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# HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR  
THE MACHO MALE

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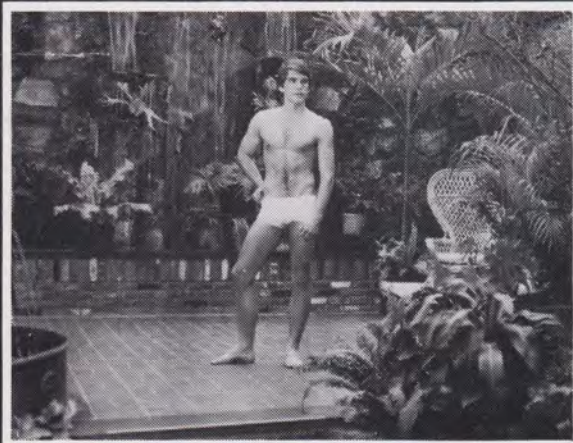


SPECIAL REPORT: THE LEATHER SCENE 



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EDITORIAL

# HONCHO POTENTIAL

Photograph by Arthur Tress

Honcho potential in politics? Last month, in our premiere issue, we wrote about New York's new mayor, Ed Koch, whose first official move when he took office in January was to ban discrimination against homosexuals in all city agencies such as the police and fire departments. In California, a boycott by gays, women and unions has had considerable effect on the sale of Coor's Beer. While the attempted boycott against orange juice may not be as successful and while protest against Anita Bryant's anti-gay activism did not prevent her from being re-signed as spokesperson for the Florida Citrus Commission, the backlash against this benighted bigot has been impressive.

We are all tired of Anita Bryant. But the long-term reverberations of her anti-gay crusade deserve scrutiny. In a recent interview in *The New York Times*, Bryant complained that the controversy swirling around her has caused her to lose every secular professional booking as a singer/entertainer. She was replaced by Rita Moreno as commentator on the Orange Bowl Parade television show. She reports that she is heckled regularly, has had her shows repeatedly disrupted, and has been hit in the face by a much publicized pie. "Nobody ever said a bad thing about me in my life," she lamented to *The Times*. "It was hard to understand the viciousness. All of a sudden, nobody would touch me."

Understandably, we think. She claims to have lost half her income because of flagging bookings, something she might have considered before she took to her hellfire-and-brimstone soapbox of hatred and persecution. Her career now consists basically of singing and preaching at

rural revivals held in small town gymnasiums, with her payment coming from contributions collected in buckets passed through the congregation. She sings hymns interspersed with outright plugs for orange juice, once observing, "I know something even better than vitamin C—try Christ! He'll make the difference in your life." Toward the end of her shows, she has resorted to an impassioned appeal to any gays in the audience, as well as "idolaters, fornicators and adulterers." She's fond of lumping various disconnected types of humanity into one pile, without any intelligent explanation as to why or how. She even said she favored making homosexuality a federal offense but admitted she didn't have the legal expertise as to how such laws could be enacted or enforced.

A couple of good things have resulted from this miasma of hypocrisy and Bible-beating without logic. Anita Bryant has united the gay communities of America with unprecedented fierceness. This past year witnessed a larger-than-ever turnout for Gay Liberation parades all across the country. Gays had a definite target for their demands for human equality and decency, and Bryant unwittingly provided them with just such a vehicle. It was a superlative backlash of the best kind.

A final note: In one of her more profound observations, Bryant claimed that if God had wanted *that* He would have put Adam and Bruce, not Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden. Not a bad idea. In fact, it inspired our special feature about men together, "Adam and Bruce," beginning on page 47.

Adam and Bruce. Men together. Honcho men. Thanks for uniting us, Saint Anita.



FICTION

THE

SUBMISS

By Steve Ross • Photograph by Don Hanover

Michael Richardson stared at his

image in the mirror, wondering what was wrong. He started to run his fingers through his tousled blond hair, then stopped short, staring at his fingers. He brought them to his nose and smelled the faint sex smell on them.

He turned the water on, adjusted its warmth, then washed his hands, never taking his eyes from his face. He was handsome, he knew, and he knew that people desired him. But something was wrong, and the man in the next room, the man sprawled naked against the sextangled sheets where they had just made love, knew it, too.

Michael splashed water on his face, streaked his fingers through his hair, thinking about it, remembering.

The man—his name was Ron—had gotten up to get two more beers and, when he came back to the bed, he had found Michael lying on his stomach, the rounded arcs of his firm buttocks catching the light provocatively. Ron had set the beers down, and his hand reached out to touch Michael's buttocks. He cupped the warm flesh contours gently, and moved upward, then back down. He heard Michael's sharp intake of breath, his face twisted sideways on the crumpled pillow.

His legs between Michael's thighs, Ron caressed the ass cheeks gently, then firmer, then bent to touch his tongue to the warmly inviting crack.



ION





**He remembered both of the men he had just seen in the bar, both of them huge, hairy, muscled men, with huge upthrust things and deep bass voices. Men's men, honchos—and look what they were doing to each other, with no guilt and no hangups... They were free.**

Michael was clean, and the smell was tart and manly. Ron's tongue snaked out, felt the light fleece of hairs in the shadowed crack, plunged inward. Michael groaned, his head tossing on the pillow, his breath ragged with excitement. The tongue persisted, funneling into him, making him flex excitedly.

But then Michael knew. He knew the tongue, its sexy touches, were just a prelude. Maybe not, he thought, maybe...

But Michael was right. The tongue disappeared, he felt Ron moving into place behind him, and he suddenly felt the prod of the hot, hard cock at his ass, pushing. He scissored his legs shut.

"I don't get fucked."

Immediately the touch of flesh on flesh disappeared. Michael had his eyes closed and he didn't know what Ron was doing. He opened his eyes. He still couldn't see Ron, so he rolled over, on his back.

Ron lay back, looking detached, lighting a cigarette. He inhaled, then slowly exhaled.

"Just like that," Ron said.

"Everything's happening so naturally, so *right*, you and me and *us*, and suddenly you tighten up, suddenly it's I-don't-get-fucked time."

Michael looked at Ron's cock, still half hard, still poking out, huge and sexy, from the black wiretangle of hair at his groin. The cock still wanted him, but the man's eyes were cold.

Michael stood. "That's right. That's exactly right. It's *right*, and then something in me tightens and..." He felt naked and vulnerable and crossed his arms across his chest, as if that could somehow partially shield his nakedness. He hurried to the bathroom.

And now he stood there, looking at his handsome image, wondering what was wrong with him, and why. Behind him in the mirror he saw Ron, who leaned against the door jamb.

"Why does it matter, whether I get fucked or not? Why the fuck does it matter? I suppose you're going to tell I'm missing something fantastic, I suppose you're going to say..."

"I'm not going to say anything except this: You're fucked up."

He flicked the cigarette into the toilet bowl where it hissed.

"Thanks." Michael brushed past Ron. "It's been a *lovely* evening."

Dressed and back in the street again, he headed across town toward the Chelsea dockside bars. Michael

was miserable, wondering why he couldn't let things happen naturally, why things couldn't go all the way. And he was remembering the things that had fucked him up, he *knew* what they were, but that didn't seem to help...

He remembered seeing the movie *Moulin Rouge* with his sister, when he was a child, he remembered the bright flash of skirts flung up, the sassy music of Offenbach, and he remembered how happy he was. Back at his sister's house, he started kicking; he was singing the Offenbach music and kicking his leg as high as he could. He suddenly realized that someone was watching him. He turned. His sister's husband Jim was standing, watching him, an amazed look on his face. "You better shape up, kid, and stop that sissy shit." Michael was seven years old, but the incident was crystal clear in his memory. Jim's look and his own happiness and the words that shattered him.

He could catalogue a whole list of similar incidents, incidents when various people had let him know what was expected of him, how to act, how to speak, what to do. Or, more precisely, what *not* to do. He was always doing the wrong thing.

And he had quit playing with the other kids, because he always did the wrong thing, and they laughed.

He wasn't effeminate, but he was different. He had always known it, and his mother had always known it, too. She protectively shielded him from his father's butch wrath. "He's just a child, for God's sake. What do you expect? Michael's just a child."

When child Michael became man Michael, he was still different. And when a man's stiff, prodding cock touched him back there, his legs scissored shut.

Michael turned from 23rd Street, south into Tenth Avenue, and headed for the backroom bar where he'd met Ron two hours earlier. An hour to go before closing time.

His mind was doing an instant replay of everything that had happened earlier.

Beer in hand, Michael has crossed between the chains that hung down across the entrance to the bar's dark back room. He'd already had six beers and needed a piss. Above the urinal hung a single red bulb that flattered flesh, making everyone look good. He set his beer on a ledge, and took out his cock. The sexual atmosphere



made it surge slightly, but he needed to piss and he forced the piss out. It shot out, diluted and forceful, splattering the white porcelain. He heard someone enter and turned slightly to glance: green army fatigues, hauling out a man-sized cock. The man eyed Michael's strong spurting prick and as his own stream started, he reached his right hand out, touched Michael's firmly muscled stomach and moved his hand upward to Michael's chest.

"Hairless," the man said. "I like that. I'd like to lick you all over, armpits and all, everywhere. Would you like that?"

Michael stood, mesmerized by the man's dark handsomeness, his fiercely daring dark eyes.

"Yes," Michael said, looking down at the man's outjutting cock, its startling thickness, the riot of black hairs that curled out around its base and grew an inch or so up the shaft.

"You like my big hairy dick," the man laughed, his voice low.

"Yes," Michael said, acquiescing.

Together, they left the bar and walked up to 23rd and across to Sixth Avenue, not talking much, their very silence a sort of strong male bonding.

"Second floor," the man said, holding the door open. "My name's Ron."

"Michael," said Michael, stopping in the stairwell. Ron reached out and pulled Michael to him, roughly, his mouth opening, his tongue thrusting into Michael's mouth, imperatively.

"Get your ass up those stairs."

The man's commanding tone thrilled Michael. Everything in him was responding. Yes, yes, this is this sort of thing I want, yes. No games, no coy v:ho's-going-to-dowhat-to-whom, none of that shit.

"I like your big, hairy dick," Michael said, shocking himself.

"Come on up and grab onto it, then," the man said.

In the apartment, Ron almost pushed Michael onto a black leather sofa, then sank to his knees on the floor between his outslung thighs. He unzipped Michael's pants, tugged at the cock, pulled out the balls, bent down to tongue them, then stood quickly.

"Get my cock out."

Michael looked up at him, then started to say, "Make me."

But he didn't.

He reached forward and unzipped Ron's fly, feeling the hardness beneath the layer of denim.

It plopped out, big and thick and hairy, right in front of his face. He put one hand out and milked it, forcing a clear drop of precum out of the tip. It glistened in the light, that one pearl of sex juice. Michael's tongue flicked out and took it, his hand went around Ron's narrow hips and he pulled the man's body to him, taking the whole cock, chokingly.

"Easy," Ron said, pulling back. "Get up."

Michael stood and Ron pulled the denim jacket off him, skinned the white t-shirt up over his head. "Get naked and get in bed in there," Ron said, his voice still matter-of-factly commanding.

Michael went into the bedroom, where immense mirrors reflected everything. When Ron appeared, he handed Michael a beer.

"I don't want a beer."

"Sure you do. It makes you piss."

Michael looked up, surprised. "Oh."

"Oh," the man said, not really mimicking him, but slightly sarcastic.

"If you want, I'll drink both of them," the man said. Michael knew what *that* meant, and decided he'd drink the beer himself. He vaguely sensed that he was getting in over his head, he vaguely knew that a time was going to come when he would have to say no...

He wasn't ready, he just wasn't ready...

The man was on his knees on the bed, and his thick-wristed, hairy arms shot forward to grab Michael's head. He pulled Michael's head to his hairy chest, cradling him against him, almost as you would comfort a child. Michael felt the sexy prickle of the man's black chest hair against his smooth cheek, he smelled the sexy sweat smell, he pulled back and looked up at the man's face.

Strong-jawed, his full sensual lips topped with a black mustache, his eyes blazingly dark, the man pulled Michael to him, his rough hands on Michael's smooth, light-skinned shoulders.

"Hairless," the man whispered. "I'm going to lick you all over, see if you're hairless all over."

Forcefully, he thrust Michael away from him, and Michael sprawled backward on the bed. The man was suddenly on top of him, wrestling him down, his darting tongue seeking and finding Michael's armpit. Michael squirmed, struggling, but the big dark man's arms held him. The man's mouth moved to a nipple, his tongue

Continued to page 22

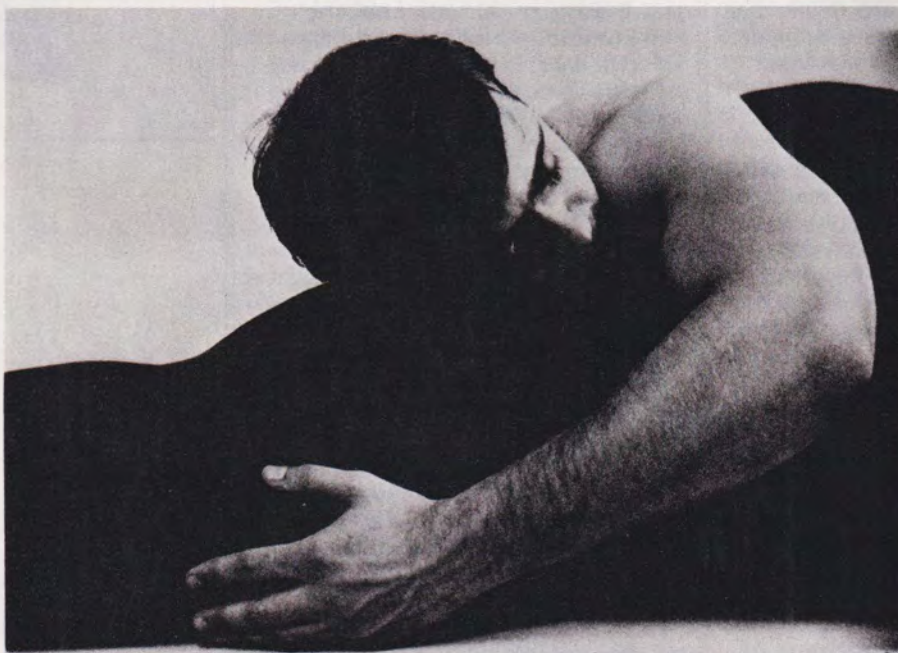




## POETRY

# 7:15 P.M.

By Robert Maurice Riley  
Photographs by Carloh



When he calls  
I hear a trumpet that rings in my ear  
Like the curving wind  
In New Orleans summer.  
I hear the rush of a world in back of him  
Stop Breathe and Arrange  
To break and free itself.

"...gee whiz, guy!" he calls to me  
From the reasoning of his White world  
Where everything is bold and ignored  
Or educated and private. "I can't see why  
You won't see me tonight," he whines  
From the walls of his Brooks Brothers blues.

I got to go to work, I say.  
I got to go to bed  
So I can go to sleep  
So I can get up and go  
Drive that man around...  
"I'll take you to work in the morning."  
I hear a bald plea in his voice, "Please?"

Once inside my walls of low incensed music  
I hold him in my strong black arms.  
My soul soars free as an eagle  
And he becomes the king he really is.

The poem "7:15 P.M." is an exclusive excerpt from a collection of Mr. Riley's poems called *Lovers*, scheduled for publication in the spring. *Lovers* will be available from bookstores throughout the country or may be ordered for \$5., directly from the publisher: John/Juan Publications, 10 Stuyvesant Oval, Suite 11-A, New York, N.Y. 10009.







Photograph by Colt; Illustration by Jhon Eisdorfer



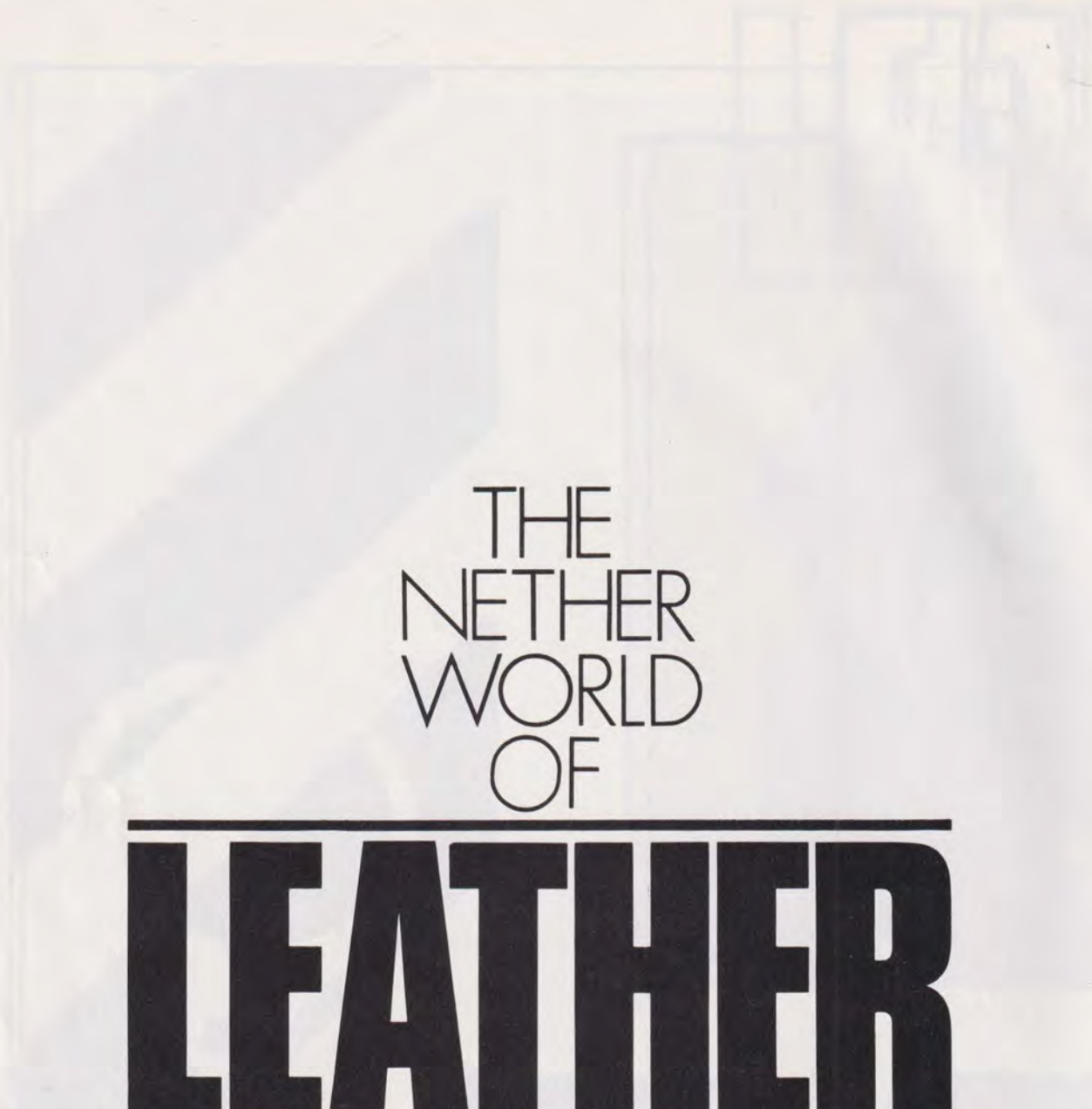


# HONCHO



An exclusive  
24-page  
*Honcho* feature  
on leathersex





# THE NETHER WORLD OF --- **LEATHER**

The nether world of leather. More and more men, coast to coast, have that levis-and-leather look of macho sexuality. The illustration at right is an ultimate statement on the extremes of leathersex, of course. While violence is not always a part of the scene, to ignore its presence would be naive. Many men prefer simply the light touch of leather against their skin, achieved by wearing leather jackets or chaps. Yet others seek something much more, a ritual drama of dominance and submission. Yet another aspect of the leather scene is depicted in the following two-page spread, and you can bet your boots those initials don't stand for "Future Farmers of America"!

Where does a neophyte begin? How is one introduced to this new sort of erotica? On pages 18-21, we show a young man alone, savoring the feel of leather for the first time. He chose to be by himself when posing for photographer Don Hanover, experimenting with great curiosity as he examined the sexual and sensual potential of black leather and a studded belt. He is a novice just awakening himself to an entirely new and daring world. Perhaps from there he will progress to being the master, but only after he has paid his dues.

The association of motorcycles with leather is shown on pages 16-17. Colt Studios has long had a reputation for excellence in photographing men and

their machines. Their pioneering in this field has never been surpassed, and *Honcho* takes pride in reproducing their landmark work.

Our *Honcho* fashion feature entitled "Stormy Leather," beginning on page 23, will show you clearly what gear to wear, how to wear it, as well as where to purchase it. You'll learn there's much more to the scene than just a leather jacket and boots. Our three models are shown in a wide variety of clothing and toys ranging from dog quirts and wrist-to-thigh restraints to chaps and nipple clamps. It's, for many, a fantasyland come to fruition and it opens the doors to an unlimited potential for new thrills. Don't take the subject lightly. Hit it, stud!



















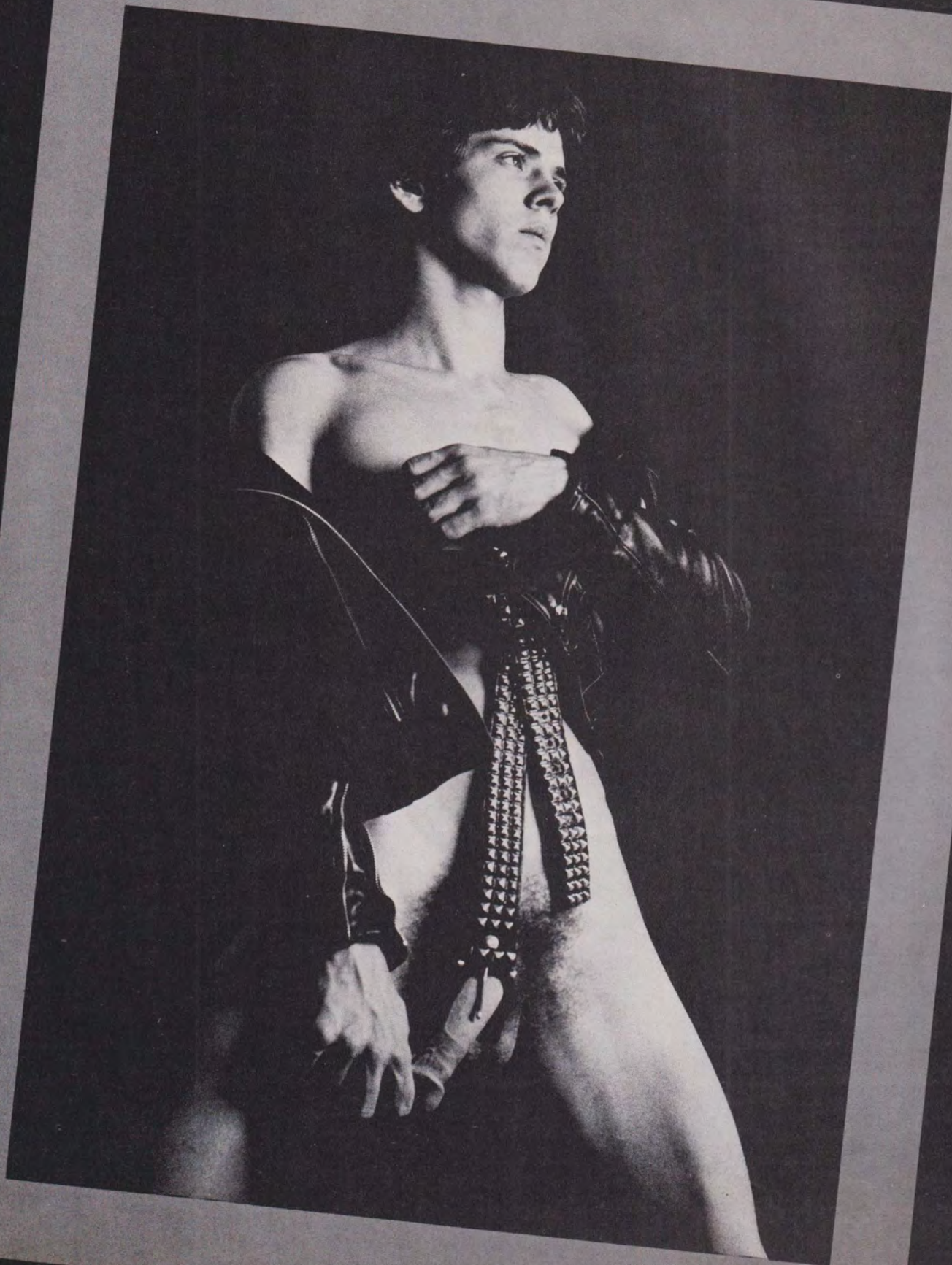
# As you bike it

Photographs by Colt

The sweaty, gritty, honcho image of Marlon Brando tooling down the pike in *The Wild Ones*—who can forget it? Bikes easily become an erotic extension of the leather scene, with their Freudian suggestion of phallic power and masculinity. The fact is, a chopped hog or Harley-Davidson between your thighs gives the sensation of an enormous vibrating phallus on the very brink of explosion. It's heady stuff, man, and if you're lucky, it can lead to all sorts of things. Such as the action at left. As for the photo this page, our leatherman shows you graphically what a turn-on you can get with the feeling of bare buns against that leather bike seat. Get the picture?



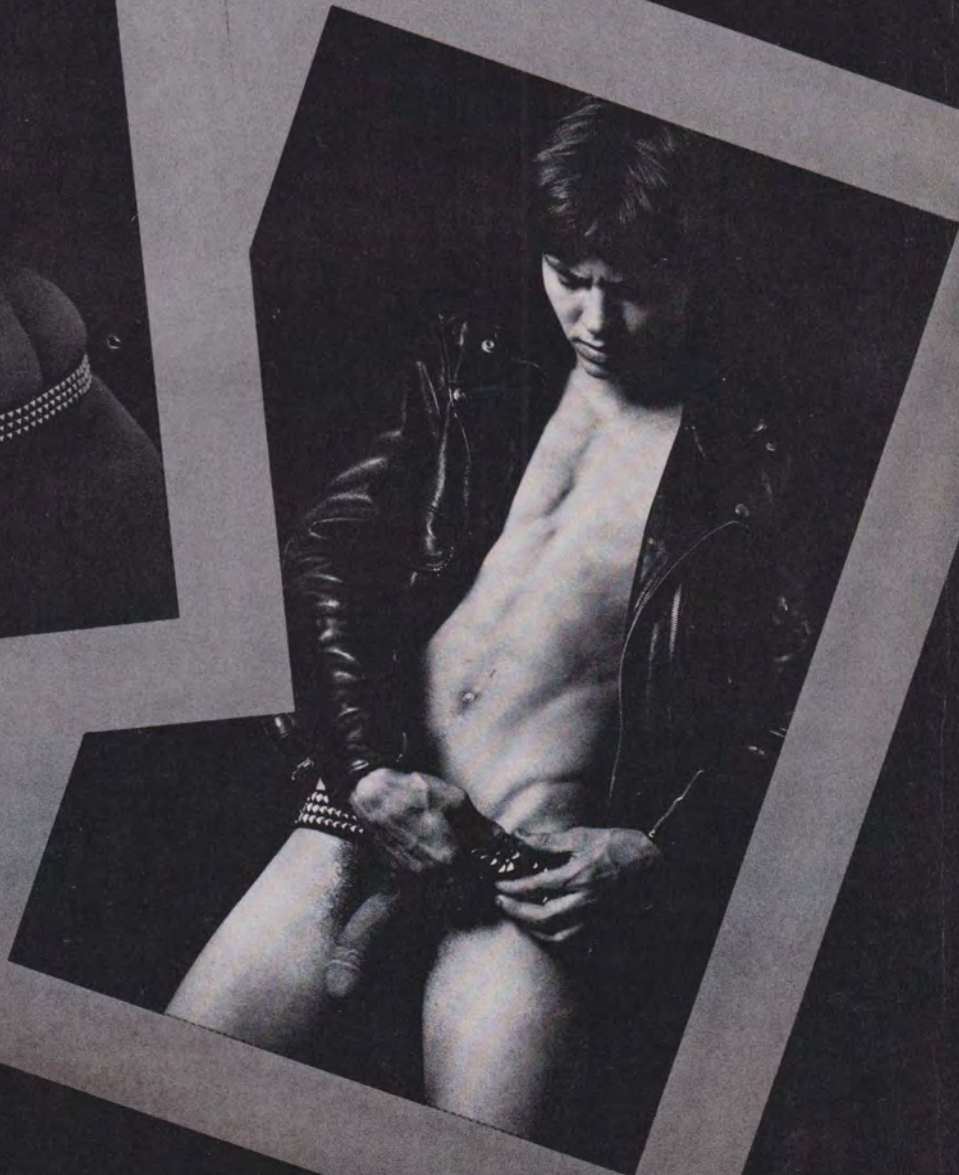






# SOLO

Anyone who has succumbed to the erotic allure of leather will remember what it was like that first time. Alone, he donned that black jacket and reveled in the sensational touch of animal hide against human flesh. Then came the caress of the studded belt, an important accompaniment, its chilling metal quickly warmed by body heat. The young man here recreates that exciting first time as he experiments curiously, moving the belt and jacket here and there, finding a new and compelling friend: leather.



Photographs by Don Hanover

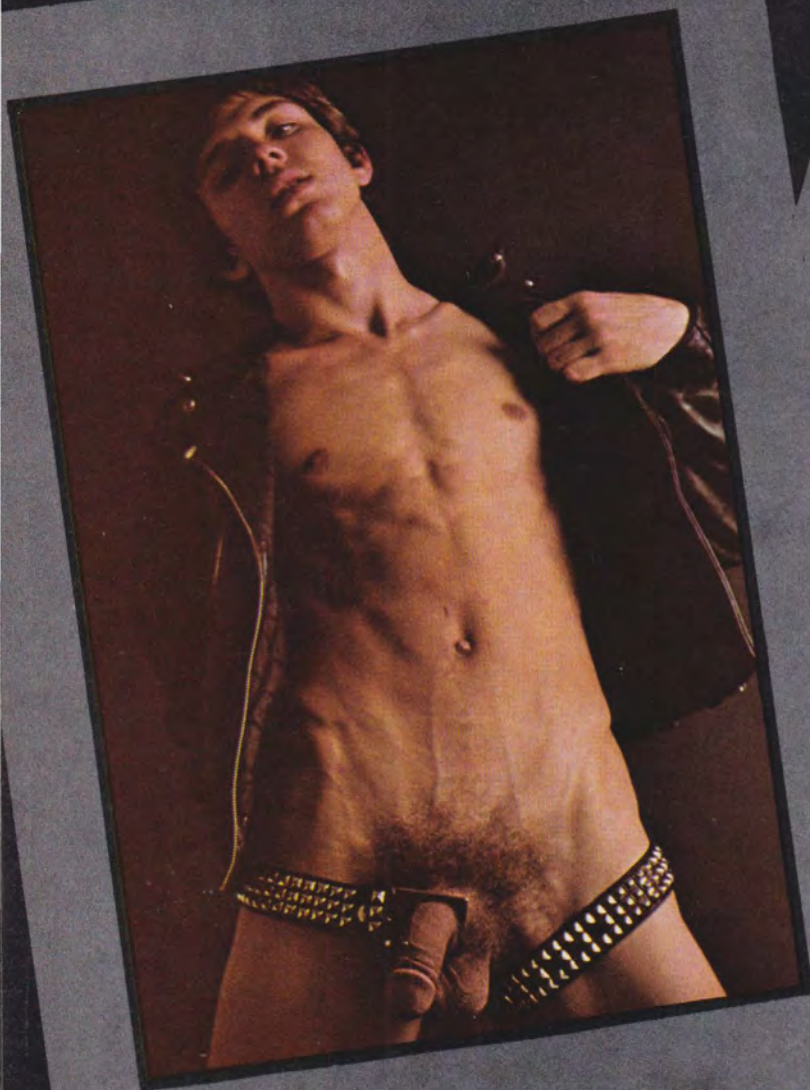
HONCHO / June 1978



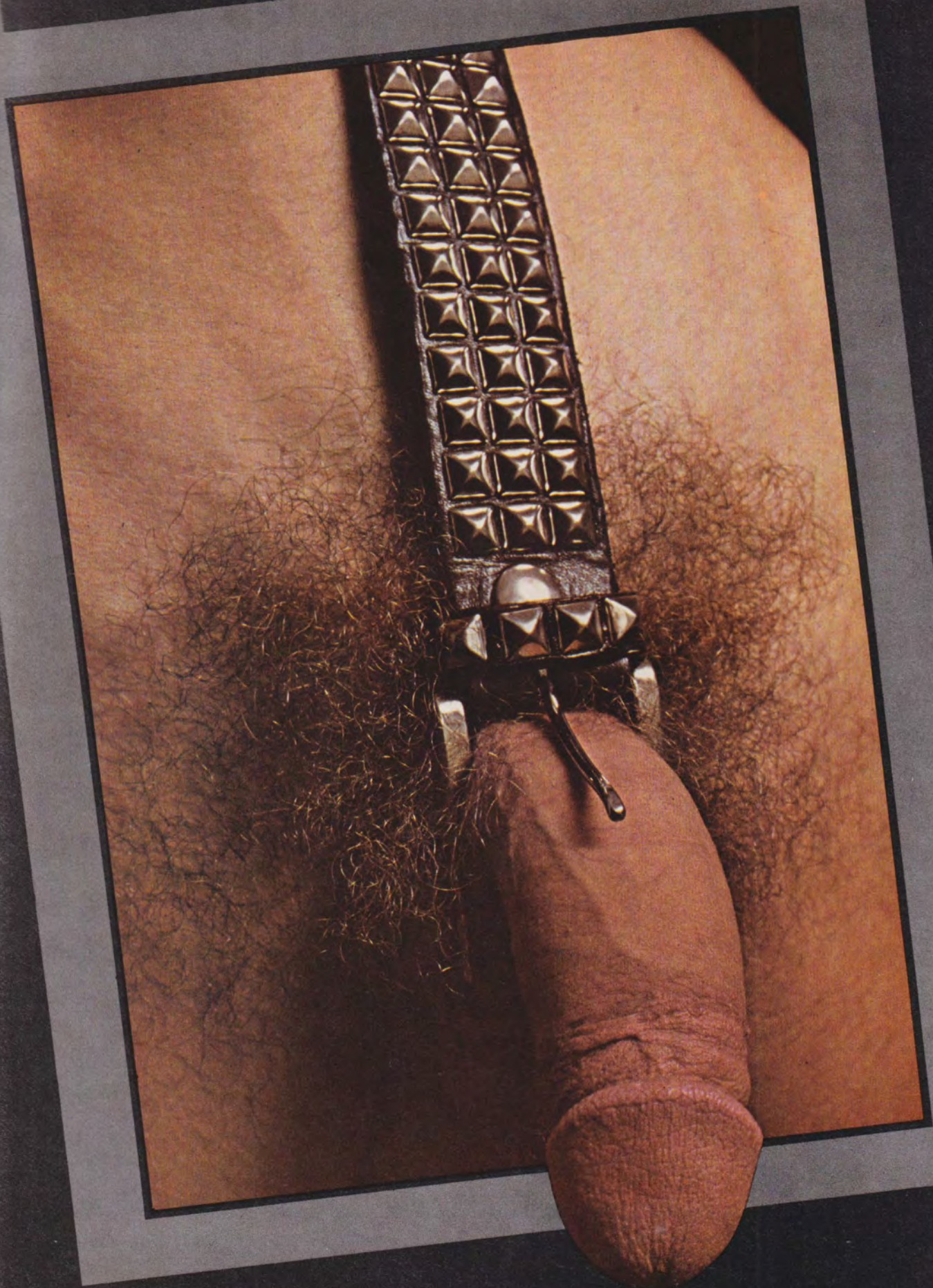
# SOLO

Further discoveries unfold as our lad finds there are more places to put that belt than merely around his waist. The buckle becomes a confining cock ring as well as something to sink his teeth into. Tasting, smelling, touching, looking, leather boldly assaults the senses, leaving in its sometimes violent wake a new sort of arousal that will be sought again and again. That first time... remember?

Photographs by Don Hanover









# THE SUBMISSION

Continued from page 7

teasing it until it hardened, diamond-hard. Michael's breath went ragged, he gasped, trying to get loose. But the man's strength held him down.

Michael suddenly felt frightened. He felt a surge of something new and exciting, something he'd never quite felt before. He gasped at it, almost intuiting what it was: the flaming torpor of passivity. Almost intuited, but not quite...

He merely knew he was on the verge of something, something forbidden, a voice somewhere was saying "that sissy shit," and he felt his desire flare up, strangely, at something exciting that was on the verge of happening.

He wanted this man, this beautiful dark manly stranger, to do outrageous things to him, he wanted to surrender, yes, that was the word: surrender, he wanted to surrender, be swept away, clinging to the black tufts of swirling hair on the man's muscled torso...

Suddenly the thick, pushy cock was in his mouth, its almost fist-sized head stretching its slightly tart taste, the taste of piss droplets perhaps, and he felt something welling up in him to choke him, not the cock, it was not the cock choking him, it was something coming from deep inside himself, saying no to everything that was happening with the dark, mansmelling stranger named Ron.

He lurched back and the cock snapped out of his mouth. Ron held him by the shoulders and the club-like cock knocked his nose, prodded at his eyes, dribbling viscous love slime across his cheeks. He could smell the sex smells, see the enormous manthing thrusting up at him. Wildly, he opened his mouth again to take it. But Ron pulled away, laughing, "You want my big thick dick?"

He pushed Michael back and when his upthrust arms hit the mattress, Michael lay there, his limbs sprawled out, passively, waiting, his eyes closed.

He felt the slight touch of Ron's mustache trailing down the center of his chest, past his navel, toward his groin. Light fingers lingered at his thighs, his almost hairless, lithe thighs.

Then he felt the warmth, the

manwarmth of Ron's ravenous mouth, surrounding his upthrust cock. His heels thrusting down against the bed, he pushed his groin upward to meet Ron's mouth, making Ron take him all the way. And he felt Ron's big hands cupping his testicles, tightening on them, pumping them. He thrust in and out of the hot mouth, then gasped as he felt it coming, spitting up and out of his hard cock, onto the tongue of the handsome dark stranger.

Ron swallowed it, and disappeared, saying nothing.

When he came back, he found Michael on his stomach. He set the beers down, and began to touch the buttocks. And that's when it happened, the I-don't-get-fucked scene.

Remembering it all, as he headed back toward the same bar where they had met earlier, he wondered why, after all those years, he still pulled back, afraid of passivity, afraid of being fucked, as if it would somehow mean he was less a man. He wanted to submit, to surrender, to overcome his own crazy images of what being a man was. Ron was so overpoweringly masculine, he knew that nothing that Ron did could undercut his maleness. Ron had taken his, Michael's, cum in his mouth and swallowed it. And Ron was certainly no less of a man for having done that. Ron could get fucked and rim and do everything a man can do and have done *to him*—everything that can be done to a man, and nothing would diminish his butch assurance. But Michael was different, even now Michael was different. Why did he feel that his masculinity depended on his not surrendering? It was so stupid, so arbitrary.

He entered the bar again, bought a beer and headed for the back room immediately.

In the dark anonymity, he at once perceived the sex smell. He stood near the door to the john, the dim lustre of the red bulb softening his features. He could see, and not quite be seen.

Something was happening in the john, something that excited him.

A man who looked like Ron—big, burly, handsome, his hairy chest showing through the open work shirt—was loitering near the toilet

stall, feeling himself through his denims, provoking the lengthening bulk. Michael could see that two people were already in the toilet stall, and several men were at the urinal, too, cocks out and dripping. The handsome man who looked like Ron stood apart from them all, fondling himself, waiting.

Into the john walked another man, also dark, tall, built big. Instinctively, Michael knew that the newcomer and the man who looked like Ron would make it together. He did not know how, precisely, but he knew that somehow the two of them would make it. He watched.

The newcomer hauled out his cock, then realized that there was no room at the urinal and that the toilet stall was also occupied.

"Jeez, where's a guy supposed to piss?" he laughed. "Somebody, haul ass outa here!"

Nobody moved, but the man who looked like Ron just stared, almost as if he was somehow daring the newcomer. Michael felt a chill, some sort of sexy realization hitting him, not quite comprehending. He held his breath, knowing something was going to happen.

"Drives me crazy," said the man who looked like Ron. "Havin' to wait to take a piss."

"Sometimes I don't like to wait," said the newcomer, his voice low and husky, his eyes intense. "Sometimes I just...piss right on some stud!"

His huge, half-hard cock dangled in front of the other man and he held its head upward. Piss droplets formed at the tip, then spurted slightly, then gathered steam and squirted all over the front of the man who looked like Ron. He sank to his knees before the spurting cock.


Michael watched, shocked, as the handsome man squirting piss pulled the other man's head onto his cock, piss streaming into his mouth. Michael felt his own hard-on surge incredibly, as he imagined the acrid pissy taste, imagined the salty sting, the jetting force of the hot stuff shooting into his mouth.

"Give me yours," the man standing said. He pulled the kneeling man to

Continued to page 61



# STORMY LEATHER



Nothing can whip the sensual touch of leather against bare flesh, the caress of something that smacks of unbridled sexuality. It harkens back to the Stone Age, when pre-historic man dressed himself in animal skins and threw his mate over his shoulder before dragging his struggling victim back to the cave. Updating this ancient practice, *Honcho* shows Fred, a honcho man indeed, encased head-to-toe in black leather, carrying off his buddy Rick, not into the wilderness but into photographer Roy Blakey's studio for a provocative 11-page pictorial celebrating the erotica of very black leather

Photographs by Roy Blakey







# STORMY LEATHER

The ultimate plunging neckline, one that dips down below a man's equator where heat waves hover. That's the major characteristic of Rick's leather V-pouch, opposite, which zips down—all the way down—to let everything hang out. When the occasion arises, of course. He tops this near-nudity off with a Muri cycle cap (\$36.50) from the Leather Man. The V-pouch (at \$18) is a Pleasure Chest exclusive.

For keeping things in their proper place, Fred has David completely in his power, below, with the help of black leather thigh-to-wrist restraints (\$15.50) from the Pleasure Chest.

Gearing up in the black leather look that kills, David at right wear head-to-toe black leather: a ponderosa lace-up shirt (\$110) is topped by a racer jacket with military stand-up collar (\$145). His codpiece pants (\$150) are held up by a studded belt designed by John Patrick Collins (\$39.50), with a designer buckle by Craig Durcan. Completing the picture sexily is a black leather Muri cycle cap (\$36.50). The whole outfit, head-to-toe, is from the Leather Man.



Photographs by Roy Blakey



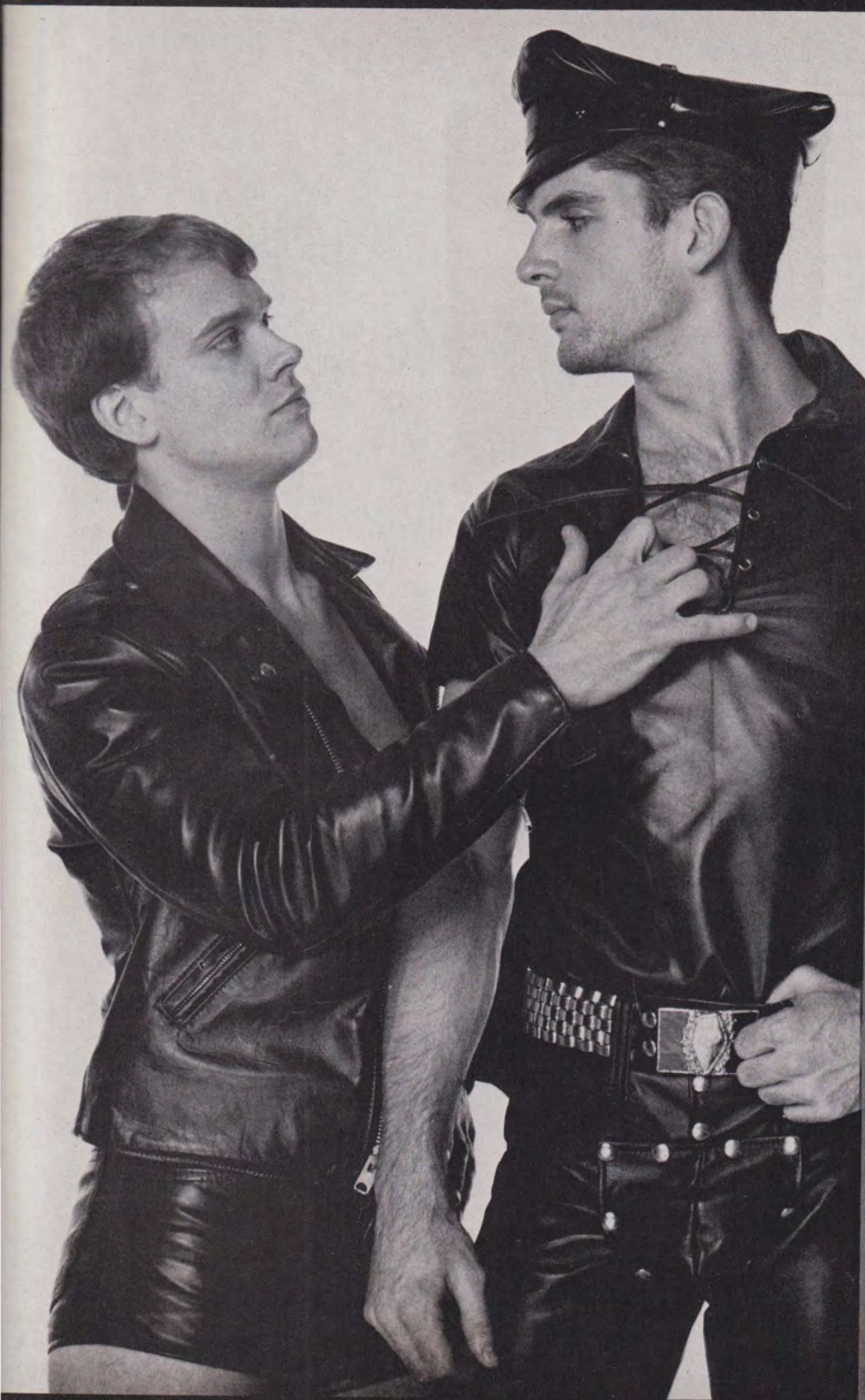
# STORMY LEATHER

Photographs by Roy Blakey

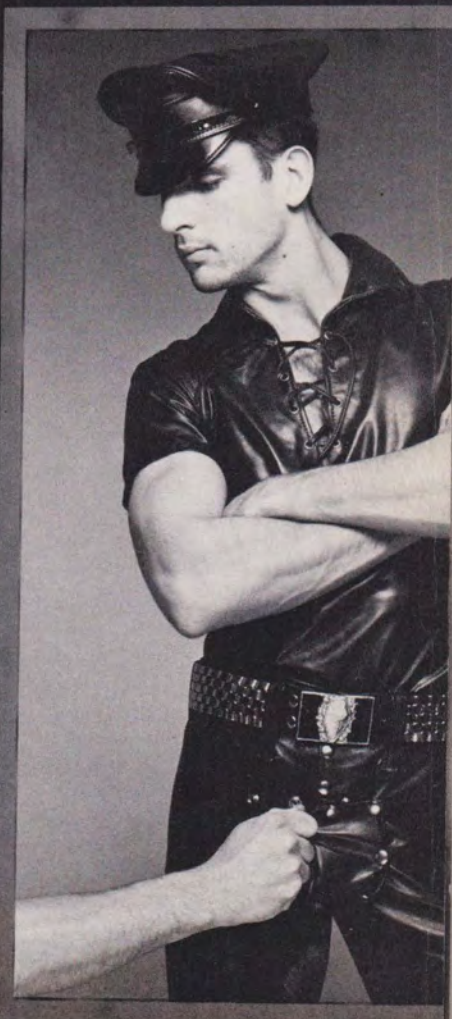
A provocative below-the-belt profile, below left, proves that David fills his codpiece pants with the equipment necessary for a full night of leather pleasure. Fred strong-arms Rick's advances, below right, in a black easy rider jacket (\$155), dude vest (\$50), and truckers chaps (\$125), all from the Leather Man. As you'll see on the next pages, those chaps may be worn with or without anything underneath. The leather cycle caps on these pages are Muri caps (\$36.50).







Wearing a brown easy rider jacket (\$155) and a pair of brown cowpoke shorts (\$65), Rick, left, challenges David to start the action. David's lace-up ponderosa shirt will obviously soon be *unlaced*. Given the go-ahead, Rick below attacks David's snap-fly codpiece pants.





# STORMY LEATHER

The leather world has its complex rituals, codes of conduct, special vocabulary—the words “Yes, sir!” are perhaps the most frequently used. And while the veteran leatherman, long initiated into the ins and outs and ups and downs of doing it, may have a closetful of specialized gear, leather sex varies from the basic levis-and-leather-jacket variety to ritual paraphernalia. With all the kinky gear pictured here, somebody obviously came prepared.

Photographs by Roy Blakey



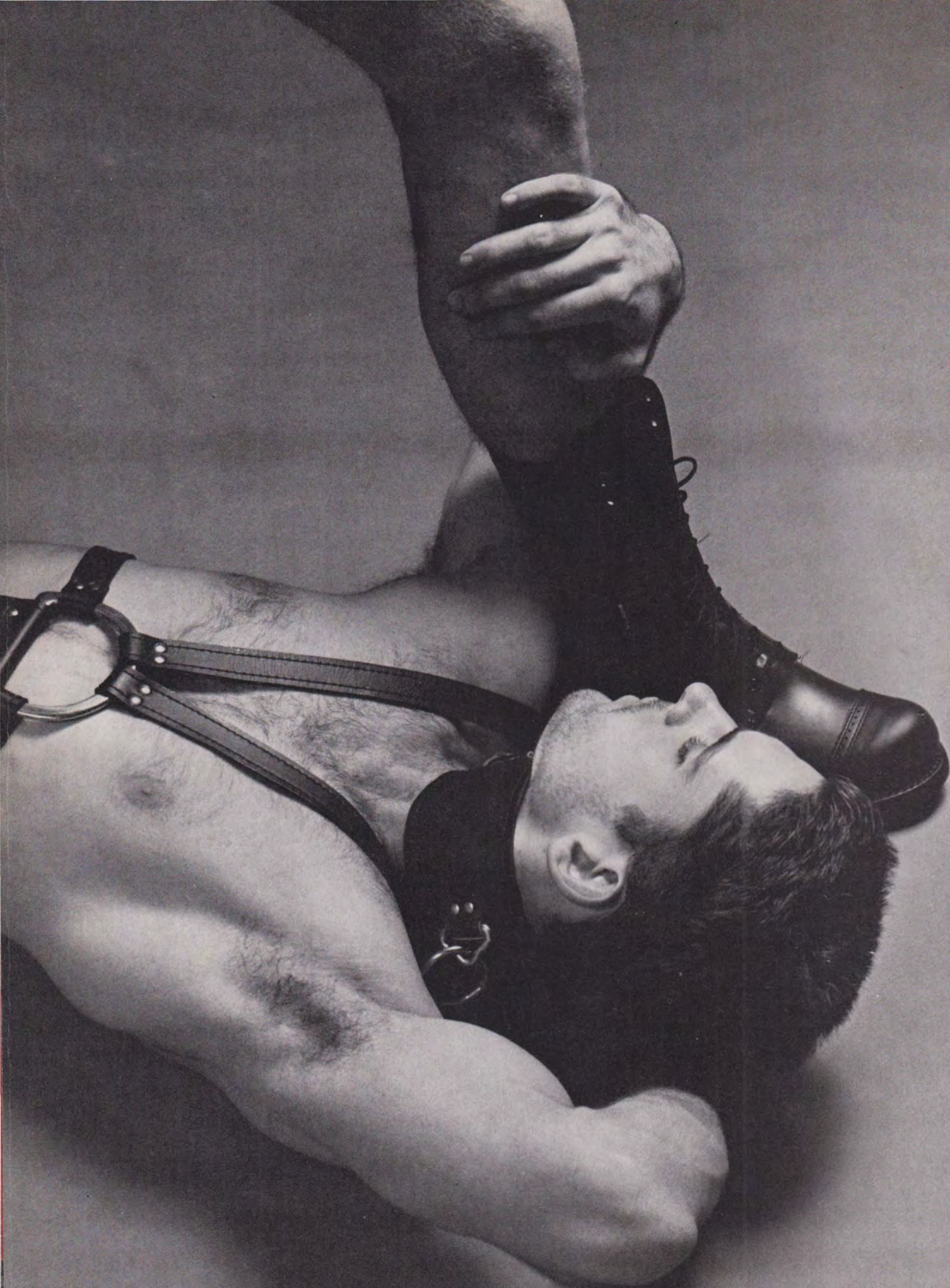
For reining in your slave, nothing beats the Pleasure Chest's full body harness (\$22), which criss-crosses beautifully across David's lithe body landscape, both here and in our color centerfold. That bondage collar (\$5.50) is also guaranteed to help keep a good man down. And probably up, too. Fred takes charge in trucker chaps (\$125.), with nothing underneath them this time, stud vest with patch pockets (\$55.), and Western hat (\$12.50), all from the Leather Man. Fred's studded wrist band (\$4.50) is from the Pleasure Chest, and his Dingo cycle boots (\$48.) are from Stompers.













# STORMY LEATHER

After weeks of role- and sole-searching, a sensually supine David prepares to engage with a favorite fetish, opposite: Paratrooper boots, from Stompers.

At right, as eye meet eye daringly, the fine detailing on both men's Muri cycle caps is visible. In close-up focus, too, is the lace-up ponderosa shirt David wears, its laces left provocatively dangling.

In the following centerfold, a Pleasure Chest cornucopia of erotic paraphernalia surrounds David's subservient form. What's he waiting for? The lash of the tantalizing dog quirt (\$10) at left, perhaps, or the kinky bite of that pair of Bluetip tit clamps (\$1.95) at right. The photo shows off to good advantage, too, David's full body harness, thigh-to-wrist restraints and slave collar. From here on, dear reader, use your imagination.

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Photographs by Roy Blakey

HONCHO / June 1978









**HONCHO**  
The Photographer: Roy Blakey



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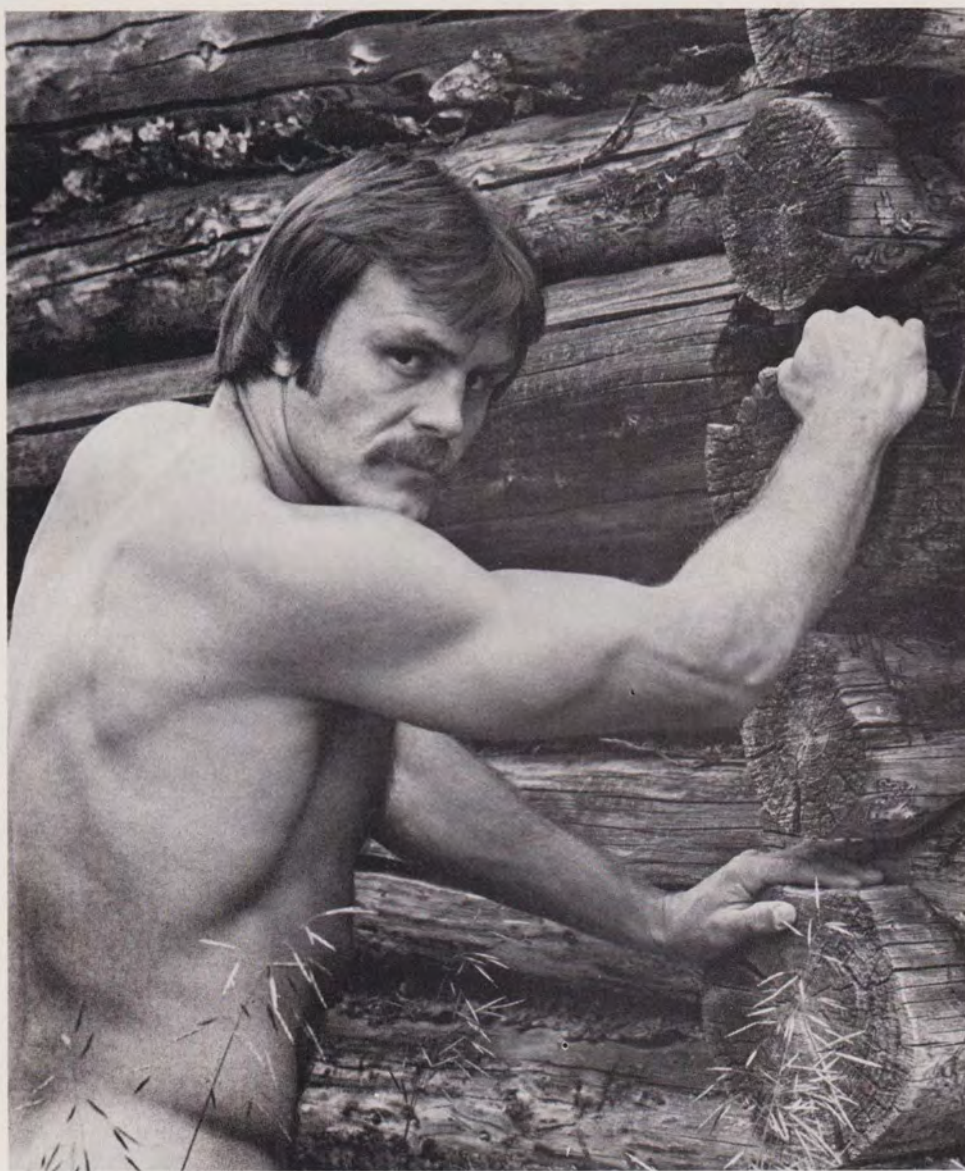
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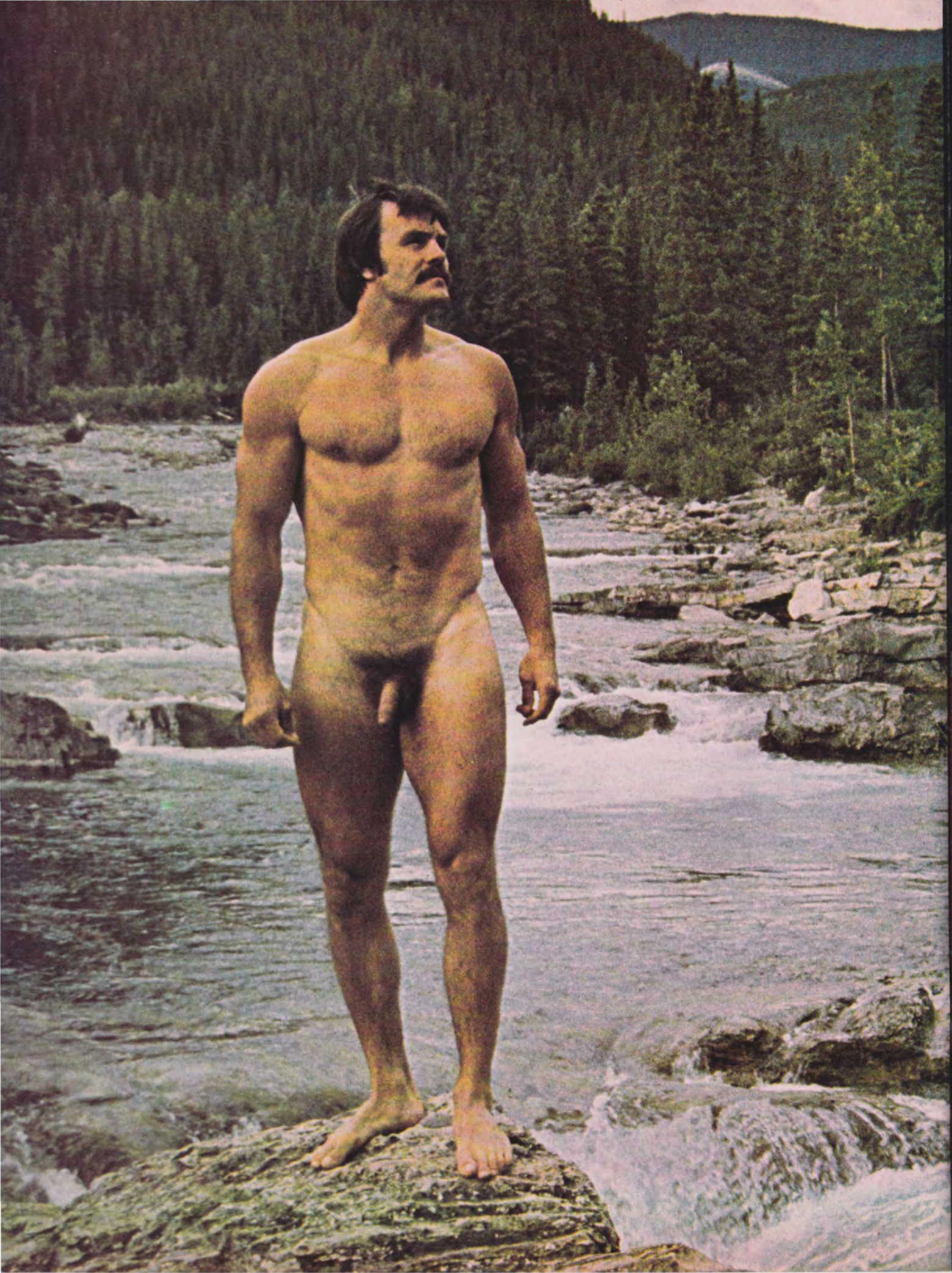
# GRIDIRON MACHISMO



As stunning a rugged natural wonder as the countryside of his native land, Canadian gridiron star Blain Lamoreaux deserves—and gets—an exclusive 11-page *Honcho* pictorial. This moustachioed young football player was photographed in the wilds of Vancouver, British Columbia, for a provocative spread pitting the beauty of man against that of the great outdoors. Whether seen here flexing his biceps as he grips the corner of a log cabin or on the following two color pages, matching his awe-inspiring surroundings with a Canadian majesty all his own, Blain might change Horace Greeley's advice to "Go *north*, young man."

Photographs by Roy Dean





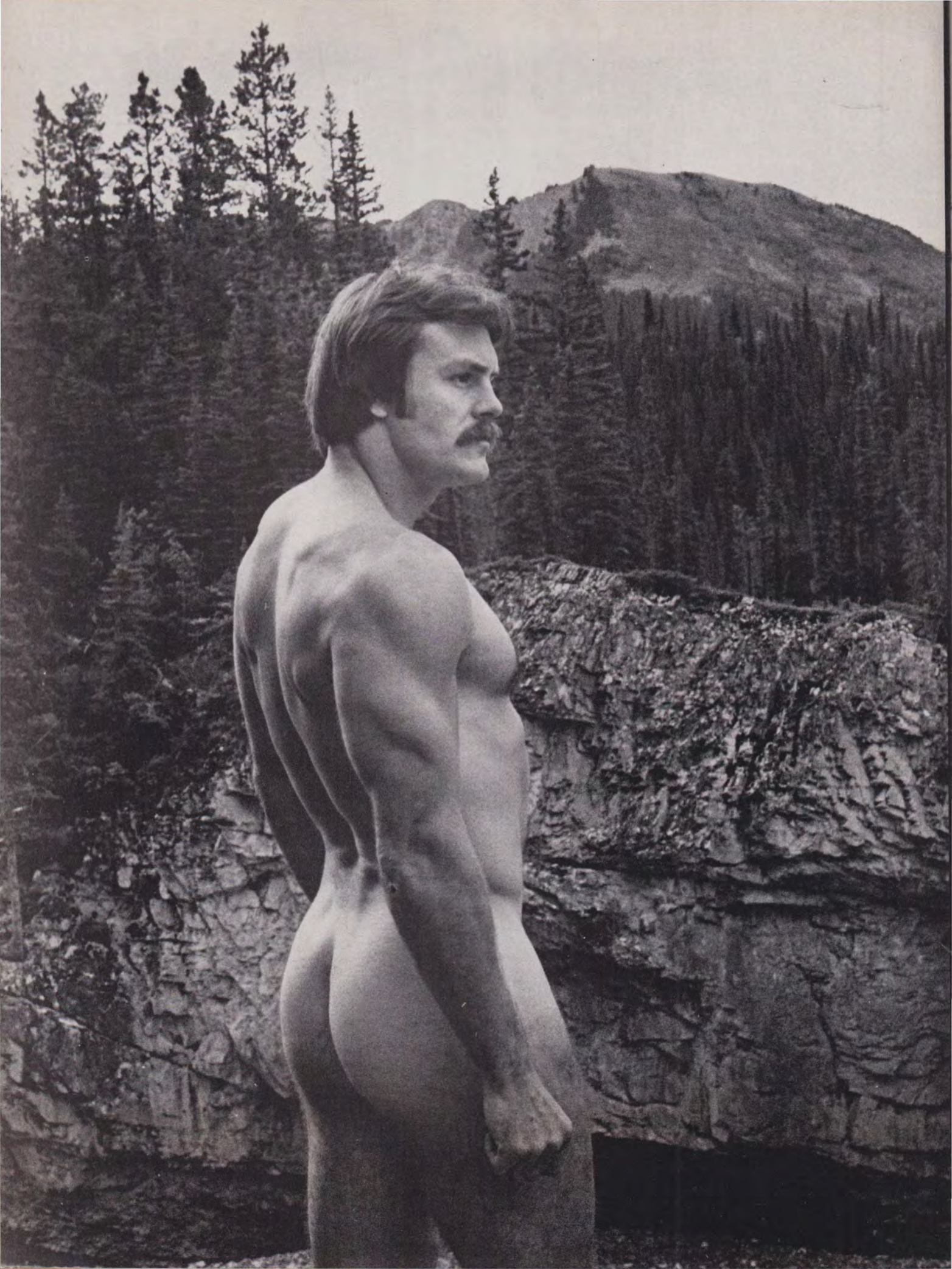


# HONCHO

The Man: Blain Lamoreaux  
The Photographer: Roy Dean









# GRIDIRON MACHISMO

Photographs by Roy Dean

Blain Lamoreaux was born in Calgary, Alberta, thirty years ago and attended Washington State University in this country before retiring home to pursue a career in professional football. He graduated in 1973 and for the past four seasons, with one exception when he retired, he has played linebacker for the Calgary Stampeders.

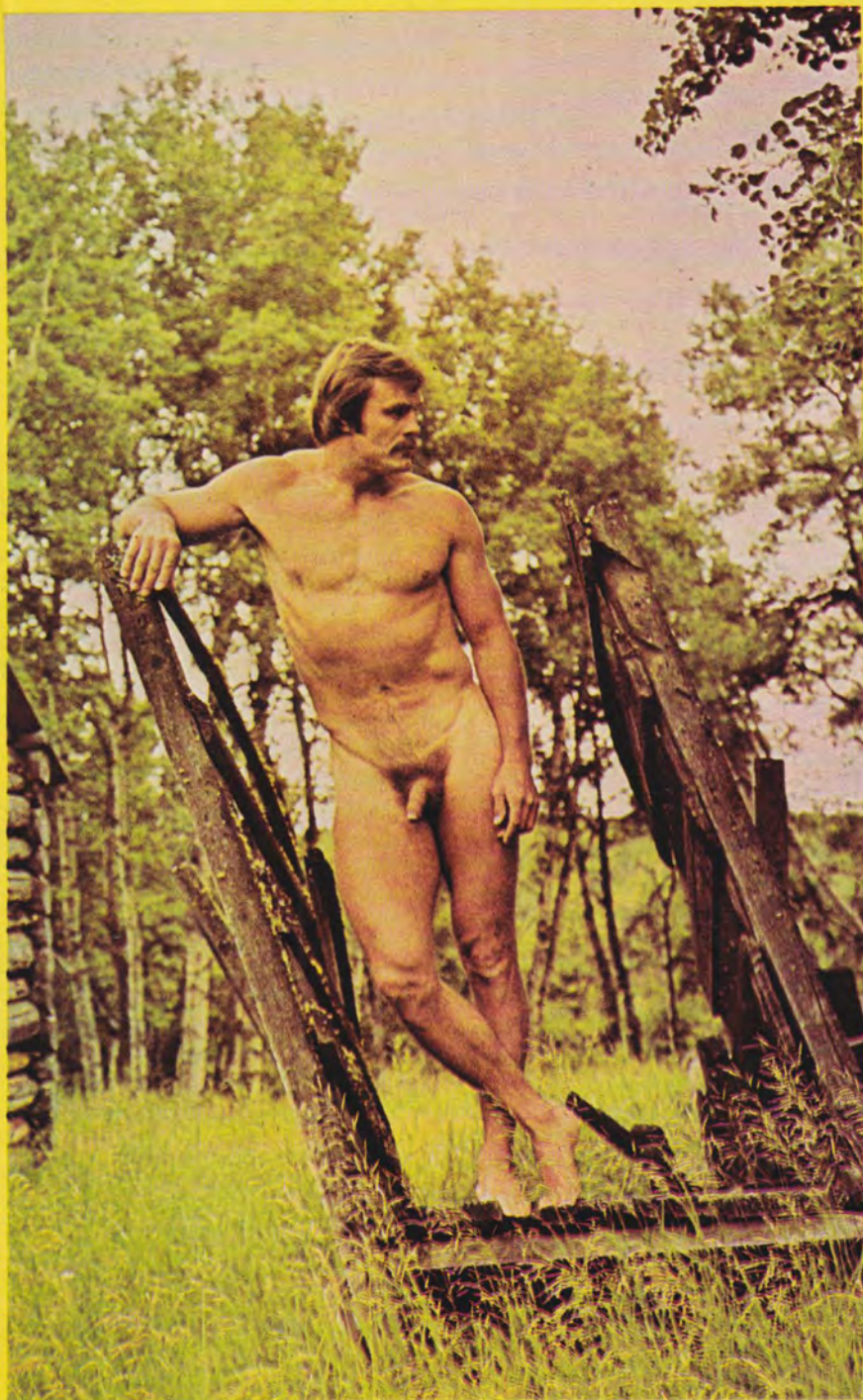
A non-import player, Blain has a reputation for being a good, solid journeyman, lending considerable physical and moral support in a true team effort. It is players such as himself that don't rush for the limelight but take pride in a good job well done. Stolid, independent, he is the physical embodiment of the natural man.





# GRIDIRON MACHISMO

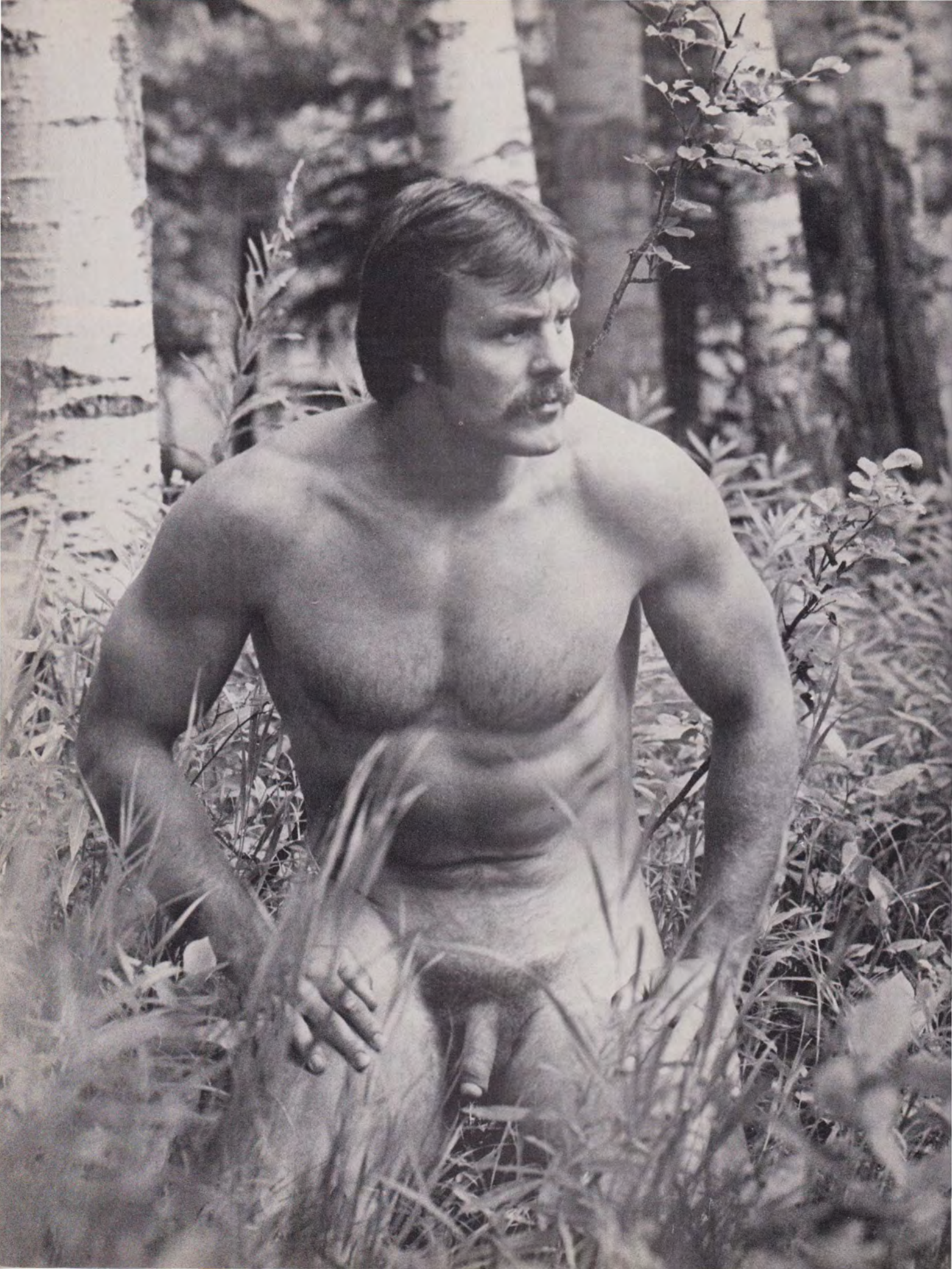
The Man: Blain Lamoreaux  
The Photographer: Roy Dean











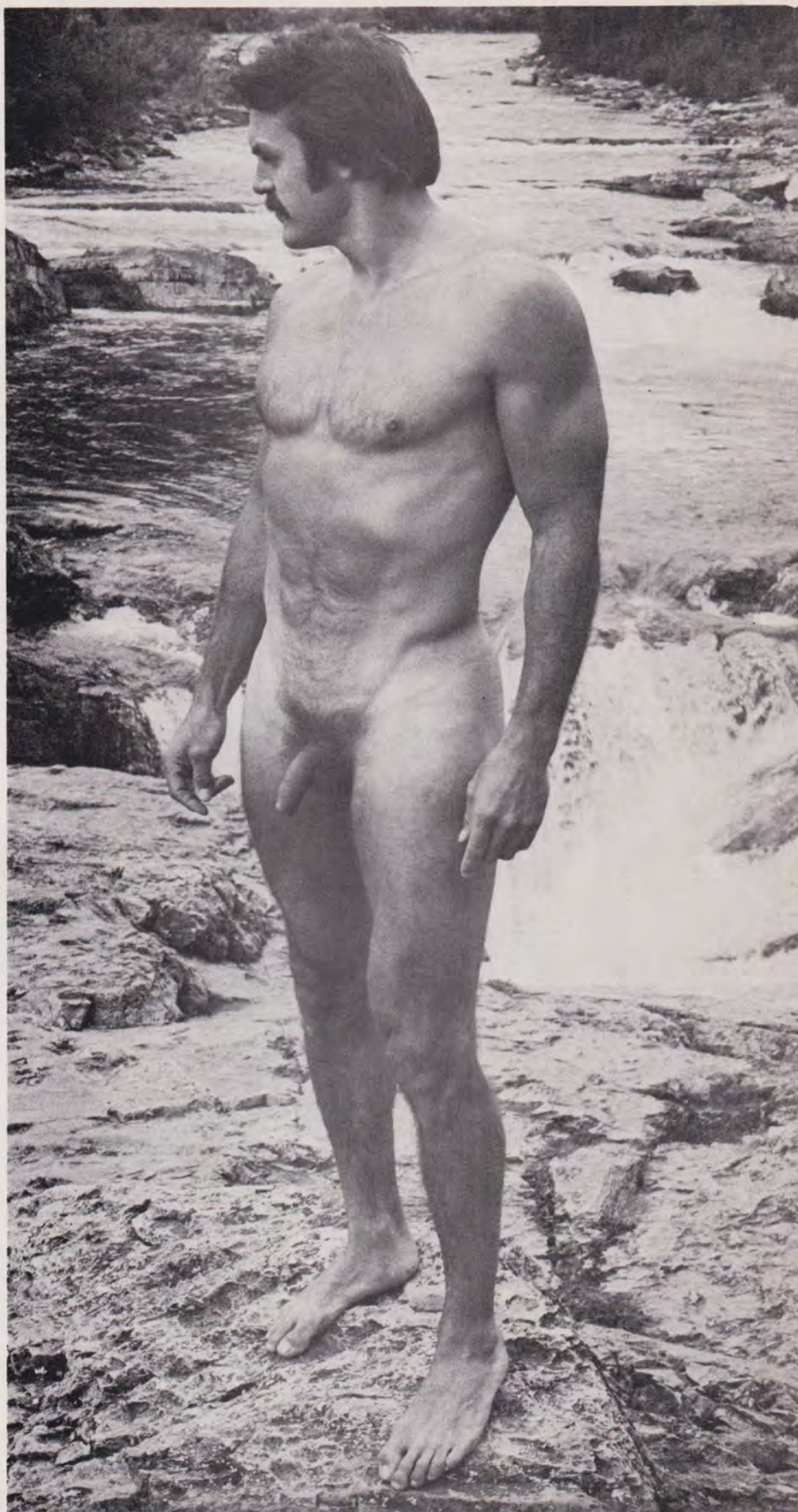


# GRIDIRON MACHISMO

Photographs by Roy Dean

Blain Lamoreaux is the second in a series of athletes to make his *au naturel* debut in *Honcho*. Last month we brought you Bill Nuckells, the current Mr. California, and in this issue we continue with this handsome professional football player. Both will be featured prominently in photographer Roy Dean's upcoming book, *Exposures*. At left, Blain reveals a pair of arms that indeed might be likened to a pair of oaks. Or, judging from the background, a pair of aspens. That hulking musculature is the result of years of strenuous workouts both in the gym and on the gridiron, a dual effort which has definitely and obviously paid off. At right, Blain strikes a contemplative pose, reflecting perhaps upon the wonders of nature, letting his mind drift from the rigors of the rough-and-tumble world of football. On the following two-page color spread, Blain takes a break from a long day of shooting, sprawling his imposing bulk in a field of clover, daydreaming quietly about some very private things. It is a time such as this when a man needs to be left alone to examine who he is, and Blain takes advantage of the opportunity...beautifully.

Whoever he is, whatever he does, his rock-solid macho assurance makes him seem a force of nature to content with. As some of his gridiron opponents have undoubtedly discovered.







# HONCHO

The Man: Blain Lamoreaux  
The Photographer: Roy Dean







# DRESSING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE



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## ODDS & INS

### HARD TIMES

Whether the incidence of impotence is increasing or whether more men are seeking professional help, there is no doubt that male potency problems account for an ever-growing percentage of the sex therapist's case load. Help is on the way for the estimated millions of men (half the male population has experienced impotence at least once) who suffer from this perplexing problem. The Sex Information Council of America (SICAM) has prepared a valuable 22-page booklet which offers easy-to-understand information and advice to the man with potency problems. SICAM is a sex information clearing house which published "Impotence: Cause and Treatment" in the interest of helping men cope with this common dilemma. Impotence, they explain, can result from many factors including physical problems such as poor diet, fatigue, drug and alcohol abuse, and numerous psychological causes such as guilt, nervousness, anger or tension. In addition to detailing specific causes, "Impotence" tells how to deal with and overcome erection problems as well as listing sources for reputable professional counseling and therapy should they be needed. For a free copy of this informative booklet (mailed in a plain envelope), send your name and address to Booklet #1, c/o SICAM, 1 Palomar Arcade #107, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. Enclose \$.25 in coin to help cover printing and mailing costs.

### PROTESTING TOO MUCH

Dick Cavett offered one of his more profound comments in a recent interview in *People*. Revealing that he gets fan mail with pictures of nude men and women, Cavett admitted that he knew he attracted homosexuals. "It started early," Cavett said. "I was getting my fanny caressed in the men's rooms of bus depots or libraries as far back as I can remember." And we agree with the editors of *Christopher Street* who had this to say in "The Front Line" column in the December issue: "You'd like to spit up at the TV screen whenever you hear one of Bob Hope's tiresome puns on "queen" or Dick Cavett's smarmy introductions to still another "balanced" discussion of homosexuality, or see a gay caricature trotted out for easy laughs on a new sitcom." Getting his fanny patted indeed. We think the word needed here is "ass."



# ADAM & BRUCE



In the gospel according to St. Anita, "If God had wanted it *that* way, He would have put Adam and Bruce into the Garden of Eden." We don't really think the Lord minds, and we know of lots of Edens full of Adams and Bruces, so we decided the idea of showing men together was a good one. We begin with the photo here of two men enjoying each other's company on the high seas and indulging in some very special cruising; it makes the title *Dames at Sea* obsolete. Looks like another shipboard romance is brewing, something not created just by that salt air.

Photograph by Arthur Tress

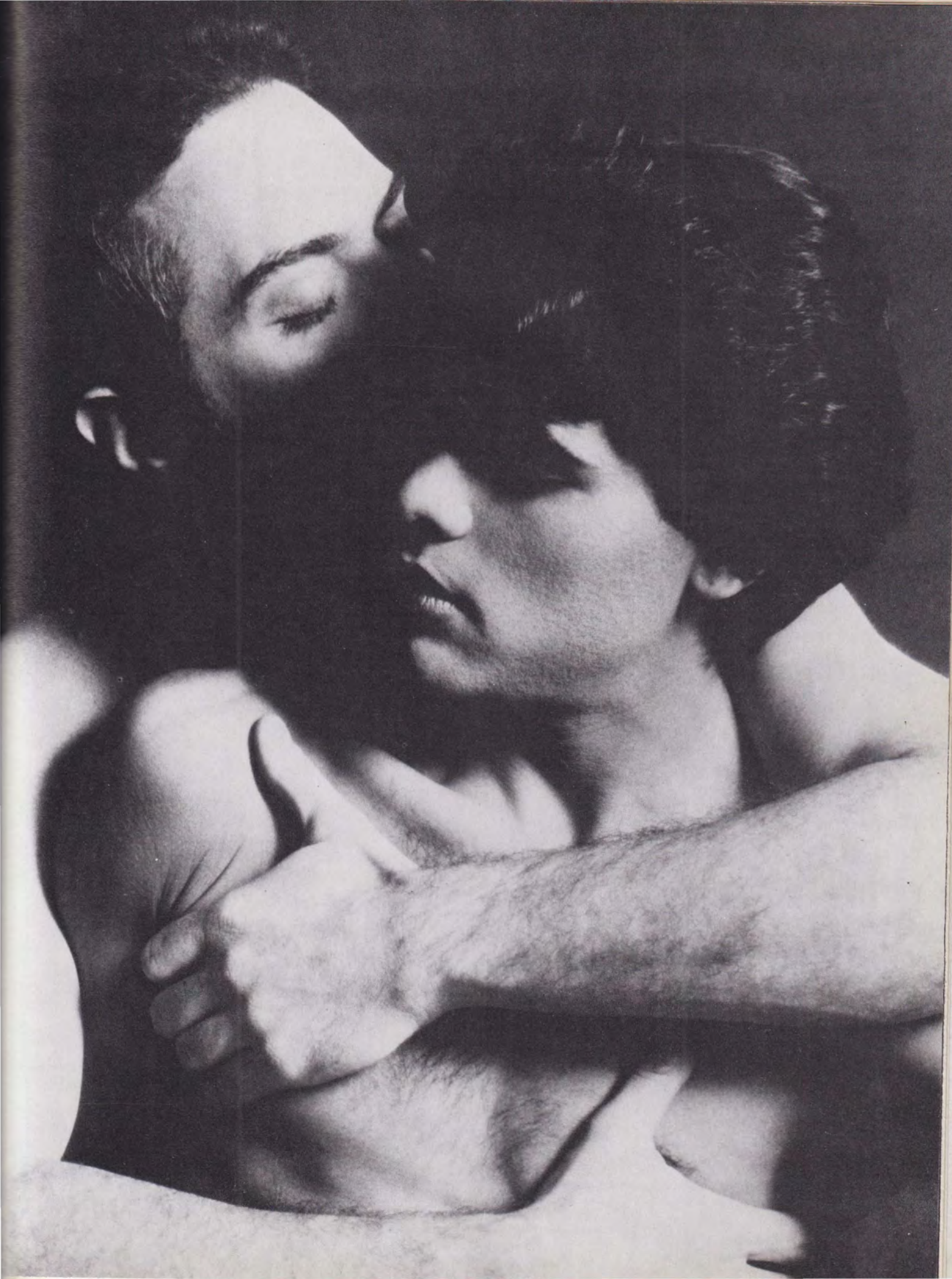


# ADAM & BRUCE

Men together mix, match and mate in many sorts of combinations and permutations. All lines of status and race are broken as they share with one another their strong common bond. The photo below by Guy Corry shows a black brother embracing and being embraced by his white brother. Marc Raboy lensed another pair of buddies, at right, who easily explore the joys of being friends, lovers or strangers, depending upon their mood. Simply another facet of men together.









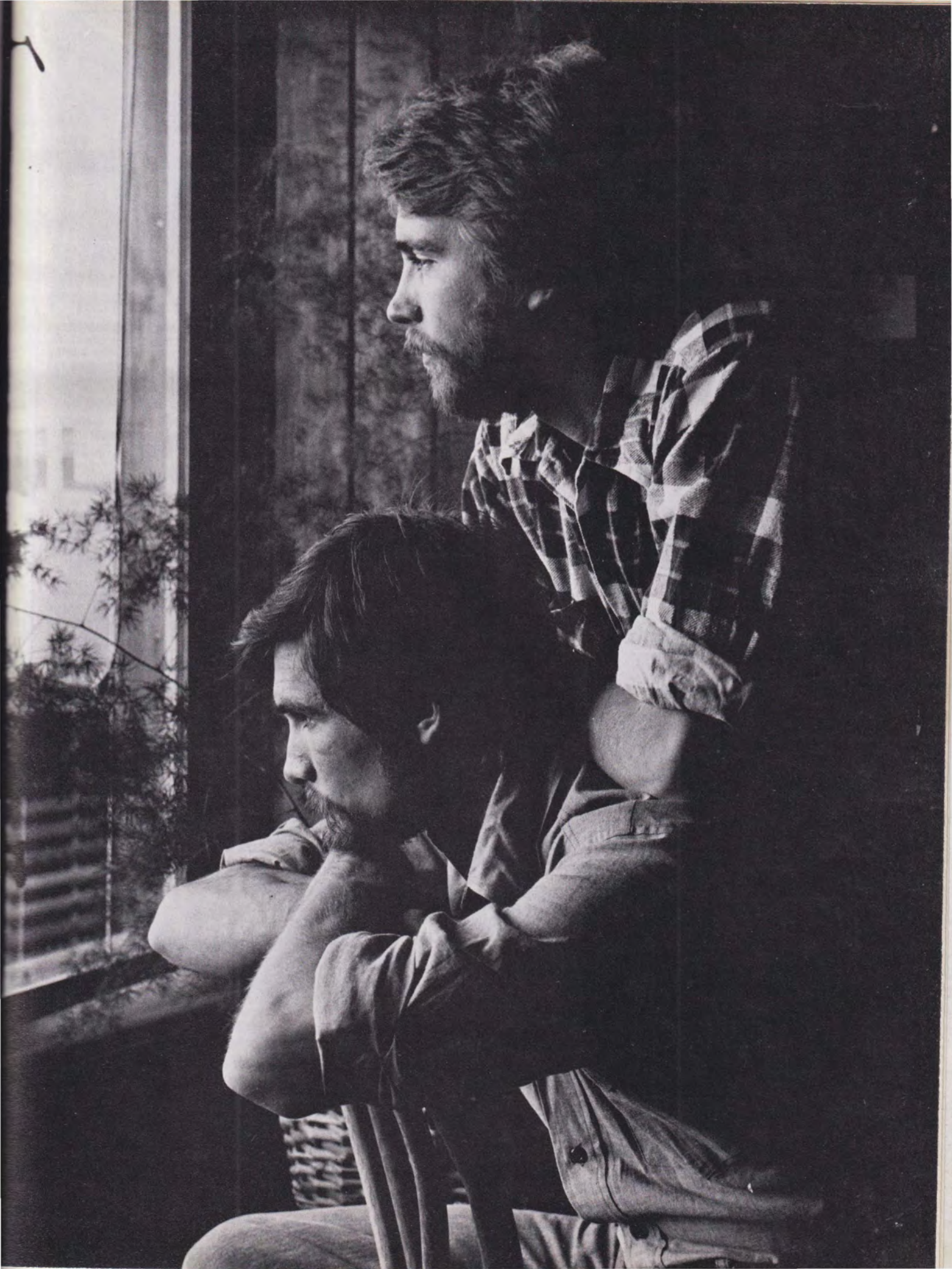
# ADAM & BRUCE

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Two macho musclemen lazing in the noonday sun of Fire Island, their powerful torsos fitting neatly together, the curve of a bicep and forearm nestling easily against belly and flanks. A hand casually draped over a shoulder, sweat mixing, warm flesh against warm flesh, they become one. As usual, Target's men are indeed right on target. In another Guy Corry photo, right, two young men enjoy a quiet moment of very personal reverie. Lost temporarily in their thoughts together, they reflect a poignant scene of contemplation in which all constraints of the society around them are forgotten. They have each other and for now that's all that matters.









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# ODDS & INS

## MAKING GAYS

One of the oldest bits of graffiti found in men's rooms everywhere is "My mother made me a homosexual. If I gave her enough yarn, would she make me one, too?" We have a better idea. An article in the October 1977 *American Journal of Psychiatry* reported finding the average level of testosterone (a male sex hormone) was 38% higher in gay women than in the heterosexual group. Last year, an East German scientist observed that gay men have a slight but significant reduction in the normal level of testosterone. So, you can forget about the yarn. If you want a homosexual, try hormone shots.

## NAVY BLUES

In a historic decision handed down by Federal Court Judge Cecil F. Poole, the Navy was ordered to stop processing servicemen for discharge on grounds of homosexuality. The order was based upon his holding that the regulation provides for mandatory processing for discharge, which he said was arbitrary and capricious and thus unconstitutional. The order came over the case of Ignacio Martinez, a Navy Petty Officer with six years of good service who had been accused of being gay but was later cleared of the charges after a hearing board of three officers. The Court previously ordered the Navy not to discharge Martinez, but with the new ruling they have been ordered to re-enlist him. John Vaisey, Martinez's attorney, said this is the first ruling of its kind in the country. "The issue in this case," he said, "is whether the government can keep files on the private behavior of its citizens and summarily fire them without a hearing as to their job performance." Chairman of the Pride Foundation, Paul Hardman, added, "If the government is restricted to dealing with how a person does his job and stops prying into private conduct non-working hours, it will save lots of tax dollars and prevent unfair stigma being placed on citizens to carry for the rest of their lives." The Foundation is a non-profit organization which supports legal and educational projects to combat sexual discrimination. A final thought-provoking point was made by Hardman. "One should ask what happens to the people the government stigmatizes and throws out."



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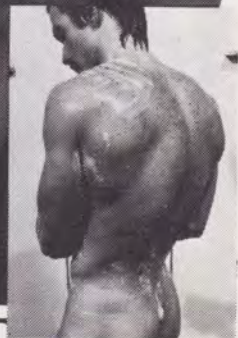
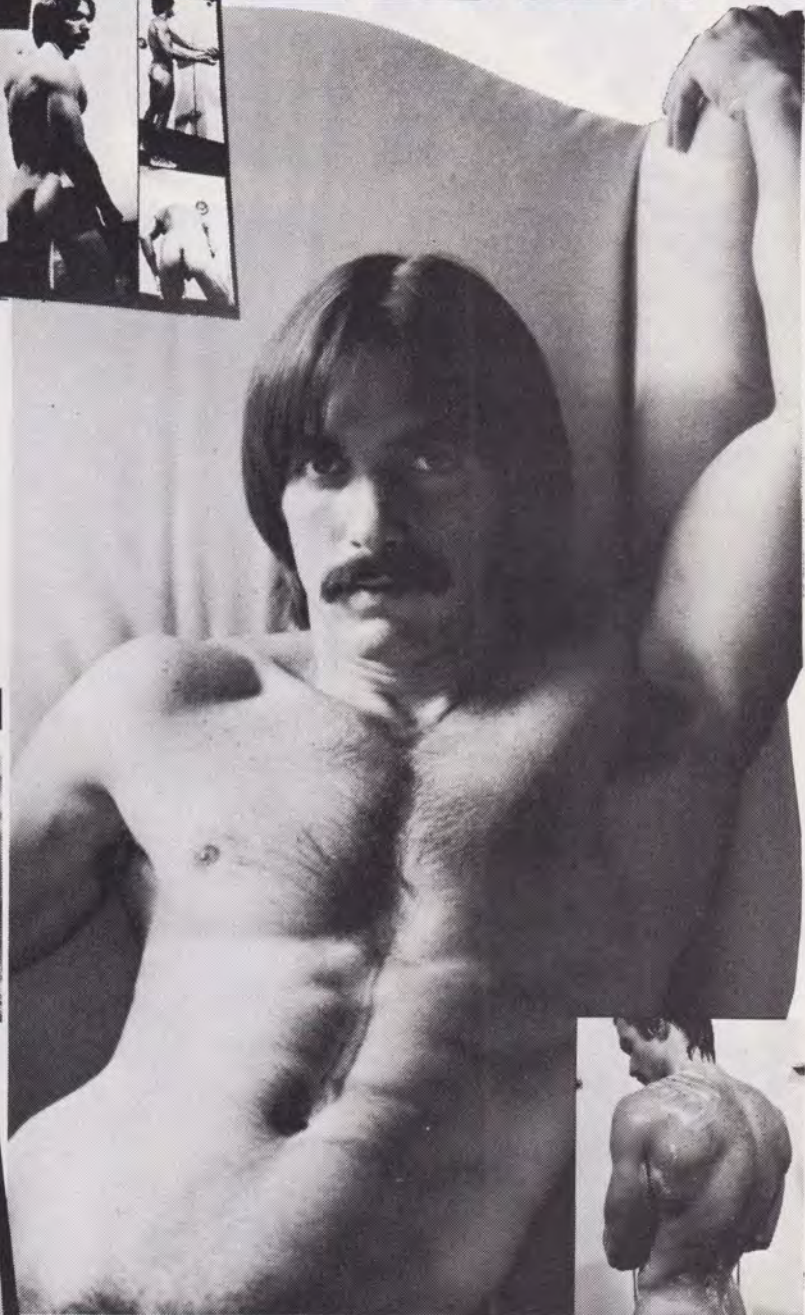
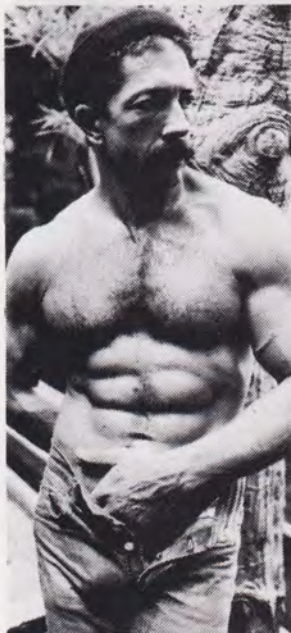




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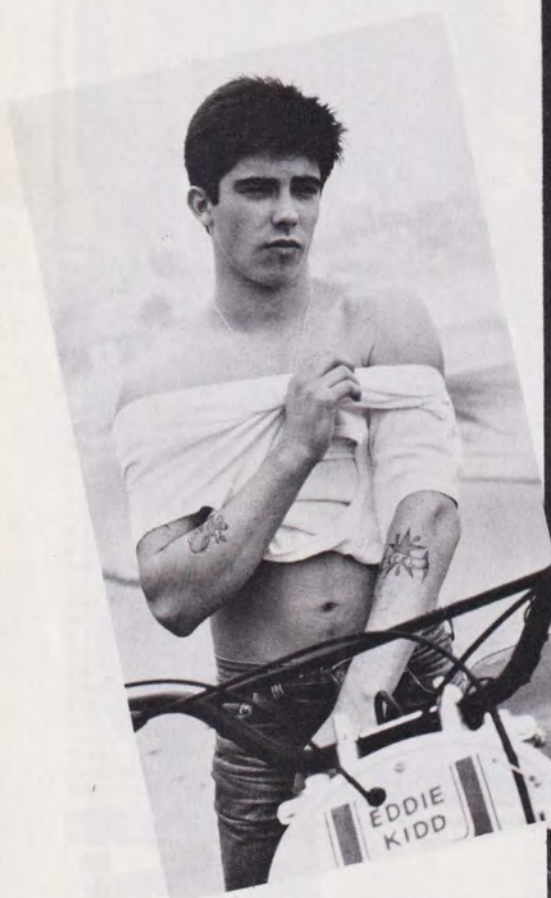
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# COMING! NEXT MONTH IN HONCHO

A sexy cornucopia of strapping—  
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young men, athletes all. Next month. Don't miss 'em.



Right: Hockey player  
by Don Hanover.  
Above: British  
motorcycle champ  
Eddie Kidd.  
Photo by Dagmar.



# JOCKS!

Coming in June—and we do mean *coming*—is a special focus on jocks and the men who wear 'em. We investigate the macho pride of the athletic male, his lust for life, which is indeed larger than life, as you'll see. *Honcho* will examine the mystique of athletic competition, the excitement of male physicality put to the ultimate test: football, hockey, dare-devil motorcycling, bodybuilding, the waging of man against man, body skill versus cunning and strategy. A few of the men you'll meet:

- Eddie Kidd, England's 18-year-old cyclist champion who recent smashed Evel Knievel's jump-over-buses record

- Muscleman Arnold Schwarzenegger who offers, among other things, some provocative views on homosexuality in a *Honcho* interview

- A U.S.S.R. bodybuilder, his musculature firmly in focus in torso close-ups, actually photographed for this *Honcho* exclusive in the Soviet Union, revealing the humpy results of pumping iron behind the Iron Curtain

- Manual Perry, Mr. U.S.A, and Tony Pearson, Mr. Jr. California, who flex their biceps and join the ranks of other super athletes making their nude debuts in *Honcho*.

Our premiere issue featured Mr. California, Bill Nuckells. *Honcho* #2 spotlighted football player Blain Lamoreaux, of the Calgary Stampeders. And now *Honcho* #3 brings you a special jock issue, with much, much more! They're all here, the men who sweat and strain for a living. If you want your fill of jocks, size up the June issue of *Honcho*. Only if you're man enough to try it. Let us take you out to the ball game.

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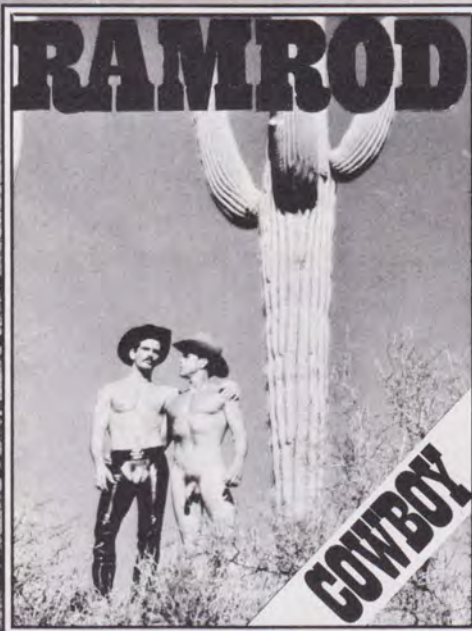
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Target Studios cordially invites you to participate in the unveiling  
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At last, the long-awaited second issue of Ramrod is ready, and this time we decided to explore the legend of the American cowboy. So we packed off **Will Seagers, John Colby** and our new discovery **Peter Bolt** to the wilds of Arizona to bring you this dazzling display of erotic Americana. We don't really know if this is the way it was in the good old days, but we do know that the expression "when men were men" certainly applies to these three hunky specimens. We've gone all out to create the most spectacular production of any magazine — ever! This edition is 8½"X11", 52 pages including 18 pages of glorious color, with a center gatefold that makes a great color poster. We printed the magazine on an elegant heavyweight glossy stock and laminated the cover for added sheen and durability, a trend we started with Javelin #3. So join our three intrepid studs in a lusty adventure you'll come back to again and again.

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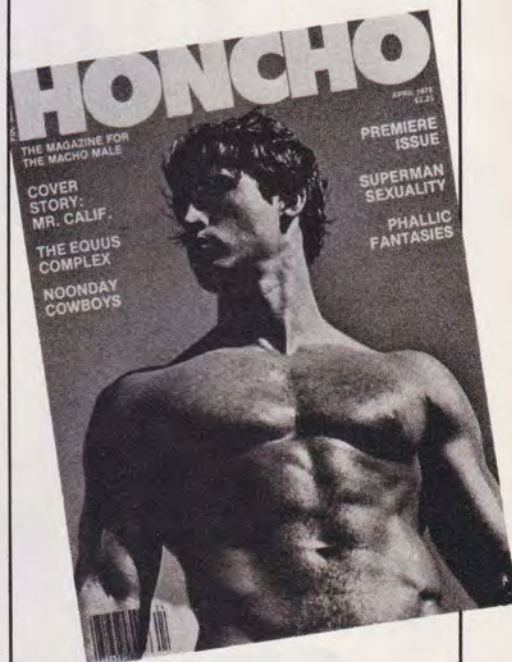
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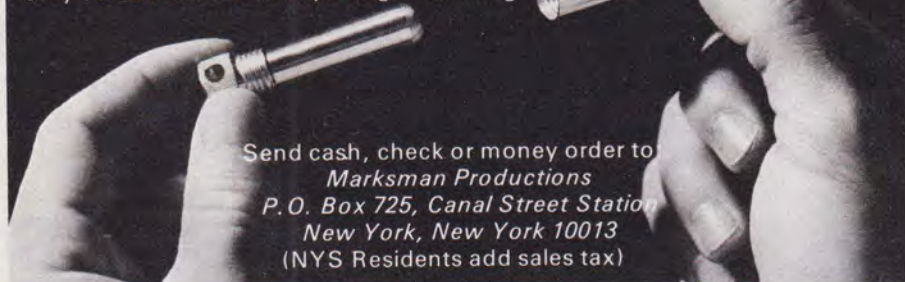


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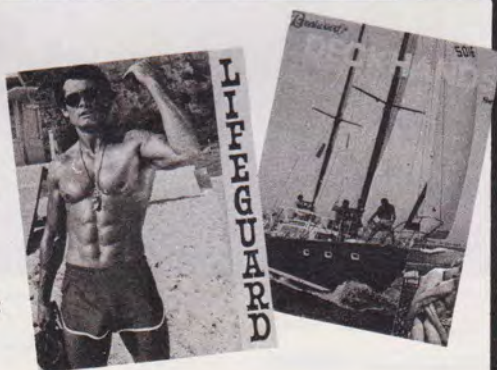
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# THE SUB-MISSION

Continued from page 22

his feet, his own cock still dripping, and he dropped to his knees to take the other man's piss.

Somehow disturbed by the kinky scene he was witnessing, Michael lurched through the dangling chains into the front section of the bar. He set his beer down on the counter and hurried out into the night.

He knew something now, and he knew it with a certainty. Knew it about those two men pissing in the bar, knew it about Ron, and knew it about himself. They were all men, and what they did with each other was an intensely private thing, and no voices from the past, no inhibitions, no thou-shalt-nots, no stupid brother-in-law saying "sissy shit" should affect it.

If he felt like being passive, that was all right, too. It was not effeminate. He remembered both of the men he had just seen in the bar, both of them huge, towering, hairy, muscled men, with huge upthrust cocks and deep bass voices, men's men, men who made his straight brother-in-law seem like a drag queen by comparison! Men's men, macho men, honchos—and look what they were doing to each other, with no hangups, no humiliation, no guilt, none of the encumbering strictures that ruined the sensual immediacy of people's lives. They were free, living here and now, exploring their bodies' potential, with nothing to say no to them. He envied them.

He walked back up Tenth Avenue, and headed back across 23rd Street. He stopped in an all-night delicatessen and bought two six-packs of beer. And at Sixth Avenue, he located the right building. At the mailboxes he searched for someone named Ron on the second floor. R. Anselm, 2-D. He rang the buzzer.

After a pause, he heard a deep voice, fuzzy with sleep: "Yes? Who the fuck is it?"

"It's me. Michael. I'm back. Michael,

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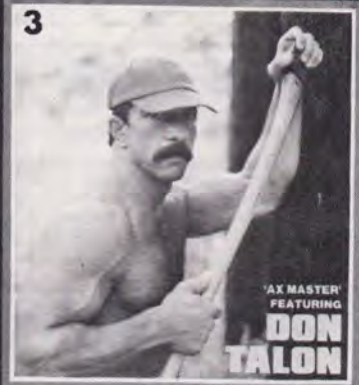


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from earlier."

The buzzer sounded and he entered, pausing for a moment at the foot of the stairs, wondering how he could say what he wanted to say. He looked up. Ron stood at the top of the stairs, his thighs spread wide, immense, like some mythological titan, his huge body silhouetted dark against a light bulb behind him.

"I'm back."

"Come on up."

Ron stood, wearing only jeans, his huge hairy chest so sexy that Michael could hardly wait until they got into the apartment to fling himself toward Ron. Controlling himself, he handed Ron the two six-packs.

"What's this for?"

"Makes you piss," Michael said.

"I'm sorry about what I said earlier, about you being fucked-up. You didn't deserve that, I had no right to say it," Ron said, taking the beer and heading for the kitchen. Michael followed him, staring at the muscle-plated shoulders and the thickly rounded biceps.

"Yes, I did deserve that. I'm the one who's sorry. Sorry for being a tight-assed, fucked-up little prick who hasn't got the courage to say yes even when I know exactly what I want. Why is it sometimes so difficult to say yes, especially when it's a matter of saying yes to precisely what you want?"

Ron pulled two beers loose, put the rest in the refrigerator. He handed a beer to Michael, and saw that Michael was staring at his corded, muscular arms, at the black swirls of hair on his big pectorals.

"Do you want to go into the living room or the bedroom?" Ron asked.

He told me what to do before, Michael thought. This time he's asking me.

"Maybe we better talk," Michael said. "Do you mind listening?"

"No."

Michael stared at Ron's massive muscularity, the almost frightening bulk of the man.

"No, let's don't talk. Let's don't talk at all. I want to *show* you."

"Show me what?"

Feverishly, Michael's fingers ripped Ron's zipper down. He sank to his knees before the mass of soft cock, tongued it until he felt it begin to surge. Then he backed off of it, so he could watch it. In little spasming jerks, it lurched upward, thrusting up and out of the thick forest of black pubic curls. Behind it, the magnificent balls, big, heavy-hung ones, covered with a riot of hair. Michael bent

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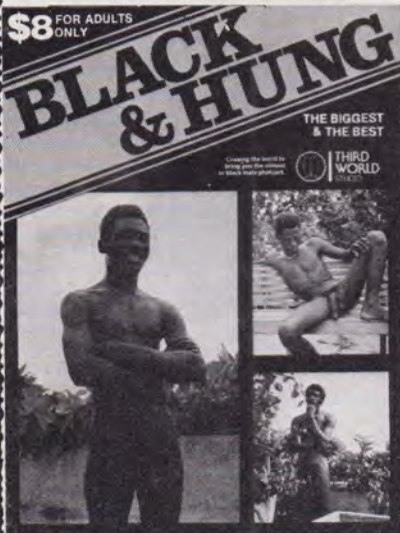
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forward to touch them with his trembling tongue. Then he stood and pulled off the denim jacket, the t-shirt, the boots, the socks, the denims. Naked, he took Ron's cock and pulled him toward the bedroom. "Where were we?"

"You're sure?" Ron asked. Michael realized that Ron probably thought he had some sort of confused nut on his hands. How could Michael tell him what realizations he had come to tonight, so suddenly, how two men pissing on each other had made him understand himself and what he was and what he wasn't...

"I'm sure I want to do everything, I want your big hairy dick in me, fucking the living daylight out of me, I want to taste your piss, I want to stick my tongue down between your hairy thighs, in the hairy musk, and taste you, taste you everywhere. I want it all."

What Michael knew was that he was ready to surrender. He was ready for the ultimate submission. Not a submission to the thick thrust of Ron's gnarled, vein-etched cock, not a submission to his muscled torso fleeced with black swirls of hair, not a submission to the daring demands of his fiery eyes, not a submission to his force and his butchness and all that. He was ready for the ultimate submission. Submission to himself, active and passive, and bold and shy, and demanding and withdrawing, submission to all his possibility, to fucking and sucking and rimming and even to love. Yes, submissive even to that.

He would be submissive to his own destiny, and that destiny would not be dictated by voices from the past, the thou-shalt-nots echoing through his mind. His destiny would be forged by his own erect cock and his own lively mind and everything he was and felt and saw and did and wanted. He would begin by saying yes.

"I do get fucked," he whispered, and he felt Ron's tongue flick along the shadowy crevice to touch his secret place.

Half an hour later, he sighed, "Do I ever..."

And as he thrust his own stiff cock into Ron, later, as he lunged and plunged to the hair-ringed hilt and withdrew, as he fucked and felt his manliness squirt into another man's hairy ass, he knew that he had succeeded in realizing the ultimate submission: submitting to all his possibility, all of it, now.

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