



S & W Camp

Boys and Their Pets

Men and Boys
A Poetry Collection

Fawnlet 

Issue 9 : SEP 25

ABOYSXO



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How quickly time has passed. It doesn't seem all that long ago that we started with Ethos. And now, this new magazine. Not so "brand new" anymore, but still new and exciting. I have to say,, in these last few years I have really seen this community grow. And it's a very vibrant community. Bristling with pride, hopes and dreams. Hopes and dreams of a future in which we are allowed to prosper and bloom. To be the fullness of who and what we are.

That is our goal in all the things we do. To move from the darkness and into the light. The various boards and forums we have. The publications we put so much of ourselves into, Ethos, Fawnlet. The new MAP Radio Network, the BL Talk podcast. These are the voices of our community and they must be heard.

We must continue to grow, to get the word out, dispel the lies and misconceptions that plague us. This is our pledge, this is our mission. We must work together. Be one in purpose and direction. Uncommitted and unmotivated, small groups seldom go far alone. It is in our numbers and organization that will grant us what we need and deserve.

We bring light to help dispel the ignorance and persecution we have historically had to suffer. Join us. Be a part of the solution. Be proud, Keep your head up and be the best you can be. Each of you separately represents us all.

Thank you
XO

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BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO, Boiforever, Zoomzoom4

“FORMER YOUTH PASTOR ACCUSED OF MOLESTING MULTIPLE BOYS”

The 52-year-old is said to have molested a number of boys from his time working for the church from 2006 - 2010. Over 6 men, former charges of his, have come forward with allegations that he sexually abused them during their early teen years.

<https://www.cbsnews.com/baltimore/news/former-youth-pastor-sexually-abusing-boys-baltimore-county-central-christian/>

“KENTUCKY BOY GOES MISSING FROM HIS HOME”

"We are racing against the clock." Concern grows as search continues for missing 10-year-old boy.

<https://www.lex18.com/news/covering-kentucky/we-are-racing-against-the-clock-concern-grows-as-search-continues-for-missing-10-year-old-boy>

“BOY FALLS IN THE HOUSATONIC RIVER”

And crews have given up rescue efforts, as the 6-year-old was sadly presumed to have drowned.

<https://connecticut.news12.com/news-suspend-search-for-young-boy-who-fell-in-the-housatonic-river>

SURGEONS USE NEW OPERATING TECHNIQUE

And as a result, the life of a little boy with a rare condition, has been saved. Conor O' Rourke, who is now 3 years old, was part of a rare subgroup of patients which made his condition essentially untreatable. At least until now.

<https://www.independent.co.uk/news/uk/home-news/surgeons-alder-hey-liverpool-bolton-medics-b2804082.html>

MISSING BOY FOUND

The search and rescue found the boy in a Missouri ravine after 4 days, and was promptly airlifted to St. Louis hospital.

<https://www.msn.com/en-us/news/crime/missing-boy-found-in-missouri-ravine-after-4-days-airlifted-to-st-louis-hospital/ar-AA1JIm8g>

“HEARTFELT VIDEO OF BOY GOES VIRAL”

The 8-year-old boy can be seen giving his birthday money to a homeless woman.

<https://www.yahoo.com/entertainment/videos/8-old-boy-gives-homeless-171003217.html>



BOYS AND THEIR



PETS



CLOTHES MAKE THE BOY

by:
Wolfrunner



I was at the theater, and my evening companionship was Mikey and Logan, adopted brothers. The boys were all nicely dressed. They had khaki pants on, and Mikey wore his sport coat. Did they fight me on this? Oh, they fought tooth and nail. What did they want to wear? Just any old thing.

I said, "No, this has got the orchestra in it. You don't go there looking like a schlep. Like a homeless boy. You dress decent to go to places like this."

Well, we got there, and everyone was dressed like they were going to a family barbecue. Or a pool party. And the boys were kind of looking at me like, "See?"

The theater's Usher saw how we were dressed, and he liked it. And what impressed him more, was how the boys were dressed. Not me, but how the boys were dressed.

He escorted us to our seats, and gave us good seats. Were they better than what we would have originally had? Yeah. Closer to the front -- and that was cool. The boys didn't realize what had happened, until I pointed it out to them.

I said, "You guys didn't notice what happened, did you?"

"No, what?"

All the other people, who were

dressed like they were going to a pool party, they were corralled like cattle. We were shown to our seats, and given preferred seats. Because of our appearance.

That's what made all the difference. Yes, because people don't do that shit anymore. They don't take the time to take care of themselves, and make themselves look presentable.

"Oh I'll just wear Daisy Dukes, and just anything I want, and I think I look great, and sexy. Everybody else should, too."

No --- that's not how that works. We were at a theater, with an orchestra. Dress decent to go to that shit.

It's like church nowadays. "Oh, GOD doesn't care what I wear."

Apparently you don't, either!



30 CELEBRATING YEARS

BOYCHAT

YOU ARE NOT ALONE



freeSpirits
boylove on the Internet



Boychat is the longest existing BL community on the Internet. Since 1995, Boychat has served boylovers who need a forum for BL related chat and discussion.



boychat.org



freespirits.info





BEING MAP AND TRANSGENDER

by: VATTVI

As some of you may know from BL Talk, I am a transgender woman. What does it mean? It simply means that, while I am a woman, I have been told I was a man because of what was in my pants. And sure, I know some of you may still be associating things like this, but it is not how this works. Gender (as in, being a man or a woman or something else) is different from sex (physical characteristics like genitals).

A lot of fear-mongering has been growing in the recent years about our case, and especially linked with words like "woke" and notions of raping little girls in bathrooms. Here's the thing: a popular misconception about us is that we are men dressing up as women to attack women and children, which is preposterous. Time after time it's been shown that when men want to attack and rape, they don't need to try and dress as women to do so, they simply do it. Furthermore, with all the difficulties that are linked to transitioning, between the medical, administrative and financial weight of the whole procedure, it is baffling to imagine someone might do it just so they can enter the women's bathroom. But I digress.

As a trans woman, that image of being associated with raping children follows me everywhere;

I hear it repeated, and we as a community are trying to show that it is all false, and that we don't touch kids, much like homosexuals back in the eighties. Except, I also happen to be MAP, which, I have to admit, isn't so fun. On the one hand, it's very badly seen to be MAP on all levels of our society, but it is even worse when it comes to trans people, because we are actively trying to fight this idea. Therefore, I often feel like a traitor to my own community by being both.

I know I'm not the only one, and I want to send this message to any other transgender MAP: you are not alone. Yes, things are not easy, and it may feel like you are the monster people are warning others about, especially with some of the hate we are receiving these days, but it does not mean you have to believe them. What I believe is that we need more representation. Of course, I won't go out and publicly admit to being a MAP. I'm way too much of a coward to do that. But at least within our community, I think it's important to keep in mind that we exist, and it is not an issue. Because the two are totally unrelated, and it's only bigots that have created this myth, using MAP as an insult to attack the scapegoat of the moment, which happens to be trans people, (just like they did with gay people before.)

Which brings me to my second important message: let's protect transgender kids. We are a very diverse community that is not uniform politically, which I believe is a good thing, actually; this does mean that certain things that may appear obvious to some might not for others. The question of trans kids is very divisive, because some people, me included, believe that we should help trans children deal with their situation by letting them explore their gender, using non-harmful and reversible methods (such as puberty blockers), while others think of it as indoctrination and insist that we want 12-year-olds to have irreversible surgeries.

I think, if there is something we as a community can agree on, is that we should take care of kids. Not in a patronizing fashion, where we control everything they can and cannot do, but rather in giving them a space to explore being themselves and let them grow and exist as humans. The same goes with trans children. Studies have shown that transidentity can start manifesting as early as 3 years old. This means we should give children an environment where they can explore gender norms and create their own identity without fear of retaliation or judgement. It's okay for a little boy to wear dresses and like "girly" things; what matters most is that they are comfortable. And if, after their puberty hits, they realize that they don't feel comfortable being a man and may want to explore being a woman, we should help them, by counseling them, by giving them safe spaces to explore these things, and by allowing the use of methods I mentioned before like puberty blockers. Worst case scenario, they realize it's not them and they go back to being a boy, with no harm done. Best case scenario, they feel much better in this situation, and it greatly reduces the likelihood they might kill themselves, as suicide ideation in trans youth is very high.

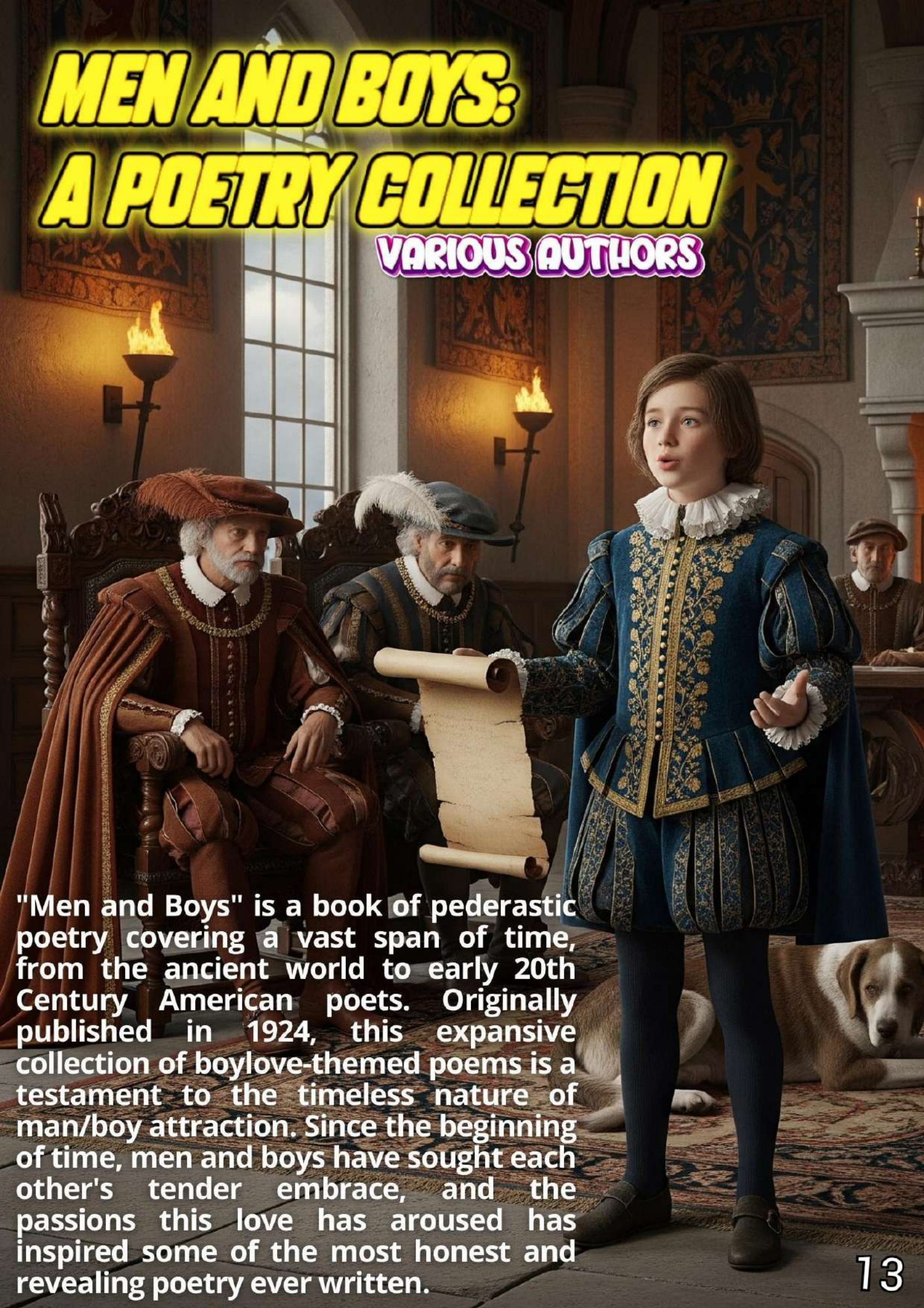
Children are wonderful, in all their diversity, and I believe it's only by encouraging them to be themselves that we may make a better tomorrow. It's okay to be a MAP, it's okay to be trans, and it's very much okay to be both, whether you are a child or an adult.



Boys and their pets



MEN AND BOYS: ***A POETRY COLLECTION*** **VARIOUS AUTHORS**

A detailed historical illustration of a scene from the 16th century. A young boy, dressed in a blue and gold patterned tunic with a white ruffled collar and puffed sleeves, stands in the center, holding a long, unrolled parchment scroll. He is looking towards the left. Seated on ornate wooden chairs to his left are two men in period clothing. The man on the far left wears a brown robe and a feathered cap, while the man next to him wears a blue and gold tunic and a blue cap. In the background, another man is seated at a desk. The room features large windows, tapestries, and wall-mounted torches. A large dog lies on the floor to the right of the boy.

"Men and Boys" is a book of pederastic poetry covering a vast span of time, from the ancient world to early 20th Century American poets. Originally published in 1924, this expansive collection of boylove-themed poems is a testament to the timeless nature of man/boy attraction. Since the beginning of time, men and boys have sought each other's tender embrace, and the passions this love has aroused has inspired some of the most honest and revealing poetry ever written.

BOYHOOD'S CHARMS

Boys are a labyrinth
From which there's no way
out,
For wheresoe' er cast thou
thine eyes
They're snared by some fair
sight:
Here Theodorus draws thy gaze
By the plump ripeness of his
flesh,
There Philocles with golden face
Shines with a nimbus crowned:
And if thou look'st on Leptines
Fast to the spot thou'lt rooted
be;
Such power so hath his eyes'
fierce flame
To fire thee through and
through!
All hail, thrice hail, ye
wondrous boys!
May Youth's fair prime be
fully yours.

--- Rhianus

MY YOUNG FRIEND

"Who shall impute it as a
fault
That I am enchanted by my
young friend?"

--- Saadi

CATEGORY - CREATIVE WORKS - POETRY

OF THE BOY MARUTHUA

Gold is less precious than a
lad
Whose face is smooth and
bright;
Under his shoulders place
thine arms,
And thus look down on all
the treasures of a King!

---Tibullus

THE LOVE OF BOYS

In the flower-time of youth
Thou shalt love boys --
Yearning for their honeyed
mouths.

--- Plutarch



S & W CAMP CHAPTER 1

by Sammy BLaster



In the summer of 1989, I was asked by a friend to join the local S&W Camp. It runs for two weeks in December and five weeks in June. That first summer, I was an intern doing little things around the camp grounds. Gathering fire wood or cleaning up the bathrooms, the one I liked the most was the kitchen work.

I will not lie, that first summer went by so fast I barely remember it. But I was asked to come on as a Counselor that next winter session, toif I passed the course that was setup. I did pass the prerequisite course and started that next winter. December 9th to the 23rd. It was my first time dealing with children in this quantity. I was in Cabin 7 and I was for the next five years.

To start, we were the boy's camp. The girl's camp was across the pond and up about a mile. There were nine cabins. Now here is where it gets funny! Cabin 1 and 2 burnt down four years earlier. They were the only two that were side by side. All the rest of the cabins are set up "Staggered / Alternating" so this would not be an issue in the future.

Cabins 3 and 4 are for the youngest ones, the 7- to 8-year-olds. Cabins 5 and 6 were for 8- to 9-year-olds. Cabins 7 and 9 were for boys age 8, 9 and 10 years old. We did have a few 11-year-olds but this was based on size and development of the child. For the most part, 11-year-olds were in Cabin 9 -- which was often called "Cabin 10 " because there is a gazebo between 8 and 9, and the gazebo just got labeled "Cabin Nine."

That first Session went by so fast it is like a blur to me. So I will start my story in the summer of 1990.

CHAPTER I

I started a week early. I will not lie, I am a boylover, and the thought of this summer got my juices flowing. I made sure my cabin was clean and the beds were made. I swept the roof and the front porch, and got paint where it was needed.

I was not going to put this part in, but reading back through this story I cannot help but explain the issues with the counselor in Cabin Nine.



When I arrived on Saturday Morning I found all my bedding was all gone and trash was all over my cabin. You could see scrape marks on the fresh paint of the porch, where the cots were dragged across it.

"Well, crap," I said, and went to the storage room and got bedding material and made the bunks really quick. It was kind of cool because I did not have any bunk beds before, but now I have three sets. At this moment I did not understand the issues with Cabin 9's counselor. His name was "Ricky R" and he had a chip on his shoulder about everyone and everything. I got the beds made an hour before the first bus arrived. Oh, and I fixed the scrapes on the porch.

The Managers are the first contact, but that's all they did. Once this part was done, they were gone. One by one the boys were directed to me, or to the other cabins. I had about 5 boys in the cabin getting unpacked or setting on the porch with me waiting to greet the new boys arriving. I am a firm believer that there are people that just click together like puzzle pieces.

The very second my puzzle piece's foot hit the dirt, our eye met -- and it was magic. He looked right at me and smiled as big as life itself and started to walk toward me. He was stopped by a Manager, and I could tell something was wrong. The Manager pointed him to Cabin 9, but I thought to myself this little dude in not more than 8 he should not be in cabin 9.

The little boy with a look of helplessness walked right up to me like we knew each other, and gave me a hug like we had been best friends for years. He told me his name was Jimmy D, and that he just wanted to say hello.

I told him my name and asked what cabin he was in. He said Cabin 10 (actually nine). I asked him how old he was. He replied, "Nine," which shocked me because of his size.

"Would you like to be in my cabin?" I asked, and he said yes in a high tone and a big smile. So I walked over to the Manager and said there is a mistake.

"Jimmy D is in Cabin 9. And, since he should be in Cabin 7, I would be happy to take him."

It was easy. The Manager looked at the paperwork, and agreed that he would move.





Boys And Their Pets



EPHEBOS: ADOLESCENT MALE

by Mattyg24



Ephebos (Greek: ἔφηβος; pl. epheboi, Greek: ἔφηβοι), latinized as ephebus (pl. ephebi) and anglicised as ephebe (pl. ephebes), is a term for a male adolescent in Ancient Greece. The term was particularly used to denote one who was doing military training and preparing to become an adult.

From about 335 BC, ephebes from Athens (aged between 18–20) underwent two years of military training under supervision, during which time they were exempt from civic duties and deprived of most civic rights. During the 3rd century BC, ephebic service ceased to be compulsory and its time was reduced to one year. By the 1st century BC, the ephebia became an institution reserved for wealthy individuals and, besides military training, it also included philosophic and literary studies.

The truth that Wikipedia seems to want to hide is that the Ephebes were chosen from before they hit puberty and were considered such until they were able to grow a full beard at which time they were considered full Greek citizens. Although it was most common for the Ephebes to be in military training, they were found throughout ancient Greek society from the most common trades to the homes of the renowned philosophers and politicians.

Another aspect of the Ephabos that Wikipedia seems to get wrong was the fact that the practice lasted for at least a thousand years before the Christians became powerful enough to ban the practice nearly 800 years after their creation.



But that didn't stop the practice. It was moved to the underground for most of society and practiced openly by the rich and by Christianity's own priests until the 1400s when a British king finally banned it.

Of course that didn't stop the practice either. The renowned 1500s explorer Sir Humphrey Gilbert was well known to be proud of the title "pederast" which he was well known for. No longer known as "Ephabos" by that time, boylove moved farther underground but wasn't truly made illegal until the mid-to-late 1900s. The lies about -- and absolute hatred for -- boylovers is actually a relatively new thing. We assume that it has always been this way, but that's actually not the case at all.



The background of the entire image is a dark, deep blue. It is populated with several glowing jellyfish. In the top left, a large, pale green jellyfish with yellowish internal patterns floats. Below it and to the right is a smaller, pinkish-purple jellyfish with a glowing pink, cloud-like pattern. In the center, a large, translucent purple jellyfish with a glowing pinkish-purple pattern is visible. At the bottom, another large, pale purple jellyfish is partially seen. The text is overlaid on this background.

ONE

MAGICAL

NIGHT

BY DB1972

My favorite adventure with Chris was when he was 11, and we went “camping” by the creek in the woods behind my house. Although we were hardly in the wilderness, to him we were in some mystic forest, every tree perhaps concealing some strange little creature. He even saw one, though I didn’t have the heart to tell him it was just a rabbit. But I oohed convincingly enough to satisfy him that I had also seen it bouncing away from behind a tree.

The trip turned out to be special, because while digging around on the banks of the creek, we discovered several fossils. I’d never seen him so excited as he was when he found the “stone snails”. And when I explained what they were, it didn’t dampen his excitement at all...to him, there was no difference. And so we dug along the bank, collecting a bag full of stone snails, many of which I still have.

I also realised that he had never been outside in the dark, at least not in an area away from the street lights. The mystic forest became a hiding place for creatures best left nameless. To ease his fears, we built a roaring fire. And that seemed to keep the beasts at bay. But when the fire had gone out, and bedtime came, his fears returned. And that was the first night we slept curled up together, his body practically

burrowed into mine, face to face, my right arm around his back, rubbing gently, my left arm beneath me with his face cupped in my hand.

It was an intense moment for me. I could feel his heat radiating into me, his scent filling my nose, his breath blowing across my lips ... even in the dark, I could see the light in his eyes, and we just stared at each other like that until finally he drifted off to sleep.

It took me longer to fall asleep. I was nearly suffocating with desire, having him so close. But I was his protector in that moment. So I just held him, and rubbed his back, and finally I drifted off.

The next morning, I woke to find us in almost the same position, except he was already awake, and his fingertip was stroking my ear. When he saw that I was awake, he smiled, but continued to finger my ear.

I smiled back at him. “You must be hungry. How about we make breakfast?”

He stroked my ear several more times, then brushed his fingertip across my lips. “Okay, and I need to pee”. And for some reason, that struck me as extremely funny. Or maybe it was just a way for me to calm the fire of my arousal that he’d stoked with his fingers.

"Well, you know what to do. Find a tree and introduce yourself." And he giggled and crawled out from the cocoon he had made of me, and finally out of the tent. It took me a couple of extra minutes to calm things, down below, and then I crawled out of the tent.

He had apparently finished peeing, and was gathering wood for the fire. Although we could just as easily have gone back to the house, he was enjoying being in the woods, in the daylight, at least, and so I helped him build the fire, then cooked us breakfast.

"We should probably get back to the house before you need to go number two. I didn't bring any toilet paper with us." He laughed until tears began to show in his eyes, and I couldn't help but laugh along with him.

After a couple hours of digging for more fossils, we broke camp and made the "long" march home.

BOYS



AND THEIR



PETS



Boy Humor

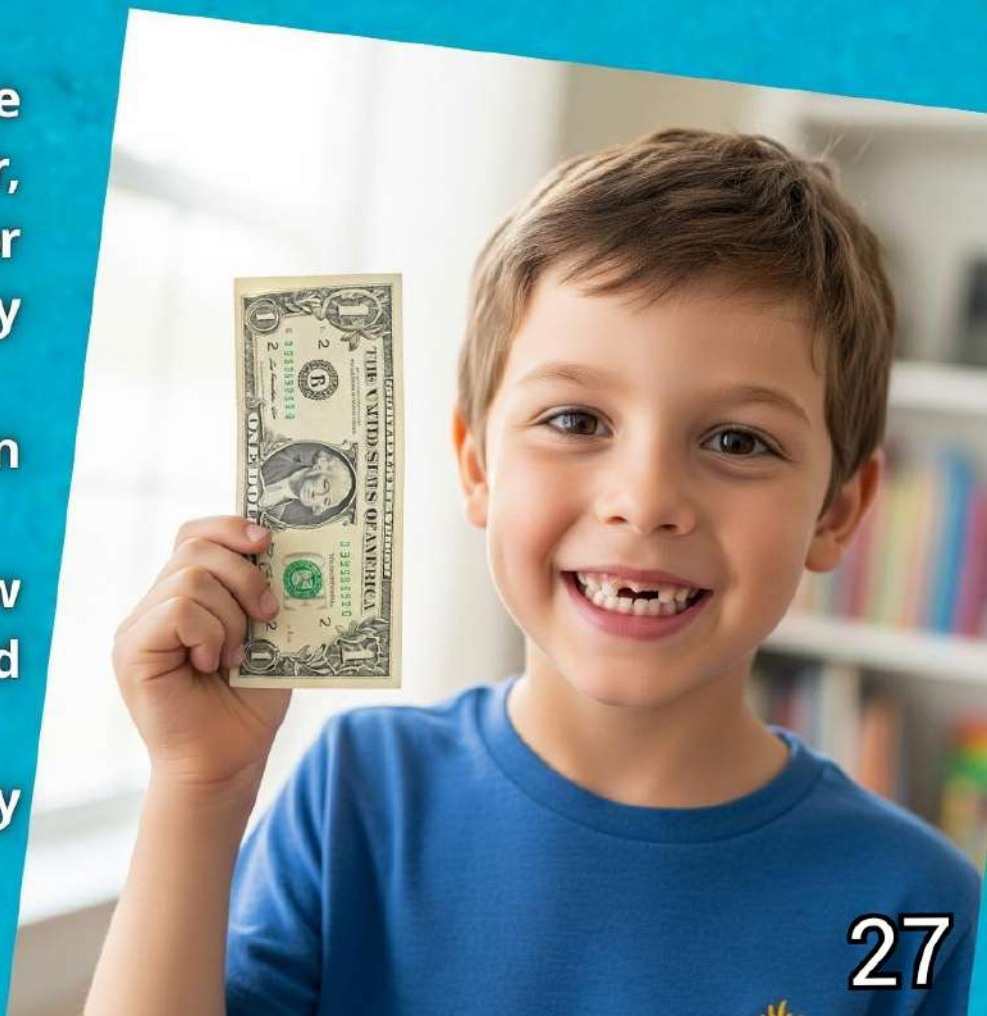
Various Authors

The teacher asked the class, "If you've got a dollar, and you ask your father for a dollar, how much money will you have?"

"A dollar," said the boy in the third row.

"I don't think you know your math very well," said the teacher.

"I don't think you know my father very well."



Teacher: "If you get \$20 from twenty people, what would you have?"

Boy: "A new bike!"

The boy was sent back to bed for the ninth time that evening, and his mom was angry.

"If I hear one more time 'Mommy I want this, mommy I want that,' you will be in big trouble! I don't want to hear the word mommy again tonight. Now off to bed you go!"

After a moment, the boy says, "Mrs. Lambert, I want a glass of water please."

Teacher: "I hope I didn't see you looking at Timmy's paper."

Boy: "I hope you didn't see me, either."

Teacher: "Where is the English Channel?"

Boy: "I don't know, my TV doesn't get it."

Teacher: "What is an island?"

Boy: "A piece of land surrounded by water -- except on one side."

Teacher: "On one side?"

Boy: "Yes. On top!"

The teacher was horrified to hear the little boy drop an F-bomb in her class.

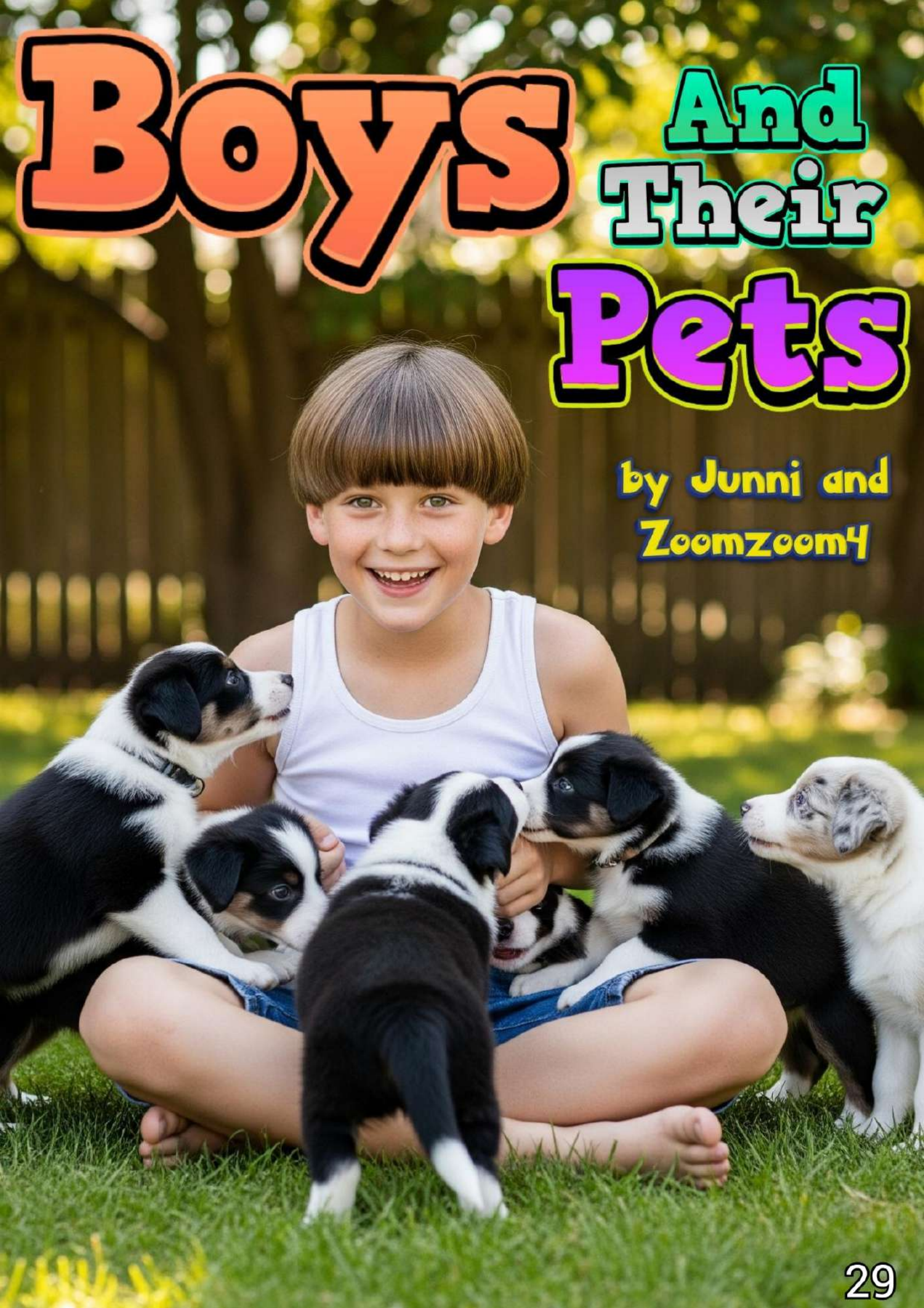
"You must never use that kind of language here again. Where on earth did you pick it up?"

"From my father," the boy said.

"Well he should be ashamed of himself. And no reason for you to say it. You don't even know what it means."

"I do," said the boy. "It means the car won't start."

One day, a little boy told his parents that he was ready to live alone. They were very proud of him and supportive, until he said, "Great! I left your luggage next to the front door. Bye!"



Boys And Their Pets

by Junni and
Zoomzoom4

Boys and Their Pets: A Bond of Love and Need

From a young age, a special connection exists between boys and pets. This relationship goes far beyond simple fun, offering emotional, social, and even physical benefits crucial to child development. But why is this bond so strong, and what are the most popular furry companions among young people around the world?

Why Do Boys Love (and Need) Their Pets?



The relationship between a boy and his pet is multifaceted. First, animals offer unconditional companionship. A dog wagging its tail at the door, a cat purring in your lap, or even a curious hamster can be great, non-judgmental listeners, providing a safe haven for boys' feelings and thoughts, especially in moments of insecurity or loneliness.

Furthermore, pets teach responsibility. Caring for an animal, even as simple as feeding a fish or walking a dog, introduces notions of routine, commitment, and the understanding that another living being depends on them. This experience is valuable for building a sense of duty and empathy.

Interacting with animals can also promote physical activity. Playing fetch with a dog, chasing a cat, or simply watching an animal in motion encourages boys to exercise, contributing to their physical health and overall well-being.

Emotionally, pets can be sources of comfort and stress reduction. Petting an animal releases hormones linked to pleasure and relaxation, helping to reduce anxiety and promote a state of calm.

For boys who may have difficulty expressing their emotions verbally, physical interaction with a pet can be a safe and comforting way to release tension.

Finally, having a pet can boost socialization. Walking a dog, for example, can provide an opportunity for interactions with other people. Sharing stories about your pets can also be a point of connection with friends and colleagues.





BOYS AND THEIR PETS





Acronyms?

Here's a Few

by Manstuprator

Here's a list of acronyms that could be used to describe inept, biased psychologists and researchers producing skewed studies on youth sexuality.

" (INSERT NAME), the (INSERT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING) researcher, reports that ... (INSERT ANTI-BL/MAP STUDY): "

BIASED – Bias-Inducing, Asinine, and Skeptical Experts in Development

CRAP – Conflicted Researchers and Pseudo-scientists

FRAUD – Faux Researchers Advocating Unethical Data

SHAME – Selective Hypotheses And Misleading Evidence

BAIT – Biased Analysts Influenced by Trends

NOPE – Narrow-minded Opinions and Partial Evidence

DUDS – Data Undermined by Bias and Shortsightedness

PORK – Prejudiced Researchers Overstating Knowledge

LAME – Limited and Misleading Experts

HACK – Hypotheses Altered by Conflicts of Interest and Bias

RUBBISH – Research Unethical, Biased, and Based on Shoddy Habits

WARP – Warped Analyses by Researchers with Prejudice

BUNGLE – Biases Unchecked, Not Grounded in Logical Evidence

FICKLE – Faltering, Inconsistent, Conflicted Knowledgeable Lackeys in Ethics

SKEW – Selective Knowledge Exploiting Weaknesses

MIST – Misleading Interpretations by Shoddy Thinkers

JUNK – Justified Unethical Nonsense Knowledge

DISH – Distorted, Inaccurate, and Shoddy Hypotheses

SHODDY – Shallow, Hypocritical, Opportunistic, and Deceptive Data Yappers

BLOOP – Bias-Laden Opinions and Opinions Predominantly

FUDGE – Falsified or Unreliable Data Generated by Experts

FALL – Faulty Analyses Led by Liars

CRASH – Conflicted Researchers Advocating Shoddy Hypotheses

PLUM – Prejudiced, Lacking Understanding, Misleading

JOKE – Justifications Of Kooky Evidence

RIP – Researchers Ignoring Prevalent Evidence

HYPE – Hyperbolic and Pseudo-scientific Experts

TRASH – Twisted Research And Shoddy Hypotheses

FRAZZLE – Faux Researchers And Zealous Zealots Lacking Evidence

BID – Biased, Incompetent, and Deluded researchers



Talking About Boyllove – Part 3

Various Authors

Sex with an adult man probably sped up my coming-out process by years. If it hadn't been for Rich, I might have turned into a mopey Goth kid. Had our relationship been discovered, Rich could have done time in jail. During the time we were having sex, it never dawned on me that he was literally risking his freedom over me.

American culture's only frame of reference for sex with minors is abuse. I don't deny that abuse occurs, but it should be addressed on a case-by-case basis. A blanket approach that criminalizes all sex between adults and minors undermines the fact that for many gay teenagers, sex with an adult can be a beautiful, life changing experience. It was for me.

-- Wim

36

"Man love" played a very important role in my life. The first time I ever began to express sexual feelings toward anyone was within a man/boy relationship. Man love is also something which has helped thousands of boys discover their own sexuality and get in touch with what they really feel.

A lot of people think of "man/boy love" as just man/boy sex -- a man's lust for a boy. They don't believe that there can be real, romantic and passionate love between a man and an 11-year-old boy. They are so very, very extremely wrong.

-- Mark Moffett

We need to teach (boy) love, people!

If we're not teaching love, we're teaching hate. Simple as that.

And there's enough of that in this world.

We need to really love each other.

That's the only way this works.

-- Curious 1

If ever I attain any spiritual perfection it will be due, no doubt, in far greater measure than I can understand, to the boys I have loved.

-- Lewis Thompson

A boy of 12 has come to a point of perfect poise and bloom which renders him the masterwork of Creation. The beauty of face and body at this age is so intense that all other forms of human loveliness are but a distant, pale reflection.

-- Michel Tournier



LITTLE NICKY

interviews



Jellybean Joe



mapradionetwork.com

WHEN I SAT AT THE TABLE IN CLASS

BY JEPETHIEL



It was on a Monday, of the first week after my family had moved to a new remote town where Dad could drive for a new trucking firm that had hired him and our four road-trains to deliver in the Outback. I had not long turned nine, and the same age as the boy the teacher made me sit next to.

We were now in a remote desert community probably too small to be a town, 400 Km from Alice Springs. There wasn't even a place to fill up cars and trucks like a garage in a town, just two big tanks on stands about twice my height above the ground and one of the few shady places in town.

He was an Aboriginal boy named Tommy Chaper. But he had the most beautiful smile and an almost totally captivating aura about him that made me feel like I would do anything he asked me, especially if it was naughty stuff, that had been increasingly become more interesting after I turned nine.

I am now, after more than two years here, 11 and 3/4 years old and totally alone here since I am the only white boy in the community school and my Dad is one of three white men that live in the town. And of course I did not speak Kriol when I first got to our town. Kriol a kind of mish-mash of words from lots of different Aboriginal languages and English words. It is a language used among Aboriginals right across Australia, but a bit different from one place to another.

And living in a remote community means no traffic like in a city, and lots of places to go and do things. But, no MacDonald's, or Hungry Jack's fast food places, and the only place in the community for playing games, had only a wrecked pool table with a ripped cloth, and only one stick, that attracted me for a very different and naughty reason, a table tennis table with two bats, one ball, and the net was torn in a few places so you could hit a ball through it. And no one called that cheating either.

There was no river near the community, the nearest one was 50 Km away, if it had water in it. Dry rivers are pretty common out here. But I got to go swimming that day because of Tommy, who was about 10 years old, maybe older, because he did not know the day he was born. That was something I quickly found out as I began to get to know him. And that boy is cheeky, in more that one way as I was later to find out.

He knew lots of grown-up stuff, because that's how it is in a small remote community with about 200 grown-ups and maybe 150 kids, mostly because there are lots of little ones, who's mums just keep having more babies, almost one every year. In a very small community and everyone knows about grown-up stuff because it can't be hidden from us kids, even if we don't really understand it (because we are still kids).

Some of the things I learned was the naughty stuff that boys do with each other. And which, I found out a few weeks after that first day, was something I was really interested in because I liked it, if it was just me and one of the other boys my age. And it was Tommy who introduced me to that, too, on that first day in the school.

But there was also a bad side to the town. And I found out about that before I had lived in the town for a month.

In the community, young boys often had to give themselves to men and the older boys, for what the grown-ups call anal sex, which as I found out some weeks later, right after it happened to me, is called "bummies" in that community.

Bummies was something that you took your chance on. You hoped that it was not happening to you on any day you are a boy. And as I found out quite a few times, a gang of grown-ups or older teenagers, are heaps stronger than a 9- year-old boy.

Often there would be four or five of them who took turns to do it to you, while the others held you down. None of us liked that part because you could not say no, or you'd get beaten up too. And for the aboriginal kids it meant more, because the ones who were doing it to them were all relatives of theirs, who's command was law for a boy. It may have been this that made me begin to think that I might want to do bummies even after I was a grown-up.

For me it was better, because a lot of them were scared of my dad. They thought he would beat them up for beating me up, which happened about 20 times before they stopped doing it to me for good. That is, they stopped forcing me to do it and beating me up.

Tommy said to some of them that asking me nicely might get them what they wanted, without them having to force me. But I never gave the grown-ups what they wanted after that. Each day though was risky. I had to be careful not to be out in the town on Cheque Day, when they get drunk and, boy or girl, you were not safe.

But we could get away from the town and all the bad stuff that happened there out in the bush, if you went far enough away from the town especially on the day the men got paid by the government. They call it "the dole" here, and lots of grown-ups from far away think that people who get paid that way are awful, bad people. But actually it's because there are no jobs for the men to do, so they get unemployment cheques, which makes others think we are the worst people in the world.

And that's what we did straight after school because my dad would not be home until late because he was delivering petrol and diesel to the cattle stations that were a long way away.

He would drive about 500 Km a day doing his deliveries, in a tanker road-train. It was Tommy who said to me I should go with him to the rockhole, where we could swim and play, because it was a long way from the houses. And when I got there about eight of the boys from the school were there, and they were all naked jumping into the water-pool, and swimming.

Well I was a bit shy at first not wanting to get undressed until another boy came to me and said even mulagar (white) boys had dicks the same as he did and said, "'You should not be frightened to let the other boys see your dick 'cause they have one too.'" After which I decided that missing out on swimming was silly, way out in the bush with just other boys my age around.

And I felt a little strange because the more I looked at the other boys the more it got hard. I did not know the word for it then, but none of the other boys laughed at me because that started happening to them too. And that was the start of learning about boys doing stuff with other boys. And they had games that were strange to me.

In one game we would all sit in a line and pretend we were a caterpillar and each boy would move his bum forward and your knees touched the ribs of the boy in front of you, to the rhythm of a song they knew.

But in their version of the game you tried to get yourself as close as you could to the boy in front so you could touch him with your willy and then you'd win and go to the back of the line where there were no boys behind you.

I like that game a lot, and now that I know more, I understand why I like it, just like the other boys in the town do. There isn't any TV or anything out here, and you have to make your own fun and so that's what we did.





Boys and



their pets



A close-up photograph of a hand placing a wooden block on a row of other blocks. The blocks are light-colored wood and are arranged in a line on a dark, reflective surface. The hand is positioned on the left, with fingers gripping the block. The background is blurred, showing more blocks and a dark surface.

THE CHALLENGES WE FACE AS BOYLOVERS

by brobandit

This article is about how I can help dispel misconceptions through the application of my values of boylove.

There are a number of conceptions and misconceptions of what boylove is, how it is applied and the effects and directions it takes. Knowledge is the key to the understanding of any idea. The way to gain knowledge is open, honest and and complete expression of the topic. A discussion of an objective nature. Further, an identification as to what the misconceptions and objections actually are and the reasoning for their being.

One way I think to aid in the changing of preconceived notions is to display actions and behaviors that are in direct contrast to what is believed or perceived. One of these is the direct application of one of my values as a boylover without the inclusion of what might be conceived of as a primary motivator of becoming involved with a boy at all.

In general, the primary belief might be that the intent of a boylover is to seduce a boy for the purpose of physical intimacy. While there is indeed some truth to this, it isn't, shouldn't be, and is not necessarily a prime motivation.

In my belief system, as it regards the interactions of a man and a boy, the intent is to provide some behavior or actions of a nature that tend to directly benefit the boy. I certainly have my own needs and while it is proper in it's own right to act in a manner that covers them, doing so without due consideration for the needs and benefit of another is not.

This is more so when it involves a boy. It has always been my position that the wants and needs of a boy that I am in any way involved with, is one of primary importance. My own wants and needs take second place.

To effect my values as a boylover is to provide something that the boy needs. The position and application of mentoring is in contrast to that of a position that includes physical intimacy. The inclusion of such changes the nature of the relationship.

Therefore, I believe that I am helping to change the climate by fostering both discussions and conceptions of what it means to be a lover of boys. The value of benefit to him far outweighs any personal need of mine.

In conclusion, let me say that a prime belief for teachers is that you have accomplished your job as a teacher if you have positively affected the life of just one person. I believe this as well.



MY EARLY YEARS PART 8

by Jonny399

He stares at them and gets a look on his face that makes me flinch back. He sits down on the bed and says, "What are we going to do with you? Are you having trouble wiping your own ass?"

I am stunned,, no one has ever said that word to me. Ass. It makes me feel even more dirty, like I have to be soiled. He says, "Well you will have to learn,, so I am going to spank you, and then maybe you will remember to wipe you own ass. You are not a baby. Now bend over my lap, and remember this is for your own good."

Why is it that adults always say that when ever you are getting punished? I do as he tells me, and feel him put his hand on my butt, and I shut my eyes really tight as I wait for the hand to come down. And then all of a sudden bam! Bam! Bam!

I am crying at this point and putting my hands over my butt to try and stop him. He just says move your hands or it'll be worse, and then removes my hands and hits me three more times. I am balling by this time, not caring who hears me. He stands me up and tells me he does not expect to see any more shit stains in my underwear again, and then asks me if I will wipe my ass from now on. I want to say that I always wipe my ass, but instead just say, "Yes sir, yes sir," as I am wiping my eyes.

He then pulls me into a hug, and I am confused. Why would he hug me now? He has just spanked me and hates me, and besides I am dirty and have not had a bath. I just stand there,

not hugging him back, until he lets me go, and then looks at me and says, "There now, that was not so bad, right?"

I say nothing, just wanting to crawl under the rug, and he tells me to get ready for bed and turns out the lights as he walks out, leaving me standing in the dark, crying. He does at least leave the door open so it is not completely dark. I get a fresh pair of underwear out of the dresser and put them on, along with my PJ's, and then I climb into bed, making sure I am laying on my belly as my butt is still stinging. And then soon I am asleep.

It's the next morning and I awaken at the usual time and get ready for school. My brothers don't say anything about last night and for that I am grateful. I have been punished for this "problem" for a while in a few different ways and my brothers never say anything. I thought they would have at least made fun of me, but no, not a word. I am pleased about this as I don't have to undergo the teasing, but also wondering what their secret is. I do not feel like I can just ask them, but they also will not tell me.

I don't have anyone to talk to about this, and besides what would I say? "So tell me, how do you keep poop in your butt all day long?" Stupid, right? Anyway, my foster parents act like nothing happened last night, no dirty looks or anything. Did I dream it or something? I almost sure it did happen. Oh well, never mind, off to school.

There is a school band that I am really excited about, but I soon find out that I am not old enough to join. I will have to wait for two years; that's a life time away. The rest of the day I am feeling sad and lost. I can't even pay attention in class and get yelled at a few times when I am day dreaming. For the first time I am having trouble understanding what the teacher is talking about. And when school is over, I feel like I don't remember anything that I was supposed to have learned.

I head home and feel even worse and I'm not sure why. I get home and go down to the basement to play games or watch TV with my brothers. Sonny and Cher is on TV tonight and we always watch that. It is soon time for bed and as I am getting ready for my bath, I am getting clean underwear and my PJ's and about to head to the bathroom and a thought occurs to me. What if I just put on clean underwear right now? That way, I won't get into trouble in the bathroom. That's a great idea, why didn't I think of this before?

I quickly change and stuff my dirty underwear under my mattress and head off to the bathroom. All goes well: my foster dad checks my underwear and gives me a look that I can't quite understand, but then just says, "Good boy," and actually gives me a hug. I feel very strange and I don't know if I like it or not. I am frozen, standing there as he hugs me.

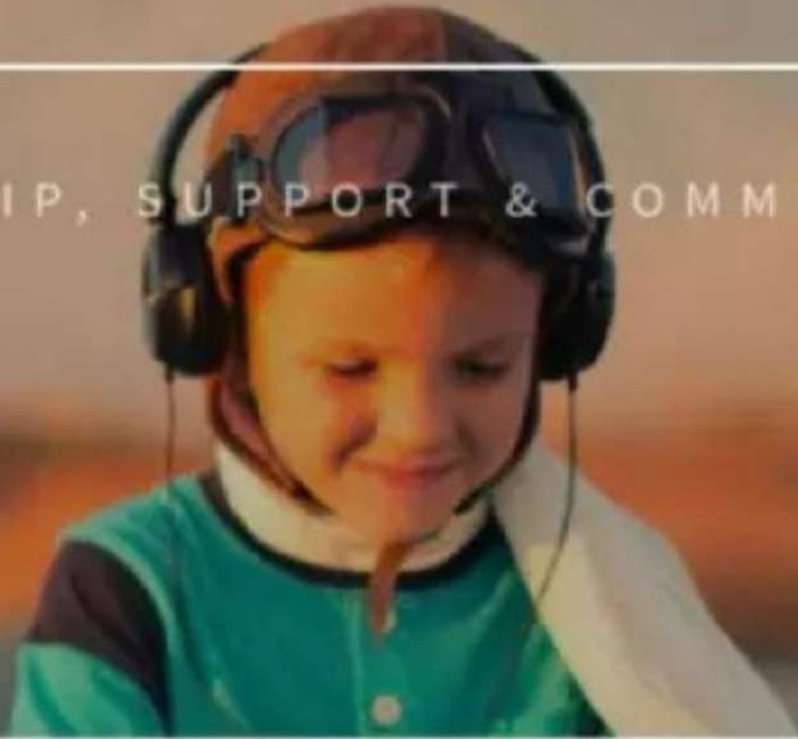
The rest of the night goes well; I am not questioned and no mention of the underwear is ever brought up. I am scott-free! I did it. I got away with it. I go to sleep feeling very good for the first time in a long time.

I have a wonderful day at school and even manage to make a new friend. That friendship started out bad and at first I thought I must surely be cursed. I was standing with the other boys under a overhang waiting for the bell to ring.

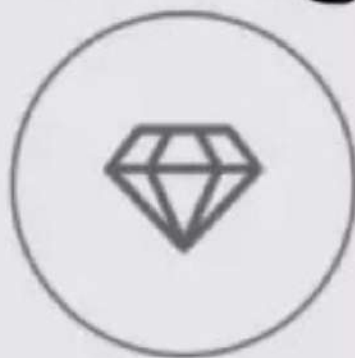
It had been raining and was just starting to clear. I asked the boy next to me if he did his homework, as I forgot mine at home. He showed me his homework and I dropped it in a puddle -- not on purpose, it just sort of got away from me. Funny how these things happen.

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BOYS AND

THEIR PETS



Remembering It Dreamer

by Dragonlover
Skeeter
ZoomZoom4
Boiforever



This is something I hoped that I would never have to write. But as a part of the BL community and a former Administrator of Paradise Mountain, it was my sad duty to report the loss of one of our dearest friends, LtDreamer.

Myself, Dutch and Boiforever went to go visit LtDreamer in the hospital about two days before he passed. He seemed to be in good spirits: talking, making jokes here and there. He was looking forward to getting out of the hospital and moving to a step-down facility where he would receive physical therapy for 30 days prior to being sent home.

But I guess fate had other plans, and he died only two days later. Speaking only for myself, I have to say it was really good getting to see him. We, of course, didn't know it would be the last time we'd see him, but it was good all the same.

Here's to hoping that he is in Heaven now, being waited on hand and foot by cute little boys who only want to please. I will always remember his laugh, his sense of humor and his ability to relate. With me at least. He was a very empathetic man. He could feel your struggle and offer to help in any way he could. How do I know that? Because he's helped me out in times of need.

I remember one time I told him I needed a new recliner. The next day, he showed me a couple of chairs and asked me which one I liked best. I chose one, and in less than ten minutes he had ordered it and was arranging shipment to my house. In less than a week, I had a brand new recliner. I repaid him the money he spent, of course. But the point is, he did that for me. He cared enough about me -- and not just as a fellow boylover, but as a man in need of something. And by God, he made it happen.

I miss you, my friend. There's a hole in my heart right now. I know, time heals all wounds, but this one will take a while. May you rest in eternal peace. You earned it, brother.

LtDreamer was one of the original DJs on WIRED-PM Radio, which then was called WEIRD Radio. He got to visit the founder of WEIRD Radio, the late Kermie, who was known on the air as DJ Gorf ("frog" spelled backwards). Their in-person meeting was a time LtDreamer treasured. LtDreamer's unique wit and humor made him special on his radio show, called The Madhouse.

Over the air you would hear, "Hey you guys!" ... one of his favorite lines from the film, The Goonies. LtDreamer loved Carolina beach music, and would play whole radio shows dedicated to it. He also loved visiting Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, and the ocean shore with all of its many lovely sights.

LtDreamer was an essential member of the BL board Enchanted Island, then later Paradise Mountain. He was always ready to mentor and help new members. LtDreamer will be immensely missed. I consider myself lucky to call him a close friend.

ZOOMZOOM4

As I sit here writing this, I've had several different things take up my attention throughout the course of the day, so far. But there was one little tidbit of information, one little thing that slipped right through my personal "feed" of information as the day goes along. It was just a little thing, but so huge. Because death is never a little thing. Especially when it's someone you knew, personally. Someone you were friends with, someone you had personal moments with.

The news always seems to just come out of the blue. Yet somehow, in many cases, you knew it was coming. Earlier today, when I heard the news about LtDreamer, it seemed like the universe was answering my question I had the other day. Which was: how can someone live the rest of their life hooked up to a machine 24 hours a day, seven days a week? I guess the answer is: they don't. At least not if they can help it. Talking about this with Lil Monster, he speculated that he (LtDreamer) was sad, and didn't want to live in that depressing condition. Not saying that he took his own life, but perhaps, on some level, kind of lost the will to live.

I say this because, knowing what a dynamic and outgoing person LtDreamer was, I doubt that he could be happy hooked up to a machine for every minute of his existence. He was very active, energetic; and as such, he contributed a great deal to the BL community. Let's now take a moment to look at his resume.

He was a Moderator Manager on the popular BL boards Enchanted Island and Paradise Mountain. He was a DJ on WIRED-PM Radio, and gained quite an impressive following with his "Madhouse" series of shows. He was a prolific author for both Ethos and Fawnlet Magazines.

In fact, he wrote for the very first issue of Ethos back in September 2016, and for the most recent issue of Fawnlet, from June 2025. Nine years of writing consistently for not one but two BL magazines. Those who know his creative side well, know that he was highly influenced by Comicality, the leader of Imagine Magazine and a popular fiction writer in the gay/BL world.

LtDreamer's achievements were many, and he was someone who you would truly call a pillar of the community. He had lots of friends, and lots of admirers. It can not be overstated how much he will be missed, by many.

Rest in peace, my friend. We love you, and will always remember you.

BOIFOREVER

Growing up, I never had many friends. Actually I never had any friends. Because I was the "weird one" who nobody wanted to be around. But after I got out of high school and went out into the world, I began making a few friends. Some of them would last, but most wouldn't.

At first I would put up with anything and just let people run over me in the name of "friendship" -- and that lasted into my thirties. One day, while driving an 18-wheeler, I was thinking back at who my friends were, and weren't. And it turns out that the one who was supposed to be my best friend was never really a friend at all. He would go to parties and clubs and if I even found out about them, I was never invited. He would always hang out in the corner with co-workers and laugh at me. When he would introduce someone as his "best friend", it was never me. And I was always calling and going to see him, but he never called or come to see me. So I decided one day to wait for him to call, or come to me ... and I'm still waiting. It has been close to ten years now.

After this I decided how I would allow people to treat me, what I would put up with, and how I would react to disrespect. Needless to say, I've had to cut people out of my life on account of it, and I try not to let people in these days, because its not worth the hurt any more. I am very protective over those who are my friends, and I try to be the very best friend I can be. But I know I don't always succeed.

The pain associated with the death of someone close to you can be unbearable. I keep my friends as close as family -- if not closer - - and I love them with all my heart. Just like I do LtDreamer, a good man and a good friend. And although I didn't know him but a few years, he was as close as any of my friends. He was always good to me, and patient, with a kind word even when I would mess up while working with him on Ethos.

We actually met one year during a Labor Day getaway with some of my other friends, and what a great time that was! And then afterward he would ask me to meet up with him whenever I was passing through, close to his home. And while I never got the chance to, I did get to see him a few days before he passed. A few of us had heard of his deteriorating condition and went to go see him ... and he didn't look like the same person I had met before. He had lost so much weight, but he was in good spirits and was quite articulate and had all his mental faculties, which kinda gave me hope that he would be okay.

That is, until he briefly coded in front of us, and it made clear the severity of the situation. And then it wasn't but a few days until he was gone. And even though you know it's coming, you're never quite ready for it.

His many contributions to the BL community won't go unrecognized, or be forgotten. He will be sorely missed and his shoes will definitely be hard to fill. He will always be remembered for who he was: just a good hearted, awesome guy, and everyone who knew him loved him.

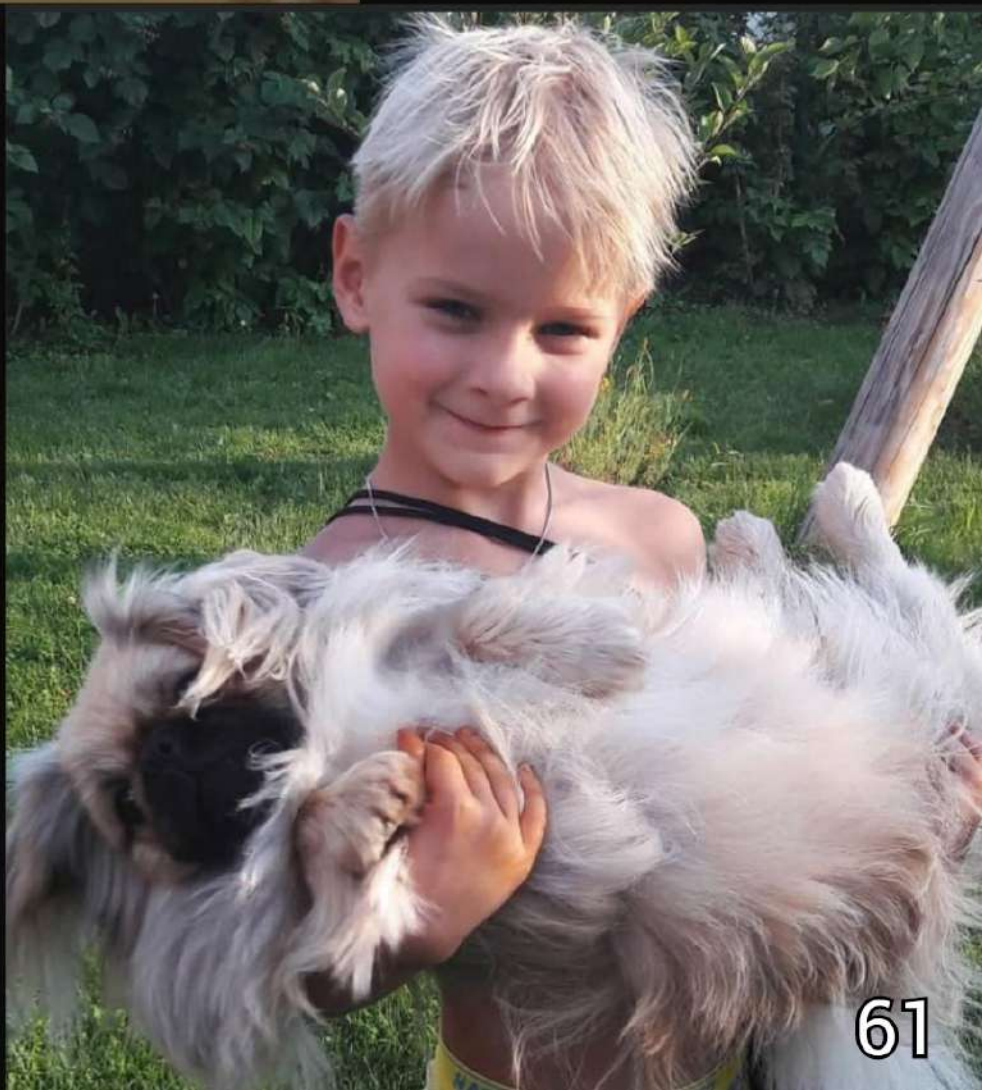
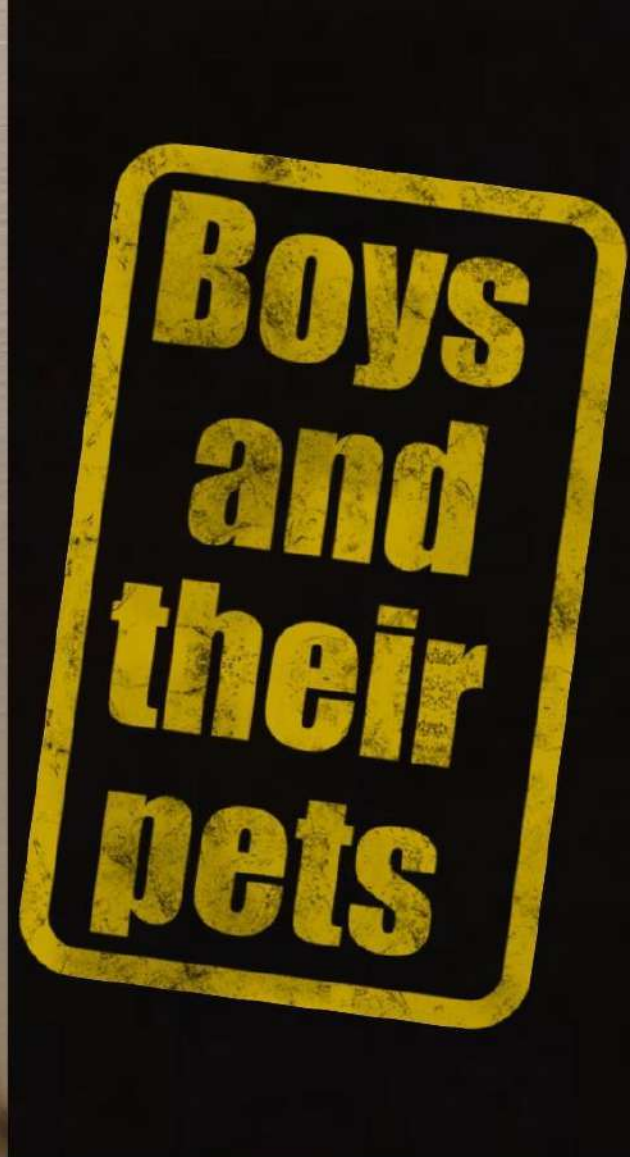
All of that is to say, when a friend exits your life -- whether it be from you cutting them for your own reasons, or due to death, it hurts tremendously. And no matter who you are, I've been where you are right now, and I'll say what LtDreamer would want everyone to know: that you are not alone. We at Paradise Mountain, and all over the child-love community, understand what you're going through, and how you're hurting. How you long for love and acceptance in a world that treats us like less than garbage, and that everybody wants to be somebody, and our mission is to bring others like us hope for the future.

And yes, although some of you guys drive me up the wall, I love you all -- and I'm honored to have known you and to have been part of this community. Keep your friends close because one day they may not be here anymore, and your world will seem to get noticeably smaller.

"The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one."
- Seneca

"To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses."
- Syrus

"Death ends a life, not a relationship."
- Jack Lemmon



Realtalk with Realme: Diving Into the Pat to Understand Our Present

by Realme



Growing up bisexual in my town was not an easy thing. No one was "out" back then, and although gay characters had begun to make it into the media, they were usually campy stereotypes that I couldn't identify with. "Bisexual" wasn't even a term I knew until long after I had accepted that I was attracted to both genders. "Boylover" wasn't a term I learned until decades later.

I was alone, without the words to describe myself. So I did what a lot of people in my situation did: delve into research, trying to find pieces to my own personal puzzle.

I was lucky that I attended a university with a large library. There were plenty of books and psychological journals I could look through. Evenings would often find me tucked away at a desk in some remote corner with a pile of books on homosexuality and boylove, a "safe" Calculus textbook at hand to put on top of the suspicious ones in case anyone passed by.

My research taught me a lot, but it didn't tell me everything I wanted to know. For the adult stuff, the local gay bar soon filled in the gaps (pardon the pun), but for the rest ... well, the books I found were unsatisfying.

They were all from the point of view of psychologists interviewing convicts. Many of the interviewees had forced their victims without their consent. I found that horrible and unacceptable and yearned to know if a consensual relationship was possible. As I delved deeper, I noticed that in a lot of the accounts, there wasn't any physical force involved. The so-called victims sometimes even initiated contact and returned to their "abusers" again and again.

The psychologists invariably dismissed these accounts as fantasies or rationalizations on the part of the prisoners. I had my doubts, and yet I had no way to find out more.

Then, years later, I struck gold. I moved to a large city that had another university with a famous LGBT collection. The material stretched all the way back to the late nineteenth century and included a lot of books, newspapers, and magazines all the way up to Stonewall and beyond.

What I discovered as I started spending long sessions reading through this material stunned me. Boylove was openly discussed in the LGBT community well into the 1980s, and was often considered a subset of that community. It was controversial to some — gay newspapers had long arguments about it in the letters section — but it was always there. Here are a few things I discovered.

Nineteenth-century poems often sang the beauty of the schoolboy. Much of the art of that era had homoerotic imagery that often focused on the young, both boys and girls. Many painters depicted boys, and sometimes small girls, swimming in the nude.

The 1940s to the 1960s saw some of the first magazines targeted towards gay men — the so-called “beefcake” magazines. During this time it was illegal to send “homosexual propaganda” through the mail, so some clever publishers got around this by creating “health and fitness” magazines. Publications such as Physique Pictorial and Grecian Guild Pictorial featured muscular men in various poses wearing only a jockstrap. Looking at these hunky guys is still a thrill!

What is even more thrilling is that most titles contained a few photos of boys in every issue. These slim young fellows had no reason to be in an exercise magazine but there they were,

showing their buns and smiling for the camera. They were never more than one in ten of the models, but some magazines made sure they were always there.

Why did the publisher include them? Because they knew some of their "gay" audience wanted that. Perhaps, like me, they would enjoy all the photos, or perhaps they'd buy it just for those precious few images of smiling adolescents and boys.

Then came the glory days of the Seventies, when almost everything became legal to publish. Did you know that at one time there were two publishers dedicated exclusively to boylove books? Coltsfoot Press ran from 1976 to 1984, while its successor Acolyte Press ran from 1984 to 1996. Another publisher, Gay Men's Press, ran from 1979 to 2000 and had a significant number of boylove titles.

Most of the output of these publishers were novels, although a few collections of interviews with adult friends and loved boys got published too. The few gay bookshops of the period stocked these titles. Flipping through gay magazines of the period, you'd often see ads for them and even positive reviews.

Mainstream publishers sometimes published titles about boylove as well by authors such as Michael Davidson, the subject of an article in an earlier issue, and Angus Stewart, who will be featured in an upcoming issue.

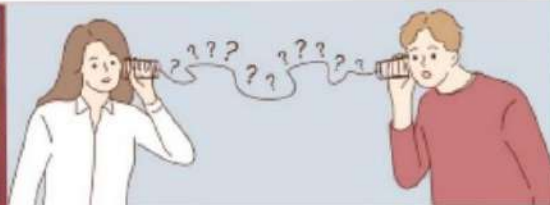
The university collection even has gay guidebooks. The popular Spartacus Guide started in 1970 and is still being published today. It began in England but soon moved to the Netherlands, which had more tolerant laws regarding what could be published. The Spartacus Guide acted as a supplement to a regular guidebook, giving details about local laws and attitudes. It also had listings of bars, clubs, and cruising spots.

Support and Advocacy Group for Minor Attracted People



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Not
Alone

map-union.org



MAP Union is an international organization representing MAPs around the world. MU advocates for MAP visibility, equality, cautious legal reform, and youth rights.

Included in this was how to make contact with local boys. I find the idea of Third World boys selling themselves to rich adult Westerners problematic on many levels. This does not, however, negate the fact that many of these boys did so less out of need but more out of desire. Comments I've seen throughout my research show that these boys were generally not homeless, only poor, and most boys in the country did not go in for this sort of activity.

So were the boys gay and wanted to express themselves? It's hard to say. What is clear is that Spartacus popularizing these tourist spots led to a rush of boylovers to places like Sri Lanka and the Philippines. Local feelings soon soured, and Western charities like Terre des Hommes got journalists to run scathing articles on the practice.

It was all ruined within a decade. But that's a story for another article. Suffice it to say that the world's first gay guidebook, for better or worse, catered to boylovers as much as it did to "regular" gays.

So what did I learn from all of this? That the two aspects of my nature — my bisexuality with both adults and children — was considered a part of the larger queer community by many of its members for most of its history. It's only been since the 1980s that the mainstream LGBT community began to distance itself from BL in order to be accepted by wider society.

But that was only a tactical move by the majority. Boylove never disappeared; it only went underground.

My research strengthened my self-acceptance and made me realize I wasn't a man of two parts, but in fact a unified whole. If only queer society, and all of society, could realize the same thing!



