



ISSUE # 2 - JANUARY 2007

Modern Boylover Magazine is a semiannual publication written by the members of Boylover.net. The magazine appears each January and July.

If you have questions about the magazine or would like to leave a comment or submit a letter to the editor for publication, contact [entertainment@boylover.net](mailto:entertainment@boylover.net). Letters to the editor may be published in a future edition of the magazine. If you are submitting a letter to the editor, please provide a nickname that we can use in the event of publication (for example, "Nick in London," "Boylover from Tokyo"). Where possible, messages about a specific article will be forwarded to the original author of that article.

All the best, SimbaLion

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

(click on **Page #** to go directly to article)

### Features and Profiles

- \* "An Interview with Oldguy," by SimbaLion **Page 3**
- \* "Scally Boys," by Mr Bolo **Page 14**
- \* "An Interview with Jackgrid," by SimbaLion **Page 18**
- \* "BL Charity - Our Failed Attempt to Help," by Thetes **Page 27**

### Boy Sports, Activities, and Recreation

- \* "Teaching Martial Arts as a Boylover," by Cyborg **Page 15**

### Boy Fashion

- \* "Surf's Up!" by blondeboy **Page 16**

### Eating With Boys

- \* "Dinner with Silvio," by mercury13 **Page 23**

### Boy Toys and Technology

- \* "Taking Pictures of Boys," a discussion with DLW, Fynn, mister3, and sk8brat **Page 8**

### Adults and Boys Together

- \* "The Pain of a Joyful Boy Moment," by Triton **Page 24**

### Boylove in History

- \* "The Boys at the Baths," by AnemicFairy **Page 5**

### Youth Member Reflections

- \* "The Lamentations of High School Love," by joewep **Page 25**

### Editorial Essays

- \* "But You ARE a Boy!" by AnemicFairy **Page 7**
- \* "An Evolutionary Hypothesis on the Origins of Boy love," by maven **Page 29**

### Creative Work

- \* "Two Poems," by justoldhappyme **Page 7**
- \* "Three Poems," by Demian **Page 12**
- \* "Some Other Kinds of Poems," by Crake **Page 21**
- \* "This Boy," by angel boy **Page 24**

### Boy Moments

- \* "Like Daddy," by dancingboys **Page 26**

-----

Logo design by **flints**. Cover photo provided by **Fynn** and chosen by the members of Boylover.net.

Original Concept by **SimbaLion**

Layout by **Cyborg**

<http://magazine.boylover.net/>

**Category: Features and Profiles**  
**Title: "An Interview with Oldguy"**  
**Author: SimbaLion**

This interview with Oldguy was conducted in November and December, 2006. Oldguy joined Boylover.net in September, 2004 and is currently a Director of the board.

-----

**SimbaLion: You grew up in a small town at a time when same-sex attraction was something that people didn't discuss. How did you make sense of your early attraction to boys given the cultural silence that you confronted?**

OldGuy: I compartmentalized and rationalized. Boy, did I ever!! "I'm not gay, nosirree, it's just that those guys and I are horny and don't mind helping each other get off." I flat out refused to accept the reality of my homosexuality ... and I supported this by the idea that I had some romantic attraction to a few girls. (On the Kinsey scale, I'm a high 5.x but not quite a 6.) And connection with younger boys was significantly easier than with guys my own age. It's interesting that, while there was, as I found, a thriving gay subculture in my small home town, the general public did not discuss it beyond the standard condemnation.

**SL: Many male boylovers enter into adult relationships or marriage. Can a relationship of this kind succeed, and should the man ever tell his partner about his attraction to boys?**

OG: The only accurate answer is: it depends. On the individual and his psychological make-up, in the first place. If he's unable to enter into a sincere marital relationship with a woman (or, now, an adult male - and flip this for the few but quite real female boylovers), he should not marry. However, most people are constructed to be able to love more than one person, in different ways. And if a boylover and his chosen spouse-to-be can work out a relationship that fits their particular needs, then more power to them!

I would say, in general, that boylovers should not confide their attraction to boys to their prospective partners, but there are always exceptions. Certainly a relationship where man and boy fall in love, and stay in love as the boy grows up - well, nothing need be said. In my own case, my wife knows I'm an ephibophile, and if not thrilled with it, is at least accepting of it - because I love her too.

**SL: Some believe that homosexuality and boylove are different, while others believe that they are closely related. Did you initially think that attraction to boys and attraction to men were two different things? In your formative years, was attraction to men even considered that much different from attraction to boys?**

OG: Honestly, I never thought it through at that time, nor did I pick up any cultural vibes drawing that distinction. The invidious standard that most gay men would "do" boys as well if they could get away with it was pretty prevalent, I think.

Although you didn't ask this, I'd like to suggest a couple of things: First, there's a spectrum, not a dichotomy. The ages of attraction of a spectrum of people will range from little boys to older men (probably no one person covering the whole spectrum), and it seems pointless to draw a line in the sand saying boylove is on one side and gayness on the other. Is that boyish, willowy, well-hung 17-year-old at the top of an age of attraction that starts with the beginnings of puberty, or is it the bottom of one betokening a taste for adult males?

Second, boylove covers a multitude of feelings. My closest SYF and I recognized this by how often we "changed hats" in the various roles we played vis-à-vis each other. But while I think there's always a bit of libido stimulation, perhaps quite sublimated, the relations of AF and YF span the gamut of what "love" can mean, from romantic marital love to father/son to best friends and anything else you care to identify. I've had boys in my life that fell into a wide assortment of such roles, from mutual sexual convenience to romantic love to honorary uncle.

**SL: Was there a specific boy or type of boy whom you initially found attractive? Tell us about him.**

OG: Yes. Beauty for me is wavy honey-blond hair on an open smiling face with rather prominent cheekbones, a slender body, and a relatively (but not disproportionately) large penis, one with the lower corpus making a "ridge" and with an upturned curve. He's around 13, fun to be with and a combination of flirtatious and overt in his sexuality towards me. I was close to a boy that met that description nearly perfectly for a couple of years in my early 20s.

-----

**SL: Can attraction to boys be reconciled to belief in God? In your view, does the Bible allow one to be attracted to boys and still remain a person of faith?**

OG: Oh, absolutely. God is far less interested in "sins of the flesh" than He is in mean-spirited judgmentalism. The differing attitudes of Jesus towards "sinners" and the "religious Right" of His day show that point really strongly. What I think is called for is a focus on the boy's needs - his emotional and psychosocial growth more than his sexual desires - and a willingness to work one's own feelings in subjugation to that love for the boy, expressed as trying to do right by him. You don't flagellate yourself for feeling what you have no power to change; you use it to help the boy to a better future, including coming to terms with his own feelings. And if you're doing that, you're carrying out the commandments God said to do even at the cost of any of the others. Accepting yourself as a boylover,

one God made into a boylover for His own reasons, and then finding out, by trial and error, what those reasons are and how to pursue them, is important. Whatever the hatemongers have to say about what He thinks, He loves each one of us, and is not against our love for boys. I think He has an issue with someone manipulating a naïve boy for his own exclusive gratification – but there's a difference between that and a man and a boy finding love, including sexual love, together. Realizing what that difference is, and how it affects the boy you love, is key to acting morally in a man/boy relationship. I know for a fact that there are at least three men alive and mentally stable today in large part because I and each of them loved each other. I don't see that as something He condemns.

**SL: All humans are sinners (or have a propensity to sin), so it is an error to say that those attracted to boys are inherently more sinful than others?**

OG: It is quite literally "against my religion" to dump on others unwillingly about my religion. If they want to know the answers to questions, I'm happy to give them – but not to buttonhole them. But, having said that, the answer to your question is, I take Jesus as my model. And Jesus was quite happy to forgive any sins of the flesh, sometimes without being asked. What pissed Him off were those who claimed for themselves the right to sit as judge over others, self-righteously condemning others' sins. I suspect a lot of the "family values" people are in for a big surprise when they stand before the throne of God, alongside the gays and pedophiles they condemned. I've got Bible citations to back this opinion, but this is not the time or place to give them, I think.

**SL: Given the lingering fundamentalism of many faiths, can you foresee a time when any organized religion will embrace boylovers - or, at least, not ostracize them? If so, what circumstances would bring this about?**

OG: I do think so. I don't think the churches will ever do a good job of coming to terms with sheer sexual desire in human nature – the ability to see someone you consider hot and think, "Boy, would I like to take that to bed!" So a lot of us are going to remain in the same boat with gay men and women and quite normal heterosexuals who are "not buying a cow as long as milk is so cheap." But I do foresee the day, not soon but within our younger members' lifetimes, when couples like Scooter and Timmy will be as acceptable to the more liberal, accepting, affirming churches like the UCC and Episcopalians as their adult gay couple counterparts are today. All it will take, and this calls for a lot of courage, is for such people to be open and honest about the relationship and what it really means to them. And the way will be paved in part by the non-sexual boylovers like Fossil and Galvatron, the people who sincerely love boys without overt sexuality entering into the picture, even in a repressed manner. For every L.I.E. there's an Adam Sandler type feelgood movie about the man whose heart is won by a boy and who tries to take on the role of adoptive father. That too is selling who we are, because it is a part of who we are as a community.

-----

**SL: How did you discover Boylover.net?**

OG: Looking for pictures, like most people. I located it, found you had to sign up to get into the Gallery, decided to. I got welcomed by Daniel and rebellee, took my first hesitant steps into the Entry, and haven't come up for air since!

**SL: Where did you get pictures of boys before the Internet era? Did you ever buy Tiger Beat or magazines like that?**

OG: Sears catalog and newspaper sale circulars generally had cute boys modeling – especially modeling underwear. 16 and Tiger Beat were regular sources. I still remember one sequence in 16, though I have no idea now who the singer was, but he posed in boots, a very long muffler-type scarf, and toque – and nothing else. The scarf of course was strategically placed in every shot, but I had some amazing orgasms from that.

Also, the child porn rules weren't what they are today. In the 70s and early 80s you could only get books that showed nude males in porn shops – but their selection included much younger boys than the "just 18" group today (most of whom look like they were old enough to vote for Pres. Reagan, to be honest). "Little magazines" like the various incarnations of "Martin" were often available, and the boys in them had often barely passed puberty. I remember fondly a one-off issue of one of them called "The Night Boys of Amsterdam" which was my JO reference of choice for months.

**SL: It's really amazing how things like catalogues and Sunday newspaper ads can become delightfully pornographic in certain circumstances.**

OG: So true! There is one boy who modeled underwear for Sears-Roebuck when I was 16, whose crotch is etched into a cranny of my memory. And there were a couple of department stores who apparently contracted out their boyswear ads to photographers who supply some of the galleries on Boyloverlinks, based on the erotic quality of the posing. Calvin Klein, eat your heart out!!

**SL: What are your thoughts about boy-related porn? Are all the boys who appear in such material victims of exploitation, even though they may not think so? Should one feel guilty about seeking or finding pleasure in such material?**

OG: I don't see any need for guilt in enjoying porn myself, to answer your last question first. About exploitation, I'm of two minds. I've seen comments from men who modeled as boys and enjoyed it. They were exhibitionistic by nature, enjoyed showing off their body, and were treated with respect, perhaps admixed with a bit of lust, by their photographers. And then you get the horror stories about the boys who were forced into real hardcore porn, drugged to be submissive models, etc.

My own hunch? There's an ethical minority (as opposed, I guess, to a Moral Majority) of boy photographers who deserve all the praise we can give them. And there are some creeps out there who bring a bad name on all of us, including sociopathic photographers/abusers. And probably a spectrum in between.

I honestly don't think it harms anyone, beyond perhaps over-stroking their ego, to know that someone considers them beautiful and sexy. And while terms like "abuse," "molestation," and "grooming" are disgustingly overused, I believe there is a rather limited valid use for them – when someone compels a boy into things he's plainly uncomfortable doing.

I want to make sure that this doesn't turn me into flamebait. One might say to a straight guy, "I don't think there's a thing wrong with you and your horny girlfriend fucking whenever you get the chance. If I say something against rapists, I'm not talking about you." The parallel message – I don't condemn a man and boy who have willing sex, but I do condemn those who use compulsion on an unwilling boy – is what I'm trying to get across here.

-----

**SL: You've had young friends who have grown to adulthood. Do those you still know have a different understanding of your past relationship now that they're adults? If so, has this new understanding changed how they view you?**

OG: Well, there was one incident when I was a naïve teen, who blames me for his sexual dysfunction – and may be right. But other than that, we've evolved. I have a talent for treating older kids (10-12) as very young inexperienced adults – the respect for an equal combined with guidance and information provided to a child – that has amazing results in affirming the kid and cementing relations between us. And that forms the basis for "reinventing the relationship" as the kid matures. Moving from an adult/child mode to an AF/teen mode to an older-and-younger-adults mode is not always easy, but something we've generally been able to pull off.

**SL: Occasionally a younger member of the board (one just turning twenty, for example) will lament the fact that he's growing old, and fear that boys will no longer relate to him. As someone who has developed and maintained relationships with boys across many decades, what words of consolation or advice would you give to young boylovers who worry that boys will no longer be a part of their lives?**

OG: Relationships change with age – both the man's age and the boy's age. I have one young adult friend who is the decade-younger brother of a former SYF. He's the uncle to my current SYFs, as it happens. And we intentionally evolved our relationship from boy child/friendly authority to adolescent/understanding adult to older and younger adults, shifting roles to pull it off.

Every relationship is different. Even at a single age one's relationship with one boy is markedly different from that with another boy only months apart in time, or even simultaneously. There are a few generalities that can be said about age: you tend to mentor more, and hang out as buddies less, simply because of the age spread. But the feeling between you and the boy remains very much the same, except for more assuredness. You don't stress as much about concerns; you've been through this before, 20 years ago.

One unexpected consolation that I've found is that one can be far more open about the relationship with age. A 60-year-old holding a 10-year-old on his lap is not looked on with as much distrust as a 20-year-old doing so would be. In public, if you're walking hand in hand (which my B loves to do), or with arm over shoulder, and you're a gray haired man that the boy is obviously close to and calls "Uncle," the last thing people will think is that you're a pedophile. You're obviously a relative or family friend taking advantage of a chance to spoil a boy you're fond of, not one of those evil cusses!

---

**Category: Boylove in History**  
**Title: "The Boys at the Baths"**  
**Author: AnemicFairy**

I have recently developed an interest in the Ancient Romans, so I am reading through some books on their history and culture. I think I can see why they keep on fascinating us even 1500 years after their empire fell apart. They exhibit just the right combination of familiarity and strangeness.

Our modern civilization is very much modelled after theirs, and so it should perhaps come as no surprise that much of what we observe in them is familiar. Sometimes eerily so. Reading old Roman documents, you are struck by how some issues remain the same throughout all of history. You see the same corrupt governments, the same social problems, the same complaints about 'the youth of today,' the same attempts by governments to solve problems by instituting poorly thought out laws, which inevitably result in the same unintended consequences that often make the problem worse.

But in other ways, they are a society so alien they might as well be from Mars. Literally as well as figuratively: they seem to rather like their god of war. They have a strictly stratified society, much more so than ours, in which the lives of some people are worth less than that of some animals. From our point of view, they are cruel beyond belief.

In short, they display a fascinating combination of greatness and utter barbarism. The builders of all those magnificent monuments and roads and aqueducts, so perfectly constructed that they still stand today (and some of these things were built without cement!) are also the people who burned prisoners alive in the arena to provide light so you could see other prisoners being

eaten by lions. And for all their engineering prowess, they display a curious lack of any real originality or intellectual curiosity. Virtually all their technologies they took over from other peoples.

Quite incredibly, the civilization which produced intellectual giants like Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Virgil and Pliny, was a civilization in which many intellectual pursuits were actually frowned upon as below the dignity of a Roman citizen. Science and medicine they mostly left to lowly slaves. They produced some of the most magnificent sculpture in history, but considered art a job way below the dignity of anything but a slave or lowly paid manual worker.

How familiar some of these contradictions seem to us today. How weird some others.

But this is a magazine about boylove, and I'm sure by this time most readers of this article are beginning to doze off or getting frustrated. Where are the Roman BOYS!? Who cares about their friggin' astronomy?

The Roman boys, it turns out, are at the Roman baths. Like us, they liked to be clean and properly powdered and pampered, and to this end, they had public baths where everyone could quite cheaply go get clean, lie in a sauna, be treated with aromatic oils and so on. And just like us, they had some sense of propriety: there were separate sections in the baths for men and women. But I was struck by an offhand comment by the author of one of the books I read. At the baths, he said, the men were in any event way more interested in boys than in women.

Yes, as many readers are no doubt aware, the Romans were by far more tolerant of boylove than our society, although it should be noted that they looked upon it somewhat differently. Unlike the Ancient Greeks, they frowned upon the idea of men falling in love with boys. No, boys were for sex, and some would keep slave boys specifically for that purpose. Nevertheless, one gets an impression that they were well aware that many men would fall in love with their boys, social proscriptions or not.

There are two things here that I find of interest to us today. The one thing is simply how malleable society's mores are. What is normal and acceptable in one society is anathema in another, seemingly in quite arbitrary fashion. Our own society, so paranoid about boylove, begins to look like something of an exception seen against the history of civilizations as a whole. And the reason why there are now anti-boylove tendencies virtually all over the planet might simply be the great influence western Christian society had and still has.

Anyone who thinks things can never change back to the Roman or Greek situation again, is someone who has no sense of history. Perhaps not in our lifetime, mind you. And I hope to all the gods, Roman ones included, that we can return to the normalization of boylove without also having to put up with Roman arenas. But I can confidently predict that the current anti-boylove hysteria,

seen against the vast backdrop of history, is just another little quirk that people will shake their heads about in future (even as they themselves irrationally persecute some other hapless group of bogeymen; surely it is too much to hope that humanity will grow up and see that the real problem is not the proper identification of witches, but the fact that we want to identify them at all!)

Let me move on to the second thing that I found of interest. The author's offhand comment said nothing about Roman homosexuals or Roman pedophiles. The implication is that boylove was not confined to some particular group of men. And indeed, this is the impression I get from my reading about many human societies: in societies where boylove is tolerated, a very sizeable proportion of men, even normally heterosexual ones, find themselves sexually attracted to adolescent youths, and often participating in sexual relationships with them.

Boylove is not just for evil perverted pedos, it seems. For some men, their attraction will be far more focused on boys than anyone else, and it is such men that in our own society cannot sublimate their sexuality through any other, and legal, outlets. But my guess is that in large numbers of supposedly purely heterosexual men, there is a boylover just waiting to come out.

The Romans had a very different culture from ours, but genetically they were just about identical. There was no prevalence of pedophilic genes floating around in their gene pool. They are us, we are them. Only the culture is different, and in their case, similar enough that we can identify with them and learn lessons from them, both from their mistakes and from their successes.

If many heterosexual men do indeed feel, somewhere in themselves, an attraction to boys, this might well explain both the current anti-boylove hysteria, and the weirdly prurient interest that society seems to have in it. On the one hand, the guilt they feel finds an outlet in the persecution of pedophiles, as the external, physical and therefore conquerable manifestation of what they fear and hate most in themselves. On the other, reading the juicy details of what their favourite bogeymen actually did, feeds their desire. Yes, I know: pretty conked in the head!

This makes one wonder about the membership and support of such vigilante groups as Perverted Justice. Are these people opposed to boylove, or are half of them closet cases, hoping to get a glimpse of the forbidden fruits? Perhaps it will only be a question of time before video or photographs of PJ members soliciting boys will be splashed all over the internet? Perhaps we should appoint a good private detective to go dig around a bit in PJ's affairs, and set up a few stings targeting PJ members? In time, perhaps society will learn that human nature is what it is, and cannot be legislated or preached out of existence. Or so we hope, by Jupiter.

**Category: Editorial Essays**  
**Title: "But You ARE a Boy!"**  
**Author: AnemicFairy**

In our community, it is not unusual to hear the lament: I wish I could be a boy again. Apparently many of us do not just want a boy. We also want to be one. We identify with the subjects of our attraction in a way other men do not. Well, for those of us who want to be boys, science might have some good news.

I wonder how many readers are familiar with the term 'neoteny'? It is a piece of jargon from the world of biology, and refers to the retention of juvenile characteristics into adulthood. For example, in most species of salamanders, the larvae have feathery external gills, but in the adult form, these are lost. In some species however, such as the axolotl, the external gills are retained into adulthood.

It appears as if neoteny might be an important mechanism in evolution. Often, instead of an organism evolving completely novel features, it simply introduces differences in the timing of various parts of its development, accelerating some parts and slowing down others, and the result is a startlingly new organism. Among the closest relative of vertebrates are, of all things, the sea squirts: primitive-looking, brainless, sack-like animals without spinal cords that spend their lives anchored to the seabed, filtering out bits of food from sea water. But their larvae are something else altogether: they are more like minute fish, complete with dorsal nerve cord and tail for swimming. Eventually they settle down, lose their tail, nerve cord and brain, and become couch potatoes. But what would a sea squirt look like if it became mature while retaining its juvenile form? Are vertebrates possibly neotenic sea squirts?

A more familiar example of an animal exhibiting neotenic traits is the domestic dog. This is particularly visible in some breeds. Consider a Maltese poodle: small size, rounded head, large, rounded eyes, and a playful temperament displayed into adulthood. Not much like the wolves from which it (and all other domestic dogs) are descended, but quite a bit more like a wolf puppy.

And this brings us to humans. There is some evidence that we are neotenic animals. This is not so difficult to see. Compare a human with his ape relatives: we don't look all that much like adult chimpanzees or gorillas, but we resemble their babies much more. Rounded heads with brains large in comparison to body size, relatively weak jaws, relatively hairless, and retaining a curiosity and playfulness into adulthood in a way that apes do not. It seems as if we might be nothing more than overgrown, juvenile apes.

So in this view, those of us (including me) who want to be boys again, can relax. You don't need to wish to be a boy again. You already are one.

**Category: Creative Work**  
**Title: "Two Poems"**  
**Author: justoldhappyme**

watching  
friends  
you gain more  
than you ever know  
watching  
the world  
you gain more  
than you ever touch  
because  
it is almost  
like another world  
before you  
and you do not know it

there  
he was  
there i watch him  
want to kiss him  
but hold back  
and i covered him  
with a blanket  
and just admired my yf  
from afar  
to see him  
like that in my mind  
forever  
like that

-----  
love  
gay  
wanting a freedom  
love  
straight  
wanting a freedom  
love  
peace  
together  
love  
sex  
a freedom  
love  
times  
wanting a freedom  
wanting a freedom  
freedom  
a wonderful freedom

sweet  
in  
life  
as sweet  
in the warm body  
wrap up in the  
blanket  
just  
in quiet and calm

**Category: Boy Toys and Technology**  
**Title: "Taking Pictures of Boys," A Discussion with DLW, Fynn, mister3, and sk8brat**  
**Author: SimbaLion**

The following discussion took place in December, 2006. My thanks to the participants.

-----  
**Question: Where are your favorite places to take pictures of boys?**

DLW: Anywhere that they are having fun. I prefer to be somewhere that is quite touristy or an event, as you do not stand out with a camera. Also, there is more around than just boys. However much I love boys, I also love taking pictures of anything, especially architecture, etc. (yeah, I know I am weird!). I am not a massive fan of beaches, as it feels a little too intrusive, but those who do take pics on beaches always seem to get nice shots. I guess I value my camera too much to go near sand with it!

Fynn: My favorite places to take my pictures are on vacation, at boy clubs, and with my young friends if I am with them on a trip.

mister3: I have two favorite places. The first is an animal park, and the second is the beach when I am on vacation.

sk8brat: My favorite places to photograph boys are where they are playing and having fun. Beaches and sporting events are probably at the top of my list, but when I can, I also try to attend festivals and parades.

-----  
**Question: What equipment do you use to take your pictures?**

DLW: My pictures have been taken using a variety of equipment. Mainly though, I use Canon Digital SLR's, as I find the output from these cameras to be excellent. I have a 500 mm lens, but I would rarely use that for candid, as the lens is just too damn large! My "normal" lens would be a 75-300 IS, as this is a good compromise lens, and I am very much a face man. If I am with another photographer, then we have complementing lenses, and if he has a telephoto, I would use a wider lens, such as a 35-100.

I have used a Canon 1Ds (love that camera), 300D (also called the Digital Rebel), and a variety of smaller cameras. I am not a fan of small cameras.

Fynn: I use a Canon DC40 DVD-Camcorder with the photo function enabled.

mister3: I use a Canon EOS 350D with a 28-300 Tamron Lens, a 4GB MicroDrive, and battery grip with two batteries.

sk8brat: I use a Sony CyberShot H-1. It is inexpensive and easy to use. It has a good optical zoom (12X) and a lot of automatic features an amateur (like me) needs. This past Christmas I saw the Sony H-5 listed in "Child" magazine as a good gift for a teenager just learning to take pictures. Be aware, though, if you find a cheap H-1 on eBay or elsewhere, that the memory it uses has been discontinued and is hard to find. You will want to get a newer one like the H-5.

-----  
**Question: What difficulties have you faced in taking your pictures? For example, have you ever been confronted about them?**

DLW: I have never really had any confrontation here, as the UK tends to be quite reserved about approaching people. Also, because I carry a large SLR, many just assume that I'm a Pro (which I have been). The worst I generally have had is a mother telling her really hot son "Get out of that man's way - he's trying to take a photograph". Damn her - it's her son I was trying to take the photograph of!



Sadly, as he had been told off by his mum, all I got was his sad look, and him trying to duck down. Oh, and thanks to the hassle, I never even got a good focus on him!

Fynn: I have had problems during strong sunlight with overexposure, and if movements were too fast for the shutter speed of my camera.

mister3: With a good zoom lens you can take good pictures. You can take pictures of boys from many meters away and most boys will not know that you are taking a picture of them!

I have never had problems. With time you get a feeling for the situation around you, and you develop an eye for the things around you!

sk8brat: When I am taking my pictures I try not to



stay at any one place too long, and move along. The few times I have been confronted are because I did not follow my own advice. When the authorities have talked to me it has simply been a case of asking me to move on. I have never been accused of doing anything wrong (which I'm not). My guess is on those occasions I made some people feel uncomfortable. If it's the kids, which I doubt, I'm sorry -- if it's the grown-ups, they need to get a life.

-----  
**Question: Show us a picture that you consider artistically superior, or one that provided a difficult technical challenge. Tell us how you took the picture, and please discuss the aesthetic or technical aspects that stand out for you.**

DLW: I liked this one, as although the day was hot, these were the only two lads who had their tops off. It was difficult, as they were away from anything that was otherwise photographical. Because of only just catching them in time through the corner of my eye, focus was almost impossible, and normally I would run 2-5 pics of the same subject. As you can see, the lighting is all wrong as well, casting long shadows. I had about a second in order to make a decision to under-expose the image, and to use Photoshop later to bring out the shadows that were generated.



One part of me is that I am never happy with any of my photographs, and I always curse myself afterwards for not doing a better job. This is another example. Had I thought quicker, I would have caught them earlier, when they were not in such a bad light.

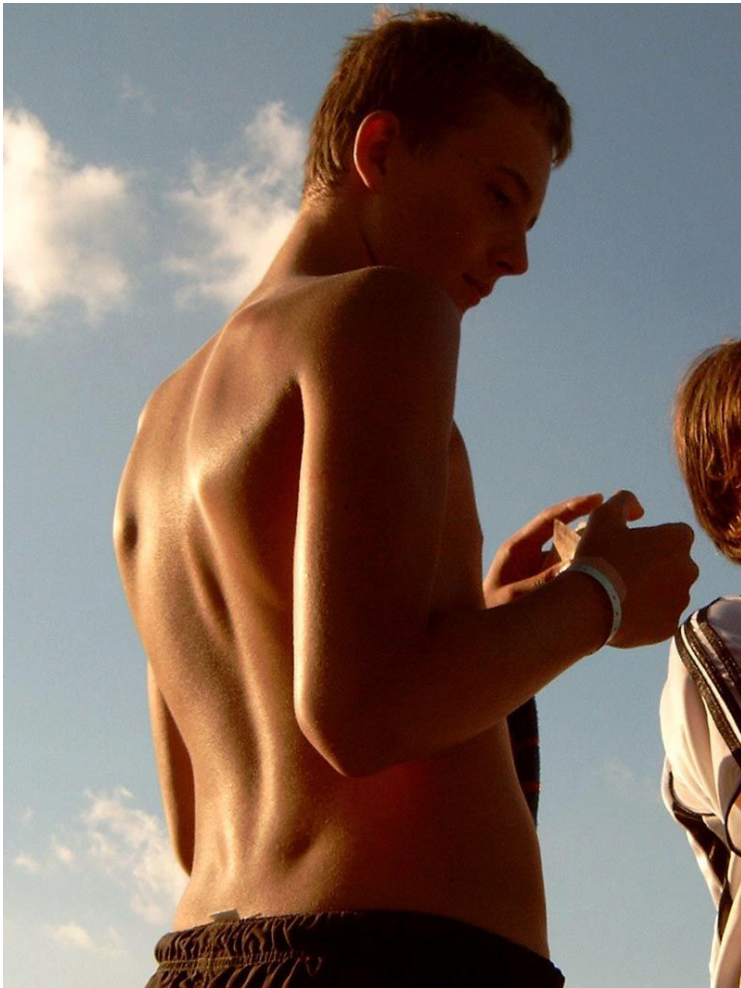
Fynn: With this picture I love the sun exposure. It particularly stresses the color of the skin, and the blue background gives it a perfect contrast.



With these pictures I like the special facial expressions. The sequence in these pictures is mostly coincidental.



This picture is fascinating because the special lighting conditions caused by the sunset outline the body within the shadows in a way that offers an impressive sight.



mister3: Most of my pictures are snapshots and do not have a special story. The important thing is to have a good feeling and eye for boys!

The problem with this picture is that it was taken at night in a restaurant without much light around us. The boy was playing chess and his father was at the table next to me. Both were concentrating on the game, so I had enough time to focus correctly and take the perfect shot!



sk8brat: My pictures are not "artistically superior" to anybody's. I picked up a cheap camera for the first time in July of 2004 and have simply taken it up as a hobby. and have had luck with a few pictures turning out well. When they do turn out nicely, it's not because of anything I've done right - it's because I shot enough pictures and finally got lucky. If you give a 3 year old a disposable camera and let him play with it, odds are you'll get a few nice pictures. Because of my lack of technique, I do try to move around because I have learned that if I take all my pictures from the same side, they may all turn out poorly, so I try to increase my odds by getting different angles.

The picture I want to show here is from the 2006 Little League World Series. Most of my pictures there were either taken at the top or the bottom of The Hill, but here I was standing maybe a third of the way down, and I really like the way the sunlight makes the boy's hair gleam, and the mountain standing in the back adds to the picture. The most difficult challenge here was this old guy standing on the hill without either falling or getting hit by a kid sliding down!



**Question: Show us a picture you took of a boy who was especially beautiful, or one who captivated you for other reasons. What is the story behind this picture?**

DLW: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but this lad captivated me on a trip down to London. I was in Mrs. Todger territory, and the sun was out. He had a style that just screamed "BOY" - and his enthusiasm on a warm sunny day was great. He climbed on the lions in Trafalgar Square when I snapped this one (although the quality is not great, as I had not really got to grips with the camera at that time). Just a nice sunny day, a good looking lad, and a decently photogenic background that was different from the standard beach scene.



Fynn: I have selected this photo because the boy has a body that I consider to be perfect. The boy's name is Max and the picture was taken at a summer camp. I organized a competition there for the "Powerboy of the Year," and application photos were taken of all the participants. (Max won the competition, by the way, and became Powerboy of the Year!)



mister3: One of my friends and I were diving to find sea stars in the water and we found quite a few. After doing this, we displayed them on one of our towels as they dried. A lot of kids came up to us wanting to have one of our stars. I gave one to the boy in the picture and also to many of the other kids. This boy was so sweet and special with his sandy face and brown eyes!

sk8brat: Whereas I don't really think I can talk about my "technique," I do make a point of going places where I expect to find some nice boys. Last spring I had a once-in-a-lifetime encounter with a gorgeous 8 year old boy vacationing, and a very nice family that allowed me to snap away as their son was fishing. I have seen these pictures pop up on websites around the world, on videos on YouTube, and one guy even used the pictures to create a spot on mySpace (claiming the boy was 14). The boy's voice was as angelic as he looks, and after shaking his hand, I knew what the girls mean when they swear they'll never wash their hands again.

The picture I'm showing here is a personal favorite, and one that doesn't pop up quite as often as some of the others.



-----  
**Question: What advice do you have for photographers who are just beginning to take pictures of boys?**

DLW: If you just want to take pictures of boys - then forget it - use the net, gallery, or whatever - you will probably find better pics there!

Equipment: If you actually like photography though, get the best you can afford. If you are buying an SLR, get a good one, even if you only get one lens to start with, and build from there. A good selection takes a while to build.

Approach: Confidence, and know your camera. Don't stalk, don't interfere, and don't do anything that would make anyone feel uncomfortable. If you want a couple of close-ups of people - then ask them. If they say no, then walk away. Smile. A smile comes through on the photo you take. If the photograph is a risk to take, then it's probably not worth it. A lost pic is better than a damaged camera, or a fight.

Above all, however, when you go out there, look for more than the standard. Sometimes a boy who looks "plain" can be awesome in a photo, and sometimes that "hottie" will appear on a photograph far less good looking than you thought.

Fynn: The ability to take pictures of boys arrives with the equipment. With a good telephoto lens you can take pictures from a safe distance without being particularly noticeable. Even a basic camera makes friends by itself with the young, who do not have anything against being photographed. Or if you visit events where it is natural to be photographed, you will not be noticed taking pictures.

mister3: Most important for me is good equipment, a quick camera, and a good feeling for situations. At the beginning, it was difficult to take pictures, but with time, it has gotten better and better. I was anxious and thought everyone could see that I photographed boys, but no one has ever directly noticed. Good luck!

sk8brat: Don't hide! People will think nothing of someone snapping a shot or two, but if you're noticed trying to hide the fact you're taking pictures, then they will get suspicious.

Don't get carried away! I try to take what I hope is a few good shots and move on. If I think I'm not really noticeable, I might take a few extra, but I try not to be overly obvious. When I go to the beach, I rarely stick around longer than a half hour to 45 minutes, and I only let myself go there 2 or 3 times a year.

Don't get branded as "the guy with the camera". Other than an annual parade, I don't take pictures in my hometown. The beach is 40 miles away, most of the festivals I attend are over 100 miles away, and many of the pictures I take are taken on trips over 1000 miles away.

Have fun! If you get nervous about this -- don't do it! Photography should be a fun hobby, and if you're not enjoying this, find something else to do. A nervous photographer is going to stand out too, so all you're doing is increasing the odds of having a problem.

.....

**Category: Creative Work**  
**Title: "Three Poems"**  
**Author: Demian**

**'Seeing you again...'**

In all the hours  
Minutes and days  
That make the ordinary life.  
I let the world dictate my pace.  
But darkness falls  
And in the end  
I sit alone  
And tap these words  
On empty pages.  
I stammer my excuses  
To the days and hours past  
That found me longing for myself.  
And only led me far away from life.  
I saw you again tonight.  
For the first time in 2 weeks.  
And know in my heart  
That it has been too long.  
I don't trust it any longer  
Think you are all a dream.  
But you come  
And stand in front of me  
Leaning back against me.  
And leave me stumbling  
When you walk away.  
And leave me dreaming.  
Of life...

TAK

-----

## 'D.'s Dreams'

As the quietness of the early afternoon  
Settles on the house,  
I sit and tap out words of hope.  
Of the light fantastique  
And the dream relentless.  
Feeling myself slip away a bit  
Into the mystique  
Of the place where thoughts  
Float slowly in the river of time.  
Soft music in my ears  
And the fan  
Which blows warm air  
Across my skin  
Caressing it,  
As it oscillates.  
I remember these hours,  
When your small hands  
Were brothers to the fan.  
Shivering from your casual caresses  
You would leave me panting  
Silently.  
The nights when you first stayed over  
Summer nights and sounds  
Through the open patio door.  
Sprawled across the bed,  
Wearing my pajama shorts  
You requisitioned of me.  
They never did keep  
After a few turns and twists  
In your sleep,  
You were a comfortable naked boy.  
Shorts hanging on one foot.  
For the morning.  
Rolling close to me  
And your head on my arm  
Drooling a little  
In the lopsided smile of dreams  
I stroke your back.  
Your hair.  
All your private parts  
Are private to you.  
Even though your small hardness  
Pushes insistently against my hip.  
Blanket off  
You are too warm again.  
And splayed on your back  
across me and the bed  
You are a shameless Angel  
Showing all to the night.  
And to me.  
As I watch over you.  
As I drink the sweet wine  
Of your beauty.  
Of the tousled hair around your face  
And your smooth body.  
As your chest flexes with even breaths  
And dreams ripple underneath your skin.  
Cool now,  
You curl yourself around my leg  
And hug me close  
Murmuring bits of words  
Breathing out contentedly

As I pull the sheet around us.  
Hiding your beauty  
From the night.  
But not from me.  
I see it still,  
When on a slow moving afternoon  
I drift a while along the river  
Back into the Mystique.  
Back to the dream relentless.  
Into the light fantastique.  
Of another dream about you.!

TAK

-----

## 'Licht...'

Papier-Ballon  
durch Kerzenlicht erhitzt.  
Dehnt sich aus und streckt sich  
Draengt ein wenig gegen meine Hand.  
Und gleitet sanft,  
Ohne Laute hoeher.  
In die Dunkelheit der tropischen Nacht  
Ueber den Strand  
Und hoeher schon als die Baeume  
Und bald als die Haeuser.  
Ich stehe in den kleinen Wellen  
Und schaue ihm nach.  
Ein wenig taumelt er,  
Doch immer wieder richtet er sich  
Und schwebt davon.  
Mit ihm meine Wuensche fuer dich,  
Fuer alles Vergangene.  
Du warst so wie dieser Ballon.  
Schoen.  
Leuchtend.  
Zart und zerbrechlich manchmal.  
Heiss und voll Feuer.  
Hast dich gegen meine Hand gedraengt.  
Und dann auch losgelassen werden.  
Als es Zeit war.  
Denn das ist die Natur in dir.  
Fleigen zu wollen.  
Heute Nacht denke ich an dich  
Als der Ballon davon schwebt  
Und meine Fuesse  
Im warmen Wasser stehen am Strand.  
Und weiss,  
Das meine Liebe zu dir  
Die Kerze war.

TAK

.....

## Category: Features and Profiles

### Title: "Scally Boys"

Author: Mr.Bolo

As far as sexualities go, boylovers have to be the most picky when it comes to deciding just what we find attractive.

If you were to march a bikini-clad, blond, busty 19 year-old babe in front of a group of straight guys, you will no doubt get a variety of 'whoops,' 'cheers' and 'wolf whistles,' along with the assurance that 9 out of 10 of the guys, would be more than happy to take her home...



However, if you were to march a Speedo-clad, blond 10 year-old boy in front of a group of boylovers, you would probably get a mixed response. "He's too old/too young," "I prefer brunettes/gingers," "I prefer them more chubby," "I prefer shorts/cut/uncut/long hair/short hair/black skin/brown skin," etc. etc. etc. We can be very indecisive and picky as a group, and I for one, am no better than the rest of us!

With that little intro out of the way, onto my subject in point.

I believe that our many varied tastes, likes and dislikes regarding boys are defined (for the most part) by the environment that we live in and/or grew up in. It seems a lot of us tend to prefer boys that resemble what we or our friends were like when we were younger. Maybe this is some sort of way of hanging onto our youth, or maybe it is rubber stamped onto whatever part of our brain controls sexuality during our childhood/adolescent years...

I grew up (and still live) in the city of Liverpool, which is located in the North West of England. The area of Liverpool that I grew up in was fairly rough, as was my school. As a consequence, I grew up with the rougher element of Liverpool children... or Scallies as they are more commonly known.

So what exactly is a 'Scally?'



A Scally is what some people would refer to as a 'Chav,' 'White Trash,' 'Trailer Trash,' etc. The majority of people within England despise this section of society. The majority of them tend to be petty criminals, trouble causers, yobs, thugs and louts. Personally, I tend to agree, but that does not hide the fact that the younger ones are fucking hot!

There is something about a boy wearing a tracksuit/hoodie, skinhead walking around with his hands down his pants that really turns me on.



Although I would prefer to leave the criminal aspect behind (not all Scallies are trouble causers) I love the attitude. Nasty, foulmouthed, inconsiderate... what can I say? I have a thing for Bad Boys as well!

The fashion is also part of the attraction. Personally, you would not catch me dead wearing some of the stuff that they do, but that's not to say I don't think it looks hot on boys, because it does!

The main attire of Scally boys tends to be a combination of a tracksuit (usually black), white trainers (sneakers), and either a hooded top (as seen above) or a baseball cap (or a combination of the two) - and of course the obligatory 'skin head.'

To others, this may not sound like their ideal of 'sexy,' but it is what I grew up with, what I was surrounded by.

You can keep your long haired, girly looking pretty boys, give me a rough, tough and ready Scally any day!

**Category: Sports, Activities and Recreation**  
**Title: "Teaching Martial Arts as a Boylover"**  
**Author: Cyborg**

When I was 10, I began my odyssey of learning the Martial Arts. The first form I learned was Jiu-Jitsu. The instructor was the son of one of my mother's coworkers. He took me under his wing and nicknamed me "Whirlwind," as I loved to do spinning techniques. He spent a lot of individual time with me and the most important thing he taught me was meditation.

He lost his Dojos (schools) and I fell under the tutelage of one of his friends. At 23, I began to learn the form known as Matsubayashi Shorin-Ryu. This was also around the time that I began to understand my boylover interests.

This Sensei is an ex-Marine who did two tours in Viet Nam. He quickly toughened me up but always reminded me to keep my gentle, meditative way.

When I joined this school, I found out that he had two sons, 8 and 5. The younger boy quickly took a liking to me, which reached the point of infatuation by the time he was 7.

This caused me many an uncomfortable moment. There was one time when, at 7, he came over to me while I was in a meeting, grabbed my crotch and then pointed, saying "Look it's growing". It took all my self-control to cover myself and continue the meeting as if nothing had happened.

Anyway, T would often beg me to come watch his class. This was something I did not turn down. After watching many of the classes other boys were getting to know me . Sensei, seeing how I was interacting, asked if I would like to assist him during these classes. I eagerly agreed, both from wanting to be around the boys and my own thirst for learning.

Teaching Karate often requires close contact with the students. I had to do things such as reposition their feet, turn their arms so the fist is positioned correctly and make sure their attention was on the class. By my fifth year I was a Black Belt and a certified instructor. I have had many close encounters with boys over the years and it takes great will power to keep oneself from doing something that one may regret.

I worked with many of these boys one-on-one. One of my fondest memories is 6 year old, B. This boy was very hyperactive, ADHD. My Sensei, knowing that I grew up with a friend who had the same condition made B my special project. B was slim boy with straight black hair, a button nose and inquisitive brown eyes. He was very cute, in my eyes.

During class I would take him aside and teach him meditation and focus. I also taught him privately on many occasions. I certainly didn't mind helping him burn off some energy when he was hyper.

After 6 months, he reached the green belt level and his Mom came over to me and gave me a big hug. Not only was the boy no longer on medication to control his ADHD, but his grades in school had improved.

This taught me one of the biggest lessons of my life, the joy of Mentorship. I learned to waylay my urges with the satisfaction of seeing the boys I worked with grow and improve as people.

There have been many tasks, over the years, that have put me at risk. I've had to help boys put their uniforms on, show them how to wear jockstraps and taught many boys private Karate lessons.

I had many uncomfortable situations over the years. But, always, the risk losing the respect and/or violating the trust put in me kept me from satisfying those other urges that we discuss so often as Boylovers.



## Category: Boy Fashion

### Title: "Surf's Up!"

Author: blondeboy

Okay it's time for another installment of Boy's Fashion Sense. This issue I am going to focus on clothing and accessories for surfboys. I first thought about doing something more directed at skiing since it is winter where I live, but I thought it might be fun to write about something that deals with my favorite season of the year - summer. I think about summer all year long and thought this would be a good opportunity to write about my absolutely favorite topic - the boys of summer.

Anyways, let's get on with it because I could write about boys of summer until I got carpal tunnel syndrome. The brands I'm going to focus on are Quiksilver, Ripcurl, Instinct and Volcom. There are many many others, but for the sake of keeping this article short enough so everybody reads the whole thing, I'm going to just do these five. One note I must make is that I had trouble finding pics of boys actually wearing the clothes. All this being said, let's get on with it.



Quiksilver is a very well known company in the surfing/skating community. Their apparel is pretty edgy and is very popular with younger-aged guys and girls. They make everything from socks and t-shirts to hoodies and track jackets. The products they sell have a pretty wide price range with t-shirts starting at \$15.99 (American) for Junior sizes. They carry adult clothing but, for the sake of the audience reading this, I am going to skip that. Quiksilver is one of the companies that actually makes wetsuits and other gear for when your little guy is actually in the water surfing. These include wetsuits for all four seasons. They also sell some very cool accessories as well. You can take a look at <http://www.pacsun.com> and also <http://www.wetsand.com>.



Next on the list is a company called Ripcurl. They sell the same types of things as the bigger companies like Quiksilver but they don't sell anything that isn't related to surfing. Another plus with this company is they sell their surf gear for all ages of boys. They don't just start at Junior sizes and go up from there. So for any of the little boy lovers who wanna get a look at some little surfer cuties, a Ripcurl store is a great place to perv if you can find one. There is almost always a cutie or two in there. Their boys' surfing gear is actually pretty cheap compared to some others. They sell a kids size shortsleeve 2/2 spring suit for \$62.95 and a long-sleeve full suit for \$89.95 which is a few dollars cheaper than a similar one from Quiksilver. A great place to find pictures of these items is <http://www.wetsand.com>.





Third on the list is a company called Instinct. I personally don't know much about them but they were listed on wetsand.com so I decided to put them in here. They also sell the same things as all the others but in a much smaller volume. One of the most popular things they sell is called the Guard Board Short or boardies as surfers affectionately call them. This boardie comes in Red and Grey and I really prefer the red.

Last, but definitely not least is Volcom. Their symbol the Volcom Stone is as much of an icon in the surf/skate community as the Ralph Lauren horse is to businessmen. Their products tend to run a bit high in the price department, and depending on where you live, they can be very hard to find. By this I mean the really hot items do not last long at all in stores, if they ever make it at all. But I can tell you from previous personal experience that if you have a little surfer boy on your shopping list, he will love you long time if you get him stuff from here. Currently their website is in the process of putting up the new spring surf catalog so check [www.volcom.com](http://www.volcom.com) from time to time for looks. Again, this is a company that starts at junior sizes and goes up to adults from there. Their designs are very non-conservative and some of their celebrity models include Ryan Sheckler and Shaun White, neither of whom are surfers.

Now in the boylove world of surfing one name is more important than any other. That name is John John Florence. He was born on October 18, 1992 in Honolulu, Hawaii. He is part of the Sobe beverage group of athletes known as Team Lizard. His list of accomplishments stretches on forever, but the one he claims to be most proud of is being given a wildcard entry into the biggest surfing event in the world, The Vans Triple Crown. He has also won four straight amateur surfing titles and he is only 13 years old.

Anyway, now that we have gotten a nice little winter fill of the boys of summer, we can sit back, relax and dream of warm weather, sun and waves. I know I will be.

---

## Category: Features and Profiles

### Title: "An Interview with Jackgrid"

Author: SimbaLion

This interview with Jackgrid was conducted in December, 2006 and January, 2007. Jackgrid joined Boylover.net in April, 2005, and has served as Buddy, Senior Buddy, and Director. As a postscript to the interview, he adds that he expects this to be his final contribution to the board, and that he has no plans to return.

-----

**SimbaLion: When did you first recognize your attraction to boys? Were you traumatized by this recognition?**

Jackgrid: When I was ten years of age, I was totally infatuated by a neighbor of mine, Robert, who was a year younger than me. His mother was a State Registered Nurse who worked shift work at our local hospital.

She was a single parent, and as Robert and I went to the same school and my mother and his were close friends, she allowed Robert to stay with us on the weeks she was working nights. The fact that he not only shared my room but also my double bed should make it unnecessary for me to have to give you any more information.

From that moment to this, although I have had to juggle my life as a result of my being someone that has always admired the beauty of boys, as opposed to the beauty of women, I have never even come close to being traumatized by this recognition. In fact, although I have always felt comfortable with whom and what I am, I feel even more comfortable these days than I have ever done.

**SL: It's no secret that you currently live in Thailand, but you were not born there. What brought you there?**

JG: The fascination of Thailand itself was what brought me to the country initially, many years ago. Although fond of India, which I have visited many times, whilst peers of mine at the time were seeking out the wisdom and the knowledge of the various gurus based there, I took the opportunity instead to go to Thailand to further my knowledge and understanding of Thai Buddhism. This had always appealed to me far greater than any desire to visit gurus in India.

When the opportunity arose, I opened a Southeast Asia branch of my company and based it here in Thailand. That was 13 years ago this coming February, and because of my love of the country and its people, who are without doubt the most un-judgmental in the world, it also gave me the opportunity to base myself here, which I gratefully grabbed with both hands.

**SL: How are Thai boys different from boys**

**everywhere else?**

JG: That is a question you may well ask, however I am afraid that I could not possibly comment.

All joking aside, I will say that with my experience of boys from all around the globe, I believe that Thai boys are very different from all others; but in order to understand this, you would need to have lived amongst them for as long as I have done, and as closely.

I am sure that others from the board based in Thailand would know exactly what I mean by this statement, if they are lucky enough to have a Thai boy as their young friend.

**SL: Many boylovers are attracted to the types of boys they grew up with, but this does not seem to be true in your case. Have you always been attracted to boys who were different from you, or is your attraction to boys even based on physical appearance?**

JG: Obviously physical appearance is what first draws me to a boy - isn't it the same with us all? However, it is by no means the most important thing once I get to know the boy. Beauty, as they say, is in the eye of the beholder, and is something that our opinions will always differ on.

I have been extremely fortunate to have had young friends in my life that were not only stunningly beautiful from a physical point of view, but possessed a far greater beauty within them. No more was this more evident - and is an example of which I could not give a better one - than in the case of my former special young friend, Sam.

**SL: Are boylove and Buddhism complementary in any way? For example, does the experience of being a boylover make certain Buddhist principles more comprehensible, or does Buddhism make it easier to navigate the difficulties that boylovers regularly experience?**

JG: The easiest way for me to answer that is by saying to you that Buddhism teaches us respect for all living things, including boys. It also teaches us the idea that change is inevitable, and the knowledge that we are all on our individual path. I have learnt through the teachings to balance desire with compassion.

The boy sitting on your bed carries the Buddha within him, as do you. By having mindfulness in your love and care in your action, it leads to less suffering. Internalized principles of Buddhism allow for combating our need 'to have and to hold'. One must always remember that Karma flows both ways, in and out... good and bad... up and down.

-----

**SL: When you're feeling down, which foods or intoxicants do you turn to for comfort?**

JG: I can in all honesty say I have never needed the excuse of feeling down to resort to taking intoxicants. I am happy to admit that at times I get by with a little help from my friends - as I have always done - and I will continue to carry on doing so in the future.

**SL: Without getting too specific, you have a history as a professional performer. Tell us about the relationship between boys and performers. For instance, are there boys who will offer themselves to performers just like girls sometimes do? What are some juicy stories that you can tell along these lines?**

JG: And there was I believing that my exploits in the privacy of my boudoir were totally unknown to anyone.

In all seriousness, I am afraid that I have always resisted both the temptation of financial bribes, along with promises that my stories would be told with subtlety, honesty and in good taste, to tell these types of stories, even about some people I disliked at the time. It would be something I believe to be wrong.

I will say only this. Of course there are and have always been boys that have been prepared to jump into the beds of performers, in the exact same way in which girls have always done. The big difference now, unlike the 60's and the 70's, when privacy was still respected and applied to people in the public eye, is the media. With today's scum that exist amongst the paparazzi, there is a much greater danger of one's career being brought to an abrupt end with this type of disclosure, as was evident in the case of even someone as big as Michael Jackson.

Although he was found not guilty and innocent of the charges, it is something he will never recover from professionally. Michael was always looked upon in the business as untouchable to a large degree, as the fact that he is a boylover has always been known. So his arrest not only sent out a few shockwaves to similarly minded people as him, but forewarned everyone, that if they can get to Michael and go after him, they can get to and are capable of going after anyone.

That one case has changed things more than Joe Public will ever know, and has created paranoia amongst people in the business of which the likes have not been known before.

**SL: Oh, you're among friends. You can tell us anonymous stories of who got fucked by a hot surfer boy back in the day, and no one will ever know. You know you want to.**

JG: With all the help I was getting from my friends at that time, my memory really is too hazy to remember too much of the detail.

-----

**SL: Who is Tyler13, and how did the Tyler13**

**situation change your views about yourself, this board, and the boylove community?**

[Note: Tyler13 joined Boylover.net in 2005 as a 13 year-old youth member. His apparent death was announced on the board later that year.]

JG: Tyler13 was somebody that came about as a result of his creator Mike. Mike is a 41 year old boylover who allowed things to get so carried away in his role playing of Tyler, that he ended up truly believing he really was him. He allowed things to spiral so far out of control that even he was no longer able to do anything about them when they hit their peak.

I managed to finally speak to Tyler/Mike, although it was several months after his "death," and also after a long investigation I had involved myself in that was concerning him. Tyler/Mike in fact helped me put the final pieces of the jigsaw together, which I truly am grateful to him for doing, and always will be.

With the help he was able to give me by providing documentary evidence, I was able to establish my long held suspicions that there were those amongst management that were also aware that Tyler's death was faked. Not only were they aware of this fact, but knew about it within 72 hours of it occurring.

They even - and for selfish reasons of their own in some cases, I may add - prevented Tyler13 from owning up to what he had done as was his wish, by allowing him to come clean by posting an apology in The Fridge. He was prepared to do this despite the fact of knowing that he would in all likelihood get slated for it.

With the help of someone who was until recently a co-director of mine, and after a long hard battle for both of us, in which we tried to convince others of the truth, I was finally able to bring to a close the events of Tyler13. I was also able to bring to an end the misery that these events had caused in my life, by ousting these members from management.

I was very naïve when I first came to Boylover.net, not knowing anything about boylove boards or their communities, as previously neither had I had anything to do with them, nor did I have any knowledge of them or what they were about.

Although I have forgiven Tyler a long while ago for what he did to me, I will never make the same mistake of being as trusting again in this virtual world of ours. I will always remain skeptical as to the authenticity of a youth member, until I have actually established the fact that he is one for myself.

**SL: In your view, what motivates an adult to pretend that he is a boy on a board like this?**

JG: I don't know really. I think it ranges from those that have no ethics whatsoever and whose intention it is to just fuck with people's heads, to attention seekers who just want to be the centre of everyone's attention, to

people that have had unhappy childhoods and want to try and reinvent it and relive it, by creating themselves as a kid again on the board.

**SL: Would you feel comfortable letting a boy relative of yours become friends with a boylover - with, say, a member of this board?**

JG: Well that is a question I don't have to hypothesize about. My answer is yes - I would, and I do. Because of the fact I am based in Thailand and the very special relationship I have with a certain member of our Board based in the UK, I allow him to visit my 10 year old grandson, who adores him.

My grandson has also met other close friends of "the board" as he likes to refer to it, and likes some of them too, very much. That said there are others, that if they were within two continents in proximity to him, it would give me great cause for concern. If you think I am joking in that statement, I am not, and could not be more serious.

**SL: What has your membership on this board meant to you?**

JG: It has meant a lot of hard work for me. It meant the board becoming a lot more important in my life than I ever intended or ever dreamed it would be when I first joined. It also meant a lot of heartache during the Tylergate affair and also the recent events that have just taken place, that for the sake of the board I will not go into here.

Despite all of the above, and some of the hypocritical low lives I have had to suffer as a member here, the people that I now have in my life as a result of the board mean more to me than any other thing, as I know that without the board, those people would never have come into my life. This is something that, despite all I have been through on this board, these people have made everything else worthwhile, and because of them, is something I will never be able to thank it enough for.

-----

**SL: What are the happiest and saddest moments of your life involving boys?**

JG: Sadly, that's a question I don't have to think about for a second. The happiest moment was the time when Sam came into my life. The treasured memories I have of him and of the time we spent together, will remain with me always. The saddest moment was when Sam was taken from me by being tragically killed in a road accident whilst we were traveling home from holiday together at the end of 2005.

**SL: How did Sam come into your life, and is there a story you can share about him that reveals the kind of special boy he was?**

JG: I was doing some work for one of the street kid shelters here when Sam came into my life at the age of

10 in 2000. I won't go into his background other than saying it was a tragic one which involved him losing both his parents before the age of 7. I adopted Sam a few months after first meeting him, and he lived with me up until his death in October 2005.

Sam never forgot his life as a street kid or his friends with whom he lived on the streets. After a few years at school, he used to attend the shelter from where he had come into my life, helping the younger children residing there with English lessons.

Every weekend, he also used to go to the area where his old friends still were, and used to take them for dinner, and to the computer shop to play games. The best part of his allowance was always spent on street kids, and he would never pass a beggar without placing a substantial amount of Baht in their bowl.

He always believed that Buddha had brought him Choc Dee (Good Luck) by being brought into my life, although I always believed that He had brought me more by bringing Sam into mine. And Sam believed that Choc Dee must be shared by him with all others.



**Category: Creative Works**

**Title: "Some Other Kinds of Poems: A Collection of Boylove Folk Ballads"**

**Author: Crake**

**The Ballad of Ethan Flynn**

1. Ethan Flynn, he's not  
himself inside his woolen skin,  
Ethan Flynn, he's not  
himself inside his woolen skin,  
with his livin' on the outside  
and his home's a-broken in.

2. They say that it's your love  
that's a-gotten you in this mess,  
They say that it's your love  
that's a-gotten you in this mess,  
but you know it's just the fearful  
ravin' 'bout you in the press.

3. Young friend's outside waitin'  
with two lawmen near a tree,  
Young friend's outside waitin'  
with two lawmen near a tree,  
And you can sense their sting's  
a-comin' like the angriest puny bee.

4. You own pictures of some kid  
but you know you'd not hurt a fly,  
You own pictures of some kid  
but you know you'd not hurt a fly,  
But they would not believe you  
for their lake of mercy's dry.

5. Say you're not yourself  
while you're wearing that old skin,  
Say you're not yourself  
while you're wearing worn out skin,  
You have nothin' to confess...  
you're not guilty of that sin.

6. They took you down for playin'  
and they booked you in the night,  
They took you down for playin'  
and they booked you in the night,  
While your young friend's a-sleepin'  
you were chained and read your rights.

7. Now you know that he's a-cryin'  
all the way back home that morn,  
Now you know that he's a-cryin'  
all the way back home at morn,  
Now you're thinkin' he's a-wishin'  
that he was not ever born.

8. Now the judge has got his gavel  
and you just got this mess,  
Now the judge has got his gavel  
and you just got his mess,  
Now you have nothing much to say  
and still nothing to confess.

9. For many a dark night  
you were worried over this,  
For many a dark night  
you were worried over this,  
Stayin' up 'till morning  
surrounded by some gloom abyss.

10. For many a long year  
you feared the wolves out in the herd,  
for many a long year  
you feared the wolves out in the herd,  
For even though you spoke you safe  
you knew they'd pounce on every word.

11. In time you got so lonesome  
that any "boy" became your friend,  
In time you got so lonesome  
that any "boy" became your friend,  
In time that "boy" traded you in  
and that day became your end.

12. Seven breezes blowin' there  
and in your home you couldn't hide,  
Seven breezes blowin' there  
and in your home you couldn't hide,  
But you stayed around to think  
because you thought it safe inside.

13. From outside of your doorway  
wolves were gathered in the flock,  
from outside of your doorway  
wolves were gathered in the flock,  
and the dreaded second lingered  
when on your doorway they did knock.

Way out on the outside  
know there's still more "Ethan Flynn's",  
Way out on the outside  
know there's still more "Ethan Flynn's",  
Know it won't be long before they've  
all too been dragged on in.

\*\*\*

## Ends of the Earth

Barret the bold, once a boy about ten  
who used to come home everyday with his friends,  
who used to play Jungleloca outside in the yard,  
who'd roll with the punches and fear no one's regard,  
now sits idly inside like some carefree retard  
for a new law has passed...  
and it came on a heartstring,  
saying kids don't belong on the grass  
or risk penetration by the swings,  
So what was once so vast  
became nothing more than a tightrope string  
and as for childhood—just a thing of the past,

A new era swooped down  
on top of this child  
that stuck in its talons  
on the innocent and wild  
and dropped him in places  
where everyone smiled  
and shed no interest and spoiled  
him all the while...

Barret, not swayed by these sweets  
for he was told of the men who preyed in the streets,  
for he was brought up in the meanest parts of town,  
and not taught how easy it is to finish face down,  
now sits idly inside bruised and battered down  
by laws made in his expense  
that took away his play spaces  
and replaced them with a chain fence  
rusting in the rain, and trials and cases  
and no one in their sense  
for they became brainwashed in ruinous places  
wasting away in waters of a doomed innocence,

Soon his three bases became  
after hours at noontime  
and he's returned in a cop car  
like it's some big crime...  
they sanctioned the hills  
as too steep to be climbed  
And entry to the parks cost too  
many a dime...

Barret lived with his father and mother  
who protected his eyes, but his body they smothered,  
who composted his morals, but his body left rotten,  
who exercised his body, while his mind was forgotten,  
who spared him the pain of all that he's gotten,  
while grasses are paving  
as his childhood's made hazy,  
While he's well behaving  
but made shameless and lazy,  
and depraved and enslaved  
to the machine's will that's running him crazy  
coming off his screen succumbing to his craving,

They can't be blamed  
for there was nowhere to go,  
Jungleloca was overthrown  
by asphalt ages ago  
and all his green spaces  
became a sooty traffic flow  
as he's pushed into places that  
he'll soon outgrow.

\*\*\*

## Come Gather Round (Boylovers)

Come gather round—loners and lovers and others  
Who're beaten out streetwise and defeated by mothers  
Who're breakin' and takin' and not giving love to  
Those cryin' and hidin' and layin' and sayin'...  
"You just leave us be!"  
To those lyin' and sighin' and laughin' and gassin'  
In passin' while trashin' and smokin' and jokin'  
And all but feeling free—

Come gather round—while ink's are pressin' and  
Court's are messin' and second guessin' and  
Tongues professin' and men repressin' and stop  
Confessin' and window dressin'...  
Tell them we'll be free!  
And that the world is reelin' and you're not stealin'  
No child's feelin's or are concealin' your unappealin'...  
thoughts that make you be—

Come gather round—to light your candle and  
Not the scandal and fight the vandal and not mishandle  
The child's will you love and still be there to fill  
And be ye filled and work to build a  
better life for you and me!  
And make it known that it's you who owns your  
Love that's real and all you feel's not made to kneel  
For all the world to see—

Come gather round—and keep on steady and  
at the ready for chains and gangs and the lyin'  
and sighin' and laughin' and gassin' in passin'  
while trashin' and smokin' and jokin'...  
who are not feeling free—  
And never stop showin' your soul be glowin' or  
Age be slowin' like children stop growin' and never  
stop knowin'  
our time is soon to be.

## Category: Eating With Boys

### Title: "Dinner with Silvio"

Author: mercury13

More than a couple of years ago, in a small, old city in South America, I met the boy who changed my life. He wasn't my first young friend, but he was the first 13 year old boy who loved and needed me as profoundly as I loved and needed him. I was working on a temporary job which occupied a lot of my time, but had me running around downtown quite a bit, and he had left his rural family and was sleeping in the central park, making money shining shoes, and getting handouts from foreigners and local shopkeepers. We met because he literally picked up my stride as I walked by him one evening I was looking for an angel, and we spent 8 hours hanging out, covering the town on foot, before I left him there outside...begging to come home with me with his eyes, respecting me with his words, because he already loved me.

Silvio, a slight-for-his-age 13 yr old mestizo kid, had wispy hair, eyes that catch you off guard, and full lips. A cute butt, lean, but not skinny in frame...although in only one more year his physique and demeanor grew hotter than a basket of habanero peppers. Glib and coy, with scores of different expressions for every moment, he captured most everyone's heart and played them as easy instruments. We could talk on a deep level, laugh our asses off at each other and everyone around us; damn we had jokes that erupted without words. I was the only one who could take his temper, discipline or ignore him when necessary, and listen to him when it appeared he was out of his mind in a tantrum, but all he needed was someone to listen.

I didn't see him for a week after we'd met that first night. And it churned my stomach just thinking about him sleeping in the streets, and me not being able to do anything, thinking about him not being loved by anyone...nobody giving a shit. So when I did see him again on the street, before we parted after hanging out for some time, I invited him to come for dinner the next night. We both walked away with a kick in our step that evening.

I wanted to make something local and familiar for him, yet exotic for me, so in the open market downtown I selected a fresh looking side of armadillo (about a pound), still with claws of course...looked awesome. The women at the market were mystified and entertained that a gringo would buy this, and thankfully they gave me much-needed advice for its preparation.

#### Stewed Armadillo

- 1lb cleaned armadillo meat
- 2 medium onions
- 4 cloves of garlic
- 2 medium tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon palm lard
- 1/3 cup fresh chopped cilantro
- 1 hot chili pepper
- Salt to taste

First boil the armadillo for at least 20 minutes (much like you would do with squid) to soften it, otherwise you've got tough varmint on your plate, mate. Then, once softened, it can be stewed. The procedure was to be: while the meat boiled, to stir-fry the sliced onions, mashed garlic, and diced tomatoes in palm lard, and when it was saucy, drop in the meat in chunks. Add fresh chilies, cilantro, and salt to taste. All this served over white rice. The accompanying corn tortillas came from a local tortillera...fresh. For beverages we made banana milk shakes in the blender. Yum.

Silvio surprised me by showing up showered and squeaky clean, with shined shoes, and a tucked-in shirt. He probably had someone help him get ready, and I was caught off-guard that he'd taken the event so seriously. He was on time, and was uber cute, acting so polite. This whole presentation, of course, was his way of grooming the hell out of me (heart melts), but it was fantastic.

I didn't have the food totally prepared when he came, so I put a knife in Silvio's hand and had him slice the vegetables. Being good with his manos, he did a fine job peeling, chopping, and slicing. Listening to merengue and Spanish reggae on the radio, we were busy and happy that evening. Didn't start the shakes until I'd already begun boiling the meat—but it was simple: 3 unpeeled bananas and milk in a blender...extra sugar.

Silvio was such a cutie, and we fell into a rhythm so natural and fitting for us that time washed away. I wasn't having a beer as I normally would have liked. I was concentrating on being a good role model for him, thinking his interactions with all the street folks who treated him like shit left him dying to have something respectable, solid, to hold onto. Someone he could revere, but that would also return love unto him. That was me. I needed someone to need me. I desperately needed purpose in my life. I had only come out to a woman as a boylover about a month earlier for the first time. I'd told her because I wanted to marry her. She and I had been in love, briefly, and she had since left me and fallen in love with her lesbian girlfriend. Bitch.

For me, I feel special energy with a boy when silent moments occur naturally, frequently, and comfortably. The acts of chopping, mixing and pouring, making a mess, and cleaning as we cooked were interspersed with bodies of warm, velvety silence—almost as though the silence was a third party there with us, participating actively in our evening. Our evening that we had hijacked from the world. On this evening he answered my questions about his family, life on the street, his values, and I answered his inquiries about my family, my facade-girlfriends, my interests... We ate so well, and soaked all the evening up. Before he headed out, back to his corner bushes in the park, we wound up for a memorable quiet moment on the giant hammock, with old Latin music gurgling out of the radio and sounds from the street echoing over the tile roofs through the old Spanish courtyard of the dim house.

**Category: Creative Work**

**Title: "This Boy"**

**Author: angel boy**

i'm standing, chatting with a friend  
outside the lunch room door  
he wants to keep on moving but  
i stay a moment more

i told him to go on and leave  
and don't wait up for me  
i'm going to stay for a young friend  
that i have yet to see

a teacher rounds the corner, followed  
by a big long line  
i search the faces anxiously  
for this boy of mine

he doesn't see me standing here  
until his name i call  
he leaps into my arms and we  
just hug there in the hall

his face is really beaming now  
what a great surprise!  
the love we shared is all still there  
i see it in his eyes

the little time that we can spend  
together makes my day  
but he has lunch to get to and  
i must be on my way

a final hug, a final smile  
and then we move apart  
i love you Jakey, little bro  
you're always in my heart

{based on real events; written ca. early 2003}

---

**Category: Adults and Boys Together**

**Title: "The Pain of a Joyful Boy Moment"**

**Author: Triton**

Boylove is something that only another boylover can understand. There are precious moments with a boy that make your head spin every time he pops into your head. These memories become so frustrating, and make you question your place in this world. If only there was a way to freeze these moments and live in them for a lifetime. I guess that would be living in a fairytale life and would never be possible. But there is one gift that a boy can give to you that enters your memory for a lifetime. Yes, I'm talking about boy moments. They're little steps in heaven that lead to a brick wall when they're gone.

My most recent boy moment took place in early January 2007. It started out with my aunt inviting me to help out her boyfriend's nephew and his friends for the weekend. There was Squirt (he was 10), Tweedledee (he was 11) and Tweedledum (also 11). My aunt wanted me to take them snowboarding for the weekend.

My first view was that this should be fun, but I never expected it to move me the way it did. When I arrived at my aunt's house that Saturday morning, the boys took no interest in me. This could have been partly my fault since I did the same; I didn't want my aunt noticing my excitement. Once we were on our way to the chairlift, things started to loosen up a bit. We started exchanging questions back and forth, and these started developing into a relationship. Before I knew it, all eyes were on me. The boys recorded every action I took. I became their MENTOR.

My first reaction to this was not to let my guard down on my actions and what I said to the boys. I also thought maybe I should act more mature. Well this only lasted for 5 minutes, because I immediately lost control over them, as they took no interest in me - so I dropped the whole act. They didn't need some dude pretending to be an adult when, really, he was just a kid wanting to play. Nor did they need someone lying to them about the world around them and how it's so perfect. From that moment forward, they took me in as their best friend. Yes, we did many activities together that weekend, from ice-skating and hot-tubbing, to towel wars and wrestling. Man did time ever fly. Hours turned into minutes, and before I knew it, I was sitting in the hot-tub for the last time, only minutes away from saying good bye.



**Category: Youth Member Reflections**  
**Title: "The Lamentations of High School Love"**

**Author: joewep**

Those last few moments are the ones that move you the most. Your body starts to feel heavy and you lose all thoughts about the world around you. The only thing that glows in your mind is that starting tomorrow, you'll be in an empty room by yourself. Why did I put myself into this predicament? I'm breaking my own heart hanging out with the ones I love the most. My aunt didn't tell me I had to do this. I could easily have come up with an excuse not to. AH FUCK I hate myself - only a fool would become attached to something that short-lived. This is why I hate boy moments. I am that fool who becomes so attached to someone he can never express his true love to.

To the boy, it was just another fun weekend that will be replaced as many others take its place. For me, I'm stuck with a bottle of wine, and memories that last for a lifetime.

Writer's note: all names have been shortened to protect the identity of my friends. Enjoy.

A. We'll keep it at that. He's gorgeous. The voice that melts like chocolate, and brown curls that scream of his past swimming days. As he plays on the timpani, his biceps bulge every time he hits the drum with a mallet. He is sweet, insightful, kind, gorgeous. Sounds like perfection right? I'd say so.

We were in the pit orchestra for the musical West Side Story together. That's when I first met this boy god. Every year all of the cast, crew, and pit get together before the last performance and the seniors give a "senior speech." Mine went something like this:

"Well now... pit. If you hadn't already guessed, I am in the pit, one of the two cello players. The other isn't here. I was in pit last year for the spring play, but I don't see many familiar faces from that production. Yes, I see you S.

"So, the point of this is to give awesome and incredible advice for the future. Well, most of it has been along the lines of, 'play the role you're given, they all matter,' or something along those lines. I have not been in a drama production, yet I know most of you. Some are from years gone by and others are from yesterday. Oh, advice, yes.

"Well, I have a story that goes along with this.... It was my freshman year. Oh, good times and, well, I was naive. Oh, yeah. We all were. So, here I am, this nerdy freshman with little to no self-esteem, baggy sweatshirt and the pants that were too big for me. Gotta be cool. Anyways, if you know the bathrooms in the West Commons, the upper and lower restrooms are completely opposite. It goes boys and girls on top, and girls and boys on the bottom. I was unknowing of this clever trick, and on one of my first days, I assumed the obvious and walked into the girl's restroom.

"Needless to say, there was much giggling, incessantly, and much poking fun at the 'dumb freshman.' My advice: be careful, high school does things like that to you.

"And, if I may say so, these past few months have been so much fun. You drama kids... You guys rock. The first two years of high school, I had no self-esteem, as I said earlier. I came out to my parents in eighth grade that I was gay, nearly accidentally. It had something to do with emails and some innocent flirting with a boy from Massachusetts. So, I lived with that fear of others knowing my greatest secret.

"I didn't want to be known as that gay kid. If people knew, who would have wanted to hang out with me or go to a movie? Silly, isn't it, but at the time, you just

want to fit in. That year, I said fuck it. I couldn't hide any longer. I came out. It made life seem so much easier.

"I was okay. I didn't die. It's been two years and I survived coming out. I did it. So, for my last piece of advice, there are two parts.

"One: Be who you are. Don't be afraid to show your true colors. Hiding never helps anyone.

"Two: Be accepting. For people that aren't sure of themselves or that are having personal problems, be there for them. Be that friend they can rely on. All you're doing is helping others and making yourself a better person at the same time.

"So, thank you drama kids, thank you for not giving a shit and accepting me for exactly who I am. Peace."

That was my speech. It was said in front of about 200 people, one of whom was A.

That night, I drove him to the cast party. We were just talking and he told me that he really enjoyed my senior speech. I didn't think much of it and just said thank you and moved on in the conversation.

Again, we were in the orchestra room and I gave my friend a lesbian book for her birthday. She knows A so he came over to look at the book. After looking, I yelled at another boy for looking, saying some snide remark. A said, "You know, it is funny that we are looking at this and less than a half of the guys here are straight." All I could think was mush. I only pieced it together later that night.

That night, he came out to me. Oh wonders! I was officially smitten. My stomach was doing back flips as I heard those three words, "I am gay." I have had boyfriends, sure, but I never felt this way about a boy. Maybe we'll live happily ever after. Only time can tell.

---

## Category: Boy Moments

Title: "Like Daddy"

Author: dancingboys

The ordeal of waiting for the verdict on my car at the auto dealership was softened by a waiting-room full of coffee and magazines. There were piles of neatly stacked publications, loosely organized by category. In defiant contrast, books for children were scattered randomly across the large circular table, opened and closed, accepted and dismissed.

Travel magazines fascinated me. I read them in waiting rooms only, refusing to actually buy any. It was mid-week and quiet at the dealership. The large screen television set was dark and hushed in a room left with two customers. The hum of activity outside our room

reminded me and the other waiting person that we were in the sole quiet enclave of a circus of commerce.

She wasn't unfriendly. She just seemed absorbed in other things in other places. A quiet nod and quick smile dismissed me gently. I thought she was alone.

"Do you like to read?" a treble voice asked from under the table.

"Yes, I do." I responded.

"I do too." The voice enthused. I am not sure if it was the inflection that convinced me that it was a boy.

"What do you like?" I asked, quickly losing interest in famous beaches of the Caribbean and transferring my attention to a yet unseen little boy.

"Funny stuff with animals." He explained, punctuating his enthusiasm with a surprisingly gruff laugh.

"With pictures?" I asked.

"Of course." A mop of curly brown hair, with the suggestion of a chin underneath, insisted as a boy scooted rapidly from his hiding place. "Wanna read to me?"

"Yes." I answered; nervously looking toward the introspective woman who I assumed was our little reader's mother. Her hint of a shrug and a wistful smile gave me permission to have this encounter. "Want to pick a book?"

He stood in front of me, studying and deciding. I felt like a toy on the bottom shelf at Toys R Us.

"You must read to me like Daddy, okay?"

I had no idea what sort of behavior this might require. The one revealed brown eye, the biting of the lower lip with front teeth that featured a gap and the animated little slim body insisted that I play the role.

"This looks good. It has lots of animals." I offered, spreading the oversized and mercifully thin book out for inspection.

"Oh, that's a good one." The now standing tiny boy agreed. He rocked rhythmically with a worried look on a suddenly serious face, liberated briefly from hair brushed aside. He wore red shorts and a tee-shirt that proclaimed the glories of St Lucia. Wounded knees proclaimed an active boy; yet his white tube socks, descending into black sneakers, were immaculately clean. He looked toward his mother and pointed a finger at me. She smiled approval as his arms reached toward me in the universal, unspoken, request to be deposited in my lap.

"Here, put your finger like this." He instructed, guiding my obedient hand to the first illustration. It made a lot of sense to follow Daddy's technique. I began to

read the sparse dialogue, trying to give it life. I was determined to properly entertain the wiggling boy in my lap.

"Make different voices please. Frogs don't talk like horses." He seemed perplexed that his proxy did not understand one of the fundamentals of story telling. My croaky frog and husky horse forced a smile of approval across an uplifted face.

"The lamb doesn't sound like that." He interrupted. "Want me to show you how to do the lamb?" I was now feeling an easy, shared amusement.

"Yes please."

The role required a descent from the lap to permit a lamb-boy all-fours demonstration of an odd, but clever prancing and recitation of the lines, as if the words were filtered through a baaaaaaa. I applauded the boy's depiction, knowing this was beyond the ability of any Dad.

"I can read some of the words, even though I 'm in kindergarten." The boy said as he craned his neck to see my reaction. I nodded to him.

"I can see that. And you know this book very well."

"You picked it out like Daddy does. You knew what I wanted." He announced. He grabbed my picture-pointing hand and gave it a squeeze with two little hands. "Thank you for reading to me. It was fun."

"It was fun for me as well." I said. I saw the mother eyeing a bill, telling me that they were leaving.

The little boy placed a hand on each of my hips and sprang dramatically from my lap. He ran to his mother, who drew him up into her arms. She kissed his forehead as he waved goodbye to me. She drew eye contact with me and her lips formed the unspoken words:

"His Dad is dead."

## **Category: Features and Profiles**

### **Title: "BL Charity - Our Failed Attempt to Help"**

**Author: Thetes**

BL Charity; I'm honestly not sure what I'm supposed to write here. First off, and although it doesn't make any difference, I feel a bit uneasy about writing this, as I did far less than half the work. Kev put in the most time and energy to BL Charity, plus our volunteer(s), so if anyone deserves credit for anything, it's them. For those who don't already know, Kev is attracted to boys as well, and we've been living together for several years now, although that's an article in itself. Ok, now that's out of the way, so on with the rest.

The idea of BL Charity first started way back in the day while we were living in Toronto, around August 2004. We were lying around one night talking about different ways to become rich, and one of the many ideas that popped into our heads was to start a small business geared towards boylovers. That idea quickly turned into a business that would help kids, and later on turned into a complete non-profit organization where we didn't profit any. We simply wanted to help impoverished kids, and as a side-effect maybe also help the image of boylovers.

After we moved to Western Canada at the end of 2004, I became extremely busy with business, while Kev didn't really have a project of his own at the time. He decided to dedicate himself to BL Charity, and began putting everything together to turn the idea into a reality. He began making contacts with various companies to have custom merchandise made, with social services in Eastern Europe, and so on.

In the middle of February 2005 we finally launched the web site. We were both pretty excited to see how things would happen, and Kev even more so. We offered monthly memberships which included a welcoming package and quarterly newsletter. A good deal of boylove related merchandise was also for sale including pendants, DVDs, books, posters, clocks, watches, lighters, and so on. 100% of all profit made from memberships, one-time donations and sales went directly to help the families and children in Eastern Europe, overseen by social services.

We had really high hopes for BL Charity, and I remember saying to each other, if we manage to get 30 new memberships every month we'd be able to manage, although it wouldn't be anything special. Our long-term plans included building whole orphanages, and virtually uplifting an entire region of the world. Back then we were still young, naïve, and in love, so we were under the assumption we were capable of taking over the world if we wanted.

After launching the web site, Kev rushed back to our home in Canmore, and started posting on the boards to get some initial feedback. Of course, we were

immediately met with criticism and false claims by many in the community, but we made sure to keep ourselves calm and explained everything as best we could. I remember our biggest critic back then was stiev, a fellow BLnet member, who was unrelenting in trying to find flaws within BL Charity.

For the most part though, we received quite a bit of praise within the community, and a lot of people seemed excited, although a bit hesitant. Kev also contacted the owners of basically all boylove orientated web sites out there, asking for them to link to us. A few gracious site owners did place a link to BL Charity on their site, but the vast majority weren't trusting of us yet.

During the first few months a few memberships and small amount of donations did come in, but nothing overly exciting. Probably about 90% of the first several donation rounds came directly from our pocket, because we needed to show activity one way or another. We needed to prove to the community that we are real, and the donations are actually getting to the families and children.

Once we had at least a couple hundred in donations, we'd wire the funds directly to Eastern Europe, and in turn, would receive photographs of the families and children receiving groceries, plus scanned receipts of all bills. We always made sure to keep BL Charity as open as possible, and published a news update on the web site of every donation round, which included all photographs and an explanation of exactly how each family was helped.

After a few months, people slowly became more trusting of us, and donations started to come in more and more. We had a few excellent regular contributors, and about 80% of all donations began coming from them. Once this started happening, we began specific drives. With one we bought a little 5yo boy a brand new bicycle, which I'm sure he was thrilled about, and another helped send approximately 20 kids to a summer camp for two weeks.

At its peak, BL Charity was bringing in probably \$400 a month worth of donations and sales. Although our hopes were never realized, I guess we did manage to help a few families and their children. The interest from the community was far lower than we expected, and the vast majority either didn't trust us, didn't care, or were too poor to send in any donations.

As the months passed by, our level of interest continually faded, and our level of disappointment continually increased. We had an excellent idea, and setup things very nicely, but unfortunately the interest simply wasn't there. We moved to Europe in August 2005, and after that virtually all work on BL Charity stopped. In October 2005 we decided to shut down the web site, and put up a small message saying it was temporarily closed, as we were unsure if we'd restart it sometime in the future.

A year later I saw an article posted on BLnet from the NY Times, which mentioned BL Charity, and implied that it was a deviant organization to gain access to kids to sexually molest them. We didn't really care too much about the article, and basically just laughed it and said, "Holy shit, look at that, we're famous!". We back traced everything in our mind of course, and talked about it in case the police decided to pay us a visit sometime, but nothing ever came of it.

And there you have it, the story of BL Charity, and our failed and naïve attempt to help our world a little bit.

## Category: Editorial Essays

### Title: "An Evolutionary Hypothesis on The Origins of Boylove"

Author: maven

The modern and scientific theory of evolution was first unveiled by Charles Darwin in his 1859 book *On the Origin of Species*.

Darwin argued that all life on Earth is descended from a common ancestor. This common ancestor would have been primitive and nothing more than a single celled organism, if even that. Somehow, this organism had the ability to split into duplicate copies of itself. This was the initial method of reproduction.

Sometimes, over generations, mutations (random copying errors) would occur. Usually, these mutations were damaging and caused the individuals involved to die. But occasionally, the changes brought about by the mutations were beneficial to the organisms and helped them to survive, so the resulting new DNA or genetic code was passed on to their descendents. This is referred to as natural selection. These mutations and natural selections led to the eventual emergence of new subspecies.

Over millions of years the mutations caused the subspecies to evolve and branch out into a diversity of entirely new species. This process continues today. There was a point in evolutionary history when primates such as humans, chimpanzees and gorillas were the same species. Mutations and natural selections led to new subspecies of primate, one of which eventually became us.

Individual mutations do not produce new subspecies, but they may produce new traits that might contribute to the emergence of a new subspecies in the future. The most obvious of these traits are physical, but mental and psychological traits and some social behaviours have a genetic basis too.

Mental and psychological traits and social behaviours are common in the animal kingdom in higher animals such as mammals. Memory, for example, is a mental trait. An example of a psychological trait or social behaviour with a genetic basis in mammals is the care of the mother for her young. This trait helps the mother's young survive to adulthood and pass on this trait to subsequent generations. This is why this trait is so common and why it was not eliminated by natural selection. But in contrast to this trait, the adult males of some species will kill a mother's young. For example, a male tiger will kill a mother tiger's cubs if given the opportunity to do so. This helps him ensure that she will go back into heat and give him an opportunity to mate with her and pass on his own genes. In conclusion, the interests of the male and female are conflicting but similar.

This behaviour could have been prevalent too in early human evolution. It makes sense for a female of an

animal species to choose the male who is physically the strongest or the best fighter to mate with. This helps ensure that her young will be strong, and in turn, will help ensure that the genes contributed by her will be protected. It also makes sense for a male to eliminate other males while they are young as they are potential future competitors for procreation. However, this strategy might have proven counterproductive in humans because of our one characteristic which is incomparable with that of any other animal, our intelligence. The intelligent are not always physically strong or able to fight. It would be counterproductive for natural selection to eliminate genes that contribute to our higher intelligence by killing those that are smarter but weaker.

Perhaps somewhere in human evolutionary history, a mutation occurred that allowed a man to develop a sexual attraction to boys. If he procreated heterosexually even once, he could have passed on that gene to future generations. It is possible that such a gene is now, for the most part, passed on by male and female carriers of the gene in whom the gene is not active.

Why would natural selection preserve such a gene? How could it have contributed to the survival of the human species? If a boylover existed as part of a human group or family where the gene was present, he would have been compelled by his attraction to the boys in the group to be with them and protect them from others. This would have helped those boys survive into adulthood. Most would have grown up to be heterosexual and would have passed on their genes and possibly the boylove gene to children of their own. This gene would not always be active. Genetic traits can skip generations.

In addition to a boylover's attraction to boys, it appears that some boys are able to sense instinctively when a man is attracted to them. When a boy loses a parent, this instinct almost certainly becomes stronger. The presence of a loving and protective adult male will help a boy to survive, be healthy and learn from his teachings.

Therefore, the boylove sexual orientation is unlikely to exist as the result of a mental or genetic deficit, but more likely as the result of natural selection. Through natural selection, boylove helps to ensure the survival of boys, and thus the human species.

---

<http://magazine.boylover.net/>