

HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

FDC 58295
SEPTEMBER 1983
\$3.95

**STEAMY
FICTION:**

**THE TENANT
BIG TIMBER
STRAP HANGER**

**ROCK-HARD
NUDES:**

**HOT PINK
RYDER**

**CUFFS &
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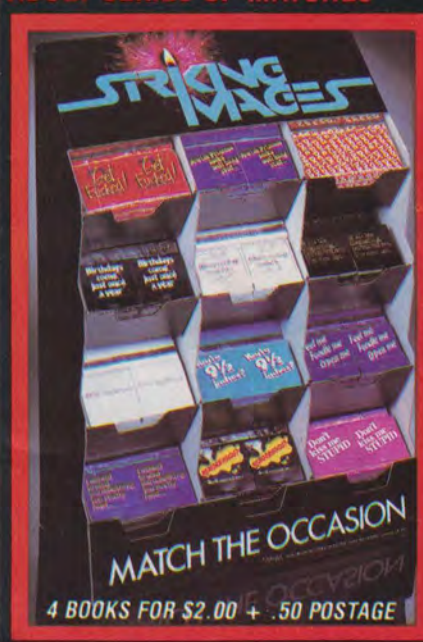
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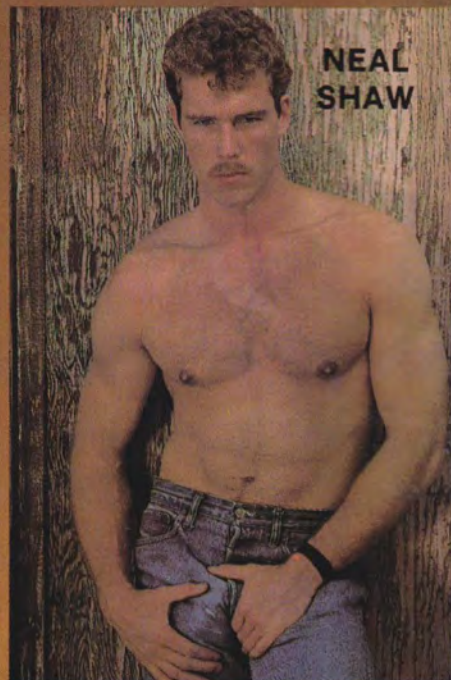
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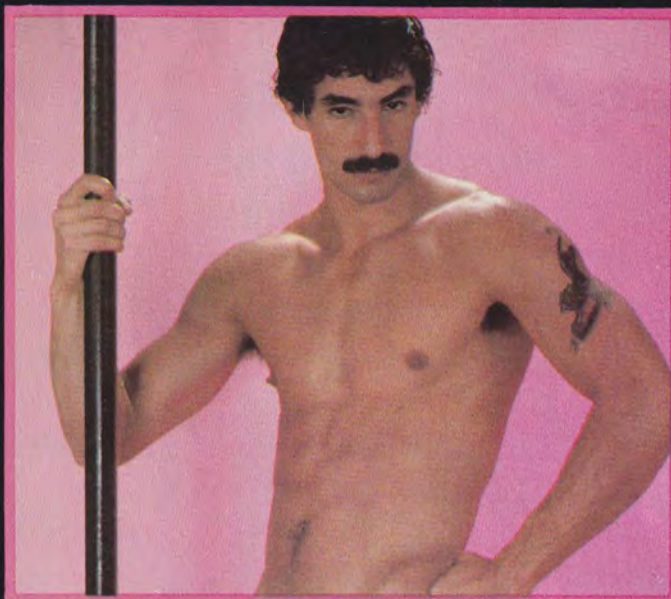
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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

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SEPTEMBER 1983



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STAFF

PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EXECUTIVE V.P. / EDWARD S. DA MOTA
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / SAM STAGGS
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / TONY FEO
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR / CLIF ROBINSON
ASSOCIATE EDITORS/FREEMAN GUNTER, GEORGE DE STEFANO
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR / FRED MANAS
V.P. ADVERTISING / DON BEAVERS
(212) 691-7700

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CHARTER MEMBER





A couple of guys were looking for a roommate. When I went to see the room, they made me spit shine their leather. Then they tied me up and took turns using my mouth and ass.

THE TENANT

By Max Exander • Photograph by Naakkve

It's tough finding a place to live these days. Everything is too small and too costly. And sharing an apartment brings its own set of problems. All in all, looking for a place to live can be depressing, but my recent venture into the "room for rent" gamble did turn up some extraordinary experiences.

Of course, I live in San Francisco, the most expensive city in the country, and I need a very masculine environment—none of this pansy decorator lace curtain, objets d'art shit for me.

The bad experiences I'll forget, or at least I'll try to forget them. But a few of the places I looked at were beyond mildly interesting, and some of the guys I encountered—and I do mean *encountered*—provided several evenings of wild entertainment.

When I started my search, the first ad I noticed (in a gay newspaper) was for a live-in slave. Well, I really didn't intend to go this route, but since it was early in the game, I figured it might be interesting to see just what this man had in mind.

His place was in the Folsom district, that seamy, exciting section of old warehouses and light industry. He had a ramshackle old house right in the thick of it, and when he opened



I placed my hands behind my back and knelt before him. He caught on at once, grabbing the back of my head and pulling my mouth onto the bulge in his jeans.

the door I truly considered the possibility of becoming his live-in slave. The man was tall and thick with muscle, almost too handsome to be believed. The jeans he wore betrayed a tool like that of a stallion in heat.

We chatted briefly, then he showed me the place. He had a small room for rent with a generous amount of leather-oriented drawings posted around the walls. When we got to his special dungeon, my cock stirred as I took in the leather sling, the many whips and sex devices, and the totality of the mirrored walls, ceiling and floor.

I wasted no time. I immediately placed my hands behind my back and knelt before him. He caught on at once, grabbing the back of my head and pulling my mouth onto the bulge in his jeans. In a matter of minutes he had ordered me to strip. He handcuffed me and tied my balls to my wrists with a leather thong.

Next he put me in the sling, then began to whip my ass with a cat-o-nine tails which raised delicious red welts and sent waves of horny heat through my abused bottom. Soon he had attached tit clamps to my nipples and tied them to a hook in the ceiling. Next thing I knew I was blindfolded and my balls were being squeezed tightly by a huge clamp.

"Damn slave," he said, "you want to get fucked by my big dick?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered, squirming my ass for him.

He wasted no time in greasing up the huge pole and sliding it into my tight hole, pumping hard right off. I

couldn't hold back my passion as the rippling hard-on pumped my ass. The clamps on my tits and balls tugged and sent exquisite painpleasure coursing through my body.

In a very short time he shot his hot load and then jerked me off, letting my cum shoot into his hand and then feeding me my own hot jism. He let me out, and I said simply, "Thanks for the time, but I'll look for a room a while longer."

That was all for that place: a quick moment of sadomasochistic pleasure. Two days later I ran into a friend in a bar who knew of a couple of guys looking for a roommate. I got the number and called them up, arranging to meet them later on a Friday night. I was suspicious about the late hour, but my dick let me know why; they were up to something other than finding a roommate.

When I got there, I knew I had been right (or rather, that my dick had been right). They were decked out in full black leather, the shiny skin of it gleaming and hinting of dominance. I was led through the place; then, before I had barely said my regrets, they had seized my arms and were dragging me to a room in the back of the house.

I was ordered to spit shine their leather, especially the codpieces covering what I could tell was very generous sexual equipment. Then they trussed me up good, tying my arms at my sides, my ankles to my thighs, and bending my torso forward just enough to tie my tits and balls together with clamps and leather. I

Photograph by Naakive



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was helpless; I could not move without yanking painfully on my tits and nuts.

They played with me like that, pissing on my captive body and in my mouth. They beat me with leather straps, first my ass and then my thighs and genitals. This pain sent me into an alternate state of consciousness.

When they'd had enough of that, they pushed me face down onto a rough mattress and greased up my asshole with a giant black dildo, forcing it deep inside me and then pumping it hard and fast.

"We're opening you up, man, getting you ready for our dicks," they said, pummeling my butt with the monster sex toy. Which they did in good measure. First the one shoved his enormous hard-on into my butt while the other fucked my face; then they switched. Back and forth, trading off between fucking my ass and mouth, they pumped and bucked their hips against me, impaling me from every direction on their man-sized horsemeat.

They rammed their dicks in and out of me, shooting their hot cum inside me and then rolling me over to jerk me off. I still could not move my hands, arms, legs, or torso, and they laughed at my helplessness as I squirmed under their expert strokings. I ached to be set free, to ease the tension building throughout my body, but still they stroked their greasy fists up and down my throbbing shaft.

When I couldn't stand it anymore they brought me to orgasm, telling me to fucking shoot my load onto my belly. The cum pumped up and out, spraying white heat across my belly and chest, and then, when I was thoroughly spent, they set me free.

They wanted me to move in, they really did, but I couldn't see myself in that position every night, so I gracefully declined, exchanging phone numbers for future reference.

The next place I found was through a card posted at one of the leather bars. The man stated that he just wanted a roommate, nothing kinky. It sounded pretty good; the place was close to my work, still in the leather section of town, and the guy sounded intelligent.

When I saw him, I knew it wouldn't work out. He was so damn handsome that I fell in love on sight, and I couldn't picture living so close to such male perfection. But I could picture getting a good fucking, so when we stood in the empty room for rent, I

Continued to page 12

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THE TENANT

Continued from page 9

let my eyes linger for a few moments on the massive bulge at his crotch.

He saw my stare and reached out, grabbing my nipples through my shirt and tugging on them. "Can I interest you in a little deposit on the room?" he said. Then he reached down and grabbed my crotch, rubbing his hand along my already erect cock, kneading it with one hand while yanking on my tits with another.

Soon we were naked, and I was down on my knees with his big hard muscled ass in my face. "Eat that ass out, boy, clean it out good," he ordered while my tongue thrust up into his hot hole. I rimmed that hole and fucked his butt with my tongue, then reached around and jerked on his long thick tool.

He turned and fed the full length of his eight inch shaft down my throat while his hands reached down and tugged roughly on my hard nipples. "Get on your hands and knees," he commanded as he knelt behind me and positioned his slick cock at the entrance to my ass. He grabbed my hips with both hands and sank his fat prick into my bottom, shoving for all he was worth until I was fully impaled on the throbbing meat.

He pumped hard and vigorously, ramming his cock in and out of my hot hole. His balls slapped up under my crotch again and again. His hand curled beneath me and stroked my hard-on, playing with the sensitive head, leading me to shoot a huge load of cum all over the hardwood floor.

"Lick it up," he said, pulling me back so that my face was in line with the puddle of hot jism. I lapped at the liquid while he finished ramming his monster meat inside my ass. He flooded my butt with searing cream, filled my belly with cum as I felt the power of his essence pouring into me. We collapsed on the floor and lay still for a long while. Then we decided that perhaps we weren't a good match for roommates, but that we should fuck again soon.

The last place I looked at that week was in the home of a nice married straight couple. They led me around their place, but before long it was evident that they, too, had something else in mind. But that's another story. Needless to say, with house-hunting experiences like that, I still have not found a room to rent. But I'm having a helluva time looking.



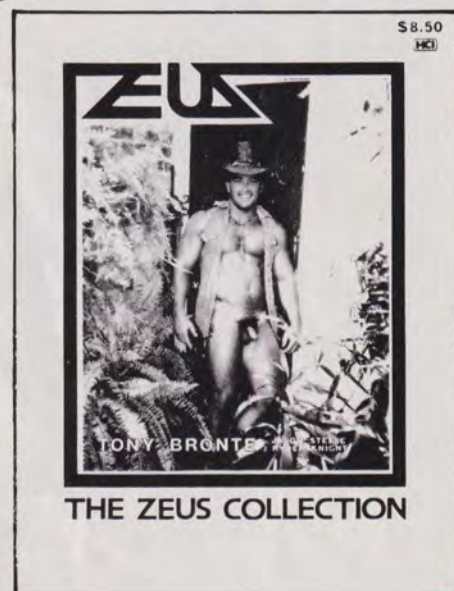
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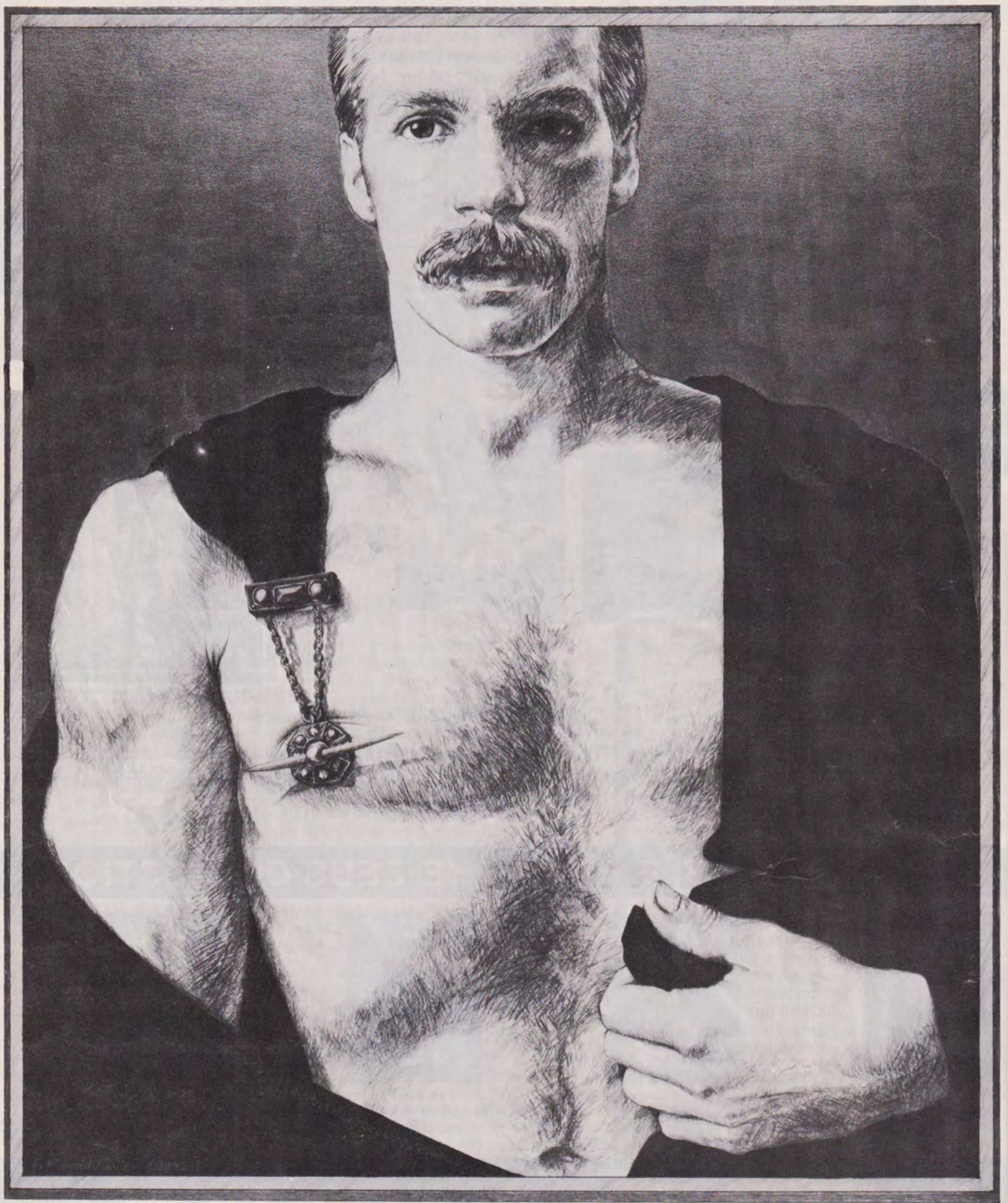


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**Thom was standing in a circle of light,
beyond which was only darkness. The
stranger moved toward him and
batted his hard-on against Thom's
face.**

strangers in the dark

By C.W. Cochran • Illustration by F. Ronald Fowler

It always started the same way. Thom was standing in a circle of light, beyond which was only darkness. Some invisible force held him there, captive within that bright radius. Then the man would appear, just outside the circle of light. Thom shielded his eyes, trying to see the stranger's face more clearly, but could only make out his silhouette. He could feel those cold eyes burning into him, making Thom want to turn and run, but he couldn't. Or was it that he didn't want to? Something always brought him back here, and it was always the same.

The stranger moved forward, into the circle of light where Thom stood. Those eyes—they were what held him captive. The stranger reached his hand behind Thom's head and clutched a handful of his hair, then gave a strong yank and pulled his head back. He found Thom's open and waiting mouth, and probed deep into it with his hot tongue. Thom suddenly became light-headed; he slipped from the stranger's grip and sank to his knees.

The stranger was ready. He ripped

open the front of his pants, freeing his huge, erect cock before Thom's sweating face. Thom wanted to turn away, but before he could, the stranger regained his handhold on Thom's head and forced it into his crotch. Thom was turned on by its musky odor. He breathed deeply as the stranger moved his head back and forth, batting the hard-on against his face.

Thom was overcome by it all. Closing his eyes, he opened his mouth to taste the stranger, who stopped moving Thom's head back and forth and shoved his meat deep into the hungry mouth. The dick tasted so good that Thom could hardly stand it, wanting it all at once. He reached up and pulled upon the stranger's jacket, exposing his strong, heaving chest and washboard stomach. Thom grabbed him by the hips, bracing himself as the stranger began his thrusting, in-and-out motion. He relaxed his throat to accommodate the huge cock and the depth of the thrusts. The stranger picked up speed, and Thom knew what was about to happen. As the shaft pushed deeper than before,

Thom could feel the stranger's balls tightening in his nutsack, which was pressing against Thom's chin. Suddenly his mouth was filled with the salty-sweet taste of cum.

The stranger released his grip on Thom's head, pulling his half-hard cock out of the mouth he had just given a workout. Thom regretted that it was over. He reached out to touch the stranger, who moved out of the bright circle and back into the darkness from where he had come, leaving Thom alone once again.

* * * * *

Thom woke up, the sweat-soaked sheets of his bed clinging to him. Outside the window, the sun was climbing over the tops of the buildings, casting a rosy glow into the room. Thom threw back the cover, exposing his body to the warm air. Reaching over to the nightstand, he clutched his cigarettes and lighter, then lit a cigarette. Thom looked down his body and with his free hand, stroked his hard-on. It jumped at the touch, straining for release.

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Thom was too tired to jack-off. It had been the third night of uneasy sleep because of the recurring dream about the dark, faceless stranger. Thom was thankful that it was Friday, the last day of his work week. Maybe he could rest this weekend and catch up on lost sleep. Then his thought turned back to work, and he rolled over on his side and looked at the clock. Thom sprang out of bed when he saw that it was 7:30. He had to take a quick shower and dress, then drive across town to the office of the marketing firm he worked for. As soon as he walked in, he headed straight for the coffee machine, poured himself a cup, and walked down the hallway to his office.

For about an hour and a half Thom milled through papers at his desk, but his mind seemed to wander. His body jerked when the door to his office opened, and Chris, one of his co-workers, stuck his head in.

"Hi, Thom. Would you happen to have the Shadowwood Box file in here?" he said, then stepped into the office and shut the door behind him. "What's the matter? You look terrible."

"I feel terrible. I'll be glad when five o'clock rolls around," Thom said, propping his head up with his fist. "I haven't been sleeping too well the last few nights."

Thom reached across the desk and pulled the file Chris had asked for out from under a stack of papers, handing it to him. Chris turned and walked to the door, drawing Thom's attention away from his weariness to the seat of Chris's pants. His firm ass seemed to have been poured into those pants, with the material pulled tight against his buns. Thom reached below his desk and groped himself as Chris opened the door and left the office.

Chris wasn't the best looking man in the firm, Thom thought to himself, but there was something about the way he looked, dressed and carried himself that turned him on. They had worked closely together over the past couple of years, but Thom had never made a pass at him, fearing it might cause trouble at work or make Chris mad enough to beat the pulp out of him. After all, Chris was a lot bigger than he, and all of it was hard, solid muscle.

Thom had to shake his head to clear the fog away and return his thoughts to his work. Once he had done so, the rest of the morning seemed to fly by, and the next time Thom looked at his watch it was one o'clock. He got up from his desk and

walked out of the office building. He bought a sandwich and a drink from the vendor parked outside, then walked over to a tree beside the building and sat down in its shade. Thom had just opened his sandwich when he looked up and saw Chris headed toward him.

"Mind if I join you?"

"No, go right ahead," Thom said, opening his drink and setting it down beside him.

"Hope I didn't offend you earlier," Chris said, sitting down across from Thom. "You do look pretty rough. What's causing your restless nights? Bad dreams?"

"I don't know," he said, taking a bite from his sandwich. "They're not bad dreams, either, they're more... erotic."

"Erotic?"

"Yeah, to the point of being bizarre. And the really strange thing about it is that it's been the same dream over and over for the last couple of nights."

"You want to tell me about it?"

"Nah... you wouldn't want to hear it," Thom said, turning his attention back to his sandwich.

After lunch, Thom and Chris returned to the building. Thom had wanted to talk to Chris about his dream; had wanted to tell him every intimate detail of it. For some unknown reason, he was turned on by the dream, even though he had never done anything like that in real life. He wanted to confess it all to Chris, because maybe his friend could help him understand it or explain why he was feeling the way he was.

Thom knew at the end of the day that he was too tired to cook dinner for himself. He decided to drive downtown and eat at the Glass Unicorn. His best friend, John, was the owner of the restaurant, and Thom knew he would have a good meal there before going home. And he would have a chance to talk to John about his dream.

When Thom walked into the restaurant, John met him at the door and they exchanged greetings as he showed Thom to a table. John excused himself to go back to the kitchen to see how things were going in preparation for the evening rush.

While waiting for his steak dinner, Thom had a couple of beers, sitting quietly at his table until John returned with a tray. He put it down in front of Thom, then pulled up a chair and joined his friend.

"So what's been going on with you! Haven't seen you for two

weeks—you shackled up with someone?" John asked.

"Don't I wish," Thom said, forking through his salad. "I've been pretty busy at work, spending my evenings at home, you know how it is. The only reason that I'm here is that I didn't feel like cooking for myself tonight. And I wanted to tell you about this problem I have."

John sat in awe as Thom told him about the dream that was causing his restless nights, not leaving out any of the details. When he had finished, John leaned back in his chair, scratching his bearded chin.

"I don't know what to say, except I wish I could meet your mystery man. He sounds real hot."

"Yeah, it's got me pretty hot, too. I just wish I could get some peaceful sleep at night."

"Well, maybe you will tonight," John said as he stood up from his chair. "I've got to get busy around here, so take care. Come by and see me more often. By the way, the dinner is on the house."

Thom thanked his friend, promising that he would stop by and see him at home. After he had finished eating, he called the waitress over and ordered one last beer, then headed to the restroom to relieve himself of the two he had drunk earlier. When he returned to the table, there was a folded piece of paper beneath his fresh beer. Thom sat down; moving the mug to one side, he picked up the paper and opened it. Printed in block letters, the note read:

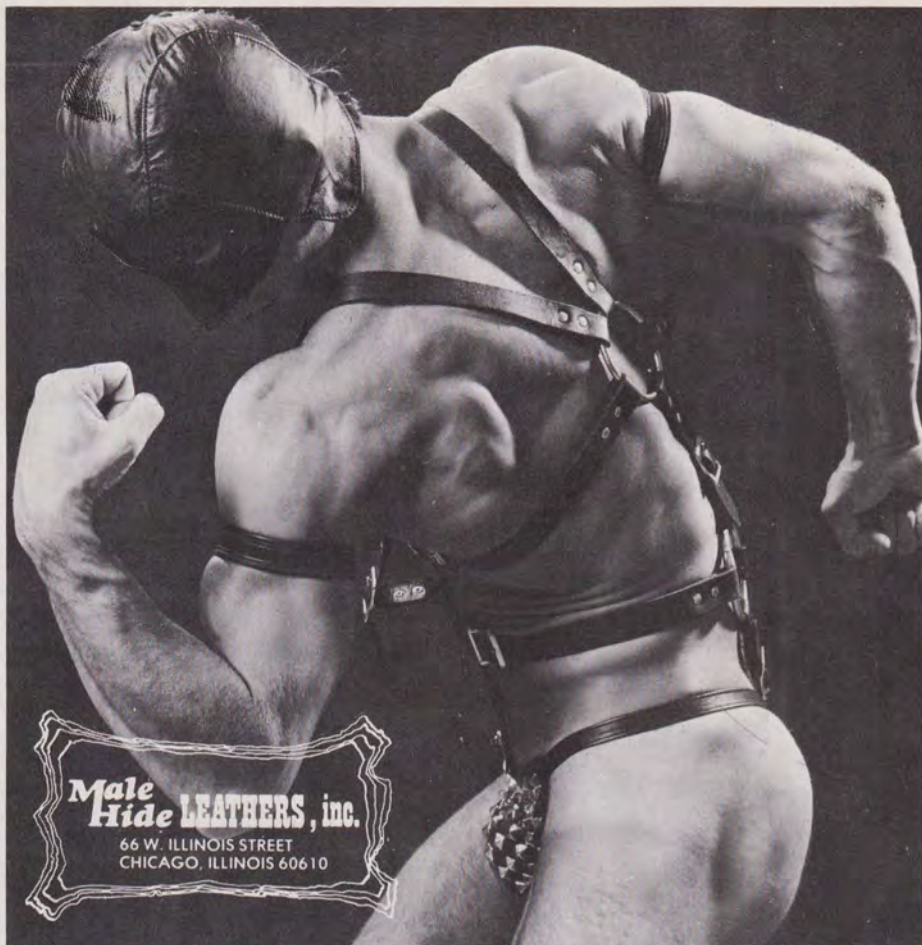
"I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A LONG TIME. TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT. MEET ME AT 8:00, WAREHOUSE NO. 4 ON DIXIE ST.—OR ELSE."

Thom's hands began to shake. He lit a cigarette and turned his head slowly, scanning the room for any familiar faces. There were none, other than that of his friend John. Thom knew John wouldn't play a joke on him like this. As the waitress passed by, he called her over and asked her if she had seen who had put the note on his table. She hadn't.

Thom's curiosity was aroused. Who could it be that was watching him, wanting him to come to a warehouse at night? It was then that he decided there was only one way to find out: he would have to go, just to satisfy his curiosity.

* * * * *

The warehouse district was on the outskirts of town. It was like a ghost town as Thom drove through it, turn-



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ing onto Dixie Street and pulling up in front of the building marked as Warehouse No. 4. When Thom parked his car, a light inside the warehouse went out. Someone, he thought, is in there. He stepped out of his car, shutting the door as quietly as he could. The heavy fire door on the front of the building was unlocked, so Thom opened it and walked inside.

Light coming through the windows from outside didn't help Thom to see any better. He almost collided with stacked boxes several times. Half-way into the warehouse, the fire door at the front of the building rolled shut, causing Thom to jump and turn around. He was getting nervous, not because he was afraid of the dark, but because he knew there was someone somewhere in the building with him.

"You're late," the voice in the darkness said. Thom turned around, slowly this time. "I was wondering if you would show up at all, but I knew that your curiosity would get the best of you."

Thom stood perfectly still, trying to tell where the voice was coming from. Then he realized there was something familiar about it, but he couldn't decide exactly what.

"Who are you?"

"Now, now. That would take all the mystery out of it, wouldn't it?" the voice said again. Slow, heavy footsteps resounded against metal.

Thom looked up in time to see a shadow pass in front of the dirty windows. Whoever it was, he was up on the catwalk at the back of the building. The presence was headed toward him. He began looking for a weapon to use to protect himself, but there was none that he could see because of the darkness. His next thought was to run and hide, maybe even get out of the warehouse some way.

"You know, it took me a long time to plan this evening, and it's turning

out just right," the voice said again.

"What . . . what are you going to do to me?" Thom was beginning to sweat.

"All the things you like," the voice said, coming closer. "I waited for you to make the first move, but you never did. So I decided that I would, but it would be on my terms."

A single overhead light clicked on, bathing Thom in its beam. He froze, realizing that it was all beginning to happen just like his dream. The sound of footsteps came closer and closer, then stopped, just beyond the radius of the light. For the first time, Thom could see the figure standing before him.

The man was dressed from head to toe in black leather. A black leather biker's cap was pulled down tight on his head and his eyes were covered by tinted aviator glasses. The way he stood, that voice—Thom knew this man from somewhere other than his dream.

"You look confused," the man said. "Still don't recognize me?"

He took two more steps forward and reached up, pulling off the glasses that covered his eyes. It took Thom's breath away; his mouth fell open as he looked up at the face before him.

"Surprised?" Chris said, stepping forward to pull Thom into his arms.

Thom was speechless as Chris's lips covered his. Their tongues mingled. It felt wonderful, Thom thought, to have that leather-clad body pressing against his, and once he had recovered from the initial shock of it all, he moved his arms around to hold Chris closer. He knew exactly what to do next, just as he had done in his dream again and again.

* * * * *

"Are you happy, now that you know?" Chris said as he and Thom walked out of the warehouse together.

"You better believe it! It's everything I ever thought and dreamed it would be," Thom said, putting his arm around Chris's waist.

"Well, I'm glad you're satisfied, because you're going to have to put up with me for a long, long time."

"I don't think that will be too hard to do," Thom said as he started up the car to drive Chris and himself back to his apartment.

With Chris by his side, there would be many peaceful nights of sleep.

Ryder



One look at the lean, muscular and very cocky Lee Ryder and we're singing our own version of an old blues song: "Oh see, see Ryder, see what you have done." What he's done is raise our blood pressure, but that's not all a well-equipped guy like Lee can do.

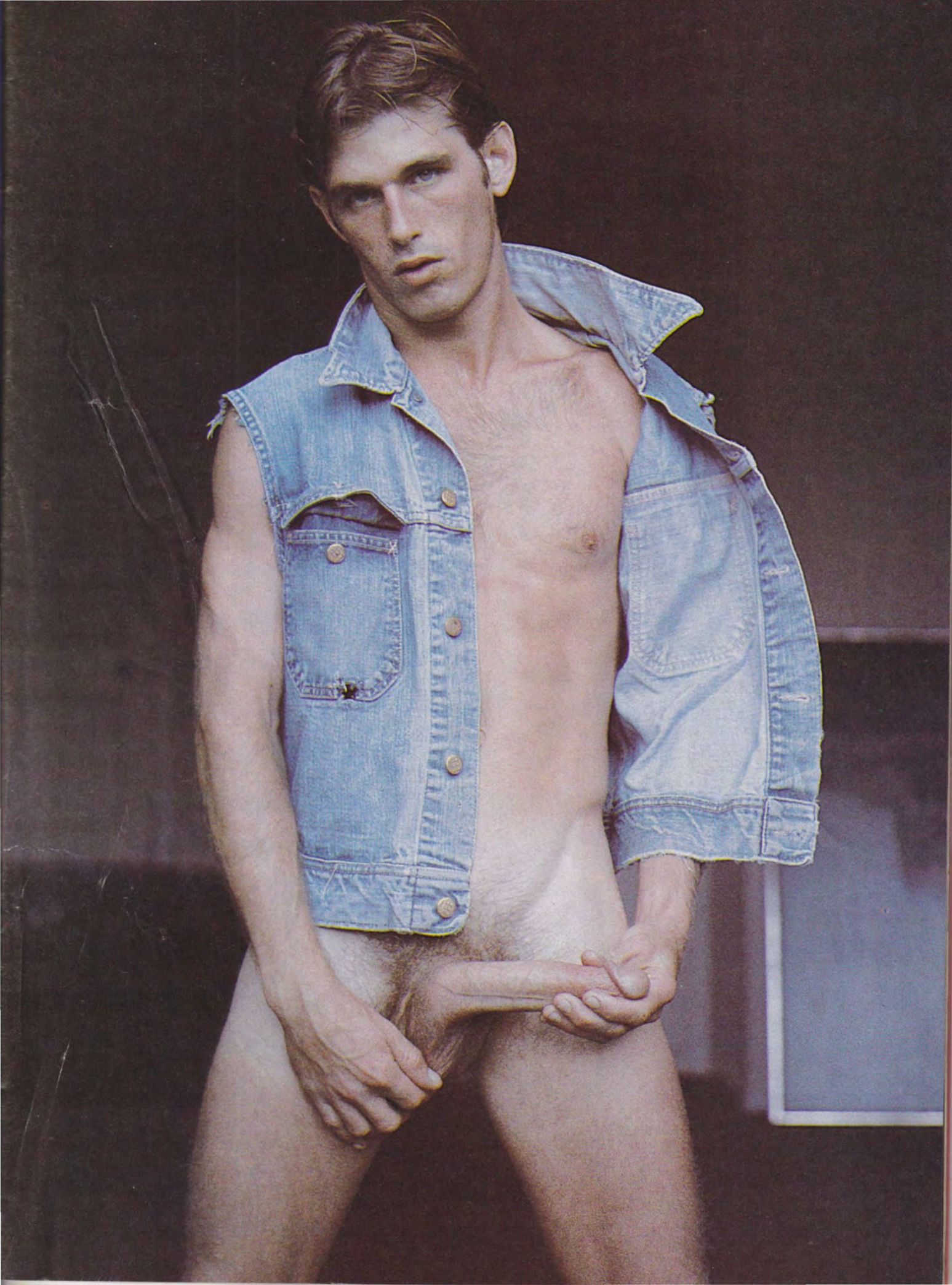
Photography by Falcon

Ryder



Here's Lee again, still brandishing that mighty meat. And it looks like he's still in need of a helping hand. Or mouth. Or . . . anything else you might care to supply.

Photography by Falcon



Ryder



See, see Ryder and his tower of power, no longer leaning or pulled to the side but completely upright. A tool like that, especially when attached to a blue-eyed stud with attitude to spare, is the stuff dreams are made of. Who wouldn't take a ride from Lee Ryder?

Photography by Falcon



STRAP HANGER

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Illustration by Michael Burke

As he moved down the aisle, his feeling of power grew. He felt like a demigod, inviolate and craving worship. "Down on your knees and suck my leather," he mentally commanded the gawking passengers.

"Looks like you lost the bet, Hal."

"Shit! Shit, fuck, piss!"

"Hey, Hal's talking dirty! He must be excited already!"

Everybody laughed except Hal Frank, the object of the merriment. He slapped his losing cards down on the table, pushed his chair back and settled into a deep sulk. His two poker-playing buddies stifled their giggles and observed him. Hoping to lighten his mood with a little playful physical contact, Jeff got up, went over to him and mussed his hair, pinched his cheeks and slapped him on the back. Hal screwed up his face and deepened his sulk.

"Hey Hal," Larry blurted. "You can always back out. Just cough up the money you lost. Either you ride the bus or you raid your savings."

"I *know* my options, Larry," Hal snapped. "I guess it's the bus."

"It'll be cool," Jeff said.

"Remember, we'll ride with you to make sure you don't get hassled."

Well, maybe it wouldn't be so bad, Hal mused. In fact, it might be a real goof. It'd been a long time since he'd perpetrated any public outrages, more than a decade, as a matter of fact. Back in the early Seventies, when gay lib was just an infant, he'd





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INNPLACES

taken part in the raucous "zaps" of straight oppressors, and he recalled how much he loved seeing the smug faces of psychiatrists and clergy fall apart like ill-made souffles as they were confronted by chanting, stomping, raging gays. But he got out of all that after a few years, settling into professional life and several long-term domestic arrangements. But when Jeff proposed his cracked little scheme Hal went for it enthusiastically. The second week of September had been proclaimed "Take the Bus Week" by the city transit authority as part of a campaign to take some of the strain off the overworked subway system. During that week commuters were offered a 25 percent fare reduction and a little blue pamphlet with cheery graphics and a bubbly text singing the praises of the city's busses. The slogan for the campaign was "Everybody Rides the Bus," and all throughout the city there were billboards blaring that message.

When Jeff learned of the campaign he wondered aloud, "Does that mean us, too?" Hal replied, "Well, it says 'everybody.'" Jeff retorted, "Yeah, but 'everybody' doesn't include us a lotta the time. They have a way of overlooking us, y'know. Maybe," Jeff mused, a sly grin creasing his handsome face, "we ought to remind them that we're everybody, too."

"Uh-oh. What're you thinking?"

Jeff's idea was this: During "Take the Bus Week" one gay man with a lot of balls would ride the downtown bus to its destination: the financial district at midday. Dressed in full leather, courtesy of Jeff's own pricey boutique. Straps, chaps, zippered hood, wristbands and all. He would stand during the entire ride so that the other passengers could get a good, long look at him in all his shiny, supple, animalistic glory: a fearsome, fetishistic icon.

"You're nuts," Hal said after he had heard Jeff out. "But it kinda appeals to me. How'll we decide who's the lucky man?"

Jeff devised the idea of a poker game between him, Hal and Larry, who was the only other friend of theirs willing even to consider the idea. The loser would either have to go through with the scheme or forfeit the money he wagered in the game. Now that Hal was the loser, he was beginning to have second thoughts about the scheme he had so readily embraced. Jeff and Larry, sensing that their buddy was getting cold feet, moved quickly to bolster his waning resolve.

Jeff rested his chin on Hal's shoulder and dangled his arms in front of Hal's chest. He began to toy with the pearl-white buttons on his friend's western shirt, gently popping them open and twining his fingers around the soft tufts of Hal's brown chest hair. When he had undone all the buttons, he pulled the shirt tails out of Hal's jeans.

"Hey c'mon, Jeff," Hal weakly protested.

"Relax baby, we're gonna get you in the mood for your mission implausible. Larry, howabout giving me a hand with these boots?"

Jeff and Larry each took one of Hal's long legs and yanked off his grey, hand-tooled cowboy boots. Jeff pulled a white sweatsock off Hal's big foot and, dangling it distastefully as if it were a dead rodent, exclaimed, "Wheww, baby, ever change these things?" He tickled the sole of Hal's bare foot while Larry peeled off the other sock. Then Jeff sat astride Hal's legs and began undoing his belt.

through the underwear, causing Hal to give out a little yelp. Jeff raised his head from his friend's groin, grabbed the waistband of the shorts with both hands and yanked. Hal's hard, uncut cock sprang up like an agitated one-eyed cobra. The girth and nine-inch length of Hal's cock fascinated Jeff; he curled his fingers around it and squeezed it as if it were a protective talisman. Hal emitted a low moan and shifted his hips about, pumping his tool in and out of Jeff's fist. Jeff bent forward and took the cock in his mouth, tongue-flicking the exposed head and nibbling at the rolls of foreskin.

"Aww Jeff, suck my cock, man," Hal pleaded. Jeff opened wide, relaxed his throat muscles and let the monster dick invade his gullet. Nothing turned Hal on more than a skillful blow-job, and he nearly swooned under his friend's ministrations. Larry released Hal's arms and grabbed his hard tits, his fingers rustling around in Hal's abundant chest hair. He kneaded, tweaked and

Hal lost the bet, so he had to pay. His penalty: riding the bus decked out in full leather. More than one passenger got turned on by his shiny, supple, animalistic outfit; they found him a fearsome, fetishistic icon of maleness.

"Hey c'mon guys, I mean it, what the fuck..."

Jeff and Larry would not be deterred. When Hal tried to push Jeff away from his crotch, Larry went behind Hal's chair and grabbed his arms. Jeff undid Hal's belt while Hal put up a half-hearted struggle. Having undone the belt, Jeff unbuttoned Hal's jeans and roughly yanked at them, exposing overstuffed white jockey shorts. He slipped his hands under Hal's ass, grabbed the seat of his jeans and peeled them down inch by inch. Hal, his arms pinned behind him and his pants off, rolled his eyes in mock exasperation. Jeff knelt in front of him and buried his head in Hal's crotch, sniffing and slobbering into his underwear. The shorts began to inflate, much to Jeff's delight. He gently bit the head of Hal's dick

twisted Hal's nipples; the big guy, driven to distraction by the superior cocksucking and tit-torture, began to thrash about like someone who had received a few thousand volts up the ass. A tingling at the base of his heavy balls announced his imminent orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum!" Hal gasped. Jeff dug his fingers into Hal's meaty thighs as he worked on his friend's dick. Jeff became a single-minded cocksucking machine, his mouth a warm, insistent pump. He could taste the seminal nectar that preceded orgasm and its flavor maddened him even more. He gulped down the entire fleshpole until his spread lips were pressed against Hal's lush pubic bush, then he pulled back, letting the tool slip out until only the purple head was in his mouth. Then

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he swallowed up the dick again, licking, nibbling, lapping and sucking with such fervor that the hollows of his cheeks were like deep craters. Hal squinted, gripped the arms of his chair, raised his ass and fed Jeff his salty cream. Some of the stuff seeped out of the corners of Jeff's mouth but he made no attempt to wipe it up. He peered up at Hal, his eyes narrowed with lust, his friend's dick still lodged in his mouth. Larry continued to play with Hal's tits but he worked them more gently now, lightly pressing the hard nipples between his thumb and index finger.

Jeff opened his jaws and let loose the deflating cock. "Well," he said briskly, "now that that's out of the way, let's get you dressed and on your way."

* * *

An hour later Hal Frank, dressed in leather from his masked head to his booted toes, stood silently at the bus stop with Jeff and Larry nearby. He wore a motorcycle-style black jacket splattered with studs and zippers. His bare chest was crisscrossed with leather straps. In the warm, humid weather, with the hide clinging to his body, Hal felt like a snake that needed to slough off old skin but was unable to do so. His dick, however, enjoyed the snug fit of the leather pants and it swelled to half-hardness. People began to gather at the stop and Hal could hear them whispering. This excited him, and the semi-tumescent lump in his pants rose to full erection. The bus pulled up to the stop and disgorged a few passengers, some of whom stopped to gawk at the six-foot-plus, leather-clad and masked gladiator with the pole in his pants. The clustered crowd waiting at the stop broke into a weaving stream of pushing, impatient people; Hal waited at the end of the line, his hands folded in front of him. He felt surprisingly serene about this adventure, and he climbed on the bus with all the assurance and balls-out bravado his costume suggested.

As he moved down the aisle, the feeling of power grew. He felt like a demigod, inviolate and craving worship. "Down on your knees and suck my leather," he mentally commanded the rubbernecking passengers. Three-quarters of the way to the back of the bus he stopped and grabbed a hanging metal strap. He stood with his feet planted firmly about shoulder-

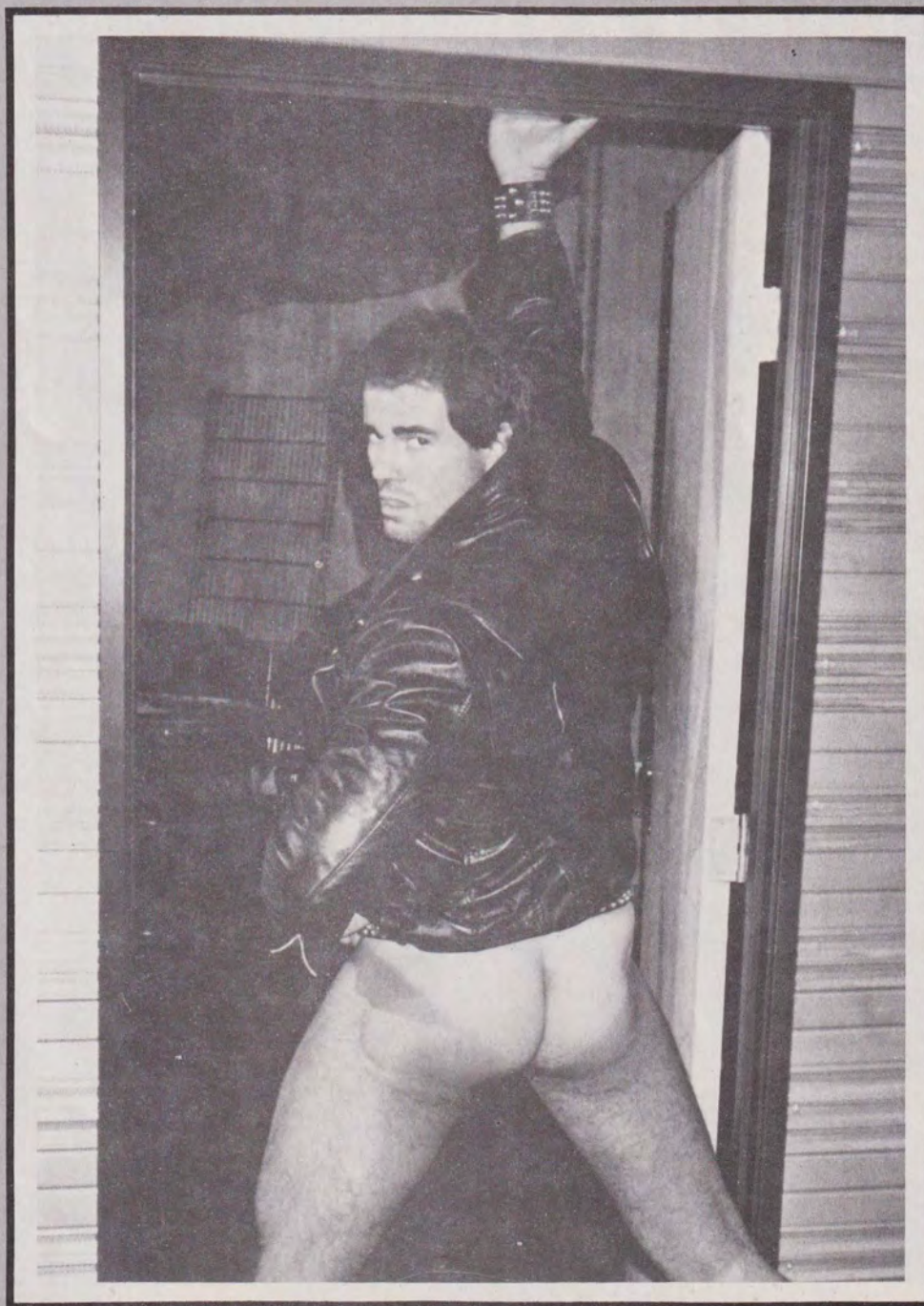
width apart, his hips thrust forward. His cock was still hard. Hal looked across the aisle and his gaze met the hard stare of an old, white-bearded Hasidic man. The leather man and the Hasid stared each other down until the latter exclaimed, "Feygeles—feh!" Hal chuckled, cupped his crotch in his hand and hefted his cock and balls. The Hasid's bushy eyebrows leaped almost to the top of his forehead. He rose indignantly from his seat and headed toward the front of the bus, muttering and shaking his head.

Hal scanned the passengers across the aisle. He'd made an impression, all right. Matrons nervously clutched their pocketbooks to their bosoms and anxiously looked about as if expecting someone to rescue them. A skinny black teenager in a hooded sweatshirt stared incredulously. Two young white girls in matching pink running suits began to giggle. The bus came to a stop and picked up more passengers. Hal moved to the back of the bus and found himself hovering over a pair of punks, apparently male and female, wearing coordinated anti-fashion outfits: tight, dirty, black Lee Rider jeans festooned with patches, shapeless sweatshirts and sneakers in an advanced state of decomposition. Both punks had porcupine quill shocks of greasy black hair. Hal exchanged glances with them and he noticed that the eye-play seemed to ruffle the punks' affected nonchalance. The boy punk furtively pressed his hand along the inside of his thigh and squeezed his crotch. Hal watched him knead the bulge, which he adjusted so that the outline of his big hard-on was clearly visible along his leg. Hal stared, a bit surprised that such a skanky looking creature possessed such a healthy-looking rod. Hal squeezed his own piece, and the punk began to rub and grope himself in response.

The punkette wasn't going to be left out. She slipped one hand under her sweatshirt and started playing with her right tit; the other hand dropped between her legs and onto her crotch. She squeezed her thighs together, trapping her hand. The fingers drummed a boogie beat on her box but her face, like her boyfriend's, remained impassive. Clutching the hanging strap with one hand, Hal used his other to work his meat, circling his upright hard-on with his loose fist. The boy punk continued to frig the log lying against his thigh until

Continued to page 36

IN LIKE FLINT

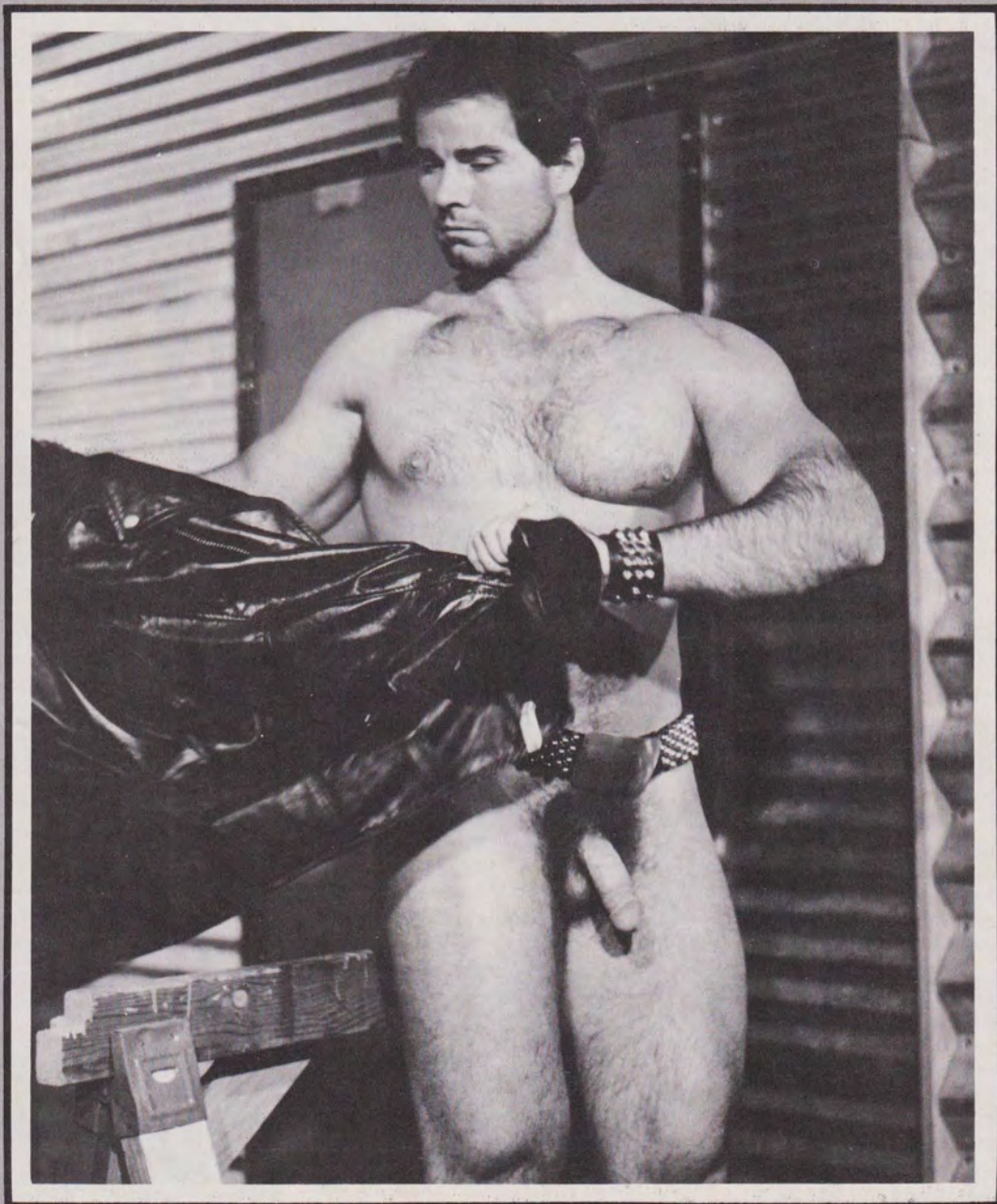


The dictionary describes a flint as "something hard that gives off sparks when struck." Merek Flint certainly lives up to that definition. That he is hard as a rock, there can be no doubt. And looking at him will cause you to give off sparks.

Photography by Zeus

HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983

IN LIKE FLINT



Merek throws caution to the winds and clothing to the north, south, east and west. This man is all strip and no tease because he's not kidding around. He doesn't intend to let you get away without some hard action.

Photography by Zeus

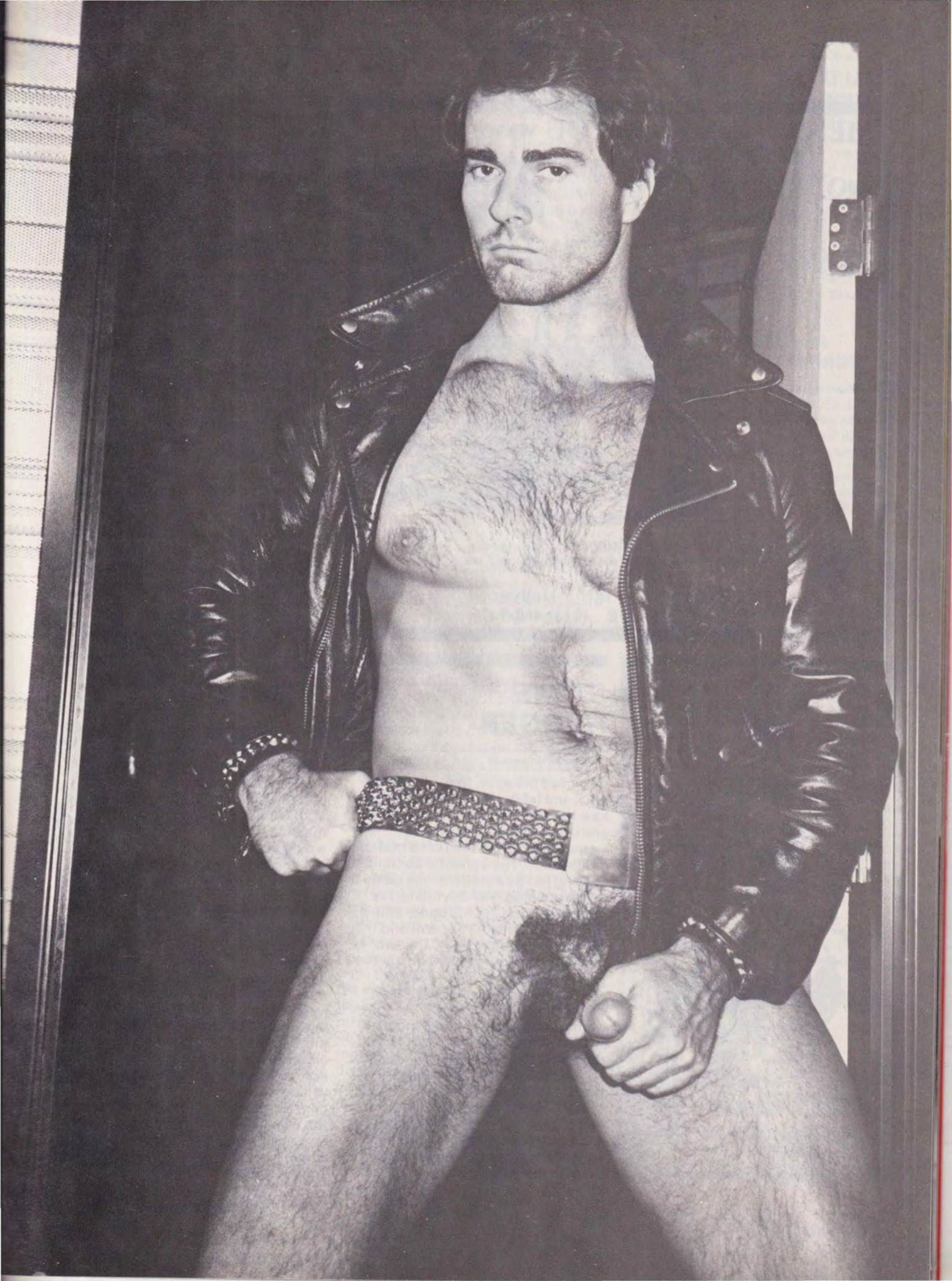


IN LIKE FLINT



Now that he is stripped for action, he wants to know if you know what to do with all of that manhood. It's got to be handled with care or the whole business could blow up in your face. Come to think of it, that might not be so bad after all.

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STRAP HANGER

Continued from page 30

he closed his eyes, threw his head back and let out a small gasp. Hal saw the kid's rod expand and pulse and within seconds a patch of wetness darkened the faded material of his jeans. The punkette continued to bang her box until the bus came to an abrupt stop. Her boyfriend, his erection wilted but his pants still wet, grabbed her by her arm and pulled her from the seat. The two pushed their way to the exit, but the punkette was in a snit. "Jeezus, Johnny," Hal heard her say. "Ya didn't even let me get off!" As they went out the door Johnny snapped, "We woulda missed our stop, ya twat!" Hal laughed, and his laughter sounded strange, muffled inside the zippered mask he wore.

For the first time since he'd gotten on the bus, Hal remembered that Jeff and Larry were also on board. He sought them out but couldn't see them in the packed bus. He felt an

anxiety flash coming on but he fought it off by reminding himself that nothing bad had happened since the ride began. He'd turned every head on the bus (the whispered comments and finger-pointing hadn't ceased for a minute), freaked out a Hasid and triggered a bisexual j/o session. This business of making a public spectacle of one's self wasn't so bad.

Hal felt a quick tap on his shoulder. He turned and quickly drew back from the outstretched arm that was thrusting a white sheet of paper into his face. The arm was attached to a small, angry-looking man with thick glasses, slicked-down hair and a "Jesus First" button stuck in the lapel of his polyester suit coat. Hal gazed at the paper which screamed "Homosexuality Can Be Cured!" in large, alarming, red letters. Hal snatched the paper from the man's hand, unzipped his mask to expose his mouth and then crumpled the paper between his teeth. He chomped away until the paper was a sodden lump, then spat the mess at the creep, who squawked and reared back, dropping the stack of leaflets he had tucked under his arm. As he bent to pick them up, Hal humped his bulging basket against the creep's butt and ground away, black leather putting it to polyester. By the time he had gathered up his scattered leaflets and was pushing his way to the front door, the Jesus freak was on the verge of tears. Hal guffawed and adjusted his dick, which had slipped from its customary dress-right position. He then peered out a window and realized that the bus would arrive at the end of the line in a few minutes. He was sorry that the fun would soon be over.

When the bus pulled up to the final stop, Hal moved with the sluggish stream of passengers toward the front door. He heard a rumble of excited voices coming from the head of the line, but the commotion apparently had nothing to do with him. As he approached the door, he saw what all the fuss was about. There were TV and radio crews gathered on the sidewalk; cameras bobbed through the milling crowd, perched on the shoulders of burly technicians like one-eyed parrots. Someone was yelling at the disembarking passengers to "please try to stay the hell off the wires" and several fussily-groomed young men and women whom Hal assumed to be reporters were primping into small hand mir-

rors. As soon as Hal's booted feet hit the sidewalk, microphones were thrust in his face and cameras swooped down on him.

A thirty-ish man wearing a blue blazer and a hairstyle hardened into immobility by spray flashed a toothy, practiced smile at Hal but his darting eyes gave away his discomfort. "Congratulations, sir," he said to Hal. "You're the one-thousandth person to ride this line today, and that means you win a prize from the transit authority!"

"Huh?"

The man's bland features took on a stagey look of mock-astonishment. "Hey folks," he cried, turning to the crowd on the sidewalk, "here's someone who doesn't watch the Channel 3 news. Can you believe it?" Mild titers from the crowd. "The man in the Darth Vader costume doesn't watch the 'Streetbeat Report'! Can you beat that? Whatsa matter, Darth, been too busy hassling Princess Leia?" Weak laughter from the crowd. "Well, that doesn't matter, the fact is, sir, that you are indeed the one-thousandth person to ride this line today, and as part of Take the Bus Week, the transit authority is awarding cash prizes and these lovely little certificates"—he waved a paper rectangle embossed with blue and gold stripes—"to lucky commuters. What do you think of that?"

The cameras moved in closer, the microphones practically forced their way into Hal's mouth. Hal felt his adrenaline bubble and surge. "Fuck the certificate," he blurted in a cavernous voice. "How much money?" The newsman's professional conviviality momentarily deserted him. He sputtered, laughed nervously and signaled to his sound and camera crew. The smile returned, more forced and hinting at aggression. "We'll edit that out," he told Hal through tight teeth. "Could you tell us, sir, your name and what you do for a living?"

"My name is Butch and I break in cringing wimps like you. I can whip ass better than anybody and I got the most talented fist in town. Wanna come to my dungeon?"

The newscaster's microphone drooped in his hand like a wilted hard-on. "Sir," he hissed, "I'm trying *real* hard to do my job and you're not making it any easier with this bullshit. You are the winner, there's nothing I can do about it, unfortunately, so let's get this fucking show on the road, OK?" Catcalls and "oooooh"s from the onlookers. Hal

scanned the crowd and spotted Jeff and Larry a few yards away. They were shaking with laughter. Hal squared his shoulders, thrust out his big chest and faced the newscaster. "OK, pal. First off, this ain't no Darth Vader outfit. I'm a leatherman, dig? I'm into ruff 'n tuff man-to-man body contact and I'm proud of it. That's why I wear this stuff, see? The transit authority is saying, 'Everybody rides the bus,' right? I mean, they wanna get more people to use busses. Well, this is my little way of reminding people that we're 'everybody' too, and that we ride busses, go to work, have homes and do all the stuff that straight people do, except we do it with more *style*. We don't just skulk around the waterfront, y'know. We're part of this city. And you'd be surprised how many people are closet sadomasochists. I'm sayin' to them and all my leather brothers and sisters, come out! You don't have to wear Izod and designer jeans."

The newscaster's eyes flashed with delight. Good copy! He had counted on this item being the "kicker," the light segment that closes the newscast, but now he was certain that the producer would want to position it closer to the top of the show. He began composing "leads" in his head: "When the Transit Authority proclaimed 'Everybody rides the bus,' little did they know that..." Nah. "A militant homosexual today argued on behalf of sadomasochistic rights..." Nah. "Startled commuters on the Number 7 bus line must have thought they had stepped into a 'Star Wars' scenario when..."

Hal flexed and posed for the cameras, opening his jacket to expose his hairy, leather-strapped chest. All the media hubbub was getting him hot; he understood why people found fame an aphrodisiac. His dick swelled, and when it was completely hard, he gripped his shiny black bulge and squeezed it. Squeals, hoots and cheers erupted from the crowd. Out of the corner of his eye Hal saw the newscaster looking at his crotch with something other than professional interest. And he was sure he detected some subtle movement in the man's charcoal-grey dress slacks. Hal caught the newscaster's eye, gave him a wink and a leer and whispered, "So what time's it gonna be on tonight?"

"At seven," the man replied with a sly smile. "And at 7:15 'it' will be in me."

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AT MY MASTER'S FEET

By Phillip Pereiere • Illustration by Domino

I wanted the humiliation of groveling at a man's feet, worshipping his body and degrading myself as his sex tool.

For too long a time I indulged my fantasies by going into gay bars, pretending to be a macho stud, and being a prick teaser to anyone who would give me a second glance. I was approached over and over again by young cock-hungry studs; I sadistically enjoyed seeing their hurt when I would put them down as "cock-suckers," "queers," and "perverts." Then I would leave the bar and casually stroll by one of the porno shops and join all the "straight" guys checking out the girlie magazines. Eventually I always worked my way around to the male section, especially the Gay Bondage magazines. One of these magazines showed on its cover a humpy, macho guy, dressed in leather and wearing a black harness and heavy lace-up work boots. He held a mean looking studded leather strap. Under the picture in very bold print was the legend, "Bondage Issue."

Looking around furtively, I picked it up. I could see I was alone except for the store's cashier, who was pay-

ing no attention to me since he was absorbed in reading one of the magazines himself. He took my money, bagged the magazine and laid it on the counter with my change, said "Thanks," and went back to his reading.

I went home to my apartment with the usual aching in my loins; I knew I would beat off and fantasize, but this time, it would be with the picture of the model on the magazine cover! Up until a few months ago, I had been trying to live my unfilled life according to the dictates of society, that is, marriage, children and suburban life, you know the whole schmeer. Yet somehow I could not believe that wanting another man was so wrong. I asked myself over and over again why I felt this urge if it was not meant to be? I took cold showers that knocked these urges out of me, but they returned more frequently and with greater force. These endless desires to be used and forced into servicing a man for the purpose of sexual enjoyment had been a secret

part of me for too long. Deep down inside I knew I wanted to be abused and maligned by a dominant master. I knew that someday I would suffer the punishment for my thoughts and actions, and that the punishment would be the humiliation of groveling at a man's feet, worshipping his body and degrading myself as his sex tool.

While looking through the bondage magazine, I felt the old sexual urges coming back and I was not surprised to see my cock rear up to its full throbbing length, pulsating and oozing pre-cum. One of the stories about a Leather Master training another guy to become his personal sex slave turned me on. The feeling was so damned good I wanted to prolong releasing my cum, so I stopped reading the story, thinking I would go back to it later on. I kept turning the pages of the magazine until I came to the classified ad section. One of the listings stood out more than any other. It read: "Strict training in bondage and servitude, with love. Limits respected."

As I read these words my guts began rolling over to the point where I was shaking; I knew this was what I had been wanting. I knew I would never consider myself a whole man until I had experienced submission as a slave to another man. A strong compulsion came over me to answer the advertisement; I knew that if I did not do it then, I would not be able to live with myself.

When I dialed the phone number listed in the ad, I broke out in a cold sweat; the phone gently banged my ear as I started to shake. The clicking of the receiver being picked up and the smooth, articulate, authoritative voice that answered helped to calm my shaking hand. Now if only the words would come as I had rehearsed them. With a halting, shaking voice, I introduced myself. I said I had read his ad and would like to be accepted for training. His calming voice instructed me to be at his apartment at eight o'clock the next evening and then we would discuss my desires and feelings more fully.

I went to sleep that night with dreams of what was to come, fantasies that were wild, nightmares of being a changed person, of looking different and of being a social out-

brown eyes, and a strong voice that relaxed me as he said, "Hello. My name is Eric. Come in." As I entered the apartment a comfortable warmth came over me and I felt more sure of myself. With a deep breath I began to express my feelings of frustration: "I've been suppressing these desires within myself, thinking and believing, as I've been taught for so many years, that they are perverted. But I can't stand it anymore, and I've come to you because of your advertisement, hoping that your experience and knowledge will prove they are wrong. I know it will be hard, but I must satisfy these urges within me and take the humiliation and punishment that is a part of the discipline of serving a real master."

He answered, "Whoa, my friend, hold it. You've got it bad. Just cool it and sit down with me and I'll help you work it out, since this is what you think you must do. But first, have a drink and answer a few questions for me so I can see where you're coming from and how far you want to go."

I took the drink he handed me and gulped it down, wanting something to calm my nerves. In my embarrassment I lowered my head and stared at

receiving what you need to keep you in your place as my slave?"

In my eagerness to please him I raised my head and said, "Yes."

As quickly as I spoke, he slapped me across the mouth with a resounding crack that rang out loud and clear. I was shocked at this sudden unexpected action; I began pulling back, but he took my head tightly in his hands and said: "I will start you off at the beginning, teaching you the manners and respect you will use from now on when you're in my presence. You will always address me as 'Sir' and you will speak only when I give you permission."

"Yes, Sir," I said, hoping it was right. I knew then that my fantasies were becoming realities. I wanted to look at him but I knew he was prepared to slap me again if I did. In the excitement of realizing my fantasy, I had not been able to register any complete impression of him other than remembering the depth of his soft penetrating eyes and the sound of his resonant voice. I could only recall that he was my height and wore a close-cropped beard. I could see while looking down that he was wearing military jump boots that needed cleaning and shining. As these thoughts raced through my mind, I heard him speaking: "Do you still want to learn the privileges of serving me as your master?"

Wanting to impress him, I said, "Yes, Sir, I'm sorry, Sir, I didn't know what was required of me."

Again I felt the shock of a head-snapping slap which brought tears to my eyes. As his hands roughly clamped a tight, vise-like grip to both sides of my head, he snapped out, "You will speak only 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Sir' without my permission. Do you understand, Asshole?"

Stammering, I said, "Yes, Sir" as he released my head. As my hands came up to wipe away the tears, he ordered me to stand and turn around. Remembering he had not given me permission to move my hands, I quickly repositioned them in back. As I turned around I heard the staccato click of hand cuffs snapping on my wrists and felt the cold hard steel of bondage. The feeling of being restrained caused my cock to begin swelling as he savagely ripped my shirt off me and spun me around. He commanded, "Back on your knees, slave. You will begin to earn the privilege of servicing your master by putting your hot tongue on my boots and cleaning them until they shine."

Continued to page 50

Fastening his eyes directly on mine, he said, "Starting now, every time you come into my presence you are to show your respect by kneeling and licking my boots."

cast—dreams of shame mixed with exhilaration. The next day gave me time to calm my excitement. At last I was taking a positive step toward fulfilling a part of my being that hungered for experience.

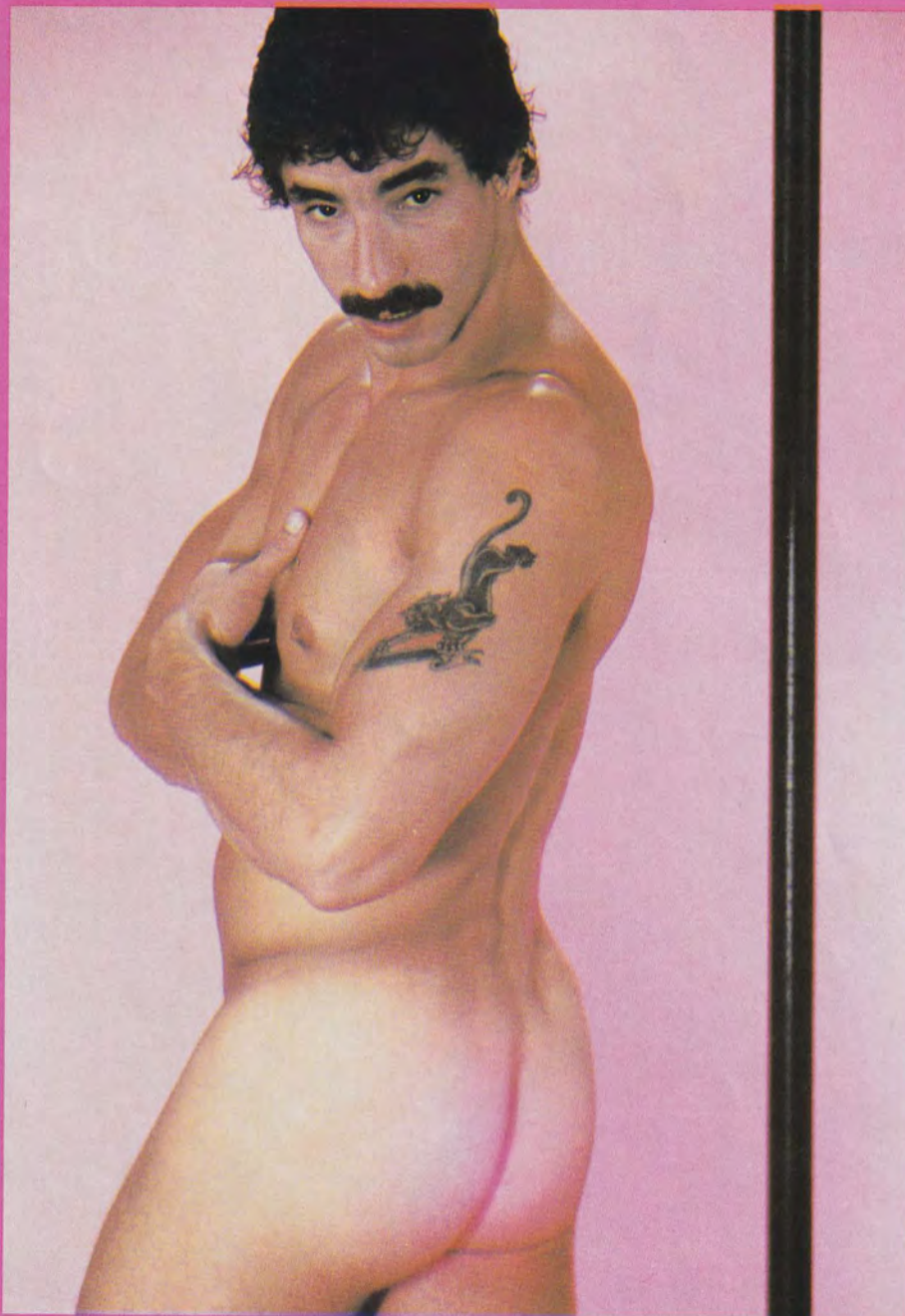
This brief period of calmness soon gave way to that damned uncontrollable shaking as I arrived at my destination. As I reached out to press the door bell I had the strongest urge to turn and run down the long dark hall, out into the cool night, back to my sanctuary and another cold shower. But I knew that I would hate myself in the morning for failing to follow through with my decision.

All my cowardliness disappeared as the door opened. There stood a real man with a warm smile, soft

the floor, hoping he would understand and accept me for training. I had fantasized about this for so long that I had no feelings left in me to fight against it, nor any desire to do so.

As he sat down beside me, he turned, putting his hands on my shoulders, half lifting me, half forcing me to my knees in front of him. He said, "Stay on your knees with your hands clasped behind your back and keep your head bowed. I know why you're here and it's obvious you need a release from the frustrations that are smothering your self-respect. I am going to teach you the joys of sharing both our needs. Are you willing to submit by putting yourself totally in my hands and

HOT PINK



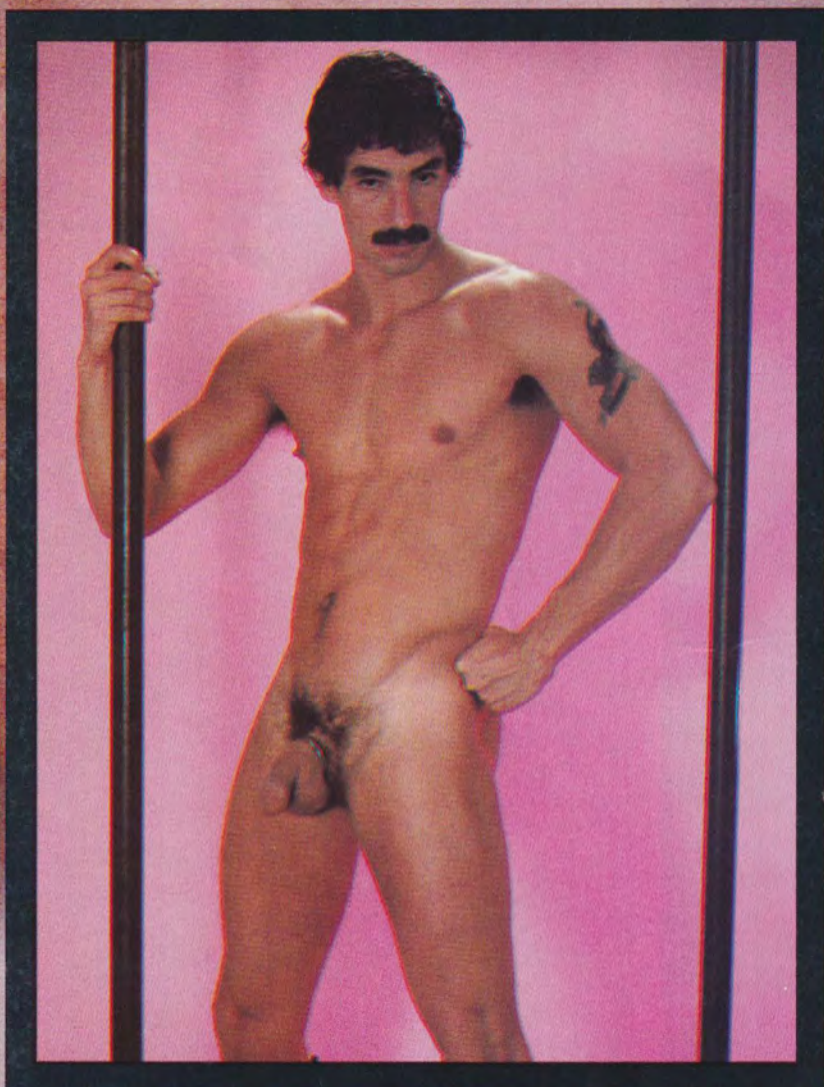
As you loyal readers know by now, the men at HONCHO enjoy shattering stereotypes and conventions. That crash you heard when you turned to this layout was another stale idea biting the dust. Who ever said that pink was just for girls, anyway? As you can plainly see, it isn't true.

Photography by Bader Productions

HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983



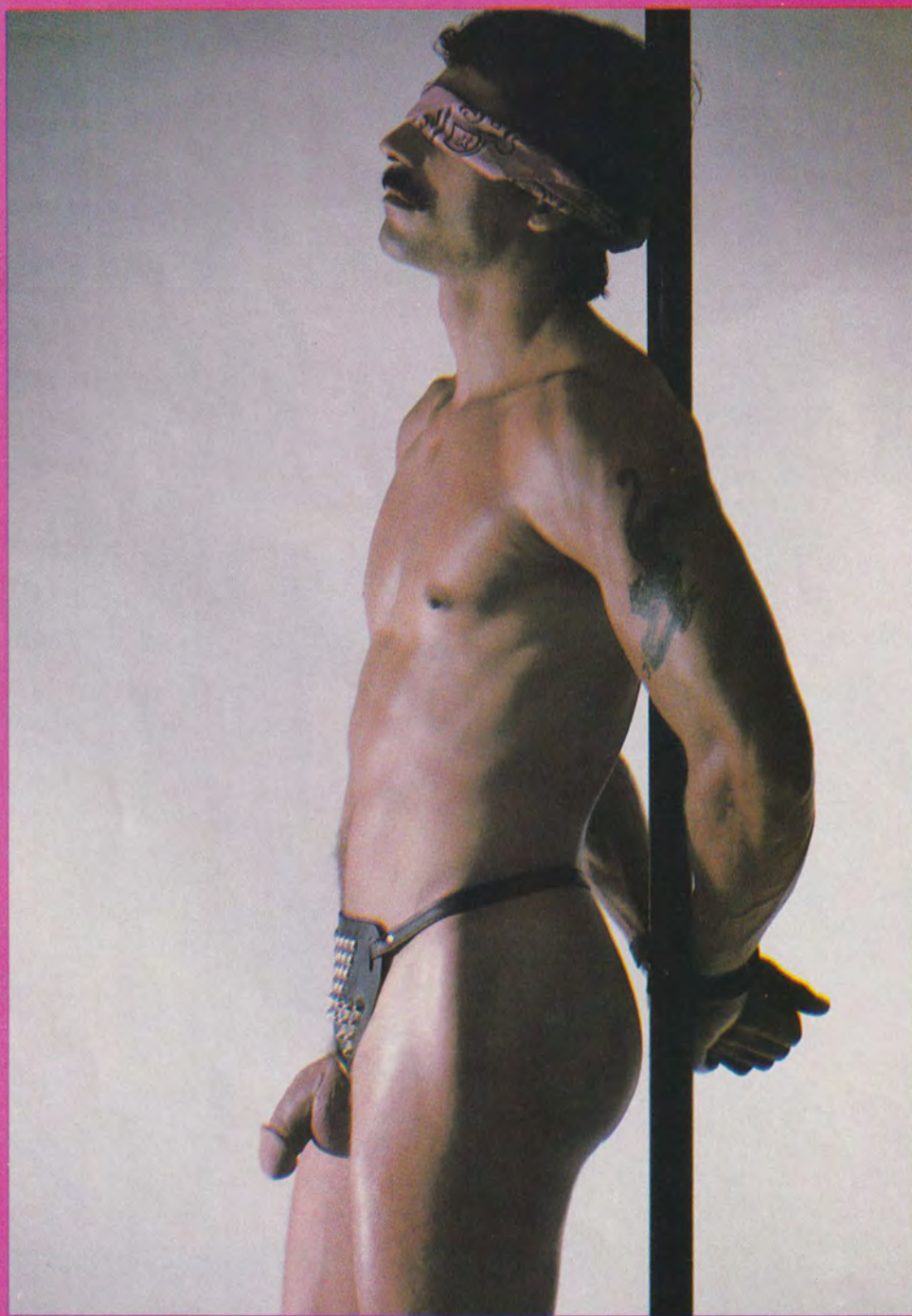
HOT PINK



A pink rope can bind up a fine pair of balls just as well as any other. In fact, it makes this guy's tempting cockhead look even more edible. We'd rather bite into this than a big, red apple any day.

Photography by Bader Productions

HOT PINK



When his eyes are blindfolded by a pink handkerchief, this guy is looking at the world through rose colored glasses. Just looking at his lickin' good dick makes us feel like we're wearing them too.

Photography by Bader Productions





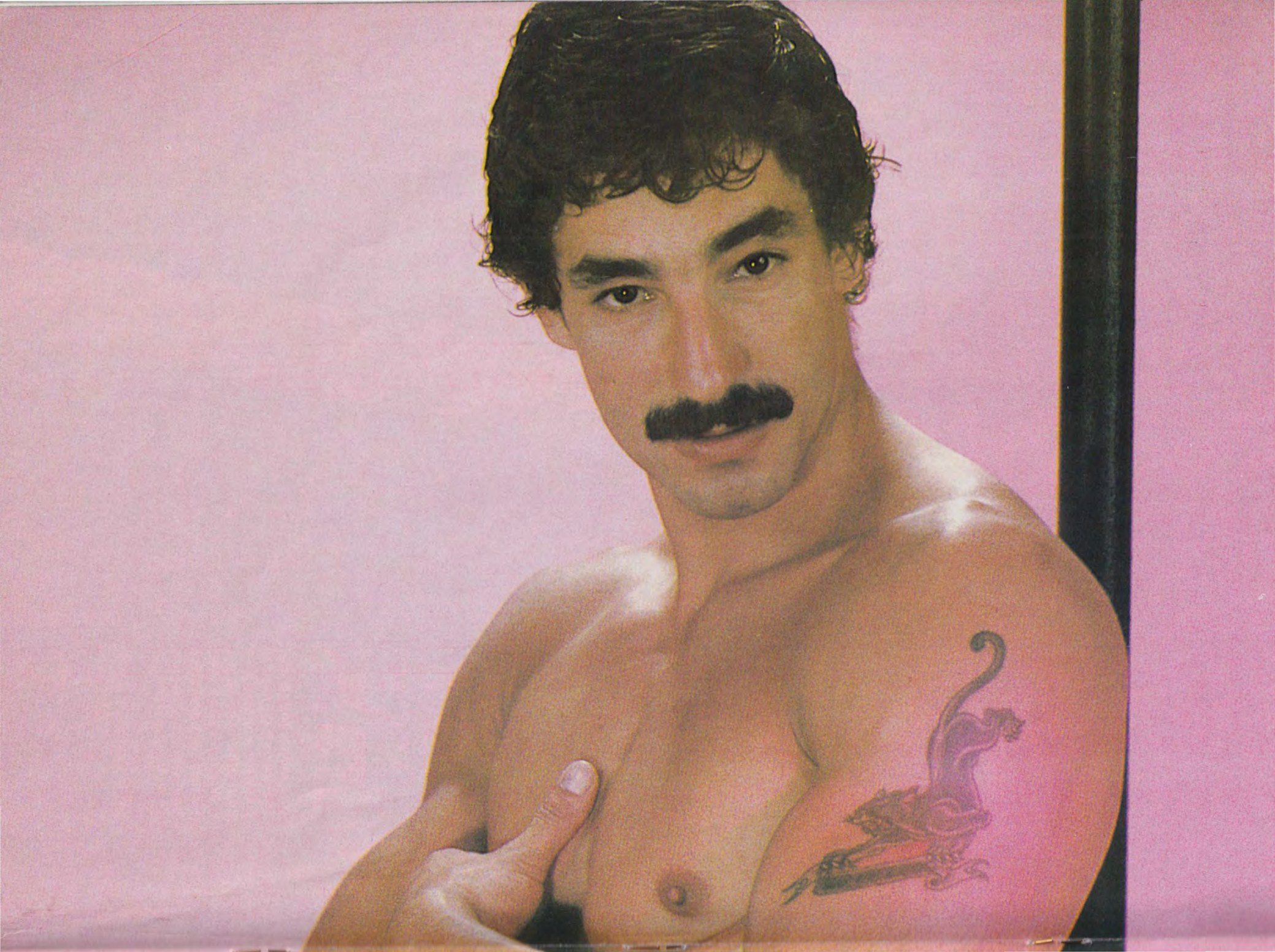


HOT PINK

He's lean and mean, tough and terrific. Anyone foolish enough to call him a sissy for wearing pink will find out otherwise plenty damn quick. Wouldn't you rather get tangled up in his pink rope than tangle with his powerful fists? Well, step right up!

**Photography by Bader
Productions**

SEPTEMBER 1983 / HONCHO





HONCHO
Photography by Bader Productions

AT MY MASTER'S FEET

Continued from page 40

Bound as I was by the handcuffs, I was unsteady as I struggled to remain balanced on my knees. I was totally spent, but my stiff cock remained rigid and straining inside my pants. I could feel and smell the sweat dripping from my head into my eyes and nose, drenching my chest.

"Don't you have anything to say, slave?"

"Sir, thank you, Sir," I moaned through my dry lips while trying to lick some of the salty sweat running down my face.

"Good boy," he said. "Keep your eyes directed downward," he commanded as he moved behind me. I could hear sounds of metal on metal, the sharp click of fasteners and the muted movements of the rustling of cloth when he suddenly came up behind me, lifting my arms higher up on my back. He fastened my handcuffs to a chain which he snapped on a ring at the back of my collar. As he slid his hands under my shoulders

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, making a wide striking motion with his arm, landing a thick leather belt across my chest. I dropped my eyes downward and realized the whole scene was arousing me all over again.

"I know what you want, but slaves only receive what their masters decide to give them," he said as he bent over, pulling my shoes off, and roughly hauled my pants down. He ordered me to step out of them.

Being stripped and examined by a master had not been a part of my fantasy, but I was thrilled at the feeling of being totally helpless and vulnerable to the evaluating examination of my new owner. He reached out and roughly grasped my balls, squeezing them and massaging the thick, creamy liquid of my pre-cum into the tangled mass of hair surrounding my dick.

"Have you ever had a man's cock in your mouth, slave?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you like what you see, slave?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. On your knees, Asshole, and take a good look at your master's cock and balls."

His massive shaft stood straight out, extending from his low hanging,

Dropping to my knees, I experienced ecstasy as my tongue touched the velvety surface of his throbbing meat. His narrow hips pressed forward as his hands roughly grasped the back of my head. He rammed his hot cock forcefully into the depths of my throat and filled me with the warm smooth cream. His cock continued to jerk spasmodically until the last drop was out and he was completely spent. In this euphoric state I continued using my tongue to explore the wonders of mansex. I felt the easy relaxing of his cock until he gently pulled it from my mouth. He held onto my head, keeping me from backing off.

Remember you will be punished if they are not as clean as I think they should be."

I dropped to my knees and began licking eagerly. Due to the humiliation of groveling at his feet and licking his dirty, stained boots, I hardly felt the vicious crop as he rhythmically striped my back, matching the lashes with the snaking movement of my tongue. A desperate surge of arousal caused my balls to tighten against the base of my cock. My cock began to harden and I could feel the wetness of pre-cum spreading between my legs. For the first time I felt I was a slave in a very real situation, subjected to gross humiliation and punishment.

"Get up!" he commanded. His voice was deceptively quiet, but his hands gripped roughly beneath my arms as he lifted me up. Then he put a leather collar about my neck and fastened a short chain to the clasp, pulling my head close to his face. Fastening his eyes directly onto mine, he said, "Starting now, every time you come into my presence you are to show your respect by kneeling and licking my boots. Do you understand, slave?"

I slowly lowered my head and nodded. He instantly slapped me again across the mouth and very quietly but determinedly said, "You know how to say 'Yes Sir' when you're spoken to?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then do it, and from now on you will respectfully thank me for any privileges I give you."

Without hesitation, I answered, "Sir, thank you, Sir."

Backing up, he motioned for me to kneel before him as he sat down in a chair. He studied me with a certain frank curiosity that was far from the

Continued to page 56

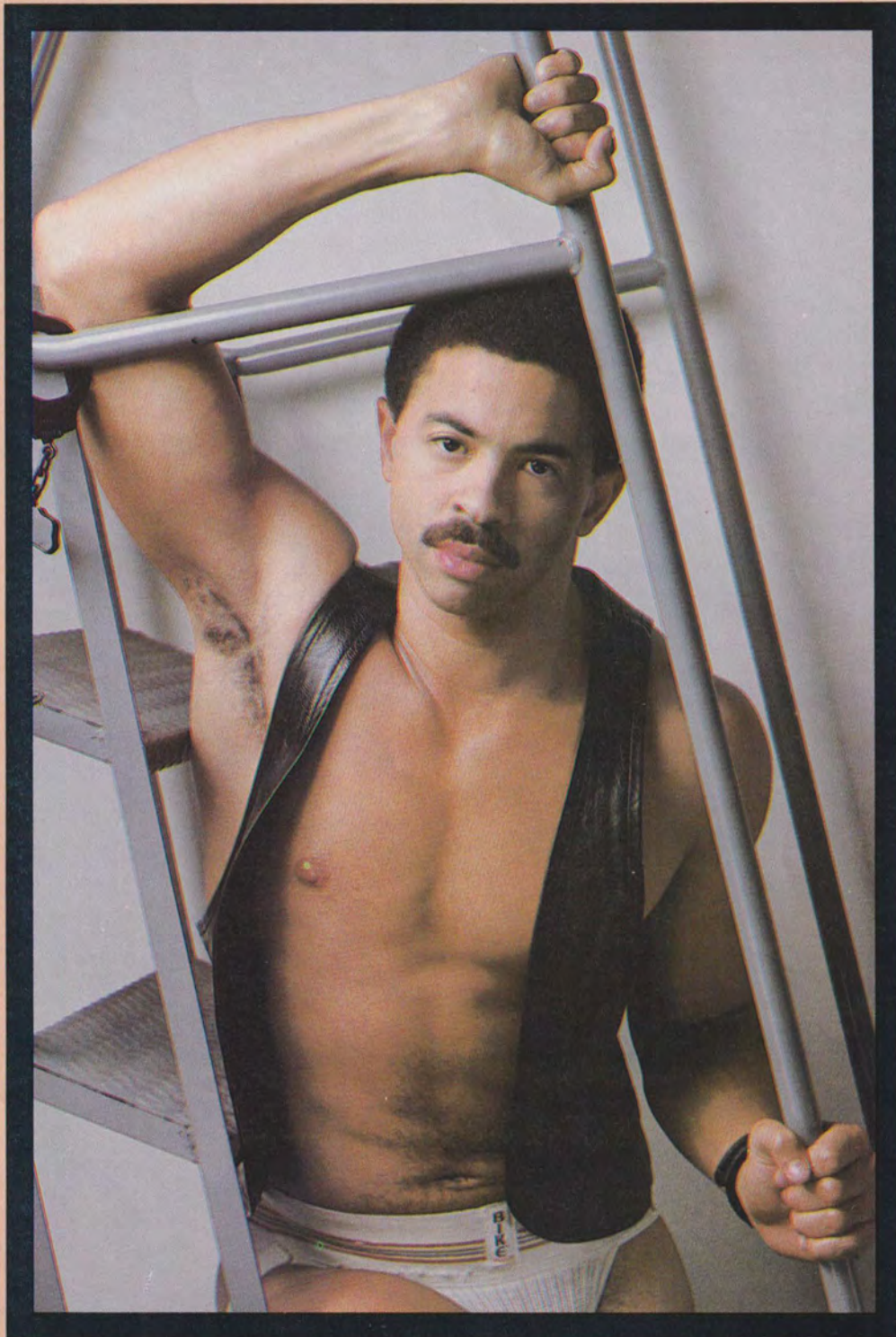
He was completely nude except for his boots. As my eyes traveled down, the sight of his half-hard cock completed the picture of a master anyone would be proud to serve.

and lifted me, he ordered me to stand and turn around. His movements had been swift and gentle, but his voice had taken on the authority of a strict master. The sight of him now presented the complete picture of my fantasy. He was completely nude except for his boots. His tall, lithe body was deeply tanned and displayed a fine coating of dark brown hair on his chest. As my eyes traveled down, the sight of his half-hard cock completed the picture. A master anyone would be proud to serve!

smoothly shaved balls. A wet, creamy moisture was seeping from the hole in his bulbous, purple dickhead. My tongue snaked out from between my lips, thirsting for his cum.

"Slave," he began, "my cock and balls will become the most important thing in your life. You will learn to know when I want them serviced without my having to tell you. You may now have your first taste of cock by gently putting your tongue on the head and exploring the piss slit."

CUFFS & COLLARS

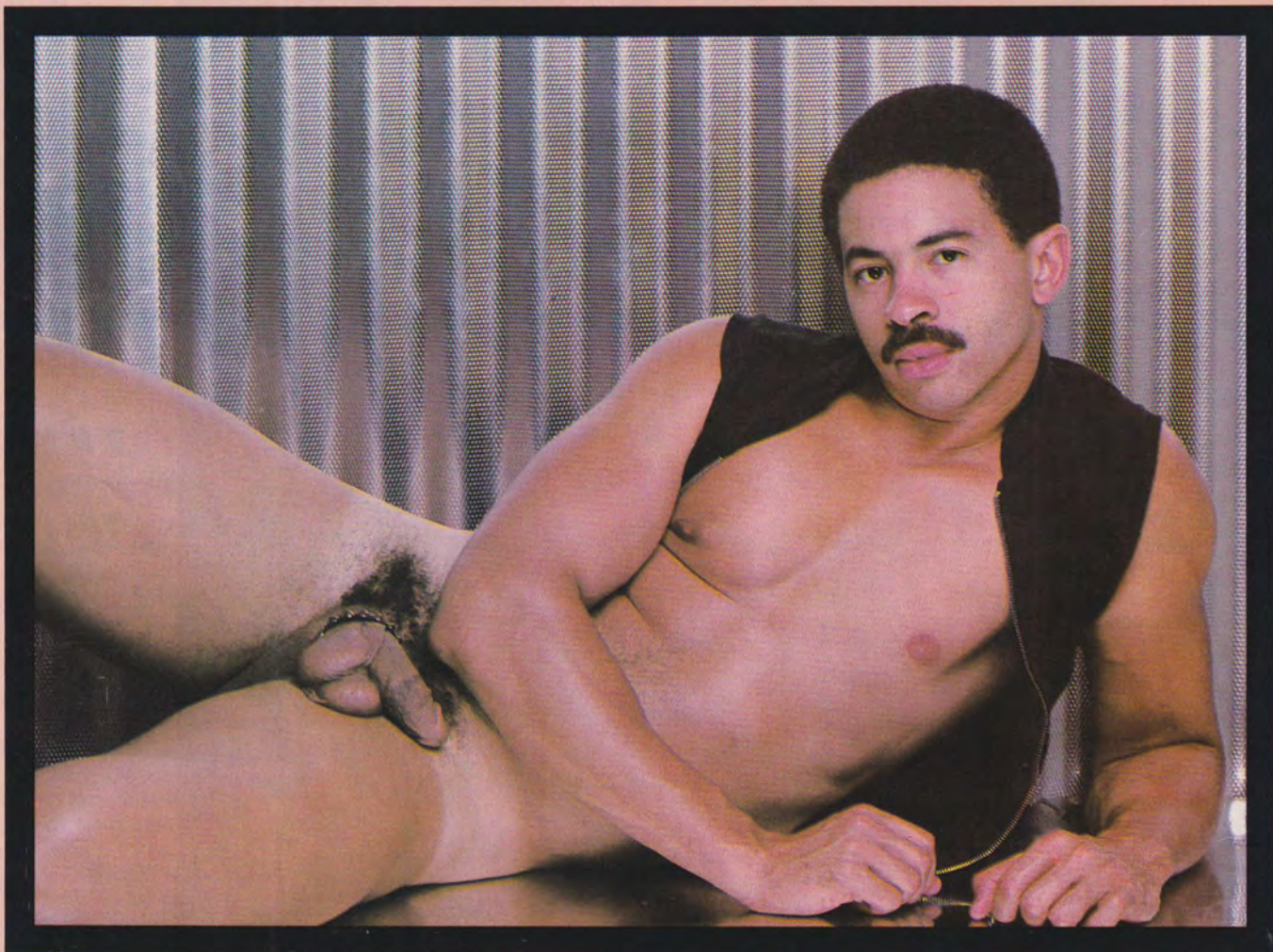


When someone has the same color hair between the legs as on the head, the match is said to be "cuffs and collars." It used to be that straight machos would use the expression to describe a woman who was blonde all over, but our man here wants to show you his own version of "cuffs and collars."

Photography by richard ©

HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983

CUFFS & COLLARS



You saw the cuffs, now here's the collar—wrapped snugly around that juicy tool and ballsack. You can tighten it for him, if you like. *He* does. When that studded leather squeezes his stuff, the reaction is more than he can handle. You have to take it—all the way down to the collar.

Photography by richard ©



AT MY MASTER'S FEET

Continued from page 50

casual scrutiny of evaluating a Saturday night trick. His eyes glittered at me with a look of decision as he reached out and placed his hands on my chest, touching and feeling my quivering skin. His fingers examined my tits with a gently rolling, twisting motion which brought my cock to a throbbing erection, straining to be set free from the tight bondage of my wet pants. I felt a scalding, sweeping lust over my cock and balls; I needed to touch myself. I was afraid to say anything, knowing he would slap me again if I made any sound. I was in such ecstasy that I began moaning as he applied more pressure to my tits. I could feel my nipples harden and become more and more extended as he increased the vise-like pinching and pulling. He created such a force of erotic pain that I began screaming and begging for him to stop, but at the same time wanting him to continue. When he

stopped and removed his hands, I felt the rush of blood surging back into my sore, tender tits. Weak and exhausted as I sank back on the calves of my legs, I heard the swishing sound of a whip and felt a searing pain, like the cutting of a knife across my back, which brought me up on my knees, gasping for breath.

"I didn't tell you to relax, slave," he said in an unyielding voice which nevertheless indicated patience and understanding. He continued, "Remain on your knees and stay straightened up until you're told to move."

"Are you ready now to be my slave without question?" he asked gruffly.

I nodded as he tilted my head backward until I was looking directly up into his face. He smiled down at me and said, "Now, cocksucker, you're going to wash all that down by taking my hot piss. And don't spill a drop of it." With that he let go a salty spurt of piss into my face and then stopped for me to get my mouth open and wrapped around his soft cock. With both hands firmly holding my head, he let go a full blast of hot piss into me. I swallowed and kept swallowing as his hot piss flowed down my throat. "Now, slave," he

said when he was through, "what do you say?"

"Thank you, Sir."

"Now lick my cock and balls clean and be gentle," he said.

This was an order I did not hesitate to obey. I eagerly licked his wet cock and balls until he was satisfied. He turned and walked over to a chair in the corner of the room and sat down. He examined me with his eyes and he slowly lit a cigarette, pulling the smoke deep into his lungs. As the smoke drifted from his lips, he said, "Come here."

In a daze I slowly stood and approached him, dropping to my knees on the spot he pointed to.

"Sit back on your haunches, look at me and relax. I have a lot to say to you and I want you to be at ease and in the right frame of mind so you will remember."

I squatted back on my heels and lifted my head so that my eyes looked directly into his while he spoke.

"While I talk you will keep your eyes locked to mine so I can see inside your head and determine if you are willing to receive the training you so desperately want."

Hesitating, but with respect, I asked, "Sir, do I have your permission to speak?"

"I will hear what you have to say and then you will listen to me. What you say now will definitely have a bearing on your future. Yes, you have my permission to speak."

I said, "Sir, I will never question anything you do. I will never refuse to serve you if you will only continue to train me as a slave. I know my obedience will slip sometimes and I know that I will be punished as I deserve to be. For the first time I am beginning to realize my place in a man's world. I want to learn how to share another man's love. Please guide me and accept me for what I am."

Slowly my master began speaking: "I accepted you for training as a slave because you have taken the first step to being a man and earning your rightful place in a man's world. That place is to serve another man with all the joys of humility and share his love by giving your own love. I will train you to suck cock the way it should be sucked. I will fuck you and fist your ass. You will learn to drink my piss as though it were champagne. You will have your ego relieved of its inhibitions to the point where you will become an obedient tool for my use. And you will never question my ownership of your body,

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your mind, and your life. I think I can make a damn good slave out of you."

As I looked at him, his eyes penetrated mine with a vibrant intensity. He reached for me, letting his hands fall onto my shoulders and pulling me up and forward, putting his arms around me. His lips came to mine without the slightest hesitation, melting in a warm passionate promise of love.

As he gently broke away he led me before a full length mirror. Moving behind me, he reached around and took my sweat-drenched cock in his strong hands, pumping the length of my manmeat. The rhythm increased until I began climaxing with an electric energy that pulled my juice out with gushing force.

What should have been humiliation turned instead into delirious bliss. I had at last found the master who would make me his love slave.

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"I think I'll make me a waterfall," he said and stood up on the boulder, aiming his floppy cock downstream of me. He started pissing like a horse—strong and fast.

BIG TIMBER

By Jean Skinner • Illustration by Don Lancaster

Since summer jobs are almost non-existent in Oregon, I jumped at the offer to join a tree-seeding labor camp in the Upper Cascade National Forest. It meant that I could survive during the coming school year, when I would be a senior in forestry at Oregon State University. Since this outfit provided food and shelter for four months, I could bank the entire salary, slave labor though it was.

I was told by the Federal Timber Agency to keep a low profile about my education. "Most of the guys are drifters, ex-cons or hippie freaks who can get rough on 'intellectual types,'" they warned. I hardly thought of myself as that, but took the warning to heart. I'm pretty quiet, actually, and used to long hours of solitude.

I grew up spending most of my time with my father's logging team, hauling trees out from the high country. That was before my Dad was killed in a logging mishap. They say I look just like him, with his muscular blond good looks. Because of him, the forest was my natural home.

The seeding camp was located

about forty miles off Highway 126, about six hours from Eugene over rough logging roads. Most of the other guys would try to get into town for some "hot pussy" once a month, after payday. Sometimes, particularly when the tension in camp became so thick that fights broke out over nothing, the camp boss would just send a guy or two off to Eugene to get laid.

Most of us had private tents which were scattered through the forest around the base supply tent, the office, and the equipment truck. A cold shower set-up was available for quick daily rinse, but I often hiked up to a shallow hot spring pool for an hour's soak. Sometimes, late at night, there would be a couple of guys just laid back letting the geothermal heat flow over their tired bodies, their bloated cockheads bobbing about. Now and again somebody would disappear into the thick undergrowth, and after a while you'd hear a groan or a sigh. Everyone would snicker as the guy came back with a dripping prick. But that was about all there was to do up there.

We worked in pairs, reseeded fir sprouts over stripped, logged-out areas. It's backbreaking work. But, you can easily work your quota in six hours if you work well with your partner. I was paired up with a kid my age who was a pro, having spent each summer for the past three years seeding. In the fall he usually returned to the pulp mill, but this summer he had a girl in Bend. I could tell he wasn't going to make it through the summer. He split before the end of July. About the same time, a skinny kid sprained his knee pretty bad on a rock slide. So I was reassigned to his partner, Pock.

Pock was one of the surliest of the lot in camp. I'd managed so far to stay clear of him the first month. He was just out on parole, and consequently wasn't allowed the excursion down to Eugene. This made him nasty to just about everybody. At six foot four inches and 190 pounds of brawn, he never got any challengers despite his rudeness. His dark, tan body was covered in blue/black hair that swirled over his Olympic frame. Unlike most of us, he was not bearded, but

always in need of a shave.

When I joined him the first morning, he just glowered at me with the iciest pale blue eyes. Then he grabbed the burlap bag of seedlings over his shoulder and stomped off to a new area about two miles up. The only words he spoke that first week were grunts of approval when I managed to catch up with his long strides and meticulous planting. We were usually finished by four, and then he'd disappear somewhere into the woods... real antisocial.

Toward the end of our second week out, I encountered a timber rattler as I stepped up on a stump. Upon hearing that dread death rattle, I jumped backward six feet and watched it slither off. Pale and shaking, I turned toward Pock. There he was, overcome with laughter, rolling over with great guffaws, tears streaming down his face. He just wailed, "Boy, I ain't never seen such a trick!" He was unintelligible then as another fit of hysteria doubled him over. Boy, was I pissed off!

Later that afternoon, he turned back toward me and said, smiling, "Hey, kid, where'd you ever learn to jump a backward flip like that?" His icy stare was tempered by the whit-

anymore. Goin' for a swim in that creek up ahead."

I followed him up and over the edge of a narrow basalt gorge. Fifteen feet below was a white-water stream gnawing out a rocky course down the mountain. We stripped and left our gear on the top and carefully descended into the churning mist. Pock led the way down, pointing to outcroppings for footholds hidden among the dense ferns of the mossy precipice.

I watched his firm, round ass-cheeks accented by swirls of fine black hair as he picked out our route. I was so taken by the even symmetry of his muscular backside that I missed my footing and slipped, sliding about four or five feet. Pock turned quickly and caught me around the chest, and for an eternal second, held me tightly against his body until I found my footing. I looked up into his face, just inches away from mine, as he released me. "O.K.?" he breathed. "Yeah," I said. "I hope going up is easier."

"It will be," he said, his eyes twinkling. We crawled down to a large boulder near the base of the gorge. From this, Pock stepped across to another rock situated on

rock we were on. "Shit, it's great!" he sighed. He sank until the water swirled around his angular jaw. After a minute he pulled himself up on the rock and rolled over onto his back. "Cold, but great," he groaned.

As I slipped into the shallow pool, the temperature change caused me to gasp. Pock laughed, sitting up above me looking down. Settling on my haunches, I looked up into his clear pale eyes. "Damn good, ain't it?" he asked. The hair on his chest formed concentric circles around his dark nipples, erect from the cold water. "Hey," he said, "for a little guy you really got some build."

"I never really considered myself a 'little guy,'" I countered. At five-nine and 160 pounds, I think I'm pretty average.

"Well, it's all relative," he said. I pulled myself out of the numbing water, my skin taut. Pock lay back on the rock. "Damn," he said, "got a cramp from all that bending over in the heat. Wish I could bend the other way for a while." With this, he arched his back, leaving his shoulders flat on the rock. His cock flopped over his leg, almost touching the rock as he settled on his back again with his face turned away. A few minutes later I discerned by his deep breathing that he was asleep.

I tried not to look at his cock. When I did, I could feel the warmth of my own dick distending between my legs. This was all so confusing. I had always enjoyed watching the guys in the shower at O.S.U. after a team meet. But I wanted to do more than just watch Pock's naked body.

The mist off the rapids condensed on our bodies, warmed by the midday sun. Droplets formed delicately on Pock's body hair and for a few seconds reflected thousands of points of light before melting and matting the hair to his skin. His eyelashes were dark and thick against his cheek.

I rolled over onto my stomach to hide my growing erection. His lower muscled abdomen rose and fell as he slept. The end of his uncut cock was just grazing the rock. He had a long, dark tube, smooth from the black thatch to the outline of the pendulous knob of a prickhead beneath the foreskin. "My God," I thought as my breath caught in my throat. Pock's red cockhead was slowly emerging from its long, dark shaft. When it was almost uncovered, it started retracting again. Over the next fifteen minutes, I was immobilized as I wat-

Continued to page 68

He wrapped me in his big arms and covered my mouth with his. His tongue began to probe for the saltiness of his own gism, which I had just sucked out of him. He swirled it around in his mouth and then gave it to me a second time.

est teeth gleaming like chrome on a black Buick. I couldn't very well tell him about my work on the gymnastic team at O.S.U., so I just muttered something about reflexes.

The next day was a scorcher. The forestry agent was putting high risk on fire hazards as we took off that morning. Pock greeted me with no more than the usual shrug as we packed up our supplies. I thought that today we might talk. But we worked silently and steadily through the heat until noon. Sweat poured off Pock's massive back. The ass crease in his canvas pants was soaked. He turned slowly and spoke without looking at me, "Can't stand this heat

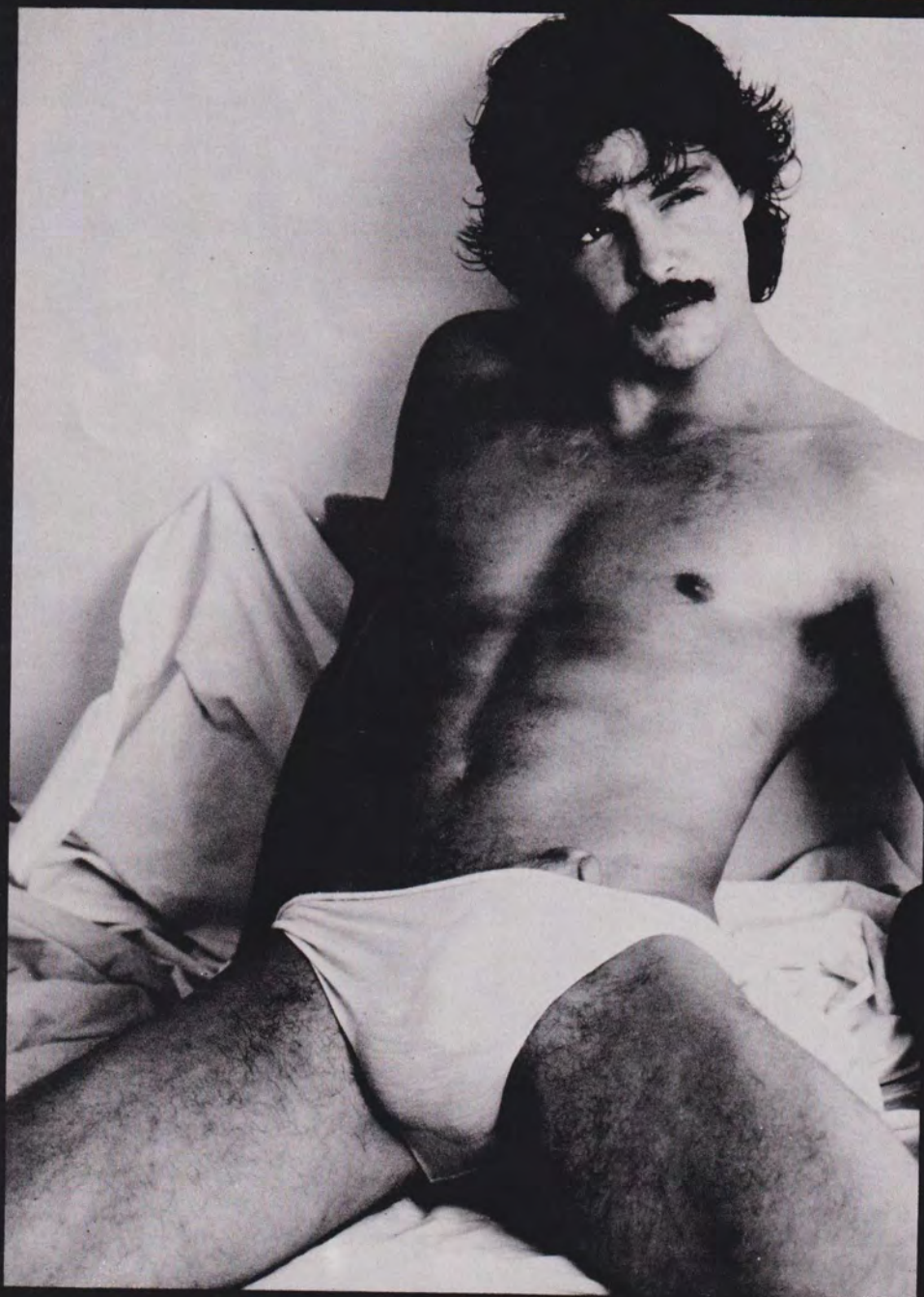
the edge of the tumbling stream. For a brief second I saw his dark, uncircumcised dick swinging between his legs as he lept onto the flat rock.

I was unprepared for my reaction. I suddenly felt dizzy and shaky as I followed his course. Pock turned to me and smilingly held out his hand as I leapt the final crevasse. "I forgot. My legs are longer than yours. How about settling right here for a couple of hours?"

"Sure," I mumbled, trying to avert my eyes from his body.

He scratched his balls and said, "It's easier if you get wet all at once." Then he jumped into the swirling pool downstream of the smooth

MEAN MACHINE

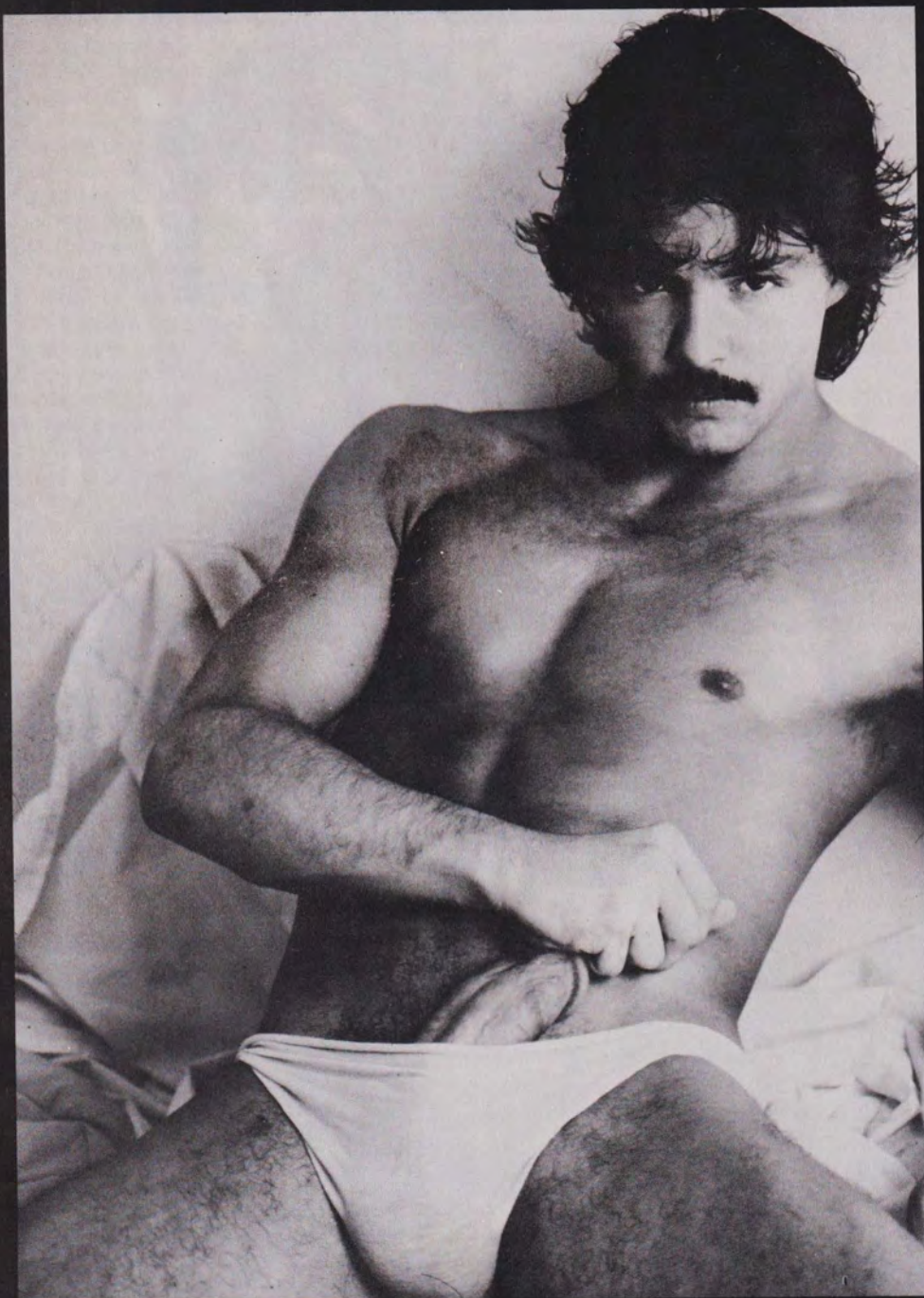


This guy keeps a clean machine.
That's his machine you see peeking out over the top of his briefs.
We kinda figured that you've noticed it already.

Photography by Carlos Quiroz

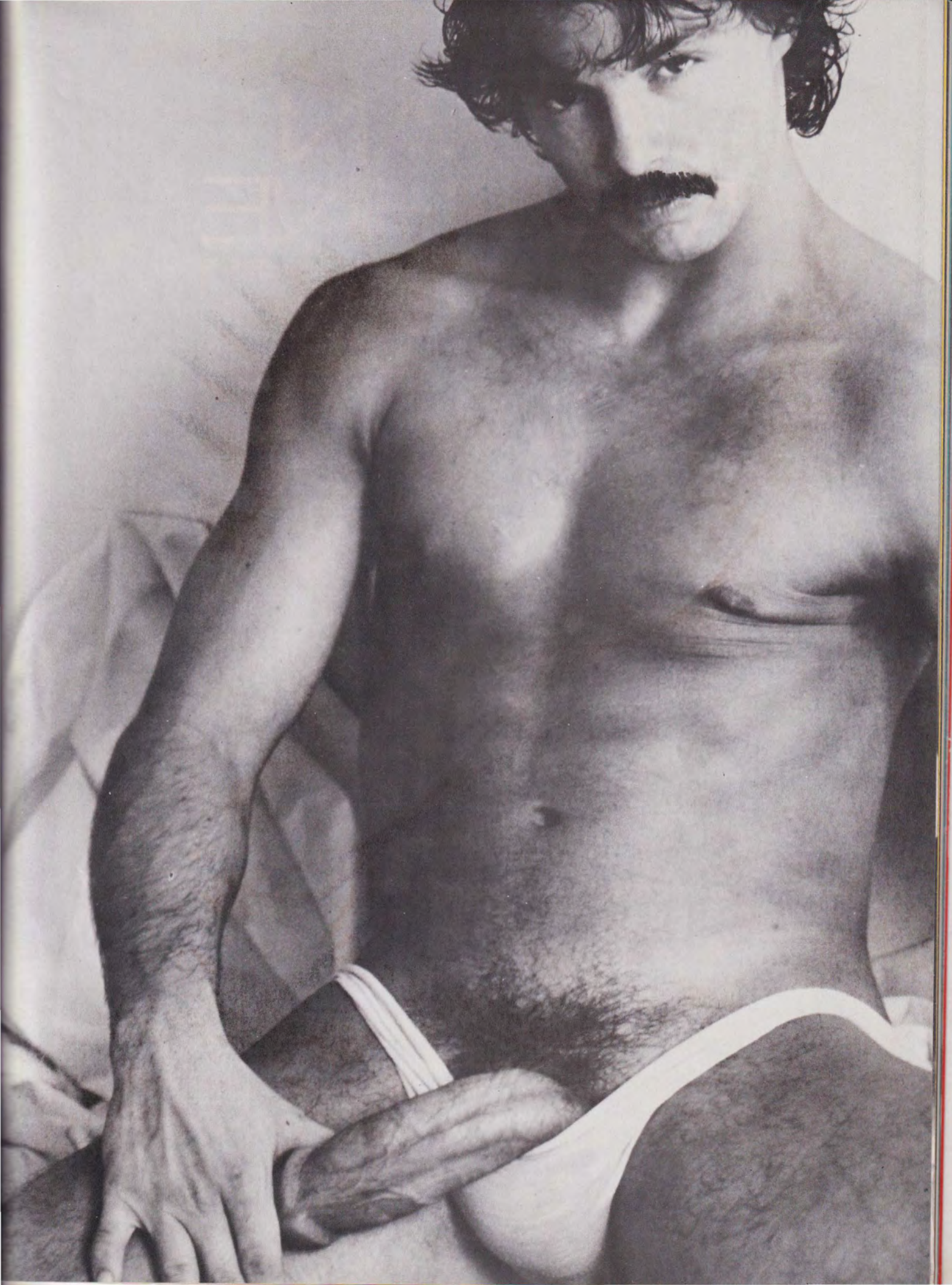
HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983

MEAN MACHINE

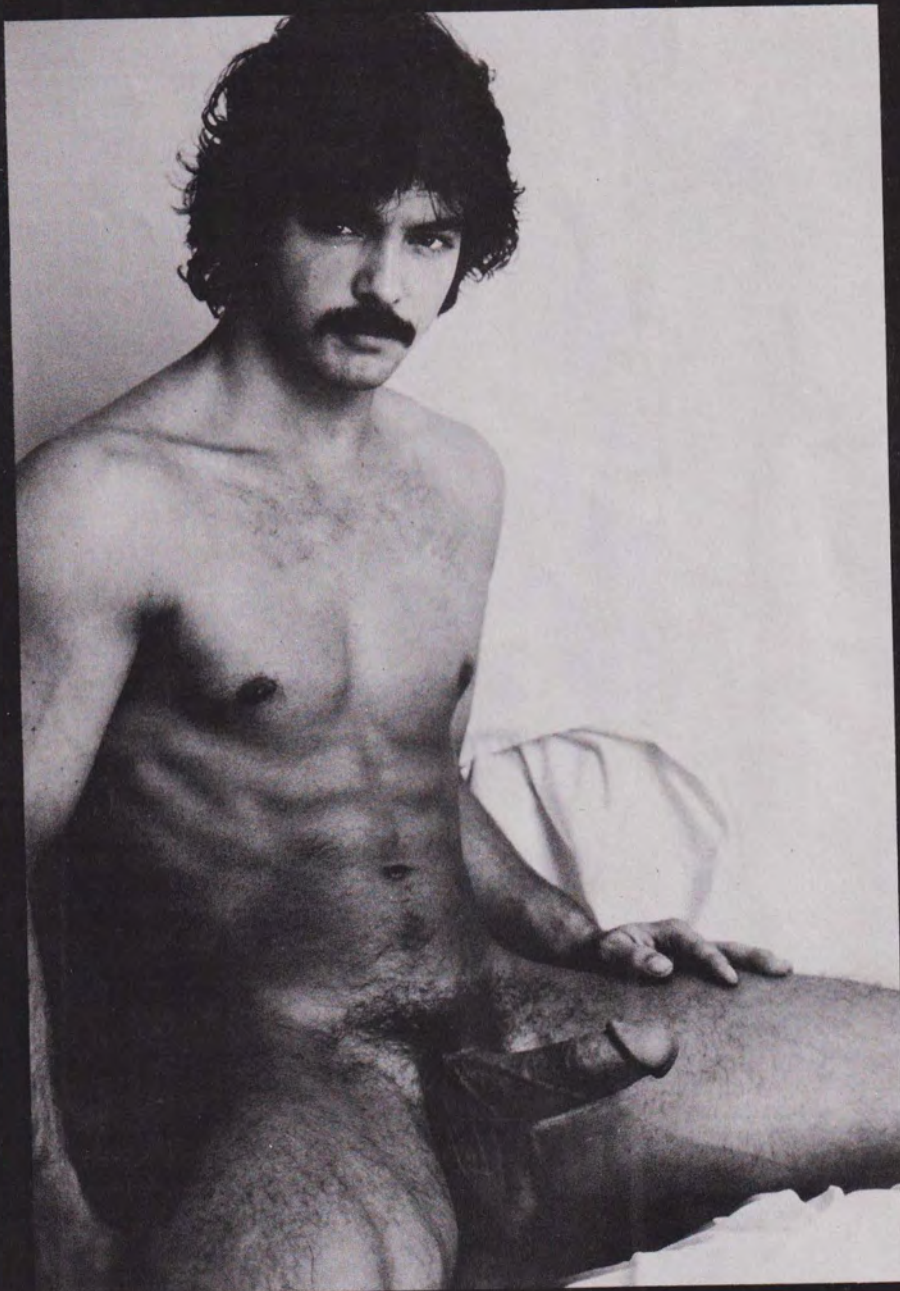


He is proud of his machine and it seems to want to come out and take a bow of its own. There it is now; he wants you to take a good long look at it.

Photography by Carlos Quiroz

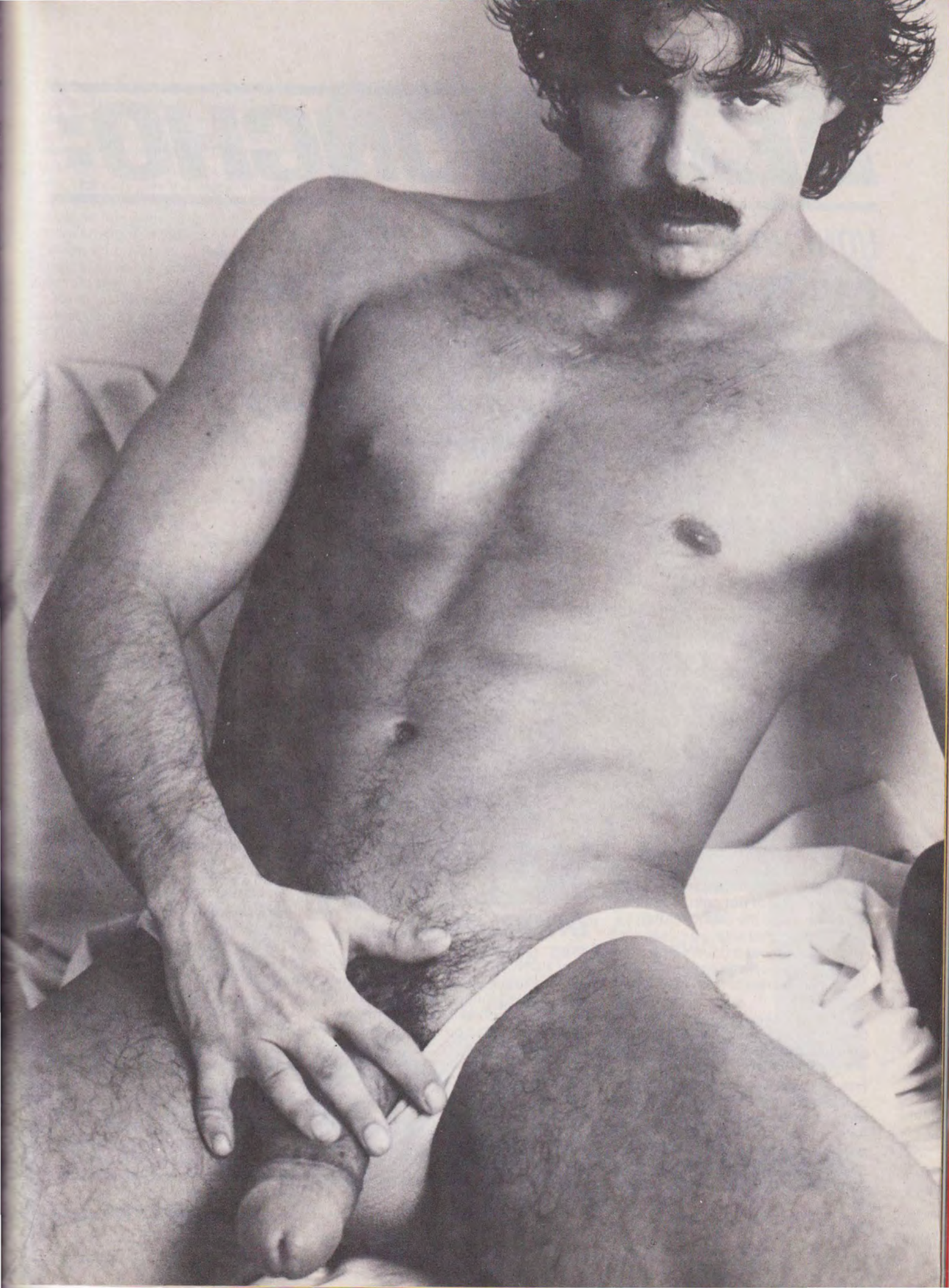


MEAN MACHINE



If you can take your eyes off his big, fat one-eyed monster you'll notice lots of other good things about this man. Now that you've seen his fine, firm body and checked out his twinkling eyes and that inviting thatch of unruly hair, there is nothing left to do but open up and take it like a man.

Photography by Carlos Quiroz



DEAR HONCHO:

HONCHO likes to hear from you! We read every letter, and we print as many as possible in the magazine. Unfortunately, we cannot answer letters personally, but when you tell us what you like, it helps us to plan issues with you in mind. Send all mail to: Editor, HONCHO, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

COPS

Dear HONCHO:

As a literary voyeur, I have always enjoyed HONCHO. It is the magazine that really gets my cock and balls churning. But I really popped all over the place when I read your story "Winning Team," by Bud O'Donnell in the February issue.

You see, I'm a cop and I really can get turned on reading hot stories about my brothers in blue as long as they don't make us out to be a bunch of stupid, sadistic pigs. O'Donnell is one author who doesn't.

I've read his stories before and several have been written about cops. They all managed to leave me with a handful of hot cum. But all of his stories turn me on, no matter what kind of characters he describes.

I just found out a couple of weeks ago that the guy who writes the Bud O'Donnell stories is from Michigan, too.

I was at a charity auction at one of Detroit's leather bars recently and they had quite a few sketches by Bud O'Donnell, including two blackboards filled with his drawings.

If the guy who was pointed out to me was really Bud O'Donnell, then he's not only a hot writer, a hot artist, but he's one fucking hot-looking man, with the accent on *MAN*! I'd be glad to volunteer my body to him to

give him some material for more hot cop fuck stories.

Thanks, HONCHO. You've got one of the best fucking magazines on the market. Hope you can get some more O'Donnell stories to put into it. I wish you could get a bare-assed naked picture of the author if it's the guy I saw. Any chances of that?

D.L.

Sterling Heights, MI

We asked Bud if he would pose bare-assed for you and his other fans. His answer: "If I did that, and guys started getting in touch with me, I would use all my time and energy fucking, and I wouldn't have any time left for writing. So I'm going to say no this time. But eventually, who knows?"—Editor.

DROOL TOOL

Dear HONCHO:

I have just recently started picking up HONCHO magazine at my favorite bookstore and I can honestly say that you have the greatest publication in circulation for the gay community. You certainly deserve a medal for the fine photography, fascinating stories, and most of all the handsomest of men.

That's what brings me to write this letter. If I had a hammer I would throw it away but I would let the tool box man unload *his* tool in my box

any day ("Tool Box," May issue).

How handsome the tool box man is in his clothes as well as out of them. I just let my imagination go and picture him after a hard day's labor covered with sweat and having my ever so wandering tongue start at the tip of his black boots and go to the top of his head with many, many stops in between. His massive legs, his beautiful hairy body and his gentle but firm smile keep my cock throbbing every time I pick up the magazine and drool over his picture.

If I had a hammer, I would hammer in the morning, I'd hammer at noon and I'd hammer all night through. His striking features just drive me up the wall. I have never been so turned on as by this gorgeous hunk of manhood!

Let's see more layouts of men in work uniforms. Thanks, HONCHO, you're the greatest. Don't ever stop. You keep printing such hunks and I'll keep exercising my tool.

S.G.

East Chicago, IN

SEX GOD

Dear HONCHO:

I must admit that I've never bought your magazine before; however, while skimming through the May issue at the bookstore last week I came across the "Come and Get It" spread.

What a hunk! I could barely get it home fast enough; I thought I was going to cum right in my shorts! Who is this Sex God Vito, and where do I see more of him? Man, I can't help but rub my crotch just thinking about him. Not only was the model hot as hell, the photography was also top class. Is this photographer "Kristen Bjorn" the porno star "Kris Bjorn" of Falcon Films fame? (A hell of a pricktaste in his own right!) What a hot fantasy.

Keep up the good work and you can count me among your regular readers.

J.O.

New York, NY

Kristen Bjorn the filmstar is talented on both sides of the camera. He is indeed the photographer who captured Vito's enormous charm for HONCHO. For more arousing material on Vito, see the August 1983 issue of MAN-DATE. —Editor.

BI-SEXUAL

Dear HONCHO:

I picked up your May issue and I think your photography far surpasses that of *Numbers* or *Blueboy*.

I'm a bi-sexual married man, 5'5" tall, 140 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and I have a very hairy body.

My first homosexual encounter was with a neighbor when I was a teenager. We had several good times together.

A few years ago I met a divorced man. He had placed an ad in *The Boston Phoenix* looking for a roommate. I called him and explained that I just wanted sex and that I didn't need a room. Well, we hit it off from the start. I went straight to his room with him.

There, we both stripped and took a good look. His cock was just under 6 inches. I liked that. I've tried giving head to large cocks and had trouble getting them into my mouth.

I've seen him many times since and I've never been disappointed. I can't wait to taste his sperm.

Sex with my wife is OK, but give me a man anytime! I think homosexuality is as natural as heterosexuality.

I once travelled to Boston late at night to give head to a male model. His cock was so big I could hardly get it into my mouth. We had a good time, but I wished I could have done him justice.

D.J.

Bellingham, MA

Continued to page 78

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BIG TIMBER

Continued from page 60

**Thrashing under
his weight, I came
and came while
his finger rubbed
my prostate. Then
all was quiet,
except for the
sound of rushing
water echoing
through the
forest.**

ched his cock grow and soften three times. At last his cockhead reared harder. Pock rolled over on his side facing me, his eyes still closed. His hard dick was just three inches from my shoulder. I watched the red plum-shaped head emerge completely from its sheath. Its fat, deep-cleft slit was oozing clear fluid. The shiny bright head contrasted with the dark veined trunk of his cock.

My own cut tool was hard pressed against the rock under my belly. I couldn't take my eyes off his monstrous meat. Pock moaned and rolled slowly over on his belly toward me. His cock was still two-thirds visible, sticking out from under him, its gleaming slit-eye mocking me. Muscle tremors began to ripple across Pock's firm, hairy ass as he started humping the rock slowly in his sleep.

I couldn't take any more.

As a last ditch effort to control myself before I did something I'd really be sorry for, I leapt back into the stream, praying that the cold water would cure my throbbing cock.

Inadvertently I splashed water on Pock's back, and he sat up with a jolt. "What the . . . Oh, I guess I fell asleep," he yawned, stretching. He seemed unaware of his third leg as he sat up on his haunches. His softening cock dragged along the stone. "Think I'll make me a waterfall," he said and stood up on the boulder, aiming his floppy cock downstream of me. He started pissing like a horse—strong and fast. I pulled myself out of the water just as he was finishing. I was dismayed to discover my hard-on was holding strong. "Hey, kid," said Pock as he flipped the end of his dribbling prick. "For a little guy, you've got quite a big fuck-tool."

"Yours could win awards," I retorted.

"Yeah, I guess it ain't small potatoes," he muttered, still holding his cock. "Hasn't gotten any attention since that skinny kid I used to work with split. He used to chew on it now and then. He was a good buddy."

"Out here you gotta help each other to survive," I quipped.

"Yeah, that's it, ain't it kid?" he smiled, turning full around to face me. "What can we do about this?" he drawled. His dick was now distended and curved up in a long arc, the fore-skin peeled back further than I'd previously witnessed, the head glistening in its urgency.

Pock looked perplexed as he wrapped his big fist around the base of his cock and the left one above

that, slowly pumping with two hands. The bulbous red head of his cock was still untouched, just leaking shiny clear fluid that dripped in long drops onto the rock at my feet.

My hand started working on my own dick as I lay back looking at his monster cantilevered above me in space like a crane. "I'm glad to see you don't mind having a jack-off buddy," I said. Pock smiled down at me and said, "If you were a real buddy, you'd see I ain't doing too well with handling this mother."

"Let me try," I said shakily, as I reached up to grab it just below the crown. My fingers were able to enclose the shaft as I started to work the loose skin back and forth. He dropped his head back and groaned loudly as his knees began to bend and flex. I automatically got to my knees and started washing his dick-head with my tongue. "Oh, careful, man, it's too good," moaned Pock as his head rolled around, looking down at me. "Easy. . ."

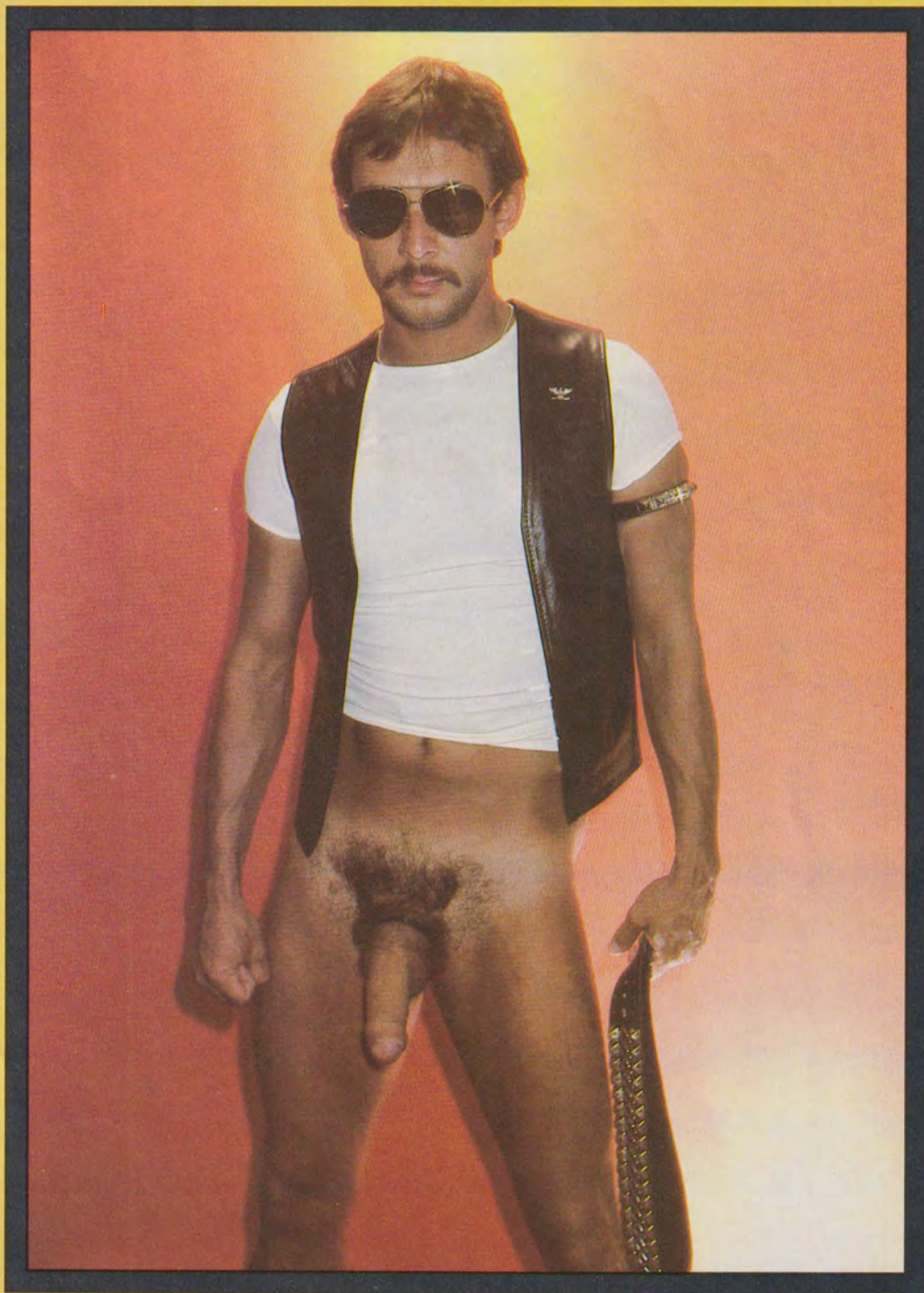
I tried to engulf the head of his crown with my lips and barely got the monster crown in my mouth, even with both hands grabbing the shaft of his cock. Then his knees began to shake and a force of scalding cum filled my mouth faster than I could swallow it. He shot again and again. "Oh man," he muttered finally as he sank slowly, kneeling before me.

He wrapped me in his big arms and covered my mouth with his. His tongue began to probe for the saltiness of his own gism. He swirled it around in his mouth and then gave it to me a second time. His hands started working my butt. Pock then picked me up and laid me on my back as he tongued and nibbled on my nipples. Slowly he started down my sternum, gently kissing my stomach and navel. His hot mouth took my shaft as his finger probed my asshole. I cried out in surprise as he worked my cock with his mouth from in front and finger fucked my virgin hole from behind. In seconds I was thrashing, pinned under his weight. I came and came and came, his finger rubbing my prostate. Suddenly everything was quiet, except for the sounds of rushing water echoing through the forest.

When I awoke he was standing over me, gazing downstream. "Yes sir," he drawled, "looks like I found me a real buddy at last." Smiling down, he gazed deeply into my eyes and said, "I think you'd better move your gear into my tent. I'm awful lonely."

"Sure," I said. "So am I."

GET THE POINT?

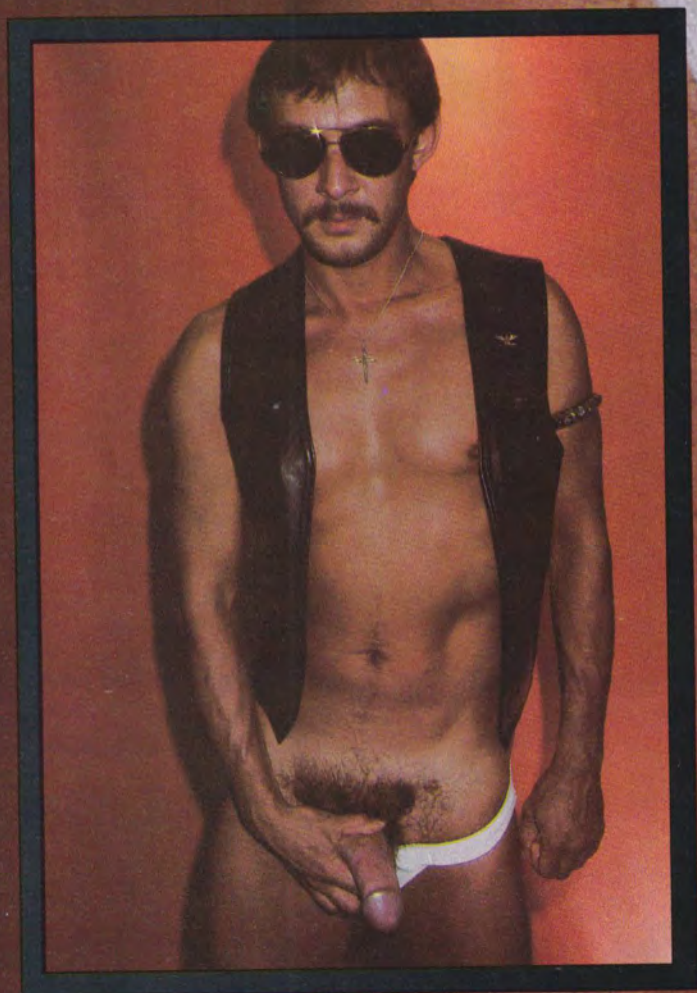


He hides his eyes behind dark glasses so you can't read what's on his mind, but his body language is fluent enough that you'll get his meaning. And judging from that studded belt he's wielding and that club he carries between his legs, his body language probably includes a lot of rough talk.

Photography by Bob Young

HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983

GET THE POINT?



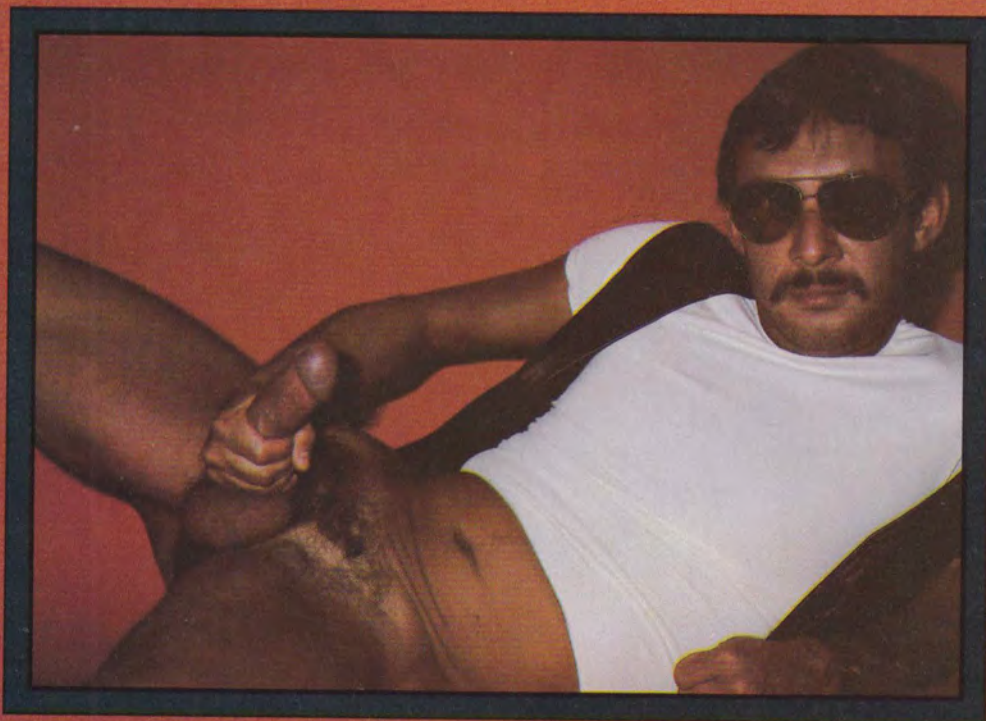
With the t-shirt gone and that thick meat popping in and out of a jockstrap, he shows just how expressive flesh can be. If you get real close to him, you can hear his body talk.

Photography by Bob Young





GET THE POINT?

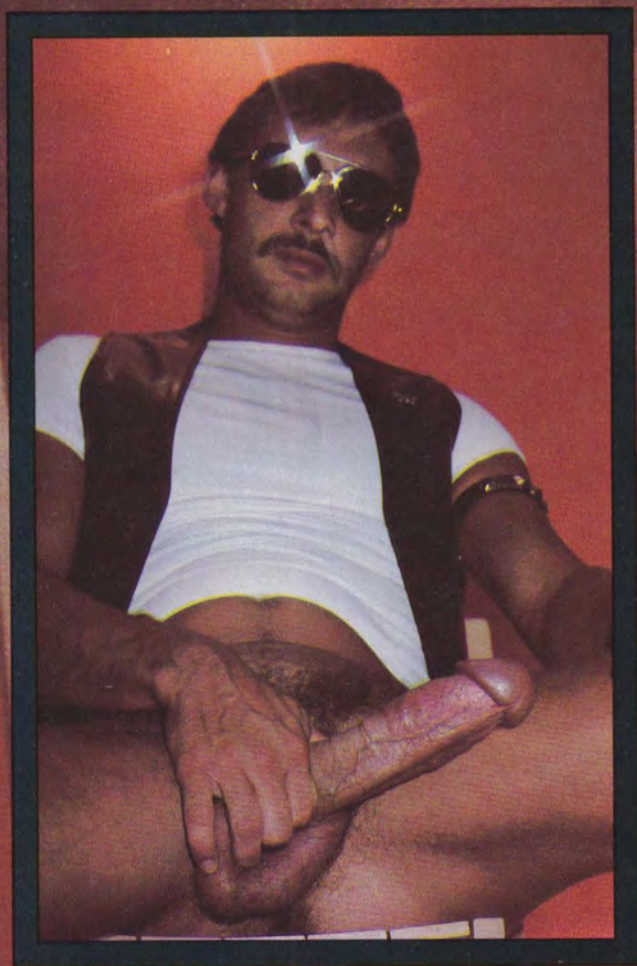


Schoolteachers used to use wooden pointers for emphasis; our stud with the sunglasses uses his big fleshy pointer to emphasize something that's more fun than the Three Rs. And he's willing to give private tutoring, too.

Photography by Bob Young

HONCHO / SEPTEMBER 1983

GET THE POINT?



Unless you're a very slow learner, you should've interpreted his body language by now. That thick, engorged shaft with its popping veins is saying only one thing: Eat me!

Photography by Bob Young



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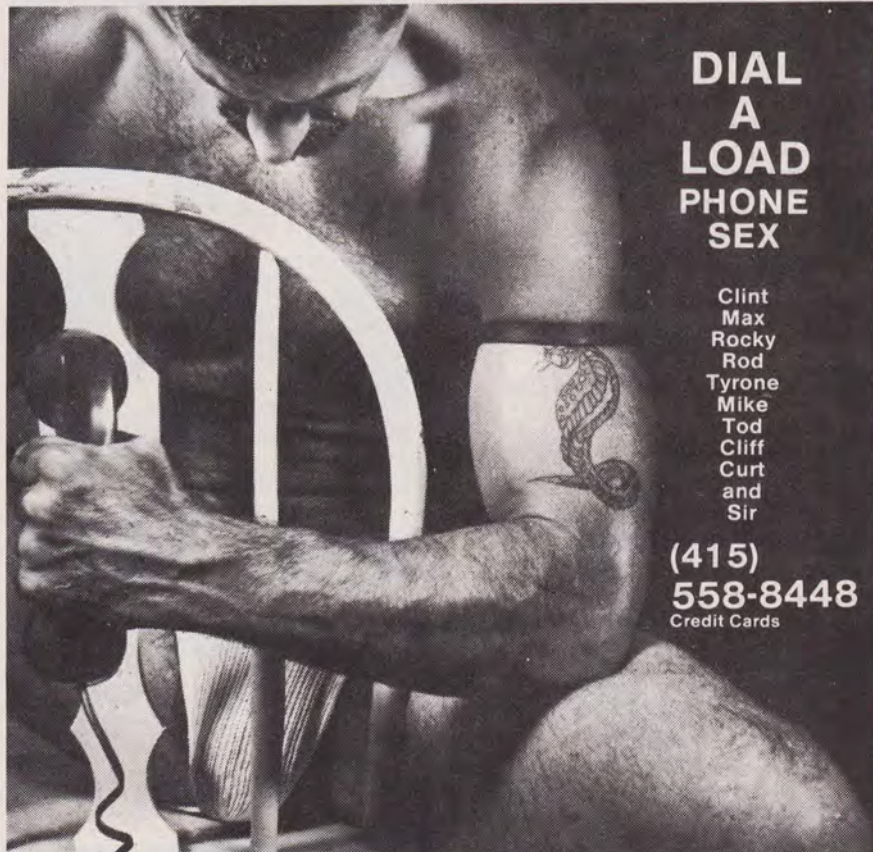
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SCROTUM FREAK

Dear HONCHO:

I've never written to you or to any other gay magazine, but your May 1983 issue was so hot I just had to get out my pad and pen. What a job you guys did!

Thanks first of all for the "High-Ballin'" feature on nuts. I happen to be a scrotum freak who likes a "sac lunch" almost as much as a "penis butter" sandwich, so you can imagine how much I enjoyed that spread! My only complaint is that it had to end—please give us scrotum lovers more of the same soon! Maybe you could sponsor a "Big Balls" contest to find the biggest, fattest, fleshiest, hunkiest, most succulent pouches around—I don't think you'd have any trouble drumming up interest! Ah, scrotums! How I love to lick, lap, nuzzle, suck and eat 'em!

But as good as "High-Ballin'" was, what really got my attention in your May issue was the short story "The Audition" by Sam Post. That had to be the hottest piece of short blowjob fiction I've ever read! The great illustration and boldface ad introduction at the top were enough to get me hot, hard, and oozing—and by the time I finished it I was practically desperate for some relief! The suspense and the graphic description were almost too much. Not only was it extremely sexy and entertaining, but instructional too—I used some of cock-sucker Brian's style and technique the very next time I ate dick!

Sam Post must be speaking from experience—at least partially. I'll bet he could pen some really terrific true-life experiences! Anyway, please give us lots more of that incredible "fellatio fiction" by Mr. Post.

Thanks for the chance to express myself, and special thanks again for that absolutely great May issue.

J.M.S.
Dodge City, KS

GORGEOUS STUD

Dear HONCHO:

Your "Soldier Boy" layout in the June issue is a sensation! Can we see much more of this gorgeous stud in future issues? Keep up the beautiful graphics.

S.F.
New Orleans, LA

GLISTENING TORSO

Dear HONCHO:

I don't know what else to say but Wow! Your May 1983 cover man is all prime male, stud fuck-beef. Please give my thanks to Sunblazer Studio for the cream in my pants over this photo. What a great torso: nice chest, tits, washboard stomach, and a great spread of hair. I go for a guy with hair on his body. I'd suck all your dicks and asses for more of his sweat-glistening torso.

I also think you chose a great story illustrator in Richard White. He always manages to capture the guys in the stories so well. He must have the writer's exact idea of what was in his mind. His pictures give the stories a great imaginative push.

Also, I really got off on "Come And Get It." Vito is one hot, mature-looking stud. Again, I like hot hairy men and he fits the bill. I loved his hard-on on the ladder. He looks so sexy with the leather, levis and hairy chest. Thanks for keeping us hard and wet each month.

A.J.
Clarksburg, WV

MALE SCENT

Dear HONCHO:

After taking a poll of friends, relatives, and co-workers, I've found that the May issue containing Vito in "Come And Get It" is the photograph of the year! Please let us see more of "Vito."

The photography was so good I thought I could smell the male scent and the wood steps he reclines on. Thank you HONCHO, thank you Kristen Bjorn, and most of all, thank you VITO!

R.A.
Las Vegas, NV

CUM AND GET IT

Dear HONCHO:

Congratulations on your 5th Anniversary Issue (May 1983). I've missed only a few copies during this five-year span and I have enjoyed every issue I've bought. I got especially hot over the one a couple of months ago with the drop of cum dangling from a beautiful cock! A lot of gorgeous men have graced your magazine but the one who impressed me most was

Continued to page 88

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MAN SEARCH

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Discount: deduct 10% for six issues.

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

Ad Deadline	On Sale
9/1/83	12/1/83
10/1/83	1/1/84
11/1/83	2/1/84
12/1/83	3/1/84
1/1/84	4/1/84
2/1/84	5/1/84

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

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with something STIMULATING and CHALLENGING. You may even learn something. It's only four dollars. Order two and SHARE THE FUN. PRECIOUS AND FEW, Post Office Box 751, North Little Rock, AR 72115.

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

CALIFORNIA

FACE SITTER

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

BI S.F. J/O STUD

Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, long thick handtool, heavy slung sack. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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 a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

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. Hair 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, SF, CA 94114.

VERSATILE GWM,

6'1", 155# BR/BR goodlooking. Needs guidance. Professional, likes gay life. Will relocate for right man. Photo and letter to John Robinson, 1480 Dolores St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

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.

I AM 25, ATTRACTIVE

and quiet. I am caramel brown with a cute smile and eyes. Enjoy meeting a Honcho. Write A. Sanders, 1036 Magnolia Ave., Gardena, CA 90247.

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.

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 tits 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 and Latins (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.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU

Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

TOP BOTTOM OR TRADEOFF

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

COLORADO

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

HOT HUNK

Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10 1/2", 7 1/2" 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.

FERNADINA BEACH

Just moved here. GWM 23 6' 160 lbs. Straight acting. Dark skin, Blk hair, very hairy. Need to meet friends under 25. Muscles a plus. No fems. Photo gets mine. C.N. Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

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.

PLANNING TO VISIT KEY WEST?

This hot GWM 27 smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy, husky, older men or just to exchange horny letters. Write RDA, Box 4001, Key West, FL 33041.

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.

ORLANDO AREA

couple would like to meet discreet singles and couples. No fems or drugs. Photos answered first. Give ages & interests. Occupant, PO Box 1812, Maitland, FL 32751-1812.

GEORGIA

AIDS CELIBATE

Looking for steady until epidemic is over in Atlanta. Open to novelty. Call me 633-2308.

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.

LONELY WHITE MALE

39 yrs. old, 6' tall, 170 lbs., 6" cut. New to gay scene. Need a good teacher. Enjoy nude sunbathing, sports, gay magazines. Willing to try almost anything. Please hurry, I am so lonely. David Rogowski, RR #1, Utica, IL 61373.

CORRESPONDENT J/O

GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?

23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

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, IL 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 body-builder 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.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,

interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer, P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING

32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

LOVER WANTED

Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate on ly. 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 knows 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 42365.

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 and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

WANTS LOVER 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.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME

If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm

seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

LOUISIANA

HORNY, HORSEHUNG STUD

wants hairy studs of all races who are into heavy masturbation and jock straps. Travel for perfect cock. Z. Carrington, PO Box 8824, New Orleans, LA 70182.

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.

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

HOT HUNG JOCK

GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

WHITE, 31, LOOKING FOR A FRIEND/LOVER

Write and tell me about yourself and interests. Send photo and phone number to B.C., PO Box 83, Southfield, MA 01259.

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.

TONSIL TICKLERS

Call talented bottom (313) 398-8141. Enjoys Greek three ways passive.

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.

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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.

MONTANA

B/M, 26, 5'8, 140 lbs

Intelligent, love to explore, hung, submit by writing, or photo appreciated. 5404 Harrison, K.C., MO. 64110.

NEW JERSEY

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED

by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING

by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8½" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

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, Ridgedfield, NJ 07657.

MANEATER

seeks trim, hairy, cut, 18-40. I'm 32, slim, goodlooking, expert mouth and camera. Photo including chest: Parallax, Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

28, WHITE, BI, BIKER.

Needs hung Black, verbal long lasting man who loves to fuck ass and get lip service. No basket cases. Photo, phone mandatory. Box 13894, Albuquerque, NM 87192.

NEW YORK

FINGER LAKES REGION

Clean, discreet—seeks married men only—age not important—write Box 272 Montour Falls, New York 14865.

DONKEY DONG

Slave, 24 needs dog training from extra huge hung master. Big Dog a plus. Photo, etc., gets mine. #49, 132 W. 24 St. NYC 10011.

B/M 40 5'6 140

Like to meet males all races 18-30 to take out, be good to, and obey. John PO Box 604 Scarsdale, NY 10583.

BLACK MALE

31, 5'11", 175 lbs. good body and nice ass, and cock 8", seeks nice looking bearded dark Italian age 30 to 40 who enjoys ass fucking and eating and lives alone. (No fems.) Reply, Johnny, 798 Hendrix St., Bklyn, NY 11207.

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.

ALL-AMERICAN BODYBUILDER

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.

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/moustach and masculine only. Reply with photo PO 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: PO Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE

trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

J/O ARTIST

NYC GWM 30's 6'2" 165 blue eyes 9" cut proud & cocky. Filled with creative uninhibited erotic energy. Bold use of everything I've got. Willing to share all of it. Handy with the camera. 50/50 voyeur-exhibitionist or 100% of either. Get hold of yourself. Give the urge a real workout. Photo & thoughts gets a fistful. You dudes know who you are! Boxholder, PO Box 55, N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

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available on hot bearded horny w/m, scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F, W/S, L/L, Tits, Balls, Jocks, Boots, Toys, Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo/Phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159.

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

I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE

to satisfy my lover. He is 6'1" and 160 lbs. and is willing to try anything. I set the limits and am present. You must be aggressive. Lover is blond, muscular. No fats or fems. Write PO Box 33303, Cleveland, Ohio 44133.

22 GWM

looking for friends, lovers. Renn (216) 674-1610.

OKLAHOMA

LEATHERMASTER

35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. No phone J/O. PO Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

OREGON

SEPTEMBER SONG

GWM, 55, active, independent, going to retire and van around the continent to see what's happenin'. Seeks compadre to share the adventure, expense and each other. Write Hart Enfeld, 2320 SW Schaeffer, West Linn, OR 97058.

PENNSYLVANIA

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, PO 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.

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ANIMAL SLAVE

25/160 muscled. 9" thick. Experience managing 5 stallions, 3 danes. Give me a farm. I'll serve. Discrete, loyal. D. Johnson, Beech Creek Road, Brentwood, TN 37027. Sincerest cash donation earns \$150,000 Yuan Dynasty jade horse. All donations rewarded.

GWM WANTS TO MEET GUYS

(18-35). Trim & muscular in appearance. I'm 30, 5'9", 150, moustache. Enjoy bodybuilding, running & music. Send photo & letter to: R.F., Box 482, Knoxville, TN 37901.

TEXAS

BB/WRESTLER

seeks clean likeminded men 18-35 for discreet full contact workouts etc., with 6', 185#, WM, 29. Your place. Metroplex. Don Lee, Tandy Center Atrium #203, Ft. Worth, TX 76102.

BRECKENRIDGE AREA

Leo, 6', 45, 163, Brown/hazel moustache, independent straight-appearing. Looking for experienced, creative, tops 20-45 experimenting with light B&D, WS, tit play, Fr., Gr., rimming, jocks and fantasy. Fakes, drugs, heavy pain and scat are turn-offs. Semi-nude photo with letter answered first. Write Ken, PO Box 201, Olden, TX 76466.

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, fems or Blacks. Send PASE, photo to: Skip Williams, Pox 10272, Ft. Worth, TX 76114.

2 LOOKING FOR 1

Young 18 to 30, uncut a must. Not into S.M. or drugs. Photo please. No fats, blk or mex. Game room & spa for fun and games. G.L.C., PO Box 821241, Dallas, TX 75382.

WISCONSON

HAIRY, HORNY, BEARDED GWM

30, seeks hot men 20-40 for bareass fun. Bi studs, couples welcome. Into nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

INTERNATIONAL

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35, 5'8", 160#, Handsome, clean cut, moust., dark, hairy, and balding. Wants friend very hairy, balding and glasses welcome. Visit L.V. in fall '83. Joerg, Apt. 112, Franziskaner St., 16,8000 Munich 80, W. Germ.

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24th Street, New York, NY 10011 or
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Mark Negrem a couple of years ago. My new heart-throb is that HONCHO He-Man called VITO! I desire him; I lust for him; I crave and hunger for him. He's the perfect man in every way, shape and form! His handsome face with full moustache is most attractive; that lean body with plenty of hair on his chest is appealing; those well-developed pecs; and, of course, that big, thick, juicy cock standing with full erection! WOW! What a beauty he is! I accept his invitation and the challenge he offers. I'm "cumming and getting" all the sensual pleasure I can from my new and exciting fantasy man! Give me more of VITO—he's a splendor to behold! I look forward to the surprises in your future hot issues.

G.M.
Point Pleasant, WV

GETS ME OFF

Dear HONCHO:

I first bought HONCHO a couple of months ago and have liked every issue, although I would like to see more black cocks. I would especially like to see that hunk on page 28 of the May issue. That picture gets me off more than any other in your great magazine.

K.C.
Fort Mill, SC

The photo you refer to is from Falcon, which continues to supply hot material. And don't forget to check out their video selection.
—Editor.

HUNK MATERIAL

Dear HONCHO:

You probably received thousands of raves on that hunk in your "Special Equipment" layout (January 1983). And rightfully so! He is by far the best specimen you have presented. That body, face and equipment must be Italian—the best hunk material by far. Too bad your photos were not all in color.

Speaking of photography, much credit goes to your photographers—not only for "Special Equipment," but for every single photo. They bring out the best in your fabulous magazine.

R.B.
Belleville, NJ

See the June 1982 issue of MAN-DATE for an eleven-page layout on this model. He is also on the cover of that issue. If you missed it on the newsstand, you may order a copy for \$5.00 from: Back Issue Department, Modernismo Publications Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.—Editor.

COCK BONUS

Dear HONCHO:

I just want to thank you for the March 1983 issue, especially the cover model and the "Hirsute" layout. This model is absolutely great—I've always been turned on by hair, but with him there is a bonus: he has a big cock in addition to the curly black hair on his body. He's colossal, stupendous, unbelievable. I will never stop fantasizing over this hunk.

B.P.
Lexington, KY

TEN CENTS A DICK

Dear HONCHO:

I bought the July issue today, and just for fun I decided to count the dicks in this issue. Not including the ads, I counted 40 cocks in the photographs, illustrations and cartoons. Since I paid \$3.95 for the magazine, that comes to approximately 10 cents a dick. Not bad, not bad at all! Even in these inflationary times, HONCHO is a bargain. Now, carrying my economic statistics further, I confess that I have already jerked off four times with this issue (three times looking at Justin in the "Bottoms Up" spread and once while reading the story "Topman" by Bud O'Donnell). That's just one dollar for every thick creamy load that I've pumped out of my cock. But, considering the future jack-offs I'll get from this one magazine, the issue may eventually pay even greater dividends: if I jerk off 395 times in, say, the next ten years, I will have paid only one penny per jack-off. If Reaganomics had come up with an economy like this, we would be a country of millionaires. Keep the glorious bargains coming.

G.M.
Pueblo, CO

AROUSED

Dear HONCHO:

I'd like to congratulate you on the quality of your magazine, which seems to improve with every issue.

Your June cover and centerfold both startled and aroused me. I've never been much attracted to Asian types, but then again I've never seen one like your model before! That icy masculine gaze, that smooth, chiseled body, and his huge thick dick were just too much!

Let's see some more of this guy!

A.V.
Los Angeles, CA

NO COMPETITORS

Dear HONCHO:

One day recently I went shopping in one of the best and biggest of our Dutch department stores. While browsing through the magazines on a newsstand, I saw *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Lui*, *Babilonia*, *Stallion*, and then, standing out from all the rest, HONCHO. It was the June issue, and two intense brown eyes stared from the cover. The man wore a leather jacket on his naked torso, and a white jockstrap protruded from his jeans. I picked up the magazine, curious to see all of the pictures. I bought it because I liked not only the cover man but the other models as well. Reading the hot fiction was also an erotic turn-on.

I liked the cover model layout ("Too Big For His Own Britches") and especially the blond "In Hot Water." The black and white photos of the cop were unusual—I hope to see more of him in color in a future issue. Of the stories, I really became aroused most by "Close Shave," which was well-written and caused me to have all sorts of fantasies about shaving the hair from a hirsute stud like the one in the story.

From now on, I plan to buy every issue of HONCHO as soon as it's available. None of our European magazines come near it, and as far as I can tell you really have no serious competitors in North America, either.

M.M.
Gouda, Holland



SUNNY SIDE UP

HIGH UP IN THE HOLLYWOOD
HILLS, OUR FOXY BLOND
STARTS TO RIDE AN IMPROVED
HOBBY HORSE. WHEN WE FIRST
SAW THAT BIG WHITE KNOB, WE
MISTOOK IT FOR SOMETHING
ELSE ENTIRELY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BADER
PRODUCTIONS

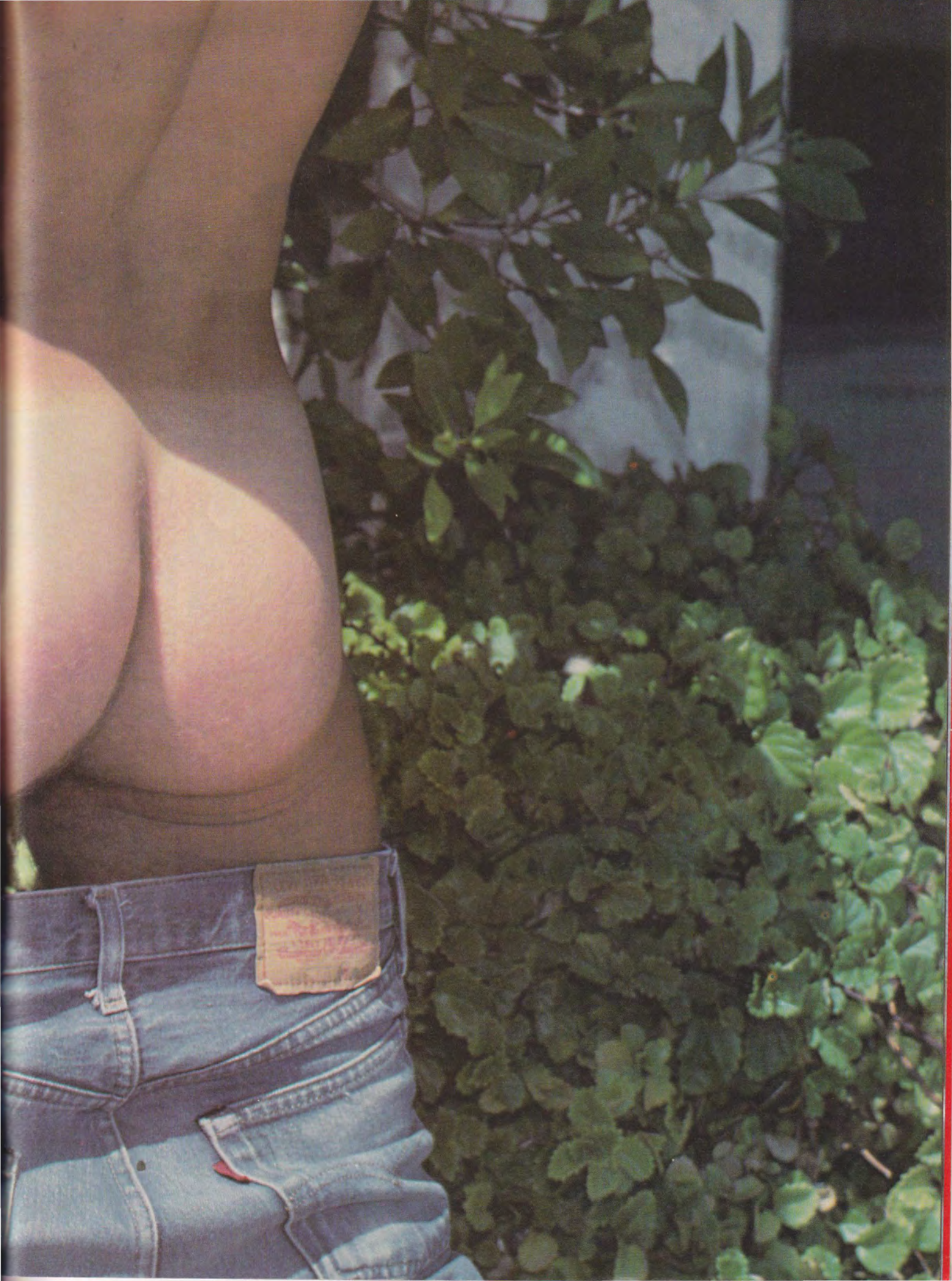
SUNNY SIDE UP



GOLDEN BUNS DRENCHED IN SUN; THEY LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT. AND CHECK OUT THAT HAIRY GOLD FROM THE TOP OF HIS HEAD TO THE SOLES OF HIS FEET. CALIFORNIA DREAMING IS BECOMING A REALITY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BADER PRODUCTIONS





SUNNY SIDE UP

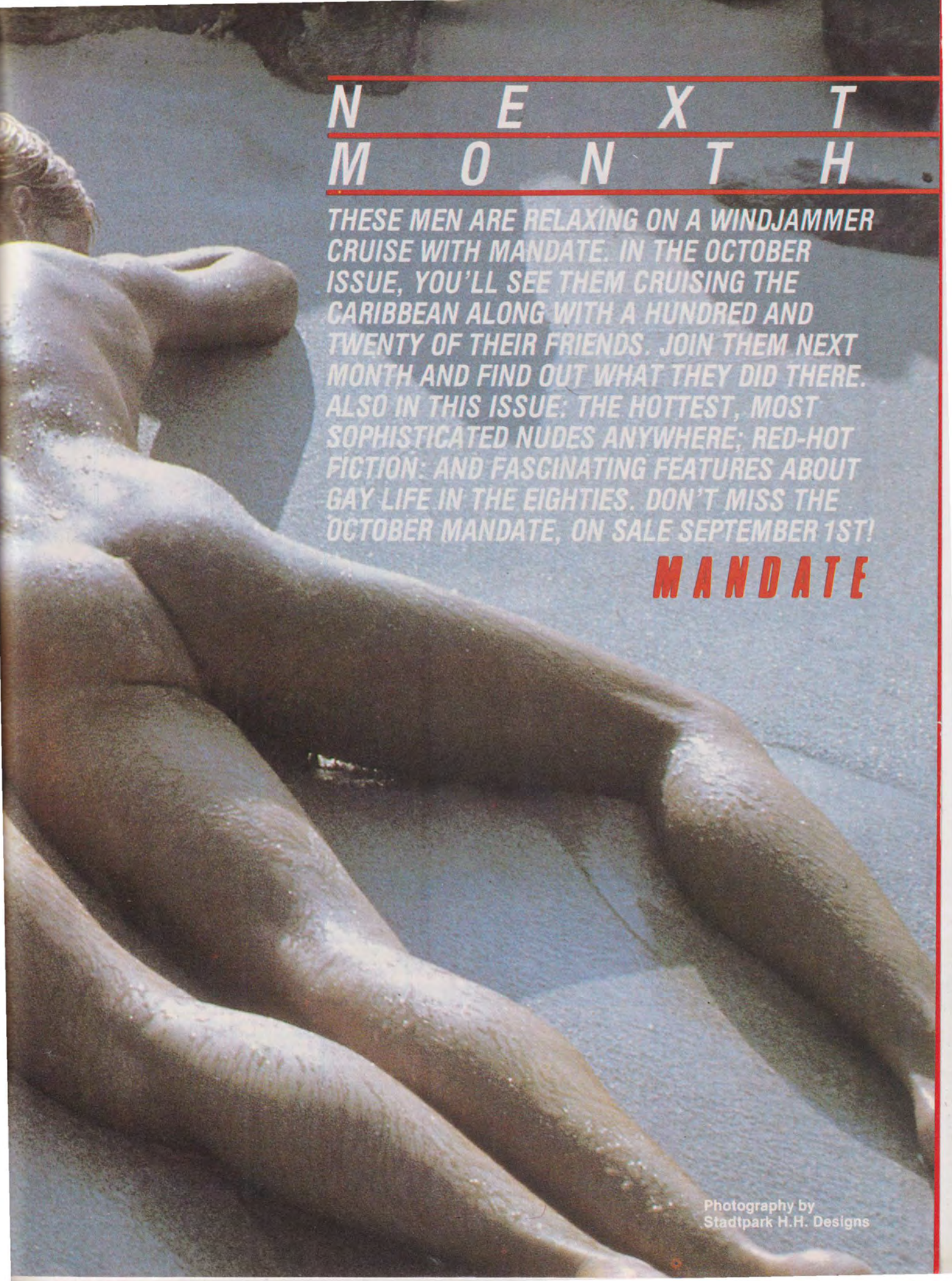


NOW HE HAS STOPPED HORSING AROUND AND STARTED GETTING SERIOUS. THAT GOLDEN CALIFORNIA BODY GLEAMS IN THE SUN. THAT TEMPTING PUCKER HOLE HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE PLACE WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES; BUT ON THIS GUY IT'S SUNNY SIDE UP.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BADER PRODUCTIONS





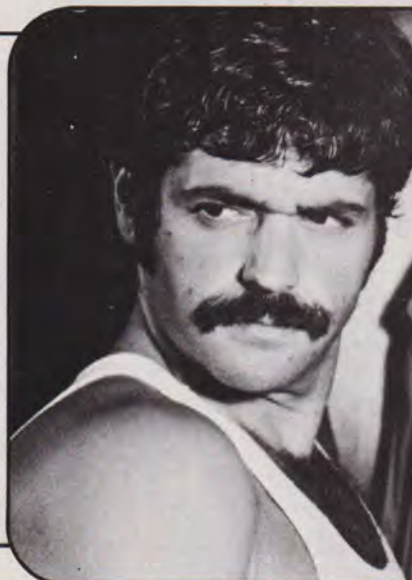


N E X T M O N T H

THESE MEN ARE RELAXING ON A WINDJAMMER CRUISE WITH MANDATE. IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE, YOU'LL SEE THEM CRUISING THE CARIBBEAN ALONG WITH A HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF THEIR FRIENDS. JOIN THEM NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY DID THERE. ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: THE HOTTEST, MOST SOPHISTICATED NUDES ANYWHERE; RED-HOT FICTION; AND FASCINATING FEATURES ABOUT GAY LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES. DON'T MISS THE OCTOBER MANDATE, ON SALE SEPTEMBER 1ST!

MANDATE

Photography by
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BRENTWOOD 200 FT. FILMS

FULL
LENGTH
ALL COLOR

HOT GLORY HOLE (originally BRENTWOOD'S 224 & 225)

On the beach there is a men's room
where young studs from a nearby
college service each other. We watched
as they came in and turned on one after
the other, a continuous flow of heavy,
nonstop action. If you like your sex hot,
hard and heavy and like your men down
and dirty, then HOT GLORY HOLE is
your kind of scene.

TWO FILMS \$29.95 EA



EBONY LOVE (originally BRENTWOOD'S 238 - 239)

Rod, a black repairman, is met
by Jim. Jim sees the massive bulge in Rod's
levis and his eyes reveal his hunger to
taste it. Rod pulls out his huge hard prick
and soon Jim's mouth is filled with that
enormous black meat. Rod takes hold
of his enormous tool and plunges it
deep into Jim's tight white hole. Jim
shoots a huge load as he submits all
the way to Rod's stiff wet cock. Rod
cums all over Jim's face and mouth; the
nonstop action continues with Jim
rimming Rod's ass while Rod sucks his
own cock until he shoots again,
covering his own face with cum.

TWO FILMS \$29.95 EA



All Color MAGNUM GRIFFIN 300 FT. FILMS DOUBLE LENGTH \$35 EA. - \$60 FOR 2 - ALL 4 ONLY \$100



41 Locker Room 3

DMG NO. 41 LOCKER ROOM 3
Thor, a new boy at the gym,
watches partners Pete and
Steve finish their workout. His
growing shaft aching for a fuck,
Thor follows them to the locker
room to make out. As he buries
his tool between the cheeks of
Steve's ass, Pete tongues the
rest of Steve's body to a
magnificent climax.



42 Hot Tub Boys

DMG NO. 42 HOT TUB BOYS
Two blonde beauties, Thor and
Freddie set the pace for this sex
capade in the hot tub. When
dark-haired Tony, the towel
boy, joins them, the action
speeds up. It's a game of
musical chairs, in and out of the
tub, rimming, sucking, fucking.
A wild 3-way to everyone's
delight!



43 Triple Work-Out

DMG NO. 43 TRIPLE WORK-OUT
When instructor Eric strips
down to show David and Jamie
the proper way to use gym
equipment, he becomes more
interested in their equipment.
The boys, also eager to play
games, mount Eric in
outrageous positions on the
exercise machine, blowing and
screwing each other until the
love juices flow.



44 3 For The Mat

DMG NO. 44 3 FOR THE MAT
Three young bodies on a gym
mat building their muscles.
Watching each other exercise,
the mood soon changes from
work to play. A frenzy of
sensuous lips around stiff dicks
and lunging cocks up pink
assholes dazzle your eyes as
Tim is caught between David
and Steve in a gratifying triple
header.

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☐ NO. 41 LOCKER ROOM 3 ☐ NO. 42 HOT TUB BOYS

☐ NO. 43 TRIPLE WORKOUT ☐ NO. 44 3 FOR THE MAT

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HOT GLORY HOLE ☐ PART ONE, NO. 224 ☐ PART TWO, NO. 224

EBONY LOVE ☐ PART ONE, NO. 238 ☐ PART TWO, NO. 239

HO

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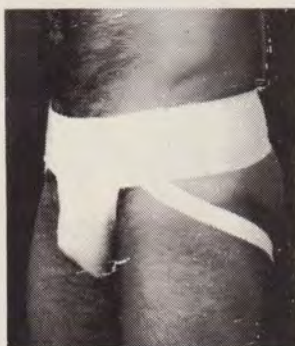
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