



Boylover.net Memories

page 5

Freedom of Fantasy

how sexual expression
and sharing can keep
you out of trouble

page 13

Boygod:

The Continuing
Appeal of Florian

page 18

Keeping
the Children
SAFE

page 26

Modern Boylover Magazine is a semiannual publication put together by boylovers. The magazine appears twice a year. The community spirit plays a continuing role in the publication of this magazine, since material is to be written by boylovers for boylovers. 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 editor@modernblmag.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. We hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed making it for you!

Features and Profiles

- NEW! [Boylover.net Memoriets](#) page 5
- ▶ [BL.net Top Ten: Reasons Boylover.net Matters to You!](#) page 12
- NEW! [Freedom of Fantasy...How sexual expression and sharing can help sustain you and keep you \(and him\) out of trouble.](#) page 13
- NEW! [Boygod: The Continuing Appeal of Florian](#) page 18
- ▶ [An Interview with SimbaLion](#) page 22
- NEW! [How a Boy Taught Me About Boylove](#) page 41
- ▶ [An Interview with Edward Bear](#) page 44

Boy Fashion

- ▶ [Queer Eye for the Straight Boy](#) page 28

Adults and Boys Together

- ▶ [The Hunt for a Boy](#) page 17
- ▶ [Interracial Boylove](#) page 20

Youth Member Reflections

- ▶ [A Boy Being a Boylover](#) page 40

www.modernblmag.net Staff
Administartors: 420Guy, Anset, Audric & Underdog.
Moderators: bW, DFJ, Heebie & Silent King
Forum Representative: Solace (www.littleboylover.com)

Editorial Essays

- NEW! [Keeping the Children Safe](#) page 26

Art, Entertainment and Book Reviews

- ▶ [An American Pedophile and the Vienna Boys' Choir](#) page 15
- ▶ [10 Boylove Novels You Must Read Before You Die \(or go to jail\)](#) page 36

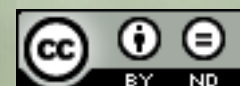
Creative Work

- ▶ [Dreaming Wonderland](#) page 14
- NEW! [Untitled](#) page 14
- ▶ [Making the Cut](#) page 27
- ▶ [This Boy](#) page 27
- NEW! [Jewel of the Lotus](#) page 32
- NEW! [Eyes of the Truth](#) page 43

Winners from the 2009 Boylover.net Photo Editing Contest

- ▶ [1st Place, Tonymasons](#) page 48
- ▶ [2nd Place, Xinker](#) page 31
- ▶ [Letter From the Editor](#) page 4
- ▶ [Scrapbook - Contest Info](#) page 11

Logo by [flints](#). Cover Design by [Anset](#), image provided by the members of [Boylover.net](#) and chosen by the members of [Little-Boylover.com](#). Composition by [Audric](#). Layout for pages 2 - 11 by [420Guy](#). Layout for pages 28 - 31 by [Cyborg](#). Layout for pages 36 - 39 by [Vanitas](#). For information about the images used in this magazine, please view page 48.



Modern Boylover Magazine is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Non Commercial 3.0 License. ~ creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/3.0

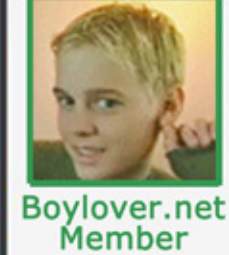
If you share this work or selected content from it, attribution must be made to Modern Boylover Magazine at ~ www.modernblmag.net. Additional permission is granted to translate the magazine and its contents into languages other than English, as long as the other provisions of the license are followed. Questions about the license can be directed to editor@modernblmag.net.



»Hello, MBM [log out] Modern Boylover Magazine » Issue #8 » Letter From the Editor

Author Topic: Letter From the Editor

420Guy 😊😞 posted 03-21-2010 12:00 AM ✉️ editor@modernblmag.net



Much has happened in the BL world since I posted the 'Write for Us' topic on Boylover.net in November 2009. I was excited about the upcoming issue, I even had two articles that had been submitted ahead of time. I took a more active approach....sending PMs to members and asking them to contribute something based on their posting styles etc. As excited as I was, I was also beginning to feel that it was time for me to step down from the Entertainment Coordinator position. The job was one of the coolest experiences I've ever had, it was time to let someone else enjoy it. Fate it seems, had other plans.

On November 25th 2009, Boylover.net went offline. I didn't think too much of it at first, the website had gone offline once in awhile for various reasons. Since I couldn't do anything with my contests, I worked on an article for the magazine. Once the news began trickling in, it became evident that BLN would not return. I felt that it was important now more than ever for Modern Boylover Magazine to continue. In the weeks that followed, others began to share the magazine as well. Various links and uploads to copies of MBM popped up on the www. Proving that the magazine will live on, with or without a website to host it. There are copies on computers around the world, in some cases people have even printed issues onto paper.

With the help of a few members, modernblmag.net was born. Here we can share the memories from a time when we were all together on the world's biggest BL board, and create new memories for the future! :)

We have some great new articles in this issue, and we also take a look back at some of the articles that helped to shape Modern Boylover Magazine. I am optimistic that we can create more great issues in the future, but I am also content if this is to be the last one.

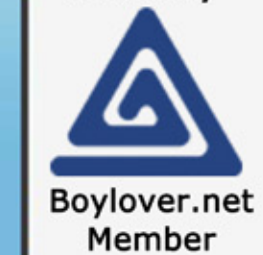
Thank you to everyone who has contributed to this issue and issues of the past. To LostBoy, SimbaLion and Underdog....thanks for all of your hard work, great ideas, and for giving me this opportunity. To Anssset & Audric....thanks for making it all possible! :)



»Hello, MBM [log out] Issue #8 » Features and Profiles » Boylover.net Memories

Author Topic: Boylover.net Memories

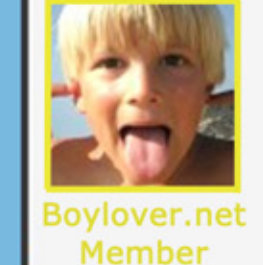
Twitchy 😊😞 posted 03-21-2010 12:04 AM



BLN was a website that helped me to accept who I was finally. I have never seen or known a stronger group of people who firmly believe in a cause and followed through with it like the staff and members of BLN. BLN was a home for all of us. Accepting all people from all over the world under one roof so to speak. It is my hope that this community can continue to carry on BLNs motto. Support and Fellowship.

Twitchy

bW 😊😞 posted 03-21-2010 12:07 AM



R.I.P BoyLover.net – the greatest boylove board there has ever been.

I owe so much to the board, its creator and volentary staff than they will ever know. What I learnt about myself in my near 5 year membership will be with me forever, and I say without hesitation that it has made me a better person, a better boylover, and a better example of the human spirit.

To all ex BLn members, I hope you are doing well given the current situation. I miss the board heaps, as I'm sure everyone else does. I still have hope that one day might come in future where we can go back home. :|

Love Boys Always.

Your buddy,


bW :)





»Hello, MBM [log out] Issue #8 » Features and Profiles » Boylover.net Memories

Author Topic: Boylover.net Memories

Underdog

 Boylover.net Member

 posted 03-21-2010 12:15 AM

I've been attracted to boys since I was twelve. At the time, I thought that I was gay since the boys were my age. I spent my Jr. High and High School years surfing the net for images of young boys. I watched as websites were there one day and gone the next. The images that I sought out were of the illegal nature so sites didn't last too long. This all changed when I graduated from High School.

I had just started college and was scared at what the world had in store for me. Through a board that is no longer around, I met a friend. This friend introduced me to BoyLover.net. I joined in January 2004 and had no idea what this board would mean to me in the future. As most new members, I joined BoyLover.net for the Gallery. I made my 10 posts and then went to lurking. The greatest thing about the Gallery is that the images posted there were not illegal. So there was a feeling of safety when viewing them. Through the Gallery I made some very close friends and became a frequent poster there.

One day as I went to log on, I noticed that the banner was advertising Moderator positions. I clicked the link, submitted my application, and waited for what I figured would be a "Who are you?" answer. To my surprise I was granted an interview. There I was told that I needed to be more active in other rooms like the Porch. After the interview, I took my first steps into the Porch. That's how a spam whore was born. In all seriousness, going from Gallery lurker to prolific Porch poster changed me. I made friends and connections that I will never forget. I learned to accept myself as a boylover and a person.

My first Moderator gig was, big surprise, a Gallery Moderator. I soon added the Porch and Paperboy to boot. The time that I had with my Senior Moderators and fellow Moderators were some of the best times in my life. It may seem odd to use such a monumental line like that. I'm no stranger to excitement in my real life and friends and connections that I'll never forget. The difference here is that these people knew me better than my real life friends. They knew who the real me was... a boylover!

I soon took the position of Entertainment Coordinator. In this position I had the privilege to work with a wonderful creation called Modern Boylover Magazine. This semi-yearly production was a giant undertaking but a rewarding one too. To help get real stories about boylovers to the public was a pleasure. I got to help work on 3 issues of MBM before getting the chance to become Assistant Moderator Manager.

Author Topic: Boylover.net Memories

In the AMM position I received the chance to manage a wonderful team of Moderators and make even more friends among the Admin team. That position was short lived.

After a falling out between some of the Directors and LostBoy, I was promoted to Director. I remained a Director until I got online one day to realize that the board was gone. There is nothing more devastating to know that you've lost someone or something that you love. The camaraderie of being a member and staff member of BoyLover.net will be hard to find elsewhere. The slander and lies about the board by Law Agencies, News Reports, and other anti-boylovers are just that.

Here is what I know about BoyLover.net. It was the largest & most successful boylover board. There was never any child pornography hosted on our server and we didn't require members to post images to stay on. LostBoy was a good friend and one of the smartest coders I've known. Even though the board is gone, I will always be from BoyLover.net.

To my friends from BoyLover.net, I don't know if some of us will see each other again. All I can do is wish you the best and let you know that I will never forget the times that we have had together.

To LostBoy, words cannot express the gratitude that I have for you. The time and money you spent to build a home for many lost souls is immeasurable. I hope you can find strength in these desperate times and that one day your name will grace my MSN again. I love you. Hugs my friend.

~Underdog



Treader

 MBM Visitor

 posted 03-21-2010 12:18 AM

Funny how something as simple as a board can change you and who you are. I started Much the same way (on a different board though ;)) Worked my way up from a lurker all the way up helping start and administrate another popular forum.

I learned so much and changed so much in only a few years. Only to stand and watch it all fall around me. I lost so many friend i don't know if I'll ever see again.... Unfortunately theses are hard times for us (and especially "us").

We must persevere though. The community has always endured here online. I've

seen it so many times. One board falls another rises. We have to honor those before us, and the ones we lost along the way. If we don't it's all in vain and it will never change.

I'm glad to see you've taken the magazine to it's new home and continued the work that should be done, and thank you.

Crake

🗿🗿 posted 03-21-2010 12:21 AM



Boylover.net Member

"I'll never be able to find my way around this metropolis," that's what I first thought when I first joined BL.net. I'd never been on a board that was so large and bustling with members, where the debate was so intelligent and the chats were so lively. Though ever-disorienting, I stayed for four years. It was a fast-paced environment where members came and went, and though I had many spats and falling outs over the years, not only did I find my way around but I grew into the fabric of that space as much as it grew into me.



joe654321

🗿🗿 posted 03-21-2010 12:25 AM



Boylover.net Member

BLN was my first board, and I came to it soon after coming out as gay. I was 32 and in a relationship with a 27 year old man, and finding that I was fantasizing about boys whenever we were intimate together. I told him about it after he mentioned that I was "distant" when we were in bed together. I was nervous and apprehensive, having never revealed this about myself to anyone. As much as he tried to be understanding, his judgement of my attraction led me to stop sharing my thoughts and feelings with him, which resulted in our relationship ending. I was lonely, scared, and concerned that I would never be able to have a "normal" (adult) relationship, either gay or straight. After about a year on the board, I started meeting other members, and came to realize that BLs are mainly otherwise normal people, from all walks of life. I made some great friends there, learned a LOT about the BL community, developed an understanding about my attractions to boys and ways to deal with them, came to terms with the changing of my relationship with my YF as he graduated to adulthood, and was fortunate enough to have had the chance to give something back to the community as a moderator. I'm now in a relationship with a woman I love who understands and accepts the fact that I have this attraction, and I really could not be happier. It's not an understatement for me to say that BLN transformed my life, and to Lostboy and everyone who worked to make that community what it was, as well as to the friends I made through that board, I will always be eternally grateful. --Joe654321

TheTurtleBoy 🗿🗿 posted 03-21-2010 12:30 AM



Boylover.net Member

BLN allowed me a taste of freedom; something that has been lacking in my real life. Upon joining, I was able to express myself, reveal who I am, and not be afraid of repercussion. I was never judged, nor was I ever solicited in regards to my sexuality. I found acceptance and support. I found friendship and confidence. I learned and grew, discovered who I really was, who I could be, and I didn't have to go through it alone.

I have been severed from a life line, a joy, too soon dismantled. I felt burden and fear, loneliness and anger, hatred and paranoia. Can monsters feel? BLN was not just a website or forum that was taken from us, it was our world, our solidarity, our acceptance. There will be no replacement for boylover.net, only the next best thing.

I thank the BLN community for all they were able to do for me and everyone else. I thank Lost Boy and all the BLN staff, for everything they have done and accomplished. You all helped make my life bearable.

Oi kalla evron' ti alosai - I bid thee farewell.

PartiBoi

🗿🗿 posted 03-21-2010 12:46 AM

Boylover.net Member

BLN will always be dear to me. I found in search of boy pics, joined and then freaked out. I ran like hell. I had a persistent buddy though who we had a series of emails and I came back. I could not believe there was so many perverted pedos there, I mean all my life I thought I was the only person warped enough to like boys and then there was 60k+. I was like no way and felt as if it had to be a setup. So I made my 10 post in the entry, ten worthless meaningless posts, not one mentioned a boy at all.

I was there for all of a month or so and was suspended for a week. People were non trusting and I was so opened and I could not understand why. As time went on I seen good people fall, posers come and go, and so much has happened I could write on it all day. Some great memories, some life long friends, some who wouldn't piss on me if I was on fire and vice versa. Yet I would not change it for anything, I was there, I was a part of it.

BLN was one in its own, one of a kind. It is now just a memory, and we have YC and there are others, but none will ever "replace" BLN, for those who wasn't there, who never experienced it, I feel bad for them, they really missed something special, it is funny how you can get so caught up in an online world that it literally hurts. The people you see daily, you type with and talk to, even though it is virtual, they become a part of your everyday life and you theirs and that is what BLN was, no everyone did not get along ALL the time and some people couldn't stand others but there was a world of people and a lot of diversity, butt he bottom line was no matter how fucker up you were, no matter what your fetish or your desire or your aoa, you were accepted because everyone else was just as fucked up as you are.

I was there almost 4 years and the take down left me in shock, I was scared to fucking death for one but at the same time I just could not believe it, the fall of BLN, the biggest and best BL board out there, I went to bed, got up a few hours later and it was gone. For the new people who wander in, this will be there BLN, but to the old timers, we will always remember an era passed and hold fond memories in our hearts, we were just lucky that we got to be a part of it while from this day on the scared people who wander in here in search of pics or thinking they are the only one like themselves, we will welcome them in, and tell them stories of a time they missed and a time we will always remember.



»Hello, MBM [log out] Issue #8 » Features and Profiles » Boylover.net Memories

Author Topic: Boylover.net Memories

T.B.L

 Boylover.net Member

😊👤 posted 03-21-2010 12:49 AM

What I liked about BLNet was that it was like the old show that used to play here in the USA!
 The Andy Griffith Show and Mayberry you knew almost everyone in some way or another, you had pm or msn with them.
 Or just to see their style of posting, you could always read Edward Bear and get a laugh if you were feeling down.
 And if you really needed someone to talk to, the board was there for you.
 No matter what your race, color or point of views on boylove.

Tommy2181
 Boylover.net Member

😊👤 posted 03-21-2010 12:55 AM

BLN was my home and I was cruelly evicted from it and left destitute on the nets, I am still getting over the huge loss and even now I am fuming of the way it happened. When I think of all the turmoil it has caused to countless Members I am ashamed to be apart of this "human race". There can never be another BLN and I now appreciate what others told me of the very First BLN Board, they said "the First Board was the best and this doesn't feel the same as it did when we were on the original Board" I have been on a few Boards since and I can now see what they meant. To me and many others there will never truly be another like it, it had its ups and downs but it was the One constant thing in many BL'ers lives. There was real community there and people truly cared for One another, it still brings a tear to my eye when I think of all we have lost, all I have lost.

Tommy2181



If you would like to add a reply to this topic, send your comments via email to editor@modernblmag.net Please put 'BLN Memories' as the email subject and include your desired display name. Replies may be published in a future issue of the magazine. You can also register for free at www.modernblmag.net and leave your comments in the forums.

Thank you to the members who shared their thoughts with the world!

SCRAPBOOK

MBM Story Contest!

If you are a writer and would like to enter our contest, please follow these rules;

- Stories can be a maximum of 2500 words
- Stories must be boy related
- Erotic stories *will not* be accepted
- Your work must conform to the rules of Modern Boylover Magazine (www.modernblmag.net/rules/)
- The deadline for story entries is August 1st, 2010
- Send your work to editor@modernblmag.net . Include a title and display name (if not a member)



Florian signature by: altarboy



October 2009 SOTM Winner: Tabris



August 2009 SOTM Winner: SimbaLion

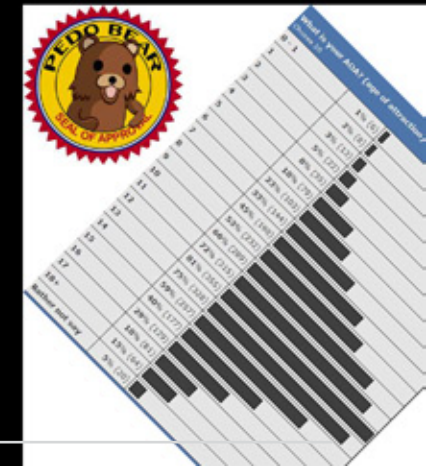


Write for Us! If you are interested in writing for MBM or contributing in any other way, please review the Guidelines, Rules & Terms of Service on our website; ~www.modernblmag.net~



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

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





BL.net Top Ten Reasons Boylover.net Matters to You!

by Members of Boylover.net

#10: It's an escape for me from offline life that helps bring down my heart rate!

#9: Because this board has been an education both about life and male sexuality.

#8: To just talk about boys constantly without the audience getting sick and tired, cos it's basically all they want to talk about too.

#7: It's a special place where I can go to get away from all the stress I have.

#6: Because of all the great people I have met on here!

#5: The freedom to be a friend and have a bit of fun.

#4: Because where else can you tell people your fantasy of Cole Sprouse and Freddie Highmore getting it on without people lookin' at you funny?

#3: Because it feels like home, I can put my feet up here.

#2: Because here there are 54744 persons who have the same feelings as I do for boys.

#1: To feel more comfortable about being a boylover.

Original version appears in Issue #5, 2008

Freedom of Fantasy... by Jay and Tigger

How sexual expression and sharing can help sustain you and keep you (and him) out of trouble.

So we are sending romantic signals back and forth. It's so obvious that he wants me and I would be a liar if I said I didn't want him just as bad. We make a little small talk and with my suave charisma we are heading back to my place. To the unknowing eye we would seem like an average father-son coupling although I was 34 and he was the 8 year old from down the street. Once we close my front door behind us, there is no question what's about to take place....

So begins another hot boylove story on Little-boylover.com for the members to enjoy. The forum was created out of the need I saw for boylovers to express their inner most desires without hate or fear of retribution from those within their own community. Fortunately, fantasy is a free and legal option for us to explore our sexual feelings. The boy goes home to the safety of his bed oblivious of my fantasy and I don't have to knock on my neighbors doors explaining how the court ordered me to stay away from their children. Most of all, my cellmate doesn't rape and kill me in my sleep and I retain my freedom. Everybody wins, right?

Most members have found refuge in such a freeing place, other boylovers curse me for allowing any such subject, especially the more graphic sexual topics to be shared. At the core of us all is a sexual desire for boys, and in some cases, girls as well. I believe that this issue is the core problem in the boylove community today, inferring that we are our own worst enemy. The self righteous argue; "How can we expect to gain respect in society if we have this junk out there?" WHAT?? Some honestly expect society to take us seriously when we announce that "It's nothing to do with sex! It's about mentoring!" Sure guys, keep talking because society doesn't believe you and neither do the childlovers. Our sexual urges for kids IS what makes us pedophiles. What separates us from the pedophiles in prison is our actions.

So what's wrong with a little fantasy? Any 10 year old can explain the Popcorn Theory: when constant pressure builds up eventually it explodes because pressure has to have release. The brain works in the same way. If a person lets hunger build for too long they will either force themselves to eat or face expiration. If a person is constantly angry about something but never expresses that anger and allows it to collect upon itself day after day, one day that person will either explode with their feelings or possibly have a cerebral aneurysm. So, it is safe to say that a human who holds on to a deep sexual desire with no kind of release either suffers from the stress or is forced to act upon it. We as a community need to embrace our urges and move past our rose colored glass vision of perfect peace and harmony with "normal" society. As a community, we are under attack these days. News comes almost weekly of another of our brothers being hauled away to hell on earth to pay for their indiscretions. It seems, at this point, that we should all be re-evaluating our approach. We will remain a strong community if we all remain vigilant, aware and abide by the law.

Dreaming Wonderland by Dan

(Originally published in Issue #4, January 2008)

Why is it that my dreams
are more enjoyable than my life?
I'd rather stay in imaginary lands
than experience the real one.
My life, so uneventful is shamed
by the vast imagination of my mind.
The hurt, the pain, the torment,
goes with each sleeping breath.
What life can I lead when I want
to exist in my nonchalant wonderland,
what can I do with my chance?

© Dan 07/Jan/2008



Untitled by Anonymous

Love
yet strong
in the air of autumn
shine
bright
and golden
by the peaceful river

An American Pedophile and the Vienna Boys' Choir by SimbaLion

The first thing a pedophile thinks about when attending a boy choir performance is the beauty of the boys and their voices. The second thing a pedophile thinks about is who the other pedophiles in the audience might be.

December is a busy month for boy choir performances in New York, with the annual visit by the Vienna Boys' Choir at Carnegie Hall, and performances of Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" and Handel's "Messiah" by the choir of Saint Thomas Church.

Saint Thomas is an Anglican church located on Fifth Avenue about halfway between Central Park and Rockefeller Center. The performances here are sober and touched by the sacred, with the boys dressed in red church robes while the audience stares up at them from hardwood pews. One of the nice features of this location, at least from a pedophile perspective, is that the younger boys not participating in the performance are seated in a balcony to the side, and stare down at their friends as they are singing. Dressed in white, these younger boys take on an angelic aspect, watching their friends sing with calm and transfixed faces.

Carnegie Hall is one of New York's most famous performance venues. In their most recent performance there, which found them dressed in their familiar white sailor suits, the Vienna boys sang popular and traditional holiday songs, along with selections that had nothing to do with the holiday (for instance, "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Stormy Weather").

The audience at the two locations is a bit different, but wondering who the other pedophiles are is a game that can be played at both. It's difficult to know what the natural audience of a boy choir performance might be. Who, outside of parents and pedophiles, would be interested in seeing young boys sing? No doubt there are many people who love boys but are not "boylovers" as such. One woman in her 30's sitting close to me at the Vienna boys' performance had a smiling, almost beatific look on her face during the entire show. Was she a

pedophile? Who can say, but assuming that she was not - assuming, that is, that her affection for the boys doesn't extend to the sexual - is there any reason why her smiling enjoyment of the concert would be any purer than the smiling enjoyment of someone who feels similar affection for the boys, but was also sexually attracted to them? I don't think there would be, but I am sure there are those who would, those who think that any enjoyment that a pedophile takes in the company of boys must always be sickening to some degree.

As an audience member at boy choral performances, I often find myself torn between aesthetic and erotic enjoyment. The pedophile side of me finds something inherently and wonderfully beautiful about boy choristers, both individually and as a group, and this beauty is something that causes a bit of hurt, as beautiful things often do, but also a bit of longing. The underlying power of boy choral performances is something with special meaning for pedophiles, but is also something that anyone can potentially feel. The voice of a boy singer, like the youth of the boy himself, is a transient thing; his treble is with us only a short time, before the inevitable deepening that comes with age. The music that they produce reminds us of the passage of time, of a period of youthful sweetness that must inevitably end. These associations that boy choral music brings with it speak in a special way to pedophiles. For isn't this youthful sweetness an important part of our affections and erotic attractions?

So in trying to spot my fellow pedophiles, I am wondering who is drawn to these performances not just for the music, but for what the music means as a symbol of our attraction to boys. I also imagine that the ushers and ticket takers are also playing the game, but for other reasons. "Is the man now giving me a ticket someone who wants to fuck boys?" is something that crosses their minds more than once, I'm sure. (Hopefully the friend I went with gave me enough coverage here as a beard; what he might think of my interest in boy choral performances, though, is a subject that has gone



undiscussed.)

As to the performances themselves, I found myself attracted to so many of the Vienna boys that I was distracted from the start. Some struck me so suddenly with their beauty that I had trouble looking at them directly, but I recovered and was able to get into the spirit of the performance after a few nervous minutes. (Surely a pedophile at one of these performances always suspects that others are looking at him, wondering if he's having naughty pedophile thoughts at the moment.) Despite their pedigree, the Vienna boys have a bit of kitsch thrown in to their show. For one of the encores, the boys sang "New York, New York" (the familiar song that begins "Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today..."), while the lead singer, a lithe blond boy of 11 or 12 or so, sang along with them while dancing with purple top hat and cane. And for their performance of a militaristic boys' song from the opera Carmen, some of the boys donned French military hats, and strutted around the stage like boy soldiers.

The show was performed with an intermission, with most of the Christmas material coming after the break. Some of the songs were not well chosen, and some felt like filler. "Stormy Weather" is not a good fit for a boy choir, as its subject - the sadness and disappointment that comes from love that's gone wrong - works against the shining, youthful beauty of their voices. Young boys with sweet smiles and sweet voices lack the life experience (we hope!) to make lyrics like this come off with any degree of plausibility: "Life is bare, gloom and misery everywhere / Stormy weather / Just can't get my poor self together, / I'm weary all the time." Other songs fell into a similar trap.

The second half of the show was better overall, and an affectionate bond was established between the singers and the audience, pedophile and non-pedophile alike. When one of the boys developed hiccups that lasted across a few songs, his fellow choristers smiled along with him each time he chirped, and so did much of the audience.

As endearing as I find the annual visit of the Vienna boys, the performance by the Saint Thomas Choir is a richer experience. Ben-

jamin Britten, whose attraction to boys is well known, does their voices well in his "Ceremony of Carols." The piece was written for boy voices and harp, with text adapted from medieval English poetry. The songs have an icy and severe tone, but they nevertheless contain a glimmer of hope amid the harshness of the cold. Unlike the kitschy Vienna performance of "Stormy Weather," this is music that speaks truthfully to a pedophile's spirit. Life is undeniably harsh for pedophiles, but these boyish voices will remain with us, offering whatever comfort they can.

The Hunt for a Boy

by boyhunter

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

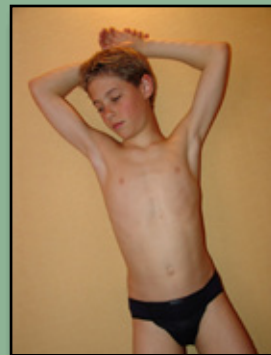
Dear Boy,
I really wish I knew you. I think that you could make my life a lot happier.
It's weird to think that you are out there waiting for me and here I am waiting for you.
Although you may have someone now... I don't and I am willing to wait an eternity for you.
Because, I know that God has our lives together all planned out. God has told me that you are out there... I'm just not sure where. He won't tell me that, He says I'll find out when the time is right. When will that ever be?
I miss not having you.
Do you think someday, we'll be together?
I hope so... and I have faith... 'cause God told me we will be!
I wonder what your name is, and your age, and your height, and eye color hair color and all your future plans.
Are you into sports? or will I help you find sports?
Do I already know you? I mean, have we met?
I wish I knew you. I pray to God that I will know you soon.
If you find me first let me know... I would really like to know you!

Love,

Your Adult Friend

Boygod by Midnighter

The Continuing Appeal of Florian



In the eye of the beholder, beauty can be many things. It is a perception of an individual in regards to giving meaning to both personal pleasure and satisfaction.

While it is merely a personal opinion as to whether something or someone is beautiful, it has been proven that both culture and psychology do in fact play a role as to whether something is indeed considered to be pleasing or not.

The paradigm of beauty itself has changed over time; the ancient Greeks believed that the ultimate ideal was that of a fit, youthful male while the modern day superlative is that of a thin, big breasted female Barbie doll (as opposed to the ideal of the healthy, voluptuous woman just over a century before). Psychological studies have concluded that an individual judged to be beautiful has a number of set characteristics that are constant even across different cultures all over the world. These commonalities include facial symmetry and an "averageness" that would closely conform to the classical ideal that were laid down by the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. Symmetry is an important factor because it implies that the subject is free of genetic or acquired defects. The more out of proportion from the ideal model a person became, the less beautiful he or she is measured to be.

It seems that if one is considered beautiful then one tends to be more successful in life; studies have shown that people who are considered to be good looking tend to have higher incomes, given lower prison terms, given preferential treatment from their doctors, get better grades in school and so on. The world loves a beautiful person; anyone

who is beautiful is considered to be good.

This then brings us to the subject of Florian. Since his introduction as one of the featured models in the now defunct website Model-Promotions.com, there have been endless debates as to what his appeal to the online boylover community is all about. In every online poll conducted at Boylover.net (the largest boylove message board on the internet), he consistently wins hands down when pitted against other



famous boys. This despite the fact that he is by now clearly an adult, no new boy has usurped his mantle as the most popular boy of the online boylove community since his introduction in 2000. One particular boylove blogger, the now defunct 101boy.com, labeled him as "the world's first boy super-model."

"Florian was our top attraction," said Mr. X (not his real name), one of the founding members of Model-Promotions. "His galleries literally outsold everyone else's, the closest competitor was Marc (another popular boy model)

but Florian's sales were almost double that of his while the other kids we featured sold only a few galleries each. All in all, Florian was more than half our total business."

So is there a specific reason as to why Florian continues to appeal to boylovers for so long? Was it merely his looks, the sheer number of photographs of him wearing nothing but underwear or could it even be a variety of factors that explains his phenomenon?

As far as his looks, a number of detractors in Boylover.net have labeled Florian's face and body as just average looking, yet he continues to have wide appeal- could his very averageness actually work in his favor? Once again, scientific studies have come to explain that the more common features a face bears, the higher the chance it will be judged to be attractive. One interpretation of this is that human beings have a preference for prototypicality- the closer one's looks are to a universal prototype of beauty, then the more attractive one is to another. Could it be that most boylovers already have a mental image of an ideal boy that they are attracted to and Florian is merely the closest boy they have seen that fits into this prototype?

Of course, the sheer number of photographs that he features in plays another part: Model-Promotions officially released nineteen galleries of Florian with an average of thirty-five pictures per gallery; this does not include unofficial sets sold by his unscrupulous former photographers and private shoots being distributed amongst boy picture collectors; there may be in fact thousands of Florian pictures being circulated on the internet and with most of them featuring him in his underwear. While there may very well be better looking boy celebrities out there, none have the sheer number of photographs that Florian has shown plenty of skin in and this is definitely another factor in his wide appeal.

One other aspect to consider may be the relaxed and natural posing style that he seems to have. Being European, Florian has definitely less qualms when making numerous poses wearing nothing more than underwear as opposed to someone like an American boy of the same age would do. "His looks and he loves to pose for sure. In saying that, I feel that's where his charisma comes from," said Michael2727, a Boylover.net forum member.

Gerard_83, another forum member, agrees. "Well, I think it is a combination; his looks, appearance and the quality of the pictures. Florian is not a 'little boy' anymore, but not yet 'a man' either, so he is in between. His muscles are beginning to grow, but not yet too big. He must know he is great looking, and Florian is giving the appearance that he is fun to hang out with, he would be a nice young friend!" he said.

So what is the overriding reason? What is it about Florian that makes one's hair stand on end, shortens one's breath and increases one's heart rate? Is it the sensuous, hazel green eyes? The seductive smile? His slim and boyish torso? The boyish, well proportioned chest?

The answer could be any one of these... or it could be none of them.

Does one ask why a mountain needs to be climbed? The simple answer is... because it's there. Perhaps this is the one answer that has been eluding us all along: Florian is here. The reasons why doesn't really matter, and because of his photographs, he will be with us forever.



FLORIAN FACTOIDS

- Yes, he is French
- Speaks very little English
- Florian is his real name (his surname won't be listed for safety reasons)
- He is a middle child
- Astrological Sign: Pisces
- Is a BMX rider and has participated in many races
- Loves motorbikes (obsessed with his KTM dirt bike)
- Likes bowling and parties
- Hates school, smokers, the hoi polloi (what an elitist!) and rap
- Fond of Pull-In brand boxer shorts (found only in Europe) and Converse All-Star Shoes
- Big fan of the tecktonik (blend of techno, 70's disco and hip-hop) dance craze sweeping France
- Always had at least one parent around while being photographed
- Never posed nude
- Is Straight (sorry, guys!)



Note: Please do not distribute these photos in any other way shape or form- they are for magazine use only.

Interracial Boylove

by Master of Puppets

(Originally published in Issue #3, July 2007)

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

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

The two fall in love, as so many men and boys have done over the centuries. The man has never loved a boy before and the boy, despite his vast sexual experience, has never really loved a man before. The boy tells the man of his past, and because of this, the man consciously keeps things slow in the physical realm, much slower than the boy wants. But after five months, they finally make love for the first time, and continue to do so until the boy moves away at age 13. The boy never forgets the man and even as an adult himself, keeps in contact with him. The man would go on to have many other relationships with boys that need his love, and the boy grew up to have many relationships with boys himself.



As I said, the above happened in 1981. Now I am sure that there were many such relationships that began that year, as there is every year. Although the history books will never tell you, most if not all ancient societies included some form of inter-generational relationships

between males. But what made the above relationship much different from others formed that year is the fact that the man and the boy were of different races. The boy was white and the man was black. I was the 11 year old boy mentioned above, the man was my AF.



Interracial boylove occurs when a man of one race enters into a relationship with a boy of another race. In my case, the combination was black and white. There can also be various combinations including Hispanics, Asians, or even Aboriginal peoples. I have had the privilege of having relationships with boys of all the above races, and I treasure those relationships. Don't get me wrong, I like white boys as well, but most of these come from my own culture, so the lens through which we view the world is basically the same. But, with boys of other races, there is that difference a lot of times in the way we view the world, so I have the chance to learn about the culture of the boy that I'm involved with. My life has been greatly enriched by having these boys in my life. But, not everyone agrees with that attitude 100%. Some accept some interracial relationships. Others only accept relationships where both man and boy are the same race.

Most boylovers have little problem accepting relationships between Whites and Asians or Hispanics. Whites and Aboriginals can be a tough sell. Combinations of Asians, Hispanics, Blacks and Aboriginals are also usually accepted. But the one combination that seems to come last on the scale of acceptance is that of Whites and Blacks, especially when the man is Black and the boy is White, as in my case. When I first came to the boylove boards, I thought that things like race didn't matter when it came to men loving boys. How wrong I was. I can't tell you how often I would describe the wonderful things my AF had done for me, and the person I was telling would say how he sounded like a wonderful man. But then I would mention that he was a Black man, and in a lot of cases, the attitude changed dramatically. One former friend of mine even went so far as to say that I should turn "that animal" in for raping me.

I became infuriated very quickly. My AF saved my life when I was a boy. When he met me, I was a foul-mouthed, nasty, drug-addicted boywhore. This man could have just coached me in wrestling and that's all. But he did oh so much more for me. I was his first YF. There was something in him that I think is common to all boylovers, regardless of anything else: the desire to help out a boy who needs it. He did that to the best of his ability. Despite all the taboos that he knew he was breaking, he made the choice to love a needy little White boy back to life again. He felt my pain and he helped me heal it. It was him who taught me how to love a boy with all one's being. And it infuriates me that some people would call our relationship wrong because of the color of his skin.

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

Love is patient and kind.

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

Love is not rude, is not selfish and doesn't get upset with others.

Love does not count up wrongs that have been done.

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

Love patiently accepts all things.

It always trusts, always hopes and always remains strong.

Love never ends.

1 Corinthians 13:4-8a

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



Love is Unconditional

An Interview with SimbaLion by 420Guy

This interview with SimbaLion was conducted in July, 2008. Since joining Boylover.net in September, 2005 he has spent time on staff as a Buddy, Moderator and Entertainment Coordinator. As a member he continues to contribute to the boylover community in a positive way.

420Guy: When did you first have the idea to start Modern Boylover Magazine, and what was your initial goal behind it?

SimbaLion: There were a few. I thought it would be cool to have a general interest magazine for a pedophile audience, one that struck a middle ground between being informative and being fun. I had a few notions of what I didn't want the magazine to be as well. I didn't want it to be dogmatic and politically serious, treating its readers like participants in a movement. I also didn't want it to be the boylove equivalent of Maxim, with cover-to-cover pictures of hot boys and articles all about sex or the physical aspects of boys. We no doubt could use a magazine like that, but not this time around. And I wanted it to emphasize non-fiction material, since this is harder to come by.

Which pedophile hasn't written a short story or a poem at some point in his life about his attraction to boys? Pedophile creative works are fairly common, but the vast majority of them don't meet the kind of aesthetic criteria that you'd want for a published magazine. Not that it should : a lot of this work is written for therapeutic or erotic reasons, and there's nothing wrong with that. But that which is therapeutically or sexually necessary isn't always art.

I was also interested in the idea of the magazine as something you could store in a time machine. An online forum is an awkward fit for a time machine. The writing is transitive : always in motion, always changing over time, with one hot topic being pushed to the second page just hours after the new hot topic emerges : and a lot of the material isn't the type of stuff that would be of interest even to the original posters six months not to mention six years down the road. A magazine, even in online form, is an anthology of writings that

one can hold in his hands and say "ah, here's a reflection of what was going on at that time!" Would it be a complete reflection? No; nothing ever could be. But it would be a lasting reflection. And the "lasting" part of it was important to me. We live in a period of time that thinks of pedophiles as unhinged baby rapists. My hope was that the magazine would be a part of the evidence : no doubt a very small part : that people could look back on and say, "Well, they weren't only unhinged baby rapists."

I'm also interested in whether pedophiles have a different cultural sensibility, a way of seeing the world that is shared and different from the rest of the world, in the way that urban gay men are said to possess. Discovering it isn't and wasn't a goal of the magazine per se, but it's also something I think of when I think about the lasting evidence of ourselves that we will leave behind. At some point, someone will need to write the pedophile equivalent of Susan Sontag's 'Notes on Camp.'

420: Did you find it difficult at first to generate interest in the project? If so, why do you think that is?

Simba: It's the type of thing that people support, but fewer will have time to write for it, or will want to write for it. Like reading, writing is not something that people look forward to, especially if it's writing that's in essay form, and not the type of quick sentence-making that one can do on an online forum. But let's face it : no one gets paid, and contributing to something like the magazine is decidedly a volunteer effort, and I'm pleased that there are people who have the time and interest to contribute what they can. We certainly have talent and skill on the board, and we can see that talent reflected in different areas, including these publications. Often the board focuses on the lowest common denominator : who can make the silliest post and get praise for it? In that environment, it's difficult for people to stand out with the best of what they can do.

My hope is and was that these publications would

reflect many different voices from the board. Neither of them would be very interesting as the sole reflection of a single voice. There are, however, only so many hours in the day, and people only have time to write something after they've worked the hours they need to work and done everything else that needs to be done in their lives. So it can be exhausting trying to assemble enough material, which is the chief reason why I thought that a once-every-six-months publication schedule for the magazine made sense. To allow not only the accumulation of enough material, but to make it personally less taxing to organize it.

420: You were an active staff member for almost two years. Did you openly volunteer to join the staff crew, or were you asked by a fellow member(s)?

Simba: I joined the board in September 2005 and became a Buddy that December. I didn't know that you could write to the Buddy Manager or the Moderator Manager to let them know you were interested in a job. I first heard about the possibility of becoming a Buddy when I received a message from one of the Senior Buddies. This was at a time when there were more English-speaking Buddies being hired than now. Today, there's more consistent need for Buddies who can speak a language other than English, allowing them to participate in one of the rooms of the International Wing. It's no coincidence that English is not the primary language for three of the current Senior Buddies.

420: As a Buddy, you are often a member's first contact in the boylove community. Are there any stories you would like to share? Did you build any lasting friendships through being a Buddy?

Simba: When I was on staff, the typical breakdown was something like this: for every 10 New Kids that you were assigned, you could expect two of them to become full members by making their ten posts. And if you took ten of this latter group, only two of them become long-term active posters on the board. Many would still be around, but only lurking in The Gallery, or maybe making one post every three months or so in one of other rooms. So this is roughly 1 in 50 New Kids who will become known by their posts on the board : and, come to think of it, that really does fit the ratio of active members that we

can see. We have 50,000 members in theory, but maybe no more than a thousand of them have a presence such that you can say "Oh yeah, that guy!" when they post : if that! I actually don't mind The Gallery lurkers and the people who don't post a lot. If the community offers them no more than a place to download boy pictures and talk about them with glee, what's wrong with that?

Owing to the "1 in 50" rule, there aren't that many former New Kids that I established lasting bonds with, but there are a few. Mostly, the friendships that I made were among fellow staff members at the time, or through other New Kids that I met through threads in The Entry. Like every Buddy, I've also had my share of dicey New Kids as well. One of my first New Kids was so happy about becoming a member of the board that he offered to send me naked pictures of boys that he knew. I gently reminded him of board rules, and never heard from him again.

420: If we were to go back in time and follow an 8 year old SimbaLion into his bedroom, what could we expect to see?

Simba: Probably a mess. My packrat tendencies expressed themselves at a very early age, and I haven't really outgrown them. The last time a friend came to visit me, I arranged a hotel room, because I couldn't bear the idea of cleaning up. There are people who have their desks organized and very clean. Mine is the kind where there are papers and upturned books strewn everywhere, but I somehow know where things are when I need to find them. These are no doubt signs of an introverted personality. It matters more to me what's in the papers and books than in them being well organized. So the young SimbaLion was an introspective child, prone to reading and other flights of imagination, who cared less for the niceties of making a good appearance, including in his bedroom.

420: Did you enjoy school as a child?

Simba: Yes, very much so. It was intellectually and creatively inspiring, and : later on : sexually inspiring as well, even before I knew what sex really was. I had attractions to other boys develop long before the thought of getting naked with them entered my mind. I can probably trace several fetishes to this period as well. One of the first boys I really fell for was an all-around jock, and I can remember, for instance, how incredibly hot he looked sweating in his

baseball uniform.

420: What was your school social life like? Did the young Simba have a large group of friends, or were you more of a loner?

Simba: I was well known at school without really being a member of the most popular clique. Since adult life often reduplicates life at school, it's probably not surprising that this statement probably describes my status at Boylover.net as well. I did a lot of extracurricular activities : school government, etc. : and was also active in classroom discussions. So I was fairly well known. And even though I didn't belong to the popular clique, I had a few friends who did, which always helps, I suppose. As for close friends : the people I spent time with over the weekend : that group was fairly small. Most of my weekends were spent in the company of one, two, or three friends. Occasionally there would be larger groups, but I was less interested in those. And I was never a fan of parties, in large part because the typical goal of a party : finding someone to make out with at the end of the night : was something that my closeted gay self wasn't really that interested in.

420: Could you describe your ideal young friend?

Simba: He knows my sexual needs and fulfills them. And he likes to walk around the house in white briefs and tube socks. And he likes to eat out at fancy restaurants and go to the opera. In other words, Freddie Highmore.

420: You are known on BLN for having many fetishes. What are your thoughts on them? How did you come to realize you had them?

Simba: The traditional explanation for why people develop sexual fetishes is interesting, but not fully compelling.

According to the traditional psychoanalytic view, people who develop fetishes fear or are traumatized by thinking about the genitals. As a result, their sexual interests get 'displaced' onto something else (a non-genital part of the body : like the foot : or a non-bodily object : like a shoe). After this fetishistic 'displacement,' people can develop a 'fixation' on the thing that now attracts them sexually.

My problem with this theory, which is my problem with traditional psychoanalysis in general is that it believes that procreative sex is the normal state of things, and that every other sexual experience is therefore abnormal. So whole categories of people : those who desire sexual relations with members of the same sex, for example : are deemed abnormal just because they have no interest in procreative sex.

Relatedly, the traditional view also holds that sexual pleasure is only correct if it comes from procreative sex. For me, I prefer not to be so judgmental about such matters. And perhaps rightfully so, since a boy wearing a pair of tube socks can really excite me. If something is sexually pleasurable, I say enjoy it, rather than worry about whether it is normal or not, or whether you should be finding pleasure in things that another person might find strange.

Finally, having a boy-related fetish can be beneficial. Someone who loves boyfeet can look at a boy's feet (or shoes, legs, socks, etc.) in public, or look at pictures of them, and not be violating any rules. What a wonderful thing.

420Guy: Top or bottom?

Simba: I like to be dominated. Even when I'm doing the dominating, I have a hidden need to be dominated. After all, what's hotter than a top who's been overpowered and made someone else's bitch? Boy or man, I crave someone I can submit myself to. In other words, Freddie Highmore.

420: Can you remember the first time you realized that you might be a pedophile? What were your initial thoughts and feelings about it?

Simba: Oddly, it was probably more of a problem dealing with "being gay" than "being a pedophile." In part, this is because one's attraction to boys doesn't really seem so odd when you're closer in age to them. It's the old "gay teen or teen boylover" phenomenon. It's quite different being a 14-year-old attracted to a 10-year-old versus being a 34-year-old attracted to a 10-year-old. And since I was always also attracted to people my age as well as boys, I didn't really think of it being one thing or another. Plus, the culture thought and still thinks that gay men are pedophiles at some level anyway, so this all seemed like part of the package.

420: Is there anything that you can tell us about

yourself that we might not know?

Simba: I've been trying to keep it a secret, but I have a thing for Freddie Highmore.

CREATIVE WORK



Photo by TonyMasons
1st place in Boylover.net's 2009 Photo Editing Contest.

Keeping the Children Safe by Andre

Agents at the National Security Agency were viewing some classified photographs taken by the new Eye In The Sky satellite put into orbit a couple weeks ago. The improved infrared imaging technology of this satellite makes it possible to discern troop movements in dense forests. In fact the general outline of just one person in a densely wooded area or jungle can be discerned.

The Eye in the Sky took thousands of photographs of wooded areas across the United States to see if terrorist groups were up to something. Immediately agents noticed something very unusual. There seemed to be concentrations of persons in wooded areas near public schools between the hours of 3:00 PM and 5:00 PM all across the country. Who were these people and what were they up to? Terrorists planning to attack the schools?

To find out, the government sent agents into the wooded areas. They stealthily moved into the woods dressed as ordinary civilians out for a walk – singing, humming and walking their dogs along the way. Others equipped with two thousand dollar cameras and binoculars made believe they were bird watchers. What the agents discovered was beyond belief, far more dangerous to America than anyone could have imagined, even far more dangerous than terrorists. Something that could destroy the moral fabric of American youth and bring about the downfall of America. Across America, tens of thousands – no millions of kids were playing games of “show me” and “doctor” in the wooded areas after school. How could this be since children are not interested in sex?

One Senator from the state of Iowa commented:

“Over the past twenty years, we have spent billions of dollars on sex abstinence programs in the public schools warning children that sex is the worst thing that could possibly happen to them. Not only is sex morally wrong but it is also criminal behavior for anyone under eighteen. After all this indoctrination, how could it be that millions of children across America are playing doctor after school? I know, it is those perverts on the Internet. As the Senator from the corn hole. . . . I mean the corn growing state, Iowa, I am proposing that we double our appropriations to five billion dollars a year on the school abstinence programs. Further we need to stiffen the sentences for children caught playing doctor. Putting them on the sex

abuse registry for life is obviously not enough punishment.”

The President of the United States issued an executive order to the the Director of the Bureau of Land Management to remove all brush, wooded areas and trees within a one mile radius of any public school. The Director stated, “Just as sex offenders cannot live within one mile of a public school, we cannot allow places to exist where children with deviant tendencies may hide to do unspeakable acts.” The Department of Education will require all grade school children to carry a laminated photo of Janet Reno and will be instructed to look at this photo whenever they have deviant thoughts. Viewing this photo will have the same effect as a good emetic and all sexual thoughts will be instantly purged from the child’s mind along with the food in his stomach.

Finally, Child Destruction Services is going to prohibit siblings from sleeping together in the same bedroom unless there is a large skylight in the ceiling so that the Eye in The Sky satellite can observe and monitor their behavior during the night. Thank God, the government is protecting America’s children.

Making the Cut

by Pantherion

(Originally published in Issue #4, January 2008)

Should I cut my arm off?
If I could?
Should I even ask?
There’s no knife to fit the task.

Should I cut my love away?
If only I could?
It has been rejected.
Too small and gay to be accepted
by society.
Must I agree?

My arm’s just right.
I need it to hug.
And I need my love
to pick myself up
when I hit the ground
and hear the count.
Again.

Get up!
Before it get’s to ten!

For another round of life,
of love and strife.
And hugs.

Because arms are not just for war.
And love shouldn’t get less,
but more.

This Boy by angel boy

(Originally published in Issue #2, January 2007)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Title: Queer Eye for the Straight Boy

Author: blondeboy

(Originally published in Issue #1, July 2006)

Okay so I was thinking what can I do to contribute to the launch of the Modern Boylover Magazine's first issue. And it hit me. I love clothes. I love boys. Why not write an article about boys' fashion? In this article I am featuring three different designers. They are Ralph Lauren, Abercrombie and Gap. In this issue I am focusing more on the casual style. It ranges from jeans and t-shirts to shorts and polos. Now I realize some of you may not consider polo shirts to be very casual but I plan on writing the next article about formalwear. Now to understand some of the terms in the article, I should explain that Polo is a company and also a style of shirt with two (sometimes three) buttons.

The first designer I'm going to talk about is Ralph Lauren. This guy is a fashion icon in the world of designer clothes as most of you already know. I would venture to say that his designs inspired a lot of the other designers we have nowadays. Now, I am somewhat biased towards him because I love his clothes and after this write-up I think you will be able to see why.

The first thing you will notice about Polo clothes is the bold use of color. And we're not just talking your grays, blacks and blues. He uses a somewhat daring approach to all clothes he makes by incorporating pinks, purples, and oranges into his styles. This is part of what makes his line of clothing stand out in the crowd. Not to mention the little horse on his clothes that almost everyone knows about.

His polo style two-button short sleeve shirts are the original "polo" shirt. In his summer collection for boys size 8-20 come in 9 different colors.



They also come in 15 different colors for the little guys. The beauty of these shirts is that they go with any type of pants/shorts. The lads can tuck them into a slick pair of cargo shorts to school or wear them with a nice pair of khakis to church.

Polo also makes some stylin t-shirts for the boys as well. He has taken full advantage of the fact that designer t-shirts are back in a big way.

To sum it up, Ralph Lauren is a classic designer that has modernized to make some of the hottest threads available for boys. There is absolutely no situation the lads could come up with where he couldn't wear something made by Ralph Lauren. Whether he needs something to wear to summer camp or to a wedding, Polo is more than capable of hooking him up.

The next designer we're gonna dive into is Abercrombie and Fitch. To start off, Abercrombie is the kids' line of clothes and Abercrombie and Fitch is for the grownups. As you could probably guess, it is named after its two founders. More recently they have added a premium line called Ezra Fitch. This is the most dressy of the A&F lines in both the kids and adults styles. But, let's face it, this article is not about the grownups.

Abercrombie has quickly become one of the most popular symbols in the fashion industry for younger people. From their humorous t-shirts to their distressed jeans, Abercrombie has something for everybody. Well, everybody willing to fork over a premium price for clothes. It's common knowledge that you don't go to Abercrombie for great value and low prices. You go for the name and style. And for the boy who wants it all, there is no better designer than A&F. They are most certainly a trendy designer who lives on their name.

But if you don't have an issue with paying top dollar for clothes, they do have very brave designs, especially in their jeans. For starters they are one of the few designers that make low-rise jeans for boys, girls too but who cares. Abercrombie is well known for their distressed and faded-out jeans and now they have them in their boy's line too. Now, Abercrombie's jeans will not appeal to everyone because they are more than just blue jeans. They are a fashion statement. A&F doesn't attempt to cater to everybody and their jeans are a prime example of that. But let's face it; low-rise distressed jeans look hot on boys. I mean who doesn't like jeans that show off a boy's best assets.



Their most popular style of jeans are the Saranac in both Low-rise and bootcut designs. They come in three different washes and go great with a muscle tee or a button up shirt.

Another style of jeans they offer is part of the Ezra Fitch line. They only come in slim-fit bootcut style and are quite pricey. The only difference is that they are made of pre-washed material for a softer feel.

Abercrombie's muscle T's are practically an icon. They range from simple logos to humorous sayings. They have a variety of colors and logos so there's bound to be something for any boy.



Last on the list is GAP. I don't have as much on them as I do Polo and Abercrombie, but here it is anyway. GAP clothes are definitely lower priced than both Abercrombie and Polo and are still high quality and cute as hell. Gap is more into casual clothes for boys. T-shirts and shorts fill the bill here.



Anyway, I hope you have enjoyed the first edition of Queer Eye For the Straight Boy. If you didn't enjoy the writing, I hope the pictures made it worth the read. I welcome any comments, questions, suggestions, etc. To address these issues please send me a PM letting me know it's about the Queer Eye article.

Last on the list are there polos and button-ups. Both of these also come in muscle fit only. So, unfortunately the heavier lads probably won't find anything for them. Abercrombie makes much use of stripes in both their polos and button-ups. They use mostly thin stripes in the button-up shirts and both thin and thick stripes in the short sleeve polos.



Jewel of the Lotus by Audric

This story was the 1st place winner in Boylover.net's Summer Short Story Contest in 2009.

*In my dreams I am free;
while I wake I live in sorrow,
but I hold the key to my own prison.
May we all be so lucky,
as to free ourselves from suffering.
– The Author.*

Part I

The world began of the love and compassion of Mother Lotus, the flower that birthed the universe, and gave it light. Through her, the immensity of the universe began, and the fifth universe was born. Into such a universe she spread her love throughout it, so that the sons and daughters of her grace might find their own light and live in happiness, and that her children might birth the next universe when her light had been forever extinguished.

So it was that the light and love of Mother Lotus the flower that birthed the universe lived for many years, in peace, until one of her sons became troubled. Her son a dragon named Tsung-Hao had lived for many millennia, the last of his kind, he came from a world that knew only hatred, and where the love of Mother Lotus had been forgotten. Tsung-Hao was troubled, for he had been graced with eternal life, but he yearned for love and companionship. Yet, among the people of the Earth he was hated and scorned for his vile heart, and no village would accept such an ugly creature. It was said that the sight of the ugliness of Tsung-Hao would forever damage the soul and for this the people of Earth chased him from their villages.

For this fact, Tsung-Hao wished to ask Mother Lotus for a gift which he felt entitled, one which he had lacked since his birth, a gift which he thought was rightly his to possess, but which he had never been given. For this gift, the gift of beauty, he propositioned Mother Lotus, he thought too, that perhaps with such a gift he would find the love of the people of Earth and thereby win their companionship. The compassion of Mother Lotus was such that when she heard his proposition she cried for her beloved son. However, because his heart was impure and stained by hatred and vice, she could not grant her son such a wish. When Tsung-Hao heard, his

outrage and limitless anger overtook him, he seized Mother Lotus in his mouth and flew upon the Earth, and there in the greatest and most tremendous mountain upon the Earth he built a prison to keep Mother Lotus, as he was imprisoned in himself he would imprison her to the same fate.

From the rock of the earth Tsung-Hao carved a palace of blue jade deep within the mountain. He seized 7 villagers with the purest hearts to care for Mother Lotus so that her light would not die. The dragon built within the mountain only one entrance designed so that only he might allow the prison to be opened. When his prison was completed he asked again of Mother Lotus for beauty. With this request she gave him the sweetness of her pollen, which would be sustenance enough for an evanescent beauty for Tsung-Hao, so that he might have the beauty of a man for 1000 years. So it was that Mother Lotus fed her son with her pollen that he might be beautiful. But though Tsung-Hao was given external beauty to appear as a man, he could never be loved, unless he himself had learned to love, to open his heart to the love scattered throughout the universe.

Part II

The Temple of The Lotus Flower bloomed within the mountain where it had been planted. High ceilings and ornaments of gold dotted the lavish temple, which appeared more as a palace, than a place to worship the mother of all life and the universe. It was here that seven villagers first tended Mother Lotus, caring for her injuries, and her fragile body. Mother Lotus knew that her children could not live forever, for this she gave birth within her temple each year to four children, two males, and two females. The children born in the light of the lotus were pure of mind and body and gifted with loving sight. But the bodies and the minds of her children could not last eternally. For this, Mother Lotus, kept her children until they completed their twelfth year, at which time Mother Lotus took the sight of her children. Blinding them completely to all light so that no evil would corrupt them, and thus protect her fragile light from death. The cycle of birth and death continued within the temple for many years.

Mother Lotus hid from her children their imprison-

ment with her greatness of compassion. She told her children the history of the four universes before their own and the great history of their present universe. The children cared for her compassionately without worry or fear. Her older children lived the lives of monks chanting with the metta of the Lotus and the mantras which sustained their beloved mother.

For many centuries Tsung-Hao lived among the people of the Earth, with the beauty that he had stolen for himself. He lived alone and in want of love. Yet, he was unloved and none in the village revered his beauty and still more none showed him compassion, but despite all things Tsung-Hao lived in peace, much happier than he had been in all his life, but still unfulfilled.

When one thousand years had once again passed Tsung-Hao journeyed from his village to the highest mountain in the land. Walking on foot through the warm valleys and tasting the summer wind, he thought perhaps, if he had ever had a friend, it had been the wind, which supported his wings when he flew as a dragon, and caressed his face as a man. For if even he had a friend that was silent, but cared for him, then perhaps he would become eternally beautiful. Tsung-Hao traveled many miles stopping each night to build a fire and eat. Each night by the light of the fire he would look into the flames and remember his long and solemn life. As his sorrow deepened his skin would transform revealing the glimmering scales that no living creature could ever love. Perhaps worse than his physical appearance was the sorrow of his heart, which bled hatred and vice, and still more, had never known the comfort of love. As so frequently happened Tsung-Hao let his hot tears feed the fire, causing the fire to grow immense and tall, scorching the trees above, until finally his tears had exhausted the fire completely, so that the only light he could see came from the solitary moon in the sky. His tears carried him to the mountain where he had imprisoned Mother Lotus.

When Tsung-Hao had nearly reached the peak of the tall mountain he opened the door that led to the deepness of the cavern that housed the prison in which Mother Lotus was kept. He knew well that he could not enter the cavern or his impurity would kill Mother Lotus, so that she might never sustain him with her pollen again, thus he struck the gong at the mouth of the steps that descended into the temple. Seven times he struck the gong and seven times a distant answer replied. Tsung-Hao waited.

In the temple the monks hurriedly told the youth that the dragon Tsung-Hao had come to collect his sustenance. The children were gathered around Mother Lotus. She spoke easily and with compassion for her children.

“Children of the universe. Do not worry. The dragon Tsung-Hao has come to collect his sustenance from me. For many years I have sustained my son so that he might see the light of my love. But now my life is coming to an end and I must die.” As she said this the children began to cry.

She began again, “My children my death is not the end of my life, for I shall live among my children, and I shall see the beauty of this Earth. I ask of you my children for one among you who will deliver the Jewel of my Lotus to the dragon Tsung-Hao.” She paused and then continued, “Your task will not be easy but you shall be rewarded for your effort. I ask for one among you who will carry my jewel to him.”

The children whispered amongst themselves deciding who would carry out such a task for their mother, and amongst all of them rose a boy in his seventh year. His name was Niram. He stood a mere four feet before the Mother Lotus dressed in the loose fitting garb of a monk, the whiteness of his clothing reflected the warmth of the light emanating from Mother Lotus. His hair as black as night with the shine of glistening stars, his skin which glowed with light, and he smiled with all the love he had ever known.

“My child Niram” she said, “Your bravery and kindness will never be forgotten. May you never forget the love which I have given to you, so that may share it will all living creatures.”

“What must I do to aid you in your final hours mother?” The boy questioned.

“Now child. I will give to you the Jewel of my Lotus. Come to me so that I might give you the knowledge to complete your task.” As she said this the boy approached tentatively kneeling close to her, seeing his reflection in the water that kept her.

She whispered, “My son. May you give love to all who have never know it and beauty to all who desire it.” With these words she breathed into the young boy the power of her fading life. Stillness. Such still-

ness and peace.

Niram arose from his knees and spoke, "I must leave you now brothers and sisters. I shall never return to you, for I can never return, once I have left this temple I will forever be blind to the love of our mother, and too impure to visit her again, but for this I shall not cry. I wish my strength and love upon all of you." With this the boy silently left the chamber and made his way past the monks that chanted peacefully, giving him the courage and strength he so desperately needed. Despite his courage he was afraid. Afraid to leave the only place he had ever known, to discover the light that would keep him from the sight of his mother forever, as he ascended the polished white steps he began to wonder what the dragon Tsung-Hao would do to him when he discovered that the boy had no pollen to sustain him, that he would no longer feed from the life of their mother, he wondered even more if the dragon would accept the offering of the Jewel of the Lotus. Perhaps the dragon would pluck the limbs from his body in anger and leave him to suffer as the memory of the light of his mother died. The further he ventured he began to feel the fear that plagues all life that has never seen the light of the mother.

When the boy reached the entrance of the passageway he saw the light of the sun for the first time in his life. His eyes stung in pain and he stumbled blindly out of the passageway. He knelt on the ground and cried for he was lost in the world with no guide, and he was for the first time in his life completely and utterly alone. No eyes watched him and the heat of the summer sun beat down upon him, making his body weak.

Inside the temple the Mother Lotus focused her energy shutting the way to her prison forever. She enveloped all of her children young and old within the temple, so that they would not suffer the sight of her death. In these last hours of her life she rested with the greatness of her compassion directed toward her sons that slept on the mountain. Their freedom, as well as her wish, was all that troubled her.

Part III

Tsung-Hao awoke as a brilliant flash of light graced the sky. For only a moment he felt the fleeting, or perhaps he was mistaken, he felt as if he was loved. He peered down into the valley filled with trees and the heat of the sun in the cloudless sky tried to burn

through his skin, and reveal all that he was to the world. He looked to his left to see a small boy on the ground sleeping peacefully. Then horror struck, as he realized the door of the mountain was shut. He rushed to the door and began to pound the exterior. Furious, he knew that he had been tricked, his beauty would fade, and he would become a dragon once again. As this transpired Tsung-Hao dropped to the ground in grief. In this moment the boy awoke and spoke softly to Tsung-Hao.

"Are you the Dragon called Tsung-Hao?" He calmly said.

"I am the dragon who imprisoned the Mother of the Universe, so that I might be beautiful," he almost cried as he spoke, "has she sent you to punish me child? So that I might suffer a thousand eternities in my sorrow."

Niram thought for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why should you suffer? Mother Lotus wishes for the happiness of all her children."

"Then why have I known only suffering?!" He cried in anger.

"I do not question the wisdom of my mother, but I have come to bring you a gift. In her death she has sent me to give you the gift of her jewel. Perhaps now you will be happy dragon!" The boy explained joyfully.

"If your words are true, then I must feed you as my guest, and care for you. At which time you will give me her final gift." Tsung-Hao spoke humbly and perhaps out of shame, for he felt the weight of her death on his shoulders.

The child followed Tsung-Hao down the mountain into the forest. The sun set on the horizon and the summer wind began to play as they walked. The boy happily walked behind him, curious of all the wonders he had never seen before. In an hour's time they had built a fire and had cooked and eaten a rabbit.

Tsung-Hao broke the silence, "Tell me child where is this gift? How will it help me?"

The boy smiled and licked his lips in excitement, "When you collect tears from pure love, then from me, you shall have the gift you desire."

"I have never known love child. I have never seen love. From me, only hatred has grown and from me, you..." he paused, "How is it that I am the most hated child in all the universe?"

"Someone must love you dragon. Perhaps so long ago that you have forgotten now. Perhaps if you remember this love I will cry for you, and you will have your gift." The boy said hopefully.

"No child. I have only known death and war."

"Certainly someone has loved you dear dragon. You are sensible and kind."

"No child. All things in life have seen me only for my scars and sins."

The two sat silently as the fire crackled on and crickets began to sing.

The boy spoke, "Dragon, what if I loved you?" he said again, "What if I loved you forever? I will care for you and share my beauty with you, so that you will not feel ugly and you will share my heart, so that everything living will love us." And as he spoke this the dragon named Tsung-Hao began to cry. He, with incomparable joy, was struck by such an act of love. The boy smiled and began to cry.

"Tsung-Hao you have made me cry!" Came the broken speech from the crying boy.

The two embraced tightly and their tears dropped upon each other, as the warmth of the fire enveloped them, and the two became as one life, the fire was fed by their tears, which carried their body into a tree where they slept, protected by the cocoon of the light of Mother Lotus. After seven days the cocoon broke and there emerged the beauty of their love. Their beauty without comparison, their love without measure, and with this gift they spread the beauty of the Lotus Flower throughout the world, so that all the children of their mother might be comforted in their suffering.

So it is said, that until all the beauty of the universe has died that this cycle shall continue, until the next is universe born. Each year when the spring and summer wind blows, then new life begins. The caterpillar feeds from the leaves of the flower for sustenance almost destroying it; it desires beauty,

but in time the caterpillar sees the light of the lotus and remembers the love of Niram and Mother Lotus, and spins a cocoon, in which the love of the two sons is sewn, and when their union is complete the cocoon breaks, from which is born the beauty of the butterfly. May it always be that such love spreads beauty throughout the world, that it would grace all the sons and daughters of the universe when they are in need.

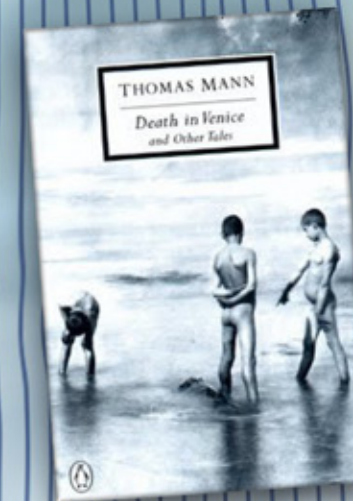
May the jewel of the Mother Lotus who birthed the universe, forever guide you and protect you. For your heart may never be so ugly that it is not loved by the light that created it. May compassion carry you through the mountain, may you be guided by love, and may it inspire all action.

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

by Midnighter

(Originally published in Issue #7, August 2009)

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!

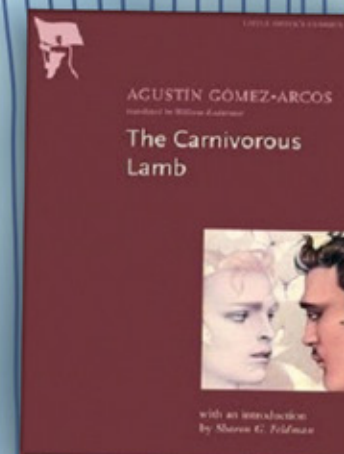
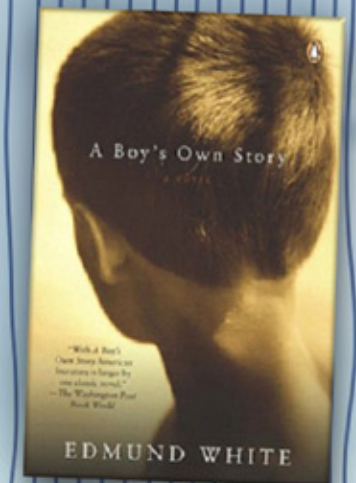


1. *Death in Venice* by Thomas Mann

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.

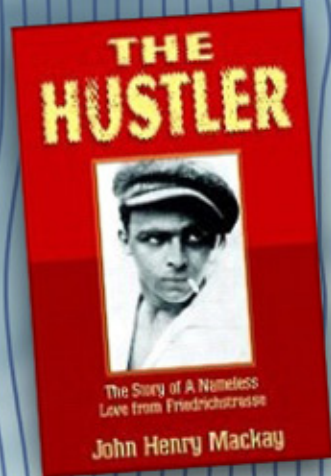
2. *A Boy's Own Story* by Edmund White

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 Agustín Gómez Arcos

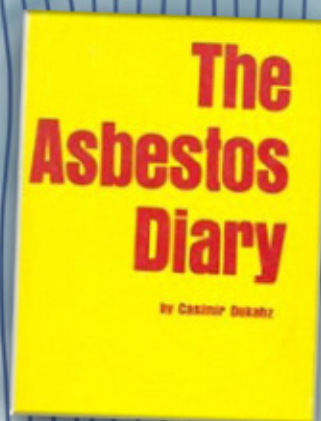
Arcos' sarcastic, picaresque take on the Spanish Civil War and its aftermath centers on two incestuous brothers; the older brother Antonio is swarthy, handsome and masculine and at the age of five he immediately falls in complete love when his younger brother is born: the pale, blond and beautifully 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.

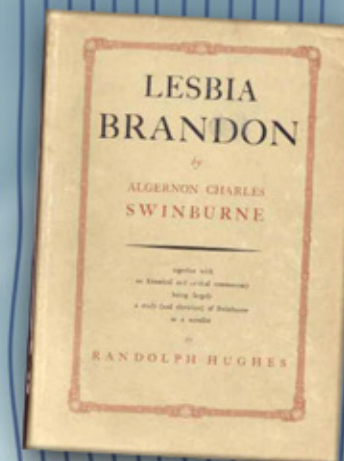
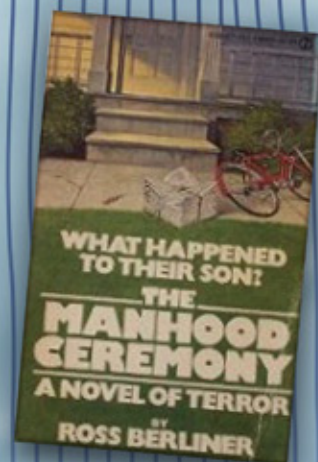


6. *Satyricon* Petronius

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.

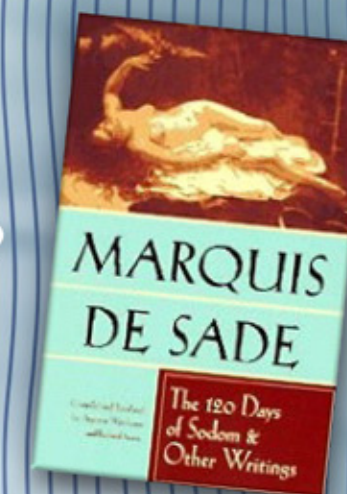


8. *Lesbia Brandon* by Algernon Charles Swinburne

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.



A Boy Being a Boylover by ShotaLover

(Originally published in Issue #6, February 2009)

Hi, I'm ShotaLover... Here to propose an interesting article for your reading enjoyment. It will be about me, mainly, but also about others which share my undying curse, also portrayed as a blessing. Yes, I'm talking about the unfathomable beauty that I see in boys. A quick note; I'm only using big words because I want to sound smart for being 15 years old.

MY STORY

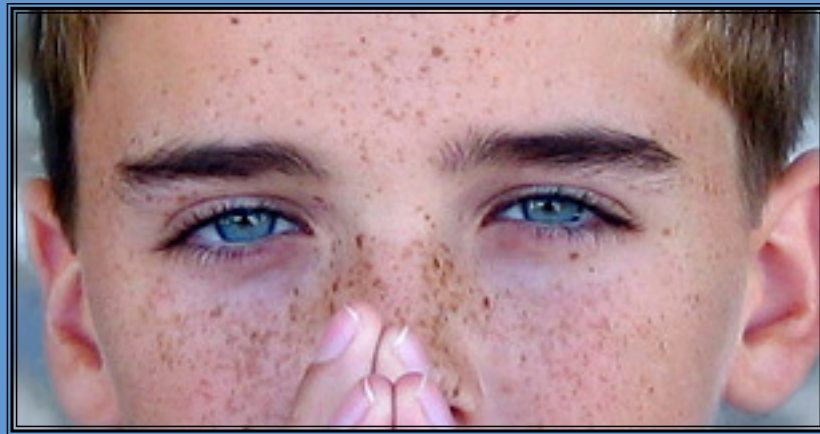
As far as I know, I've been a boylover since I was 12. And to this day, I feel an attraction to boys that I can barely comprehend. It's more than just sexual; I want to feel their skin, kiss them, stare in their beautiful eyes, hold their perfect bodies, and so much more. Not to mention complementing them, encouraging them, and much much more... But then my dreams are crushed by reality, as all boylovers' are.

For me, I can't do that with boys because of the thing that all young boylovers have to deal with; their parents. My parents know I'm a boylover, but they think it's just a phase, and don't bring it up much. And I can't tell them any of my feelings in fear that I will face condemnation in their eyes. I have to live up to my mom's expectations, or else I hate my life. I feel like I fail at life and everything else. My dad... Well, he's not as important to me. Which brings me to my next section.

REASONS WHY

I've always wondered why I was a boylover. One of the reasons I think of is that my dad wasn't there much from age 10 on. He was one of four places: In the bed, at work, on the toilet, or on the computer. I don't quite know what he was looking at online, but I'll say I caught him looking at porn once or twice. At 10,

I couldn't even fathom liking boys. I had a girlfriend more or less, and then the second reason happened. She tried to have sex with me. We were both 10 or 11, and she, her sister, my brother, and I went in the prayer room at my church to play "house". She put the "Kids" to bed, and proceeded to come and sit on my lap. I tried pushing her off, but I didn't want to hurt her. Then, my mom walked in. I pushed her off, ran to my mom, and started crying in fear of getting grounded. That's probably another reason why. I don't really know



what caused it, but I think those incidents might have caused it.

WHAT ABOUT OTHER BOYS?

What if there was another boy I knew that liked boys also? What if I knew him, and I didn't know that? This question rings in my mind every day. At night I cry wanting a boyfriend to hold me, being the sensitive uke (bottom) that I am. And I pray for God to take one of the other boys feeling the pain I feel, and put him in place of a pillow that I hug to sleep. And each night I cry, because God decides not to do that. It doesn't mean that God doesn't exist to me, I know He exists, but He won't answer that specific prayer. It gives me continual feelings of self-pity, and makes me feel pathetic. And I could only imagine what other boys feel.

CLOSING

So to all you other boy-loving boys or teens out there, know you're not the only ones. And if you want to contact me, feel free.

How a Boy Taught Me About Boylove

by 420Guy

Falling in love with a boy was the most wonderful feeling I have ever known, but it was also one of the most difficult times of my life.

When I was 18 years old my Mom, younger brother (who was 9) and I moved into a new home. By this time in my life I already knew that I was a boylover. We didn't have internet access, so the only information I had about minor attracted people was the mainstream media. Everything I heard basically said that all pedophiles rape and molest children, or that they eventually will. This didn't feel right to me; I had no desire to hurt boys! I was attracted to them yes, but hurting them in any way was not what I wanted to do.

I decided to try to ignore my attraction to boys, just stop thinking about them, look the other way if I saw an attractive one. Many boylovers have gone through this at some point in their lives, inevitably it fails. Sometimes we can bury our feelings deep within ourselves, but the attraction is still there.

A new home and a fresh new start was what I had in mind, until the next morning that is! I was in my bedroom which was on the ground floor when I heard a knock at the front door. When I answered it, I met one of the cutest boys that I've ever known.

He was 9 years old, (almost 10!) had medium length black hair and was wearing a beige coloured jeans outfit. I was awestruck and could barely answer when he asked if my brother was home. I replied "No, but can I tell him who was asking?". "Just tell him Ricky was here please." he said. So polite...and so cute! After I closed the door, I watched him walk away through the peep hole.

I got to see him almost every day when he would come over to visit my brother. I looked forward to every moment that he was around. Seeing Ricky smile, hearing him laugh, just having him around brightened up my days in so many ways.

Although I was attracted to him, I found that I

didn't want to think of him in my sexual fantasies. I felt like thinking of him in that way would just make me desire him even more....or cause me to feel awkward around him. It was then that I realized that my love for him didn't have to be a sexual thing. Just having him around made me feel high....why not just enjoy it?

After a month or so, I heard the news that Ricky and his family would be moving. I was crushed! What kind of cruel joke was this; meet the boy of my dreams only to have him move away?

I decided to start a project with the boys....record holiday songs for our families as a gift. I guess I would have to admit now that I did it for selfish reasons. I wanted to do something with Ricky that would be a fun memory, and something that I could keep to remember him by.

We recorded a couple of Christmas songs and then I went all-out designing a cover for the cassettes. Everyone enjoyed the gift and I have to say we did a pretty good job. (for a BL and two 9 year olds) With the clock ticking before Ricky had to move away, I suggested expanding our little music project.

We wrote about half a dozen songs...humorous tunes that only we (or I) could really enjoy. A sample of their lyrics; On the moon stars are chocolate bars, I sure hope they have cars on mars. I think the boys were rather bored with it all by the end, but we managed to record our tape.

The night before Ricky moved, he had a sleepover with my brother. My Mom was out of town so it was just the three of us. I wanted to tell Ricky how I felt about him but I knew that I couldn't. Even if he did have any kind of the same feelings....it would just make it harder to say goodbye.

Morning finally came and it was time for him to leave. Ricky gave my brother a hug goodbye and then gave me a hug goodbye too. If I could go back to one moment in time I think it would be then; his arms around me, my arms around him.

In the weeks that followed I was very depressed. I felt that I had no reason to go on....and I certainly didn't want to fall in love again. I'm not sure if I would have survived my self-torment if not for a friend being a shoulder to cry on. I told her how I had fallen in love with a boy and he moved away. Her reply was Kids need love too.

I'll never forget Ricky and the fun times that we shared. He doesn't know it, but he showed me that my love for a boy doesn't have to be expressed in a sexual way. I don't have to become the rapist or porn collector like the world expects me to be.



CREATIVE WORK

Eyes of the Truth by Silent King

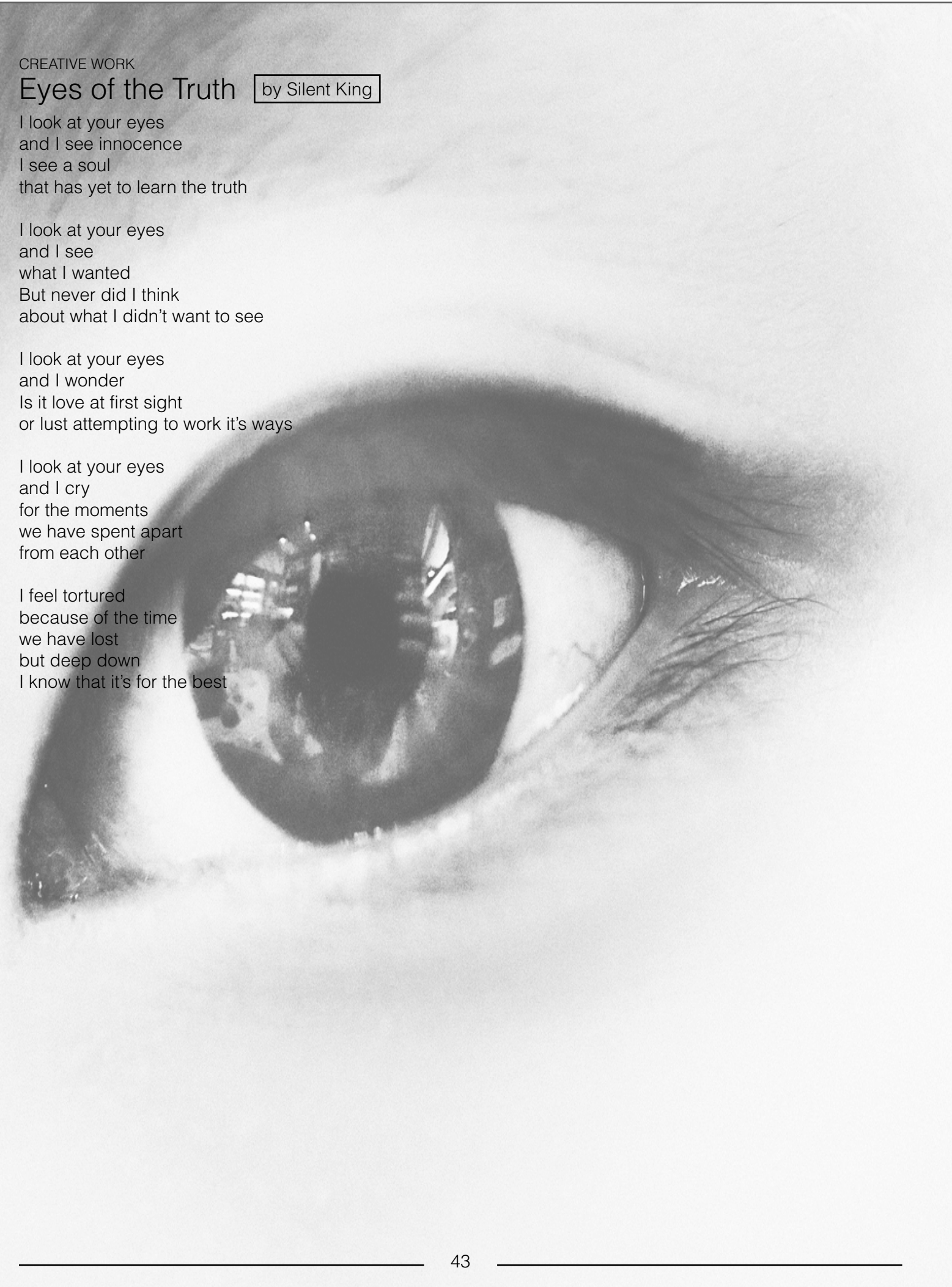
I look at your eyes
and I see innocence
I see a soul
that has yet to learn the truth

I look at your eyes
and I see
what I wanted
But never did I think
about what I didn't want to see

I look at your eyes
and I wonder
Is it love at first sight
or just attempting to work it's ways

I look at your eyes
and I cry
for the moments
we have spent apart
from each other

I feel tortured
because of the time
we have lost
but deep down
I know that it's for the best



An Interview with Edward Bear

This interview with Edward Bear, an early and prominent member of Boylover.net, was conducted in May and June, 2006. by SimbaLion

SimbaLion: Why does the Winnie the Pooh story resonate with you? Recent members might be particularly interested to see you discuss the special relationship between Christopher Robin and "Edward Bear."

Edward Bear: It's not that complicated, really. I selected "Edward Bear" as my screen name simply because it's associated with pleasant childhood memories. But yeah, of course I find it touching that Christopher has a special relationship with Edward/Pooh. Everybody in the Hundred Acre Wood knows Pooh is Chris's fave, and they're okay with that. I also relate to the period in Christopher's life when he comprehends that adult responsibilities loom, and he won't be playing with Pooh forever.

SL: There's an old debate: are humans born wild (therefore requiring the civilization that society brings), or are they born into a state of innocence (therefore requiring that they resist the temptations of civilization)? Our contrasting notions about children - that they are wild on one hand, or innocent on the other - have their roots in this debate. In your view, are humans innocent at birth, or wild? And thinking of boys alone, do you prefer innocent boys or wild ones - and why?

EB: What do I look like, a freakin' intellectual or something? Umm...I guess I leans more towards saying they're wild rather than innocent. The horrible things people do to each other are intrinsic to their nature, not learned. And yeah, that applies to kids. Given the choice of a wild boy or an innocent boy, I'd go with wild, perhaps even troubled/damaged. Not because I want to fix him; just so we could be

troubled/damaged together. But even better would be a transcendent boy. Of course, that's an extremely rare quality that generally comes with age.

SL: When you talk about being troubled or damaged, are you making an individual observation, or do you think that every boylover's attraction to boys is based on some trauma that he or she has experienced?

EB: Oh, definitely a personal thing. I don't subscribe to any particular theory about such things. I think life is remarkably random.

SL: Describe your own process of coming out to yourself as a boylover. For example: did it happen at an early age, were you in denial for a period of time, have you ever told anyone who knows you in person?

EB: I first became aware of my attraction to boys when I realized that I liked Mike's prepubescent body not for what it would become, but for what it was. Most of us in that 8th grade lockerroom were sprouting hair, and Mike's smooth body was superior to our in my mind's eye. But I didn't instantly accept my attraction. I hoped I'd outgrow that. It was hard enough being attracted to boys, but I figured it was better to be conventionally gay than a pedophile.

When I was in college, I discovered the stunning nude boy portraits by Otto Lohmuller. Those images made me feel less



peverted. They were so tasteful and noble, and they helped me take some pride in my unusual attractions.

Still, it's not something I'd reveal to other people. I'm a private sort of person. I'm not eager to tell people what brand of shampoo I use, let alone the fact that I want to suck a smooth 3-1/2" boner.

SL: What brand of shampoo do you use?

EB: Oh, I can't recall the name. I'm sure you've seen it though. You know, it's that one with the picture of a smooth 3-1/2" boner on the label.

SL: What do you find most promising or most rewarding about an online community devoted to boylovers, and what do you find most frustrating?

EB: The best thing is just being able to say stuff you never could before. When I got my first car, I liked being able to say out loud the stuff you can't say on the bus: "damn, look at that guy...I bet he looks good naked". Or whatever. Same thing here. Just feels liberating to be pervy with other pervs.

The worst thing? I see a lot of peer pressure to be pure and wholesome. It's ridiculous.

SL: The credo for Boylover.net is "support an fellowship." Are there ways that the board might better fulfill this mission?

EB: Umm...free blowjobs for new members? Oh, I dunno. Seems like that's a personal thing, not a staff matter. I mean, essentially there's as much Support & Fellowship here as the members want to create. And we each decide independently how much we contribute to that pool of Support & Fellowship. Certainly there are some systematic strategies that could enhance the mood of the board, but I think it's better to let things evolve on their own.

SL: You have been a member of the board for a long time, and were once on staff. What are some of the most significant changes that you have observed in your time here?

EB: The obvious thing is the high turnover. Some members form the foundation, and they're always around, or at least they stop in from time to time. But for the most part, it's safe to assume that the

member you treasure today will be gone tomorrow...or you'll be one who leaves.

On a less personal level, another profound change is the gradual evolution from a discussion board to more of a general resource for boylovers. Some consider that an improvement. I don't.

SL: Why would a pure discussion board be better than a site that proposes to be a general resource for boylovers, and what are some examples of this resource trend?

EB: Primarily because resources are limited, and we should focus first on making bl.net work as a discussion board before adding the fluff. Examples of the "general resource" model include the gallery and darkroom, the games and contests, the pretty backgrounds, the support staff to help you if another member hurts your feelings, the endless spam topics (like the crap that SimbaLion guy posts).

SL: Looking far into the future, will there ever come a time when attraction to boys is not ostracized? What factors give you hope or fill you with pessimism in this regard?

EB: Your question presupposes I care what direction humanity takes. For the most part, I'm just dragging my sorry ass through this world. I guess you could say I feel like an outside observer in all this, like a cosmic anthropologist.

SL: Describe one boy for whom you felt great affection. Under what circumstances did you meet, and what do you remember most about him?

EB: I don't associate with boys. I just admire them from a distance.

SL: You once famously declared that there are times when you want to be a boy's bitch. But aren't you understating things? Are there truly any circumstances where you wouldn't want a boy to be "the top"? Don't all boys make you want to be submissive?

EB: Well, sexually speaking, I like the role reversal of allowing a boy to dominate me. And given the ethical requirements of sex with minors, that works well. You know, gets you off the hook somewhat, ethically speaking.

But what if the boy wants to be dominated? What if he wants to avoid responsibility...like if he wants a man to tell him to do the things he really wants to do but lacks the courage to initiate. For example, Jimmy might desperately want a blowjob from his older friend Eddie, but he feels guilty about it, so he hopes Eddie will "seduce" him.

Anyway, outside the realm of sex, a boy might want a mentor to look up to, and it's hard for a man to fill that role when he's wearing the boy's underpants on his face and doing the boy's chores.

SL: You are known on the board for having wide-ranging sexual interests. But are there particular fetishes or desires that seem totally foreign to you, or make you say "Whoah — let's not go there!"

EB: Oh yeah, absolutely. Scat, TV/TS, and pain.

SL: We all have a top ten list of favorite masturbation fantasies and scenarios. What's one of yours?

EB: Umm...I wrote my first erotic story last month. Can I post it? No, I suppose not. Okay, then let's go with this instead: Andy comes to realize his bratty little stepbrother Brian is actually getting to be really hot. Furthermore, Brian's friends are really hot too. Then one day...

SL: Is it possible to be a boylover and not have a specifically sexual attraction to boys?

EB: Well, there has to be more to it than just a paternal affinity for boys, or what's the point of the category/label? But I suppose any attraction that sets somebody apart from mainstream society could be considered boylove. It could be an asexual romantic attraction, for example. I don't think the mentoring thing cuts it though, since that's not inherently different from what society encourages (it's a distinction of degree only).

SL: You don't seem to like holidays much. Why is that?

EB: Mostly because they're arbitrary. For example, New Years Day is just a day we pick at random. It means nothing. If we really want to use a particular day to celebrate a new beginning, the obvious choice would be the winter solstice. If you need an

excuse to party, what could be better than toasting the sun's return? Another reason I hate holidays is the obligation that accompanies them, particularly Christmas.

SL: Earlier you spoke about the effect that Lohmuller's paintings had on you, and your board name is an homage to Winnie the Pooh. Are there other artistic works - literature, movies, whatever - that resonate with you in a special way?

EB: Movies: L.I.E. The theme of loss and abandonment hit me hard. Gattaca : My life is a lie, and not just because of the boylove thing. I don't belong here, and every day I face the fear of being discovered.

Novels: The Stranger: Indifference and resignation are manifestations of enlightenment. Wise men know that nothing matters. Demian: Romanticism doesn't much suit me any more. I take a more literal approach to things now. But this was an important book in my formative years. Great Expectations: The beginning. Tale of two cities: The end.

Children's Books: The Little Prince. I feel I've outgrown such treacle sentimentality, but there was a time when that story impacted me. I still have a copy that means a lot to me.

Paintings: Blake and Dali are twits, but there's no denying their work has left a mark on me. No, I don't mean a tattoo.

Poems: Too many to list, but especially Gold Mouths Cry, by Sylvia Plath.

SL: If heaven exists, who do you want to be waiting for you when you arrive?

EB: I'm agnostic, and I've never lost anybody close to me, so... Maybe Mike or one of the other boys who I felt a special unspoken bond with...you know, those boys who we think back to and wonder if they had these same feelings when we were growing up together.

This issue is dedicated to LostBoy
and the members of Boylover.net.

ATTRIBUTION

MBM makes use of images from flickr.com and sxc.hu. The following images were used in accordance with their Creative Commons licenses (click to see attribution):

