

Fawnlet 



issue 1 : sep 2023

# FAWNLET NOTATION

I am very excited to bring the first issue of this magazine, Fawnlet, to you. But I am also rather apprehensive. Being the Owner, I'm thinking, "What have I gotten myself into?" But the boylove community needs a publication like this. It means we are growing and starting to come together more, It means we are getting out there and being heard by more people, giving hope to more childlovers. The outside world can read this publication and see that we are not the monsters they want us to be. Not the monsters they need us to be, to justify their hatred for us.

We will strive to make this publication as good or better than those that came before it. We have a very talented team. Our staff has been dedicated to the boylove community for years, and always will be. So without further ado, we bring you Fawnlet Magazine Issue #1. Enjoy!



- Boylovers  
Owner



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All photos can be found on Pinterest, Tumblr, many stock sites, Blogs, or were lovingly made by myself (Gary).



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## **AUTHORITIES ASK FORFEITURE OF HOUSE WHERE MAN FILMED YOUNG BOYS**

After his cell phones and computers were seized and presented in court, the 63-year-old was convicted of numerous rape and sexual assault charges. It was revealed that for over 20 years he had been sexually abusing pre-teen and teen boys; in addition, he was found to be in possession of child pornography.

<https://www.chattanooga.com/2023/8/10/473076/Federal-Authorities-Ask-Forfeiture-Of.aspx>

## **NINE BOYS RESCUED FROM LAGOS CULT INITIATION**

The Police Command swept in and kept the boys from being forcefully initiated "into cultism" in the Mushin area.

<https://www.vanguardngr.com/2023/08/police-rescue-9-undere-age-boys-during-cult-initiation-in-lagos/>

## **VIRAL PHOTO OF BOY IN BACK SEAT OF SQUAD CAR ELICITS OUTRAGE**

A Mississippi police officer was fired after arresting and jailing a 10-year-old boy for peeing in public.

<https://www.foxnews.com/us/mississippi-cop-fired-arresting-boy-10-peeding-public>

## **COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL HIM**

Chris Overton jumped in the pool with a broken leg in order to tell his son Jameson that he was officially his dad now. Families come in all different forms and are created in all different ways. From pregnancy, donors, surrogates, divorce, adoption, blended families, and more, there are a myriad of ways to create a tight and loving family unit.

<https://www.goalcast.com/dad-adopted-son-announcement/>

## **ACT POLICE FIND YOUNG BOYS SAFE AFTER GOING MISSING**

The 8-year-old and the 10-year-old were both found after police asked the residents of south Canberra to help find the two. After eight hours, the boys were located safe and well.

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2023-08-10/act-police-locate-previously-missing-boys/102715286>

## **FAMILY MOURNS BOY'S TRAGIC DEATH**

Boston Police responded to reports of a 4-year-old boy with serious injuries, struck by a vehicle that fled the scene. After an off-duty officer administered first aid to the child, he was taken to the hospital, where he was pronounced dead. The boy's uncle called him "the life of the house."

<https://www.boston25news.com/news/local/family-identifies-young-boy-killed-boston-hit-and-run-crash-search-driver-continues/QG5-BA4EPH5EHZ0Y3PTH6M4KTTA/>

# BOY WIKI

boywiki.org

BoyWiki is  
an exciting  
opportunity  
for us, as  
boylovers,



to record and preserve our own  
history, culture, and heritage. If it's of  
interest to boylovers, it belongs on BoyWiki!



**Boylou** **News** **Channel**

*~ the news that matters*





# Welcome to Fawnlet

By Zoomzoom4

I am standing here on the edge of a cliff high above the hallowed land of Boytopia, looking out over the vast horizon stretching as far as the eye can see, and I'm going to spread my arms out and joyously shout: "Welcome to Fawnlet Magazine!"

Stop what you're doing and look up, fellow boylovers, at the man up on that high cliff standing on the hood of his Mazda Protege. Stop and look, and remember this moment. A new age is going to dawn for our community, an age of unity and togetherness for each and every boylover on Earth. The sun is shining even bigger in the sky, it's brilliant rays robust with the promise of a brighter tomorrow. A new tomorrow – for all of us.

A tomorrow where we can look in the mirror and like what we see, be proud of who we are, and happily say, "I love boys." That's right. Say it again. With conviction, with confidence.

**"I LOVE BOYS!"**

Who is that person looking back at you in the mirror? A person who is secure, confident. Someone who is comfortable in his own skin. Comfortable to be who he is, and not ashamed of what he feels.

Gone are the days when boylovers looked nervously at the ground, afraid to make eye contact with the world, for fear of rejection if they only knew. Now we walk tall, back straight, head held high, each step taken with the utmost self-assurance. The kind that can only come when someone knows that his feelings are rooted in the highest and best intentions, and his actions based on nobility and mutual respect.

Say it one more time. "I love boys!"

How good does that feel? To be yourself, the person you know is good and loving, and being true to your feelings. The kind of love, and the kind of feelings, which have been expressed since the days of Ancient Greece when the streets were filled with men and boys walking together, hand in hand.

The days when a man and a young boy could be seen openly embracing each other in a passionate kiss on a sidewalk in Athens. When it was considered peculiar if a man did not have a boy who he proclaimed to love.

**When even the Gods themselves fell awestruck in the presence of a beautiful male child.**



**T**hose days may be over, but my fellow boylovers I say to you that what happened in the past can and often does happen again in the future. Join with me in this shared vision of a brighter tomorrow. A tomorrow that gloriously embraces the purest love of all, and champions it as it should be: held up for all to see and appreciate, the most powerful and potent love that has ever existed between any two humans.

## The love between a man and a boy.

That is what this magazine celebrates. That special and sacred bond that has always been, and always will be.

The bond that is at the core of the purest and most noble love on Earth. We at Fawnlet Magazine give you our promise that we will work tirelessly to champion man/boy love. And we will use this platform to give a voice to that most silenced and shunned of all groups: boylovers.

In these pages you will hear boylovers give their thoughts, ideas, observations, essays, opinions, and hopes for a better tomorrow. There will be boy-inspired poetry and fiction. Interviews with boylovers from around the community. And everything and anything having to do with boys and boylove.

Let's show the world that we can't be silenced. We are here, and we are not going anywhere. We are good people, and refuse to be slandered. Our feelings and desires are sincere, and we refuse to be dismissed as mere "perverts" for having a sexuality that is as normal and natural as any other.

So, standing atop the hood of my Mazda parked on the edge of the cliff overlooking the vast BL community, I give you all my commitment to never stop working tirelessly to improve and enrich the lives of my fellow boylovers.

With that being said, I hope you enjoy this debut issue of Fawnlet, the new and exciting BL magazine.





# SUMMERTIME IS FOR BOYS

By Rebel Yell

School has been over for a couple of weeks now, and WOW the boys hanging out on the street has been an arousing sight! Just driving around my area has been a pleasant experience. So many cute boys in loose clothes has my boylove in overdrive!

The other day, a cute blonde boy about 10 was with his mom on the corner. They were waiting for the light. He was so cute that I tried to make eye contact with him. He was too distracted by something, so that didn't happen.

Last week, however, I saw another cute blonde on his bike. He had beautiful legs! This time I did make eye contact, just for a few seconds. I let him go ahead of me just so I could check out his ass. And I did!

The best, however, was last weekend! I went to a family member's building to visit them. I saw two boys, around 11 or so, sitting on the floor. I thought they were waiting for the elevator. But no, they were just hanging out.

Distracted by their phones, they were wearing very loose shorts with legs wide open. As I waited for the elevator, I saw something that caught my interest. I leaned my head forward and, let's just say, I saw what I wanted to see.

After the lovely view, I entered the family member's apartment. We started talking, and we must've talked about four or five different subjects. I wasn't paying attention to any of it! I was too distracted by what I had just seen on the first floor. I couldn't stop thinking about it. After about half an hour, I made up an excuse to use the bathroom. I needed to calm myself down. After my relief, I cut my visit short to see if those boys were still downstairs. Sadly, they were both gone.

No school, the super heat and nothing to do has made this summer especially enjoyable.



Several weeks ago, for the first time ever, I met some fellow boylovers in real life. Before this meeting, I had hardly ever told anyone that I was a boylover, let alone being able to talk about it with people.

When I was 17, my friends knew that I was gay. They knew when I had fallen in love with a 12-year-old boy. They didn't think too much of it back then, and neither did I. I had just had my coming out as being a gay, and being honest about loving boys seemed like the next logical step. I never really told my friends about being a boylover. Actually I had never heard of the word ... but I guess it was obvious.

Now, more than ten years later, I hardly ever see the friends I had back then. I moved away, and so did they. There are a lot of new people in my life. When starting college, I stopped being so honest about being a boylover.

Most people around me knew I was gay. Many of them knew I liked guys quite a bit younger than myself. But, no one had any clue that I was also pretty fond of kids as young as 10.

During the past couple of years, being a boylover has become more and more important for me. I am gay. I do like 20-year-old guys as well, but I am also a boylover. And being a boylover has been something I refused to face for some years. So I found places online like Boychat, and more importantly, I found IRC. I started rediscovering this part of me, with the support of the people around.

## *Coming Out as BL*

*By Wimmel*



After being on different BL IRC channels for about two years, I decided it was time to meet some of these people. When I did, I hardly knew what was happening to me. I spent a day in Amsterdam a few weeks ago, with a couple of great people, This was the first time I could honestly reply to the question of what my age of attraction was.

It was the first time I could see a cute boy walking down the street, and tell someone immediately. But, that wasn't even necessary because everybody was looking at the same kid anyhow.

It was a great day. I had to talk to someone about it, but nobody in my surroundings even knew I was a boylover. I guess it was time for a second coming out. I talked with the person who I suspected already knew about me anyway. He would most likely be the most open-minded about it as well. A friend of mine, who himself doesn't mind trawling through the supermarket. Not just for buying food, but also to enjoy the beautiful landscape of the adolescent stock boys working there.

Most Dutch supermarkets employ adolescents between 13 and 18 years old to do the work. That's mainly because they're a cheap workforce. I guess the supermarket owners are usually more interested in saving money than in the cuteness of their employees. But the economic motifs have a great side effect.

Anyway, this friend of mine responded pretty cool. He couldn't really imagine himself ever getting attracted to someone younger than 15, but he was okay with it. I didn't really surprise him with the news. I thought that was pretty striking, and he took it really well.

Then one weekend, I decided to join a group of people for IBLD in Amsterdam.

It was a great experience. I spent the whole weekend with a bunch of boylovers, burning candles, talking and talking until dawn, feeling understood and supported. And again, the day after I got home, it felt like a hangover. I woke up with an empty feeling. It was quite a contrast to feeling supported and loved days before.

I decided that it was time for a change.

Time to get the secret, that had been bugging me for so long, out. Yes, I had told one friend of mine. But he kinda knew already (though we hardly ever talked about it). There's still a whole world of people out there who love me and whom I love, who don't know. I felt at least some of them should know.



I turned 29 last week. After my birthday, my mother always visits me. We go out and do something fun. We decided we would just get in the car. We drove around a bit through the rural surroundings of the town where I live. Yes, there still are rural parts in one of the most populated areas of the world. We got out at a nice spot, and went for a walk. We both like walking for hours, and I know it relaxes me. Maybe even enough to be able to tell her about my being a boylover.

When I was about 18, I told my mother that I was gay. She took it really well, though she was a bit shocked at first. She had never expected it. She had no problems with it at all, and didn't mind talking to friends about it. She got a busload of books from the library about the subject, and she would ask me questions about it if she had any.

After some hours of walking, she brought up the topic of my coming out as a gay, more then ten years before.

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She was telling me about a friend of hers, who had a 15-year-old son. This woman told my mom that her son was gay, and that she didn't really know what to do with it. She would love to accept it, but was afraid of what other people might say or think about it.

At that moment, my mom hadn't told this woman that her own son was gay as well. She just responded to the story with pretty cool remarks. She said that she couldn't imagine it being a problem. She was happy for the boy that he could be open about this at the age of 15. My mom's friend couldn't understand my mom's reaction, until my mom told her that her own son is gay as well.

After my mom told me this story, I couldn't think of a better time to start adding some BL details to the overall gay picture. So I told her that there was more to it than just that. Something I have (re-) discovered in the past couple of years. I can feel emotionally and sexually attracted to boys as young as 9 or 10 years old. I also told her that I had recently met a great group of people who are boylovers as well, and who were really supportive.

I expected her to respond with crying for the rest of the day. Not for feeling sorry for herself, but feeling sorry for me. But she didn't. Instead, she responded with questions.

She asked me what it was about a 10-year-old boy that attracted me. She asked me how I felt about it, and how I lived with it. She asked how I met these other boylovers. That was a tough one. The only thing she knows about the internet is that it's my job. That stuff ends with dot.com or dot.nl because the radio commercials say so.

So she took it really well, better than I ever could have imagined or hoped for. We talked about it for a while and then just proceeded with our day, talking about anything else as well. We had a great day. Nothing could do anything to spoil that. Not even an annoying football match. The Dutch team lost to the Italians.



I hope this story is of value for anyone feeling that an important part of your life is too much of a secret for the rest of the world.



# Alice Lovers Magazine




[visionsofalice.net](http://visionsofalice.net)



# The Betrayal

By Wounded Panther



Here I am, 11 years of age  
I met a man about three times my age  
For whatever reason, we quickly became  
friends

For an old guy, he was really cool  
He called me his Special Young Friend  
He told me that he was my Adult Friend

We liked each other so much  
We went everywhere together, every  
place imaginable

My parents didn't mind, they worked all  
the time

They never even noticed I was gone  
On Xmas, he gave me a friendship neck-  
lace

I felt so warm inside  
I kissed him on the lips

Then before I knew it we were entwined,  
my body was hot, and I was panting  
I figured it out, all those ugly things

The horrible things that men like him  
were supposed to want to do to me

Were most certainly not bad at all  
I never felt more loved, or anything so  
good in my life

Why, why was I told all those lies by all?

# TV of the 1950s Boys and 60s

By Zoomzoom4

Bobby Brady, Will Robinson, Beaver Cleaver, Dennis the Menace, Eddie Munster, Opie Taylor and the Rifleboy, Mark McCain. These are the iconic cuties that boylovers remember seeing on their TV screens. But few of us know anything about the real boys behind those famous characters. Who were these talented and cute young boy actors? These small boys who were pioneers of the small screen. Let's get to know them better.

## BOBBY BRADY

Mike Lockinland. He is the one who brought Bobby Brady to life. Mike started his acting career at age 7. He starred in various TV commercials throughout the middle to late 1960s. It was a series of steady gigs which finally led to landing the part of the youngest male Brady, at the age of 9. His parents chose the role for him, over another show that was offered. They wanted him to be among other kid actors, not be the only kid among a cast of adults. The Brady Bunch started its run on ABC television in 1969, spanning five seasons until reaching its end in May 1974. This led to the end of Mike's acting career, and he went into what some might call a "boring" normal life, leaving showbiz. However, he couldn't just leave showbiz entirely.

He reprised the role of Bobby Brady for many years thereafter. He appeared in the numerous sequels, spin-offs and associated "Brady" specials on television and video. The most recent being in 2021, appearing with his fellow Brady TV siblings in a game show.

An interesting fact about Mike's continued appearances as Bobby, is that originally he didn't want to continue the role. When he was asked by ABC to return for "The Brady Hour", in 1976, he requested double the offered salary, in the hopes that they would recast the part instead. But they actually accepted his demand, and increased the salary of all cast members.



## WILL ROBINSON

Billy Mumy. "Danger, Will Robinson!" Ever since that immortal phrase was uttered by the Robot, the "Lost in Space boy" - as he was known to many of us - became an instant BL favorite. The story is a sci-fi twist on the "Swiss Family Robinson," a famous tale about a family that gets stranded on a desert island. In this version, the Robinson family finds themselves stranded in the cosmos, and the youngest member (as we all know so well) is the adorable 11-year-old Will.

After befriendng the affable bucket of bolts, Will is almost never seen without his mechanical companion "slash" bodyguard. How jealous were we all of that thing? How many of us wish we were robots, so maybe Will would befriend us?

But I digress. What, could we say, is known about the actor himself?

Turns out, young Bill was a pretty hot item back in his time. He starred in not one, but three episodes of *The Twilight Zone*. Who could forget the little boy phoning his beloved dead grandmother? That is probably his most famous episode. He was such a smash in that one, that they called him back twice. Revealing in later interviews that he didn't want to be only in the "nice" episodes, it was arranged for him to play an evil role, as a kid who terrorizes his small town with psychic powers.

Bill has thoroughly embraced his status as a sci-fi icon, continuing to work in the genre throughout his life. And while it wasn't revealed exactly why *Lost in Space* was canceled, many speculate the cause to be the increasingly high costs of production. The actors' salaries alone nearly doubling during it's run. Bill was hoping to snag a role in the 1998 *Lost in Space* feature film, as the adult Will Robinson, but the director felt that his iconic status would distract from the plot.

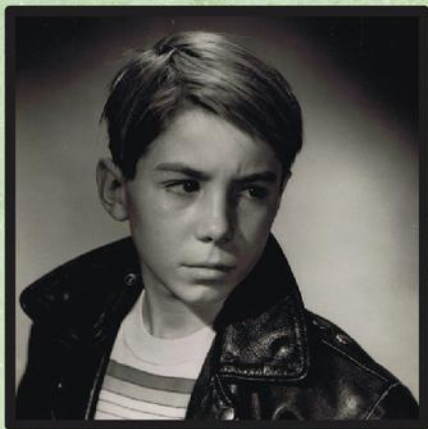
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## THE RIFLEBOY

Johnny Crawford. Raise your hand if this sounds familiar. "The Rifleman" is on TV, and you keep watching for one reason only: to see his son. Yep, just as I thought. Countless boylovers' hands going up. So who was this cutie otherwise known as "Mark"? Who was the boy behind the Rifleboy?

What did the casting directors see in young Johnny? The earnest, eager look on his face, and his unmistakably wholesome vibe? Those were important qualities for the role. Also was the fact that Johnny was already a veteran of 1950s television. He was one of the original "Mouseketeers" on the Mickey Mouse Club. Although producers of that show invited Johnny back for another season, he must have been swept up in the cowboy craze of the time, as most boys were, soon trading in his mouse ears for a cowboy hat.

Wise choice, it would seem. The Rifleman had a successful five season run from 1958 to 1963. Right at the height of American kids' obsession with hats, horses and six-shooters. The Rifleboy's status was cemented as one of the unforgettable TV boys of the era.



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## DENNIS THE MENACE

Jay North. One of the most famous fictional boys ever. This little blond cutie loved making life miserable for his grumpy next door neighbor. In the early 60s Dennis the Menace made the leap from the comic pages to prime time television. Dennis was personified by the lovable Jay North. This series was an instant hit, and made little Jay an instant favorite on the tube.

Producers of the show knew they had to cast a boy who would come across as mischievous but not "bad". Jay was the perfect balance to ensure that, while not a hardened criminal he wasn't a mama's boy either. He brought that "whirling dervish" style that Dennis was known for in the comics. An energetic rush of

boyishness. He was the picture of 20th century boyhood. He loved baseball, bubblegum, bicycles, frogs, and camping. And, in Dennis's case, annoying the adult next door to no end.



## "BEAVER" CLEAVER

Jerry Mathers. Leave it to Beaver is arguably the most famous TV show of the 1950s. It's central character was the most famous boy character in all of television history and remains so to this day. What is not so well known is the fact that, "the Beaver", was the first child star to ever receive back-end royalties. So he is still getting paid for the work he did over a half century ago.

While little Jerry was undoubtedly cute, what made him attractive to casting directors was his experience. At the age of 8, he was already a seasoned veteran of TV commercials, having over a dozen on his resume. This was in addition to a number of film and televi-

sion roles, including "I Love Lucy" and "General Electric Theater." It also helped that he looked like he could be the brother of Tony Dow, who had already been cast to play his older brother, Wally. The rest is television history, as Leave it to Beaver went on to a phenomenally successful six-year run (from 1957 to 1963).

Jerry was truly the star of the show. He appeared in all 234 episodes, even getting a cut of the show's merchandising revenue. Another first for a child star. After the show ended, Jerry went on to a so-called normal life. He attended high school, like any other kid, and served in the National Guard. This led to mistaken reports that he had been killed in the Vietnam War although, in fact, Jerry never served overseas. He quickly returned to civilian life. He explored several different business options before being lured back into show-business with "Still the Beaver."

## OPIE TAYLOR

Ron Howard. The "Beaver" doesn't entirely own the trophy when it comes to Top TV Boy of the era. To crown him would be forgetting one of the most iconic TV boy characters of all. Yes, I'm talking about Opie. That little red headed boy-child with the fishing pole, coming to you straight out of Mayberry. Opie's status as a boy everyone has heard of goes beyond series television, even. He has become the embodiment of all little red headed boys.

Ron Howard is the boy who brought Opie to life. He has become one of Hollywood's longest career-spanning celebrities. When his TV series ended, he didn't go off to become a paint store manager in Cleveland.

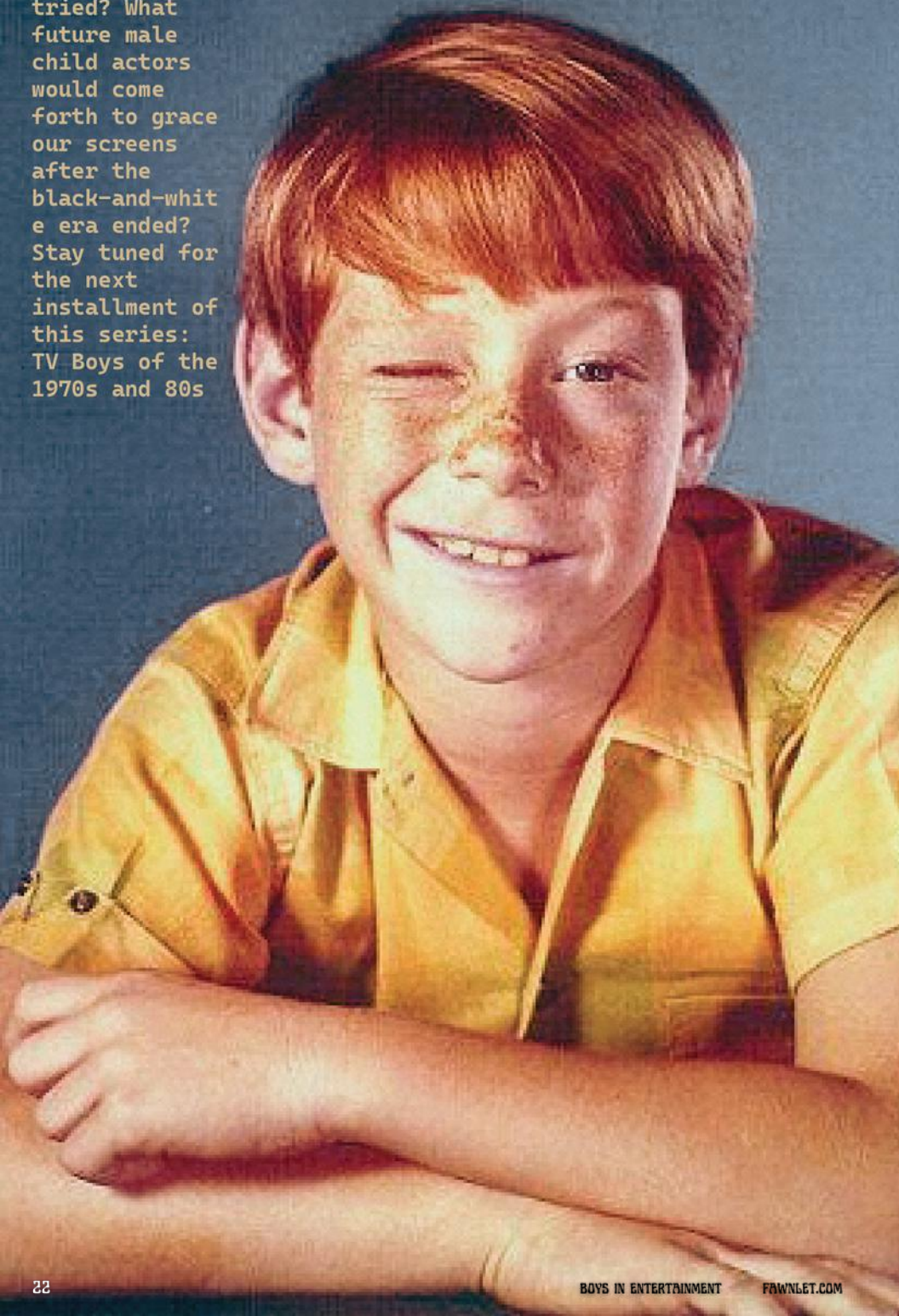
No, he continued acting throughout his teens, and then into adulthood becoming one of the biggest film directors ever.

While nowadays Howard might be more known for playing Ritchie Cunningham on "Happy Days," or for directing some of Hollywood's biggest blockbusters, to us he will always be that little red headed cutie walking alongside Andy Griffith, fishing pole in hand. In fact, if you simply repeat the words of the previous sentence out loud, it will be obvious to anyone listening that you are talking about Opie.

While nobody can deny the cultural splash made by the little ginger with the fishing pole, the award for Top TV Boy of this "Golden Age of Television" still belongs to Theodore "Beaver" Cleaver. He had the name, the face, and the series to boost his status, and he made the most of it. With a near-century long reign as the most iconic boy on the tube, the "Beav" is the one they all aspire to be. Or, in some of the more ambitious cases, to surpass.



Who else has  
tried? What  
future male  
child actors  
would come  
forth to grace  
our screens  
after the  
black-and-white  
era ended?  
Stay tuned for  
the next  
installment of  
this series:  
TV Boys of the  
1970s and 80s



# Interview with Panza

By Dragonlover

Dragonlover: Hello Panza, and thanks for taking the time to have this chat today.

Panza: No problem.

Dragonlover: You mentioned in our initial chats that you were once affiliated with NAMBLA (North American Man Boy Love Association). Around when was that?

Panza: Affiliated? I hate that word. It sounds so conspiratorial. I don't want to give specifics but I'll say early 80s and forward from there a bit. I was just a member for a time, nothing else.

Dragonlover: NAMBLA has been around for quite a while. And you were there kind of during its heyday. What was it like back then?

Panza: I did stupidly attend one conference, but at least it got me out there meeting people. What was it like? I think we were all still somewhat hopeful, and naive. I think you have to understand the times. We were living in a different environment, one in transition, I guess you could say. Boys still roamed free most everywhere, always shirtless in those days. That's something I do not see much anymore. If a boy took interest in you most people saw it as part of his growing into the world of men, and a good thing, enriching, just a normal part of becoming a man. Autonomy for kids was still seen as important, which of course it is.

And I remember so many gay guys bitching about Anita Bryant, and I don't mean just NAMBLA guys. Every fag I knew lusted after young teens, and every straight man I knew into the 80s loved to point at 13-year-old girls and nudge me, and say, "If only that was legal." Different times. I haven't been in touch with anyone from those days in ages now, but I have fond memories of that conference "weekend." My first dinner was in a busy restaurant booth with a fellow BL or two. We spoke in hushed-

-tones, wondering if we were being watched. And, I attended one BL cocktail party, very posh, nice views, and interesting coffee table material. I met Bill Andriette, but only briefly. He'd never remember me. Later, I got one call back from Ley, who was the sweetest man in the world. He was all about helping people. (I get upset when people trash him for his appearance in "Chicken Hawk." It's really not fair). The conference itself was a bore, all business. I had no interest in that really. I think everyone was there to socialize and potentially make a friend or two.

Dragonlover: Okay, just for clarification who was "Ley"?

Panza: Leyland Stevenson. Sorry, its easy sometimes to assume such things are obvious. I forget how many BLs aren't at all familiar with anything to do with NAMBLA. I'm not entirely sure, but he may have been part of their steering committee.

Dragonlover: Okay. As of late, NAMBLA has gotten kind of a bad rap from the boylove community. Are any of the points raised by the community valid in your opinion?

Panza: They did their best, and they had balls. They were only human after all. The complainers don't seem to understand: hindsight is 20/20. As with any organization, you're dealing with many individual personalities and, differing opinions. Look at the boards today. Does everyone agree on everything? On anything? I doubt they ever had much of a budget, though there were always rumors of rich patrons waiting in the wings. What would you have had them do with it? It's not as though anyone today could go back and tell them, even now, what would have worked better. They didn't help the cause of freedom much in the end, no. They had hoped to, and tried. But I think they did save a lot of individuals, myself included. That bulletin helped us keep our wits about us. If you're bitching about them, I say go fuck yourself. You haven't the slightest clue what you're talking about. That even includes those who-

-agreed to appear in the film "Chicken Hawk," a mistake in my book. I would never have done that, but talk about balls. Until you're willing to do that, STFU.

Dragonlover: What do you see on the horizon regarding NAMBLA? Do you think things will improve or will it eventually fold?

Panza: Not much. I know zero about them today, just the few reports suggesting a tiny few stay on with some financial support. Maybe they'll just die out and, one day, someone looking for the URL will find a note saying, "This domain is for sale."

Dragonlover: You have been active in the boylove community for quite some time. You have seen trends come and go. What kind of future do you see for boylove? Will things get better or worse as time goes on?

Panza: Honestly, I don't know. The overall trend has been the same for decades. People are more and more isolated, the world shrinks ever more quickly. Idiot pervs, who somehow delude themselves about porn or meeting up with "minors" through chat rooms make headlines--

-While the (now online) BL community basically flounders, complains and bickers. You asked me in chat how I found NAMBLA. I'm not sure people today know that they once ran ads in the back of gay magazines. It's been damn near forty years since I first noticed one of those very simple little adverts. Just the name and an address in New York.

While the world has changed, we haven't so much. At least not from what I can see, except to become more cautious about meeting each other. I'm no Nostradamus. If you think about it, how can society ever go back to not thinking about "pedophiles"? Especially after the cat's been let out of the bag, so to speak. It flew under the radar in America, and was quietly winked at in much of the world outside of that. Yes, as long as boys were happy, people understood everything was fine. Then, the American thing swept outside her shores. In many places, the same people went from total acceptance to the direct opposite, simply because of that social pressure--

-Now, I'm learning that much of South America has become Americanized. Not too many boys out in public, often tied to mommy now when they are. Everyone with their heads buried in their phones, at least when they sit down to eat in restaurants. On and on it goes. The days of picking up a boy who was hitching a ride don't seem likely to return any time soon.

Dragonlover: How do you view the boylove community now versus ten years ago?

Panza: As I said, more cautious, and rightly so. BL.net was a wild west kind of place, people did meet up, but some of what was going on blew up in their face. It's harder all the time. I suppose I should mention B4UAct and Virped, but I haven't seen anything to be impressed with there. Otherwise, it's all the same.

Dragonlover: Were there any events that changed your perspective on boylove?

Panza: I'm not sure if you mean personal events, or events in the world at large. But, getting out and seeing the world gave me enough feedback to know. Except for the really selfish BL's out there, and there are many, we are not wrong. And when I think about the one boy, the one whose life I saved, well how can that not change you? I am SO glad I was there for him. That love did change my life. It was so powerful and so mutual.

Dragonlover: And, what is your philosophy regarding adult friend/young friend relationships, given the relationships you have had?

Panza: I think it's the same as my overall view of life. Live positive, love positive, male-positive, compassion. Be a healing influence whenever possible. Show kindness as much as you can. And try to let it be, what it needs to be, for the boy.

Dragonlover: You say to let it be, what it needs to be, for the boy. Isn't that difficult in today's world, given the whole "pedo hysteria" issue of late, as well as over protective parents?

Panza: More and more so all the time, and in more and more places around the world. It's been almost twenty years since I've had boys in my life, so when you ask the question I have to go back in my mind. But what I meant was, don't lose your shit over a boy who isn't looking for that kind of intensity. Make sense? Some need more, some less--



-I wonder how it would all be today? A boy comes to me with an open heart, and his mom is also open. That's always how it's happened, they reached out to me. They were in need of that male love and acceptance that they weren't getting at home. No, they weren't fine without it. They craved it, ached for it.

I guess I'd have to be more circumspect going in. More cautious about the attitude of the boy's family, friends, his whole environment. I'm not entirely closed off to the right boy in need, and if he loved me, how will I not love him back? I will always be me. I have learned a great deal, made mistakes and learned. I should hope that would help me negotiate the terrain.

I don't have to tell you about how important fathers are to all kids, but especially boys. You can always find exceptions, but many will tell you they grew up with a hole in their heart. They don't feel whole as adults, and fatherless kids on the whole have a lot more troubles in life. The same elements keeping boys from reaching out to us are no doubt creating more need for us. How sad is that. Even so, I'd rather any boy have a mom and a dad. When I see close, happy relationships between boys and their fathers, and they're out there, I am so relieved. It's a beautiful thing.

I know I'm digressing a bit, but while we're talking about what boys (kids) need, it's insane, isn't it? We currently live in a culture where parents can be charged with a crime for allowing their children to play outside on their own. In my experience, and I've never met an exception, the people I've known who grew up with the most autonomy became the most well adjusted adults. They have more stable relationships with people in general, they do better in life in every area.

This was re-enforced for me when I spent time living abroad. American kids were starting to live more and more inside at this point, but where I ventured was like going back in time. Not all the kids were so free range, but many were, and the free range kids grew up much more 'together.' They had a stronger sense of self and were very savvy compared to their more posh and coddled counterparts. Of course, this applies to all children. And, I have to add, couch potato kids may be losing out on a bit of height. I know the overall trend of-

-people becoming taller is true, but it's also so that height is not entirely genetic. It is mostly that from the waist up, but below the waist the development is somewhat activity dependent. Kids used to run around and climb trees and so on.

The difference one might miss out on isn't going to be huge, an inch maybe, but it's there. And maybe some aren't aware, but nearsightedness has mushroomed in children today. The only explanation is the change in how they interact, or DON'T interact, with their environment. You can blame technology, but it's not technology, it's parents and the culture. I'm reminded of George Carlin's schtick about society having a "child fetish" when the coddling and helicopter parenting got going. I think he was onto something.

Dragonlover: You sound passionate.

Panza: I am. I think maybe that's what boys always loved about me, and it might be the best word to describe my relationships with them.

Dragonlover: Do you think your philosophy would be different if you hadn't had any kind of special relationships?

Panza: No doubt. I wouldn't be me without all of that. We are the sum of our experiences, and what we learn from them. Or don't learn, as the case may be.

Dragonlover: And finally, a challenge. If you could sum up the concept of boyLove in one word, what would that word be?

Panza: Heart.

Dragonlover: Great! Thanks so much for taking the time to chat with me today. Its been awesome.

Panza: Enjoyed it. Thanks.



# My Early Years Part 1

by Jonny399

What is in a number?

I have always had trouble with numbers. Especially when it comes to my age. I often have to subtract the year it is now, from the year when I was born. That's just to find out how old I really am.

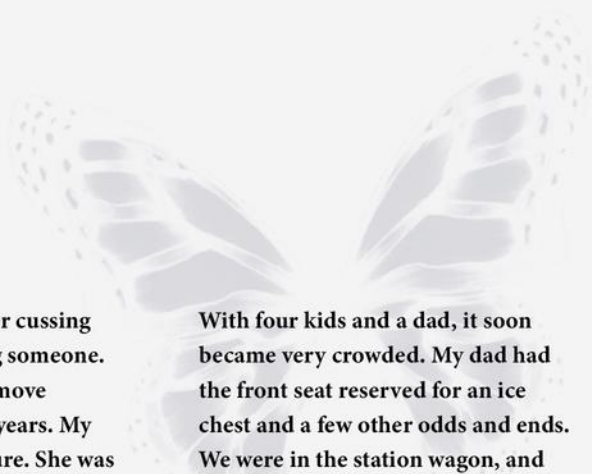
This next memory seems to be when I was around 8 or 9. I was with my dad, two brothers and my sister. We were living in our car, a station wagon. We parked it at Trinity Park in Ft. Worth, TX. My brother John was a few years older than me. He knew everything, or so it seemed to me. He always got straight "A's" in school, I just barely got by. I looked up to him with such admiration. I thought he walked on water.

The second oldest was Taylor, he was one year older than I. He was a misfit, always in trouble. He loved to push me around, make me feel small. I was the third child, very skittish and quiet.

My favorite saying was, "I wasn't looking". That's what I said whenever anyone asked what my opinion was.

My sister, Cindy, was four years younger than me. She was glued to me like her life depended on it. I didn't realize it at the time, but she worshiped the ground I walked on. To me, she was just my little sister. We had a small dog named Hobo. I know it was a strange name for a dog. I'll get into more on that later. We also had a second dog we named Fred, a basset hound. He was afraid of everything, including cats.

And then there was my dad. His name isn't important. I always just called him dad. He was sometimes an angry man and sometimes a loving man. He didn't take shit from anyone, no matter who it was!



He was often “let go” after cussing out his boss, or punching someone. As a result we tended to move around a lot in my early years. My mom was not in the picture. She was somewhere here in Ft. Worth, that’s why we came here. She would just decide to go away without telling anyone, typically to different cities. I was never sure how my dad tracked her down, but he always seemed to know just where to look.

Allow me to apologize. I didn’t introduce myself. I am Peter, a brown eyed skinny boy with crooked glasses. They were too big for my face.

I am the third, or rather the fourth child, the third child died at birth. At this point I didn’t know that though. I had never thought of myself a nerd, but that is exactly what I looked like.

We drove from Odessa to Ft. Worth. The whole way we had nothing to do except look out the windows at the tumbleweeds and cows.

With four kids and a dad, it soon became very crowded. My dad had the front seat reserved for an ice chest and a few other odds and ends. We were in the station wagon, and looking back it seemed like there should have been enough room. There was not, at least from my point of view.

My sister and I were forced to sit in the “way back.” You know, that fold up seat behind all the other seats? Well, it was cramped and uncomfortable. We passed the full eight hours just watching the cars behind us.

We played a game in which we would make up stories about each driver we saw. They were silly things like “I bet that one is a bank robber”, or “That one just killed his whole family and is fleeing to Mexico.” You know, just silly kids stuff. I don’t recall any fights with my sister while we rode in the back. It seemed like I was always fighting with my brothers in the seat in front of us.

Well, as we were facing to the back of the car, they were actually behind us. When my sister and I got too loud or jumpy, my brothers would yell at us to pipe down. Of course, we would just get louder to spite them. Finally, my dad would yell at us and that made us all shut up pretty quickly.

I rarely fought with my sister. Thinking back on those early years, it seems strange, maybe. We really never fought.

I remember one time we stopped at a gas station and dad bought us each a Slurpee. I noticed that if I turned mine sideways the Slurpee would not slide out. I thought this was wonderful. I just had to show my sister. So, I turned my Slurpee upside down over her lap and started to say, "Look Cindy, it doesn't fall". That was about when it fell right in her lap. She was very mad and refused to talk to me for ever, well not for ever, but it seemed like that.

I was so impressed. I wanted to go swimming even though I had no swimming trunks. I could just imagine what it would be like. That river was not for swimming, I was told. I wondered why anyone would put a river in a park if you can't go swimming! They had a boat ride there and also a mini train that ran all over the park. I guess that was ok. I wanted to go on the boat ride and the train so badly. I begged my dad to take us. He said that eating was much more important, and it was hard to argue with that logic. Eventually I stopped pestering him.

I watched as the train went by, wishing I was on that wonderful sight. It had real smoke coming out of the stack! I wanted to ride on the boat too! As the boat went by the people waved and made me feel wonderful inside. I also felt sad because I wasn't on it to wave at all the suckers on the shore. So I just waved back at them. I was thinking to myself that one day I am going on that boat and wave at all the suckers on the shore. I got so excited that I started to tell my mom about the boat. Then, I realized that she wasn't there and remembered why we were here.

I was really sorry. Not just because I dumped my Slurpee, but because her lap was going to be all sticky. Even then we didn't fight and she soon got over it. From then on, all I had to do is look at her and say "look it doesn't fall" and we would both laugh. I would say it to her, or she to me, anytime either of us was sad. That would always bring us out of the sad mood we were in.

After an eternity we arrived in Ft. Worth. We drove around and looked at all the tall buildings and the masses of people. I was not used to so many new things. Glass and steel towers all the way to the sky! I was looking everywhere trying to take it all in. It made me dizzy! I giggled at the feeling and my sister asked me, "What's so funny?" "I just I bet this is where all the bank robbers and killers live!" I kept trying to see everything all at once. After a while we ended up in a park that had a river right in the middle of it.

She was lost and we needed to find her. You see, my dad told me that she was lost, and we needed to find her. That's why we came to Ft. Worth. My dad was always smart like that. If you had a problem he always knew just how to fix it. So that means she is here. We will soon find her. If not for that we would not have come.

I had confused feelings about all this. It wasn't the first time she had gotten lost. In the past we had done the exact same thing except in a different city. I was never sure how my dad knew just where to look. I started to realize just how big the world really was and if I ever got lost I hoped my dad would know where to look for me. That thought often kept me up at night, the fear of getting lost like she did.

We spent that night in the park sleeping in the station wagon. I thought it was a good idea. We were on a grand adventure. I fantasized we were on the run from an evil tyrant looking to kidnap me and sell me to a rich prince in some far away land. I sort of wanted that to happen anyway. Though it never did, it was fun to think about.

My dad went deep into the city to get dinner, and I stayed with my brothers. We played in the park. There were no jungle gyms or anything like that, so we skipped stones across the river. We played a game of tag. My brother, John, told me to stay close to him, so I wouldn't get lost like her. That scared me. The very idea of never seeing my family again was terrifying! So I stayed close.

It seemed like forever before my dad came back. I was getting worried that he might be lost too! I lost interest in the games and sat by myself at a table in the park. I watched the road waiting, looking for a glimpse of my dad. John came over and sat next to me, and soon everyone was there. Even the dogs came. They lay with their heads between their paws.

After quite a while he did come back, and I quickly forgot how long he'd been gone. He did indeed bring food back. He had some chips and something called Spam. It was in a can with a kind of key that you turned to open it. It looked like dog food and I didn't really want to eat that. My Dad told me it was not dog food. He said I was going to eat it because he had bought it and that was final.



Cindy said she would try it, and after she proclaimed it good the rest of us kids tried it. It was okay. The chips were the best part of the meal and the cans of soda helped everything go down a bit better. We spent one day in the park and drove around the city the next day. My dad stopped several places and went inside while us kids stayed in the car. We spent all day doing this, and I was completely bored. I fell asleep countless times that day.

It was getting late as we pulled up in front of a building. It looked much older than any of the other places we'd been to that day. My dad got us out the car and took us into the office. We had a meeting with an old lady, well maybe she wasn't that old. We were going to stay there for a few nights. I didn't know why we couldn't just keep staying in the station wagon. I thought the station wagon was a very fine idea. My dad told us that he would not be staying there with us, because men were not allowed.

This scared me because my mom was not there either. All I had was my brothers and sister. That did not seem like it was good enough. I asked if I could go with him, but he said no. I knew better than to argue, so I stayed silent. The first night we were in a big room with lots of beds in two rows. It was dark and scary and smelled of cleaning products and something else I couldn't identify. I didn't like it.

They fed us some food that was terrible! It tasted like it was spoiled. After that we were sent to bed. The beds were in two rows lined up next to each other. I was terrified and so was my sister. She would not let go of my hand, and I held on to her hand for dear life. We slept in adjoining beds, and we fell asleep holding hands. The last thing I remember thinking before falling to sleep was, I want my Daddy. He was not allowed to stay overnight, something about no men. It was only mothers and kids. We did not have our mother. At least we had each other.

During the night I awoke to something I had become accustomed to. Someone had pulled the covers off me. I knew they were trying to steal my covers. This was something that often happened in group shelters. I knew what to do!



I sat up bolt right and grabbed the covers in both hands, eyes wide open. There was a boy who looked to be a few years younger than me. He had sandy brown hair and the bluest eyes I had ever seen. He had skivvies on and nothing else. Furthermore, he had this look in his eyes like, please mister, don't hit me I am just cold. I melted and relaxed my grip and let him have the covers. Then he gave me the biggest smile I have ever seen.

I asked him what his name was, and he said it was James. He pointed and said he was sleeping over there and that someone had taken his covers. With tears in his eyes he gave me the blanket back. I didn't know what to do. I took them and re-covered myself. He started to walk away, but I stopped him by grabbing his arm gently. I told him if he wanted we could share the blanket, that way we would both be warm. He thought about this for a while and then said, "Is it OK?" I said, "Sure why not?" He shrugged, and I lifted the blanket, so he could climb in.

I was only in my underwear as I didn't have PJ's, but that didn't seem to be a concern. He climbed in and put his back to me and I hugged him tight. There was something about this boy that I liked. I kept those feelings to myself. We slept that way all night, back to front and I had the best nights sleep in my life.

In the morning we were awakened to his mom yelling out his name in a panicked cry. When she saw us in bed together she came over and James told her what had happened. She was thrilled that I would share my blanket with her son. She wasn't even mad at me and I felt like a hero for keeping her son warm throughout the night. I had a new friend and from that moment on James and I were connected at the hip. Cindy tagged along so it was just the three of us. My two brothers were there, but it wasn't the same.

My dad came at dinner time but always left after. He said he had a job and was still looking for our mother. During the day the three of us would play all sorts of games. Hide and seek, mother may I, and red light green light.

When it was nighttime we boys showered and got ready for bed. I was always watching James. I told myself that I was only trying to protect him. In reality, I liked him more than I was willing to admit. I didn't understand why I liked to look at him, but no one seemed to notice, and we were happy.

I caught him looking at me a few times, but it didn't bother me and I never said anything. I would smile at him, and he'd look away suddenly, red-faced. That made my smile even bigger.



He would always ask his mom if he could sleep with me, and she always said sure. She would pat his little behind and that made him giggle. I loved to hear him giggle, it was the most heavenly sound I had ever heard. We would sleep together and keep each other warm. We always slept the same way. His back to my front and my arms around him, to keep him feeling safe.

I had heard the term “gay” before but didn't really know what it was. To me, it was just something you said to insult someone. I didn't understand girls at all. I was much happier around the other boys. Should this have been an early sign that I was gay? That never occurred to me back then.

I spent a week with James at the shelter before they came to tell us that we were going to a group foster home.

They didn't understand why I liked it here. They tried many ways to cheer me up, but nothing worked. I finally pretended to be happy, but it was just pretend.

When my dad showed up that night I was in my pretend happy mood. I don't think he realized how upset I was. He said it was taking longer than he thought to get a good job and find our mother. He said that when he had made enough money he would get a place and come for us. We would be a family again. I just shrugged and said okat. I was really thinking, “that will be the day.”

That night in the shower I couldn't even look at James. I was afraid that if I did, I would start to cry. I could feel him staring at me. It was like he was thinking, “Are you really going away and leave me here alone in this scary place?” After our shower, we got into bed as usual. I just held him tight, never wanting to let go.

It was called “The Deana Pope Home”. I was feeling sad and didn't know why. I should be happy as a group foster home meant better food and nicer beds. They usually had good toys and lots of other kids to play with. I was sad to point of tears.

The caseworker thought I was scared and she tried to reassure me that it was a big place with lots of fun things to do. I couldn't help it. I was in tears. She asked me what the matter was, but I couldn't answer. I just kept my face in my hands.

I was to leave the next morning and all that day I was in a daze. James looked sad, but tried not to show it. We played as usual, never mentioning that tomorrow I would be gone. My sister seemed unaffected by the whole thing. My two brothers were happy to be getting out of this “trash pit” as they put it.

I was hoping he wouldn't speak because I didn't know what I would say, or if I would cry. Big boys don't cry, that's what my dad always told me.

After what seemed like forever he spoke. "I'm scared" he says under his breath. I kissed the top of his head and turned him around, so he was facing me. I asked, "Why?" "I don't know" he mumbled, "I just am." With tears in my eyes I whispered, "Me too. I am going away tomorrow, and I don't know where or why" I told him. I am going to a large mansion. There will be almost a hundred kids there. It's not really too far from here. Maybe I can come back to visit, I tried to reassure him.

"But why do you have to leave me?" he asked. "Because they said so" I replied. We held each other all night. I just listened to his breathing and breathed in the scent of his hair. He smelled of shampoo, tooth paste, and a nice smell that was just him. I loved him, but I didn't want to be all sappy or anything. I was sure he and everyone else would tease me because of it. I just kept quiet until finally I fell asleep.

The next morning we got up and had breakfast as usual. Right after breakfast James ran away and hid. I couldn't find him anywhere. The case worker came and collected us and we were off to the "new " home. James was still no where to be found. His mom was looking for him and I wanted to help find him, but the case worker said we had to go.

I wiped my eyes and my sister asked me why I was crying. "I AM NOT CRYING!" I screamed at her. She shrank back in her seat and had tears in her eyes. I felt bad, but I couldn't let her or anyone else know. I was crying over this boy, and big boys don't cry. We rode the rest of the way in silence.

I climbed into the state van. All the while I kept looking out the back window in hopes of seeing James. As we drove away I caught a glimpse of him in the bushes next to the shelter. I waved at him with tears in my eyes and I think he waved back, but was never sure.

**TO BE CONTINUED ...**





# A REAL BITCH

By aboysxo

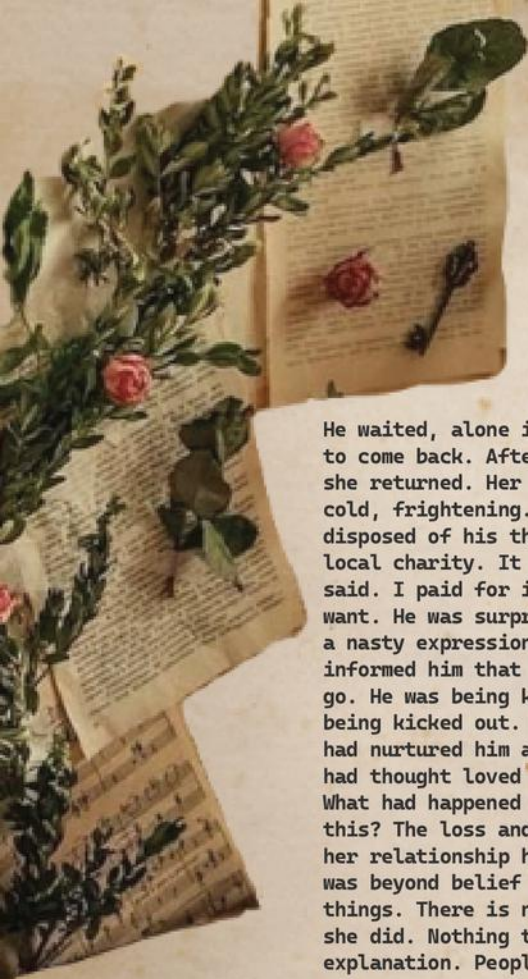
Once upon a time there was this young boy. He was 12 years old. He was a quiet boy. He got good grades in school. He was not a trouble maker. He was polite and spoke well. He lived with his mother, a 33 year old nurse in one of the local hospitals. She was a lesbian with a partner, a live-in lover. They had good income and lived well in a nice house. For four or five years all seemed to go well. They appeared as happy and well adjusted as anyone could hope to be. A happy household.

It's amazing that the effects of a small occurrence can so drastically change the nature of things. It's amazing that a change in thinking, of perspective, of anguish can be so hidden just below the surface. It's surprising how quickly and completely things can change in such a short time. But they can, they do. They did.

The boys mother was livid, devastated. Her happy little world had come to an end. Such strong emotion can negatively affect rational thinking. She came to blame the boy for the destruction of her relationship, the loss of her love. As her resentment and unhappiness grew so did her treatment of the boy deteriorate. He could do nothing right. The quality of his meals was affected. Lunch money was often not there. The words she sometimes spoke were unkind. Her perceptions of what constituted appropriate behavior was unraveling.

One day the boy came home from school. The house was dark, locked up. His mother was not there. He had to crawl in through a window. He went to his room and immediately noticed things were amiss. The sheets and blankets were not on the bed. The spot where he kept things on top of his dresser was bare. Some of the drawers were open slightly. He looked around. Except for a couple of changes of clothes all of his things were missing. Most of his clothes. The water color paintings he had since he was old enough to hold a brush were gone. The collection of model cars he had so painstakingly assembled were gone. Gone was his CD player and all his CD's. Everything was gone. All of it. Needless to say he was very upset, confused, his mind whirling. What had happened?

One day an altercation took place between the boy and his mother's lover. A simple, small but nonetheless serious event that got so blown all out of proportion that it changed all of their lives. A resolution to the conflict did not happen and developed to the point that the live-in lover moved out. After so many blissful productive years the relationship between the boy's mother and her lover was over. She was gone. Hard feelings were all that remained. Were the emotions that predicated the ensuing events simmering unnoticed just below the surface for long? Perhaps they were. Were they just waiting for a single seemingly simple event to release them? Who can say?



He waited, alone in the house for his mother to come back. After what seemed an eternity she returned. Her attitude and demeanor was cold, frightening. Yes, she said, she had disposed of his things. Given all of it to a local charity. It was really my stuff, she said. I paid for it. I can do with it what I want. He was surprised, hurt. And lastly, as a nasty expression filled her face, she informed him that he'd best find somewhere to go. He was being kicked out. 12 years old and being kicked out. Kicked out by a mother who had nurtured him all this time. One that he had thought loved him and who he had loved. What had happened to her? Why is she doing this? The loss and anguish at the ending of her relationship had driven her insane. It was beyond belief that anyone could do such things. There is no justification for what she did. Nothing that could be said in explanation. People, mothers, do not do this.

This person, this woman, personifies the vicious, vindictive nature that lies just below the surface in some females. Women can be very vindictive and irrational. She is a real bitch.

This is just a story of gross mistreatment. It has no particular relevance. Pay it no mind. Nevertheless, it is deeply disturbing.



# The Bitch is Back

In the deep of the night I sleep  
Peaceful slumber; for once  
My demons are quiet.

The house is quiet, resting  
Awaiting the dawn  
And then, a noise, a movement  
I awaken; passing cars throw shadows across the wall

A touch on the shoulder, and then I know  
A small voice, barely audible  
Little more than a whisper

Daddy help me I'm scared  
Calls me daddy but I'm not his dad  
Yes I feel it, hear it in his voice

His fear is pervasive, tangible, oppressive  
A presence in the room  
The bitch is back  
Why can't she leave him alone

The dreams continue  
Nightmares  
Destroy his peace  
Fill his joy with terror

He comes closer, I hold him tight  
The great horrible sobs wrack his body  
The passing of many minutes  
I don't know how long

It finally stops. His breathing  
fast and hard, it hurts me so  
I feel it in the depths of my being

What she did to him  
The most cold and cruel act  
All I can think of, my desire  
To kill her most painfully

She is most definitely

**A real bitch**



*By aboysXO*

# The Gay Question

## Part one

by Sick Rose

The "Right" has unilaterally disarmed themselves with their deliberate blindness to the hotness of boys. I've made this point to others, any number of times. Rightist pundits, the whole Dreher/Lindsay/Shapiro/Walsh/Vermeule/Ahmari/Renn/Peterson crowd, cluster around favored publications. First Things, Quillette, the Spectator, Spiked, Compact, the American Conservative, and City Journal recognize the destruction of all-male spaces. Schools, choirs, fraternities, service clubs, and military units.

The total takeover by women of the institutions and processes by which boys have traditionally socialized pose the deadliest of the ongoing threats to civilization.

Sometimes the whole business is lumped together as the Longhouse -

And I wonder if BAP isn't somehow behind the whole magazine. The writer of "The Gay Question," who labels himself "Citizen of Geneva," writes in a style that reminds me of BAP and refers to the latter often in his piece.

But today I want to discuss "The Gay Question" precisely because it's the first time that I've seen anyone acknowledge the hotness of boys as the binding element of the male group.

To be sure, he doesn't put it that way. I don't suppose he can and expect to be published even in obscure corners of the online Right. Instead, he writes of the central role of "same sex attraction." But all the examples he uses of said attraction involve boys, particularly the goings-on in boys' schools.


The article is filled with all kinds of interesting points. But he indulges in rants about anal sex that strike me as, well, over-the-top even though I myself am not a partisan of such. In particular, he contends that the Greeks disdained it, that they ostracized and punished men who subjected their eromeni (loved boys) to it. Citizen of Geneva ("COG") even contends that in Attic Greece, sodomy defined as anal sex was a capital offense. That is why I seek Edmund's and Andrew Calimach's attention to this article.

- a term Bronze Age Pervert - "BAP" - first used to describe the ascending gynocracy/cuntocracy.

But these rightist male blowhards can't do anything beyond weeping and moaning because they cannot bring themselves to acknowledge the glue that formed and bound the male group: pederasty, either in its direct form (the love of boys) or sublimated (young men playing the role of boys in male group construction.)

Well, a Rightist pundit has finally gone and done it in an article called "The Gay Question." It appears in The Asylum, an online magazine I hadn't heard of until a friend directed me to a piece by BAP, in the same issue, on classical music and the Right.

That article is well worth reading.



Some months ago, I was taken to task by Edmund for repeating what I had picked up from the air, as it were. That is, that the Greeks despised anal sex and regarded it as degrading, particularly to the passive partner. I have at best a superficial acquaintance with Attic Greece, so deferring to Edmund's superior knowledge and classical education, I apologized and let the matter drop.

But then I read a Boychat post in which Andrew Calimach posts a "reply to those who insist on claiming, against overwhelming evidence, that the Greeks may have been wholesale buggers after all."

I'd like to get an answer. It's not the only claim about the Greeks that COG makes that strikes me not simply as over-the-top, but wrong. He writes, "The so-called 'pederastic relationship' was simply a strong friendship between two young men, typically about ten years apart in age, with the younger one (the eromenos) a strapping 18- to 20-year-old military trainee."

Hmm. I may not be any kind of expert on Greece, but I have been to museums and looked at Attic vases, and the boys depicted thereon are NOT generally 18-20. They are at puberty; their little cocks would suggest that some are even slightly below puberty. When Solon, I think it was, glorified Greece by stating that, "boys in the flower of their youth are loved; their smooth thighs and soft lips are adored," I don't think he was speaking of males in their late teens. If you want smooth thighs on such, you have to go much farther to the east than the lands around the Aegean.

Smooth thighs on the late teen set? Google this: "Hit Bite Love: The Series." It's hot as hell and barely legal. A Thai "Boyz Laabu" series featuring some real boys, if on the older side, rather than the young men in their twenties pretending to be boys who typically appear in Thai "Boyz Laabu" dramas set in high schools.

But despite these very real quibbles, COG makes some fascinating points.

He should have been more careful with his assertions about the Greeks. He's not the only one who cherry-picks what we know of Attic pederasty to support one or another set of arguments over what proper pederasty is, or should be.

But COG is willing, if obliquely, to acknowledge the hotness of boys -- and that it is felt by a majority of men unless they are terrorized into internal denial. That makes his article very important and worth reading and pondering.

Personally, I believe boylovers should look more to pre-modern Japan. The historical record is far more comprehensive. The impact of traditional Japanese culture on our own, if not quite equal to that of the Greeks, is very-considerable. If you don't believe me, go open your patio doors. Those didn't stem from Attic temples. For what it's worth, the Japanese regarded anal sex as the only "real" sex among males. Boys were widely considered sexually desirable from about the age of 7 or 8 until their shins started showing hair.

TO BE CONTINUED ...





School boy  
ROCK





## From Afar

I don't know why I watch you this way;  
My love, fierce, yet incorruptible, absorbs me  
as the Sun

absorbs the stars.

And as you take the rose, in wonder, I see you  
swell with knowing. I watch you  
as you sit on the wall.

- "Who is she?" they taunt, but  
you know,

and say nothing. You look at it, softly.

I see you sigh, and I

Consider

That I sent it not alone to show my love for  
you,

but for the rose.

For in your care, I know,

Its beauty will never fade.

by Jamieboy



# *Weapons of the State*

by Pharmakon

Being marginalized, we understand marginalization. We should stop talking about just the problems that confront the boylover who doesn't break the law. This boylover is not the one most at risk. We should defend man/boy sexual relations as healthy expressions of normal diverse human sexuality which should, when chosen by the participants, be beyond the purview of the state to criminalize or disturbingly sanction.

The primary problems confronting a sexually active AF and his YF are criminal prosecution, the punitive use of sexual offender registration, and post-sentence incarceration under the "Sexually Violent Predator" statutes. All of these weapons are selectively applied by the state to marginalized groups. That's us, for one, but there are demonstrable racial and economic disparities.

The folks at "MAP the World" recently suggested targeting penile plethysmography and this also is an excellent target. It is so obviously intrusive, and as they point out it is being used on kids.

I think an attack on the carceral state, centered around the use of the plethysmograph and SVP civil commitment, might offer productive alliances. It may project our issues into public discourse both as a supplement to, and as a dissent from, the already struggling discourse of the non-offending MAP.

But it requires a re-orientation on our part because, to put it bluntly, we are the free ones. The incarcerated are not here. Like anyone else, we privilege our own issues. But in this case, we need to privilege the issues of those who are not here.

Ultimately, this is the issue of the carceral state (at least in the US). There is an anti-carceral movement in the US which already opposes mass criminalization, and these are our most likely allies. The key text on this is De Orio's dissertation. It should be published soon in book form. It will hopefully be improved, since it isn't perfect, unless in the current environment there is an effort to suppress it.

SVP is the most vulnerable part of the carceral arsenal. Of course, attacking it involves defending some of the least defensible among us. Nobody is so horrible that the state should be permitted to incarcerate them longer than their criminal sentence, Anthony Hopkins' prowess as a thespian notwithstanding.



# Paradise Mountain



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# What the APA Should Have known

Deconstructionists argue that distinctions between the genders are arbitrary and political. Now, the same argument is being advanced by man/boy love advocates about the distinction between the generations.

An article published last summer in the American Psychological Association's Psychological Bulletin has drawn a recent firestorm of criticism. Talk show hosts and Congressmen are calling for investigations. The outrage has focused on the authors' conclusion, based on their analysis of child-molestation studies, that "the negative effects [of sexual abuse] were neither pervasive nor typically intense."

Contrary to Ms. Faberman's assertion, however:

1. There is a real and growing movement to legitimize and also legalize sexual relations between boys aged 10 to 16 and adult males;
2. Robert Bauserman, one of the authors of the article, has associated himself with the pedophilia movement through a previous article;
3. The movement's strategy is to promote the "objective" study of adult/child sex, free of moral considerations;
4. The APA should have known this before they published the article.

Those who are interested in legalizing sexual relations between adults and children want to change the parameters of the discussion from the "absolutist" moral position, to the "relative" position that it can sometimes be beneficial. The APA article furthered exactly this position.

In a recent lead article of the Journal of Homosexuality, for example, Harris Mirkin says the "sexually privileged" have disadvantaged the pedophile through sheer political force in the same way that blacks were disadvantaged by whites before the civil-rights movement.

The article was entitled, "A Meta-analytic Examination of Assumed Properties of Child Sexual Abuse Using College Samples."

APA spokeswoman Rhea Faberman defended publication of the article as part of the scientific work of the organization, saying, "We try to create a lot of dialogue." She labeled "ridiculous" the claim of radio talk-show host Dr. Laura Schlessinger that publication of the article, and the (perceived) attempt to normalize pedophilia, were in any way related.

## The Movement to Legitimize Pedophilia

In 1981, Dr. Theo Sandfort, co-director of the research program of the Department of Gay and Lesbian Studies at the University of Utrecht, Netherlands, interviewed 25 boys aged 10 to 16 who were currently involved in sexual relationships with adult men. The interviews took place in the homes of the men.

According to Sandfort, "For virtually all the boys ... the sexual contact itself was experienced positively ..." Could an adult/child sexual contact, then, truly be called positive for the child? Based on the research presented, Sandfort answered that question in the affirmative.

The study was severely criticized by experts in the field of child sexual abuse. Dr. David Mrazek, co-editor of *Sexually Abused Children and Their Families*, attacked the Sandfort research as unethical, saying: "In this study, the researchers joined with members of the National Pedophile Workshop to 'study' the boys who were the sexual 'partners' of its members ... there is no evidence that human subject safeguards were a paramount concern. However, there is ample evidence that the study was politically motivated to 'reform' legislation.

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"These researchers knowingly colluded with the perpetuation of secret illegal activity. In the majority of cases, these boys' parents were unaware of these sexual activities with adult men, and the researchers contributed to this deception by their action."

---

Child sexual-abuse expert Dr. David Finkelhor also criticized the Sandfort research, pointing to the numerous studies which show adult/child sexual contact as a predictor of later depression, suicidal behavior, dissociative disorders, alcohol and drug abuse, and sexual problems.

Dr. Finkelhor strongly defended laws against adult/child sex, saying that many of those now grown children are very active in lobbying for such protection.

In 1990, the campaign to legalize man/boy sex was furthered by the publication of a two issue special of the *Journal on Homosexuality*, reissued as "Male Inter-generational Intimacy: Historical, Socio-Psychological, and Legal Perspectives."

This volume provided devastating information on the way psychologically immature pedophile men use vulnerable boys who are starved for adult nurturing and protection.

In the forward, Gunter Schmidt decries discrimination against and persecution of pedophiles, and describes "... successful pedophile relationships which help and encourage the child, even though the child often agrees to sex while really seeking comfort and affection. These are often emotionally deprived, deeply lonely, socially isolated children who seek, as it were, a refuge in an adult's love and for whom, because of their misery, see it as a stroke of luck to have found such an 'enormously nurturant relationship'."



There is another deeply disturbing article in the volume, revealingly titled, "The Main Thing is Being Wanted: Some Case Studies on Adult Sexual Experiences with Children." In it, pedophiles reveal their need to find a child who will satisfy their desire for uncritical affirmation and a lost youth. One of the men justifies his activity as a search for love, and complains that, "Although I've had physical relationships with probably, I don't know, maybe a hundred or more boys over the years, I can only point to four or five true relationships over that time."

The volume also contains an introductory article which decries society's anti-pedophile sentiment. The authors complain about the difficulty studying man/boy relationships in "an objective way," and they hope the social sciences will adopt a broader approach which could lead to understanding of the "... diversity and possible benefits of inter-generational intimacy."

The same volume contains an article by Robert Bauserman - co-author of the APA study - which complains that objective research is impossible in a social climate that condemns man/boy sexual relationships. Bauserman decries the prevailing ideology that labels all boys as "victims" and all adult pedophiles as "perpetrators." He attacks researchers Mzarek and Finkelhor as being driven by a "particular set of beliefs about adult/juvenile sex." Bauserman looks for a new "scientific objectivity," with the explicit call for research that will challenge the social-moral taboo against adult/child sex. The meta-analysis which he co-authored, and which the American Psychological Association published, can be seen as Bauserman's follow-up to his Journal of Homosexuality article.

## More Recent Defenses of Pedophilia

Harris Mirkin recently wrote a lead article in the Journal of Homosexuality entitled, "The Pattern of Sexual Politics: Feminism, Homosexuality and Pedophilia." Using social-constructionist theory, he argues that the concept of child molestation is a "culture and class specific creation" which can and should be changed.

He likens the battle for the legalization of pedophilia to the battles for women's rights, homosexual rights, and even the civil rights of blacks.

He sees the hoped-for shift as taking place in two stages. During the first stage, the opponents of pedophilia control the debate by insisting that the issue is non-negotiable - while using psychological and moral categories to silence all discussion.

But in the second stage, Mirkin says, the discussion must move on to such issues as the "right" of children to have and enjoy sex. If this paradigm shift could be accomplished, the issue would move from the moral to the political arena, and therefore become open to negotiation. For example, rather than decrying sexual abuse, lawmakers would be forced to argue about when and under what conditions adult/child sex could be accepted. Once the issue becomes "discussable," it would only be a matter of time before the public would begin to view pedophilia as another sexual orientation, and not a choice for the pedophile.

The response to the APA article shows that for the present, social opposition to pedophilia continues to be strong. Finkelhor's response to Bauserman, which was included in *Male Inter-generational Intimacy*, explains why: "Some types of social relationships violate deeply held values and principles in our culture about equality and self-determination. Sex between adults and children is one of them. Evidence that certain children have positive experiences does not challenge these values, which have deep roots in our worldview."

To pedophile advocates, any discussion of the benefits of adult/child sex is a victory. The APA should have understood this, should have known about Bauserman's connections, and should have been well aware of - and vocally resistant to - the growing movement to legalize pedophilia.





# BOYTALES

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# Back to

By Dragonlover

# School Memories

I was walking through Walmart a few days ago and saw that they had their Back-to-School supplies out and ready to be snatched up by both eager and not-so-eager students alike. I browsed a bit, looking at what was available when I was in school and the stuff that wasn't. On my way home, I thought back in time to when my mother and dad would take me shopping for school clothes and supplies. I have a lot of school memories like this, but one that stands out these days is my first day of school in first grade. Yes, this old Dragon can remember back that far!

So, this would be the 1976-77 school year. My mother walked with me to school that day, because back then, my school was close enough to home that I would be able to walk it with little effort. As we approached the school building, I was immediately apprehensive. Kids of all ages were running around, playing, talking. We walked in and went to my classroom. I even remember the room number; G-3. We were immediately greeted by a very large black woman. She told us her name was Mrs. Paris.

She knelt down to my level. "Listen. Remember. I am not leaving you here forever, right? See the clock on the wall?" she said, turning me around to see the room clock.

"Yes," I said with hot tears burning my eyes.

"Well. See how the little hand is on the 9 and the big hand is on the 12?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll tell you what. I will come back to this room at 3 o' clock, okay? Now, why don't you show me and Mrs. Paris how well you can tell time?" she asked.

"3 o' clock is when the big hand is on the 12 and the short hand is on the 3," I said, sniffing away tears. Thinking we reached an understanding, my mother stood up, looking for a clean get away. Not so fast! I grabbed my mother's hand again.

Well, my mother thought that this would be a good time to take her leave of me and slip quietly out of the room. Mrs. Paris was trying to distract me I guess by showing me around the room, where the bathroom was, where to hang up coats and put lunchboxes. I, of course, noticed my mother's attempt at leaving and ran up to her.

"Where are you going, mom?" I asked her, taking hold of her hand.

"Honey, we talked about this, remember? Your daddy and I talked to you about coming back to school. Remember?" she said with her eyes full of hope.

"Yeah, I remember, but you didn't say anything about leaving me here," I said.

Well at this point, Mrs. Paris and my mother could sense what was about to happen. And it wouldn't be pretty.

"Mom, don't leave me here, PLEASE!" I pleaded, claspng on to her hand.

“Why do you have to leave? Maybe we can stay here together, then we can go home at 3 o'clock, okay?” I asked her.

“Honey, no. I'm afraid it doesn't work like that. Do you see any of the other kids' parents here?” she asked.

I looked around, not seeing any other adults in the room except, of course, Mrs. Paris and my mother.

“No, but you can stay, can't you? Please? Mom, I don't want to stay here. Please, can we go home?” I pleaded.

“No honey. I'm sorry. I will be here this afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp, I promise,” she said.

At that moment, a bell rang, indicating the start of the school day. My mother quickly kissed me on the head and left the room. Mrs. Paris took me by the hand and led me to a table with some small chairs around it. There were maybe five tables just like it with similar chairs. Mrs. Paris went to the front of the room and, in very neat penmanship, wrote, “Welcome children. My name is Mrs. Paris.”

She walked to her desk and picked up a paper with all the kids' names on it. As she was reading the names, each kid would either raise their hand or say, “Here.” When she got to my name, I didn't do anything. She said it again. Still, I said nothing. Then she came by my chair and said my name again. Still nothing.

“Dragon, you heard my directions, right?” she asked me.

I neither spoke, whispered nor gestured. I totally ignored her.

I guess she got the message. She let out an exaggerated sigh and went back to the front of the class. A couple of the kids giggled.

So now this poor woman, whom I had already put through the wringer, tried to officially start class. She tried to give out a list of her expectations and school rules. At this point, I had already decided that I had enough. My mom might be here at 3:00, but I'll be waiting. I stood up, dragged my chair across the room to the door. There, I parked my chair and sat down.

“Dragon, what do you think you're doing?” Mrs. Paris asked from the front of the room.

No answer from me.

“Dragon, I asked you a question. What do you think you're doing?” she asked again.

Still no answer. Kids were starting to giggle.

“Quiet, boys and girls. Dragon, you need to bring your chair back to your table and sit down,” she said.

I simply ignored her. Apparently, she was not used to this kind of behavior from a student. Then she came over to me. “Dragon, listen very close. You are to take your chair to that table and sit down,” she insisted.



"Nope." That was my answer. And, it was the last time I spoke that day. I remained parked in my chair until 3:00. As promised, my mother showed up at 3:00. She was a bit surprised that I was sitting where I was sitting. She walked over to Mrs. Paris and spoke with her. They were whispering, so I couldn't hear what was being said. But I could easily figure out that I was in some kind of trouble.

After another minute or so, my mother came over to me.

"Get up. Time to leave," she said. But, there was a tone in her voice that said she was mad.

On our way home, she told me that she and Mrs. Paris had a talk about my behavior today. She asked me basically about what I did and didn't do. She had it right on the nose.

"Hi," he said to me.

"Hi," I said.

A friendship that would last for many years thereafter blossomed that day. He said that his name was Matthew, and I told him my name. Poor Mrs. Paris was beside herself. She must have thought that I was trying to start some kind of first grade mutiny. But she had the patience of a saint. Eventually we became friends. As a matter of fact, many of the friendships I formed in first grade I had straight up through high school and beyond.

Mama's boy? Yeah, I guess I was.

But, that nine months I spent as Mrs. Paris's student were some of the best months I had ever spent in school. And that is saying something. I can think back to every year I was in school. I can remember every teacher's name, the room numbers, and more. The road through elementary school is filled with obstacles. Many of those obstacles a child can overcome by himself with no aid. But there are others that the child can overcome with only the aid of a teacher. A dedicated teacher, like Mrs. Paris.

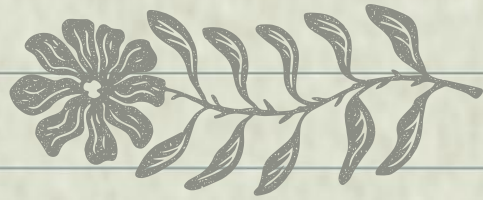
"So, is that what you're going to do every day? Just drag your chair over to the door and sit there?"

Rhetorical question, I know.

"Yes," I said.

I swear, if I had punched her in the stomach, the look of surprise she had on her face right then and there would not have been so evident. But she was trying, I could give her that.

Okay. So fast-forward to the next day. It was basically the same deal as the day before. At the start of class I got up, dragged my chair over to the doorway and sat down. The only difference is, another boy got up, dragged his chair over and sat down next to me.



# When Boylovers Speak

As far as I am aware, NAMBLA did not issue any demand to completely abolish the age of consent laws.

Those who were members of the organization may be able to correct me on this, but my understanding is that NAMBLA agreed to work towards any reduction of the age of consent, without endorsing any suggested alternative.

This seems to me both principled and pragmatic – principled in how it acknowledges that any age of consent is arbitrary and probably indefensible, and pragmatic in how it acknowledges that half a loaf is better than no bread.

NAMBLA's failure had nothing to do with its position on the age of consent, and suggesting that we would all be living in a pedo-utopia now if only NAMBLA had called for an age of consent of 12 (why not 11? Or 13? Or 21?) is delusional.

NAMBLA, like the rest of us, was the victim of tectonic movements nobody could have forestalled, or even probably foreseen.

I don't think anyone has yet succeeded in providing a convincing account of how or why attitudes to pedophilia took a sharp right-turn in certain Western capitalist societies between about 1975 and 1990. This is, in my view, one of the major intellectual tasks ahead of us. (Another is explaining why those societies have been so successful in exporting their chosen nightmares to the rest of the world in the subsequent decades.)

But whatever the reason, it wasn't NAMBLA's fault, and NAMBLA certainly couldn't have stopped it by standing like Cnut on the seashore and bellowing at the incoming tide, "12 years old! Let's agree on no fucking until 12 years old!"

-Kit



It just saddens me to my core that I was never given the chance to be a dad. I see and hear about these horrible parents that don't deserve to have kids -- but the ones that could truly be grateful, and great moms and dads, were never given the chance to be just that: moms or dads.

I want to have either a husband or wife, but I definitely want kids. Really, two boys. I would even go for a girl, but I want at least one boy. I think I could restrain myself from doing anything with my own kiddos, you know? I know I could. I just think I could be a really good dad and being a BL on top of it, and a kid at heart. I just hope that's in my future for me.

- Buster

"Responsible boylove" is the premise that in any relationship between a boy and a man, whether sexually expressed or not, the legitimate interests of the boy must take precedence over the interests of his older friend.

Responsible boylove is a relationship between a boy who has a desire for a close and intimate friendship with a man, and a man whose love for that boy encompasses enjoyment of the boy's companionship and a desire to provide a mentoring and nurturing environment. The nature, vitality, and duration of the relationship, as well as the extent of nurturing and mentoring, are determined by mutual consent, with the boy's wishes taking precedence.

The relationship also includes a definite pedosexual attraction to the boy on the part of the man, and may include a desire for sexual experimentation, exploration, play, and gratification on the part of the boy.

It is, however, a fundamental tenet of responsible boylove that any physical expression of sexuality is only acceptable with the age-appropriate understanding, encouragement, and consent of the boy involved.

However, both parties must also carefully take into consideration that any such physical expressions, no matter how completely consensual, are considered a criminal act under the present legal systems in most of the world.

- TBD

Responsible boylove is a reality with a long and honorable history of its own, and that reality refuses to be subjugated any longer. We may have lost a skirmish, but our guerrilla warfare will continue until the day when we have shed the shame and secrecy that a sick and sexophobic society has imposed upon us, and we can take our rightful place as those who are most committed to the welfare of the boys we love.

- David L. Riegel

First and foremost, it is the right of the boy to develop his personality and his sexuality freely. This rule must govern every boylove relationship, and it does. Any physical or psychological pressure inherently infringes upon this precious right. Further, any restrictions that may interfere with the development of his personality, or those that may prohibit him from experiencing his sexuality without restraints, may also be considered an infringement of his rights.

It is the boylover's responsibility to shape the relationship in order to comply to the wishes and needs of the boy. It is also his responsibility to ask questions and listen carefully. Most importantly, the boylover must not interfere with the autonomous development of the boy.

The boy has the right to be protected against physical or psychological abuse. It should also be considered a form of abuse when a boy is prohibited from exercising his rights to experience a loving relationship, or if he is not allowed to experience and develop his own sexuality. The rights of the boy should be respected in this regard, too.

- Jay\_h

Boys, by their very natures, demand and draw to them the advocacy and the passion of men. Man/boy relations are based on equality and mutual respect. The boy has exercised free choice in accepting the friendship of an adult. When parents or the authorities step in to break up a "boylove" relationship, they never consider first whether the boy would like the friendship to continue. His enduring interests as a human being are sacrificed to conformity with a transitory social convention. To have destroyed a consensual relationship out of prejudice is to have inflicted profound humiliation on a young person, and to have perpetrated an outrage against the liberty of the spirit.

- James Darling



# How I Dealt With It

By Jamieboy

I'm an old boylover. I've been an old boylover for quite a few years now - far more years than I ever expected. I remember quite clearly, as a boy myself, thinking that there was no way in hell I would ever get to 50. Well, I've blown through that, and by all the rumours I am still going strong. I suppose there's some kind of hope in that.

I grew up in old Blighty, so I am the product of the English education system of the day. Not that I'm complaining: growing up there gave me a greater sense of tradition, and an understanding of the concept of team over self. I grew with my peers under the code of the playground: when I was a boy, you never ratted out your age mates. If they came at you for some reason, you looked after yourself; you hit right back. You never "ran to the teacher" with a problem - you dealt with it yourself.

I was a sensitive boy. I had no father - he had decided against being involved in our upbringing, either financially or emotionally, so Mom had to look after all that stuff by herself. As a result, even with her own admitted weaknesses, she became a strong woman. She looked on the marriage to my father as a mistake. She quite deliberately never talked him down in front of us kids, but nor did she take anymore chances. There were no "Uncles" for little Jamieboy, growing up. There was no man to whom little Jamieboy could turn for advice - say, on manly things. You want an example? Well, how about my first wet dream? I asked mom about it, and she took me to the doctor so I could hear it from a man. Even at eleven I felt sorry for that doctor. Very embarrassed, he was. He didn't seem to know where to look.



“Um, oh, yes, well, that’s nothing to worry about. It’s all perfectly natural.”

When I realized by age 12 that my little orgasms were happening because I liked what I had, and what I saw in the mirror and in the changing rooms at school, I started to get nervous. When I started using the boys’ underwear section of the Sears Catalogue at my Granny’s house to relieve tensions and pressures which I didn’t understand, I got scared. Then, when I caught myself “playing with junior” whilst watching a nice boy of about 9 ride his bicycle past my granny’s house, my confusion actually made me cry.

I loved what was happening – the power of it, the intensity of it, the celebration of it. But I also hated it. I didn’t understand it. It didn’t fit with my vision of myself, or my future. In my heart and mind I believed I would marry, have kids, and be a dad – a much better dad than my own. In my very soul I felt I had purpose in continuing the family line, in perpetuating the tree. But in my body I felt differently. When you’re 12 or 13, and you pop wood just because there’s an 8-year-old boy in the shopping mall, you know that something is weird, and even at that age I had a sense that my tidy little life path – the one I’d been working on – just wasn’t meant to be.

Unable to contain myself, I weepily told my Granny, swearing her to secrecy. She, of course, told my mother. My mother told my bishop, and the bishop suggested I talk to a therapist. After a dozen emotional sessions with him I was trundled off to an actual psychiatrist.

The more this thing took hold, the more angry I became, and that anger was a strong emotion that got all tangled up with the wood popping and the Sears Catalogue special times, to make a kind of emotional soup of sexuality, guilt and delicious difference that both thrilled and terrified at the same time.

Of course, life continued around all this, too. I kept growing. I grew into my ugliest years – tall, skinny, lanky, hairy. Adam’s Apple bobbing up and down, eyebrows bushy and horrible. I look today at photos of that time and I shudder. I worked hard in school, but it was a tremendous distraction in my mid teens seeing all those beautiful boys at school, and wanting any or all of them as a playmate, a soulmate, a bedmate, and getting furious with myself for even thinking that way!

I got a car, when I was qualified, and one of the first things I did in it was drive to one of those old, posh boys’ schools in north London at the end of the school day.

I would sit there in my little car, pretending I was looking for a relative, to pick him up and drive him home. In reality, I was looking at and fantasizing about all of the boys I saw. I know, that was very stalky of me, and I'm glad I survived it. But I was 17, horny as hell, and they were very beautiful to me and frankly I still didn't understand any of this.

After growing up in London, the family headed back to the land of my birth. There, I attended high school for a year in order to join the university path - my equivalencies were not quite up to snuff.

Nothing happened, boy wise, until I started babysitting some of the church boys. No no, nothing like that. Nothing more than intense, blinding desire and resistance happened when I looked after those boys. I wouldn't hurt them for the world, though for a while there - yes, I'm admitting this out loud - there was rage tied up in those filthy, but beautiful feelings, and I could have become a very bad fellow indeed if I didn't have any guardrails. Thank God for my moral compass.

Obviously, I didn't become a murdering psychopath, but that fact alone does nothing to diminish the feelings, the emotions, the pain that led me to that particular precipice. For a time I was extremely jealous of boys with loving fathers.

I did not yet appreciate the randomness in all things, and I failed to understand how some little boys merited a loving, supporting, mentoring father when all I got was a selfish asshole who left the entire burden of raising us on our mother. I needed my father. I wanted my father to tell me, once in a while, that I was doing okay. But that was something I never enjoyed.

I got on with my life, but by the time we moved back to the homeland I already knew that I would not be a father, and that I was focused entirely -emotionally, sexually - on boys. It felt tragic to me. I know a lot of boylovers are proud of their orientation - at least they say so - but I never was. To this day, if there's pride involved, it's the pride I feel that I have never "offended" against an actual child.

Having said that, I place myself firmly in the pro-contact camp. I believe that it is, and should be, an option - that it is a God-given right - for every human being on this planet to express themselves sexually, to enjoy the beauty and joy of his or her own body as they see fit. Does that mean I should be allowed to coerce a child into doing something he doesn't want to? Of course not. What it means is that if a child wants to play, then a man, or woman, should not be absolutely decimated for indulging him.

I loathe the shame with which the Judaeo-Christian world treats the physical, loving act. I abhor the repression which results from people being forced to deny their basic nature.

I absolutely detest the guilt which religion and other sanctimonious forces impose on human beings simply for the acknowledgment that they are sensual, corporeal, natural loving animals. I believe that a person should not have all that shame and guilt in his mind when he makes a decision about whether or not to play. I don't see the sexuality which I wanted to enjoy as a boy (though I never did) as anything which I should have had to worry about. But that's just me.

Of course, now that I'm old and warty I don't have to feel that stress in the same way anymore. The machinery of love is winding down, slowly, though it's not quite dead yet. Like a hunter, I still alert when there's a boy nearby. I still watch him walk, or run, or ride by even as I did outside the old posh school, and yes, I still wish I could get to know him better. But I've survived my toughest years without having to manage the legal system, and now, after a lifetime of living under a rock, I feel it's time to speak my mind and maybe see if I can help other boylovers manage what so often seems so completely unmanageable.

I'm a busy bee now. I'm finally writing the stories which have been floating around in my mind for the last fifteen years. I'm moderating and being otherwise artful at the BL support board, Boy Moment. And I've agreed to act as Staff Writer for this new supportive adventure, Fawnlet Magazine, in hopes that all or any of what I've learned over the decades will be useful to the young men who are following me down this difficult path.

For that is what happens. Generation-by-generation, boys are born, and a guaranteed proportion of those boys - whether by genetics, predisposition, or environment, or a combination of all three - become boylovers. They find themselves focused on boys - sexually, emotionally - just as I did. And in fact, in many ways - because of the internet - it's probably harder now than it ever was to stay right with society and the law.

I know the straight, self-righteous world would like to think that by their atrocious, perpetual persecution we will go away, that we will be bred out in time, or eliminated in some other way. But frankly, even if every single boylover on the planet died today in some enormous, cataclysmic event, another would be born tomorrow, and he too would need support.

So that's what I want to do. I want to help. I want to try, in whatever way I can, to provide some of that support. I hope you enjoy the things that flow from within, but I can't control that. All I can promise is that what I share will be heart-felt. It will be as honest as possible in this environment where even those who have repressed their feelings must hide from the moral turpitude of vigilantes and law enforcement and a vitriolic social environment - where ordinary people feel justified in hating us even without making any effort to understand us.

I ask myself every day, in this so-called inclusive world of ours, what possible incentive is there for a struggling young man to actually reach out and seek help? When for his pain he could be reported, outed, and possibly even arrested, why would any angst-filled young man actually put his hand up and proclaim, "Please help me, I am sexually attracted to boys"?

I don't know. There's always hope that the situation will change. Some day the world might recognize that we are their brothers, sons, fathers, uncles. We are the same person they've known all along. We haven't changed. We don't change. We just endure, generation by generation, the slings and arrows of an unforgiving world, and repress or sublimate our feelings in ways which would, for any other subset of society, be considered unhealthy.



# The Benefits of an Aging BL

By Realme

Our culture is obsessed with youth. You see it in all the advertising, all the media, all the products designed to stave off aging. Youth is upheld as the ideal and aging as something to be dreaded --- rather than accepted as a natural part of life.

As boylovers, we're even more obsessed with youth than the general population. So we might see aging in an even more negative light than others.

I know I did.

I'm over that now. More or less. On the wrong side of 40, and rapidly approaching 50, I'm feeling the years more and more. Oh, I'm in good health and exercise regularly, but I no longer take stairs two at a time or can plunge into a cold lake without my heart trying to tear itself out of my chest. I am no longer a young man, much less a boy, and there's an ever-widening gulf between me and the objects of my affection.

That was certainly true of my middle school history teacher, ancient at 40, and yet kind enough to me that I'd have erotic dreams about him regularly. If he had been a BL, he would have found a willing partner in me. An opportunity missed!

I also liked older guys because I felt there wasn't any competition. With guys a few years older, I always felt bad that they had more money, were better at sports, had more social confidence. Of course, they did, but because they were closer to my age, I felt like their superiority in these things showed some lack in myself. Older men were in a different category, and so they didn't feel like a threat. Plus, older men tend to be nicer to kids than young men, who are more likely to say something mean or brush the younger boys off. Older men make boys feel more comfortable.

Switching to the point of view of one of those older men (God, it happened so quick!) I can see how there are certain advantages for the older guy who wants to start a relationship with a YF. First off, we are more confident and comfortable with our sexuality. All throughout my twenties and thirties, I avoided young boys. I was terrified that adults would see right through me and mark me as a child lover. I was terrified the kids would do the same. I also didn't trust myself. I worried that my desire would overcome my morality and that I'd do something the kids didn't want. So I avoided children, kept them at arm's length. It got to the point where people thought I didn't like children. Nothing could have been further from the truth!

But does that make a relationship unattainable? Not at all. As the great writer Michael Davidson (*The World, the Flesh, and Myself; Some Boys*) pointed out, boys don't care about your age, they care about how you treat them. Davidson had young friends well into his seventies.

My own experience has shown this to be true. Sure, boys tend to look up to teens and young men just a few years older than they are. They are symbols of what they may soon have --- freedom, cars, muscles, athletic prowess, girls. They aspire to be these slightly older, idealized versions of themselves. It's only natural. But judging from my own experience as a lonely bisexual boy, males a few years older are not always the objects of erotic fantasy. I fantasized about older men as much as I did about those young guys. If a man showed me positive attention, if he actually listened to me, he could very well become the object of my adoration.

Now, having navigated the tough world of being a BL for almost half a century, I'm more confident. I can hang out with gorgeous boys and thoroughly enjoy their company without worrying that I might step over the line. I've had a few YFs over the years, and always respected their wishes. That kind of self-control and confidence can only come with experience, and experience comes with age. People, both adults and kids, pick up on this confidence and because they see I'm relaxed around kids, they're more relaxed around me.

I'm also more sensitive to the needs of the kid, having dealt with enough of them to know how to judge their individual personalities and what they want and don't want. I make the child the focus, rather than myself. When I was a horny and insecure 20-year-old, that wasn't so easy. I've also learned how to spot trouble, to look past the pretty face and see if the personality behind it might disappoint or betray me. There are a lot of kids out there who want an older man, but also try to be overly controlling, overly selfish, or are of two minds about having a physical relationship.

Just recently, I met a boy like that. He had been the victim of abuse and had become overly sexualized, craving physical attention while at the same time being disgusted and angry about it. I steered clear. If I had given him what he said he wanted, it would have probably hurt him, and he would have turned around and hurt me by narcing on me like he had narc'd (rightly) on the man who had molested him. Saying no to him was difficult even for forty-something, mature me. It would have been impossible for 20-year-old me.

On a more positive note, older CLs have a lot to offer that younger guys don't. Besides the maturity and self-control I've already mentioned, we tend to be better off financially. Recently I took my young friend Watersprite, now a young man, on a trip to Italy. We had been wanting to travel together ever since I met him when he was 13, and now that he's old enough to travel on his own, that dream came true. And what a wonderful trip it was! Great memories for the both of us.

Older men also make better mentors. We are more mature, calmer, less impulsive, and have seen the development of enough children to help guide them on their path to adulthood. Numerous psychological studies have shown that boys look for a male role model other than their father for approval and companionship. This happens even when the father is a loved and respected figure.

The father, no matter how many good qualities he has, is still a figure of authority, a limiting factor in the boy's life. That is as it should be. So the boy looks for an adult male who he can have a freer relationship with, one a bit more equal and relaxed.

As older men, we are perfectly suited to fit into that role. If we observe the boy's personality closely, are sensitive to his needs more than a younger man could be, and use our knowledge and experience to help the boy thrive, then we can be the ideal adult friend.

So don't worry, older boylovers, when you look in the mirror and see your face developing wrinkles and your hair receding and getting flecks of gray. You are still what a boy might be looking for!





# A Call for Unity

The call is out! We must have BL unity NOW!

As boylovers, we all come in many flavors. Our goals are as many as the individuals we comprise. But we have one goal, at least, in common. And that is the freedom to live and be who we are. To achieve and practice our orientation. To liberate boys and the men who love them.

We all need to work together!

This is the call. No, we can't march in the street. We can't chance a mass conference in person. But in this day and age it is possible to gather in our masses with a fair degree of security and anonymity. There are multiple secure channels for both groups and individuals.

To start with, all the online forums and message boards, and all their staff members, need to communicate. The owners and administrators should have open lines of communication without prejudice.

Develop something like a BL Counsel, as it were. Have regular discussions about pertinent issues. Develop an agenda, an itinerary, to map out and guide our journey to acceptance.

Boylovers everywhere: Support the efforts of each other, and put aside petty grievances.

"We must, indeed, all hang together or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately"  
-Benjamin Franklin



