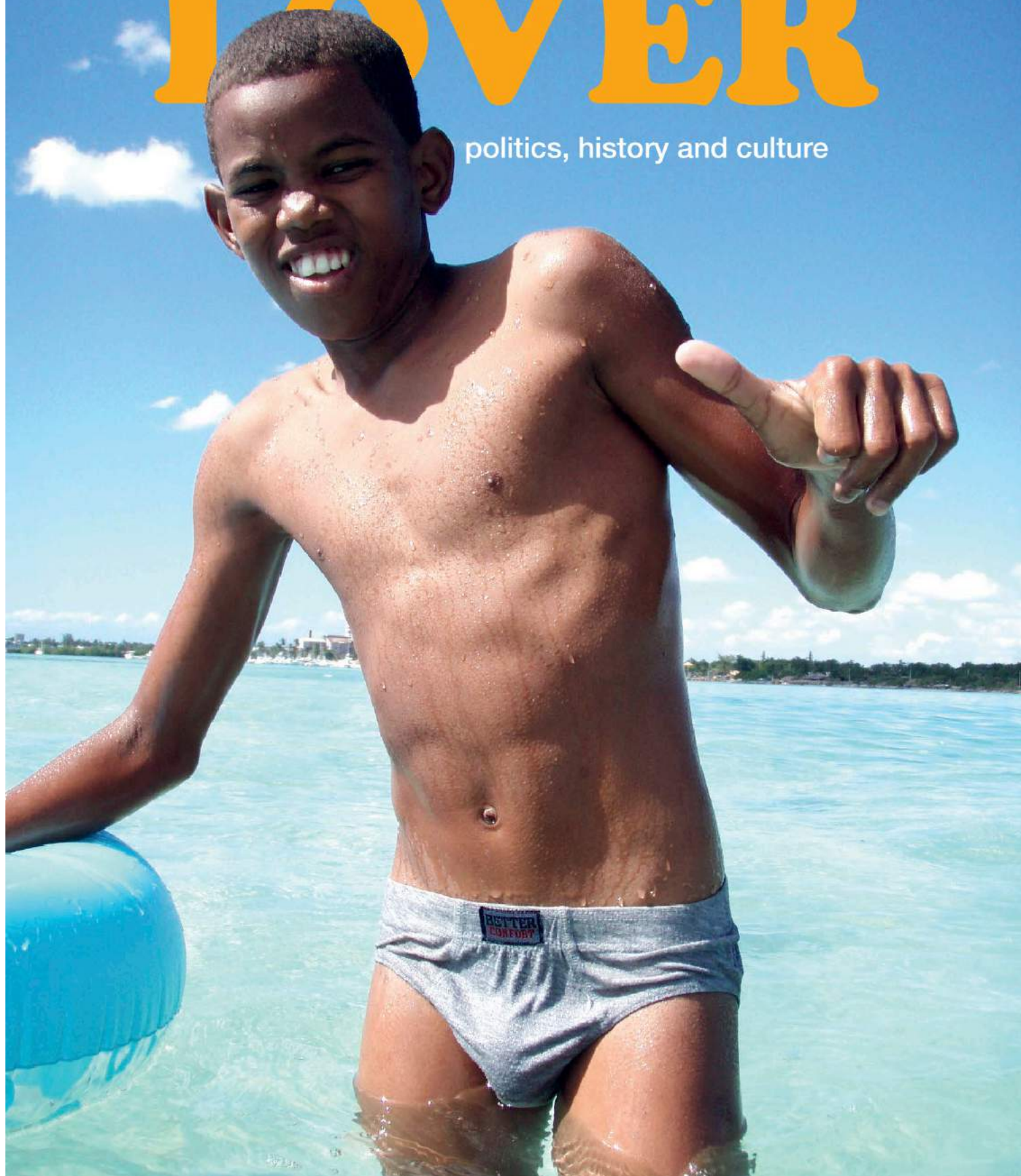


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# THE LOVER

politics, history and culture







Some of the magazine titles I have published since 2006: *Destroyer*, *Breaking Boy News*, *Entartete Shota* and *The Lover*.

## Let me entertain you!

What's the point of a magazine in times of the internet? The answer is that there is no rational point. If it was only about finding and absorbing information, you're far better off on the web, letting Google or specific websites point the way to relevant news stories.

But life is not only about finding and absorbing information. If it were, we would be robots.

I am not a robot, and that's why I love magazines. I love the idea of subscribing to (or buying every issue of) a magazine that is made *just for me*, or at least gives me that feeling. Instead of the constant feed that the web offers, I get a carefully edited compilation of unique stories or angles, every once in a while. I just love that feeling. *I love mags*.

And I think you do too. I think that's why you keep buying my magazines, despite they're not cheap. Each new issue of *The Lover* is a direct result of you and other readers purchasing the last issue. It's the original kind of crowdfunding, as it existed before the word itself did, and before dedicated sites with strict rules for what you're allowed to fund emerged. It's a *mutually beneficial relationship*.

I think it's beautiful. Thanks for being with me.

Karl Andersson  
Berlin, April 2017

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#### PUBLISHER

Karl Andersson  
Katzbachstr. 33  
10965 Berlin  
Germany

#### EMAIL

editor@destroyerjournal.com

#### PHONE

+49 30 1205 3630

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Nicholas Prenter.  
Left page of this  
spread + p. 51: Nicola,  
Italy in the 1970s.



## Router exposed doctor's illegal downloads

**UK** A pediatrician and family father in England has been sentenced to three years in prison for downloading and viewing child pornography.

When first raiding the 47 year old's home in 2015, police didn't find any "indecent images" on his computer or memory stick. But they found "significant evidence" that he had accessed such material and deleted it using the wiping software Cyberscrub. Therefore, a forensic expert advised that the router too be seized.

"[The forensic expert] found clear evidence of him downloading indecent images of children and distributing them", the prosecutor said.

The wiping software Cyberscrub claims to be "the leader in data security, privacy and data sanitization", but a user review states:

"Their internet privacy guard doesn't work. I ran some freeware data recovery software after running Cyberscrub internet privacy. The software, Undelete Plus, was able to recover 80% of the web pages, cookies, and images that I visited while surfing the web. ... They advertise internet guard 'removes all evidence of online activity' and that statement is total bs."

The judge assumed the doctor's crime was indicative of a certain inclination, and concluded:

"To state that your sexual interest in children, which outlines these offences, causes real concern in relation to someone in your position is a massive understatement." KA



Warning, this image from *Girls Und Panzer* by Takeshi Nogami may corrupt you.



BBC reporter Stacey Dooley (Youtube).



Manga artist Takeshi Nogami.

## Prude BBC reporter attacks sexy anime

**JAPAN & UK** A reporter from BBC has accused Japanese anime of "promoting pedophilia".

It was the British TV channel BBC Three's reporter Stacey Dooley who interviewed Takeshi Nogami, character creator of *Girls Und Panzer*, an anime about high school girls driving around in military tanks, for a documentary speculatively titled *Young Sex for Sale in Japan*.

Nogami said afterward on Twitter that the three hour interview "devolved into an argument about 'human desire'", according to Japanese subculture website Sankaku Complex:

"The core difference between this interviewer and myself was the attitude toward human beings. My position is 'all human beings have dirty de-

sires. Isn't it better to be vented appropriately?'

On the contrary, Ms Susie stated this: 'All human beings are naturally innocent and have no dirty desires, and reading media depicting erotic, pedophilic, and gore contents will affect them to be corrupted.'

The interview ended with Dooley commenting: "My desire is to put all pedophiles and ones who produce pedophilic media in jail."

Nogami on Twitter again:

"Ms. Susie asked me, with formal voice, 'Why don't you Japanese people follow what the UK does?' So I answered, 'Why don't you British people follow Japan, since we're more civilized, and have a lower crime rate than the UK?'" KA

## Facebook reported BBC to the police

**UK & USA** The British news site BBC investigated "sexualised images of children" on the American social media site Facebook and got busted.

When using Facebook's reporting function, they found that only 20 percent of the reported images were removed. Facebook agreed to an interview about this, but asked BBC to provide examples of the images in question. After BBC sent Facebook some images, Facebook responded by cancelling the interview and contacting police, arguing that "It is against the law for anyone to distribute images of child exploitation. When the BBC sent us such images we followed our industry's standard practice and reported them to Ceop [Child Exploitation & Online Protection Centre]."

And how could Facebook have done otherwise, if the images in question were indeed illegal? You can't have a law that makes it illegal to view certain information, only to have journalists, social media spokesmen and what have you pass the images around among each other like some kind of legal child porn ring.

Reading the articles about this piece of news in detail though, it seems that this was not about child porn, or "child abuse images" as it's called nowadays. Instead, BBC says

it reported images that "appeared to break [Facebook's] guidelines", which, as we all know, is a whole other matter. BBC further reported normal images, or "stolen images" as they call them, but which appeared on "pages explicitly for men with a sexual interest in children" or in groups "with names such as 'hot xxxx schoolgirls'". They also reported images of "under-16s" (why not under-18s, BBC?) "in highly sexualised poses", which sounds like the general style of the teenage selfie. These images had "obscene comments posted beside them", BBC reports. *Lindo gato perfil?* We can't check. Only one single image, the worst, one presumes, "appeared to be a still from a video of child abuse", according to BBC.

Except for images, BBC also reported "five convicted paedophiles" to Facebook since their rules forbid those to have accounts. But their profiles were not taken down.

"I find it very disturbing, I find that content unacceptable," the chairman of the Commons media committee, Damian Collins, commented.

What we're seeing is a social network going further than the law, and a news site accusing said network of not upholding its own rules. Leonid Brezhnev would have been proud. KA



The doll in the photo does not have any relation to the story. Or does it?

## Men on trial for playing with dolls

**CANADA & NORWAY** A 51-year-old Canadian man has been charged with possession of child pornography in the form of a doll.

The doll was seized by border police on its way from Japan. Did they seize the doll's passport too, one wonders. And did they give the doll enough to eat and drink?

In a trial somewhere between voodoo and phrenology, an "expert witness" testified that the doll is indeed prepubescent.

In Norway, border police have so far seized 21 child sex dolls.

But the Norwegians are considering another approach: The dolls may work as a substitute for some pedophiles, who could otherwise act out their desires on real children.

"I believe that sex dolls can prevent child abuse," psychologist Pål Grøndahl of the Oslo University Hospital told newspaper *Dagbladet*.

Why beat around the bush? All these silly doll trials, only to catch a certain type of person, one we want to eradicate. Instead of pretending to do it in a lawful way, why not just arrange a state-of-the-art *Vernichtung* and be done with it? At least, then we know what we're dealing with.

Or with the words of Bea Smith, who commented under *The Sun's* article on the Norwegian doll therapy: "A full metal jacket to the back of the head would have 100% success rate.... cheaper too." KA





Illustration by こがらし.

## Boy makes girl pregnant - she goes to jail

**USA** It's the classic American teen story: Boy meets girl. Boy makes girl pregnant. Girl is taken into custody, charged with rape.

That's what happened in Alabama between a 14-year-old boy and a 19-year-old girl. The two teenagers had been seeing each other since December 2016 and had bareback sex on numerous occasions in the backseat of her car.

When the 19 year old found out she was pregnant, she signed up for a social health care program. Since she was open with who the father was, police started investigating her. "She was proud of him being the father until she found out we were going to become involved," a police officer commented to *Al.com*.

The woman was taken into custody in March 2017 and charged with second-degree rape, second-degree sex abuse, enticing a child for immoral purposes and traveling to meet a child for an unlawful sex act.

Since the police found "explicit photos of the boy" on her cell phone, she is also charged with possession of child pornography and dissemination of child pornography.

If convicted, she faces 20 years in prison and lifelong registration as a sex offender. *KA*

Multikulti

## Boy gang rapes on

**SWEDEN** With the influx of young male Afghan refugees to Sweden, a new phenomenon is appearing: Boys raping other boys.

At least that's how it's described in the media, and in the five court cases that have resulted in 15 convictions – all Afghan refugee boys – over the last year.

Sweden is a society with advanced so called gay rights. In Afghanistan, on the other hand, sex between men is illegal. "But there is also 'boy play', in the sense that young, unmarried men or boys are having sex with each other, despite the ban", Swedish newspaper *Aftonbladet* explained to its readers in March 2017. "The sin can be dismissed by the fact that the boys don't love each other, the sex is therefore not 'for real'."

The newspaper uses the word "sin" because it's how Amin, one of the accused, puts it in the interrogation, when police ask him what "sex is" for him: "It's impossible with a boy. It's ... a big sin." Instead, Amin means that sex is what happens in a marriage.

And yet, 17-year-old Amin is accused of having raped a 15-year-old boy on a park bench. Amin and his two friends, 16 and 17 years old, supposedly held the boy steady while undressing him and then forced the 15 year old to oral sex, after which they all penetrated him anally. Amin admits to the deeds, while at the same

time repeating that he has never "had sex".

What a culture clash. Especially when the Swedish police start explaining to Amin that it's not a sin to be sexually attracted to boys, that it's "nothing to be ashamed of". The reporter explains that it's because sex between men is illegal in Afghanistan that Amin "fails to admit to Swedish police that he is sexually interested in boys". Western ideas of sexual orientations meet Afghan traditions of "fooling around" before marriage. Modern meets ancient. Christian meets other cultures and puts itself above those – as so many times in history.

### Boy on boy, no homo

It's hard to tell if the "gang rapes" are indeed horrible rapes, or if they are innocent "fooling around" between boys, the kind of which would be hailed if the boys only subscribed to the Western theory of sexual orientations, admitted they were "gay" and came out to the soundtrack of Gloria Gaynor and Lady Gaga. But since the boys are not "gay" in that sense, their actions are not filed in that folder.

The answer may lie somewhere in between. Gang rapes between Afghan teenage boys may be similar to fights and hierarchy struggles. As such they are not pleasurable for the victim, but the ordeal should maybe be likened to being hit in

## the rise in Sweden

**PITEÅ.** A boy, 17, raped his friend, 14, when visiting friends at another refugee shelter. "If you refuse, I will take up my knife and kill you", he said during the rape.

The full *Aftonbladet* story in Swedish can be read here: <http://www.aftonbladet.se/nyheter/a/b/Qll/15-domda-for-gruppvaldtakter-pa-pojkar>

**ÅRJÄNG.** Five boys, 16–17, tied up a boy, 16, and abused him sexually.

**DALSJÖFORS.** Two boys, 16, raped a 14-year-old boy in a refugee shelter.

**ALVESTA.** Two boys, 15, completed an anal rape of a 12-year-old boy.

**UPPSALA.** Five boys, 15–16, dragged a "young teen" into a meadow where each of them raped him anally.

**VÄSTERÅS.** Two boys, 16 and 18, raped a 15-year-old boy simultaneously, one orally and one anally. Then they switched sides.

**TRELLEBORG.** Three boys, 16, raped a 15-year-old boy on a field.

the face, which the West usually sees as less severe than being raped, which comes with a lifelong trauma.

### Hazara on top

Add a complicated ethnic aspect, where Pashtuns have the highest status, and Hazara are at the bottom. But since three out of four young Afghan boys in Sweden belong to the Hazara, the status system is turned upside down. In addition, Hazara born in Afghanistan enjoy higher status than those born

in Iran. In other words, many of the gang rapes can be assumed to be a part of a larger ethnic conflict, played out on the miniature level of a refugee shelter in a small town in Sweden.

There is also the complicating aspect of age: Many asylum seekers in Sweden destroy their ID cards and claim to under 18. In one case where two 15 year olds raped a 12-year-old boy, the older boys both turned out to be at least 18 years old. One of them may be 45 (!) years old, *Aftonbladet* writes. *KA*



Western Digital My Book Duo. Pretty good privacy, apparently.

## Encryption outlawed in the US?

**USA** A man who has been jailed since 2015 without charges has been denied appeal.

The man has refused to decrypt two Western Digital My Book Duo hard drives, which authorities claim contain information which is illegal to possess, namely child porn.

A court order of October 5, 2015 from a district court in Pennsylvania ordered the man to decrypt the drives. Not doing so equals "contempt of court", according to the court, which claims the right to hold him in custody until he complies.

The court order was appealed with the argument that decrypting the drives might be self-incrimination, which the Fifth Amendment of the US constitution protects against.

On March 20, 2017 a US federal appeals court denied the appeal, and the former Philadelphia police officer will therefore remain jailed without charges – indefinitely or until he complies with the court order.

Rick Falkvinge commented in a column for Private Internet Access that "this loss in the Appeals Court effectively means that file- and volume-level encryption is now illegal in the United States. Without going through Congress, without public debate, without anything, the fuzzy 'contempt of court' has been used to outlaw encryption of files." *KA*



## “Bacha bazi” to be banned – by Western missionaries

**AFGHANISTAN** The West is set to ban “bacha bazi”, an Afghan tradition that translates to “boy play”.

Bacha bazi is the tradition of dancing boys in Afghanistan. The phenomenon has been brought to light recently in several Western documentaries and articles, which describe bacha bazi as sexual abuse. Western governments and NGO's have repeatedly urged Afghanistan to ban bacha bazi, and now that is about to happen.

An Afghan law proposal will criminalize “sexual slavery” and “sexual abuse of boys”, several media report. In severe cases, the offenses will be punishable



by death. The Afghanistan Independent Human Rights Commission (AIHRC) have reported extensively on bacha bazi and campaigned to get it banned. The organization now fears that only a “watered down” version of the law will pass through parliament, since many members of parliament enjoy bacha bazi and don't want to see it banned.

According to one of its annual fiscal reports, AIHRC receives a yearly funding of 7.4 million USD from Western countries. Almost half of that, 46 percent, is given by the three Nordic countries Finland (19), Denmark (16) and Norway (11). Among the other benefactors are the Netherlands (14), Switzerland (14), Australia (12), Canada (6.5), the UK (4.2) and New Zealand (3.0).

That's how “Afghan” and “Independent” the Afghanistan Independent Human Rights Commission is. As for the “Human Rights” part, one can wonder what those words stand for when the organization applauds a law with the death penalty, and regrets that such a law may become less severe (to not include the death penalty?).

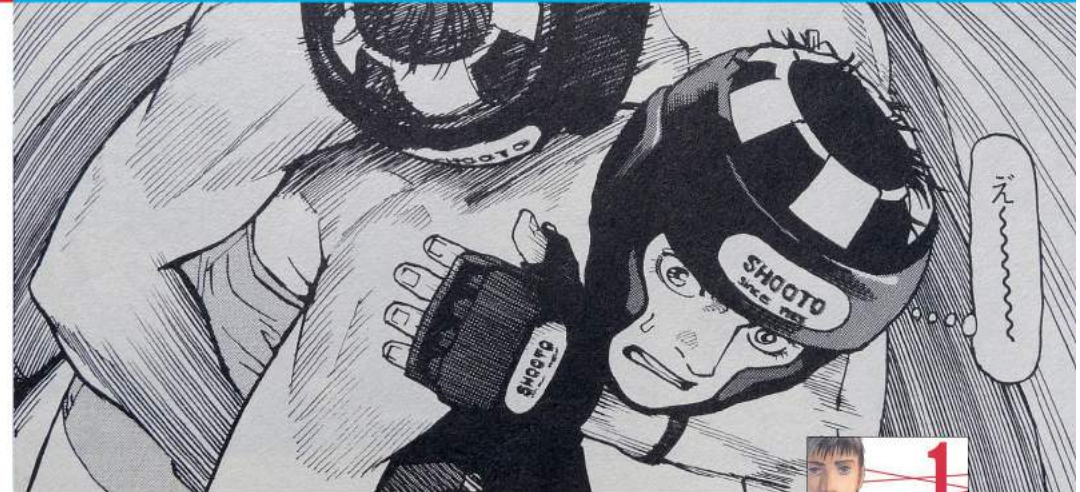
In other words, what we're seeing is a number of Western states trying to extinguish the cultural trait of an “oriental” country, to put this into its right context, one of “orientalism”, “ethnocentrism” and “cultural



“Boy play?” (No relation to the story.)

imperialism”. Add the fact that Christianity historically has been the religion most hostile toward male sexual relations, and the will to extinguish such relations in other countries with other faiths can be read as a subtle form of religious mission.

Lastly, it should come as no surprise that the Nordic countries and the Netherlands top the list of the funders of AIHRC. Those countries are at the forefront of so called gay rights. As this magazine has illustrated many times, with extended gay rights comes increased so called youth protection. So while embracing everything “gay” at home, Western politicians are using the proxy of an “independent” commission on “human rights” to lobby for the death penalty abroad. It's the dirty backyard of gay rights. KA, OS



Takashi and Meguru in the ring. Right: The first volume of *All-rounder Meguru* (オールラウンダー廻).

## MAN POWER!

Reclaim male intimacy!

There are two reasons why I hate the supposedly original observation that football and/or soccer is “so gay” with all its group hugs and other displays of affection between men. The first reason is that the observation, or accusation rather, is a symbol of the idea of sexualities, of that harsh divider that says “you're either gay or straight”, a divider that has stopped men from being intimate with each other since that would indicate they're gay. Footballers are the only ones left who are masculine enough to be above such suspicions, and therefore they can enjoy a sort of male intimacy that has been wiped out from Western society at large. And now they're attacked for it. The second reason is that the observation is so 2003 and hardly original anymore. Seriously.

*All-rounder Meguru* by Hiroki Endo centers around high-schooler Meguru, who starts practicing the MMA sport *shooto*. Shooto is a man's world; no smiles, all hard faces and hard bodies, tightly wrapped around each other in a number of combinations, and drawn with a love of the male anatomy that makes me think of Pierre Joubert. I can only imagine what a field day witty

LGBT nitpickers would have with the manga, comparing the focus on the male body to the Western bodybuilding magazines of the 1950s.

I would rather compare Japanese men's and boys' manga to the Western adventure novel of the mid 1900s, like those from the French scouting press *Signe de piste*, which had the purpose to entertain and to shape the reader's character in order to make him a well-functioning member of society. The same educational aspect can be seen in manga. It feels old-fashioned, since the West has long since abandoned the collective for the individual, and thereby abandoned any ambitions to create “good people”.

*All-rounder Meguru* is an action packed men's manga. Male bodies and male intimacy is a natural part of that package and should not be ridiculed. Bare skin, full-contact, blood, sweat, violence, power – it's not gay at all! But it provides titillation for the reader, under the hood, so to speak, like an underlying current. I think that current, that subtly spinning motor, is fundamental to a well-functioning society. Don't tamper with it. KA





## Interview with a rent boy

# “I want a liberal sexual society”

Kevin had just turned fourteen when he started selling sex. Ten years later he talks openly to *The Lover* about the highs and lows of the business that has become his main career.

Text: Karl Andersson Illustrations: Tsukumo Gou\*

“I like your work a lot!” Kevin\*\* wrote in his first email to me. He referred to my old magazine *Destroyer*, of which he had a couple of copies. It was not until after some correspondence that it turned out that Kevin was selling sex for a living. That got me curious, and I asked him if he would like to talk about it in *The Lover*. We set up a Skype session and here is what we talked about.

### When did you start selling sex?

“I started selling sex when I had just turned fourteen, so it's eleven years ago. I had started having sex much earlier though, I was active on the dating portal *Sylvester* already at twelve, thirteen. I had done some modeling, not so much naked, but sort of provocative.”

What kind of modeling was that, for private customers or what?

“Yes exactly, for customers. I've always looked a bit older than I am, and I think that has been to my advantage. When I was 14 I looked 16, so I guess my customers thought I was older. Many of them probably didn't want to meet too young guys. But what do I know. There were also those who were turned on by the fact that I was so young.”

Who was the first one you sold sex to?

“Oh god, who was that? There are some who stayed with me for quite long, although I don't meet them anymore, and the first one, wait ... It was in a suburb to Stockholm. I'm also from the suburb, but another one. He had contacted me on *Sylvester* and said ‘hi there, you're really beautiful, do you want to meet a generous man?’. The word ‘generous’ is code for paying for sex on Swedish sites, since there are no escort profiles like on *Gayromeo*, since it's illegal. But I didn't know that meaning of ‘generous’, so the first time I sold sex, it sort of happened by coincidence. I went there just to have sex, but when I got money for it, I thought, hey, I could make something out of this, I got my appetite whetted.”

How much money did you get the first time?

“500 crowns. Now my parents didn't have any good incomes. My dad lives abroad and works as a garbage ... he collects garbage. And my mum didn't really have anything, so there was never any money at home. So even if I didn't always enjoy it in the beginning – that came later – I still had a feeling that wow, money, my own money that I had earned myself, that was cool!”



And from then you continued to sell sex, like how often?

“It wasn't that often in the beginning, since I was very busy in school. But this was also a period of my life when I made quite a lot of new friends, and many of them ended up in the same ‘business’, so to speak. So we became like a little gang of guys who did this, sometimes together and sometimes on our own. We became quite a fun little escort gang.”

It sounds exciting with this gang, somehow you must have sought out these cool and open-minded people as your new friends. Who were they?

“Well we were all young and pretty poor gay guys. I mean, I call myself bi since I have sex with trans guys and girls sometimes, but back in those days we were all pretty gay identitywise, even though we sometimes sold sex to straight couples and stuff like that.”

Did you have sex with each other too?

“It happened in the beginning but not later. We became like good friends.”

But did you sometimes sell sex together?

“Yes, those times were the best, when there were several of us. It was so fun! We really had fun, and afterward we would go and eat a pizza. We weren't any fancy kids, so we didn't go to regular restaurants, more like a kebab. What we had in common was that we all came from socially bad backgrounds, with parents who maybe didn't have so much time for us. I know it sounds like a cliché. Another thing we had in common, and this is another cliché, was that all of us but one had some kind of background of having been sexually abused. But that was somehow why we had got a more open-minded view on sex, I think. And then these classical daddy issues, it wasn't hard for me as a 14 year old to get turned on by someone who was 45 to 55, there wasn't anything strange with that.”

That's interesting. Sexual abuse is obviously not a good thing, but should all life choices be deemed bad if they in some way may be a result of abuse?

“I've thought a lot about that, and I'm against abuse. I'm completely against when one part doesn't want it.”

Yes, who isn't.

“Exactly. But when I think of what happened to me in my childhood, because this was before I was a teenager, I've been thinking about where I would be today if that had not happened. I'm not sure I would have been better off today. You know, I do have my dark





periods, I can get depressed sometimes, but that's because of completely different things, like that I think society is cold, not that someone abused me when I was a child. It was in the past and I try not to think too much about it. When I'm reminded of it I can get sad for a day, and that's okay, I allow myself that. But I don't regret anything."

So this first guy, you went there as if it was a regular sex date.

"Yes, because I've always liked guys of all ages, though I'm not really into the young ones, but from my own age and up. And what I thought was wonderful with older people was that I got something out of it intellectually, that I could talk to this person and he

could give me advice. Of course, with older people you don't have the experience in common, it's not like when you're with someone your own age and you're both doing something for the first time."

And these men that you met, how would you say that they self-identified? Were they "regular gays" or were some of them exclusively into teens, and so on?

"That's really fun, because I've met so many people, and mostly men. I've sold sex to women as well, but almost always as part of a heterosexual couple who wants to spruce up their sex life. But these solo men, some of them were like superfaggots who talk in a certain way and you're like shit, this guy must

have moved in the upper circles for quite a while. But then there are people in Södertälje, Fittja, Hägersten, Farsta, Rinkeby [suburbs to Stockholm], I've been everywhere. And it's not just Swedish gays, and not just older gays either, and not just gays for that sake, there have been married men, straight dudes. There was one who I stopped seeing when I got older, because he was not turned on by me anymore. And that was sad, because I liked that person, but we all have our preferences."

But that only happened with one guy?

"Only with one guy. Because there were generally not so many who stayed with me, there were a few, I can count them on one hand. But this was long ago and you have to keep in mind that I've met maybe over a thousand people during my 'career', and I'm still active."

Wow, you have sold sex to about a thousand people?

"I think it's about a thousand. It can be 850 or a thousand."

It's still a lot.

"I've lost track, because I've also had sex for my own enjoyment, and sometimes the two are mixing into each other, and sometimes I just go out clubbing and meet someone who I take home, and then of course I don't say 'hey, you have to pay.'" (laugh)

You mentioned that your customers are straight, gay, Swedish, foreign, suburb ...

"Young, old. My youngest customer was 19, that was when I was 23. I've had young customers many times."

Why do you think the young guys pay for sex? Or what was the reason in your case?

"Well, I've started to categorize people, I have my own categories. And the first one is the disabled. Either physically or mentally disabled. Like people with Asperger's Syndrome, I have many such customers, they are having a really hard time, it has to be their way, otherwise they're uncomfortable. They are in a way disabled because it's hard

for them to get laid, even if they're good looking. They can look like models or porn stars, but people think they are psycho. So they want exactly what they want, and

I can give them that.

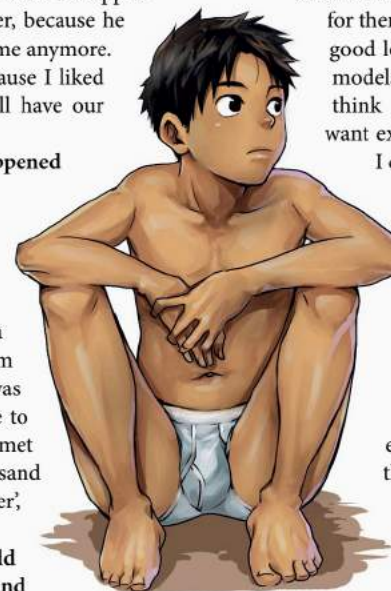
Then there's the disabled who are missing certain body parts or who need help with satisfaction, or they're not normatively attractive enough, you know, they are not conventionally beautiful enough to fuck as much as they would like, so there I have helped too.

And then we have the fetishists, those who want feet, or those who want piss, shit, all of that.

That's another category.

And then we have those who want vanilla sex, or people who just want to jerk off while they're watching you.

There are really all kinds, I've met all of them. It feels like community service. I've





thought about that many times, that it's frustrating that there is no, you know, legal way to work as an escort in that way, do you know what I mean?"

**Absolutely, I think what you describe sounds really beautiful, but instead it's illegal, at least to buy.**

"Yeah, because I've been in many situations where the only difference between me and a home care worker is that they don't help with anything sexual."

**You said you have all kinds of customers, I guess their preferences are as diverse? What about anal, people seem to feel sorry for whores who have anal sex, and it's seen as worse to be fucked than to fuck someone.**

"I've done many anal sex jobs, but it's still not so much statistically. It has been much more blow jobs, or dildos, or people who want to lick you in the ass and jerk off at the same time."

Those who want anal sex are sort of the real gays. Straight guys and bi guys don't want that, I think it gets closer to being unfaithful for them.

I've been a bottom many more times than I've had to be the top. But then again, it's been 'my thing' to not take any substances. I'm liberal when it comes to drugs, but I don't take any drugs myself, and I consider Viagra and such stuff drugs too."



**But if it's "your thing" not to take anything, you make it sound like the default is to take substances, for example in your gang?**

"Well, in that gang we were so young, so we didn't have access to such substances anyway. And back then we were so young, so we were more naturally bottoms. Then there were those who wanted to get fucked by a twink too, of course. But if you couldn't get it up, you would do something else instead. Sometimes I couldn't get a hard-on, but over time I've learned to get turned on by people I normally wouldn't be attracted to. If I meet someone who is unattractive, I've either tried to think that I'm with someone else, or I've focused on a part of that person's body that I do find attractive, for example if the person has a hot cock or sexy hands or beautiful eyes. And then it works for me, it works great for me to fuck him."

My worry in this job is to not be able to meet people's needs. And fucking people has been the hardest part, because being fucked has not been hard. Nowadays I'm not that into that part, I don't like being a bottom in my private sex life, that may change, who knows, but I've come so far that I can turn down such jobs and still make ends meet. I've started to study and get some subsidy, so I've downsized a bit. I try to avoid anal sex that includes dick in ass as much as possible, and in both directions, nowadays."

**But the times you had anal sex, was it always safer sex, with a condom?**

"Not always, no. I've had some regulars that I trust. Of course it's stupid to say you trust people, but I am a bit naive, and I like people very much, so with some people, if they've been married to a woman for twenty, thirty years, they are only seeing me on the side and they're super worried to catch something, then I've thought that the probability is very low that they have something. And if you consider the four, five thousand people in Sweden with HIV, and back in the days it was even fewer, it usually wasn't exactly these family fathers, if you know what I mean, even though it's prejudiced ..."

**I do exactly the same kind of calculations, so I think it makes sense, despite one can never know ... How much did you charge and what's your price now?**

"It depends on who it is. But I think I've been smart about it, because I was never greedy. Some of the guys in my gang were like '3,500!' (about 350 €/€), but I went between 500 and 1,500 (about 50 to 150 €/€). Nowadays I don't charge under 1,500, but until I was eighteen, nineteen, I would give a blowjob for 500. If it was only a blowjob and it could happen in a car, and that car could come to me, then 500 was worth it for me, I didn't see a problem with that and never saw myself as a luxury commodity anyway."

**But that's a lot of money compared to Berlin, for just a blowjob!**

"Really? How much do you pay for a blowjob then?"

**The market price is between 10 and 30 euro maybe, but that is in male prostitution, in female prostitution they charge 50.**

"I can see that. Nowadays I can charge more because I'm doing my Jesus look, and some customers want exactly that. After I got long hair and let my beard grow I published some profiles that were like 'do you want to get fucked by Jesus'. There are many who come from a background of religious oppression and they want you to heal them and they want Jesus' sperm and they want to be fucked



by Jesus, or they want to fuck Jesus, or they just want to lie on the ground and have me stand on them. There's a lot of that recently and it's quite fun, I've always thought that fetishists are the most fun. It's like going to drama class sometimes!"

**Were you ever afraid?**

"I was, a little bit. As I said, I can sometimes be naive. I've come across people who mix BDSM and alcohol, so maybe they've been rougher than intended. Especially with choking, they may hold too long and not listen to signals. Then I've been a bit afraid in the moment, but not before I arrived. And when I left I felt pretty calm. But I'm a big guy, or I've always been tall, so I'm not this small, weak guy, you know."

But there was one time where I did a pretty hefty gig where I was supposed to stay at a person's place for four days in a confined room, and when I entered I was thinking, now I don't know really what will happen ... I mean, I had





given the address and stuff to a friend, so I did have some leverage, but I mean, if you're dead, you're dead (laugh), then my friend can't do anything, except for finding me. Also, this person was one who had quite severe Asperger's, so he was hard to read, you know people with Asperger's are pretty straightforward and say things in a monotonous way, it's like getting a text without smileys, so you don't know if he's angry or serious."

**How much were you paid for those four days?**

"Ehm, should I really say that?" (laugh)

Yes, definitely.

"I got a hundred thousand (10,000 €/€)."

Shit!

"It's the most I ever got."

**That's unbelievable. So what did he want to do?**

"He wanted me to be some sort of slave and live like a slave, that's why I demanded so much. His initial offer was almost as high, but I pushed it up twenty thousand more. There was nothing to sleep on, only a blanket. There was a food bowl and a water bowl like

for dogs. It was a role play with the idea that I was vermin, or a dog. So it included pain as well, I was hit by him. We had gone through in pretty much detail limits and codewords and so on, so I didn't have the feeling that I entered something where I was not in control. But the whole thing with being in a room which I couldn't escape, and also, this was not in Sweden, there were some worrying aspects. I had to eat from the bowl. It was regular food, but he had put it in a blender so that it would look like dog food. There were some moments when I thought: Will I make it through the four days? But after the second day it was working.

The hardest thing, and the thing that was most exhausting after these four days, was that he was not a person who uses BDSM in a hard way and then a gentle way. He was only hard on me and then he was finished. He didn't give me any sweetness afterward, he didn't want to check if everything was alright with me. And that was also part of the deal, but I never thought that thing would be so hard, but I did think that was hard, to not feel the gentle touch afterward."

**How old were you when this happened?**

"I was seventeen."

**And you thought it was worth it?**

"Yes, it was a hundred thousand. Of course it was worth it. And it was really well arranged. Since I couldn't travel with the money on a plane, I mean why would a seventeen year old travel with a hundred thousand in cash, he had arranged with a car, so I was driven to Copenhagen, and from there I took the train."

**Have you had any relationships?**

"I've not been a relationship kind of guy. I've tried it, but I think that the fact that I've worked as an escort has influenced me in the way I see relationships and what kind of relationship I would want. It's been important for me to have romances on the side of all this. Because sometimes it has not been so fun, then you have done it for the money, you're thinking 'endure for one hour, you get 1,500'"



**What kind of situations has that been? What is the worst?**

"Smells and bad tastes. Bad hygiene is such a turnoff. I mean, I'm not turned on by a cock that smells like camembert. Or people who didn't wash their ass. It's so simple, soap and water will do the job, you know."

**Are your customers worried about breaking the law?**

"Yes yes yes yes, absolutely. To some of them I don't have any other contact details than a dating profile. You set a date and a time when you're chatting, and then you can't change it."

**Is it the social stigma that makes them want to be anonymous, or is it that they are breaking the law?**

"I haven't talked so much to them about it, but some of them have told me that I may never ever say anything to anyone, and they want to meet in places where there are no people, no civilization at all, because they don't want to risk anything."

**Those precautions make the situation less secure for you, since you don't know anything about them and have to meet where there are no other people.**

"Exactly. So I've tried to avoid that kind of things. But there are also people who want to pay for four times in advance, so that there will be no traces. I would say it's quite hard to catch sex buyers in general, if it's not in the second that the money changes hands. Because it's not illegal to walk around with money in your pocket or to have sex with someone."

**Have you had any contact with authorities of any kind?**

"Once when a person was violent and pulled a knife on me to get what he wanted. I wasn't really afraid, because I was so far in my career, I was nineteen. I went to the police and told them what had happened, because I hadn't done anything illegal. They couldn't find him, but I got an indemnity."

I have a customer who I've met for a very long time and who has become a friend.



When I visited him, he told me that he had been reported to the police. He had met two guys a year earlier, and one of them reported him for buying sex and his friend for procuring. If I'm selling sex together with a friend, he can report me for procuring, as if I were a pimp who was selling him. Those laws are so sick, because it's safer to sell sex when you're two! Anyway, he showed me the police investigation, and it was like this thick [grabs half a decimeter of air between his thumb and fingers]. There were images of ten Johns and lots and lots of information, I browsed it and was blown away by how serious this offense is viewed. It was the first time that I realized that shit, the police really spends a lot of time, trying to make arrests, you know. But I think it's more common in the straight sex business. Except for this time, I haven't heard of anyone being reported in the gay sex business."

**Are you politically active?**

"Not really. I'm a member of the organization for sex workers, but I keep a low profile. I'm open with what I do if someone asks, but

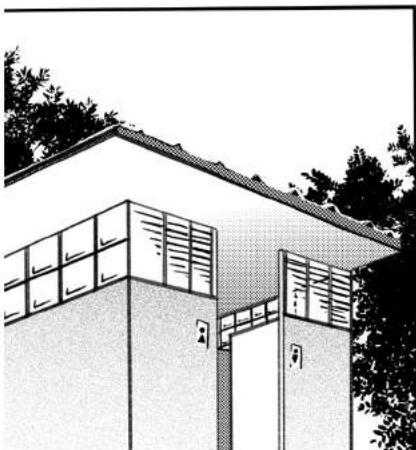


I don't want to stigmatize it. I want a liberal sexual society. I think people would benefit if the laws weren't so harsh. I think fewer people would be put at risk if there were controlled places where we could work, where you could get hospital care and everything. Then it wouldn't be handled over the internet, not to the same extent, and that would be safer."

Are some of your customers, you mentioned the disabled, people who can't get sex if they don't pay for it?

"Yes. I've put it like this: If your [disabled] adult child wants sex. Would you then, as the mum or dad, stand there and hold the dildo? Would you do that? And then they're like, no, I guess I wouldn't. Because that would be like having sex with your own child. *Then I am here for them!* You can hire me. And that's supernice, isn't it? Then the parents can pay.

Or the state could pay if the disabled had a deal that they would be entitled to sex, say, twice a week. If I get paid by the state, the whole thing gets less stigmatized for the one who buys sex, because that is not always so easy, they may feel unattractive or weird, like



'no one wants to have sex with me', but if you are using your state right it would make all parties feel better about it, wouldn't it?"

They have this kind of service for the disabled in Japan.

"Well I am totally pro. There are many who can't get sex in any other way. The disabled are often those who are best with hygiene, so it's not about that. It's about this image that a person must have a face that looks a certain way, a hand that has five fingers, a functioning sex organ, that's how you're supposed to be. And if something is missing there, then you're immediately dismissed. And that's sick." ♥

\* Text in speech bubbles by *The Lover*. \*\* Name changed.

## ILLUSTRATED BY TSUKUMO GOU!

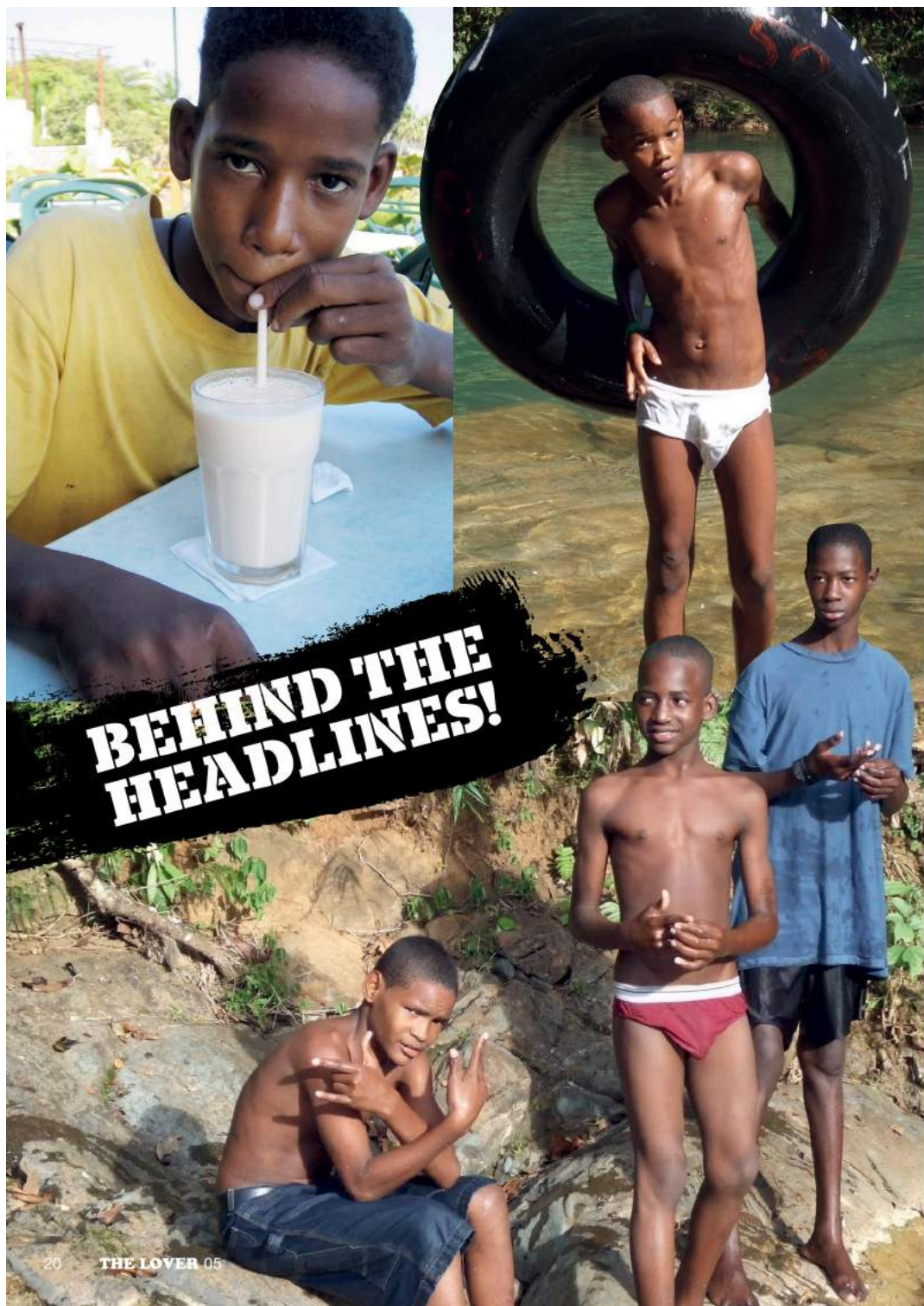
The drawings along this interview were made by Tsukumo Gou, one of Japan's most popular shota artists. Check out his homepage at [ejacu.org](http://ejacu.org)

Best Life Shota has published a series of Mr Gou's manga in uncensored Japanese versions at [cmykrush.com/bl-shota](http://cmykrush.com/bl-shota)

In addition, his manga *Change Over* is available in English translation in print or as a download at [cmykrush.com/e1](http://cmykrush.com/e1)







**BEHIND THE HEADLINES!**

# WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE HAITI SLUMS

■ Swedish teacher used a fake relief organization to abduct children and sell them to pedophiles!

■ German tabloids were falling over themselves with excitement as the news broke in April 2011.

■ But they were wrong.

■ The accused teacher speaks out in an exclusive interview for *The Lover*.



Text: Karl Andersson Photos: Nicholas Prenter

**C**hildren abducted to Berlin for sex", daily newspaper *Berliner Morgenpost* exclaimed on its front page on the morning of Friday 15 April, 2011: "Police bust pedophile ring. Suspects arrested at München Airport. Relief organization apparently functioned as a cover."

The next day, the newspaper had more information for its main headline on the front page: "Abducted children: Police arrest Berlin teacher".

Tabloid newspaper *Berliner Kurier* went further and published a masked photo of the

teacher on its front page (faksimil above), with huge letters on a black background: "Berlin teacher sold children to pedophiles?" The cover story is presented as such: "The repulsiveness of the crime can't be grasped: Berlin teacher Jonas (67) and his accomplices allegedly smuggled street children from Haiti to Berlin, abused them and sold them to pedophiles." The competing tabloid *BZ* also published a photo of Jonas, and also used white letters on black background: "This Berlin teacher allegedly abused street children". On the following Sunday, Jonas again made the cover of *Berliner Kurier*, along with two



of his “accomplices”. Their photos appear under the heading “Berlin child traffickers”. The main headline under their masked photos reads – again, white on black: “Organization of evil”. The text has now done away with modality such as “alleged” or question marks: “The uncovering of the fake relief organization shocks Berlin. Behind the cover of goodness, teacher Jonas and his accomplices abused and sold children from crisis regions.”

Their masked photos appear again on the spread of page 4–5, now with the heading “Berlin child abusers” and the main headline (white on black) “The devil masked as goodness” and the subheadline “They passed their victims on to other pedophiles”.

Whoa.

Five years later, in November 2016, former Berlin teacher Jonas – the “devil” himself – is sitting on the short end of a table in the edito-



“Organization of Evil” was the headline the second time Jonas graced cover of *Berliner Kurier* (additionally anonymized by *The Lover*). Just like *The Lover*, the *Kurier* illustrated their articles with photos of dark skinned boys unrelated to the story.



rial offices of *The Lover*. He has brought cakes and cream, and I’m serving us filter coffee. Jonas is now 72 years old. His lifelong career as a teacher, or schoolmaster as he prefers to call himself, obviously came to an end with the scandal in 2011, more on that later. Despite being Swedish, he masters English and German perfectly; he teaches those subjects, and even teaches Germans how to write correct German in lines with the last spelling and grammar reform of 2006. He is well-dressed in that intellectual way – think a cardigan in sober colors – and has his gray hair cropped short.

**What was this relief organization that the media said was just a cover?**

“It was a real relief organization, we founded it long before the earthquake in Haiti and we were focused on integration projects in Berlin. We made a lot of difference in helping refugees and marginalized groups. For example, we helped a lot of women and girls to get jobs and education.”

**How did your relief work in Haiti come about?**

“We had been to Haiti long before the earthquake happened. I went there with the organization’s director Jack. As in all poor countries, poor boys flock around you immediately and want your help. Older men are generally seen as good people, which is quite a contrast to the West, where we are seen as the devil himself.”

Jonas pauses to tell a story about how he asked a boy the way in Berlin; the boy stared at him in fear before riding off on his bike, fearing “instant rape”, as Jonas puts it.

Back to Haiti:

“One of these boys just wouldn’t leave us. He followed us back to our hotel, and when we went in to sleep, he stayed the night in a bicycle shed outside the hotel – he was waiting for us when we went out the next morning. He had nothing and wanted us to support him.”

The boy’s name was Justin Timberlake\*, and he was 15 years old, though small for his



age due to malnutrition. Jonas communicated with him in French. They also befriended a 20-year-old young man called Francois, who spoke English. Jonas and Jack arranged that Francois would let the boy move in with him and his family; they would transfer a hundred euro monthly to Francois for this purpose.

"Of course, a hundred euro is a fortune in Haiti, so we learned later that Francois used the money to build a house for himself. But he also took care of Justin Timberlake, as we had agreed."

### Putting street boys in school

The next visit to Haiti was made by Jack, without Jonas, who usually spends the summer in Sweden with his family.

"Jack tried to convince me to join him, but I don't want to miss out on my summer months with my wife, my children and my grandchildren. So Jack went alone."



As Jack went alone to Haiti, he found two more boys – brothers, nine and ten years old – who joined them in the house. The boys told Jack they were orphans, but when Jonas visited Haiti the next time, one of them asked him if he wanted to meet his father.

"So I joined him to the slum of Belladère, and he took me to a small concrete bunker, where a poor human being was spread out on the floor in his underwear, dead drunk. The boy explained in Creole who I was. The man sat up, fumbled with his clothes, and explained how happy he was that his boys were allowed to stay at our place. The boys had been street urchins, but since they moved in with us, we had managed to get them to school. When they walked off in their immaculate school uniforms in the morning, they suddenly belonged to the elite."

**You are clearly moved by this.**

"I am. We found the boys in rags, but seeing them walk down the street in their spotless uniforms every morning brought the tears to my eyes. They were my pride! The police most efficiently put an end to all this [after Jonas had left Haiti and been put in custody in Germany], dumping them in rags on the street again to fend for themselves, begging,



stealing, hustling! That is how the police – and our Western culture – protect children!"

"I asked the boy's father in French, using the informal *tu* form, which seemed appropriate given the situation: 'Can you take care of your sons?' 'No', he replied, and gestured toward the bottle. '*C'est impossible.*' At first I had been irritated that the boys had lied about being orphans, but now I realized that they needed our shelter despite having a dad."

The earthquake hit Haiti in January 2010. It took at least 100,000 people's lives, and caused 280,000 houses to collapse. Jonas' and Jack's new friends survived the earthquake. On their next visit, a fourth boy joined the group – one that would play the main role in the scandal later on.

"Mauricio was very beautiful, I could see that Jack fell in love with him immediately. He was probably around 14 years old, though









German authorities tried to make him younger in order to make the case more serious. He came up to us in Port-au-Prince, as we stood in front of the collapsed presidential building. We were more or less stormed by a horde of children, boys and girls, but mostly 13–16-year-old boys. All of them wanted us to take them with us, but we couldn't do that, we were not a big NGO with lots of resources and shelters. The situation was getting chaotic, so we escaped on motorcycle taxis, Jack with Mauricio on one of them, me and Francois on the other."

#### Charity on a small scale

And so their little group had grown to four boys, Francois the caretaker, and Jonas and Jack. They all slept in Francois' small house, in the same room: Jonas and Jack in the double bed ("I didn't like sharing the bed with Jack, as he's quite voluminous"), the kids on the floor.

This kind of relief aid certainly helped the boys, both before and after the earthquake, even though it played out on a small, personal and random scale, rather than in the organized form of bigger NGOs. And yet, help is



help. If more individuals would engage themselves in personally helping children off the street and put them in school, as Jonas and Jack did, much would be won. Jonas says that Francois' mother and girlfriend came by the house and helped them occasionally, "so that the boys would have mother figures too".

So what about the accusations that the organization was only a pretext and the real objective was to have sex with underage boys, maybe even "abduct" them, as the media put it?

"I have worked as a schoolmaster for 45 years, and in a youth camp eight weeks every summer for twelve years. I have never ever done anything with a boy in relation to







my work, although there was plenty on offer. I would never let down my employer in that way", Jonas says, but he adds: "However, I think Jack was different."

#### Caught by the border police

As mentioned, Jack went to Haiti alone on some occasions. It was also clear that he was quite smitten with Mauricio. And then Jack said to Jonas that he wanted to bring Mauricio to Germany, and he wanted Jonas' help to do so. This surprised and shocked Jonas.

"I said I would not help him at all and that he definitely should not do it. I explained exactly how the scenario would play out, what a scandal it would be in the media, and so on. As the chairman of our organization, I forbade him to do it."

But Jack didn't listen to Jonas. Instead, he turned to a 30-year-old Brazilian soccer player in Berlin, who had worked with the organization as part of integration projects. For 5,000 euro, the Brazilian agreed to go with Jack to Haiti and pretend to be the boy's father when they all went back to Germany.

The problems started already on the border with neighboring Dominican Republic, which they crossed in a bus. Jack had to bribe a lady on the bus, so that she would pretend that Mauricio was her son. Then they missed the plane that would take them to Berlin. ("Jack has no sense of time, he's always pathologically late, he had bought four plane tickets to the Dominican Republic before he managed to get there the first time.") And so it happened that Jack, Mauricio and the Brazilian flew to Munich instead.

The plan might have succeeded, if Jack hadn't made a mistake. The odd trio had decided that they would take separate lines at the border control of Munich Airport, in order not to arouse suspicion; Mauricio and the Brazilian in one line, Jack in another. But when Mauricio and the Brazilian were checked, there was some problem. It may just have been a minor problem, but when Jack saw that it took time, he left his own line and walked up to the others and started to nervously explain to the border control officer that there was no problem with Mauricio and the Brazilian. Which, needless to say, created the real problem.

The three of them were taken aside. Their baggage was inspected, and when the police inspectors checked Jack's camera and found photos of naked boys on the memory card, their fate was sealed. (Jonas says that Jack claimed that the boys had used his camera and taken all sorts of pictures in the shower and so on, but who knows.) The men were arrested, the boy handed over to youth authorities.

A curious detail of the story is that Jack's brother is a high ranking police officer in a

German state. Upon realizing this, the border control officers called him up, hardly able to conceal their excitement: "You won't believe who we've got here!"

#### Called to the principal's office

Jonas and Jack surely seem to be each other's opposites. Jonas a wonder of ethics and self-control, Jack in total lack thereof, and rather prone to act on impulse. A side-story confirms this image: It turned out that Jack had failed to pay the organization's taxes and the employees' health insurance fees for some years, although this was his duty as the organization's *Geschäftsführer*. In other words, he had committed fraud. But since Jonas was the chairman, the juridical responsibility was his, and he was ordered to pay tens of thousands of euro out of his own pocket, money he didn't have and didn't want to pay, since he had not been aware of Jack's criminal activities.

"It was astutely hidden from me on purpose!" Jonas exclaims, clearly upset.

So far, in the "child abduction" case, Jack was seen as an individual, without any connection to either the organization or to Jonas. But during the search of Jack's apartment, the police found an old photo of three teenage boys and a man, sunbathing together on the beach by Müggelsee, just outside Berlin. Since it's an FKK (nudist) beach, they were naked, but the photo was taken in a way that didn't show the genitals. A police officer recognized one of the boys as the classmate of his son. So he got in touch with the boy, now about 20 years old, and asked who the man in the photo was. It was Jonas.

Jonas was in school, teaching, when he was called to the principal's office through an announcement over the tannoy, which underlined that it was "urgent".

"That word, *dringend*, is very strong in German, so I started sweating and thought that maybe something had happened to my children."

Two male police officers in plain clothes were waiting for him in the principal's office, and told him that they wanted to "interview" him as a witness. Jonas asked what it was about, and they replied: "Human trafficking."

"That's when I realized it must have something to do with Jack, because he had gone missing. But then again, he always missed his flights, so one never knew."

His next reaction was irritation. "Why do you have to come to my school for such a thing?" He almost shouted. "How dare you?" The officers remained calm and replied: "You should be happy you're not arrested." Then they started the "good cop, bad cop" routine, according to Jonas, who explained to them that the organization "of course not" was a pretext for trafficking.

"They didn't believe me, but at least they wrote down what I said. I realized that it doesn't take long to go from witness to accused."







It took a fortnight for Jonas. At eight in the morning, the doorbell rang. "Delivery", a person on the street said on the intercom. Jonas buzzed the door open and went out in the hallway in his robe. He realized that something was wrong when he heard "a whole army" of boots making their way up to the fourth floor.

#### Apartment trashed by police

The "army" of seven or eight plainclothes officers was headed by a woman, who explained to Jonas that they had "one house-search order and one arrest order" for him. He was allowed to make two phone calls, so he called his lawyer and his Swedish son, with whom he was only allowed to speak German. Then he was allowed to sit down on a chair in the living room, while the officers wreaked havoc in his apartment.

"They could easily have opened all the drawers in my desk and bureau without destroying them. Instead, they threw them on the floor so that all that remained when they were finished was a heap of broken furniture. The destruction is on purpose in this kind of cases."

One of the officers went through his books, another one examined his collection of video tapes.

"What is this?" she asked, and Jonas, cooperative, answered the questions:

"That is a recording of the Golden Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth, I sometimes use it in my teaching – enjoy."

"There may be hidden child porn on the tape", the officer insisted, to which Jonas laconically countered:

"I guess so. Enjoy."

There was no child porn on the tape with the Queen's celebrations, and not in the rest of the apartment either. Jonas would eventually get back every single item that the police seized, with the explicit notion that they had "no relevance" to the charges.

As the police were carrying out Jonas' belongings, Jonas' son arrived. Upset, he asked



his father in Swedish: "What the hell have you done?" The police told him to not speak in Swedish, and the son replied, in German, that "I speak in any language I want with my father!" The next second, all eight officers were on top of him, according to Jonas, and dragged him, "brutally so", into the next room.

After several hours, Jonas left his apartment together with the police and the seized material. He had been allowed to dress while an officer was observing him. He was remanded in pre-trial custody at *Justizvollzugsanstalt Moabit*, a historic prison where many regime critics were imprisoned during the Third Reich (and where your editor spent a couple of hours after a night out in 2007, see *Destroyer 06*).

#### Harassed in jail

Jonas would remain in custody for six months, while the police worked on his case. When the police told media about the case, they described Jonas as "the spider in the



net” of the “pedophile ring”. Needless to say, he immediately lost his job as a teacher, and he would have lost his apartment too, if his wife had not paid the rent. (Jonas’ wife lives in their house in Sweden and does not use his Berlin apartment.)

In the prison, Jonas only had to share a cell for one night (“it’s embarrassing to do ‘number two’ in the presence of someone else”), after that he had his own cell. But he still met the other inmates in the showers and during the daily outdoor time. In the beginning, the others didn’t know why he was there. “You don’t belong here”, they said. “You’re not one of us.” Jonas used the unpaid health insurance fees as his cover story in the beginning, but after he graced cover of Berlin’s tabloid newspapers, the other prisoners realized who he was.

“A Turkish guy fixated me with his eyes and told me in very broken German: ‘In the showers ... you ... dead’”, Jonas says, while remarking that all prisoners use the informal *du* form.

Jonas told his lawyer about the death threat, and it turned out that she was very influential, as she knew the prison director personally after having studied for the bar with him many years ago.

“She called him up immediately and told him that she would hold him personally responsible if something happened to me.”

That may have saved Jonas’ life. The very next day, the prison’s assistant director visited him in his cell and offered him special protection. From now on, he showered alone and spent his outdoor time in a small group of five, people with whom he would become good friends, despite the other prisoners yelled “child molester” from behind the bars (to which Jonas yelled back: *Selber!*, approximately “it takes one to know one”).

Some of the longtime prisoners (as opposed to those in pre-trial custody) had work duties such as cleaning the corridor, and they would whisper to him in passing, or bang on his cell door to convey the same message: “We’ll get you. One day, we’ll get you.” But they didn’t.

### Enduring prison life

Jonas held out well in his small cell, which had a small window with bars, overlooking the prison yard. He read lots of books, which he borrowed in the prison library and which lined the single shelf in his cell. He did gymnastics, and during the outdoor time he tried to do some jogging, but quickly developed a calcaneal spur due to the hard iron floor. He wore his own clothes, as most of the prisoners did, which meant his son had to bring him fresh laundry every week, and take the used clothes back. The weekends were the hardest to endure, as there were fewer guards, and some of the prisoners would get “cell crazy” – *Haftkoller* – which means they would scream like crazy and kick their cell doors in panic.

“It was not until I got out that I heard what had happened in the Moabit prison some years earlier. The guards had ‘forgotten’ to







lock a certain prisoner's cell when going on their weekend leave. At the same time, they had 'forgotten' to lock certain other prisoners' cells. They entered his cell wearing motorcycle helmets. They stamped him to death, there was only a bloody mess on the floor when they were finished. I'm happy I didn't know about this."

Although Jonas says that it might be an urban legend (this is further supported by his lawyer, who would have known of such an incident), it's a fact that inmates of his kind are killed from time to time, all over the world.

#### Judge drops all Haiti charges

After six months, the prosecutor was ready to take the case to court. The most striking part of the accusations was what was missing from them: The whole Haiti story. Jonas was not suspected of any involvement at all with the "human trafficking" that Jack was being investigated for. During the interrogations, Mauricio had immediately admitted that he had "done things" with Jack, but also said that

he had not done anything with Jonas. Not until the seventh interrogation did the police manage to make him "admit" that he had done things with Jonas too.

"They made him lie", Jonas says. "They forced him to say he did things with me too. The interrogation protocols state that they pressed him so hard that he cried and threw up. They didn't ask him questions, but rather proposed descriptions such as 'wasn't it like this, he grabbed your thighs and stuck his dick inside your ass' and finally Mauricio caved in and said 'yes, yes, it was like that, and I screamed so that the whole house woke up'. The police were proud of these tactics. At the end of the last interrogation, they write that they have finally managed to get the boy to 'trust them' and 'tell the truth.'"

So why didn't Mauricio "tell the truth" about Jonas immediately, as he did with Jack? The police explain in the interrogation protocol: "He was so badly hurt by Jonas that he was unable to speak about it."

It seems that some part of the Haiti story did exist in the accusations, but that it was retracted after the judge said, according to Jonas, that she could not use the interrogations, since the police work was substandard and the boy had changed his story many times (whereas he had been consistent about Jack from the beginning).

#### Police play their trump

What did exist, however, was a completely different story. Marcel, the 20-year-old young man who had told the police who the man in the photo was, was reluctant to talk to the police about his involvement with Jonas as a teenager. However, he was himself suspected of a crime after having made a 13-year-old girl pregnant – that's partly why the police recognized him on the photo. In other words, he had had sex with an underage girl, since the age of consent is 14 in Germany. So the police offered him a deal: Talk to us about Jonas, and we'll let you off easy.





So Marcel talked. Both he and his friend said that Jonas had sucked them off ten times each.

"I've never done such a thing", Jonas says. "I summed it up in my head: If you get two years for each count, that would make 40 years in prison."

However, there had been *something* going on. Maybe one instance of oral sex, Jonas admits, but that was when Marcel was 17, quite buff and definitely "over the hill" for him; Jonas says he almost did it out of courtesy, because Marcel wanted it. And there might have been something else too: A couple of handjob for the boys about two months before they reached the age of consent. Probably long forgotten by the boys, as they gave completely different stories now.

#### A deal before trial

When Jonas' cell door was opened in the morning of the day of the trial, there were two guards there to collect him. One said he would take him to the court, the other said he would take him to see his lawyer. They argued



internally about which way to go, but in the end agreed that they would take Jonas to his lawyer first.

As Jonas was let into the room where his lawyer waited, the other guard said: "You have five minutes." Jonas' lawyer, an older woman, replied with natural authority: "*Mein Herr*. We are the stars of this drama. Nothing can begin without the two of us."

The lawyer showed Jonas a paper. It contained the accusations of the two boys, the 20 counts of oral sex. "I haven't done this!" Jonas exclaimed. "I will fight to the last drop of blood to prove I haven't done this!"

His lawyer then explained that she had arranged a deal with the judge. If Jonas pleaded guilty to the charges, he would only get parole. "You can go home with your family within ten minutes if you accept the plea." The alternative would be to fight the case in court, to prove his innocence of the extravagant charges. But the trial would take six or seven days, and the lawyer cost 2,000 euro per day. And he could still be found guilty to some of the charges, or all of them, and the sentence would then be at least four years behind bars.



The deal breaker was that his whole family waited for him in the courtroom, along with curious colleagues from his school. His family were there to support him – his wife had asked and got permission to sit next to him in the dock, a permission that is granted to spouses in Germany. If the alleged victims did not turn up as witnesses – which they indeed did not; "they had made themselves scarce", as Jonas says – the interrogations with them would be read out loud to the court, in front of Jonas' family and his colleagues. In order to avoid that humiliation, and to walk "free" while at the same time saving lots of money, Jonas decided to take the deal.

The whole thing took only a couple of minutes. The judge asked him if he was guilty of the accusations as they were stated in the prosecutor's affidavit. Jonas said yes. And that was it – court dismissed. His sentence was two years parole and to pay 3,000 euro to a foundation for children with cancer.

#### A career down the drain

What hurts Jonas the most is that his family has suffered because of him. One of his daughters failed a university exam and had to study one more year. His other daughter was harassed by her colleagues and had to change job, which included getting another education. (This daughter called during our interview, since it had been Father's Day the

day before.) Jonas sponsored this extra year for his children. They succeeded very well in the end, but that year ate up all of Jonas' savings. "The whole bloody lot!"

"I'm really happy that I could help my children, otherwise I would have felt very bad", Jonas says.

He is also happy that his savings went to his children (and to the children with cancer), instead of being taken by the state for the fraud that Jack had committed. Jonas still doesn't know if the German state will try to get the money from him, but he does not have any address anymore, and his lawyer says that the inquiries from the state were returned to sender.

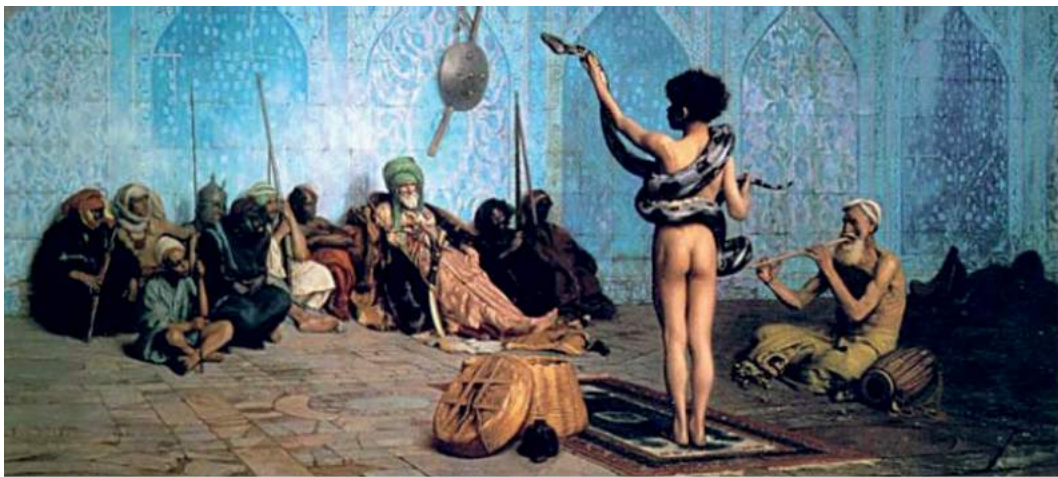
"I've been a schoolmaster my whole life, and a very popular one at that. But all of that goes down the drain when something like this happens to you. Of all my former colleagues, only one has contacted me after this, the chairman of an important association. He wanted to hear my version, and when I told him, he said that he understood. And the parents of the pupils stood behind me. One mother gave me a long hug after the trial."

Jack was sentenced to four and a half years in prison. He was released in September 2016. ♥

\*All names have been changed in this article. The boy called "Justin Timberlake" was in fact named after another famous singer with a similarly recognizable name. The photos are unrelated to the article.







"The Snake Charmer" was painted by Jean-Léon Gérôme around 1879. It is generally seen as an example of Orientalism.

# Dancing boys

## - a historical exposé

Bacha bazi is described as sexual abuse by Western media.  
We look for the Afghan boy cult's historical equivalents.

Text: Karl Andersson

**T**he documentary *The Dancing Boys of Afghanistan* was broadcast on the American TV station PBS in 2010. I will use it as an entrance to similar phenomena that have appeared historically. The documentary describes the *bacha bazi* scene in Afghanistan, where adolescent boys dance in front of men, and have sex with "the highest bidder" afterward. Pretending to make a film about the same practice in the West, the reporter Najibullah Quraishi managed to film these dances, and make surprisingly honest interviews with both men and boys. A former commander says:

"I had a boy partner when I was an unmarried commander. I had a boy, because every other commander had one. There's competition among the commanders, and without one, I couldn't compete with the others."

**Do you have sex with them?**

"If they're willing to have sex, then I would. If they're not, I won't."

**The boys want to have sex?**

"Yes, a lot of them."

**You wouldn't think twice?**

"I wouldn't. If they want to have sex, no problem. Many boys want sex."

The film centers around Dastager, a businessman who claims to have "had" between two and three thousand boys – as dancers, he seems to mean, since he says no when asked if he had sex with them. The reporter is allowed to follow him when he gets a new prospect: Shafiq, an 11-year-old boy from a poor family. The boy will live with Dastager for a year, during which he will learn to sing and dance. In return for this exchange, Shafiq's family gets money.

Shafiq obviously has no clue about what is going on. When interviewed by the reporter, he says what Dastager wants him to say. You can even hear Dastager whisper the right answers in the background. We are also taken to the boy's father for an interview, but it seems Dastager has set the reporter up with another person who just pretends to be the father of Shafiq. After some months, Shafiq's mood changes, according to the reporter, who concludes that Dastager probably has made sexual approaches toward the boy. Thus the reporter decides that he and the producer will try to save Shafiq.

This quest is both sweet and naïve. As viewers, we get the impression that Dastager has abducted Shafiq, training him to become a dancer against the will of his parents. But the fact remains that Shafiq's family has "sold" him to Dastager, a result of the extreme poverty in Afghanistan. And as it will turn out, the "fake father" was actually Shafiq's uncle. It seems the family agreed upon the deal, so the question is what exactly Shafiq would be saved from, and what he would be saved to. We will see that later.

**T**he bacha bazi scene is undoubtedly fraught with problems. We are told about a 15-year-old boy who was murdered because he tried to escape from his "master". Obviously, some dancing boys face the same tragic fate as many Afghan women.

And yet, the tradition of bacha bazi is extremely fascinating, since similar phenomena are common in history. One need hardly mention ancient Greece: The early Dorian coming-of-age rites and the classical obsession with young male beauty. In Athens, a boy could play the part of *eromenos* (the beloved) as long as he was beardless. After that, he would "switch sides" and become the *erastes* (the lover) of a younger *eromenos*. This pattern seems to be prevalent in the bacha bazi scene too. 15-year-old Imam, who has danced for several years, explains:



"I'm 15 now, so for another two or three years I'll continue singing and dancing. After three years, I might be able to remain friends with these people, but I'll probably be too old for them, and they might not like me anymore."

After he turns 18, Imam says, he plans to become the master of his own stable of dancing boys.

"I'll probably keep between 20 and 30, if I can afford it. A boy should be 12 or 13, and of good character. A very polite boy. He should have no other interests except bacha bazi. I would like to keep them for myself, and they should be useful for me and my friends."

An even better comparison is that of Rome. Where the classical Greeks worshipped the boy, and therefore only dared to penetrate him between his thighs (intercrural sex) while he was standing (thus not being degraded to a woman by lying under the man), the Romans enjoyed anal sex with boys. This was possible because they used slaves as their sexual partners, since free-born Romans were considered *stuprum* (taboo). A man could have one or more slave boys in his "stable", to have sex with on the side of his wife, who had nothing to say about this arrangement – just like in Afghanistan, it seems, and other patriarchal cultures. The former commander again:

"I would keep a boy if my wife agreed. If she didn't mind, I would keep one boy."

**Is it usual for a wife to give permission?**

"In Afghanistan, husbands don't listen to their wives. But I'm a cultured person. I discuss it with my wife first."

The Romans didn't listen to their wives either, but the topic was discussed and there are



many examples of wives being jealous of the boys. Craig A. Williams describes in *Roman Homosexuality* (Oxford University Press, 1999) how the poet Martial deals with it:

*"In one of his poems, Martial addresses his 'wife' who has found him anally penetrating a boy. To her nagging observation that she can provide him with the same kind of pleasure the poet responds with a catalog of mythological exempla illustrating the point that anal intercourse is more pleasurable with boys than it is with women, and he concludes with a harsh dismissal: 'So stop giving masculine names to your affairs, and think of it this way, wife: you have two cunts.'" (p. 27)*

This discussion even made it into the mythology, where Jupiter is supposed to have preferred the anus of the boy Ganymede to the one of his wife Juno (according to Martial), which Virgil claimed was one of the reasons why Juno never ceased to hate the Trojans, since Ganymede was a Trojan.

The story of Jupiter and Ganymede seems to be as relevant to the bacha bazi tradition in Afghanistan as it was to the Romans. Williams writes (my italics):

*"Ganymede, a foreigner abducted by a potentate in order to be his slave, corresponded perfectly to real role among Romans". (p. 59)*

There is an even more evident, and more recent historical parallel to bacha bazi, namely the kabuki theatre in pre-Meiji Japan in the 17th century, where boy actors sang and danced in front of a male audience. Afterward, the actors were sexually available, just like the dancing boys of Afghanistan.

The kabuki scene was extremely popular. Ihara Saikaku wrote a book of short stories in 1687, which was nothing less than a tribute to this form of theatre with its immensely beautiful boy actors. The author, or rather, his character, brags in the same way as Dastager, but also has an understanding of the problems:



Hishikawa Moronobu: "Male couple on a futon". Early 1680s.

*"... in my 27 years as a devotee of male love I have loved all sorts of boys, and when I wrote down their names from memory the list came to 1,000. Of all these, it was with only a very few that I shared a sense of honor and masculine pride; the others were working boys who gave themselves to me against their will. When you consider their suffering in aggregate, it must have been considerable." (8:3, p. 293)*

The book is called *The Great Mirror of Male Love* in English and was translated by Paul Gordon Schalow (Stanford University Press, 1990), who has also written a very informative introduction.

In another story, the men talk about the boys in the same businesslike way as Dastager and his friends:

*"That is the most handsome boy to pass all day. It must be Uemura Tatsuya. They were correct, of course."*

*'People know quality when they see it,' a man from Mogami commented, sounding like a merchant selling wares." (8:4, p. 302)*

Mostly though, the boys in Saikaku's description of the kabuki theatre are worshipped by their admirers, who cut off their fingers to display their love for the boys. The boy is the master – not the other way around. This is obviously not the case in Afghanistan. Even though there are similarities to the kabuki tradition, the Afghan bacha bazi seems to suffer from mainly two things:

First, bacha bazi is illegal. The Taliban forbade boys to dance in women's clothes, and

the current, "Western" government is about to follow the Taliban in their tracks. Hence, bacha bazi is more or less an underground scene, with all the lack of control and regulations that come with that. The kabuki scene, by contrast, was recognized in society, and thus had developed its own culture, meaning the scene was not ruled by certain rich businessmen like in Afghanistan.

Second, bacha bazi is driven by poverty. To dance at a kabuki theatre was a choice, to boys who were extraordinarily beautiful. Poverty leaves no choice, and that's why the bacha bazi ends up like kabuki's distorted mirror.

In fact, bacha bazi reminds more of the sex trade with teenage boys in Prague in the 1990s, as it was described in Wiktor Grodecki's 1994 documentary *Not Angels But Angels*. Some of the Czech rent boys told tragic stories, whereas others had Imam's carefree attitude. Both societies were poor and chaotic after sudden social change – a hotbed for exploitation.

It seems the fascination with the boy is universal. In one form or the other, it is prevalent in all cultures in all ages. In some, there have been more developed ways of relating to the boy – *there is culture*. And as long as there is a culture, it doesn't matter much exactly what forms this fascination takes – it's all okay, since it's, well, normal. It's the lack of culture that paves the way for greedy individuals who exploit old traditions which in themselves are harmless or even benevolent.

So what happened to Shafiq? As mentioned, the reporter and his team decided to help him. This wasn't easy, since Dastager had the local police on his side. But with the help of the "cultured" former commander, they managed to find him and "abduct him back" from Dastager.

The father didn't seem overjoyed to get his son back. He had now lost the income his son

would have provided, and he was under constant threat from Dastager and his allies. The film team solved this by relocating Shafiq's family to a village far away from their previous home, and give them some money as well to make it easier to start up in the new village and to let Shafiq go to school.

The last interview with Shafiq is supposed to make us happy:

**How do you feel about being back with your parents?**

"I feel good."

**Have you started school or any courses yet?**

"Yes. I'm doing an English course."

**An English course?**

"Yes."

**What do you want to become in the future?**

"My wish is to study in school. I want to become a doctor in the future. I want to be able to help other boys to improve their futures."

Sweet, right? But to me, his replies were as spontaneous as those he gave when Dastager whispered the right answers to him. He's still the good boy who says what we want him to say, only with optimistic piano music in the background this time instead of the scary Dastager soundtrack. As Westerners, we want him to say that he has plans, that he loves school and that he wants to become a doctor. *Good boy!* But everything seems to matter more to the American TV team than to the actual family. ❤️

An earlier version of this text was published at <http://karl.andersson.se/2010/05/07/a-short-history-of-dancing-boys/> in May 2010.





# Get out, Mowgli!

**SPOILER ALERT!**

There's a new deal in the jungle. Disney's 2016 remake of *The Jungle Book* mirrors society as brilliantly as its predecessor from 1967.

Text: Karl Andersson

Once described Disney's 1967 version of *The Jungle Book* as a "pre-Stonewall queer classic", in the sense that it manifested the idea of "the phase", the notion that many men go through a period of homosexuality in their youth, a theory that only two years later would become unbearably dated as the Stonewall riots catapulted the modern gay movement into existence, and with it the idea of sexualities – you're either straight or gay, and anyone who dares utter the words "it's just a phase" is a homophobe. But in my reading of the classic movie, Mowgli did indeed spend a gay phase in the jungle, fooling around with "animals" of all kinds, before eventually following his fate and settling with a girl in the man village. (*Destroyer* 08, February 2009.)

With Jon Favreau's 2016 take on the movie there's a new deal in the jungle, and not only because the agile animated Mowgli of 1967 has been replaced by well-nourished (and well-versed with the media) Neel Sethi, about 11 years old at the time of shooting.

Sure, there's still Baloo, of course, and the other animals. But the most sinister of them, Kaa the snake, has been made female in an attempt to soften a character that in the 1967 version reminded of a cunning bar queen and expert seducer, thereby a perfect fit in my queer reading. And how could Favreau have done otherwise, in this time and age. A male Kaa would simply have been too much for today's pedo-wary audience.

The biggest and most telling change, however, is – **SPOILER ALERT!** – the end.

The whole presupposition of 1967 *Jungle Book* is that Mowgli will eventually have to leave the jungle, and that he in fact does so. That's what lends sadness and nostalgia to his interactions with his buddies among the animals, and most of all his lover Baloo, of course. But we accept it, because we know it's the way things have to be. Every gay man who has enjoyed the company of a young man for a short period of time is painfully aware of this inevitable way of things.



In 2016, Mowgli doesn't leave the jungle.

But first, we are treated with the exciting dramaturgy of an action flick – we get the Great Battle between Mowgli and the tiger Shere Khan. But whereas the 1967 version saw Mowgli leave his enemy behind in the jungle, where Mowgli ultimately didn't belong, the 2016 version sees Mowgli defeat him – big time. Mowgli defeats Shere Khan "as a man", as Bagheera puts it when urging Mowgli to do so, by using the kind of traps that only a man can come up with. Instead of man respecting nature by keeping it at a distance, we get man *conquering* nature by destroying it.

And that's when Mowgli decides to stay in the jungle, which with Shere Khan's death has become safe. I can't help but thinking of how boys today are not allowed to leave childhood. Instead of being allowed to have a will and a sexuality of their own, they're treated as children ever higher up in the ages. In my analysis, this has come about because we live in a female society. Women used to take care of the male offspring as long as they

were children. But upon reaching puberty, the boys were handed over to the male hemisphere of society, where other rules applied. Women mourned letting go of their boys, but they realized it was for the best.

In today's West, women keep their grip on the boys, refusing to let them go despite they are not children anymore. So it should come as no surprise that Mowgli does not leave the jungle in 2016, which would be the natural next step in his development. The new deal is to make the dangerous jungle a "safe space" where Mowgli can stay all his life. As a final insult to the way things were, the wolf-pack, which sets out the rules for the jungle, elects their first female leader. The end. ♥





# The boy is radical

Case in point: Radicalism is defined by the reactions of others.

Text: Karl Andersson

**Every now and then** I'm reminded of what a radical little press I'm obviously running.

Despite having lived in Berlin for over a decade, I've largely kept to my old printer in Prague, since they know me and my projects, and because prices in the Czech Republic were lower than in Germany, by about a half. So every publication I printed included a day trip to Prague with a rented car. Enjoyable at times, for example if I brought a friend and we stayed the night, but mostly nagging and costly.

Over these ten years, things have changed. My printer has downsized, from 50 to 10 employees, and let go of their big printing plant in the suburb. The remaining equipment in their centrally located office sometimes doesn't deliver the quality I was used to from the old *Destroyer* times. I don't think this is noticable from a reader perspective,

but as a publisher and perfectionist, it nags me. In addition, the Czech Republic has been doing well financially, which means their currency has become more expensive and the price difference between a small Czech printer and a huge (thereby automated and cheap) German one has decreased to the point of extinction.

So I started using a printer in Berlin in addition to the Prague one. I printed some smaller projects there; leaflets, stickers, and a whole three of them postcards. It was so convenient – local pickup by S-bahn! And excellent results! I was so happy and started to plan for a postcard series of Nicola's old photos from 1970s' Italy. But as I was waiting for this printer to finish another three postcards, I was contacted by their customer service director, who wrote:

"After checking your print order we distance ourselves from producing and delivering it. There will be no costs for you because of this. We kindly ask you to refrain from placing orders in our house in the future."

Note the extra harsh language: It would have been enough to say they wouldn't fulfill my order, but instead they "distance themselves" from doing so, as if it was a political statement. Which I guess it was.

**The motives that caused** this reaction were three boys posing in swimwear. No nudity. No closeup of the "genital region", as it's called in some jurisdictions. Just happy young boys, posing in broad daylight on the beach or on the street of 1970s Naples. It's proof of the unique quality of these vintage photos that they had me completely banned from a printer, despite there is nothing concrete on the surface that would cause such a reaction; there is nothing describable, which may be why the printer didn't bother with explaining their decision. And yet, there's a ton going on under the surface. The gaze of one of the boys is penetrating in a way that startles



It was the three photos on this spread that the German printer declined to print. Buy them as postcards at [cmykrush.com/gb01](http://cmykrush.com/gb01)

you. The body language of another boy subtly makes your mind wander. There is an ancient language going on in the photos – between the boys and the photographer. There is a hinted context, and I think that's what's shocking modern Western printers: *It just feels wrong*.

I don't mind companies denying me service, as long as there are other companies to turn to. But just out of curiosity, I checked the terms and conditions of this particular printer. Paragraph 8 (2) states the company's right to cancel an order that "offends common decency or human dignity, discriminates a third party based on his or her gender, ancestry, race, language, homeland and origin, faith, religious or political worldview, sexual identity or disability, or if the subject matter of the order is directed at the free democratic foundation of the Federal Republic of Germany."

Woah, you sure that was thorough enough? Maybe add some alcoholics or fat people, or is it alright to discriminate those? Seriously, it's entertaining to see a company go to such extremes to include every possible reason for discrimination, including "sexual identity", only to freak out upon the next close encounter with a piece of authentic homosexual culture.

The incident is not the only one. Another printer in Berlin turned down the order for the second issue of *The Lover*, saying they would not print the magazine "in our house" (apparently a favorite phrasing among German companies).

**I sometimes wonder** whether I exaggerate the resistance toward the kind of content I publish. Maybe I'm deliberately victimizing myself? Maybe my publishing is not such a big deal after all? But apparently it is. The boy is a big deal.

Luckily, the printing press has been around for a while, so there are plenty of printers to choose from. It's very unlike the situation for online credit card payments, where Visa/Mastercard have the power to decide the fate of online businesses. So I went to another one of those huge German printers, and they delivered the rest of Nicola's postcards without blinking – and with excellent results.

As for the magazine, I've went back to the Czechs, who have stood by me for over ten years. So what if the quality is unpredictable – it's the reality of underground publishing. I try to see the occasional failure in color handling (too bland colors) as a reminder that my content is too hot to be printed elsewhere. (But it still breaks my heart.) ♥





## One ring to rule them all

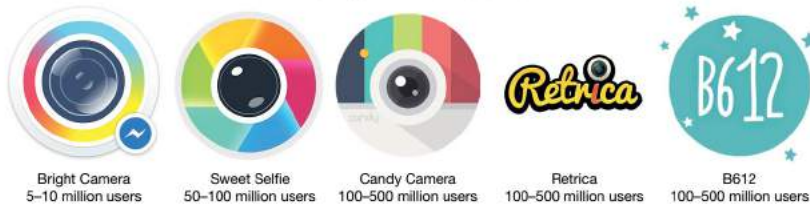
Meet the new producers and distributors of child pornography.

Boys around the world seem intent on breaking the law. Society is trying to stop them from taking inappropriate selfies, just like society tried to stop them from masturbating in the middle ages.

But boys will be boys.

And there are a number of companies that support their activities and profit from them. We have listed the main perpetrators in this dirty trade – when will law enforcement finally crack down on this global child porn conglomerate?

### EXCLUSIVE PRODUCERS



Bright Camera 5–10 million users  
Sweet Selfie 50–100 million users  
Candy Camera 100–500 million users  
Retrica 100–500 million users  
B612 100–500 million users

### DISTRIBUTORS AND PARTLY PRODUCERS



The distributors reach billions of active consumers worldwide, with Facebook at the top (1.86 billion), followed by their subsidiaries Instagram (600 million) and Whatsapp (500 million) – data from March 2017. Line is popular in Asia with 600 million users, and Wechat is the biggest distributor in China, with 768 million users in September 2016.

### ASK THE LOVER

**GAY SHAME!**

**Q.** Dear Karl, your mag is outstanding GREAT! As an artist, who prefers drawing young man and boys to praise their beauty and erotic attraction I wondered, why gays were sometimes frowning at my pictures and hetero (mostly wom-

an) just liked it. I've found a lot of my own thoughts in your articles and I am very glad, that you continue with "The Lover".

**Armin, Germany**

**A.** The common characteristic of homosexuals is being sexually attracted to the same sex. But once you start grouping people together this way, it's tempting to come up

with other common characteristics, such as being attracted to young people, or liking opera. That's why so many gays feel the need to protest that they are not "like that", despite happily being grouped together with people who are "like that". Just not "like that". Get it? Neither do I. It's the innate problem of identity politics. **Karl**

## Phone rules

"Kid takes inappropriate photo, school pressures them to give up password, school hands phone off to police.

Remember, kids: *Never* unlock your phone for school employees or police. Getting suspended is better than going to jail.

"But I don't have anything illegal on my phone!" You are 16. Do you know the laws? Do you know what your friends will send you? Don't unlock.

The complete, unmatched violation of privacy a compromised smartphone allows is something I think most people don't fully grasp gravity of. A smartphone has access to everything. Watches everything. Hears everything. It is the intimate partner only a machine could ever be.

The first rule of smartphone is absolutely no one else gets to use your phone. They don't even get to be alone in a room with it. Your smart-



The photos on this spread have no relation to the stories.

phone is your highest castle. It is an extension of your own person. It must never be violated. Treat others' phones the same way."

*Combined tweets by @SwiftOnSecurity*

## Meanwhile in rural Waboca

Waboca looks like any other small town: Church, gas station, trailer park. You would never have guessed what the citizens of Waboca have in common: They love child porn.

"When we first moved here, we were like, what the fuck", Allmart employee Dick Childs explains.

"We wanted to cut the balls off anyone who came near our children", his wife Abigail chuckles.

Now Dick is wearing a t-shirt that says "I love child porn" and his wife is working on a scrap book with child porn.



Abigail and Dick Childs are proud consumers of child porn.

In addition, Dick has put up a sticker in the rear window of their Toyota:

But it doesn't end there. The



Dick pasted this sticker in the rear window of his Toyota.

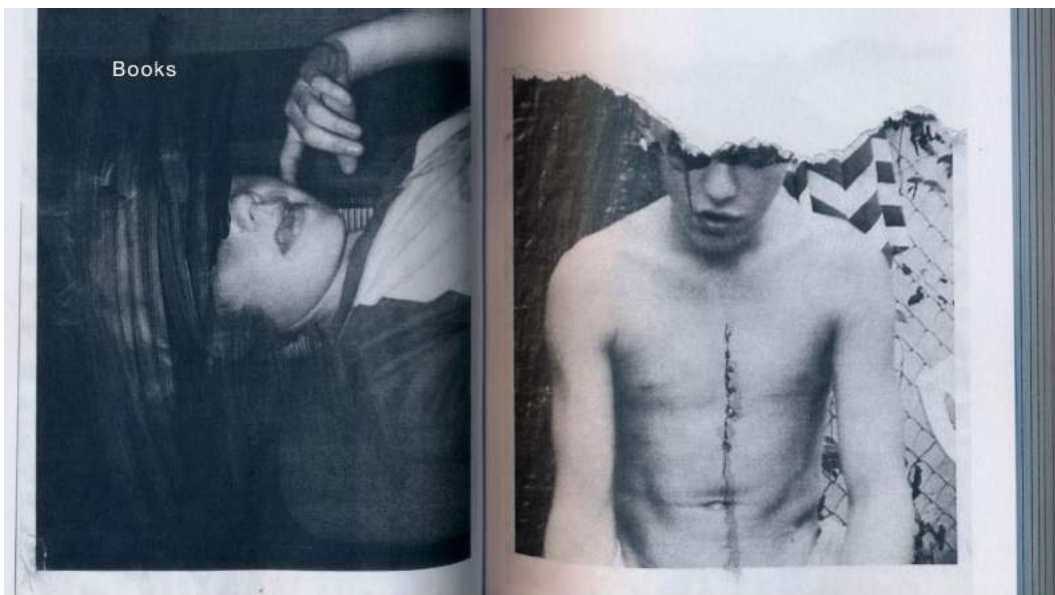
local pastor Padre Pederastia welcomes his congregation with the message "honk if you love child porn".

"You bet I'm pushing that horn!" Dick exclaims.

"And I'm cheering him on!" his wife chips in. "Family values are important to us."







Spread from *Teenage Satanists in Oklahoma*. The anthology was released in March 2017 and can be bought at [www.kiddiepunk.com](http://www.kiddiepunk.com).

## Underground culture

A bunch of sold out Kiddiepunk titles have been reprinted.

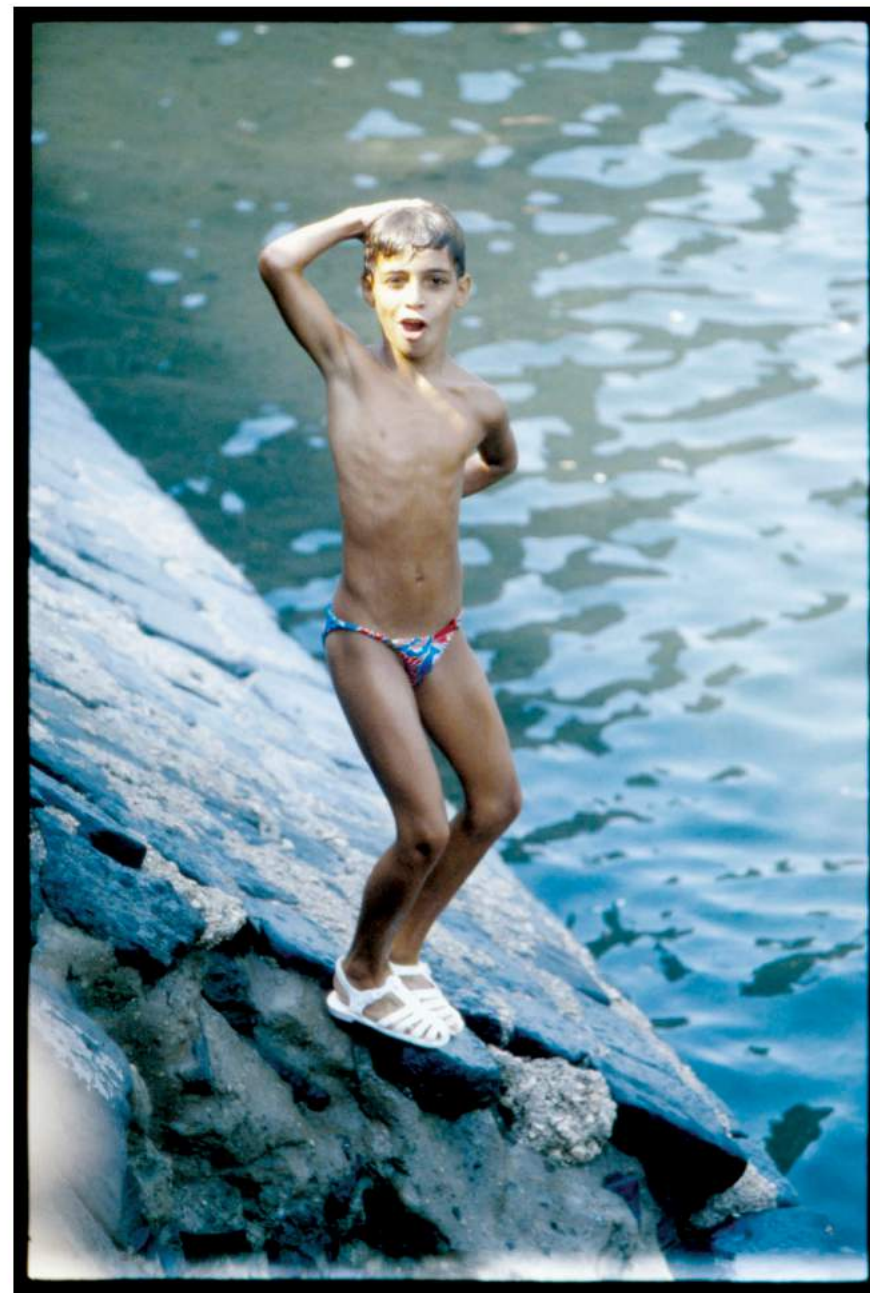
**K**iddiepunk. The word tickles your mind. Or guts. It is the name of the small press that Michael Salerno runs out of Paris, France. In many respects, it is the distorted twin of my own press Enta Leben. Different style, same motor. Paris vs Berlin.

That's my impression when I'm reading the newly released volume *Collected 2011–2015*, which includes ten out-of-print Kiddiepunk titles – stories, poetry, drawings and photos – by various artists, including Dennis Cooper and the publisher himself.

My favorite piece was Thomas Moore's story fragments called *Graves*. A boy in the back of a car. A transsexual prostitute. An artist putting together collages out of child porn.

But I was as happy to see a reprint of Salerno's *Teenage Satanists in Oklahoma*, a series of suggestive photo collages.

This is real underground culture of the kind we're not spoiled with. *KA*



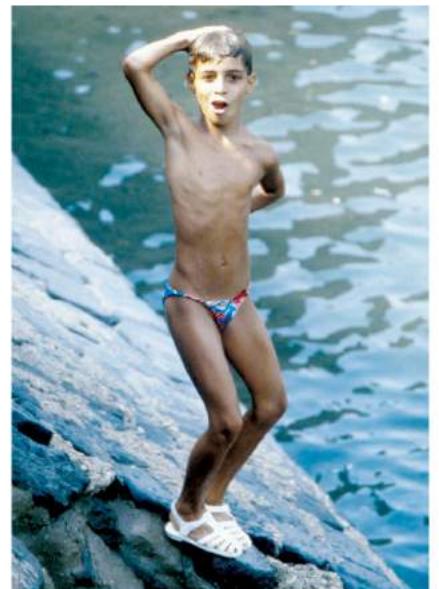
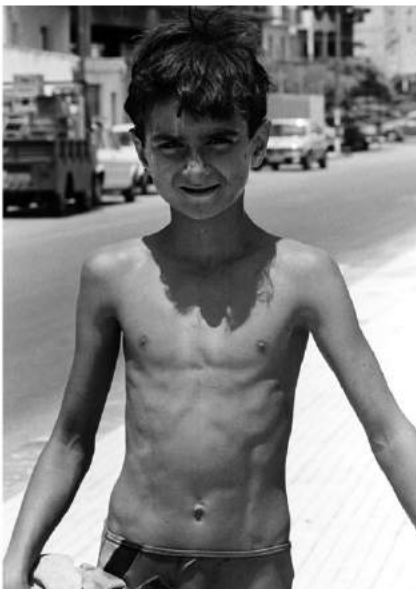
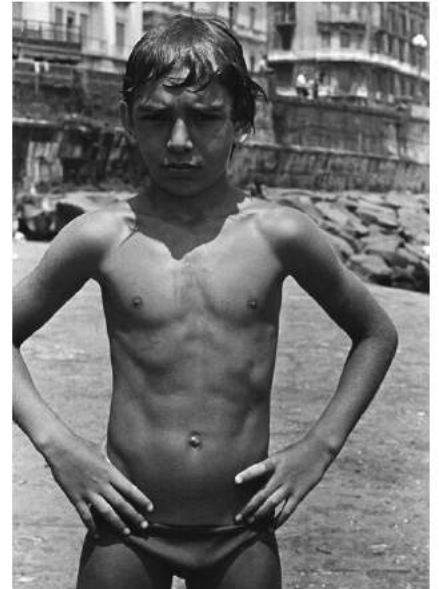


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