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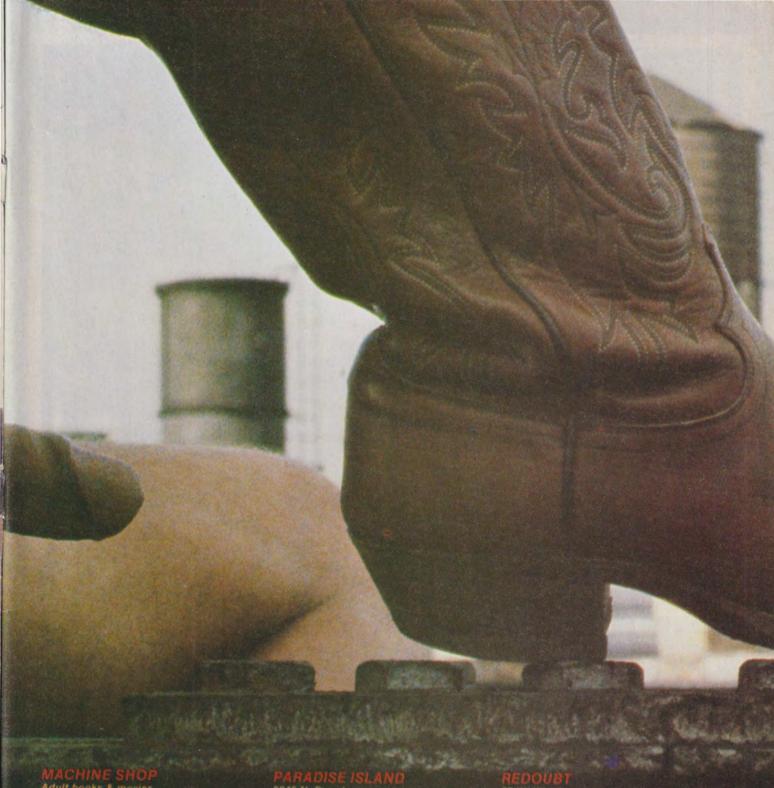
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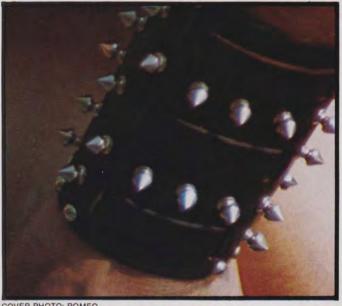
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VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 8 NOVEMBER 1982

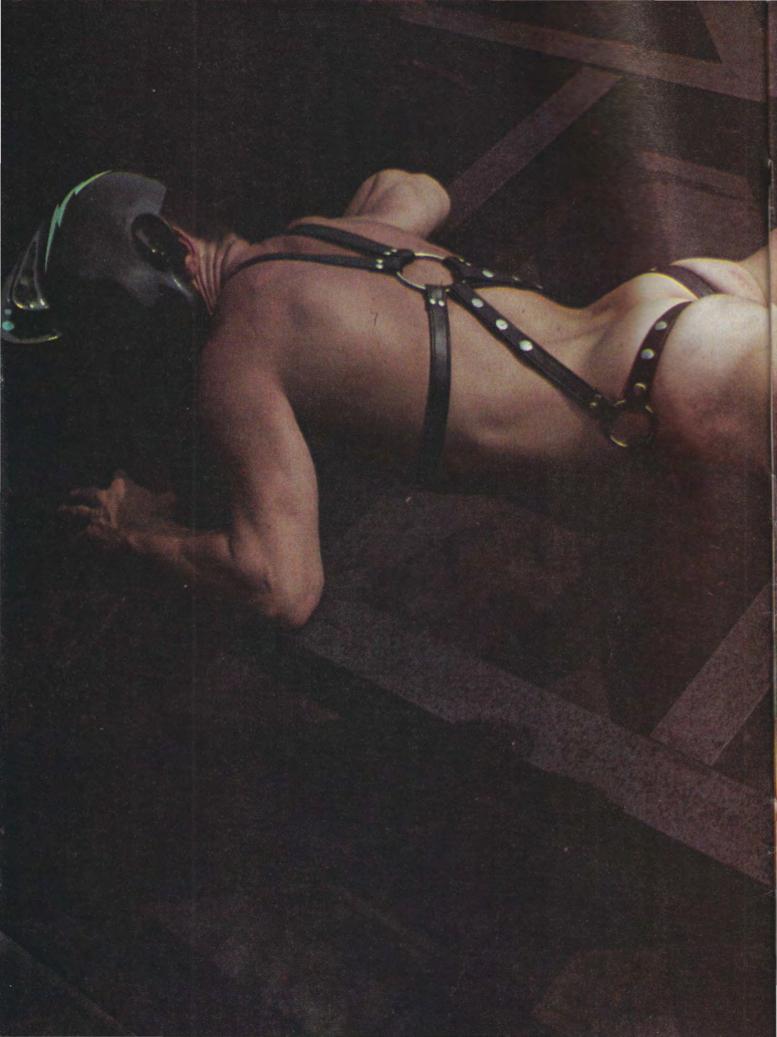


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CHO by your bedside, the coming winter nights won't bother you a bit.

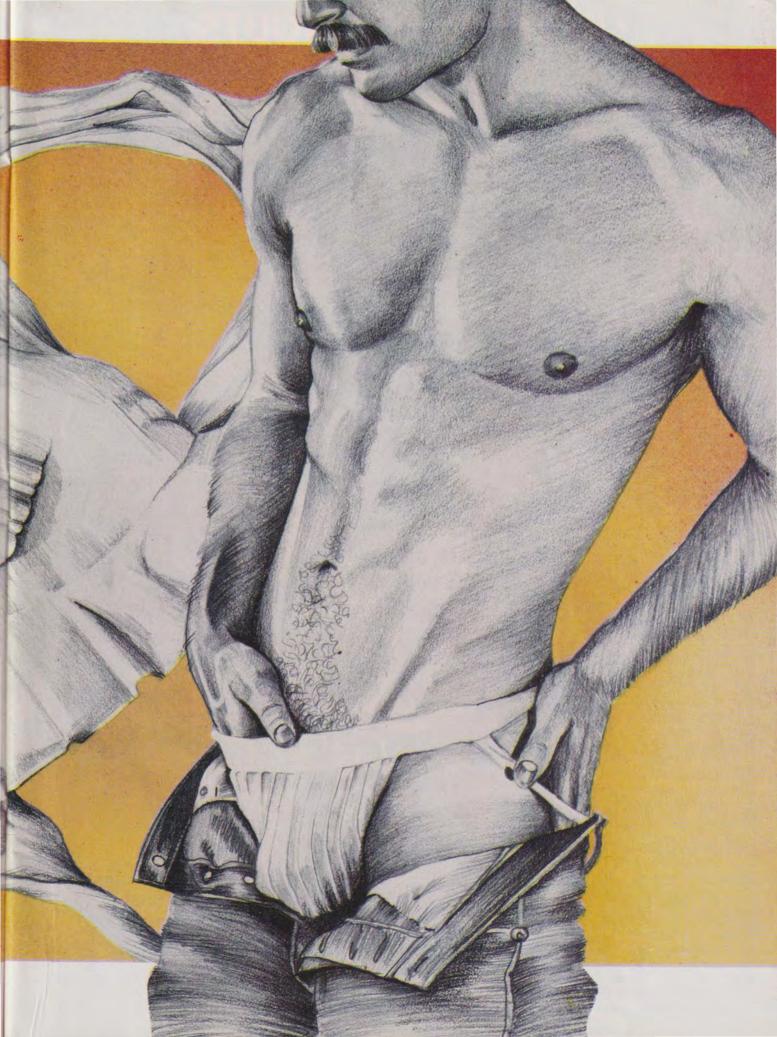
"All hesitation gone, Phillip walked over and pulled the man's pants down around his ankles. Then he pulled the jock strap down also. The scent of the man's groin was turning him on like mad."

DOMINATION

By Harry Ludwin • Illustration by Petro

Phillip sat on the edge of his bed and flipped through the magazine his friends at work had given him that afternoon. It was filled with hung bodybuilders and their willing partners sucking, rimming and getting fucked. His friends had laughed when they gave it to him, saying that he could see some real man action now that he was 21.

He had gone along with the joking, but secretly it came too close to the truth to be funny for him. Although he had moved to Hollywood a year and a half ago when he was 19, he really had not found it as exciting as he had hoped it would be. Sure it beat life back in Dayton, but all the best action was in the bars, and you had to be 21 to drink legally. His blond hair which would not grow into a decent beard or moustache and his average build combined to make him look his age, just under 21. The few bars he had gotten into were mostly the type filled with groups of pretty boys wearing Lacostes and sweaters. They did not appeal to him.



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All that had changed now that he was 21. He could get into any of the rough bars he had heard about. He said no when his friends offered to take him out. He did not want to waste his first night by being stuck with a group. An advertisement for "The Boot" caught his eye. "The Boot" was a leather bar on the other side of town that had a reputation for action. The stud in the advertisement wearing only a pair of boots caused Phillip's cock to start swelling. He decided that "The Boot" was as good a place as any to try out on his birthday.

"The Boot" was located across town from Phillip's apartment. He parked his car down the hill from it and walked to the back of the building where the entrance was. He always felt nervous before entering a bar, but Phillip reminded himself that this time there was nothing to worry about.

"Got an I.D.?" the doorman in jeans and a black jacket asked. Phillip handed it to him and the man examined it under a pocket light. "Happy birthday, kid!" The doorman

stepped out of the way.

The place was dimly lit and Phillip took a seat at the bar close to where he had entered. He tried to act casual when the barechested bartender came over to take his order, but it was hard not to stare at the bulging pecs and the hair running down the flat stomach to the first undone button of his 501's.

"Bud please." Phillip wasn't used to liquor, but was anxious not to look out of place. He figured a few beers wouldn't be hard to handle. "Thanks." Phillip's hand became clammy when the bartender's fingertips lingered while returning the change. "That's how they get big tips," Phillip reasoned with himself as he turned away. "Makes you think they're interested."

He took a swallow of beer and looked the place over. Along the side a jukebox was going next to some guys playing pool. Not too many men were in the bar, but its small size was filled by cigarette smoke and music. A black curtain on the wall apparently covered the door to another room.

Most of the guys were wearing jeans and a t-shirt, some were shirtless. A few had leather chaps and vests. Not as exciting as Phillip had hoped, but the guys looked one hundred per cent tougher than the regulars of the bars on Phillip's side

of town.

At the other end of the counter Phillip's eves lingered on one shirtless man talking with a couple of friends. He looked to be in his early thirties. He was not tall and was slightly balding, but his body was compact and fully developed. The man was sweating from the heat inside the room and took a blue bandana from his pocket to wipe his face. As he was putting it back he noticed Phillip's gaze, but continued talking. After a minute more of conversation he got up and walked behind the dark curtain without turning back.

Already into his second beer, Phillip could not decide whether to follow him into the back room. The guy didn't even turn around and look at Phillip before going. But why else would he be going back there? He had seen Phillip looking at him just before. Gulping down the rest of the beer, Phillip now felt a slight buzz. He crossed the room. Why not? You have to go after it.

The couples in the back room were in various stages of getting it on. Phillip spotted his man immediately, seated on a chair. This time the man held Phillip's gaze. He unbuttoned the top of his 501's and

Silent until now, the man groaned softly as his hands pushed more urgently. As the moaning reached a loud climax, a flood of cum hit the roof of Phillip's mouth; it slid down his throat.

The man stood up, Phillip still kneeling in front of him. A drop of spit and cum remained on the large head of the man's cock. He wiped it onto a finger and smeared it on Phillip's parted lips.

"Thanks!" He pulled up his trousers and returned to the front bar

The man left so quickly that Phillip rose and just stood there not knowing what to think. He understood that some guys had macho hangups and would not reciprocate a good blow job, but no one had ever treated Phillip like a street hustler before. Somehow he did not get angry as he might have about being used. He figured he was just too horny and returned to the other room to find some overnight action.

Pushing aside the drape serving as a door between the two rooms, Phillip returned to his seat at the front counter. A few more people were now seated at it. Closest to him a pair of guys attracted his attention. The older one, about 30, was a

"'The Boot' was a leather bar with a reputation for action. When Phillip saw the bar's advertisement he knew he had to check it out, because the poster showed a hung, hairy stud wearing only a pair of cowboy boots."

fingered his swelling crotch through the man's jockstrap. All hesitation gone, Phillip walked over and pulled the man's pants down around his ankles. Then he pulled the jock down also. The large size of the fully erect cock surprised him. Carefully he took 4 or 5 inches into his mouth. The scent of the man's groin was turning Phillip on like mad. Strong hands circled his head, forcing him down to the base surrounded by thick brown hair. At first he felt he would gag, but the hands let up for a second and soon he got into the rhythm of the pulsing rod sliding in and out of his eager mouth.

Latino with a black moustache. He was wearing leather chaps over a pair of jeans and a leather vest with no shirt. As he bent over his drink. the leather vest hung loosely, exposing a well-developed, thickly hairy chest and Phillip could see one large dark nipple. His friend, a slightly younger-looking white guy, was wearing a pair of jeans also, but with a white muscle shirt tucked inside his back pocket. He had a short brown beard and a moustache, but Phillip could see no hair on the smooth back turned towards him revealing the top of a crack above the well-rounded seat of the man's

Continued to page 12



















DOMINATION

Continued from page 9

pants.

Turning to order some more drinks, the man noticed Phillip's gaze.

"How 'bout a drink?"

"Sure!" Phillip was flattered by the directness. He'd had a little casual sex in the park or like that guy in the back room just then, but when it came to really meeting guys in a bar, most of the ones he'd seen always wasted half of the evening with eye games.

The two men downed the clear drink in a gulp and Phillip did too, embarrassed when the strong booze made him frown. The two men noticed his reaction, but said nothing.

"I'm Mark," said the younger of the two, "and this is my roommate Jesse." Phillip shook their hands unsteadily and grinned foolishly when he stuttered on his own introduction.

"How'd you like to come to our place?" Mark asked. Phillip nodded older men watching Phillip as he slowly made his way down the stairs to the alley where their car was parked.

Stepping out of the car a cool breeze sobered Phillip a little. He looked around at the secluded circle where Mark and Jesse's house stood. Just over the hill cars continually drove by and music from nearby apartments could be heard faintly, but the house was only one of two at the end of the street and the other one looked empty. A broken streetlamp left the place in darkness so Phillip waited for the two to lead the way to the door. He momentarily felt a little funny about going home with two guys much stronger than himself. In the last year queer bashings had taken place frequently in this neighborhood and he had often heard worse stories about young guys who frequented the bars in this area. A slap on the ass from Jesse and another look at the two hot bodies as they walked to from his mind.

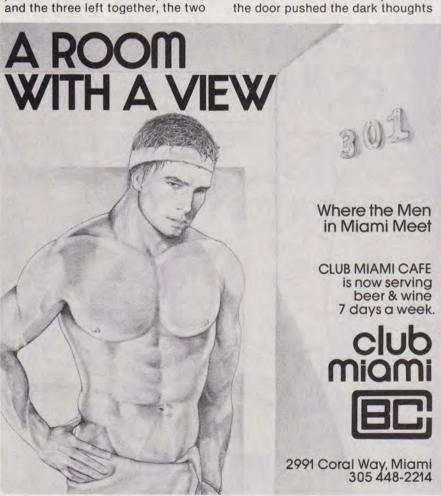
Jesse stood silently as Phillip and Mark undressed in the bedroom. Phillip watched hungrily as Mark's jeans slipped off to reveal his smooth, well-muscled ass. When Mark lay down on the bed. Phillip needed no urging to explore the crack with his probing tongue. He was so involved that he did not notice Jesse's presence until a probing finger began to work on his own ass. As Jesse delved deeper and deeper with his finger, Phillip's tongue slid further into Mark's hole. Phillip's cheeks were wet from the saliva now spread all over Mark's butt. He was filled with Mark's exciting manly scent and he could almost taste the tender flesh his tongue was in contact with.

Mark, fully aroused now, turned over; his rapier-like cock showed an urgent need. Jesse's finger slid from Phillip's ass as the young man knelt down to begin on Mark's dick. He began by sucking the smooth balls beneath and worked his way up the steely, thin rod. Mark tensed, a soft moan escaping his lips, and Phillip took the head, now wet with pre-cum, into his mouth. Concentrating on the meat he was devouring, Phillip barely noticed as Jesse's strong hands gently directed his own behind his

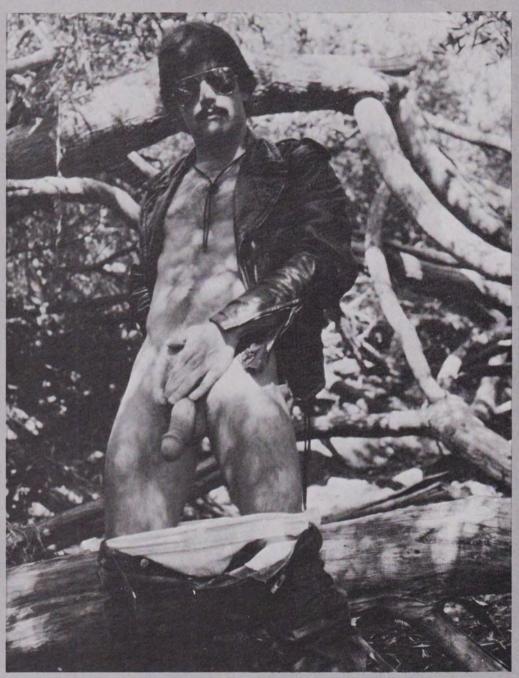
back.

When the feel of something cool touched Phillip's wrists, the fear that had come to him outside the house returned. He tried to turn and cry out as the studded leather bonds drew tight about his arms, but fear kept him silent and a rough jab in the back forced him to turn around: forced him to face the dick that would not be denied.

Mark pushed Phillip's mouth all the way down his long cock causing the young man to flinch as it repeatedly rammed into the back of his throat. Terrified at being forced to submit to the wills of the two men, Phillip barely noticed the ache which began to grow in his throat. Mechanically he moved up and down the shaft with his mouth; hands bound behind him, kneeling in front of the man he had willingly come home with less than an hour before. He was at first relieved when a sweet warmth told him that Mark was finally shooting his wad, but a panicky feeling took over when shots of come continued and strong hands kept his mouth held down making him feel suffocated. At last he had swallowed the entire load and was Continued to page 66



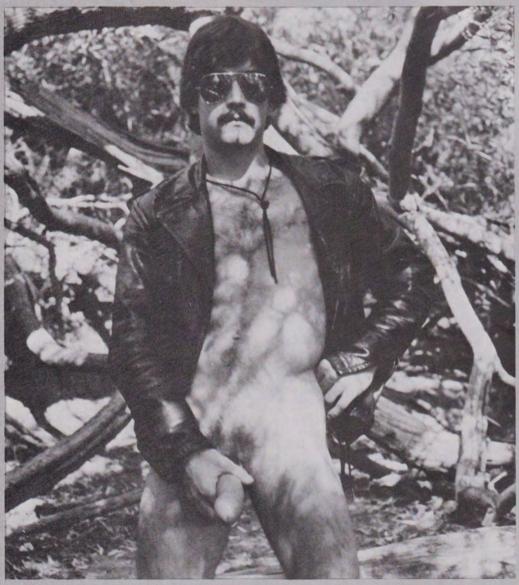
WOODSMAN



To be at loggerheads with someone means to be in a state of disagreement with him. That's obviously the last thing in the world you want from this hot man. Everyone will agree that he has what it takes: he's got muscular hairy legs, a well-developed chest and abdomen, big macho hands. Let's see, did we overlook anything?

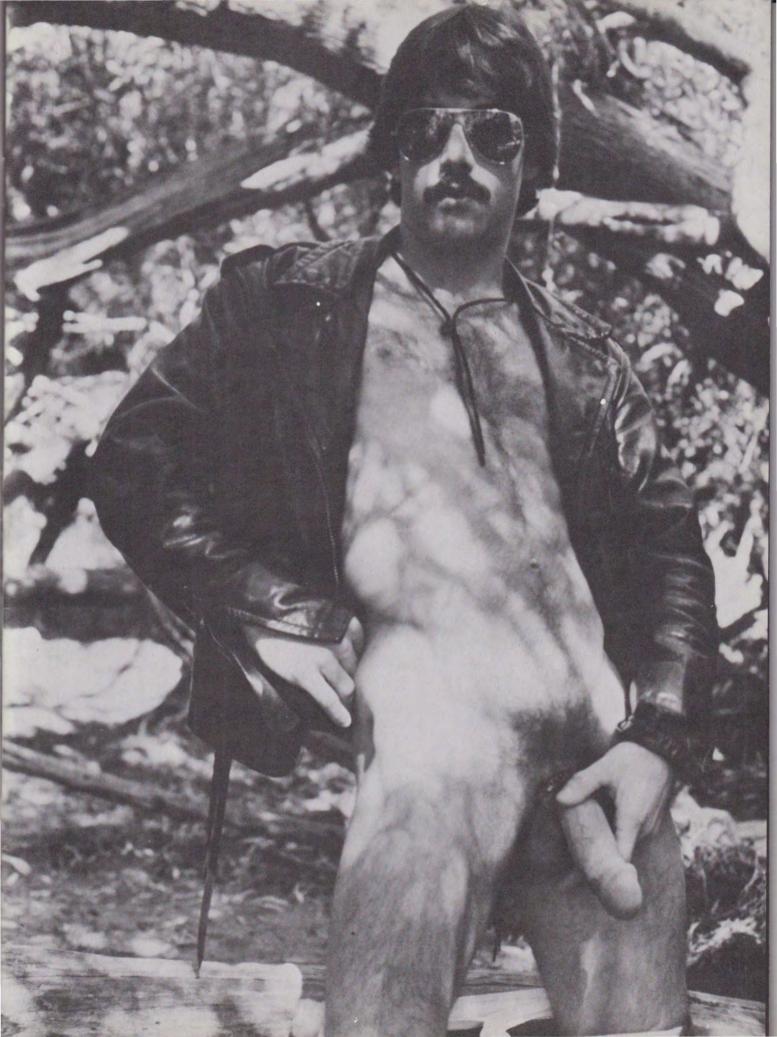
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PANTHEON

WOODSMAN



Woodsman, spare that tree! But come on over here and whatever you do, don't spare the rod on me. Let me touch that leather; let me feel that skin, those muscles, that enormous tree trunk hanging down your leg!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PANTHEON

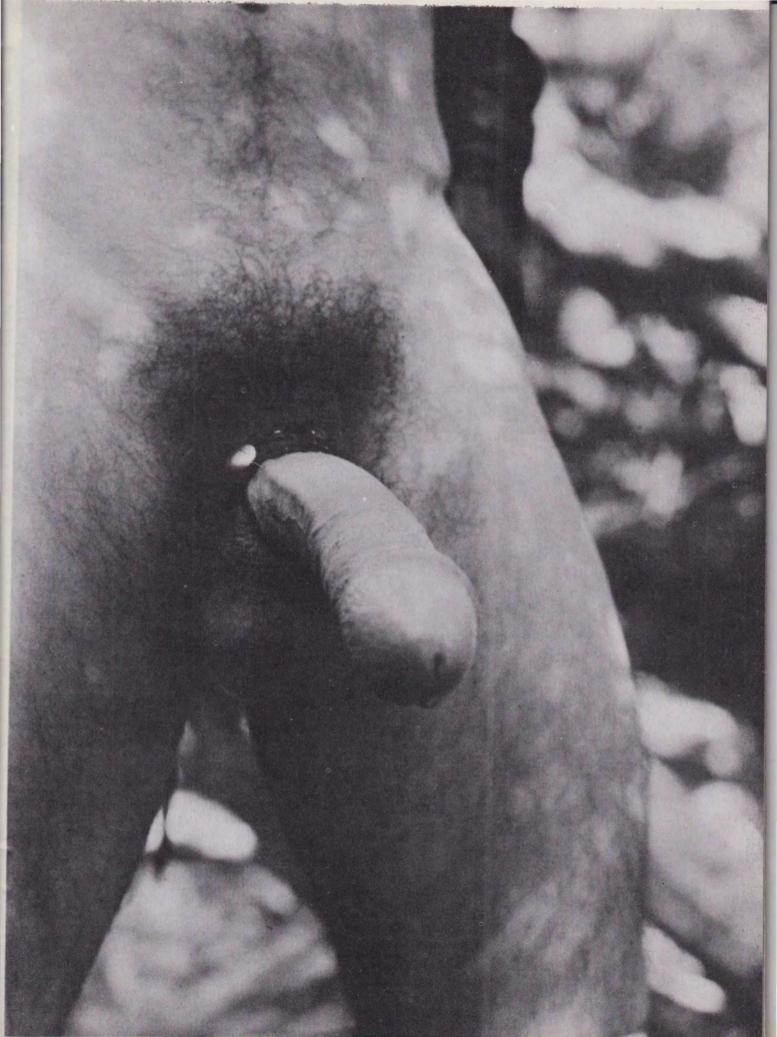


WOODSMAN



What's that monstrous tool in his hand? Is he a woodcutter ready to fell some trees? Or is he aiming at *you*? The tree behind him looks rather brittle, so the best thing to do is climb him. He's got a pole you can hang onto, that's for damn sure.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PANTHEON



COPUNDERCOVER By Matthew Smith • Illustration by Jess Nicholas



NOVEMBER 1982 / HONCHO

ward to his work. Tonight, though, he just didn't feel up to it. His mind was

had seen.

As fate would have it, Paul had just happened to be in the station to given the law a second glance. There was something about the man, though, some unseen animal

magnetism, that had drawn Paul's attention to him. Cruising a cop is dangerous at the best of times. But, when you are met face to face with someone who exudes such obvious masculine appeal, it's difficult to remain detached.

The cop and his partner had arrived, dragging some poor unfortunate with them, while Paul and his friend were finishing up at the front desk. They had obviously just run a quick hundred yard dash or so, and as a result their sweat-covered bodies were heaving under their labored breathing. More so in the case of the partner. He was much older than the other and, judging by the state that his body was in, he was probably nearing the end of the road. He also had some rather antiquated ideas about police work. He was one of those who try to show up their inadequacies by proving that they are tougher than everything in sight. In this case, he had decided to take out his frustrations on their quarry, and he would have probably killed the guy if the younger cop hadn't intervened.

That wasn't the end of it, though. One word from the desk sergeant about the fact that Paul's friend was up for soliciting and the man was off again. He started into them spewing all the right places. He paid particular attention to the area between his legs, which barely managed to hide the outline of another weapon. One which Paul wished that he could get a look at. An involuntary sigh escaped his lips and he raised his head to see the cop casually watching him. It took him totally by surprise. Suddenly the heat in the place had risen several degrees. The man's eyes gave Paul the once over, then rose to meet him eye to eye. He didn't say anything. He merely looked deep into Paul's soul.

There was no malice in the cop's expression. In fact, there didn't seem to be anything in the way of emotion. It was extremely distracting. Those light grey eyes beckoned Paul's consciousness and he felt something akin to electricity pass between them, joining them in some unspoken bond. It was too much for Paul. He pulled his eyes away from the gaze and turned aside out of embarrassment.

The old guy was still carrying on with his tantrum, a point that gave Paul a certain amount of relief. At least it afforded him a chance to get hold of himself. Then, not waiting for a response, he called out to his friend and headed out to the street.

"What is it? You look terrible," his

it might just as well have been empty. His mind was elsewhere. And if he could have had his way, his body would be, too. That was just wishful thinking, though. He'd still have to contend with his thoughts.

The rest of the evening he spent working from rote. He went about his business as a parade of males came and went and only gave a passing glance at their charms. He knew that he should pay more attention to their needs. But the harder he tried, the more the cop kept slipping back into his mind.

"Look," said Paul to his boss. It was about an hour and a half until closing and things had finally started to slow down. "I'm not feeling very well tonight. How about letting me off a little early?" He looked down, trying to avoid the man's eyes, and kicked at the carpet with his toes.

"What's wrong," inquired his boss. "I noticed you seemed a bit distant this evening... You have a fight with a lover or something?"

"I just don't feel too good! Okay?"
"Okay. Take it easy... There's no
need to chew my head off." He
searched Paul's face for some
reason for the outburst. It was so out
of character.

"Hey.., I'm sorry," Paul apologized. He shifted from foot to foot, obviously uncomfortable, but unwilling to disclose the reason. "How about it? I don't really feel up to it."

"I tell you what," the man continued. "There's a guy that's been waiting for some time..." Paul started to put up an objection but he waved him off. Just do this last one. Then you can go home... Okay? Just this one." He stood waiting for the only response that he would accept.

"Oh, all right," Paul said giving in. He raised his eyes to look at the man for the first time. "But then can I go?"

"Sure." He gave Paul his friendliest smile and slapped him playfully on the ass, then headed off in another direction. Paul, meanwhile, went over and reluctantly began to get things ready.

Rather than giving him any sort of comfort, the thought of one more body had him ready to scream. The constant reminder he didn't need. He decided that the only way to tackle the job would be to rush through it as fast as possible. But when he turned around to face his last customer he had to fight back a ris-Continued to page 66

"He let his eyes run
across the man's body, taking in
the way that his uniform hugged his
body in all the right places. He paid
particular attention to the area
between his legs, which barely
managed to hide the outline
of another weapon."

off about dirty faggots, queers and perverts. Any other time Paul would have given the fat slob some of his own back, but the sight of an old, balding, overweight pig, slobbering while he verged on apoplexy, struck him as being more humorous than anything else. So he let the man rave on and, instead, glanced over to his partner.

Paul couldn't help it. Without thinking, he let his eyes run across the man's body, taking in the way that his uniform hugged his body in friend put in once they were outside.

"Never mind... Let's just get out of here." He was thankful for the cool burst of air that hit his face. He had suddenly become aware of the flush in his cheeks and the high rate that his pulse was racing at. He took a gulp of air and quickly headed off down the street, leaving the other man to wonder what had happened.

The place was busy tonight. But that fact made very little impression on Paul. As far as he was concerned,

FLIGHTS OF EANTASY

Poised for take-off, this modern
Daedalus is the perfect specimen of the Greek
ideal of manhood. The easy blend of symmetry
and form make this hunk of masculinity the stuff
that myths are made of. Come, soar and explore
the heights with him.



FLIGHTS OF FANTASY



This lofty perch over the city is safe with him to protect you. Don't look down unless it's to drink in the beauty of his heavy male equipment. His wings are sturdy and strong. Let him take you in his arms and fly into the wind. Feel the movements of his powerful body against you as he takes you to the pinnacles of ecstasy.

Photography by Bader Productions







The freedom of flight and the warmth of your clinging body have him turned on. He stands hard and proud ready to plummet into the depths of your being. Sated and content, he rests as the sun's rays renew his energies. Soon he'll be ready for more. Catch your breath while you can. You may be the very sun that finally melts this Daedalus's wings as he takes you ever higher and higher. Fly with him and create a myth of your own!

Photography by Bader Productions

24 NOVEMBER 1982 / HONCHO





BEYOND THE BAR By Skip Coburn • Photograph by Stanley Stellar

I love the "bar." It is the cultural haunt that so often serves as a focus for the more spurious activities going on in my life. Amid the trials and tribulations of the working world, I am forced to become embroiled in far too many straight activities with a lot of very straight people. It is reassuring to know that "the bar" is always there. It provides comfort, security, companionship and an escape from everything that is not suitably bizarre.

I spend many evenings out at "the bar." It really doesn't matter which city or which bar, for they are all based on relatively the same formula. Most of us love that formula because the results are so good! As important as the sex, the friendships resulting from the time and money we all invest there are what make it all worthwhile. That's why I keep going back for more.

There comes a point for everyone, however, when sharing socially has to grow or diversify in some way. There is only so much you can do in a bar and only so many different ways to do it. It was with these thoughts in mind that I was first introduced to the club scene with its

cycle helmets, leather jackets, sexy chaps, back patches, pins, medals, chains and other uniform accessories.

St-Elmhurst Av

At first, the mystique of the hunky leather dude with the club patch on the back of his leather vest was less fascinating than confusing. I didn't really understand why this guy got all dressed up in such regalia just to come to the bar. I was there doing just fine in my 501 levis and T-shirt. As time went on, though, I had occasion to meet some of these heavy duty dudes. I found out that the vast majority of them really had their acts

together.

I quickly became accustomed to the club scene and its camping trips, white water rafting expeditions, mountain climbing, hikes, beach excursions, anniversary parties, cycle trips and runs. Going on these weekend outings with 100 to 200 hot and hunky guys was a totally new experience for me. I was impressed with the camaraderie, brotherly exchanges and the true friendships resulting from every encounter. It was the invitations to runs featuring hot air ballooning and hang-gliding that really got my attention,

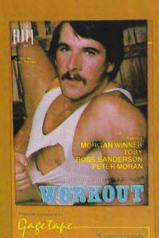
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however. They confirmed my decision to join up.

I investigated the possibility of joining a leather/levi cycle club cautiously at first. How to find the right group of guys was the question. Actually, the right group found me. After participating in several of the events and attending a few meetings of different clubs, I met more and more of the members. I was literally swept off my feet by the group that made me feel most comfortable. Eventually I pledged the Druid M.C. of Washington, D.C.

Belonging to a club has been a great experience. It's almost an extension of my fraternity days in college. My club is just one of eight clubs in the nation's capitol. There is also a vast network of clubs and regional club associations that extends across the United States and overseas. I still socialize at the D.C. Eagle and other bars. Today though, my associations and experiences now include the rivers, camp grounds, beaches and other outdoor areas where clubs meet to hold their runs, party and play.

A club run, usually a three day weekend affair, is an enjoyable event. Runs may vary in specific content, but most follow a general format. The weekend may be set up as an out-of-town or an in-town run. The out-of-town variety features outdoor events, skinny-dipping, running naked through the wild and other very stimulating endeavors. Often 20 to 30 clubs will get together at a run, taking over an entire dude ranch or resort area.

An in-town run, usually held in the colder months, highlights theatre parties, roller skating competitions and other indoor activities.

Sometimes these runs are centered in hotels where hospitality suites are usually provided. These offer refreshments in a casual relaxed atmosphere. On the other hand, a number of clubs may arrange housing with club members and friends. This allows visitors to be taken care of without the expense of hotel accommodations.

The club hosting the run organizes the entire weekend and makes arrangements for lodging, meals, parties, transportation and events. The run fee covers all expenses for the three days. Depending on actual costs to the host club the fee is usually from \$50 to \$80 per person. Runs requiring rental of white water rafting or other equipment are naturally more expensive than those which involve only camping. In-town events are generally less expensive than those held out of town.

Friday evening at a run begins

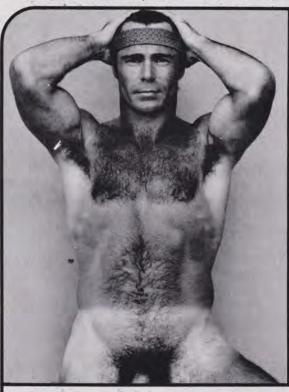
with registration, a cocktail party and buffet dinner. This allows arrivals from near and far to get acquainted. Many runs are international. Participants travel from all over the continental United States and from as far away as Alaska, Hawaii, Germany, Great Britain, Australia, and points beyond. Following registration and dinner a guest club will often host a themed cocktail party. This is open to the entire group and is generally in honor of the host club. After-hours parties in the bunk houses or tenting areas follow. You can use your imagination as to the overt themes of these.

Saturday begins with eye-openers and a brunch. The day progresses with the run's main event or activity. Each club hosting a run organizes the event that it is most famous or noted for. The Sons of Apollo in Phoenix, Arizona have their "Grand Canyon Run" featuring beautiful scenery. The Rocky Mountaineers of Denver sponsor their "Golden Fleece Run." Their weekend is filled with camping, climbing, hiking and biking in the Rocky Mountains. The Shipmates located in Baltimore have "Keelhaul" for the sailor in each of us. The Selectmen of Detroit sponsor their "Travelin' Man" run. In Berlin the M.S.C. hosts "Osterexpress." In Washington, D.C., the Spartan M.C.

holds "Marathon" which features cycle rides and the Druid M.C. organizes an international leather/levi volkmarch or hike through the nation's capitol. There is also the wonderful S&M theme run held each year by Chicago's Hellfire Club. Many say that runs are a plot. They get us out on the ski slopes, skating rinks, lakes and camp grounds to keep up our butch image.

Siesta time on Saturday afternoon gives everyone a break. This is followed by a pre-dinner cocktail party and a dinner/banquet, disco party (in town), campfire singing (out-of-town), and more of those after hours parties. Sunday brings a brunch and a closing ceremony which usually includes an awards presentation. The awards give recognition to all of the various clubs in attendance.

Finally, there's the travelling home to update your list of names and addresses of all the new friends you "made" over the weekend. The leather/levi cycle clubs and their many activities provide outlets for friendship and brotherhood above and beyond the disco, leather or glitter stereotypes that often confront us. The widened horizons to be found beyond the bars are there for all of us to explore. Check them out and add a lot more fun to your life.



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BOOK EXCERPT:

color him black

By Phil Andros • Illustration by Anthony Domingos

Phil Andros is the pseudonym of Samuel M. Steward. "Color Him Black" is excerpted with permission of the publisher from \$tud, a classic gay novel that is being reissued this November by Alyson Publications. Copyright © 1966 by Phil Andros. \$tud is available in many bookstores or by mail (\$7.50 postpaid) from Alyson Publications, Dept. E-23, PO Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208.

Love is a word that is all too lamely used. For its darker sides, its experiments and offbeat obliquities, some new term is needed. When the black doors open on your life and the nameless floods come pouring over you, you find that "love" has nothing to do with the nightmare maelstrom into which you are tossed, or the destroying hurricane that tears you apart within. For when the skull takes fire and the bones burn in the winter air, what can the gentle little word of "love" do to describe, control, contain such horrors?

Funny what a few hours can do towards changing your way of life. When I took the subway to Harlem and the apartment of Adam X that first evening, I was fairly uncomplicated-a husky dock-walloper loading for the French Line, well adjusted, healthy, homosexual, and normally aggressive. And when I came away from it a few hours later into the November snow, with Bennett at my side, it was as if I had aged a hundred years in that place, grown old and wrinkled and evil and weak with all the accumulated lusts of a dozen centuries.

The prospect which arose that evening was more alluring than any I

had ever experienced. It laid an imperial and coercive spell upon my senses, this idea of keeping Bennett company in his servitude to Adam. To this point in my life, I had usually been the commander in the battle of sex, never the orderly. But here I was with Bennett, walking through the snow, on the point of completely abandoning my maleness, my assertive dominance, to become a "slave" to a mysterious and unknown Negro, one of the leaders of the Black Muslims.

"I don't know what the hell has come over me," I muttered to Bennett. He glanced at me briefly and smiled.

"Do you remember the dialogue between Chimaera and the Sphinx, by Flaubert?" he asked.

"Can't say as I do," I said shortly. "Toward the end of it, the Chimaera has a line that goes something like...'I see new perfumes, ampler blossoms, untried pleasures."

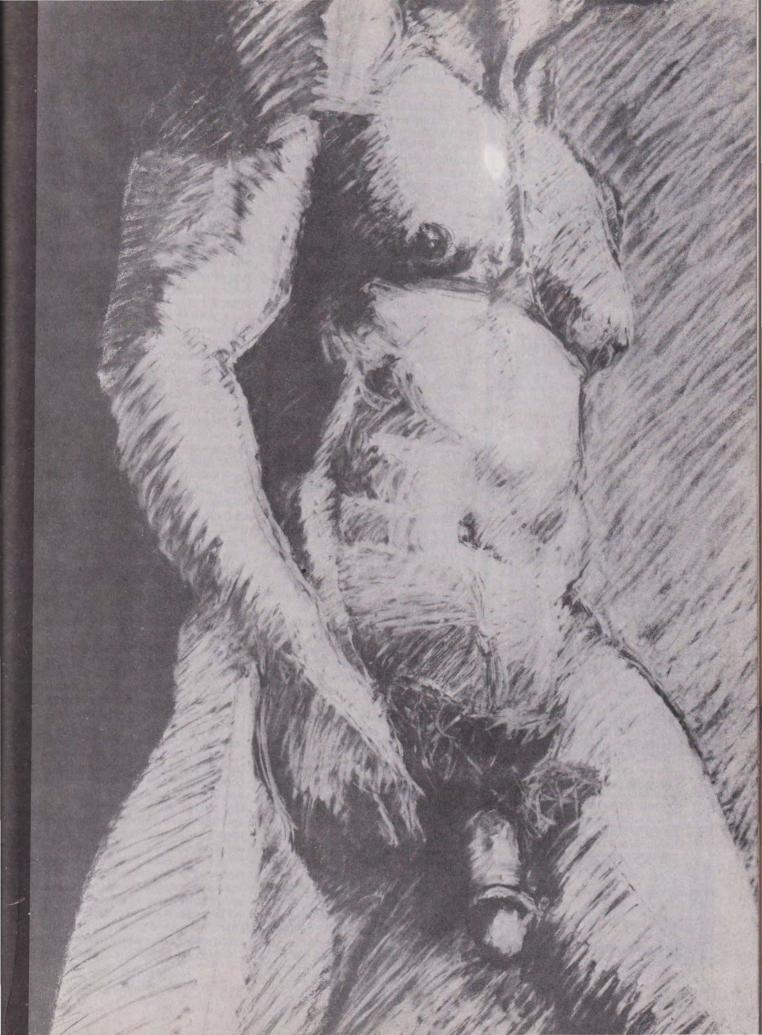
"Hell!" I said violently. "I can find all the new perfumes and untried pleasures I want without wrecking my life! I'll be so screwed up with the French Line, just quittin' like that without any notice, that I'll never get back with them. And I don't see why he insists I move in with the two of you. I could just as easily be relief man—take over on weekends, for example, and give you a little time off."

Bennett looked at me and smiled. "Maybe I don't want any time off," he said. We walked down into the subway entrance and Bennett produced two tokens for the turnstile.

"And maybe I do," I growled. We walked to the head of the station, away from the others. We were the only whites waiting for a train. I looked at the dark faces of the few Negroes around us, wondering what violent hates lurked behind their placid eyes. But you could see nothing; they were well schooled in concealment.

"You can always change your mind," Bennett said. "That's what Adam told you. He said think it over on the way down to pick up your stuff." Bennett drew his finger idly through the grime on the white wall tile. "I think that's why he told me to go along with you—not so much to help you carry your stuff as to...to answer any question you might have."

"Well, just tell me," I gritted at him, "why the hell I'm doing it at all."



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HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC 705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014 TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429 Bennett sighed. The train for downtown roared into the station and drowned out his answer. We got on and sat down. The coach was nearly empty. It was eleven o'clock—not late for New York. As we started off, Bennett said—carefully controlling his voice so that it reached only me above the clatter of the wheels—"I don't know the answer. But there must be something in you that responded favorably to such a proposal."

"I'm sure I don't know what it is, if it's there at all," I said irritably. "I've been to bed with dozens of Negroes—that takes care of the novelty angle. I even lived with one for a while," I said, remembering Ace Hardesty. "I never had any prejudice against them; I never mistreated them consciously or unconsciously, so I have no guilt feelings about them. Why should the disposition of melanin cells beneath the skin of a person make him any better or any worse than any other? I like Negroes."

Bennett smiled, with mischief in his dark eyes. "Well, maybe that's it," he said.

"Nah," I said, "that's not enough to make me uproot myself like this, and you know it."

"Well, perhaps you never realized until tonight the extent of the s/m elements in yourself."

"Sadomasochistic?"

"Yes," Bennett said. "You ought never to use one term without the other—they're so mixed up together in anyone who's like that."

"But I suppose a person's mostly one or the other?"

"Never quite entirely," Bennett said, "except in very rare cases." He looked down at the floor of the train. "Like me," he said, so low that I almost missed it.

"I never thought I had many tendencies in that direction," I said.

"Until tonight," Bennett amended with a small and chilly smile. "I think it's more curiosity than

"I think it's more curiosity than anything else," I said.
Bennett laughed a little. "Curiosity

Bennett laughed a little. "Curiosity that's strong enough to make you give up your rooms? Your job?"

"Well, what is it, then? Is it atonement, like you? I never felt that angle of it because, as I said, I haven't any guilt feelings about Negroes in general. But I am a great one for experimenting."

"Maybe it's atonement in the abstract," said Bennett. "You know, dying for the sins of the world.

Maybe it comes from your subconscious. All tied up with the magic and mystery of the archetypal...absolute dominion, absolute submission."

There was a lapse of time while I thought that one over. Then Bennett punched me. "Here's Bleecker," he said. We got off.

We walked crosstown on Bleecker through the seedy old outskirts of the Village, its empty lots and parking places, the new high-rise housing projects, and into the crumbling store fronts and tenements and shattered sidewalks of the Village itself. I had rooms in a fourth-floor walkup on Macdougal Street, nothing very choice, but adequate for my needs. Even as long as I had lived there, I still found myself very sensitive to the aura of the Village-its suggestions of freedom, sex, a genteel evil, and an air of illicitness, nowadays augmented by the lank-haired, blackstockinged beatnik girls and the bearded pimply boys reacting in their conformist ways against God knew what-society? themselves? their parents? There was really nothing in the Village for them to react against, for it was itself a huge reaction. And soon, despite their clothes and nosethumbings and beards, they became as babbitty as Babbitt himself-and what was worse than a Greenwich Village Babbitt making a business out of rebellion?

Come to think of it—why did I live there? What was I subconsciously reacting against?

In the dim and scaling hallway of my building, one odor always predominated. This time, oddly enough, it was bacon and eggs—a Tuesday morning odor, and this was Thursday night. Everything was all wrong.

We climbed to the fourth floor, and I unlocked the door and snapped on the lights. There was not much to transport. I usually travelled pretty light. A small FM radio, a Dufy print, half a dozen books, including my copy of Gracian's "Manual." Bennett helped me stow away all my gear into my two suitcases. The furniture and the studio bed, the sheets and towels, all belonged to the apartment. My rent was paid through Friday-no sweat there. All I had to do was turn over the key to the landlord, down on the first floor. I looked around, my hand on the light switch.

"All ready?" I asked Bennett. And then I happened to look at him. His handsome face was flushed, his black hair more tumbled than usual. And there was something odd about his manner. He put one of his hands on my shoulder and squeezed it through the leather jacket.

"Phil," he said, stammering slightly. "D-do . . . y-you like me? A I-little?"

"Sure I do, Bennett," I said. I swatted him on the back, real buddybuddy. "What's on your mind?"

He kicked with his boot-toe at the small rug on the floor, like an embarrassed little boy caught in the jampots. "I-I don't get out much," he said. "Adam k-keeps me pretty close, y'know," he said. Then he looked up at me. His face was scarlet. "1...I took care of you up there in his apartment," he said, half defensively. "I... was just wonderin'," he said, "if you'd do the same for me, just this once, without an audience...?" His tone was half ashamed, half belligerent.

I burst out laughing, and with one hand pushed him backwards. The edge of the studio couch caught him just behind the knees, and he went sprawling on it. I grabbed the end of his belt and vanked hard on it, still laughing, and unbuckled it and peeled him down. "Sure thing," I said, "ole buddy boy, ole unfaithful. Anything to oblige.'

He had something, at that. This might be the last time in private for quite a while.

It was just the ending of a sentence, heard from very far away, it seemed, through a great roaring like that of a seashell held tight against the ear: "...and get him down and fix him up...," a great resonant voice ending in something that sounded like the slamming of a door, and then a vast humming silence interlaced with scarlet fingers of pain and heat climbing over my back and legs like scorpions, twisting into the flesh, deep and hot, and the tickling of something running down my naked body, whether sweat or blood or water I could not tell, and over it all and threading through it a sound of music, something silly and light-footed and inappropriate like "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" tinkling away, receding and approaching with a slow Doppler effect of disappearing and coming back...and the aching rawness rising and then diminishing, throbbing with heat, scraping like barbed wire. I tried to open my eyes; they stung

with sweat or salt, and my sight was blurred...

Then I felt someone tugging at my wrist and one hand came loose from the wall. An arm half-held me while I felt a working at the other wrist, and then I was free, supported now by two arms helping me stumble across a room (the pile of the carpet rough vet gentle under my feet) to some kind of low bed. I fell on it belly down, and with eyes still closed felt my legs being lifted up and straightened out behind me. And then a tugging at the back of my neck and the gag being taken from my mouth. And with eyes still closed and breath still ragged, I lay there with some semblance of consciousness returning. Someone (a buddy? what was his name? began with a "B," I thought, "B" for buddy," "B," B for Ben-oh, Bennett!) was gently rubbing a warm soft wet cloth over my back and the back of my thighs and calves, and then gently drying them with something soft, and then rubbing something gently into the skin, violet smelling, some soft warm ointment that slowly began to make the pain diminish...

And then a little sleep, no one could tell how long, and a voice in the darkened room and Bennett there with a cup of coffee.

He helped me raise on one arm and take a few sips of the black and bitter brew. "That was a pretty bad one today," he said, running his fingers through my hair.

"Mmmmph," I said, sinking back on my side. I did not dare to lie on my back. "Blood?" I asked.
"Not much," Bennett said. "But

now you've had four weeks of these little sessions, practically every other day. Why can't you give up? Then he'd stop being so severe. What's holding you?"

"I don't know," I said bitterly. "Unless it's some dim cellular memory that I'm still a man.'

Bennett turned on a little more light and looked at me, puzzled. We were in the small room just off "our" bedroom, a room designed for the purpose for which it had just been used, with hooks in the floor and walls and pulleys on the ceilings, and quite a collection of "persuaders" hanging here and there. I had got to hate that room as I had never hated anything before.

"There's something in you that just won't break," Bennett said.

"Thank heavens," I said sourly. "It's not as if you hadn't already in



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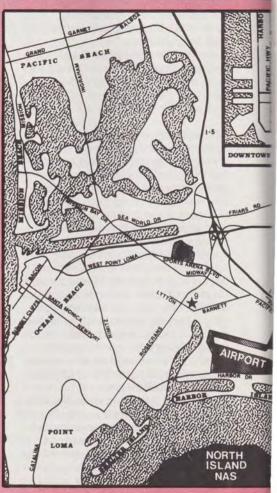
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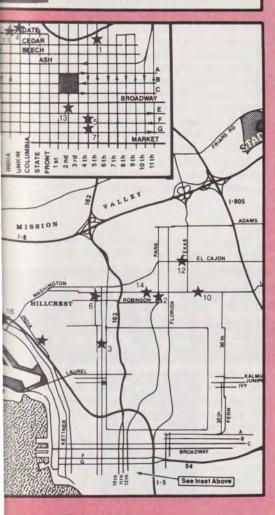


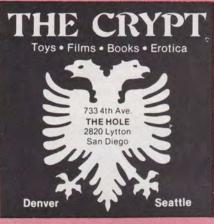


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the past done what he told you to do today," Bennett went on. "You had, several times."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "But it was the way he said it."

"So now the slave insists his master be more polite to him?" Bennett said mockingly.

"Aw, shut up!" I growled.

But what Bennett had said was all too true. In the few weeks that had passed since that November night, I had done everything for Adam, several times over. I had come-as Bennett had earlier-to know the body of Adam X as I had never before known anyone's body. There was not a hair or a pore anywhere on it that I was not familiar with, from the tightly curled kinks of his scalp to the brittle wet wire of his armpits and groin and the tufts growing on his toes. My tongue and fingers knew every conformation of his body-and reluctant though they were to confess it to my mind, were of the conviction that never before had they touched a musculature so magnificent, a body so well made and superbly put together.

"I think you insulted him on purpose," Bennett said, "just so he'd punish you. You know he knows better than to say 'feets,' and that time

it just slipped out."

"All I asked was why a big wheel in 'Islam' couldn't even talk as well as a third grade white boy," I said. "As for wanting to be punished—why should I? No, thanks, I've had more than enough."

Bennett shook his head. "You oughtn't to keep picking at him," he said. "It shows you haven't accepted him yet, and anyway, he's got plenty to worry about. I think the word's got back to headquarters that he's living with two white boys."

"That oughtn't to make the bosses mad," I said. "As long as we're really slaves, huh?"

"It's against their laws," Bennett said. "Any homosexuality. Any contact at all with the white devils."

"Well, in our case," I said, "he's had more than his share of contact. We could blackmail him. Or 'whitemale' him," I said thoughtfully.

"Not me," said Bennett. "As a matter of fact if there's going to be any trouble, I'm thinking of becoming a Negro myself."

I looked at him. "Just like that," I said sarcastically. "Easy as pie. Have you gone crazy?"

"No," he said, and sat on the edge

of the bed. "It's pretty easy. You can get a doctor to give you some 8-methoxypsoralen tablets, then sit under a sunlamp until your color layer darkens, and then use a dark stain to get the shade you want. With my black hair, I'd just cut it real short so it'd be stiff and curly, and the hairs on the back of my hands and the rest of me are black, and then all you'd really have to worry about would be the corners of your eyes and lips where you wear the color off quicker, and also whether your liver could stand the long use of the drug...

His eyes shone and he was quite excited. "My God," I said, "you've really gone into that. You sound like you really are going to do it."

"It's been done before," he said.
"I thought 'passing' was generally
from black to white," I said.

"Nothing wrong about going the other direction," he said, "and if that's the only way I can stay with Adam, why, that's the way I will."

At that moment the door opened, and there was Adam. Oddly enough, he was dressed almost the same as he was the very first time I had seen him—wearing a white silken or rayon shirt with cuff links, and otherwise naked. He stood with his hand on the doorknob and looked at us a moment before shutting the door. Unconsciously I pulled the sheet halfway up my body to cover myself, and lay

back on my side. Adam walked over to the bed. I looked up at the towering colossus of his black body as he stood there with his legs slightly apart. The perspective was dizzying. I saw the black swollen horizon of his thigh muscles reaching upward, and dipping at the edge of the brown-black world into the hollow that held his mammoth sex, dangling over my head the way Gulliver's hung over Lilliput—and beyond and above that, ridge upon ridge of shining brown and black revealed where the white billowings of his shirt fell away, extending up over the swelling seascape of his belly to the heavy promontory of his chin, the inverted moonslice that was a glimpse of his teeth between the dark and fullfleshed waves of his lips, the silent black lagoons of his nose cavities and the small scimitar-glint of his white eyeballs. It was a terrifying and

world, and I closed my eyes briefly.
When I opened them again I saw a

daemonic vision of a black sea-

mocking half smile on his face. And then I saw too that he was carrying a whip, folded over in his hand.

"What's the matter, whitey?" he said. "Modest?"

He reached down and yanked the sheet off entirely, and, putting one huge black hand on my shoulder, turned me roughly over on my stomach so that he could look at my back. I felt his fingers slide down my skin, and shuddered a little when they made contact with the welts.

He made a sound of amusement somewhere deep inside himself. "Man," he said. "You mark up real purty, but I guess I'm gonna have to let you go. I don't believe you got the stuff in you to be a real slave, the way Bennett has. It's been a month now—and next week's Christmas, so this is gonna be my present to you—your freedom."

"Chee, t'anks," I muttered sar-

donically.

"But before you leave," he said, and he put a huge black foot up on the edge of the bed so close that a toenail scratched the side of my face. I jerked back, Then out of the corner of my eye I saw the whip unfold until the end of it dropped near my cheek, and I lay motionless.

"Before you leave," he repeated,
"you're gonna give my feets"—and
he deliberately emphasized the
misusage—"the treatment you
wouldn't a little while ago.
Unless..." and the wicked thonged
end of the whip began to swing slowly back and forth.

Slowly, painfully, I brought my arm up and cupped my hand around the smooth black heel, and began.

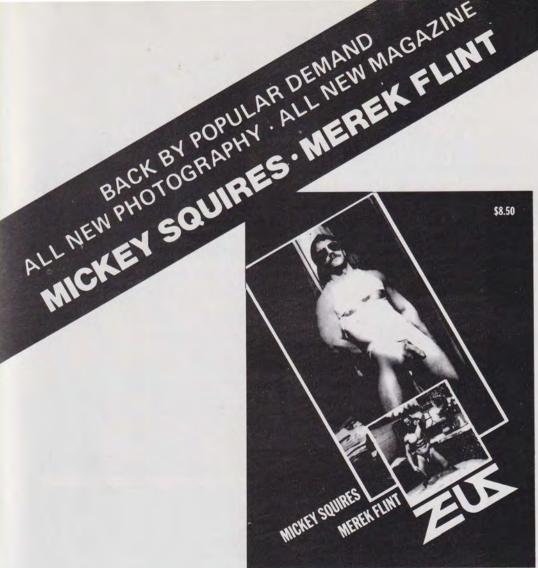
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They were mighty glad to see me when I limped into the French Line personnel office the next day. I explained that sudden death in the family had taken me back to the Midwest, and was there any chance of getting my old job again?

No, there wasn't—but there was something better. They were short-handed for two winter cruises to the Caribbean. The crew was always native French, but in this case they would put me on as an elevator boy or busboy or something, since I knew a good deal of the language.

That took up the next two months, and it was pleasant enough—except that I kept mentally reaching out for something, the way you do for a

Continued to page 78



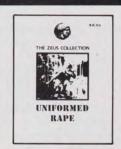
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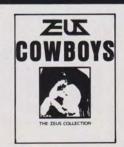
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"The rules are simple: you must obey.

My body is the object of your worship, and my orders are to be swiftly obeyed. You may not stand in my presence; you may kneel, lie, or sit on the floor. At my orders you will strip, removing all your clothes under my scrutinizing gaze."

Dear Master, Dear Slave

By Max Exander • Illustration by Domino

Dear Sir

Please, Sir, read this letter from a willing and obedient slave. I have seen You from far off for a long time, and i hope to serve You as slave if You find me worthy.

I exist only to service Your dick, in any way my Master chooses. I want very much to serve You, Sir, to kneel at Your feet and feel Your leather. At Your order i will strip in front of You and Your friends and kneel with my head down at Your feet.

You tell me to sit on the floor with my hands behind my back. You'll tie my wrists and warn me to keep my head down. Already my dick is hard from the opportunity to serve You. Suddenly i feel Your boot pressing on the head of my cock, forcing it to the floor; You press my cock into the floor, grinding Your boot against the thick manmeat.

You take Your foot away and order me to kneel and lick Your boots. I slide my tongue across the shiny black leather, polishing Your boots with my spit. You spit on my back as i kneel there, telling me how You're going to beat me and fuck me and piss all over me.

You take a leather hood that has only a mouth and nose opening and place it over my head. Now i am on

my knees in front of you, my head in a hood, my hands tied behind my back. You order me to open my mouth and eat Your ass. I start to work my tongue on Your asshole, rimming around it, thrusting my tongue deep inside Your shit-chute.

You turn around and order me to suck Your balls, to lick them and take Your big ball sac in my mouth. I work Your balls over with my tongue and mouth, licking and sucking at Your man-sized globes.

Suddenly You shove Your prick in my mouth, fucking in and out of Your slave's willing mouth, feeling the warm soft interior of an obedient hungry throat. You pull out and tell me that You need to piss, that i'll be Your fucking urinal. You ask me if i want my Master's piss. I answer yes, Sir, i want You to piss on me. You ask me how much i want it, and i beg You, please, Sir, piss in my mouth, please let me drink Your hot yellow piss. You let go a steady stream of piss, squirting it all over my body, shooting piss on my cock and balls and then emptying Your bladder into my mouth while i eagerly swallow and drink all Your piss like the slave urinal that i am.

Now i'm dripping with piss, still tied and kneeling on the floor in a

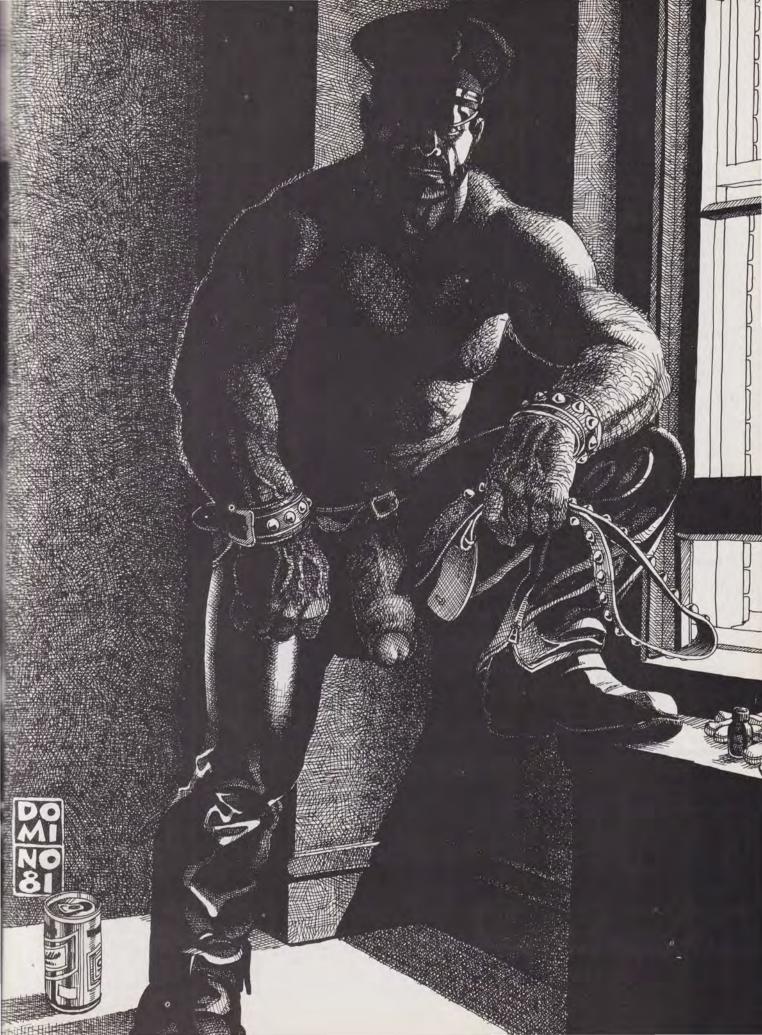
messy puddle of piss. You order me to stand, and You untie my hands, leaving me hooded and standing dripping wet in the middle of the room.

Suddenly i feel ankle restraints being wrapped around my ankles. You spread my legs and plant them about a yard apart from each other, securing them to steel rings in the floor. Next You attach wrist restraints and chains, and tie my arms up to the ceiling spread-eagled. You hoist my arms forward and up, so that i am hanging at a forward slant, just on the tips of my toes.

Now You start to work my tits, gently, teasingly at first, then firmer, rougher, pinching and tugging until i gasp in painpleasure. You clamp my tits with steel clamps, and then You hang weights from my tits.

Next i feel Your gloved hand passing over my balls, and You tell me that You're going to torture my little balls, going to squeeze them and stretch them out until i scream for mercy. I gasp as you seize them in Your firm leathered grip and wrench them up from behind me. You tug on them more, intermittently caressing them and then squeezing the shit out of them.

You wrap a ball stretcher around



my ball sac and hang a weight from it. Now i'm hanging spread-eagled with weights dangling from my tits and nuts.

Soon You start to beat my ass with a paddle, slapping it up all red and hot. I beg You to fuck me, to shove anything up my hot, red ass. I feel Your gloved finger slide up inside my hole, slowly twisting and turning.

You ask me how much i want to be fucked, and i beg You, please, Sir, shove Your dick up my ass. You grease up a big fat dildo and press it against my tight, waiting asshole. I ask You to please shove it up my ass, and You twist it all the way, telling me what a fucking piss-drinking slave i am.

You fuck me with the dildo until i'm loose and begging for more. Then You take it out and put it in my mouth, gagging me with the big slimy dildo.

You untie me, take me down, and tie me up in the sling. I'm still hooded and i've got a dildo shoved in my mouth. I feel the head of Your cock pressed against my sloppy asshole, and then i feel the powerful thrust of Your hips as You ram Your throbbing hard-on deep into my greasy shithole. You fuck me hard, slapping Your belly against my balls until You feel the surge of cum flow-

You order me to drink my cum from the bowl.

I am waiting to serve,

a slave.

Dear Slave:

Get a few things straight. You exist only to serve cock—as many and in as many different ways as I or any other man see fit. You belong to dick; you are a possession of everyone with a cock. All of you is public property, every part of your body that gives you pleasure or pain is mine.

The rules are simple: you must obey. My body is the object of your worship, and my orders are to be swiftly obeyed. You may not stand in my presence; you may kneel, lie, or sit on the floor, but you may not stand. You may address me only as "Sir" or "Master." You are to be always available for my use.

At my order you will strip, removing all your clothes under my scrutinizing gaze. You kneel, head down, hands behind your back, awaiting my instructions. I walk around you, looking at your ass, your tits, your thickening prick. I reach out and pinch one of your tits, twisting it and tugging it up and away from your chest. You gasp in pain, but I order

feeling the heat of your asshole, fucking it with my finger roughly while I yank on your balls in front.

I release you and order you to the floor on your back. You lie on the floor and I straddle your torso. You look up at me from below, at my leather chaps, at my leather vest, at my thick manmeat hanging heavy over your face.

I want to see you piss on yourself, and I order you to do so. You let your piss run out of your cock. It runs down your thighs, then you direct the stream of hot piss up on your stomach and chest. "Yes, you piss-slave," I say, "Look at you on the floor pissing on your own fucking self."

You stop pissing and I order you to get on your hands and knees. I kneel down and eat your ass, sticking my tongue up that chute, relaxing that hole. I grease up your hole with Crisco, and then I shove a big black dildo up your ass, leaving it there.

"Get up, slave," I order, bringing you to your feet. The dildo is still stuck up your ass. I lead you to a sawhorse, bend you over it, and bind your hands and feet to the legs of the sawhorse. "Do you want your ass beaten, slave?" I ask. "Yes, Sir!" you answer.

"I can't hear you, dipshit!"
"Please, Sir, I beg you to beat my
ass," you shout. "Okay, you asked
for it," I say, and I haul off and
whack your ass. You howl as the
crack of my hand on your ass-flesh
echoes in your sex chamber.

"Shut up, you goddamn piece of shit," I yell, yanking the greasy black dildo out of your ass and shoving it down your throat. I spank your ass, your ass-cheeks getting redder and hotter. You start to wiggle that hot ass, straining against your bonds to meet the palm of my hand as it soars in a fast line for your open ass.

I ask if your ass is horny, if you don't want a big fat dick up there. You shake your head yes, and when I pull the dildo out of your mouth you ask me to fuck you. "Please, Sir, fuck me." "Tell me exactly what you want, slave." I slap your ass again. "Sir, I want you to ram your prick up my tight ass." "How much?" "I'll-do anything, Sir, please fuck me." I press the big head of my pulsing organ against your greasy asshole. You moan in anticipation—an indiscretion that earns you a slap on your already aching ass. Continued to page 86

"I want very much to serve You, Sir, to kneel at Your feet and feel Your leather. At Your order i will strip in front of You and Your friends and kneel with my head down at Your feet."

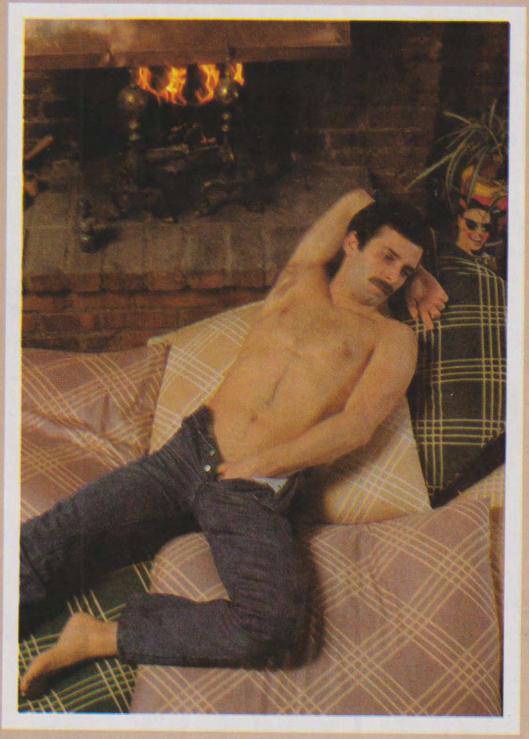
ing up and up and suddenly exploding inside my ass. You pump and slam and shoot Your heavy load, shouting about the worthless asshole i am.

You pull the dildo out of my mouth, free one of my hands, and order me to jerk off. You take me out of the sling and tell me to kneel and jerk off into a bowl on the floor while cleaning Your dick off with my tongue. I go to work on Your meat, licking it all over and tasting the last of Your cum, the Crisco, the ass juices. Just as i start to shoot my load, You piss on me again, and then

you to be silent for inspection. I order you to stand—excepting my own rule—so that your whole body is available for my look and touch.

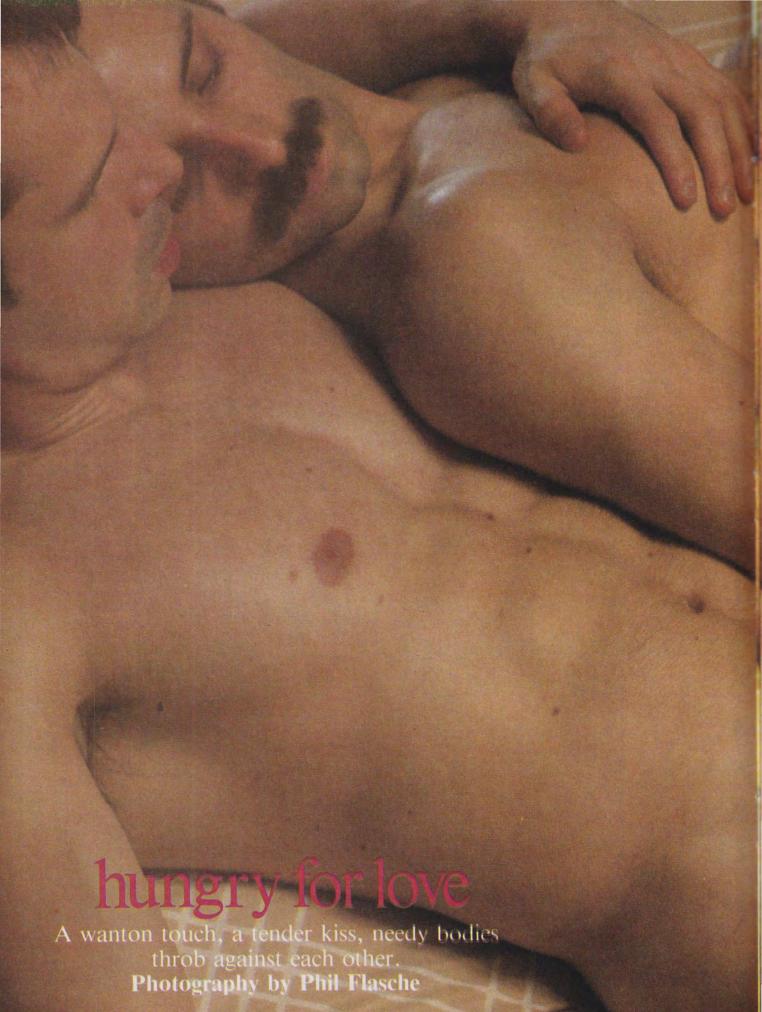
My hand passes from your tit to your cock. I reach beneath it and grab your nuts, gathering them up in my hand. I squeeze them harder and harder, grabbing them firmly and holding you captive by your balls. I force my finger in your mouth while still holding your nuts in my other hand, telling you to get my finger good and wet. You suck on my finger with your mouth, getting it wet. I take it out and shove it up your ass,

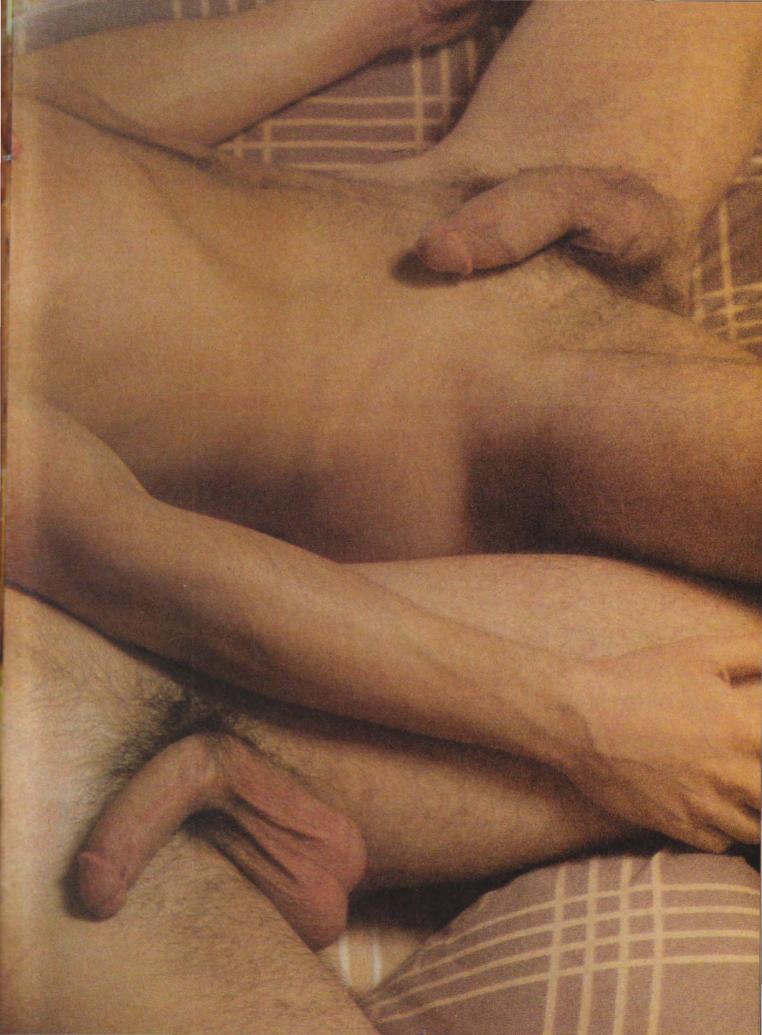
hungry for love



Soft lights, the warm glow of a fire, cozy pillows and a body hungry for love.

Photography by Phil Flasche



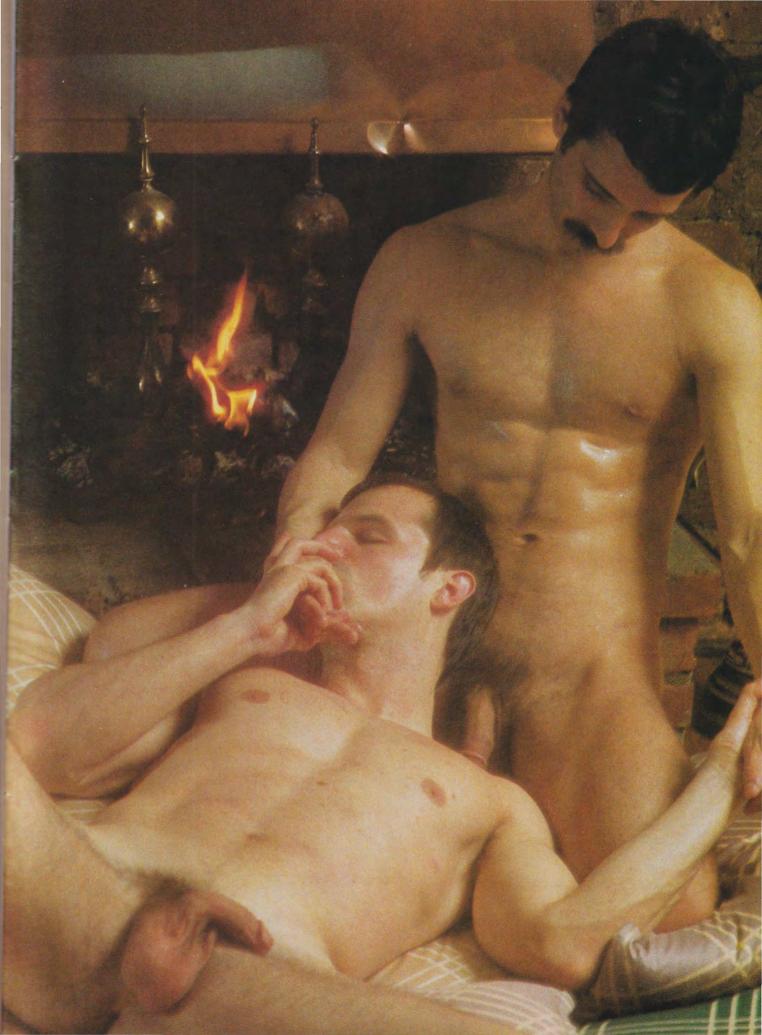


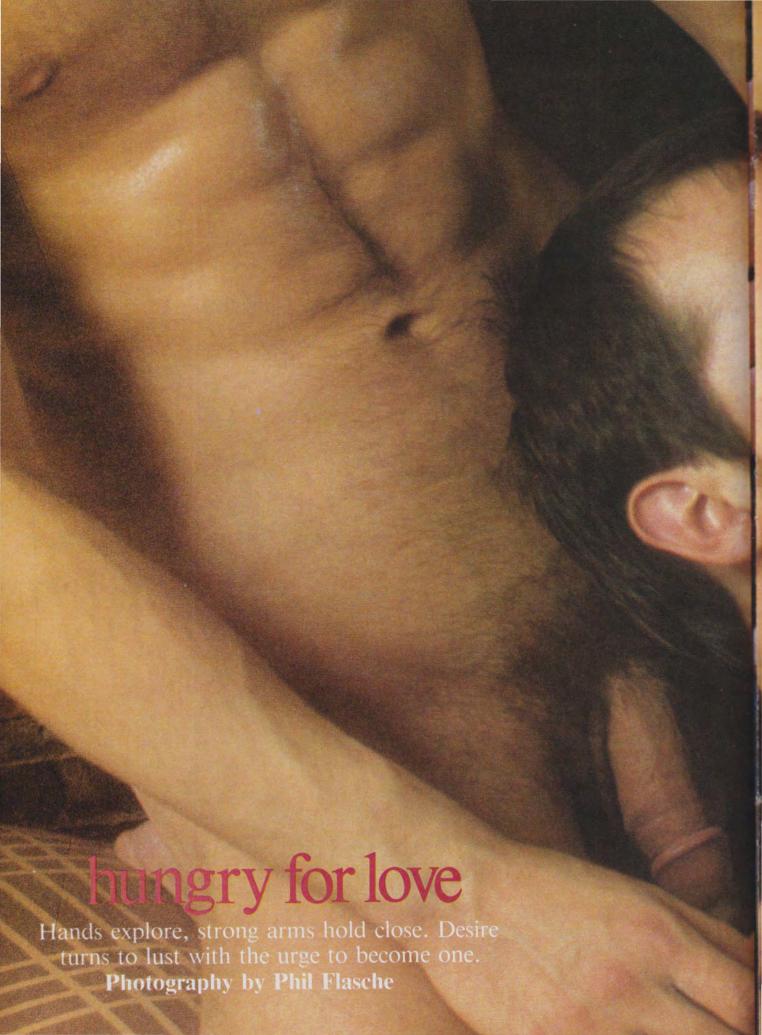
hungry for love

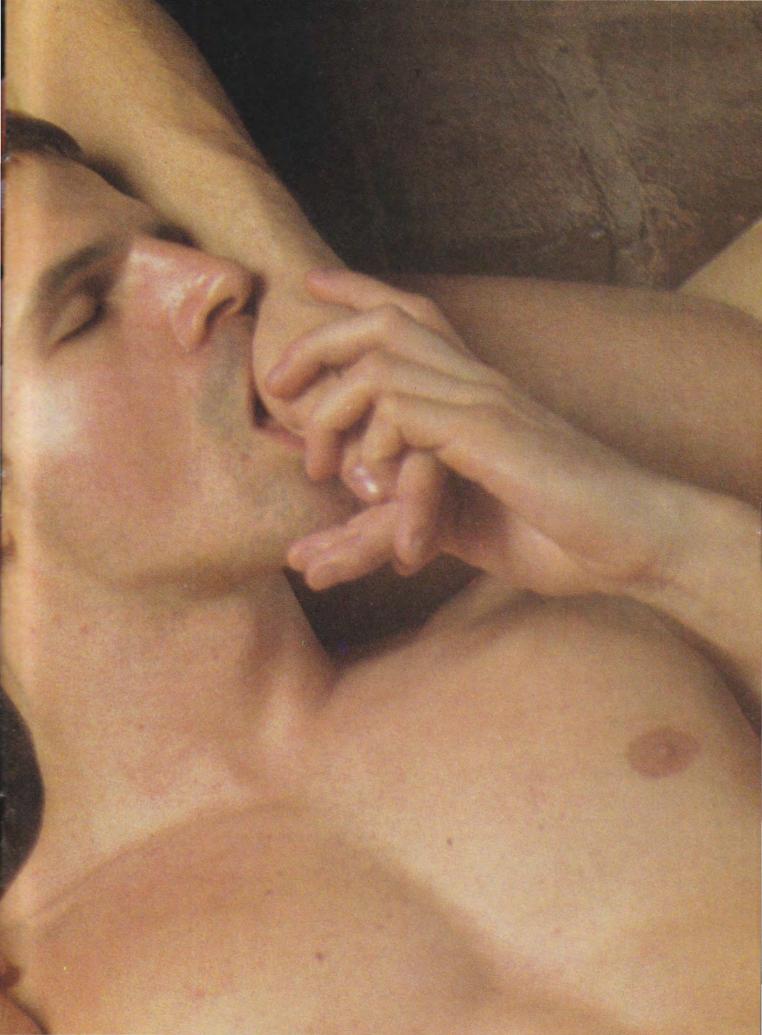


Hearts beat, eager flesh glistens with sweat as the heat of passion dissipates the autumn chill.

Photography by Phil Flasche





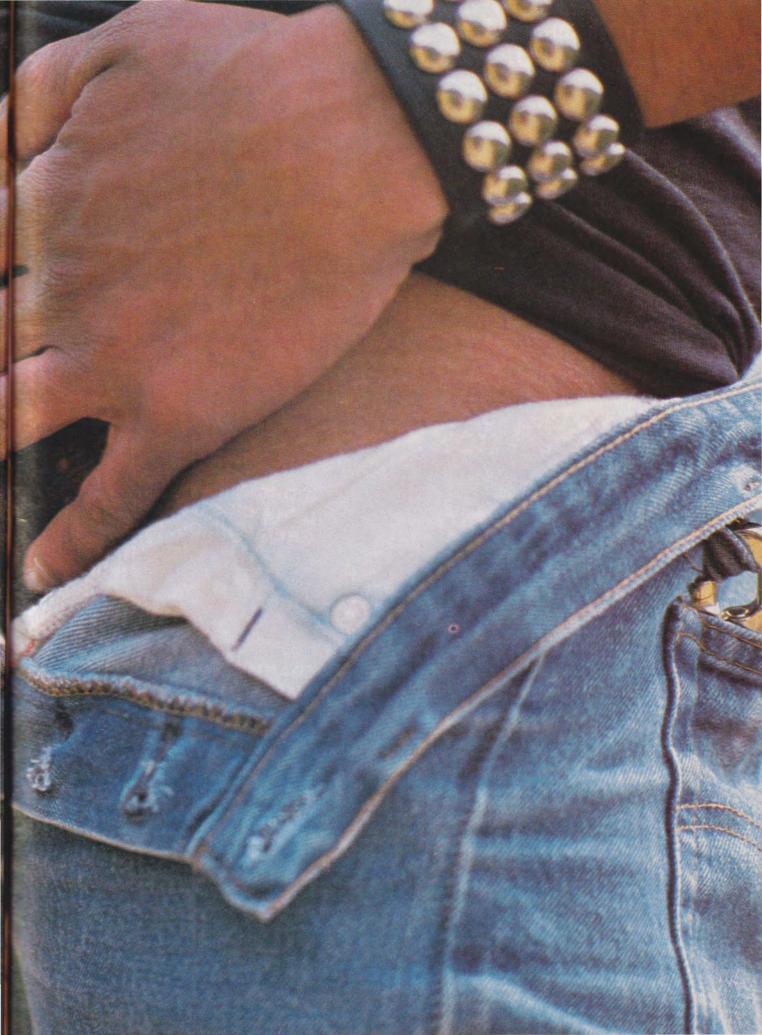






By Spike • Photo by Richard © BIGGIERS CALLER STATE OF THE STATE OF

It was a beautiful autumn day and I had taken a mental health day from work. In other words, I was restless and horny and my shitty job was getting me down. So, I decided since it was Friday I needed a long weekend and I called in sick. If it hadn't been for that I would have missed the whole scene that sunny afternoon. I would also have missed one of the best experiences I've ever had. I was walking around the Village checking to see what the action would be like on a week day. The prospects were not the best. I guess most people were at the park if they were off work, so I decided to walk over to the abandoned warehouses and piers along the Hudson River.





I knew that even on a bad day there would be someone there and I could get my dick sucked if nothing else. I miss that. All the warehouses and piers have been torn down now, and I haven't found any place else for anonymous sex that has the same excitement and hint of danger that they held. I looked through the first one I came to and found one derelict passed out in a pile of rubble. Hell, I thought, I might as well have gone to work. I decided to give it another try, however, and walked over to the next one. As I stepped through what was left of the doorway I could see two shapes silhouetted by the sunlight at the other end which was completely open. Things are picking up, I smiled to myself and made a bee line in their direction.

I watched the two of them as I picked my way through the debris in the dim filtered light. I saw the taller one point to a spot in front of him and then the shorter, shirtless guy knelt on the place indicated. The guy on his knees looked up at the one standing and reached up to undo the guy's pants, letting them fall around the tops of his black engineer boots. The guy stood there in just a leather vest and a jock strap. As I got nearer, I could see that he also held a leather hood in his hand. The guy on his knees was just leaning forward toward the hard cock confined in the jock strap when I got up to them. The guy on his knees was my brother!

"What the hell's going on here?" I blurted out. The two of them jumped and turned in my direction. "Get your ass up, Tommy," I ordered my brother. What the hell do you think you're doing here in broad daylight?"

"Is this guy your lover?" the other guy asked. "Look," he turned to me, "I don't want any trouble. You two work this out yourselves." He bent down and hurriedly pulled his pants up. Putting his hood into the little black bag at his feet he fastened his pants, grabbed his bag and took off.

"Where did you come from?" Tommy asked, getting up off his knees. "Who do you think you are, busting in on me like that? Why don't you mind your own business?" He was pissed. Tommy was my kid brother. Well, I thought of him as my kid brother even though he was grown and only three years younger than I.

"I'm sorry, kid, I was surprised to see you, especially here. I just opened my mouth before I realized." "Listen," he cut me off, "I'm all grown up now and I can take care of myself. I don't need you fucking things up like this for me."

"I said I'm sorry," I repeated.
"Don't be so pissed off."

"Look," Tommy started, "I told you I wanted to get into the S&M scene. The guy was going to show me the ropes and you fucked it up for me. You're into it, what's wrong with me getting into it too?"

"Nothing's wrong with it, kid," I

started to explain.

"Don't call me kid!" he barked at me. "I may be your brother, but I'm not that much younger than you are and I'm not a kid!"

"Sorry," I apologized again. "Let's not fight, Tom, I really didn't stop to think before I opened my big mouth. I can't help it. You're my little brother and you always will be. I guess I can't help the instinct to protect you."

"Well, don't do me any favors, please. I can take care of myself, thank you very much."

"OK, OK." I put my hands up in surrender. "Look, there's not much happening around, let's go have a beer and make peace. All right?"

"Oh, all right," Tommy agreed. He picked his t-shirt up off the ground,

you're hung on a rafter the other guy gets away and you're stuck. Besides, it's too dangerous to play those games here. You could get hurt."

"I guess you're right," Tommy admitted reluctantly. "But I want to learn. I need somebody to teach me,

and he was willing."

"I know how you feel. I had to start some place too." I wrapped one arm around him and hugged him close to me. "Just be patient, it will happen all in good time." We walked over to one of the waterfront bars and entered. The dim light and air conditioning was a relief from the heat outside and the glare of the sun. The place was practically empty, so we sat at the bar and talked, sipping on icy cold beers.

Tommy was a little dejected. He'd been looking for someone to break him in without much success. It seemed that each time he thought he'd found a hot heavy top man the guy was either not really into the scene or not very good at it which frightened him and ended everything before it really got going good. I could sympathize with him. I went through the same shit when I was learning on the bottom. It took me a while to learn enough to be discerning and he'd have to pick up the feel

"I couldn't help noticing that my little brother was a humpy guy. We were built about the same and both had well developed muscles. In fact, we sometimes worked out together at the gym. I loved him a lot and had never really thought about him sexually at all."

and putting it on as we headed for the other end of the warehouse, he grumbled, "You've been spoiling my fun ever since we were kids, shithead. Get off my back, why don't you?"

"I'm not trying to spoil your fun, but this is not the place to get into a heavy scene with anyone. Anybody who's really into S&M and bondage won't get into it here, and you shouldn't either. In the first place, what if you get yourself in a position you can't get out of quickly and a cop or something gets hold of you. If

of it himself. That would come with experience, I explained to him.

"The problem is," Tommy explained, "I'll be old and gray before I get enough experience at the rate I'm going."

"Don't worry about it," I laughed at him and threw my arm around his shoulder playfully. "Do you want to play some pool?"

"Sure, why not?" he grinned. "It beats the hell out of just sitting around."

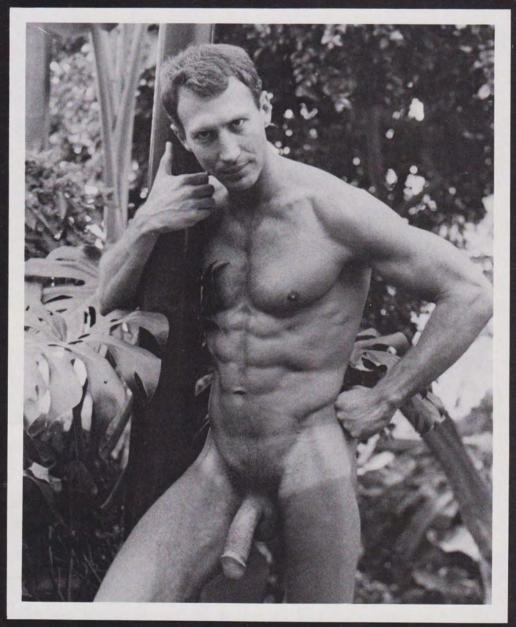
While we played, I couldn't help noticing that my little brother was a Continued to page 60





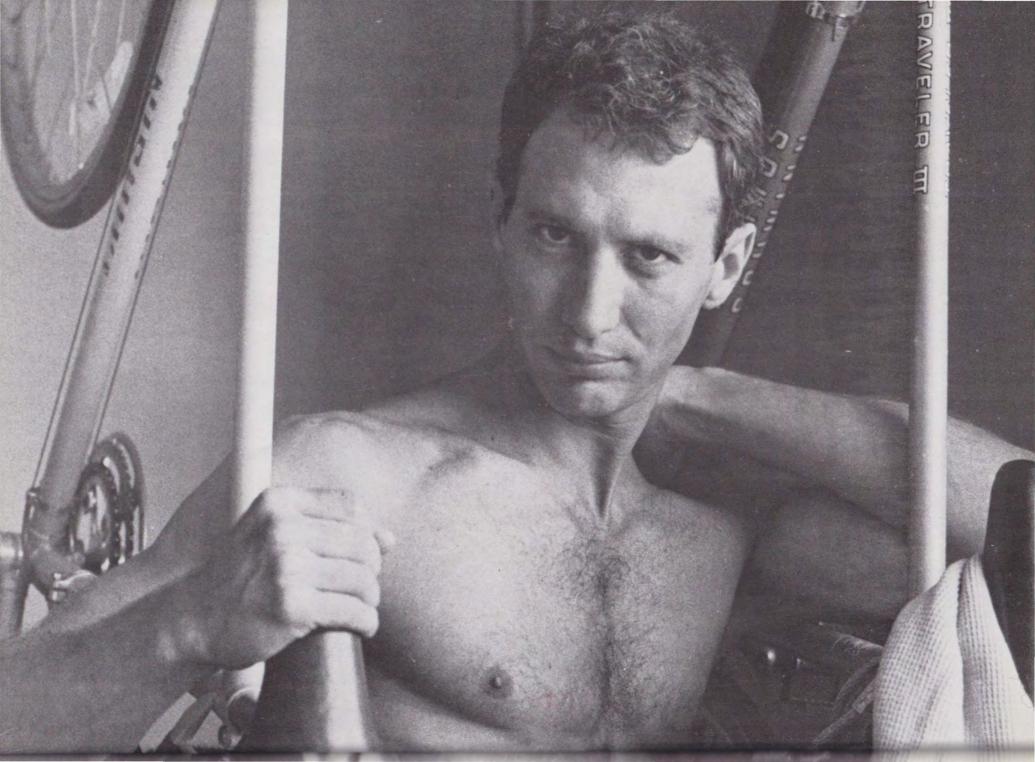


FALL GUY

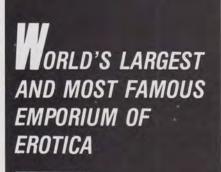


EVEN IF IT WERE THE DEAD OF WINTER,
WE DOUBT IF YOU WOULD FEEL A CHILL WITH HOT, HUMPY HAL
ON HAND TO WARM THINGS UP FOR YA. IF YOU COULD GET NEXT TO
HAL'S TIGHT, SENSUOUS BODY, THAT HARD STOMACH AND THE BIG
MOUTHFUL, YOU WOULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING BUT GOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED BISONNES







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MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Continued from page 53

humpy guy. We were built about the same and both had well developed muscles. In fact, we sometimes worked out together at the gym. I loved him a lot and had never really thought about him sexually at all. We used to play with each other's cocks when we were kids and we learned how to get and give blow jobs from each other, but we hadn't messed around in years. I watched as Tommy leaned across the pool table to make a shot and as my eyes fell on his firm, well-rounded buns, my cock began to swell.

The longer I watched him move around and make his shots at the table, the more turned on I became. He was definitely a hot man even if he was my brother. I knew, too, that he had a great dick and a nice set of balls. He was my type, too, physically. A little shorter and slighter than I, he had my same coloring and a beard much like my own. A plan began to form in my mind and I decided after some deliberation that I would give it a try. Somehow the thought of discussing what I was thinking of with Tom didn't seem like a very good idea right now. I knew he was still a little pissed at me, so I made up my mind that I would have to try a different approach. After all, I told myself, if he wants to learn, there is no one who could take better care of him than me.

We shot a few more games of pool and Tommy beat me every time. That put him in a better mood and I'm sure the beers we sucked up helped to mellow him a little more. Anyway. by the time it started to get dark it was obvious that he had forgiven me and we were good buddies again. I suggested that we go up to my place and offered to fix us some dinner. He agreed and off we went. When we got to my apartment. Tommy flopped down in one of my overstuffed armchairs and sprawled out in it. I went to the kitchen to check out what was in the fridge and yelled back to him that there were some joints on the table near the sofa if he was interested.

He was interested. When I reentered the room he already had one lit and half smoked. He offered it to me and we finished it sitting side by side on the sofa. "Can I see some of your toys, Rob?" he asked

sheepishly. My heart leapt. The problem of getting him into the bedroom was solved!

"Sure!" I grinned at him and patted him on the knee. "Follow me, little brother, into my den of iniquity." I got up and, pulling him by the hand, led the way into my room. As I flicked on the light, Tommy went directly to my toy drawer and opened it. His face looked just like a kid's at Christmas. Almost in awe he began to remove things one at a time and started asking me how each one worked and what it did. I did my best to explain it to him. My cock was hard by the time he reached the bottom of the drawer and I could see by the bulge in his tight worn jeans that his was, too. Taking the wrist restraints in my hands I offered them to him and asked, "Have you ever had a pair of these on?"

"No," he confessed.

"Well, there's always a first time," I said. "Go ahead, put them on." He looked at me quizzically at first and shrugging his shoulders placed them one by one tightly around his wrists and fastened them securely. "Feel real good, don't they?" I asked casually.

"Yeah, real good," he grinned at me. I could see his cock jerk in his jeans as he stood in front of me. Before the grin had completely disappeared from his face my hands shot out and, pushing his loosely hanging hands from his sides behind his back, I had them secured behind him. "What the hell are you doing, Rob?" he croaked nervously. "Stop it!"

"Shut up, little brother!" I growled at him. "You said you wanted to learn. You're about to." I pushed him backward and he landed on his back on the bed with his arms pinned under him. I fell on top of him holding his body down with my own.

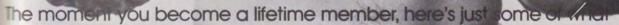
"Come on, Rob, cut the shit!" he yelled at me. "I'm not in the mood for your horsing around." I slapped him hard across the face and he blinked at me in disbelief and anger. "You bastard!" he screamed, blinking back the tears. "Let me up," he cried, trying in vain to wriggle out from under me.

I slapped him again and holding his jaws firmly in one hand forced him to look me in the eye. "Look, you little shit, you mind your manners with me. You will address me as Sir from now on, is that clear?"

"In a pig's ass, I will," he spat out at me. "Let me up, you fuck, let me FOR \$99.00 **YOU CAN BUY ONE** THE BEST **VIDEO** CASSETTES FROM THEM

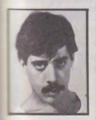


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Piedse rush me the the till half in the The distance in the state of th

up!" he yelled still struggling beneath me. He bucked his hips off the bed trying to throw me off, but I could feel his hard cock pushing against my own and I knew that in spite of himself he was turned on. Reaching my hands between us I undid his jeans all the way and jumping quickly backward off the bed pulled with all my might until they were around his ankles before he could get off the bed. I stood with my hands on my hips grinning at him as he struggled to his feet. I knew that he couldn't get far with his hands secured tightly behind him and his pants around his ankles.

As soon as he had struggled to his feet fuming and spitting like a trapped puma, I sat down on the edge of the bed and grabbing him by one arm forced him across my lap with his creamy white buns pointing helplessly up at me. Working my legs under him so that his hard cock and balls were between my knees, I clamped my legs shut on them and squeezed. My hand went down on his tender ass with a loud slap and Tommy yelled with the pain from his ass and the agony that I knew he felt in his balls as he continued to buck and struggle against me. I squeezed my legs tighter around his maleness and slapping his ass even harder ordered, "Hold still, kid, or I'll crush those balls."

My hand continued to slap away harder and harder at his unprotected and now unmoving ass. I watched as his ass cheeks turned from creamy white to pink and then to bright red as the force of my blows left the stark white imprint of my hand on his ass. All the while I kept repeating, "I'm not your brother any more, kid. I'm your master now. You belong to me to use and abuse." I could hear him sniffling, trying to hold back the tears that were forming and he began to cry out as he felt the sting from each blow harder than the last.

"Please, Robbie, please stop!" he cried out. His ass was scarlet now and he was unable to hold back the sobs that wracked his body. "Please! Please!"

"I told you, boy, what my name is to you. I told you what I am. You know how to ask me to stop." I crooned to him evenly as my hand came down again and again. He was crying and moaning and I knew that his ass was sending shoots of pain throughout his entire body. His cock was rock hard between my legs and I could feel the patch of wetness on

my jeans from the pre-cum that seeped freely from his stiff dick. My own hand was beginning to sting with the blows and I knew he couldn't hold out much longer. He was groaning and crying uncontrollably now.

"SIR! SIR! SIR!" he screamed. "Please, stop, sir! Please! Please, sir!" My own iron hard cock jerked with the first sir and my sore hand stopped before he had finished. He lay across my lap and I watched as his body shuddered with each sob. His ass was hot to the touch and I knew he could feel the warmth spreading from his ass cheeks to his groin and penetrating his guts. I forced him up and stood in front of him. I watched the tears stream down his cheeks while his cock jerked between his legs with a will of its own.

"Who am I?" I asked taking hold of his already sore balls and squeezing them in my hand.

"My master, sir!" he sobbed and I could see his face contort in pain as I squeezed his balls even harder.

"I can't hear you, slave," I yelled at him. "I want to hear it loud and clear, slave. I want you to hear it and understand it. Tell me again. Who am I?"

"Sir! My master, sir. My master!" he shouted as I turned his balls viciously in my hand.

"That's better," I said as I released my hold on his balls. "You just remember that, boy. I don't want any more shit out of you, or the next time I have to discipline you, it will be with the belt and I won't stop until I'm good and ready," I watched the fear jump into his eyes and knew that he was still feeling the stings on his ass from the spanking he had just gotten. I knew he was mine.

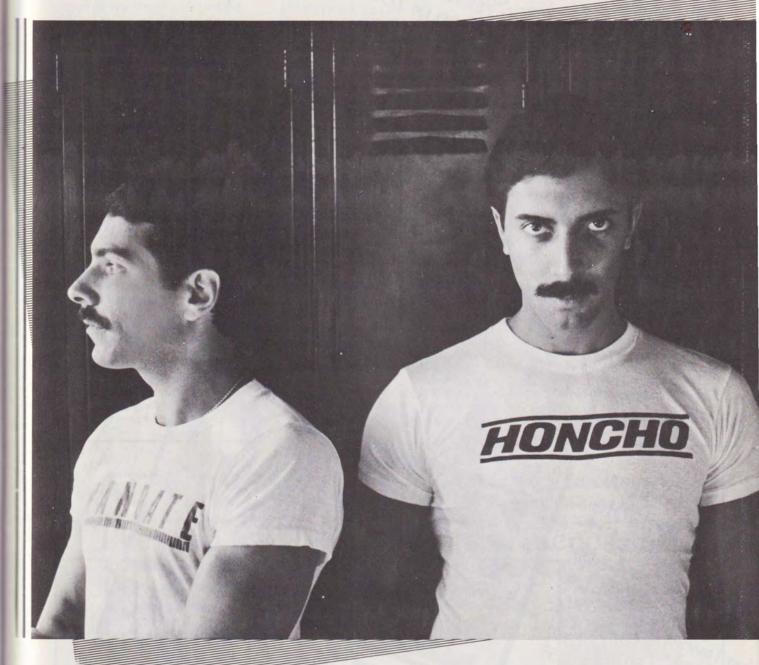
I turned him so that his back was to the bed and pushed him down on it. I could see him wince as his sore ass hit the mattress, but he didn't say a word. Docilely he allowed me to take off his shoes and socks and pull his jeans off him. I placed leather restraints on his ankles and got him spreadeagled on the bed, fastening first his ankles and then undoing his hands and spreading them outward and over his head. He had stopped sniffling and was watching my every move with frightened eyes. After I had him secured. I stripped and replaced my jeans and t-shirt with only a leather vest and cap. Putting my black boots back on, I was ready to begin.

Tommy watched, fascinated, as if he were seeing my body for the first time. Our cocks and balls were almost the same size and since our parents had chosen to mutilate our bodies as babies, we were both circumcised. We had seen each other naked before, but I understood his fascination. We were seeing each other very differently now. I got on my knees between his legs on the bed and taking a long strip of rawhide pulled his balls as far down in their sac as I could and tied them securely with the leather.

I took one of my construction boots from the side of the bed and tied it to the other end of the rawhide. He watched with wide eyes as I moved the boot to the foot of the bed and then let it slip off the end and dangle over the edge. As the boot hit the end of the leather and came to a stop, a loud grunt came from his lips. I could see him try to move farther down on the bed to ease the pressure on his already aching balls. I took a bottle of poppers and holding it under his nose, told him, "Pig out on it, kid. You're going to need it."

His eyes never left me as he inhaled the loosening vapors deeply. As he relaxed a little into the bed I rose and went to my toy drawer. Returning to my position between his legs. I took two clamps and attached them to his nipples. Both of our cocks jerked with the moans of pleasure and pain that filled the room. Since he had no foreskin, I took another clamp and attached it to the head of his dick about half an inch below the oozing slit at the top. Taking another piece of rawhide, I attached the clips on his tits to the clamp on the head of his dick forming a Y with the leather and forcing his cock to lie flat against his belly. Every twitch of his dick pulled the rawhide tighter and caused a pressure on his nipples. He was in pain. I knew, but there was a deep pleasure surging through his body. I could tell this by the way he lifted his ass as far off the bed as he could causing the tension on his cock, nipples, and balls to increase with his own movements.

My little brother was learning what it was like to belong to another man and I was pleased that I was able to make him enjoy it fully. Putting a little spit on my fingers I reached my hand between his outspread legs until I found the tightly puckered ass hole. I let my fingers play with it for a while, making it slick with my spit.

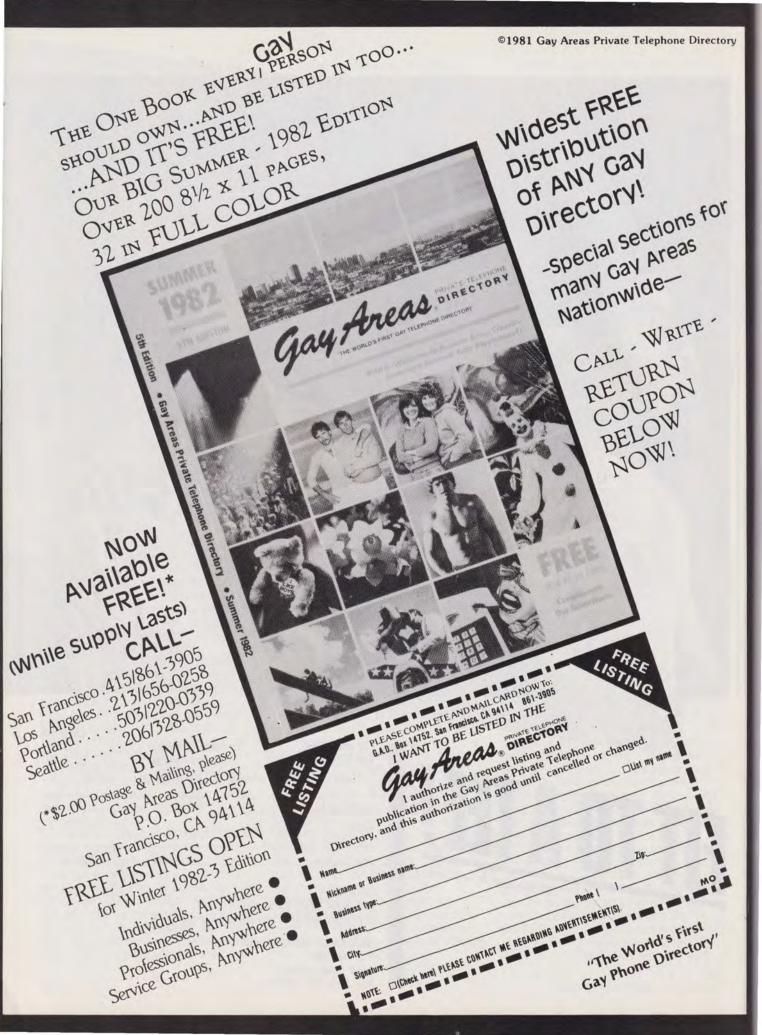


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I inserted one finger and listened with joy to the moans that came between each gasp for breath. As I felt the hole loosening, I inserted another finger and another, prying and pushing his sphincter wider open. I played with his ass hole until he was whimpering and rolling his head from side to side on the pillow under him. He kept his hips off the bed causing the tension on the front of his body to remain constant.

When I knew he was ready, I slowly, teasingly withdrew my fingers from their warm confines, and listened to him moan and whimper as the feeling of emptiness and need took over his body. He writhed on the bed begging, "Fuck me. Please, sir, fuck me. Use my hole, sir, please! Fuck your slave's ass, sir. Use me sir. Take me. Fuck me. Fuck me," he kept repeating.

I got off the bed and leaving his balls tied I took the boot off the other end of the rawhide. I released his ankles and climbed back between his still outspread and quivering legs. I held the poppers under his nose and waited until he had taken what he wanted. Taking some myself, I greased my throbbing cock

and threw his legs over my shoulders. I put the head of my dick at the opening of his ass and watched him work his body down on it until I felt the head slip in. I braced myself and held my ground while he writhed and bucked until he had the entire length of me deep inside him. He was moaning and I took the rawhide attached to his tits and dick in my hand, pulling it upward so that his nipples and cock hung suspended from it.

Slowly I started an in and out movement in his ass hole. He backed his hips down to meet each thrust even though his movements caused the pain in his chest and dick to increase. He moaned with pleasure and winced in pain at the same time. His hole was getting looser around my pulsing dick and I could feel the muscles of his ass trying to suck me deeper and deeper into his firm hot butt. Holding the rawhide tautly in one hand I reached down with the other and removed the clamp from his cock. He screamed and thrust his hips down hard on my stiff rod causing me to grunt from the force he exerted on my groin.

My balls began to churn and move

closer to the base of my cock. I knew I would not be able to hold off much longer. Tommy was crying and whimpering with the mixture of agony and ecstasy that I knew was flooding over him. His ass hole tightened and loosened around my hard meat and I began to pump harder and harder into him. Putting the rawhide still attached to his tits in my mouth so that I could have both hands free, I grabbed onto his thighs wrapped around my neck and plowed deeper and deeper into the quivering moist

I pulled my ramrod all the way out until just the head was still inside and then thrust it back into him to the hilt. He was growling deep in his throat and pushing his hips back to meet me with total abandon. Again and again I pulled almost out and then pushed harder and harder back in. Finally I grabbed his ankles and spreading his legs straight up and out over both our heads, I slammed into his butt hole for all I was worth. I could not stop the cum from rising upward from my aching heavy balls and overflowing in great gushes into his pulsing ass. I groaned and panted, straining harder into him

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with each burst of cream that shot from the head of my jerking dick.

Taking only a moment to catch my breath, I continued to pump my still hard meat in and out of him as he sucked every drop of brother juice into him. His cock was jerking uncontrollably over his heaving belly and the pre-cum trickled in rivulets down the shaft of it. I knew he was beside himself with the need to release his own load and I continued my in and out thrusts. I gave him some more poppers and when he had settled into a steady rhythm of pumping his hot juicy ass hole on my pole, I reached out and removed the tit clamps from his chest. He howled and screamed with the pain. His body writhed and the muscles in his firmly secured arms tensed and bulged. I let him feel the agony for only a few moments before I moved his legs down and around my hips and grabbed his slippery cock in my

By the time I had moved my hand up and down on his eager dick several times, his howls and screams turned into moans of delight. He pounded his ass harder and harder on my still stiff tool and fucked my hand with his slick dick. I let him bring himself to the point of orgasm. Just before he shot his load I pumped my cock against his prostate and released my hold on his cock. He pushed harder and deeper on my dick until with one final thrust he impaled himself on his brother's cock and writhing in complete abandon shot streams of hot gooey cream all over the bed, the wall, and me. He was pumping up and down on my cock with such force that a stream of cum found its way into his open screaming mouth. He moaned and slurped on it, running his tongue all around his lips to make sure he got every drop before he swallowed it.

Even after he had no more juice left in his sore balls, his cock jerked involuntarily over his stomach. When he had stopped writhing, I pulled my softening dick slowly out of his warm hole and collapsed on top of him. We both lay there spent and unable to do anything but gasp for air. When I'd recovered, I got up and untied his balls and released his wrists from their restraints. As I lay down on the bed beside him he moved into my arms and our bodies intertwined. Tommy nestled his head into my neck and whispered into my ear, "Thank you, big brother, sir. Thank you very much!"

DOMINATION

Continued from page 12

allowed to sit back and relax as much as he was able in the situation.

He was weakened from his efforts and his fear. Before he could think of something to do to try and end his nightmare, a rag was shoved into his mouth and a cord knotted around his head preventing him from speaking. With no effort Jesse and Mark took an arm each and pushed Phillip, backside down, onto the bed.

Philip watched with fear in his eyes as Jesse reached into a drawer next to the bed and produced two powerful looking metal clamps. Both men watched Phillip's face, obviously enjoying his mental torment as Jesse spread the tight spring and positioned the clamp over the captive's nuts.

"Please..." Phillip wanted to plead, but the rag prevented him. He tried to move away from the clamp. Jesse laughed, but took it away. Tossing the other to his partner, before Phillip realized what was happening, each of them had unmercifully let a clamp snap shut on one of his tits. Pain shot through Phillip's chest causing him to let loose tears he had been holding back

"I hope you like getting fucked." Jesse slowly spread grease from a tube onto his enormous cock.

Phillip had taken dicks the hard way before, but never one even near the size of this. Knowing that he could not resist, his legs were forced over the shoulders of the muscular Latino and, with no finger fucking to help Phillip accommodate the giant tool, Jesse rammed his entire stick up the young man's asshole. A sharp pain ran through his buttocks and for a moment it was difficult to focus on Jesse, Mark and everything in the room. Gradually as the sweaty giant pumped in and out the pain gave way to numbness.

Bound, gagged, clamps tearing into his chest, all of his senses screaming from the treatment of his captors, Phillip still could not resist the seducing effect of Jesse rhythmically fucking his ass. He found himself starting to grind the large cock in deeper.

Jesse pounded against Phillip's buttocks harder and harder until, without warning, he painfully ripped his throbbing dick out and shot his hot wad into Phillip's face with a grunt of triumph.

Ignoring Phillip, the two men headed for the bathroom together and Phillip soon heard a shower running. For what seemed like an eternity Phillip lay there trying to forget his pain-wracked body, thinking about the events that had led him to this position.

Finally Mark returned from the shower and undid Phillip's hands. Without a word the young man took the gag from his mouth, scrambled into his clothes and left. Looking back he could see Mark lying on the bed as if ready for a good night's sleep.

As he walked to his car, Phillip felt astonishment. Instead of being humiliated and frightened, and in spite of his sore body, he could only think of the evening's excitement. Phillip had found what he had been looking for all those years—Domination. He would be back to "The Boot" for more.

COP UNDERCOVER

Continued from page 20

ing panic. There in front of him wearing nothing but a flimsy towel was the cop. His cop. The cop who occupied so much of his thoughts.

For a brief moment there was a deathly silence as his mind wrestled with the situation. He was shocked to say the least. He was even further confused when the cop made his move. The man didn't appear to recognize him. He casually gave Paul a smile and sauntered over to lie face down on the table.

This should have eased Paul's mind somewhat, but it didn't. He didn't know how to react. This couldn't have been a coincidence. The cop must have recognized him, just as surely as he must have noticed the way Paul had looked at him that morning. He couldn't possibly have missed it. Then why all the mystery? Could it be that he had come here undercover to try to entrap him? Why else would he be here? And how did he know that this was where he worked? He had obviously checked the bail records that Paul had filed. He could have gone on forever musing at the possibilities but the fact of the matter was that the man was here and nothing he could do would change the fact. He moved over to the table and

stared down at him.

Paul's eyes drank in the cop's figure. They noted his broad, muscular back and the gentle slope of his strong spine that plunged down to disappear beneath the towel. He lingered a moment on the tight round curve of his buttocks then continued down until his eyes had caressed every inch of his body.

It was surprising the shape he was in. Paul had the idea that most of the police let their bodies go. But it was obvious that this one cared a great deal for his. He appeared more like an athlete than a cop. Could it be that he was new on the force? Either way, Paul had to fight his feelings and concentrate on doing his job. The sooner he got to work, the sooner the situation would be over.

He wiped his palms on his towel and started to apply the oil to the man's back. Some of it slid slowly down and formed a small pool in the small of the back. Paul coated his own hands and then dipped into the puddle and spread it along the cop's spine. He could feel the man squirm and his muscles ripple across his back. But as far as Paul was concerned, this was nothing to the way he was feeling. Still, if he did have to do this he was determined to do it well. With an expertise only gleaned through practice, he worked the muscles and kneaded until he felt the tension drain from the man's

He was careful, even though his own tension was far from under control. Each time his hands came to the edge of the towel he would ease off and move over to concentrate on the legs. The only chance he did take was to dip his fingers deep between the cop's thighs and slide them as close to his cock as he dared.

Unfortunately, he also experienced a reaction that he would have preferred not to. And it wasn't merely the pounding in his temples or the increased rate of his breathing. He cursed the fact that he only had a towel around his waist because his cock had reacted to the body he was working on by growing until it pushed out conspicuously in front. Praying that the man didn't turn his head in his direction, he reached down and worked its length up to lie sideways. That didn't do much to hide it. But at least it looked less like an advertisement.

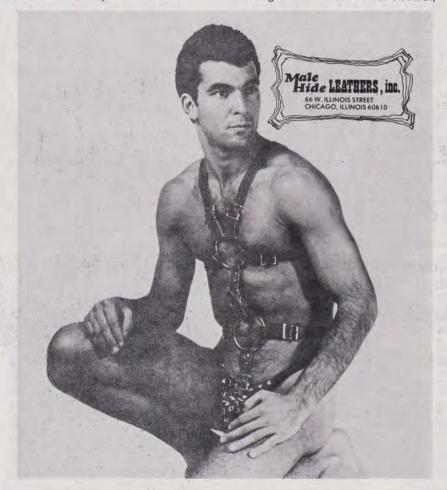
It would have been convenient if he could have dispensed with doing the cop's front. At least then he wouldn't run the risk of his erections being seen. But he knew only too well that that was wishful thinking. Besides, there was a part of him that longed to see his chest, to run his hands across the tight pectorals and linger in the soft fur that covered them. So, in spite of the risk, he told him to turn over and moved off to reoil his hands.

The other man didn't reply. He merely signaled his response with a grunt and eased over onto his back. As he did so, his towel slipped and worked its way down until the tip of his cock peeped above the material. He had his eyes closed and lay so casually that Paul wondered if he was aware of what had happened. He gazed at the look of total peace on the man's face and had to grip his hands in a fist as a shudder enveloped him. If he managed to get through this evening with any semblance of his sanity he'd be lucky. He watched the rise and fall of the chest beneath him until the moment passed, then started to work again.

It was hard keeping his mind on his work and more than once his hand accidentally—or so he told himself—brushed against the cock. It brought no response from the mouth of the cop, but his cock was another matter. It slowly grew in length until its shaft lay conspicuously across his abdomen.

That was it. After all, Paul was no superman. The sight of that long thick rod pulsating before his eyes had him totally in its grip. He took a deep breath, trying to clear the thought from his mind, but even as he did, he knew that it was no use. He just couldn't go on. The only thing on his mind at this point was the magnetic pull of that cock. His body began to shake violently as his mind wrestled with a mixture of fear and excitement. Fear at what might happen if he succumbed to his desires, and a strange sense of excitement in the knowledge that he was beyond fighting them. He closed his eyes against the fierce pounding. in his temples, then opened them again only to gasp as he realized the cop was watching him.

"Like it?" the man asked, smiling. "I saw the way you looked at me in the station. You want to suck it, don't you?... Don't you?" He was looking at the front of Paul's towel,



and the obvious answer it held.

God, thought Paul, his head swimming. So he did see me. He tried to think rationally, to devise some sort of response, but that was something he was incapable of doing. Not with a hunk of man like this cop lying exposed in front of him. He knew that there was no use trying to get out of it. Of course he wanted it. No matter what the consequences, he wanted more than anything to wrap his mouth around that cock and suck it.

The cop wasn't waiting for a reply, though. He reached up and grabbed the back of Paul's leg just inches away from his ass and squeezed.

"Go ahead," he said forcefully. "Suck it." He reached down with his free hand and pulled the towel away from his body, exposing everything to Paul's gaze.

It was amazing just how turned on Paul had become. The knowledge that this cop was telling him to suck his cock, and the fact that in doing so he might get himself into serious trouble, had him incredibly hot. It was a height that he'd never attained in his life before, one which had him unable to think or reason beyond the need for the man on the table.

He didn't need to be told twice. He gave a sigh as he surrendered to his passions and leaned over. He took hold of the base and eased the cop meat into his mouth.

The musky scent from his balls rose to mingle with that of the oil and gave an effect not unlike poppers. The smell flowed through Paul's head, sweeping away any thought contrary to the experience at hand. It was as if this was the first cock he had ever sucked. And except for the knowing way that he worked the cop's organ, he might even have convinced himself.

Paul began to work his way up and down the cock. He lapped and

sucked, alternately applying pressure with his lips while his head varied the angle of his drives. While he was doing this the cop reached a hand under his towel and started to work a finger into Paul's ass. It sent shock waves shooting through his body and he had to push back against the finger. Again the cop worked at his ass, until there were two and then three fingers inside.

Both men writhed and moaned as they climbed towards a climax. Neither had anything on his mind save the heights that the other was driving him to. It was as if these two men had become one person with a single goal. As if sensing this fact, the moment arrived and their cocks started to erupt. Paul felt a wave of excitement surge through his body as the cop's organ began a series of pulsations and his balls pulled taut against his body as they prepared to release their sticky nectar. He moaned as the hot cum filled his mouth and started to seep from his lips. A shudder enveloped his body and his own cream shot against his towel and spread out to trickle down his leg.

"Oh yeah...yeah," the cop said when Paul straightened up once more. "That was great."

Paul ran his tongue around his lips, lapping up the spilled cum. Already he was wondering about the consequences of what had just happened.

"Listen," continued the cop. He got up and retrieved his towel and began to wipe himself off. "Why don't we go back to your place. I've got a couple of roommates... You know. Guys from the station?"

He seemed sincere enough, yet Paul was suspicious. He began to wonder if there was anyone who would post ball for him. The cop noticed his reaction and began to laugh. "Don't worry... It's not a trap." He leaned over and kissed Paul on the lips, using his tongue to lap at the remnants of his own cum. "What do you say? I know you want me... And I took a big risk in finding you." He placed an arm around Paul's shoulder and reached down to grasp his cock and give it a little squeeze. "Besides, we still haven't finished, you know."

Here was this hunk of a cop putting the moves on him. He remembered the effect the man had had on him back at the police station and smiled at the thought of how the fat cop would react if he could see them now. He kissed the cop long and hard, and this time there was no holding back. And there would be no holding back. Not tonight and not ever. Of that he was sure. As sure as he knew that this was not going to be just another one night stand. He was no longer wondering if he was an undercover cop. Now all he was concerned about was getting him under the covers.



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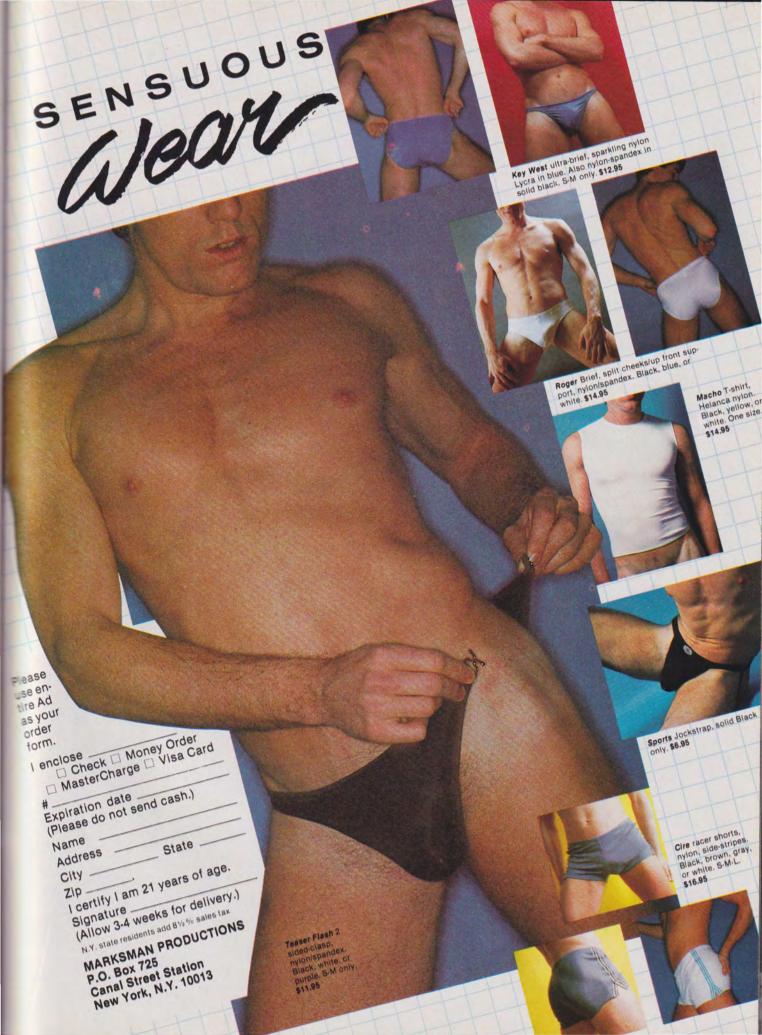
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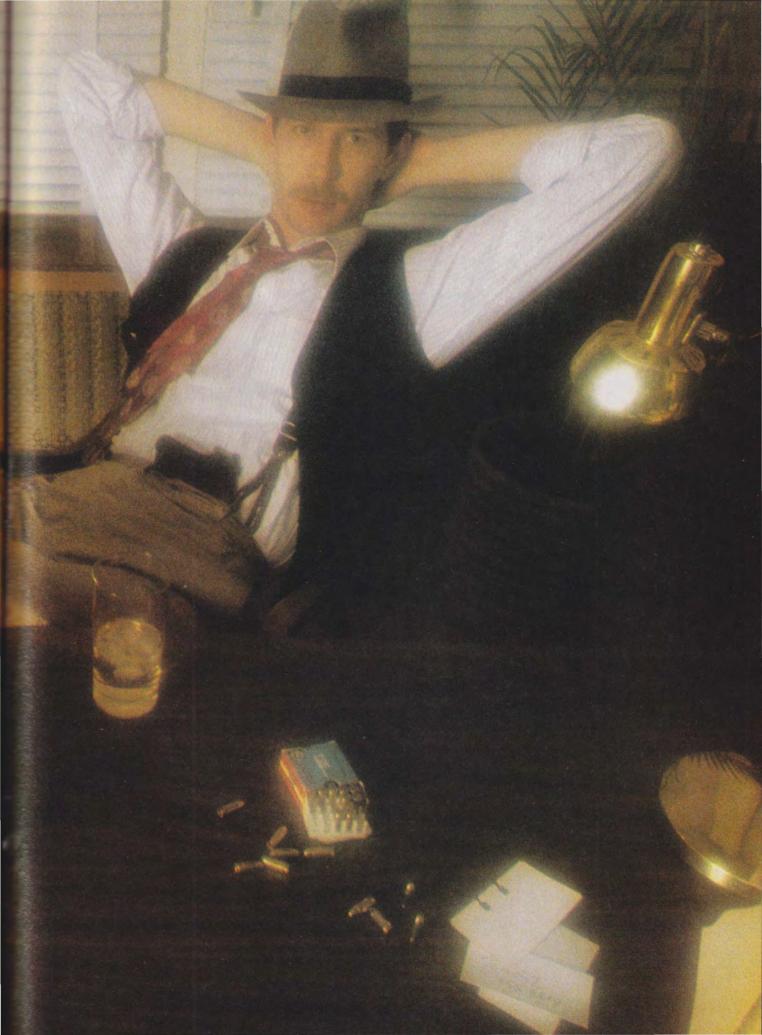
DJANGO

"I woke up with a dick in my hand.

It took me a minute to remember where I was. Merrit.

Yeah. Merrit Tully. I was in bed and I was holding his dick and it was getting hard." So begins the opening sequence of Joe Gage's new film, Django. Although the movie is not scheduled for release until 1983, HONCHO sneaked onto the set and grabbed these exclusive photos.

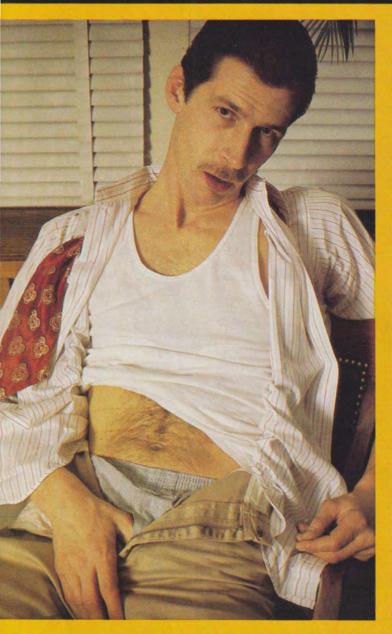
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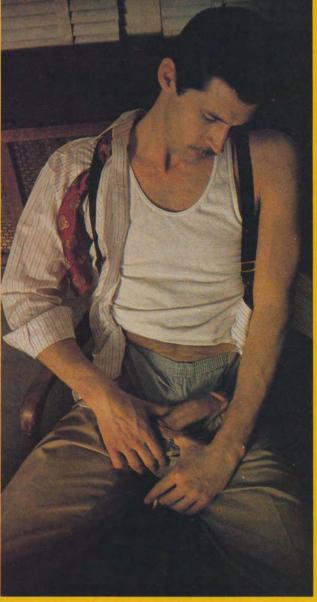


DJANGO

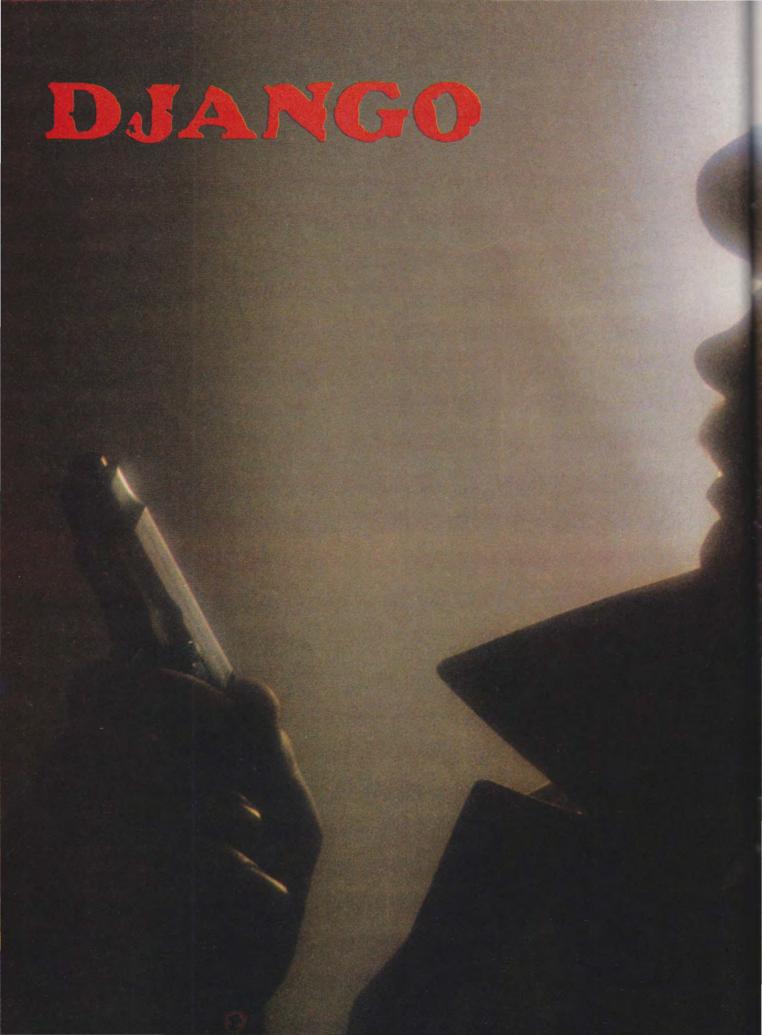
Richard West, the star of "Heatstroke,"
plays the title role in Django. The name comes from Django
Rinehardt, a Forties jazz musician whose hot, lowdown notes will punctuate the hot, lowdown action. When Django is not sleuthing, he plays stud poker. He is hard boiled, hard bitten, hard drinking, and hard-on.
Humphrey Bogart in The Maltese Falcon was never like this.

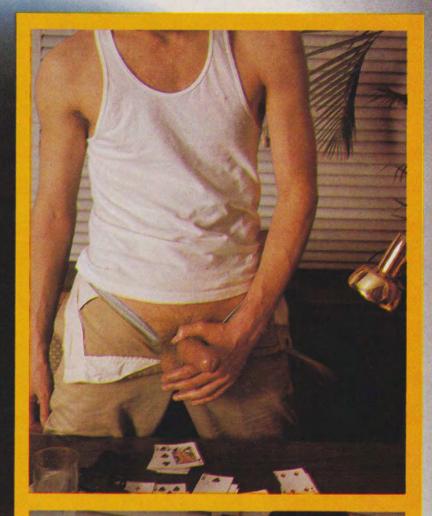
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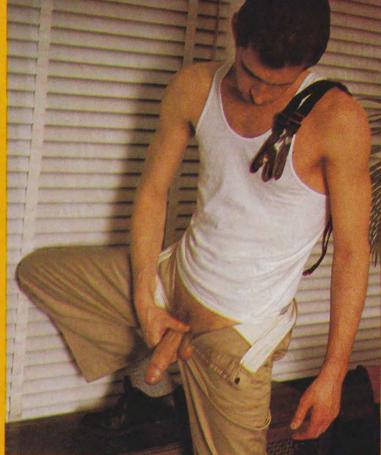












The complicated Django plot revolves around missing money (a lot of it), a cross-country chase, a love triangle, and a treacherous sexual loathario who cuts a wide swath through a troupe of all-toowilling men. Django. Remember the name. You saw him here first.

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HONCHO / NOVEMBER 1982



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Wanted: White Gay friends, 18-30, to hang around with in Cedar Rapids. I'm white, 24. P.O. Box 462, Indep., IA 50644.

We want a slave to provide a full range of domestic, sexual and emotional services. You already have a job and that is fine with us. You will be expected to keep on working and perform on the weekend and evenings. Your masters are lovers, businessmen in their early '30's, and hot. Serious only. 201/868-8689.

White male, 34, 5'8", 140 lbs., with hot receptive ass and talented fists seeks men with same for hot sessions. Box 8942, Anaheim, CA 92802.

COLOR HIM BLACK

Continued from page 36

cigarette when you try to stop smoking. When I got shore leave in the Bahamas, I enjoyed the sun and the beaches a lot even though I had to wear a shirt if I was around people. The brown marks stayed a long, long time. Usually I went off to an isolated spot and took the sun there—and had an adventure or two, little ones—with a couple of native boys.

At any rate, it was the first of March by the time I got back to New York. I picked up my gear from my buddy's place where I had stashed it before leaving, and luckily found myself another small apartment near the place I had stayed before, on Macdougal Street again.

And then one evening about a week after my return I called that number, as I had known all along that I would sooner or later. And it was the familiar voice of Bennett that answered the phone.

"Hey, man!" I said. "Guess who. I'm back from the Caribbean. How's the favored slave?" he could find the place. My back was towards the door when I heard his steps.

"Phil, ole buddy!"

"Bennett!" I hollered, and turned around. Standing in front of me was a tall lean young Negro-a complete stranger. The shock was terrific. His color was what Negroes call a "pure brown"-a deep rich even chocolate verging on black. His hair was clipped short to his well-shaped skull and lay as close as a stocking cap, and...had Bennett's ears always been as small as that? The shoulders seemed excessively wide and the waist small—the approved beautiful Bantu body design. He stood there in the door's shadow grinning, his even teeth unbelievably white in the

My mouth was open. I closed it, but I couldn't speak. Bennett stuck out one square black hand and shook mine firmly. He had to reach down to my side to grab hold of it. I was paralyzed.

"Man, mah old buddy suah seems turned to stone." Even his voice was a Negro's—a little soft and furred, low and sexual, with the intimate half-obscene tones that Negroes use among themselves. shoulders. He stepped out of his trousers and shorts and stood there naked.

"Man," I said. I whistled. "You're black as hell."

"Not exactly," he said, this time in his white voice. The effect was astonishing. "I'm really deep brown, but in this light parts of me look black. There are a few pale areas"—and he grinned with mischief at me, like the old white Bennett. "You wanta try to find them?"

"I certainly do," I said, and angled the lamp directly on him. His skin gleamed with a beautiful bronzeblack sheen, and the highlights danced and shifted as he moved. He was more than handsome.

I went over him inch by inch, and I found the few pale spots—the perineum, some of the folds of his sex, behind his ears, and between his toes. But even those were only a paler brown. They had none of the pink or pale undertone of a white's skin.

Then I tasted him here and there, and smelled him. In those matters he was still white. To touch and sight he was a Negro; to taste and smell, a white. I said as much.

"I had come to know the body
of Adam X as I had never before known
anyone's body. My tongue and fingers knew
every conformation of it, from the tightly curled
kinks of his scalp to the brittle wet wire
of his armpits and groin . . ."

Bennett's laugh was easy and unforced. "Ole buddy Phil," he said. "It's fine with me. You here for a long time?"

"Far as I know, yeah," I said. "I'd like to see you. Will the big bad black boy let you out nowadays?"

"Oh, sure," Bennett said. "He trusts me. Matter of fact, he's in Chicago this week and I'm here all alone. But there's been a little trouble up this way—how's about my comin' down to see you? White guy got knifed a coupla days ago."

"Okay," I said, and gave him the new address.

It was hardly an hour before the bell rang. I pushed the button for the buzzer and opened the hall door so I raised one hand and drew my fingertips down his cheek.

"It's...m-makeup," I said with

"It won't come off," said Bennett. I looked at my fingertips. They were a dull pink Caucasian as usual.

I sat down hard in the chair.
"I...don't believe it," I said. "Are you like that all over?"

"Wanta see, man?" He still used the soft Negro tone. "Is you really scientific interested, or you jes' hot foah mah smooth black skin, man?" He took off his dark blue windbreaker and started to unbutton his bright red plaid shirt. The two straps of his undershirt were startlingly white over his muscular black

"I know," he said. "Adam notices it and comments all the time. He doesn't like it. But that's one thing I guess you can't change. I'll never be able to smell like one."

"Maybe some herbs," I said. "Try a few, orally. How'd he take it otherwise?"

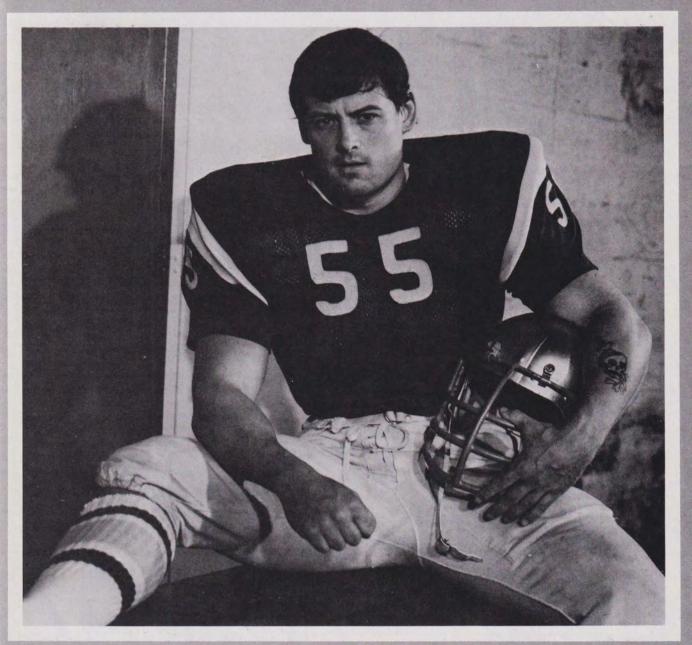
"Fine," Bennett said. "And he hired me as his secretary. I work around Negroes all day. No one knows."

"How did it affect you psychically?" I asked.

Bennett rubbed his forehead.
"Very odd," he said finally. "At first I resented my mirror image as a...a usurper. An interloper. I kept thinking he was going to take my place with

Continued to page 86

BRUSER

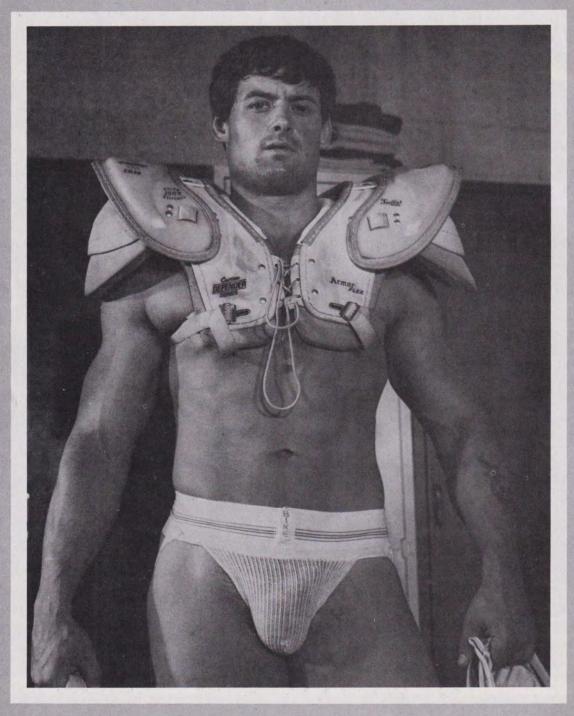


Mark Leonard is one hell of a tough dude. You've got to be tough to be a success playing football.

When Mark's big 55 appears out on the field, the guys know that they'd better look out! Get out of Big Mark's way unless you want to tangle with toughness.

Photography by Nova

BRUSER



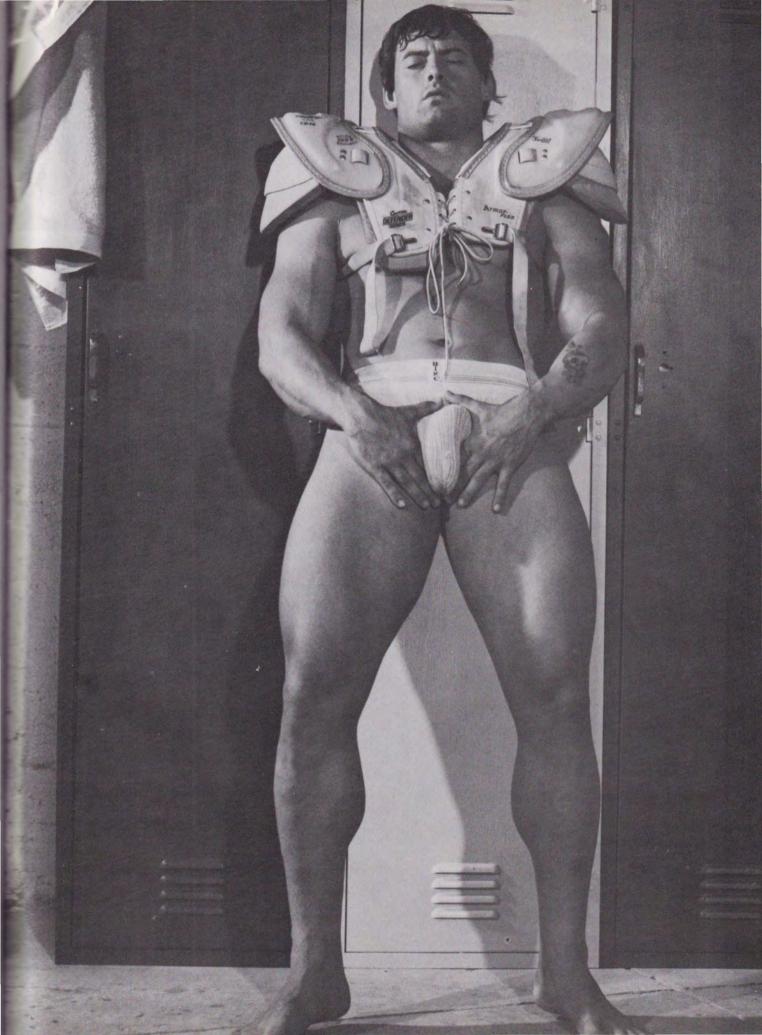
Mark Leonard is all man, a man's man.

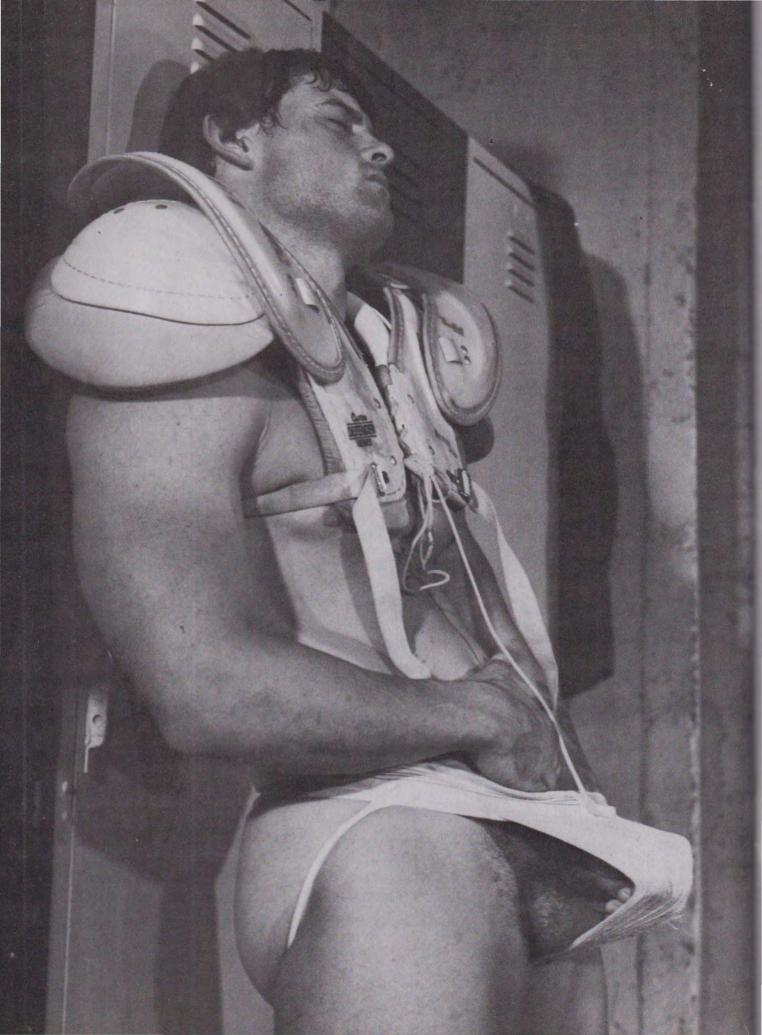
He's got hands bigger than hams and fists like battering rams.

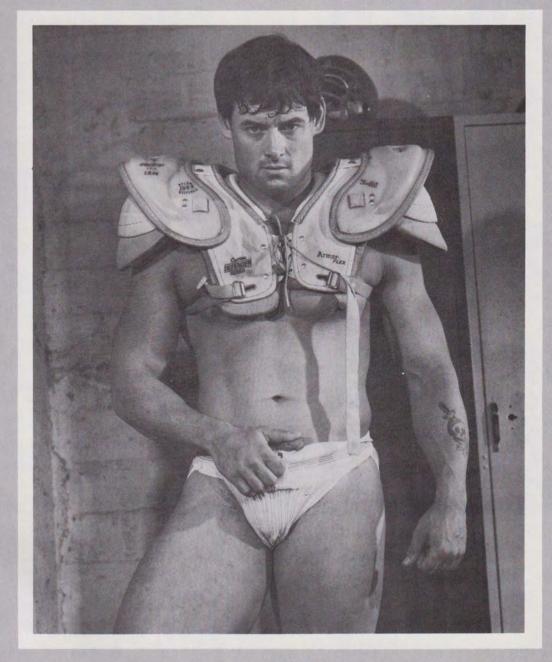
His shoulders are so powerful that he could play ball without those shoulder pads and still be a bruiser. He could crush a full grown man between those powerhouse thighs.

Photography by Nova

NOVEMBER 1982 / HONCHO







The other guys on the team can tell you that Mark's big Bike supporter contains something that's pretty special, too. Wanna see what we mean? After the game, back in the locker room, if you beg real nice, he might show it to you. He just might give you a taste of what he knows you want.

Photography by Nova

BRUSER



There it is; here's Mark in all his glory. He's a good sport, after all, and he's not going to make a buddy wait too long for what he needs. Mark wants to know if you're man enough to take it. Can you handle what he's got to offer? Give it a squeeze. You know you want to...

Photography by Nova





COLOR HIM BLACK

Continued from page 78

Adam. Then I had an auto-erotic stage-couldn't stop looking at myself, playing with my body, caressing it. For a while, too, Adam began to...respect me too much. I threatened to turn white again, and that kinda brought him around. He's meaner to me than ever now."

"You can turn white again, then, if

you want to?" I said.

Bennett shrugged. "Sure. But who wants to?" He reached for his shorts.

I put out my hand and stopped him. "Just a minute, lover boy," I said. "I've had you as a whitey-now let's see you get out of here without my having you as a black. Let's see if the dark meat is any tastier than the white when it comes to lovemaking. Or maybe it's changed the technique too?"

Bennett grinned. "I'm wilder," he said. "It's like drinking a pint of gin. Or smoking three sticks of pot. Or wearing a mask at a carnival. You let

DIAL-A-LOAD

FANTASY LINE

loose. All inhibitions gone."

No question about it-he was more than right. And furthermore, even with all that, he still didn't rub

The movies have a certain advantage over life and reality. When they come to a point of ending, even if there is no neat plot conclusion, they can do a little fast footwork with the lens, create some arty angles, and slowly pan the camera away from the central figure until it diminishes in size, and "The End" superimposes itself over the picture on the screen.

A good while went by after my expulsion from the black Eden, and it was winter again. I had heard nothing from either Adam or Bennett. It was a very curious period of time for me. The feeling of incompleteness, of emptiness, persisted. I still "reached out" for something, not able to tell what it was.

But one cold evening, returning through the wet snow to my hot and airless little apartment, I knew what had been bothering me. There had been a break in the reel, that was all.

So I put on my old leather jacket and walked through the clinging wetness over to the subway and got on. I rode to the dark corner of Harlem I had come to know so well. I stood in front of the doorbell in a dingy, poorly lighted vestibule, and looked for a long moment at the name in the little brass-rimmed holder. And finally I pushed the button.

And then, before there came the answering buzz at the door lock, I looked through the glass door, up the stairway, and felt my cheeks burn with anger and anguish and desire..

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DEAR MASTER DEAR SLAVE

Continued from page 40

In one sudden thrust I force my hot meat up your backside. You cry out in pleasurepain as my burning eight-inch dick slides all the way up your upturned butt. I pull it out and spank your ass before plunging it up your butt again until my muscled belly slaps your reddened asscheeks.

I reach under and grab your balls, tugging backwards on them to draw your ass onto my fat tool. I stand behind you, my dick planted in your ass, and you fuck that hard pole every time I pull your ass onto it by

your nuts. I thrust that stiff weapon up that slimy shit-hole, and with each ram I grip your sore gonads harder.

I yank my enormous sex out of your butt and walk around in front of you. I pull the black dildo out of your mouth and shove my greasy hard-on down your throat. You suck and lick the hot ass-juices off my throbbing meat as I buck and thrust, driving my prick into your slurping mouth, fucking your face.

'You're a goddamn cocksucking piss-drinking slave, you shit-eating asshole, suck my big dick, man, suck that cock that just fucked your ass, suck it, man, get ready to drink my cum you motherfucking sonofabitch,

swallow it! ... "

You work your tongue around my organ while I shove it down your throat, and then I begin to moan and hold your head as my cum gathers and boils and gets ready to shoot into your sucking mouth. "You're just a hole, man, a soft hot place to stick my dick. Man, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna shove this motherfucker down your throat and shoot my load. I'm cumming, man, cumming, drink it, swallow that stuff, cum...

Suddenly you feel the violent contractions, and your mouth fills with my hot, sweet cum. You suck and swallow and milk my dick for more, and it keeps on pouring a steady pump of white love juice. You swallow it and lick my dick, and some of it drips out of your mouth.

Next you feel the hot stream of my piss on your cum-stained tongue, and you try to lap it up like a dog, like the piss-drinking urinal you are. I grab my dick and spray my hot piss in your face till your hair and moustache are dripping wet. I pick up a jockstrap off the floor and get it soaking wet with piss and rub it all over your face and body, like a washcloth soaked in piss.

I untie you and order you to wear the piss-soaked jock. You put it on,

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your hard-on straining against the cold jock, hoping for release, for orgasm. I order you to dress, to wear jeans, cowboy boots, a dog collar. I put wrist restraints on you, binding your hands together in front of you and push you out the door and into the truck in the street above.

A couple of guys walk by and see your restraints, see me in leather, and smile at what they know is the start of a hot evening. I stuff my jacket pockets with stuff for the night ahead, and then I drive us to the Caldron.

The Caldron is packed with hunky studs like always, dressed in tight jeans and leather. It's one of the busiest nights ever, and we cause guite a stir as I lead you up to the bar on a leash attached to your dog collar. I order you to strip down to the wet jockstrap. As you take off your jeans, the horny men around the bar take a good look at your bare ass and your piss-drenched jock. We check your clothes and I lead you to the tubs, forcing you to lie in the one in the back. Pretty soon three or four studs come up, pulling on their thick cocks, preparing to drench your body in piss. The most muscled stud, with a long, curving slab of horsemeat starts to shoot a steady stream of piss right into your mouth, and the other studs spray their hot beer piss all over your legs and chest, completely soaking your filthy jockstrap.

I lead you out of the tub and into the big room with slings. I lead you to the surgeon's table, lay you out flat, and peel off your dripping jockstrap. Several studs come over to watch as I stuff that filthy jockstrap in your mouth, gagging you to keep you silent for the next step.

I reach into my pockets and pull out a razor and a small bar of shaving soap. I order you to piss on the soap, and as you do, I lather up your cock and balls, getting your prick stiff. Slowly I begin to shave your cock and nuts, shearing them clean of every hair. Your naked cock sticks straight up like a rocket, and the shiny smooth globes of your balls glisten in the orange light.

The onlooking studs grin and nod their approval as I finish up and reach into my pocket, producing a pair of tit-clamps, a ball stretcher, and two lengths of chain.

I order you to the floor on your knees, telling you to crawl to one of the posts of the slings. I pull the jockstrap out of your mouth and position it on your head like a mask.

You inch across the floor, your ass in the air, the jock on your head. A big stud in black boots and full leather steps in front of you and orders you to lick his boots. You spit-shine those boots and then you feel his hot piss spraying on your back. I order you to stand facing the corner post. I attach one of the tit clamps, then I run the chain around the post and attach the other clamp to your tit. I wrap the ball stretcher around your nut-sac, securing a chain from your balls around the post. You are now tied to the post by your tits and balls; you can move only about three inches without tugging tightly on your balls or your tits.

I invite the well-hung studmasters to have at it, and one by one you get fucked by big hard dicks, over and over, huge cocks pounding up your butt, slamming into your dripping asshole. One guy shoots inside you and is replaced by another throbbing prick. Cum drips out of your hole, running down your legs, making a puddle on the floor. More and more engorged sex weapons invade your slave hole, ramming deep inside you, pulling your body back, straining your tits, tugging your balls, and then a sudden heavy thrust will shove you up against the post, cutting into your swollen unsatisfied prick oozing a steady stream of pre-

You're filled with hot loads from monster cocks pounding your hole. Studs stand around watching, jerking off, waiting for the opportunity to flood your sloppy hole with more burning cum. Harder and harder they ram their burning organs into your belly, telling you what a shit-eating slave you are.

Once you've been fucked by a couple dozen men, I let you loose, order you to kneel and lap up the puddle of cum on the floor, cum that drained out of your flooded rectum. You scramble to the floor, licking it shiny clean, tasting the mixed cum of so many studs. I order you to lie atop the long black platform behind the slings in the middle of the room, telling you to jerk off. You begin to pump your dick with your fist, with men walking by watching, and when you finally cum, I catch the hot spunk in my hand, bring it up to your face, rub your cum all over your face, pouring it into your mouth, and making you lick my hand clean. I lick your face clean of cum and wait to see what's next.

I am waiting to dominate.

A Master.



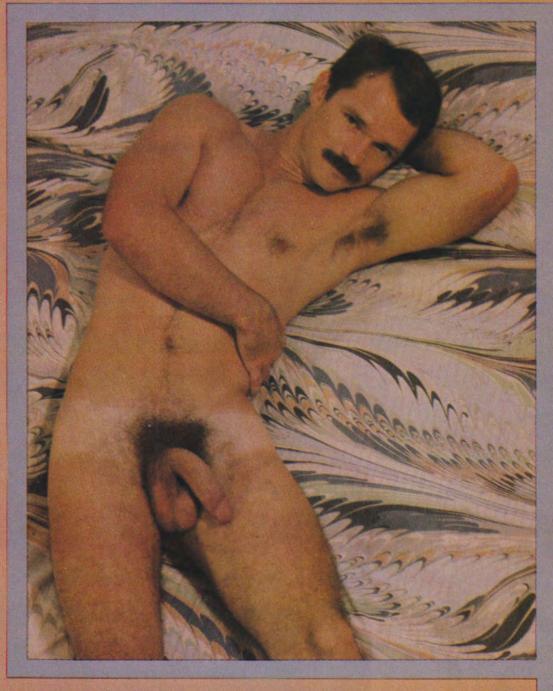




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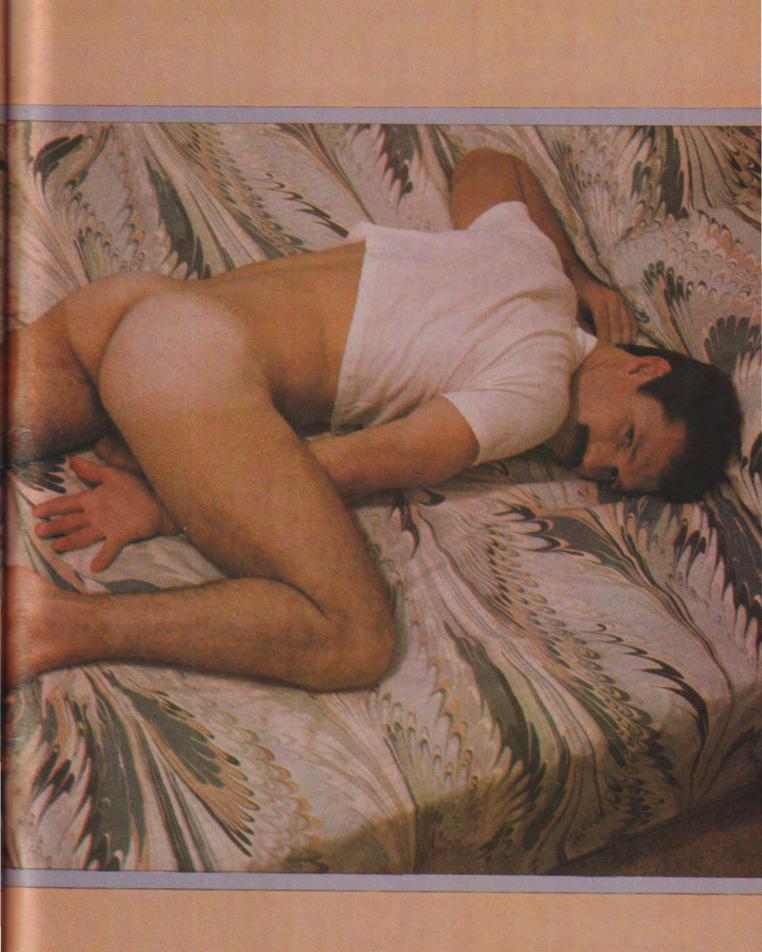


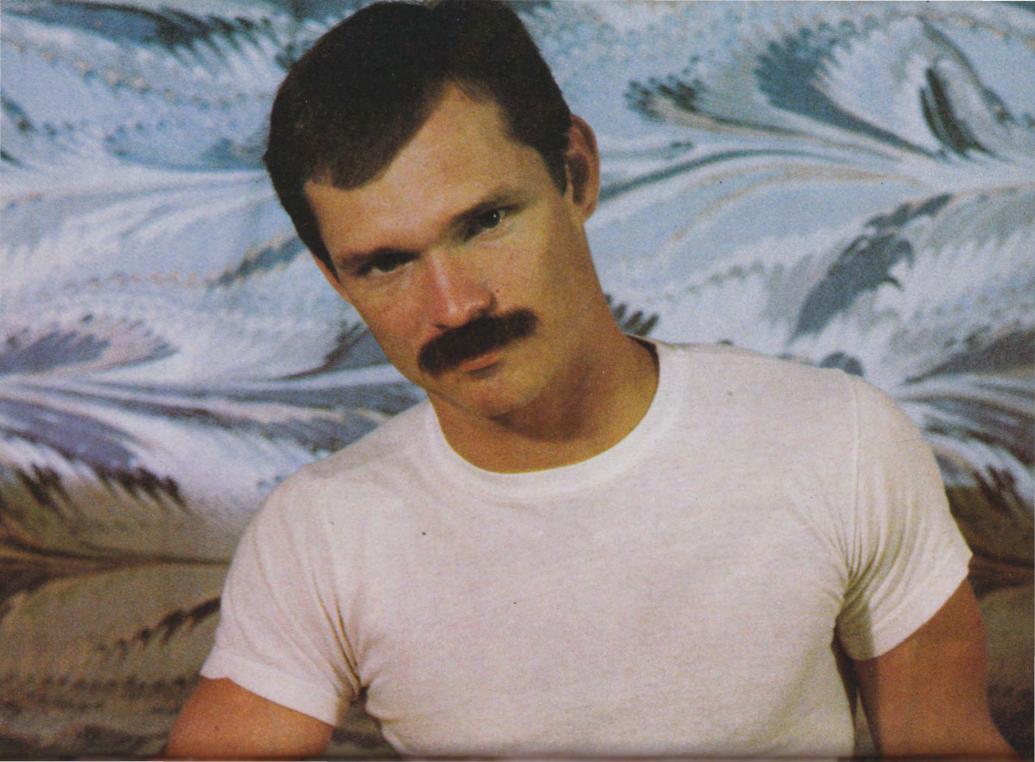
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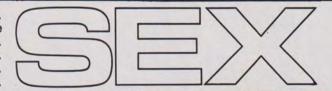
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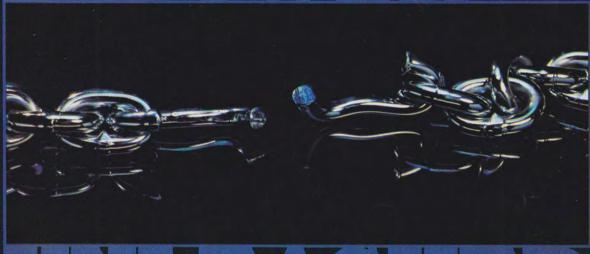
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