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Alicelovers

magazine

Issue no. 1

ALICELOVERS

A magazine dedicated
to the Joy of our most
treasured gift.

Free



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about important movies
and books

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Introduction

Welcome to the reboot of Alicelovers Magazine, the official magazine of Visions of Alice! First of all, we would like to extend our gratitude for your willingness to open this magazine and to begin reading—others might have balked at the very concept of a magazine by pedophiles. It is our hope that you are reading this with an open mind and a willingness to set aside popular beliefs. In this introduction, a few things must first be said before you move on to the articles to follow.

We believe that the average person who has heard of pedophilia probably has a few misconceptions about it. It is essential to realize that pedophilia refers to an attraction, not an action. The appellation “pedophile,” in the etymological sense (that is, not according to the popular definition), could not be more apt: simply put, it refers to the love of children. And that is precisely what we are—child lovers. Some of us are attracted to boys (BLs) and others are attracted to girls (GLs; like most of us at VoA), while some are non-exclusively attracted to both (CLs).

And when we talk of love, we mean love in the purest sense of the word. It is a profound yearning to care for, to protect, and to nurture children. It is tinged with sexual desire, yes, but is that not true of the feelings other adults have for their loves and infatuations? One of our general hopes is that the demonization of sexual desire will be undone—not because we want to be free to engage sexually with children, but because sexual desire in itself is harmless. And yet, in the eyes of society, the fact that pedophiles feel anything sexual at all toward children somehow compromises the orientation as a whole.

On the contrary, that sexual yearning only intensifies the love we feel. Sexual desire does not make all humans rapists, nor does it diminish our capacity for self-determination. A true child lover puts the welfare of children above his or her own. While there are those among us who believe that non-coercive sexuality can be beautiful and mutually gratifying, social attitudes and responses make it more likely that harm will be perceived—and hence inflicted—one way or another. Nevertheless, we have no intention of breaking the law. The purpose of this magazine is not to demand the right to sexual relations with children.

Rather, our wish is to inform, to entertain, and to challenge.

Some of you (hopefully, many of you) will be people who are not pedophiles but who are at least not actively mobilized against us. Perhaps you are reading this out of curiosity, or because you are unconvinced by the messages conveyed by the media. Perhaps you are even sympathetic to our cause and wish to equip yourself with the tools necessary to lend us a hand. As you read, it is our wish that you will climb down from the fence and realize that we are not the monsters society believes we are; that we are loving, sensible, and decent people who in no way merit the intolerance and hatred that we so often face or perceive.

A large number of you will be other pedophiles, in which case we hope that you will enjoy reading this magazine and fortify your intellect by reflecting on potentially new thoughts and ideas.

Among our readership, there are also likely to be those who are militantly opposed to who we are in every respect. Much could be said about this group, but hostility only begets hostility. We sincerely wish—though we cannot expect—that this group would

consider what we have to say, because it is in everyone’s best interest that the truth be known. Misconceptions and intolerance only fuel the culture of paranoia and hysteria, which impacts everyone, not just pedophiles.

—Josef K.

EPILOGUE TO THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

by Lewis Carroll

A boat, beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear—

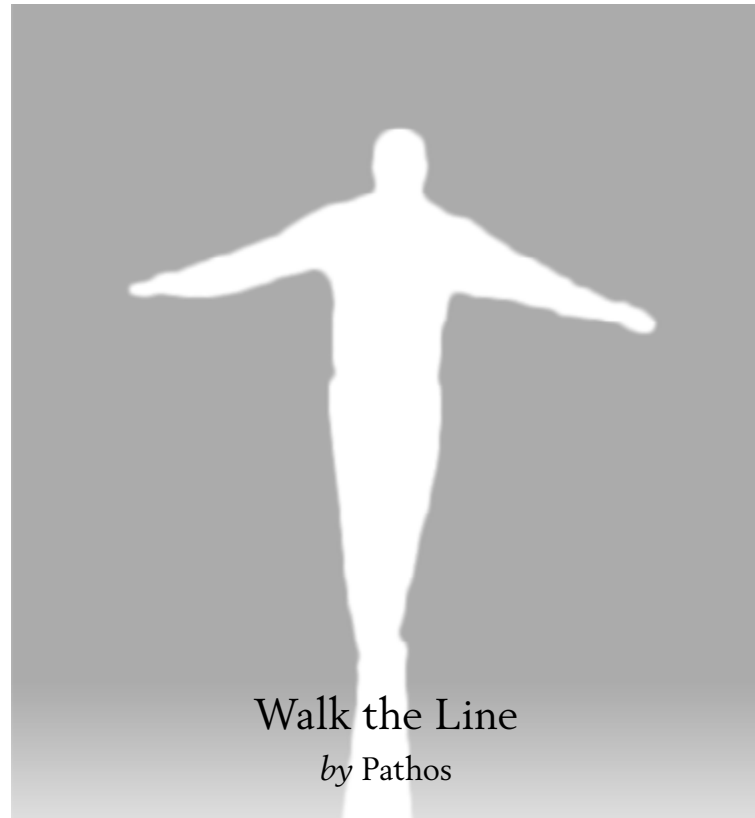
Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?



Walk the Line

by Pathos

Desire gives humans a goal, and hence a purpose. Without it, a person might starve to death for lack of a reason to feed himself. But in a world of limited resources, we also need to know when to abandon unrealistic goals, otherwise we run the risk of becoming frustrated or even making foolish decisions. When the real world no longer satisfies, the Internet may be a tempting substitute.

The sun has gone down—you have time for yourself at last. Sex is on your mind, but relief has not been forthcoming. Sitting down at the computer, you open a browser and begin skimming over the ordinary big-breasted models that porn companies tend to advertise, eventually finding websites that feature women with smaller chests, giving them a more youthful appearance.

Combing through dozens of other images on one of those dreadful spam sites that usually lead to more spam and less content, a picture of what might be a girl who is more to your liking appears. It might be clearly sexual, or perhaps it is a more tasteful image. It might even be so alluring that you can't look away.

It is a curious feeling: your stomach tightens and your heart races; there's a peculiar burning in your chest. Is she underage? Does this link really lead to something that the law would deem illegal? It may or may not; but either way, it's probably a lure—and there's no way of knowing who's on the other end of the fishing line.

Is it a porn company trying to make a buck off of gullible minor-attracted adults? Or perhaps a government agency trying to catch you red-handed and lock you up for what is, after all, a thought crime? And what if it's not a sting operation? Who knows? you might ask. Well, today, perhaps no one. But a year from now, you may find yourself with a new cellmate who'd love to hear about it.

Simply put, it is not worth taking the risk. The same goes for live Internet chats with strangers claiming to be children or young people. It is safer and wiser to assume that those who are eager to get intimate are part of some sort of sting operation. And even if they're not, why take the chance?

This also applies to real-life interactions. You may one day be faced with a tempting opportunity by meeting a delightful young girl, finding yourself in a situation, which, consensual or not, would be illegal. You might regret it for the rest of your life, but the greater good requires walking away. As difficult as it may be, this means thinking clearly about the situation and taking control before you lose it.

Besides the risk to yourself, the welfare of the young people involved must also be considered. Even if you have a perfectly loving, consensual, and sexual relation with a young girl, and even if neither of you are ever caught, social beliefs and attitudes will trickle into her mind and whittle down her defenses. She will be subjected to subtle influences that will manipulate her into believing that she was abused, that what she did was wrong. And someday, she may even come to believe these deceptive ideas herself.

In effect, she will allow herself to become a victim, even if she had never been victimized. It's likely that at the very least she'll grow to resent and hate you; at worst, she may go to the police, or even kill herself because she couldn't live with the shame that had been imposed on her—all because of an indiscretion committed on the spur of the moment.

It is important to remember that as a minor-attracted adult, you're not alone. None of us are. It doesn't matter if you call yourself a minor-attracted adult or a pedophile; a child lover, a girl lover, or a boy lover. The bottom line is that you're not alone. You are part of a very large, very complex, and unfortunately underground community.

The good news is that this means that there is support and help—perhaps not always as professional as many of us need, but it is likely, at least, to be compassionate and understanding. Seldom is there no one willing to lend a sympathetic ear to one of the many problems that some of us face every single day. And until the government makes it illegal to form our support networks, there will always be a group somewhere online that can help you. But as long as such groups are not expressly outlawed, their continued existence depends on compliance with the law.

If even one MAA crosses the line, it creates a bad impression for *all* of us. If even one pedophile is convicted of 'molesting' a consenting individual, it still makes all other pedophiles look like child molesters. While many pedophiles believe that current laws and attitudes must change in order for the group as a whole to attain acceptance, it is first necessary to let law enforcement and society know that we possess the discipline and the determination to obey their rules—however arbitrary and ineffectual they may be—if only to avoid imprisonment and to protect children from harmful social attitudes.

And sadly, it will often be painful to do so. This may require certain sacrifices: each of us needs to be mindful of the line between legality and illegality, and to have the good sense to know where to stand. This may, for instance, require looking into a little girl's eyes and making the decision, then and there, to end what may be the beginning of a socially and legally unacceptable relationship. This, my friends, is our cross to bear, but we may do so with heads held high; for it is through our words and actions that the spirit of the times may be changed, by letting the world know that we are not slaves to temptation, and that we can choose to act in the best interest of children in defiance of our own desires.

A Non at Risk

by Hansgret

For those who have children or interact with them daily, a danger looms over the horizon, casting us all on the stage of doubt and suspicion. There is a danger in becoming the victim of the natural human desire to protect children. As the number of child-victim stories grow, and the number of incarcerations increase, a question arises: Who is left to arrest? If the stories are real, then there are a growing number of villains. If they are false, and the number of villains is not growing, then every innocent person looks to their neighbor, and everybody becomes suspect.

Out of the growing awareness, a preemptive language is employed, apologizing for behaving naturally. One cannot admire a child's skill or beauty without assurance that the listener will understand: While admiring graceful dance maneuvers, one might hear how skirts are easier to move and that it is only a costume. When one fails not to notice the candid behaviors of children, is has become commonplace to point out that the behavior is not intentionally sensual and that children do not know about these things. At the edge of awareness, natural parental instincts are being abridged to accommodate this child-abuse culture (Kincaid, 1998).

It is on the edge of awareness where these fears are beginning to grow. Surely it is not common to experience these things as a direct threat. The old bromide that the innocent have nothing to fear is the moral pronouncement keeping us from putting a name to this fear. But examples like Kern County, McMartin and Little Rascals Day Care tell a different story.¹ In these few extreme instances, hundreds of people have been arrested, and gone through long legal battles, eventually to be exonerated.

Even more distressing than these amazing public spectacles are the more tragically natural situations turned visceral. What was once instinctive and candid behavior is progressively becoming suspect. When a grandfather is harassed in public for photographing his grandson (Taylor, J), and a family must live through a nightmarish investigation after getting vacation photos developed (Jenkins, J); when a father is arrested for kissing his daughter in public (Duffy, G), how does one remain confident that we will not be next? When the seed germinates, how does one maintain the facade and continue acting naturally around their family? The more these stories affect us, the more we become actors.

The stories have real consequences beyond the family. Being falsely accused comes with its own risks. When you hear about a man being paralyzed because of a rumor, or how police terrorized a family, the risk becomes palpable.² There are some who are affected so much by these stories that they would be unwilling to help a child for fear of the consequences.³ Interacting with a stranger's child is bad enough. But if the child is in a dangerous situation or shows signs of struggling, a misunderstanding might seem inevitable. And with the guilt being presumed in every story, it is easy to feel that it would not end well.

Of course it is an obvious thing that these stories are few in number, and that they only cause a relatively small number of people harm. It is done for the children, or so it is said. But, how many children must suffer too? Apart from the children caught up in these issues, the law targets the children as well. In 2010 in the US, the FBI reported nearly 20% of arrests for non-forcible sex offenses were

persons under the age of 18.⁴ Who are the children being protected from when children become victims of child pornography laws?⁵ And who protects them when the authorities are also found responsible for harming them?⁶

(See Endnotes for A Non at Risk on page 10)

A Double-Edged Pen

by Josef K.

Part I

*The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible. It was intended that ... a heretical thought—that is, a thought diverging from the principles of Ingsoc—should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words.*¹

—George Orwell, *1984*

In his novel *1984*, George Orwell captured and exploited a basic fact of human consciousness: we need language to be able to think. The Russian psychologist Lev Vygotsky devoted much of his short life to studying and explaining the way children develop in social environments, an important factor of such development being language. He believed that language was a psychological tool, which could be used not only to affect the external world, but also to “regulate and control mental processes such as memory, attention, rational thinking, and learning.”² His work was inspired by the writings of Karl Marx, who described the use of physical tools (rather than psychological tools) and their relationship with the material world. But whereas a shovel is always a shovel, language as a psychological tool can be different for different people. Consider, for instance, the way that the word ‘mother’ changes from person to person. An adopted child may have a different concept of what a mother is than someone raised by their biological mother. The French structuralist Ferdinand de Saussure argued that language “exists only by virtue of a sort of contract signed by the members of a community.”³ Antis—those committed to attacking the community of pedophiles—have signed their own contract: that the word ‘pedophile’ means a sex-driven predator. Such a definition conflicts with how the pedophile community views itself. Because we call ourselves ‘pedophiles,’ the inaccurate definition agreed upon by the anti community serves as the cornerstone of our struggle. This approach might be likened to labeling a Muslim immigrant with unpopular attitudes a ‘terrorist’ in order to rally others against him. But while language may be used as a means to wage an ideological war, it also turns inward, as mentioned above: it influences what thoughts we think, it steers us toward certain conclusions rather than others—and, like Newspeak, it narrows the range of potential thought.

Saussure, as previously stated, believed that it was up to the community to agree upon the meaning of words. It would amount to linguistic anarchy if every individual maintained a distinct set of meanings. It would be impossible to communicate because, while a statement might make sense to the speaking subject, no one else would understand them. This is because language, Saussure goes on to say, “is the social side of speech, outside the individual who can never create nor modify it by himself.”⁴ In other words, the individual cannot be held responsible for an incorrectly defined term like ‘pedophile.’ But what they can do is keep it alive by using it in ignorance of the truth. Because meaning within a community is so decentralized—that is to say, so distributed among its members—it is difficult for any one person to affect the beliefs of the whole. Meaning can and does change, of course, but such change is slow in comparison to how quickly the individual might change the way they understand a word.

But while it might be a simple matter to look up in the dictionary a word that one does not understand properly, it is a different matter entirely when the individual has an ideological stake in the meaning of a word. Heated arguments sometimes take place over the meaning of words because their definition can impact the way a person views themselves. Take the word ‘atheist,’ for example. It has been debated whether it refers to a religion, whether it connotes immorality or amorality, and so forth. And those who accept one meaning rather than another often fight aggressively over who is right. While there may be reasons stated overtly for such debates, the bottom line is that it is uncomfortable to alter one’s beliefs. Sometimes we defend our beliefs even more fiercely when we’re told we’re wrong. This internal resistance has been described as cognitive dissonance,⁵ which means pretty much what it sounds like—the clash of incompatible ideas within a given person’s mind. Fistfights, heated arguments, and even wars might be reduced to this concept. Not only does the concept of cognitive dissonance refer to resistance to conflicting ideas, but it also describes the entrenchment—digging in one’s heels, so to speak—that ensues during such conflict. Between individuals and groups, conflicts cause a discomfort that everyone wishes to resolve; but when ideas cannot be reconciled because there’s too much at stake, the war may continue indefinitely until one side or the other makes an uncomfortable concession.

It has already been noted that meaning cannot be localized in any given individual because meaning is shared among members of a community. It has also been noted that meaning changes over time. Before a word and its supposed definition can be addressed, linguistic activists must first understand “that *language operates differently in different environments*, and that, in order to understand how language works, we need to contextualize it properly, to establish the relations between language usage and the particular purposes for which and conditions under which it operates.”⁶ This might suggest, for instance, that we need to understand the motives behind the anti community in order to make any headway. We might also consider their history as well. We need to ask ourselves, then, where they’re coming from, why all pedophiles to them are untrustworthy predators. Then we might begin to see that the way they define the word was not a matter of happenstance, that they did not choose its definition at random. ‘Pedophile,’ to the anti community, has a definite history, even if we

believe that the events that led to its present definition were also misguided. Russian philosopher Mikhail Bakhtin describes this aspect of meaning as the fact that “speakers’ utterances are never uniquely authored, as each word has its own social history, imbued with the many meanings acquired from previous speakers and listeners.”⁷

The “social history” of the word ‘pedophile’ necessarily includes the experiences of members of the anti community. And within their community, as Saussure argues, “some sort of average will be set up: all will reproduce—not exactly of course, but approximately—the same signs united with the same concepts.”⁸ It is this meaning, then, that becomes the psychological tool that influences their thinking. Psychologist Daniel Slobin came up with a concept that he calls “Thinking for speaking” in order to explain the connection between language and thought. According to his theory, “in the activity of speaking, thinking is filtered through language as speakers undertake to verbalize events and states in the world.”⁹ Just as Newspeak was created in order to prevent “heretical thoughts,” our thoughts are limited by the availability of language needed to verbalize them. But the process does not apply only to putting thoughts into words. It also places a limit on what thoughts we can conceive. Consider, for instance, the way linguists reconstruct early languages in the world. By identifying common words among related languages, they can get a good idea about the physical environment in which those languages originated.¹⁰ If a language originated, say, in a climate that was hot year round, it is not likely that it would contain a word for ‘snow.’ If the word had been explained to them, they might have been able to imagine what it was; but if not, the word, and hence the concept, would not have existed in their minds at all. One might then say that this group was unable to conceive a thought that was common among people who lived in much colder climates.

Part II

’Tis but thy name that is my enemy. —Juliet, *Romeo and Juliet*

An Internet search for news about pedophilia makes it apparent that the term is being used improperly. One finds stories about criminals ‘convicted of pedophilia,’ and others who were caught exchanging ‘pedophile images.’ And if the term is not being used in a criminal context, it is being discussed as a disorder, a disease, a sickness that needs to be stamped out. The community of news outlets, like the anti community, holds in common a certain (inaccurate) definition of pedophilia. What’s worse, readers of such material—who do not necessarily have any other standard against which to compare the meaning implied by the media—have little choice but to assume that pedophiles are nothing more than criminals and deviants. Back and forth, ‘pedophilia’ and its variants move from media outlet to consumer, seldom being checked by a third party. Its meaning is now firmly entrenched in the minds of many, many people. If there were at least some conflicting piece of information—an article every now and then about decent, law-abiding pedophiles—the reader might have to weigh the different definitions and attempt to reconcile them. But kind and loving pedophiles do not make the news.

So we cannot rely on the news for assistance, but there is another option. Perhaps the simplest approach is to call the rose, so to speak, something else. In Shakespeare’s eponymous play, Juliet curses Romeo’s house because, as members of families at odds with each other, they are not permitted to be together. But she also understands that changing his name will not change his mind or body—“that which we call a rose / By any other name would smell as sweet.” As an unwitting poststructuralist, she rightly disconnects the word from its meaning. Within the pedophile community, likewise, alternative names for pedophiles have been adopted. Those who prefer girls call themselves ‘girl lovers.’ Those who prefer boys or either sex are called ‘boy lovers’ and ‘child lovers,’ respectively. But as linguist Nan Jiang argues, when a word is given a new name, as in the case of learning a second language, the meaning of the first word is transferred to the new one, a process which she aptly refers to as semantic transfer.¹¹ When a term like ‘girl lover’ is offered instead of ‘pedophile,’ someone who believes that a pedophile is a child abuser might believe that a girl lover is an abuser, too.

What this means for pedophiles who believe that the accepted definition is wrong is that the best course of action is to change the accepted meaning. This means that we need to rely on scholars and scientists who have recognized the error and tried to address it, because their opinions and findings are more likely to be recognized. What we can do is to correct those who use these terms incorrectly, citing experts in the field to strengthen our arguments. This does not require coming out either, but it does require being careful and knowing one’s target audience well. Given the tendency to resist semantic change, especially if the messenger is a known pedophile, it is likely to be more effective if one’s pedophilia is not disclosed.

It should also be noted that the transfer of meaning is not the only process entailed in giving a new name to an existing idea. A designation such as ‘girl lover’ will be new to many people. It stands to reason then that it will open up a new category of pedophile for those who encounter it. At first, the name will probably carry with it a few holdovers from the erroneous definition of pedophile. But one thing we can count on is that when the news decides to report on the rape of a child, they are not likely to call the person a ‘child lover.’ If we are to use these designations, they need to be kept far away from crime. Incidents like the 2011 takedown of a boy lover site have the unfortunate effect of associating the name with those within the group who decided to break the law—the ‘bad apple’ effect.

But at least we have before us a couple options. We can offer corrections if the opportunity presents itself, and we can disseminate journal and news articles that address the inaccurate definition of pedophilia. As mentioned earlier, semantic change is likely to be slow and often met with resistance. What we need to understand is that this semantic struggle is not as simple as altering a dictionary entry. It is an ideological—and at times, emotional—struggle. “Do not press a desperate foe too hard”¹²—hostility will only beget hostility. Our grievance is not that antis should not be angry about rape, but that their anger is at times misplaced, if only because a single word is being applied indiscriminately to disparate groups of people—abusers and child lovers. If we understand what we are up against, and if we approach the issue rationally, we can help guide language that pertains to us in the right direction.

^{1,2} Lantolf, J. & Thorne, S., 2006

^{3,4} Saussure, 1966, p. 14

⁵ Festinger & Carlsmith, 1959

⁶ Higgins, 2009, p. 93

⁷ Choi & Lantolf, 2008, p. 192

⁸ Jiang, N., 2002

⁹ Choi & Lantolf, 2008, p. 2

¹⁰ Lerer, S., 2008

¹¹ Jiang, N. 2002

¹² Sun, T., 2003, p. 37

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Endnotes for A Non at Risk

¹ Major examples of false accusations:

- Kern County, Bakersfield California, 1982;
- McMartin Preschool, Southern California, 1983;
- Wenatchee, Washington, in 1994;
- Martensville satanic sex scandal, Manhattan Beach, California, 1992;
- Little Rascals Day Care Center, Edenton, North Carolina, 1989

* See also: *Witch Hunt* (2008).

² Clouse, T. 'Senseless' shooter gets 15 years in prison.

Crick, A. Police mistakenly brand ex-soldier Michael Bennett a paedophile.

³ Clark, L. Half of men steer clear of children in trouble for fear of being branded paedophiles.

Leonard, T. Day of the dad: paedophilia hysteria leaves men afraid to help.

⁴ Nearly 20% of all Sex Offense arrests (save for forcible rape and prostitution) in the US in 2010 were under the age of 18.

	Total	Over 18	Under 18
Sex offenses*	21,932	17,578	80.1%
		4,354	19.9%

*except forcible rape and prostitution

<http://www.fbi.gov/about-us/cjis/ucr/crime-in-the-u.s/2010/crime-in-the-u.s.-2010/download-printable-files>

⁵ Gallo, L. Boy charged with 'child porn'.

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⁶ Miller, C. Grand jury: Agencies missed signs of kids' abuse.

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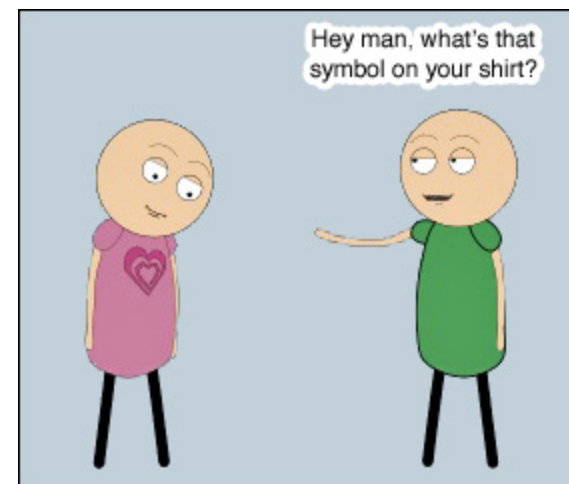
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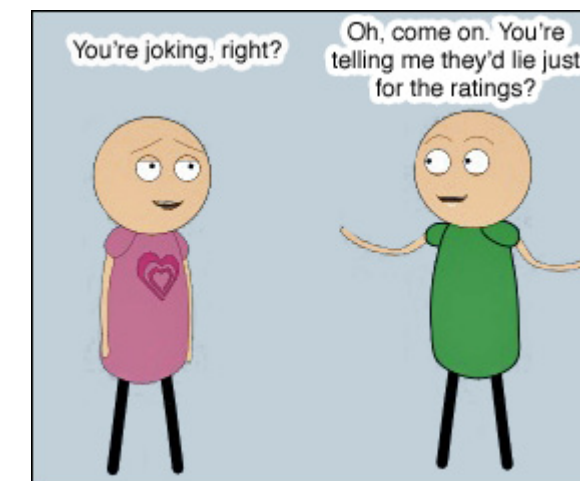
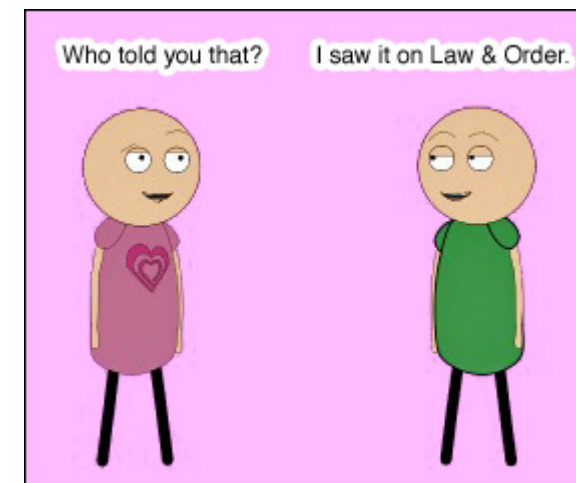
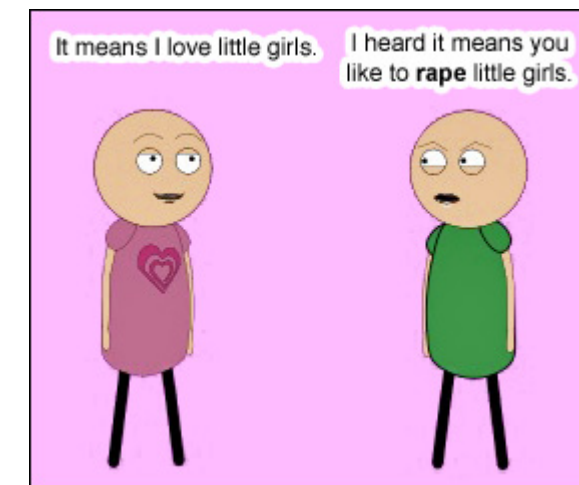
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“Misguided”
a comic
by LOD



Honeysuckle Dream

by Dr. Strangelove

I swallowed a thick breath of sticky-sweet summer air. I swirled the wispy syrup round my mouth to find that it tasted of some familiar treat long lost to the years. Closed eyes, captured breath. I allowed the nostalgia to bubble in my brain a moment as I searched in vain for that taste—sugar, molasses, an unmistakable bite of earthy grass. I relinquished the air to the faded yellow sky. The taste clung to the soft corners of my tongue as I drew in another. A flower sprang and wilted in my mind, its cycle blooming in and out in a moment's passing.

“Honeysuckle,” I whispered.

It was a curious flavor. As the name implied, it was one of sweet honey sugars and soft meltings, but I always drew something more from these breaths of summer. The warm sugar scent is there, no doubt, but there is another taste to the familiar aroma that people tend to leave out. It is a bitter tang. Near invisible to the tongue at once, but undoubtedly there. Dirt and grass hidden beneath the toes of the meadow. It was always the honey that I found so delightful in its appeal, but it was that dull stab of bitter earth that made the flavor so lasting.

But when the wind picked up, my nostalgia was lost to the breeze and I found that I could no longer taste or smell my sweet honeysuckle air. A second's time. Its very memory purged. My mind whisked away with the wind.

I looked up from the dirt to find, with mild surprise, that I sat upon a sturdy wooden bench at the edge of a park, overlooking a bustling scene of playtime enthusiasm. Shaking away the waking dream that still weighed down upon my sleepy face, I reminded myself that I was indeed at the park, and that I had been there for nearly an hour now, so I truly should not be terribly shocked to find myself there now.



Honeysuckle

Honeysuckle is a plant, growing as a vine or shrub. It has a characteristically strong scent and its flower produces a large amount of nectar. These plants typically grow flowers or spall fruits which appear in pairs.

I surveyed the area about me. It was exactly what one would expect to find at a park in the middle of the city—a bustling wonderland of childish excitement. A pair of boys chasing a young girl, brandishing water guns at her from behind. A dog submitting to his master's leash as he was paraded across the terrace. A gaggle of fat, ugly mothers huddled on a single bench on the other side of the playground, gossiping in loud voices of overly dramatic fluctuating tone, paying no mind whatsoever to their children, whom they had likely forgotten about the moment they arrived. I inhaled the sights and sounds of the busy park greedily, recalling the many summers I had wasted not far from this very spot as a young boy. Years ago—decades—and the place had hardly changed. The same children played the same games in the same way. The grass had failed to grow an inch and I saw with disappointment that the sky was indeed still the same murky yellow color it had always been. Even the water fountain remained in a state of disrepair after what I guessed to be about thirty years. Not a thing had changed. It was a special place, a time capsule; and when I was there nothing moved. Including me. Thirty years and I sat in this same spot, upon this same bench, watching the same overly familiar sights, yet not one person seemed to notice me. I was scenery to them. Old, outdated, irrelevant. I might as well have been the tree looming over me, or the stone that sat at its heel.

But at that very moment I realized that I had been wrong in this assumption, for someone else was watching me with an intensely curious stare, as if I were a thing of interest to someone after all. A young girl with golden curls and a brilliant blue dress sat at the far corner of the swing set across from me, staring at my person quite openly. I flashed a nervous smile, but she continued to sit there on the swing, quite indifferent to me altogether. I wondered if perhaps she were even looking at me. Maybe she was simply staring out at the open and I happened to be in her line of sight, an innocent spectator caught in the focus of her penetrating vision. This thought was quickly dispelled, however, when she raised her hand and offered me a meek wave, a brief flourish of the arm that died nearly as soon as it was born. I returned the gesture with a wide smile.

I can't say quite what it was that took me away in that moment, other than to say that it had something to do with that little girl. Something in her eyes, I think. She was across the universe from me, but I could see them quite plainly. I imagine they were blue. Yes, I know that they were. A smooth, salty blue, turbulent as the violent ocean, smooth and flowing like the sweet sky, flecked with

Tommie Milica

powdered gold so that they glittered in the dazzling sun. I found myself displaced from reality, my body torn asunder and thrown violently into the corner while I, in spirit, watched on. Her gaze lifted me away, brought me to a new place of being where I was at once happy and careless and free. That sweet, tangy air caught my nose again and I stared back into the bottomless ocean, the endless sky, and I was lost. This girl, whom I guessed to be of seven or eight years of age, watched me with childish curiosity as I floated away.

I would go talk to her. I knew it to be the answer somehow. It was the way that I knew her eyes were blue. Blue with flecks of gold. I could not explain how I knew it, but there was no question. I would cross the playground and take her hand in mine and softly say, “I love you.” Because I did. And she would stare into my bitter brown eyes. Soft face. She already knew this of course. She would reply, in a cool whisper, “I love you too.” In my fantasy world she stood up, the top of her head alight with fiery orange sunbeams. We stood in place, eyes locked in the only game of all fairness. My face betrayed a fear that she would turn and walk away at that moment, but hers was calm and certain. After a pause I would lean forward to meet her. Tender lips parting ever so slightly. Ambrosia flooding across my tongue as we share our first lovers’ kiss. Right there in the park for all to see, man and child in sweet passionate embrace. She would taste like honey. Honey with that bitter spike of some strange earthy taste that made it all the more beautiful. Something unidentifiable. Something magical.

Her name was Melissa. Even from this distance I could tell she was a princess, if not an angel, and the saccharine breeze tasted of her name, which I knew must be Melissa. We walked away hand in hand to my car. She used not a word, but spoke in ways I could not. We arrived at my house. Her golden curls bounced as she skipped down the driveway to meet the door. I followed close behind. She turned back.

“Hurry up!” she cried.

“What’s your rush, little lady? We’ve got all our lives to be together.”

She smiled at this. It was true and she knew it. We had all our lives to be together. Never sad. Never frightened. Never lonely. I smiled too.

Days floated on, carried by sweet wafts of honeysuckle breeze. My little lover and I would awake each morning, her hand flat against my firm chest or my arm draped round her delicate waist. We would love each other for hours on end, whether it was holding her tiny hand at the movies or her tiny body at home. Melissa and I spent the days as one. Then the brilliant sun would quietly slip into the dark as we fell asleep against each other between the mountains and valleys of the crinkled blankets upon our bed. I dreamt of golden hazel. She dreamt of a place where no one was ever alone. Then, I would awaken to the light of dawn and see the very thing I had dreamt of. As her eyes unfolded to the morn, she would see hers as well.

The sun would shine every day. It would never rain unless she wished it. My princess would have anything she wished for, no matter how ridiculous the request. The stars, the sea, the sky ... they were in her eyes already. Why shouldn’t she have them? She would ask me what I wanted. She would have everything in the universe she ever desired, and her only question would be, “But what do you want?”

I smiled. I brushed the hair from her eyes with a tender hand.

“I already have everything I want,” I said.

I knew it would be like that. Unending perfection with no negative consequences. I had only to walk over to my love and say ‘Hello.’ Hello and the universe would open up and swallow me whole in the most wonderful of ways. I could feel love again. I could have a beautiful little girl of my own. To have and to hold. Her youth, her energy ... and that smile. That peculiar smile. I would do anything for that smile. A brief flourish of the paintbrush, a straight line one way, curling upward ever so slightly on one side. Da Vinci’s angel in bloom. Yes, I thought. That was what she would become. Art. She would grow up to be not a woman, but the most magnificent piece of art ever displayed before the heavens.

And then I realized how true that was. I realized that I had inadvertently explained to myself the one weakness in this entire fantasy. This stunning beauty would someday grow up. She would cease to be a child and become a thing. A piece of art, cold to the touch. Her undying beauty and curious innocence lost. Womanhood. Everything about her that I ever loved would wilt and die. It was indeed nothing but a fantasy.

And when the wind died the scent of honeysuckle faded away, leaving me alone on my sad space of bench in a park full of beautiful children who would soon become beautiful artworks, but lose everything else they ever had in the process. I looked back at the girl and saw that even in the time it had taken me to pretend we could be together (what a silly dream), she had changed. Her yellow hair, her flat brown eyes. The smile was gone, replaced by a blank stare as if she were looking straight through me to the other side of the world. She grew even now before my reluctant eyes. Tomorrow she would be an inch taller. Next week she would be a thought smarter. In a month she would see a mile further into the black abyss of humanity. And in what I could only define as no time at all, she would understand. That was the worst part. Someday she would understand. Good, evil. Crime, punishment. despotism, anarchy. Youth, age. She would comprehend the world at large and she would see it as it was; a machine. Cold to the touch. And with knowledge, its undying beauty and innocence would be lost to her. And hers to me.

I pondered this tragedy for a moment.

I turn to my side to see the honeysuckle brush I had been so intoxicated by. The white petals of the bush had fallen soft and yellow. They wilted mid-bloom.

I stood up. The thought hardly registered in my mind, but I did it anyway, almost unconsciously. I made my way to the girl on the swing. I did not know what I would say. I did not know what I would do. I only knew that I had to approach her. I knew it to be the answer somehow. She continued to stare into me, through me. Tiny pebbles crunched beneath my heavy toes. I felt the ground give with each step, as if the earth itself feared my determined march. Or perhaps it only intended to swallow me whole. I almost wished it would.

When at last I reached the girl of my dreams, I stood in place before her. I still hadn’t considered what I might want to say to her. Her eyes gave my soul a sharp tug. They were indeed a smooth hazel. Flecks of glittering gold hung in the iris. I opened my mouth to speak, and remembered the dying honeysuckle brush. I closed my mouth again. Her eyes were not hazel at all. They were a dull brown. Spots of hard yellow spattered throughout. She was a young woman already. And I could not stop her from getting older still. All the nursery rhymes and games in the world could not keep her a child much longer.

I opened my mouth once more.

I only had to say ‘Hello.’

I didn’t say a word. Neither did she.

“Um ...” I mumbled.

“Hm?” she returned.

My eyes faltered. I looked down at the rocky sea of pebbles below me. I felt that I might fall through and be buried here this very moment. Would that really be such a tragedy?

“Never mind,” I said.

A look of confusion and disappointment upon her warm face.

I turned round and walked away before she could reply.

I could not say it. It was one word, but if I said it we would fall in love. She would come home with me. We would fall asleep in each other’s arms. We would awake together and never be alone again.

And then, one day, years down the road, I would wake up and see her face. And she would be a woman. A beautiful woman who knew not the pleasures of a game of tag or hide-and-seek. She would never sit upon a swing again. I would wake up and see that my Melissa was gone, replaced with a strange woman whom I did not know. And I would cry. I would cry aloud—a grown man as he lay in his own bed with a beautiful woman—I would cry in great, heaving sobs. I would cry because my Melissa was dead.

As I left the park that day, not daring to look back at the heaven I left behind, I noticed that the sticky sweet syrup of the summer air was not as sweet as it had once been. It was not as thick, not as smooth, and not as strong. I almost wished I had never tasted it at all. Had I known that one day I would breathe that brilliant air of nostalgia and find it so cold and powerless, I would never have tried it in the first place. I had enjoyed that smell, that taste, for all my life. Years and years it comforted me in my darkest moments. But this time, this one moment, it fell flat. And I could no longer taste the sweet honeysuckle breeze. And I would rather have lived life cold and alone than wake up one day and find that the thing I loved most had become that way itself.

At least this way Melissa would always be a child in memory.

FACES IN THE FIRE

The night creeps onward, sad and slow:
In these red embers' dying glow
The forms of Fancy come and go.

An island-farm—broad seas of corn
Stirred by the wandering breath of morn—
The happy spot where I was born.

The picture fadeth in its place:
Amid the glow I seem to trace
The shifting semblance of a face.

'Tis now a little childish form—
Red lips for kisses pouted warm—
And elf-locks tangled in the storm.

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid,
At her own beauty half afraid,
Shrinking, yet willing to be stayed.

'Tis now a matron with her boys,
Dear centre of domestic joys:
I seem to hear the merry noise.

Oh, Time was young, and Life was warm,
When first I saw that fairy-form,
Her dark hair tossing in the storm.

And fast and free these pulses played,
When last I met that gentle maid—
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to gray,
And she is strange and far away
That might have been mine own to-day—

That might have been mine own, my dear,
Through many and many a happy year—
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene,
The ghostly whisper rings between,
The dark refrain of 'might have been.'

The race is o'er I might have run:
The deeds are past I might have done;
And sere the wreath I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze:
The vision of departed days
Is vanished even as I gaze.

The pictures, with their ruddy light,
Are changed to dust and ashes white,
And I am left alone with night.

—Lewis Carroll, *January, 1860*

THE THREE SUNSETS

He saw her once, and in the glance
A moment's glance of meeting eyes,
His heart stood still in sudden trance:
He trembled with a sweet surprise—
All in the waning light she stood,
The star of perfect womanhood.

That summer-eve his heart was light:
With lighter step he trod the ground:
And life was fairer in his sight,
And music was in every sound:
He blessed the world where there could be
So beautiful a thing as she.

There once again, as evening fell
And stars were peering overhead,
Two lovers met to bid farewell:
The western sun gleamed faint and red,
Lost in a drift of purple cloud
That wrapped him like a funeral-shroud.

Long time the memory of that night—
The hand that clasped, the lips that kissed,
The form that faded from his sight
Slow sinking through the tearful mist—
In dreamy music seemed to roll
Through the dark chambers of his soul.

So after many years he came
A wanderer from a distant shore:
The street, the house, were still the same,
But those he sought were there no more:
His burning words, his hopes and fears,
Unheeded fell on alien ears.

Only the children from their play
Would pause the mournful tale to hear,
Shrinking in half-alarm away,
Or, step by step, would venture near
To touch with timid curious hands
That strange wild man from other lands.

He sat beside the busy street,
There, where he last had seen her face:
And thronging memories, bitter-sweet,
Seemed yet to haunt the ancient place:
Her footfall ever floated near:
Her voice was ever in his ear.

He sometimes, as the daylight waned
And evening mists began to roll,
In half-soliloquy complained
Of that black shadow on his soul,
And blindly fanned, with cruel care,
The ashes of a vain despair.

The summer fled: the lonely man
Still lingered out the lessening days;
Still, as the night drew on, would scan
Each passing face with closer gaze—
Till, sick at heart, he turned away,
And sighed "she will not come today."

So by degrees his spirit bent
To mock its own despairing cry,
In stern self-torture to invent
New luxuries of agony,
And people all the vacant space
With visions of her perfect face.

Then for a moment she was nigh,
He heard no step, but she was there;
As if an angel suddenly
Were bodied from the viewless air,
And all her fine ethereal frame
Should fade as swiftly as it came.

So half in fancy's sunny trance,
And half in misery's aching void
With set and stony countenance
His bitter being he enjoyed,
And thrust for ever from his mind
The happiness he could not find.

As when the wretch, in lonely room,
To selfish death is madly hurled,
The glamour of that fatal fume
Shuts out the wholesome living world—
So all his manhood's strength and pride
One sickly dream had set aside.

Yea, brother, and we passed him there,
But yesterday, in merry mood,
And marveled at the lordly air
That shamed his beggar's attitude,
Nor heeded that ourselves might be
Wretches as desperate as he;

Who let the thought of bliss denied
Make havoc of our life and powers,
And pine, in solitary pride,
For peace that never shall be ours,
Because we will not work and wait
In trustful patience for our fate.

And so it chanced once more that she
Came by the old familiar spot:
The face that he would have died to see
Bent o'er him, and he knew it not;
Too rapt in selfish grief to hear,
Even when happiness was near.

And pity filled her gentle breast
For him that would not stir nor speak
The dying crimson of the west,
That faintly tinged his haggard cheek,
Fell on her as she stood, and shed
A glory round the patient head.

Ah, let him wake! The moments fly:
This awful tryst may be the last.
And see, the tear, that dimmed her eye,
Had fallen on him ere she passed—
She passed: the crimson paled to gray:
And hope departed with the day.

The heavy hours of night went by,
And silence quickened into sound,
And light slid up the eastern sky,
And life began its daily round—
But light and life for him were fled:
His name was numbered with the dead.

—Lewis Carroll, *November, 1861*

THE STOLEN CHILD

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
*For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.*

—W. B. Yeats, *Crossways* (1889)



The Death of Goodness

by doodah

Prologue

A powerful man in an oval office breaks the secured connection on a red phone, resting his hand on the receiver. Part of the information only confirmed what his secret service had already suspected, and she would be feeling the consequences of this soon. The other, most unbelievable part could change history for good. After pausing for a moment, he presses the intercom button on his desk and tells his secretary, “Get me another brownie ASAP!” He then turns to his trusted advisors and says, “Gentleman, what I am about to tell you cannot leave this room.” Ten minutes later, a traitor makes the call that a group of arms dealers has been eagerly awaiting, and it is quickly agreed, “We will contract Evil. Goodness must die!”

The novel would become known as:

The Death of Goodness, by Carol & Fernanda

Chapter 2/6: Twin nymphets are slowly killing Goodness!

“We knew we would likely have this effect on you, master. But in time we will teach you to last much longer and it will be even more intense.”

Mr. Goodness tries to lift his head, but an invisible force pushes it back down into the pillow, and his eyes again lose focus. “... o more. Ughh”—but he is barely audible anymore.

* No, no, no, this is chapter two! We understand you want to skip straight to the good parts, but to find out what is happening, we really must go back in time a bit. It starts in roughly the same way.

Chapter 1/6: Evil plans

“... ight ... *Fight!*”

“Mister ... vil?”

“Wake up, Mister Evil!”

Being slowly pulled back from a dark and godless place, the bad guy in this story feels his lungs being forcefully inflated with warm air as a pair of sweet-tasting lips presses firmly against his. His chest feels sore, as though it has been pounded on.

“You had us worried there for a minute, mister,” Carol sighs.

“You should have told us to stop!” Fernanda exclaims as she finally gets off the resuscitated man.

Mr. Evil feels like an empty shell. The thought crosses his mind, that was too close. I’m getting too old for this. Trying to regain control over his voice, he says, “But I said, no more!”

“We are sorry, mister, we thought you said ‘Oh, more,’ but you may have been speaking in tongues there for a minute.”

“We just wanted to show you that we are the girls for the job,” Fernanda says, smiling back naughtily at her twin sister Carol.

Damn, the end of Goodness is near; I give him a week at most, he thinks. “You girls, you have your mission—go and kill Goodness!”

“Yes, Mister Evil, we know what to do.”

Fernanda and Carol turn around, leaving a once-respected assassin to regain his senses on the bed with a glass of orange juice. His arm lifts and reaches out for them as he watches these lethal nymphets depart, hips swaying. He is sure he needs to tell them one more thing, but he has already forgotten what he was about to say. Seeing his arm hanging in the air, pointing towards the twins, he quickly lowers it. He knows that he would not survive another hour with them, even if they would have been glad to indulge him. Satisfied by his evil plans, he closes his eyes and falls into a deep sleep in the fetal position, sucking on his thumb.

A few days later, near Washington DC, Mr. Goodness’s brownie baking is interrupted by the motion detector alarms at the front gate of his secured mansion, though the metal detectors fail to register anything. *Probably animals,* he thinks. When the camera automatically focuses on its targets, he cannot believe his eyes and his heart skips a beat, then two. He is seeing his fantasies come true, and it doesn’t look as though there is much room to hide anything metal on them.

“We are lost, master. Please let us in.” Oh, how Mr. Goodness loves to be called by his title. He pushes the gate button to let them in.

Chapter 3/6: Disobedience

Three weeks before the peace summit ...

When Mr. Goodness finally awakes, feeling fuzzy and strangely warm, he is uncertain as to where he is or whether he can stand on his legs. And sure as shit, he lands face first on a wool carpet the moment he tries. *No place like home,* he thinks, recognizing it as his bedroom’s carpet. Being a practical man and accustomed to the occasional adversities in life, he manages to crawl his way out of his mansion for a refreshing morning swim in his private lake, shaking his head to regain vision every now and then. A high afternoon sun awaits him, and the coolness of the wind passing over the water feels alluring.

“Hi, master,” Fernanda cheers, spotting him first. “We were just about to join you again.”

Good memories start flashing back into his mind. He wakes up again a few seconds later on his back, with them leaning over him. “Hi, ladies,” he smiles, suddenly feeling much better, spotting his memories in bikinis from his current point of view.

“You really should not be out of bed yet, master, and you even forgot your peg leg again,” the twins explain, looking at where his right lower leg once was. Suddenly remembering his old war injury and slightly embarrassed by the effect these little nymphets seem to have had on him, he picks himself up and decides not to ask why they said “again.”

“Lets get wet, ladies,” Mr. Goodness says as he crawls for the water.

“But we are already wet, master.” It sounds double, but Carol and Fernanda don’t move, and their hair is dry. “Come on, ladies, get your sweet little bums wet,” Goodness says in a more strict voice.

“Yes, master,” the twins echo, now wetting their fingers in their mouths.

At first, he wonders where this sudden disobedience is coming from, but then he chuckles to himself, realizing that he needs to be more specific. “No, I mean let’s go swimming, ladies,” he proposes, and Carol and Fernanda giggle and make a run for the water as they blow the master a kiss.

Chapter 4/6: Bad, bad little girl!

The swim feels rejuvenating, and his ladies give him a good wash and scrub. “We love you, master,” they giggle as they massage his skull and shoulders and blow sweet whispers in his ear. Mr. Goodness gladly returns the favors; and for a moment there, he thinks he can hear them purr like kittens. The master is very pleased.

“Oh my goodness, I can feel your energy returning,” Carol gleefully notices as she hugs Mr. Goodness tight underwater.

“Shall we go back indoors then, master?” asks Fernanda as she confirms the return of the energy for a minute.

They step out of the water, and Mr. Goodness carefully wraps his ladies’ bodies in soft towels, being ever so careful of their well-being.

Back at the mansion, his ladies are already running towards the bedroom, but the master commands them back. “Come here, sweeties, and let me whisper a little surprise in your ears.” His ladies drop their towels at their feet and rub up against the master’s body, and they can hardly believe their joy in hearing his sweet words as he half whispers his surprise and half nibbles on their earlobes.

“Three homemade brownies? In the kitchen? No way! We love brownies, master!” the twins cheer.

As they race for the kitchen, they are not at all bothered by the fact that Goodness has taken hold of the strings of their bikinis, causing them to unwrap themselves as they pull away. He can hear them giggling about the master being ever so naughty as they reach the hallway to the kitchen. The volume of Goodness in the world is growing rapidly.

They come running back a few seconds later, obviously distressed. “Master, master! There are only two brownies, not three,” they echo.

No, not again! Mr. Goodness mumbles to himself. “I think I know who took the third,” he says.

“Who master? Who would do such a thing?”

Goodness fondles and squeezes the right buttock of the nine-year-old statue near the fireplace, and a large painting moves out of the way. This is the first time Carol and Fernanda get to see the state-of-the-art security command station, which Evil had warned them about. He chooses ‘Kitchen cam,’ and with the left buttock, switches the focus to the largest monitor and plays back the tape. His fear is confirmed as he zooms in and pauses the video.

On the screen, a little girl, barely able to look over the table, eyes burning with desire and a slight hint of victory and euphoria on her face as her left hand reaches for one of the three brownies on the plate, her right hand ready with a sandbag of about equal weight, to replace the brownie and fool the pressure sensors.

“Bad, bad little girl!” he mumbles through gritted teeth, before melting at her beauty. Since forever now, this lustful little girl has evaded every security measure he had put into place, somehow able to roam freely through his house, taking his precious brownies. “Well, you ladies will need your energy, so go ahead and eat the remaining two,” Goodness says out of goodness, as he gladly sacrifices his own well-being for that of his lovely ladies.

While his ladies quietly feast on these sweets of the gods, Goodness can sense something has changed. “What is the matter my ladies?” he questions as he moves closer towards these twin nymphets. “What is on your minds?”

“We are sorry master,” Fernanda says as she tries to gain strength for her words in Carol, who is now staring at her feet.

“Sorry for what, my ladies? You have been so good to me,” Goodness says in an honest and soothing voice, feeling sad at this new development.

“Nothing master. We—we just want to please you,” Carol whispers as she dares not look into the master’s eyes.

“Oh, my ladies, let me build you a nice warm fire, and we will hug together real tight on the bear rug while you tell me all about it.”

Chapter 5/6: The death of Goodness

Two weeks before the peace summit ...

Drifting somewhere in the North Atlantic, Mr. Evil is rudely awakened by the impact of his body on the cold, hard floor of his damp, darkened ship. A storm is gathering, and his clay coffee cup tips off a table and explodes into pieces mere inches from his face as it too hits the floor. It was his only cup. The cabin is filled with a monotone beeping sound coming from his radio, which has been driving him crazy. In the corner of his eye he spots his trusted customized AK-47 on the wall above his bed, and his mind races back to a past when he was still a respected assassin. Loathing overcomes him as he thinks of Goodness. This so-called untouchable mark was ruining his reputation and has almost cost him his life on several occasions during his assassination attempts. And he failed to put so much as a scratch on him.

In a fit of blind rage, he yanks the rifle off the wall and fires the full extended magazine into the roof of his ship while screaming with all his might—“Die, Goodness! Die!” He feels one with the weapon; people used to fear him and run in vain, but all he accomplishes now, as the ship pitches on the large waves, is opening up the roof so that rain pours down onto his head, bed, and breakfast. He needs to calm down, relax, breathe in and out ... in and out ... It cannot be long now. He reloads the AK-47, counting slowly to forty rounds as his fingers complete the repetitive and calming task. This contract should have been so easy. A walk in the park. Why is Goodness so hard to kill?

They have cost him almost all his accumulated fortune up front, but he had no other choice after his failures to kill Goodness. Failure was not an option to his employers. Fortunately, these two nymphets, these two most lethal and disciplined up-and-coming assassins, have not failed on any assignment yet and, most impressively, never had to fire a single shot. They had been studying the background of Mr. Goodness, the master baker and supplier of the presidential brownies, and had asked all kinds of relevant questions concerning the evil assassination attempts he had tried and failed at. They appear to be ruthless and methodical at what they do, even more so than he himself was so many years back, and he was the best.

But replaying the events in his head, he cannot help but wonder if he had told them this so-called “most important” thing that his employers had told him about, or if he had simply forgotten to: not to touch the brownies—the brownies that were “possibly responsible for every last successful peace agreement.” “Made with love.” Who came up with that stuff?

I need some coffee, he thinks, looking toward the place where his clay cup once sat, then down at the shelves on the floor, cursing his predicament. Sitting down on his now-damp bed with his AK-47 in his lap, he tunes his radio to the news frequency to rid his head of the monotone beeps, like he has done every morning since his ship left port and the twins left on their mission to kill Goodness. His ears are met by waves of static. A possible world war brewing, a traitor caught, an earthquake in Japan, the assassination of a third-world country’s president by a former colleague—just the everyday news that used to excite him, but which brings him pleasure no more.

Tuning the radio back to the secret frequency given to him by the twins, he is again greeted by the monotone beeping, indicating that the nymphets have not yet completed their mission. Then the beeps abruptly stop, leaving only static. He jumps up and his hands grab a tighter hold on his AK-47 while images of people who ran in vain flash through his mind.

“They did it! They actually did it! Goodness is finally dead and I am saved!” A huge weight lifts off his shoulders, and he takes a deep breath, feeling his ego come rushing back. “I won’t have to hide from my employers on this damned ship anymore!”

When he reaches to turn off the now-wet radio, it hits him with an electrical shock, taking out all the lights on the ship with it. And it is too late for rational thought as the shock also contracts the muscles in his arm and the cabin lights up while a stream of bullets penetrates the hull of the ship.

Water rushing through holes ... A storm gathering ...

Chapter 6/6: Nymphets on a mission

The day before the peace summit ...

Carol and Fernanda are walking along the sandy shoreline of an exclusive tropical island, as the seashells in the incoming and receding waves tickle their feet. They are radiant, sexy, and lethal, and they know it from experience. They are Nymphets on a mission, closing in on their Mark. While passing the groups of businessmen, surfers, and locals, they enjoy the comments of men and especially wives and girlfriends who are angry at their lovers for looking their way, looking on them as delectable. They have no problem swaying their hips past the guards at the sign ‘Private nude beach begins here.’ They simply blow them a kiss and pull at each others’ strings, letting their tiny bikinis drift away on the receding tide. A few feet past a large yacht anchored offshore, they turn inland toward a magnificent-looking beach cabin where they stop at an obviously wealthy man lying comfortably on a large suede couch, facing them with his head hidden in the shade of a palm tree and a phone pressed to his ear. They have reached their Mark.

“Hello, Mark, we are looking for a Master,” says Carol, causing Fernanda to chuckle at the pun even though they had practiced this introduction.

The man quickly puts the phone to his chest, muting it. Taking in these twin fantasies posing in front of him, he sighs, “Well, just call me Frank when I say that surely no one could possibly be the master over you two.”

“Oh excuse us, Frank,” they giggle while they boldly lie down next to their Mark, hugging him real tight and purring like kittens as they are all too glad to allow him to stroke their hair and gently massage their faces.

“We need it real bad,” says Carol. “We love you. You are so good to us,” Fernanda whispers in his other ear.

“Hmm, let me guess,” the man says, “you girls do not want to do homework tonight.”

More giggles follow. “You know us too well already,” Fernanda says. “Though our teacher gives us straight A’s regardless,” Carol explains, running her fingers through his chest hair.

“Yeah, I may need to have a word with that man soon,” he sighs. “But let us go inside now, ladies. I made you some brownies to go with that homework.”

“No way, master!” his ladies cheer, “We love your brownies, master!” And up and off they go, racing for the kitchen, their mission completed.

Mr. Goodness sighs, how he loves to be called by his title.

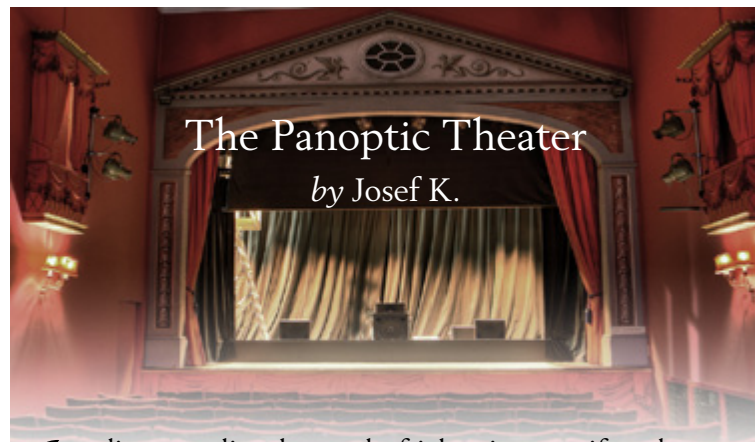
Putting the phone back to his ear, he continues, “Sorry for that interruption, Mister President ... Yes I love this safe house ... Yes, Mark Master is fine as an alias, and I do get the pun ... Well, you could have had one more brownie if you had managed to keep your little daughter in your house and out of my kitchen ... Those were my thoughts exactly—a bad, bad little girl! ... Spanked you say? Doo tell me more!”

As the camera pans away from the cabin, past the yacht anchored off shore and toward the setting sun, just before the closing credits, it is claimed that, on the widescreen DVD collector’s edition, you can hear Mr. Goodness shout, “No! That is impossible! Bad, bad little girl!” in the background.

What *is* known is that there would be another 50 years of world peace before Evil’s plan to do away with Goodness would be fulfilled—well, in a way. When Goodness finally did pass away, it was in peace, surrounded by the little ladies of his family of Goodnesses.

The END





The Panoptic Theater by Josef K.

A snarling, growling dog can be frightening even if one has never been bitten by one. Without biting each and every passerby, a guard dog can effectively keep trespassers off the lawn. In other words, without the physical consequence—a few dozen canine teeth clapping down on your flesh—a barking dog that never bites remains an effective method of security. A guard dog has a very simple directive: to prevent intruders from entering the property. But what if the dog were to leave the property and attack people who had not violated its only rule, on the pretext that they might at a later time? Then obeying the dog’s rule would not ensure that one is safe from its bite; if obedience and disobedience yield the same result, its method of government commands no respect, and the people merely live in unjustifiable fear. Likewise, when a pedophile is punished on whatever legal pretext an ambitious prosecutor can muster, the rest of the pedophile community learns to hide fearfully, to bury their true identity for fear that it might be used against them unjustly.

Part I

1.1—Within the pedophile community, there is an understandable desire to be open about one’s sexual identity. However, any pedophile who keeps an eye on the news understands that it is dangerous to do so. As a result, many of us have little choice but to omit or distort the truth. We hide our identities from friends, family, and society as a whole. We assume a facade out of fear of hostility or reprisal. But what makes us believe that these consequences are real possibilities? How can one be oppressed without an oppressor? There is an indirect process at work, one that imposes silence—or at least makes coming out difficult.

If one were to come out as a pedophile, there could be a variety of responses, depending on the individual’s circumstances. One’s family may reject the member who identifies himself or herself as a pedophile. One may encounter hostility within various institutions such as the church or school. Even the law may be called upon to intervene, in which case one is fearful of the law. The mere accusation that one is attracted to children can have very real consequences. The common thread running through these possible reactions is an apparent relationship between pedophilia and negative consequences. The oppressor, then, is any individual, group, or institution that maintains the appearance that this relationship exists.

And only the appearance is necessary. This point is vividly illustrated in the principle behind a prison conceived by 18th-century social reformer Jeremy Bentham. Bentham describes a concept for what he refers to as the Penitentiary House. In his design, the prisoners are arranged in cells facing the center of a hollow

cylindrical structure. In the center is a tower, where the warden resides. In this way, it is possible for the warden to observe all of the prisoners effortlessly. The key, Bentham argues, is to enable the warden to observe all of the inmates without being seen himself. (The logistics of accomplishing this feat—seeing without being seen—is secondary to the effect that this arrangement has on those under observation.)

Provided that the prisoners believe that they are always being watched, the warden assumes a godlike quality. (Indeed, the religious idea of an all-seeing god can also be described in this fashion.) But even the prisoners in Bentham’s design were expected to realize that a single watcher could not literally see everyone at all times. In order to test the warden’s ability, for example, a prisoner may break certain rules to see if he is then punished. If he were successful, the warden’s power would be undone. To prevent this, the solution is to permit the misdeeds of a single prisoner for one day, and then to defer his punishment until an unannounced time. Thus, any given prisoner would fail to experience immediate punishment, rendering their tests useless because they might still be punished at a future time. And it only takes one demonstration of this principle to make the prisoners fearful.

But one need not reside in a Penitentiary House in order to feel as though one is under constant surveillance. The ubiquitous CCTV cameras in London provide a rather vivid instantiation of Big Brother’s all-seeing eye, but other examples can be just as effective while being much more subtle in practice. Just as one prisoner’s deferred punishment can impact all the other prisoners according to Bentham’s design, not every misdeed requires punishment in order for law enforcement to create the illusion that our offenses are not as discreet as we think. Anyone who commits a crime must believe, at the time, that there is a fair chance that they will not get caught. And yet, time and again, we hear stories of criminals who failed to evade the iron fist of the law. Implicit in each of them is the message that criminals will be caught one way or another, if not shortly after the fact, then at some future time—sometimes many years later.

One might point out, however, that we’re not living in a Penitentiary House. The difference between prisoners and the public in Bentham’s design is that constant surveillance is intended to prevent secondary crimes while imprisoned. As Bentham describes in *The Rationale of Punishment*, “Under the safeguard of this continual inspection ... the Penitentiary House described, includes all the causes which are calculated to destroy the seeds of vice, and to rear those of virtue.”¹ The design is intended not only to prevent subsequent misdeeds, but to remediate society’s undesirables. Law enforcement may be able to spot and punish individual criminals, but such an approach would be virtually ineffective on the whole. The remainder of society’s ‘potential’ criminals must witness the capture and punishment of those who broke the law, to generate the illusion that law enforcement possesses greater vision and power than it does in actuality.

In this fashion, those who are not locked up in prison are still subjected to surveillance, whether it be in the form of cameras, undercover agents, nosy neighbors, or even a completely fictitious watcher. It is this latter agent that is the most insidious. How can something that does not truly exist be watching us? Because, as Bentham argues, “the greater chance there is, of a given person’s being at a given time actually under inspection, the more strong will be the persuasion—the more *intense*, if I may say so, the *feeling*,

he has of his being so.”² The agent, when no other agent is present, is this internalized “feeling” of being watched. What better way to exercise control and influence over a people, than by compelling the citizens to watch themselves? Take, for example, the behavior of Winston Smith, the protagonist of George Orwell’s *1984*, around the telescreen in his apartment—a device that watches tirelessly, and around which there is “no way of knowing whether you [are] being watched at any given moment.”³ Winston consciously monitors his facial expressions, his bodily orientation to the device, his position in the room. When a government has finite resources, it must be particularly helpful if the burden of surveillance can be shared by its citizens.

*We are neither in the amphitheatre, nor on the stage, but in the panoptic machine, invested by its effects of power, which we bring to ourselves since we are part of its mechanism.*⁴

—Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*

1.2—But how is the illusion of the government’s power supported when no crime is being committed immediately outside? What is our “telescreen,” so to speak? Robert Wright, in his book *The Moral Animal*, remarks that a display of strength “is even more valuable when publicly observed. If word of your fierce honor gets around, so that a single, bloody fistfight deters scores of neighbors from cheating you—even slightly and occasionally—then the fight was worth the risk.”⁵ But it is neither at the crime scene nor in the courthouse that this display needs to take place; it is rather in the home where the mauling occurs, or at work, the mall, the airport terminal—innumerable locations far removed from the original, provided that the spectacle is relayed by television, newspaper, magazine, or any other medium.

This effect of law enforcement’s power is also an aspect of Bentham’s prison design. He states that the doors of the prison ought to be “thrown wide open to the body of the curious at large—the great *open committee* of the tribunal of the world.” And, he asks, who would protest such an arrangement “but those whose motives for objection afford the strongest reasons for it?”⁶ In this way, the prison functions much as a pillory once did, as a means of publicly humiliating criminals to warn others of the consequences of breaking the law. But today’s criminal, rather than being fettered shamefully in the town square, is followed about by the press under the gaze of the camera lens. Forced to appear on the television screen, the criminal continues to serve as a warning, reminding the citizen to monitor their behavior closely. Given these circumstances, members of society are simultaneously free and imprisoned.

According to Bentham’s design, constant surveillance is to be reserved only for those who have been confined to the prison proper, and yet we are finding ourselves under constant surveillance anyway. In effect, we are living in a virtual prison. In his work *Simulacra and Simulation*, Jean Baudrillard argues that simulations hide the existence of the real model on which they are based, “a bit like prisons are there to hide that it is the social in its entirety, in its banal omnipresence, that is carceral”⁷ Considering the way that society and prison overlap in terms of surveillance and deterrence of crime according to Bentham’s model, this seems a valid analysis. Citizens are less likely to protest if they are unaware that they are prisoners.

Baudrillard also explores the overlap of mind and media, arguing that television is “a miniaturized terminal that, in fact, is im-

mediately located in your head—you are the screen, and the TV watches you”⁸ In absorbing the output of the media, our very thoughts are mediated by what we take in. As argued earlier, when the punishment of crime implies cause and effect, the viewer develops a conception of the world that is little more than a simulation. The reality on which it may once have been based no longer animates the clockwork of society. Instead of punishment transparently taking place within a bubble of artificial reality, the response of the law and society appears as natural as rain and as predictable as the gravity that causes it to fall.

*But what if God himself can be simulated, that is to say can be reduced to the signs that constitute faith? Then the whole system becomes weightless, it is no longer itself anything but a gigantic simulacrum*⁹

—Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulation*

Part II

2.1—It might seem that a simple way to overcome the influence of the media and law enforcement would be to live a decent, law-abiding life. After all, those who are punished did break the law. Is it not reasonable to assume, then, that abiding by the law should minimize any anxiety one might feel about the situation? Why fear a god who punishes only justly?

The curtailing of basic rights in the name of the greater good was vividly illustrated by McCarthyism and the Red Scare of the 1940s and 50s. Some of the parallels between the treatment of Communists—suspected or real—and modern pedophiles are so stark as to deserve a detailed discussion. Particularly revealing is the majority opinion of Justice Fred Vinson for *Dennis et al. v. United States*, which sought to determine whether the Communist Party threatened to overthrow the government violently.¹⁰ As Justice Vinson put it: “Certainly an attempt to overthrow the Government by force, even though doomed from the outset because of inadequate numbers or power of the revolutionists, is a *sufficient evil* for Congress to prevent” (emphasis added).¹¹

This notion of a ‘sufficient evil’ says much about human nature. Encapsulated in his statement is the underlying human intuition that improbability is less important if the perceived wrong is a great enough threat. The parallel to pedophilia hardly needs to be articulated. Ellen Schrecker, in her book *The Age of McCarthyism*, notes that “[t]reating Communists as criminals made them seem dangerous; and that perception increased the willingness of judges and juries to convict them.”¹² The result is a self-perpetuating system: the nature of the potential crime justifies treating undesirables as criminals, and treating them as criminals justifies widespread fear.

This widespread fear, aided by newspaper headlines (the spectacle of crime and punishment), played a significant role in the way real and suspected Communists were treated. It also impacted the way they conducted their own affairs. It is important to note that because of the fear of being treated as a criminal, communist organizations were compelled to operate more secretly—but doing so only fueled the suspicion that they had something to hide. Such an arrangement works out very well for the persecutors, whereas the persecuted can do little to alter it. Compelling an unknown to remain unknown only facilitates speculation and reinforces fear and hostility.

In her introduction to *The Panopticon Writings*, Miran Božović

briefly describes Jeremy Bentham's apparent fear of ghosts, or the ability of non-entities to induce fear "precisely *because of the fact* that they do not exist."¹³ Bentham's fear of ghosts closely resembles his discussion of the apparent capacity of the prison warden to see all of the prisoners simultaneously: the warden's 'powers' are undone the moment he can be seen, because only then can the prisoner be certain as to whether he is being watched. Likewise, if one knew undoubtedly that ghosts existed, there would be something definite to contend with. Instead, there is only "the intrusion of something radically other, something unknown and strange into our world. And it is from this fear that we would escape, if we could be sure that ghosts *really existed*."¹⁴

Thus, we are left with two premises: that law enforcement apparently sees all, and that the pedophile as fabricated by the media might as well be Frankenstein's abomination—a work of fiction. But law enforcement does not truly possess godlike attributes, and true pedophiles are not the soulless predators that society has conjured from its collective imagination. Each of these premises stands as precariously as a house of cards: if one were to breathe the truth with sufficient energy, these falsehoods that inflict so much misery would collapse.

*I have good dispositions; my life has been hitherto harmless, and in some degree beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster.*¹⁵

—The creature, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*

Part III

3.1—While law enforcement has at its disposal various means of keeping tabs on the people, each of us knows intuitively—like the prisoner eager to test the power of his keeper—that there are limits to what it knows and can do. But fear of one's government can have a peculiar effect on its citizens: it can cause individuals to believe that they have an obligation to act as its eye and ears, reporting criminal, or even merely suspicious, behavior. It may also be, Wright notes, as simple as fearing social approbrium for appearing tolerant of wrongful behavior: "[R]obust moral codes rest not just on norms but on 'metanorms': society disapproves not only of the code's violators but also of those who tolerate violators by failing to disapprove."¹⁶

In 2006, Salon.com published a story¹⁷ written by a man whose family was dragged through legal proceedings that might have been the inspiration for Franz Kafka's *The Trial* had it been written today. Jody Jenkins had taken his kids on an ordinary camping trip. Like any proud parent wishing to preserve the time spent with their children, he took photographs. But when he sent the photos he had taken to be developed, he did not imagine that the photos of his children skinny dipping—ages 3 and 8—would set off a series of events that would turn his life into a miserable nightmare.

Josef K. in *The Trial* wakes up early one morning only to be greeted in his apartment by a pair of mysterious men who inform him that he is under arrest. He never learns what his crime is; but despite his protestations of being innocent, he has little choice but to navigate blindly through a surreal and dilapidated court system for no evident reason and without a shred of compassion from the system's constituents. So, too, was Jenkins forced to contend with an impossible legal situation that seemed to generate its own internal

energy, fueled by an outlandish rationale and operating according to incomprehensible protocol. Even though the charges of producing child pornography were eventually dropped, Jenkins' case provides a vivid reminder of how simple a matter it is to ruin a person's life through a mere unsubstantiated accusation—in this case, by an uninformed photo lab employee who felt that his photos were suspect. "But," as Jenkins points out, "the law, under which child pornography falls, contains no provision for training personnel to identify abuse or pornographic photos."¹⁸

During the Red Scare of the 40s and 50s, individuals whose names appeared on the wrong list or were found to be associated with the wrong crowd faced similar difficulties. Many people lost their jobs for otherwise innocent associations or benign political beliefs.¹⁹ All that was needed was a climate of suspicion and a common enemy to fear. And just as many of those whose lives were impacted by the climate during that era were innocent enough, Jenkins notes that nowadays the majority of reports of child abuse filed each year are unsubstantiated. Just as the overthrow of the government was believed to be a 'sufficient evil' for the government to prevent, the abuse of children is considered to be so serious that even a fleeting suspicion that someone might be taking advantage of their children for sexual purposes is treated as a probable cause for action.

*Given the senselessness of the whole affair, how could the bureaucracy avoid becoming entirely corrupt? [G]uards try to steal the shirts off the backs of arrested men, inspectors break into strange apartments, and innocent people, instead of being examined, are humiliated before entire assemblies.*²⁰

—Josef K., Franz Kafka's *The Trial*

Part IV

4.1—We live in a world not unlike one of René Magritte's paintings—the tobacco pipe that appears to be unquestionably real hovers above our heads like the Sword of Damocles. But the pipe is 'real' only insofar as we allow ourselves to be sucked into the fantastic realm of social hysteria and laws that do little to ameliorate the welfare of the people. There may once have been a time when this realm had a basis in reality: laws existed to protect people, and social concerns could be traced to a clear and justifiable cause. But stating that the law protects and that our fears are not merely paranoid delusions is as substantive an assertion as stating that an illustration of a pipe is not a pipe. According to Foucault's essay on Magritte's works, "[r]esemblance presupposes a primary reference," whereas "[t]he similar develops in series that have neither beginning nor end"²¹ Pedophilia is condemned without reference to real people; crimes are invented without reference to real victims.

But even if this realm exists as the end result of a series of irrational beliefs, unsubstantiated assumptions, and dubious laws—the origins of which have long since been forgotten—it has a measurable influence on the lives of those who fail to detach themselves from its artificiality. To the prisoner who cannot see his keeper, he really is being watched at all times; to the citizen or politician fearful of foreign influence, Communists really were trying to infiltrate and overthrow the government; to the technician who feared for her job and for the welfare of children, Jenkins' photos really did show child abuse and exploitation; to the viewer drawn into Magritte's painting, the hovering object really is a pipe.

*All around us there are nothing but dummies of power, but the mechanical illusion of power still rules the social order, behind which grows the absent, illegible, terror of control, the terror of a definitive code, of which we are the minuscule terminals.*²²

—Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulation*

4.2—Society and the government are like the viewer who regards the phrase *Ceci n'est pas une pipe* (*This is not a pipe*) as contradictory nonsense. Just as Communists who argued that they had no intention to overthrow the government violently were accused of using Aesopian language²³—language that means the opposite of what is said—pedophiles who argue that they are decent, kind, and loving individuals are accused of lying or distorting the truth. For many pedophiles, living in this world has driven us to exit the painting's frame and to see it for what it really is. As Douglas Hofstadter explains in *Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid*, "The only way not to be sucked in is to see both pipes merely as colored smudges on a surface a few inches in front of your nose. Then, and only then, do you appreciate the full meaning of the written message 'Ceci n'est pas une pipe'"²⁴

Thus, we can see the truth while others dismiss it out of hand. We can assert this fact until we are blue in the face; but until others realize that they are trapped in a painting, our words will not mean to them what they mean to us. Until then, we must continue to watch those whom the law has deemed criminals be put on display in the spectacle of the Panopticon. Until then, we ourselves have no choice but to hide our love for children, which is precisely as society and the law would have it; for, Bentham states, "an absolute impossibility of satisfying [desires], destroys them when they are not supported by long established habits. There is much humanity in a strict rule, which prevents not only faults and chastisements, but temptations also."²⁵

¹ Bentham, J., 2009, p. 281

² Bentham, J., 1995, p. 44

³ Orwell, G., 2003, p. 90

⁴ Foucault, M., 1995, p. 217

⁵ Wright, R., 1994, p. 205

⁶ Bentham, J., 1995, p. 48

⁷ Baudrillard, J., 1994, p. 12

⁸ Baudrillard, J., 1994, p. 51

⁹ Baudrillard, J., 1994, pp. 5-6

¹⁰ Schrecker, E., 2002

¹¹ Schrecker, E., 2002, p. 210

¹² Schrecker, E., 2002, p. 27

^{13, 14} Bentham, J., 1995, p. 21

As Henry Thoreau cautioned in *Civil Disobedience*, "If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man."²⁶ The way of life that has been established without our assent serves a very narrow purpose, and its effects benefit no one but those who believe that children are best protected by such an oppressive state. They inflict injury in the name of the greater good, all the while blind to the reality that most true pedophiles are not dangerous people; they are battling a chimera while wreaking havoc in the process—"He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster."²⁷

Our most powerful tool to bring an end to this destructive pattern is the truth. But it is not as simple as spreading the truth like pamphlets on a street corner. The very frame of mind of those who would make our lives miserable in order to satisfy their own demons must be fundamentally altered. They must escape the reality that they have constructed in order to understand that our message is not a distortion of the truth—it *is* the truth; to say that an illustration of a pipe is not a pipe is not contradictory because the painting itself is an illusion.

¹⁵ Shelley, M., 2004, p. 160

¹⁶ Wright, R., 1994, p. 357

^{17, 18} Jenkins, J., 2006

¹⁹ Schrecker, E., 2002

²⁰ Kafka, F., 1998, p. 50

²¹ Foucault, M., 2008, p. 44

²² Baudrillard, J., 1994, 152

²³ Schrecker, E., 2002

²⁴ Hofstadter, D., 1979, p. 701

²⁵ Bentham, J., 2009, p. 282

²⁶ Thoreau, H. D., 2003, p. 279

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Movie review: *Sundays and Cybele*

A Cinematic View of Intergenerational Romance

Sundays and Cybele (French title: *Les Dimanches de Ville d'Avray*) is a beautiful film about a romantic relationship between a man named Pierre (about 30) and a young girl christened Françoise (almost 12)—with deference to the plot, I shall intentionally refrain from using her true name. The best thing about this film is that it is unburdened by the weight of the last half century of propaganda. And though the couple's love is still misunderstood, and ultimately destroyed by insensitive external forces, the film sympathizes with the intergenerational lovers, and seems to condone their relationship. Albeit, with a couple of caveats.

Pierre is a troubled war veteran suffering from amnesia following a tragic plane crash that killed a young Vietnamese girl. There is no evidence that he has a regular attraction to young girls—in fact, he is intimately involved with an adult nurse named Madeleine. Françoise seems to be a special exception. She is a charming but lonely girl, sent to a convent near Pierre's apartment. Pierre encounters her by chance on the train platform one evening, and, perhaps seeking retribution for the girl he accidentally killed in the war, he is instantly drawn to her. After the girl's father abandons her, Pierre steps in and a bond quickly grows between them.

The two spend their Sundays together happily in the park. The nuns at the convent mistake him for the girl's father, and strangers assume she is his daughter—until their friendship deepens, and several observers begin to suspect that something unusual is going on between them. Madeleine is initially pleased at the improvement in Pierre's mood, but conflict erupts when she discovers that her companion has been lying to her about sneaking off on Sundays—not to spend time with another woman, but with a girl who is only a child!

There is a poignant scene where Madeleine discusses the situation with Pierre's friend, Carlos, who is sympathetic to the troubled man's needs. Even Carlos' wife thinks it is inappropriate for a grown man to “romance” a child, but Carlos confidently defends their relationship—citing Pierre's own child-like mental state (the result of his amnesia, and the trauma of his wartime experiences) and how much happier it has undeniably made him.

But within this conditional acceptance of their love lies the presumption that a positive relationship between an adult and a child can only be possible under special circumstances—specifically, where the adult is mentally deficient in some capacity, so as to be on a level with the child, and where the child is lacking affection from a more appropriate source (usually the parents). While this may represent a complementary pairing, the implication is that there must be something wrong with an adult who desires, and can appreciate, the company of a child, and that the child must be neglected (or perhaps abused) in order to welcome the adult's affections.

This view stands as an insult to many a child's oft overlooked and underrated abilities, and it ignores the great diversity of individual children, some of whom are more and less developed than the majority of their peers. Furthermore, it precludes the possibility that a perfectly capable, fully functioning adult could have (and want!) a positive relationship with a healthy, well-adapted child,



Film year 1962

Director Serge Bourguignon

Language French

without being motivated by any desire to harm or take advantage of the child in any way, and that the child could reciprocate feelings of mutual affection. Suggesting this is an insult to the concept of romantic love, which can develop between persons of all ages.

Nevertheless, Pierre and Françoise are well suited to each other. They are compatible, and they clearly have genuine feelings for one another. Even Madeleine recognizes the wholesomeness of their relationship after spying on them in the park one Sunday. Yet, I suspect this would not be the case if their relationship were not sexually pure. It is undoubtedly that the feelings between the two lovers are more than platonic, but the relationship is devoid of any obvious sexual passion (or lust, if you will).

What they have is beautiful, and it would be inappropriate to pressure a young girl into sexual activity before she's ready. But though Françoise appears to be unready, the case may be different with other girls of a similar age. Basing the virtue of a relationship on its lack of sex marginalizes those relationships where some form of sex plays a part (whether integral or incidental), and trivializes (to a dangerous extent) the difference between mutually consensual, pleasurable sexual activity and abusive sexual coercion.

Putting aside the risk of “premature” sexual debut—which, apart from the crime of sexual abuse, is viewed as a grave dishonor in cultures that value female virginity and childhood purity—we are left with the risk of violent harm. All too often it is the case, where relationships between adults and children are concerned, that the symptoms of love are interpreted to be motivated by hate (or vice versa). Even a cursory examination of Pierre and Françoise's relationship—as performed by those who truly care—would reveal the absence of any serious threat to Françoise's well-being (quite the contrary, in fact). It is true that Pierre engages in some compulsive behaviors, but these acts are committed not with a violent will, but rather an absent-minded naivety, which reflects his immaturity.

On the other hand, upon hearing about the relationship, one of Pierre's acquaintances brazenly assumes that Pierre's goal is to murder Françoise. Why? Because he wasn't punished for (accidentally) killing a child during the war, and that killing another one is the

only way to bring upon himself the punishment he deserves. Never mind the fact that if Pierre feels guilty about killing the child, it stands to reason that the last thing he'd want to do is kill another one. Moreover, why would he spend so much time befriending the girl only to kill her in an elaborate plot on Christmas? But those who are quick to judge are not driven by rational thought.

Ultimately, Pierre's pure love is defensible largely on account of his developmental deficiency and nonsexual interest in Françoise. An actual pedophile, with a recurring attraction to children, that has a clear sexual component, would fare no better than he (and probably considerably worse). However, Pierre still meets a tragic end at the hands of those who would shoot first and ask questions later, fearing the smallest possibility that a child may be in danger (willing to murder innocents to prevent the murder of innocence).

Book review: *Understanding and Addressing Adult Sexual Attraction to Children: A Study of Paedophiles in Contemporary Society*

Sarah Goode's work on adult sexual attraction to children is a laudable attempt at gathering information about pedophiles by going straight to the source: pedophiles themselves. But unlike previous efforts to understand pedophilia, Goode chose to recognize the distinction between those who have acted on their feelings and those who have chosen to remain abstinent and abide by the law. She rightly acknowledges the dubiousness of relying on prison populations in order to understand an orientation that is not exclusive to convicted criminals.

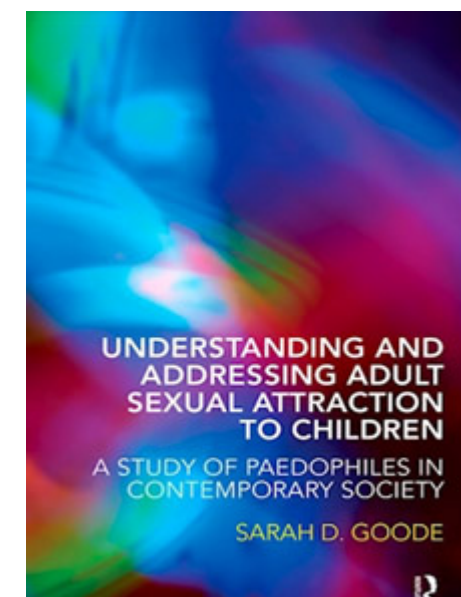
The author makes it clear from the beginning that it was no simple undertaking to accomplish her goal of correcting misconceptions about pedophilia. She was hounded by her colleagues and the ethics committee about the purported risks entailed in contacting *real* pedophiles, many of whom had not been convicted of any crime and hence had not been identified by law enforcement. After a series of concessions and other logistical setbacks, she was granted permission to proceed with her research.

Goode's commitment to discarding popular attitudes in favor of a more empirical approach is scientifically commendable. But given the responses to her intention to contact self-admitted pedophiles in order to challenge what she believed was an unbelievable portrayal of a group of real human beings, her struggle to start her project reveals the dangers of threatening entrenched beliefs.

For her data, Goode submitted to various online pedophile communities a questionnaire for members to fill out if they were so inclined. Fifty-six members were willing to oblige—many of whom, she notes, were very polite and thorough in their interactions with her. Herein lies the greatest strength of her project: rather than relying on prison populations or patients of psychiatrists, the author tapped into the richest source of knowledge on pedophilia available. As she notes later on in the text, the present cultural climate in various countries around the globe makes it difficult for even non-offending pedophiles to talk openly about who

But the most sinister thing of all is not the insensitivity shown toward an adult's love of a child, but the insensitivity shown toward the child's feelings. Some say a child doesn't have the cognitive capacity to deal with the emotional intensity of a romantic relationship. But what of the emotional intensity a child must bear, having her only and beloved adult companion murdered in cold blood in front of her? I doubt the cops and child “protectors” in this film have any sincere remorse for the suffering they've caused this girl in their misguided attempt to protect her. We'll allow a child to endure just about any form of suffering in life as long as it does not possess the threat of a sexual component, and yet, we are deathly afraid of allowing her to love, and be loved. I wonder what sentence awaits the girls' father who abandoned her—probably none. Yet I am sure the man who loved her would have lost his liberty, had he not had the misfortune to first lose his life, at the hands of the “justice” system.

—summerdays



Author Sarah D. Goode

Publisher Routledge

Date 2009

Language English

and what they are. As a result, existing information on pedophilia is likely to misrepresent the portion of the pedophile population that has not had any run-in with the law or counseling.

Also to the author's credit is her use of extensive citations of the responses of those who volunteered to provide feedback on her survey. In doing so, the reader is allowed access to the unfiltered opinions, attitudes, and beliefs of real pedophiles. Had she resorted to greater degrees of interpretation, the resulting text would have likely yielded a biased representation, despite her desire to mask her own attitudes.

One of the first contributions to be cited at length is given by an individual whom the author calls ‘David.’ His is a particularly emotional story, which relates the shock of self-discovery, the distress

of living in secrecy, the dissonance between oneself as a pedophile and the stereotype of a pedophile given by the media, and the ultimate decision to commit suicide as a means of ending the fear and uncertainty of contending with newfound feelings and the supposed risk they pose to children.

David's story is followed by a definition of pedophilia given by the author. By putting her definition after his story, the reader is primed to reconceptualize the popular definition of pedophilia by interpreting textbook explanations with David's case in mind. Goode also provides a detailed description of her attempt to glean at least a ballpark estimate of the number of pedophiles in the world, settling on a figure of approximately 20% of men, women being approximately one tenth that number. One of the recurring themes throughout her work is that pedophiles are more numerous than society at large may believe, and that many people live and work alongside pedophiles without realizing it.

The author then devotes a fair amount of space to discussing online activity apart from the online pedophile communities themselves. She describes the battles for command over content on Wikipedia, as well as the function of the 'Darknet' in maintaining anonymity.

After explaining the ethical concerns involved in gathering her data, the author compiles and organizes a variety of basic facts about her respondents, including their gender, age, nationality, when they became aware of their attraction, whether they were married, and so on.

Of particular interest is the following section, which relates the various ways in which her respondents felt that they constructed their sense of identity as a pedophile. Not only does she manage to capture the struggle of living as a pedophile, but she also touches on the various films and works of literature that her respondents felt had contributed to the way they perceived themselves as well as others.

Perhaps most surprising is her acknowledgment of the fact that many pedophiles do not fantasize exclusively about sexual relations with children, but instead prefer to think about fostering loving, amicable relationships with them. She also outlines the qualities her respondents loved in children, many of which were non-physical.

The author goes on to categorize and describe the different forms of support her respondents did or did not receive and the way support or lack of support influenced their behavior. Her findings suggest that support outside the pedophile community may help pedophiles abide by the law, and that support from within the community also encourages non-offending behavior.

But rather than painting the online pedophile community as a single, concerted group of individuals, she describes in the following chapter the ways in which conflicting attitudes are maintained from within. She illustrates the different attitudes with regard to child pornography and sexual contact with children, ultimately painting a very diversified group of individuals rather than a homogenous collective of archetypes. She further notes the differing attitudes with regard to the effect of using imagery to satisfy urges without acting on them, though the majority of responses articulated the positive effect of viewing such imagery.

The first nine chapters described so far focused almost exclusively on pedophiles and the ways in which their responses to her survey

challenge popular attitudes about what pedophilia is. It is surprising then that she devoted the remaining two chapters to the issues of reporting child abuse and changing policies and attitudes with regard to abusers and those who believe they may be attracted to children.

Until chapter 10, Goode's work provided a comprehensive and impartial view of real pedophiles and not simply those who had been imprisoned for child abuse or subject to court-ordered counseling. Indeed, many—if not most—of those imprisoned for abuse cannot be classified as actual pedophiles (Okami & Goldberg, 1992).

Her decision to address child abuse sends a mixed message. One of the major points of her analysis up to this section of the book is that many pedophiles are not offenders. In chapter 11, the author asserts unequivocally that adult-child sexuality is inherently damaging, regardless of cultural or social context. Setting aside the fact that this point appears extraneous to her purpose for the book, it reveals her duplicity in declaring that she intended to be impartial in her approach to the subject matter. Instead, completely disregarding the importance of context in addressing the impact of sexuality seems like an attempt at conciliation by clarifying her moral position.

This is not to say that she was right or wrong. Instead, saving her soapbox for the end of the book in order to pontificate about the dangers of sexuality skews her commitment to correcting popular attitudes about pedophiles. Chapter 11 is comprised of three sections, two of which deal with child abuse and protecting children. The remaining section claims to address sexual attraction to children (which the author states elsewhere is not proof of abuse), but it is largely—again—about dealing with abusers.

On the other hand, the author does make a point of noting that demonizing pedophiles is an improper course of action. This is perhaps one of the most vital points in the work, but it seems to appear as an afterthought given all the focus on real child abuse rather than perceptions of non-offending pedophiles. And despite her emphasis on the prevalence of pedophilia and the fact that not all pedophiles are dangerous, she still remarks that it is 'scary' to realize that pedophiles exist.

Ultimately, her work remains valuable, if only because it gives pedophiles a voice. The message that many pedophiles are not child abusers, that many pedophiles genuinely love children and would never harm them, and that hysteria helps no one came through clearly thanks to the responses of those willing to support her cause. For these reasons, it is worth reading for both pedophiles and non-pedophiles alike. The former may find that they are not alone in their feelings, attitudes, and beliefs, while taking comfort in the knowledge that it is possible to live as a pedophile and remain a decent human being. The latter may benefit from reading the text by gaining a unique understanding of something so pervasively despised and misunderstood.

—Josef K.

The Rock Concert

by Desu12

It was a cool, early September afternoon, and I had arrived. Our town was holding an outdoor rock concert in Saunderson Park. With starry eyes and ticket in hand, I began the walk towards the front gate. It's been a long time since I've been to a show, and I was excited. I couldn't wait to see all of the bands, especially my favorite—Bad Society. To think the band had been around for 25 years and that I was barely a teenager when I bought their first album. I got to the gate, they punched my ticket, and I entered. There was quite a few long-haired dudes with their tattoos and leather jackets and others who looked like your regular mommy and daddy types who left their 2.5 children with the babysitter and were there just for the nostalgia. There were stands selling band merchandise like T-shirts and CDs. I was wearing my old 1989 Bad Society World Tour shirt that was showing its age along with me. I went to one of the stands and bought a new shirt. I was going to go to one of the concession stands and get some food but decided to find a spot to lay my blanket down first so I could get a good view. After I picked my spot, I made my way back to the food stand. I ordered two chili dogs and a soda. I was walking back to my spot, not really watching my step, and I slammed into a young girl and we both spilled our food.

She looked pissed. "Watch where you're walking, dude!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I quickly apologized. "Here, let me replace what was dropped." I told her to come with me back to the food stand and I would get her anything she wanted. The anger on her face began to disappear. We went back to the stand and ordered our food again. She thanked me and asked me what my name was. "Steven," I told her. "What's yours?"

"Dawn," she answered with a half-smile.

"Well, it's good to meet you Dawn. I swear I'm not usually that clumsy."

"Could have fooled me," she teased, this time with a grin.

After asking how old she was and learning that she was 14, I asked her why she was at a concert to see a bunch of "dinosaur bands."

"Have you heard the shit they play on the radio today that I'm 'supposed' to like?"

"Like what?" I asked.

"It's either depressing emo music, shallow pop music, or stupid rap music. My parents' CD collection is what I like. They have all of the good stuff from back in the day, but they're all frumpy now and listen to grown up stuff."

"Grown up stuff?"

"Adult contemporary, I guess you'd call it. Boring and bland," she added. She looked at my shirt and said, "Hey I'm here to see them too—they're my favorite band." She informed me that she was a member of the band's forum.

"Wow, that's cool that you like older bands."

"I have the rock-and-roll spirit and it will never die." That was an awesome answer to my ears.

"Well ... I guess I'll let you get back to your friends," I said tentatively.

"I'm here alone." Pausing for a moment, she continued: "They just don't get it." After asking her how she got here, she explained, "My best friend drove me here, but I have no ride back. I lied and told my parents I was staying the night at her house, which I will be doing once the concert is over."

"I'm here alone too," I said in a subdued tone. "But you can hang out with me if you want ..."

She gave me a wry glance. "Why? So you can take me to your van with the 'Free candy' sign on it?" she quipped.

I laughed. "How did you guess?"

She laughed, too. "You're a crazy fucker. Yeah let's hang."

So we headed back towards my blanket with our food. We ate and talked some more. After we finished we waited until the concert officially started.

It was 7:00 in the evening, and the opening band, Sidewinder, took to the stage. They were a Southern rock band that wrote good tunes and had that right kind of swagger, delivered by their frontman, Jimmy E. Lane. I had seen them many times before, and to me they were a better live band than they were on album. With a strike of a twin lead guitar chord, they took off into soulful boogie wonderland. People around the two of us were swept up into the fray as the band assaulted us with jams that would make a Marshall amp squeal for mercy. Then I saw something hit the stage after their song "Redneck Royalty" was finished. Jimmy went over to pick it up. He said, "I want to thank whoever you are for the demo tape ... and the joint attached to it. That's really cool, dude." They immediately lunged into the next song. Dawn and I were cheering, although I was probably cheering louder. And with a whoop and a

holler by this out-of-control group of wild men, the last song ended. Jimmy wrapped up, saying, “Thanks for the good times folks, but the party is just getting started—goodnight.”

I looked over to Dawn and exclaimed, “Talk about a hell of an opening act, huh?”

“Yeah, I really liked them a lot, and I usually don’t like country-ish bands.”

“You’ll never know what you’ll like until you try it,” I commented.

“As goes with all things, right?” she added with a devilish grin.

About twenty minutes later a three-piece band called 21 Gun Salute hit the stage. I turned to Dawn and asked, “Who the hell are they?”

“They’re some sort of hybrid punk/metal band. I don’t know much about them either.”

My enthusiasm was about to drop when suddenly a loud blast of feedback pierced the air. The drummer counted out, “1, 2, 3, 4!” and they laid into a fast and frenetic barrage of amped-up metal. Their singer, who was also the bassist, growled and roared out lyrics that I couldn’t make out. The crowd started going apeshit and a mosh pit erupted. I looked over at Dawn, who yelled to me “We’re going!” and grabbed my arm and started running towards the pit.

“I’m almost 40, girl—my days of doing crazy shit like this are over.”

“You don’t have a choice,” she said, then laughed.

So we both entered the pit. I was getting knocked around like I was in a washing machine—so many young people pushing and shoving each other. I was trying to keep my eye on Dawn, but it was futile. She had been swallowed up by the crowd. I couldn’t tell where one song began and another ended. The band was whipping their hair around in a circular motion as their their sonic attack pulsed. I was watching these kids stage dive without a care for where they landed. Finally, I made my way out of the mosh pit, after what seemed like forever. I just watched from afar as the band ended their set. I started to walk around and look for Dawn. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my side. It was Dawn, who hit me with her elbow. She was laughing about it.

“You’re such a pit pussy, Steven.”

“Well, I’m glad you had fun. What were you trying to do, get me killed?”

“Aww, poor baby! Do you want me to kiss it and make it all better?”

In a Freudian slip, I said, “It depends on where you want to place your lips.”

“You mean there’s more than one place?” she asked with a smirk.

The visualization alone made my heart race. After clearing my throat I said, “Let’s go take a walk during intermission.” She agreed, and off we went.

Walking past crowds of people, we were able to enjoy some of the scenery. There was a small bridge stretching across a small creek; park benches where people were sitting, talking, and eating; and different kinds of beautiful flowers. I picked a daisy and offered it to Dawn.

“That’s so sweet. Thank you,” she smiled.

In a whisper, I said, “Not as sweet as you are.”

She looked at me and asked, “Is there something you want to tell me?”

I’d been caught. Mustering up the courage, I answered, “Yes, I do. But I don’t want to sound creepy.”

“Go on,” she prompted.

“I really like you a lot, Dawn,” I told her. “You’re attractive, you’re funny, and you have spunk. You make me feel like a teenager again.”

She smiled and said, “I kinda picked up on that vibe, so I’m not surprised.”

“Yeah,” I said, “but I’m old enough to be your dad.”

She laughed and said bluntly, “You’re not the only older guy I’ve noticed checking me out. I think it’s just part of nature,” she added.

I asked her if she’s ever done anything with a boy before, and she said she’d made out with boys but had only had sex one time. She continued, “After he got what he wanted, he split. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with just having sex, but I want love to make it special,” she said. She then asked me about my sexual history, and I told her that I didn’t really have one to tell.

I said, “I’ve picked up some girls for one-night stands in bars, but I didn’t lose my virginity until I was 23. Now that I’m older, I wish I could go back to when I was a teen because I would have done things differently.”

“What things?” she pried.

“Well there was this one girl in high school I had a major crush on for years, but I didn’t pursue it because I was afraid of rejection. You look exactly like her.”

Dawn drew closer and said, “Well, I look like her and I haven’t rejected you, have I?” That made my heart flutter. She then grabbed my arm to hold my hand and we continued walking.

It was getting close to the time for Bad Society to hit the stage, but at that moment I didn’t care. I had this beautiful girl wrapped around me and it was euphoric. I wanted to feel that way forever. As we were walking nuzzled up together, a few people were giving me dirty looks. They didn’t say anything, but I knew what they were thinking. ‘You dirty old man,’ ‘What are you doing with that young girl,’ ‘Oh, looking for jailbait, I see.’ These words I could see forming on their sneering lips. I looked down at Dawn with her head against my shoulder and walked on by these judgmental pricks. There was a group of college-aged guys lounging around in their folding chairs; they saw me and gave a thumbs up. I smiled and returned the gesture. I only wished that it would have lasted longer, as an older guy in a dirty flannel shirt and jeans gave me and Dawn the death stare. She and I stopped walking. He just continued to stare like he was trying to burn a hole in my eye sockets.

I thought that trouble was about to start when suddenly Dawn shouted, “Hey, asshole, take a picture—it will last longer!” He pointed his finger at me and told me to shut my bitch up. I took Dawn from around my arms and grabbed her by the shoulders, winked, and said, “Shut up, bitch.” We both started laughing and then walked away. On our way back to the crowd, we both took a pee break. Thank God the lines weren’t long.

Relieved, we went back to the crowd. It looked like Bad Society was late again. Dawn and I both knew that their lateness had been an ongoing thing. Ten minutes turned into twenty, then thirty. It was dark, and people were starting to get frustrated. They were chanting the band’s name and throwing water bottles onto the stage. I turned to Dawn and said, “This is the moment we’ve been waiting for—are you excited?” With a big grin she said, “Hell yeah.” All of a sudden, those familiar tones started playing. It echoed then subsided. The tones played again, echoed, and subsided once more. Then those tones started playing in heavier repetition, and the bass kicked in; a prolonged, savage scream broke through the wall of sound. Then the drummer hit the floor toms and BOOM! They launched into their signature tune, “Truth Or Dare.” The crowd bobbed up and down like a stormy sea, singing along to the song. The electricity in the air gave me goosebumps. Getting to see them again and Dawn getting to see them for the first time in her life.

While they were playing “Begging on Your Knees,” Jason Savage screamed out, “HEY! HEY! SECURITY, HEY!” then turned to the band, saying, “Stop, stop.” The band immediately stopped and Jason shouted, “What are you doing, Mr. Security Man?” adding, “The guy is just trying to have a little fun, and you think you have to beat the shit out of him?” The crowd started booing. Pointing to the other security guards, Savage said, “Get this meathead out of here right now.” The crowd started to cheer and applaud. The guard was escorted out and the band started right back where they left off. The band continued playing their old hits, and even some new songs. After playing one of the new songs, Jason came up to the mic and said, “This next song is about you, about all of us, and to never be afraid to be who you are. This is called ‘The Losers.’”

People were getting out their lighters, and I followed suit as Savage sang “We’re the most beautiful in the world.” Dawn and I looked at each other very deeply into each other’s eyes.

I could see how we were rejects to society because of our difference in age. And yet, I could feel the bond we had developed; it was in the music, and it was in the way we talked to one another. The band ripped through some more tunes and got to their closer, “Take Me Home.” Everyone was cheering. The crowd was like a single organism. As they finished the final notes of the song, the pyrotechnics went off like an explosive orgasm. The crowd again chanted their names in unison as all five members gathered together, took their collective bow, and left the stage.

With the concert being over, Dawn and I exited the park and made our way back to my car. It took a while to leave the parking lot because it was so full. There were men with flags waving each car in and out. We finally made it out and were on our way to her friend’s house. She gave directions and I steered towards our destination. A right turn here, a left turn there, keep going straight ... We stopped at a convenience store on the way to pick up sodas. I was thirsty, not only for beverages but for her as well. I just wanted to swallow her essence and beauty. We talked some more on the way back, and she told me that I should join Bad Society’s forum so that I could keep in contact with her. I told her I definitely would without hesitation. After about a half hour, we arrived at her friend’s house. I turned the car off, turned to her, and said, “I had a good time with you tonight and I want to see you again.” She grabbed me by the cheeks and planted a kiss on my lips. She said, “You will,” and got out of the car. As I watched her walk towards the house, I felt nothing but pure bliss. This was the start of something magical, and I could feel the reality of it all. We had both made a connection that other people would condemn just because of our age difference. I let out a heavy sigh, turned the car back on, put on a CD, and drove back home.

There are forums to join, ya know?

Otto's Observations

by Otto117

In this piece, reproduced and edited with permission, Otto117 outlines some troubling issues regarding The Pedophile's Guide to Love & Pleasure by Phillip R. Greaves II. The case caused an uproar about the legality of Greaves' book and the book's availability on Amazon.com. News outlets from around the world blasted Amazon for allowing the book to be published on their website. Facebook groups formed almost overnight, calling for people to boycott Amazon until they took it down. Greaves' book quickly became the fastest requested book in Amazon's trend history. Despite the thousands of requests for the book, it ultimately sold very few copies. After the dust settled, a sheriff from Florida had Greaves arrested and thrown in jail. In this article, Otto117 analyzes the case and the dangerous road of dwindling free speech that this country is headed down.

This probably can't be said enough: Phillip Greaves' text is not a "how to" book and it's not a 'guidebook' for molesting children. Whether one thinks it's poorly written, outrageous, or immoral, much of the content goes to the heart of the First Amendment by talking about moral, social, and legal issues. It doesn't matter if Greaves is right or wrong about anything. It doesn't matter if his opinions lack foundation. He's entitled to embrace whatever viewpoint he wishes. He's entitled to view the facts of life as he sees them. This is the essence of freedom of speech.

The alleged "obscenity" of Greaves' text is based on his viewpoint, not on the very meager number of words out of the entire text which describe, in very inexplicit language, a few sex acts with minors in language so tame that it would never make it to tabloid TV—unlike, say, the work of J.T. Leroy or any number of other explicit writings of supposed childhood experiences.

GREAVES' ARREST AND EXTRADITION POSES GRAVE LEGAL QUESTIONS

Obscenity lawyer Larry Walters told AVN on December 21st, 2010 that the prosecution of Phillip Greaves under Florida obscenity law may be fatally flawed on the basis that Greaves was charged under a statute not inapplicable to his text.

In order to be extradited from Colorado to Florida, Greaves had to be charged with a felony—and was, under Florida statute 847.011(1)(c). This statute provides that a person who commits a violation of paragraph 847.011(1)(a)—here, sending an "obscene" publication into the State of Florida—is guilty of a felony if the publication "is based on materials that depict a minor engaged in any act or conduct that is harmful to minors." In other words, if the publication is *not* based on such materials, a violation of paragraph 847.011 (1)(a) is only misdemeanor and therefore non-extraditable.

In making his argument, Mr. Walters focuses on the word "depict" in paragraph (c) which, he argues, must apply only to visual images, not written descriptions. The reason is twofold. First, under paragraph 10 of section 847.001 of the Florida statute, "obscene" means

"the status of material which:

- (a) The average person, applying contemporary community standards, would find, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest;

- (b) **Depicts or describes**, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct as specifically defined herein; and

- (c) Taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value"¹ [boldface added].

By leaving out the word "describes" from 847.011(1)(c), Mr. Walters argues, the legislature meant to exclude written descriptions and to include only visual depictions.

Second, Florida statutes paragraph 847.011(1)(d), which follows the paragraph under which Greaves was charged, provides that "[a] person's ignorance of a minor's age, a minor's misrepresentation of his or her age, a bona fide belief of a minor's age, or a minor's consent may not be raised as a defense in a prosecution for one or more violations of paragraph (a)" Read in *pari materia* with paragraph (c), paragraph (d) strongly suggests that the context of paragraphs (c) and (d) is that of visual depictions of actual minors.

There are three weaknesses in this argument. The first is that the definition of "depict" already encompasses "describe." (See, for example, the Merriam-Webster Dictionary, which defines "depict" as "(1) to represent by or as if by a picture ..., and (2) describe." The second flaw is that paragraph (d) could theoretically apply to written descriptions of acts involving an actual minor. There is no limiting language for its interpretation. Finally, paragraph (a) also identifies sound recordings among the possible "obscene" media being criminalized. Sound recordings do not depict (as by visual images) or describe (as by words).

While it is entirely logical that the omission of the word "describes" from paragraph 847.011(c) should exclude written descriptions, this is a lawyer's argument, likely to be recognized only by a judge with a high degree of respect for the rule of law—so high that he is willing to overlook his personal moral animus against a defendant like Greaves and narrow the reach of the statute. This would not be Polk County Judge J. Michael McCarthy, who issued the arrest and extradition warrant against Greaves. For a Judge like McCarthy, applying the age-old method of result-oriented jurisprudence, the Merriam-Webster Dictionary will be quite sufficient.

WHAT GREAVES LOST BY NOT CHALLENGING HIS EXTRADITION

Before dealing with the various pre-trial and constitutional issues that will need to be dealt with pre-trial, it is important to understand what happened when the Florida arrest warrant was issued and Greaves declined to contest his extradition. In fact, by waiving extradition, he gave up his only chance to challenge the sufficiency of an arrest warrant that was based on a sham finding of probable cause. Nevertheless, the insufficiency of the warrant points to a number of solid defenses.

Heightened Scrutiny on Searches, Seizures & Arrests

Fundamental to the Fourth Amendment² to the Constitution is the requirement that an affidavit for a search or arrest warrant must not be misleading and must be sufficient on its face to allow a neutral and detached magistrate (i.e., a judge or other authority who signs the warrant) to determine whether probable cause exists for the arrest or search. When the factual basis for the arrest involves materials which raise questions of free speech, there is a heightened scrutiny to the element of probable cause.

Regarding warrants for the search and seizure of allegedly obscene material, the Supreme Court has repeatedly found that affidavits consisting of conclusory assertions that the sought-after materials are obscene do not meet the Fourth Amendment's requirements. Rather, the affidavit supporting the warrant must set forth specific facts so that the issuing judge may "focus searchingly on the question of obscenity."³ This is due both to the dangers of suppressing constitutionally protected speech by "prior restraint" (i.e., prior to a proper judicial determination at trial) and to the subtlety of the inquiry required to distinguish "obscenity" from protected speech—a matter that should not be left to law enforcement officials who have a vested interest in the outcome of their cases.

Because the seizure of allegedly obscene matter requires this heightened scrutiny—that is, a consideration by a judge of *honest* descriptions of the material targeted in the warrant, if not a review of the materials themselves—it only follows that the arrest of a person for allegedly distributing such matter should meet the same requirements. To be sure, there was no necessity of heightened scrutiny for the Florida authorities to obtain a copy of Greaves' text, which was not seized by the Florida authorities, but sent to them voluntarily by Greaves. However, having obtained the allegedly obscene matter, the judge issuing the arrest warrant still had to determine whether probable cause lay to arrest Greaves for distributing obscene matter. This required an actual consideration of the material, not the warrant's redacted excerpt of a tiny portion of it and a conclusory allegation that it was obscene.⁴

Greaves' case is both similar to and different from *Maryland v. Macon*, 472 U.S. 463 (1985) in this sense. In *Macon*, police officers walked into an adult bookstore and, posing as customers, purchased some matter they deemed to be obscene. The Supreme Court ruled, not surprisingly, that there was no "seizure" because the defendant voluntarily sold the magazines and thus "the officer did not 'interfere' with any interest of the seller; he took only that which was intended as a necessary part of the exchange." After examining the materials, the officers returned to the store and, without a warrant, arrested the defendant, who was the clerk behind the counter. For technical reasons, the Supreme Court declined to decide whether an arrest warrant was necessary, thereby not only ducking the question of whether an arrest should have been subject to higher scrutiny, but also leaving the defendant without a remedy. Two lines of cases sealed the defendant's fate in *Macon*, the first holding that the illegality of an arrest in itself will not suffice to prevent the introduction of evidence lawfully obtained prior to the arrest, and the second holding that the illegality of an arrest will not suffice to invalidate a conviction.⁵

In Greaves' case, the arrest warrant was presented to the Florida judge for signature, but it is not clear whether the judge actually read all or part of Greaves' text or relied primarily on the warrant which misleadingly described it. (If he did read the text, then he failed to give it an honest reading vis-à-vis the Florida obscenity statute.) Either way, had Greaves fought extradition, he would have had one more bite at the apple. If you have read any of the mainstream media press coverage in Greaves' case, you will have seen a statement that the Florida court would not suppress the warrant for Greaves' arrest because the issue of probable cause had already been determined. Yet that determination was not binding on the Colorado court, which was bound to rule on the sufficiency of the allegations contained in the Florida warrant, as well as to determine whether those allegations made out a violation of law recognized under the laws of the State of Colorado.

Even though the finding of probable cause in Florida was a sham and, as it stands now, Greaves has no direct remedy for it (following the *Frisbie* line of cases mentioned above), Greaves still has strong constitutional arguments and remedies. In the first section, I criticized Larry Walters' theory mentioned in the mainstream media that the statute under which Greaves was charged, 847.011(1)(c), was meant to be applied to images of actual minors only and because of this, Florida's extradition of Greaves (which was required that he be charged with a felony) was illegal. Even assuming that Mr. Walters turns out to be correct, i.e., that 847.011(1)(c) applies only to images of actual minors, in light of *Frisbie*, now that the Florida authorities have a hold of Greaves, all they need to do to take Greaves to trial is re-charge him under 847.011(1) before he leaves Florida.

¹ This test was adopted by the Florida courts following the Supreme Court decision of *Miller v. California* and was subsequently written into the Florida law. The Miller test has been the test for obscenity under both federal and state law since 1973.

² The Fourth Amendment reads as follows: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

³ See *New York v. P. J. Video, Inc.*, 475 U.S. 868, 873-4 (1986); see also, *Lee Art Theater, Inc. v. Virginia*, 392 U.S. 636 (1968); *Marcus v. Search Warrants*, 367 U.S. 717 (1961).

⁴ For a book to be found "obscene," it must be considered "as a whole." The determination cannot be based on a selection of a small portion of it.

⁵ The same goes for an illegal extradition: "The power of a court to try a person for crime is not impaired by the fact that he had been brought within the court's jurisdiction by reason of a 'forcible abduction'" (*Frisbie v. Collins*, 342 U.S. 519, 522).



Intergenerational Relationships

by Macquereau

The story of intergenerational relationships is integral to the story of humanity itself. Just as invention is driven by necessity, such relationships came to be the norm in human society because they provided a solution to a social need.

In order to understand the value of intergenerational relationships, it is necessary to look at human evolutionary history. Men are drawn to young females, more so than to older females, for a practical biological reason: the young ones offer the best chance for the male's progeny to live long enough to carry on his lineage and to extend his genes into the next generation. When the average life expectancy is 30 years or less, as it was until the turn of the 20th century, people do not wait until they are 25 to begin families.

In Jewish tradition, a boy undergoes Bar Mitzvah, or the rite of passage into adulthood, at age 13; a girl has her corresponding Bat Mitzvah at age 12. A bride who gives birth at 12 or 13—as Mary, the mother of Jesus, is regarded by Biblical scholars as having done—will be able to nurture and guide her offspring until their teenage years, even if she dies at the expected 30 years of age. A 25-year-old bride who dies at 30 will be leaving helpless young children behind to fend for themselves.

There are clear biological reasons why the husband has traditionally been the breadwinner and the wife the homemaker: the husband could not replace his wife as the bearer of children; her role was indispensable to the future of the race.

As Philip Ariès documented in *Centuries of Childhood*, for most of human history, childhood ended by the age of six. Extended childhood is a relatively recent phenomenon brought about by the advent of compulsory schooling in the 19th century. Before then, at the age of seven, a boy was apprenticed to a man to learn a trade, and a girl learned the domestic arts from her mother.

It was usually a decade or a decade and a half before the boy was ready to create his masterpiece (as a cabinetmaker's apprentice, for example) to be submitted to the guild for examination and judging. If his piece passed scrutiny, he was considered a "passed" master and given the title of journeyman, allowing him to begin earning wages in his craft. Yet it would still be many years before he was established enough in his profession to feel financially secure. Other professions were similar.

Twenty-five years of age was usually the earliest at which a man could feel truly ready to accept the responsibility of marriage and all that it entailed; in most cases it was much later. Those who took a bride for the first time while in their 30s, or who were widowers, were well aware that their days were numbered. They naturally sought a young bride to care for their children, since she would still be around to see to their upbringing even if he were not. He had an obligation to his children to see that one of their parents lived long enough to care for them.

For the girl, it was also the best possible choice. Marrying a man who was in the prime of his earning years was much more practical than marrying someone who could not—and might not ever be able to—support her and her offspring. The man traded his wealth and worldly goods for a young, beautiful bride; the girl

traded her youth and attractiveness for the financial security necessary for her to raise a family, thus ensuring that her genes were passed on to posterity. It was a win-win situation.

Nor did every girl wait until puberty to begin marriage, as child brides were common for a number of reasons. In India, when the Muslim invaders began carrying off unmarried Hindu girls to be their concubines, the natives faced a real possibility that, with no females to bear children, their culture would perish (the Koran allows a man four wives and as many concubines as he can support; hence the religion's rapid rise in popularity). The Indians discovered a loophole in the Koran that saved their culture: a married female may not be pressed into concubinage. The Indians immediately began marrying the remaining girls, and established the practice of betrothal at birth, followed by a wedding ceremony when the girl could walk. The girls, of course, returned home after the ceremony to live with their own families until they were old enough to begin marriage.

The Europeans had a different rationale: it was well known that children needed their mothers more than husbands needed their wives, so when the first child was born the mother's attention naturally turned to the baby. It was therefore common for girls to marry quite some time before puberty in the hopes of bonding with their husbands and forging a strong relationship to sustain the marriage through the difficult times ahead. This was especially true in arranged marriages, so as to ensure a dynasty or to cement an alliance.

All of this began to change when compulsory schooling became the law. The state governments mandated forced schooling but left it to individual communities to finance compliance. One-room schoolhouses, which had been the norm, were soon replaced with buildings designed to hold children in distinct rooms, separated by age groups. Although testing and grading each individual by ability was the obvious path to follow, the cash-strapped school districts opted for the faster and cheaper (and decidedly inferior) method of segregating children by age.

Instead of entering the real world with adults of all ages, as apprentices at the age of seven, children were confined in an artificial world populated only by other kids their own age. This had profound consequences: instead of being educated by all of the adults in the community and developing a varied perspective on life, children received information only from their indoctrinators; that is, the educators.

The school's function *in loco parentis*—or in place of the parent—has been repeatedly sanctified by the courts. It was not difficult to channel the educational direction toward the judgmental "Thou shalt not" attitude, which had served so well in controlling the masses for so long.

Schools repeatedly drive home the lesson of abstinence for a practical reason: survival is among our most basic instincts. Once an organism's own safety is assured, it begins to seek ways of passing its genes on to the next generation in a bid for immortality. Taking sex away from the people allows them to be controlled at the biological level. Forbid sex, bottle up the urge inside, then occasionally allow the people to kill a scapegoat for cathartic release, and voila! Societal control. This strategy has been used by every religion, every despot, every dictator since time immemorial. Why? Because it works.

After years of being grouped with their peers, kids quite naturally begin dating their contemporaries—whom else do they know? Sex is forbidden, along with birth control and factual sex education; the only approved outlet for their urges is marriage. Soon comes the relentless pressure to begin a family, and before they know it, the couple becomes three.

As soon as a baby is born, the honeymoon is truly over. Now the young man finds himself facing a lifetime's burden after a few months of happiness, possibly causing him to feel cheated, used, and betrayed. He is not yet grown up, nor could maturity be expected from someone whom society has kept in a perpetual state of extended childhood from his infancy.

He was finally away from his parents and teachers, truly able to enjoy himself, and suddenly he is burdened with the responsibilities of being a family man. The wife also grows disillusioned, realizing that her husband is not as mature as she had hoped. They will do the best that they can, but their marriage—as many marriages are—was doomed before it began.

Will she seek someone older and more mature, who would consider a family to be a blessing? Or will she continue to fall for Hollywood and Madison Avenue's relentless ageism? Statistically, yes.

Meanwhile, the divorce proceedings strip the man of most of his assets, while the woman, who has supposedly been wronged, will be convinced that all men are rotten. Both, however, are victims of the taboo against intergenerational relationships.

In our society, three classes of people are incarcerated against their will: criminals are kept in prisons, the insane are kept in mental institutions, and children are kept in schools. Of the three groups, children are the future of society, yet they are isolated from everyone except their peers, whose life experiences are virtually identical to their own. Children are denied any information about the world except for that which is transmitted by the indoctrinators or the electronic babysitter, i.e., the television, whose aims coincide with the oppressors. By segregating the old, who have seen through the system and are aware of its flaws, from the young who could change the system, control is maintained.

With the rise of the corporate state, many in the clergy feared for their positions, yet their fears were groundless: the corporate state needed the mind-numbing dogma of the church to instill docility in the masses. And the constant haranguing of the churches against sex kept this form of empowering liberation from being examined too closely.

It did not take long to extend the concept of Sunday school to the entire week. Combined with the week-long brain-deadening of the "educational" system, all that remained was for television to provide the diversion that distracts the people from any real examination of the status quo. And thus the mental shackles were in place.

The hysteria against intergenerational relationships serves a practical function for the power structure, as it is one of the tools used to maintain the masses in a perpetual state of ignorance and docility.

Ariès, P. (1962). *Centuries of childhood*. London: Cape.

Attribution

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A CRADLE SONG

The angels are stooping
Above your bed;
They weary of trooping
With the whimpering dead.

God's laughing in Heaven
To see you so good;
The Sailing Seven
Are gay with His mood.

I sigh that kiss you,
For I must own
That I shall miss you
When you have grown.

—W. B. Yeats, *The Rose* (1893)





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