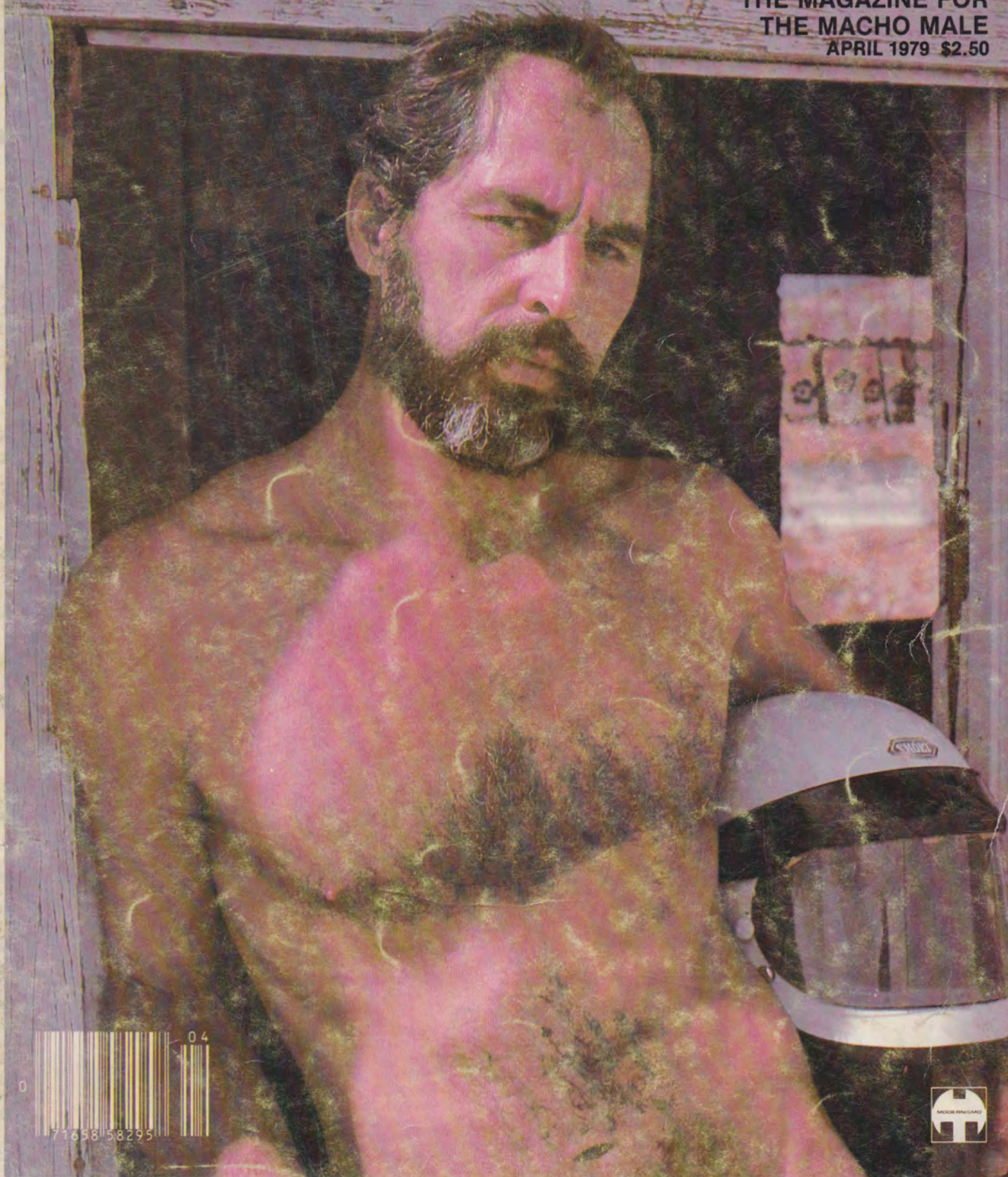


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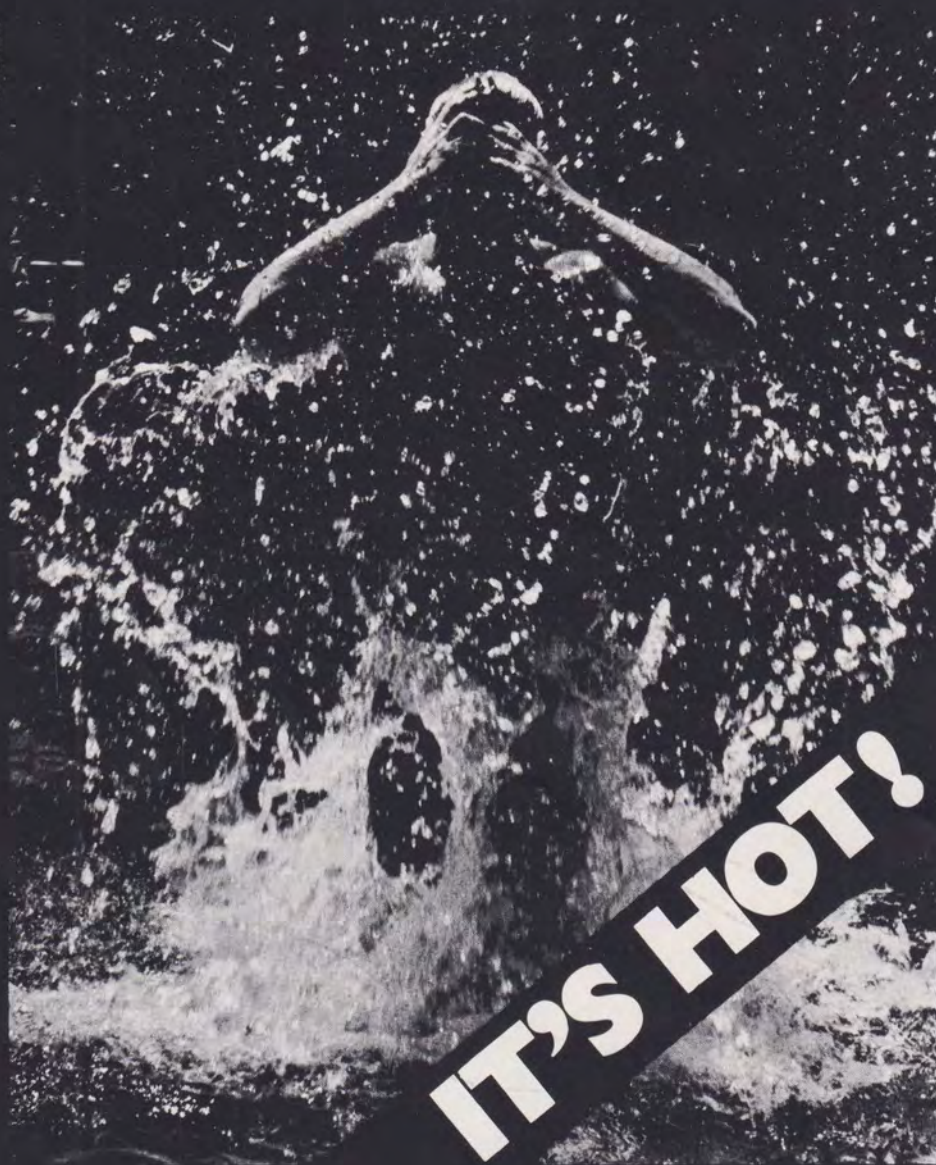
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COVER

Hunky masculinity incarnate.

That's Richard Locke, as his many skinflick fans know very well.

For this *Honcho* exclusive, Locke reveals all the attributes that make him a mature sex symbol. You may want to lock Locke up and throw away the key. See page 40. Cover photograph by Jarry Lang.

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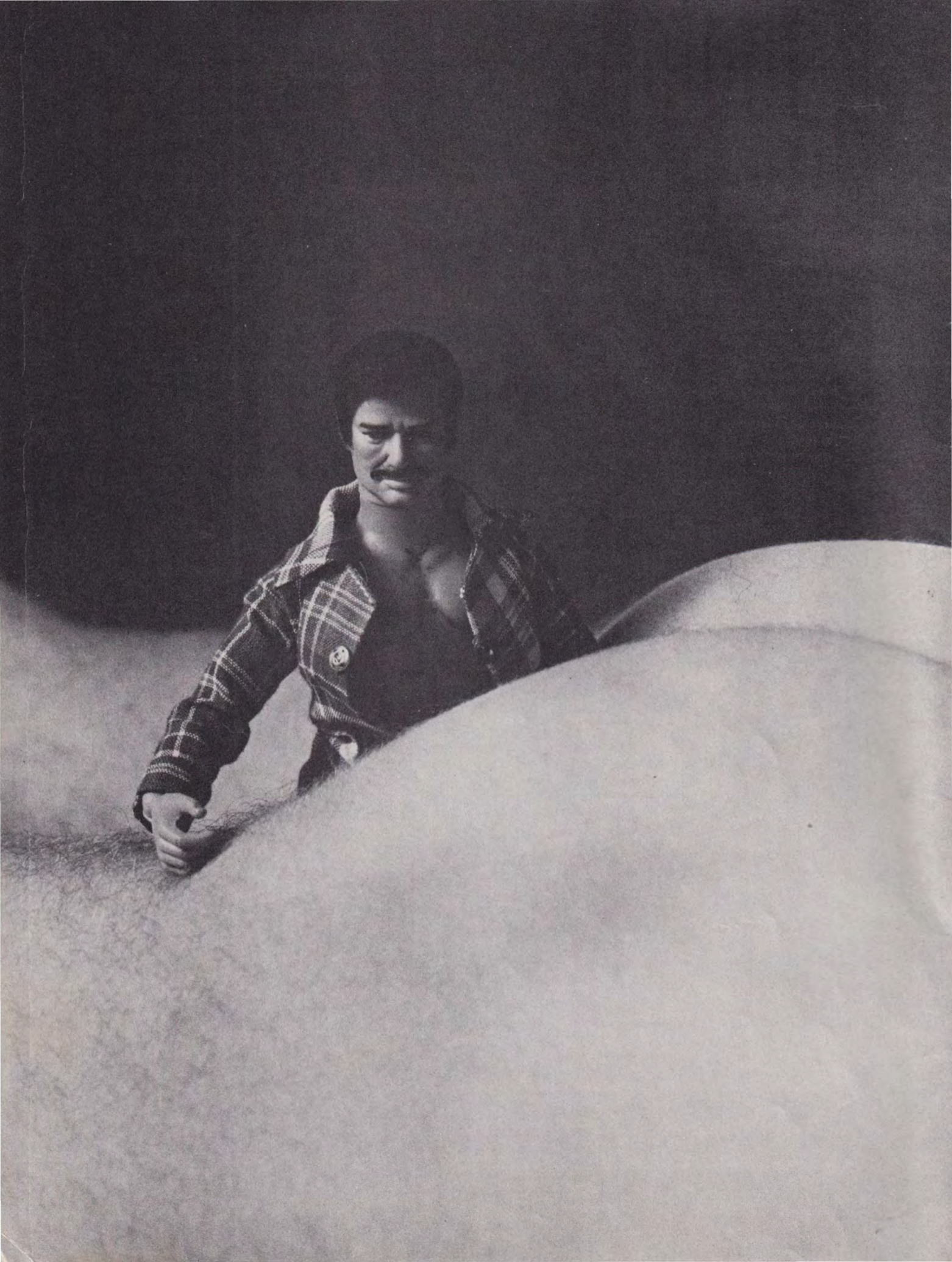
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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

Photo at left by Don Hanover
Photo below by Target

With the increased awareness of gay rights, manufacturers have now come out with Gay Bob, left, the first gay doll that is definitely meant to be played with.

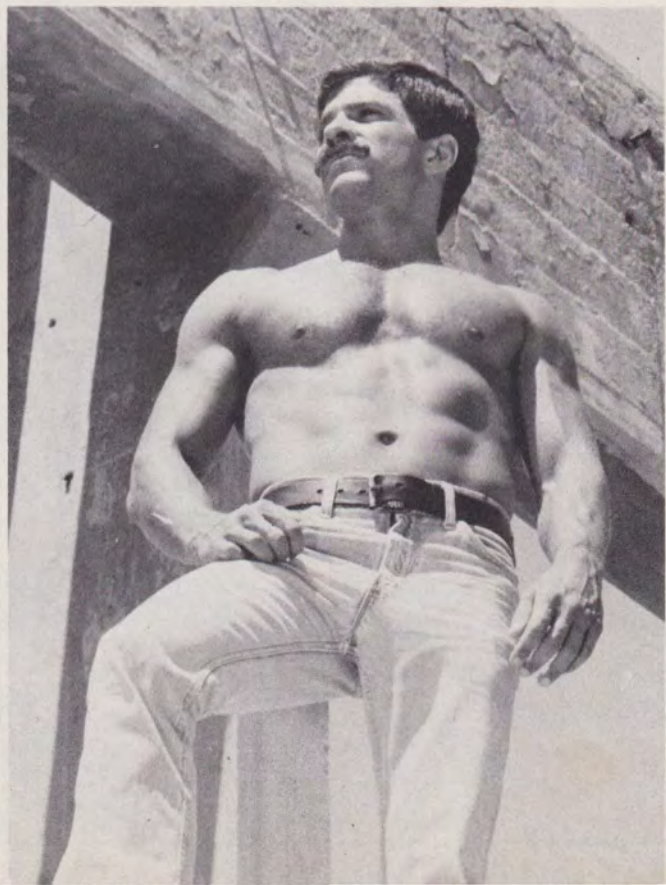
So, too, is Target discovery Rod Mitchell, below.

If these men—real or unreal—are any indication,

1979 looks like it will be an even better year for the liberated male. More examples? Witness Tom of Finland's new drawings, or porn-star Fred Halsted's appearance in the play *News for Tennessee*. For more penetrating coverage, check out the features on fisting, which details the ins and outs of one of the heaviest of gay pastimes.

Or get in on the Reno Gay Rodeo, now in its third year of successful competition. Any way you look at it,

Honcho is ready to give it to you—month after macho month.







FISTING

By James Henry • Illustration by Jon Mathews

I was nineteen the first time I fisted a man. It was back in 1968. I was a college sophomore, living on Manhattan's West Side back in its slummy days. There was this dude I balled occasionally, weeknights and afternoon quickies, an easy situation since we were close neighbors. After one of our afternoon sessions he asked me if I liked threesomes. I'd only had one at that time, but I said yes as if I were an old pro at group scenes.

"He's got a ten inch dick," my friend added to get the juices going, "and he likes to get fistfucked. Have you ever fistfucked anyone?"

I'd never even seen a ten-inch dick, let alone fistfucked a man. Somehow

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it was easy for me to imagine what
both were like, and I was hot to
improve my sexual education.

We met a week later at my friend's
apartment. He wasn't at all what I
expected. Back in the sixties, most of
what you heard about fistfucking
wasn't very positive—lots about worn-
out homosexuals who had reached the
end of the line sexually, resorting to
fistfucking in their degenerate years.
This number was a number: mid-
thirties, handsome, muscular, a real
hot man.

It was a foregone conclusion that I
was going to fist him. My friend, who
pretty much sat on the side lines,
beating off while enjoying the show,
had clued our partner in that there was
this horny kid who'd never had his arm
up as ass before, but who was willing.

Stripped down, his body was
beautiful: worked-out, full and thick,
his chest matted with curly black hair.
And his fat, uncut prick was a prize
piece of meat. But once I grabbed his
ass, I forgot all about what was up
front. What a hole this dude had. Not
like any I'd felt before, the flesh was
smooth, open, inviting, swollen with
excitement. It was the first time I'd felt
a really hungry asshole.

In seconds my arm was greased. He
took me to the elbow on the first
stroke. Though the details have faded
over the years, I still remember the
amazing sensation of being inside a
man in that way for the first time, my
arm engulfed by his warm, moist gut. I
was inside him for hours.

One of the first things I learned that
night is that, if you reach far enough
inside a man, you can feel his heart.

Now, in the late seventies, there's
no doubt fistfucking is more common-
place than ever before. It's not only
found any night of the week at the
baths and backroom bars, it's seen
live, on stage at some of the country's
looser after-hours dives; it's been
done more than once on the
dancefloor at Flamingo; it's been done
in movie theater balconies, in
abandoned warehouses, in the
lavatories of 747s; it's even been done
underwater among coral reefs during
sex-and-scuba dives; and, of course,
in the back of a Dodge pickup truck
going across the Golden Gate Bridge.

Naturally, with the increase in
popularity of fisting, something of a
cult has grown up around it. Just as
gays pride themselves on having the
most enviable lifestyles, the most
liberated attitudes, the hottest discos,
the most exclusive resorts, the best

bodies, they have the most extra-
ordinary sex act (not that there aren't
others more unusual—but fisting *is*
extraordinary for a sex act that's so
frequent and widespread in the gay
community).

One outgrowth of the cult aspect of
fisting is organization. There are
various clubs, some large, loose
groups, others quiet, exclusive, and
very private, all organized around the
pursuit of happiness through
fistfucking. Some are into insignia,
badges, flags and general visibility;
others are more in organizing group
sex scenes, or maintaining private,
well-equipped facilities for scenes.
FFA, or Fist Fuckers of America is
perhaps the best-known and best
established, but there are many
lesser-known.

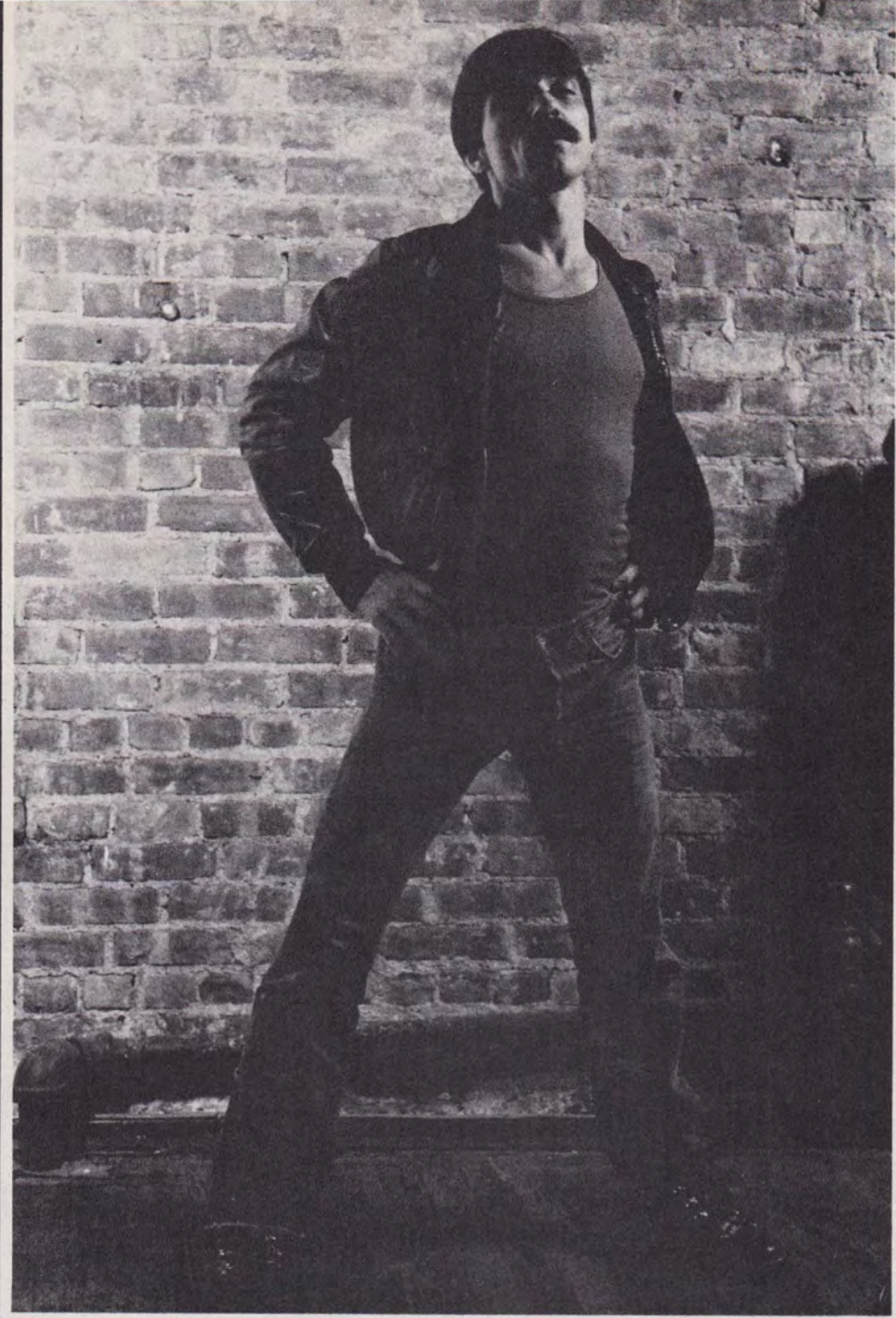
But organized fisting is only a small
part of what is going on. There are
thousands of men who love fisting,
but who aren't social or organized
about it. It's just part of their sex trip.
Like the lovers I know who "got into it
one night, relaxing in front of the
fireplace. It just slipped in." Or one
kid, fifteen, who claims to have been
taking fists since he was twelve.

Just how long has fisting been
going on? Are there an Adam and Eve
of fisting? Most "experts" I talked to
agree that fisting has been around
awhile, but quietly. The time before
the Second World War is uncharted
territory, but my own doctor, who has
been in practice for years, thinks
fisting was going on quite a bit in the
fifties, mainly at home between
lovers. It wasn't until the sixties that
frequency and openness picked up;
the big boom has been in the
seventies. My own recollection is that
fisting was getting better known, was
more talked about, in the late sixties,
but it was mainly confined to leather-
bar circles. With the seventies came a
certain responsibility for fistfucking.
No longer was it whispered what
denizens of the Eagles' Nest or
Ramrod were doing with hands and
feet: fisting was admitted to—even
bragged about—by a whole generation
of men: men who weren't necessarily
part of the leather circuit, who weren't
afraid their friends would find out,
men who were quite open about drop-
ping a hit of acid in their faces and
getting fisted at the tubs.

The question is: Why?

I think there are a number of reasons.
One is experimentation. Most gay men
know a lot about sex, they've had a lot
of it, and they only naturally

Continued to page 14



HOT SPOT

The name, believe it or not, is Spot. He comes from Man's Image, one of the newest models from that studio of hot young men. The look is All-American with just a splash of street punk, as Spot gives you the eye and lets you know he's been around and knows the score. Who wouldn't want to score with this handsome fellow? If your response was negative, maybe you'd better check out the next few pages.

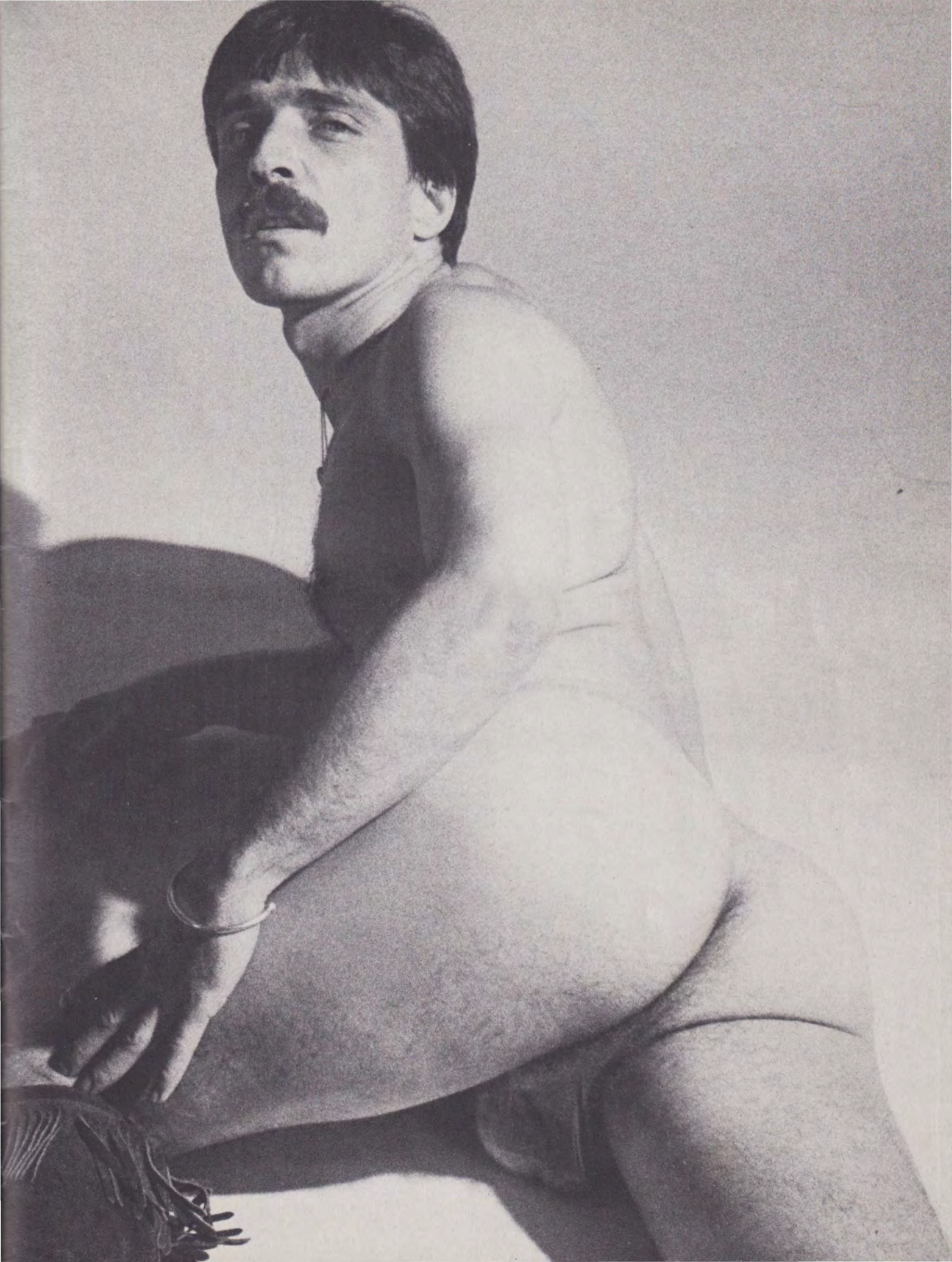
Photograph by Man's Image

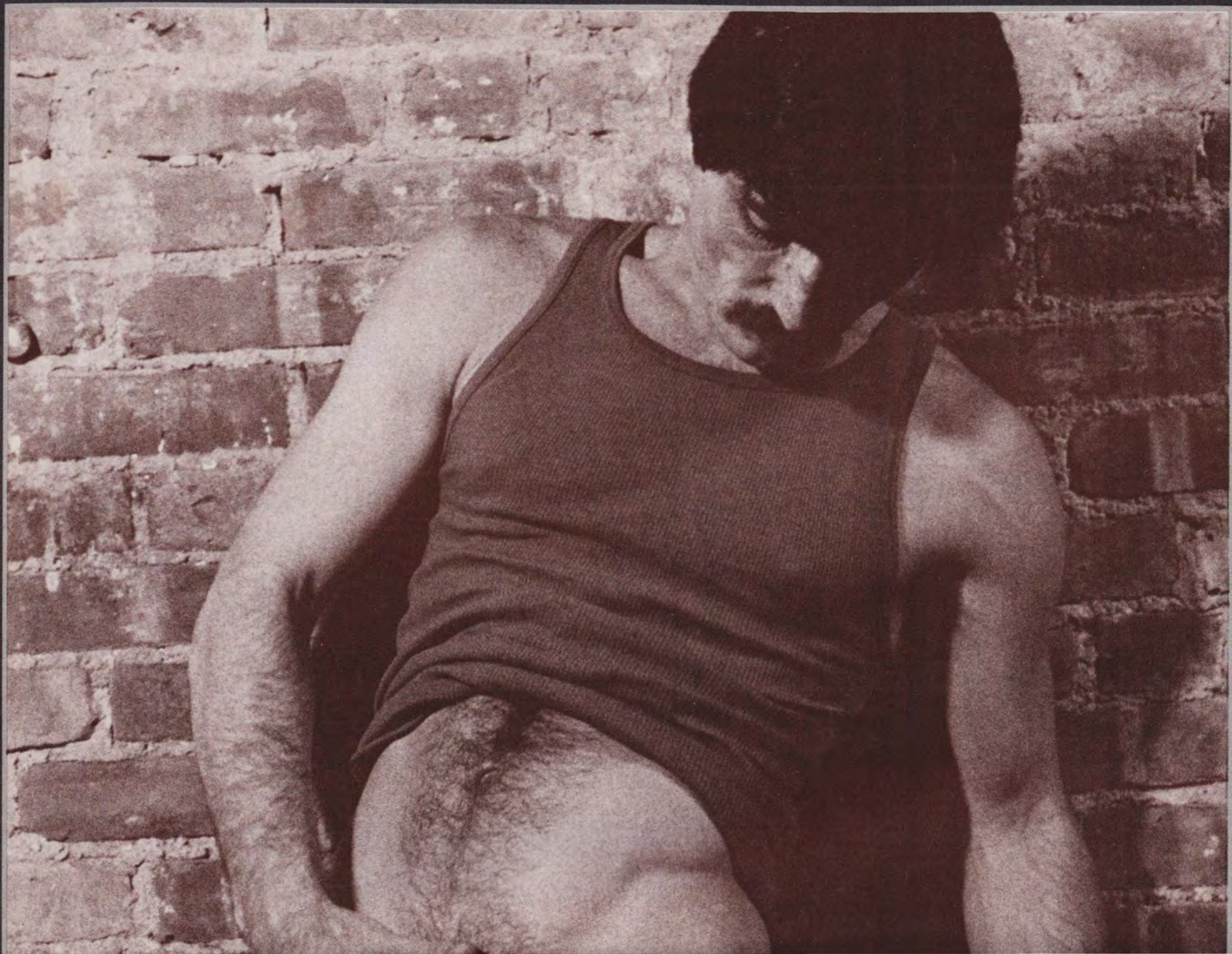
HOT SPOT

Spot finds himself up against the wall in the photo at left but manages to get by with a little help from a friend who thinks those blue jeans are superfluous. We tend to agree and prefer to see Spot getting back to basics. Want to see more? Send \$2 for Man's Image brochures and samples to Man's Image, Box 700H, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. Man's Image men are for men only, so please state you are over 21.

Photographs by Man's Image



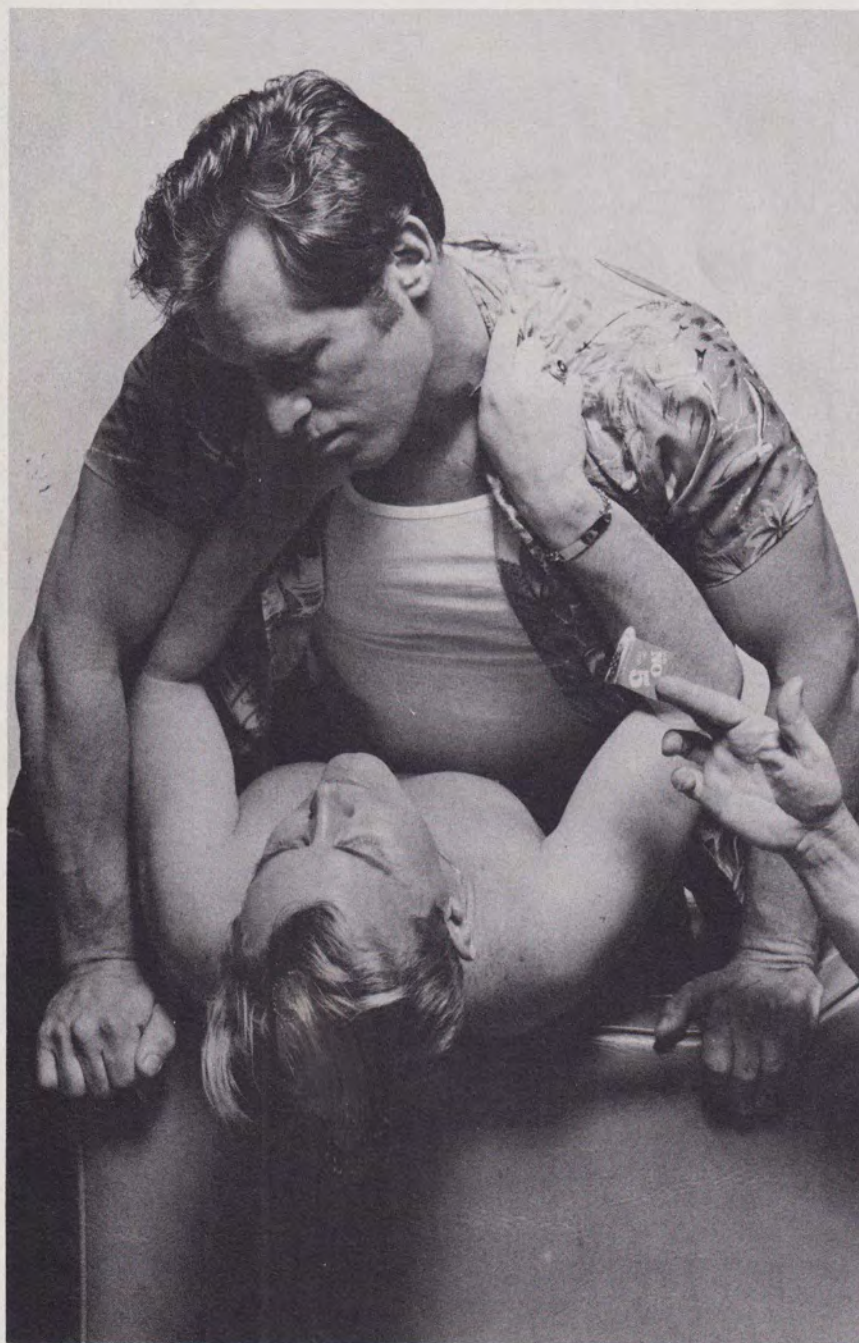






HONCHO
Photo by Man's Image

HALSTED PLAYS L.A.



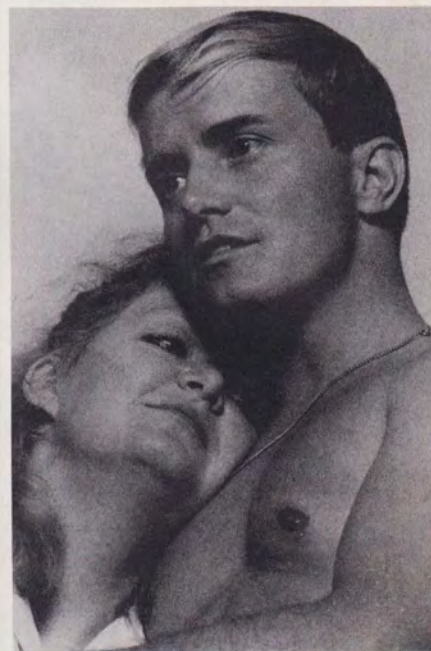
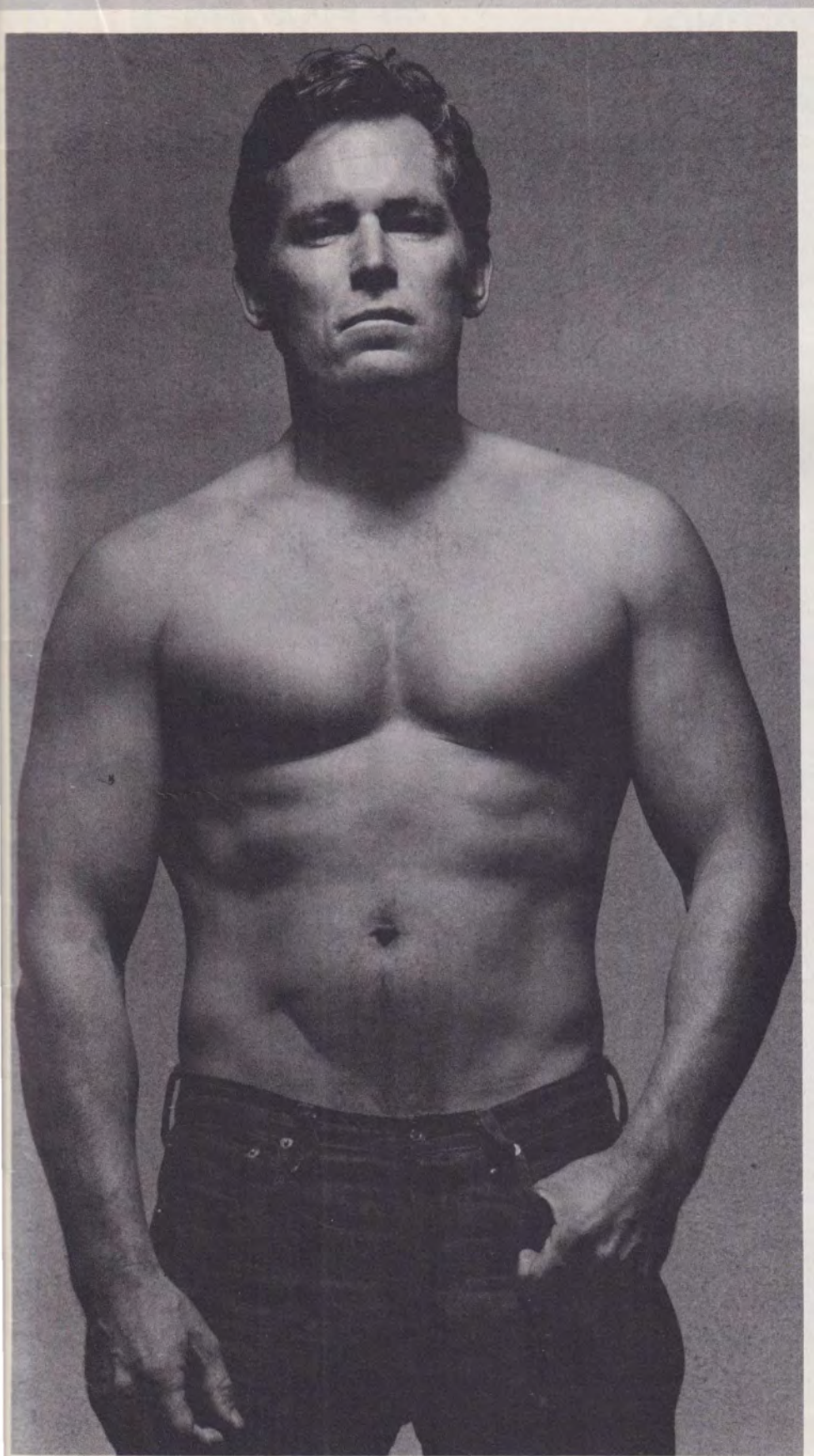
Fred Halsted and Joseph Yale are perhaps America's best known practitioners of gay S&M. The porno movies in which they've appeared, such as *L.A. Plays Itself* and *Sextool*, have been shown throughout the country. Searching for new fields to conquer, they recently starred in Joseph S. Caruso's *News for Tennessee* on stage at the Pilot Theatre in Hollywood, and proved anew that they are an unbeatable combination.

Once again facing a stiff challenge, Fred played on over-the-hill hustler returning to disrupt the life of his former roommate-lover, whom he'd deserted on Christmas Eve two years earlier. And not to be outdone in the acting department, Joey portrayed the cast-off lover who, after an unsuccessful suicide attempt, had married the nurse (Maggie Gwinn) that helped him recover. The three stars gave full blown performances that startled even the jaded Los Angeles theatre critics. Both Fred and Joey found it to be a learning experience.

"I've discovered that with theatre, versus movies, you're creating, letting people into your life, showing them the most embarrassing things you wouldn't reveal even to a friend," Fred observes. "You can hide from everyone except yourself, yet you go out and share these feelings with people so they can look at you and think about themselves and relate to it. What a turn-on for me!"

Joey agrees. "God! The intensity you feel, knowing the audience is there," he says. "Feeling them respond to the whole situation you're creating is just marvelous."

Both are looking forward to more stage work, but are not going to turn their backs on the field that made them famous. "I'm not going to 'live down' my porno work," Fred says. "I'm very proud of every fuck film I've made, but I hope my performance in *News for Tennessee* will change



people's attitudes toward my acting. This is a period of transition, where they will have to consider me as an actor who can do more than what I've done in the past."

Joey, too, sees other work opening up for them. "I don't think I could go out to plug toothpaste, but there's movie and TV opportunities, especially with independent producers. That's where the work is."

Joey had, of course, appeared in the national touring company of *Disney on Parade*, so live performances were not new to him. And Fred had just completed a non-gay role in the general release film *Dribble* (going out to theatres in February), so he too was also intent on seeking other outlets to demonstrate his abilities. *News for Tennessee* served as a showcase for their considerable and wide-ranging talents, and both are looking forward to more stage work in the future.

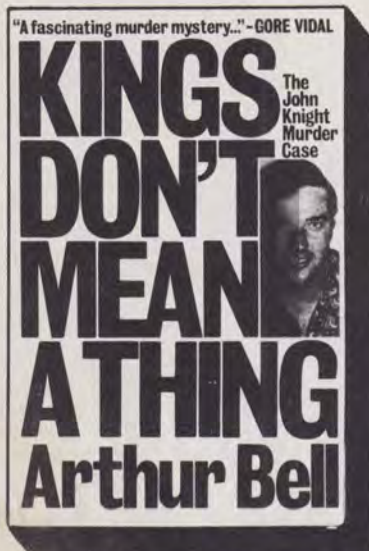
As Fred put it, "People are just going to have to get used to us as serious actors."

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FISTING

Continued from page 6

experiment, trying out new things, pushing old limits, seeking new sensations. Call it jaded. I think of it as adventurous. If you've been thrilled by the view from the Empire State Building, Mount Everest will be a knockout.

One acquaintance of mine thinks fisting has gotten so big "because of the challenge." He thinks because we've conquered so many other areas of sexuality, we're now turned on by the challenge of fisting: something that is difficult at first, requiring effort, concentration, commitment—and giving physical pleasure in proportion to the mind-over-matter state acheived.

Fisting occurs in as many different kinds of sexual situations as more "conventional" techniques. Some fisting fans are heavily role-oriented: the slave/master trip enables them to open up their asses for other men. Others don't get into the S/M fantasy at all: they find fisting an intimate, reassuring trip. And there are all degrees in-between. What I have noticed in talking to fisters is that they are almost always heavily into a man to-man fantasy, whether it be master/slave, two mutually affectionate lovers, or two total strangers in a steamroom. My own crazy theory is that this man-to-man head trip in fisting is something of an outgrowth of the new gay consciousness. Conventional dick-in-ass fucking, though it's sure to be with us always, borders on the male-female role trip, even if the participants don't always admit it to themselves; but fisting, now *there's* a he-man sex act, something that doesn't resemble heterosexual fucking much at all. Isn't it a form of sex with the challenge of an athletic competition? A form that involves pain and struggle not unlike the quests of our superheroes? Is a part of the fistfucking trip saying, "I'm conquering my physical limitations by giving myself in this way to another man?"

The hands are extremely important to primates: they are the specialized body part that sets us apart from other mammals, and over millions of years since the fist primate tree shrews evolved in Africa, a huge set of instinctive responses have involved around the use of the hands in all primates, and especially the higher primates including man. In the great

apes—and *homo sapiens*—the conveying of meaning through hand gestures is at the very foundation of social structure and group behavior. From earliest childhood we learn that the open hand means greeting, invitation, acceptance, openness; the closed fist means strength, anger, threat, defiance, dominance; there is a strong possibility that our response to these basic hand positions is instinctual. We see the clenched fist as political salute, weapon in a fight, black power symbol, and, even closer to home, one of the ultimate macho insults: up yours. It isn't just by chance that we almost always use the word *fist*: "fist" conveys the *power*; "hand" can have both an active and passive meaning, and "arm-fucking" just doesn't have the same power-symbolism, though it's usually just as important a body part in a fisting scene as the fist is.

I think most fist-freaks will agree that a fist is not just a bigger, harder substitute for a cock. And a lot of men admit they cruise hands.

When I told a straight friend of mine about fistfucking, his immediate reaction was incredulity. (Though he kept hinting he wanted to catch one of the stage shows) "I have enough trouble getting a finger up there," he claimed. "How can someone take a whole hand." To the uninitiated, the achievements of expert fisters are impressive. Not just a hand. Two hands. Arms to the elbow. Two arms to the elbow. To the armpit. A foot. A foot and a hand. Two feet. A booted foot. A hand jerking off a cock. Two hands jerking off a cock. Two cocks, two hands. And those rumors of shaved heads. The possibilities are endless.

What about the top man? What's in it for the fistfucker? Anyone who's ever done it will know immediately what's in it: the extraordinary sensation, the warmth, the textures (the nerve endings of our hands sense quite differently than those of our cocks); the feeling of being inside, discovering that all colons are different, of exploring the partner's inner workings; the feeling of conquering, of giving pleasure. You immediately feel a sense of power over this man, you are reaching inside him. It isn't easy for him—he's working for it, struggling to take it, to give to you. The feeling of power can be intense. Yet the bottom man has his own brand of dominance, too. Passive control, you might call it.

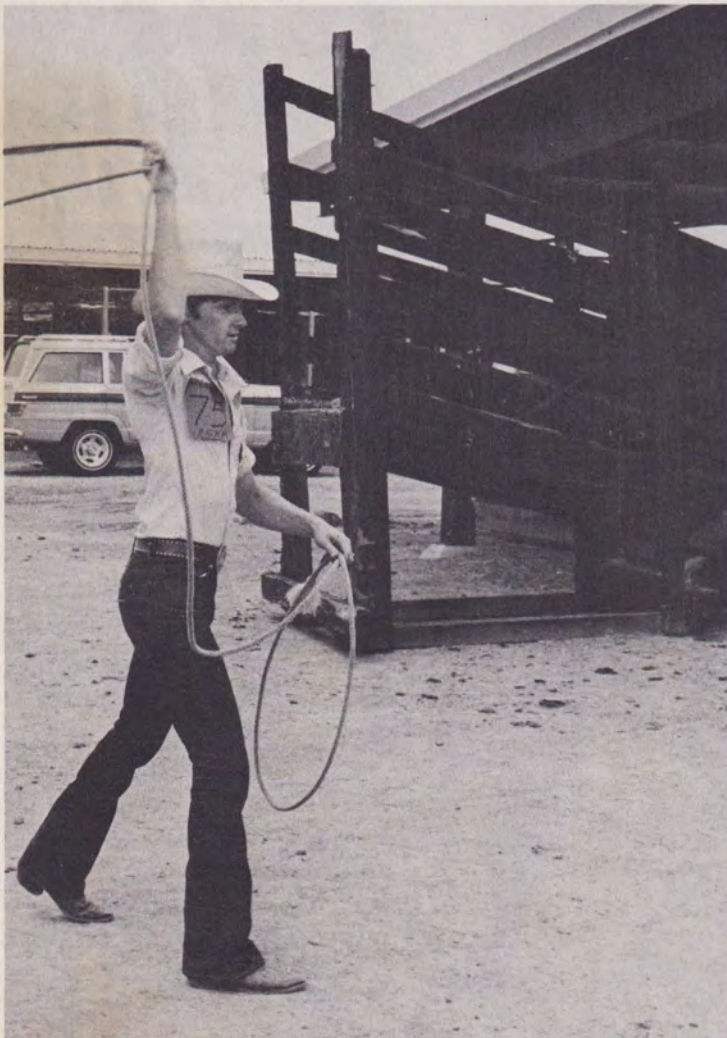
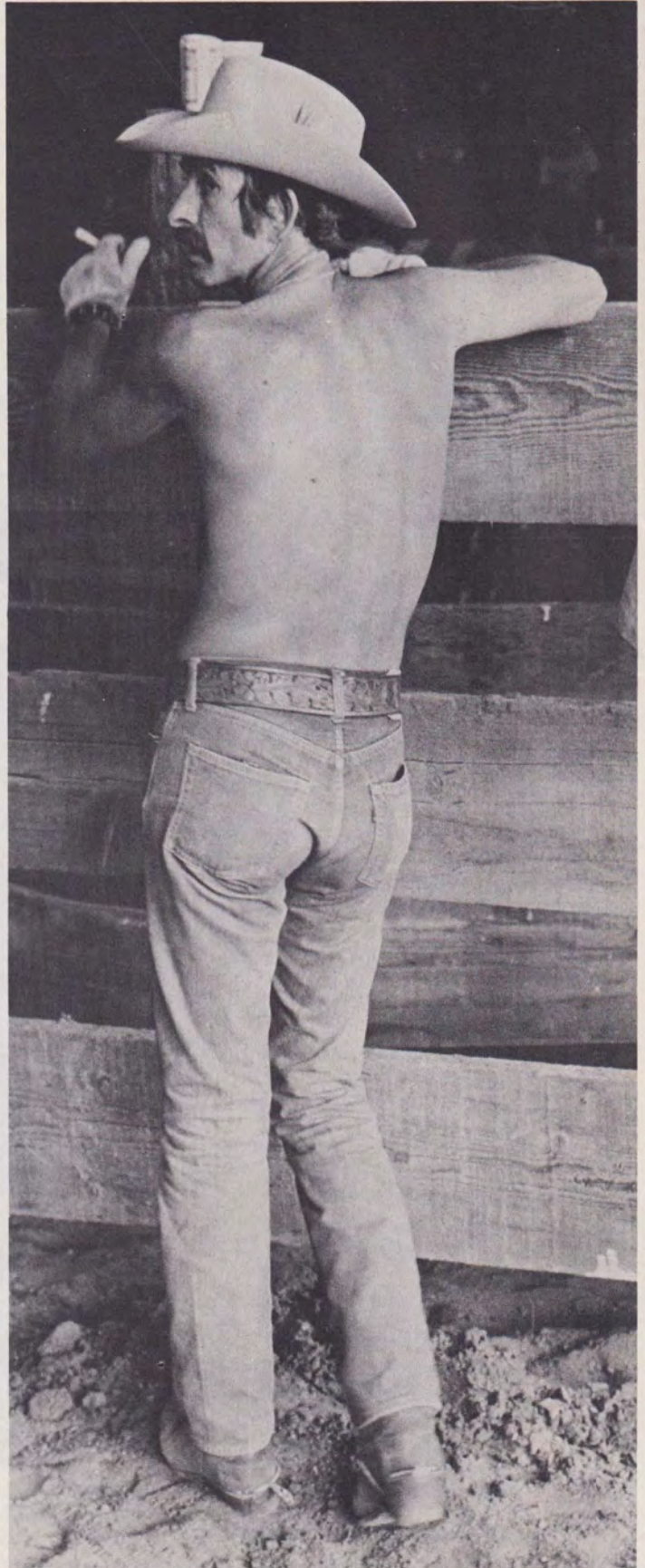
Continued to page 61



The rodeos of today are just as wild as they were in the American West over a hundred years ago—but with one difference. What may have been suggested by those lonesome cowboys finding a buddy to bed down with in the mountains has now come out of the closet in the third successful year of Reno's

GAY RODEO

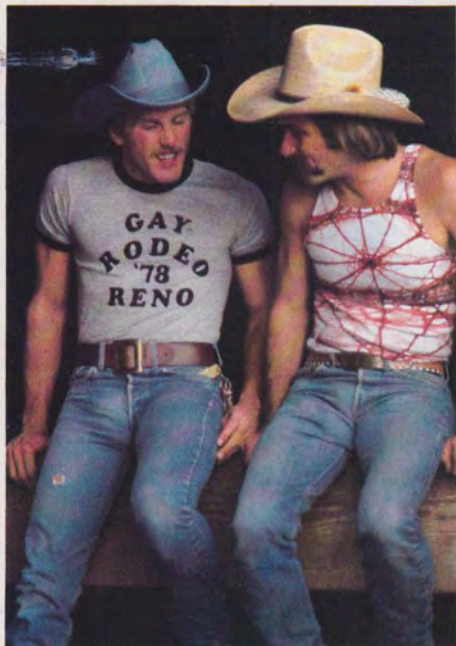
Illustration by Olaf Odegaard



GAY RODEO

Photographs by Bob Deutsch

Now in its third year, the Reno Gay Rodeo, sponsored by the Comstock Gay Rodeo Association and the Silver Dollar Court, recently rounded up 100-200 would-be cowboys to compete in a variety of events for a \$100 cash prize and "All Around Cowboy and Cowgirl" cups, as well as buckles and other awards. The events included bull riding, saddle and bareback bronc riding, calf roping, barrel racing, and team roping. Contestants from California, Nevada, and Arizona participated in the two-day affair, the profits of which were donated to the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon. *Honcho* was on hand to bring you this pictorial on the rodeo, during which a good time was had by all.



WHEN YOU'RE A JET

By Mark Hiers • Illustration by Tony

"Suck it," Jeremy whispered, "suck it hard."

The wet mouth surrounding his stiff cock responded immediately, applying suction and a faster up-down stroke, making his cockhead swell and sending tingles of erotic delight rushing through his crotch and scrotum. He was going to cum, shoot his load, hot and sticky, into that eager mouth working on his tingling, engorged cock.

"Ah-h," he groaned as the mouth sucked hard at the cockhead, the wet tongue swirling over his sensitive flesh. He arched his back, thrusting with his hips as his climax neared, pumping his cock in and out of that tight, wet mouth.

Lips pressed against his flesh, the tongue licking and swirling around his pumping cock, hands grasped his tight buttocks encouraging him to pump harder and deeper. He dug his heels into the mattress and thrust upward into the waiting mouth and held his hot, eager cock against the back of the wet throat for a moment before his semen spurted forth.

A low, satisfied moan escaped Jeremy's throat. His partner moaned with pleasure also as Jeremy's cum shot down his throat.

The sudden release left him limp and trembling slightly, especially his thigh muscles, but this was not unusual when he'd had so many amys and such a long, exquisite blow-job. His head was spinning and he closed his eyes for a moment, savoring the sensations that wet, accommodating mouth sent through his still erect cock.

Slowly, the sounds outside the tiny room returned to his consciousness

and the erotic adventures of a few moments before began to fade. Reality returned.

He glanced to one side, the dim lights making it nearly impossible to get a definite view of anything. There was a small hole in the plywood wall and he could see the movement from the other side where someone had been watching. He felt no embarrassment knowing he and his companion had been observed. How many times had he done the same thing?

His cock was going soft. Looking down at the pale blond hair, long and curly, which hid the face of his nameless sex partner, Jeremy watched the young man trying to put new life into his prick. With a sigh of resignation, his blond-haired companion released the cock from his mouth, kissed it tenderly, then sat back on his heels.

Jeremy glanced down between the young man's legs and saw that the blond's cock was hanging limp and glisteningly wet. So, Jeremy thought, he came, too.

Experiencing a moment of confusion as he always did at moments like this, Jeremy cleared his throat as if to speak. What the hell do you say? How the hell do you make a graceful exit?

The blond saved Jeremy the trouble. "Thanks," he said. "You've got a beautiful cock." Jeremy grinned, a little embarrassed. "I've got to go take a shower," the blond said, rising gracefully from the bed.

The hallway was empty. Jeremy walked along, barefoot, tugging his towel around his narrow waist. He turned and walked slowly towards the stairs that led down to the showers.

He passed a dozen or so doors which opened onto small cubicles identical to the one he'd just left. Three or four of the doors were open, the occupants waiting for anonymous sex partners: a coffee-and-cream Negro queen displaying a metal inhaler and an open tube of K-Y; an older man, fifty or sixty, massaging his astonishingly large cock; a young stud with a magnificently sculpted body awaiting a worshiper.

Jeremy was tired. He looked into these rooms only out of a constant sense of curiosity. He headed down the stairs. The shower room was empty and he was glad. He felt, suddenly, a need for privacy. The hot water splashed over his body and he soaped himself liberally, not surprised to find that his cock and scrotum did not respond to his hand.

He'd tricked twice that night, all with some aphrodisiac or other to instantly arouse his partner and himself to ecstatic heights and maintain them there for as long as possible. He'd shared some heavy-duty grass with the blond and was still buzzing. He was sure he'd be buzzing for a couple of hours.

What time was it? he wondered.

He knew he'd been at the baths for at least four hours. He'd gotten a room in anticipation...in anticipation of what? He applied the soap to his hair and scrubbed vigorously. Oh, yes, he always hoped for some fantastic adventure whenever he went to the baths. Some fantastic adventure? It never happened, so why did part of him keep thinking or hoping or wishing it would?

When you wish upon a cock, he hummed.

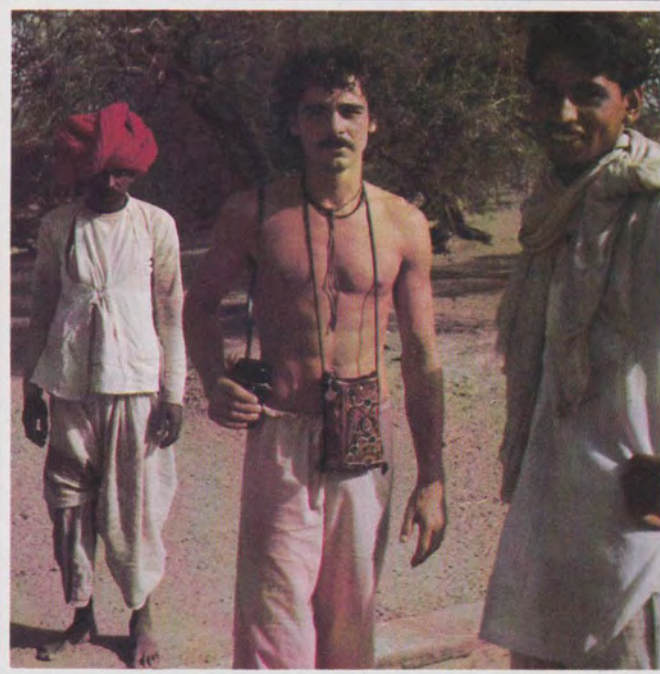
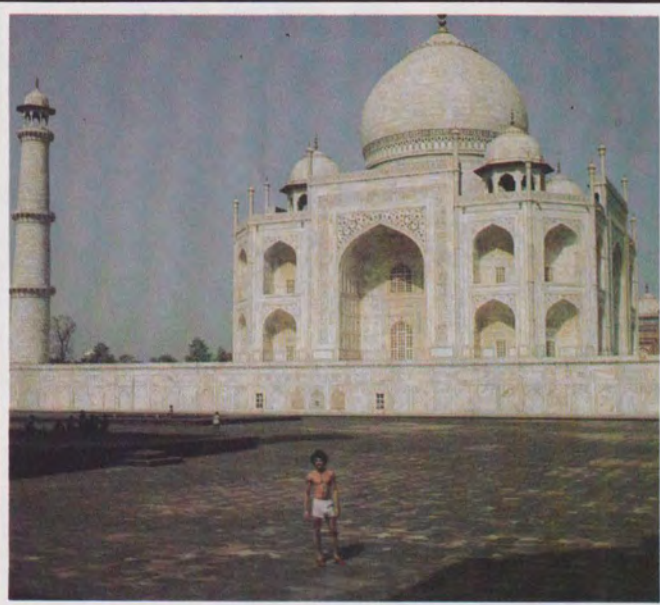


New York City was a town made for cynics, not for romantics. So said Jeremy's cynical-romantic drinking buddy Billy Simon. Jeremy allowed himself a smile as he toweled off, remembering Billy's cynical voice as he offered his opinion of amyl nitrite. "Instant love potion," he'd said, yet had not denied that he kept his refrigerator well stocked. Billy disdained going to the baths, but Jeremy was fascinated by them. "Look, Billy," he'd said more than once, "it's the only place where everybody is entirely honest. None of this bar bullshit, this lovey-dovey crap in dim corners. At the baths, everyone's there for one reason and one reason only: To get his rocks off. You see someone who is sexually attractive and if it's mutual, you get it on. If not, no one is insulted. Hurt. See? No games?" Billy remained and kept to his own patterns while Jeremy indulged in both bars and baths.

Two men walked into the shower room. Both of them still had erections bouncing before them. From their attitude, Jeremy concluded that they had just tricked together. The first one was tall and lean, hard muscled, with not an ounce of spare flesh on his youthful body. Jeremy estimated him to be about 20, 22 at the most. He had dark good-looks suggesting Latin extraction. He reminded Jeremy a lot of the character in "West Side Story"—Bernardo? Yes, Bernardo. His hard-on bounced up and down with each long-legged stride, a thick, blunt-headed instrument about seven inches in length underhung by a well-filled scrotal pouch. His buttocks were

Continued to page 58

Yankee Rajah



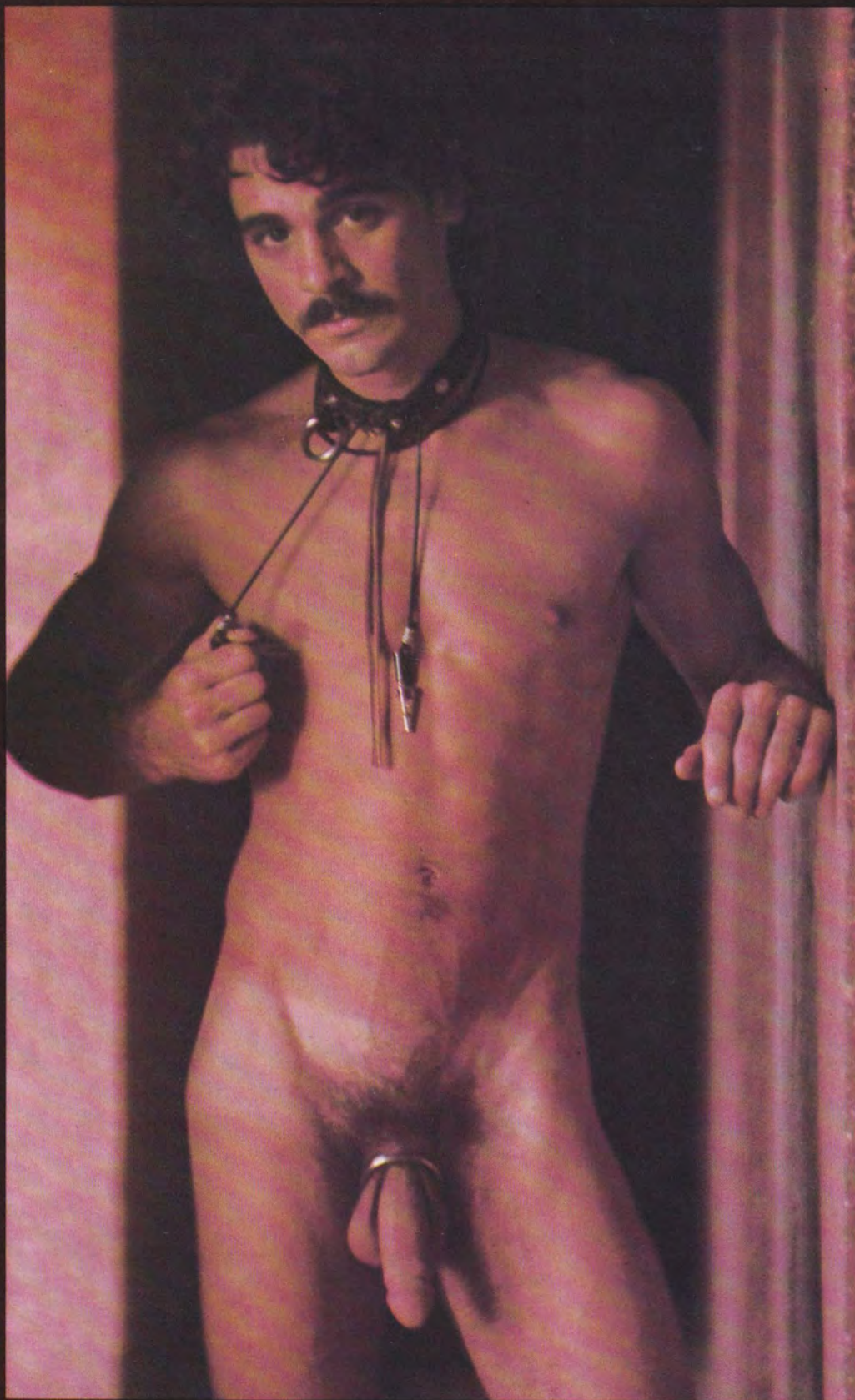
Photographed
in India
exclusively
for Honcho

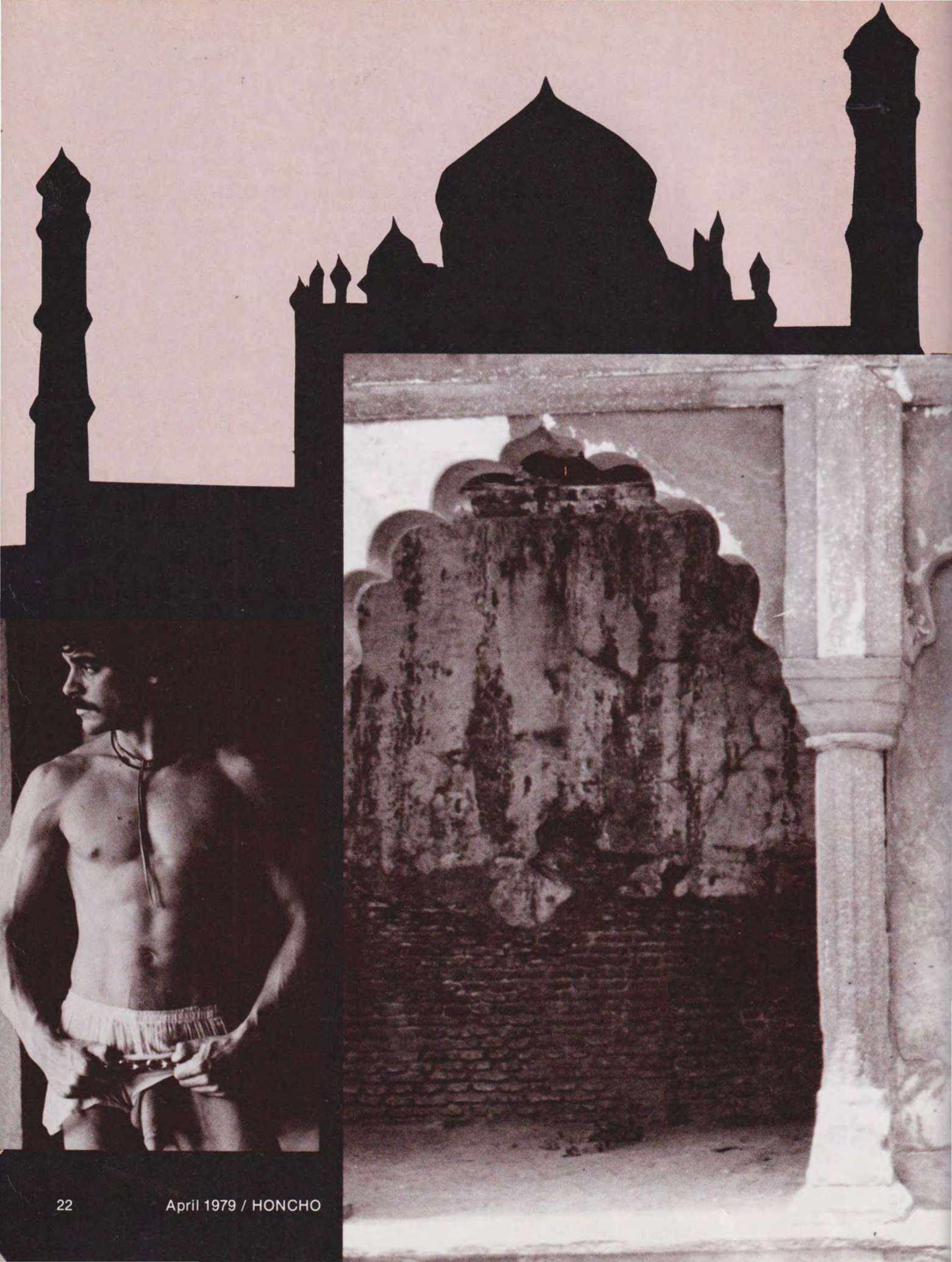
India is probably one of the last places on earth where you might expect to find *Honcho*. Surprise.

Determined to overlook nothing when it comes to showing our readers the widest possible variety of men in the greatest possible selection of settings, we followed David, the young fellow pictured here, as he explored the exotic subcontinent, and the erotic results are apparent in this exclusive six-page pictorial.

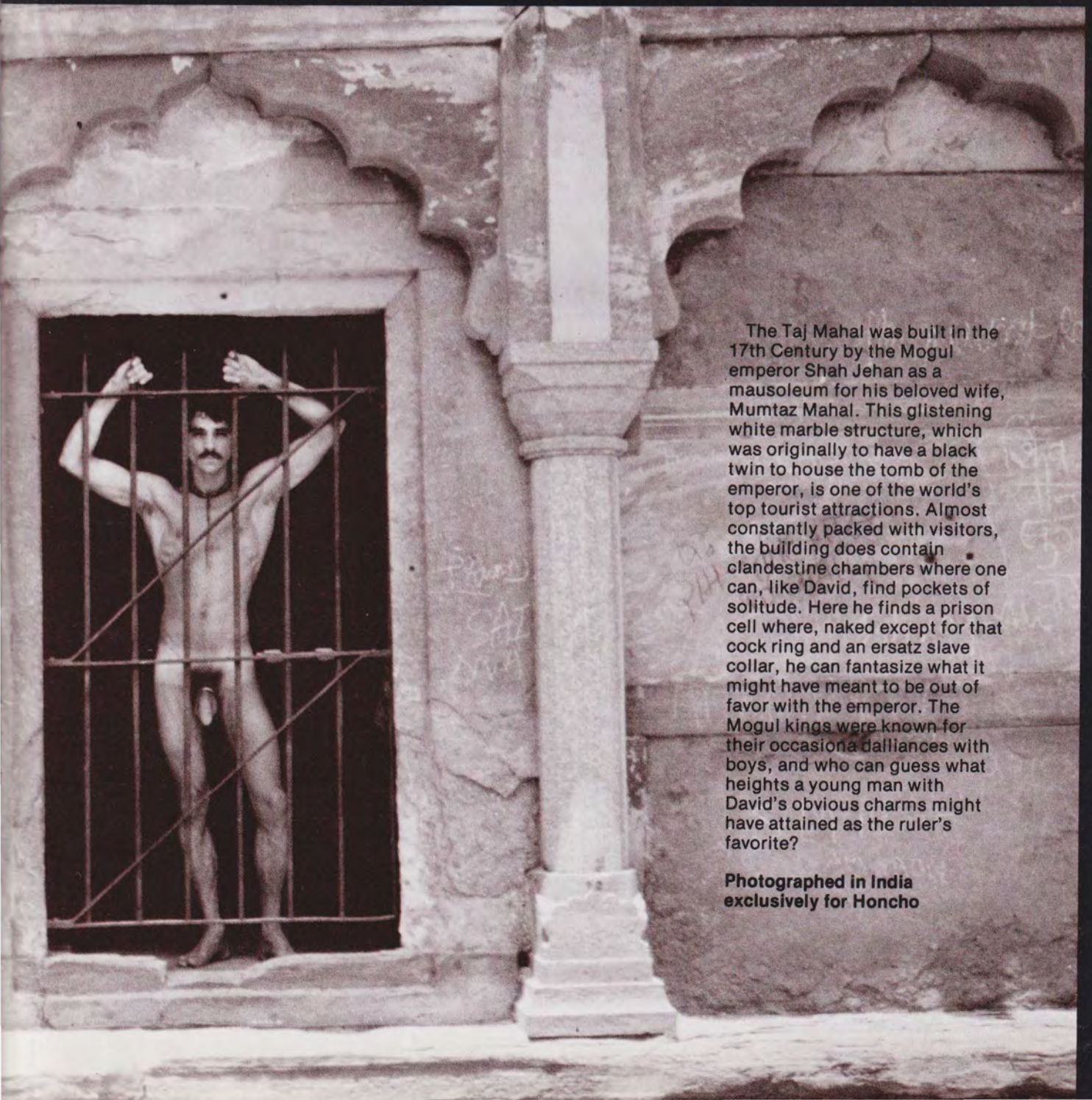
David lived out an oriental dream as he played Yankee Rajah both inside and out of that wonder of the world, the Taj Mahal in Agra.

As suggested in the lower photograph, David turned heads wherever he went, and it wasn't always because of his Western looks. It just might be his American adaptation of Indian clothing: see-through muslin shorts with a cock ring flashing from beneath. He didn't outshine the Taj Mahal, but he gave it the old American try.





Yankee Rajah



The Taj Mahal was built in the 17th Century by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal. This glistening white marble structure, which was originally to have a black twin to house the tomb of the emperor, is one of the world's top tourist attractions. Almost constantly packed with visitors, the building does contain clandestine chambers where one can, like David, find pockets of solitude. Here he finds a prison cell where, naked except for that cock ring and an ersatz slave collar, he can fantasize what it might have meant to be out of favor with the emperor. The Mogul kings were known for their occasional dalliances with boys, and who can guess what heights a young man with David's obvious charms might have attained as the ruler's favorite?

**Photographed in India
exclusively for Honcho**

Yankee Rajah



The interior of the Taj Mahal is a labyrinth of marble carved so intricately that it resembles the finest lace. Wandering alone amidst this stone wonderland, David dispensed with the tantalizing muslin shorts and sprawled naked atop a cool marble bench. Perhaps then his fantasies took him soaring even higher as he envisioned himself not as a member of the emperor's male harem, but as the ruler himself who had the power to choose his love partner from a cast of thousands. David became a modern day Yankee Rajah who came excitingly close to making a sexual daydream become a reality.

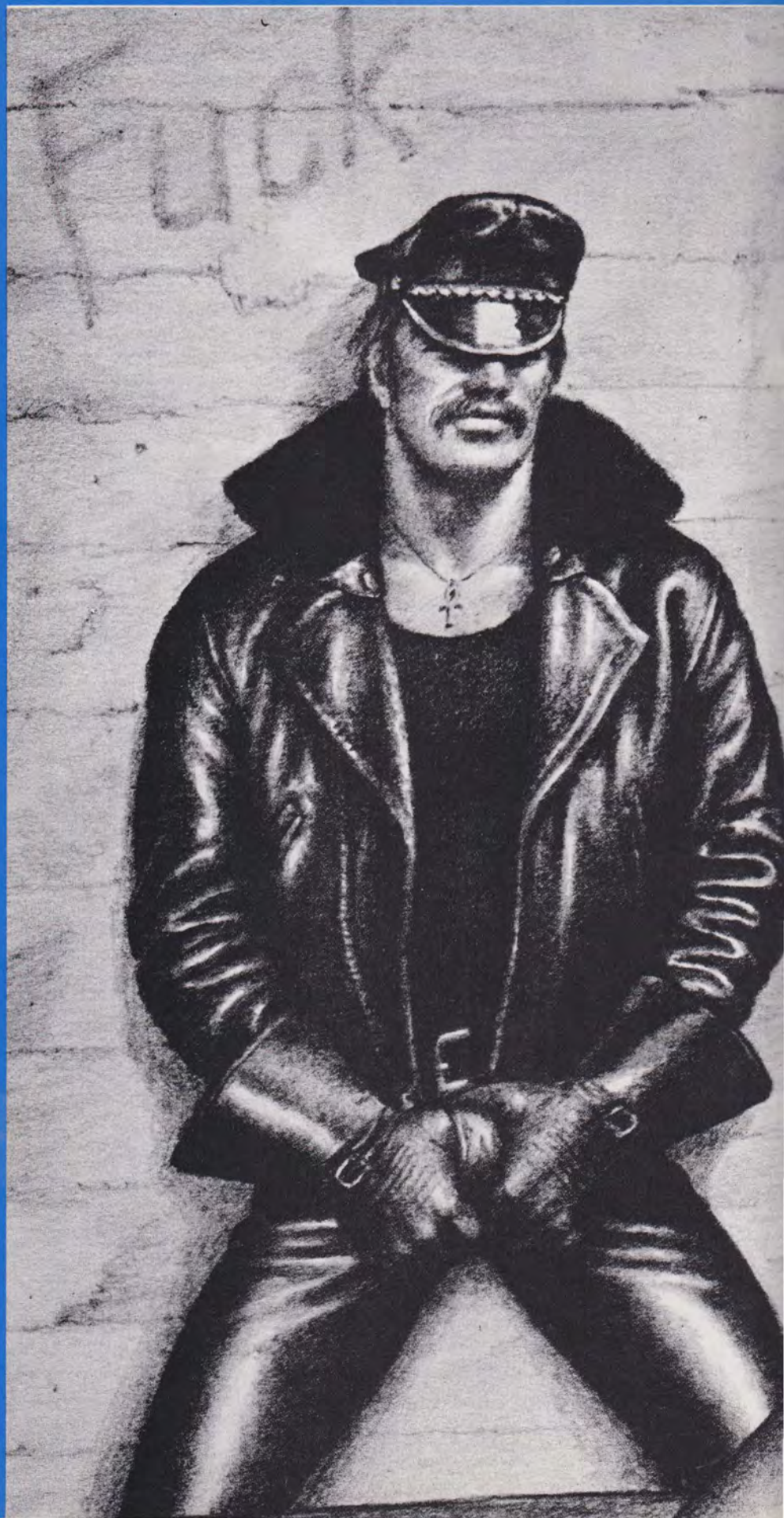
**Photographed in India
exclusively for Honcho**



EROTIC ART: HUNKS

Tom of Finland, the master of erotic drawings, has recently completed four illustrations that deal with cops, hardhats, leathersmen, and S&M fantasies. The one pictured at right is only half of the original, which, like the other three, has to be seen in full to be believed. Drawings two and three, for example, concern two hardhats who watch two policemen get it on behind a fence, with one of the cops getting a fistful while the hardhats hold his arms. The fourth drawing, already an S&M classic, features a muscular M who lies nude in a forest of knee-high boots worn by his groups of Masters. Each illustration is 19¼" x 13½" and has been reproduced in a special double-dot halftone process that increases clarity. The drawings are being sold as a set of four or as individual works, and can be ordered by contacting Stompers, 259 West 4th Street, New York City 10014.

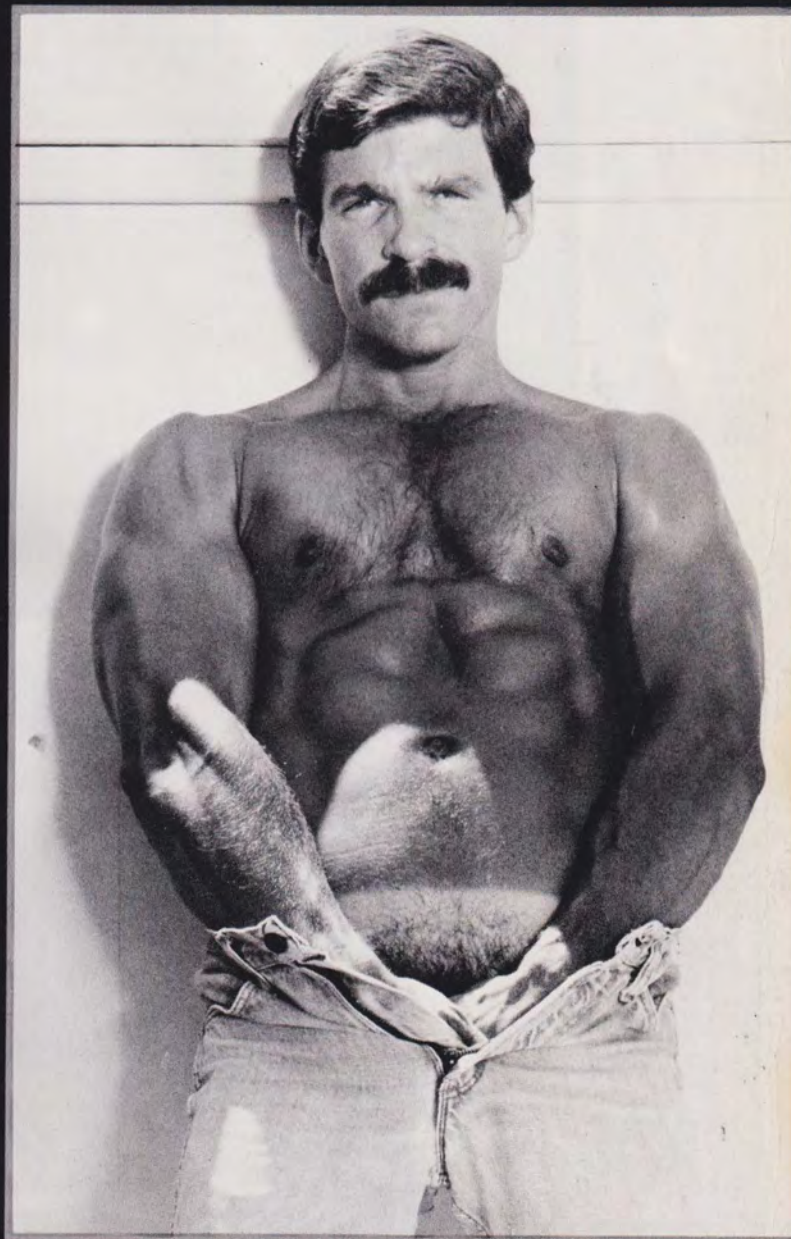
Illustration by Tom of Finland







ROD & REAL



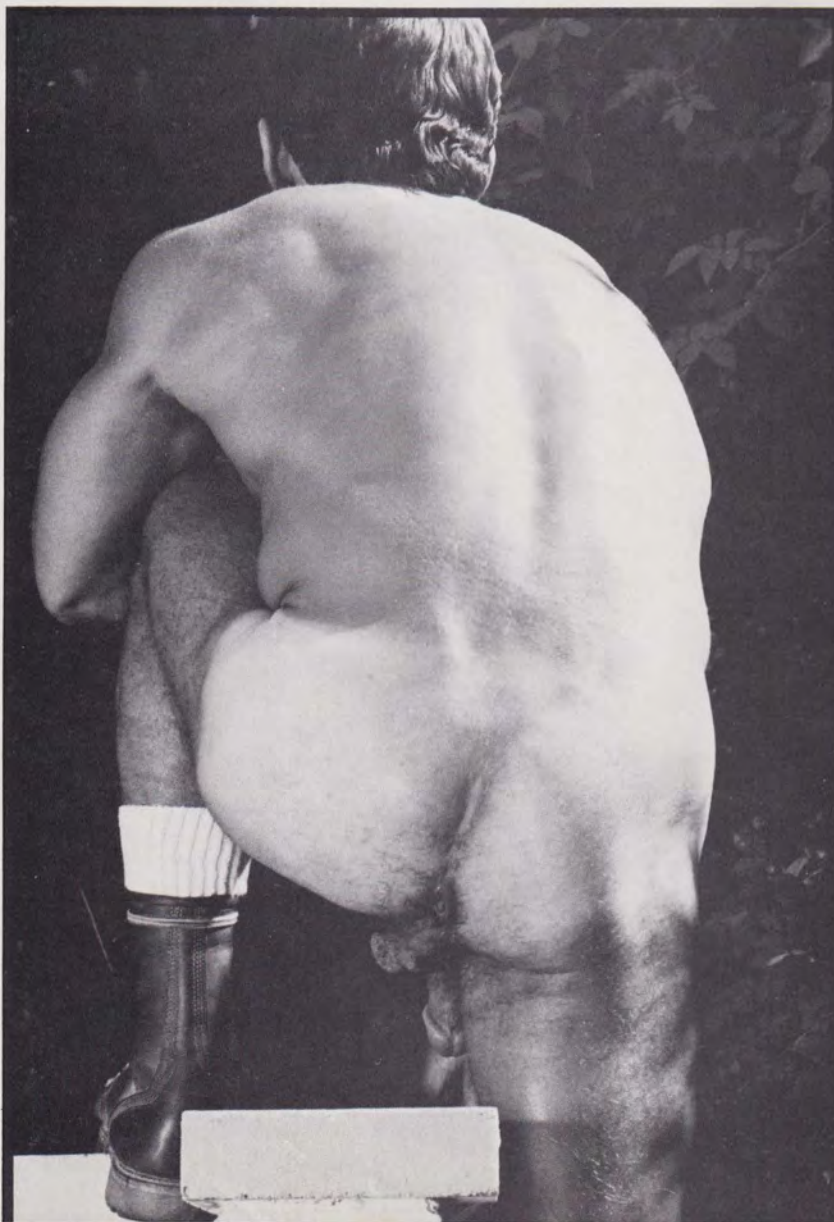
If humpy, macho stallions are your trip, then take a look at the real thing. And we do mean real thing! His name is Rod Mitchell, and he's one of the latest discoveries from Target, a model appropriately nicknamed "Big Rod." Tanned, thick and terrific, Rod is just the sort of thing you need to ease you out of the winter months and toward the green leaves of summer. Like the lyrics say in that hit song, "Ain't nothin' like the real thing, baby."

Photograph by Target

ROD & REAL

Pitting his own natural wonders against those of nature, Rod flexes and poses in a tropical sun as he displays an extension that would astound almost anybody. Some guys get blessed with one of several outstanding physical traits such as smooth skin, an imposing musculature, perfect proportions, arresting eyes, handsome face, whatever. Looks to us like "Big Rod" has scored in all those areas, with one rather obvious family jewel as well. According to Target, he's got a fortune in that department. We agree. For those who prefer an approach from the rear, the photograph below is just for you. Those fans of construction boots should enjoy both pictures. There's more, of course, in the color centerfold on the following two pages. Rod is available—at least vicariously—in photo and slide sets priced at \$6.25 each from Target Studios, Box 692H, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. Please state you are over 21, because this very real Rod is for men only.

Photographs by Target





GAY BOB & TED GOLIATH

When the Gay Bob doll first appeared on the market some time ago, he created a considerable stir, garnering mention in all sorts of publications including—of all things—*Time* magazine. The purchaser was left up to his own devices as exactly how to play with this rather unusual toy, with the exception of an information sheet explaining that Gay Bob was equipped to play with *himself*. Our editors were intrigued by Gay Bob's possibilities, so we commissioned photographer Don Hanover to take this boy toy and let his imagination run wild (or amuck) in creating an exclusive *Honcho* pictorial. What occurred in the process was that Gay Bob acquired a couple of new playmates: His brunette, moustachoied companion with the hairy chest is called Ted and the big guy is named, appropriately, Goliath.

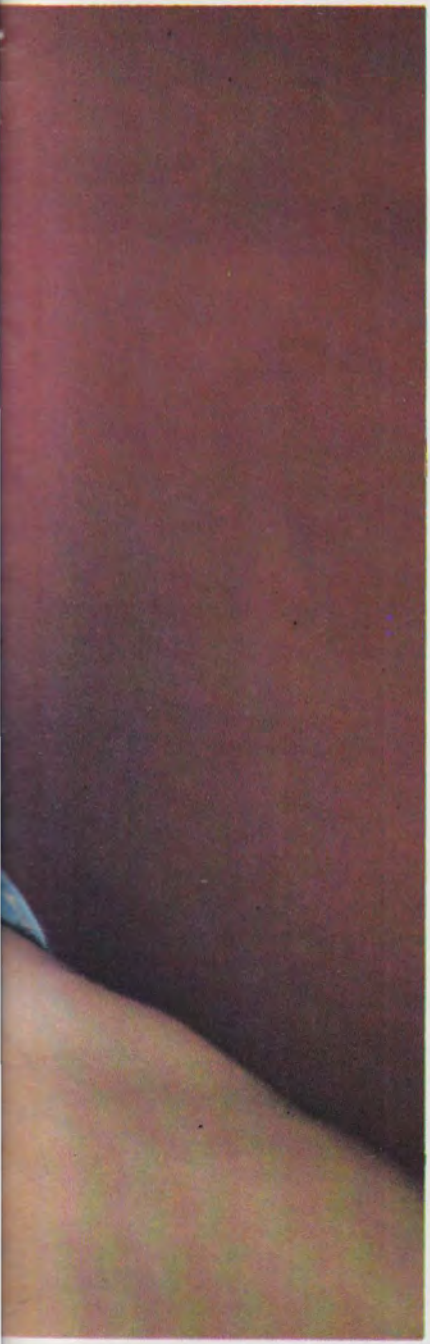
Now we all know what happened when Jack climbed the beanstalk and Gulliver underwent bondage with the Lilliputians, but what transpired when Goliath encountered Gay Bob and pal? Did he get stoned like he did when he met David? Was he a pushover? Did he fall on his ass?

Photographs by Don Hanover

If you were Bob and Ted, how would you tackle a gigantic assignment such as the one posed by Goliath? Looks like they wisely decided to explore every possibility. Clockwise from near right: Ted finds Goliath lying down on the job while Gay Bob looks on; Gay Bob tries to wake the sleeping giant while Ted engages in some Munchkin-type fisticuffs; Ted goes down to get a better perspective on the problem while Gay Bob tickles Goliath's fancy; Goliath starts to come to life, making Gay Bob and Ted forget about Carol and Alice.

Photographs by Don Hanover

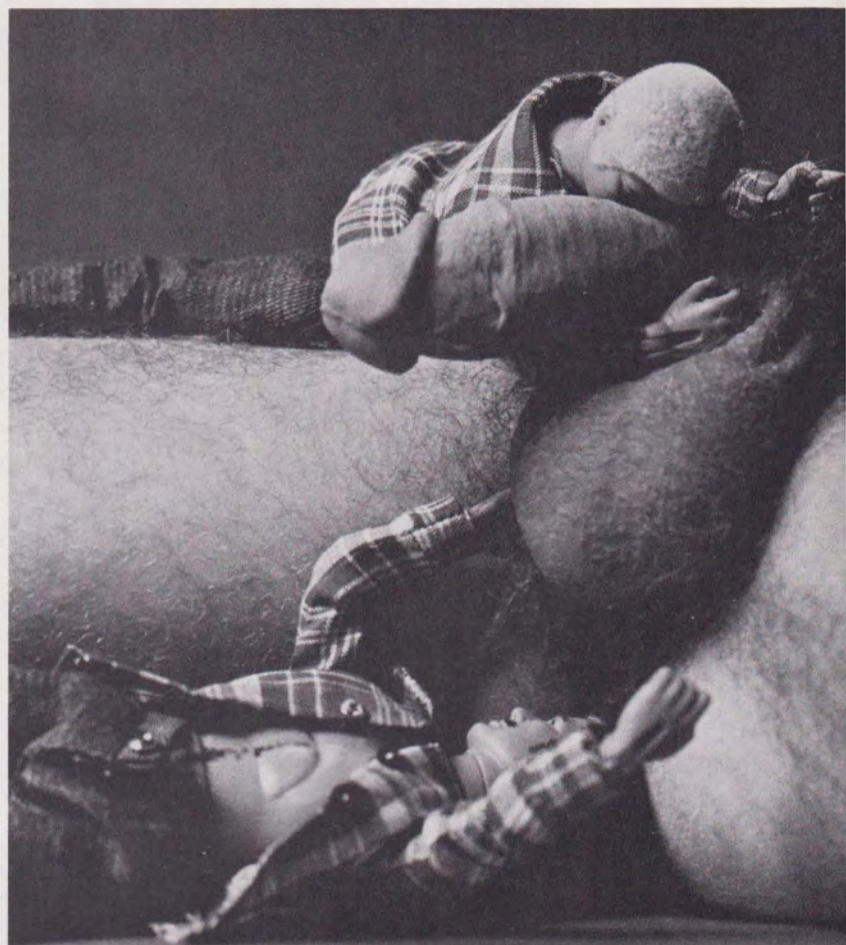




GAY BOB & TED GOLIATH



Once Gay Bob and Ted get a rise out of Goliath, it's probably no surprise that they want to fight it out over such a huge prize, below. This results in a happy compromise with Ted contentedly gravitating toward the role of bottom man while Gay Bob finds himself on top of things, center. In our parting shot, however, Goliath proves to be more than enough for both these manhandlers and finally gives them the hard time they wanted all along.

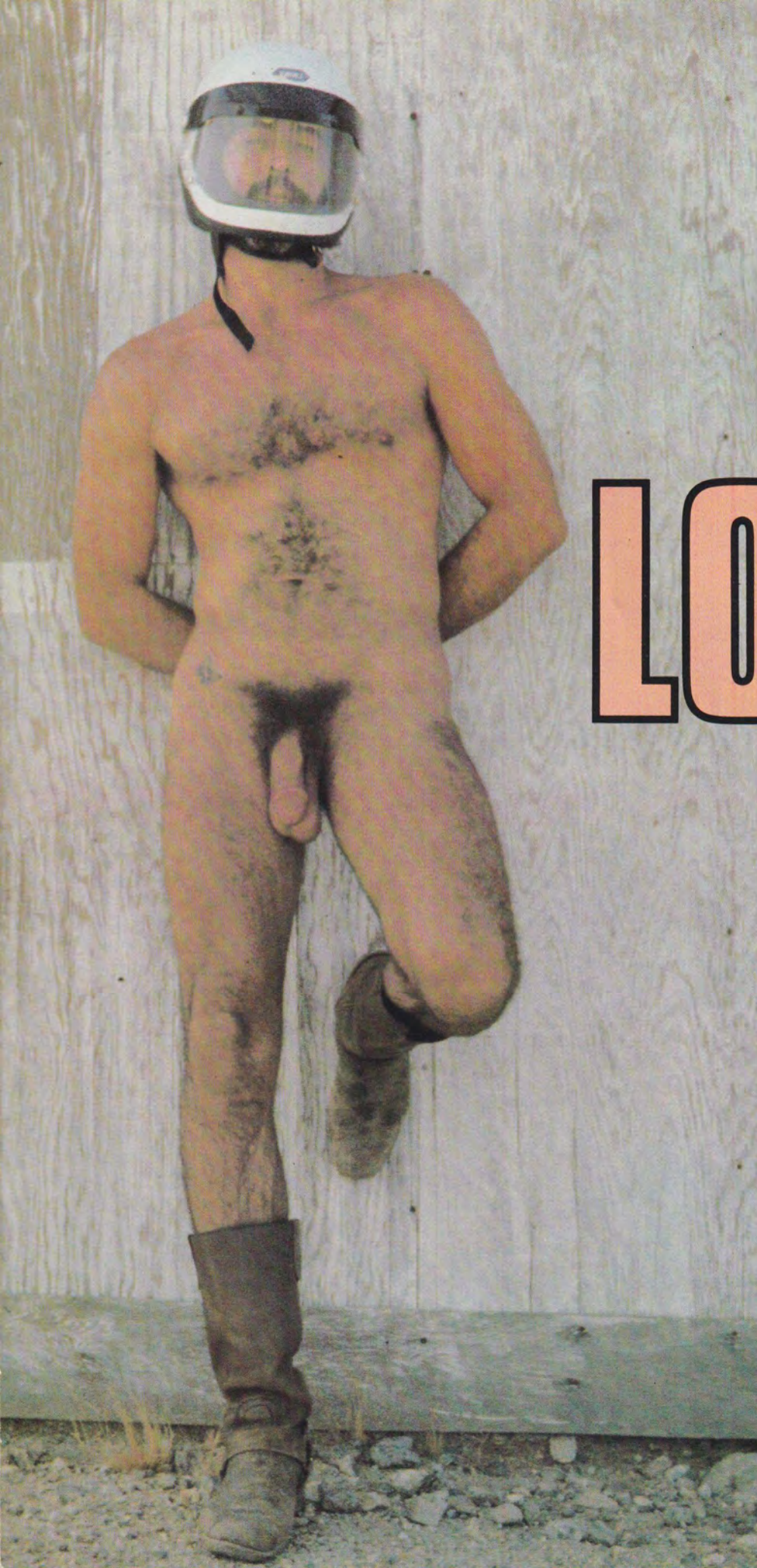




If all this toy-in-cheek fantasizing has titillated your sense of humor, you'll want a Gay Bob doll for yourself or a friend. He's available for a price, of course. Send \$14.95 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling (NY residents add applicable sales tax) to Gay Bob Trading Co., Inc., P.O. Box 461 Planetarium Station, New York, NY 10024.

ED NOTE: Gay Bob comes only as you see him pictured as a blond. His brunette companion, Ted, is strictly a creation of *Honcho* for this pictorial only.

Photographs by Don Hanover

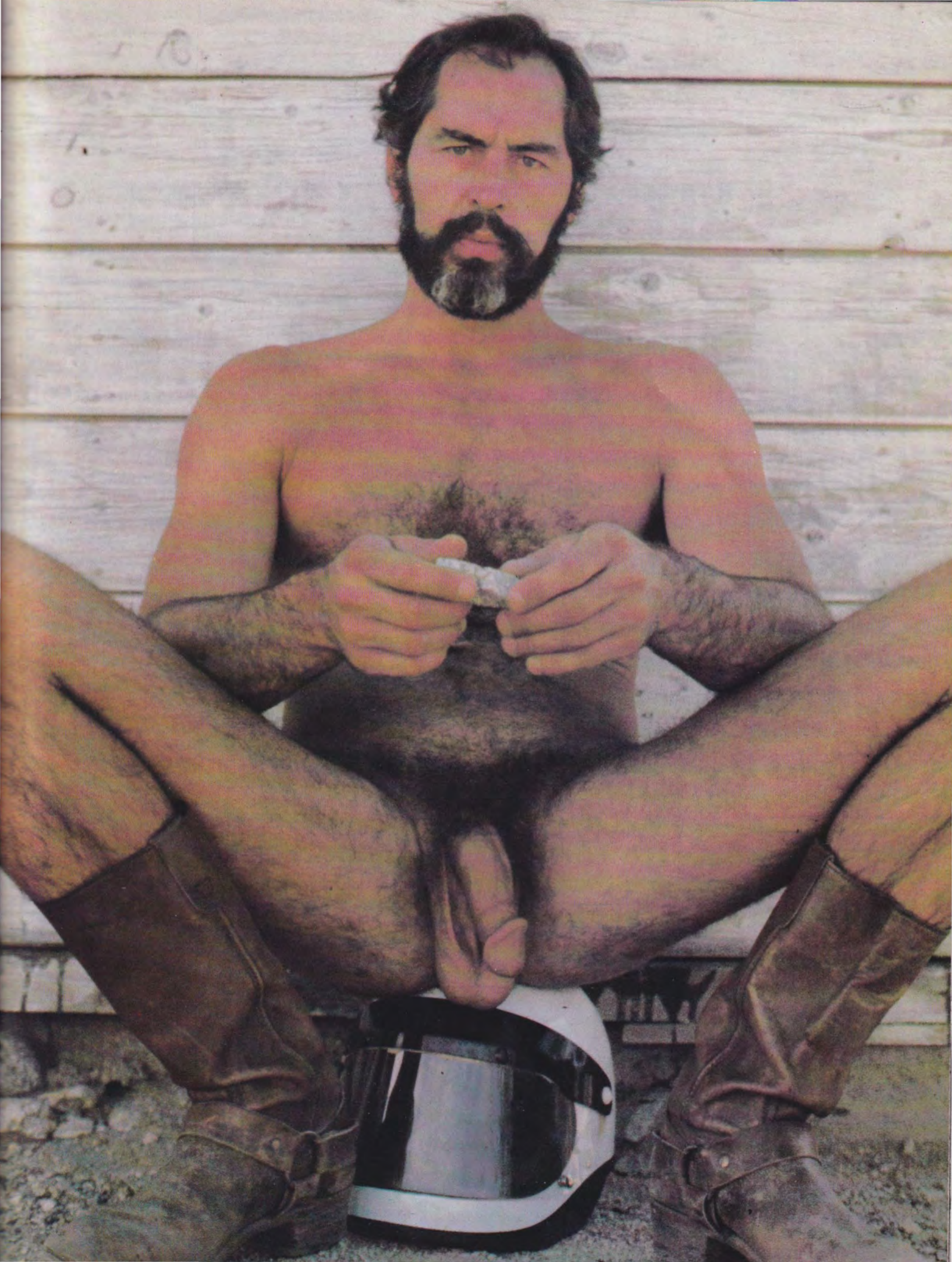


KEYS TO LOCKE

Since his first pornographic film, *Dreamer*, in which he played an Oklahoma patrolman, Richard Locke has continued to appear in such well-known films as *Kansas City Trucking Company* and its sequel *El Paso Wrecking Corp.*, as well as in Wakefield Poole's *Take One*, in which Locke has sex with his lover Alex. Though this last venture came into question in terms of an invasion of Locke's privacy—having sex onscreen with his real-life partner—Locke has been reported as saying that it was one of the most enjoyable experiences he ever had, because it showed that love is spread around and that he would prefer to be seen onscreen “fucking and sucking” rather than “shooting and killing.”

Whatever personal feelings lie behind his image, however, Locke has definitely become a star, though he considers such fame to be secondary to his first occupation, a designer of solar homes, one of which he lives in in the California desert, where he was filmed making love with Alex in *Take One*. According to Locke, having been seen onscreen has changed his life. People now recognize him on the

**Photographed
exclusively for *Honcho*
by Jerry Lang.**



KEYS TO LOCKE

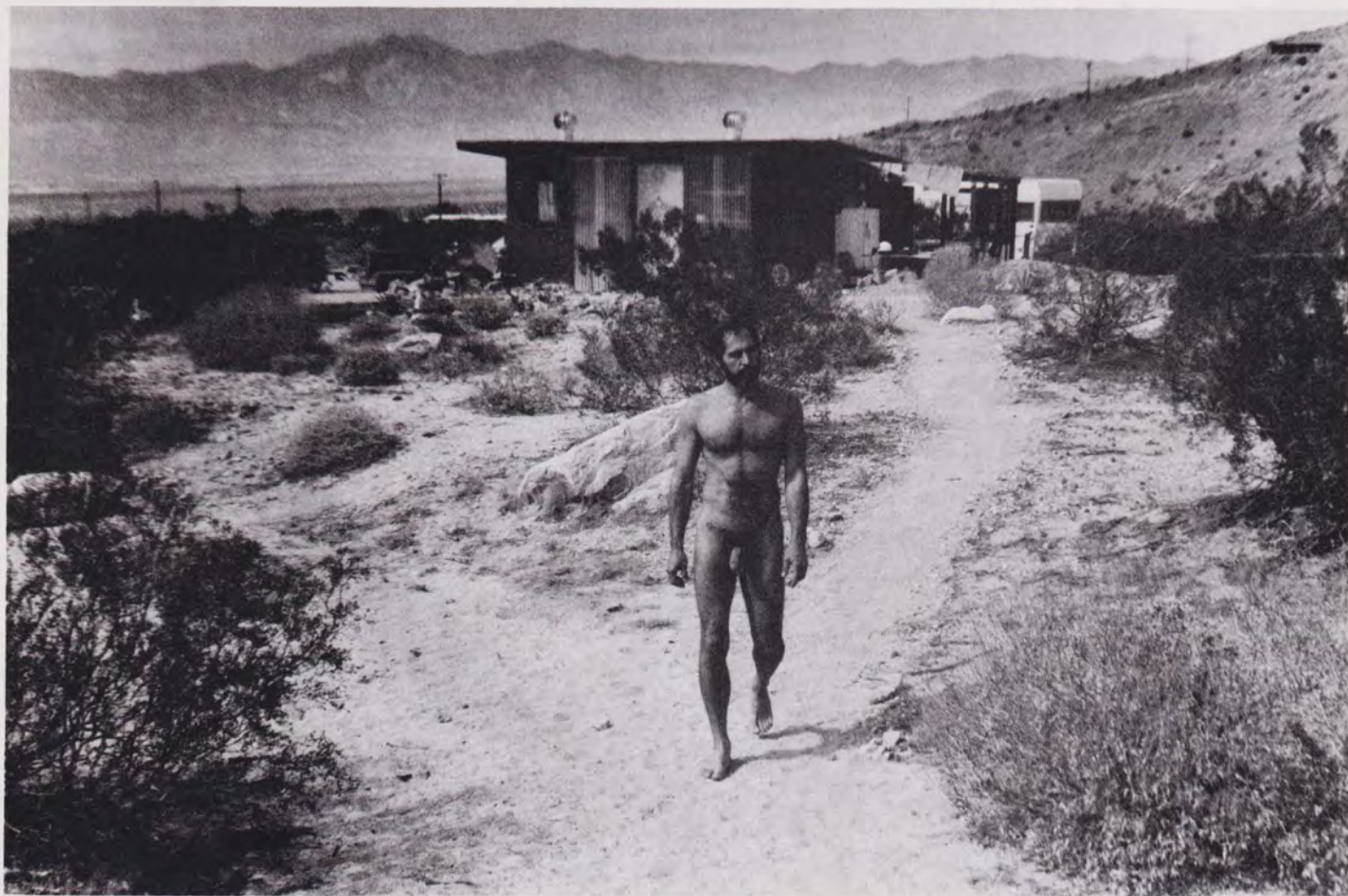
Photographed by Jarry Lang

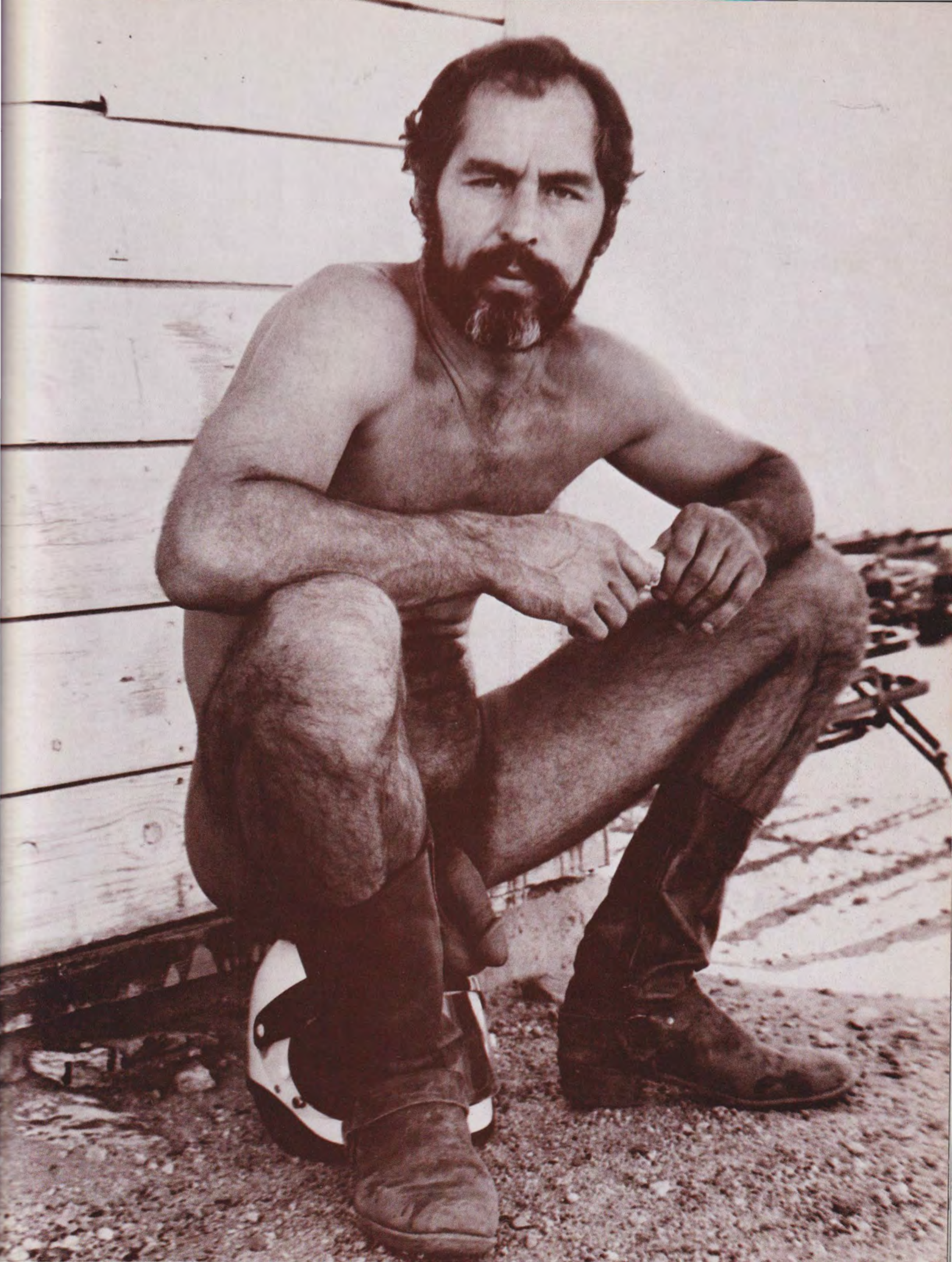


Richard Locke's solar home, below, is in the California desert near Palm Springs.

street, on the bus, in the baths, where one does not merely have sex with a random hot thirty-seven-year-old man but with Richard Locke! It was Wakefield Poole who first informed Locke that once he appeared in a film he would have to give up all thoughts of *not* being wanted. Everyone would now be after him. Poole was right.

But it hasn't entirely changed Locke's life. His basic attitudes still remain. Some have even increased, like his admitted narcissism, expressed in his idea that if you have something to show, show it—to everyone. Taking that as a cue, *Honcho*, rather than presenting an interview with Locke, as other magazines have recently done, has chosen not to tell, but to *show*, as other magazines have *not* done. Photographed at Locke's desert home, this exclusive *Honcho* pictorial brings you up close to one of today's world's natural wonders.





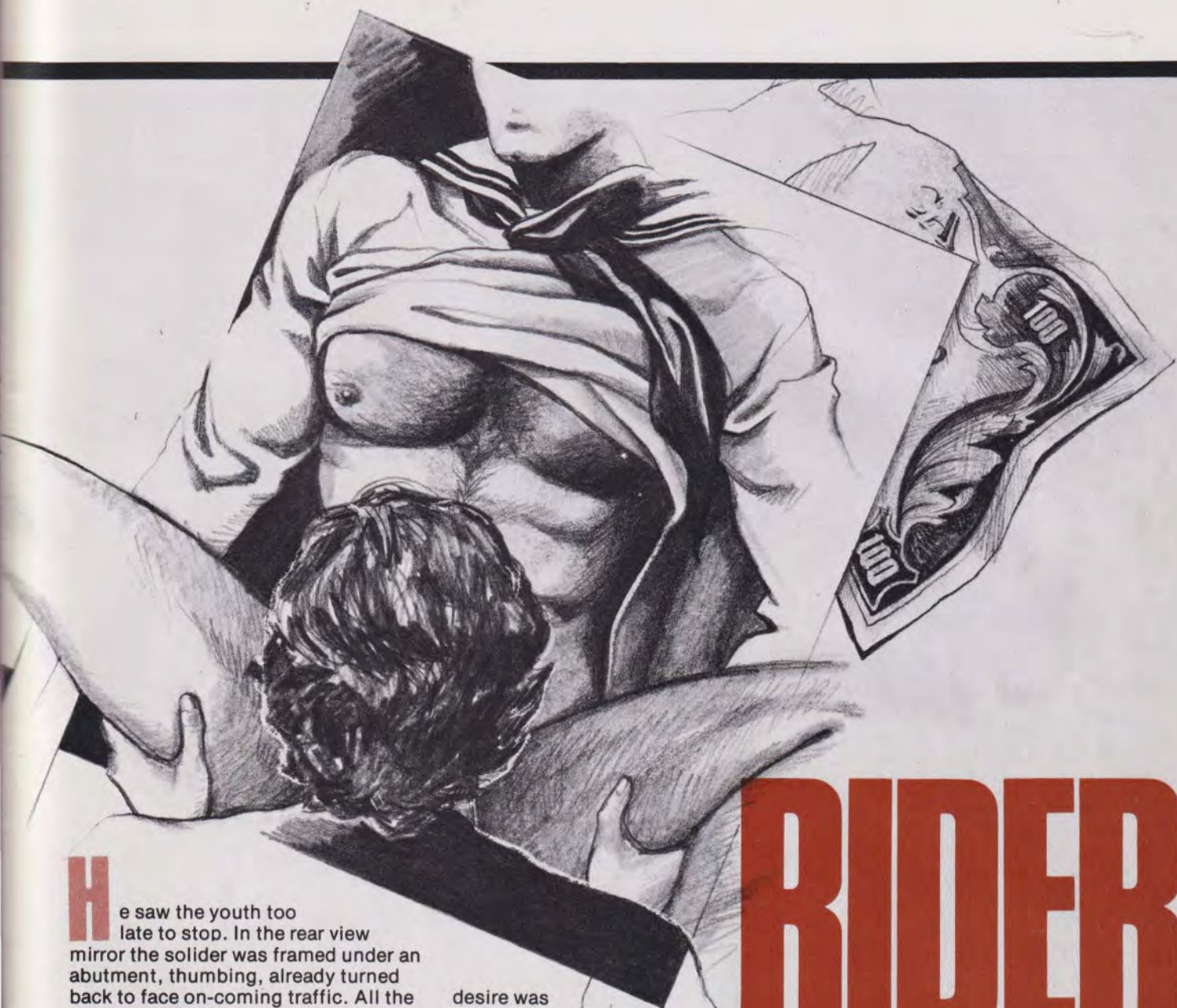




HONCHO

The Man: Richard Locke
The Photographer: Jarry Lang





RIDER

He saw the youth too late to stop. In the rear view mirror the soldier was framed under an abutment, thumbing, already turned back to face on-coming traffic. All the man had was a flash of features as he rushed by, and the mirror revealed only a lean uniformed young profile. His eyes dropped from the mirror to the road before him. There was no exit for several miles, and he would have to return to the exit past the soldier, and most likely by then he would be gone. His eyes sought the reflection again and he strained forward in the seat. He decided to go back. If the youth was gone he would have lost only ten minutes, but he had a feeling the soldier would be there. He accelerated at the thought.

He had done this many times, and was successful most of them. Often he did not even have to offer money, the ride itself, or the gratification he promised was enough. Curiosity or

desire was usually there, but money almost always worked.

A feeling, like a leviathan hand squeezing his chest brought a sensation so intense he closed his eyes. The pressure gripped him tighter, dual rents, excitement, and something else, not despair, but stronger than resignation.

He reached the exit and crossed over to make the return. The man was in his mid-thirties, well dressed and groomed, successful, with a desire for young men's bodies that was almost insatiable, a desire that was a secret from everyone who knew him well.

Driving back he looked eagerly across the divided highway to see if the soldier were still there. Inside he yearned, make him be there, but he

By Kip Owens
Illustration by Jon Mathews

knew it would be better, even more deeply wished for him not to be there.

He dreamed a fantasy of the youth in the car with him, always the same fantasy, in which he gratified the youth, a handsome blond boy who merely reclined on the seat, who did not touch him in return, who lay still, eyes sheated, watching. The act, his love, could not be reciprocated; the youth must remain motionless, mute, ungiven. It was, he knew, because he had to love what could not love him in return and had no need for him. The youth was a god who had to be



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pleasured, ministered, who returned only contempt.

This fantasy represented his life, a trebeled hell—one of unattainable love, alcking hope, and real, the ultimate hell, loving what could not love back. Worse, wanting it this way, requiring it so. Were it only a rock to roll forever up a hill would be bearable, he thought, for there would always be hope, and no defilement in failure. But to be reviled by the god one worships iis worse than to be without hope. Yet he wanted it this way, loving what by its nature must despise him. If the youth, his god, wanted him, he would no longer want the god. I desire him because I cannot have him.

The man dwelt endlessly on his hell, fed it with his desires, and pursued what must necessarily reject him. He fantasized a perfection he could not possess, a perfection that would be destroyed the moment he touched it. He was driven by the desire to possess it and the desire to be rejected.

From this torment he developed the cosmology that man's worship of God is homosexual, to require love from what cannot be possessed, to love what must find him weak and contemptuous, to need that love, yet to despise self for the weakness of the want. Man he saw as the supplicant, on his knees, mouth open, before a beautiful God creature so perfect and complete that He held the other in contempt and revulsion.

He, the driver, sought now a god, a god to bribe, a god to unmake.

The soldier was still there, and slowing the car the man saw fantasy come to life, reality step from dream, desire given substance, conjured this moment from air and rain. The youth was more beautiful than he dared hope.

He pulled the car from the highway and stopped a hundred feet beyond so he could see him move, come to him.

The soldier ran the distance. He opened the door and looked in, his face clean and sharp, streamed with rain, his eyes eager.

"Get in, it's raining."

The soldier grinned. "Yeah. I noticed." He threw his duffle bag in back, dropped into the seat and closed the door. "I'm gonna get your car all wet. Sorry."

The man looked into his rain-washed features, so fresh and perfect he had to force his glance away. "How far are you going?"

"Kansas City."

"My God, why?"

"I live there."

"My God, why?"

The youth looked at him curiously, then his face broke into a wide smile.

"You must have been there before."

The car gathered speed.

The soldier settled into the seat, arched back against the cushion and breathed easily from the short tun.

"Am I glad you stopped. I thought I was gonna be there forever."

"How long had you been waiting?"

"About forty minutes. I was hitchhiking to save the money, but I didn't count on the rain."

"You need money?"

"Well, I haven't got much."

"What do you consider a lot of money?"

The soldier thought. "It depends. On payday I think three hundred dollars is a lot of money. At the end of the month five dollars is a lot."

"What is today?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. I guess today's a twenty dollar day."

The man nodded. Gods were usually unmade for twenty dollars, though this was a more beautiful one than he had ever seen, and he was a little disappointed that it was going to be so easy. "How long have you been hitchhiking?"

"Since this morning. I haven't had any trouble so far. Before you picked me up was the longest I've had to wait. How far you going?"

The man brought his eyes sharply to him, a practiced look. "That depends."

"On what?"

The eyes held. "A couple things."

The soldier saw into his eyes, then shifted uncomfortably and glanced away. "Oh."

"You know what I mean?"

The youth gazed out the window. "Yeah."

"Well?" The man's hand fell on the youth's thigh. "How far do you want me to go?"

The soldier stared at the hand, then pushed it away. "I guess you better let me out here."

"I won't hurt you."

"I know you won't."

"Then what's the problem?"

"Listen, let me out here."

The man sat back, lit a cigarette.

"Take it easy, it's a free ride."

The youth sat tensed on the seat. "I think you better let me out."

"Nothing's going to happen. We'll just ride. It's better than standing in the rain." He smoked casually, almost relieved that it was not going to be so

Continued to page 57

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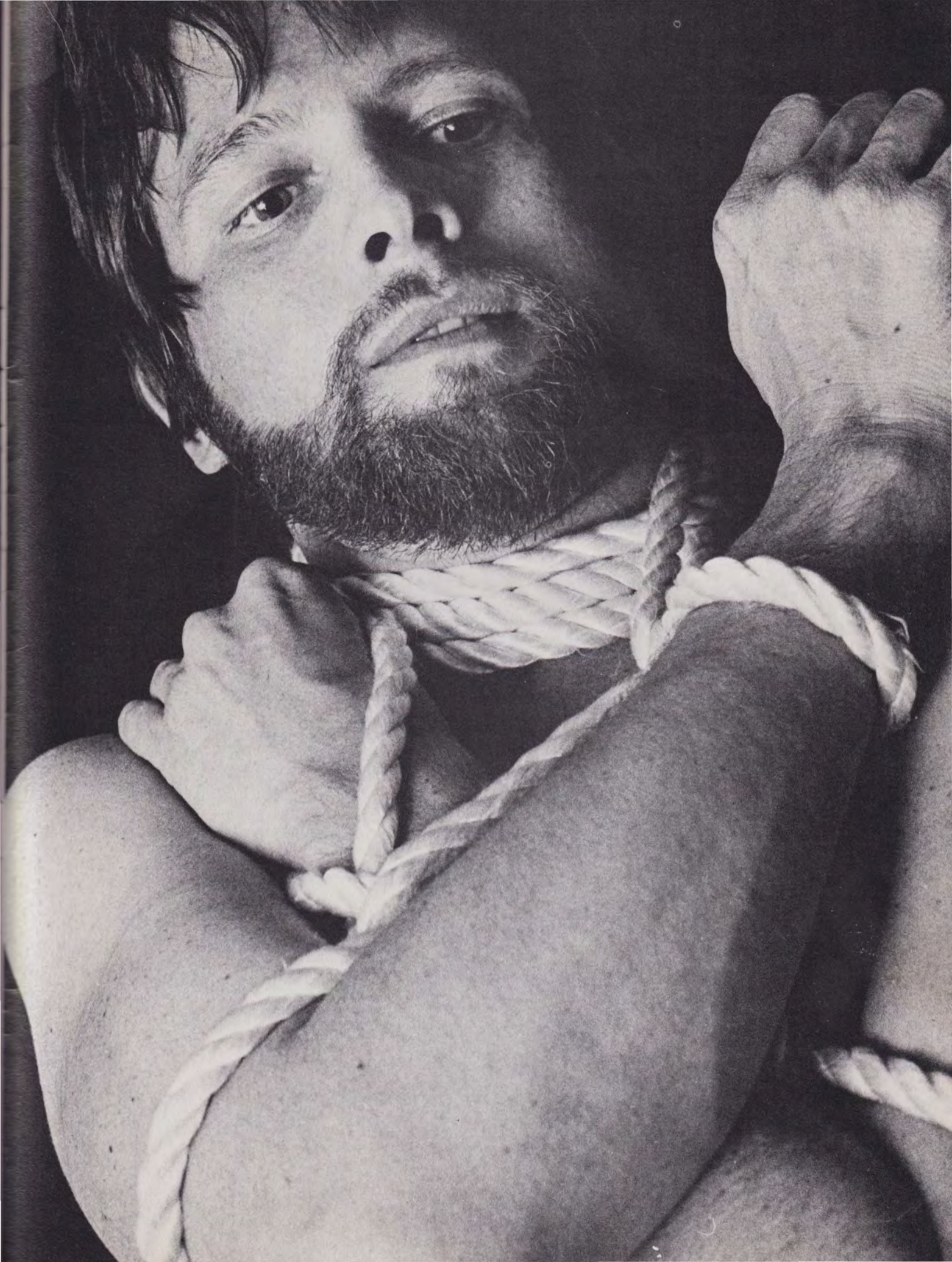
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BOUND FOR GLORY

Photographs by Mal Bernstein and Bill Irwin

For those of you dedicated to the proposition that "Blest be the tie that binds," herewith a six-page pictorial shot exclusively for *Honcho* by Mal Bernstein and Bill Irwin. Having located a very willing model named Tony, our photographers proceeded to shoot this provocative spread which we consider to be a rather obvious variation of the song "Tie a Yellow Ribbon (Around the Old Oak Tree)." Tony is definitely not wooden nor is he tied with ribbons as seen here and on the following pages. What he *is*, however, is unable to answer the phone just at that moment. You understand how it is.

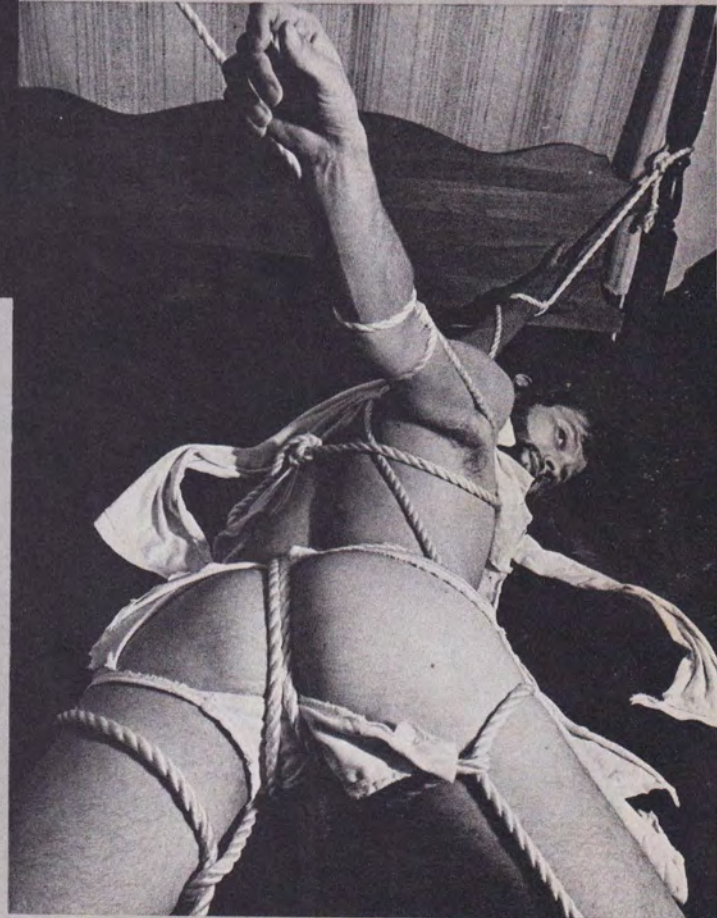




BOUND FOR GLORY

For each devotee of bondage you ask, you will get a different answer as to what is preferable in securing their subject matter. If there is one response which is more common than any other, it is the old trusty four poster bed. Because B&D is usually associated with things carnal, by utilizing the main furniture item in the bedroom as the central prop, the master can have everything all tied up in one neat little package. Keeping that thought in mind, Tony retired to the bedroom to submit to all sorts of knotty situations as he was switched from one position to another as attention was directed from one part of his anatomy to another. We couldn't resist making mention of the fact that the fellow who did all these rope tricks on Tony works in a bindery.

**Photographs by Mal Bernstein
and Bill Irwin**



BOUND FOR GLORY

As he finally reaches the end of his rope, Tony shows some final twists and turns in the art of complicated, highly developed bondage. We suspect even Houdini or Doug Henning might have had trouble unraveling this challenging situation. When all was said and done, Tony told our photographers that he had thoroughly enjoyed the shooting session, adding with a wink that his psyche was probably the only thing not tied up in knots. His submission for the sake of art, he said, was in fact relaxing, which just goes to show you how much fun things can be with people you trust—or truss. Another way of saying that might be: Avoid somebody who wants to “knot as a stranger.” You could end up hanging around with the wrong guy. Definitely bad noose.

Photographs by Mal Bernstein and Bill Irwin







February coverman by Man's Image

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RIDER

Continued from page 49

easy, that there was a challenge. He turned and smiled. "Neither one of us is perfect, you know. I'm queer and you're going to Kansas City."

The soldier laughed. He looked to the man, then settled back. "OK."

"You don't mind talking about it do you? Haven't you ever met anyone like me before?"

"No."

"Maybe you did but didn't know it."

"Well, no one ever bragged about it."

Then man looked across to him, then forced his eyes away immediately. He is too handsome, he thought. Too beautiful, more beautiful still because he isn't even aware of it. His desire was painful and he pressed his eyes closed to drive it away. He is only an ignorant youth needing money. No, he is everything I want.

"Let's make a business deal, all right?"

The soldier eyed him warily but said nothing.

"I expect to pay for the things I want. You have something I want. You said you needed money. All right, I'll give

you money. Simple business. Let's set a price."

"I don't want your money."

"I don't want you to do anything. I just want you to sit there, that's all, and for that I'll pay you whatever you say."

The soldier reached around for his duffle bag. "Just let me out, huh?"

The man raised his hand. "All right, all right." He accelerated, confused, but even more excited by the rejection. "I know I'm making you nervous but I don't mean to. Please don't get out. It's raining and you'll get wet, and I hate to drive alone. Please stay."

The youth searched his face, saw nothing to be afraid of and loosened his grip on his seabag. "All right."

The man lit another cigarette. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"You play sports?"

The youth nodded cautiously.

"Have a girlfriend?"

"Yes."

The man fell silent. He closed his eyes over the youth, saw a girl with him, and his mind flooded in voyeuristic fantasy, creating carnality, then stealing it, like the first fire. "Tell me about yourself."

The soldier was silent a long minute,

finally said, "I can't think of anything you need to know."

The man breathed in against the coldness. He had experienced hostility before, sometimes outrage, but never such coldness. Almost godlike indifference, he thought. He

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sought something to say, realized there was nothing, that the gulf between them was too great. The man was afraid to look at him, knew he could not bear the beauty. More than anything in his life he wanted to touch the youth, that he was within inches of divinity, but that he would lose him at the slightest motion or word.

"Would you like to know about me?"

The soldier's eyes were on him. "No, I wouldn't. I'm sorry."

The wall was impenetrable, but the man was driven against it. "Please explain it, why you won't let me pay you."

"I don't want you to touch me."

"You might like it."

"If I do I don't want to know about it."

"You're afraid."

so cold and ungiving that the man shuddered.

"Please."

The youth's eyes were as expressionless as if carved from stone.

"Please. I'm begging you. You don't understand." He reached for his wallet and withdrew a hundred dollar bill.

"You must take it. You must let me do this."

He put the bill in the youth's hand. The soldier didn't even look at it; his eyes didn't move from the man.

The man was desperately afraid that the soldier would hurt him, but even more desperate with desire and the fear of rejection. He moved closer on the seat. He could not bear the look in the youth's eyes and he dropped his gaze. His hand went to the youth's

The man dropped to the floorboard and took the cock in his mouth. He breathed in the musk and sweat and the cock began to swell in his mouth.

The youth didn't move and the man began to lick the shaft and sucked gently on the balls. He put his arms around the youth and drove his mouth down on the cock until he choked, driving the cock against the back of his throat. He sucked and licked, his hands dropping to the soldier's buttocks, lifting them up, digging his fingers into his ass, forcing the youth deeper into his mouth, fucking his own mouth with the soldier.

When he could tolerate his own desire no longer and was overcome with excitement, he took his mouth away and looked up to the youth.

The face was exactly the same, as cold and ungiving as marble, and he was looking straight ahead, but there were tears in his eyes, and they rolled down his cheeks.

The moved back and turned away, crouching on the floorboard.

The youth held out his hand with the hundred dollar bill and let it drop so that it fell before the man, then he pulled up his shorts and trousers and tucked in his shirt. He reached behind him and got his duffle bag, then he opened the door and got out.

The man scrambled to the window and wiped it to see out. His eyes met the youth's, standing in the torrent, immobile and proud.

There was no contempt in the youth's eyes. They were utterly and profoundly indifferent.

The man turned away and fell back behind the wheel. He switched on the ignition and stepped on the accelerator, racing the car away.

He ran his hand over the smooth and incredibly muscled chest & abdomen. The body was tanned and hairless... hard and warm.

"Don't try to trick me. I don't want you to touch me. It's wrong."

"Why is it wrong?"

"Why do you have to pay me?"

The man stared at him, held the face that was serious, but not hostile. "I can't help the way I am."

The soldier said, "Neither can I."

"Do you hate me?"

The youth turned to him, studied the profile intent on the road. "Why should I hate you? You said you can't help the way you are. I don't care how you are, but don't ask me to be that way."

Suddenly the rain became torrential. The road was obscured and the man hunched forward trying to see ahead. The car slowed to a crawl, and when they came to a rest stop, the man pulled in.

"I can't see anything. We'll have to wait till this passes."

The youth strained to see out the windshield. "I've never seen rain like this. Christ, I'm glad I'm not out in it."

The rain didn't slacken and they sat silently for several minutes. The man grew desperate, overcome with desire, terrified at the indifference. The windows fogged from their breath and the air was heavy from the male smell of the soldier.

At last the man turned, and the youth brought his gaze to him, a look

leg. He didn't breath, inwardly flinched in fear, but the youth didn't move. His hand moved up the thigh, then pressed against the crotch.

He quickly unzipped the trousers and reached in his hand.

The only noise was the steady pounding of rain and his own breath.

He could feel the youth's cock beneath his underwear, large and circumcized, but not hard.

He unfastened the trousers and pulled on them. The youth didn't resist or help, and the man struggled to get them down, working almost frantically until they were around his calves, and the soldier sat, legs spread in his shorts.

The man lifted up the youth's khaki shirt and ran his hand over the smooth and incredibly muscled chest and abdomen. The body was tanned and hairless. The man bent forward and kissed the flesh, hard and warm, then he rested his head against his belly. His fingers reached under the elastic and pulled on the shorts, moving them down to his ankles.

He had never seen a more beautiful body. Golden hair like fleece covered the thighs and lower belly, and thick curly blond hair spread from the crotch. The cock was huge and the balls were large ovals, but the youth was still soft.

A JET

Continued from page 19

small, tight, and muscular. His narrow hips accented his lean look and the size of his cock.

Hello, Bernardo! thought Jeremy.

He was followed by a muscular, athletic man a few years older who was as tall as Bernardo, but was as fair as his companion was dark.

Jeez, Jeremy thought, he looks kinda familiar.

Straight strawberry-blond hair hung mid-way to his large shoulders. Every muscle of his large body was defined. Weight-training? His hairless chest rippled as he walked. He looked like a football player to Jeremy, a Jet. Hey, funny, Jeremy thought. Bernardo and a Jet. Ha!

Yeah, sure, Jeremy thought. Tony,

the Jet leader, and Bernardo, rival Sharks leader, making it. Sure, Maria, sure.

"Tony" was magnificent. His rounded chest muscles were topped off by large, copper hued nipples whose points were constantly aroused. The washboard belly tapered down to an unbelievably flat abdomen. A thick tuft of curly, honey-blond pubic hair surrounded the root of his erect cock. It arched a good eight inches from his gut. It was thick, heavily veined, ending in a cockhead which was larger than the shaft by a wide margin...and still a reddish-pink. "Tony's" balls were held tight against his crotch in hairless skin so fine that the blue veins showed.

When you're a Jet, you're a Jet! Jeremy seated himself on a tiled bench to dry his feet, letting his "West Side Story" fantasy play in the back of his mind. The two studs didn't seem to notice him.

Tony and Bernardo, for that was how Jeremy now thought of them, took their showers side by side. They began soaping their bodies. Their excited pricks did not soften. Bernardo turned to Tony and began soaping the muscular blond's back, working his large, long-fingered hands down to rounded, white muscular buttocks.

Jeremy had finished showering and drying off, but could not move. The sexual intensity between the two studs crackled in the hot, humid air. His excitement grew with theirs.

The Latin's hands were bold, exploring the blond's buttocks, his fingers slipping between the cheeks and massaging the hidden asshole. Tony spread his thick legs a little and slightly arched his lower spine, pushing his butt outward and allowing Bernardo free access to his bunghole. Bernardo did not shy away from the invitation.

Jeez, Jeremy thought, this is wild. Boy, did "West Side Story" miss the boat. They had the wrong love story working. Jeremy could clearly see two fingers, heavy with soap, slip into the muscular man's anal passage all the way to the knuckles. Tony's groan rose over the noise of splashing water. He leaned forward, both hands against the glistening tiles, and spread his legs even more and leaned his face against the wall. He threw his ass backwards.

Jeremy's cock stirred to life, his balls beginning to move inside his scrotum. His eyes could not leave the

sight of the two studs. Maybe they don't know they aren't alone, he thought.

Bernardo's big cock twitched with renewed excitement as his fingers slowly moved in and out of the blond's hairless asshole. Tony reached around with one hand, stretching a little, until his fingers closed over Bernardo's thick cock. He pulled lightly on it with purpose and invitation. The dark-haired stud moved quickly to stand behind the blond, applying a layer of soap to his cock, then pressing his blunt cockhead against Tony's rosy hole.

There was a pause in which Jeremy could hear the intensity of his own breathing. His cock was erect and excited. He reached down and began stroking it, his eyes riveted to the action in front of him.

Bernardo's tiny buttocks clenched as he shoved forward, slipping his thick meat into Tony's asshole. A long dual groan of pleasure over-rode the shower's noise. Without a pause, the Latin began pumping with all his might, rapidly fucking the blond athletic stud. Jeremy unconsciously kept the rhythm with his fist, stroking his cock as if he were fucking the blond.

The dark-haired stud was passionate. He held the blond muscleman's hips tightly, leaning slightly back so he could see what he was doing, and fucking ass with all his might. Several minutes passed without respite. He paused, panting heavily, looking down at his prick and the asshole it was penetrating. His hands stroked the man's flanks, reaching around to the hard muscular belly and erect cock.

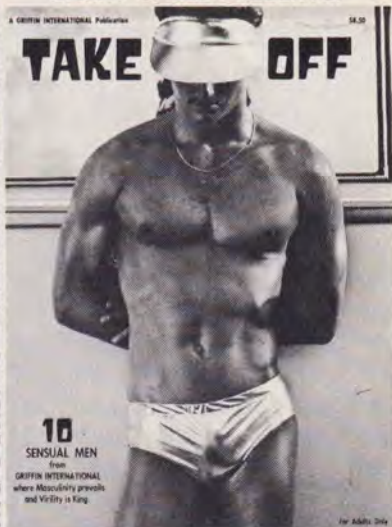
Tony's head turned slightly. His blue eyes glazed with lustful ecstasy, then slowly focused on Jeremy's face. The blond smiled.

Jeremy rose and stepped forward, the splashing showers wetting his body anew. Tony stroked Jeremy's cock as Bernardo watched. The blond shuffled until he was facing Jeremy. He bent over, ass full of Latin cock, and filled his mouth with Jeremy's cock. Bernardo's gaze met Jeremy's as he began to fuck Tony again. Tony sucked noisily on Jeremy's thick meat, groaning with each thrust of Bernardo's cock.

The blond passed up a metal inhaler. Jeremy grabbed it, inhaled the fresh popper deeply several times, then passed it to Bernardo.

The blond athlete released Jeremy's

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cock long enough to take the inhaler from the Latin stud and inhale deeply before replacing it in the container which hung from his neck on a leather strap. His blue eyes glazed, his smile broadened.

"Fuck 'im," Tony said to Jeremy. "Fuck 'im while he's fucking me."

In a daze induced by the amyl and the scene, Jeremy quickly stepped behind Bernardo and cupped the small buttocks, his fingers seeking the bung hole. The dark-haired dude tightened a moment, then relaxed. Tony bent over, his legs spread wide, and put his hands flat on the tile floor. Bernardo bent slightly over Tony's broad back and Jeremy slipped quickly into the hairy asshole. The inhaler made another round and the trio found their rhythm and began fucking.

Wild, wild, Jeremy kept thinking as he plowed into the Latin stud's butt. Just the kind of scene I was looking for. Jeez! All we need is an audience! When you're a Jet, you're....

Jeremy didn't have to do much. Bernardo did most of the work. He shoved forward, plowing his thick, dark cock into Tony, then, on the withdrawal, impaled himself on Jeremy's thick tool. He moved his narrow hips rapidly, hard, and without pause.

The water splashed, their bodies writhed, buttocks bucked and slapped. The amyl made their heads spin, their cocks swell, and brought their sex hunger to roaring life.

Tonight, tonight, I'm gonna fuck ass tonight. Jeremy was only slightly aware that the trio had an audience of one. Far fucking out, he thought. Curtain up, light....

Jeremy arched back and watched his cock as Bernardo impaled himself upon it time and time again. Jeremy gasped as his climax neared and he tried with all his might to hold back. He didn't want to cum before the other two studs were ready. Fuck, fuck, fuck that ass, he thought, amazed at Bernardo's passion.

The audience had grown. Two, five. Applause, applause, is all we hunger for.

Jeremy was dimly aware of a gasping sound torn from deep inside someone's throat. He began to realize it was the Latin stud. Bernardo shoved violently into Tony's stretched hole, bucking wildly as he shot his load. Jeremy quickly began an equally savage fucking of the dark youth's butt, making Bernardo groan loudly

and wiggle his ass as Jeremy crammed thick, hot dick into him.

Men were watching, fondling hard-ons, watching open mouthed at the three heavy-duty studs fucking under the roaring showers.

Jeremy's cum spurted into Bernardo's grasping asshole. A moment later, the strawberry-blond groaned, spurning his thick cum onto the tiles. Overcome by the excitement, the three studs clung together, still fucking, but slower, less savagely, coming down from their incredible high. The smell of semen filtered through the hot water as their audience shot loads from tight fists.

The trio collapsed in a tangle of arms and legs onto the wet tiles, the showers still pounding down upon them. They were grinning, giggling a little over their impromptu menage-a-trois, and their audience which was slowly filing out. They looked at each other, grinning appreciatively.

"Damn," the blond said, "I should come here more often. I didn't know it could be like this!"

Very rarely, Jeremy thought. Very rarely.

"My name is George," the blond said, extending his hand to Jeremy. "And this is Jose. Jose and I just met tonight."

Jeremy introduced himself, shook hands.

"I was telling Jose earlier that I don't get out that often, hardly ever to public places. It's difficult...to...make friends. But if you and Jose are willing to, say, exchange telephone numbers, we could get together sometimes privately."

They showered off and went to Jeremy's room where they exchanged phone numbers as Jeremy prepared to leave. George was remaining the entire night. Jose hadn't decided what his plans were.

"I'm free at odd times," George told them. "I mean I don't have a regular schedule, you know, like nine to five. But I sure would like to get together again with you guys. Privately. Maybe, maybe you could get more guys and we could have a real party!"

"Anything's possible," Jeremy temporized. He wasn't sure anymore about George. There was something about the man that brought a big question mark into Jeremy's mind.

"Look, baby," Jose said, "I like fucking and sucking, anywhere, any time, any way I can get it. You lay it on, I'll be there. Just one thing. No queens."

Jeremy bid his two new-found

friends good-bye and checked out. It was about one a.m. He went up to Broadway, bought a Daily News and waited for a cab to come along.

He'd had a good time with George-Tony and Jose-Bernardo. He'd like to have more good times with them, together or singly. But there was something nagging him about George. He opened the paper and thumbed through. He found the answer to his mental question on page fifteen.

George-Tony was neither George nor Tony. He was Burt O'Leary, a newly acquired half-back for the N.Y. Jets. Son of a bitch, Jeremy thought, no wonder he wants his sex private!

In the back of the cab heading down to the Village, Jeremy mused. He'd definitely gotten what he'd wanted from the baths that night. A fantastic adventure. And he'd acquired a new trick who'd be available at "odd times". Good, good, he thought, that's good, 'cause I'm gonna take that stud and turn him every way but loose!

When you're a jet, you're a jet all the way....

FISTING

Continued from page 14

Another point of interest: fisting isn't orgasm-oriented. To be sure, there are many orgasms during the thousands of fisting scenes that occur every day in America. But I think most who have experienced the scene will agree that the orgasm is usually secondary. In fact, the aim is often prolonging the act as long as possible. Sometimes the bottom man will get so turned on he shoots in the middle of getting fisted—but more often he'll hold out as long as he can, seeing how much he can take. Not getting an erection isn't uncommon at all—a combination of drugs and concentration on the ass often makes a hardon irrelevant. Jerking off is really about the only way to get off. The top, though he has the option of pulling himself off at any time, will usually, if he's a good top man, defer to the bottom and come only when he does; often he too will get so involved in exploring his partner's ass that his own hardon is let go. I'll wager there are fewer orgasms per hour of sexual contact in fisting than any other kind of sex.

A friend of mine, when confronted with this proposition, remarked, "Yeah, sure you don't shoot as much. The whole experience is an orgasm."

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big upstairs room, the one with the slings, is packed, smelling of sweat, piss, beer, cigarettes, cum, shit, you-name-it. A man wearing motorcycle boots and a jockstrap climbs into the sling with the spotlight on it. A crowd gathers, knowing an impromptu show is about to begin. He lays back in the sling, waiting. The top emerges from the shadows, his arm already greased. He puts his closed fist against the bottom's ass. No fingers first, here. He's going to give it to him the hard way, knuckles first. It isn't easy. Both men are working hard to get the hand in; the room is silent; finally, the big hand slips through the ring of flesh. The bottom arches his back, giving that half-gasp, half-moan we've all heard before. It's a cry of pleasure and pain.

The crowd watches the two men. After an easy beginning, the fisting gets rougher. A few in the crowd start carrying on among themselves. In front of me, a dude kneels down, his arm extended up from the elbow. The young number standing next to him, pants dropped to his ankles, lowers himself onto the hand. They both watch the scene in the sling.

My attention goes back to the first couple. The fister is giving it to the bottom but good, now. The bottom has his legs up, booted feet hooked on the chains of the sling. With each stroke—they're to the elbow by now—the bottom pulls himself up, then expels the arm with a moan, his stomach contracting. In my stoned state, he reminds me of something. That rhythmic thrusting, the arched back, deep breathing. Finally the familiarity comes to me. He's like a woman during childbirth. Perhaps the extraordinary sensation of getting deep-fisted is the closest a man can come to the extraordinary sensation of giving birth.

I talked to a doctor friend of mine who is a real pro at taking fists, arms, and combinations thereof up his ass. (He claims to have gotten three hands up there one night at the Mineshaft.) Aside from the fact that a lot of gay doctors are into getting fisted, I thought his medical side might have some interesting observations about fisting, especially about the hazards and why men take the chances.

When I asked him about why men risk injury to be fisted, his answer surprised me.

"I don't think it's that dangerous."

This was contrary to almost every expert I've heard quoted in the gay press.

"I doubt if there are more than 100 cases of serious injury from fisting per year in New York. When you think of all the strokes/per/hour, that's not really very many injuries. It's a matter of control, too. Your body has all kinds of warning signals if there's too much pressure here, or too rapid motion there. The ones who are most often getting hurt are the ones who are stoned, downed out or tripping their tits off, so much that they don't know what's being done to them. But anyone can get fisted, I maintain, as long as their head is in the right place. And they can keep from getting hurt as long as they know what they're doing."

It's true that for ass surgery, under anesthetic, doctors routinely dilate even virgin holes to the point that they can get various hands, lights, tubes, and surgical instruments into the colon.

My doctor friend also pointed out that the sphincter muscles (over which we have voluntary control, so we can shit when we want to) can only resist pressure for limited amounts of time so that, under slow and steady pressure, with the proper mental relaxation, the muscles of the ass will eventually open up of their own accord.

Okay. So you're the careful type, and stay mentally in control. You're probably never going to wind up with rips and tears in your intestines, requiring surgery. But what is all that use of your colon going to do your health in ten or twenty years? No one seems to be too sure, since there aren't that many men around who have been fisted regularly for several decades to form a medical study group. And physicians tend to see only those men who have overdone things to the point of damage—not the cautious ones.

Of course, the anus is going to become more open and flexible from that regular stretching. But that's an asset when you're hot for an arm up there.

Again, the expert doctor: "What I have noticed (in long-term fistfucking) is that the lining of the colon toughens, becomes harder and whiter. Normally, your intestinal lining should be pink and look like the lining of your mouth. In cases of long-term fisting, this healthy texture and color changes, and probably has an effect on digestion and food absorption. And, of course, the colon becomes enlarged."

The enlargement of the colon

brought up another subject. How can some men take so much up the ass?

Different people have different length colons: a big man usually has a longer colon, and can manage more arm length sooner and easier than a small man. With time the colon stretches as well, and men who can take it to the shoulder usually have lots of room within their colon, as well as length.

It isn't just the fists that distend the colon, either. The doctor told of an elderly straight couple who went into the hospital for barium enemas to test for medical problems. The doctors at the lab became concerned when, instead of the usual half-to-one gallon that most patients require to fill the colon before X-rays, the old couple took four gallons and were still not filled up. As it turns out, for the last few years, their only form of sex had been giving each other enemas. Their colons had become stretched far beyond normal capacity. So the extensive douching that goes along with fisting plays its part in getting the ass opened up as well.

But back to the serious side. Though some aficionados (and doctors) maintain that fistfucking, like hang-gliding, isn't all that dangerous provided that you know what you're doing, there are still some major problems to take into consideration. After all, very few men ever require surgery from excess cocksucking or jerking off (probably about zero per cent), while problems arising from conventional ass fucking are usually minor.

The major problem with fisting, as the doctor says, is losing control under an excess of horniness and drugs. This is further compounded by a peculiarity of our bodies. While the anal region—the area around the asshole itself, and into the sphincters on the inside—is liberally provided with nerve endings (why fucking feels so good, and even a minor scratch hurts like hell), the intestines themselves are almost wholly deficient in sensory nerve endings. Because of this, it is almost impossible to tell when the intestine is being ripped by excessive pressure; the interior sensation (hopefully pleasurable) of getting fisted derives from pressure of the hand or arm inside the colon where it presses against other internal organs; the pressure isn't sensed by the intestine itself. That's why, the more stoned you are, the more likely you are to not pay close attention to how and where the top man is pushing and

pulling. The most serious cases of fisting injury, almost always requiring surgery (including the dreaded colostomy), usually arise when the bottom man gets ripped open while very stoned; he sleeps it off, not knowing he has a severe internal tear, and can even go several days in this condition. In the meantime, bacteria-laden material (a.k.a. shit) is leaking through the tear into the abdominal cavity, causing peritonitis, or inflammation of the other internal organs. This is a serious situation, requiring surgery to correct the tear, and heavy-duty antibiotic treatment to stave off the infection. And the peritonitis is most often what causes the fatalities from fisting (and there are fatalities).

Of course, the main advice for the novice, something almost all fisting aficionados agree upon, is don't do it until you know what you're doing, and until you're doing it with someone who knows what *he's* doing. (There's the old saying, "A good man is hard to find, but a good top man is even harder to find." And this is especially true of fisting.)

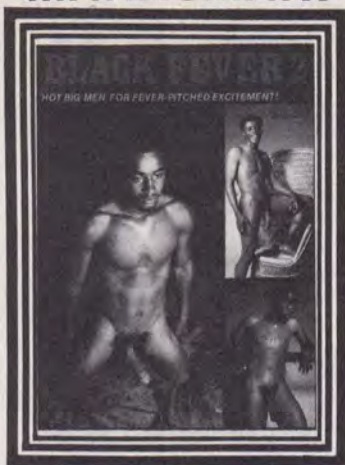
An FFA member underscored this by saying that one of the reasons for their organization—which doesn't seek publicity or social recognition—is to provide its participating members with "quality rather than quantity—you don't want to wind up in the hospital."

Another common bit of advice is "don't take a hand until your head is ready for it." (Some men think you *can't* take a hand until you're ready for it, but this may not always be the case. Men have gotten hurt, bummed out, or both, by getting fisted when they thought their heads were ready to get into the scene.)

Most experts agree that one of the most important factors in the early stages of becoming a fistee (a silly word, but it is politely correct) is confidence in the top man. So choose the first one carefully, and don't be afraid to say no if the time isn't right. Likewise, don't be afraid to say yes if it is right. The bottom should always be the one to define the limits, to control the timing.

According to several experts, one of the commonest mistakes in the early stages of a fisting career (especially if both partners, say two lovers, are inexperienced) is improper lubrication. Most gays don't really like lubrication for conventional fucking—it's messy, interrupting, and esthetically not always as pleasing as just plain spit, applied directly. But

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many novices in the first scene make the mistake of underlubricating severely, or using a second-rate lubricant. After all, a fist and arm is considerably larger and harder than a cock, and the ass needs to be greased fully, and the arm liberally coated with Crisco or one of the newer lubricants designed especially for fisters. One friend of mine recommends a mixture of mineral oil and Crisco, since Crisco tends to dissolve once inside the body, losing some of its lubricating properties. The main point is lubricants in large quantities.

A related point is blood. Many beginners are freaked when they pull out an arm with bloody mucus on it. In general, this is not an indication that severe damage has been done. The intestines are full of tiny blood vessels (remember the inside-of-the-mouth analogy) which rupture easily from the pressure of a hand, or the scraping of fingernails, releasing small amounts of blood. This usually appears as pink to light red mixed with lubricant or the naturally occurring mucus when the hand is pulled out, or when the ass is wiped after sex. Like I said, this is generally not a problem. But blood in larger quantities, or dark blood, or bleeding for a period of time (more than a day) should receive immediate medical attention.

It should be mentioned in passing that more than a few fisting couples find a bit of blood a turn on. Fine, as long as it's not a sign of serious damage.

One of the best things a beginner (or even an old hand) can do is establish an open relationship with a good gay doctor, one who is familiar with the problems a gay patient can have, and preferably sophisticated about fistfucking. Anyone heavily into any kind of anal sex trip should treat that wonderful orifice like a delicate machine, and do everything possible to keep it in top running order. A good doctor is indispensable for this.

I've been curious lately about straights and fistfucking. Gays have always been in the avant garde of anything sexual (actually, anything at all), so it stands to reason that sooner or later fistfucking will filter down to the masses. A few discreet inquiries among my straight swinger friends brought back reports that, yes, our hetero counterparts are getting into hands. Women taking fists vaginally isn't anything new at all (remember the wristwatch jokes?), and it's not uncommon among both straight and lesbian couples. But now a few

women who have discovered the joys of anal sex in a big way have discovered its logical extension. As proof, there are now a number of commercially-distributed porn flicks (mostly of European origin) showing women getting fists up the ass, or in both orifices at once. The only corollary I haven't run across is a straight man getting fisted by his woman. But, since straights are now admitting they like getting their prostates fingered, it will probably only be a matter of time before they're getting hands up there too.

After fistfucking, what? Have we reached the boundaries of what the human body can do?

There are several possibilities:

S&M sex is almost infinitely expandable—the exploration of pain/pleasure lends itself to astonishing variety, perhaps with death as the ultimate trip. But fisting is only one of many techniques used in the S&M scene, and there are many devotees of fisting who are not into leather or even heavy mental role trips. For them, fisting is the exploration of the limits of physical sensation, but the pain is not necessarily the focal point of the trip.

I am reminded of one of my best experiences, ever. Two lovers, both into fisting, both with magnificent, talented holes. We did a threesome on an outdoor waterbed on Fire Island, in the middle of the afternoon. The high point of the scene was the two of them, taking it to the elbow while lying back on the waterbed. They held one another in the arms, kissing the whole time. It was one of the most beautiful love scenes I can remember, and a perfect example of the intensity the human body and mind can achieve through fistfucking.

It is possible, given our sophistication and jadedness, that such an esoteric practice as fistfucking will someday be the norm for homosexual men, perhaps even for women, and straight couples. Or perhaps sexual heads, and the trips that go along with them, are subject to change and evolution. We all may wind up back in a heavily oral stage: fucking of all kinds may become old hat. There are those who think we may wind up tripping out on ourselves in elaborate multi-media jerk-off trips. Others say we'll be into asexuality.

Who knows? Whether fisting is here to stay, or just the hit of the seventies, I'm glad I'll be able to tell my hypothetical grandchildren what it was like, when fisting was young.

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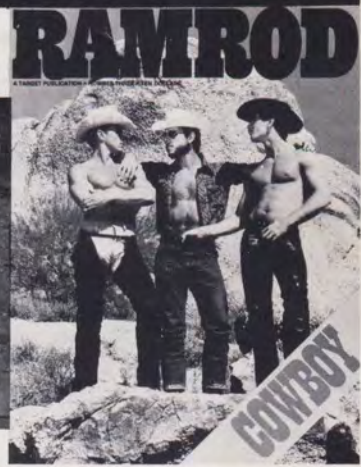
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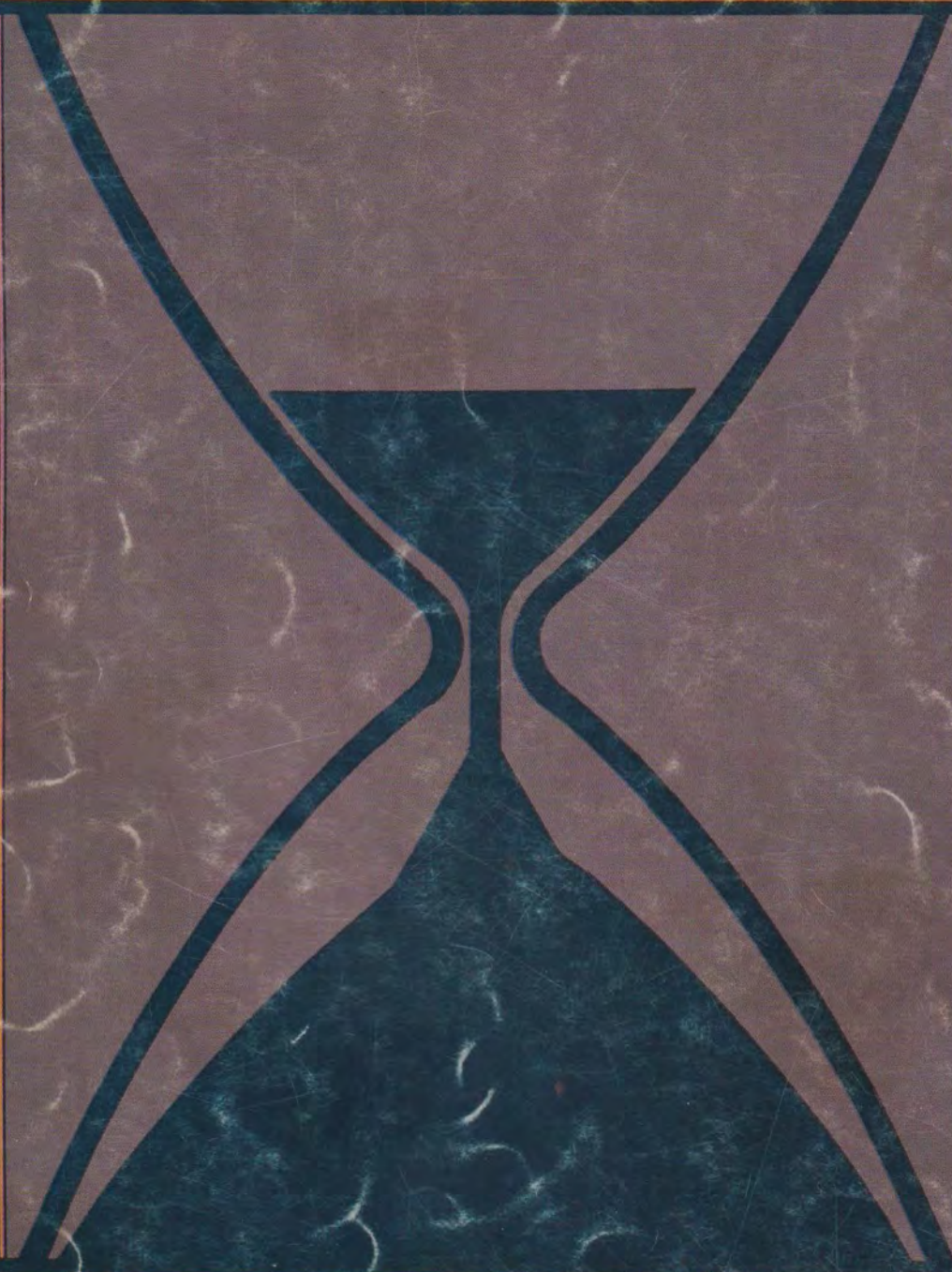
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