



ISSUE #3 • JULY 2007

An Interview with DLW
Boylover Fathers
Interracial Boylove
The Psychology of Boylove
Surviving Prison as a Boylover
The Speedo

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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, please contact 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

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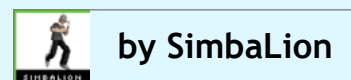
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An Interview with DLW



This interview with DLW was conducted in May 2007. DLW was a founding member of Boylover.net, and has served as Moderator, Administrator, Director, and Advisor. He also owns the DLW-BL.com website.

SimbaLion: *When did you originally decide to create a boylove website? How did you think your site would differ from others?*

DLW: I created the website as a pet project about 4 years ago. Nothing special was meant by it - it was me playing about with HTML. It used to be a sub-domain of my personal website, but as my YF's and work colleagues knew about my personal site, and it had too much that could lead to me, I decided to move it to its own domain name. As DLW.com was not available, I played around a while, and found DLW-BL.com was available. The rest is history!

Many of the original sites were around, such as JPP, Boylinks and Boylover.net. There were a lot of sites around, but one I loved was Shergy.com (sadly now well and truly gone). It was a great personal site, but when it got linked to Boylinks, its bandwidth went through the roof. The owner could not keep up with the costs, and sadly decided to delete the site. A real shame.

What did I want to do that was different? I guess I wanted to just play - I never thought it would be different, or even any good. I never even thought it would be online for 4 years!

I want to thank [early Boylover.net member] Bie-babeloeba, who created a jazzy new look for the site a couple of years back, turning a drab, badly coded site, into something a little more powerful

and colourful. The site looked awesome, but I felt a bit of a traitor to my own site, having someone else coding it - and, with the extra bits on my site, it did run quite slowly - so I decided to go back to basics, and created the greyscale site that most people know. It was all hand-coded in Notepad, which meant it had no weird or extra coding in it, and therefore loaded quicker. With the site now quite popular, this was essential to reduce the monthly bandwidth.

SL: *At the time, did you have any idea of the potential consequences of starting your own boylove website, especially one with your own initials attached? Do the positive things that the website has done outweigh the problems it has brought you?*

DLW: I never really thought much about it, as I never expected it to get as much bandwidth as it got. I have only had minor inconveniences through the website - such as "have a go heroes" sending rude, offensive, or nasty emails to me through the site. As for my own initials - well, everyone knows DLW through the boards, and so the site was a kind of extension of that.

I would say, on balance, the positives of the site well outweighed the limited negatives.

SL: *What do you see as the future of online boylove community? Five or ten years from now, will community forum sites like Boylover.net continue to exist and serve an important purpose?*

DLW: I think within 5-10 years, not a huge amount will change. I think it's a long process, and change WILL happen, but the time-scale will be huge. Will forums such as Boylover.net continue? I would like to think so, yes. Unless technology moves to other things, or unless laws come into place to deny free speech, then I seriously do hope that community sites will remain.

Will they serve an important purpose? Yes. I recall being 18 and unsure of myself, although I knew I loved boys, even from age 12. I found the boylover scene to be a god-send. There are always other kids growing up, finding themselves, and I think as long as sites like Boylover.net remain, then they will be of use to the newer generations.

[SL: You have experienced something that most boylovers have nightmares about: a visit from the police. When the police visited and told you why they were there, what was your initial reaction?](#)

DLW: At the time, I was in shock. It's always something that you half expect - "the knock" is always at the back of your mind in life as a boylover, especially one who is fairly well known. In the cell, I had time alone - and believe me, for those who have never been in a cell before, it's a daunting and harassing place to be. It really brings home the horror of being in trouble. As someone who was in high level management, you are trained to deal with almost anything, and, at the time, I did that, reverting to professional levels, and dealing politely, even to the point of cracking jokes as the police went through my possessions. It hadn't sunk in then.

The true detail of the issue didn't really hit me until I got home. I am not too proud to admit it was the first time I had sat and cried for a number of years. The various scenarios that go through

your head are endless. Needless to say, you think your life is over - and to many degrees, it is. Even without a single charge being made, I lost my job, and therefore, through finances, I lost my house. I moved to a small flat in a rough area. The nightmare of the legal situation was reduced by the nightmare of "guilty until proven innocent" that my employer used, and others around me.

[SL: The legal proceeding changed your career prospects, and it also resulted in your never being able to work around children again. How have you adapted to these changes?](#)

DLW: When you go through a legal battle, then you get time to adapt slowly. The legal battle in the UK can take a couple of years - and as such, it gives you time to think. I don't think you ever 100% adapt to changes being forced on you - whether it be losing your job through redundancy, or having a car accident that changes your life. I do miss working with kids, as I think I was actually pretty good with them. (I think it's a great trait in many boylovers and girlovers, in that they relate much better with kids, and therefore can work well with them.) After a couple of years at the bottom, I am starting to climb the ladder again, and although I will likely never get back to where I was, at least I can rebuild my life as much as possible.

[SL: How did people around you react to your arrest - friends, family, co-workers, and so on. Did anyone's response truly surprise you?](#)

DLW: Some people took it well, and others completely cut all contact with me. I guess it takes something like this in order to work out who your true and real friends are. I guess what surprised me was some of the people who I assumed would walk away without looking back, actually became ardent supports of me, and allowed me to express

my point of view. My co-workers from pre-arrest covered their own backs by becoming (insert rude word here) towards me, and even going so far as to make false allegations, also known as “kicking you whilst you are down”. Needless to say, I have never made an attempt to contact them since. With an arrest, your life changes drastically, and in my own case, those whom I lost, stayed lost. I was lucky in many respects in the fact that I was in a city where I am not known, which meant that I was just another faceless person in a crowd. Had the arrest taken place whilst I was at my previous address, then I could imagine significantly different outcomes, as I still have a lot of friends who don’t actually know about the case. Sometimes, being partly hobo can have its good points.

SL: As much as you feel able to, please tell us about the circumstances that led up to your arrest. I know, for example, that you view what happened as an example of why boylovers should keep computer information secure.

DLW: I was investigated due to an online contact keeping chat logs. In the chat log, we chatted about various things that he had been done for, and I offered my contact details to him, in case he needed a shoulder to cry on. Sadly, when he was further investigated, they looked again at his PC, discovered this log, and assumed that, because he had child porn on his machine, then I would as well. The information was passed to the UK police, who then went ahead to investigate.

One thing that I ALWAYS say to people - DON'T EVER KEEP CHAT LOGS!

SL: Did you ever have any further contact with this online contact? What did you say to him - or, if you didn't get a chance to talk, what would you like to have said to him?

DLW: Sadly, I lost contact with him, as he then ended up spending quite some time in jail in America, where he will be for quite some time. What would I like to say to him? Well, to be fair - I cannot actually blame him, as I don't know his side. He may have been key-logged, therefore revealing the chat - or, if he really DID save it, then the only thing I would like to have said is “You're a Muppet.” Seriously though, the reason for being raided was due to possible carelessness of the other party. The reason for my being prosecuted however, was down to things *I* had done, and I cannot blame anyone other than myself for that. In short, I would like to say to him that he should not blame himself for anything that happened to me. However, in the future, be a little more security conscious.

SL: This is something that you've talked about before, but I'm sure it must still be difficult to discuss. As you were going through the legal process, you thought of taking your own life. Was there one final thing that brought you to that point, or was it an accumulation of things?

DLW: The thought of taking your own life is one that many boylovers go through, even without legal trouble. The way society looks down on us is such that many people are depressed to a point near suicidal.

I was actually further than many people knew, along the suicide route. I actually had stood at the top of a bridge, looking down. I had driven my car at 130 mph towards a motorway bridge, with intent to crash. I had piped my exhaust into my car, in the garage. Luckily, all failed - and the only serious attempt was the exhaust fumes. It put me in hospital for a week, and even now I have some side effects of it (my memory was always crap, but now it's even worse!).

The accumulation of hassle and stress brought on by the legal process was such that every day began to become a chore - and the fear of the unknown, and especially the fear of going to prison, was such that suicide did, at one time, feel like the only sensible way out.

Have I fully recovered from this? Probably not, as I can still have suicidal thoughts from time to time - however, one thing I learned is that I have good friends, and suicide is a very selfish and horrendous action to take - and one that I will not take in the future, especially thanks to those who visited me in hospital, and those who sent good wishes through the boards.

SL: When did you say to yourself, in effect, "Suicide is no longer an option. Let me get on with life"? Was there a magic moment, or did this resolve come over time?

DLW: After failing, the desire to try again was high. Things such as "you failed once - make sure you do the job right this time" go through your head. To change from that to "let's get on with life" is a really slow and gradual process. You can still have down/low days, but over time, wounds heal, things fade into insignificance and with good friends, you realise that there are things to look forwards to, rather than looking back in despair.

SL: Now that more than a year has passed, do you feel that you have fully recovered from this traumatic time in your life? How did these experiences change you as a person, and how did it affect your feelings about being a boylover, or your attraction to boys?

DLW: Fully recovered is never possible. I think everyone is a sum of all the events in their lives. I will never be who I was, and sadly, I will never have the same lifestyle.

I am now far less trusting of people, and also, far more arrogant, and less concerned with others. Sadly, a side effect of being burned is that you no longer care about being burnt again. You take more care in some things, but in my own circumstances, I am now far less resilient, far less caring, and far less ambitious.

My attraction to boys has not changed however. One thing that has changed is that, as someone who now has a conviction, I have become less able to deal with boys in real life. I have become scared of having a close YF, due to the damage the legal system would have on his life, if a friendship was found out. Luckily, all my YF's are now of legal age, and our relationships were always 100% platonic, anyway.

SL: One thing I find remarkable and even admirable is that you continue to keep your name and picture out there, as if to say "Yes, I am a boylover. So go fuck yourself." You experienced this terrible nightmare, but have emerged from it. Are you a stronger person than you were before the ordeal began?

DLW: Once I was arrested and charged, I saw no reason to hide any more. Although I was not going to go through a city centre shouting "I am a boylover, how cool is that?" I no longer saw a need to be a dark, unknown figure. I didn't see a need to change my name, or pretend to be someone else. After all, I have used DLW for some years now, and I am not going to let others suppress me. Am I stronger for it? I don't know. I am wiser and more careful, and I am also less paranoid. Some may say I am stupid, and I have to agree that there is a fine line between stupid and bold. I think I am on the right side, but as the line is not a clear one - it's certainly not something I would suggest everyone do.

SL: Who have been some important boys in your life? How was your relationship with current or former young-friends and special young-friends challenged or strengthened by your period of ordeal?

DLW: All the boys I knew were important in my life. The ones whom I have a great deal of respect for are those whom I managed to make a difference to. The one boy whom I managed to get to go on a once-in-a-lifetime trip to another country - that was a life changing experience for him. The one boy who was able to confide in me about his parental break-up, and how it was "all his fault." Being someone who was adopted anyway, he always considered it his fault that his parents split up. Luckily, with conversation and a lot of time, he realised it was not his fault - and that helped his relationship with his parents. It took a while, and I worked hard with him and his parents to solve it, but the outcome was worth the effort.

Sadly, not all of my YF's were so lucky. One I feel I failed was a boy who looked up to me, confided in me, and listened to my advice. When I moved away (a decision I have always regretted), he went off the rails, and turned into the child from hell to his parents (something he was always on the verge of, but whilst I was there, I was able to calm him down, and give him a place to run to when things got too much at home).

My relationship with my YF's now, after my ordeal, has been unchanged. Luckily, they are all adults now, and therefore not affected by the stupid UK laws that offenders are subjected to. If they were younger, however, I would have had to cut all contact, in fear of them being harassed and interrogated by the police, and this would have, certainly in my eyes, have caused a lot of harm to them.

SL: As for many of us, your AOA [age of attraction] has evolved over the years, to the point where you seem almost equally attracted to men as you are to boys. There are benefits to a higher AOA - you can legally have sex with people you find attractive! Does your evolving AOA change how you think of yourself as a boylover? Can you imagine a day when the word "boylover" might not even apply to you any more?

DLW: My AOA has increased - that's for sure - although it's still about the same starting age, of about 11/12. Boys under that age have become less attractive to me though, as I no longer spend any time with boys. As I got older, my top end has increased, and also, partially because I always abstained from sexual intercourse, I felt that I was not getting younger, and therefore decided that I had desires and feelings that I could not ignore. As boys are taboo, sexually, and I have no sexual attraction to females, the only option was men! And yes, I can be a bit of a whore nowdays. My main attraction is, and always will be, boys - although I see men more as a sexual outlet, rather than a deep romantic involvement. If I could have sex with a 14 year old, and it was consensual, legal and there were no moral issues, then he would win over an 18 year old, every time. As for 49 year old men (yes, I have been there!), they can be fun, but it's purely a physical action.

SL: So it sounds like any boylover who visits you could potentially have a fucking good time.

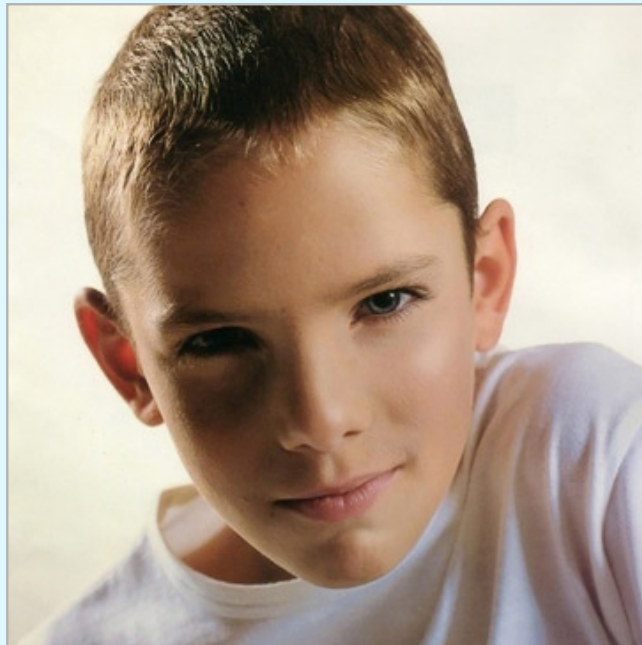
DLW: When you visit me, you can answer that yourself. I have the lube here, so you won't need anything.

SL: You are known for taking pictures of boys, but no longer do so as much as before. Why is this so?

DLW: Mainly because I had to sell my decent camera! As with the website - if a job's worth doing, it's worth doing well. I could never do a good job with a cheap, crap camera, certainly not a job that I would be happy with. Also, as I am known to the police, and have a conviction, it would be foolish of me to continue this hobby, as the police would not be overly happy to see me doing this, and they already give me enough hassle without further provoking them.

SL: Do you have a favourite picture of a boy that you would care to share? What's the story behind this picture?

DLW: Harry was sent to me by a friend, and I instantly fell in love with his face. I have never seen another image of him, other than the one above - which probably feeds the intrigue. He is not even my "ideal" boy - for example, no dimples, wrong colour hair, etc, but there is a cheekiness that shines through the picture. He seems to have a personality, and he also seems to be confident, yet friendly - the type that would make an ideal YF. Is this my favourite picture of all time? I don't know. Every time I see a picture, it can be my new fave. However, Harry has been with me for a few years, and I still love the picture.



SL: How do you define beauty in a boy?

DLW: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. To some, long curly blonde hair is beauty. To others - a hot naked torso is beauty.

I don't always agree. There is more than one type of beautiful boy. There is physically beautiful - which is something that everyone who knows me in real life will agree, my opinions on this change with the wind, and sometimes more often than that! However, generally - physical beauty for me is dark spiked hair, a well defined face and jaw line, dimples (oooooh, dimples!), a few freckles and great eyes. A face, to me, makes the boy. A great body is nice, but an awesome face will normally be followed by an awesome body anyway!

The other type of beauty in a boy is deeper beauty. Someone who is not necessarily physically attractive or at least not DDG

(drop dead gorgeous!) looking. However, there is something special about him. I cannot explain it. Sometimes - the boy just has something about him that defies words, emotions or explanation. You get on with him, and yet, neither of you can explain it. Once you get to this level, you know you have a YF for life. Age no longer is a barrier - and this could well be what's caused

my AOA to increase, as the boy I feel this special bond with grows into a man, so does my AOA. For a boy whom you have had a special bond with (and no, not a sexual one), you will ALWAYS find them beautiful.

Is love blind? Yes, it is. My YF's are certainly no angels - and some would call them thugs, chavs or even neighbourhood pains. The fact is, they are special. Now, that's real beauty.

Interracial Boylove



by Master of Puppets

The year was 1981. A very angry 11 year old boy begins sixth grade. The boy is angry because 2 years before he was repeatedly raped, and this particular year, he is beginning his second year as a boy prostitute. The boy is also a drug addict, pills mostly. But underlying all this is the fact that, for his entire school career, he was the one who was picked on. But this particular fall he discovers that his large frame actually gives him some benefits, as has the fact that he is undergoing the changes of puberty. The boy begins to fight anyone who looks at him wrong, and is threatened with expulsion if he does not join the school wrestling club/team. He agrees to do so.

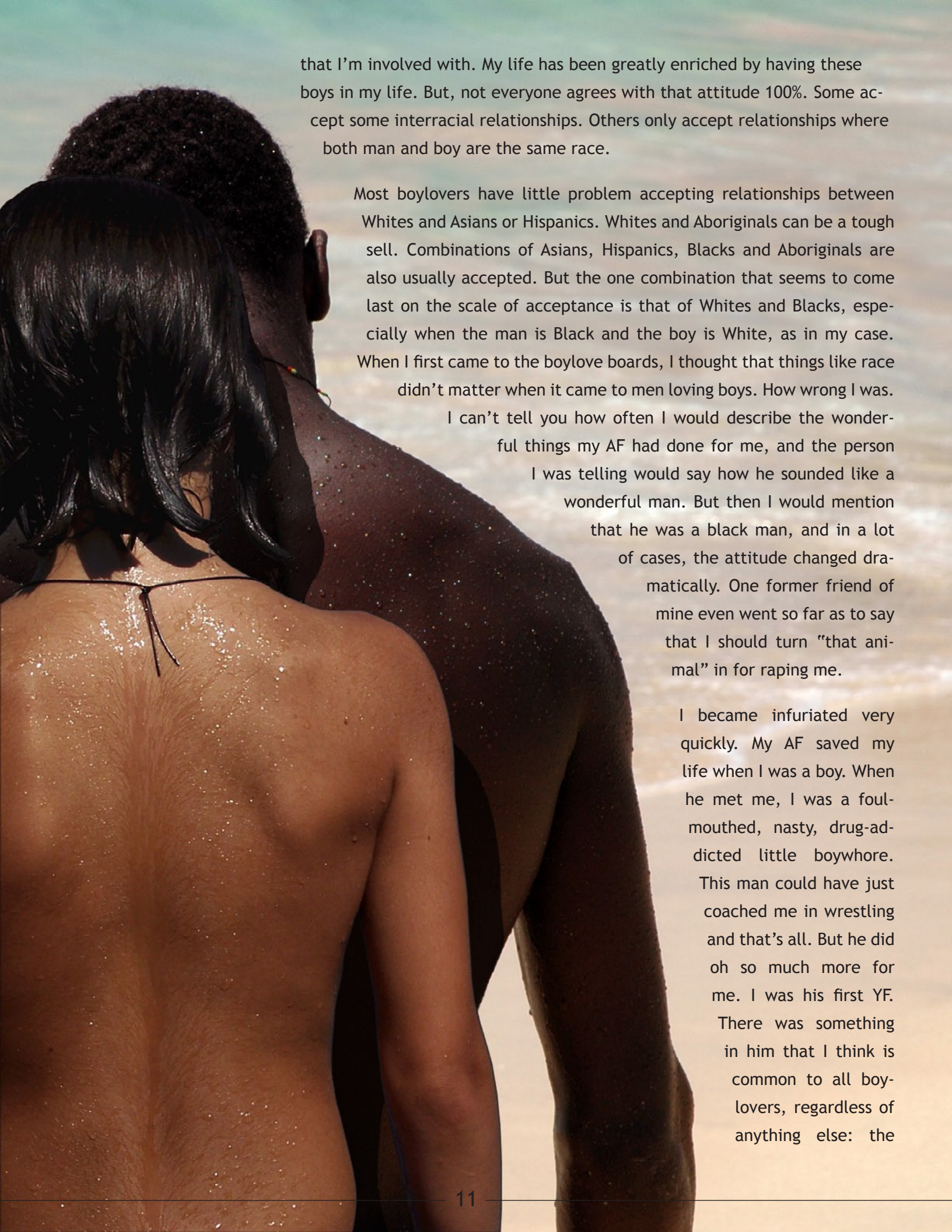
The boy keeps his word and goes out for wrestling. He is off the scale when it comes to aggressiveness, but his lack of skill and experience unfortunately makes him a terrible wrestler. The boy becomes frustrated and is on the verge of quitting. Until one day, he goes to practice and sees a new adult coaching. He, being gay, feels a strange attraction to the man, and is pleased when the head coach tells him that the new assistant coach is going to be working with him one-on-one, beginning with that practice.

The two fall in love, as so many men and boys have done over the centuries. The man has never loved a boy before and the boy, despite his vast sexual experience, has never really loved a man before. The boy tells the man of his past, and because of this, the man consciously keeps things slow in the physical realm, much slower than the boy wants. But after 5 months, they finally make love for

the first time, and continue to do so until the boy moves away at age 13. The boy never forgets the man and even as an adult himself, keeps in contact with him. The man would go on to have many other relationships with boys that need his love, and the boy grew up to have many such relationships with boys himself.

As I said, the above happened in 1981. Now I am sure that there were many such relationships that began that year, as there is every year. Although the history books will never tell you, most if not all ancient societies included some form of intergenerational relationships between males. But what made the above relationship much different from others formed that year is the fact that the man and the boy were of different races. The boy was white and the man was black. I was the 11 year boy mentioned above, the man was my AF.

Interracial boylove occurs when a man of one race enters into a relationship with a boy of another race. In my case, the combination was black and white. There can also be various combinations including Hispanics, Asians, or even Aboriginal peoples. I have had the privilege of having relationships with boys of all the above races, and I treasure those relationships. Don't get me wrong, I like white boys as well, but most of these come from my own culture, so the lens through which we view the world is basically the same. But, with boys of other races, there is that difference a lot of times in the way we view the world, so I have the chance to learn about the culture of the boy



that I'm involved with. My life has been greatly enriched by having these boys in my life. But, not everyone agrees with that attitude 100%. Some accept some interracial relationships. Others only accept relationships where both man and boy are the same race.

Most boylovers have little problem accepting relationships between Whites and Asians or Hispanics. Whites and Aboriginals can be a tough sell. Combinations of Asians, Hispanics, Blacks and Aboriginals are also usually accepted. But the one combination that seems to come last on the scale of acceptance is that of Whites and Blacks, especially when the man is Black and the boy is White, as in my case. When I first came to the boylove boards, I thought that things like race didn't matter when it came to men loving boys. How wrong I was.

I can't tell you how often I would describe the wonderful things my AF had done for me, and the person I was telling would say how he sounded like a wonderful man. But then I would mention that he was a black man, and in a lot of cases, the attitude changed dramatically. One former friend of mine even went so far as to say that I should turn "that animal" in for raping me.

I became infuriated very quickly. My AF saved my life when I was a boy. When he met me, I was a foul-mouthed, nasty, drug-addicted little boywhore. This man could have just coached me in wrestling and that's all. But he did oh so much more for me. I was his first YF. There was something in him that I think is common to all boylovers, regardless of anything else: the

desire to help out a boy who needs it. He did that to the best of his ability. Despite all the taboos that he knew he was breaking, he made the choice to love a needy little White boy back to life again. He felt my pain and he helped heal it. It was him who taught me how to love a boy with all one's being. And it infuriates me that some people would call our relationship wrong because of the color of his skin.

Love is the important issue in any relationship between two people, but its importance skyrockets in man/boy relationships. A lot of the boys we will involve ourselves with will not be the most classically beautiful. They will not come from the best homes. They won't have the most money. Some won't have new or even clean clothes. And some will even smell bad. But they have one thing in common. They need US to love them unconditionally.

Love is patient and kind.

Love is not jealous, it does not brag,
and it is not proud.

Love is not rude, is not selfish
and does not get upset with others.

Love does not count up wrongs
that have been done.

Love is not happy with evil,
but is happy with the truth.

Love patiently accepts all things.

It always trusts, always hopes
and always remains strong.

Love never ends.

Corinthians 13:4-8a

This is a radical kind of love, my brothers. It is hard to live up to, and as I was writing the words above, I was chastened by how often I fail to live up to them. But this is the love that we are called to give to our boys. This is the love that will change the world, one boy at a time. This is what they need from us. We will screw things up because we're human, but the above is what we **MUST** strive for.

My Life as a Disabled Boylover

I was born disabled with no use of my legs, and limited use of my arms. This was as a result of my Mother's pregnancy problems. I was now being cared for by my Grandparents as both my parents were busy working.



by Stefano.

As a very young child I behaved quite normally in crawling and getting about, but of course without much success. After my parents noticed problems with my mobility, they took me to a special medical centre for help. Eventually, after many tests and examinations, I was diagnosed as Spastic.

At age 6 I started elementary school, of course in a wheelchair. I found that my classmates, especially the girls, were over-protective towards me. This behaviour I objected to, and tried to push them away. I felt that I was normal both emotionally and intellectually, and did not need their attention, even though it was well meant. At this time I started to recognise my sexual feelings towards boys of my own age, especially their feet, shoes, socks etc.

At age 10 I went to see my physical therapist to ask her about my physical future. I told her I needed to know the truth as to whether i would ever walk. She said that with current technology, and medical knowledge, there was no chance of ever walking. As I have never experienced walking, my reaction was of acceptance rather than of anger.

Soon after I started Middle High School, and had no difficulties educationally, and had positive relationships with both teachers and classmates. I was becoming more aware of my sexual attraction towards boys of my own age and younger. In fact I was lusting after many boys at school.

At age 11 I had my first sexual contact with another boy, who was 3 years younger than me. This took place on holiday, and after physical contact by way of playfighting. He allowed me to put my hand down the front of his trousers. Also at this time, my Father was killed in a car accident, which did affect my psychologically, and I needed treatment for depression. At this time I felt that my disability did affect my sexual desires, because my Grandparents were very protective of me, and I did not have the freedom to pursue interactions with my friends, thereby causing some frustration in my developing sexuality. To be over-protected, even though it was with great love, is so restricting, not to mention frustrating.

As far as interaction with boys is concerned, I suppose I am an object of curiosity at times. But also the fact that I am in a wheelchair does have positives in this regard, as it's a good ice breaker. I also think that to have a YF who is disabled, or to have any friend that is disabled, makes for better understanding of the problems, and to be more open-minded.

Being a boylover has helped me recognise my way forward in my life. For example, I am now studying Developmental Psychology in order to help children with problems similar to my own, including family problems and sexual problems. Also recognising who and what I am has helped me to move forward positively, even though choices are obviously somewhat limited.

Evil Killer – Destructor Del Mal

WARNING: This material may be offensive to some. Certain images and descriptions might be considered excessively "raw." Owing to its possibly disturbing



by Xaman-Ek

nature, this story is not recommended for readers under 13 years old. ADVERTENCIA: Este material puede resultar ofensivo para algunos criterios, algunas imágenes así como párrafos pueden llegar a ser considerados excesivamente "crudos". Debido a la información que puede derivarse de su libre interpretación, el contenido de este tópic puede llegar a ser perturbador para ciertas personas. No se recomienda su observación para menores de 13 años.



You appear.

...

Now I know what I am.

Now you are close to me,
and life dawns...

Apareces tú.

...

Ahora se lo que soy,

ahora que estás cerca de mi,
amanece mi vida...

English translation by Kboy and SimbaLion

I accept that you will touch my soul,
I surrender to your capricious will.
I hope that I can manage this change -
there is no revolution without loss.
My ashes will be clay in your hands,
you...

evill killer:

Acepto que trastocarás mi alma,
me entrego a tu caprichosa voluntad,
ilusamente creo venir un cambio manejable,
no hay revolución sin perdidas,
sean mis cenizas la arcilla en tus manos,
tú...

destructor del mal:



Moved by the strength of your desires, the goal of my own fantasies, you leap on me and tear my at my settled convictions. Your pale chest cannot be contained, and reveals your delicious slenderness. Your magical eyes cause my senses to explode, while the intensity of your red lips torture me with unintended cruelty. Being kissed by you would be a torture, but would also make me feel alive.

Impulsado por la fuerza de tus deseos, la consumación de mis florituras, te lanzas sobre mi y desgarras impío mis burguesas convicciones, tu pálido pecho brota incontenible anunciando tu deleitable delgadez, inicia la explosión de los sentidos que tus mágicas pupilas solicitan mientras tus rojamente intensos labios se apresuran hacia la sádica tortura que desconoces es en mi saberse vivo.



The palms of our hands collide and point to the vault of heaven above us. They are tightly bound in desperate battle, and squirm in the violent convulsions of our duel, which we fight on the fresh pulpit of my fantasies and your transparent discoveries.

You turn your head and suppress my restrained attacks with insane clarity. Your thin, sweet, sinful neck and I try to communicate with unsuccessful eloquence as we move, but we prefer to dance to the rhythm of disturbed breathing, the music that invigorates the fury of conquest.

Las palmas de tus manos y las mías chocan apuntando hacia la bóveda celeste que nos cobija, entrelazándose con desesperación para arrastrarse en vaivenes violentos sobre el fresco púlpito de mis fantasías y tus transparentes descubrimientos.

Giras tu cabeza desnudando a mis ataques reprimidos por una insana cordura tu delgado cuello de sabor a dulce pecado, intentamos decir algo emotivo, fútilmente elocuente, pero preferimos

danzar al ritmo de una agitada respiración que es la música que vigoriza la furia de la conquista.



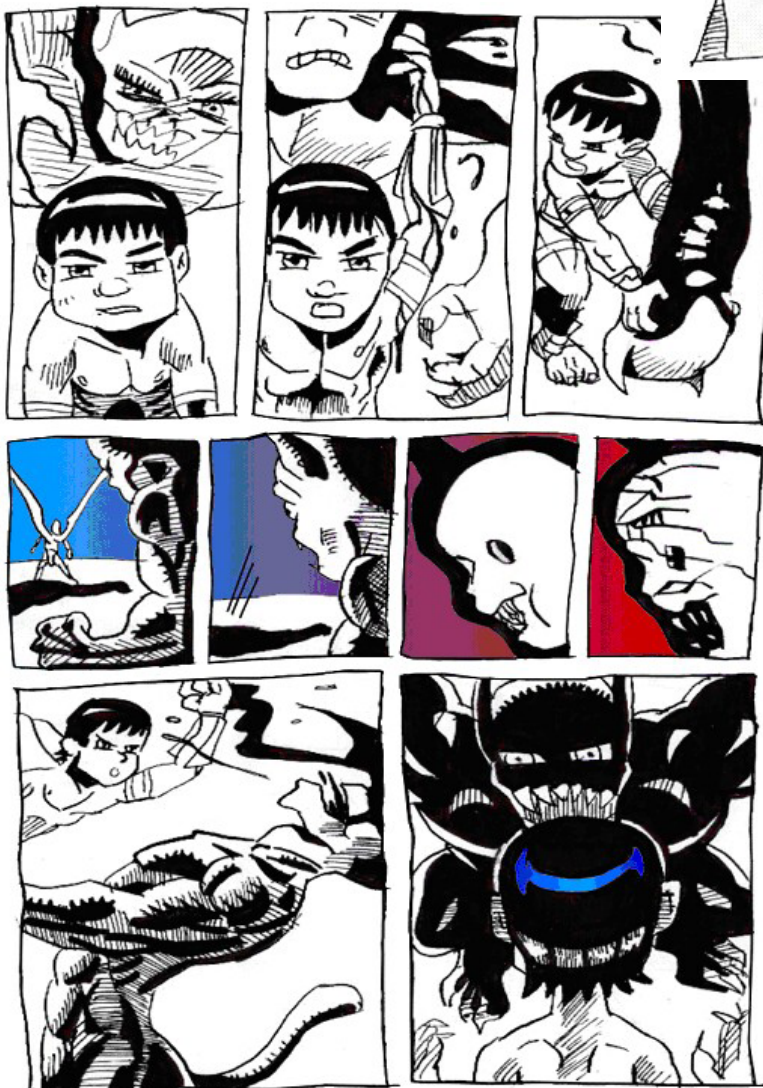
Like a leech, I will suck the wisdom of your superior thoughts, and my misguided understanding of your existence will be annihilated, while your gaze is fixed on the horizon. Now I know there is no return. I have tasted forbidden fruit from seeing you naked. Now your soul is open to my senses, and I can see your motives, your limits, your deepest secrets - just as you are savagely destroying everything that I believed was safe...

Como una sanguijuela succionaré la sabiduría que tus convencionalismos irradian, tu mirada se extravía en el infinito aniquilando la torpe interpretación que doy a la suma de momentos que se es tu existencia. Ahora se que el viaje no tiene marcha atrás, he comido del fruto prohibido, ahora puedo verte desnudo, ya que es tangible a mis sentidos tu alma, puedo ver tus motivaciones, tus limites, tus más íntimos secretos, mientras tú salvajemente arrasas con todo aquello que creí en mi resguardado...



You release my hands and place yours at my back, burying your small fingernails in my skin. You drag your fingers up and down as if making furrows. Small white scratches appear and maybe some drops of blood escape, but you don't care, because you know pain is the path you have prepared for me to reach man's ultimate purpose: overcoming the prison of flesh and blood.

Sueltas mis manos y llevas las tuyas a mi espalda, enterrando tus pequeñas uñas en mi piel, como tratando de hacer surcos las deslizas de arriba hacia abajo, pequeños rasguños blancos nacen y quizá algunas gotas de mi sangre escapen, ello no te importa, pues sabes que mi dolor es el camino que me has preparado para alcanzar el fin último del hombre: rebasar las barrera de la prisión de la carne y la sangre.



Your toes flex with their own rhythm, while your hairless legs and the remainder of your body encircle the universe, flatten and twist it, and remove the ties that society wrongly thought would be enough to prevent you from taking control of the world that you make more your own each day. Each of your heartbeats announces the beginning of the end.

Los dedos de tus pies descalzos se separan y contraen arrítmicamente, mientras tus lampiñas piernas, al igual que el resto de tu cuerpo, abarcan el universo, lo compactan y manipulan a su antojo tras despojarse de las ataduras que la sociedad ha creído erróneamente suficientes para iniciar el rito de tomar el control del mundo que haces cada vez más tuyo, cada vez que cada uno de los latidos de tu corazón anuncian el principio del fin.

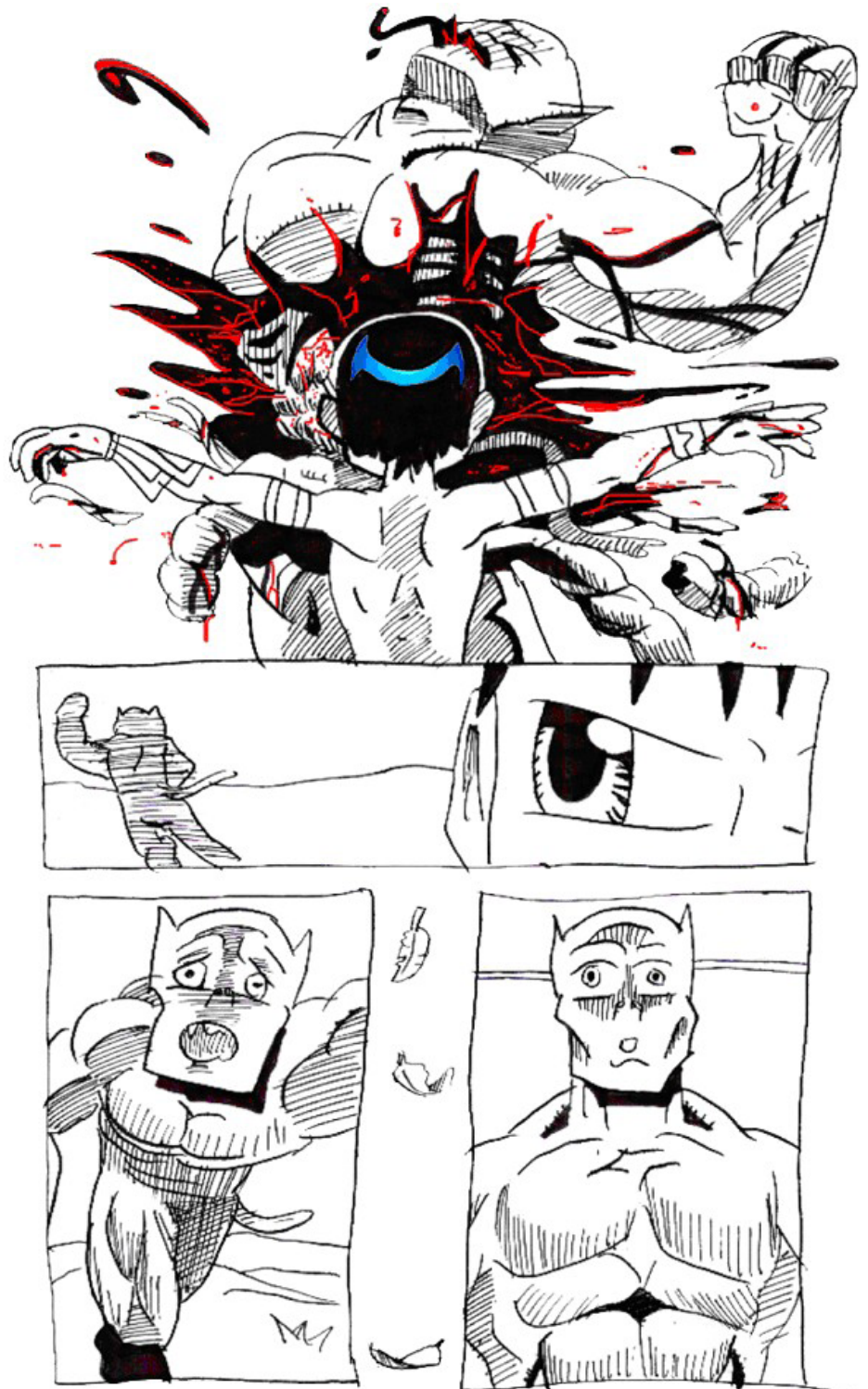
Now that I have awoken, I have discovered the one I dreamt of, an innocent messenger unaware of my unimportance, who deliberately exposes himself so I can appreciate all his beauty. Boy, you are the light, the dawn and the fall, perdition and redemption, alpha and omega - you are the messenger announcing my death. I have discovered life in you, and I must discover every hidden part of your nobility, while the rest of my consciousness travels and grasps you with all the freedom of my sincere love, longing for you to stay as firm in your convictions as columns in a Greek temple.

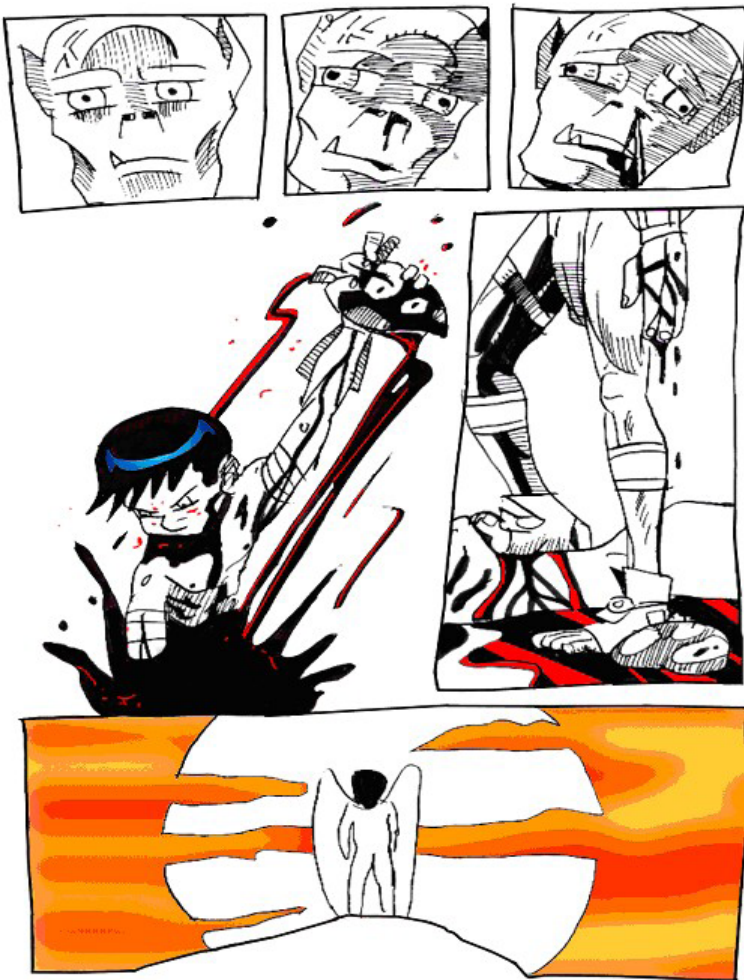
He hallado despierto a quien soñaba como un tímido mensajero ajeno a mis trivialidades y sin dudarlo se le desenmascara para apreciar toda su belleza: niño, eres la luz, el alba y el ocaso, perdición y redención, alfa y omega, eres el mensajero que anuncia mi muerte al descubrir en ti la vida, me he de ocupar de satisfacer cada punto oculto bajo tu grandeza, al mismo tiempo el resto de mis capacidades se encargan de recorrer y aprisionarte con toda la libertad de mi sincero amor en tanto te mantienes tan firme en sus convicciones como una columna griega.



Your chest makes me surrender. I clumsily caress the entirety of your body with my thoughts, while with the wetness of my lips I timidly pronounce your name to know that - just for now - you can be understood by words, and therefore comprehensible to humble humans. I will mount each of the two small protrusions on your chest; I will grab them, press them with my teeth. I will also caress with the tip of my tongue the magic of yours that resides in their peaks. Your existence is as malleable as the inspiration given by the gods. Then, suddenly, you arch your back and crack it against the floor like a whip. You beat me unexpectedly. You try to cry for mercy from the excess of sweetness we experience, even though we have barely connected. For one moment, I'm terrified because you don't know the end either; but your easy manner is a sweet dagger that cuts off my hesitations.

Tu pecho me hace sucumbir, sin merecerlo recorro torpemente con mis maquinaciones toda la extensión de tu soberbio torso en tanto que con la humedad de mis labios pronuncio tímidamente tu nombre para saberte por un instante limitado por las palabras y por ende comprensible a los burdos mortales, recorreré cada una de las dos pequeñas prominencias que tu pecho tiene; aprisionaré, oprimiré con mis dientes, además acariciaré en su cúspide con la punta de mi lengua la magia de tu ser tan voluble como la inspiración que regalan los dioses; entonces crudamente arqueas tu espalda para inmediatamente azotarla contra el suelo como si fuese un látigo, me apaleas con un acto inesperado: tratas de pedir clemencia por el exceso de delectación que experimentamos y que apenas y ambos podemos asimilar, por un segundo me aterra saber que tú tampoco sabes el final; pero tu despreocupación al respecto es una dulce daga que cercena mis vacilaciones.



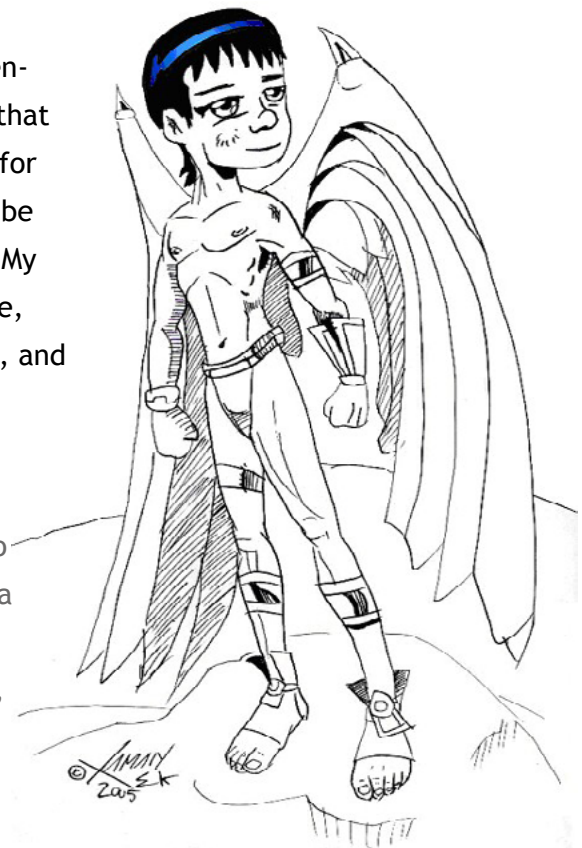


You silently scream as you gaze at the infinity. You put your hands on my head to grab my hair, as if it were a matter of life and death. You pull my hair furiously. Some of it comes off at the roots while the rest bravely resists your attacks.

A pungent sweat, full of your childish aroma, emerges from your pores. I prevent it from being contaminated by contact with the world around us, and make it mine. It begins the fusion that gives you my soul while draining your liquid experience out of me.

Gritas sin emitir sonidos mirando hacia el infinito, llevas tus manos a mi cabeza para asir mis cabellos como si de ello dependiera tu vida, jalas mi cabellera furiosamente estimulado, algunos cabellos se desprenden de raíz mientras el resto soporta valiente tus embates. Un nítido sudor cargado de tu infante aroma brota por tus poros, no doy oportunidad de que se contamine con la fricción limitante del entorno y lo hago mío, ha iniciado la fusión que hace tuya mi alma así como también hace nacer de mi tu líquida experiencia.

I accept my defeat by your attacks. I succumb to my loss, I have surrendered my senses and ideas. I have lost my life. You have snatched all that I built over centuries. I have ceased to exist in what was only a game for you. You have shown me the truth, and now the dark uncertainty will be my way. You have killed me by letting me know what it is to be alive. My senses have surpassed their barriers. You have bled me, challenged me, insulted me, disturbed me, ridiculed me, broken me, transformed me, and you have purified me. You, yes you!: evil and killer, evil, Evil Killer!!
 Acepto mi derrota a tus embates, asimilo mi capitulación, he sucumbido en sentidos e ideas; he perdido mi vida, me has arrebatado todo lo que en siglos construí, he dejado de existir en lo que para ti ha sido sólo un juego; me has mostrado la verdad de las cosas, ahora la oscura incertidumbre será mi devenir, me has matado haciéndome saber lo que es vivir, mis sentidos han rebasado sus barreras, me has sangrado, vejado, ultrajado, perturbado, descarnado, quebrado, trastocado, y finalmente purificado, tú, ¡sí tú!: ¡destructor, ¡destructor del mal!!



Surviving Prison as a Boylover

A description of life for a boylover in prison isn't complete without first knowing how life for the boylover was before prison.



by Alex Brenner

Hi, I'm Alex and I'm a boylover. No, this is not the prologue to some 12 step program, but it could be. Being a boylover has never been easy for me or for anyone I know with the same orientation. Notice I didn't say 'sexual?' The reason for this is simple; a lot of boylovers are not sexually fixated or oriented to having such events rule the relationship of man and boy, or teen and boy.

Such was hardly the case with me. I can't remember exactly when I discovered the jewel of such pleasures, but I do remember several encounters with other boys, mostly because I was a willing candidate for experimentation and then continued secret involvement. It was something that took over many aspects of my young life. I found that I liked other boys and that most other boys were curious enough to allow me to share with them what I had learned about such things. Because of where we lived, my young life was void of other boys knocking on the door to ask my mother or father if I could come out to play. Therefore I was one of those kids who couldn't wait to go to the babysitter's house where my 'friends' would be. The curious thing about all these rendezvous was that we never got caught doing anything and we were never questioned about why we were romping about in our underwear. Nap time was especially enjoyable.

At that age, I had sense enough to know that the knowledge I'd gleaned was indeed something not spoken of in open conversation. When mom and

dad 'did it,' they closed the door and made sure my brother and I were 'sleeping.' As I grew up, there were other boys who knew things, accurate or not, about the ways of sex. These boys, without knowing it, only added fire to my thirst for learning more; Between the ages of 5 and 6 ½, sexual interaction mostly involved touching and/or playing more than anything else - mainly because I only knew about other things, but not the how.

Soon we moved from one place to another and I began to broaden my knowledge as I aged. As a boy of 7, I convinced the son of my mother's friend, a high school teen who was left to baby sit, to show me how to masturbate. The lights were out and I was nearly asleep on the couch. He was sitting at the other end and I noticed movement in an area of my own interest. So I asked him what he was doing. He told me, "Nothing," hoping I'd leave him alone, but I couldn't. I pushed, and soon my pants were off, and he was teaching me as I watched him. Soon we were in mutual sync.

I'm telling you all this just so you will know how I got to where I was, and then to where I am now. Yes, I know it's personal information, but since it's all been said and done, there is nothing extremely secret any more.

In the years between ages 7 and 9, I was mostly into self-stimulation. I'd show my friends and young relatives what I knew and we'd all have fun giggling and carrying on and just having 'boy' fun.

At the ages of 10 and 11, things changed for me. I suddenly realized that I was attracted not only to boys my own age, but to boys who were younger. This 'revelation' wasn't something new - that I liked boys - but it was a true revelation when I realized that I preferred to be around and with boys who were a bit younger than me, or who looked younger than they were. It was an attraction I couldn't fully explain. All I knew is that I now had full knowledge of not only my own body, but of any other boy's body too. I knew what felt good and what didn't, what would excite and what would push someone over the edge (so to speak). I even sought out an AF [adult friend] who would be there for me in the ways I craved.

By the time I was 12 years old I understood quite well that I dare not speak to either my father, step-mother, step-father, or mother about how I felt. There was no one to ask for guidance that would give me a straightforward answer to my many questions. I was a boy with a passion. There was not a week that went by that I didn't manipulate myself into a situation where I could be with a friend at a sleepover, or have a friend or some male relative spend the night at my house, in my room, where we could be free to do whatever our minds and bodies set us to perform. It was grand and we always enjoyed ourselves.

By the age of 14, I had heard several stories concerning child abductions and how one boy was found in the woods near our school with his privates cut out. They left him for dead. A friend, whose father worked in the police department, said he overheard his father telling his mom about the case. The boy had been sexually assaulted and then murdered. I never found out who the boy was. I was in 9th grade when that happened. Then there were stories in the newspaper and on

the news about a huge case concerning a cult who allegedly used their children for sex of every type imaginable. (It later came out that the allegations were all false, but not before some of the members had served several years in prison.)

I had several younger friends and each one was sexually active with me. We would all go to the movies together, and every few weekends one of them would sleepover with me at my mother's house. Since we normally had the house to ourselves, we engaged in all manner of play and fun. It was great! I really enjoyed those years of my life, except for the part that my parents were divorced and remarried. I had 'partners' in every neighborhood we lived in. My father's neighborhood was across town and I had several young friends there. Where my mother and step-father lived, there were at least four young friends there. In the neighborhood we lived in while my parents were going through their divorce, I had several friends. We all stayed in touch and each one was sexually active with me.

At 15 years old until 17 years old, I had younger friends and friends who were a year or two younger than me. I was involved in after-school activities with younger kids. During the summer I worked at several different youth camps as a counselor. It was fun, and I never got involved at the camp with any kid there. I was at camp to be around boys I could mentor without the thought of doing anything sexual. Outside of camp, though, was a different story.

There were more and more cases hitting the paper headlines about men who were caught having sexual encounters with boys and teens. I read one case where a guy worked at a school and had 'molested' twenty boys and all of them had come forward

when questions were asked. It didn't matter that this guy had never coerced a single boy into doing anything. The alleged molestation involved them swimming nude in his pool, with no actual intercourse.

I began to have a little fear, but it didn't stop me from continuing in a lifestyle that had become as natural to me as breathing. I'd lived it from a very early age and without being 'molested' or manipulated into feeling obligated to allow myself to be 'used' by someone for sexual pleasure.

I was caring and loving and every 'friendship' did not involve the prospect of sex. I began to realize that I honestly had real feelings; that I loved several of the 'friends' I'd been involved with for a long period of time. A few of them went through puberty with me and asked me the questions they couldn't ask their parents about. These same boys are now fathers and are not 'gay' in any way. They were not 'tainted' by their encounters with me in any way. Nevertheless, reading those things in the newspapers and seeing the evening news began to breed fear into me more and more. I sought out a religious answer and never found one. It seemed that you can't change who you are; but you can change what you do about who you are. I didn't learn this until it was too late.

Like an omen splayed out before me, I read a newspaper article about a person whose life sounded a lot like mine at the time. He was heavily involved in all kinds of child-centered activities. He hosted camping trips, hiking trips, and boating trips with the boys. He had sleepovers with several of them and they all finally broke down and told whatever story the interrogators wanted to hear, just so they'd finally be left alone.

I wanted to speak to my father about my 'issues,' but when I heard him saying terrible things about what should happen to people like me - well that put a nix on that. I had already had an encounter with my mother concerning the issue of homosexuality and how she wanted grandchildren, and how I wasn't involved with a girl at the time. (Oh I played the role of having girlfriends, but a couple of them were not aware that I and their younger brothers were heavily involved.)

Finally I became involved with a boy, a teenager, from my old neighborhood. He had grown up, and I always thought he was such a wonderful looking boy who had a great smile and awesome personality. He and I became lovers and eventually I moved in with his family. He and I shared a bed and a bedroom.

For some reason a neighbor got involved with things and noticed how close we were and how we interacted more like blood relatives than just 'friends.' The long story made short is that she cornered him one day and forced him to tell about our involvements, which she fully disapproved. After bringing the mother into the situation, it got blown way out of proportion, and I was arrested on child molestation charges. He was taken to some mental health/reconditioning facility where they convinced him that I was a terrible creature and that he was a terrible person for allowing such things to happen. (Truth be known, it was him who opened the door to our sexual involvement, but this never came out in the case.)

I was scared! The cops who had known me nearly all my life treated me as if I were an alien monster. They wanted to find a hole and put me in it but they had to follow protocol.

Heck they didn't even know what to charge me with at the time and had to look it up in some law book.

In the county jail, they kept me separated from all the other inmates. I was put in a room with one other inmate. I never found out why he was kept separated, because he was in for an attempted murder case that got reduced to unlawful discharge of a firearm in a public place. It took them months to finally get around to taking me to court. My lawyer was shocked when I told him about certain aspects of the case. They charged me with more encounters with multiple 'victims.' Several of them ended up being dropped from the case, but still...I was now terrified!

I was escorted over to take a shower in one of the open population cages. While I was in there, one of the guys recognized me from some story he had read in the newspaper and started talking. The guard came just in time to take me out of there, or there would have been a huge fight. I was a tiny fellow of about 22 years old, but I looked more like I was 16 years old. This is the case with many people who grow up the way I did; we look younger than we are, and so always seem to fit in and are quite trusted by other boys. They know how old we are but they feel more confident around us because we tend to relate to them better than other 'adults,' and they fail to see us in the 'adult' category.

This guy I was sharing the room with finally told me about prison one day. He got me to read a book, the first book I'd ever read completely from cover to cover. He taught me how to play chess and beat me 199 times out of our 200 games. Concerning prison he said:

1. You're a very young looking kid and you'll be prime meat for the 'bandits' in there, so know who you are before you get there.

2. Don't allow anyone to scare you. Stand up for yourself. You may have to fight but that's just part of prison life. You will either be used and abused, or you'll stand up and be seen as a person who holds his own.

3. When someone comes up to try you (meaning they want sex), you tell them that you are not into that and that there are enough people around who are. Make them understand that you are willing to bring blood if they want to try force. Most of them will not want to have to fight every time they want to have sex with you, so they will leave you alone.

4. Surround yourself with friends, people you can trust. There are some in prison but they are hard to find.

5. People are always playing games of one sort or another - and I'm not talking about chess or checkers type of games. They will try to lend you something, saying that you don't owe them back, but then they will sell your debt to someone else who will want you to pay them or give up some ass or suck their dick. You need to learn to spot these games. Some will work it so they appear to be friends and then all of a sudden the truth will come out. These games are harder to spot but not impossible.

6. If you are ever in the shower with a bunch of guys, and it will happen, and someone comes up to you with suds in their hands, step under the water. They plan to blow the suds in your eyes and blind you and then attack you in the shower. Never be afraid to take a shower when there are a bunch of people in there. There are those who will see our fear and try to monopolize on it.

7. Never accept a loan from anyone you don't know, and above all don't take anything from anyone unless you've known them for a long time. Some play the religious game to convince you they are friends, but they are real wolves in sheep's clothing.

8. Never reveal the reason you are doing time. Act in such a way that they draw their own conclusions, and then allow them to believe whatever they dream up. Don't try to convince them otherwise. You'll be amazed what you hear concerning why you went to prison.

9. Stay away from drugs, gambling and homosexuals! They usually go hand in hand and can get you into a real mess. Don't carry anything for anyone from one place to another for that same reason. There could be drugs or contraband in the package you are carrying.

10. Get into programs and stay active in as many as you can. It does not matter that you are not an alcoholic, attend AA, NA, and any other program. Go to the Chapel and attend whatever religious service your faith requires. Don't become over-pious, because then you will come off as someone who goes to the chapel services just because you are afraid and feel that it will protect you. Become confident in who you are and be a leader of yourself, don't follow others.

I went to prison in 1986. Prison life for a boylover is not the greatest experience in any sense. It is dull and fear-driven. When you make it to the prison system, and are now a ward of the state, the defense mechanisms you've learned while in the county jail from talking to the old timers are put to full use.

Life is lived in constant fear of being revealed. Until you are finally known for who you are and not for what you did, until you've managed to establish yourself and your reputation, and have surrounded yourself with friends you can trust, you must be on constant guard.

Hey, just the fact that you're a boylover in prison isn't the only issue you have to deal with. I found that the guy in my cell in the county jail was 100% correct in all he said. If you're an older guy you seldom get hit with this issue, but if you're young and good looking like I was back then, you have a new threat to worry about. If you are gay and don't care who you have sex with it won't matter; but if you're not 'gay' (meaning you have sex with other guys your age or older) and are just a boylover and your sexual orientation involves only boys, you discover the need to learn the games people play, and learn them quickly!

A new guy arrives at his first camp. If he's considered 'pretty' (that's the prison term) and very desirable and seen as a nice piece of meat, the vultures swoop in to see what the kill is - if you're a potential 'lay.' They offer you 'friendship' and say things like, "Hey if you need anything, anything at all, come look me up." They try to get you to accept gifts from them "no strings attached," is the lie they tell. The next thing you know, they're trying to spend time around you wherever you go, and pretending to be into whatever you like to do.

Just like the old timer told me at the county jail, many of the young first timers think they will be safer by attend chapel or getting involved in their religious affiliation's activities. The sad story here is that the friends they think they've made may very well be more dangerous than the outright predators on the yard or in the dormitory.

The 'booty bandits' (prison term) often trick young guys into taking a 'loan' from them to purchase things they need. The 'bandits' look for young guys who are addicted to cigarettes or smokeless tobacco, or who have drug habits, and they work on supplying these needs as 'loans' that must be repaid, one way or another. You can pay them off by giving them their money back double, or you can pay with sex, but if you're not willing to go that route, they will sell your debt to someone who will eventually try to force you to 'give it up.'

Heaven forbid they should ever find out you're a boylover and that you also have a crime of 'messing with a boy.' Then you have no way out, unless you are really good at fighting. I've seen so many young guys who are boylovers end up with AIDS because they got passed around from one 'daddy' to the next. It becomes "sex for protection." They use your fear to their advantage.

In my day, it mattered how huge the age gap was between perpetrator and 'victim.' If you were, say, nineteen, and the said victim was fourteen or fifteen, you are seen as just an unfortunate casualty of the war on crime, and no one messes with you (that is if it was a girl). If they find out your 'victim' was a boy, but you have somehow stood up for yourself without fighting, or have already proven yourself in some form or fashion, there may still be those who make comments, but you don't get touched. Yet there are times when that general reality doesn't hold true, where they give what is known as a 'blanket party,' where they toss a blanket over your head so you can't identify who is beating the hell out of you. I had one of those once, but I exacted revenge on every person I discovered who had kicked or hit me that night. I was patient.

I've only spoken of the things that happen with other inmates in relation to the boylover in prison, but what about the guards and administration? That's a different story altogether. There are some guards that believe 'prison is the punishment' and so are not inclined to add to the punishment by making your stay in prison any harder than it already is. But there are others who will harass you by shaking down your room, strip-searching you, and telling other inmates what you're 'in' for.

These days it seems to be a bit worse for those just entering prison for the crime of being a boylover, or for being not a boylover but an outright child sex predator. There are laws in effect now that were not in effect when I went to prison, but existed when I left. It is crazy, but true, that the administration will try to get you to take part in group therapy which they will label 'anger management,' but which in reality are 'sex offender counseling sessions.' Anything and everything you say in those sessions is thought by the inmate to be private, but the sad reality is, they pass everything you mention to your file, which in turn gets passed to an agency that evaluates you when you're facing release. If they deem, by whatever whim they feel at the time, that you are a threat to society, they can commit you civilly into a 'program' you will never leave. I have boylover friends who are trapped in that system now, and there is no escape for them on the horizon. It is a ruse to keep a person who commits sex 'crimes' locked up for life.

Back to the prison life of a boylover. If you're lucky enough, as I was, to surround yourself with friends who trust you, and you trust them, and it doesn't matter what the crime is, and you're all family, then life goes somewhat easy. There are those who are not so fortunate. They lead a life of fear and loneliness, especially if they are older men. Pretty

soon it becomes a mental drain that leads these men begin preying upon the younger ones entering prison, and sometimes they end up being 'booty bandits' themselves. It is a vicious cycle, and not one I would wish on my worst enemy.

I think the worst things about prison (whether you're a boylover or not) is the fact that you can't see your family when you want to. You only get a short time each day to speak with them on the phone (if they can afford the phone bill). Worst of all is the emptiness and emotional drain you feel after a visitation with your family or loved ones. Watching them leave you, and knowing you have to return to a world of shallow friendships, games, fear, and dog-eat-dog existence is mentally petrifying.

You discover that there is a grand escape in books or writing. Some people write letter after letter after letter to their loved ones and to whoever will read them. Then there is the long wait for a return letter that may never arrive. Eventually you begin to realize that life is moving forward without you. You're in a human warehouse where your memories are on hold, where life passes you by. There is a terrible loneliness about prison that can't be put into words. It is like standing in a room full of people, but no one can see or hear you. You're in a world where the most important aspect of existence is the façade you are able to project as you go about your day, until you are called to be released.

There is so much about prison that I could tell you, but this is already a huge article, perhaps in the future I'll be able to write again. Until then, please, keep your priorities in order and remember, if you're in prison, who will help all the boys you should be mentoring?

CREATIVE WORK

The Gift

the gift

in the air

the gift

dance

and dance

along

in the air

the gift

stronger

stronger

in the air

in the love

the gift

dance

in the air

the gift of love

as it is the

for you guys

from me and henry



by justoldhappyme

The One



by JoshuaB

When I'm sitting here on my couch
 Look at the lighted candles all around
 Watch them flicker and I just feel
 So lonely.

If I think about what happened since
 I've been grown up from childhood, many things,
 My eyes filling with tears and I just think
 Why do I feel alone?

Where is the one who let's the sun rise into my heart?
 The one who lays his arm around me,
 Makes me feel I'm loved?
 Who takes me to the stars,
 Makes me feel I'm safe and sheltered?
 A holy dream that I can't wait to reach!

If I think about my happy times
 Where I'm lost in my little angels mind
 I start crying and try to turn back time,
 Together we chased the stars.

Where is the one who takes me in his arms, kiss' me light?
 The one who answers my lonely cries
 Fills me with his love?
 Who takes me to the stars
 Makes me feel I'm safe and sheltered?
 A holy dream that I can't wait to reach!

I'm dreaming of my boy.
 My wounded soul can still remember
 The holy dream that I still want to reach!
 The holy dream we both still want to reach!

Lyrics written and © in 2006

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Day in Paradise

Blue shining
 Like a deep ocean
 Telling me all.

Golden blinking
 Like a sandy beach
 Running through my hands.

Salty smelling
 Like an ocean breeze
 Taking my breath away.

Sweet tasting
 Like candy
 Melting on my tongue.

Soft touching
 Like the wind
 Blowing my skin.

Silent whispering
 Like a shell
 Filling my ear.

Infectious smiling
 Like a sun rising up
 Melting my heart.

Isn't that paradise on earth?

Reflections on 'E.T.' and the McMartin Preschool Trial



by SimbaLion

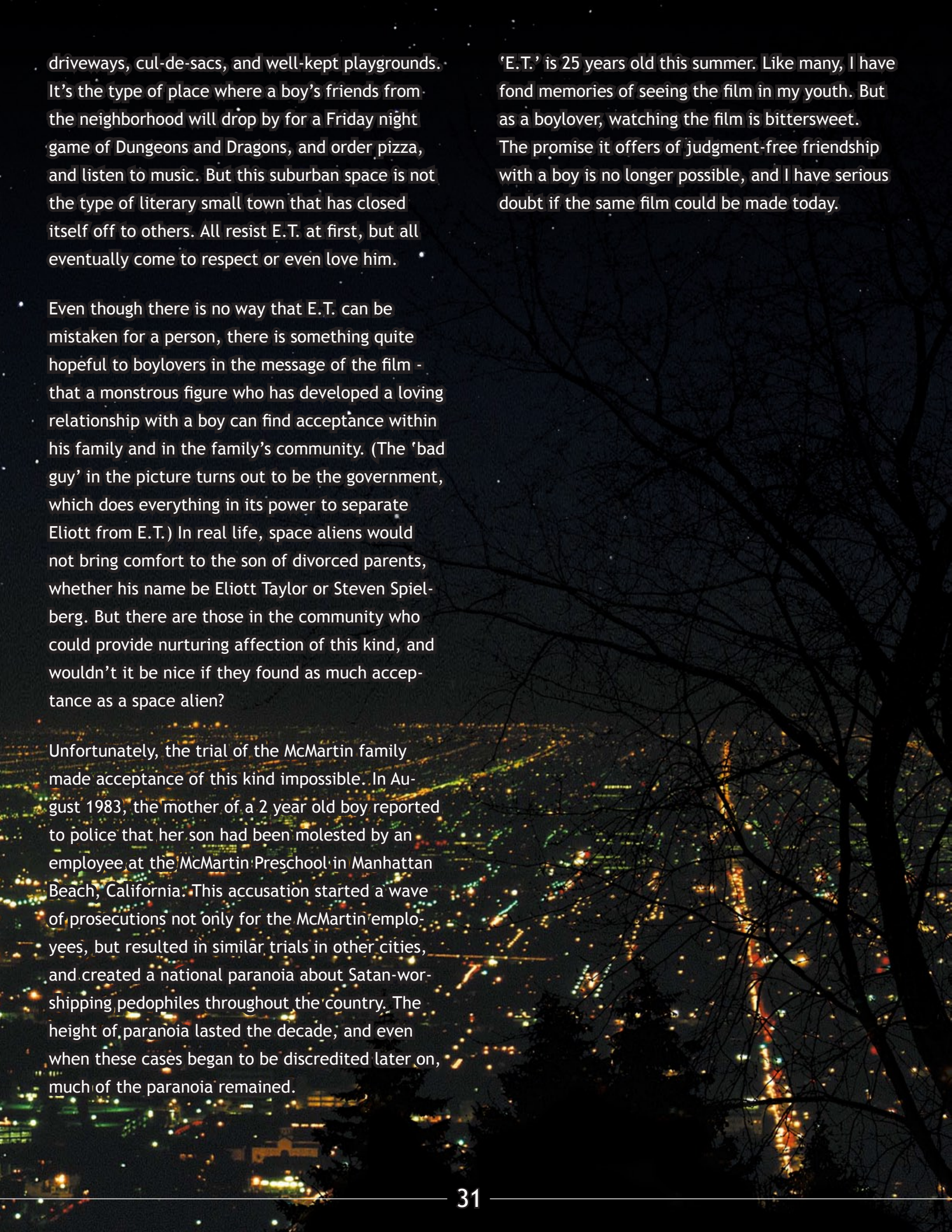
This is a story of Los Angeles. In 1982, Steven Spielberg's 'E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial' gave us an angelic allegory of pedophilia, in the sweet story of a boy who finds the love that he's missing when he meets a strange and initially scary visitor from another planet. In 1983, this angelic allegory would be supplanted in the public imagination by the demonic representations of the now infamous McMartin trial, in which several employees of a suburban Los Angeles preschool were accused of ritual sexual abuse of children under their care. Spielberg's film, shot in a Hollywood studio and in the open spaces of the surrounding suburbs, gave us a positive vision of man-boy love. The McMartin trial, prosecuted in a Los Angeles courtroom, nullified this vision, replacing Spielberg's wise and loving alien with a predatory devil, one whose visage endures in American culture long after the McMartin charges have been shown to be based on lies. This is a story of Los Angeles, but it is also a story of the pedophile in America, who now, after the McMartin trial, continues to be an excluded and monstrous figure, but who was once someone you could invite into your own home - or, at least you could for one brief moment in the summer of 1982.

The making of 'E.T.' is as filled with stories of lonely boys and substitute fathers as the film itself is. According to lore, the French filmmaker Francois Truffaut, himself the director of an important film about boyhood ('The 400 Blows'), observed

Spielberg at work on the set of 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind.' Seeing how well he communicated with that movie's child actors, Truffaut advised Spielberg to make a movie just with kids. The child actors who played the young members of the Taylor Family in 'E.T.' (Henry Thomas, Drew Barrymore, and Robert MacNaughton), would later speak of Spielberg's paternal presence on the set, which was essential to their performances.

In medium shots and close-ups, most of the film is viewed at a child's level, which is appropriate since it is chiefly concerned with the feelings and perspective of a child. Young Elliott Taylor, the middle child of a divorced family, is lonely and feels unwanted. (Spielberg has spoken about the connection this movie has to his own childhood, in which he was the son of divorced parents.) No one believes Elliott when he says that he has seen a monster in the surrounding area, but after making a gesture of friendship to the monster (in the form of candy he leaves in the forest), Elliott sees that gesture returned (when the alien returns the candy), and a friendship between the two begins, and then blossoms.

'E.T.' begins and ends in an enchanted forest just outside city limits, but most of the film takes place in the type of familiar California suburb that many can recognize from our own childhoods. The neighborhood that Elliott lives in is filled with single-story homes with manicured front lawns and

A night view of a city with lights and bare tree branches in the foreground. The city lights are a mix of warm yellow and orange, and cooler blue and green. The tree branches are dark and silhouetted against the night sky.

driveways, cul-de-sacs, and well-kept playgrounds. It's the type of place where a boy's friends from the neighborhood will drop by for a Friday night game of Dungeons and Dragons, and order pizza, and listen to music. But this suburban space is not the type of literary small town that has closed itself off to others. All resist E.T. at first, but all eventually come to respect or even love him.

Even though there is no way that E.T. can be mistaken for a person, there is something quite hopeful to boylovers in the message of the film - that a monstrous figure who has developed a loving relationship with a boy can find acceptance within his family and in the family's community. (The 'bad guy' in the picture turns out to be the government, which does everything in its power to separate Elliott from E.T.) In real life, space aliens would not bring comfort to the son of divorced parents, whether his name be Elliott Taylor or Steven Spielberg. But there are those in the community who could provide nurturing affection of this kind, and wouldn't it be nice if they found as much acceptance as a space alien?

Unfortunately, the trial of the McMartin family made acceptance of this kind impossible. In August 1983, the mother of a 2 year old boy reported to police that her son had been molested by an employee at the McMartin Preschool in Manhattan Beach, California. This accusation started a wave of prosecutions not only for the McMartin employees, but resulted in similar trials in other cities, and created a national paranoia about Satan-worshipping pedophiles throughout the country. The height of paranoia lasted the decade; and even when these cases began to be discredited later on, much of the paranoia remained.

'E.T.' is 25 years old this summer. Like many, I have fond memories of seeing the film in my youth. But as a boylover, watching the film is bittersweet. The promise it offers of judgment-free friendship with a boy is no longer possible, and I have serious doubt if the same film could be made today.

Stefan George and the Cult of Maximin

Stefan George (1868-1933) was a celebrated and influential German poet, editor and translator, one of the remarkable features of whose life was that, though the aristocratic and mystic strain in his work appealed to the Nazis, he indignantly refused an invitation to become their official poet and his circle of followers attempted a putsch against them. He was also a boylover.



by treblevoice

A man of 34 approaches a 14-year-old boy in the street and asks his permission to sketch his "interesting" head. The boy, who has noticed the man before, is flattered and gives his permission; the next day they meet again and the man takes a photograph of him. Thus far, cause for search of the man's home by the police in some modern countries. These events, however, were taking

place in Munich in 1902, and so nothing happened but that the man - the poet Stefan George - thereafter lost contact with the boy - a school pupil named Maximilian Kronberger - and did not see him until they again met accidentally in the street almost a year later. Young Max was an aspiring poet, and was delighted to find out that his admirer was the leader of a circle of decadent and symbolist poets. With the agreement

of Max's parents he and George began to see one another regularly, taking long walks together; the friendship was Platonic, but intense. Craig Palmer remarks a trifle acidly, "Although the youth's poetry was the overt excuse for his relationship to George, the poetry's mediocrity suggests that George encouraged Kronberger mainly because of his physical beauty."



The friendship was also brief; 'Maximin', as the poet called him, died of an unknown disease the day before his 16th birthday. George was grief-stricken, and for the rest of his life his enduring fixation on Maximin provided much of the inspiration for his poetry. Some have compared Maximin's influence on George's poetry to that of Beatrice on Dante's (George did once attend a costume

ball dressed as Dante with Maximin beside him dressed as his page) but a better general comparison is to the Roman Emperor Hadrian's behaviour after the death of his eromenos Antinous. Hadrian, considered one of the 'Five Good Emperors' was particularly taken with Greek customs, including that of men's having romantic relationships with freeborn youths instead of simply sex with slave-boys: in his fifties he had a love affair with a freeborn Greek teenager named

Antinous. When Antinous drowned in the Nile Hadrian had him deified, and deification is more or less what George's writings subsequently did for Maximin. He came to see the boy as his 'avatar' or guiding spirit, and wrote of him thus: "Those of our contemporaries who did not see him, those who came later, will not understand how such a revelation could come from one so young...We know that

the great expeditions that changed the face of our world were planned by the schoolboy Alexander, that the twelve-year-old son of Galilee instructed the scribes in the capital...Maximin lived among us for only a short time. In accordance with a covenant that he made in his early years, he was raised to another star before he became less like gods and more like men. To the colourful and diverse destiny of a splendid mortal, he preferred the calm and quiet reign of the celestials.” (translation by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz).

It is uncertain what “revelation” George was talking about, but it is clear that his exaggerated claims about Maximin stemmed not from a Victorian-type sentimentality about children but rather from a desire to commemorate his beloved. Any cult centred around a beautiful youth would have been popular in the Decadent circles in which George moved, but George’s influence within those circles made Maximin’s cult draw a particularly devoted group. A stanza from George’s magnum opus, the long poem ‘On the Life and Death of Maximin’ (translation by Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz) illustrates the way his poetry spoke of the dead boy:

*You watch over us
in your unattainable glory,
For now you are one
with the word which we heard from above.
In all that we do
we attempt to fulfil your desire,
The smile of a king
is more dear to his subjects than gold.*

Maximin, however, was not the only boy in George’s life. His poetry speaks of a group of children dancing in a garden in the evening, with the beautiful incarnation of Youth dancing with them; of a golden-haired boy glimpsed briefly on a beach

as the poet makes his escape from domestic chains and “alien woman” (actually George never married). One of his poetic circle was the teenaged Friedrich Gundolf, whose close and lasting relationship with his admired mentor George was ruptured when, in his late thirties, he married despite George’s disapproval. In 1905, George met and fell in love with another 14-year-old boy, Hugo Zernik. Not much is known about Zernik but the poetry George wrote to this boy has a more ‘genuine’ feel than that he wrote to Maximin, as Hugo was a living lad with a real future, not a dead one whose memory George wanted to keep alive. This poem to Zernik, again in a translation by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz, speaks to the feelings of many boylovers:

*My child came home
The sea-wind tangled in his hair;
His gait still rocks
With conquered fears and young desire for quest.*

*The salty spray
Still tans and burns the bloom upon his cheek:
Fruit swiftly ripe
In savage scent and flame of alien suns.*

*His eyes are grave
With secrets now, that I shall never learn,
And faintly veiled,
Since from a spring he came into our frost.*

*So wide the bud
That almost shyly I withdrew my gaze,
And I abstained
From lips that had already chosen lips.*

*My arm enclasps
One who unmoved by me, grew up and bloomed
To other worlds -
My own and yet, how very far from me!*

Boylover Fathers



by Atreyu_Warrior

Over the course of the past few months I have been interviewing fathers who are also boylovers through MSN and online messaging. The purpose of these interviews was to come up with a series of generalizations to help younger boylovers who may be thinking about marrying and having children, but are afraid of their attraction causing problems.

There are many issues facing fathers these days, not the least of which is guiding their children to grow into happy, well-adjusted adults. Of course, this goal itself can be a challenge to someone who struggles with the depression inherent with boylove. One father had this to say on the matter: "I am a bit moody sometimes. I think depression is a bit of a boylover trait. I probably spend more time with the boys than my wife would prefer - I think she might feel a little neglected from time to time, which is shameful, but I guess you can understand." This seemed to be a common trait for most fathers I spoke with.

As for being attracted to their children, almost all said that their kids were just normal kids to them until they entered the father's AOA. Then the struggles began within. One father said: "I made a deal with God, because I knew what I am. The deal was that if I ever did or tried to do anything with my son, then take either myself or him." As a father myself, I can relate with this inner struggle.

The father/son bond during the younger years (ages 1-5) is normally strained. The boy tends to relate to and attach to his Mother at this age. Then the swing happens. For a few years (ages 6-10) the boy then becomes almost unable to function without Daddy's approval, and tries to be with Daddy as often as possible. This is also when the AOA of most boylovers begins, so their boy enters their

AOA at a time when he is still cuddling and clingy, and very dependent on his father. For those with daughters, the male friends of the girl became the focus of their attractions; however these attractions are easier to keep under control, as the boys do not have such a strong emotional bond to them.

Of the fathers I spoke with, only one was known to be a boylover by his partner. A lot of them have suspicions that their partners know or suspect, yet the partners trust them to do the right thing. In my opinion, this is the key of making a boylover's heterosexual marriage successful. The trust and devotion of the marriage must be well developed and strong for it to survive. It may not be required to disclose everything to your partner as to your attractions; however you must be trusted by the ones you love. A controlling, manipulative, or codependent marriage will not survive.

There are a few advantages to being a boyloving father. The father is well versed in the methods used by most boylovers in "grooming" or even perversion on boys, and can easily identify those who may have an interest in their sons. Sometimes the interested party may not even have admitted the attraction to himself yet, as in the case of one father I spoke with. His brother-in-law had been distant and never around until his son reached the age of 9 or so - and then, all of a sudden, he was around all the time, even taking the boy to events



and movies. This member pulled the man aside and confronted him gently, and learned that he was a closet boylover who had never found any help or contacts in the community. He is now also a member of Boylover.net and is doing well, from what I've been told.

A few unique challenges are faced by boyloving fathers, including but not limited to: discovery by other parents; or being downright outed by a boy for being overly affectionate (as in one case); and almost everyone mentioned the fact that a boy can weasel money out of them faster than they would notice an open zipper on the boy's well fitting jeans.

In summary, I would suggest that a boylover can be a great father, and in some cases an even better father than a non-boylover, though in some cases far worse. But fatherhood is certainly nothing to fear entering into, especially if you love the woman you want to start a family with.

The Priest and the Acolyte

by John Francis Bloxam

This short story, an overheated mixture of high-church ritualism, Victorian melodrama and homosexual polemic, was published in 1894 by 21-year-old Oxford undergraduate John Francis Bloxam in the first and only issue of his magazine *The Chameleon*. Though Bloxam had written it it was attributed to Oscar Wilde and was instrumental in his being sent to prison. Bloxam escaped censure and punishment, and, unsurprisingly, eventually became a priest. I post this here because not long ago I was at a concert in the very church in which he once served. I looked over at a statue of St Joseph, husband of the Virgin Mary, holding the Christ Child, and saw that underneath it was a plaque saying to whom it was dedicated: "De caritati tua ora pro anima Joannis Francis Bloxam Sacerdotis, qui in haec ecclesia ministravit..." meaning "Of thy charity pray for the soul of John Francis Bloxam, priest, who ministered in this church..." Delicious! Quite delicious! Whether there were any pretty acolytes for Father Bloxam history does not record.

Notes for readers: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense', the motto of the Order of the Garter, is mediaeval French for 'Shame to him who thinks ill of this'. A rector is the boss priest of a parish. Bloxam's description of the 14-year-old acolyte illustrates how much later puberty arrived a century ago than now.

Honi soit qui mal y pense

PART ONE

"Pray, father, give me thy blessing, for I have sinned."

The priest started; he was tired in mind and body; his soul was sad and his heart heavy as he sat in the terrible solitude of the confessional ever listening to the same dull round of oft-repeated sins. He was weary of the conventional tones and matter-of-fact expressions. Would the world always be the same? For nearly twenty centuries the Christian priests had sat in the confessional and listened to the same old tale. The world seemed to him no better; always the same, the same. The young priest sighed to himself, and for a moment almost wished people would be worse. Why could they not escape from these old wearily-made paths and be a little original in their vices, if sin they must? But the voice he now listened to aroused him from his reverie. It was so soft and gentle, so diffident and shy.

He gave the blessing, and listened. Ah, yes! he recognized the voice now. It was the voice he had heard for the first time only that very morning: the voice of the little acolyte that had served his Mass.

He turned his head and peered through the grating at the little bowed head beyond. There was no mistaking those long soft curls. Suddenly, for one moment, the face was raised, and the large moist blue eyes met his; he saw the little oval face flushed with shame at the simple boyish sins he was confessing, and a thrill shot through him, for he felt that here at least was something in the world that was beautiful, something that was

really true. Would the day come when those soft scarlet lips would have grown hard and false? when the soft shy treble would have become careless and conventional? His eyes filled with tears, and in a voice that had lost its firmness he gave the absolution.

After a pause, he heard the boy rise to his feet, and watched him wend his way across the little chapel and kneel before the altar while he said his penance. The priest hid his thin tired face in his hands and sighed wearily. The next morning, as he knelt before the altar and turned to say the words of confession to the little acolyte whose head was bent so reverently towards him, he bowed low till his hair just touched the golden halo that surrounded the little face, and he felt his veins burn and tingle with a strange new fascination.

When that most wonderful thing in the whole world, complete soul-absorbing love for another, suddenly strikes a man, that man knows what heaven means, and he understands hell: but if the man be an ascetic, a priest whose whole heart is given to ecstatic devotion, it were better for that man if he had never been born.

When they reached the vestry and the boy stood before him reverently receiving the sacred vestments, he knew that henceforth the entire devotion of his religion, the whole ecstatic fervour of his prayers, would be connected with, nay, inspired by, one object alone. With the same reverence and humility as he would have felt in touching the consecrated elements he laid his hands on the curl-crowned head, he touched the small pale face, and, raising it slightly, he bent forward and gently touched the smooth white brow with his lips.

When the child felt the caress of his fingers, for one moment every thing swam before his eyes; but when he felt the light touch of the tall priests lips a wonderful assurance took possession of him: he understood. He raised his little arms, and, clasping his slim white fingers around the priest's neck kissed him on the lips. With a sharp cry the priest fell upon his knees, and, clasping the little figure clad in scarlet and lace to his heart, he covered the tender flushing face with burning kisses. Then suddenly there came upon them both a quick sense of fear; they parted hastily, with hot trembling fingers folded the sacred vestments, and separated in silent shyness.

The priest returned to his poor rooms and tried to sit down and think, but all in vain: he tried to eat, but could only thrust away his plate in disgust: he tried to pray, but instead of the calm figure on the cross, the calm, cold figure with the weary, weary face, he saw continually before him the flushed face of a lovely boy, the wide star-like eyes of his new-found love.

All that day the young priest went through the round of his various duties mechanically, but he could not eat nor sit quiet, for when alone, strange shrill bursts of song kept thrilling through his brain, and he felt that he must flee out into the open air or go mad.

At length, when night came, and the long, hot day had left him exhausted and worn out, he threw himself on his knees before his crucifix and compelled himself to think.

He called to mind his boyhood and his early youth; there returned to him the thought of the terrible struggles of the last five years. Here he knelt, Ronald Heatherington, priest of Holy Church, aged twenty-eight: what he

had endured during these five years of fierce battling with those terrible passions he had fostered in his boyhood, was it all to be in vain? For the last year he had really felt that all passion was subdued, all those terrible outbursts of passionate love he had really believed to be stamped out for ever. He had worked so hard, so unceasingly, through all these five years since his ordination - he had given himself up solely and entirely to his sacred office; all the intensity of his nature had been concentrated, completely absorbed, in the beautiful mysteries of his religion. He had avoided all that could affect him, all that might call up any recollection of his early life. Then he had accepted this curacy, with sole charge of the little chapel that stood close beside the cottage where he was now living, the little mission-chapel that was the most distant of the several grouped round the old Parish Church of St. Anselm. He had arrived only two or three days before, and, going to call on the old couple who lived in the cottage, the back of which formed the boundary of his own little garden, had been offered the services of their grandson as acolyte.

"My son was an artist fellow, sir," the old man had said: "he never was satisfied here, so we sent him off to London; he was made a lot of there, sir, and married a lady, but the cold weather carried him off one winter, and his poor young wife was left with the baby. She brought him up and taught him herself, sir, but last winter she was taken too so the poor lad came to live with us - so delicate he is, sir, and not one of the likes of us; he's a gentleman born and bred, is Wilfred. His Poor mother used to like him to go and serve at the church near them in London, and the boy was so fond of it himself that we thought, supposing you did not mind, sir, that it would be a treat for him to do the same here."

"How old is the boy?" asked the young priest.

"Fourteen, sir," replied the grandmother.

"Very well, let him come to the chapel tomorrow morning," Ronald had agreed.

Entirely absorbed in his devotions, the young man had scarcely noticed the little acolyte who was serving for him, and it was not till he was hearing his confession later in the day that he had realized his wonderful loveliness.

"Ah God! help me! pity me! After all this weary labour and toil, just when I am beginning to hope, is everything to be undone? am I to lose everything? Help me, help me, O God!"

Even while he prayed; even while his hands were stretched out in agonized supplication towards the feet of that crucifix before which his hardest battles had been fought and won; even while the tears of bitter contrition and miserable self-mistrust were dimming his eyes - there came a soft tap on the glass of the window beside him. He rose to his feet, and wonderingly drew back the dingy curtain. There in the moonlight, before the open window, stood a small white figure - there, with his bare feet on the moon-blanching turf, dressed only in his long white night-shirt, stood his little acolyte, the boy who held his whole future in his small childish hands.

"Wilfred, what are you doing here?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"I could not sleep, father, for thinking of you, and I saw a light in your room, so I got out through the window and came to see you. Are you angry with me, father?" he asked, his voice faltering as he saw the almost fierce expression in the thin ascetic face.

"Why did you come to see me?" The priest hardly dared recognize the situation, and scarcely heard what the boy said.

"Because I love you, I love you - oh, so much! but you - you are angry with me - oh, why did I ever come! why did I ever come! - I never thought you would be angry!" and the little fellow sank on the grass and burst into tears.

The priest sprang through the open Window, and siezing the slim little figure in his arms, he carried him into the room. He drew the curtains and, sinking into the deep arm-chair, laid the little fair head upon his breast, kissing his curls again and again.

"O my darling! my own beautiful darling!" he whispered, "how could I ever be angry with you? You are more to me than all the world. Ah, God! how I love you, my darling! my own sweet darling!"

For nearly an hour the boy nestled there in his arms, pressing his soft cheek against his; then the priest told him he must go. For one long last kiss their lips met, and then the small white-clad figure slipped through the window, sped across the little moonlit garden, and vanished through the opposite window.

When they met in the vestry next morning, the lad raised his beautiful flower-like face, and the priest, gently putting his arms round him, kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"My darling! my darling!" was all he said; but the lad returned his kiss with a smile of wonderful almost heavenly love, in a silence that seemed to whisper something more than words.

"I wonder what was the matter with the father this morning?" said one old woman to another, as they were returning from the chapel; "he didn't seem himself at all; he made more mistakes this morning than Father Thomas made in all the years he was here."

"Seemed as if he had never said a Mass before!" replied her friend, with something of contempt.

And that night, and for many nights after, the priest, with the pale tired-looking face, drew the curtain over his crucifix and waited at the window for the glimmer of the pale summer moonlight on a crown of golden curls, for the sight of slim boyish limbs clad in the long white night-shirt, that only emphasized the grace of every movement, and the beautiful pallor of the little feet speeding across the grass. There at the window, night after night, he waited to feel tender loving arms thrown round his neck, and to feel the intoxicating delight of beautiful boyish lips raining kisses on his own.

Ronald Heatherington made no mistakes in the Mass now. He said the solemn words with a reverence and devotion that made the few poor people who happened to be there speak of him afterwards almost with awe;

while the face of the little acolyte at his side shone with a fervour which made them ask each other what this strange light could mean. Surely the young priest must be a saint indeed, while the boy beside him looked more like an angel from heaven than any child of human birth.

PART TWO

The world is very stern with those that thwart her. She lays down her precepts, and woe to those who dare to think for themselves who venture to exercise their own discretion as to whether they shall allow their individuality and natural characteristics to be stamped out, to be obliterated under the leaden fingers of convention.

Truly, convention is the stone that has become head of the corner in the jerry-built temple of our superficial, self-assertive civilization

“And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whom soever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.”

If the world sees anything she cannot understand, she assigns the basest motives to all concerned, supposing the presence of some secret shame, the idea of which, at least, her narrow-minded intelligence is able to grasp.

The people no longer regarded their priest as a saint, and his acolyte as an angel. They still spoke of them with bated breath and with their fingers on their lips; they still drew back out of the way when they met either of them; but now they gathered together in groups of twos and threes and shook their heads.

The priest and his acolyte heeded not; they never even noticed the suspicious glances and half-suppressed murmurs. Each had found in the other perfect sympathy and perfect love: what could the outside world matter to them now? Each was to the other the perfect fulfilment of a scarcely preconceived ideal; neither heaven nor hell could offer more. But the stone of convention had been undermined; the time could not be far distant when it must fall.

The moonlight was very clear and very beautiful; the cool night air was heavy with the perfume of the old-fashioned flowers that bloomed so profusely in the little garden. But in the priest's little room the closely drawn curtains shut out all the beauty of the night. Entirely forgetful of all the world, absolutely oblivious of everything but one another, wrapped in the beautiful visions of a love that far outshone all the splendour of the summer night, the priest and the little acolyte were together.

The little lad sat on his knees with his arms closely pressed round his neck and his golden curls laid against the priest's close-cut hair; his white nightshirt contrasting strangely and beautifully with the dull black of the other's long cassock.

There was a step on the road outside - a step drawing nearer and nearer; a knock at the door. They heard it

not; completely absorbed in each other, intoxicated with the sweetly poisonous draught that is the gift of love, they sat in silence. But the end had come: the blow had fallen at last. The door opened, and there before them in the doorway stood the tall figure of the rector.

Neither said anything; only the little boy clung closer to his beloved, and his eyes grew large with fear. Then the young priest rose slowly to his feet and put the lad from him.

"You had better go, Wilfred," was all he said.

The two priests stood in silence watching the child as he slipped through the window, stole across the grass, and vanished into the opposite cottage.

Then the two turned and faced each other.

The young priest sank into his chair and clasped his hands, waiting for the other to speak.

"So it has come to this!" he said: "the people were only too right in what they told me! Ah, God! that such a thing should have happened here! that it has fallen on me to expose your shame - our shame! That it is I who must give you up to justice, and see that you suffer the full penalty of your sin! Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing - nothing," he replied softly. "I cannot ask for pity: I cannot explain: you would never understand. I do not ask you anything for myself, I do not ask you to spare me; but think of the terrible scandal to our dear Church."

"It is better to expose these terrible scandals and see that they are cured. It is folly to conceal a sore: better show all our shame than let it fester."

"Think of the child."

"That was for you to do: you should have thought of him before. What has his shame to do with me? it was your business. Besides, I would not spare him if I could: what pity can I feel for such as he-?"

But the young man had risen, pale to the lips.

"Hush!" he said in a low voice; "I forbid you to speak of him before me with anything but respect"; then softly to himself, "with anything but reverence; with anything but devotion."

The other was silent, awed for the moment. Then his anger rose.

"Dare you speak openly like that? Where is your penitence, your shame? have you no sense of the horror of your sin?"

"There is no sin for which I should feel shame," he answered very quietly. "God gave me my love for him, and He gave him also his love for me. Who is there that shall withstand God and the love that is His gift?"

"Dare you profane the name by calling such a passion as this 'love'?"

"It was love, perfect love: it is perfect love."

"I can say no more now; tomorrow all shall be known. Thank God you shall pay dearly for all this disgrace," he added, in a sudden outburst of wrath.

"I am sorry you have no mercy; - not that I fear exposure and punishment for myself. But mercy can seldom be found from a Christian," he added, as one that speaks from without.

The rector turned towards him suddenly, and stretched out his hands.

"Heaven forgive me my hardness of heart," he said. "I have been cruel; I have spoken cruelly in my distress. Ah, can you say nothing to defend your crime?"

"No: I do not think I can do any good by that. If I attempted to deny all guilt, you would only think I lied: though I should prove my innocence, yet my reputation, my career, my whole future, are ruined for ever. But will you listen to me for a little? I will tell you a little about myself."

The rector sat down while his curate told him the story of his life, sitting by the empty grate with his chin resting on his clasped hands.

"I was at a big public school, as you know. I was always different from other boys. I never cared much for games. I took little interest in those things for which boys usually care so much. I was not very happy in my boyhood, I think. My one ambition was to find the ideal for which I longed. It has always been thus: I have always had an indefinite longing for something, a vague something that never quite took shape, that I could never quite understand. My great desire has always been to find something that would satisfy me. I was attracted at once by sin: my whole early life is stained and polluted with the taint of sin. Sometimes even now I think that there are sins more beautiful than anything else in the world. There are vices that are bound to attract almost irresistibly anyone who loves beauty above everything. I have always sought for love: again and again I have been the victim of fits of passionate affection: time after time I have seemed to have found my ideal at last: the whole object of my life has been, times without number, to gain the love of some particular person. Several times my efforts were successful; each time I woke to find that the success I had obtained was worthless after all. As I grasped the prize, it lost all its attraction - I no longer cared for what I had once desired with my whole heart. In vain I endeavoured to drown the yearnings of my heart with the ordinary pleasures and vices that usually attract the young. I had to choose a profession. I became a priest. The whole aesthetic tendency of my soul was intensely attracted by the wonderful mysteries of Christianity, the artistic beauty of our services. Ever since my ordination I have been striving to cheat myself into the belief that peace had come at last - at last my yearning was satisfied: but all in vain. Unceasingly I have struggled with the old cravings for excitement, and, above all, the weary, incessant thirst for a perfect love.

I have found, and still find, an exquisite delight in religion: not in the regular duties of a religious life, not in the ordinary round of parish organizations; - against these I chafe incessantly; - no, my delight is in the aes-

thetic beauty of the services - the ecstasy of devotion, the passionate fervour that comes with long fasting and meditation.”

“Have you found no comfort in prayer?” asked the rector.

“Comfort? - no. But I have found in prayer pleasure, excitement, almost a fierce delight of sin.”

“You should have married. I think that would have saved you.”

Ronald Heatherington rose to his feet and laid his hand on the rector’s arm.

“You do not understand me. I have never been attracted by a woman in my life. Can you not see that people are different, totally different, from one another? To think that we are all the same is impossible; our natures, our temperaments, are utterly unlike. But this is what people will never see; they found all their opinions on a wrong basis. How can their deductions be just if their premisses are wrong? One law laid down by the majority, who happen to be of one disposition, is only binding on the minority legally, not morally. What right have you, or anyone, to tell me that such and such a thing is sinful for me? Oh, why can I not explain to you and force you to see?” and his grasp tightened on the other’s arm. Then he continued, speaking fast and earnestly:

“For me, with my nature, to have married would have been sinful: it would have been a crime, a gross immorality, and my conscience would have revolted.” Then he added, bitterly: ‘Conscience should be that divine instinct which bids us seek after that our natural disposition needs - we have forgotten that; to most of us, to the world, nay, even to Christians in general, conscience is merely another name for the cowardice that dreads to offend against convention. Ah, what a cursed thing convention is! I have committed no moral offence in this matter; in the sight of God my soul is blameless; but to you and to the world I am guilty of an abominable crime - abominable, because it is a sin against convention, forsooth! I met this boy: I loved him as I had never loved anyone or anything before: I had no need to labour to win his affection - he was mine by right: he loved me, even as I loved him, from the first: he was the necessary complement to my soul. How dare the world presume to judge us? What is convention to us? Nevertheless, although I really knew that such a love was beautiful and blameless, although from the bottom of my heart I despised the narrow judgement of the world, yet for his sake and for the sake of our Church, I tried at first to resist. I struggled against the fascination he possessed for me. I would never have gone to him and asked his love; I would have struggled on till the end: but what could I do? It was he that came to me, and offered me the wealth of love his beautiful soul possessed. How could I tell to such a nature as his the hideous picture the world would paint? Even as you saw him this evening, he has come to me night by night, - how dare I disturb the sweet purity of his soul by hinting at the horrible suspicions his presence might arouse? I knew what I was doing. I have faced the world and set myself up against it. I have openly scoffed at its dictates. I do not ask you to sympathize with me, nor do I pray you to stay your hand. Your eyes are blinded with a mental cataract. You are bound, bound with those miserable ties that have held you body and soul from the cradle. You must do what you believe to be your duty. In God’s eyes we are martyrs, and we shall not shrink even from death in this struggle against the idolatrous worship of convention.”

Ronald Heatherington sank into a chair, hiding his face in his hands, and the rector left the room in silence.

For some minutes the young priest sat with his face buried in his hands. Then with a sigh he rose and crept across the garden till he stood beneath the open window of his darling.

"Wilfred," he called very softly.

The beautiful face, pale and wet with tears, appeared at the window.

"I want you, my darling; will you come?" he whispered.

"Yes, father," the boy softly answered.

The priest led him back to his room; then, taking him very gently in his arms, he tried to warm the cold little feet with his hands.

"My darling, it is all over." And he told him as gently as he could all that lay before them.

The boy hid his face on his shoulder, crying softly.

"Can I do nothing for you, dear father?"

He was silent for a moment. "Yes, you can die for me; you can die with me."

The loving arms were about his neck once more, and the warm, loving lips were kissing his own. "I will do anything for you. O father, let us die together!"

"Yes, my darling, it is best: we will."

Then very quietly and very tenderly he prepared the little fellow for his death; he heard his last confession and gave him his last absolution. Then they knelt together, hand in hand, before the crucifix.

"Pray for me, my darling."

Then together their prayers silently ascended that the dear Lord would have pity on the priest who had fallen in the terrible battle of life. There they knelt till midnight, when Ronald took the lad in his arms and carried him to the little chapel.

"I will say Mass for the repose of our souls," he said.

Over his night-shirt the child arrayed himself in his little scarlet cassock and tiny lace cotta. He covered his naked feet with the scarlet sanctuary shoes; he lighted the tapers and reverently helped the priest to vest. Then before they left the vestry the priest took him in his arms and held him pressed closely to his breast; he stroked the soft hair and whispered cheeringly to him. The child was weeping quietly, his slender frame trembling with the sobs he could scarcely suppress. After a moment the tender embrace soothed him, and he raised his beautiful mouth to the priest's. Their lips were pressed together, and their arms wrapped one another closely.

"Oh, my darling, my own sweet darling!" the priest whispered tenderly.

"We shall be together for ever soon; nothing shall separate us now," the child said.

"Yes, it is far better so; far better to be together in death than apart in life."

They knelt before the altar in the silent night, the glimmer of the tapers lighting up the features of the crucifix with strange distinctness. Never had the priest's voice trembled with such wonderful earnestness, never had the acolyte responded with such devotion, as at this midnight Mass for the peace of their own departing souls.

Just before the consecration the priest took a tiny phial from the pocket of his cassock, blessed it, and poured the contents into the chalice.

When the time came for him to receive from the chalice, he raised it to his lips, but did not taste of it.

He administered the sacred wafer to the child, and then he took the beautiful gold chalice, set with precious stones, in his hand; he turned towards him; but when he saw the light in the beautiful face he turned again to the crucifix with a low moan. For one instant his courage failed him; then he turned to the little fellow again, and held the chalice to his lips:

"The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

Never had the priest beheld such perfect love, such perfect trust, in those dear eyes as shone from them now; now, as with face raised upwards he received his death from the loving hands of him that he loved best in the whole world.

The instant he had received, Ronald fell on his knees beside him and drained the chalice to the last drop. He set it down and threw his arms round the beautiful figure of his dearly loved acolyte. Their lips met in one last kiss of perfect love, and all was over.

When the sun was rising in the heavens it cast one broad ray upon the altar of the little chapel. The tapers were burning still, scarcely half burnt through. The sad-faced figure of the crucifix hung there in its majestic calm. On the steps of the altar was stretched the long, ascetic frame of the young priest, robed in the sacred vestments; close beside him, with his curly head pillowed on the gorgeous embroideries that covered his breast, lay the beautiful boy in scarlet and lace. Their arms were round each other; a strange hush lay like a shroud over all.


'And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.'

contributed by treblevoice



BOY FASHION

The Speedo

 by DreamsWork

One of the most frequent words in the thread titles in the Boylover.net Gallery is - without a doubt - 'Speedo'. The Speedo, a word that describes very short swimming trunks, is probably the most appreciated kind of swimwear on a boy. Why is this? The question may seem trivial, but as a boy just looks hotter in a Speedo than when wearing shorts, the history and character of the Speedo is worth a closer look.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SPEEDO

When 22-year-old Scottish immigrant Alexander MacRae arrived in Australia in 1910, he wanted to start something new, something revolutionary, something great. And he did. In 1914 he founded the Speedo-company, establishing the MacRae Knitting Mills. In search of a new brand name in 1928, a staff competition was held and won by Captain Parsons, who coined the new slogan "Speed on in your Speedos."

Thus the name Speedo was born. In 1956, the brand hit the international stage at the Olympic Games in Melbourne. Speedo was appointed as the official swimwear licensee for the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal, and 52 out of 54 countries wore their swimsuits. By 1986, the Speedo trademark was protected in 112 countries. Speedo celebrated its 75th Anniversary in 2003, and the boylover community can be glad that the company and its products have been very successful among boys and young men.



The Character of the Speedo

The “character” of the Speedo, as the boylover’s favorite garment to be worn by a boy, is worth a careful examination.

First of all, the fabric used to produce a Speedo is Lycra, which allows the Speedo to be tight and shiny when wet. Furthermore, the Speedo is very appealing because the boy is shown in his full beauty to boylovers - bare-chested with a maximum amount of leg visible without being naked.

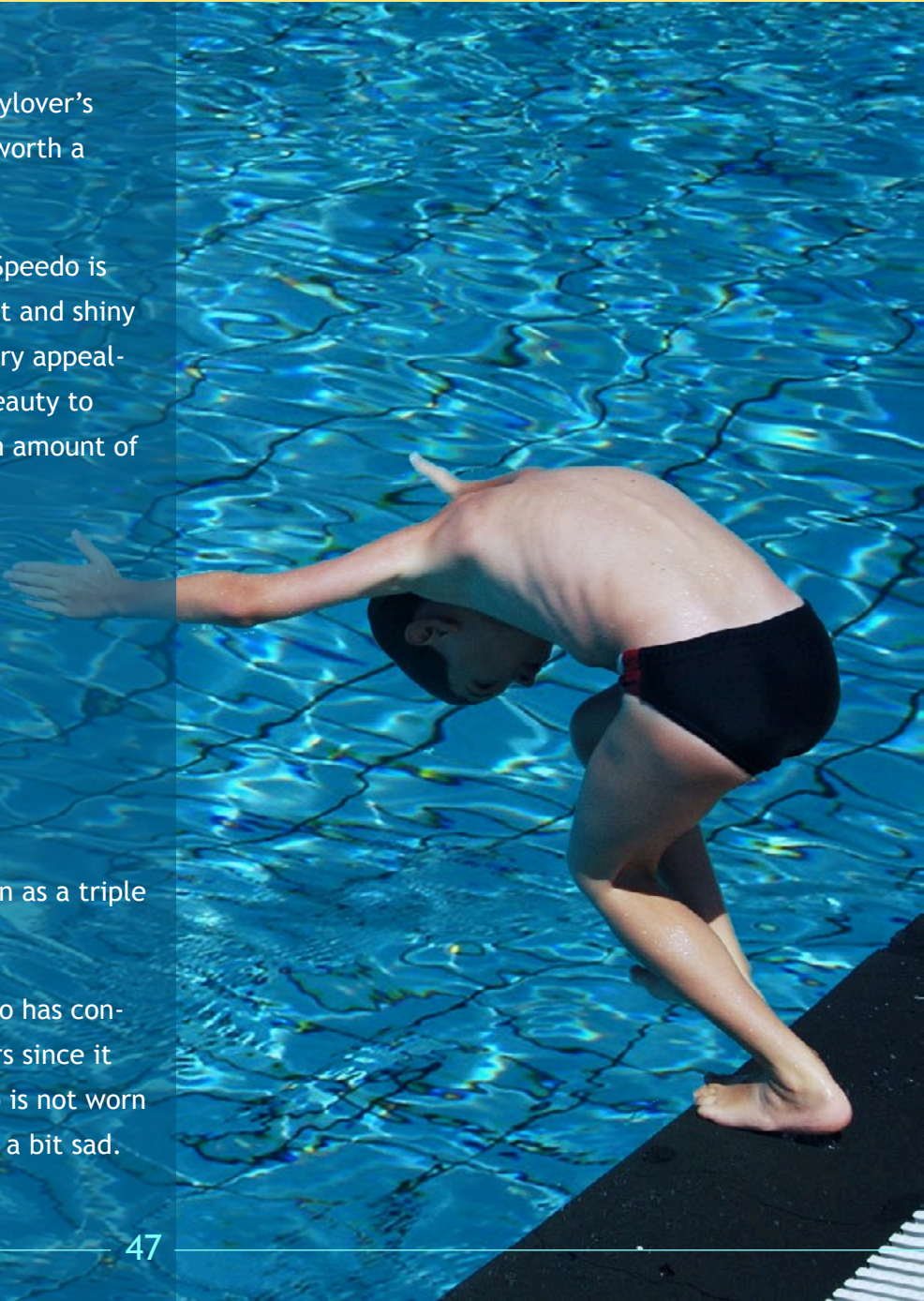
Another very important feature is the so-called “Trinity of the Speedo.”

Three aspects contribute to it:

- Emphasis on the bulge in the front
- Emphasis on the butt in the rear
- Exposure of the boy’s thighs

Last but not least, the Speedo can be seen as a triple signpost to the sexual center of the boy.

In conclusion, one can say that the Speedo has contributed very much to the life of boylovers since it was introduced. The fact that the Speedo is not worn as often now as some time ago makes me a bit sad.



The Psychology of Boylove



by Huggable61

When Simba asked me to write an article on the Psychology of Boylove, we discussed whether this would be more personal or scholarly. I'll try and do both and have some fun in between. I'll give you some recent research on Pedophilia (I won't get into the debate on names here), and share some of my personal experience growing up as a Boylover.

First, please take the research as tongue-in-cheek. There are very few good studies, and there is a climate in the research community to hide studies that demonstrate that Boylove is "hard wired" (we are born with it, or our brains are different and therefore it is genetic). Also, the definitions of Pedophilia differ in the legal and Psychological communities. Lastly, there is the "moral" argument that despite any research to the contrary Boylove/Pedophilia is wrong. This in part comes out of the declassification of homosexuality from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM) in 1974 as a Psychological disorder. If research supports that Boylove/Pedophilia is not a Psychological disorder, then it would have to be removed from the DSM.

From a news article on Pedophilia:

In the 3 1/2 years since police in Canada's biggest city established a special unit to tackle child pornography, investigators have been through so many dwellings packed with sci-fi books, DVDs, toys and collectibles like Klingon swords and sashes that it's become a dark squadroom joke. "We always say there are two types of pedophiles: Star Trek and Star Wars," says Det. Ian Lamond, the unit's second-in-command. "But it's mostly Star Trek."

There is really no research on this, but it is an interesting fact correlation. Science fiction does

seem to be a draw for some of us on the board (I am proudly a Trekkie).

Here is a fairly new research article that finds that Pedophiles in general are more likely to be left handed. Cantor JM, Klassen PE, Dickey R, et al. Handedness in pedophilia and hebephilia. Arch Sex Behav. 2005;34:447-459:

"These results indicate that the rates of non-right-handedness in pedophilia are much larger than previously suggested and are comparable to the rates observed in pervasive developmental disorders, such as autism, suggesting a neurological component to the development of pedophilia and hebephilia."

This research is supportive of Pedophilia being biologically based. I myself am learning disabled, and I wonder how many members on Boylover.net have learning problems (note to self to do polls on handedness, Star Trek, and learning problems).

From another recent article. Schiffer B, Peschel T, Paul T, et al. Structural brain abnormalities in the frontostriatal system and cerebellum in pedophilia. J Psychiatr Res. 2006 [Epub ahead of print]:

"[P]edophiles showed decreased gray matter volume in the ventral striatum (also extending into the nucl. accumbens), the orbitofrontal cortex and the cerebellum. These observations further

indicate an association between frontostriatal morphometric abnormalities and pedophilia. In this respect these findings may support the hypothesis that there is a shared etiopathological mechanism in all obsessive-compulsive spectrum disorders.”

They make the comparison to obsessive-compulsive disorders, but also argue that Pedophile brains are different, which again supports a biological base.

There is quite a bit of research indicating that, as a group, Pedophiles had higher incidences of being sexually abused as children, although a definitive connection cannot be made (in other words it's a correlation and not a "hard fact").

I found quite a lot of forensic research, but the problem is these studies don't differentiate Pedophiles from Sex Offenders in general, and the presentation is very much that we are un-empathic, non-caring, manipulative, pleasure seeking, poor impulse controlling criminals. As I want this to be fun, I won't present this research.

So, in the end you may ask, "Well what do you believe?" Well, I believe that we are born this way. I believe that this is an attraction just like heterosexuality or homosexuality and I believe that it is not a choice (it wasn't for me). As it is an attraction, I believe that it can not be "cured." I believe that people can be taught to reign in their urges but that therapy can not make someone straight, gay, or a Boylover. These are my beliefs, as they cannot yet be substantiated by research.

My attraction to boys was at a very early age. I noticed it at age 8, but I think it had been present before that. This pre-dated my knowing even what sex was or even connecting my arousal at times to boys in general.

As the research above describes, I had some of what is described in the research. I did have learning problems, was ambidextrous, (I could use both my right and left hand equally) but in the end became right handed, and of course I was a consummate Star Trek fan, and yes I was sexually abused as a child as well.

My father was not around a lot and we did not get along in my early years or even my teen years. I adopted an older friend when I was 15 (he was 32) and we shared interests in Estes Rockets and radio controlled planes. At the time, I didn't know what to call that, but he functioned as a mentor to me (there was no hanky panky). In my teen years, I would often be outside with the other kids on the block (this was usual), but my parents would complain about me spending time with younger boys on the block. In my teen years, I knew definitely that I was attracted to boys. I dated girls but they were not my thing then. I had two very close male friends (one very very close, if you know what I mean).

In college, I met my current wife and we have been together 20+ years. I don't have children (just never happened), and I have always had a gift for helping people with problems. I went to school and got my doctorate and I'm an actively practicing counselor specializing in children and adolescents (I counsel adults as well and do drug treatment).

So, how have I lived as a Boylover/Pedophile all these years, and what have I experienced over time?

Well, like many at times, I have experience profound loneliness and depression. At times I have felt angry and resentful at being unable to talk

about my attraction for fear of being isolated and alone. At first, I thought of myself as abnormal and sick (taking society's viewpoint), then realizing that I could never hurt anyone, so what was I really doing wrong? In the end, I have chosen to keep my attraction a secret so that I can live a fairly normal life. The solution that works for me: I have a close relationship with an adult (my wife), I have an outlet to interact and help boys (my job), I have many friends (many more now that I joined the board), and I don't beat myself up for my attraction any longer. I found that the negative thoughts led to more depression and isolation. I have good control of my urges (this is a sexual attraction for me) and I guess I am blessed to be attracted to adult men and women (although it is definitely not my primary attraction).

Other tidbits:

If you are a teenager, don't worry about figuring it all out now. Most people don't get a full handle on their sexuality until they are in their twenties. I get asked all the time by teens if they are gay or Boylovers. My answer: I don't know, wait and see.

In terms of depression and loneliness, I have always seen this as feeling disconnected from people in general. My advice: spend time with family and friends, get real life hugs and kisses, unplug yourself from your computer, take a walk, enjoy nature, do something active, make more friends. For Boylover.net members, there is a good thread on what works for depression here:

▶ www.boylover.net/cgi-bin/ultimatebb.cgi/topic/6/1170.html

I get asked a lot, "Should I come out as a Boylover"? This is a very personal decision and really is very individual. In general, my advice is "no." The odds that others will think of you very differently

and that it will impact family and friendships are very great. I am always available to help people sort this out.

Lastly, everyone creates their own answer to being a Boylover/Pedophile. My answer is not necessarily "the" answer. I may have made choices that maybe you wouldn't have made.

Sometimes people focus too much on the differences in things instead of focusing on what we have in common and how we can help each other. I would like to see us become a more cohesive community, and to that end, that's what I will pursue in helping members of our community.

Hugs to all,
Huggable61

The King of the Street



by Mr Bolo

You can see by the way he struts through the soi,
There's no way in earth he's an ordinary boy!
Something about the way he seems to glow,
Emanates charisma, that kind of thing ya know?

He's grown up faster than you or I
In that street where neons dominate the sky.
The place where sanity does defy
Sounds crazy I know, but I am not one to lie.

It's no easy task to become king of this street,
As just getting noticed here is no mean feat.
But, it is impossible to not notice this king,
With those big brown eyes & full lips a-smiling.

But behind that smile lies a troubled life,
Sorta makes a mockery of my insignificant strife.
For the dodgiest of bars shaped this boy,
for the many tourists he was little more than a toy.

That part of his life is no more,
But still he plies his trade,
Just a finger grasp away from the law.

I had a meeting with this king of the street.
But my promise of a return visit I did not keep.
Someone else sidetracked me
My dearly beloved, ever-smiling 'D'

But still I can't forget the king of the street
For he is a difficult one to meet.
Many have tried only to be turned away,
So for him to take to me, without doubt, made my day.

I still feel bad for not keeping my promise,
For those eyes & lips I will without doubt miss
But I know again our paths will cross,
Some quality time with the smallest 'Big Boss'

I'm safe back in the comfort of the west.
But for the king, there is no such rest.
He surely has bigger fish to fry,
Under that glowing neon sky.

Many may ask just what it is I am talking about here. Just who is this boy? Does he really exist? Does this place you refer to even exist?

As much as I would love to answer those questions, doing so would defeat the object of this little piece. I'll leave the rest solely to everyone's vivid imaginations!

Mr Bolo

'I was carried on a satin cushion and then dropped into a garbage can'

The Career and Death of Bobby Driscoll, Boy Actor

Bobby Driscoll was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa on March 3rd, 1938, the son of Cletus and Isabelle Driscoll. Cletus was an installer of asbestos installation and



by rebellee

Isabelle was a school teacher. When Bobby was 5, the family moved to Altadena, California, where a barber suggested to his parents that Bobby should be in pictures because of his cute looks. As a young boy, Bobby had other plans. "I am going to save my money and go to college and become a G-man," is the quote that Bobby used to describe his ambition.

In 1943, just a few months after the barber's suggestion to his parents, Bobby made his first appearance on screen. He played a very young boy on a train, enjoying a sucker, in the film titled 'Lost Angel.' His name was not even listed in the credits. The following year, he was in another film called 'The Fighting Sullivans.' His name did not appear in the film credits on this film either.

By now, Hollywood began to realize that Bobby was a cute and very talented kid, and he was given a speaking role in the 1944 film 'Sunday Dinner for a Soldier.' Bobby was just 6 years old, but was well on his way to stardom. Within a few short years, Bobby Driscoll would become one of the most talented child actors to ever appear on the big screen.

From 1944 to 1946, Bobby appeared in 6 more feature films. As he was getting older, he was beginning to receive larger speaking parts. Stardom was about to enter his life in a huge way.

In 1946, Bobby Driscoll was signed by Walt Disney to appear in a film called 'Song of the South.' It

was a film that included the famous Disney animation in conjunction with live action. Bobby played the part of a boy befriended by Uncle Remus. Upon release of this film, Bobby Driscoll became one of Hollywood's best known child actors, by the time he was just 9 years old.



The success of 'Song of the South' encouraged Disney to offer another plum role to the young Bobby Driscoll. In 1948 at the age of 11, Bobby appeared in the Disney film 'So Dear to my Heart,' the heart-warming story of a young boy trying to raise a black lamb for the fair. With the release of this film, Bobby was already a seasoned veteran of 13 movies.



It was his next film, in 1949, that was probably his most memorable role, and would earn him a special Oscar from the Academy Awards the following year. His character was Tommy Woodry, and the movie was called 'The Window,' a thriller about a boy who witnesses a murder, but because of his inability to always tell the truth, nobody will believe him.

In the 1940's, child actors were never nominated for Academy Awards. Because of his outstanding performance in 'The Window' and 'So Dear to My Heart,' Hollywood invited him to the Academy Awards in 1950 and presented him with a "special" Academy Award.



He was also honored with a Golden Globe Award that year for his performance in 'The Window.'

In 1950, another great role was offered to Bobby by Disney. This time he would play the part of Jim Hawkins in the Disney classic 'Treasure Island.' Bobby was now 13 and well into puberty, bringing with him all the problems that puberty brings to many young boys.

In 1953, Bobby was the voice of Peter in the animated Disney version of 'Peter Pan.' Bobby became the first male actor to ever play the role of Peter Pan on film; prior to his performance, females were always used in the role. Bobby actually performed this role as an "actor." Disney then used his motions as an actor and incorporated them into the animation sequence of the film.

Bobby Driscoll was the first child ever signed by Walt Disney to appear in films. Disney offered Bobby another 5 year deal in 1950 with the intention of eventually having him star in 'Johnny Tremain' and several other films that appeared to be well-suited for his talents.



It was shortly after the release of 'Peter Pan' that Disney reconsidered, and voided out the remaining 3 years of the contract. Entering puberty had taken a heavy toll on Bobby. Acne became a serious problem, and it was something that Bobby was not able to control. Future film roles were out of the question, and he had to resort to bit parts on TV programs. His acting skills had not declined, but his looks prevented him from advancing into adult roles in movies.

Bobby noticed that many of his boyhood friends from the industry were able to make the change from childhood roles to adult roles, and this began to bother him. He began to feel that Hollywood had "used him" because of his cute boyhood looks, and now he was being dumped by the industry that had once embraced him. "I was carried in on a satin cushion and then dropped into a garbage can," he once told reporters when questioned about his career.

At one point, he was reported to have told Jackie Cooper that he just wanted to prove to the world that he really was a legitimate actor. He just wanted to be remembered. The reality, of course,

is that this young man didn't need to prove anything. His talent had been demonstrated to the world many times.

His last acting job was in the television show 'The Travels of Jamie McPheeters,' starring Kurt Russell, in 1963. He received great reviews for his performance, but his acting career was now over.

By his late teens, Bobby was experimenting with drugs, eventually turning to speed and heroin. He was arrested repeatedly for various drug charges and even served a sentence in California's State Prison at Chino. Upon his release, he disappeared from sight for several years. He eventually turned up in New York City where he made an attempt to revive his career on Broadway, but nothing came of it.

On March 20, 1968, some children found his body in a trash-filled, deserted tenement near Greenwich Village in New York City - the same kind of building that was used in the movie 'The Window,' the film most identified with Bobby Driscoll.

The official cause of death was heart attack brought on by liver failure and advanced arteriosclerosis. His body was sent to the morgue as a John Doe as he had no identification on him. He eventually was buried in a pauper's grave on Long Island.

In 1969, Bobby's mother enlisted the help of the FBI and Disney Studios to try to find her missing son. It was a fingerprint that eventually solved the mystery of what happened to him.

It has been 39 years since the death of Bobby Driscoll, and he is STILL buried in a pauper's grave in New York City. If you should ever visit Eternal Hills Memorial Park in Oceanside, California, you

will find in Calvary Section, block 243, lot 7, a tombstone with the name Cletus Driscoll on one side and Robert Driscoll on the other. Cletus is buried there, but his son still is buried in a pauper's grave. After all these years, NOBODY - not his family, not the Disney people, not Hollywood - has done anything to bring Bobby home to a decent final resting place. This is a disgrace to someone who was one of Hollywood's greatest child actors. Hollywood has given Bobby Driscoll a star on the Hollywood 'Walk of Fame,' but can't find it in their hearts to dish out the money to bring him home.



A personal note. I was only 6 or 7 years old when I first met Bobby Driscoll. I was raised by my grandparents during those years, and I have a few scattered memories from that period. I do remember that my grandmother and Bobby's guardian were best friends. On several occasions, his guardian (for whatever reason, I have always thought it was his aunt) would bring him over with her when she visited my grandmother. Bobby would have been 10 or 11 at the time, and well on his way to being a young Hollywood child actor. To me, he was just another boy. I was too young to understand the significance of his celebrity. In fact, I had never been to a movie before I was 7 years old. My world was the few blocks in our Hollywood neighborhood that I was living in. My memories are very vague about him. I just remember him being a nice kid who was

friendly to me. I wish that I would have been older so that I could have understood just how important he was.

In the process of researching this story, I feel much closer to him now than I ever had in the past, and I wish to do something to put a happy ending to this sad story. I don't know just how much I can help, but I plan on setting up a meeting with the a very influential member of Hollywood history and try to light a fire to do something about bringing Bobby Driscoll back home, where he belongs. I called Eternal Hills Memorial Park to find out if his body had ever been moved to their location. The lady that I spoke with said they have a dual stone for the father and son, but only the father is buried there. She did not even know who Bobby Driscoll was.

It would sure be nice to be able to visit Eternal Hills Memorial Park and bring some flowers to a kid who was nice to me when I was just a little boy myself.

R.I.P. Bobby Driscoll



The English Boarding School and a Boylover

The 25 years spent looking after and caring for boys within the English boarding school system were the happiest of my life. Of course there were the obvious advantages of



being around my favourite type of person, and building up various relationships over the years. But that in itself was not the only reason for doing this kind of work. To see boys grow, and achieve their potential was very satisfying indeed. To know that I was partly responsible for their achievements, and playing a small part in their lives was really the best part. The bonus of anything else that occurred was the icing on the cake.

It all started in the late 70s, when I had decided to quit my office job in Central London. I was on the underground traveling to work, when I decided to get off the train, and return home. I had enough of the crowds, the noise, and the daily boredom. I was already involved in helping out at a local youth club in the evenings, and very much enjoyed my time with the boys. I was quite active as a boylover at the time, so I thought that working with children full time might be something that would be just right for me. Although my first thoughts were on the sexual side of being around boys, after a time it became very clear to me that there were far more valid reasons to engage in this kind of work. In those days, there was no need for qualifications in child care as there is now, so it was fairly easy to get an interview, as there were always vacancies advertised in magazines for house parents and such like.

As this was an opportunity to move away from London, I scanned the adverts, and found a vacancy for a residential child care officer placement for a local authority at the South east coast. Living by the sea really appealed, and I was extremely happy to accept the invitation for interview. Suffice to say, I was offered my first job working with boys, albeit on a probationary period of 4 weeks. It seemed I had a natural ability with children, and all went

well, and I was offered a permanent position in charge of the junior boys house. The age range was 10 to 12, and I was floating in the clouds!

I had my own apartment situated on the boys' corridor, rent free! With the prospect of all school holidays, I was in my element. There were 15 boys in the house group, and I was responsible for their out of class activities, hygiene and health, and bed-times and rising in the mornings. Also nightly group showering, which was in itself rather pleasant. I suppose it was comparable to being a substitute father, but on a much larger scale. I found that certain boys were drawn to me, and it was obvious that they missed the normal physical contact that they would have received if they had been at home. There was the never ending play fighting, and wrestling, with plenty of bodily contact. I had to be very careful to control myself, and also to be able to keep control and discipline at the same time. I found that some boys were wanting a little more than just the play fighting, etc., and at times one or two did feel confident enough to touch me inappropriately when alone with me. As much as I was flattered at these approaches, I really had to rebuff them, and explain why such behaviour was inappropriate. But I have to admit that I had my favourites, even though I made great efforts not to make it obvious.

I got to know the parents of all “my” boys very well, and this gave me confidence in nurturing one or two of my favourites for a deeper and more satisfying relationship. I suppose the word grooming would be applicable here if I had to be honest, but as the boys concerned were more than happy, it seemed that all of us would be gaining the benefits. With the parents of these particular boys giving me their full trust, I was able to take individual boys away for a short break in the school holidays. I have to say a terrific time was had by all, and even grateful thanks given by the parents. I sometimes think back, and say to myself, “My god! If only they knew!”

My small apartment was also very handy for the odd visit or two by the boys. Especially after lights out, when most of the other boys were asleep. I also came upon a few sexual relationships between the boys themselves during my night rounds. As I was sympathetic to their needs, I did not make a fuss, although the culprits were very embarrassed to have been found out. I would say that this was normal behaviour in such circumstances as these. As you can imagine I was exceedingly happy at this school, but after 7 years there was a change of headmaster, which brought about some changes in work practices I was not happy with. I decided to look for another placement.

My second school was rather unusual, as it catered to children of serving forces personnel, and was of Scottish heritage. Although situated just North of London, it was set up by the Caledonian Society in 1815 exclusively for Scottish children. It no longer exists, but was a school of proud traditions, and had its own pipe band with dancers. To see a boy dressed in full Scottish attire with kilt is a sight to behold! The sound of the pipes also drew you into the whole Highland experience. It was a mixed

school, and I was the Senior Housemaster in charge of the boys’ house, which consisted of around 60 boys aged between 7 and 16. My responsibilities were much as my previous job, but with the added task of supervising 6 members of staff. I found that situations repeated themselves in as much as relationships with various boys, and trust being given by the parents. I worked there for over 10 years, and was extremely happy. But with the cutting down of the Armed Forces, numbers dropped, and eventually the school had to close, much to everyone’s chagrin.

This was the theme that followed me over the years, and rarely ever changed. I was fully confident in my ability to organise and carry out my required duties, as well as dipping my finger into the pie when opportunity arose. At this point I must stress, I never considered myself as any sort of predator, but more as a willing recipient of exploration, and unrequited love, or should that be lust? Never in my life have I forced a situation on anyone, but also never did I turn away from anyone that needed me. Maybe I am deluding myself, and trying not to make myself responsible for what occurred. Looking back over the years, I do take responsibility, as I was the person in charge, and in a situation of trust. Nevertheless, I feel strongly that I was there when I was needed by the boys in question, and whatever occurred, it is obvious to me that those boys enjoyed the experiences they received.

I spent the last few years of my working life in similar environments until I had to come back home to care for my Mother. But those memories will be forever clear in my head, and I am thankful for being so very lucky in every respect to have had such a wonderful experience.

Mecc



Being Friends with a Girllover

I have a friend who is a Girllover. People of the Boylover community often feel that it is odd that a Boylover and a Girllover could be such close friends.



by Cyborg

We first met when we were 8 years old. It was in summer camp that we became fast friends. It turned out that, though we went to different schools, we lived less than a mile from each other.

As the years progressed we stayed close, though we were both very different people. M is a very shy, slight and hyperactive person. I am more outgoing, heavily built and emotionally reactive person.

When it came to going to clubs to meet women, he did not really try hard. I asked him about it one day, and knowing he could confide in me, he admitted to being attracted to females far younger than we were meeting at the clubs. Yes, he had noticed my tendency to look at boys as we went to various places. After talking, we were more relieved, and knew that we could be that much more open about our feelings with each other.

He and I never experimented sexually with each other growing up. As adults we've traveled together a lot. We've shared hotel rooms and even beds but have never done anything together of a sexual nature.

Sometimes friendships like this require sacrifices. I have seen such movies as "The Babysitter's Club," which was girl-centric, and he has seen movies such as "Zathura," which is boy-centric. There are several other things that I have done with him that involve girls rather than boys, but this is what friendship is all about.

Many times, when we are walking around various places, I will point out girls to him and he will point out boys to me. A friendship like this does give you some appreciation for the other's perspective. It is very similar to hanging out with a Boylover that has a different AOA than you. You will begin to notice those within the other's AOA.

A few Boylovers have met him and he enjoys meeting them. The one thing my Boylover friends can't wrap their heads around is when M sees and girl and will say something like, "She's spankable." This is something that I tease him about constantly. He has a fetish for spanking and tickling. He does return the teasing about my special interests.

We have been friends for almost 36 years now. It is an enduring friendship that has weathered a few storms and it just gets stronger. We may be quite different from each other but this is a part of why we get along so well. Even though there are differences, there is a camaraderie in the sameness of our pedophilic interests. One of the big keys is that we are never judgmental about each other.

So, I feel that it is important that we Boylovers support the Girllover community. They are more like us than you may realize.

Boy Photographs from the 1940's at the U.S. Library of Congress

The following pictures were taken as part of a U.S. government project during the 1930's and 1940's. These pictures and hundreds more are now



by SimbaLion

available at the U.S. Library of Congress. From the description on the Library of Congress website: "The images in the Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Collection are among the most famous documentary photographs ever produced. Created by a group of U.S. government photographers, the images show Americans in every part of the nation. In the early years, the project emphasized rural life and the negative impact of the Great Depression, farm mechanization, and the Dust Bowl. In later years, the photographers turned their attention to the mobilization effort for World War II." The pictures are presented with titles provided by the Library of Congress.



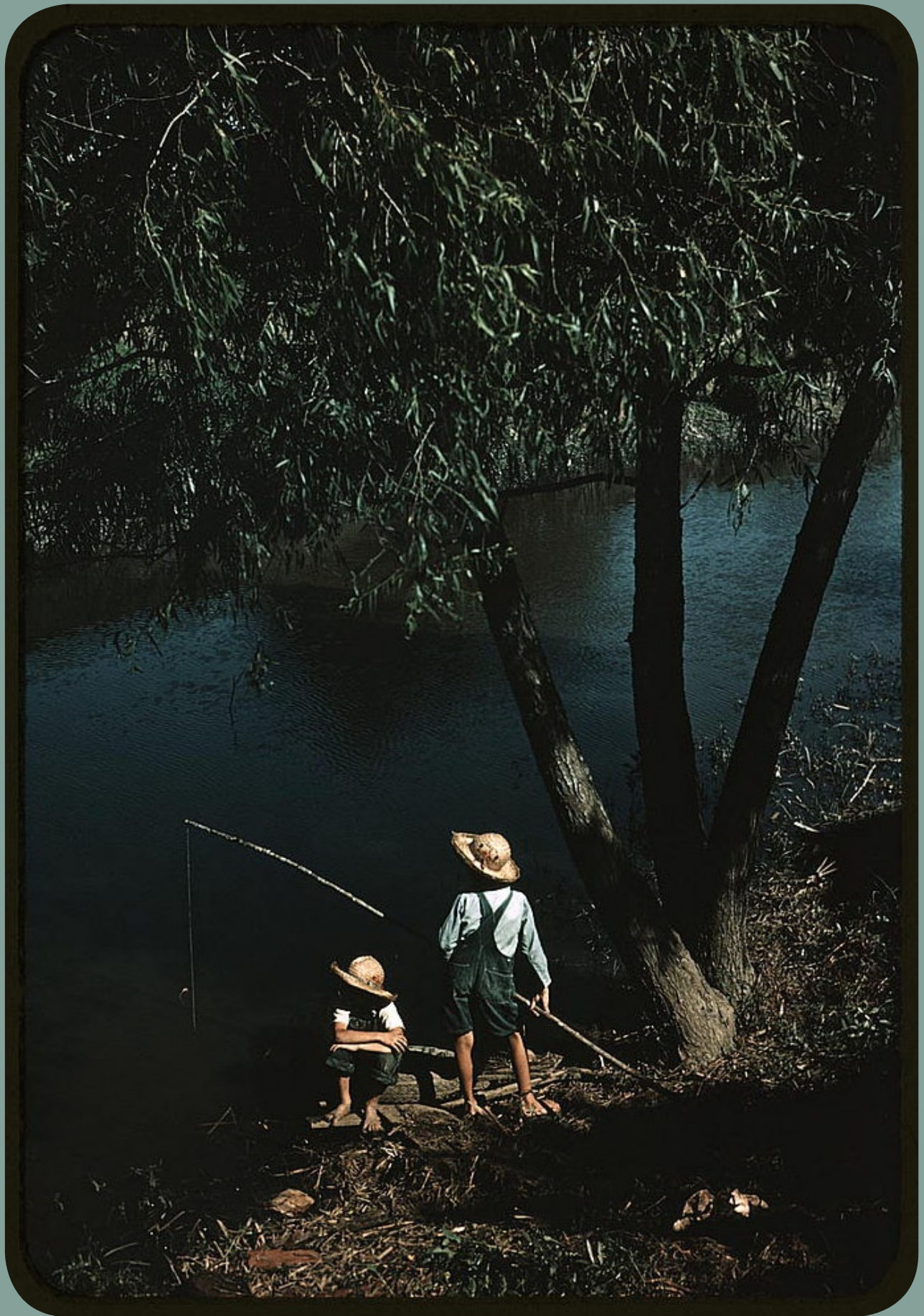
Homesteader and his children eating barbeque at the Pie Town, New Mexico Fair (1940)



Negro boy near Cincinnati, Ohio (1942 or 1943)



Boy building a model airplane while other children look on, FSA labor camp, Robstown, Tex. (1942)



Boys fishing in a bayou, Schriever, La. (1940)



Boy beside store window display of Christmas ornaments (1941 or 1942)



Rural school children, San Augustine County, Texas (1943)

THE BLOODY PEDOPHILE

A billion people know my name.
I am a man of worldwide fame:
I am the evil moster.
I am the bloody pedophile.

I'm in the evening news each day.
"I should be shot!", the tabloids say.
Cause I am the evil moster.
Cause I am the bloody pedophile.

A billion people can't be wrong
and the news help them along.
That's why I am the evil monster.
That's why I am the bloody pedophile.

I am the one, whom you can hate,
and it seems to be my fate,
if I'm an evil monster,
if I'm a bloody pedophile.

But maybe I am just a man
and live my life the best I can.
Maybe no evil monster.
Maybe no bloody pedophile.

Love is not a dirty thing,
mine cannot fly, but still I sing:
I am no evil monster.
I'm just a normal pedophile.

I love my life in spite of it,
I love to love and help a bit.
Cause I am the bloody normal pedophile,
who just wants to see boys smile.

Take a stone and knock me out
or stop to think and let it sink:
I am a man, I have a heart.
If you can see that, it's a start.



by Pantherion

SADISM



by JoshuaB

Children

Running away, worried

Of their parents.

Children

Humiliated and beaten up

By their parents.

Children

Not allowed to say or do what they want because

Of society.

Children

Killing themselves because

No one listens to them.

Children

Dying from hunger because

No one cares.

Children

Sold and forced to work by

Their parents.

And you have the guts to say that I'm a THREAT for children?

That's pure sadism!

Caravaggio: Painter, Pugilist and Pervert

When I first set out to write a little article on Caravaggio, I thought it would be a straightforward deal: simply find the references to him having been a boylover, and put them up here along with examples of his paintings. It turned out not to be so simple, because for every historian that says one thing about him, another historian says the opposite. In the end, the only real thing about his life seems to be his paintings.



by AnemicFairy

Michelangelo Merisi, better known today under the name Caravaggio, was born around 1571. After completing his apprenticeship in Naples, he settled in Rome where he soon became famous for his paintings, and infamous for his debauched lifestyle.

Even his paintings caused considerable controversy. He pioneered the technique of tenebrism, in which strong light picks out figures against a dark, murky background. More controversially, and unlike the procedure followed by his namesake Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475 - 1564) in the Sistine Chapel, he painted from live models and did not idealize the figures of saints and mythical heroes. Holy apostles looking like common fishermen and stone masons, warts and all, did not always go down well in Rome at the time, but so brilliant was his technique that he never lacked for commissions.

But wherever Caravaggio went, trouble followed soon after. He was imprisoned several times for disorderly behaviour, and finally, in a drunken brawl, he killed someone. He spent much of the rest of his short life on the run, creating one masterpiece after the other in between further brawls and arrests. He died in 1610, famous but penniless.

Today, boylovers remember Caravaggio mainly for a series of paintings of often androgynous, not to

say effeminate, adolescent boys that he completed while still in Rome, as well as for the questions about his own sexuality. But with these, as with much else about him, it is difficult to disentangle facts from myths and rumours.

Consider, for example, one of his most famous works, *Amor Victorious*:



A contemporary account notes that the model for this painting was one Cecco, who was said to be Caravaggio's 'servant or boy.' (Cecco is identified by some historians as the artist Cecco del Caravaggio, a follower of Caravaggio's style and presumably his pupil). Many commentators have noted the earthiness and quite blatant nudity of the figure, and for many, this is a quite unabashedly erotic picture. Add to this the fact that the picture's owner, the wealthy Vincenzo Giustiniani, is said to have kept it covered from most viewers, and it is no wonder that Caravaggio's sexuality has been the subject of much speculation.

Boylovers would of course very much want to claim so famous an artist as one of their own, but precisely for this reason, we should be all the more cautious. Many historians have proposed perfectly mundane explanations for the supposed eroticism of the picture. For one thing, the nudity of a prepubescent boy would not have raised eyebrows then as it does now; at the time, it was not at all uncommon to see nude boys publicly bathing in rivers or ocean, and artistic nudity featuring adults was in fact much more likely to cause discomfort in viewers. As for the painting being kept covered up, this might simply have been because it was the best painting in Giustiniani's collection, and when showing his collection to visitors, he wanted to keep it for last.

What controversy did surround the painting in Caravaggio's own day, was once again centered around the fact that a mythological cupid is shown as very much a common boy rather than as an idealized figure. Perhaps the fact that so many people today consider this painting to be erotic says more about them than it does about the painting or about Caravaggio?

Was Caravaggio a boylover? Did he have romantic or sexual relations with young models? It is certainly possible, but in my opinion the jury is still out on this. He certainly was a homicidal maniac, and as such perhaps not really the kind of man one would want to associate with anyway.

One thing remains certain: for all his unpleasantness as a man, he produced some of the greatest art of his or any other time, including timeless images of boys.

My Fetishes, and Why They're Hot

Ok, fetishes then. Time for me to explain a bit about a few of them, and why I am attracted to them, and what I find hot about each one of them. I'll even tell you about the ones you don't have a clue that I have - and trust me, there's a lot of them, which may surprise you. There is one which is probably my biggest fetish of all, and one that will make you have a heart attack when you find out, so I am going to start off with the ones you know, and work my way down the ladder of public knowledge slowly. So let's get the ball rolling, shall we?



by Junkhouse

Little Boys. Ok I don't really know if little boys count as a fetish but anyways here goes. As most of you will already know I am a Little Boy Lover with a very low AOA (3-14 with exceptions). What I find attractive about little boys... Well for one, first thing I seem to notice is the hair of the boy, because a lot of the time a cool looking hair style often ends up with seeing a hot little boy personality. I love little shortish blond hair or spiky black hair, both of which in my opinion are absolutely to die for. For example:



Now, this to me is perfection. The second thing I go for is the face. Now the face to me is the most important part of a boy because it's where all the looks come from. First thing is the cheeks. Boy

cheeks are important. They have to be smooth and round and small and cute as hell. Full of red is even better as well. Next thing I got is - weirdly enough - the nose. Me personally, I find a little button nose a very sexy thing about a boy. Then I probably go for general face appearance. A little smooth cheeky looking face - it can't be beat. Now in a boy's body, what I like is where the boy is not muscular or not chubby. The perfect body for me is probably a little bit before the boy would have a six pack. Drool! Ok, I think that's enough for little boys.

Boy Feet. Ok, little boys' feet. What's so hot about them, why do I find them attractive - or, more important, what is so sexy about them? Well personally, I find the little soft smooth skin of a boy's soles fooking sexy, and then the little wrinkles in the skin make them even hotter. And the size of them, and how petite the feet look with the little toes coming out of them at the end, wriggling around and about and with the thought of what it would be like to be sucking them. Drool! And then if there was to be something like warm honey on them to be sucked off layer by layer... well I think that's enough for boy feet.

Being Dominated. Ok. Now what's so hot about having a little 10 year old boy dominate you and

make you be his total bitch all day and night? Just having the boy tie you or handcuff you to the bed, and making you wait a little while with your mind pondering about helplessly, all at the boy's will, and then him coming back? Just playing with your mind, messing you about, just touching your skin, playfully whipping you with a little whip, or him slowly torturing you by bringing you so close to the point of orgasm, and then stopping instantly there and then, and repeating this a few times to the point that any touch on your dick almost brings you to the point of explosion? Then he lets you explode? Who can't find that like totally hot? That's enough of that before I explode...

Boys' Cross-Dressing. Yes, you heard right. This is one of my fetishes. Yes, a little boy dressed up in little girl's clothes or a girl's pink ballet dress is hot!! Why do I find this hot? I don't know - guess I just like girly boys. I guess it's probably also from when I was a little boy, I used to do this. I wouldn't want to do it myself any more, but when I was a little boy, I always used to do this, and I loved ever second of it. Dressing up in my sisters' old dresses and their high heels - God I was a little hottie then. And normally, then, a dress does bring out the best in his little arse. Well that's enough for that.

Boy's Peeing. Oh yes, this is another one of those really weird fetishes, yep! And it isn't even my weirdest fetish. Yep. Boys peeing is hot just to see. A boy out with his little pee pee taking a pee - God it's hot, and then when some boys lift their shirt to pee as well, so not only do you get a good sight of their penis and them peeing out of it, you get to

get a good little look at the stomach. And a good thing about boys is they don't give a damn who sees them doing it, do they now? And then them shaking it as well - well, enough of that now for the shock of the century.

DIAPERS. Yes, you heard it right. I shit you not! Junkhouse finds diaper boys fooking hot! Fook, there is nothing hotter for me then to see in the Gallery a little boy in diapers. Drool! What I find hot about them - that I don't honestly know. The thing is, I only find boys in disposable diapers hot. Why, I don't know. I can't answer you that. I wish I could, then I would. But honestly, how can't you find this hot?



He is just absolutely hot. I personally cannot find a hotter diaper boy than this. This for me is perfection, and the little dummy in his mouth just makes it perfect.

And there we have it, every one Junkhouse's fetishes! Feel free to contact me.

The Story of Ganymede



by Ganymede

Since I have been a member on the board, many people have asked me about my board name or my signature picture (below). The answer is that since the mid '80s, when I first found it, I have loved the story of Ganymede.

The book that I found was a re-telling of the ancient story of Ganymede and Zeus and had been written using modern English, as opposed to the classical, "Lo, I kneel before thee" type of storytelling.



The story of Ganymede speaks to me on so many boylove levels. In more detailed versions, we see the mentoring relationship between him and his tutors. There is also acceptance of the idea that a much older being (Zeus) can fall in love with a young boy, and demonstrate that love. Which brings me to the third point, and one which I'm sure you will agree is the ultimate boylove fantasy - the ability to keep a boy young forever.

If you have never heard the story of Ganymede and Zeus before, I hope you will enjoy my brief retelling of the tale and the audio version included at the end.

Mount Ida (known in Turkish as Kazdağı) is a mountain in modern-day northwestern Turkey, southeast of the ruins of Troy, along the north coast of the Gulf of Edremit. It was a popular setting for many Greek tales of the gods, and it was on this mountain that, on a bright and clear day, Ganymede was relaxing during a break in his studies, with his tutors nearby, when suddenly, a massive storm rolled in, and black thunderclouds covered the sky.

Zeus, the king of the gods, had seen Ganymede lying in the sun. When he saw the young boy's beautiful, clean limbs, smooth thighs, and long blonde hair, he instantly fell in love with the young Trojan prince.

Summoning all his power, he immediately created the storm Ganymede had seen, and under cover of its darkness, changed himself into the form of a huge eagle, flying from his home atop Olympus to Mount Ida, where he landed beside the awestruck Ganymede.

Still in his eagle form, Zeus proclaimed his love for the boy and invited him to live with him in Olympus, the home of the gods.

Ganymede, who was also instantly smitten with Zeus, immediately accepted the wondrous offer and with the small boy's thighs pressing firmly against the eagle's sides, they flew on to Olympus, leaving his amazed tutors on the ground, far below.

When they reached the heavenly city, Zeus resumed the form of a god and immediately took Ganymede to his bed ... much to the boy's delight. Afterwards, as a token of his love for the boy, Zeus gathered his powers and made him immortal and forever young, so that they could share their love forever.

Back on Earth, Ganymede's father, king Tros of Troy, was utterly devastated when he heard the reports from the boy's tutors. He wept for many days before Zeus, feeling sorry for him, ordered Hermes, the messenger of the gods, to give him a team of horses. They were the finest on earth and were said to be so fast that they could run on water and out-distance the sun itself. Tros accepted this gift, and the debt for his son was paid.

Later, when Zeus called for a feast, he falsely rebuked his daughter Hebe for being clumsy as she poured the wine so he could install Ganymede in her place. Ganymede became a very good cup-bearer to the Gods. He placed a kiss on every cup he poured for Zeus and gave the vessel a half-turn so they could share the kiss. Meanwhile, Hebe eventually left Olympus in tears and later married Heracles (also known as Hercules).

Back on Olympus, Hera, who was not only wife and older sister to Zeus but also the goddess of marriage, was extremely jealous and furious with Zeus's actions towards their daughter Hebe, and even more so for taking Ganymede to his bed and breaking the rules of marriage.

Because all the other gods loved Ganymede and Zeus had made him immortal, Hera was unable to take out her frustrations on the young boy, so instead, she went after his people on Earth. The Trojan race, which had previously been her fa-

vorite, now became her enemy, and by divine intervention, she caused them to lose battle after battle until the entire race perished.

Ganymede, however, was still safe from her wrath, and to this day, lives on as the constellation Aquarius, the water bearer.

Click the link below to hear an audio version of the story of Ganymede. If you have trouble playing the file, right-click the link and select "Save file as ..." or "Save link as ..."

▶ www.boylover.net/ganymede/posts/audio/zg.mp3

Hands

by Sherwood Anderson

Note: Sherwood Anderson's short story "Hands" is one of the most sympathetic representations of pedophile desire in classic American literature. First published in 1919 as a chapter in the novel *Winesburg, Ohio*, "Hands" introduces us to Wing Biddlebaum, a man whose present is haunted by his past relationship to boys. As Anderson tells it, Wing's history - who he was, and who he has become - is indistinguishable from the history of his hands.

Upon the half decayed veranda of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine near the town of Winesburg, Ohio, a fat little old man walked nervously up and down. Across a long field that had been seeded for clover but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, he could see the public highway along which went a wagon filled with berry pickers returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy clad in a blue shirt leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the maidens, who screamed and protested shrilly. The feet of the boy in the road kicked up a cloud of dust that floated across the face of the departing sun. Over the long field came a thin girlish voice. "Oh, you Wing Biddlebaum, comb your hair, it's falling into your eyes," commanded the voice to the man, who was bald and whose nervous little hands fiddled about the bare white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks.

Wing Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years. Among all the people of Winesburg but one had come close to him. With George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the New Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George Willard was the reporter on the *Winesburg Eagle* and sometimes in the evenings he walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house. Now as the old man walked up and down on the veranda, his hands moving nervously about, he was hoping that George Willard would come and spend the evening with him. After the wagon containing the berry pickers had passed, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds and climbing a rail fence peered anxiously along the road to the town. For a moment he stood thus, rubbing his hands together and looking up and down the road, and then, fear overcoming him, ran back to walk again upon the porch on his own house.

In the presence of George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum, who for twenty years had been the town mystery, lost something of his timidity, and his shadowy personality, submerged in a sea of doubts, came forth to look at the world. With the young reporter at his side, he ventured in the light of day into Main Street or strode up and down on the rickety front porch of his own house, talking excitedly. The voice that had been low and trembling became shrill and loud. The bent figure straightened. With a kind of wriggle, like a fish returned to the brook by the fisherman, Biddlebaum the silent began to talk, striving to put into words the ideas that had been accumulated by his mind during long years of silence.

Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in his pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet inexpressive hands of other men who worked beside him in the fields, or passed, driving sleepy teams on country roads.

When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum closed his fists and beat with them upon a table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a stump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

The story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap many strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, Tony Tip, that had won the two-fifteen trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands. At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the questions that were often in his mind.

Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had talked as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him. "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

On the grassy bank Wing Biddlebaum had tried again to drive his point home. His voice became soft and reminiscent, and with a sigh of contentment he launched into a long rambling talk, speaking as one lost in a dream.

Out of the dream Wing Biddlebaum made a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in a kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came clean-limbed young men, some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

Wing Biddlebaum became wholly inspired. For once he forgot the hands. Slowly they stole forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked. "You must try to forget all you have learned," said the old man. "You must begin to dream. From this time on you must shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

Pausing in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy and then a look of horror swept over his face.

With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can talk no more with you," he said nervously.

Without looking back, the old man had hurried down the hillside and across a meadow, leaving George Willard perplexed and frightened upon the grassy slope. With a shiver of dread the boy arose and went along the road toward town. "I'll not ask him about his hands," he thought, touched by the memory of the terror he had seen in the man's eyes. "There's something wrong, but I don't want to know what it is. His hands have something to do with his fear of me and of everyone."

And George Willard was right. Let us look briefly into the story of the hands. Perhaps our talking of them will arouse the poet who will tell the hidden wonder story of the influence for which the hands were but fluttering pennants of promise.

In his youth Wing Biddlebaum had been a school teacher in a town in Pennsylvania. He was not then known as Wing Biddlebaum, but went by the less euphonic name of Adolph Myers. As Adolph Myers he was much loved by the boys of his school.

Adolph Myers was meant by nature to be a teacher of youth. He was one of those rare, little-understood men who rule by a power so gentle that it passes as a lovable weakness. In their feeling for the boys under their charge such men are not unlike the finer sort of women in their love of men.

And yet that is but crudely stated. It needs the poet there. With the boys of his school, Adolph Myers had walked in the evening or had sat talking until dusk upon the schoolhouse steps lost in a kind of dream. Here and there went his hands, caressing the shoulders of the boys, playing about the tousled heads. As he talked his voice became soft and musical. There was a caress in that also. In a way the voice and the hands, the stroking of the shoulders and the touching of the hair were a part of the schoolmaster's effort to carry a dream into the young minds. By the caress that was in his fingers he expressed himself. He was one of those men in whom the force that creates life is diffused, not centralized. Under the caress of his hands doubt and disbelief went out of the minds of the boys and they began also to dream.

And then the tragedy. A half-witted boy of the school became enamored of the young master. In his bed at night he imagined unspeakable things and in the morning went forth to tell his dreams as facts. Strange, hideous accusations fell from his loose-hung lips. Through the Pennsylvania town went a shiver. Hidden, shadowy doubts that had been in men's minds concerning Adolph Myers were galvanized into beliefs.

The tragedy did not linger. Trembling lads were jerked out of bed and questioned. "He put his arms about me," said one. "His fingers were always playing in my hair," said another.

One afternoon a man of the town, Henry Bradford, who kept a saloon, came to the schoolhouse door. Calling Adolph Myers into the school yard he began to beat him with his fists. As his hard knuckles beat down into the frightened face of the schoolmaster, his wrath became more and more terrible. Screaming with dismay, the children ran here and there like disturbed insects. "I'll teach you to put your hands on my boy, you beast," roared the saloon keeper, who, tired of beating the master, had begun to kick him about the yard.

Adolph Myers was driven from the Pennsylvania town in the night. With lanterns in their hands a dozen men came to the door of the house where he lived alone and commanded that he dress and come forth. It was raining and one of the men had a rope in his hands. They had intended to hang the schoolmaster, but something in his figure, so small, white, and pitiful, touched their hearts and they let him escape. As he ran away into the darkness they repented of their weakness and ran after him, swearing and throwing sticks and great balls of soft mud at the figure that screamed and ran faster and faster into the darkness.

For twenty years Adolph Myers had lived alone in Winesburg. He was but forty but looked sixty-five. The name of Biddlebaum he got from a box of goods seen at a freight station as he hurried through an eastern Ohio town. He had an aunt in Winesburg, a black-toothed old woman who raised chickens, and with her he lived until she died. He had been ill for a year after the experience in Pennsylvania, and after his recovery worked as a day laborer in the fields, going timidly about and striving to conceal his hands. Although he did not understand what had happened he felt that the hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys had talked of the hands. "Keep your hands to yourself," the saloon keeper had roared, dancing, with fury in the schoolhouse yard.

Upon the veranda of his house by the ravine, Wing Biddlebaum continued to walk up and down until the sun had disappeared and the road beyond the field was lost in the grey shadows. Going into his house he cut slices of bread and spread honey upon them. When the rumble of the evening train that took away the express cars loaded with the day's harvest of berries had passed and restored the silence of the summer night, he went again to walk upon the veranda. In the darkness he could not see the hands and they became quiet. Although he still hungered for the presence of the boy, who was the medium through which he expressed his love of man, the hunger became again a part of his loneliness and his waiting. Lighting a lamp, Wing Biddlebaum washed the few dishes soiled by his simple meal and, setting up a folding cot by the screen door that led to the porch, prepared to undress for the night. A few stray white bread crumbs lay on the cleanly washed floor by the table; putting the lamp upon a low stool he began to pick up the crumbs, carrying them to his mouth one by one with unbelievable rapidity. In the dense blotch of light beneath the table, the kneeling figure looked like a priest engaged in some service of his church. The nervous expressive fingers, flashing in and out of the light, might well have been mistaken for the fingers of the devotee going swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary.

contributed by SimbaLion

Thoughts



by JoshuaB

Sometimes I just sit by my window
Watching the people outside come and go
Enjoying the warm sun on my skin.

I smile to myself when I see them
In hurry.

I start to think why
They rarely smile.

Deep in thoughts a little angel
Comes into my sight.
Curly golden hair,
Shiny ocean eyes,
An infectious smile.

I open the window and take
A deep breath of fresh air.
I close my eyes and listen
To an angelic voice singing.

I open my eyes and see
Him smiling at me.
He blinks at me and runs
Around the corner, still laughing.

I see myself in the window, like
In a mirror.
My thoughtful face is gone, just
Pure ecstasy and joy makes me
Beam with a smile.

I still sit by my window
Watching people come and go
Wondering how they can still be
Depressed and in hurry.

It's the small things that can make me happy.

Note: boyhunter was a former staff member at Boylover.net whose death was reported to us in June 2007. The following letter is copied from a forum post of his from September 2006.

Dear Boy

I really wish I knew you. I think that you could make my life a lot happier.

It's weird to think that you are out there waiting for me and here I am waiting for you. Although you may have someone now... I don't and I am willing to wait an eternity for you. Because, I know that God has our lives together all planned out. God has told me that you are out there... I'm just not sure where. He won't tell me that, He says I'll find out when the time is right.

When will that ever be? I miss not having you. Do you think someday, we'll be together? I hope so... and I have faith... 'cause God told me we will be! I wonder what your name is, and your age, and your height, and eye color, and hair color, and all your future plans. Are you into sports? or will I help you find sports? Do I already know you? I mean, have we met?

I wish I knew you. I pray to God that I will know you soon.

If you find me first let me know... I would really like to know you!

Love,

Your Adult Friend

