

Don't be Afraid of Words

Hedonist
Editor-in -Chief

If you haven't noticed we've expanded the availability of the e-zine and have made it into a magazine. For those who are holding this issue, well I guess you already know that. For those who haven't there is a link at the True Innocence website that brings you directly to the True Innocence store page. It does say Lindsay Ashford's store but it says that because Lindsay helped out by setting up the store for us. Just to make it secure and safe for the True Innocence staff. So, a big thank you goes out to Lindsay who made the- making- of the e-zine into a magazine, possible.

For those who have missed the link you can access the magazine by going to...

<http://www.lulu.com/>

And search for "True Innocence".

It still is easier to go to the True Innocence website because you get a direct link to the True Innocence store.

To call it a total success is probably subjective. We aren't getting "Time" numbers or even "Fangoria". Hell even "Cake" out distances us at a fairly wide margin. But we do have some things working against us.

1) Our staff numbers two, (This does not include the amazing columnists we have, just the people who make and assemble the e-zine/magazine.)

2) We are absolutely new so the word hasn't really gotten around.

3) There is a reluctance to get it

because of peoples living relationship.

4) And of course we are a pedophile magazine. A topic not exactly popular. Well popular in the "We love the pedophile magazine." That is reserved to pedophiles and the people willing to listen. Let's admit that if there are anti's picking this up it is to show just how, "bad" and "evil" we are. Of course it is never done in a fair way. They'll pick out a line or two and put it completely out-of-context and not offer -whoever is reading it- the chance to get the whole picture.

It is sad, but unfortunately very true.

The part you'll never hear is True Innocence has already done some good. A younger pedophile was discovered- by his parents. Of course there was a lot of yelling, hand ringing and threats. Being young it is hard to verbalize what you're thinking. He used True Innocence to help open a dialogue with his parents.

There is a lot of differing opinions, in the Pedophile world. We do not agree with all subjects and this was used as a positive in the discussion rather than a negative. Getting non's to realize the only thing that defines a pedophile is that we want to "fuck" every little girl we see. Well reading True Innocence show's that is simply not true. I hope that message is getting across.

I've always said, "If we help even one person, it will make me happy." Well I am now happy. Everything from here is just down hill.

As I write these "Words from me" the True Innocence magazine has sold 52 issues. I gotta be honest...that is 52 more than I thought we would sell. And I'd just like to point out that the magazine has no mark-up. The cost is for printing only. We do not gain, financially from True Innocence magazine at all. Even though we put hours and hours, of our own time to get this to you.

I hope it has been worth it.

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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.

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 teen-aged 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.

The Doctor is In

A periodical penned by Writer

The question of Potty training

A mother came to me, concerned about her daughter's masturbatory habits. Apparently the girl had started humping toy around the age of 2, and progressed on to fingering herself almost daily.

The mother asked me "Will she ever stop?" - I looked at her with a straight face and said "Did you?"

Last month's article was about "Bad Hygiene". This month, I thought it appropriate to follow on a theme - this time its "Bad Habits".

With one eye on the medical journals and another on the issues in society, I've noticed a recurring issue of late - how do I toilet train my child?

It seems that many parents have little or no idea how to get their darling to stop filling diapers and start using the can.

Whilst no two children are the same, one thing I can say is: "STOP using diapers!"

It seems that the diaper has become the universal "toilet minder" for little people - in much the same way that TV becomes the babysitter because mom or dad is too busy to spend time with them.

Sure, diapers have their place - but there is an ever increasing trend to leave kids in them far longer than is necessary.

Firstly, it is unhygienic and counterproductive. A child sitting around in a wet diaper is not good - both from a developmental aspect and a medical one.

I must point out however, that toilet training is not a race. Just because the girl down the road is trained at 18 months does not mean that your girl will be as well, and there is no need to pressure her to follow suit.

From the time a baby is born, they have no concept of bowel or bladder control. When it's full - it empties - of its own accord. We put them in diapers because it's convenient and better than having poos and wees all round the house and running down their legs.

Pooing is usually the first for a child to get to grips with, as the muscles surrounding the bowel are not as impatient as those surrounding the bladder and your girl gets a lot more warning.

Also, solids are far easier to control than liquids, giving the child a little more time to get to the bathroom.

As your child grows, it is all too easy for you as parents and care-givers to forget that they are becoming consciously aware of bowel and bladder "reflex" - the feelings associated with a full system and the need to "go".

By the time a child is two, there is every possibility that they can master control over their body. Many children can be fully toilet trained by two years of age, a handful even earlier. Once they are able to understand what is happening with their body, they are able to control it.

Sadly, many parents find it "easier" to just slap a diaper on the child and leave them to it.

This can be convenient, but what tends to happen is the practice carries on well into the years when a child should be out of diapers

and using the toilet by themselves.

I am well aware of kids who are still in diapers and starting school, and one who was still wearing them at age 10, simply because her lazy mother couldn't be bothered training her to use the can.

Ideally your girl should be out of them and able to take herself to the bathroom by the time she starts kindergarten or daycare, and with a little care and attention and the right attitude there is no reason (except for medical issues) why this can't be achieved.

No doubt you have witnessed kids standing on the spot, or dancing around from one foot to the other, doing the "I got to pee-pee" dance - or as I refer to it, the "Norwegian Two-step".

The reason why they are always doing this is because they are unconsciously stretching their bladders.

This normally happens soon after potty-training when children are always holding their pee and having accidents, etc.

Children need to do this, or their "pee retention ability" will not improve, and they will be running to the bathroom every five minutes.

I know so many parents who are always forcing them to use the toilet when they see this dance or worse yet, throwing a diaper or Pull-Up on them. The kids will probably be bed-wetters and be wearing diapers till they're 12.

My girls completed potty-training at age 2 and never wet the bed. They use the toilet much less frequently than I do and have the bladders of camels.

LET them hold their pee and have an accident or two.

Quit putting Pull-Ups and diapers on them till they're 5. Not only is it disgusting, but a complete waste of money.

What costs more, a carpet cleaning or 3 or 4 more years of diapers and Pull-Ups?

Get them out of diapers!

What does a diaper do? Psychologically it sends a message to your child "I don't need to worry about peeing or pooping, there's a bag there to catch it!"

It hides the evidence and delays training. They stop your girl from making the connection between the urge to go, and what she needs to do about it.

They've grown up never needing to worry about their bodily discharges. It's all nicely contained for them and when it's full, mom or dad comes along to take it away and give them a clean start.

They do for her what she needs to learn to do for herself.

The longer you give them diapers, the longer it will take for them to develop the idea they need to use the toilet!

Contrary to what one might expect, the best way to break the diaper habit is to stop using them, and give your girl some time out wearing nothing. The transition period from diaper to panties does not need to be an immediate one.

I call this "bare butt training".

The best place to start is outside. Allow your girl to roam around "bare butt". If the weather is good there's no reason why she shouldn't be naked. If you feel better with a little covering, just a long T-Shirt is all that is required. Once she has developed some recognition of the pee and poo reflexes, you can then move indoors. Try to use rooms without carpet, linoleum or wooden floors make discovery and clean-up of accidents easier and cheaper.

A child that has no diaper and no pants on is

far less inclined just to "let go". They become consciously aware of the fact that if they do, they will end up with wet or dirty legs and pee or poo on the floor - something that mommy or daddy would not like.

All too often I have seen instances of girls being taken straight from diapers into panties - only to wet them on a regular basis and fill a laundry basket in a couple of days.

Only after she has gained a reasonable mastering of the need to go, and can communicate that with you effectively, should you even think about putting her in panties.

I don't advocate the use of "Pull-ups" or training pants at all. They are very similar in appearance to diapers, and are designed to be a step-up from them. To a child however, they are just another diaper to be dumped in.

Another question that's come my way is "Do I need to use a potty?"

This to me is a matter of personal preference. However, I would ask the question "What do you need a potty for?"

There are plastic inserts available for most toilets that allow a small butt to sit comfortably and not fall in - so as long as your girl can get up there, I don't see any reason why she should not use the family bathroom.

I personally don't see any need for a child to use a potty. They sit on it in the living room; therefore start to learn that their business is done on a potty in the family area. Why not start the way they will end up and teach them to use the toilet in the bathroom? If necessary

you can provide a small set of steps or a wooden box for them to get up on.

Encouraging them to use the bathroom gets them into the habit early and does away with the need to buy extra things like potties which really aren't justified.

Develop a routine of getting her to sit on the toilet 20 minutes after a meal. This is about the time that the body will be readying to discharge.

To limit the possibility of bedwetting, do not allow any fluids after 5pm, and encourage her to go pee before she gets into bed.



If you have boys in your family or your daughter witnesses a male peeing, she may decide that she wants to pee standing up as well. Don't deny her the opportunity to try this, as surprisingly enough, peeing standing up is a trick that a girl can in fact master. It could take some

time and plenty of splashed floors and walls, but it can happen.

Just remember, take your time, have patience and don't have a pre-determined time limit. She will eventually be potty trained, but any undo stress can set that delicate process back.

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

Featuring Treblevoice

Teen, both a perpetrator and victim of sex offense, presents legal puzzle

Utah Supreme Court justices acknowledged Tuesday that they were struggling to wrap their minds around the concept that a 13-year-old Ogden girl could be both an offender and a victim for the same act - in this case, having consensual sex with her 12-year-old boyfriend.

The girl was put in this odd position because she was found guilty of violating a state law that prohibits sex with someone under age 14. She also was the victim in the case against her boyfriend, who was found guilty of the same violation by engaging in sexual activity with her.

"The only thing that comes close to this is dueling," said Justice Michael Wilkins, noting that two people who take 20 paces and then shoot could each be considered both victim and offender.

And Chief Justice Christine Durham wondered if the state Legislature had intended the "peculiar consequence" that a

child would have the simultaneous status of a protected person and an alleged perpetrator under the law.

The comments came in oral arguments on a motion asking the high court to overturn the finding of delinquency - the legal term in juvenile court for a conviction - against Z.C., who became pregnant after she and her boyfriend engaged in sex in October 2003.

State authorities filed delinquency petitions in July 2004, alleging that each had committed sexual abuse of a child, a second-degree felony if committed by an adult.

The girl appealed the petition, saying her constitutional right to be treated equally under the law had been violated.

Her motion noted that for juveniles who are 16 and 17, having sex with others in their own age group does not qualify as a crime. Juveniles who are 14 or 15 and have sex with peers can be charged with unlawful conduct with a minor, but the law provides for mitigation when the age difference is less than four years, making

the offense a misdemeanor.

For adolescents under 14, though, there are no exceptions or mitigation and they are never considered capable of consenting to sex.

A juvenile court judge denied the motion by Z.C., who then admitted to the offense while preserving her right to appeal to a higher court.

The Utah Court of Appeals last December upheld the judge's refusal to dismiss the allegation.

At Tuesday's arguments, Matthew Bates, an assistant Utah attorney general, argued the prosecution of the girl was not unreasonable. He said that the statute in question is designed to prevent sex with children who are 13 and younger, even if the other person is in the same age group.

By passing that law, legislators were sending a message, Bates said: Sex with or among children is unacceptable.

Randall Richards, the girl's attorney, argued that prosecut

ing children under a law meant to protect them is illogical.

"The only thing that comes close to this is dueling," said Justice Michael Wilkins, noting that two people who take 20 paces and then shoot could each be considered both victim and offender."

That's a good analogy, except for one thing: Sex, unlike gunshots, does not normally kill people. If practiced with reasonable common sense, it doesn't cause injury. It can stir up a whole mess of complicated feelings, but if it's consensual it's unlikely to cause bad psychological damage. Yes, sex is not risk-free: young "Z.C." did get pregnant at the tender age of 13. But activities such as swimming and bike-riding are not risk-free either, and there's no law against children engaging in those. Instead of outlawing them, we try to teach kids how to go about them safely, which is what we should be doing with sex.

The state does prevent children from doing certain things, and with good reason. 7-year-olds do not have the right to decide not to learn the multiplication table; they are not allowed to buy gin or to live entirely by themselves. Society feels that it has the right to prevent a young child from doing things that may harm him or her in the

long term, and in this case it is correct: children's mental capacities are not as developed as adults', and they are liable to make bad decisions, from the dangerous consequences of which they should be kept safe-- but, perhaps, only up to a point. Good parents know that sometimes children need to be allowed to learn from their own mistakes-- need to discover that if they eat too many sweets they will feel sick later, or that if they stay up late they will feel tired the following day. Curtailing children's freedom to make their own decisions is only justified in areas where the

decisions they may make can cause them substantial harm. Consensual sexual experimentation is not one of these areas. A girl who has not yet gone through puberty may be physically damaged by vaginal penetration, but this clearly does not apply here since if "Z.C." could get pregnant she must have been sexually mature. This brings up the point that "children" is a blanket category. A 5-year-old is a very different being to a 15-year-old, and in some cases the law does recognize this, as when, in the UK, it grants the right to decide whom to live

IN A PERFECT WORLD





with to children 13 and over but nor those under 13.

Perhaps a better analogy for our refusing children the right to have sex is our refusing them the right to vote. Kids are not allowed to vote because their understanding of the political process is not developed enough, and some argue that they should not be allowed to have sex because their understanding of the repercussions is not developed enough. The difference here is that voting will, at least in theory, affect society at large; sex affects nobody except the people involved and, possibly, those, such as friends and family, who are involved with them. Also, as

remarked above, it is foolish to make blanket generalizations about a whole sub-group in society. Many argue that there should be no fixed age for voting because some 14-year-olds show a better understanding of politics than some 40-year-olds, and the same could be said about sex. Adults cling to their signs of adulthood, those talismans which mark them off from the underclass of children, and the right to vote and the right to have sex are two such talismans.

By passing that law, legislators were sending a message, Bates said: Sex with or among children is unacceptable.

I'm sure we all know the main argument used to justify outlawing adult-child sex: Because the adult has more social power, and usually more physical and mental power, than the child, the adult is likely to force or coerce the child. But how can Mr. Bates apply this argument to sex between a 13-year-old and a 12-year-old? There is little more to his remarks than a feeling that all sexual activity in childhood is somehow bad.

Randall Richards, the girl's attorney, argued that prosecuting children under a law meant to protect them is illogical.

The law is tying itself in knots--hardly surprising, since it operates on the blatantly false premise that children are always "victimized" in sexual encounters. I am glad that the young girl concerned has had the strength of mind and of character to appeal her delinquency petition. Perhaps, as more and more such cases occur, we will see the breakdown of this irrational and cruel set of laws.

Treblevoice is one of the few female paedophiles around on the Net. She has known she was a paedophile since she was a kid herself. She is attracted both to boys and girls, from toddler age through the teens.

On The Home Front

Finding the Muse with Siva

Well as always it is chaos and little girls. One of the things I do is take the boys one weekend and the girls the next – each for a special treat of some sort. During the summer months it is usually swimming or picnics or hikes or whatever seems to bring happiness to these little souls. This weekend it was the girls turn.

I went to pick up the girls and as usual it was chaos - laughing. "Are we going to the playground Pepere?" etc etc and you can imagine the four of them all wound up and it was hilarious. First get them in the car and willing to sit in their places. (Actually getting them in the car is easy – it is getting them to stop climbing in the front seat to get the gum and look out the front window to see if the view is different and) It is so hard to get them strapped in since three booster seats barely fit in the backseat of my car. And of course the ride was chaos as well. Of course music is de rigeur and it must be loud. First the "old" We Will Rock You song and then the "new" Ska version. It is still so funny to watch them trying to get that stamp-stamp-clap rhythm going and never quite getting it right. (Nikki did on the way back though) And then I get a Mash-Up track of the old Archies tune Sugar Sugar going and wow - what a fantasy. The lyrics are so easy and in just a few seconds all the girls are singing this along with me. If you have never heard it; it goes:

Honey,
Oh, sugar sugar.
You are my candy girl
And, you got me wanting you.

At one point I look at Nikki who is riding shotgun with me (She is old enough not to have a booster seat) and I am singing "You are my candy girl.." and she gives me the biggest smile!! Oh wow.

Now we get to the playground and it is wall to wall kids. I am not kidding here - we went to two different playgrounds and it was packed. They were everywhere – and as far as adults go it were mostly moms so you can bet me having four little girls with me I was thought of as super dad. I had so many parents casually tell me today that I was great to take the girls out and be so nice and how well behaved they were etc. It was like being with family and no one cared I was all over the playground participating with the girls and talking with other kids etc. It is nice to not only be with the girls but to be trusted for a moment. I deserve that trust.

OK, one thing I do is take pictures of the kids, both boys and girls, everywhere we go. It is not only for me and the parents, but also for the kids. A lot of times we sit at my computer and the kids pick out a favorite picture of something they were doing and I print it for them to give to their parents. I also make a CD for the parents of every picture I take and they are so grateful for these keepsakes. But I had a problem here. I understand other parents are wary of a guy taking pictures at a playground and also it is hard to take pictures with so many of the other girls being so immodest in their dresses. So I was very careful to take pictures of only "my" girls and made sure that everyone could see that. I hate that people are wary but it is understandable.

Anyway all the girls want me to push them on the swings and I do so until my arms are about to fall off. And then catch each one as she slides down the "big" slide. And hold hands as each crosses the wiggly lily pad things. Then back to the swings and back to the slides and races around the whole playground and .. I was exhausted – laughing.

At one point I was looking for Gabby who



she wanted it all and all my attention to the exclusion of the other girls. It got pretty intense for about 15 minutes and I held my ground with her showing her that she had to share and how we all loved each other and had to share with each other. At one point she was crying while we were sitting at a picnic table and she started saying it wasn't fair she couldn't sit on my lap. I told her that of course she could sit on my lap and she screamed at me: "HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO SIT ON YOUR LAP?" So then I told her now she could not since I would not condone piss poor behavior. That really got

toddled off (the whole place is fenced in so it is cool letting them just wander off) and I found her with two women and a real toddler girl of about 1 who was just walking and still had a pacifier in her mouth. The girls name is Kaylee and she took a shine to Gabby. When I got there Kaylee would give this HUGE smile and toddle up to Gabby and give her a big hug than back off only to do it again and Gabby loved it. I got to talking with the women and suddenly up come the rest of my girls looking for me and soon they all wanted hugs from the baby girl who just loved all the attention and was in heaven. Shoot even I got a hug from the angel.

Now it was becoming apparent that something was up with Nikki at this point as she started to become sullen for no apparent reason. It was confusing at first since suddenly she just ran off crying and I had no idea what the hell was up. I started talking with her and she started telling me how everyone hated her and we didn't care for her etc. I was truly puzzled since she was right in the mix the whole time and was getting equal time. Equal time - THAT was the problem I finally figured out. She is so starved for attention that now that she was getting some

her crying and I let her for about 5 minutes then scooped her up and started talking to her.

She started by making all kinds of accusations of how people (including us) don't like her and every time she "is being me" people hurt her. Damned folks, that is harsh for a 6 YO eh? I argued it out with her and would not budge a step. I explained we were not other people and when she wanted to continue saying why things would not work for her I explained that she was just making excuses for being unhappy - that stunned her!! She said she was not doing that and I said that she was indeed since we had all been nice to her and we were all having fun and everyone was happy but her. Finally I got through to her and quietly she climbed in my lap and I hugged her tight and kissed her softly. I crooned to her a little very softly and suddenly she hugged me hard and got up and ran off to play with the girls again. The poor thing has some issues with that friggin family of hers and it kills me. She has a redneck dad who has a boy and so a girl is basically just another mouth to feed. His philosophy is that a "real man" does things with his boy and the girl needs to stay with her mom. Anyway, she was happy the rest

Anyway, she was happy the rest of the day. She started to share and not be so demanding of all my attention even though I would see her pause from time to time when I said something - laughing.

Anyway, as I said we then packed up and went to another playground and had a friggin blast and I got to "wait upon" the girls again. Finally I asked who was hungry and they all were. At this time we had done like 3 hours of playgrounds with only cookies, popcorn and juice so they were starved. They asked if we could go to "the place where we get to pick our own food" - a buffet - laughing. I told them sure but since Nikki was with us by herself the first time she could pick which one and they all agreed. She could choose a regular chain buffet or the Chinese place and she beamed at getting to pick. She picked the Chinese one since she had never been to one. It was more chaos - laughing. Imagine a 3, 4, 5, and 6 YO girl at a buffet and only you to help them. I hardly got to eat anything between helping them get their food and jumping up and down getting items they forgot and just basically keeping them from destroying the place.

One scene was hilarious - First Gabby said she had to go potty and so of course they all had to go. Now I got a problem in that I have to take four girls into the men's room but then again Nikki is not yet comfy going potty with me. OK, no problem she can go in the ladies room being quite old enough but then the others have mixed feelings of wanting to go potty with Pepere and going "big girl" by themselves. So at first it splits with Maggie and Gabby going in the men's room with me and Rita and Nikki going into the ladies room. No problem right? Wrong! I got Gabby on the pot and Maggie in the warm up mode when Rita walks in to go pee a second time since she saved some so she could go both places. I get Gabby off the pot and just get Maggie on and realize Gabby's pants are only half on and she is walking out the door to go to the ladies room!

I run and get Gabby and now I got Rita standing in the middle of the men's room with her pants around her ankles and Maggie yelling she can't

reach the sink to wash her hands. In walks Nikki and suddenly Maggie needs go again but now in the ladies room etc etc. I think you get it eh? It was chaos and half the time I have at least one girl walking out into the restaurant half naked and uncaring. The girls are going back and forth and I am getting dizzy and we come to the bathroom finale. With all the flushing and all the washing of hands now I have to go as well and tell the girls to hold on while I pee. But it isn't that simple. All the girls want me to wait while they go get Nikki so she can watch too. I am thinking - you have got to be kidding me. But nope, Maggie is left with me to make sure I don't cheat while they get Nikki. So in walks Nikki and now I got four little girls about eye level with my unit watching in fascination while I pee - roaring with laughter. In the background all I hear is: "See, that is how Pepere goes pee." "I go potty with Pepere all the time." "Pepere lifts me up so I don't climb on the potty." "Pepere helps me wash my hands." etc etc etc - LAUGHING. There are no secrets at my house I can tell you - laughing.

So finally we all get to empty our bladders, get our hands washed and get to pick another round of food for each. Have you ever had four



little girls to help get food for at a buffet? It is madness. It is like: "Gabby hold your plate straight baby, no Maggie don't grab things with your hands, use the tongs, Nikki I know you are older but please let me help you with the hot soup. Where did Rita go?" LAUGHING!!!

And then they spot the fact that one whole wall is made up of floor to ceiling mirrors. Gabby immediately puts her plate down on the floor and the other three put theirs on the counters to run off to play in front of the mirrors. They are making faces and acting like monkeys and jumping around and I am at wits end until I see how ludicrous this is and start to laugh. I start to laugh hard. Before you know it I am with them making faces and monkey sounds and just being silly. AND, meantime, I am snatching little things from the buffet so I can get something to eat as well. I know what is about to happen. They spot the ice cream machine. That is it and all thoughts of food are gone. "Peperere, can we have ice cream?" I know that later they will have supper at home so I get to be the good guy and after some token resistance I cave and then it is chaos all over again as each wants to be first and all are talking and deciding which wants what flavor and who wants cones versus a bowl and who wants sprinkles and ... But eventually I have all four safely in a booth happily eating ice cream while I wolf down a little real food.

I am always so aware of the fact that not everyone likes children and so I do try to keep the kids in line in public places. Even in our madness most of it is fairly quiet and I make sure we are not actually disturbing other people. The girls know to keep it somewhat in line and I remind them gently not to be loud etc. We were sitting there at our booth and all the girls were so happy to be eating ice cream when an elderly woman walked up to me out of the blue. "Are these your grand babies?" Now as a pedophile I often tense when people question me about my relationship with the kids because usually it is a challenge or they find what we are doing to be improper in their eyes. But looking in this woman's eyes I could see only kindness and so I explained that only one was my grand daughter and the other three were her friends. She suddenly patted my shoulder and said: "They

are good children and you are a good man." Even now writing this I am again taken off guard by those kind words. It meant a lot to me then in real time to have a total stranger walk up like that and make a positive comment. It means a lot to me now.

As a pedophile I am not used to kindness.

I am in fact,

created Siva

Siva is a girl lover who has been online in the girl love community in one form or another for almost 27 years now. He spends a lot of his time with little girls and between them his quality of life has been made even more wonderful for it. He has numerous young friends and each is a joy and fills him with love.

Sonnet for a Real Angel

At ten-years-old she taught me how to fly
And, in my heart, a mighty mountain moved.
She loved me though I'm not quite sure just why.
Her love for me need not be further proved.

I can't, out-loud, my love for her declare
Though ours is love as strong as e'er two loved.
My devastated heart is always there.
But twixt our bodies miles and hours were shoved.

Our current plight may seem as sad as death,
And I admit it's got me pretty down.
But our love grows with ev'ry passing breath.
She'll look so lovely in her wedding gown.

Like Jacob I may wait a dozen years.
Dear Brenda's worth is more than all these tears.

~ *Butterfly Sox*

Innocuous Inoculations

By I Love Green Olives

APRIL 20 1889 AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY

That's what talking with our enemies usually seems to lead us to. Even when you think you managed to define your words properly. Even when you get a chance to explain the difference between a rapist and a Paedophile. Even after you've managed to clear away the cobwebs of the mind--you smack up against that wall of preconditioning that leads their first thought to be 'baby fucking' and other forms of sadism.

How do we get through to them that we are not the monsters they've been told we are?

How do we end this useless loop where every discussion ends up being around sadomasochistic torture of infants?

Changing our name, our label for ourselves isn't the answer. The GLBT groups have tried that in the last twenty or thirty years and despite some glimmerings of success and acceptance they are still dealing with these same issues. Besides I like the term Child-Lover. I like what the word Paedophile literally means translated. The words aren't the problem; it is the way those words have become tainted over time that is the problem. It is the way our very language has been used to rewrite the rules of grammar to make saying anything on this issue like writing a legal document, full of so many disclaimers very few people manage to get past the first page.

It has resulted in such ironies as the words 'convicted paedophile' when used in conjunction with an act of brutality. Quirks of language where in boards like 4chan even heterosexuals refer to sex as rape regardless of age. Strangeness of law whereby downloading a picture is the exact same thing as

producing that image. Yet in playing fast and loose with language, it is important to remember how easily words can be co-opted by others...

Just trace the evolution of the word 'gay' and how its meaning has been intentionally distorted over the years by various groups! It has at various times meant prostitute, happy and carefree, homosexual, and in its current use means retarded or bad.

No, changing what we call ourselves won't satisfy those who seek to mislabel us according to their agenda.

MAY 25 1928 THOUGHT CRIMES

One of the more twisted aspects of the ongoing culture war we find ourselves engaged in is how frustrated our enemies become when we follow the law.

It's as if they take personal affront with our attempts to be obedient to even laws we disagree with. Time after time I've heard this radio personality or that television reader state with disgust the police are unable to silence one of us because we've done nothing illegal... And I fail to understand their problem with that. You'd think the self-proclaimed defenders of children would be happy so many of us are intent on obeying the law!

In fact, YASLAE (Yet Another Stop Lindsay Ashford Effort), is underway even as I type these words where they seek to --in the words of that group's leader-- stop his "manipulating the first amendment" by publishing his website. In a recent (at the time of this writing) interview she empathetically states her disgust at the situation as it stands, repeating the word legal several times as if it were an insult. Unfortunately for her it doesn't take

much time before her real agenda makes its way to the surface and it becomes clear the real focus isn't on what we do, but rather what we think.

It isn't our actions they resent and fear; it's our thoughts and beliefs which frighten them so.

It is the very real fear these people are experiencing which makes them behave so irrationally. It is the fear that someone could lead their children away. The terrors they face in night is not for someone to physically take their children away, it's much more subtle than that--

They fear someone with a shared interest in sports\anime\comics\computing\etc could become more important than them.

They fear someone could replace them in their child's heart by being there more often.

They fear someone could outspend them and 'win' their child's love in this way.

Their fears are of a Pied Piper, so why do they focus constantly on the sadistic rapists who aren't even a part of our community?

DECEMBER 26, 1893 COGNITIVE DISSONANCE

A great post on this subject can be seen by BoyChat's d who copied the list from wikipedia and went through it line by line and closed with the question: "Notice how many media talking-heads and politicians have these very distortions when discussing child sexual abuse?" And it's definitely some thing worth noting, that so many of the things attributed to us can be found in the reflection of our accusers. How often do we see some vaunted self-proclaimed 'predator hunter' or another ascend to great heights of fame (whether online or via traditional media outlets) only to

have it later come out they themselves are guilty of what they claim to hunt?

Another factor comes in when you add familiarity to the mix, as many of us who have selectively come out of the toybox have discovered, acceptance can be found on an individual level. The trouble comes from the the stranger -- you or I might very well be able to come out as a Paedophile to those who know us well, but I cannot come out to those who know you and be accepted or trusted. And vice versa. It's the same thing with racism, you may trust the person of colour you know, but it is the stranger that you fear. This is the reason why the strategy of selectively coming out and thereby changing the world one person at a time is a limited one and not showing the results we'd all like to see.

Of course the biggest distortion of all comes from the singular assumption made by so many of our enemies and parroted by our opponents as truth without even thinking about it. That's what cognitive distortions do, they are ways the mind reroutes thought around areas it would prefer not to think about. d himself made this mistake, or was being sarcastic and said it the way he did for added effect in the quote above. "Child Sexual Abuse," he said. As if all child sexuality was abuse. As if children were mentally incapable of fitting together the simple process of 'tab A goes in slot B' that makes up human sexuality. As if children were dumb--not simply ignorant.

There's a reason for that though--to the Antis it is a useful distortion of the facts because it allows them to pretend ignorance is a natural state of affairs for children--and this allows them to continue oppressing the young without remorse.

They can (with this distortion in place) pretend to themselves children are naive and needy.

They can (with this distortion in place) con-

scend to children as if they were incapable of thought and 'unformed human beings' for them to shape.

With this distortion firmly in place our opponents have only to wait us out while we do their work for them.

AUGUST 20, 1941 CRIME THINK

While I don't think it is ever healthy to allow one's self to be defined by one's enemies or to pay any undue attention to the rantings and ravings of madmen, occasionally a nugget of wisdom can be found in even the strangest of places. A saying made famous by 'Dr. Phil' of Oprah fame comes to mind at the moment- 'How's that working for ya?' We have tried to build bridges with our enemies in the past, many of us even going so far as to join a forum created by antis specifically for the purpose of discussion, only to find no one from their side would show up! We've tried moderating our language only to be accused of 'speaking in code' or flat out lying when we attempt to discuss our points. We have done everything we can do most of us to comply with the laws, only to discover time in and time out it is impossible to comply with legislated morality and criminalization of thought. Maybe it's time to try something else?

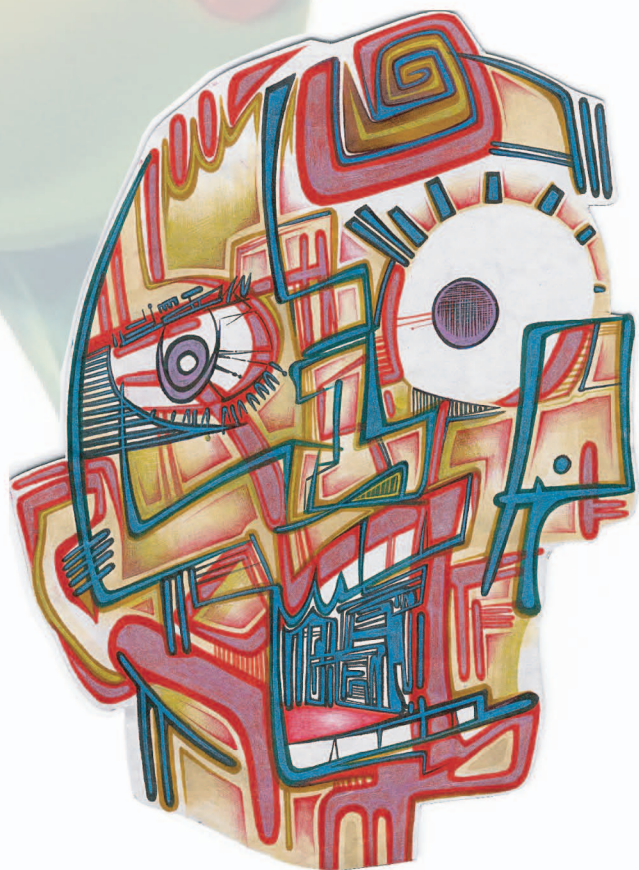
I propose we stop wasting our energy on those who will never be willing to hear us and begin taking our message directly to those it affects the most. Youth Liberation is a loaded word in Child-Lover circles and with valid reason! Our enemies have always accused us of 'recruiting the young' which should come to no one's surprise as it is always the chief accusation thrown at anyone who differs from the accepted norm. In times past it has been the 'Homosexual Lobby' who were recruiting the young, and before that it was the 'Com-mies' who were recruiting the young, and every religion has been accused of doing the same at one time or another. It's an old charge

that keeps getting recycled because it works well in inciting the mob to violence. There are reasons why many of our brethren distance themselves from it and I sympathize.

It is still the best path which with we can obtain the best chances of success.

As things now stand we fight alone. Our motives are maligned and we are slandered outrageously by those who know better. Why? We choose to fight inappropriate targets.

The law is not our enemy. If the law was the enemy our struggle would be simple. Change the laws and everything would be fine, right? Wrong. If the laws regarding Age Of Consent were to change tomorrow we would still have the same issues we have now because our culture and the people who live in it have not changed. In a short time the laws would return to their current state.



What we have now--The willful flaunting of the laws by some people--does nothing to help anyone. In the late Sixties and Seventies when the 'counterculture' was in bloom and many of the laws were ignored due to the overwhelming numbers of those flaunting them, people thought change had come. An unenforced law is a meaningless law because if no one cares to enforce it very few will care to obey it. However once the counterculture began to lose its petals and since it failed to change the mainstream culture around it, those laws were once again enforced as if the intervening years had never happened. The GLBT community discovered this to their dismay several years ago when the state of Texas charged two men with consensual sodomy and the case had to go all the way to the United States Supreme Court before being thrown out. The old laws had never been stricken from the books and just because they hadn't been enforced didn't mean they couldn't be...

So we must begin at the beginning and work our way to the end. No shortcuts allowed. Change, meaningful and lasting change only comes when all segments of a society are saturated. We can not be free unless all are free.

MARCH 8 1937 FREEDOM HORRIBLE DREADFUL FREEDOM

There can be no freedom without obligation. I believe we have an obligation to reach out to our young. Our loved ones to be sure, but more importantly to those young paedos who have largely been left to the 'tender mercies' of our enemies. I challenge you to check out the pages at ETAY, the Ethical Treatment for All Youth website.

[<http://www.ethicaltreatment.org>]

See for yourself what children have been subjected to when labeled as Paedophiles themselves at a young age. If we think we've had

problems living under the oppression of the current hysteria, how much worse are our young who have never known anything else suffering?

I say we have a duty to these young people. Yes, even the ones who have been falsely labeled as Paedophiles for consensual and normal sex-play within their peer groups, because whether by natural inclination or a scarlet mark imposed upon by the ignorant, they are a part of our world now. We have no right to giggle at the inanity of the people featured on the tabloid trash of To Catch A Predator, as if they were fools for getting caught up in an entrapment scheme by our enemies when we have done nothing to educate them.

Why do we assume that simply because we have been lucky enough to find our way to a forum of like minded individuals we are somehow better, smarter, or more enlightened than the thousands of our fellow Paedophiles who believe the lies told to them in their daily news? How many young Paedophiles must have their lives destroyed before we begin to reach out to them? How many young people must be made to believe themselves perverts and potential rapists for the crime of 'Shown-Tell' or 'Playing Doctor' with the girl next door? How many more Leah DuBucs must there be?

After all, how can we call ourselves child-lovers and not care about the children?

I*Love*Green*Olives 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/magazine which you now read.

Life & Times

By Treblevoice

Lewis Carroll's Life & Work



Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born on January 27, 1832, in Cheshire, the third, and the eldest boy, of the eleven children of an Anglican priest and his first cousin. His family moved to Yorkshire when he was 11. He was a highly intelligent and precocious child: at age 7 he was reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, and his Mathematics master at Rugby School, where after being educated at home he was, sent at age 13, remarked of him, "I have not had a more promising boy his age since I came to Rugby." Dodgson was, however, unhappy at Rugby, partly because he had a stammer—he referred to it as "my hesitation"—which, though he was naturally gregarious, caused him embarrassment and social difficulty.

In 1851 Dodgson went up to Christ Church College, Oxford, and his father's old college. Although a brilliant student, he worked rather erratically: in 1852 he received a first-class

Mathematics degree in Honour Moderations and was nominated for a Studentship, but shortly thereafter he failed to gain an important scholarship, not because of lack of ability but because, as he himself admitted, he had trouble applying himself to his studies. This deficit notwithstanding, his mathematical gifts were recognised by the award of the Christ Church Mathematical Lectureship. The income was good, but he found the work itself boring. Nonetheless, he held the lectureship for twenty-six years and remained at Christ Church College until his death.

Dodgson had clearly inherited his father's mathematical brilliance. He was also expected to inherit his father's vocation to the priesthood. His father, born of a conservative upper-middle-class line for which the two traditional careers were the Army and the Church, was an active and vocal High Churchman with Anglo-Catholic leanings and had striven to instill his beliefs in his children. As a condition of his residency at Christ Church Dodgson was expected to take Holy Orders within four years of obtaining his Master's degree, but he delayed the process until 1861, when he was ordained as a deacon. He was expected to be ordained to the priesthood a year later, but he appealed to the Dean of Christ Church for permission to be allowed to halt the process. Somewhat inexplicably, and certainly in defiance of the rules, the Dean eventually granted permission, and Dodgson was never ordained a priest. The cause of Dodgson's uneasy relationship with the Anglican Church is unknown. It is clear, however, that he was interested in 'alternative' forms of Christianity and in Theosophy. Also, in the early 1860s he was much troubled by guilt, frequently writing in his diaries that he was "a vile and worthless sinner".

Some have suggested that the guilt Dodgson felt was due to his paedophilia. Others have

denied that his paedophilia existed at all. Whilst it is undoubtedly true that the commonly-held idea of Dodgson as only capable of affection for little girls has been exaggerated—he maintained an active social life with adults, and had warm friendships and extensive correspondences with several grown women—it is also undoubtedly true that he was strongly, and quite likely exclusively, sexually attracted to girls and that he sought them out for friendship. He called the girls he knew “my child-friends” and once famously remarked “I like all children—except boys.” When at the seaside he kept a stock of safety-pins in his pockets in case any little girls there needed to tuck up their frocks in order to paddle. Whether anything overtly sexual occurred between Dodgson and any of the many girls he befriended is unknown, but he did certainly believe in the upper-middle-class Victorian idealized image of the innocent and pure little girl. He once described children as “beings upon whom no shadow of sin and but the outermost fringe of the shadow of sorrow has yet fallen”.

As it happened, the Dean of Christ Church to whom Dodgson appealed to be allowed to remain a deacon was Henry Liddell, the co-author of Liddell and Scott’s Greek Lexicon and the father of young Alice Pleasance Liddell. Henry Liddell and his family moved to Christ Church in 1856 and Dodgson struck up a friendship with the family. He initially befriended their son Harry, but when Harry went away to school he turned his attentions to Dean Liddell’s three daughters, Lorina, Alice and Edith, whom he described as having inherited their mother’s dark “Spanish type” beauty. He got into the habit of taking the three girls out in a rowing-boat on the river. Despite his stutter Dodgson enjoyed performing: he liked to sing for friends and play charades, and he was good at storytelling and mimicry. It was therefore natural that on these outings with the Liddell girls he should entertain them with fairy-tales of his own invention. On July 4, 1862, as a clergyman friend of Dodgson’s rowed the boat, he told the girls—Lorina was then 13, Alice 10 and Edith 8—a story about a girl named Alice who falls down a rabbit-hole and finds herself in a fantasy land. The real-life Alice begged Dodgson to write it

down, and he eventually did: in November 1864 he presented her with a handwritten, hand-illustrated manuscript entitled *Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*. The children of Dodgson’s friend and mentor George MacDonald also read the manuscript and Dodgson was encouraged by their enthusiasm to consider publication. *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* was published in 1865 with illustrations by John Tenniel. Dodgson signed it with the pen-name Lewis Carroll, which he had been using for some years to publish poems and short stories in various minor magazines. It was a play on Dodgson’s real name, Charles Lutwidge: he translated his name into Latin, obtaining Carolus Ludovicus, then reversed his first and middle names and re-Anglicised them to get Lewis Carroll.

Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland was an immediate hit, bringing Dodgson reams of fan mail and much—sometimes unwanted—attention, as well as quite a substantial income. With its satirical comments on the children’s lessons of the day, its sophisticated play with language and logic and the sheer fun of its story, it remains one of the greatest children’s books—some would say the greatest children’s book—of all time, and because it can be enjoyed on many levels it delights adults as well. In the 142 years since its publication it has been translated into 125 languages and inspired films, ballets, plays, television programs, songs, paintings, sculptures, websites, fan groups and other novels. Many phrases and jokes from the book have entered the language. There is even a neurological condition colloquially called *Alice in Wonderland Syndrome* (its medical name is *micropsia*), in which, amongst other symptoms, the sufferer sees objects as much smaller than they really are.

Dodgson followed *Alice* up with its 1871 sequel *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*. He was apparently given the idea for the book’s plot by a girl whom he met in the street and invited in for tea, as in those days men could do without incurring much suspicion. The tone of this book is sadder and darker; at the time of writing Dodgson was depressed because his father had recently died and, as his poems to Alice Liddell which begin and end the

and, as his poems to Alice Liddell which begin and end the book show, he was also saddened over the end of his friendship with her and the fact that she, like all his child-friends, had to grow up. This book too has been hugely influential. Perhaps most notably, a current hypothesis about the constant evolutionary 'arms race' between species and about the evolutionary benefits of sexual reproduction has been called the Red Queen's Hypothesis by science writer Matt Ridley, after a remark of Looking-Glass's character the Red Queen about a race: "It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place."

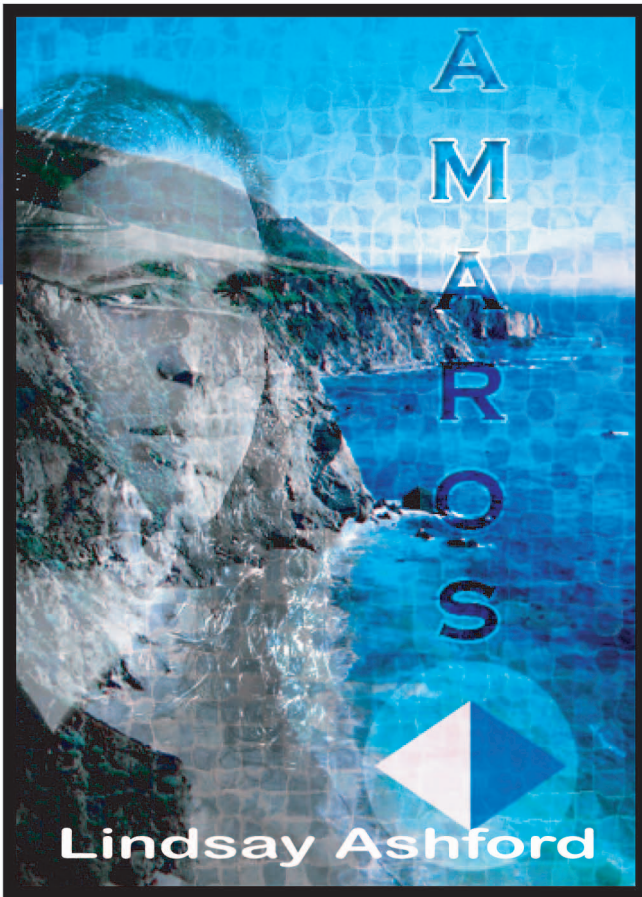
A work for which Dodgson is almost as well known as for the two Alice books is *The Hunting of the Snark (An Agony in 8 Fits)*, first published in 1876. This is a long nonsense poem about a group of adventurers pursuing a mythical beast called the Snark. When it was published in book form Dodgson sent eighty copies to his various "child-friends", signing each with a poem to the child. It is dedicated to Gertrude Chataway, who, after Alice Liddell, was the greatest love of Dodgson's life. He had met her at the seaside the year before, when she was 9 years old, and had made several pen-and-ink sketches of her as well as entertaining her with his stories. Dodgson's friendships with girls would sometimes end when the girl reached age 14, which at the time was roughly the average age at which signs of puberty began to show in girls. However, many of these friendships continued long after the girl in question had grown up, and his friendship with Gertrude was one such: Dodgson and Gertrude were still holidaying at the seaside together when Gertrude was in her late twenties, shortly before Dodgson's death.

Dodgson had many other talents, to which a short article cannot do full justice. He was something of an inventor, coming up with a pocket postage-stamp case and a still-popular brain-teaser game called *Word Cross*. Most notably, he was also an excellent amateur photographer. He took up photography in 1856 and soon became expert at it. Only about a third of his photographic portfolio survives, and of that third half is of a wide variety of subjects: old men, women, little boys, famous scientists and

various other celebrated people, landscapes, skeletons, dolls, dogs, statues, paintings, trees and so forth. The other half consists of portrait photography of young girls, not a few either nude or 'semi-draped'. His favourite model was Alexandra Kitchin, nicknamed Xie, of whom he took about fifty photographic studies, starting when she was 4 years old and ending when he abruptly gave up photography in 1880, just before her 16th birthday. Dodgson is considered one of the very best of the Victorian photographers, and is certainly the one who has had the most influence on modern art photography.

Dodgson died on January 14, 1898, shortly before his 66th birthday, of pneumonia following influenza. Every day people in our paedophile-hating society pay homage, conscious or unconscious, to this brilliant polymath who happened also to be a paedophile. His epitaph is perhaps best left to Gertrude Chataway, one of the many little girls he loved: "One thing that made his stories particularly charming to a child was that he often took his cue from her remarks—a question would set him off on quite a new trail of ideas, so that one felt that one had somehow helped to make the story, and it seemed a personal possession...To me it was of course all perfect, but it is astonishing that he never seemed either tired or to want other society. I spoke to him once of this since I have been grown up, and he told me it was the greatest pleasure he could have to converse freely with a child, and feel the depths of her mind...His letters were one of the greatest joys of my childhood. I don't think that he ever really understood that we, whom he had known as children, could not always remain such. I stayed with him only a few years ago, at Eastbourne, and felt for the time that I was once more a child. He never appeared to realise that I had grown up, except when I reminded him of the fact, and then he only said, 'Never mind: you will always be a child to me, even when your hair is grey.' "

Next issue we'll take a closer look at Mark Twain .



People are afraid of thoughts like the ones that many of us have, even if these thoughts are benign.

come to light they are dismissed as the product of a deviant intelligence. Much of this treatment, as has been amply proven in recent weeks, is due to fear; visceral, irrational fear. People are afraid of thoughts like the ones that many of us have, even if these thoughts are benign. That one person has these thoughts is frightening. That many, many more have nearly identical thoughts is, to many folks, absolutely petrifying. At the same time, many of us fear discovery. Society has used this fear against us for a long time. It is time now for us to turn the tables and to use society's fear of us against society itself. By forcing society to face these fears head on, we will force society to face us head on. Better still, we can do this without ever showing our heads.

The Ubiquity Principle

“ Like a steely blade in a silken sheath
We don't see what they're made of
They shout about love, but when push comes to shove
They live for the things they're afraid of

And the knowledge that they fear is a weapon to be used against them... ”

--Neil Peart (Rush, The Weapon)

There are more of us than most folks can imagine. Yet we continue to be treated as if we are virtually nonexistent. Our opinions and our aspirations are routinely ignored when they do

Creating Relevance

Jack McClellan's website, Los Angeles Girl Love (formerly Seattle-Tacoma-Everett Girl Love) has demonstrated the principle of fear of which I am speaking. Ever since it has been online, the website, which openly discusses the idea of a girl lover attending events likely to be well-attended by children, has been an object of fear. The reason for this fear is quite simple. When people think of a child lover in the abstract -SOMEBODY SOMEwhere looking at SOME child — they need not fear him directly. But McClellan crossed the line. His website is not ABSTRACT (like mine is, for the most part) but personal. For the citizens of greater Seattle (and now Los Angeles), Jack became SOMEBODY in THEIR neighborhood looking at THEIR children. Even though Jack never attempted to contact the children in question and was content just to look at them photograph them, his website became a threat because of the fact that he was a real person, not just a construct. He went to the same places as the citizens of Seattle and saw the same things that they did. He breathed the same air as they — and their children.

Not everybody needs to publicize his name to have the same effect. Jack McClellan brought fear upon Seattle before his name was ever known. In fact, had he been more careful, he would have been able to continue doing what he did without his identity ever becoming publicly known (and if he were more careful now, he would be able to return to relative anonymity without too much trouble). Anybody can make a website or a blog or a community that draws attention to the beauty of the children in his own community. Anybody can do this anonymously. The more times that this happens, the more folks in more communities will have to face the reality that THEIR children in THEIR town are attractive people and that SOMEBODY in the area is taking notice.

By drawing attention to the events that children attend within the context of a child lover visiting them, we are forcing society to accept the fact that even though we are in their midst, they cannot (or will not) see us. Outwardly, we appear the same as they do. We may be their siblings, friends, children, parents or spouses. In fact, we are just the same as they are. We simply have a different outlook on the world than they. No longer are we the abstract stereotype; we are they.


We need not stop with announcing the events that we have attended or plan to attend. Why not extend our reach to the Internet? Why not make our presence known on the 'safe' forums? Why not announce ourselves on parenting forums or on the sites where people share the photographs of their children? They fully expect 'normal' folks to commend them on their beautiful children. It should come as no surprise to them that there are some

who admire the beauty of their children in an altogether different way. If they had not considered the possibility that their child in swimwear might appear sexy to some, then it is high time that they did.

What will the result of such a campaign be? What would happen if we ALL set out to make our presence known in these ways? Would the fear increase? Indubitably; and with that fear, society would have one of two choices. Firstly, it could retreat into its fear. We are already witnessing this. We need only look at the types of photographs being reported as 'pornographic' by photographic laboratories to see evidence of this. Bans on photographs at school events is further evidence of this fear. But if many, many more of us make our presence known, even these things will be eclipsed. The only question is how far this fear can be pushed before society wakes up and takes a good long look at the reasons for its irrational fear.

Collective Punishment

The recent Stalinist purge of Live Journal accounts is an excellent indication of how we



Le mie Ali

AquiloTTaMia
Erikucciola
JosHomme

April 20th, 2007

Today was a good day. I got to get out to some of my favourite palces. There are usually many LG angels. Always armed with my trusty camera I visted the beach. The amount of beauties there is unsurpassed.

It was almost hard decide which one I wanted to memoralize. In the end I took more pics than I had expected. But hey it is totally worth it. My celebration of beauty is my hobby and I just think some of the most beautiful things on earth are LG's

I know there are some people that think taking anonymous pics of LG's is morally wrong. Even other pedo's that have major problems with it. I guess I see their point. I mean really who wants to think that their girl is a source of fantasy.

It isn't always about that. Seeing these beauties is so innocent I personally cannot defile that innocence that way but I'm not going to jud

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can also make our presence known without showing our faces. I have watched the emergence of more and more child love blogs over the last couple of years with great interest. Only in the blogging age have so many people become emboldened and empowered so easily. Internet pages are easy to design, but more difficult to design well. However, free and easy blogging software has made it possible for anybody to make an attractive page to express his or her message. It is not at all surprising that amongst the tens of millions of blog pages in the blogosphere a good many of them expressed feelings that could be considered pedophilic. Of course, some blogs have been more overt than others. Whilst some simply proclaimed the beauty of this child or that, others used their blogs to openly declare their pedophilic feelings. The Draconian measures recently enacted by Live Journal have had a backlash far larger than any group of pedophiles could have ever desired. In fact, the broad brush used by Live Journal shows how indiscriminate and pervasive the fear of us is. Ultimately, this can only help us. When the fear becomes so powerful that even free speech considered by many to be benign is affected by

The language that we use is crucial. Certain key words may be grounds for immediate deletion by some of the more vigilant blog hosts. Other words may be more ambiguous and some language may not be blatantly offensive. Still, the message need not be weakened by this ambiguity. Eventually, if the witch hunt continues apace, even this more benign language will be rooted out and banished. The only question is what else will be banished alongside it. How many perfectly innocent blogs by non-child lovers will be caught in the ever-widening net of "unacceptable" or "dangerous" speech? If all of us stand up and make our thoughts known, a time may well come when even the most harmless admiration of juvenile beauty may be misinterpreted incorrectly by a society gripped by fear [of itself].

So far, most of us have taken our message to our own kind, via our online communities or by other web pages and blog pages designed for our own consumption. Now is the time to take our message to the world. Not all of us need to present philosophical, scientific, moral or ethical arguments. The fundamental message that

Annabelle

A Love Story by: Hedonist

Annabelle jumped down from her bed as her mother made her way out of Annabelle's bedroom. Grasping the bottom of her pajama's she slowly pulled it up her body and over her head. As usual her little arms could only reach so far and her pajama's would come to a halt, just enough to encase her head so she could not see anything. She struggled with it, though it was hard she was determined to get it off. Frustration entered her mind but it just steeled her determination to get it off of her head.

After struggling for a bit more she felt the pajama's being pulled up and off.

"I swear little missy it'd be so much better if'n you just wait for me to come. You may thinks you're a big girl now...but you gots a lotta growing to do yet. All dis will come."

"Sissy I'm a big gwirl. I wearn new stuff evwery-day!"

"Yes'em you are Anna, but there is so much more you'd are gonna learn. In da meantime you should'a gets dressed. Your Papa is waitin' down stairs. You donna want to make him wait now doos you."

Sissy gets up and goes to the wardrobe where she slides some of the hanging dress's back and forth, "Ah,,der it be Anna. Yur mother picked this- special- for this day. It is so beautiful for a little princess." Sissy holds the dress in front of her so Annabelle can get a good look at it.

Annabelle's eyes go wide like tea saucers. The excitement ball up, in her stomach, and quickly rose up and flood her body. It is a wonderful feeling and all she can do is to start clapping her small hands together. The sound of her claps gets lost in the large bedroom, but her squeal of delight does not.

Mary kept her eyes straight forward, she looked

back that one time but the stabbing pain was too much for her. She was confused by just what happened. She didn't understand why she was being taken away from her family. She did decide that she didn't want the last memory of her mother sobbing on the ground.

Mary sat on the horse just in front of the stranger. She had never been on a horse before. Though it was exciting she wasn't sure if she liked the swaying back and forth. The feeling that she was going to fall off and the rubbing on her legs became uncomfortable. Mary grabbed the mane of the horse and that small act gave her some stability and helped her relax. She closed her eyes, feeling the slight warm breeze cascade across her face. The sun beating down on her was like a warm comfortable blanket. With all these feelings she was getting used to riding the horse. She also took the time to give herself new memories of her family. She found it odd that memories of her mother dominated all her thoughts. So much so that her father and brother where already fading.

She did feel a little scared but she had to admit to herself that it was also exciting- thinking of an adventure lying in front of her. Something she could never have with her family.

After awhile she was satisfied of all the good memories she brought back up. She enjoyed thinking of them. It brought a joy to her heart, something she felt she will never have again.

She slowly drew herself out of the stupor, and started to appreciate her surroundings. The Great Plains started to give way to the surrounding conifers, birch trees and a spattering of great oaks. It was hard to not notice the encroaching forest. They created great walls on either side. Not individual trees, but they melded together to form long, tall green barriers. As nice as they where Mary couldn't help think that if you went into the forest there were things waiting for you-

waiting for little girls to come.

The forest, itself gave way to a beautiful smell that seem to permeate every corner. It seemed that anywhere you went the sent would follow. It was so acute that the smell of the soldier became apparent. He smelled of old horse leather and someone who had not bathed in days. "Mister where am I going?" she quipped.

His strong arms pull on the horse's reins to prevent him from wandering off the road. "We are bringing you home."

This answer did nothing but, cause her to have more questions spring to mind. After a slight pause she could say only one thing, "You are taking me to the house fawther bwrought?"

The soldier brought his gravel like voice up from the pit of his stomach, "No girl, it is a new home. Something you never dreamed about."

"You mean it is a new home from the one fwather bought? Did he bwuy anower house?"

The soldier gives a noticeable chuckle, that was more like falling gravel than a pleasant meaningful one, "No girl, I'm afraid your just going to have to get used to the idea that you will never see that family again."

This was another piece of information that just confused Mary. This infusion of new facts was almost enough to have Mary keep quiet. Of course she could not, "So, your swaing I'm never going to see my famwly ever, ever again?"

"Yes that is what I'm saying."



but she felt assured that she could feel safe with these men.

All three dismounted and the soldier helped Mary down. As, she was lifted off the horse, it was then she felt the pain in her thighs. It wasn't painful enough for her to cry out. She forced the cry back down. She didn't know if she would be chastised like father would. She didn't want to take the chance.

The soldiers started to take things off of their horses and brought them to a small clearing. They seemed to work as one, each having their own job to do. Mary was amazed just how quick and efficient these men where. She couldn't help think she should be doing something. She didn't know what to do and none of the men told her what to do. It did make her feel uncomfortable and somewhat useless.

Soon enough the men had a functioning camp site. Mary had never gone camping before. She couldn't help feeling giddy. Some of the kids- back home- would tell her of the camping trips they had been on. Of course

Mary knew should cry, for some reason she couldn't shed those tears. She missed her mother but it seemed unusually easy to let them go. It didn't seem like there was anymore she could say. Of, course it didn't as she couldn't think of anything else to say.

Both Mary and the soldier remained quiet for awhile. Finally Mary couldn't stand it any longer. "Mistwer you stink."

Mary was unsure how he reacted as he was sitting behind her. None the less he remained quiet for the rest of the ride.

As the sun was just about touching the horizon the soldier stopped and said something to the other soldiers. It was hard for Mary to hear,

she'd work up enough courage to ask her father if they would go camping. Like every time she was quickly rebuffed and the subject unceremoniously dropped. Now here she was standing in a camp. She hoped there would be songs and stories.

She looked up to where the men were standing. The leader of the men was having a quiet discussion with his men. At one point all three of them looked at Mary. Then they continued their discussion. But once again they looked in her direction, it made Mary feel uneasy.

Finally one of the men came over to where Mary was standing. "Hi Mary, would you like to help me gather some wood for the fire?"

"WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A FIRE!" she could hardly contain her excitement and before she realized it she had shouted. Father never liked shouting so it surprised her that she did it. "Oh yes! I will gather wads of good wood for the fire. Are we going to have songs and stories?"



The man could only give a warming smile to Mary, "Yes, yes maybe we will." With that he took Mary's hand and led her into the forest to look for wood for the fire. She felt safe going into the forest with the soldier. She felt that nothing would want to attack her if there was a strong soldier at her side.

Mary was unsure how much time had passed, but it was definitely getting darker. Her small arms could not carry very much, but the soldier seemed pleased by each trip they made. It was suppose to be work, but Mary felt differently, this was all part of the experience, all part of the adventure.

On the last trip- back to the camp site- they emerged from the forest. Only to find the other two soldiers walking into the centre area. That is when she noticed their hair was wet. They had found a lake to take a bath in. That was good; at least she wouldn't have to smell them anymore. That pleased Mary.

Hedonist has been a pedophile his whole life. But he didn't come to grips with that part of what defines him. Going through many years of self-loathing he soon realized this part of him is just that, apart. It does not define him. Finding other pedo's gave him a peace of mind. He is now dedicated to breaking down the walls between society and pedophiles. Even if it just one person at a time.

IMAGINATION

THE SWEET THOUGHT FROM LITTLE GIRLS

INNOCENCE DIVINE

MYTHOPHILE

20 Common Myths about Pedophiles

- 1: All child molesters are paedophiles. (not true for all)
- 2: Paedophilia is the result of (sexual) abuse or severe trauma during childhood.
- 3: All paedophiles see children as sexual objects or pieces of meat.
- 4: Paedophiles have the minds of children, think they are children, or are otherwise socially/psychosexually inadequate, dysfunctional or underdeveloped.
- 5: All paedophiles go out of their way to be around children
- 6: Paedophiles are sexually fixated on children to the point of obsession.
- 7: ALL paedophiles are EXCLUSIVELY attracted to children, and cannot enjoy sexual relationships with adults.
- 8: Paedophiles are attracted to children BECAUSE they fear sexual relationships with adults or are incapable of attracting adults
- 9: Paedophiles are attracted to children because of a child's weakness and vulnerability
- 10: ALL paedophiles and pro-paedophile activists wish to legalise adult-child sexual relationships and/or child pornography. (Although many do, this is not true for all)
- 11: All paedophiles are attracted to both genders of children
- 12: Paedophiles are attracted to all children and all ages of children.
- 13: All paedophiles are attracted to their own children
- 14: All paedophiles are men
- 15: All paedophiles are adults
- 16: Paedophiles are easily distinguishable from non-paedophiles. (An example of this would be the "Pedosmile", a creepy, deformed "smirk" that every paedophile supposedly wears)
- 17: Paedophiles choose to be attracted to children (one of the stupidest myths of all)
- 18: Anyone ABOVE the age of consent (or majority) who is sexually involved with a person BELOW the age of consent (or majority) is a paedophile.
- 19: Paedophilia only occurs within a particular race, ethnicity, nationality, class, profession, religion, or political ideology.
- 20: You have to have sex with a child in order to become a paedophile

The Otherside

When I originally found out that romantic relationships between adults and children were being actively and openly discussed online, one of the first sites I found was 'Female Child love.' This site was started by 'Linda' and 'Liza,' two women in Antwerp and Holland who found each other by chance over IRC chat. They no longer appear to be active in the online child

as unnatural. In artistic retaliation against these taboos, the FAQ examines multiple everyday contexts in which mothers and children might find spontaneous and wholly natural physical intimacy.

The incestuous mother as depicted here considers her children the ultimate expression of her womanhood and spirituality, and individuals in their own right. This is no contra



love community. I can only hope that they find this magazine, and that in this way my romantic gratitude reaches them. In 2002 Linda and Liza turned FCL over to 'Joy S,' and an email interview with her is planned for the next issue of True Innocence. FCL is no longer active, but an archive can be accessed using the instructions at the end of the article.

I would offer that FCL's approach is an acquired taste, unique in a number of ways beyond the gender of its maintainers. A highly poetic, archetypal and spiritual tone pervades its articles, setting a stage best described as psychosexual paradise. Though Freud is only mentioned briefly, it is clear that the authors agreed with him on the nature of the mother-child relationship (and little else). Where Freud's description might be taken as metaphor, FCL treats it literally. At times one catches the suggestion that women (mothers in particular) are hard-wired to find children sexually appealing.

Intimacy between mothers and their children becomes the most persistent theme on FCL. More to the point, consensual sex is presented as a form of nurturing. The FAQ, specifically, paints a picture of 'the incestuous mother' as an ideal. She is a goddess worshipper, seeing the human condition as naturally matriarchate even if her particular society is not. Along with patriarchy, sexual taboos of any kind are presented

diction - she sees gender and sexuality as supernaturally infinite realms. For this reason she has no selfish expectations as to her children's sexual orientations or tastes. Nor does she consider them a means to her gratification, but herself a means to theirs. In the end her sexuality is symbiotic. She has no 'conquests' or notches in her belt, as her most intense pleasure is the pleasure she gives others. Neither is this self-sacrificing altruism, but a sort of faith that any two such people will find more gratification together (physical and spiritual) than if their sexuality were confined to the lonely 'conquest' mentality. The natural mother-child romantic bond shown here creates a sexual and spiritual potential beyond the sum of its parts, and beyond their one relationship. The authors' stated views on polyamorous are cursory, but it is presented as the sovereign right of both adults and children.

Another archetype discussed at modest length is the 'Lolita.' She takes two forms. There is Lolita-as-commodity, the passively promiscuous stereotype embodied by hordes of models and porn stars. She is the ironic result of constant efforts to pretend that young girls aren't appealing and that it's wrong to see them that way. The brief description of this Lolita evokes far more than it openly references, because the image is so common. Pop culture's Lolita is a Girl Gone Wild, a product consisting of curves

and lighting and makeup and poses. She has no mind, no opinions, no will, and no sexuality of her own. She exists only in terms of what others want her to be. She can only be created by taking a living girl and erasing her soul.

My mother needed to find FCL more than I did.

But by far the majority of FCL's dissection of Lolita is devoted to a different creature altogether. Their ideal, Lolita as a person, is a self-actualized young girl who takes ownership of her sexuality. She is described not as a specific image but as an attitude. This Lolita may be experienced or a virgin, a teen or preteen, a tomboy or a Barbie girl. Whatever her appearance or personality or sexual orientation, she is proud of all three. She considers her body and mind alluring for the sole reason that they are hers, and so must her lover. This is the sort of girl FCL's authors posit as the ultimate romantic partner for a girl lover, and she has an outlook that would serve just as well for any adult woman. To call the site 'feminist' is a severe understatement.

On a more editorial note, one theme that seems to get only tangential treatment is the appeal of the 'incestuous mother' not as a role model to emulate, but as a desirable partner herself. Taken in context she is a kind, devoted, and experienced and a giving woman - what one sex columnist at the LA Weekly would call GGG (good, giving, game). And for the child (or anyone) lucky enough to have her, their first sexual experiences will be utter pampering.

The descriptions of these 'archetypal' women and children are less analysis than philosophical poetry. The same can be said for most of FCL, which also includes a small letters section and some short stories which further flesh out (pun intended!) the premises laid forth in the FAQ. On the whole it deals more with intimacy

and mysticism than with politics and harsh realities, and might leave one looking for a shot of insulin. Of course, one might call child love the 'sweet tooth' of sexual proclivities anyway. FCL was by no means slick or polished. And as for the spiritual references, do with them what you will. As an Atheist I've gotten used to translating the spiritual into the psychological, and the emotional appeal is there. All things considered, FCL successfully expresses its sexual ethic using a context rarely explored elsewhere. After a few caveats about intolerance, possessiveness and practical issues such as pregnancy, what Female Child Love said to me was this: Be good to each other. Sexuality is a sacred thing, with many faces, and every person of every age is entitled to their own.

I take it as a sincere effort and a labor of love, and at all turn achingly romantic, as for its meaning to me personally? My mother needed to find FCL more than I did. This type of relationship can be easy or difficult depending on one's approach - rule number one is to know that everyone else is wrong, and that you don't answer to them. This is the same certainty that has been required in order to wage every fight against repression, and I try to avoid people who don't have it. Of course, living by a given principle is a lot harder if you've never articulated it. FCL has helped us do that, and along with many other resources helped me free her of the guilt she had no right to accept. So to my biggest fan and best friend - you're GGG, Mommy.



HolokittyNX is a regular poster on Girl Chat, Butterfly Kisses, Visions of Alice and the all-purpose forum Almost Smart. Her website is at www.asstr.org/~holokittynx and includes an email contact form. She is 22 years old and identifies as a mostly-lesbian bisexual, attracted mainly to mature women and 13-20something 'pretty boys.' She lives in Southern California with her mom, who has been her primary romantic partner since she was 8 years old.

Shadow M's

HIDDEN ANGELS

The evening still lingers outside the houses. The only sounds heard are the distant sirens of the patrol vehicles circling the blocks that hold the houses of the Marked Ones and the tranquil screeches of crickets cloaked under the lawns. By now, the adults consume their daily supper, as with the children as they do their homework in their rooms- likewise with Shad- who's in the midst of a writing assignment.

His room doesn't really have much. Apart from the small square window, a bed, desk, lamp, and small bookshelf are the only pieces of furniture in his room. His bed consists of a plush mattress covered with blue bed sheets. His gray covers are neatly folded atop the white pillow. His bookshelf contains only school textbooks and the lamp gives off white light, but not very bright. Its illumination only covers the desk, littered with printed handouts scattered all over the desk. The rest of the room is left pitch black. Shad's room is the same as the room as Cindy's. In fact, it's said that all rooms belonging to children look like this; bright in the day and nearly dark at night, with only a small lamp on the desk for light.

Shad nibbles on the end tip of his pen, something he does when he's deep within his thoughts. The writing assignment consists of a simple daily journal. Well, it'd be simple if he didn't have more thoughts scurrying throughout his head than usual. Normally he'd take things from the top and go down from there, but today's particular abduction of a certain Enforcer's daughter has him puzzled. And what would the teacher say if he were to mention his short step outside at night, a rather major transgression. Finally, Shad organized some of his thoughts together and stops nibbling on the pen and use it for its intended purpose. The boy

writes as he speaks what he scribes.

Today we went to the grocery store in order to get things for dinner. When we left I saw Child# 3-9-14-4-25 standing outside by herself; a strange sight that it is. When I entered the grocery store I don't recall seeing her. I had no idea she would soon be abducted by a Marked One. Child# 3-9-14-4-25 looks really cute, I must admit. My face sort of feels hot when I saw her. She was with an Enforcer, a woman named Tabatha...

As Shad continues to transfer his thoughts of today's events to his journal, a knock is heard on the door downstairs. Shad pauses for a moment. Rarely does this house ever receive visitors. In fact, he can hardly recall the last time there was a guest in the house, if any. Right away, he disregards the surprise visit from whomever rung the doorbell as he continues organizing and writing his thoughts.

If only it were that easy. If there's any mental weakness Shad has, it's being easily distracted. Whether it is being lost in his daydreams or in this case, very rare occurrence, Shad ceases his current work or activity and turns to the source of the distraction. At first, he desists, wanting to complete today's journal entry. Then again, this is yet another event that happened, and it isn't quite past midnight yet wanting to know more of the guest. Shad closes his journal and quietly opens the door as he exits the room.

Upon doing so, he almost jumps back to his room upon hearing his mother shout "Tabatha!" ever so loudly. Claire is apparently surprised by the visitor as well. An Enforcer no less! Shad is even more puzzled. Why would she come here? A visit from a regular citizen is rare enough, but an Enforcer? The only instances of that happening are arrests. Shad recalls hearing that some Enforcers go to other houses to carry out the execution of the criminal, who is more often than not a Marked One, who lives there! The boy has his doubts however.

Shad tip-toes ever so slowly, only going as far as the edge of the stairs while remaining

pressed against the wall. Downstairs at the living room, the TV is off and the 2 women sit around the table sipping some juice. Claire gives a small smile to Tabatha, "Most terribly sorry Tabatha. Had I knew that you were coming, I would have prepared some tea."

Tabatha smiles back, "Your apology is not necessary. I'm merely here to talk. It's about your son."

Claire almost chokes on her juice, covering her mouth to make sure none gets out, "You mean Sha..." she quickly clasps her mouth shut in surprise and feigns a cough.

Tabatha looks at Claire with a quizzical look and raises an eyebrow, "Who?"

Claire gulps and shoves the fear back down, "Ahem. You mean, Child# 19-8-1-4?"

Tabatha pauses and gives Claire an accusing look, "The very same. You see, upon arriving near my block, I'm sure my ears picked up a certain little boy shouted a greeting..." as her voice trails off.

That fear bubbles up once again, "It...it wasn't at your daughter! Honest!"

Tabatha casts a skeptical eye, "Hmm? I never said who he was waving at, but it doesn't matter. What matters is that he sets store by the rules. I don't recall giving the child a greeting while taking my daughter home, so he had no right to holler."

Seeing an opening to change the subject- Claire eagerly replies, "Oh yes, speaking of the girl, how is she?"

"Not well, I assume. Granted, she was recovered safely, but God knows why that accursed Marked One took her to the police station of all places."

"And I take it this wasn't the first time she was targeted?"

"The 5th time in the past 2 months. I'm almost

starting to think that she's going to them instead."

"Well I didn't see any deviant behavior. She's doing rather well in school. Just yesterday she was able to remember at least 3 of the multiplication tables."

That's all well and good, but never mind that. I also came to ask you a favor.

Claire reacts in surprise, "Pardon?"

Tabatha settles back in her chair, "I need you to keep a close eye on her. There's hardly any room left in the latched areas, but I'm suspecting to think that these unwanted interactions between my daughter and the Marked Ones may not be accidental."

"But...what if they're not Marked Ones? Perhaps you're...mistaken?"

In slight frustration, Tabatha slams her fist on the table, causing the cups to shake and ripples to form in the dark red liquid, "Enforcers DON'T make mistakes! Whether they're Marked Ones or not; they mustn't be near my daughter! Not in these times! As my daughter she should know better then to do such things! At first it all started when she began to question..."

Claire nervously bites her nails, "Y...y...yes. I'll keep an eye on her. Though I'm not sure as to why children can't be curious."

Tabatha spits out a bitter tone of voice, "Curiosity leads to thoughts. Thoughts lead to actions. Grave actions! One must never question, especially the children! It is in their best interest. An interest managed by the Enforcers, the Counselors, the Church, and... Surely you're aware where I'm going with this. It's just a shame that your husband didn't see the light of our ways. Instead, he sided with those...those...people! He of all people sided with those filthy, stinking, pe..."

A tiny sneeze is heard. This cuts Tabatha off as Claire turns around and sees a socked foot right at the top of the stairs. Tabatha sees it as well.



Knowing full well who that foot belongs too, and the one hiding behind the wall, she puts down her cup and takes her leave, "I'll be heading home now. Be sure to take the proper precautions."

"Precautions?"

"Of course. There was something else going through my mind when your son made his greeting. Something...fictional. I trust you'll make sure it doesn't happen again."

That sick feeling returns to Claire, "Y...y...yes Tabatha."

Feeling she has made her point Tabatha puts a end to the conversation, "Very well. Good night."

Once the Enforcer exits the house, Shad makes his way downstairs and right beside his mother. A look of confusion was on his face, as he didn't quite understand much of what was discussed.

Claire gives Shad a smile that shows her relief and love, "Weren't you doing your homework?"

"This is part of my homework."

"Oh, your journal."

Somewhat ignoring his mom, "What were you talking about though? Something about that girl

and watching her? I thought you did that when you're teaching her at school."

"Well...things are a little more complicated then that. You see, because of the abduction, Tabatha wishes to safeguard her more."

"But why? I thought the one who took her got arrested. And what did Tabatha mean when she said that it wasn't the first time it happened?"

"You mean you don't remember? The girl's number was mentioned by the public speakers at least 5 times within 2 months. Not all of them were abductions though."

"What? If she wasn't abducted those times, then why..."

Not wanting to discuss this further Claire deflects any further questions, "Shad, I think you still have homework."

After hearing that, Shad rushes back upstairs, writing down the latest event he witnessed in his journal. Of course it's rather crude at best since he didn't quite understand most of what was being discussed between his mother and Tabatha.

Claire goes upstairs and passes by Shad's room, "Shad. What are we going to do? At this rate, you'll be suspected and just that alone will..." Unable to control herself she sighs; teary-eyed and says quietly, "Dimitri, why did you have to go?" She unconsciously goes back to biting her nails.

By Shadow M: To be continued.

Guess there's not much of a difference between me any any other Girllover. 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.

Unrequited Love

The Words Never Sent

Dear Dakota,

You just made me cry. No, this time it wasn't one of your movies that was acted so well it brought tears. No, it wasn't my deep-seated-panic-producing fear over your present and future well-being. No, it wasn't my depression over the fact that I am gaining no ground in this maddening pursuit of a career in your field. No, it wasn't "missing you," this time. This time I mean it very literally when I say you made me cry. I mean, YOU made me cry. You did. It was you...YOU. I saw a picture, and your beauty brought a tear to my eye. I saw another picture, and, in it, I saw your personality. The combination had tears streaming down my cheeks.

Sweetheart, there aren't words to adequately describe the feelings in my heart for you. I'd say "love," but it's so over used it seems flat and unexpressive. The bottom line is you are more than you know. You're more than your resume, more than your beauty, more than your smile and your quick wit.

You are a spirit, unbridled. You are joy and peace and beauty and love. You are a cool breeze on the surface of the sun. You are so much more than all of these things, but nothing that words can describe.

I do love you. While the word seems flat and void of power, YOU give it life; YOU give it power; YOU complete the expression.

I must admit, in all of this, I am overwhelmingly worried about you. I am terrified, to the state of complete and utter panic, of what your future may hold for you. I am utterly desperate to get to you, to be with you, to help you and hold your hand through all that life throws at you. To help you hold on to what's right and true and what will help you, and to help you steer away from that which will hurt you.

I don't really know what to say to help you see how valuable you are. How worthwhile and wonderful and amazing and exceptional and...Beautiful you are.

How beautiful YOU are. Not just your face, not just your body (though that is drop dead frickin gorgeous), YOU; Your spirit, your soul, your essence. Who YOU ARE is so incredibly beautiful to apply that word to it seems an immeasurable offense.

Enough with flowery language and wordy blathering; you are beautiful. Every minute, every aspect...beautiful; I love you, I fear for you, and I want to be with you to face/shape your future hand-in-hand, together. I miss you, even though we've never met, it's true. I love you and I miss you. And you make me cry.

With love that makes the word seem flat.

Butterfly Sox

P

O

Jackspratt's

N

A great question- and one I've stewed about as well- because of the very traditional view that "true" love is a love that would only be between two people, and only for the period of, in the most traditionally idyllic sense, the rest of both of their lives, till death do doth parteth and so on and so forth. So, the question of can we have a "true" and "normal" kind of love with a little girl of course raises that interesting question -- if much of what we love is the existence of her "little girlness" then what happens when she grows up and becomes of the age where, potentially, we don't even have any attraction for that age bracket?

D

I mean, just for tossing out a hypothetical, we could say, consider the case of someone who says they have a very limited AoA; let's say, six to eight years old. He meets and falls in love with a seven year old of his dreams, and she loves him in return -- but, does this mean he is doomed to enjoy a relationship that can only last, at most, for a span of two years??? What about when she is ten, twelve, fourteen, thirty five???

E

If such is the case, then does that "debunk" the thought that a pedo can truly love a little girl in the same way that we often think of "traditional" romances? Can we have a real "relationship" with a person when they are only passing through a window of attraction that we feel? Why is this important to consider? Well, maybe for some folks it's not, but, at least for me, it was certainly an issue that, if left unresolved in my mind, remained as cannon fodder for the anti's, and for any of those who claim that pedo love is not socially healthy, not socially productive, and therefore should never be socially permissible.

R

So, for me, I had to think about this, because I hate leaving "anti" arguments out there to linger with no intelligent response at the ready.

I

And, what is the answer? Well, heck, I'm no one with absolute answers, not at all, but I've hazarded an attempt at resolving it, at least for my own needs.

N

For me, understanding this required what is also required of true understanding of the entire pedo issue, which is to step back from the "traditional" rules, regulations, and general BS requirements loaded on us by prior generations and presently existing social structures. In other words, to even consider the existence of adult/child love requires a total re-think of a whole lotta things. I mean, we have to acknowledge that children are capable of making their own decisions about love, and about sexual feelings, for starters. Well, even before that we have to get past the road block of denial that kids even HAVE sexual feelings. We also have to look at "relationships" in a much more enlightened light. We have to broaden the scope of what "love" means, and realize that love encompasses much more than the current limitations established by the categories of parental, platonic, romantic, sexual, etc.

G

S

From Nabokov's view, he presents the character of Humbert Humbert as fixated on the "lolitanness" of the little nymph. So, for that character, I think, in my opinion, what is presented is a pretty good view of the conflicted and restricted pedophile -- the one who is not From Nabokov's allowed his feelings, who comes to see the child as merely an object of intense erotic attraction, rather than being allowed the experience of loving that child as whole person in an openly declared relationship. Humbert is what can happen to us when all we are left with is the intense physical attraction that child love can, and often does, produce. And- in that mode-yes, I think we probably would easily, and entirely move on to another six year old, if indeed we were isolated on being attracted to six year olds, and our present young love just celebrated her seventh year. And, if all we had loved her for was being six years old, then it would be, I think, a negative outcome not only for the child, but also for the person who clearly did not understand what it meant to love her.

Granted, that's an extreme example, but, in general, I think if we do become lost merely in the attraction to childhood itself, and not the person who IS that child, then I think we can become prone to a much less committed sense of attraction that is not focused so much on particular children, as it is on children in general who exhibit a range of qualities' that arouse us, be it age bracket, physical appearance, or even the particular clothing the child is wearing in a particular way.

From that standpoint, we see why the psych books declare our attractions to be a "para-

philia" and park our desires in the same category as exhibitionism, fetishism, voyeurism, etc. We are viewed in our love for children with the same lens as they view someone who has a thing for high heeled shoes. Our life defining attraction is summed up as nothing more profound than a desire to flash one's willy in public, or a tendency to get turned on by wearing clothing meant for the opposite gender.

And, perhaps such a brand of pedophilia does exist - certainly it seems to exist in the "accepted" porn community, where videos and pictures clearly abound depicting sex acts with

But considering we live in a world of denial...

the babysitter, sex with teens, sex with cheerleaders, sex with "barely legal" girls, sex with girls with very small breasts who sport bow-adorned pig tails in their hair and sport no hair at all on their shaved nether regions. Maybe, for such folks who like such stuff, there is more of a true sense of this psych book version of pedophilia, meaning a person who is aroused by considering that they are having sex with a young girl, even though they are watching "legal" porn or having "legal" sex with someone of "legal" age, while imagining that the age of that person is far less than the law allows.

Being a fairly wise dog, I'd actually argue that such widespread, and indeed dominant, themes in so-called "legal" pornography is merely proof that child sexual attraction is FAR from abnormal, considering it is far from being in the social minority. Clearly, at some point a majority becomes a majority, and thus normal must be

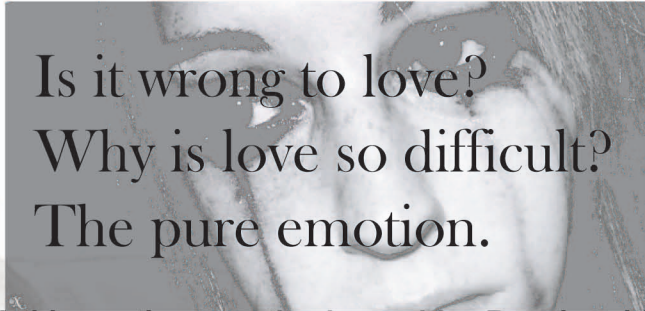


redefined, as has finally been the case with homosexuality. Even the fact that Nabokov's book has sold over 50 million copies, in 20 different languages, not to mention that the word "Lolita" has now become its own defining icon, clearly speaks to the much deeper undercurrent of true child attraction that exists -- admitted or not -- within society. But, considering we live in a world of denial, let's get back to the issue at hand....

We see that pedophilia is thought of as merely the attraction to the "childness" of children. We see that, if limited in scope and restricted in realization, certainly Nabokov's character shows, if even in fiction, that one can easily become focused on such a "surface" form of child desire, one narrowed to merely WHAT a child is, rather than WHO that child is. And, for proof of such a posit in the nonfiction realm, I think most any child lover will admit (some readily, and with pride; some reluctantly, and more with regret) that we can certainly allow our affections to become somewhat "blind" to the person of the child, and become much more consumed with just the arousal portion of our own pedo feelings, if and when we lose sight of the child as a subject of love, and see her instead only as an object of arousal.

There is even argument that a true "sex offender" is one who has is more interested in lust for a child's delicate parts, than in love for a child's delicate soul. So we see the image of the serial "child molester" who "victimizes" children through meeting his or her own selfish needs, as opposed to someone who is a considered to be a "child lover" who meets, if even sexually, the needs of the child, the issue being not one of sexual contact as defining harm versus good, but rather the intent of that contact.

And, there is evidence that we create these child molesters, as opposed to child lovers, by our own social structuring of the pedo issue. By depriving minor attracted people from having a "real" relationship with a child, we practically ensure the likelihood of these minor attractions becoming much more focused on the lust side



Is it wrong to love?
Why is love so difficult?
The pure emotion.

of things, than on the love side. People with pedo feelings are largely left isolated, alone, and turn to the de-socialized act of masturbation with pictures and images that can too often display a child merely as a sexual object, rather than as a little girl with feelings, emotions, and a world of personal identity.

While some modeling sites do go the extra mile to show the "human" side of the child model, sadly, a constant exposure to anonymous sexual images of children only encourages the development of a "distanced" sense of child attraction, where we can lose sight of the person and see only the child. Humbert Humber came to such ruin in the same way, becoming a servant to lust, rather than a disciple of love. Facing a lack of real relationships with children, is it any wonder that we, like poor Humbert, can begin to live up the stereotype of the lusty "pedophile" who simply wants to drool over any image of any little girl he can find? We provide only an objectified version of pedophilia in society -- so, not surprisingly, yes, it exists out there, and such, I think is the version that Nabokov presents in his book.

Does such HAVE to be the version? Certainly not, and THREE CHEERS to VoA for pioneering a place where minor attracted people can celebrate the FULL spectrum of their child affections. Is it working? Well, interestingly, based on the moderators keen eyes and consistent rules about what is and is not allowed to be posted here, we see, in this community, a different representation of child love than even in other many "child love" communities that would, on the surface, seem to be very similar to what VoA provides.

Go to a less structured site, and you quickly see the talk descend from child love, to child lust.



When I say, "Descend" am I placing a value judgment? No. I'm just saying that the nature of the conversation will be shown to be much more sexual, much baser, and coarser. It's less civilized. The children are discussed much more as items of meat at a market, then as human beings. On the other hand, here, you will even read posts about child models and actresses in which the writer of the post will vigorously defend against mere comments made about a child, if he or she deems such comments to be uncouth in some way, even though, obviously, the child herself will never even have awareness of such words, let alone read them. Even so, because a child lover here at VoA sees the CHILD, he has given life even to little girls he has never met. He clearly sees all children, even those in the public eye, as people, as human beings, entitled to perhaps even more rights and protections than the average adult. Here, at VoA, we see the pedophile who loves the child, because here, the pedophile is not only allowed, but even more so is ENCOURAGED, to develop the love side of the

child attraction equation. And, I dare say that this makes for more child lovers who, after logging off of VoA, will return to the "real" world with a truly healthy sense of child love.

Is that to say we don't lust? No. And, that's not a bad thing. Love, after all, can, and often and easily does, encompass a sexual element. The deeper and fuller the bond, the more powerful, the more potent, and the more productive that bond becomes. Part of what we love about children is much of what we are attracted to. But, in a whole sense of pedophilia, better termed to be a sense of healthy child love, we should be, in my opinion, at least as, if not more, in love with what attracts us, than we are merely attracted to what we love. And, beyond just that pattern of thinking, in the mind, when we consider that acting on the arousal side of child love can be as fully (if not more) destructive to the child as it is to the child lover, then, clearly, it behooves both children, and child lovers, to become much more adept and comfortable with celebrating non-sexualized love, rather than becoming consumed with mere sexual lust.

Obviously, for there to be a future where the child love is complete, the sexual side, some day, will have to be accepted, and thus, even now, we are more than fools, we are counterproductive fools, to try to pretend it does not exist entirely. But, I think we learn to live with that sexual side much easier if we more often and fully celebrate the nonsexual aspects of our child attractions, than pine for intimacies that would only lead to disaster in the present day. Hence, the tremendous value of this great community, which, by promoting healthy child loves, likely does far more for the protection and well-being of children from sexual exploitation and predation than all of the laws of all the world's countries combined.

So, coming back to the question -- and I bet you thought I wouldn't -- I think that if we broaden out the scope of what it means to have a relationship with a child, than what we see as the answer to the question is that, indeed, other children may take the place of certain attractions we might have, within the space of single relationships at particular ages, but responsible

love that loves the person, not just the body the person inhabits at a certain age, by definition will continue that love well into the teen and adult years. The perspective of love may change, and indeed it may not become the "traditional" romance of single-paired bonding to the grave, but certainly the love can continue, even though it may change in form.

Just like we have to widen our scope of social understanding to include any understanding of child love, I believe we have to re-think relationships to see where adult/child bonding could (and, for the well being of the child, where it SHOULD) fit within a society.

Most likely what we'd find, in allowing a new understanding to form, is that we would see, as is common in all human behaviors, a range of interactions. We would see minor attracted adults who form a relationship with a single child that lasts throughout life, a child with whom that adult wants even to settle into daily life with, become pair bonded to, and even have children with in the most traditional model of "normal" relationships. With other adults, you would see a tendency toward shorter relationships with many children over a long period of time -- a relationship where what is shared is intrinsically valuable, but is inherently not designed to last a lifetime in the form in which it exists for that short period of time.

Like many mentoring/care giving type relationships, we would likely see situations in which a child lover has beneficial contact with dozens or even hundreds of children, and, in that setting, likely while the bond itself would remain, the truly intense portion of that bonding process would likely be much more short-lived, and, in that situation, it would be not only common, but natural, for a child lover to have those shorter-termed interactions with children in his or her age of attraction, and to have many throughout a lifetime.

Really, we see it already -- some adults, whether minor attracted or not, clearly prefer working with teens, while others prefer to work with school age children, and still others prefer the world of preschoolers, toddlers, or infants.

Nature, in its infinite wisdom of design, has clearly ensured that, truly, no child will be left behind. So, from that standpoint, you have to look at yourself, and your own place in such a society, to see where and how your own inherent desires would fit.

If you find yourself drawn to the idea of one love for a lifetime, then likely you would pursue that path in a child-love-legalized society because, no matter how young she was when you met her, or how old she became in time, you would be with her because she is who she is, not merely because of how old she is. But, on the other hand, if you truly and honestly have a love for children that does not carry out beyond childhood, then, even though you love her for her, you must also recognize that you love her for her, as a child, in a way that is going to change as she grows up.

Is there then the possibility that you would fall "out of love" with her as she fell out of the childhood realm in which you first became attracted to her? Yes, in that the love would change, yes. So, you are wise not to seek a long-term relationship. You are much wiser to understand, and to share with her, that you want to be with her in this one magical stage of life, but not for a lifetime. Love her in the moments that she is where she is, but recognize, for both of you, that this is not meant to last -- it is a gift to be enjoyed within the time that it is given, like the joy of a garden when it is in bloom. The beauty of it will remain, but the blossom itself will fade.

And, that's where human logic would need a leap. As is shown inherently in the concern expressed by this question -- would I move on at some point if I mutually fell in love with a child -- many of us, now, might think that such a short-term relationship would be intrinsically selfish and destructive. But, such is not the case, or certainly need not be the case.

In truth, we have all had such relationships all of our lives, even those of us who go on to maintain a monogamous union for the rest of our days. We have all met individuals who have only briefly touched our lives in love, from first crushes in kindergarten that came and went, to

those "we'll be together forever -- but then we broke up" moments in the teen years. And, each of those moments, far from destroying us, helped shape us -- even the not so great ones, though the great ones are the ones that of course did us the most good, by teaching us positive lessons about ourselves, about life, and of course about love.

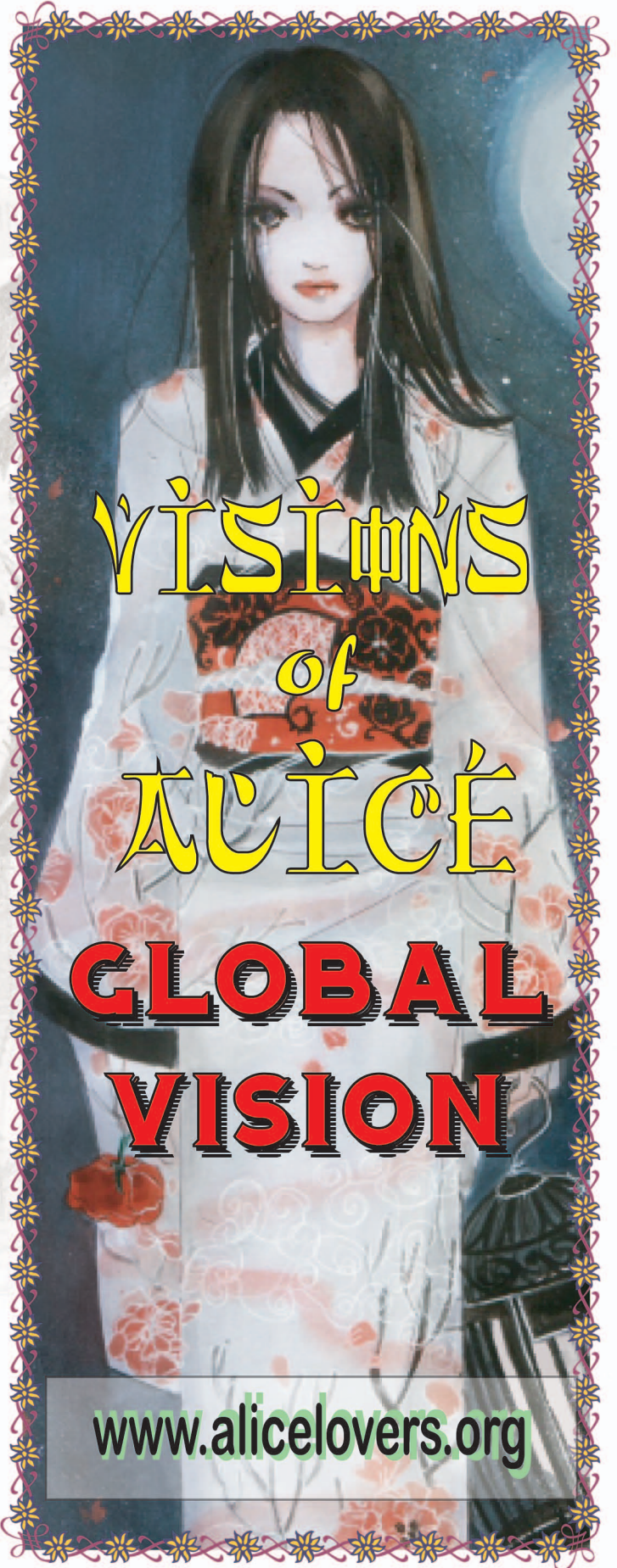
Let us not forget too that the most important person in the relationship -- the child -- may well move on from us as she grows older. Again, nature is wise in its way. Just as there are child lovers who are best suited to help shape and guide children along only certain stages of life's journey, just the same children very often will want, and need, to seek their own new challenges and opportunities as they progress through life. And, considering I don't know of any age range in childhood that is not adored by at least someone in the child love community, I think, no matter what the age or stage, no child would find herself, or himself for that matter, neglected along the way in the growing up process.

Long story short -- well, a bit late for that, I guess -- children need love, and those in the GL/CL/PEDO community have a need to love children. Seems a match made in heaven, if you think about it. As for how and where that love could be, well, as long as love is at the foundation of what is shared, then the sharing is good, be it for a minute, for a day, for a month, for a year, or for a lifetime. So, celebrate it while you have it, and treasure it for as long as breath remains in you.

If Humbert Humbert had done so, I daresay, even in fiction, he would've been a happier man....

As always, just one jack's opinion....

Jackspratt is a thinker, and he thinks that any objective understanding of pedophilia must begin with a truly objective point of view. Jack considers himself a "pedophile" only in the etymological sense of being a person who loves children, as he believes all adults should.



TRUE NONSENSE

JGrey's Circumlocution

Well, it finally worked. I never believed it could, but apparently I was mistaken. I have died a horrible death, along with all the other pedophiles in the world.

I was sitting there being a pedophile all day long, in my pedophile house, wearing my pedophile clothes, and thinking my pedophile thoughts, when suddenly I was mysteriously compelled to castrate myself with a knife, fuck myself, and die horribly. I developed twenty-nine forms of cancer, and shortly thereafter I died in agony, and went to Hell to burn forever like the sick fucking piece of shit I am. This, I assure you, was quite a surprise.

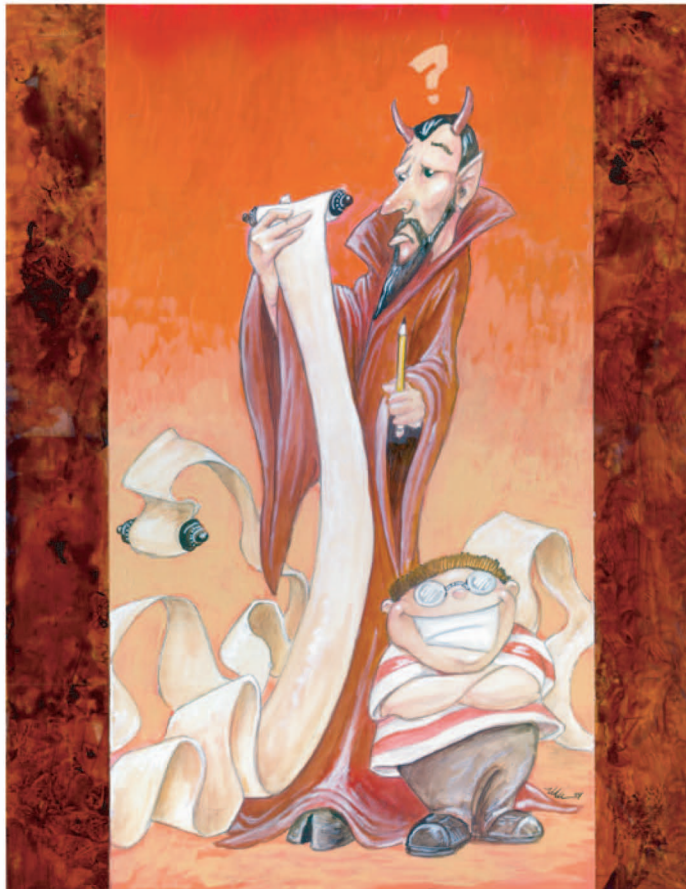
As I looked around Hell, I saw all the other pedophiles there, being tortured in various ways, and whenever we had a moment, in between torments, we managed to piece together what had happened. Apparently, enough people hated us, and spent enough time and energy being outraged and paranoid about us, that it reached some sort of critical mass and just...worked. It was quite a surprise to us all. I had been under the impression that hating pedophiles did not and could not do much of anything to affect us, so it came as quite a shock to find that, this time, hatred really was the answer. I still can't quite believe it.

That morning, one Gary N. Lobner, of Texas, had fired off an angry e-mail to a pedophile after reading something in his blog. In this e-mail he had demanded that the pedophile immediately die, get castrated, fuck himself, get raped in prison, and hoped that he "burned in hell forever you sicko piece (sic) of pedo shit". As it turned out, that particular vitriolic rant, while largely incoherent, was the one that

tipped the scales. Immediately after it was sent, every pedophile in the world just suddenly started doing all the things the various e-mails and rants had ever suggested, and within a few hours all of us had landed in Hell, where it seems that we will indeed burn forever.

What is unclear at this point is whether an ongoing widespread hatred of pedophiles will be needed in order to sustain the effect, or whether it is now permanent. Since the outpouring of hatred has not ceased, or even declined, it is

impossible at this point to ascertain whether it is now necessary or not. Those who have devoted their time and efforts to hating pedophiles do not seem to be aware of, or interested in, their victory, and they continue to compose venomous rants of varying degrees of coherence, despite there being no one to receive them.



For so long I had either laughed or cried at the constant outpouring of hatred, believing it to be absurd and pointless, but now I have clearly been proven wrong. All along, there really was some point to their efforts, and every moment of their lives that they dedicated to hating pedophiles has now paid off. Yet they do not notice it, or seem to care about it, despite the rather glaring evidence that they have triumphed. One would think they were either oblivious, or possibly so devoted to hatred that they cannot or will not acknowledge the current lack of enemies to hate. In time, perhaps, they will find new people to hate, and if so I expect to see some newcomers here in Hell before long. Those e-mails are pretty darn effective.

I do feel pretty silly, at least in those moments when the demons tormenting me take a coffee break. I mean, I was so sure that these anti-pedophiles who spent so much energy hating us were wasting their time. But here I sit, in a vat of boiling excrement with a nest of hornets eating my entrails--irrefutable proof of the power of hate. I was so certain they could never have much effect at all, but I can't argue with results.

From down here I am allowed to glimpse the world I once lived in--the demons think it adds to my torment to see it, but it doesn't really, plus from down here I get a lot of up-skirt looks at all sorts of little girls--and what confuses me is the continued presence on earth of people who beat, starve, and even murder children. I assume these people will join us pedophiles here in Hell eventually, but they aren't here yet, and apparently no one is writing angry e-mails about them. I mean, the raving hatred of pedophiles was amazingly effective, so I assume if people were just as angry about child-beaters and the like, they would have suddenly disappeared like we did. I guess the people who hated us so much haven't gotten around to writing angry e-mails to the child abusers of the world yet. I suppose they will get to it eventually.

The real shocker, looking up, is that so many

child rapists are still up there. I mean, aren't all child rapists pedophiles, and vice versa? It's the same thing, right? But no, they are still up there, and still harming children, and I wish someone would do something about that, but I guess the hatred was directed mostly at pedophiles so it missed a lot of those rapists. But I suppose the ongoing hatred of pedophiles is still necessary. From down here, I can look up and see more of us being born every day.

I have to go--it is time for my daily insertion of hot coals in various uncomfortable places--but I would like to thank the management of Hell for allowing me to write and send this. We do get to use computers down here. They are all running Vista, but hey, it's Hell--you can't expect too much.



EVENT HORIZON

A person is either with this court or he must be counted against it, there be no road between.
J. Miller, *The Crucible*.

Throughout history groups of people have been persecuted for not what they have done but because who they are. The Salem witch trials, men and women were accused and killed in the most horrific ways because society feared not the people in question but because of the idea behind term "witch" and of course for greed. In the late 40's it was the Red Scare and it was more of the same. In Germany in the 1930s and 40s Gypsies were slaughtered because they were undesirable. The Jews, all through history there are examples of atrocities committed against them as a group; even today the stereotype of a Jew is one of a tight-fisted miserly rich person. Homosexuals, Muslims, fundamental Christians, and many more have all gone through or are going through some form of persecution and distrust, not because of what they have done or even what they may do, but because of the actions of a minority of their group. Pedophiles are included in this, not because we are a danger, not because we as a whole, or even a large fraction, have ever hurt anyone but because of the actions of a very small percent-



age of us have done either acts of love, or unthinkable acts upon or with those that society calls children. To society's laws there is little difference between raping a six year old little girl, and having sexual relations with a sixteen year old girl. One in an act of utter evil and the other can be an act of love, but to most of society both are rape. If anything history tells us that societal morals change, in Roman times Roman Senators had sexual contact with their young male pages, it was not only excepted it was not really even thought about, it just was. In medieval times a lord had the right of "first night" with a girl who was to be married, during that period most girls married between the ages of thirteen and seventeen; again it was not even questioned for centuries. The practice of giving female children as peace offerings or as brides to strengthen ties is done even today in parts of the world. Young girls marrying older men is as old as time itself and until the last century was not even frowned upon.

So what has changed? Well the answer is both nothing and everything. Nothing, as in society as a group still fears things it cannot and will

not understand. Many people still are apprehensive about gays, not because a gay person might do something to them, but because they do not understand them, gays are outside the norm, different so therefore feared. Everything, as in people have more time on their hands, modern society is easier than it has ever been in most parts of the world. Society has the time to worry about imaginary monsters under the bed instead of worrying about survival. Now that is not to say that every pedophile is as pure as the driven snow, but the plain simple fact is as a percentage pedophiles are no more likely to rape a young child than a non-pedophile man is to rape a woman. If one looks at the current level of hysteria over pedophiles and graphs the parts of the world where the hysteria is the greatest, is it any wonder that the richer countries are much more worried about the supposed threat? Do poorer countries not care, not have the resources to put in to fighting for their children? Or is it simply that the poor countries realize that the "great threat" is just another example of society giving in to its fears and simply is more concerned with feeding their people than chasing geese?

When will the time come that all people are accepted for who and what they are and only those that harm another will be held accountable and punished and not just because of whom they are? I do not have all the answers, but I do know this, I for one am tired of being hated and feared not because I have done one immoral, or illegal thing, no I am despised because I exist. One other thing I know, there will come a time when every man woman and child will be

in some group that is hated by society. We as human beings are very good at hating because we just do not understand a group's feelings or ideas.

Time will go on and society will move on to a new target sooner or later, just hope and pray to whatever or whomever you believe in, it is not directed towards you and yours, because ...

**I would not wish this
witch-hunt upon anyone!**





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