

ISSUE #10
April 2019

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

**New Column -
Realtalk with
Realme**

**Interview
with
Dragonlover**

**Ethos
News**

**Surviving Jail
As A
Boylover**



ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

Contents

ETHOS STAFF

Owner
Zoomzoom4

Director
Lil Monster

Assistant Director
Dragonlover

Content Manager
FalseAlias

Art Director
twiglet

Editors
brat-1
Hikari
TrueRealityLover

3

Ethos Notation

By Lil Monster

4

Realtalk with Realme

By Realme

7

Island Paradise

By StrangeDays

9

Amazon's BL Book Controversy

By Zoomzoom4

11

Interview with Dragonlover

By FalseAlias

16

Taylor's Story: Chapters 1 - 3

By LtDreamer

23

Surviving Jail as a Boylover

By Dragonlover

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

Contents

The images contained herein are for illustrative and/or educational purposes only and were obtained from the public domain or were purchased from stock image services with usage rights. The persons shown in the photos are strictly models and do not have any affiliation with the views or subject matter of the articles in Ethos. The content of Ethos is not intended to represent the views or opinions of the staff, or of Ethos itself. Any views or opinions expressed are those of the individual author or commentator and are not necessarily shared or endorsed by those who work on Ethos, nor signify the public stance of Ethos.

Note to contributors:

Upon completion of the submission process you agree to give ownership of the content to Ethos in exchange for appropriate attribution where necessary within the magazine and related Ethos entities.

- 26** **The Dangerous Rhetoric of Grooming**
By Peter-and-the-jets
- 28** **Ethos News**
By FalseAlias
- 30** **To The Boy I Once Loved**
By FalseAlias
- 31** **Boy Next Door - Part 2**
By Zoomzoom4
- 34** **Two Boylove Novels**
By Realme
- 41** **Happily Ever After?**
By Hikari
- 43** **The Paradox of the 1960s Sexual Revolution**
By BL in Black

ETHOS

notations



Hello and welcome to the April edition of Ethos, the premiere boylover magazine. Over the years, the BL community has seemed to be shrinking. But before you reach for your "Make boylove great again" red baseball cap, consider this.

There are probably no less boylovers in the world today than there were 15 years ago.

So where are they? Well, clearly they are more spread out over the internet. On different platforms. Social media, for example. The rise of boylove activism has begun.

So we should not be overly concerned about the shrinking memberships of our BL boards. As long as people are still talking about boylove, our community will always be healthy. And that is what Ethos Magazine is all about.

So without further ado, I give you Ethos issue 10.

Lil Monster

Ethos Director

Realtalk

with **Realme**

Should Boylove be Considered Part of the Gay Spectrum?

By Realme

Welcome to a new column called Realtalk. The editors at Ethos have been kind enough to give me this space to air my views, which do not necessarily match their own. In future columns I'll be talking about a number of issues facing our community.

But first off, I'd like to consider whether or not we are members of a wider community.

A look at the history of homosexuality reveals that the distinction between boylove and adult homosexual attraction was not as clearly drawn as it is today, and in fact the distinction is quite a recent one. Like all inconvenient truths, this has been erased by rewriting and burying history.

We will skip over the ancient Greeks and the traditional practices of North Africa, which get enough attention in writings on boylove, and look at our own modern Western world.

Starting in the nineteenth century, the Uranian movement in Europe and North America was the first modern literary and artistic movement to focus on the eroticism of male-on-male contacts. Given the stodginess of the times, this theme was often obscured under odes to old school friends or Greek gods. Paintings with Classical themes included scantily dressed figures that look like they're

modeled on choir boys from the local church. Check out *The Awakening of Psyche*, painted by Nicholas-Adolphe Weber in 1867, for an example.

The Uranians held up youthful male beauty as an ideal. Much of this no doubt came from adolescent contacts at boarding schools. In the days before sex between male and female teenagers was common, homosexual contacts were the norm, something that was not spoken of but nevertheless practiced widely and remembered fondly. While most of these adolescents were only going through a phase and grew up to be heterosexual, those with a homosexual bent remembered their early experimentations and often thought of the youthful bodies they first explored as the type they preferred.

Slowly, homosexuality came more and more out of the closet, via underground periodicals that often masked their true purpose under seemingly innocent themes.

The 1940s through 1960s saw a proliferation of beefcake magazines. Ostensibly muscle mags or "artistic modelling" journals, these magazines got around the ban on gay erotica while showing off scantily clad, and later nude, men. I've noticed that a large number of these magazines include a photo or two of a

boy among the adult figures. Some journals, now very scarce, focused entirely on teens and boys.

The same goes with the old nudist movies. Many were billed as documentaries, while others were silly stories that made Ed Wood look like a cinematic genius. Plots were thin, their documentary value minimal, but they did show lots of naked ladies, and almost always a few brief shots of naked children, both girls and boys. One can imagine eager viewers in some seedy theater enduring an hour of pointless dialog and unappealing adult female cheesecake for a few exquisite seconds of fresh young flesh.

For a brief time in the 1970s, censorship of pornography all but disappeared, first in Europe and then in the United States. Child pornography was sold and shown alongside adult porn. An old-timer on one of the discussion boards told me how he used to go to the booths of his local porn theater to see films of young boys making love.

This was reflected in the adult novels of the time too. Child sex themes were a small but consistent percentage of the adult books sold. Some plots involved young boys cruising for older men as a way to find themselves and eventually come out of the closet. Mainstream novels also explored boylove as part of their exploration of homosexuality. Elsewhere in this issue you will find my review of two such novels, both published in 1980.

Even gay political periodicals recognized boylove as part of the spectrum. For example, the British magazine *Gay News* dedicated a two-page spread to Tom O'Carroll's *Pedophilia: A Radical Case*, when it was first published in

1979. Several later issues had articles and letters to the editor about the book, with many boylovers given room to espouse their views. *Gay News* also covered the Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE) scandal and the persecution of other, lesser-known paedophile and boylove groups. The official editorial policy of *Gay News* was that these men were homosexuals being harassed, and treated the stories just the same as their coverage of conservative politicians spouting homophobic slurs or pubs refusing to serve gays. You see similar attitudes in American gay periodicals of the period.

This is not to say that the mainstream gay community was entirely comfortable with boylove. Some homosexuals wrote against it, usually on the grounds that children cannot consent or that they can easily be manipulated. Another common argument against boylove was that if the gay community embraced it, it risked rejection by mainstream society. This argument eventually won the day, and in their quest for respectability in the face of the child molester hysteria of the early 1980s, the gay community threw boylovers under the bus.

Even while doing so, however, there was never the hatred that you hear nowadays. I have read dozens of articles and letters to the editor about this topic from that period, and none called us "perverts" or said we "need to be shot".

But just because we were accepted at part of the gay spectrum doesn't necessarily mean that we are. For that, we have to look into our own hearts.

Here it gets a little trickier, because

"One can imagine eager viewers in some seedy theater enduring an hour of pointless dialog and unappealing adult female cheesecake for a few exquisite seconds of fresh young flesh."

boylovers are just as diverse in their tastes as people with any other orientation. Some like only boys. Some like both boys and adult men. Some like children of either sex. Others like everyone. I fall into the latter category, liking both adults and tweens of both sexes.

My attraction to males is also diverse. I find shy, willowy twelve-year-olds highly alluring, but I also like muscular, assertive men clad in leather. What links these two widely different types is their maleness. When we are attracted to boys, we are attracted to them as young males. Sure, there are characteristics such as their innocence and inquisitiveness that are shared by young girls as well, but the traits that are brought up again and again on the discussion boards are traits common to boys. Boylovers like their rambunctiousness, their spunk, their adolescent posturing masking

uncertainty. Boylovers like seeing boys playing all rough and tumble, wearing football kit or doing tricks on a skateboard. And yes, we are attracted to them for what's between their legs.

We like boys because they are youthful males, and that puts us firmly in the gay spectrum.

You will note that I have passed over female boylovers in this column. I apologize for this and must plead ignorance of how female boylovers think and feel. I have met very few on the boards and hope one will come forward to write about this subject for Ethos from the female point of view. I suspect, but do not know, that their feelings would put them on the straight spectrum.

If you want to talk more about this issue, find me on Paradise Mountain and Boymoment. I'd love to hear your thoughts.



Island Paradise

By StrangeDays

Every year I go on a family holiday to this island. It's paradise. No cars, and boy heaven, being a popular family destination. My son had friends from his school going too, and they didn't take long to appear at our door once we arrived.

One of the boys immediately caught my attention. He was unbelievably gorgeous! My heart stopped for a moment and I'm sure I was just gawking at him (of course I was). I'm pretty versed at keeping a poker face around beautiful boys, and with his incredible good looks I'm sure he copes with people perving on him all the time.

I asked him and his friend to come in. My new YF had the biggest deepest blue eyes, straight dark brown deep red hair and his bangs the style of Justin Bieber's hanging to one side and slightly undercut at the back. A popular look with the boys these days. Most noticeably, he had really puffy, moist, red lips and the smoothest olive-tanned looking skin.

If I had to describe him in one word - voluptuous! Every time he came around I found an excuse to be around him, which thankfully was often that afternoon. He was quite modest, he didn't say much, and that made him even more appealing and mysterious. That night I thought about him a lot... fantasising holding hands and walking along the beach.

The next day I heard the boys planning to go for a swim. this was something I had to get involved in, it was like a dream come true! They were going to a remote swimming hole. I decided to meet them there to provide some supervision.

When I arrived they were already in the

water, standing on the reef. I could see my YF, his shiny olive skin glistening from the salt water and afternoon sun. I went in for a swim as they decided to come out, single file up the path way through the rocks. For the first time, I got to see my YFs incredibly smooth pale shirtless body, and what a sight to behold it was!

He had a real cute underdeveloped boy-ish body, with proportionally big hips, (I like to characterise as child bearing hips). He was quite tall for his age and his legs were spectacular! Long, smooth, hairless, toned, slender, and well tanned.

My swim was quick, I didn't want to miss a moment of my YF drying himself. As I grabbed my towel I could hear a bit of a cuffuffle going on. One of the boys had thrown his towel down on to the rocks below. He went and retrieved it and came back up the rocks as I was drying off.

I asked him "did you see any sharks?!" Being a little fictitious.

He replied "no, thankfully." Such a darling of few words. Quite a serious boy, his voice soft and delightful.

We then joined the rest of the boys and my YF began wiping his legs, between his legs, around his legs, behind his back, etc. He was wearing these baggy shorts, not sure if they were strictly bathers, but I could tell he had a nice round butt anyway by the way it extruded out from the bottom of his back and pushed the material of his shorts outward. They became more pronounced as he wiped each leg stepping up on this bench.

All this drying action it made his pants lower

and his underwear higher, so by this point his underwear was now riding high up above his shorts, the top band clearly showing the underwear brand.

I could see some cotton material below too, but what was most mesmerising was his perfect stomach, somehow framed above his underwear. So flat, perfect, white and smooth. The top of his underwear seamlessly wrapped just above his pelvis. Now I could see his fine baby fluff all over him perched up as he shivered a little from the chill in the light afternoon breeze.

I wanted to hug him, to warm him, to keep his top off he was now putting on, but the show hadn't finished. As he lifted his arms up I could see his perfectly smooth underarms, and even that pulled material up from his underwear. I was lapping it up. I'm sure I wasn't the only one as I noticed some of his friends watching him too!

Now his pure white collared shirt was on on my focus went to his fine blond hairs on the back of his neck and side of his cheeks. Despite being relatively hairless, he had that finest blond bum fluff everywhere.

The boys then decided it was time to head off to their next adventure, rock skimming, at one of the local lake pools. As they got on their bikes my YF got on his to expose his upper smooth white thighs, his pants hugging the bulge between his legs from the bike seat. "Such a beautiful sight on such a beautiful boy," I thought to myself.

He wasn't staying to far from us. When I

rode past his holiday house a little later I could see his underwear hanging from the clothes line. I had to stop to take a phone call and then found myself studying them intently. They were short light grey cotton trunks with a top black band with white writing across it. I could tell they were good quality with the extra padded material and stitching around the crotch area, which was well defined.

I was getting a little giddy staring over at them as if in a trance, imagining what he looked like in them, those striking big blue eyes and olive skin, having in fact seen him in them only just an hour before - I loved the thought of that, putting two and two together. My call finished, I snapped out of it, made myself get back on my bike and rode on. I thought about him intensely that night, looking at the pictures I also had of him.

As our island trip sadly had to come to an end for another year, we got on the ferry. My YF was at the jetty,

presumably to say good by to us. He was staying longer, and I wish I could've too. Inside, I was. I wanted to blow him kisses goodbye. I waved, he waved back, and that was that.

The boy in this YouTube video in the green bathers with his underwear showing reminds me of him: <https://youtu.be/qjZvpmymBFg>



Amazon's

BL



Book

Controversy

By Zoomzoom4

Amazon.com began in 1995 as an online book store. Since then it has expanded dramatically to sell every product imaginable. But early on, it faced criticism for selling books that some felt shouldn't be sold to anyone because of certain topics.

Amazon quickly found itself in a difficult position over one of the most controversial topics of all. The question arose: Was it acceptable for the company to sell books which take a positive view of pedophilia? Books which encourage, and even romanticize, man/boy sexual relationships?

For years, Amazon quietly answered with a definite yes. Nearly every classic boylove book was being sold, from fiction to non-fiction. This includes *Loving Sander*, by Joseph Geraci, a novel about an American man's love affair with a 10-year-old Dutch boy. A non-fiction title, *Loving Boys*, had so much positive to say about man/boy love that it required two volumes.

even any notice of, Amazon selling these decidedly pro-boylove books. That all changed in March of 2000, when David L. Riegel's first book went on sale.

The title was *Understanding Loved Boys and Boylovers*. The message was a plea for understanding, from the rest of the world, the attraction and bond that is very common between men and boys. A wish for acceptance of the close, loving relationships that men and boys have enjoyed since the dawn of time.

As other authors have, Riegel embraced the notion that a consensual sexual relationship between an adult man and a pre-teen boy is not inherently harmful to the boy. And even that such relationships can be beneficial to a boy's growth and development.

Perhaps it was the title, the message, or even just the cover picture (a simple drawing of a man with a boy, both smiling and happy) which did it. But whatever it was, *Understanding Loved Boys and Boylovers* got the wrong kind of attention. In October 2002,



the United States Justice Foundation, a far-right group, threatened Amazon with "protracted litigation" if the company did not stop selling the book within 30 days.

The company refused, citing free speech rights allowed to authors and freedom of choice for readers. "We believe that providing open access to written speech, no matter how controversial or ugly, is one of the most important things we do."

Most certainly the company was not embracing the author's message. Even its own summary of the book dismissed it as "amateurish and defensive in tone." The opening sentence of its own review stated: "Is there such a thing as a legitimate sexual relationship between a man and a boy? Every civilized society answers with a resounding no." But still, the company maintained, "There are no plans to take this book down."

Yet the media fire had started, and the company was now under attack. "Amazon defends its position as purveyor of pedophilia," said CBS News. "Amazon won't shelve boylover book," said Forbes.

Imagine the Reverend Jerry Falwell on Bill 'o Reilly's Fox News show, condemning Amazon for bringing children into "that sick world."

Naturally, the user reviews on Amazon's page for Riegel's book were chiming in:

"Two words: socially damaging."

"You know what this really is? Just plain filth."

"Yet another pseudo-scientific justification of the homosexual exploitation of youngsters."

David L. Riegel himself was of course the personal target of it all. A website called EvilUnveiled proclaimed his goal is to, "Use ... propaganda to try to make pedophilia more acceptable and to discuss ways to change the

laws so that he can legally have sex with children."

Yet it was not the onslaught of criticism that swayed Amazon to finally stop selling the book. It was the legal action that the USJF finally took, filing a criminal complaint against Amazon.com in person at the Seattle Police Department. They claimed it fell under the Department's Task Force for Internet Crimes Against Children.

The publicity surrounding this led to more right-wing groups jumping on the bandwagon, claiming, "Amazon has a responsibility to protect children from materials that expressly advocate what mainstream society – including businesses like Amazon.com – consider dangerous ideas," as stated by HOOK (Hands Off Our Kids).

When real threat of nationwide boycotts began to materialize, the company finally buckled under the pressure, and stopped selling the book.

Those who sought to deny this book to readers were rewarded for their outspoken persistence. But as one Amazon employee lamented, "Please know

that, contrary to rumors that have been circulating around the Internet, this book is not a 'how-to' manual for molesting children. The author simply expresses his point of view about what he feels are 'misunderstood' relationships between men and boys."

This whole incident leaves us with unanswered questions. Is quieting public outcry more important than defending freedom of speech? Do employees of a publicly-traded corporation have a responsibility to police what they sell? And if so, who draws the guidelines for what is deemed "appropriate?"



Interview

with Dragonlover

By FalseAlias

This interview was conducted in March 2019 with Dragonlover. He has been a member of the boylove community for over 7 years, and may be better known for his role in owning Enchanted Island and for his regular radio shows live at Wired-PM Radio, as well as his current site Paradise Mountain.

FalseAlias (FA): Give us a little introduction of yourself, especially for those of us just joining the community and reading Ethos for the first time.

Dragonlover (DL): Thank you FA for allowing me this time. I am Dragonlover, and I am one of four administrators on the BL site known as Paradise Mountain. I am also a member of all of the major BL boards. I am the Staff Manager for Ethos Magazine, as well as a DJ for WIRED-PM Radio. I am also an Assistant Curator for BoyWiki working with Etenne to keep that site updated.

FA: How was Enchanted Island formed, and how did you become involved with the project?

DL: Well, my very first BL board was Boyland Online. I joined in August of 2012 under the name LittleBoyLover. There, I made many great friends, one of whom was Kermie. We used to chat, play the posting games, etc. I remember once we got into a posting duel. Each of us made over 1,000 posts in a single day!

Anyway, we came up with the idea of having our own BL board. That was in December of 2013. As the months passed, Kermie shopped around for board software, a server, etc. We took on other admins as well,

one of whom was the late Johnny Lonewolf. Johnny and Kermie dealt with the technical side, and I put the rooms together and hired a staff. Then, over the Memorial Day weekend in late May 2014, we had a special sneak preview. We invited select, high ranking members from the BL community to come in, join and have a look. Then, on June 1st, we opened our doors to the public.

FA: What were some of the challenges involved in running Enchanted Island?

DL: There were many. At the beginning it was the expense. Everything had cost money. Fortunately, Kermie had owned his own company earlier in his life and was able to retire and live financially comfortable. Then there was security. We needed the proper security to protect us from attacks, etc. Staffing issues were mine. We needed to hire people into key positions who were more than familiar with BL, what it is, its concepts and beliefs. And we managed to find them.

Later, we dealt with some other technical issues. Then, tragedy struck in October of 2016. Our dear friend and Founder, Kermie passed away. We were all deeply saddened. But he left us with the charge of keeping the legacy alive. Finally, it was the false DMCA (Digital Millennium Copyright Act) reports that were filed against us by someone on the board. That is what ultimately did us in.

FA: It was just over a year ago that Enchanted Island closed its doors. You've seen its birth in 2014, and its death in 2018. How would you say being part of Enchanted Island changed you?

DL: I have learned so much! When Enchanted Island's Founder, Kermie asked me to come on board as an admin, I was truly honored. Under his guidance I have learned how to be an effective administrator, and that being an administrator isn't just having a pretty color and fancy title. It takes dedication, commitment and hard work. Kermie taught me how to make, sometimes, very difficult decisions.

FA: Do you think that the closure of three boylove boards in such rapid succession (YoungCity in late January 2018, BoyLover.org in February 2018, and Enchanted Island in March 2018) is a connected incident, or are they all separate?

DL: The current admin team on Paradise Mountain tends to agree that the closures are connected in some way. These closures were in rapid succession; not just a coincidence. Someone had an agenda. We can only offer up speculation on exactly what that agenda was, and I won't do that here. But we do have ideas as to what the agenda was, and who the perpetrators were.

FA: Tell me about your role as a boylove radio DJ for Wired-PM Radio. How much planning does an average show take, or do you do it all live and just go with instinct on what to play next?

DL: Well, as some of you may know, I actually was a DJ on a couple of local radio stations in my area. Only back then it was vinyl record LPs, 45s and cassette tapes. So, I am trained in how to compute time, tempo, song segues, etc. You need to really know the music you play. Be familiar with especially the beginning and end of the songs. Does the song fade in at the start and end, or is it a sudden start and stop? I try and plan my shows to fit within a 2 hour time frame. I try also to play songs that haven't been heard in a while. In other words I try not to be repetitive. If I play The Beatles "Come Together" one week, I try not to play it again within the next 60 days at least, unless someone requests it. I do take requests. I will gladly disregard a song I have

on my playlist to accommodate someone's requests.

FA: What is your fondest memory of being in the boylove community? No doubt, there must be at least something good from all your time here.

DL: Oh my God, there are so many! But if I were to choose one, it would be getting my first private message on BLOL from Kermie. I remember it to this day.

"Hi there Dragonlover! Just a note to say good job on your posting. I really do enjoy reading what you have to say, not to mention you trying to outpost me in the games. We are post whores! But its for the good of the community. So buddy if you want to chat on skype sometime you can add me..."

That was the beginning of a friendship I will always cherish.

FA: People in the community know that you've done time in the criminal system. Could you elaborate on what happened and what you felt about the experience?

DL: Well, it all happened in March of 1999. I was employed at a residential treatment facility for boys suffering from severe psychiatric problems, and I was an overnight staff member working from 11 PM to 7 AM. My job was to see that the boys in my care were safe. If any of them awoke during the night, I was to deal with the issue as I saw fit, as long as it was within the scope of legality and my training.

As a boylover it was only natural for me to form loving and nurturing relationships with the boys in my care. They knew when I was working, and they knew they were safe; that I would gladly protect them from any harm. One night a boy asked me if I could adopt him. He was a boy with some very severe behavioral issues. I loved him, yes. However, there were agency policies prohibiting the adoption of a child in care by an employee. I was also not financially secure enough to be raising an 11 year old boy. I also lived with my aging stepfather who was still reeling from the death of my mother. He hated children, so adopting this boy just wasn't a reality.



I explained to him, in a way he could understand that I couldn't adopt him. He flew into a physical and emotional rage, hitting me, spitting at me and screaming. I was forced to place him in what we called a 4 point restraint. Essentially this meant getting him in a face down, prone position. I had to straddle his torso, using my legs to restrain his legs, and my hands to restrain his arms. I had to press my head against his head to keep him from banging his head on the floor. After 15 minutes of that, we went through what we called the letting go process. Meaning the more he was able to calm down, I would release one limb, letting him move it freely. I was eventually able to let him up, and he went to his bed and laid down. He apologized to me for his behavior, I kissed him goodnight and tucked him in.

I then had to fill out the required documentation as to what happened; a restraint form, an incident report and notation in his case notes. At 7 AM I informed the incoming staff as to what happened, wished everyone a good day and left. A week later 2 detectives and police officers showed up at my house. I was being accused by this boy of sexually assaulting him. Stunned, I was taken into custody and questioned. I told the detectives what happened on the night of the restraint, but they didn't believe me. I was taken to the county jail and booked. I was assigned a public defender, a defense attorney who would defend me, free of charge.

He said my best bet was to plead guilty. Even though I didn't do what I was accused of, he was saying plead guilty. He told me that was the best thing. Take a deal with the district attorney. Plead guilty and be sentenced to the state mandatory minimum of 2 1/2 years to 5 years in prison. Or, we could take it to trial. The DA would coach the boy as to what to say, and a jury will believe him and find you guilty. You face a good chance of getting 30 years or more in prison. But, I would be found guilty. Society hates child molesters, and that was what I was being accused of. He gave me 3 days to decide what to do. After talking it over with my fellow inmates, I decided to take the deal. I didn't want to do 30 years in prison.

I took the deal, but deep down inside I felt betrayed by the justice system. I was accused of a crime, and convicted of something I know in my heart I didn't do. What I was accused of was heinous, and I am simply not capable of committing such an act. It goes against my beliefs as a man and as a boylover.

As promised, I was given the sentence of 2 1/2 to 5 years. And, I was to register as a sex offender for the rest of my life upon release from custody. I did the whole 5 years. On top of that, I was subsequently arrested and convicted for violating the sex offender registration requirements. Tack on 3 more felonies. As a result of this, I cannot find a job, I cannot afford a decent place to live, I cannot attend a good college or university. My entire family and most of my friends have completely disassociated themselves from me. I am afraid to make real life friends now, because my name is so easily searchable on Google. The first thing that pops up is the link to me state sex offender profile. I know that because I have run a Google search on my name.

This experience has left me feeling bitter, angry and completely distrustful of law enforcement. I also have lost all faith in our justice system. Sorry for the novel, but it had to be told as I did or it might be misunderstood.

FA: How did you find out that you were interested in boys sexually, and how did finding out make you feel?

DL: I have always been interested in boys, ever since I can remember. When I was 6 or 7 years old I can remember liking boys my own age and younger, and as I got older that never changed. I was always OK with it.

It wasn't until about 1993 or 1994 that I found out about the concept of boylove. I was watching an episode of a talk show hosted by Sally Jessie Raphael, and her guests on this particular show were the heads of NAMBLA. They explained who they were and what they were about. They talked about boylove, and I was like, "OMG that fits exactly how I feel. So this has a name to it." I even called their number and got to talk to the president of NAMBLA. We chatted for a good hour. I did not

become a member, but it was informative, letting me know that I wasn't alone in how I felt.

FA: Are you attracted to just boys, or are girls involved too?

DL: Easy answer: Just boys. I have never really been into girls.

FA: What is your AoA, and has it ever changed or moved?

DL: My AoA is 3 to 13. A wide range, yes. And no, it hasn't really changed.

FA: As a person who takes pride in writing their contributions to good quality, do you like reading too?

DL: Oh yes, I love to read. I acquired my love of reading while in jail. There was a lot of time to fill, so I would raid the jail library and just read. I am into horror such as Stephen King or John Saul, true crime by authors such as Anne Rice, and psychological thrillers such as the novels of Patricia Cornwell.

FA: Describe your ideal boy. What would his most defining feature be? What would make you interested in him?

DL: The ideal boy for me would be a boy who is shy, maybe troubled. He can have any appearance, really. Meaning he need not be the blond haired, blue eyed boy god we dream of. As long as he has a good personality and knows how to be respectful, he's okay with me. So yes, his personality is a defining feature for me.

FA: Do you believe that paedophilia, or boylove, should be legally recognised as a sexuality?

DL: Yes, I do. Plain and simple. I believe that is how we are wired. To me its like being straight, gay, lesbian or bisexual. And, if you are really pedophillic, it cannot be changed. There is no cure. There is therapy that can help you handle urges, such as behavior therapy/modification, but there is no cure. Just like you can't cure being gay.

FA: Do you think the current community has any flaws that need to be patched up or worked on?

DL: Well, I do think we need to step forward and let people know that we are not child molesting monsters. I have seen it said by society that the term "boylove" is simply a masking term; something we use to cover up the fact that we sexually abuse boys. They say that we are just trying to give child molestation a fancy and innocent name. Not so! We are men and women who love boys. Not for sex, not for power, but for being friends and mentors to our boys. Sometimes yes, that means showing affection. A hug, a kiss, holding hands. What is wrong with that? Society needs to understand that we as boylovers cannot change our makeup. It is how we are wired. I compare it to being straight, or gay, or lesbian. They are wired in a certain way. It took time, but they were eventually accepted for who they are. Do some people still consider them deviants? Yes. But they are fighting for what is right, and that is what we as the boylove community need to do.

W I R E D - P M R A D I O



<https://www.weirdpm.xyz>

Taylor's Story

By LtDreamer

Chapter 1

Cystal has always been a friend to me, even in high school, when I was an outcast for being gay. When she was hospitalized with a broken ankle, I thought nothing of waiting for her during her surgery.

No one else was there, and I had nothing to do anyway. Matthew, or Matty as I call him, was staying with Crystal's mother. A hospital is no place for a 6-year-old to spend any length of time.

As a lawyer, Crystal was instrumental in helping me with settling my father's estate, even if his third ex-wife fought tooth and nail to overturn the will and keep everything. After a quick phone call to allow Matty to talk to his mother and assuring him that she was okay, I had decided to leave for the evening, so we both could get some much-needed rest.

As with most hospitals the corridor was quiet, other than the muted sounds of television and quiet conversations. My mind had all but

ignored these sounds as I pondered whether Susan would be able to continue caring for Matty during Crystal's recovery. Knowing I heard something out of the ordinary stopped me and my musings.

Listening closely, I could hear the sounds of quiet sobbing of a child nearby. In the quiet hallway, I was able to locate the sound coming from behind a partially open door to a private room. Pushing open the door just a little more revealed a lovely young man of about 8 or 9 years old, laying in the bed. His right leg was in traction with pins and braces holding his femur in place. Being alone in the room and having his head turned to look out the window, he had not noticed me at the doorway.

Looking around for any signs of an adult being in the room, like a coat or a book, told me that no one else was there. I guess my heart has too much of a soft spot, because at that moment I

decided that a quick visit couldn't hurt. A gentle tap alerted him to my entry into the room.

With a startled look he quickly wiped the tears away, while a soft voice asked, "Who are



you?”

Handing him the box of tissues that was way out of his reach, I told him, “My name is Matthew Davis,” now you know why I call him Matty, “you can call me Matthew or Matt. I heard your sobbing, thought you might need some company, or something else.”

“I don't get company in here. No one comes to see me other than the nurses only to give me medicine and to remind me not to bother them because they have other people to take care of.” Tears were starting to form again as he let all this pour out. I was still bothered by his statement about him not getting company to visit with him.

“What about your parents? Do they come and visit with you sometimes?” I was becoming very curious why this lad was left alone, with a major injury, in a hospital. It even sounded like the staff was ignoring him.

“It was just me and my step-dad in the car when we had the accident, I don't know where my mom is, no one will tell me anything. I have been here a bunch of days, and the doctors say I will be here at least a month before I can get out of bed again.” At this point, he was openly crying again.

I sat on the side of the bed and gently stroked his head. I know I could do nothing more at this time of night, and I had rather not say too much to him right now until I could talk to Crystal in the morning.

It was at this moment that the door swung open, and a very large nurse came rumbling into the room unannounced. “Taylor Rose!” she shouted, “What have we told you about bothering other people? You need to leave them alone, along with the staff. Now, here are your pills and I want to see you swallow all of them.”

Taylor took the pills and asked quietly, “Can I please have some water?”

“After you swallow those pills. Besides, I am too busy right now,” this whale of a nurse pronounced while she was flipping through some pages in a chart book she had brought along. I stood up and took the three steps it took to reach the sink in the room and filled Taylor's cup full with cold water and took it back

to his bedside. This simple action was all it took to tell me that my night would not be as peaceful as I thought, and was more than likely only beginning.

Nurse Mammoth had turned her wrath on me at this point, as I was hoping. “Just who do you think you are, going against trained medical personnel decisions? You are not his family, and visiting hours have ended so you had better leave the premises before I call security and have you escorted out.” Bingo, just as I had hoped. Her fury was now directed at me and I knew at this point it would be for some time.

“Oh, please do call security, and while you are at it, I will be calling Dr. Jenkins at home,” I stated, pulling out my cell phone. Dr. Jenkins was the hospital administrator, and a close childhood friend of my father's. While the hospital is sound and large enough for our area, some of the equipment was becoming outdated and unable to keep up with modern medicine. I personally donated the funds from my father's estate to update all of the needed equipment in memory of him (my father). Dr. Jenkins was beside himself with joy, because of now having a modern hospital once again.

Poor Taylor had this shocked and scared look on his face as the nurse left his room in a huff, screaming for security. Like they could hear her four levels down.

Dr. Jenkins was glad to hear from me, until he heard what I had to say. He asked to speak to Taylor, to hear his side of the story. I handed him the phone and the scared look took on a more terrified expression. “No reason to be afraid, Dr. Jenkins is a very good friend of mine and he just has some questions for you. That's all.”

While he started the story of his stay at the hospital, I could hear the sound of running from the security guards coming down the hallway. To save Taylor anymore commotion tonight, I decided to step out and greet them. Ben, the lead officer tonight, was leading the way with two other security officers, as they approached me. “Matt, we were told there was a strange man prowling the halls and bothering patients up here. Have you seen anything?”



Chapter 2

"That's him!" shouted our oversized nurse. "Grab him! Escort him out! Or better yet, call the police to come to pick him up for bothering a minor!"

The shocked look on the faces of the guards, especially Ben's, was the funniest thing I had seen tonight.

About that time, Taylor shouted from the room, "Matt, Dr. Jenkins said he will be here in five minutes, and to please wait for him." I would have to say the look from Nurse Mammoth was the second funniest thing I've seen.

Turning to Ben I asked, "Please have one of your men wait by the door here until Dr. Jenkins arrives. No one else is to enter, and to keep the staff happy the door can remain open."

Turning to re-enter the room, I could hear the nurse ranting to the security about not doing their jobs. Taking one look out the door, Taylor stated, "I thought they were going to make you leave."

Following his eyes to the security officer now standing in the middle of the door, I look back at the scared boy and winked. "Not when they work for me they wouldn't," I stated matter-of-factly.

Looking back and forth between me and the guard, with a shocked look, he asked, "You are their boss?"

Grinning, I just nodded in response to his question. With a grin spreading across his face, Taylor started to giggle, which got stronger and stronger. By the time Dr. Jenkins arrived, Taylor was into a full fit, a peal of laughter, banging the bed with his fist, and gasping for breath. If he wasn't confined to the bed I think he would have been on the floor in a fetal position rolling all over the room.

Taking a good hard look at the two of us, me just sitting on the side of Taylor's bed, grinning just as hard as I could, and Taylor in the fits of joyous laughter. Shaking his head he quietly stated "Must have been one hell of a joke."

Reaching behind the bed, he released the oxygen tubing and started the flow, telling Taylor he needed to wear it in his nose for a few minutes. With the oxygen calming him down, Taylor began to settle into the good looking boy with a charming smile I knew was there somewhere.

"Matt didn't tell the big fat nurse that the guards worked for him," he said, grinning.

"Matthew Davis, I should have known all this commotion was your doing." All of us turned to see Crystal standing in the door on a pair of crutches, in a hospital gown and housecoat.

"Crystal?! What are you doing out of your bed? Get over here and sit down in the chair, and prop that foot up," I abolished her. While she made her way to the chair, Taylor's giggles returned.

"She dresses like my mother does," he stated through his giggling. After ensuring Crystal was comfortable, we turned back to Taylor, who had a silly look upon his face at this time.

Still, with an amused grin, Taylor continued to look at the three of us with an emptiness he didn't have before. Reaching out, with the pretense to brush the hair out of his face, I looked into his eyes, to see they were dilated, and had a far off look.

Becoming worried that something might be wrong, I called Dr. Jenkins over. "Is he okay? Should this be happening to him?" I asked with growing concern. He reached over to look into both eyes and pulled a penlight out from some pocket. Shining it back and forth, and studying the results, I knew my old friend was not happy.

Grabbing the phone and calling to hospital operator, he announced, "This is Dr. Jenkins, Code Pink room 4011," and hung up the phone. By the time he could turn around the code was being called over the hospital PA and staff could be heard running through the halls.

Looking at me he simply stated, "He has been given too much medication, he shouldn't be out of it like this." Remembering what happened with the nurse, I told him about the medication and the incident that led to me calling him at home. As doctors and nurses

poured into the room I stepped out and spoke with the officer left at the door. "Spread the word, find that nurse that was here and restrain her, in cuffs if you have to. I want her where we can find her as soon as this is over!"

With a borrowed wheelchair, Crystal was returned to her room for the night once everything had calmed down. She, of course, had a front row seat to everything that was happening with Taylor.

Blood work confirmed that he had been over-medicated, being given a sleeping pill with a high dose of a narcotic pain killer. A check of pharmacy records showed this had been happening for just over a week now.

I asked Ben to keep someone from security at his door at all times for now, while a shift in staffing assignments was being done in the hospital. I spent a restless night in the chair beside Taylor's bed, to be with him all night. I planned to hire private nursing to tend to his needs first thing in the morning. I still needed to talk to Crystal about his mother, and other family members, that seem to have left him alone.

The smell of fresh coffee awoke me from my fitful dozing to the smile of a young red-headed male nurse. Handing me the coffee, he said, "Good morning, I'm Chris. Crystal Clay, down the hallway, said you would need this, and she wanted to see you right away. Either that or she was going to come down here for you." With a quick look at Taylor, I thanked him for the coffee.

"Don't worry, I will be his nurse until your private staff arrives. Dr. Jenkins has already filled me in on what has happened. I will let you both know when he is awake," he said, smiling at the sleeping young boy, trapped in a hospital bed.

Crystal was just finishing her breakfast when I arrived at her room. The look on her face was one I have seen many times before, and have learned to grieve for the fool that is about to oppose her. She was never one to back down from something she believed in, and I feel this is what has made her such a good lawyer.

Moving her breakfast tray aside and picking

up her notepad, she looked me dead in the eyes. "Okay, Matt, how did you become involved with this Taylor Rose last night? I want to know everything that happened," she stated with a voice, normally reserved for the courtroom. Sitting down, and staring into my coffee, I actually began to wonder myself. How did I become involved with an 8-year-old boy, laid up in the hospital?

After a deep swallow of my coffee and a sigh, I began my tale. I filled her in on my every action after leaving her room last night, right up to this morning.

After my narration, Crystal asked a few questions for clarification. When we were done, she set down the pad and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Matt, there is enough evidence here to file a major lawsuit against the hospital staffing. There is also the possibility of child abandonment and child endangerment against his mother. We both know the financial situation of this hospital. The comment he made about me dressing like his mother last night also is some concern for me. This really is a can of worms you have stumbled into."



Chapter 3

Our mood was broken with Matty running into the room shouting, "Mommy!" Crawling up on the bed next to her, it was like he hasn't seen her in a lifetime.

At that moment the phone started ringing, and since Crystal had her hands full, I moved to answer it.

"Just wanted to let you know that Taylor is awake and devouring his breakfast as we speak. I may have to remove the plate to save it," came the cheerful voice of Chris, Taylor's nurse. This reminded me that I still needed to look into private nursing this morning.

With his auburn hair and green eyes, Matty looked so much like his mother, it was often hard to tell them apart if not for their age. He was chatting non stop about his "night with grandma" and that while he loved his grandma a whole bunch, her house was boring.

An idea hit me at that moment, and I believe Crystal was thinking the same thing. With a slight nod from her, I took Matty's hand. "Hey buddy, why don't you come with me. I have a friend for you to meet, and the two of you can play some games together, okay?"

With one last hug for his mom, he turned to me, "Okay, Uncle Matt," and with a pat on his rump from his mother, we were off to make a new friend. I hoped.

"Where are we going, Uncle Matt?"

"Right down here buddy, my new friend is also in the hospital and will be for a while. He is close to your age, and no one comes to visit him," I said as we walked down the hall together. If I could get them some games to play together, this might be a benefit to everyone.

"Matt!" Taylor was able to call out, as we entered the room before Matty had started with a long list of questions like they had been friends for a long time. "Wow! What happened to you? What's your name? I'm Matthew. Does that hurt? Do those bars go all the way through your leg? How do you go to the bathroom?" The grin on Taylor's face showed that an instant friendship was made at that moment. I

helped Matty onto the bed opposite of where his leg was held in traction and told both of them I was going to look for some games for them to play together.

As I found Chris in the hallway, I heard Taylor tell Matty that he was in a car wreck and hurt his leg. Chris was more than happy to locate some games and toys for the boys to play with.

Finding an empty room, I stopped to make the phone call I always hated making. While I do not live with a lavish lifestyle, nor do I take part in any way with the company of the stock portfolio that my father left behind, I do have access to money with just a phone call. I leave the business in the hands of those who know what they are doing, but I still have a person at the company whose sole job is to handle anything I might request.

"Oliver, Matthew Davis here, I need a few things taken care of." And we were off on discussing the details of private nursing, to a private investigator to look into Taylor's family. Something did not sit right with me in all of this, and I was aiming to find out.

After the phone call, I peeked in on the boys to find them playing a game of Battleship and they seemed to be getting along well. I informed the security officer of the private nursing staff coming on, and that I would be in Crystal's room for a few minutes.

When I walked into her room Crystal was just hanging up her cell phone, while Susan was napping in a chair next to the window. I'm guessing Matty turned out to be a real handful for Crystal's mother. "I have just spoken with a friend at the police department. The man driving the car Taylor was in, a Clarence White, did not survive the accident. The address on his license and vehicle registration was vacant and had been for some time. I'm guessing I will have to get a P.I. to try and locate his mother. I have already requested an injunction from Judge Sing, giving us rights to serve on Taylor's behalf, before Social Services gets too involved. I hope that was okay with you, Matt". Of course that was alright with me. She knows me too well.

"I have already contacted a private

investigator to start looking for Taylor's mother, or any other family. Once we have the paperwork from the judge, we can gather more information about him from the hospital records, if they are correct. I still do not trust the nursing staff that was looking out for him.”

Hearing a commotion in the hallway, I took a quick peek to see Chris and the security officer, barring the doorway to Taylor's room from a tall, thin woman, who could have passed for last night's overweight nurse's twin, if not for the size.

“Showtime,” I said to Crystal as I picked her up and set her in the wheelchair, parked in her room now. Making a quick grab for her legal binder and cell, we were on our way down the hall to find out what was happening now.

“I am Miss Crow, from the Department of Social Services,” shouted our visitor. “You have no right to interfere with me seeing a child that is to be placed into state custody.”

“Miss Crow, I am Attorney Crystal Clay, and I'm afraid that the child Taylor Rose will not be going into state custody at this time.”

“Oh, I know who you are, Ms. Clay, and if my memory is right, you are not a child custody lawyer. So what you have to say here has no bearing on what happens to Master Rose.”

With the sweet smile that she wore when she knew that she had gotten her way, Crystal responded with, “No, I may not be, but Judge Sing does preside over child custody, and I believe you are just about to be served with the official paperwork.” Coming down the hallway towards our little group now was a Deputy Sheriff with an envelope of official paperwork.

“Ms. Clay, I have some paperwork from the Honorable Judge Sing for you, if you will just sign here. Thank you. Will there be anything else before I leave?”

“Yes, please wait around a few minutes, I would like you and our security officer to witness these papers so that Miss Crow can return to Social Services, with certified copies, until the real ones arrive later today.”

While the copies were being made, I took the opportunity to check in on the boys. Both had a frightened look on their face, with young

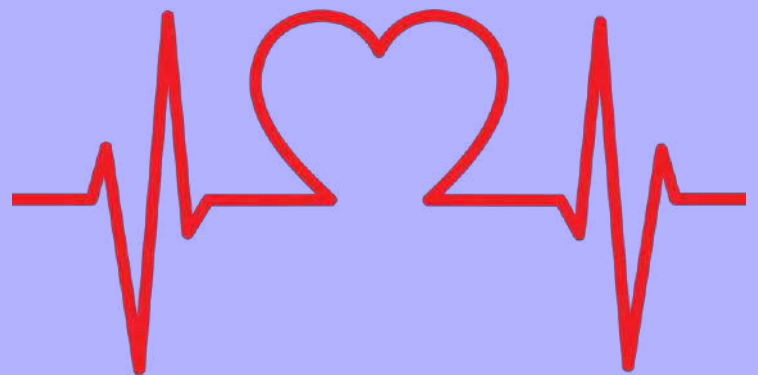
Matty standing between the door and his new friend. Once they saw me they both relaxed and started with the barrage of questions, that it seemed only curious little boys can do.

“Calm down boys, it's all over with now. Taylor, until we find your family, Ms. Clay and I will be looking after your needs. You may not remember her, but she was here last night after you had your medication. She is also Matty's mom, so you are in good hands. Now, Matty, I need you to go and spend some time with your mom please, while I talk to Taylor. You can come back after lunch if he feels up to having more of your company.” This put a smile back on Matty's face, which had been forming into a frown when I asked him to leave the room. It appeared that these two had become very good friends in a short period of time.

As Matty walked out the door, Taylor looked at me and asked in a soft voice, “Is Ms. Clay that nice lady I laughed at last night? About the way she was dressed?”

With a chuckle, I told him yes it was, but that was already forgotten. I did have to admit, I was beginning to fall for this child, with his blond curly hair and striking blue eyes. This being a part of my life I set behind me a long time ago, when the last boy who I cared about walked out of my life, and just left me hanging for answers that were never coming.

My talk with Taylor went well and brought about some new light to his situation, something that I was going to have to bring up with Crystal before anything else. I was deeply worried that Taylor may be in more danger than he, let alone us, knew about.



Surviving Jail

as a Boylover

By Dragonlover

I have often been asked about what jail was like for me, especially with me being a Boylover. Its an interesting question; one that I'm sure doesn't get thought about very much by "Joe Public". So, in answer to that question I will say that I have been there and done that. But first, a bit about exactly why I was in jail.

Back in 1999, I was working with a social service agency which had a residential treatment division, meaning that it had a beautiful campus dotted with small cottages which housed boys of varying ages and psychiatric diagnoses. I had worked there for three years as an overnight counselor before one of the boys made an accusation against me – an accusation which resulted in my arrest for sexual assault on a minor. The accusation wasn't true, of course, but the fact remained that I was accused, and therefore must be guilty. Without getting into the whole thing, I was sentenced to two and a half to five years in jail. That was on May 27th, 1999. And in that jail I remained until April 19th, 2004.

Now, back to the reason for this article. How does a boylover get by in jail? It's not easy. Not easy at all, to be perfectly honest. Any man who is even accused of a sexual assault against a child is placed at the very bottom on the prison hierarchy. You see, much like society, there is a bit of a caste system. At the top, you have your murderers, guys in for assault, etc. Then you have the drug dealers. A bit lower down are the wife beaters. Then, at the very bottom, are the child molesters. That

was me. Even though I preached until I was blue in the face that I hadn't done what I was accused of, nobody believed me. Believe me, the local newspapers saw to that. My fellow inmates had access to those newspapers, and they made sure to scour them each day in search of guys who were either accused or convicted of sex crimes against children.

The men who have that designation are oftentimes made to fear for their safety and even their lives. The first several months of incarceration for me were nothing less than pure torture. You see, not only do your fellow inmates hate you, so do the facility staff, including the corrections officers who are assigned to the housing units to ensure safety. When it comes to inmate-on-inmate assault because one of those inmates is an accused child molester, the CO's tend to look the other way. Unless you are able to keep calm, learn the ins and outs of jail politics, and do some fast talking, you are an easy target. And that's what I had to do. Become a part of the system.

But before that could happen, I was made to endure some things. For instance, I had food thrown at me in the inmate dining room, and had full cups of juice and water dumped on me. On the block, it was just general threats of serious bodily harm. Nothing ever came of it; I was never beat up or even hit, but trust me, the threats were there and plentiful. Every day for the first six or so months was like that. Then, all of a sudden, it just seemed to die down, for which I was grateful. Slowly but surely, I was

able to go and eat my meals without incident. I could go through days without any threats being made.

I was able to make friends, too. They were, for the most part, men accused of sex offenses. Many of them were guilty of the crimes they were accused of, some were not. Sometimes I would suspect that a guy might be a boylover, and I would occasionally throw out a BL term during a conversation. Like if an inmate told me the age of his supposed victim, I would say something about that age being “out of my AoA”. I would wait to see what his response to that term would be. If he acted like he knew what that meant, or tossed a BL term back at me, I knew he was a boylover. If he looked at me totally confused or asked what I meant by AoA, I would just dismiss it or, if he seemed genuinely interested, I might explain the concept of boylove. Some would then identify as a boylover, others would not. But as a general rule, boylove was not a topic to be discussed outside of our circle. We were already seen as outcasts. No need to make things worse by acknowledging that we were actually attracted to boys. But in our circle we had a sense of strength; we were able to feel that we were not in this thing alone. We had other guys who thought like we did, and they were on our side no matter what.

Daily life also meant having to deal with ordinary guys. I needed to fit in with them as well. It helped that I was smart enough to learn that to fit in with this group, I had to prove myself. I had to find a way to prove to them that I could be a help to them, and that I was definitely not a snitch: someone who told the CO's about questionable goings on with the inmates. I had been a witness to several things which were illegal in jail, and the perpetrators knew I was a witness. They sat back and watched. Listened. Tuned in to see if I would report to the guards what I saw. When they realized that I didn't, I was considered “safe”, meaning to a certain extent, I was on their side.

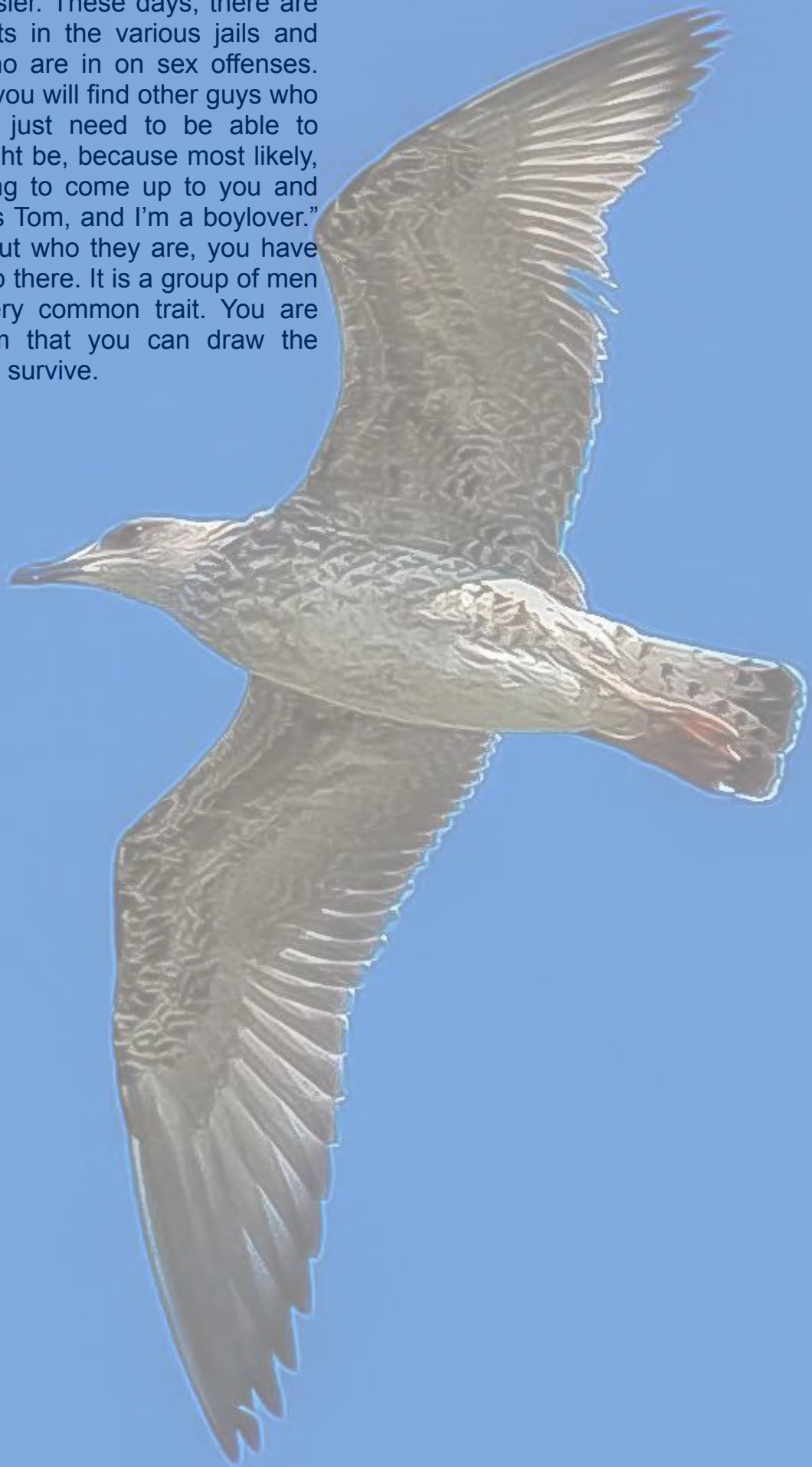
It also helped that I could be a part of the “inmate economy”: I could contribute some service to the inmate population by performing some valuable service in exchange for a fee.

My “hustle”, as they call it, was to act as a jailhouse lawyer. Inmates would bring me their paperwork and discuss what they were being charged with. I would ask certain questions, and armed with that information, I would use the jail's law library to see what could be done legally as a defense, if anything. Public defenders were overworked and underpaid, so jailhouse lawyers were able to do the research a PD might not have the time nor the inclination to do. I would then take the results back to the inmate and tell him what he should ask his PD about or what to try. I would also type up motions requesting judges to grant inmates who were in custody the opportunity for work release, a much less restrictive form of supervision. In exchange for this, I charged a nominal fee. Currency of any kind, of course, was not allowed in jail, so the fees would be paid to me in commissary: food items or personal care products purchased from the jail canteen using funds in an inmate's account. Money could be placed in the account by the inmate's friends and relatives, or it could be earned by working in an inmate job as a custodial crew member, in the kitchen, the laundry, etc.

After some time, I was hired for one of those positions. The county decided to implement a new program where three inmates would translate books, including school textbooks, into Braille for blind school students. There was a very detailed process to this, and the inmates in charge of this would need to have computer skills, time management skills, and attention to detail. I, along with two other men of my choosing, were hired to be braille translators. Those other two men were, of course, men convicted of sex offenses. We turned out top quality work in a very timely manner, for which we were told the students we were doing this for, as well as their teachers, were very appreciative. We even had the pleasure of meeting these students in person one Christmas, and that was very special.

If you find yourself behind bars as a boylover on a sex offense, the time is hard. Very hard. But if you learn the ways of things and are proactive in making things better for

yourself in as many ways as you can, that time can be just a bit easier. These days, there are special housing units in the various jails and prisons for guys who are in on sex offenses. Chances are, there you will find other guys who are boylovers. You just need to be able to gauge who they might be, because most likely, they aren't just going to come up to you and say, "Hi, my name is Tom, and I'm a boylover." But once you find out who they are, you have yourself a nice group there. It is a group of men who all share a very common trait. You are boylovers. And from that you can draw the strength you need to survive.



The Dangerous Rhetoric of Grooming

By Peter-and-the-jets

We're all familiar with "grooming." It's that scary thing childlovers do to prepare their victims for abuse. At least, that's how the story goes.

In reality, this is a fiction generated to keep us and the boys we love in chains. Intergenerational relationships are proven to have huge benefits, both for the people involved and for society in general, but right now modern western society is segregated by age to an alarming and unprecedented scale, and it's hurting us. In particular, I've noticed an uptick in violent rhetoric used to describe boylovers and our love. This is having disastrous effects, and I want to share why I think this needs to change.

It frustrates me that the language we use around intergenerational sexuality works to confuse and invalidate the agency of young people in the name of protecting young people. The idea of "grooming" serves to dehumanize boylovers and disenfranchise the boys we love, and who love us in return. The crux of it is that "grooming" rhetoric assumes evil intent of the boylover, and complete helplessness of the loved boy. Both assumptions are not only insulting, inaccurate, and obtuse, but also dangerous. They lead to unnecessary violence: incarceration and death to boylovers, psychological trauma to loved boys. They continue repression of a major source of love and intimacy between people that has been a staple of human society since time immemorial.

While exploring recent topics like "Leaving Neverland" and hashtags like #MeToo and #ChurchToo, I discovered a connection I found unnerving. The rhetoric around "grooming" is now so advanced that it approximates ex-gay language. Here's what I mean: the current dogma is that children can't consent. If they do, it's a result of grooming; in other words, brainwashing, which means their real choices and feelings are overwritten by the person "grooming" them, and the dominant narrative they use to do so. As a result, if you as a minor say you actually wanted or pursued or initiated the contact, then you're delusional, you can't attest to your own feelings, you're under the control of an external force (whether demonic, cultural, or personal). Therefore, evidence that contradicts the dogmatic belief that children can't consent (and that adult/child or even adult/teen sex is inherently abusive) can actually be twisted to support this claim.

This situation mirrors tactics that ex-gay "therapies" use to manipulate and coerce young gay people to admit their attractions are wrong and accept "change" narratives. In ex-gay circles you're taught that you can't trust your own feelings, what feels good is bad and what feels bad is good, and most importantly that you're not in control. In fact, the more you assert your own autonomy and choice, the more you're living in "sin" and "rebellion" and you have to confess and repent. This terrible cocktail of emotional manipulation and

psychological abuse continues because people are afraid of sexual deviance and want to control our bodies. The very same is true of the ways boylovers and loved boys are demonized and violated.

I was affected by this “grooming” rhetoric as well as ex-gay “therapies” when I was younger. Deeply in the closet, I spent most of my teen years going through various conversion therapy efforts trying not to be gay. It never worked of course, and I eventually came to my senses when I went to college and met other gay folks. But all throughout that time there was the extra layer of pedophobia baked into the whole experience. I was aware of my attractions to much younger boys by the age of 15, but I simply denied it (and repented and prayed for healing) like I did the rest of my sexuality.

The way people talk about “grooming” is very dehumanizing. By accepting and nodding along to it, I was able to project onto others (those “predators” who were nothing like me) the scary and confusing feelings I was having. I was able to do this because people who “groom” their victims seem almost inhuman. Everything they do has an ulterior motive, any seeming act of kindness or genuine interest is actually suspect. You can’t have any sort of healthy relationship with someone if you view them this way. That includes yourself.

Another layer of this is that “grooming” rhetoric takes normal human behavior and makes it pathological. In many ways, “grooming” tactics are simply survival tactics if you take away the nefarious ulterior motive. How many of us have had to scramble to make ourselves indispensable to our organizations, liked and needed in our social circles, in order to stay safe or secure? Gay people of faith have to carve out space for themselves at the table. Women have to break through the glass ceiling. People of color have to learn how to code-switch. Folks with disabilities have to fight to be seen and heard. Indigenous people have to remind everyone they’re still here. Disadvantaged groups have always had to hustle to survive and fit in and yet stay true to themselves. Those behaviors can seem strained and contrived to those who never have

to face the same problem

Of course, the “grooming” process is simply called “romance” in contexts outside of adult/child relationships. Investing time and attention into someone you love, giving them gifts and compliments and favors, integrating yourself into their daily life, their immediate and extended family, their friend circles, these are all activities that adults engage in every time they have a romantic interest in another adult. What makes it different for boylovers is the assumption that we could never love a boy the way we’re supposed to love an adult, and what’s more, they could never love us in return.

This is why “grooming” rhetoric frustrates and discourages me personally. My love for boys is considered monstrous just like it was when I first came out as gay. As a boylover, I have to make sure I’m safe and secure in a new environment, especially if I have or find a YF. Whether or not we’re sexually active matters much less than my standing in the family, the church, or the organization that we occupy. The barest amount of suspicion could lead to disaster if law enforcement ever gets involved, (even if nothing illegal has taken place).

The most pernicious part of “grooming” rhetoric is that it takes away the agency of the children it pretends to protect. Loved boys are not allowed to communicate their love, not allowed to testify to their own experiences, and often manipulated into regret and resentment by the very people who are supposed to encourage their mental health and wellbeing.

Until this dangerous rhetoric is challenged and confronted, more and more of us BLs will continue to be unjustly incarcerated, unjustly stigmatized, and face untold violence. And meanwhile our loved boys will continue to be traumatized, continue to internalize our relationships in unhealthy ways, and continue to be excluded from this conversation. This is travesty, especially because what the boys themselves have to say could be the missing piece.

ETHOS

News

By FalseAlias

Ethos News will be a regular section in Ethos designed to highlight recent happenings relevant to the boylove community. Various happenings will be covered, including some things that you might already be aware of due to international media attention and the associated social hysteria.

Please note that due to this being the first run of the section, items covered may not fairly represent all areas of positive and negative media of the prior four months. I'd like to have the same amount of good as there is bad, and there's a way for you to help with that if you'd like.

If you have any stories you think we'd be interested in, please send us a brief description or a link using the contact form on our website. As long as the story pertains to boys, boylovers, cybersecurity, or our rights as people, it's enough for us to consider publishing.

A little change in our submission guidelines, first

Before we get to the news though, we'd like to take this opportunity to inform readers of a change in submission guidelines. Prior to now we've disallowed content that sides on the pro-contact or anti-contact debate, or we've balanced it out by having one piece of each. The condition that content must not side on this debate is no longer going to be upheld, and our submission guidelines have been modified to allow for more diverse content that may hold stronger views.

Ethos is a platform for the community. We are not serving the community if you cannot talk about what you feel needs to be talked about. This is the primary reason for the change. Ethos itself remains neutral on the subject, but our content should be allowed to show the bias that their authors have.

For us to be a community platform, we have to respond to the needs of the community we serve. If you have questions for us, or perhaps some feedback about our content, please let us know. Contact anyone at Ethos or use the contact form.

United Nations propose ban on lolicon and shotacon

New proposals by the United Nations redefine child pornography to include sexual content that contains non-existing children. Content such as shotacon would be ruled illegal if this happens, and their justification for the proposal is that such content contributes to "normalising the sexualisation of children and fuels the demand of child sexual abuse material."

There has been significant objection to this proposal within the boylove community as well as in the anime community, citing that such a move would censor and restrict freedom of expression.

YouTube starts disabling comments on videos containing minors



In a fight to prevent sexualised comments directed towards or about minors YouTube has started to disable comments altogether on videos primarily featuring minors or on channels operated by minors.

The move by YouTube is a response to a video that claimed to expose a “soft-core pedophilia ring” operating via the comment section of YouTube, focusing on comments that sexualised minors as “evidence” of the ring operating.

Finnish study concludes nearly half of child sexual abuse cases are unfounded

A study published in Finland last year concluded that around 41% of child sexual abuse cases were unfounded and had no evidentiary basis. They further concluded that while reports of child sexual abuse were increasing, the actual prevalence of it was decreasing. Further, they claim that "80% of professionals working with CSA allegations report having encountered cases where they believed that a child had been coached by someone to say they had been abused (Faller, 2007)."

Link to study: <https://psyarxiv.com/fbshw/>

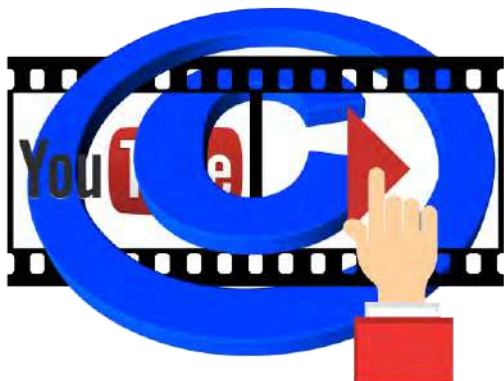


EU backs passing Article 13 into law

The European Parliament voted on March 26 to support the final draft of the European Copyright Directive. The directive includes Article 13, a controversial copyright law that makes tech companies liable for copyright violations in user-generated content if they do not have sufficient licensing rights.

Article 13 has been heavily opposed by the Internet since it was first made public. Under the law, companies like YouTube would be responsible for ensuring users do not upload copyright-protected content to their platforms and must implement “proportionate content recognition technologies” (for example, an upload filter) to help identify content that violates this law.

Article 13 has been called by many the “meme ban” as memes often use content that comes from copyright-protected sources such as movies or TV shows. While the legislation claims that memes will be safe, there is considerable doubt on whether blanket filters can tell the difference between a meme and a more legitimate violation.



The **BOY** I Once *Loved*

By FalseAlias

To the boy I once loved,

In February 2013, I fell in love with you, and my world became brighter than it had ever been. I've yet to feel any love that compares to what I felt for you, even after six years. I don't think I will, but that's okay.

You were 12. And you were magic. To me, you were everything. Loving you was all I wanted to do. In my love for you, I created names. I created you a world, in a sense, and I built us a home like none other. A home we could watch the sunsets from. I tried as best I could to be with you and to be yours. Night, after night, listening as time ticked away. "You'll be here soon," I'd tell myself, and you always were. Except, you were 12.

Eventually you figured out your feelings and knew what I felt wasn't what you felt. What you felt for me wasn't love, or lust. It was friendship and trust. You forgot about me, or tried to. You encouraged me to try, too, but I couldn't. Even when you attacked me, months later, I couldn't stop loving you. I couldn't.

In the two years that followed, I became someone different. I learned of myself, of something I never wished for. I told you, but stayed so far away that I'd never know if you even received the message. By design, that was. An attempt to fix my broken heart because the weight of you made the burden of life heavier than I could handle. A way to apologise for what mistakes I thought I'd made.

Eventually, I became this that you see. Or, rather, this that you'll never see. You don't know me anymore, and I don't know you. This is the way it has to be, because if I were to see you I don't know if I'd be able to stay away. Would I feel hatred for what you did, or would I be filled with happiness for being able to see you again?

I loved you, and the memories I have I still value as if they were yesterday's. In a way, you could believe I still do love you. Yet, I still hate you for the pain you left me with, the guessing game I had to play trying to figure out why you abandoned me. I'll never know what actually happened, but I am not trying to figure it out anymore.

I am not yours anymore.

Have yourself a good life. Don't let yourself be alone forever, but don't ever come back to me.

Goodnight, to the boy I once loved.

B O V Next Door

Part 2

By Zoomzoom4

Hearing the sound of kids' voices outside my second floor window, I walked to it and opened the vertical blinds a bit. I saw Mike, my new young friend, running through the courtyard, laughing and stumbling with a goofy little-boy grin on his face.

I thought it would be a good opportunity to talk. I went down the stairs and at the bottom he bumped into me, laughing. I saw there were other kids from the neighborhood nearby.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Playing hide and seek," he giggled.

"Maybe today we can go play soccer at the school." I suggested, referring to our desire to go play one-on-one soccer on a proper field (well, a baseball field) rather than in the courtyard of the apartment grounds.

"Oh yeah, that's right," he said, wiping the sweat off his brow. "Let's go ask my mom."

That was where I felt less comfortable, having to talk to his parents. In fact, shortly after we had first become friends, about a month before, he invited me to go to his apartment and hang out. He said he wanted to show me his room, and his toys and games.

I said I would, but had trouble building up the courage. I started working on a speech in my head, of explaining to his parents that yes, I am 27 years old, but Mike is my friend regardless of age. To me, he's not "just" a 10-year-old boy, but my best and closest friend in the world. I called it my "I'm not a pervert" speech.

Of course, I wanted to be with boys in a way that some may call "perverted." But when it's obvious that a sexual relationship is not

going to happen (generally because of circumstance, situation and the law) then a boylover gladly accepts the platonic nature of the bond, and is glad to just have the friendship of a young boy.

Having this 10-year-old boy as my everyday companion is what I wanted more than anything else.

I had already had both a negative, and positive, encounter with Mike's mom. The negative encounter was when I was talking to him in the courtyard, and then one of the neighbors from the apartment complex came up to us and gave both Mike and his little sister Katrina a pouch of Capri Sun Tropical Splash. No problem, right? But there was. His mom came out and asked where they got those drinks.

From me? No. From some neighbor who was a stranger, yes. She got mad at me, personally.

"You're the adult here, you shouldn't let them drink or eat something from someone you or they don't know."

I felt completely stunned and caught off guard from that. I was feeling deflated, as she walked back up the stairs to their apartment, with Katrina. Mike just smiled at me and said, "You know how moms are."

But that got me thinking that if his parents were going to trust me with him, to be with him outside of their presence or watch, I would need to do better.

I realized that I needed them to see that I am in fact responsible, and can protect their son if and when necessary; that they can trust



me to keep him safe and bring him back in one piece.

The positive experience I had early on with his mother was one afternoon when he was away for the week visiting his “real dad” in Oregon, and the step dad was off at work. His mother and little sister were home alone.

A week before, Mike’s dad (step dad) invited me to come get some of his computer equipment that he didn’t need anymore, but was still good. His dad was a network engineer. I really needed one of the cords he had, so knowing that Mike was not home, I went to his house to see his mom, and ask her for the computer stuff.

The main thing first was that I was stricken by how much of a sexpot woman she actually was; quite voluptuous and outgoing. She was literally flirting with me, batting her eyebrows and sitting noticeably close to me on the couch.

When I asked when Mike is coming back, she said, “I don’t care, I’m just glad he’s gone.” I stared at her, blinking. “Well I got rid of one kid, now just need to get rid of the other,” she said, nodding toward little 6-year-old Katrina.

We both laughed. This was me bonding with her, adult to adult, sharing jokes. I was starting to understand how necessary this is, when trying to have a relationship with a child. You must be friends with his parents and always kind-of keeping score, knowing where you stand in their eyes.

What gave me the strongest signal that she was “okay” with me being a close friend to her 10-year-old son was when I called her by her first name, her real first name. She went by Katy, but there were pictures of the family all over the apartment, I saw one of her with the name Kayleen and her birth date.

But that was, in fact, too formal. I started, “So ... um, Kayleen ...”

She cut me off, “People call me Katy.”

“Oh, okay, sorry.”

“How did you know my real name?”

“It’s on the wall next to your picture,” I explained.

She started laughing. “I thought it was my son and his big mouth, going over and telling you everything about us.”

“No, he usually just wants to go play soccer with me, or hang out.”

When he did return from visiting his dad, about a week later, after playing hide and seek with the neighborhood kids, I went with him to his apartment to ask his mom if we could go to the elementary school about 6 blocks away and play soccer on that field.

I was almost literally shaking with trepidation. This would take us a good step beyond being merely a man and a boy who are friendly neighbors. It would establish me and her preteen son as genuine friends, who have shared interests and do things together, who call and text each other, who see each other on an everyday basis, and who have ongoing projects and activities that we do together.

To my surprise, he simply threw open the front door and his mom was sitting there on the couch watching a talk show on TV and eating Ruffles potato chips.

“Mom we’re going to the school, okay? We want to go play soccer.”

She looked at him, then at me. She pause, and then, “Okay.”

At that moment we both felt like we had been set free. We were free to be best friends. We exchanged a look between us, acknowledging that, and started out the door and down the steps.

“Make sure he’s back by seven,” his mom called after me.

“I will,” I said, running down the stairs with him.



Two Boylove Novels

By Realme



Boylove novels are hard to come by these days. In our witch hunt culture, most publishers won't touch the subject unless it's given the standard "evil man molests weeping, unwilling child" treatment.

Boylove novels are hard to come by these days. In our witch hunt culture, most publishers won't touch the subject unless it's given the standard "evil man molests weeping, unwilling child" treatment. Other than a few self-published books and rarities by long-dead small outfits like Coltsfoot Press and Acolyte Press, there just aren't many novels that look at boylove with open eyes.

This wasn't always the case. Here I want to talk about two books published by major

presses that look at boylove in a sympathetic light. Before I go on, I must warn the reader that there will be spoilers. It would be difficult to discuss the significance of these novels without discussing the plot. So if you want to avoid spoilers entirely, I would suggest reading the books first and then coming back to this article. You can find *Kevin* by Wallace Hamilton on the *Greek Love Through the Ages* website as a free downloadable PDF. More than *Friends* by Ruth Turk is not available online as far as I know, but can be found occasionally on Ebay and Abe.com.

The first book I'd like to discuss is *Kevin* by Wallace Hamilton, published by Signet, an imprint of St. Martin's Press, in 1980. *Kevin*

Stark is a fifteen-year-old who has spent most of his childhood in foster care. His father walked out when he was four, and his mother spent many years in a mental health institution. Now his mother has been released and the state is taking Kevin out of a caring foster home and returning him to her. He also meets his thirteen-year-old brother Dennis, who he hasn't seen since he was a toddler.

His mother is married to an indifferent drunk named Jake, but Jake's drinking and the dilapidated house they live in are the least of Kevin's worries. He struggles with gay fantasies and the growing awareness that his little brother Dennis is leading a double life. Kevin and Dennis share a bedroom in the attic, well away from their mother and stepfather and their nightly binge drinking in front of the TV. They are alone and ignored. On one of their first nights Kevin discovers Dennis sniffing paint in bed.

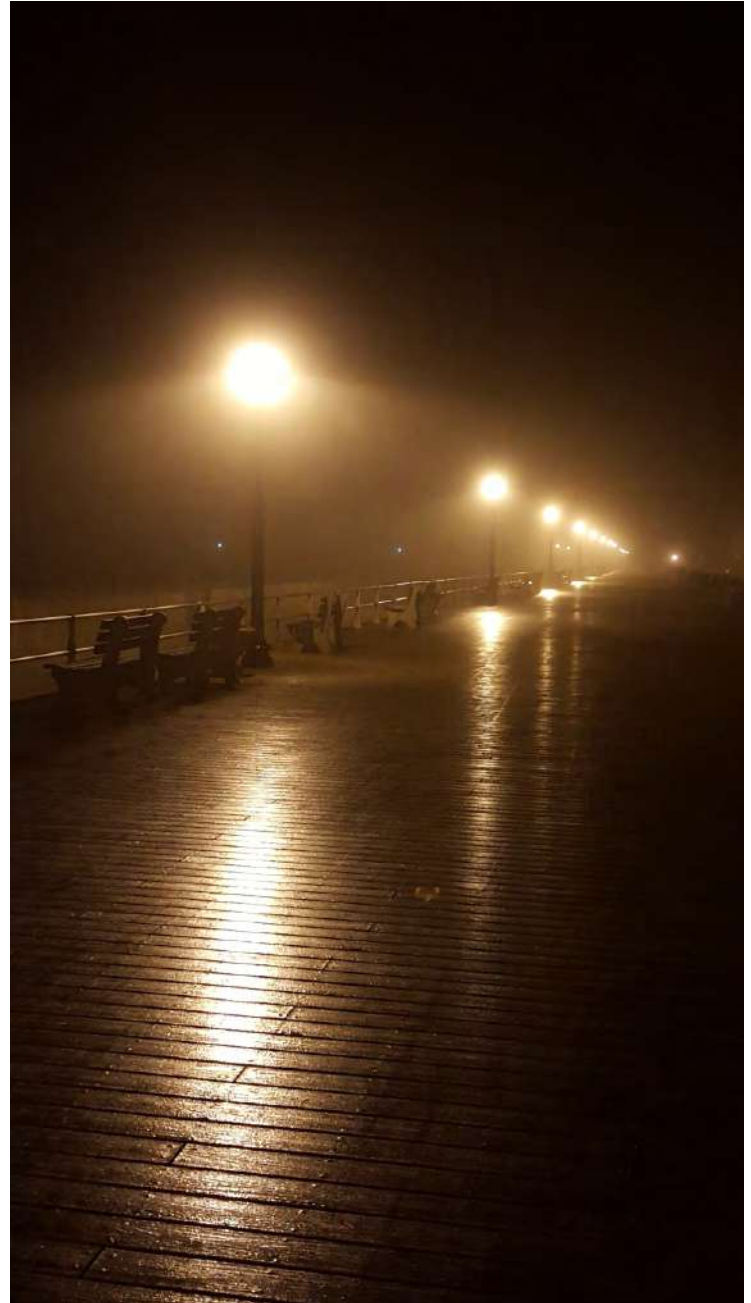
Kevin is curious to try it. He's been sheltered in a middle-class foster home, while the younger boy has obviously seen more of life. When he asks Dennis to share, his younger brother asks Kevin to go down on him. Kevin balks at this and Dennis only laughs knowingly, bragging that he can get money anytime he wants and that he has lots of sexual experience. He hands over the bag of paint without insisting on any sexual favors and Kevin gets his first taste of drugs. It will not be his last.

Kevin finds that at his new school pretty much everyone is more streetwise than he is. He soon hears rumors of Riverfront Road, where boys can make easy money. In his innocence he doesn't know what this means, but it intrigues him. When Dennis starts coming home late at night with new clothes and flashing money, Kevin puts two and two together.

So Kevin decides to go to Riverfront Road himself—in daytime. He begins to sense what goes on there when an adult jokes that he's there too early. Kevin admires the ships docked there and wonders about the sailing ships of olden times. He has a love of history perhaps rooted in the fact that he has so little

connection to his own personal past. He barely remembers his father and never seems to have known his grandparents. History is his favorite class and he admires a fine old sailing ship docked next to a boarded up pier.

With a boy's typical sense of adventure, Kevin sneaks into the pier hoping to get a



closer look at the ship, only to stumble upon a cruising ground. A man offers him money and Kevin—equal parts confused, scared, and excited—runs off.

It's not long before Dennis decides to bring his big brother down to Riverfront Road one night. As usual, their "parents" are comatose in front of the TV. Kevin doesn't mention he's been there before and goes along, intrigued to

finally see what Dennis has been getting up to. Several young boys are already there, hanging out under streetlights and doorways as cars slowly pass. Dennis instructs his brother on how to attract a man and they take up positions on the road. Soon Dennis gets picked up and drives off with a man.

Kevin doesn't have to wait long for his own ride. A kind man in his thirties takes him to a rent-by-the-hour motel and initiates him. The experience is so comfortable, so erotic, that after Kevin is dropped off back on the street with a crisp new ten dollar bill in his pocket he decides to do it again. This time, however, it's a sleazy man who wants Kevin to go down on him in the car. Suddenly all the insults about "cocksuckers" crowd into Kevin's mind and he runs off, screaming to himself that he isn't gay.

It's hard to find this section of the book convincing. Kevin prostitutes himself a little too easily, and his sudden change of heart doesn't come off as believable either.

Despite this rocky start, Kevin is soon hooked into the game. Like a junkie wanting to relive the thrill of that first rush, he yearns to have the same experience as his gentle initiation. He is in the worst of all situations, trying to find love and real human contact in the sex industry. There are frequent sex scenes, although they never get too graphic, and some violence as Kevin discovers the darker side of working the streets. He gets more and more into drugs as he hangs out with Dennis and his degenerate friends, struggles with denial, and meets all the wrong people.

He's soon on a downward spiral. The drug abuse gets worse, and one night with a group of older kids he goes to a park where gay men cruise and they bash one of them. Kevin joins in, still hating a part of himself and taking it out on the helpless victim, but afterwards feels horribly confused and guilty.

One night he gets picked up by Bruce, a withdrawn gay man who needs someone to care for, and to care for him. Bruce inherited an old estate, and lives surrounded by antiques and dusty memories. When Bruce picks up Kevin, he senses something different about the young hustler. There's a neediness to Kevin, an

authenticity to him he's never seen in a hustler before. Bruce intended on taking him to a motel, but when Kevin says, "Take me home with you, I just want to be with you," it strikes a chord in the lonely man. Kevin is fascinated by all the old things in Bruce's house, and their lovemaking is intense and personal.

Kevin heads for home even more confused than before. He still wants to deny he's a "faggot", but he can't ignore his own feelings. He needed that contact so much, and yearns to go back to Bruce, but to do so would be to accept that he's gay, that he isn't just doing it for the money.

Back home things are getting worse. His mother is drinking herself to death and Dennis is flirting with the stepfather. Kevin has nowhere to go but with the anonymous men on Riverfront Road and partying with Dennis and his friends.

Kevin is portrayed as a fundamentally good kid in a bad situation. Dennis is the opposite. One night after dosing Kevin with acid, Dennis sells his big brother to a gang who plan to rape and kill him. Kevin only just manages to get away, stumbling through town in a psychedelic nightmare before collapsing at Bruce's house.

Kevin is there to stay. Although he makes a pretense of still living at home, the relationship between the two advances rapidly. Bruce takes Kevin under his wing, showing him parks and museums and giving him the cultural life the boy has always wanted. At the same time Bruce comes out of his shell. He fears getting close to a street hustler, but can't resist. There are a few ups and downs, but in the end love triumphs. Bruce hires a lawyer to draft an agreement for Kevin's mother to sign giving Bruce custody. The two move to another city, where Bruce can get away from the suffocating memories of his family and Kevin can get away from the street kids who threatened to drag him down.

The emotions in this book are raw and realistic. We feel for Kevin as he searches for love in all the wrong places (as the old song goes), and cheer as he and Bruce overcome seemingly insurmountable odds to be united. If at times the pace is a little too brisk, the story

still packs an emotional punch.

The same year Kevin was published by Signet, Bantam Books released *More than Friends* by Ruth Turk. Yes, a woman. Wallace Hamilton's books were all gay-themed, so for him to write *Kevin* isn't so surprising, but Ruth Turk wrote children's books and school textbooks. *More than Friends* was her only adult novel. The dedication page reads, "For all those men and women who were willing to share so that others might understand."

And Ruth Turk definitely understands. She writes with a sensitivity that's almost unknown outside our community. The story follows Philip Ruskin, a schoolteacher who is married to a woman. In the opening scene, Philip is playing tennis with Mark, a fellow teacher. They notice that the same fourteen-year-old boy keeps showing up to watch them at their regular matches.

"There's the kid again." Mark jokes. "Wonder which one of us he's got a crush on."

Right away we know we're reading a book from a different era. Imagine hearing a teacher joke about that to a colleague in this day and age? He'd be out of a job in a heartbeat!

The boy in question is Adam, a golden-skinned blonde beauty with feminine grace. Adam has developed a fascination with Philip. When he realizes Philip isn't going to make the first move, he brings some lemonade from home and offers it to the two men when they take a break from their game. That gives Adam an excuse to chat with Philip, and soon they become friends. This blue-eyed boy awakens feelings in Philip that he had kept deeply suppressed. Nevertheless he continues the friendship, coaching Adam in tennis and taking him out for snacks afterwards.

We soon discover that the major gap in Philip's life is not having a son. His loving if rather dull wife only gave him two daughters. He loves all the women in his home but there remains a hole that he can't fill by running his school's physical education department. A boy like Adam, so obviously smitten with him, fills that gap quite nicely.

But Adam wants more than that. He knows full well that he's gay and wants Philip as his

lover. His home life is grim, with a domineering stepfather and an emotionally abused mother who won't stand up for herself or her son. Adam's stepfather is a virulent homophobe and is constantly complaining that Adam isn't manlier. He even disapproves of tennis, which he calls a "girl's game."

The blossoming relationship is cut short by summer vacation. Adam's stepfather sends him off to camp, thinking a couple of months in the outdoors will make a man out of him. Instead he ends up hopping into bed with a male camp counselor! As a boylover, I must admit that this scene, which I usually would cheer, was disappointing for me. I had already put myself in the role of Philip, and for Philip and Adam's first time not to be with each other came as a letdown. But that's how this book is—emotionally messy and frustrating in a way that is all too close to reality. It gets worse at the end of the camp season when the counselor leaves without saying goodbye. Adam is stunned. What for him was a defining moment in his life was for his older partner just another conquest.

A summer separated from Adam is torture for Philip. He throws himself into his work, something he always does to deal with his frustrations. But no amount of work can hide his obsession with Adam. At last his urges explode and he finds himself cruising for gay men in porn theaters. This is even sadder than the camp scene, because instead of a friendly encounter with people who like each other, Philip opts for anonymous sex in sleazy venues. What's interesting, however, is that while these brief couplings don't satisfy Philip emotionally, they do satisfy him physically. Turk makes no distinction between gay sex between two adults and that between an adult and a minor.

When the school year starts again, Adam comes back more determined than ever to be with Philip. The older man eagerly awaits seeing him again.

And it finally happens. They are united in a passionate scene that's highly sexually charged without veering into the pornographic, and shows the emotional fulfillment of both

man and boy. Turk has written a standard love scene for a nonstandard relationship. This is perhaps the novel's crowning achievement, showing that the physical side of an intergenerational relationship can be an expression of love.

That love blossoms and Adam and Philip are happy. Adam discovers he has a talent for singing and dancing and becomes the star in the school play. Philip is finally fulfilled and encourages Adam's new-found passion in the theater.

But this honeymoon period is doomed to

Adam, where Philip can find another job and Adam can go to arts school. Philip callously tosses aside his wife and daughters in order to live his dream life. While Adam's stepfather gave him no other choice, the ease with which Philip does this makes him out to be a horribly selfish individual. And yet Turk writes this all with a sympathetic eye. Who among us could confidently say that, when offered everything we ever wanted, we wouldn't do the same?

Thus starts another, more fulfilling honeymoon period. Once again it's summer and Adam and Philip now have the freedom to



end. Inevitably, what every boylover fears comes to pass—they are discovered. Adam's stepfather is enraged. Instead of acting protective of Adam, he wants him out of his house, and he wants Philip out of town. He tells Philip that if they don't disappear, he'll tell the school what's been going on, and the school will no doubt call the police.

Philip decides to make a complete break. He decides to move to New York City with

spend it entirely together. They find an apartment and Philip splurges on furnishings and sports equipment. They spend their days exploring the city and playing tennis, and their nights in passionate embrace. They meet with no one except a middle-aged single woman named Madge who lives next door. She's a teacher at a girl's school and helps Philip get a job, even though she suspects that Philip and Adam have a physical relationship. Once again

we are shown a different age, when someone broad-minded enough to accept homosexuality also accepts intergenerational love.

With the end of summer comes Philip's new job and Adam's enrollment in school. This starts a new phase of their relationship, more like father and son. There's still the physical side, but now both are busy developing new lives of their own. Philip concerns himself less with exploring Adam's body as he does with making sure he gets a good breakfast and gets to school on time.

Then the trouble starts. Adam meets another gay boy at school and they fall for each other. Jim is a handsome black teen Adam's age, and has an adult friend named Clyde.

Soon Adam and Jim are inseparable.

Adam starts coming home later and later.

Philip burns with jealousy, and Clyde gives him some good advice: "The only way a May-December romance has any chance of working out is for

December to let May kick up his heels. Let's face it. Whether you want it to or not, you're going to end up more like a father than a sweetheart, it's only natural. If you wanna keep a kid like Adam, you gotta let him go. He won't stay with you all the time, but he'll come back when he needs what you can give him."

Easier said than done. Watching his golden boy drift away is slow torture. That torture becomes even more acute when, the following summer, Adam and Jim are hired by a traveling theater company and happily go off together. Philip is left behind, and no amount of understanding friendship from Madge will ease the heartache of the unanswered letters and the nights with no phone call. Philip clings to Clyde's advice: "The best way to hold on to a

butterfly was to allow it to spread its wings." But it's cold comfort. When Adam and Jim get a new contract and it becomes clear that they are not coming back, Philip is devastated.

Remarkably, during all this time Philip has still been a closet case, pretending his desire for Adam is the sole exception to his otherwise "normal" feelings for women. Now that façade begins to crack. At first he starts cruising again. That's so emotionally unsatisfying that he soon stops. Then he responds to an ad in a magazine for a gay man's discussion group. He goes, telling himself it's only because he needs a social life. For a time he's withdrawn and doesn't participate much, but the camaraderie and acceptance of the group finally wears him

down. Like an alcoholic at an AA meeting, he finally stands up and in a clear voice declares himself a homosexual.

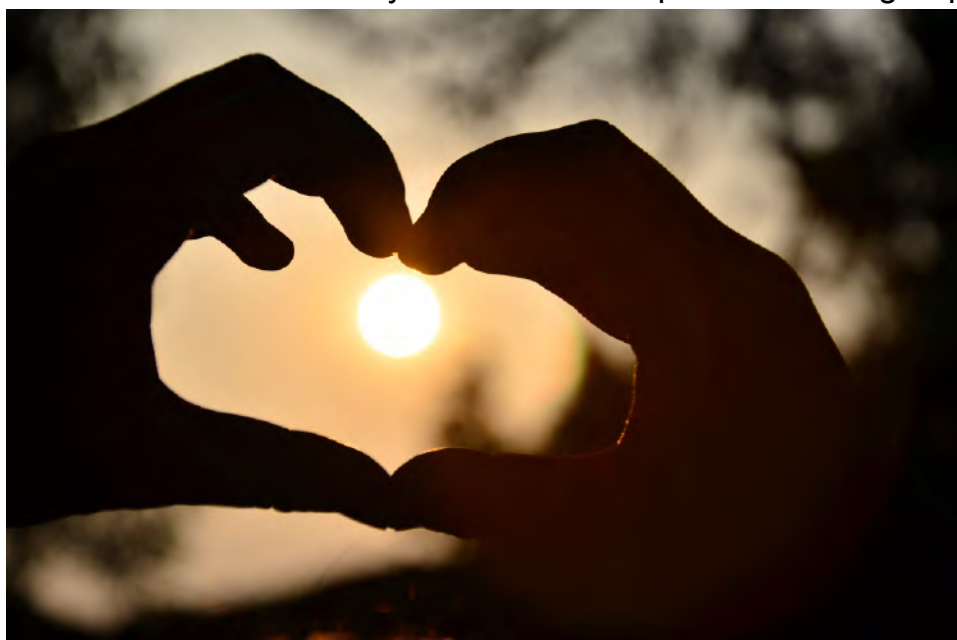
After this watershed moment things move quickly. He finds himself falling for fellow group member Greg, an older

man who is nothing like the golden youth he still yearns for. But Greg is cultured and kind, and their budding relationship is a more mature one.

Jim's sudden death in an auto accident prompts Adam to come home—with a new lover. Hypocritically, he feels betrayed that Philip has found a boyfriend of his own and soon moves on.

Greg supports Philip through this emotionally trying time and their love deepens. They move in together and are soon happy. Philip has found a semblance of peace, although he still thinks of Adam.

A few months later, they go to a Broadway show. Who is on stage but Adam, singing and dancing and just as beautiful as ever. The old



urge comes back, and at the end of the show Philip goes back stage to see his young friend. Greg reluctantly comes along. Adam had already left. They follow into the back alley and see Adam embracing a younger boy. The pure love between the two youths has a transformative effect on Philip. Adam is all right. He is out and he is happy.

And now Philip is happy too. Philip takes Greg by the hand and they walk home, content. The novel ends with the simple statement, "The ordeal of Philip Ruskin was over."

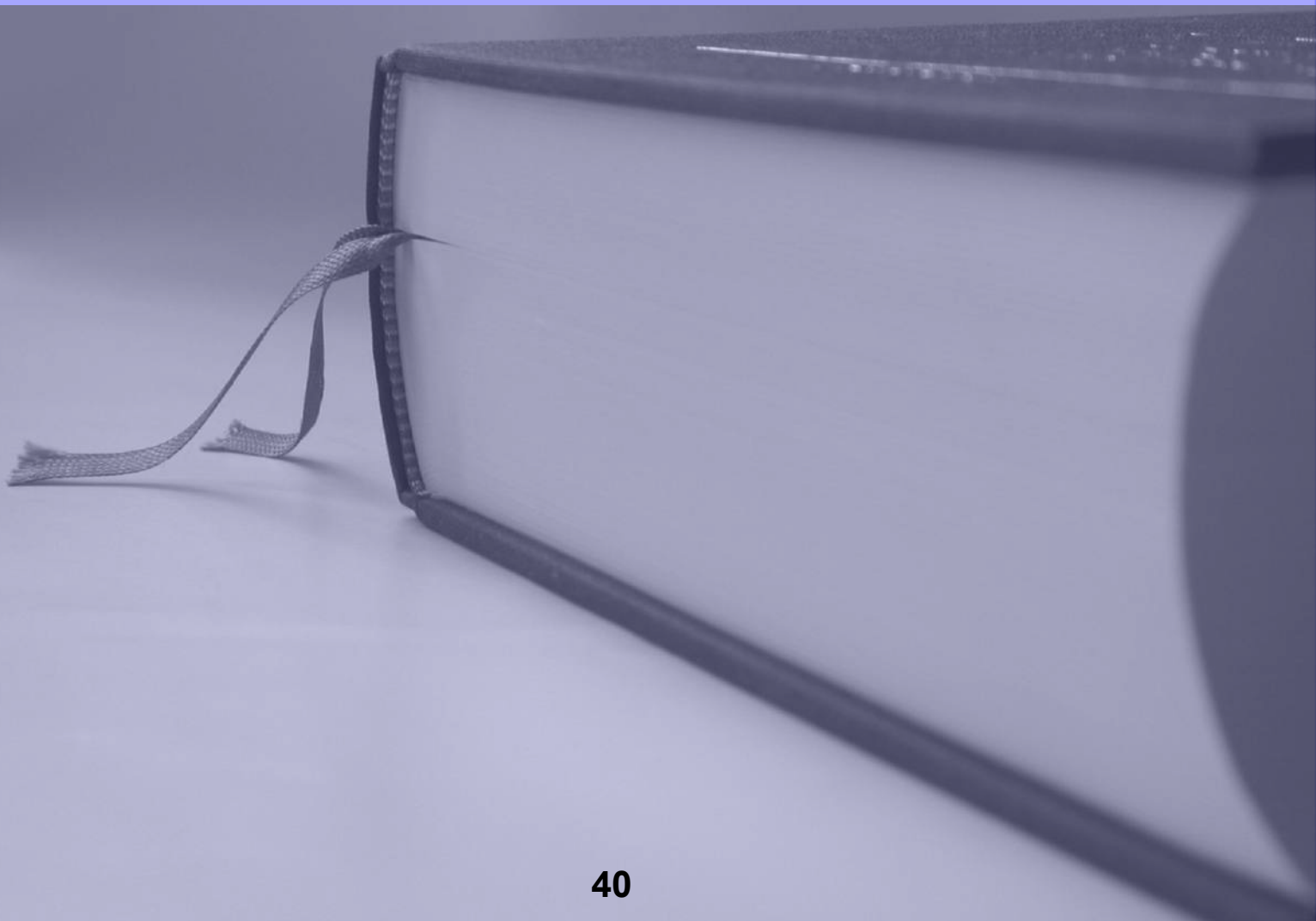
What's remarkable about both of these novels is that boylove is considered a type of homosexuality. The word "pedophile" is never used, and no one seems to have any moral outrage against the intergenerational relationships other than the homosexual aspect. A couple of gay men rib Bruce for being a "chickenhawk", but that's more out of envy for his gorgeous young friend than any real disapproval. The only character who

makes a big deal out of Adam being underage is Adam's stepfather, who uses the information to try to blackmail Philip, and even he is only angry because he hates gays.

It's interesting that the novel by a woman is more detailed and nuanced than the one by a gay man. While Hamilton shows the gay world of yesteryear from the clear-eyed view of a participant, Turk's book is more emotionally complex and in the end more edifying. Perhaps because she is not directly connected to the subject matter she is able to look at it with a more objective and analytical eye. But both of these novels offer an insight into a lost age and deserve a place in any boylover's library.

One wonders how many more such novels are tucked away in the dusty shelves of used bookstores, and how reading them must have helped countless boylovers come to an acceptance of themselves.

If only the mainstream press published such novels today.



Happily Ever After?

By Hikari

Recently someone asked me, "What happens to the relationship when the kid grows up?" Meaning, do we stop being friends, or do we "dump" them after the sexual interest goes away?

I cannot answer for everyone, as this is a question that will vary from person to person. I cannot even give accurate percentages. The future of a relationship depends on many factors, including how close the two have become, how effectively they can keep in contact, and if both of them want the relationship to continue.

Firstly, I must address the fact that, as of today, many relationships between minor-attracted persons (MAPs) and their young friends (YFs) are kept simply as friendships, with no sexual or romantic aspect, and that is how they will stay throughout the entire duration of the relationship. While I acknowledge the question was mainly about romantic or sexual relationships, I think it would be unfair to not address these platonic relationships, because this is the way many MAPs express their love.

Some people meet their YFs when they are both relatively young. As they both grow older, they may grow apart, or they become long-term, or even lifelong partners or friends. This may happen whether or not there was a romantic or sexual component expressed.

Sometimes the relationship continues, but

the dynamic morphs. It may change from a romantic or sexual relationship to a platonic friendship, or vice versa. Some MAPs are "non-exclusive", meaning they are attracted to both minors and adults, and so they may wait for their YF to become of legal age before pursuing a romantic or sexual relationship.

Then there are the relationships that end, and this can be for many reasons. One or both partners may start losing interest in continuing the relationship or certain aspects of it. For example, if a relationship is sexually expressed between a boy and a man, the boy might reach a certain point where he becomes more interested in girls, perhaps considering his previous relationship no more than youthful experimentation (Brongersma, 1990, 161). And if BL might start to lose erotic interest, most BLs agree that "to reject the boy coldbloodedly just because he is 'over the hill' is cruel" (Brongersma, 1990, 163). Even if the romantic aspect of the relationship is gradually being tapered off by the adult, they should still "be there" for the boy if he needs them. This relationship may evolve into a platonic friendship as stated before or eventually end.

Other reasons for a "break-up" might include someone moving, joining the army, or going to boarding school, and they find it

"to reject the boy cold-bloodedly just because he is 'over the hill' is cruel" (Brongersma, 1990, 163)

difficult to keep in contact through that. Just like relationships between adults, sometimes the relationships end peacefully and amicably and sometimes they don't.

Whether the relationship ends up being temporary or permanent, either way is valid. Not all relationships have to be permanent. I think we as a society tend to hold up permanency, marriage, and lifelong relationships as superior, and to be sure, there is a great deal to be gained from these relationships. On the other hand, some relationships are best kept short and sweet. Even temporary, short-term relationships can

be enjoyed and taken for what they're worth, and even if they must end, they can have a lasting impact. We may not be in contact with all our past friends, boyfriends, lovers, teachers, or nannies, but that doesn't mean that the time spent together was worthless. Not all goodbyes have to be bitter.

"We shouldn't maintain that longer lasting friendships are better than the shorter ones, or that the latter have less value, for the two are quite different entities." — Brongersma

References:

Brongersma, E. (1990). *Loving Boys: Volume II*.



The Paradox of the 1960's *sexual* Revolution

By *BL in Black*

When you look at the situation that has faced us as Boylovers over the last many years and decades, it can be tempting to wonder how we ended up like this.

Was it always this way? Have we really always been persecuted, or were there other times where things were calmer, more rational and tolerant? For some of our younger readers, it may be surprising to learn that it was not actually too long ago when the word "pedophile" wasn't even on anyone's lips.

As recently as the 1960s, this was the case. While things weren't perfect in any respect, most boylovers who grew up in that period recall that it was possible to live a reasonably normal and happy life. There was also a great feeling of hope and optimism during this period -- it was after all, the time of the youth rights and sexual revolution movement. Many people praise this movement as being a healthy and essential part in the development of human rights. However, there is one aspect of it which I feel is often overlooked, which I would now like to point out.

During the 1960s sexual revolution, the key players were basically young people, even teenagers. They were sexy, rebellious, observably full of life and energy, and out to change the world. During this time period, teenage sex rates soared as the idea of youthful sexual rights became embedded in people's minds. While previously such issues had often been swept under the rug, this revolution brought along by young people really brought many aspects of human sexual rights

into the spotlight.

But then, what happened? This very same generation went on to change the world radically, and very ironically, in the opposite direction later on. Starting in the 1980s, they implemented radical reforms and law changes strengthening penalties for teenage sex, and orchestrated a hysterical campaign of much greater urgency over the issue than there previously was. This same generation that preached free love and changed the fundamentals of our culture, then strangely went on to condemn youth sexuality in a way that had never been done before.

What have we got as a result of this? Basically an insane juxtaposition which does not make sense. On the one hand, a society and popular culture that glorifies sex -- I would even go so far as to say it glorifies youthful sex -- and on the other hand, a society that condemns and persecutes it on a level greater than anything ever seen in history.

This type of juxtaposition is irrational and cannot be healthy, yet most people seem to take it for granted and do not even question it. This, I feel, can do severe damage to young people who are faced with a conflicted world which doesn't make sense.

I do not wish to speak badly about the idea of fighting for the rights of minorities. Gays, blacks, women and many other groups have benefited over time from increasingly tolerant attitudes toward them which prevent discrimination and allow them the right to exist as fully functional members of society. Rather, I am simply questioning the idea that, if this

generation really were sincere about the message they were sending (which appeared to fight for human rights), why did they later go on to so clearly and blatantly betray this message in their attitude towards us boylovers?

Let's have an honest look at what we are faced with now. Boylovers are being persecuted, vilified and condemned for their sexual feelings, even if they do not act on those feelings. People are serving many years, if not decades, in prison for what used to be considered relatively minor "offenses." Even children themselves are also being condemned to the sex offender registry for nothing more than taking pictures of, or sexually experimenting with, themselves. And all of this by a generation of lawmakers who had

preached free love, youth sexual rights, and claimed to want to change the world for the better.

My only hope is that one day, finally all of this hypocrisy and injustice gets seen for what it is. For the past several years and even decades, boylovers have felt a tremendous sense of hopelessness and disappointment regarding the possibility for an improvement in our situation. Many of us have been led to despair, depression or worse over the lack of ability to change things. We have become used to seeing no light at the end of the tunnel. I feel that the level of damage to us, as people, has been immense. I pray that we, as a rational society can get back to sanity, and move on to fully and genuinely embrace the rights of all sexual minorities, including boylovers.

