

Famous Seamus

now. They keep old bicycle clips of his and photos and so on. No. You're too young for a tee-shirt." Another card depicts three farming types outside a bar whose name has been changed to read, LADIES' TOILET. One man has a newspaper parcel under his arm and a speech balloon extruding from his mouth: "I got the last of the tee-shirts." The man next to him is saying, "A lot of people would agree with you, but I still prefer the earlier poems."

Heaney's wife, Marie, shares this sense of humor and necessary irony, which keep at bay self-importance and pomposity. She is a great beauty, with a generous mouth, vigilant eyes, and an amused tilt to her bold and beautiful jawline. She is quick to prick and quick to protect. When I first met her, it was after a lecture on Heaney's poetry given by Christopher Ricks at the Roundhouse in London. Modestly, Heaney skipped the lecture, but at the reception afterward he was curious. "Och, Seamus," said Marie, "you're *such* a clever fellow." After another lecture, this time given by Heaney in Oxford, two friends presented him with a pair of broad, handsome suspenders. With a look of scampishness, Heaney removed his jacket and began to try them on. As he was experiencing some difficulty fixing them to the back of his trousers, Marie intervened, to gales of laughter, with

"No, no, Seamus, let's save them up for tonight."

Her reward for this attitude of loving unkindness, as well as proper pride in her husband, has been some of the finest love poems since the 1912-13 poems of Thomas Hardy written to his dead wife. There is a poem by Derek Mahon which covers the case exactly: it describes a pub singer in the Aran Islands with one hand cupped to his ear, listening to himself, and using the other hand to ground himself through his girlfriend. It is appropriate that the poems themselves should be earthy, unembarrassed by sexuality, accurate and eloquent about love—from her "deliberate kiss" on "our first night years ago in that hotel" to Heaney's comparison of her to an otter "heavy and frisky in your freshened pelt" to the fancier reaches of marital sexuality in "The Skunk" and its mention of "the black plunge-line nightdress" and the stir of excitement caused by "the soot-fall of your things at bedtime."

The Irish readers who resent his popularity—or think it invidious—actually share the wary, careful love of Heaney with his family and friends. They, too, are "bitter / and dependable"—determined that their hero's elevation should not also be his fall. Heaney's exaltation is reserved for others, not for himself. In 1988, Heaney was the master of ceremonies at the Royal Free Hospital in Dublin, introducing readings by Susan Sontag, Chinua Achebe, Les Murray, and Yehuda Amichai. His model was Hugh Kenner's index

to *A Colder Eye*: in it, Kenner attaches an epithet to each person. Thus: "Keaton, Buster, *equilibrant*"; "Woolf, Virginia, *embroiderer*." When Heaney introduced Joseph Brodsky, it was simple: "Brodsky, Joseph, *poet*," to which Heaney then added, "*the poet*." This exaltation of Brodsky is typically generous, but Heaney is now himself so schooled in the dangers of exaltation that his tribute in *The New York Times*, on the award of the Nobel Prize to Brodsky, contained the just, but deflationary, statement that, in English, Brodsky's poetry can be "animated and skewed." I don't doubt that the *Sunday Tribune* reviewer of *The Cure at Troy* has a similar sense of admiration and rueful correction.

One last anecdote, told by Heaney against himself. Asked what his worst fault is, he answers, "Tolerance." A certain drunken, pathetic, belligerent, hapless poet attached himself to Heaney one evening, not for the first time. *Any* other person would have escaped *immediately*. At the door of the bar, the drunk was stopped by the bouncer because he had been banned for bad behavior. Heaney pressed on. Ringing in his ears was the cry "Dinna deny me, Seamus. Seamus, dinna deny me." When he tells this, Heaney looks very serious and says, "I mean, it was awful. Christ and all that." And then a wonderful look of villainous mischief comes into his eyes and he says, "But I needed a drink, so what could I do?" He doesn't permit himself the exaltation of shame, either. □

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(Continued from page 229) Strangely, the university has also assumed an embattled posture, with top officials refusing to answer any questions about Cinel, but in response to my repeated inquiries the school's Office of Public Affairs finally read me this statement, approved by the president: "The archdiocese did not inform the university of the allegations made against Dino Cinel prior to the news reports about him." Although it would appear that either former archbishop Hannan or the university's president must be lying, even Tulane faculty members are puzzled. According to one professor, the history department received a directive from the dean more than two years ago that they were to respond "No comment" to any questions about Cinel from the media. If university officials didn't know anything, what were they instructing faculty members to stonewall the press

about? In any case, Tulane later said nothing to the College of Staten Island about any problems involving Cinel.

Further questions have been raised about the archdiocese's dealings with St. Rita's. "Parishioners were never told about what happened in the rectory, nor were they ever asked to speak with their children," reported Richard Angelico on WDSU-TV. Don Richard, an attorney for the archdiocese, admitted to Angelico that this was true, and tried to justify the church's silence in terms of its sensitivity to a possible criminal investigation: "My advice to the church was 'You do nothing to prejudice a criminal case that might arise against anyone'—and so we did absolutely nothing," Richard explained.

A couple of months later, however, when I ask former archbishop Hannan about it, he suddenly changes the official story, thereby contradicting his archdio-

cese's own lawyer. "As soon as he knew about this, Father Tarantino told the people and apologized to the people," Hannan maintains. "He didn't even wait for a Sunday; I think he told them at a weekday Mass so they would know immediately."

Another question is why the church didn't insist Cinel get some kind of treatment. "Dino flounced out on us," says Hannan. "He left angry, and we had no knowledge of where he had gone." In fact, Cinel could rather easily be found a few blocks away, in his longtime office at the Tulane history department. But perhaps the most important controversy involves the church's decision to hang on to Cinel's pornography collection for three months before turning it over to the authorities. Even then, the archdiocese made its squeamishness about prosecution more than apparent. "We therefore wish to make it clear that it was not the intention

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of the Archdiocese in taking such action that it would be regarded as seeking to initiate or urge prosecution of Dr. Cinel or anyone else thereby," wrote Thomas Rayer, an attorney for the archdiocese, in a letter to the D.A.'s office. "This action on the part of the Archdiocese should therefore not be considered by your office as in any way seeking the initiation of criminal charges with respect to this material or any activities of Dr. Cinel in relation thereto." Judging by his subsequent inaction, the district attorney got the message.

Many wonder if the evidence was tampered with while in the hands of church officials, but Hannan denies there was any purge of the material, saying the church kept it for so long merely to "get some idea of who was involved" on the videotapes. Others are less than convinced. "This is a classic story of a church cover-up," says Jason Berry. "I think the archbishop and the lawyers for the archdiocese broke the law. You don't sit for three months on child pornography; possession of it is a crime. . . . Dino Cinel should have been arrested the moment he got back from Italy." According to a recent deposition by Bishop Robert Muench, the tapes remained at St. Rita's for six days after Father Tarantino found them, before they were even turned over to the archdiocese. "I think in those six days Tarantino blasted through those tapes to see who was there and who shouldn't be there," says attorney Darryl Tschirn. "Nobody ever inventoried the tapes. Nobody knows how many there were—and how many they ended up with." Bishop Muench admitted in his deposition that he and Tarantino fast-forwarded through some of the tapes to see who was on them, but Tarantino says, "The materials I found were turned over to the archdiocesan representative precisely as found without exception."

But if there was a cover-up, it wouldn't surprise some who have dealt with pedophiles in the church. Louisiana attorney F. Ray Mouton served as the lawyer for the notorious Father Gauthé, and he also co-authored a confidential report to the American bishops on priest pedophilia in 1985. Last spring, Mouton was asked by a Washington, D.C., television station, WUSA, how often the Catholic Church tries to obstruct criminal investigations and cover up incidents of priestly pedophilia. "Always," Mouton said flatly. "They may put forth an appearance of co-

operation, but in the back room in the chancery, they're designing a plan to stonewall."

David Figueroa was only five years old back in 1964 when, he says, Father Joseph Henry, the pastor at the Church of St. Anthony in Kailua, Hawaii, began to abuse him sexually. One of fourteen children in a devout Catholic family, Figueroa attended the St. Anthony Parochial School, and his mother worked as a housekeeper at the church rectory, one of several places where he says he was routinely molested by his priest during the next eight years. When the pastor died in 1972, he was replaced by Joseph Ferrario, who is now the bishop of Honolulu. Figueroa says he confided in Ferrario that he had been sexually exploited by Father Henry for years, whereupon Ferrario embarked on what was supposed to be counseling. Instead, according to Figueroa, the priest began his own sexual relationship with the boy, which would continue for the next ten years. When he was nineteen, Figueroa began to receive counseling from Father Tony Bolger, another diocesan priest, but before long Bolger too had instigated what Figueroa says was a sexual relationship. The teenager told Ferrario, who allegedly continued to molest him as well, about his experiences with Bolger, but instead of taking any punitive action, Ferrario appointed Bolger as pastor at St. Anthony. By this time Ferrario himself had become a bishop. It wasn't until 1985, more than twenty years after the whole saga had begun, that David Figueroa's mother learned about the alleged sexual exploitation and reported it in a letter to Archbishop Pio Laghi, then the papal pro-nuncio in Washington, D.C. Ferrario defended himself by saying that an investigation had been conducted by the church and that the accusation was unfounded. However, David Figueroa was just getting started. In 1989 he publicly announced his charges of sexual molestation against Bishop Ferrario, who again denied everything and dismissed Figueroa as a "good storyteller." Last August, the young man finally filed a civil lawsuit against the bishop.

Although Ferrario is the first member of the U.S. hierarchy to face such charges, another North American bishop has already been brought down by a pedophilia scandal. Last year Newfoundland's Archbishop Alphonsus Penney resigned in disgrace after an investigative panel he himself had established condemned his handling of widespread sex abuse at a Catholic-run boys' orphanage. The com-

mission found that priests who abused boys sexually were better treated by the hierarchy than were the victims, and said that the lack of archdiocesan leadership might actually have encouraged the abuse. Archbishop Penney, who had resisted earlier calls for his resignation, finally took responsibility for the church's failure to act on long-standing reports of molestation. "We are naked," said Penney. "Our anger, our pain, our anguish, our shame, and our vulnerability are clear to the whole world."

That scandal was only one of many that have stunned Newfoundland's Catholic community in the last couple of years. More than two dozen priests and Christian Brothers have been convicted of or are facing charges of sexually abusing boys, and the moral verdicts have been even harsher than the criminal ones. Last August a Newfoundland judge told Edward English of the Christian Brothers, "You are a disgrace to the order and to humanity," and sentenced him to twelve years in prison. While Canada has been rocked by its epidemic of priest pedophilia, it doesn't compare with what is going on in the United States, where the cases have been multiplying faster than anyone can count. Not that church officials particularly want to; the Catholic Church insists that it has no central reporting system and therefore no figures on the extent of priest pedophilia around the country. "We have no way of knowing for sure how many cases or complaints are out there," says Mark Chopko, general counsel to the U.S. Catholic Conference, the public-policy arm of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Chopko, who is also the author of a 1988 statement on priest pedophilia that remains the last official pronouncement on the subject, admits that the situation got so bad that by the mid-1980s the church was totally unable to obtain liability insurance covering sex abuse, although he claims that such coverage is gradually becoming available again. But despite the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in punitive and compensatory damages, the official church position continues to be that its pedophilia problem is no worse than anyone else's. "I don't think it's a crisis for the priesthood," says Chopko. "I think it's a problem for all institutions, like churches, that have to care for children. It's a problem for schools, for child-care agencies, for scouting agencies, for day-care centers—and it's a problem for the clergy." Chopko rejects as "utter and complete nonsense" the idea that the church frequently tries to cover up the problem. "I can't tell



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you that every time one of these charges has been filed it's been handled with an adequate degree of charity or the right degree of promptness," he says, "but, knowing many of the bishops and clergy involved in some of these cases, either they didn't know what was happening or they didn't believe anything so horrific could be happening in one of their institutions."

Courts around the country are increasingly finding otherwise as a massive amount of documentation accumulates on efforts by church officials to conceal incidents of child molestation and a widespread pattern of gross insensitivity to the suffering of victims. Last December, a Minnesota jury awarded \$3.5 million, including \$2.7 million in punitive damages, to a young man who had been sexually molested for eight years, starting when he was a thirteen-year-old altar boy, by a priest with a long history of such abuse. According to Father Thomas Adamson, he began molesting boys in 1961, in his first parish assignment, and he admitted such transgressions to his bishop three years later. The bishop told him to control his behavior and transferred him to another parish. For the next twenty-three years, Father Adamson continued to be reassigned to different parishes despite ongoing complaints and at least three interludes of psychiatric treatment at different facilities. Internal church documents reveal a great deal of hand-wringing about the problem and a constant concern that the scandal might become public, but no decisive action by church officials to ensure that Father Adamson would no longer be in a position to molest youngsters. "They knew about this guy and they didn't report it, so he never got prosecuted, and now he can't be, because of the passage of time," says Jeffrey Anderson, a St. Paul attorney who is representing Adamson's victims in eleven different civil lawsuits. "Father Adamson sexually abused at least thirty-five boys we've identified in various parishes, but he's never spent a day in jail."

Anderson, who is also the attorney for David Figueroa, is currently handling more than eighty cases involving priest pedophiles around the country. The often repeated figure of two hundred priests reported for sexual misconduct in the last six years is a gross underestimate, according to Anderson, who says he personally knows of well over two hundred and the total figure "has got to be over four hun-

dred." At least half of the cases he himself has dealt with involve some kind of church cover-up, he adds. "The pattern of institutional indifference and complicity to misconduct," he says. "Even the church has reason to know it's going on, there's a head-in-the-sand kind of attitude—and when they do discover it then there's a pattern of conspiracy to conceal it and avoid any public scandal or scrutiny."

As in the Adamson case, the expiration of the statute of limitations has often worked in the church's favor in precluding criminal prosecution when past abuse finally does surface. However, in some states the church has a more powerful ally in the so-called doctrine of charitable immunity, which bars lawsuits against charitable institutions. This law has been upheld under even the most tragic circumstances, as in the case of Christopher Schultz, a New Jersey boy who was abused from the age of ten by Edmund Coakeley, a Franciscan brother who was a parochial-school teacher and a scoutmaster. Schultz's brother was also molested by Coakeley, whose taste included bondage and sadomasochism: "He would take pictures of them doing what he'd tell them were the Stations of the Cross," says David Jaroslawicz, the attorney who eventually filed suit on behalf of the Schultz family. Christopher Schultz became increasingly disturbed, and when his parents finally learned about the abuse, they went to the church and asked for help. "The church denied anything happened, and said the child fabricated everything," says Jaroslawicz. Christopher finally committed suicide in 1979. "He ingested wintergreen tablets from the medicine cabinet and said, in essence, 'I can't live anymore with what I've done,'" says Jaroslawicz. "The real outrage here is the cover-up. This child probably wouldn't have killed himself if these people had acknowledged that the child hadn't done anything wrong and had been taken advantage of. The fact that they made him feel that nobody believed him, and that he had to go to school every day and see this guy—that totally shattered the child." It shattered his family as well; his mother, a nurse, had a nervous breakdown, according to court papers, and the parents were later divorced. The family's subsequent lawsuit was vigorously fought by the Archdiocese of Newark, the Franciscan Brothers, and the Boy Scouts of America, who demanded it be "thrown out on the grounds that charities are immune from paying damages to beneficiaries of their

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services in New Jersey," according to the *Asbury Park Press*. In 1984 the New Jersey Supreme Court agreed, dismissing all claims by the Schultz family.

Representatives of the church now acknowledge that mistakes have been made, but they claim that the church has changed in recent years. "We have been trying harder, and we've been generally doing better," says Mark Chopko of the U.S. Catholic Conference. "If you look at the cases that are filed now, it's not new incidents as much as it is abuse that happened in the 1960s and '70s." Chopko vehemently denies that cover-ups are still occurring. Police officials in two Virginia counties have recently offered a different point of view. Earlier this year, Father Thomas Chleboski was arrested in Arlington and charged with six counts of molesting a thirteen-year-old student at Our Lady of Victory School. "Police say they received a complete lack of cooperation from the Roman Catholic Church," reported Washington's WUSA-TV. Indeed, according to Detective Tom Bell of the Arlington County Police, when detectives first contacted church officials, "they would not even acknowledge that this man was a priest," let alone give the police any information on where to find Father Chleboski. An investigation revealed earlier alleged incidents of abuse at previous places Chleboski had served, but there too detectives were given the cold shoulder by church officials. "The individuals told us that they were told by the archdiocese not to say anything to the police," said Detective Gary Costello of the Montgomery County Police Pedophilia Unit.

Asked about the Chleboski case, Mark Chopko says the lack of cooperation was due solely to the archdiocese's administrative desire to centralize communications and make sure any statements came from the chancery rather than from individual parishes. "Conspiracy to me connotes some intention not to tell the truth and not to deal honestly with a known situation," Chopko says. "The idea that there has been some kind of intention to deal dishonestly with reports of child abuse is just nonsense."

On a drowsy afternoon in high summer, New Orleans's Jackson Square is quiet and picturesque. Just beyond a line of horse-drawn carriages, the plantain fronds rustle faintly in the ghost of a breeze off the Mississippi River, a saxo-

phone wails plaintively in the hands of a street musician, and a sidewalk artist draws pictures for the passing tourists who flock to this quaint landmark in the middle of the French Quarter, where the dignified spires of St. Louis Cathedral tower over the lacy wrought-iron balconies that ring the square. Chris Fontaine's father used to work the crowds here as a sidewalk artist, and it was here that Chris says he first met Dino Cinel, on a day when he was upset about family problems and particularly vulnerable to the attentions of a sympathetic stranger. "He came walking up to me . . . and he started telling me he was a priest," Fontaine reported in a taped interview with Richard Angelico. "We became friends." According to Fontaine, they didn't have sex until they had seen each other two or three times, whereupon Cinel "asked me if I smoked weed, and asked me if I knew how to roll." After they had smoked some marijuana, Fontaine said, "he just reached over and started rubbing his hands on me and told me he wanted to give me a massage. . . . Then he told me to take off my clothes. He just told me to leave my underwear on, and it went from there. He started masturbating me, and I tried to get away; he held me down for a minute and told me, 'Just relax and close your eyes.' He put it in my head that they did it in Greek days and it's all right."

Cinel has provided a markedly different account of these events. He claims that he picked up Fontaine several blocks away from Jackson Square at the corner of Bourbon and St. Ann, a notorious hangout for male prostitutes, and that Fontaine was an experienced hustler. "He approached me and asked me first if I was a policeman," Cinel said in his 1990 deposition. "He was afraid I was there to bust him, because it was obvious what he was doing. . . . He said, 'Do you want to have a good time?'" Cinel admitted that Fontaine looked "very young. . . probably fourteen, fifteen years of age," and said that the boy showed him an ID to prove he was seventeen. At the time, Cinel was forty-one.

Both Fontaine and Cinel agree that the boy went on to become a regular visitor to the rectory at St. Rita's. Indeed, Fontaine says he lived there off and on for six to nine months, lounging in the common room, where he watched television with the other priests, and spending the night and waking up to the housekeepers, who routinely found him in Cinel's bed in the morning. Former archbishop Hannan admits that other priests at St. Rita's were aware of such comings and goings, but

Cinel apparently told them that the teenagers who frequented his room were homeless boys whom he was counseling. Still, it is difficult to comprehend how his fellow priests could have missed what was happening. "They had to know," says Fontaine. "They always saw me in the middle of the night making sandwiches, making noise in the kitchen. Sometimes we would watch TV and I'd be in bikini drawers or something like that." According to Fontaine, Father Cinel's acts of sacrilege weren't confined to his bedroom; one time he told Fontaine he needed an altar boy, persuaded him to serve at Mass, and then had sex with him afterward in the sacristy (a claim Cinel denies). Other sexual rendezvous were held at a country house Cinel bought in Mississippi and at the borrowed homes of various parishioners. Wherever he was, Cinel recorded his trysts on video. "He had this obsession with the camera," Fontaine reports. "Everywhere he went, the camera was with him. He was always taking pictures of everything."

While Cinel was extremely skillful at fostering Fontaine's sense of emotional dependency, he apparently didn't hesitate to use harsher forms of leverage as well. Early in his relationship with Fontaine, whose troubled adolescence included at least one episode as a juvenile offender, Cinel went to court with the boy to help get him out of some minor skirmish with the law. The judge released Fontaine on probation, under the priest's supervision. "Father is willing to work with you and willing to help you," said the judge. "I hope that will be sufficient to get you on the right track, young man." According to Fontaine, whenever he resisted Cinel thereafter, Cinel would threaten to have him sent to prison. "Dino Cinel may have told him that he may report him to the judge if he didn't do certain things," says Buddy Lemann, Cinel's lawyer. "But it's our position that Chris Fontaine voluntarily entered into all acts with Dino Cinel."

These days Fontaine works as a carpenter when he can, but his lawyers and his psychologist say he's in tenuous shape at best. "Chris is a mess," attests David Paddison. "He's probably going to need some type of medical care forever."

Ronnie Tichenor was in residence at a Rhome for runaway children in the French Quarter when he first met Father Cinel. "He told me he was looking out for my welfare, that he could help me better achieve an education and a better position in life," Tichenor says. Cinel also told

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him many of the same lines he had used with Fontaine, such as the one about being a "father in need of a son." Although Tichenor is now a tall, strapping dark-haired young man, in one videotape Cinel can be heard bragging about how small the boy was when they first had sex. Like Fontaine, Tichenor became a familiar face at the rectory. At one point he got very upset about his relationship with Father Cinel and even confided in another priest, but his protests were brushed off. "I did break down emotionally with Father Michael," Tichenor told Angelico. "But he did not act like there was anything strange or forbidden. He comforted me for five minutes in a general sense, and that was it." In a later deposition Father Michael Fraser said he had attributed Tichenor's angst to "just basic adolescence" and never even realized the boy was upset about Father Cinel. However, the attitude of Cinel's colleagues had a profound impact on the teenager. "I knew that all the other priests and the other associates at the church were familiar with the goings-on; they couldn't help but have been aware," Tichenor said. "And if they accepted it, I felt it must be right, even if it seemed wrong to me. . . . Because of the general acceptance of everyone around me, I assumed it was me who was confused."

Tichenor has put some distance between himself and Cinel since then, moving to Florida and going to work for a mosquito-control service. But he suspects he knows what Cinel is up to these days. "He looked for guys in basically the same position as myself, who were in need of leadership and support from a male figure, boys who had no father figure at home," Tichenor says. "He has this sense that these things are O.K. He is able to instill this sense of security in young boys. I hate to think of the possibilities."

For Tichenor himself, some of the possibilities are terrifying; both he and Fontaine wonder if Cinel infected them with the AIDS virus, but they are too scared to be tested. Nor is Ronnie the only Tichenor with cause for concern: Cinel also managed to ensnare his twin brother. Cinel, who enjoyed threesomes, often encouraged Ronnie and Chris to have sex as well. With both boys the priest sometimes discussed his porno-house connection in Denmark and speculated on the possibility of selling pictures or videos abroad, but neither boy was aware that any material

had changed hands until Fontaine saw his own photographs in *Dreamboy U.S.A.* Although Cinel says he never got any money for them, their existence raised new questions. Cinel was earning \$42,000 a year at Tulane, and although he was receiving free room and board at St. Rita's, his expenses were considerable. In addition to the country house in Mississippi, he also bought a duplex and a ten-unit apartment building in New Orleans, a speedboat, and a Lincoln Town Car. After he left the rectory, he bought a \$200,000 house a few blocks from Tulane. How did he finance it all? His lawyer, Buddy Lemann, smiles enigmatically. "Manna from heaven," Lemann draws, mouthing his frayed cigar.

Lemann, who is best known in New Orleans for defending members of the Marcello crime family, portrays both of the civil lawsuits currently pending against Cinel as cynical attempts by "two streetwise consenting adults" to fatten their bank accounts. "Chris Fontaine is pissed off because he thinks Dino sold his pictures and made a lot of money," Lemann charges. "Chris is a hustler who thinks he's been out-hustled. I think this is a case of two homosexuals having a fight."

In fact, Fontaine, who says his sexual preferences were always heterosexual, has since married and fathered two children, gotten divorced, and is now planning to marry again. Tichenor has also married, although at one point, he says, Cinel lobbied hard against his emerging heterosexual orientation. "I was approximately fifteen years old when I found out what homosexual sex was, and that that was what I was involved in," says Tichenor. When he told Cinel he liked women, "he tried to sway me. He told me that men knew men better and men were to be together." According to Lemann, Cinel denies having tried to steer Tichenor toward homosexuality.

Since his public exposure, Cinel has often accused his critics of homophobia, and Lemann enjoys casting this case as a noble crusade against bigotry. "I'm going to elicit the gay and homosexual community to get behind this," he vows. "This is positively a gay-rights issue. This guy is being crucified because he had a homosexual tendency. If it was little girls, you wouldn't have had nearly the same amount of commotion. . . . Greed and sex, that's what this case is about. Cinel's motivation was sexual; his partners' motivation was greed. I think Dino Cinel may be a sinner, but he's not a criminal."

Those closest to Cinel seem to accept his assertion that he has put his pedophili-

ac proclivities behind him. "It was a pathology in his past," his wife told Lemann. Whatever Pollock chooses to believe, however, even a passing familiarity with the literature on pedophilia would indicate that this is highly unlikely. "We certainly would never talk about this as being curable," says Dr. Fred Berlin, the director of the Sexual Disorders Clinic at Johns Hopkins. "If you're sexually attracted to children, that doesn't change; that's with you for the rest of your life. We do believe that pedophiles can, with proper treatment, learn to control themselves so they don't continue to pose a danger."

Although anyone who molests a child under the age of consent is legally a pedophile, technically Cinel is probably an epehebophile, or one who is attracted to adolescents; the term "pedophile" is used clinically to describe those who are sexually drawn to pre-pubertal children. Cinel's commercial pornography collection favored pre-pubertal boys, but his known real-life encounters were generally with teenagers. Most pedophiles are believed to be heterosexual in their orientation, but experts are finding a different pattern within the priesthood. "The overwhelming majority of priests we've seen would have the diagnosis of homosexual epehebophilia," says Dr. Berlin.

Whatever the age of their victims, pedophiles are notoriously difficult to treat. "Traditionally, using psychoanalytic techniques or behavioral therapy has not been that successful," says Dr. Eli Coleman, director of the Program in Human Sexuality at the University of Minnesota Medical School. Some programs report a significant degree of success with a combination of group therapy, behavior modification, and medication, hormonal and otherwise, but most experts agree that progress is difficult and the subject's full cooperation is crucial.

A higher rate of success is found with pedophiles who are distressed about their urges and wish they were not attracted to children. The task is much harder with those untroubled by a guilty conscience. "Not only are they sexually attracted to children, but there's no conflict between that fact and the sense of right or wrong," says Dr. Berlin. "Trying to treat somebody like that is like trying to treat an alcoholic who denies he has a drinking problem." The prognosis is even bleaker when offenders are simply incarcerated without treatment. "There's an 80 percent recidivism rate if you just put pedophiles in jail and let them out," says Dr. Jay Feerman, a

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psychiatrist who has treated an estimated three hundred priests for pedophilia at Servants of the Paraclete Treatment Center, a New Mexico facility run by a Catholic religious order.

Cinel claims to have gone for counseling in New Orleans "for a couple of years every week," and says he stopped all sexual activity with teenage boys in 1986. However, he has frequently seemed to lack any sense of remorse, and in his 1990 deposition he even boasted that he had helped Chris Fontaine. "Were you trying to help him get his life together by having sex with him?" he was asked.

"Probably, considering the promiscuity in which he was living, I was the best person he could have sex with," Cinel said smoothly. "Knowing the other characters he was involved with, yes."

To the contrary, many experts say. "Because of the position of trust and authority that a priest holds in a child's life,

when sexual abuse takes place the greatest damage done to the child is the betrayal of that trust," attests Dr. Mulry Tetlow, a clinical psychologist and former Jesuit priest. "The damage is much more severe than sexual abuse by a stranger or babysitter."

Nevertheless, those who have had recent conversations with Cinel report a disturbing sense that he is more aggrieved than penitent. "He just doesn't understand," says Sandi Cooper, a fellow history professor at the College of Staten Island, adding that Cinel was "shocked" that the school wants to get rid of him. "He's upset; he feels betrayed." Robert Viscusi, a Brooklyn College professor who also talked to Cinel over the summer, says, "There is this strange kind of dissociation that I found more troubling than anything else. He talks about it very dispassionately and loftily, as if it all had to do with somebody else." Lawrence Powell, a Tulane history professor and former friend of Cinel's, observes, "Even today, he has no moral sense. I don't think

he feels he's done anything wrong."

Cinel certainly doesn't deny his transgressions; indeed, before Buddy Lemann signed on as his lawyer and told him to shut up, Cinel was even discoursing to the tabloids about the fine points of his sexual tastes. "He explained to reporters at a press conference in his home that sex with young men gave him a greater sexual high, while sex with his wife was 'more emotionally fulfilling,'" the *Staten Island Advance* reported. With intimates, he can be even more forthcoming. W. D. Atkins was Cinel's lawyer until earlier this year, when they parted company over the \$30,000 he says Cinel still owes him (a debt Cinel denies). But the attorney remains sympathetic to Cinel's case, and it was to Atkins that Cinel offered one of his more explicit confidences—one that would not seem to augur well for the former priest's prospects of leading a reformed life. "He told me, 'I just love to fuck young boys in the ass,'" Atkins says. "He's delighted with his attitude. He's not embarrassed in the least." □

Red Star Falling

(Continued from page 239) next of kin to us; we shared all our intimate secrets with him!" she exclaimed in shock during the coup.

While her husband had surrounded himself with weak personalities who could never overstep him, or so he thought, Raisa had helped to arrange the mirrors around him so that they would reflect only the image of the genius leader. But, if anything, Raisa Gorbachev was more paranoid and dependent on the apparat for her sense of security than her husband. She was even suspicious her own phone was bugged. As a child, she had seen her father imprisoned for speaking out against collectivization; her mother often broke down and wept over their plight; her talented younger brother became an alcoholic. Such a grim background seems to have marked her personality with deep pessimism—as she expressed it herself. "the feeling that people are doomed."

Another of Gorbachev's oldest friends, then foreign minister Eduard Shevardnadze, had warned the president repeatedly about the "two-faced partners that he himself had put in power." In his new book, *The Future Belongs to Freedom*, Shevardnadze writes, "With amazing stubbornness, he refused to see that the circle of the coup was closing in on

him." He adds the deadly rhetorical question "Did he not want to see it?"

The day of the putsch, outside the White House, Shevardnadze held out the dark possibility that under pressure Gorbachev had gone along with the hard-line takeover and could re-emerge as its figurehead. Many citizens of the Soviet Union had the same suspicion.

Shevardnadze and Gorbachev also had once loved each other. The friendship between these two southerners goes back almost forty years to when they met as starry-eyed Stalinist youths in regional Communist organizations. Then, several years before Gorbachev became general secretary, the two men took a walk on a lonely beach together and agreed that "everything is rotten" in the country and the Communist Party. Unless serious reforms were made, they concluded, the Soviet Union would perish.

I interviewed Shevardnadze in September in a building on Yelizarov Street donated to him by a group linked to the K.G.B. It was stone-cold and the furnishings sparse. (Shevardnadze complained privately that after his resignation Boldin had stripped him of everything but an apartment, TV set, and VCR.) The jobless former foreign minister was attempting to establish his Foreign Policy Association here.

The princely Shevardnadze appeared in a dark and sober blue suit, warmed with a vest. After a long talk with Gorbachev, he said, he no longer believed the president sanctioned the coup. The passion he had felt during the days of the putsch seemed somewhat tempered, perhaps by a rethinking of his own political role in a postcoup Soviet government. He said, "Thank God Gorbachev is a person of character. Only a person of character could have started perestroika. Gorbachev will enter history as a great reformer, a great revolutionary. It was not so easy to begin."

Still, there were flashes of lasting disillusionment. "He enjoyed maneuvering too much. There is a moment when one has to say tactical considerations are not uppermost—my stake is with democracy and democratic forces. And in this he was too late, my dear, dear friend."

Although Shevardnadze would like to think Mikhail Gorbachev has become a different person since the putsch, he told me that the Soviet leader is "still a prisoner—of his own nature... his way of thinking and acting... his poor judgment of people, his indifference toward his true allies, his distrust of the democratic forces, and his disbelief in... the people."

Like Yakovlev, Shevardnadze had privately disagreed with his boss—an unknown concept in Soviet leadership cir-