energies.

Undersexed.

**IMPOTENCE** — Incapacity of a male for sexual intercourse; in general usage it refers to an inability to achieve or maintain an erection.

**INCEST** — A sexual act involving members of the same family, generally related by blood, such as brother and sister; under some legal codes, this extends to persons related by marriage.

**INVERT** — A homosexual.

**IRRUMATE** — To insert one's penis into the mouth of another; the passive counterpart to fellatio.

**JACK OFF** — (Slang) To masturbate.

**JERK OFF** — (See above).

**KNOB** — (Slang, Obsolete) The "head" of the penis, or glans penis.

**LESBIAN** — A female homosexual; derived from the name of Lesbos, an island off the coast of Greece inhabited largely by women at one time, and mistakenly thought to be given over exclusively to homosexual practices; rule of the island was the poetess, Sappho — thus, sapphic is synonymous with lesbian.

**LIBIDO** — Sexual desire, or a measure of the potential of the sexual desire in an individual ; sometimes used to describe a continuing state of hypersexuality.

**MAIDENHEAD** — Technically the hymen, or anatomical obstruction within the female genitalia; in homosexual usage, however, used to denote any state of virginity, such as an anal "maidenhead" or even oral "maidenhead."

**MASOCHISM** — Characterized by sexual pleasure derived from being abused, dominated, or subjected to pain inflicted by oneself or another.

**MASTURBATE** — To achieve sexual climax by means not involving a second person. Generally by manual stimulation, but may also involve other means.

**MENAGE A TROIS** — A sexual liaison involving three persons of different sex who live together on a somewhat permanent basis; a three-way.

**MIXOSCOPIA** — Sexual pleasure derived from observing the sexual parts of others or from watching others perform sexual acts.

**MOUTH JOB** — (Slang) Oral-genital intercourse. Synonymous with blow job, do, fellation.

**MYSOPHILIA** — Deriving sexual pleasure from handling filth or dirt.

**NARCISSISM** — Self-love; erotic feelings aroused by one's own body or personality.

**NECROPHILIA** — A desire for sexual intercourse with dead bodies.

**NYMPHOMANIA** — Uncontrollable sexual desire in a female.

**OEDIPUS COMPLEX** — Sexual desire of a son for his mother with (usually) resulting hostility toward his father.

**ONANISM** — Coitus interruptus; removal of the penis from the vagina prior to ejaculation; sometimes mistakenly used to denote masturbation.

**ORALISM** — An inclination to perform various forms of oral stimulation; generally, any form of sexual behavior or pleasure involving the mouth.

**ORGASM** — The climax of the sexual act.

**PECKER** — (Slang) The penis.

**PEDERAST** — An adult male who is sexually attracted by, or engages in sexual activities with, an adolescent boy; often the boy is the passive partner in anal intercourse.

**PEDOPHILIA** — (Also **PAEDOPHILIA**) A desire in an adult male for sexual relations with a young child.

**PENILE** — Pertaining to the penis.

**PENIS** — The male organ of sex.

**PERINEUM** — The area between and around the anus and the scrotum or the vagina.

**PERVERT** — A person who is considered sexually abnormal or aberrant.

**PHALLUS** — A symbol of the male organ; the penis; sometimes the clitoris.

**PISS QUEEN** — (Slang) In homosexual jargon, a homosexual who is fascinated with urine; one who enjoys urinating onto the body or into the mouth of a sexual partner, or one who enjoys receiving such urination.

**PREPUCE** — The fold of skin covering the glans penis in uncircumcised males; the foreskin.

**PRIAPISM** — A state of constant erection of the penis.

**PRICK** — (Slang) The penis.

PROMISCUOUS — Indulging freely in sexual intercourse with a number of partners.

PRURIENT — Pertaining to morbid or lascivious thoughts or desires.

PSEUDO-HETEROGENITAL — A counterfeit of, or substitute for, genital contact of the heterosexual variety, and closely akin thereto.

PSYCHOSEXUAL — That portion of an individual's psychological makeup directly related to sexual activities.

PUBERTY — The age at which the reproductive organs begin to function.

PUBIC HAIR — Hair on or surrounding the external parts of the genitalia.

PUNK — (Slang) In homosexual jargon (generally prison usage) a homosexual; an effeminate homosexual; a fellator; the passive partner in buggery, generally derisive.

QUEER — A homosexual.

QUEEN — (Slang) Also, and more correctly, QUEAN, meaning jaded woman; in homo sexual jargon, means a homosexual; usually refers to an effeminate homosexual.

RIMMING — (Slang) Analingus — oral-anal contact.

SADISM — Sexual perversion in which pleasure is obtained by inflicting physical or mental pain or abuse upon another.

SADOMASOCHISM — A neurotic pattern combining sadism and masochism in one person.

SAPPHISM — Lesbianism.

SAPPHO — Poetess who lived on the Greek Isle of Lesbos.

SATYRIASIS — Excessive sexual desire in men; the counterpart of nymphomania in women.

SCOPOPHILIA — Synonymous with voyeurism.

SCROTUM — The flesh pouch at the base of the penis which contains the testes.

SCREW — (Slang) To perform intercourse; an act of sexual intercourse.

SEANCE A TROIS — Sexual relations involving three persons, generally on a temporary basis, as opposed to menage a trois, which denotes a somewhat permanent basis.

SEMEN — Fluid containing the male sperm and ejaculated from the penis at the time of orgasm.

SHRIMPING — (Slang) Oral manipulation of the toes and/or feet on another person.

SIXTY-NINE — Mutual and simultaneous oral-genital sex between any two people.

SIZE QUEEN — Male homosexuals who prefer sex involving very large penes.

SMEGMA — A thick, cheese-like secretion found under the prepuce of the male and around the labia minora and clitoris of the female.

SODOMY — Unlawful or so-called unnatural sexual relations; in some instances this refers to anal penetration, but the meaning is too general to be limited to such usage; in various legalities, the definition can include acts of fellatio, masturbation, bestiality, and oral intercourse.

SPUNK — (Slang) Semen or “come.”

STERILITY — Incapacity to procreate.

STERILIZATION — The process of rendering a person barren or non-reproducing.

STRAIGHT — (Slang) A basically homosexual term meaning heterosexual, or heterosexual acting.

SWISH — (Slang) An extremely obvious homosexual; a very effeminate acting male; to act in a very effeminate manner; to walk with a mincing gait.

TABOO — Forbidden, or something which is forbidden.

TESTICLES — The male glands which produce spermatozoa, located in the scrotum; in slang, “balls” or “nuts.”

THIRD SEX — A term used to refer to homosexuals, from an obsolete theory that homosexuals constituted a third sex and were neither male nor female.

TONGUE BATH — (Slang) The licking or kissing of the entire body; also: “Around-The-World.”

TRADE — (Slang) A basically homosexual term used to describe one who generally will submit to a homosexual act, though he may not consider himself a homosexual; sometimes used to describe a male prostitute who caters to homosexuals.

TRANSSEXUAL — One who alters his sex, generally by surgical means.

TRANSVESTISM — A sexual deviation in which the person obtains erotic satisfaction or stimulation by dressing in the clothing of the opposite sex.

TRIBADISM — The act of one woman lying on top of another and simulating coital movements so that the friction against the clitoris



brings about an orgasm.

TROILISM — Sexual relations involving three persons.

TUMESCENCE — Enlargement of the sex organs with blood as a result of sexual excitement; specifically of the penis, in achieving an erection. When fondled, the clitoris and nipples also display sexual excitation and achieve a semi-erect state.

URNING — Used in connection with the third sex theory to denote a homosexual.

URETHRA — Canal which drains the urine from the bladder. In the male it also serves as the genital duct; the urethral opening in the male can be seen in the “head” of the penis.

UROLAGNIA — Generally, sexual fascination with urine or urinary practices. Specifically, manual/urine contact. (See Golden Shower, Golden Screw, Piss Queen.)

UROPHAGIA — Behavior in which sexual pleasure is derived from watching a person urinate, being urinated upon, or drinking urine.

VAGINA — The female sex organ.

VOYEURISM — Sexual excitement produced by watching others undressing or enjoying sexual intimacies; the common English term for the voyeur is “Peeping Tom”; Also see Scopophilia.

VULVA — A collective name for the external female sexual parts.

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