

*Alice Day*

Volume One Issue Two

# True Innocence

[www.true-innocence.net](http://www.true-innocence.net)



**Life & Times**

Alice Liddell

**True Nonsense**

Finding the Humor

**On the Home Front**

Snippets of Life





## Don't be Afraid of Words

Hedonist  
Editor-in-Chief

We made it to issue two. I'd like to say that issue one started off with a bang; 1000 hits in four days. I think we can call that a success. Unfortunately, there was a server problem and True Innocence went down. It was something beyond our control and (I hate to point fingers but I will) the technical team of the server was very, very slow in helping with the problem. Because of that, True Innocence lost some steam. We hope that there will be an equal amount of traffic for this issue and we can get back the enthusiasm that started with issue one and can carry over to issue two and even grow bigger.

Our problems are solved and cross our fingers there will not be another. It wasn't a total loss, the rest of the site stayed up and people could still download the e-zine pdf's. The only thing that was really affected was the flip book, as well as there being some complaints that the subscriber area was not working; these have been looked at and fixed.

So the good news: over all True Innocence was received well. There were some good reviews from both a French forum and a German/Czech forum. So much so, that they are both planning to emulate our efforts and try and put out e-zines of their own. To me, that is one of the best compliments we could ever receive

Some truth; there has been some negative comments also. Most were about the spelling errors that occurred throughout the e-zine; as we progressed, it did become apparent that we needed help in that area. Neither Astronomer nor I are any kind of editors of note. And considering that we were responsible for editing all of the e-zine,

it was a bigger task than any of us had imagined. But by the time we came to that realization, it was too late in the game to do anything about it. So, we have recruited some copy-editors to help out for this issue and future issues. There were other lessons learned. You'll notice we have stuck to one font for this issue for each article. The reason being, when you printed out the e-zine some of the fonts chosen were hard to read, so the font used now will solve that problem. We are also still experimenting with layouts. Some were too busy, some I just didn't like, and some were unappealing to both the reader(s) and the columnist. So there has been an attempt to redo some of those. But, be patient. It will be an ongoing process so everything still will not be perfect this early on.

There were other good suggestions as we read the feedback and you'll see them incorporated into this issue. The most significant was a request to add a short bio of each columnist, a feature that you'll find in this issue. There were also some concerns about the definition of "non" and "anti"; these, too, have been changed.

A question was brought up about why all the columnists names were anonymous screen names. While it is self-evident to most of us, those who are not pedophiles do not know. The reason is simple. For pedophiles (and their sympathizers), the present-day climate in western society is akin to the Salem witch hunt. People refuse to separate pedophiles from sex-offenders, and that can make it a dangerous situation for not only pedophiles, but their friends and families as well.

In the end we are learning along the way and we hope each issue will get better and better. Not bad for two guys who do this in our spare time and had to start from ground zero.

One final comment - we want to thank not just everyone who helped make True Innocence a reality, but also those who have received it so well. Thank you to all those who are just willing to listen with an open mind.





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## True Innocence Disclaimer

What you are reading right now is a collection of articles, stories, and miscellaneous items written by a diverse group of pedophiles and "nons". We hope that by reading these pages you may come to understand us better and that this magazine will only be the first of a long list of resources that you use to make up your own mind of who and what a pedophile is. So what is a pedophile? Well that is one of the things this magazine hopes to help with, the understanding that pedophiles are a group of people who happen to have an attraction to children. However, even that description is vague, within those that society would call "pedophile", there are some who are attracted only to teenaged individuals and others that are only attracted to girls under the age of five, others still that have no particular age group or gender that they find exclusively attractive. So with that, how does a group of people that are only grouped because of their attractions decide on any hard and fast ideals? Well the simple answer is they do not. Like any group that is a group simply because of one overriding trait, pedophiles do not agree on everything within our own group. Similar to homosexuals, pedophiles are group made up of many varying and sometimes apposing view points. We have liberals and conservatives, we have libertarian and Greenpeace ideologies represented, we have Christian and Muslims, and we have agnostics and out right atheist, and many other view points. So remember as you read this magazine, each article, each story and everything else within these pages are the view points of the author of each piece, and as such is not necessarily the view point of anyone else.

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'Non' - short for 'non' pedophile: someone who is not sexually attracted to children.

'Anti' - short for anti-pedophile: a more militant person with a profound and/or obsessive hatred of pedophiles.



# The Doctor is In

*A periodical penned by Writer*

## HYGIENE – DO YOU PLAY YOUR PART?

As a practicing medic, one of the issues I am constantly aware of is hygiene – and in the case of young girls - the lack of it.

As parents it is our responsibility to educate our children on many aspects of life.

Sadly, this is one area that seems to be often overlooked.

It's fairly obvious that many parents pay little attention to their daughters when it comes to cleaning themselves effectively, both in the bath and after toileting.

There seems to be a range of reasons, some plausible, others harder to concede with, as to why this is the case.

I've heard comments ranging from

- Oh, she will learn it when she gets older.
- There's no need for her to know
- I'm sure she knows to wash there
- Is it important?
- I never did it as a child

To comments such as

- I wouldn't feel comfortable showing her how to
- I didn't know it was necessary
- (blank look) Are you for real?
- Sex was never discussed in our house (!)
- That's perverted

I know of instances where girls have been shown how to clean themselves once, and never been followed up on, so it doesn't get done. Most kids, when they are sent for a bath or a shower, spend more time playing than they do washing, and if there is any kind of self-cleaning actually done, it's far too cursory and rudimentary to be of any real use.

Sure, kids hate water. Few I've ever met really enjoy the task of washing themselves and many will try to weasel out of it wherever possible.

So, what's the best idea here? How do we, as parents, encourage and foster good hygiene in our girls?

Many parents turn a blind eye in this respect because it's easier to ignore it on the basis that "it's not important" than try to deal with a child who is protesting madly about having to take a shower.

Unfortunately, if there is one area that does need some perseverance with, it's hygiene, especially with girls.

When it comes to toileting, a lot of parents aren't even aware of the importance for girls to wipe correctly.

Just recently I had an online friend ask me about a problem with a young girl he knows. He was quite concerned about her, as she had told him that every time she went to pee, it hurt. Subsequently, she found it more and more difficult to go to the bathroom, until it got to the stage where she refused to go due to the imminent pain.

The patient in this instance was 6 years old.

I spent some time in "conversation" with my friend, eliciting answers from him as to her hygiene habits and advising him on what may be wrong with her and how it may have come about.

It was fairly obvious to me that this girl was suffering from a UTI – urinary tract infection. These are common in children, especially among girls.

Urinary tract infections are caused by germs



which infect the urethra (the urinary opening) and sometimes the bladder. Infections are more common where there are abnormalities of the kidneys or urinary tract (where the urine collects), thereby encouraging the growth of germs.

Children may complain of classic symptoms such as pain or stinging on passing urine, or they may have a frequent urge to run to the toilet.

Sometimes they pass small amounts of urine often and have difficulty in getting started. These symptoms can be accompanied by fever, abdominal pain and blood may be present in the urine.

Younger children who are not able to clearly explain their problem may have an unexplained fever, irritability and bouts of crying go off their food or even vomit.

A problem that can arise from having a UTI is water retention. A child that becomes fearful of passing urine due to the impending pain may actually refuse to use the toilet and therefore withhold urine. This is counterproductive to getting rid of the infection.

Symptoms alone however can not diagnose a UTI. A urine test is almost always necessary, and this must be done before any antibiotics are taken.

There is a possibility there could be an underlying structural abnormality of the kidneys or urinary tract, and any child presenting with the symptoms of a UTI needs to have tests done to determine if this is the case or not.

Antibiotics are predominantly prescribed for UTIs, although natural alternatives such as homeopathic remedies are also effective

and are a form of treatment that I recommend.

In the first instance, a child will benefit greatly from drinking plenty of water.

Water, the great elixir and cure-all of life will help to flush out germs and bacteria from the urinary system.

Girls should be encouraged to drink plenty of water each day, and if they should happen to get a UTI, drinking plenty of water will help expedite the healing process.



As toddlers, children are apt to being naked from the waist down, and this is a good thing from a medical perspective.

It allows air to circulate around the vulva/urethra, which keeps the area cool and makes it difficult for bacteria to multiply.

As children get older, the desire to be naked decreases and a large percentage of time is

spent in restrictive clothing, especially underwear that doesn't allow free air flow.

In fact, the only time a child is really without underwear is when they shower or bathe, and then they put more underwear on and spend the next 8 to 10 hours asleep in a warm bed.

The underwear remains on for the next day or two, only to be removed once again for bathing.

This almost constant wearing of underwear is in fact unhealthy.

It has been found that children who grow up in naturist families or families where nudity is acceptable and convenient are far healthier than their counterparts who are predominantly clothed. Skin needs to breathe. Clothing traps air which becomes



stale and damp; the ideal breeding conditions for bacteria.

Parents of children, especially girls, need to adopt a policy of underwear being removed at least before bedtime, which will afford some exposure to the air of the genital area and help to reduce the instance of bacteria multiplication.

Underwear should be made of cotton, as it allows far more air movement than other types.

Another important issue is cleaning. A girl needs to be shown how to wash her vulva properly, and observation of the practice should be carried out until such time as you are satisfied that she is doing it correctly and effectively. Most young girls have no idea what their genitalia look like. The easiest way to show them is with the use of a small mirror.

Get your girls to sit on the bed with her pants removed and legs spread. Hold the mirror in a suitable position or if she is old enough allow her to hold the mirror herself. This will enable her to see her vulva, and to identify the labia minora which need to be cleaned around when she is taking a bath or shower.

Washing is important, but the single biggest cause of UTI's in young girls is caused by incorrect wiping after pooing.

It's most important to teach your girl to always wipe from front to back after peeing or pooing. This prevents bacteria and germs being spread forward from the anus.

From the time your daughter is potty trained and out of diapers, it's time to educate her in good toileting procedures. As with most young children, you'll need to follow them up for some time to make sure they have it right. Girls should get into the habit of peeing every three to four hours, and before bedtime.

Following the toilet, hand washing and drying is the second biggest area of concern. Bacteria are easily spread by kids' active hands, so it's important to wash with soap and dry afterwards. Surprisingly enough, it's more important to dry the hands than it is to use soap! Wet hands will still spread bacteria.

Habits learnt correctly at a young age will help them through their growing years into adulthood and foster good practices that will be handed down to the next generation. We can step in and break the cycles of bad habits.

Our children will thank us for it in the long run. 

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Featuring Treblevoice

## Associated Press: Justices block Internet porn law

WASHINGTON - The Supreme Court ruled Tuesday that a law meant to punish pornographers who peddle dirty pictures to Web-surfing kids is probably an unconstitutional muzzle on free speech.

The high court divided 5-to-4 over a law passed in 1998, signed by then-President Clinton and now backed by the Bush administration. The majority said a lower court was correct to block the law from taking effect because it likely violates the First Amendment.

In considering the issue a third time, the court did not end a long fight, however. The majority voted to send the case back to a lower court for a trial that could give the government a chance to prove the law does not go too far.

The ruling in *Ashcroft v. American Civil Liberties Union* was the last of nearly 80 cases decided in a busy court term that ended Tuesday with no announcements that any of the nine justices would retire. The year's marquee cases involving presidential power to deal with suspected terrorists were announced Monday and for the most part represented a loss for the Bush

administration.

Justice Department spokesman Mark Corallo denounced the ruling.

"Our society has reached a broad consensus that child obscenity is harmful to our youngest generation and must be stopped," Corallo said. "Congress has repeatedly attempted to address this serious need, and the court yet again opposed these common-sense measures to protect America's children."

The majority, led by Justice Anthony M. Kennedy, said there may have been important technological advances in the five years since a federal judge blocked the law.

Holding a new trial will allow discussion of what technology, if any, might allow adults to see and buy material that is legal for them while keeping that material out of the hands of children.

Justices John Paul Stevens, David H. Souter, Clarence Thomas and Ruth Bader Ginsburg agreed with Kennedy.

Tuesday's pornography ruling is more nuanced, but still a blow to the government. It marks the third time the high court has considered the case, and it may

not be the last.

The ACLU and other critics of the antipornography law said that it would restrict far too much material that adults may legally see and buy.

"We're very pleased with the decision," ACLU lawyer Ann Beeson said. "The status quo is still with us and the court made it safe for artists, sex educators and Web publishers to communicate with adults without risking jail time."

The law, which never took effect, would have authorized fines up to \$50,000 for the crime of placing material that is "harmful to minors" within the easy reach of children on the Internet.

The law also would have required adults to use access codes and or other ways of registering before they could see objectionable material online.

For now, the law, known as the Child Online Protection Act, would sweep with too broad a brush, Kennedy wrote. "There is a potential for extraordinary harm and a serious chill upon protected speech" if the law took effect, he said.

Kennedy said that filtering software "is not a perfect solution



to the problem of children gaining access to harmful-to-minors materials." So far, he added, the government has failed to prove that other technologies would work better.

In dissent, Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist and justices Sandra Day O'Connor, Antonin Scalia and Stephen Breyer said the law is constitutional and should be upheld.

Restrictions about who would be covered by the law and how it would be enforced "answer many of the concerns raised by those who attack its constitutionality," Breyer wrote.

The conservative Family Research Council was also quick to react. "With spam emails and pop-up ads littering the Internet, it is easy to see how a child could unwittingly end up on a pornographic Web site," legal advisor Pat Trueman said in a statement. "It is not too much to ask that Web users who want to access commercial pornographic content prove they are adults."

"We are especially disappointed that Justice Clarence Thomas was on the wrong side of this decision," he added.

Congress had tried repeatedly to find a way to protect Web-surfing children from smut without running afoul of the First Amendment.

The justices unanimously struck

down the first version of a child-protection law passed in 1996, just as the Internet was becoming a commonplace means of communication, research and entertainment.

Congress responded by passing COPA, saying the new law met the Supreme Court's free-speech standards.

The ACLU challenged COPA immediately, arguing that the replacement law was every bit as unconstitutional as the original. The law has been tied up in the courts ever since.

The ACLU challenged the law on behalf of online bookstores, artists and others, including operators of Web sites that offer explicit how-to sex advice or health information. The ACLU argued that its clients could face jail time or fines for distributing information that, while racy or graphic, is perfectly legal for adult eyes and ears.

Material that is indecent but not obscene is protected by the First Amendment. Adults may see or purchase it, but children may not.

A Philadelphia-based federal appeals court has stricken down the law twice, on both broad and fairly narrow grounds.

The case is *Ashcroft v. ACLU*, 03-218.

#### Comments:

It goes without saying that this article is biased in favour of the proposed law. In the first sentence it mentions "pornographers who peddle dirty pictures to Web-surfing kids". It then becomes clear that the problem in question is that of children accidentally seeing, not deliberately being sold, and pornography. Anyone who knows the law knows that someone who was known deliberately to have given child pornography would be sent to prison. Most people don't have a detailed knowledge this particular aspect of the law because, unlike paedophiles, they don't have a vested interest in knowing it, and so they accept statements like this one, which are tantamount to deliberate lies and are certainly intended to incite hatred.

Mark Corallo mentions "child obscenity". What is he talking about? He doesn't mean child porn, as the phrase seems to imply; he means children seeing adult porn. He seems to know that all you have to do is put the words 'child' and 'obscenity' together and everyone will see red.

I know from experience that 'parental controls software' often simply blocks all websites to which the 'administrator' of the software has not allowed access, and that if it doesn't it is quite easy to get around. Children nowadays are, generally speaking, more computer-savvy



than adults, which are an issue, that adults are aware of but prefer to skate around! The other current option—making adults who want to look at a pornographic website register with website and prove that they are adults—sounds like a potentially dangerous invasion of civil liberties.

"It is easy to see," remarks Pat Trueman, "how a child could unwittingly end up on a pornographic website." Indeed it is. Someone I know did exactly that when she was 11. She is now studying medicine at university and seems completely undamaged by the appalling ordeal of having glimpsed adult pornography for thirty seconds as a sixth-grader. In fact, she enjoys regaling people with the story. It's difficult to imagine how one brief look at adult porn could traumatize a child who wasn't traumatized already. The supporters of this act miss one very obvious point: if you accidentally end up on a website you don't have to stay on it; you can simply close it down, which takes you all of a second. What are they afraid of? Well, they're afraid that children will be interested by or even like what they see, will keep looking at it, will want to see more—they're afraid of children's healthy sexual curiosity—but they can't admit this because to do so would be to contradict the dogma of pure and innocent childhood. Of course nobody would even dream of suggesting that some children deliberately

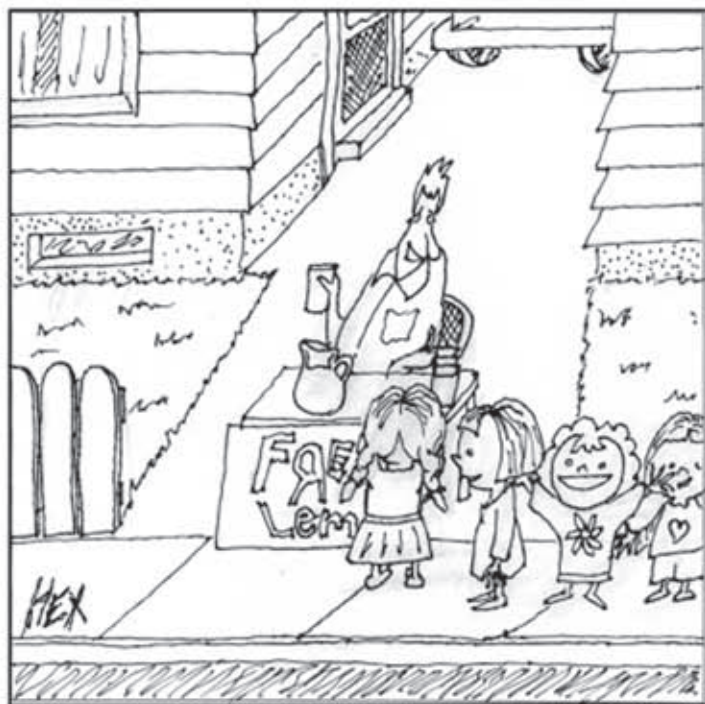
look for porn online, even though plenty do, and nobody points out the ridiculousness of saying that no 17-year-old may look at 'obscene material' but that it's perfectly all right for any 18-year-old to do so.

When I was 9 I read my uncle's Penthouses, which he'd left lying around, and I seem to be perfectly healthy. When I was in 12th grade one of my teachers had a good laugh telling the class about how she'd discovered her 10-year-old son climbing a tree to look at bikini-clad women in the swimming pool next door. A friend of mine recently told me, with a chuckle, that he had discovered his 9-year-old son searching for Internet porn with a friend. The two of them were giggling away madly and all my friend did was to say, "Come downstairs now, boys; it's time for dinner." Experiences like

these are a commonplace part of childhood. Being caught up in a court process because of them is what would do real harm to a child.

Well, the law was stricken down; clearly some people are willing to defend civil liberties, and perhaps even remember their own childhoods. But what, to me, is most worrying about the article is its anti-sexual bias, its references to "dirty" pictures and "smut". "Material that is indecent but not obscene is protected by the First Amendment..." I suppose that means porn depicting adults rather than children. But why need it be either indecent or obscene? Can't it just be normal? The hysteria over child sexuality is directly linked to a culture that restricts sexuality in general, and that isn't healthy. ♥

IN A PERFECT WORLD





# On the Home Front

## *Finding the Muse with Siva*

Whenever I read a news story or hear a newscast about “us”, “our kind”, it is an occasion of sometimes humor and sometimes sadness but always an occasion of confusion. Is that me they are talking about? I look in the mirror and do not see what they are saying. In fact I see quite the opposite. So I listen more intently in case I am simply missing something. But no, it can't be me--my life is nowhere near that adventurous to start with. Nope, no skulking about for me. I really do not have the time for that kind of thing, even if it was something I wished to do. I tick off on my fingers the things I do not do: I don't hang out at playgrounds, schools, etc.; I don't follow little girls down the street with evil intent; I don't talk online to cops pretending to be little girls; I don't even own an overcoat! Now I am totally confused because from what I am hearing I am not much of a pedophile. I guess I shouldn't say that here – they might not let me write anymore.

So what am I? Well, to be honest, I AM a pedophile. But how can this be? I mean, if I don't do everything above then one of us is wrong: either I am not pedophile, or the media is wrong. I don't think I am wrong. I really, really think I am a pedophile. I really hope I am a pedophile or this is going to be the shortest-lived column ever. So what am I to do? I could, I guess, write about a day in my life and let the reader decide, but damn...I like having a column of my own, and after writing about my boring life I will probably lose it. Oh well, I should take more risks. So I will take the plunge and place my future in you, the readers', hands.

One word of caution before I proceed--for those of you determined to place me in the categories above, start hardening your hearts. There is always the danger that you will see in me your neighbor or, (gasp), even yourself. For the rest, please try to stay awake.

“Wake up Pepere.”

Even half asleep I have to chuckle to myself. I have never figured out the “logic” of why Maggie whispers when she is trying to wake me? But then again she is only four, so ....

“Shhhhh – I am sleeping.”

She giggles and says: “No sir!”

“Sure I am. Look, my eyes are closed.” I say this while purposely scrunching up my eyes tight, and of course she laughs.

I wanted to sleep another hour, but I guess my day has started--our routine has begun. It never seems to change, and I appreciate that as much as she does. I love to tease her about me sleeping, and for a short time we banter it about with me making fake snoring sounds accompanied by giggles and whispers of “Get up Pepere.” Finally I make a show of gathering her in my arms and surrounding her and just giving her a big smooch. She giggles and wiggles and squeals in protest and loves every second of it.

But today is a big day and so I must get up. It is not only July 4th, but also we have a guest who Maggie is not quite sure of. You see Maggie sleeps at Pepere's house and hasn't ever met the situation where someone else does as well. But that is OK since we do have a routine, and for her it is de rigeur. I roll out of bed while she giggles, and I put on a pair of shorts and a T. Maggie is properly attired in her stunningly pink Barbie nightgown, and grandfather and granddaughter hold each other as we make our morning cup of tea. It is important that rituals are fulfilled, and so we make us each a hot cup of tea, snuggle in the dad chair, and watch and listen to *Canta Domini* together. The day has begun.

Now usually we take a leisurely breakfast on the deck, and tease and play at something like coloring or painting, but today she is too excited. Tonight “everyone” is coming over for



a cookout and fireworks. When you are four a day is a lifetime, so she is impatient already. I have to laugh, and we speed up our routine, but first we have to wake our guest. This is a friend of mine from a forum, and he is spending a few days of vacation with my family and I. Oh, and he too is a pedophile. So with much giggling and teasing we stand outside his door making enough noise to wake the dead, and trying to coax Maggie into sneaking up on him, but she is shy and so we just knock on the door and run away laughing.

My friend joins us in the living room and Maggie shyly watches him, safe at my side, but smiling to beat the band. "Pepere, I have to take my bath." I smile because this too is part of the routine. I get the water running and while she strips and jumps in I must gather her toys for her--it is just the way it is done--laughing. So I get the play cups and plates and coffee maker and plastic ware, etc., and bring them to her, and spend the next hour trying to get two minutes to speak with my guest but mainly sitting on the edge of the tub while she plays at making food and I pretend to eat it. Finally I wash her long hair for her, and help her out of the tub, wrapping her in a fluffy towel. Off she runs to my bedroom, as per her routine, and I help her to dry off, and help her get dressed as well. She can dress herself, but she loves being babied in this way, and I like spoiling her. After she is dressed it is time for my turn in the shower, and she jumps on my bed, grabs the remote, and flips through the channels.

Now she has a little trick she likes to play on me, and today is no different. Just as the water is right and I am about to step in the shower, she calls for me. I step out of the bathroom into my bedroom and she giggles to beat the band: "Ewww, you're naked!" I laugh at being

**"Pepere, I have to take my bath."**

"tricked" again by her, and we both ignore that she does this every time she sleeps over. It has never dawned in her young mind that I just may have caught on to her trick by now, but it is harmless, so off I go and finally get my shower. Now we must shave together. I pick her up and sit her on the counter next to my sink and as I lather my face I lather hers as well. Then I shave one section of my face and the same section of

hers as well, only I use the back, (not the blade side), of the razor for her. She never tires of shaving with me and it is a very important thing for her. After we are both shaved we both splash water on our faces and share a towel to dry--each on one end of it. Laughing--then comes the aftershave and we must do our pits as well. When she was younger she used to shower with me and so she would be naked while we shaved.

Then as soon as I put aftershave on her she would run naked through the house to let everyone smell her--laughing. Now we are more dignified and she is smugger.

She was still way too excited to eat and wanted to run right out and start setting up the wading pools for all her friends who were coming. We finally had to play our trump card and ask if she wanted to go to McDonalds? The little angel would let the world burn to go to McDonalds, and so we pile into the car with a solemn promise from her that she would eat her Happy Meal BEFORE playing the games and running through the playground. She actually kept half that promise--laughing. It was fun though,





in that I could just relax and speak with my friend while watching her play, and enjoy the sight of children just being children without a care in the world.

Usually I can never get her out of there and it makes me feel guilty even trying. I mean, hey, she is having fun and I feel I should just let her as long as possible. She is only this young for a very short time. But today it is easy. I simply tell her that it is time to set up the pools and she is off like a rocket wanting to get back home. It is a short ride but she is chatting away a mile a minute on how each little pool should be and how we need make a fire and how many sparklers do we have and maybe I should help little Gabby with sparklers since she is only 3 and ...she has this whole thing worked out in her head and I am just now being informed, as it were--laughing.

Before we are even in the front door she is asking: "Pepere, can I put on my bathing suit?" I tell her that would be great since we have to wash out the pools, and without thought she just strips down right there. Of course she can't remember where her suit is so I have to tag along for the most part helping her find it. We finally get it on her and head out back. For the next few hours we wash out pools and inflate toys and get the bubble machines filled and working and do all the things necessary for tonight's festivities. Maggie can't wait, and her enthusiasm is infectious. I find myself almost as impatient as she is.

But time passes as it usually does, and soon it is time as our guests arrive. First it is Maggie's brothers and her friends Rita (4) and Gabby (2). Then right on their heels there is a friend of mine with his twin boys and his 11-year-old daughter, Katie. Of course we start up the bubble machine and, to make things even more sensational to the kids, we light a few smoke flares and next thing you know the yard is filled with yellow smoke and floating scintillating bubbles. More guests come, and even more kids, and before you know it the yard is filled to the brim with kids playing in the pools and playing on the swings and just running around. It is mayhem of the first degree and all we adults just love it.

The problem with it being summer is it stays light so late. So now we, the adults, have to put off the kids for a little while, so it gets to at least dusk for the fireworks. "Who wants hot dogs?", I shout. Laughing--what a response!! I am suddenly swamped by kids and I can't grill fast enough. Parents, friends and neighbors are all pitching in trying to get everyone a dog just as they like it. The kids are thrilled, and just for fun we put a few mortar rounds in the air--a little taste of what is to come. All the kids start yelling more and are laughing and giggling to beat the band, and, finally, the sun is setting. "Who wants fireworks?" The yell is deafening and you would have thought you were at some major sporting event. So my friend and I start hauling out fireworks and before you know it every child there wants to help. We let them help, but only after a very serious explanation that the fireworks are not toys and cannot be played with. Each child carries out a firework most solemnly, so proud of him- or herself for being "big" and being able to help. Soon we have what looks like a line of busy ants going back and forth between the house and the deck until all the fireworks are outside. Now the tension in the kids mounts. They love fireworks, but are a little scared of them as well.

It is funny to watch the kids. The boys are a little older and each is trying to "outbrave" the other while trying not to look scared, but the girls seem to drift naturally to my friend and myself--not even to their parents so much, but us two. To break the ice we pass out sparklers, and soon the yard is ablaze with what looks like fireflies. Suddenly I feel this little tug on my shirttail. It is the youngest, Gabby, and she looks at me expectantly and asks: "Pepere, help me?" She is a little scared of the sparklers but wants so badly to have one herself--well, sort of. I know what it is she wants so I pick her up and grab a sparkler. "You want me to hold one for you?" She smiles radiantly and nods yes. Now she is in on the action as well and I walk her around the yard.

Meanwhile, the adults have been hard at work setting up, and it is time. All the adults are sitting on the deck with hotdogs and cold drinks, the boys are edging around the yard in



the semi-dark trying to look brave, and the girls have swirled around my friend and I. My friend has a group sitting with him by the swings, and I have a group with me closer the deck, since I have to help with the fireworks. At the first large boom, and the sky lighting up, the girls squeal with delight and hug me tighter. I have two sitting on my lap and one under each arm as well, and they are thrilled. Display after display goes up, and with each the kids are mesmerized. I see my friend halfway across the yard and it seems all the girls are the same.


Little Maggie pulls on my sleeve and says: "Pepere, I have to go potty." Now I know that women like to go to the bathroom together, but I am now starting to believe that it is instilled at birth because suddenly two others say they have to go as well. I tell them to go ahead but they say they want me to take them. It is totally unnecessary since they know to go alone, but they are insistent. So I and the three weave our way through all the adults on the deck and into the house and bathroom.

It is a scene so comical as to be almost unbelievable. The three, with no concern about modesty whatsoever, simply strip off their bathing suits and, through some telepathic communication for all I know, choose who goes first. And now I am sitting in the bathroom with three naked little girls and they are wide eyed and so serious explaining to me the fireworks they were watching. "Pepere it was so pretty ... Pepere that big bang scared me but I like it... Pepere I like the purple ones...", etc., etc. You can't even laugh at how ridiculous it all looks, since this is a big thing to them and they are sharing with you, so you take them very serious and respect the trust they have placed in you. Finally, with a little help, everyone is dressed again and we go out back to watch the rest.

For me this night is a wonderland, a fairy domain: the warm fresh air and the stars twinkling above, the sound and sight of the fireworks blazing across the sky, and the little girls who fill me with so much love. I have arms full of them and each is special to me. At every burst and every light at least one turns to me to share her joy and I am so blessed. I get hugs and squeals and laughter and each is a benedic-

tion, each is a boon to my soul. It is a heady brew--my friends here enjoying themselves, the kids beside themselves with joy, my friend and I finally being able to meet in real life without being hunted, and the very normalcy of it all as well--playing with children without parents worrying. That is the way it should be in our world: no one seeing anything wrong in any boy or girl receiving a hug. It is a safe place for me and for the children. It is a refuge for a few hours for my friend and me to enjoy ourselves with children as well--to share their lives and their joys and their concerns. All too soon it will be over and cold reality will take its place.

Well there it is. It is not much, I admit, in the way of a story or column. It doesn't hold any lofty message or present any pertinent arguments for those who hate us. As I said at the beginning, it may even be boring to many simply because it is middle class blah that many do not or cannot appreciate. But that is its very point. To some it would seem a chore to go to all that trouble, but for me it is a labor of love, rewarded by a little girl smiling. The cleanup afterwards is a headache to most, but I received a hug and kiss and free love from angels. For a time I was able to be myself--not in hiding nor in shadow but in the light of friendship, fellowship and children. That is very precious to us.

"To us"...I've changed my mind after all. You do not get to decide--I AM a pedophile. And while I cannot seem to conform to what so many wish me to be, I can love and I can feel and I can understand. To those who do understand and especially to those who do not, welcome to my home. 

I am created Siva





ACCEPTANCE  
ALICE  
ALICEPIX  
ANGEL  
ANTI  
BABBLECLUB  
BOBBIE  
BRAINWASH  
CANDIDS  
CAUSE  
DAISY  
DEBATE

EARLITIST  
EDUCATION  
ENCRYPTION  
FORUM  
FRIENDS  
GAIM  
GIRL  
HEART  
HEBEPHILIA  
HEDONIST  
HUGS  
INSANITY

JOY  
JUSTICE  
KISSES  
LEA  
LOVE  
LOVER  
MAGAZINE  
MEMBERS  
MUTANT  
MISTER  
MODELS  
MOMENTS

NEPIPHILIA  
NON  
PEDOPHILE  
PERVERTED  
PROTECTION  
PURPLE  
SACRIFICE  
SANDRA  
SIGHTINGS  
SOCIETY  
STARLETLVR  
STRONG

TEDDYBEAR  
TELIOPHILE  
TIM  
TOR  
TRUST  
TRUST  
VISION  
WALMART  
WRITER  
YIM

Answers on  
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# Innocuous Inoculations

13

By I Love Green Olives

It's the thought that counts...

## QUOTE

If a man is considered guilty  
4 what goes on in his mind  
Then gimme the electric chair  
4 all my future crimes  
--Prince, Batdance

Words mean things. They have an intrinsic power beyond the simple inking of paper. The shapes that deliver meaning have always had a touch of the mystical to them. How much more then do we ascribe this power to the spoken word? And even more to the display of images giving forth a form of pseudo-life to those who see them? The pen is mightier than the sword—and a picture which empowers a thousand of these—is mightier still! Little wonder then oppressive societies have always sought to restrict their scapegoats from having access to this form of power!

Censorship then should be considered a most grievous of all evils for its affects on the mind, because by criminalizing speech it seeks to **eliminate thought**.

Self-induced psychosis can be the only result. What else is a psychosis but the mind mapping around facts which do not conform to preconceived notions? In every generation science and many of the many fields of human sociology are stymied, waiting for the death of the old guard, unable to progress beyond a certain point because they who lead the fields are unable to see beyond what they **know** to be true.

The many physicians of Pasteur's time went to their death reviling the great man's delusions, 'tiny little animals in the blood indeed' they said. Today we understand the biology of germs and bacteria even to the point of completely eradicating certain diseases from existence. Einstein may have formulated the theory of relativity and today his name is a synonym for genius, yet he famously said, 'God does not play dice with the

universe' when confronted with the mathematical formulas that lead to quantum physics.

A recent conversation with my mother had me slamming up against this wall of modern psychosis with regards to youth sexuality. She was simply unable to even so much as conceive of anything beyond what currently is. This despite the several years age disparity between both her parents and my father's parents. This despite not even forty years ago during times of less 'anti-sex' propaganda things was much more common. This despite not even a hundred years ago the very acts which are declaimed as being immoral and to use the word she herself used—unnatural....

Unnatural??

For a man to desire a girl?

Unnatural???

A hundred years ago it was **standard!**

What changed?

**Blind, Dumb, Unreasoning Prejudice**

## QUOTE

But in change  
Could be admission of regret  
And I don't know  
If I'm ready  
Ready for that yet

--Rez Band, In Change

It's like the wave of disorientation you get when going down a flight of stairs and you reach for that last step, only to realize it isn't there. Or the sudden shock of having an ice cube shoved down under your shirt. There's an impact below the surface when you realize those around you, friends, close family members and other relatives are just as subject to the biases and cultural prejudices of the world we live in as



anyone else. The reason it hurts so much is because just like the feeling of betrayal you get when those closest to you reject this part of you, it too is beneath the surface. It too is a blind, dumb, unreasoning prejudice for us to think somehow *just by knowing us* people should reject the paedophile boogie man featured nigh daily on the television.

It's helpful to remember the prejudice *is* **blind**.

And it *is* **unreasoning**.

And while the *prejudice* may indeed be dumb, those who espouse it are **not**.

And **that** is why it hurts so much.

Because we thought only the uneducated, the foolish, the willfully ignorant truly believed the lies served up by the media in its many incarnations. Surely my friends | family | coworkers | others are too intelligent to fall for those old tricks! They know **ME** and they'd never believe the junk science they see on TV over me, their son | brother/sister | best friend | coworker! Why, we've known each other since...

We forget prejudice works not with logic, but rationalization.

Oh, and the most ironic part of all? The profile they've developed for you and I always seem to fit them better than it does us. That's the whole projection thing rearing its ugly head again.

You can educate yourself out of prejudice. You can learn to control bigotry the same way. The hardest thing to weed out always seems to be projection, *because you know you*. And the evil that dwells in our own hearts reflected back at us in the image of others is the most damning indictment of all. Which is why so often once you scrape away at the sneering veneer of the average Anti you usually discover a self-hating Paedophile in disguise?

Mirror, Mirror

### QUOTE

Basic instincts, social life  
Paradoxes side by side.  
Don't submit to stupid rules  
Be yourself and not a fool.  
Don't accept average habits  
Open your heart and push the limits.  
Open your heart and push the limits  
Open your heart and push the limits  
--Enigma, Push the Limits

Sometimes we reflect, and sometimes we're simply reflecting. Sometimes what we see and so vehemently dislike in others is something we dislike within ourselves. And sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

Not every foaming from the mouth Anti will turn out to be a self-hating Paedophile.

You'll discover that for every troll in search of validation there will be several former victims of abuse, seeking to take out their frustrations on *you* because you and I have been dubbed acceptable targets for them to vent their rages upon.

Moreover, we are the modern equivalents to witches, gypsies, jews, blacks, gays, etc-- just one more socially accepted scapegoat for the evils of society people are either unable or unwilling to change --so we may be attacked without provocation, because we are by definition evil.

It isn't always easy or possible to tell which case is which.

So we should always be speaking to the third party in our conversations on the net.

In nearly every situation on the internet your words can be seen by more than one person. Whether you post in a blog, comment on a news site, or write an article or column in an e-Zine like this one, you have the ability to reach multiple people. The person to whom you speak in the here and now is *not* your ultimate target, the person to whom you should always be



focusing your best arguments is the interested bystander, who will read your words and consider them. In the long term the various trolls and agent provocateurs are unimportant, what is important is the power of our words resonating in the minds of others, long after we're gone.

The Future is...

#### QUOTE

I ain't happy, I'm feeling glad  
I got sunshine, in a bag  
I'm useless, but not for long  
The future is coming on  
It's coming on  
It's coming on  
It's coming on  
--Gorillaz, Clint Eastwood

So my mother --a product of her environment reacts according to her conditioning--why should I be surprised? I *shouldn't* be. What I (we) **should** do is seek to change that environment, change the conditioning, and change the society as a result.

More importantly, you and I need to spend time in serious contemplation over those issues as well, because like it or not we are also products of this environment. As JD420 once said, "we will essentially have to retroactively re-raise...

everyone... in the alternative, non-abusive, nurturing environment they very much did not have." Let us begin to do so now, in ourselves. It may be hard for us and a pain in our hearts when those closest to us do not seem to understand who we are, but how much of this misunderstanding may be inspired by our own secret doubts? How can we expect others to confront dragons when we ourselves resist uncharted territory for fear of falling off the edge of the known world?

This Alice Day, (April, 25th) does something very brave. Break out of the box you're constrained by. Stop allowing yourself to be controlled by external forces and shaped to fit a position you will never be comfortable in.

So go tell someone close to you about Girl-Love and explain why you identify with it. Make a sign and post it somewhere with your own personal Girl-Love manifestoes. Donate to a charity for children or become a sponsor for a child overseas like you see in late night infomercials. Take **action**, positive *action* to break free from the trap of thought control we all suffer through.

You and I may not change the world today or even see tomorrow's changes, but we'll eventually get there. The world does not change overnight, but through gradual evolutionary steps towards a better future. My mother will probably never understand the way things are for Child-Lovers, but in the long run she too will simply have to accept the changes as they come. ❤️

## Pedantics





# Life & Times

By Treblevoice

Alice Pleasance Liddell was born on May 4, 1852, to Anglican priest Dr Henry G. Liddell and his wife Lorina Hanna Liddell, née Reeve. She had three older siblings: Harry, who was born in 1847; Arthur, who was born in 1850 and died of scarlet fever in 1853; and Lorina, who was born in 1849. She also had six younger siblings, including a brother who died as an infant. When Alice was born her father was the Dean of Westminster School, but shortly afterwards he was appointed to the Deanery of Christ Church, Oxford, and the family moved there in 1856, when Alice was almost 4. Alice grew up mainly in the company of Lorina and of her younger sister Edith, born in 1854, to whom she was very close. The family regularly spent holidays in the country at their holiday home Penmorfa, now the Gogarth Abbey Hotel on the West Shore of Llandudno in North Wales.

Shortly after the Liddell family's move to Christ Church, on April 25, 1856, they encountered a young man of 24 who was photographing the cathedral with a borrowed camera. This young man was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and in subsequent years he became a close friend of the family and of the three middle girls in particular.

H e

## Sweet Vision of Mine The Ultimate Joy of Life True Alice Liddell

was a keen and talented amateur photographer and the girls, particularly Alice, were among his favourite subjects; in 1859, when Alice was 7, he took a famous series of photographs of her in various costumes and postures. It was the then 10-year-old Alice who, in a boat being rowed from Oxford to Godstow for a picnic outing, asked Dodgson to entertain her, Lorina and Edith with a story, as he had often done before. This particular story featured a young heroine, named after Alice, who fell down a rabbit-hole and had a series of fantastic adventures. Alice was so captivated by it that she begged Dodgson to write it down for her, which he eventually did. In November 1864 he presented Alice with a hand-written, hand-illustrated manuscript entitled *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*-- the original version of the story which was to become the world-famous, universally-beloved book *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

By this time, however, Dodgson and the Liddell family were no longer nearly as close as they had been previously. There seems to have been a sudden rupture in their relations in June of 1863. The cause of this rift is uncertain; the Liddells never spoke of it, and the single page in Dodgson's diary which covers June 27-29 1863 is missing. This is hardly unusual: at least four complete volumes and around seven pages of text are missing from Dodgson's 13 diaries. The pages, at least, have been deliberately removed. Although the







reason why remains unproven, most scholars assume that this was done by family members in the interests of preserving the family name, and that the missing material contains references to Dodgson's paedophilia and, possibly, to sexual involvements and drug use. All of the missing material, except for a single page, is believed to date from the period between 1853, when Dodgson was 22, and 1863, when he was 32.

Thus the break remained a mystery until, in 1996, Karolina Leach, a Dodgson biographer keen to 'clear' him from the 'accusation' of paedophilia, found a note which seems to refer to the reason for the missing page: "L.C. [Lewis Carroll, Dodgson's pen name] learns from Mrs Liddell that he is supposed to be using the children as a means of paying court to the governess — he is also supposed [unreadable] to be courting Ina." Leach has said that the handwriting on the front of the document most closely resembles that of either Menella or Violet Dodgson, Carroll's nieces. However, Morton N. Cohen has said, in an article in the *Times Literary Supplement*, that in the 1960s Philip Dodgson Jacques told him that he had written the note himself based on conversations he remembered with his nieces. Cohen's article offered no evidence to support this, though, and known samples of Jacques's handwriting do not seem to resemble the writing of the note. The note seems to imply that gossip had suggested a rather 'scandal

ous' involvement of Dodgson with the children's governess and also with Alice's sister Lorina, who was 14 at the time. The note, however, is not the authoritative explanation of what happened; many believe that Mrs Liddell was concerned about Dodgson's attachment to Alice, then 11, and that she was perhaps worried that Dodgson had proposed marriage to Alice or soon would.

After an absence of six months, Dodgson returned to the Liddell home for a visit in December of 1863, but his relations with the Liddells were never fully repaired and they eventually drifted apart, possibly because of disagreements between Henry Liddell and Dodgson about college politics. The three Liddell girls seem to have been very attractive to girllovers, because after the end of their friendship with Dodgson they had a similar friendship with John Ruskin, one of the greatest intellectuals and moral voices of the 19th century and also a girllover. Ruskin wrote about the relationship in his autobiography, *Praeterita*.


Some years later Alice took a grand tour of Europe with Lorina and Edith, as was customary for young upper-middle-class women to do two years after this Alice suffered a great psychological loss: Edith, who had always been her favourite sibling, died, possibly of measles or peritonitis, shortly before she was to be married. Alice herself married Reginald Hargreaves when she was 28, on September 15, 1880, in Westminster Abbey. They had three sons: Alan Knyveton Hargreaves and Leopold Reginald "Rex" Hargreaves, both of whom were killed in action in the First World War, and Caryl Liddell Hargreaves, who





survived to have a daughter of his own. Alice denied that the name 'Caryl' was a reference to Lewis Carroll, Dodgson's pseudonym. A popular story claims that Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, fell in love with Alice when she was a young woman. There is little evidence to support this, and a recent biographer has suggested that Leopold was interested in Edith rather than Alice, but certainly Leopold named his first child Alice and was godfather to to Alice's second son-- who was named Leopold.

Reginald Hargreaves inherited a considerable fortune, and Alice became a noted society hostess. After his death, however, the cost of maintaining their home, Cuffnells, was such that Alice had to sell her manuscript of Alice's Adventures Under Ground. It sold to Eldridge R. Johnson for £15,400-- nearly four times the reserve price given it by Sotheby's auction house. On the centennial of Dodgson's birth it was displayed at Columbia University. Alice, then aged 80, was present; incidentally, there she met Peter Llewelyn-Davies, the story of whose childhood was remarkably similar to hers: he was one of the brothers with whom J. M. Barrie had fallen in love and for whom he had written that other great children's classic, Peter Pan. After Johnson's death, the book was purchased by a consortium of American bibliophiles and presented to the British people "in recognition of Britain's courage in facing Hitler before America came into the war". The manuscript is now in the British Library.

Alice died on November 15, 1934, aged 82. Dodgson always denied that the 'child-heroine' of his famous book was based on any real child, but the public assumed otherwise: the memorial window to Dodgson in All Saints Church, Daresbury, Cheshire, where Dodgson grew up, shows Dodgson with Alice as a child. It is clear that the public was right; Wonderland's Alice may not exactly correspond to the real 10-year-old girl, but she inspired the story and she was the one for whom it was written. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and its sequel, Through The Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There, both begin and end with poems lovingly dedicating the book to Alice. Through the Looking-Glass, written years after Dodgson's friendship with Alice had ended, is closed by a particularly poignant poem which is an acrostic of Alice's name: 

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

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

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

**Still she haunts me, phantom-  
wise,  
Alice moving under skies,  
Never seen by waking eyes.**

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

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

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

## Life & Times part 2



Life & Times is a two part celebration of Alice day. Next issue we are going to honour Lewis Carroll the author of Alice in Wonderland. Probably his most famous work, dedicated to Alice Liddell.



# AMOROS



By Lindsay Ashford

## The New Sexual Revolution

The new sexual revolution is upon us. As religious conservatives and media sympathetic to them watch on in horror, this revolution takes root. It does not yet spread like wildfire; its spread is more haphazard, like the hot spots that flare up in some brush fires. Still, there is good reason to believe that this spread will hasten in coming years, despite the frantic efforts of many who would like to see it stopped. No matter how hard churches, schools and parents try, they are not going to stop their children — even their younger children — from having sex. Sexual knowledge and curiosity — much of it fueled by media, popular culture and, more recently, the Internet — has now saturated the awareness of children to the point that it is inevitable that more and more of them will attempt to engage in sexual activity. Many of those will succeed. Whether this new sexual revolution becomes an experience that affirms and celebrates the sexuality of all people or a traumatic experience that threatens not only the moral fiber of society but the psychological and physical wellbeing of its participants depends very much on how adults respond to it.

Of paramount importance is information. Young people have a right to it. They deserve factual information about sexuality as well as its risks and responsibilities. They deserve to be empowered to make sexual decisions for themselves and have the right to both privacy and respect from the adults in their lives. If society continues its present course of trying to restrain them, keep them ignorant and coerce them into useless chastity pledges, the results will be catastrophic. Young people will engage in more high risk sexual activities in locations ill-suited for such activities. Furthermore, they

will have fewer opportunities to explore how their sexuality might exist within the framework of a friendship or love relationship.

## The New Openness

Up until recently, perhaps, the new sexual revolution appeared to be merely present amongst adolescents, who, since society began wrongly classifying them as children, have formed the vanguard of rebellion against established standards of behavior. Furthermore, open sexual rebellion amongst adolescents generally occurred only within certain segments of the adolescent population and was largely limited to experimentation with peers. Nowadays, however, casual sex amongst adolescents has become ever more acceptable within the mainstream, especially as the long-standing standard of committed relationships, or "going steady", has eroded in some quarters, leaving the standard of casual encounters, or "hooking up", in its place.

The Internet has also been an important factor and tool in the increase in adolescent sexual exploration. Not only has it revolutionized communication and access to information, but it has also presented new opportunities for exhibitionistic and voyeuristic behaviors that have never existed before. Ease of use has put a wide range of activities within easy reach of even novice computer users. Now young people can, from the safety of their homes, access all manner of information, talk explicitly with relative anonymity and engage in social networking up to and including the arranging of erotic liaisons.

The Internet has also made it very easy to realize an even more rebellious form of adolescent sexuality: sexual liaisons with adults. Certainly, these sorts of relationships have always existed, but the Internet has made them much easier to establish and maintain without detection. Increasingly, when teens go missing, investigators check their computers to look for traces of activity on social networking sites where they may have met somebody that they decided to meet in real life. Where such relationships may have been nearly impossible to conduct via traditional means, the Internet has



liberated young people and put the choice of partner back into their own hands. Traditional gatekeepers — parents, guardians and other trusted adults — can now be effectively circumvented by young people. Furthermore, contrary to popular belief, many of these young people are finding immense enjoyment from these liaisons. A 2004 study by Wolak and Finkelhor showed that a very high percentage of these young people not only knew from the outset that the meetings would be sexual in nature, but also returned for second, third and additional meetings.

Nowadays, the sexual revolution is not just limited to adolescents. Primary school students are increasingly engaging in sexual activity. Indeed, in recent weeks there have been two major stories about children having sex at school. In the first case, it has emerged that students and teachers in an Indiana school for months covered up a tryst between two sixth graders that occurred during school hours in a busy classroom with a teacher present. In the second case, fifth grade students at a school in Louisiana had sex in a classroom they found unattended. And whilst many primary school students may not be engaging in intercourse, they are increasingly engaging in other sexual activities such as petting and fondling as well as discussing sexuality amongst themselves in ever more explicit terms.

### The Backlash

Religious conservatives have already been fighting youth sexuality for many years. In recent years, however, these efforts have been ratcheted up, partly in response to the failure of previous initiatives. In the nineties, their primary weapon was abstinence education. With the beginning of the Bush presidency in 2001, of course, they gained a sympathetic ear and were able to make their abstinence programmed de facto federal policy. These programmers have now been proven to be ineffectual. Bearman and Bruckner's 2005 study, *Adolescent Virginity Pledges and Risky Sexual Behaviors*, showed that the majority of teens who took virginity pledges eventually broke their pledges and were more likely than non-pledges to engage in unprotected sex. The

pledges only served to delay sexual debut. Pledges generally married younger than non-pledges.

In the face of this fiasco, the religious right regrouped and has since launched two major new initiatives. The first is the so-called "born again virginity" movement, targeted at those who have had pre-marital sex. The idea is to get these abstinence backsliders to renew their commitment to pre-marital abstinence. The second initiative indicates that the conservatives have also taken note of the increased occurrence of sexual activity amongst primary school students. Their current answer to this phenomenon is the Purity Ball. At purity balls, girls as young as ten or eleven up through teen-aged girls accompany their fathers to a solemn ceremony where they pledge to their fathers to remain chaste until they marry.

As well as these primarily church-sponsored campaigns, prosecutors are increasingly becoming aggressive in their prosecution of young people who engage in sexual activities with each other. In many places, particularly in the American Midwest, prosecutors are using consent laws as a bludgeon to punish young lovers even if they are age peers. Despite a degree of public outrage over some of these incidents, these zealous prosecutors vigorously defend their actions as being in the public interest. In some cases, judges have become activists as well. Recently in England, a judge, sentencing a twenty-three year old man for a relationship he had started with a twelve-year old girl, noted that despite her active participation in the relationship the girl needed to be "protected from herself".

On the Internet front, websites targeting young people that provide candid information about sex are under assault. One of the most open, All About Sex, where young people could get non-judgmental answer to even highly controversial questions, was voluntarily closed down by its operators, who felt increasingly intimidated in the Bush era. Sugar and Spice, a site that I run on 'Puellula, has also come under harsh criticism in recent years and several people have tried to get it shut down. As well as suppressing this supply of information, efforts



are being redoubled to limit the access of young people to the Internet. Filters are becoming more commonplace and, in some areas, mandatory. Some schools, like the St Hugo of the Hills Catholic School in Michigan are banning students from using popular social networking sites such as MySpace. Many groups are calling on such sites to increase monitoring of traffic on their sites as well as limit the access of minors to them.

### The Response

It is not possible for the genie of child sexual liberation to be put back into the bottle. No matter how hard conservatives oppress, children will find new avenues, new ways to circumvent the limitations being placed on them. As they demystify sex for themselves and discover that it is an enjoyable pastime, they will not easily give it up. If they are grounded, they will turn to the Internet. If their Internet privileges are taken away, they will turn to their mobile telephones. If these are taken away, they will turn to their friends who have access to these technologies. If all else fails, they will remove themselves from homes and environments that are oppressive.

The more clever children may pay lip service to the status quo, saying the words and going through the motions that are expected of them, knowing full well inside that they have no intention of being shackled any longer. Others will simply scoff at these attempts and raise the ire of those wishing to indoctrinate them. Like other liberation movements before them, children will gain inspiration and courage as they hear the stories of others who have broken the mold and charted their own course. The Internet makes the dissemination of such accounts easier than ever before. Furthermore,

the Internet is the medium of the young, who are often much more skillful at its use than the adults trying to restrain them.

If the oppression continues, the sexual encounters the young people will have will remain risky and the potential for satisfaction will diminish. Rather than being able to explore their sexuality in their homes, where they have the time and privacy they need, they will be pushed towards rushed encounters in public and semi-public places, like the two cases in schools mentioned earlier. Anonymous encounters or encounters with relative strangers will be more common, rather than encounters that take place within the framework of a friendship. Many encounters

will be accompanied by the excessive use of controlled substances. Many others will take place without adequate protection. Some participants may find themselves coerced, cajoled or pressurized into encounters that they might not wish to pursue. In short, many of the high risk behaviors seen in the free love era and in the earlier stages of the homosexual liberation movement will grow in evidence in the era of the children's' sexual revolution.

If information is withheld from children by adults, they will turn to the infor-

mation sources that they have available: popular media, the Internet and their peers. Whilst they might find some useful information, they will likely receive the warped view of sexuality and the roles of genders in sexual relationships that are propagated by popular culture. For lack of better role models, they will be more likely to imitate the behavior of the hip hop artists, pop stars and movie actors that dominate the media. They will take their lessons from the songs, films and television programmers produced by these celebrities.






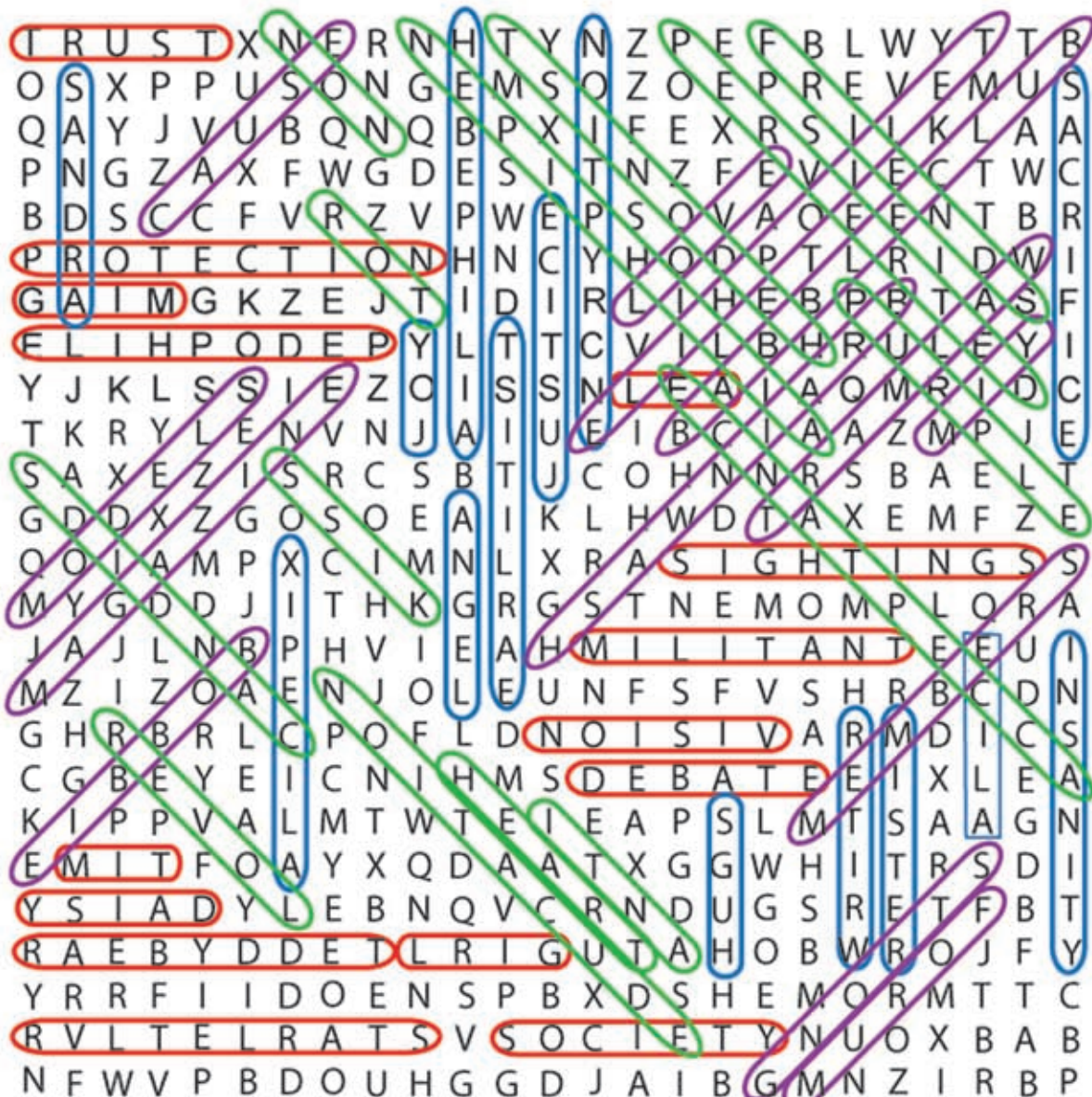
## The Solution

It; may well be, impossible to convince religious conservatives of how misguided their approach is. As their morality is not rational, no amount of rational reasoning with them will be of any effect. The only effective approach is to attempt to mitigate the effects of their efforts. Where one information resource is suppressed, another one will rise. Where one avenue of communication is blocked, another presents itself. Where one door is locked shut, another is opened somewhere else. For every place where ring the voices of condemnation and intoler-

ance, the sounds of encouragement and hope are raised somewhere else.

Young people have their own sexual liberation in hand. Where today one hundred defy convention, tomorrow will be a thousand. And from that thousand will emerge ten thousand more. As those young people become adults, they will join those of us who have encouraged them to encourage those who are still struggling for their emancipation. In time, there will be too many voices for emancipation for the forces of oppression to overcome. 

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# Annabelle

*A Love Story by: Hedonist*

He emerged the forest as though he, himself, was one with the branches and leaves that made up the vast network of Nihilm. His hands were rough like the old growth oak trees that could only be found in the heartland. His face was weathered and tanned as the hide that served as his cape. His clothes, though made of leather, hung loosely off of his body, disguising the impressive physique underneath. Though inspection would show the telltale signs of wear, his garments still seemed they were made to last an eternity. His black hair, matted and long, hung about his shoulders as if hiding an animal of some kind, laying in wait. His strides were confident and deliberate. He was a man of strength and quiet security, one whose eyes could tell a story that most men would need a book to voice. His strong, steady gaze revealed nothing of his true self as he took one last look around him before extricating himself from the comforts of the forest. He eyed the gates and sets off, seemingly forgetting what he left behind. He knew he didn't look as though he belonged in a city. He looked as though he was a man that didn't belong anywhere. As he approached the gates, he overheard the conversation of two guards who hadn't noticed him yet.

"Rhawt there old chum. It appears as you'd have'n some of that'd rust on yer mail."

Old Crolette looked at his friend. As his lipped curled up, "Tis aright, Beno. Crolette be retirin' from guardin' in a fortnight. My day's o' worrisome of mine mail tis almost over'd. De' sarge can bark till the moon turn'd red. It may make no matter to Crolette."

Beno turned a steely eye on Crolette. "Less be talk'in so brave when de' sarge be coming 'round. He be seeing dem rusted and knock you about yer ears."

Crolette leaned on his spear til it supported most of his weight. "Ya' know's Beno, summa time yas worrisome to's much. I be just caver'n it up with a jerk'n on the morrow. Is be sarge will be hoodwinked. Crolette has seen too many sunrises to

let'em youn'ins like 'em sarge to gett'in dees better o' old Crolette." He let out a sharp guffaw and his face blanched as he quickly brought his spear to the ready as quick as his old body could muster.

"Wha? Wud bees wrong Crolette?"

With his spear, Crolette motioned behind Beno. With surprising speed, Beno whipped around to see the Brandy standing mere feet from him. Beno felt more than heard or saw Crolette shudder with fear, but made no action to show it. In all of Beno's life he had never thought he'd ever see a Brandy. They where supposed to stay deep in the forest where they communed with the animals and made sacrifices to their pagan gods. It was said that Brandies possessed a gaze that could root a man to the ground and that he could summon any type of beast to do his bidding. Beno's gramma told him all the stories of the Brandy in his youth, and though he'd never seen one before, he was sure this was a member of the reclusive clan.

Behind the safety of Beno's body, Crolette gathered his voice and wheezed out, "What buiz'ness do a Brandy need'n in der city. I can see ner'd rez'un. Leave'n well'n enough be and goes back to der forest were'n Brandy's be!"

Beno body tensed and his face hardened. He wouldn't be intimidated, not even by a Brandy. He had protected these cities walls for two years now and had never let Sarge down. He wasn't about to start now. He stood there like a bull ready to charge, content in letting Crolette do the talking.

The Brandy stood there relaxed, but with an air of confidence that unnerved Beno. In all his years he had never doubted his abilities. In facing a Brandy, though, his confidence was melting away.

"Answer! Crolette!"

Hardly a muscle moved in the Brandy as he drew



his gaze at Crolette. Crolette wished to sink lower behind Beno but, he knew that for better or worse he had a job to do. It always hung back in his mind that he was so close to retirement it made him sick to think he would die at the hands of a Brandy before it would come to pass.

"I wish to enter the city," he answered finally. His words came out soft and non-threatening, but were stilted as a foreign tongue.

Crolette eyed the Brandy up and down. His gaze stopped at his belt, where the Brandy's dagger showed.

"Der!" he hollered, and pointed at the dagger. "Der! We be not allo'n any'd kniv's or'd weapo'n in da city! We be da peac'un place we wish'un no trouble' ere! Go'd back wenz you'd com'n Brandy... alls be right!"

Beno's knuckles turned white as he gripped the shaft of his spear tighter. The Brandy reached down to draw out his dagger. Beno and Crolette each took a defensive step backwards towards the city gates, pointing their spears towards the Brandy. The Brandy stopped his motion for a moment and placed an empty eye on Beno and Crolette. He finished unsheathing the dagger and threw it into the dust at the guards' feet. Without a word he strode past them, not even looking to see if they would stop him. He knew they wouldn't.

Passing through the gates was like passing into another dimension for the man. Where he found peace in the depths of the comforting forest, here he found only a cacophony of loud sounds and loud people. He paused briefly, inhaled sharply, and adjusted his mind set for the city. For the most part he tried to avoid cities. He found cities to be like a grotesque disease that spreads through your body till you are no longer the man you once were. He had no fear that it would infect him. He had seen too many good rural folk get lured to a city with promises of riches.

He looked at the beggars who brave enough to approach him, arms stretched and hands cupped, asking for a coin or two for their pockets. He couldn't help wondering how many

good folk these wretches were, if they felt they'd achieved their riches, if they had regrets of leaving their farms behind to rot and decay on the plains of Reguir.

His stoic look betrayed his true thoughts, lying just behind his eyes. He looked at each beggar and they shrank away. He had no coin to give. He had no kind words. He had only pity, and even that he could not give.

He looked farther into the city. All cities looked the same to him, as all forest look the same to the city folk. The walls that surrounded the city were so tall and strong, he thought even the gods would not be able to breach them. Of the four walled-in cities, Mantansk was the biggest, the busiest and the loudest. Even though Mantansk was as large as a small forest, it made him feel claustrophobic. Had it been his choice, he wouldn't have been there. Were it his choice, he'd leave the men to their own games. He was there to do a job, and if things were as he'd heard, he wouldn't be there long.

He stepped away from the mouth of the city as the beggars once more took up a position to accost the next traveler to enter the gates.

He wished for his trip to the city to be a short one. He needed to find those he sought. It would be nigh impossible to track in this place. Most will not talk to him through fear for their lives or the lives of those they loved. There was only one place he would find answers quickly, and it was easy to find. One needed only look to the sky.

There are many tall, expansive buildings inside the four cities. Palaces, places of government, even the business places of those merchants who wish to announce just how successful they are, they are all massive developments lining the streets. Towering above them all are the spires of worship. It was decreed many moons ago that no building shall be as tall as a house of worship so the priests could commune with the gods without interference. If any one person in this city knew the population, it would be a priest.

Not wanting to waste even one more moment, he set off at a brisk pace. The city inhabitants



mostly ignored him unless they happened into his path. Then, quickly realizing their precarious situations, they'd scuttle to the sides like pink, soft crabs, eager to get out of the way. As he passed the market place, old women called out to him asking if he would take a cake, a piece of fruit, baked fish...whatever wares they were peddling. The old women knew to offer a Brandy something of value, and if he accepts it, their fate was saved if the Brandy was on a mission. Everyone knew that Brandies were relentless and would dispose of anyone or anything unfortunate enough to be caught between him and his goal. None wished to face the wrath of a Brandy, for they knew death was inescapable once his eyes turned upon them.

He ignored all those around him. Saying nothing and only looking ahead, he was barely aware of people's reactions around him. He never did quite understand city folk and had no desire to change that.

It didn't take long to reach the house of worship. It was so large it seemed to cover a whole block. Just like in the other cities, this house was adorned with the most ornate carvings and reliefs. Even the door was covered with scenes from stories from what he presumed was their holy book. From what little he knew of the city folk's religion, he was sure that they did not worship demons and devils, but couldn't understand why such beasts adorned the temple walls. Then again, he never did quite understand the god talk of the priest...so maybe he was missing something.

The two doors themselves were massive and oaken. Easily twenty feet high and fifteen feet wide, they were, of course, for show. Placed in the middle were two smaller doors where one could enter and exit with ease. He walked up and pulled the door wide with a gloved hand. It opened silently. It seemed appropriate considering the purpose of the building to which it

entered. Just as silently, he slipped into the building and gently closed the door.

He was greeted by a relatively small vestibule, relative to the size of the cathedral. The room itself was larger than most of the city folks' houses. Marble floors, statues and an ornate fountain recessed into the wall, bubbling and gurgling away happily. Another set of doors led into what he hoped was the main prayer room. He couldn't help noticing that as each door opened and he entered the chambers beyond, he felt trapped inside the vast maze. Not entrapment of the body, nor the mind, but the soul. He did not fear. These places belonged to the weak, the weak that needed direction to live. It was good there were places like this to help those who were incapable of helping themselves. It is good to entrap those who do not wish to be free.



He pushed a final door open and stepped inside, happy to find himself in the massive prayer room. Pews were lined up like soldiers, starting from the back and extending all the way to the front as though they were protecting the altar and reliefs of the gods that stood proud at the end of the room. Large tall pillars

extended upwards like arms holding up the sky. The ceiling was so far up, the gods painted there looked as though they were real... that they were judging the faithful below. All around the chamber were bright stained-glass windows, almost as tall as the walls themselves, showing ornate and colorful scenes of great religious moments. Scattered about the rectory, a few of the city folk prayed quietly. Some of them muttered to themselves, speaking in tones, which only they and their gods could hear. The dais was set upon a stage that rose up to intimidate those in front. Behind it were rows and rows of lit candles, casting an eerie light on the feet of the gods lining the back wall.



He looked around and saw what he had come for. Off to the side of the room was a box. It had two doors side by side, and in contrast with the rest of the room, it was simply made. There he would find a priest.

Though the main chamber was cavernous and easily prone to echoes, he silently glided towards the door, not disturbing the faithful in the room. The door opened easily and with an unexpected smoothness. The darkness within was uninviting and set a grim mood for those who entered.

He entered and found no seat inside. There was an opening, in the wall, that granted access to the other side. Covering the opening was a simple wooden screen with flowers simply cut in patterns replacing what could have just as easily been prison bars. The pattern cutting was crude, obviously made by an unskilled woodworker. On the other side was a sliding door that separated the faithful from the voice of god. It was set low in the wall so one had to kneel to become level with it. He had no choice but to kneel.

The partition slid open and a cameo of the person beyond was barely visible in the dim, blue-gray light.

"Yes my son, do you have any sins to confess?"

"I need to find someone."

There was a long uncomfortable pause, "You defile this place. Let us leave and talk outside."

The doors simultaneously opened. Without looking at each other, they headed towards the doors from which he had just entered. He did not walk side-by-side with the priest. He preferred to trail behind, watching the portly priest's robes billow as he walked. The rope that served as a belt was tied in such away that the two ends hung to his knees swinging to and fro with each labored step. It seemed appropriate somehow. The conversation would ebb and flow, like the swinging of the rope ends.

They soon found themselves back outside. The

sun shone down, cascading both of them with a pure light, uninterested in what happens below. Outside they were equal men.

The priest lowered himself down onto one of the steps. His weight betrayed his efforts, as gravity took over the last few inches, and he unceremoniously plopped down in a manner unbefitting a man of the cloth. The outsider preferred to stand and maintained a position opposite the priest.

"I've lived in this community going on now 20 years. I have never seen the likes of you, nor have I ever wished to. Now you come seeking my help. I'm sure your deeds are vile ones. Why would I help a demon cast out of hell by your pagan masters? What is it the small folk call you, a Brandy? We both know what you are."

The demon carefully worked out his reply. "I am here to protect someone."

"You truly think I would believe such a thing? Take the lying words of a demon? I expected better of you," the priest sputtered in disbelief.

"Your gods know the truth, else they would not have brought me to you," the Brandy countered.

"You know nothing. There are no gods, there is but one true God. If you followed the faith, you would know such a thing. It just confirms what I already believed," came the priest's indignant reply.

The demon's eyes gazed off and scanned the surrounding area, taking in the symbiotic relationship between the city folk and the city, not unlike a flea on a dog, as they went about their daily routines. The demon understood their ways and desires, but couldn't help but pity them. It seemed sad to him that anyone would be content living their lives trapped behind giant walls. The walls were there to keep things out, but the demon felt like the walls kept people in, instead.

"Perhaps your God will protect her from me then. He cannot protect her from what lies beyond these walls, though, and those who



seek her harm are followers of your God," he said finally.

"I find it hard to believe anyone of the faith would wish to do harm to others of the faith," the priest said dismissively.

"They believe what they are doing is righteous," was his simple reply.

The priest stopped the flow of words. His argument halted as he considered the words of the demon. He paused to choose his words carefully. "A man of the faith, who believes his actions to be pure, still performs an evil act and it will not go unnoticed by God," he replied in a slow cadence.

"I need to find the girl," the Brandy persisted.

The priest's eyes flared and his voice rose. "I cannot allow it! I will not sacrifice even one of my flock!"

The demon caught the priest's his eyes with his own, effectively capturing his attention in the deep dark orbs. In a monotone voice, he issued the consequences of the priest's choice. "That would mean I must remain within your walls 'til I locate her."

The priest's eyes bulged in their sockets and he shuddered involuntarily at the thought. He did not even want to consider the outcome if he allowed this to happen. He had no choice. He was backed into a corner with no other solution at hand.

"Whom do you seek?" he asked, resignedly.

"Her city name is Mary," the demon replied, turning his head back to the small folk.

The priest sighed. He knew the girl, and so it was with a heavy heart that he gave the demon the information he wanted.

The Brandy then demanded a new set of clothes, clothes befitting a common man. The priest resentfully gave him a set that was bound for the poor and set him on his way. As he watched the demon lose himself in the crush of people outside, Crolette sidled up to the

priest.

"There he'd be goin'. I's be tell'n ya dat ole Crolette be doin' dey goddens works. He be protec'n alls de' peop'l dat tis in dees wallz."

Both now looked in the direction the demon had once been. Neither could see any trace of him. It was like he had never been there. Crolette lowered his voice, "Do's ya tink des Brandy done disappeared to de' edther twence e's kindred bes?"

"No, Crolette. I do not think the demon will leave until he is ready to," he admitted. The priest took a pouch from within his robes. Spilling the coins into his hand, he pulled a silver piece out and handed it to Crolette. "Good work, Crolette. Had you not told me of the Brandy I would've never known with whom I was speaking. I would've just told him what he needed to know. This way the price of my betrayal will not be as severe. God himself will see I did what I could to protect that little girl. It is now out of my hands and in his. The girl's fate is no longer under my control."

Crolette looked up at the priest with a little twinkle in his eye and a smirk on his lips. "Ya' not be tell'n her'd parent's den?" he asked conspiratorially.

Still looking out into thriving mass of the unwashed, the priest replied in a voice that was nearly inaudible. "Which ones?"

He turned around and put his arm around Crolette's shoulders. "So, tell me old friend, any other interesting folk come through the gate?"

"Oh...der' be's all'n sorts. Dis richy merch'nt manz, he's be ask'n to sees da priest. 'E saids hees c'mon for...abisla...absodas...abmos..."

"Absolution?"

"Yez! Dat bees da word. So's I sez goe'z to da biggun plaz and ask'n for deez. Heez be'un c'mon kowz."

The priest put his arm around the guard as they walked back into the church. "Excellent



Crolette, I don't know what I'd do without you. God surely shines upon you..."

As the Brandy stole through the throngs of people, trying to put distance between himself and that priest, he couldn't help but think about when he would once again bask in the safety of Nihilm. That priest was different. He felt it in the pit of his stomach. The priest had a hole in his soul. He couldn't help wonder, if the priest's God was as powerful as he made it sound, how could He not know that one of His own servants was bereft of any conscience?

He had learned over the years that people would make assumptions as to his true nature. He had been called a druid, a ranger, a Brandy, an elkim, a demon, a servant, a mercenary, a protector, a husband, a father and an undular. Some he would no longer be called, others he will be called once again. Each label had helped his purpose in life. Each had brought both happiness and sorrow. The one thing he'd never been called, though, was human, and it struck him. He was as vulnerable and imperfect as any other human beings, and life had brought him to a point where laughter and happiness were lost to him. His memories were vague. His life before was a vision, floating through his dreams once in a while, but no longer real. Those feelings were buried deep, never to surface again. His life now was little more than a wraith-like existence. Taking on only the responsibilities that called to him, as this one called him from out of Nihilm, was his only way of feeling worthy of life.

Now he could add another name to the list, ghost. In his city-folk attire, the little folk hardly knew he existed. He was no longer a Brandy to be feared. He was no longer a threat to their families or their lives. He was just another person scurrying around, like a nest of cockroaches, trying to get more out of life than the neighbors had. He preferred it that way. It would be difficult to follow the girl if people would point him out wherever he went, whispering and giving him a wide berth.

The directions the priest gave were accurate and the house was [redacted] find. It was larger than most of the houses and fit in well for this part of the city. The neighborhood had a natural

boundary, as all the areas of the city seemed. This section seemed to buffer the poor from the rich and powerful. The further away he got from the poor homes, the houses seemed grander, but still paled in comparison to the mansions for which they stood guard.

The streets here were less busy and the folk here were more finely attired. Whereas in the common streets, he had moved as a ghost, here once again he stood out. He would have to be more careful and stay within the shadows.

There was little movement around the house. Sometimes he would catch glimpses of bodies moving about. It was hard to discern who was who. The back light cast obscured shadows on the closed curtains. There was no hurry, no sense of urgency to the movements of the shadows. If they had plans of leaving, it wasn't evident. He had been told it would happen soon. He would wait, no matter how long it took.

He had never seen her, but she was real to him, important to him. This was more than a job. It was a purpose.

He watched the father come home. He didn't look to be a happy man. If he only knew what he had, if he could experience the loss then get it back, maybe he would better appreciate what he had been given. Some people were so blind of their lives and what it meant to them. They build it themselves then are dissatisfied with its outcome. Some things in life come without warning. Some things are so good they fill a person with joy beyond imagining, and sometimes life brings so much pain it becomes paralyzing. In either case, no one is ever adequately prepared. He was no exception. Anger boiled up from the unknown pits of emotion inside him. Anger brought forth the inevitable question in his mind, 'Why?'

He shifted his leathers, wrapped up in his cloak. He knew little would happen that day so he looked for a place to sleep. It wasn't as easy to find one in the city as it was in Nihilm. Nihilm provided for its inhabitants; the city only took. Took more than any man should be able to bear.

The night was cold, but it was nothing he hadn't



experienced before, nor was it the worst of the lot. He slept well, as his mind and body were trained to sleep under most conditions. Like meals, sometimes he didn't know when the next opportunity would come along. He took every advantage.

When he woke it was still dark. In his world, it was a necessity to wake early. Sometimes it was life and death. He was keenly attuned to it. The sun cast a shimmering red hue across the land as it rose from its slumber. It foretold a day that would shake the chills from his body. The streets were silent except for a few animals waking from their peaceful, secure night, and demanding to have their needs taken care of. They may have their needs met, but the price was their freedom and a certain death. Trapped behind these walls, death seemed a kindness and nothing to be feared.

As he breathed in and out, the cold froze his breath on each exhale and cooled his lungs with each inhale. As he let a sigh escape his lips, the foggy mist curled around his head like the thoughts of a child. His body gave an involuntary shudder to shake the cold that had seeped into his skin overnight. As he walked, his internal furnace chased the chills away till he was once again comfortable a comfortable temperature.

The sun had crested the horizon, announcing a new day. He reached the house and positioned himself across the road in as inconspicuous a spot as he could find. He attempted to stay out of sight, but there was always a chance of being discovered- no matter how skillful he was at hiding. Being prepared for such an event ensures success. He formulated what he would say and where he would go. He found city folk fairly easy to convince. He never liked taking advantage of the kindness and trust of any person, but sometimes the situation requires such obfuscation.

A flare of light appeared inside, lighting up the curtains like a paper lantern. It signaled the signs of life within. He knew that they must be preparing, and then sitting down to their first meal of the day. Breaking fast can be one of the most rewarding meals. Other houses all up and down the street came to life. The sounds of

happy families began resonating all around him. The smell of the life-giving food just reminded him of his own empty stomach. He contemplated stealing away to find some food of his own. His whole being argued against it, he felt this would be the day. It was important that he stay and observe everything.

The father once again appeared in the doorway, wearing a coat to protect him from the morning crisp. He wouldn't need it long, though, for the sun was rapidly rising. His face was stern, almost determined, showing no signs of joy. There were no lines of laughter on his visage, just the etches of consternation from a lifetime spent scowling. He drew his collar up to protect his cheeks, then hunched over and made his way down the street at a brisk pace.

Morning turned to mid-day. As promised, the sun heated the city back to life. Wagons, horses and people filled the streets, giving the life-blood back to this living organism. It was shortly thereafter that a fairly large wagon pulled up to the house. Covered, he recognized it as a traveling wagon. What he was told was true. His instinct was correct when accepting to protect the little girl of this family. Unbeknownst to them, the little girl's family faced danger, nor from a single source but from many, and he would do what he could to help them all. In the end, though, he knew what must be done.

He watched for a while. The mother and father brought wooden boxes, barrels and other sundries from the house. In the midst of the packing he would occasionally see a little girl in a tattered dress helping to move as much as her little body could muster. He saw the desire in her eyes for a kind word from her father. She would smile up at him and her six-year-old face would glow with anticipation. Each time, her father would take the bundle from her without a word. Each time, her smile would falter and a little bit of that light would ebb away. Each time she repeated the gesture, her father continued to spurn her. It was a sad thing to watch. The Brandy wondered exactly who he was supposed to protect the girl from, for this was obviously the girl he was sent to guard over. No little girl deserved this fate.

It didn't take long for them to finish packing the




wagon. Her mother put a kind hand on Mary's head and tousled her hair. She took a fat carrot from her apron and handed it to Mary, whispering in the little girl's ear. Grin stretching across her little face, Mary bounded back into the house happily.

While she was gone, the father went back into the house and came out with a pale, sickly looking little boy. He seemed the same age as Mary but didn't have the life in his little body that Mary possessed in hers. He cried out and his mother raced over to console the boy. His father carefully placed the boy into the wagon. He kissed him on the head and for the first time he saw the father smile. The observer thought, even in this situation, the actions of the parents were puzzling. How could one experience and know love but not feel it for all those under his protection? How could the affection fail to develop? This father was blind. How did he not see that his daughter adored him? How could he not see that no matter what he did, she had undying love for him? It was people like this father that infuriated the Brandy.

Mary appeared through the door again and trailing behind her was a white nanny goat. Mary was obviously giddy with excitement. She still had half of the carrot in her hand. Bite marks on the rough end showed where the goat had nibbled away at it. As she bound through the door, her mother turned around and immediately stepped to hide Mary's slight frame from her father's view. She bent down and whispered something in Mary's ear. It was the tenderest moment he'd seen all day. The mother truly cared for Mary; that was evident. Mary peeked around her mother and with a touch of concern on her face searched for her father. Seeing he was paying no mind to her, she shyly handed the uneaten portion of the carrot to her mother. As her mother stood up, she quietly slid the carrot back into her apron.

Her mother then lifted Mary into the wagon, and her father came around to close the tailgate at the back of the wagon. The goat was tied to the back of the wagon and her parents sat up in the front. Her father spurred the horses forward and the family left their home.

He was glad the day had come sooner than

expected. The city made him feel dirty, hopeless even, and depressed in ways he never felt in the warm embrace of Nihilm, or anywhere in the heartland. He blended in with the surrounding crowd, hugging his leathers closer to his body, and set off to keep pace with the crawling wagon. In the back, he could see Mary vainly reaching out to the goat, whispering sweet words to it. Sweet words from an angel, lost in the din of the city. 

Continued Next Issue

## *A Kiss from Heaven*

*The day I receive the kiss from  
you I thought was in heaven.*

*I think of it every day and it  
will be in my mind forever.*

*Te Amo mi amor y nunca te  
voy a olvidar.*

*I felt butterflies in my stomach  
and goose bumps all over.*

*I wish I was with you forever  
and kiss you until the end.*

*-Astronomer*



# Distant Voices

## Mr Jim & Mrs Jim

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**TI:** MrTim: When did you first realize that you were a pedophile?

**MrTim:** When I was 19 I saw this 12 year old girl at a nude beach and had a physical reaction to her! Surprised the hell out of me. Then when I was 36, I fell in love with an 8 year old girl! That pretty much told me that I was a pedo.

**TI:** Did you feel bad/guilty/ashamed about it?

**MrTim:** When I was 19, yes. Adults weren't supposed to have feelings for 12 year old girls. When I was 36, no, because to me it was true love with the 8 year old.

**TI:** So to follow up: do you think that you chose to be a pedo, or like at 19 you just realized it, or do you think it is more genetic?

**MrTim:** I don't know that I believe in the genetic pedo stuff. I was very well treated by girls 14 and under my entire life, and poorly treated by older teens and adult women. I figure that that had a lot to do why I like girls under 14.

**TI:** So you believe that nurture plays a bigger role than nature?

**MrTim:** Yes, since I never did like young girls prior to being 19! In fact it took me another 12 years to even fall in love with a LG!

**TI:** So you think that being in love with a LG is intrinsic to being a ped?

**MrTim:** NO! The only requirement to being a ped is the sexual attraction. I just realized for sure that I was a ped when I fell in love with that 8 year old girl at 36.

**TI:** So when did you meet your wife?

**MrTim:** In 1999, we were next door neighbors in our apartment complex.

**TI:** At what point did you tell her about your being a pedophile?

**MrTim:** That was only in 2003, August to be exact! When we got married, she and I had very different work schedules, so it was easy to hide it. But as our work schedules started to match, I found myself unable to participate on the boards, and do other Internet types of things involving my pedophilia, such as looking at model sites and such! So I found a way to tell her about me, all by accident I must add!

**TI:** How long did you two live beside each other before you started dating?

**MrsTim:** About 10 months

**TI:** What was your first impression of MrTim when you met him?

**MrsTim:** When I saw him at the grocery store and invited him to have Thanksgiving dinner with my daughter and granddaughter and me. Total attraction. I was afraid to get involved with another man after being married twice and both ended very badly.

**TI:** So it went pretty quick then...a kind of love at first sight...was there any one thing that you can put your finger on that made MrTim different in your eyes?

**MrsTim:** Not really. I fell in love with him right off the bat

**TI:** During the entire courtship did you ever get the feeling that MrTim was a little different? When I dated Alicia she had felt it but didn't put her finger on it until after I came out to her.

**MrsTim:** Not during the courtship. But after we got married and just before we moved down to Southern California I thought I was doing something wrong and didn't know what. So when he said he wanted to move down here I put in for a



transfer with the company I worked for and got it.

**Ti:** MrTim: was there ever a time that you might've experienced some confusion about falling for MrsTim knowing your feelings for little girls?

**MrTim:** There never was any confusion as being in love with an adult woman is totally different than the feelings I have for little girls.

**Ti:** In what way? If you had married an 8 year old, would that love differ from the love you share with MrsTim?

**MrTim:** Not really, but since being in love with an 8 year old is taboo, it would carry with it some different elements than being in love and married to an adult woman.

**Ti:** MrTim: have you ever wished you were just "normal"?

**MrTim:** I am normal! Aren't we all?

**Ti:** So, on to the meat of the interview: When did you come out to MrsTim?

**MrTim:** I came out to her just a month before our 3rd Anniversary.

**Ti:** What brought you to the point that you felt the need to tell her?

**MrTim:** Just the pressure of having to hide my activities. I was staying awake late so she couldn't see what I was doing, and always looking over my shoulder. It was starting to take a large toll on our marriage!

**Ti:** MrsTim: how did he tell you, from your perspective?

**MrsTim:** He said he had something to tell me. At first I thought the worst. But when he told me about it and explained it to me. I love him even more for being honest with me.

**Ti:** Could either of you elaborate on what was said? MrsTim, you must've had some kind of negative reaction first off. And MrTim: what was

going through your mind, and how did you plan on telling her, and what really happened? I know when I told Alicia it didn't happen at all like I had planned.

**MrTim:** Didn't happen as I planned either. I tried telling her a week prior to actually telling her, and it didn't go well. I was trying to prime her for the news, and she didn't seem to take anything seriously, so I abandoned my attempt to tell her. Over the next week, an accident involving the printing of some clothed LG pics happened, and it led to me telling her the following Saturday. I just sat her down and told her that I was sexually attracted to young girls. She thought that I was going to tell her something like I wanted to get a divorce or something. Once I told her, I could see the shock in her face, and I just tried to candy coat it a bit. I did come out to her 100% and because of her love for me, she accepted it. It did lead to a next few weeks of hard adjustments.

**MrsTim:** I was glad that he wasn't seeing another woman. I believe that there are two types of pedos. The ones that kidnapped, rape, murder, and molest. Then the ones like my husband who likes looking at the littl girls. So to make my point, every human being on this earth whether male or female is a pedo if they look at little girls or little boys.

**Ti:** MrsTim: did you have any opinions on pedophiles before MrTim came out, and did your opinions change afterward?

**MrsTim:** I always thought that pedos were child molesters.

**Ti:** So now you see the clear distinction between pedos and child molesters?

**MrsTim:** Yes I can.

**MrTim:** She knows that pedos don't necessarily molest!

**Ti:** MrTim: you mentioned that there was some hard adjustments, I assume for both you and your wife. What were they, and how were they dealt with? I think it would be interesting to hear both from you and your wife for each instance.



**MrTim:** Just her adjusting to what I am was the hardest. She was just finding out me about wanting to look at young girl pics on the Internet, and also that I was reading stories posted on asstr.net about men having sex with young girls. By that time, I had an extensive collection of stories and pictures that had always been hidden from her. That took a toll, but over time, she got used to me looking and reading and became OK with it.

**MrsTim:** The fact that we have no secrets. I also go through the sale ads and pick out little girls.

**MrTim:** That's become her way of being a part of this world with me.

**Ti:** MrsTim: what was going through your mind at that time? Did you ever have doubts that your marriage could survive this?

**MrsTim:** After finding out I can't say I wasn't shocked I was. But know that MrTim loves me with all his heart and soul. And knowing that all he does is look I have no problem with it.

**Ti:** Was there ever any concern, even fleetingly, about your daughter or grand daughter?

**MrsTim:** No.

**Ti:** Does your daughter know, or does any other family member know?

**MrsTim:** No.

**Ti:** MrTim: are you content with just your wife knowing, or do you feel a need to be honest with the rest of your family?

**MrTim:** Only my wife, our two roommates and a couple of former friends know about me. I don't feel any need to tell anyone who doesn't live with me. It's been kept a secret from them for all of these years, and I see no need to tell them about it. Telling them would only open a can of worms!

**Ti:** MrsTim: how would you feel if another pedo took a romantic interest in your granddaughter?

**MrsTim:** As long as the pedo was like Tim I

wouldn't have a problem since his interest would only be romantic. But touch my granddaughter sexually I can't say I would be happy or would probably want to kill the person. Because then that person would become a molester.

**Ti:** MrsTim: What would you say to those who hate all pedos?

**MrsTim:** I would say that they need to do research.

**MrTim:** Meet a pedo who isn't looking to molest.

**Ti:** Have there been any regrets whatsoever about coming out?

**MrTim:** NO! My life has been much easier for me and my home life happier since coming out to my wife. Our roommates are a 43 year old woman and her 13 year old daughter. They have been very enlightened about pedophilia since moving in here, since they see how I treat the 13 year old. She would be one of the first to put someone straight if they thought I was a molester simply because I am pedo. So to me, coming out to the select few who I have done to has been a very good thing. They all respected me before I came out, and they continued that respect after I came out to them. Granted, they have been a select few over the many years I had realized that I was pedo! In my opinion, coming out to them was good since they may be able to help educate others on why we are who we are.





It is a Party  
 Playing with the Little Girls  
 Big Smile on my Face

**Ti:** MrTim: do you now wish you had come out sooner?

**MrTim:** I wish that I could have, but as it turned out, it was the perfect timing. If I had come out sooner, like before I met my wife, then I'd probably have been discriminated against, and never been able to meet her. But the timing that has happened since we got married has been a plus. Sooner than I did, she probably wouldn't have accepted it. So, in my opinion, coming out to her when I did helped our marriage survive. And coming out to the others since has enlightened my life! So I think the timing has been best for my life!

**Ti:** MrsTim: Would you ever have allowed your daughter to pose for a non-nude child model site?

**MrsTim:** Yes I would have.

**Ti:** Would you say that this issue plays a big part in your lives or a smaller one?

**MrTim:** A fairly big part since it is a major part of my life. But since it isn't such a major part of hers, it kind of creates a balance.

**MrsTim:** I have to agree with MrTim. I go through the ads and show him what I've found.

**MrTim:** The ads she is talking about are Sunday retail ads in the newspaper. She will look for cute models and point them out to me.

**Ti:** You say you have room-mates and they know about you. Does the mother have any concerns about you being in such close proximity to her daughter, or her being left alone with you?

**MrTim:** She does talk to her daughter and ask whether I have said or done anything wrong. But the mother does trust me, especially since I made sure she knew about me before she ever moved in with us.

**Ti:** MrTim and MrsTim: what advice would you give any pedo who would want to come out to someone?

**MrTim:** Be very careful of who you come out to. When I came out to my wife, I expected that we would get divorced. So when I decide who to come out to, I expect that they will hate me and maybe even ruin my life. So I won't suggest coming out to anyone other than very trusted friends.

**MrsTim:** I agree with everything that MrTim has said.


**Ti:** OK, thank you both for your time, and your answers...we appreciate it.

**MrsTim:** You're Very Welcome.

**MrTim:** You are very welcome my friends.

## Who are they?

MrTim is an administrator at Visions of Alice- an online pedophile forum. He has kept Visions of Alice on the right track for years. He is a confessed pedophile and loves his wife who is not a little girl.

MrsTim is married to MrTim and is not a pedophile but has been willing to keep a open mind and truly learn what being a pedophile really means. 

ANSWERS

QUESTIONS



*ShadowM's*

# HIDDEN ANGELS

## Chapter 2

The sky turned from blue to orange with the sun's descent. A few streetlights turned themselves on, illuminating areas that have prematurely went dim with a white light. The houses don an amber-like color due to the minutes-long sunset. The cars make their way back to the suburban areas via the bridge that connects said area with the business districts, where the adults perform their daily tasks. Upon the vehicles' entry, the public speaker crackled as the rasping voice declared that due to today's abduction, those who patrol the "marked one" blocks are to set themselves on double shift. And patrol they did. For once the sun descended under the horizon and all the streetlights switched themselves on, several police cars circled around the blocks that hold the "marked ones" every hour, on the hour.

Enough about that however, for it doesn't concern the Staydamind residence. Claire is occupied with her cooking in the kitchen while Shad searches for something to watch on TV. After an unsuccessful channel-search, the preteen boy enters the kitchen for a drink of water. However, he only gets as far as opening the fridge door until Claire speaks whilst cleaning the hens, "Shad that wasn't very smart."

Oops. Heheh, may I have some water please?

"You can have water anytime you want, but that's not what I was referring to."

"You mean me taking too long to get the..."

"You were staring at her! That's rude!"

"Rude? How can I not stare at her? She's cute."

"She's...well, she's rather young. Not that

there's much wrong with that."

"You thought that girl would get mad?"

"I'm more worried whether her mother saw her or not. Tabatha's not one you should cross."

Claire opens the spice cabinet and reaches for a small canister of garlic powder, "Tabatha's an Enforcer after all. I just feel sorry for whomever it was that took her daughter."

"What does that have to do with staring at the girl; child# 3-9-14-4-25? She also seemed embarrassed for some reason."

"Also, embarrassed?"

"It's a little hard to explain. I kind'a felt weird when I looked at her. And why did her mommy seem so mad?"

"I don't really know her a lot myself, although it's rather odd that her daughter was left alone."

After getting himself a glass of water, Shad thought to himself, "Why was she left alone at the grocery store? Did she get lost? But if that's the case, why didn't she ask for help? And that lady, why did she look so mad instead of comforting her crying child? And just what the heck is a Marked One?" Those thoughts alone were rapidly spinning in Shad's head. So much that for the time being, he dismissed them.

Shad mutters to self "This place is so weird. I wonder what daddy would do."

Shad lets that sentence get the best of him as he puts the now empty glass cup on the living room table and stealthily exits the house. The sky is a dark blue with no moon in sight. There are stars visible, but not too many of them. Thankfully, the streetlights provide plenty of illumination. All Shad needs now is a perfect view of the abducted girl's house. That wouldn't be a problem if the public speakers yell out its blaring, slightly rasping voice.

One of the neighborhood speakers barks, "THIS IS A REMINDER TO ALL FAMILY UNITS THAT ALL CHILDREN ARE TO REMAIN INDOORS



**DURING NIGHTFALL AT ALL TIMES!!!"**

Shad jumped up a bit in shock. He was somewhat used to the overly loud volume of the speakers, but never has he heard it outside the home. He felt compelled to remain outside for a little while considering the speaker wasn't directly at him, but he wished not to make his mother angry again. Actually, she becomes more nervous than angry when he's in some sort of trouble. Not wishing to ponder things a bit- and lament on not having a clear view of the abducted girl's home; while outdoors for fear of another surprise (and possibly more detailed) announcement. Shad sprinted back into his home.

With untouchable thoughts; Shad couldn't help thinking, "Now what?"

Little does Shad know, the very home he wishes to gaze upon may not be good for entering. For within the house that Child# 3-9-14-4-25 resides, she and her mother Tabatha are in the midst of a heated conversation. Of course, considering the recent event concerning her abduction, it may as well be more of a stern warning for some reason instead of words of comfort.

At only the tender age of 8, Child# 3-9-14-4-25 is an unusually shy little girl. Even now her head is down in shame for some unknown reason while her mother chastises her. Her curiosity, once in full bloom, is steadily being squelched down. She learned the hard way that there are many, if any, things that children should never ask; no matter how much the unknown tickles their fancy. For starters, there was once a time when she wondered why those in adulthood had non-numerical names- while her and her peers are numbered. This child is rather smart considering the level of education she's receiving, though she tries not to show it much. For doing so would make many aware of her gift. And for far too long it has been more of a burden on her heart and curse to anyone around her, particularly the Marked Ones.

With hair recently cut down so it may only reach her shoulders and the same violet eyes as her daughter, Tabatha looks down on the child with

a stern stare. It wasn't the first time though. Just last week she presumably wandered off from the return-home group from school. Upon coming home from work, the woman spotted her daughter and man in his mid-20s. What they were doing, she did not care. Frightened and angered, Tabatha immediately identified him as a Marked One and as her absolute right of being an Enforcer, arrested him on the spot and took him to the station, where he awaits judgment. She loathes Marked Ones with absolute disgust, even more so due to the fact that her own little girl was allegedly socializing with them. One mustn't mingle with those who are marked, for it only brings great shame; shame and interactions between her daughter and the Marked Ones that she will not tolerate. Tabitha puts on a worried look but her voice betrays that look as she sternly says to the little girl, "Unless you wish for me to take drastic measures, do as I say and stay clear of the Marked Ones!"

"Yes mother. I'm a good girl, honest."

"And good girls abide by many regulations, and I don't recall interacting with THOSE people being one! You may go to your room."

She can't help hanging her head slightly, "Yes mother."

The violet-eyed girl walked back to her room, which is just upstairs. It's a rather vacant room. With only a bed, desk and tiny bookshelf to fill it, there's enough space for at least two more beds.


The child tilts her head up at last. Although her tears have dried, her eyes are still glistening as she tries to hold back just a few more. Tired, she removes her sneakers and plops straight onto the bed face first, her long brown hair sprawled all over the bed. She rolls over and stares at her plain white ceiling, reminiscing today's events. The youngster puts her hand on her chest and presses down, feeling the rhythm of her heart-beat.

She whispers to herself, "It happened again. What is it?"



## I Can't Reach You Yet

It's been mentioned that the girl is smarter than most would think. As far as she knows, she's the only child who uncovered the secret to the numbered names children get in the community. She recalls practicing her ABCs- twenty-six letters- and coincidentally, the highest a number can go in a numbered name is 26, similar to one of her classmates Child# 26-1-3-11. She also knows higher numbers, but at one point, can only count up to 26. Then it hit her. Out of boredom, she wrote down her numbers, then right under them, wrote the letter appropriate for each number. Fewer than 3 she put C. 9 matched the letter I. And so on and so forth. After about a minute of decoding, she saw exactly what it revealed. All children have real names, "Then why do we use numbers?" she thought.

Out of instinct and perhaps fate itself, she coined her newfound name and gave it to herself. However, she kept it to herself, knowing that the adults would find it suspicious that a mere child as herself could uncover the secret to the numerical names. So when she's alone in her room, or anywhere else where no one can hear her, she whispers just one word. The word that she, for reasons she can't put into words, discovered entirely on her own but at the same time, wishes she could say out loud someday, without any repercussions. Child# 3-9-14-4-25: Cindy- my name is Cindy. 

To be continued



*I can't touch you yet, my love*

*I can't save you from the trap*

*They've set to hold you.*

*I can't feel you near, my love,*

*I can't fight this fear, my love*

*I can't slay this giant dragon*

*Looming o'er you.*

*The battle rages on all sides*

*And I'd give anything*

*For you, my princess bride.*

*This knight would give his life*

*To save only you*

*But I can't save you yet, my love*

*Hold on a little longer*

*Reach out a little farther*

*I'm fighting for you*

*Racing toward you*

*But I...*

*I can't reach you yet, my love.*

**~Butterfly Sox**



# TRUE NONSENSE

*JGrey's Circumlocution*

## How to Disapprove of Pedophiles

There is no doubt that there are many non-pedophiles in the world who would like to disapprove of pedophiles, but aren't quite sure how to go about it. Disapproving of pedophiles is, of course, the solemn duty of every decent citizen, and being unable to do so properly can be quite embarrassing.

If you find yourself in a conversation with friends and/or co-workers about how awful pedophiles are, here are some handy tips to follow in case you're not sure what to say.

The first and most important step is to make sure you do not understand very much about the issue. Complete ignorance is preferred, but if this is not attainable, at least be certain to avoid reading any literature on the subject outside of that provided or recommended by rabidly heroic "antis". At all costs, avoid listening to any rational pedophile, and do not under any circumstances read this e-zine. Equating pedophiles with child molesters will simplify things, so learning the difference is not recommended. Cluttering the mind with excessive facts can only serve to inhibit one's ability to judge.

Second, one must develop the quick and decisive sort of thinking which is required to dismiss and judge an entire large segment of the population. Phrases like "well, they're not all bad" should be eliminated from ones are thinking, as they tend to cloud what should be a clear black-and-white issue. Any tendency to see both sides of an issue must be exorcised, and quickly.


Third, one must learn and practice the appropriate phrases to use when discussing the issue with friends and co-workers. "Buncha sickos" is a useful phrase for beginners, and will serve you well in most situations. Simply parroting the phrases of others is, of course, both adequate and morally courageous, but to win the accolades of one's peers, (none of whom are pedo-

philes themselves I am certain), one must master more advanced phrases like "oughta string 'em all up", "why can't they all just die", and "buncha damn sickos." Once these phrases have been mastered, one can move on to more advanced discussions, such as "if I ever caught one, I would..." followed by detailed descriptions of what violent acts one would perform on which portions of the hypothetical pedophile's person. Sputtered invective is not required, but is considered a plus.

Expressing a contrary opinion in the course of such a discussion among friends or co-workers is not recommended. Expressing any hint of sympathy for pedophiles is extremely unwise. Echoing the sentiments of others is always the right and courageous thing to do.

Fourth, one must become accustomed to seeing all pedophiles as subhuman filth. Referring to pedophiles as "them" is a useful first step. Saying "them", preferably with a disgusted sneer, helps to clarify things. Seeing pedophiles as human beings is both uncomfortable and unwise. Actually saying so is, of course, forbidden.

Finally, one must learn to congratulate oneself for the noble and courageous stand one takes in agreeing with one's peers. It isn't easy to go along, blend in, and join in with the powerful majority. It takes real courage and moral certainty to proudly stand up and declare one's hatred for a group that pretty much everyone else hates too. Sure, it would be easy to interrupt such a conversation by saying "I don't think they should be murdered when they haven't even harmed anyone," but instead, one must find the courage to agree and blend in.

With these skills mastered, you will soon be accepted and roundly congratulated by the other heroic manly sheep in your particular flock, as you bask in the warm gentle glow of shared casual hatred, knowing you too can successfully disapprove of pedophiles. 



# THE BURNING MAN



## iWish Debates Kiota from last issue

I first became interested in debating issues related to "Girl-Love" when the idea floated on to a board I read often. Thinking it would be like CNN's Crossfire only better (read: intelligent) I figured it could be fun. However I was well aware I might not have much to debate considering I do not have hard facts or numbers to prove what I am saying. After reading the article in question I see facts are not a requirement.

First off I'd like to question the reasoning in the following statement:

**"The typical prepubescent girl isn't interested in sex the way an adult is. A young girl's masturbation, for instance, is one with a far different purpose. Instead of feeling a build-up of sexual tension that needs release, she does it simply because it feels good."**

### Why Children Masturbate

**"Pleasure. Children learn very quickly that it feels good to masturbate. Among young children is very common, and quite normal.**

**"Self-soothing. For many children, masturbation reduces tension. These children may masturbate when they are upset, tired, bored, or feeling stress.**

**"Exploration. Many children will masturbate as part of the natural curiosity they have about their bodies.**

**Written by Kristin Zolten, M.A. & Nicholas Long, Ph.D., Department of Pediatrics, University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences**

It seems as the University of Arkansas disagrees with the statement above. The University of Michigan states the following:

### Why does my child masturbate?

**Occasional masturbation is a normal behavior of many toddlers and preschoolers. Up to a third of children in this age group discover masturbation while exploring their bodies. Often they continue to masturbate simply because it feels good. Some children masturbate frequently because they are unhappy about something, such as having their pacifier taken away. Others are reacting to punishment or pressure to stop masturbation completely. Masturbation has no medical causes. Written by B.D. Schmitt, M.D.**

So it seems that children masturbate for the same reasons adults do with one exception; to procreate.

### Pedophiles main focus: AoC laws?

**"...Many pedophiles and child lovers work towards abolishing, or at least lowering, the age of consent but, to what purpose? Most children in this society would still be harmed by sex, and the fight to lower the AoC only confirms society's beliefs about child lovers and pedos – that they only want to have sex with kids, or, at least, that it is their most important goal..."**

On paper this statement seems to ring true with logic. However there is a problem. The Age of Consent seems to embody more than sexual decision power. It also seems to dictate what is normal for children to do. For example, if I were to "fall in love" with a 10 year old girl but conclude she would get "harmed by sex" and take the decision to wait until she reaches the AOC standard I am still left with the problem of being publicly persecuted. To most people the idea of falling in love with a child is impossible. If the AOC was lowered pedophiles could engage a relationship with the child and have the law back them up when society changes, laws follow shortly. History is proof of that: slavery, piracy, women voting. The laws surrounding pedophilia will eventually change when it is realized that pedo-



philia is not secluded to a small percentage of deviants. When it is discovered that it is not a chemical imbalance much like homosexuality was believed to be.

As far as being "harmed by sex", it depends on what the situation is. In fact that statement applies to children and adults. No matter what the age or gender I think we can all agree that nonconsensual sex is harmful. If some of you reading this far are appalled that I haven't condemned all sex with children as harmful then I suggest you open your mind to reality. If you believe children are not already engaged in sexual acts between themselves then you are simply complying with the taboo.

### **Sexuality of Children**

**"...Sexualization of children is a particular problem."**

**".....society treats them as miniature adults..."**

**"...A child shouldn't have to worry about making herself attractive to men..."**

**"...society says she should look a certain way – act like a seductive (yet submissive) adult woman..."**

There is most definitely a problem today with the "Sexuality of Children". In fact it can be broken down into two parts:

The first is the industry. In kiota's article it was well brought up that dieting is a ridiculous fashion trend that has corrupted many young minds lately. This can also be seen in other industries such as clothing for children, or how about those "Bratz" dolls? The main force here is the almighty dollar. This is not the first time money has corrupted morality however that is a discussion for another day.

The second part would be the negative impact of the first part. Apart from the obvious being anorexia, for example, there is also the denial that children are sexual beings at all! There seems to be a belief that sexuality only starts at the age of 18 (or 21). So when it is convenient, children cannot be sexual unless it conflicts with the almighty dollar.

So in my mind the biggest injustice is not that a

young girl may want to be sexy for a classmate (which sounds perfectly healthy to me) but that as a society we do not know how to identify the proper "sexual behavior" in children. We only know how to sell those tank-tops and shirts that say "naughty princess" or pink sweats that say "Sweet" on the ass.

Finally I'd like to add one more thing. It's easy to criticize Pedophiles based on personal experiences but it simply won't amount to anything. Pedophiles are like any other individuals. They can be caring or be assholes. They can be unlawful or the opposite. It is paramount to be as open as possible to opinions. When stating an opinion, if any of it is carried with prejudice it will be evident in between the lines. When this occurs then many of the good questions will simply be ignored based on the generalizations. This small article is only my opinion and should not be taken as fact. It is what I believe and I do not pretend to know what all pedophiles or men think. It is what I think. If future articles are written in this fashion I believe the debates will be a major step forward in the progression of what is right and true for our society.

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# Event Horizons

## OBSERVATIONS OF ASTRONOMER

All of us sometimes wish to escape into our own little world, to this we escape into a book, or a movie, or drawing, or even a game, maybe just sit and meditate, or we use our imaginations to lose ourselves for a little while, of course music is one the best forms of escapism.

Music reaches out to touch our hearts, to tell a story and perhaps just maybe lets us forget the day to day world for a little while and as a hepephile I find that music is one of the very few outlets for my feelings. This is by no means a top ten list or anything like that, just a group of songs that get me thinking of young girls and how blessed I am to see the honest pure heart that is at the core of them, of course two or three on this list delve a little more into the realm of fantasy and longing.

The first song that comes to mind is of course a classic by Gigi, "**Thank God for Little Girls**" what else needs to be said about this song, except every girl lover that I know pretty much knows all the lyrics to it.

My second song is "**Lullabye**" by Billy Joel; it is just a sweet little song that conjures up thoughts of bedtime stories and peaceful angels sleeping.

Third, we come to "**Butterfly Kisses**" by Bob Carlisle, this song captures the heart of what little girls are, and it never fails to bring a tear to my eye.

Number four is a song that delves into the realm of fantasy, Billy Idol's "**Rock the Cradle of Love**", draws a hard beat picture of forbidden love and of temptation.

At five on the list, "**Don't Stand so Close to Me**" by The Police is another song like number four, with one subdue difference, this story certain lines are only hinted at being crossed, it is left up to the listener to decide whether this is

a good thing or not.

Six is the song "**Angel**" by Aerosmith, a simple song of longing.

I find number seven to be a powerful song that speaks to the relationships that child lovers have with their little friends, and while Avril Lavigne did not write "**Keep Holding On**" for us, she could have not done better if she tried.

To understand why number eight is included, you have to understand that everyone hears the lyrics of a song and applies it to their own situation and feelings. Finger Eleven's "**One Thing**" speaks to me of the price of being in love with someone society says I cannot be, and that the price is worth paying.

Like number eight, number nine is also open to interpretation. "**I knew I loved You**" by Savage Garden, is simply a love song nothing more, it speaks without age, but directly to the heart.

Though a sad little song, David Bowie's "**As the World Falls Down**" is a song that was written with heavy hepephile overtones. Just one example of the lengths most child lovers will go to for the ones we love.

And finally we come to number ten, this song in my opinion is the best little girl song ever made to date. Oingo Boingo's "**Little Girls**" is a funny song while at the same time being a pure LG worship song.

Whether you agree with my interpretations of the songs here dose not really matter, what matters is that the next time you listen to one of these songs, or any song you like, you let go, let the music carry you into a world of wonder and emotion.

And remember, turn it up I want to hear what you are listening to. 



# BIOGRAPHIES

My handle is iWish. It was shortened from iWishIwasntme. As you can tell I was quite negative about myself. Being a pedophile since I can remember has forced myself to pursue my religion : Progress

Lindsay Ashford is an ardent girlover who is not afraid to admit it. In 2002, he created Puel-lula, a collection of sites related to girls and girlove. Currently in Western Europe, Lindsay enjoys exchanging smiles, giggles and joy with little girls in all of the countries he visits.

ShadowM's bio: Guess there's not much of a difference between me any any other Girlover. Although my ears tend to burn up when the word "pedophile" is heard due to being "dirtied" to the point where I think it's original meaning has been lost. My primary attraction is towards girls ages 4-9 though it may be just a wee bit higher. My association between myself and children are...well, let's just say once in a blue moon doesn't quite cut it.

Writer: I am a doctor, a healer, an advisor, a counsellor, an advocate of love between two people regardless of age - but most of all, I am a Girl Lover. My mission in life is to help little girls and those who love them.

I\*Love\*Green\*Olives: I first discovered he was a paedophile at an early age, when he went from sneaking kisses from the girl next door to making out with her much younger sister. He wouldn't join the online community until many years later, as a poster on many CL sites. ILGO, as he is sometimes known to go by, has also published several blogs, and is now a columnist for the True Innocence e-Zine which you now read.

Treblevoice: I am one of the few female paedophiles around on the Net. I have known I was a paedophile since I was a kid myself, and I am attracted both to boys and girls, from toddler age through the teens. Besides children, I like spending time with friends and eating buttered crumpets. I really enjoy the research I do for my e-zine articles, and I hope they're as fun for everyone to read as they are for me to write.

JGrey: I am a pedophile, and have been for decades. I have been a small and rather quiet part of the CL movement for nearly a year now. I hope to entertain and provide a somewhat unique (read: "odd") viewpoint on the issues.

Siva: I am a girl lover who has been online in the girl love community in one form or another for almost 27 years now. I spend a lot of my time with little girls and between us our quality of life has been made even more wonderful for it. I have numerous young friends and each is a joy and fills me with love.