

ISSUE #10



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

So you think you might be a pedophile. If you're having these thoughts for the first time, it can be confusing and stressful. You've seen the news reports about people who are attracted to kids. It's always negative, news about kids being abused and taken advantage of. You also hear your friends and family talk about how sick 'those people' are. Even if you know in your heart that you could never hurt a boy, these negative opinions can feel like a crushing weight on your shoulders. How can a person deal with all these thoughts and emotions?

Most of us have had these thoughts and feelings, and everyone deals with them in their own way. Whether it be through an open board like BoyChat, or through more private ones like BoyMoment, Boylover.org & YoungCity, there are many places where you can connect with, and learn about boylovers just like you. It's important to remember that news reports use stats specific to pedophiles who have been charged or investigated for crimes. In other words, if you read that 90% of pedophiles molest children, that does not reflect the thousands of boylovers who don't. This would be like saying all heterosexuals are rapists, based on a survey of convicted rapists.

The TRUE FACT of the matter is that YOU are in charge of what you do. You don't have to become the stereotypical image of what a pedophile is. Break the mold....prove them wrong!

This marks a special milestone for Modern Boylover Magazine, it is our **Tenth Issue!** We've had many great issues and articles, but I think that you'll find some of our best work in the pages that follow. Special thanks to BM, BLo & YC for stepping up to make this such a great issue. We couldn't do it without you!

-420Guy (Organizer/Chief Editor)

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^Y = YOUNGCITY.ORG



TOP AUTHORS IN OUR FIRST 10 ISSUES!

We are thankful to all of our authors. Sometimes the best piece of work is written by someone who never submits another article. Other times, an author writes several pieces, or submits work in various issues. This list celebrates those who have shown a passion for the magazine, by stepping it up a notch and writing even more! To each of of them, and all of our writers: Thank You!

-MBMStaff

1. SimbaLion
2. 420Guy
3. Anemic Fairy & Pantherion
4. AlphaBoy & JoshuaB
5. bechgyn
6. blondeboy
7. Crake
8. Cyborg
9. Maxim
10. Midnighter

Dear MBM reader:

Are you tired of checking our website randomly for the newest issue? Or finding out about the latest release months after the fact? We know that can be really annoying, especially when it's something related with our BL side. That's why we are now offering subscriptions to our periodical magazine. Now you can be one of the first to know when a new issue of MBM is released!

This subscription does not require you to become a member of our website, but it's simply a discrete way to receive a notification of new issues when they are released, in the confidence of your BL email inbox. If you would like to subscribe, please use the link below, or send an email to subscriptions@modernblmag.net, indicating that you wish to subscribe.

Follow the link below to subscribe;
modernblmag.net/subscribe-now

Please note that persons who already have a membership with our website, have automatically been added to the subscription list.

So, what are you waiting for? Subscribe now!

Sincerely,
The Staff of MBM

no.

Dear Modern Boylover Magazine reader:

Do you enjoy our magazine and want to know more about us? Do you feel that the magazine is an important part of the BL community? Did you know that the creation of our magazine is open to anybody?

We at MBM love to hear what our readers are thinking, and would like to stay in contact with everyone. That's why we would like to invite you to register and join our free forums. This is the magazine's command center, where all of the magic takes place! Our forums aren't only used for collecting submissions and discussing future issues. Once registered, you will gain access to our members-only areas, to content that is yet to be published, and to our future projects and decisions - where you can voice your thoughts and opinions. Also, you will be automatically added to the subscription list, so you'll be the first to know when a new issue is released!

You can have access to all of this and more, just by registering at:

modernblmag.net/forum/

So what are you waiting for? Come on over and become a part of the MBM community!

Sincerely,
The Membership of MBM

ten

NEW MBM LOGO CONTEST!

by The Members of YC, BM, BLo & MBM

In celebration of our upcoming 5th anniversary, we thought it would be nice to give the boards who work with us a chance to create a new logo for the magazine! We've received many amazing entries, and have published them here to showcase each artists' submission

HELP US CHOOSE THE NEW LOGO!

The new logo will be chosen by members of boymoment.com, boylover.org, youngcity.org & modernblmag.net. If you are a member of one of these websites, you can login there to vote! Voting through MBM is restricted to members-only for this contest. Voting will take place in April & May, 2011. The results will be published in our next issue.

The artists and boards they're from will be kept secret until the voting has ended. Check the next issue for the results!

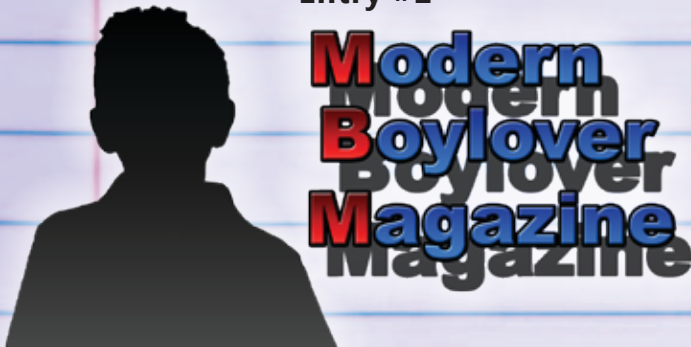
Entry #1



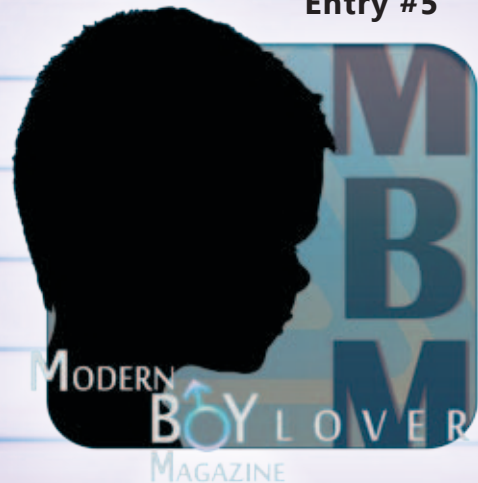
Entry #4



Entry #2



Entry #5



Entry #3



Entry #6



Entry #9



Entry #7



Entry #10



Entry #8



Entry #11



The following logos were not able to be entered because of contest rules. We have included them here so that the artists' great work can still be seen.



OUR HOUSE

by skyboy^B

My shoes are soaked, but I don't care. I'm happy. Scenes of evergreens and sun beams surround me as my best friend, Cody, and I silently pull through the stream. We don't need to talk right now. We just take it all in. This journey we repeat each and every day never gets old. We have a bond. A certain bond that allows us to speak volumes with silence. A certain telepathic bond that never fails us. We're constantly in sync. Always knowing what the other is thinking, and always inviting each other to step inside the other's mind.

It's a perfect fall day. The leaves gently drift to the ground where they meet their final resting place. We reach a tree. Our tree. With a rope to climb that leads to a house. Our house.

We built it ourselves. On a summer day so long ago, but yet it seems like it was yesterday. We were bored. It was hot and we were beginning to get on each other's nerves, as often happened when it was too hot for reasoning. But when our fathers suggested we build a tree house, all of the aggravation dissolved into warm summer air.

We loaded some wood that my father uses for his construction job into a wheel-barrel, and set off into the woods surrounding our homes. We pushed it through this same creek, and by nightfall we had a new tree-house. It wasn't the best tree-house, but it

was sufficient, and we were proud of it. Proud that we made it. Proud that we had a place to call our own.

I climb the ladder to the top, and Cody follows. We stand on the chairs we had set up so long ago. Just a pace apart, we stare into each other's eyes. They're telling me something that his lips aren't. They're telling me that he loves me. I lean in slowly, hesitantly, nervously. My stomach feels like it is splitting open, giving birth to something new. Our lips meet, and the world stops in silence, watching us through the tiny window we cut out on that one summer day.

We part, and I am satisfied. I feel like I will fall of the chair, and it confuses me why we are even standing on them, but I don't question it. It feels right. But when I open my eyes, he isn't there. He's gone, no longer in the treehouse with me. I'm not even sure I'm in the treehouse anymore, because the bright surreal sunlight that once surrounded me turns into a dirty fluorescent. The wooden walls turn gray with cement, and the small bed Cody and I had once shared, was now a cold metal washing machine.

I feel the rope between my fingers, now old, dirty and grey. No longer the fingers of the boy I once was, and long to be. My foot loses balance, and when I knock the chair over, everything ends.



This interview with TigerBoy took place in December of 2010. He has been an active member of the BL community for over 8 years. He is one of the founding members of BoyMoment.com, and he continues to be a Director there today.

420Guy: The word “boylove” can mean d things to distinct things to different people, what does it mean to you?

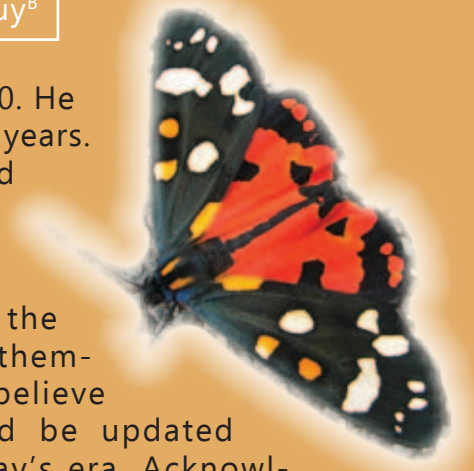
TigerBoy: To me, it means being different in a positive way; being a BL is to see the world in a unique way which very few people in the world do. It's not to be a follower like what most like to falsely describe as “regular”, but having an independent thought and overview. Kids are the most special, and one of the smartest beings on the planet, having the ability to see their beauty is a gift.

420Guy: What about the sexual aspect of boylove? How does one find positivity in something that the majority of the world sees as extremely negative?

TigerBoy: By not seeing the sexual attraction itself as any type of a bad thing. It's true that it is a big part of who we are, but it's our actions that count - not the thoughts. No matter how pervy they are (and I don't give the word “perv” a bad meaning either), as long as you understand that you're fine.

420Guy: It's a general perception that the boylove community is about just one thing: lowering the age of consent. How do you feel about this viewpoint?

TigerBoy: I object to define it as our main target because that would just be wrong. Our main obligation as BL's is to help any youth who needs us (but of course not only youth). If he is one year over the AoC or 2 years below, it should makes no difference to us.



Regarding the AoC laws themselves: I believe they should be updated to suit today's era. Acknowledging the fact that today's generation of youth is much smarter, wiser and more mature than previous generations in equivalent ages.

420Guy: So would you say that boy-lovers should concentrate less on what they can't have, and more on what they can?

TigerBoy: Exactly.

There are just so many good things that we can do with so many kids, and the amount of satisfaction we get even by doing small things with one boy can easily overcome any sexual feelings and urges. That is our main role as boylovers - not fulfilling fantasies with your YF.

And when you get that type of satisfaction, you won't feel like you need those things that you can't have (or at least most of them?). Then even the legal/moral ways would easily satisfy you as an average horny BL, and you would still live happily with yourself.

420Guy: Would you consider yourself to be an activist?

TigerBoy: A small one if any.

I do believe in doing something important and practical for a cause that you believe in (starting a facebook group doesn't count), but I object to the use of

violence or anarchy as part of any protest, as it does more harm than good. There are dozens of better and more moral ways that we can make a change (petitions, demonstrations, organizations, media presence, etc...).

420Guy: Describe your ideal young friend.

TigerBoy: A little younger-looking for his age and fit. He likes to do all types of sports and to hang out, cuddly and very talkative.

420Guy: Have you had any young friends, or do you have any currently?

TigerBoy: Currently I have a YM (young mate, someone you get to see and spend time with once in a while, but not exactly a friendship), he is 8. I take him to the parks and playgrounds and we play Ps2 games. I was surprised to discover how good kids in those ages are at video games... and I'm not talking about kids games!

420Guy: Has a boy ever influenced you, or changed your life for the better?

TigerBoy: One of my YF's was a teen, but not a very happy one. It was a good friendship, not a very special one, but just having a friendship made him start looking at the world in a different way: and that influenced me by realizing how much of a difference one can make.

* * * * *

420Guy: How old were you when you first realized that you were a boy-lover, and how long did it take for

you to accept this aspect of your life?

TigerBoy: For me it wasn't a single moment, but a process. I started to have some feelings towards other boys around ages 8-10, which slowly got stronger as



I grew up. I didn't think much about it then (who does when you're at that age anyway?), and I never really wondered about meanings, I just went along with it.

I accepted it more mostly after finding the BL world on the net. I just started to see how many good things there are in being a BL, so I accepted it as a good trait. It didn't take long 'cause I was always the type of person who sees the bright side of everything.

Also, one of the things that helped me the most to do that was simply talking to others. You suddenly discover there are others who have the exact same feelings as you, if not stronger, then you feel a lot better with yourself.

420Guy: If you could give advice to the young BLs out there who are struggling with who they are, what would you say?

TigerBoy: I would say that being a BL is something very unique and beautiful, which has more positive than negative things. It does take a long while to see it and understand what those feelings are, but it is possible, and just by starting that is the only way you can figure out who you really are and what is your meaning in life. I think this journey is more worthwhile than living with yourself in a lie.

I would also say that it's not something he has to do alone. There's always great people out there who are happy to be there for him, and it's very important to talk. It doesn't even matter about what, just talk.

420Guy: You joined your first board in 2002: BL.net, notably just shortly after it opened. How was the initial experience, and what was BLN like back then?

TigerBoy: It's a surprise at first to find that not only is there a forum in which others talk openly about something you were always afraid to tell anyone, including yourself, but also to discover that there are so many of them and from so many places. Suddenly in a second you realize that you are not so rare after all.

It was a great warm place, there was a strong sense of a friendly warm community where everyone was friends with everyone.

420Guy: You were a moderator for awhile on BLN. Did you find it to be a busy job back then? How many other staff members were there at the time?

TigerBoy: I was in charge of the jokes room, the activity was reasonable but as a mod I had very little to do in it. On the board itself I was on every day for a lot of hours. I thought it would be right to appoint me or someone else who was as active to be a mod of one of the more busy rooms, instead of mods who only came onto the board once a month or so. I was wrong.

I'm not sure about the exact staff numbers, but as I recall the mods group was about 20, 6-7 admins and maybe 3-4 directors.

420Guy: After serving as a staff member there, you left to become a founding member of BoyMoment.com. Can you tell us what led you to leave BLN?

TigerBoy: I felt like the board was changing negatively. Everyone and everything became more distant, and the board started to be managed like a commercial company.

Big numbers of large, closed clique groups were created and it came to a point where members only replied to their friends' topics and not others. As a mod I never felt like I had any backup, and that our opinions didn't count. I got an impression of favoritism when time after time regular members and even relatively new ones were chosen as admins instead of any of current mods, and mostly what I thought was a too much patience policy with trouble makers.

I thought, and still do think, that making a room for youth members only is one of the biggest mistakes that a BL board can do. I define relying on donations only as something similar, and making it worse by not making it a transparent process in front of the members. On the day that a member got banned just for asking what donations amount is used for what and how much it costs to run

a server, I decided things went crazy enough. I resigned and left.

420Guy: In what specific ways did you want BM to be run differently?

TigerBoy: Basically everything that I have described above.

Mainly regarding the community feeling, I wanted no noticeable differences between any staff members and regular members.

I wanted to see all of the staff, mainly directors and admins, participating in chats everywhere on the board on a daily basis, and not showing themselves only when there's some board message to announce. To create topics in general chat rooms often, to post teasing tiny speedos pics in the galleries, low quality 2 secs vids of a shirtless boy on youtube and encouraging someone when he is down or depressed.

Those sound like small things, but that's what makes a unified community. When a new member joins a board and he sees the staff group as regular, simple members who are easy to chat with and not some power hungry egomaniacs, you know you have a healthy board.

* * * * *

420Guy: What were the biggest challenges in starting up BM?

TigerBoy: Tech knowledge.

We always had experts who did all the server maintenance, but those kind of people are not ones that you can bother with small tech questions or requests.

In the beginning, Boyfeet did everything. But after a few months he started to disappear, so I took on myself whatever I could do, mostly in programming.

I didn't have any previous knowledge at all in programming, or anything about the server side software, so I just learned everything I could by myself just to keep things on our new board going. It took a long while until we managed to install even small simple modifications and it took a few months until we managed to have some reasonable banners, but it was all worth it.

It is frustrating when it takes hours or days to learn how to do simple stuff which other average programmers could probably figure out in minutes, but I do enjoy it.

420Guy: A lot of members view, share, and download legal images in galleries like those at BoyMoment.com. Why do you think so many BLs collect images of boys?

TigerBoy: I think it gives us a small visual glance of things we think and fantasize about. Maybe in the pics we see ourselves or how we wanted to be as kids, a lot like to see a pic with a boy who looks like someone they know, and it can be nice to just imagine yourself and a boy you see in pic together.

420Guy: BoyMoment recently celebrated 500,000 posts! Do you have any thoughts on those posts, and on the future of the board?

TigerBoy: That's 500,000 only since we switched to the current board software in 2006! If we added the number of posts from the previous years, we'd probably get to a million, if not more (there is a way to check, it's not very easy but I'd probably try it anyways one day).

I see most of the posts on BM as high quality discussions and writing, and I am very proud of that. The general plans are to try and bring every possible new feature that is kewl enough.

420Guy: Do you feel that BoyMoment has grown into the website that the founding members envisioned over 7 years ago?

TigerBoy: Yes I do, we have a good board from every aspect. From my point of view, I think we've managed to maintain the home atmosphere, which is something very easy to lose and almost impossible to gain back.

420Guy: A quick look at Boylinks.net today will show over 2 dozen BL-related boards. How many do you think there were when BM.com opened? Do you think it's good or bad that there are so many boards out there?

TigerBoy: There were 3-4 boards which considered to be big and veteran, and large number of smaller boards which didn't survive long.

I think it's excellent that there is big number of BL boards, the bigger the number is the stronger it makes the BL community. Plus variety is always a good thing, as it gives the option to choose when one finds a board not for him.

420Guy: Do you think that things will improve for boylovers in the future? What can we do to change things for the better?

TigerBoy: I don't see things getting better or worse for us in the near future, but stay more or less as things are today.

Better in which aspect exactly? It's hard to come out with demands from the general public when in between ourselves we don't agree on what we want exactly, but whatever we ask for, we'll probably have to give up on most of our sexual related "hopes" in return for success.

Also, at least one or two known people who would come out and speak for us would be the best.

420Guy: A magical boy-genie has granted you 3 wishes....what would you wish for?

TigerBoy: Good health and to live in a place which has a cold winter all year long. You can have the 3rd wish.



BOY PHOTOGRAPHY'S GUILTY PLEASURES

by SimbaLion^Y

Are boy pictures ever really innocent?

There's an old joke about jungle natives not wanting their pictures taken out of fear that the camera will steal their souls. Less funny is how laws regulating boy pictures have adopted this soul-stealing rationale. In some jurisdictions, a person who views a suggestive boy picture is legally deemed to have harmed the boy she's looking at, even if the picture was taken in Russia in 1995, and the woman was looking at it in England in 2007. Legal logic has to be forcefully contorted to conclude that the woman, in this example, caused actual harm to a boy whose picture was taken twelve years earlier and thousands of miles away. But pedophiles are evil, and who cares for logic when it comes to prosecuting monsters?

Child pornography laws exist for a good reason, since boys are certainly harmed and exploited in certain picture-taking situations, and need to be protected. Broad hatred of pedophiles and a resulting desire to punish them by any possible means, however, have expanded the scope of child pornography laws in a way that seems less about justifiable protection of boys and punishment of offenders, and more about treating pedophiles as a lynch mob would.

But while it's wrong to make laws based on this soul-stealing rationale, I wonder if the rationale is nevertheless one that pedophiles should think about when looking at pictures of boys. I don't mean illegal images, but pictures that most people would consider innocent if they didn't think that a pedophile was look-



ing at them - the kind of pictures that can be easily found on the internet, posted by parents or others who have an actual relationship with the boys involved. Does it cause (non-legal) harm to boys when a pedophile looks at innocent boy pictures out of desire? Are parents and other non-pedophiles right to be shocked and offended by pedophiles who find the pictures they have posted online sexually gratifying?

For me, it's not an easy answer. Part of the problem is whether pedophiles have a right to sexual enjoyment of any kind. Obviously I think they do, but some people - perhaps most people - want pedophiles to be punished just for having sexual thoughts about boys (if it ever becomes possible to prosecute people for thought crimes, pedophiles would be the first to face scrutiny). Even those who are sympathetic to the general proposition that everyone's sexual needs require an

outlet might be confused, distressed, or even sickened by the use of innocent boy pictures as part of a sexual fantasy. To many pedophiles, the use of these pictures is harmless. But is it?

When a parent posts pictures of his child, we can be certain in most cases that he has no intention for pedophiles to make use of them as part of a sexual fantasy (I say "in most cases" because there are certainly parents who post pictures of their sons who are themselves pedophiles. Their intentions are too complicated for present discussion). Is it wrong to dishonor a parent's intentions by using the pictures in a way he never imagined? This is not a question of legal wrongs, but of possible moral ones.

Or say there's a pedophile who has a fully platonic relationship with a boy. If he takes a public picture of that boy out of friendship, is it wrong for him to use that picture in a private fantasy later? Does doing so violate the boy's trust? How can his relationship with the boy not be changed by his making such a use of the picture?

People make fantasy use of pictures all the time. Adult pornography is obviously the biggest thing on the internet. And even non-pornographic pictures are regularly used for fantasy. The amount of body fluid expended by people (male and female, young and old) masturbating to pictures of Justin Bieber would probably fill Lake Michigan, and Justin doesn't seem to have been hurt by the experience. But he's a sex symbol who gets money from being desirable, and I'm sure he and the businessmen around him harbor no illusions that his



sex appeal is limited to tween-age girls. Adults, however, have a general expectation of being found sexually attractive by others, and teen idols pimp themselves out to make money from their fame and sex appeal. Pictures of

them used for sexual purposes seem different from pictures of boys taken at a swimming meet or at the beach used for sexual purposes. Don't they?

An adult whose picture is being used as part of a sexual fantasy is already a sexual being; a boy may not be. Using innocent boy pictures may not cause actual harm, but does fantasizing over them nevertheless violate boys in some way? Does it steal a little bit of the innocence of their souls?

"Are parents and other non-pedophiles right to be shocked and offended by pedophiles who find the pictures they have posted online sexually gratifying?"



IMAGINE IF

by Beanie^Y

ORIGINAL GRAPHIC AND POEM BY BEANIE.

Imagine if the world was great
 the grass was greener
 the smell sweeter.
 Imagine if the roads we walk
 Were truly open;
 truly free.
 Would it be better?

Imagine if the songs we sing
 were brighter and deeper
 were all in tune.
 Imagine if the actual song
 was a declaration of love;
 unattainable love.
 How would it get better?

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor”
 but if the poor is not a man
 why can't he be loved?
 Caring for others
 adoring the stranger;
 sometimes love is returned with hatred.

Standing alone in silence
 looking at protectors defending what's
 theirs.
 Suddenly! Eye contact
 Seeming like forever
 Barely lasting a second
 All the unconscious connection made;
 messages shared between them.
 Then, a smile - acceptance
 Deep inner peace.

Imagine if the moments were forever
 the protectors sheath their swords.
 Love!
 Happiness!
 Bonding!
 A song of prosperity.

How shall we sing?
 We know that answer.
 When does the music start playing?
 Imagine if...

VACATION OF A LIFETIME:

by Netzoomer^o

WHEN I TOOK MY 12 YEAR-OLD SPECIAL YOUNG FRIEND TO ENGLAND

I could hardly believe this was happening. Marc, my special young friend (SYF) and I were sitting inside an airplane heading to Toronto for a two day break before flying to our final destination, England. When I gazed at this boy he was a sight to behold. Marc had blond hair and blue eyes. He was firmly built and wore glasses. He was as cute as a button. I loved him so much and he had become the center of my life.

Marc had the window seat, of course. The last time he had flown was when he was two, and he couldn't remember a thing. He was so excited to be flying with me for a two-week vacation to England. I had some company business to complete in Toronto, so I decided to combine business with pleasure and, at the same time save a few bucks in my travel expenses.

I had planned this trip so that Marc would have the opportunity of seeing three other SYFs of mine who he had previously met when they visited me in California. I met Marc through the Big Brother program. He was the only son of a single mother. She felt her son needed a male figure in his life and enrolled Marc into the program. I first met Marc two years ago in the counselor's office when he was this slight kid of 10, a bit unsure what to make of me. As soon as I had visited him in his home, he was so excited to show me his toys, baseball cards, and of course, his video games too. We bonded instantly, and our lives melded as strong as they ever could. Before I go on, let me digress to show how I came to be in Southern California.

England was my home before I immigrated to Canada. I started my working career in an industrial town in the north of England

called Oldham. Over there I had the privilege of knowing a special young lad named Steven, who adopted me as his adult friend (AF). He happened to be my very first SYF. During the five years that I lived in Oldham, I met many other young boys who also became my young friends (YF). Two of which, Geoffrey and Russell, really latched on to me and became SYFs too. Marc had already met Geoff and Russell, who visited me in California. Russell, then 18, had a younger brother about Marc's age named Vincent, and a younger sister named Donna, 14. I was eager for Marc to meet all of them.

After working for a few years in England, I immigrated to Canada to develop my career. It was sad to leave my SYFs behind, but I was able to build more memories for them later. In Toronto, a good family friend put me up for a couple of months. I developed a strong friendship with their 13 year-old son, Ashley, which was helped by me sharing his bedroom. Marc had met Ashley when he had visited me in California too.

We were invited by Ashley's parents to stay at his house for the few days we would be in Toronto, and by Russell's parents to stay with them for a week before we left for London. Since I had family there, our accommodations in London would also be taken care of.

While we were on the plane, all of these thoughts were traversing through my brain. I felt giddy with excitement. Seeing Marc's face beaming as we started to take off was the icing on the cake. This was going to be a vacation of a lifetime for both of us.

We were greeted enthusiastically at the Toronto International Airport by Ashley, fifteen, and his twelve and sixteen year-



old sisters. Their father stood in the background drinking this all in before he came and gave us hugs.

They hit it off with Marc right away, especially with the girls fawning over him. During our two days at their home, Marc played table tennis in their basement, and we attended a practice hockey game that Ashley was playing in. Marc was familiar with hockey, as I had taken him to see the Los Angeles Kings in action many times. The weather was fantastic, so a lot of horse playing took place in their back yard. Ashley was bigger than Marc, so he had fun lifting him up and wrestling with him on the ground. I lapped this all up and couldn't believe how fortunate I was to see a prior, older SYF get on so well with my current younger SYF. Those two days went by so fast, and before we knew it, the time had come to fly to Manchester International Airport in England, this being the nearest airport to Oldham.

I rented a car, and when we got to my SYF's house, he, his sister and brother rushed out to greet us. I gave my SYF, then eighteen, a huge hug. It was so heartwarming that even after years had passed, we still had a deep connection. I wanted Marc to notice. For me, a friendship is forever.

Once Marc started talking, all eyes focused on him. The next comment was, "You talk like a yank!" Of course he would, I thought. I always liked listening to the Lancashire accent. It was so working class and I love it. But when a vocal tennis match between the two accents broke out, I was in heaven!

Throughout the next week, I took the kids skateboarding, wading in a river, to the local park and driving in the countryside. By far, the best time I had was when we were all indoors and Vincent and Marc were in their shorts wrestling. If I had lived in Eng-



land, Vincent would definitely have been one of my SYFs too.

I had planned to introduce Marc to my first SYF Steven. He would be 21 now and I had really looked forward for the two of them to meet. Unfortunately it was not to be because of schedule conflicts. As a small consolation I was able to see Steven by myself where he worked which was a small, but much appreciated consolation.

One week vanished in what seemed like a heartbeat. It was time to bid farewell to my good friends in Oldham, and drive to new excitements that awaited us in London. That was my city. I grew up there. I was looking forward to showing Marc all of the sights.

My brother and sister, who were living in the house that I grew up in, were happy to see us and make us, especially Marc, feel

right at home. Marc and I shared the room that was once my parents. They had left England to retire in Canada.

Marc was so excited to visit the Tower of London. He loved to see historical artifacts. We later visited a house of horrors, near the River Thames, that sported a dark dungeon. This was right up his alley, as he loved scary things. There were examples of people being tortured, hanged and beheaded. A soundtrack of ghost-like voices from the past permeated the air. He lapped all of this up, and I was silently beaming as his face lit up.

We stopped in at, where else but McDonald's for lunch. That made Marc feel quite at home. Then it was off to Trafalgar Square next, where he was so taken up with feeding the pigeons.

One of our highlights of this trip was when a few of us took the ferry to France for the day. Calais was a wonderful place to visit because the beaches were broader and sandier than the English coast. Marc reveled in picking up starfish marooned on the dry sand, and throwing them back into the waters. The look on his wind-blown face, with that smile from ear to ear, exhibited sheer joy. We all did cartwheels on the sand. The feeling that wove throughout my body was exhilarating.

It was soon time to return home. Yes, California was also my temporary home. Fate had yet another surprise in store for us, though. Our return flight was redirected via New York because of severe storm problems near Toronto. As neither one of us had visited New York before, I asked the airlines if we could spend a day in that fabled city and return to LAX the next evening. They were happy to oblige.

I managed to get a cheap hotel near Times Square. When Marc and I checked-in we got strange looks. But we didn't care. That night we took in the city lights by walking around for what seemed like miles. Then, the next day we repeated this in daylight, adding Central Park. We enjoyed our romp through Central Park the best. It was the people in New York that attracted us the most. Boys on skateboards and bicycles whizzing by, joggers of all shapes and sizes and stripes. People walking their dogs and some of them looking quite strange. The highlight of our visit to New York was a trip to the top of the Empire State Building. The view was breathtaking. In the distance, peering between the other skyscrapers we could see the twin towers of The World Trade Center. Little did we know that in a few years hence they would be no more.

It was time to return to LA.

That Christmas, I decided to give Marc a very special present that I hoped would make him feel very special. When we were all gathered in his grandparents' home that Christmas morning to open our presents, I asked Marc to open mine last. One by one he went through his gifts. I felt bad because he hardly spent any time with them, as he was racing to get to my one. Finally, the floor was strewn with colorful wrappers and string that once graced lovely presents. I decided to pick up my gift and hand it to him personally.

It was a large box. Marc had no idea what mystery it contained. When he opened the big box there was a smaller one inside. He started to get more excited and hastened his pace until he finally came to the last one. Only I knew it was the last.

When the final wrapper was removed, he held in his hands a very special photo album. He opened the front cover. There, staring at him, was a picture of Marc and I, taken from our vacation to England. He was mesmerized. He went completely silent as he peeled the pages apart, one after another, and drank in the sights before his eyes. The rest of his family let out a soft sigh when they realized what this was. Their eyes were directed at both Marc and me that spoke silent words of gratitude. After he had looked at the last page he started crying. What!?! Was this so bad of a present that he was reduced to tears? Maybe I should have bought him a game or baseball gloves or something like that.

My worries were short lived. Marc turned to me, looked me in my tear filled eyes with his tear filled eyes and mouthed the words, "I love you so much." and planted a warm kiss on my lips. He went on to give me the biggest hug ever. This is what truly made our trip the vacation of a lifetime.



DROVERS

by Octaeivus Altair

Where are ye drovers,
and droves of the malcontent,
and disappointed by,
this gross violation?
Where there are none,
there must be at least a single voice.
One out of millions,
is better than none at all.
Here is the Sheep that will not mew.
Now is the roar...
label us Human.



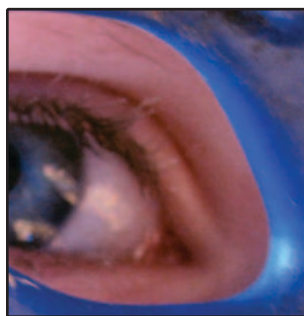
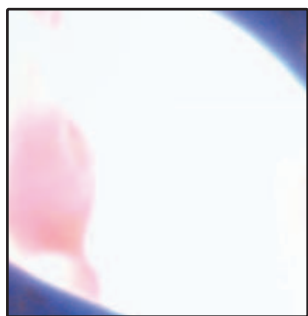
SCARS

by Maxim^Y

These scars tell a story;
they tell of sadness,
they tell of stress,
they tell of strength,
and they tell how much I carry.
These scars speak of fear,
and these scars cry out pain;
but these scars cannot speak your name,
cannot talk of my pain or my fear.
These scars carry my guilt,
these scars are my fault,
'cause I could not help you,
because I could not be there to save you.
I carry these scars and in silence,
they tell our story.

I was sexually abused as a little boy. I was intimidated and left alone to deal with the aftermath of confusion, shame, and emptiness. It took its toll on me. It almost killed me. I only hope someone can find some healing within this. And I hope they will see that they aren't alone. Because you aren't alone. We aren't alone.

It started when I was seven years old. I went to a catholic school and was going to confession. The priest took advantage of his



THERE IS

LIFE

by Seth Morgan^B

AFTER ABUSE

position and the privacy of the room. He molested me. That began a cycle that escalated rapidly. And I started being raped by my cousin shortly after the priest began abusing me. I really started feeling shame, anger, fear, rage, sorrow, and extreme confusion.

All that abuse left me questioning myself and I felt confused by what my sexuality might be. I even attempted to commit suicide because the feelings of loneliness and shame were so strong. I could not have been more wrong. I wasn't alone, and there was nothing I should have felt ashamed for. I was forced into submission and it wasn't my fault. Later in life, I had a few gay experiences with a very close friend. At that time, it didn't feel right to me. Even though the intimacy stopped, we remained (and still are) very close friends. I was still left with confusion, maybe even more.

This is how the abuse started to affect me. It never let me find out on my own as to who or what I actually was because I was forced into it. I might have become more naturally

curious and experimental if the circumstances were different. Unfortunately, it didn't happen that way, and I was left to cope with it on my own. At the time, it was something that just wasn't talked about. Parents didn't want to hear or believe it. It was denial in every sense of the word.

After I was raped by my cousin, I tried to tell my parents. My mom became emotionally numb and my dad said: "I don't believe you. You must have wanted him to do that to you." It was at this point that my suicide attempt was made. I'm glad I survived because I eventually found myself. And I'm finding something new about myself every day. Looking back now, I can't help but wonder how different and better things could have been if I had a boylover in my life when I was a young boy.

When the abuse stopped, after recovering from the suicide attempt, and after my first gay experience, I still felt dirty, like I was a sex toy for one's own personal gratification and that *my* feelings and emotions didn't mat-

ter. This is when I really starting questioning whether or not I was gay. I'm not going to say I didn't enjoy the intimate relationship I had with my friend, because I did. It just didn't feel right to me at the time. Shortly after, I was in a relationship with the girl of my dreams (or so I thought). After two years of dating, we were going to be the proud parents of a boy. I was thrilled, excited, and couldn't wait. I think it was then when I first started thinking of how I'd be there for him, in ways that no one was there for me when I was growing up. I don't mean abuse. I mean love, guidance, and trust. It's at this time that I first thought I might have affection towards boys. This scared me.

Sadly, both of my loves were taken from me in an instant. A drunk driver, high on cocaine as well, killed them both. My son wasn't even born yet. I never had the chance to love, hold, or comfort him. I thought I was being punished for experimenting with a gay relationship or for being sexually abused when I was a young boy. Was it maybe because of my growing affection towards boys? Again, I couldn't have been further from the truth. It was life, and I didn't want to accept it. So I ran from it into the arms of the very thing that killed my son: doing hard drugs. No matter how hard or far I ran, what I was running from was still there. What was it? I somehow felt and knew of my affection towards boys because of the way I felt when I learned that I was going to have a son. I felt that opportunity and my unborn son were killed and taken from me because of those feelings. I was also running from the pain and confusion that derived from the abuse that happened to me. It was confusion in its greatest form.

I did sober up from drugs, but I was still left with plenty of confusion. Had I become the same kind of monster that abused me? Was I a predator? Was I after just one thing: selfish gratification? I was scared out of my freaking wits. Those answers came to me in the most unexpected way, and the answer to those questions were *no*.

The friend that I had gay relations with was there for me in this time of need. He and I

were intimate again, and this time I actually felt some comfort in it. However, he was married, so it still didn't feel right. I still wanted a family of my own. It was then that I discovered I was bisexual. And I'm OK with that. I discovered a little more about myself.

What about the answers to my questions above? How were they answered? My friend introduced me to his wife and sons; at the time, they were 4 and 6. After awhile, I became their long-term babysitter. I had plenty of opportunity to molest and rape them, but I never took advantage of that trust; nor their gradual love for me. This was obviously before I knew I was a boylover and what boylove really was. They actually taught me what it was all about. It started with a hug, a kiss, and then they showed me that it was OK to hold them. It was okay to play with them, laugh with them, cry with them, teach them, and support them when they were down. It was pure magic.

"I learned that, just because I was abused, life doesn't need to end. And, more importantly, it wasn't my fault. I also learned what my sexual orientation actually was and that my actions are my choice.."

I wasn't a monster! I am not a monster! I am not continuing the abusive cycle! There is life after abuse! Those boys came to me whenever they felt a topic was too uncomfortable to go to their parents with. They looked to me for gentle guidance, and they still do. Before moving, my friend and his two boys thanked me in their own special way, for being there for them. It was me that should have been thanking them. They showed and gave me something I will never forget. They taught me it was OK to love. They showed me I was not alone. And the boys showed me that boylove was OK. It was a good thing.

So what did I learn? I learned that, just because I was abused, life doesn't need to end. And, more importantly, it wasn't my fault. I also learned what my sexual orientation actually was and that my actions are my choice.

And it's ok to be bisexual. One of the biggest and most important things I learned is that I am a boylover; it's OK to be a boylover, and that I was not a molester or predator. I never have, nor will I ever, take advantage of a young boy's innocence, trust, or vulnerability. And, through the support of BoyMoment.com, I'm learning to embrace it even more. Honestly, the toughest and most important aspects of being a boylover is practicing restraint. Besides, I could never do anything to any boy that would ever make them feel like I did when I was abused. The cycle of abuse doesn't have to continue. It can be stopped. Besides, it's their innocence that makes boys such a precious gift of life. And I could never steal that from any boy, nor would I ever want to.

To be a boylover is to love, nurture, show, give and have support, show affection, show compassion, guide, teach, have and show respect, and to practice restraint. And I also keep in mind that sometimes what a boy thinks he might want, he sometimes doesn't. Life is too short to live in the fog. It's up to us to guide them through it.

Sexual abuse altered my life in many ways. I was forced into mature situations that no child should ever have forced upon them. I wish it would've never happened, but it did happen. And I'm here to tell about it. I survived. There is hope. There is always hope. With my hand reaching out for yours, there is life after abuse.



As the man sat on the park bench, he watched the people as they passed. The people passed without anywhere to go, so it seemed. The man pondered the facts of life, and he reflected on his own life.

'The biggest question is,' he thought, 'What is the purpose of life?', and he sat there with a nagging feeling that he was waiting for somebody.

The men, women, and children all hurried past, going nowhere in a hurry. Never before had the man just sat and observed others during their daily lives. The man was intrigued by what he saw. Never had he thought people existed only to go nowhere fast. Life was starting to make sense.

During the time he spent observing, the man noticed the loving nature of some and the cruelty of others. One particular person struck him as odd. Perhaps not odd in the conventional sense, but odd all the same. The man saw a boy, no older than 15, walking in no particular direction. The man started to take notice after a few minutes.

The teen seemed lost in a sea of people, without cause or purpose. He looked scruffy, hair a mess, and in dire need of a good meal. Never before had the man ever witnessed a person so young in such disarray. The boy's clothes looked like something one would find in Soviet Russia, just as dirty as well.

The boy sat down next to the man on the bench without cause or reason. He sat just to sit. The teen inadvertently started to observe the behavior of others as the man next to him had been since before he arrived. Neither one paying much attention to one another, other than acknowledging the others existence. After a short while, the teen realized that the man was not so different from himself.

The man was not clean shaven, nor was he dressed any nicer than himself. The man's hair was just as unkempt, and his clothes were almost as ragged. The man seemed to hide just as many secrets as the teen, yet they just sat in silence, people-watching. The teen then realized one thing: the man that sat by his side was clueless, and he needed to know he was not much different.

The teen turned to the man and said, "We're not much different."

The man glanced over with a confused look, "What?"

"We're not so different," the teen repeated, "you and me, I mean." The teen paused to let his words sink in, "We sit here in silence, watching people in a hurry to get to nowhere fast, yet we seem to know the answer."

The man sat there in confusion for a moment, "I don't understand. Do you mean there is no purpose in life?"

The teen looked at the man and simply smiled, "Life is what you make it. That is the purpose of life." Then the teen simply got up from his seat and walked away.

Suddenly, it hit the man. This boy was the one he was waiting for. The man quickly rose from the bench and called out, "Wait! I've been waiting for you!"

The boy turned, "I know", he replied.

'That's impossible,' thought the man. 'how could he know if I didn't have any clue?'





The boy turned and simply started to walk away. The man felt his heart sink as he watched the boy walk away. Admitting defeat, the man decided to return home. He would not see the boy again, nor did any of the boy's words make any sense.

The man sat in his living room, pondering what the boy had meant. The boy's words cycled through his mind. What could it all mean? The man did not know. Was there a purpose behind the boy's presence? Did the boy know the meaning of life? All of this was too much for the man to think about.

All of the sudden, the man's train of thought was interrupted by a knock on the door. He ignored it. Then another, and another. Each

time sounding more urgent than the last. The man got up to answer the door. Slowly, he opened the door. On the other side, stood the boy.

The boy smiled, "I'm home", was the boy's simple response as he pushed past the man into the house.

A light went off in the man's mind. He understood what had transpired. It was all coming together. He realized life indeed has its purpose. The answer was, it seemed, life is what you make it. It's full of chances. This was a chance for the both of them.

"I Know," the man cheerfully replied.

SPIRITUALITY AND BL

by Hyakintheia^o

I've never believed in God myself, but I did go through a period where I was warming a pew every Sunday for a few years, trying to find

out if a religious life had any impact on the other folk seated around me. What I found was that most of the people went, convinced of their own moral superiority, though in their work-a-day lives, they exhibited no greater wisdom, compassion, or love

toward anyone outside their own families. Church was just for Sunday, an adherence to empty habits... "What might the others think?" seemed to be the big question on everyone's mind, regarding not attending. Others seemed to think that repetition bred faith, and that it was "good for the kids to get some religion." Yet, after talking to the teens, I found they all lacked the faith and values their parents had tried to instill.

After a couple of years of active church membership (seeking membership into some inner circle, as though I would find faith or a "deeper connection to Christ"), I was disheartened-- attending more out of self-imposed obligations to numerous programs within the church, than to my own growth or satisfaction-- and found myself "going through the motions," just as I had seen everyone else doing for so long.

It wasn't until I met a friend of my primarily-atheistic (three-member) Scout troop (I

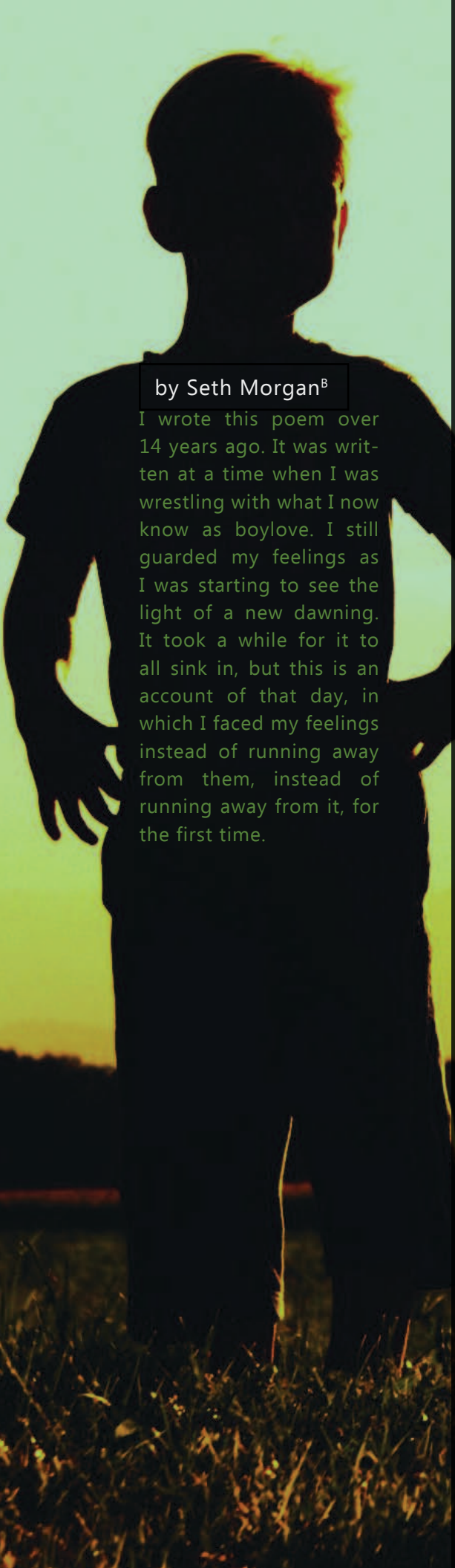
didn't think they should be Scouts, having failed their own honour-bound promise), that I began to see a being in whom I could

see virtues, aesthetics and love-for-others. We hit it off from his first visit, and he began to hang out for a couple of months with the troop, until the folks in charge of the group asked me to tell him to leave. We had be-



come close in that time; closer, even, than he had been with his peers in the troop. He was over to my place regularly, and he had begun to attend church with me. I liked his mother, and his grandparents were okay. They thought it was good that he'd found a man he connected with, and they were pleased he was attending church with me. It was apparent to both of us that church was just an excuse for us to get together-- we enjoyed each other's company, and our discussions about the world, far more than we did sitting in church.

I think he had to be my greatest teacher at the time... as I imagine all boys can be in their own ways (other boys in my life, at the time, had other things to teach). I've been wondering if maybe that's why so many religions have some sort of man-boy mentorship system; not merely for the instruction of the boy, but for the man as well? Are those paederastic relationships necessarily a bad thing, if they nurture the growth of both parties?



by Seth Morgan^B

I wrote this poem over 14 years ago. It was written at a time when I was wrestling with what I now know as boylove. I still guarded my feelings as I was starting to see the light of a new dawning. It took a while for it to all sink in, but this is an account of that day, in which I faced my feelings instead of running away from them, instead of running away from it, for the first time.

UPON A MYSTIC SUNRISE

Mystic morning sunrise awake me from this bloody,
deep unresting sleep.
Caught inside; deep inside. I see a new day rise,
but the bad sweet blues lull
me back to sleep.

Lost in vivid intense emotions, I feel therefore
I'm touched.
Won't you reach out and touch me? Touch me!
I'm drawn inside and need to
feel your love.

Turned inside out.
Which way is out?
The brightest star is rising, but I'm
locked inside out.

Ran back inside to get in touch with my soul.
Upon entering that cave, I was taken aback
and amazed.
What I thought I had was gone. What was left behind
bewildered me. I didn't know that it was within me.
Now that I know it's inside, outside will
never be the same.

Crawling from the inside out;
a fire inside breaks out.
The brightest star is rising
and it turns me inside out.

Slowly it creeps from the inner depths. A sensation that overtakes
The bad sweet blues and carries me
beyond this bloody cave.
It fuels the essence. It feeds the force.
I mustn't let this feeling of new
founded wonder die, nor give
it the chance to escape.

Turned inside out,
Crawling from the inside out;
the brightest star has risen.
And it takes me from the
inside out.

Outside in,
it's now that tomorrow begins.
The mystic morning sunrise
awakens me.
And it draws me
in.



FOR Tomorrow

by Adriel^H

Sometimes it hurts to be alive. And during these times, the world surpasses its normal cruelties, causing emotions to override your sanity. Sense of life is then nullified, and any redeeming instances go unnoticed. Some may say that it is only depression, yet this could not be further from the truth. Loneliness is what it really is. It's a factor that most of us must face and come to terms with. That is why our communities exist.

Much of the time, loneliness is what brings us together. We need to know that we are not alone because throughout our entire lives we have felt and been treated like abominations. We are seen as evil, monstrous entities that thrive on the young and innocent, but this isn't true. We have lived our lives abstaining and hiding from our desires, and we continue to do so. Our most important gift, though, is not our strength, but our weakness.

It is hard to live with our attractions, and at times it can really feel like a flaw or weakness of self. The fact is, however, that you did not choose to be who you are. Life chose you. Despite what you have heard or what you have been led to believe, you are not at fault. If it were up to you, would you have chosen to live such a lonely life? A life where you feel, and are treated, like the black plague. That would be insanity. No one would voluntarily live in exile.

So take pride in who you are and what you have overcome. Believe in your own humanity, and not in what has been expressed against you. Live to see tomorrow and yearn to love today. Our communities exist for this very reason. You are not alone, and you never have to be.



BOYS

by bechgyn^B

The pearly dew is quickly gone from summer's grass
So do we see a boy, too soon when he is born
The loveliness and sweetness of his boyhood pass
Ephemeral the joyous laugh that sows delight
O must the softness of his smile then fade so fast
And spring's bright early dawn so soon be night
When once we see his infancy is passed
And gone the first of Shakespeare's ages seven
Delights we know and love, we know won't last
But seeing know we all he's sent from heaven
An angel's flight across the sky so quickly passed
But let's rejoice and leave regrets behind
Appreciate the love and great delights of boys
That they are too soon grown we'll not long mind
Recalling fondly all those wondrous joys

CONVERSATIONS WITH CAENEUS by 420Guy°

Caeneus has been involved in the boylove community since he was a youth. Since then he has held various staff positions on various sites, including Boylover.org & HavenForum.net . Although he is not a childlover himself, he is open-minded and supportive of his BL friends. This interview took place in January of 2011.



420Guy: What was your first exposure to boylove?

Caeneus: It was probably around 1997/98, we had a webTV. I used to go into the chatrooms a lot. Guess you can say that's where I met my first BLs.. but had no idea at the time.

420Guy: Were you a youth at the time? Did you have any negative experiences in the chats?

Caeneus: Yes I was, it was in 97/98. I was 11-13ish, depending on the dates. I did have good and bad experiences. There are a lot of bad people out there, as well as good people. Most of the time its a mix of good and bad. We are all gray, none of us are all good or all bad.

420Guy: How long have you been involved with the BL community, and what was the first board you joined?

Caeneus: I've been in the BL community since late 1999. Boytales was the first official BL board I joined.

420Guy: What was it like at BoyTales, and do you have any memories from those days that you can share?

Caeneus: The ones I do *really* remember are private and in staff rooms, so I prefer to keep them to myself.

420Guy: Do you have any favorite memories from your time on the boards? What is/was one of your favorite boards, and why?

Caeneus: I think my favorite memories actually

come from meeting certain people, not per se, postings or what not, but meeting great friends. Such as aloneman51. He was a father to me. I lived with him for many many years. He passed away a few years ago of an aortic aneurysm. It tore me up. Killed me inside. I wanted to die. He was a great man. An awesome BL. I've also had the chances to meet The Storyteller in real life. He is the sole owner of boytales.com. The hours upon hours of talking to Steven on the phone. Those were good times. I have many many people I could mention, that are great memories for me.

420Guy: Tell us about some of the staff roles you've held, is there one that you've enjoyed the most?

Caeneus: I've been an admin, mod, buddy, senior buddy, and system operator. Probably system operator was my favorite. I prefer IRC (Internet Relay Chat) over boards.

420Guy: Why do you like IRC better than the boards?

Caeneus: Because I prefer real time. I don't really like waiting.

* * * * *

420Guy: Are you, or have you ever been attracted to boys?

Caeneus: No, I haven't ever been attracted to younger boys.. Even as a kid, I was attracted to adults. Still am to this day.

420Guy: Are you attracted to both males and females?

Caeneus: Yes, for me gender doesn't matter. I'm not attracted to genitalia, but the person. I consider myself pansexual.

420Guy: As a boy, did you find it difficult to deal with your attraction to adults? Was it a sexual attraction?

Caeneus: It is a sexual attraction. The only big thing I found difficult during that time with my attractions toward adults was within myself. I have a form of intersex which back then, I didn't exactly understand, nor was it talked about in my family. Which is something that I didn't figure out until later, after some medical exams and whatnot. So back then, I identified with being transgendered 'cause I didn't know any better. Finding an adult that would treat and see me as the gender I was and not the sex I am, was very, very hard. Especially since I wasn't open about it. I keep myself from really letting people in.

420Guy: Was it a boylover who was able to accept you for who you are, and helped you to open up about it?

Caeneus: No. It was not. I learned to accept myself, and I had a bit of a life journey ya can say. I had BLs who accepted me for who I was. Very few, sadly. But I still hid it from the rest of the world.

420Guy: If there was any advice that you could give to a child who may be going through the same trans/intersex issues that you did while growing up, what would it be?

Caeneus: In this area, as in BL community? 'Cause in LGBT it's quite well known and supported. In the BL community... not very supported. I got a lot of shit when I first came out. Several people started talking down to me.. So My advice to anyone who is as I am, be picky with who ya tell in the community. Not everyone is supportive, and some are even quite hateful about it. As general advice, do research, and read about it. There are several trans/intersex support forums out there such as <http://www.susans.org/forums/index.php>. Which has ftm/mtf/intersex/crossdressers/genderqueer. Its a great forum. Very helpful and friendly.

420Guy: So why do you volunteer your time on boards where the membership is made up largely of minor-attracted people?

Caeneus: I've asked myself that many times. Back in the day, when I was a kid... it was for the attention... now I think it's 'cause I just wanna help my friends. I'm a member of several other communities that I don't exactly fit in to... Just because my friends are there.

420Guy: How do you feel about the sexually-driven topics that often appear on BL forums. Should boylovers discuss their desires and fantasies so openly?

Caeneus: I tend to try and avoid them... as I really don't have any opinion on them, and I've noticed it seems to irritate people if a non-BL comments.

I think they should be allowed... if not on a BL board, then where? It's healthy, not keeping it all bottled up inside.

420Guy: Do you think that keeping these thoughts and desires bottled up inside could possibly lead to trouble?

Caeneus: Well yeah. Just like bottling up ones anger or feelings. This can lead to exploded violence or emotional breakdown.



420Guy: Do you have any security info or tips for those who might be new to the BL scene?

Caeneus: Don't give out any personal identifying info.

* * * * *

420Guy: Do you think things have changed since you joined the community? If so, for better or worse?

Caeneus: Yes, indeed it has, and not for the better. But in some ways its still the same. The bickering and fighting amongst ourselves like we are all teenage girls... lol, no offence to the teen girls out there but it's true.

The boards are so much more paranoid now. Almost to the point of it being unhealthy.

420Guy: Is there any way we can stop this para-

noia? We do have to take our personal safety and security seriously in the BL community....so how can one find some sort of balance?

Caeneus: Paranoia is a disease. It spreads like wild fires. I do not know what we can do to stop it. I believe we should take our security and personal safety very serious in the community. Especially with the fact that wiki/pj is out there. I think people need to realize that not everyone is out to get them, and that the words you see on the screen are real people with real feelings and to treat them as such.

420Guy: Do you think children should have the right to consent to sex?

Caeneus: That's a loaded question. Yes and no. I think children should be able to have sex with people around their age without any legal issues. As far as adult/child sex... That's complicated. Especially with the what age part. People mature sexually at different ages. Also, by children do you mean anyone under the age of consent, or a certain age? 'Cause I know a lot of boy-lovers say teens ain't children, but in the society sense of things they are. Legally.

Maybe we can elaborate on this question more.

420Guy: Indeed, I meant children under the age of consent, which of course differs from country to country. So let's talk about a few different examples:

- **An 8 year old boy, who has experimented with a few of his friends, so he knows a little bit. He expresses love towards his adult friend and is curious about experimenting in the same way he has with his friends.**
- **A 12 year old boy, who is developing a little sooner than his friends. He is in love with his adult friend, and it's the first time he's felt these feelings for someone.**
- **A 14 year old boy who has the same feelings as the 12 year old mentioned above.**

Caeneus: I was that 14 year old. Hell, maybe even that 12 year old, if I had the chance to fall in love.

So for those it would depend on the kid. Now the 8 year old is a bit young for me to comprehend. I'm not saying it can't happen. The 12 and 14 year olds might have the ability to understand the legal ramifications that goes on with that kind of activity. Personally, I do not think an 8 year old could... which by default, can put both of 'em in danger: the adult in prison, and the kid in a psychological prison of therapy and mind fucks. It would be irresponsible of the adult to let that happen.

This is where I feel really bad for adults who can't/ aren't at all attracted to young/adults. 'Cause they are stuck in this paradox of what if's.

420Guy: Did you have any sexual experiences as a boy? If so, do you think they helped shape your opinions today?

Caeneus: I had sexual experiences as a kid. Both good and bad. I'm sure they did shape them in some aspects, but I try to not let them. They can cloud rational judgment.

420Guy: How do you feel about activism? Are we activists by posting on the boards or by publishing this interview?

Caeneus: I do not believe just by posting on a board you are an activist. I think you actually have to go a step further in the public eye to be considered an activist, in my opinion. There are activists on the boards. As far as publishing interviews and articles that is a form of activism: a publication.

420Guy: You also support GLs. Do you have any theories as to why there doesn't seem to be as large of an online community for them?

Caeneus: That is a myth, there is a large online community for them. It's just a bit more well hid-

den I guess, than the BL community... as you guys have been more of a target of wiki/PJ, I believe. I know of at least 4 GL boards, not including the IRC rooms I know of.

420Guy: You always seem to have an animated signature, featuring cats in funny situations. Are you a cat lover? Do you ever let those cats take a break?

Caeneus: Haha, yeah mainly 'cause I find them funny, and people seem to like them. No, actually I'm not a cat lover. I don't hate cats, but I prefer dogs or reptiles. I'm actually allergic to cats; especially long haired cats. I just think they are funny.



Boy Moment

by DevilsWhipBoy^B

I had a boy moment today at work, which is very unusual because I work in a factory, and there are never any boys there. Since it's the holidays, children have time off from school(Duh!). As working parents, some of my co-workers occasionally bring their children with them to their place of employment, as it's easier than finding a sitter. Today, one of my bosses brought his 8 year old son to work with him. OMG! He is, hands down, the cutest boy I have seen in ages! His name is Lachlan, and he wants to be a scientist when he grows up. Of course, not a MAD scientist, he was adamant about that.

Anyway, he spent most of the day following his dad around the work floor, which for me was somewhat of a distraction. When lunch time came around, as usual, all of the workers sat together for lunch, along with the bosses, and little Lachlan too! You should have seen him when his dad said he could sit with everyone at lunch. His adorable little face turned this way and that as he tried to watch everyone talking. Since he was otherwise occupied, he failed to notice that his rather large cup of orange soft drink had reached his face, but he had yet to open his mouth. Disaster! The entire cup of sticky, fizzy drink cascaded down his front, soaking him through-and-through. Everyone at the table tried to hide their grins, so as not to upset the little fella. His dad shook his head and called Lachlan a "Boofhead." Then he took him to the sink in the lunch room, made him strip to his little undies, and sponged off the worst of the stickiness. The whole time Lachlan was bobbing up and down, giggling from the feel of the sponge. Not that I use crudity often, but I nearly creamed in my shorts! After that, someone found him a clean t-shirt to wear. However, the rest of his clothes were soaked. So he spent the rest of the afternoon following his dad around, wearing just the t-shirt and undies. Holy cow, did I have trouble focusing on work that afternoon!



photo by 2fly

BOYLOVER, OR BOYHOODLOVER?

One of the very first questions in the mind of a person who has recently discovered and/or accepted their BoyLover feelings is "And now, how is my life supposed to be from now on?". A few of these people find out about their boyloverism through interaction with a boy, but most of them don't. Therefore, they feel instantly alone, hopeless, and even perverse because of the social common prejudices.

by AlphaBoy

I have had the chance of talking to

many of them, and generally they feel so obfuscated, that they just can't glimpse the huge gift their feelings really are. They usually feel depressed and with no chances of having a boy, ever, and that's a general problem for them.

Disregarding the possible necessity of receiving the correct support and guide, I think the typical BoyLover lives with the incessant obsession of having a boy. Even I have felt that way, and I ask myself: Do we really need a boy to satisfy our BoyLove nature?

The answer to such question may be really controversial; some would say yes, arguing that the sexual attraction part* of their feelings is undeniably natural, while others would say no, mainly by appealing to their own personal experiences.

* Reference: AlphaBoy, "Consensual Relationships", Modern BoyLover Magazine, 9, pp. 34.

I would like to talk about my case. I realized that I was a BoyLover when I was 6, maybe 7 years old, and had no support at all. I grew up alone and with the sense that my feelings were something absolutely wrong. Of course I hadn't a boy, no friend, nor boyfriend with me during more than 25 years, and that made me feel so damn depressed and perverted at the same time. When I finally did have the chance of sharing a friendship with a boy, I had a really bad and awful experience.

I won't use this space to relate the story of my life, so briefly, I should answer NO. We *do not* need a boy to have a successful and satisfactory life involving even our sexuality. In the great order of things in the universe, I am absolutely sure² that things always happen for a specific and well planned reason. We are not BoyLovers just by accident; we are not a mistake at all! We must therefore learn to accept it and live sanely with our sexuality, our feelings.

Somebody told me once that the better way of facing our sexual attraction to a boy is by offering him a special friendship, by helping him in his personal development and by making him happy, a better person. He used to say that the satisfaction and pleasure that arises from helping the boy are greater than any sexual pleasure. At that time, I agreed with him but now I don't. Because to do so, it's indispensable to have a boy a priori, and most of us don't have one.

Could this mean that BoyLovers without a boy are condemned to eternal loneliness and suffering? No we don't, I refuse that horrible idea! Each and all of us have a huge potential to support and help a boy, and we must regard our sexuality as a gift. There may be large periods without a boy, but I am sure that there will always be, sooner or later, opportunities to find a boy who will need us. It's just matter of time to find them, but one must be aware of such chances that come in specific ways and moments.

² It's a personal belief.

This may sound, at first, a solace, but a closer inspection to the argument will reveal it's a horrid one: And what about us in the meantime? What should we do in those "periods of time"? It sounds like a really arid future for our lives, doesn't it?!

I think the answer could be simpler than you can imagine. Why don't we change the perspective in which we deem things. Why if, instead of chasing the ideal of having a boy "of your own" to support him, we get the idea of doing our best for boyhood in general? Why don't we use those periods of time and all our sexual energy to improve the quality of life and the future of the boys within our communities, for example?

I am not saying that we should quit from the idea of eventually having a boy to share a special friendship with, but those are random situations. We should be prepared to receive little creature in our lives, but in the meantime, we can do a lot for boyhood in general. That way, we can live a really satisfactory existence in this world that's more aggressive to us each time.

This way, I would like to set you the next question: Do you prefer to be just a BoyLover, with the eventual possibility of having a boy someday? Or do you prefer to be a BoyhoodLover, to be continuously supporting boyhood, and with the same probability of having a boy to support?

From my point of view, the BoyhoodLover is much more general than just being your typical BoyLover; it's more than a sexual preference or an Age of Attraction; it's more than just a special friendship with a boy or to support him. I deem BoyhoodLove as a philosophy and a complete life style. Assume it, and you will have a more satisfactory life in harmony with your sexuality and your environment.

A POEM

by avator

As a BL
Strength to us
Is to be
With freedom
Just to be ourselves
A BL
Strength
As one



Photo by August West

I WOULD

by Maxim^Y

I would catch you when you fall
I would see you through it all
I would give you as much love as I can
I would be your Hope when your hope's all gone
I would be right behind you, when you have nowhere to turn
I would teach you right when you needed most to learn
I would have faith in you when you're full of doubt
I would be your Strength, when your strength runs out
I would hold you in my arms and with my life yours preserve
and I would cherish you forever - because that's what you deserve

LITTLE BOY

by Sagitta^B

Little blond blue eyed boy
Playing alone, playing freely
Looking happy, being real
You draw a smile on me
Your beauty sets me free
You make me wish to be you again
Ignoring the years I would gain
Do you ever think you will grow?
Do you even know?
Don't think, don't answer
To think makes people sad
Be gay, make me happy



Photos by August West



BRAN AND MAX TIMELINE

by Wild_Max and FormicsLeader (Bran Davies) ^Y

This is the timeline of two boylovers, united by chance one evening in August, falling in love by November, and spending two wonderful weeks together in December and January.

Aug. 14: (Met)

We met on a Saturday night during SNS (Saturday Night Skype).

Bran's take on events: I was fairly new to the BL community and Cae-neus asked me if I would like to join SNS. I saw it as a great opportunity to meet some new BLs. Max added me to his contact list and we began to talk. There hasn't been a day we haven't talked since then.

Max's take on events: I had been chatting all summer in SNS, but this time a newcomer arrived named Bran Davies. She sounded nice so I private messaged her with the intention of adding her to my contact list. We've been talking every day since.

Nov. 12: (Half-way city)

The first time we met in real life was at a half-way point in a city neither of us had been to before. We snuck away for the weekend and stayed there at a hotel.

Bran's take on events: I was simultaneously extremely nervous and excited to meet Max. The trip was a spur of the moment thing, and it was a long drive to meet half way, but it was definitely worth it. The first time I saw Max I knew that I would like him. As the weekend went on, we grew closer, and he proved to be the sweetest and most gentleman-like person I have ever met. Unfortunately, at this point, he just wanted to be friends.

Max's take on events: I was surprisingly calm to meet Bran in real life. Having just driven many hours and checking in at an unfamiliar place, seeing Bran was like a breath of fresh air. She was every bit as beautiful as how she looked during our frequent Skype video chats. The difference this time was that I would actually get to be with her. Like Bran said, at this point, I didn't want to pursue a relationship, and preferred for us to meet as friends. But this trip served to change that idea.

Nov. 24: (Dated)

Our first meet had really changed us. We knew we wanted to see each other again, and we no longer wanted to keep it a secret. Coming out as a couple was the most logical step to take.

Bran's take on events: I was thrilled that Max had changed his mind since the trip to the halfway city. I felt, and still feel, completely comfortable around him. Although I have dated other males my age before, it felt so much different with Max. I could tell him everything, even the things that had nothing to do with BL but were still embarrassing. Our relationship naturally burst into bloom after our meeting.

Max's take on events: I was so reluctant to start dating. For almost six years I hadn't even considered dating a female, and I was hesitant to start now. But Bran seemed different. We were in a unique position where we could be completely open with each other. I didn't have to hide anything from her, and that was such a liberating feeling that dating never felt like a ball and chain.



Dec. 27: (Max's place)

With a bit of work on both our parts, we set up another meeting, this time introducing Bran to Max's family.

Bran's take on events: The two weeks I spent with Max were two of the best weeks in my life. He took me to meet his family, which felt like a monumental event. Every day we spent together drove us closer to one another and there was literally only one hour in which we were apart throughout the entire two weeks. I was amazed that I never grew tired or annoyed with him. As cheesy and cliché as this sounds, I only grow to love him more as the days pass by.

Max's take on events: Introducing Bran to my family was a huge step in our relationship, and one I am so glad I took. It was pretty nerve-racking telling my mother that I had met a girl, let alone one online. I left out the BL part, of course, but stuck to the truth in almost everything. When I met Bran in the airport and drove her back to my place, she fell asleep in the car. It was her first time flying, and I'm sure that tired her out. But I also like to think that she was so calm and peaceful with me that she could fall right asleep as I drove us into the night. The two weeks flew by, and we never spent more than a few minutes apart.

Future Plans:

The most difficult part of our relationship is being apart. We plan to live together in the future, but it will be quite a while before our paths in life coincide. Until then, we foresee plenty of meets, sometimes for a couple of days, and sometimes for a couple of weeks. Up next, we're planning a trip closer to Spring Break, when both of us will get to spend several days together.

FOR THE CHILDOVE UNITY

by Sagitta^B

Maybe since the creation of modern communities, Boylovers and Girlovers have ridden the backs, joining forces to achieve similar objectives but separately. Both defend the right of minors and adults to relate, but perhaps due to the typical mentality of our time - as opposed to the mentality of classical antiquity and so difficult to overcome - namely that the sexual object is the most important and not the feelings, things do not go as far in the direction of harmony and unity as would be desired.

Proponents of separation between these communities, argue that Boylovers tend more towards the guidance and friendship with boys (although that's only one way to be a Boylover), while Girlovers tend especially towards the romance. Interpreting this, we can say that Boylovers are seen as mentors for boys who want to establish a relationship of proximity with them, as adult friends. Whereas Girlovers contrary, feeling sexual attraction to the "normal" object and not seeing any distinction between the love for a young girl and the love for an adult woman, defend their right to the same type of relationship. However, these divisions are, in my view, quite unnecessary and negative.

WHAT BOYLOVERS AND GIRLOVERS HAVE TO REALIZE ARE TWO THINGS:

1. They have much to gain from their union, regardless of the historical origin of their movements and their presence in certain cultures, or even the differences of view on how they see the beauty of children and their own relationship with them, both are broken on the basis of the same prejudices and the same false theories: the child is always a victim and the adult is always a sex offender, or a pervert. Boylovers + Girlovers = more people united against prejudice and discrimination. Boylovers + Girlovers = sharing experiences, feelings, desires and ideas of ways to fight.
2. We must remember that the LGBT (Lesbian,



Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) movement, for the many differences we and they might have (and we have, in fact), is a union of different sexual minorities discriminated against in the societies. They are actually continuing to get united even more to see recognized the equality between people of different sexual orientations. This is a case we have to admit to be more successful than ours (at least it has been until now). Although the majority of the Childlover Community are Boylovers, we should avoid the myths and sectarianism dividing the two communities. To this end, if one being bigger and more organized was capable of creating principles and a whole new mentality, the other would not want less than Boylovers. As a result, the recognition that there are legitimate relationships with children when they are consented by the same.

Moreover, many lovers of children are not Childlovers in the sense the word refers, which is to feel attraction for a child (without mentioning the gender), but in the sense that they love both boys and girls and therefore they see even less sense in this division. Basically, we are all Childlovers, we all are Pedosexuals.

REMINISCENCE OF A YOUNG DREAMER

by DreamerXI^Y

It's dark again, and as usual I am wide awake and on my own. However, that's how I like it, quiet and peaceful. Nothing but the sound of breathing and the typing of my keyboard as once again I look for research, videos, pictures, cures.....people. It's been three and a half long years of the same routine. Ever since I was 15 when I first discovered what a monster I was for feeling things I wasn't supposed to, and realizing that no one else but me feels this way. That's when the research started, late at night after school and homework, just me sitting there in the dark searching for anything, for anyone. Eventually I came across a couple of psychology websites that suggested nothing short of castrating myself, but that was out of the question. So I tried learning to live with it, but it was difficult, especially at 15. At 15 everyone around you is dating and you know deep down if you don't follow the crowd people will get suspicious.

That's when I decided that I would take on a heterosexual image, both to please the general public and my parents. Months went by as I learned to act just like a heterosexual, but deep down loneliness was building. It was building because I knew of how different I was, and how that difference made me hide my true self away. In fact, it still bothers me today to know that not one person on this Earth can truly say they know me. Having to live my alibi 24 hours a day, 7 days a week hurts, so for some reason I decided to rehabilitate myself. I decided that I was going to "ban" myself from websites with erotica and tried visiting some straight porn sites. This went on for about 2-3 months, but I failed miserably. I then tried a homosexual porn site, and it was a bit better, except that anything without an abnormally young look-

ing 18 year old was as interesting as the straight porn site. And it was at that point I was going to just give up.

That is, until I remembered something that a really close friend once said to me and my religion class, "THEY ALL DESERVE TO FUCKING DIE." Yeah, that's right, she is referring to all of us "monsters" out there that feel things we are not supposed to. Now I don't exactly remember what was said for her to say that. All I remember is that someone had brought up pedophilia as a topic in a debate. That's all it took to set her off, and the worst part was that everyone nodded their head in agreement with her after she said that. It was at that moment that I decided to continue my "rehabilitation." Three-to-five months later I failed again, but I ended up getting a girlfriend to see if I would like the real thing. At age 16, I got my first kiss and it was probably one of the more disturbing things I have ever decided to do. In fact, I don't know what was worse, kissing her or having to pretend to like it when I told my friends. Either way, it doesn't matter because I broke up with her some months later. Partially because she was a woman, and partially because she had an attractive younger brother.

The next couple of years of high school were pretty much the same as when I was a young teen, pretending and more pretending. The only difference is that now I have become bullet-proof. Bullet-proof from the years of accidental abuse from a friend's family not knowing that they are talking about me. What used to hurt my feelings when I was 15, simply doesn't anymore; I know what I am, and I live with it. Even if it still may bug me on the inside when people use stereotypes about us. I know

I can keep calm and move along knowing that I am not what they depict. I take solace in being able to come home from a long day and know that with a couple of clicks I can be connected instantly with people who understand me; if only I knew that when I was 15. If only I had found YC (Young City) my home away from home, years ago. Things would have been so much easier. I would have spent less time being confused and ashamed, and more time just being happy. More time learning what I was, instead of changing something that is relatively permanent. But that's okay because even

though growing up as a BL is a horrific experience, it made me a stronger person today.



Photo by August West



The Short Life of Sweet Alexandre

by bechgyn^B

This poem recounts exactly The Short life of Sweet Alexandre.

I used the credible stories of both his mother and Manet the painter where they agree. Where they disagree I preferred the words of Manet rather than those of Alexandre's mother. In those times the rope used to take a life was valuable since because it was believed to have magical properties. Alexandre was 15, but according to Baudelaire, a close friend of Edouard Manet, he had the size and appearance of a boy of 12. I refer you to *La Corde*, a story by Baudelaire. (*The Rope*, in the English translation)

**The Brief life of Sweet Alexandre
Manet the painter speaks:**

Of all the boys I saw around
One sunny day in crowded street
Was one that made my heart rebound
For Faith the child was fair and sweet
With merry laugh and twinkling eyes
A lovely child so shapely, neat
A small Adonis in disguise
His parents poor, I thus entreat
Them, "Give me please that boy fifteen
Give me him as ward and friend."
I'd free him from their hovel mean.

"For me small duties he'll attend.
He'd errands run and brushes clean.
I'd feed and clothe your cheerful child."
I longed to paint that boy fifteen
In scenes serene, or aspects wild.
So home I took that lovely lad,
To be my friend and helper too.
I took him from his life too sad,
A life so dull with pleasures few."

Bathed and dressed was now revealed,
Beneath the grime of city street,
A charming wight before concealed.
Such fortune mine a boy so sweet,
Mon Petit ami*, I loved him so.
He'd brushes clean and errands run,
His presence graced my studio,
Full cheerfully for all was fun.

Never once did he complain,
Tho' now and then he would replace,
(Not yearning for his Paris lane)
That cheerful look upon his face.
And I would take him on my knee
These words I'd say, 'What bothers thee?'
"Your quiet sadness troubles me."
But truth to tell that gentle smile
Would soon return. He'd happy be.

His patience I did oft impose.
For many hours that boy would pose.
Now he would an angel be.

* My little friend



Bear vagrant's violin and more,
Or carry Eros' torch for me
Passion's nails he also bore.
A cherry picker he'd become.
What'ere I wished that boy would do.
He liked to pose; was never glum,
Toujours cet gosse, un tout p'tit chou†

In all things he'd cooperate,
But clouds appear. For that boy really
Still a child affectionate,
Loved sweet things and freely
Stole some cherries sweet.
From cabinet he'd liquor take
When I was out he'd find a treat,
A habit I found hard to break.
That child I loved and would not beat

And so at last I chided him,
"Is not life with me a paradise?
To steal from me is still a sin"
He would then apologize.
"I 'll send you back is my belief"
"I wish to stay, I like it here
I'm sorry, Sir, to be a thief."
And so would shed a sorry tear

† Always, that boy, a real little darling,
a term of endearment

From murderous cord that did enmesh.
The doctor called and then police.

“That precious child has long been dead
For many hours,” the doctor said.
‘Twas now my turn to shed a tear
I was to blame for that child’s fear.
Of that boy’s dread I was the source.
Those words that now I much regret.
And in my heart a deep remorse
With pain recalled my silly threat.

A duty I could not avoid
A horrid task I must attend.
The parents of that boy destroyed
Must be told of that poor boy’s end.
Hard could I my legs employ
And tell them of the tragedy.
To tell them of that darling boy
So soon to chant his threnody.

Surprise was mine. No tear was shed.
“Perhaps ’tis better, Sir, this way,”
Thus, stupefied, the father said.
“He’d come to some bad end some day.”
His mother thanked me for my pains
“I’ll see the place where my son died.”
She wished to see her son’s remains.
Emotionless she stands dry-eyed.
I can’t believe she does not care.
If she would now return with me,
Perhaps she’d shed a bitter tear
The little corpse at home to see.

A sadder task was never mine
The final journey to prepare.
His naked corpse lay still, supine,
Now released from earthly care.
Arriving then at studio door,
His mother comes her son to see.
And that sad place she did implore
Where that poor lad had ceased to be.

“Madame, ’twould upset you so
To see the place where he has died.”
“I’ll see it Sir and then I’ll go,”
She then insists, coarse, dry-eyed.

My threat I bitterly now regret,
For coming home I found him dead.
He’d not forget my silly threat,
If only words could be unsaid.
That tiny corpse his head askew,
Hanging from the closet door.
His ashen face his dear lips blue,
His two small feet near touched the floor,
A little way an o’er turned chair.
With swollen face and staring eyes,
Like stone I stood just gazing there,
A ghastly scene I did despise.
Perhaps my friend was still alive.
It made me think ‘twas just a guise,
That I could soon that child revive,
A foul pretense that boy’s demise.

Not let that boy drop to the floor,
So held his corpse and cut the string,
His slender frame I lightly bore,
Took to my couch that horrid thing.
Rope cut in the poor boy’s flesh,
With scissors I did his neck release



At that sad place my eyes did turn
With horror saw the ghastly rope
That I had meant that day to burn.
The instrument that ends all hope
To ghastly nail was firmly tied.
With speed I ran for cord and nail
To throw it through window wide.
It took the life of my boy frail
"Oh please do not," the woman cried.
The rope and nail she quickly seized
She, darting swiftly to my side.
"To keep it, Sir, I would be pleased."
I thought perhaps that deep despair
Belatedly had turned her mind,
Which could no more her deep grief bear
Her sadness now was unconfined.

With work I busied now my brain
To chase away those staring eyes.
And would not from my tasks abstain
Or else I would myself despise.
That very day the letters came
Requesting me with one accord
All asked and never showing shame
A portion of that fateful horrid cord.
Why she'd desired that beastly thing
I truthfully can now aver.
To liquor buy to comfort her.
She cut the rope in portions small
To drown her grief and merry be
She sold those parts to one and all
To buy a keg of burgundy.
Hope it is not too long.





BONE APPÉTIT

by Oscar Pepper

I'm on a stroll and this boy - fourteen, maybe - stops me on the sidewalk.

"Excuse me, Mister. Do you have the time?"

So cliché.

He's bundled against the cold. A fur-lined hood snuggles his face. Ahh . . . Eskimo Pie.

He's Asian. Plump, too. Hmm . . . Sumo Chicken.

He steps up close. Ooh . . . delivery!

Furtive eyes.

Is he hungry, or does he only want the time of day?

I check my watch. "Time to get out of the cold."

He looks at me, mute.

"Err . . . it's 3:56. Almost 4:00."

"Thank you, sir."

A CONVERSATION ABOUT GOD LEADING TO BOYLOVE

by Clouds & Archangel^B

Clouds: I believe you've said before that once you start believing in God you start to feel his presence

Archangel: Yeah?

Clouds: Well, how does it feel, what makes you believe? If you can describe it in some way.

Archangel: Simple.

Clouds: and what do you feel is God?

Archangel: When I look at the universe, I cannot imagine a beginning and an end. There are no boundaries. Our minds are too small to begin to comprehend its logic. There must be one person or being who does. And that person we call God

Sure, science has its place in explaining things. But if you try to figure out what infinity is you could go mad

And that being has created living creatures for a purpose. The immediate purpose is to provide Man with opportunities to learn, be compassionate, love, enjoy and give thanks.

If I didn't believe that there was a higher power my life would be lacking in something.

It is projected that there must be other planets like Earth where life exists. Maybe, maybe not. Science will have to find that out through exploration. The quest to do so will create new inventions and knowledge for future generations, just like the discovery of electricity and materials we take for granted



today have done for us.

Some people think that God has done all of this for his amusement.

Who knows?

However, for Christians it is very clear that we are here to do good for our fellow men by being Christ like. Not easy. Even those in the Church hierarchy have difficulty adhering to that purpose. In fact, it may even be more difficult for them because it is expected of them.

As far as I am concerned, I have a personal relationship with God. I know that I am weak and not the best person I can be. So there is always room for improvement. The purpose is in the journey that ends at death leading to new life.

Clouds: wow thanks 😊

Archangel: If I didn't believe that there was life of some sort after death, life would become meaningless. Why try to be good and care for others? Instead, just care for myself? That wouldn't make sense.

Clouds: yup

Archangel: Well Clouds I didn't mean to write so much, but there you go lol

Clouds: oh no, I'm very grateful for the thorough answer ^_^

Archangel: Thank you. Anytime.

Clouds: but how do you imagine Him? Human-like, or in some other way?

Archangel: Well, in the Christian faith it is very simple for one reason. First there was this unimaginable entity called God. It existed forever. Then God had to communicate with us humans to tell us the error of our ways and how we can improve.

So he sent that person called his Son Jesus in the form of a human, to do that work.

And to give Jesus and us inspiration and sol-

ace he created what we call the Holy Spirit. This is where good graces come from.

So although there are three distinct entities, they are all one and the same entity that we define as GOD

Clouds: oh

Archangel: In today's parlance it is like God came up with tools to get his message across in a way that we could understand.

And that message is really so simple.

Love one another as one self. And love God above all others because he is the source of our existence.

But it is so hard to do as we all can see.

Clouds: 😊

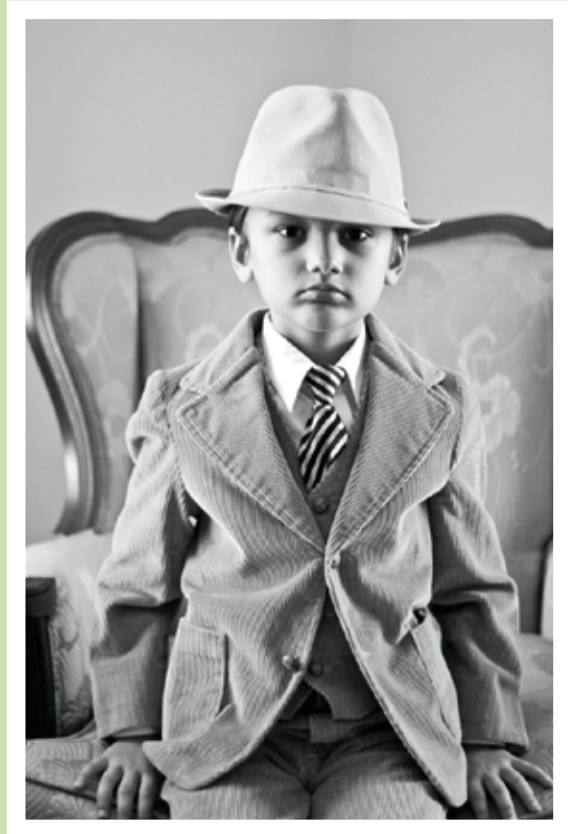
Archangel: For example, Boy Lovers should be loved not hated. I am certain no matter what the religious people think, God loves Boy lovers because we love boys in a way nobody else does. And the same goes for Girl Lovers

Clouds: uh-huh great thoughts Archangel

Clouds: 😊

Archangel: Thank you. Maybe I should put this together for the MBM magazine lol

Clouds: maybe you should hehe



Cadolzburg, 7 August, 2010

I am sitting here in front of my computer, listening to a wonderful but very sad song. It's Troy Sivan, and I've been listening to him for, I guess three hours now.

I listen to it again and again, and I can't help but remember my Andreas all of the time. How much I miss him, and how much I desire to take him into my arms, even after all this time. They all say I may not be in contact with him because I "abused" him, but they are all wrong. I loved him, I loved him even more than my own life. I would have done everything I could for him. I loved him and he loved me, and we had spent a wonderful time together until I was denounced and imprisoned. I still do love him, maybe even more than before. Because now I stand for him, and for the love I feel for him. Prison could not take this love away, but it did take everything else. I am destroyed; I am at my very end. I can no longer live and, to be honest, I do not want to live at all. My vitality is

lost, prison took all of my strength. Now, I sit here and I write from the deepest part of my soul. I am writing to get rid of my thoughts of committing suicide, to just give up and end my life.

Yes I am giving up. You have finally achieved your goal! *You* are all of the ones who are guilty, for now I must not see Andy anymore. I must not even talk to him. Those who had sentenced me are guilty, too. Andy admitted that he wanted all we did. Hell, we loved each other! Was this worth destroying me and taking Andy's first love away? Only for his father's sake, so he does not have to say that his son was gay. Or so that no one sees how he is. I ask you, you who are reading these lines, was this worth it all? To destroy two men just because we didn't fit in the normal terms, in *your* normality, in your order of man, wife and child.

What is normal? It's always that which the majority deems to be true. Marginalized groups like me, a boylover, are being easily ignored so that nobody is being disturbed in his normality. Or just out of fear, that there will be a movement out of this marginalized group, which overrules your normality. Do not fear, because the real boylovers would never do that. All they want is to give their love and their affection without harming anyone in any way. We do not want to harm anyone, especially not a boy!

The bad ones are those who beat their kids. The bad ones are those who take away all liberty from them, setting them under pressure. Teachers, pupils, grandparents. I can enumerate many many more people who pressurize children, and they can't handle it. I know what is to come now: "It is for the child's sake only!" Arguing with these words, one may forbid the child's father to see his kid, only because the parents got divorced. They're better off with the mother, and what next? The child may be neglected and then die because of malnutrition. And then they

say "Oh how could we have known...".

I would do anything for my little ones sake. Even if it would cost my own life. I am a boylover, and I stand for it. And I believe that I can say with the words of all boylovers around the world, that the boy we love is the most important person in the whole world, and the last one we would do harm.

We are neither the bad ones nor the evil ones. Those are you, the "normal ones". On the other hand, there are those who rape and molest children. Those kind of people who abuse them for only two reasons: to force their own might onto them and then to do the nasty. I do hate those guys just as much as every one of you do. The only difference is that you say I am one of those. Only because I want to give a boy all of my love, caring, and affection when he wants, and when it could help him survive in this cruel world.

There are billions of children dying, suffering from hunger and violence, and nobody does anything to protect them. There are thousands of children living on the streets, and

no one will give them a home or even give them a helping hand.

No. Instead, all you do is shake your heads and turn away. Having a fuss, yes, but not doing anything to prevent them from those circumstances. And then a boylover appears, giving one of the poor children of the street a helping hand, and guiding him into a normal life. A life where he'd be cared for and loved, for the first time ever, by someone who can be there whenever needed.

We do not destroy, we build up.
We do not kill, we rescue.
We just strive to be the way we are.
Boylover and not molester.

I'm feeling better now. My desire to live has been refreshed a little bit. I will now not destroy these lines but stand for what I say and do. I will try to find someone to print it into the newspaper, so the "normal ones" know that I am still there.

That I still live....

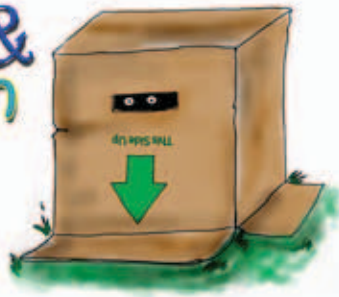


This issue is dedicated to our readers and authors,
for their continued support & enthusiasm.

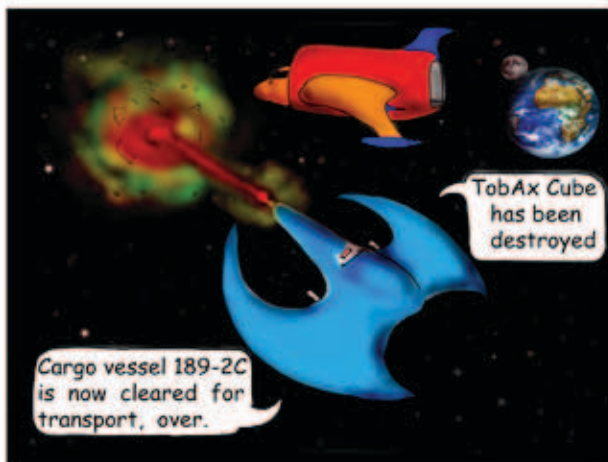
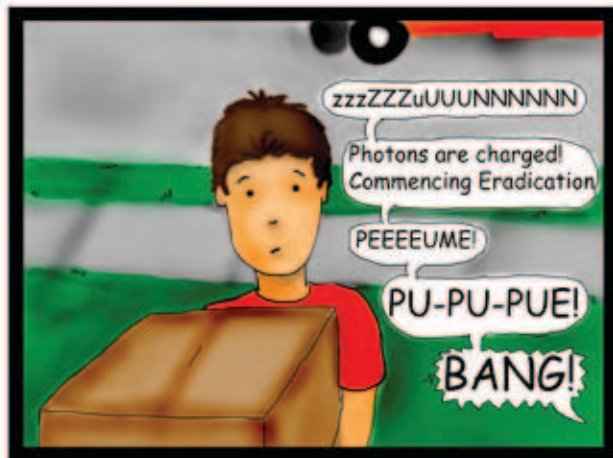
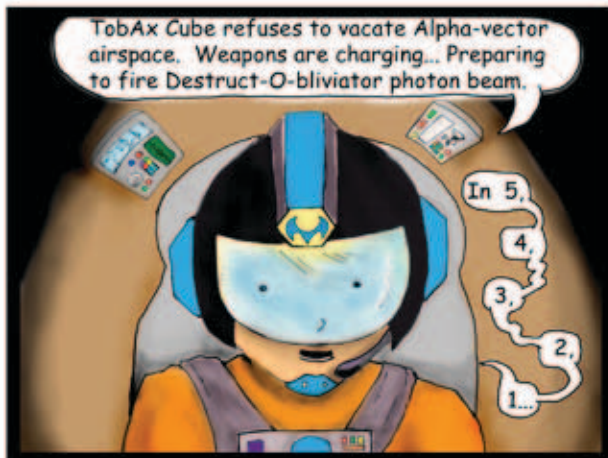
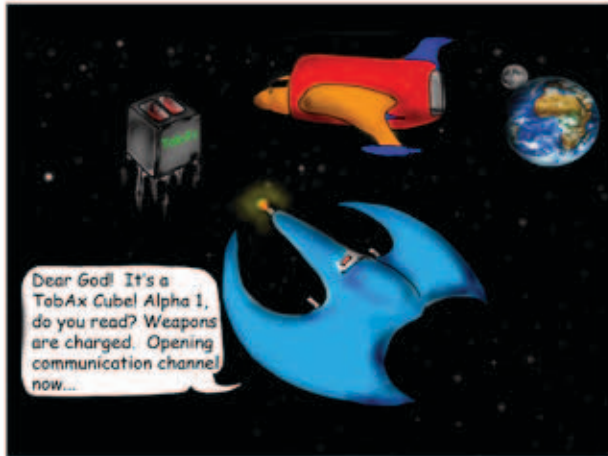


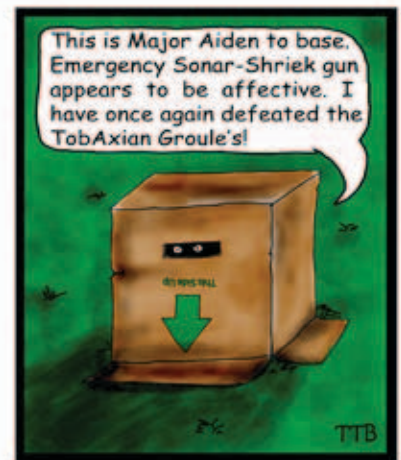
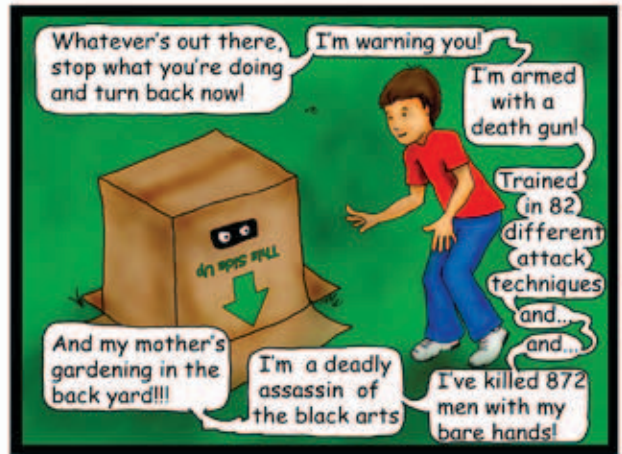
Ryan & Aiden

by TheTurtleBoy



This is Major Aiden, of the Tango-16 Shadow Fighters. I'm on escort duty, and my sensors are picking up a large anomaly in the Alpha-vector region: 195-672-8. Requesting permission to commence operation one-niner; over.





Created by TheTurtleBy + The Wolf

THAT PHOBIA

by bechgyn^B

“As soon go kindle fire with snow, as seek to quench the fire of love with words. He could have thought about the fire of hate in the same way. Let us hope that that is wrong.”


- William Shakespeare

I was surprised, one day - while surfing, to discover that somebody has listed all of our phobias. Everything is there from scoleciphobia (fear of worms) to Boglyphobia (fear of bogeymen). Me, being who I am, I tried to find paedopiliaphobia but it apparently does not exist. I should have felt relieved. On the contrary, I felt short-changed because apparently, to the author of the article, paedophilia is not an unreasonable fear. Well it is or it can be. The origin of the fear of bogeymen, originally buggymen, which I read years ago, derives from a very old story about a boy who was picked up by two men driving a buggy and was spirited away never to be seen again. The story is apocryphal I believe. But the idea of the bogeyman goes back much farther than that and has cognates in all I believe. But the idea of the bogeyman goes back much farther than that and has cognates in all European languages, used to deter children from everything from thumb sucking to running away, and is possibly related to the word bugger.

Since, as I said, the word paedopiliaphobia is not listed, I shall often use the word boglyphobia here. Many of the phobias are quite frankly ridiculous. But does boglyphobia represent a real fear since we read or hear of laws that are being broken by people who have a sexual interest in children? These are laws

that range from looking at pictures of naked children through inappropriate touching to rape. Instances of this which, to my mind, means forcible rape is fortunately very rare. Most of the phobias mentioned are specific; paedophiliaphobia is undifferentiated, unreasonable in many circumstances, and we need another word for those who do offend. The difference should be made plain in our culture by the media.

The propagandists in every area of human behaviour, from politics to sex, have their own vocabulary to confuse and manipulate others. The word rape is one of these. The consensual coitus between two people, one of whom is under 18, is sometimes described as rape. A picture of children emerging naked from a swimming pool can and has been described as pornographic. When a man and a boy chat together with the mutual objective of getting to know each other or becoming friends, the man, likely as not, is termed a predator. If the same man chats up a girl during happy hour in a local bar and goes home with her, he is of course not a predator. He is a friend. And so on.

The human mind is such that when we read of those cases we often put the most disturbing interpretation upon them, 

painting the worst picture in our minds. The sexual interest in children is widespread throughout the world and has been since ancient times, and it is not always accompanied by harmful behaviour. Martialis, the Roman, is open about his and others' love for boys in his epigrams. If he had any shame about this, he would not have written what he wrote. What is harmful of course, is a matter of conjecture and not of fact. To my mind, there is as much and possibly more harm done by those who suffer from bogypophobia than is done by paedophiles. For example, recently I read of loud hurrahs when three young boys, who had been bullied to the point of desperation by bogypophobes in the USA, had taken their own precious young lives. A case years ago, of a boy who had killed himself because he had been interfered with was occasioned more by the shame he felt; a shame put upon him by society's attitude to sexuality with children, rather than to any actual harm apparently done to him.

I believe, no - I know, that there are among boy lovers, those who wish only to associate with the objects of their affection. To help and guide them and do not wish to involve them in any expressions of love other than a hug or kiss or maybe not even that. But even that is regarded by some as morally reprehensible. Many authors of discussions such as this even, in many places, would be likely to be charged with indecency or worse. There are those however, who wish the subject to remain in an undifferentiated fog.

Lucky is the boy or girl who discovers at or around puberty that he or she is by nature, inclined to love those of his or her own gender; and who meets and is befriended by an adult who went through the same experience. Unfortunate are those who must carry that secret in their hearts and never learn to be comfortable with themselves and society, and whose whole life is coloured by that pain. The



pain I talk of is a pain which is unrecognized by too many, and is inflicted on young people by an unthinking society often led by the morally blind and the willfully ignorant.

It is fortunate that after years of persecution, adult gays, through largely their own efforts, are reaching and in some places have reached a point of acceptance by the so-called mainstream. Will that point ever be reached by decent men and women who love children to whom they are unrelated and who believe firmly that they should do no harm? That perfection can never be reached but I do believe that by articles, stories, poems, and in discussions we can mitigate the damage done by bogypophobia. It will be a very slow process. A

book store in Vancouver fought against Canadian customs because imported material was seized. We don't read about that any more. Times do change. We have Boy Moment and other sites that cater to boy love which are here for the exchange of information and even for their therapeutic value and its effect.

When we consider the subject, do we try to devise ways to reach that desirable end? I wonder if anybody has ever thought of initiating a website of pictures of boys and/or girls that celebrate the beauty of their bodies but are not prurient in that they depict sexual activity or sexual excitement. There are sites and magazines like this, depicting adult males and females. What has the magic age of 18 got to do with it? It would certainly be a test case. I read of this or that individual, of whom the media made a point of saying that he had 100,000 pictures on his computer. I would imagine that many, perhaps even the vast majority, depict nakedness without prurience in a holiday or studio setting. They never tell us that do they, or will they ever? Out goes the baby with the bathwater.

A few years ago a man in Vancouver Canada was charged with having naughty pictures on his computer. Maybe he shared them. I don't remember the details but whatever the charge was, because he had drawn them himself, a sympathetic judge dismissed the case because of artistic license. It was like that beautiful sculpture of David, not pornography, but was art. A scream of horror was heard throughout the land of Canada, and the artist was charged again. Special rules for that male-factor.

I think things will change. It will be faster in Canada and other parts of the Commonwealth than in the USA. Why do I say that? When I consider that, many years ago, being gay in the army was accepted and universal health-care was instituted in these places. Whereas,

such liberal ideas have been fought against for years in the USA. The Republican party has fought for years against allowing homosexuals to serve their country and has made clear that it wishes to dismantle, or at least cripple the new and comparatively less stringent health-care system, called Obamacare, which takes care of a minority of citizens and using the provisions of the US constitution may well do succeed in doing so. In the U.S.A., minorities are served less well than elsewhere. If a relaxed liberal attitude to boy love ever is found in the USA, I doubt if that will be enjoyed by any of my great, great, great grandchildren.

Yes, I think things will change. It will be faster in Canada and other parts of the Commonwealth than in the U.S.A. But I hope that Barbara Amiel's lead will followed.

"Ms. Amiel's sharp criticism of public hysteria over pedophilia and child pornography suggests that her moral convictions are extremely liberal" one critic wrote. Yes, I suppose arranging things within our culture so that children are not hounded to death would appear to be liberal to some.

FOREVER YOUNG

THE STORY OF PETER PAN

by Ansset

Ever since he was little, Peter felt that there was something about himself that was out of the ordinary. He couldn't point out what it was, but he always had the unpleasant feeling that he was different, that he wasn't like everybody else. No, the fact that he could fly had nothing to do with it. All children knew how to fly where he came from. They were born that way, and so was he. It was something different.

For years since he was born, he was burdened by this feeling that he couldn't even describe. It was eating at him from the inside, but still... he couldn't tell anyone. Who would understand, if he didn't himself?

At about the age of thirteen, it started becoming noticeable. All of his friends started growing hair in different and weird spots on their bodies. Their sweat started to smell and they started looking at girls differently. Not Peter, though. There wasn't even one hair on his body below his eyelashes, and although he was very active all day, his sweat never stank. Peter had always been excited when around girls, but not like his classmates.

At fourteen, they started building muscles. He remained weak. They grew taller, but he hadn't grown even one inch since turning eleven. His parents took him to various doctors, who just looked at the scans and hissed. They always pointed to that spot in his head.

He didn't take interest in what his friends liked. While his friends laughed at dirty jokes, snuck alcohol right behind their unsuspecting parents, and had secret parties with loud music and lots of girls, Peter preferred to sit and play in the sand, build castles, or hide in hollow trees and in underground caves that he found with his imaginary friends. As a result, everybody always laughed at him,

and he was always lonely.

At fifteen, all his friends had had at least one girlfriend, but he had only seen them as big bags of cooties, and when a ten year-old girl kissed him on the cheek once in the playground, he blushed and flew away, embarrassed.

Nobody ever explained anything to him, but eventually he figured things out by himself. He didn't grow - he couldn't grow. At his thirtieth birthday, he still looked exactly like he did nineteen years earlier at his eleventh, and he still looked the same at his fiftieth birthday. A long time after he had first figured things out at fifteen, he actually tried to act like an adult. He wore funny suits that never perfectly suited him. In business meetings, he always tapped his hand on the table, danced his feet around, or played with his pen nervously. He noticed how everybody looked at him, and heard how people started hissing every time he walked by. Even people who didn't know him pointed at him on the street. "Mommy, why does this kid dress up like dad?" they would say.

Peter knew. He wasn't an adult trapped in a child's body. He was a kid trapped in an adult world. Even though he had been allowed to drink liquor ages ago, he never liked cocktail parties, and he was disgusted by the coffee he had to drink every morning. He even tried shaving, but except for the one time he accidentally shaved his eyebrow, there had never been a single hair on the razor blade.

When he was about hundred years old, he decided to run away. He didn't even know where, but he had to go somewhere. And so he flew all day and all night and all the day afterward and for a half of the next day. He knew that he was home when the moon shone purple and the starry night had stars in all colors.

He sometimes came back to the world he was from to see if things had changed, but it was still an adult's world. When he came back the second time, he saw that not only adults but even kids had forgotten how to fly, and that their coffee was even worse than it used to be. Peter couldn't fly for a few hours after drinking it.

In every one of his visits, he was always drawn to the children. He missed them. It's not that there were no kids in his new world, but they were not like the kids at home. Sometimes, when he found kids he was really attached to, kids who were really like him, he took them to his new home, to show them this amazing world called Neverland, a place where he really felt at home because it is a place where people never grow up.



Welcome to the Boylover Community section of Modern Boylover Magazine. After the fall of Boylover.net in November 2009, MBM had difficulties trying to survive. Since then, we have received support from some boards, recent or old, to continue this publication. Today, MBM is an independent publication, with its own board and website, that integrates the BL community, which would otherwise be clustered in their distinct fora.

Boylovers, as an isolated group, need to remain in contact with each other and have a place where information about our common goals and outstanding milestones can be recognized. MBM is dedicated to becoming a fundamental axis of such social necessity, by breaking the common frontiers of our individual community boards.

Our intention is to help in the development of boylove as a social phenomenon, as well as to keep track and record of it. For the first deliverance to the Boylover Community, we asked participating boards to word a brief message about their forums, to accompany their sections within this release.

Without further ado, we now introduce you to the MBM's new Boylover Community section. We hope you enjoy it just as much as we enjoyed putting it together!

BOYLOVER COMMUNITY



BOYLOVER.ORG

After its first year alone, Boylover.org is quickly becoming one of the largest and busiest of all the boards. The creators and supporting staff deserve a huge pat on the back for bringing such an

elaborate assortment of options and forums to choose from. Congratulations on your first anniversary, BLo. We look forward to many, many more!

Now some words from BLo Staff:

It is hard to believe that BL.org has reached its one year anniversary, as of March 25th, 2011. There are several other excellent bboards boylover boards around. So what is it that sets BLo apart from the rest?

The staff is proud of its achievements, and not least the impressive growth in membership and posts made. In addition, there are many features that offer the members a unique experience. Here are just a few worth celebrating.

We have a large number of International forums, and it would be even larger if we had moderators who could speak more languages. Members who speak the supported languages can select the option to have the BLo navigation system configured in their native language. How cool is that? These language friendly features have positioned BLo to become the fastest growing International BL Board around.

BLo also has a technologically advanced photo gallery, it's organization and scope is second to none. All of this is provided for our members in an ethically safe environment.

We at BLo have much to be proud of. Stay tuned. The best is yet to come!

-Seth, Netzoomer and Riku



Boy Moment

A huge congratulation goes out from MBM to Boy Moment, one of the oldest remaining boards in existence, for reaching the impressive half-million mark in posts. We also congratulate BM on their effort to bring the polish BL community to their home. We all look forward to seeing another 500,000, and then some!

Some Words from BM staff:

Boymoment.com is a discussion board that was established in 2003, and became successful almost immediately following its opening. It offers various forums for both English speaking and International members. Our most recent addition to the forum saw a new room created specially for Polish speaking members. At Boymoment.com we also have individual rooms for LBLs (Little Boy Lovers) and teen lovers.

Boy Moment celebrated its 500,000th official post on December 29, 2010, and on May 1, 2011, will be celebrating 8 years in existence, making Boymoment.com one of the longest running BL communities still in existence today. It is very active; offering a modern board software as well as special entertainment and content areas.

- Excelcanyon, TigerBoy



Young City

From its humble beginnings YoungCity.org has continued to grow at its own pace. It's a cozy community that continues to with friendly new members. The board has undergone many changes. The forum recently changed management and is now run by Underdog and PartiBoi. A pre-moderated gallery has been added to the forum. The most impressive changes – and perhaps the most anticipated – are the international forums that are growing slowly but surely. The international rooms currently feature areas in Spanish and French with potential for more as membership expands. The board had taken on a new coder, and continues to develop ambitious projects to help the board grow, but still maintain a simple and friendly feel. The board features a friendly, intelligent, and at times comedic membership that continues to expand with unique characters.

The board celebrated its first anniversary March 1st, 2011.

-- Partiboi, Audric



MBM FORUMS

Coming this July, Modern Boylover Magazine will be turning five years old. That's right folks! MBM's fifth anniversary is fast approaching! From what started as an idea by a single person, has gradually grown into an entire fleet of hard-working volunteers, now 12 men strong and growing. In fact, we have evolved so quickly that, on January 25, 2010, MBM had to open its own website and community forums in order to accommodate the BLs' ever-changing needs and interests. That being said, none of this could have been achieved without the hard work and talent of each and every contributor, and for that, we thank you!

-MBM Staff



Is your BL forum having a birthday? Has it been changing and evolving so drastically that you feel that everyone should be able to experience the transformation?

Whether your board is aging, growing or celebrating, or if you would like to commemorate or honour a special event or person, MBM's new Society Section would like to extend an invitation to share all of your board's wonderful highlights and activities. Let the entire BL community know what's happening, and why your forum is so great.

We look forward to hearing from you,

-MBM Staff



MODERN
boylover
MAGAZINE

WRITE FOR US!

If you are interested in writing for MBM or contributing in any other way, please review the Guidelines, Rules & Terms of Service on our website;

~www.modernblmag.net~

You can send your work by email to editor@modernblmag.net, or you can post your work on the blog and/or member forums. Registration is not required for you to contribute to the magazine. MBM is free for all to read and for all to write for.

If you would like to submit images, please send as much information about the photos as possible, including the source link. If you are specifically submitting a cover nomination, please use HQ images at least 1200px wide.

“Imagination is a quality given a man to compensate him for what he is not, and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.”

—Oscar Wilde

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- Bartolomé Murillo - San Juan
- Bartolomé Murillo - Trauben und Melonenesser
- Bartolomé Murillo - The Young Beggar
- Henry Wallis - Death of Chatterton
- [9]

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