

ISSUE #7
MAY 2018

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

Sharing Thoughts About Boys

Interview
with
Kermie

Essays &
Poetry

Internet
Safety for
Boylovers



ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



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ETHOS

notations



I think the words you're looking for are, "Welcome to Ethos issue 7."

This issue of Ethos, much like the others, comes to you thanks to various parts of the community coming together once more and submitting content. This time, some content from some new authors too.

I acknowledge that this issue of Ethos is unseasonably late, to say the least. Trust me, we're all as annoyed about it as you (if not more). Some of you submitted stuff expecting it to be released by mid March. It's now the end of May, and we're only just releasing. For this excessively long delay, we deeply apologise.

I wish I could say that it was with ease we produced this, too. Since the start of 2018, three BL boards have been shut down. Young City, BoyLover.org, and Enchanted Island. The loss of each didn't only take something from us, but it took something away from the community. Each of those boards meant a lot to someone in the community, so for those people, and for each of those boards, we keep a memory in mind and we make a stronger community.

Now onto the lighter reading! It's time we let you get on with Ethos, so please do! Dig in, enjoy, hopefully learn something new, but never forget that this is your community too.

Thanks everyone, and have fun!

~FalseAlias

~Chief Editor

Atribute^{to} the fallen boards

By FalseAlias

**YoungCity
BoyLover.org
Enchanted Island**

Three boards we've lost this year. Three boards that meant something to someone, to many someone's, to many boylovers. They were not just boards, or websites. No, they were more.

Their members dispersed between the remaining boards, but they will continue carrying the spirit of those boards with them.

YoungCity (YC) was started February 28, 2010, by Tabris. It had a brief disappearance in 2016, after PartiBoi disappeared, but reopened a few months later thanks to Humanist Zombie. Just under eight years after first opening, January 31, 2018, it was closed down by their host for reasons unconfirmed.

BoyLover.org (BLo) started February 6, 2010, and was maintained actively up until its closure. They were closed down after their host

received several thousand DMCA (Digital Millennium Copyright Act) takedown requests which were targeted at images hosted on their board through a "Photoplog" feature in their software. On February 15, 2018, they were closed down by their host as a result of these complaints.

Enchanted Island (EI) was born June 10, 2014, founded by Kermie. A month after Kermie's passing in October 2016, Enchanted Island suffered a crash and had to be painstakingly rebuilt over several months from scratch. They reopened in early/mid 2017. In February 2018, they started receiving the same DMCA takedown requests which BLo received, and on March 3 the decision was made to shut the board down.

We'll remember each of those boards, and what they all stood for. What they endeavoured to achieve, and what they contributed to the community. We'll remember them as we remember those who we lost.

Y O U N G C I T Y [Y C]

February 28, 2010 — January 31, 2018



February 6, 2010 — February 15, 2018



Enchanted Island

June 10, 2014 — March 3, 2018

Sharing Thoughts About Boys

By DAZEHAZE

I want a boy, and everything that encompasses a boy. I want a boy that wants to spend time with me. I want a boy that appreciates life, just as much as I appreciate him.

I want to be a leader, a role model. But more than that, I want to shape the boy into somebody even better than he is now. I want to care for him like nobody else will, and I want to give him guidance. I want to be able to provide for the boy everything he needs, everything he'd reasonably want.

I want to protect the boy. I want the boy to have a perfect soul, one that truly stands out. One you couldn't put together in words, in any language, in any format. I want to bring a boy up to be successful, and kind, and smart, and beautiful.

I want to bring a boy to the highest peak and never let him stray from it. I want a boy who sits on the couch during a rainy day and thinks about the beauty of life. Of the Earth. Of himself and of his ancestors. I want to help a boy become somebody who represents boyhood at its finest.

I want a boy who loves music, who's good at everything he achieves, I want a boy who loves to learn and who's fascinated with the things he loves, big or small. I want a boy that understands things other's don't. A boy who is good at helping others understand.

I want to help a boy become somebody who's helpful, who wants nothing but good for himself and everybody else around him, and

everybody on the planet he shares, and whatever else might exist out in the vastness of the cosmos.

I want to help a boy become somebody who wants to strive, who wants everything, in a good way. I want a boy who gets it. A boy who isn't afraid to be himself and a boy who isn't afraid of anything.

I want a boy that I can give all of my love to, all of my heart to, all of my soul to. I want to make a boy feel good in more ways than one. In any and all ways you can think of.

I want a boy who's happy. I want to help shape a boy into a boy who's happy. I want to help a boy become happy, find the way to happiness, and understanding, and love, and knowledge, and courtesy, and bravery, and... boyness.

I just want a boy who's a boy... and I want to help make the boy the boy that he is.

There's so much more I could never translate from thought. Everything that goes through my head about boys and the way they are, who they are, what they are.

Boys are the best. Nothing beats them. Not for me, not for the universe, I think.

Boys encapsulate what is good in this existence we live. Boys are something that should be truly understood by all but are only truly understood by so few. Boys represent what it means to be human, what it means to live life, what it means to be yourself. If there's anything that people who are struggling can, and should, fight for: it's boys.

Easter at Grandmother's

By Dragonlover

When I think back over Easters passed, one Easter does stand out. It was the Easter of 1977, when my mother and father decided to leave tradition behind and travel to my grandmother's farm on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, PA.

When my parents told me this news, I recall being ecstatic because I hadn't seen my grandmother since the previous summer, and that meant that I would get to see her again that summer.

Good Friday came, and dad packed our bags, mom and I got into the car, and we took off from the Philadelphia suburbs headed towards the PA Turnpike. I can remember reading each road sign, counting down the exits from 28, where we started, to Exit 8, our destination. And, six hours and 312 miles later, we were pulling into grandmother's gravel driveway.

I was very happy to see her standing on her front porch with hands clasped together in excitement. As soon as the car came to a stop, I flung the car door open and ran into my grandmother's waiting arms. She squeezed my 7-year-old frame so tight I thought I would suffocate! She was a little old lady, but boy did she have strength. Mom came up behind me, with dad following, carrying the bags.

"How was your trip, dears?" Grandmother asked.

"Fine, mom. Hit a bit of construction on the turnpike around Harrisburg, which slowed

things down a bit, but other than that, it was a good trip," my dad said, putting down the bags.

"How have you been, Edna?" Mom asked.

"Oh, you know how it is. I'm 78 years old. Some things are good, a few not so good. But the good outweighs the bad," grandma answered in her Scottish accent. She had come over from Scotland at the age of 15 and never lost her accent.

"Grandmother, do I get to sleep in my regular room?" I asked her.

"Ye certainly do! And I'll be in my room, and your mum and dad will be at your Aunt Ethel and Uncle Earl's trailer. The beds are all made up for tonight," she told us. She was nothing, if not efficient; prepared for any event.

Mom and dad made their way to the trailer, which was just up a hill a bit, and I settled into my room, which was just down the hall from grandmother's room. It was just as I had left it the previous summer. grandmother didn't get many overnight guests.

Upon settling in, grandmother suggested that I go and find my cousin Denise, as she was excited to see me. Denise and I were more like best friends than cousins. When we were together, we were joined at the hip, getting into all kinds of mischief. We had been very close ever since we were infants, according to my mother. So, I took off outside and ran towards the home where Denise lived, with her older brother, Les, Jr., her younger brother, Brian, and her mom and dad, Les, Sr.

and Diane. I knocked politely on the front door.

"Oh my God! Doc! Welcome back," Diane said. "Denise! Doc is here for you!"

Denise came scampering down the steps and to the door. She was just a year younger than me, but she was a strong country girl, having been raised on the farm. After a brief greeting, we took off together, racing to the top of the hill on which the houses sat. Once at the top, the view afforded us was one of splendor; it looked like a painting. We could see for miles over woods, the Houston Creek and over the rolling hills to the adjacent farms with their horses and cattle grazing in the fields.

Scotland. I could tell by the look in her eyes that she was reliving those memories. My dad spoke up.

"Mom, do you remember when I was... oh I guess I was around 9 or so, dad was chasing me around the yard at the old house and I fell in the well?" he said.

"Oh, me dear laddy I was so frightened! I thought ye were going to drown! But, your dear daddy come to the rescue with that rope, remember? He had it in the barn, threw it down to you and pulled you out," grandmother said with pride. "Your father was a lot of things, but you can't say he didn't act when he needed to."



"It sure is pretty up here," Denise said in her Western Pennsylvania drawl.

"Yeah, it sure is," I told her. I never grew tired of going up to the top of that hill, the view was that impressive.

After about a half hour of just looking at the view and catching up, we went back down the hill to grandmother's house. Dinner was just being served.

"Good! You're just in time. Come on in here and sit down at the table," my dad told us.

As we feasted on roast pork and potatoes, we listened to grandmother reminisce about Easters from her childhood in

"You really fell into a well?" I asked dad.

"I sure did. Scared me to death. I was just thankful that the water was kind of warm. It was the summer of... oh... 1931. Me and my dad was playing in the yard and he was chasing me. I ran too far, tripped and fell right in!" he said.

After dinner, I walked Denise back to her house and came back home. It was almost time for bed. My mom and dad went up to the trailer, leaving me and grandmother alone for the first time since our arrival. We sat and talked for a good while.

"Are ye tired, son?" she asked me.

"No, grandmother. I'm not tired at all. Excited about being here I guess," I told her.

"Well. Its past your bedtime. Let me fix you one of grandmother's bedtime drinks," she said. Her bedtime drinks consisted of a glass of milk, with a tablespoon of vanilla extract and a teaspoon of sugar. After drinking that, it would put me right out. And that it did. I was out cold within 10 minutes.

The next day was spent pretty much visiting other relatives and playing with Denise. A very nice Saturday.

And then it was Easter Sunday. Grandmother fixed us a special breakfast, after which I spent that morning and afternoon playing with Denise and Brian. Later that evening we had Easter dinner at grandmother's house, with as many people as she could fit around the table. She told more stories from her childhood, which everyone listened to in total fascination. She had been to so many places, done so many things.

At the end of the night, when everyone had gone home, and as I lay in my bed enjoying the quiet, my parents sat outside on the porch swing whispering private things to each other, all was right with the world. That Easter, I can honestly say was the best Easter of my life, even to this day.

Memory

from 2003

By Adamjohn

Andrew got a call from his mum. "Now that you've got a place of your own, please will you clear out your room? I'd like to rent it out."

He was bit surprised; hurt even that his parents had acted in indecent haste in this final eviction before he had properly settled into his flat. Nonetheless he agreed and on a Saturday turned up at his old home with a few black dustbin bags.

He walked up to his old bedroom and looked back through the drawers, quickly parting with old rubbish until he saw a pink envelope and memories started flooding back.

He remembered things well back on 13th, February 2003. Feeling very nervous he walked into town with a little money he'd earned from his newspaper round. He was thirteen and had some money of his own for the first time.

Intentionally he was alone. He headed for W H Smith, a local newsagents, where he was to negotiate one of the most frightening moments of his life. He walked straight to the shelf selling Valentine's cards with his heart pounding. Until now he had not realised that there was such a thing as gay Valentine's

cards. Just looking caused him a blush and an erection.

He looked around. He saw nobody he knew. He grabbed one and hid it under his navy blue school blazer; the type that is popular in British schools.

He sheepily joined the queue for the

cash desk. A very long two minutes followed.

When he got to the cash desk a

cadaverous white haired lady said flatly,

"One fifty nine please."

She was completely unmoved. Much to

Andrew's relief she did not care what she was

selling him or perhaps she had not noticed.

He walked out of the shop and began to feel

normal again. Whilst walking he looked at the card wondering why something so cheap and simple had caused him so much distress.

When he got home he went straight up to his room and started his homework. It took him about an hour. He struggled to concentrate. Tomorrow's operation was going to be even harder.

He then opened up the card and spent five minutes staring at it. Should he put a question mark or sign it? He deliberated. He decided he wanted something more than a bit

He had not realised there was such a thing as gay valentines cards. Just looking caused him an erection.

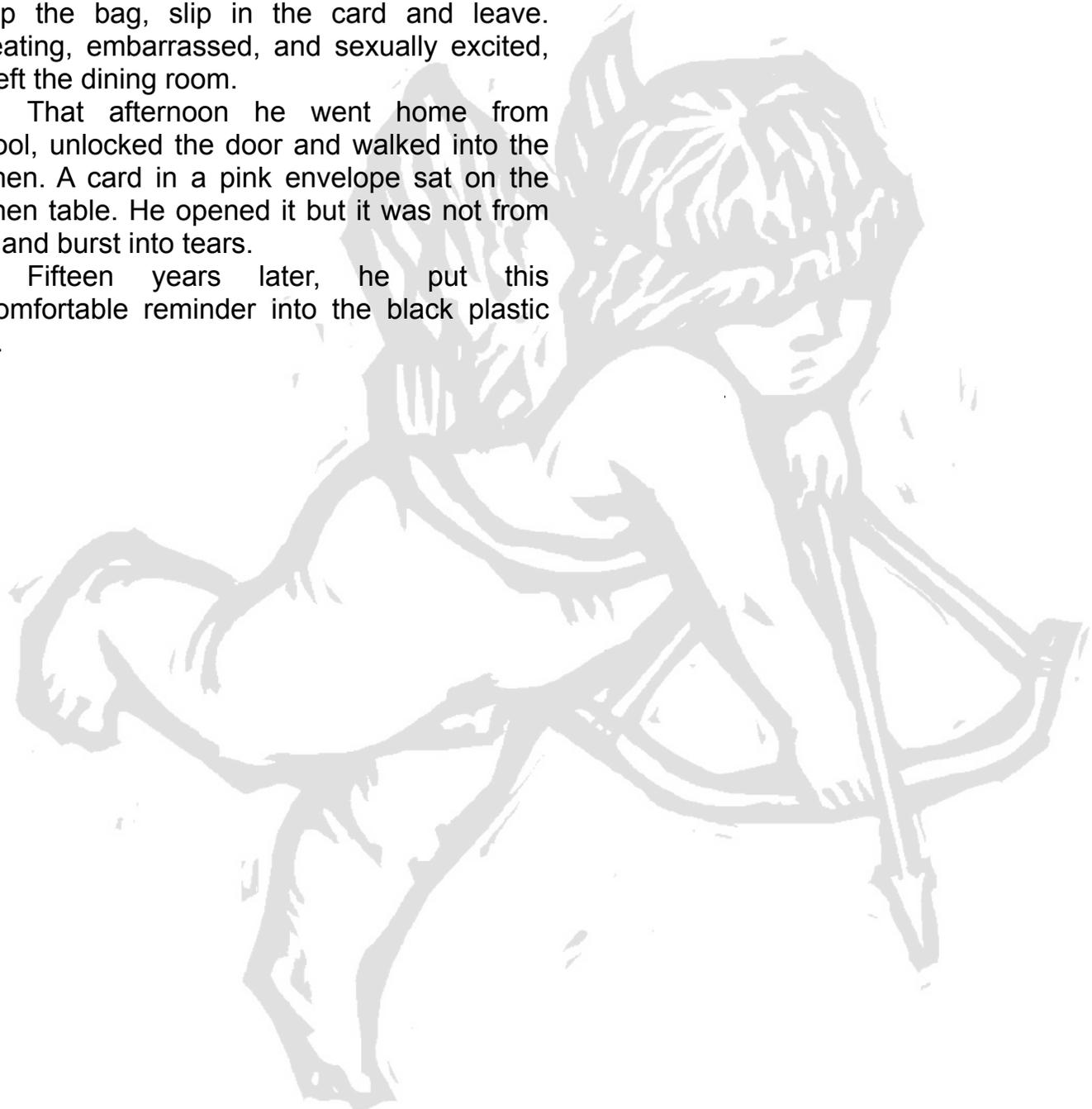
of fun and signed it.

Walking to school the next day, he devised a plan. At break time he would be in the dining room. He would place his black PUMA bag with many others on one side. Whilst he was distracted, Andrew would slip the card into his bag.

When break time came he went to the dining room and he was on the other side of the room with his mates. He coyly slipped Andrew a wave and then looked the other way. In five seconds Andrew had just enough time to unzip the bag, slip in the card and leave. Sweating, embarrassed, and sexually excited, he left the dining room.

That afternoon he went home from school, unlocked the door and walked into the kitchen. A card in a pink envelope sat on the kitchen table. He opened it but it was not from him and burst into tears.

Fifteen years later, he put this uncomfortable reminder into the black plastic bag.



Interview with Kermie

By 420Guy



This interview with Kermie took place in April 2016. Kermie was active in the BL community for many years, and was an owner of Enchanted Island until his passing on October 6th, 2016.

420Guy: How long have you been involved in the BL community, and what was the first board that you joined?

KERMIE: Really started working with BL 20 years ago before the boards came about. Back then it was Yahoo groups that would spring up and be taken down.

420Guy: Would you say things have changed for the better... or the worse for our community over the years?

KERMIE: I doubt there will ever be as many members on BL boards as there once were. Sadly, most have left the idea.

420Guy: Do you think this is because of the number of LEOs and posers who have been in the community over the years? Or is it just a sign of the times?

KERMIE: Sign of the times. Most shy away from boards.

420Guy: Are there any particular projects that you were a part of in the past that you are proud of?

KERMIE: I have worked with some wonderful people over the years. Lost many good friends. I am simply proud they allowed me to learn from them.

420Guy: What were you like as a boy... what sort of activities did you enjoy?

KERMIE: I was a loner. Really didn't have many friends. Played some tennis. Got good enough to play college and teach it some.

420Guy: When did you first realize that you had an attraction to younger boys? How did you deal with those thoughts and emotions?

KERMIE: When I was six or seven, I had a cousin I liked. Since then I was attracted to boys. I hold most of my feelings inside, as many boylovers do.

420Guy: Did you have any childhood sexual encounters?

KERMIE: One when I was six with an eight-year-old cousin. Innocence at the time. Then again when I was 13 with a neighbor of the same age.

420GUY: Have you ever been attracted to the opposite sex, or older males?

KERMIE: Had relations with ladies, but it really was only to keep people from talking.

420GUY: When did you hop into the idea of starting Enchanted Island, and what was the biggest challenge?

KERMIE: I have been working on boards for many years. Seen things I thought would work well and some that did not. About two and a half years ago I decided to create a board.

KERMIE: I may own these boards but they are not about me at all. They are about the staff and members. In creation of EI let me say a

special thanks to Dragonlover my Administrator who helped formulate the board's creation. To Johnny and CQ, my techs. Administrators who spent many hours with all the technical work and to all those who work so hard every day to keep it a special place.

KERMIE: I am honored to have the best in all those fields. And this is just the beginning of the dream.

420GUY: Enchanted Island has many games, contests, and fun little tweaks that make it unique (the URL-redirect message as an example). Do you feel these add an important element to a board?

KERMIE: I am blessed to have some of the best staff and members. We work together to have fun. A board needs to be challenged. Change is a good thing when handled correctly.

420GUY: What is your favorite feature on EI?

KERMIE: The chat seems to be the most popular. It stays active 24/7.

420GUY: One of the projects to come from Enchanted Island is a new BL logo. Can you

tell us why you felt the need for a new logo?

KERMIE: As you know the old triangle came about with little fanfare.

KERMIE: First... the old logo is so well known, I have seen it used on regular television shows.

KERMIE: Second... With so many talented boylovers, I thought, why can't we create something new.

KERMIE: Thirdly... in Ancient times the Christians could be known by the wearing a necklace of a fish emblem. Wouldn't it be nice if we could show our pride one day without everyone knowing what it stood for?

420GUY: WEIRD Radio is another project that you've been working on, can you tell us a little about the station? Where does the name come from?

KERMIE: The station reaches out to bond all the boards and sites as one.

Together we are much stronger than as separate entities. The world hates us, why hate each other?

From the outset, sites have been afraid to even mention one another.

Together we are much stronger than as separate entities. The world hates us... why hate each other? Music is a bond. We can at least share that one fact and grow from there.

KERMIE: A couple of years ago, a member of the Island created a radio station. We supported him. Right from the start I could see how it was a wonderful idea. However he was a busy person and could only do a show every month or two. I knew if you could merge the radio with boards and web sites it could do something special. I offered a few times to purchase his station. He really did not want to sell, which I totally understand. I still love and care about his success. The actual name came from one of my best friends, Bob.

KERMIE: I sought out many for ideas. We wanted to integrate a station where we would have many shows. Interviews with boylovers and others. Speak to authors, leaders, scholars

and professionals.

KERMIE: Radio has the ability to reach people where regular sites can not.

KERMIE: I designed an about the DJs area on the station where we use humor to make people smile.

KERMIE: There is nothing BL about the site other than the programming. We want to show that being a BL is normal. I sought the help of Rob2014, who helped me with the format and programming. Johnny, who spent three or four 18-hour days building the site, and Emerys, who designed the logo and site banner. A huge thanks to all my DJs, who without them we have no station: Dragonlover, Scorpion, Johnny, Rob2014, Zoomzoom4, LtDreamer, Skeeter, and some weirdo named Gorf.

KERMIE: I also need to thank all our sponsor sites who allow us to link the station. We mention them in every live show.

420GUY: Boylove radio... so do the DJs play nothing but boy singers and talk dirty about little boys?

KERMIE: They do not talk dirty at all. They play the types of music they personally enjoy. Some do rock, some jazz. We do have shows that feature boy singers, however each DJ does their own variation.

420GUY: Can anyone listen to WEIRD, or does a person have to register on one of the boards?

KERMIE: Anyone can listen to the WEIRD site.

420GUY: What are your thoughts about groups like Virtuous Pedophiles?

KERMIE: The fact that they stand for loving and caring for boys but never doing anything with them is a good thing. We should be willing to give our lives for a child but NEVER hurt or abuse one in any way.

420GUY: How do you feel about Age of Consent laws? Should they be raised? Lowered? Abolished?

KERMIE: That is dealing with something that allows us to tender the idea of sexual relationships. I don't think we can allow ourselves to fall into that morass. Any answer would seem wrong to some.

420GUY: Will MAPs (minor attracted people) ever gain acceptance in today's society? If so,

to what extent?

KERMIE: In time I believe the hysteria will die down. The money it takes to investigate people is drying up. The best way we can facilitate this is not to allow those on the fringe to get the headlines. 99.9 percent of boylovers would never hurt a soul.

420GUY: Do you have any advice for the young pedophile, who is just coming to terms with his or her attractions?

KERMIE: Do not feel alone. There is nothing wrong with your feelings. There are many places now where you can find others who have the same feelings as you. You are just as "normal" as anyone else.

420GUY: The Boylove Genie materializes before you and grants you three wishes. What will be your wishes?

KERMIE: Be a 10-year-old again. Create a world where BL is accepted as normal. Never let anyone go without "food, health or money."

5 Reasons to Love Boys

By Zoomzoom4

When seeing a boy smile at you as he walks past, making all the stress and strife of your day just melt right away.

When you feel most down and lonely and there are bad things in the news and bad things in your life, and suddenly, out of the blue, the little boy down the street bounces up to you smiling big and exclaiming how you just have to see his new turtle aquarium.

When just hearing the sound of a boy's voice and laughter, or even better several boys together talking and laughing, makes your brain light up and invigorates your spirit.

When you see a young boy and are absolutely stunned by his beauty, leaving you bewildered wondering how and why so many others are completely blind to it.

When a boy says and does such extremely boyish things like, "You're afraid of a grass, aren't you?" as he waves a single blade of grass in front of you. Of course, our reasons to love boys are endless. As boylovers, our love for them is something we hold dear in our hearts as integral parts of our being.



The Reunion

By Realme

I sat in a far corner of the café, fidgeting and checking my watch. I hadn't seen Brian in seven years, and today I finally would.

We had met when he was nine and a little slip of a boy. I had watched him grow, helped him grow, into a fine teenager of sixteen. Just as I was becoming increasingly unsettled about him passing out of my age of attraction, disaster struck. His father got a transfer out of state. We had only been in contact via email and social media since then.

But even through Facebook I had watched him grow, and from his emails learned of his path into young adulthood — brief experiments with girls, final acceptance that he only liked men, graduation, university. And now he was 23, a fine young man at the beginning of a promising career. He had flown back to his old hometown specifically to see me.

I was terrified. I knew he still loved me, he had always said so and the insecurity I had felt in the early phase of our relationship had long since fallen away, but so much was different now. He'd become an adult. I was well into middle age. He had had other lovers. I had had other young friends. But we had both been each other's first true love. I knew that could never change, but still I felt terrified. So many years. What had changed that I didn't know about?

And then he came through the door. That old familiar face, now broadened and coarsened by manhood. That slim frame now broad-shouldered and strong. And so tall! He'd still been growing at sixteen. Now he had grown taller than me.

I blushed. Stood up. He recognized me immediately, despite the big bald patch that had appeared since we had last seen each other.

He hurried over. We embraced and he gave me a kiss on the cheek. He let out a little laugh and rubbed the top of my head. Just as the insecurity welled up within me he whispered, "It's so good to see you." His warm breath wafted over my face, bringing back so many sweet memories.

I could only smile, not trusting my voice to remain steady. It felt good to see him too, even though he looked different, smelled different. He was a different person, and the same person. He would always be special.

As we sat down, the waitress came up to us. "I'll have a black coffee, please," he told her.

I remembered the first time he had tried coffee. He had been eleven. I was enjoying my morning brew in the kitchen when he came out of the bedroom rubbing his eyes, his knobby little knees poking out from beneath the hem of one of my t-shirts. He used to love wearing my

He was a different person, and the same person. He would always be special.

shirts to bed. That and nothing else. He came padding up, his slim smooth calves and little bare feet catching my eye and making my heart skip a beat.

“Can I try your coffee?” He had asked.

“Here you go.”

He had taken a bit gulp like it was a soda, scrunched up his face, and spat it across the tile floor.

As the waitress brought him his coffee, he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

“I wonder where they keep the mop,” he said.

He remembered. One funny moment among countless funny moments, and touching moments, and other moments. Reading between the lines of his coded emails, it seemed he remembered them all.



He had looked at me ruefully, expecting me to shout at him like his parents always did, but instead I laughed. That had been too cute for me to get angry. I had pulled out the mop from the closet and showed him how to fill the bucket with hot water and the right amount of tile cleaner. Then we mopped the floor together.

A trivial thing, teaching him how to mop a floor, just one of the thousand things a boy needs to learn before he becomes a man. I taught him so many things, but he gave back to me tenfold.

I sure did.

We sipped our drinks, for a minute at a loss for what to say.

“What do you want to do while you’re here?” I asked lamely. Three blessed days.

He grinned. “All the old haunts—the natural history museum, the park, the beach.”

“So you still like dinosaurs, baseball, and sharks?” I asked.

His hand strayed underneath the table and found my knee.

“I still like you.”

My eyebrows went up in mock surprise.

“Aren’t I too old for you?” I asked.

He squeezed my knee. “You’ll never be too old.”

I flushed, my whole body growing warm. It was our old, familiar joke. Then he added something new. His face fell and he whispered, “But I’m too old for you.”

I bit my lip. What could I say? His shoulders had become too broad, and those jeans hid legs now covered with black hair. His

I had let him go...He had moved on as I always knew he would and I had accepted that.

face showed a trace of the stubble he had shaved that morning. He was a young man, not a boy. The boy I had desired was long gone.

“I still love you,” I told him with conviction. “I always will.”

“I know,” he replied, pressing his leg against mine under the table. “I’d like to take you somewhere tonight. I’m hoping you’ll do something for me.”

“Anything,” I said, and meant it.

“Look.”

He pulled out his phone and brought up a website. I cocked my head in surprise. It was for a gay sauna.

“You go to those places?” I asked.

“Not much. Mostly I hook up with guys I meet at clubs.”

Jealousy roiled within me. But why be jealous? I had let him go. His own aging into manhood and put him beyond the physical part of our relationship. He had moved on as I always knew he would and I had accepted that.

“You have to be careful in those places,” I said.

“I am. I always check the guys out and

use protection, just like you taught me.”

“And you want to take me there? I’m not really into that.”

He laughed. “Of course not! You have to be eighteen to go in. Nothing for you there. But look.”

The sauna’s website had photos of the interior. Studly men, no doubt models or local porn stars, swam in an indoor pool or lounged in the sauna and steam room and Jacuzzi. Others lay on padded mats inside cubicles, giving the camera come-hither looks.

“Brian, that really isn’t my kind of place,” I said.

He leaned forward, fixing those sparkling eyes on mine. Those, at least, hadn’t changed.

“I know, but I want to spend some time there with you. I won’t go off with anyone else and I don’t expect you to either. I want to swim naked in that pool with you, and sit in the Jacuzzi with you. I want us to give each other backrubs in one of the cubicles, and I want to hug and kiss you. I want to do all the stuff we used to do, but this time we won’t have to hide. Everyone can see us and we’ll have nothing to fear.”

His lovely young man’s face wavered in my vision as my eyes filled with tears. My desire for him might have faded, but my love for him swelled up like never before. In all these years his devotion to me had never faltered. There had been other boys for me in the meantime — a few fleeting moments and a couple of fine friendships, but nothing had endured like me and Brian.

I leaned across the table and planted a kiss on his lips for the first time in seven years.

We left the café holding hands, headed for the sauna.

Oh Gypsy Boys!

By LtDreamer

Oh Gypsy Boys!

Rove over the countryside in canary-colored caravans,
jostling the bridles of your steaming steeds.

Gypsy boys pour forth from their caravans,
barefoot with their foot-pads encrusted in moil.

Gypsy Boys yank their sleek azul-ebony hair into ponytails.
that curl like question marks upon the napes of their tender necks.

Gypsy boys chortle and carouse,
stuffing twisted brindled branches,
beneath tongues of flames,
fomenting the roars of lusty campfires,
as they warble in sopranos voices their delirious incantations.

Gypsy boys tango in the dance of flames,
and display their tender wares.

"Cross my palm with silver and I'll tell you your fortune,"
say the wicked tiny gypsy boys with flashing teeth,
glinting gold earrings and lips like rubies with emerald eyes.

Mellow is he that lives on glittering shores,
of lapping lapis lazuli waves where gypsy boys gather around,
the aching embers of their campfires.

Gypsy boys swirl in summer bliss.

As they toast their meals and,
chortle anthems of long forgotten lore.

Oh Gypsy Boys!

Internet Safety in the Boyllove World

Part 1

By FalseAlias

Being a boylover is no easy task. It's a lot to hide how you feel for another adult, and of course that eats at you quite a bit until you let it out too. It's far worse having to keep that sort of thing to yourself when you feel for a child. It's really difficult, because telling anyone risks you never seeing that child again.

We have the Internet, a huge advantage that many boylovers in the past could never use. It's a great thing, but it's also extremely dangerous. Say the wrong thing and you get found by LEOs and then you never see any boy ever again. Do the wrong thing and you never see outside a prison cell again.

Maybe I'm the paranoid guy, but safety is important and I'd rather help people be safe (or over-safe) than to see people disappear because of a lack of safety. We won't ever tell you what to do, but we do have some recommendations that are really important if you want to make sure you're not found.

1. Use Tor, or a VPN.

On the Internet, you can be traced. When you connect to a website, information gets sent to your ISP and the website you're connecting to. It's important that we recognise

who gets what bits of information.

Your ISP is your main means of connection to the Internet. They know your IP address all the time, and you can't anonymise that from your ISP because they're the ones who give you an IP address in the first place.

Your ISP also knows your home address, phone number, email address, and various other bits of information.

I am not sure about American ISPs but British ISPs are required by law to log your Internet activity for up to a year minimum. If you're not protected by Tor or a VPN, this information includes: Your real IP

address, who's using this IP address (aka you), when this specific action happened, and what domain/IP connected to your IP address.

In summary, your ISP knows what websites you visit but NOT what you do on them. Tor and VPNs mask this because it routes ALL of your internet to a specific point before it is routed to the rest of the Internet. Your ISP only sees this specific point where it was sent to.

Why should I use Tor or a VPN?

The boyllove world is not exactly safe. If someone finds out you're a boylover, you are very likely to lose your job. You will lose a lot of

British ISPs are required by law to log your Internet activity for up to a year minimum.

your friends and probably family too, and you'll never be able to recover from the damages done both socially and professionally.

If an ISP thinks your behaviour is suspicious, they'll flag it. That might result in further investigation, and because your ISP knows your home address that dreaded knock on the door.

"But I don't do anything illegal! The websites I visit are all clean!"

They really don't care. If ANY member of that website is doing anything illegal, even if it's not on that website, they're probably being monitored. If they get caught, by extension ANYONE they've had contact with instantly becomes a suspect. That includes you, and if you're not doing what you can to protect yourself then you too could experience that dreaded knock.

If you plan on learning more about Tor specifically, please check out

<https://www.torproject.org/> and if you plan on using Tor then use Tor Browser. The Tor Browser has been designed to work the best with Tor and is the most secure to use if you want to mask your IP.

Disclaimer: Tor and a VPN are NOT all you need to be safe. Consider reading up more on how to be safe and anonymous online.

2. Communicate safely!

One of the things which catches boylovers out is they think they're being safe with how they communicate but they really aren't. Certain communication channels are monitored and some aren't, so there's a few general recommendations that you should follow.

There's some rules which are generally good to follow (but not required). They're there for safety, because following them ensures

you're using a safe communications program.

- Only use open-source communication programs. Tox is a good example.
- Make sure the program is encrypted or sends messages with encryption. Again, I refer to Tox. Also, make sure this encryption cannot be turned off.

- Make sure there's an option to either 1. Disable chat history completely, or 2. Delete all chat history permanently and instantly.
- Make sure it's 100% true p2p, with no "middle-man" relays. Your messages should be sent direct to the other person, and NEVER anywhere else. Never to a server where they wait for this person to come online, even if it's encrypted.

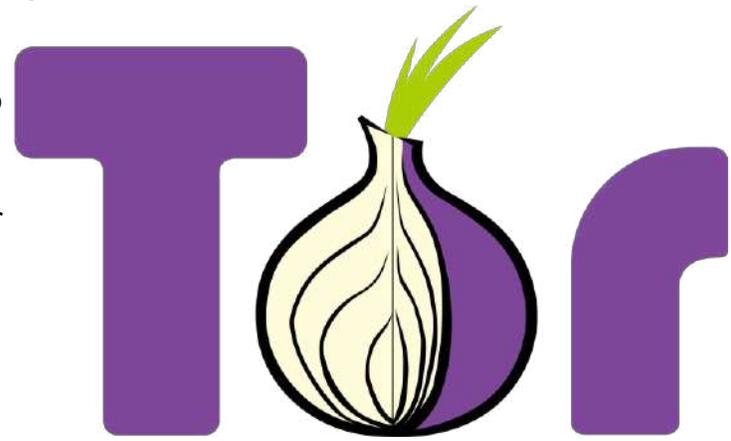
Now personally, I'd opt for Tox because it does all of those. Tox does not store messages on a server before delivering them so if the other person is offline when you send the message, they will never get the message at all. It is always encrypted, and you can even route Tox through Tor with proxy settings as an additional layer of protection. There are options to disable chat history (which I strongly recommend using), and it is all open source.

You can read more about Tox here:
<https://tox.chat/>

That's not all though. There are some specific services you should avoid, even if you claim to be safe and clean. Suspicion is all they need before they start monitoring you.

Skype is known for monitoring conversations and they can even record voice calls. In 2014, various articles provided by Edward Snowden proved that the NSA had full access to Skype's voice, video, text and file sharing services. The NSA could monitor

Tor and a VPN are NOT all you need to be safe.



anyone, and everyone. You'd never even know you were being monitored. Microsoft gave the NSA decryption keys to Skype's p2p communications in 2011, and since then the NSA has monitored Skype.

Would they be interested in you? I'm sure some people would. Actually, a lot. If they think you're a paedophile and/or are going to abuse a child, they'll ring the alarms. Everyone in society would jump at the chance to stop a paedophile if they could.

There's an easy way to find out more about this. Simply search "Skype spying NSA" on Google.

3. Disable Windows 10 Telemetry

This is particularly important. Windows 10 collects a lot of data about you, and by default a lot of these things you cannot disable. To provide a "small" list, here's some of the stuff Microsoft can collect about you from your computer:

- ALL of your system specs (RAM, GPU, CPU, Motherboard/Mainboard make and model, storage capacity, and so on).
- Networks you are connected to (and how many other devices are visible on that network).
- Your MAC address, which is MORE UNIQUE than your IP address.
- Everything you type.
- Everything on your start menu.
- Everything you searched through your start menu.
- Websites you visit.
- Personalisation settings.
- Default programs for certain tasks (such as playing music or video, or for browsing the Internet).
- Your location (which can be extracted from your IP address, or from your router's IP address which Windows will ALWAYS know even if you use Tor or a VPN).

There's a lot more, but that's just the start of the list really. Microsoft say this is diagnostic data. PLEASE read the full list here (and remember, that list is NOT complete):

<https://docs.microsoft.com/en-us/windows/configuration/windows-diagnostic-data-1703#common-data>

Fortunately, there is something you can do about this. While the Windows 10 settings let you disable some of the invasive data collection they do, it is not all. There are still a huge number of things you can't turn off without third-party assistance.

There's a program called "Shutup 10" which allows you to turn off a lot of this data collection. I recommend you download it, and carefully go through the list making sure you turn off what you don't want and leave on what you do want.

You can download Shutup 10 from here: <https://www.oo-software.com/en/shutup10>

Recommendation: Leave Windows Update ENABLED as this means you still receive important security updates and such. After every update, run Shutup 10 again as Windows changes some of these settings during the update.

Conclusion!

This is obviously not all you need to be safe. There's so much more to cover, but to do it here would be so difficult because I can only say so much before you get confused. This doesn't even begin to cover how you yourself need to make sure you're not accidentally saying too much too. That's for a different day though.

You are more than welcome to email me (FalseAlias) with questions at falsealias [at] ethosonline.net. I cannot promise to know the answers to every question, and what I've said here is simply what I would recommend to everyone in the BL community. If you know reason to discontinue any of these recommendations I'm all ears to hearing it out.

In Ethos Issue 8 I will talk about encryption and making encrypted volumes (and encrypting your drive), securely deleting data, and how to keep your friends safer too.

boys the funniest things say

By Blues

My four-year-old son was in the bathroom with the door closed. I knocked and asked, "What's going on in there?" He replied, "Nothing, it's just me and my penis."

Son and I are playing catch. I have a terrible throw that sails over his head. I say, "Sorry, that was a bad throw." He stops, gives me a kind look and says, "No daddy, that was a wonderful throw." Then takes 2 steps towards getting the ball. He stops again, turns back around and says, "When we say something nice, even when we don't mean it at all, that's called being polite, right?"

I was putting my son to bed when he was about 5, and after the bedtime story, right when I was tucking him in and turning out the light, he said "Nipples. I love 'em. What about you?" with this totally serious expression. It took major effort to remain composed and try to make it look like I was taking his question seriously.

Overheard in a first grade classroom: "Well when my Mom and Dad practice wrestling I get to eat a whole bowl of ice cream and watch whatever movie I want."

I gave my son a timeout from swords, light sabers, guns and (Thor) hammers due to him being too violent/aggressive. After about 10 minutes of quiet, I went to check on him and found him building with his Legos. After I told him that I was proud of him for listening, I asked him what he was building. He told me he was building an ultimate Lego weapon so that he could destroy me.





Lighting my First Candle

By Realme

This past December, I celebrated International Boylove Day for the first time. On December 21, boylovers worldwide light a blue candle as a symbol of the love they have for boys, as a sign of solidarity for boylovers both free and imprisoned, and as an act of defiance against a hostile world.

My preparations for this day were simple. I made sure I would be alone, because for me it would be a day of reflection. It would have been nice to have a young friend with me, but sadly none were available. The day before, I went around town looking for a blue candle. I wanted a navy blue one, deciding to leave the baby blue candles for the little boy lovers.

Oddly, I tried several shops and couldn't find a single blue candle. Had there been a run on the supply because of a huge demand by boylovers around the city? Were store managers scratching their heads wondering why everyone was buying blue

candles all of a sudden? I'd like to think so.

So instead of a blue candle I had to settle for a white one. As a minor attracted person (both boys and girls), I've long since become accustomed to compromising on my desires. It's a lovely candle, though, its white color a symbol of my pure intentions. Ha! Yes, we can laugh about that, but actually my intentions, while partially sexual, are as pure as that of a devoted married couple. I want to nurture and encourage my young friends. While I find them physically attractive, my interest in them is not solely or even primarily sexual. A tween boy's grace, his enthusiasm, and his love of life are all equally attractive to me.

On the morning of December 21, I woke up with one thought on my mind—that hundreds, maybe thousands of boylovers all over the globe would celebrate this day with me. The few I know I'm only acquainted with through anonymous online chatrooms. The vast

I woke up with one thought on my mind—that hundreds, maybe thousands of boylovers all over the globe would celebrate this day with me

majority is and always will be strangers. I wish that could be different.

I went into my living room where I had set the candle the previous evening and, with a quiet heart and a clear mind, lit it. Such a simple act, but such a powerful one too. As I looked into that little dancing flame I thought of all my fellow boylovers—those who live lives of loneliness and self-recrimination, those who have been persecuted for their orientation, and those lucky ones who are nurturing young friends.

And I thought of myself and all the progress I've made since 2016. At the beginning of that year I still was in hiding within myself. I knew I was a minor attracted person but shunted that part of my identity aside. I had never done anything illegal, but I couldn't shake the feeling that my desires were by their very nature wrong. Then, early in year, I stumbled across the novel *Sandel*, by Angus Stewart. This was the first time I had read a novel that dealt honestly with boylove. Unlike *Lolita* and similar novels, it does not end in tragedy. The older partner nourishes the younger partner, and receives love and devotion in return. At the same time the author does not turn a blind eye to the troubles and dangers facing an intergenerational relationship.

Intrigued, I googled the book and came across Tom O'Carroll's review of *Sandel* on his blog. From that blog I learned of his book *Pedophilia: A Radical Case*, which led me to the IPCE website and its wonderful database of writings.

But during all this a more seismic shift happened in my life. I met Watersprite. I will not go into detail about how I fell head over heels in love with that wonderful 13 year old boy, and how that love was returned (in legal fashion), except to say that everything I was beginning to realize got validated. It is possible for an adult and a minor to fall in love. It is possible for that attraction to be healthy and mutually supportive. It is possible for it to endure.

Sadly, Watersprite lives in another state, so I had to learn another hard lesson about the life of the boylover—that our desires are

constantly being thwarted. It's a tough lesson to learn, but Watersprite's bright nature, and a few subsequent visits, have buoyed my spirits.

Since then I have made a study of intergenerational love, devouring many of the academic articles on the IPCE site as well as magazines such as *Ethos* and *PAN*. I have had several fleeting boymoments with various boys, and have begun to develop the beginnings of a relationship with Soccerboy, a fun-loving kid in my hometown. I have also taken the big step of getting on some of the message boards and reaching out to my fellow MAPs. They've taught me so much.

I thought of all this as I looked at my little candle. I thought of how last December 21, I hadn't even heard of this holiday, and I thought about how I much I have progressed since that time.

Where will I be next December 21? How many times will I get to see the rapidly aging Watersprite in 2018? How will my budding relationship with Soccerboy develop? Will I make new young friends?

I don't know, but I do know one thing. I will continue to study, I will continue to reach out to my fellow MAPs, and I will continue to strive to be the best adult friend I can be.

And that's what this holiday is all about.



**That's
your lot
folks!**

