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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

AUGUST 1980
\$3.00

**NUDES:
STREET LOOK**

**FICTION:
'KIDNAPPED'**

**COVER AND
CENTERFOLD:
JOE PORCELLI**

**SKINFLICKS:
'DYNAMITE!'**



HONCHO

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3 • AUGUST 1980



COVER

The haunting eyes dare you, with a self-assurance that's cockily attractive. Take the dare. Turn to page 36. Photo: Roy Blakey

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EDITORIAL

HONCHO

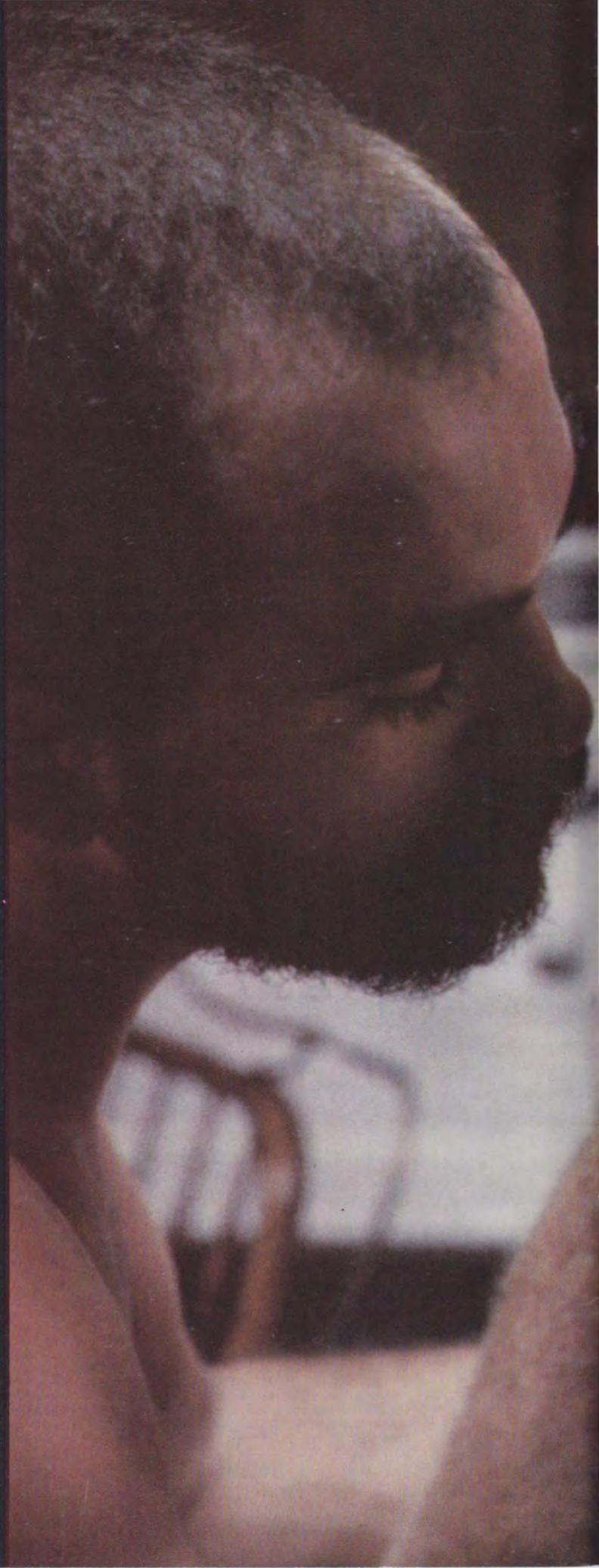
POTENTIAL

Hot, hotter, hottest! No we 're not describing the month of August, rather this sizzling issue of *Honcho* which is one of our steamiest yet. Our coverman and centerfold, Joe Porcelli, is just a tantalizing hint of what to find in these pages. The men opposite from the Arch Brown gay pornpic, *Dynamite*, are a couple more reasons why this one is a scorcher. That aptly titled film is reviewed on p. 49 with shots of more men who make it so explosive.

We have no less than four hot fiction pieces this issue that deal with a number of exciting topics including water sports that don't require you to go near the water. That one's called "Golden Dreams" by new contributing writer, Victor Hemsley. There's some topnotch erotic art with the fine works of illustrators David Martin, Richard Rosenfeld and Australian Mannix who makes his debut this issue. Finally, there are lots of naked bodies to make you drool as summer time burns itself out. For those who have requested a focus on men showing a little tenderness instead of brute force, check out "When Strangers Meet" on page 57.

Gentle as it is, it won't leave you on a soft note.

Photo: From Arch Brown's 'Dynamite'





golden dreams

By Victor Hemsley • Illustration by David Martin

Jack was the first to notice the new face in The Gallows. He had been hanging out in that neighborhood Chicago leather bar for nearly five years and knew everyone who came in. It was commonplace for one of the regulars to bring in somebody different, and always the guy would be introduced around. That was the sort of place The Gallows was. Almost like a private club. It was off the beaten track for other gay bars, nothing like the Dockstrip in Manhattan or the Folsom in San Francisco, so it was unusual when someone wandered in off the street. You had to make a special effort to get there. Or, in the case of an occasional humpy stranger, stumble on it accidentally.

"Who's the new dude?" Jack's buddy Glenn asked. He had been rapping with Jack about problems with his lover when he noticed Jack didn't seem to be paying close attention. Following Jack's gaze, Glenn caught sight of the distraction. The guy was standing just inside the front door, looking around the bar with an expression on his face suggesting he didn't know whether to stay or not. Jack decided he'd help the man make up his mind.

"Dunno, man, but I plan on findin' out."

While Glenn and several other regulars watched with interest, Jack swaggered over toward the door, his rounded buttocks moving provocatively inside skin tight leather pants. He wore a tattered undershirt beneath his black leather jacket and a cyclist cap perched rakishly atop his head. At age forty, Jack was living testimony to the fact that the young don't have it all. Plainly, Jack was a *man*.

His quarry was somewhat younger, in his early thirties. Dressed in blue jeans that were snug but not tight, he had a jacket similar to Jack's but without the adornments of cock rings, chains and other paraphernalia. The

guy had close-cropped blond hair and the most arresting pair of blue eyes Jack had ever encountered. Jack gave him a half-smile as he leaned against the wall by the door and said, "Name's Jack. Who're you?" He did not extend his hand, and the stranger stepped back slightly.

"Dave."

"Ummph," Jack grunted. He tilted his beer can and drained half the contents in a couple of gulps. "Haven't seen ya in here before."

"The drops turned into a thin dribble forming a foamy puddle around the crumpled beer can lying between Jack's boots. As Dave watched the stream increase, he dropped to his knees before the standing leatherman, ripping open his shirt to expose a muscular, hairless chest."

"Uh, no. I'm from Minneapolis." Dave's eyes flickered nervously about the dark room and he was trying to decide whether or not to have a beer.

Jack solved that dilemma for him.

"Beer?"

"Huh?" Dave asked. His mind had been wandering along with his stare.

"I offered to buy ya a beer," Jack said a little gruffly. "Thought I'd show ya a little Chi hospitality."

"Oh, sure. Thanks."

Jack turned to the bartender. "Give my buddy a beer, Bill. On my tab."

Continued to page 10



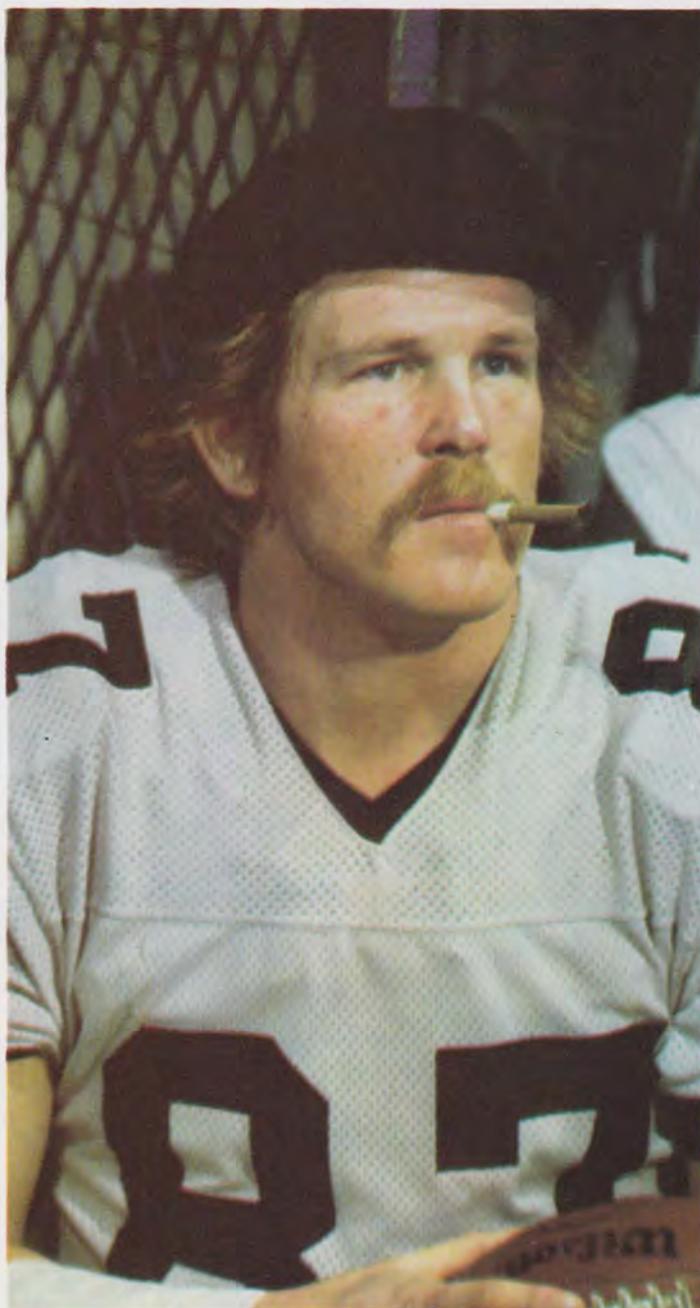
TITBITS

ODDS & INS

NICK...

Two of the fastest rising male sex symbols whose careers are careening comet-like into a celestial realm reserved exclusively for superstars are Nick Nolte and Richard Gere. Although both actors have been working hard for years, their fame by no means an instant phenomenon, it was a single work which catapulted them beyond their peers and into that sensual spotlight which few can outshine.

Nolte first came to prominence in the immensely popular television miniseries *Rich Man, Poor Man*, and he followed that with the overballyhooed *The Deep* in which his impressive chest shared credits with that of the beautiful Jacqueline Bisset. A heroin-heist caper, *Who'll Stop the Rain*, was most memorable for co-star Tuesday Weld's lawsuit which forced the producers to alter their advertising campaign so that she was given equal billing. Nolte's big break was still to come in *North Dallas Forty*, in which he put on a considerable amount of flesh on an already sizable frame to play an over-the-hill pro football player. It was his finest performance to date, and critics heaped praise from both here and abroad. Yet, despite its critical and box



office success, aided by an aggressive trade ad campaign in *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*, Nolte's performance did not attain an Oscar perination. It is a sign, however, that he is being taken seriously for the first time, and his performance in *Heart Beats* as Jack Kerouac's sidekick Neal Cassidy is testament to the fact that his earlier achievements were no flukes.

...AND DICK

Gere's career road to success has been an equally circuitous route. As Diane Keaton's jock strap-clad, karate-punching, knife-wielding pick-up in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, he drew attention to more than his acting ability. His appearance with Brooke Adams in the sumptuous *Days of Heaven* was overwhelmed by the staggeringly lovely cinematography of Nestor Almendros, but he fared considerably better in *Bloodbrothers*, a box office bomb distinguished by fine performances from Gere, Tony LoBianco and Paul Sorvino, who battled heroically with a banal script about a Brooklyn blue collar family struggling for survival. *Yanks* received

Left: Nolte in *North Dallas Forty* as an over-the-hill football pro; right: Gere in *American Gigolo*.

mixed reaction from critics and audiences, but Gere was staying firmly in the public eye. When John Travolta turned down the title role in *American Gigolo*, Gere stepped in and the result was a bare-chested cover on *People* magazine. Gere has managed to attract a strong theatre-going following with his tour-de-force portrayal of a homosexual imprisoned in Nazi Germany in Martin Sherman's controversial play *Bent*. Broadway critics were almost unanimous in searching for new superlatives to describe Gere's interpretation of the tormented inmate. From *Goodbar* to *Bent*, Gere has revealed himself to be an actor of enormous range and sensitivity. Like Nick Nolte, his one very clear and definite constant is unabashed masculine sex appeal. Both are unquestionably what the world needs now.

MALE STRIPPERS

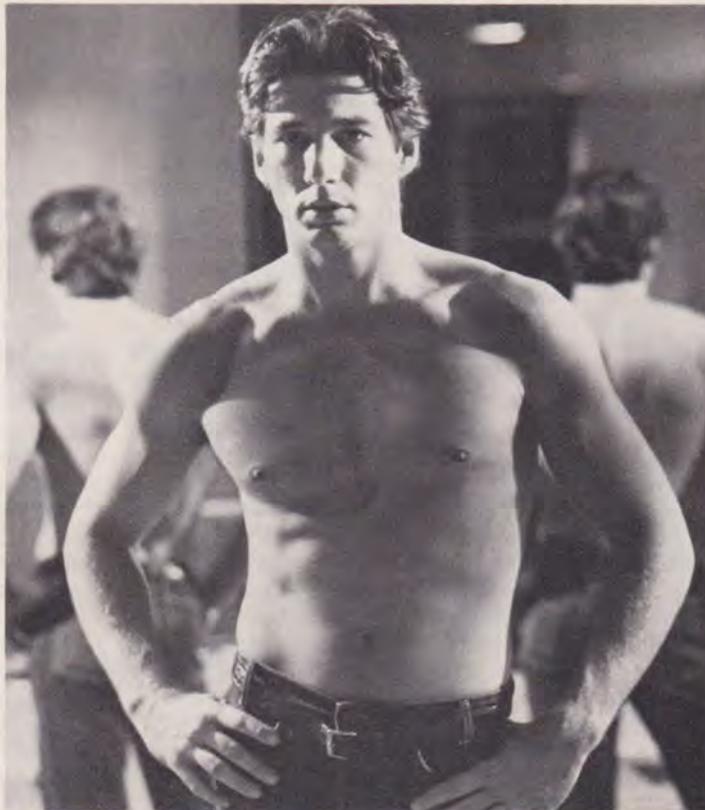
From coast to coast (and we mean New York to Hawaii), there are new developments in the world of male stripping. New York women got their own male strippers at Chez Elle in the long-established Hippotamus Disco where boys show their all and will dance with the ladies for \$1 a shot. In addition to the strips,

there are all-male production shows with two numbers totalling half an hour. Chez Elle opens at 5 p.m. to attract the working girl crowd with covers \$12 or weekdays and \$17.50 Saturdays which include an open bar. Also offered is a full meal for \$5.50 with smokes being peddled by (what else?) cigarette boys. Unescorted men are not admitted until after the last show at eleven. During the early part of the evening, a woman on their arm will get them into Chez Elle.

The Honolulu Liquor Com-

mission recently fined the owner of a dinner club \$150 for permitting a male dancer to expose his genitals while standing at a customer's table. The dancer, named Ringo, is part of the Fast Freddie and the Playboys Show which was performing at the Empress Nightclub. The investigator reported that Ringo came onstage dressed as Elvis Presley, stripped down to bikini briefs, jumped on a table by the stage and lowered the front of his briefs. Ringo then encouraged the

female clientele to pull down the back of his underpants and fondle his buttocks. A second citation regarding the fondling was dropped because the Commission cited the wrong regulation. However, under Commission regulations, performers may appear in the buff only if they are on a stage 18 inches above the adjacent floor, so Empress manager George Dang, pleading no contest, got socked with the fine. Meanwhile, male strippers are free to strip on The Strip in Las Vegas since District Court Judge Adeliar Guy's preliminary injunction has been imposed. The county halted strip-dancing for men under a 1979 ordinance governing adult entertainment. Bogie's Speakeasy Disco & Restaurant, a hot spot where the guys strut their stuff, sued through attorney Frank Cremen to prevent enforcement with Cremen charging male strippers do not fall under the heading of "adult entertainment" and therefore do not come under the ordinance. Cremen also contended that even if they did, the "dancers" were there before the ordinance and should be allowed under a grandfather clause. Judge Guy said they do come under the heading of adult entertainment but ruled they could take it off because they were there first.



GOLDEN DREAMS

Continued from page 6

"You got it," the bartender replied.

"Your first time in town?" asked

Jack.

Dave nodded. "Yeah. I'm down on business."

Jack gave him another half-smile. "What brings ya to a place like this? We're kinda outa the way, don't ya think?"

Dave nodded again. "A friend of mine told me about this." He picked up his beer and said, "Thanks."

"Who was that?"

"Clyde Danton. He moved to Minneapolis from Chicago about a year ago."

Jack furrowed his brow, trying to place the name. "Not sure I remember him." Then, "Wait a minute. Tall guy with a black beard. Pierced left nipple. Big uncut cock."

"Uh, yeah," Dave answered with a slight tremble in his voice.

"I remember the stud. Too bad he had to leave town." Jack remembered him only too well. Clyde Danton was one of the hottest and toughest topmen he had ever met, a stud with a well-deserved reputation for being mean. Jack was a topman himself, and he and Clyde had worked over a couple of slaves on several occasions. Clyde was one man who demanded and got respect. Jack was one of his admirers, having one time been tempted to get his ass plowed by Clyde's legendary giant prick. For Jack that was rare. He was never the man on the bottom. So, Jack thought. How does this Dave fellow know someone like Danton? Only one way to find out. "How'd ya meet him?"

"Well, I met him on a plane flight from Atlanta."

"Plane flight," Jack said, finding that funny for some reason. Imagine, he thought, meeting one of the roughest sadistic masters in the business while sipping cocktails at 38,000 feet. The image made his half-smile grow into a grin. Wonder if good old Clyde had on a business suit, and, if he did, was he wearing his cock rings and ball stretcher underneath?

"What's funny?" asked Dave.

"Nothin' really. I was just thinkin' about the good times I had with Clyde. Surprises me that I didn't recognize his name right away, but, well, he didn't call himself Clyde. Not until right before he left."

"What did he go by?" Dave sipped

his beer and eyed Jack closely as he talked. There was something primitive and forbidding about the man that alternately attracted and repulsed him.

"Animal."

"Why?"

Jack laughed in a deep voice. "If ya'd known him good ya wouldn't ask that question. But, hell, Dave. If ya knew about the details I mentioned, ya musta known him fairly good."

"I guess I should have referred to him as an acquaintance rather than a friend," Dave admitted. "We only made it once. The night after our flight from Atlanta."

Jack reached out and clapped Dave on the ass, giving it a stiff squeeze. "What's the matter, kid? Was he too heavy duty for ya? Weren't ya into his scene?"

"I guess he was a little out of my league," Dave said. "I'm a little backward when it comes to some things." He finished his beer and set it atop the counter while Jack flagged the bartender for another round. "This one's on me, Jack."

"Sure thing. I'll be right back. I gotta piss."

Jack was well aware of Dave's eyes boring through his back as he walked to the john. He was also well aware that there were plenty of other eyes on Dave. He wasn't worried about anybody making a play for the new guy, though, because there was an unwritten rule among the regulars at The Gallows. That is, when Jack made his approach to the newcomer, he staked his claim, a claim affirmed by the fact that the stranger bought him a drink, signalling that he responded to Jack's approach. It sounded complicated when someone tried to explain it, but it was actually very simple. All the Gallows locals knew each other and the rules perfectly. It was a system they had used for years, so Jack knew Dave would be alone when he returned from the men's room.

While he was talking to Dave, Jack had been speculating about the guy. He seemed to be playing it a little on the coy side when it came to his involvement with Clyde/Animal. Yet, Jack thought, he couldn't be too naive. Clyde was not a guy to play games, being well known when it came to matters dealing with what was hanging between his legs, or somebody else's. Unless Clyde's approach to sex had altered drastically, Dave would have definitely experienced some heavy duty sex. Besides, Jack reasoned that if Dave had

been turned off by the idea of leather-sex, why would he have made it a point to ferret out The Gallows?

Jack had been in the john barely long enough for him to unzip his fly when he heard the door opening behind him. Glancing to the side at a dirty cracked mirror, he saw Dave's handsome reflection. The look on Dave's face told the experienced Jack what he needed to know. Without a word, he unbuckled his belt, dropped his leather pants to the floor and began stroking his jock-encased genitals. Dave watched hungrily as a swelling slowly began between Jack's thighs and he reached out to hand him the full can of beer he had just bought. One hand on his crotch, the other clutching the beer, Jack guzzled the brew and crumpled the can in seconds, dropping the twisted piece of tin to the floor between his feet. Still without speaking, he hauled his thickening cock out of his jock and let the heavy slab of uncircumcised meat hang free. Keeping a hawk-eye on Dave, he allowed a few drops of piss to drip from the tip, drawing the fore-skin back very slowly to expose the wide slit to Dave's hungry mouth. Jack grinned when he saw the man lick his lips in anticipation and spread his legs even wider. The piss drops turned into a thin dribble that began forming a puddle around the crumpled beer can lying between Jack's boots. As Dave watched the stream increase, he quickly dropped to his knees before the standing leatherman, ripping open his shirt to expose a muscular, hairless chest. Jack raised his cock so that the stream of steaming hot urine struck Dave squarely in the face. Dave opened his mouth wide and began gulping loudly and greedily, anxious to have every drop of the stud's piss inside his hungry throat. Some of the piss splashed off his chin and flowed down his bare chest and into his denim-encased crotch where Jack could clearly discern a growing lump of manflesh. Finally Jack spoke.

"Take your cock out," he muttered.

Still noisily gulping at the man's piss, his face and the front of his body growing drenched with the yellow liquid, Dave reached down and unzipped his jeans. He pulled out a fully erect prick and Jack dropped his aim so that his urine flow struck the guy's hard-on.

"Aww, damn!" Dave cried. His dick jerked hard a few times and he sprayed a load of gism into the air. He had come almost instantly when his cock

had been hit with Jack's piss.

Still the liquid gushed from Jack's rod. His flow was beginning to slow somewhat, his cock growing aroused from the sight of Dave's explosive orgasm. He thrust his ass forward and clapped a hand behind Dave's head, bringing the guy's mouth to his cockhead, lunging so that it was shoved between Dave's hot tongue and the roof of his mouth. Dave slurped crazily, gulping down the last drops of piss and feeling the thick prick start to stiffen inside his mouth. Longer and longer, thicker and thicker, Jack's organ swelled inside Dave's throat until the man on his knees almost choked on the shaft of flesh. But it was as though he could not get enough of the thing. He needed little encouragement from Jack's hands, both of which were now placed behind his head as he drove deeper into Dave's throat. Dave's eager hands pulled down the jock and discovered Jack's low-slung testicles, big, hairy orbs that were fleshy and only beginning to draw up toward his groin.

"That's a good cock sucker," Jack said. "Work on those balls, man." With his mouth crammed with either thick cockmeat or heavy-hanging balls, Dave could only moan in response. He was so engrossed in what he was doing that he was unaware that anyone else had entered the john. Three of Jack's close pals had come in and were watching the action, each of them stroking meat quickly growing visible inside tight jeans. A silent signal from Jack told one of them, Glenn, what to do. He unzipped his fly and took out his half-hard tool, moving around the kneeling Dave until he was standing alongside Jack. A new flow of piss was aimed at Dave while he sucked on Jack's rock-stiff organ, a geyser that struck him on his bare chest and flowed down into his pubic bush to join that of Jack's. He moaned louder when he felt the hot liquid hit first one stiff nipple, then the other, then his belly, then his lengthening tool.

Before Glenn finished draining his urine, the two other guys joined in and with a hard cock in his mouth, buried almost to the hilt, Dave was being showered with three rivers of scalding piss. As his dick got soaked anew and began to rise up, the sight of a guy so thoroughly aroused by being drenched in piss was more than Jack could handle. He had never seen anyone shoot their load without even touching their cock simply by getting a golden

shower. When Jack saw Dave's prick start to twitch before letting fly with another cumload, he unleashed his own gush of gism. Dave gulped down the sperm just as eagerly as he had drunk the man's piss, and Jack's legs quivered with one of the most staggering orgasms he had ever had. Slamming hard into Dave's mouth, Jack yelled and poured his sticky gism out in one heavy spurt after another.

"Goddam!" he bellowed. While he had the last of his load sucked out of his cock, his three buddies quickly jerked themselves to erections and began pumping their meat toward explosion. Glenn knelt down and stripped away Dave's clothes, with Jack's help stretching the newcomer out in the huge pool of piss and his own cumjuice. Jack stared in disbelief as three new, copious loads of gism sprayed out of three hot cocks and splashed all over Dave's body. Splattered everywhere with big globs of white sperm, Dave's prone body began jerking spasmodically as his softened prick unleashed a stream of his own piss. He grabbed his cock and aimed the head upward so that the tip spewed an arc of steaming piss into his own mouth.

"Goddamn!" Jack said again. "I ain't never seen nobody that much into piss. Damn if the fucker ain't takin' his own!"

Afterwards, the four locals of The Gallows sat at the bar, reinforcing their bladders with more beer while Dave made an attempt to clean himself up in the head. "Gonna be able to smell that fucker blocks down the street," laughed Glenn. "He's a hot sonovabitch for sure."

"I just might throw him on my bike and take him to my place for a while," Jack said with a crooked grin. "Good slaves like that don't come along every day."

"Damn right," said the bartender. Bill had listened to their every word when they described what had happened in the men's room.

Shortly, Dave came back into the bar and was motioned by Jack to come over to where the others were sitting. "Ya smell somethin' awful," he said. "So I'm gonna take ya to my place and get ya into somethin' besides piss."

"Okay," Dave said, grinning when Jack swatted him fondly on the ass like he had done earlier.

"Ya don't want to know what I'm gonna get ya into?" Jack asked, grinning broadly to his buddies.

"Whatever you say...master," Dave

said. Noises of approval rose throughout the small bar at that obviously serious promise.

"Then let's move it, kid."

As they were zooming down the freeway toward Jack's place, Dave holding tightly to the other man as the bike weaved in and out of the traffic, Jack heard something that was music to his ears. "Master?"

"Whaddya want?"

"Can I call you by a special name, sir?"

"If I think it suits me. What are ya talkin' about?"

A knowing smile broke out on Jack's face when he heard his slave say, "Animal, sir."

"We'll see, kid. We'll see." To himself, Jack thought, thanks a helluva lot, Clyde Danton. I guess it takes one animal to know what another one likes.

Free Phone Sex

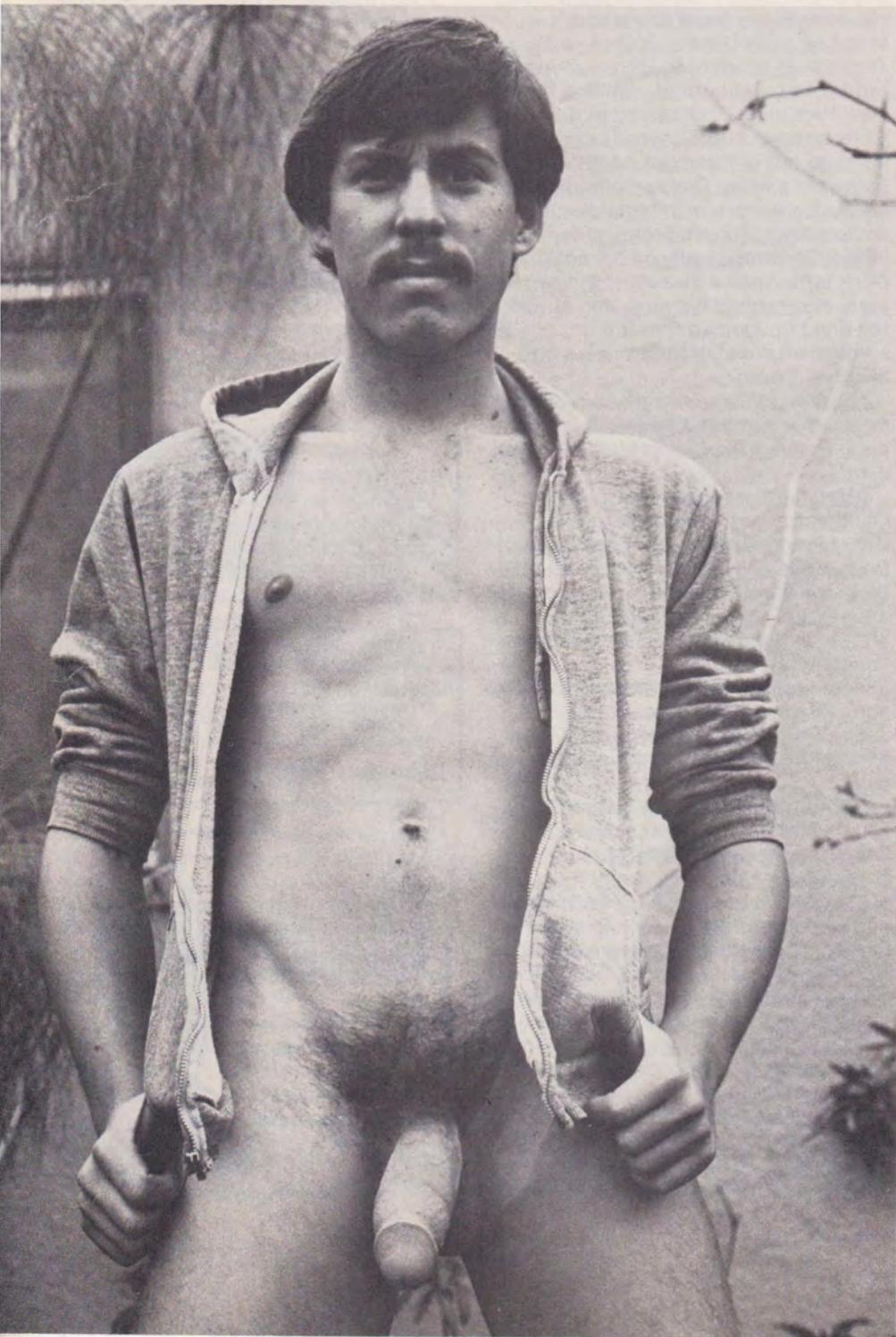
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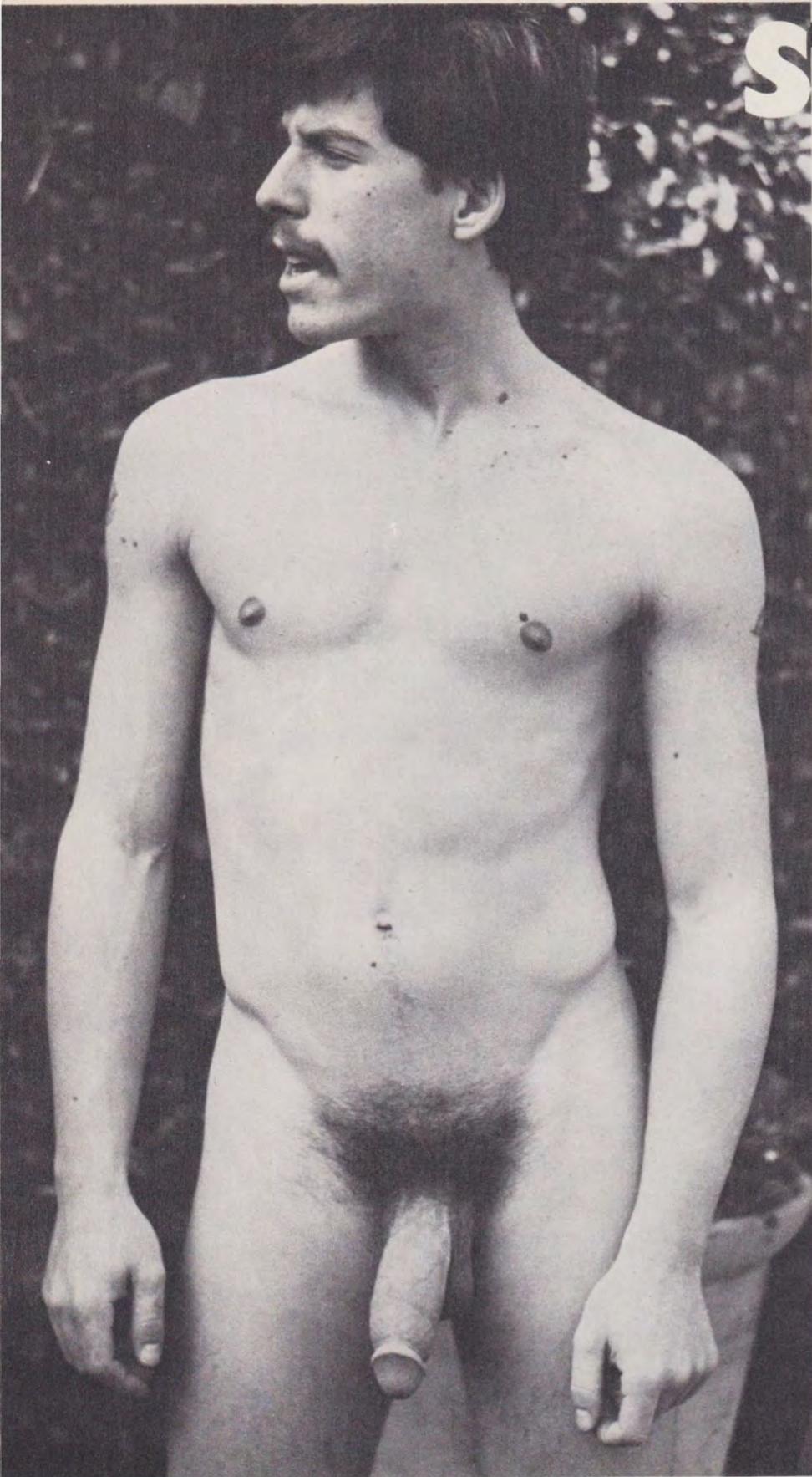




The name is Jed, and the style is uncompromising and no-nonsense. This is a guy who means business, but whose business is not necessarily being mean. We understand his street tough aura has a flip side to it, and that frown will easily disappear if the right person comes along to brighten Jed's day. He really doesn't turn this Garden of Eden into a Garden of evil after all.

Photographs by Jerry Melmed

STREET LOOK



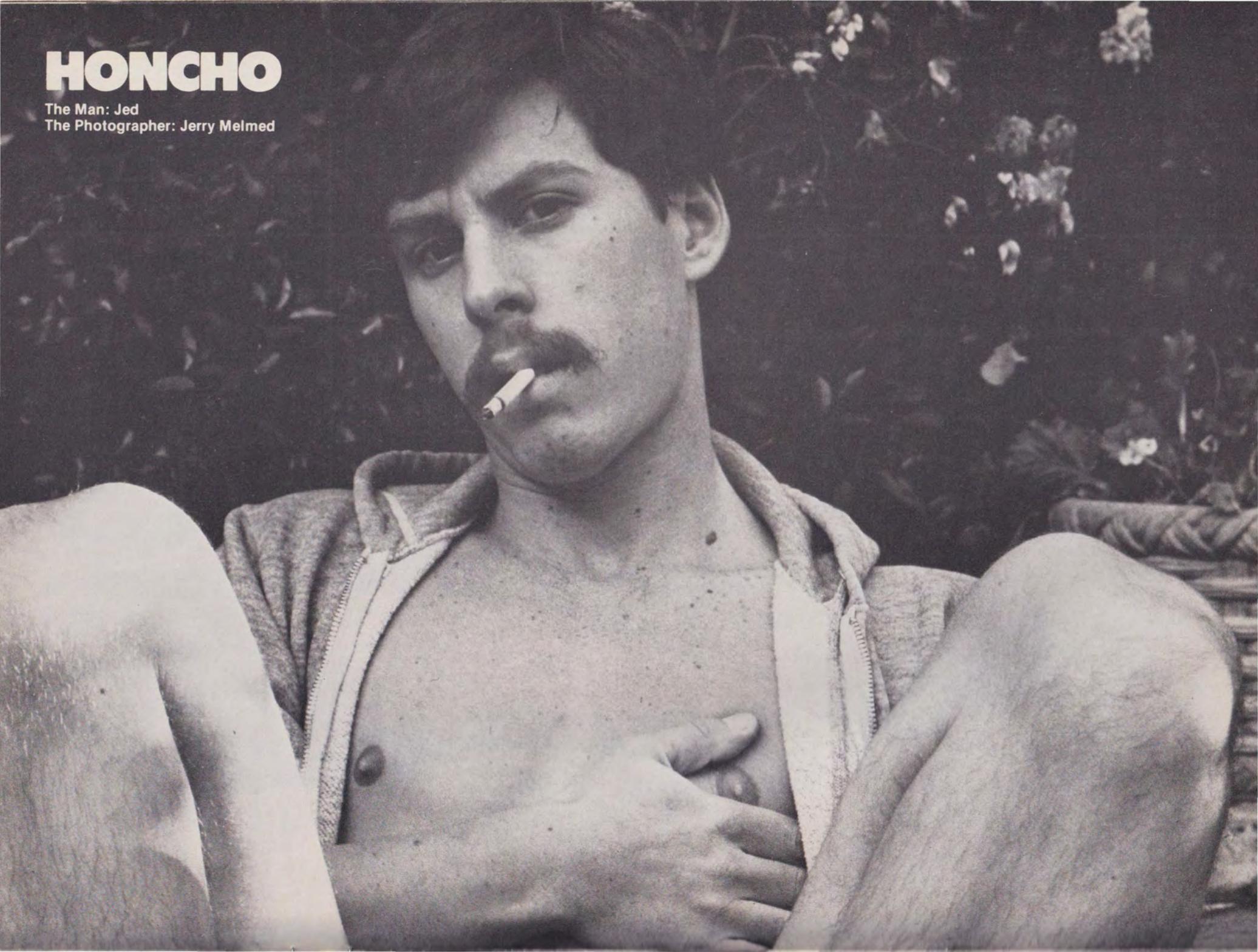
More of Jed's moody blues expressions, unless of course your eye is focused on some other part of his anatomy. This fellow may seem like a kid in some respects, but in others... well, it's obvious he's *all* man. When Jed doffs his street look duds, he gets right to the point in more ways than one. The following spread gives you a glimpse of his soft side just before it gets hard. Get the picture?

Photographs by Jerry Melmed

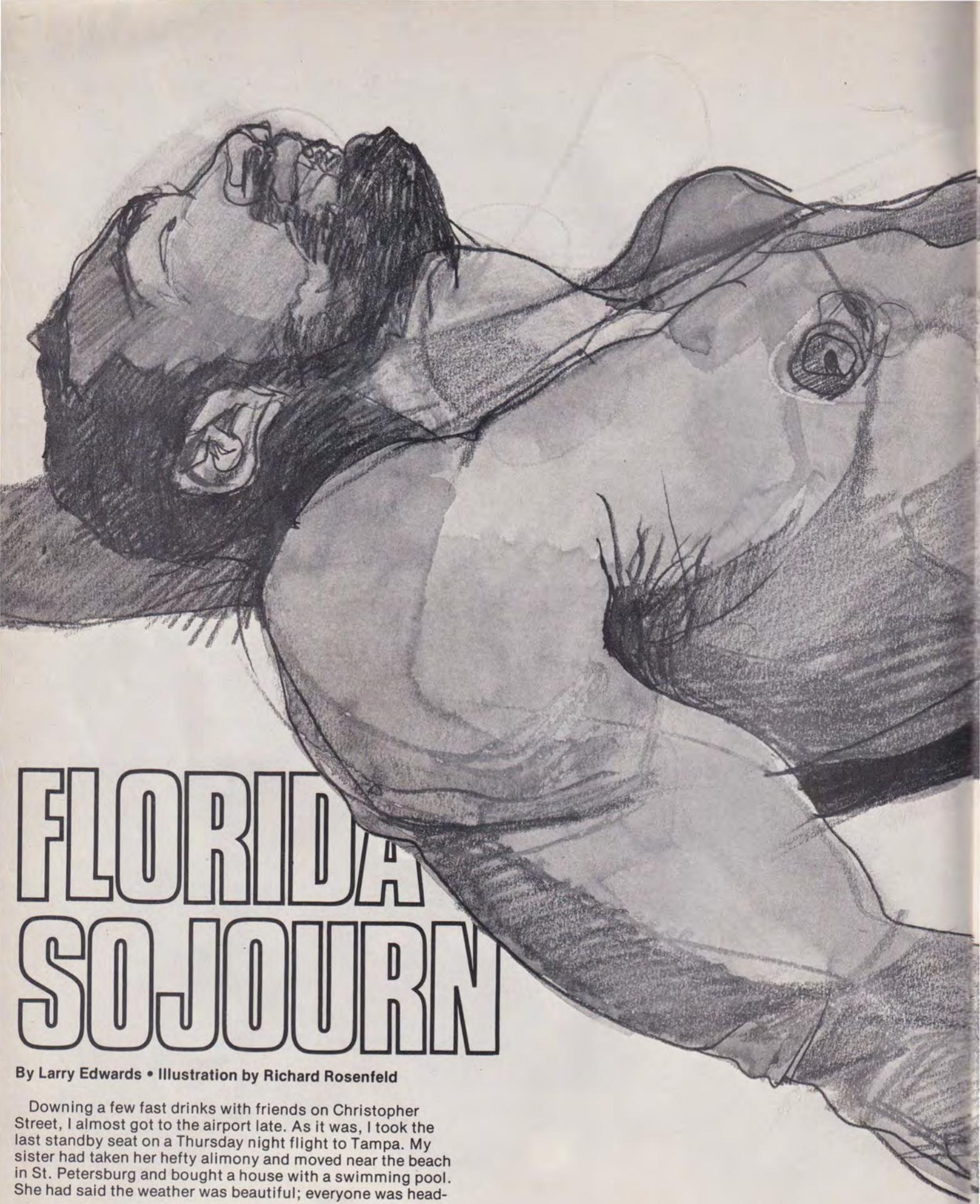


HONCHO

The Man: Jed
The Photographer: Jerry Melmed







FLORIDA SOJOURN

By Larry Edwards • Illustration by Richard Rosenfeld

Downing a few fast drinks with friends on Christopher Street, I almost got to the airport late. As it was, I took the last standby seat on a Thursday night flight to Tampa. My sister had taken her hefty alimony and moved near the beach in St. Petersburg and bought a house with a swimming pool. She had said the weather was beautiful; everyone was head-



ing to the beach again, and I should fly down for a few days and meet her gay friends.

My sister, though not gay, has always been rather appreciative of the gay scene. She has a good eye so I speculated about the selection of Central Florida men she might have in mind for me. My New York buddies had made jokes about the Florida crackers and how many I was going to crack personally. I could see their envy at my chance to get away from the cold, bothersome winter in Manhattan.

I wondered whether I had drunk a few too many when I climbed on board and got a look at the steward. Where did the airlines recruit such delicious specimens, I wondered, from a lineup of centerfolds? As he grinned a friendly welcome to the boarding passengers ahead of me, I scanned his tall, tan, well-proportioned frame and guessed he probably had some fine equipment on him to match his looks. When I passed him, I had to catch myself. My eyes naturally wanted to linger over this blue-eyed honey, but I didn't want to get out of hand too soon.

"Well, thanks, and enjoy the trip," he replied routinely and headed up the aisle.

"OK, no more overtures," I said to myself. "I get off before Miami anyway." I behaved myself the rest of the flight and settled meagerly for only his gleaming smile as I deplaned.

My sister picked me up and raced me to the biggest gay disco in Tampa before it closed.

"We're having a houseparty for you this weekend," she said. "I've invited friends over from Orlando. I wonder which one you'll like. Probably Michael. He's more your complement."

"I don't really have sex on my mind," I kidded. "I just thought I'd fly down and lie around in the sun a bit."

"Sure," she retorted. "Just don't lie around so long you forget to get back up, if you know what I mean."

We laughed as she parked near the disco, and hearing the latest love chant come blaring out of the club, we hurried in, trotting onto the dance floor immediately and working off some of that nervous energy from the flight down.

"Can I have this dance?" asked a

light snack. Seeing the group under bright lights, I thought they were a pretty hot ticket. I was getting off on Michael mostly, though. In his Southern drawl he told some hilarious stories about his swamp exploits that week. I was taken in by his sense of humor and his very, very casual, oh so erotic, laid back pace. He seemed pretty interested in me, too, flashing his light-colored eyes at me across the table.

On the way home, crunched into the backseat with Chuck and Paul, Michael and I intertwined our denimed legs as the car raced across the long causeway of Tampa Bay. My sister and her girlfriend chatted breezily in the front, as they fed disco tapes into the tape player.

At first Michael and I were content only to kiss hard and breathe heavy, but as I noticed Chuck reaching into Paul's shirt, playing in that dark forest of chest hair, I decided to conduct my own exploration. I dropped my hand over Michael's crotch and felt a pulsating bulge, ready for action.

As I licked around in Michael's ear, I probed into his jeans and felt his hot, medium-sized dick yearning to be free of the jock strap that bound it in. I reached further down, as Michael sucked in his stomach to make room for my sex-paw, feeling past his prickly pubes for his balls. I held them in my fingers, rolling them around a little in their soft sacs.

As Michael licked the sweat off my neck, I let my hand slide back up his tumid love-stick and massaged the head, now dripping a slight amount of pre-cum from his dick-slit. I couldn't wait to get my long pliable tongue over that succulent cock. As I used the pre-cum to lubricate the whole head, I felt a faint quiver run through his body.

When we got home my sister showed us into a spare bedroom that had a big waterbed waiting for us. "It's new," she said. "You get to inaugurate it."

Chuck stood next to Paul, his arm around Paul's sturdy middle, and added, "We installed it this afternoon. Have fun," and he and Paul grinned mischievously as they wasted no time finding their way to their bedroom.

I shimmied out of my clothes in a New York second and reached for Michael's jeans, dying to tear them off before he burned a hole through his crotch with that thickening rod. Just before I grabbed him, he stepped away

Continued to page 22

"The gays were out in full force for the weekend sun. Most of them, used to Florida's year-round sun, were already the color of bronze."

I was already fantasizing about the secret nooks on a plane we could slip off to together when he came by my seat and asked me what I'd like to drink. I refrained from the lewd reply on the tip of my tongue and settled for a Manhattan.

"That's where I'm from," I cornily added, a bit woozy from the drinks I'd already guzzled. "Which end of the route do you live on?" I inquired as he handed me my drink.

"Miami," he replied, friendly but not cruising, still within the airline's decorum. "Visiting someone or vacationing?" he asked.

"Both," I blurted, looking right into his limpid eyes, "but if all the men are as hot as you, I'll think about staying."

He wasn't abashed, probably used to passes like this, but he signaled with his eyes at the passengers around me, bringing me back in line.

short, stocky bearded blonde wearing a tight "Key West" T-shirt. One of my sister's friends, I realized, as she smiled and bowed out.

I wondered whether this was the complement. I was doing my best to scrutinize him from my very close range when he turned to the two guys dancing next to us and introduced us around. "I'm Chuck," he said, "and this is Paul and Michael."

Paul, smiling broadly, was a rugged, curly dark-haired fellow, black curls sprouting out from his unbuttoned flannel shirt. He wasn't bad at all, but Michael caught my eye. I liked his friendly but somewhat reserved attitude. He had an air of quiet authority. He was about 23, a little taller than I was, slim, with a high forehead and close-cropped brown hair.

The last dance came soon. Afterwards we stopped at a nearby diner for

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and frowned.

"I hate to disappoint you," he said in that sleepy drawl, "but maybe we should wait. I don't think I can get it up now, I've had so much to drink."

He teasingly stripped off his T-shirt, revealing a lean, hard, long swimmer's torso.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked. "Then what was that rigid pole I felt in the ear? Where's it hiding?" And I leaped for his cock as he grinned, knowing it was as hard as ever.

"Just kidding," were his last coherent words before he flung himself on my yielding body.

I wrapped my hairy legs around his buttocks and swiftly unbuckled his pants, then pushed them off with my feet. I grabbed his sweat-soaked jock-

strap and pulled up on it, squeezing his balls. Then I took his hungry dick into my mouth and worked on it, producing again that sweet pre-cum that lets me know I'm doing something right.

I nestled my head under his chest so I could lap up his nipples, licking them until they got good and hard. With one short warning moan of desire he dextrously flicked off his jock and flipped my legs up over my head. With a handful of spit he massaged my ass and then plunged in and out with such agility that I knew I was in the hands of an expert.

Then with that silent authority I had already detected, he rolled me over on my stomach and straddled my ass, lifting my buttocks slightly out of the air. He picked up my hips in his sure hands and rotated them around on his throbbing dick. Then the cock came out and massaged my asshole up and down without going in until I was pleading for re-entry.

"Give it to me! Stick that dick up!" I begged. "I want it all the way up!"

First he reached under my belly for my neglected member and jerked me off as he let himself come, shooting full spurts of cum up inside me while I came, my hot juice seeping out against my stomach. Now the waves of the water bed took over, rocking us gently to their undulations. I reached up to switch off the light. A great beginning, I thought, as we drifted off to sleep.

I was soon awakened, however, by a soft knocking at the door. Nobody else seemed to hear it so I got up, slipped my jockey shorts on, and went to the door. Some blonde, gorgeous figment of a dream seemed to be standing before me, but I could hardly believe it. His face was quite young and fresh. He couldn't be past 20, his straw-colored hair curling around his face, freckles strewn across his cheeks.

"You must be Lisa's brother. I'm Tom, from next door," he said cheerily. "I saw the lights on when I drove in so I thought you might still be up."

"Oh, sure. Come in," I said, regaining my senses, breaking my stare, coming out of my swoon.

A poodle in his arms barked and I recognized my sister's dog Charlie.

"No, thanks. I got to play some tennis tomorrow, better go get some sleep. Just wanted to bring the dog over. He must have dug a hole under the back fence."

"Horny little thing," I muttered, "the dog, I mean," I said, looking into

Tom's bright, intense eyes. "Come back over tomorrow if you get a chance."

"Sure," he said and walked back next door, his nicely rounded ass neatly filling out a tight pair of cut-offs.

I went back to the waterbed and snuggled next to Michael, my head spinning with neighborly fantasies, remembering how travel always inspires a healthy appetite.

My sister woke us all up late the next morning for a big Florida breakfast, cantaloupes, slivers of mangoes, and strawberry pancakes. Chuck and Paul were as hungry as Michael and I and showed the same signs of healthy physical satiation. When breakfast was over we all headed off to the gay beach in St. Petersburg.

Florida's Gulf Coast is more tropical than the Atlantic side, less developed, with clear water by the shore. As we ventured onto the sand we noticed a school of porpoises swimming in close, their dark fins rolling over and over in the warm placid water.

The gays were out in full force for the weekend sun. Most of them, used to Florida's year-round sun, were already the color of bronze.

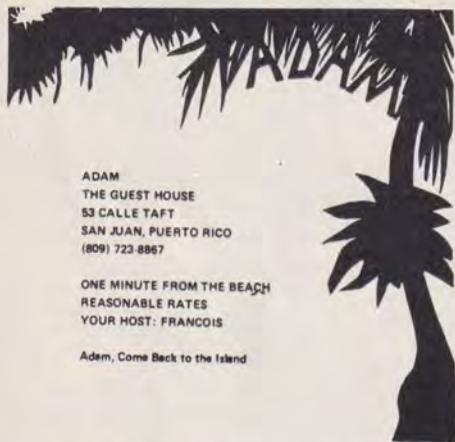
After Michael and I settled down on our beach blanket for a game of backgammon, I noticed a very tall, slim-hipped, muscular, dark-haired guy, probably about 28, getting up from his reclining chair. He put down his reflector glasses and walked into the waves. After he got in waist-deep he suddenly shot out across the water. He swam fast and steady, parallel to the beach, taking long beautiful strokes, proving to be a commanding swimmer.

I watched as gay heads, up and down the beach, turned to consider those strong strokes and the powerful long arms behind them. As Michael sat waiting for me to take a turn in the game, I glanced at his drowsy expression and smiled, "You'd better wake up. You're missing something in the water."

"What?" he joked. "A shark?"

"Maybe out of water. No, look, that dude."

He was just emerging from the ocean, dripping saltwater, a majestic stud. Michael and I were both riveted by the hefty form jostling around in his nylon racer's suit. The roll of his balls and cock as he strutted toward his towel was mesmerizing. He picked up his black towel and turned around to look at the waves, affording us a view of his sleek ass, those small but



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Statue of Brian Tinkham, 1979 Blueboy Man of the Year

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firm cheeks holding up his skimpy suit. He put his reflectors on and walked in our direction. He must have noticed our stares. I was too hypnotized to be discreet.

"Who's winning?" he asked.

"I've forgotten," I said. "I don't even know whose turn it is," and I shifted my eyes to his wet crotch where I thought I saw the beginning of a hard-on.

"Maybe if you remember, I could play the winner," he answered, unflustered.

"You could play with both of us, if you know what I mean," Michael chimed in, surprising me with his boldness.

"I have a place up the beach," the stranger said, wasting no time. "We could drive there in my pick-up. By the way, my name's Bill."

Gathering up our towels, we introduced ourselves, and I explained I was

bed and offered his hands to be tied behind his back.

"I've never done anything like this before," he drawled. What a line, I thought, amused.

Bill tied Michael's hands with a fast, practiced gesture while I tied each sinuous leg to the short, sturdy bedposts. Bill handed me the vaseline, offering me first shot at plugging Michael's tight, vise-like hole. As I let Michael have it, repaying him gratefully for last night's pleasure, Bill fucked him in the face, pressing his burgeoned cock into Michael's thirsty lips. Bill's thick wet mat of pubic hair joined the scratchy hairs of Michael's moustache. Michael moaned, getting it both ways. I reached for his cock and started jerking him off, as I began to think of coming myself.

Then Bill came around and inserted his big-headed venous tube into my ass and before I knew it had tied Mich-

"As I let Michael have it, he moaned, getting it both ways. I reached for him and started jerking him off, as I began to think of coming myself."

on a brief vacation. We waved to the other guys, said we'd see them later, leaving them with wide-eyed stares.

I jumped into the middle of the seat and clutched Bill's thigh. Before he was into third gear my hand landed on his big-headed cock. Pulling the suit down, I started massaging that eager dick as he reached a hand into my gym shorts.

Michael lighted up a number and passed it to my free hand. Then I steered while Bill took a toke. We were all feeling good when we pulled up in front of his clapboard duplex, a quaint building for such a hot trucker.

The interior, however, was very dark and sexy, with black leather couches and a bull's horns on the wall, with a cattle hide thrown down on the floor as a rug. As we stripped Bill led us to the bedroom where a large black trunk sat in the corner, sealed with chains. He unbolted them and scattered before us his collection of toys—harnesses, ropes of different lengths and thicknesses, dildos and vibrators. Urged on by the presence of another good-looking stud, Michael was full of surprises today; he leaped onto the

ael and me together in a kind of bundle. He had forced my hands back around my butt so they could massage his big tool as it poked in and out.

Michael came pretty quick now, crying loudly, and then he just lay there, wiggling his supple ass as I kept sliding in. Then I felt a cock ring snap around me as I experienced wilder and wilder pleasure. Soon Bill intoned in his low, husky voice, "I'm coming, I'm coming," as I felt his warm cum shoot way up inside me. Then I came into Michael, filling him up with squishy juice. So, I was the meat in this stud sandwich, I thought. God, this feast is unending.

We lay there for a while, still stacked together, though our cocks had slipped out of their snug warm places. Bill had untied us. I was caressing Michael's arms as Bill enveloped us both with his long hairy arms, breathing deeply against the backs of our necks.

Michael, who appeared now to be a fast mood changer, lifted his sweaty head and said, "Hey, how about a swim in your sister's pool while every-

Continued to page 66

**COMING!
NEXT MONTH IN
HONCHO**

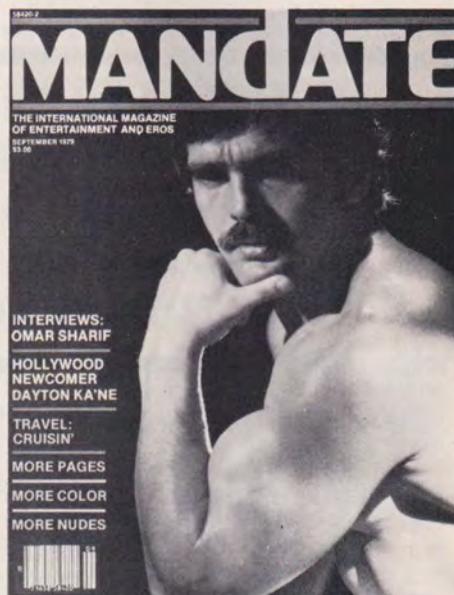
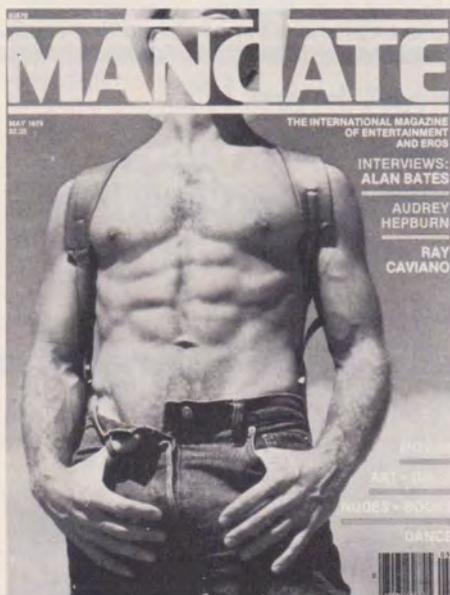
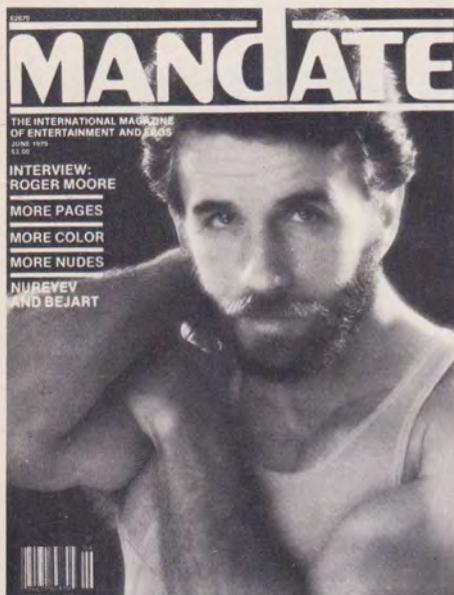


Colt means hot men and
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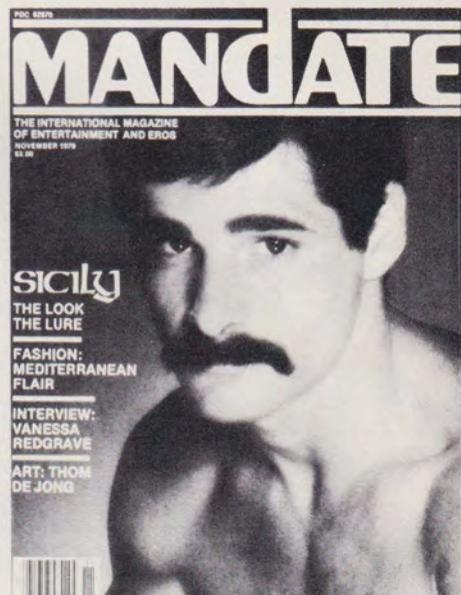
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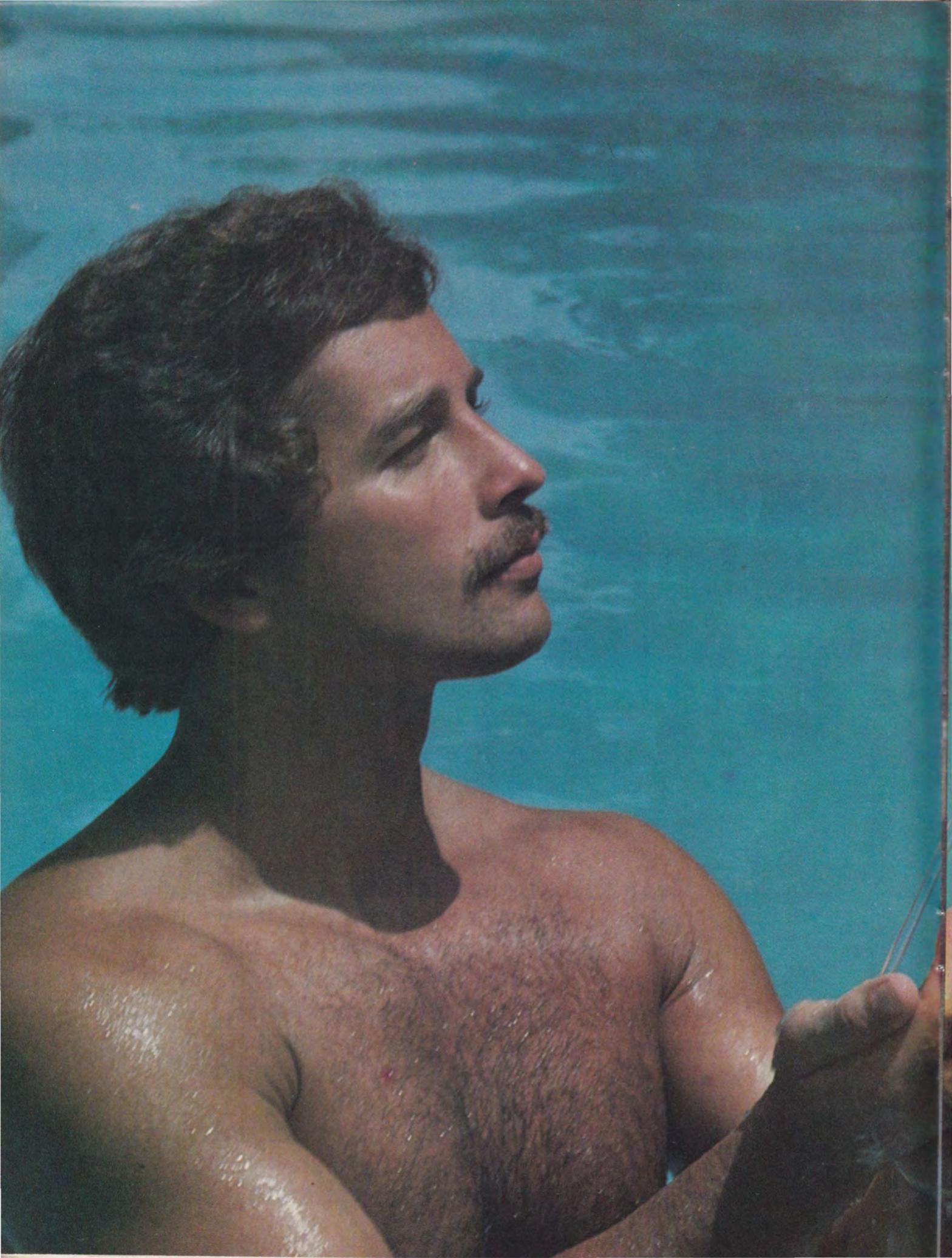
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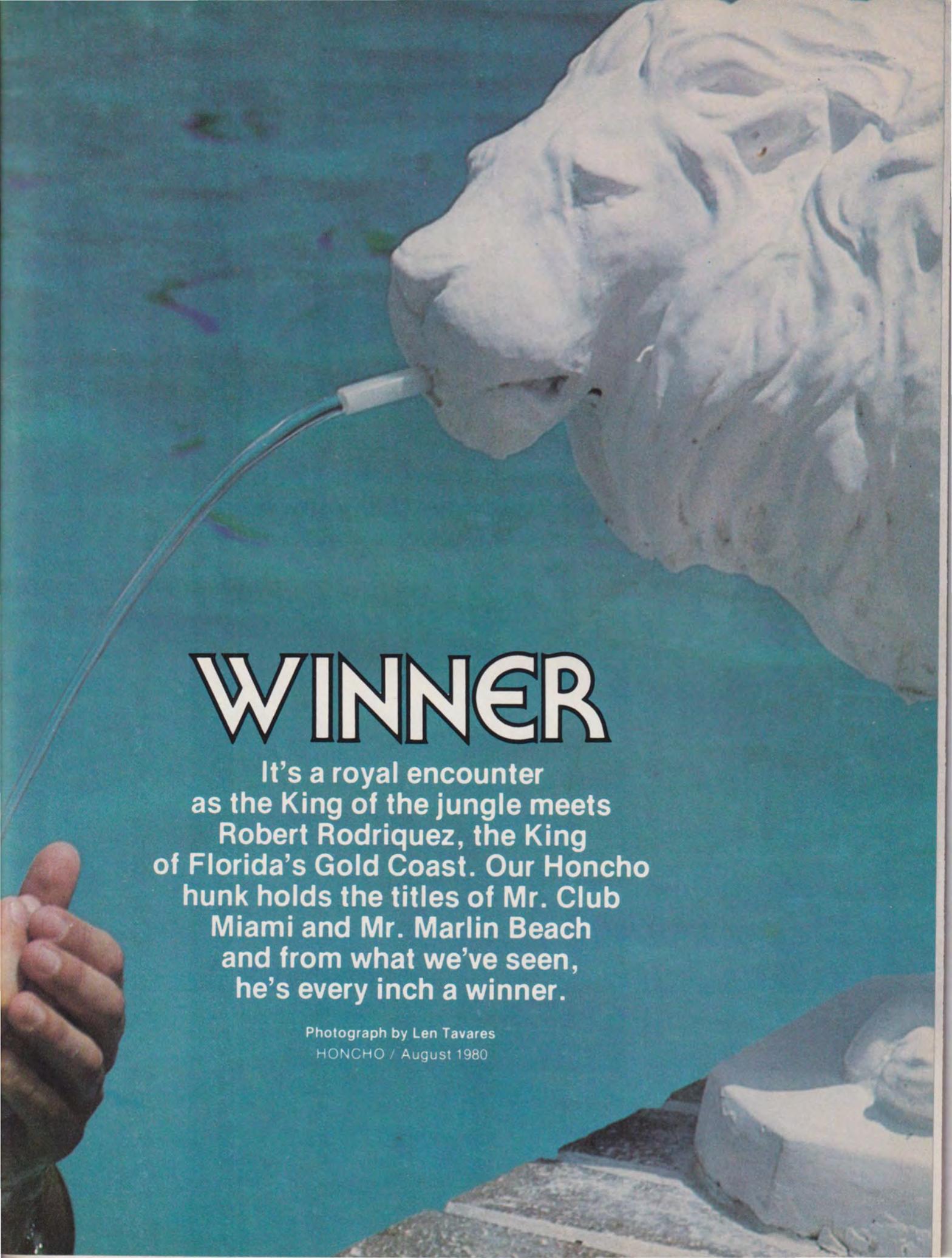
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WINNER

It's a royal encounter
as the King of the jungle meets
Robert Rodriguez, the King
of Florida's Gold Coast. Our Honcho
hunk holds the titles of Mr. Club
Miami and Mr. Marlin Beach
and from what we've seen,
he's every inch a winner.

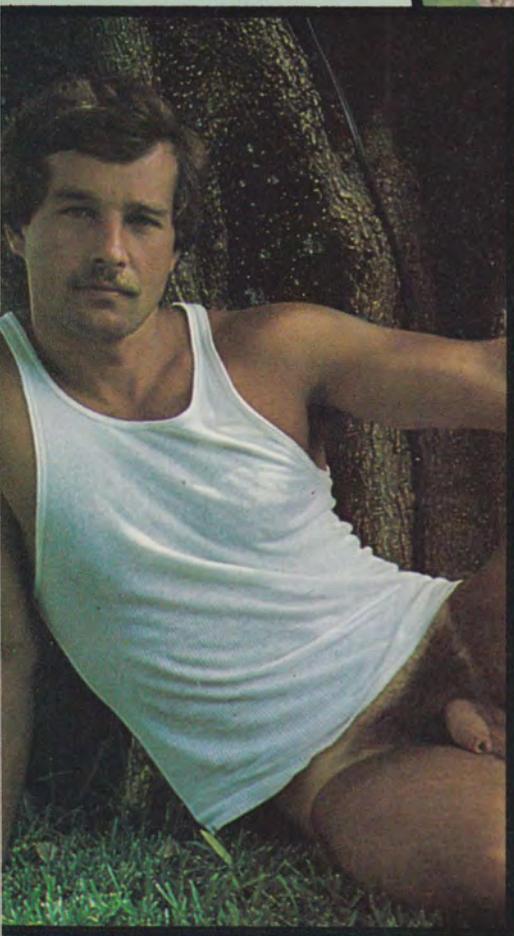
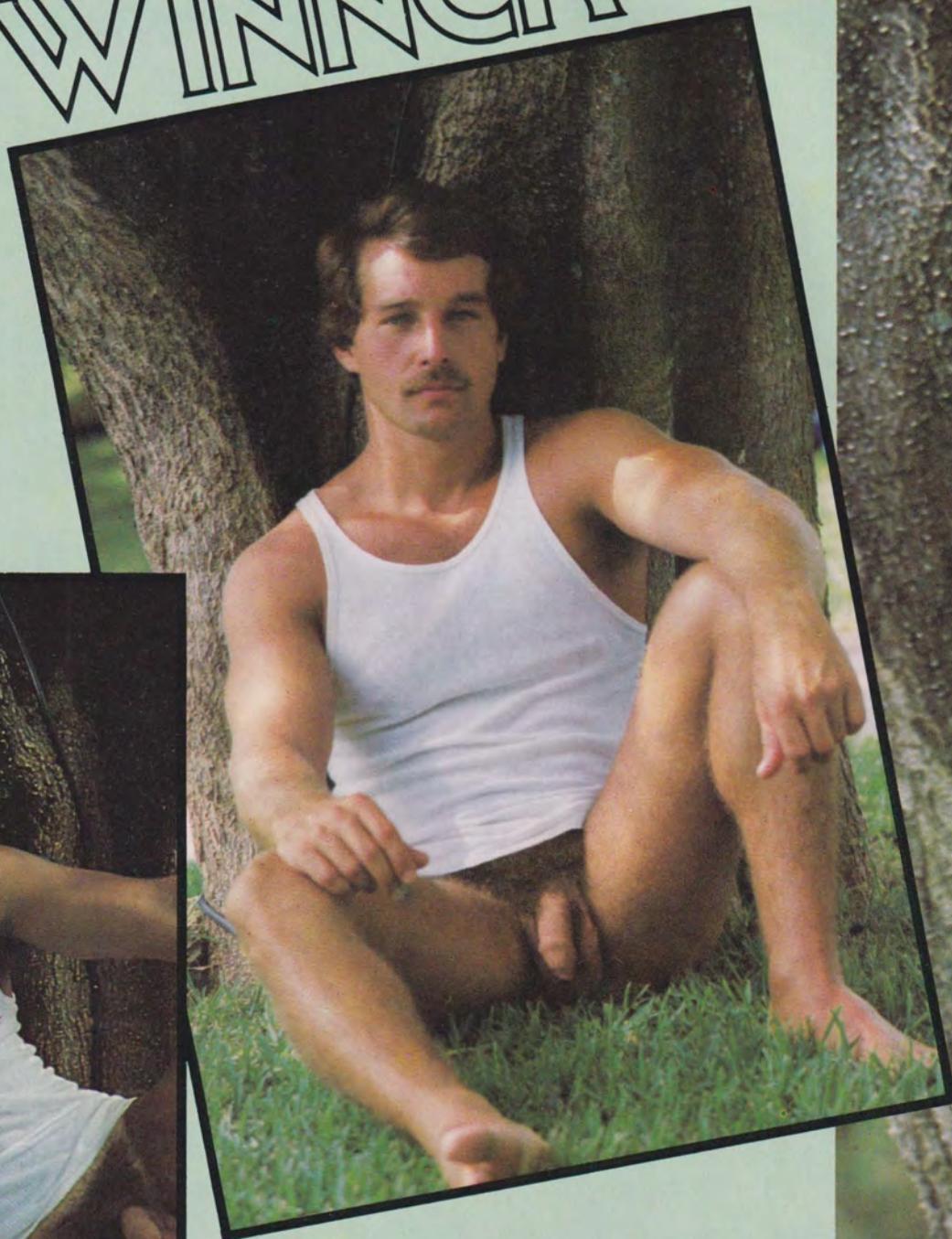
Photograph by Len Tavares
HONCHO / August 1980





HONCHO
Photograph by Len Tavares

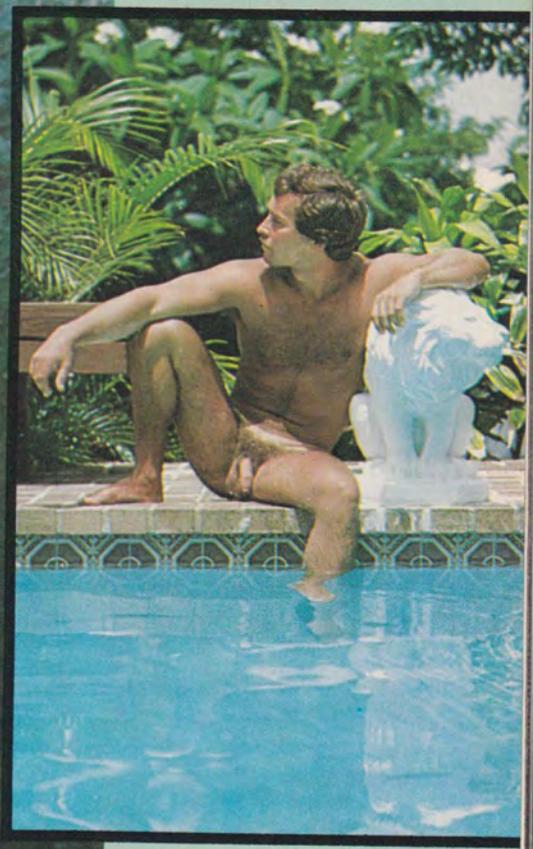
WINNER





Robert's heritage combines fiery Cuban and brooding Germanic backgrounds. The result is a hot, handsome Floridian whose charm and easy-going ways are reflected in every mood.

Photographs by Len Tavares



DEAR HONCHO:

CLOSE SHAVE

Dear *Honcho*,

My lover and I have been getting your magazine for quite some time now and there is definitely one thing we like about it.....and that is the way that you show hair removed (especially in the pubic regions of your gorgeous models.) My lover and I have both shaved our pubic regions for years and wish very frankly that you would occasionally go the whole way

and show some of your models completely shaven. It's such a turn on. Thanks.

Ted C.
Las Vegas

THAD

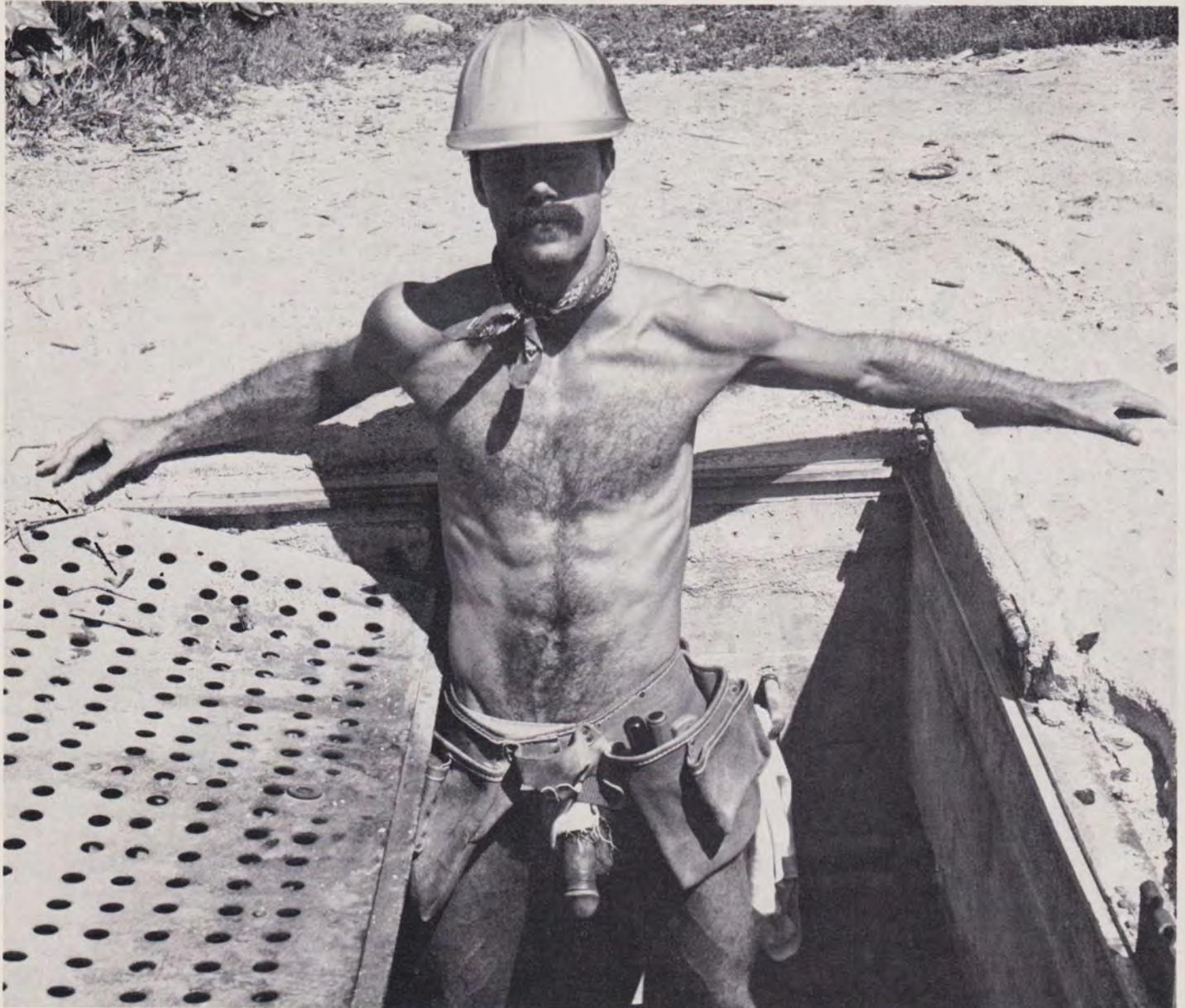
To the Editor
of *Honcho*:

I have been reading your magazine ever since the first issue and I want you to know you're doing a great job. I

live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else's business and being gay isn't easy. Reading *Honcho* is about my only contact with real men and I really get off on the fantasies I make up about your models.

A while ago you had one model named Thad who really turned me on. He was a construction worker. I did some construction work once while I was in school and the picture of these hot men all sweaty and ready for action is a memory I will always cherish. Will you please print another picture of Thad? I'd really appreciate it.

Yours truly,
G.M.H.
Fishbait, Arkansas



MIND & BODY

Dear *Honcho*,

I wish to commend you highly for your pictorial named "A Lad Named Brad" between the pages 11—17 in the March issue. This is the first time I can remember any magazine using someone who uses his mind as well as his body. Could you perhaps have more of Brad or someone else who fits the same bill? I especially liked the fact that he posed naturally thus looking very human. I'd like to see more like this if possible.

Thank you all,
M.W.
Yonkers, N.Y.

HAIR, PLEASE

Dear Sir,

Your magazine is great. Yours is the best magazine on the market today. I would like to see more men with hair all over his chest, stomach, legs. Especially around his penis, with a hard-on. Your best hairsute models so far have been Ron, Hank, Paul, Moose and Brad. Please show more men with plenty of hair on their bodies.

This month's pictures were really tops. In your March 1980 magazine, Joe is the kind of man I'd like to see more of. Hairy all over. I also would like to see more hard penises. The man called Brad was the best in this month's magazine. That man sure did turn me on. I had to beat myself off. I don't usually do that, but Brad had what anyone would like to get hold of.

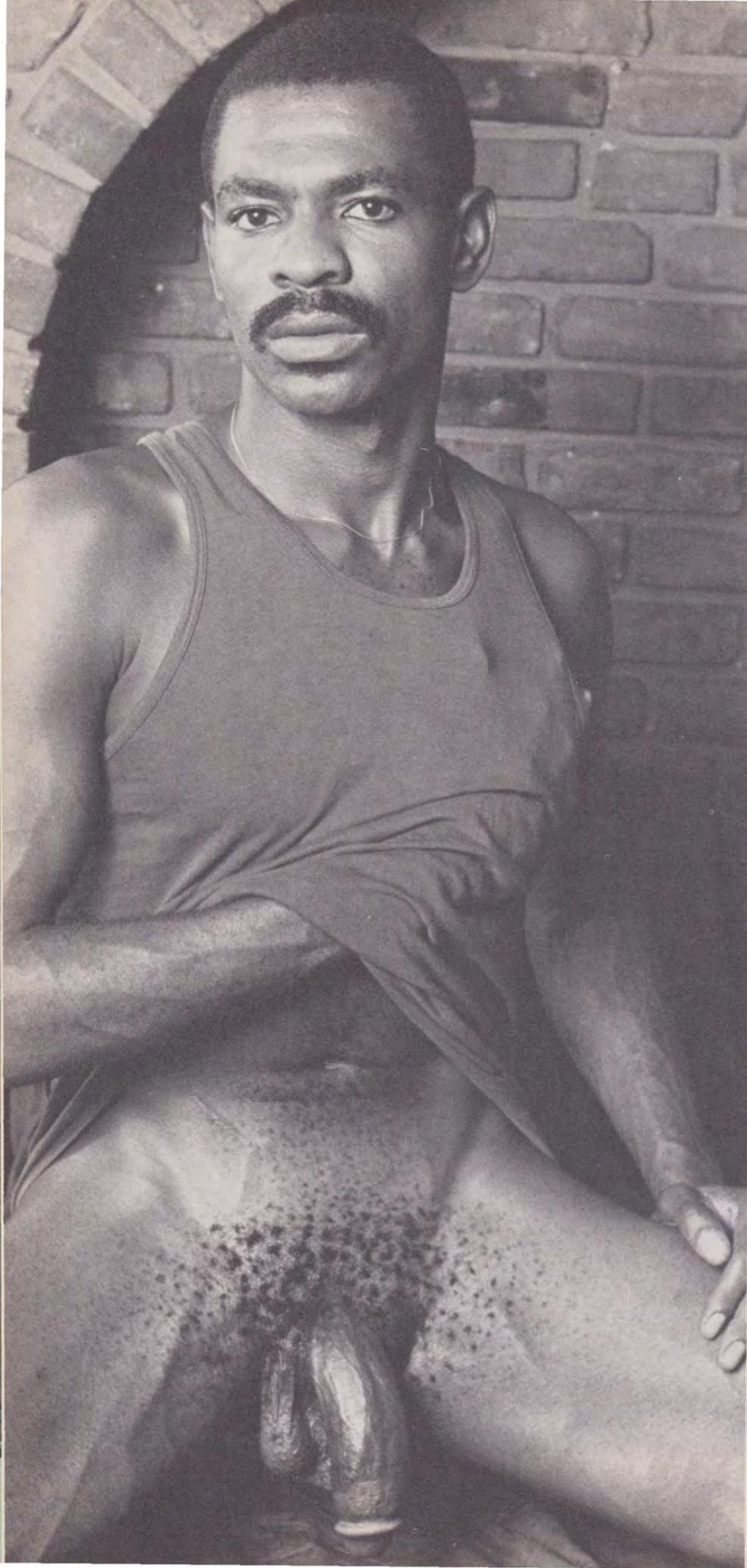
I'm not gay, or never have sucked anyone. But looking at Brad, I'd do it & not hesitate. It would be a pleasure to put his in my mouth. I wonder if he would or has ever let anyone? I bet he has. The man all tied up sure did look good to me also. Rod Mitchell sure has a very large one also.

Sure do like your magazine. Keep up the hairy men for your customers. That's what they like also. You can print my letter, but I'm not going to use my name. Have more hard-ons. That's what most people want to see. Do these men suck each other & are they gay? Answer this if you print my letter.

Yours truly,
L.C.A.

The letters on these pages ask for more of Thad and Brad. Thad's at left, photo by Zeus; Brad's at right, photo by Eros.





ORIAN: SI!

Left: Orian, by Usher

Dear *Honcho*:

Thanks for the photos of that black stud, Orian, in the February issue. I'm glad to see that you and your staff enjoy the physical attributes possessed by so many black guys as much as I do. Your man on the cover was real hot, too. But for me Orian was the best. He has that kind of sensitive face that makes me think he is probably a nice guy and easy to get to know. Also, his body is good, but not overdeveloped. Sure, I like guys with big pecs and thick arms, but I also like the "boy next door" type and I think Orian fits into that category. Once again, thanks for giving space to this hot black dude.

Thanks,
LeRoy Dejohn
Venice, California

LIFE OF BRIAN

Right: Brian, by Zeus

Dear *Honcho*:

Your magazine is the hottest thing I've ever seen. Month after month you print pictures of real men—tough, hairy, hung studs who aren't afraid to let it all hang out. And your spread on Zeus model, Brian ("*The Life of Brian*," *Honcho February, 1980*) got me so hot I thought I was going to shoot before I even finished looking at the pictures. I can close my eyes right now and see his dick and balls held tight in that cockring or packed into his jock strap. Would you please show me some more of Brian so I can add it to my collection of prime meat? Keep up the good work.

Best wishes,
Lester Crabbe
Knoxville, Tenn.

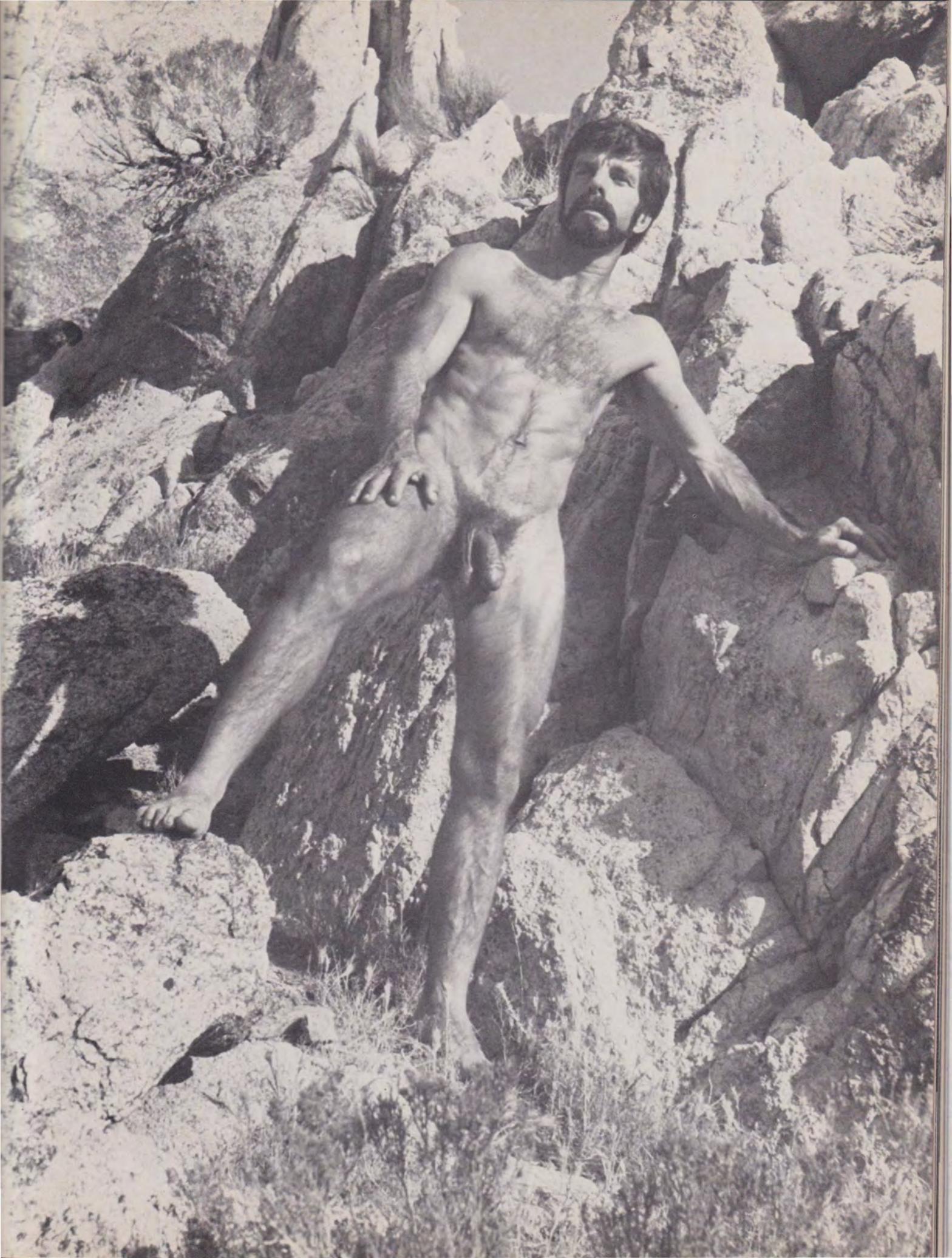
ROCKS OFF

To my friends at *Honcho*:

Honcho has to be the greatest of the mags! I don't even look inside when I buy it—I wait till I get home and into the privacy of my room before I read it. I can't remember ever buying *Honcho* and not creaming off my rocks fantasizing to the photos of the superb models!

I loved the letter of K.V. of Rochester—I sure would like to know him—I do everything he does and a lot more. Right now, I'm writing to you with my

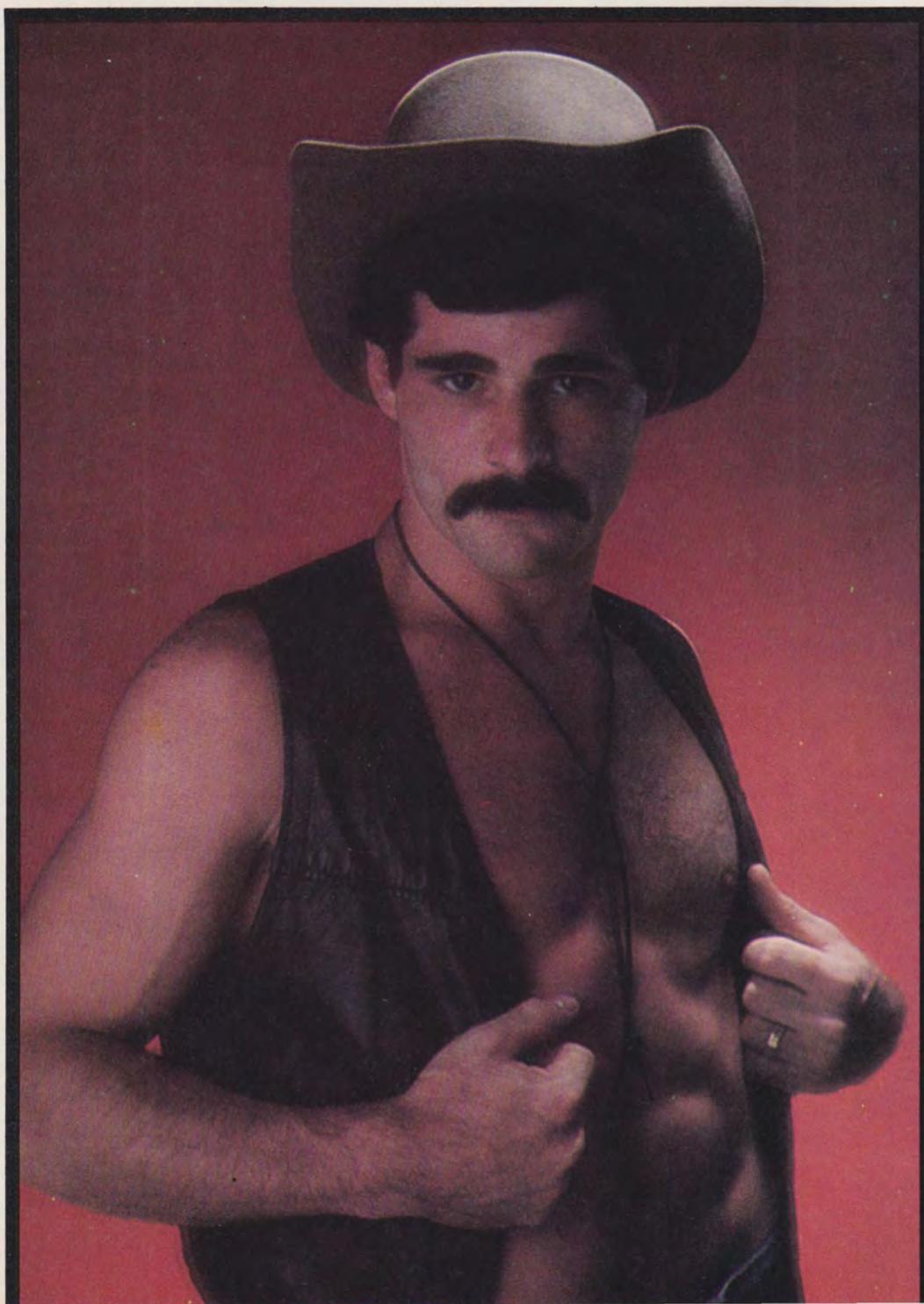
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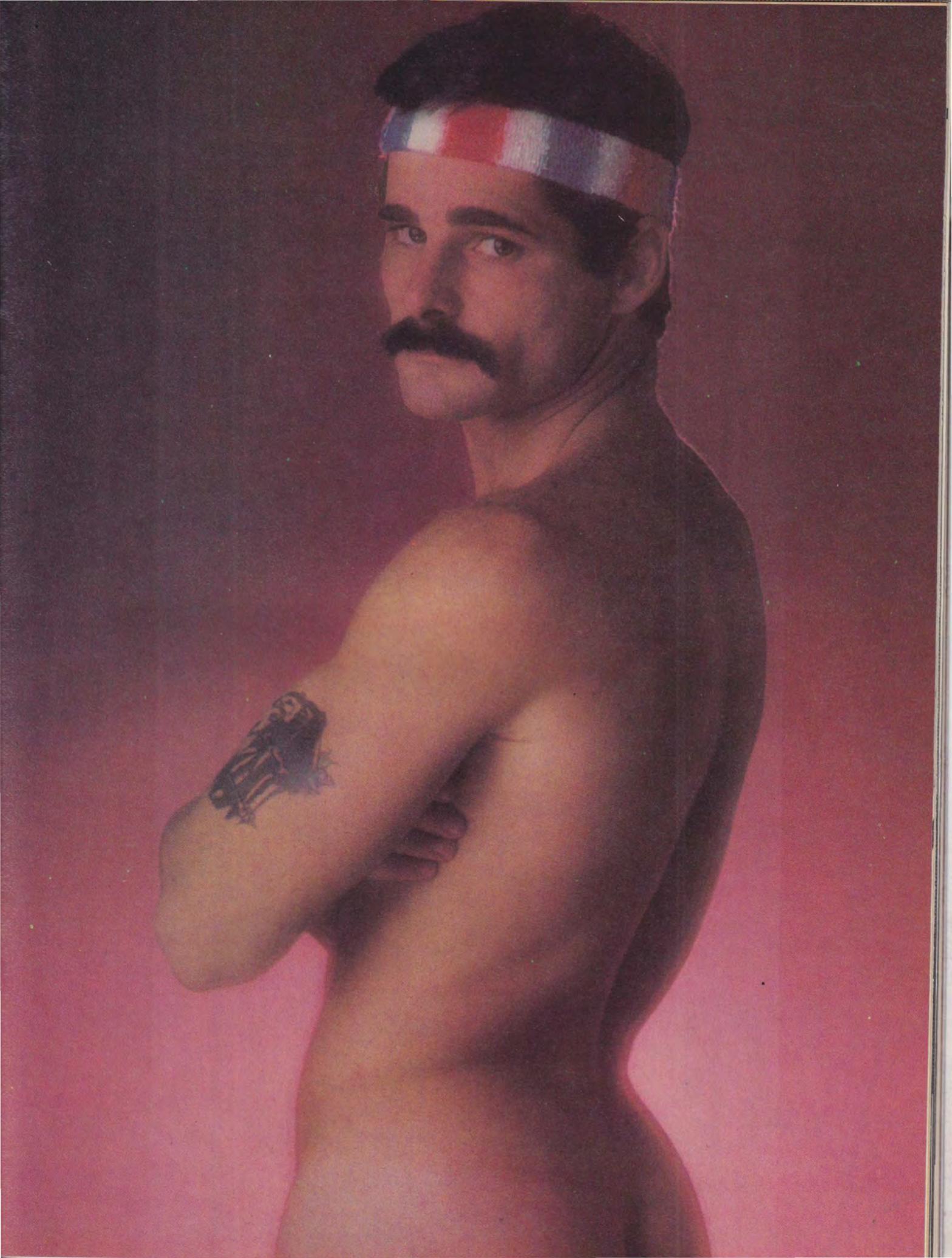


WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The name Joe Porcelli has become almost as famous as the body that goes along with it. Although he'd been photographed before, it was his picture on the cover of the November 1979 *Mandate* magazine—and that issue's explosive photo spread—that made Joe's body a household sight. In fact, judging from the attention he received at a Mr. Blueboy contest held at New York's Madison Square Garden shortly after, Joe was the most popular man there. He wasn't even in the contest! But his face on the *Mandate* cover had him autographing cocktail napkins at the bar.

Photographs by Roy Blakey

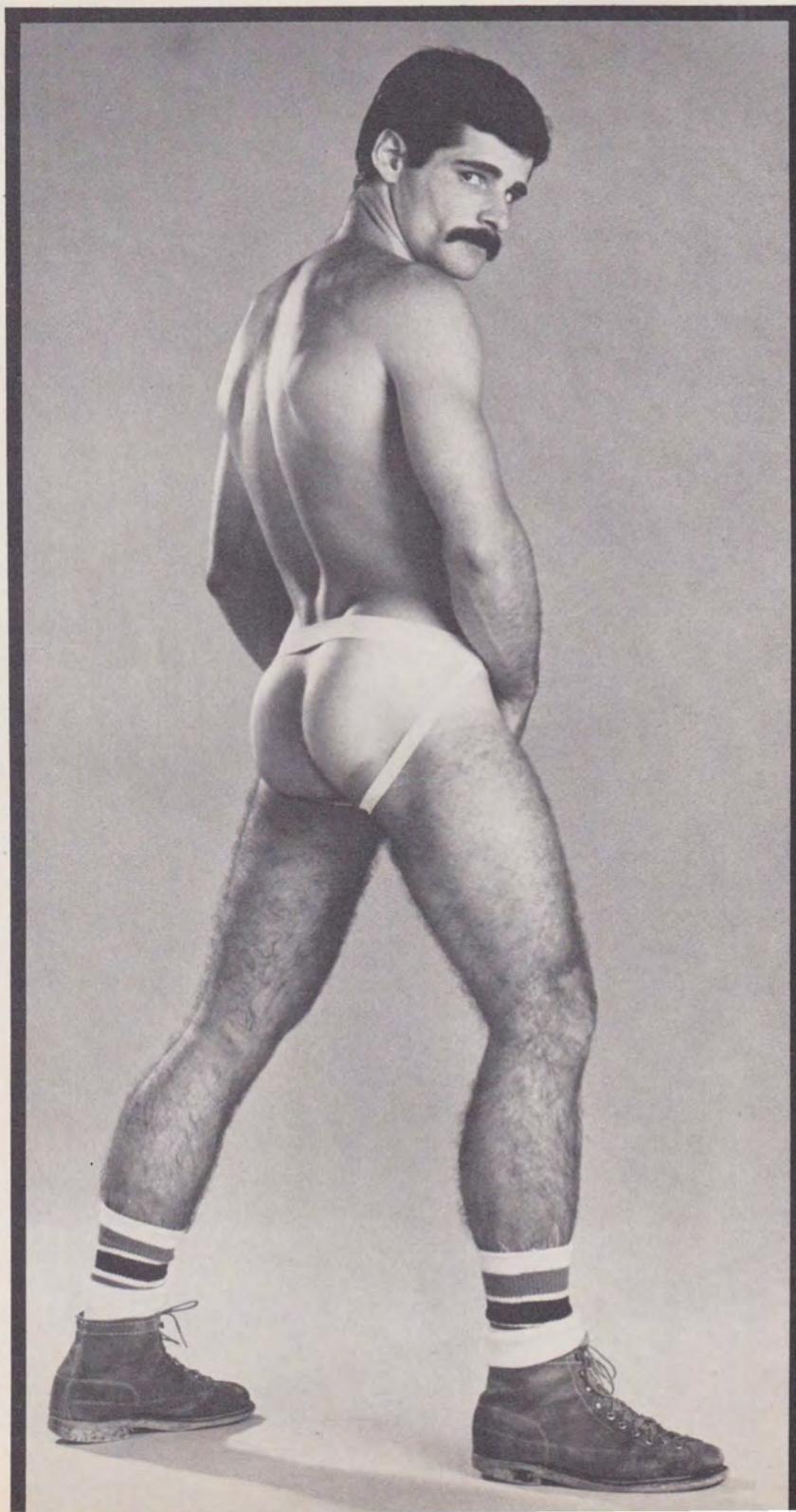


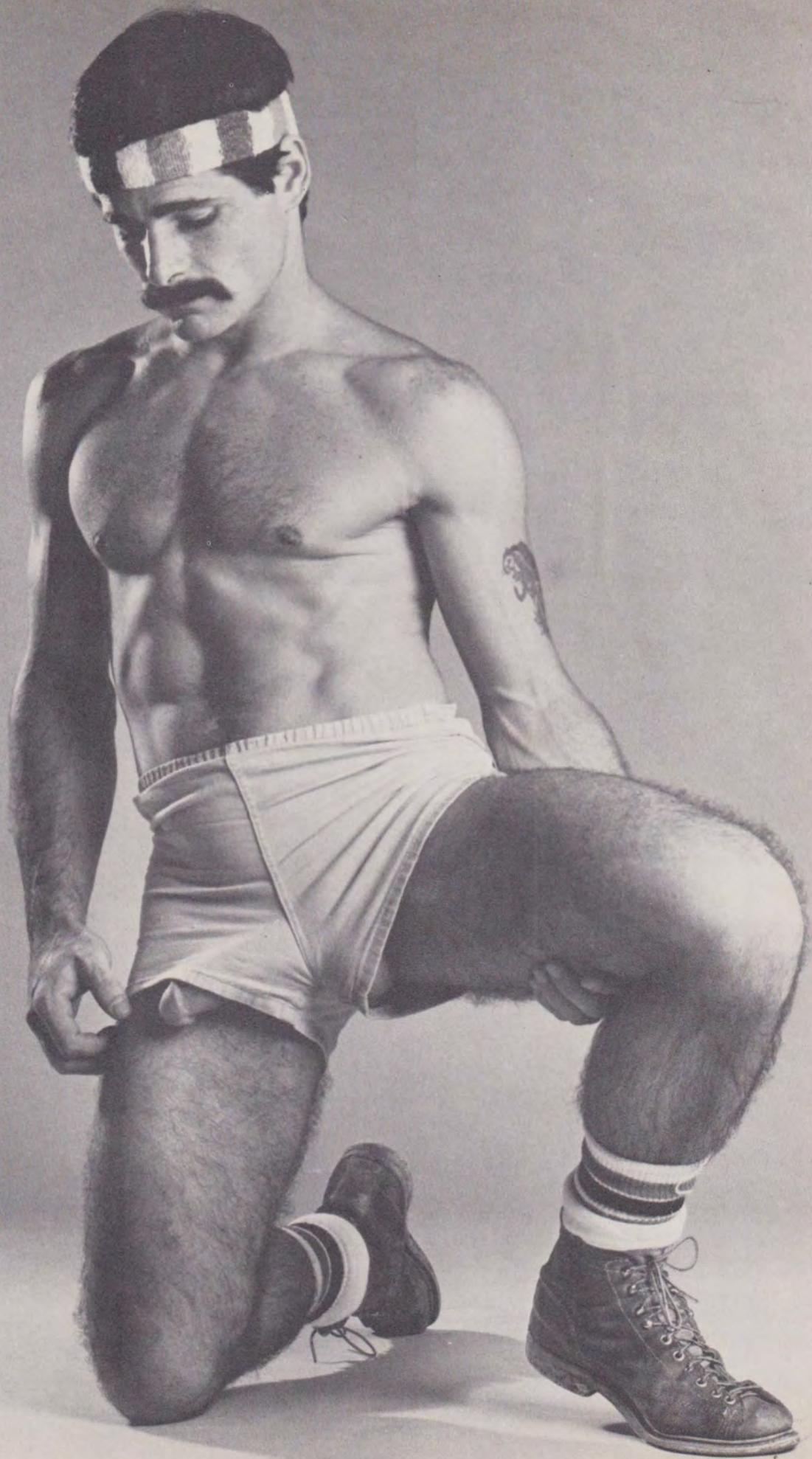


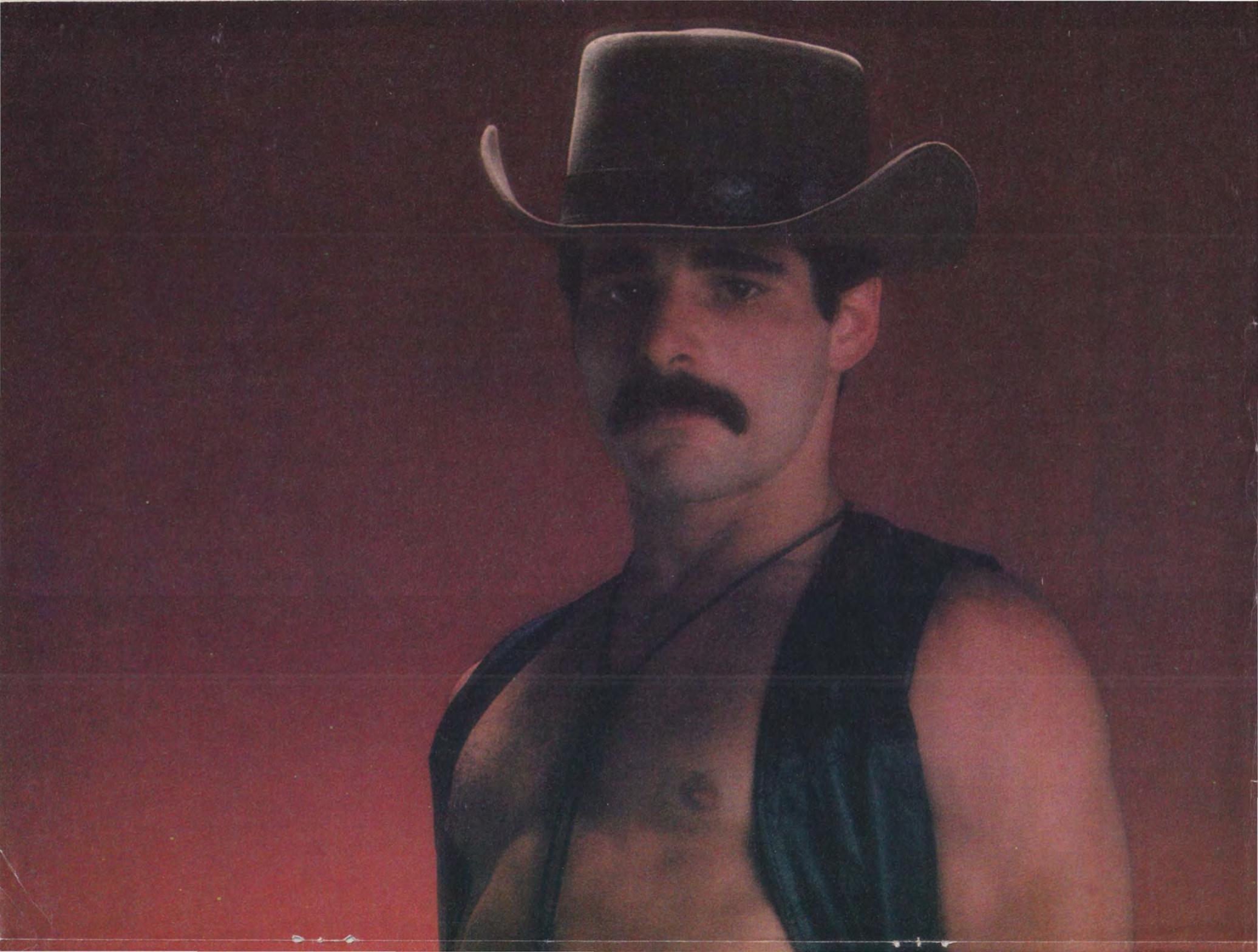
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

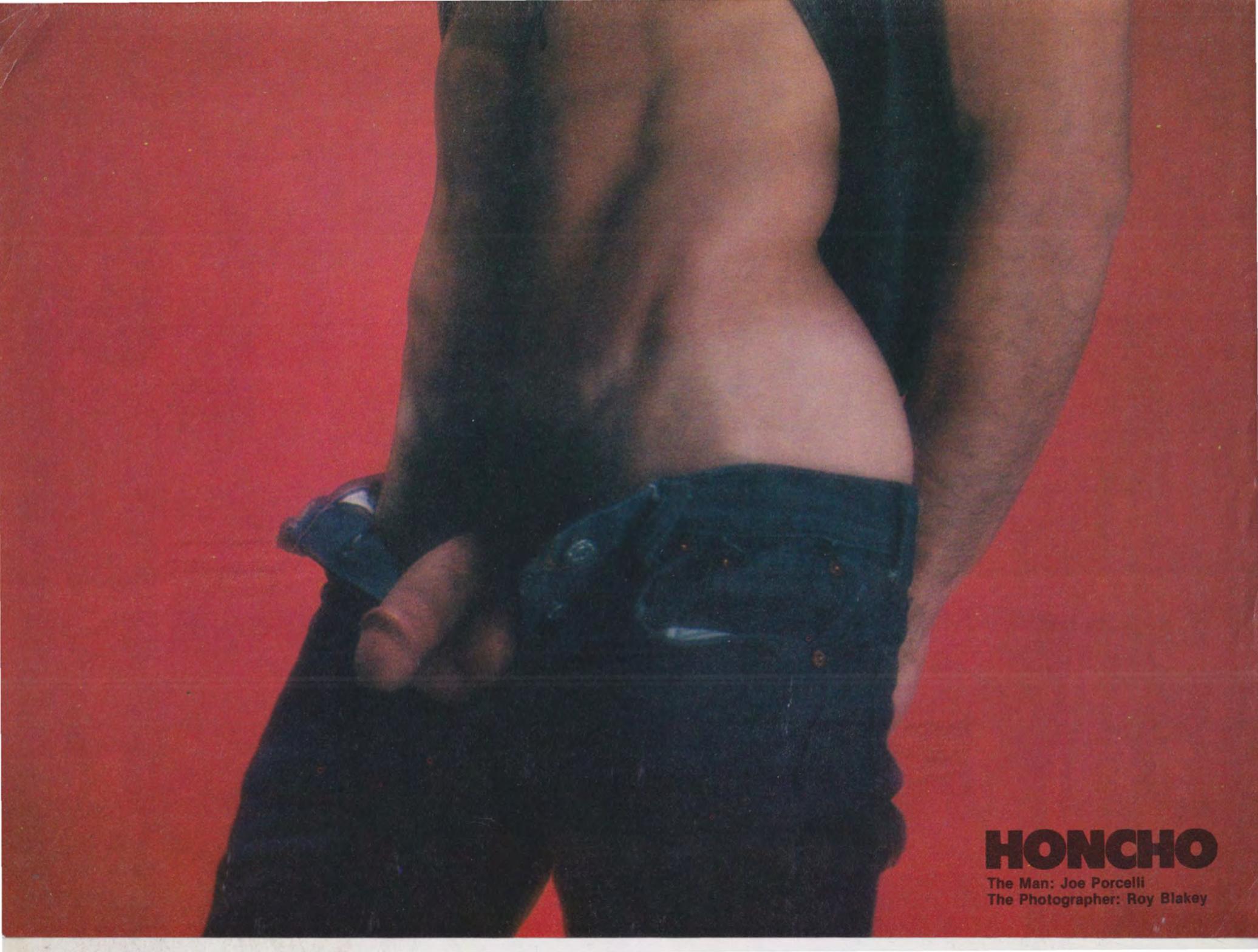
Joe Porcelli combines the dark good looks, smoldering intensity and classic body that singles out a Honcho man from the rest of the crowd. And we're not the only ones who think so. Joe was chosen as a *Mandate* superstar in that magazine's fifth anniversary issue. After seeing the photos below and at right, and the shots that follow, we couldn't agree with *Mandate* more!

Photographs by Roy Blakey





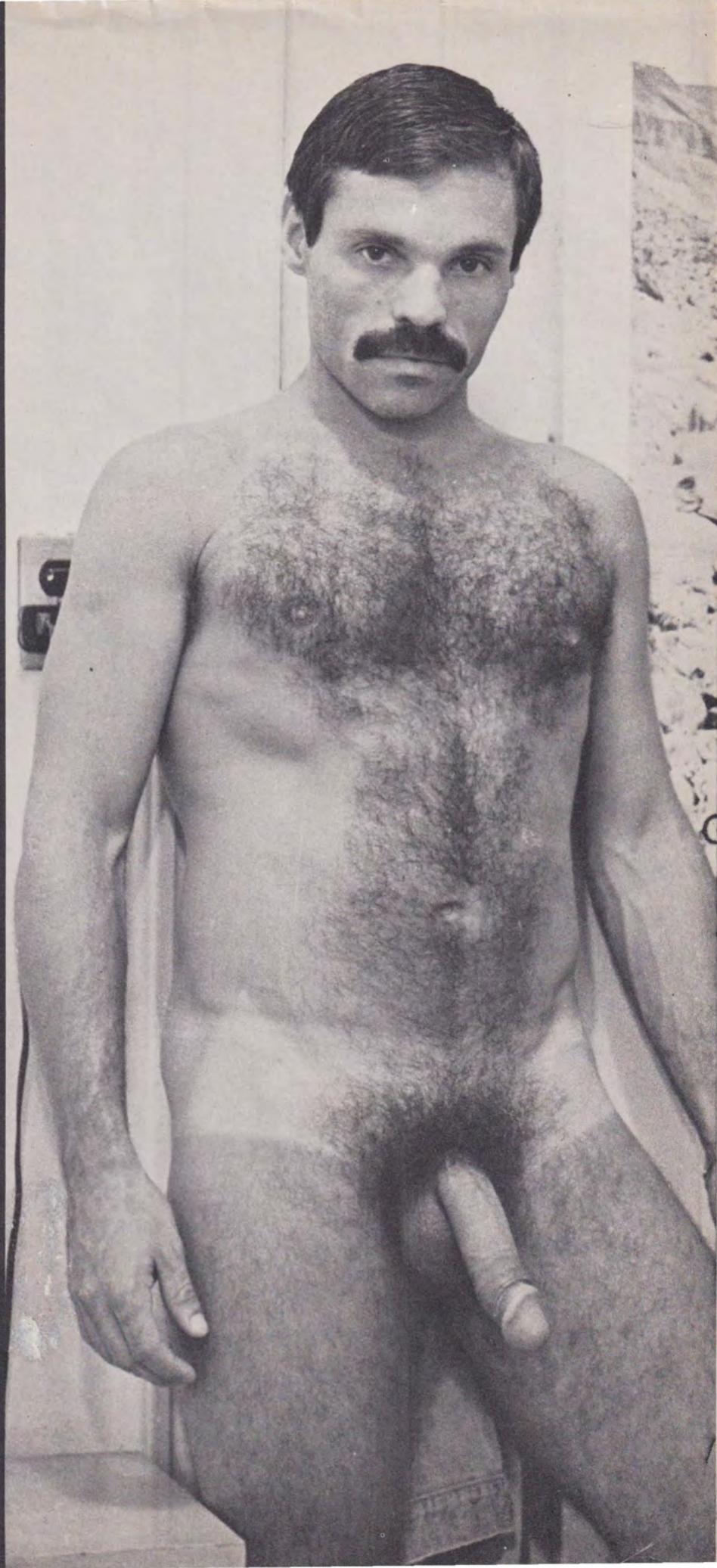
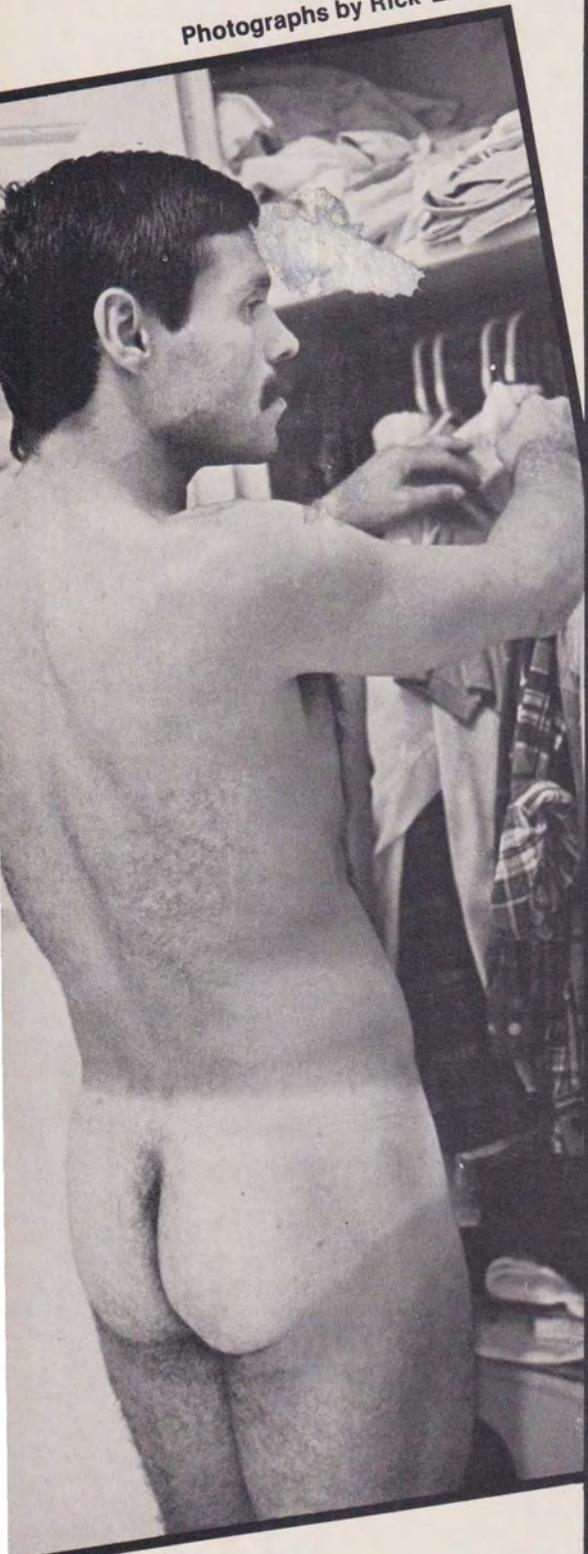




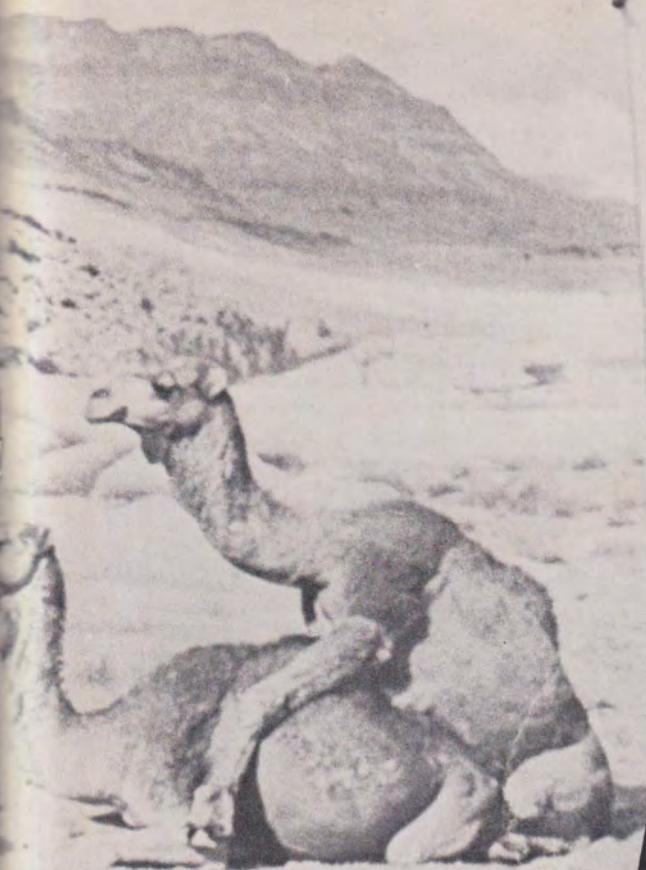
HONCHO
The Man: Joe Porcelli
The Photographer: Roy Blakey

Our Honcho hunk John tells us he's very versatile. And, judging from these photographs, we'd bet he *could* rise to just about any occasion!

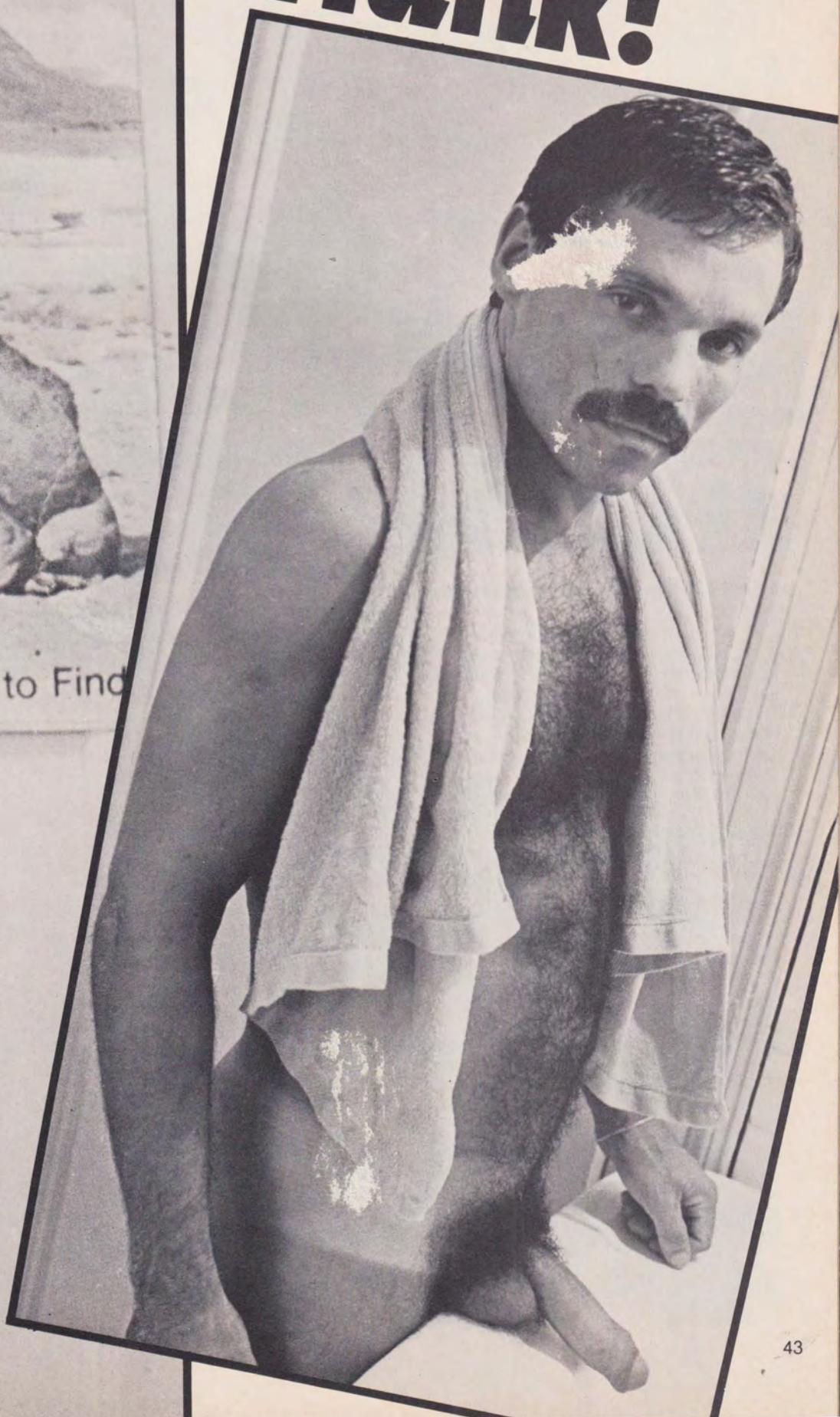
Photographs by Rick Erikson



Hunk!



Good Hump is Hard to Find



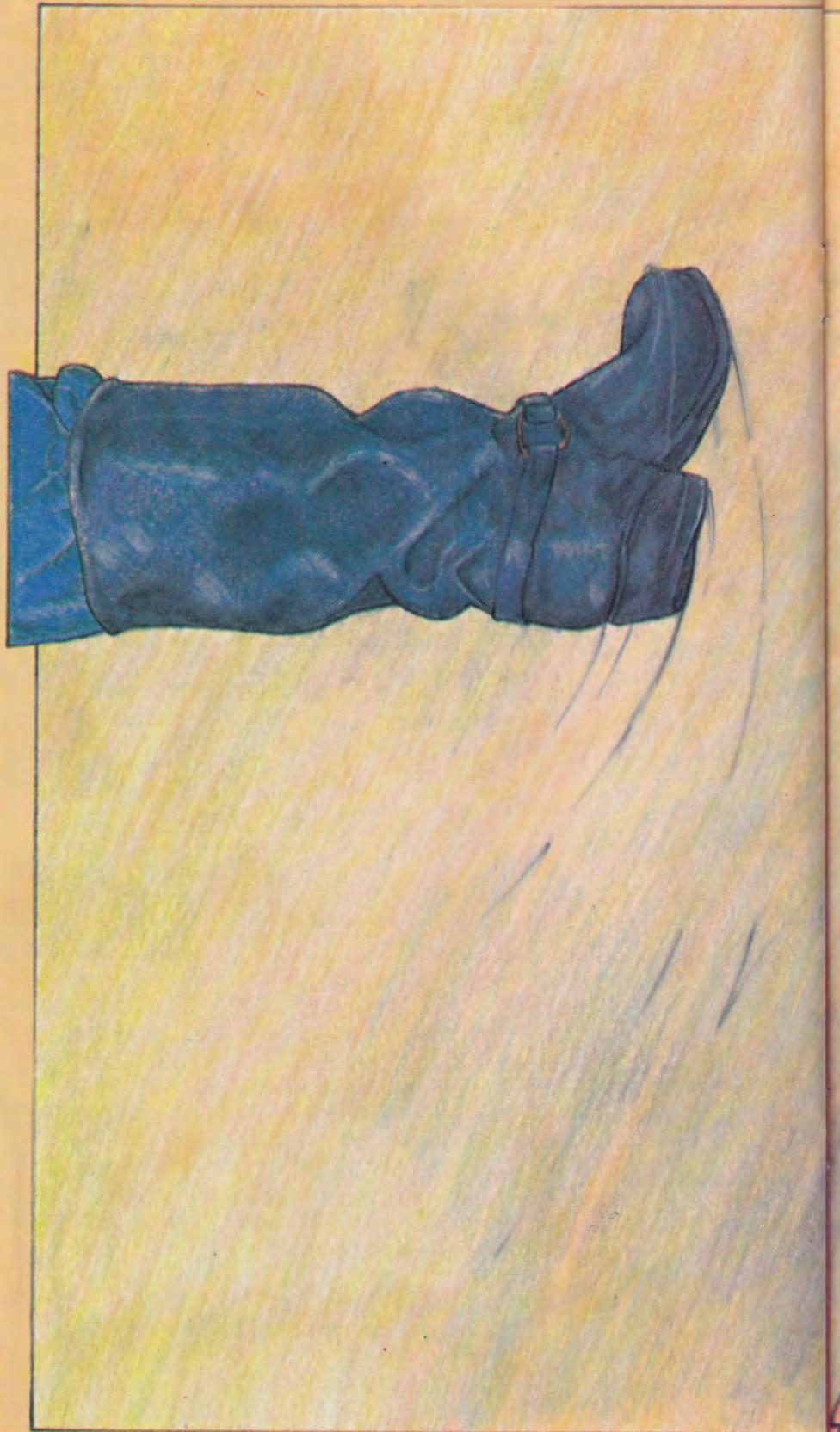
PARTY MEAT

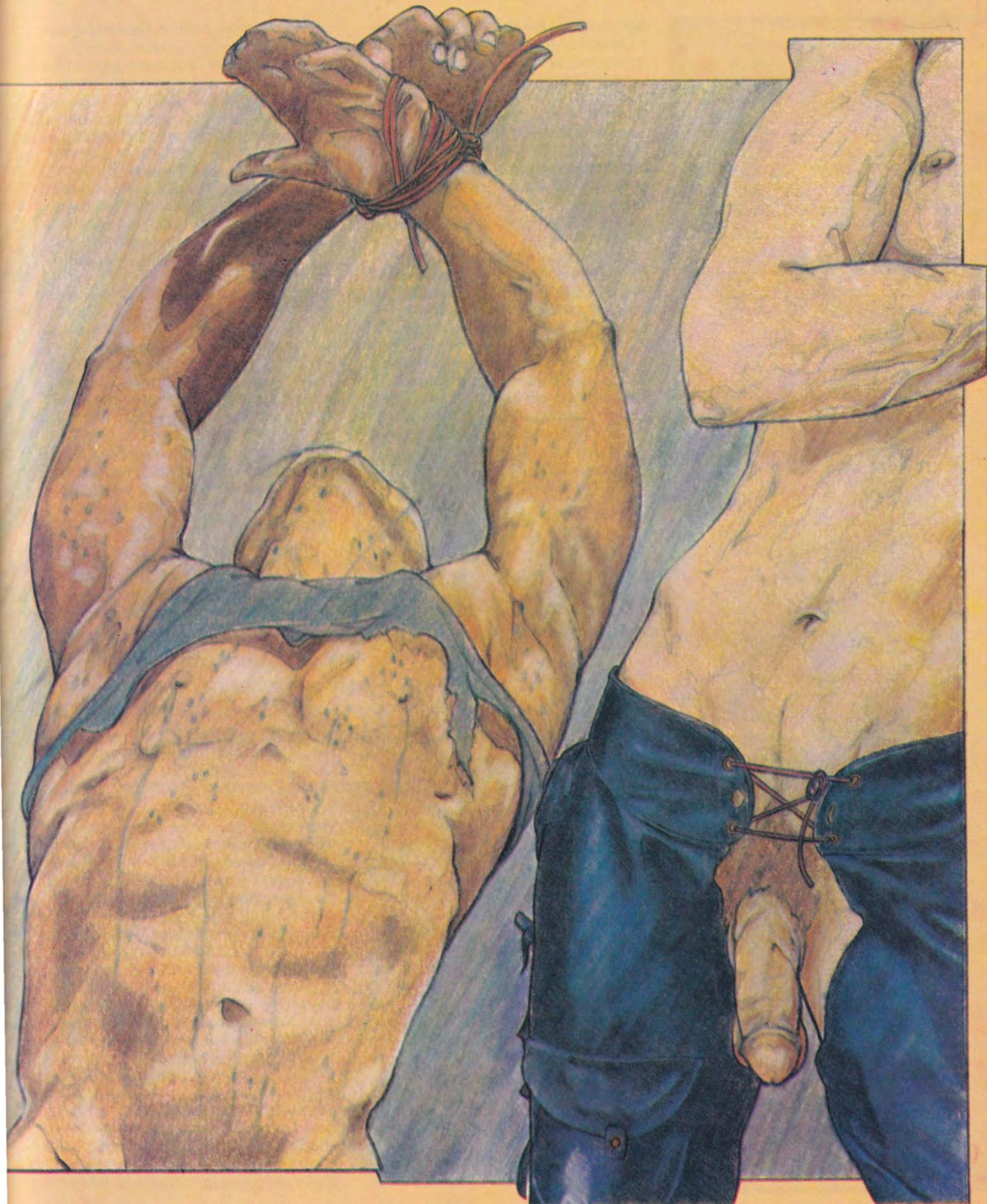
By Rick Lane • Illustration by Mannix

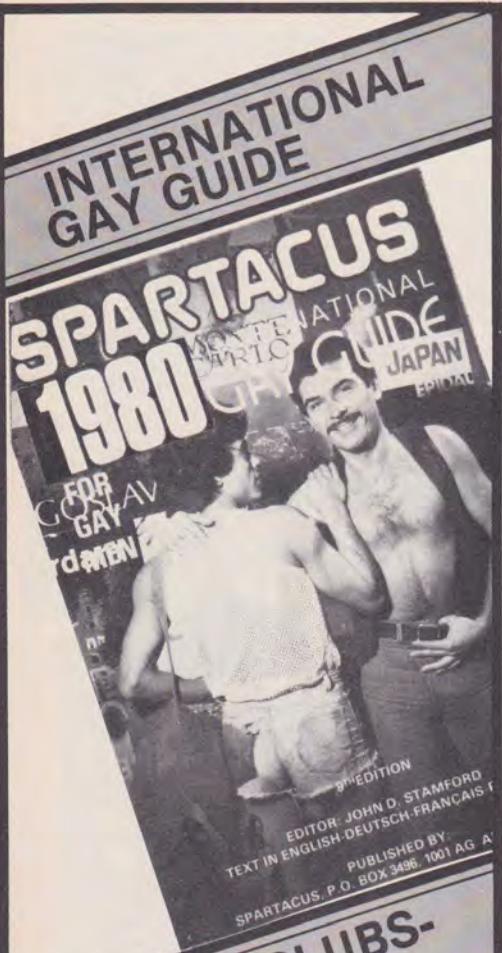
I shoved the guy against the juke box, pressed him down against the glass and metal and acid-bright lights, and sank my cock into him. Angelo's rape could have ruined my fun, but the hole contracted fiercely, went rigid with pain and fright. I was in fucker's heaven. My two buddies stood watching. And only an hour or so before, around midnight, I thought I hadn't a chance in the world to score.

Around twelve o'clock I'd waked up with a stiff, hot dick, and outside it was pouring and howling, one of those sudden desert storms that sweep over Southern California once or twice a year. "Well, shit on it," I said to myself. Just today I'd gotten back to San Pedro after four months on an oil tanker, and I had it all planned: tune up the Harley, check out the action around Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach, the whole harbor area, and get my wad off as much and as wild as I could.

A little afternoon snore that had gone on too long, and now the storm, and that was the end of my hot plans. Too horny to get back to sleep, but at least there was the bar downstairs. Wouldn't even have to get wet, just down a flight and in the back door. Almost in my living room anyway,







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Dewey's Place was. I slipped on my jeans, cool and tight on my thighs and butt. Pushing my meat to the left I buttoned up, then zipped my legs firmly into my black chaps. My worn leather vest settled black and familiar across the contours of my back. No use for a shirt: I've got a good body, twenty-eight years of age, and not to brag, but hard work makes me muscular and hard living keeps me lean—and I like to show it, what the hell.

Everything looked the same downstairs in the bar, which made me feel good. Not that it was anything special—just a barroom with plenty of space and a big juke box. Dewey's Place had been a waterfront hangout for years, and it stayed tough when it turned gay, so no need for decor. Dewey knew what his clientele wanted, being ex-Navy himself, and a warm, kind of fatherly guy in his forties, raised in rural Georgia. If he was crossed though, his red face and lanky, wiry body turned hard and dangerous in a second. There he sat, on the usual stool at the bar, 'way up in the front of the room.

"Hey, it's Big Red!" That was Angelo roaring at me, from his seat next to Dewey. Not very tall but beefy as they come; his arms,

started coming around Dewey's Place I'd checked him off as just another costume tripper. But one night, when a mess of straight bikers came in to "punch us out some queers," Dev was in the middle of it. We decked three or four of the guys and ran the others out.

Dev had enjoyed every moment of the brawl; he was not only tough but also the most expert sadist I've ever seen in action: he could do more to a body with thumb and forefinger than most guys can manage with a whole darkroom.

After Dewey and Angelo and Dev and I finished slapping and hugging and sat back down at the bar, I picked up on the bartender. Hard to believe my eyes: early twenties, blond hair in a short, military cut, good looks that were maybe a touch pretty, and a solid but slightly thin build. Easy to check out his body, because he wore only a leather harness, chaps, and a black leather jock. His harness was so new it creaked when he turned around to get me a beer, and that's when I was surprised at the sight of his little white ass.

Now a bare behind is no shock to me, even one as beautiful as this; I've had as good or better. But, I mean, Dewey's bartenders were usually

"It was easy to check out his body because he wore only a leather harness, chaps and a black leather jock. He was in his early twenties, hair trimmed in a military cut, with good looks and a solid build."

chest, and shoulders stretched his XL black T-shirt to the limit. Angelo had a swarthy, dumb-handsome face with steely-dark five o'clock shadow along the jaws, and a lot of black, very curly hair that he combed with his fingers. I'd worked a couple of ships with him and we buddied for bike cruising pretty often.

As I went toward my friends Dewey and Angelo, Devereux came over from the juke box, out of the shadows. Even if I didn't get laid tonight, I'd have a good time drinking with my three closest buddies.

I smiled to see that even on a night as shitty as this, Devereux, 'Dev the Dude,' was dressed as sharp as ever. Handsome as a movie star, body lanky and wide shouldered and super-trim, he looked great in white jeans and perfectly fitting leathers. When he'd first

young and hot, but generally tougher than this kid and always his punks. They changed often enough, but while a punk worked for and put out for Dewey, he was nobody else's, so he'd never be allowed to parade around with his butt hanging out.

So the bartender, Lon was his name, made me feel a little uneasy, but my friends and I were piling up the laughs and the bullshit and the beers, so I didn't think much about it until a little later, when Angelo and I were in the toilet, giving the urinal a double spray. "Dewey's fuckin' that guy?" I asked.

"Nah. Lon can't be punked, don't hit on guys either. Been here about a month, started mouthin' off all the time lately, last week or two." Angelo shook the drops off his thick cock and let the long, heavy foreskin droop back down over the big, dark head. "An'

he's been teasin' a lot, ya know? Shit. You can picture that kind workin' downtown in one of them lightly leathery joints, sure. But here? And Dewey won't listen to a word."

Back at the bar, as we joined Dev, I noticed somebody was missing. "Where's Dewey?" I asked.

"Went upstairs," and with that Dev went over to the juke box to play some music.

Angelo leaned forward on the bar and said, "Hey, Lon, how come you show ass, huh, if you don't want a cock up it?"

"Good for business."

"That your business? I thought you was a bartender."

"You wish I peddled it," Lon answered.

What a snot, I thought, as I joined Dev over at the juke box. The Dude caught the look on my face, I guess, because he said, in his always quiet voice, "Not to be repeated, but Dewey dropped a bundle on the stock car races, and I think he needs business to pick up a little."

"Oh, shit," I said quietly, wondering if my one and only bar was going to soften up, 'go Hollywood.'

We rejoined Angelo as he was saying to Lon, "Hey, what about a little buddy-fuck?" Joking, but it was clear that my friend couldn't take his eyes off those buns.

"Aw, that's bullshit," Lon answered. "Fuck or be fucked, 's the way it is."

"Or hold on tight to your cherry, hah?"

"Eat your heart out," was the bartender's answer.

A Hank Williams song was playing, but next to me Angelo's big body stiffened so fast that I heard his shirt stretch. On the other side Dev watched, his cool blue eyes alert, like a cat's when it has just spotted something moving.

Now Angelo, his face darkening, spoke in a low, whispery growl:

"There's only three kinds of people that tease cock, ya know—cunts, queens, and punks."

Lon stopped washing glasses, came and put his elbows on the bar, and leaned square into Angelo's face.

"Who are you to call me names, you with your buddy-fucking. Shit, that's just an excuse to get a lot of dick up your greaseball ass. If anyone's the queen around here, it's—"

With one hand Angelo grabbed the bartender by his shiny harness and in one swift move jerked him over the bar. Dev and I sprang to our feet. We

watched him shoot a fist to Lon's jaw. His head snapped back hard, but the punch must have been pulled a little, because the kid remained standing. Wobbly, Lon jerked himself free of Angelo's grip, then came at him, cursing and swinging. Angelo grabbed one flailing arm and gave the kid a spin that sent him crashing against Devereux.

The Dude locked one hand on the harness and flurried a mess of forehand-backhand blows across his smart mouth. 'Satisfaction' by the Stones began to blast from the juke box. Dev shoved the staggering bartender in my direction. I tapped one fast little stunner into his hard, flat gut.

When Lon recovered his breath a little the three of us bounced him off the walls, the furniture, and one

another as bar stools, ash trays, and bottles crashed all around the place.

We eased off after a while. Barely able to stand, panting, sweaty, bruised, and scared, Lon waited at bay in the middle of the room with the three of us around him in a circle. Dev was the first to pull his cock out of his white pants.

It was as ugly as I'd remembered it to be, very dark meat for such a fair-skinned guy, shaft all knotty with veins, head bare of foreskin, high-flanged and shiny purple in color, and coming to a fat, hard point.

The kid turned away in fear, to see that Angelo had his meat out too—not as long as Dev's or mine, but lone enough and fatter than both of ours put together.

Wide-eyed, Lon looked from

Continued to page 62

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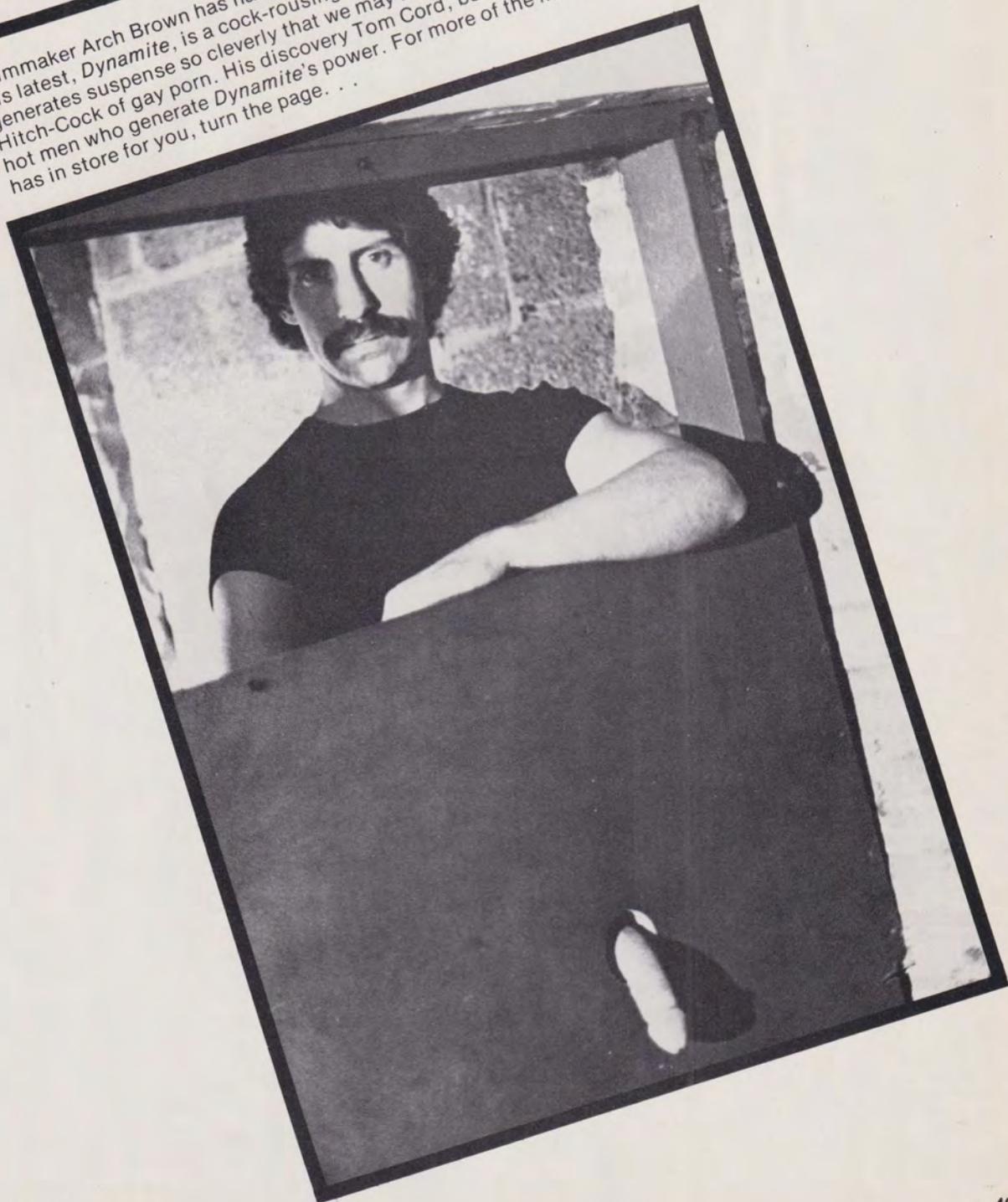
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DYNAMITE!

Filmmaker Arch Brown has had his share of hot, honcho skinflick hits, and his latest, *Dynamite*, is a cock-rousing success. It even has a plot line that generates suspense so cleverly that we may have to dub him the Hitch-Cock of gay porn. His discovery Tom Cord, below, is just one of the hot men who generate *Dynamite*'s power. For more of the men *Dynamite* has in store for you, turn the page. . .



HONCHO

From Arch Brown's 'Dynamite'



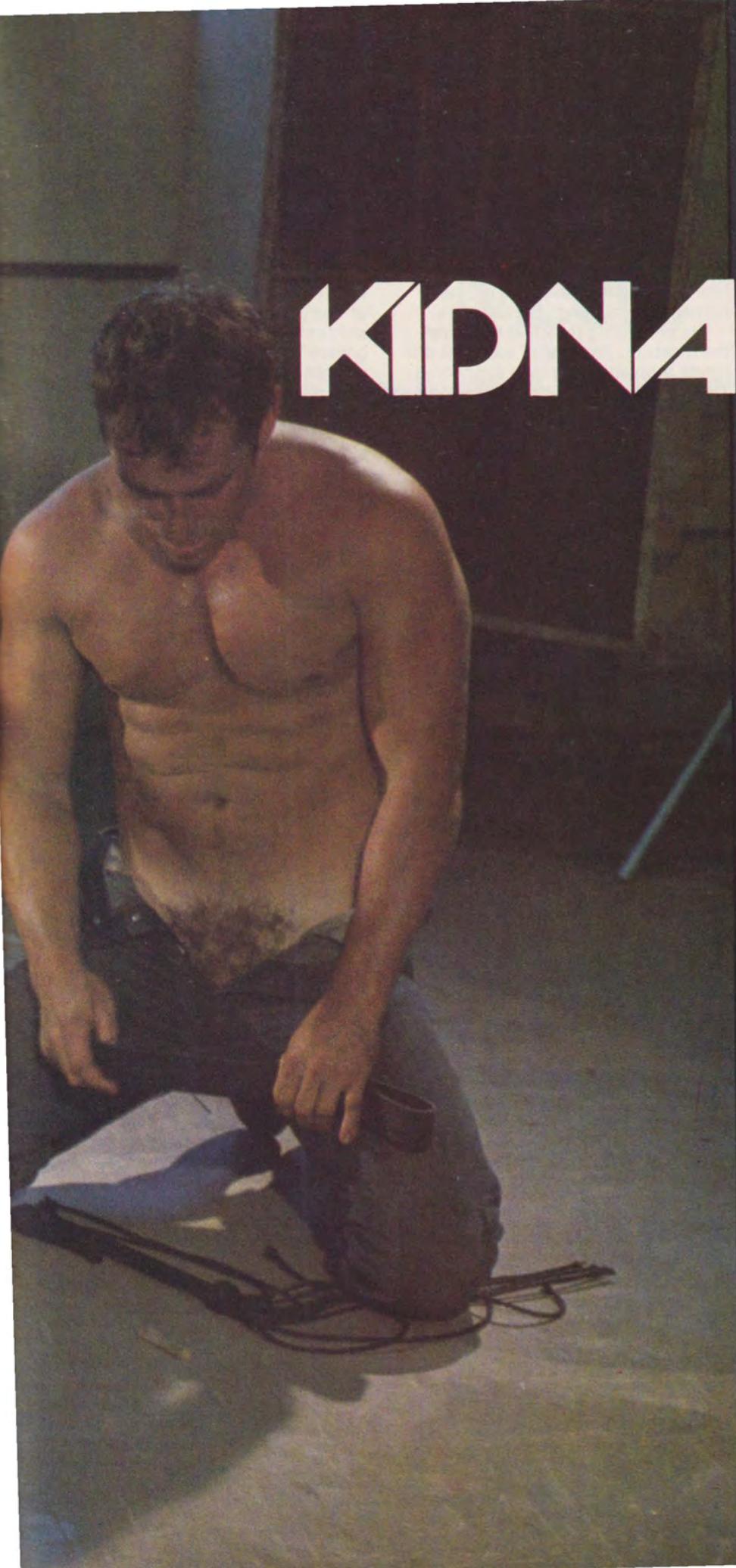




OF HONJCHO

MING SOON...COMING SOON...COMING SOON...COMING SOON.



A photograph of a shirtless man sitting on the floor, looking down at a bag of items. The man is muscular and has dark hair. He is wearing dark pants. The floor is light-colored. The background is dark and indistinct.

KIDNAPPED

By Jeff Pascal • Photograph by Cosco

The lights on the police cars flashed around the small Scandinavian embassy. Crowds had gathered, anxious for any hint of danger or suspense. They watched the strangely uniformed embassy guards talking to the District police officers. Everyone wondered what was going on.

The conversations between the foreigners and the local cops would have fulfilled every one of their worst (or best?) fantasies. The ambassador's son had been kidnapped. There was no trace of the young man any where on the grounds. No hint of the handsome boy's whereabouts. He'd been missing for three days. They couldn't pretend any more. It wasn't one of his escapades. He was gone.

Inside the baronial embassy building the ambassador talked on the phone with his capital and with the State Department. Who had taken his only son? His first born child? And why? It seemed strange that a country as inconspicuous as his would be singled out by terrorists. What political prisoners could there be in his liberal country's prisons? What gain could be gotten from an economically unimportant state that could only claim fish and timber as its natural resources?

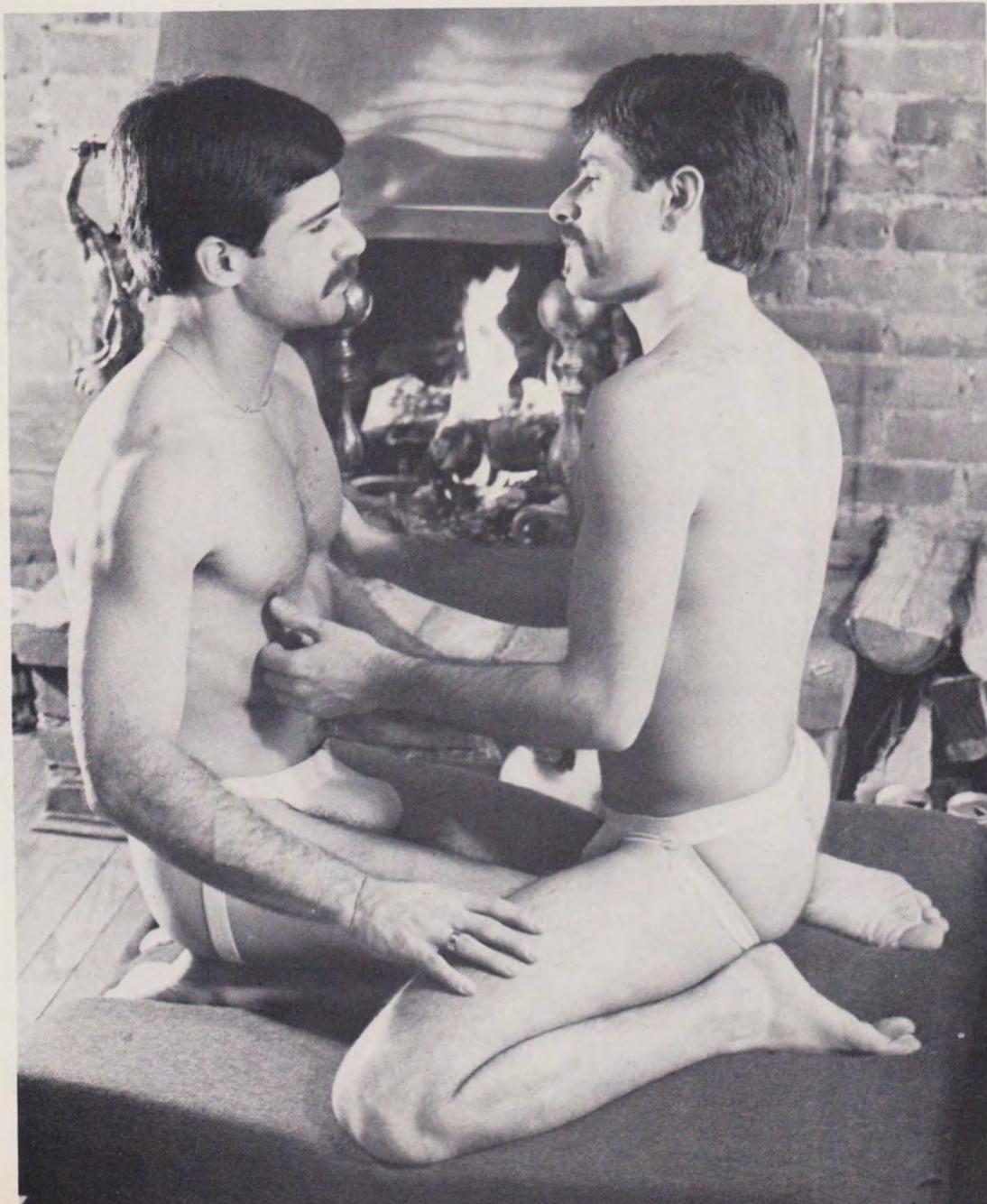
But they were all convinced that at any moment the phone would ring in one of their offices and the demands would be made. In the meantime all they could do was mobilize police forces and wait.

In the minds of the thirty or so men who were waiting for the phone call,

When Strangers Meet...

Anything can, and often does, happen. That's certainly the case with the two lookalikes here, who bear such a striking resemblance it's almost like watching them in a mirror. But for sure the sort of two-way they're interested in has nothing to do with mirrors. There's no illusion here, which is a nice reflection on our men.

Photograph by Malcolm Hoare





When Strangers Meet...

If you're a reader of *Mandate* magazine, you'll very likely remember seeing the fellow leaning up against the pillow. He was the solo focus of a feature in the July issue entitled "Stranger," but he's seen here with a buddy being anything but a stranger. It's a definite case of familiarity breeding contentment.

Photograph by Malcolm Hoare

August 1980 / HONCHO





When Strangers Meet...

Our parting shots of these friendly strangers suggest they've just finished something too hot for our pages to handle. There's a hint of an afterglow which does not come from that blazing hearth nearby. These hot lads give new meaning to the term "buddy system." We're sure you've got the picture.

Photographs by Malcolm Hoare



PARTY MEAT

Continued from page 47

Angelo's crotch to mine. Where my prick's stiff inches glowed a bright rosy color, which is how I got the nickname of Big Red.

"Look, guys," the bartender said, "I don't take it. I never take it. I can't. You're too big." We moved closer, backing Lon into a corner. "Listen," he said, voice high and dry now, "I'll suck cock, I'll even eat ass, I'll drink piss, but please, don't make me take—"

"Shut up, punk!" Dev ordered, voice pure steel.

We closed in and grabbed the kid. With one hand Dev ripped the leather jock off Lon, exposing a pale, half-

hard cock and a pair of young-fuzzed, high-riding scared balls the size of hen's eggs. Devereux grabbed the fat pair and milked them downward until they lay squeezed together inside his fist. He curled one long finger into the taut, shiny scrotal skin. Angelo and I let go of our captive.

No problem of escape: Lon was in what Dev called his high control hold. I'd seen him make guys do all kinds of things, even pass out.

"Spread!" Devereux barked, eyes blazing directly into Lon's agonized, terrified young face. Gasping with the surge of pain that the Dude sent through him, the kid stood wide at once. Dev motioned with his head to Angelo.

Moving behind the kid, stroking that incredibly thick, uncut meat of his, Angelo took Lon in a bearhug.

"Greaseball, hah?" He stuffed his dry cock, the size of a tall beer can, steadily into the crack of the bartender's hard little ass.

Lon began to scream. And kept screaming, even when Angelo motioned Dev away and crushed the kid downward, fucking him flat to the dirty floor.

The Dude stepped behind the bar and turned up the volume control on the juke box. The bartender's shrieks, as Angelo brutally jammed his dick in and jerked it back, harder and faster, were lost in competition with 'Sympathy for the Devil' and with the storm blowing outside.

In a while, after a grunting ejaculation, Angelo got up and went into the toilet. The kid managed to rise to his feet. As he tried to get to the door, I shoved him against the bright-lit, blaring juke box. His body quivered in my grip and stiffened when I thrust my blazing red cock up him in one shove. I kept pushing for deeper, taking all I could get as hard as I could for as long as I could hold out. Which, after months at sea, was not for long.

It felt like my prick had exploded inside him. I stepped back panting and dripping sweat.

The kid slithered to the floor in front of the juke box. He was sobbing and trembling. Devereux straddled him, jerked his hips upwards, and forced his big, ugly cock up Lon's ass. 'Respectable' was playing. Whatever the Dude was doing with his hands on the kid's chest, it made Lon scream and, fucked and beat as he was, fight to escape. He crawled around the floor like a madman, desperate to get away from Dev, who dog-fucked him with a harsh rhythm and never missed a beat.

Eventually he left the bartender groaning in a heap in a back corner of the room, leathers scuffed, smeared with sweat, come, and dirt, harness half torn off.

The bar and ourselves cleaned up, we returned to our usual stools and drank some more beer. I guess my buddies and I were all thinking the same thing, that Dewey was not going to like this. It looked to me like the end of a fine friendship and eighty-six from the greatest bar around.

Dewey came in by the back door; Lon was the first thing he saw. He picked the kid up and lay the half-conscious body face down on the bar just south of where the three of us sat.

Dewey looked at us from behind the bar. "You guys fuck 'im?" he asked, voice hard and quiet.

"He asked for it!" Angelo shouted. "Goes around insultin' everyone, then he can't back up his own bullshit. I mean, man, he begged us, really begged us, not to fuck his ass. Shit, he's not even a punk... He's nothin' but party meat."

Dewey and I agreed.

Silence. Just the storm outside. Then Dewey smiled, a weird grin. "Well, y'all, see, this kid came and said he'd work free, but in return, after a month or so, he wanted to get the guys to turn on him."

Angelo looked the most surprised of the three of us. "Wha-at?"

Dewey went on: "If you kicked the shit outta him and fucked him cross-eyed, it was just what he wanted. The kid's a rape-freak. I went for it because I needed to cut my overhead, and I thought it'd be some fun for my friends.... So yer right, Angelo. He damn well is party meat, just something to have a good time with."

"Shit if we haven't been suckered," Angelo said. "Well, this is one time I enjoyed every fuckin' minute of it."

Lon moved slightly as he groaned. His left leg slipped from the counter and slowly dangled downward, coming to rest on a couple of bar stools. Now his beautiful little butt lay wide open. A whitish liquid oozed from the hole, which was bright red and thickly blistered, and slowly drooled down onto his big, fuzzy, balls. They bulged out on the bar counter, torture-swollen, beneath the crack of his ass and between his hard young thighs that were tightly bound in black leather chaps.

As I drank with my buddies, Dewey began to apply a towel full of ice to Lon's black eye and swelling jaw, in his tough-fatherly way.

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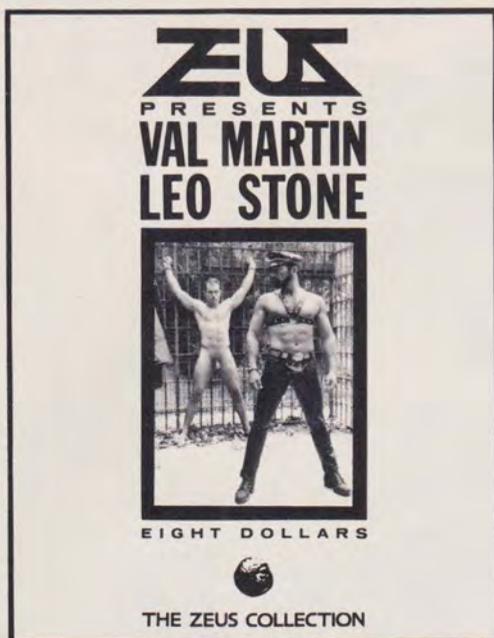
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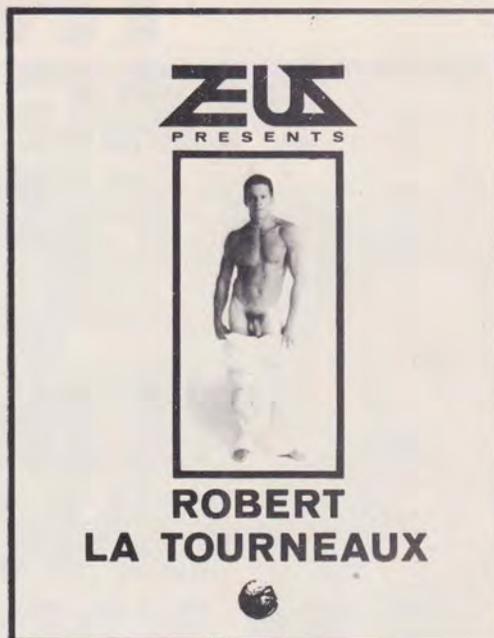
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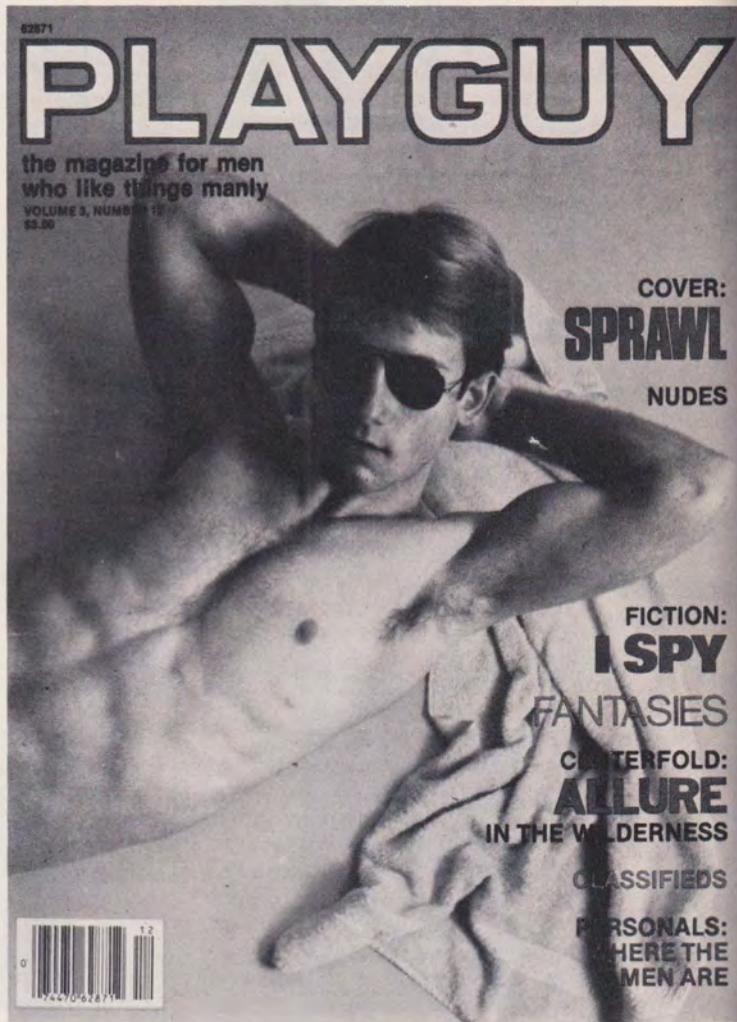
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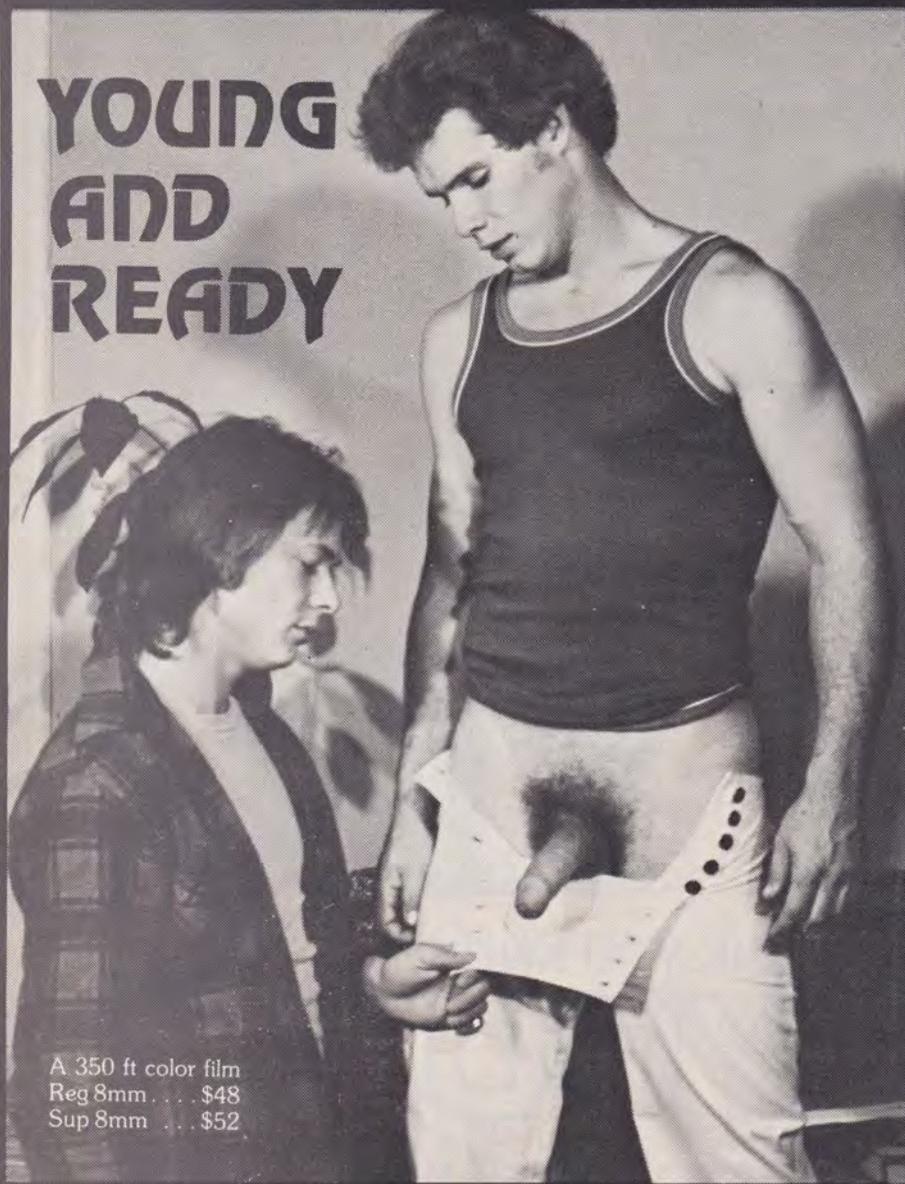
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FLORIDA SOJOURN

Continued from page 23

one's still away?"

I could see the possibilities but didn't feel like moving. Bill responded to the idea, though, so grabbing a 6-pack from the frig, we zoomed off to houseparty headquarters.

The pool was screened in, just off the living room in the back of the house. The yard had a redwood fence around it so we were completely private. We dipped in quietly, all naked again, just relaxing and being refreshed by the cool water. I got a bar of soap and took turns massaging everyone.

Michael found a volleyball so we started a rowdy game of keep-away. Our voices must have carried because when I got up out of the pool to grab a stray ball, the young blonde from next door was ambling toward me through the backyard.

My first impulse was just the slightest embarrassment. Then I remembered that our "sports activities" in the pool were thus far perfectly innocent. He did seem a little shy about meeting me in the raw, but he smiled so sweetly I had to invite him to join us.

"Come on in," I said. "With a fourth we can play volleyball in the pool."

"I'll go and change into a suit," he said, turning.

"No need," I countered. "We're all skinny. Nobody here but us fellows." I was sure the others were hip to the action, with all the fresh vigor they showed splashing around the pool.

Tom pulled off his T-shirt, revealing a tan, hairless, well-developed chest, with a heavy sprinkling of freckles over his shoulders and upper back. He hesitated before stepping out of his tennis shorts and jock, but the others were still tossing the ball. I, too, pretended not to notice, stealing inconspicuous glances so he wouldn't feel as nude as he was. What a sight—blonde pubic hair against his creamy white skin below his tan marks, and a long cock, nicely tapered to a medium-sized pink head. I wondered if he knew how to use it.

Tom played on Bill's side in the deep-end where the players had to tread water to hit the ball. They were the tallest so it was only fair. The ball went out of the pool again, and Michael pulled his ass up slowly over the

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side. I caught Tom's eyes wandering over it, maybe yearning to touch it. He checked out Michael's prick on the way back, too. I guess we all noticed because Bill gave me a knowing look. When I served the ball just over Tom's head and Bill took a dive into the back court for it, the two of them collided.

Bill quickly swooped his arms around Tom, and they went under in a crotch to crotch embrace. They came up for air, and Bill went back down but this time alone. He was sliding his mouth over that long cock, while Michael shoved his own crotch into Tom's face.

Inclined to deep underwater swimming myself, I swam down to the bottom and began to do what I'd had in mind since the beach but had been too distracted with other pleasures to accomplish. While Bill was so intent gorging himself on that tender underwater feast, (he had come up for air and gone down again) I opened up Bill's ass with my fingers, loosening it with the handy bar of soap, and sneaked my pulsating pole into him.

This broke through to him all right. He swam up and climbed on the side of the pool, leaving Tom and Michael, and lying down on his stomach to

allow me his fine picture of an ass. Maybe he appreciated that even with this fresh meat around, I still wanted his untouched ass. I sat on him with my thighs pressed toward his waist, and spitting into his hairy hole, I started riding him. Bill seemed to get a kick out of shocking the lad. Anyway, he provided a fine example of endurance because my rod was a thick mean baby.

Tom watched spellbound, as Michael worked over his spirited lance. "Tom," I whispered down to him, "have you ever been fucked?"

"No," he said. "Will it hurt?"

Bill heard this, shrugged me off and smiled at the straw-haired kid. "Not if it's done right," he reassured him. "It'll feel so good you won't believe what you've been missing."

Bill walked over to his jeans, his heavy equipment shooting up toward the sky, and got a small package of lubricant from his pocket (a model of preparedness, I thought). By this time Michael had jumped up to where I was, and I went down on him for some of that delicious pre-cum I remembered the taste of.

Meanwhile Bill hiked Tom's legs over his chest, pushing in from the

front. Tom gasped at first and then started moaning as I took all of Michael's fine spear into my throat. Before he could come, I pulled out and said to the guys, "Wait. There's only one first time. Might as well make it memorable."

Michael liked the idea so he signaled Bill to move over and let him have a turn. Tom was sweating and red in the face, moaning ecstatically as Michael shot his wad up into him. But Tom's cock was as swollen as ever. He needed some fresh meat. So climbing onto him in a 69 position, I said, "You're getting a full initiation, buddy."

I almost gagged on that long inexperienced cock, but in no time I had adjusted to it and was taking it all. Michael had dropped out by this time but Bill hadn't come so he plunged his dick into my ass, just over Tom's forehead, and crouched with his thighs against the side of Tom's face and knees pinning down Tom's shoulders.

Tom's legs started writhing around, and his cock was so hot in my mouth I knew he was about to come. I grabbed the base of his meat to slow him down, waiting for Bill's rotations in my ass to get us all off at the same time. Michael, looking on, realized the fireworks were about to go off so like a coach, he started calling to us, "All together now. When I count to six."

Tom couldn't wait. He exploded his thick stuff into my throat as I shot off obediently on the count of six. Then Tom had a mouthful. Bill raised my butt up a little over Tom's face and slammed into me for another few seconds. He let out a roar as he came and then fell off us into the pool.

I looked at Tom, beat after such heavy action, and grinned at Michael. We jumped on Tom, I with his shoulders and Michael with his feet, and hoisted him into the pool with a big splash.

A half hour later as we floated around, unable to do much more, the others came back from the beach and looked into the pool with surprise. I could see the envy sweep over the guys' faces as soon as they saw how exhausted and content we looked.

My sister stood by the side of the pool, and I asked, "Do you know Tom from next door?"

She smiled. "Of course. Hi, Tom. Welcome to our little houseparty. Or I guess you've already gotten quite a welcome. Now everybody, who wants lobster and cold beer?"

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KIDNAPPED

Continued from page 56

it, or was it they who had done it. He had taken some drugs, he had had more to drink than usual. But, somehow, he was talking to them, to the new men who had invaded his territory. Their accents made it difficult for him to understand all they were saying. They were truckers. From down south. They were leering at him. But in a way that frightened him. He was used to the looks he received being pleas from admirers. These two men weren't asking for anything, even with just their eyes they were taking from him. They were undressing him in a crude, uncivil fashion he had never experienced. Their hands even came out and touched him—not delicately as he might have expected, but grossly, cupping his cock and balls so finely outlined in his leather pants, grabbing his ass cheeks with firm, hard grasps, reaching inside his leather shirt and searching out the nipples that still lay flat on the surface of his chest.

He should have been insulted. He should have turned them away. But his usual defenses were gone. There was a powerful, masculine scent coming from their bodies, it carried a naturalness to their spread-legged stance. Some part of him said that this was going to be different. Somehow this was going to be very different.

He barely remembered leaving the bar with them. The on-lookers were shocked. Pretty boy was going home with someone. And not just someone, but two rough customers that the rest of them had always avoided. They just hoped he knew what he was getting into with them.

Vaguely Bjorn remembered driving through the warehouse district in the back of an old van. One of the men drove while he and the other rolled around in the back storage space. Far back in his mind he knew he should be frightened. The one who was with him felt all the tender parts of his body with an invading roughness that Bjorn could hardly tolerate. His hands insisted on rolling the underused tits harder and harder until the smallest point of erection finally grew out from

each of his chest muscles. And he had undone Bjorn's pants and gripped his soft groin with surprising hardness, though neither of them had been surprised to find Bjorn's cock standing full. The hand hadn't stopped there, but had gone on and cruelly inserted a dry finger into Bjorn's tender asshole, sending a shot of pure pain through the young man's body.

The whole night was a blurred memory to him. There had been excruciating pain, he knew that. And when he woke up the next morning, naked, bound and uncovered on the floor or a strange industrial space, there was a wave of humiliation at what he had been forced to do to the two men.

In the harsh morning light, there was nothing left of the sexual excitement that had gripped him a few hours before. His body was painfully bruised. He had a hangover, and most of all, he was scared. He looked across the wide, empty space and saw the two men sleeping, one with his arm around the shoulders of the other as they propped on the wall. Both snored loudly. Bjorn was repulsed at the impression they made today. He couldn't understand why he had ever had sex with them.

He tried to block the thoughts from his mind. Now he wanted to escape. There seemed to be no barrier to really keep him in the room. The door was open. It was daylight. He only hesitated because of his nakedness. But the fear of the men waking was enough to overcome that slight hesitation. As quietly as possible he made his way across the room to the door. He nearly got there, even with his hands locked tightly behind his back by the metal handcuffs when one of the men's snores suddenly stopped. Bjorn froze. He couldn't possibly make it to the doorway in time.

"Hey, Jess," the first one called out, "pretty boy's tryin' to take a walk on us." Bjorn's head snapped over to see the first man elbow his partner. The second man woke quickly, with a dazed expression on his face that turned to a leer as he swept the room

with his eyes and quickly took in the scene.

Now they were both leering, first at Bjorn and then at one another. "Well," answered the second man, "ain't that gratitude for ya'. Give the boy a good time and he wants to leave you high and dry. Boy, you better get that pretty ass over here before I have to come and get it myself."

The smiling in his tone of voice left with that last sentence. Those final words had been delivered with a severity that Bjorn couldn't ignore. De-feated without a struggle, he dropped his head and slowly walked over to the two figures.

The one called Jess was naked. He had slept leaning against his friend's body for warmth, totally unaware of his own nakedness, in fact cocky with a kind of assumed pride he felt for the sculptured muscles of his body. His "pal" was called Lance, that much Bjorn did recall from last night. He was heftier, his body had more bulk. And somehow he still had on his jeans from last night. Bjorn knew they had come off though, he couldn't erase the memory of what Lance had made him do to Lance's naked body in the darkness of the evening.

He stood motionless in front of the pair. "Lance, I sure do get horny in the mornin', and I sure do get rip-roarin' mad at a trick that wants to leave before I've done with 'im."

"Well, ole buddy, it seems to me that we can take care of your problem and teach the youngun some manners at the same time."

Bjorn watched Jess's hand reach down to the heavy laden sack that held the naked man's balls. He scratched the silken skin and brought the aromaed hand back up to Bjorn's face. The fingers were covered with the smell of Jess's sex. It was a funky, animal odor. Jess rubbed his sweaty hand across Bjorn's face, and forced the blond to open his mouth and suck on the smelly skin.

"Gotta do more'n teach him manners. Hell, he's a piss poor fuck. Fightin' and complainin' all the time. I think we should spend this day showin' him how lucky he is to get a couple of real American men to take an interest in his scrawny body."

It was almost as though they had carefully planned their moves. Hands came out of nowhere and rope miraculously appeared in Jess's hands. In only a couple minutes Bjorn was bound tightly, his neck pulled back by the rough rope that looped through his handcuffs, around his tender balls and

then down to his bent legs, securely kept in position by the knots on his ankles.

"Boyd needs to find out how good it feels to have somethin' up his ass." Bjorn watched Lance reach over into a black bag and pull out a strange plastic dildo attached to a leather strap. Wide eyed with even more fear now, he watched and felt as Lance greased the plastic tool and roughly shoved it up his painful rectum. The leather straps came around and tied on his abdomen. "Shut him up," Lance ordered when Bjorn screamed.

Jess's already hard cock pushed past Bjorn's revolting mouth and pumped itself deep into the unwilling throat, forcing the boy to gag. But Jess only responded by pumping deeper into the boy, who now tasted the sour liquid that forced its way up from his gullet.

"Yeah," we'll show pretty boy how it's done." Lance moved around the bruised body with quick, expert strokes, ignoring the slurping that came as Jess pumped hard at the boy's mouth, fucking his face with the energy of his morning hard-on. Gold metal clamps found their way to Bjorn's raw nipples, forcing the tender skin into a vice-like grip of such extraordinary torture that waves of violent sensations tore through his whole upper body.

Lance stood back and took in the view of his handy-work. He loved seeing his pal getting off, pumping that big cock of his in and out of a slick mouth. He enjoyed the sight of the boy's body, its young muscles tense with the pain and the struggle against his bondage. His heavy uncut prick rose in the trap of his jeans. He'd have liked to prolong the whole thing, just watch the beauty of his pal getting off like this, but his own needs grew too quickly. And he knew of no better way to get rid of a hangover, himself, than a good hot piece of ass.

He walked back over to the leather bag they had brought in. Rummaging through it, he found what he had sought. He dragged it out and loved seeing the expression on the boy's face as he returned to the bound body on the floor. Bjorn had seen the ugly cat-o-nine tails in Lance's hand. He watched the long tendons of leather as Lance trailed them on the floor as he approached. Tears came to his eyes. Moans of protestation came from the mouth that was stuffed with Jess's cock. Lance only laughed.

Jess caught on quickly. Lance could have his fun but he wasn't about to

stop so close to his own orgasm. He firmly held Bjorn's face between his hands and kept him in a steel like embrace, letting the body twist and turn his torso as much as the rope would let him, but not allowing him to take his slick, warm mouth off of Jess's pulsing cock.

Lance let the leather strips ride softly across Bjorn's back, producing spasms in the boy's muscles as he waited for the whip to strike. "Now, boy, you're gonna get a taste of good American leather on that sweet behind of yours. Teach you a lesson. Get you ready for a man's use." Suddenly the caressing whip rose in the air and came crashing against the exposed buttocks of the Scandinavian. A yell came from his mouth, up from his gut, a scream so desperate from that first taste of leather and pain that he couldn't continue to fight Jess. The American roughneck didn't show the mercy anyone might have expected, but joyfully took advantage of the wide open throat to force his already rampant tool further into the boy's gullet.

ing that came from the pain racked boy. "You had enough, boy?"

Desperate to stop the assault, Bjorn forced the word, "Yes," from his chest. "Then we'll have us a good time. You know boy," the rough neck said as he went back to the leather bag, "your problem is that you're too unwilling. A cock tease who just wants men to watch him without him doin' anything himself. I think we should make you do something special for us."

Lance carried the leather bag over to the sprawled out form on the floor. He lifted the open case up in the air and turned it upside down, producing a cascade of leather and metal objects that scattered across the empty space. "Untie him, Jess." The naked man reached over and roughly undid some of the knots, freeing Bjorn's limbs, but leaving strands of rope hanging from his bruised ankles and wrists. "Now, boy, Jess and me are gonna just stay right here and watch you play with some of our toys. Find yourself something to play with, boy."

**"They didn't pay any attention
to the niceties of society;
they didn't care for any unwritten
rules of etiquette that might govern
the interactions of a bar.
They wanted sex—they wanted it
rough, they wanted it hard,
they wanted it now."**

At first, Jess had wanted to come as quickly as possible. But he saw the impact the whipping was having on his friend. At the very last minute, he withdrew his hard member and knelt back, watching Lance as the cat rose and then fell on the pale skinned boy again and again, each time leaving a newer, darker trail across the taut skin.

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Lance finally stopped, his heaving breath barely audible over the groan-

Jess reached over and took the metal tit clamps off the boy's tits with a single gesture of each hand, causing a new cry of pain as the sensitive flesh agonized over its new freedom. "Come on, boy, you find something in this pile to play with and I'll leave these off. You don't, I'll put 'em back on—with a couple other goodies we got around here."

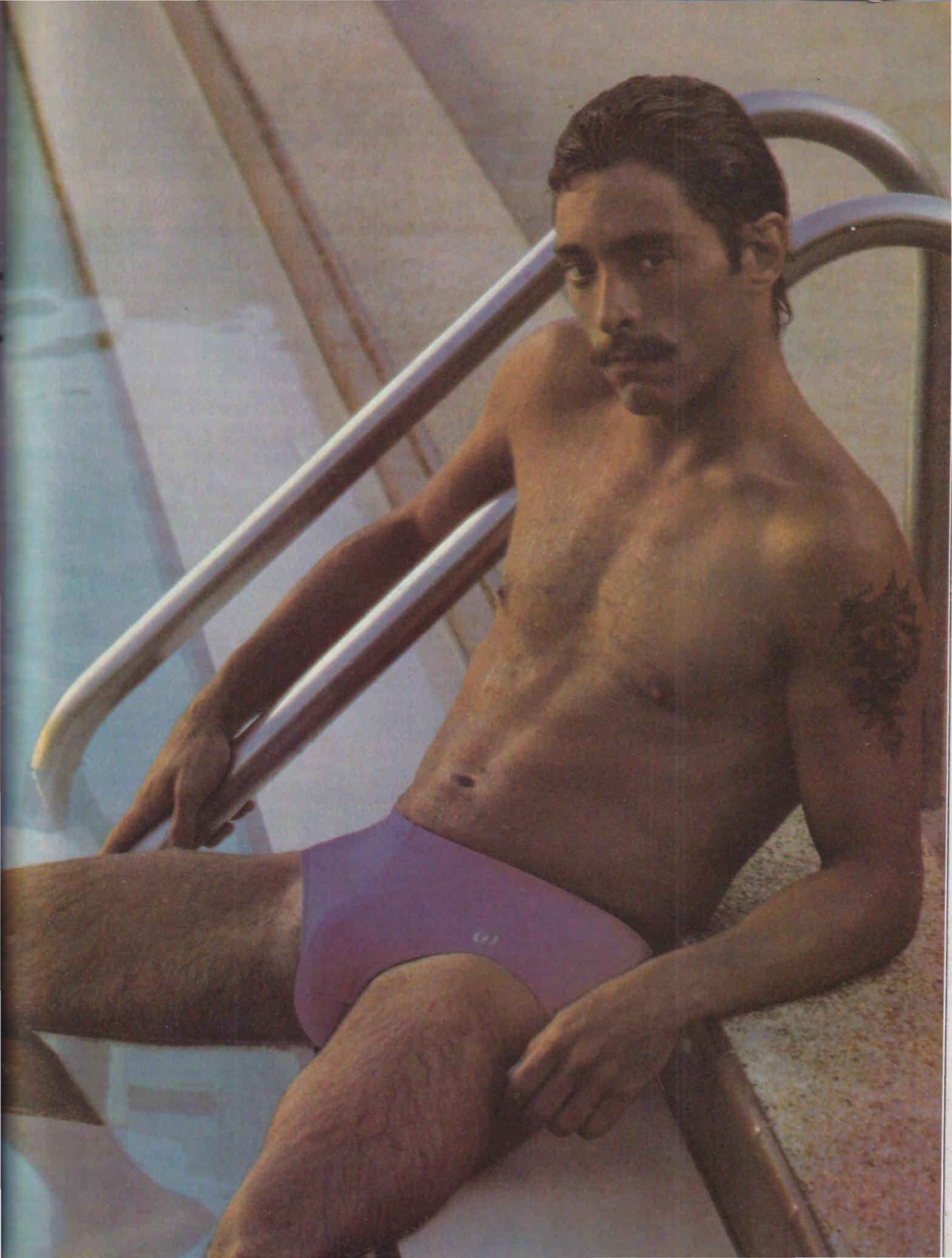
Bjorn knelt on the floor before his two captors. He wanted to escape. Or at least to rebel. But he knew somehow it would do no good. Before him were devices whose purpose he couldn't even guess at. Only the large, obscenely large, dildo in front of him had an obvious use. Tears still in his eyes, he reached for it. Too ashamed to face his humiliators, he handed the rubber prong to Lance, his head turned away. He blushed at the loud

Continued to page 78

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LETTERS

ROCKS OFF

Continued from page 34

jeans down to my ankles and the sweet masculine aroma of my jizz-soaked nuts greets my nostrils. I'm thinking about the stud I met last summer. It was a stifling hot afternoon. I was in one of the big department stores in our town. On the escalator right ahead of me was this handsome hulk of a guy. He was tall, lean, and wearing faded blue jeans made to fit his sexy body without a wrinkle to spare. His beautiful trim ass was almost in my face. I felt as though I wanted to reach up with my tongue and lick the seam down the ass of his jeans. (I got my chance later). He seemed to feel my eyes glued to his ass. He turned around and I felt my face redden, but he immediately put me at ease and gave me a sexy bedroom smile—one that told me he was gay and was also very hot in the crotch.

I followed him to the washroom on the next floor. No one else was in there at the time so I stood at the urinal next to him. We took out our pricks and I went out of my mind as I watched him piss out his golden stream. As he pissed he took hold of my hardened rod and asked me if I wanted to come over to his pad which was near the store. I immediately agreed. On the way he told me he liked very hot, dirty wet sex and warned me not to come with him if I didn't feel the same way. I replied that I liked it that way.

As soon as we got inside his apartment door, he pulled me tight to his hot sweating body, and covered my mouth with his sensuous lips. He pushed his probing tongue into me and gave me all the liquid in his mouth. I swallowed it like a load of cum, and gave him mine later on. We French-kissed for a long time, our cocks straining against each other, and our hands groping our asses wildly.

Then he stood back in front of me with his long legs wide apart. "Get down in front of me, baby, and smell me—smell my sex and get horny for me." I got down in between his sexy legs and pushed my face into his crotch and sniffed deeply. His light piss-stained jeans turned me on—I got his cock and balls odor and it was

beautiful. "Lick my pants, baby," he said, "lick me all over—get into it, man, and turn on, we're gonna have us some real hot dirty stuff, you and me."

Then he turned around and showed me that magnificent ass. As he bent over for me, he said, "My ass, too, baby, kiss it, suck it, lick it, smell it, like I'm gonna do to you, too!" I licked my way down the wide seam in the crack of his ass, and licked the cloth all over his melon mounds. I put my nose into his ass and sniffed it deeply to get the musky smell of him. Then he did all these things to me.

"Let's strip naked, Bob, baby," he said. "You take off my shirt and jeans nice and slow and I'll strip yours off and we'll lick our naked sexy lean bodies together." We stripped slowly. The feeling of his sweaty hands taking off my shirt and jeans drove me wild with desire for him and I knew he felt the same way about me. It was a perfect mating of two sex-crazed naked bodies with cream-filled balls waiting to be released. He put a rubber sheet on the bed and told me to lie on my back. Then he climbed over me, facing me, and said, "I'm gonna give you a delicious golden shower, baby."

He started to piss on me—first on my throbbing hard prick and balls, then on my belly, my chest, and finally on my face and into my wide open mouth. It tasted hot and slightly salty. It's not easy to do the first time, but when you're lying there watching a beautiful man over you, and seeing the warm golden liquid coming out of his magnificent sexy body, you want it—you want everything he's got. When he finished pissing he gave me his cock to suck. It was a long thick job, about eight inches and a nice light coffee color. "Suck my nuts, too, baby," he said, as he brought them to my open mouth. I licked the sweat off them and then took both of them at once and sucked them completely, even swallowing the few loose hairs that came off—I wanted all of my friend, Jim.

We changed positions—and I pissed all over him and into his mouth. When I got up to his face he grabbed my pissing prick and pulled it into his mouth and really sucked me so hard I almost came—it was tremendous. "Suck my ass now, Bob," he said, "and I'll rim you at the same time." We got into position, and he sucked and talked alternately, always very dirty so that he got me wild with desire for him. He would say, "That's it, baby, that's it—kiss my ass, kiss and lick my ass all over. Kiss my asshole, my

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hairy shithole—kiss it and lick it and suck it—get the taste of my sexy ass—it's all yours. Put your tongue up my love tunnel—rim me out—spread my ass wide and get your hungry tongue up there. Let me feel your tongue fuck my asshole. Get the taste of my deep shithole. Go in there, baby." Then I would feel his hot wet lips kissing my ass, and sucking my asshole, and his beautiful tongue up my bum. We were inside each other now, rimming each other completely. I love to rim a sexy man. One time I watched a very sexy stud getting fucked. As soon as the cum-covered cock came out, I licked it off completely and then sucked the hot cum out of the warm fucked asshole. It tasted so delicious that way. But back to Jim.

We rimmed and sucked and kissed asses and assholes at least a half an hour until we felt the cum in our balls ready to explode!

"Let's cocksuck now, baby," he said, "before we lose our loads." He kissed me again right after we rimmed, and then we licked off our piss-soaked bodies. "Cocksuck me hard, you sexy son-of-a-bitch," he said. We got into 69 position. Our cocks were throbbing to beat hell and covered with lots of pre-cum sticky juice. We licked it off and kissed our balls and wet crotches again. He handed me his jeans and took mine, and said, "Take a whiff of the inside of my jeans, baby, smell the inside of the front and the ass of them—get my body smell—my sexy aroma and turn on high to suck me—cocksuck me, baby, cocksuck me hard!"

My lips covered the sticky throbbing head of his swollen dick and I felt his hot wet mouth going over mine. We sucked deep and long. It just took a few strokes and we were ready to cum for each other. I felt his cock get harder and bigger than ever. I knew he was about to shoot and so was I! We shot together at the same split second—spurt after spurt of warm thick hot cock cream shot into my gut and I sucked deep to get it all. Then I quickly pulled out his cock and let a couple of spurts shoot all over my face—I wanted to see his fuckstick in action. It was thrilling. He did the same. Back in again and we sucked each other dry. He pulled me up to his face and we sucked our own cum off each other's faces. It was fantastic dirty sex. You have to be a really dirty wet cocksucker to enjoy such stimulation. Next week, we're gonna get together again. This time, he's going to

invite three of his buddies over for a gangbang—jerking off, pissing on naked bodies, cumming all over each other, rimming—everything, anything. Just hot dirty sex.

Why don't you send a copy of my letter to K.V. in Rochester. Maybe some day we could meet. Meanwhile, I'm going to read HIS letter again and jack off to it, and the pic of the uncut guy on the opposite page—I can almost see the warm golden piss cuming out of it—he can piss on me anytime. Brad, on page 15, has a beautiful dick, too. If you look at his balls long enough, you can almost smell them, smell the masculine sex on them, big, low-hanging loose balls. I'd suck and lick his cock and balls and shithole anytime. I'd love to have him piss on me and in me—I'd eat everything he gives me. I'd like to catch him after a workout, when he's all sweaty, then sit on my face and make me lick him out all over.

I could go on and on about The Gypsy on page 54 and 55, too—what a sexy wet body, what a set of cock and balls, and his leather pants need to be kissed and licked. I'll bet there's lots of rich cock smell in them.

I just came again, Honcho guys—you guys make me cum so much I have to put this book down for a while. You can print any of the above (that is, if you dare!)

R.J.
Canada

LOVEJUICE ENCLOSED

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing a fantasy which I would like for you to publish in a spring issue of your magazine. I am giving you full publication rights. I get real joy from seeing my writings in print. You printed one of my stories about a year ago. Please give me the pleasure again.

I really think you do a swell job with your magazine. You seem to select the right cocks to expose. How about a series of pictures showing men wearing cock straps and some with one or more cock rings on at one time. Another thing that really turns me on is a man naked with work shoes on.

I look forward to coming issues and hope to see this story in one of them.

S.H., N.Y., N.Y.

P.S. I'm signing off with a bit of love juice which just oozed from my prick while I was writing to you.

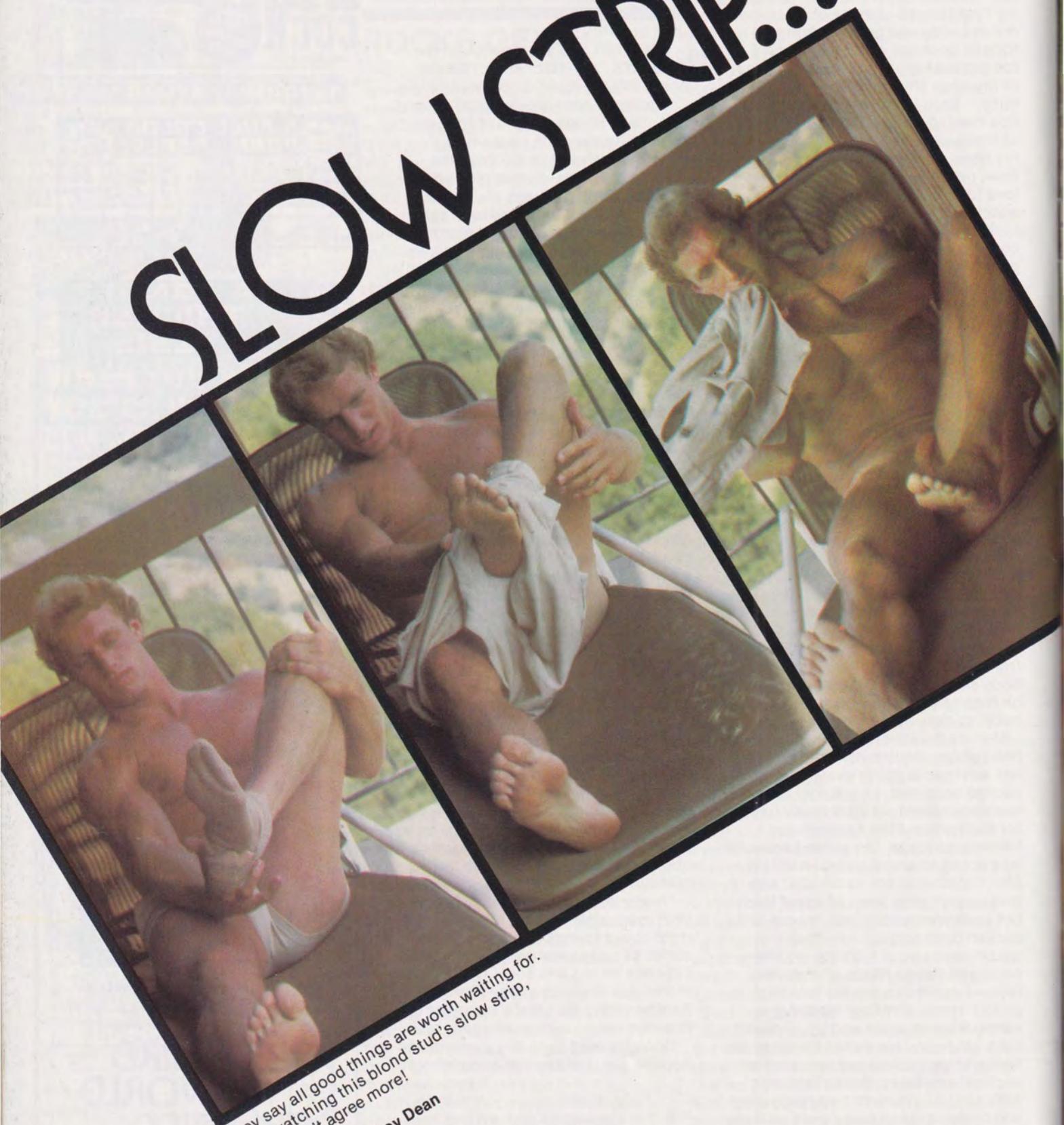
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