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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

MAY 1980

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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

NUDES: AL PARKER

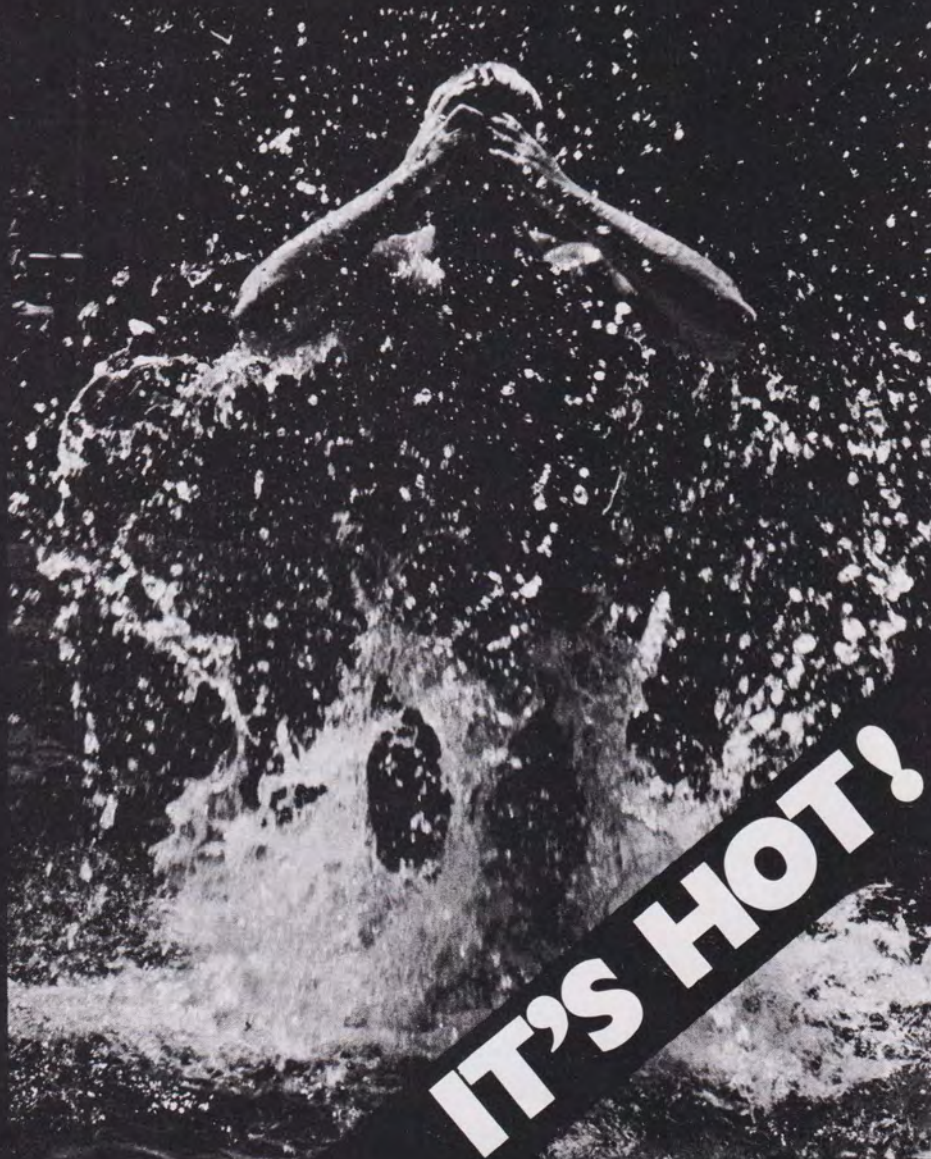
FICTION: HOT

GOD OF THE GYM



MAKE A BIG SPLASH IN THE BIG APPLE

Photo by PAEZAN



GET WET in our Olympic size jacuzzi... DRY OFF on our sun deck or in The Dome, a large, atrium-like room with comfortable provisions for lounging and relaxing and a glass roof that lets the sun shine in... WARM UP to our amazing maze, multitude of mirrors, and exotic, erotic murals... STAY HOT with our sauna and steam equipment... Come to The New York Club Bath and join the hottest men in Manhattan... you're all wet if you don't!

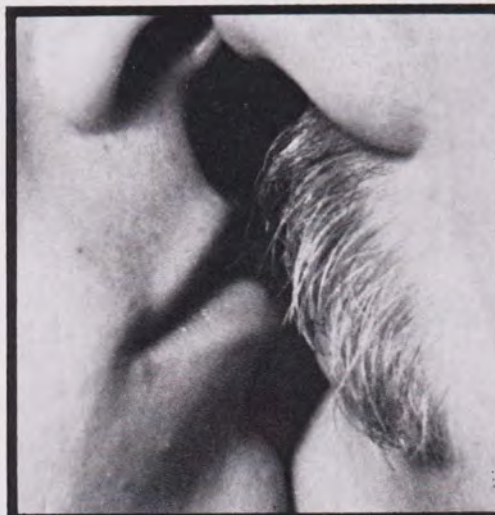


THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue, New York, New York, (212) 673-3283
IND "F" train at corner

HONCHO

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 25 • MAY 1980



COVER

This month's cover seems appropriate for an anniversary issue, since *Honcho* has always celebrated all forms of masculine intimacy. What could be more liberated than a picture of two men loving one another? Photo: Don Hanover

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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

It's our second anniversary, men.

Two years of cocks. 24 months of ass. 730 days of balls.

We've spent a long, hot time together. We've made your fantasies come alive in our pages, and we've given you plenty of fuel to create new ones. This anniversary issue combines all the elements you've come to expect from America's foremost magazine of male erotica: Al Parker's herculean physique represents the best of the super stars on Page 36. Black leather and jock straps set off the hard, muscular body of Honcho's Washington discovery, George, on page 25. And there's plenty of sizzling fiction to keep you hot! Keep it bubbling and spurting—and we don't just mean the champagne!

Photograph by Eros









HOT!

By Jackson Proctor • Illustration by Ralph Downs

**There had never been any place
like this in Flint, Michigan!
The young man had walked into the
back room of Studs, the hottest
after-hours club in Manhattan...**

May 1980 / HONCHO



HOT!

Illustration by Ralph Downs

**“Others gathered around.
Some reached down and painfully
tortured the nipples of the young man,
driving him further and further
into his private world of slavery.”**

It had taken him a few minutes to adjust his eyes to he could make out the shapes and figure of the men who moved through the humid, sweat-provoking air of the basement club. Loud rock music blared into the crowded place. A thump, thump, thump of disco music underscored the pulsing sexuality of the place.

The only men who were still fully dressed were clothed in heavy black leather outfits. They looked like armored gladiators in a stadium, their bulky torsos were captured in the fighting regalia of warriors, patches of brightly colored cloth carried the emblems of their clubs—their fighting regiments.

The rest of the men were in various states of undress. None wore anything above their waists. Their naked chests gleamed with the sweat of the combat zone they inhabited. Some wore only jock straps above their belts, others were totally naked, except for numerous bands of leather around their necks, proclaiming them to be the captives in the battle that was ensuing.

The young man felt tension shoot through his body. He couldn't help but respond to the heightened energy of the bar. He had been warned, but no notice could have prepared him for this pitch of conflicting sexuality. He knew what his next step had to be. He walked over to the coat check, through

a maze of unnoticing bodies. He stripped off his coat and then his shirt, revealing his vulnerable chest to the onslaught of Studs.

He tried hard to maintain his self-pride as he worked his way through the crowd, now feeling naked human flesh and dead animal skins pressing up against his own half-nudity. His young cock was stiff with the excitement of the place. Every touch of another body sent a wave of electricity through his own. He was amazed that there were so many different kinds of men here. They were as tall as his own six foot frame, or much smaller, or still others were much larger. They were almost universally well built, with defined muscles promoting their appearance. They all oozed a virile sex that he had never encountered back in Michigan. It was a height of sex that he had only dreamed of previously.

He was especially unused to the many black men who were a part of the action here. He found their tightly curled hair on their bodies as well as their heads to be an especially animalistic turn on. He caught a glimpse of one black man standing in the corner, his body sheathed in black leather that set off the dark brown of his skin, an enormous uncircumcised cock dangled invitingly from the zipper in his leather pants. The young man wanted to go over to the standing

figure and . . . ? But, what *did* he want to do? Just suck off the ebony giant? Was that why he had come to the Studs? To give the same blow job that he would have willingly performed in some antiseptic bath-house? There was something more here that he had come to find, and he needed to identify it—quickly.

He continued to weave his way through the crowd and into the back area of the bar. There were more doorways here. He had thought that everything was in the front rooms, but here was proof that even more existed! He gave into his need to search and went into the first portal.

The air was even more humid, and the atmosphere even more tense. He could make out human bodies suspended on sheets of leather in the center of the room. He moved to get closer. There were three slings hanging down from the ceiling. In each one of them was a human form, its legs strapped to the top rung of chains that supported the slings, the most vulnerable space between their legs was open to the assembled men. The young man watched as a figure walked up to each open form and reached down to a tub of grease that was on the floor. The three arms were almost simultaneously lubricated as the figures in the sling watched enraptured as their warriors prepared to assault the battlements in their

"The most lucid portrait we now possess of America's gay subculture."

—Felice Picano, author of *The Lure*

"Fascinating"—Christopher Isherwood. "And deeply disturbing. This amusing and colorful tour...uses the predicament of the homosexual minority to demonstrate what is very wrong with the social health of this country."

"Consistently smart and funny"—Fran Lebowitz. "Edmund White is one of the few living writers (my least favorite kind) who has the capacity to turn me into a good listener."

"Unique"—Richard Sennett, author of *The Fall of Public Man*. "White has an anthropologist's sense of community and a novelist's sense of character. *STATES OF DESIRE* shows the different ways gay people live in different parts of America and destroys many stereotypes about gay life."

"Irresistible"—Andrew Holleran, author of *Dancer from the Dance*. "Simultaneously the most delicious gossip, and a moving statement of one man's ideal of a just society, it makes all of us more aware of what our brothers are doing to be both American and gay. This is one trip everyone should take."

bodies. The crowd gasped in unison as the bodies were one by one attacked and invaded by the seemingly impossibly large arms. Each victim was soon impaled on a limb of his capturers. Hard cocks were brought out of the witnesses' pants as they started to jerk off to the pumping of arms into the bowels of the prisoners. The young man's own hard prick beckoned his attention, cried for its release, but this still wasn't what he was searching for.

He went on to the next room.

He had found the object of his search there. He knew it as soon as he could hear the sharp sound of leather on skin. As soon as he could sense the flinching movements of bound bodies.

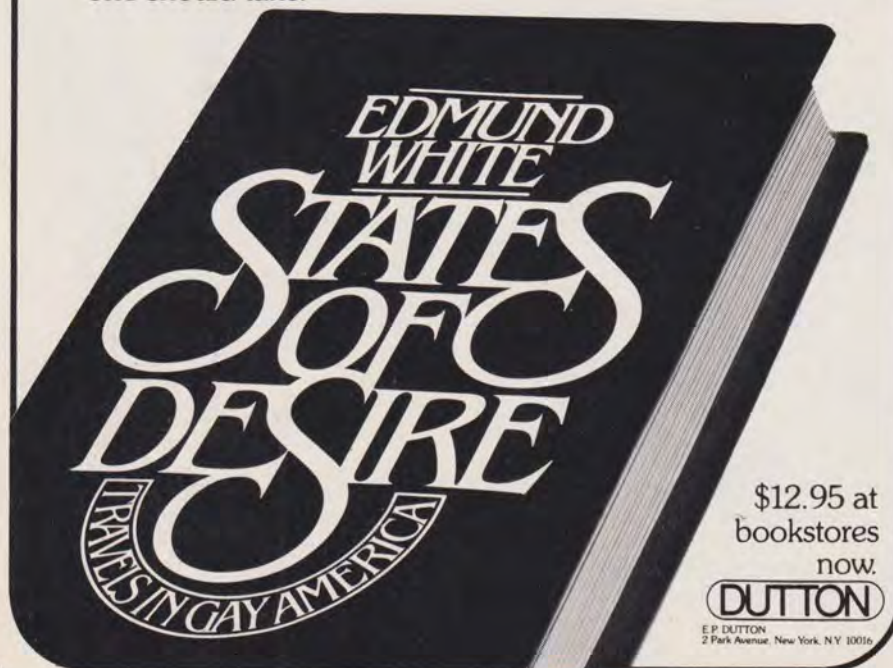
His cock now *demand*ed a release. But he couldn't give it. He had found his goal—but the goal was the very surrender of his body. He no longer had the right to release his sex from its capture. The sight in the second room hypnotized him into a submission that he had been seeking for years. It forced him to shed the clothes that were still on his body. He walked into the center of the room naked, waiting for his gladiator to come and claim him as the spoils of the war.

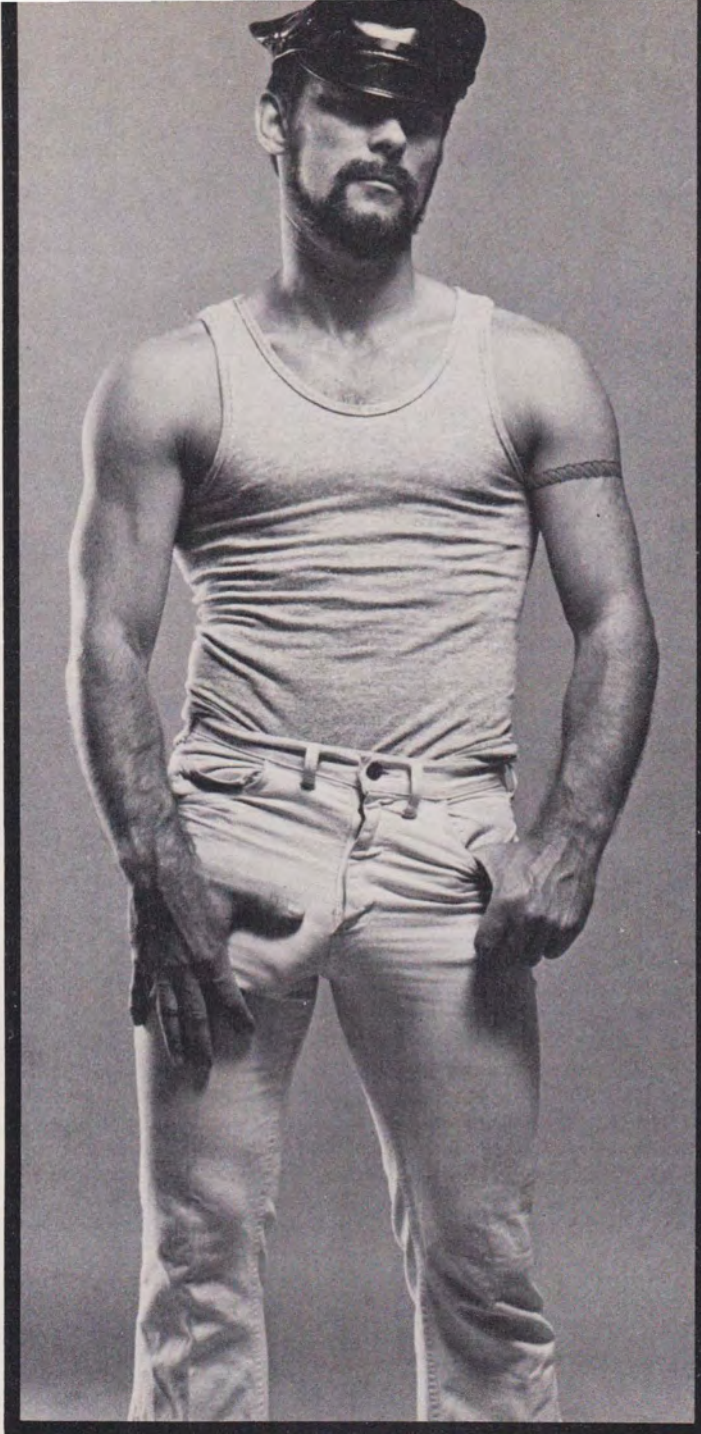
The sight that the young man had found should be described: There was one man chained to the far wall of the room. He was naked, his wrists and ankles were caught in metal cuffs that were attached to hooks in the brick siding. Beside him was another chained captive—but this one was on his knees, his bondage was a collar of similar metal around his neck, also attached to the wall. His wrists were caught behind his back, his mouth was forced open by the cock of an enormous leather man who fucked quickly and savagely against the man's face, treating it as though it were an inanimate hole for his use.

The young man stood, instinctively putting his freed hands behind his back. He waited.

The ebony giant he had seen when he had first walked into the room walked up beside him, his black monster of a dick still fell out of the open pants. The young man shuddered as the black's hands went up and grasped hold of the tender nipples that stood erect on his chest. The black was testing him, seeing if he understood what it meant to stand in the middle of this room, naked and unprotected. The young man kept his head bent down in a position of sur-

Continued to page 67





ENGLISH LEATHER

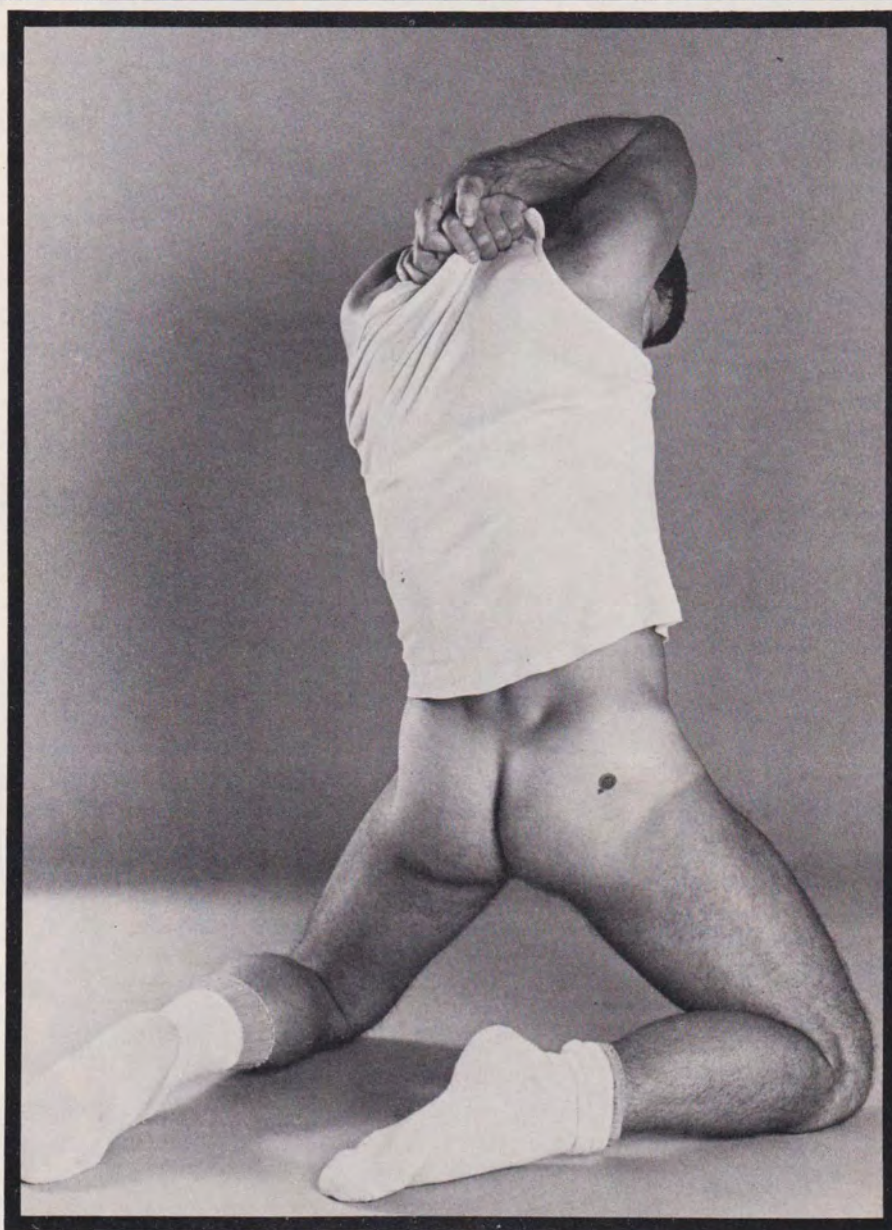
Proving that American guys don't have any patent on the leather scene is this chap named Kerry who hails from Liverpool. This bulky bundle from Britain is the hottest thing to come out of that town since the Beatles, and we definitely want to hold more than his hand. He's a man who's got a firm grip on things, and to find out precisely what, check out the following pages.

Photograph by Usher

Our sterling Britisher is cause enough to start a new Revolutionary war, although some may want to surrender right away. Kerry obviously knows the ropes, a fact he emphasizes with that tattooed bicep. Does he really need the symbol for male on his backside? Decide for yourself with the parting shot to come.

Photographs by Usher

ENGLISH LEATHER









HONCHO

The Man: Kerry
The Photograph: Usher

GOD OF THE GYM

Fiction by Josh Pease • Illustration by Carmelo Pomodoro

I finally gave up on my thirtieth birthday. That morning, after my shower, I got a glimpse of myself in the mirror and I knew it was time. There was no way I could put it off any longer. My stomach muscles were gone. I wasn't fat, or even flabby, it's just that there was nothing but loose flesh around my waist line. My biceps looked like formless sausages. My ass was—well, I might as well be honest—it was falling straight down to the floor.

I studied all this in the mirror. I had been leading a very active existence and I suppose I thought I could continue to get away with a "natural" build for the rest of my life. But, no. Not with that image staring back at me

"He had the torso of the Incredible Hulk on television. His arms looked as thick as my legs, his legs as thick as my waist. It was lust at first sight."

from the reflective surface.

Sure, sure, the birthday had a lot to do with it. Not really too much, though. I didn't freak out over turning 30, but, well, it seemed an ominous age. It was time to get ready for the next decade I guess. I called the gym I knew about from some guys at the office as soon as I got in. The entrance fee was stiff, but, like I say, it was time.

After work, checkbook and brand new shorts and jock strap in hand, I





GOD OF THE GYM

Illustration by Carmelo Pomodoro

arrived at the gym. The preliminaries were easy enough. The front office of the gym was deceptively corporate-suite looking. There was a plush carpet on the floor, the desk was modern, the fake art on the walls wasn't all that different from my own workplace. Only the sour smell that came from behind the door to remind me of the years I had spent in high school and college locker rooms really let me know that this was the place.

A middle aged guy took me in the back and clued me into the scene: where the lockers were, the showers, all that stuff. He waited, totally uninterested, while I shucked down to my skin and put on the bright, new,

their recently developed bodies. But, so far, there wasn't a hint of sexuality in this place. Not an iota. The older man beside me certainly wasn't giving any off.

The place wasn't very full. I was glad of that. I was feeling self-conscious and it eased my tension a little to be the youngest person in the place. The rest of them were actually much older—in their 50's I'd say.

Our small city couldn't support the types of places they have in San Francisco or New York—the really gay gyms. This was really the only public gymnasium in town. There were some private clubs, but they were more out-door places, where you played tennis

only gay bar. It turned out that most of the men who were into bodybuilding that I saw around town were from a nearby university. They used the school's facilities. Then I finally discovered that there were certain hours that the "more serious" bodybuilders worked out—they were more likely to start their day with a session in the morning, or to use their lunch hour, or even, if they were into it enough, go in the afternoon. It would have been my luck to choose to go during the "wrinkle hour" as the others called it.

In a way I was glad. I had a couple months training before I had to deal with younger men in the gym. There was some definition coming back to my stomach and chest and my arms were pumping up nicely by then. I decided to risk going to the gym on a Monday lunch hour.

The mean age of the men in the locker room had dropped at least fifteen years. I was astounded when I saw the humpy, muscular studs who strode through the area wearing their jockstraps so nonchalantly. They bulged muscles and sex at the same time. My cock started to fill at the unexpected sight of the muscles that rippled across the Herculean shoulders of the men as they passed me.

This gym wasn't much more interesting than I had thought it would be!

I had gone beyond the point where I needed a trainer to show me the routines to go through. I had a set pattern of activities mapped out for my workouts. I undressed and put on my gym clothes. I went out into the large room where most of the equipment was set up. I started doing some easy exercises, but then I saw him.

I think I nearly dropped the barbell on my chest the first time I caught a

"I like someone to get down on his knees after I've had a good work out and let me know that it's been worth while. It's a pretty good body, huh?"

white strap and the blue shorts. The only reaction he had to all that was a snort at the unused clothes.

I have to admit that I was faintly turned on by the smells of the place. I was having flash backs on the beautiful bodies that had inhabited the locker rooms of my youth. I remembered the first times I had ever seen a naked man in college, a real athlete with rippling muscles and shock of pubic hair. And, before that, the first time I had seen my boyhood friends in high school, showing off

or golf, and the gyms were just asides for them. This was the place.

I started going every other day and had been very pleasantly surprised by my progress. I went at night in the beginning. I'd go after work and spend an hour or so there and then shower and go on out to dinner. As the time went on, I began to wonder where all the younger men were. My hometown wasn't *that* small a city. There had to be places where the hunks I'd see in the bars worked out.

I finally asked some friends at the



glimpse of him pushing iron. He was a *massive* man. I knew at once that he couldn't be as old as I, he couldn't have been more than 25. But, Jesus H. Christ, the guy was huge. He had the torso of the Incredible Hulk on television. His arms looked as thick as my legs, his legs as thick as my waist. It was lust at first sight.

Somehow I kept my cool and found excuses to move around the room with him as he went from exercise to exercise. I couldn't help but stare at some points when it was obvious that those already huge muscles were expanding as he pushed each part of his body to the limit.

Slowly, through the smoke of burning lust for his body, I was able to see that his face was also beautiful. It was a classic Italian look with olive skin and a heavy beard that showed even though he had obviously just shaved. But, no face on earth or in heaven could keep my attraction the way that body did!

His chest quickly became the part I focused on the most. It pushed out against the stretched fabric of his t-shirt, which looked more like a painted skin rather than a piece of cloth by the time his chest exercises had begun. I was rock hard in my jock strap as I watched his pectorals pump up to gargantuan size. All I could think about was crawling up that enormity and grabbing hold of each of the

barbells. There was silence as he reached down to attempt what was obviously considered a great feat. With an intense concentration he hefted up the load of metal in a quick, smooth movement. The effect of the final attempt was made immediately obvious by the sound of ripping cloth. The fucker's muscles were so extended that they ripped open the tight t-shirt and left one of his nipples poking out into the air.

The hand clapping was so loud you would have thought it was a rock concert, not a morning session in the gymnasium! Men stood around him slapping him on the back and congratulating him. I went over to get closer to my new-found god and from the conversation I overheard I learned that he had just lifted more weight than he ever had before. He stood there, actually blushing and being totally unaware of the dangled fabric around his tit. I couldn't be so nonchalant. It took everything I had to hold myself back from sucking in the wide brown circle of flesh that teased me from the hole in the shirt.

I could only hope that my hard-on wasn't obvious through the jockstrap that it pressed against so anxiously. I was, as I had said, in much better shape than I had been a few months before, but I was clearly not in the class of the behemoths that gathered around the Latin. I finally caught his

presence as he went about his business. He took off his gym shoes and his shorts and then went over to the water cooler to get a drink. He wore only his shirt and his jock strap. The strap clung to every part of his cock and balls, it was heavy from the sweat he had built up during his work out. I thought I could actually smell the aroma of that funky cloth. I knew I could see a thick Italian cock bobbing against the constraint of the cloth. I tried to imagine touching that thick prick of his. Then I tried to change things around in my mind, I tried to ignore the sight of him, it was causing me actual physical pain in my crotch as my own dick got closer and closer to bursting through the entrapment of my clothes.

But, then he did it. He turned just enough as he continued to drink from the fountain and I had to stare straight into the middle of the mounds of his hairy Italian ass. His ass was as substantial as any other part of his body. The muscles there were as well developed and every movement of his legs sent waves of tension through the two hair covered lumps of flesh.

I swear I could see his asshole as he bent down. I had been thinking of touching his cock before, and of smelling his sweaty jock, but now my mouth actually watered at the idea of sticking my face into the dark crevice and slurping up and down the crack, finding the hole and its soft, erotic flesh.

This was getting to be too much. My better part told me to just get dressed and go home. Leave! Quickly! But, luckily the better part didn't win out. The locker room was empty. I decided that my best plan of action was to take a cold shower. Very cold and very soon! I walked away from Mario, who had continued to ignore me, and went to the shower room. I skinned off my clothes and dove under the shower head, turning on a torrent of icy water that would hopefully remove the hard-on. I had expected him to take as slow a time getting himself to the shower as he had shown before.

The cold water hadn't had time to work its anti-erotic duty before he suddenly arrived at the doorway to the shower. There I was, fully erect and looking stupid as my skin gossebumped in reaction to the cold. He just smirked at me and went about his business. He strode over to the shower head across the space from mine and turned it off.

I was dumbfounded that he didn't

Continued to page 60

"I travelled down the long muscular legs, keeping my tongue wet with spit to help me glide across the surface and feel the soft body hair."

mammoth nipples that pressed out against the stretched fabric.

When he started to do his presses, I started to feel faint.

He walked up to the heavy laden barbells and reached down to grab hold of the steel bar. With a loud, guttural grunt he heaved the weight up over his head, the expression on his face showed incredible determination and also a hint of pain at the exertion. There were other men around him now, calling out to him, shouting encouragement and applauding him on to new levels. I sat in amazement at the sight of the bulging body and in awe as he added still more iron to the

name—Mario. Perfect! It was fucking perfect! I didn't think it was possible, but my prick got stiffer once I heard that. I mean, it nearly burst through the pouch of my jock when I knew that this man was really Italian. It fulfilled all my obsessions.

Because I was so unexceptional in this company, I was able to follow Mario back to the locker room when they were finally finished congratulating him. I lurked in the background and fought valiantly to keep my hand from either touching him or reaching down into my jock and starting to beat myself off.

Mario seemed oblivious to my

FLICKS: **'BELOW THE BAYOU'**

When they kiss in close-up, it's a sizzler. And when they do *other* things in close-up, the screen threatens to go up in smoke. They're Kyle Hazard and Rod Mitchell; the film is Bullseye's *Below the Bayou*, from Target; and the sex is *hot*!

Photograph by Target



FLICKS: 'BELOW THE BAYOU'

The scene: The Everglades.

Kyle Hazard—he's big, he's brawny, he's built—is paddling upstream until he sights a houseboat whose sole occupant, Rod Mitchell, gives him a hearty, hard-on welcome, right. In *Below the Bayou*, the fleshtones are gorgeous, and there's enough hardcore action to satisfy a satyr. The film's available—all 400 ft. of its hot stuff—in color, in Super 8 or Regular, for \$52, from Target Studios, PO Box 692-Z, Canal Street Station, New York City, 10013. Please state that you're over 21, because these very big boys are only for very big boys.

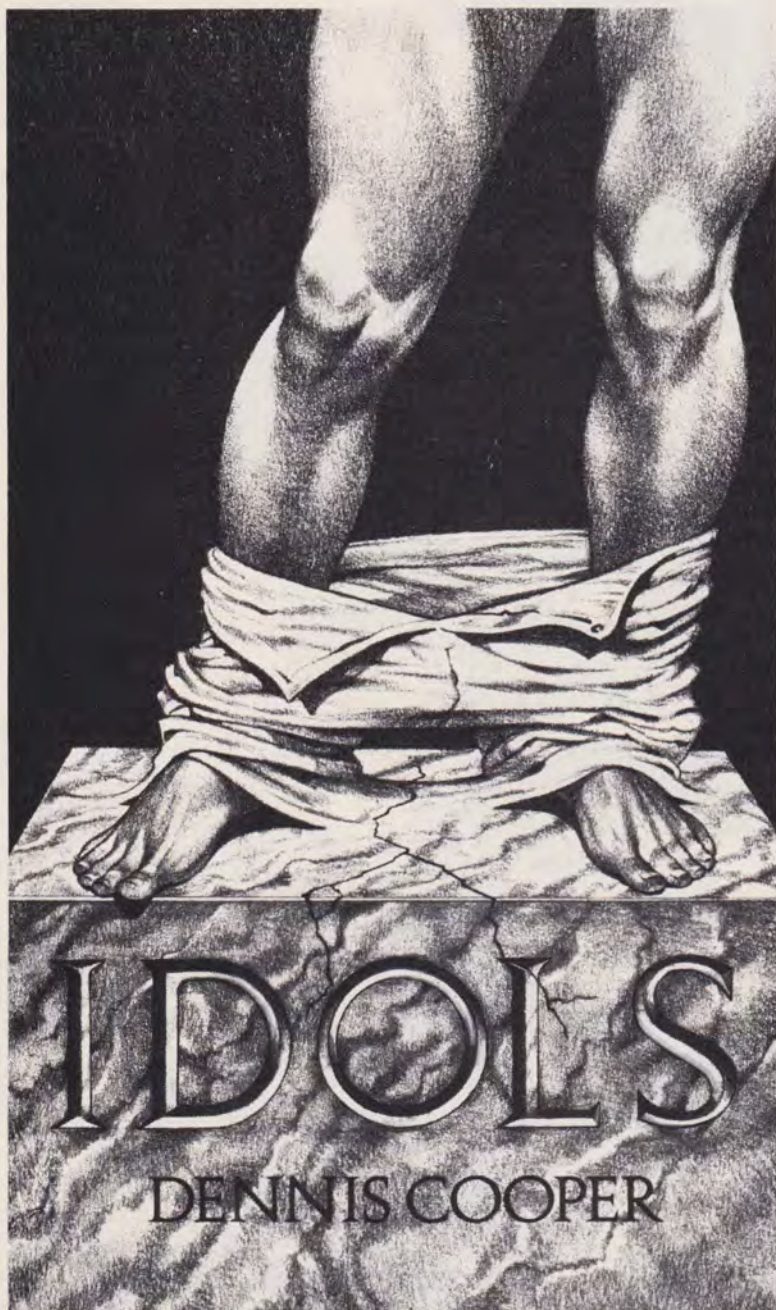
Photographs by Target





"One of the most passionately anticipated volumes of gay male poetry in recent years"

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LETTERS

Dear *Honcho*,

My congratulations to you on such an excellent magazine. Each month I wonder what you will do to outdo your previous cover, and you've continued to come across with eye catchers. The men you present from month to month are fantastic—especially those with hairy bodies. I'd love to see Andy Gibbs within your pages showing off his beautiful body.

I've always enjoyed your presentations of men with men. I'd like to see you do a series on brothers and if possible, *twins*. I loved the spread you did on the two Mikes (Sept. '79) who were cousins. Now how about some brotherly love?

Sincerely,

T.W.

Dear *Honcho*,

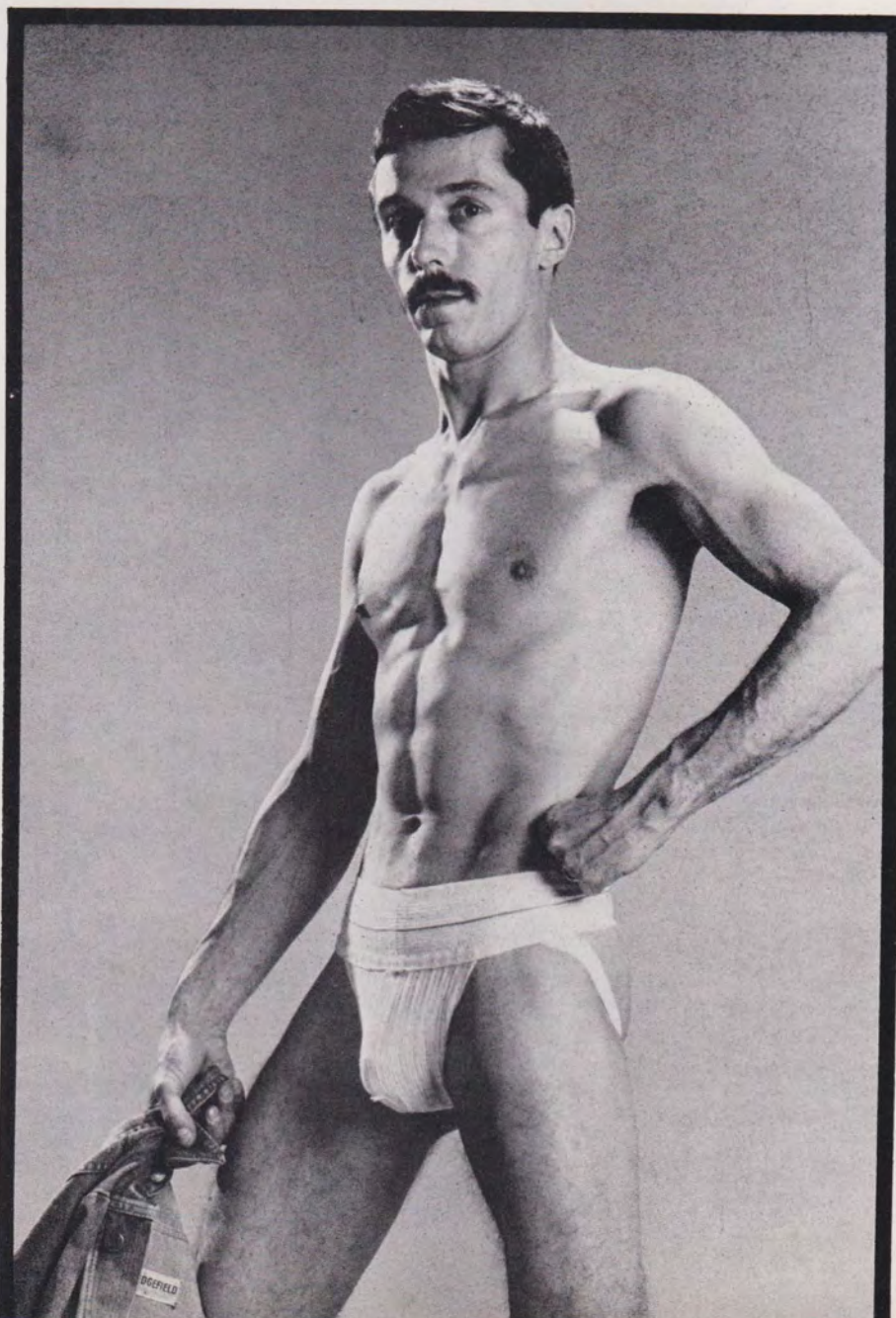
Last night when I went to my friend's house he had a real surprise for me. After we said hello he asked me to take off all my clothes and wait for him in his bedroom. When he came in I got a real surprise. He was wearing a sexy red jockstrap, a black leather vest, and brown cowboy boots. In his hand he carried a black leather belt. He told me to get down on my hands and knees. Then he started to beat my bare ass with his belt. After a few hard whips he told me to take off his jock. Then, after beating my ass a few more times, his cock got really hard and stuck straight out. He grabbed two large fistfuls of my long hair, shoved his cock in my mouth and said, "Now, you fuckin' cocksucker, suck that cock!" I could hardly suck because he was holding my head down so hard and pumping his cock down my throat so fucking fast. When he got ready to come he said, "Here you are, bitch, here's your mouthful." With that he pumped a huge, hot load of come into my mouth. I gulped down as fast as I could. In the meantime my own cock started pumping come wildly onto the wood floor. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and pushed my head down to where I had come on the floor and said, "C'mon, bitch, lick it up!" While I did he gave my red ass a few more whacks with the strap. The whole episode was so fucking sexy, I couldn't believe it.

Affectionately horny
C.M.
Monsey, N.Y.

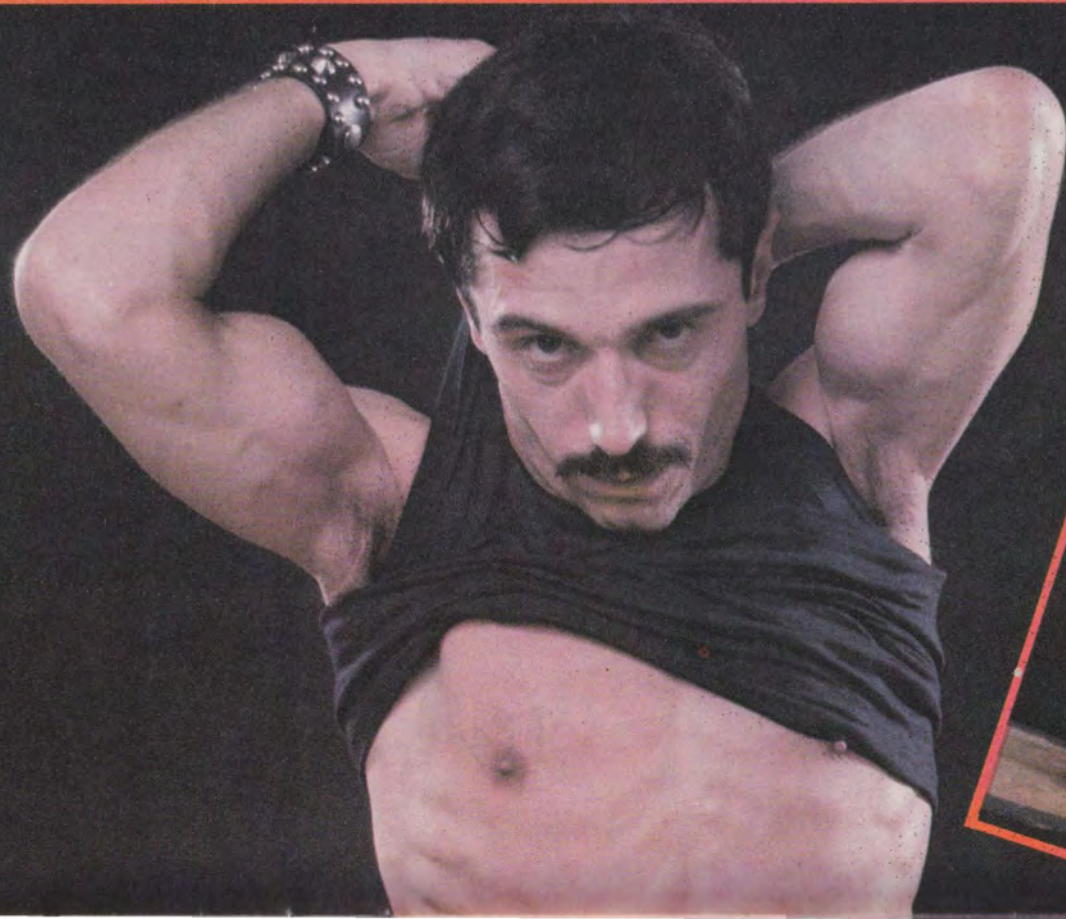
A WASHINGTON MONUMENT

One of the major attractions of Washington's DC Eagle is a line-up of some of the humpiest bartenders we've ever seen collected under one roof. George is a star in this stellar group. His sculptured body is always on view under tight fitting jeans and the many t-shirts he has collected. But *Honcho* readers have a special treat in store for them. Just turn the pages...

Photograph by Roy Blakey



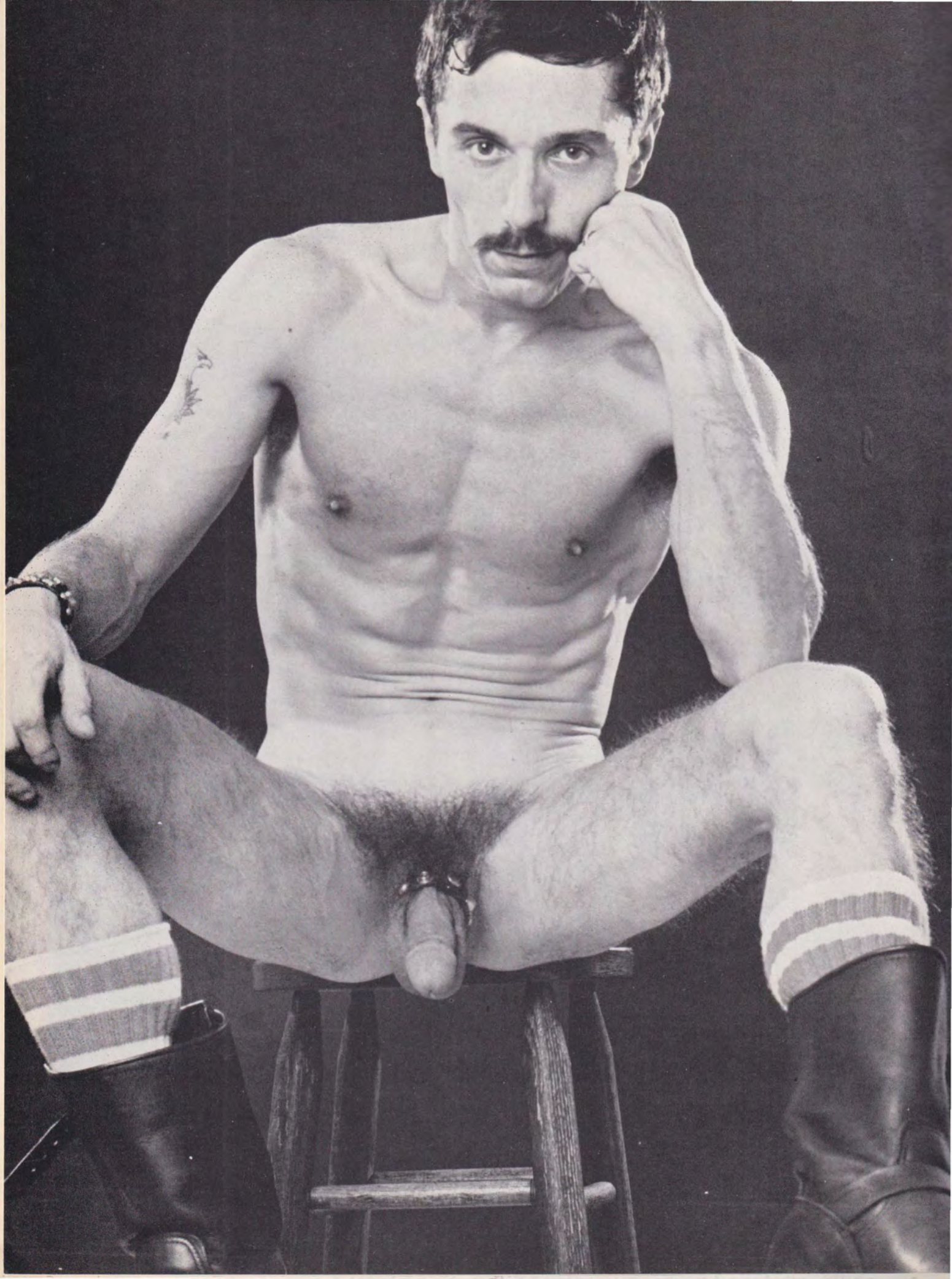
A WASHINGTON MONUMENT





It's no mistake George works the "back bar" at the DC Eagle. The boots, the leather cock-ring, the black shirt all combine to show just how much he adds to the atmosphere of that most popular meeting place for District leathermen.

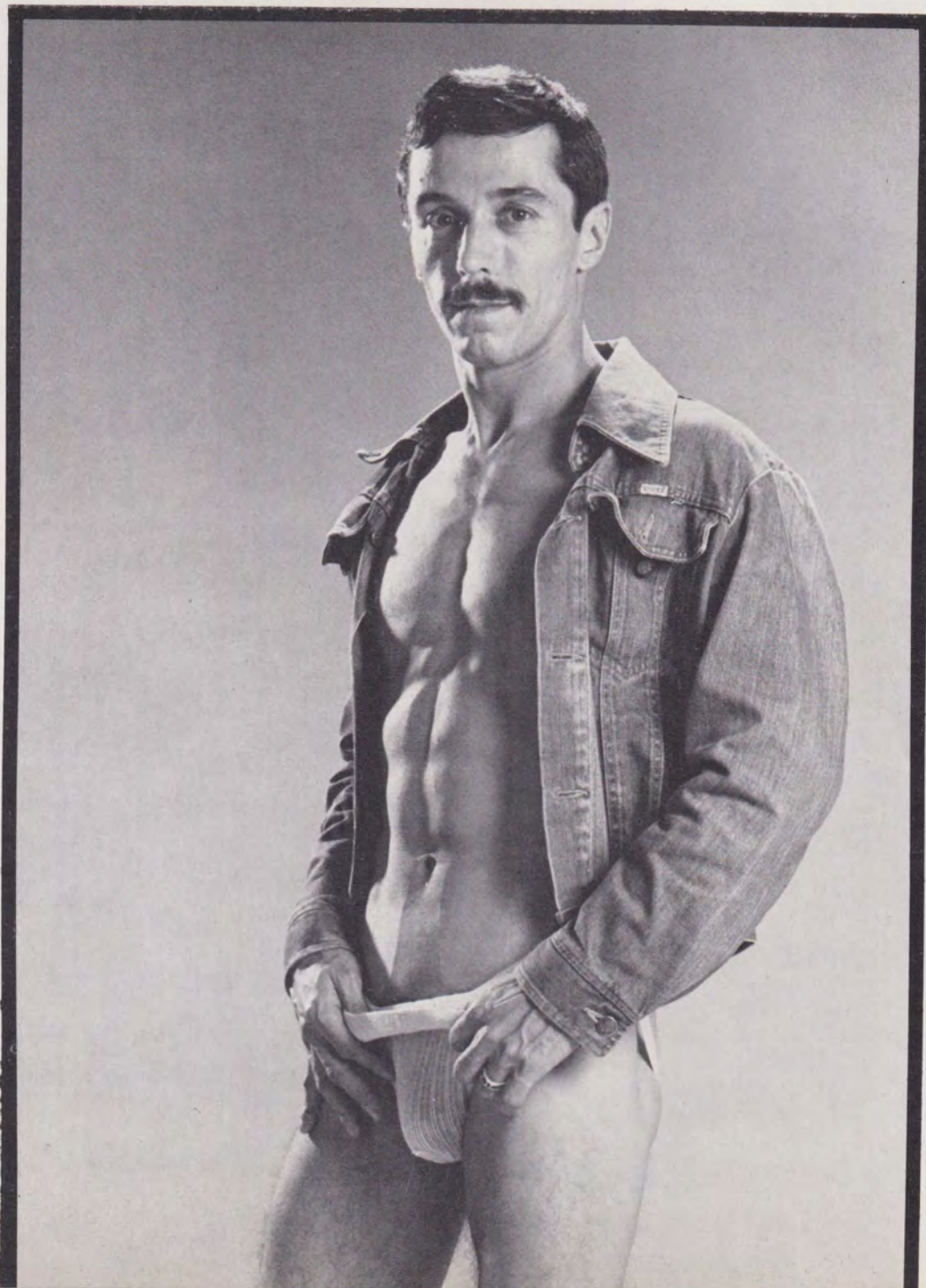
Photographs by Roy Blakey



A WASHINGTON MONUMENT

George claims these muscles have nothing to do with working out in gyms.
All of it comes from lifting those beer crates and racing up and down
the bar—anything to keep the customers happy!
We know some super-happy customers.

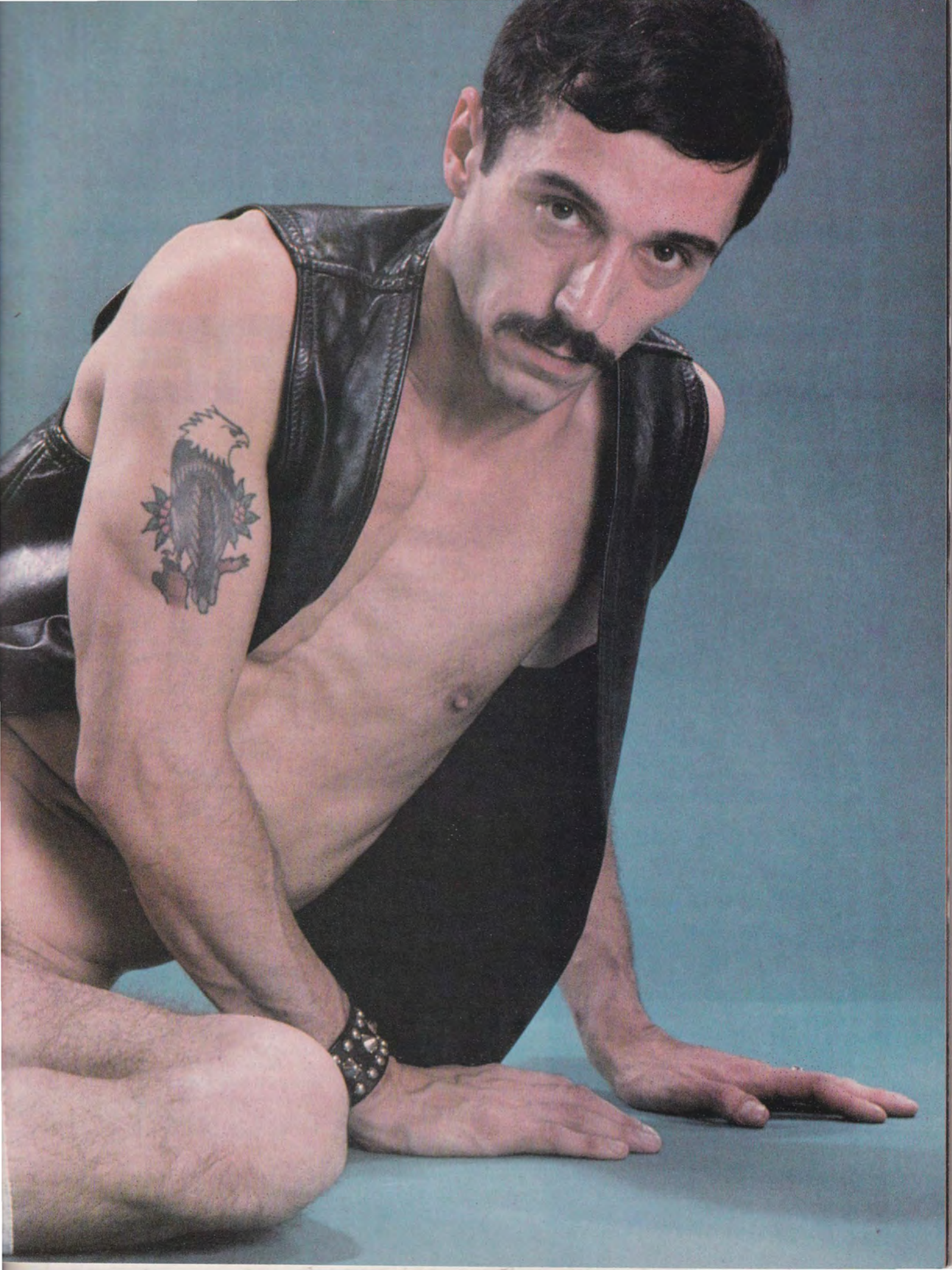
Photographs by Roy Blakey



HONCHO

The Man: George
The Photographer: Roy Blakey





"I only needed 22 points to score a perfect evening. And then Adonis walked in. Adonis—beautiful, blond Jeramy—strutted down the corridor."

TUBSCORE

By Bill Hunter • Photograph by Phillip Beard

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the vainest of them all? Who's also the most vulnerable?

I am. We are?

Even Adonis strikes out at the tubs sometimes. Oh, that's not his real name. That's just what I call Jeramy because he's blond and has one of the nicest bodies in Manhattan. I'd give anything to make it with him.

Adonis says even the prettiest boys and the most handsome gents come home from the tubs feeling rejected now and then. It doesn't bother him, so he says. Going to the tubs is like a game. He wins some. He loses some. As long as his success-failure score is 50-50, he's happy. Victim and victim-

attitude. If I scored, I scored. If I didn't, I didn't.

First of all, let's set things straight. I'm not a great looker. I'm not bad-looking either. I'm an average-sized guy with an average-sized cock. On a scale of one to 10, I'm a seven on the looks meter. . . well, make that an eight. Nine would be pushing it. Six would be putting myself down a little too far. Okay, so you get the picture.

Sizing myself up, as I just did, that Wednesday night, I decided to devise a similar point system for this particular trip to the tubs. In other words, I'd keep score. I wasn't out to set any records, but I decided I'd put Adonis'

Okay, so I didn't get 25 points.

The towel attendant—short-cropped hair, moustache, firm buns in those faded and torn Levis—was worth 30 points for the same invitation.

Okay, so I didn't get 30 points either.

On the way to my room on the top floor, I decided the ideal way to score a perfect 100 would be to make it with four hot numbers—25 points apiece. That, of course, was over-simplification.

In the first hour, however, I captured 25 points. A bearded, curly haired number named Alfred popped into my room out of the black and began sucking my cock. I eventually fucked him. Bingo! Twenty-five.

During my post-Alfred shower, I got two gropes—worth, I estimated, about five points each. I was up to 35 points.

And then a period of scorelessness set in. I posed, hand appropriately cupped over the bulge in my jockstrap, for more than an hour as hunk after hunk passed me by. I could have got it on with at least 10 of the men who refused me a second glance. Minus a point for each. That brought me down to 25 points.

Two fatties showed some interest. Minus two points for each. That brought me down to 21.

I decided I could play the "game" better if I did the selecting, so I took my little white towel—why are bath towels always sized for men with 29-inch waists?—and went on the prowl.

A hot Latin, about five-foot-10 horizontally, shook his head "no" when I stood in the doorway of his

"I didn't have to play with *his* tits to give him the idea. He simply started pinching my nipples on his own initiative, and I got superoff on it."

izer—that's Adonis.

I get uptight at the tubs. I usually go when things are rotten at home or on the skids at work. I expect the baths to provide sex cum laude and lift my spirits. It usually doesn't.

It took me a long time to see it the way Adonis sees it.

It was Wednesday night not long ago when I decided to adopt Jeramy's

"win some—lose some" theory to the test. I'd make it a game with 100 points as the highest achievement.

The game began when I stepped up to the cashier's window. Tall, balding prematurely, about 24, the guy who took my money was a hot number. I decided it was worth 25 points to whomever he asked to hang around until he got off work.



cubicle. Minus three. A not-so-hot chap with a supersoft prick beckoned me into the darkness of his room. Minus another three.

Hell, I was down to 15 points. I decided to stop scoring. If this continued, I could end up with a minus score.

And then James gave me the come-on. James was a university student who could have been the towel attendant's twin. Thirty points for the blow job he gave me. And not once did I have to grab him by the ears and pull his head to me. Another five.

He also discovered, without any coaxing on my part, that I like to have my tits played with. He discovered that all on his own, mind you. I didn't have to play with *his* tits to give him the idea. He simply started pinching my nipples on his own initiative, and I got superoff on it. Another five.

I was up to 55 points. I decided to keep scoring.

Plus two for getting James' unlisted telephone number before I moved on. Minus two for losing it before I got back to my room.

Minus another two for entering the room of a guy who was "just resting." Minus two more for walking through the steam room without my towel and not getting a single grope. Minus three for taking a shower when there were no other bathers. Minus another three for dropping the bar of soap when the first man entered.

Minus 25 for agreeing to go back to his room with him on a night with a full moon. The man had six hands, and none of them could find one of my erogenous zones. He had butyl instead of amyl, and the only rush I got was to get out of his room as fast as possible. I was down to 20.

The only way to capture big points, I decided, was to head for the orgy room.

Two points for approving of the way I looked in the overhead mirror as I entered the blackness. Four points for noticing that someone else approved of the way I looked in the overhead mirror.

Five points for accepting the middle finger of a hot brunette who didn't own a fingernail clipper. Ouch! Ten points for getting involved in a twosome that was close to orgasm. I got the reward without the effort. Another 10 for taking it and giving it simultaneously without permanent injury to my spinal cord. Minus two for sucking an armpit that tasted of hard labor. On second thought, make that plus three. I was only a point short of where I'd

been two hours earlier.

And then a horrible thought hit me. I could lose every point if my ex-lover turned up in the same sauna on the same night. Even worse, I imagined, I could discover my ex-lover in the hole of my ex-ex-lover and end up in the hole myself—pointwise, that is.

Instead, I saw my boss from the office. Twenty points.

He didn't see me. Twenty more points.

He's into S&M. Two points for the knowledge, and two for the appreciation of my supervisor's choice.

I only needed 22 points to score a perfect evening.

And then Adonis walked in. Adonis—beautiful, blond Jeramy—strutted down the corridor in such a fashion as not to be believed.

And I rejected him.

When he saw me, he made a friendly play for my cock and balls. And I moved away.

He looked astounded.

Several guys who had been taking in his strut turned their bare backs to him after I rejected him. I had rejected one of the nicest bodies in the tubs. Points galore! Points galore! How could I count them? How could I count them?

Twenty-five, at least. *Making* it with a hot number surely was equal to *rejecting* an equally hot number. I was over the mark. My points totaled 103.

And then before I could shower and pack up the pink plastic and black leather toys I had brought (just in case), my ex-lover walked in—with my ex-ex-lover.

Oh, well, when you're keeping score at the tubs, it's best to grade on the curve.

DEAR HONCHO:

Dear Honcho:

I enjoy your magazine very much. The men are terrific. In the November issue you have beautiful photos of men. I am a butt lover. I love to see and taste a hairy Anus (ass-hole) especially with Casey on pages 28 and 29. Man, what a body and penis and asshole. Oboy! I would like Casey in bed, same as Bobby Joe on 48 and 49. Am I hot and nervous. What I would give to be with all your men. I like to suck the cock and swallow it, because it has sugar and protein. Cum is good for you. Could it be possible that we have good shots of the Anus where it is better displayed. Mm-mm-mm!

Jim D.

FRESHMAN!

Dear Honcho,

I am a freshman at a large state university on the east coast, and although I don't know why, I would like to tell you the story about one of my most exciting fucks.

Before coming to school, I could not be fully open with my homosexual lifestyle, but since I have been here, I can now express my feelings more openly. Although I am no Atlas, I do have a relatively nice body—around six foot one, blond hair, blue-green eyes, with a 7½" cock and swimmers build—and have gone to bed with several men from around campus, but

none can compare to my latest experience.

One night, I decided to go swimming in one of the campus pools, so I walked over, changed and went down to the pool. I started swimming some laps, but I kept being distracted by the lifeguard, who, to say the least was very nice looking. He had brown curly hair, a mustache, and an adequate amount of hair on his chest. But, it was his legs that really turned me on! His legs were muscular, tan and hairy, just the way I love them. He was wearing a pair of gym shorts, and everytime he moved around, they rose slightly up his legs, exposing his ass. Needless to say, he was really turning me on!

After swimming some more laps, I unfortunately had to leave to study for an exam. (I was already failing the course, so if I could have I would have stayed.)

I went to the showers, took off my swim suit and began to wash myself. Luckily no one else was in the locker room, so no one could see my erection. I gently stared to caress my cock, and though about jacking-off right there, but I decided not to because someone might come walking in and see me. So, I walked over to my clothes and began to get dressed. While dressing I thought about how great it would be to fuck some guy in a public place. I had always fantasized

about it, but had never done it.

As I was about to leave, a guy walked into the room to change. Talk about your "Macho Men!" He was a little bit taller than me, about six foot three, blond hair, and muscles where I didn't think there were any. I desperately needed to see this guy change. I walked over to the mirror and began to comb my hair, which was already combed. Occasionally, I would glance over to watch him change as he took one piece of clothing off after the other. I closed my eyes and thought about how great it would be to fuck him in some big open field, or some woods, or maybe even a swimming pool locker room! I opened my eyes when I heard his zipper being unzipped. As he took off his pants, I walked over to get my stuff that was on the bench next to him. He was wearing no underwear, which I love, and his ass was within inches of my face, as I bent to pick up my things. I could hardly keep myself from reaching out and grabbing a handful of that great looking ass. As I looked at his hot buns, he quickly looked up and caught me staring. Years ago, I would have been totally embarrassed, but

this time I wasn't. I wanted him! Still nude, he turned around and I got my first view of his cock. Oh, what a cock! It must have been the biggest one I had seen in my life. I wanted it in my mouth.

"You gay or something?" he asked me.

"Why?" I answered.

"Because, I don't want no gay looking at my cock."

"What would you want a gay to do to your cock?" I said, surprising myself.

"I'd want a gay to suck my cock."

Now, usually, I would not give this type of guy a blow job, just to fulfill his satisfactions. After all that's not what gay people are here to do. But, if you could have seen his cock. Those words were music to my ears.

I dropped to my knees and took his low hanging balls into my mouth. I sucked one, and then the other and then both. I then took his cock into my hand and brought it to my mouth. Soon, it was rock hard and was sticking out about 9½ inches. I took it into my mouth and started easing it back and forth. While I sucked his cock, I caressed his balls with my left hand and felt his asshole with my

right. His asshole was warm and sweaty and I longed to shove my cock up it, but I knew that he would never go for it. I felt his balls moving toward his body, so I threw back my neck to take all of his 9½" into my mouth. He thrust his cock hard into my mouth and shot his load. I swallowed it all, although I had a hard time doing it, since there was so much. After he came, I licked the remaining sperm off his cock head. He thanked me and got dressed, and then went down toward the pool.

I don't know why it was such a turn-on for me, I guess it was because my fantasy had come true, and it couldn't have happened with a nicer looking guy! It was great, sucking some guy off in a public place, and always having the fear that someone will come in, a complete turn-on for me.

I know that this letter is kind-of long, but I really hope you'll be able to print it. I'll be looking for it in the coming issues. Keep up the good work, your magazine certainly keeps me up!

Sincerely,

E.R.

College Park, Md.



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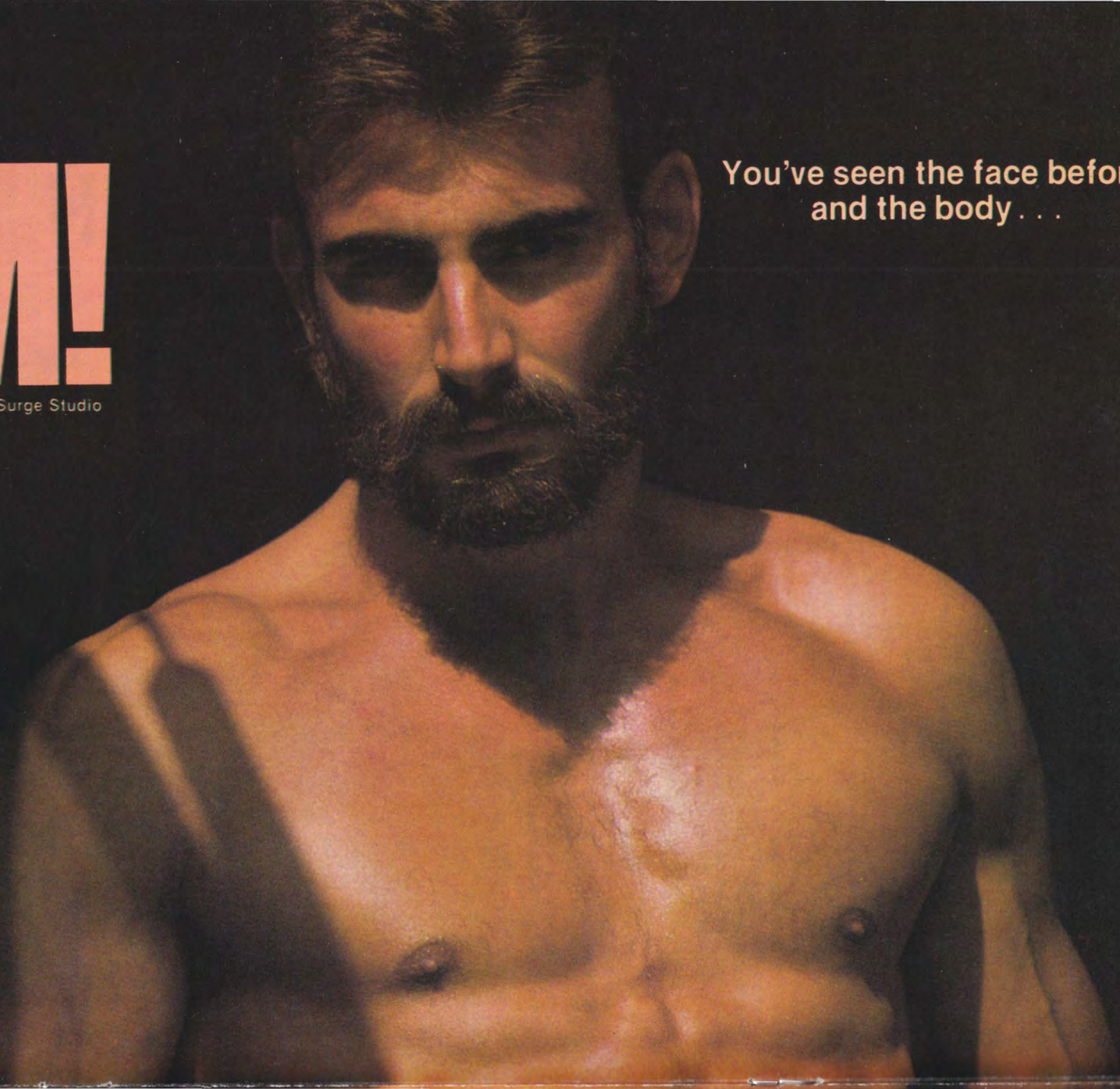
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P.O. Box 69220, Los Angeles, CA 90069

HIM!

Photograph by Surge Studio

You've seen the face before,
and the body . . .





...AND HIM

There are very, very few models in the world of male photography who are as well known as Al Parker—the man who always wears a cockring around the base of that huge, gorgeous shaft! When you have natural resources as rich as his...

Al Parker has just formed his own studio to provide a never satiated public with all the images of himself they can possibly demand.

Surge Studio is the new organization, and *Pit Stop* is its first contribution; it sizzles with torrid photographs to lure all of us into fantasyland.

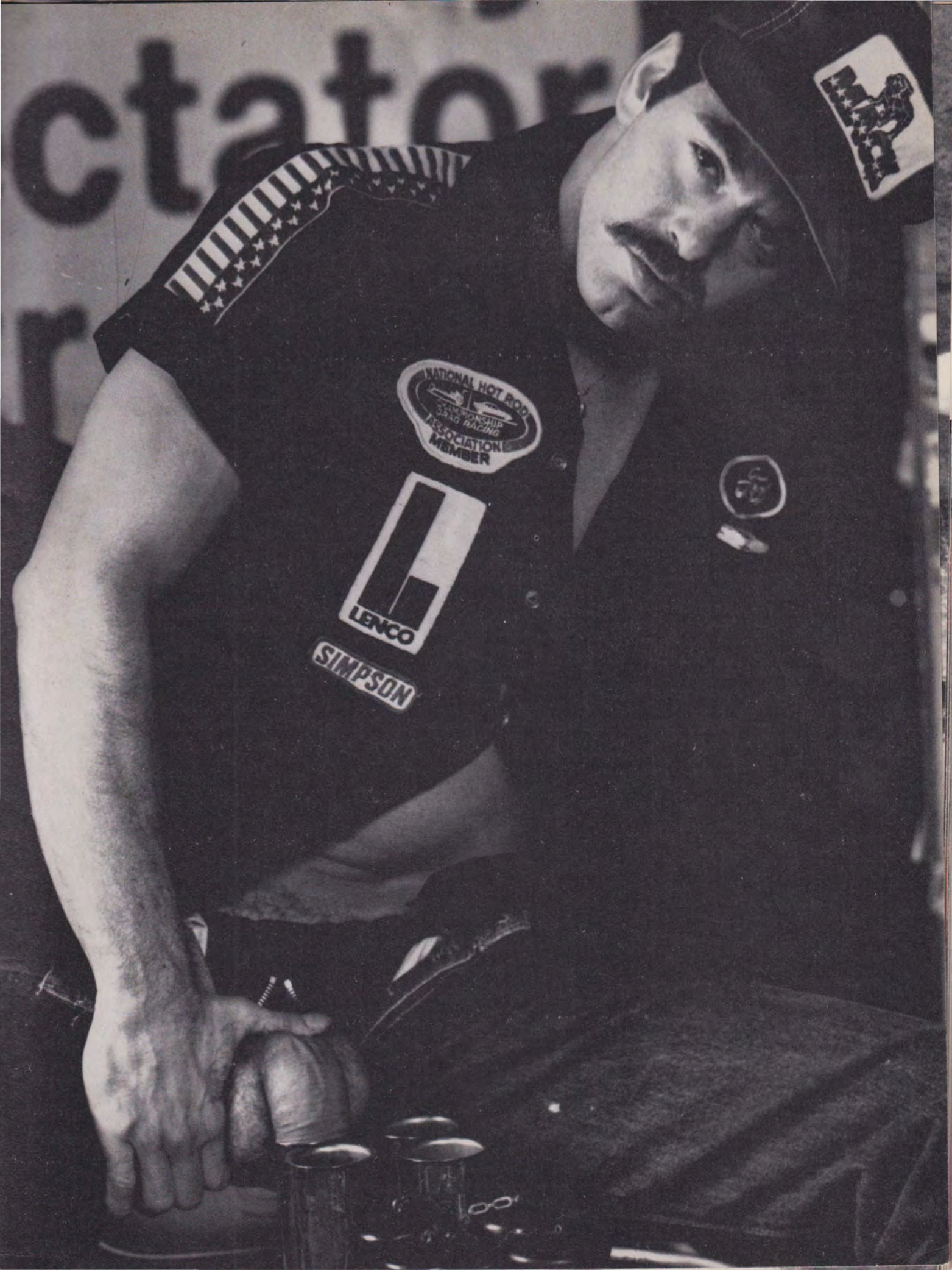
For this first production, Al had to find someone as hot and horny as himself to co-star. The choice must have been difficult. Who can you find to share action with Al Parker who wouldn't get lost in the background?

Buck Stevens is Parker's own discovery. The action in *Pit Stop* takes place in a hot-rod garage. The two men's hot rods get plenty of chance to gun their motors and take off. Buck's thick uncut piece is finally the perfect equal to Al's famous equipment.

Want it? It's \$8.50. Send your check or money order, along with your statement that you're over 21, to: Surge Studio, Box 624, Hermosa Beach, California 90254.

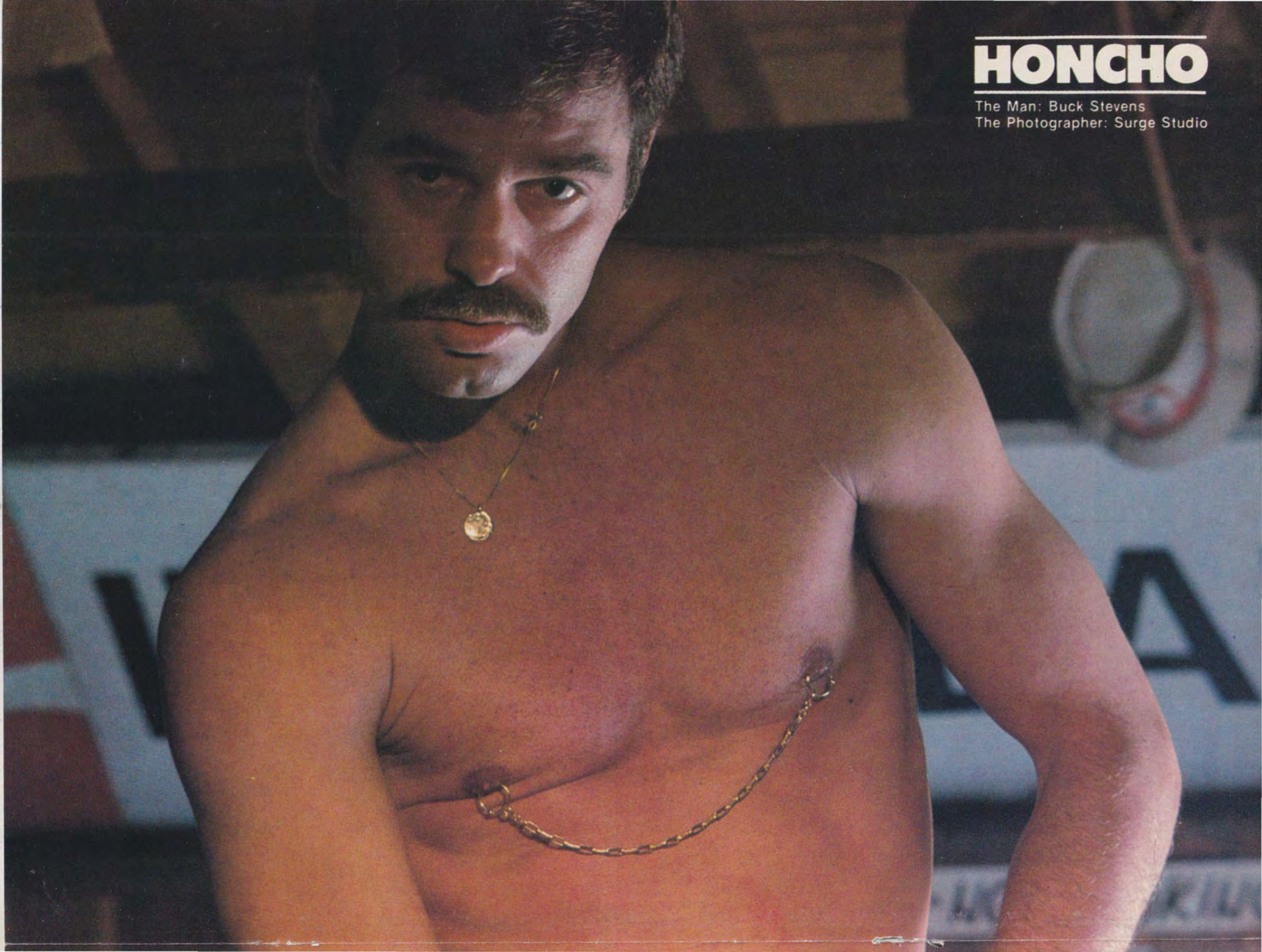
Photographs by Surge Studio





HONCHO

The Man: Buck Stevens
The Photographer: Surge Studio





HONCHO LETTERS

Dear *Honcho*:

There are plenty of magazines that publish pictures of handsome men. But you've been going the next step, giving us images of masculine bodies dripping with sweat, stories drooling with spit and articles sliding with grease.

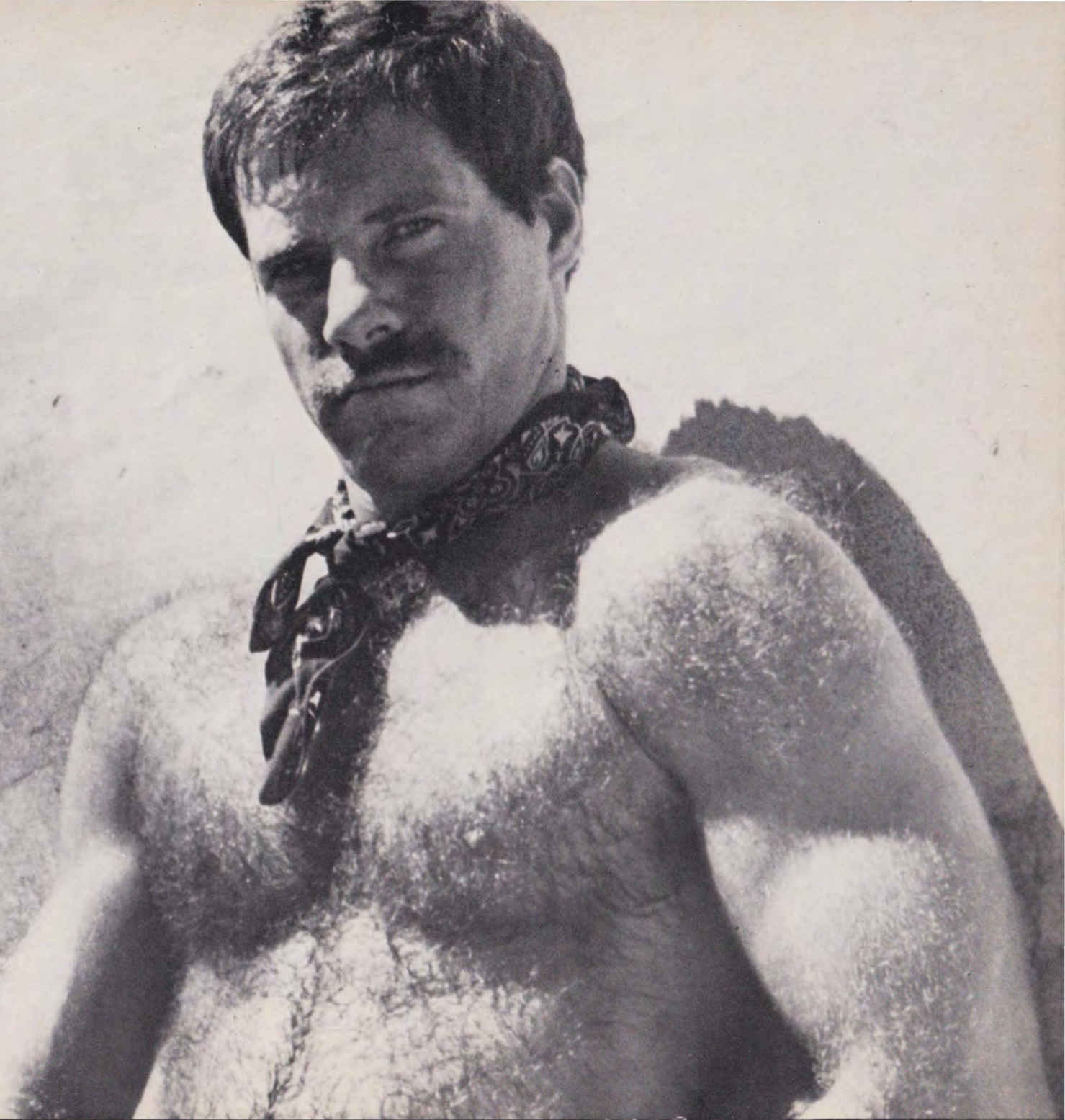
You outdid yourselves with the coverman on the March issue. I've spent hours with that sweaty, smelly stud standing up against a rough concrete surface, wearing only a torn t-shirt.

Can you let us see more of this macho number?!

Y.S., Topeka, KS

—*Here you are. Lick that sweat!*—Ed.

Photograph by Zeus



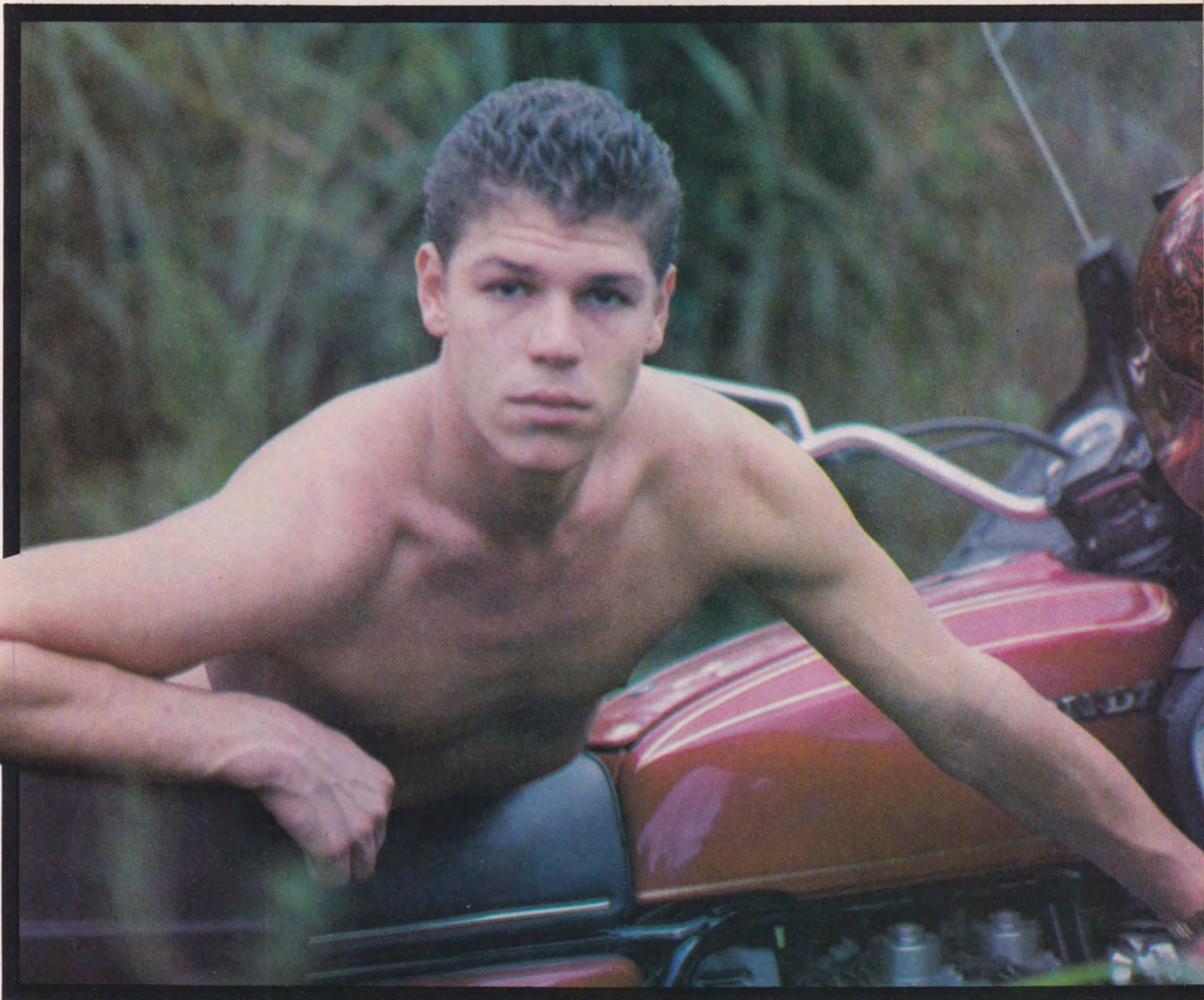




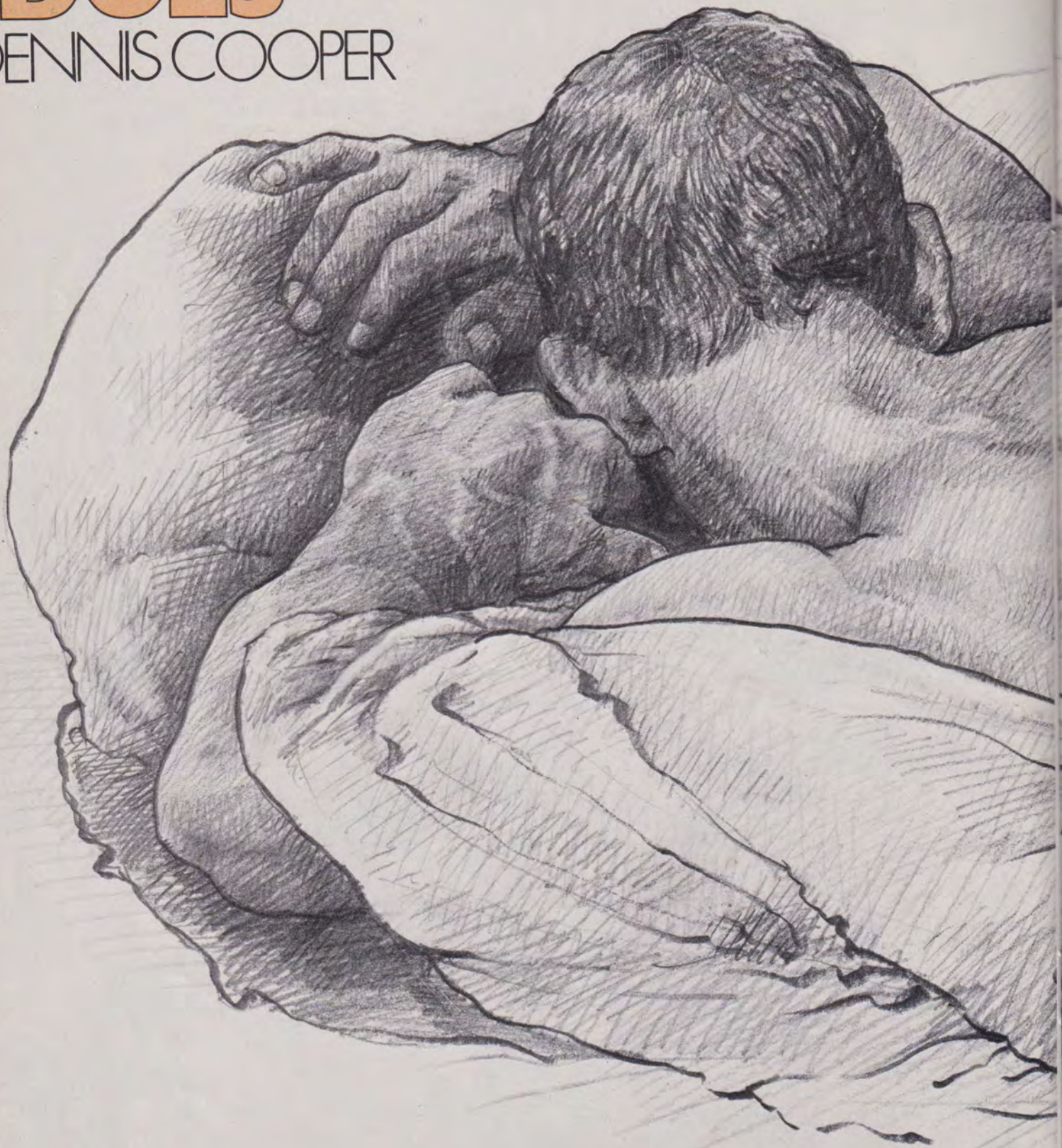
BUDDY BOY

The name is Buddy, and this stud has a no-nonsense air about him that's more than just appealing: It's downright irresistible. He's 100% the male animal, a fact he doesn't have to prove by shucking down his jeans. Although we'll admit we're glad he *does*, opposite. He's down Florida way, guys, living proof that the Sunshine State *is* where the boys are. Or, in Buddy's case, where the *men* are.

Photographs by Jerry Buzzelli



POETRY
IDOLS
DENNIS COOPER



TWO WHORES

His neck was stiff
from watching the street
for men
who'd buy him.

I came by around
4 a.m. "No luck?"
"It's been slow
all night," he said.

I couldn't see why.
He was blond
and maybe twenty
with eyes you would steal.

Not like the ghosts
on most corners,—
guys so bored
they beg to be beaten.

I'd have bought him
but he needed
more than I had
for less than I wanted.

We stood all night
approached by no one,
while creeps were
snatched up like teens.

I smoked his cigarettes.
He leaned back,
and the sun crept up
on our weight and our ages,

Until cars wouldn't slow
and heads didn't turn—
we turned and walked
home, to our darkness.

A PICTURE

When I was younger I'd crawl from
my room at midnight with a pal.
We'd sneak down streets we knew
by osmosis, to look through lit windows
for boys. Once in a while we'd
catch one naked, bending for things,
buttocks parting like thunder clouds.
We'd drop to our knees, chins on the ledge,
thrash our hard cocks then squirt
in the dirt, pinwheels of spit at our mouths.
I was never caught, never talked
about it, grew used to getting sex
that way and like it even now, in the back
row of the Male Man Theater where an old
guy's fist pumps under my lap jacket,
or in the room at the baths where men fuck
and others watch, using what they see
like strangers do their wives. And we are
happy crowded in like this, brushing
against one another at the watering hole,
sniffing each others' asses like food.
We look the way dogs do when they want to screw,
a shiny blackness in our one-track eyes.
A quake hits our looks where the handsome get
ugly and the ugly monstrous. We let words
out like farts we can't control. We stink
to the lowest heavens, talk like dime-novels,
and we eat from each other like cannibals,
piss snob cannibals who'll only eat caviar.

From *Idols* by Dennis Cooper. Published by The
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Illustration by Richard White.



L.A. & TOOL & DIE

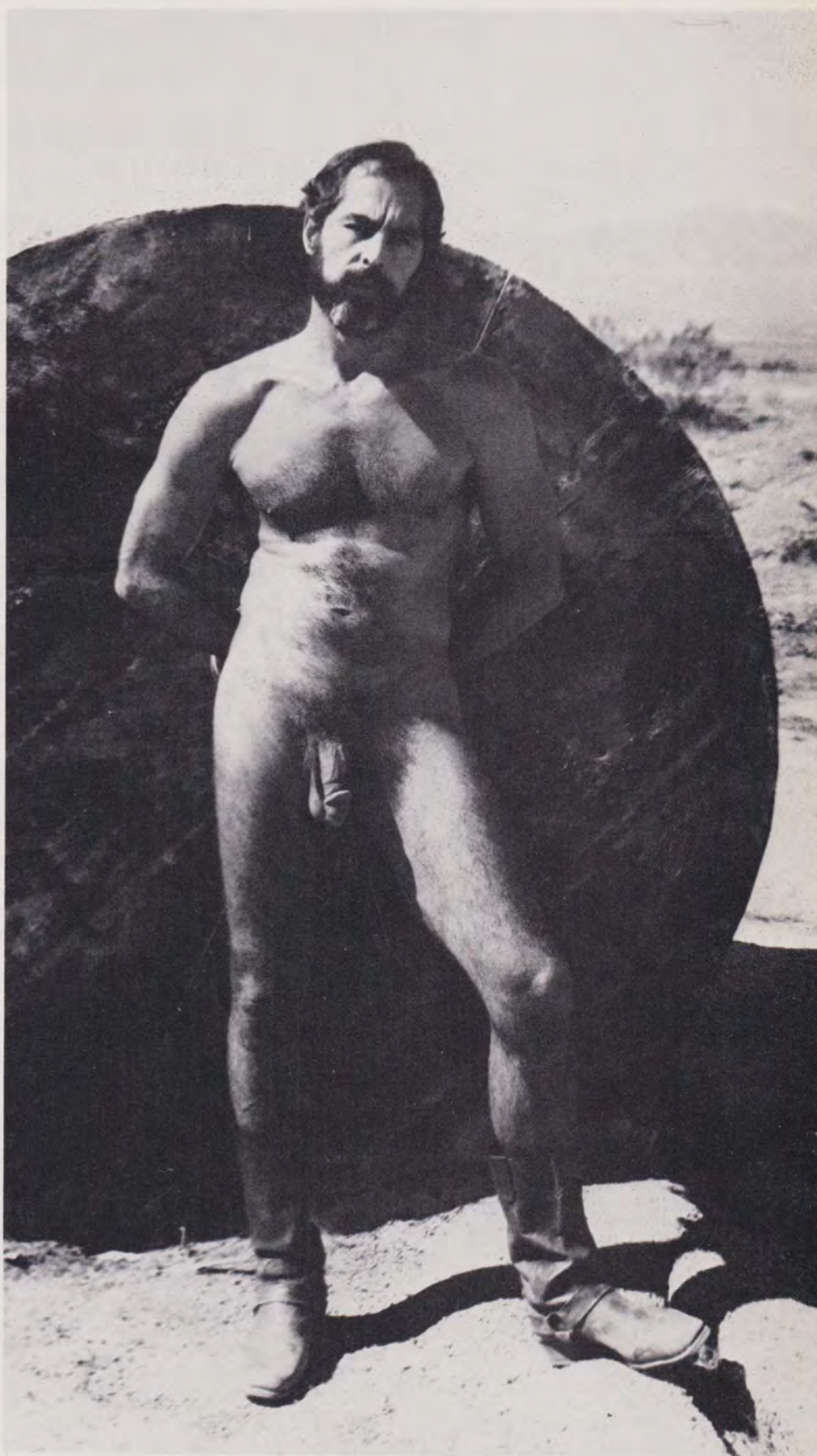
A great number of pretty pictures made for the gay market have hit X-rated movie screens recently. Lots of color photography, deep emotion and romance. What ever happened to sleaze? Good old fashioned, honcho, down-and-dirty sleaze?

Just when we were getting a little worried about the situation, with all these filmmakers trying to make "statements" instead of giving us the longed-for excuses to pull our meat, along comes the third installment in the Gage brothers' movies; after *Kansas City Trucking Company* and *El Paso Wrecking Company*, now there's *L.A. Tool and Die*.

The film starts right out where it should, with a naked actor on his knees surrounded by a half dozen erect cocks beating off into his face and sending lots of good slimy cum down his chest. By the way, there *is* a plot—Hank (Richard Locke) is in love with Wylie (Will Seagers) and they are each individually making their way across country from El Paso to L.A. to live, if you care, happily ever after. Along the way, they participate in or witness dozens—*dozens!*—of hot men having hot sex.

Our favorite is the scene where Joe Baressi pumps away into a fine looking woman, showing off his endowments and one of the best looking asses in the film. When he's finished, he tosses away his used rubber which is immediately picked up by a blond, muscular young man who proceeds to masturbate with the used scumbag, wiping it along his cock and sucking its contents out as he beats off. Another favorite is Bill Blount's hot young pick-up pictured on the facing page.

If you only go to one fuckfilm this year, *L.A. Tool and Die* may be the one to see! It's hot!







STEAM

In the steam-filled cubicles of the sauna, the heated air of the orgy room, the red lighted passageways—in every hot, honcho area, the gay bath-house invites you to merge your fantasy with reality. The flesh becomes inviting, the asses are upturned, the cocks are hard, the sex brings instant contact. The premier bath-house of California is the Club San Francisco in The Bay City's Ritch Street. The welcome sign is on 24 hours a day, the bodies are available, the reality is there—you supply the fantasy.

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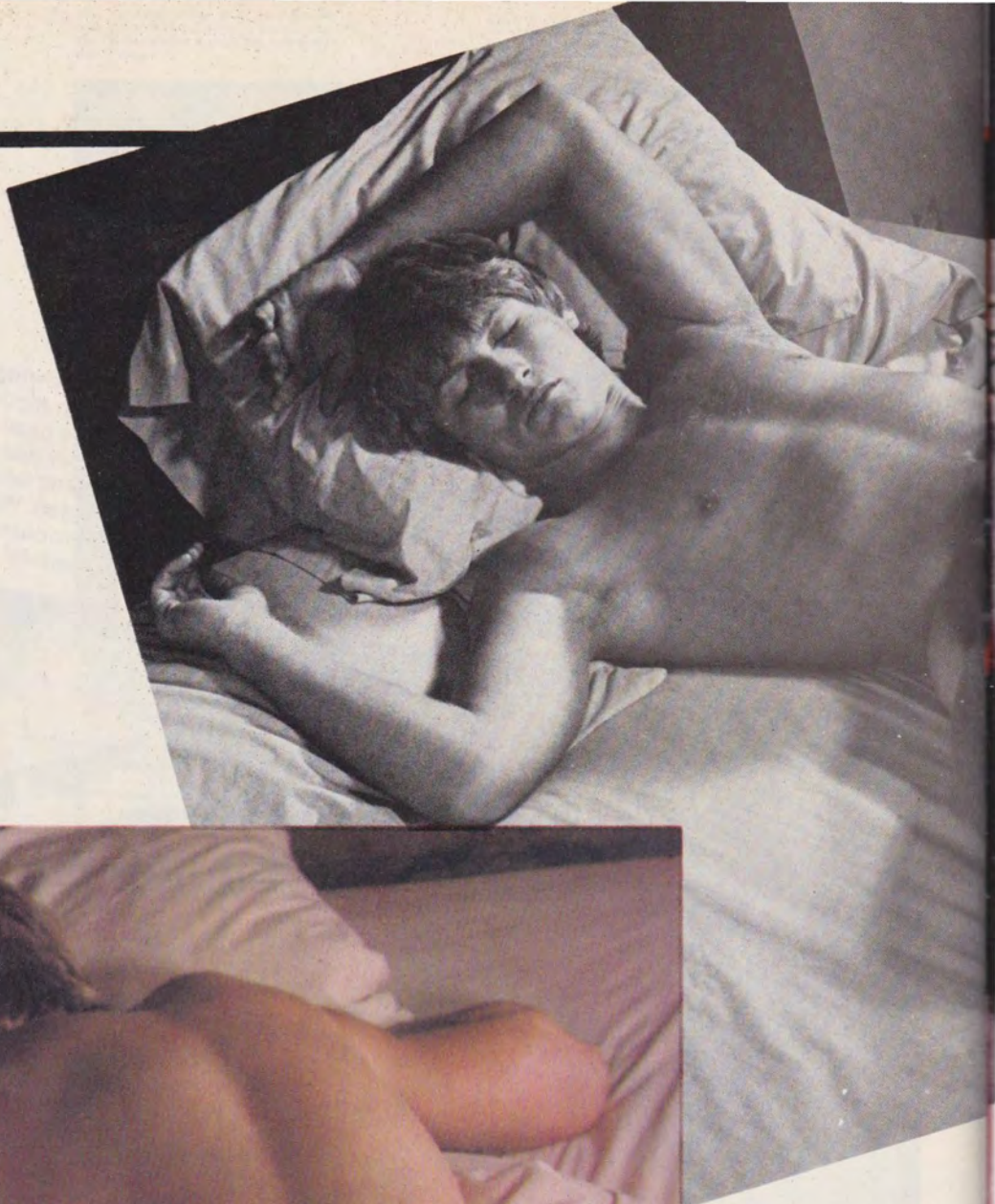
PLEASE STATE THAT YOU ARE
OVER 21.


BEDSPREAD

The editors of *Honcho* are always interested in knowing what models are especially appealing to our readers. We often *know* a certain model is going to turn you on, but occasionally your response is overwhelming. We used two pictures by one of our favorite photographers, Eros, to illustrate a short story called *Bobby Joe* in the November 1979 issue. The sight of the humpy blond sleeping serenely on rumpled sheets sent more of you up the wall than we had ever expected. We knew we had made a hit. Some hurried phone calls and fast work on our part produced another photo session with this model. We'll go to any lengths to please our readers! (Well . . . almost.)



Photograph by Eros





It's interesting to wonder what it is about the figure of a sleeping young man sprawled naked on a messy bed that makes so many of our readers so hot for this model. We really can't imagine... What's going on in your mind when you see this image? The warm feeling of the after-glow of sex? The idea of waking him up with passionate kisses? The fantasy of coming into his bedroom unannounced, getting ready to rape him? The sense of possession? Or, a little bit of all of it? Want more? Come on, kid. Off with that sheet. Ye-a-a-a-h!

Photographs by Eros

BEDSPREAD



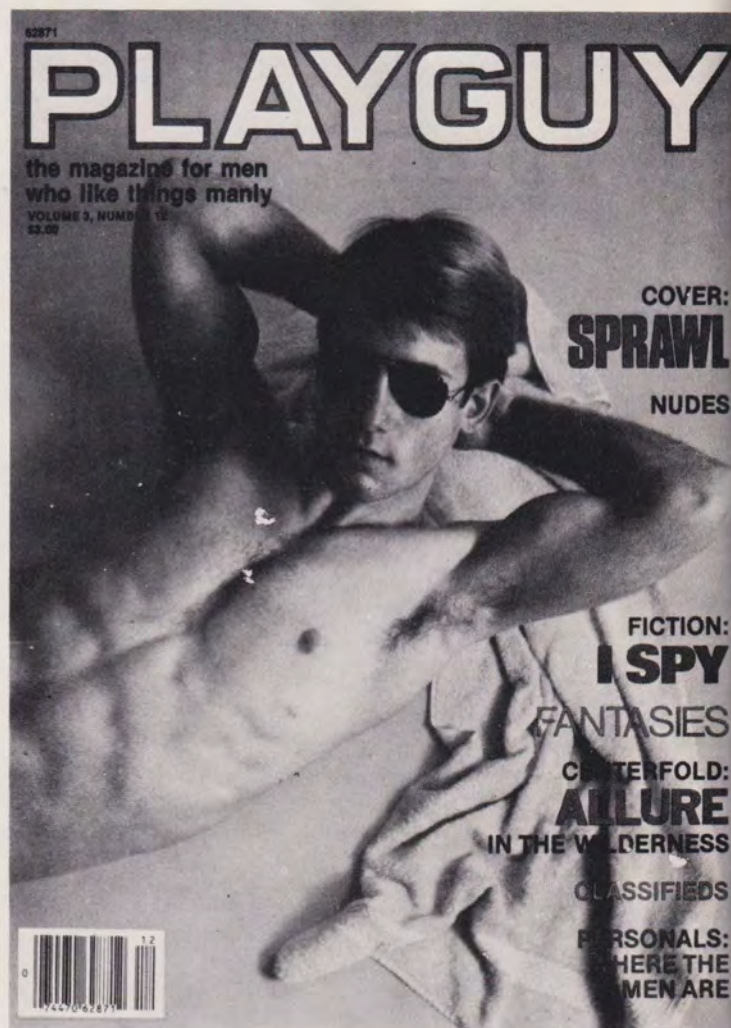
HONCHO

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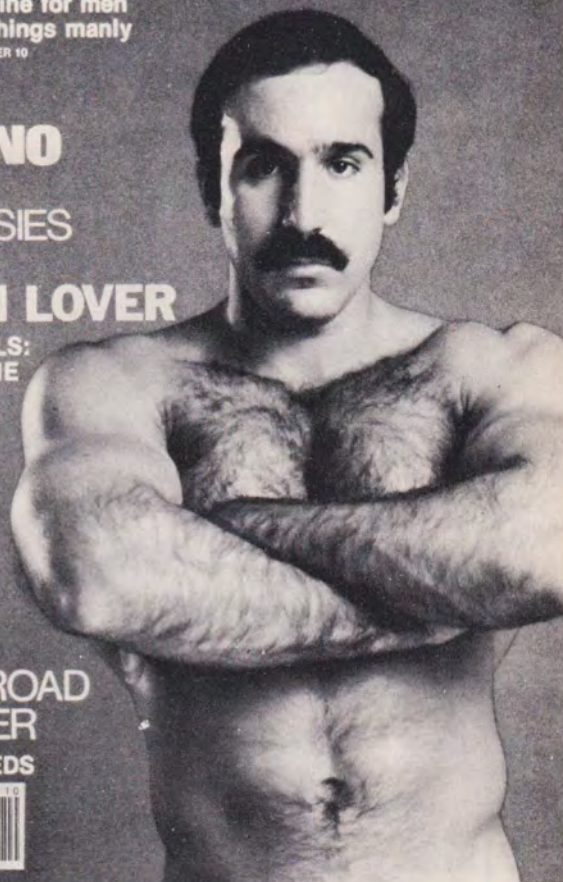
WHERE THE
MEN ARE

FICTION:

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GOD OF THE GYM

Continued from page 20

react to the sight of my not inconsiderable prick standing at attention. The only thing I could think about though, was that if he didn't care that much, there was no reason for me to go through the torture of the cold water. I reached behind me and turned on the hot water. The shower stopped being painful and became soothing. I relaxed a little bit and started to soap up.

All this time I was carefully and totally ignoring him. I had my back to him after he had gotten that first glance at my stiff prick. Now I decided what the hell. I had used some strong self-persuasion to get my meat to calm itself a little bit. So I turned around to face him and to get some water on my back.

I was not ready for what I saw. There was my Italian idol staring right at me, soaping up his crotch and playing with a long, thick erection of his own. My mouth started to water at the sight of the big uncut cock poking into the air, straining out from his body. My eyes danced all over his form, taking in the whole of his size and his sexuality. His kept right on the target of my face. He stared at me with an intensity I had never known from someone before.

He hardly let up that stare as he stood back under the jet of the shower and rinsed his body of the accumulated soap. Then, unbelievably, he walked over toward me. He stood right in front of me and put his hands on his hips, spreading his legs and making the cock even more prominent. "I like it when guys appreciate my body. You seem to get off on watching me work out."

"Yeah," was the only reply I could mumble back to him.

"Why don't you show me just how much you appreciate it?"

I couldn't believe what this guy was offering me. But, that stiff dick of his made it plain that he wasn't fooling around. If that hadn't been there I might have thought that he was teasing me, making fun of my obvious interest. But that poker let me know he was for real. I reached out and grabbed that hot flesh, pulling and pushing the thick foreskin back and forth over the length of his shaft. Jesus it was big! He reached up and put his hand on the back of my neck. It was almost a gentle move on his part when he pressed down, guiding my body onto

its knees and my face onto the waiting hardon.

I sucked it in without any foreplay. I was struck with the honesty of it all. He wanted his cock sucked and I wanted to do it. Why play games? There was some concern in me about the other men in the gym, but if this god was willing to risk his position, I couldn't find a good reason to hold back.

He put both his hands on my neck and took my mouth on a tour of his body. He pushed my face down off his cock and onto the low hanging balls that had been relaxed by the shower's hot water. I licked up the wrinkled skin and sucked in each of the fat orbs of his testicles. I travelled down the long muscular legs, keeping my tongue wet with spit to help me glide across the surface and feel the soft body hair.

Then, he turned around. I was down on my hands and knees tasting the skin on his calves by now. He left his back to me, those powerful arms of his still resting on his waist. I moved back up along the heavy thighs and up to the ass I had been worshipping earlier. Now all the sweat had been cleaned off it, but the flavor was still strong enough for me to push hard against the mounds of flesh that protected his hole from my hungry mouth. He bent over and spread his legs even further apart than they had been, finally giving me a chance to force my head into the crevice and find

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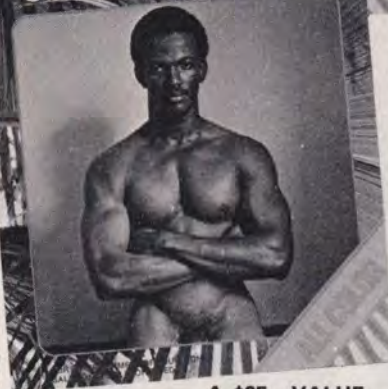
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the circle of musky flesh that was the target.

I ate his asshole as though it were my last meal. I stopped holding back anything when I finally got to my goal. I beat furiously on my own stiff cock and could feel him doing the same to his own. His balls bounced back and forth with the movement of his own fist as he pounded that juicy Italian cock. The ballsac would slap against my chin as I kept up my starving feast.

I shot my own load onto the floor of the shower only seconds before I could start to feel his asshole contracting with his approaching orgasm. The sphincter clamped down hard on my inserted tongue when his yells proclaimed his coming. I was so involved with the touch and flavor of his ass that I missed that first opportunity to watch the big cock spew out the flow of hot white cum juice onto the tiles.

He stood after a couple minutes of catching his breath and relaxing after his orgasm. I had still kept up my ass eating and was so intently chewing on his hole that I couldn't keep back a groan that escaped as my object of desire was taken away from me. He turned around to face me again. I wasn't satiated yet, I took his softening cock in my mouth and skinned back the foreskin, cleaning his cockhead of the precious liquid that still clung to it. He let me have my way for a short while, and then clamped hold my neck again, shoving his prick into my mouth.

"I like having someone appreciate a good body. I like someone to get down on his knees after I've had a good work out and let me know that it's been worth while. It's a pretty good body, huh?"

I mumbled an agreement through my mouthful of cock.

"Yeah, a body like this should be worshipped, it should have someone who'll treat it like a holy object, and clean it with his tongue when it's covered with the sweat of hard work, you'd like to do that wouldn't you?"

I mumbled agreement even more vehemently.

He let go of me finally and stood back, looking down at my kneeling form. "Yeah, man, I think we better get our schedules in line with one another. It'd do me a lot of good to know that there's something waiting for me after all of my work outs." A smile, one that contained something close to evil, spread across his face.

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JOCKSTRAPPERY

Editors:

Honcho has yet to deliver a truly erotic bulging jockstrap photo. I may stop buying *Honcho*. Too much in it isn't really sexy. Sexy is horny crotch-spread poses of handsome, hairy guys with enormously bulging jockstraps and black hair poking out the sides. Man, how I need it—oh, I need it so bad!

Sure, give me raw cock, too. Cock and big balls hanging between outstretched legs so you can almost smell it. But take a few of those pictures and encase the guy in a tight jockstrap and you've got me jerking off so much jiz you wouldn't believe it.

I love and need men so much it's not funny. And you know what? (I've told you before)—I'm not a faggot. I'm tall, good-looking, masculine. I firmly believe that there's not that much difference between gay and straight men—just sexual preference. Men are men.

Tonight I'm going into the city. I'm going to find me a *man* and I'm going to take him home (or his home) and I'm going to hug him and kiss him all night long. I'm going to cry and moan out of sheer love of him. And *that's* the *thing*—as much as I love sex (and nobody loves it like I do) I also love the *guy*. Nothing in the world is as great as showing a wonderful guy how much you truly love him. *All* of him. There's not a thing about a guy that I don't love. I love his smile, his voice, his soul, his feet, his sweat, his breath. We glorify women in this day and age. But I wonder if everybody doesn't really know—deep inside—that men are the prizes—the most beautiful, fascinating creatures in the world.

Anyway, *Honcho*, please let me turn the pages of the next issue and find a breathtakingly *sexy* bulging-jockstrap photo. Have the guy's legs spread wide, his hand *not* touching or covering his equipment, and the accent very, very much on the *sexy*, *sexy* bulge.

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HOT!

Continued from page 10

render. The leather man claimed him as his captive with a leather collar that he almost gently placed around the neck of his victim.

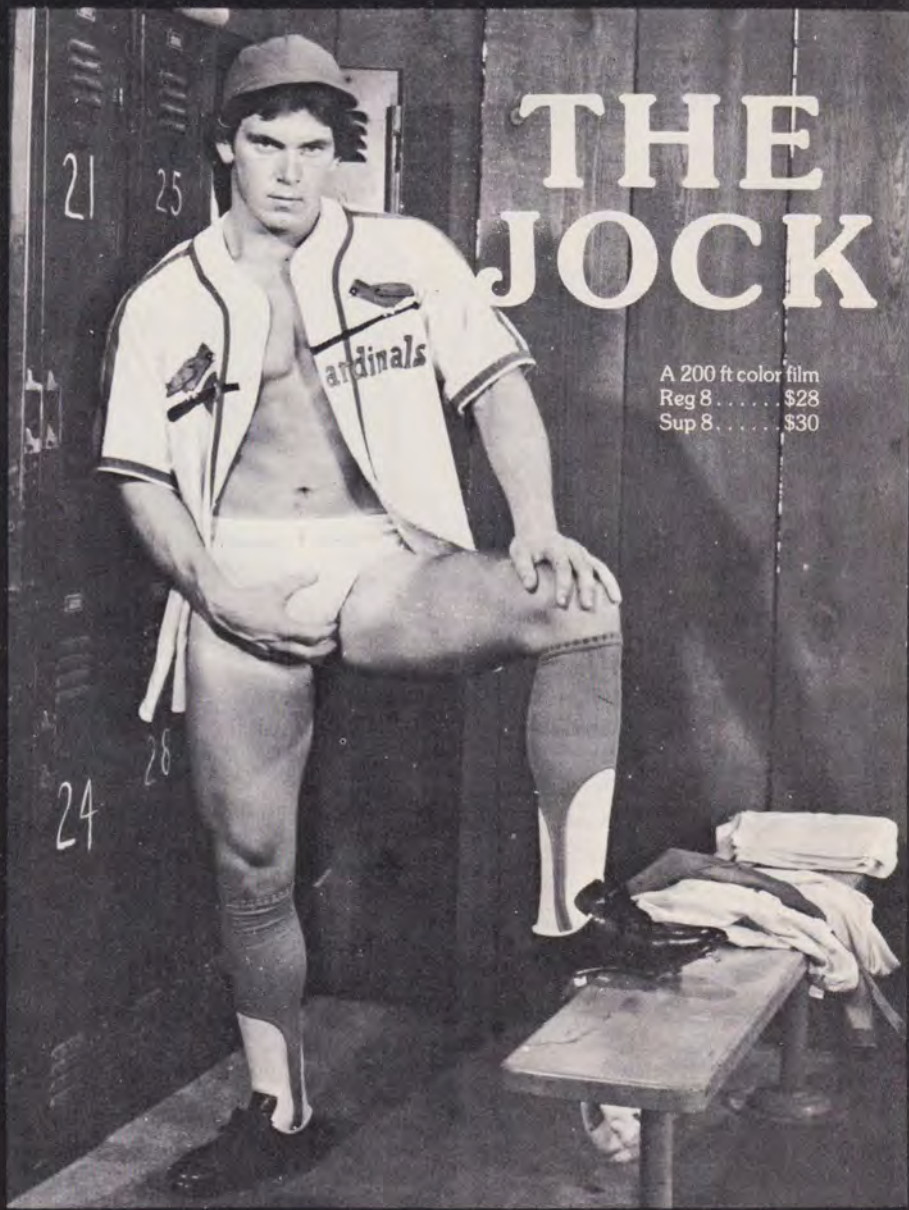
There was a leash attached to the band of leather, and the black used it to lead the young man over to that wall. Quickly, expertly, he shackled his slave to the hoops of metal that stuck out from the brick, leaving him spread eagled, pressing his body against the cool of the stone, but his ass and the whole of his back side was at the mercy of his captor.

The black stood back from the vulnerable figure and a sound announced the freedom of his belt from his pants loop. The young man sucked in his breath. As little experience as he had, still there was a native intelligence about him. He may never have been to this place before, but he had lived it in his dreams. He knew what was coming.

There was only a split second's sound to warn him of the assault of the belt on his naked ass. A cry from deep inside him was freed for the first time in his life. He screamed in agony from the pain, in joy from the experience. Again and again the strong dark giant lifted up the weapon and brought it stinging down on the white captive in front of him—one after another blow left searing stripes of pain and heat down the young man's body.

Was he beaten into unconsciousness? Was the experience too great for him to stay aware of it during its duration? Was the black man really such a cruel sadist that he let the young man go beyond the points of his endurance? All he knew was that after a time he was released from his shackles. He couldn't remember just how many strokes had fallen on his body, he had left behind any normal concept of what pain was, how it felt, what it produced. He knew that his body was won by this black warrior. He knew that it had been claimed by the other who took it as willingly as he had offered it.

He collapsed onto the floor and waited. His head hung down in continued subjugation. His back and ass burnt from the savageness of their beating, but he did not try to leave the new place he had found. Tears streamed down his face, his sobs choked him when he tried to regain his breath. But, still, his hands went willingly behind his back to leave him kneeling in a position of such un-



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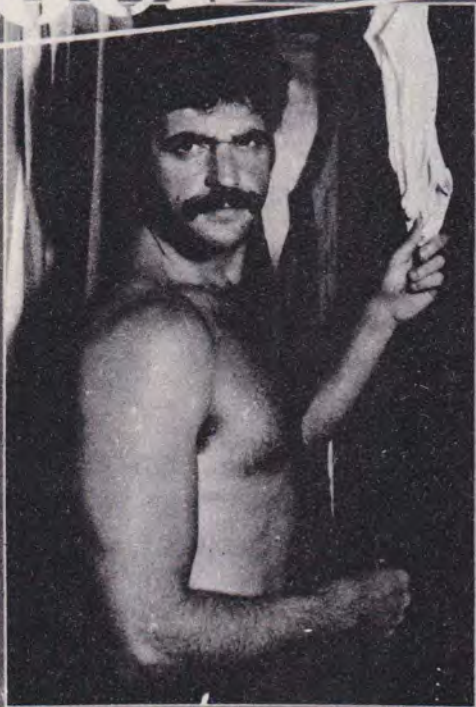
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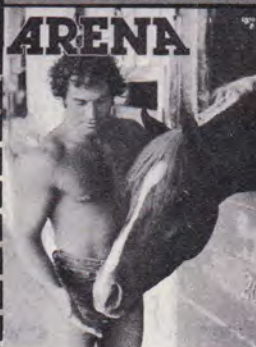
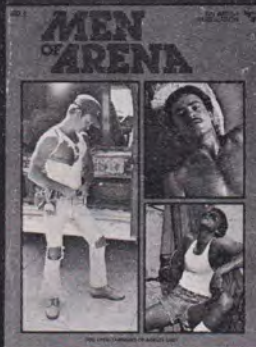
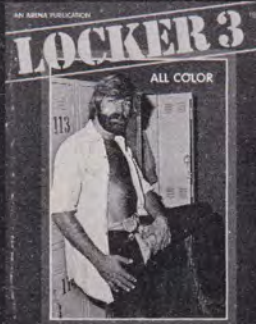
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reserved submission that the black man had no choice but to maintain his claim.

That enormous cock came closer to the young man's face. A hand grabbed hold of a chunk of his hair and led his mouth up onto the thick uncut shaft. The hungry pole forced its way past the young man's lips and deep into his throat, bringing with it the rank odors of stale piss and dried urine that hadn't been washed from the masculine totem.

It was not the young man's place to give pleasure. He didn't try to move on the black shaft that stuck its way so forcibly down his throat. Instead, he willingly left his face in the proscribed position. Letting the hard manmeat fuck his willing orifice as often, as deeply, as painfully as it chose.

The black's cock fucked the boy's mouth with increasing tempo. His own chest started to expand and contract with the approach of his own release from his warrior's stance. Others gathered around. Some reached down and painfully tortured the nipples of the young man, driving him further and further into his private world of slavery. Others, reached up and in their own way joined the young man in his worship of the black gladiator who had claimed him, rubbing their hands respectfully over the hard muscles of his body, feeling the well developed torso through the tight leather wrapping.

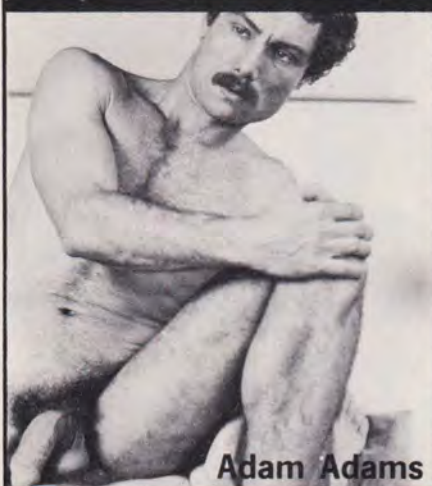
The black man suddenly shot deep down the back of the young man's throat. His cock pulsed with the streams of his masterful cum as it poured into the captive, far into the inside of the willing receptacle.

The young man made no move to stand or to free himself from his position, even when the ebony cock was withdrawn and removed from his reach. The black warrior stood over him and waited for a sign, waited for a signal that would let him know how far he had taken his white slave into the world of darkness. But none came, and the black finally realized that that in itself was his sign. He stood and made his decision. Did he want to claim this as a victim? Did he want the responsibility of guarding this chattel from other warriors? He reached down and grasped the collar.

The last time the young man was seen in Studs he was carrying his clothes in his arms and was being led, naked, down the stairway, into the street. A prisoner of war. A part of the booty of the pirate who had captured him. A slave to his black master.

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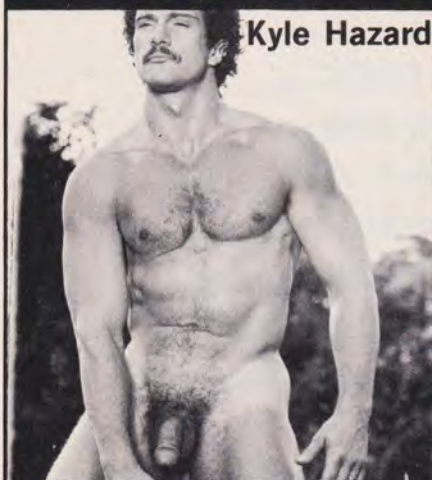
Uncut!



Adam Adams



Ed Wiley



Kyle Hazard

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Starring ROD MITCHELL & KYLE HAZARD

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Starring ED WILEY & ADAM ADAMS

We've cornered the meat market in this tale of a sultry day on the New York piers. Hunky, levi-clad studs saunter along the docks, eyes at crotch-level. Among them,

Rod Mitchell



Bruno



two stand out: the dark and sensual Adam and the hawklike Ed. Contact is made. "Let's go to my place." "Sure." Home. The bedroom. Mounting excitement as plaids and bluejeans give way to hard muscular flesh. "Wow!" "Let's do it!" Yea! (200 ft. color)

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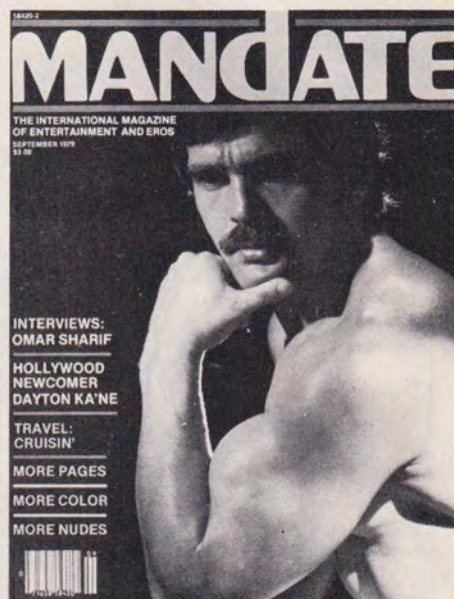
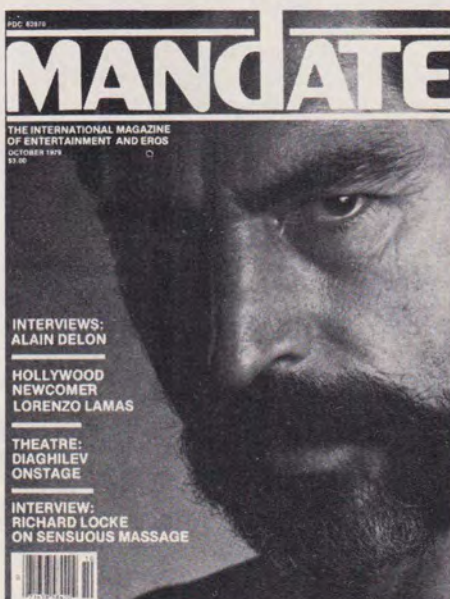
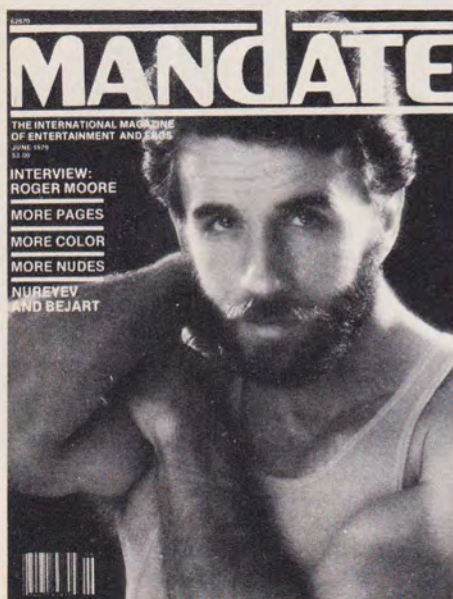
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NOVEMBER 1979
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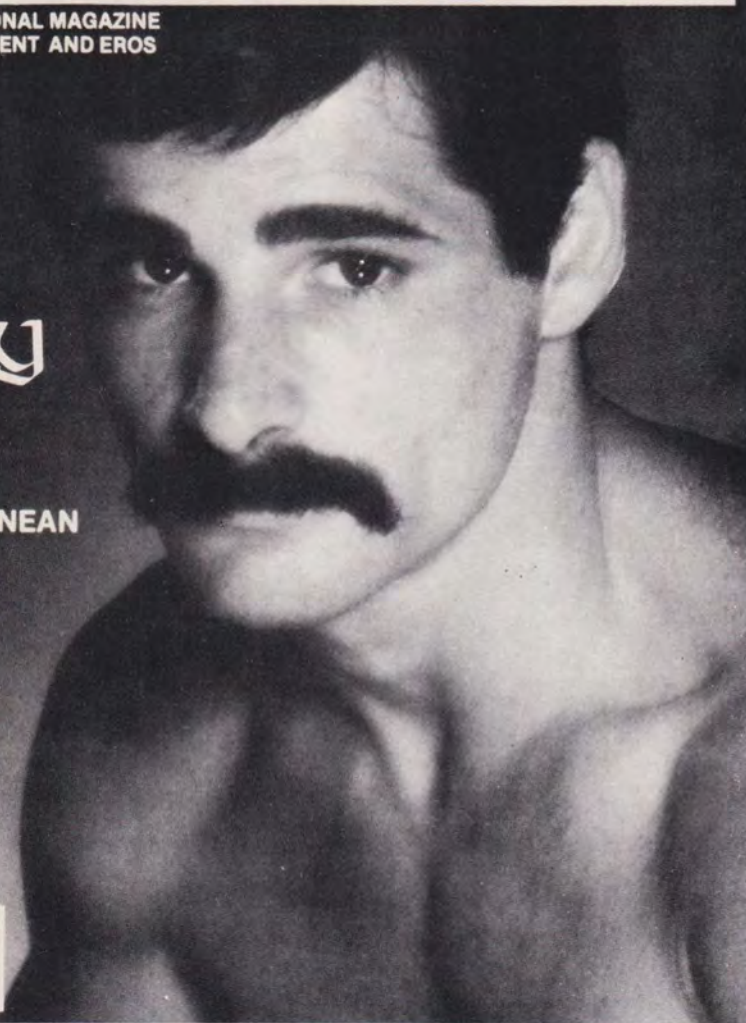
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THE LOOK
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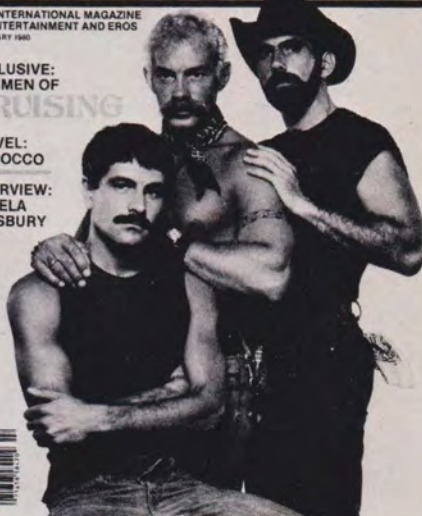
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Seen *Mandate* magazine recently?
Take a look, and you'll discover why
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substance. Hot men *and* hot copy.
Interviews with extraordinary people and
views of extraordinary guys. Keep up and
keep it up. Take a look.
Mandate's good-looking and good looking.
The covers pictured here aren't
cock-teasing. *Mandate* puts out.

KID STUFF

Yeah. Kid stuff. But when he
rolls over and spreads his thighs,
he's strictly man-sized. Turn the page...

Photograph by Man's Image





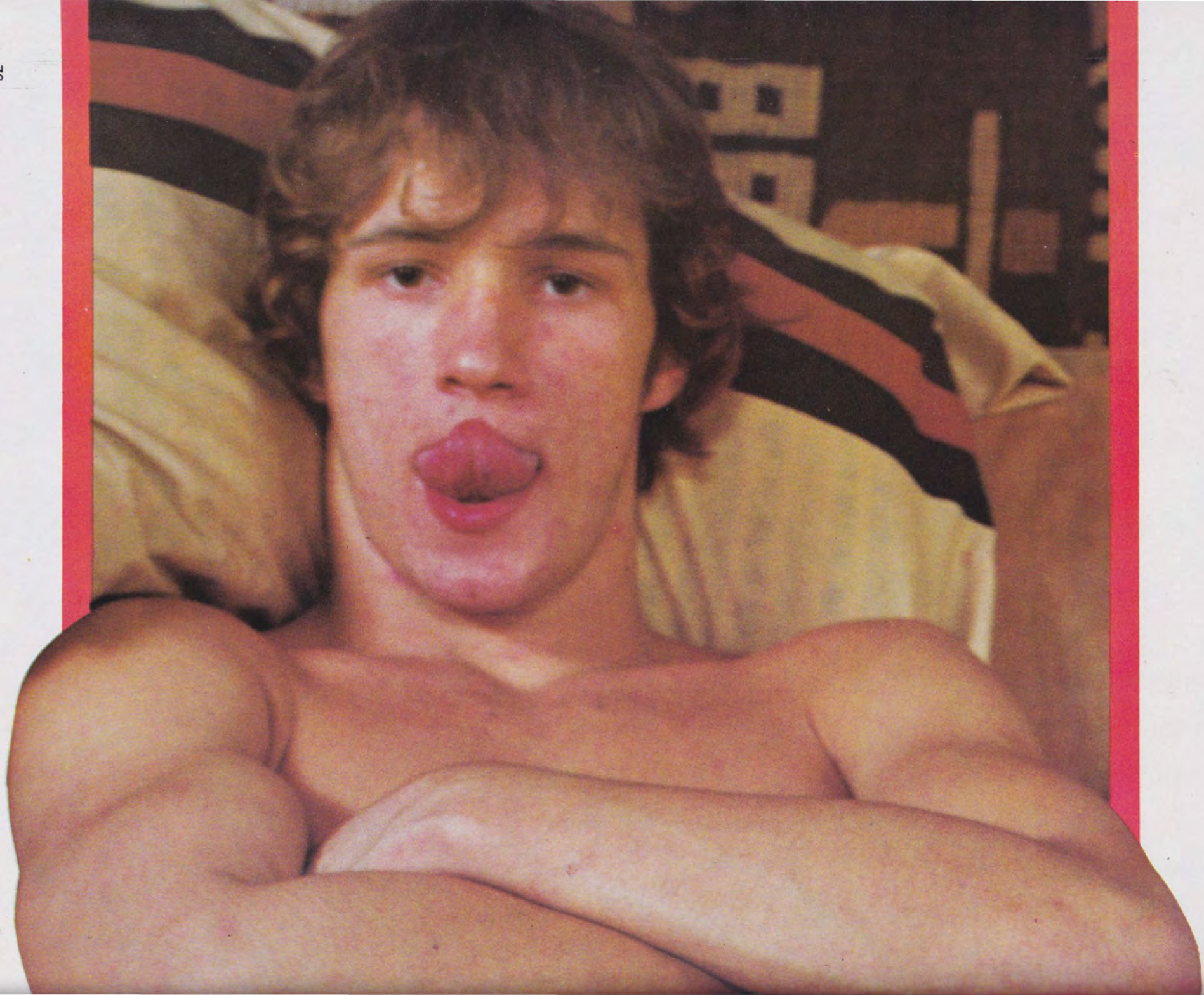
KID STUFF

Kid stuff indeed. This streetwise, hard-living punk may know more about life, at *his* age, than all the rest of us combined. At right, he could teach us a thing or two. No doubt about it.

Photographs by Man's Image









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May 1980 / HONCHO 77

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AGE: EIGHTEEN

Dear *Honcho*:

I am 18 years old and I think that *Honcho* is the best gay magazine ever published. I'd like to ask if you can put in your next issue two of my favorite Colt men, Franco Arbruzzi and Byron Hawkwood posing nude. I'm sure I'm not the only one who would like to see these studs nude. Also I'd like to ask, are the Village People gay? There are two of the Village People which I dream about everynight, and they are Randy "the cowboy" and David "the construction worker." I think that they are really *Honcho* men, and do you think if they would mind posing nude for your magazine? I think that your *Honcho* men are the best I have ever seen. Keep up the good work!

Unsigned

P.S. - I want you to put this letter in your magazine, and answer it. I really don't want my parents to find out that I'm gay. I think you know what I mean. Again, keep up the good work!

Dear *Honcho* Editors:

I've written you some horny letters in the past but this one is straight and sincere. I always look forward to buying *Honcho* but, as you know, I crave so much more. Perhaps male sexiness is no more beautifully portrayed than in a man's wonderful equipment bulging *inside* things—briefs, jockstraps, levis, shorts, suits—*anything*. I find a nice, prominent *full bulge* within clothes one of the most beautiful things in the world. How about a special feature spread on bulges?

In fiction I like raunchy, detailed descriptions of the male organ and exaggerated accounts of enormous orgasms—a man coming & coming & coming, his semen shooting all over the place.

A Reader
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear *Honcho*,

I am a German who is visiting in American for the first time and saw a copy of your magazine at the home of a friend. I couldn't believe the quality of *Honcho*, including photos, fiction, everything. Of course, the men are the hottest thing ever. Where on earth do you find such studs?! We have nothing like *Honcho* in Germany. I just want you to know your work is appreciated by a European brother.

Hans S.
Munich

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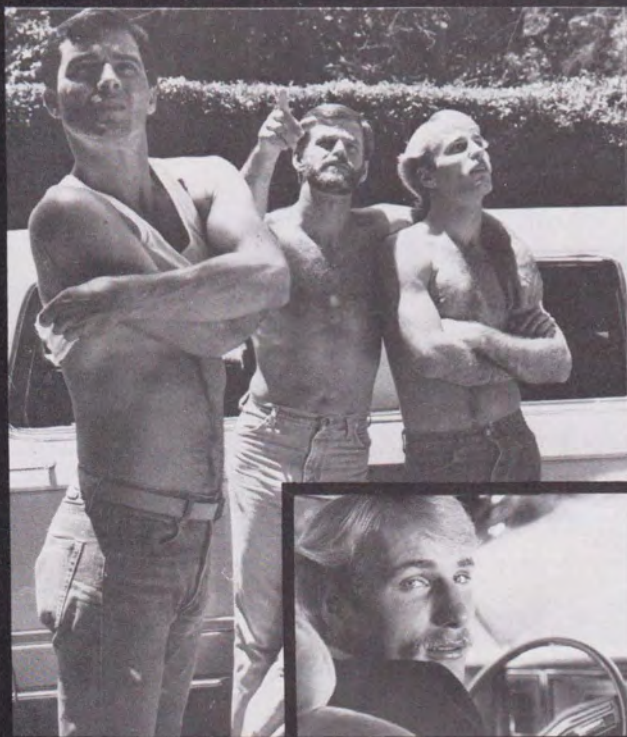
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3

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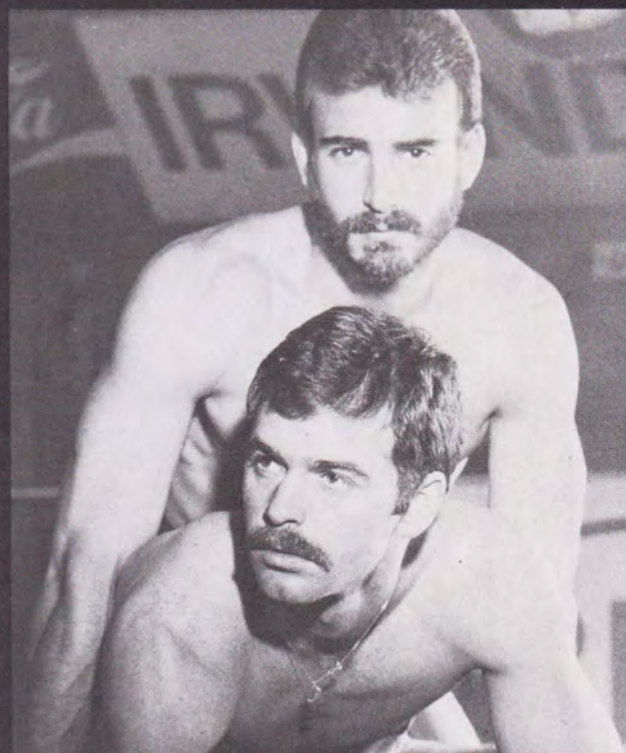
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Starring MIKE DAVIS, STEVE TAYLOR



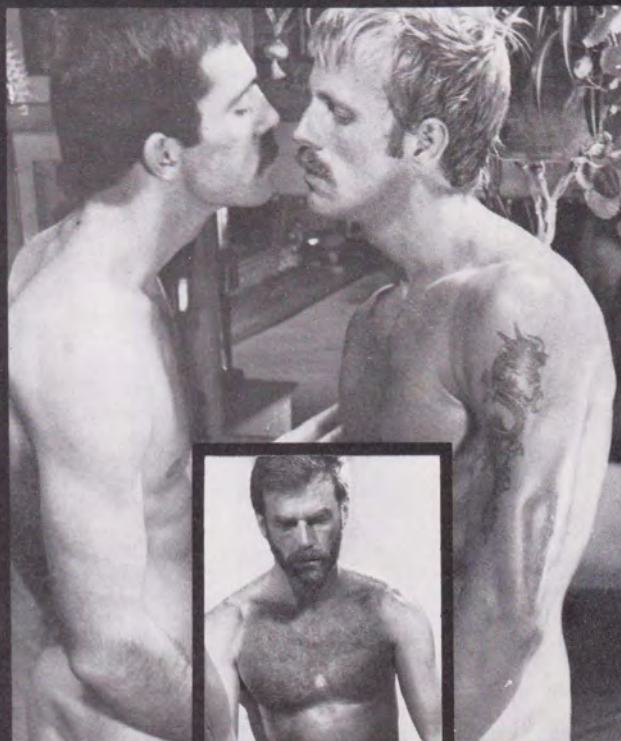
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Sultry at San Marco

VOL. MCMLXXIX....No. 2

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PASSION AT PALAZZO

RUSH LIQUID INCENSE BLAMED

Casanova Clarifies Crazy Carousing

VENICE, Saturday, June 1 — G. J. Casanova, former army officer and Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Aquaviva, explained today in an exclusive interview the circumstances surrounding last night's frenzied escapades at his palazzo in the exclusive San Marco section of Venice. Casanova stated that he had invited several young ladies for a Friday evening of chamber music. Late in the afternoon, he received a small bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense® from a friend, who whispered certain unbelievable claims concerning it. Casanova placed the gift aside and thought no more about it; until, during the evening, one of the ladies inquired as to its strange nature.

In attempting to open the jar, Casanova alleged that his arm was jarred by the fiddle player's bow, and the incense spilled upon the carpet. Claiming the grounds of chivalry, Casanova refused further comment on what ensued prior to the scene represented (at right) by our roving artist who arrived at the palazzo at 4:00 am.

Casanova's only further comment was to inquire as to where he might obtain more Rush "whatever the cost." Investigation reveals that Casanova was expelled from the Seminary of St. Cyprian at age 16 for "scandalous behaviour." Unconfirmed reports suggested that his lengthy vacation in Paris last year may have been prompted by certain threats made by several irate Venetian husbands.



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