

There was then a kind of euphoria in the second row of singers, that of the boys whose voice had broken because of puberty (between 14 and 18 when I arrived): the tenors and basses were almost all openly homosexual. Teenagers of all ages played “*pédé*”, kissing on the mouth on the tour bus, touching each other, sometimes (for some) just for the pleasure of angering the few mothers who accompanied us and who expressed their disapproval.

But since the conductor “*is pink*”, and considering the recent legislative changes, these confusions explain the general embarrassment. Now this borderline with pedophilia, while it may seem clear to the legislator on paper, was not clear to anyone. One may wonder whether some, young and old, were not waiting for a further lowering of the sexual majority? For the homosexual offer was permanent:

“You can't say no without knowing!... You should have tried at least once!... You'll see: it doesn't hurt... Well, maybe a little the first time, but then it passes... And then you'll get a taste for it, it's not that disgusting...” *etc.*

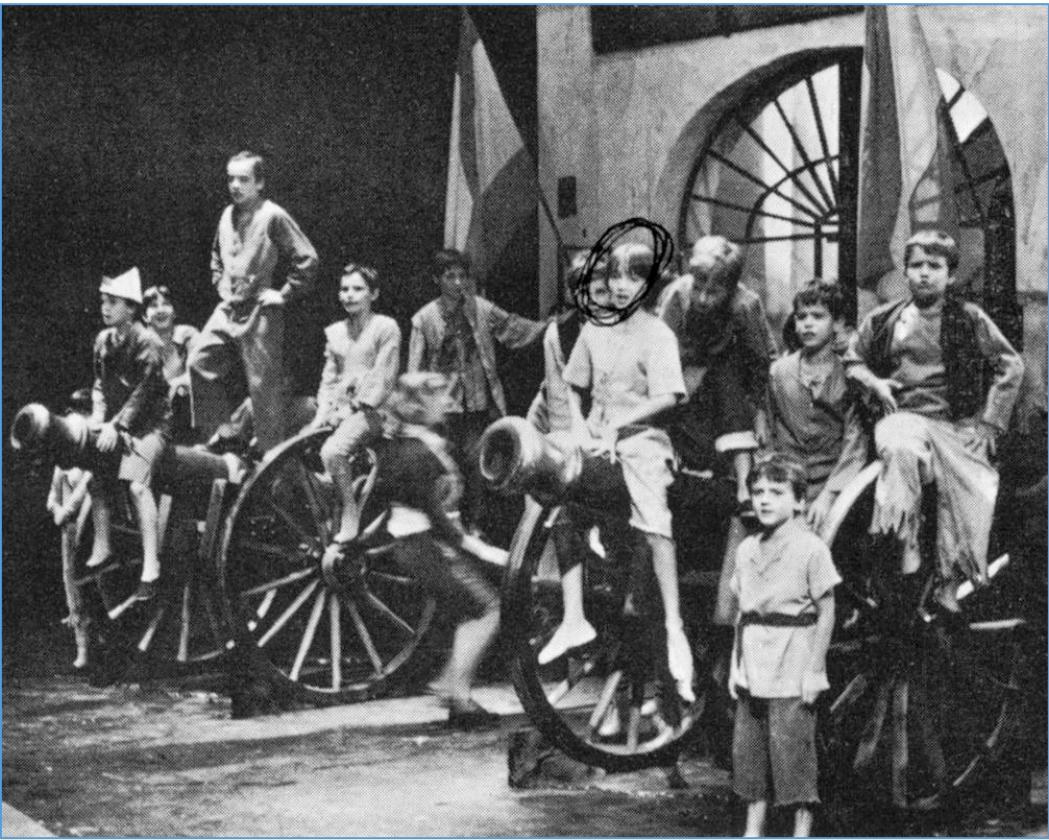
Of course, there was a safeguard: everyone told each other this story of the choirmaster Denis Dupays,

who had been “*chased out of Toulouse by the Bishop*” (today one would say: moved) because of his bad morals. He had gone too far; it had come back to the ears of less complacent adults. But in spite of the countless number of my comrades, sons of lawyers and magistrates, the affair was hushed up. All I ever knew about it was this: apparently a young soprano or alto had been seen in his house, opening his door one morning, shirtless.

That was in 1979, 1 year after the first legislative change and 3 years before my arrival. The speech of Marie-Claire, our judge, was clear: the housework had been done, things had changed, nothing could happen to the children anymore. Unfortunately, the reality was quite different: I saw and experienced it for myself, she herself had a sometimes borderline behavior (“*She was walking around in her nightie in the dormitories among the boys!*” commented a bass chorister) and, responsible member of the Council of Administration of the association, never denounced what she saw (she is said to have said, at the hasty departure of the next choirmaster: “*Fortunately he left, he was touching the little boys.*” Loic* later confirmed this in writing) and even said to my parents, looking them straight in the eyes: “*Nothing is happening, I guarantee it.*” Thank

you. My uncle still removed my cousin Mark*, which saved him. I stayed, which ruined me.

We are in 1986, and for me it is the first in a series of violent departures of my choirmasters — for various reasons, by the way. That of Michel (Rivière) des Borderies was followed by the departure of Brother Yves (Marie) Lequin in 1989, François Terrieux in 1990 and Wilfried Busaall in 2003. For the last two, nothing bad had been said on the subject of the present chapter (we used to talk about physical and moral brutality), but the fact is that Wilfried then changed region and profession: he



Les petits soldats de Carmen

Les « Petits Chanteurs à la Croix Potencée » participent aux représentations du chef-d'œuvre de Bizet, à la Halle aux Grains. En décembre, ils partiront en Belgique

« Nous marchons la tête haute comme de petits soldats » entonnent à pleine voix les Petits Chanteurs à la Croix Potencée de Toulouse, au premier acte de la superbe production de « Carmen » que l'on peut voir sur la scène de la Halle aux Grains jusqu'au 6 novembre.

Et cette saison, la manécanterie toulousaine, fondée en 1936 par l'abbé Georges Rey, se fera entendre à deux reprises avec l'orchestre du Capitole.

Le 18 décembre, en la cathédrale de Saint-Etienne, les Petits Chanteurs et leur nouveau directeur Michel Rivière des Borderies participeront à l'« Oratorio de Noël » de Jean-Sébastien Bach, placé sous la direction de José Aquino

et, en février, ils feront partie de la distribution du « Chemineau », de Xavier Leroux, au théâtre du Capitole.

Et d'ici la fin de cette année, la chorale partira en Belgique où elle donnera douze concerts avant de fêter la nativité, le 22 décembre, avec « Musicamérata » et une soirée aux chandelles en la cathédrale Saint-Etienne. Mais, malgré le succès que la manécanterie toulousaine remporte un peu partout, il faut rappeler que ce type de formation a toujours besoin de nouvelles voix.

Et actuellement, les Petits Chanteurs recrutent des enfants (garçons uniquement) de 8 à 13 ans et des ténors et basses adultes.

Actuellement, les Petits Chanteurs ont entre 7 et 25 ans et ils viennent de tous les quartiers de Toulouse et de sa banlieue, ils sont scolarisés, étudiants ou travailleurs et ils se retrouvent deux à trois fois par semaine pour répéter les quelque soixante messes et quatre-vingts concerts qu'ils donnent aussi bien toute la saison que lors de leur tournée d'été.

Leur vie est un peu différente de celle des autres enfants mais comme toutes les manécanteries du monde, ils sont le symbole de l'amitié et du plaisir de chanter.

A.-M. C.

became a school teacher in the Nantes area. Once again, it is not possible to withhold the following information: apparently some parents complained.

Denis Dupays moved several times. He was not originally from Toulouse, and his recognized talent as a musician then led him to conduct children in Nantes, at Radio-France, in Val-de-Marne. As a child, I saw him conducting children at the *Théâtre du Capitole*, the opera house in Toulouse (the same one where I first appeared on stage at 10 years old in *Carmen*, given at the *Halle aux Grains*, see preceding picture). He was Musical Delegate of the Federation *Pueri Cantores*, where he conducted workshops for children in particular. We children used to say the same things to each other. The congresses being regional, national, international, everybody knew, and still knows. His charisma is such that some former students (girls, not boys it seems to me) are in denial: one of them, who became the conductor of a prestigious Parisian children's

choir, aggressively defends him when these facts are mentioned.

But adults are not the only data for pedophilia. What should we call sexual relations between children? Children play and imitate the behavior of their elders: adolescents, adults, responsible people. There are many opportunities for promiscuity in groups of children like ours. We would go on tour by bus for several weeks, in France or abroad, sometimes by car for a weekend in the region. Every evening, we were lodged in a local house, most often 2 boys together, sometimes more, of the same age or not, sometimes mixing children and adults. The night is then an extremely long time, when you are alone, far from home, with a friend or an adult with strong ideas.

I remember very clearly the first night attack. I am ten years old. We are going on tour, destination Switzerland. We just sang a concert in Savoy. Maybe this first concert where I sang as a soloist, which made me either desirable again (besides being cute), or conversely, an object of jealousy (it was Philip* who told me this recently — I had never realized it). It so happens that we are hosted by some cousins of mine, Matthew* and I. My family remembers, because my grandfather (*Doctor Jazz*

for Charles Schaettel) had bad feedback about our night-time behavior, quite rightly... I remember the room, with its 1970s decor, with an orange bedspread with wavy patterns. I have only kept a still image of that long evening: we are both kneeling on this double bed, and Matthew*, who is only a year older than me, starts teaching me how to snog — ironically, his last name contains the word “snog”... **Assault #2.** I found out later that he was an orphan living with the Abbot (the founding priest then aged 70) in Ramonville-Saint-Agne. He was not the only one: David and Nicolas also lived there with their parents, former Belgian fairground entertainers. David told us that Matthew* took his showers with the Abbot. With hindsight, I can understand why David “grassed” on him: he was rather fat and shouldn't have been allowed to take showers, not him.

The list goes on and on until I was 15 years old in 1988, when I didn't say “no”!, but simply managed to avoid it. One young adult claimed that he had a backache: he needed to be creamed. Others would masturbate in front of or with you. It could be collective between teenagers. I never gave in to what I thought was going too far. As they used to say at the time: “I saved my ass”. The bus trips were also long enough and the buses were big enough for

things to happen. A certain comrade, not much younger than me, forced me to masturbate in a car too. I was 13 years old. Two others, also a little younger than me, including one of my choir godsons, partially stripped themselves naked to lie on top of me mimicking the sex act (but not the same night). At 16, a 13-year-old comrade stripped completely naked before slipping into our bed: I pretended to have a headache. At 18, a 10-year-old kid is interested in my sex at the beginning of the evening: I got a fever. (Now an adult, he is openly homosexual.)

Edit.: I remember the following anecdote. During the same summer tour, during the trip that we make by (auto)bus under the Abbot's leadership, a few days after the departure, we see an Alumnus arrive, bag on his back. Few know him: it is Matthew! The Abbot announces to us: "Here is Matthew*: he is going to do the rest of the tour with us." He gets on the bus which was ready to leave, and I imagine with dismay that I will have to share my room with him again next evening. Or worse, a child will. David, who's directing the tour, knows him only too well. He delays, we find a way out: we have to phone our President Robert Laffont (an Alumnus too, he could be our father) who stayed in Toulouse. The bus is on a village square, a phone booth (card, not coin: I've*

kept some samples of both, the prettiest ones) is at the other end. Fear literally carries me there as I run, so much so that I fall and provoke a burst of laughter from the children, left in the bus without knowing what was really going on. Robert says to me on the phone: “No way! Nobody knows him, he wasn't there at the departure, etc.” Phew!

In those years, there was a tolerance, called “touchy-feely”, so why complain — and to whom? You had to go through it, and it was explicitly stated. Roughly speaking, I counted on one year 40 concerts, i.e. 40 nights and 50 trips, plus the invitations to my Mané godfather's (see below; I'm not counting the 2 weekly common rehearsals and the private lessons, where nothing happened to me). Today the subject is taboo, so how are these practices, and what are the consequences?

By the time I was 15, I had become an “elder”, meaning that my voice had changed, I was in the third row, in the tenors' panel, and I was entitled to long trousers and a blazer (a jacket). Less fragile, less exposed, I felt out of the woods. At least I had become less desirable in appearance. I remember the effect I thought I was having in the eyes of the people on Apple Street (the one with the gay nightclub called Shanghai Club), walking around in

blazer and invested with the confidence necessary for a teenager to grow into adulthood: people's springtime smiles seemed to respond positively to me. It was also the year of my Confirmation and, having to take on a godfather again, this time I was able to choose from among the many pure and spiritual figures who accompanied us on tour. I could just as easily have chosen Laurent Camiade, that brilliant seminarian who became a bishop.

For me, the consequences were manifold. First of all, a great loneliness. Then, landmarks that you build all alone. Since those in charge “say white and do black”, everyone has to determine what is right and what is wrong on their own. Coercion and violence are felt to be evil. Then there is sexual pleasure, games, camaraderie, and for others, homosexuality.

I repeat that, for my part, I have never accepted this homosexual offer. So much so that, when I meet my fiancée (after having moved to Paris), I bring her to Toulouse to marry her in great pomp in the Insigna Basilica of Saint-Sernin, a jewel of Roman architecture, where I have been playing the carillon since 1996, in front of all my singing comrades, past and present, with my organ teacher and friend, and my fellow carillonners at the bell tower. A way of

affirming my sexual orientation again. Five priests concelebrate: François Jugla, Rector of the Basilica, and his vicar Daniel Saphy, friend of the family; Marcel Baurier, relative since my sister's marriage; the Abbot (Georges Rey), 80 years old, Founder of La Mané, who invites us to exchange vows, and Jean-Louis Bourniquel, the new chaplain of La Mané, a former child singer himself, who gives us as a wedding gift a eulogy written with a pen on an illuminated parchment, rolled up and tied with a beautiful red ribbon. In May 2001, I was 28 years old. I've lasted almost 20 years by myself, and 1 month later, I fall into depression, for 15 years.

I didn't understand why, at the time. We then choose to start our life of a couple, by founding a home in Toulouse “in the provinces”. I work then in the new computer technologies (web, Java, *etc.*), with a degree in electrical engineering at the ENSEEIHT (Toulouse). We made the right choice at the right time, because the speculative bubble of the Internet is bursting, and the attacks of September 11 in New York, then the explosion of the AZF factory on Friday, September 21 (which was felt as far away as the Didier Daurat college in Saint-Gaudens), will be the reason for my new job in Toulouse, for which I will not go further than the trial period. Great after 9 months of depression!

Already when I left school in 1996, the aeronautics industry being in one of those recession cycles, I had to make up my mind to choose another job and “move up to Paris” in 1997. Still for the record, I’m following the explosion of my good city of Toulouse on screen from my office, on the last day of my contract. Once considered, the cancellation of my Paris-Toulouse plane is lifted for the next day on Saturday. The move planned for Sunday also takes place, but without my friends who are on duty at the cathedral, to sing the funeral service for the victims in front of President Chirac and his Prime Minister Lionel Jospin. *When it's not meant to be...*

The Trap Closes

So back in Toulouse, the unhealthy trap closes. I had said goodbye to La Mané at the end of the 1995 summer tour: I kept the cards used for playing Papayou (it's the *Game of Hearts* with a tarot deck), each one signed by my comrades of all ages at the time. I followed the group's activities from afar, and participated in part of the tours if I could: a few days in Portugal in the summer of 1997, and the same in Lebanon in the summer of 1998 when we celebrated the World Cup victory of France, “Les Bleus”! in a country supporting Brazil! Germany and Prague in

2000, where I remember having spent F500 (let's say €100 today) of mobile communication to call my fiancée! But I missed the Ukraine in 2001... So, on my return to Toulouse, and knowing my depressive state, the Council of Administration, made up of parents who had seen me grow up, told me: “Come and sing! It will do you good!” Alas! things hadn't changed much and the climate was more or less the same.

Certainly, we had used all our influence and acted to change things as adults. David became choirmaster in 1990 (in fact, if you think about it, he was the only one who left without a fuss in 1999) and the following year, at 18, I was elected to the Council of Administration. I happened to celebrate my majority on tour, when I replaced David as choirmaster for a week while he was completing his military service.

We were then a team of buddies concerned to prevent the recurrence of the (bad) experiences we had had, without any training or explicit help, just with our good will and our feeling. But we were not superheroes, not qualified to pay alone for the legacy of Society in general, and in particular for this group re-founded in 1936 by Father Georges Rey at the age of 25 (according to our oral tradition)

at the request of Cardinal Saliège. So what is the origin of this depravity? Will we ever know? are there any traces in the diocesan archives?

Edit.: « Bishop Maillet (1896-1963), according to former choristers, appreciated not only the voice of his young boys, but also their physique. During tours, the soloist — always the most beautiful of the little singers — had the privilege of sharing the bishop's room. In 1959, it was discovered, in the holiday residence rented by the Prelate for his little singers, that important personalities were invited to “ballets bleus”. Pedophiles were sentenced to heavy prison terms. But General de Gaulle, yielding to the pressing request of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris [Bp. Feltin], made the

« Campana » : FR3 recording Abbot Rey before the 1973 Christmas concert in the chapel of St. Anne (I'm 9 months old)



prosecution of Bp. Maillet stop. The latter, renouncing all his responsibilities [except for the direction of La Mané!], retired peacefully. »

*Dictionnaire historique des homosexuel.le.s célèbres,
Historical Dictionary of Famous Homosexuals,
Michel Lariviere, 2017.*

(1) Blue Ballet: Adult/young boy sexual relationship; gathering of young boys for the benefit of amateurs, under the guise of dancing.

« *On va inventer autre chose / Genre ballets bleus ou ballets roses. / J'suis sûre qu'on manquera pas d'clients / Tous du grand monde... évidemment.* » *Ça fait du bruit chez les souris*, 1961. « *We'll come up with something else / Like blue ballets or pink ballets. / I'm sure we're not short of customers / All from high society... of course.* » *It causes a stir among the mice*, 1961.

In <http://www.languefrancaise.net>

- The affair known as “Ballets roses” (Pink Ballets) is a case of pedophile morals in the pavilion of the President of the National Assembly, revealed in 1959 by the newspaper *Le Monde* and relayed by *France Soir*, and ended in 1960 with 22 convictions (including police officers: five years in prison and a former deputy-minister-president of the National Assembly: one year in prison suspended because of a “long history of service rendered” and not wanting to “overwhelm an old man”).

In Wikipedia.org et <http://pedocriminel.blogspot.com>

- *Les Ballets écarlates, The Scarlet Ballets*, J.-P. Mocky's film, 2005, censored, never released in theaters.

Our history says this (from memory) :

« In 1940, Bp. Maillet and *Les Petits Chanteurs à la croix de bois* fled occupied France, and were welcomed in Balma by Father Rey and his little singers. In these times of war, close relations were forged. »

In 1947 the First International Congress of Pueri Cantores was held.

The diocesan archives may well be able to tell us something about this not-so-glorious past.

In 1996, on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of La Mané, I came up with the idea of a gift that we could give to the Abbot (whom I very much liked: he never did anything bad to me directly). As Bp. Maillet, tutelary figure of *Les Petits Chanteurs à la croix de bois* (hereafter), who was not a bishop but Prelate of His Holiness, we could ask for this honorary distinction (which Pope Francis wanted to abolish, from the first days of his pontificate in 2013), so that he too should be called: Bp. Rey. I then persuaded our President at the time, Edouard Laigneau, to make a specific request to our Archbishop. There again, I have a precise memory of that moment in one of the offices of Perchepinte Street: at my request, Bp. Collini turned pale, stiffened and coldly said: “*It is out of the question!*”

Certainly, we knew and felt that the Abbot was on the margins of the Church in a certain way. We used to put this down to the exclusivity of his mission (from the time of his ordination) with us, child singers. Just as La Mané had had to give up scouting in the early years to devote itself exclusively to singing. But the Archbishop's reaction was icy, and implied a moral impossibility of elevating our beloved Abbot publicly. In a split second I understood that the Archbishop “knew” (but what exactly?) and I was not surprised.



I was 23 years old, and in a certain way he confirmed everything we were saying among ourselves about the morality of the Abbot, about the “banishment” of Denis by “the Bishop” (in 1977, Bp. Collini has been *Coadjutor Bishop* of *Cardinal-Archbishop Guyot* since 1972, and once Archbishop, would not be elevated to the rank of Cardinal, unlike many of his predecessors in the cathedral), of childish oral tradition.

But adult too: John*, one day on tour in Haute-Savoie in 1991 when he had forgotten to take his

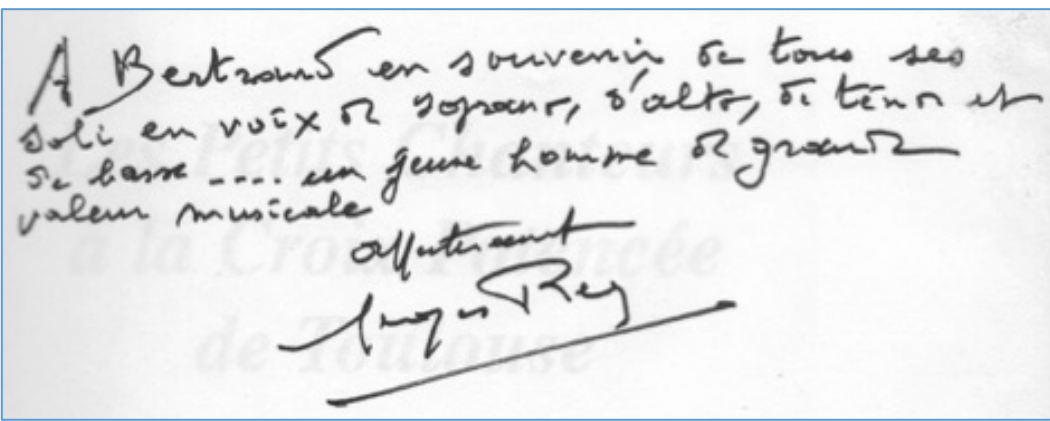
medication, starts shouting in the bus, insulting the Abbot sitting a few rows in front of him: “*Bastard Abbot! Rotten Abbot!*” They took him off the bus and, of course, we never saw him again. It was the first time that a grown-up chorister said aloud what many had already whispered.

In any case, I am myself plunged back into this still unhealthy environment, in a state of weakness, and without having been able to or knowing how to get rid of my defilements. The year 2003 will be a pivotal year: the Abbot died on the very day of the birth of our first child. “*Le Monde ancien s’en est allé...*” (hymn *The Ancient World has gone*: thank you Joseph Gelineau.) On the day of his funeral in Terre-Cabade, I have to take the young soprano soloist of the time with me in my car: it refuses to start, so we don't attend. *When it's not meant to be...*

In the autumn, the Council of Administration decides to part ways with the choirmaster Wilfried Busaall — as brutally as he had treated the children and their parents. I have taken on more responsibility, I am now Vice-President (since middle school, I used to be elected class representative). As there is no alternative, being the most qualified, I lead the band in rehearsals and for the few commitments that have already been made.

I already did it when I was 18 years old, I am now 30, and I foresee the realization of a kid's dream: to become the choirmaster! I had gone through all the positions, as the Abbot had pointed out to me: soprano, alto, tenor (I had a gentle and progressive voice breaking) and bass, soloist every time, organist and already conductor for a week! I told him that I could never argue with him as founder... (Edit.: Below is the dedication in my copy of the book of the 60th Anniversary in 1996: “*To Bertrand, in memory of all his soli with a voice of soprano, alto, tenor and bass... a young man of great musical worth, affectionately, Georges Rey*”)

But there in 2004, there was still no question of appointing me as choirmaster, me the simple engineer. Yet I was also a professional musician, even before I was a scientist, ever since I joined the supplementary choir of the Théâtre du Capitole in 1994 at the age of 21 (I had even earned my first pennies at the age of 10 on *Carmen*), at the same time as my preparatory classes for high scientific school at Fermat, and during my last year of studies



A Bertrand en souvenir de tous ses soli en voix de soprano, d'alto, de ténor et de basse un jeune homme de grande valeur musicale
affectionnément
Georges Rey

at *McGill University* (Montreal, Canada), where several ensembles had already paid me. But no man being a prophet in his country, I occupied the place, determined to prove myself.

So in 2004, three extraordinary events happened and involved us. First of all, Claude Nougaro's funeral in the basilica of Saint-Sernin, which was broadcast live on television. I had to teach the *Pie Jesu* from Fauré's *Requiem* to the new soloist, another of my Mané godsons. I counted thirteen of them from 1984 to 2004. I myself had chosen as godfather the photographer of the time, 30 years old, who had approached me like this: “*What a cute little girl!*” with regard to my *Paymobil* bowl cut. He masturbated in his room, door open, when he invited me to his house. He gave me a book by Guillaume Apollinaire to read, a “*pornographic novel*” according to Wikipedia.

“A strange couple was introduced: a little ten-year-old boy in a suit with a hat under his arm, accompanied by a beautiful little girl who was no more than eight years old; she was dressed as a bride, her white satin garment was decorated with bunches of orange blossoms.

“The pope made a speech to him and married them by exchanging the ring. Then they were engaged in fornication. The little boy pulled out a pecker like a little finger, and the

new bride, rolling up her falbalas petticoats, showed her little white thighs at the top of which a little hairless slit opened up, pink as the inside of the open beak of a newly born jay. A religious silence hung over the assembly.

“The little boy tried hard to penetrate the little girl. As he couldn't do it, his trousers were taken down and, to excite him, Mony gently spanked him, while Natasha titillated his little glans and tiny balls with the tip of her tongue. The little boy began to get a hard-on and was able to deflower the little girl. When they had been battling away for ten minutes, they were separated, and Cornaboeux grabbed the little boy and forced his behind with his strong dick. Mony couldn't hold out against his urge to fuck the little girl. He grabbed her, straddled her thighs and stuck his living stick into her tiny vagina. The two children were shouting horribly and blood was flowing around Mony and Cornaboeux's pizzles.

“Then the little girl was placed on top of Natasha and the pope, who had just finished his mass, lifted her skirts and began to spank her charming little white ass. Natasha then got up and, straddling Andre Bar, who was sitting in his armchair, she impaled herself on the enormous conspirator. They began a vigorous St. George-style, as the English say.

“The little boy, kneeling before Cornaboeux, was pumping his cock, crying his eyes out. Mony was bugging the little girl who was struggling like a rabbit that's about to get its throat cut.”

Les Onze Mille Verges, The Amorous Adventures of Prince Mony Vibescu, Guillaume Apollinaire, 1907.

Nearly 10 years later, I suggested he leave of his own accord, when things just seemed a little sketchy to a kid from the new generation, the one we were starting to listen to. It was 1991, I am not sure that the president of the association would have taken the matter to court, for so little, I am tempted to say. The Society still tolerated a lot of abuse of minors. Around 1993 in Amiens, for example, *l'Education nationale* did not react.

Then, the reception in April for “Queen Elizabeth II [...] in the Henri IV courtyard of the Town Hall, while the carillon of the church of Notre-Dame du Taur rang out *God Save the Queen*, according to tradition”, as Wikipedia remembers it today, to refresh my own memory. It is true that after having sung *Se canto* and Deffes' *Toulousaine*, we also sang another “must”, but discreetly, after Her Royal Highness had passed by, once she was in the staircase that goes up to the Hall of the Illustrious of the Capitole: *Au 31 du mois d'a-ouût* sung by the French Marine Corps Troops. “*Et merde ! pour la Reine d'Angleterre, qui nous a déclaré la guerre*” (*And merde! for the Queen of England, who has declared war on us*) feminized as for the national anthem. Afterwards, I was able to say that protocol allowed only me, as choirmaster, to show her my

butt. May Her Majesty please forgive me for these *gasconades*.

Finally, the emblematic conductor of our good city of Toulouse, Maestro Michel Plasson, the one with whom I grew up since my first *Carmen*, which he conducted in 1983, has to bid farewell to Toulouse (not without regret, it seems). To do so, he organizes a farewell concert at the Zenith and calls us so that our boys can reinforce their numbers for... *Carmen*! So here we are with our “*garde montante*” (*rising guard*)...

Edit.: I had personally created a fourth “event”, by editing the first laser disc (CD) of Occitan (or at least Languedocian, “Southern”) carillon on the 19 bells of the Basilica of Saint-Sernin. (Joined since respectively by a 20th bell, and two other recordings at the carillons of Perpignan — associated with that of Barcelona — then Villefranche-de-Rouergue). Notice to fans: more than 2300 copies remain.

“*Je m’y voyais déjà*” (*I could already see myself*) not “*en haut de l’affiche*” (*with my name up in lights*), but anyway having proven my skills as a professional musician “*pour conquérir*” (*to conquer*) not Paris, but tenure (thanks Charles Aznavour, the Armenian Bohemian). I even

persuaded the Council of Administration, made up of non-musicians (parents of singers) to go on tour in July, so as not to further penalize the group after the hasty departure of its leader. A minimal trip had been decided on, in the Gers (the homeland of the Abbot, born in Lombez!) for two weeks.

Part of what happened next was made public in the *Depeche du Midi* newspaper — with a certain amount of partiality. Here is the summary, which is meant to be the most objective: a child complains about me in June (my penultimate godson). I am summoned to explain myself in front of his father and a few people in charge. I deny it. The child and his brother are withdrawn by their parents from the upcoming tour, which it is decided to maintain under the following conditions: I am quarantined and will only lead the concerts, all the other responsibilities of the tour falling to chaplain Jean-Louis Bourniquel and to Anne-Claire Delmas, a young trained activity leader. They are in charge of keeping an eye on me, and President Jean-Pascal Huet will come from Toulouse frequently, making sure the tour goes well. It's difficult to touch a child in these conditions, especially when you can't get close to them! The **beloved Father Bourniquel**, who was later tormented and accused of having covered for me since two children complained about my actions

during this tour, was “demoted” and sent to his native countryside, became ill and **died prematurely**.

As for me, already depressed, I was in such a state of psychological decay that, although music certainly brightened up my evenings on tour, and although I certainly managed to look good in front of the children also during the day, to offer them this tour for which I had fought, nevertheless I cried every other moment I could. I remember needing to see a physio, in an emergency and for the first time in my life, because of my blocked body also marking time. For an hour, he also acted as a psychiatrist, or simply as a confidant.

The news spread very quickly during the summer. Here is what I didn't know until later: the complaint came to the ears of the mother of my last godson. Veronique Pradel panics, questions her two boys, gets carried away, stirs up the other parents, forces the hand of the Council of Administration, warns the Police and later the newspapers (including *Golias*, a sort of Catholic *New York Post*, in search of religious scandals), “orders” the Archbishop, *etc.* Her husband Philippe will have his baptismal records struck off, even though his own brother Pierre Pradel is a priest, a member of the

“Presbyteral Council” of the Archbishop of Toulouse. She is visibly a tormented woman and has undoubtedly suffered from pedophilia herself. But I am neither a priest nor a choirmaster, just a child victim who grew up alone in a human jungle.



The little soloist on cloud nine, in Soueich (Comminges)



Evolution of the Criminal Code Regarding the Ages of Majorities and of Consent

	<u>Sexual Majority</u>	<u>Legal Majority</u>
• 1792 :		21 years
• 1810 :	15 years <i>(indecent assault with violence)</i>	
	21 years <i>(with an ascendant)</i>	
• 1832 :	11 years	
• 1863 :	13 years	
• 1917 :	16 years <i>(Canon Law)</i>	
• 1945 :	15 years	
• 1974 :		18 years
• 1980 :	18 years <i>(w/ person having authority)</i>	

***He had just turned 18
He was handsome as a child***

Dalida (1975)



« *One shouldn't lie to children.* »

(Dr. Françoise Dolto, pediatrician and psychoanalyst)

Chapter III – The Scapegoat

Yet I will “be loaded like no one else”. I give myself up to a police summons in December, and that same evening I sleep in prison for “*disturbing public order*”. What danger do I represent? I haven't raped anyone, and I haven't been in front of the children since July – because I was asked not to come back in September: I don't see anyone anymore, not even adults. How could I have influenced the children, or even the adults, unless I forced the door of their home? So logically my lawyer, Attorney Pierre Alfort, manages to get me released, but it takes two months (*Edit.:* “*A 48-year-old judicial police officer, accused of rape by two women [...] was released on March 6, 2019, after 3 weeks of detention.*” according to *Actu Toulouse*), the time it takes to be confronted with the children before Judge Philippe Guichard (in the presence of Veronique Pradel, the one who has been agitated and shouting publicly since the summer) and for my family to be assessed in my absence.

I denied as much as I could, like a kid caught red-handed, giving myself a clear conscience because