

2023 / N° 25 / March 1991

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

The Power of Persistence

**Boy
Love Is
Undeniable**

Love and Longing

**25 ปี
วิวัฒนาการ**



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Notation

Hello, Ethos readers!

Yes, this is our 25th issue. The “Silver Issue,” we call it. Way back in 2016 we officially launched our magazine, and we have been going strong ever since. Along the road to success, we have made our fair share of mistakes, and yes we have learned from them. We still do make mistakes, and we learn from those as well. In other words, we are constantly striving to better ourselves so that we can deliver to you, our audience, the best BL magazine we can give you. And hopefully we can stick it out and shoot for Issue 50. Wouldn't that be something? Fifty issues. We can do that. As long as there is a demand for more issues of Ethos, we will continue to deliver.

With that said, let's talk about this issue. We have a good number of items here for your enjoyment: news stories, non-fiction, and fiction along with our usual number of great boy images. A lot of great people contributed their time and talents to this issue. Turkboy as our Director, Zoomzoom4 and Lil Monster as our Content Managers, Boiforever as our Chief Editor, and so many other support staff who have been and are continuing to serve in their valuable positions. Thanks so much, you guys for all your dedication and hard work! And thanks to you, our dedicated readers who keep returning for more. Without you, Ethos Magazine would not be possible!

So, without any further delay, we bring you Ethos Issue 25.
Enjoy!

-- Dragonlover
Co-Owner







Credits

E-mails and posts can be edited due to space or content clarity. NOTE: "Ethos content is not intended to represent the points, views, or opinions of the staff or of Ethos Magazine itself. Any opinions expressed are the responsibility of the individual author or commentator and are not necessarily shared or endorsed by Ethos staff, nor do they represent Ethos' public position on any topic"

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All other images are either from stock sites such as unsplash, pixabay, etc, or lovingly created by myself (gary) in Adobe Illustrator/Photoshop

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By Boiforever & aboysXO

7th GRADER TAKES OVER SCHOOL BUS

The brave boy is being praised for helping to avert a possible crisis after his school bus driver passed out at the wheel, and he took over and brought the bus to a stop.

"The actions of the student who helped stop the bus made all the difference today, and I could not be prouder of his efforts," the school superintendent said.

Full Story: <https://www.nbc-news.com/news/us-news/7th-grad-er-brings-school-bus-stop-driver-passes-rcna81736>

BOY "TRAUMATIZED" AFTER BEING HANDCUFFED BY POLICE

After suffering a mental health crisis, the special needs student was handcuffed in his third grade classroom, and his family is outraged.

Full Story: <https://www.cbsnews.com/boston/news/nine-year-old-boy-from-walpole-left-traumatized-after-being-handcuffed-by-police/>

BOY SURVIVES TWO DAYS IN THE WILD

An 8-year-old Wisconsin boy was found safe after braving Michigan's Upper Peninsula wilderness alone after he was last seen gathering firewood while on a camping trip with his family.

Full Story: <https://www.newsweek.com/missing-boy-8-found-safe-after-surviving-days-alone-state-park-1799060>

9-YEAR-OLD FINDS MAMMOTH TOOTH

A day of playing in his grandmother's expansive backyard led to the boy's exciting discovery. His grandmother said that he's always looking for something unique in the outdoors, so if anybody was going to find it, it was going to be him.

Full Story: <https://www.mlive.com/news/2023/05/oregon-boy-9-finds-mammoth-tooth-in-backyard-creek.html>

AUSSIE BOY HELD IN SYRIAN CAMP

"I just want to know how it will be to feel normal, to go to school and make friends, and to go to the park and play," the 11-year-old said. "And most of all, I want to know how it will feel to go to sleep and be safe. A lot of boys have already went back to their country, living a normal life and going to school. Why can't this happen to me?"

Full Story: <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2023/may/08/syria-al-roj-detention-refugee-camp-australia-child-boy-begs-for-flight-home>

MISSING BOY FOUND SAFE

The 8-year-old was found on Porcupine Mountain in North Michigan after a tireless search by volunteers from the all-boys expedition. He was having his picture taken with a smile, eating a snack, thanks to busloads of people wanting to help locate the boy.

Full Story: <https://www.newsweek.com/missing-boy-8-found-safe-after-surviving-days-alone-state-park-1799060>



BL IS UNDENIABLE



By Boy Cott

What was Indiana Jones talking about with Short Round? What did Hagrid talk about with Harry, Ron and Hermione?

Why did they keep coming to chat with him in his hut? Or, remember the movie "Big" with Tom Hanks. The woman was able to love him.



Although the anti's would unanimously reproach me for mentioning these films, they are from the imaginations of the writers: people watched them without hesitation and highly appreciated the stories. They think that the conversation of lovers is somehow different. In fact, these people are just afraid to imagine a free inter-generational relationship without the ageism barrier.



- You're right.
- I always am.

If people want real stories, then let them watch "For a Lost Soldier." This story is told by the grown-up real boy himself. Or the stories of Oscar Wilde, Norman Douglas, Allen Ginsberg, Michael Jackson, and many others. As soon as it comes to real evidence of inter-generational relationships, the antis immediately come up with selfish intent. They call it "grooming" or "abuse" to convince themselves that their concept is not false.

"Training Wheel" Condoms For Boys

By Zoomzoom4



In 2011, many conservative types in Europe were outraged by the announcement from Swiss company Lamprecht AG that they were soon to begin producing smaller-size condoms for younger boys. How much younger? The condoms would be designed to fit the smaller penis of an 11- or 12-year-old boy. The company made no ...uh, bones... about their intentions, either. The official slogan: "It fits when passion hits."

The slogan itself drew criticism. Apparently these boys were trying to wear regular size condoms, but they kept slipping off the boys' mini peeners. So obviously, the boys needed something smaller, something that fit more snugly atop their bald little eagles.

Here is the Anorak News gleefully lampooning this:

"Call it pint-sized protection for pre-teens. Hotshot is the small condom 12-year-old Swiss boys have been waiting for. No embarrassing lips over the chin now, boys, as the Hotshot sits neatly atop your head. Ideal for kids birthday parties."

But to the manufacturer (or "Junior Johnny maker," as Anorak sneered), it's all business, seeking opportunity wherever they can find pre-teen boys getting naked.

"The UK is certainly a very attractive market, since there is a very high rate of underage conception. The UK would definitely be our top priority if we marketed abroad."

And indeed, the UK is where the youngest fathers in the world hail from. While the American boys may be considered the cutie pies of the civilized world, it's the pre-teen British boys who are having disproportionately more sex. Sean Stewart impregnated his girlfriend at the age of 11, and just a month after turning 12, she had his baby. More publicized was Alfie Patton, the 13-year-old father who looked like he just turned 8.

Nonetheless, Switzerland received its share of rebuke for supposedly having such a large percentage of 12-year-old boys taking their penises out.

Said one news commentator:

"When you have enough sexually active 12-year-old boys to economically justify the manufacture and marketing of 'training-wheel condoms' for pre-teen boys who are having sex on a regular basis... well, your society's troubles probably run far deeper than you think."

One online forum commentator said,

"Small condoms for little boys are not the answer. It won't solve the problem, which is: little boys should not be having sex, period! Since when is it okay for little boys to have sexual intercourse?"

But Lamprecht AG insists that their product is necessary, reminding the public of the evidence-based approach to their marketing. Hotshots have been designed by experts who studied the difference between the penis of a grown man, age 25, and the penis of a boy who just turned 12 yesterday.

The company pitches all their advertising at young boys, saying it wants to help them practice safe sex, but is criticized for too aggressively marketing the product to its targeted customers. Parents of boys are upset that anyone would try to sell condoms to their pre-teen sons, especially if the company puts Hotshot condom ads everywhere a 12-year-old boy looks.

Anywhere a sixth-grade boy goes, he is reminded that Hotshots are made just for him. The Hotshot ad campaign is so pervasive; the result: now every sixth-grade boy knows that a Hotshot condom is specially made to fit a 12-year-old boy's penis.

Every boy beginning middle school has memorized the Hotshot slogan: "It fits when passion hits." And as a clever reminder that boys can buy the condoms without their parents' permission, the ad says, "You don't need permission. Only passion."

To many, this ad is clearly telling tween boys that they should be having sex -- a lot of sex.

Naturally, children's groups are furious. They say Hotshots send the message to impressionable young boys that it's not just "okay" for a 12-year-old boy to have sex, but now boys feel like society expects them to always be naked and having sex.

But the company says it only began selling its product after a study found the number of pre-teen boys having sex had increased dramatically over the last 10 years. So this is to get young boys in the habit of using protection. A health issue.



Still, online commentators are outraged:

"Selling kids tiny starter condoms is so wrong! This sends the worst possible message to boys. They already see sex everywhere in our society. Now, tell a pimply-faced squirt that it's okay for him to have sex -- just as long as he puts a Hotshot on his little weenie every time he does it."

But others are more supportive:

"The idea of making extra-small condoms for little boys is disturbing but smart. As much as the idea of a 12-year-old boy having sex makes some people uncomfortable, I think it's a great idea to make condoms that actually fit a small boy's penis. Young boys are having sex, whether we like it or not. So I believe in making it central to any efforts to protect boys from STDs and unwanted pregnancy."

Looking back, can we say that the introduction of condoms for boys increased pre-teen sexual activity? That remains to be seen. And if it did so, were the boys involved more protected than otherwise, thanks to condoms that fit them? That has also yet to be determined. But it's good to know that someone was at least thinking about the boys. Whether it was truly out of concern for their health or merely to help the youngest boys get their little rocks off, this was clearly a situation with young boys at the center of it.





**FROM an
Island
to a
Mountain**

By Dragonlover

December of 2013—that is where our story begins. With the decision to start a brand new boylove message board. One day, after walking my special young friend

to his after-school class on bike repair, I went to the local McDonald's for a burger and a Coke and to sit down and take advantage of their free Wi-Fi. I was excited because I had been speaking to my new friend, Kermie, about starting our own board. Earlier that year, after some discussion about certain sanctions we had received from another BL site, we decided then and there that we wanted a board with a bit more freedom. So we decided that we wouldn't be like the other boylove boards out there; we would push the envelope. After continued discussion, we decided to focus more on putting together a forum that would appeal to the widest variety of BL people.

These visitors had the task of evaluating the forum software, testing it out by doing all the things a member would do, and giving us an honest evaluation overall. These testers each gave us great feedback; they told us what was good, and what needed more work. Kermie and I spent the rest of the following week correcting any errors, enabling certain features, as well as deactivating others.

Then it came. Opening day. We took a deep breath, crossed our fingers, and on June 1st, 2014 we opened our doors to the entire boylove community. Enchanted Island was accepting new members. And BOY OH BOY did we have new members! They just came flooding in. We literally couldn't keep up with all of the new registrations. That night, Kermie and I sat back and congratulated each other. We had done it.

We spoke often, comparing message board software and programs, comparing system security and protection, and a plethora of other small details. As the year carried over to 2014, we finally made a decision on what software to use, what kind of security to have, etc. Then it was time to start hiring board staff. First, we put together a list of prospective management candidates: we needed Moderator Managers, Concierge Managers, a Board Manager, and a Tech Admin. To start off on the right foot, we would hire all the Concierges and Moderators.

And then, at long last, over the Memorial Day Weekend of 2014, Enchanted Island opened its doors to a very select few.

Sure, there were other BL boards out there, but we were doing something on our own, managing a whole community of boylovers ourselves.

Over the next few days, the new registrations kept rolling in, and we kept approving them. It was like magic. Sure, after a small amount of time, the registrations trickled to a slow amount of new memberships, but we were happy.

It was a very happy time for us all. Yes, we had our share of problems, too. We had software glitches, security concerns, and problem members. But overall, we were happy.

Kermie was a very innovative man. He had some really great ideas, and he would show them to me, for my evaluation. I have to say, I very rarely said no to an idea of Kermie's. 99.9 percent of his ideas we could pull off without a hitch.

One of those ideas was an online radio station, geared towards the boylove community. We ran the idea past other board owners and administrators, for their input. And then, in October 2015, WEIRD Radio launched its first live show, hosted by none other than Kermie himself, broadcasting as DJ Gorf. Prior to that, we had set up ads on the other boards advertising the station's launch with a live show, along with ads for WEIRD Radio's on-air personalities. We had several Enchanted Island members step forward and take on the job of being a live radio DJ, and they were: Kermie, Scorpion, Skeeter, Johnny Lonewolf, Zoomzoom4, and myself, Dragonlover. My very first show was on October 9th, 2015, a show dedicated to the life and music of John Lennon. (October 9th was Lennon's birthday.)

With Kermie, the ideas didn't stop rolling in. Next, he came up with the idea of an online boylove magazine. After much discussion between him and I, we decided to go ahead and do it. We had Enchanted Island and WEIRD Radio, so why not a magazine to pull it all together? And so it was.

Kermie wanted to name the magazine with an innocuous title, something that would not draw unwanted attention. Like with the online forum and radio station, we made the conscious decision to keep the "B" word (as Kermie often called it) out of the title.

Ethos hired a great set of inaugural staff, and everyone pulled together to create and publish the magazine's first issue on September 15, 2016.

After reviewing several possible titles, we decided on one that Bob, a prominent E.I. member, came up with: Ethos Magazine. Its byline would be the Latin "Amor et Intellectus," translated as "Love and Understanding."

Those initially involved in Ethos were Kermie as the Owner, Dragonlover as Director, and Zoomzoom4 as Chief Editor. The Art Director was Emerys; Editors included Scorpion, Ken, and Duncan; Forum Representatives were Dreamboy10 and Lil Monster; and our Tech Manager was Rob2014.

Trust me when I say that this first set of staff was a hell of a great staff. Kermie and I trusted these people 100 percent.

But then (cue sudden record scratching sound), all of it nearly crashed and burned. Enchanted Island, Ethos Magazine, and WEIRD Radio. Sadly, in October of 2016, we lost our dear friend and leader, Kermie. He succumbed to a number of the illnesses he was suffering from. The boylove community as a whole was devastated by this news.

But after a week or two of mourning, we eventually pulled together again. Things needed to be done. Someone had taken over the financial side of things. Some people may think that running a board is as easy as 1-2-3, but trust me, it's not. Monthly fees need to be paid for the web server to remain active. Kermie did leave behind a certain amount of money for the care and upkeep of things for a while, until we were able to figure out how we, -us- ourselves, would pay the costs associated with running an online message board, radio station, and magazine. It was time to step up to the challenge for everyone.

I remained on Enchanted Island after Kermie passed and stayed on as a radio DJ for WEIRD. Over at Ethos, I moved up from Director to Owner. Then one day, later that year, I logged on to Enchanted Island to take care of a few

administrative tasks and found that my abilities as an Admin were dramatically reduced. As a matter of fact, I had virtually no abilities at all. I had the title but couldn't do my job. I asked my fellow Admins on Enchanted Island what happened, and they told me that it was because of some kind of update the software was doing.

I asked them to please fix the issue as soon as they could and was told that it couldn't be done. I was fuming a bit. Actually, more than a bit. I didn't know a whole heck of a lot about message board software and servers, but I did know that those kinds of things can, in fact, be fixed. I just knew, in the back of my mind, that something about the situation was "off." I could feel it.

then got together with one of the Admins (who had full power) and asked him to just be honest with me. He told me the same thing the other one told me. I told him that I was getting angry at the whole situation. Then this person told me to go ahead and be angry. It's how things are, he said, so just drop it.

Needless to say, I was just dumbfounded. This person, whom Kermie and I had trusted wholeheartedly—enough, even, to make him an Admin—basically just told me to sit down and shut up. So after that, I took a long break from Enchanted Island. Then a few days later, maybe a week, I went on the board to just see what was going on... and found the board totally gone. It was just a dead link. I tried questioning my Co-Admins and they claimed it was an update gone wrong, and that they were working hard to fix it. But days and weeks went by, and nothing was happening. I waited longer, and still nothing. That was it, I thought. I just felt like Enchanted Island was done for. The End.

But that was not the case. Before Christmas of 2016, I talked to someone who had become a very good friend to me. His name is Dutch. After several conversations, we decided to try to bring Enchanted Island back. Kind of like Enchanted Island 2.0. Soon, me and Dutch were doing the same as Kermie and I had done a couple of years earlier. We tested the board software, trying out all the bells and whistles. We decided on what software to use, how to handle security, getting a web server, etc.

Dutch and I were Admins now. He had to teach me some of the more technical things about the software, but personality-wise, we clicked and made a great team, one that extends even to this day.

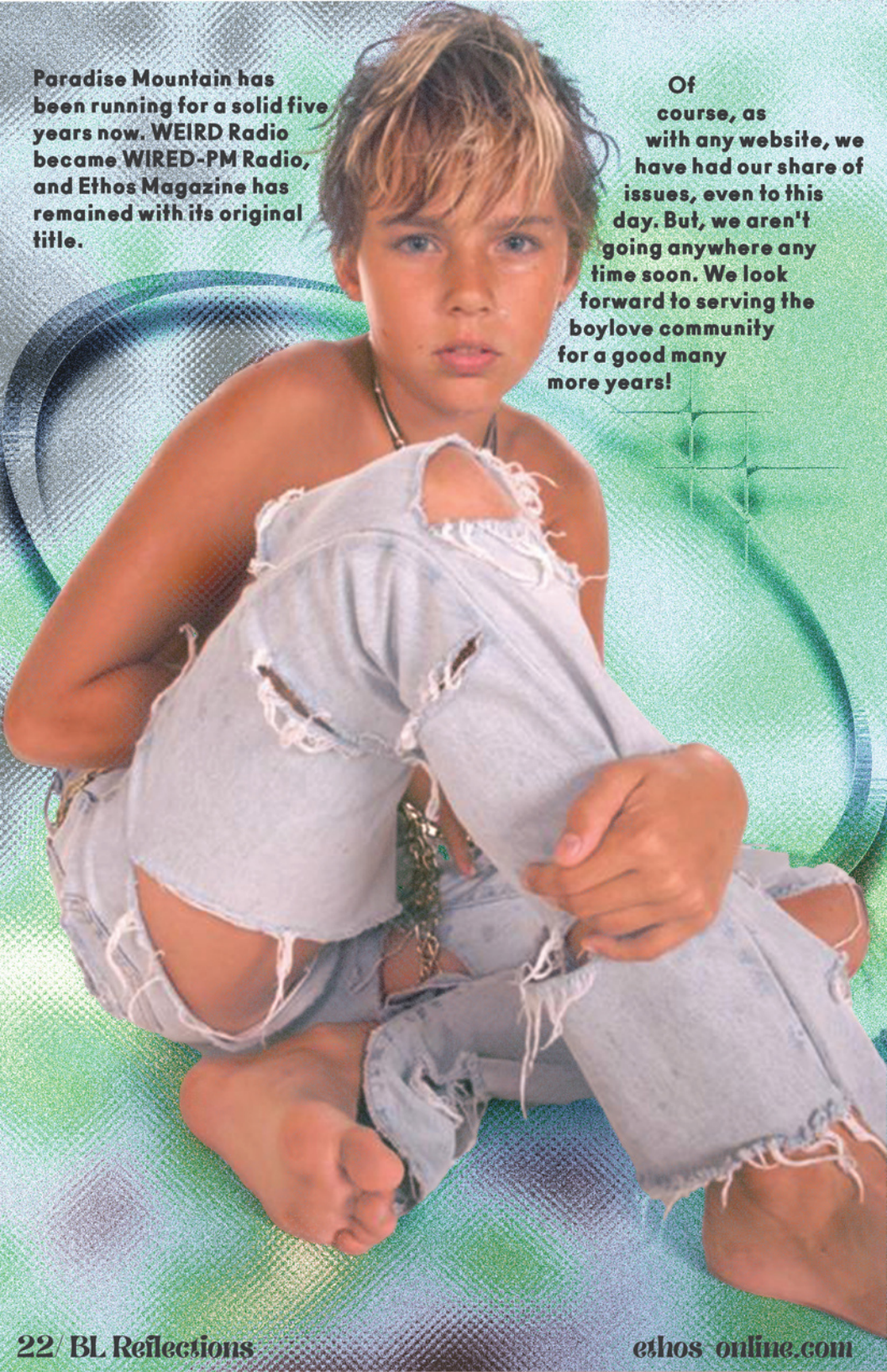
Dutch then brought on Boysrule and MichaelD, so there were four of us in total. We got the software and a web hosting service, and we went from there. It was an Enchanted Island reboot, and most everyone who was on the original E.I. were very happy to re-join. A good number came back, but several didn't. Not at all like the first opening, but still, we had great numbers.

That was in early 2017. We took the ball and ran with it, and for a while, things were going quite well. That is, until everything crashed and burned yet again. It seems we were getting our images reported... (explain better)

Things were spinning out of control too fast, and there was a lot of damage being done. At the same time, we had issues with WEIRD Radio being reported as well. And on top of everything, Ethos took a good beating too.

Then after that, we still had Enchanted Island members asking for more. They wanted Enchanted Island back. So, after some discussion, we decided to try it again, but we decided on a name change and a revamp of our rules and regulations.

Exit Enchanted Island and enter Paradise Mountain. We wanted a name and theme similar to our beloved Island, and with this in mind, the new board was named by Boysrule, our Webmaster. As masters of the Mountain, we opened our doors on March 18th, 2018. Sure, we had our issues, but we were able to wait until the storms passed and then get right back into it.



Paradise Mountain has been running for a solid five years now. WEIRD Radio became WIRED-PM Radio, and Ethos Magazine has remained with its original title.

Of course, as with any website, we have had our share of issues, even to this day. But, we aren't going anywhere any time soon. We look forward to serving the boylove community for a good many more years!

BY REALME

SICILY 1982:

A SHORT STORY - PART 1

For me (and many men), that Golden Age was in southern Italy, from shortly after the war to the late 1980s.

For the boylover, there are certain times and places that shine brighter than others. Golden Ages that, once gone, are remembered in the dreamy reminiscences of those who have grown old but accept their passing, secure in the knowledge that they have lived life to the full.

I came in on the tail end of that world, if you'll pardon the pun. I was a young teacher from England in the late 70s and early 80s, tutoring boys whom I admired but didn't dare touch. I spent every spring break and summer vacation exploring the little coastal towns of southern Italy and Sicily. Italy back then was very poor in money, but rich in life. Many towns still showed the scars of war. Strolling along the beach, one could find old bunkers, and hidden in the hills lay the rusted remains of tanks. Jobs were few, but the people were warm, the food delicious, and the prices cheap.

And then there were the boys. Wild, wonderful boys. Little brown bundles of joy and energy bursting with exuberance in their first approach to eventual manhood. Denied female company in that still strictly Catholic nation, they turned their affections on each other and on the young foreigner with the nearly fluent Italian, the hired motorcycle, and money to burn on meals, road trips, and cool imported T-shirts.

Cash never exchanged hands, at least not in my experience. That wasn't what the boys were after. They wanted a trip on the back of a fast motorcycle up the mountains to the ancient Roman ruins overlooking the glittering bay, or a big seafood meal after a swim at the beach. They wanted to learn English, to joke around, and to know they were admired by an older man. And for this, they gave all their little hearts could give.

I had many boy companions in those days, from timid 12-year-olds to sporty half-men in their late teens, but the first to truly win my heart was the least likely candidate.

Marco was the son of a fisherman at a little port in Sicily that I will not name. At 13, he was already showing the first signs of manly strength: a barrel chest, an unusually deep voice, and the broadest shoulders of all his friends. He was rough and ready, quick to take offense, and always got into scraps. What I saw in him, and what he saw in a bookish, quiet Englishman fifteen years his senior, is something I've never quite understood.

The first day I met him, I had just come from an excursion into the countryside on my motorcycle. It was the beginning of my holiday, and the village was new to me, so I hadn't made any young friends yet. To remedy that, I rode into the sun-soaked little town square, framed by the church, the town hall, and two large buildings made of up ramshackle apartments. A group of boys played ball against one of the buildings. A few old men sat on a bench in the shade, watching them and enjoying the sea breeze that filtered through the buildings.

I made a couple of slow circles of the square before stopping by the town hall, not far from where the boys played.



As I expected, they all rushed over. A motorcycle was a rare sight here, and a foreigner even rarer. I was inundated with questions. Where are you from? Why do you speak Italian? Where are you staying? Can I have a ride?

That last question was the one I had been waiting for.

Before I could pick the first boy I'd give a ride to, my eyes settled on an almond-eyed beauty aged about 14, and that barrel-chested, broad-shouldered boy I'd come to know so well pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

"I'm Marco," he told me, "and I go first. We're going along the seaside road to a cool place. I'll show you where." And that was that. He climbed aboard, tortured me by holding onto the sides of the seat rather than wrapping his arms around my middle, and ordered me to set off.

The "cool place" turned out to be at the end of an isolated beach. After we parked the motorcycle on the side of the nearly abandoned road, he led me along the beach toward an outcropping of wave-lashed rock. No one else was around. We walked, holding our shoes, the sand grating between our toes and our nostrils filling with sea air.

I smiled. He said it as if it were a proven fact, and of course, with the assumption that I would agree and pay for all of it. I was still thinking about the almond-eyed beauty that got passed over back in town, but Marco's attitude amused me.

Marco rolled up his pant legs, revealing slim and hairless brown limbs, and ran into the water, splashing through the shallows as waves curled in toward him. With a laugh, he'd bolt out of the water just ahead of them, as if daring them to catch him. I followed, laughing along with him as we ran in, then ran out, zig-zagging along the water's edge as he led me toward that outcropping of rock. Once there, he



climbed up a steep jumble of slick, wet stone. I took care and followed. "Where are we going?" I asked. "You'll like it. You'll see."

We scrambled over the rocks and down the other side. Then I stopped and gaped. Marco had led me to a little hidden sea cave, completely out of sight until you were practically on top of it. It was high tide, and the entrance was half full of water, with the waves crashing in and out. Marco led me a little to the left and through a narrow gap in the rock that opened up into the back of the cave.

It was an oval area of sand about ten feet deep and twelve feet wide, well above the tide and only slightly damp from the spray that broiled at the entrance. The light there was dim, with only the sunlight from the half-filled entrance and a bit from the fissure we had entered through.

"You like it?" Marco asked, throwing himself down on the sand and stretching. "It's amazing. Thank you for showing me this."

"I'll show you all the best places. Why don't you sit down?" I sat. Still unsure of myself, I left almost an arm's length between me and him. My heart beat fast, and despite the damp air my mouth went dry.

"So...you come here often?" I asked, immediately cringing as such a horrible cliché passed my lips.

“All the boys know about this. It’s our secret. None of the mothers know.”
“I see.”

I nodded, not knowing what to say. Despite my long experience in Italy and other spots in the Static Zone, I always grow nervous when alone with a boy I didn’t know well. Words fail me, and my muscles tense up. “A good place for a picnic,” I managed at last. “Ha!” Marco said, and he spat. “We can picnic anywhere. Why waste a secret place on a picnic?”

I turned and looked at him. He looked back at me with those soft brown eyes, one of the most alluring features of Mediterranean boys, and studied me with a mixture of interest and amusement. The sea breeze tousled his curly black hair.

“So if you don’t come here for picnics, what do you come here for?”
His face cracked into a grin, and those soft brown eyes sparked.
“We come here to... wrestle!”

Marco wasn’t interested in studying. He learned English as a sort of game, but his favorite games were swimming, football, and wrestling. Especially wrestling.

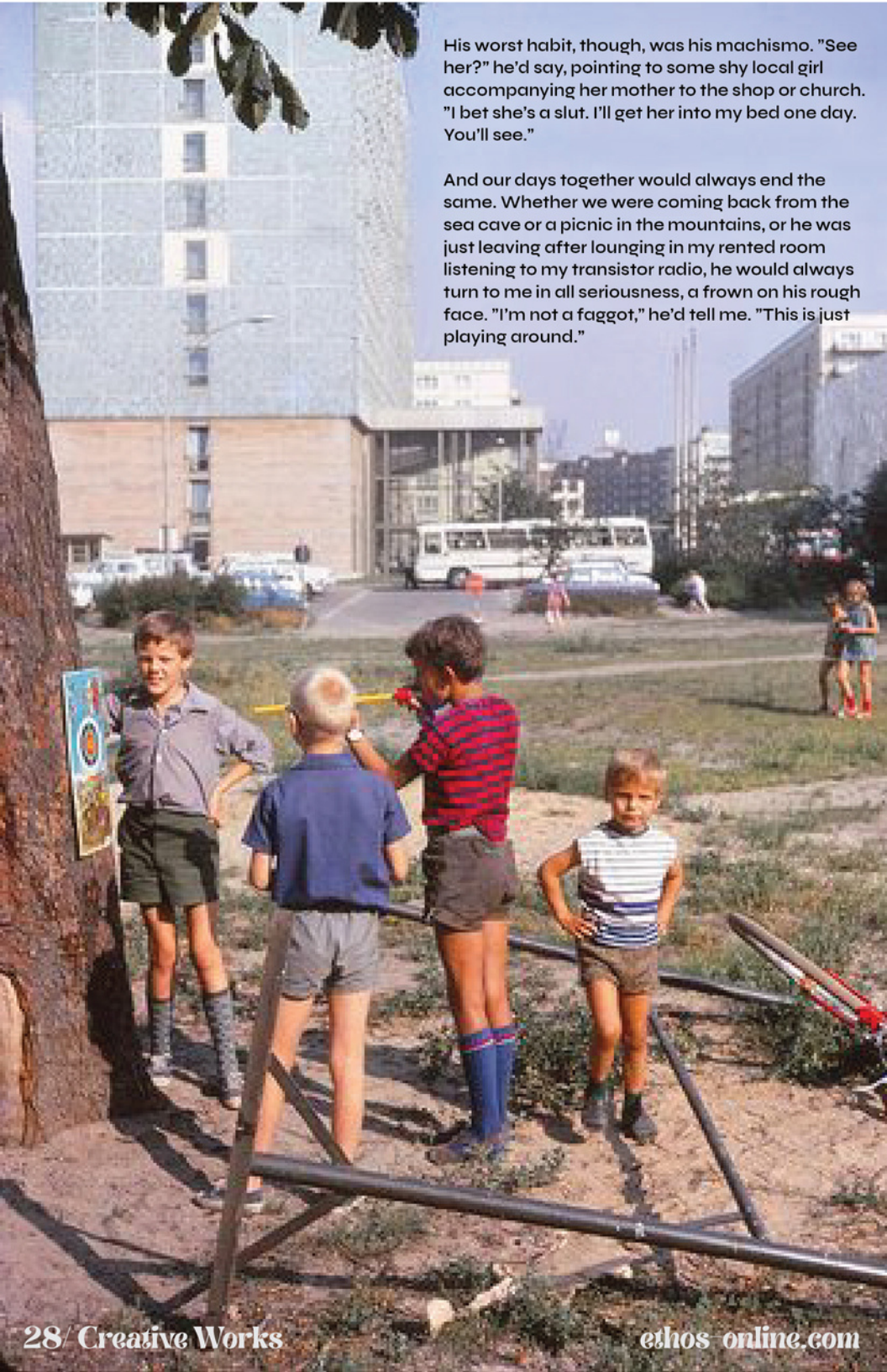
Marco had a number of bad habits. He belched and farted as loudly as he could at every opportunity, which was often considering his prodigious appetite and my generosity at the local restaurants that he could otherwise not afford. He was also quick to anger, often showing up at my door with a new scrape or black eye, boasting how he had vanquished yet another foe.

With that, he dove right at me, knocking me over and trying to pin me. After my initial surprise, I got the upper hand, flipping him over and getting on top. Then I let him win a bit, and we rolled, laughing, all along the floor of that sandy cave.

Our wrestling transformed from a fight into a dance, from play into something more serious, and we did not speak for a long time as the waves crashed into the entrance of the sea cave and shot their spray high into the air.

After that first day, we met every day. We’d go for long motorcycle rides through the countryside, eat at various restaurants, and go swimming. The cave was our favorite, but it was not our only secret place. Italy at that time was remarkably carefree about such things. No one questioned why an adult foreigner would spend so much time with a local adolescent boy. If we played it cool in public, no one concerned themselves with what we got up to in private. I even met his parents. His father greeted me kindly, complimented my Italian, and asked me to teach his son more English. “He doesn’t do well in school,” he said, giving us some fish to grill on the beach.

His mother was even more adamant about me helping him with English. “I want Marco to have more opportunities than we had,” she said once when she invited me over to lunch and stuffed me and her son with pasta.
“I take my good friends here sometimes. Only the best.”



His worst habit, though, was his machismo. "See her?" he'd say, pointing to some shy local girl accompanying her mother to the shop or church. "I bet she's a slut. I'll get her into my bed one day. You'll see."

And our days together would always end the same. Whether we were coming back from the sea cave or a picnic in the mountains, or he was just leaving after lounging in my rented room listening to my transistor radio, he would always turn to me in all seriousness, a frown on his rough face. "I'm not a faggot," he'd tell me. "This is just playing around."

He meant it, and he was right. I knew that in a couple of years, he'd outgrow me. The machismo would push out the "playing around." It saddened me to think I'd lose this maddening, intoxicating boy.

But I don't want you to think that Marco was all bad. He had his finer qualities. He was always fair, for example. While he would fight anyone who squared up to him, he never acted like a bully. One morning, as I walked along the seaside road, hours before I was due to meet him, I saw three boys, aged about 13 or 14, harassing a smaller boy. Their victim was a delicate lad of about 10, carrying a big stack of books. The three surrounded him, taunting and chanting insults. One tripped him up. Another slapped the books out of his hand. The third kicked him in the rear. Obviously intimidated, the smaller boy tried to ignore his tormentors, which only egged them on.

I was about to intervene when out of nowhere shot a brown streak of 13-year-old vengeful fury. With three quick punches, Marco laid all of the bullies low. In an instant they were back up, not to fight him, but to run away. Marco helped the boy pick up his books, brushed him off and tousled his hair in a surprisingly adult gesture.

"Why do you have to act so crude?"

"I'm good to you, yes?"

I sighed. "Yes, you are."

The end of the summer came, as it inevitably does, and I had to say goodbye to Marco. I showered him with gifts—T-shirts, a pair of jeans, even some imported American comics to encourage him to read English—and said farewell.

"You'll come back next summer, right?" he said, clinging to me, his cool demeanor suddenly cracking.

"We'll see," I replied.

"I'm good to you, right?"

"You are, Marco. I just don't know what next year will bring."

Then my young friend turned and saw me. His face broke into a grin. "Hey! I told you I was the best fighter in the village. I'm going to take him home now to make sure he's all right. I'll see you on the beach later, yes?"

Back in the little seaside cave that evening, nestled against one another while staring at the stony ceiling and listening to the surf, he prodded me with his elbow. "You see that fight? I fought good, eh?"

"It was very nice of you to stand up for that boy."

"You shouldn't fight weaker people. Only faggots do that."

"Don't use that word. You know I don't like it."

He grinned and elbowed me again, harder this time. "Hey! I know why you don't like it, because you are a faggot!"

"Stop it!" I snapped. "Oh, but I like you anyway," he said, straddling me and pinning my arms. I pushed him off to show I was stronger, but he got back on me again. I lay back, letting him this time.

"You are my foreign faggot. That's why you don't come with some English-woman." I frowned, resenting the humiliating position I was in while finding it exciting at the same time.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I understand that there are a few boylovers here and there who would love to have a young friend but never have. I imagine there are many reasons why that is so. But I don't believe any of them are insurmountable. Boylove and developing any type of relationship with a boy are events that occur somewhere every day, perhaps multiple times. You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be the image of a Greek God. But you do need to put in a certain amount of effort. What you do and how you do it depends on what your goals are.

There are many reasons why one would be leery of and hesitant to even try. Fear of discovery, imprisonment, public embarrassment, and more. I don't need to list them all. One hears how sex offenders (I just hate that term) are treated in "correctional" institutions. What happens to you personally is largely dependent on your actions. But basically, if you can hold your mud, you'll survive. Don't let anyone bait you. Stay under the radar. Beat up a couple of mouthy cellies and other "I'm not your bitch" type moves.

If that is what you fear most, understand that while prosecuted cases usually receive publicity, it's only a very small fraction, overall, of BL relationships that are discovered or dissolved unhappily. The great majority of friendships are known by only a small number of people, and many times only by the participants. The chances of encountering serious problems are very low.

More than once, a YF has protected his friend. Stayed steadfast under pressure. Accidental discovery as a result of incautious behavior is possible. Loose talk another. He needs to know what to do in any eventuality.



A greater possibility, I think, is having a serious falling out over some incident, etc. One in which friend is angry and hurt and wants to strike back.

A lot depends on your attitude and deportment. Presentation is everything, along with a valid premise. Let me paint you a picture with some descriptive terminology as an example. If John Q. Citizen noticed an obviously "flaming faggot" who was "flashing" down the street with a young boy in tow, what do you think is likely or possibly going to occur? Carelessly presenting in such a manner is not a good idea. Be ordinary, look ordinary, and act ordinary.

The Company of Boys

BY ABOYSXO

Today's social atmosphere is fairly hysterical. Kids are aware these days that there are boylovers. They are leery of strangers. This awareness is both good and bad. Bad because if you come on wrong, say the wrong thing, or frighten someone... they may become excited and draw attention. Good in that any kid seeking a friend like you is, after all, looking for you too. And they are out there. You might be a stranger once, or twice, but after a few "chance" encounters, you are no longer strictly a stranger. How that develops depends on what you do, what you say, and how you present.

It is not illegal to talk to a boy. It isn't illegal to befriend a boy. So properly orchestrated opening moves offer little risk. It isn't illegal to make friends with a non-familial boy, attend some activity, or even have him at your residence without attempting some prior authorization.

There are boys everywhere. Don't be afraid to smile and say hi to any boys you encounter regularly. But somehow you need to interact with them in some way and in such a manner that is friendly and exudes a non-threatening persona.

Don't be afraid to try to make a young friend. But you need to make contact! Boys know other boys. If just one thinks you're cool, even if he isn't the right one, he will bring friends around. One of them is likely to eventually be approachable. So you don't have to meet many boys; you only have to meet one.

I can't imagine anyone denying themselves a friendship with a boy. Seriously, boys want to meet you. No, not every one of them. But many do, and they're out there. Statistics are your friend. Statistics say that for every X number of noes, there will be X number of yeses. Let me give you an example of how that works. You have a product to sell: You. A marketing strategy is direct mailing.

What happens is that a company sends out X number of circulars advertising their product or service. Most of them are trash. A certain percentage generates interested inquiries, and a lesser percentage ends in actual sales. The more mailings you send out, the higher the probability of sales.

You can use that to your advantage. Every no you get is closer to a yes. The fact that statistics alone can make a lucky strike even without specific skills and strategies. According to some studies, the average boylover has three positive encounters in his BL career. If you haven't had any luck at all, I hate to tell you this, but some of us seem to have exceeded our quota.



You aren't going to mail out advertising, of course, but the greater number of contacts and exposure will present you with victory at some point. How long and how much it takes depends on what you put into it. If you want a boy or want to enjoy the company of boys, you need to find a way to meet them.

Let me make one other point. Boys are not stupid. Inexperienced, yes, but kids pick up on vibes too. If you are embarrassed by your attraction, if you think it's wrong in some way, you will transmit that to any boy: "Something is wrong here." When you and he part ways, you want him to feel good about the encounter, not feel like he's done something wrong or nasty.



Here they are, the summer's latest and best swimsuit fashions for young boys!

Modeled perfectly by Brazil's most beautiful pre-teen males, watch and enjoy as we see summer wear that is snug on a boy's hips. Form fitting to highlight his lovely boyish curves, these are all the rage among boys at the swimming pools and beaches of Brazil. -Zoomzoom4



Must be Legal?

By XYZ

"I think that boylove must be legal!"

- Justdream18

"Must."

I don't know Justdream18, but I like the direct nature of his thinking. Now, by "boylove" being "legal," it's obvious what he means. Because "boylove," as in sexual attraction to boys, IS legal.

What's not legal is actually HAVING SEX with boys. And that's what forces us to either be celibate and free or engage in a sexually fulfilling but risky—and even dangerous—path in life.

This is something that's on the forefront of all of our minds, and not because we are "perverts," as the public brushes us off as, but because we are humans, and sexual desire and expression are at the core of human nature.

The tables could just as easily be turned like this: "Those heterosexual men are demanding that women have the right to consent. Well, that's not because they care about women's rights; it's just because those perverts want to get women in bed."

Well, yes, they want to get women in bed! That is how they express their sexuality.

If straight men were forbidden from having sex with women, they would be sounding exactly like Justdream18: "I think that heterosexuality must be legal."





Steve!

Boy Prostitute

By aboysXO

This is the story of my encounter with Steve, a boy prostitute. Steve was a 12-year-old boy I briefly knew a long time ago. It has been more than thirty-five years. He has long since grown up. I have often wondered what happened to him. I surely hoped that he did well. It would be consistent with his personality; however, as I knew him, he had considerable trouble, ups and downs. Though he was adorable physically, he was quite a brat. He was not a boy I would have wanted to have around much. Of course, this was something that took me a bit to realize. I am not without boy skills. They are certainly more honed now, but I tried desperately to reach him without much success.

I met Steve in the downtown area of the city I live in. I was standing in the middle of the block. A young boy came running around the corner ahead of me. He was yelling, "Help me, help me! He's after me. The pimp is after me. The pimp is after me."

Then, around the corner, came this weird-looking dude, who was obviously the person the boy was afraid of. I motioned to him to get behind me, which he did. I stood there in the middle of the block with this kid behind me and briefly fought this guy and took the boy away from him.

I know. There were any number of scenarios, all bad, that could have happened. What if that had been anyone other than what the boy described him as? A father? A brother? Uncle? As it turned out, though, the guy was indeed a pimp. I managed to get the story out of the kid after the altercation.

Steve was adorable. He was, and to this day, remains, one of the cutest boys I have ever known. On a scale of one to ten in cuteness, he was a twelve for sure. He was perfectly proportioned as per his height and weight. A well-shaped and delicious young boy. He was gorgeous.

He had kind of medium-brown hair. It was nicely styled, just over his ears and down his collar. Not long for those days, but not short either. He was nicely dressed. Wearing clothing that fit him well and accented his perfect little form. His eyes were a light but bright green. His skin was clean and clear. A perfect complexion. It was soft, smooth, and silky. He looked for all the world like a little guy whom someone loved and was taking great care of.

Of course, I didn't know what I was going to do with him. I certainly hadn't thought that far. My only motive up to that point was to protect what I saw as a beautiful boy in trouble. He needed my help. It's funny that of all the people on the sidewalk that day, I was the only one to offer to help him. People are sometimes so intent on minding their own business that they won't even help a child in obvious distress. There's something wrong with that, if you ask me.

I didn't know what to do with the kid once I had rescued him. We went into a local cafe to talk and get off the street and away from any potential problems. I never saw the man described as a pimp ever again. I have no idea what happened to him. I imagine he was somewhat unhappy with me. Especially in light of what I had done with his meal ticket.

It turned out that this guy was pimping Steve out to men in the downtown area known then as the "camp." The "camp" was a well-known and active area in which boys would go to seek engagement with men, and the men would come down to pick up a boy. I never heard of any major problems arising out of this. And by that, I mean that I don't know of any boys who were harmed by getting into a car with these men. Not here anyway, though such things did happen. And they did pay well, I know.



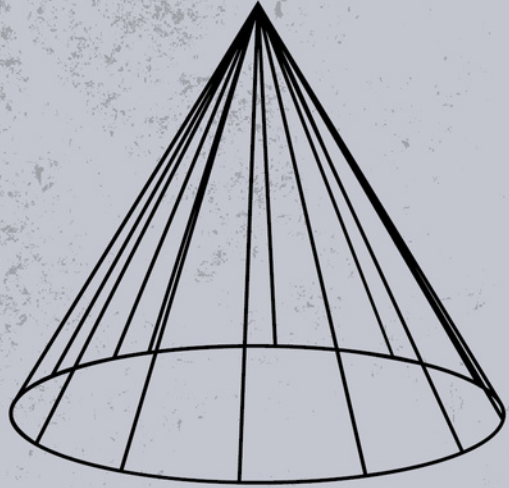
As it turns out, Steve was a runaway. He didn't want me to call the police, which I was disinclined to do anyway. He had been staying at this guy's house. He would go out on a date and then return. The problems began when the guy started taking ALL the kids money. That is apparently what sparked the incident downtown. The guy had gotten into Steve's jeans and taken all the money he had while he slept. What a rat. Not only to pimp a kid but to steal his money as well. A heinous act all around.

As he was a very beautiful boy, very cute, and had nowhere to go, as I am a boylover, there was only one other thing I could think of to do. I offered to take him to my place. He accepted my offer, and off to my house we went. Oh boy! I was happy. I've got this cute little guy. I saved him. He was happy with me. What might come out of it were the thoughts running through my head.

The first four or five days were quite wonderful. Steve and I got along well, and he was very affectionate. I met a few of the friends he had made while living on the street as a runaway and at the pimp's house. One was a 17-year-old male prostitute. The other was another 12-year-old named Brian.

The 17-year-old was a big kid and not what I would consider good-looking. However, that doesn't mean he wasn't. He was just several years too old for me. Far outside my age of attraction. Brian, however, despite being just slightly chubby (not much), was a cute and sweet blond boy with blue eyes.

There was a cheap motel not far from where I resided. I helped this 17-year-old get a room there. He carried Brian up to his room inside a large cardboard box. Steve and Brian and this teenager and I (sorry, I can't remember his name) partied together several times. I was not at all interested in him. But I did like Brian.



Steve would often take off for several hours or so, and when he came back, he always had several hundred dollars on him. I didn't realize this right away. I wasn't being appropriately nosy, I guess. Perhaps I was being somewhat naive. I was still young, and I couldn't imagine a 12-year-old going down to the camp by himself. This was my first encounter with something like this.

Yes, as it turned out, he was going down to camp and finding dates for himself. He would then come back to my place. Geez. He even asked me if I would go down with him to help keep him safe. He asked me if I would pimp for him. To this, I said NO. But I didn't see what might be wrong with trying to keep him from being assaulted or otherwise attacked or hurt. So I did that a couple of times. It didn't turn out too well, and I didn't feel right doing this.

The last time I went with him, a young woman made some remark about my being there because I was interested in taking this boy home for what she described as nefarious purposes. I had to vociferously deny this to a listening crowd. I managed to do so successfully and then forthwith took my leave of that area, with Steve on my heels. I was both alarmed and embarrassed. I certainly didn't want any trouble.

I decided that I needed to have a talk with him about this behavior. I realized that by going down there, I was enabling him somewhat, and I didn't want to do that. In the first place, I don't believe in kids being pimped out or them pimping themselves. I have no real issue with prostitution in and of itself. But it is a dangerous proposition for adults, and more so for a young boy.

The real relationship between a man and a boy is so special. There is nothing like the love of a man for a boy, and vice versa. I suppose I can't legitimately say this, as I have never been in love with a woman, but my observations tell me the love between a man and a boy exceeds that between a man and a woman. Certainly, the innate animosity and strife aren't there. The absolute need and desire are such that those kinds of problems are generally small in scope.

It's too bad that in our society, there is no real place where men and boys can go to find each other. Boys need a man. And they like men. Hell, we all know that. It's a normal, natural thing for men and boys to have an emotional and/or physical affinity for each other.

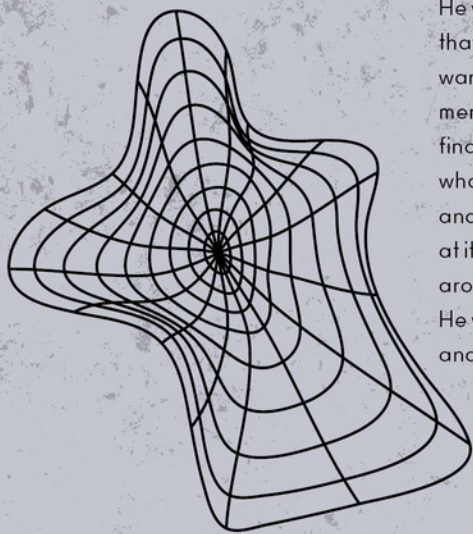
To me, Steve is a prime example of a boy who, of his own volition, went out to make contact with men for a physical liaison. Oh, certainly, Steve went for the money too. But I can tell you, no boy, for whatever purpose, is going to seek such a relationship with a man unless he wants to. No amount of coercion, no amount of talk, no amount of reasoning, and no amount of money is going to prompt a boy to have sex with a man unless he wants to. Unless he's forced to do so, there is nothing that would convince him to engage in that. Period.

I have known of boys who would willingly do so and would do so only once. No matter what, the next time was no. While they were perfectly fine with it once, they wouldn't do it again. There was no coercion or force. There was no trauma. They would be happy and at peace. They just didn't like it enough to do it again. Hey! Don't knock it unless you've tried it. And then I have known boys who tried it once and then couldn't get enough. Of course.

So I had a nice little talk with Steve when we got home. I tried desperately to explain to him that what he was doing was not a very good idea at all. I told him about the great possibility of being picked up by the wrong type of man. We are not all responsible boylovers. All of us do not put the needs and priorities of the boy ahead of our own. There are certainly good, honest, and sincere boylovers out there. That is the majority. But there are also straight child molesters out there. Men who don't care about anything but their gratification. As I was trying to make a point and impress upon him the seriousness of what he was doing, I was quite graphic in my description of what may happen.

I told him everything. What man/boy love was. It's history, what the legal ramifications were, and all the other things he should know if he intended to engage in that lifestyle. I questioned him closely as to his motives. Why did he want to do this? What he told me indicated that he was certainly a little gay boy. He made definite statements as to his desire for contact with men. How he couldn't understand how anyone could find a female physically attractive (I have trouble with that one myself).

He was also clearly enamored with the prospect that men were willing to pay him to do what he wanted to do anyway. I told him that if he wanted men, or a man, the best thing for him to do was to find a man to love him and stay with that man, not whore around taking terrible chances with his life and health. That was when the AIDS epidemic was at its height, with no cure or viable procedure around. None of what I said made any difference. He wanted to whore around, make money, be free, and party.



He also wanted me to condone that, and to continue to be his friend and take care of him. I just couldn't do that. I cannot condone a young boy prostituting himself for one thing. And another was that I wasn't willing to take any chances with my health or legal position with him engaging in such behavior. I tried. I tried. But it was just of no use. I finally told him that if he was going to continue with that, he was going to have to leave. So I threw him out. Lock, stock, and barrel. "You have got to go."

He was quite surprised. Especially because I tried so hard to love him. And I treated him kindly, with dignity, and with respect. No one had ever treated him that way, he told me. But he didn't love me, and I think he wasn't capable of loving at that time. He was an advantage-taker. Far from me, a grown man, taking advantage of a young boy, it was he who was taking advantage of me. It rather hurt my feelings, but there it was. He had to go. And so he did. I felt bad. Still feel bad. I sent that beautiful boy out to take his chances. I wish I knew what else to do. But I didn't. I just didn't know what to do.

No matter what your motives or desires might be, you can't help someone who doesn't want to be helped. And he didn't want that kind of help. He wanted to live in my house. Be under my safety umbrella, but he also wanted to do exactly what he wanted to do without any desire to be considerate of my feelings or my safety. He was only concerned with himself. I couldn't reach him.

I think about him frequently. He is one of my life's failures. A horrible failure. What could I have done? I probably did more than I should have under the circumstances. He just didn't care about me. At least not that way. Oh, sure, he liked me, but I wasn't the man for him. I don't know that any of us could have been. Not then anyway. Maybe later in his life, he developed some respect for others, for himself. I don't know. I have wondered many times what became of him.



And that's the story of Steve. An adorable but bratty little male prostitute who didn't want to be saved.

We need boylover fathers! As many as we can get. With so many men running off from their children or abusing them, we need to show every boy the love and honor he so rightly deserves.

I'm sure we've all weighed the idea of love or lust. Do I really love this boy or just lust after him? After all, once he reaches a certain age, I will no longer be attracted to him. I will still do things for him, of course. If you really love a boy, he will be in your heart forever! Even long after the physical attraction fades, that will be so.

Every child longs for the heart of a father. Every child wants to feel like somebody loves and accepts them. They have a deep desire to feel loved, heard, respected, trusted, safe, and protected. And they also need to hear the word NO sometimes. Children respond to loving discipline.

You see, I never knew my father. But I constantly heard from my stepfather how useless I was. How stupid I was. How I would never amount to anything; I'd never be good enough! I don't care what people say; those things stay with you. They haunt you. It took me thirty years to get over that and move forward. I know now that it was all bullshit! I will no longer let it bring me down, but the damage had been done.

Boys Need Fathers

By Boiforever

I had to live with myself. It took me years to accept who and what I am. The damage has cost me dearly because I lost everything. Sometimes my conscience haunts me. Things I have done, things I didn't do, and things I had the chance to do but didn't. But I believe that in the end, I have gained much more.

I had to prove that I was somebody and worth something. In doing so, I ended up in jail. I happened to be hanging around the wrong people at the wrong time. It was pride that brought me down. Pride always seems to have a way of leveling people. It's funny how facing forty years will help you see things differently, much clearer. It gives you a different perspective. Fortunately, I was released after only four months. My stepdad's side of the family slowly started to shun and reject me. Eventually, we became strangers. It's been about twenty years now. We are still strangers.

I have had my share of mental, physical, and verbal abuse. They all leave scars. Some are deeper than others. I've been rejected, shunned, hated, beaten, and most of the worst things you can think of.

All of that comes down to this: I've also managed to create the very best life for myself that you can imagine. I've raised two boys without all of the negativity that was fed to me. They are the kind of men one can be proud of. And I am very proud of them. All of the things that happen that shape our lives make us who we are today. I say we use those experiences for the good of the boys in our lives, to make them the very best they can be.



Boys need us! They need our help. So many parents just don't care about their children. It's never obvious. You have to get to know them and listen to their story. You have to care deeply about who they are. And you have to draw out the man you know they can be. As adult male models, we have to be very careful with the words we choose when we speak to them.

Words can either devastate or build. We need to be like a father figure to them and love them just as much as we love our own children. We need to be kind but firm, generous but not stupid, strong but not arrogant, tough but not hard, and caring but stoic. All at the right times. We need to have a big heart, but let only the right ones in to see it. We should never let them feel rejected!

Tell him you love him and are proud of him. Tell him the kind of man you know he can be. Stand behind his decisions, whether you agree with them or not. Make sure he knows you will never leave him and will always be there for him. Be the example you want him to see. Let him lead at times, and listen to every word he has to say. Even if you think it's boring and you're falling asleep, listen to understand, NOT to respond.

You may have not have had a good father. I didn't, but a man came along and showed me the kind of man I needed to be and wanted to be. Though you may not have had a good father, be a good daddy and teach these boys the things your father didn't teach you! They don't have to know how your father treated you. They just need to know how you'll treat them!

Best³ BL Quotes

"At the very heart of boylove is to see that no harm ever comes to a boy.

This includes by our actions - or by inaction. And by our opposition to - and non-support of - things that may bring harm to any boy. In my opinion, were we to advocate (for) something that could be used to bring harm to a boy, we are just as guilty as those who do the harm themselves. Because we made it possible."

- Boiforever

"I consider boylove to be something very special and uniquely good, and BL relationships to be the most loving and caring that you'll ever see. This is a time for reflecting on the meaning of boylove itself. This love is something that we recognize as joyful and fulfilling for both partners, a bonding like no other, desired and sought out by both men and boys. We want to spread the message that man/boy love is real, true love, and should be taken seriously. One day, society will acknowledge the reality that a man and a boy can fall in love, without dismissing this love as invalid or imaginary.

We visualize boylovers being welcomed into the mainstream of thought and culture, and a boylove point of view being present in everyday life. As boylovers, we are comfortable with our feelings and wish to be accepted and respected as human beings. Boylove is a normal sexual orientation just like any other, and we reject wholeheartedly the idea that a man is "sick" or "bad" simply for being attracted to boys. This is a time to reaffirm our commitment to boylove as an ideal and to never stop believing that it can be recognized positively, as it should be, and given the respect it deserves."

- Zoomzoom4

"As a sexual orientation, pederasts have nothing to be ashamed of. But there are abuses. Men whose sole purpose is their (own) gratification without regard for the impact on the boy. Such cases are highly publicized and politicized. They give a false impression of the real experience. They feed the already preferred misconceptions of the public.

We must present a stated code of conduct, and police ourselves. Put some real boylovers into a room with a child molester. Tune him up some. Develop, display, and adhere to the practices, policies, and procedures that express the very best attributes of boylove. No, we can't open a booth at the county fair. Can't address a crowd on the street. Can't yet say, "Hi I'm Joe and I am a pederast." But there are safer, less direct ways to get the message out."

- aboysXO

"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 phone number and got to talk to the president of NAMBLA. We chatted for a good hour."

- Dragonlover

It's like I awoke from a dream—into an even better one.

All I remember is that I was staring at the boy as he skipped around in that perfectly form-fitting pair of tight little undies, lamenting the sad fact that no brilliant boylover had yet invented see-through material for boys' underwear.

These were almost see-through: wet, clinging to his hips and thighs, showing off his boyish curves; his lovely butt crack munching on the back side, his beautiful little boyhood poking out in front.

And then, suddenly—stop the presses—the boy came bopping right up to me and laughed, as if reading my mind!

A joyous, boyish, high-pitched giggle. His voice had the perfect pitch, completely untouched by puberty; to my ears, it was the sweetest sound of all.

I gazed at this beautiful creature with a heart full of love and longing.

And then, suddenly, he shocked me. Or, I should say, the BL Gods did. Their radiant smiles collectively shining down upon me in a bright, sparkling light ...

... as this gorgeous young lad reached down, hooked his thumbs around the sides of his underwear, and pushed them all the way down his legs to his feet.

Gently, he lifted one foot and then the next, leaving a pair of little boys' underwear on the ground.

Now the 10-year-old boy stood before me.

Totally.

Completely.

Naked.

I smiled as Boy Heaven opened its shining white gates just for me.

And then I promptly fainted.

Upon awakening, I immediately became aware of two things: I was sitting in a chair, and someone was sitting on my lap. Someone small, light. Naked.

Naked? Was this... Could this be...?

Yes. Yes, it was. I felt a tear streaming down my cheek. Blissful tears of joy.

A naked boy was sitting on my lap. I rubbed my eyes in gratified disbelief. Sure enough, a boy. Yes, naked. Completely naked. And hot. Very. In fact, it was the very same boy who had taken his underwear off right in front of me, just before I passed out.

I was just so taken by his stunning beauty! The total shock and surprise of seeing a boy do what I'd only dreamed about before. But wasn't that a dream? Was THIS a dream? It had to be!

I will end by saying, Thank God for boy dreams.



LOVE AND LONGING

By Zoomzoom4



Why Should I Be Hated?

BY JAMIEBOY

I grew up with all the other kids. I obtained social skills. I learned to love and loved to laugh. I felt the pain of loss at a young age. I went to church and learned all about guilt, then spent my whole life feeling it.

I learned about myself too. I was smart, but not the smartest. I was cute, but not the cutest. I had fears—the fear of losing my mom, as I had already lost my dad. The fear of doing something that would make her want to leave me—as he already had. I knew early on where I was on the anger scale. I had anger, but it was okay because it was aimed mostly at myself. I knew—absolutely knew—that I was responsible for my own failings, so it wasn't feasible for me to become a danger to others.

I started to look at other boys as if they were what I wanted to be. That one over there—so handsome and confident; I wanted to be him. I figured out, of course, that I couldn't be him, so I suppose I determined that it might be nice, if I couldn't actually be him, to at least be with him. If only I could spend time with him, perhaps I might somehow become like him. Of course, it was far beyond my capabilities to actually reach out, so the fantasy was born, and that was my first wish—unfulfilled.

I had so many crushes, growing up. Almost always younger than me. Not by a lot. Not by enough to make me think I was weird—just enough for me to know the word "cute" and to appreciate what it meant for me. That boy on his bike, riding by my house. He was cute. I wanted to play with him. That boy there in that car. Very cute, indeed. Let's get together.

I got older, and my passion grew. My needs grew. My body grew. The boys did not—they stayed small. They are still small to this day, though I am old. I still think they're cute. I still think they're nice. I still want to play with them. They are my ideal—the ideal I created when I, myself, was small.

Even to this day. I don't understand. I don't understand how the world can hate me so much. They blame me; they abhor me for decisions I made and for needs I had when I was a child. Oh, so sanctimoniously they tell the children, "Be who you are." But they don't really mean it. What they actually mean is, "Here is what we think you should be. Go now, and be what we've suggested." They kill individuality in the name of conformity, of loyalty to the cause. Those who conform are loved and welcomed. Those who do not are loathed.

Then I discovered peepee fun. Just me, alone, in the bathroom, with the soap or the shampoo, or the Vicks Vap-O-Rub. (Yes, I did that, and I wondered why my granny kept asking me if I had a cold.) Just me and the catalog and its bevy of little underwear boys. Just me and that magazine I found in the gutter that day. Just me and all those surging, passionate thoughts.

I didn't understand why I liked to play with it, but it felt good, so I did. I played with it a lot. It was peepee time, people. I was far too young, then, to be considered a pervert.

Quite naturally, I used peepee time to think about the handsome, confident boys I wanted to be. What would it be like, I said to my straining little self, to play with him? He's so nice. Wouldn't it be terrific if...

Guilt! Good old-fashioned, Protestant guilt, and suddenly, feeling good became anathema. Wanting what I wanted so very much became contrary to my long-term goals—heaven, hell, and all that shit. And thus was born the inner conflict.

My circumstances. My life. I don't really believe in the genetics thing. I'm sure it plays a part—a kind of predisposition toward an eventuality—but it's so very clear to me now, as an aged man, how and why I became fascinated by boys, that I can't help but discount the genetics argument in my case. In my view, the direction I went was a response to pressures, to knowledge, to inculcation, to fear, sadness, and desire.

Life is a thick soup of feelings and consequences. So many ingredients.

I've been analyzed. Back before the modern pharmaceutical dependencies when they actually sat with you and let you talk. I was a young man at the time, and was terrified the rage would take over. Then, when I was older, I was just trying to figure it all out and stay on the right side of the law. The professionals had no answers. At least they didn't offer any to me. I've been left to figure it out myself, bit by bit. It's been up to me to come to grips with the notion that I am the way I am because of decisions I made and needs I had when I was very small.

So now I think I must still be a boy, because even now I think those reasoned, considered, rational decisions were right in every way. They make perfect sense to me. If you think about it, based on what I knew then, on the feelings I had, and on my understanding of things, I made good decisions to try to raise myself—to try to fill a vacuum.

What I don't understand is why I should be hated now for having made such obviously good decisions.

I didn't decide to be a pederast. I decided to chase an ideal. And because I had no daddy—no one to tell me how I was doing—in my sweet young mind, I made other boys the ideal. Why not? After all, clearly, their daddies loved them.

And as for the rest of the world...

Well, I am what I am. And at this point in my life, I wish they'd all just get the fuck off my back about it.



Tommy Hilfiger
TOMMY HILFIGER

Realtalk by Realmie: The Power of Persistence

That's why it's so important that Boy Moment has lasted so long. It gives a much-needed sense of continuity to our subsection of the queer community.

This is essential. Many boylovers, myself included, get a huge amount of psychological support from the fact that a BL community even exists. Without it, we'd feel even more lost and alone than we already do. Just having it there helps me, even if I'm not on the boards like I should be. With my irregular access to a secure computer, I can barely get the articles I have written to Ethos on time.

I'm working on that. I'm hoping to get better access and then start contributing to the boards, too. I think it would help me reduce my sense of solitude. I'd also be adding my own humble little brick to the home we're trying to make, a home where all boylovers, and maybe even their YFs, can feel safe and sheltered.

That's the real goal. But how can we achieve that when the whole world seems to be against us? Persistence. That's how. Because with persistence comes continuity, and it's continuity that creates tradition—a culture—something passed down from one generation to the next. That's what will make us united and powerful.

And how do we do this? We all have to play our own little part. I feel terribly guilty that I missed contributing to the last issue of Ethos. While, of course, the magazine can thrive without me, having a column in every issue gives a sense of regularity, and the mere act of writing helps me a lot. Also, if I miss an issue, Ethos has one fewer voice, and is a couple of pages shorter. We need a magazine with lots of voices, and lots of pages.

In the previous issue of Ethos (#24), we celebrated twenty years of Boy Moment, one of the most enduring BL boards on the Internet. That's a long time for any website to survive, especially in the BL world.

Like the objects of our affection, our community can be a fleeting one. Boys grow out of our ages of attraction, find their place in the world, and often move on without us. We've all accepted this fact, more or less. Our community can seem transitory as well. Discussion boards come and go. Magazines fold after a few issues. People drop out. It's the nature of a persecuted community, one that can't even have a bar or other public venue to its name. We have to meet online, and those venues are constantly in danger of being shut down.

Also, members of our community often drop out, never to be heard from again. Whether this is because of legal issues, depression, or the simple lack of a secure computer, every time someone leaves the community, our community suffers.

So I encourage you to contribute. If writing isn't your thing, then chat on the boards. Or maybe befriend a fellow BL, online or in real life. I'd like to do that myself someday, but I haven't yet found one in my city.

Whatever you can do, please do it and do it regularly. You have something to contribute. I know that it's easy to internalize the hatred society feels for us, and end up thinking you have nothing to give, but you do. Just by being a part of this community, you make it bigger.

This makes me think of my dearest young friend, Water-sprite. I've written about him lots of times in earlier issues. He's always in my heart. We met when he was 13 and instantly fell for each other. Now he's in his early 20s, and while he's well past my age of attraction, we're closer than ever. I'm a mentor figure, giving him advice about life and careers, discussing politics, and lending him books, and he's a spark of youthful enthusiasm in my life.

When he was young, he lived in a different state. Now he's living in my city, and I see him all the time. While we never developed the relationship that I wanted, we developed the relationship that he, and perhaps I, really needed.

And that came from persistence. I made a point of keeping close to him even after the physical attraction faded. Those years of continuity have forged a deep bond between us.

Just like a BL and his YF, our community can benefit from the regular contribution of effort that only time and persistence can provide.

So happy birthday, Boy Moment. You're a shining example of the very best the BL community has to offer.



