

A PERSONAL ODYSSEY

of and by Judith A. Reisman, Ph.D.

Dr. Kinsey: Father of Sexual Education A 50-Year Retrospective

I have been asked to introduce myself so that you know something of my life and how I came to discover Kinsey's child molestation protocol, his false data, his molding of modern sex education and of western sexual culture and conduct, as well as how I came to be involved in international governmental hearings on science fraud, child sexual abuse, pornography, drugs and the other critical issues of our time. I will try to touch on the points in my life which may be of most use to readers of this Kinsey expose.



Judith Ann Gelernter, at 6 years old.

All I can say about this picture is that this was my favorite dress.

I was born, Judith Ann Gelernter, in 1935 in Newark, New Jersey. Mine was a large and thriving second-generation Jewish-American family, Russian on my maternal side, German on my parental side. Both sets of grandparents had fled persecution in Europe, and upon landing at Ellis Island in New York, they thankfully embraced their adopted country, immediately took up menial labor, and raised large families of achievers.

My father Matthew was born in Massachusetts and my mother Ada in New Jersey. They eventually owned "Matthew's Sea Food," a prosperous fish business, in Irvington, New Jersey. The Gelernter's held family meetings every few months at Aunt Laura's large home in South Orange, New Jersey. More than forty adults and dozens of children sat down to dinners tastefully arranged and served, table manners always impeccable. After dinner, without the modern invention of television, political debates raged between my parents and the family, but all was mended when cousin Ruth sat down at the piano to accompany my father and three aunts, Laura, Shirley and

Mary, as they sang old Yiddish and American folk songs in four-part harmony. I was mesmerized. For me, they were musical giants, singing, swaying, smiling and beckoning. My dad, looked, I thought, movie-star handsome alongside my favorite Aunt Mary, a beautiful red-haired, green-eyed soprano who had rejected an offer to join the Metropolitan Opera in order to elope with her ne'er-do-well husband. While no one spoke of it much thereafter, everyone regretted Aunt Mary's decision.

Dad would often remind me that "Gelernter" means "the learned one" in German, a name of distinction bequeathed to my ancestors to record who they were and what they did in life. "Your

life should be an honor to your name," he would say. My mother, Ada, was of more common "Goldberg" stock. Charming and refined, Mother played the lead in major little theater productions at the YMHA, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, directed by Moss Hart, Dore Shary, and other local boys who went on to become major 1930s Hollywood film moguls. While the artistic talent I inherited from my father and mother afforded me a rewarding profession as an adult, I also inherited from them their love of truth, concern for the powerless, and resistance to tyranny, all of which launched me upon the difficult journey described in this book.



My first daughter, Jenny.

I lived at a wonderful time. My mother welcomed me home every day and my father supported anything I did. I felt safe with neighbors, uncles or cousins as was the custom of that time. I married, and the hedge of protection about my life was not breached until 1966 when my 10-year-old daughter was molested by a 13-year-old adored and trusted family friend. She told him to stop, but he persisted. He knew she would like it, he said, he knew from his father's magazines, the only "acceptable" pornography of the time. The boy left the country a few weeks later, after it came to light that my daughter was but one of several neighborhood children he had raped, including his own little brother. My heart was broken for all the families involved.

This appalling event in our lives, I would learn later, was a pattern with juvenile sex offenders, as they are known in law enforcement circles. I might never have known anything about her violation, except that my daughter slipped into a deep depression. Only after I promised not to call the police would she talk about what happened. After assuring her this was *not her fault*, I called my dependable, staid aunt who listened sympathetically and declared, "Well Judy, she may have been looking for this herself. Children *are* sexual from birth." Stunned, I replied that my child was *not* seeking sex, and called my Berkeley school chum, Carole, who counseled, "Well Judy, she may have been looking for this herself. You know children *are* sexual from birth." I wondered at this same locution from two such different people so separated geographically. I did not know it then, but as a young mother, I had entered the world according to Kinsey. I would hear that "children are sexual from birth" again, but the next time, I would learn the hidden circumstances surrounding its source.

In 1973 I sat in the darkened CBSTV film library pointing out the exact *Encyclopedia Britannic* clip of "Market Day in Old England" I would use for my next children's music video. With my dad's voice and mother's presence, I was still continually astonished that people paid me to write and sing songs for children! I was a producer of music-videos for "Captain Kangaroo," the most beloved, trusted, long-running children's television program in the United States. Jim Hirschfeld, "Captain's" producer had immediately put me to work after seeing a sampler of my music-video productions from "Children's Fair," an ETV (PBSTV) program in Wisconsin, "Merry-Go-Round," a CBSTV subsidiary in Ohio, and "Art Through Music" for Scholastics Magazine in New York. On my way to "Captain" I had produced educational materials for several museums: the Milwaukee Pubic Museum, the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Skirball Museum in Los Angeles. I was very concerned in those days about the way images impacted on the brain, mind and memory.

Jim was a kind, courteous man and a committed father, so he made wide allowances for me to work from my home in Cleveland. I recorded at a local sound studio, had the songs illustrated,

