



An Interview With Jinto (4)
by 420Guy

The Gross Indecency of Michael Jackson (10)
by SimbaLion

Ten Boylove Novels You Must Read
Before You Die (or go to jail) (39)
by Midnighter

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

The community spirit plays a continuing role in the publication of this magazine, since material is to be written by members of Boylover.net. Thanks to everyone who has contributed up to this point, the magazine is a continual success because of you!

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

Thank you for choosing to read this issue of Modern Boylover Magazine. I hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed making it for you!

420Guy

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FEATURES AND PROFILES

An Interview With Jinto	4
BL.net Top Ten: Reasons Why Boys Should Get an Adult Friend	8
Making the Case for Full Disk Encryption	12
A Boylover's Journal	21
Passion	36

EDITORIAL ESSAYS

The Gross Indecency of Michael Jackson	10
--	----

BOYS AND BOYLOVE IN HISTORY

Boy Paints Train	20
----------------------------------	----

CREATIVE WORK

Je les entend chanter	7
Privileges	9
Lead Your Life the Way it's Meant	16
Whats to Come?	26
The Days Go By	27
The Joys of Drawing Boys	33

MEMBER REFLECTIONS

The Joy of Life	42
---------------------------------	----

BOY RELATED TRAVEL

The Expatriate Boylover: Living and Working in a Foreign Country	30
--	----

ART, ENTERTAINMENT AND BOOK REVIEWS

DVD Review: KIDS	28
10 Boylove Novels You Must Read Before You Die (or go to jail)	39

An Interview With Jinto

by 420Guy

This interview with Jinto was conducted in June 2009. Jinto is a Belgian member, and has been active on Boylover.net for over 5 years. He has been a Mentor, and is currently a Moderator & a Buddy.

420Guy: When did you first realize that you are a boylover? What were your thoughts and feelings at that time?

Jinto: I realized that I became a BL when I was about 16 or so. Before I always thought that I was gay or so. I always liked boys, but girls too! When I became bigger I noticed that the boys stayed small and I wasn't interested in boys my age. The name "pedophile" was not known, so I still thought that I was "kind of" gay.

420Guy: Do you believe that sexual attraction towards children is a natural thing? Or is it a dysfunction, a sickness of some kind?

Jinto: It's a dysfunction in your brain. It's natural alright, but just a very few of us have this. It's not a sickness because there is no cure.

420Guy: What were your favorite activities as a child, and are there any that you still enjoy doing today?

Jinto: These were and are still trucks. Since I was 10 or so I always drove with friends and neighbors with their trucks to all countries of Europe. I'm a truck driver now.

420Guy: When did you have your first sexual experience, and was it something that you enjoyed?

Jinto: Yes I enjoyed it. It was with my best friend. It started when I was very young, about 8, and con-

tinued until we were 14 or so. Wanking, sucking, that kind a stuff, but never penetrating. We both didn't like that. He is still my friend these days.

420Guy: As a sexual child, do you think that sex became a main focus in your young life? In other words, did you actively look for sex, or just seize the opportunity if it came?

Jinto: I would say just when the opportunity was there. I liked it, but focus, no. I always did it with just one friend. Never with someone else in that time.

420Guy: Do you think that these sexual experiences are what made you become a BL?

Jinto: No, I don't think so. I just "had" these feelings. I just ignored them. Like I said, I was getting bigger, but boys that I liked stayed small...

420Guy: Do you think that children should be allowed to explore their sexuality with other children? Should it be illegal, as it is now in some parts of the world?

Jinto: No, for sure not. If children want to explore, let them do so. I would never say to my boy that I will not allow his explorings! A few years ago I "caught" my former YF, 13, with another boy, wanking and sucking each other. He was scared like hell afterwards, but I told him to relax, I wouldn't say it to anyone. I never saw him so happy.

420Guy: You also had a sexual experience with an older person when you were growing up. How old were you, and was it something that you were comfortable with at the time?

Jinto: I had one when I was 16 or so. I was on vacation and I slept in a tent with another boy (holiday friend) of 10. Early in the morning his dad came in very quietly and began to touch and wank me. (His son was sleeping beside me) I wasn't comfortable with it at all. When the boy woke up his dad just "looked" at him and then he turned away. After that he tried several more times, but I did say no. Lucky for me he didn't try afterwards.

* * * *

420Guy: Joining the online community of boylovers can be a big step in someone's life. What was the first board you joined, and how did it feel to start posting there?

Jinto: The first board that I joined was Boylover.net. I joined several others, but I never really posted there. This board is my home, my place to talk or to listen. It felt great to post here. I did get to know several people in a good way but some others to in a (very) bad way too.

420Guy: You have been on staff at BLN for several years, why did you decide to volunteer on a boylover forum?

Jinto: I just wanted to do something for the board. Something that other people could see that I want to help. I am a Buddy for that too. I like to welcome New Kids and feel them home like my Buddy did to me. (Thanks Wolf)

420Guy: Boylover vs. pedophile; the use of these words can be a heated debate among the English members in the BL community. Do you find that Dutch members argue about this as well? What

do you personally think, does it matter which word we use?

Jinto: Dutch members argue as well about it. Theoretically there is no difference. But I don't like the word Pedophile. It is so... general. I love boys, not kids. I love them like they are. I don't rape them or abuse them. A boylover doesn't do these things. Of course I know that this isn't true. But I wish it would be.

420Guy: Do you think it is easier for youth in the Netherlands who have gay feelings, compared to youth in the United States?

Jinto: No, it's for sure not easier in our countries for young boys who have gay feelings. Gay boys are still not accepted here. When you're 18+, ok. But younger? No way.

* * * *

420Guy: Does your girlfriend know that you are a boylover? If so, what was her initial reaction when she found out?

Jinto: My current girlfriend knows that I am a BL. She knows everything, but it did take some time before I told her. Because of the several trials that I am going through now I needed to talk to someone. I did want that she heard it from me, not by coincidence or from someone else. She was kinda cool with it. Her reaction surprised me. She wasn't angry at all and she can live with it, as long I don't do anything any more. She is ok with it that I still "peek" at boys.

420Guy: You chose to do something that the very mention of would make many men cringe; castration. Can you tell us a little more about this?

Jinto: It is a chemical castration. I did want a physical one, but I didn't find a doctor that wanted

to do it. They all understand the problem, but surgery,... No. So I did go to several psychologists, doctors, professors. Now I'm taking pills, two a day. My sexual feelings are gone now. I still like and look at boys, but I'm not interested any more in "having sex". I don't need to wank. (I can't alright, I don't get a stiffy anymore) I'm feeling just great now. I will continue this forever. Some of you will say "you can say whatever you want with these pills" but I'm under surveillance. Every now and then they take some blood to check it...

420Guy: What led you to make this choice? Did you feel pressured by loved ones, or because of the legal situation you are facing?

Jinto: I guess my shrink has much to do about it. I abused a boy and that was bad. She did make me feel guilty, even so guilty that I started to hate myself. I tried to commit suicide several times. After that I did want to get rid of my feelings for boys. I just wanted to be "normal". That is impossible. I know that now. Chemical castration is hard. You can believe that. But I'm happy I did it. Now I love boys without getting a boner. And yes, for my trials this is a good solution. But I don't think it will help.

420Guy: Is this something you would recommend other boylovers to do?

Jinto: I would recommend this to all BL's that don't leave their hands where they should be. Even if it is so nice, don't touch a boy before he's 14 or so. I made that mistake once. Now I have to pay for it.

420Guy: Do you think that boylove will ever become an accepted part of society?

Jinto: I don't think so. I would like it, Man - Boy contact. But it will never happen. Even worse, the hate will grow.

420Guy: Is there anything that we can do about this hatred towards boylovers?

Jinto: I don't think so. As long as there are guys among us who RAPE boys or abuse them against their will, we will all be hated. And these guys will exist forever.

CREATIVE WORK

Je les entend chanter

by Gulp

Sur les marches du temps
Engourdi, seul, j'attend

On the steps of time
Numb, alone, I wait

Les bruits de pas s'estompent
Repartent et puis reviennent
Et ma mémoire se trompe
Mes souvenirs s'éteignent

Steps' noises become blurred
Leave again and come back
And my memory's mistaking
My memories go out

Tant d'idées oppressantes quand tombent les questions
Et la pluie si glaçante n'a pas de solution

So much sweltering ideas when questions fall
And the so chilling rain has no solutions

La nuit tombée sur toi fit cesser ta souffrance
Et pourtant le matin, toujours, tout recommence

The night fallen on you made stop your suffering
But however in the morning, always, everything begins again

Et même si je comprend
Même si j'ai pu savoir
Je ne supporte pas
De n'avoir pas pu croire

And even if I undertsand
Even if I could have known
I can't bear
Not to have been able to believe

Je ne sais pas comment
Je n'ai pas fait l'effort
Je t'estimais tellement
Que je te croyais fort

I don't know how
I didn't make the effort
I estimated you so much
That I thought you were strong

Juste au début de l'été
Presque un an qu'il est parti
Et je les entend chanter

Just at the beginning of summer
Nearly one year since he's gone
And I hear them sing

Que la vie c'est si joli
Que j'ai vu l'oiseau voler
Que j'y pense et puis j'oublie
Qu'ou va-t-on les yeux fermés

That life is so beautiful
That I saw the bird flying
That I think about it and then forget
That where are we going eyes closed

TOP TEN Reasons Why Boys Should Get an Adult Friend

- 10 An adult friend would listen to them anytime they need to.
- 9 So that they have a friend.
- 8 Sometimes young boys do not have good parents who often yell at them and don't encourage them. They need someone who encourages them.
- 7 An adult friend would love teaching boys many things, whereas some parents never teach their boys anything except how to play quiet and how to shut up.
- 6 Boys have less experience & knowledge than adults. From an Adult Friend, boys can learn so many things to heighten their perception & enhance their ability. An adult friend also has a lot of things to offer like protection, advice, care, etc. that is more reliable compared with a friend of the same age.
- 5 They want, need and deserve to be loved.
- 4 An adult friend would often cuddle him and tell him "I love you", and that's very important for a young boy.
- 3 An adult friend is someone that he can trust and confide in.
- 2 An adult friend can educate the child, teach him valuable things about life, especially if the child's parents don't pay much attention to him.
- 1 Friendships are vital healthy psychological development. Adult friends can be an important and unique source of companionship and support.
According to the encyclopedia of psychology ... "Friends provide support in three main ways: emotional, cognitive guidance, and tangible help."
Clearly, adult friends who are not the child's parent are uniquely positioned to provide all of the above.

Statements posted on voted on by various members of Boylover.net in July 2009. Special thanks to; beachcomber, Dante03, suley, TemptedToLove, -=Troy=- & 420Guy for their contributions!

CREATIVE WORK

Privileges

by Silven

You ramble on about your rights
Don't you dare ignore my concerns

Promises made without prethought
Oppression once again evident in society

Demands and outrage consume many
Unclear issues debated unwisely

One no better or worse than the next
As things were set out to be

Pushing for things unnecessary
Driven by a half hidden fear

Unknowingly without any visible cares
Inflicting unjust cruel limitations

Condemning without cause or reason
Those that few are concerned about

The Gross Indecency of Michael Jackson

by SimbaLion

He was one of the most famous people of his time, recognized at home and abroad for his achievements as an artist. He was also famous for his eccentric public personality, and for his flamboyant sense of style. But despite his achievements and his fame, he was brought down by a series of trials that made public his sexual attractions, which most of society regarded as deviant. He never recovered from the scandal of these trials, and died a few years after the last of them a broken man. Michael Jackson? No. Oscar Wilde.

There are many more differences between Michael Jackson and Oscar Wilde than there are similarities, but the similarities are worthy of note. Unlike Jackson, Wilde was eventually convicted of his supposed sexual deviancy, the "gross indecency" of homosexual conduct with younger men like Lord Alfred Douglas, who was 16 years his junior. Wilde spent two years in prison after his conviction for gross indecency and died, in November 1900, within four years of his release. Jackson, of course, was never convicted on sexual charges, but did spend millions in legal fees and to settle the civil suit related to the first set of charges.

Since the time of his conviction in 1895, Wilde has become transformed from monster to martyr. Victorian society wanted to banish him and to criminalize his "indecent" sexuality, but in our time, Wilde has become a symbol of social persecution, a man seen as unjustly punished for his sexual orienta-

tion. Needless to say, adult homosexuality does not have the same social associations with deviancy and scandal as it did one hundred years ago. Pedophilia and ephebophilia, however, have taken its place.

One hundred years from now, will Michael Jackson be seen as a symbol of social persecution for his sexuality as much as Oscar Wilde is seen today for his?

We cannot absolutely know if Jackson was a pedophile (or ephebophile), either by attraction or action. We may know more years from now when the boys in his life, grown to late adulthood, can give accounts of their relationships with him more honest than those possible during his lifetime. (Their wanting either to get money from Jackson or to protect their own reputations provides enough reason to treat their courtroom testimonies and existing public interviews with skepticism.) Right or wrong, though, society has concluded that Jackson was at least attracted to boys. When the initial charges were made against him, they were more shocking than surprising. Jackson had essentially dated young boys in public view for years before the first accusations were made in 1993. The notion that he could have had sex with boys was not something that came from out of the blue. Based on what the public could see of him, a sexual relationship with a boy was within the realm of possibility.

Homosexuals in the time of Wilde and pedophiles in the time of Jackson were (and are) regarded as freaks. The flamboyance and eccentricity of the two men were seen in their respective eras as symbols of their sexual depravity. Michael Jackson's weirdness is "explained" by his attraction to boys; or, alternatively, his attraction to boys is what makes him weird. There were homosexuals of Wilde's time who wanted nothing to do with him after his sexuality became public, and today there are pedophiles who resist the notion that Jackson should be seen as representative of their own attractions.

We shouldn't be so quick to reject Jackson's freakishness as a symbol of our own attraction to boys, however. Just as we ask society to embrace our difference, we should learn to embrace his. The life of pedophiles today is rough, and makes all of us a bit freakish. Jackson led a lonely life, was abused as a child, and seemed forever reaching after a childhood he never got to experience because of his talent and fame as a child performer. Mother and his own children aside, it's possible that the happiest relationships in his life were those he had with the boys whose company he kept - before, that is, everything came crashing down on him. Faced with the pressures of his own upbringing and the rough difficulties confronted by all pedophiles, who wouldn't become a bit odd?

Now that he has died, people have embraced him more than might have been expected given the scandal of the accusations against him. There are those who never liked Jackson, even before the first accusations, and they still don't like him today. But he was admired by many, and the outpouring of feeling after his death has been large. And for those who have been expressing grief and celebrating the accomplishments of his career, the possibility that he liked boys seems, at the end, not to have mat-

tered so much. His possible pedophilia has not led to him being rejection.

Wilde died in relative poverty and with scandal still associated with his name. The same is not true of Jackson. Society has advanced in many ways since the time of Wilde; its capacity to embrace difference - and to embrace its freaks - has improved over the past hundred years. Jackson was an exceptional talent, and an exceptional personality. But maybe the kindness that others have expressed after his passing is a harbinger of greater acceptance for the rest of us, Jackson's fellow freaks. Maybe we won't need to wait another hundred years for our own indecent sexuality to be forgiven.



Making the Case for Full Disk Encryption

by shellban

Paedophiles are haunted whenever people find out whom they are. While the vast majority of paedophiles are law abiding citizens, it does not matter to people. The mere fact of being one makes you a target for their hatred, and you can expect little help or sympathy from the authorities whom are far more worried about what you might do one day than your personal well being. Hence the reason why you should take computer security seriously. Not because you may have any questionable material stored on your hard disk, but because the mere fact of being a boylover can have disastrous consequences for your life. Such as the loss of your job, friends, family and access to children.

There are many programs that guarantee you to delete your internet traces, erase files forever and hide your IP, but Windows will always leave some trace behind. Specialist computer forensics software managed by a competent investigator will be able to find them.

No matter how good you are at computers, no matter how many times you overwrite a file and no matter how careful you are hiding your IP, the truth is that everyone without exception makes mistakes, and a single mistake will be enough to ruin your life.



Hypothetical scenarios

Your IP may be found on a questionable website, this will be sufficient for a law enforcement agency to get a warrant and seize your computer and search your home. Likely not enough to make a case in court, they will also need to establish who was behind the computer at the time. They will be able to do this once they have looked into your seized hard disk and interviewed you.

Your computer can one day be stolen or accessed by unwanted guests. They may be able to find out you are a boylover by looking at your internet history, and as far as the mainstream society is concerned paedophiles are all criminals in wait. They will possibly inform the police of what they have seen in your hard disk.

You may decide to sell your computer or give it away. Someone curious could recover data with free recovery software available, and then give it to the police for further investigation or publish what he finds. It is his hard disk now, he can do whatever he likes with it.

You may travel abroad and take your laptop with

you. It is now routine to search a traveller's hard disk at the border, without any kind of warrant needed. People coming from Asian countries are particularly targeted by this, but even crossing from the US to Canada will do.

You may accidentally download an illegal picture/site through a bad link or spam. You can delete this but it could be recovered by computer forensics software. Who is going to believe a paedophile downloaded an illegal image by accident? Nobody!

Do not underestimate the enemy

Computer forensics investigators are very good at what they do. You will not be their first case, they will have seen it all, do not underestimate them. You probably exceed at your job if you have been doing it for a number of years. Computer forensics investigators also exceed at theirs, experience leads to expertise.

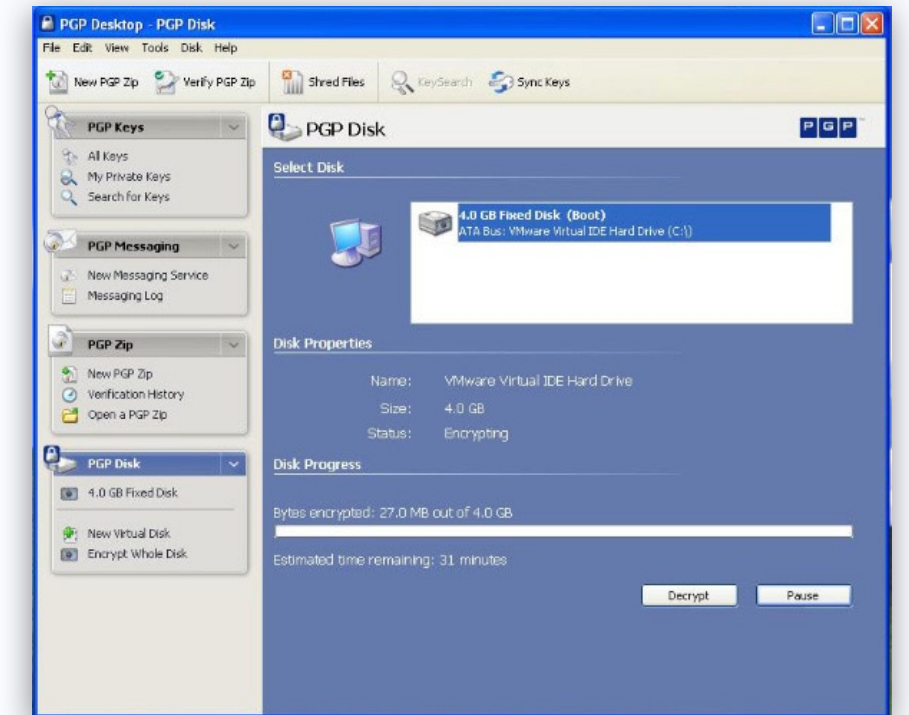
Once LEA has your computer then Hell gates are open because they will be searching for all of your movements, actions, words, usernames, passwords, etc...

Even if they decide you are innocent of the initial case that brought you to their attention once LEA learns you are a boylover they will be tripping over their feet to try and find something else in your computer to charge you with.

The answer to your problems

In all of the cases above, full disk encryption will stop a computer forensics investigator. LEA will

have to beg or threaten you to get the passphrase into your computer operating system. No passphrase means no computer forensics analysis is possible, and no hard evidence can be produced other than proving a fully encrypted hard disk exists.



How secure is full disk encryption?

It is illegal in the United Kingdom to refuse to reveal your passphrase to encrypted data, why would the UK bother to pass such law? Because LEA knows they can do nothing about good encryption software other than sending someone to prison based on assumptions. (i.e they encrypt therefore they must have something illegal to hide).

There are three ways to break into a fully encrypted hard disk:

- 1) Brute force attack: A computer forensics expert will use special software to attempt all of the words in the dictionary as your password, if you choose an easy to guess/short passphrase the door to your inner secrets will be open.

2) Seizing the computer while still on: LEA will not switch off your computer when they enter your home, they will image it live. Using a screensaver lock will not save you, there are ways around this. If you are away from your computer switch it off!

3) Threaten and intimidate you: Jail threat, bullying and intimidation advising you to give out your passphrase to them. The police can lie to you and trick you into giving them the passphrase, it is not against the law for the police to lie to you to get what they want.

List of full disk encryption software

To the best of my knowledge, none of the encryption programs below has ever been broken by LEA or anyone else:

Truecrypt (FREE):

<http://www.truecrypt.org>

PGP Whole Disk Encryption (\$149):

<http://www.pgp.com/downloads/desktoptrial/desktoptrial2.html>

DriveCrypt Plus Pack (\$125.00):

<http://www.securstar.com/>

Your best bet is Truecrypt because it is free, open source and widely used by people who are known to be computer security experts.

Example of security experts using Truecrypt:

Did you know that some police departments use Truecrypt to encrypt child porn images (and other confidential data) seized so that no unauthorised personnel will

have access to it? That is how good Truecrypt is, the police are actually trusting it with its own child porn collection.

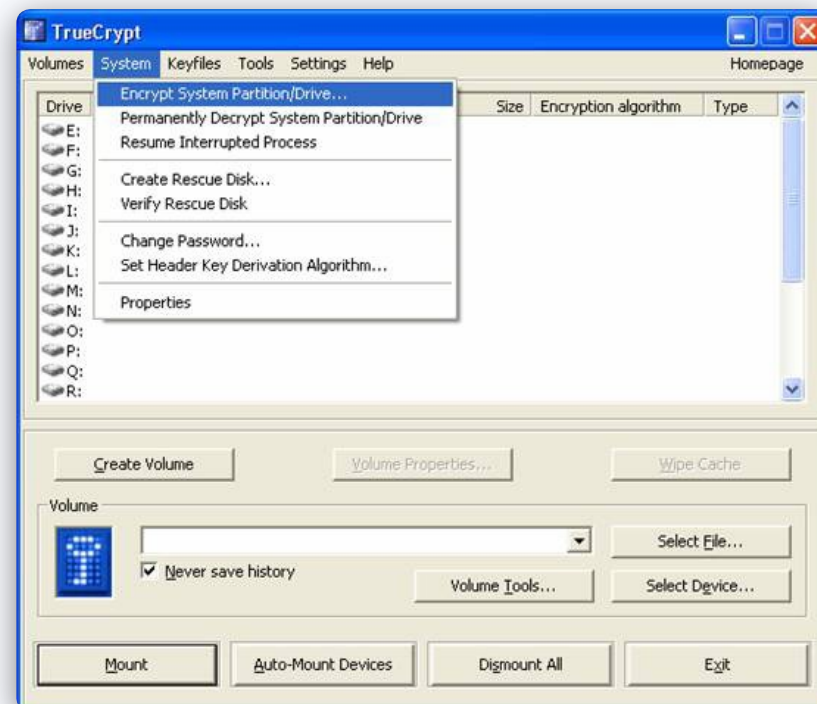
The other two programs are more geared towards enterprise, and I believe them to be top notch with no backdoors as well, I am listing them for the sake of choice, but there should be no reason to spend money on them.

How difficult is it?

It does not matter if you are a computer knob or not, here are the instructions to install full disk encryption on your operating system:

Open Truecrypt>Choose System>Choose Encrypt System partition>Follow onscreen instructions given> END

Nobody can surely be as stupid as not being able to do that, but if you still do not feel confident enough you can get support with encryption software at the Workshop thread at Boylover.net



Conclusion

Society hates paedophiles, mass media hates paedophiles, the Government hates paedophiles, there is probably nobody hated more in society than a paedophile.

Anyone who is too lazy or arrogant to avoid using some of the most basic privacy and security measures and then finds his personal computer data has been violated, probably deserves what comes next.

If you do not invest 5 hours of your time now learning about full disk encryption, you may one day have to invest thousands of dollars in lost income and 5 years of your time learning what it is like being branded a "sex offender" .

Article Notes:



* UK citizens: There are ways to get around the law forcing you to reveal your password to the authorities, ask at Boylover.net Workshop forum thread for advice.



*Linux users: Not covered here because they are a minority of users, full disk encryption is also possible in Linux.



*Mac users: There is a Mac version of Truecrypt and PGP Desktop.

*Software prices correct as of June 2009

*LEA: Acronym for Law Enforcement Agency

*Legal Disclaimer: Article 12. United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights recognises the right to privacy and the article intends to address this issue. Do not use full disk encryption for illegal purposes.

Lead Your Life the Way it's Meant

by Rorschach

The truth shall free your soul.

He is invited like always to join his friend's bachelor party, but he doesn't like the scene in general. The bachelor has always concerned himself with this particular friend in terms of his love life. Questions rose asking when he is going to find himself a partner. The bachelor was the kind who is always overwhelmed by the company of girls, but never settles down as the bachelor he is.

So this time the friend decided to go to the party, because he could not find a good enough reason not to. The party went as could be expected from an average bachelor party and as his luck (bad) had it the bachelor organized his friend a girl to talk to. He accepted the so-called gift with no resentment and started speaking with her.

After a long talk over a few drinks they dissolved into that phase where both found a common ground of likeness. Strangely enough she asked him if he wouldn't want skip this joint for somewhere more private. The alcohol affirmatively enjoyed the idea and it wasn't his home, but hers. They did what young couples do and later decided they should settle.

Alas or maybe thank heavens everything did not turn out happily ever after at least not for her. They were having their usual breakfast at a coffee shop conveniently placed close by both of their workplaces. It is here where he saw something he could not endure to see for the rest of his life. The

ritual he stared at made his heart shudder, but far from the good way.

"I know this is going to sound strange, but please don't resent me for saying what lies so heavily on my heart. I know this is not the time or the place, but to tell you quite frankly; never is the suitable time to tell you this. Our life is so moral and therefore it is so difficult to explain to you something that isn't so morally perfect. Still I feel too strong about this and I cannot continue disregarding who I feel I really am."

"Come now, what can possibly be so epic? I know you as the perfect gentleman even though I've known you for only a few months. There is absolutely nothing I can imagine this could be. I am a psychologist and I can fix this, I know I can."

"I am not broken, and neither do I need counseling. I know my situation soulfully and I postponed its pursuit not because you prevented me, because I wanted some of it as well. Through you I have learned more about myself and I have discovered I am unavoidably not able to go on like this." When she heard this from him she felt moved, but in a shocking way.

"Why what is the matter, I thought you liked the life we made?"

"I only pretended to like it and you, but I simply cannot keep this lie afloat anymore. My intimate love is for a different port of harbor. I can only be

satisfied by their smiling faces and subtle touches. I am longed by them as much as I long for them. I believe you know of what I speak, so don't let me have to hurt you as I am not one for the hurting."

"And as a good psychologist I am going to tell you to continue your pursuit... eternally."

He left her smiling and she smiled back and that is how their imperfect relationship ended perfectly. The morning sun breached the beach horizon and broke the subtle cold tension in his bones when stood up from the stainless steel chairs outside the coffee shop. His journey began from that moment on and it hasn't stopped since.

Destination of destiny

At long last he traveled to a place which he feels is where he will find what he is looking for. To understand if it was the right thing to do he gave it over to fate to set the course. When he landed in Rome he took part in all the activities a tourist would and snapped away random pictures. As intentional as it may seem he did not in fact get any pictures of what he hoped for, but Vatican City delivered some fascinating photographs nevertheless.

He stayed in St. George's hotel and his life has served him well for the time he spent after leaving his wife. He moved up to an exceptional height all out of hard work. All of the time was satisfying to him and he was never really bored, but lonely. He always kept himself busy with something interesting and hopes his future friend would enjoy it too.

The night lights of the City illuminated the buildings including St. Peter's Cathedral so beautifully. Without a doubt he decided to take a stroll that night and see what wonder the city may bring. There were many people most of which were

couples weaved within each other. It was a chilly night and he envied their loving warmth. He walked passed them purposefully disregarding site of them.

Down one of the allies passed another church he found himself pretty lost. Without much worry he continued to amble on further into the unknown darkness. He passed a dumpster when he heard a wail and a cry. Further on to another dumpster right there beside it in the corner against the alley wall sat a withered and dirty little boy shivering and shaking with fear and cold.

"My dear boy, how strange it is to see you here all alone. Where are your parents, what is the matter?"

"Please sir I beg you... help me. I will be forever grateful."

"I'm so sorry, but I have only money on me and that's not any good if you're lost, unless you can find your way around in the dark?"

"No sir I ran away too and am tired."

"Why, it sounds like you suppose I ran away as well?"

"Didn't you? You said you're lost?"

"Well I guess you're right. My goodness, the honesty of children can really have us see the truth we would probably never have seen otherwise. I tell you what. Down this way I passed a church. I bet we'd find it together and then there'll surely be someone that would take you in for the night at least."

The poor boy looked up at him with a confused yet grateful look in his eyes.

“Thank you for helping me sir. I ran away from the church and I’m so sorry for doing that.”

“Why did you run away?”

“I couldn’t stand it any longer I am sorry to say, but I was wrong to think that I could make it on my own. This world is far too cold to try and see if you can make it on your own.”

“I see, you’re a smart one for your age, but never give up when life gets the better of you. I know for a child of your age that piece of advice is probably folly, but miracles do happen and a child of your age can achieve just as much as any man can.”

“You’re a kind man, I wish you could’ve adopted me back at the orphanage, instead I was sent to the church where I thought my life would end, but I was wrong.”

“Come on let’s get you back so you can use your second chance to fix your live right up.”

He looked at him again with hopeful eyes. He took off his coat and wrapped it around the boy who cuddled himself warmly inside it. It was in the early morning hours and they finally found the church. Luckily there were a light at the front door.

“Good morning father. We are so sorry to disturb you so early, but I was wondering if you could take this boy out of the cold dark night as he escaped from a church and cannot find his way back?”

“My goodness my boy you must’ve run as if the devil chased you or have you been running for days?”

“No sir, only since this afternoon.”

“Why father, why is that so strange to you?” The man asked the Priest.

“Well because the only orphanage is fairly at the opposite side of Vatican City.”

“So you say there is no way you can take him in for the night?”

“I am afraid not my son, but to tell you honestly I think God has given you this child.”

“I don’t understand father, how do you mean given, how can I just take him?”

“Oh that’s easy, can you love him, care for him then you can certainly take him as your child.”

“But father...”

“No buts my son, regard this as your gift and you won’t find anything more rewarding in your entire life.”

The priest closed the door smiling intently at the boy as if assuring him that everything will be okay. The man looked at the boy not knowing how he should respond while realizing he found what he was looking for. He was brought up with the Christian faith, but he never could find the reason to ‘believe’ as they so hope you should. Though he didn’t reject it, but he also did not accept it. Fate is all he believes in and it has laid this child both as a gift and a test in his path.

The mist of the night that forced the cold into the atmosphere lessened and the boy could reach out his hand to hold his new friend’s hand. The happiness in the child’s eyes brought out the love he always wanted to share. It happened so uncontrollably that he had no stop to his emotions. He shed silent tears and the boy understood that he was happy as well.

“Okay, but let’s just not call each other father and

son all right, that just might be too corny for my liking. Besides I could never be your real father and it feels too odd that I’d be call that. Hah, I still feel your age at heart, so friend it shall be for both of us. You can call me on my name; my name is Hadrian, what’s your name?”

“Strato...”

“Mm, what a peculiar name you have. Somehow it sounds familiar to me. Anyway I am delighted to be your friend if you’d allow me to?”

“We’re holding hands?”

“Yes, I was right you are smart or maybe you only speak the truth you see. I’m not going to get my hopes up just yet, because you might turn out to be a clever rascal instead.”

“I might be sir, but I won’t say it’s intentional.”

“Well then I won’t have a problem. Tell me do you like school?”

“Nah I hate school. I wish I’d never have to learn a damn thing.”

“Ha-ha, nonsense, school’s not that bad. There are a lot of things you’d enjoy doing at school besides learning.”

“I am eleven, I did go to public school until fourth grade and no, I don’t like it one bit.”

“What about it is so bad?”

“I think it’s the teachers, they force me to do all that they want according to their system. I just don’t like living like that.”

“That’s maybe why you were lost. I’m not trying to tell you how wrong you are Strato and I surely

won’t agonize you more by telling you what to do, but this world have come a long way and through many trials and tribulations they have almost created a perfect system for us. That same system still has its flaws don’t get me wrong it’s not for all of us. For the time being stick with it or find a way to work it so you can accept it. Honestly though, this is ironic, because I myself have a social disagreement in terms of how the common society feels towards... towards something. Hey look...”

He pointed to yet another incredible ray of the sun against the morning clouds. It erased his previous thought to disturb the priest again for directions. The path was lit all the way back to St. George’s hotel and both their smiles just grew larger at each other. It was like the night blinded their now obvious route back. His eyes only opened when he accepted what he could not believe he has been given. It might single-handedly be the most precious and wonderful factor he will never see harmed.

Boy Paints Train

contributed by SimbaLion



New York World's Fair (1939-1940). Photographer unknown.

A Boylover's Journal

by Everett

march 5 - argentina

it is so damn cold here. at least to me, it seems. other people around here seem to be okay with their socks off... i have on like all five of my shirts and im still freezing. no cold shower for me today, thanks! but really: i should consider a warmer climate if i am going to get stuck in some country. (however, at this temperature, at least there are not swarms of mosquitoes or snakes or scorpions!) i really don't like scorpions. they seem evil.

well, its crazy because i am truly depressed: i am bored with life, i resent all the things that are required of life, like eating and such, and i am just feeling very broken and irreparably screwed up, and so why bother with anything. its all meaningless and unfun, etc. classic. but at the same time i sort of have a sense of humor still and see the whole thing as simply 'depression.' it is seriously unfun, but i am trying to not take it too seriously.

i wish i could snap out of it though. where is that joy of being? i need to just look this loneliness in the face and figure out: "why are you so sad? what is this really all about? what is this loneliness feeling?"

well, its obviously about my love of boys. it sounds nice, sure: to love a boy. simple. but in this world it seems to be a life sentence of unrelenting loneliness. yeah, because im a boylover im doomed to both loneliness and always always lying about who i am. i don't know which is worse. they hurt in different ways, i guess.

its just that the practical aspects of this boylove thing are so complicated with their specific and general concerns (of secrecy, safety, etc) that i am just stuck. and laying in bed on this cold rainy day painfully emphasizes the cruelty of the situation. bc having a boy, as friend, lover, warm body... sure would hit the spot today. it seems unfair that such a basic simple comfort in this life is so elusive and impossible for me. im not the only lonely person in the world, but the particular hopelessness of my boylove is ridiculous torture. the event horizon stretches endlessly towards profound loneliness.

march 9

when listening to the birds at dawn, you get the impression that they have no fucking idea that this happened yesterday or will probably happen again tomorrow. it is totally fresh and new for them every single time. they are overwhelmed with joy that the dark cold night is magically receding into warmth and light. it's a miracle to be celebrated, and you can hear that sacredness in their song. and so if you can enter that song deeply it lends you this essence of the sacredness of the world.

i am so tired of having to keep silent on my sexuality. i don't mean to lie to people, but... i just cant mention it. so i keep quiet. i guess this is smart, as an honest discussion cant really happen when the people don't have matching dictionaries. and society has handed out a lousy version regarding boylove. i really sort of want to mildly and casually come out. just sort of mention that i love boys,

including their erotic aspect. but i suppose this is a huge mistake. no one would get it.

the thing is... i genuinely love boys. i don't just want to fuck them. it feels more like a love from the heart than of the genitals. now, true, ultimately this 'love' could be argued down to 'egoic love', but it seems like a healthy or at least benign form of ego. i don't want to be controlled by the ego and its conditioning, but at the end of the day i still want to cuddle up with a boy. how can you argue against kissing and laughing? god, it sounds so nice. i would really like to get a taste of it before i die. just a kiss would be fine. a true kiss. heartfelt.

march 12

okay, well... im not actually depressed at the moment, but i have been haunted lately by that usual old loneliness thing. my particular variety, with the patent unfairness of the whole set-up... never being able to have someone to love, and to love me. the sexual aspect of this travesty is the most compelling towards sadness, just because i suppose it is the most obviously fun aspect of the relationship. and the unique aspect of the relationship.

and so... this lends itself to this woe-is-me self-pity type of sadness. but on an order of magnitude far beyond what other people suffer, simply because of the intractability of the problem (boylove being illegal, and such). so its not just simple painful heartbreak. its like all the suffering side of love, with none of the actual joy of love... because i never even get a chance.

so, yeah, i could go on and on.... forever lonely, no love, no sex. its really depressing. i have a lot of offer some boy.

march 22

this morning i made banana pancakes and subsequently fell into a banana-pancake coma for the next few hours. it was cold and rainy outside anyway, so this was all correct and good. i sure wish i had a boy to snuggle with. to rescue him from the cold rain and the cold world, stuff him full of banana pancakes, and then snuggle him into a warm sleep.

march 23

it sucks being me. no other curse in life even comes close. not even being black during slavery or pre-civil-rights. that at least was all explicit, not hidden. the contempt is close to equal, but they didn't even have to bother with trying to hide what they were, how they were born. i hate being inauthentic. forced to pretend that im not a boylover at all. boylover? no, not me. i like women or maybe im gay. whatever you need to think. but lets be very very sure not talk about it.

march 29

maybe i should start a concerted prayer for a loving boy who is also gay-ish and crazy about me. how nice it would be for sex to simply complement and enhance our love, rather than comprising it thru guilt and secrecy. how do other people who get this (otherwise normal) situation deal with what has to be such ecstatic bliss? how do they ever get out of bed?

april 4

soon my passport will run out and i will be stuck. at least i got out of the states though. i still cant believe it. all that scrambling to dissolve everything that i had set up to be my life. before the cops come. yikes. i cant believe my landlady just

walked into my house. i really should lock the door, but i pride myself on not locking the door. (i like to live like that when possible, like when im not in a high-crime neighborhood.) she was really such a bitch. the cops took all my lovely pot plants and my ultra expensive light. im pretty sure it was against the law to enter my house and all that, but the whole thing promised to be quite a scandal. plus my dog had just died. so i left the country.

it doesn't look like im coming back. im sure that not showing up in court has really pissed them off and might perhaps be reflected in some scary computer network of the government. anyway, mexico was really nice. i liked it there. as far as living in exile goes, it has a lot of options. anonymous metros or little scattered communities in the country or on the beach. i don't know why i left mexico. i guess just to check out other places before my passport expires. im trying hard to stay away from thailand. i know im too desperate to resist the child prostitution thing. and i don't want that. i mean, kids (or anyone) should be allowed to have sex for money. but at this stage in the game, its pretty obvious that their labor is cruelly tied to a system of corrupt adult pimps. and so im assuming its best if i stay away from that whole ugly mess.

the thing is i want to raise a boy. that would be so satisfying to me. but at the same time, it scares me because i know that children do have sexual curiosity and mild drives. and i would not want to have sex mess up our relationship, but i also would not want to have the rigid concept of no-sex mess up our relationship. i would want to be authentic and natural and let whatever sex happens to happen. but at the same time, i know my ego controls the sex stuff and so im scared that i would just set up situations for sex to 'naturally' happen. there wouldn't be any trauma. im not into trauma. im

more into fun and respect. i just want to be authentic, but also not be ego-driven to fuck. which i guess is just like children are... (probably the defining element of childhood sexuality is the absence of persistent overwhelming desire. they just have the mildly curious pull of novelty.)

april 29

i keep trying to talk myself out of sex, its physical and psychological thrill and promise. 'its all just fatally limited by the very nature of form. existentially youre barking up the wrong tree.' and despite the solid veracity of this fact, i will probably always be in the trap of desire. sexual desire being the more obvious, pressing, and specific of the more general and basic desire of being loved. im sure genital sex is great, but what im really craving is the far more psychological need of being loved.

my love for a boy seems so much more simple when its not focused on sex. yes, of course. but i need to realize that the whole game (which runs so deep that it really feels genuine, and not at all like a game) is based on this unfortunate lacking of felt-wholeness. i need the boy. and the intimacy of sex is the closest thing to total integration of that lacking piece which promises wholeness.

may 4

there has to be some merit to this notion of the apparent existential situation of that inner-void which lies at our core, in that it must be the source of all that we do and that we are.

may 10

ugh. i am overwhelmed with sadness. the scenario of me actually having and living with a boy that loves me is just so painfully clear as to the

profound joy it would lend my worldly existence. not just the sex. but the whole package of loving each other and being close friends. (sebadoh: 'all i need is one true friend...') and so, this scenario is in stark contrast to my current situation. because then its not just loneliness and boredom. there is just this haunting conviction that im missing out on the really big stuff in life. the big lesson. the big joy.

and this just results in my craving more for such an experience, which means... another spin in the cycle of existence after i die - which is a big no-no. its like i lose on every front! (im really not exaggerating here.)

i would hope that at least i would have the presence of mind at physical death to understand that this boylover existence of mine is just not all that great and is better left behind. and thus that at the very least my boylove would somehow help me to accept death gracefully. but the understanding that it leaves me with a huge craving for more sense experience (and thus another body) really seems to fuck everything up.

may 11

hello. i have just endless bad dreams. very very tense. not fun. it has actually been a long while since i have had a pleasant or neutral or funny dream. and this is very telling. it means my life is not that fun, or rather that there is this hidden endless stress and anxiety that figures large in my life. and this is what it is for me to be a boylover. you just don't want anyone to ever find out. bc if they do, you are dead. your life in that town is dead. suicide... or muster up the strength to restart it all somewhere else (and why bother... youre not having any fun anyway.).

i am so unhappy. currently its taking the form of anger and sadness. and the thing is that both are valid. a person is just going to feel like this if they are in this situation. im angry that the universe would create this boylover (me) who is really kind, yet refuses to bring any sort of boy to love into my life. a boy that needs the love, and is hopefully gay or gay-enough to have sex with me. that kind of love. heart-felt, but also romantic bc the love is so complete as so shatter all boundaries. right. so, im lonely. but gran mal. i mean, its ridiculous!!! a loneliness so hopeless that it generates an intense anger and sadness.

and the thing that sort of gets me sometimes is that i know that there are guys out there who are getting that. and that makes me feel like a loser. like i cant get it together. or when i try, the boy isnt attracted to me at all. its like all gay boys have been prohibited from entering my life. what the fuck!!!! it just kills me, bc i know there are tons of gay boys out there. and im sure many of them would like a friend such as myself to council them and suck their cocks. so what gives?

why does god hate me? or its more like... god is just as interested in a happy boylover than it is with an unhappy one. both are equally interesting for god's little game. (and there's no rush, bc everything will happen when youre dealing with eternity.) but there is a rush for me... the clock is ticking.

may 16

its funny bc one day i can be not so depressed at all, and be all laughing and cheerful and playing outside. and the good feeling is genuine. (its not outstanding or anything, but its okay. i do wish i was a bit more in love with life though.) and then... im just back to super-lonely sad guy who isnt hav-

ing fun. i know things change. that's how it goes... i guess i wish i had a more tenable life where cheerful happy love stuff could flourish instead of being buried to fester.

i will try to cheer up a bit. maybe i can eat some chocolate or something.

i guess ive got to get out of here and move on. argentina is okay, but its not dirt cheap like it used to be. its too hip now. i don't want to play the hip game anymore. dressing up in stylish clothes is just such a boring game. and i resign. i need someplace where the people are too poor to mess around with money games. mexico was like that. i think im homesick for mexico. but i should try other places to see if i anyplace really feels like home.

Whats to Come?

by cullen15

In my dreams there stands a boy,
 a boy that strikes my eyes.
 The eye sees there's something wrong,
 I try to ask the boy what is there to fear,
 but I cant seem to speak.
 He finally says what's wrong,
 and its me,
 he says I need to be closer.
 Closer than his darkest secret,
 and fear.
 I try to walk closer,
 But I'm stuck.
 Stuck in the darkness of my own dream.
 I lie awake asking myself,
 Was it a prophecy of what's to come,
 or did it mean something?



The Days Go By

by Silent King

The days go by
 one by one
 yet, I stay behind
 cursed to think
 about the mistakes I have made

The days and nights
 feel deadly at times
 as the thought of death
 skips along my mind

But as the thought skips
 and I begin to ponder
 why am I here
 A small piece of hope
 stops it in its tracks

The hope that I see
 as the only bright light
 in my hole called my life

The days go by
 as the light
 passes through the window
 The nights take their toll on me
 after the beatings of the day

The days go by
 another life is rewarded
 another life lost and gained
 one more life lost
 would mean no difference

The death bed that has been created
 The anger and other emotions
 that I have been bottling up
 for so long
 seem to find no departure from
 my guilty conscience

The days go by
 and the secrets that I
 outcast become even more heavy
 and harder to carry

I know the burden
 is too heavy to carry
 and at that moment I question
 why am I here
 shortly after I begin to see
 the light that has saved my life
 too many times

DVD Review: KIDS

by Rawspank

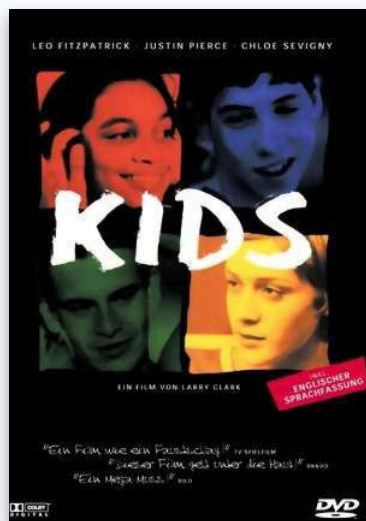
A controversial film on its release in 1995, 'Kids' is likely to remain a disturbing film to some viewers, though this may be mitigated by the appearance of a number of young teenage and pre-teen boys - many of them bare-chested - in various roles throughout much of the film. The controversy arose because of the film's portrayal of under-age sex (albeit simulated) as well as teenage drinking, drug-taking, violence and rape. The almost completely amoral lifestyle of the youngsters in the film is relentless.

The film centres initially around two mid-late teen boys named Telly (played by Leo Fitzpatrick) and Casper (Justin Pierce). Telly appears in the opening shot French-kissing a younger girl (Sarah Henderson) with whom he then has sex. For the rest of their morning, we follow the boys around New York, during which time their activities included drinking alcohol, jaywalking, shoplifting, publicly urinating, stealing money, jumping subway stiles, and taking drugs, all the while discussing (at length) their sexual exploits and the desirability of having sex with ever younger girls. Some viewers might like the skateboarding clips taken from the video the boys are loosely watching when Casper gets high in the company of their teen and pre-teen friends at the apartment of a man named Paul (Sajan Bhagat). Many skateboarding companies sponsored the film as will be apparent from their brand names on clothing and other gear used by the kids in the film.

Meanwhile, the scenes with the boys' activities are interspersed with those of a group of girls regaling each other with tales and boasts of their own

sexual exploits in the confines of one girl's bedroom. In this group is to be found Jennie (Chloe Sevigny) who reports her disgust at how Telly had nothing to do with her after they had sex together. Jennie and her friend Ruby (Rosario Dawson) subsequently visit clinics to find out the results of their blood tests to see if they carried any sexually transmitted diseases. Remarkably, the more promiscuous Ruby is found to carry no diseases while Jennie, who only had sex the one time, was found to have HIV. The film gains a stronger narrative thread from this point onwards as Jennie tries to find Telly during the rest of the day while Telly spends his time finding and wooing another young teen girl with the intention of having sex with her that same night.

In the afternoon, the boys meet up with a large number of their friends, many of them skaters, at a public park. While there, Casper accidentally skates into a man and reacts to the man's anger by assaulting him with his skateboard. Within the space of a minute, and cheered on by many leering bystanders, Casper is joined by some of his friends who together severely beat and kick the man until



the he is left unconscious (or dead) on the ground. This gratuitous violence presages the spread of gang-related and teenage violence that is becoming all too commonplace in the first decade of the twenty-first century, although the knives (and to a lesser extent guns) increasingly used in teenage altercations today are not evident in 'Kids'. It is also unfortunate that it casts such a negative light on skateboarders, most of whom (in my experience) are decent people.

The story winds up with the protagonists all making their way to a kid's adult-free house party, the boys having gone for an illicit dip in a swimming pool with some of their male and female friends en route, and more or less concludes with a rape scene that follows on from one of statutory rape. The finale has Casper waking up in the morning after the party, asking himself 'What happened?' - clearly, the author's message.

'Kids' can be seen as an interesting historical document of mid-1990s Western adolescence. The skateboarding subculture portrayed in the film has since, with the assistance of the World Wide Web and satellite TV, become increasingly main stream and global in reach. Also, not a single mobile/cell phone is anywhere to be seen, least of all in the hands of teenagers, which is a remarkable contrast to the present situation (only fourteen years on) when most teenagers and many preteen children possess one.

Overall, the film is a depressing look at how kids left alone to themselves with seemingly little or no adult presence in their lives and no positive role models to follow can end up spending their days competing to outdo each other drinking, drug-ging and fucking with no apparent awareness of the risks involved. While the girls are portrayed

more as victims (of rape/sexual assault), if initially willing ones in some cases, the boys are portrayed as conscienceless hedonists. The only redeeming moment in the boys' day was when Casper gave charity to a legless man (Raymond Batista) on the subway.

The DVD, which was released in 2001 by Momentum Pictures as part of its World Cinema Collection, is a little disappointing. No inlay card or booklet accompanies the DVD while the only special features are the film's trailer and Dolby Stereo. From the BL point of view, the scene selection is useful for getting to the good bits, the best boy-related chapters being 3, 5, 11-13 and 16. Bare-chested boys can be seen in all of these (four of them sitting shoulder-to-shoulder in chapter 13), although some viewers may be put off by seeing some of the boys drinking, smoking or taking drugs in some of these scenes.



Kids is rated 18.

Directed by Larry Clark; written by Harmony Korine; music by Lou Barlow and John Davis; produced by Cary Woods (executive producers Gus Van Sant, Michael Chambers, and Patrick Panzarella); released by Alliance Atlantis/Shining Excalibur Pictures, 1995; DVD released by Momentum Pictures, 2001.

The Expatriate Boylover: Living and Working in a Foreign Country

by Midnighter

With the current laws and prejudices against pedophilia reaching fever pitch in the Western World, quite a fair number have decided to go ahead and pull out their roots and take a chance with permanently moving to a foreign land where there is less scrutiny and hatred for their sexual preferences. But the questions on most people's mind are: how would it work and how could they do it?

"It's quite easy, actually," says Mr. R, a well-seasoned boylover who has lived in eight different countries over the past twenty years. "The whole key to it all is attitude. If you have enough determination, then anything is possible."

Mental preparation is an important factor: not everyone can just pack up their bags and head out into the great unknown; you have to want to do it. A budding expatriate must carefully weigh his options as to whether he has the health, language skills, employment contacts and the right attitude to not only survive but to thrive in an unfamiliar environment where the language and culture might be very different as to what he is accustomed to.

A psychological checklist might run like this: am I willing to live "rough"? Could I learn a new language? Will I adapt myself to the new culture

and embrace it as my own? Am I willing to live far away from my family and the friends I have known for a significant period of time? Will I be able to earn money in a foreign country? Can I

handle the stress of living by myself for awhile? Can I easily make friends? If one can answer yes to all of these questions then it is only the beginning of the preparation to go and do it.

So what are the next steps? Research, research, research. "In my time, we didn't have the internet," Mr. R said. "If you wanted to go somewhere exotic you had to ask someone who had been there about his experiences or go to your local library and read for hours. But now with

the internet you can get whatever information you need within minutes; whether it's getting first hand travel stories from a blog or a forum or just logging on to a specific country's webpage, it's all there."



It makes sense to use resources like the internet to check on whether a particular country is suitable for your future living. Things to consider may be the local culture, local laws, language, climate, local economy, political stability/crime and your adjustment phase. Another good suggestion is to actually visit the country you are planning to move to before the actual move- that way you can get first-hand knowledge as to what it really is like.

Mr. B, a British expatriate who just recently began to live in South East Asia, agrees. "Traditionally the best places a boylover could live in without fear of persecution would be Third-World countries in regions such as South East Asia, South America and Eastern Europe," Mr. B said, "there are plenty of opportunities to find boys there who are willing to live with you because their parents are simply too poor to take care of them."

Once you've decided upon which country to move to you will then need to prepare for your eventual relocation and a number of factors must be considered. The first and most important is a thorough review of your assets, liabilities and your ability to financially survive in that new country. "How much do you owe and how much do you own? You need to decide whether to have someone safeguard anything in your name regardless of what it is; if it's a house, or a car or whatever," Mr. R said. "If you're gonna leave behind debt like an unpaid credit card or a car loan then make sure they can't track you."

Tax liabilities play an integral part as well; will you declare any of your overseas income back to the tax board of your original country? In the case of Mr. R, as an American he prefers to file

and keep paying his taxes so that he has an option to vote in both State and Federal elections but that may not necessary for everyone. The best thing to do is find out what tax implications you will have as a foreign citizen living overseas.

Another potential problem may be issues related to your health. "I've heard of one particular guy who ended up getting a heart attack only a few weeks after he moved to his newly adopted country," Mr. R said, "his friends who moved with him were desperately trying to contact his relatives to try and get some money for treatment but those rednecks were so distrustful on sending money to a country they never heard of that the poor man died in agony over the next two weeks in a hospital bed in the middle of the jungle, not a very good way to die so its important that you get a proper medical checkup before you do this."

Lastly, there is an issue of how to earn money once you get to your favored destination. While Mr. R is now a retiree, the younger Mr. B needed to get a steady job in order to live in his newly adopted country. "It was hard at first," said Mr. B, "but fortunately I was able to get a job as a teacher because I have a university degree and the English language school was willing to take anyone as long as they were Native English speakers with any university degree, so I guess I lucked out but nevertheless I would highly recommend that anyone else who thinks of doing this better have a job waiting for them when they get to wherever they are supposed to be going or else they might have to come stumbling back home again."

Even after you've overcome those hurdles there is still the question of fitting in. "Oh, I was

homesick for the first six months when I started doing this back in the eighties, you know,” said Mr. R, “it’s the mental grind of being in an unfamiliar place, eating unfamiliar food and listening and talking in a language you’re not familiar with. There were times that I came really close to giving it up and packing it all in, you know. But I decided to stick with it and it’s worked out.”

Mr. B agrees. “I’m feeling homesick right now to be honest, but I just have to go on, I feel like giving up but if I go home now it’s even worse,” he said.

In addition to the stress and rigors of expatriate life, being a boylover makes it dangerous as well. “I wouldn’t move to Thailand now,” Mr. R explains, “it used to be heaven back in the 80’s and 90’s but now all the boys there have become informants for the cops and there are numerous sweeps and raids so I would avoid that place entirely. Those do-gooder missionaries and anti-sex political advocates ruined it all.”

“I think the best place to be is where no one else is,” Mr. B said, “don’t go to where all the boylovers go to, it’s better to be by yourself. That way, as long as you keep a low profile you won’t attract unwanted attention. Better safe than sorry.”

However, despite the added stress and the dangers both boylover expatriates that were interviewed for this article remain adamant that they did the right thing. “Oh, I wouldn’t give up my life for all the riches in the world,” Mr. R said, “I get to wake up every morning with a beautiful boy at my bedside, what could be better for boylovers like myself than that?”

“I haven’t found a young friend yet,” Mr. B said with a slight grin, “but I’m getting close and when I do, I will be the happiest person in the entire planet and all the sacrifices I made will be worthwhile.”

CREATIVE WORK

The Joys of Drawing Boys

by Anemic Fairy



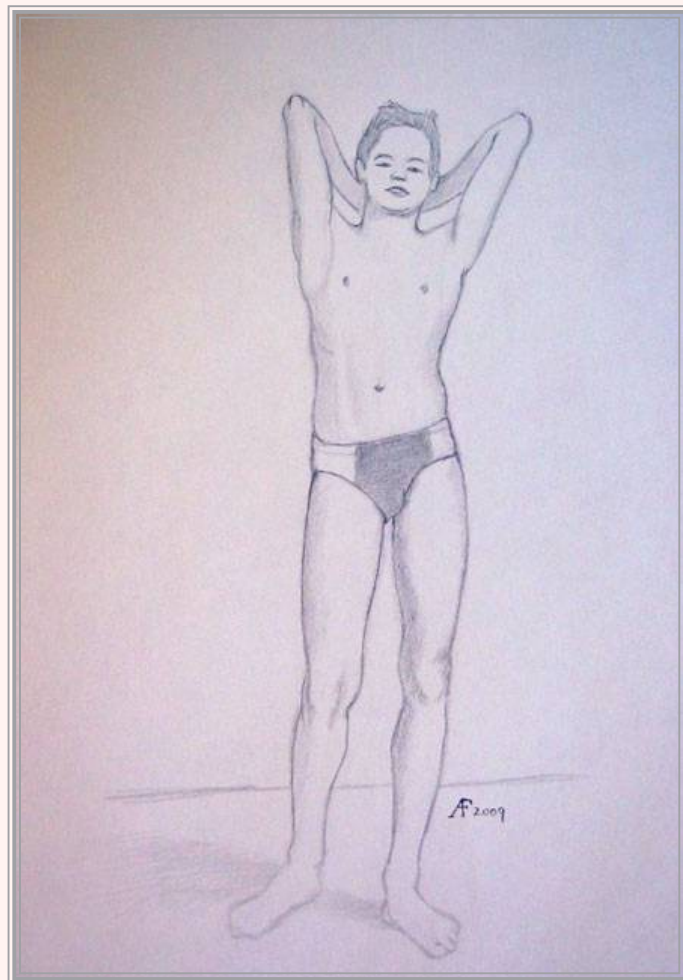
Drawing something is a bit like touching it - it is in some ways a curiously tactile thing. So it is perhaps no surprise that I enjoy drawing boys. I have always had only one problem: I have absolutely no talent for visual art. All through my youth there was nothing I wanted so much as to learn to draw, but I made no progress and no one could teach me. I eventually assumed that it is simply a matter of having or not having talent.

But I eventually got hold of a book titled Drawing

on the right side of the brain, by one Betty Edwards, in which she demonstrates that while talent certainly helps, and while no amount of training can turn an average person into Rembrandt or Michelangelo, anyone can learn to draw reasonably decently. It is all a matter of learning to look at things and really see them, in the way that artists see them, and to learn to switch off the logical, symbolic parts of our minds. Working through her book, I made more progress in a month or two than I had in the previous twenty years. I eventually hit a ceiling again. Even using her little tricks and techniques, it takes a lot of practice, and I turned out to be an exceptionally slow learner. I have been at it for years now and still struggle to capture a recognizable portrait likeness, and to get things like proportions and the correct alignment of eyes and ears as they should be. In her book, Edwards has examples of some of her students who appeared to have learned more in six months than I did in six years. Doing this certainly requires a high tolerance for failure and frustration. But perhaps I’ll eventually also manage to produce a half decent drawing.

Ideally, one should draw from direct observation. But I’m sure it might lead to a few slightly awkward situations if I were to hang around at schools looking for models, so I use reference photos. These have the advantage that they are cheap, fairly freely available, and willing to sit absolutely still for as long as you want them to. But reference

photos have many disadvantages as well, such as distortions of perspective, and lighting that might work well for a photo but not for a drawing. Then there are also rather mundane troubles, for example, in this drawing the printer for some reason refused to print out the entire photo. It kept on cutting off the feet, so I had to improvise a bit, and at this point I am no good at drawing from memory and imagination:



Another good way to learn not only the basics of drawing, but also to develop an intuition for noticing and correcting some of the problems with reference photos, is to make copies of the work of master artists, and even a rapidly and roughly scribbled sketch can be a useful learning experi-

ence, such as this one I did in ballpoint pen one day at work, when there wasn't much else to do (it is after a painting by the 17th century French artist Claude Vignon):



I have thus far always drawn the same way as one writes: at a desk. But I recently followed the advice of a professional artist and got hold of a small easel to put on my desk (I don't have space for a proper art studio with big easels and elaborate setups!). In some respects, this did help a lot. It is much easier to compare your developing drawing with the reference photo if you can keep both in view at the same time instead of having to look up at the photo and then down onto your drawing. But I am not at all used to working with the pencil held in what is for me a very awkward and unnatu-

ral position, so I eventually had to erase lots of accidental lines and marks, and of putting in finer detail there was no question. This will take some getting used to!

However amateurish my drawings look to my eyes, it is a pleasant hobby. Like all journeys, half of the fun lies in the journey itself rather than the destination. For a boylover, it is of course also a way to deal with what we all have to deal with, namely

that following our natural instincts is illegal just about everywhere. We're not allowed to grab any boys, but at least thus far, drawing them is perfectly legal. So whenever I get hold of a nice photo, I take some paper and pencils, load an eclectic selection of music on the iPod (everyone from Sigur Ros to Mahler have kept me company while drawing) and spend a few pleasant hours with a boy of my choice.



Passion

by LoneBoyWonderer

I just want to say before the poem, I do not, and have not read or studied any olde English, or Shakespearean literature etc..., except at school when we had to do it as part of English, but I just attempted this. Though it actually has meaning as well.

Passion

Oh life thy cruel fate, why dost thou torture me so?

Oh cruel vanity of pederasty

Thou cursed tempest upon me dost breathe death unto my bones

Thy face of blessed evil consumes my exceeding mainstay

Seeking love and lust for the connection of affliction unto me

You seeketh me with thy rays of modesty

Purging my heart to the death of pedophilic love

Tempt me and lure me to the place of the dark valley

This love is both blessed and cursed

When will thy perfidious grip uplift?

Lift away, and seek another soul?

My humility is complete and humiliation disregarded in chorus

Lift away from me, leave punctually

To set free one's love for the blessed curse laid bare upon me.

Started and finished 05/05/09.

We know society likes to demonize and dirty what we as child lovers try and make clear: that LOVE is NOT ILLEGAL. Yes, there are some people who have sex with underage kids, but let me repeat that, 'there are some people who have sex with underage kids'. The operative word there, being, some.

(From now on, I will use the term 'kid' rather than 'child', because I am an adult, and I am my parent's child, but I am not a kid, because I am an adult.)

A kid can consent to which food (s)he wants to eat, which games (s)he wants to play, if they want to go

out and play with their friends. We all as humans are sexual creatures, no? If not, then why all the prostitution, rape, and plenty of other disregard for self and others? I'm not saying we should be selfish, but we need to take care of ourselves and each other, rather than forcing our sexual 'prowess' over others and exerting force and pressure on them to make ourselves feel better. No. What we should do is love. I am not a pederast. I am a pedophile, and there is nothing wrong with loving and appreciating kids. Remember, being a pedophile and being a pederast are not the same. What I am trying to say, is that, out of love, we care for and help kids. Sex is a beautiful thing, or at least it should be, though there are, as we know, plenty of people who dirty this, which makes it so much more difficult for those of us who are trying to be genuine, yet society, and the media won't have it and won't allow us.

Yes, rape is illegal. Consent is not. "So, Jimmy. What do you want for your Birthday?" Jimmy can understand and make a choice. I know sex is a risky area, but properly and fully teaching a kid about love, and not lust, is important and then can help said kid make an informed and valid decision, without coercion from the elder person. BUT IT HAS TO BE ON THE KID'S TERMS. Love is "What can I GIVE TO this?" Lust is the total and complete opposite: "What can I TAKE FROM this?"

If kids are not sexual creatures, then how is it that we know kids do sexual things, via consent, with other kids, while they are young? I myself did things when I was underage. I have no problem in saying this, because all the legal stuff that has happened because of this is over and done with, and sealed for eternity. I just want to say for those of you who may want to know, there was no penetration of any sort. However, there definitely

were opportunities for me to do so, and yet I chose not to. The other person(s) involved were underage as well - there were no adults. So my point is, if I can choose what food I want, and what presents I want, how can I not choose to experiment and find-things-out? When I was in school, I rather enjoyed Physics. I go to school, I learn things. I go to Science class, I learn things. I do experiments, I learn things. So why is it wrong to learn sexual things? Yes, sex is so-very important and precious, and we shouldn't want to just go 'round with anybody for it, but we need to make sure we are sure.

My poem here, now it is released, those who read it can get their own understanding of things with it. But it is true. I have no brothers. My family is predominantly female. My dad lives miles and miles away. It is rather lonely as being a male in my family, so my passion, which can also be a burden if I focus on it too much, is definitely true. As others have described, the love of these beautiful creatures can be both a blessing and a curse.

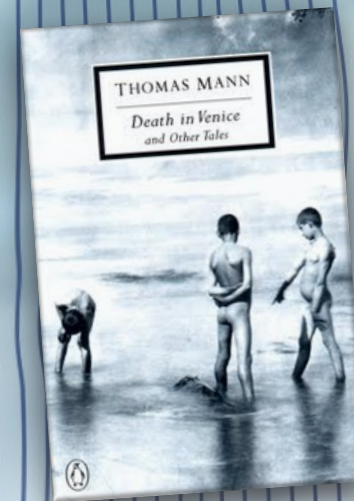
I just hope that people can actually make a proper and informed decision about their attitudes to people, and if you want to jump to millions of conclusions, be careful you don't tire yourself out. You look rather hot and bothered right now. All you need to do is stop, relax, calm down, and listen. You can't make a judgement about me, because you are not perfect yourself. So please, don't waste your time, because it has little effect on me. Are you an adult? Then act like it.

Love, peace and chicken grease.

10 Boylove Novels You Must Read Before You Die (or go to jail)

by Midnighter

While not a definitive list, I have included some harder to find books and excluded the non-fiction stuff. In trying to make a list for varied themes and times, I hope you enjoy reading these as much as I did!

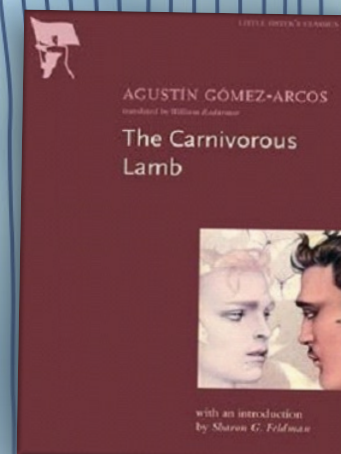
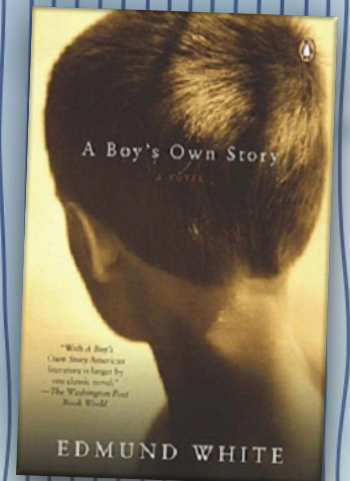


1. *Death in Venice* by Thomas Mann

While considered to be a classic of literature, Mann's novel of a tortured, guilt-ridden author entranced by a beautiful Polish boy while vacationing in plague ravaged Venice holds a special place for all boylovers as it is one of the few accessible books about pederasty available to them with no questions asked. Forget the obligatory tragic ending or the unconsummated, platonic love and just enjoy the poetic, lyrical passages as one gets transported to a simpler time, an age with no electronic surveillance, no anti-sex crusading politicians and no paranoid mothers with guns.

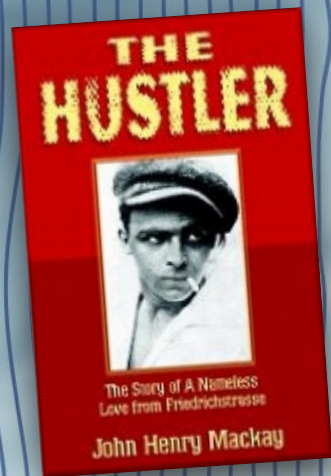
2. *A Boy's Own Story* by Edmund White

White is one of America's premiere writers of gay fiction and this semi-autobiographical novel is one of his best. The teenaged protagonist is attracted to a handsome, athletic 12-year old boy during a holiday sleepover and soon becomes a realistic and tender lover; while the younger boy soon forgets about their escapade as they go their separate ways, the narrator's journey into a new kind of sexuality is complete and utterly entrancing.



3. *The Carnivorous Lamb* by Augustin Gomez Arcos

Arcos' sarcastic, picaresque take on the Spanish Civil War and its aftermath centers on two incestuous brothers; the older brother Antonio is swarthy, handsome and masculine and at the age of five he immediately falls in complete love when his younger brother is born: the pale, blond and beautifully ravishing Ignacio. Whole chapters are devoted to their erotic games and as they get older, into full blown sex that borders on the pornographic. At times funny, erotic and farcical, Arcos' masterful writing will keep you glued until the end.

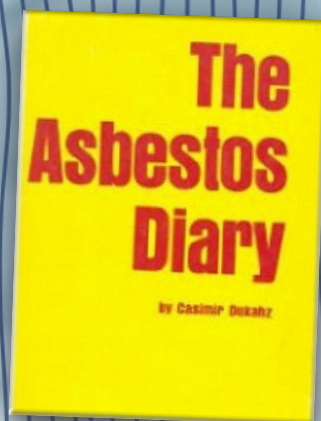


4. *Der Puppenjunge (The Hustler)* by John Henry Mackay

920's Berlin was the golden age of alternative lifestyles before the sexual revolution of the 60's; just before the Nazis took over and destroyed a burgeoning gay movement, it was THE city to enjoy the dizzying decadence of a new type of sexual culture. It was in this brief period of time that Mackay, a Scottish anarchist living in Germany, wrote this poignant, captivating novel of a mild mannered bureaucrat who meets and falls hopelessly in love with a handsome young boy who happens to be a prostitute.

5. *The Asbestos Diary* by Casimir Dukhaz

If Mann's *Death in Venice* was the boylove book that the general public could accept then this novel would be its evil twin. Dukhaz's book has only been reprinted once since it was first published back in the 1960's and collector's editions now fetch in excess of hundreds of Dollars- why? This is the one other classic book that the powers that be don't want anyone to read because the protagonist gets away with it, that's why! Raw, anarchistic and downright unscrupulous, Dukhaz's seminal boylove novel demands a reprint for a new generation.



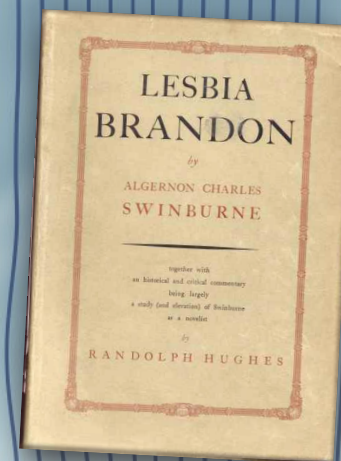
6. *Satyricon* Petronius

The complete work has been lost through the ravages of time and only fragments of Petronius Arbiter's biting, satiric comedy remains yet even these small snippets of the life and loves of the amoral Roman Encolpius and his boy slave Giton celebrates what life would be if boylovers were ever alive during the time of the Pax Romana.



7. *The Manhood Ceremony* by Ross Berliner

Written under a pseudonym, Berliner's novel about a pedophile serial killer who kidnaps and rapes a young boy after just being released from prison and is hunted by two cops, one openly gay and the other with a chip on his shoulder seems to smack of sensationalism and it mostly is but it is nevertheless interesting in that it fully illustrates the Stockholm syndrome as the kidnapped boy slowly falls in love with his tormentor and gets consumed by guilt over the discovery of his own sexuality.

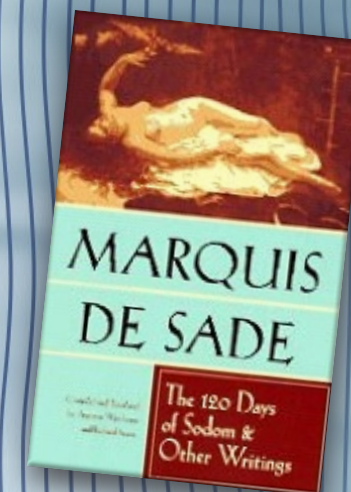


8. *Lesbia Brandon* by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Another incomplete work, this time written by one of the giants in Victorian literature, the fragmented *Lesbia Brandon* is most interesting in its opening parts as the protagonist is subjected to continuous whippings by a sadistic schoolmaster as a young boy and quite a number of scenes of him bathing in the nude.

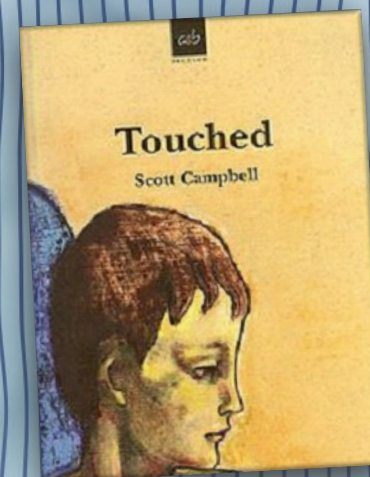
9. *The 120 Days of Sodom* by Marquis De Sade

From the man who gave us the word sadism comes an intimate portrait of human hell. Part perverted fantasy, part horror and add a touch of depravity and you get this, the third incomplete novel in this list (De Sade was dying when he wrote this and knew it, so the final parts are listed as notes rather than completed chapters). A cautionary tale of four wealthy men who kidnap and enslave two dozen kids of both sexes and then subject them to torture, rape and other acts of unrivalled fiendishness never quite gels due to its fragmentary form but is nevertheless a harrowing read for those strong of mind.



10. *Touched* by Scott Campbell

A seemingly simple story about a boy who tells his mother that he was molested by a neighbor and the destructive repercussions that follow gives this novel a realistic edge; instead of portraying the boylover as a monster who has no feelings other than lust, the multiple narratives coalesce into an intimate portrait of a loving man who just happens to have a different sexual preference than the rest of the world.



The Joy of Life

by LJ marcus

The world Stops, everything is a blur, you struggle to re-focus and when your vision finally clears you focus in on a little face. Starring up at you, a beautiful pure face, smooth of all worries; deep eyes looking to absorb all that you give them; love, kindness, sadness, meanness, whatever you feed them. You are handed the miracle of life, you are holding the reason man has lived for so long, the joining of cells, the creation of all knowing pre-programmed cells, that rush toward the end of all times. You are of course full of joy, speechless with the awe of it all, and the beauty of new life, then just as you hand the baby back, the towel around the waist drops, and you see the joy of your life, the beauty of your struggles, a baby cock! You pull your new love into your arms and hug him deeply.

Your life changes, as you look back, you did not realize how fast the years flew by! It was blue crib, and teddy bears, followed by GI JOE and Martian Robots! You just can't wait for your weekends, not just surfing the net on all of your BL sites, but the one weekend a month, when you get to be with that bundle of Boy Joy, your favorite nephew!

The week is a blur, you hum away at your job, constantly planning for the weekend! Should we swim, or do movies? Maybe another camping trip with fishing and swimming, or a trip to the race track and the museum. You start to feel a rise inside your belly about Thursday, no amount of wanking can contain your excitement. But it is deeper than mere sexual feelings of physical attraction, you

try to explain your feelings to a select few friends, however you just can't but words to your feelings.

Are you a monster? Are you a pervert? I mean your own nephew, how could you have such deep feelings of lust for such a young person? how could you possibly consider your perversions to be Love? Screw it, you toss these feelings aside as Friday lunch time rolls around and you have paid for two tickets to a movie, gotten the newest video game, and stocked up on his favorite snacks!

As you drive across down, those thoughts and feelings rush back with the rush each hour; faces from your past pop into your head, with words of 'dirty', "pervert", and "Pedophile". So you dive into your mind as you weave through traffic, and sort out your thoughts. Yes there is that deep sexual lust, but far more outweighing are the feelings of Love. Love, what is love to you? How do you know you are in love with a boy who can not even understand what love is. So you explain to yourself: Well, to me Love is the smile on his face, as I tickle his tummy after a fast joke. The way he looks up to me for answers to his questions. The way he pouts when he doesn't get his way, but recovers fast after time out and a warm hug. Love is the way I feel about him, the way I worry that he is happy and feeling good; your house looms ahead as you re-focus on your night.

The weekend fly's by so fast. You are lifted like "the wind under a sparrows wings". Friday you quickly enjoy a bath, and are surprised at your ability to maintain "boner control", before you tuck your nephew into the guest cot for bed. You stop at the bedroom door to enjoy the shadows as he pulls his underpants off and sets them on the floor, because he wants to sleep naked like you, as soon as he thinks you aren't looking.

Saturday morning, you wake up, not hugging your favorite teddy bear, but your naked nephew! You just barely clear his skin as your boner reaches full mast, and enjoy a fast wank in the bathroom door as you see him start to stir, and slowly wake up, exploding your boy lust into the toilet as he sits up. You return to the bathroom door, naked but with your boner in full retreat, as he jumps out of bed and passes you for the toilet, smiling as he thinks you just cleared pee boner. Twice more during the day, you relive your lust in the privy of a toilet stall, while your nephew handles his business in the stall next to you. Yet it is not his body that excites you, it is his "boyness", his innocent and restrictive love for you that is exciting. You love the way he has no shame in kissing you on the lips; or holding your hand all over town. The day ends way to soon with a longer bath, and lecture about boys sleeping together (secretly hoping he does it again). You pause over his face and stare into his eyes just enjoying his presence, until he can wait no longer, and he leans up and gives you your good-night kiss, full on the lips.

You fall asleep with a smile and silent wish, for a snuggling nephew to wake up to.

Sunday dawns with a nephew under your arms, and he has tucked your business between his thighs. You quickly remove yourself, forcing yourself to

move before he wakes, and kiss him on the ear as you head to the toilet to relieve your lust once again.

As Sunday lunch fast approaches, you start to fell depression and sadness. You will miss your nephew, all of his love, and companionship. As if he senses this, he cheers you up with silly antics, giggles and wish's for the next visit! You finish the afternoon with him sleeping on your lap, in front of a dumb ass Disney movie that you hate! The dreaded door opens and your sister beams a giant smile as she see's her son cuddled on your lap. You smile back, hoping she does not notice your raging boner under the warm boy, as you gently lift him and carry him out to the car. Seat belt is strapped; you kiss him on the forehead, and reluctantly pull your head out of the back seat.

"He really loves these weekends with you" you sister announces as she turns your head, and wipes the tear from your eye. "Don't worry uncle, you will get him for two whole weeks this summer" she closes with as she plants a loving kiss on your lonely cheek.

You want to say so much, you want to declare your undying love for the boy and beg that he be allowed to live with you forever, but instead you simply, gently close her car door, and stand staring as the taillights fade into nothingness. You then return to your apartment, smelling the cot, the sweaty pillow, the dirty undershorts you found stuffed in the couch, the damp swim suite, and the lonely sock stuffed under your blankets. Your previous plan of porn and a wank gone with the fading lights of your Boy Love, you simply retire to your bed, and snuggle your teddy bear, now wearing the musty shorts of your love.

The next issue of
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