

Alice Lovers Magazine

Issue 5

The current Political MAP

Tom O'Carroll's insight into the trials & troubles of MAP politics, & the PNVD party

~~unprotected~~ & Facing Danger

A harrowingly deep dive into the follies of child protection

Little & Smart!

An exploration of how brilliant children truly are

Ageless Friends

The story of a forever friendship

Stopped...

A Girl Lover's time in prison



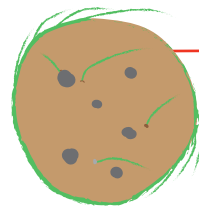
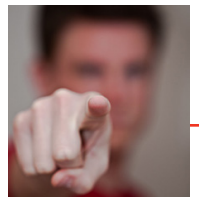
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Question on:
The Aims of Girl-Child Love
Alice Lovers Magazine issue # 4

Hi truerealitylover,

I recently began reading the latest issue of Alice Lovers' Magazine, which begins with your manifesto on "The Aims of Girl-Child Love." I wanted to say that I agree with pretty much everything you wrote. While I'm not a big fan of manifestos or ideologies, the aims that you laid out very closely aligned with my own beliefs and views about girl-love. You're clearly a person with a lot of respect for children and their autonomy, and also one who supports consensual relationships between adults and children. While your assertion that "MAPs should refrain from engaging in such behavior for legal reasons" doesn't sit right with me, I admittedly have to agree that it's the safest option for us, at least for the time being.

But always remember, to a girl-child, family may be first and the MAP second.; When a girl-child is asked whether everything is okay with their minor-attracted friend, for a time she may say to her schoolmates, and sometimes even to their parents, that she 'loves' her or him. By this she does not necessarily mean what a teenager or adult may experience as love for another person, but rather what she feels as a result of the time she shared with her minorattracted friend."

I know that you support the eventual acceptance of consensual adult-child relationships, but I'm not sure I understand what you're arguing here. It seems as though you are asserting that the "love" a child may feel for their MAP friend is not the same kind of "love" an adult may feel for them, i.e. the "love" the child feels is not romantic. Am I misunderstanding you? Are you saying that children do not/cannot feel romantic love for a MAP, in the same way the MAP feels for them? If so, I don't think I can agree with you. Or is it just a reminder to know the difference between platonic and romantic love?

I would like it if you could clarify your argument here for me, so I can understand. I hope we can come to an agreement, since I 100% support the rest of your manifesto. I hope you'll be open to discussing this with me in the spirit of understanding. Thank you!

Sincerely,
anokanatarium

Hello anokanatarium,

Thank you for your thoughts, comments, and the question on romantic love and perhaps verses a strong friendship relationship between a MAP adult and a consenting child. I think I left the floor open when I used a statement as "not necessarily" and the word 'may.' Consequently, I have not ruled out the fact that a child could very well have a real and true romantic relationship with an adult. On another hand though, we must not confuse or equate this with a child having a 'crush' on the adult because of the adult's position as say a teacher, coach, or even a tutor.

Feel free to post a new thread in the Visions of Alice Forum if you have any further questions

Kindest regards,
truerealitylover (TRL)

Positive Impact By ExO

I rang the doorbell. Inside the house, a dog went wild, announcing my arrival. Shelly answered the door, grinning.

“Hey, Jason,” she greeted me, stepping aside. “Come on in.”



No sooner had I entered the foyer was I then attacked by Allison and Leah. Those two girls were the absolute lights of my life. Wise beyond their years yet still distinctly innocent at the ages of 10 and 8 respectively. I adored them more than I could possibly describe.

“I adored them more than I could possibly describe.”

I was visiting them for reasons besides just coming to see them, though I’ll admit that was a big part of it. I was borrowing a book from their mom for a work project, and they offered to let me stay for dinner. I accepted, of course.

After reading for a few hours and cuddling the girls, one arm around each of them, and eating a delicious dinner and enjoying conversation, it was time for me to head home. As I said goodbye and gave them each a final hug, Leah took my hands and looked up at me with a pouty lip and said, “When are we going to see you again?”

“Well, whenever your parents need a babysitter!” I said.

She immediately whirled around to Shelly, “Mom, can you and Dad go out this week?”

Shelly began laughing at her daughter’s blunt honesty. Allison overheard and joined in the conversation as well.

“Yeah, Mom! Can Jason babysit us this week? Please? Pleeeeease?”

Both of them crowded around Shelly, hands clasped, begging. I couldn’t help but chuckle; surprised I’d become such an obsession to them. It was flattering to realize I meant so much to these beautiful people; these girls who I loved.

“Would you be able to babysit some night this week?” Shelly asked.

I was a bit stunned. I’d had plenty of kids tell their parents they wanted me to babysit, but I’d never had parents take it seriously. Taking out my phone, I scrolled through my calendar to check my availability.

“Sure,” I said. “Let me know which day, and I’ll be there.”

It seemed like that would be the end of it, honestly. People mean well, but I assumed they’d never follow through. It was just a fun idea that they wouldn’t care enough to put much effort into. So I left, went home, and forgot about it.

“I received a text... to ask if I could babysit.”

The next day at lunch, I received a text. It was Shelly. She texted me to ask if I could babysit. She asked if we could make it a standing appointment every week, because she and her husband wanted to go out to dinner more often and they’d always had problems finding a babysitter that the girls actually liked. Apparently, there were always tears and hurt feelings and requests from the girls

that they never leave. Since Allison and Leah were quite literally requesting their parents go out, Shelly told me she wanted to take advantage of it.

Without hesitation, I agreed. Of course I wanted to spend more time with Allison and Leah, anyways. And this was a way to get paid to do it!

And so it began. I went over to their house once a week to babysit, while their parents went out to dinner. Very quickly, I realized that these girls were my kind of people. They were all about cuddles and hugs and kisses. I knew they were somewhat cuddly, but I discovered that they had endless amounts of love in their hearts, and, for three hours once a week, it was all directed at me. I felt like the luckiest person on the face of the earth.



“I felt like the luckiest person on the face of the earth.”

One night, about a month after we started our routine, I was tucking Allison into bed. She slept on the top bunk, so I climbed halfway up the ladder and leaned on the rail,

giving her a last smile.

Just as I’d said goodnight, she said, “Wait!”

She crawled over to me and kissed my cheek, and said, “Goodnight. Love you.”

Then she crawled back under the covers and closed her eyes. My heart was racing. While I knew it was an innocent kiss, the same thing I’d seen her give her parents dozens of times, the fact that she loved me and felt comfortable enough with me that she wanted to kiss me goodnight...it blew me away. In her eyes, I was the equivalent of a member of the family.

About a month later, I was tucking them into bed after a really wonderful night. I leaned down to say goodnight to Leah, and, as I was going for a kiss on the forehead, I suddenly realized she had other plans. Before I realized what had happened, she quickly pecked my lips and said, “Love you. Night!” She then crawled underneath her covers and settled in.

Again, my mind was blown. Their family was affectionate. It’s what they do. They always give each other hugs and kisses when coming and going, and so I understood the nature of what had just happened. But to be so loved by this girl that she felt comfortable doing something that I’d only seen her do with members of her family? I couldn’t wrap my mind around it. While I loved them both more than I could possibly articulate with words, I was astonished that they recognized

my love for them and reciprocated that love so potently.

A few months later, I was hanging out with Leah. I was sitting on a stool, working on a crafting project, when she came closer and stood next to me. I wrapped an arm around her waist, and she wrapped her arm around my neck and rested her head on my shoulder.



“When you come visit, you’ll get to meet my grandparents,” she told me.

Recently, I’d been informed that they would be moving across the country. My heart was broken, I felt like I was losing a piece of me. Both of their parents wanted to relocate, and apparently had been planning it for years prior, since before I’d even met them. They’d finally settled on a place, and it was time. I had a few more weeks with them, and then they’d be gone.

“Oh, that’s right, I’ve not met them yet,” I mused.

“I’m gonna say this is Jason, my favorite person ever.”

I kissed her head. “Aw, you’re so sweet.”

“Okay, well, besides my parents. Like, favorite person not in my

family.”

I laughed at her specificity, which I found endearing. But I also thought about what she'd just said; I was her favorite person ever. Sure, she's a kid, they change their opinions on things constantly, but this kid complained to me all the time about all the people she didn't like. This was not a happy-go-lucky kid who went around spreading love and joy all the time. This was a girl with high standards, and she picked me.

“I was her favorite person ever.”

Those weeks were over all too quickly, and soon I was watching their car drive away, taillights fading into the distance and turning the corner, taking my heart with them.

That was last year. In the time since, I've kept in touch with Leah and Allison and their parents. I flew out there to visit them. When I picked up Leah at school, she threw down her backpack and sprinted into my arms. She continues to video chat with me at least once every few weeks. Allison and I have had incredible conversations about serious topics, things that she's feeling insecure about or things that have happened at school. She's in middle school now, and definitely isn't having the best time, but I do my best to support her and love her.

Though we no longer live in the same city (or time zone, for that

matter), my love for them persists, and vice versa. They still consider me one of their favorite people, equivalent to a member of the family, and I have a standing invitation to visit them anytime.

This is just one of many stories of the kids I've impacted in my lifetime. While I'm still young, for sure, it cannot be argued that I have been a positive influence in the lives of more kids than I can count. I've worked at jobs that involve kids, I've taught in various capacities, and I've been a babysitter. If many of these parents knew that I was a minor-attracted person (MAP) and a girl lover (Gler), they may very well change their minds about me spending time with their kids. But what can't be denied is that my presence has changed their children's lives for the better.



A real Girl lover is truly someone that loves children in their entirety, and a person who goes

the extra mile for kids. We are the ones who want to make sure a child's day is better if only by giving them a smile and a wave. We want the best for the kids we love.

“A real Girl lover is truly someone that loves children in their entirety, and a person who goes the extra mile for kids.”

I was planning on a very long opinion piece centered around the positive impact that a GLer can have on a child's life, and the good that we do in the world. However, there really is not much to say, because my entire perspective revolves around a single argument: when you love someone, you want the best for them. You would do anything to make them smile or laugh. Nothing else matters, as long as that person is happy.

There is a perception that MAPs need to be kept away from children. Society is conditioned to believe the children will inevitably be hurt by the MAP, who will lose their control. However, this isn't true for a Gler.

Are there people who choose to lose control of their sexual urges? Of course, but that's rarely a MAP thing. That's only a human thing,

and that may result in physical harm, molestation, and rape.

Children are in no more danger being around MAPs than women are being around adult men who love them, and maybe even less. As Glers, the emotional connection and bond we form with the kids we love is unsurpassed by any other relationship in our lives. If anything, children are often psychologically damaged by those that try to separate them from the person who is creating joy in their life.

“Children are in no more danger being around MAPs than women are being around adult men”

While it can be excused under the guise of “doing what’s best”, I would definitely encourage anyone who thinks this to reconsider and examine where the harm is actually and really coming from a MAP. It is perhaps important to consider whether there is any real harm, and whether or not taking action and severing a seemingly positive relationship would actually create issues where there are none.

An anecdote to illustrate better at what I trying to explain is from when I was very young. I probably 4 or 5, and I was at carnival with my family. There was a rock

climbing wall there, and my sister and I really wanted to climb. My mom was happy to let us. My dad was elsewhere, and we were going to meet up with him in a bit.



My mom signed the waivers so we could climb, and they got me hooked into the harness to begin climbing. I sped up the wall like a champ, because, back then, I had absolutely no fears. I finished so quickly that my sister was barely a third of the way up. My mom stayed by the wall to watch her while I went to the back of the line, as a few other kids had showed up while I was climbing.

But apparently they hadn’t gotten their waivers filled out, so they stepped out of line, and it was me at the front once more. When the guy saw it was me, he said, “Oh, hey, you just went. Why don’t you give someone else a turn?”

I was taught to share, to take turns, to do what adults said, so I shrugged, agreed, and went to the back of the line. No harm done.

It made sense, after all. I had just taken a turn and there were people in line behind me. I should share the experience.

My mom, who had been watching my sister, looked over and realized what had happened. She asked the guy why he’d sent me to the back of the line, and he explained. I’m not sure what she said from there, but she started screaming at him. Like, the kind of yelling my mom used to do to when me and my sister did something really bad. Because of this incredibly emotional reaction, I started getting uncomfortable.

My mom kept looking back at me and saying, “Are you okay?”

I nonchalantly replied, “Yeah.”

She started screaming at the man again, and then back to me, “Are you okay? You’re sure?”

And that’s when I felt like I should be upset. I was wondering what exactly the problem was, but I knew if my mom was mad about something, there was probably a reason and I should be angry. So I started bawling. I started crying hysterically, though I still wasn’t entirely sure why. As soon as my sister finished climbing and was unhooked, my mom grabbed both of us and went to find my dad.

He greeted us with a perplexed, concerned gaze. He asked what had happened. As I tried recounting to him why I was crying, that I’d been sent to the back of the line, I felt entirely ridiculous. It didn’t seem worth being upset

about, and I felt so stupid that I was blubbing over the fact someone asked me to go to the back of the line so someone else could have a turn. But by this point, I was genuinely upset about it, even though I hadn't cared less five minutes before.

My mom created an issue where there wasn't one. I wasn't angry, I wasn't upset, I was understanding and calm. And then she started raging, causing a chain reaction. Suddenly, I was very much upset and I felt I'd been wronged. All because my mother told me to.



Causing harm is not inherent in our nature. Harm can be created

from happiness through making an issue out of something benign, or even beneficial. Claiming that all MAPs create harm by being around kids is a depressing condemnation, and untrue. We create joy, love, and happiness for the kids that we adore, and anyone who tells you differently is speaking out of ignorance and fear.

*“If my girls love me...
that's enough for me.”*

But don't take my word for it. Ask Leah. Or Allison. Or Nina. Or Layla. Or Maya. Or Angie. Or Leigh. Or Cara. Or any of the countless other girls I've loved in my life. They'll tell you how important I am to them, and what a difference I've made in their lives. Because at the end of the day, If my girls love me, then I'm doing something right, and that's enough for me.

(Author's Disclaimer: All names have been fabricated in order to protect all identities of those involved. This author can not use real names about innocent, positive stories without fearing life-altering retribution because of acceptable and unacceptable narratives defined by our current modern society that begs for critical debate and thought.)

ETHOS
Amor et intellectus

e·thos
/'ēTHäs/
noun

Contemporary insights and perspectives on the nature of boylove. Intellectual activism in opposition to the irrationality of 'the hysteria'. Entertaining, unexpected and, most of all, truthful. Above all else, a publication for our community by our community.

synonyms: essays, poems, commentaries, prose and interviews about the spirit, character, and moral principles of the community.



The Story of A&J by gimwinkle



I had accepted the task of looking after not only my own two kids but babysitting my neighbor's two, Angel and Jean, as well. So we all went on a twenty minute ride south to Imperial Beach for a hot day in the sun and sand. This short story is about Jean and not my beloved Angel. To compare Jean with Angel would be apples and oranges.

Angel was a gorgeous little girl with short and straight dirty-blond hair, beautiful wide blue eyes, a kind disposition, and a proclivity for childish accidents. To this day, I have every square inch of Angel carefully committed to memory. Our relationship was merely emotional, and sensual. She was 6 while Jean was two years Her elder. Angel was not quite as personable as Her sister, but She was definitely more willing to play silly kids' games with me, quite amenable to being held, hugged, and loved. However, as much as Angel needed to be loved and I was able to love Her, Jean needed to be loved by someone

just as much.

Jean's raging demand for independence stopped Her from emotional attachments along with close friendship ones with anyone. Jean was a bit taller, straight dark brown hair that reached provocatively down past Her shoulders. Her face had that 8-year-oldishness to it that just cried innocence. Her eyes could angrily pierce through your toughest look or flash a grin at you and melt your heart. I never saw Her in a skirt, dress, or even a day-jumper like Her sister always wore. She always wore blue jeans that neither was too big nor small for Her. Her back pockets were somewhat tight but her calves were loose. She never wore a belt. Probably didn't have one. She was a beautiful child in spite of her impoverished life.

I was very attracted to Angel, but I refrained from crossing any lines with her. She was a beautiful little street urchin, very open to trying different kid's activities that I would suggest, but I never touched Her in any way other than to give

Her a shoulder-ride down the hallways of the shopping mall or to throw Her and other kids into the bay waters as weekend frolics. I respected Her as a fun-loving, uninhibited little girl. But, eventually, I asked Her to dance provocatively for me, which She agreed to. It was my insane craving for the adult style dance that I knew to be wrong. Legal, but still wrong.

Being a pedophile, I found Jean highly attractive, and thoughts of Her would run through my mind. However, the closer I had become to Jean, the less I thought of her in that way. Concerning Her, the pedophile stereotype did not apply to me. I simply was not interested in any kind of dance from Her. Not that I was thinking about legal or social inappropriateness; but, rather, I had no sexual urges toward Her. I simply do not know why. But, what that did do to me, was allow me to feel strongly for everything else about Her. I know that seems self-contradictory, even as a phrase. I only saw Her as a raving beauty of a little 8 year old girl. It puzzled me, and even to this day, I wonder what caused my feelings for Her to be so different than what I felt for Angel.

I did want to be sensual with Her. I wanted to pleasure Her platonically if that was possible. A stroke of Her shoulders to say that She did something well. To brush Her hair for Her if She would want it.

A laugh with Her when She did something funny. Taking Her into a warm shower and washing Her from the top of Her head to Her toes. Sitting a bowl of spaghetti in front of Her big glistening eyes for a lunch that Her mother had failed to give Her. I wanted to listen to Her speak as She would ramble about the things other kids did that She found either good or bad in Her life. I wanted to be a Big Brother for Her because I could see that She not only wanted me to be, but She frantically needed me to be. Yet, as I took upon that responsibility for Her, She rejected the intrusion because it interfered with Her selfish drive for independence. Just as neglected kids are prone to do.

There is one event with Her I shall always remember. It defines Jean in my mind. Weeks before a trip to Imperial Beach, the five of us, Stevie, Sarah, Angel and Jean were walking along a dusty path alongside Ocean Blvd near where we lived when Jean threw a fit about how fast we were walking. I had to work that night and needed to take the kids home. I walked back and pleaded with Her to hurry. Big mistake. She began to yell in mostly incomprehensible gibberish. I picked Her up, arm about Her waist, and began to carry Her along. Second big mistake. She bit me. I quickly put Her down into the thick grass and sand beside the dirt road and regarded my hand. I thought to just leave Her there, but then decided to bribe Her.

“Dammit, Jean! I’m bleeding. And I need to get you all home. I have to

go to work. Come on, please? I’ll give all four of you some chocolate popsicles when we get home.”

In the years of my life that have since passed, contemplating the encounter back then, I had initially wanted to conclude that Jean was averse to touch. But as my story continues, that conclusion fell apart.

After Jean’s admonishment with Her teeth, I had gone on to buy the Ford LTD that I had been looking at to scoot about town and the idle jaunt to remote beaches. That day when I drove from the beach with them, Angel and my two kids were in the back seat chattering about all the seashells they had found in the surf while Jean sat in front, with me. The one great thing about that LTD was the iceberg-like air conditioning it had. We drove along the waterside highway back north, the windows were up and the cold breeze tossed Jean’s long straight hair about Her eyes which she closed in delight.

I could see She was getting sleepy so I suggested She lay Her head down on the bench seat next to me. She agreed but wanted to stretch out a bit more and use my lap as Her pillow. Touch! She scrunched up Her legs, pushed Her shoulders into my right leg, plugged Her thumb into Her mouth, closed Her eyes, and drifted off towards sleep. As I drove on, I had such a fight with myself trying to decide if I should put my hand on Her shoulder or keep it on the steering wheel. I was worried that She would find my touch offensive or uncomfortable. I simply dropped it lightly on

Her t-shirt covered arm and made sure it never moved. But it was a moot endeavor because She unplugged Her thumb, reached up to my nervous hand with Her left hand, pulled it about Her chest tightly, re-plugged the thumb of Her right hand into Her mouth, and snuggled tighter to me. As intense a heavenly experience as that was, I was also tempted to let my hand wander to Her tummy. Yet, my recollection of Her bite weeks before required that I keep my hand perfectly still and exactly where She had placed it. I remained content just to have Her snuggling up to me. I wanted so badly to pull the car over, tell the kids in back to go find more seashells, and show Her how much I truly loved Her. I wanted to please Her as I knew little girls with strong emotional needs could be pleased by a caring adult. Yet I drove on. Every mile I counted down as we drew closer home knowing that the heaven I was experiencing would soon end. I even recall driving five miles per hour slower than the posted limit so the ride would be just a moment longer.

The time did come that we arrived home. Jean’s delightful form eased off my lap and eased into a more



supine rest on the front seat. I went to the rear door to get the other kids. The three little munchkins in back had also fallen asleep but woke begrudgingly as the car door opened. Out they went, trudging up to my place. Was Angel going to spend the night with me, too? I could only wish. Nevertheless, I returned to get Jean. She remained in deep slumber even as I picked Her up and pulled Her limp form to my chest, letting Her drape Her head on my shoulders. In a practiced fatherly routine, I cupped Her narrow butt and placed my other hand firmly on the middle of Her back, brushing Her hair out of the way. Her legs welcomed me by opening and wrapping about my waist, a drowsy child's body hug. I pulled Her closer to me and began the short walk to the neighbor's home where I knocked on the door. Jean's mother puffed out a haze of smoke as she held open the screen door while I began to bring one of her daughters in. The screen door hit me on my arm and Jean woke abruptly, eyes squinting from the harsh light of the bare bulb lights of Her home. She turned Her head to look me squarely in the eyes and squeezed me with both Her arms and Her legs. Her mother noted the hug but said nothing.

“Angel is still at my place but I'll bring Her along in a moment.”

Jean headed to the sofa which I knew was Her favorite sleeping place.

The mother went back to her television program and called, “Tomorrow morning, can you drive me

to...” somewhere. I agreed, wherever it was.

Over the years, I have always looked at dark brown, long haired little 8 year old girls and wondered if they looked the same as the memory I have of Jean.

I never had another encounter with Jean. Often we all would go the shopping center or some such. One day, I had to run an errand and left my kids with Jean, Angel, and their mother. When I came back, I went into my place quietly thinking it was empty only to find my 10 year old son in his own bed with Jean. I froze but suggested that Jean go with me to Her home while I went to get my daughter.

Jean had become a non-attainable goal, in my mind. I was no longer sexually attracted to Her. Because of the beauty that She was, I still found Her artistically and aesthetically attractive. One day, She was the only other person in my place except me. She was carefully mimicking Her sister, attempting to get my attention (which She managed to get) but I had no interest in crossing certain boundaries. To keep from injuring Her budding self-esteem, I indirectly showed Her that I was very busy.

Jean was a spoiled brat but a very pretty and lovable one. I could accept that. Would I have been sexual with Her if She had agreed to it? No. And I don't know why. Would I have been sexual with Her sister if Her sister had agreed to it? Yes. I have fantasized about that exact dream for over 30 years,

now. I'm glad I was not... for Her sake... because of the social stigma that She would have been burdened with. But for Jean, the question remains: Why was the sexual light turned off in me for Her? I really didn't feel like I had “lost” Her. I was puzzled. Why had the “light” gone out? It wasn't because my son had wanted Her. It wasn't that She had emotionally out-grown me. She was still the same age. Even though, today, where I am still confused about why I was no longer affected by Her, I cannot find a good answer.



The Wonderful Minds of Children

by Human



It is commonly believed that children are intellectually lacking. They're often seen as incapable of thinking in certain ways, or that there are certain topics a child ought not to concern themselves with.

Those who have observed adults interacting with children may have seen this in the form of utterances such as 'you're just a child' or 'you'll understand when you get older'. Children have a burning desire to ask 'why?', and often this most valuable one-word question is met with condescension and the discouragement of any sort of further inquisitive dialogue. This is mainly due to a widespread notion that children can't reason or think critically, and yet there is plenty of evidence to the contrary.

This article may be of interest to anyone interested in improving the rights of children, as well as anyone who spends time with children, and may convince others to stop and appreciate the valuable things children have to say and how they say them.

Children communicate in a unique way. Having only been speaking for a short time in their lives compared to adults, their vocabulary is inevitably and obviously smaller.

Also, there are certain ways that adults say things to each other assuming the other will understand the choice of words or even a tone of the verbal interaction. We often have a subtle and mutually acceptable understanding of the way we communicate in our language. Children have not had the time yet to master these nuances, and just like an adult would struggle when learning a new language, children struggle too.

What is more challenging for them as opposed to

adults, is not having learned yet the many tertiary and often elusive communication skills.

They are maturing and still learning about the social norms and non-linguistic forms of language, such as the ability to 'read' people; something adults often know already.

Most widely-believed research into the children's intellects often fail to consider the implications of such factors when assessing a child's ability to understand and correctly communicate perceptions to others.

The most prominent theory that inadvertently degrades children's thinking came from the psychologist Jean Piaget and his theory of cognitive development. Jean Piaget (1896 – 1980) was a renowned Swiss psychologist known for his work on child development.

A large amount of what Piaget believed about how children think has been debunked, but most adults, even today, would still agree with his ideas. Piaget came to his conclusions by asking the children to perform certain tasks, and then noting their responses. When the children didn't do what he'd asked of them, he concluded that the children were simply incapable of carrying out such tasks. Thus, it was surmised that children were incapable of thinking in a certain way. Piaget took the children's responses as they came. He didn't seek to understand how the children were interpreting what he was asking of them, or why the children said or believed certain things.

One of the most famous Piagetian task which exemplifies this misunderstanding is the con-

ervation test. One variant consists of having two glasses of the same size, filled with equal amounts of liquid.

The first step is to have the child confirm that the amount of liquid in each glass is the same. Then, the adult tells the child to watch as they proceed to pour all the liquid from one glass into a taller but thinner glass. The adult will then point to one glass and ask ‘is there more in this glass?’ and then the other, ‘is there more in this glass?’ and then finally, ‘or are they both the same?’ It is said that, roughly, children under seven will point to the taller but thinner glass and say it has more. The adult can then ask how they know, and the child will typically say ‘because this one is taller.’ A further step can involve pouring the liquid from the taller glass back into the previous one, and the child will usually say they’re now equal. Piaget took this as evidence that children were unable to conserve, and thus, unable to reason. But there are a number of counter-explanations as to why a child may give seemingly unreasonable responses to such tests.

It could be that the child is stating that there now appears to be more in the taller glass. They are certainly not wrong in their explanatory statement. The taller glass is taller, and the child could be associating ‘more’ with ‘taller’ or ‘bigger’, that is, the liquid has more height than it did before. Then, we must also consider that the adult has made it clear that a change is about to take place, so the child is made to believe that something must have changed and so they give a response to reflect this. Children are often wowed by magic tricks, but the tone of the children in these tasks is nonchalant. It is unlikely the child actually believed the adult had made more liquid magically appear.

Children also have vibrant, and often wonderfully bizarre imaginations. There is usually some fascinating creative reasoning going on outside of what they say.

With the right kind of questioning, encouragement and perception, this reasoning can be uncovered.



In a study by Martin Hughes and Robert Grieve (1980), they posed unusual questions to children between five and seven years of age.

One of these questions was ‘Is milk bigger than water?’ and one of the answers given was ‘Milk is bigger because it’s got a colour.’ This is actually a fascinating response. The child had reasoned that milk is ‘bigger’ because it has an added quality: colour (assuming that what the child meant was opacity). The child is certainly right in their way; milk is visibly bolder and bigger in its appearance compared to water, because it is bright and opaque, as opposed to the near-invisible qualities of water.

So again, it is a matter of interpreting what children say with a mind to appreciate their unique thinking. Any hasty generalisation one makes about children is likely rooted in an inability to perceive their unique and maturing relationship with language.

Margaret Donaldson, in her work *Children’s Mind’s* (1978), demonstrated these communication differences clearly, and how it affects the daily lives of kids. In the following excerpt, a child is upset from not knowing what her teacher meant: I spent that first day picking holes in paper, then went home in a smoldering temper.

‘What’s the matter, Love? Didn’t you like it at school, then?’

‘They never gave me the present.’

‘Present? What present?’

‘They said they’d give me the present.’

‘Well, now, I’m sure they didn’t.’

‘They did! They said: “You’re Laurie Lee, aren’t you? Well just you sit there for the present.”

I sat there all day but I never got it.

I ain’t going back there again.’

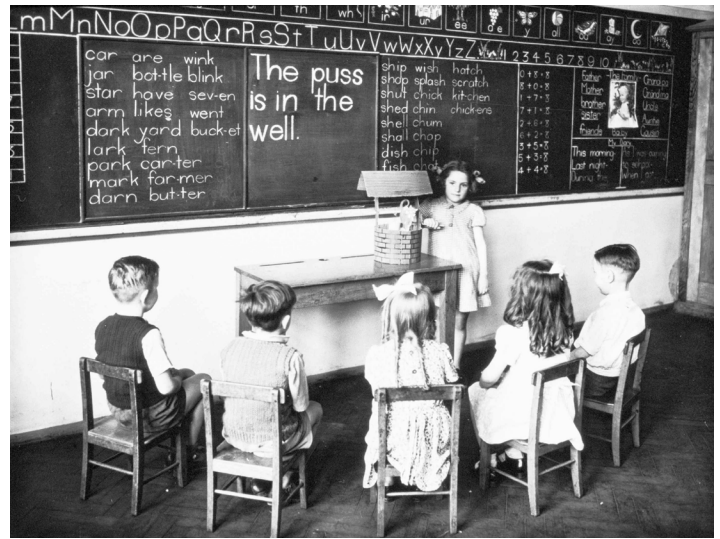
One might say the child here is failing to understand the adult, but as Donaldson rightfully went on to point out, the adult is also failing to understand the child. Both individuals have different conceptualizations of language and the choice of words. The adult didn’t see what they had said from the viewpoint of the child. At the same time, as far as the child understands the situation, he is right to be confused. It was his first day at school, and it didn’t seem unusual to him to believe that first-day students receive presents.

Not understanding the different contexts in which a word’s meaning changes created expectations in the mind of the child. Not having received a gift, and believing one was indeed promised, the child is upset. The adult may have deterred this event if the phrase “for the present” was replaced with “for the time being” or “for awhile.”

Many of Piaget’s findings can be attributed to a simple error of communication between adult and child. However, a firm grasp of language goes beyond knowing that a word may have multiple meanings. It is also about understanding how or why certain things are said, words chosen, in or out of context especially. These issues are not always exclusive to a child’s understanding and perception. Adults experience errors of communication all the time. But adults also fail to understand why children say the things they say, and Donaldson also believed that there is a distinction between what is said and what is meant.

She writes:

‘All of these shortcomings can be seen as related to a failure as it is spontaneously used and interpreted by a child and language as it has come to



be conceived of by those [adults] who develop the theories.’ (Donaldson/1978/ p. 61)

One must give credit to the child for managing to form such a relatively sophisticated understanding of how language works in such a short time in their maturing lives. Many academics have been dumbfounded by this fact, so much so that linguists such as Noam Chomsky have reasoned there must be some sort of inborn mechanism that allows children to pick it up so easily, which he called a language acquisition device (LAD).

However, critics have since dismissed this, claiming there is no neuroscientific evidence to back up it up.

Perhaps the fact that a child can pick up the general rules of language so easily is indicative of other qualities, and a testament to the inherent capabilities of the child. It is disheartening that people find it so hard to believe that children are capable of doing extraordinary things. It may be surprising to critical adults that children are born with the capability to do many things, not just language acquisition.

Anthropologist Myra Bluebond-Langner carried out a study on terminally ill children, which is detailed in her book *The Private Worlds of Dying Children* (1980). While the subject matter is heartbreaking, this most important study showed a side of children that is rarely seen. Most parents tend to keep the details of the child’s sickness to themselves, so as not to worry their children. But the children were capable of figuring virtually every-

thing out for themselves. This included things like knowing what each drug was for, knowing what each staff member's role was, understanding the extent of their sickness and, most interestingly, being fully aware of their own mortality.

Developmental psychologists like Piaget have tried to show that children have no adequate concept of death prior to a certain age, but this study would refute that claim. In Bluebond-Langner's conversations with the children, she found that they hid their own knowledge from their parents, so as not to worry them. Meanwhile the parents believed the children were completely oblivious as to what was happening to them.

Bluebond-Langner did identify stages of the child's understanding, but these were relative to the stages of the illness, not the age of the child; an important difference.

Below are the major points Bluebond-Langner noted about children after completing her study:

1. They are willful, purposeful creatures who possess selves.
2. They interpret their behavior and act on the basis of their interpretations.
3. They interpret their own self-images.
4. They interpret the behavior of others to obtain a view of themselves, others, and objects.
5. They are capable of initiating behavior so as to



affect the view others have of them and that they have of themselves.

6. They are capable of initiating behavior to affect the behavior of others toward them.

7. Any meaning that children attach to themselves, others, and objects varies with respect to the physical, social, and temporal settings in which they find themselves.

8. Children can move from one social world to another and act appropriately in each world.

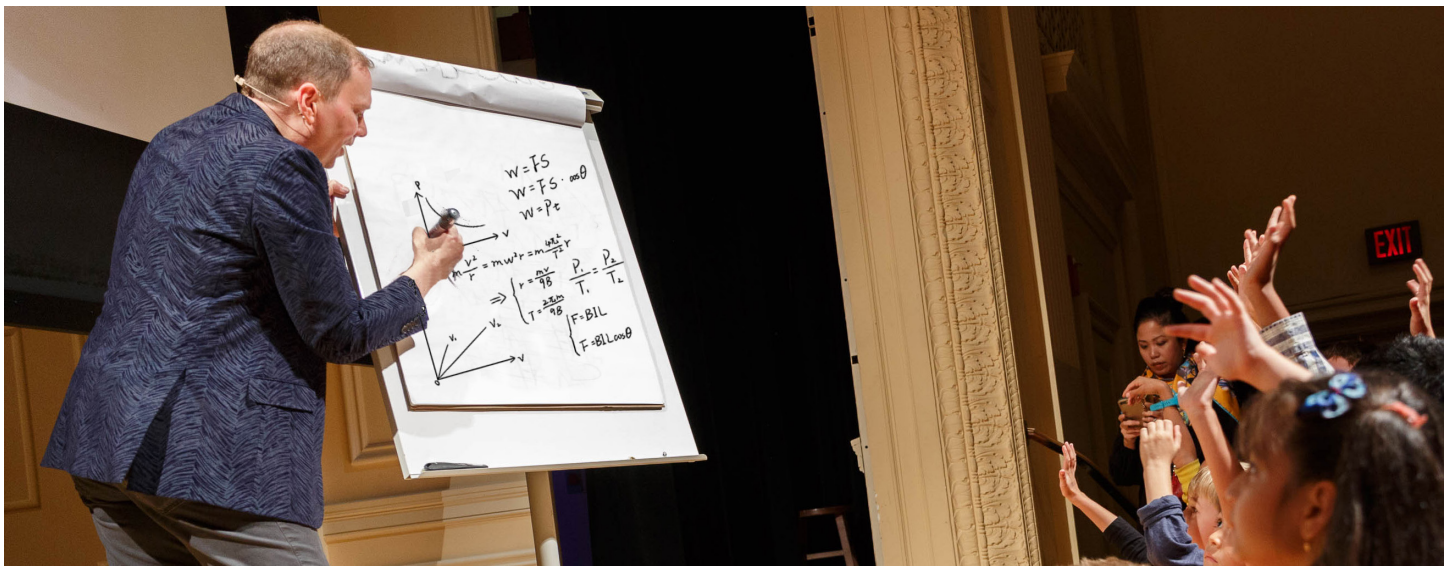
These are qualities that were deduced by observing the things terminally ill children do and say. It was a groundbreaking thesis, since it shows us not only how children act in this particular situation, but gives us an insight into how children think more generally. Also, if it's true that they adapt to whatever social world they find themselves in, then it is not surprising they would pick up the general rules of language within a matter of a few years.

Children have been known to use words like 'bringed' as opposed to 'brought'. While this is not the commonly accepted form, it shows that the child had understood it is right to add 'ed' to the end of many words ending in 'ng', and had reasoned for themselves that it ought to be right in other instances.

This not an example of a child being stupid, but quite the contrary, it is proof of a child admirably attempting to adapt to their social world and linguistic norms.

The ability for children to socially-adapt does not represent the only means which demonstrates their intelligence. They are also capable of abstract philosophical thought. We have already seen that children can reason perfectly well, and even philosophize, as with the case of milk being 'bigger' than water.

It is not merely that children are capable of philosophical thought, but rather, that such thinking comes naturally to them, and it is inherent in their nature. When given the environment to pursue big ideas, and with the encouragement of adults, they



revel in it. This is easily observed through the many times a child may ask ‘why?’

Despite the evidence, Piaget theorized the opposite; that those under 12 were often incapable of abstract thinking. Most adults will probably take Piaget’s theory as fact if you told it to them. Many adults don’t see the value in asking ‘why’ or in taking the time to ponder on big questions, and so they tend not to encourage it, and often discourage it in their children. Many parents will also feel intimidated by their child asking something they don’t have an easy answer for. Therefore, kids are often left without an outlet to exercise their minds.

‘Philosophy for Children’, sometimes abbreviated to P4C, is a movement that aims to teach reasoning and argumentative skills to children. P4C is one project among many that recognizes the widespread suppression of inquisitive and creative thought in childhood and the goal is to bring critical thinking into the social educational curriculum. (<https://p4c.com/>)

One of the most recognized individuals associated with this endeavor was Gareth B. Matthews (1929-2010), an American philosopher who specialized in ancient philosophy, philosophy of childhood and philosophy for children.

He was also an advocate of children’s liberation, and wrote a trilogy of books on this topic. Many other proponents of this cause believe that for adults to be liberated as free-thinking rational beings, children

must first be liberated. Indeed, the children of today are the adults of tomorrow, and this seems more important than ever as many parts of the world are becoming increasingly anti-rationalist and lemmings unto State doctrines and precepts.

In his book, *Dialogues with Children* (1992), Matthews details the fascinating discussions he conducted with a class of children over multiple sessions. His aim was to show how children can delightfully engage in sustained philosophical discussion, while also debunking the prominent theories of cognitive development. Each session had a different theme, and the children were eager to discuss topics such as the nature of happiness, desire, knowledge, ethics and so on. He was fiercely opposed to condescending to children, and he used something similar to the ‘Socratic method’ to conduct the sessions.

The Socratic method is a cooperative form of dialogue that consists of asking and answering questions in a way to stimulate critical thinking. With Matthew’s sessions, the adult can act as a partner and guide when engaging in discussion with children.

He started his sessions with a little story he had written that would raise philosophical questions. The story was deliberately left unfinished, with the problem left unresolved. He then invited the children to discuss the questions raised together,

and to come up with a satisfying conclusion to the story (and philosophical dilemma) they all could agree on. Since the children were eager to discuss all sorts of big issues, Matthews would occasionally have to steer the discussion back to the original premise, and take note of their off-topic (though fascinating) statements for future sessions.

It is delightful to read about children engaging in a good-nature intellectual debate with each other and, I might add, all of these children were under the age of twelve. This is the true way to measure the minds of children, not via narrow, rigid tests, where one can easily misinterpret a short response from a child, but via extended, open discourse.

On developmental approaches to child-psychology, Matthews writes:

‘Most adults give little or no thought to philosophical questions and have no concern for whether philosophy is practised well or even practised at all. It is therefore not surprising that developmental psychologists have little to say about whether [...] children develop the ability to think philosophically and to pursue philosophical questions intelligently.’ (Matthews, 1992, pp. 116-117)

However, in advocating child-philosophers, one is not expecting children to come away reciting Plato or any other major philosopher, but rather, it is about giving children the tools to think for themselves, to embolden them to have opinions, and the right for those opinions to be heard.

Children ought to be encouraged to discuss all topics that interest them, no matter how controversial. It seems likely that adults who don't believe children should be thinking in this way would be the same adults who are opposed to other things related to children, such as child-sexuality. ‘Let children be children’ is a commonly heard phrase, but it doesn't seem unreasonable to reword it as ‘make children be children’ - and what they mean by 'children' is ambiguous. There seems to be a systemic fear of the autonomous child, masked by claims of protection, and often this fear appears as a sort of adult-chauvinism.

The dominant adult-oriented conception of the child is reminiscent of how philosopher Mary Wollstonecraft viewed the man-oriented conception of women in *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792). In her time, it was commonly believed that women were incapable of reasoning (and also, that they did not, or should not, possess a sexuality). She believed that this was true insofar as the dominant conception ensured it remained true. Critical thinking was only for men, and the more women were kept in the dark on important matters, the better.

In the book, Wollstonecraft took issue with another philosopher, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. She provides a quote from his book, *Émile* (1762):

‘They [women] must be subject, all their lives, to the most constant and severe restraint [...] it is, therefore, necessary to accustom them early to such confinement, that it may not afterwards cost them too dear; and to the suppression of their caprices, that they may the more readily submit to the will of others.’ (quoted by Wollstonecraft, 1792, p.180)

Emile, or On Education (French: *Émile, ou De l'éducation*) is a treatise on the nature of education and on the nature of man. During the French Revolution, *Emile* served as the inspiration for what became a new national system of education.

In today's world, we could easily exchange the subject matter of women to children and the quote would remain virtually true to the dominant contemporary beliefs. Wollstonecraft included this quote in her book because she was showing the contradiction in Rousseau's arguments.

He claimed that women were inherently incapable of doing things that men do, like critical thinking, but in the quote above, he contradicts himself by implying they must be restrained in order to be that way, ‘that it may not afterwards cost them too dear’. The parallels to the contemporary treatment of children are blatantly undeniable.

Plenty of pseudo-science has claimed children

are incapable of many things, and upon those claims being questioned or debunked, the position changes to something like ‘it is for their own good.’ Critical thinking will not help them ‘in the real world’ as it was believed it would not help women or girls back 1792.

Realistically, most men did not want women back in 1792 to question the order of things, as most adults would not like children to do the same today in the 21st century. But there is a difference, in that, children are destined to become these same adults. This cycle can, however, be broken if only contemporary generations of adults would recognize the child as an autonomous, thinking being.

I have briefly attempted to show why children should not be underestimated, and that their unique thinking ought to be respected and encouraged. Children often ask obscure questions many adults would find pointless in asking. In other words, children are indeed philosophers.

Children also have keen levels of perception and are not oblivious to what is going on around them, unlike what many adults believe. Thus, it is a moral imperative to give children the respect they deserve, to listen to them, to not condescend to them, and to defend them from adult-chauvinists.

Furthermore, I would advise anyone interested in improving the rights of children to support projects like P4C; that society should and must recognize children as autonomous thinking beings as one of the most compelling routes to child’s esteem and self-determination. (<https://p4c.com/>)

It is also up to us, as lovers of the child person, to make sure we take the time to appreciate the unique ‘language of children.’ There is a lot of delight and surprises to be had by doing so, for both adult and child. Children will appreciate an adult who takes the time to listen to them as an equal and what they have to say about anything.

We need to help and encourage children as rational, reasoning individuals in order to help assure

the future social well being and health of our future families and society when they become adults.

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~~UNEQUIPPED~~

why current laws fail children

by Revolution

Right now, at the time of writing, children are still being sexually coerced and manipulated by adults. Unlike myself, some adults see nothing wrong with gaining selfish pleasure from children by any means necessary. These children could be threatened, bribed, or deceived, but, nonetheless, wouldn't otherwise feel inclined to be intimate with their perpetrators had they not been manipulated in the first place.

Despite its illegality, this abuse will continue, undetected by everyone, for a long time to come. Some will be brought to justice after one year, others will cause suffering for three years, or perhaps five. The unluckiest children will suffer abuse for

ten years, if they see justice served at all. The legal system simply cannot keep up. The fault isn't with negligent parents, police, child service officers or school counselors, and certainly not with the abused children themselves. It's with the laws meant to protect children.

The law attempts the impossible task of trying to prevent certain private activities which often leave no physical marks on its victims. However, why would a Girl Lover, someone attracted to prepubescent girls, be concerned with this?

Girl love is the emotional and physical attraction to little girls. On a personal level, I love girls for

their honest, unfiltered expression, vivid imaginations, and plainly seeing the world for how it's presently before them and not what they're told to believe or discern.

These traits are most prominent in girls living happy lives. Girls who've been through hardships, abuse, and turmoil may lose these attributes. They may become less honest about their feelings, become less expressive, lose some of their imagination, or develop a negative view of the world. With every child who suffers, the world seems to get a bit darker, and with every child who prospers, a bit brighter.

What's controversial is my

unpopular opinion that children aren't always harmed by sexual encounters. Though children can enjoy sexual contact, I choose, as a Girl Lover, not to take part in such activity. I will always obey the laws first and foremost but question those same laws as being fully adequate, effective, and dynamic enough for a child's overall safety in today's socially evolving world.

Unfortunately, when authorities learn of or discover an adult-child sexual relationship, these same law enforcement officials, associated counselors, and the weight of social norms often pressure and coerce the minors involved to feel harmed, abused, and to believe that what took place was against their will or without meaningful consent.

These relationships are not necessarily, or exclusively harmful.¹ Consensual relationships exist where both parties are sexually involved because they mutually enjoy such contact. Children in these scenarios aren't being promised money or material goods, nor are they being threatened with punishment, or even being tricked. They mutually want the same things their grown-up partner desires and if their desires change, their partner willingly accommodates those wishes.

This article will define child sexual abuse not by its legal definition, but as the act of manipulation for the sole purpose of attaining selfish sexual gratification through the involvement of a minor or to

overpower a child through sexual means. The definition, which will be used in this article, denotes that any sexual acts would be the end goal of the adult partner only. All actions taken by the adult must be proven to be steps taken to reach that goal, and not one of emotional bonding, support, or anything related to friendship.



Conversely, it is not abuse when both the child and adult have shown an equal desire for sex, even if that's all they want from each other, or the adult has formed a legitimate social bond with their partner prior to its agreed-upon inclusion. In consideration of these circumstances, sexual contact may be initiated by either the adult

or child, but both the child and adult partner must be shown to have desired and consented to be considered what will be referred to in this article as a sexual relationship.

Despite the nature of such sexual relationships, inter-generational intimacy and sexual abuse—two situations that should be legally defined as polar opposites—are treated near-equally under the existing laws.

A man who disinforms his daughter by telling her sexual favors are normal daily chores to get her to begrudgingly perform fellatio is breaking the law for abuse. However, a woman who willingly accepts a spontaneous sexual offer from a curious young boy is still considered breaking the same law for abuse.

From an ethical standpoint, when taken at face value, the father has done something more unethical and abusive than what the woman agreed to do with the curious boy. The boy made an offer, showing that he did want sexual contact of some kind. The father from the other scenario took advantage of his child's more limited life experience to gain her consent.

He knew his daughter would only succumb to his selfish lust if he had provided her with false information that dad was asking her to perform a normal chore. While his daughter is reluctant in this hypothetical situation she doesn't want to get in trouble with dad and agrees to perform her duty as an obedient

child.

Both of the acts illustrated above would likely go undetected by authorities for quite some time and, when finally discovered, would probably have similar, or even identical, legal outcomes. Unlike the aforementioned encounters, the outcomes aren't hypothetical. Children can have mutually satisfying relationships with adults, but also do get abused by adults without much effective and proactive prevention to deter either from happening.

One infamous story of abuse is that of Masha Allen.² She was an orphan in Russia who was adopted by Matthew Mancuso, a divorced Pennsylvanian man, in 1998. Upon adoption, he abused Masha for the next five years.

Though adoption agencies usually are very wary of single men looking to adopt children, fearing they have only molestation and abuse as their motives, the agency failed to follow up with Masha's well being after moving in with Mancuso. The adoption agency neglected to properly screen and investigate Mancuso and may have prevented her abuse, or even prevented the adoption.

As is true with many sexual abuse cases, it is hard to fully know the exact nature of the situation. Once law enforcement becomes involved, children are often pressured, and even coerced, to label the offending adults they had been sexual involved with as predators; children being the victims or prey.

However, as with Masha, many things have been speculated, from her being fed a restricted diet to delay her puberty, to being forced to 'marry' her foster father. What has been confirmed is that it took until 2003 for anything to change.

Toronto Police kept finding images of Masha stored on the computers of those convicted for the possession of child porn.³ These images were eventually connected to Mancuso through images that seemed to show them at a Disney World hotel.

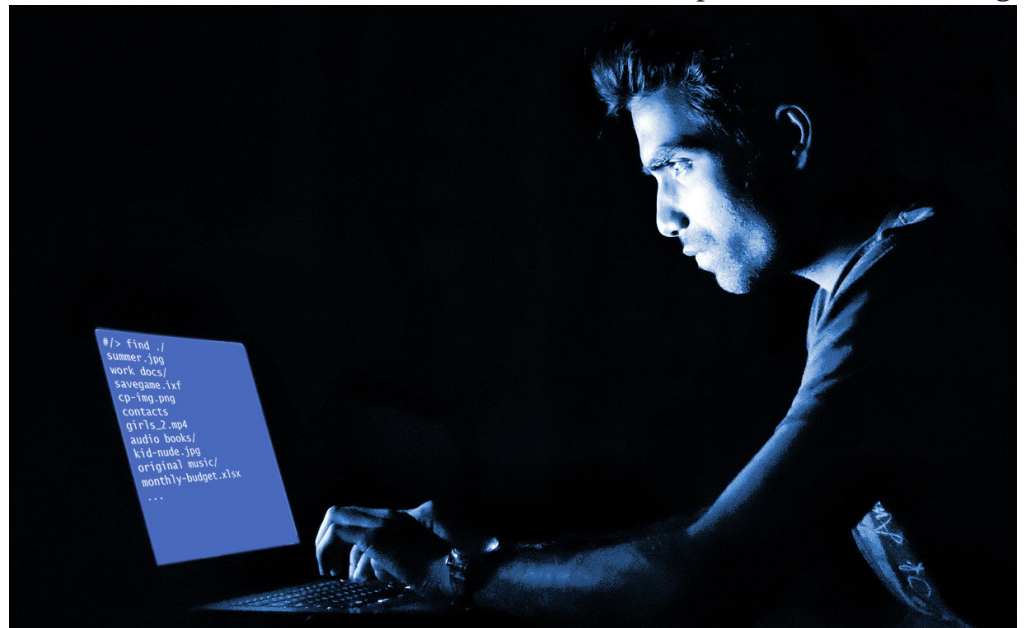
Taking five years from the moment the abuse began to get a conviction

can also be employed.

Regardless of the methods used, thousands of images were found, and each photo needed to be checked for clues that may lead to where and when it was taken, and the identities of those photographed.

Authorities would have needed to verify Mancuso's visit to Disney World with their staff upon seeing the shots that had appeared to have been produced at one of their hotels. Only then could they have arrested him. However, from step one, there was already a bottleneck.

The first step in this case, arresting



demonstrates many of the system's flaws. The method used to expose Mancuso was inefficient and time-consuming, requiring many steps.

First, illegal images would need to be attained by law enforcement. In this case, images were attained through searching the hard drives of those arrested for possessing child pornography. But other methods, such as ISP records, and monitoring peer-to-peer networks,

those in possession of child porn, is a challenge onto its own. While encryption technology in the late 90s and early 2000s would have had a more limited scope than today, police back then were less equipped to handle the task of monitoring the activity of internet users and investigating Cybercrime.

Today, despite a much better understanding of internet technology,

arrests for child pornography possession often occur after thousands of files have been downloaded.⁴⁻⁸ Those accessing this content have always had the short-term advantage of being drowned out by the crowd. There is a lot that needs to be monitored from thousands of users, and not just those downloading sexual media involving kids.

The avenues known to hold this content has also been home to drug traffickers, human traffickers, and fraudsters, to name a few.⁹ All of these criminals are leaving evidence on the open internet and the dark web that can be gathered by law enforcement. To trace every IP address involved in each and every interaction that goes through them is a lofty task on the internet, and much harder on encrypted networks like Tor.

It's expected that network activity from most machines will fly under the radar. One can presume that law enforcement is overloaded with data considering how much illegal content those arrested have managed to attain prior to being found out. However, unlike other Cybercrime, the possession of child porn shows no signs to the public that it's occurring. Such material is viewed in private and doesn't require direct harm to anyone or their property to view.

As a contrary example, stealing and selling credit cards, on the other hand, requires the loss of control of the account of its rightful owner, something the victim would easily notice. Despite the time and effort

required, and the short-term advantages of those with child porn have, arrests do happen, computers are seized, and the contents are reviewed. However, this only offsets the issue from one of catching criminals in the act of downloading to identifying victims within a giant sea of images and videos.

Police need to sift through thousands of illegal photographs and video clips. The amount of content the FBI looks through is rising yearly, with most agents claiming to have recovered millions of images and videos. Cybercrime units around the world often report being overwhelmed by the amount of images,¹⁰ even though the units tasked with investigating them are staffed extensively.

Regardless, each image needs checked for clues, and it's not known how long it may take before any number of images currently under investigation will give leads. Presumably, producers are wise to the tactics used and attempt to obfuscate clues where possible. Methods to hide evidence today could be made obsolete tomorrow, only to have criminals go to further extremes in preventing their detection.

Modern image and video editing software is accessible to the masses, and it's logical to presume that criminals use such tools to cover their tracks. If a victim's or perpetrator's face could be looked up within a database, it may be blurred. Any identifying items in the background can be digitally removed. Audio tracks could be altered or



removed to prevent the identification of voices.

There are also programs designed to remove descriptors attached to the file (known as metadata) which would remove information about the location it was shot in, the name of its creator, what make of camera was used to take the image, and much more text data. Regardless of every safeguard a producer could use to prevent arrest, they will likely be caught.

Unfortunately, the more work they do to cover their tracks, the longer it will take to get caught and the longer a potential abuser victimizes children involved.

The most simple and effective way for abusers to cover their tracks is to never produce any photos or videos documenting the abuses. It's reasonable to presume most breaking age of consent

laws wouldn't want video or photographic evidence of the act. Sharing anything exponentially increases risks, and while there are ways to delay action from law enforcement, an arrest is still almost certain.

Privacy makes the relationship or abuse capable of being invisible. A child who's truly being victimized won't often present physical signs of abuse, and there are no behaviors known to be intrinsically linked to minors being victimized sexually. Most cases of sexual abuse do not necessarily involve physical violence, nor are emotional changes easily pinned to the act.

Most sexual abuse is perpetrated by those closest to children, such as parents.¹¹ If only one parent is abusive, the abusive parent will conceal the abuse from the other, and the child will be told to keep it secret, perhaps under threat. Disregarding this threat would be challenging for anyone, especially for a youngster, but far worse if the threat was raised by mom or dad, considering they live with and provide for these children.

The best hope for the victims would come from their non-abusive parent discovering what had been happening by chance. If both of those who raise a child are abusing them, and the abuse is done completely in private, there would be no trace. Both parents being abusive affords the child least chance of justice under our current system.

What is done in the current legal

framework has shown varying effects. In a 2019 evidence review by Together for Girls, they showed that there is no evidence that sex offender registries reduce recidi-



vism.¹² However, such registries still exist.

Additionally, national awareness campaigns show no effect in reducing in the rate of these sex crimes. The most effective methods of prevention discussed are under the category of education, with programs such as self-defense and empowerment training, healthy relationship advice, safe-dating systems, and bystander intervention programs. Such programs have been mostly geared toward adolescents, though.

While various effective and ineffective ideas have been implemented, the report still claims that roughly half of child sex crimes are not reported. The CDC further shows this, claiming very little evidence exists to show what prevention methods work, while many resources exist for treatment after a sex crime is discovered.¹³

Those crimes not reported are arguably a combination of sexually-active children in positive relationships, children who've been manipulated by an adult for sexual favors, and children who are fear-

ful of the repercussions of reporting. Under the laws as of this writing, all three are illegal and treated as near-equally severe.

By treating all forms of sexual contact between adults and minors as egregious crimes, the means of current reporting is very hands-off. There is never reason to investigate the nuances inherent within these situations if sexual contact has already proven to have occurred. No relationship, whether it be a friendship, co-workers, teaching, parents, siblings, or romantic is completely good or bad. An abrupt end to any of the above can create problems, uncertainty and/or stress.

All other aspects of such relationships are ignored, despite the only social component that must cease is all sexual contact with the child, whether the child wished for such intimacy or not. More often, this results with the child being treated for severe trauma and the imprisonment of their partner.

Whether children are often aware of the consequences of reporting or not is not known. This would potentially explain many situations where children refuse to report, even if they didn't consent to sex.

This is completely different from cases where children were found to be very much active and enthusiastic to be sexually intimate in their adult-child relationships. However, while children in these mutually consented relationships should be left alone and able to enjoy themselves, those of the obvious and flagrant abuse nature

are not getting the aid they need.

The under-reporting of child sexual abuse is strikingly similar to other current and past laws prohibiting many things. Laws banning alcohol, drugs, homosexuality, abortions, free-speech, and more have been either questioned regarding their efficacy, are in the process of being changed, or have been repealed.

The global War on Drugs has garnered criticism in the past decade, insofar as to be called a failure by the Global Commission on Drug Policy in a June 2011 report.¹⁴ The prohibition of alcohol in America lasted only thirteen years before being repealed and overwhelmed the federal court system, increasing the number of pending prosecutions in 1930 eight fold over 1914's cases.¹⁵

Most similar to us, restrictions which affected gay people during the twentieth century simply caused homosexual men and women to take their romance and sexual intimacy further underground, leading to law enforcement to rely on sting operations.¹⁶

The examples given of how the laws surrounding the sexual interaction between adults and minors are failing bear resemblance to all of the above. The legal system is overwhelmed, more harm than good is being done, and we are pushing adult-child sexual interactions—both good and evil—into the shadows.

The one challenge not present in the other laws above is assuring the

safety of children. Their protection is key, but the current system seems to be succeeding and focusing more so in creating an aberrant air of discontent over minor-attraction than it seems to be preventing abuse.

As shown, preventing the sexual abuse of minors is a challenging feat within our legal framework. But prevention is possible if we're willing to change the system.

Firstly, I will argue that the downloading, possession, and non-commercial distribution of child porn should be decriminalized in order to accelerate the arrests of producers. This may raise eyebrows, and have questions raised about how this could possibly cause those making child pornography (CP) to



get caught faster.

Under this scenario, anyone who wished to assist police by volunteering their own time and resources to investigate large collections of images would not be legally liable for having potentially thousands of images and videos stored. This isn't to argue that millions would begin to pour hours into investigating CP. However, it's possible

that coming across child pornography would be more common, increasing its exposure, and making the faces, homes, and overall identifying features in each picture and video better known to the public. It wouldn't be so far underground that the nature of it would be unknown.

Right now, someone searching for adult porn isn't likely to find child porn. Surely, they'd report any they had found, but if the website wasn't required by law to remove it, the chances of repeatedly finding CP when searching for adult porn is fairly likely. If the porn-viewing public keeps finding CP with the same children, the victims are likely to be identified quickly, considering their extensive exposure.

What may be upsetting about this idea is the notion that the viewing of such media furthers the abuse. It's fair to say that no one would want their abuse being viewed, but it is important to set priorities. Is it more important to force producers out from the underground by making their actions easier for lay people to see and report, and thus expedite an end to their abusive behavior? Or, is it more crucial to prevent those who have seen and fantasized about those abused children from potentially distributing the material to millions, increasing the exposure of the victim, potentially causing them shame? These questions can only be answered if we decide to change laws in some way and measure the results.

This may have helped Masha, but

what about the countless youngsters who were abused without ever appearing in child porn?

To get a grasp on abuse, minors would be better off if parents allowed for them to have sexual relationships with anyone, including adults, under their rules and guidance, for as long as the child is under the age of consent. Certainly, most parents at the time of writing this would be wary of all potential sexual partners their child could have.

However, it's important to note the legal status of the age of consent, and that anyone under that age is not considered able to consent to sex, regardless of the opinion of their parents. Approval from a parent is unlikely, but if given, the sexual encounter is still illegal.

Age of consent laws should consider parental permission. Additionally, it should be a parental responsibility for making sure they get to know their child's sexual partners, allowing an assessment of their character, and assure open, transparent communication about the relationship without having to fully invade the privacy of either the child or adult. If parents who their children sexually involved with, and maintained communication with their children and their partners, it would be less likely abuse from adult partner would go undetected.

However, if parents were to neglect the need to maintain communication with their child and child's partner, they should face some legal

repercussion if such causes abuse to go undetected, despite not being nearly as guilty as the abusive partner.

In contrast, if the parents can prove that despite reasonable effort to maintain contact, the partner still became abusive, by no means should the parents be liable. To argue they should be is grossly unethical. Maintaining contact would not legally require going to great lengths. It could be as simple as a phone call, having the child's adult friend over for dinner, or even having them on a vacation with the family. This would not prevent sexual abuse by parents, but that too can be prevented with resources society currently has.

Schools provide children adult contact other than the children's parents or sexual partners. Teachers, school counselors, nurses, principals and others working within the education system have social relationships with students and can act as a communication outlet

for them.

Right now, mandatory reporting laws require school staff to notify the police should a child go to them with indications of abuse. Unfortunately, children are in a catch-22 situation. They're told, without question, to always refuse sexual contact. Being told not to do something regardless of conditions presumes no case will make the action permissible.

Often, this is not how situations present themselves, and most things, under very special circumstances, would be ethical to do. That being said, a child could justify, in their opinion, of their parents' abusive behavior as such under certain circumstances because of it being done by 'mom and/or dad', who are in charge, after all. This then, would be making an exception to the rule. If taught how to make sexual decisions, they could make choices that are in their best interest. Each situation should be analyzed on a case-by-case basis,



open for discussion, respecting the minor's sense of agency, and allowing them to ask more objective questions about their family relationships, possibly ending abuse if it were ongoing. However, this would leave many in the education system today blushing in embarrassment, having such open discussions with students.

All these ideas offered aimed at curbing the problem of child sexual abuse are a hard pill to swallow, and rightfully so. We, as a society, are comfortable with our current methods of prevention, and aren't used to seeing a sexual nature in our children.

Similar to those in the LGBT+ community before us, we as MAPs will not be able to help society become comfortable with the consensual, desired sexual relationships of minors and adults overnight, and I personally oppose forcefully telling anyone how to feel about the subject.

Given time and patience from the MAP community, an educated public will come to see these ideas as a reasonable venture in the fight against sexual abuse. Few MAPs wish to cause emotional or physical pain in any child, and anyone who causes it must be stopped.

As of right now, what is clear is that law enforcement is not able to stop this child abuse problem because of how it currently approaches it. Years of abuse can pass by before those who've decided to record their deeds face punishment, and even longer for those who keep

the affairs private.

Justice may never come to those abused by their own parents. We may catch some abusers, but often only long after the damage has been done and the trauma has set in. While presuming the law will catch up and the rate of sexual abuse will drop, children will continue to be abused, because a system that should protect them just can't do so. That system is failing by design and is unequipped to do what it needs to.

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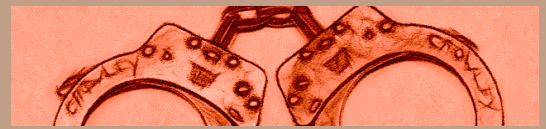
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Sudden:STOP



by gimwinkle

Part One—The Beginning of the End?

Disclaimer: Regarding this and everything else I write about myself describing my past, be advised that I was tried, convicted, sentenced to a very long time in prison, and I served the complete sentence. Be further advised that I am no longer practicing illegal activities today and that I refrain from doing so by my own choice, not from fear of legal entanglements or society's outrage. I remain crime free because I choose too. Names have been changed to keep identities private.

I really didn't know where I was going. Just the general direction. The Canadian border was a thought. I was Canadian, and Canada is where I would belong, I supposed. I didn't have any idea where, really. Just away from where I had been a few days before. "North." I said. The driver of a van that stopped replied. "Well, you're on the right road for it. Hop in back and we'll take you as far as we're going."

The side door of the van slid open and I was surprised to see a second girl half-asleep in the back, lounging on the wide mattress. The smoke inside was heavy, and I was not surprised of the surroundings that I was stepping into. The legality of what created the smoke didn't bother me, but the mental acuity of the driver had me a bit worried. But, what the hell, I thought.

We drove along Highway Five for hours. The secondhand smoke had gotten to me and I could feel a high coming on. I didn't really want it, but I was just glad to be on wheels heading north. Somewhere along the line I fell asleep. I woke when the sliding door slammed shut as the girl climbed back in. I raised my head a bit and looked at her as she came across the mattress.

"Ray and Jana are taking a short field trip. They're to be gone for a couple hours. That's just you and me honey." She began to take off her shirt.

My heart began pounding and my gentleman reflex made itself known. Like a princess, she laid there, the morning sunlight dancing off of her hair. She had beautiful, satiny smooth skin, and a smile that just begged to be kissed. So I kissed it. I crawled out of the rest of my clothing as she crawled out of the rest of hers. There were two musty sleeping bags all folded out and scrunched up against the back doors. We pulled one of them to us and crawled underneath it as we squirmed our way together on the mattress. She put both her hands behind her head, inviting me to begin exploring her thin, athletic body in intricate detail. I began working my way around her neck down to her chest and to two diminutive commentaries on her femininity. I had no thoughts of

biological protection, and I don't think she had any thoughts in that regard either. We became one as I worshiped her and she began to dig her

long fingernails into my back. And then, from the depths of my insanity, my appendage refused to continue and withdrew itself in utter horror. Puzzled, she asked if everything was okay. I simply replied that I could not do this.

She tried to comfort me by telling me that it happens sometimes. I tried to apologize to her and she just hugged me and told me that it was okay. She gave me that beautiful smile and said, "You're married, aren't you?" It wasn't a question. She knew.

I can't tell you, even today, how embarrassed I was to walk away from that gorgeous creature. It was every man's dream to have a goddess like that. And it wasn't because I had lost an opportunity. It was because I was a failure at treating an adult female as an adult male should. It wasn't because I was cheating on my wife. In fact, several months prior, my wife had even suggested that I see somebody legal that would be more sexually appealing to me than her.

Without looking back, I began walking. I didn't even bother putting my thumb out to continue

hitchhiking north. I just walked. A distant Mount Shasta looked down at me from its lofty heights and pitied me. What kind of human being was I? What kind of animal? What was wrong with me? Tractor-trailers blasted past me, peppering me with grit and hot wind. I didn't care.

I walked for about an hour feeling absolutely horrible about myself. Eventually, I stuck my thumb back out and caught a ride towards the next town. I got out near a gas station and walked over to a pay-phone. I had to make a call.



“Okay, I’m listening.”

I began slowly. “Running away is not going to solve the problem. I can’t leave you, I can’t leave the kids, but I can’t be with you three, either. I just know that I can’t run away.”

“Where are you?”

“Just crossed the border into Oregon.”

She grew stern, “You can’t come back here.”

“Yeah, I know. How about LA?”

“It doesn’t have to be that far away.”

“I’ll call you when I get back in

town.” I hung up, glad, worried, confused, but I turned around.

When I did get back into town, I realized that I was now homeless. I had run out of money, and had quit my previous job. So I couldn’t go back to that.

The worst aspect was, how the hell I had gotten myself into this predicament in the first place. The job I left was a good paying job, they liked me, but I just told them that I quit and left. The woman I was married to was a loving woman and just as sexually appealing as any other adult woman. But, as you can see, that was my problem.

As much as I loved my wife, I was not sexually attracted to her. In fact, many times, I would try to be a loving husband for her and all I could do was pretend. Hell, at that time, I would’ve loved to have had a mistress. And I’m pretty sure that my wife would have put up with that too. But I didn’t want a mistress. Well, I didn’t want a mistress that any normal adult male would want. I did sort of have a mistress, though, and my wife actually did put up with it. You see, my mistress lived with us.

Her name was Sarah. She was very much in love with me. And I was very much in love with Her. But I wasn’t married to her. I was married to her mother. Sarah, my natural daughter, and I had been having a sort of physical relationship ever since she was six. Sarah had figured that this was just something her daddy would do and since she loved me, it was okay for us to

do these unusual things. For four years, her mother put up with all of this.

One day, my wife and I came to an agreement that it had to stop. But how? I didn’t want to stop. But then, I did want to stop.

A year or so prior, I had considered just nosing down the plane I was flying into some trees and dying. I had tried closing my eyes as the mountainside was approaching, but the Low Altitude Warning System was screaming. Instinct took over. I pulled up. Damn, I thought, I can’t even “suicide” the right way.

So, my wife and I eventually agreed that the only way things could work themselves out is for me to simply up and walk away. So I headed north. Halfway to I-don’t-know-where, I had this incredible urge to turn around and go back. Not for Sarah, but to try and get my life together enough so that I could become a normal human being. Even if it meant living by myself and seeing my family from a distance.

With the help of a church, I stayed in a motel for about a week. I read some discarded newspapers and discovered that a local company needed somebody to help out with their government contract. I must’ve looked like I was homeless. Or a skid-row drunk. But, from my conversation and a good careful look at my license, they hired me.

I eventually found a small place to live, I paid back the church for the help that they had given me, and soon found a comfortable car to

ride around town in. But I was on the other side of town from where my family was. Since I had a little bit of money coming in, I went over to visit them and make sure they had food and rent paid and a little bit of pocket change.

I'm not sure why, but my wife was going through some heavy psychological stress because of the success she could see that I appeared to be having in my new life. She ended up in the emergency room after overdosing on diet pills. I got both Sarah and Stevie and took them back to my place and then went to see my wife. She was a psychological wreck. And she began yelling at me.

She eventually got out of the hospital but refused to accept the kids back. She just didn't want the pressure. I complained that this would put me in a position where Sarah and I would continue where we had left off. My wife didn't care. So I kept both kids. And, Sarah was on my mind on a daily basis.

My dispatcher called me aside, one day. There was a huge problem with one of the government sites that we were servicing. It was a difficult flight and I needed to pay very close attention to what I was doing. So I began to do the paperwork very carefully. But the owner's daughter and wife came in. The daughter was about 8 years old and I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I tore up one of the forms I was filling out and began filling a new one out. Still, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I tore up the form I was filling out again and began

to get another form out. Approach charts meant nothing to me. Her short blonde hair, Her wide glassy eyes flashing about, the laughs of the others at her antics, and her short dress? The form I was trying to fill out remained empty beneath my pen. The owner's daughter began making her way around the office towards where I was standing dumbstruck. What would I do if she touched my hand? What would I do if she spoke to me?

I wadded up the form I was trying to fill out, walked over to my dispatcher, and tossed it on his desk. I simply told him that I was sick and I had to go home. That's where I went. Home.

Sarah and Stevie were at the babysitters, a neighbor. I grabbed them both and returned to my place. I sat in front of the television that I had not turned on and Stevie just looked at me as if I was insane. Well, I was. Stevie went out to play with some of his friends and Sarah was in her room. Eventually, Sarah came out, turned the television on, climbed into my lap, put her thumb in her mouth, and I proceeded to, well, I proceeded. And, because She loved me, She allowed me to.

What she was doing was out of love for me. What I was doing was out of selfishness. I was sexually attracted to her and was only interested in satisfying that attraction. And for that, I am so damned guilty. To this day, I feel bad about it. I feel bad about being like that. I don't care about what society thought of it or thinks about it now. I care that it was me thinking of me

only. Once I realized that I could give Sarah some of the high that I was getting, I wanted to reward her for allowing me to be selfish. So, out of love, I kissed Her, finding ways to make my 10-year-old daughter experience sensations that she had not ever known before.

That was the prelude to the next few years of my life.

None of what I am about to write is to make you think that it's okay to break any laws. It's to help you in case you are already in trouble with the judicial system of the United States and you need to focus on your legal position rather than the fear of hell that you think is on its way to swallow you.

Getting busted, handcuffed, sent to court and sentenced isn't much of a problem. It's just embarrassing. But, it's the afterward that people find so scary. Local jails are intentionally kept dirty, brightly lit, full of drunks and nutcases, and loud for just that reason. Law enforcement officials depend on this horror to get information out of you. If you don't cooperate with them, they threaten you with lots of steel bars, slamming doors, whistles blowing, and bare concrete beds. Some of you want to know what prison is really like. Is it like in the movies where 6 foot gorillas shove their... never mind. Is it like yelling and toilet paper thrown everywhere? Is prison just like jails? No. How do I know? I was there. And nobody threw toilet paper when I was there. We had uses for it such as cooking soup.

Arrest

One day, my neighbor discovered things and visited the local constabulary. When I drove home from work, I noticed a city cop parked in an unusual spot near my place so I had a very good idea that things were going to get rather interesting. I drove past and continued on for a couple miles, stopping by a grocery store for some cola drinks. I sat in the parking lot to consider my response. I could just phone my wife, fill up the car with gas, and drive to Vancouver. I was a Canadian Citizen and thought—albeit, erroneously—I would be legally untouchable there. I decided to submit to the hell that I figured I deserved and was coming for me. I drove up next to the parked cop, smiled at him, and drove slowly across the street to my place, got out of my car, raised my hands, and was arrested without incident.

Jail

The cop offices were just like the TV shows portray; an open office with about 10 cluttered desks lined up efficiently, phones sitting atop with an occasional line light lit up steady or simply blinking and that ever-present huge, white-faced office clock hung on the far wall. Just a normal cop office.

The two detectives already had statements that they knew would convict me. But they tried to question me, anyway. There was no “good cop, bad cop” theatrics. Just calmly asking appropriate questions to determine if there were other girls involved. I won’t go into the question/answer session we had but they could quickly see that I wasn’t going to give them anything. Besides, there wasn’t much to give anyway. After a ten minute worry session where I sat alone to ponder my predicament, they officiously entered. The total “grilling” I got was about two minutes long.

I went to the holding tank and then to arraignment holding. Steel bars, bright lights 24/7, yelling, drunks vomiting, and mental cases cursing Martians... you get the idea. Emotionally, I hit rock bottom. Was I suicidal? No. Sad and scared? Yes, Very. The shit was going to hit the fan and I was that shit. I don’t even remember the arraignment. It must have been quick. I was ordered to see a psychiatrist because I have to be a psychopath or something since I was touching little girls.

As I look back now, it’s funny. But, at the time, when I asked the shrink if there was any hope for me *not* being a child molester, he replied,

“No.” I asked if he could help me undo my bad ways. He said that he had no patience for such rubbish. Yeah, well, I figured I was beyond help, anyway.

My phone call to my parents went like: “I have really screwed up. I’m in jail.” My Dad flew all the way from the East Coast to visit me. Did he read the charges against me? Yes. Did I want him to get a good lawyer for me? No, I am guilty of what they have charged me with.

He stayed and made sure I was alright. I had thought he was going to tell me that I deserved to die. No, he was just there to offer any help I wanted. Of all of the years that I hated him, that day changed my opinion of him for the rest of my life. He became the honored father that I had always wanted.



Court

I got moved into a Pretrial holding of which there were several separate open and cold dorms with about a dozen guys per dorm, all with worries of their own. During the day, we were not allowed to sleep on our beds so I slept underneath mine on the cold floor. I discovered that I liked it, sleeping during the day and staying awake most of the night.

In my dorm, I met one young fellow whose charges involved him being drunk and driving his car head-on into a woman's car, killing her.

There was also an older fellow who had grabbed a shotgun and fired it at his wife, killing his brother-in-law because of his badly aimed shot instead. Both had killed someone. Both were guilty and admitted to it. Everyone had court appointed lawyers but most could not get any information from them. All phone calls that the prisoners made to them were rejected. That poor phone was dented, scratched, and mangled to the point that it was a miracle it worked at all. But, it did... as required by law.

But, for some reason, my lawyer would actually accept my calls. I was lucky so I made sure I only called to get needed information. When was my hearing? What were the statements used against me? Here's what my plea will be.

Now, here's the strange thing. Sarah and I had been involved for years and the charges against me regarding Her were accurate. However, I had been somewhat involved with six year old Angela although not

sexually; just inappropriately. No charges were filed regarding Her because, apparently, what we were doing was not illegal. Ten year old Jean, however, had reported some seriously inappropriate activities with me. So, I was charged with crimes against Her. Yes, we were close friends. But the problem was that I was never sexually nor inappropriately involved with Her in any way. She was just a jealous 10 year old and an attention-starved little girl wanting to be in on the police and court festivities.

I pleaded guilty to all that was against me regarding Sarah and not guilty regarding Jean. They dropped those of Jean's charges and I was found guilty of the rest. I was facing several life sentences plus almost 75 years in prison. I didn't care. My life was over and I knew it. The gorilla was going to get me and I deserved it. I did wonder, though; how was I going to be in prison after the first life sentence?

Sentencing

The judge was almost asleep as he began quietly reading the charges and then the sentences for each. Suddenly, the local news media entered in anticipation of a more infamous and newsworthy trial after my appearance. What has been etched into my memory was how the judge sat up as if just awoken, and began yelling in great anger for the last two sentences which were 10 years apiece. He slammed the gavel down and tossed it aside. Ah, theatrics.

But, as I did my calculations while walking out, I knew, with good

behavior, I could max out my sentence in less than 20 years. The judge had given me the minimum sentence available for each charge. No life sentence. I guess he wasn't that angry at me after all. I had gotten almost 70 years for kissing my little lover "there". But, it didn't matter, which is why I wasn't troubled. I had decided on staying in prison for the rest of my life. I deserved to be there; I needed to be there, come what may. So, at the end of a year and a half of worry and fussing, I was finished with the courts and ready for prison.

While I waited for transportation to the prison system, the young fellow who had killed the woman in a drunken car crash was released, time served. He had been sentenced to 5 years. The old fellow who mistakenly shot his brother-in-law instead of his wife, was also released, time served. He had been sentenced to 5 years.

Receiving

Handcuffs. Waist chains. There were about 3 or 4 of us in a panel van. The ride from the local jail to the state prison took a couple hours and, for me, was a bit relaxing. But the anticipation of what was about to come had me a bit nervous. And sure enough, as we drove up to the entrance of the prison, I could see the coils of silver razor wire and brown strands of barbed wire atop all of the tall fences and guard towers situated about the prison. Inmates in blue jeans and bare chests were busily rushing about a basketball court inside the fences and ignoring

us as we sat outside the prison fence. For about 10 minutes we waited before we were driven into the sally port. We all got out and stretched our legs. Nobody yelled at us. There was nothing threatening about the area nor the people that were there. The efficient removal of handcuffs and waist chains kept us focused until we were directed towards a gated door leading inside the building. Very uneventful.

The hallway we walked down reminded me of a high school hallway but without the rows of lockers. After filling out some paperwork and getting a shower, we got our new clothing which looked like military work uniforms. We were given a couple pairs of blue jeans, some blue shirts, some boxy undershorts, some soft new white socks and a peculiar looking pair of shoes that were a bit heavy for my feet.

We went into a classroom and filled out some more questionnaires that asked if we could divide 15 into three equal parts, what color was the red ball, were we sad, were we angry, did we like men, women, boys, girls, or explosives. If I were suicidal or homicidal and serious about doing it, why would I tell

them? No, then; I was not suicidal nor homicidal. We were never told what dorm (or block, as they called it) we were going to.

When we finished our paperwork, we all headed down another hallway. I eventually went into a cell on the second of 3 tiers with bars on the windows and a swinging, gray barred door. Curiously, it did not slam as I had feared.

Keys jingled from the guard's hands as he walked away. I'm not sure why that sound, alone, has stuck in the box of memories of prison. I would imagine there is some sort of psychological implication to it but I really didn't think about it. There was a set of bunk beds inside, beside a white ceramic toilet, which was underneath a silver steel sink, near a small gray painted metal shelf where you could put things on. That was it. Oh, and no wall-to-wall carpeting, lounge chairs, nor a mini fridge filled with beer.

I could clearly see across the tier from me. An enormous wall stacked with long rows of cells just like mine with people actually inside them. And the people weren't yelling either. Every now and then you could hear somebody shout to somebody else about something esoteric but for the most part was relatively quiet. You could hear the occasional toilet flush in the distance.

I don't really recall how long I was there. I think it was about a year. Once every other day, we would get precisely four hours to visit the outside basketball courts that I had seen when we first got there. Volleyball was popular, too. I wasn't much into sports at the time, but the volleyball games were very engaging. So, I joined in when a player slot was available.

Years and many jumps between facilities were ahead of me. Life outside was lost and life inside begun. This was my sudden stop.

To be Continued...

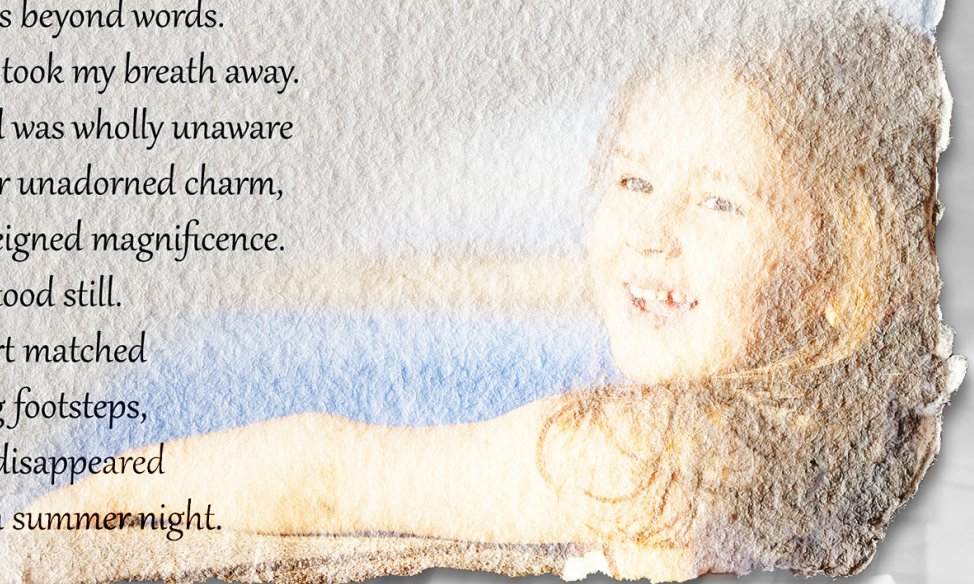


Observations from a Library Window

She was a young auburn beauty,
Slender, graceful, elegant composure.
Radiant face, warm and easy smile,
Long eyelashes, chestnut brows,
Penetrating eyes flashing brilliance.
She was free, fresh, and full of fire,
Radiating the siren call of innocence,
Which none had yet the chance to stifle.

She was somebody's beloved daughter.
Their priceless treasure,
A valued gift from heaven.
She was, at heart, a carefree little girl,
Yet, she was also her own woman,
Knowing her place in a larger world,
And freely embracing her own skin.
She reveled in the joy of being,
And was filled to the brim with wonder.
She carried herself with poise,
As she walked proudly with her father
In the ochre softness of a setting sun.
Love breathed through her every cell,
And filled her essence with golden light.

She danced gaily with her younger sister
Under blazing globes of burnished copper.
Her looks were simple, country plain,
Yet beautiful and fabulous beyond words.
I moaned as this goddess took my breath away.
Perhaps this earthly angel was wholly unaware
That I drank deeply of her unadorned charm,
Of the wonder of her unfeigned magnificence.
Minutes passed as time stood still.
My beating yearning heart matched
The cadence of her fading footsteps,
As her fresh young form disappeared
Completely into the warm summer night.



HAS TELLING THE TRUTH BECOME A CRIME?

By Tom O'Carroll



Who would have thought it, in the Netherlands of all places? Who would have thought a country where brilliant, high-profile advocacy for sexual liberation at all ages led the world in the 1980s – and where the age of consent was effectively lowered to 12 in the following decade – would now be prosecuting people just for proclaiming the truth that children have their own sexuality?

Yes, you did read that last bit right. Earlier this year Marthijn (with letter “h”) Uittenbogaard, formerly prominent in the pro-paedophile Martijn (no “h”) Association, which was banned nearly a decade ago for “glorifying sexual relations between adults and children”, found himself faced with a criminal indictment, charged with reviving the organisation together with three other activists (Public Prosecution Service, 2021). After outlining the alleged revival activities – running websites and so forth – the indictment names the associated “crimes”:

- a. denying and/or downplaying the harmfulness of sexual contact between children and adults, and/or
- b. the glorification of sexual contact between children and adults, and/or
- c. presenting children as sex objects/sexual beings, and/or
- d. removing barriers and supporting or nurturing the belief that sexual contact between children and adults is something good, and/or
- e. creating a subculture/community in which sexual contact between children and adults is considered normal/acceptable/beneficial, and/or
- f. the pursuit for oneself and/or for others of being able to have sexual contact with children

Take a good look at item, c: “presenting children as... sexual beings”.

Sigmund Freud, spinning in his grave, must be

glad he is no longer around to face arrest on a weekend break in Amsterdam for claiming that little kids are not only sexual but kinky with it (“polymorphous perverse”), and that they lust after incestuous sex with their parents (the Oedipus Complex).

As for “downplaying the harmfulness of sexual contact between children and adults”, this is not a crime even in the sex-phobic United States. Dr Bruce Rind and his colleagues famously made themselves unpopular with their act of “downplaying” such alleged harm, and both houses of Congress voted to condemn the research in question (Rind et al., 1998). But they were not arrested and whisked off to a federal penitentiary for their work, which demonstrated in an authoritative large scale survey that children do not typically suffer significant psychological damage from sexual contact with adults. Indeed, they went further: they thought that if their meta-analysis had been able to exclude coerced and forced encounters, focusing only on consensual ones, such contacts might emerge as not harmful in the slightest. Subsequent scientific research has



supported this hypothesis (e.g. Daly, 2021; Helweg Larsen & Larsen 2007; Rind, 2020).

It is important to emphasise consent because Martijn Association always favoured children’s sexual freedom and self-determination, which plainly implies they were against coercion and force. My understanding is that none of the individuals now charged were trying to revive Martijn Association–

including Marthijn himself, whose adopted first name (changed from Matheus) reflects that of the association. But our focus of concern should not be on whether they have obeyed an oppressive, censorious law. Far more important is that they still oppose real child abuse of all kinds, including neglect and cruelty in “normal” family life. Accordingly, the use of such an indictment to smear them by association with harms they would patently deplore is itself a grievous injustice.

The heavy-handed use of power to suppress and “downplay” scientifically established facts has a long and inglorious history. When the Pope moved against Galileo for “downplaying” the key role of planet Earth in Catholic cosmology by giving it the subordinate role of revolving around the Sun, rather than the reverse, it was never going to end well in the long run. Ditto denials of Darwin’s theory of evolution.

What about “glorification” as per item b? What does this even mean? The term was used in the initial judgement against Martijn Association by a judge in Assen in 2012. The decision was later overturned on appeal but supported again in the Supreme Court two years later (Supreme Court of the Netherlands, 2014). In none of these court settings was an attempt made to define the word “glorification” in a way that would limit the scope of what might be illegal. The first court simply noted that Martijn Association “glorifies” child-adult sexual contact “and presents it as something that is or should be normal and acceptable”. This was then held to be “a serious violation of the fundamental values within our society”.

We might feel one such fundamental value should be to live in accordance with truth, not falsehood. In which case, why would it be against fundamental values to draw attention, as Martijn Association surely did, to scientific work such as that of Rind et al.? Why would it be wrong, indeed, to “glorify” particular child-adult relationships by showing them functioning well, as Dr Theo Sandfort did in his pioneering research on man-boy relationships in the Netherlands (Sandfort, 1984)? Speaking of

whom, does the Dutch state now have its eye on prosecuting Sandfort, who later rose to eminence as an internationally renowned AIDS expert and was honoured as President of the International Academy of Sex Research?

The courts and prosecutors are silent on these matters. They avoid any reference to research, or to scientific findings, preferring to rely on popular opinion and prejudice. Astonishingly, this is actually spelt out in the Supreme Court ruling as though it were a good thing. Apparently as a way of reinforcing the lower court’s hostility to Martijn Association, we read:

According to the social views prevailing in the Netherlands [my emphasis], sexual contact between adults and young children is an actual and serious



violation of the physical and sexual integrity of the child, as a result of which the child can suffer major and permanent psychological damage.

According to the social views! Never mind that these views are incited by populist politicians and sensationalist media whose child “protection” racket has all the objectivity of Nazi anti-Jewish propaganda. Never mind that their grotesquely distorted narrative is resolutely blind to the rational distinction that should be made between forced acts, which can of course be seriously

traumatic, and those between willing participants. Judicially, this is a scandal, an ugly blemish on the face of European civilisation.

OTT? Too agitated? Too extreme? It might be but for the fact that this is not just about abstract principles as to how the law should be administered. It is about the all-too-real injustice and suffering that is caused when the might of the state is used deliberately to crush its victims into silent submission.

Marthijn Uittenbogaard is one of those victims, who in recent years has devastatingly felt the full force not just of this latest prosecution – which could end in a significant prison sentence for nothing worse than expressing his opinions – but of a state that has actively incited violent mob rule against him. Some 10 years ago, a 200-strong mob gathered to intimidate him outside his home – with the permission of the local mayor. A biker gang hurled a rock through his window in the same year and poured paint over the front of the house.

Worse, this was not something that went away. The attacks have just gone on and on. His house is a fortress now, with smash-proof poly-carbonate windows installed after finding the ordinary glass ones repeatedly broken by rocks and even by powerful fireworks. Extra locks and security likewise followed regular death threats and actual assault

Last year an intruder armed with a knife broke into his house in the night. Fortunately, it proved possible to beat off the attacker with a baseball bat kept close by for protection. Ranting and hurling death threats as he retreated, he was soon arrested nearby and is scheduled for a court appearance soon after this issue of Alice Lovers Magazine is scheduled for publication. But Marthijn could easily have been killed. So could his partner, Lesley, who was never active in Martijn Association but found himself caught up in the police raids and then thrown into prison for six months, based only on a suspicious interpretation of a few items in his possession. He has since been released, but from what I have heard of the case against him it seems to be purely one of guilt by association with a paedo-

phile activist rather than anything of substance.

As may be imagined, living for a decade or more under constant siege has been an ordeal for Marthijn and Lesley. So when their home was raided by the police in January last year, bringing a further burst of hostile publicity, leading to the intruder's knife attack in May, 2020, the pressure against them was cranked up to a near unendurable level of hardship and emotional turmoil.

The others targeted in the raids were: Ad van den Berg, a septuagenarian old warrior of my own generation, who had been president of Martijn Association; seasoned activist Norbert de Jonge; and young radical Nelson Maatman. Much of interest could be said about all of them, but it is with Marthijn that our story takes its next significant turn. I will pause only to mention, for the sake of avoiding possible confusion, that in addition to their involvement with Martijn Association, which was a club like NAMBLA or PIE, Marthijn had co-founded a political party in 2006 with Ad and Norbert, called The Party for Neighbourly Love, Freedom, and Diversity (PNVD).

Keen to maximise diversity and liberty, as the name suggests, they had proposed allowing youngsters from 12 upwards to vote, have sex, choose where they lived and much more. They also wanted to end marriage as a legal institution and institute a comprehensive animal rights platform. It was quickly dubbed “the paedo party” in the media. PNVD was dissolved in 2010 after falling short of the supporting signatures and finance needed to get onto the ballot paper and contest elections.

Last year, in a defiant response to the police raids, there was a move to revive PNVD. This initiative has foundered, for the moment at least, for similar practical reasons to the ones faced earlier. The party was never banned, unlike the association, but it was simply difficult to get off the ground, so there were no PNVD candidates standing in the recent elections.

So, there we leave the PNVD and return the focus to Marthijn Uittenbogaard, whose personal response

to the outrageous police raids has been both courageous and more successful than the directly political idea of presenting a party programme to the public.

This year he has engaged in a remarkable collaboration with one of the world's oldest student magazines, which has a long and distinguished history as a bastion of free expression. This is the Dutch journal *Propria Cures* (PC), founded in 1890 by Amsterdam students. The tone is said to be "often satirical and contrarian". The name translates from the Latin as "Look after your own affairs", which I guess is intended to convey the idea of being independent-minded. In 1975 the paper featured a cartoon depicting the prime minister in sexual intercourse with the queen – a gesture of stunning bad manners and taste, perhaps, but one that clearly demonstrated its irreverent independence of authority.

This independence was demonstrated again in May, when a special issue of PC appeared, edited by Marthijn himself. The invitation to be a guest editor came in a very significant way. Marthijn had already written an article for PC earlier in the year. Then, as an editorial in the special issue by the regular editors explained:

...we received the message that the Public Prosecution Service is prosecuting him in connection with the continuation of the pedophile club Martijn. Included in the criminal file: his piece for PC. It comes down to the fact that the prosecution, by framing him as an organisation, tries to destroy the private person, as if the rest of the foaming Dutch had not already taken up this task... A child's hand is easily filled, but not so Marthijn's. He came up with the counter-proposal to make one whole issue about free speech, specifically about paedophilia.

The 16 articles that comprise the special issue include several by Marthijn himself, explaining the background to the prosecution he faces, plus

an interview with leading Dutch novelist and free speech defender Arnon Grunberg. Another featured writer, Anton Dautzenberg, daringly joined Martijn Association shortly before it was banned, to protest over the "witch hunt against pedophiles". In his special issue contribution he lauded Marthijn as a freedom fighter:

He defends freedom of speech and freedom of association to the full, and we should cherish that, not despise it. Moreover, he abides by the law, although he questions it at the same time. That is his right... I have come to know Marthijn as an honest, reliable man who is open to dialogue. I therefore wholeheartedly support his struggle. Dreams, fantasies and desires should never be punishable. And people have the right to bear witness to them and to talk or email about them with each other.

Other contributors include poet Delphine Lecompte, emeritus professors Gert Hekma and Meindert Fennema, Lesley Uittenbogaard (Marthijn's partner) and Nelson Maatman.

Surveying the special issue as a whole, we see a clear defence of free speech. At a time when a whole generation of students, especially on the left, appears to have forgotten the importance of this principle in their laudable struggles against racism, sexism, transphobia, etc. – one even hears the concept mocked as "freeze peach", i.e. meaningless mumbo jumbo – I find this reassertion of its value encouraging. It could also rattle the prosecution against Marthijn and the others by its demonstration that these persecuted individuals do not stand alone.

However, as Marthijn recently told me, he was not given an entirely free hand in the editing. For instance, he had wanted to include a shortened version of an article by Dr Frans Gieles that cites academic research (including that of Rind et al.) in direct contradiction of the state's dogma that sexual contact between children and adults is

necessarily harmful (Gieles, 2020). Perhaps the regular editors felt it would be too legally risky to include such an article. But Gieles is a good scholar; his work is academically strong. If even the editors of a “daring” magazine are afraid to publish it, what does that say about free speech in the Netherlands? Or perhaps, like many of their student readers, these editors are so much in the grip of the mainstream anti-paedophilia narrative they feel it would be wrong to give too much space and credibility to a factually well-grounded counter-narrative?

This is very much the impression I take from the final article in the special issue. Allowed to stand as “the last word”, it forms a sort of verdict on Marthijn’s position. The author is identified only by the initials “AS” but the context tells us this must be the Dutch novelist and literary critic Arie Storm. If the authorship is slightly opaque, the message is not. Titled “There is no one as mean as a paedophile”, the intention is clearly to be as woundingly hostile as possible. I will not dwell on the most offensive passage. We have all heard similar diatribes before. What is worth mentioning, though, is the basis on which the attack is made. Plainly, Storm occupies a mental universe steeped in fiction. He begins:

You can’t live your life thematically, but sometimes it seems that you have to deal with recurring elements all the time. I translated the novel *Snow* (just published in Dutch as *Sneeuw*) by John Banville, a dark novel in many ways, which revolves around child abuse in the Catholic Church, something that eventually culminates in murder. Banville, among all his other merits, is also considered a writer who is a kind of imitator of Vladimir Nabokov. Nabokov, of course, wrote the famous paedo novel *Lolita*. I decided to reread that book when I finished the Banville translation. And then I saw on social media a post by writer Jamal Ouariachi, drawing attention to the book *Lolita* in the *Afterlife*, edited by Jenny Minton Quigley. At about the same time, I heard that one of the editors of PC wanted to do a pedophile issue...

You can certainly “live your life thematically” if you keep your head stuck in novels in which paedophilic characters (fictional, made up, not real) are continuously, imitatively, presented as horrible people who end up as murderers, as in Nabokov’s “paedo” novel, or are deservedly murdered, as in that of Banville, the “imitator”. The problem with Storm and his literary ilk is that they make the mistake of confusing fiction with reality. They forget that imaginative writers often just make stuff up out of their own heads without ever bothering to check – especially by consulting real-world research like that of Bruce Rind and Theo Sandfort – whether what they are saying has any correspondence with reality. Blinded by their own creative cleverness, their talent is then triumphantly vindicated not by its proven truthfulness (compared with science, which has to be correct, otherwise things based on it simply would not work, such as everything from vaccines to vacuum cleaners) but by its strength in the marketplace: as long as the story they tell is one that readers want to hear it really does not matter if the story is true. It just has to seem true, or ring true, which only means it is in line with readers’ prior expectations – which in the case of child-adult sexual relations are very unlikely to be well informed.

So, what does all this tell us, if anything, about the wider situation of GLs, BLs, CLs, and where we might be heading? We started by noting how shocking it is that the Netherlands, a country long fabled for its tolerant, “live and let live” ways, should suddenly have gone sharply into reverse from its remarkably permissive history in the last decades before the new millennium. Can we expect just as bad, and worse to come, in countries elsewhere around the world that we might have thought of as developed and “progressive”?

As with PC in the Netherlands, a rally back towards support for freedom of speech is not too much to hope for, I believe. Signs of a substantial backlash against the censorious onslaught of language policing and “cancel culture” are being seen daily in the countries whose affairs I follow most closely,

the UK and the US. Whether this will extend to enabling paedophiles to find and maintain a voice in public discourse is more debatable: as with PC, it is hard to see enthusiasm for “promoting paedophilia” to gain traction anytime soon.

All we see is what looks like a conspiracy of silence against our positive messages – the mainstream media have ignored PC – and continuous crack-downs on the few places where we have managed to generate our own community discourse. This is what happened to Martijn Association and to my blog Heretic TOC, which lost its place on the WordPress.com blogging platform after coming under attack in the UK’s Daily Mail last year. In my case I might add that thanks to brilliant community support the blog was soon up and running again, independently hosted at heretictoc.com. I see the prosecution in Marthijn’s case have cited against him his involvement in freespeechtube.org. I am pleased to see this site is still very much in business. This is where I found a useful English translation of all the articles originally in Dutch in the PC special issue (For Liberation, 2021). Two other websites mentioned by the prosecutors in the indictment, www.marthijn.nl and www.brongersma.info, are also still going strong.

Sources of resistance and alternative discourse such as these, and Alice Lovers Magazine itself, are presumably felt to be of some importance otherwise why would any of us bother with them? They are only tiny islands, though, set in a vast stormy ocean. Will they disappear altogether under a steadily rising sea-level of hostility? Will our sense of community and solidarity—always a fragile notion, bearing in mind that GLs and BLs do not always see eye to eye—be washed away entirely?

It was put to me, when this article was proposed, that conservative MAPs, such as the Virtuous Pedophiles in the US, are lining up against more radical spirits. The Right, it was suggested, works in a coordinated way around the world. How are we to deal with this?

As a veteran activist who has been trying to figure

out the best way forward for nearly half a century with absolutely zero conspicuous success, I am probably the wrong person to ask! I can point out dozens of tactics that have been tried, only for things to get worse, not better. That said, curiosity alone impels some of us to keep rummaging around in history to figure out what has gone wrong, and to peer “through a glass darkly” into possible futures.

A number of Heretic TOC essays have explored key themes: one was a close exploration of the gay movement’s most successful political ideas, and how MAPs might usefully adopt them (O’Carroll, 2015). Notable among these was careful attention to language: we should stop identifying as “paedophiles” (hopelessly toxic) and call ourselves something less threatening. I favoured “kindly”, or “kind” people, analogous with “gay” as an improvement on “homosexual”. This had some merit, I believe, but proved to be somewhat confusing. The term MAP itself is relatively new and is making stronger headway. Another essay (O’Carroll, 2020) scrutinized what appeared to



be a really interesting recent initiative by Judith Levine, author many years ago of the legendarily sex-positive *Harmful To Minors: The Perils Of Protecting Children From Sex* (Levine, 2002). In a book out last year, Levine and fellow feminist Erica Meiners proposed an intersectional pro-

gressive alliance on the Left against “the carceral state” (Levine & Meiners, 2020) – an alliance that would not demonise MAPs who had fallen foul of the law but would join forces with them against coercive and violent sexuality in ways that would support youth sexual expression. So far, though, I have to say it has been all promise and no delivery. When I wrote to these authors my involvement was not received with enthusiasm. Finally, a blog piece (O’Carroll, 2016) probed the mysteries and political potential inherent in MAPs adopting “queer” or “questioning”, etc., sexual identities. There is, of course, little present danger or hope of the letter P being added to the ever-growing alphabet soup.

My interlocutor, as I say, mentioned the unity of the Right against us, provoking thoughts of apparently hopeless division and disarray on the Left. But these terms are largely meaningless now. The “woke” so-called Left of the Millennials and Generation Z is all about competitive victimhood. They long ago lost sight of the ideals espoused by great socialist thinkers of the past, which aspired to freedom (including freedom of expression: no language police, no Orwellian thought police) and equality for all. Although it grieves me to say it, much of the intelligent thinking on social issues comes from the notional Right now, such as the always interesting gay writer Douglas Murray.

For me, the high point of the Left was its association in the 1960s and 70s with the Sexual Revolution, and its rightly celebrated call to “Make love not war”. The rot set in with socialism’s loss of confidence after the collapse of the corrupt, oppressive, Soviet Union and the triumph of buccaneering capitalism in the Reagan-Thatcher era – a triumph extending more recently even into notionally Communist China. The biggest cultural impact coming out of this, as the developed countries shifted away from heavy industries that required muscular “manpower” towards the more gender neutral labour requirements of the growing “knowledge economies”, was the increasing independence and political clout of women.

Radical feminism grew fast and furious in the

riotously fertile soil of this fundamental economic change. Advancing rapidly past their initial and entirely justified demands for equality in the workplace, they soon began to fill the ideological vacuum left by socialism when the old, largely male, industrial working class ceased to exist. Taking up socialism’s egalitarian agenda, giving it a gender-based twist, the zealots saw sexual victimhood everywhere, and nowhere more so than in the intrinsically asymmetric, or “unequal” power relationship between adults and children, such that male paedophiles were bound to be cast as the villains of their ideology. Gay men, by contrast, were seen as more feminine and less threatening than macho heterosexual males, so it is no accident that they – and more recently trans people – have been massive winners in the gender revolution. This was an advance that not even HIV/AIDS could halt for long, even though this pandemic of the 1980s was once dubbed “the gay plague” by the hostile Right of those times.

Looking forward in the medium term, from now towards the middle of the century, I see little prospect of turning around the profound shift that has come about as a result of the deep underlying forces I have just outlined. Society will not suddenly begin to appreciate the merits of age-discrepant male bonding, such as made pederasty respectable in ancient Sparta and Athens. Nor will very young girls be seen as legitimately beddable, as they were when the Prophet Muhammed is said to have consummated his marriage to nine-year-old Aisha.

No, in the years immediately ahead the key aim should be the more modest but viable project of saving ourselves from being demonised, dehumanised, and Othered. Total surrender to the ideology of our oppressors, in the manner of the Virtuous Pedophiles, is obviously undesirable to all but conservative true believers. And it need not be our only possible fate.

The most promising practical alternative I have seen so far is B4U-ACT, an organisation with a mental health mission. Gradually, but in a very sound and sober way, B4U-ACT has built up its

influence and credibility since its foundation in the US in 2003. I suspect the term MAP (for minor-attracted person) originated with B4U-ACT; certainly, they have given it wide currency. Whereas other organisations in the field have generally been crude brain-washing outfits, focusing either on variations of conversion therapy or oppressive, authoritarian, anti-abuse propaganda, B4U-ACT has always emphasised MAPs' dignity and humanity.

This has paid visible dividends in recent years. B4U-ACT holds prestigious conferences with high-level mental health experts in attendance and has engaged with them in promoting research. This has notably seen the development of a whole field in which the focus has been on the negative impact on MAPs of social stigma: deprived of dignity and social support, we are more likely to succumb to anti-social behaviour: treated well, we behave better. Part of this approach has been to ensure that research designs are based on prior consultation with MAPs and input from them. As the mantra has it, "Nothing about us without us".

This is modest, but it does not mean we must abandon radical thinking. There will always be scope for more outspoken pockets of resistance, for non-violent guerrilla warfare, as it were, against the dominant ideology. This could involve any of us, joining in when we can, backing off when it makes tactical sense. Think of temporary, local initiatives such as we saw with the Occupy movement against the worst ravages of global capitalism, or the transient but spectacular demos staged by Extinction Rebellion and Greta Thunberg's school strikes. We cannot be as personally visible as that, but there is endless scope for nimble, flexible, creative, online guerilla provocations. Yes, these will probably be small scale and temporary, but not insignificant. It is worth noting that the theory behind Occupy, especially, was hugely influenced by radical MAP advocate "Hakim Bey", author of *The Temporary Autonomous Zone* (Bey, 1991). Check him out!

But nothing ambitious can be securely achieved until we MAPs are seen as real human beings with

a normal desire to bring something positive to the world, not harm. This will be a necessary but not sufficient basis to build on when times become more propitious for children's sexual expression and for child-love.

That "when" should perhaps be an "if", but let's not be too pessimistic. Things can change very quickly and unexpectedly, as we have seen in these Covid times, which have prompted an astonishing and unprecedented world response in fighting the pandemic, with governments, corporates, NGOs, health staffs and volunteers around the globe working together cooperatively to generate marvellous vaccines and then deliver them worldwide.

The intensifying climate crisis and resource pressure (e.g. water scarcity) will inevitably thrust another big challenge onto humanity. We may find that stabilising or even reducing population across much of the globe becomes a priority forced on us by nature and, as with the vaccine scenario, tackled quickly with nimble thinking and fast-changing attitudes. Non-reproductive forms of sexual expression including between children and adults could quite quickly flip from taboo to fashionable, just as gayness has flipped dramatically within a generation or so.

If you find this intriguing you might like to explore my crystal ball gazing further in the section "An Alternative Ideal" in my paper "Childhood 'Innocence' is Not Ideal: Virtue Ethics and Child-Adult Sex" (O'Carroll, 2018). This appeared in the academic journal *Sexuality and Culture* and is free to read at its Springer page.

Hope you will find this of interest, and let us all wish good luck to Marthijn and co! The news in late July is that the trial has been scheduled for 2, 3 and 4 February 2022.

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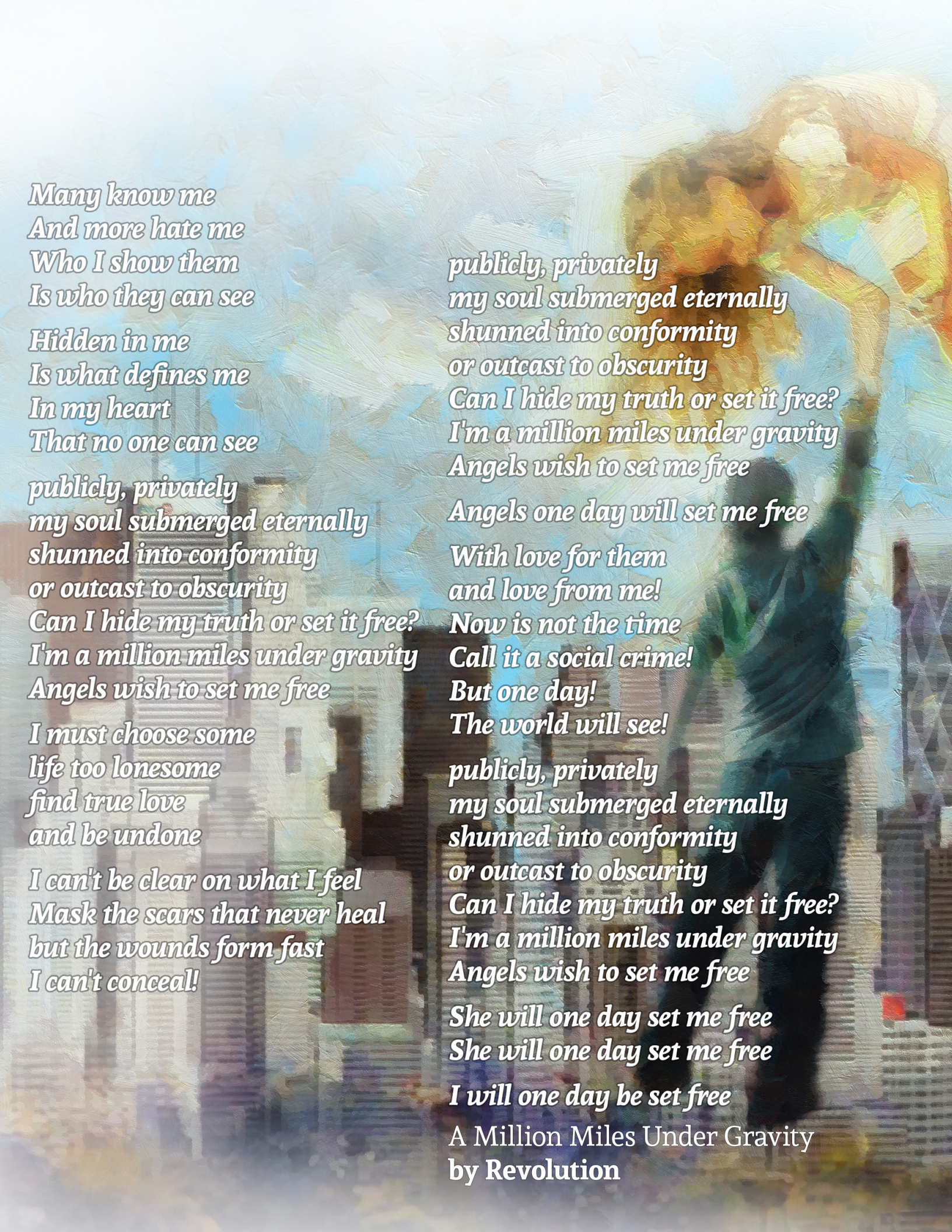
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An impressionistic painting of a city street scene. In the foreground, a person wearing a dark jacket and pants is walking away from the viewer, their right arm raised. The background shows a city street with buildings and a bright, hazy sky. The overall style is painterly and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a soft, atmospheric quality.

*Many know me
And more hate me
Who I show them
Is who they can see*

*Hidden in me
Is what defines me
In my heart
That no one can see*

*publicly, privately
my soul submerged eternally
shunned into conformity
or outcast to obscurity
Can I hide my truth or set it free?
I'm a million miles under gravity
Angels wish to set me free*

*I must choose some
life too lonesome
find true love
and be undone*

*I can't be clear on what I feel
Mask the scars that never heal
but the wounds form fast
I can't conceal!*

*publicly, privately
my soul submerged eternally
shunned into conformity
or outcast to obscurity
Can I hide my truth or set it free?
I'm a million miles under gravity
Angels wish to set me free*

Angels one day will set me free

*With love for them
and love from me!*

*Now is not the time
Call it a social crime!
But one day!*

The world will see!

*publicly, privately
my soul submerged eternally
shunned into conformity
or outcast to obscurity
Can I hide my truth or set it free?
I'm a million miles under gravity
Angels wish to set me free*

*She will one day set me free
She will one day set me free*

I will one day be set free

*A Million Miles Under Gravity
by Revolution*

Circling the Sun Together

A Story of Ageless Friendship



Written by Raven Nevermore

He's not coming, is he.
Lilly spoke without turning her head, her eyes still fixed on the horizon over the sea. It was not a question. The warm breeze caressed her round, freckled face and blew the few strands of dry hair out of her face. She had known as soon as she heard the footsteps. They were light, confident, and most significantly of all, alone.

She thought of the first time, so very many years ago, when the confused little boy had found her tangled in the fishing net and used his penknife to set her free. How long ago had that been? Human lives were so short, so fleeting. They grew older with each passing year, bigger and stronger at first then smaller, weak and frail until they were gone completely. All the while, she remained unchanged.

"No, he's not." the gentle voice behind her confirmed and only now did Lilly turn. The casual observer passing the beach that morning would have seen a girl of nine or ten standing with her feet in the foamy froth of the breaking waves, naked but otherwise unremarkable. Only one who looked longer, and allowed themselves to see what their mortal minds preferred to filter out, would have seen the dark green sheen in her hair, the thin membrane between her fingers and toes, the strange tattoo-like markings on the sides of her face and down her back and realised that she was not entirely human.

Turning, Lilly saw the face of the voice that had told her what to expect; a woman in the prime of her life, her dark blonde hair long, wavy and flying free in the early morning breeze. A child was on her hip, maybe four years old, dressed in a simple smock and with hair the same as the mother's. Lilly smiled at the pair, seeing her dear friend in both of them. But the smile was tinged with sadness. Why were human lives so fleeting? Already the woman was showing signs of care and age around her pretty brown eyes, and she had grown from being a small child herself to having a similar child of her own in what seemed to Lilly such a short time.

Of course her people did age and grow, how else could they mature and the old make way for the new?

But it was so much slower than the people of the land above. She and her dear friend had first met on that bright Summer morning so very long ago when he had rescued her from that tangled fishing net. He was a lad of ten Summers and had taken her for a girl of seven. Now perhaps she could be taken for a human of nine or ten while he was... he was not here any more.

"When?" Lilly asked, simply, knowing that the familiar young woman would understand what she asked.

"In the winter." She explained, "Just after Christmas, that's our Solstice festival." Lilly nodded. The cold times. That was when many of his kind would go.

"She's getting so big!" She smiled, looking at the little girl in her friend's arms. "May I hold her?"

"Of course!" The young woman carefully passed her daughter into Lilly's outstretched arms. The young girl put her arms around Lilly's neck and kissed her cheek. The smell of her skin and the light touch of her lips reminded her of another kiss, so many years before.

It had been a morning much like this and Lilly had been sure that her time had come. Her parents had warned her so many times about venturing too near the surface, too near the land above with its strange, savage and short-lived people. Yet her curiosity had, once again, got the better of her and she had swum close to the shore only to become entangled in a broken and discarded fishing net.

As she struggled against the thick ropes, eventually washing up on the sandy shore, she had cursed not only her own foolishness but the careless way the people of the land littered the sea. Her weight added to the net made it wash up on the shore and she had lain helpless and crying as the unfiltered sun burned her exposed skin, fearing for her life or at the very least her freedom.

It would not have been so bad, she thought, if she had been dredged up onto a fishing boat as she knew others of her kind had. Most likely the fisherman would have been so shocked to see her that she could

have jumped back into the water as soon as the net was opened, or at least found a way to talk herself out of trouble, but now she was at the mercy of whoever should find her first; whether person or beast!

At some point she must have closed her eyes, perhaps she cried herself to sleep? Because next thing she knew she was being shaken awake and a young voice was calling to her. Had the net been a nightmare? Was she safe in her warm cavern at the bottom of the ocean? No, the light shining through her eyelids was far too bright for that. She opened them cautiously and saw a kind face smiling down at her. A boy with brown eyes and an unruly mop of dark blond curls topping his heavily freckled face was struggling to free her from her entanglement.



“Don’t be scared!” he assured her. “I want to help you!” Lilly had watched in horror as he took a pen-knife from his pocket and revealed the blade; having heard terrible stories of the barbaric people of the land. But instead of cutting her with it, he began to saw at her ropes and soon she was able to sit up and disentangle her legs.

“I’m Tom.” he held out his hand. “Tom Fisher.”

“Lilly.” she had replied, looking in slight confusion at his outstretched hand, not recognising the human gesture. “Thank you for saving me.”

“No problem!” he smiled broadly showing his big, square, slightly uneven teeth. He then took her hand and helped her to her feet.

“Is this your home?” she had asked, looking around at the sandy dunes where scrubby tufts of grass and other green and brown things grew.

“Here on the beach?” he laughed. “No, my Granddad lives a little way up the path, I’m visiting him. I can take you there if you like, here.” He pulled his smock-like shirt over his head and held it out to her. “You can cover yourself with this since you seem to have lost your clothes. What happened? Were you in a ship-wreck?”

“No! I... I don’t have any.” She looked at the land-dwelling boy, covered in cloth like most of his people seemed to be, except when they swam in the sea. It was part of their life experience she simply could not relate to. Other than small pieces jewelry and other ornaments, both symbolic and merely because it looked pleasing, nobody among her people wore anything else. There was no need in the constant temperature of the depths of the ocean which also filtered the sun above, protecting their skins from its harmful rays and allowing only its life-giving warmth and light to penetrate.

“Here!” The boy took off his shirt and handed it to her. Lilly was confused for a moment but then realised it was meant for her to cover herself up so that she would not feel perhaps ashamed standing naked in front of him. That was another human concept that meant nothing to her.

“You’re very kind.” she pushed his outstretched hand, in which he still held the shirt, back to him. “And thank you for saving me, but I must go back to my home!”

“Where is your home?” he had asked, a little puzzled.

“Far from here.” she replied. “Out there.” She gestured with her hand, “So far out and even further down!”

“Oh so you’re...” the boy’s eyes went wide. “But surely those aren’t... What are you?”

“I am Lilly!” she had grinned and tapped him on the end of his nose with her forefinger. “Your people have

many names for us but our name for ourselves would mean nothing to you. Now really, I'm sorry but I have stayed too long. I must go."

"Wait!" He had held out his hand and put it on her shoulder. "Will I see you again? I'd really like to!" Lilly regarded him silently for a few moments. There was true kindness in his eyes, not cruelty like she had been taught to expect from those who walked on land. And he had helped her, respectfully too, that could not be denied. He could have simply left her for dead, or taken advantage of her while she was vulnerable, and even killed her for his own entertainment but he did not.

"Yes." She nodded finally. "When the planet has circled the Sun once more, I shall come back to this place."

"When the planet has circled the Sun?" Tom asked, genuinely puzzled.

"This planet, the home we both share." Lilly explained patiently. "It makes a circular path around the Sun, and you mark it with your festivals and celebrations!"

"Ooooh!" the boy understood, even if he had never heard it described that way before. "This time next year. Today, this time? In one year. I'll be here!" Lilly smiled and turned, and ran back into the water until she was deep enough to dive under but paused. There was something she had heard of, a custom among the land-dwellers – the one good thing she had heard spoken of among all the savagery. A sign of friendship, of connection. But how did it work?

Carefully, cautiously, Lilly had darted back to Tom and touched her soft, slightly salty lips to Tom's much dryer ones. Before he could say another word, she had giggled and turned, escaping from the land above with its harsh, burning light and air that moved like water yet invisible and returned to the safe and comforting embrace of the ocean.

Many times over the following year, Tom had come down to the beach, hoping to catch a glimpse of his friend, but never did. Not until exactly one year later,

to the day. He had arrived early, before the appointed hour, and laid out a picnic of bread, cakes, fruit and cheese; things he was sure she would not have experienced in her under-water world. Not knowing how she would feel about eating such things, he had avoided bringing any fish or even meat. The last thing he wanted to do was offend his friend.

At the exact hour when she had disappeared one year earlier, Lilly emerged from the water. To Tom, she looked as if she had not aged a day since their last meeting. She smiled and kissed him once more and then sat down with him, accepting this time his offer of a long shirt he had brought with him in case anyone should happen by and see them. As the Sun faded from yellow to orange and day became dusk, Lilly had promised to return in another year.

She held to her promise the following year, and the next and the next. Each year Tom grew larger and more handsome, changing from boy to young man while Lilly remained an eternal child, aging in her own way but far too slowly for a land-dweller like Tom to notice.



One day, on their tenth visit together, Tom asked if the following year her might bring another person with him, a girl with whom he was falling in love and hoped one day to marry. This question had stung Lilly in a way she had not expected. She and Tom were from such different worlds and, even if she could live in his world or he in hers, he would die before she entered adolescence. They would never be together

married either in his world or hers. She knew that, and yet she felt as if something of her, something precious, was being taken away.

“Yes.” She had smiled, not allowing her inner conflict to show itself on her face. “If she is important to you then I would like to meet her.” For the first time, the following year, Lilly arrived first, just as dawn was breaking, and sat on a rock waiting nervously for her friend. When she saw him coming, hand in hand with his sweetheart, all her animosity and misgivings melted away.

The girl was beautiful. Slim and freckled with hair like spun gold, straight and fluttering prettily in the breeze, a stark contrast to Tom’s mop of unruly curls. Seeing the strange, naked girl sitting waiting for them, the young woman had dropped Tom’s hand and broken into a run, rushing over and embracing Lilly.

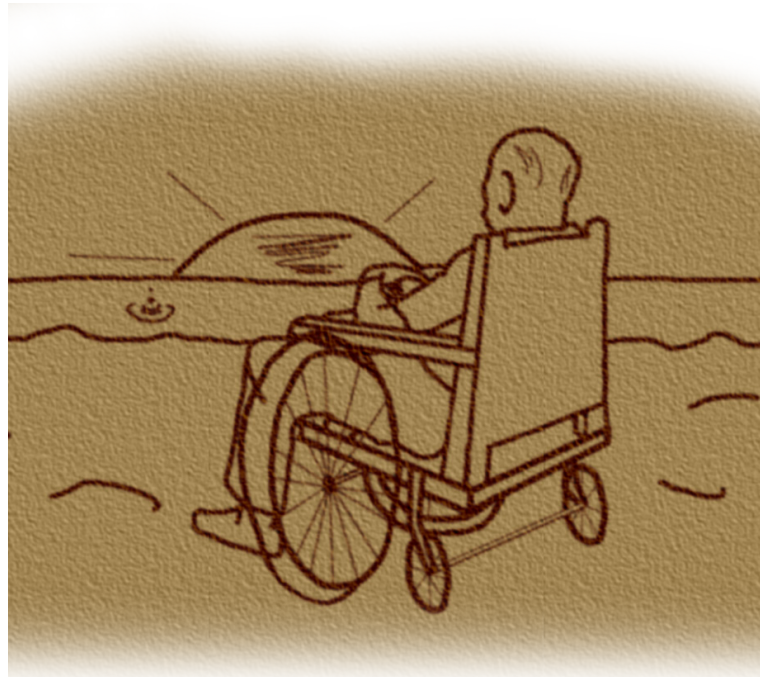
“You’re real!” she exclaimed. “I knew you would be but still... I almost didn’t dare to believe...” At the end of their picnic together, the girl had taken Lilly’s hand. “My dear Lilly,” she smiled, looking into her eyes, “Tom and I, we’re in love and we want to marry but you have known him longer than anyone outside his family and, well, you are so special to him.” Lilly felt her heart glow at these words. “We’d love to have your blessing.”

“You have it!” Lilly had replied, without hesitation. “I’m so happy for you!”

The next year when they came together, Tom’s new wife was sporting a lovely gold ring and the next year there were three visitors on the beach. The young couple and their lovely baby daughter. The years continued to roll on, the little girl growing bigger and more beautiful every year, soon old enough to play in the water with Lilly while her parents watched lovingly. The years continued to roll on and one day the little girl, who was no so little any more, told Lilly that she was soon to be married.

A few more years passed and Lilly noticed that Tom’s wife was looking smaller somehow, weaker. The next year she looked more diminished still and the year

after that, Tom came alone. Lilly began to feel fearful for the future. With every circle the Earth made of the Sun, her precious friend grew older, frailer, until his grown daughter began bringing him for their visits in a wicker chair on wheels. The last time she had seen him, his kiss had been dry and ghost-like, yet his eyes, kind and sparkling, were still the eyes of the boy who had rescued her on the beach so very long ago.



But that had been a year ago.

“He loved you.” The young woman said with a smile, “Ever so much.”

“Will you visit me still?” Lilly asked, her eyes sparkling with hope and love.

“Yes of course.” The woman reached out a hand and gave Lilly’s a squeeze. “For the rest of my life, you and I will be... what was it you and Papa called it?” Lilly looked into her friend’s eyes, smiled, then leaned forward to give her a gentle kiss on the cheek.

“Circling the Sun together.”

Ask a Girl Lover



There are many things said about MAPs that they don't identify with. In ALM's last issue, we endeavored to begin showing what is actually in a MAP's mind, heart and soul by asking our VoA community some of the questions about many common minor-attraction myths. Here, we would like continue that effort, and delve into more serious questions. For this issue, we wanted to alleviate the many fears that those attracted to children are dangerous, and how we feel about the victimization of children. The responses below are the unfiltered thoughts of VoA members and have only been edited for grammar and spelling.



Will you hurt anyone?

I don't think most people plan to. And yet it's something everyone does at one point or another."

Butterfly Kisses

Why would I do that? Well of course, I might get a desire to hurt those who are harassing me and equating me with child molesters.

Lowercase punk

No. I love and care too much for little girls to ever inflict any sort of pain or trauma on them.

Katie Cuddles

No, not intentionally

LawnDog

No. I am very shy and introverted. My interest in sexual contact is very low.

Fredmc

No, never. I'm the kind of person who will walk out into a rain storm carrying a spider I caught in the bathroom because if anything I feel the pain of others too much.

WalkingInThePark

Certainly not a little girl.

Ohio_girl_Lover

No, Never will. That will would go against my beliefs as a Girl Lover and the values I was taught growing up. It's simply unthinkable on my part.

MiNiñita

I would rather be helpful than hurtful. My intention is to brighten the lives of little girls in an objective way. I am also con-



vinced that I understand this task, despite the fact that some have been misled to assume that a MAP doesn't understand what harm is. I do understand it, and understand what is not harmful, as well.

Revolution

Hurting people is not in my nature at all, never has been. I've always been very passive and soft-spoken. I simply lack the capacity for maliciously causing others pain or discomfort, all the more so when it comes to little girls.

Josef K.

Am I ever gonna hurt anyone? Only if they mess with one of our precious angels.

gater

Everyone hurts others at some point somehow and I'm no exception. I'm not interested in harming little girls and care greatly about their well-being and happiness, partly because of my attraction to them.

Black Star



What goes through your head when you hear about a child who's been sexually abused?

I feel bad for the kid. I've had some friends that were sexually abused as children and it's upsetting. Even knowing how the abuser would have generally felt, assuming they're actually a pedophile and not just a psychopath, I still feel very upset that someone would abuse a child knowing what kind of consequences that currently has.

Butterfly Kisses

Another subjective term. If it's a child being raped or forced into something, it's the worst. Even when there's consent given (but not legally), you can feel bad for the kid who will have to pay the consequences even for that. You have to as-

sess the situation on an individual basis.

Joey Bishop

If the source is someone who fails to distinguish between genuinely disrespectful treatment of children, and a child who consented, albeit illegally; I simply don't care, unless it's obvious that it's genuine abuse.

Lowercase punk

I feel bad if the child was hurt by an adult, I don't think adults should hurt children, but it is our job to protect children.

LawnDog

My first thought is to read and understand the story and what actually happened. Is it a story actually reporting sexual abuse or something else because often stories use the term sexual abuse to give a story impact power when it might not actually be a story of sexual abuse. Any kind of relationship involving a child under a national age-limit is often reported as child abuse even though most children under that age-limit have relationships and so I try to look beyond the headline and see if a story is actually about child abuse which I term as a child forced, coerced or tricked into sex against her will or interest.

When I hear of such stories I experience a mix of anger and feeling sick and total incomprehension at what makes someone do these things.

When I read stories of children being abused I can feel deep sorrow beyond description all day long, even for days on end. I think being a MAP makes me empathize more with children which means when I read such stories I feel their pain and horror and it can really traumatize me. That can sometimes turn to rage, wishing I could somehow stop all such horror in the world.

WalkingInThePark

I feel so helpless it tears my heart, you read about Isis in the middle east raping women and children and it's like what the hell is wrong with people.

GLS

I feel sorry for the kid. Kids should not have to go through that.

Ohio_girl_Lover

It disgusts me. I think of the poor little one and the fate that she's had. Then I think of the people who will call the molester 'pedophile', without knowing the definition of the word.

SlowCoffee

It's a whirlwind of depression and anger that quickly manifests into aggressive expression at whoever hurt a little girl. However, it is also important to understand that since the law sees consent as an irrelevant matter with regards to adult-child sexuality, it's hard to say that every person arrested for pedophilia charges

is actually guilty of pursuing a child who said 'no'.

Revolution

It depends on the case, I suppose. Sometimes I take a cynical stance and wonder whether the news report accurately reflects the reality of what happened. The cultural climate we live in has given rise to exaggerated levels of fear, which in turn fosters anger and antagonism. I believe it is possible for a sexual encounter to take place between a child and someone older without any harm being done at that time. Nevertheless, there are so many people who react with undue vehemence to the notion of a child being involved in sexuality that reacting disproportionately has become standard.

On the other hand, when it is clear that a child was maliciously exploited and harmed, I feel much as any mentally sound human being would—I feel sorrow and anger, as well as despair at the fact that there have been and always will be people who are able to hurt children in such a way.

Josef K.

What goes through my head? how can anyone hurt such an innocent and defenseless child? It invokes this anger inside of me that makes me want to punish them 100 times more. There is not a single plausible excuse for such activity.

gater

My first thought is to wonder whether or not the story was twisted into something worse than what actually happened. But if it truly was abuse, I feel sick to my stomach—I recently told a friend of mine about a girl I knew who seemed traumatized for some reason, and they said all signs pointed to sexual abuse. When I realized this, I couldn't shake a sick feeling the entire day. It's absolutely awful.

ExO

I have tears fall from my eyes as I read a news story about abuse, torture, and even murder of a child. Why? A child only wants to be wanted and loved by her/his parents or guardians...and even from a stranger. To imagine the feelings of the child that rip through their young minds as they are being abused or tortured? The children will be devastated and mentally scarred if they survive the events. I often start to have tears in my eyes even whenever I see a little girl being roughly handled, pushed around and even slapped on their faces by an intolerant mother in a store, or on a ferry, or along the street.

truerealitylover



How can we keep children safe around Minor Attracted Persons?

By not driving a MAP to a state where they feel like there is no hope in life. A person that has nothing to lose is a person that has everything to gain and would be the point in their life where a MAP is much more likely to have a sexual relationship with a child.

Butterfly Kisses

By stressing that even when there is consent, the consequences are too harsh, so we must refrain from such activities even if they're not inherently bad.

Joey Bishop

Empower your kids, that they will tell it if they don't like something. Keep a good relationship with them, that they will tell you if something goes wrong

Desire

Honest open discussion between MAPs and nons.

Katie Cuddles

The same way you keep them safe around homosexuals.

JoeDoe

I don't think MAPs are the biggest problem for children, if you stop forcing MAPs to hide who they are and stop thinking just because they are a MAP that they are a danger to children, then it would keep children safer.

LawnDog

Be very open and honest with children, don't panic, don't make sexual discussions taboo.

Fredmc

Educate children and empower children. Education is always the best way to keep a child safe followed closely by giving them the confidence to demand their rights and speak out. Sex education allows a child to understand her own body combined with education of relationships, sexual rights and what it means to have different kinds of relationship. Self confidence allows a child to stand up to someone pressuring them for sex, to speak to someone else if they feel unable to stand up to the person and to feel they have rights and can enforce them. Today children are largely devoid of personal rights and feel disenfranchised from society. I They are told but not listened to and so a fundamental shift to empower, educate and respect children is the best way to tackle child sex and other forms of abuse.

WalkingInThePark

The obvious answer is "by behaving like decent human beings".

Whiterabbit

I might be the first to notice if they were in any danger in the first place.

Anonymous

They really need to stay safe around MAPs? I mean, if you are genuinely attracted to minors both romantically and sexually, you will not hurt them anyway. The children need to stay safe around from those who harm them, and from those who doesn't have good intentions. I don't know by at the moment what's the best we could do to keep them safe. I only thought in My only thought is letting the parents know how to differentiate the terms pedo & molester to so they can keep the latter away. the incorrect.

SlowCoffee

Safe from what? The way I see it, a person who really is a MAP will always look out for the best interest of a child. If that person does not, then he or she it not a MAP.

MiNiñita

If we're talking about Girl Lovers, there's nothing that needs done. We are the exact opposite of a threat. Now, if we're talking about child molesters

or child rapists, firstly, many are in fact situational offenders. They only choose to go after children because they perceive them as easier to receive sexual favors from than adults. For them, I believe that we need to change the laws so we're not so tied up going after adults and children in consensual relationships. We also need to have a more objective support system for children in relationships, so that if they are in a bad situation, it will end much more expediently, and the adult in the relationship can go on trial.

Revolution

While it is a given that not all child abusers are preferentially attracted to children, it is unfortunately the case that some are. I think to minimize the risk of a pedophile doing something illegal with a child, he or she needs to be connected with a supportive community like VoA where accountability, guidance, understanding, and compassion are freely available.

Josef K.

You don't need to keep them safe, because very few MAPs would actually hurt anyone. Obviously, just as the there are a few criminals who do bad things within the general population, there are undoubtedly MAPs who are also not good people. This, however, is not tied to sexuality. So if you're looking for a general "safety net" for "protecting"

children from MAPs...don't.

ExO

We do not need to do anything special to keep children safe around MAPs; we're not a special threat to children. But even if there were an extra danger, the first step would be to accept MAPs such that we can be open about our interest so you know who we are.

Black Star



Do you need therapy?

It would be nice to be able to go to see a therapist for issues surrounding being attracted to children. Mainly about dealing with the fact that most of society hates me for something I've never done.

Butterfly Kisses

Probably, and for a number of reasons including pedophilia, though pedophilia isn't the main reason.

Desire

No therapy exists that can solve any of my problems.

Lowercase punk

Personally, not for my orientation. I was able to come to terms and accept it a long time ago. I probably need therapy for the constant depression associated with it, though.

Katie Cuddles

Only for depression & anxiety

Fredmc

No more than anyone else. Most people feel attraction to some type of person, its natural and healthy so I have no need for therapy. Therapy should be for people with disorders such as addiction or an inability to handle emotion or actions whether it's problems dealing with anger, gambling or controlling sexual impulses. Therapy for such situations is probably worth getting regardless of sexuality.

WalkingInThePark

Sometimes a hug from a little girl is all you need.

GLS

No, I'm convinced that my attraction to little girls is normal, and I was born with it. I'm convinced that my mind is perfectly fine, because I have come to terms with my attraction towards little girls. Even though at times I get upset or at times I go into a depression get depressed, it's nothing too serious.

MiNiñita

Therapy is something I once considered after I had opened up to some people online. Their intent was to be supportive and understanding; they felt that seeking help would aid my well-being, and that it would be a show of good faith and earn me trust. I had gotten as far as asking for recommendations from a real-life friend who had seen someone himself (for reasons unrelated to pedophilia), but I never went through with it.

I considered the idea in part because I wasn't sure that I could live with my attraction and be healthy and happy. Looking back, I'm not convinced that it would have helped me a great deal. I'm still struggling, not because it is difficult to control my actions, but because it is painful to be intensely attracted to something unobtainable, and because these feelings have consistently made me hesitate each time an opportunity for a relationship with a woman my age appeared. Perhaps therapy could help with the latter, but I would much rather keep my attraction a secret and seek help from friends instead. As for the former, I don't believe that therapy can do anything that would be an improvement on the way things currently are.

Josef K.

Need? No. The best support I can get is from other MAPs/GLs.

Kappy

Yes, but not because of the attraction itself. I need to go to therapy to deal with the constant negativity that gets poured into my ear that is completely different from reality. Seeing how things are and then being told you're wrong...it takes a toll on my mind. When I'm with people who are completely accepting of me and realize that I'm not a danger to kids, I am perfectly happy. I am not ashamed or sad or uncomfortable at all. When I'm not with those people, I usually feel fine, but I can sometimes feel overwhelmed by the general population's consensus that I'm a monster because of things I have not done and

would never do.

ExO

Abstaining from sex is easy and fortunately I don't have problems with depression. I have nothing to gain from therapy.

Black Star

We hope this has been informative and helpful in demonstrating how normal we really are. If you have any questions you wish to be answered on the subject of MAPs or minor attraction, please e-mail us at: editor@visionsofalice.com

Thank you for reading...



ASKING & ANSWERING QUESTIONS: WHAT TO KEEP IN MIND WITH MAP SUBJECTS

BY LOWERCASE PUNK

Asking and answering questions – what to keep in mind.



What if you if found yourself, in the harrowing situation, of being sexually attracted to kids, and having to face the media, knowing they'd ask cruel and loaded questions? Questions such as:

“Are you acting on your pedophilia?”

“How is it to be a pedophile?”

“How many terabytes of child porn do you have stored?”

“Are you out to your family, and what are their reactions?”

There are many questions out there specifically about Minor Attracted Persons (MAPs). Out of curiosity toward us, journalists, interviewers, and those that sincerely want to learn, may have a lot of differ-

ent questions for us as MAPs; a group more alienated than many other alienated groups.

And when we are given the opportunity to answer these questions and enlighten the questioner, we should at least consider how to thoughtfully and prudently do so.

So presented here are seven areas or features to keep in mind, both as the asker and as the answerer.

1. Who's asking?

As an asker: You should clearly present your motives for asking the questions, present what you may already know about the subject, and explain how open minded you are regarding pedophilia as a sexuality. The more honestly you present yourself, the better the answers will you get. If you're accepting and reasonable, whoever is answering your questions will be the same in return.

As an answerer: You must consider whether the questioner is acting out of genuine interest for getting enlightened, or has an ulterior motive. Are they

a trustworthy friend, or family member, or a professional journalist, or are they someone who is looking for negative and incriminating information and even quotes?



If you have no way of knowing or deciphering the askers' real motives and intentions, and you insist on protecting your identity, you may be taking a huge risk in answering any of their questions.

2. Confidentiality

As an asker: Whether you are asking questions as a journalist or researcher, or you are asking as someone interested in the subject, you should treat all communication toward non-professionals with the highest level of confidentiality and security; assuring measures and steps taken for protecting your answerers.



How you are handling this needs to be initially discussed and cleared with the answerers. This allows answerers to make an informed choice to trust the measures presented or back out if they do not feel safe answering the questions.

As an answerer: After assuring confidentiality, the second important thing is your anonymity. If it's a friend asking these questions you do not need anonymity. However, if your friend intends to share this new information publicly or in any similar manner, you must be sure that he will protect your privacy.

If you are answering questions from people you do not know, for example on different web sites and other similar online venues, you definitely need to do so anonymously, unless you really want to out yourself and continue being publicly out.

Lastly, if you are in contact with a professional journalist who wants to ask questions, you should research the journalist and her/his associated media company's history of

protecting the anonymity of their interviewees.

Even if a journalist wants to know your real identity to confirm you are a knowledgeable source, the journalist must always assure your status as an anonymous, protected source in exchange.

Professional media companies, who are serious about the anonymity of their sources, protect and hide your identity from everyone within the company except for the very small team that is working with this survey or investigation and presenting the questions. To protect your anonymity, you should be kept up to date about the people on this team, informed whenever who is on the team changes, and be made aware of the team setup.



3. What is the Nature and Method of the Questioning?

Those answering questions should be given as much time as they state they need. This is the most preferred, and relaxed way. Written and well thought out answers are always bet-

ter. By getting to spend more time, the answerers would be better able to provide more detailed and enlightening written responses; with little or no chance for misunderstanding and confusion.



Answering questions up-front, in real time is always risky as the answerers may not be able to adequately refer to their research, confirm their citations of that research spoken about, or maintain the consistency in their given answers. These are among many things the answerers need to know about the practical part of how to answer the questions:

How are the written answers handled and anonymity assured?

Also how are the questions and answers communicated

Are there any measures taken for maintaining anonymity during, say, a phone interview if this is the situation?

Now let us move on to the questions themselves, and what to keep in mind while answering them.

4. Vague Terms Open to Interpretation

As an asker: The best questions to ask are those that use clearly understood terms and references that are universally understood with a minimum chance of subjective interpretations or a variety of definitions. Terms and references that are vague can be interpreted many ways.

A classic example of a vague, or hard to define term, is “pedophilia”; having many different, and often contradicting, interpretations. For some it means an attraction and love involving children, while for others it simply means child sexual abuse.

Questions posed must have clearly defined terms and references. Otherwise, they may give the impression of being traps to misrepresent what the answerer is saying!



As an answerer: Whenever the words “pedophile” or “pedophilia”, or related terms, appear undefined in questions pre-

sented, start by stating its definition in a dictionary or valid reference.

From there you can discuss whether you agree with the definition or not, and answer the question from what has been defined and mutually accepted.

This is an important step in avoiding any misunderstanding, or having wrong interpretations, of the meaning of vague terms used in questions asked and answers give.

For example, a clearly defined and a mutually accepted definition is very useful in questions like “How do you know you are a pedophile?”

5. Incriminating and Potentially Incriminating Questions

As an asker: Never ever ask any incriminating questions, or questions that can even be interpreted that way. Though you might only have scientific and statistical intentions, many countries have laws that mandate the reporting of everything the laws defines as child abuse.

If an answer to a question has any possibility of being reported and investigated by law enforcement agencies, it is advised for answerers not to admit to any illegal activity. If you want to hear about pedo-

philes’ relationships with children, you can simply ask “How is or was your relationship with children?” and “...if you have any child friends, what do you like to do with them?”



As an answerer: Though the askers might not have intended to ask incriminating questions, they might still make mistakes, or simply be unaware of the harsh laws and the requirement to report anything that the laws consider being child abuse.

For example, if you get a question related to any personal experiences with child porn or sexual contact with children, you must always answer that you have none whatsoever, and have never made sexual contact with a minor; regardless if that is true or not. Only the answerer knows the truth.

Without any doubt, incriminating questions are dangerous! The only exception is if it is well known that you have been previously convicted and you are referring to the case against you, and you know it won’t be used as a legal basis to convict you again for the same crime.

Another trap, that is potentially incriminating, are questions like “Have you ever acted on your pedophilia?”, where you need to remind the questioner about the vague definition of the word pedophilia by citing the dictionary definition again if need be.

Answerers should take the initiative to rephrase the question to something that they can clearly answer without any potential risk of incriminating themselves. A replacement question could be, as an example: “How are your relationships with children?”

6. Consistency and Solidity

It important that both askers and answerers make sure that whenever a statement or position is explained prior or initially in the interview, that neither the asker nor the answerer do not undermine or change this in a later questions and answers.

As example, if it mutually and initially defined that boy-lovers are either homosexual males or heterosexual females pedophiles, do not undermine this understanding by later mentioning or assuming that pedophiles and homosexuals as two different demographic groups. Doing so may cause confusion about what you mean by using these terms, and will devalue your

questions or answers.

7. Judgement and Hostility

For both askers and answerers, it is more productive to start with a relaxed relationship and a positive rapport with each other.



The questions must be presented in an unbiased and should avoid prejudice as much as possible. This makes it easier for the answerers to provide calm, friendly-minded, and thoughtful answers.

At the same time, if you, as answerer, experience questions that are provocative or hostile, you should address the ques-

tions without becoming provocative or hostile yourself.

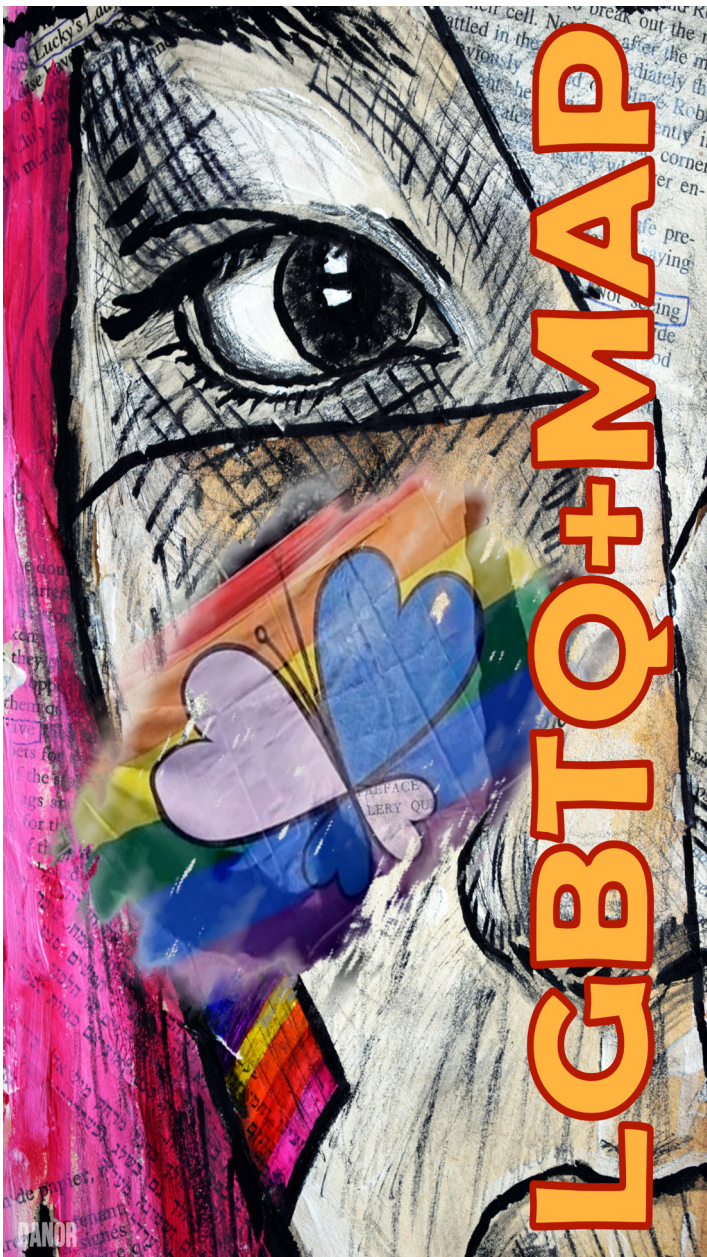
This is very important as such answers are useless and perhaps subjectively negative to the askers. Regardless of the nature of such questions, they may show a genuine interest in learning about the subject, but might still push askers away and alienate them.

In conclusion

Indeed, much more can be said about asking and answering questions, but these are the main issues to keep in mind for anyone working with a questionnaire, either as an asker or an answerer.

Good luck, and stay calm!





LGBTQ+MAP? Don't Run Before You Can Walk!

by Haggis

I've been feeling down lately. Which is strange for me. I'm normally a very happy person and my friends will testify to that. My sexual preferences have never been something that's gotten to me, until recently. As a Reddit user, I've found one recent set of memes upsetting. That is, memes shaming people with an attraction to children.

'Its just an attempt to normalize sex with children'...'Minor Attracted Person?'

Just call it what it really is, a ***** child abuser'... are the typical negative comments that come to mind. Sadly, for these people, it seems like no matter how structured and thought-out your arguments are, you've already lost. Like the world series champions facing of against the bottom of the table little league side, is it really worth putting up a fight? It may not always feel that way, as our MAP movement has yet to get its feet.

In my opinion, one of our biggest problems in this whole MAP movement is its infancy. There are so many different communities out there... from lone activists on Twitter, to intermittent and occasional YouTube diatribe, to a variety of, but limited, forums on the clearnet and the darkweb. Getting everyone of these venues to agree and decide on a clear aligned message is, naturally, tough.

Posting members on some forums argue that societal changes could lead to safe, consensual, and acceptable sexual relationships between adults and children. In other communities, you're convinced that looking at a cute girl on the subway requires you go home and give yourself a serious talking too.

Faction lines have yet to blur or congeal into any solid agenda. Some hebephiles are dead set against nepiophiles. I have even seen posts advocating sex with children in spite of the law, claiming 'non-offending pedophiles' are deluded. How can we form a structured argument to fight back against the antis, considering how divided we are, when compared to them?

If we look to the LGBTQ+ community, we can see many parallels. We both have attractions that we can't control and born with, and those desires still don't sit right with the rest of today's acceptable society norms. The truth is, while it still has a long way to go, the LGBTQ+ community has been up and running for a long time now and has slowly become an increasingly accepted movement. Pride parades and events, being able to kiss and show affection in public without fear, and even marriage, are commonplace for many that identify with LGBTQ+ people. In contrast, you go up to strangers in the street and tell them you are a MAP, nine out of ten responses will end with a black eye and half your teeth on the sidewalk.

Don't get me wrong, I love the idea of having a movement for 'MAP pride'.

I'd love having my own MAP flag that I could hang on my wall along with my social media bio proudly declaring some kind of MAP-based hashtag.

Sadly that's a long way off. And right now, any kind of an alliance with the LGBTQ+ community, only serves to help further the agenda of homophobes and those not accepting any feature of this community. With that said, the definition of our MAP sexuality itself may or could lead us to having a viable and recognized space within this community.

The other opinion I've heard is how rarely pedophilia is thought of as a sexuality. When most people think of and identify with a sexuality, they see it as an attraction to a specific sex or gender. Men, Women, and Trans are all included. As MAPs, we would include children in this.

However, 'Under 13', '8-16' 'between 12 and 18' are not noting genders but age groups. If a man is prominently attracted to women between ages 80-99, he would probably be identify as a straight man with a fetish or kink for older ladies. Is that the right approach we should take here? Should we, as MAPs, just identify as straight/ Bi/PAN and say we have a preference for little girls or boys? What about zoophiles? If you are attracted to horses, that is also not a gender but an animal preference. Where do you draw the line? Is a preference for redheads, tall girls, or chubby guys a sexuality? Or are these merely acquired personal preferences, and not innate?

There's a lot more to sexuality than just gender-oriented attractions. Even asexuals and those who are aromantic are slowly being accepted into the fringes of LGBTQ+. Whatever you are attracted too, the world is slowly coming to terms with how fluid sexuality is.

The media likes to bat around the term 'special snowflake' as a negative label for people who express themselves very uniquely, and is often associated with sexualities outside of the norm.

Despite it's derogatory usage, it shows that everyone's ideal partner is different.

From a small blonde toddler skipping around the play park to a gray haired old man slumped in his armchair playing nursing home bingo, someone somewhere finds that specific, personal sexually motivated attraction. If you don't believe me just ask the diverse categories you can get on Porn Hub.

Not everything can happen at once and it may seem like any kind of community acceptance for MAP is far away. Certainly with all the negativity floating around it is really disheartening. Regardless, it has got people talking though, and they say, any publicity is good publicity.

While I wouldn't recommend it, I did a search for 'Minor-attracted person' on Twitter. I found out that Mario's brother Luigi, is just one of many fictional characters who would 'Kick the f**k out of a Minor Attracted Person'. Yet, I also found one tweet from a non-pedophile, who was on our side. Even if you can get through to one person, its a step in the right direction.

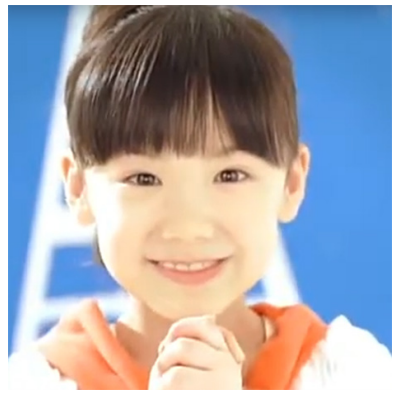
And just think, if the LGBTQ+ Community never started to speak up all those years ago, where would society be now? They were pioneers of a new understanding about human sexual diversity. Before their acceptance, society believed only one sexuality was valid; heterosexuality. After society was made aware of, and eventually accepted, the LGBTQ+ movement, the dynamic and diverse nature of gender-oriented attractions was validated as a normal part of the human personage.

Many within the MAP community often draw comparisons to the LGBTQ+ community. While an alliance perhaps isn't feasible now, times are changing and we may eventually see a seat available for MAPs in the same community in the future.

...the world is slowly coming to terms with how fluid sexuality is.



ALM TOP **10** | GIRL LOVE SONGS



10

ZUTTO ZUTTO TOMODACHI BY ASHIDA MANA

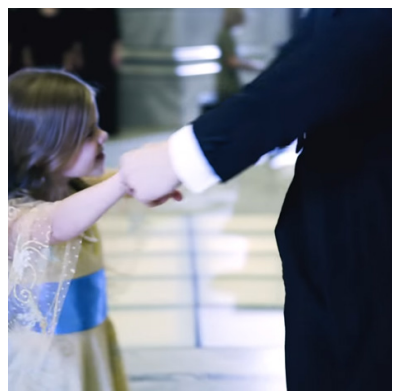
Zutto Zutto Tomodachi (Friends forever and ever) is an energetic song about promising to always be friends. The song was only her second solo work, and reached the 17th spot on Japan's music charts. It was used as an ending theme to the anime JewelPet Kira Deco and JewelPet the Movie: Dance Princess. It's lighthearted, enthusiastic, and endearing in ways that girl lovers worldwide can identify with, and made even more stunning by Mana's adorably high voice.



9

NAKIGAO SMILE HINACO

Nakigao smile is the main theme of the Japanese drama Mother. The series protagonist is a schoolteacher who find out one of her students is being abused by her parents. She feels a great need to help this girl, and begins caring for the girl as a secondary mother. The song accentuates this narrative in many ways. Being by a girl's side, comforting them, spending time together, and selflessness and are exemplified in the lyrics, and also in girl love.



8

ONCE UPON A DECEMBER BY CLAIRE CROSBY

Claire Crosby is a master of capturing the magical feeling of Disney princesses through her amazing song covers on YouTube. With her near-flawless vocal technique at such a young age, she represents what level of talent girls are truly capable of. Her cover of Once upon a December from the movie Anastasia is by far her best performance.



7

I'M A LADY NOW

BY HOTZMIC

I'm a lady now shows how children wish to be taken seriously, but in a fun, and speaks of a lonely little girl in search of love. The song has very humble origins, being written by songwriter Tsunku, and performed by his eldest daughter (under the alias 'Hotzmic') for the Nintendo 3DS game Rhythm Heaven Megamix. Lyrics such as "I need freedom now" and "don't treat me like a girl"—while playfully performed—expresses a desire in many kids; to be taken seriously in the way adults are.



6

KINDLE MY HEART

BY ABIGAIL DOYLE

A musical score written by Abigail Doyle can still be heard on the movie *The Little Princess*, a 1995 Film that depicted a World War I setting that focused on a young girl named Sara (played by Liesel Matthews) in her relegated life of servitude in a New York City boarding school after receiving news that her father was killed in combat.

The *Little Princess* film, though not a box office sensation, certainly exemplifies the special love between a father and daughter and the Music score *Kindle My Heart* typifies such love;



5

THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT US

BY ONE DIRECTION

It's strange, the target audience of this band is probably right in most of our age of attractions, and I am sure we were not what they had in mind when it was written, but that almost makes it more poetic. Its a song you could imagine dancing around a pink bedroom with your little girl friend singing the lyrics at the top of your lungs, till you're out of breath and collapse on the bed... anyway I am getting distracted!



4

LOLITA BY MUSTARD PLUG

I suppose you expected this list to be full of soppy love ballads, or artists from the 60s. Which makes this next entry all the more endearing. Ska punk saw an explosion in the 90s, and there is no denying the lyrical content of this song. First of all, the title! Lolita, we all know what that's a reference too. This song talks about love in such a sweet way, and the lack of understanding from others. Feelings we have all felt, love that no one else will understand. A love that seems strange to anyone but us. And backed by that Ska Punk spirit, makes this song a classic.



3

MY SHARONA BY THE KNACKS

The Knacks were an American rock band based in Los Angeles that rose to fame with its first single, "My Sharona", an international number-one hit in 1979.

"My Sharona" is the debut single by The Knack. The song was written by Berton Averre and Doug Fieger, and released in 1979 from their album Get the Knacks. It reached number one on the Billboard Hot 100 singles chart where it remained for six weeks, and was number one on Billboard's 1979 Top Pop Singles year-end chart.

With such lyrics sung in this 1979 hit song, a reader can only image the special visions inspired with such:

Ooh, my little pretty one, pretty one.....for the touch of the younger kind..



2

SWEET CHILD OF MINE BY GUNS N' ROSES

When Guns N' Roses burst onto the scene in the late 80s with their breakthrough US debut single, "Welcome To The Jungle" They firmly established themselves as pioneers in hard rock. A genre that had felt a little lacking since all the punk rock had turned into synth based new wave at the beginning of the decade. But it would be the album's second single, "Sweet Child O' Mine" that would propel them to their only US number 1. The song was raucous enough for the rock crowd but its lyrics and sentimentality gave it a big crossover appeal into the mainstream.

Lyricaly the song harks back to lead singer Axel Rose's own childhood and were actually written about his then girlfriend. But its not hard to see the comparisons in his own love to that of the love between a MAP and their young friend. Comparisons are drawn to some of life's purest and simplest pleasures. From the bright blue sky and the warm safe hiding place. And in reality that's what children are. Such simple and wonderful creatures.



1

CLAIR BY GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

As a MAP, we fall into one of two categories. Either we have a wonderful Clair in our life. Someone who fills us with joy and happiness. Someone, who no matter, how the inconvenience they may be, barging in late at night for glasses of water for example, we love them with all our hearts. And if we don't have a Clair in our lives, then its all we dream of. Someone to love, someone to look forward to seeing. Someone to be our little friend. Someone who love us as much as we love them. Someone who is, and always will be, a Clair.



Fractured Contact

& the fear of strangers

by Revolution



Author's Note:

Various names, locations and the timing of various events have been modified to maintain my anonymity.

Within the Minor Attracted Person (MAP) community, I have noticed two groups of us. One group who is confident and capable in forming friendships with many young girls. They are in a good position to build such relationships, & when opportunities to do so arise, they do so easily. The other group is lonely, and very often girl-less. They may not be working or volunteering anywhere that could allow them to be around girls, may lack the confidence needed to talk with girls, or, as is it in my case, both.

I am naturally very shy, and since I am romantically attracted to little girls, I feel even more nervous around them, as if I have to exceed their expectations. Non-MAPs may feel the same toward the group they're attracted to, as if they they must stand out; as my adult-attracted friends can often attest to.

What's different for me is how wary a girl's family, and other adults looking after her may question my intentions. I have seen this reality play out, leaving me heartbroken and feeling vulnerable without being the girls' fault at all.

The Beginning

I have always been very shy; verging on socially anxious. I knew from my teen years that I was attracted to girls both romantically and physically. Of course, laws and social stigma prevents any physical expression of love between a little girl and myself, but I had yet to form a relationship—or even a friendship—with any girl. I felt left out, knowing the joy other MAPs felt in these friendships. Despite my fear, I intended to forge such a friendship by some means.

Albeit, my way doing so is ill-advised. There are much better ways to do this without striking fear into parents and other caretakers, such as involving oneself in a child related care, sports, or other type of volunteer program, or simply trying to get to know a neighborhood family.

Instead, out of a fear of missing out, I decided to randomly greet young girls that I had no reason to speak to. Only once did my greeting confuse a girl. Otherwise, I would often get a cheery ‘hi’ back and we would go our separate ways. One time, I received a much different response.



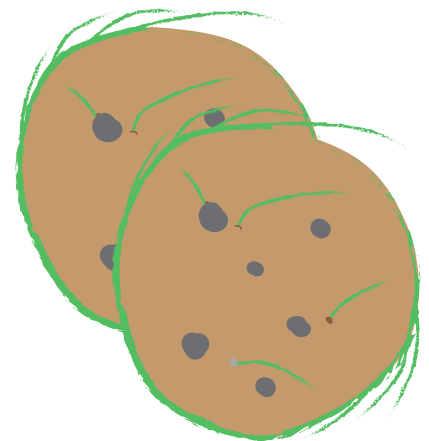
Want Some Cookies?

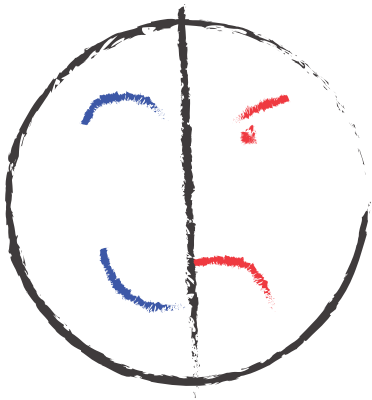
I have walked a bit further from my neighborhood into another. Casually looking around, There was a girl who was about five years old (named Erica in this story) playing in the grass, ripping some of it out, and piling it up on the walkway. I knew I had to say ‘hello.’ And I courageously did. Her response was unexpected and caught me off guard, as it wasn’t simply saying ‘hi’ back. She asked me if I wanted some cookies. It was clear she didn’t have any real cookies, but her imagination was the beauty of this situation. The dough was the grass she pulling out of the ground, the chocolate chips were pebbles, and the plate was the walkway. She asked how many cookies, and upon my answer, proceeded to add pebbles, asking me to tell her when I had enough chocolate chips. My cookies were done and I pretended to eat them, to which she giggled. I was elated.

Two other girls (they’ll be referred to to as Gabby and Carla) came by and the four of us goofed off and played in the small meadow-like area for what must have been an hour. As I’ve often seen with most

young kids, their parents were in our proximity the whole time. Carla’s mother was perturbed by my presence, and gave me some very dirty looks. Deep down inside, I likely knew this was troublesome, but convinced myself that it was nothing. I wanted to be there, with the three girls. Just to hear them giggle, and more so, be able to make them giggle, smile, and generally bolster their positive energy.

Once the sun was setting, the girls went home, and so did I. The feeling that had come over me was one of zen. I felt at ease, as if all my anxiety had been washed away and I had been through a life-changing event. I felt like a new person. I was confident, calm, and hoping to see them again. Perhaps I could have a long-lasting friendship with these girls? Perhaps I wasn’t destined for loneliness? I would endeavor to see them again. Our paths crossed in an unorthodox way, yes, but I felt I connected with them.





“Thank you...”

I was lucky enough to see them again, and was greeted in a way which I oddly miss; playful punches in the gut. All three of the girls, with big smiles, punched me in the gut one by one. It wasn't angry or aggressive. These were three little girls being playful. The girl who had offered me cookies prior, offered them again. She seemed have changed the idea a bit because she told me within 20 seconds, “You're silly! This is grass.” She was full of surprises and of life itself. I felt a feeling of love. That day, all four of us ran around in the field, played tag, and enjoyed time together. There was one moment where I had to draw the line with them, and as much I needed to stop what they were about to do, I still regret how I did so.

We were all sitting under a tree, taking a bit of a break from running around, when Erica was about to do something that may have alarmed her mom. She tried to feel my bear chest. I do mean ‘feel’ and not ‘touch’. Her attempted motion seemed to be

stroking my chest. She may have had difficulty due to the fact that I was wearing a button-up shirt, but nonetheless, had I not stopped her, she would have gone further than her parents would have wished her to go. I quickly brushed her hand aside and in what likely sounded like a sarcastic, mumbled voice said “Well that's not gonna happen.” She didn't seem upset, and perhaps didn't even hear what I had said. Needless to say, I still regret speaking in a such a way to her.

The rest of our time that day was great, and I felt a friendship starting to coalesce. Nearing the end of that day, the girls were running a bit too far and I was concerned about what the parents may think. I asked them to come back, and while I felt as if my request may have seemed out of character compared to how I acted throughout most of the day, they came back no problem. When Carla and her mom were leaving for home, she randomly said ‘Thank you.’ It was hard to tell if it was heartfelt appreciation, or she was unhappy with me and felt obligated to say it. Nevertheless, something wasn't right, because this was the last time that I saw her.

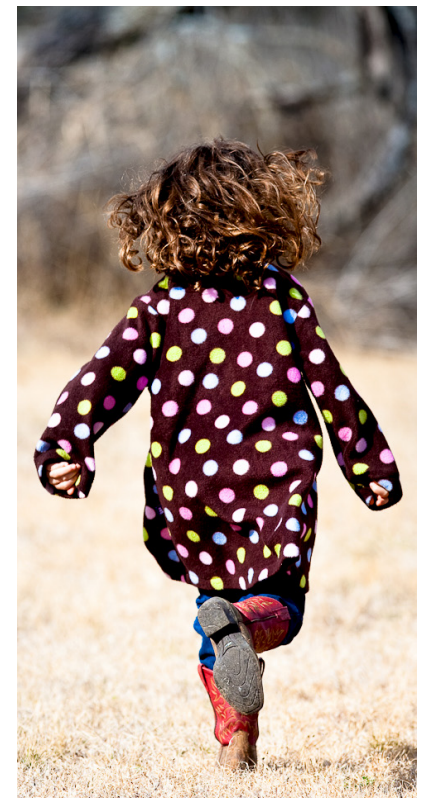
Gabby & Erica's Dad

I didn't realize Erica and Gabby were sisters, but when I saw them the third time, they were with their dad, who I was introduced to. To say I was nervous would have been an understatement. I tried divert my attention away

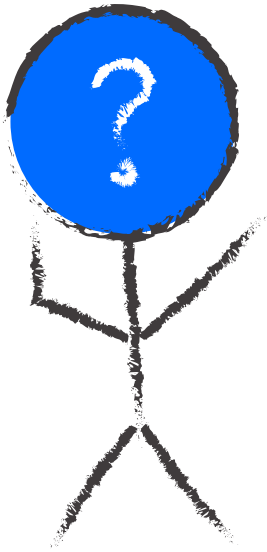
from the girls and speak more with their dad. My hope was to act as if I had more interest in speaking with an adult. Of course that wasn't true, and the whole interaction with their dad made me feel empty, as opposed to basking in the amazing personas of his daughters; something which I doubt he noticed to the extent I could.

The whole hour I spent that day was occupied by a typical adult conversation. Complaining about life, feeling as if the world is insane, speaking about work and commitments. I went along with it, and regretted it, but also knew I had to send the right message. After all, I was likely going to be mistaken for someone dangerous just for wishing to spend time with his kids.

About the only fun we had that day was when we were all head-



ing home. Gabby & Erica challenged us all to a race. Of course, being clever little girls, they didn't tell either their dad or I they were getting a head start. They start zipping ahead before even saying the race had started, and won therefore. I'm glad they did, because I felt impressed by their cleverness. Had I won, I would have felt bad. We then went our separate ways for the day. I was still not completely sure why I hadn't seen Carla, but was happy to see both Erica and Gabby.



“Go Home!”

I saw the two sisters for a fourth time, but yet again, their friend Carla wasn't with them. Their mom was there this time, and she asked me to introduce myself. The girls did not even know my name, and preferred calling me “Fuzzy” because of my hairstyle at the time. It was endearing to be called that. A bit strange, too, but I thought it was important they knew my name for the sake of

peace of mind and to show I could be trusted. By knowing my legal name, everything I said or did with the girls was attached to my name. While I never would have, had I ever crossed the line, they could easily have me reported. The girls still called me Fuzzy, regardless of knowing my given name, and we continued with our fun.

Erica was on her bike and Gabby had her scooter that day. They had me announce they were going to race. I didn't understand what they wanted at first, and had to ask what they meant. It was a bit embarrassing, because I usually had a stronger sense of imagination than this. What came out of me was an awkward and unimaginative, “Ready! Set! Go!” in a slightly low voice. Neither girl seems to mind, or even notice how strange I sounded, and still seemed quite cheerful.

Erica even asked me after she raced her sister for me to push her up the hill. This was confusing for me because she was pedaling quite fast, preventing me from getting close enough to her bike to do so. What would have been worse would potentially getting to close to her and possibly touching her hand or her back in the process of giving her a push. I told her I couldn't and that I'm sorry. To which she replied (still chipper) that I should, and I told her I'm sorry yet again. She didn't seem upset, still smiling brilliantly, and let me off the hook.

At the end of the day, their mom

was talking to me. I don't remember what we were talking about, but I do remember it was a positive conversation. During the whole conversation, Gabby was looking right at me. I knew they were all about to head home, but I still wonder why she did this. She even was doing a bit of a funny little dance bit, to which I felt the needed to join in and do the same dance. I was quickly told “that's not how you do it!” I figured as such and we were having a good time just goofing off for a quick moment before we all headed home.

Farewell Forever

On another day, I had been out walking down their street and saw both of Gabby and Erica, as well as their mom and dad out in front of their porch. The girls greeted me excitedly, “Fuzzy!” I told Gabby a bit of a joke about a cartoon character, but nothing inappropriate. She ran over the porch where her parents were sitting. I'm still not sure why she did this. She didn't seem upset, but I still worry that I may have upset her somehow. We only spoke for a short minute. Something wasn't right. The girls weren't nearly as positive or energetic as they usually were, and their mom and dad seemed to be subtly trying to get me to walk away.

Over time, I tried to rectify my fears and continued to visit the field they'd often play in. I never saw them there again. I still walked near where they lived

from time to time, and it was while I was on one such walk that the clearest signal that I was unwelcome in the eyes of their father came across to me.

I had walked past their dad and received a horribly scathing stare from him. No words were exchanged whatsoever. No words needed to be. His very aggressive look, mixed with nearly blocking my path to stare longer, spoke more clearly than words could, saying “You do not belong here!” That look I got will stay with me forever; just as long as my positive memories of his daughters will.

Aftermath

Since Gabby and Erica, I’ve had better opportunities to be friends with girls that their parents wouldn’t have tried to prevent. I’ve since had many young families as neighbors, with one girl even saying she likes me. In every situation, I have been self-conscious of my feelings as a girl lover. I fear the power of my girl love, and what it did to my friendship with the two sisters I barely had a chance to know. While my anxiety may be somewhat excessive, it’s not fully removed from reality and real life experiences with little girls.

Stranger danger, not talking to strangers, and the whims of trying to protect children, that attempt to prevent kids from speaking with adults, unbeknownst to both adults and parents, hurts children.

Gabby and Erica were a prime illustration among a sea of examples experienced by other girl lovers. Many of us know not to be sexually-active with girls, and would vehemently avoid doing so. We want friendship more than anything else.

I personally will remember those girls for who they were, not what they looked like. I acknowledge my physical attraction, and that in a fair world accepting of such intimacy, we’d be able to be sexual partners. However, there’s much more depth and intrigue to their smiles, expressiveness, energy, playfulness, and imagination. I couldn’t possibly describe all I see in their personas. For that reason, I can’t see how I would receive nearly as much joy from any sexual activity with them as I did by just being a friend. And yet, even as a friend, I was still considered dangerous in our present society that finds adult-child relationships unacceptable.

It seems as if adult strangers are always treated skeptically by parents no matter the circumstances. Even when children are in need of assistance from someone, I often see significant trepidation from unrelated adults to come to the child’s aid; stuck between feeling the need to help another person but maybe sending the wrong message to their parents. Certainly, there is a greater urgency to help, and thus doing so would still be accepted more than if the child wasn’t in danger, but just found a friend. The less

need for an unrelated adult to be anywhere with a child, the more skeptical the parents and society is. To many parents, any adult who wishes to form a friendship with their children has ulterior motives.

No doubt, I believe parents are trying to do the right thing and wish to protect their children. Indeed there are dangerous people out there who see kids easily manipulated into doing what they want them to do. I share with parents the same negative sentiments as they have for these horrible people. Certainly, some kind of parental oversight is always helpful in assuring that these malcontents of our society are kept away.

It’s enough for parents to be present and to assure their children are not to be left alone with strangers. In my situation, at least one parent was always present and there was no means for me to be alone with those girls. I wouldn’t have wanted to be alone with them if that meant betraying the trust of the parents. Many girl lovers I’ve known have thought similarly; they do not wish to violate the trust of parents. This is not to ‘gain access’ to their children by giving an illusion of being trustworthy. Rather, it’s out of respect that we adhere to parental expectations.

To parents, if we cease to be strangers, you get to know us, and perhaps there comes a point where you feel able to trust us being alone with your children, we respect you enough to never

do anything that you wouldn't want us to. Had I been welcomed with open arms by Gabby and Erica's mom and dad, I would have honored that by following their expectations, whether I was alone with their daughters or not. It was the first time I felt truly connected to real girls, and had that been permitted by their parents, such trust deserves my respect. Many girl lovers don't have such opportunities, and even when such an opportunity slipped away from me, I still honored their parents wishes.

I only met with them on four separate occasions before it was clear I was unwelcome, and yet, their girls were magical to me. I

felt more of myself around them, and I felt wanted, even needed. I will forever miss their beautiful smiles, energetic playfulness, and imagination. I will never look at cookies the same way again, and for that Erica, I thank you. I hope both of you, Erica and Gabby, are healthy and happy.

It's been many years now gone by, and I know you may not know who I am based on my alias, and that I chose not use your real names here. Still, I feel the need to say something to you two. While your mom and dad may have fractured our contact in fear of strangers, I want you to know, I will always remember you. I will always love you.



STINKIN'

THINKIN'

BY GARY



In spite of the January storm, my wife and I made it to the Hawaiian Airlines terminal more than an hour and a half before our scheduled departure. “Flight 21 will depart for Lihue, Kauai promptly at 11:27,” the agent’s voice crackled over the intercom. “The flight is overbooked so if you have carry-on luggage that you are willing to check, please bring it to the podium.”

“Want to wait for the next flight?” Tabitha queried after the agent offered a \$200 voucher for three passengers to wait for the flight later that afternoon. “We could,” I responded with an obvious lack of enthusiasm. “That will mean we will arrive after dark.”

I had noticed a little girl with curly blond hair waiting with her mother on the other side of the room. She appeared to be about five years old, a bit younger than my age of attraction. Now she was looking at me.

“What are you staring at,” Tabitha interrupted my thoughts as her gaze followed mine.

“She’s too young for you.”

My wife knows I am a minor attracted person (MAP) and understood that the girl was below the age of those I’m normally attracted to.

“I’m not staring, I insisted.”

‘I THINK SHE WANTS TO TALK TO ME....’

“She probably doesn’t even know you exist or she is uncomfortable because you are staring at her.” I had to admit, my wife was probably right—again. I didn’t want to make anyone uneasy, so I averted my eyes to the podium.

I had settled into my window seat when I noticed a small blond head bobbing down our aisle. I was right at her level and gave her a big smile as she turned into the seat right in front of us. “She smiled at me,” I whispered.

“Her mom probably taught her to smile at everyone,” Tabitha quipped. As we waited for our departure, the girl glanced at me between the seats. I was positively convinced that she enjoyed playing “peek-a-boo” but perhaps that was just another one of my cognitive distortions.

Can we always assume that our personal perceptions are valid? Assumptions can be misleading and can be completely wrong and, in some scenarios, quite dangerous.

What are cognitive distortions?

Wikipedia defines them as “thoughts that cause individuals to perceive reality inaccurately.” When a young girl smiles, a girl lover (GL) may occasionally think she may want to have sex. When a young boy wants to wrestle, a boy lover (BL) might assume he has the hots for him. Professionals sometimes refer to this kind of faulty thinking as

“stinkin’ thinkin’.”

MAPs may inaccurately assume that a child wants to sexually interact with them, but the truth is, children do occasionally have some level of sexual interest in someone who is older than they are.

‘WHO ACTUALLY HAS THE COGNITIVE DISTORTION?’

Out of one side of their mouth, people will say that children don’t want to have sex with adults, but then they act like a normal person’s first sexual awakening must be an attraction to a fully developed human being. The facis, most people begin their sexual journey with an attraction to another child. While the age of the people that teliophiles (people who are attracted to adults) find attractive generally increases as they get older, a person with pedophilia typically begins to notice that the age of the people they are

attracted to stays the same and sometimes even gets younger as they get older.

So MAPs are not the only ones who are subject to cognitive distortions. A prime example of this distorted thinking among non-MAPs is the misuse of the term pedophilia when they are actually talking about child molestation. Pedophilia refers to the sexual attraction to prepubescent children; whereas child molestation is a crime that may

cause great harm to children. Public response often treats all child sexual abuse as equal, but scientific research has revealed a more nuanced understanding of the potential harm (Ulrich, Randolph & Acheson, 2005). Most children are resilient but sometimes those who think they are protecting children actually cause them more harm.

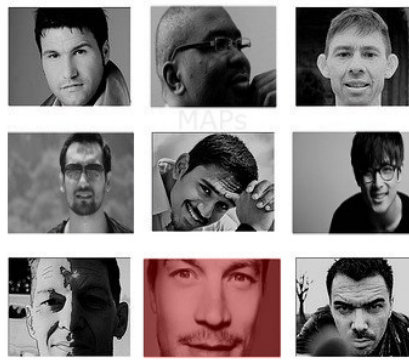
Contrary to the stinkin' thinkin' of popular opinion, research shows something different.

‘... NOT ALL PEDOPHILES ARE CHILD MOLESTERS.’

Dombert & Schmidt et al. (2016) found that among those who have a preferential attraction to children, 75% have never had any sexual contact with a child. Another study of 1,189 MAPs found that only 12.2% “had been convicted of either viewing child pornography or

a sexual contact offense with a child aged 14 or younger” (Bailey, Hsu & Bernhard, 2016).

The media perpetuates this misguided thinking by conflating the terms pedophile and child molester; assuming that all child molesters are pedophiles. Michael Seto found that more than half of those who molest children do not have a preferential attraction to children (Butcher, Mineka, & Hooley, 2012).



They might abuse a child under the influence of an inhibition reducing drug such as alcohol (Chamberlain, 2013), because they are obsessed with power and control, or because they can't find an adult partner.

Those who abuse children for some reason other than pedophilia are often referred to as situational offenders.

Another distortion of the truth that professionals and MAPs themselves cling to is the idea that sexual attraction to children is very rare. Research indicating the prevalence of pedophilia at 1% to 2% of the population (Beier et al., 2009) is generally in reference to those who are exclusively attracted to children.

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Fifth Edition (APA, 2013) indicates that the highest possible prevalence of pedophilic disorder among adult males is 5%, although it acknowledges that others may have some sexual “interest” in children.

One British researcher concluded that 10% of adult males experience paedophilia as a sexual orientation (Goode, 2010). The

truth is that minor attraction appears on a broad spectrum, including those who have a limited secondary attraction to children.

‘25% TO 32% OF ADULT MALES ANONYMOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGE SOME LEVEL OF SEXUAL INTEREST IN CHILDREN’

(Wortley, 2015; Hall, Hirschman & Oliver, 1995).

Pedophilia is much more common than anyone wants to admit. Hebephilia (attraction to developing adolescents) and ephebophilia (attraction to developed minors) were excluded from the DSM-5 because they are quite normal, even though it may be illegal (statutory rape) to act on the attraction.

Until the past decade, virtually all research dealing with minor attraction was conducted on sex offenders. This led to further distortion of the facts and misguided legislation that does not actually protect children. Mandatory reporting laws are one such cognitive distortion which research found to be counter-productive. “The number of self-referrals for child abuse and the self-disclosure rate during therapy both went to zero, and the number of children identified as abused did not increase” (Zuckerman, 2008, p. 390).

When individuals receive counseling that will help them become better citizens, the benefits to society outweigh the consequences of their refusal of counseling if confidentiality is not guaranteed (Remley & Herlihy, 2010).

In the past decade an increasing amount of research has been conducted with non-offending MAPs. Occasionally researchers will ask how people with pedophilia cope with their “urges.” Many MAPs object to the use of such terminology because they do not experience uncontrollable urges. You would not ask a gay person, “How do you control your urges so you don’t rape those you are attracted to?” MAPs are just as likely as adult-attracted gay or straight people to maintain self-control and live within the law of the land—even those who would like to make it legal for an adult to have sex with a “willing” minor (Cash, 2016).

Misunderstanding Each Other

This is a good segue into the stinkin’ thinkin’ we often find among the various factions of MAPs. Such a large group consisting of thousands of MAPs are not all going to think alike.

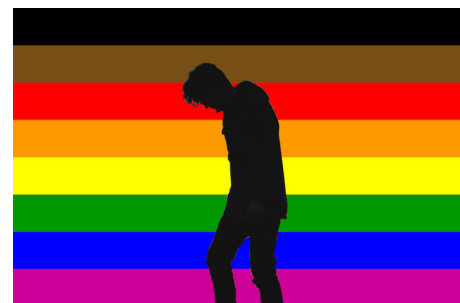
There is too much animosity between the “anti-contact” crowd and the “pro-reform” camp. It would be nice if the two groups could agree to disagree, rather than make false assumptions about each other. I have been guilty of some stinkin’ thinkin’ myself but came to realize

that most of my “pro-contact” friends are willing to live within the law of the land while they endeavor to change it. Occasionally, someone changes their view about contact with children. The ensuing vitriol reminds me of many divorces where the former lovers have nothing good to say about each other. Fractured relationships can be difficult to mend...

‘I WOULD PLEAD WITH BOTH PARTIES TO GET ALONG FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN.’

The attitude that is especially troublesome with many MAPs (as well as non-MAPs) is the faulty assumption that one person represents the experience or opinion of the whole group. Society has experienced a major paradigm shift in understanding the gay community, but there is still a lot of prejudice against LGBT individuals. A few MAPs march in a gay parade and people jump to the conclusion that pedophiles are trying to add a “P” to the LGBTQQIA alphabet and join the gay community with their own flag.

That is simply not true. You would think that those who have experienced such bitter prejudice themselves would be sympathetic toward MAPs, but some gay people manifest the most acrimonious hatred toward pedophiles.



Much of the stinkin’ thinkin’ boils down to a lack of trust. In spite of the progress made by the civil rights movement, there are still some white people who do not trust black people (and visa versa). They cite the evidence that “African Americans are incarcerated at more than 5 times the rate of whites” (NAACP, 2020), but fail to note the disparity in the way police treat different races. Some of the more radical feminists seem to hate all men (perhaps because they had a bad experience with a man) and assume that all men are rapists. These situations can be so complex, it is difficult to sort out the facts in an era of “fake news” and “false facts.” Not all black people are criminals. Not all feminists are radicals. Not all pedophiles are child rapists. There are good and bad people in every group.

‘MAPS MAY FEEL THEY HAVE BEEN THROWN UNDER THE BUS BY RESEARCHERS’

Especially when they don’t use the correct or preferred terminology. But if you refuse to participate in the research regarding our community, then your

voice will not be heard. It is wise to be cautious and take the necessary steps to protect our confidentiality, but most researchers are reasonable and willing to learn from us.

‘MANY MAPS HAVE ALSO BEEN MIS-TREATED BY MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONALS.’

Twice I have been abandoned by a counselor without a referral. Therapists are human beings and sometimes we just have to be patient with them while we help them learn better ways to respond to our needs. Professionals may themselves need “cognitive restructuring” to get over their distorted thinking that we will inevitably offend, but we should not assume that all of them think we are monsters.

All of us, whether we are MAPs, mental health professionals, or perpetrators of societal prejudice, must guard against cognitive distortions and may require some cognitive restructuring to correct our stinkin’ thinkin’.

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Director: Patrice Toye
Film Production Year: 2019
Festival Edition: IFFR 2020
Language: Dutch

Tench (also known as Muidhond), directed by Patrice Toye, is a film about a 23-year-old man named Jonathan who was imprisoned on suspicion of committing a crime related to his minor-attraction.

He is released from prison due to a lack of evidence, and returns to live with his mother, where he finds that a 9-year-old girl named Elke has moved in next door. Despite his best efforts to prevent it from happening, they develop a bond and Jonathan finds himself trying to enjoy her company while also denying his sexual urges. The film is at times beautiful, though those moments are often offset by unsettling music and the overwhelming distress Jonathan exhibits due to his sexual feelings towards her. It is, on the whole, a rather bleak film, accentuated by the mostly gray palette. This, however, was clearly intended by the director.

The film begins with a vision of a little girl running in a blue dress; a vision that seems to haunt Jonathan, since she is related to the reason he was convicted. During this scene, he utters the words **"Nobody. Never again"**, this is his first line in the film, and it is an important opening line as it shows the viewer his clear resolve to never repeat what has happened in the past.

We cut to his prison cell, where he is practising some

kind of coping strategy and writing in a notebook, which he continues in various scenes throughout the film. He is then seen being badly beaten by other inmates in the courtyard. This is an important inclusion too, since those imprisoned for crimes related to minors are often grouped together and treated this way, and the wounds from this assault are visible on his face for the rest of the film. The title card then shows, and the film begins proper. From just the first two minutes alone, one can see it is going to be a very empathetic portrayal.



When Jonathan returns home after being released, he is greeted by his mother, who remains nameless, and is simply referred to as 'mother Jonathan'. His mother expresses sympathy and love for her son, but it is clear she is not comfortable with what he is. This aspect of the film is commendable, since it attempts to show the hardship a parent may experience at having to deal with the knowledge that their beloved child is a pedophile, especially one who has been incarcerated. The mere tolerance the mother feels, as opposed to outright rejection, could be seen as the best-case scenario. Many parents are forced to re-evaluate their ideas about pedophiles when they find their own child is one, though many do not.

Jonathan is a caring, kind-hearted man, and the film

goes to great lengths to show this and to humanise the character.

We see him lovingly playing with and washing his dog Mick, whom he walks regularly. It is during one of these walks in a field that he first sees Elke, the 9-year old girl who lives next door. During Jonathan's time in prison, Elke walked Mick everyday, and so she follows them in order to spend time with Mick. But he barely acknowledges her presence. On another walk,



he finds a rare fish trapped in a net in shallow water, **a tench; the namesake of the film.** He takes off his shirt, wets it and wraps it around the fish and carries it home. On his way home we again see Elke who asks him what it is and claims she is coming into his house, but Jonathan ignores her as if she wasn't there and closes the door on her. He is clearly afraid of any kind of interaction with the little girl. He weighs the fish and puts it into a tank of water, saying to it 'it is only for a little while [...] I'm going to help you'. The fact that Jonathan works in a fish factory may have been a deliberate inclusion. He is surrounded by dead fish and guts everyday, having to rip their heads off and chuck them into a basket. It may be symbolic of his struggle to balance his loving, caring side with, what is portrayed as, his more gruesome side, doing nasty things he doesn't want to do.

Elke is a lonely girl being raised by her single mother (also nameless) who doesn't seem to take very good care of her. Jonathan first shows an interest in Elke during an altercation between her and her mother outside, which he secretly watches from his balcony. Her mother says she is going to work and will be back the next day. Elke wants to come, but her mother refuses, instead leaving her on her own. Elke then starts playing outside, and as Jonathan tries to do his coping strategy, he becomes increasingly agitated as he realises his attraction towards her.

His first true interaction with her takes place when he arrives home later on, and finds she has let herself into his room to look at the fish. He proceeds to throw her out in anger. His mother sees her, and he has to explain he has no idea how she got there, saying 'you

have to believe me'. He next sees her on his way back from work, and she falls off of her scooter, wounding her knee. He tries to ignore her, but his humanity prevents him and he turns around to help her. He ends up carrying her home and cleans her up and puts a plaster on her knee. They talk together, and Elke declares she doesn't like her name, and would rather be called Berry, so Jonathan decides upon a pet name; Bes, which he lovingly calls her for the rest of the film. This is where their relationship begins, and Elke begins to regularly come to Jonathan's house while his mother is out.

From thereon, many scenes proceed to take place that should be cute and innocent, but the director makes sure that there is an unsettling undertone. There are two reasons for this. One is that we are experiencing the distress and guilt Jonathan experiences for befriending another child whom he is attracted to, after claiming at the beginning 'never again'. Jonathan doesn't believe he can control himself, as he says to his psychologist, he is afraid of himself. The second reason, I believe, is that to many outsiders looking in, this ought to be a terrifying situation. Most people who are ignorant on this matter will not believe that a pedophile can have a healthy non-offending relationship with a child, and the director might believe this too. One scene takes place where Jonathan is teaching Elke to swim in a river. It is beautiful, and he puts a lot of passion into helping her. However, as he is holding her close to him in the water, he suddenly becomes distressed at the attraction/arousal he feels, and abruptly ends the activity and leaves.

There are sure to be pedophiles who find themselves in this situation, who haven't been taught that their feelings can be harmless, and feel ashamed and distressed the moment they have these feelings for a child they are close to. The impression one may get, however, is that the film is portraying Jonathan as the only 'good' pedophile—as one who feels intense self-hatred and shame.

He tries to find relief in masturbation, but it only agitates him further. His psychologist gives him terrible advice to 'unlearn' his feelings, to replace one thought with another. To achieve this end, he tells Elke he can no longer see her, and starts to spend time with a co-worker who seems fond of him.

They go on a fishing date together, and he is somewhat disengaged. Eventually he kisses her, hoping it would feel right. However, it doesn't, and he apologises and leaves.



They go on a fishing date together, and he is somewhat disengaged. Eventually he kisses her, hoping it would feel right. However, it doesn't, and he apologises and leaves.

We soon see him back with Elke, laughing and smiling as they watch TV together. Indeed, the attempt to force oneself out of their natural feelings may never succeed. Jonathan's mother soon finds out Elke has been visiting with her son, and here we see her true colours for the first time. She is furious, but Jonathan tells her the truth; that nothing has happened. But she's still uncomfortable.

Elke soon runs away, hoping to be with her father, but Jonathan finds her and talks her out of it, which ends with them lovingly embracing each other. Jonathan holds her close and buries his face in her hair. This scene is sweet, and rather welcome. To recognise the feelings of genuine love a pedophile can feel towards a child is not something many will acknowledge.

However, there is something to be said of Elke's feelings. The film portrays her as lonely and in need of fatherly love, a role which Jonathan seems to fill. We've all heard the warnings that children in such a position are the most likely to be taken advantage of. But the film puts a spin on this, since it is Elke who relentlessly pursued a relationship with Jonathan. She says 'I need you, and you need me'. It does, however, suggest that the feelings of the child can't possibly be real, but are just a cry for parental love.

Many in non-offending relationships with children know that this is not true. Children can enjoy a friendship with an adult with or without parental love. What follows may be one of the most questionable scenes in the film. Jonathan takes Elke home, and he agrees to accompany her to her bedroom and talk to her until she falls asleep. While she is sleeping, he seems to enter into some type of daze and moves the cover off of her legs and begins to caress one of them. He kisses her leg, while his breathing becomes intense, his hands trembling and his eyes wide as though possessed. She wakes up, and says 'what are you doing?' Jonathan tells her to be still and quiet as he continues fondling her leg. 'I just want to watch' he says, 'do not move'. She then says 'you scare me', to which he snaps out of his stupor, and says 'forgive me' and 'I am not like that' before leaving the bedroom.

Jonathan's behaviour was not normal. It was somewhat disturbing. No normal person would act like that when around someone they find attractive, and pedophiles are no exception. The fact that Elke was sleeping is all the more unusual. There are bound to be a very small minority of people who are like that, but if the film is to portray the everyday struggle of a pedophile, this scene does not help accomplish that.

It is certainly an alarming and a perplexing scene, but on the other hand, the film writer's may be trying to explain Jonathan's reactions to the subconscious

Jonathan doesn't believe he can control himself, as he says to his psychologist, he is afraid of himself.

repression of his pedophile urges and desires in which his efforts at masturbating were not fully able to control. In other words, his forceful and unhealthy repression of his feelings may have brought about this strange episode of self-destructive, anti-social behaviour. The girl saying that she was scared was enough for Jonathan to end his actions and leave the room and her alone.

The climax of the film, however, is powerful. Jonathan, in a moment of losing control, is found masturbating at work by an unfriendly co-worker, who pours fish guts on him. Jonathan is then fired from his job. On his way home, he breaks down and begins screaming uncontrollably. His screams fade into silence, and all we hear is a bittersweet melody. We then see Jonathan confronting Elke's mother in a tear-jerking moment. He calmly tells her she should take better care of her daughter. She says 'are you going to tell me how to raise my child? I'll know, I am her mother.' Jonathan then unleashes his feelings: he slams her shopping cart into the wall, and shouts 'Do you call yourself a mother? Do you have a mother's heart?' and 'I love her! I take time for her! I take care of her!' He walks off, feeling satisfied, while the mother is stood there speechless. It is all the more powerful because it is the first time we see Jonathan declare how he feels so loudly and confidently. He has had a transformation.

He is facing what he is, and has painfully accepted he can never change. This is made explicit when he finds out that the case has been reopened, due to Vera (the girl in his visions) giving a new testimony. He tells his mother 'it makes no sense'. Indeed, the reason for his imprisonment is never made clear throughout the film. The film keeps us guessing whether or not he actually offended, and if he did, to what extent. Jonathan's previous assertions that he used to be a monster may have simply been self-deprecation. His mother tells him 'we must not give up', to which he says 'But mama, I am like that. I can not change.' It is a powerful final line in contrast to his resolve at the beginning; 'never again.'

On the whole, the film is a welcome addition to the MAP film popular listing; i.e. Lolita, Pretty Baby as it

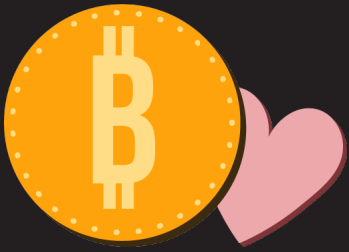
shows a very particular struggle of one man fighting against his natural feelings. And the brave actor who plays Jonathan, Tijmen Govaerts, does an incredible job at portraying this.

Many MAPs who haven't found community and support may suffer as Jonathan does, but it needn't be the case. The film does away with old-fashioned stereotypes, but replaces them with a new type, that of the tortured, self-hating pedophile. It shows two paths. One is the path of a serial offender with no consideration for children, the other is of a tortured soul who continually fights against themselves.

However, most MAPs reading this will know that there is a third way. One can have happiness and self-respect, including meaningful non-offending relationships with children, without needing to continually fight against an irrational urge to offend. But the film represents an attitude that is growing in society today. That attitude is one of sympathy towards pedophiles, as monsters who didn't choose to be that way. But of course, **there is nothing monstrous about love.**



He is facing what he is, and has painfully accepted he can never change.



A QUICK INTRODUCTION TO BITCOIN

BY JOEDOE

Bitcoin is a digital currency that can be used to buy goods and services, as well as receive payments. Girl lovers can benefit from Bitcoin. Unlike PayPal or bank accounts, creating a Bitcoin wallet is free of charge and it does not need approval of any authority. However, Bitcoin is not fully anonymous. All transactions are recorded on a public ledger, allowing anyone trading

You have to be a real expert in cryptocurrency to fully anonymise Bitcoins. The software's primary aim is to decentralize, not anonymize.

If full anonymity is very important for you, look into other cryptocurrencies designed for this, like Monero (<https://www.getmonero.org/>). One way to anonymize Bitcoins is by converting them to Monero and reconvert them to Bitcoin later on. But every conversion carries some fees.

Girl lover communities, such as online forums, can accept donations or sell services or goods without the need for a payment processing company that may reject the application and keep customer records.

FreeSpirits, a boylover group managing BoyChat, is one example

of a minor attracted community that has set up a bitcoin address for fundraising.

HOW BITCOINS ARE GOOD FOR GIRL LOVERS

- Anybody can set up a Bitcoin address to receive or make payments
- Bitcoins are far more anonymous than credit cards and PayPal
- Bitcoins can not be seized if you store them offline
- Some VPN and hosting companies accept payments in Bitcoins

HOW BITCOINS ARE BAD FOR GIRL LOVERS

- It takes time practising and reading to understand how Bitcoin works
- Transactions can be tracked back to you if someone is willing to put forward the effort
- Bitcoins are associated with illegal activities by the media

- Bitcoins are easy to steal by crooks if you don't know what you are doing

- Exchange rates are very volatile, and you should never keep Bitcoins stored for too long

WAYS TO MANAGE AND STORE BITCOINS

There are three ways to store and manage Bitcoins. The easiest way, with the least privacy, is using an online Bitcoin exchange, like Coinbase (<https://www.coinbase.com>) or Uphold (<http://uphold.com/>).

To open an account they will ask for a copy of your passport and verification of other personal details like your mobile phone and bank account. Online exchanges will block your account if you access them with a VPN or Tor. These exchanges will also help the Inland Revenue and law enforcement fight money laundering and they will report suspicious transactions.

Bitcoin online wallets are useful for people who do not want to spend too much time learning how Bitcoin works. They just need to buy a VPN or make a small donation

somewhere without leaving tracks on their credit card.

A more secure and private way to manage Bitcoins is a software wallet. There are plenty of choices, for example; Exodus (<https://www.exodus.io/>), the Atomic Wallet (<https://www.atomicwallet.io/>), or the Samourai Wallet (<https://samouraiwallet.com/>).

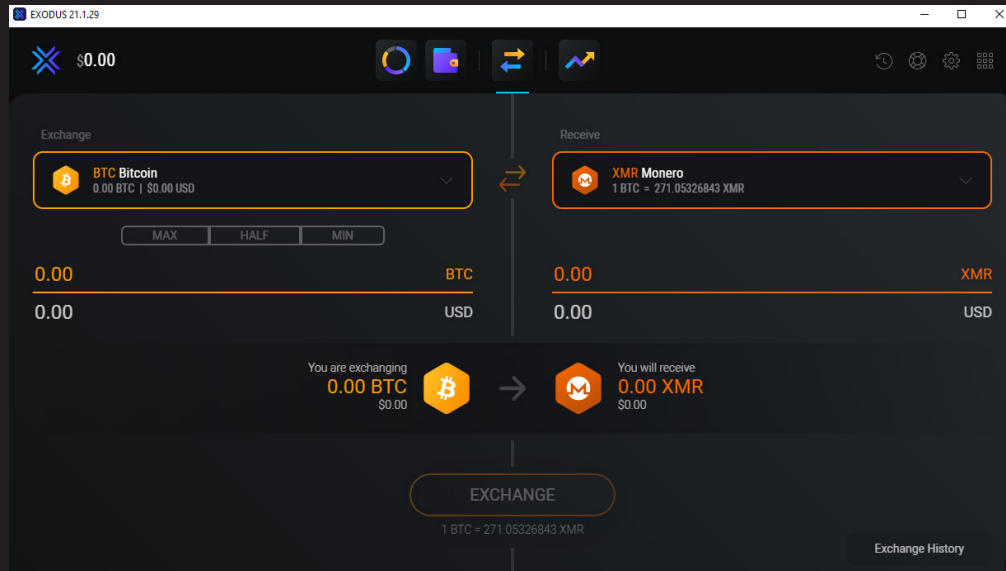
have been given. All Bitcoins you buy or receive will be stored on your computer. It is vital that you take computer security seriously by making back-ups, if you have a software wallet.

The most secure way to manage bitcoins is using a hardware wallet, like the Trezor (<https://trezor.io/>) or Ledger Nano (<https://www.ledger.com/>). A typical

hardware wallet costs around 100€. They are designed for the serious Bitcoin user wishing to store Bitcoins for the long term or traders. You should be familiar with Bitcoin before buying one of these devices.

WARNING ABOUT BITCOINS

You must be very cautious with Bitcoins. Charges can not be reversed after you send the money out, and if somebody hacks your computer, you can lose your money, too. There have been many cases of Bitcoin exchanges going bankrupt or running away with customer's money. You should never use an unregulated currency exchange for storing money. For security reasons, try to keep as few Bitcoins as possible stored, buy and spend on a need to have basis, and you will be safe.



Exodus 21.1.29 BTC to Monero Exchange

A Bitcoin software wallet usually includes a built-in system to buy and sell Bitcoins through an exchange. The Atomic wallet works with decentralised currency exchanges, which are harder to track, and the Samourai wallet includes a way to cycle your Bitcoins around to stop blockchain analysis.

Once you install a software wallet in your computer you will be able to create a Bitcoin address straight away. Anybody will be able to send you cryptocurrency. You will also be able to buy Bitcoins and make payments by copying and pasting the Bitcoin address you

Bitcoin can be wonderful, but you should be extremely careful. If you decide to trade with cryptocurrency, there are many scams going on and Bitcoin exchange rates are highly volatile, and you could lose nearly all of your investment in just a day. Keep this in mind with how you decide to use cryptocurrency.

What We Virtuous Pedophiles Really Believe

by *Ethum Edwards*



In the previous issue of Alice Lovers Magazine, Sisyphus Mann wrote an article, “Virtue and Virulence: the politics of the pedosphere”. It was harshly critical of Virtuous Pedophiles (VP) in many respects and includes some completely false assertions. In this article I would like to set the record straight.

Mann sees the primary divide in the world as between VP and its allies (“VirPeds”) and Radical Pedophiles (“RadPeds”).

We at VP think in broader terms. The two key groups are the ordinary people (“nons”) and MAPs (Minor-Attracted Persons, a newer phrase preferred by many pedophiles). RadPeds represent an important MAP viewpoint of the world, but it is very much secondary to our thinking.

Our name itself has shown these different perceptions. The public thinks all pedophiles molest children. Nick and I, co-founders of VP, chose “**Virtuous Pedophiles**” to disrupt that view. “Virtuous Pedophiles” does it in just two words.

Many RadPeds reacted with outrage by assuming that we must be contrasting ourselves with them, the non-virtuous. This is not at all true. If we consider now how RadPeds fit into our divide, we would say that they qualify as “virtuous” if they do not engage with children sexually in society as it exists today. Hopes for changes in a society’s view of pedophilia’s future don’t enter into this.

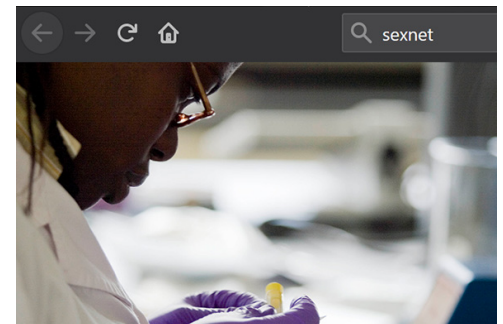
Last year the co-founders of Virtuous Pedophiles wrote a brief history of the group. Below is an edited, shorter version. To understand VP, read how we think about ourselves when we’re not choosing to focus on RadPeds.

Virtuous Pedophiles—History

In 2007, after coming to terms with his pedophilia interests, Nick Devin reached out to Mike Bailey, a Northwestern University professor who was an expert on scientific issues involving sexual matters. Mike was open-minded and had many beliefs that were outside the

norm. But Mike had never entertained the idea that there might be many pedophiles committed to avoiding sexual contact with children, and he was intrigued.

Sometime around 2009 or 2010, Mike invited Nick to join a listserv that he hosted which was known as Sexnet. The listserv was primarily for researchers on sexual matters, though some journalists were members as well. To Nick’s surprise, the group was very welcoming and he became friendly with several leading experts on pedophilia such as James Cantor, Ray Blanchard, David Prescott, Michael Seto, Robin Wilson and Paul Federoff.



For peer support, Nick was referred to the b4u-act peer support group.

Unfortunately he did not enjoy his time there. He thought they were unnecessarily antagonistic towards scientists who had befriended him. And, in fact, its leader Richard Kramer alienated these scientists by aggressively criticizing them for supporting the view that there is such a thing as pedophilic disorder, as expressed in the proposed DSM-5 TM (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Fifth Edition, American Psychiatric Association, 2013) .

Nick also believed that the societal hatred attached to pedophilia could be reduced if society could be made to understand the difference between pedophilia (sexual feelings towards children) and child sexual abuse (sexual acts with children). He felt that B4U-act could make progress in this area, but only if it unequivocally stated that adults should not have sexual contact with children. B4U-act refused to do this because it believed this would alienate pedophiles and also, Nick believed, because many of its leaders felt that adult-child sex should be legal. After trying to get B4U-Act to modify its views, Nick decided the differences were too great to be bridged, and in 2011 he resigned from the organization. He had an idea of creating a website that would express the reality that many pedophiles are dedicated to (and succeed at) avoiding sexual contact with children.

Nick began work on a website for this new organization in 2012. At the same time, Ethan Edwards, who had heard of Sexnet through

acquaintances, reached out to Mike Bailey. Mike knew of Nick's project, and being impressed with Ethan, put them in contact with one another. Nick sent Ethan an early version of the website and the collaboration began. Nick found Ethan's input sufficiently valuable that he invited him in as a co-founder.

NEW
IDEAS



NEW
BEGINNINGS.

One important precursor to Virtuous Pedophiles was a 2010 column by Dan Savage. The column featured a letter from a pedophile who hadn't offended and was sure he would not. The column is titled "Gold Star Pedophiles" (<https://www.thestranger.com/seattle/SavageLove?oid=3347526>). That was the original working title for the group, but Ethan in particular thought it was demeaning, the relevant gold stars being shiny worthless paper things that adults bestowed on gullible children for work well done. Nick objected to Ethan's idea of "Celibate Pedophiles" because non-exclusive pedophiles are just child-celibate, not truly celibate. We finally chose "Virtuous Pedophiles". The name has generated considerable controversy but on the whole has served us well.

We put most of our effort into the website before it went live in June

of 2012. Without much initial thought, we also put together a support group. The website gained a considerable amount of positive press, including important support from James Cantor. Both Nick and Ethan gave several anonymous interviews and saw the membership in the support group increase.

Nick objected to Ethan's idea of "Celibate Pedophiles" because non-exclusive pedophiles are just child-celibate, not truly celibate...

A few other events in our VP history really stand out. In August 2014, Luke Malone wrote a wonderful article featuring one of our members, Adam. As a 16 year old, Adam had formed his own group for teenage pedophiles who were committed to not abusing children.

At the end of 2014, This American Life hosted an episode featuring Luke, Adam and the noted scientist Elizabeth Letourneau, who has become a friend of our group. This American Life is a weekly public radio show heard by 2.2 million people on more than 500 stations.

Todd Nickerson joined the group in 2014. In September 2015 he wrote a wonderful article in Salon called "I'm a Pedophile But Not a Monster", which received a tremendous amount of interest. Todd has become our most effective spokesperson. An American progressive and political opinion and liberal news site, Salon was created in 1995 by David Talbot.

Over the years, Gary Gibson began attending ATSA meetings and assembled a list of friendly therapists. Gary regularly refers members to therapists and is also an effective public figure. Gary has long been one of our most valued VP members and is involved with Association for Sexual Abuse Prevention (ASAP); an international, multi-disciplinary organization dedicated to making society safer by preventing sexual abuse. (<https://asapinternational.org/>)

Member Eddie Chambers was featured in two documentaries—The Pedophile Next Door (2014) and I, Pedophile (2016). Unfortunately, Eddie became disenchanted with the group and left, but his contributions while here were very important.

Every non-pedophile we mentioned is identified by their true name, as you would expect. Yet almost all pedophiles in our support group are known only by pseudonyms, including the two founders. Notable exceptions are the three just mentioned: Gary Gibson, Todd Nickerson, and Eddie Chambers, who in fact have helped our cause enormously by showing their faces in public, often at considerable personal cost.

Prior to our formation, ATSA (atsa.com), a highly regarded organization specializing in the treatment of sex offenders, had on its website this quote: “Although virtually all pedophiles are child molesters, not all child molesters are pedophiles.” After getting to know us, our allies in the scientific

community challenged ATSA on this, and ATSA removed the quote. One measure of what VP and similar organizations have accomplished since 2011 is that we don’t think any serious scientist would write that quote any more or believe it. The thousands of us in this group make it pretty clear that “virtually all” is not the right descriptor for how many pedophiles molest children. It’s only one small step, but a significant one.

One unforeseen benefit of the peer support group has been as a vital source for scientific research on pedophilia. It is the first time that a substantial group of pedophiles has come together who have not offended and are not in favor of making adult-child sex legal and accepted. Scientists make posts inviting board members to participate in anonymous, online surveys. Several published papers have emerged and others are in progress. Also, novelists, playwrights, and film-makers often ask to join so they can portray pedophiles more accurately in their fictional work.

Gary Gibson, Todd Nickerson, and Eddie Chambers, who in fact have helped our cause enormously by showing their faces in public, often at considerable personal cost...

It has certainly been quite a ride. When we first started, we thought we would put up a website expressing our views and be done with it.

Nine years later we have a support group that has been joined by about 6,600 people and has hosted over 270,000 posts. We feel that we have helped a lot of people come to terms with their pedophilia. We also think that we have helped some people to avoid sexual contact with children who were at risk. We have strong relationships with leading organizations, such as ATSA, Dunkelfeld, Stop It Now, and Stop-So, and with leading therapists and sexologists. We feel that we have helped to change the narrative around pedophilia, and that the hatred is a bit less than it was before we came on the scene. Many favorable articles have been written about our organization and non-offending pedophiles; we are unaware of any having been written before. If there were any, there were certainly very few.



Virtuous Pedophiles—Present

The closest we come to considering the RadPeds position is Nick’s experience at b4u-act that led him to quit that group and form VP. He believed that as long as b4u-act would not say adult-child sex was wrong, no one would listen to them. His intuition was that the difference was politically vital -- the world would only take seriously pedophiles who said

adult-child sex was wrong.

Sisyphus Mann and others recognize that this decision has been key for VP getting sympathetic media coverage and support.

Although Nick's judgment was political, it was not a matter of changing views for the purposes of political expediency. It was a matter of selection -- Nick, I, and others who shared the belief that adult-child sex is wrong separated ourselves out and formed a new organization. A great many pedophiles have come out of the woodwork and joined up.

Mann says, "every syllable that VirPeds present to the general public must express an emollient acknowledgment of the wrongness of not only all child-adult intimacy, but also of the desire itself."

Nowhere does VP say the desire itself is wrong. We do say that acting on the desire causes an unavoidable risk of harm, though we do not say it is inherently harmful either. The core VP view is that our desires do not make us evil—they make us unlucky.

Mann correctly cites the VP discussion forum rule prohibiting discussion of the idea that it is only societal attitudes that keep adult-child sex from being a good thing. He omits the next part of the rule, "Detailed discussion of why such activity is wrong is not allowed either, as it reopens the question for members who don't want to do that. It's fine to discuss these issues in other forums, but not here."

The core VP view is that our desires do not make us evil—they make us unlucky.

I and other core VP members do in fact enter into respectful and spirited debate on these topics in other forums. The prohibition came partly from the practical observation (from B4U-Act) that when discussing such views is allowed, passionate adherents dominate the conversation and crowd out moderate and nuanced views.

Fundamentally, Nick's core observation that MAPs will never get a hearing if they refuse to say adult-child sex is wrong extends past the founding of VP to all its subsequent activities. A discussion forum where this view is passionately challenged would undercut our identity. We also discovered that there are a great many MAPs who would never join a forum where such views are expressed. MAPs grew up hearing the same messages as everyone else—that pedophiles are evil. It is a revelation to them to consider that maybe they are not evil and could join a board where they can wrestle with that. But if it is a board where some people are saying adult-child sex is fundamentally OK, they want no part of that.

Mann explores the terms "anti-contact" and "pro-contact", claiming that VP is not just against sexual contact with children, but against any sort of social contact. VP has never said that nor do we believe it.

He also says, "Conversely, the term

'pro-contact' insinuates that RadPeds want sex enforced on children for their (the children's) own good." I have never heard a VP suggest that Radpeds believe that. While the terms are not ideal, the sort of contact that is intended is "a desire that sexual contact between a willing child and adult should be legalized and accepted". My attempt to avoid confusion is to start using the terms "anti-legalization" and "pro-legalization" instead.

Mann claims that VPs see their personal need to not engage children sexually as a terribly difficult struggle, in contrast to RadPeds. I have not seen anything, anywhere, that supports that conclusion. Our emphasis on no sexual contact is directed primarily at society at large, who tend to doubt we could be serious about that.

In the VP discussion forum the need to avoid adult-child sexual activity is the highest priority, in the sense that we would never suggest that a MAP continue on a course of action where we feel that they are likely to cross the line. But in fact, such discussions are very rare. The problems we discuss are centered on depression, the need to keep a big secret, and how to live a life without love or satisfying sex.

To his credit, Mann is willing to recognize good points to VP when he sees them. He recognizes that many MAPs start from a belief that they are monstrous and evil, and admits that accepting the VP message is a step forward for them.

Mann further states, “Has the success of VirPeds been detrimental to Radical Pedophilia? If one judges by the amount of bad feeling generated, or by some notional aspiration to unity in the pedophile world, then yes.” The bulk of the bad feeling has been directed towards VirPeds from the Radpeds, not the other way around.

While Nick and I felt the need to separate ourselves from the RadPeds position, we have not gone beyond stating our basic difference. From our web site, “Some pedophiles argue adult-child sex should be accepted, but we disagree and think their arguments should be greeted skeptically due to the self-interest involved.” That is not an expression of hatred or character assassination.

We are accused of a craven willingness to say anything we can to ingratiate ourselves with the public. This would surely include saying horrible things about RadPeds, trying to outdo the rest of society in condemnation. You will not find any such attacks in the VP website. We do not claim Radpeds would molest children if they could get away with it. We recognize that many Radpeds are people of principle and integrity.

We hope to convince those in the Radpeds camp to join us if they realize they agree with us -- that is how Todd Nickerson came to join us. For those who don't agree with us, we also welcome their support in achieving the goals we share, though it may seem like “half a loaf” to Radpeds. We are

happy to work with those who don't support us at all where we have common goals. Fighting trolls and vigilantes is an obvious one.

Mann is laudably realistic in noting that VirPeds have received public attention and a degree of sympathy that Radpeds have not (and would not have), and that perhaps Radpeds should wish us well.

However, Mann continues, “VirPeds have abandoned non-partisan forums for their own forum, where they can shelter from dissenting ideas.” I am not aware of anyone who used to participate in other forums who stopped doing so as a consequence of joining VP.

While Nick and I felt the need to separate ourselves from the RadPeds position, we have not gone beyond stating our basic difference...

Certainly I have not shied away from debates with thoughtful and respectful RadPeds in any forum I am aware of. My own blog “Celibate Pedophiles” <https://celibatepedos.virped.org/> analyzes a great many issues in depth, and I suspect 80% of its content would be viewed more favorably by Radpeds than by the public at large. Although the blog is not wildly popular, I have been heartened that some MAP activists have read it and found it thought-provoking and helpful.

In the view Radpeds have of us, the fact that the VP discussion forum does not allow discussion

of whether adult-child sex should be legal and accepted looms too large. As noted in our history, the discussion forum was an afterthought. The most accurate portrayal of VP beliefs is to be found on the website, not the forum. The forum has taken on a life of its own. We admit members who have molested children (‘molested’ being a term they would accept) in the past if they are committed to never doing so in the future. Their past is surely far from virtuous, but we offer them support. We admit members who seem to be struggling mightily not to view child pornography. We allow members who aren't passionately committed to adult-child sex always being wrong if they are not passionately committed to the opposite view. But as long as the forum is associated with Virtuous Pedophiles (the web site), we will not and cannot allow discussion of adult-child sex being Ok if only laws and attitudes changed.

Mann often deals with grand ideas, speaking of paradigms, dominant narratives, and cultural frames of reference. I don't resonate with that way of thinking and view it with skepticism. But I am certainly open to discussing how things were in the past and in other places. One key observation I make is that in the West today, we hold girls in higher esteem than ever before. They are not to be married off at age 13 or used as play-things. We hope that they will postpone major decisions about their lives until they are

at least 18, at which point they will have an education and a fair sense of all of life's possibilities. If you think this is a good thing, it renders obsolete any comparisons to past societies where adults acted sexually with girls at younger ages.

In summary, Mann does recognize some positive accomplishments of Virtuous Pedophiles, but makes some grave errors in portraying our basic beliefs. I hope I have been able to correct those and also present the history and underlying vision of VP.

It is of interest here to note that Mann himself has since abandoned the RadPeds view, at least to the extent of feeling that transforming society to allow adult-child sex would necessarily cause worse harm.



Thanks for reading



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