

**5th
Anniversary
Special Edition**



ISSUE #11

**The
Compensations
of Age**

**Caring for
Your Boy...and
Your Pocket
Too**

**A Lover and
a Fighter**
Interview with Crake

**He was My
Heart-Lung
Machine**

**Hey Kid, What
are YOU Doing
Here?**

**ALSO; Logo
Contest Results!**

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the eleventh issue of Modern BoyLover Magazine. Eleven issues and counting the magazine is still flourishing, thanks to the dedication of each and every one of you in the community. We're proud to say that MBM has united several communities, allowing a diverse group of readers and writers to contribute to the magazine, and show us that at heart each board and its members make up a part of one big community.

As with all our issues, we hope this issue is helpful in illuminating a more accurate portrait of boylovers, rather than the negative colors that hysteria paints us with. We don't have to fulfill the stereotypes that society claims are true. We control our own destiny and we can paint our own portrait – rarely is it as insipid and monstrous as we are told. For this reason, we should aspire to protect and do no harm to those we love. Many of us have experienced the torment of abuse in our own lives, which is another reason why our efforts to protect those we love are so important. We ought not let the misdeeds of others define all pedophiles universally. If you haven't already seen proof of the good reasons why we're not as loathsome as we've been cracked up to be you can visit: Boylover.org, BoyMoment.com, YoungCity.org, or ModernBLMag.net.

Many thanks and appreciation to everyone that has contributed to this issue! Thanks also to our wondrous writers, scrupulous editors, and forum representatives. And a special thank you to Audric, TheTurtleBoy and 420Guy for their most diligent efforts in the continuation of the magazine.

We've had eleven great issues with dozens of insightful and creative articles throughout all of them. With your continued support, submissions, and volunteer help we can continue to bring you many more issues. I hope you enjoy this issue.

Riku
Chief Editor

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 O = BOYLOVER.ORG
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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 send an email to subscriptions@modernblmag.net, indicating that you wish to subscribe.

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

LOGO CONTEST RESULTS

As promised, here are the final round results from our new logo contest! The winner appears on this issue of the magazine! Also, make sure to check out all the logos entered, to find out who these great artists are!

Here are the 4 logos that made it to the final round:



Entry #1 by Wild Max^Y



Entry #2 by Adriel^B

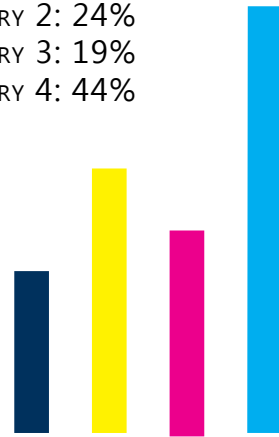
Special thanks and Congratulations to Anset, for creating such a great new logo!



Entry #4 by Anset^Y

RESULTS FROM A SAMPLING OF 79 RESPONDENTS:

- ENTRY 1: 13%
- ENTRY 2: 24%
- ENTRY 3: 19%
- ENTRY 4: 44%



Entry #3 by Adriel^B



Below are our other entries. Many thanks to all the artists that participated!



by DBRex^o



by DBRex^o



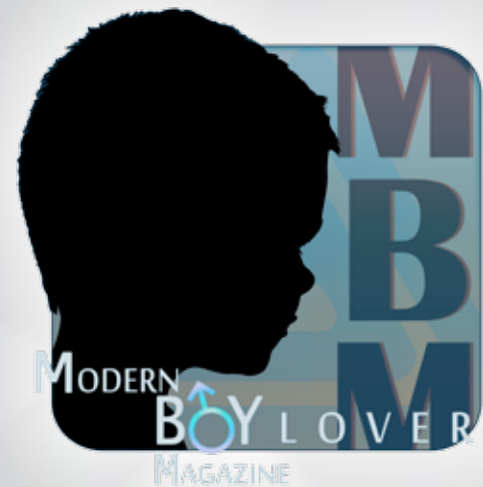
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by Adriel[®]



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by Vanitas[°]



A LOVER & A FIGHTER

an interview with **Crake**

by 420Guy & Crake^Y

This interview with Crake took place in February 2011. Since joining the community in 2004, he has been involved in various childlove projects and been an active member of various boards. He is currently the MBM Forum Representative for Youngcity.org, and writes a Childlove blog at: www.theinnocencegame.blogspot.com

420Guy: When did you first join the community, and what were your first impressions?

Crake: I joined up in July of 2004, that was to BLU (Boylovers United), but I'd been lurking since November of '03. I had a fascination with children and the struggles that boys put up with these days and I did a lot of reading about boys and the so-called "war against them." As it turns out, if you do enough reading about boys you'll run into the BL communities eventually, which is what happened to me. My first impression of boylover.net was that it was a group for parents of boys—parents who just loved having boys. The BL side of myself had never clicked until I came across Mike's Page over

in the BL Links. I did a little more investigation and found out BL was pedophilia, not sick pedophilia, but a "wholesome" version of it, and it just captivated my imagination from then on; I never thought that something like this could exist.

420Guy: Did you find that you settled in quickly, or did it take some time?

Crake: I think I've only recently settled in. The first five or so years had me butting heads with the community because I had different reasons for coming in. Support wasn't exactly what I wanted, I wanted to make a difference. Once I learned about Boylove, I immediately felt comfortable with it. My desires from there on out, for bet-

ter or worse, were more about how to get this subculture more mainstream toleration. I felt it had value beyond just being a support community. Others disagreed, many vehemently so. It was their right. I was still young, an emerging adult just discovering his powers, so it crushed me when I ran into fierce opposition. Years and years of unfulfilment lessened my ambitions, I went through depression cycles, but I began to see how people preferred the real me to the fighter-me. The real me can get done what the fighter couldn't.

420Guy: In your opinion, what does it mean to be a Boylover?

Crake: Boylovers, or Childlovers in general, are people who practice or at least believe in an independent and charitable approach to child-rearing. A childlover stands parallel to mainstream western cultural practices in child guidance. They tend to be opposed to child subjection, control, abuse, and over-protectionism, and stress being responsible for a child over simply having responsibility, good works over legislation, and the pretext of "do no harm". This is to say, that childlovers are carrying on the ancient practice of pederasty but fitting it into the modern world. They run into conflict with some of the main tenets of culture (political correctness, the nanny state...etc.), and because of that ridicule, feel they are better able to relate to children—entities also put upon by society. Ultimately, a childlover is someone who dares to love a child as a whole person. He is a man of the past, living in the present, and walking in the future.

420Guy: Tell us about your attractions. Are you strictly into boys? Do girls or adults ever make you do a double-take?

Crake: Yeah I'm a BL, mostly. I have always had GL sides, though. Adults do nothing for me. I find I'm much pickier when it comes to girls and that my age of attraction is slimmer. Tomboys usually get me—I appreciate

a girl who can out-boy a boy. I tend to be more of a fetishist though, which makes me different than most BLs who are all about sex. I don't desire sex with children, mainly because I consider myself an LBL or at least a "boy" BL (aoa 5-14), and because I don't have the personality most people have to engage in sexual activity with another human being. Besides, I seem to get along with my fetishes, and they tide me over.



420Guy: What were you like as a boy?

Crake: I was creative, expressive, a bit awkward, comical, but also had a vulnerable side. I enjoyed school and did well in it, and just like now, usually failed to appreciate my own strengths. I envied everyone and never noticed how others may be envying my talents. I liked to draw and write, and pretend my life was a movie. I wanted to be popular and fit in, but I was too sheltered to really be "cool." I ended up hanging out with the weirder boys. I was quite smart, conversational, enjoyed educational things as well as fun things. I tended to take it personally when people didn't like me or didn't want to play along with my games, high hopes, or the movies in my head.

420Guy: How did you discover that you were attracted to minors?

Crake: It's something that never clicked. I never really thought about my sexuality before I discovered I was a pedophile. When I was a teen, I had withdrawn into myself so far I never really sought to acknowledge any part of me that made me similar to others, so I never acknowledged that I had a specific sexuality. But if I remember my thinking from back then, kids were always a part of it. They were sexy, but I didn't really distinguish that sexiness from just ordinary human attraction. I discovered I may be a pedophile when I came across the BL world and read about it. My first inclination was, "No, this isn't me," but then it instantly clicked and it made perfect sense.

* * * * *

420Guy: You are known for being a child-love activist. Was there a particular situation or event that led to you to becoming an activist?

Crake: There are many BLs who've done more gutsier activism than I have. I've been more of a spokesperson for it I guess, although I have been involved with a number of projects. I can't say there was one event that caused me to get into it. I was just fueled by a burning desire throughout my teen years to fight for something meaningful. I guess I just wanted more than my rather book-heavy, suburban, tedious life could give me. I'll say right out that yeah, my desire to "make a difference" was primarily selfish. It had more to do with "Crake-peace" than world peace, which is fine if you think about it, but it didn't lead to either outcome.

I ran into more opposition from within the community than without, and did some rather daring things like stuff mailboxes with BL fliers on IBL day, go on as a guest on Pedologues, contribute to the very con-

troversial and visible Paiderastia blog that saw us in a blog war with vigilante groups like Absolute Zero and all the rest. I've had quite a few close calls, but I'd do it all over again in a heartbeat—this time hopefully wiser.

420Guy: A majority of people (including BLs) assume that activism is merely about lowering the age of consent. Do you feel that's a fair statement, or is there more to it?

Crake: There's far more. Arguing to lower the age of consent as a pedophile is a fool's errand. In the US alone, there are 50 different laws regarding the age of consent. Besides, lowering the age of consent by itself does nothing to change the culture, the legal, bureaucratic, economic, and political subjugation of children. Some pedophiles believe that the issue of youth rights doesn't apply to them, and that those campaigns are a detriment to our cause. I don't think so. There are groups who are advocating for many of the ideas we espouse, including lowering the age of consent, and they have perfectly reasonable and evidenced arguments. The NYRA (National Youth Rights Association) is one. There are also people we could be aligning with as individuals, like Lenore Skenazy, John C. Holt, Robert Epstein, and other academics and commentators. We can only hope to move society if we join with it, rather than isolate ourselves from it. We have to learn to see the good in people. It's not about children or pedophiles, it's about working together for a common good.

420Guy: Many of the BL sites take a neutral stance on activism, do you think that the forums should be more involved?

Crake: I've always said that forums should remain neutral. My argument was that simply providing space for members to strategize does not mean the board is agreeing or disagreeing with whatever project



"I've never liked how some boards will swoop down and post disclaimers all over your thread if you breach the subject [of activism]. I think it detracts from meaningful conversation."

they want to cook up amongst themselves. And I've never liked how some boards will swoop down and post disclaimers all over your thread if you breach the subject. I think it detracts from meaningful conversation. There was a time when BLs would tolerate molestation jokes but panic if a BL said "activism" too many times, but things are changing. Board owners are becoming more tolerant of activist speech, especially after BL.net (a very anti-activist board) went down. The arrival of Newgon really changed things for me, because now there's a place where ambitious BLs can actually gather to at least discuss getting things done—whether they do is another story. I don't think forums should be more involved, I think BLs should be more involved.

420Guy: What are some ways in which BLs could get more involved?

Crake: Breaking out of the cycle of pessimism is the first important step. Once that's accomplished, one begins to look for ways that a message can be spread, how to get others to take it seriously, and what that message should be. All these things are interrelated. We have to make use of social media to get messages out there about the over-protection of kids, youth rights, predator panic, and all these crucial issues, and push them in our private spheres of influence (which are growing larger every day

with the help of these social media) not as pedophiles, but as people speaking truth to the hypocrisy.

I urge members of my generation (millennials) to really jump on the bandwagon that Anonymous has established, and use it, as others have done, to educate people about the hypocrisies of the system. What was done to Scientology in Project Chanology, for instance, could be replicated. In short, blog, tweet, create Facebook groups, make videos on youtube, create connections with proponents of youth rights and anti-fear, spread the word through reserved compromise and genuine education, not as pedophiles, but as people. It's a brave new world and it calls for new approaches and new thinking to old problems, and everyone's invited.

The days of "we're here and queer" are over, and time is ticking down on the current "secret support enclave" approach that began in the 90's. That serves a purpose, but this is a new internet and we have new options available to us. We each need to think about what we can bring. I blog, that just works for me. There are numerous things that may work for you and everyone else.

420Guy: You had the privilege of being a guest on an episode of the Pedologues. Why did you want to participate, and what was it like working with Rookiee?

Crake: This is a funny story. Rookiee had a charisma that I can only hope the BL world will see again, and this was very typical of him. For those who don't know, Rookiee was probably one of the greatest spokesmen for Childlove we've had since Lindsay Ashford or Edward Brongersma, and he ran a successful podcast as a split off solo project from his work with SQR. On it, he'd invite boylovers to come in and discuss various issues in a very relaxed setting, and it was very professionally done, funny, enlightening, and really drove home the message of



free speech. One night I was chatting with him, working on our various blog projects, and he invites me to a Skype call, as he normally would. It turns out that I was on-air. He had another guest on who was a great orator, Ohhellyeah, and between the two of these great charismas, I could barely get a word in edgewise, and if you seek out this episode, you'll hear it. I loved working with Rookiee and jumped on board with everything he was putting forth, unfortunately he got hit pretty hard by PJ, and then later our relationship soured due to a lapse in judgement on my part.

* * * * *

420Guy: Do you think children should have the right to consent to sex with other children? With adults?

Crake: I think children should have a right to explore their sexuality in ways that are compatible with their understanding of what sexuality is. I think they ought to be educated about human sexuality from the very beginning, just like they are about

their other bodily functions. I don't know if children should necessarily have the right to have sex with others because I don't see "having sex with someone" a right, because, it's an act that incorporates others' rights. However, I think children ought to be protected against criminality for exploring their sexuality in pro-social ways, and if that includes consensual sex with another child, then so be it. Rape, or even sex as peer pressure, should not be confused with sexual exploration.

With adults, no. I believe adults practice a very different sexuality than children and or even teens do. An adult can guide, educate, instruct, and reinforce a healthy expression of sexuality, but the child really needs to be in control of their own sexual exploration. There's some part of me that feels that when a child and an adult have sex, the child is handing the reins over to the adult once again, submitting to an adult's idea of what sex is. Sex is many different things for many different people, and age plays a role in how it's interpreted. Of course, as children become teens and young adults and

start gaining more of an adult perspective on sex, then yes, consensual activity ought to be protected.

420Guy: If we interfere in a child's sexual development, even if he chooses to explore these things with an adult, aren't we essentially taking control or 'handing the reins back to the adults'?

Crake: If I understand correctly, you're saying that it'd be interfering with a child's development to deny their request to have sex with an adult at their choice. I agree that children may have desires to have sex with adults, and that in a perfect world, consensual sex with minors is more preferable than non-consensual sex. The problem is that one can't make the case that consensual sex with kids is preferable to having no sex with a child, even in a perfect world. This is not a perfect world, and having sex with children carries a risk that not having sex with them doesn't, but even if that wasn't so, children have no developmental need to have sex with adults in order to grow up properly. Children grow up to be sexually healthy adults without having had sex with an adult as a child just as some do with consensual relations. So there really can be no argument in favor of sex with adults in childhood on the basis that it helps them along. It may help individual kids in certain circumstances, but it can't be the prescription for a child who has been hitting sexual road blocks. As evidence suggests, alternative and less risky means for educating a child can always be employed. To accept sex with a child is to be assuming responsibility for their sexual path, but to deny is to say "it's your sexuality, I can help, but I can't do it for you."

420Guy: Could there be exceptions to this? What about a child who is several years more mature than most in his age group? How about a man who has a very childlike perception himself, similar to the late Michael Jackson?

Crake: I've heard a million variations on this theme. I absolutely think there can be exceptions, particularly for teenagers who are basically adult in the way they understand sex. I totally disagree with the notions that teens are sex obsessed, impetuous and promiscuous by nature--these are adult interpretations of a teen's systematic sexual repression. There can always be exceptions, for any age group. I'm just not willing to go out on a limb and defend adults having sex with children as the way forward for civilization because I have no reason to believe that such a future would be ideal. I believe that sex is just sex. It's not inherently bad, it's not inherently good, but it can be both of those things under specific circumstances.

420Guy: You and the boy of your dreams are the last surviving humans on Earth. One night he undresses, looks at you and simply asks, "Top or bottom?"

Crake: There's always got to be a just for fun one. It's hard for me to speculate about a boy, but I know that in regular (adult) encounters, I'm definitely a bottom. Take note, my suitors.

AWAKING MY SYF

by Riku^o

Today I had one of the many pleasures of waking my SYF. Granted he's rather young, there was somewhat more of a beautiful innocence to seeing him awaken to another day.

I walked into his room; he was curled onto his right side, his short brown hair clinging to his head, his eyelids clasped over his light brown eyes. A slight smile on his beautiful, smooth face, which seemed so angelic.

He was wearing his favorite Elmo pajamas which consisted of a very soft, velvety long sleeved shirt and matching long pants, with different Elmo characters scattered across them.

He had kicked off his covers, I guess in the warming of the day. I just had to stop and admire his little slender, perfectly-shaped feet.

I walked in and sat on the bed to his right; putting my hand on his back I leaned over him, gently massaging the middle of his back. As quietly and soothingly as possible, I whispered, "time to get up sleepy head", and it seemed as though the instant he heard my voice his eyes burst open. Like the little lightning he is, full of energy, he lunged into me, causing me to fall back and off the bed.

Able to keep my composure, I braced both of us for the fall as he clung to the front of me, with his legs already wrapped around my waist. I gave in and just laid back on the floor, and he put his head right between my shoulder and neck, wrapped his arms around my neck, and as sweetly as I think any boy could, whispered "good morning, Daddy" into my ear. While I loved it so much, feeling like I was in heaven, I had to remind him about calling me Daddy; in reply to which, keeping his wits about him, he also reminded me that I said he could, if we were alone.

We laid there for a bit, until he put his forearms on my chest, holding his little body above mine, and gazed right into my eyes, as if our souls needed to greet each other as well, until he finally said, "so, what are we gonna do today?"

And so, the day was off.

A BOYLOVER SAVED ME

by Cashew66

When I was a boy, I loved a man, and he loved me. Those who think I was abused are mistaken; for me it was the most loving caring relationship I ever had.

When I feared a friend would tell everyone I was gay, and I was minutes away from deciding on suicide options, a family friend was there. My mother, sensing something was wrong when I would not tell her what was going on, sent someone to me who in turn became my savior. With some pressing I broke down in tears, spilling my heart out – it didn't matter much as I was going to end it soon anyway. The talk was long, emotional, and scary, but in the end he confessed to me that he too had feelings for guys. I remember asking what I could do to change who I was, and I found out that you can't change who you are as easily as you can change your clothes.

Our relationship blossomed and grew month by month. Larry became so important to me that I strived to make him proud. I went from an average student to an above average one – no not a "Straight A Honor Roll" kid but I kept a good average. I was also a bully in school, and being taller and stronger allowed me to take out frustrations on others. Larry found out and told me that I needed to go on home and think about who I wanted to be, and as far as he was concerned a bully was no friend of his. That almost killed me – I had come out of a funk a, but had disappointed someone I really cared for. I changed my ways, and my bully side morphed into one of a protector. I did not tolerate kids being bullied, and focused my size on the other bullies. After some time I found myself with a ring of smaller but interesting boys who all wanted to be my friend. I tried pot and some alcohol, but one look from Larry when he found out ended that on the spot. I would not disappoint him ever again.

Our relationship became sexual and I treasured those feelings and moments, but this is about an emotional relationship and those times together were our moments. I learned that love comes in all forms and types, and nothing will ever

fit into a single mold. We had disagreements and we had issues – we were both on constant guard every moment in public not to betray a feeling, a touch, or comment that would out us as lovers. That stress was hard to take and Larry also pushed me to be with my friends. He insisted I spend time with kids my own age and even wanted me to find someone I could share with. That hurt as I loved him and all he wanted for me was to be happy. To him, my being with people my own age was necessary for me to grow and mature properly. He finally got me to understand that he wasn't pushing me away but wanted me to become my own person.

Larry lost a battle with pancreatic cancer quickly after diagnosis. His death almost drove me back to suicide, but I would not tarnish his memory by throwing my life away. Our relationship lasted for almost four years, and those years I still treasure to this day, almost thirty years later.

I recovered and moved on. I have accepted who I have become and even if at times am lonely I have my memories. Strangely, as attracted to Larry as I was, after he was gone my interest started sliding to a younger age. I have never shared in a physical relationship with a boy, and live those out through fantasy alone. I am adored by many of my nephews and young cousins, along with the sons of friends and co-workers. I am often told how good I am with kids, and that I would make a fantastic father. They say I connect with children better than anyone they know, and I just laugh it off and say it's because I never grew up myself. In truth it is because Larry let me be me, and I see each and every boy I interact with as an individual needing love, support, and a friend. Treating them as such I get 100 percent back, as they see me as someone they can trust and relate to, and even share their own secrets and know that they are safe.

Thanks Larry, your gift of understanding and love is more precious than anything I can think of.

I WISH I COULDA...

by Damelon^B

I have met an amazing young friend on BoyMoment. He has come to mean so much to me. We have spent hours and hours talking and getting to know each other. We have so much in common that sometimes I feel like he IS my inner child!

During an exchange of posts awhile back, he commented:
“... I'm sorry that it was such a bad time for you and I wish that I could have been in your life from the beginning.”

That comment rolled around in my head for several days and this poem came from it...

I know that there must be so many of you out there that feel the same way about someone in your life. I hope this helps you express to that special someone, how you feel...

When you were born,
And the world became a better place.
I wish I coulda been there.

When you spoke your first word,
And the world made more sense.
I wish I coulda been there.

When you took your first step,
And the world went in a new direction.
I wish I coulda been there.

On your first day of school,
When the world learned something new.
I wish I coulda been there.

Whenever the world treated you badly,
And you were lonely...


Whenever you were afraid,
And you doubted who you were....

Whenever the nights were long,
And you needed someone to hold you...

I Wish With All My Heart,
I could have been there!

HE WAS MY HEART-LUNG MACHINE

by Alcibiades^o



I have debated whether this should be an epitaph, or the description of an adult/young friend relationship. The truth is I don't intend to celebrate my adult friend's greatness. He was a major influence, although we didn't see each other much. He was there when I needed, which, I believe, should be the definition of "adult friend."

When I first met him I was seven, my brother nine. My parents and I went to my brother's Scout camp, where family activities were planned. I didn't mix much, being shy, and frankly would have rather been home. I was thus walking on one of the dirt roads surrounding the camp when I saw that tall man sitting on a tree trunk, sculpting a wooden knife from a dead branch.

I instinctively stopped and stared at him inquisitively, at his badge covered shirt, his graying hair, and his brown eyes staring back at me, until he called me over by name. He walked me back to the group, and only when my brother left the crowd, shouting, did I learn his "name": Ake-la. That first denomination, although

I discovered his real name later, proved most significant to me, so I will refer to him as such while we sift through two episodes of my life which he was part of.

Two years after we met, I was in his Scouts troop. He lived near my school, about one hundred metres beyond a sharp turn from which I could see both my school and his truck. I should tell you that he was a federal agent, near his retirement (54 years old) and an electrician (which explains the truck). At that age, I was bullied at school. I used to stay on the playground for two hours, or until my bullies went home, before I left after school. There was always an adult around, so it was my safe spot. My parents, who returned from work at 6pm, didn't notice the delay between the end of class (3pm) and my arrival (5pm). However Akela noticed, and also noted that I walked home fast, looking frenetically over my shoulders, and that I always had bruises on my arms. He knew that my father wouldn't have beaten me, so, adding two and two, he came to accompany me home the following day. Next day, however, I didn't see him, and was reduced, again, to waiting for my intimidators to be called home by their moms.

On the third day, finally, a few minutes before the bell, while I watched the clock, anxiously, I saw his familiar face in the classroom door's window, I was now anxious for totally different reasons. The bell rang and, going outside, I came face to face not only with him but also with two of his friends, all three wearing federal agent uniform. Naturally they got a lot of attention from the other children, including my bullies. Appar-

ently, they just dropped by "because Akela wanted to say: 'Hi.'" Two complementary feelings were hitting me at once. Firstly, I was happy to see Akela – he was my shining knight then, especially since I'd only seen him in Scout uniform; secondly, I felt extremely special. Police officers are very impressive for nine-year-olds, so those three men – and myself – were the only discussion subject that week. The bullying stopped. Walking home, every afternoon afterward, I'd check excitedly if Akela was there so I could cast him a wide smile.



The last part of our relationship occurred in 2005. I was having a bad time both because of my homosexuality and my social awkwardness. That year, I was hospitalized in the pediatric wing for about a week. I hadn't seen Akela for five years. One night, sitting in bed, a nurse watching over me (I wasn't allowed to be alone), I thought I heard his voice at the end of the hallway. I learned later, that my brother had tracked him down and asked him to come. Akela entered my room. No-one spoke for about an hour. In fact we didn't even look at each other: I felt ashamed; he wanted me to jump in first. My first words startled him: "I'm sorry", I don't know why those words came out. I did feel sorry: for not contacting him; for almost forgetting about him; for being gay... I considered myself a failure. A failure with a brain and good grades, but a failure nonetheless.

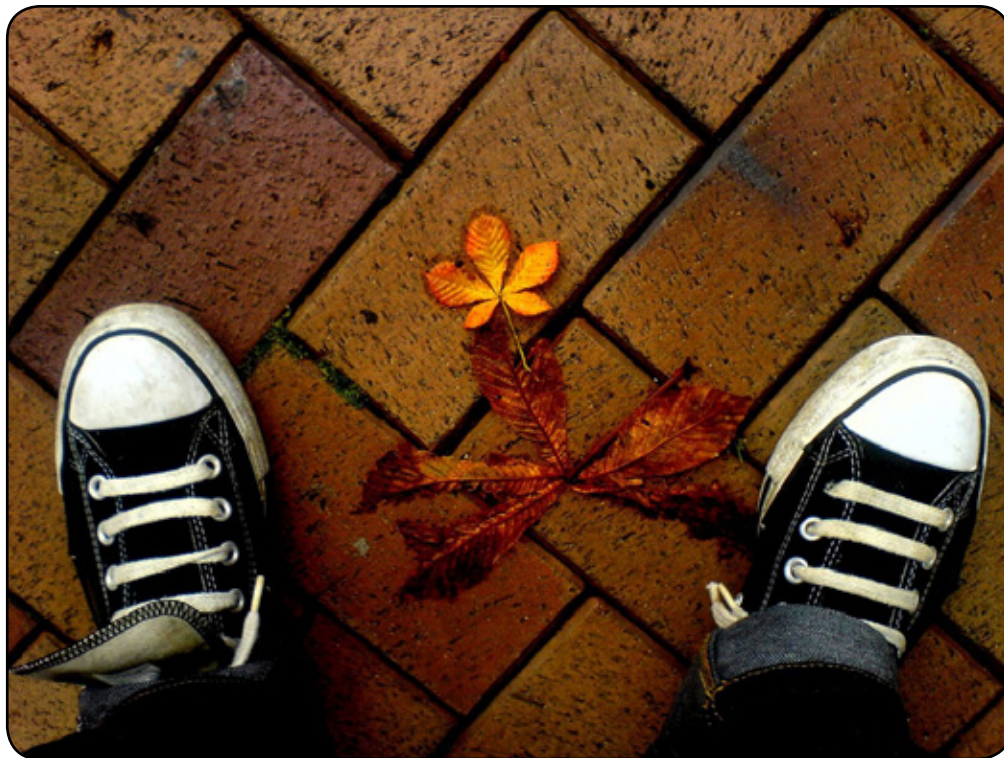
I expected the classical talk I'd often had before: people who pick on you aren't worth it; you'll see, in the long run... But he merely interrogated me: "Do you know the difference between right or wrong? Are

you still the kid who would ask everyone questions to learn a little more?" and so on. Then he gave me this unusual speech: "I don't care who you love (it was physically obvious that I was gay). The kid I knew was a force of nature; he'd be ready both to help a kid with his homework and fight when he knew he was right. That kid would have fought tooth and nail to get the place he deserved. I'd still want you to be that kid, for nothing would prevent him helping another, and he didn't care what people thought, as long as he did his best." Those three hours were among the most difficult of my life. It's hard to be ashamed in front of someone you idolize and painful when that someone makes you realize you're half of who you were. Yet they woke me up.

After I finished crying he left, and I never saw him again. The last time I talked to him was in the fall of 2010. I was a second

year medical student. His wife, who also knew my father, called me to ask what was the best treatment for someone with pulmonary fibrosis. Unable to answer, I took the file and begged all of my pulmonology teachers to read it**. A few days later he was on the transplant list but, despite having almost every possible competent doctor as a consultant, he died less than an hour before receiving a call telling him they found a match.

At his burial I saw a throng of young adults, from five to ten years older than me, wearing Scouts' scarves. So for that adult friend who was there to teach me, to help me and to make me the man I am, and who did so for many others, I have one last thing to say; "Good hunting!"



*As Rudyard Kipling would phrase it: "Save Akela from the death. He was ever thy friend."

pedophilia's changing definition

by SimbaLion^Y

Psychologically speaking, are you a pedophile if you're attracted to boys of 14, but not to boys of 8? And are you a pedophile if you think of boys while masturbating, but have never had sex with a boy?

Sex researchers and mental health professionals are asking questions like these while trying to define what pedophilia is for the next edition of the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders" (or DSM). The DSM is published by the American Psychiatric Association, and is the standard reference book for mental health professionals looking to diagnose specific symptoms and behaviors. The current edition is the DSM-IV-TR; the next edition, DSM-V, is scheduled for release in 2013.

The DSM is a book with a lot of power. Its classifications allow people to be defined in certain ways, and these definitions can carry the force of law. If a psychiatrist classifies a person as a pedophile based on DSM criteria, this classification can be used in court. Over the years, the DSM has changed its mind about certain things. Homosexuality, for example, was once classified as a mental disorder but no longer is. Will there ever come a day when sexual attraction to children is no longer classified as a disorder?



Perhaps, but not by the time the DSM-V is released. What is sure to happen, however, is a change in how pedophilia is defined.

One person involved with the review of the DSM's pedophilia definition is Canadian sex researcher Ray Blanchard. Blanchard is a well-known and sometimes controversial figure in the field of sex studies. He is known for developing the term "teleiophilia" to describe sexual attraction to adults, especially where the attraction is characterized by a great distance of years (for instance: a person in his twenties attracted to people in their fifties, and vice versa). In recent years, he has sought to change how pedophilia is diagnosed. In part, this work has been done to influence how the DSM-V will classify pedophilia.

In one 2009 report, Blanchard and his col-

laborators presented five different ways to classify sexual attraction to minors. These were spun off from a three-part sexual division that many are familiar with: pedophile (interest in prepubescent children), hebephile (interest in pubescent children), and ephebophile (interest in young adults). Given how most people think that all attraction to minors is pedophilia, even embracing the difference between pedophilia, hebephilia, and ephebophilia would be an interesting step.

These were the categories that Blanchard and his collaborators came up with in their 2009 report: Pedophile 1 (where attraction to children aged 0-5 is greater than or equal to attraction to older age groups); Pedophile 2 (where attraction to children aged 6-10 is greater than or equal to attraction to older age groups); Hebephile 1 (age 11); Hebephile 2 (ages 12-14); and Ephebophile (ages 15-16). The age breakdowns just listed describe adult attraction to girls. Because girls develop earlier than boys, and because there were more men attracted to girls in the study than men attracted to boys, the information for the latter group wasn't as developed. However, the report concludes that the division for men attracted to boys is similar even if the years described don't fully overlap.

In a 2008 paper, Blanchard proposed that the DSM-V included these new "diagnostic criteria for Pedohebephilic Disorder." If these criteria are adopted, anyone who meets all three would be legally diagnosable as a pedophile.

A. The person is equally or more attracted sexually to children under the age of 15 than to physically mature adults, as indicated by self-report, laboratory testing, or behavior.

B. The person is distressed or impaired by these attractions, or the person has sought sexual stimulation from children under 15 on three or more separate occasions.

C. The person is at least 16 years and at least 5 years

older than the child or children in Criterion A.

Specify if:

- Sexually Attracted to Children Younger than 11 (Pedophilic Type)
- Sexually Attracted to Children age 11-14 (Hebephilic Type)
- Sexually Attracted to Both (Pedohebephilic Type)

One controversy that developed was the proposal's classification of attraction to minors as a "disorder." If a person meets Criterion A (attraction), but not Criterion B (acting upon those attractions, or feeling distressed about them), he may escape full legal diagnosis as a pedophile (which requires meeting all three criteria); however, he might still be thought to possess a pedophilic mental condition which might later be acted upon. It should be noted that Blanchard argues that "sexual stimulation" does not just mean sex with children; it can include interactions with virtual children: "I recommend that, for diagnostic purposes, photographed children [child pornography] and impersonated children [for example, police officers posing as children who engage with others in online sex talk] be treated the same as real children."

Others in the field take a different perspective. Richard Green, another sex researcher, had this to say in a 2004 paper: "So what then of the pedophile who does not act on the fantasies or urges with a child? Where does the DSM leave us? In Wonderland. If a person does not act on the fantasies or urges of pedophilia, he is not a pedophile. A person not distressed over the urges or fantasies and who just repeatedly masturbates to them has no disorder."

However it turns out, the DSM-V definition of pedophilia will be different from what exists now. It's hard to say, however, if this change will be beneficial to those who are attracted to children.

It's our duty as BoyLovers to give our boys the best start toward an understanding of life. This poem is about choosing what is best for us to pass down to our boys that are in our lives. For me, it's all about being aware of my actions and words and how they are perceived. I want the best for the boys in my life. I love them all so dearly. I want to give them the best start in life that I can. Most of you know by now that my boys and sons mean the world to me. I could never do to them what was done to me. I will always answer ANY question they have with honesty, compassion and empathy. Their future means more to me than my own. I want to give them the best start in life. Again, this poem is for all my boys.

CORE OF THE FUTURE by Seth Morgan^B

They Absorb up the surroundings like
the desert does water.
With every emotion felt and unexplained action perceived,
their innocent minds are altered.

Questions unanswered,
The surrounding terrain,
and unspoken words all permeate their brains.
How will they interpret these crucial perceptions?
Only the core of the future beholds the answers to these questions.

Each innocent mind is born with a clean slate.
their values are up to us to create.

What we learned is instilled into our core.
We pass its contents to the future of our world.

It's what we we teach
and how we nurture
that directly affects
The Core Of Their Future





BOYLOVE, A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

by Jeroen van Bergen^B

PART 1 1973-1980

In 1973, I found out who I was. It has now been 35 years since I first realized that I wasn't a homosexual boy. At 14 years old I had assumed that to be the truth. But later it became: "Whatever, I'm attracted to little boys" is what I thought, because the boys I fell in love with were still 11, 12, and 13 while I remained the same age. This is what happens when you forget to breathe. So at the age of 15 I knew who I was, sexually at least.

One day I did forget to breathe. I was 16 at the time in 1976, in that year my voice broke too. And in 5 more years my heart would break too. While I was fishing at the lake near my house my first true love appeared and changed my life. At almost 11, he was tall, slim, and had dark blond hair. He wore bleached skinny jeans that were slim fitted – like a second layer of skin. That was the first thing I noticed, how appropriate, at crotch height, when I looked around after his question "Hi sir, did you catch anything yet?"

At that moment I forgot to breathe, at the sight of so much perfection in a boy's body.

"—Yes, you I hope" I answered when I could breathe again. The answer has exited my mouth slyly, and I was shocked at the shocking playfulness of my words that I had hardly thought about.

The beautiful boy apparently wasn't shocked because he answered smartly, "Your fishing rod would break if you did that... I weigh 40 kilos you know"

"—By the way my name is Edwin, what's yours Sir?"

"—You don't have to say sir... my name is Jeroen!" He said as he sat down next to me on the grass and glanced up at me with a satisfied look on his face.

Good god, how beautiful he was! I was so mesmerized I didn't see that my float had been pulled under water.

That moment was the beginning of a journey through a world of unforgettable Boylove. For almost 5 years I had a full relationship – his parents knowing – with this sweet boy Edwin. The boy's parents even encouraged our relationship and friendship. Since Edwin enjoyed it very much and his grades in school went through the roof!

A boylove trip like this was something you could start in those days... But that this could end so horribly abruptly I would have never expected. Or should I say feared.

In 1980, I walked through Amsterdam, looking for exciting, one might say "dirty" magazines.

I also wanted to learn more about "pedophilia", because that seemed to be the official definition. Of course, I had bought magazines with pictures of nude children for several years, in my case mostly boys. But apparently a huge range was available, so mustn't that mean there were a lot more people like me?

Next to the *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, lay – just like computer games and internet magazines in a shop today – naturist magazines. *Kinder der Sonne*, *Sunny Kids*, *Happy Family* and so on.

I'm talking about a normal bookstore! Two shelves higher, out of sight of the regular magazines, were the gay-magazines, back to

back. It wouldn't be right to hurt those fragile children's souls! Mags with nude kids ok, but no gays, oh no!

When I had gathered the usual amount of clothes-less and naturally tanned naturist children's bodies ("Would you like a bag sir? – "No that's ok, I'll take them with me like this") I went to the Wallen (the red light district of Amsterdam) because there, I knew, was where the largest concentration of sex-shops and the largest amount of pornography (and where the show windows, which now display fully dressed fashion dolls, were then filled with nudes).



It didn't make people frown that those magazines contained tens of pictures with pornography of boys and girls 10-14 years old, who with happy faces did things with each other that would not be done even in the adult marriage bed ("Shouldn't be a problem", that's what it was called! And it wasn't a problem). At that time in The Netherlands you could legally buy thousands of pictures and hun-

dreds of videos that featured children. Now of course possession of these things is illegal.

I was still standing in the store – one of many stores like this at the time – and my eye fell on a magazine that would alter my life: *NIKS* or *Towards the Integration of Child Sexuality*. They magazines on the shelf were slightly older issues. The magazine would be followed up by the *OK-Magazine* from the Dutch association Martijn, one of the associations then active in many countries, run for and by Pedophiles.



In Germany, for example, they had *Krumme 13*, in Belgium *Stiekum*, and in the USA *NAM-BLA* at the time very much alive with many active members. Several years later, through the magazine *NIKS*, I became a member of the pedophilia work group of the NVSH (Nederlandse Vereniging voor Seksuele Hervorming or Dutch Society for Sexual Reform). In my case this was specifically the Rotterdam department – during the 1980s and 1990s several big cities had their own departments under the umbrella of the national NVSH. Those open evenings were always very busy, and finally, in my early twenties, I got to know fellow pedophiles. The word pedophile wasn't a curse at that time and people weren't afraid to regard to themselves as such, though such things were a personal choice. Although for a minister, or a husband of a queen it wouldn't have been a good idea.



HEY KID, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

by Ethan Patrick^o

Hi, I'm Ethan. I joined BoyMoment in March this year, as Ethan Patrick. I'm new to this whole BL world actually, and I'm enjoying catching up on old issues of the MBM Magazine. I was working backward and got to Issue #8, where I found an article called "A Boy Being a Boylover", by ShotaLover. This article inspired me to write about something that a lot of other members at BoyMoment have asked me ever since I joined. I have met a lot of friendly people there. I share a lot about myself, without giving out personal information. I have said that I have loved boys as long as I can remember, and that I was also abused by a man for over three years. So when I meet other members, they almost always ask the same question: WHY? Like why would such a young kid join a BL board? Or why would a kid who was molested stay after finding out that there were pedos in there? There isn't a really quick answer to that, so this is a good chance for me to talk about it.

How I found a BL board:

It all started when I got my own laptop for my birthday last January. Before that,

most of my computer time was spent in the family room, where I didn't have much privacy. I used to check out pictures and videos of boys as much as I could, but I always had to listen for my parents or brothers coming by. Google Images and YouTube were like my best friends online. Then I got my laptop and all of a sudden I had FREEDOM to go online in my own room! That was the only thing I asked for, and I am so glad that I got it.

Now I was able to check out sites that I never could before. My parents gave me a list of rules that I have to follow for using the computer, but, of course my first searches broke about half of those rules. But I really wasn't that turned on by most of the naked pictures and stuff that I found right away. I wasn't looking for adults. I was looking for boys!

Googling for pictures of boys one day led me to a site called BoyLinks. That was like finding buried treasure! I spent weeks there checking out links to pictures, videos, and other sites. After going through most of

those I found the boards. This is probably where I first even heard about boylove.

First reaction

When I first joined, I was amazed at all the topics that were posted about boylove and boylovers. I admit that I was a little worried at first because I thought that I came across a place for pedos, which of course had to be BAD, right? But I was too curious to get out right then.

I read post after post of people talking about regular stuff in their lives. They were talking about how much they loved boys. They talked about their experiences and their lives with boys. They shared jokes and posted links. I never saw anything about anyone hurting boys, except for people that said how much they hated that! I was hooked.

My second family

Right away I met another member who was close to my age, and we became good friends. He knew that I was still nervous and introduced me to his adult friend. He said his AF was a good man and someone I could trust. That was really something I needed at the time. I never told anyone about my abuse and was really scared to. My friendship with them gave me courage to start posting and getting to know other members, and letting them get to know me, too. Later on, I met some other members who would become so close to me that I refer to them as family.

I just started out looking for pictures of boys, and now I am part of another family that I love and, which loves me and supports me. Sure, the board has a lot of pictures and videos, but those are some of the last places I check out. What brings me back everyday are my friends and family online: My adult friends and my brothers. I thank God for them.

So, am I just gay?

No. I have always loved boys, at least I

think so. And that never changed when I got older. Sure I like boys my own age, but I also like little boys. So I think that I deserve a key to the BL campground, right?

Final answer

So to answer the first question - WHY? I didn't know what I was getting into at first, but after I joined I found out that I didn't need to be afraid. So WHY NOT?

THE COMPENSATIONS OF AGE

by ddavey

Hey there! If you're the kind of person who just can't stand it when some old buffer starts droning on interminably, I thank you kindly for coming by, but I advise you to move on. That's right, I'm one of those old fools who been around a heck of a while and have only just learned that I know very little. I don't even understand quite how I managed to sneak past the millennium and on into the twenty-first century!



If you do care to stick around a while and keep me company, don't worry that I'm going to bore you with some ancient history. I do have a lot of that, and maybe I'll tell you someday if you'd like to hear it. An awful lot of water has passed under the bridge I'm standing on, but it's largely a shameful tale and there's little in it that's at all edifying. So I mean to let that lie for today. Instead, I mean to tell you how I find life as a boylover in my middle age.

Needless to say, we're all hurrying along life's road toward the exit from the moment we're born. Mostly we can and should ignore that fact, but as I've approached the far end of that road I have found myself rather more contemplative than I ever used to be. I have mellowed a little, become more considerate, more thoughtful. I like to think that I'm a better person than I used to be – believe me, there was, and still is, plenty of room for improvement. I have gained a deeper

understanding of myself, with some help from my friends, who see me far more clearly than I can see myself.

OK, so I better stop rambling and get back on topic! As I'm sure you can imagine, as a guy gets older, a distance slowly grows between the guy

and the boys, among whose number he once used to count himself. At first that distance is an advantage – it sets up an interesting difference which increases the attraction in both directions, the man to the boy, and the boy to the man. But eventually the distance begins to transform into a barrier. I have gradually lost the ability to understand kid-speak- the ever-changing vernacular of childhood and youth. I pick up the occasional word or phrase now and then, usually when it's already out of date, but can't convincingly string a sentence together. But that's for the best – the last thing any boy wants is to meet some old graybeard who speaks the same way he does! Even if I had a modern boy's vocabulary, his world is so far removed from my own that I should never have a clue what he was talking about. Boys today chat about Play Station, X-Box and Wii, all alien to a guy who grew up playing cowboys and enjoying "Listen with Mother" on the wireless.

Nowadays a boy will usually have his own mobile phone, and will use the internet with ease. He'll do a bit of social network-

ing through these wonders of contemporary communication, while I rely on a chat with someone as I wait for the bus, or a joke with the guys in the butcher's shop for my social interaction. And that's another difference between boys and me – I grew up in an era when everyone was willing to speak freely (on all but some private subjects) to anyone and everyone else. Lately everyone is more reticent, and especially the young, who are carefully trained to avoid 'stranger danger', and who also tend to travel by car instead of public transport, and watch DVDs at home rather than attend the low-cost children's movie session at the local cinema - the so-called "two-penny rush", where instead of quietly enjoying the film there would be heckling and laughter, maybe a fight, and likely as not you'd go home with chewing-gum in your hair. Things once done in public have nowadays become private, kept within a boy's immediate family, and his social circle is consequently smaller and less diverse than my own. If you've stuck with me so far on this tedious verbal journey, I guess you're wondering when the old coot is going to get to the point, and tell you what are the compensations of age. All I did so far is compare the past and the present – nothing original there at all. So I'll get right on with it.

The most obvious compensation is that in old age a guy's libido is lessened. Sure, the same sexual interests and urges remain, even, to some degree, the ability to act upon those urges. But the pressing urgency is gone, and for a boylover, that's a benefit. At last it isn't a struggle to concentrate on the finer aspects of one's orientation, without bodily distractions.

Also there is the compensation of contentment. Ambitions and dreams remain, but a middle-aged guy comes to realise that there just isn't time left for some things to come to fruition. He can accept that with equanimity, since he hasn't the energy he used to have to strive for his aims. So he is pleased with small things – a smile from a boy, watch-

ing a school football match, hearing a boy's laughter. Realising his own insignificance in the world, he no longer hankers so much for a Special Young Friend of his own, but can get a broader joy from the appreciation of boys in general.

Another compensation is to be unnoticed. A boy's perception of adult folks varies according to their age relative to his own. When he's small he will see teenagers as sophisticated and exciting people. Men of a similar age to his father he will usually regard as grown-ups, protective authority figures. And anyone much older than his parents will be pretty much invisible to him unless he knows them personally. Consequently, a middle-aged man can unobtrusively be around boys in a public place without fear that his presence might cramp the boys' style or inhibit their fun. They simply won't see him unless he makes a direct approach.

The converse side of this invisibility is maybe the greatest compensation of all. If an older boylover should be lucky enough to come into contact with a boy, to actually meet one, he might notice that he makes a greater than expected impression upon him, without even trying. Although by now he may have come to regard himself as physically unattractive, past his best, and irrelevant to the present time, the boy will certainly not view him in the same way. To the youngster this antediluvian creature might be a thing of wonder – the boy might trace those laughter lines with his fingers, gently stroke the glistening pate, peer inquisitively at those hairy ears and nostrils, and marvel at the missing teeth. He might even enjoy the strange stories from a world long gone, and those unfamiliar songs and jokes, so different to the ones he heard before. Truly, this might be a marvellous friendship.

But be careful – if the boy is timid, he might take just one look, and run!

STEPPING OUT (BEYOND THE BOARDS)

by Crake^y

Warmer weather makes me positive. It awakens my compassion to see people about in the sunshine after so long stranded within the confines of our homes. Human beings were not meant to be held up in the dwelling, the car, the store, but to be out amongst each other. When we are bundled and bristling through the cold air, we become so internally focused and brash with others, but when we are able to fully flex ourselves in the warmth, we become more open, friendlier, and less inhibited—which is a truer and happier expression of our nature.

The cold affects our perspectives; We focus on our oppressors because we are essentially cooped up with them and have no refuge in the cold. In the same way, the warmth affects us, as we begin to focus more on those who deserve our sympathies, respect, and love, because even in the face of our adversary, we're able to find refuge in the warmth of nature and others. We begin to recognize that none are beyond redemption in our own eyes, except those who refuse to be.

Indeed, the life of a BL who is locked into the online world is much like living in a perpetual state of winter. While the boards are great in moderation, they encourage isolationism, they encourage the fear of the outside world. When we are locked into the online world, our enemies are constantly present all around us, our paranoia is fed, and our anti-social behaviors are reinforced by like-minded people. You have to go out amid the people, young and old, of all kinds of persuasions, if you are to truly break free of the "daily reality" of your sexuality. Take a break from it once and a while.

When you go out there, the first thing you'll find is that most children do not ask for, want, or need our attention, so they are best left alone if we truly want to do well by them. However true that is, it is still our duty as human beings existing in a society to make sure we extend the olive branch of peace, love, tolerance, and respect to as many of our fellow human beings—men, women, girls, and boys—as will receive it, and live and let live with everyone else. I think once you do this, you'll find there's far more to being a Boylover than can fit in a message board post.

There are those who do not think a child, no matter how respectful or indignant, ought to be extended this olive branch of fellowship, because they do not regard children as worthy of receiving it. They'd wish to reserve all best-wishes and civility for those they deem worthy of giving it. These are the people in the park who have let the grip of stranger-danger pervert their good nature, and one can only hope they could eventually be reasoned with. If a child is being disrespectful and they are with a respectful and dignified parent, to refuse to show compassion toward their parent in a friendly "hello", is to be placing the child's tantrum above the respect for the parent. Everyone generally believes this is true. When not given, it is why parents feel ashamed when they are in public with disorderly children—they naturally fear judgment, and children are no doubt aware of that.

Just as much though, I say that if the parent of a child is unwilling to receive the



good tidings and respect of a stranger, and the child is open towards such cordiality, than to deprive the child of the dignity of a friendly “hello” is to position the disrespect of the parent over the openness of the child. Children are never off-limits to the well-wishes and respect of an honest stranger just because their parent hasn’t deemed him worthy to be dignifying their child with a friendly “hello”. We can all agree that it is only when the stranger aggressively pursues his momentary acquaintances that he has crossed the line of acceptable conduct, but none of that is implied from the friendly “hello” on its own, so therefore, there is no reason to deny one being given.

I would rather anger a disrespectful parent with a cordial child in tow by choosing to greet them both with a friendly hello, than ignore the dignity of one for the bad behavior of the other. There is no harm in a friendly “hello”. Such a thing when given freely and genuinely, is an expression of human love—the reinforcement that binds our society from collapse. If Childlovers can do this—if we can step out there beyond the boards and show love and tolerance for our fellow human beings, then regardless of what should happen to society, we will have done right by its children.

That, is my highest desire.

MY PRAYER

by Bechgyn^B



To heav'n I send this prayer in hope,
That there's a Lord as oft they say.
I am the man that you have made
So guide me in a righteous way.
I am not as other men,
And do not yearn for woman's smile.
But see the beauty in a boy
So sweet of form and lacking guile.
Of men I am the most despised
Yet ne'er do harm to him I love.
By word and deed so oft chastised
Who made me thus? The Lord above?
So thus I pray to him who may
Attend my words of quiet despair.
All men will me accept some day
As others do the ones who share
The love of boys of tender years.
That the world will heal and hatred die
And gone will be the the hate and fears
That all's as was in days gone by

Oct 2010
Bechgyn

PEOPLE LIKE US

by Jaime S.^y

People like us just learn to live like that
As if we're meant to always be away
Hanging in caves upside-down like bats
And always in the dark we have to stay.
I hereby claim solution to this flaw
It's simple: just replace the story bright
And in its place just place one with no law;
To give yourself a pat, turn on the light.
As simple as it is I have to add,
With hope that groveling's not the only way,
That splendour can be caught, and just a tad
Of all your life's happiness will go away.
The thing that's most important all in all
Is that you have your friends in case you fall.





THE ROSEBUD

by Bechgyn^B



I loved Gordon ever since he had joined the school in the second form, and I told myself that he loved me. He came down to the music room as I practised on a Saturday. I didn't care for cricket but on Wednesday half day, if I hadn't a detention, I'd go down and watch cricket because there were other kids there I wanted to be with, and he'd come and sit next to me. I knew he liked me; I was nuts about him.

I kidded with him that he was a Gypsy because of the beautiful sepia tone to his skin. He wasn't tanned. He was a beautiful shade of brown all over, and his bottom was the same colour as the rest of him. I'd offer to

wash his back in the showers and he'd let me. When my hand would migrate lovingly to his neck and then round to his chest in front, he would grip my wrist and say, "That's fine, Michael."

"That's fine?" No it bloody-well wasn't.

A brush off, even when the showers were empty and nobody else was around? It was always the same thing. I tried to tell him how I felt in many different ways, but he wouldn't catch on. In turn, I couldn't decide if he was really that stupid or if he was frightened of me?

Then, I got this great idea. Miss Pinkney, had a delivery of flowers, for a birthday, maybe. She was a matron lady, and everybody loved her; I adored her too. She had a special spot for me, and I thought she knew more about me than I wanted her to know. As it turned out, I was right, but she was very discreet about it. I saw the truck and knew what was in that box, so I tapped gently on her door. "You got flowers, Miss Pinkney? Is it your birthday?"

"Yes Michael, come and see." There they were. Beautiful white roses, or, rather, rose buds on the point of opening.

"Ahem," I said. "Could you spare just one?"

"What for?" she asked, and raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, I just think they are beautiful." She smiled disbelievingly.

I had some coloured inks my kid brother, Donny, had given me for my birthday because I was into calligraphy at the time. I took the red ink and carefully, or so I thought, tinged the petals' tips. I had a plan. I tried to be careful, but I made a mess anyway; I am no artist. I just wanted Gordon to get the message and to be pleased. I was always a bit messy as a kid and, but I guess you have already figured that out.

Once again, I tapped on Miss Pinkney's door. "Hello, Michael, back again?"

"Yes, Miss Pinkney. Can I have another rosebud, please?" I stammered.

She raised her eyebrows and gazed steadily at my face. She entered, and then she disappeared into her room and returned with another rosebud. "Ah, ahem," she said. "How many girlfriends do you have, Michael?"

I blushed to the roots of my scalp. I was sure she knew about me. I rushed off without daring to answer, and I thought I heard her chuckle.

As it turns out, on Old Boys' Day, dear Miss P. admitted that she did know all about me. I loved that gentle, kind lady and always will. In the many years she had been at "T", she had learned more about boys than most Psych professors at any top university you could name.

To continue, well, on my second attempt, diluting the red ink quite a bit, was a success, and I put my pink tinged rosebud into the little box on top of the card on which I had written my poem. I am not sure to this day if I made that poem up or just remembered it.

After Hall the next morning, I dashed down to my homeroom class, ahead of the other boys, and put the little box in Gordon's desk. He sat at the front, and I returned to mine, three rows back. I remember that idiot Hopkins saying something sarcastic about how I loved geometry, for that was our next subject, so much that I couldn't get to homeroom fast enough; I ignored the fat twit.

Gordon was the last to enter the room. It wasn't until we were about a third of the way into the lesson, and doing a proof, when Cliddy (short for Euclid), the senior maths master, left the room to maybe get something from a supply cupboard (or maybe have a smoke because we could all smell tobacco on him) that my love, sweet, handsome, adorable Gordon noticing the box, and opened it. He turned the rosebud over slowly several times for inspection, probably wondering what it was doing there. Then he noticed the card. At this point, I became terrified, absolutely petrified. What had I done? What would he do? What would he say? Would he know it was me? I thought so. What a stupid thing I

had done! How dumb! There is nothing more terrifying to a 14 year old than to be teased by his peers for being... well, what was I? I was a boy in love with another kid, a queer, smitten, that is what I was, and I was getting desperate, in a gentle sort of way. Regardless, it was too late to turn back. I had the insane notion I would rush to the front of the room, where he sat, and grab that box and throw it out of the window., but I was rooted to my seat. He took out the poem and read it to himself.

He read:

The red rose is a falcon
The white rose is a dove
The red rose breathes of passion
The white rose breathes of love
But I send thee a pure white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has the kiss of desire on its lips.

'How damned stupid of me', I thought; I wanted to die, but then Gordon turns and looks at me. He points discreetly in my direction, hand at chest level and smiles. Even if a choir of angels had burst into glorious hallelujahs at that point, I could not have felt more blessed. Oh, if I ever get to heaven, I doubt I will feel as good as I felt at that moment, and there was more to come! He then, pretending to cough, places his hand over his mouth and blows me a secret little kiss.

Did it work? No. The extent of our intimacy was washing each other's backs in the showers. Nothing more. He remained as a good friend for the rest of our schooldays, but it never went beyond that. That doesn't mean I remained celibate, but I am certain he did.

How a Boy Can Make It All Worthwhile

by 420Guy

These days, nothing seems to go right. We all go through these times, I guess....when everything you say or do seems to come out wrong.

I wasn't supposed to work Friday, but agreed to cover a shift. I'm not one who believes a lot in fate, but this is one of those times. The lobby was super busy first thing, so I was called to remove dirty sheets etc. before the girls came in to clean the rooms and make beds. When the lobby was clear, I headed down to get cleaning.

Standing at the vending machines was a small person, a boy! Just seeing a boy is a rare event for me, since I usually work graveyard shifts. As I walked past him, I turned and said "Hello."

"What?" he replied. He's about 9 or 10 years old, shortish black hair, and was wearing shorts. So of course I had to sneak peeks at his amazing legs!

"Hello." I repeated.

"Oh, hi." he replied, and smiled. Well, that would have been enough to cure my blues right there!

A half hour later he wandered back down to the lobby. He asked me "Is it okay for me to use the pool table?"

"Probably, but let's ask at the front desk to be sure." I said. The receptionist was busy, which gave us time for a little small talk. It also gave me a chance to admire his features a little more closely. He even had a little dash of freckles on the tip of his nose.

We got the okay and I led him to the pool table. As I left him (getting paid to work after all) I realized 2 things; I didn't know what this amazing boy's name was, and he had an amazing bubble-butt. I made a mental note to ask if I saw him again.

It seemed for a while that our paths just wouldn't cross again. But sure enough, we ended up bumping into each other at the vending machines again. He didn't have enough for a bottle of coke, so I said, "There's a few pop machines upstairs, let's go check them out. By the way, I didn't ask you what your name is."

"Estin" he replied, and smiled again.

"I'm 420Guy, it's good to meet you. "

"It's good to meet you too." he replied happily. Estin....what a cool name!

We went upstairs and he was able to afford a can of coke. He said thanks, and then we parted ways once again. I'm not sure if we'll meet again today, but I hope so! Somehow, being in the presence of a boy makes it all seem worth while.



HOW I STARTED A FRIENDSHIP WITH A LITTLE BOY IN CHURCH

by Archangel^B



Last Easter Season my wife and I went to the Palm Sunday vigil Mass. Both of us were the lectors. Before the service started I noticed a cute boy with his mom in the front pew. I couldn't get him out of my mind.

During the Gospel reading of the Passion of Christ I was the narrator and my wife was the speaker. It was quite long and this boy started yawning. I looked at him and gave him a smile in between my parts. He smiled back. This went on throughout the reading. It was almost like we were flirting with each other. I didn't care one bit if anyone noticed. How could they anyway, since he was in the front pew? His mom also smiled at me.

I hoped that I would have the chance to meet him after Mass. When the service was over, I noticed that they had left. My wife went to chat with other ladies, who were selling raffle tickets. So I rushed to the parking lot, and they were still there chatting with some people who appeared to be friends. There was this boy and his mom and another lady and a girl.

The boy was waving in my direction. I looked around to see if he was waving at someone else. It was me he was waving to. My heart skipped a beat. Should I go up to them? Would that be weird considering the circumstances how we connected? Often when opportunities present themselves you have to seize them or forever harbor regrets in your mind. Hence I buttoned down and walked up to them. They were all smiling at me as if they were expecting me to drop over. If they did I can only attribute that to the boy.

I shook his hand and asked his name; "Jacob," he replied. His mother smiled at me and I introduced myself to her. She really liked my reading. Then the other lady introduced the little girl to me. Her name was Julie. I found out Jacob was in grade six at the same middle school my son attended. Julie, who was about two years younger, told me the name of her school, but it didn't register. I thought they were cousins, as the ladies looked like sisters. I later discovered the ladies were indeed sisters, but Julie was Jacob's sister. They all smiled at me and were very friendly indeed.

But what made me feel so good was that Jacob couldn't take his eyes off of me and continued to smile at me. As they left, he said "bye Eddie," and kept on looking and smiling.

ing at me with that cute face, with his head turned as they walked out to their car. Oh, I could have gone and given him a big hug, but I didn't want to freak them out, since I had only just met them.

Before they walked away, I asked if they would be attending the services on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, and they said they would. My heart so much wanted to ask for contact information, but my mind said not to rush it. There would be other occasions to do that.

On the drive home I told my wife about what happened. She said she hadn't noticed the boy, as she was busy, and changed the subject. She was in a very good mood because her women's group sold a lot of raffle tickets after Mass. I mention this because, not long ago, she discovered I had a soft spot for boys, and I wanted to be up-front with her regarding this new-found friendship.

Oh, one more thing, before I left Jacob I asked him if he was an altar server. His mom said no, as he had not made his first Holy Communion. I did notice that he did not take Holy Communion. She said that after his first Holy Communion he would be able to serve at Mass.

I attended Jacob's first Communion Mass on Easter Sunday, with my camera ready to shoot pictures and videos. I also noticed he had been baptized and confirmed. I gave him a special rosary as a gift, which he was thrilled to receive. I then had the opportunity to meet his father, who was Jewish and had parents who were mixed Anglo Saxons and Japanese. His mother had a Hispanic Heritage. No wonder both he and his sister had stunning good looks. Jacob hugged me in the parking lot and wouldn't let me go. He really made me feel special, and it all started with those knowing glances on Palm Sunday.

Jacob had light olive colored skin, dark hair and light brown eyes. And he had a smile that could light up the room. Julie had an impish grin and a playful look. She had beautiful long hair that framed her thin body. I took a lot of pictures and videos that I made into a short video with background music. Jacob's mother gave me permission to show it to them in their home when I had completed that the project.

I did visit them to show the family my handiwork. They really loved it and especially that I did all of that for their son, especially because I had done it all for their son. There was more. I found out that Jacob and Julie were learning the piano but stopped because they weren't making much progress after two years, and they also didn't like the teacher. I offered to teach them, and their parents were ecstatic about this, seeing how much Jacob liked me. Both the kids told me all about the scouts they were involved with and brought out their uniforms to show me. We agreed that I would visit them every week for the piano lessons.

Since that chance-meeting on Palm Sunday, I now teach Jacob and Julie the keyboard, as that is what they currently have. Nearly every time I visit them, their father emphasizes how his kids can hardly wait for me to show up to give them their piano lessons. For me these are no ordinary lessons, as once I finish teaching we all socialize together, and I get updates about what has happened in their lives during the past week.

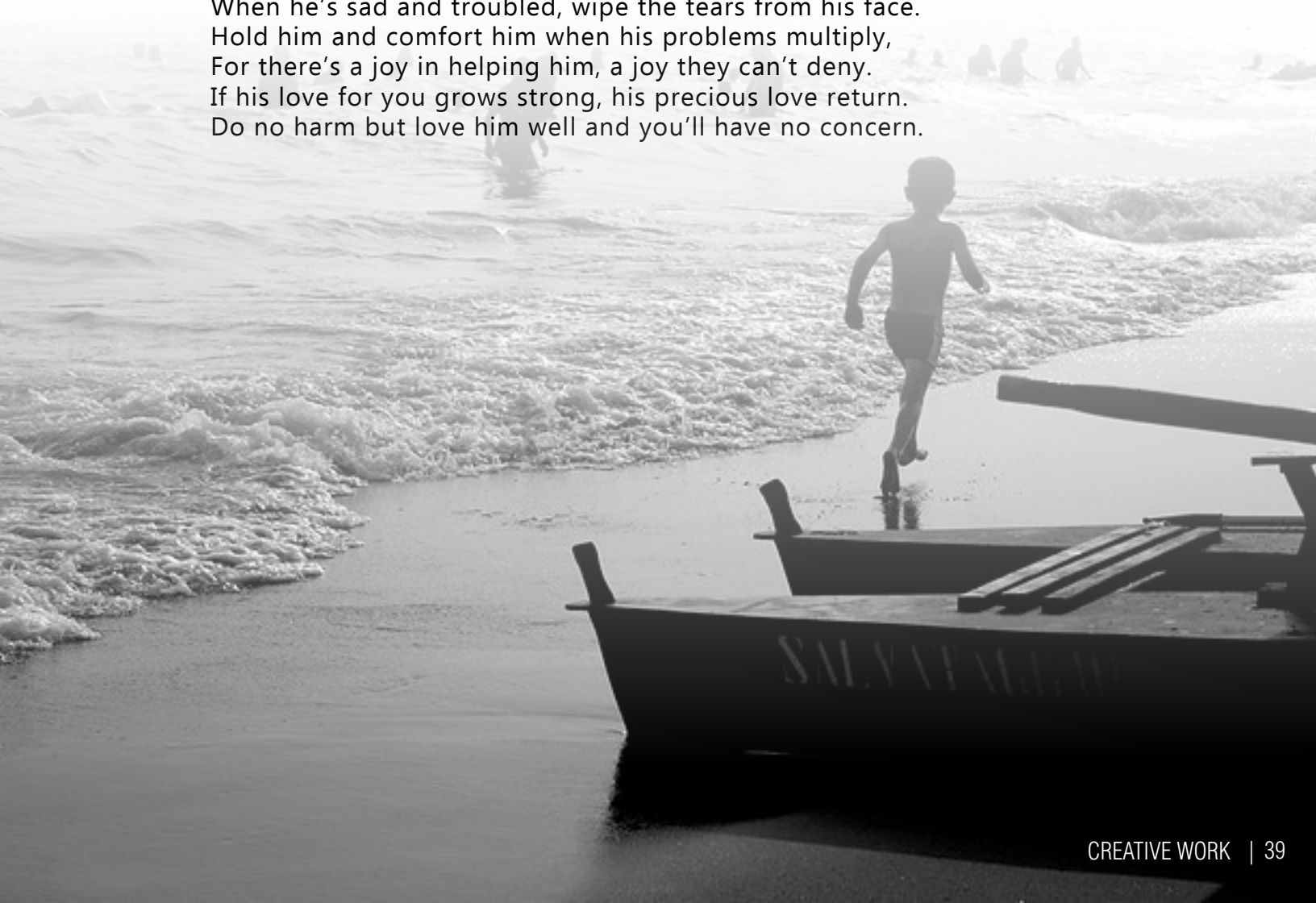
Could I hope that maybe, just maybe, I had found a special young friend for the first time in over twenty years?

DO NO HARM BUT LOVE HIM WELL

AND YOU'LL HAVE NO CONCERN. by Bechgyn^B

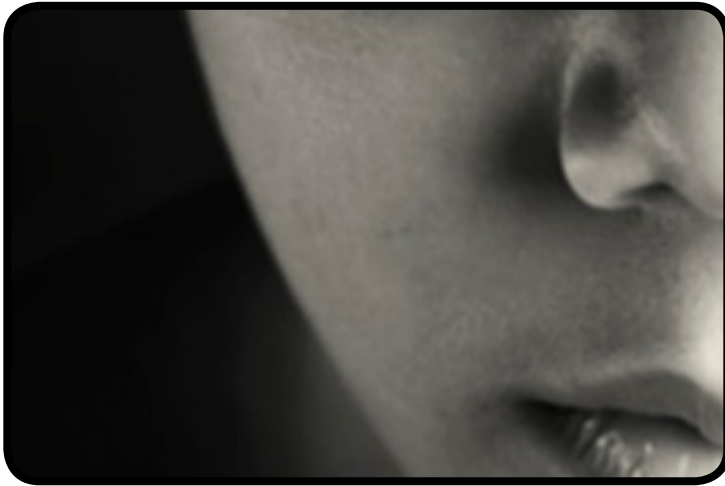
A young YouTuber wrote to me a long time ago thus "I am 12 and I like younger kids, I think I'm a pedo and everyone will hate me. What can I do?" I hear this message and others like it. Even though I grew in a time and place fortunate for me, the pain of listening is almost unbearable. So I wrote this :

The gift that you've been given, please, do not despise
Others too are found disliked in prejudiced eyes.
Enjoy the beauty of the boys that you will see around
It is a joy that as you grow you'll find no less profound
Than that your brothers often see in the beautiful female form.
Tho' some will sneer and say that you are not within their norm.
Since the world began there were men who've loved the sight of boys.
Enjoy them as wee humans and not as sexual toys.
If you find a boy you love that stands above the rest
Show him that you care for him and tell him he's the best.
Talk and teach and help him grow and take his rightful place
When he's sad and troubled, wipe the tears from his face.
Hold him and comfort him when his problems multiply,
For there's a joy in helping him, a joy they can't deny.
If his love for you grows strong, his precious love return.
Do no harm but love him well and you'll have no concern.



POWERLESS TO HELP A "SYSTEM" SNARLED BOY

by Remo di Roma^o



Christmas 2009, and my student had thrown a rock through the cab of a substitute teacher's pick-up truck. This true tale is about love and understanding.

Previously, the eleven year old had squeezed a bottle of blue Tempera paint over this teacher as he marked his name off on the board repeatedly. It was almost comical. I was gone that day, but as relayed to me, the boy was told, "Do that again, and I'll give you another check!" Of course he repeated his action. Our main teacher got involved and screamed at him, and the boy painted him head to foot as well. I dislike people who scream at boys. The pay-back was that this teacher didn't get the paint off his neck for three days, which made me smile. Returning to school after that sus-

pension, the boy came to the front office and picked up another Tempera bottle, also blue. I said to him, "You know I can't allow a repeat performance on my shift. Let's work together and make each other look GOOD. Let's be good." He handed me the paint, grabbed my hand, brought it to his lips and kissed it. I melted on the spot and just smiled.

Funny enough, in this precise location he had once given that screaming teacher with the blue-stained neck a black eye, requiring a hospital visit. The boy had exclaimed that next time he would go for the other eye, and "blind" the screamer if he could. With loving irony I have named this teacher who yells at children "Mr. Happy".

The substitute teacher had been handing out candy. There were only three children to the classroom; that's how severe our children are. Two boys were stockpiling their collection without eating it, and did relay races or capture-the-flag exercises, behind the teacher's back. The blue boy painter didn't like that the other boys not only got candy, but were also being disruptive, and would not go to his desk. He bolted from the room, and found the substitute teacher's pick-up truck in the parking lot. He picked up a rock just as I caught up with him. He smiled as I calmly said, "Put down the rock." Without hesitation he threw it so forcefully it not only broke the camper top shell window but busted through the rear view window of the truck, smashing three panes of safety glass.

I said, "I'm sorry. Now I must lay hands on you." Picture a slender and lanky blond haired boy with severe behavioural problems and a poverty-stricken upbringing. His short hair had "cat scratches", or designs carved into his temples. This amazingly cute boy who I admire had previously taken my hand and asked me to rub his hair, and has repeatedly wrapped my hands around his back and hugged me so firmly and never wanted to let go. He practically melted when I took hold of him. To touch him made me breathless. He felt so good, as if there was a symbiotic connection. He tried to hug me again. I could only be happy, and so was he, somehow wanting the physical hold. I had to bring him inside and isolate him on the administrator's orders. I thought this unnecessary. He was ready to go back to class. He had intermittent rage disorder - once his 'bomb' had blown he was perfectly stable.

In the room, after passing basic compliance testing, he noticed that I had tears in my eyes. He cocked his head, tilting it back and forth like a dog trying to understand or to figure out a strange sound. I cried. I laughed just a second, remembering a time was when I was all sweaty and he rushed up to me and took a sniff of me and said, "You smell good.

Me like sweat!" He said, "Don't be sad. It's Okay. Please don't cry. I don't want you to be sad." I looked over at my colleague who was standing guard with me and my lower lip started quivering, and he asked, "What's the matter? Man up!"

I slurred out, "I feel the boy's throwing his life away without realizing it. He doesn't know what he's doing or think about what happens when he does these things." The boy yanked my hands downwards forcefully as if to "shake me out of my sadness." I told him, "Sorry, that won't work. I care so much about you, you know I do. I just don't want anything bad to happen."

The boy dried the tears from my eyes with fingers that had previously blackened that screaming teacher's eye, and I smiled. He then embraced me and spun me around like an alligator takes his prey under water. Heck, I felt I was underwater because of my tears, but he hugged me and looked up with his pale blue eyes into my own. I was in heaven and I loved him. He knew he was loved, but he also knew everything else he'd done meant leaving his group home and being moved again.

The very last time I saw him he was looking at me through the glass of a police car, when they took him away in handcuffs to file a report. Last summer, tanning in my back yard, listening to music, tears would often run down my face - as if I sensed that more "harm" had come to him by people who didn't understand him. I dream of him often, and awaken crying. Then I ask my German Shepherd to join me in bed to lick my tears away and to help me settle myself.

The boy was loved. I never yelled at him once. I'd have adopted him, but he would have required round-the-clock supervision. The foster care authorities felt that such children must be locked up. If you love a child who needs a parent, and if your state laws permit "our kind", please consider fostering or adopting.

AN EPISTEMOLOGICAL ENQUIRY OF THE BOY-LOVER PHENOMENON

by Alcibiades^o

I hope no one will be surprised if I issue the following statement: "Boy lovers are considered a problem in modern society." The main objective of this article isn't to take sides. The fact that I publish it in MBM would betray my personal views anyway. I intend, nonetheless, to explain "where," or, more precisely, "when," the trouble started, and what modulated the wave of hatred we now face. My readings, of course, aren't thorough, and these ruminations merely summarize who I am and what I believe in, so don't jump to the barricades, nor throw me any stone while we explore two different facets of our problematic: the Judeo-Christian beliefs and the modern episteme.

As I was sifting through the boy-love related posts, over the last few weeks, I noticed that many people blame orthodox religious groups for our somehow difficult situation. I don't personally believe it to be true. I think, in fact, that religious groups, who targeted homosexuals in the beginning, moved from target to target because of the modern "acceptance," or "tolerance," to be more precise, of homosexuality. Of course, I know most people will answer me referring to Ancient Greek relationships. Most people would tell me that, when Ancient Greeks could have relationships with boys, it disappeared when Christians slowly appeared, which would be, on the one hand, slightly anachronistic and, on the other hand, a mistaken simplification.

In order to get a full understanding of the situation, we must compare the Greek social patterns to the Roman ones, since the latter saw the birth and rise of Christianity. And, while doing so, we indeed notice that, when boy-love was judged acceptable for Ancient Greeks (although homosexuality between two men wasn't*), the situation was different when we turned to Romans: being the dominant part of a homosexual relationship (the "top," in modern thinking) was considered acceptable, while being the passive agent (the "bottom") was likely to be considered weak, and the boy-lover relationships were prohibited.

The reason here, isn't as obvious as it may seem, since quoting Sodom and Gomorrah doesn't help much, even though it's the most commonly evoked when referring to the perception of homosexuality in Christianity. Christianity, just as Judaism and other monotheist religions for that matter (Buddhism isn't a religion, I'd like to stress that, because it's godless), is based on dichotomies, such as the opposition be-



* I have to stress, here, that the passage from Ancient Greece to Romans isn't a clear-cut one. What became the "typical" Romans culture, as perceived by contemporary thinkers, is widely consequent to historians of the nineteenth century and Latin documents who were too often written under a Catholic influence. Also, I'd like to say that the stigmata against the bottom isn't related to religion, but to the view of an "ideal warrior," which is why there seem to be some kind of dichotomy, even though it's more of a continuum.

tween man and wife, nature and culture, good and bad, etc.

The Ancient Greek and Roman cultures weren't that dichotomous (of course, the Greek citizenship status and the social differences were based in such oppositions, but not the emotional roles, since you could be a father, have a family and, on the side, have one or several lovers), and one could pass from one role to the other. Christianity, however, changed the cards: one had to fit in its expected role not to suffer from the social stigmata. Thus, when you were the passive part of a homosexual relationship, you couldn't identify as "X's man lover" anymore, but rather as "X's wife."

A similar situation can be observed in nineteenth century Central USA, in Native American culture history[†]. Thus I don't believe religion to be the root of our problems, even though it contributed in many ways: it gave them an organization and a mock authority status which allow them to speak in the name of an illusory majority.

The problem gets a little clearer when you perceive it from a child psychology point of view. Touching children wasn't, in fact, considered to be unacceptable in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, because: 1- People believed children to be little adults; 2- People thought it wouldn't affect the children's personalities (following #1). The only problem arose when there was complete inter-

[†] Berdaches, men who dressed like women and behaved like women and inversely, were thought to have strong magical powers, because they had the powers of both men and women. It was, to take modern philosophy terminology, a dialectic relation rather than a dichotomist one. When the Christian missionaries started evangelizing the area, however, the social perception of the berdache phenomenon changed, and they were then considered as pariahs and heretics, even though, decades earlier, they would have qualified to be grand priests.


course, because it wasn't a fertile union under the benediction of the church. Things consequently appear to have changed at the turn of the century, when we shift to the modern episteme, as defined in Foucault's *L'Archéologie du savoir*.

According to Foucault, the modern episteme is quite simple: the human race's limits. Every science would thus try to find the limit of our possibilities: astrophysics, quantum mechanics, organic chemistry, medicine, psychology, sociology, they all try, in one way or the other, to describe either the human being or its environment. Of course, Foucault believes this episteme to take place after World War II but I'd rather start about forty years earlier, in 1901 to be precise, with the publication of Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

Freudian's psychology, just as the following psychological descriptions by Jung, helped us discovering an overwhelming fact: children have sexual thoughts and, in some cases, a sexual life. In the first instance it was, for Freud, the Oedipus complex, now so commonly referred to it's part of the common knowledge, but we came to discover, with Jungian psychology, that sexual thoughts could be expressed in many ways. Needless to remind you that Freud's theories were highly criticized at the time: intellectuals accepted it a little blindly at first, while religious groups heightened their shields: children couldn't have a sex-life because they were a symbol of purity and innocence.

Admitting children are entitled to sexuality is, in fact, hard even for the parents, because it's a very touchy subject and most people don't want to talk about it[‡]. Only after Freud

[‡] To illustrate that, I'd like to refer to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions*, and more particularly to the spanking episode, quoted on many occasions by psychoanalytical analysis. After committing a mischief,



were child molestation cases interpreted from a sexual point of view; only after Freud did we consider that sexual promiscuity between adults and children could influence the child's development. Of course, most of the cases studied at that time were ones of rape and abuse, so the social image built upon that. The only words that come to the public were "complex," "delusion" and "unconscious desires." Enough to spook most people and put the paranoid gears on the move.

Yet, it would once again be oversimplifying to say that the fear of "damaging" a child for life explains the hatred oriented toward boy lovers. I would tend, in that sense, to crossbreed the two halves of this short exposé. I believe the schema, the preconceived idea, of children as pure and untouched human beings, influenced people's interpretation of Freudian theories under the modern episteme. I explain: looking for the limit of human psychological experience and human normality (modern episteme), people used the religious ethos, under which children should remain pure until well into their adulthood (marked by the wedding), to rationalize the discovery that childhood traumas explain adult psychopathologies. Thus, instead of helping the child making sense of his situation, the boy lover would be pulling the boy out of an idealized state of purity and breaking him, little by little, until his psyche was torn to shreds.

Jean-Jacques, who was a eight years old at the time, was spanked by his miss Lambercier and apparently took some pleasure out of it. He mentions taking a lot of pleasure in being punished by the very hand of the person he loved the most, the one who was like a mother to him and, even though he didn't want to recidivate, he was waiting for the spanking to happen again. According to Rousseau, when miss Lambercier, after a second session of spanking, realized he enjoyed it (do you need me to draw you a picture of how she discovered?), immediately stopped punishing him that way and gave him his own room – they used to sleep together. So the "mother" was shocked by her "son's" emotions, and the first public of that book was evenly shocked by that self-indictment.

Which would explain why, during the century, the boy-lover witch-hunt settled, and why its acuteness increased after homosexuals were accepted into society: we are victims of the taboo that is child sexuality.

That is, of course, only one hypothesis, and other approaches may prove to be more conclusive. I think, nonetheless, that my view isn't that far off.

REALLY DARK TIMES by AlphaBoy

“Long distance relationships will kill you”, as the saying goes, and it almost did it with me, literally. That year represented a really hard time for me...

After the only YF I ever had betrayed me before that year’s summer, I went into a deep depression... You know what I am talking about. I mean, he was my SYF, the boy to whom I gave everything that I could have ever given: my love, my heart, my money, my time and all my effort to provide him with almost everything he could ever need.

That was meant to be a difficult relationship from the beginning. I met the boy over the internet, and he turned out to be about 1000 kilometers from my place. Things between us improved rapidly and we managed to meet each other in person in just a few months. From then, I did everything to make him happy, and sometimes even the impossible for him. I ought to say that he was not a cutie, he was not hot, not blonde, nor the Bieber kind, and his voice tone was a little annoying sometimes, but he was MY boy, and I loved him as I have never loved before!

It lasted for about four years. The first of those years were really difficult for me, because I was almost alone in that adventure of being an AF for the first time. I expended entire nights suffering the self-repression of my most fleshy and lustful feelings in order to keep that boy safe, and I achieved it! I am proud to say that I never ever even stared lustfully at him. It was a huge battle against myself in which I discovered the boylove essence within me, without any guideline or support... I do not know if in such inner searching with the intent of finding the best of me for him, I disregarded something important to him, or what were the “mistakes” I



committed with him, but that’s something I would never know.

In the meantime, I discovered the boylove community and found out that I was not alone. I could finally understand everything that had happened to me, and I could accept the fact of being boylover, and even felt proud of being one. The ideals I forged in my mind during those years, finally found solid foundations. So with all the support received from the Boylove community, and a clear mind scenario of how things should be, I was set up to be the best AF ever, at least for him. But then, the fatal day arrived...

When I was with him in his room, he seemed to be sad, or at least he caused that impression on me... He didn’t want to talk

to me about that, so I told him, as always, "You know, my sweetheart, there's nothing you should hide from me... You can trust me with everything!"

So he told me in such a cold and unemotional way, that froze my blood, "I don't feel anything for you, I don't even like you! I Don't want to know about you anymore, but I hope you can at least fulfill the promises that you made to me!", and my drama began... I did everything in my hands to try to understand what had happened, and to revert such a painful situation, but the die was cast, and all my boylove ideals immediately collapsed.

That's how I went into such a deep depression, that made me go through really hard difficulties in my real life, as well as with some fellow boylovers. I even tried to kill myself, but I couldn't!

I was undergoing such a personal crisis when BLn went offline, and once the news began trickling in, a gathering of new hard and harmful feelings came together.

I didn't even know if I should or shouldn't fulfill such promises because I am a guy that always keeps his word. I had to rediscover my system of beliefs to understand I shouldn't do that at all!

It is still hard and painful to remember the good times we had together, and I don't even know if such memories are real, or if he was just feigning love for me, and that represents a huge torture for me. It's actually the most awful experience I have ever had.

After a devastating new year time, I discovered the brand new website Modern BoyLover Magazine, and that was the door to my reinsertion into the BoyLover community. It was not an easy decision, considering the uncertainty and insecurity

of those days, but I finally did.

That way, I decided to undertake another opportunity on boylove stuff, but I soon realized that I would not fit in with another regular boylove board ever. Maybe the community changed a lot in that time, or maybe I did with such a hurtful experience.

Now I feel I am in a second phase on my personal boylove development. I would like to provide support to the boylove community, but in a radical new way for me. And now I am here, pushing everything from the greatest corner in the boylover web (in my opinion), MBM. I think I can offer something interesting and different over here, and I will continue doing it as far as I can.

At this time, I don't know if I would recover my trust on boyhood. So now I am here, looking forward to a new beginning, in the hope of chasing a huge boylove blooming in my life.

In retrospect, that boy devastated me and made me waste almost five years of my energy and time in a worthless effort. I ask myself if it's worth to living this kind of life, and the evident answer suggested, by reason, is NO. But when I am sited at the park, feeling my own and the worlds miseries, and then I hear some little boys playing funny games and one of those asks me "Sir, can you give me that ball, please?" with a really sweet voice, and he smiles at me, I am sure that in my next life, I will choose to be a boylover again.

LOVE by Vincent (King/Prince Paul)^B

When love beckons, follow it,
allow it to enfold you in its wings
of deep and heavy sleep,
though the sword hid among its feathers cuts you.
And if it speaks to you, believe it,
Although its voice scatters your dreams.

Because love crowns you, it blesses you too
and needing you to grow, eases your lot greatly.
It brings to your highest and weakest branches caresses
which make them vibrate in the sun,
and resonate to your roots,
thrust deep to grip the earth,
until your song harmonises with this music.
It thirsts to know your naked being.
It wants you stripped of chaff.

Love gives only itself and of itself alone
Love does not possess, and cannot be possessed
Love in itself is enough.

So you love and desire.
Let your wishes melt into a babbling brook,
let it sing to the night.
Know the pain of too much tenderness
wounded by your own understanding of love
and willing and happy to bleed.
In the morning light, with a winged heart awake
and give thanks for another day of love.

MY FIRST TRIP TO SPAIN

by Bechgyn^B

Beyond the Pyrenees when we were loving, young
We rode our petrol pungent bikes on burning roads to skirt a sunlit shore
And wonder at the sights and sounds that never were in cloudy Albion.
The nose-blinding scent of Bougainvillea that cascades from ancient cottage walls
A donkey bearing two sweet laughing near unclad boys of tender years
Firm breasted girls entering hopefully, distantly a church to pray that husbands might be found or lost depending
Or the old and wrinkled to beg for mercy or for death's brow smoothing hand
An onion seller who beats his ass's flanks and cries out his fat globes
Having ridden hard, we relish vino while lying upon the welcoming unmoving sward
We spurn the bottle and gurgle rojo from a goatskin as peasants do and feel clever
Cheese we ate we'd bought in France and fresh Santander bread to stay the belly's rumble,
More rojo, too much perhaps and lie back loud life-loving laughter
Goatskin drained, bottle void so cast away arcing into those never to be forgotten yesterdays.
We are young and we know we'll live for ever and love for eons to come
We rode away to Castro Urdiales the stone-clad harbour to attend
The treasures of a small port that please the eyes and makes young lovers blood race
Naked boys running, jumping, shouting, laughing, diving from the harbour wall into the green swell
Climbing, dripping up again to cheekily parade for me their starkly sun-kissed beauty
Oh how I pity English youth constricted by customs so difficult to grasp
For supper Calamares, fries and blanco served by a stout mujer with fat arms and larger smile
Then head exploding Muscatel-propelled to bed for dreams of now and many more tomorrows
What pulled that pallid English youth to sunny Iberia
The brevity of life and youth being lived lovingly



CARING FOR YOUR BOY...AND YOUR POCKET TOO!

by AlphaBoy



If you hold, or have ever held, a special relationship with a special boy, or just remember how it was to be a boy, then you should know that a boy's necessities are sometimes almost infinite. Trying to satisfy them could be really good for our souls, but very dangerous for our pockets. So here are some counsels and tricks you can practice to have a very happy boy, without bankrupting yourself.

Don't give your boy all he wants, but try to afford him all his real, fundamental necessities. Always prioritize his health and basic welfare. When it comes to doctors, little boys don't usually like them, so homeopathy is always an excellent and cheaper option (they love homeopathic medicines!). If necessary, also buy him some clothing, maybe a cool shirt or some pair of tennis shoes, and don't surprise him with a gift! It is always better to take the boy with you for him to choose it (that shall make him much more happy, just don't go where the clothing is really expensive!). Beyond our expectations, if one attends to the boy's necessities subtly and with much love, care, and will, they shall be really thankful and love-worthy with you. You might be surprised by how very sensitive boys can be to this kind of attention, if conducted correctly.

Needless to say, taking him regularly to the dentist is fundamental. You would be really

smart to make him understand it's for his welfare, as boys don't like the dentist (you can quickly become the evil dentist-lover guy!). A basic semi-annual medical check-up is fundamental to detect in time any disease or problem and attend to it as soon as possible (for example, if he needs to wear glasses). If you can get suitable social security for the boy, it's going to be not so expensive as private doctors.

Candies... Any boy has a undeniable weakness for candy and chocolate. If a boy was allowed to, he could spend the whole ten years budget of the United States to buy "just some" candy. While most of us agree that candy are noxious for the health, a boyhood without candy just can't be called infancy. Encourage him to leave the actual industrialized candies and teach him to eat natural traditional candies from your region. You can find them in your local market, and they are usually more nutritious. Take advantage of sales and discounts to buy a huge bunch of them, and give your boy a few of them from time-to-time, but be careful when hiding them because boys seem to have a candy radar, and they shall find them for sure!



A boy always needs to be rewarded by almost anything, to keep his spirits high, because for him, the most important things are often the

simplest ones. However, rewarding a boy can be a very huge charge for our economies, so you can try alternative (cheaper) ways of rewarding him than just buying him something! According to the saying, "love starts in the stomach," boys are especially sensitive to delicious food. Figure out which are the preferred dishes of your boy, and try to please him on occasion. When he has accomplished something really important to him, instead of giving him some kind of strange gadget, it would be better to get him to your home (or in his place) and cook him that special pizza along with ice cream and coke that he loves so much (you don't necessarily need to afford a fancy restaurant!). Be sure to get to know all of his likes so you can have a wide range of options when he needs to be rewarded (don't ever forget the effective part, a huge hug and a great congratulation, without giving a boring and unintelligent speech to him).



Nowadays, toys can be very expensive, especially the electronic ones. All sorts of imaginable toys exist, and we must be really careful when choosing toys for them. Always listen to what your boy wants and asks for, and try to please him with some of them. Do not buy him senseless games full of violence, and if you do, let him know you don't like it and he shall ask you why, so then you shall be enabling you to talk to him and make him aware of why they might be so bad for him. Maybe you can interpose a game he wishes so much with one he doesn't, and you must choose those carefully. Try to give him some toys and games that integrate the boy with his family and with you. If he doesn't have one buy him a bicycle and teach him, so both of you can ride together. Games that stimulate his mind are strongly recommended, too. Chess and Dominoes are

the games par excellence. Those which help to train a special skill or ability are preferred as well. Let the gaming time with your boy be a time of healthy learning, growth and fun for the both of you!

Technology is part of our civilization, and we just can't pretend it doesn't exist. The boy might actually consider having an iPhone, an iPad and an iPod Nano at the same time to be absolutely necessary, for sure! And we just can't fool them by buying an old model of any kind of gadget because, believe it or not,

they shall detect it immediately! No matter if your boy is a technology geek or not, boys want those devices more and more. If your economy cannot support this kind of expense, it's best for you to talk to his parents about the convenience of buying him some stuff of this kind, and try to afford it together. If you are in a position to buy it, then look for sales or try to defer the bill in payments, and if the store or your credit card allow

it, always look for the plans without interest. Don't buy something that you won't be able to pay for later! By the way, if he already has an iPod Touch or iPhone, an excellent, and not so expensive, gift would be an iTunes gift card, and he shall be really happy downloading games, apps, music, etc. to his device (for a smaller gift, a cheaper one would be to gift him that 1 USD "amazing" app he wants so bad!).

Most boys adore travels, and they are the perfect excuse for you to spend time with your boy. But in any travel it is easy to lose control of the expenses, and it can be a huge headache, especially if you own a credit card. Travels can be really expensive, even more so if airplane tickets are involved. If both of

you are going to take a plane, look for an airway that holds special low fares for boys under the age of yours, and buy the tickets with enough anticipation (for example, by booking tickets 6 months early you can get great fares). Don't try to afford luxurious hotels unless absolutely necessary (just imagine going to Walt Disney World and not staying in one of those fabulous thematic hotels that are an attraction by themselves?). Match your preferences to his, and look for those places in which both of you can live a great, unforgettable adventure. Boys usually love nature places, camping, hiking, swimming, etc. Find a place near your town where you can explore and have much fun with him, and you shall find a very cheap way of pleasing your boy. If you are planning a more ambitious vacation plot, it might be convenient to get the assistance of a travel agency to get lower fares, and the perfect vacations with your little angel. Don't forget to take him into account to fully plan that amazing travel!

There are always unpredictable situations that shall arise, and you need to be prepared. Having a boy is a great responsibility, so you should be able to save a bit of your income to make two general funds. A little one for those small great moments he has, like a high grade in a test, or if he finally finished that almost impossible video game! Or for some of those unexpected expenses, like a last minute homework assignment, an ice-cream, or if he needs some money to invite that handsome boy to watch a movie at the cinema. You can't forget that he counts on you, and you must be prepared for anything he needs. Don't fail him!

It shall take some time to earn the greater fund, and it's intended for specific purposes, such as to buy him a fancy birthday gift. Consider the important periodical dates important to him, like his birthday, the end of the school-year, boy's day, Santa Claus, your anniversary, etc., and plan what are you going to gift him on these special occasions.

The worst thing you can do with a boy, is to gift him all he wants; do it, and you shall soon find out you have created a monster, avid of having more and more senseless stuff each time. Do not lose control of the relationship in any way, especially for such a stupid reason as the economics. Instead of gifting him that portable video game he wants so bad, better get one "for yourself", and then lend it to him "for some time". You are the only one knowing you bought it to him. That way, he shall enjoy it a lot and shall think you are the coolest friend because you have lent him a lot of your stuff, and you shall be able to ask him to return some of them if, for example, he lowers his grades in school, promising to give it back to him as soon as he improve them.

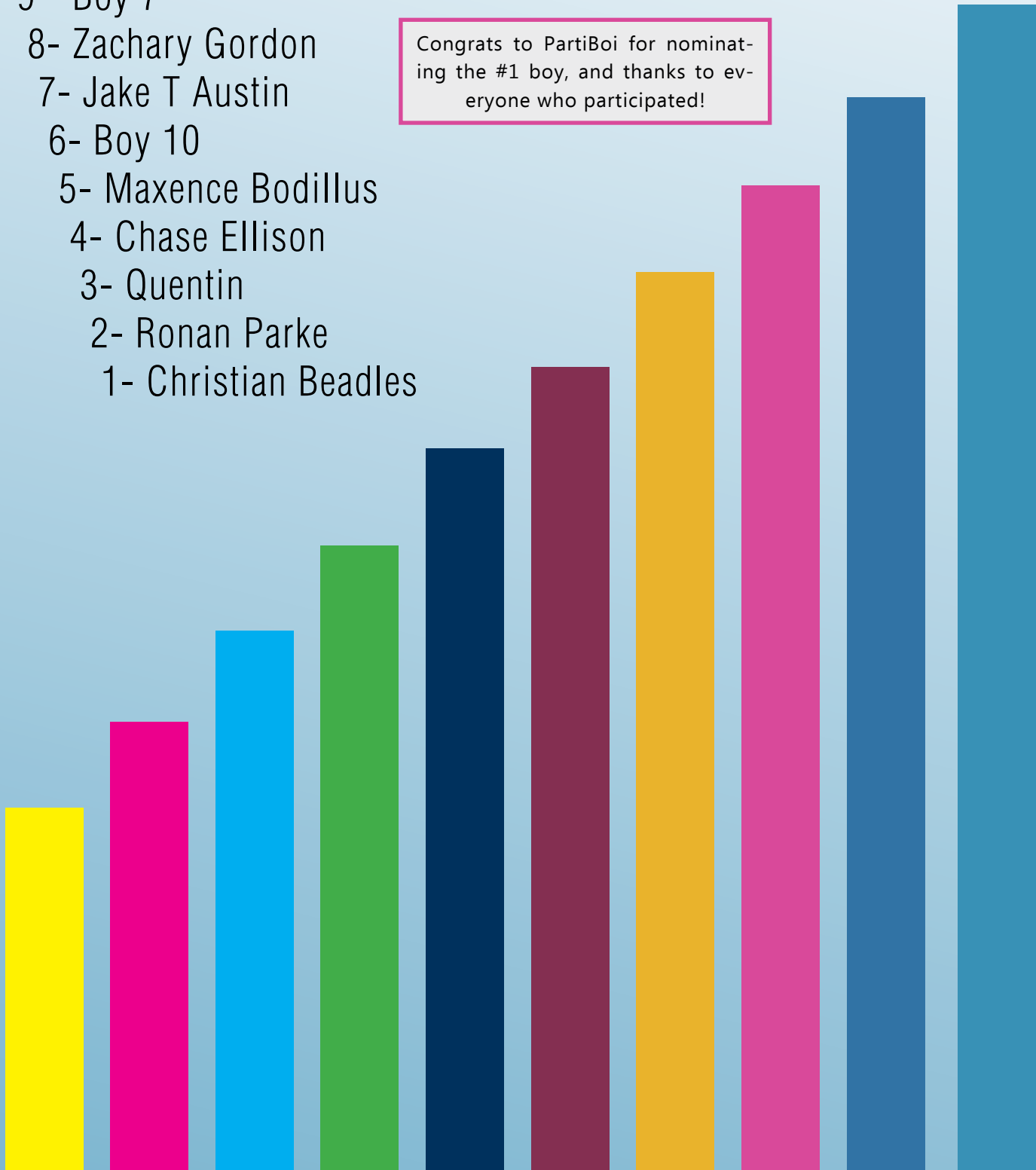
These are just some counsels to keep a healthy relationship with your boy, but I am sure you can find much more after reading this brief guideline by yourself. If you follow these recommendations, you shouldn't spoil your boy, you shall end with a really satisfied and happy boy, and he shall value even more the special friendship you offer to him.

MBM TOP 10: BEST BOYS!

Results are a combination of votes from BoyLover.org, BoyMoment, YoungCity & Modern BoyLover Magazine forums

- 10- Max Records
- 9- Boy 7
- 8- Zachary Gordon
- 7- Jake T Austin
- 6- Boy 10
- 5- Maxence Bodillus
- 4- Chase Ellison
- 3- Quentin
- 2- Ronan Parke
- 1- Christian Beadles

Congrats to PartiBoi for nominating the #1 boy, and thanks to everyone who participated!



LET ME PAINT A PICTURE

by ddavey

Let me paint a picture of a boy from long time past.

He would lie on his back in the long, sweet green grass, beside the tall beeches, staring up into the bottomless, blue ocean of sky, wishing he could swim like a fish-bird, up through the leafy branches and past the white clouds, towards the distant sun.

Knee-deep in the sparkling silver stream, he'd fish with a net for red-bellied minnows and spiny shimmering sticklebacks that swam amongst the verdant watercress.

He would seek out the caddisfly that hid beneath the pebbles in their dun coloured, homemade armour.

In a jam jar of frog spawn, he would watch the wriggling black tadpoles form within the clouded eggs, his water-babies.

Walking to school on autumn mornings, sampling night-dark sloes, sour crab-apples and scarlet, bitter-oily rose-hips, he would marvel at the dew-spangled spider webs covering the hedge row, lit by the bright morning sun.

All gone without a trace by mid morning. All remade afresh tomorrow. All for him.

Quiet in the gloom beneath the elm trees at sunset, he would eavesdrop on the raucous chatter of the rooks, wheeling aloft in their funereal plumage. What secrets did he steal from them? That they, too, were hungry? That they loved to make fun?

That they were sad to lose the golden warmth of the sun, and fought over who should have the cosiest roost?

Or maybe that they wondered aloud, who that boy was down below...

In that deepest winter, so long ago, he saw helicopters feed the sheep and cattle, drop-

ping yellow hay onto pearly distant fields.

He woke to find the roads disappeared overnight, under a pristine snowy blanket, so heavy that trees were broken.

Dug blue-shaded tunnels through the drifts, and rolled snowballs bigger than himself.

Snapping icicles from the low eaves of the school, with mittened hands livid from the cold, he frost-stuck them to his tongue.

Inspired by Hollywood tough-guys, he played commando, squirming unseen on his stomach in the dust, under cabbages and broccoli, on his way to storm the cottage next door.

The old lady who dwelt there would submit to his assault and pay him tribute of hugs and kisses, and maybe rainbow-coloured sweeties. Tending his own, tiny corner of her garden, he raised marigolds from seed, watched for the first tiny acid-green shoots, amazed that they actually grew.

Filled with wonder by the hot vibrant orange-red flowers, so freely given.

He would roam like a bandit across the drab industrial wasteland, his birthright, to climb the tall grey coal-pit spoil heaps, abandoned and dangerous, that brooded over the silent pit bank, littered with rusting gear. Scrambling up the unstable slopes towards the azure sky, thinking himself a new Mallory, he ascended the Himalayas.

That boy from long time past lives yet. He lives within.

THE MODERN BOYLOVER DIFFERENCE IN LOVING A BOY

by Netzooomer^o



What is the difference in the love that a parent, sibling, mentor, teacher, coach, friend or many others have for a boy compared to that of a boylover? In the context of this article, by boylover, I mean adults who not only love boys in an altruistic manner, but also have a sexual attraction to boys. I can't answer for other boylovers, but I can answer for myself. I was never raped or treated badly by anyone when I was a boy. Therefore, I am an example of being a boylover for other reasons that I cannot explain.

I cannot deny that I have a strong sexual attraction towards boys, especially those who I consider cute, good looking, handsome or one of the many attributes that create that sexual attraction. I do also love boys who do not fit this mold, but I have to be honest that I do not have a sexual attraction towards them. (Just as a hetero guy can have a sexual attraction to some girls but not all). It is possible that any of the above individuals may also have a sexual attraction to boys, but most adults claim they do not. Society considers having this sexual attraction a sickness that inevitably leads to applying pressure to boys to have sex, and also to physically abuse them. My opinion is that some boylovers may have consensual sex with boys. However, so-

ciety and the law calls this abuse and categorizes a loving sexual encounter as the same or even worse than beating a boy to a pulp and even murder. I do not subscribe to this thinking. And it is a sad state of affairs that normally logical thinking adults can be swayed to think this way.

Here is what being a boylover means to me and how and why this has influenced me in my relationship with the boys in my life.

1) Unlike those who do not have a sexual attraction to boys, I see boys differently. It comes down to having almost unlimited patience with a boy. I have a son. When he was a boy I easily tolerated the noise he made, the running around he did, the incessant talking that occurred, and the amazing inquisitiveness he had among other attributes. My wife, who also loves him, got annoyed and impatient when he did these things, and she wanted to, and often did, punish him for just being a boy. Then she got mad at me for not taking him to task for these "transgressions". How could I when I did not see it that way?

2) I am able to listen to what a boy says from a different angle. I go deep below the surface to find out what makes him tick, why does he feel a certain way about life, and to truly understand his moods

of happiness, sorrow, pensiveness and the many other moods that a boy can have. I want to know what makes him feel vulnerable or confident, and to figure out what I can do to help him be the best person he can be. This leads to the following issue.

3) In order to do what I said above, I have no ceiling in the time I am willing to spend with a boy to get to really know him and to uncover the mystery that he wraps himself in. Because I am willing to do this, and to let the boy dictate how much time is enough, others may interpret this as being unhealthy for the boy, at best, and predatory at the worst. I have very little patience for those who think that way because they do not love boys sufficiently to give them the time they need and often demand to become fully fulfilled and happy individuals. My feeling is if there were more boylovers around to love boys, the crime rate would drop dramatically.

4) I am willing to answer any question a boy has that others may find embarrassing or awkward. And if I don't know the answer, I will take the time to find out. Sometimes this may require out-of-the-normal-actions to help the boy discover those answers. But I am willing to take the risk to do that, as long as the boy is happy with that approach.

5) I do not find it embarrassing to express my love for him publicly or in private. If he initiates it, or is comfortable with hugs, appropriate kisses, hand holding and other legal forms of physical contact that the other people in his life may not give or find embarrassing or even fear it might give a signal of sexual attraction, I am willing to do it. I wouldn't do anything stupid or irresponsible, but I do not have that same level of concern that others have, or worry what they may think of me.

So how does all of this help a boy? It makes him feel someone understands him like no other, as the unique individual he is. At its highest level, it gives the boy a feeling of euphoria that an adult actually has connected with his inner being that he never thought could happen. He opens up to this person in ways he never could to the other people who also love him. It enables the boylover to be

more effective in the development of the boy as a balanced and productive human being in a way that is easier compared to the other influential individuals in his life.

And who is this person who loves him so? A boylover, as we define it. I find that receiving the attention and true love from a boy is the greatest feeling on Earth, unlike the love in a marriage that should be unconditional, but believe me is rarely so. The love I have received from boys has been unconditional, mirroring the love that I give to them.

For me, it all originates from the sexual attraction I have for boys. What in the world is wrong with that? Nothing; nothing at all.

SOCIETY SECTION



For the past few months we the staff at BoyLover.org have been combining our efforts and working feverishly to provide and ensure the haven of fellowship and support the members all appreciate from day to day.

The entire staff work constantly to improve our services, such as the recent upgrade of our software, which brings many new features and attractions for members; also, the continuous upgrading of our security to ensure the safety of our members and of the site itself. The security of our members is also ensured internally thanks to the vigilant Moderator Team. New members are always warmly greeted with open arms thanks to our Buddy Team, so members get to know the lay of the land very easily with the help of staff, and are welcomed to the fellowship of our members.

The recent addition of the Member Support Team also brings much needed support and advice to members, whenever they may need it, in any shape or form. Not forgetting to mention the recent integration of our teams to increase the standard of staffing as well as the efficiency of our Staff.

We want to thank those members who send their thanks and appreciation for BoyLover.org, and we will ensure to the best of our abilities that the site will always be there for you and your fellow BoyLovers. We understand how important BoyLover.org is to you and how the site has affected your lives, and what the support of everyone means to each other and we will try to always be there to continue to provide that.

On behalf of the Staff of BoyLover.org, we thank you greatly for being a part of our family and we look forward to having you around for a long time to come.

Riku ~ Senior Administrator



The last couple of months have been a busy time for BoyMoment.com. In May BoyMoment celebrated its EIGHTH Anniversary making it one of the longest running BL boards around. To help celebrate this momentous occasion staff members replaced their personal signature pictures with a specially created rotating siggy, and we even opened up BoyMoment's galleries to all members for the entire month!

Also, in April we introduced a new Iranian Room for our Farsi speaking members which has been an instant hit.

BoyMoment.com was originally established in 2003, and the current IPB software we use makes BM extremely easy to use. Since the inception of the Iranian Room, BoyMoment now offers forums for friendship and support in 12 different languages (English, Spanish, Dutch, German, French, Portuguese, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Polish and Farsi).

We also offer two large and well stocked galleries with new topics added daily - one for the Little BoyLovers and a separate gallery for Teen BoyLovers as well as a read-only archive of the best picture series posted in the galleries. There are literally thousands of gallery topics to browse through!

Being one of the longest running BL discussion forums around wouldn't be possible without the hard work and dedication of the staff and members that have made BoyMoment the success it is today.

Thank you all, and here's to another brilliant eight years!

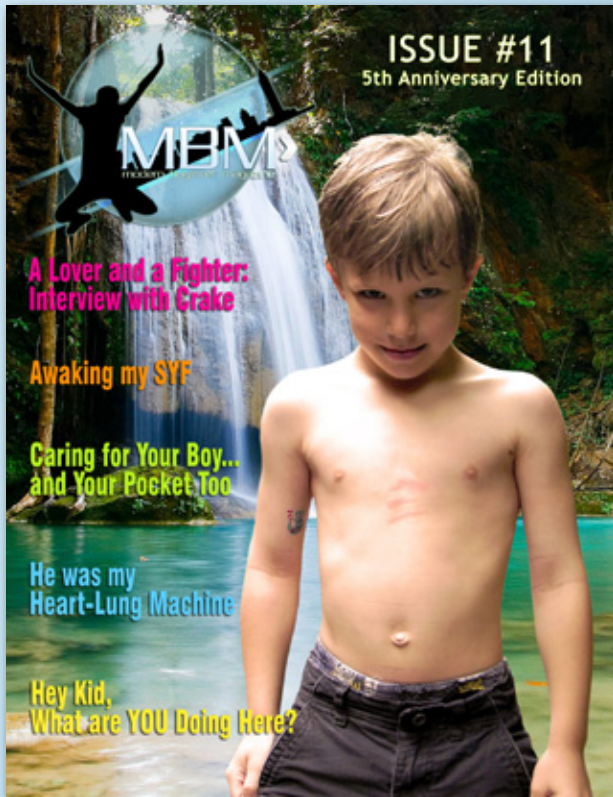


July 2011 marked a special occasion...the 5th Anniversary of Modern Boylover Magazine! Over the past months the MBM Team has worked hard to bring you this special edition of the magazine, and a new look for our website. Thanks to everyone for their efforts!

—MBM Staff

CUSTOM COVERS

Custom Covers were released with this issue for each participating board. Here's a look at the other covers that were used in this issue:



BLO Cover Design: spankee
Cover photo provided by Pinocchio,
and chosen by members of Boylover.org



BM Cover Design: TheTurtleBoy
Cover photo provided by members of BM,
and chosen by members of Boymoment.com



MBM Cover Design: 420Guy
Cover photo provided by the members of Boymoment.
com, and chosen by members of modernblmag.net



YC Cover Design: Anset
Cover photo provided by Beanie,
and chosen by members of Youngcity.org



MODERN
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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 submit 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.

We are also now accepting longer articles, as we will publish them in parts. The author, however, **MUST** submit the entire article for it to be considered so as to avoid unfinished stories.

“There are very few monsters who warrant the fear we have of them.”

—*André Gide*

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