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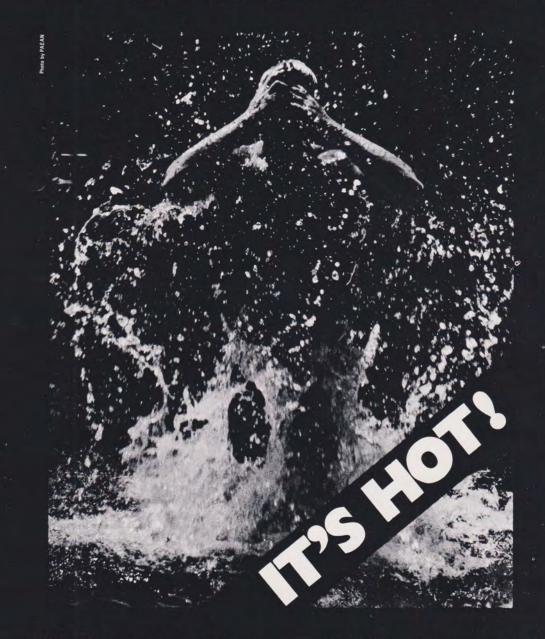
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HONGHO

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 13 • MAY 1979



Don Hanov

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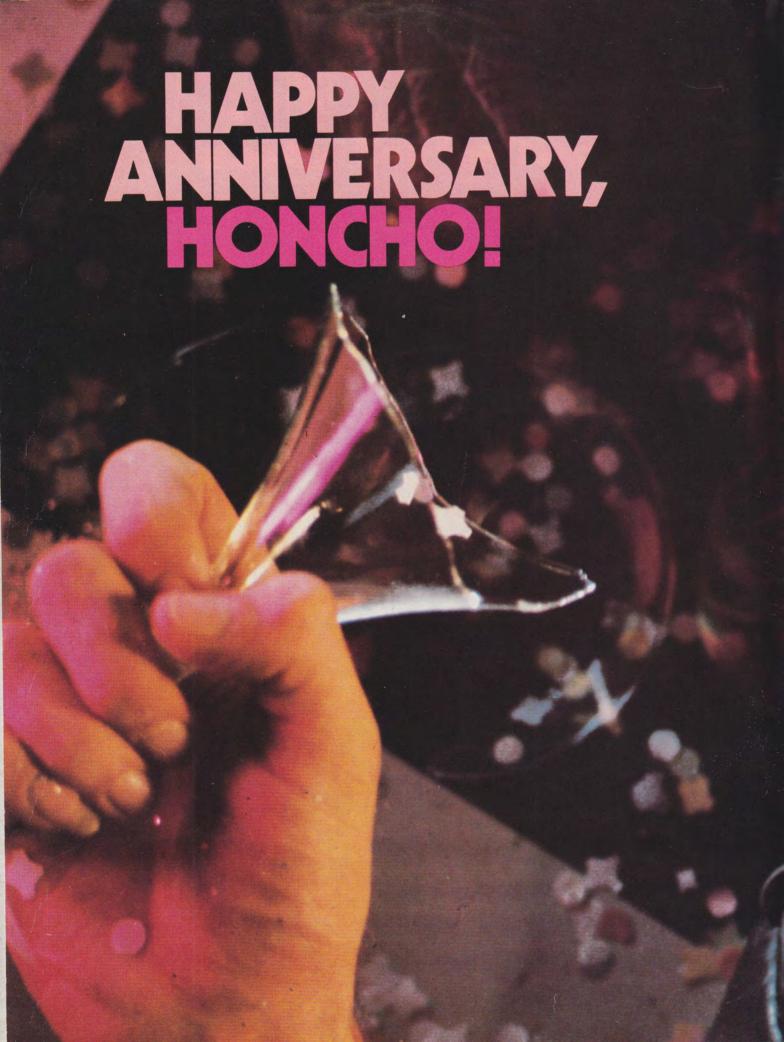
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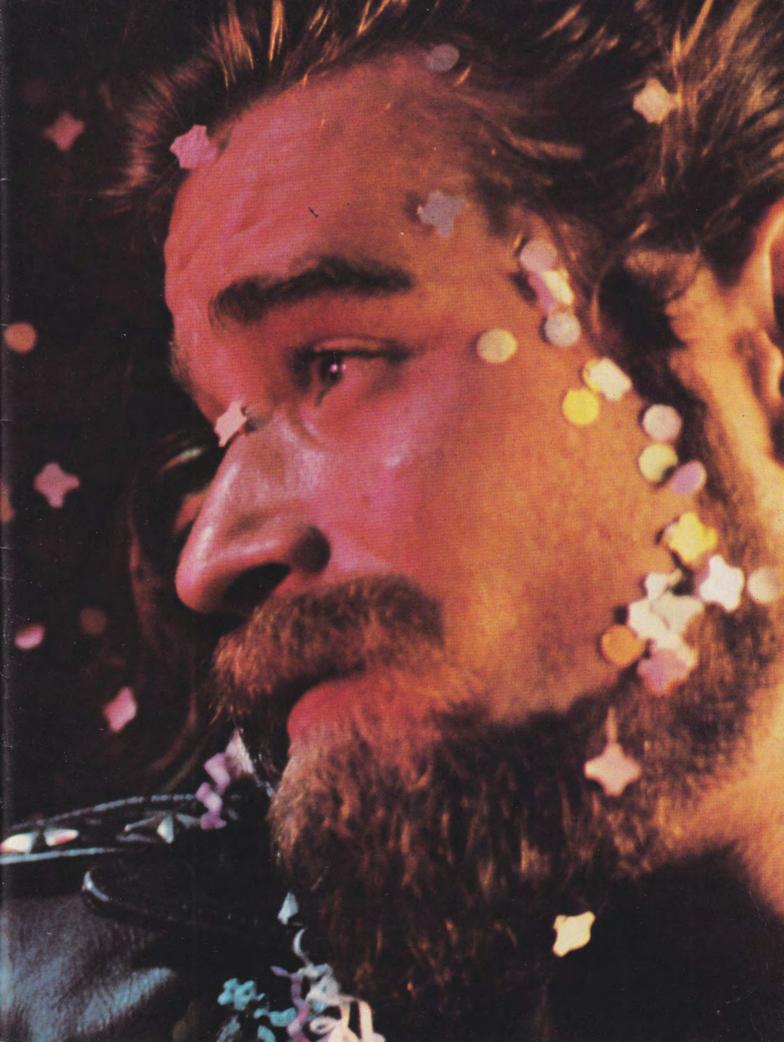
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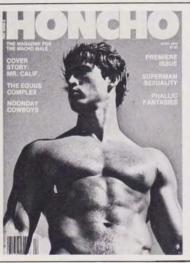
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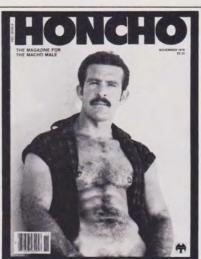


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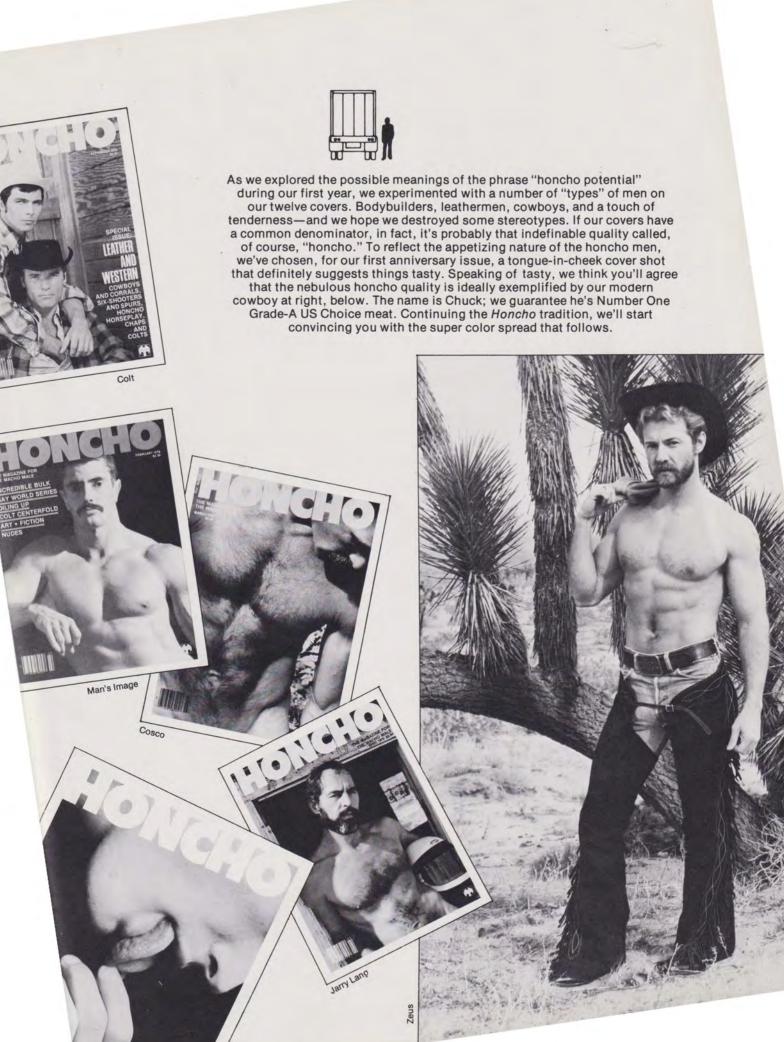
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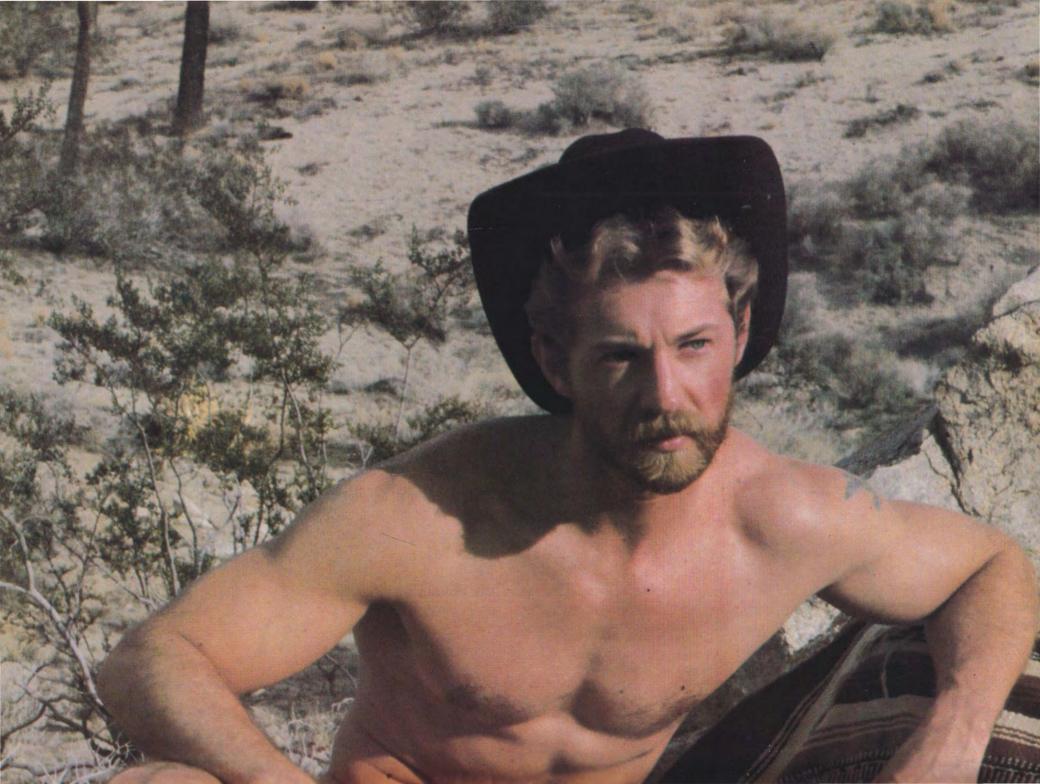


HONCHO POTENTIAL

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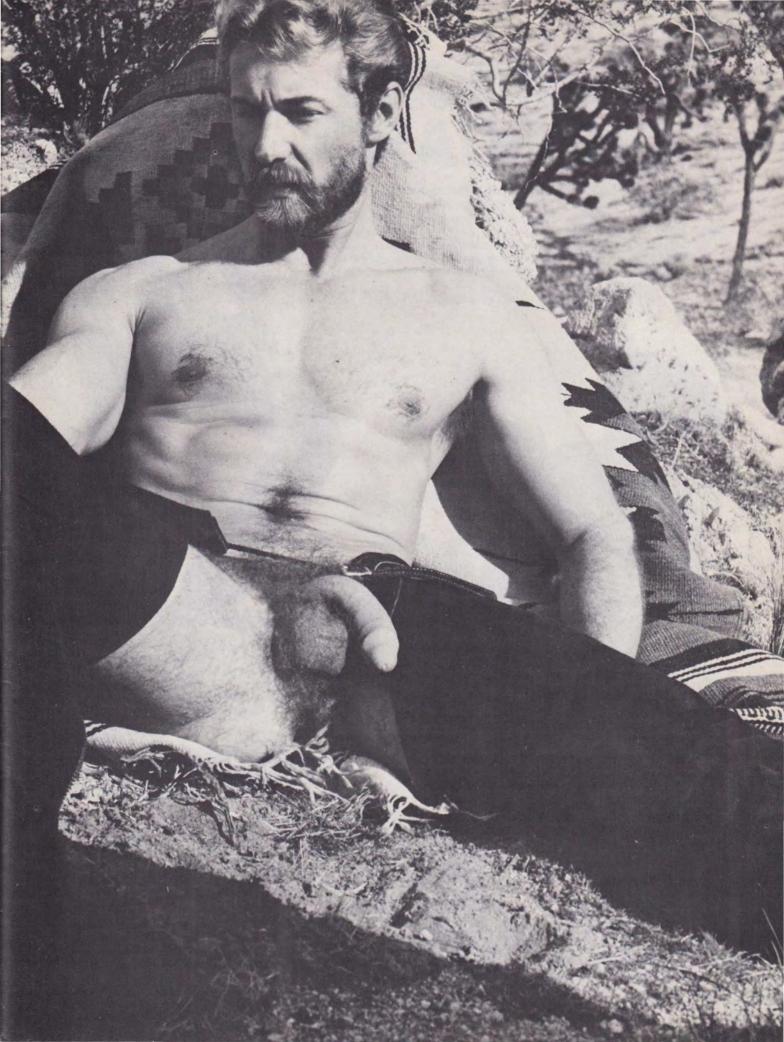










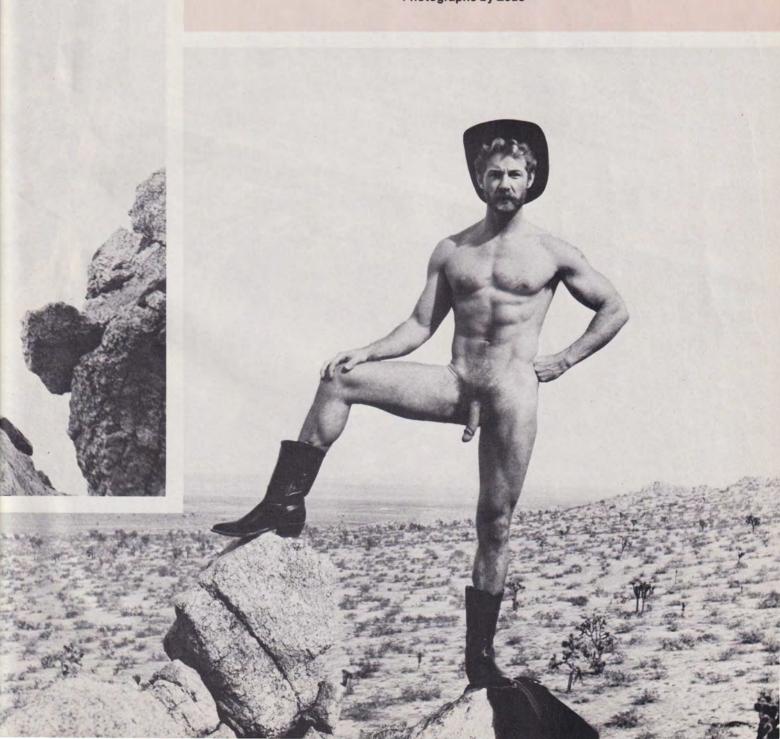


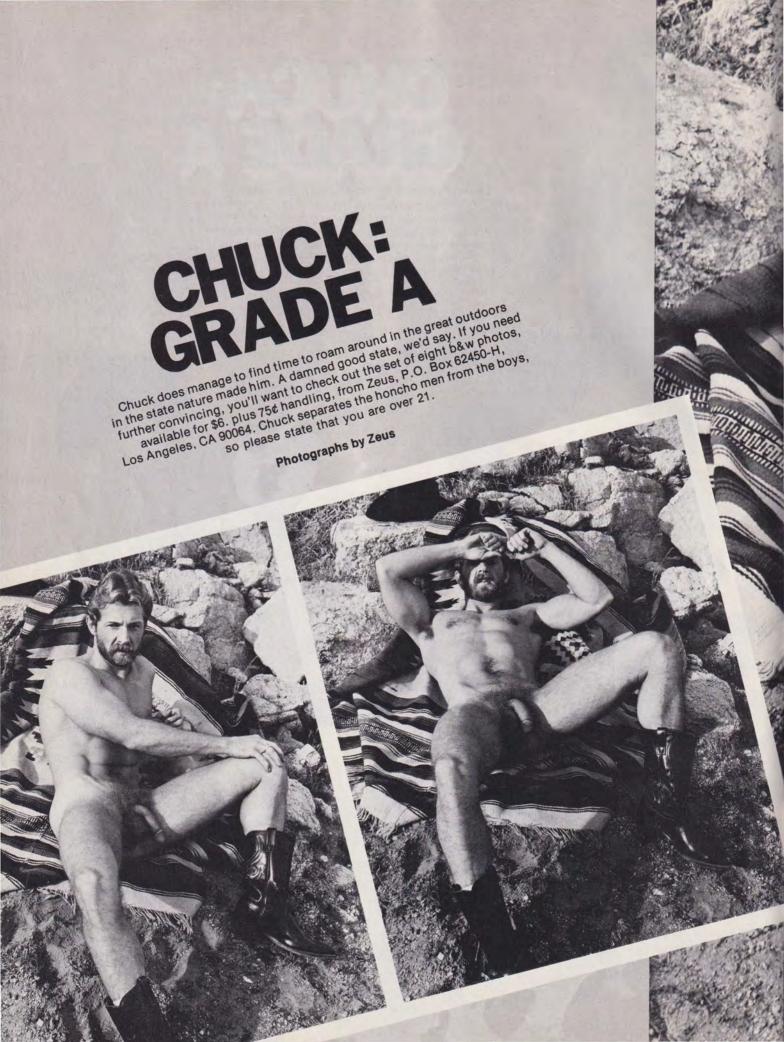


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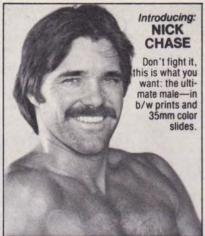
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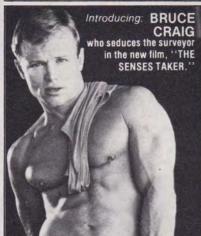




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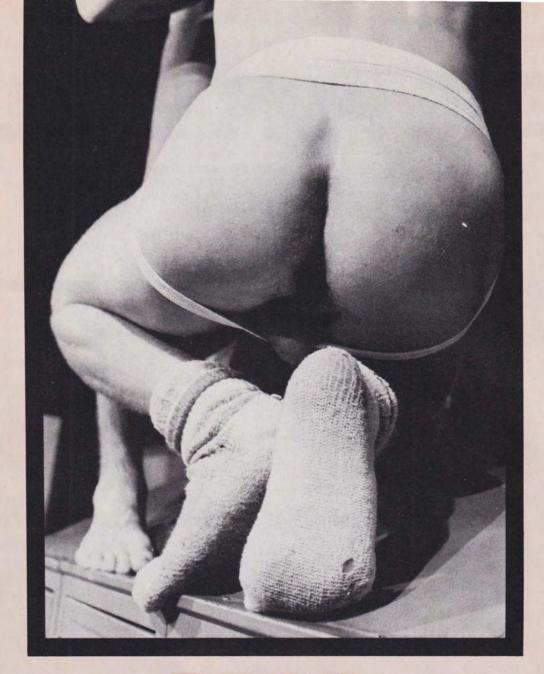


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REAR ADMIRABLES

"My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamor'd of an ass."
—William Shakespeare,
Midsummer Night's Dream (Act IV, Sc I)

Photograph by Falcon

HONCHO / May 1979

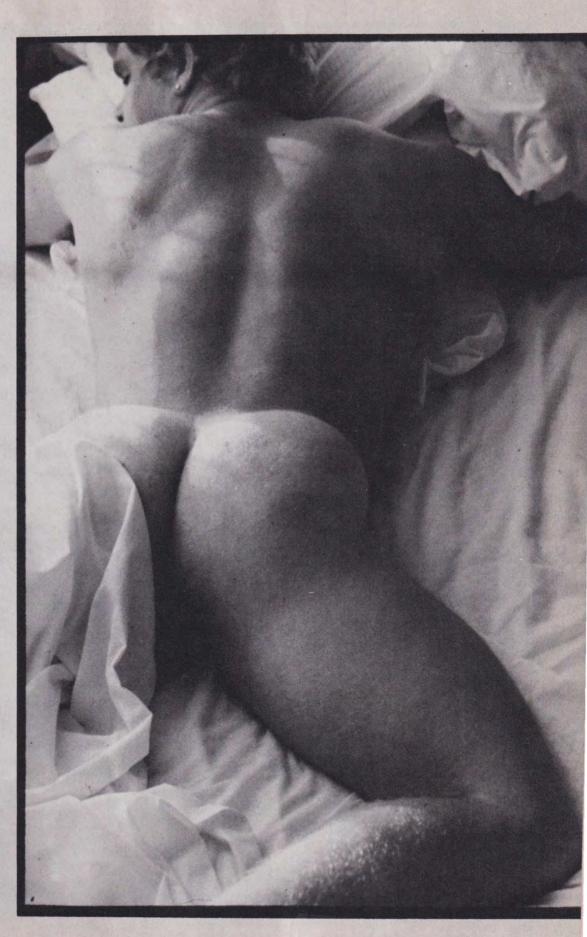
REAR ADMIRABLES

"They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except around the anus; which I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground." —Jonathan Swift, Gulliver's Travels

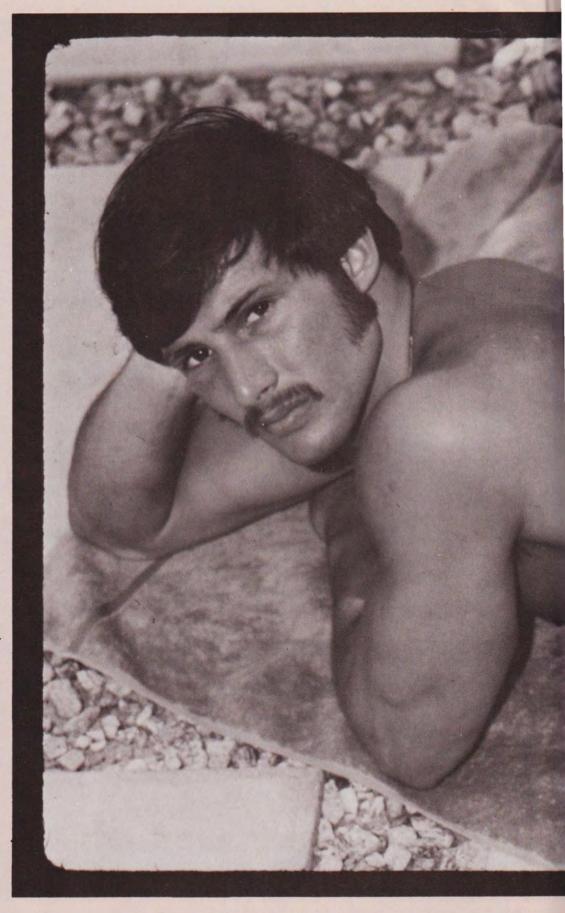
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HONCHO / May 1979



Katherine: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Petruchio: My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Katherine: Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

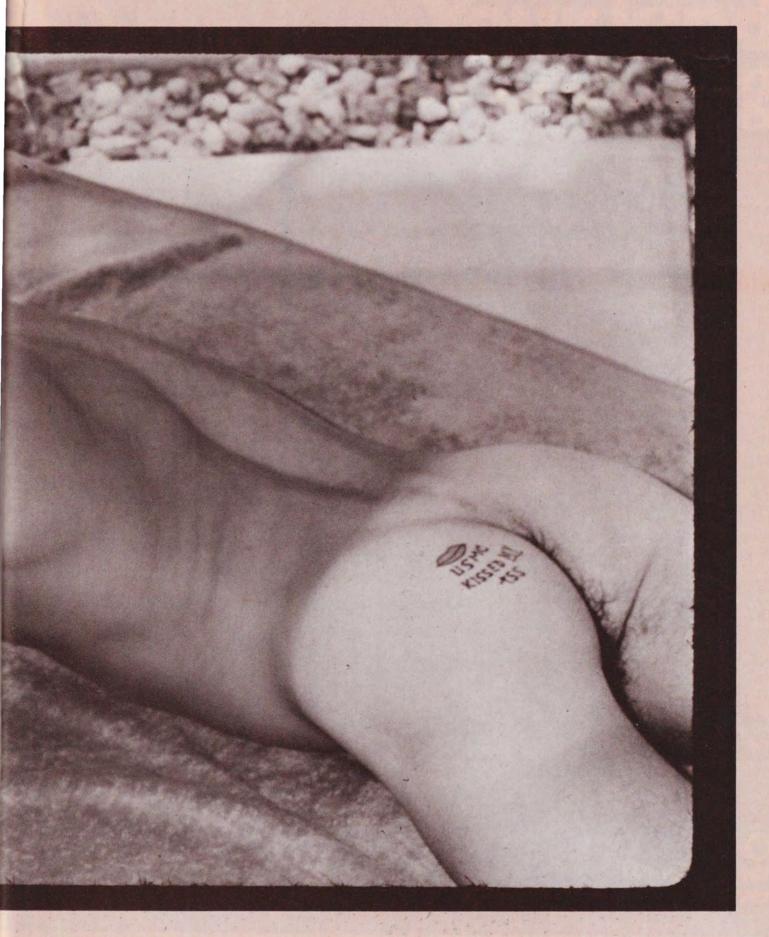
Petruchio: Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting? In his tail.

Katherine: In his tongue.
Petruchio: Whose tongue?
Katherine: Yours, if you
talk of tails; and so
farewell.

Petruchio: What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, good Kate; I am a gentleman.

—Shakespeare, The Taming of the Shrew Act II, Sc I

Photograph by Pacer



SELECT READING FOR THE HONCHO

MAN

GAY HEALTH GUIDE

BY ROBERT L. ROWAN, M.D. AND PAUL J. GILLETTE, PH. D. A no-nonsense discussion of health problems common among gay

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AFTER THE WAR

Continued from page 35

for them. "That's right, bitch, suck me." "Spread your legs wider, Cunt." A real class act. But the affairs were brief. Not real meaningful. But lots of them.

I was drowning. My grades were terrible, but I needed to stay, I could see that. Yet I didn't know what to do.

A guy named Andrew Ryan saved me. He taught Victorian Literature, a particularly awful course I was flailing away in. One day he called me up after class. He was about 26, a decent looking guy, not like most of the pedantic dipshits who pompousized at the podiums. He was almost as tall as I, obviously in good physical shape, blond and friendly, although I could tell he was nervous with me.

"Mr. Wilson, it appears you're having problems with this course."

"Yeah. I like to be consistent in everything I do."

"You don't like Victorian Literature?"
"Mr. Ryan, I don't like anything."

"Then why are you here?"
"I get paid to sit through this shit."
He flinched a little, but nodded. "Is

it worth it?"
I couldn't help but grin. "No, but no one will pay me to do anything else."

"You're a Vietnam Vet, aren't you?"
"Want to see my medals?"

He stared at me and I could see he was really debating. Do I tell this asshole to fuck off, or lend a hand. At last he smiled. "Mr. Wilson, Todd, do you mind if I call you that?"

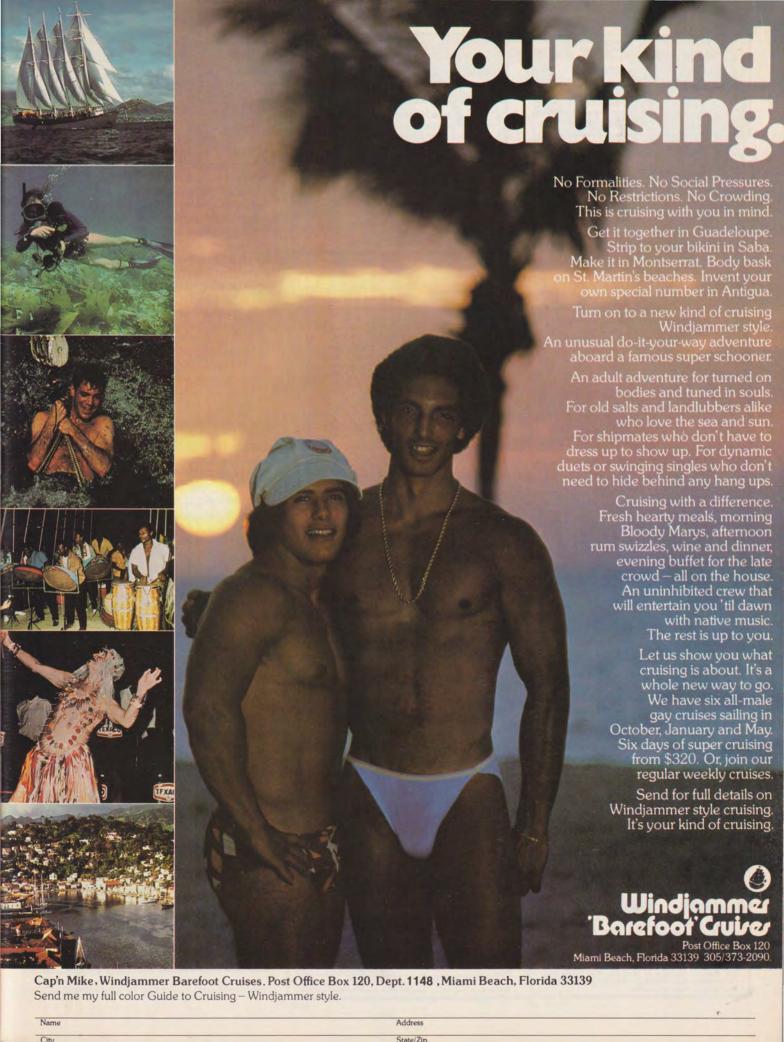
I shrugged.

"I'm going to pass you in this course. You don't even have to come to class. You'll get a C. I hope you continue to come, but there's no pressure on you. I want you to learn something. If you choose not to, fine you'll still get a C."

I stared at him, not knowing at all what to say.

"Many of the writers and poets in this course know about pain and hurts, and they can tell you something. But it's up to you. That's all."

I walked to the door, turned, but he was bent over some papers. It was a great ploy. I showed up for every class. I studied, read the material, and tried. I didn't want anything from him. I'd earn the fucking C. But I appreciated what he'd done. For the first time since I got back I was grateful to someone. Except I didn't know how to say it.



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We didn't exchange words for a month, until I had a class conference in his office. He motioned me to sit and I dropped, my usual slouch, legs spread, a half sneer on my face.

"I'm glad you've been coming, Todd.

You're earning your money." "Yeah, well it's not much money."

He pushed my papers to me and put his feet on his desk. "I'll spare you the bullshit. Your work is adequate, but you don't seem to have had much practice. Your writing is atrocious, your grammar and spelling are awful, and your comprehension is that of an Ex-Marine, ex-jock. But you'll get by. What are you doing tonight?"

"You asking me for a date?" He laughed. "Yeah. Sorta." I shrugged. "Nothing."

He gave me his address and told me

to come by at 8 p.m.

I didn't know what to think, but I liked him and knew he was trying to help me. I wanted to like him. I needed to like someone.

I wore my best jeans, even put on a clean T-shirt, and took the sneer off my face. He gave me a beer and put on a classical record. Handel. The Hallelujah Chorus. Percy Faith. No shit. I loved it. I'd never heard anything like it.

I drank eight beers, and told him everything about myself, almost everything. I spilled out my fucking guts, almost all of them. After about four hours I saw he was getting real tense. I figured I was boring him so I said I better go. He said, "Yes, you better," and I left, a little confused.

The next day I told him how much I'd appreciated talking with him. I tried to be friendly. I wanted him to like me, but he was strangely distant and called me Mr. Wilson. I stopped dropping by his desk.

A few weeks later I was coming out of a tavern. I'd had a few beers and was going to hitch a ride to my apartment when I saw him up the street going to his car. I ran up to him. He turned, very surprised to see me.

"Hey, I hate to ask, but can I hitch a

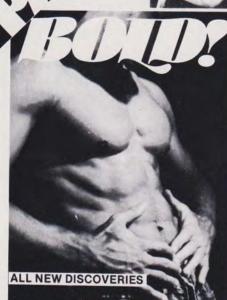
He hesitated, and I started to back off, but he said quickly, "Of course. I'm sorry. Get in.'

I gave him directions, it wasn't far, and we talked a little. He'd been to one Continued to page 72

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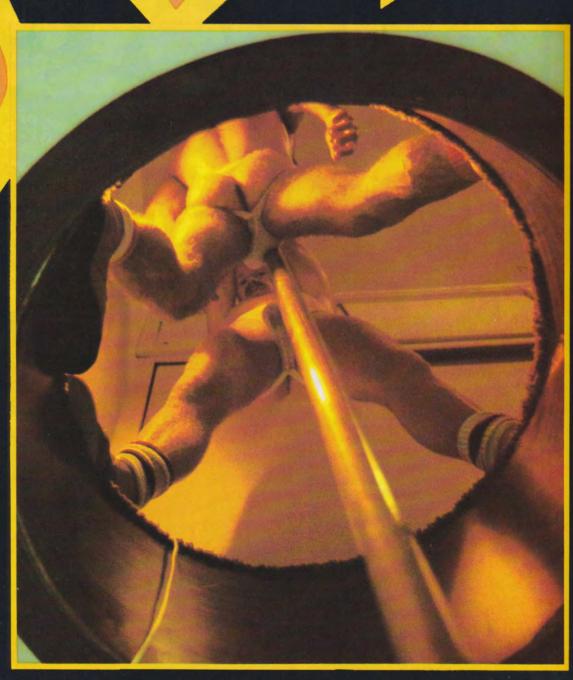
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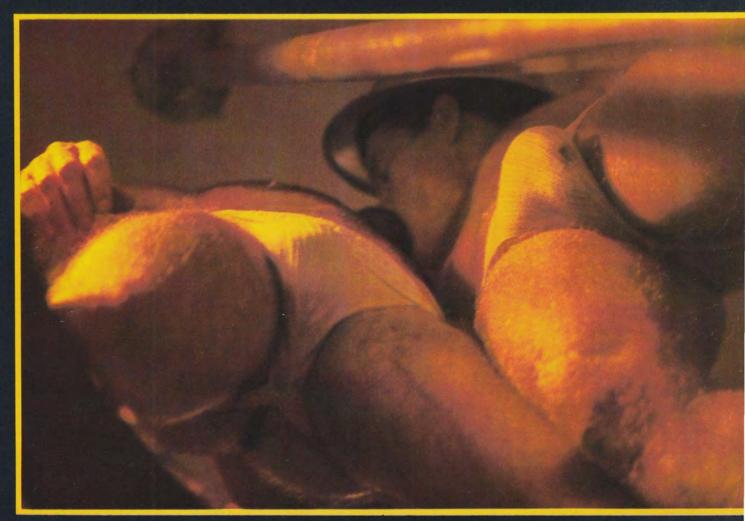
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TIREMEN'S BALLS

Firemen are famous for being fast on the draw, especially when they hear that clanging alarm in the dead of night. Springing from bed half asleep and half dressed, they jerk on their clothing and reach for the trusty pole that will transport them to that revved-up fire engine. In an exclusive Honcho pictorial, our two fantasizing firemen offer an erotic variation on a very real theme as they take their own sweet time in going to the fireman's ball. Or should we say balls?

Photographs by Hank Ellis

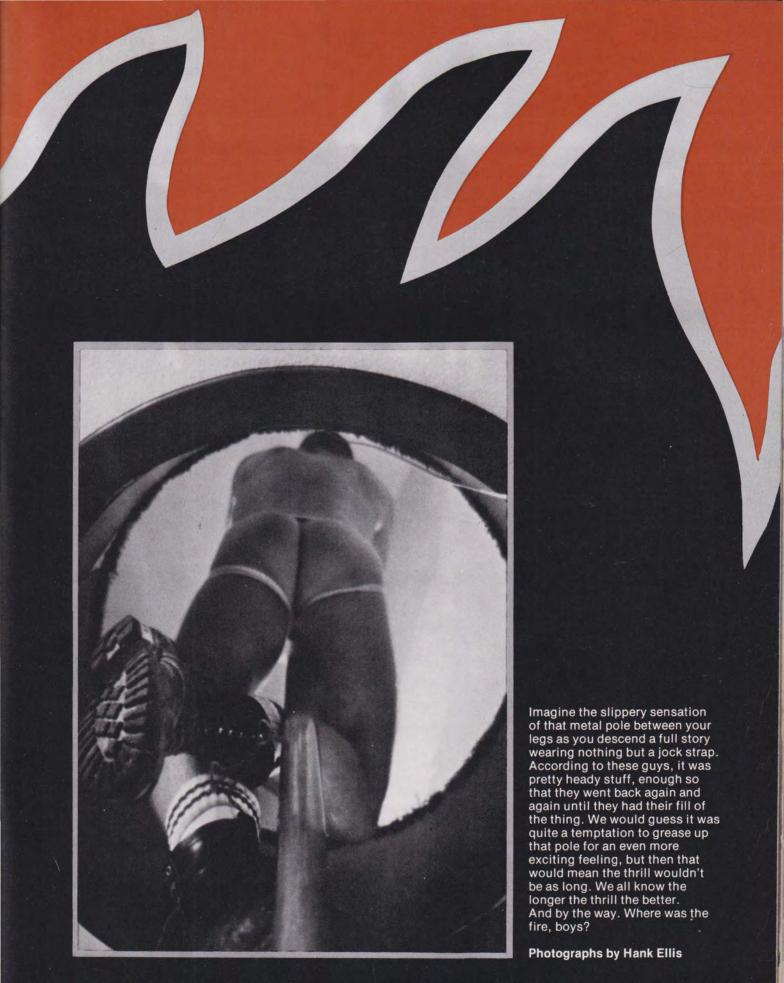




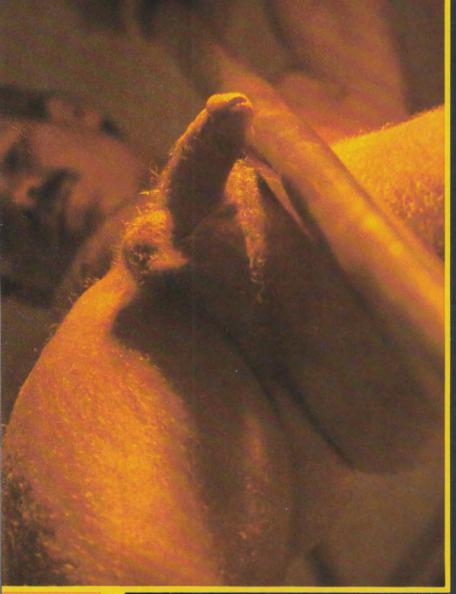


FIREMEN'S BALLS





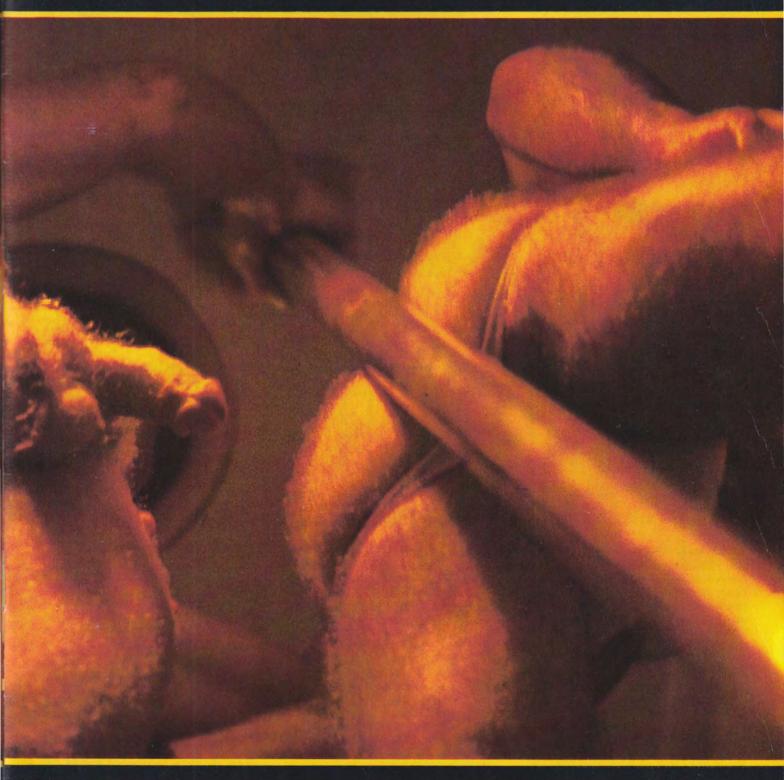




The urge to shed that jock strap finally proved too much for one of our guys who decided to compare his own pole with that of the firehouse. His pal caught sight of the results and, according to the photographer decided to look for some red hot action all his own. We're quite certain our two golden boys went out in a blaze of glory, and what a way to go! There was definitely a hot time in the old town that night!

Photographs by Hank Ellis

FIREMEN'S BALLS





By Kip Owens

Illustration by **Robert Gable**

After Nam I was fucked up badly for two years. I think I'm all right now, but I never let myself go completely. I never give rage or bitterness a chance to come out. A lot of people still tell me they don't trust me. They say I scare them. They say I'm one cold bastard.

Yeah. Well it's true. I can't say the Marines turned me into a patsy, and the war sure didn't mellow me.

You tell me how I ought to be: I was a high school basketball star in Kentucky. I'm 6'2", blond, and, yeah, handsome, and I had plenty of chicks, and didn't even have to try to get laid, but I wasn't a great basketball player

and didn't win an athletic scholarship, so ended up drafted into the Marines and went to Nam.

Ok. I was hard and one macho bastard, and I fell in love, that's right, with another Marine. I loved Steve. No regrets, no apologies. It was emotional and physical, and when he got killed I was wiped out. A month later a patrol I was on got ambushed and everyone was killed, except me. I got hit in the neck and played dead. And the fuckers stood over me and pumped a round into my chest just for good measure. But I lived. I was in the hospital six months and when I walked out I had two scars on my body, and a

huge fucking one inside.

I was nineteen years old and it was all a little too much for me to handle then. I'd been to a war, fallen in love with another guy who got killed, seen my friends zapped, spent six months in hospitals, three in intensive care. and was turned out onto the street with a handful of medals, some money from the VA, and nowhere to go. Bon Voyage in life, Dude. Fiel Gluck.

So back to Kentucky and the old folks at home. Well, I could read and write, but the Marines hadn't really prepared me for a career, and nobody was advertising for riflemen and machinegunners. I didn't know what



Life had dealt Todd a rotten hand. It would take someone very special to bring him to his full potential.

to do. I was confused about everything. I didn't know what had happened, what the goddamn war was about, what I had done, why I had loved another Marine—I who had never touched another guy, had sucked and fucked Steve, had fallen in love with him, and loved him more than any woman.

So I got even more screwed up. I drank and took drugs, and fucked chicks with a vengeance. I mean, I was rough. For some reason that draws chicks. Dudes too, except after Steve, I didn't even want to hear about another guy.

It all came to a head when I totalled

my car one night. I was messed up on something, I don't even know what I was taking, and I saw the ambush in my mind, and I drove my car into it, wanting to kill every fucking one, but it was an abuttment and I ended up back in the hospital screaming gooks, and Steve, and who knows what else.

They decided I needed rehabilitation so the VA sent me to college on one of their Unfuck The Vet programs, tuition and fees paid, \$350 a month.

College started out as a disaster; I carried a goddamn cinder block around on my shoulder. I never was the scholarly type, but I'd sit there reading Shelley and Keats and

suddenly be thinking about resettling civilians to make their lands free fire zones, or I'd be reading Hopkins' "Windhover" and see a Phantom air strike. I tried to follow politics but found I simply didn't give a shit. To my fellow students I was a returned killer. Fighting is for grammer school playgrounds, right? Well, I fought on the campus. And I meant to kill. People gave me a wide berth, and in class I'd sit there like a radioactive stone.

Still, chicks were attracted to me. I couldn't get over it, no matter what kind of a prick I was, they'd want more. "Jesus, you're rough," they'd say, and nothing in bed was too much

Continued to page 24

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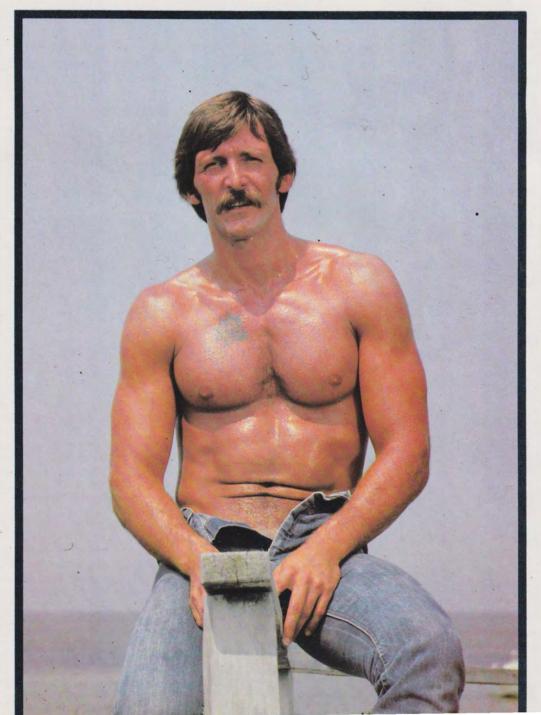
BIG BUCK

Muscled, moustachioed and mucho macho.

The name is Buck Owen, and one quick look will assure you there's no confusing him with the country singer.

Buck is one of the more recent Target discoveries, a find that makes us want to tell their photographers to keep up the good work. To check out more of Big Buck's stuff, turn the page.

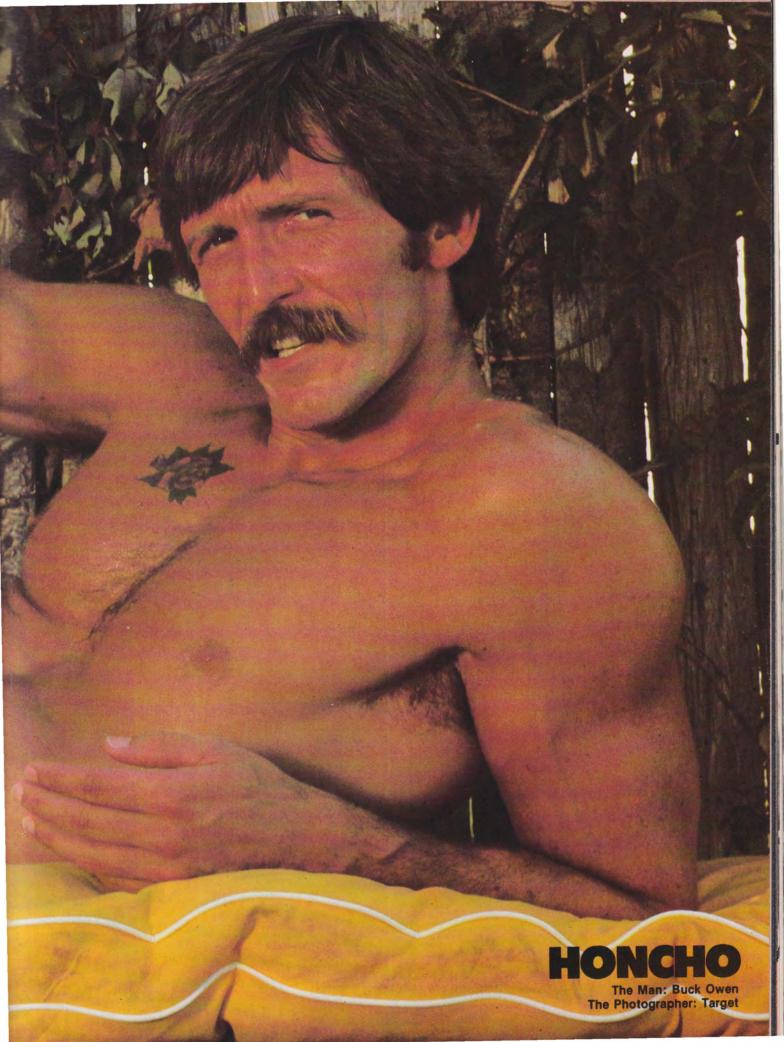
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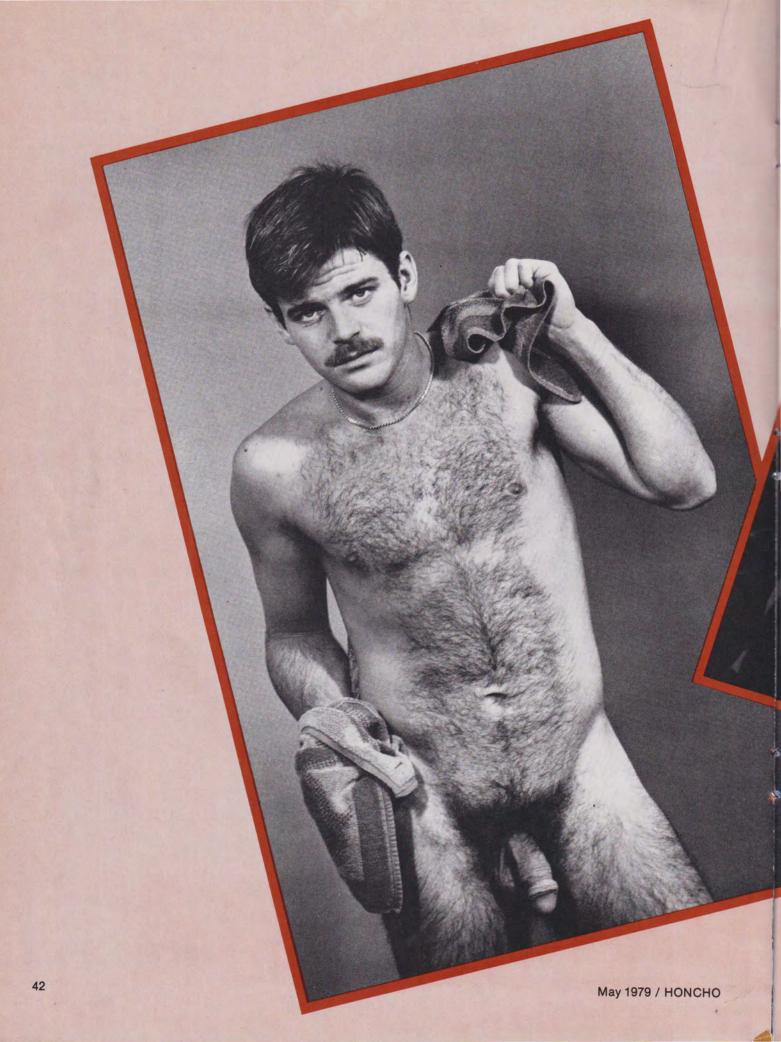


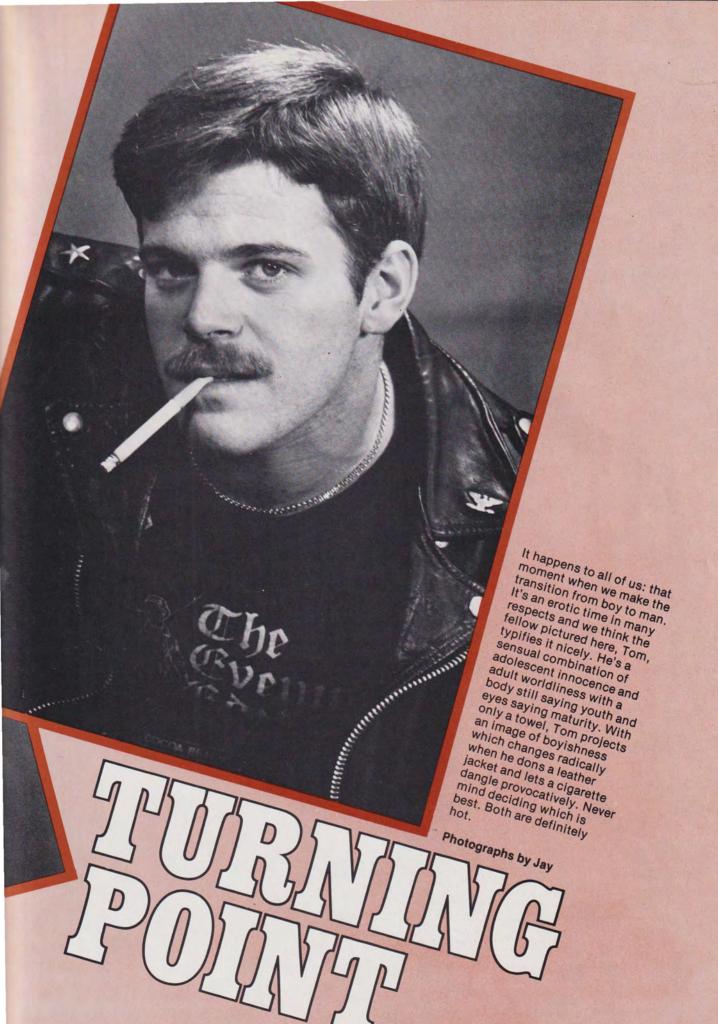


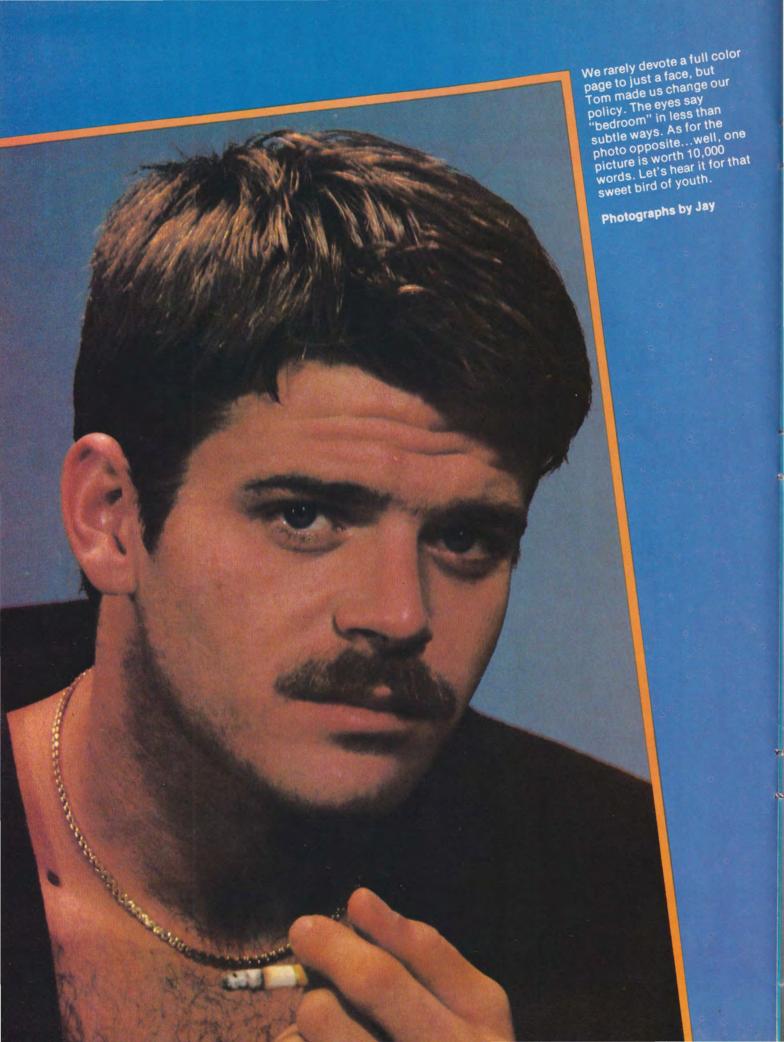


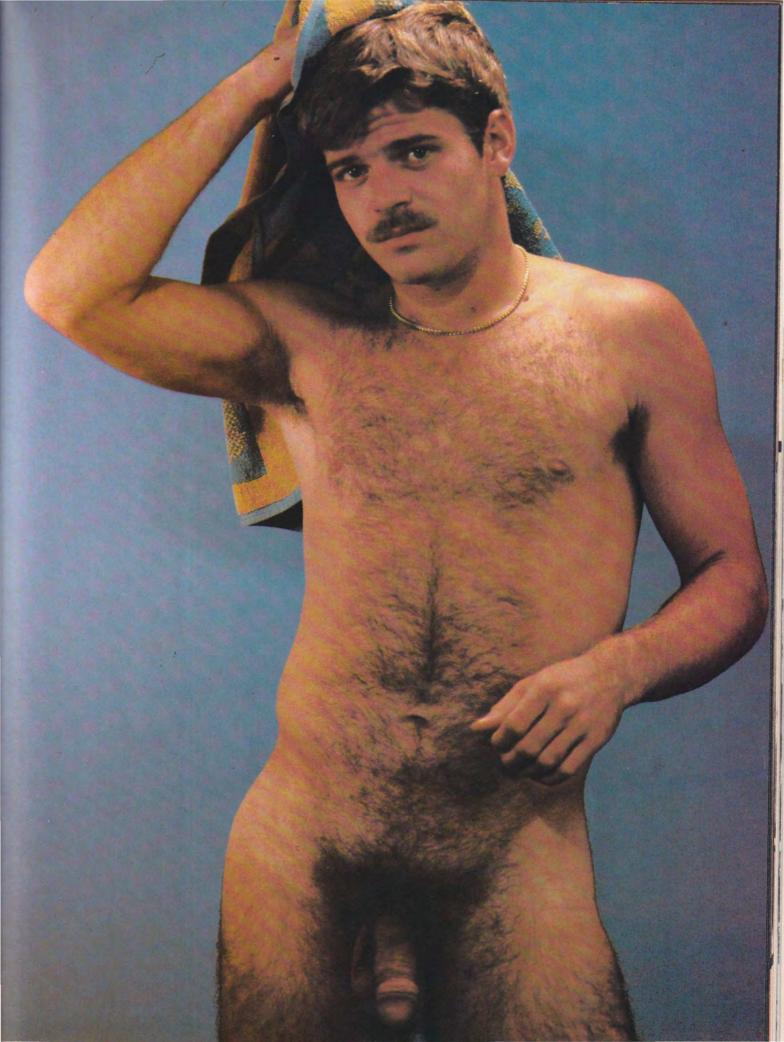




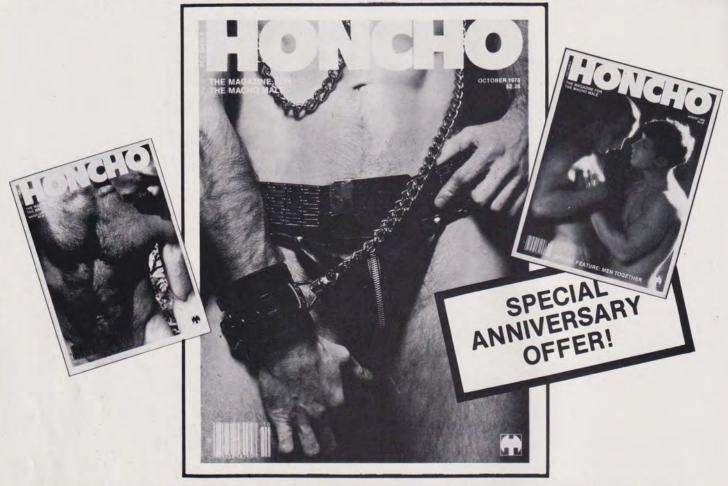








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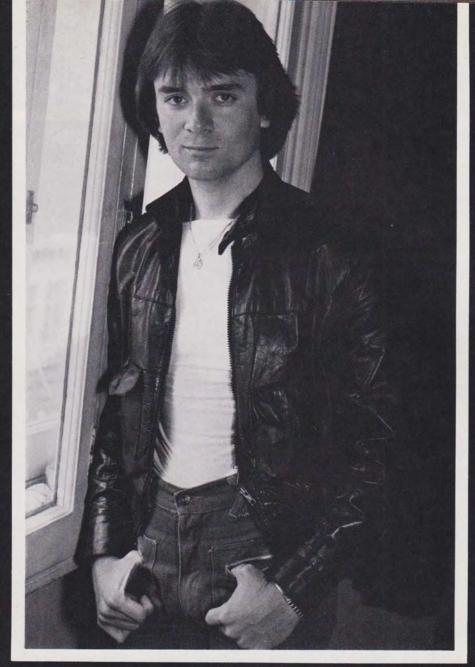
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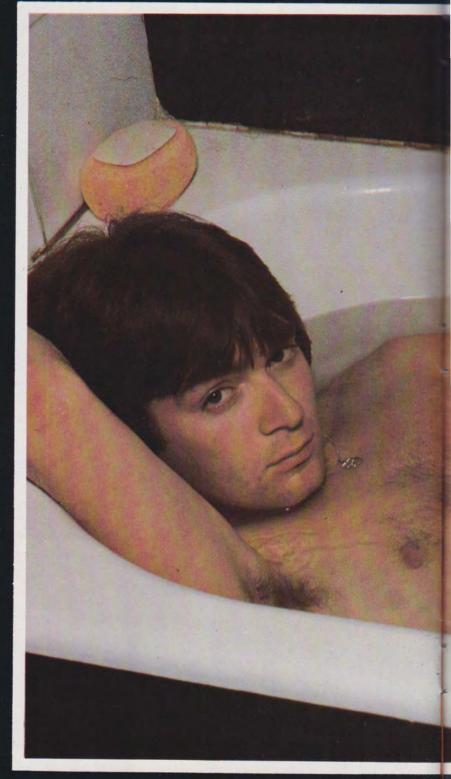
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GIIII S

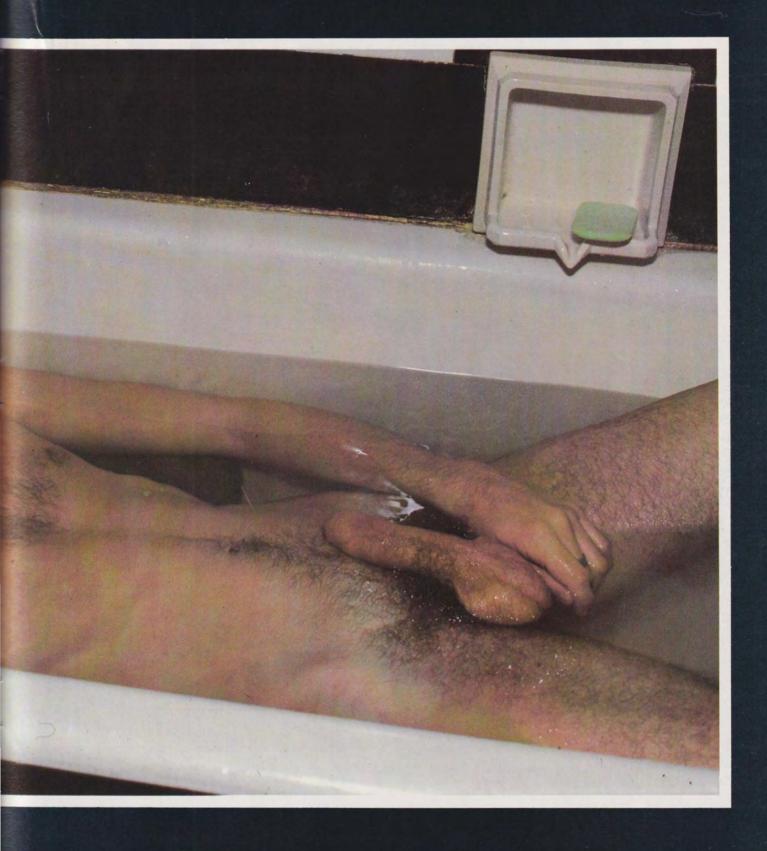
For those of you who fancy English blokes, check out the young man here whose name is Chris. He was discovered and subsequently *un*covered by Man's Image photographer Carlo Palermo during a recent visit to London. Carlo found out that Chris knew that city like the back of his hand and gave him a unique, one-of-a-kind tour that most tourists and even few locals experience.

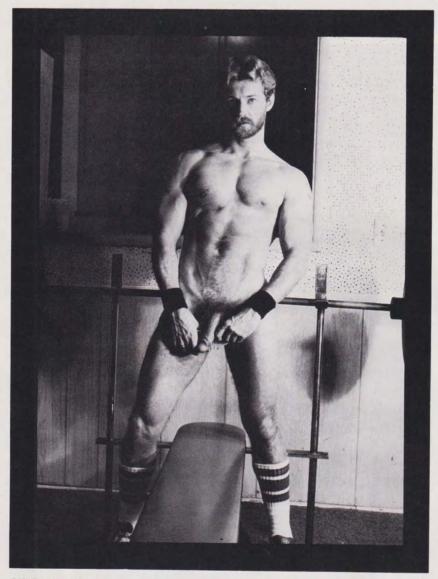
Photograph by Man's Image



After showing Carlo all of London,
Chris showed him something more, as
evidenced by these photographs.
Chris is prominently featured in
Young Man's Image #3, priced at \$8,
soon to be published by Man's Image.
For information regarding this
publication and others, contact
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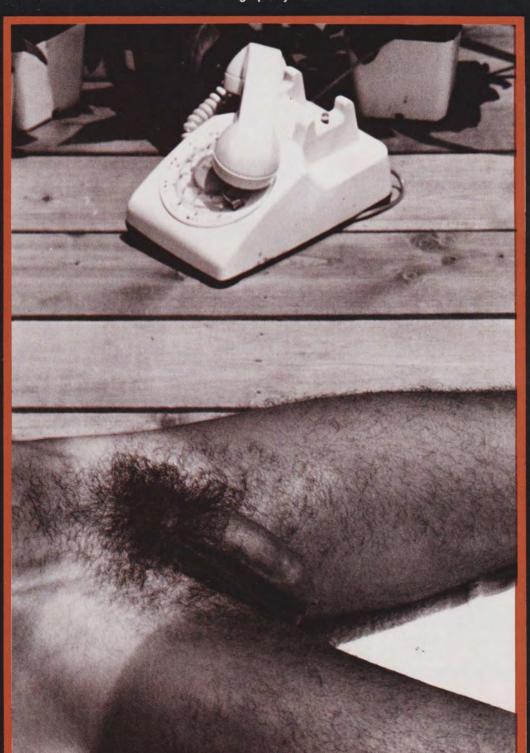
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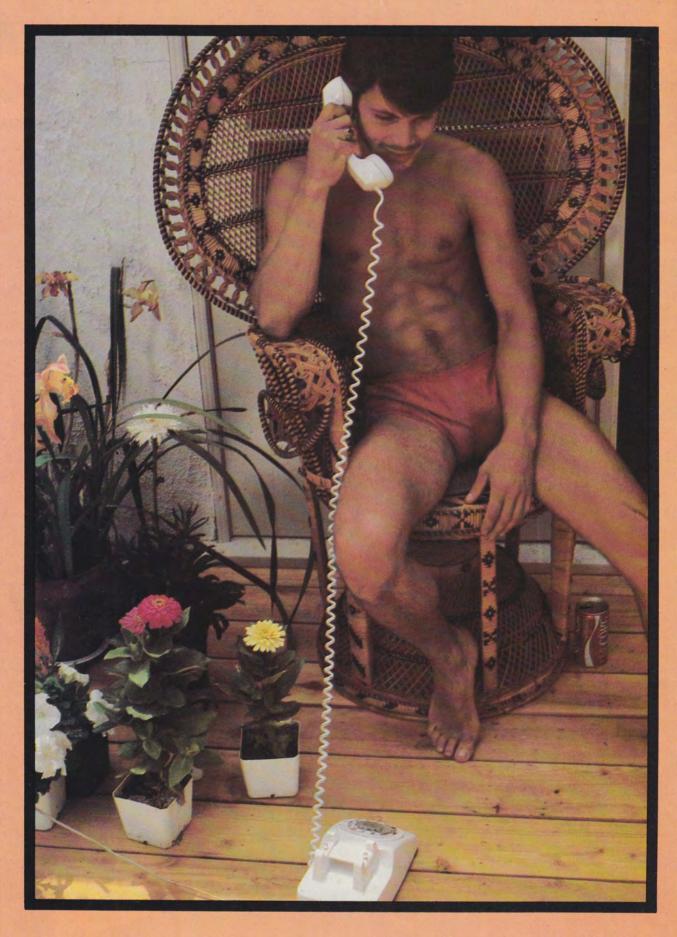
FLEURS DU MALE

The picture below may suggest one of those phone calls you have, at one time or another, either made or received: the hot one in which you used every four-letter word you could think of to satisfy a mutual need.

But that isn't so in this case. The phone here is used by Paul Seaton— in the Cosco film *The Paul Seaton Story*, part of the Earthman series—to call the local gardener for some help in fixing a group of flowers.

Photograph by Cosco







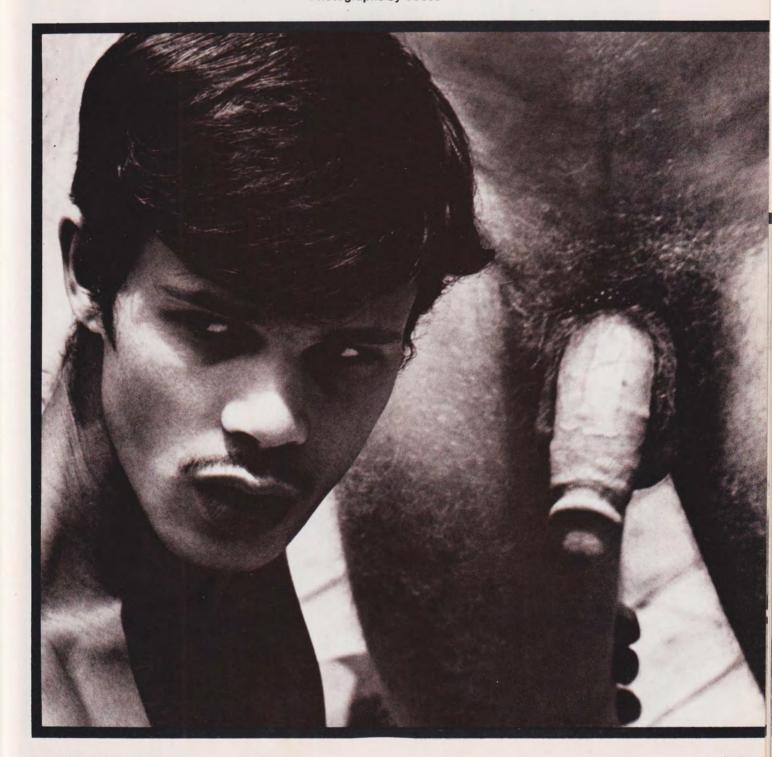
HONCHO / May 1979 53



FLEURS DU MALE

The gardener, amazed by a sudden turgid growth in Paul's particular patch of ground, discovers that his own stalk is stretching toward the sun. He digs in....

Photographs by Cosco



HONCHO / May 1979 55



FLEURS DU MALE

In this all-male hothouse variation on "Mary, Mary, quite contrary,/
How does your garden grow?"...the gardener and Paul keep things sprouting.
Voltaire closed Candide by suggesting that every individual should
concentrate on making his garden grow. Our guys agree.
For more information on this hothouse of activity, send \$5.00 for a brochure
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Please state that you are over 21.

Photographs by Cosco



HONCHO / May 1979

MENIS RON

By Ron Toyes • Illustration by Olaf

Bill had gone into the men's room for no other reason than to take a leak and get back to his studies in the library. He went about his business at the urinal, at first unaware that anybody else was in the john. Realizing that he was being watched, he looked to his left and saw a round hole about the size of a doughnut at crotch level. Through the hole he could see an eye, unblinking and staring hard. Like most guys who are proud of their bodies and equipment, Bill got off on being watched and with the guy staring at him from the stall next to the urinal he was automatically turned on. Almost as though he couldn't control himself, he started getting aroused. As he squeezed the last remaining drops of piss from his cock, he kept his hand on his meat and began slowly stroking himself toward a full erection. All the time, the eye stayed firmly fixed on Bill's lengthening prick.

What the fuck am I doing, Bill

oblivious to the possibility that he might be discovered.

His cock was fully hard now, reaching its length of almost nine inches. There was a pearly drop of precum juice at the cock slit and he absently touched it with his finger and put his finger to his tongue. He liked his own taste, slightly salty. Looking at the hole to get a reaction to what he had just done, Bill saw that the eye had moved away and had been replaced by a pair of lips being licked by a tongue. The mouth then opened wide, almost as wide as the hole itself. That was all the invitation Bill needed. Not even glancing toward the door to the hall, Bill stepped over toward the adjacent urinal and put the tip of his dick to the hole. A tongue flicked out expertly and began swirling around the bright red cap.

"Nice," Bill muttered. "Damn nice."
"Closer," he heard the other guy
say. "Move closer. Give me all of that
cock."

began jerking himself off. Bill was lunging faster now and the tip of his prick was ramming against the back of Greg's hungry throat.

"Yeah, motherfucker," Bill moaned.
"Take it. Take all of it! Now!"

Moaning loudly, Bill shot his heavy load into Greg's eager mouth, spewing jet after jet of hot gism between the guy's lips as he rammed himself hard against the wooden partition.

Swallowing greedily, Greg took every drop of Bill's big orgasm and shot long streams of his cum onto the floor of the men's room.

"What the hell's goin' on here?" someone said loudly. Nearly jumping out of his skin, Bill turned and saw a campus security guard standing by the door. Legs spread wide, hands on his hips, the guy had a stance that was defiantly masculine and more than a little provocative. Although his uniform pants were on the baggy side, there was a prominent bulge down the left leg. "I asked what the hell was goin' on here," he repeated loudly. "Am I gonna get some kind of answer or do I have to knock some heads together?"

"Well..." Bill began, not really knowing what to say. "I..." The words wouldn't come and he realized how silly he must have looked standing there with his cock still shoved through the glory hole. Greg had pulled back and hastily stuffed his cock inside his pants and was being as quiet as he possibly could. That did no good, however, as the guard strode over to the stall and whipped open the

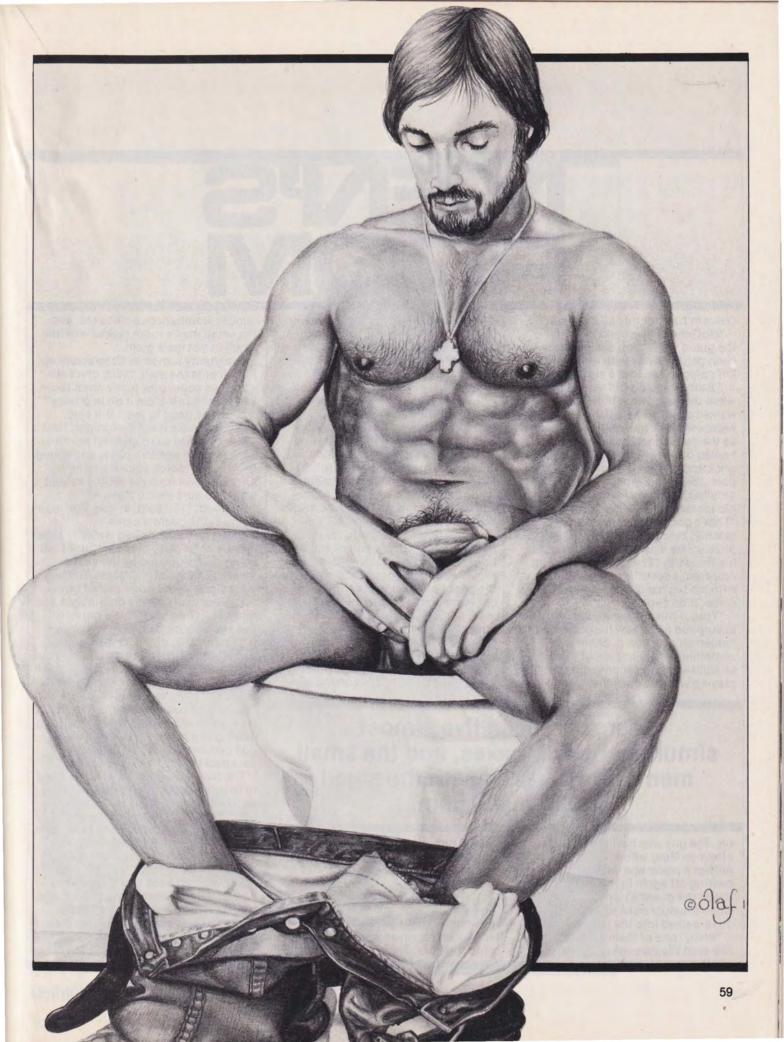
"So you're the other half of this business, eh?" the guard said.

"Look, man," Greg pleaded. "Don't fuck us over. I mean, we were just having a little fun. That's all. Guys

A campus security guard appeared at the door. Legs spread wide, hands on his hips, the guy had a stance that was defiantly masculine and more than a little provocative.

wondered. He knew the library was notorious for cruising and that it had the wildest tea room on campus, but it was always something he had avoided. More than anything else, he was just afraid of getting involved in something and having somebody walk in at the wrong time. And here he was, jacking up his big dick and totally

"You got it, man," Bill replied. He thrust his hips forward and shoved his stiff organ all the way through the glory hole. It was instantly engulfed by something hot and wet as the young man began giving Bill a super blow job. His name was Greg, and while he sucked on Bill's thick cock, he reached between his legs and



NEN'S ROM

come in here for this all the time."

"Not when I'm around they don't," the guard said. "You cocksuckers have been getting away with murder, and I'm going to see that a stop is put to it." Both Greg and Bill were puzzled when the guard shut the stall door and walked over to where Bill was standing nervously. Bill watched with disbelief as the guard unzipped his fly and hauled out an enormous semi-hard prick and shoved it through the glory hole. "Suck me, you bastard," he growled, moaning loudly when he felt his tool engulfed by Greg's hot mouth. "That's good," the guard said. He reached over and grabbed Bill's limp prick which was still hanging out of his trousers. "That's good, too," he repeated, squeezing the soft flesh with his big hand. "I guess you just came, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Bill answered, looking down in surprise as he saw his cock start to harden all over again. There was something really hot about this straight-looking security guard playing with his cock that turned Bill

some of the action tonight. Can you believe that?"

His buddy shook his head and grinned, his eyes affixed on Bill's lengthening organ. "I'd like to believe I could get some of that," he said.

"Help yourself," the guard said, releasing Bill's hard cock and thrusting his loins toward the glory hole and Greg's hot mouth. The stranger walked over to Bill and dropped to his knees, expertly slipping Bill's rod inside his mouth. As he did that, he took out his meat and began beating off while he sucked Bill toward a second climax.

"Damn good," the guard said, pounding into Greg's mouth and filling his throat with cum. Greg swallowed this second load and licked the guard's cock slit, determined to get every precious drop of the guy's load. In the meantime, the other stranger went into the stall and dropped to his knees, blowing Greg and taking his cum about the time Greg took the guard's gism. Hearing the sounds of two guys coming was

almost simultaneous climaxes, and the small men's room reeked with the smell of hot male gism.

Everybody turned as Greg spoke up from inside the stall. "Why don't all you guys come over to my dorm room and we can really get it on in private?"

"Sounds good to me," Bill said.
"I can't make it until midnight," the security guard said, stuffing his meat back into his uniform pants and giving Bill a quick crotch squeeze as he grinned. "But if you're willing to wait a while, I'd sure like to make it."

"I'll wait," Bill said, eyeing the huge bulge in the guard's pants.

Later, as Bill and Greg walked to the latter's dormitory, they each admitted being dumbfounded by the guard's sudden change of character. The two were alone as the other pair of guys had other plans. "He's definitely a hot number," Greg said. "He's got one helluva fat cock on him."

"Yeah," Bill agreed. "I was jealous as hell when he whipped that thing out and shoved it through the glory hole. It must have been a dream come true."

"Yeah," Greg said laughing.
"Especially considering the fact that it came right after yours. I definitely dug getting two hot loads in a row. And I dug getting blown, too. That cocksucker knew what he was doing."

The two walked up the steps leading to Greg's dorm and entered, climbing another flight of steps to the second floor. Greg's room was at the end of the hall and once inside Bill asked him where the bathroom was. Greg laughed and said, "You don't quit, do you?"

Bill laughed back and clapped his new friend on the shoulder. "Well, the truth is I really have to piss. I had a couple of beers with dinner and they went right through me."

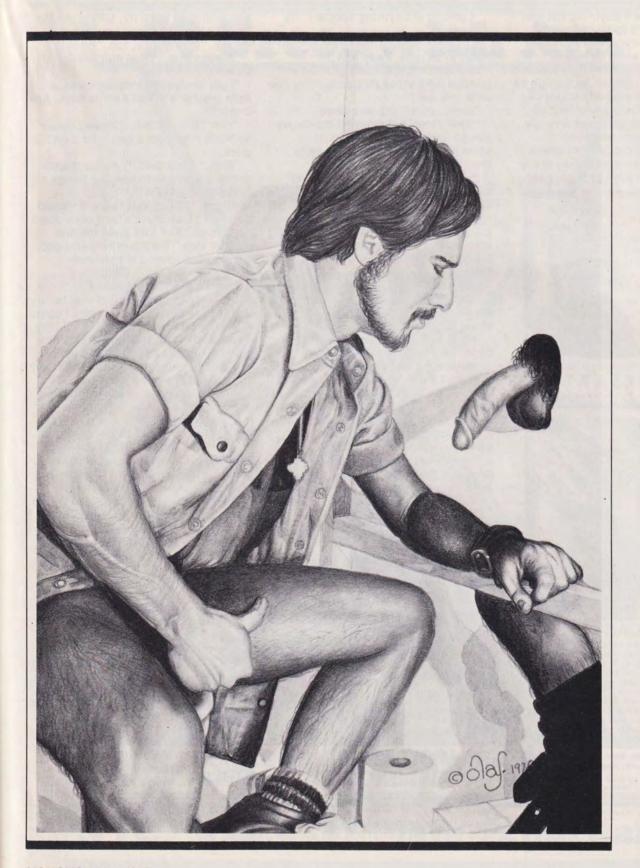
"It's down the hall on the left. You

There had been five almost simultaneous climaxes, and the small men's room reeked with the smell of hot male gism.

on. The guy was having the same effect on Greg whose dick had gotten stiff as a poker and who was busily beating off again in the stall. This time it was the guard's turn to be surprised when the door opened and two more guys walked into the john.

"Well," one of them said. "Looks like even the campus cops are getting

all the turn-on Bill needed, and he sprayed his wad down the stranger's throat. At that moment, his shoes were covered with a thick load as the guy ejaculated thick streams of sperm all over the floor. Inside the stall, the guy on his knees jerked himself off to climax and sprayed a jet of hot cum onto the floor. There had been five



can't miss it." He reached between his legs and rubbed his crotch invitingly. "Don't be too long."

"Okay, Greg."

Bill had no idea if anything hot ever went on the men's room of Towers Dormitory, but he was more than a little suspicious when he looked toward the sound of running water and saw a guy in the shower. As though he was unaware that anybody might be watching or maybe because he didn't care, the muscular stud was lovingly soaping himself and obviously lingering over the crotch area where his soapy dick was almost fully erect. Bill was frozen in front of the urinal,





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fascinated by what he was seeing. It was almost as though he didn't realize he was staring and turned red when the other guy spoke to him.

"Looking at anything special?" he was asked.

"Uh, I'm sorry," Bill replied. "I didn't mean to be rude. I was just..."

The stud in the shower grinned and gripped hard at his stiff dick. "You like what you see?"

"Well...sure," Bill answered.

"Then after I get dried off maybe we can go to my room and get a little something going. Whaddya say to that?"

Bill immediately thought of Greg waiting for him down the hall. "You into threesomes?" he asked.

"I'm into just about anything," the guy said. He turned off the shower and stepped out of the stall, extending a big hand in Bill's direction. "I'm Buck.'

"My name's Bill."

The two men shook hands and Buck asked, "What did you have in mind about a three-way?"

"I met a fellow named Greg a while back. He lives down the hall.

"What's his last name?"

"I don't know. He didn't tell me." Bill watched as Buck wrinkled his brow and finished drying off. That done he wrapped the towel around his middle and slipped his feet into thong sandals. "Well, let's go, Bill."

The expressions on the faces of both Greg and Buck were those of disbelief when they saw each other and Bill said, "I found this guy in the shower and he wants to get it on.'

"I don't believe it!" Greg gasped.

"Neither do I!" Buck said. Bill watched in bewilderment while the two men embraced and kissed affectionately on the lips.

"I gather you two know each other," Bill managed finally.

"I should think so," Buck said. "We're brothers."

"What?!" Bill cried in disbelief.

"That's right," Greg answered. He hugged his brother again and grinned. "And to think we never knew about each other until now."

"You're kidding," Bill said.
"No, we're not," Buck said. "I never even had any idea about my little brother. Oh, we jerked each other off a couple of times when we were kids. but then we just sort of went our separate ways." Buck smiled as Greg tugged away the confining towel and stared hungrily at his brother's half erect staff. "Like what you see, little

brother?" His smile broadened as Greg dropped to his knees and began sucking on the stiffening pole. "Very nice," Buck muttered. He reached over and unzipped Bill's fly, taking out the man's nine-incher and squeezing it gently. "This is nice, too," he said.

"Mmmmmm," Greg mumbled, still

blowing his brother.

"I get the feeling this cock was in little brother's throat a while back. Am I right?"

"Yep," Bill replied, stepping closer so Buck might get a better hold on his

"Well," Buck said, "I guess there's nothing wrong with keeping things all

in the family, right?"

"Right," Bill agreed as Buck leaned down and took Buck's hard cock down his throat. "And that gives me one helluva idea." Both brothers stopped sucking and looked at their new buddy.

"What's that?" Greg asked.

"How about putting all of that family in this outsider's body? I mean, I could really get off having one guy down my throat and his brother up my ass." He grinned broadly as Greg and Buck exchanged looks that assured Bill they considered his idea a good one.

All three laughed as Buck and Greg spoke at the same time. "I get the

top," Greg said.

"I get the bottom," Buck chimed in. As Bill walked to Greg's bed, shucked off his clothing and climbed in bare-assed, he said, "I feel like this whole thing was choreographed."

This was the scene witnessed by the security guard when he walked into Greg's dormitory room shortly after midnight. Bill lay sprawled on his back, legs thrown over Buck's shoulders while Buck's stiff organ pounded away at his ass. Greg was straddling Bill's chest, his prick flailing away at Bill's mouth with a rhythm to match his brother's.

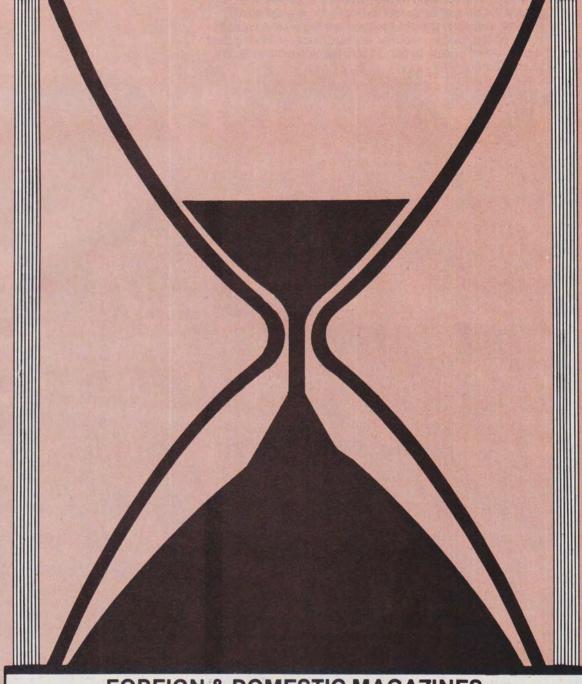
"Well, I'll be damned!" the guard said, smiling happily as the two brothers motioned him to join them on the bed. He tore off his uniform and piled into the mass of male bodies, limbs, mouths and cocks and soon the room was even noisier with the sounds of sucking and fucking.

Bill raised his face and kissed the guard hard on the mouth before saying, "It's a damned good thing you came into the men's room when you did, huh?"

"Yeah," the guy replied. "And you know what? I didn't even have to

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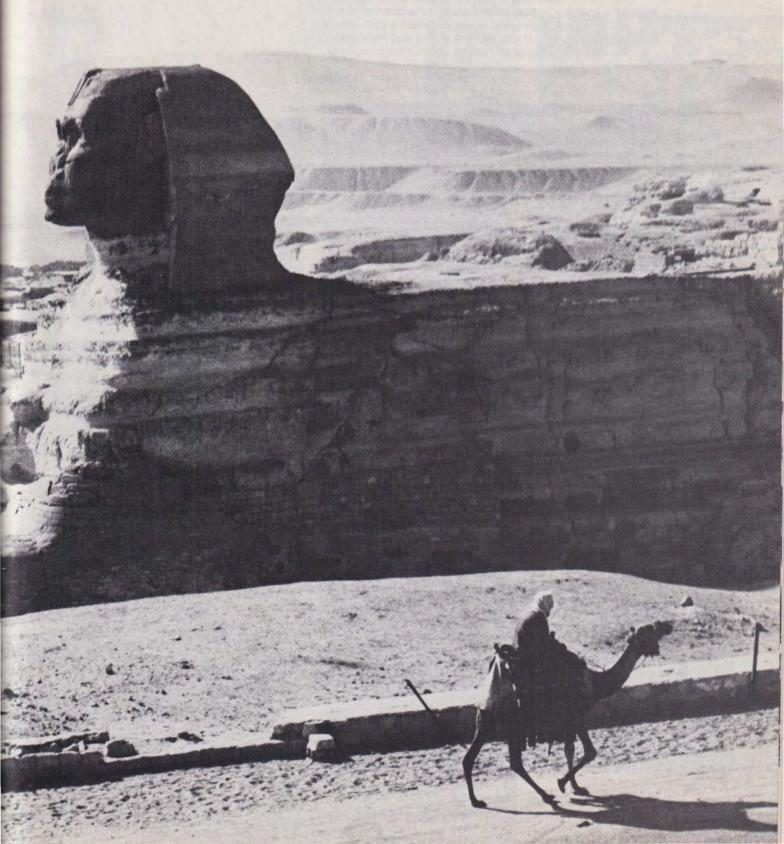
Every Sphinx has its secret, supposedly. And this sphinx, the most famous in the world, next to the Pyramids at Giza, near Cairo, undoubtedly has its share. Its face was originally that of Chephren, who constructed as his tomb the second largest pyramid. What has this sphinx witnessed? The building of the pyramids, Ramses' armies, Cleopatra barging down the Nile, even Bette Davis and Angela Lansbury filming Death on the Nile. Recently it witnessed something else. A Honcho camel caravan-editor, photographer, models, camel drivers-trekking past the pyramids and into isolated dunes, to bring you a fashion exclusive. We could swear we saw that Sphinx wink.

Photograph by Jurgen Vollmer

HONCHO / May 1979



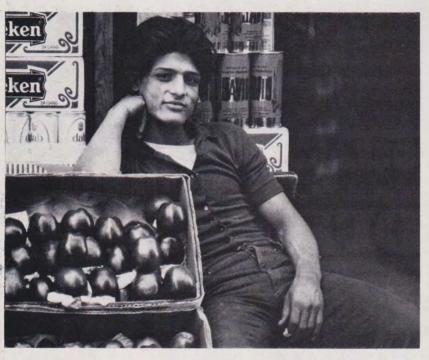
DATELINE: EGYPT



In Cairo's Khan el Khalili market, ten black-clad Egyptian policemen, right, mounted on white horses, wend their way through a snaking passageway between merchants' stalls. Cairo's crowded streets contain a cornucopia of attractive men, and if you like them dark and handsome, maybe Egypt should be on your travel agenda.

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer







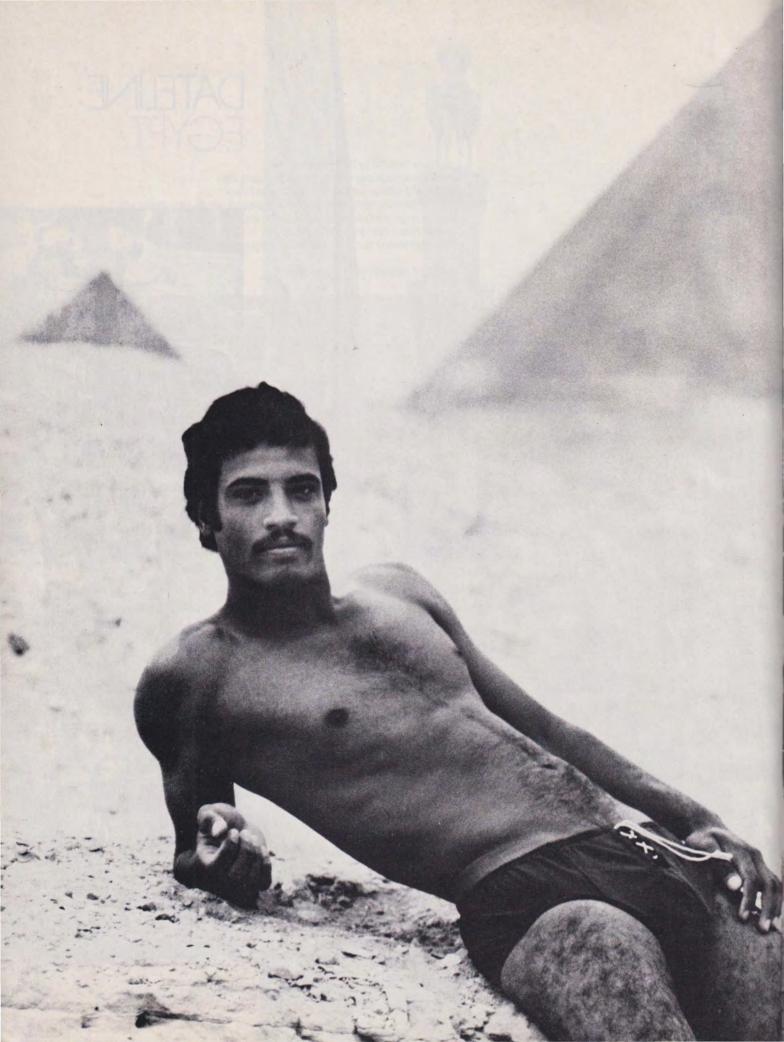
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DATELINE: EGYPT







Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

Peer amid the pyramids. In this case, you'll find a model named Magde. In the shadow of the sphinx, Honcho undressed him, then dressed him. In a navy blue, tie-front bathing suit of soft clingy qiana. It clings softly, even to hard things. (We asked Magde how he got such hairy thighs. He knew one English word: "Macho.") Also available in brown or white, his tie-front bathing suit, from California Affair, comes with a matching bikini that can be worn underneath it (\$5) and full-length lounge pants (\$29.95) to cover those hairy thighs.



DATELINE: EGYPT

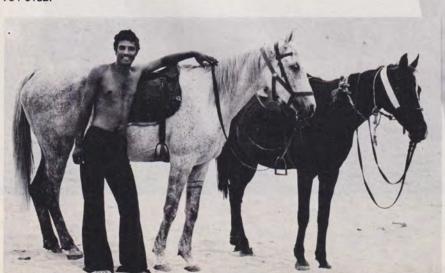
Below, Magde wears full-length drawstring pants for horsing around. They're navy blue, cost \$29.95, and are perfect for doing lots of the things *you're* going to be doing this summer, wherever. At right, Magde lets some thigh flesh show through the white criss-cross sides of his Short Affair shorts, in qiana, \$75.50.

Opposite top, Magde inhales some hash-filled smoke from his houka, while wearing an Egyptian caftan, a galibaya, available in all Egyptian markets, from \$12 up. Watching him inhale is Ali, in brown-and-white qiana "Chic to Cheek" shorts, perfect for swimming or just sunning sensually. Below, Ali succumbs to the houka's charms, or to Magde's, and reaches out. Meanwhile, he has shed his shorts to reveal a brown giana bikini, \$5.

All fashions on these pages, except the Egyptian galibaya, are available in solid white, brown or navy, and are custom fitted to the individual. Send inquiries or orders to: California Affiar, P.O. Box 26, Carlsbad, CA 92008.

IF EGYPT TICKLES YOUR FANCY...

New York's gay travel club Gypsy Feet can book you on any one of thirteen Cairo-bound 8-day trips between now and June 1. An all-gay departure from New York and boston leaves April 3. Other trips out of New York leave March 13, March 20, May 8, May 22 and May 29. For those further West, the following departures are available: Philadelphia/Pittsburgh, March 6; Kansas City, March 27; Minneapolis, April 10; Detroit, April 17; Chicago, April 24; Philadelphia, May 1; and Cincinnati, May 15. The price ranges from \$669-759, depending on point of departure. Price includes round trip jet flight to Cairo via Transinternational Airlines, seven nights at Cairo's opulent Mena House Oberoi Hotel, continental breakfast daily, a half-day visit to the pyramids and sphinx. Also available in advance from Gypsy Feet is a two-day side trip to Luxor (where the temples of Luxor and Karnak are located, and the Valley of the Kings including Tutankhamen's tomb), for \$189, and a two-day side trip to Abu Simbel, Aswan and Luxor (\$289). Those wishing to visit Abu Simbel should book well in advance, since EgyptAir seats are very limited. For more detailed information, write or call: Gypsy Feet, 1621 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10028. (212) 734-6182



Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

May 1979 / HONCHO



AFTER THE WAR

Continued from page 26

of those artsy movies by himself. When we got to my place I asked him if he wanted a beer.

"I don't think that'd be a good idea, Todd."

"Why not? The fucking place is a dump, but you won't catch anything. The beer cans are clean."

"You don't understand."

"Look, I know officers and enlisted men aren't supposed to fraternize, but students and professors...shit."

He smiled. "All right."

He really was tense, and no matter what I did, or how I tried, it only got worse. I felt he didn't like me, that I was some kind of freak. Finally I said, "Hey, thanks for the ride. You don't have to be polite."

He looked about my place, fucking clothes scattered everywhere, bed unmade, food and dirty dishes strewn about, and he said quietly, "Todd, I've got to tell you something. I owe you an explanation."

I stood up and took off my T-shirt and wiped sweat from me. "Hey man, you don't owe me anything. I appreciate what you've done for me. Let's call it quits."

He closed his eyes. "Jesus. Put your shirt on."

"It's hot. I haven't got central air." He looked at me a long time, then he said simply, "I love you."

"Huh?" Real class. My act hadn't improved a bit.

"Can't you understand?" I stared at him, then I sat down. I understood. "Oh wow."

"I didn't want to hurt you, Todd. Can't you see? I didn't want you to think I cared and took an interest in you just because of...your body."

"Yeah."

"It hurts me to be around you. I've never met anyone like you."

"Yeah, there aren't many street scenes like me on campus."

"No. You're beautiful. Please, let me tell you. Don't be mad or upset. You've got a body I could only dream about. You're perfect. I've fantasized about you, but I couldn't be around you. Then when you took off your shirt.... Don't you realize how you are? I don't mean just physically, but everything about you. You're like some animal, I mean that flatteringly. Untamed. Dangerous. Wild. I've seen the way women hang around you, like reverse heat, just something you give off.

That's why I didn't want to give you a ride, or come in. I can't take being around you."

I sat across from him speechless. So that was it. He wanted my body. How was I so stupid I hadn't seen it. No, he wanted to help me, then there was the other. I stared at him a long time. He was nervous and afraid, probably that I was going to kill him or something. But I liked him, even more now for what he'd just told me. He'd been honest, and trusted me, and taken a big chance.

I got up and stood directly in front of him, my crotch inches from his face. It was hot in the room, stuffy hot, and I glistened with sweat. He sat perfectly

still.

"Go ahead," I said.

He looked up at me, his hand went to my side, then it smoothed over my belly. He unfastened my jeans and pulled, dropping them to my knees. I just stood there in my shorts as he stared at me, then he slipped his hand under the elastic and drew them down slowly so that I was nude before him. Even soft I'm six inches, and he said almost in a whisper, "Jesus, I knew you'd be big. God, you're nice." He bent forward and took my cock in his mouth. He swallowed it all and didn't

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send to: EROS Ltd., Dept 3905 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA 90028 move, just tasted it, and I got hard immediately, bursting his mouth.

His hands palmed my stomach and chest, then he withdrew his mouth and looked at me. "How big are you?" "Nine inches."

He licked the shaft and moved to my balls, licking them, then he tongued my thighs. "You've got the most beautiful body I've ever seen."

I almost came when he sucked on my balls. God it felt good. Then he turned me around and ran his hands over my ass, cupping the cheeks in his palms. He spread them wider and I bent over. His tongue went to my asshole. "Oh God, Todd. I want you so bad."

He was tongue fucking me, his hand jacking me off. It was too much and I turned, grabbing his head, forcing his mouth over my cock, fucking his face. He gagged on my cock but I didn't let him go, just drove deeper into his throat. I was on the verge of coming but I pulled away.

"Let me have it. I want your come." I stepped out of my jeans and took off my tennis shoes, then I lifted him up. "I'm going to fuck you."

"You're too big."
"You'll get used to it."

I led him to the bed. He stripped. He had a great body, lean and hard, and he was fully erect, about seven inches. He stood in front of me, not knowing what to do.

"Okay, man, let's make this for real." I fell on top of him, pinning him to the bed and I kissed him hard. He squirmed under me but I was stronger and I drove my tongue into his mouth. His body felt good under me. He was the first guy since Steve I'd held, and I'd forgotten the feel of muscle and leanness. I got up on the bed and positioned my cock in front of his face. He took it eagerly and I pumped his face furiously. He took his mouth off and swallowed my balls. I moaned and he grabbed my hips and brought my ass down on his face, his tongue driving up my asshole. He sucked and licked my ass until I was going crazy.

I moved off him and pulled him up on the bed and turned him over. I spit on my finger and stuck it up his asshole, then I spread his cheeks wide

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But I was wild and I pumped my cock as hard as I could and I exploded in him. I was still hard when I withdrew and fell off him, lying on my back. He started to jack off beside me and I watched a second, then I took his cock in my hand.

"No, don't," he said. "Let me do it just looking at your body."

I lay, hands behind my head, watching, but he stopped and moved closer, his hands going over me. "I love touching you."

"I like you touching me."

"You really are beautiful, you know."
"You're making me embarrassed."

He laughed. "I'm making you hard." He bent down and took my cock in his mouth. I spread my legs and he moved between them, his hands stroking my thighs. "I can't believe this. I've wanted you since you first walked into my class. I couldn't believe you when I say you, tall, blond, gorgeous, sitting at the back of the class, your legs spread, your eyes daring anyone to talk to you. Now I'm between those legs, blowing you."

"No, you're talking."

He laughed, "I'd like to do this forever."

"We'll see what we can work out. Do you want me to suck you?"

"Yes. God yes."

I swung around and took him in my mouth. He tasted clean, like he'd just showered, and I sucked him slowly. He took my cock harder, sucking like mad, like he couldn't get enough, almost chewing on it, and I drove deeper into him, pumping my full weight and power into his mouth. We came at the same time, filling each other's mouth with come, swallowing.

When we sat up he said simply, "Thank you, Todd."

"Thank you," I didn't know what to call him.

"Andy."

"Andy.

He touched my face and stroked my chest. "Can I stay the night?"

I shook my head. "I'm not ready for that, Andy."

"I understand." He stood and dressed.

"Hey, thanks for the ride."

"Anytime."

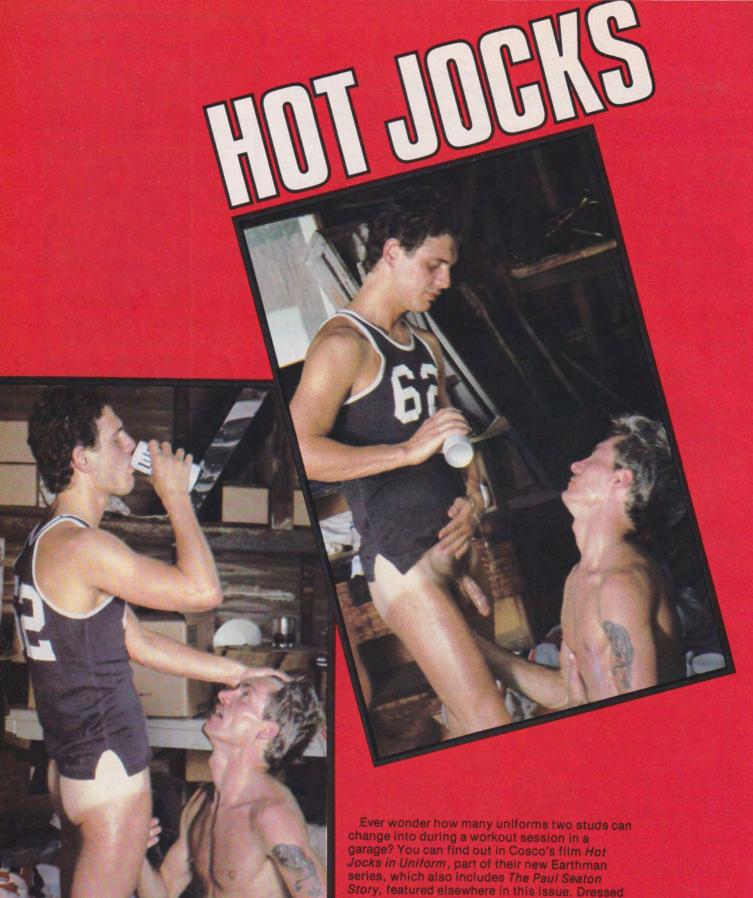
"Catch you in class tomorrow."

"Have you read the material?"

"Not yet. But I will."

He smiled from the door. "I know you will. Good night, Todd."

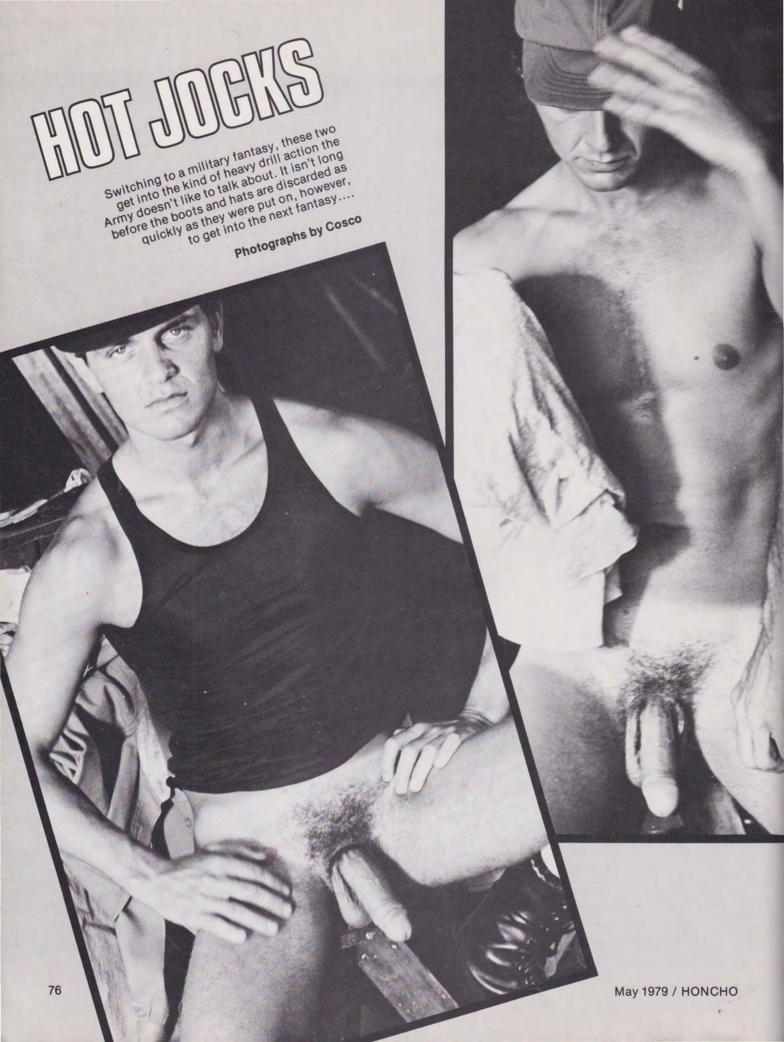




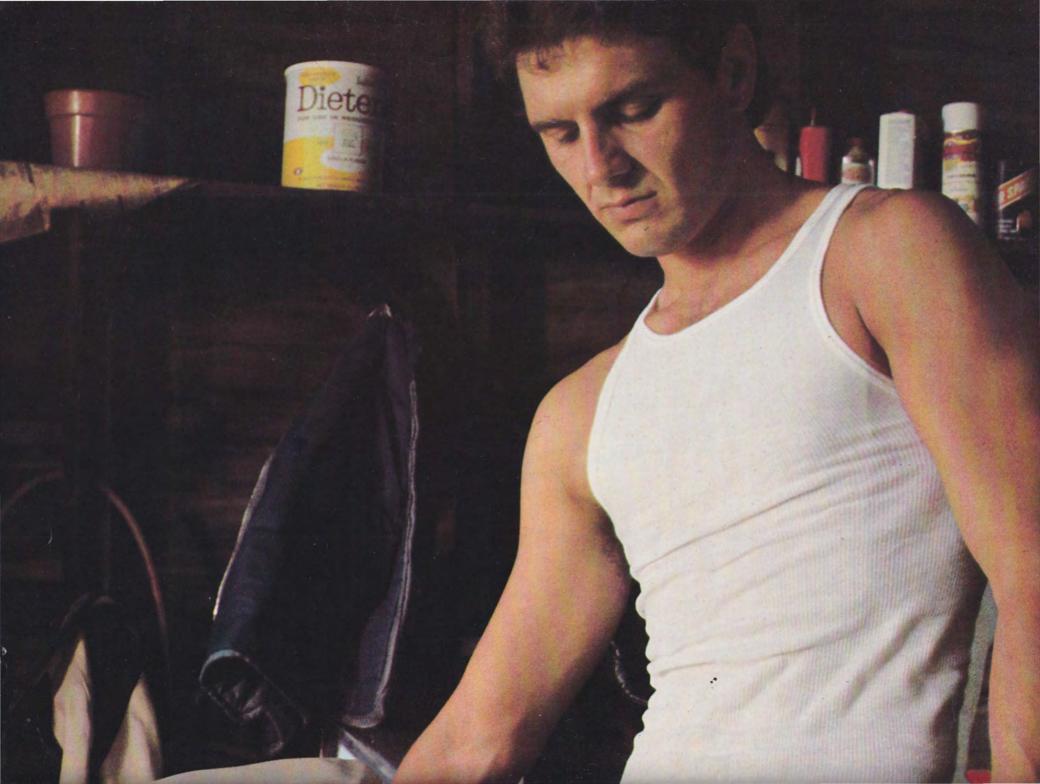
in athletic gear, these two dudes work up such a sweat that they have to break open a can of beer to cool things down....

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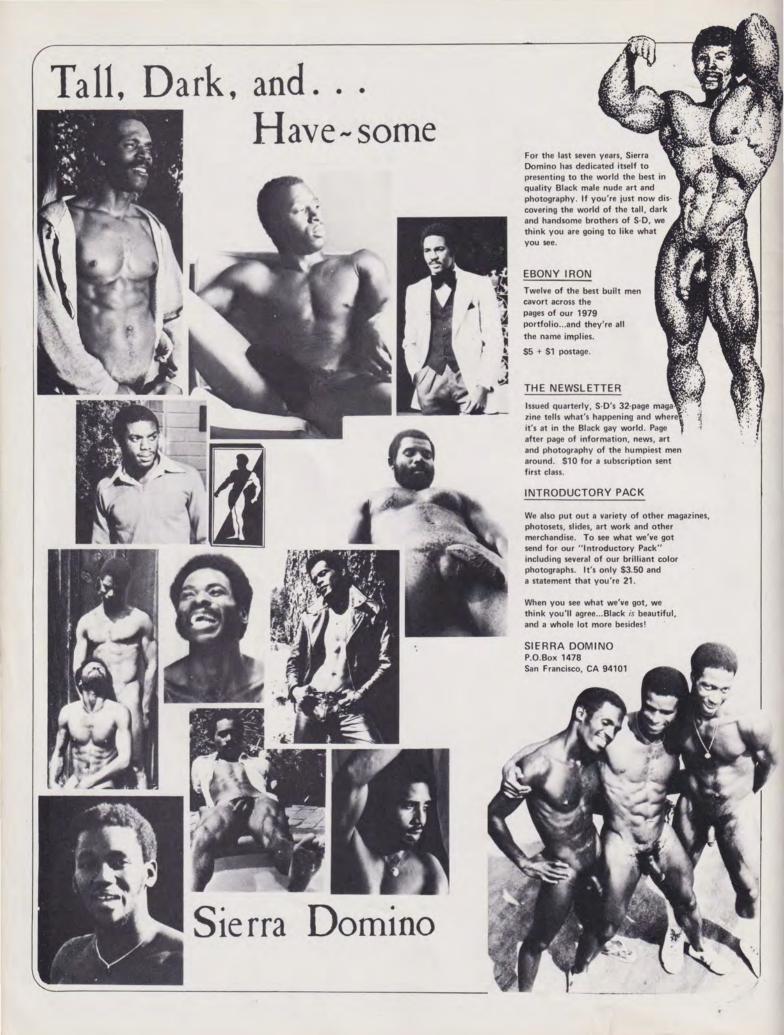












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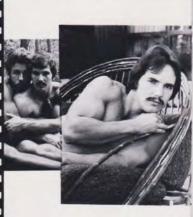








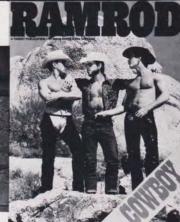
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