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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

DECEMBER 1982

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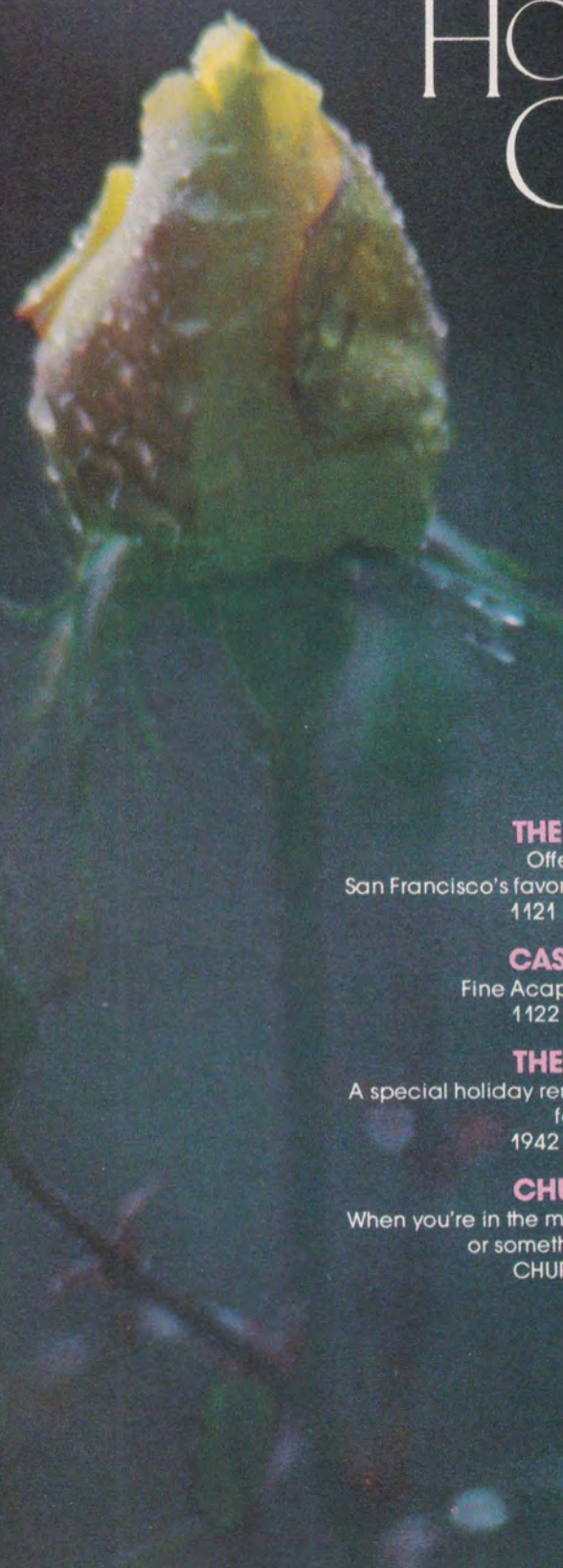
NUDES:
SERVICE STATION
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BIG RIG
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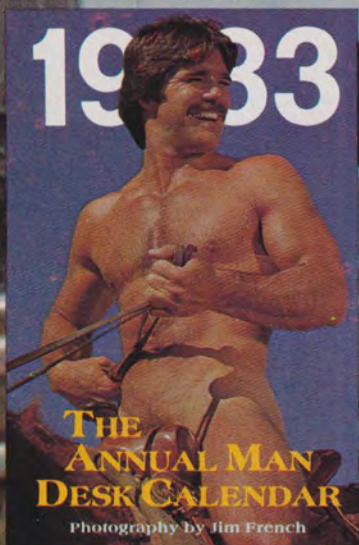
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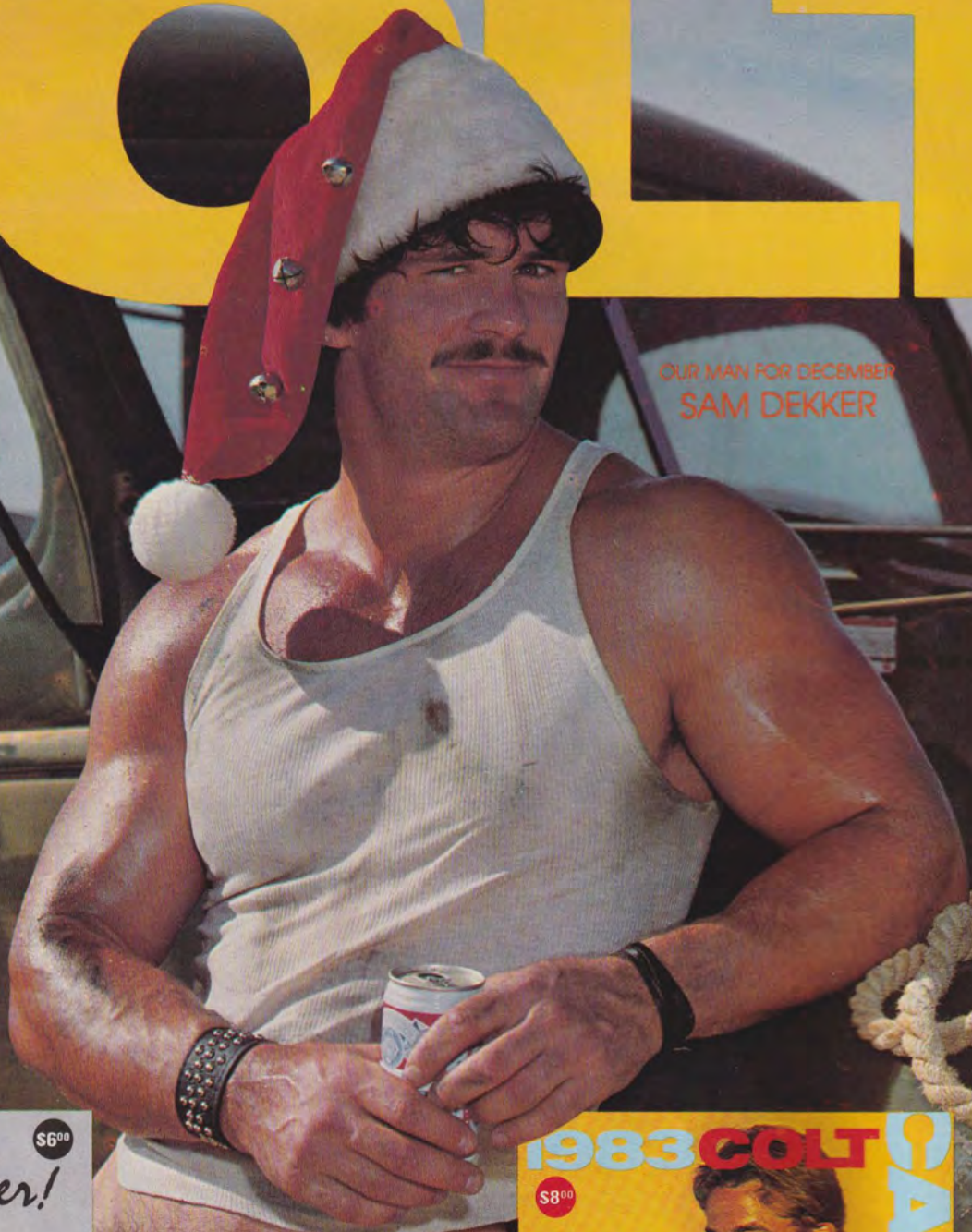
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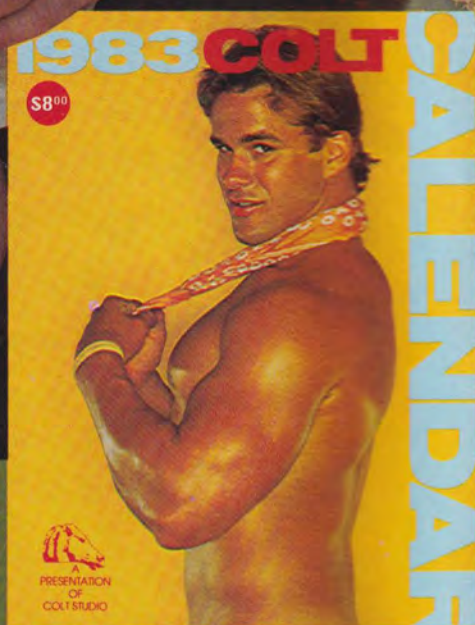


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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 9
DECEMBER 1982



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HONCHO POTENTIAL

All aboard the Blue Collar Special for a red hot tribute to the working man in all his glory! A full quota of fascinating fiction will allow you to exercise your fantasies in all directions. Read about the hot trucker scene in "Big Rig," get in on some telephone repairman action in "Hot Number," or find out what horny bus drivers do in the back of the bus in "Layover." In "Behind the Green Garage Door," one of our most interesting stories in months, you see what can happen when a nosy college kid spies on a weekend car mechanic; more than just curiosity gets aroused. In some sizzling photo features we salute the magnificence of your favorite types of fantasy men, and in "E.T." you'll catch a glimpse of our version of today's most popular hero. In the movies, E.T. stands for extra terrestrial, but at HONCHO those letters mean only one thing: Eat This!

Whatever you're looking for—nudes, wild stories, leather that fits like a second skin—you'll find it inside.

Photography by Naakkve





"The truck driver reached into his pocket again. He lit a match and held it close to light Julian's cigarette. Then Julian's heart skipped a beat at the sight of his muscular hairy chest. Two hard squares of pecs accentuated by two fine tits hovered above ripples of muscles flowing down to his abdomen."

BIG RIG

By Ken Robertson • Photography by Zak Drummer

Julian spotted the figure sitting, wide legged, on the park bench. The darkness etched the silhouette of a man. A young man, he thought. The blackness and trees surrounding the rest area obscured all features. But the man looked interesting. Julian paced the ground, pretending to be simply a driver out exercising cramped muscles while watching the man from the corner of his eye.

Suddenly, the young man fumbled in his pants and then lit a cigarette. In the half minute during which the light fluttered in the darkness, Julian saw what he hoped to see. Eyes

trained to focus sharply and quickly in the dark saw a man of about 22 or 23. Long blond hair haloed a ruggedly handsome, scruffy face.

Never one to miss an opportunity, he approached the stranger and pulled a Kent from his shirt pocket. "I was hoping you had a light." The man shrugged, then reached into his pocket, handing him something.

He took the matchbook and lit a match. This shortlived torch offered more time to survey the young man. The sight sent a definite rush through his body. The young man wore a tight yellow t-shirt which

FREIGHTLINER

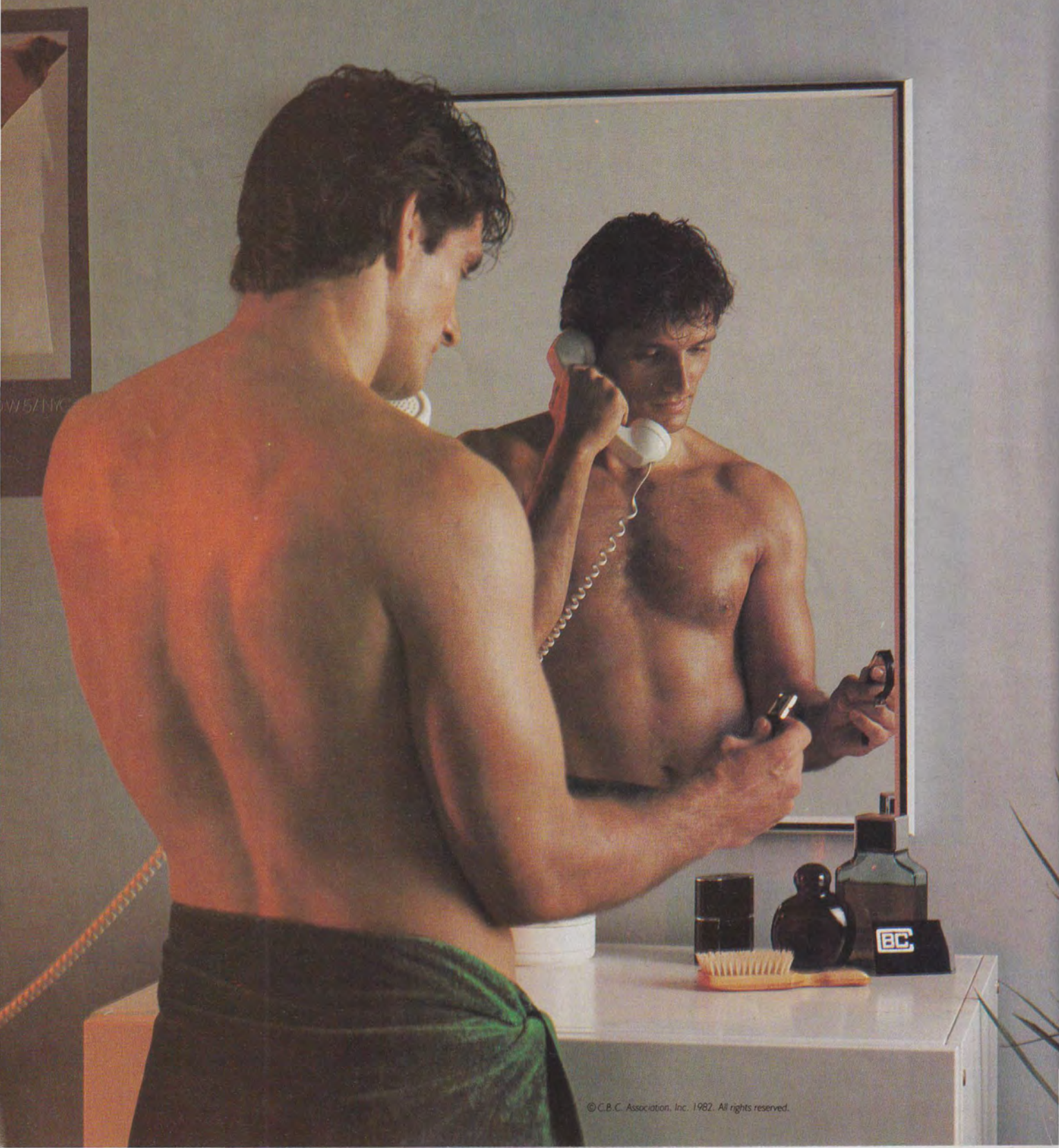


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outlined finely developed pecs and biceps. Cut-off jeans revealed thick thighs, round calves, and well worn boots with ankle socks rolled down. He returned the matchbook, adding "thanks." The young man grunted something and shrugged again.

Julian wondered if the man was really cruising. Many tourists sat on the park benches in the area for legitimate reasons. Most gays who frequented the rest stop would leave unless encouragement was given. That way the area was known as one of the best cruising spots around while the uninitiated never suspected anything. If the young man hadn't been an image out of a hot fantasy, Julian would have walked further into the trees where definite action was. Instead, he sat down. The stranger didn't acknowledge his presence; he continued to stare into the night, lost in his own thoughts.

The smell of wildflowers and pine needles filled the air. "Nice night out." Julian hoped his feeble attempts at conversation wouldn't be cruelly rebuffed. He found himself holding his breath, waiting for an answer.

"Yeah, it's real nice in this part of the country."

Sigh. Julian exhaled. "Then you're not from around here?"

The young man ground out his cigarette butt with the heel of his boot. "Naw. I make a trip out this way about once every two months, though. I'm from out west." He leaned both elbows back on the picnic table. While talking, he moved his body and a loaded basket shoved prominently in sight. The outline of white against the darkness told him the man's briefs strained to contain their load.

Julian turned also, legs crossed casually with one arm on the table. "Are you a truckdriver?"

The man nodded.

These terse answers made him wonder if the trucker was looking for anything. Although the rest area had a reputation among the drivers, many didn't know what was to be had easily there. He had been there ten minutes—almost an eternity—and the young man didn't make any kind of move on him. Julian wished for more light—a full moon, or a street lamp—to better gauge the young man's facial reactions.

"I ain't been driving long though," he volunteered. "Just about two years. Learned to drive in the army. Those cocksuckers got me right after

high school. I was still a green kid and didn't know what kinda shit I was getting into. Would've been three wasted years if they hadn't taught me how to handle a big rig. I thank 'em for that. But that other stuff: getting up at 6:00, KP, push-ups, barracks, strictly for the birds."

Julian winced at the snarled word "cocksucker." He resolved to leave at the first opportunity.

"You ever been in the service?" the trucker continued, seemingly anxious for conversation.

"No, I guess I was lucky that way. I was too young for Korea and too old for Vietnam."

"Oh, yeah, you're lucky. Don't know how lucky. Sheesh, it's getting hot out here. Was kinda nice with that breeze blowing. Now I'm sweating like a stuck pig." He pulled the t-shirt over his head and placed the front behind his neck. The shirt now covered only his back and arms.

"You got the time?"

"Yes, but it's too dark to see."

The trucker reached into his pocket again. He lit a match and held it close to the older man. Julian's heart skipped a beat at the sight of his muscular hairy chest. Two hard squares of pectorals accentuated by two fine tits hovered above ripples of muscles flowing down his abdomen and disappearing inside his cut-offs. Julian knew the muscles of his abdomen led to another more tasty muscle. He felt his cock rise and stir. "It's about 11:15."

"That late? 'Bout time for me to hit the sack."

"It seems a shame to turn in so early on a night like this."

"Well, I want to be on the road with the birds."

"Have you ever walked down through the nature trails over there? It's rather nice." A body like that wouldn't get away without at least an attempt.

"Naw. I ain't never. But it must be something else. I've seen a lotta guys walking down that way. Been meaning to check out the attraction."

"Come on, I'll show it to you, although you can't see much."

They rose and walked out into the blackness, passing men leaning on trees, standing, smoking cigarettes. Upon reaching a secluded spot hidden by the thick branches of an evergreen, they stopped.

"This is it. Like I said, you can't see much."

"Yeah, well I don't see why anyone

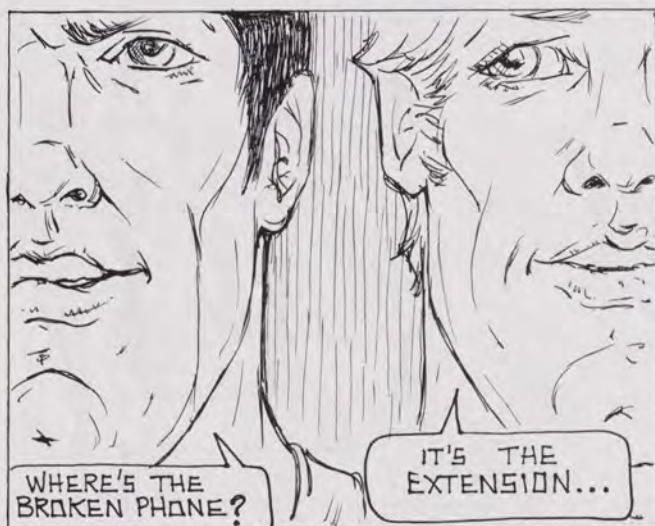
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*Lodging facilities

ALEX

by
CHUCK





**"He was tall,
about my age, dark brown
hair, moustache and full dark beard.
He was wearing company overalls and
had a loop of wire slung over one
shoulder. He held a telephone in his
other hand. Muscles bulged inside his
sleeves. I blinked, disbelievingly. A
number like that doesn't come
along often."**

HOT NUMBER

By Joe Ashburry • Illustration by Richard White

Phil Donahue squawked at me from the ugly little 12-inch television that sat precariously on top of a stack of moving boxes. I was on the floor (my furniture was still back at the old place, where it had been for weeks) in my exercise shorts, watching the show and thinking about how dull this whole situation had become. There I was, Greg Lange, swimming and diving champ of the University of Illinois, Galesberg, reduced to a picture-tube-gawker in a matter of three weeks.

After college graduation, I tried to make good use of my advertising degree and land a job in a nifty little firm called The Ad House. Great job, great pay, but no openings for me until late fall. That was all right, in a way. It gave me time to sort out my head a little, get rid of my high-flying college ideas and come in for a landing. School was over. I had to become a *real* person. So, I found this nice, efficient apartment near The Ad House, ran out of money and wound up trying desperately to ignore the fact that every piece of fur-

niture I owned was stashed in my former landlord's garage waiting for me to pay a moving truck to transfer it. It's not so bad, living out of boxes, especially when you *know* that things will get better (late fall, in my case). A steady hook on reality is all a person can rely on for comfort sometimes.

I got sick of Donahue in his second half hour and snapped off the set. The apartment took on a dim character when the sound was gone. Bare walls, curtainless windows, cold floors. For a moment, I hated the place. It was a grim set of rooms, a lonely place.

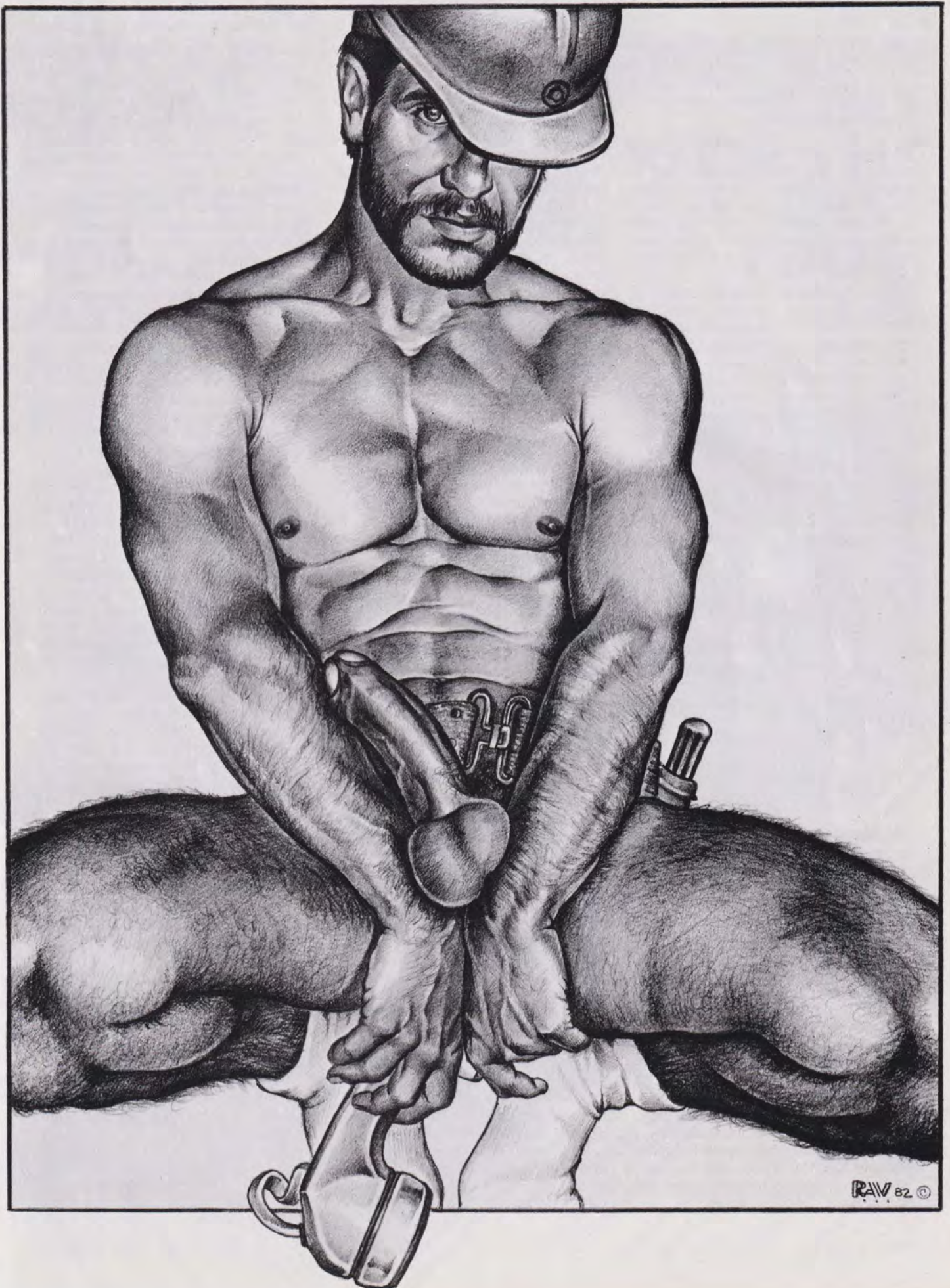
My thoughts turned to my apartment near the UIG campus. Small, stuffy. Warped floors, cracked walls, but at least there were people! Other students. And there was Kurt. We shared expenses my senior year. Kurt was a fork-lift driver for a local warehouse, a year younger than me, and God! What a body! He stood six and a half feet tall, about two hundred and ten pounds. His arms and chest were large and tight from

heavy warehouse work. Thick, black hair covered him. He kept a short beard in the winter, trimmed it off leaving a moustache for the summer. Sometimes just looking at him made me ache all over, craving him, wanting him next to me tangled in hot, lovely sex.

I was never quite sure whether Kurt was aware of my feelings about him, but there were times when I thought my urges were quite noticeable: the way I stared uncontrollably when he would walk from the shower to his room, naked; the subtle hints I gave about coming to me when he was lonely. I wasn't exactly sure until a few weeks before I graduated.

I had undressed down to my underwear and was on my bed, reading, when I heard his voice from the doorway: "Hi, buddy."

I turned around. He had just showered and was standing there totally nude. Water was trickling down him in shiny strands and in the light from my reading lamp, he sparkled. He hadn't taken his beard



off yet and his lips curled up into an almost shy smile beneath it. I stared at his broad, straggly-haired chest, at his flat, muscle-ridged stomach, his thick, meaty cock—

I froze in place. His cock was twitching, moving upward, and was just now at an odd half-mast. He leaned against the doorway grinning at me, "You've been a real pal this past year," he said in his slow, warehouse drawl, "and whether you knew it or not, I saw the signs a long time ago."

Inside, I was whirling around ninety miles an hour. Outside, I was calm. I felt my prick take an upward tilt. "Did you really?" I asked, not allowing my voice to quiver.

He stepped inside. "I guess it just takes me a while to get up the nerve. You see, I'm moving out and—well, you've been a great roommate and I guess I just want to thank you in a special way."

Kurt looked down at me, his dark eyes playing over my chest, my arms, my legs (all of them rigid and

I shook myself out of the memory and the empty apartment came back, cold and harsh. Reality. That's all it ever boils down to. You can have all the fantasies you want, live out the ones you can, but when you're done, all you have are memories stuck in the middle of an icy sea of tangible actuality.

Fantasies—heaven knows I've had my share of those: like Brett Brandon, another guy on the UIG swim team. I would have given anything to prod his rod! I had this mad vision of us in the locker room showers, me on my knees and him behind me with his cock up my ass, the both of us panting and drenched in sweat. Then there was this little number who hurried around the campus in suits all the time, a business major I guess. Good ass, thin shape—another face for my wish book.

I started thinking pretty heavily about fantasies and how they vent a lot of pent-up energy. Reality may be a level-headed ideal, but fantasies are a necessity. Where would I be if I

peek at whoever was at my door. There were two of them, one about forty and as bald as a billiard ball. The other left me agog for a second. He was tall, about my age, dark brown hair, moustache and full, dark beard. He was wearing company overalls and had a loop of wire slung over one shoulder. He held a telephone in his other hand. His body fitted into his uniform like a hand in a rubber glove. Muscles bulged inside the sleeves, at the chest. The legs fit tight, like peg-leg jeans and my eyes followed the slope over his round ass. I blinked, disbelievingly. A number like that doesn't come along often. At his crotch was a bulge the size of two fists. I felt an urge, so excitingly overpowering that I could not move, not even when he looked in my direction with cool, blue eyes.

He saw me and pointed at the door. I continued to stare. His coveralls were unzipped nearly to his navel, revealing a wide, hairy chest. A black leather belt, dangling full of tools and phone accessories, was strung around his waist. I took in every detail, every iota of his appearance. He gave me an urgent look, smiled and pointed at the door again. Finally, I came around and tore myself away—back to reality, maybe. I undid the chain lock on the door and opened it.

"Hi there," I looked right at the young phone man. A little card pinned to his uniform read TERRY.

"Greg Lange?" the bald man asked gruffly, "You want a phone?"

"Uh—yeah. Sure. Come on in." I backed away, my eyes fixed on Terry's bulge. I knew he saw my stares, but I was mesmerized.

He looked away from me, but not out of bashfulness or disinterest. There was a touch of cogitation there, calculation.

"C'mon, Terry," Baldy grunted and shuffled inside.

He followed. I watched that swollen crotch go by me and the air around me pricked with cold excitement. Baldy went up to the phone niche, looked it over and then turned toward me, "You want any extensions put in anywhere?"

Suddenly, Terry's eyes flashed at me and I could have sworn his head swivelled, just a little. He was telling me *no*.

"Uh, no. I guess not," I said.

Actually, I had planned on someday putting an extension in the kitchen, but—

Continued on page 38

"The leather around his waist groaned under the strain of his heavy breathing. The tools jangled together, pliers, a flashlight, a screwdriver, loops of wire. I fondled the phone man, running my fingers up and down his shaft. All the while, he pumped."

toned from ten laps in the pool every day) and finally coming to rest on my crotch.

The rest is surreal, dreamlike. I'm not sure what happened, or in what order, but the next thing I knew, Kurt was on top of me, kissing me, his cock pressing against my thigh begging me for a work over. I remember the grind of his body hair against me, feeling our muscles tensing and brushing against one another. I remember his anxious hands tearing my underwear off savagely. I remember the warmth of his mouth sliding over my rod, his tongue lapping at my balls. And I remember when he came in my mouth he yelled out and tore the sheet, and how he bucked up, driving his dick down my throat.

couldn't just close my eyes once in a while and give some big hunk of a truck driver a blow job? Or have some repairman politely walk in and ask if I take it up the ass? My brain would probably burn out.

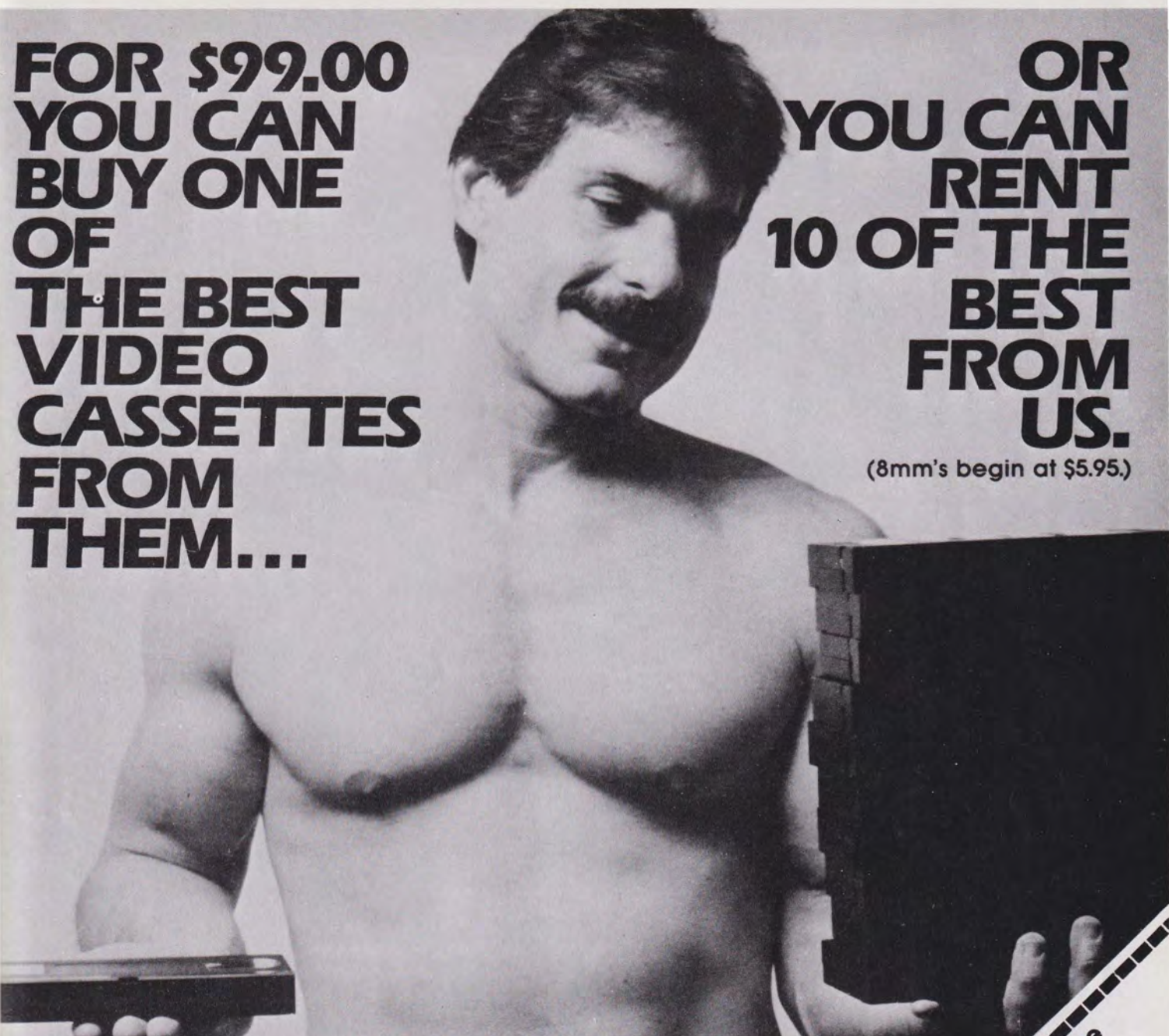
There was a knock at the door. I bolted to my feet, I guess the sound startled me a little, and I went to the window wondering who the hell would be on my front porch. A telephone truck was parked against the curb outside and my eyes absently wandered across the room to a niche in the plaster where a phone once hung. Had I ordered a phone? Maybe my landlord did.

I deliberated. Do I open the door and tell them that I can't pay for a phone just now? Do I wait, hoping they'll go away? I afforded myself a

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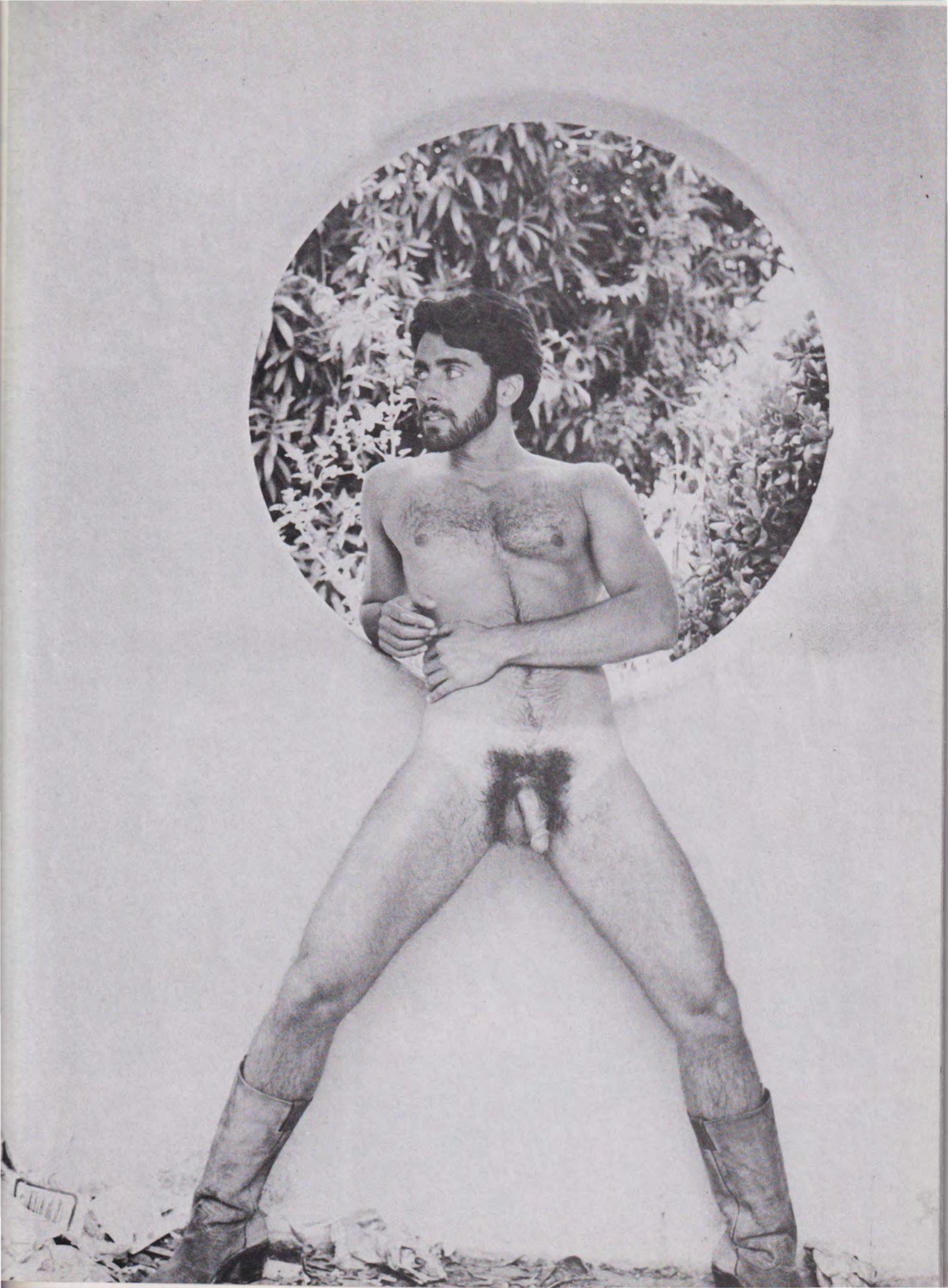
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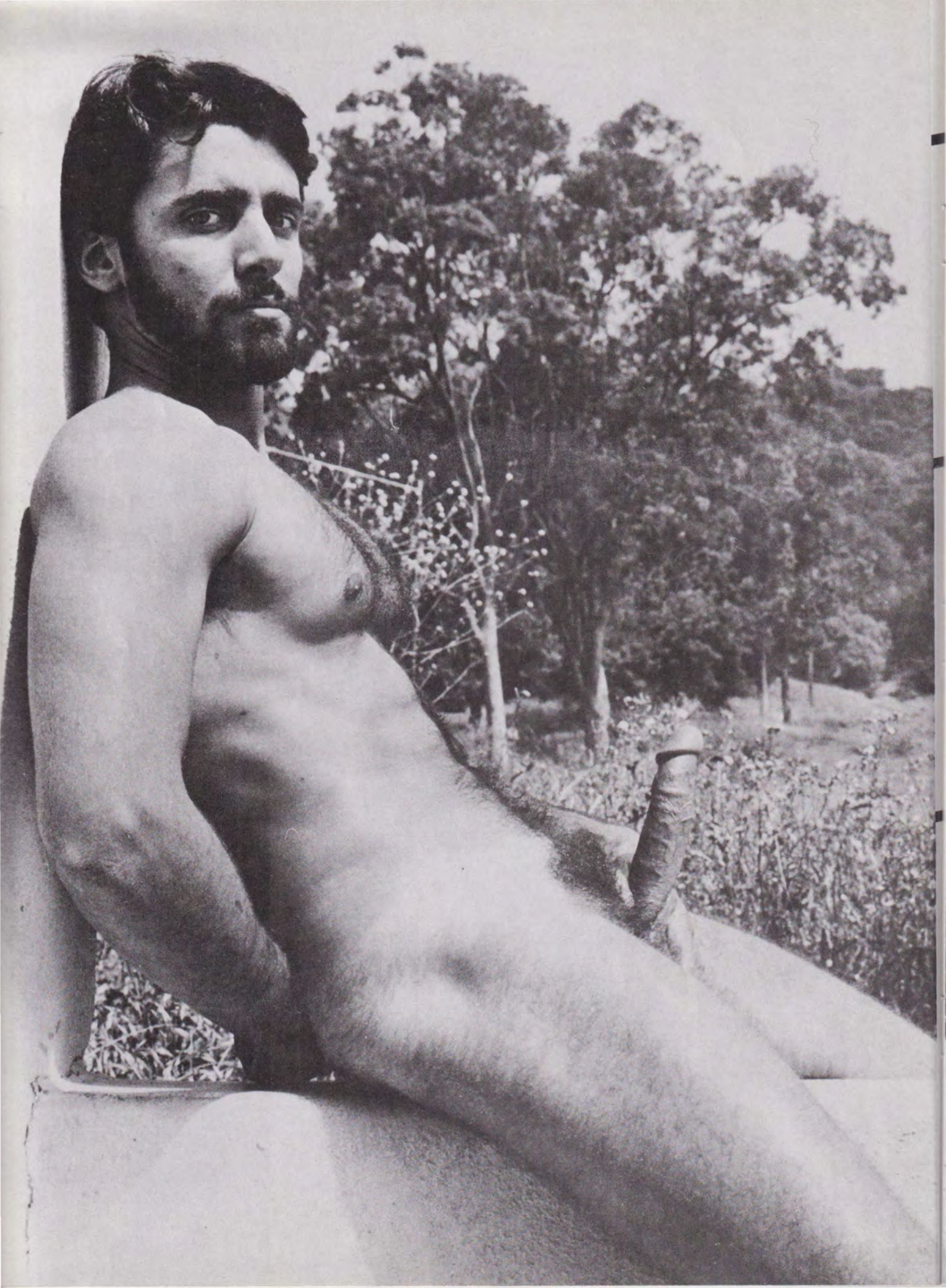
SERVICE STATION

A MEADOW SLOWLY SPREAD OVER THE LOT
IN BACK WHERE ATTENDANTS USED TO WASH CARS, AND WILD FLOWERS
NOW BLOOM WHERE THE TEXACO SIGN USED TO BLAZE IN THE MIDDAY SUN. BRIAN IS
A ROMANTIC MAN WHO APPRECIATES THE NOSTALGIA IN OLD BUILDINGS. HE IS
AWARE OF THE POSSIBILITIES IN SUCH A SETTING.

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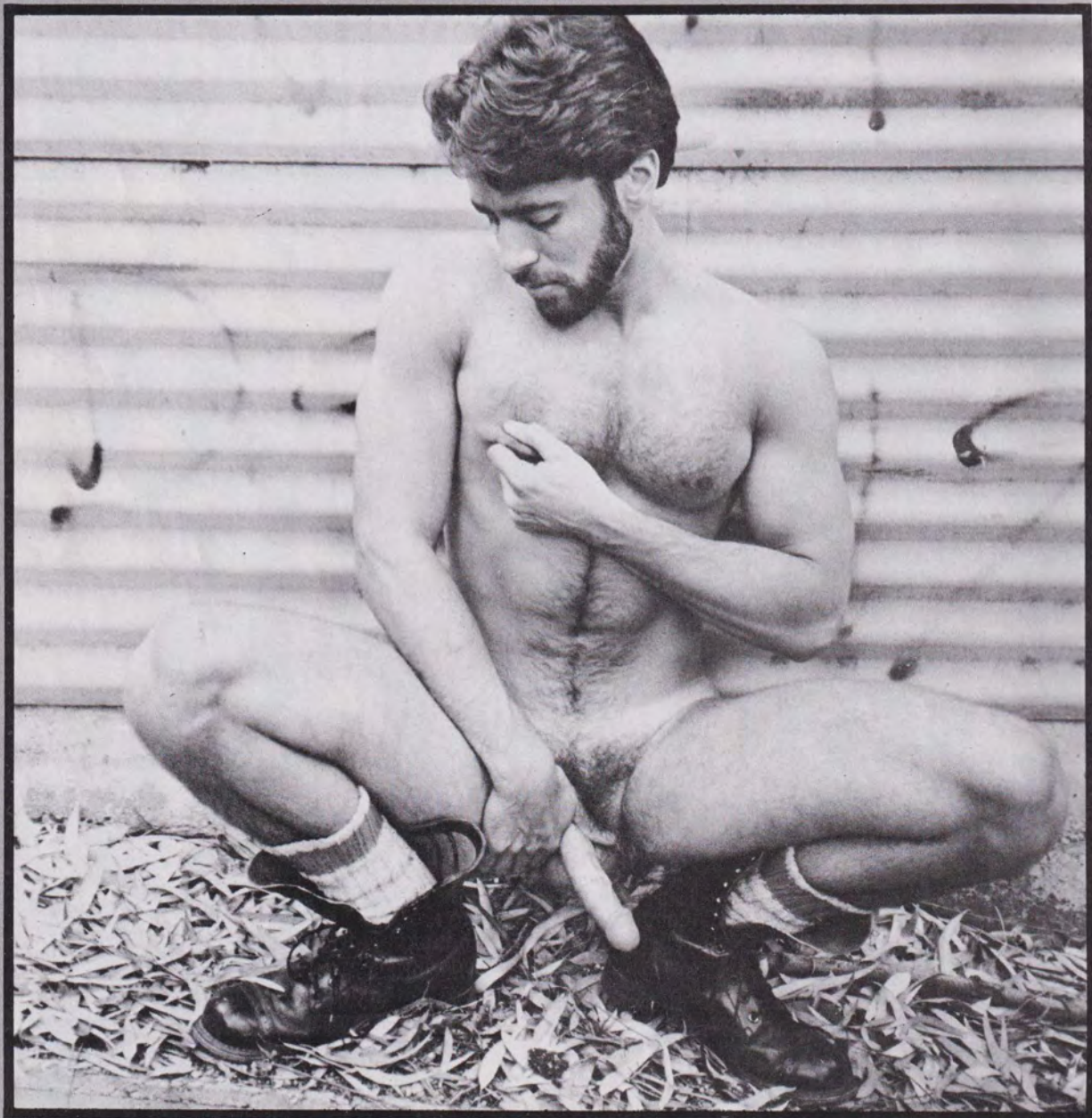
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WE DIDN'T GET OUR OIL CHECKED
AND OUR GAS TANK STILL HOVERED ON EMPTY AS WE DROVE AWAY
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SERVICE STATION

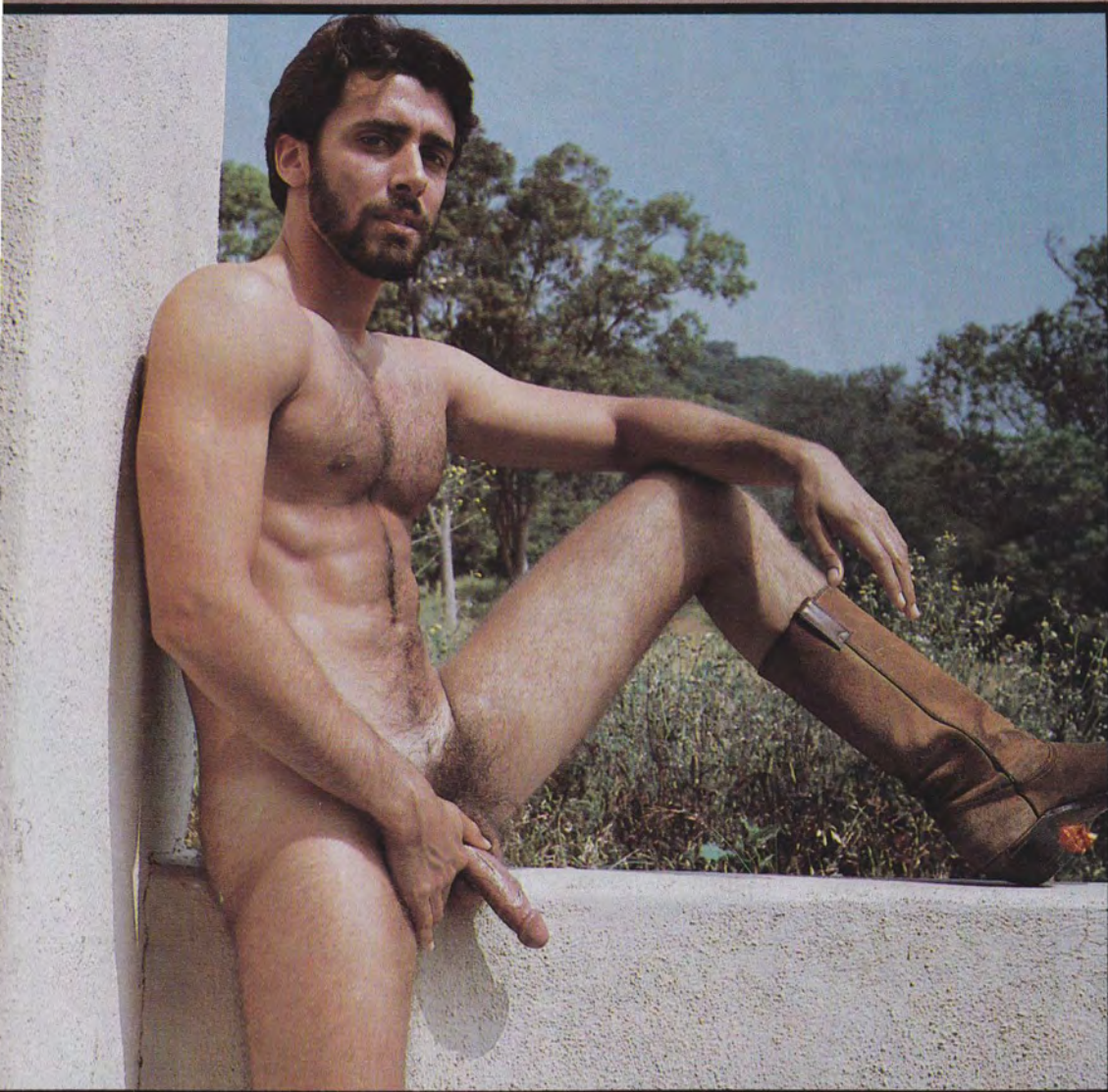


WHEN THE NEW HIGHWAY CAME THROUGH,
IT PASSED A MILE AWAY FROM THIS SERVICE STATION, AND IN
A FEW YEARS THE ROOF CAVED IN, BOYS THREW ROCKS THROUGH THE
WINDOW PANES, AND WEEDS GREW UP INTO THE PAVEMENT. NOW
BRIAN ENHANCES THE NATURAL CHARM OF THE PLACE, TURNING IT
INTO A GROVE FOR THE WORSHIP OF MASCULINITY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZEUS



SERVICE STATION



AND WORSHIP MASCULINITY IS JUST WHAT WE DID ON THAT MEMORABLE AFTERNOON WHEN WE HAPPENED TO STUMBLE INTO BRIAN'S RETREAT. HIS IS THE BRAND OF MASCULINITY THAT WE ENJOY WORSHIPING THE MOST, THE KIND THAT STANDS UP AND FAIRLY BEGS TO BE SERVICED. EVEN IN THE OLD STATION'S ACTIVE DAYS, WE DOUBT WHETHER MORE SERVICE WAS EVER RENDERED THAN BRIAN'S MASCULINITY RECEIVED THAT AFTERNOON.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZEUS



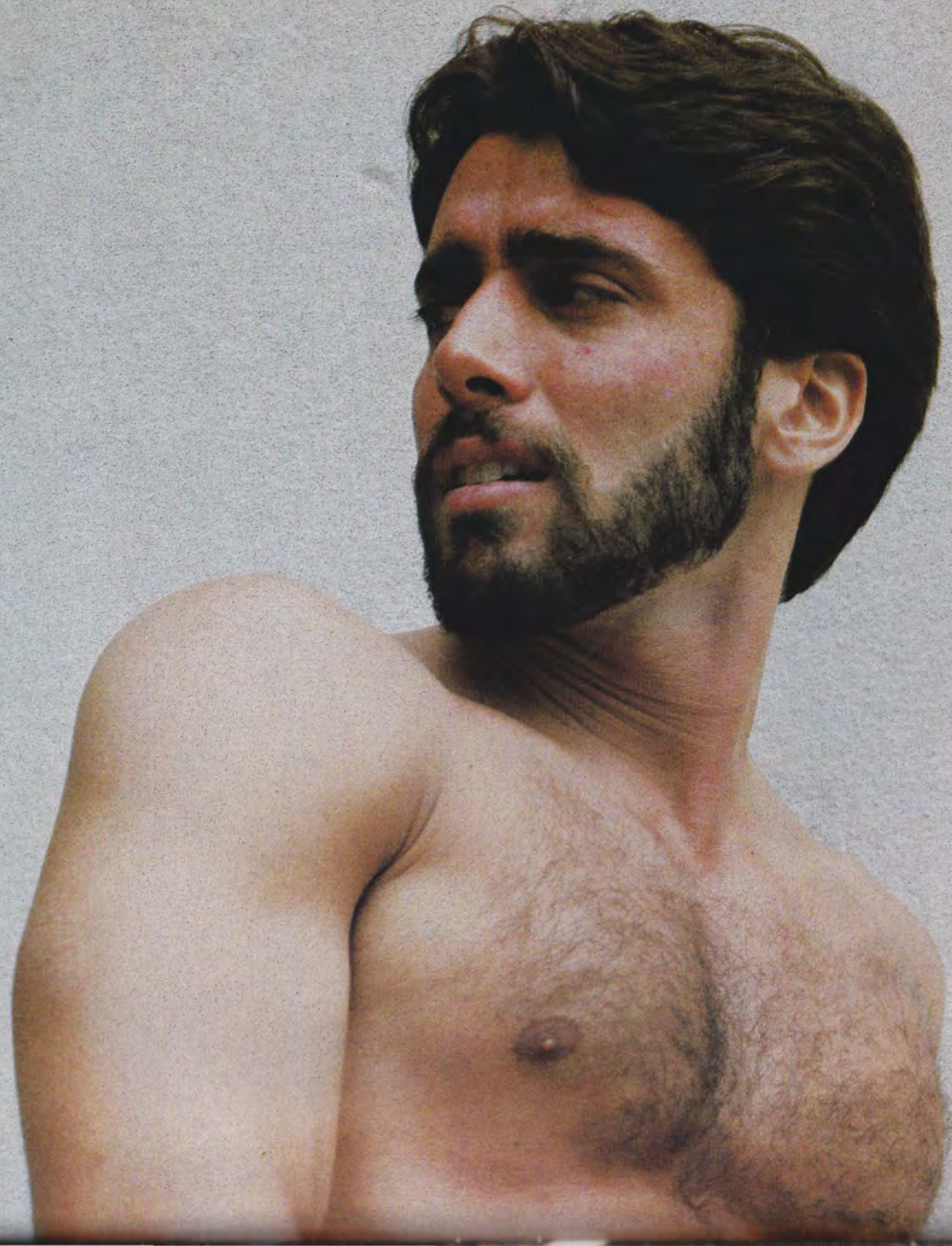
SERVICE STATION



AN AMAZING MAN, HE MADE US FEEL ENTIRELY WELCOME IN HIS WILDERNESS RETREAT. AS WE PULLED INTO THE LANE AND HEADED TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO, BRIAN LEANED OVER AND SAID, "I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET HOME. I'M TOO HOT WEARING ALL THESE CLOTHES."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZEUS







HONCHO
Photography by Zeus



**“‘I’ve been staring
at you from the other side of the
terminal, and I thought it was about
time I came over and introduced
myself, know what I mean?’ All at
once I felt his thigh slide up against
mine, and a slow, cocky smile washed
over his face.”**

LAYOVER

By Donald Corey • Photography by Surge Studio

I wasn't particularly enthusiastic about spending my Christmas vacation in Phoenix, but in my family missing a reunion is like committing a major crime. We're originally from the Midwest, but when Dad retired some five or six years ago Mom persuaded him to sell the farm and buy a house in Arizona. Winters in Wisconsin tend to be pretty cold, and both my parents are getting to the age where they have to consider their health.

As family reunions go, it turned out to be an enjoyable one, but after four days I was itching to get back to my apartment in San Francisco. Don't get me wrong—I love my family and all that, but I can take only so many miles of desert, cactus and trailer parks before I begin to feel as though I've been taken hostage in the Twilight Zone.

Making my escape wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. The holiday rush made it impossible for me to make a last-minute reservation on any of the airlines, so I was faced with the decision of either sweating it out for another few days or, as the ads so fondly put it, "going Greyhound."

I settled for the bus.

Everything seemed to be moving so slowly that sweltering Wednesday afternoon that when an announcement boomed over the terminal intercom that there would be a short delay before my bus would be board-

ing, it was almost a relief; I could barely find the energy to grab my luggage, much less trudge to the gate.

A tall, lanky young man in a uniform made his way over to the seat beside me and sat down. He seemed to be watching me out of the corner of his eye, and I did my best to concentrate on the newspaper I'd been browsing through. Normally I would have jumped at the chance to get to know him a little better, but that afternoon I didn't feel like getting into any heated discussions; things were already hot enough.

"Waiting for the bus to San Francisco?" he asked.

"Uh-huh." I forced a smile and wiped the sweat from my forehead.

"Looks like there's going to be a short delay. Mechanical problems." He grinned and brushed a long strand of brown hair out of his eyes. "I'm your driver."

"Oh."

He tapped the heel of his shoe restlessly on the floor and studied a group of nuns chattering like magpies some distance away. Finally he leaned forward and withdrew a deck of playing cards from his back pocket. "Care to join me?"

"No thanks. Too goddamn hot for cards."

"Yeah, it's pretty warm today." He nodded thoughtfully and put the deck away, obviously happy to have a conversation going. "I really hate it

when the weather gets like this. I've always been partial to high temperatures, but this is too much."

"You're telling me."

"Funny what the heat does to people, isn't it? Some people don't want to move around. Me—I get horny." He ran his blue eyes almost matter-of-factly down the length of my body and then looked away. "Live here in Arizona?"

"Just visiting."

"I see." He held out his hand. "By the way, my name's Kevin."

"Nice to meet you. I'm—"

"I know already. Dan." He jerked a thumb toward the identification tag on my suitcase and shrugged. "People say I ought to be a private investigator, I'm so goddamn nosey. The truth is, I've been sitting on the other side of the terminal staring at you for almost half an hour, and I thought it was about time I came over and introduced myself, know what I mean?"

All at once I felt his thigh slide up against mine, and a slow, cocky smile washed over his face. I returned the gesture and almost instinctively averted my eyes to the nuns, wondering if they'd noticed. I'm not Catholic or anything, but when it comes to cruising in public places I usually prefer a subtle approach. "I think I'm getting the message," I muttered.

"I'm getting more than that, pal." I glanced down and saw the

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It was too much. My tool suddenly hardened like a rock, and I plunged in and out of him at full force, our sweaty bodies slapping together like two battering rams. The hot, wet cheeks of his ass slammed frantically against my hips, and I felt his hand take mine and quickly guide it down to his stiff cock.

"Beat it! I'm going to come any second now..."

I slid the thick foreskin back and forth across his hard muscle, and all at once I felt his body jerk beneath mine. The muscles in his asshole suddenly contracted, tightly clamping down on my dick, and a long, shuddering wail escaped his lips. I looked down to see him shooting his load in long, hot spurts; torrents of steamy come drenched his shirt as his body trembled with an intense climax.

I leaned suddenly forward to lap up a thick drop from the rough, scratchy fabric of his uniform, and all at once I felt myself coming. I fucked him vigorously, humping his wet asshole like a piston. A current of electricity shot through my body and my cock exploded with what felt like gallons of hot juice. He grunted and sucked my tongue deep into his mouth as I filled his body with my hot, milky cream.

For a long moment neither of us spoke.

"That was great," Kevin finally laughed, still trying to catch his breath.

"It was better than great. You just made my trip to Phoenix a success."

"Glad I could be of assistance." He glanced suddenly at his watch and stood up. "Let's get moving, we've got another bus to catch."

We made it into San Francisco by ten o'clock the next evening. When Kevin stepped wearily off the bus I was waiting for him. "Where are you off to?" I asked.

"I'm going to check into a room somewhere for a little shut-eye. I've got a full day ahead of me tomorrow."

"Come on," I said. "You're welcome at my place anytime."

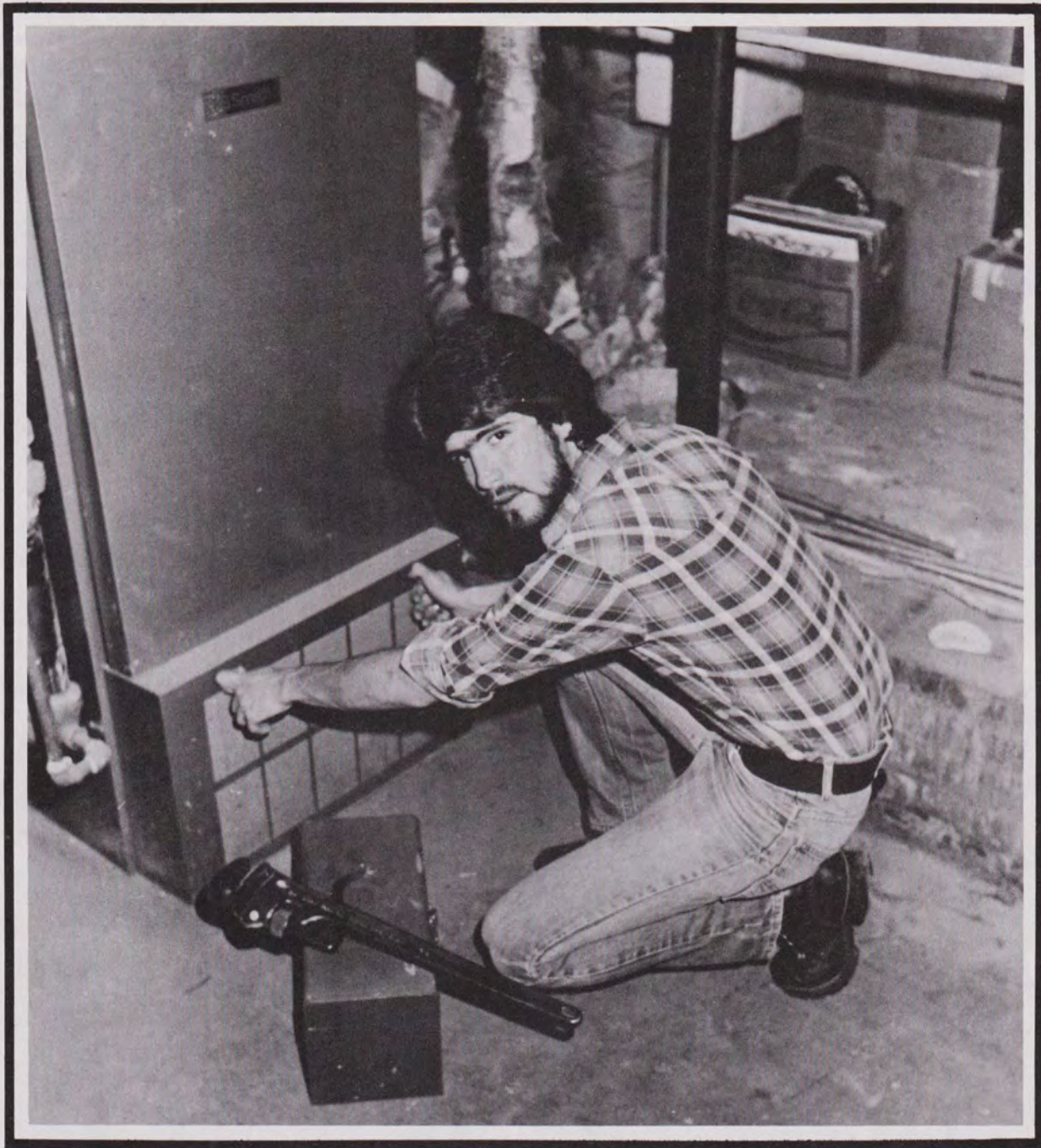
"Oh? That's real generous of you."

"Generous? It's the least I can do. Ever been to San Francisco before?"

"A couple of times, but only on layovers."

"Follow me," I winked, slipping an arm around his shoulder. "I'm going to give you the grand tour."

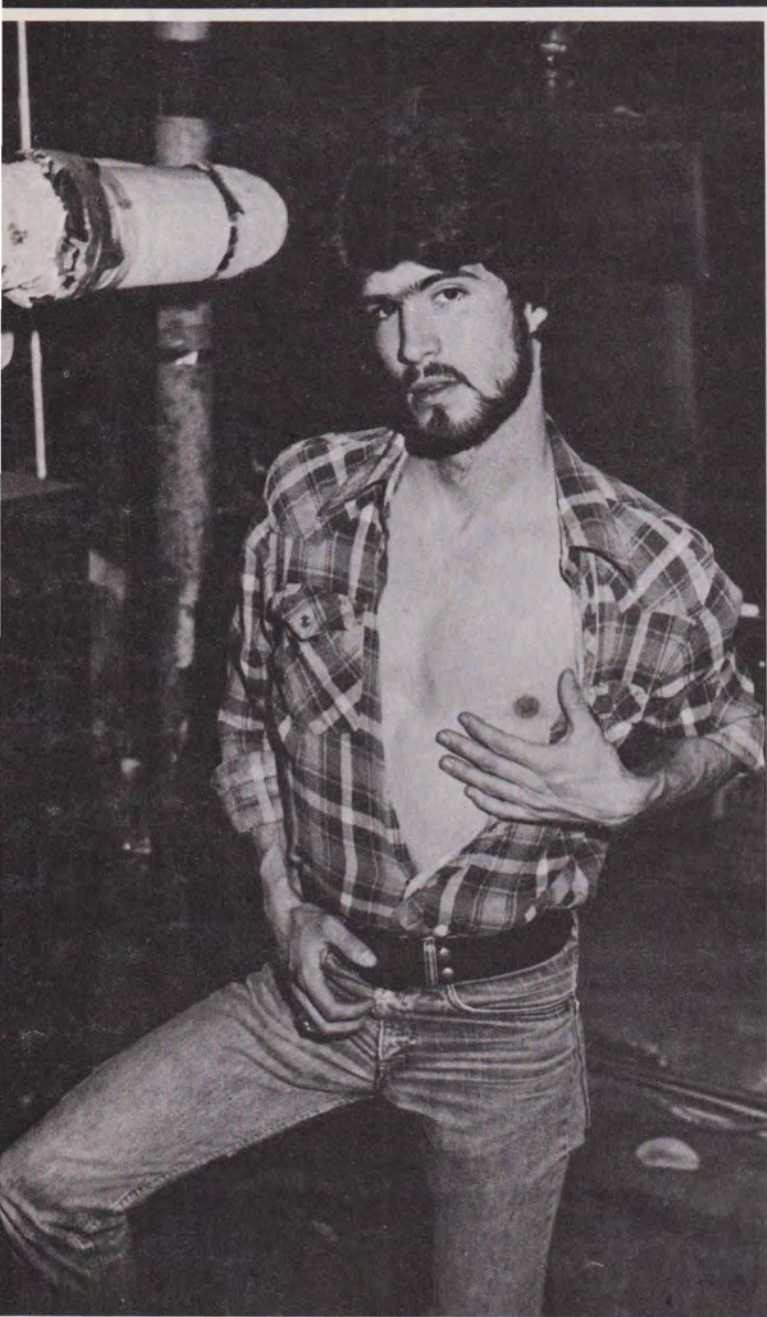
CENTRAL AIR



That hunk of a repair man had come over to fix my ailing air conditioner. When I first laid eyes on him, I knew immediately that it would take more than central air conditioning to cool me off! I followed him down to the basement and watched as he bent over to start his work. I couldn't keep myself from staring at that well-rounded butt of his and the sensuous way he moved every muscle of his lithe body. Thinking that he was totally absorbed in his task I watched intently while my dick began to grow in my own tight jeans. Then, without any warning he simply turned and caught my eye!

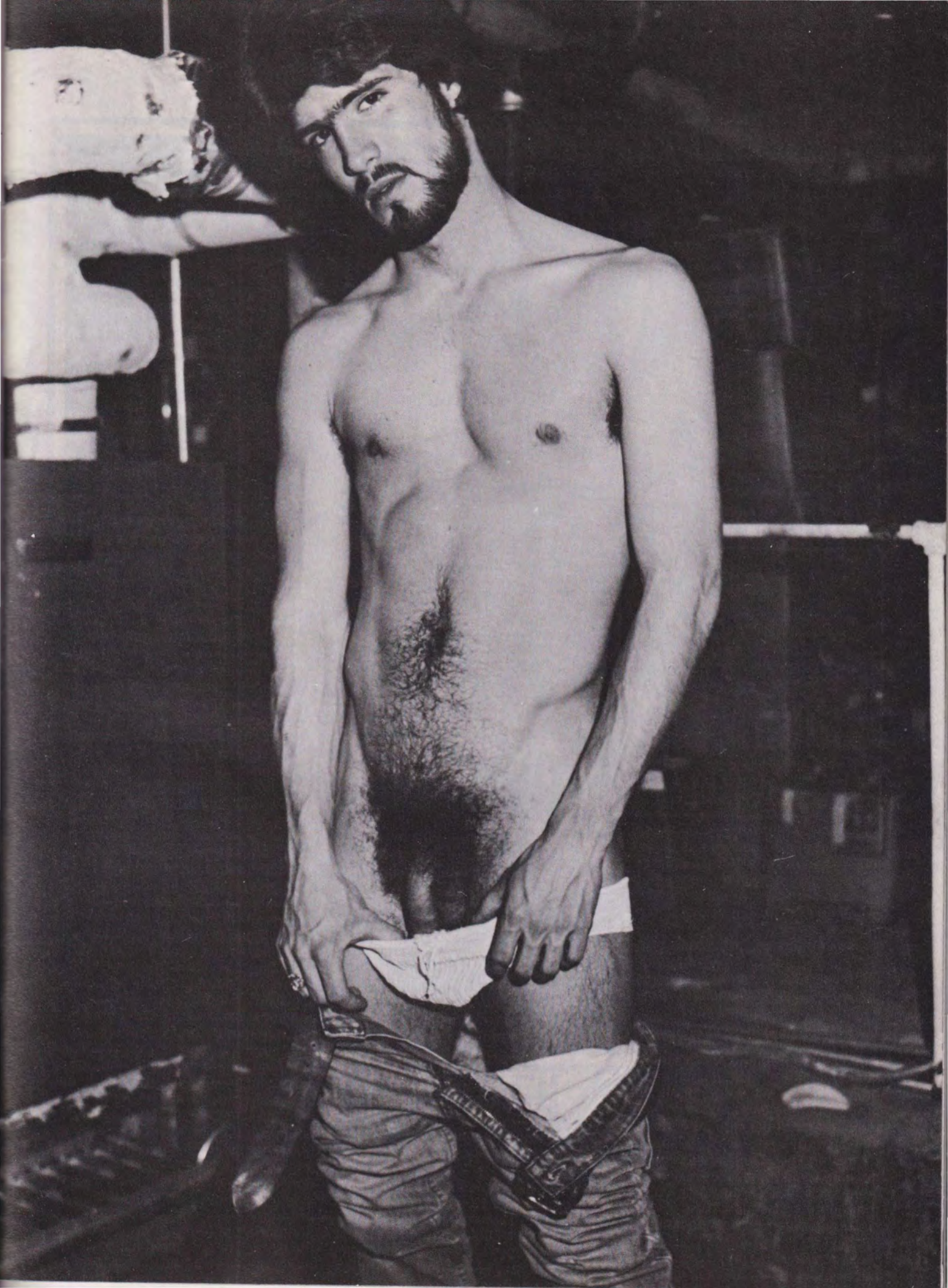
Photography by Naakkve

CENTRAL AIR



I was startled, but couldn't move under his penetrating stare. His attention went at once to my bulging basket. With a look on his face that dared me to stop him, he stood slowly and moved his hand over his partially exposed chest until he'd pulled his unbuttoned shirt away from his left nipple. Still waiting for some word from me he cupped his hand under the nipple and stood staring, almost baiting me. I could feel the drop of pre-cum oozing from the tip of my rod as he totally removed his shirt and began unbuckling his belt.

Photography by Naakkve





CENTRAL AIR



While my eyes stayed glued to him and I was fumbling with my own clothing, he took his wrench and rubbed its steely coldness against his own growing tool. When he saw my throbbing shaft jerking in anticipation, he simply turned around and offered me the sight of his creamy mounds of flesh. I didn't need any more of an invitation. I kicked off my sneakers and stepped out of my jeans. I bent him over and . . . well, that's all history now. We've made it in every part of this house over the years, but the basement is still reserved for special occasions.

Photography by Naakkve

HOT NUMBER

Continued from page 14

"Simple enough," Baldy said peering at the hook-up in my wall. He looked at Terry. "Think you can handle it?"

For a moment there was a silence that nearly drove me insane. I was waiting for Terry's answer, strangely anxious to hear his voice. When he finally did speak, the sound of it was low, smooth, "I'm sure of it," he looked right at me with an enticing grin. "Why don't you take a coffee break, Burt. There's a doughnut shop down the street. Pick me up here when you're through."

His eyes were fixed firmly on me. They twinkled and something like eagerness was barely showing on his face. He subconsciously stroked the receiver of the phone in his hand.

"You got a deal, kid," Burt said, already on the way to the door. He left us.

I couldn't believe it at first. Had he actually gotten rid of his partner deliberately? No. I had to be dreaming. It was just some crazy fantasy surfacing in my head and making things seem that way. Terry turned

away from me and went to work connecting the phone he held. I could feel my hopes dwindling, draining away. He was here to work, that was all. Still, watching him, seeing the muscles move and ripple in his back, watching that taut little ass sitting politely in those coveralls made my cock twinge. I just wanted to walk up and plant my hands into the open front of his coveralls and grab the thick, fleshy rod he kept there. I wanted to...

"There," he smiled as he turned around, "all finished, Greg."

The phone was in. It had only taken a matter of minutes. He looked at me and his eyes twinkled again. He wasn't saying anything, just looking, seeming amused and mildly fascinated. I let my eyes drop, thinking—oh God, my cock!—and sure enough, my fully erect prick was making a prominent bulge in my shorts. He took a step forward. "Is there anything else I can do for you before I go?"

This couldn't be happening! "It's possible," I said with an uncertain smile.

The phone man smiled back at me and a sudden, enthralling magnetism held me fast to my spot. He slipped the screwdriver into his tool belt and motioned informally toward the hump in my shorts. "I'm very, very good at fixing those."

His words seemed to send me twirling around inside. He took the collar of his coveralls in one hand and the tab of the zipper in the other and began to draw it down, slowly. I was dumbfounded. The sound of unzipping made me tingle with excitement. His hand lowered, closer and closer to that gorgeous hump of cockmeat.

All the while, he smiled at me. Each second revealed more bare flesh, more coarse body hair. My nerves were thrumming, my brain on fire. I couldn't endure this. I wanted his pecker immediately! I took a leap forward and stood directly in front of him. He looked at me with mild surprise as I helped his zipper down, working under his tool belt and tugging farther, lower. A thick cock finally came tumbling out at me.

The next second, I was tangled in his arms, his hands pressing my buttocks forward. He kissed me, long and hard, his beard grinding against my face. My hands were splayed against his chest and they made scratchy sounds as they

moved through the hair there. He tugged at my shorts and finally took them down. They dropped around my ankles. Our cocks mingled together, touching, rubbing as the kiss continued. I took his uniform by the shoulders and peeled it down to his waist. He pressed me closer, the leather of his tool belt creaking between us.

I kicked my shorts away and he reached down and fumbled with the buckle of his belt. It crashed to the floor. He backed away from me. His body was fabulous. His cock was long and smooth, sitting in a shock of dark hair. He stepped out of his coveralls, leaving his work boots on, and then he stooped over, took up his belt and strapped it on again. I blinked, finding that strange but somehow exhilarating. He noticed my confusion and said, "How can you expect a man to work without his tools?"

He moved toward me, his tools jangling and swinging, his prick bouncing. He cupped his hands over my balls and gave them a gentle upward lift. Then he closed his fingers over the shaft of my rod and squeezed it softly. My eyes went shut and I moaned with ecstasy. His hands were soft, so soft. I reached out and took his prick to stroke it and, almost simultaneously, we went down onto the floor. He laid back, propped on his elbows, his legs apart, and he smiled, "Come to me, Greg. Let me have it all."

The phone man's tools laid across his stomach like scattered toys. His cock throbbed, waiting for me. I took a deep breath, telling myself this couldn't be happening, and then I lowered my mouth over his stiff prick.

He grunted and pushed his hips upward, forcing the head of his rod into my throat. He pawed at my shoulders and pushed at the back of my head. Then he took me by the chin and pulled me off. I waited, bewildered, and watched as he twisted around in a semi-circle. Finally, I realized what he was doing. Now my cock was at his mouth and his at mine. We went down together and the sensation was astounding! I whimpered over the hunk of flesh in my mouth. His lips, his tongue glided over my cock, warm, soft, smooth. He began to pump his prick in my mouth. Sweat was popping out on my forehead, my back. I could smell him, his crotch, his sweet, wonderful sweat.

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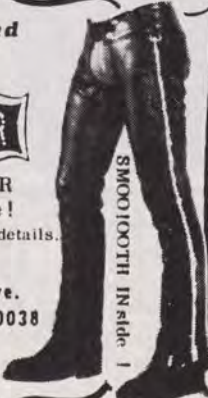
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SMOOTH INside

Suddenly, he pulled away, "No, Greg, I have to have something else," he said in a breathless voice. He lay back and drew his legs up. "My ass," he said frenetically, "I have to have you in my ass. Your cock!"

I blinked again. I was astonished by his unpredictableness, but the astonishment was just as exhilarating as any of the other sensations I was experiencing. He parted his ass cheeks for me and I wet my fingers and slid them across his hole. He twitched.

"Oh, yes Greg. Right there. I want to feel you in me!"

My cock was pulsing, ready and willing to sink into his tight ass. My breath was coming in long, hard whoops as I moved up and set the head of my prick on his hole. Then I began to push. At first there was resistance. His hands clawed at the floor, he rolled his hips upward forcing himself against me. Then, his asshole flowered open and I sank in, slowly, softly, deliciously. I groaned, feeling the texture of his insides against my cock. He squirmed, the things on his tool belt clanging. I grabbed his legs as the last inch of me slipped into him. It felt so damned good! I suddenly thought to hell with Brett Brandon, with that business major, with my fantastical truck drivers and repairmen. This was reality!

The phone man began pumping his hips and his insides were squeezing and sliding over my prick. It was better than a mouth, tighter, softer, so much better! I reached up and began stroking his cock. The leather around his waist groaned under the strain of his heavy breathing. The tools jangled together, pliers, a flashlight, a screwdriver, loops of wire. I fondled his balls and ran delicate fingers up and down his shaft. All the while, he pumped.

"Squeeze it," he whispered to me, "squeeze my cock when you touch it. I'm gonna come any minute!"

I squeezed it, hard. My breathing was beginning to rasp. His ass continued to move over my prick. Sweat was dripping off us now. Terry began to pant, and then he shouted as I worked his rod—"I—I'm going—to—come... NO!!!"

He pulled away from me, his tool belt jangling. My cock was yanked out of his hole. He looked a little stunned, like a high school freshman after his first blow-job, but I

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realized after a moment that he was fighting off orgasm. I waited, my own cock throbbing almost painfully. It wanted more of that warm, tight ass. Finally, he came toward me on his hands and knees and kissed me, his tongue spilling into my mouth. Tools dangled from his waist. I was on my knees and he pushed me down, onto my back. He looked at me with that same twinkle and a determined smile showed under his beard. "I want to go into you now, Greg."

The sound of the words made me dizzy. My cock was screaming for the release that only a gigantic orgasm could provide. "Yes," I said, "Put your cock up my ass!" I turned over and raised my ass for him. "I want to feel your meat in my hole. Please, Terry! Hurry!"

I felt him move up to me, heard his tools clatter, sensed a squeak of leather. I could smell musky sex on the both of us, sweaty black leather. His fingers poked at my asshole for just a second, and then his cock was there.

At first there was pain, but it was a beautiful pain, a pain of mental light and sound. He slid in a little at a time, his large, soft hands clamp-

ing over my chest.

"Oh, Greg," he whispered in my ear, "This is wonderful!"

My entire body felt on fire. I could feel the size and shape of his prick as it went deeper, farther into me. Then his abdomen was flush against my ass and he began to pump, carefully, slowly. In, out, in-out. I could feel the motion, the slide of him inside me. He drew in deep, shuddering gulps of air. His hands worked their way down to my cock and took it. Then he stroked me, his gentle fingers working up and down. His tools rattled rhythmically, cool pieces of metal brushing my ass occasionally. I was ready to come. His dick up my ass, his warm hands jerking at my rod, and the strange, exciting scents of sweat and leather all joined together in my head and sent my body humming. My muscles drew up, tightening.

"Oh... Terry... I... think... I'm... going to... COME!"

Terry suddenly pumped harder, "Me too... OOH!"

It was like a thousand flares going off in my head. I heard nothing, I saw nothing. I only felt. My muscles were like icy razors all rubbing against my skin. I felt Terry buck forward as his load went spill-

ing into my ass. My own cock went off like a mortar cannon, shooting a glittering streak across the floor. Terry twitched four or five times, moaning as he did so. His hands continued to play over my cock until it was pumping dry air. Then he fell back, pulling out of me, his tools clattering against the floor.

I lay down and rolled onto my side. My prick felt good, my mind clear. Terry smiled at me, propped against the wall, his cock looking wet and red, drooping toward the floor. I caught my breath after a few minutes and glanced up, over his shoulder at my newly installed telephone.

"You do a good job," I said.

"I try hard," he grinned. "I hope you like the results."

Results. It was over. I found that suddenly hard to accept. It was like a rude awakening from a wonderful dream. Terry would leave and never return.

A horn blasted from the street. My phone man sat bolt upright, "Holy shit! That's Burt!"

His body stretched upward. He flung his tool belt off, jumped into his coveralls and zipped them up. I stood and picked up his belt. He took it from me and fastened it around his waist.

"I gotta get going, Greg."

He eyed my naked body, almost regretful. I stared, confused. It was the same again. It was over, abruptly, and would be nothing more than a memory. Damned reality! But wait...

"By the way," I said rather casually, "I was seriously thinking of putting a phone extension in my kitchen."

Suddenly, his face brightened, "You're not kidding, are you?"

"No."

He smiled, "Then I guess we'll be seeing you tomorrow, Greg."

The excitement was already churning inside of me. "Sure will. Listen," I moved closer to him and laid a hand on the bulge at his crotch, "make sure you get here around break time."

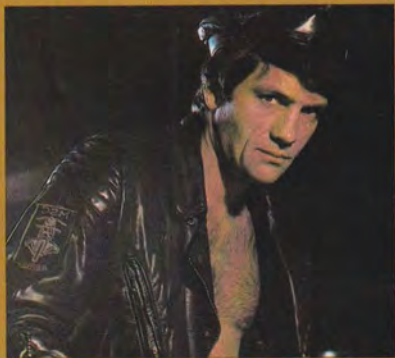
"I intend to," he grinned.

Then, in a creak of leather, a clang of tools and a wave of the hand, he was gone.

I woke up this morning half-crazy with anticipation. I'm waiting for him to return this very minute. A whole day is a hell of a long time to be put on hold, but I think that this time it's worth every minute!

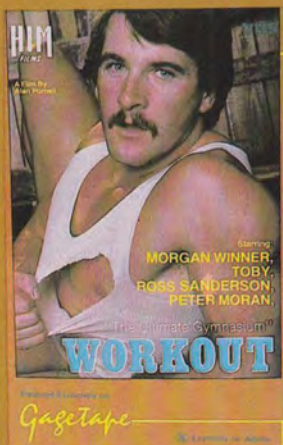


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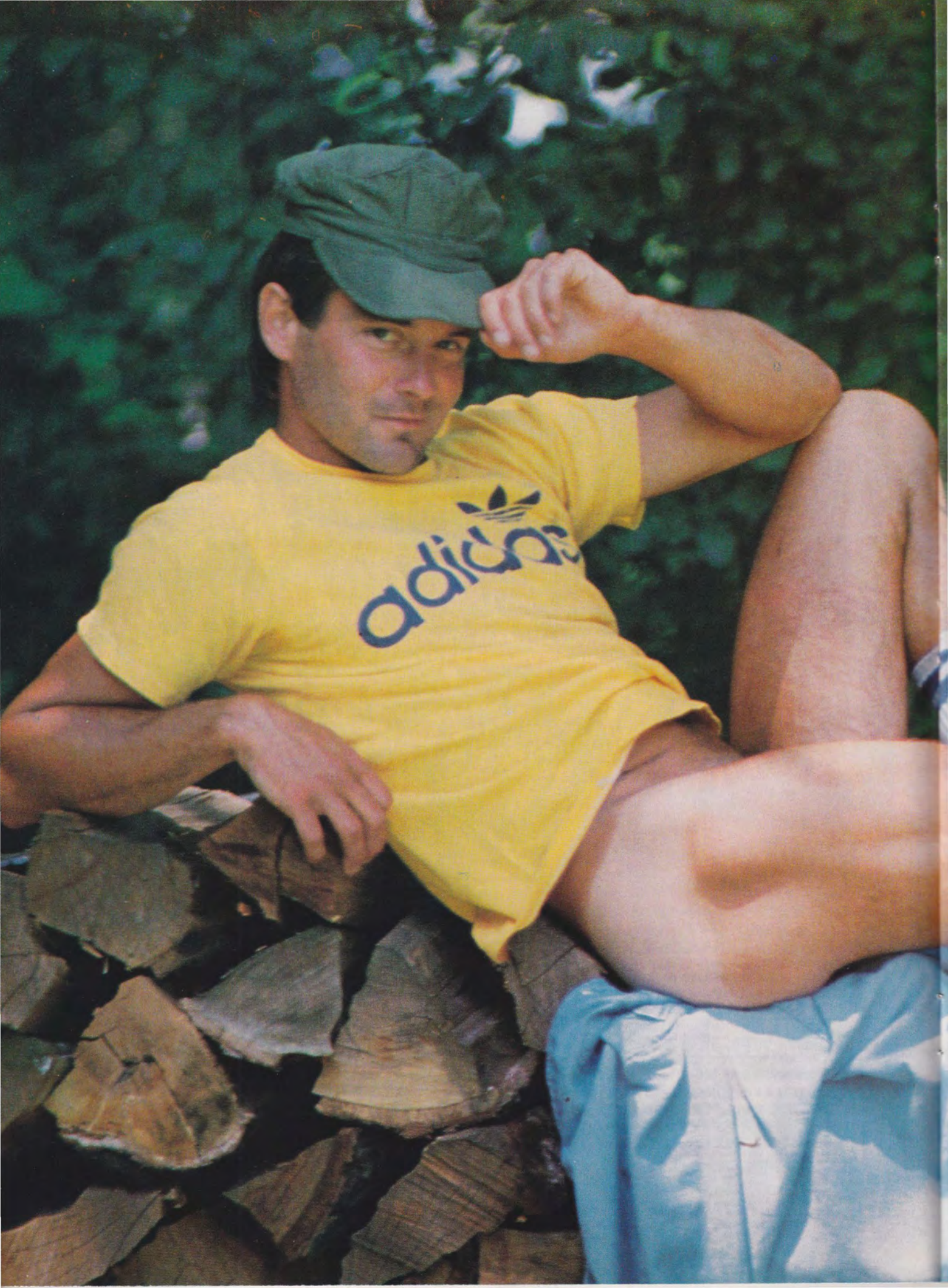
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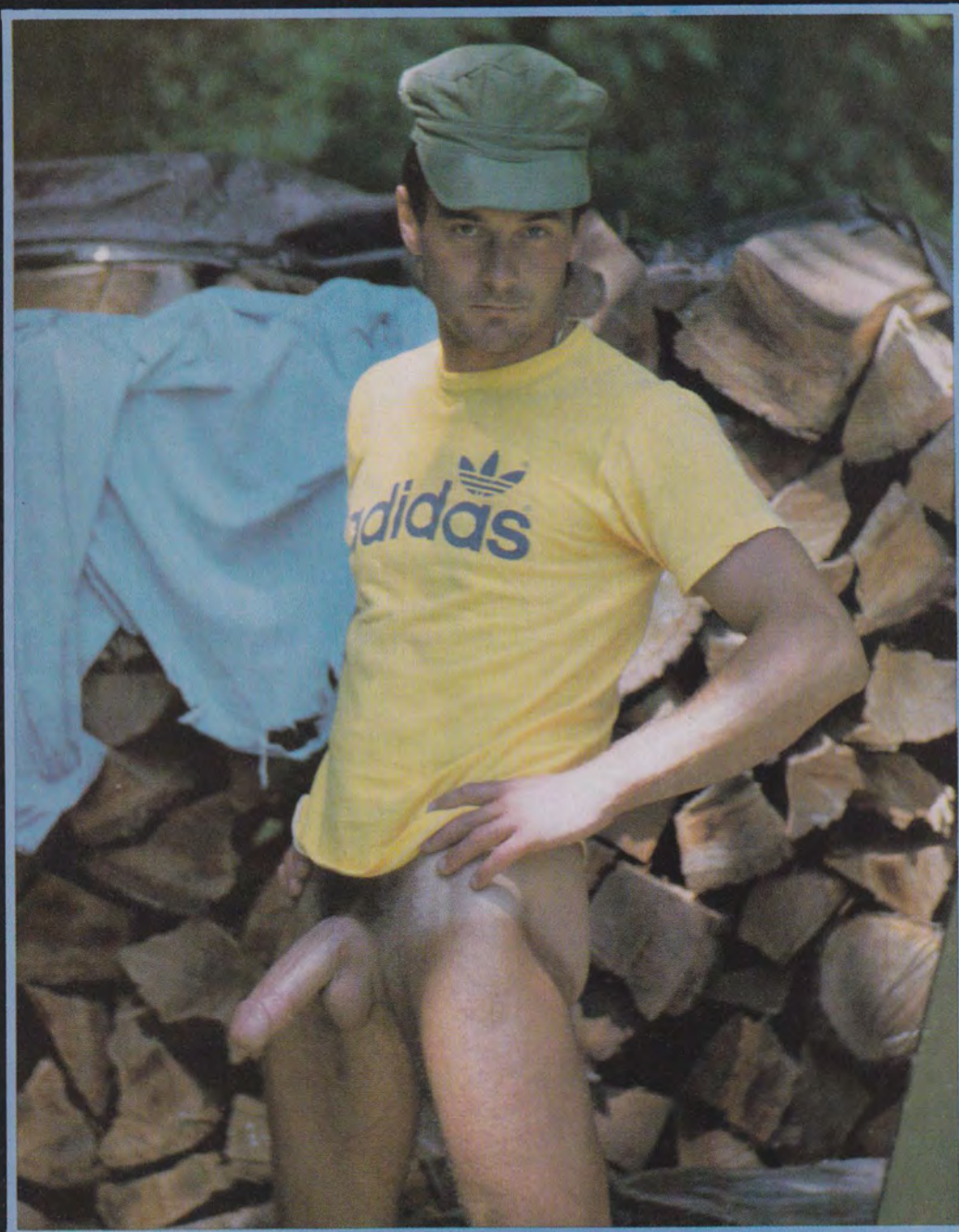


Peter is a guy who is built for speed. Not comfort but speed. His lithe, hard body was created for quick arrivals and fast departures. Peter is very much like a jack rabbit in this respect.

Photography by Romeo



WOODPILE



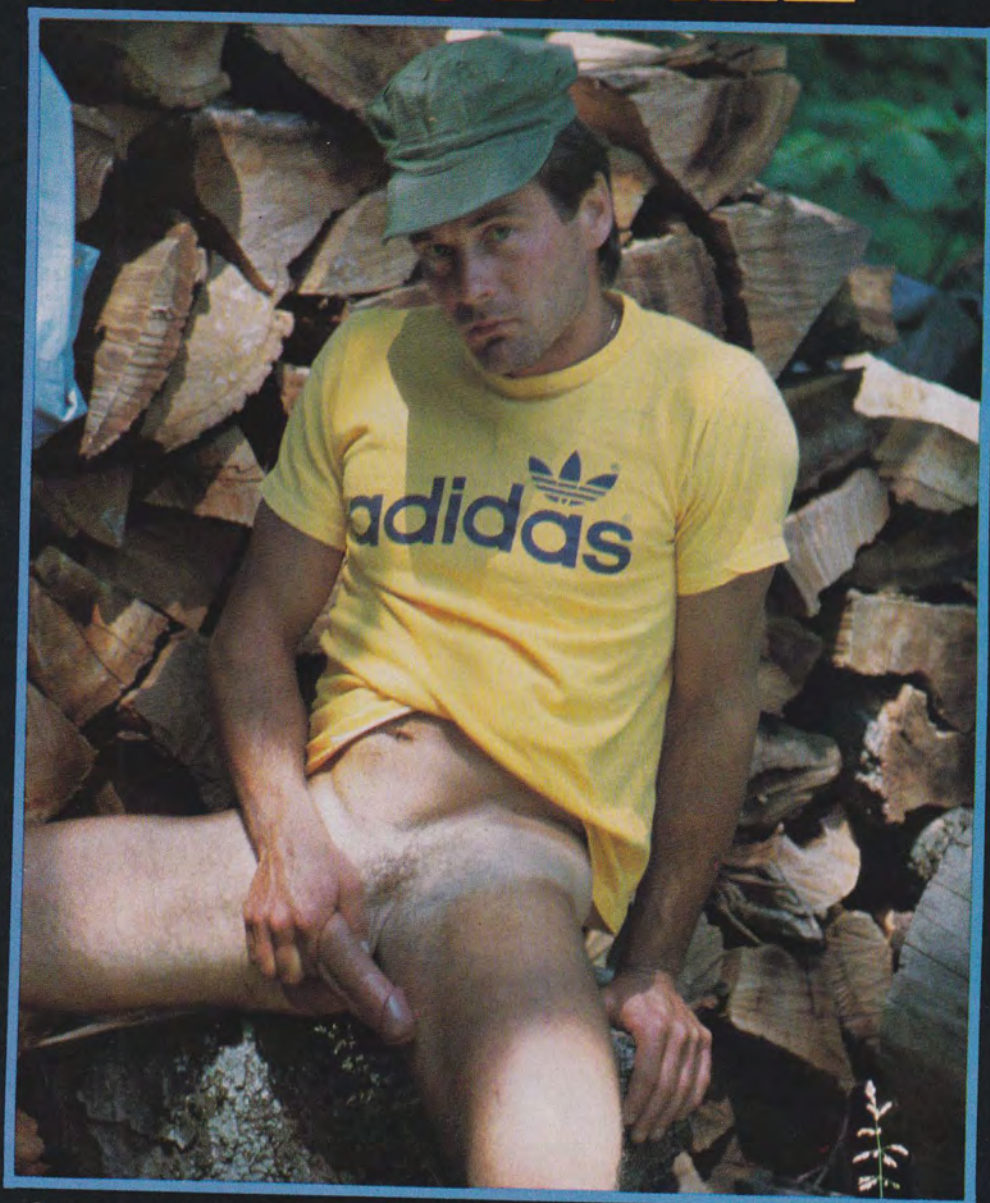
Out back, by the woodpile, Peter likes to play games. Hide and seek is one of his favorites and he'll see to it that nothing stays hidden for very long. That's his nature. And once you've seen what he's hiding, you're sure to want to help him bring it out into the open.

Photography by Romeo





WOODPILE



Catch is another of Peter's favorite games. Only he doesn't play by the rules because he likes to get caught. He may be fast but we'll bet you can catch him if you're quick about it. The hand is quicker than the fly, even with a fast piece of action like Peter, built for speed.

Photography by Romeo


HONCHO / DECEMBER 1982





HONCHO
Photography by Romeo





***“ Suddenly, I had found him.
I could smell him before seeing or
touching him. He smelled of grease,
oil, and plain old sweat. I don’t know
how he did it, in the dark, but his hand
went straight out and trapped my right
nipple in the vice of his
greasy fingers.”***

BEHIND THE GREEN GARAGE DOOR

By Billy Wolfe • Photography by Naakkve

In 1969 I was 18 and virgin, hiding a perpetual hard-on behind my junior college corduroys. I lived in the sprawling suburbs of Los Angeles where the nondescript gas station-on-every-corner neighborhoods seemed to breed suppressed desperation and vivid, erotic fantasies.

Smog was perpetually fucking the sky, dripping down the horizon. I was dying to get out: out of town, out of school, and most of all—out of my pants. But there didn’t seem to be anyone with whom I could talk about my “problem” and I didn’t even know what my problem was. Gay Liberation was a new slogan but I wasn’t a fag, I knew that. I’d never even touched a guy. But then again, I hadn’t touched many girls, either. And there was this hard-on, and this neighbor—who lived across the street.

He lived in a white, rock-roofed stucco house that had a wide, green garage door. I didn’t know why, but I was mesmerized by him and I spent a lot of time watching him from the picture window in our living room.

He wasn’t that handsome; he was about 30, dark haired, tall, just slightly stoop-shouldered, thin, pale.

It was as if he deflected sunlight. He emanated a general air of total indifference, as if he thought the whole world wasn’t good enough for his ass. He used to parade around his garage wearing nothing but a flimsy pair of dark gray terry-cloth shorts. He was always working on one of his two cars. Apparently it was his hobby. Sometimes he worked inside the garage, other times outside, on his driveway. Sometimes he wore glasses. He was married. His wife was overweight, with big tits. I remember her always staying in the house, sometimes whining at him from the front door, trying to get him to come inside. But he rarely even responded to her.

He’d lie back on a dolly and wheel himself under his car to work under it. He had an old Plymouth. He’d be lying there, with the top half of his body hidden, and his knees spread—the soft terrycloth material lifted revealingly around his crotch. Every once in a while—this is what I waited and waited for—he’d reach down absently at his groin and scratch his nuts. On rare and unforgettable occasions, he’d start tugging on one of his balls, right there in broad daylight, as if trying to tuck

Continued to page 56

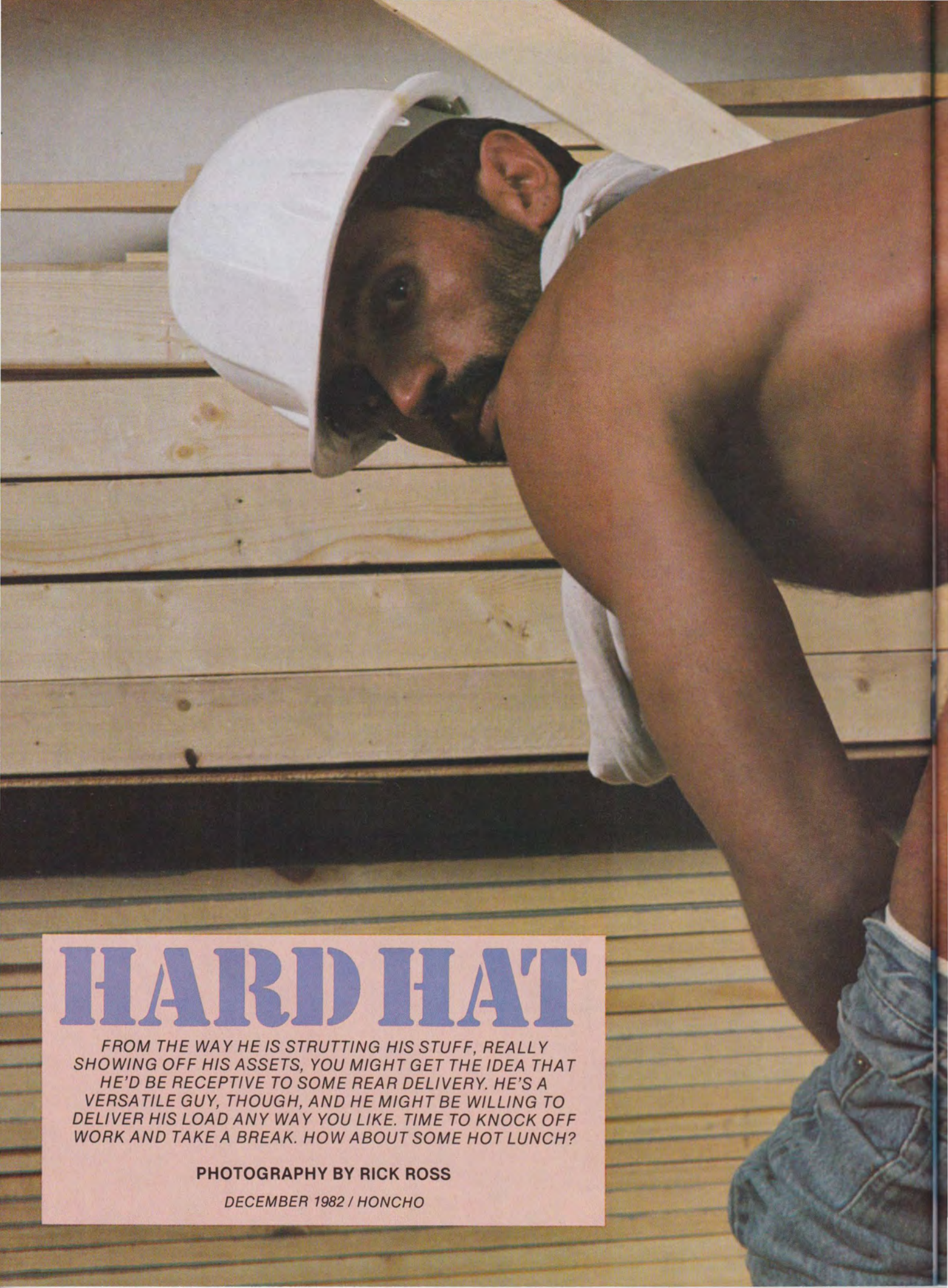
HARD HAT



WITH A HARD HAT TO GO WITH THAT HARD BODY, THIS HARD-ASS DUDE IS READY FOR ACTION, ON OR OFF THE JOB. MORE OF A JACK-OFF THAN A LUMBER JACK, HE IS HANGING AROUND IN THE STOCK ROOM HOPING THAT YOU WILL COME ON BACK AND TAKE STOCK OF WHAT HE HAS TO OFFER. AND, AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE, HE'S GOT PLENTY. AND PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICK ROSS





HARD HAT

FROM THE WAY HE IS STRUTTING HIS STUFF, REALLY SHOWING OFF HIS ASSETS, YOU MIGHT GET THE IDEA THAT HE'D BE RECEPTIVE TO SOME REAR DELIVERY. HE'S A VERSATILE GUY, THOUGH, AND HE MIGHT BE WILLING TO DELIVER HIS LOAD ANY WAY YOU LIKE. TIME TO KNOCK OFF WORK AND TAKE A BREAK. HOW ABOUT SOME HOT LUNCH?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICK ROSS

DECEMBER 1982 / HONCHO



BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

Continued from page 51

it back under his shorts, but then he'd continue to pull on it, yank it, and finally, just let it hang, *exposed*, along his upper, inner thigh and his hands would disappear back under the car. It was on these occasions that my mouth would go dry and I

would be unable to swallow. I'd rush out of the house and carefully, quietly, walk past his house, very slowly, craning my neck just to get a glimpse of his exposed ball, his naked thighs, the scant pattern of hair leading to his crotch. I didn't know if he ever saw me or not. I'd walk back and forth, like some demented inmate in an asylum, not knowing which direction to go.

Then, he would wheel himself out from under the car, catch a glimpse of me and I'd gasp slightly, maybe utter hello, maybe he'd say

something back, then stand, and slap his ass clean of dirt and grease and saunter back into the darkened garage in search of some tool. Once he had seen me, my rendezvous was terminated—until the next time. I was really like a puppy casing his garage for a home. Something about the guy—his cocky swagger, the way he'd spit on the driveway—hypnotized me. I never saw him move in any manner other than self-satisfied nonchalance and detachment. It didn't matter that he was just ordinary-looking, in need of a shave, while I was what the girls then referred to as "boss-looking." I hid within oversized clothes and if I went out Saturday nights it was usually to a movie or for a long walk and almost always, it was alone. Crazy as it sounds, my favorite part of the weekend was watching this guy playing with his cars... and himself.

I had decided that I was going to enroll in a college far from home and after applying to several, I was finally accepted to one for the following quarter, out of state. And it was while I was preparing for that move, the following week, that something very curious happened across the street.

Unable to sleep, I had gotten out of bed just before dawn and was sitting at the couch by the picture window, staring across the street. I was probably thinking that I was going to be moving out on my own, for the first time, and wondering who my assigned roommate would be, at school. Morning was just beginning to get a little light and, out of habit, my eyes focussed on the wide, dark, green garage door when suddenly—it lifted! A large young fellow came out of the garage and quickly ran across the street—towards my house—where he had parked his VW bug. The garage door remained slightly lifted for a moment so that I could just barely make out the familiar pair of naked masculine legs still inside the garage. The door slowly lowered and closed. My eyes fixed on the young guy whose mouth was still open, as if breathing hard. Quickly he drove off. I saw a university decal glued to his rear window. It took me several moments to imagine what had just taken place. And then I couldn't think of anything else.

Now, this was the last weekend before I was going away to school and I had a lot of odds and ends to take care of, plus my folks wanted to



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take me out for a farewell dinner, but with just one thing on my mind, I intensified my "security watch" on that neighbor's garage.

Saturday passed without incident but Sunday, early, he was there, inside the garage, fooling around under one of his cars with the green garage door wide open. I must have walked back and forth about eight miles that day, just the length of his house, first my side of the street, then his, then my side, then—I couldn't get that other college student I'd seen out of my mind. I *had* to know what they had been doing there inside the garage, before dawn. I became increasingly bold, beginning to walk up his asphalt driveway, close to the garage, then back to the sidewalk. I didn't care who might see me—his wife, my folks—I was on his scent, sweating, compelled.

Finally he was positioned under his car with his legs open, and I moved in closer than I ever had before to stare at him more closely. I was at the garage doorway itself now, looking in. He was on the dolly, lying on his back. I inhaled, perhaps a bit loudly, and to my shock, without changing his position, he spoke.

"Hand me that wrench," he said, casually. I looked behind me to make sure he was talking to me. I looked back. His palm was upright, waiting. I entered the garage and knelt down by his knees.

I stuttered a great deal. "Wh-wh—what wrench?"

He answered by spreading his legs apart, wider. Slowly, one of his large hairy balls lolled over on his thigh. A free hand slid down his naked stomach to his shorts, then he played with himself for a few moments, and when his hand returned to the unseen underside of his car I noticed the soft terry cloth shorts were rippling; his prick was moving, rising towards the stretched elastic waistband.

"The one by your foot," he said, still from under the car, and then the prayed-for, magic words: "And close the garage door while you're at it."

I was breathing in quick short breaths now and I hurried to seal us shut, together, inside his garage. Before doing so I shot a quick glance at my house across the street. It was Sunday. They were all home—inside. Tomorrow I was moving out. The door thudded, carelessly, shut. I saw nothing. It was as if we had just been buried together

within a tomb.

I heard the eerie wheeling of his dolly coming out from under the car. It was silent for a while and then I heard him mutter, "Come over here." I had to sense my way towards him. I took awkward half-steps in the dark. And then suddenly, I had found him. I could smell him before seeing or touching him. He smelled of grease, oil, and plain old sweat. I don't know how he did it, in the dark, but his hand went straight out and trapped my right nipple in the vice of his greasy fingers. "Who told you about coming here?" he asked.

"Huh?" I asked, breathlessly.

His other hand lightly, but impressively, punched my stomach. "Huh!?" he said. I wasn't sure if he were asking me or mocking me.

"No—no one," I said. "I just saw—" And I gasped so suddenly that I slobbered over my chin.

"What?" he asked, comfortable in his dark domain, tugging on my tit, digging his fingernails deeper into my nipple. "Whad'ju see?"

"The other morning! A guy!" I said, in pain, "—leaving. I wondered—I wanted—!"

My body was being turned around. I didn't understand. I didn't know what I wanted now. He had hurt me. I'd been about-faced and I anticipated he was going to shove me forward, send me back on my way, but he held me firmly with one hand clamped down over my shoulder and then I felt his other hand softly grazing the seat of my ass. "Wha'd you want?" he asked, teasingly.

"I—" "Little pissy college kid," he said, patting my ass lightly. "Turn around." I turned and faced him. He spat directly into my face. I gasped again. I was trembling now. "Huh?" he asked, and then he took his hand and smeared his spit all over my face. "Comin' by here every day, spyin' up my crotch—aren't ya? Huh?" He must have heard my heart pounding. Quickly, he pivoted me around again, this time forcing me to bend down with my hands to the floor. He swatted my ass, hard this time, and then he knee'd me in the butt, then, holding me firm, he swatted me again, two or three times, then knee'd my ass again so hard that I tipped over.

"Get over here," he said, casually, as if he really didn't care whether I did or not. He had moved deeper into the garage. Quickly, as if I were going to him for rescue, I obeyed. "Lay down up here. Up here!" he

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repeated, a little angrily. He wanted me to climb up onto his wooden work table. I did. He positioned me to lie flat on my back and for a while he just softly caressed me, pulling off my t-shirt, feeling my nipples, slapping my stomach, examining me as if I were one of his cars that needed some work done on it. He removed my shoes and socks and then yanked off my pants. He remained at ease. Without actually creating a tune, he whistled. I was stark naked on his work table. It was my adult christening.

"So, what'd you think I was doin' with that other punk?" he asked me in the dark. He was maneuvering my leg—somewhere. My ankle felt something cold—steel-like. He was... tightening my foot within a vice!

"I—"

"I can't hear you," he said. "Speak up."

I opened my mouth to say something only to feel him stuff an oily rag into my mouth.

"That's better," he said. Then both his hands toured my body, at leisure, scaling its surface, occasionally slapping, tweaking, poking. He was still whistling.

He reached from above and

flashlight beam. "Mmmm!" he said, involuntarily, pleased with what he saw. Then, nonchalantly again, he said, "Not bad—for a punk."

All the while I wanted to tell him I'd never been with anyone before, but I couldn't say a word with that filthy rag in my mouth. I kept almost blacking out, escaping from the moment. It was all too intense. I remember thinking I might have a heart attack right there on his table. Every time I inhaled for air I smelled the oily cloth.

"You're such a stupid asshole, aren't ya?" he asked. He slapped my face once, lightly. "Hah?"

"Mmm," I mumbled.

"Stupid fuck," he said, "comin' in here, not even knowin' what I'm gonna do with ya. Ya like girls?"

"Mmmm hmm," I lied into the rag.

"Hah!?" He slapped the other side of my face. "I can't hear ya, boy."

"Mmm mmm," I mumbled, as distinctly as I could.

"Nah, you like cock. That's what I think. That's what I think," he said again, coming up onto the table now and positioning himself so that his nuts hung low over my face.

"Whadaya smell, asshole?" he asked. "Huh?" He was moving up now and he rested the crack of his

and for a very long time I sucked it.

I gasped for air, straining my neck, and he rose, then bounced down on my chest and delivered me a very quick rat-a-tat succession of face slaps, spitting on me as he did so. Quickly then, he smeared his asscrack all over my face. I thanked him wordlessly with my tongue. He began to laugh and bounce on my face, rocking, whistling, bouncing. We were both overcome and he quickly jumped off the table. We were both breathing heavily. For the first time I realized my cock was its full length, rigid over my stomach. I had the odd sensation that I might ejaculate, without being touched.

"Oooohh, boy," I heard him say. "Ooooh, boy!" When he was calm again he returned to my side. "I guess I was wrong," he said, in a new friendly tone. "You didn't want cock after all. You just wanna suck ass. Is that right?"

"I—"

"Why do you think that is?" he asked, curiously, suddenly dragging a heavy, coarse steel tool down the length of my leg, then back up. "Ya think it's because—" it was a crowbar! "—you're just an asshole, yourself?"

My face was burning hot, now. I was an idiot for coming in there!

He smeared some grease over my asshole and then on the tip of the crowbar and then he began to prod it, slowly, around my butt.

"Come on, butthole," he said, impatiently, "lift it." When I hesitated he slapped my face once, hard. "Lift it." I did. Slowly, he began to wedge the greased tip of the crowbar into my virgin asshole while he focussed the flashlight on its entry. He stopped treating me roughly now, as if realizing I was a virgin, and friendly again, he asked, "You want to see?"

"Huh?" I asked, breathlessly.

He spread my knees apart and encouraged me to lift my head to see into the mirror the gritty black crowbar worming its way into my asshole.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" he asked, impressed.

"Yeah," I said, thinking it looked horrifying. And yet, my cock began to twitch. "I—" I began, then stopped.

"What's that?" he asked, still friendly, maneuvering the crowbar just slightly deeper, though I don't think even an inch had really gone in.

Continued to page 65

***"Turn around." I turned and faced him.
He spat directly into my face.
I gasped again. I was trembling now.
'Huh?' he asked, and then he took
his hand and smeared his spit all over
my face."***

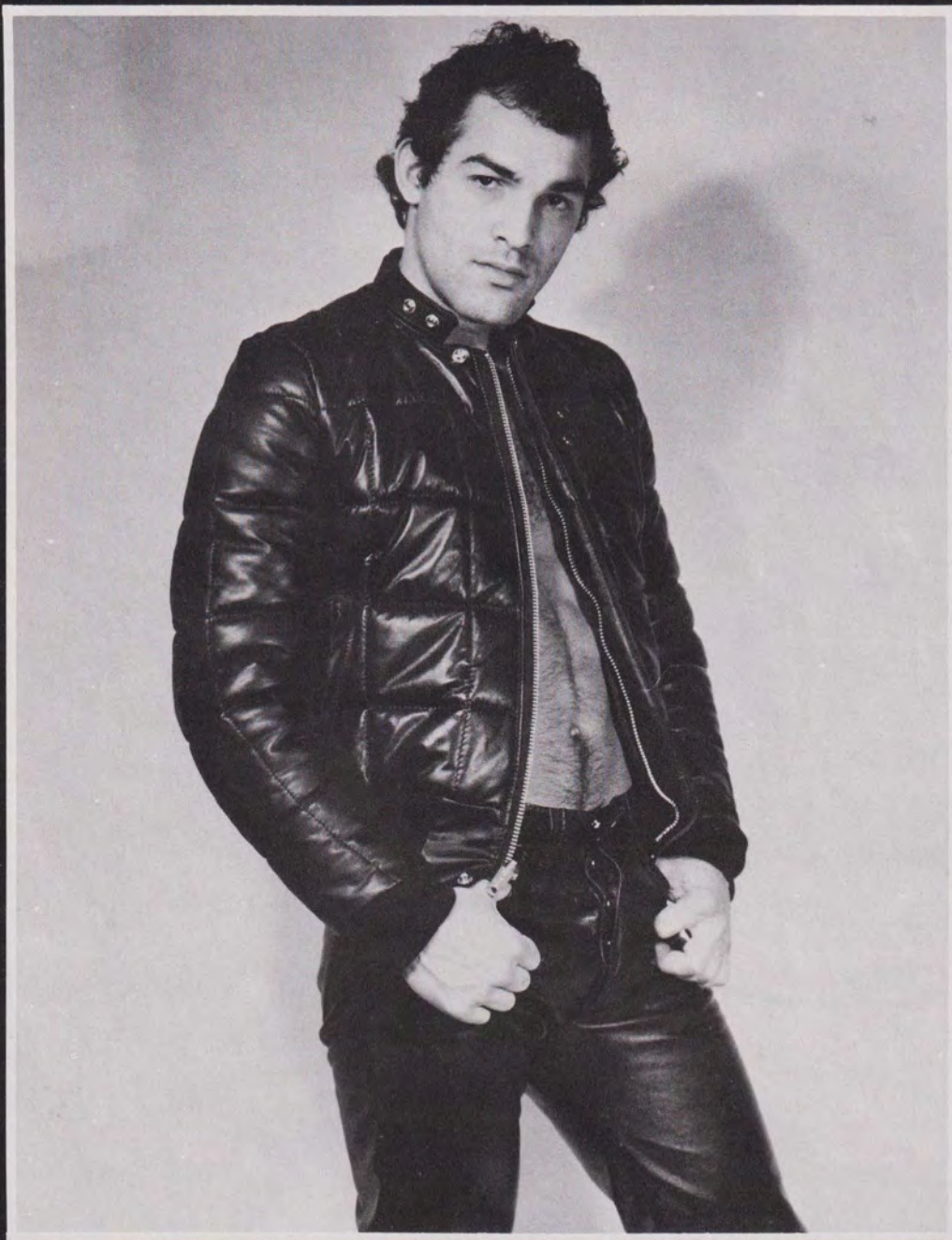
brought down some clothesline wiring. He reached for both my wrists and to my utter amazement I offered them to him, without resistance. Whistling, he tied both my joined wrists to something above my head. He slapped my nuts, then maneuvered my torso to lift so he could slap beneath my nuts and my asshole. He let go of me as if he were bored, and I heard him walk away. I thought he might be through. Then, a flashlight clicked on.

"There we go," he said. "Look at that." He motioned for me to look to my left. He had a mirror hanging against the wall, the length of the work table, and he gave me a visual tour of my own captivity with the

naked ass over the length of my face. "Ya smell asshole? Hah? I can't hear ya." For a moment, the only air I could inhale came directly from his asshole. I thought I was going to suffocate and then he reached down and roughly pulled the cloth out of my mouth. I think I stunned both of us when I lunged my head forward, as much as I could, and slathered my tongue all over the crack of his ass, hungrily, greedily, slobbering and sucking until I found the amazingly slick, smooth asshole itself. He was impressed by my enthusiasm and while he had just been about to remove his ass from my face, he instead positioned his asshole squarely over my mouth now

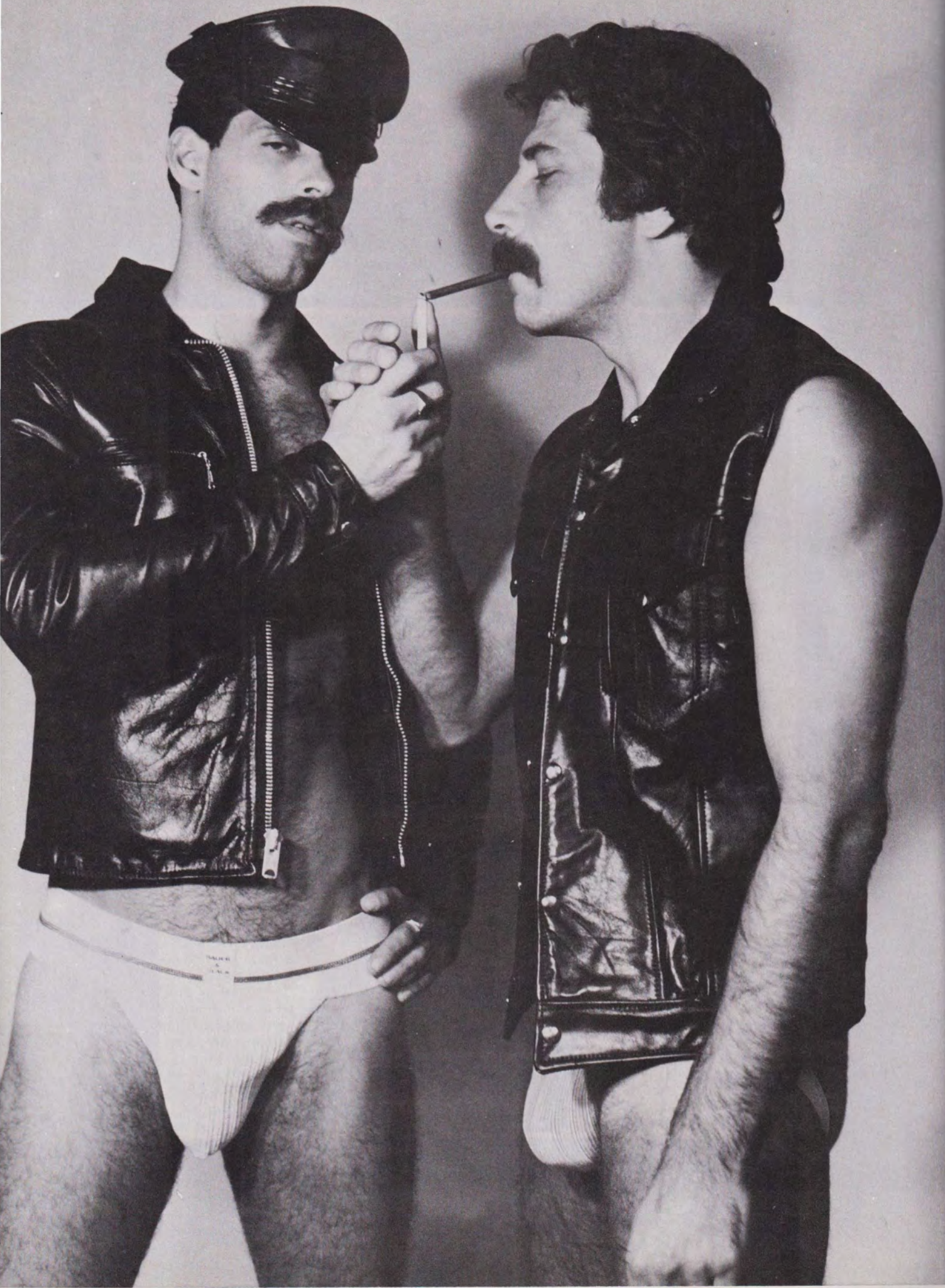
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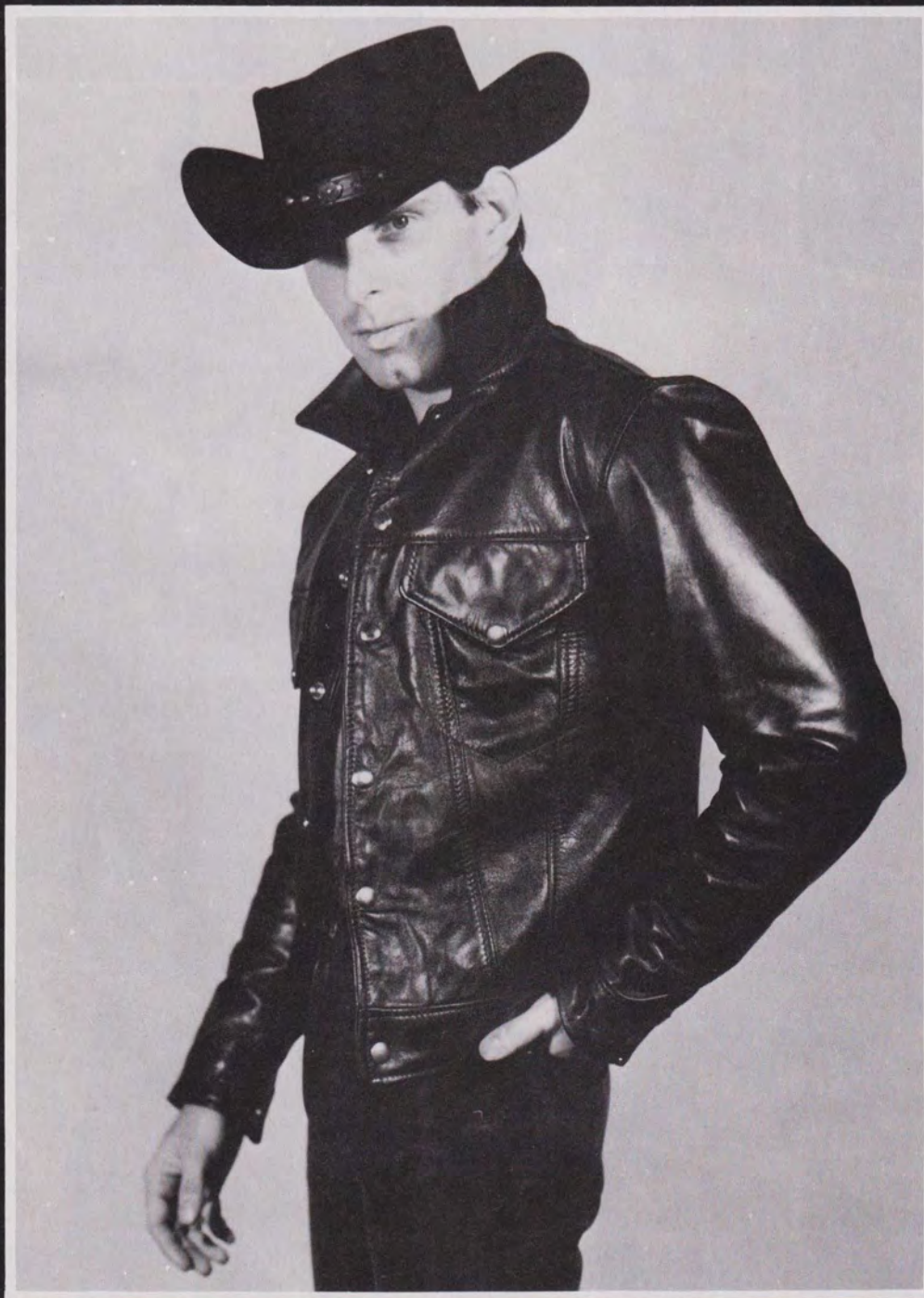


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Section photographed by Bill Viggiano



FASHION: **SECOND SKIN**



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BIG RIG

Continued from page 9

would want to walk through here. Looks pretty ordinary to me."

"That's not exactly the main attraction." Julian took a deep breath. "You ever had a head job?"

The trucker chuckled softly to himself. "Is that what goes on around here? I heard about things like this from my road buddies but I ain't never had a chance on running into anything. Live and learn, I always say."

"What about it? You want to get done?"

"Who's askin'?"

"Come on, trucker." Julian rubbed the fly of his jeans. His ample crotch grew even larger. The bulging cock quickly strained the threads of his jeans, trying to find some place to expand.

"You sure this place is safe?"

"I've never heard of anyone having any trouble out here."

He unfastened and unzipped the cutoffs. A thick slab of meat plopped out, swaying, saluting in the darkness. He pulled on the veiny cock, feeling it grow larger and pulsate in his palms. Julian bent forward and chewed on the stud's nipples, never unclasping the hard dick from his fist. He tongued one, then the other, working down the trucker's torso, munching on the bristly hairs, enjoying his lean hard maleness. The trucker placed both hands on Julian's shoulders and gently forced him downward. "Come on man, this cock needs something wet and juicy."

Julian was all too glad to receive this gentle bit of prodding. He bent down and lightly rolled his tongue over the fat dickhead. It tasted salty from pre-cum ooze and had a musky odor. He opened his mouth and slowly engulfed the long thick rod. Julian swallowed three-fourths of the stiff root before it hit the back of his throat.

He loudly released the cock then shoved it past his thirsting lips again. Pistoning his mouth on the thick pole, he frantically jerked his mouth up and down. Slurping sounds pierced the night silence.

"Oh, oh, yes baby, that's it, go to it. Suck this dick, man." The trucker groaned huskily. He gripped Julian around the ears and shoved his dick to the base of his mouth. Take this long rod. Take it all!" Julian gagged

and pushed back. The man brought his throbbing root out, then jet-tisoned the throbbing monster down his throat again and again.

The trucker's head riveted as the sound of trampling brush brought him back to earth. "Hey, this ain't exactly a party buddy," he called out to a figure watching in the darkness.

"Relax," Julian whispered. "You're among friends." Julian now turned his attention to the two big hairy balls that fell invitingly before his hungry mouth. He gently took one, greedily nibbling on it. The trucker moaned a low, hoarse growl.

Julian released the fucksac and concentrated on the corner of the man's crotch. His expert tongue flicked and tickled, licking at the edge of those hot balls, bending under to suck the hairy bone between dick and ass.

Rough calloused hands directed Julian back to the manmeat. He licked up one side and down the other of the long pole. Julian formed an "O" with his lips and thrilled as the trucker pushed the hot fucker back inside his hungry mouth. The young hunk muttered low obscenities as he picked up steam.

His butt vigorously pumped the air, dimpling as he fucked Julian's mouth, forcing the slab in and out, out and in, with a steady and ever-increasing rhythm. Julian felt the dick tremble, and tasty cum dribbled out. He wasn't ready to end this hot session. He turned the humpy man around and let his tongue wash the hairy cheeks of his ass. Footsteps broke small twigs as somebody squatted and took the stud's hot shaft in his mouth.

Julian sucked on one cheek, then the other. Finally he opened the crack between the well-formed buns and tentatively tasted the bumhole, then shoved his tongue upward, flicking in the hot ass. Hairs of the man's crack bristled against his nose. The trucker groaned again. He held both hands on the third man's head and shoved his stiff stick furiously at the wet mouth. Julian stuck one finger inside the stud's waste shoot. The trucker pushed back on the finger, sending it way up his ass.

"Oh, yeah. Go for it, man! Go to it!"

Julian wiggled two fingers around inside the man's ass, then withdrew them. He spat into his hand and rubbed it on his own throbbing shaft. He gently entered the tight shitshoot. His spit and rim job lubed the hole

well but Julian still felt resistance as he slowly entered the virginal ass.

As he entered, the trucker rammed his suck rod all the way into the mouth, almost bending double over the third man. Julian felt the tight hole widen as the young stud bent over. He easily shoved his cock inside now. Both hands clutched at the stud's massive chest. His aching dick opened the rectum wider with each forceful lunge. Julian rode the stud to the same rhythm as he bucked.

Soon each thrust of the trucker's thick root into the man's mouth was met by an equal thrust by Julian deep inside the stud's pucker hole. The young stud alternated between using his hands to shove one man's head to the base of his crotch and reaching behind to ram Julian even tighter against his own butt, trying to push more dick up his ass.

Julian felt his man's load growing heavy in his spunk sack. Sweat beaded on his forehead and his shirt was drenched as he tried to keep pace with the young man. His stiff stick ached to release its juice until Julian felt as if he would pass out from the ecstasy growing inside.

Just as he was about to spew his juice, a spasm spread across the trucker's pectorals. The working stud roared back his head and let out an inaudible moan. Julian felt the force of the primal scream as the stud's bumhole tightened on Julian's stroking shaft. He released rivulets of fluid inside the trucker's body. Julian threw back his head and stifled a low joyous moan. Gallons of fuck cream rushed from his jerking cock.

He buried his sweaty face in the trucker's shoulder blade, smelling the fuck scent that filled his senses. His drained dick still jerked as more spunk trickled out.

"Damn! I can't believe it," the young man said as they tried to compose themselves. They were a tangle of dropped pants, male sweat, soaked shirts, and plastered hair. The third man disappeared into the trees as soon as the trucker dropped his heavy load of thick cum. "That was one good fucking. Didn't know I had it in me."

Julian gulped for air, trying to catch his breath. "Yeah. That was one heavy session. I don't get many like that nowadays."

"Hell no! If you did, you'd die somewhere fucking. Ohhh, shee-it. Can't get enough!"

"Me neither. Sometimes I feel I

could fuck nonstop for days."

"That so? I don't know about days but I gotta spend the night somewhere. And I'd like to see if I can't make that ass of yours feel as good as you made mine feel." He slapped Julian playfully on the back.

They had walked into the lighted parking lot in front of the rest rooms. For the first time, Julian saw the young man's features clearly. He had long blond hair, and finely chiseled features contrasting with a scruffy beard. Athletic grace enhanced his youthful vigor, a vigor which rejuvenated Julian. "Buddy, you've got yourself a deal."

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

Continued from page 58

"I—think I'm going to come!" I said, frantically, the rush of cum swelling rapidly and beginning to ooze out of my prick.

He leapt onto the table and sat, backwards, down on my face. He had removed the crowbar and replaced it with the tip of his finger. He was all over me, then, slapping

me, poking me, while the cum just spilled out of me and he turned around and beat off in my face, slapping me with his dick until he came—into my eyes. In one fluid movement he inserted his shooting cock deep into my throat and I could feel him shooting into me. He groaned, rocking, fucking my face while he came.

I remember the casual friendliness with which he untied me, and talked to me for the first time, in that all-American, neighborly fashion. I told him I was moving away to college and he said that it was a shame that I had waited so long to meet him. A deep swell of tears threatened to be released before I left that garage as he chummily wrapped his arm over the back of my neck and escorted me over to the garage door. I felt, on one hand, utterly humiliated and abused, and on the other, I felt I had nearly fallen in love, and I wanted his permission to hide there, in his garage—forever.

He could tell I didn't want to leave and he patted my arm, like he was my buddy. "Go to college," he said, dismissing me casually. "You're a born student."

He began to lift the garage door

but I remained immobile, staring at my first man. He smiled, and then, while he punched me playfully, not without some feeling, in both of my nuts, he said, "And don't forget to visit. Holidays and summers." He winked, and I drew enough strength to inhale deeply and leave the site of my original coming out.

A lot has happened since then. We did share a couple of holidays together before he moved to parts unknown while I was still in school. He was right. I was a good student. And then, I graduated. But I've never forgotten where and how it all began—behind the green garage door.



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Photography by Naakkve





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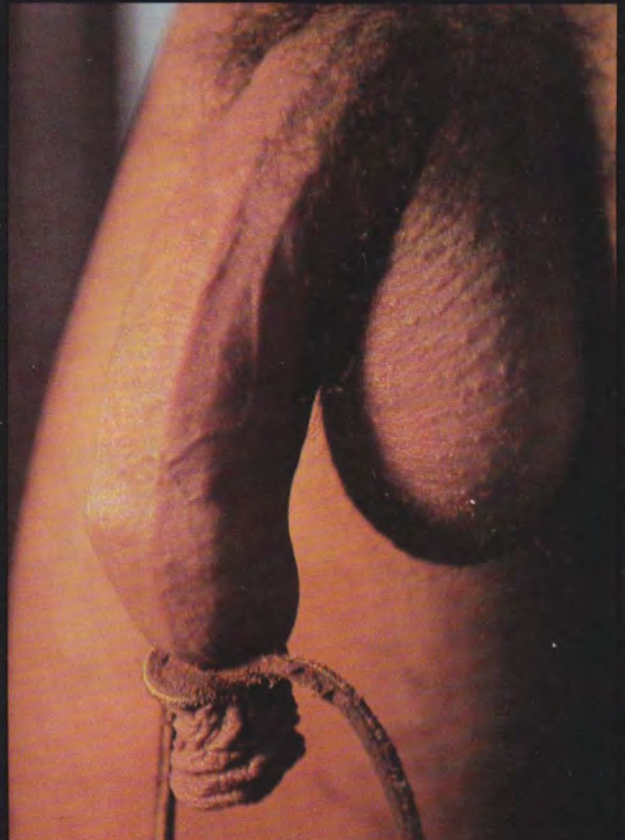
Photography left by Naakve;
right by Don Farmer











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(Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.)

POSTAGE PAID



XM 10 Inside: Walking in a Winter Wonderland



PH 557 Inside: Season's Beatings



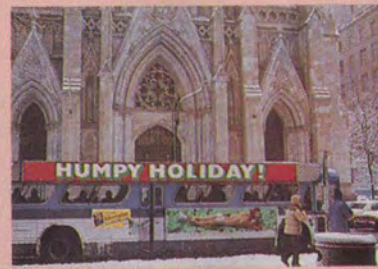
PH 555 Inside: Poes on Earth



XM 11 Inside: Merry Kiss-mas!



XM 33 Inside: Take it off... Take it all off for Christmas



XM 18 Inside: Season's Greetings



XM 20 Inside: I Saw Daddy Kissing Santa Claus!



XM 16 Inside: Happy Holiday!



PH 576 Inside: Keep it clean for Christmas



PH 569 Inside: Flashing Through the Snow



XM 12 Inside: I Saw Daddy Screwing Santa Claus



XM 13 Inside: Ski-son's Greetings



XM 22 Inside: Here's "a little something" to keep you warm this winter



PH 558 Inside: Santa's Coming!



PH 587 Inside: I'm Down on Christmas



PH 572 Inside: Santa's Coming!



XM 29 Inside: Love and kisses Merry Christmas



XM 27 Inside: Merry Eggs-mas! (And that ain't no yolk!)



XM 28 Inside: Give it to me, Santa!



XM 30 Inside: Seasons Beatings!



XM 32 Inside: Hope your tree's well hung



A LAGUNA PACIFIC, LTD. PRESENTATION

"In the
WILLIAM HIGGINS
Tradition"

MALIBU DAYS BIG BEAR NIGHTS

A FILM BY WILLIAM HIGGINS

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XXX RATED ALL MALE ACTION APPROX. 120 MINUTES

HOME VIEWING ORDER FORM

Mail To: CATALINA VIDEO DIST., 256 S. ROBERTSON, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90211

COLOR & SOUND VIDEO CASSETTE PLEASE SEND ME:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> MALIBU DAYS - BIG BEAR NIGHTS | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$89.95 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEMBERS ONLY | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$29.95 \$ |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> KIP MOLL SUPERSTAR - PT. I | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$29.95 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$29.95 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE CLASS OF '84 - PT. II | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$29.95 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY | REG. \$149.95 NOW \$29.95 \$ |

BUY 1 OF THE ABOVE CASSETTES, DEDUCT \$20; BUY 2, DEDUCT \$45; BUY 3, DEDUCT \$75

SILENT - COLOR 8MM FILMS PLEASE SEND ME:

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Set of all six MALIBU DAYS - BIG BEAR NIGHTS films (REG. \$132.00) | \$125.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 166 SUPR PUNKS | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 167 SNO BALLIN' | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 168 LAGUNA IMAGES | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 169 SHOWER HEAD | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 170 TAILOR MADE | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 171 FOUR-PLAY | \$ 22.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Super-huge color catalog package (FREE w/initial video cassette order) | \$ 6.50 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Video Price List | ONLY \$ 1.00 \$ |

\$ Total Items Ordered: \$

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and C.O.D. orders
All continental
United States
except California
CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-421-3269

\$ Total of item(s) ordered	\$
For C.O.D. & Send \$5.00 Deposit	\$5.00 \$
Add \$3.00 for first item and	\$3.00 \$
\$1.00 for each additional item	\$
For Air Mail add \$1.00	\$1.00 \$
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax	\$
TOTAL ORDER	\$

On CASSETTES indicate ☐ Beta ☐ VHS On FILMS indicate ☐ Reg. 8MM ☐ Super 8MM
CHECK ☐ method of payment ☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa ☐ M.O. ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D.
Credit Card # and Exp. Date: _____

Signature: By my signature I warrant that I am over 21 years, not a law enforcement or
fictitious postal inspector, and am not offended by sexually explicit materials, nor is the
average person in my community.

PRINT
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



MAN SEARCH

MAN SEARCH

The charge for placing an ad in MAN SEARCH is 50¢ per word and correspondence between those placing and those answering ads will be direct. This is an easy and economical way for all you hot Honchos out there to meet and interact with each other. This section is for you and its success depends on you. Go for it!

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

All ads will be listed by state.

Cost for each ad is 50¢ per word. Remit total for each issue in which you want your ad to appear.

Since Honcho will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive any correspondence as a result of your ad. (Ads will not be printed without an address or P.O. Box.) A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying any telephone number.

Enclose full payment for your ad for each issue in which you wish it to appear. Make checks or money orders payable to: HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. No advertisements will be

accepted from persons under 21.

Signature _____

With my signature I declare that I am over 21 years old and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad. I further agree that complete discretion will be used at all times.

MAIL TO: HONCHO / CLASSIFIEDS
155 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS
11TH FLOOR
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

PRINT CLEARLY all information on this form and be sure to read all pertinent information. Be sure that your signature accompanies this ad.

I have enclosed \$ _____ for this ad in _____ issue(s)

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
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_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____
_____	_____ words @ 50¢	\$ _____

(Use separate sheet for more space)

Total: _____ words @ 50¢ \$ _____

ALABAMA

Straight acting executive, Bi WM, 44, 6'1", 185 lbs., 7½" uncut cock. Seeks similar in Birmingham or travelers for discreet friendship and sex. Write: P.O. Box 66502, Birmingham, AL 35210.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX

GWM, 6'6", 30's, 170 lbs., Wants to meet gays in area for friends, fun & sex. Photo please. Write: George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010.

ARKANSAS

FAYETTEVILLE

GBM, 18, 5'7", 149 lbs. Wants males to 50 for friendship and whatever. Write 207 North Church #6, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

CALIFORNIA

FACE SITTER

BM face sitter seeks r/f slaves. W. Jones, 1139 Market St., Rm. 144, San Francisco, CA 94103.

CALIFORNIA DAD WANTED

By WM son, 29, moving to West Coast. Need someone to share life with, guide in getting rid of insecurities, in business world, gym coach, but most important, a friend. Box 1291, West New York, NJ 08093.

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 270 States Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SLAVE OFFERED

Handsome, masculine slave wants hot master or masters to piss in my mouth, ram hard cocks down my throat or up my ass, sit on my face, step on my cock and subject me to total domination and humiliation. S&M, B&D, WS—you name it, sir. I can give you \$400 per month room and board if you will make me your total slave. I'm white, 31, 6'2", 185 lbs. Will move to CA at my expense. David, Box 1603, Hattiesburg, MS 39401.

MASTER

Master seeks total slave who has headspace for a life of total commitment, service and obedience. No freaks, guys with limitations, gamesters or phonies need respond. P.O. Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

LOIN CLOTHS FANTASY FUN

I'm 36, W/m. Box 26014, S.F., CA 94126.

DEEP THROAT EXPERT SERVICEMAN

Wants to pig-out on exceptionally well-hung males who dig a talented sword swallower. Good looking/body will travel for right piece of meat. Write Rogers, 495 Ellis St. #9, SF, CA 94102.

ASSHOLE BUDDIES

W/M, 24, 5'11", 160 lbs., hot butt into F/F, dildoes, enemas, spreaders, ass-eating, long sessions, wants men into mutual creative & uninhibited ass play. Let's open 'em up and make 'em talk. Photo appreciated. 55 Sutter St., #662, San Francisco, CA 94104.

S.F. AREA UNCUTS

Brown hair/eyes, bearded, UNCUT, nicely proportioned, WM, 32, 5'10", 170, looking for UNCUT MEN. Hairy w/beer gut! Into heavy cock with big hairy legs spread wide, with uncut thick cock, hanging balls, hairy ass for servicing. Answer with photo for HOT reply. P.O. Box 14098, S.F., CA 94114.

HOT HARD LEATHER STUD

Ray from Framingham is coming to San Francisco! Aug. 15-23. Gonna go leather sex crazy. Drop a line w/pic and let's fuck in leather! I wanna rent a hog for the week; clue me in. Ray, 34 Gordon St., Framingham, MA 01701.

YOUNG RUBBER FREAK

Horny young stud wants your cum-filled used condoms. Also dig hot JO letters and nude pics. Will answer all with details. Roy, 2225 Woodside Lane, Apt. 2, Sacramento, CA 95825.

HOT BODY BUILDERS

And hunky built men: Contact this little dude for total worship sessions. Serious only! Photo/letter to: Dick, P.O. Box 3391, San Diego, CA 92103. Club organizing.

SLAVES!

Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

HEAVY?

Guys wanted over 300#, 18 to 35, by handsome blond, 6'2", 185, 32, Box 2035, 256 S. Robertson, Bev. Hills, CA 90211.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN

Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

JO, TITS

Into long jerk-off sessions with a lot of tit work. 5'7", 130, muscular, hairy, red/blond hair, 7½", 39 years. Any age, any race, but must have good body and into male penis/body trips. Also into WS and pig scenes. Recent photo. Wade, 2596 Taluga, Coconut Gr., FL 33133.

HOT MARRIED MAN

38, 6', 175, masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung, for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd. #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED

North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No Beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tit especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY

Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's Boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SOUTH BAY SLAVE

WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

ORIENTALS & LATINIS!

Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals & Latinis (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

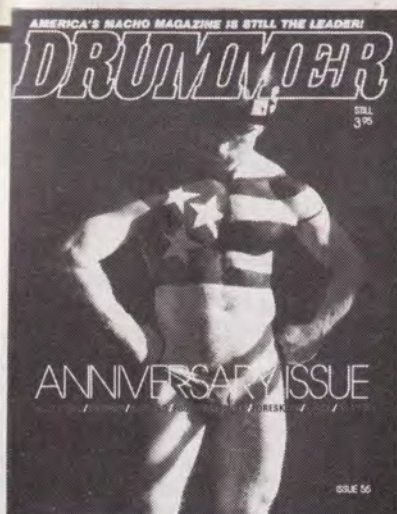
SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP
If you're ready for the real thing send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

TOTAL SLAVE

Burbank Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, armpits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or the Master. Phone (213) 846-9486. Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

PROUD SEXY MAN

34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.



DRUMMER AIN'T NO MAINSTREAM MAGAZINE

DRUMMER IS THE MAGAZINE THAT ISN'T A COPY OF ANYTHING ELSE! The best in fact and fiction, photography and art for the macho male, presented in the hottest, most forthright manner possible. The popularity of DRUMMER is legendary. It's one of a kind, don't miss an issue.

\$40

TWELVE BIG ISSUES FOR ONLY...

AMERICA'S HOTTEST GAY TABLOID!

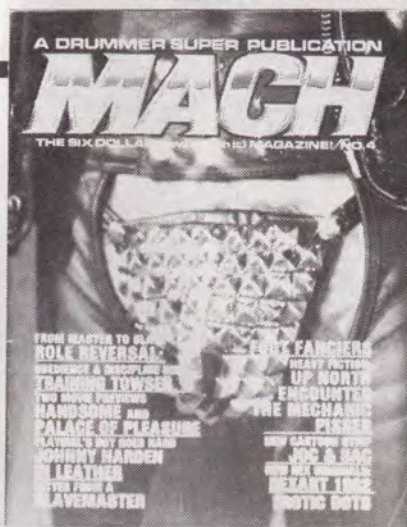
THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A GAY TABLOID QUITE LIKE THE NEW

MANIFEST

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL POLITICS and all for a buck-ninety-five a copy. An ALTERNATE super publication that will knock your socks off. The ENQUISITION section is worth the price alone...

MORE MAN-TO-MAN PERSONAL CLASSIFIEDS THAN EVER BEFORE!

\$20

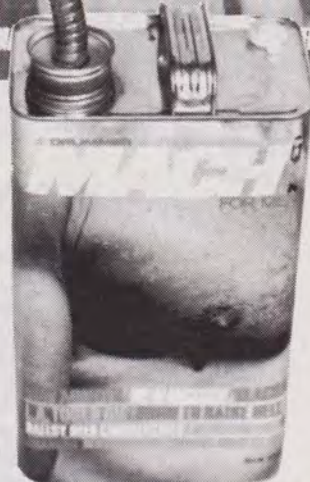


DRUMMER'S NO-NONSENSE BUDDY

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous, wait until you meet MACH! We introduce the Six Dollar Magazine, which in itself is fairly outrageous. More of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite instant turn-on. Strictly High Octane. Sample copy \$6. Four big issues a year...

MACH \$20

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15 HARRIET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

- ☐ Send me twelve issues of DRUMMER for \$40 and make it snappy!
- ☐ Start me on MANIFEST, I'm tired of taking cold showers.
- ☐ I want MACH. I have a strong constitution.

Enclosed is \$_____ or ☐ Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

TOP BOTTOM OR TRADEOFF

27, 6'1", slim, bearded, masculine. Into leather, sweat, wax, calibrated trips; imagination. Box 24C73, L.A., CA 90024.

HEAVY S

32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640.

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.

Hot hungry mouth needs hot, horny men hung heavy with big slick balls. No fats, 25-45. Call John (213) 466-2919. And drop your hot, heavy loads.

Combine high income & artistic growth, *Tattooing Techniques Manual*, 86 pps., illus. \$30 ppd. (trade secrets, machine design and operation, needle bar soldering, wholesale pigments) (info. free) A.J. Lemes, M.D., Hotline, Ltd., 5057 Klump Ave. #26, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91601.

Kings County. Latin Bi, age 40's, 7 inch cock, active & passive French and Greek, write Trino Gardea, POB 1232, Corcoran, CA 93212.

Hot, horny top dude into leather, W/S, T/T, balls, hot wax, bondage, all heavy action. 5'6", 120 lbs., age 48, lt. br/grey hair, brown eyes, smooth chest, trim body. Dig hairy, muscular dudes into submitting to above. Uncut a plus. Photo desired and expected. Chet Cooper, 1200 Clay St., San Francisco, CA 94108. (415) 441-3272.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY

MD-DC-VA. M, Cancer, 6', 35, 168 lbs., blond/blue, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent, straight-appearing, looking for experienced, creative, hung, hard-bodied tops, 30-45. Recycled beer, repeat shooters, long sessions, leather, body worship and sweat are turnons; fat, fakes, fems, skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs, pain, blood and shit are turnoffs. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck, but for men to serve, experiment with, and expand limits with over time. Deeper relationship possible, not likely, but willing to try. Told I'm goodlooking, hot, but you decide. Recent photo and letter gets response. Your photo returned. Sir, please write: Box 50602, Washington, DC 20004.

BEEFY BODYBUILDERS

New to DC Area. Handsome, very muscular, 28, top/bottom, big legs, tits, hung. Looking to expand limits to FF. Write Shannon, Box 229, 3421 M St. NW,

Washington, DC 20007. Photo answered first.

FLORIDA

STALLION VS. STALLION

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Pliss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. Espanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

DO YOU EXIST?

Guy 30-45. Must have good body, smooth or shaved pecs. Small to medium cock. Intelligent outside, pervert in bed. Dig kinky sex: WS, nipple-work, shaving, FF, dirty talk, limited pain mixed with affection. ME: handsome, 5'10", 145, dominant, mature, financially secure blonde with nice body and good pecs, beautiful home, pool. Want relationship. Body picture gets response and mine. P.O. Box 330441, Miami, FL 33133.

MIAMI—TWO S/M MEN

With a variety of interests and the imaginations to explore them, seek meetings with other men for mutual exploration and expansion. We have a well equipped game room and welcome those who seek an atmosphere of mutual trust, respect and sincerity. PO Box 651038; Miami, FL 33165-1038.

BODYBUILDER, BIKER

35, interested in sex with any Drummer readers. Wet and dirty, dirty talk and fantasies, clothes. Top/mutual. Am versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good-looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave., Sunrise, FL 33313.

FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE

GWM, 52, 5'9", 120 lbs. Would like to hear from others for good times. Write: H. Land, 38 Brooksville Dr N, Lot 20, Jacksonville, FL 32211.

HOLIDAY

Bi WM, 24, hung. Wants friends, pen pals, photo exchange & good sex. Nude photo & letter get mine. J. Jr., 117 Salisbury Dr W, Holiday, FL 33590.

SOUTH FLORIDA

Want to visit, but can't afford the rates? I can help. GWM, 34, 5'10", 165 lbs. Loves to have visitors. Am interested in

making new friends and sincere relationships. Pen pals and locals welcome. Photo please! Write: Mike Hanner, P.O. Box 69-4654, Miami, FL 33169.

Like to write letters? Horny G.I. loves to read 'em and write 'em. Mark, Box 61, APO Miami, FL 34008.

GEORGIA

DISCIPLINE NEEDED/SPANKING

N. GA GWM, 26, 5'10", 180 lbs. Needs older men 35+ to provide strict discipline, spanking/paddlings and hard pacifier. Apply in detail to: Resident, Box 207, Nelson, GA 30151.

NEED GOOD FUCK

Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek; rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER

Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

SPRINGFIELD

Affectionate WM, 46, 5'11", 155 lbs., seeks white or black guys for love and friendship. P.O. Box 1234, Springfield, IL 62705.

IL, IA, MO

GWM, 35, 200 lbs., 5'8", professional, can travel. Sincere, discreet, honest, seeks friendship, correspondence, meetings, pen pals and whatever. Likes people, travel, theater, goodtimes. J/O, B/J and French. No drugs, B/D or S/M. Am straight acting, good humored, flexible. Distance no problem. Don't be shy. J. Westbrook, P.O. Box 392, Edinburg, IL 62531.

MILWAUKEE AREA

Want to hear from anyone worldwide 18-40. Nude full length photos answered first. Like to give and get head. David Shannon, Box 535, Fox Lake, IL 60041.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS AREA

GWM, 26, good-looking, very athletic, blonde hair, blue eyes. Loves sex, have tight ass, love cocks. Looking for lasting relationship. No fats or fems. Photo

please. Write: Joey Jacobson, RR #, Morton, IL 61550.

LONG JOHNS

WM, 32, seeks young guys into union suit and long john underwear scenes. JWH, 450 Briar Place, #8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

Chicago, S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big bodybuilder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.

IOWA

SEEKS MACHO TYPE

GWM photographer, 45, 5'5", 120 lbs., very sincere, wants permanent relationship with men over 35. Will answer all. J.P., P.O. Box 4711, Des Moines, IA 50306.

PEN PALS WANTED

By insane, intelligent, irreverent, rural hermit, 18-20 preferred. Al Scow, Harpers Ferry, IA 52146.

Do you? Do you want to? GWM, 6', 150 lbs. Looking for fun, friends, lovers and pen pals. Let's get together and share a bit of life. Hot photos exchanged. Jeffery, P.O. Box 2755, Iowa City, IA 52240.

LOVER WANTED

Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate only. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER

29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who know limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING

I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA

White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy,

Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42376.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED

Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, camping, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts & photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

UPPER SOUTH

Me: GWM, 19, 5'9", 130 lbs., dark hair & moustache, fairly hairy, nice looking. Enjoy outdoors, movies, fun, affection and companionship. Wish to correspond with You: Sincere 18-28, slim, sensible, attractive and neat. Possible long-term relationship. All reasonable letters answered, especially those with photos. Please! No fats, feds or S/M. Pen pals welcome from all over. Write to: Occupant, P.O. Box 646, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVERS NEAR LOUISVILLE

GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

CUM ONE-CUME ALL

Bi, 24, 6' 190 lbs., 6'1/2", A/P French & Greek. Looking for same 18-30 for good times, possibly long term. Discreet only. Box 64, Harvey, LA 70059.

PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY

Looking for a Daddy. P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179.

MAINE

MAINE COAST

"Big Guy" GWM, college student—UMO, 21, 6', husky, hairy, brown, blue. Seeks a friend 19-33 for correspondence and possible relationship. All answered. R.D.J., P.O. Box 328, Seal Harbor, ME 04675.

Aroostook professional, 45, sincere, discreet, personable; for friendship and more. Daniel Ladner, 99 Fleetwood St., Presque Isle, Maine 04769.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 33, wishes friendship anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo

gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

DIFFERENT KIND OF BLOW JOB

Hot, attractive WM, 35, gets wildly turned on by horny, hung studs who blow up balloons til they explode. Try it! Also love A/P French, A Greek and mellow encounters with bright, witty, together guys. Bill, Box CY 445, 400 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215.

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Bi, beard, into groups, W/S. Try any scene for dominant men/couples. Photo answered first. Box 683, Methuen, MA 01844.

MICHIGAN

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND

GWM, 36, 5'10", 203 lbs., looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, quiet times. Seek those with similar interests between 18-38. Photo appreciated. Jerry Keller, Box 177, Escanaba, MI 49829.

NORTHERN LOWER MICHIGAN

Clean, goodlooking white man. Wants to give and receive B/J & Gr. I love to suck cock & balls. Singles or couples. Will travel, hurry your letter. Please write: P.O. Box 181, McBain, MI 49657.

MICHIGAN: Slave into prolonged bondage, discipline, and punishment for firm/sadistic master. Tie me up and beat my ass, Sir! I'm 38, 5'9", 150, athletic build. Boxholder, P.O. Box 1571, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS

Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

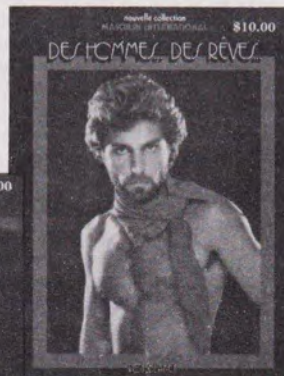
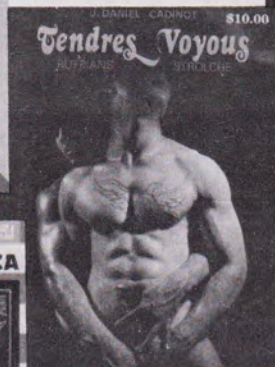
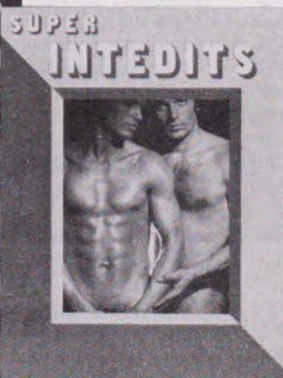
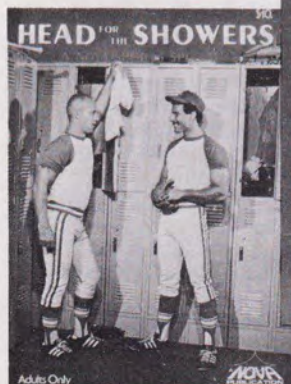
ROCHESTER MASTER

WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE

I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

NEW JERSEY

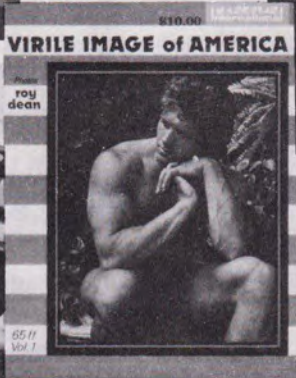


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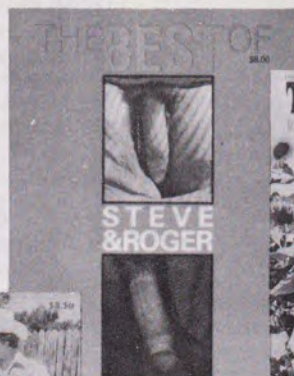
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Bi WM, 28, 6', 165, 8½", seeks muscular guys and BB types only. Pic a must. P.O. Box 1225, Union, NJ 07083. NYC-NJ only.

SOUTH JERSEY MALE

Need friends my age and older for love & sex. I am 23 years old and very lonely. I am 5'10", 140 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes and a 7½" cock. I especially love a guy with a moustache. GWM only. Write: J. Weiss, U.S. Route 9, Beesley Point, NJ 08223.

NEW YORK

WANTED: LOVER/TOPMAN

You're WM, 30-35, 5'10" or taller, beard or moustache. I'm WM, bottom, 25, 5'10", beard, experienced in S&M, looking for a loving relationship. Living currently in NYC, willing to relocate after 6/82. Not into master/slave roles or the unstable. Box 3025.

CHOKING

And breath control punishment dealt to bottoms by serious, totally sadistic top. Phone numbers or detailed letters only. WCM, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NY, NY 10011.

TRUE SUBMISSIVE

Good-looking Italian, 25, 5'9", 155, whose only sexual interest is serving dominant men. Limited experience, but know my place and want to be put there. Seek dominant blue collar types, especially beefy, stocky guys or police. I'm eager to please. John. P.O. Box 478, Wheatly Heights, NY 11798.

HUGE ENDOWMENT?

Dirty blond, gd-lkng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in handsome, athletic, hugely hung german, british and latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal and can keep their monster meat rock hard for hours. If it looks like a FIREHOSE, and you're proud of it, we should meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

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30, 5'10", 155#, 15½"a, 43½"c. Sandy hair, green eyes, smooth body. Seeks generous, submissive slaves—any area. Suck my thick cut dick, worship my muscles. Photos available. Mike Delaney Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

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HOT BEARDED WELL-HUNG

WM biker in late 30's, 5'10", 150 lbs. of well-muscled, lean body. Seeks dominant creative tit and ass-fucking L/L topman for thorough workout/workover. Over 35, beard/moustache and masculine only. Reply with photo P.O. Box 281, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276.

ROUGH HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty Jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL

WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

TV TRANSVESTITE

White male looking for individuals that enjoy diapers, baby blankets and all baby items. 353 South Ave., Medina, NY 14103.

HUDSON VALLEY

½ hour from Albany—Clean, discreet, GWM, 33. Seeks white married men for hot French. Serious calls only. (518) 945-1366 after 7:00 PM.

OBSESSED

With my own body hair. Hirsute bi WM, 35. Seeks similar guy. Also: auto-fellatio & incest. Box 1945-T, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

CLEANCUT BODYBUILDER

30, 5'10", 155#, Seeks generous older guys any area. Photos available. Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE

GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

NORTH WESTERN OHIO

GWM, 34, 140 lbs., 5'8", brown hair/eyes, short trimmed beard/moustache. Looking for WM 18-45 for fun, friendship and possibly more. Write: Neil G. Bickhard, 103½ West High St. #, Hicksville, OH 43526 or call (419) 542-7644 anytime.

OKLAHOMA

LET'S GET IT ON

35 year old guy likes to get his cock sucked and likes to butt fuck. Send hard on photo and I'll send you mine. 1331½ East 3rd, Tulsa, OK 74120.

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HANDSOME BLACK MALE

29, 5'7", 153 lbs., well defined, trim and masculine, seeks goodlooking, masculine, trim men from 25-38 for friendship. Only letters with photos will be answered (recent photo please). Write: Informat, P.O. Box 47, Ardmore, PA 19003.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER—PHILA.

WM, 40, 5'9", 145 lbs., 7" cut. Wants other men into photography and home video taping. Non shy, uninhibited only! Willing to swap pics, tapes with others also. Your nude photo gets mine. No collectors please, just honest exhibitionists/voyeurs. Occupant, P.O. Box 13131, Phila, PA 19101.

SUBMISSIVE WM

Philadelphia, 5'1", 170, 35, wants dominant white rugged macho men. I will provide cock and ball service, rimming, underarm pits, etc. I need lite roughing up, threats, verbal abuse and total domination. No torture please. I respectfully beg you to send me your detailed demands. Box 17125, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

SOUTH CAROLINA

LEATHER-SEX

GWM, 26, 5'10", 180 lbs. Love leather, sex, boots, chaps and gloves. I-95 travelers stop and call Dan (803) 774-6537 when passing South of the Border.

A FEW GOOD MEN

is what I seek. If you're mature, attractive and 18-45, let's get together. I am a GWM, 31, tall, slender and versatile.

Photo if possible. Ed Finn, P.O. Box 209, Marion, SC 29571.

TEXAS

ENEMA MASTERS/SLAVES

Wichita Falls. Contact this experienced, 37, 6'4", 190, medium build enema buff. Like to give and get. Other scenes also. Photo, please. Box 2162, Wichita Falls, TX 76307.

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DALLAS

White, 31, reasonably good looking seeks same for friend/lover. Write, describe yourself and interests. Box 45279, Dallas, TX 75245.

LONELY FT. WORTH COWBOY

GWM, 32, 5'7", 140 lbs. brown/blue. Prefer 18-24. Penpals welcome. No fats, feds or blacks. Send PASE, photo to: Skip Williams, Box 10272, Ft. Worth, TX 76114.

MASTER WANTED

Slave wants master for long term relationship. K. Warner, 420 E. Dewey #105, San Antonio, TX 78212.

VIRGINIA

NOVICE SLAVE

DC Area. WM, 29, 6', 170, hairy, seeks dominant S to expand limits. Into S&M, bondage, WS, C&B/T, wax, TT. Your pic gets mine. Box 6240, Arlington, VA 22206.

NATIONWIDE

ATTENTION

Writing to prison inmates has risks as well as rewards. Some prisoners are sincere, others are con artists. Proceed very carefully by checking with authorities or The Prometheus Foundation. Report rip-offs and attempts to Prometheus, which aids gay and young prisoners, and also protects against prison rip-offs. For information about the PenPal Group and other programs, send SASE (contributions optional) to: Prometheus—#2352, 495 Ellis St., San Francisco, CA 94102.

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ORGANIZATIONS

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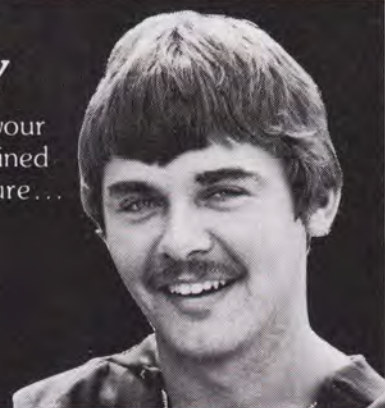
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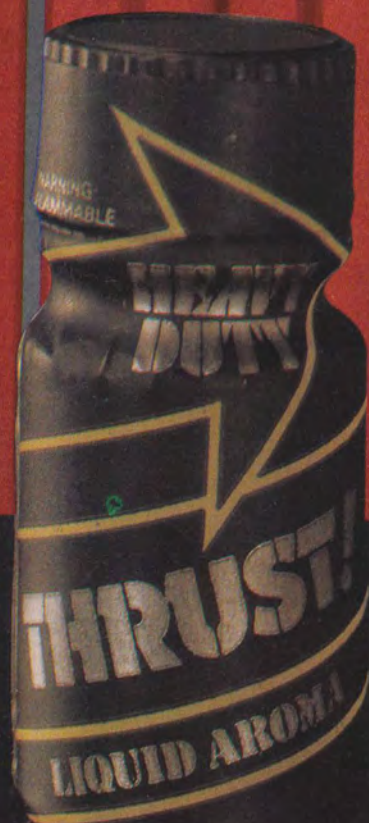
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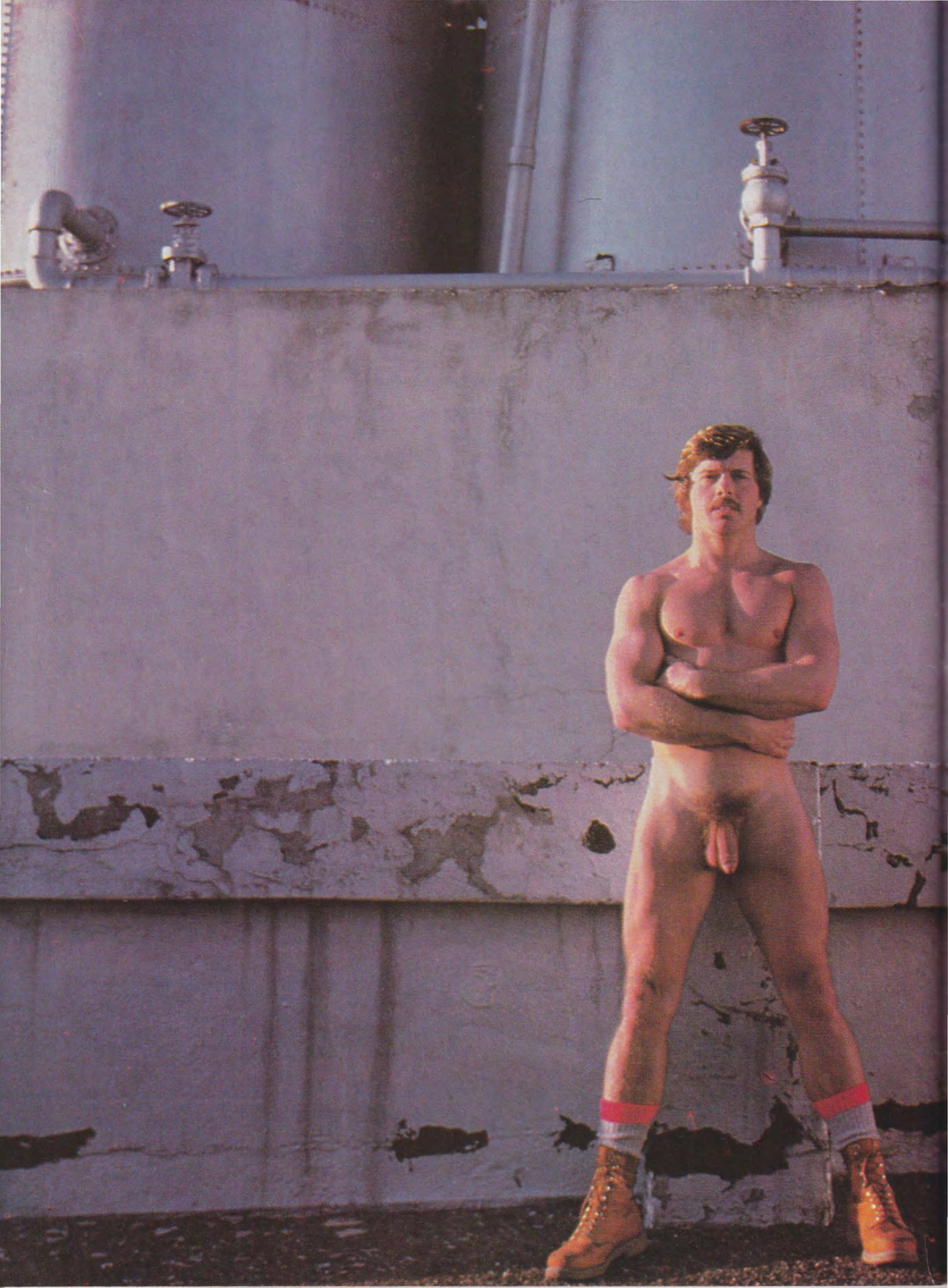
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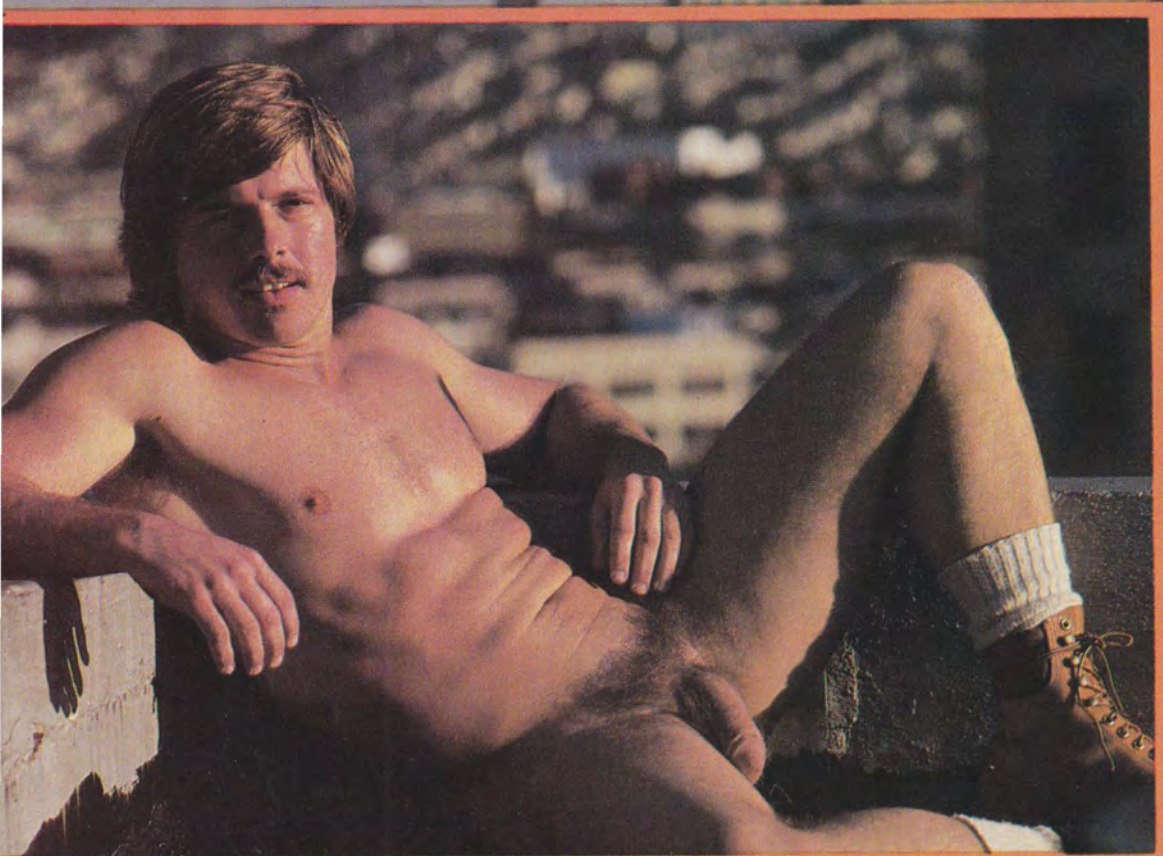


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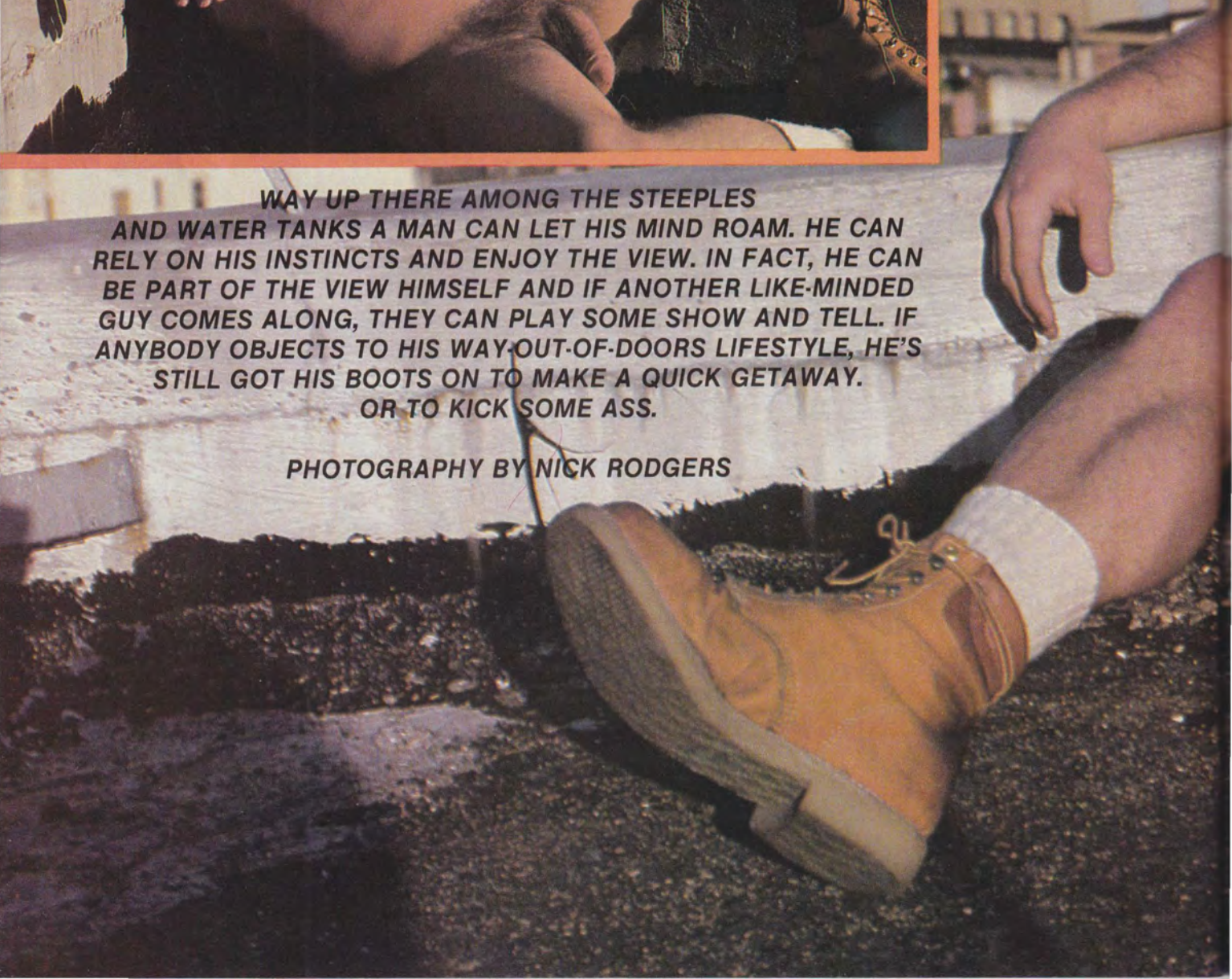
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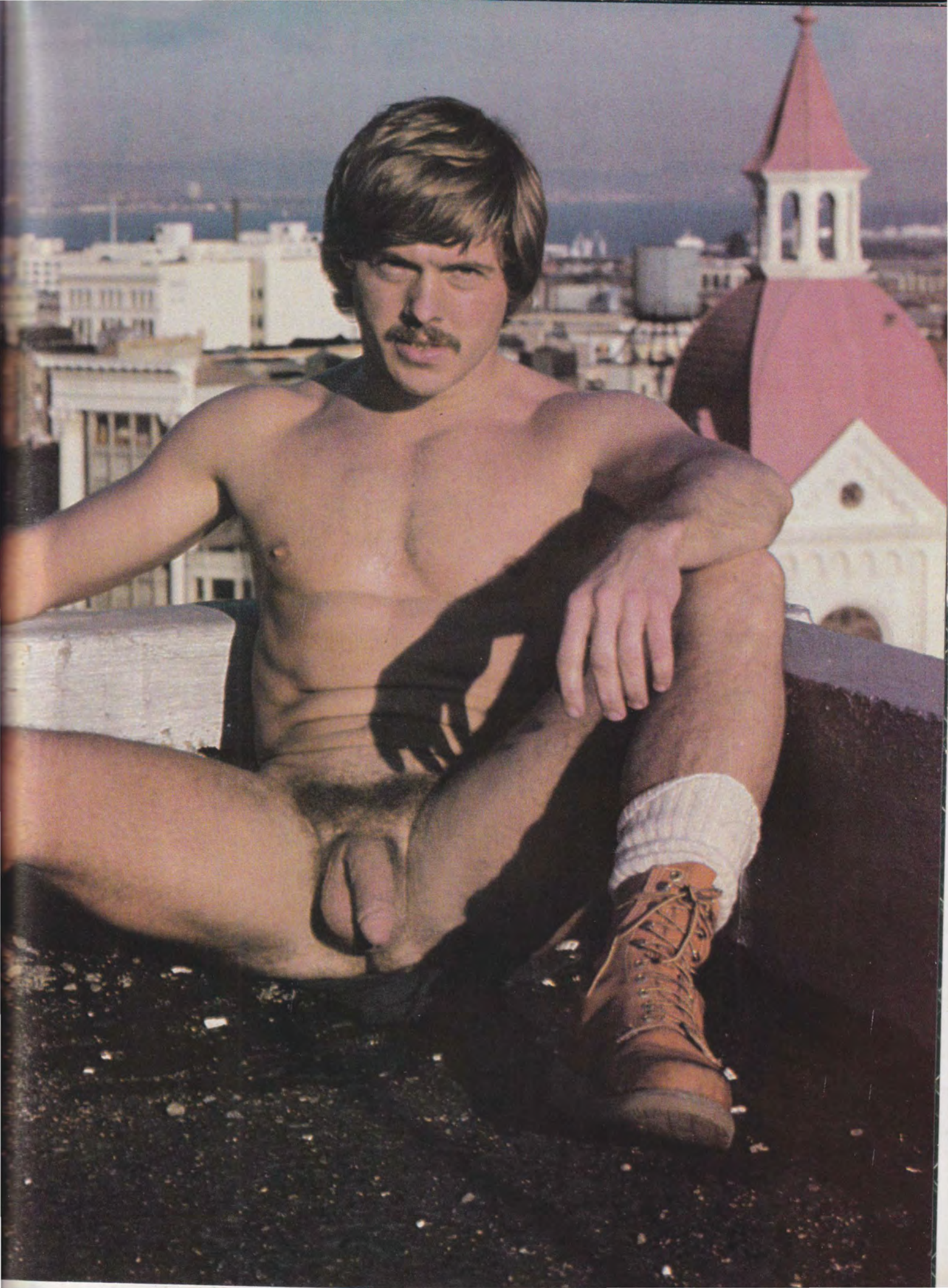
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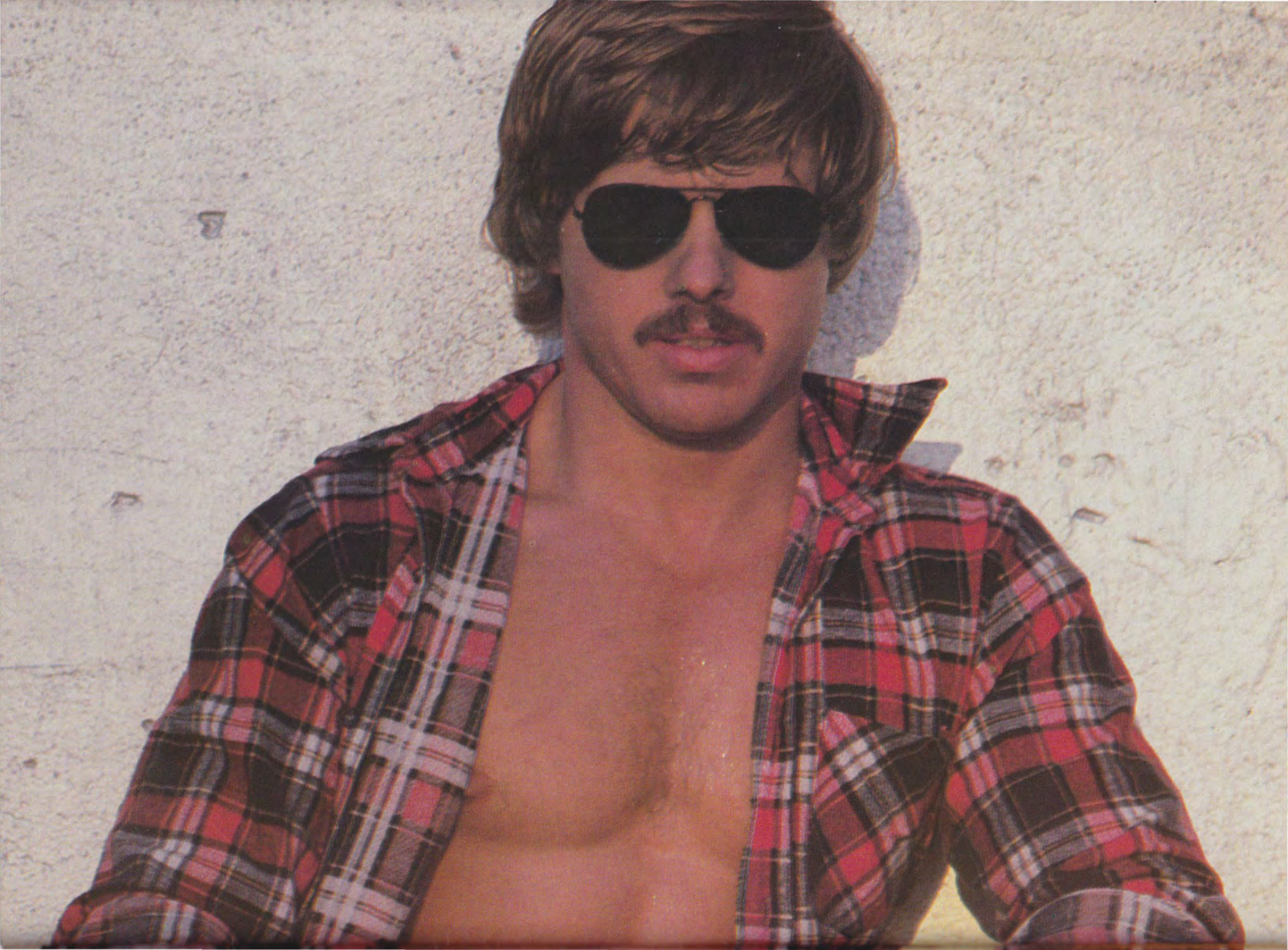


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