

HONCHO



THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

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APRIL 1984
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**MEN
AT
WORK!**

NUDES:
**EXECUTIVE
WASHROOM
HIS STOCK
IS RISING**

**SALTY SEAMAN
MAN WANTED**

FICTION:
**HUNG LIKE
A HORSE
THAT HOT NIGHT
IN THE PARK
CONSTRUCTION
SITE**



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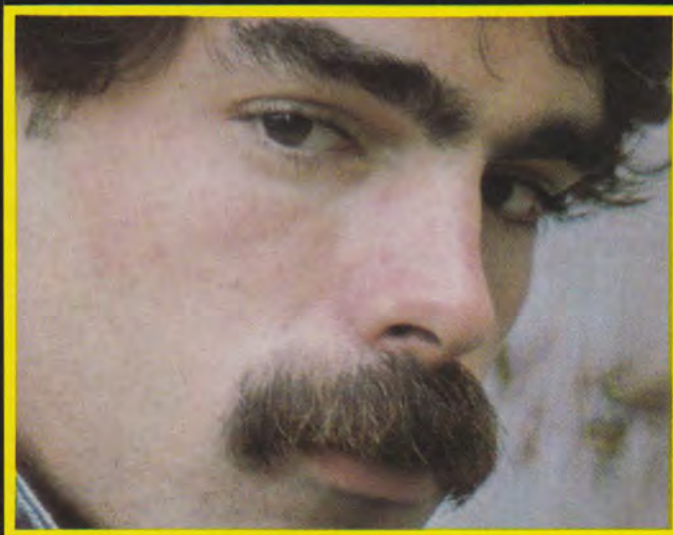
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CONSTRUCTION SITE

By Robert Ralph • Photos by City Boy Studio

"Fuckin' hot Madison Avenue ass," the electrician whispered in my ear. "Your ass is hotter'n my wife's pussy." I hadn't guessed, when construction started on the new high-rise, that I would get a regular lunch-hour fuck from one of the hardhats.

"There he is!" squealed one of the girls in the secretarial pool.

"Where?" asked another, crowding against the others to look out the window.

"On that girder. He's the one with the open shirt and the green hardhat."

"I see him!" said another. "Get a load of those buns!"

The shrieks of appraisal were so loud that I couldn't help but overhear. I stuck my head out of my office and inquired, "What in the world is going on?"

"Nothing, Mr. Simms. Nothing at all!"

All four of them were glued to the window and giggling uncontrollably.

"You girls are up to something

suspicious," I said, walking towards the window where they congregated. I had to strain to see over them.

"We're just admiring the view!" said one of them, and they all burst into hysterical laughter.

The object of their ogling was an electrician who was stringing cable on the building under construction next door to our office. He looked about thirty or thirty-five, with a dark suntan and sunburned face. Black curly hair poked out from his green hardhat, and the brim was pulled down to his mirrored sunglasses. As he worked the cable into place, his unbuttoned shirt blew open revealing a muscular, carefully defined chest and stomach covered in a layer of wiry





black hair. He had a low-slung leather belt filled with a zillion screwdrivers, wrenches, and other tools hanging nearly to his knees. His faded jeans looked as if they wouldn't survive another washing, and it was obvious to me the way his dick and balls protruded that he didn't have on a stitch of underwear. Working so near our window, he couldn't miss the fact that he had a gallery of fans looking over his merchandise. However, he went about his business, apparently unconcerned with the furor he was causing. The girls scattered and left me exposed in the large window. I was rooted to the spot; his hairy body, glistening with sweat, had me going wild. My wife had had a hysterectomy and I hadn't had any for almost a month. As the electrician flashed those fuckable buns, the old itch was so strong that my dick got hard as I drank in his every move. The faded material revealed every line of his ass, making me hornier than ever.

Suddenly, he turned and faced me. It happened too fast for me to hide my hard-on, which was poking out at a rakish angle. With one gloved hand he removed the mirrored sunglasses and locked eyes with me. Then his big, fleshy, sensuous lips broke into a broad smile, crinkling lines at the corners of his mouth, and he nodded. A silent communication raced between us and he, unheard, mouthed the words, "All right!" I got so flustered that I jammed one hand in my pocket to hold down my dick, and turned away from the window. The secretaries were making a point of banging the hell out of their typewriters to appear busy.

I grabbed my suit coat, alerted one of the girls that I was going to lunch, and headed for the elevator. I hadn't had sex with another man in over two years and the hunky electrician was foremost in my mind all the way to the ground floor. My head reeled from the waves of heat that rose from the burning sidewalk to greet me as I burst out of the chilled air into the reality of the awful summer day. I stopped a moment to regain my equilibrium, then started along the street past the construction site. There was an opening in the rough board fence where a truck was depositing some lumber, and I was drawn to it. Glancing inside, I found it opened right by a construction shack, and who was going up the short flight of steps? None other than the electrician. Again, our eyes locked—at least I thought they did. I couldn't be sure, since he had those

damned sunglasses on. But he hesitated at the door, looking directly at me, then nodded towards the door, silently inviting me to follow.

The heat of the day, the construction noise, the roar of the traffic all merged, and my head spun around again. Dare I take the silent offer? My dick was stiffening at the thought of a nooner under those incredible circumstances.

I walked up the short flight of stairs and opened the door to the construction shack. He stood at one end, arms crossed, a smirk on his face. He pointed one gloved finger and said, "Lock the door behind you."

I slid the bolt home, my hands wet with nervous sweat. He took a step forward, the tools hanging from his belt jangling as he walked. He stood, legs slightly apart, his thick thighs straining at the faded material of his jeans. The close, hot air of the shack made the heavy smell of his perspiration overpowering. It was too hot to stay there very long, and I wondered why he didn't turn on the window unit behind him instead of leaving us sweltering. He scratched his nuts with one gloved hand and then recrossed his arms. The front of his fly moved as that long cock began to thicken. I

came free and a heavier smell flowed out, encircling my face with a sweaty, male odor that really got me going. His cock stiffened as I undid the buttons and began to point up and out. I got a third button free and was able to touch the hard, hairy base of his huge dick. It was fiery hot and the large amount of hair sandpapered my palm. "Go on," he ordered. "Get it out and do me."

My shirt felt cold from the wetness as I sweated profusely. I tugged and yanked, finally exposing his ten inches. As it cleared the fly, his dick thickened its uncut length, the red tip trying to free itself from the ring of flesh. It swayed in front of my face. He milked the skin back, forcing a spurt of pre-cum to lube the tip, shaking it in front of me, sending out the heaviest aroma yet. It made me dizzy and excited. I freed his large, egg-shaped balls, which were framed by the mass of curly hair.

"Get with it, man. Suck it!" he said, jamming the long piece of meat against my face, forcing my lips apart. I grabbed his leather belt for steadiness; the tools rattled as he thrust his hips forward. My lips parted and the thick head of his dick cleared my teeth. It tasted salty and slightly

"You can't get any more of it down your throat than my wife," he said. "Guess I'll have to do what I do with her." Then he unzipped my trousers and shoved them to the floor.

stared at it. Sweat trickled from my eyebrows and burned into my eyes. It ran from my underarms, wetting my sides. Then I moved closer to him until we were face to face. One gloved fist grabbed my shoulder and pushed me to my knees in front of the swelling bulge.

"Man—I'm not exactly into—" I began.

His grip on my shoulder tightened. "Take it out," he growled, "and suck it!"

"But I—"

"Do it!" he said forcefully.

I touched that hard, protruding mound and had difficulty unbuttoning the first button, the area was so taut. Then the button popped open and a musky odor rushed up my nose and intoxicated me. The second button

bitter, and it was so broad across that I could barely swallow the first three inches. My head bobbed up and down, licking and sucking until the head was glistening and fully up, with the skin stretched to its limit and the pisshole open a bit. Slowly, I let my lips slide down the huge shaft, but could make no more progress than on the first try.

"You can't get any more of it down your throat than my wife," he said. It obviously pleased him that his dick was too big for me to handle. I made another effort to go down on it further, but it widened across the middle and was too fat for my limited ability. He pulled me off it, its shiny hardness wet from my saliva and his sweat. "Guess I'll have to do what I do with my wife!" he said quietly, lifting me to my feet. Roughly, he pulled my belt

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buckle loose, unzipped my trousers, and shoved them and my underwear to the floor in one move.

"And that is?" I asked.

He turned me around and shoved me across the drafting table, knocking blueprints all over the floor. Then he pulled my coat and dress shirt high on my back and brought his big dickhead right between the cheeks of my ass.

"And that is—? Hey, wait a minute!" I said.

He laughed again. "Why, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you."

The intense heat in the construction shack had me wringing wet with sweat, and my butt was slick as glass. I could feel his hairy chest along my back as he hunched close to me. His hard, pointed nipples stuck into my shoulders. "Yeah," he said, cramming his dickhead against me, "I'm going to fuck that Madison Avenue ass of yours!"

As I backed closer to his throbbing tool, sweat lubed the purple knob as he plunged inside me. Burning pleasure sensations ran like wildfire through my butt. Then he grabbed my shoulders with one hand and forced me across the drafting table. I reeled, feeling his manmeat boring deeper, inch by thick inch, up my ass. His hairy body raked against mine as he pushed, those tools on his belt rattling with each lunge he made.

I grabbed the edge of the drafting table to keep my balance. His gloved hand stroked my chest, pinching my nipples until they were as hard as my cock from the sensation of his rough construction gloves. He gradually lowered his leather-covered hand to my stomach and played with my navel. Then he pulled my pubic hair, teasing around my cock without actually touching it. He tickled the top of my dick, but still he hadn't really touched it. All the while, he was withdrawing his dick and then slamming it back inside me.

The drafting table screeched as it involuntarily moved along with us. He pulled out and shoved back in again, this time grasping the base of my dick with his leather-gloved hand. Slowly, he rubbed up the back side of my titillated cock, lingering at the sensitive mass of flesh below my dickhead. He pinched it, pulled it, rubbed back and forth until it was shot through with pleasure and tingled almost beyond endurance. He closed his fist over my distended cockhead and fucked me with a faster stroke. As he tightened his hold on my dickhead, he reamed his long tool to its maximum, forcing me on tiptoe.

"Fuckin' hot Madison Avenue ass!" he whispered. "Your ass is hotter'n

my wife's pussy. This is great fuckin' you. I needed it! I needed it real bad!"

The action of his glove on my dick brought me to the peak and I began gasping as my nuts drew close to my body. He cupped them with his other hand and continued jacking me like crazy. He jammed inside as far as he could and touched my prostate, squeezing my cock the hardest yet. A low, gurgling moan rushed from his lips and I felt him forcing my butt until I thought I couldn't take any more.

"Oh-h-h MAN!" he shouted as he shot off. A scalding blast of white-hot cum rushed from his flesh pistol and sloshed against the walls of my rectum.

He squeezed my balls harder and intensified his jacking along the most sensitive part of my dick. Up to the head and around my pisshole he rubbed those rough-textured gloves. Then he lunged against my prostate again and I yelled loud enough to be heard over the droning machinery outside. I unloaded a thick string of cum, shooting it over his fingertips. He pulled up and down, milking wad after wad, which squirted in unrelenting puddles on to the table. He kept jacking until my dick was limp and it had no more to shoot. Sweat and cum were running out my ass and down my legs when suddenly his dick made a sucking noise, kind of like a heavy boot pulling out of mud, and he yanked it free of my butt and began tucking it inside his jeans. My ass burned and hurt and felt wonderful all at the same time. My dick was still leaking when I hiked up my underwear and trousers and tried to make some order out of the shambles of my clothes. I was a mess and thankful that I was an executive and had a private shower in my office, as well as a change of clothes.

Just before he unlocked the bolt, he straightened my tie and gave me a brief salute, touching his fingers to the brim of his hardhat. "Same time tomorrow!" He said it as a command, not as a question or a request, pointing a gloved finger at me.

The bright sunlight outside hurt my eyes. I knew I'd have to skip lunch and get back and clean up.

The next day, I sequestered myself in my office and tried to concentrate on work. It was almost impossible. The secretaries were chattering away, and shortly before noon they were creating such a commotion that I stuck my head out to see what was going on.

"There he is again!" one said.

"The one with the hairy chest!"

"Oh," wailed another, "he's leaving. I wonder where he goes every day for lunch?" They all giggled. I knew it was

time for me to make tracks and keep a date.

As I entered the sweltering shack and locked the door, he was taking off his shirt and lowering his jeans so that he was naked to the knees. I walked up to him without a word, ran my hands through the mat of hair on his chest, and pulled his nipples. He sighed, really getting off on that. His dick got hard in one quick move.

"Today," I said, bending him over the drafting table, "I'm going to return the favor."

He didn't protest, but stuck his hairy ass out so that I could make easy contact. I had trouble finding the opening, so he guided my dick in, growling low and nodding his head in agreement. It was the hottest ass I'd ever encountered. I gasped as my dick plowed in. He squatted down like he was sitting on a chair, held on to the drafting table for leverage, and moved up and down on my dick like a pro. He squeezed his sphincter with each squat, dragging me to the edge of a climax. As I slammed his muscular buns for all I was worth, fucking him silly, he kept rocking up and down in that half-sitting, half-standing motion.

"Christ, man," I said, "here it comes!" I socked it to him, both of us sprawling across the table as I shot off, screaming in pleasure as I pumped a heavy load into him. All that time, he kept murmuring something over and over. When I stopped shooting, I sank to my knees and went down on the steaming cockhead. The second my mouth closed around the fat tip, he yelled and gushed a load in my mouth, so much that I gagged and some of it dribbled out.

We were both wringing wet when I stood up and wiped my chin. "What have you got against the window unit being on?" I asked.

"It's better this way," he said, caressing his long dick for one last little sensation.

"It's hotter'n hell!" I said.

"Boy, it sure is!" We both grinned.

"You know," I said joking, "we can't go on meeting like this. My secretary is getting suspicious!"

"I'll bet she is! But we can't have that," he replied, grinning.

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

He scribbled a phone number on a piece of paper and gave it to me.

"What's this?"

"A number where you can reach me—any time, day or night. . . when you can get free."

"What about your wife?"

"She never answers *that* phone," he said and smiled. "Damn good thing, too!"

"Damn good thing!" I agreed. ■

ALEX
by
CHUCK



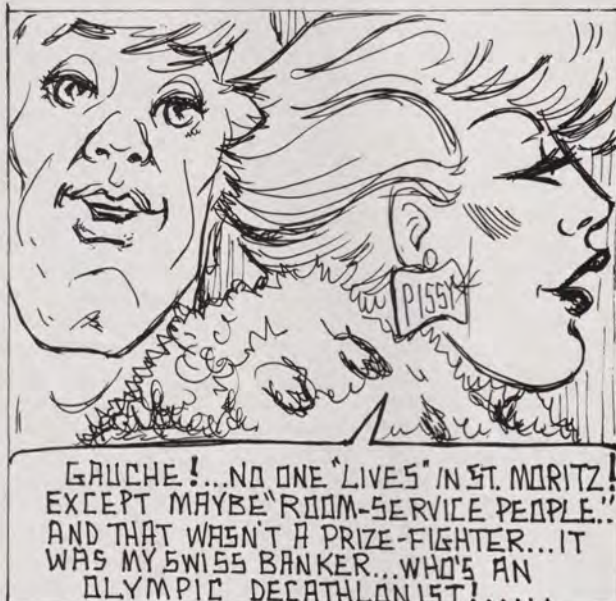
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YOUR BIRTHDAY!!

MEGAN!...WHAT ARE YOU
DOING BACK IN THE STATES?!

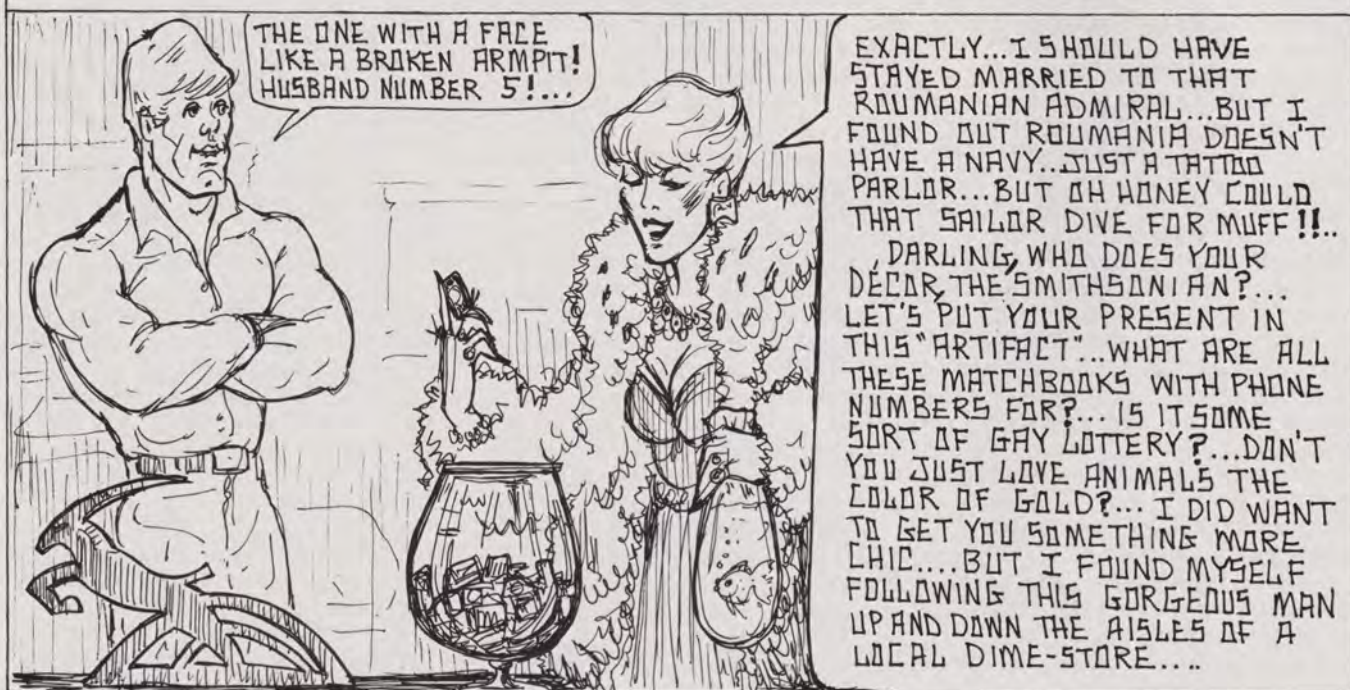


SLUMMING...I PROMISED
YOUR SWEET MOM I'D
DROP IN AND GIVE YOU A
COMPLETE PHYSICAL
EXAMINATION...DROPEM
AND COUGH...!

WEREN'T YOU
LIVING IN ST. MORITZ
WITH A PRIZE
FIGHTER?



GAUCHE!...NO ONE "LIVES" IN ST. MORITZ!
EXCEPT MAYBE "ROOM-SERVICE PEOPLE"...
AND THAT WASN'T A PRIZE-FIGHTER...IT
WAS MY SWISS BANKER...WHO'S AN
OLYMPIC DECATHLONIST!.....



THE ONE WITH A FACE
LIKE A BROKEN ARMPIT!
HUSBAND NUMBER 5!...

EXACTLY...I SHOULD HAVE
STAYED MARRIED TO THAT
ROUMANIAN ADMIRAL...BUT I
FOUND OUT ROUMANIA DOESN'T
HAVE A NAVY...JUST A TATTOO
PARLOR...BUT OH HONEY COULD
THAT SAILOR DIVE FOR MUFF!!..
DARLING, WHO DOES YOUR
DECOR THE SMITHSONIAN?...
LET'S PUT YOUR PRESENT IN
THIS "ARTIFACT"...WHAT ARE ALL
THESE MATCHBOOKS WITH PHONE
NUMBERS FOR?...IS IT SOME
SORT OF GAY LOTTERY?...DON'T
YOU JUST LOVE ANIMALS THE
COLOR OF GOLD?...I DID WANT
TO GET YOU SOMETHING MORE
CHIC....BUT I FOUND MYSELF
FOLLOWING THIS GORGEOUS MAN
UP AND DOWN THE AISLES OF A
LOCAL DIME-STORE...







MEAT MARKET

By Geoff Ready • Photo by Arthur Tress

"I've noticed you in the shop before," he said, "and if I'm not wrong, you're not always just checking out the meat on the counter. Right?" My mouth was getting fucked by a German sausage and I couldn't answer.

"Don't forget to bring home the bacon!"

I was backing my Toyota pickup out of the driveway and my wife was reminding me for the third time that morning that I had to stop by the market on my way home. Her shrill reminder echoed through the neighborhood as she stood on the porch in her flowered bathrobe and yelled at me as I drove off.

Her father stood beside her, his fat stomach barely contained in a dirty t-shirt, and his belt buckle lost in the folds of his bulging belly.

"And a case of beer, too!" he added.

I was having enough trouble coping with being gay and married and living in a small redneck town without the addition of having an unemployed—and unemployable—father-in-law coming to roost. My wife's habit of standing on the porch and screeching orders and grocery lists at me every morning when I left for work was bad enough when we lived alone. For the past month, Jack's been doing it, too, like an echoing shadow of his bitch daughter.

Feeling rather uninspired by the prospect of bacon and eggs for dinner in the middle of winter, I turned onto Highway 97 and drove south through the juniper and sagebrush towards Bend. Last

night's snow had left an inch of powder that flew off in clouds as I drove along. My only consolation from the grating send-off I had gotten was that a new kid would be working with my fence crew today, and if he was wearing the same Levis he wore yesterday, when he applied for the job, I'd have a hell of a basket to stare at until the day was over.

The horns were already growing in my crotch. I drove the fifteen miles to the ranch with my hand massaging the hot hard-on between my legs. Besides my wife, besides her old man, besides being gay in a redneck desert town, it was doubly frustrating when a hot man was put to work beside me on the job. Checking and mending fences in this cattle country is usually a two-man job, and when you're stuck for a long day out in the sagebrush with a hunky stud, your balls—and mind—are aching by nightfall. The anticipation of having him on my crew was driving me crazy with desire that I knew couldn't be relieved except by hand.

Just to relieve my frustrations, I'm jacking off three, four, five times a day nowadays. In the shower after work, in the john at night, in the john in the morning, maybe in the sagebrush at work dur-

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ing the day, sometimes in the truck on the way to or from the ranch. Pumping the anger out of myself by shooting my load whenever and wherever I can—but it isn't working. I know I'm going to have to make a change, fast. I haven't had regular sex with a buddy since high school, and that was ten years ago. The kid that was using me as his regular punching bag back then was a senior in school when I was a sophomore. We used to head into the sagebrush every fucking chance we got and he'd have my legs over his shoulders even before my dick got hard. Then he'd ram the biggest dick in the school into my butt and wouldn't pull off me until he'd given it to me maybe three times. He went to Viet Nam, after graduation, and one of the best looking men I've ever beheld is still there. The only chance I have to make it with a guy nowadays is when I get to Portland on ranch business and spend a night at the Majestic Baths.

Maybe Redmond has ten percent gays, like the books say, but they hide in pretty big closets. There's nobody here that I know of. There's a small "rap group" of young kids, down in Bend, but they're pretty political about their rights and not my cup of tea. Redmond still has painful memories of a lesbian couple who came through the area about twenty years ago. They wanted to be alone together, but one of them had two little kids, so they threw the kids off the Crooked River Canyon Bridge, a drop of about 27 stories. One of the dykes got out of prison a few years ago and the other gets out this year. And two years ago, a 17-year-old kid who had been letting an older guy suck his cock for two years decided he wanted to go straight and get married, so he killed the guy—decided he'd rather be a murderer than gay, I guess, so he put six bullets in the older man's head while they were parked out in the juniper trees where they'd gone for a Saturday afternoon blowjob. The kid got 20 years and I'll bet he's getting more than blowjobs nowadays—he's a hot looking criminal.

Those are the things people in this town think of when they think of "gay." Gay means *homosexual, queer, pansy, faggot*. . . it's like the Fifties. In Redmond, the men are cowboys or truck drivers. And even if the highway rest stop is pretty popular with both groups, that's not my idea of relief.

Getting married right out of high school was my way of proving I was like everyone else. Patty and I had more sex in the back seat of my Chevy while we were in school than we've had since we got married. After we had been married for about a year, Patty turned frigid, just like her mama. No doubt it had

something to do with the old lady's harping upon the "ways" of men. She couldn't stand them, and she taught Patty the same reservations. Patty's old lady finally went completely crazy, and dropped her husband on our doorstep, then took off for California. That's why pot-bellied Jack is living with us.

Something has to break, something has to give.

The day went as I expected. The weather never got much above freezing and the snow started up in late afternoon, so we called it quits about three o'clock. Hank, the new guy, did wear yesterday's pants, and I did get my share of looks at his fucking crotch whenever his head was turned. If he wears shorts, I'll eat 'em! Nobody could show a cock like that unless they were constantly hard. It rides across the front of his thigh like a saddle horn, like the knob on my gearshift, like a Budweiser long bottle. If the kid in the Soloflex ads and Robert Redford ever got married and had kids, Hank is what they'd look like. By the time we called it quits and got in my truck to head back to the main house, I had a case of blueballs that didn't come from the freezing temperature. I was aching bad and couldn't wait to get in my truck and jack off a load of cum all over the floorboards on my ride back to Redmond.

But as fate would have it, Hank needed a ride there, too, so I gave him a lift. We rode the distance without saying too much. I dropped him at the L-Rancho where he lives, and I headed to the market. My aching cock and balls would have to wait for home.

I packed my groceries from the Prairie Market into the back of the truck and limped a half block to Bob's Central Oregon Meats. I'm usually glad to oblige when it comes to stopping at Bob's; he's a hunk like you wouldn't believe! It's his body, his imagined cock that comes into my mind when I'm blowing my load in the shower. His shop is a specialty market where the beef would make C. C. Slaughter sit up and smile in his grave. Dropping by to snatch a few glances at Bob's crotch always gets me ready to get home and head for the shower.

Bob is probably in his late twenties. He has black hair, parted in the middle, that just touches his collar. Black moustache. A full chest, huge, tight biceps. Always wears Levis and boots. His Levis are so bleached out that they're almost white. Especially in the crotch, where a full, solid piece of meat is more than evident across the front of his thigh. I'm sure that I'm not the only customer, male or female, who goes out of their way to buy meat here just to look at him.

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PHOTO: JOHN KRAUSE

This afternoon I noticed to my dismay that mirrors had been put up behind the meat display counter. Instead of being able to look into the cutting room where Bob and his hunky helpers do their butchering, there was a sign pointing to a buzzer to push if you need help.

It was near closing time and much of the meat had already been picked over or removed to the coolers for the night. I had to ring for service.

The mirrored partition slid back immediately and Bob stood just a couple of feet in front of me, above a display of chops and ribs. He must have been standing there when I reached for the button, he was so quick. I forced myself to keep my eyes above crotch level as I said I couldn't find any bacon. His eyes didn't seem as careful as mine; while he explained to me that they were cutting up tomorrow's supply, his eyes slowly and (at least I thought!) deliberately cruised down and came to rest on my own crotch.

Then he refocused his eyes on mine and motioned to the door at the end of the counter.

"Step on back here and we'll get you fixed up."

I moved down the counter and stepped in just as another guy went out the back door to the truck dock. I couldn't see a face, but his ass flashed like a strobe light in skin-tight Levis. As the door swung shut behind him I wondered if his frontside was as hot as his backside.

I was surprised to find you could see out into the public portion of the market—the new mirrors didn't reflect back here. Last minute shoppers stood at the meat counter, their attention focused on the packaged meats. One or two occasionally glanced up at themselves in the mirror and brushed back their hair.

Bob stood at a large butcher block table covered with sausages. It caught me off guard to notice that he had one hand cupping his balls. I tried not to stare, but it was difficult. I looked, instead, at his array of meat on the block. He was packaging tomorrow's specials; there were different kinds of sausages including the common small breakfast sausages and a variety he told me were German sausage, beer sausage, blood sausage, Dutch, Scandinavian, and even some South American pepper sausage. As he picked up each one to explain it to me, he held it almost in front of his crotch. I couldn't help noticing that the outline of his cock was definitely getting larger with each sausage—and instead of wiping his hands on a towel when he needed to, he slowly wiped them across the front of his Levis, across the bulg-

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ing outline of his cock. It was driving me crazy.

"Well, give your wife a little surprise," Bob was saying. "I think she'll really go for one of these, and after she tries out something new, she won't settle for bacon and eggs any more."

He was holding a thick German sausage, about ten inches long. I might be a smalltown boy, but the resemblance to a cock wasn't lost on me. He held it in one hand while he stroked it with the other. I couldn't do better in the shower! The nearness of Bob and the way he was handling the sausage, added to the outline of cock in his pants, made my own problem worse. I was getting harder than a rock and I knew it was evident.

"Take a taste," he said. "Great either raw or fried."

Things happened fast from that point on. He slipped the sausage through his hand and held it up to my mouth, offering. As he did so, he stepped up beside me. I reached for the sausage but he took my wrist and held the sausage against my lips. His other hand moved to my waist and rested in the small of my back. He was moving the sausage against my lips and I opened my mouth and he slipped it in about an inch. Before I bit down, he slipped it slowly out, then in again.

Bob's hand slid from my back to my ass as he slipped the sausage to me. His hand cupped the cheeks of my ass and ran down the length of the crack. His fingertips stopped at the bottom and he slowly pushed his finger in. His body was now up against my own, pressing me against the butcher block.

"I think you'll like this," he said. "It's my specialty."

If I were upstate in a steambath, I'd have known how to react. In Redmond, Oregon, he caught me off guard.

"I've noticed you in the shop before," he said, "and if I'm not wrong, you're not always just checking out the meat on the counter. Right?"

My mouth was getting fucked by a German sausage and I couldn't answer. But I think he got the answer when his hand moved from my ass to my crotch and he closed his fist around my hard-on.

"I've got something you'll like even better than the sausage," he said.

His hand moved to his crotch and unbuttoned his pants. They slipped down on his hips and his cock sprang forth, thick and long, hard as steel. A large red head, its tip glistening with a drop of expectancy, filled his hand. He stroked it slowly.

I was frozen to the spot. He took my

shoulder and pressured me down.

"You've checked it out enough times, now you'll try the real thing," he said. "Suck it, baby. . . and use plenty of spit because I'm going to give it to you in the ass."

"Jeeesus!" I blurted. I turned my head to escape the cock. I wanted it, but not this way!

"I said suck it," he repeated, both hands on my shoulders. I was on my knees now, his cock brushing my mouth.

"We can't!" I said.

"Why not?"

"The windows," I said, indicating the people just a few feet away from us.

"One way glass. They can't see us."

"What about your helper? What if he comes back?"

"He won't. He's gone for a pickup. Suck me."

I was torn between my desire for his cock, and the years of shit I've gone through in this redneck town.

He put his hand on the back of my head and closed the gap. The head of his cock brushed my lips again and he thrust his hips forward. My mouth opened and he slipped it all the way in until it filled my throat. My eyes watered. He held the back of my head and moved his hips back and forth, fucking my mouth in long, slow strokes.

"That's it, stud. Suck your daddy's cock. Give him a good job. Suck it good, baby, suck it good."

He moaned and his clasp on my head tightened. Each new thrust was sending his cock deeper into my mouth, farther down my throat as I began to relax and enjoy it. I moved my hands to his legs and pulled him even deeper into me.

"That's it, baby, that's it. Just relax and enjoy it. Get it good and wet, baby, because I'm going to shove it into your asshole, fucker."

Just when I thought he was getting ready to blow off a big load of cum, he pulled out and raised me to a standing position. He turned me to the block and reached around and unbuttoned my Levis. He slipped them to my ankles and took my swollen hard-on in his hand. Again he bent me over the block, with my face just inches from the sausages. He stepped closer and his cock slipped into the crack of my ass. He guided it expertly to just where he wanted it, and then the head poked at my asshole.

With both hands on my hips, he gave a single hard forward thrust and I felt his cock slip into my ass. When his hand reached around to grab my cock, I was ready to shoot my load into his hand. He must have felt my dick begin to throb, because he leaned back and pulled me with him, pointing the head of my dick up onto the sausages. *Continued on page 29*

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Photography by Naakkve





SEWER RAT

By Mario Mangiacazzo
Illustration By Domino

As I came home at five in the morning, I saw an incredible hunk emerging from a manhole in the empty street. A little while later he was back in a manhole: mine!

It was nearly five in the morning, and the dawn was beginning to crack through the blackness of the waning night as I strode through damp and deserted streets. I had spent Friday night dancing at my favorite after-hours club, and my head still rang from the loud music and the drugs. Random half-thoughts, fragments of conversations, and refrains from records the DJ had played crackled through my head like static on a radio. As soon as I got back to my loft I'd drink some herb tea, smoke just a little reefer and then tumble into bed. Alone.

I was just entering the section of downtown Manhattan known as TriBeCa ("the triangle below Canal Street") when I saw something that stopped me dead in my tracks. About halfway down the block I saw a large, bulky figure slowly ascending from a hole in the street. In my semi-crazed state this vague but imposing form looked to me like a devil rising from a stygian pit. I'd

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seen some startling sights during my many years of pre-dawn prowling in New York City, but none so arresting as this. At first I felt a twinge of fear, but as I was able to distinguish the nature of this particular sight, the fear turned to curiosity. My devil was actually a sewer worker—a "sandhog," I think you would call him—and the pit he clambered out of was a manhole ringed by a semi-circular iron frame. The man held a lantern in one hand; when he was fully outside the manhole, he hung the light on the frame. I slowed my pace as I approached him. He was wearing a heavy poplin jacket that came down to the tops of his thighs. Whatever color it might once have been was totally obscured by dirt and grease. His dark work pants were similarly filthy, and his heavy, laced-up boots were darkened with whatever nasty fluids he'd been stomping around in down in that pit. Not the most appetizing sight, but when he suddenly turned around and faced me, my distaste turned to surprise, and excitement.

The man wore a grimy hardhat, and underneath it was a big, leonine head. Thick black hair streaked with gray hung over the tops of his ears. He had unfashionably long sideburns that reached below his earlobes. The ends of his bushy black moustache curled around the corners of his wide, thin-lipped mouth like commas. His fleshy face was unshaven. Now, this guy was clearly no fey little fashion plate. He was a fucking animal. A brutish, sweaty, fearsome motherfucker who looked like he could do a lot of damage to anyone who crossed him. God, was he hot!

I was only a few yards away when I noticed that either he bought his pants a size too small or he had massive thighs. The latter was, of course, the case; the grimy workpants molded his mighty legs, outlining his bulging thighs and thick, rounded calves. The dirty pants also hugged his meaty ass, each fat cheek defined by the fabric. As he moved about, gathering up his tools and replacing the manhole cover, I could see muscle and sinew grinding inside the trousers. My groggy head was clearing rapidly as I stared. My only regret was that his coat blocked my view of his crotch. That, I was sure, had to be just as bulky and formidable as the rest of him. Wrapped up in my rising lust, I was unprepared when he abruptly turned in my direction. Our eyes locked. Mingled terror and exhilaration coursed through me. Say something! my brain screamed.

"Mornin'," I chirped, nodding in his direction.

"Mornin'," he grunted, eyeing me warily.

I stood there with my hands in my pocket, grinning like a Grade-A asshole. He continued to stare as he kicked the manhole cover into place and lifted his tool bag.

"Got any smokes?" he rumbled.

"Uh—yeah, sure." I reached inside my jacket and pulled out a crumpled pack of Benson and Hedges. I walked over to hand it to him, using our proximity to each other to study him further. He smelled as strong as I'd expected, and the thick black hair was matted with sweat. His small, brown eyes glittered with a feral intensity. He took the cigarette in a huge, hairy paw, regarded it disdainfully and then tore the filter off and flung it in the street. "Fuckin' pussy smoke," I imagined him thinking to himself.

"Light?" he demanded.

I fumbled my lighter out of my pants pocket. He reached for it but I lit him up myself. As he cupped his hands around the flame and bent his big face towards it, I found myself staring into the deep cleft in his hairy chin. He took in a deep blast of smoke and then exhaled.

"Thanks," he said. There was actually a hint of amiability in his rumbly voice. He puffed on his cigarette, savoring the sensation of smoking. He looked up at the lightening sky. "What a crazy fuckin' hour to be workin', huh?" he said, shaking his massive head. Then he reached down and tugged on his crotch.

"Yeah. Sure is."

"Sometimes," he continued, "I wish I had normal hours, ya know? The usual nine-to-five shit." He removed his hand from his crotch and scratched the back of his head. "But there's somethin' I like about this shift."

"The solitude?" I put in.

He considered it for a moment before nodding his agreement. "Yeah. Ya don't have ta deal with a lotta assholes. No rush hour bullshit. It's peaceful. That's what I like about it." He stared at the sky again, and damn, that furry paw made it back to his crotch. He gave his basket a sharp tug. Was his underwear too tight around his huge (I imagined) dick? Was he horny after spending the past eight hours or so down in the sewers? Did he need someone to relieve his swollen, aching balls of their pent-up cum?

"So whaddya doin'?" he abruptly asked. "Where ya work?"

Continued to page 62

EXECUTIVE WASHROOM



"I HAD NO IDEA THAT COMPUTER PROGRAMMING COULD BE SO BORING! I WENT INTO IT BECAUSE IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE. GOOD BUCKS, TOO. BUT SOMETIMES I GET SO BORED I COULD SCREAM. INSTEAD, I GO TO THE CORPORATE MEN'S ROOM AND BEAT OFF."

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE

EXECUTIVE WASHROOM



"YEAH, NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! IT FEELS GREAT TO DROP MY PANTS, SET MY ASS ON THE BOWL, AND GET MY DICK UP. MY FINGERS HAVE BEEN WORKING A KEYBOARD ALL FUCKING DAY, WHILE MY MEAT LAY NEGLECTED. WATCH MY FINGERS FLY NOW!"



EXECUTIVE WASHROOM



"SEE, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO WORK UP A BIG, JUICY ROD. IT'S SO HOT AND ALIVE, NOT LIKE THAT COLD PIECE OF MACHINERY I'M CHAINED TO FOR EIGHT LONG HOURS. AND I'D RATHER LOOK AT PINK PRONG THAN A DISPLAY TERMINAL ANY DAY!"



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"OH, MAN, I'M GETTING CLOSE! I CAN FEEL THAT TINGLE MOVING UP FROM MY BALLS THROUGH MY FAT SHAFT. AWWWW... IT'S DRIVING ME WILD! I'M RIGHT AT THE EDGE! FUCK FORTRAN AND COBOL! RIGHT NOW ALL I CARE ABOUT IS CUM!"



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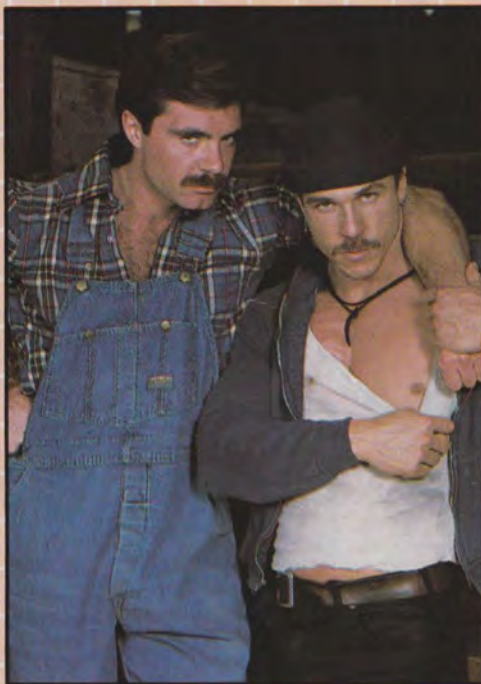


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MEAT MARKET

Continued from page 16

"Shoot, baby, shoot," he said. "Shoot your fucking hot load all over it, baby. Get those things good and wet with your thick cum because you're going to take them up the asshole, too."

I shot a load bigger than I've ever dreamed of! His fist pumped my cock and pointed it directly onto the German sausage that I'd sampled earlier. My load shot about two feet—thick, hot, white cum made large puddles all over the fucking table and almost covered the huge sausage. He started pounding harder and deeper into my asshole as he saw my juice covering the table. As the last few shots of my cum spurted onto the meat, he gasped loudly and shoved his cock deeper. His hands moved quickly up under my shirt and his fingers squeezed my tits until I moaned in pain. I felt his cock throbbing in my ass and I knew I was getting his load. Just at that moment the back door opened.

"Oh, shit!" I gasped, trying to pull away again.

"Cool it, baby, we're not done yet," he said, pulling me backwards against his cock as he began thrusting again, harder than before.

"Let go. Your helper's back, for chrissake!"

"He's not my helper. He's my buddy. Get back down there and start eating some sausage."

He bent me down onto the block again. My face brushed the sausage and I felt warm cum all over my cheek. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the bottom half of his friend approaching the block. As he approached our humping figures, he started unbuttoning his pants. I stared at the outline of cock against his thigh: huge, thick, long, in pants so tight you could even see the rim of the circumcised head.

Jesus, I thought. There couldn't be two cocks that big in all of Deschutes Country!

It was Hank's cock—Hank, my helper!

As Bob began a new series of deep thrusts into my asshole, Hank, without a word, pulled my head towards his crotch and held his cock to my lips.

"Suck him, baby," Bob ordered. "Suck him good. He's been telling me since yesterday how fucking hot he was to get you into the sack."

I opened my mouth and swallowed Hank's cock. His hands held my head and his hips thrust in concert with Bob's hips as he fucked my butt.

Within moments, the three of us shot our loads at the same time. When Hank's cock started shooting its load down my throat, his hands got rougher on my head, pulling my mouth farther and far-

ther down his shaft, filling my throat with his hot cum.

I heard the door open again.

"Oh, God," I thought.

I couldn't speak because my mouth was full of Hank's cock. I couldn't pull away because Bob's cock was shoved up my ass.

"This one's my helper," Bob said.

As I sucked, Bob slowly pulled his cock out of my ass. Now I could see the same guy walking towards us that I'd seen leaving the room when I first arrived. I had been right. His frontside was as good as his backside. And he was unbuttoning his Levis as he came towards me, an almost sadistic smile on his face.

Bob stepped back and gave way to his helper. As Hank started shooting another load of cum down my throat, I felt new hands grasp my hips and a new cock brush my ass. I was well lubricated now, and he slipped in easily. Without seeing what he had, I could feel that it was much bigger and longer than Bob's—and Bob's was more than ample!

He fucked my butthole with a fury that neither Bob nor Hank had shown. I couldn't believe the ferocity and speed of his fucking. In less than a minute he was shooting his load into my ass with a passion that brought him bending down over my back and once again my tits felt like they were being twisted off.

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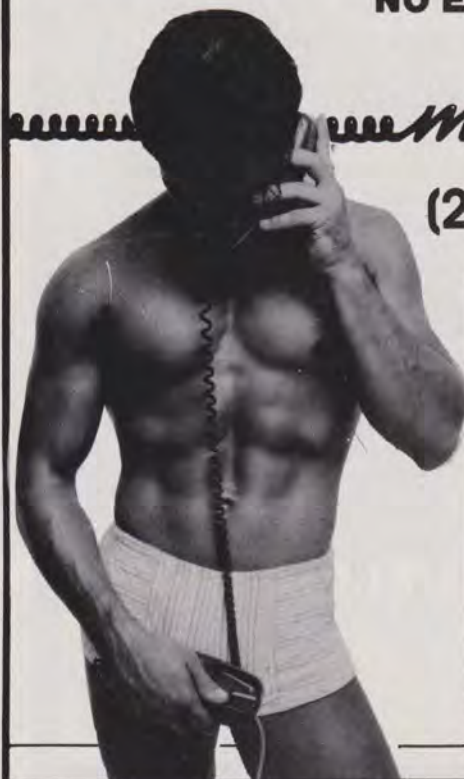
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For a moment or two, nobody moved. Then I felt the kid pulling out of my ass. Hank relaxed his hold on my head and slipped his cock out of my mouth. He pulled me to a standing position and planted his hands on my shoulders. He looked at me and broke into a big, wide smile. I returned it in kind.

Everybody was pretty well spent. Especially me. As we rebuttoned our pants and rearranged our clothing, Bob picked up the sausage that I'd shot cum all over. He tossed it to his helper and told him to wrap it up.

"I've been checking you out ever since you've been coming in here," he said.

"I've always thought we could have a good time. Hope we didn't go too far?"

"A little unexpected, but I needed it bad," I said. "And I wanted it."

"I think I know what you need once in a while," Bob said. "Come on back anytime. We've always got something back here that we don't put out on the counters."

He handed me the sausage, now wrapped in brown butcher paper.

"I think your wife will find this as satisfying as bacon," he said. "Tell her we're out of bacon till tomorrow."

"Well, I'll be back tomorrow, I guess," I said.

Hank grabbed another lift with me and I'm going to drive him to the job tomorrow morning. He asked if I'd drop by a little earlier than necessary, just in case he wasn't awake on time. I said it was a deal.

I drove home through snow that was now coming down pretty hard. The sausage and Jack's beer were beside me on the seat. As I pulled into the drive, Patty and Jack came out of the house and stood on the porch. Before I was even out of the truck, I heard her whining, shrill voice.

"I suppose you forgot to stop at the butcher's," she was saying. "If you did, you'll just have to go right back."

"And did you remember the beer, son?" yelled Jack. He hadn't even shaved all day.

I smiled a full, open grin. I felt wonderful.

"Nope. I didn't forget. But instead of bacon, I got something you'll like even more."

They both loved it. Jack even ate three helpings. And they're going to use some for sandwiches tomorrow. So I told them I'd stop and get some more on the way home and we could make spaghetti with it. They're all excited.

I even tried a couple of bites myself, and it wasn't bad at all. Tomorrow I think I'll have a couple of servings—one at the market, and another when I get home. ■

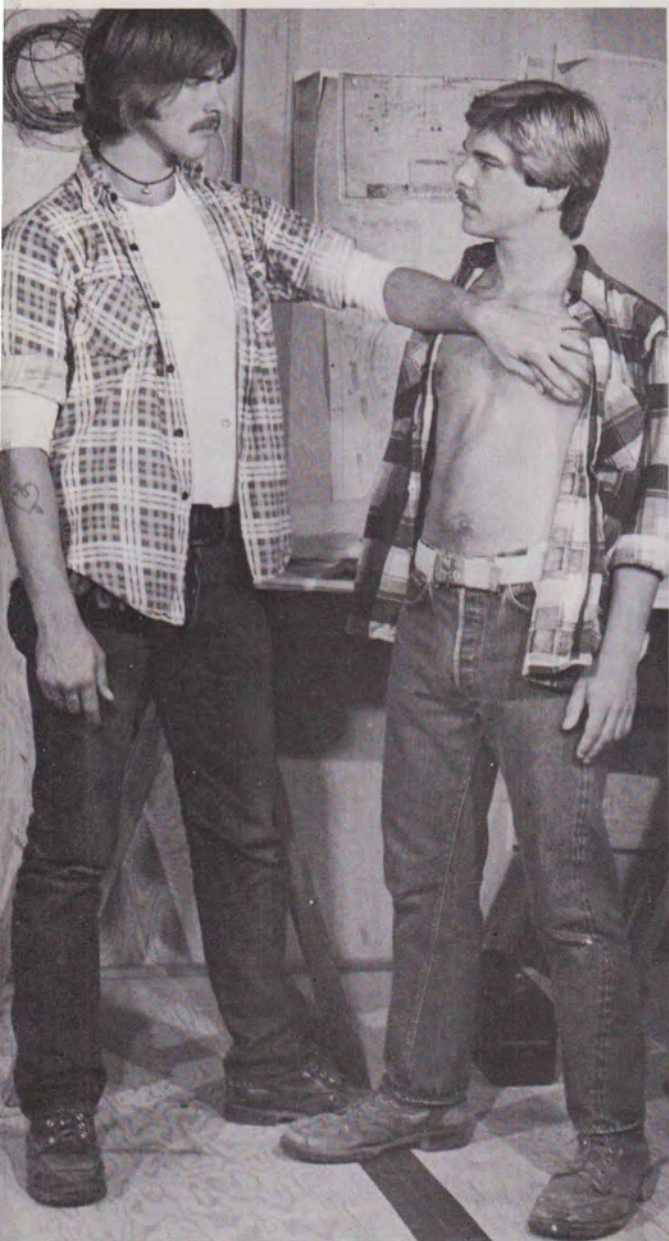
MAN WANTED



WHEN JIM CAME IN FOR HIS INTERVIEW AT THE C&B CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, HE HAD NO IDEA THAT THE BOSS WOULD BE SO YOUNG—ALMOST HIS OWN AGE, IN FACT. JIM CHECKED OUT BOB'S TAUTLY MUSCULAR BODY, LETTING HIS GAZE LINGER ON THE MAN'S WELL-PACKED BASKET. "I'M THE MAN YOU WANT," HE CONFIDENTLY TOLD HIM.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOVA

MAN WANTED



"THAT SO?" SAID BOB. "WELL, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU MIGHT WORK OUT OKAY, BUT I GOTTA BE SURE. OPEN YOUR SHIRT AND LET ME CHECK YOUR MUSCLES." THIS WAS NOT STANDARD INTERVIEW PROCEDURE, BUT JIM DECIDED TO GO ALONG WITH IT. HE WANTED THIS JOB REAL BAD.

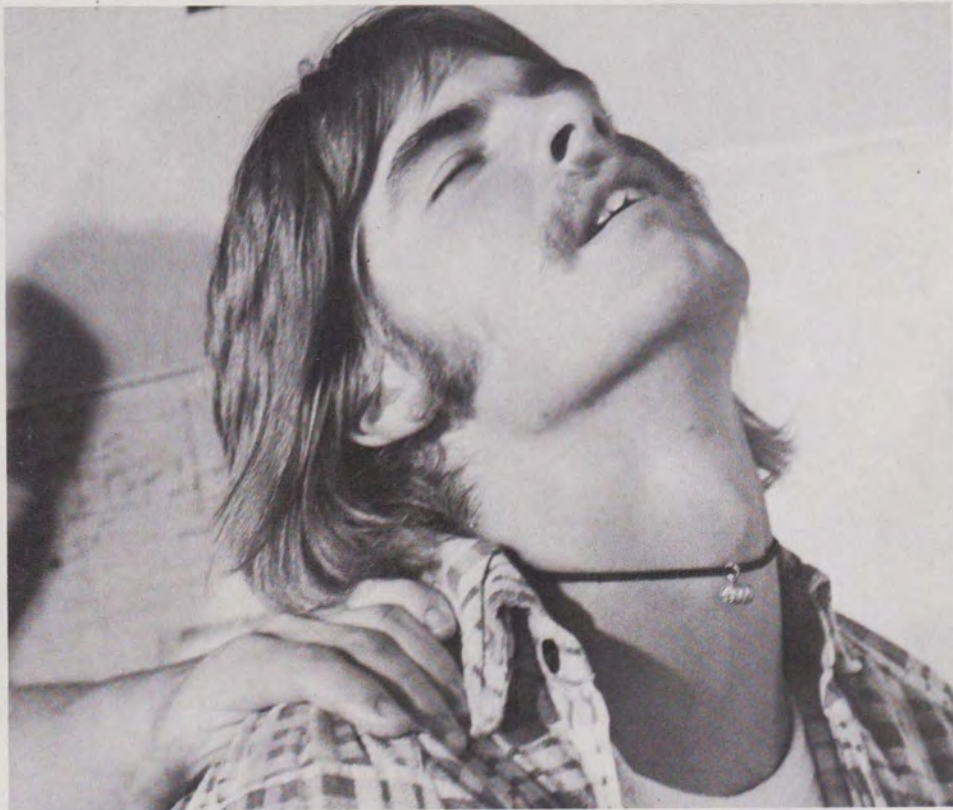




A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a man's hairy chest and a clenched fist. The fist is positioned near the chest, and the texture of the skin and hair is highly detailed. The lighting creates strong shadows, emphasizing the musculature and hair.

MAN WANTED

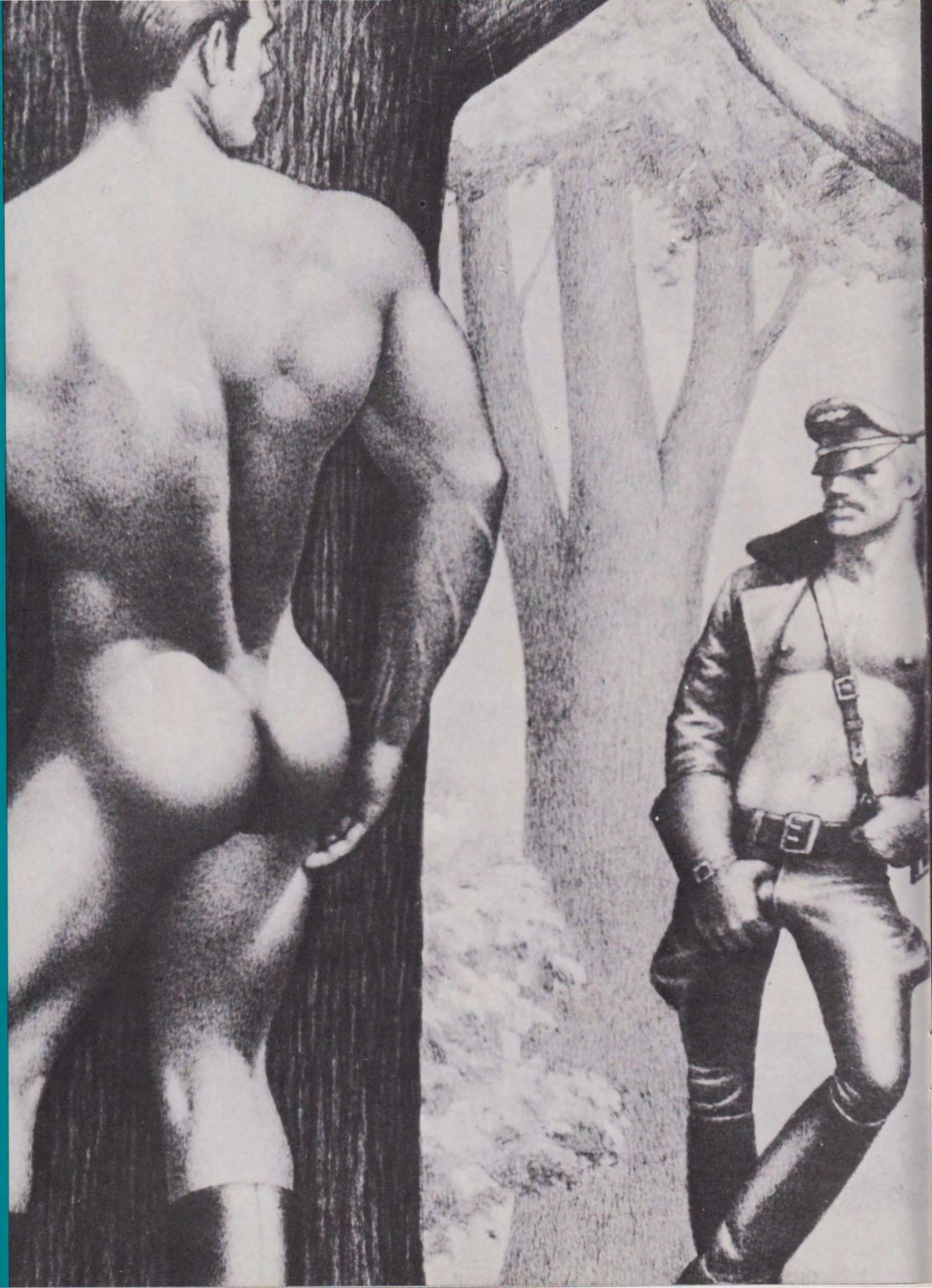
AFTER BOB SURVEYED JIM'S STRONG CHEST AND ARMS, HE TOLD THE PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYEE TO OPEN HIS PANTS. "Y'SEE," HE EXPLAINED, "THIS CAN BE A PRETTY DANGEROUS JOB. FOR ONE THING, YOU'LL BE WORKING AT HIGH ALTITUDES. SO I INSIST THAT ALL MY WORKERS HAVE BALLS OF STEEL. LET ME CHECK YOURS."



SATISFIED WITH JIM'S TESTICULAR FORTITUDE, BOB PUT HIM THROUGH ONE FINAL TEST. "THIS WORK REQUIRES EXACTNESS. YOU GOTTA BE THOROUGH AND NEAT. I HATE FUCK-UPS AND MESSINESS." SO BOTH MEN HOPPED UP ON THE DRAFTING TABLE TO CHECK JIM'S ATTENTION TO DETAILS. ONE DROP OF CUM SPILLED ON THE BLUEPRINTS AND NOT IN BOB'S ASS MEANT NO JOB.



MAN WANTED



**Shadows drifted among the dark trees.
Then Mike saw the outline of a man
wearing leather pants. There was a big
bulge in the crotch.**

THAT HOT NIGHT IN THE PARK

By Rick Adams • Illustration by Tom of Finland

Mike peeled off his t-shirt and stretched out on the grass. "Fuck, I'm horny," he thought.

He squinted up at the sun to catch its direction, hoping that some rays would trickle through the hair on his chest this afternoon. The wind rustled through the oak trees all around him. Crickets chirped; tree toads buzzed. The park was goddam nice this time of year!

Mike spread his long legs apart and looked at the thick bulge that ran down the leg of his cut-offs. He could even see the shape of his cockhead pressing through the denim. Anyone passing by could probably look up his shorts and see the pink tip of his cock peeking out. Mike didn't give a shit; in fact, he kinda liked it.

"Jesus, I'm *real* fuckin' horny," he thought, and spread his legs wider apart. He felt a tide of power and urgency rise through his back and into his brain.

"I gotta get back over here to the park tonight and fuckin' prowl around!" Mike liked dark anonymous sex. It was one of his biggest turn-ons.

As soon as night fell, he changed into his white shorts and a pair of sneakers. That's all. His tanned body looked even darker beside the white material. He picked a section of the

park that was very dark, where only men hung out. On a hot night it was a steamy spot. He'd been there before.

A few obscure figures drifted by, cruising close, trying to get a glance at him through the blackness. He ignored them and proceeded straight ahead. "Fuck these candy-ass bastards that hang around the edge." Mike was a man who went straight to the core.

The trees were even blacker now, and here and there little trails led off into patches of shrubs. Sometimes a shadow could be seen moving silently along, occasionally nearly melting into another shadow.

Mike slowed his pace as he arrived at his cruising spot. He picked a tree and sank into its dark side. As his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the murkiness, he was better able to see the clearing he had chosen—scattered with trees, and trails leading off into the bushes. It was a fairly quiet spot. That's the way he liked it—not too many curious cruisers.

A shadow floated by him, turned and came back. This time it passed so close Mike could hear its breathing. Even through the dark, it was clear this was a big one. Curly hair and a dark beard. A thrill stabbed through Mike's balls.

He would be here for awhile, and he liked to name the guys he was going to cruise. It was a kind of game he played with himself. This one would be Big Jim, he decided. He felt his heart in his cockhead now, as Big Jim brushed by him again.

Jim went about twenty feet and stopped. He turned part way around, slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head, then sauntered off, bare to the waist and swinging the shirt in his hand.

Mike meandered off in the other direction and headed for the hottest trail he knew. The path was so narrow he had to turn sideways when another figure approached him. This one was in black leather pants and a leather jacket. Mike's balls reeled up again.

Leather Larry, he thought, looking after the faint shimmer of light on the round leather ass. That's what I'll call him. And real fuckin' handsome too, from what I saw!

Mike followed Leather Larry back up the trail to the clearing. Big Jim was still there, strutting back and forth, and he began cruising both Mike and Leather Larry.

Then Leather Larry stepped into a patch of moonlight a few yards ahead and turned sideways, looking back at the others over his shoulder. Even from where he stood, Mike could see a big bulge in the crotch of the leather

pants. He knew his own white shorts had just as big a bulge.

Big Jim moved into the shadow of a tree to Mike's right, so that the three of them formed a triangle. Then Mike saw Jim's shape bending over and there was a rustle, but he couldn't tell the reason. Mike's eyes kept darting through the night.

Big Jim straightened up and stepped out from the shadow of the tree. He had slipped out of his pants and was standing there naked. Through the murky blackness, Mike could make out a long cock dangling from the lanky form.

Leather Larry began circling, lured by Big Jim's naked body, but still keeping a distance.

Mike found himself almost automatically doing the same thing. He knew it was too early to zero in for the kill, but he followed his impulse to establish his claim on Big Jim.

His eyes never left the naked shadow and his head boiled with lust. He circled slowly, walking with his legs wide apart and his chin lowered. He was a sex-crazed animal; nothing could stop him now.

Leather Larry was coming in close now, circling and weaving in and out between Mike and Big Jim, drawing

the shadow again, quickly stooped over and pulled on his pants. Mike glanced around, wondering what the reason was. His eyes narrowed as he peered into the darkness. Then behind him the grass rustled. He turned his head slowly and saw an approaching body. He stood watching, absolutely motionless except for his right hand, which quietly slipped his cock and balls back under his shorts.

Mike watched the form come closer and closer until it brushed by him. This guy wore only brief shorts. He was on the short side, muscular and dark. Probably Italian. His name would be Paolo. Sexy fuckin' Paolo!

Mike's head turned to follow Paolo's footsteps, which came to a halt on the far side of a nearby tree. Mike knew Paolo would be leaning against the tall trunk, waiting for him to come over.

Both Big Jim and Leather Larry were nowhere to be seen now. Mike didn't want to lose them. He passed close by Paolo's tree, to let him know he was interested, then headed for the main trail where he was sure the other two had gone.

He wandered along the path, his eyes darting and his cock hungry. A couple of hundred feet further along,

him for his friends.

His balls churned under his shaft and his whole cock tingled and burned like it was on fire. It wanted to spurt out hot wads of cum. His head swam and sex-thrills stabbed in his balls and in his brain, charging each other like electricity.

To his left a twig snapped and Mike realized he was not alone. The others had not left after all. He jerked his head sideways to see a dark form emerging from a path between some bushes. He ambled off towards it.

It was Big Jim, naked again and swinging along the path so that his long dick dangled back and forth. A big knob bulged off the lower end, made visible by the moonlight on the path.

Big Jim came out into the clearing, showing off his nakedness, circling around a little, by his actions inviting Mike to follow. He turned and walked down the path again. His broad muscular shoulders tapered to a lean waist, and the protruding ass-cheeks tightened with each step he took.

Mike still grasped his cock in his fist and now, completely overcome, he yanked off his shorts and threw them into the shadow of a tree. His heart-beat throbbed mercilessly in the head of his hard cock as he started off after Big Jim.

He rounded a corner and found himself in a small clearing bordered by some bushes and two trees. Big Jim stood in the centre, legs thrust wide apart, his heavy cock still dangling low. A big grin broke out on his face as he looked Mike over with approval. "Hey!" he said, almost laughing.

A rustle beside the tree made Mike look around. He wasn't surprised to see Paolo and Leather Larry standing close together with their hands in each other's crotches. Mike found himself standing motionless in the small clearing, with the moonlight bathing his naked body. The shadow of his stiff cock, clearly visible in the grass, was about two feet long.

Suddenly the other three were all around him. Big Jim was on his knees in front, shoving his mouth over Mike's pink head and down his shaft. The other two were on either side, running their hands over his chest and back and ass.

Mike thrust his cock forward into Big Jim's mouth and let his weight flow with the hands that were molding his body. He reached out to grab a cock on either side. Larry's was a real good size, while Paolo had a shorter uncut piece of meat that was so thick Mike could hardly get his hand around

Continued to page 67

A man walked naked through the park at midnight. His long, thick dick dangled back and forth, made visible by the moonlight on the path.

the three of them closer and closer together. Pulling and manipulating them, gradually tightening the bond among the three.

Mike was overcome by a flood of lust that swept through him. Instinctively, he reached down and with one quick motion yanked his stiff shaft and his balls out over the elastic of his shorts. His thick cock throbbed long and hard into the night air.

He was only a few yards away from Big Jim now, and he caught a glimpse of Jim's dick arching out from his body. Leather Larry crossed between the two at a sharp angle. The outline of a hard cock inside those leather pants was quite clear to Mike, but for emphasis, Larry grabbed it with his fist as he passed, shaping the leather around his thick shaft.

Suddenly Big Jim melted back into

the path forked and went off in two directions. His eyes narrowed to slits as they strained to detect any movement, but there was none.

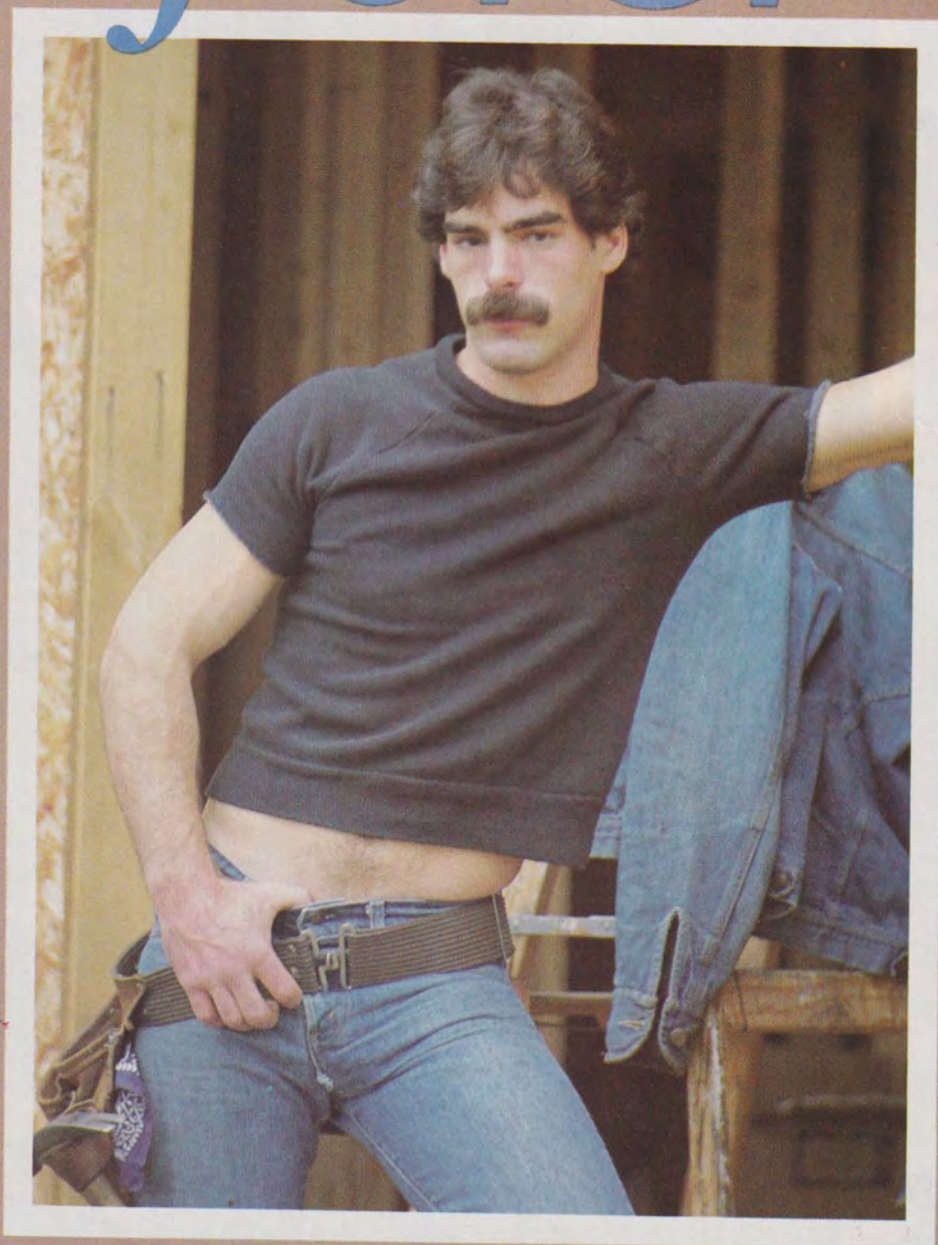
He retraced his steps along the path, but when he got back to the clearing even Paolo was gone. Only the trees lurked like giant black shadows in the grey murk.

Mike meandered among the thick tall trunks, which were black and bare like giant cocks all around him.

A desperate sense of loneliness grabbed him. He suddenly felt all by himself in the dark night. His cock was relentless in its urgency for some action, but there was no one around. Just the trees and the night.

Without thinking what he was doing, he yanked his cock and balls out again, pulling at them over and over as he searched the darkness around

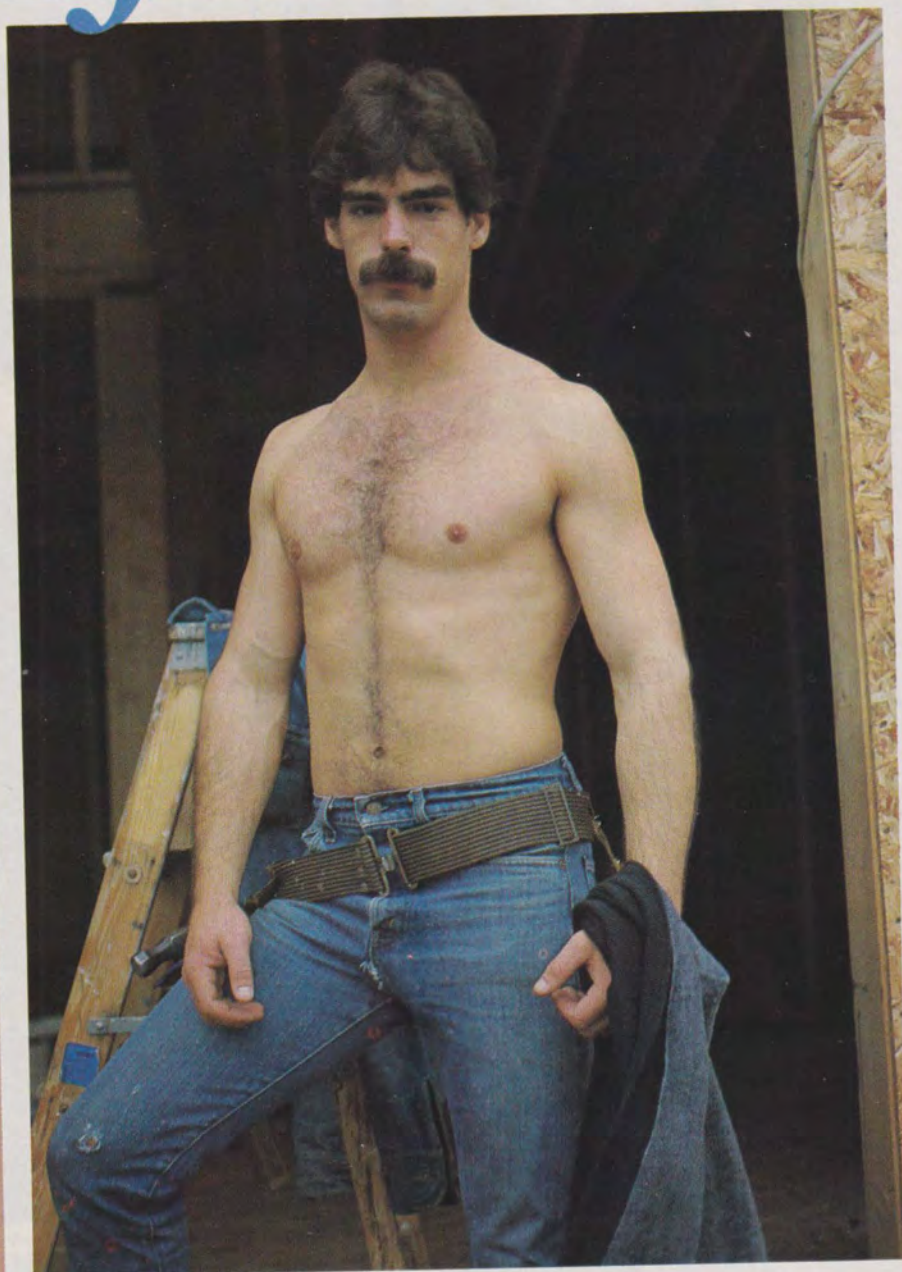
f•STOP



"YOU WANNA TAKE MY PICTURE, HUH? WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUDDY. I THINK THIS IS SOME KINDA COME-ON. YOU LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF GUY WHO HANGS AROUND CONSTRUCTION SITES LOOKIN' TO PICK UP GUYS. YEAH, I GOT YOUR NUMBER, PAL. MODELLING, MY ASS."

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROMEO

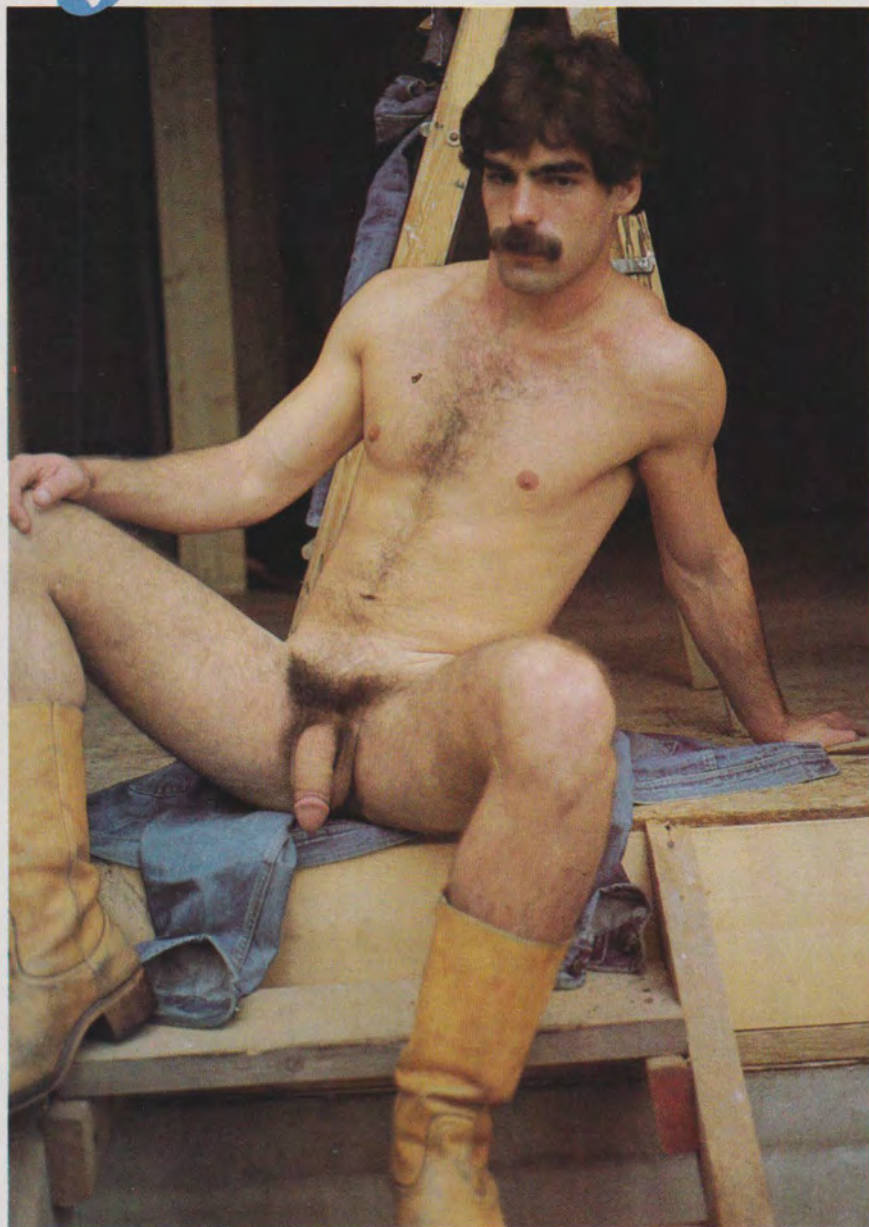
f·STOP



"YOU REALLY ARE A PHOTOGRAPHER, HUH? AND YOU THINK I'M A HOT GUY AND I OUGHTA DROP MY PANTS SO YOU CAN MAKE ME FAMOUS? LET ME THINK THAT ONE OVER A BIT. WHAT'S THAT? THERE'S MONEY? WELL, WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?"



f·STOP



"HOW'S THIS, MAN? ARE YOU GETTING SOME GOOD SHOTS? SPREAD MY LEGS A LITTLE? OKAY. JUST DON'T TELL ME TO SHOW MY ASSHOLE. I DON'T WANT MY ASSHOLE IN THE PICTURES. WHAT WOULD MY MOTHER THINK? BAD ENOUGH I'M LETTIN' YOU DO THIS WITHOUT YOU SHOWING MY ASSHOLE TO THE WORLD."



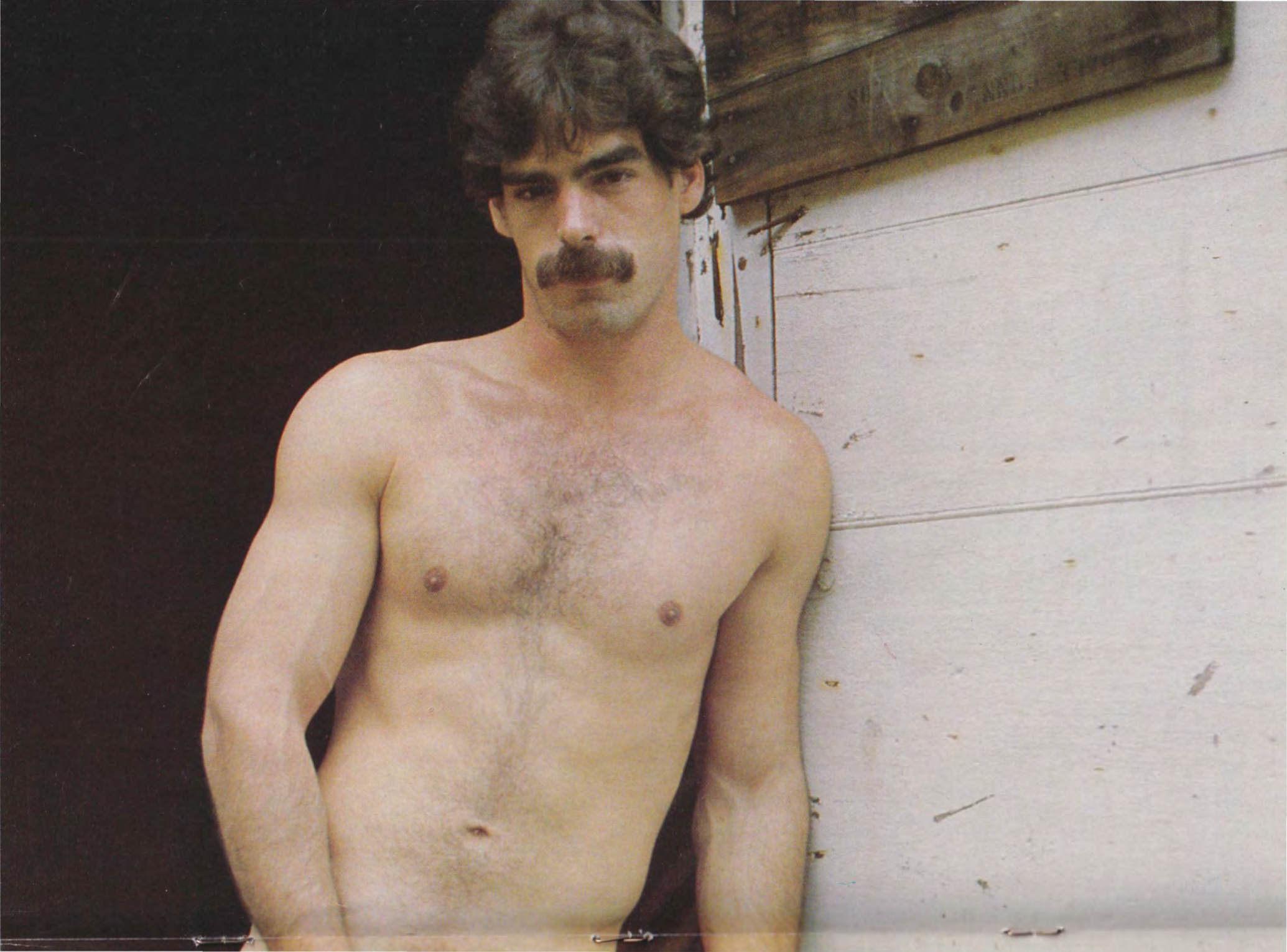




f·STOP

"NOW YOU WANT ME TO GRAB MY DICK? JESUS, MAN, I DON'T KNOW. THIS IS GETTIN' A LITTLE WAY OUT. WHADDYA MEAN, CAN'T I GET IT UP? THIS BIG COCK OF MINE NEVER LETS ME DOWN, I CAN TELL YOU THAT. I'LL JUST JACK IT UP A BIT FOR YOU. NOW WATCH HOW IT GETS ALL RED AND FAT. SATISFIED?"








f·STOP

"YOU KNOW, BUDDY, ALL THIS HAS GOT ME KINDA HOT. ME BEING BAREASSED, AND YOU MAKIN' ALL THAT DIRTY TALK. IT'S STARTIN' TO GET TO ME. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME KIND OF FREAK AT FIRST, BUT NOW I THINK YOU'RE AN OKAY GUY. WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THAT CAMERA, WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER HERE AND WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER SESSION. THIS TIME, I'LL DO THE SHOOTING."



HUNG LIKE A HORSE

By James Anselm • Photo by Naakkve

After he took a drug to enlarge his penis, Dan began having strange side effects. True, his dick grew to eleven inches; but he also developed a braying laugh, and he ran incessantly across the countryside. One day he even awoke with grass in his mouth.

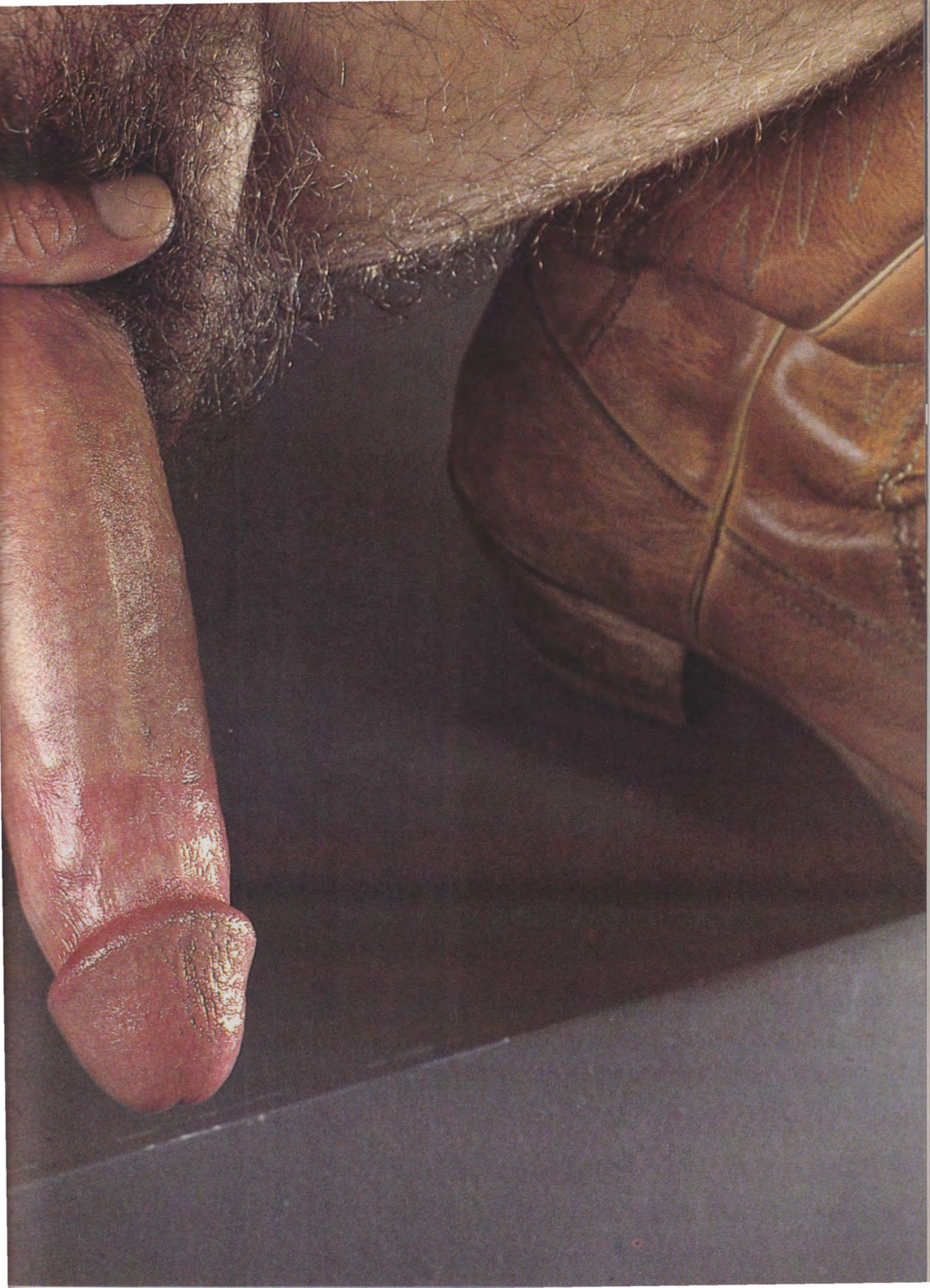
Dan awoke, as usual, with an erection. He reached over to the nightstand and, taking the measuring tape, placed its end against his groin, rolling the tape out to the tip of his cock, as he had done virtually every day since he had answered the ad. To his dismay, the result was still the same as it had been all his adult life—exactly five and a half inches.

He stroked himself gently as he recalled the ad. Dan's eye had been caught by the bold heading: "NOW—you can be hung like a horse!" He had raced through the rest of the copy: "a limited number of people . . . penis enlargement . . . frankly experimental . . . call Dr. Philip Jones . . ."

Dan had neatly torn the ad out of the paper and put it in his pocket to

think about, although by the time he got off the train he knew that if there was any way for him to get in on the experiment, he was going to do it. He knew he would do anything that might improve his chances of getting into bed with Steve.

Steve, blond and built, was everything Dan had wanted in a man since that day back in high school when he had first admitted to himself that he was gay. He loved Steve desperately, but Steve wasn't having any. He knew that the one and only time he had been in Steve's arms, when they were both pretty drunk after an office party, Steve had groped him pretty thoroughly. He felt that Steve had been secretly laughing at the size of his hard-on, even though it was fully erect and throbbing with desire. *Continued to page 57*



HIS STOCK IS RISING



Don't let those pinstripes fool you. Beneath the businesslike exterior there's a horny stud whose flesh aches for a man's touch. The nipples are hard and in need of some tender torture. And the Wall Street Journal in his lap hides an executive hard-on.

Section photographed by City Boy Studios







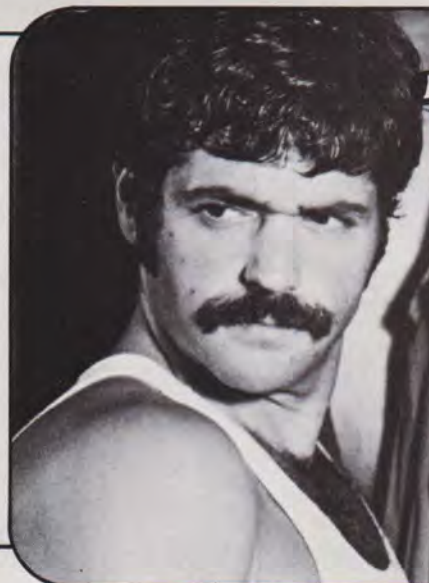
HIS STOCK IS RISING



There's a part of him that his colleagues don't know, and probably never will. He hides it from them, but it's as real as the cockring that keeps his thick tool in a constant state of arousal. His stock is rapidly rising, and if you check out the corporate washroom, you'll find him giving away shares.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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.



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!

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
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Except for that, Dan thought of himself as a pretty desirable guy. He was good-looking, and he knew it; if he was on the slim side, he had turned that into an asset, spending a good portion of his pay on the latest fashions, and establishing himself as a snappy dresser. But Dan had wanted, for as long as he could remember, to increase his sexual dimensions. He had tried vacuum pumps and stretch belts, and had only wound up sore; creams were expensive and equally useless.

So Dan had taken them every morning and evening as directed. For two weeks, there had been no result at all, although he had anxiously measured his stiff dick every morning. During the third week, he started to get discouraged, and skipped the measuring several times; it was only at the end of that week that Dan became aware of how good he was feeling.

This morning, he was feeling good, too, and drawing closer to climax as he played with himself contentedly. It must have been the unaccustomed tingling sensation that made him decide to measure himself again. It's crazy, he thought, but what the hell. He blinked twice at the tape before his mind registered the increase—only a little more than an eighth of an inch, but it was there! He resumed his masturbation with renewed excitement, and came a few moments later. He went to work happier that day than he had been in months.

With extraordinary resolution, he managed not to measure himself for another week after that. Those seven days produced not only a further quarter-inch increase, but an odd notion. Walking past a sporting goods store near the office, Dan felt impelled to go in and buy a sweatsuit and jogging shoes—for some reason he could not explain, he wanted to run. The next morning, after taking his tablets, he went out and ran for half an hour before showering and dressing for work.

The fifth week of the experiment found Dan in ecstasy as he finally

reached an erect length of six inches. He could now consider himself "average," and who knew how much more he might expect? He was now jogging every day, and really feeling good about himself, and about his body, which he thought somehow looked better than it ever had previously, lean and sleek.

It was during the sixth week, the day—for the incredible growth had actually accelerated after the first period—that Dan's cock touched the seven-inch mark on the tape measure, that he got the idea in his head about the "running compulsion."

He had trouble buttoning a favorite shirt—it had never been tight before—and went into the bathroom, stepping onto the scale for the first time in several months. He had gained fifteen pounds! It had never occurred to him to put the tape measure around his waist, but he did so now. No difference. . . then his chest . . . no wonder the shirt wouldn't fit! It wasn't just a crazy idea that his body was looking better; his chest and shoulders were broader now than they had been when he started taking the drugs.

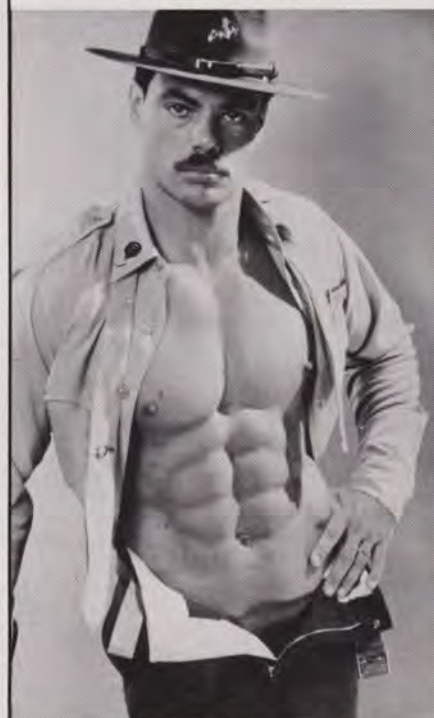
Dan enjoyed squeezing into the shirt (Steve would be sure to notice), but when the other idea hit him, he called Dr. Jones' office, and made an appointment for lunchtime. The doctor hedged about telling him exactly what was in the formula, muttering something about herbs and animal extracts, but gave in when Dan blurted out: "Why am I running like this, like a horse, then? I never even ran for a bus before, and now I'm out doing it every day."

The doctor countered with a list of megavitamins, to explain Dan's excess energy. "But with all this running, I should be losing weight," Dan protested, "and instead I'm gaining." At this, the doctor admitted the use of steroids in the formula, and explained how they caused an increase in muscle bulk. Finally he asked if Dan was nervous, and did he want to stop the experiment.

Faced with the fact itself, Dan had to admit that he didn't know what he wanted to do; he said he would try it for a while longer, conceding that he couldn't say whether any of his reactions were due to side effects or a genuine personality change. A very definite look of interest from Steve later that day decided him. He had heard that Steve had a thick nine-incher, and now that he had gotten this far, he wasn't going to let anything deter him until he had a

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chance of matching it.

He no longer jerked off in bed, but in front of the mirror, admiring his body and his cock as they continued to improve. When he expanded his chest, he took great satisfaction in the swelling curve of his developing pectoral muscles; his arms had grown stronger, and his legs as well. He didn't think he'd ever be Mr. America material, but it was more of a turn-on than his old body had been. Then the tingling would start in his lower stomach, working its way down to the tip of his penis; shortly after, his dick would be hard, with its new length and thickness a never-failing thrill. When doubts about the experiment filled his mind—like how he had never seen anyone else connected with it—he would crowd them out of his head by standing before the mirror and conjuring up Steve's image.

He kept telling himself that he wasn't crazy, but his strong desire for Steve, still unsatisfied, along with the concern about Dr. Jones' mysterious formula, were starting to get on his nerves. One Saturday, he threw some things into an overnight bag and drove off to the country. He stopped a few times to take some pictures; at one stop, almost before he knew what he was doing, he found himself running along the road, first with easy, loping steps, then faster. As he ran, he tried *not* to think of horses, but thought instead of Steve, growing hard as he did so. The harder he grew, the faster he wanted to run.

And run he did, with the weight of his cock chafing against his jockstrap, his erection distending the fabric of his pants, his balls bouncing as his feet alternated on the country road. His mounting arousal seemed to Dan to be part of the whole act of running as his chest rose and fell, taking in deep breaths of the fresh air.

He ran on and on, forcing himself to keep his hands in front of him, away from the hard-on that screamed for release from its confining garments. Finally, he saw that he was coming back to the car. Before he had even reached it, he pulled off his shirt, letting the air cool the sweat from his bare chest, feeling the breeze play on his thickened nipples.

He fell to the ground behind the auto, where he could not be seen, pulled out his cock and started to beat off. His pleasure climbing higher with each stroke, Dan lay in the grass making inarticulate sounds of pleasure as he neared his plateau. As his balls began to tighten and swell, he released his manhood, knowing

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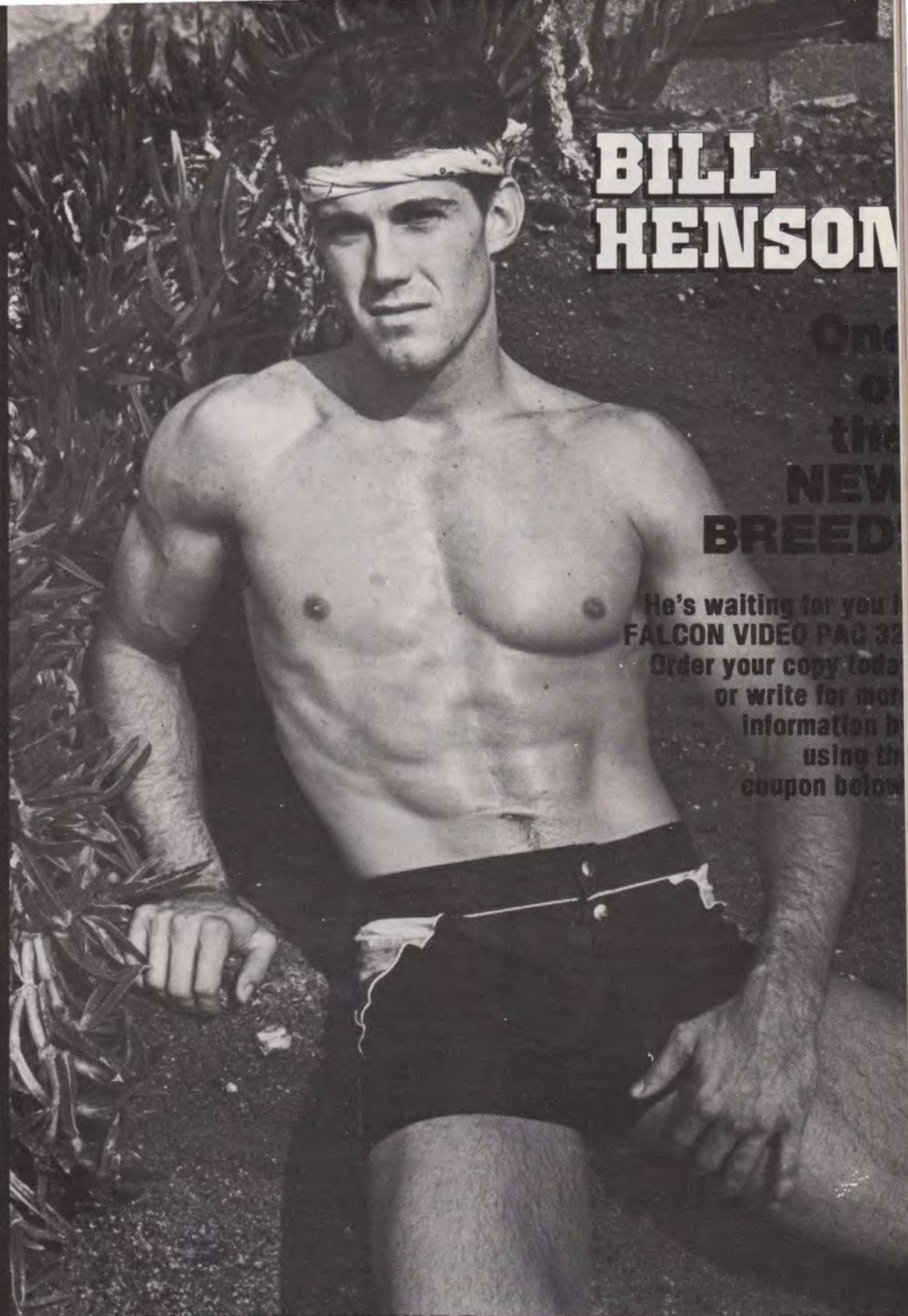
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that no further stimulation was needed. His hands clawed the ground as he climaxed, throwing sperm high into the air, and almost passing out.

It was several moments before he felt enough like himself to get up. He was surprised to find that in his passion he had apparently stuffed a handful of grass into his mouth; but that was nothing to the amazement when he looked at his watch, and realized that he had been running full tilt for three hours.

He arrived at the motel he had chosen from the AAA book shaken to the depths of his being, almost ready to turn around and go home, to call the doctor and get off the drug before it was too late. Yet a little while later, after showering to get the dirt of the road off, his resolution melted away again as he achieved a rock-hard erection of nine inches.

Dan's whole body seemed to tingle as he walked around the room naked, watching the swing of his cock as it swayed between his legs. Sometimes he would let it relax, and it would dangle against his thigh, softer but still large and ready. Then he would brush it lightly with his fingers, and it would engorge and thicken, stiffening until it pointed straight at the ceiling. It turned out, after all, to be the proudest day of his life.

After a restful weekend, free from other events he went back to town and made arrangements with Dr. Jones to discontinue the treatment. Dan had gotten what he wanted from it, the improvement in his physique was becoming more and more obvious, and he was certain that Steve was now showing a genuine interest in him.

It was not until three weeks after Dan stopped the drug that the changes finally slowed to a halt. He was thirty-five pounds heavier than he had been when he first went to see Dr. Jones, and his erection had peaked at an astounding eleven and a half inches. It turned Dan on just to look at it, how it aimed itself right at the sky, despite its considerable weight and thickness. He still couldn't match Steve's build, but what did that matter when he more than surpassed his endowment?

When Steve invited him to stop up for a drink after work, Dan had to stifle an urge to crow. Steve threw his jacket and tie on a chair, opening several buttons on his shirt as he went into the kitchen. Dan set his briefcase down on a chair and took off his suitcoat, slowly; now that he was here, he meant to enjoy it.

Steve came back with two beers, and looked him straight in the eye. Neither spoke; although Dan wanted to, he thought he would let Steve make the first move. Steve put the bottles down, then reached over and traced the bulge of muscle in Dan's shirt. Dan felt his nipples growing larger, but stood stock still, willing himself not to get aroused too soon.

Finally Steve reached over and loosened his tie, then unbuttoned the whole front of his shirt; with an appreciative whistle, he stepped back and finished taking off his own shirt. Steve then put his arms around Dan, drawing the two of them together; the sensation of flesh on flesh ended his calm. As Steve's hands moved over his buttocks, Dan could control his cock no longer. Steve's fingers slipped into the waistband of Dan's slacks, around his sides, and Dan's erection surged up to meet them, rigid and full.

Steve opened his belt buckle. As his pants slid from his hips to the floor, Dan felt an excitement he had only dreamed about in the past. Steve's eyes grew wide as he stepped out of the slacks, and he threw his head back and laughed, a high bray of merriment. His triumph was complete, and he was going to ride the muscular body in front of him.

Then Steve was on his knees, taking Dan's dick into his mouth. His entire body rippled with pleasure as Steve's tongue rolled around his swollen organ. Now that the act was actually happening to him, the floodgates of Dan's long-suppressed passion burst out of control: his heart-beat doubled, his breathing came in ragged gasps, and he climaxed before he could even try to pull back.

If Steve was disappointed by Dan's quick release, he showed no sign of it, but eagerly drew out his own cock. Everything Dan had heard about it was true: it was thick and veiny, and crowned with an enormous head. Dan took it in his hand and guided it between his lips, feeling the heat of it. He sucked it off with all his accumulated desire, caressing the body he had wanted so badly; his own cock had become stiff again by the time Steve had filled his willing mouth with semen.

Now Steve took his cock in his hands, pulling it and twisting it; Dan clutched Steve's hips with all his strength as he felt his erection thickening, pushing toward orgasm again. When it came, it was even better than the first time; gobs of cum shot from his manhood and spattered

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Steve's chest and face.

They embraced, a long clinch, kissing and stroking each other. Then Steve took him by the hand, and led him to the bedroom; there he started to make love to him again, licking the sperm from his chest, tracing his long, smooth muscles with his fingers. Dan's chest expanded under Steve's touch, swelling until he thought the muscles must burst through the skin. His own hands were flowing over Steve's broad back, revelling in the power beneath them, feeling the blood once again pump his penis to its extraordinary size.

Dan looked down now as though his eyes could deny what the tingling in his loins had already told him—with each new erection, his cock was getting larger still. Each climax was more violent than the one before, yet his appetite increased rather than diminished with each successive act. Pure animal lust welled up in him, unreasoning; beyond mere desire, it needed to be satisfied.

Steve, who hadn't been able to achieve another erection yet, tried to push him off, but Dan was determined that he was going to fuck him without further delay. What started as playful wrestling slowly became a genuine struggle, yet Dan's strength seemed to increase as the larger Steve tried harder and harder to control him. Finally, he got Steve in an armlock that kept him from moving; as he plunged his pulsing tool deeper and deeper into the other's insides, Dan felt his mind giving way. This is it, he told himself as he sank into blackness, I'm going crazy.

... When Steve had finished his story, the doctor nodded sympathetically. "You did right to bring him here," he said. "We won't keep him any longer than is absolutely necessary." He looked down at the notes on his pad. "He was never violent again after the first time?"

"That I could deal with; I'm stronger than he is, although he never wanted to admit it. It was the carrots and the sugar cubes that really started to worry me; but I knew we were in trouble when he started expecting me to get on his back, and ride him around the apartment..."

"And the increasing delusions were not accompanied by disinterest in sex?"

"On the contrary, that got to be about the only thing he was interested in at all. His um, ah, organ is unusually large, and he could have one orgasm after another, like a teenager.

I couldn't keep up with him at all!"

"It's really a good thing that you care for him, not to just walk away when his trouble gets bad; so many people, you know, panic at anything connected with mental illness." The doctor looked at his pad again. "Was he taking anything that might account for the changes?"

Steve shook his head. "I don't think he took any kind of drugs at all while he stayed with me. You know, it was just physical at first, but he's a real sweet guy, and I've come to care for him very much; the whole thing has gotten to me more than I can tell you... that awful braying laugh..." He stopped speaking, and there were tears in his eyes.

The doctor came around the desk, and put a hand on Steve's trembling shoulder. "Dan will be well taken care of here, and we'll have him right before you know it. In the meantime, if you like, I'll give you something that should make you sleep a little better. Take this and you'll feel like a new man in a few days."

"Thanks a lot, Doctor Jones..." ■

SEWER RAT

Continued from page 20

I almost told him that I'd been partying, not working, but I stopped myself. He'd gotten the idea that we belonged to the same fraternity of working-class guys who labor overnight, while the rest of the world slumbers. A different breed of man, alone but comfortable in our solitude. Something was building between us, and I didn't want to tear it down by telling him the truth: I was a well-paid editor at a major midtown publishing house, who partied away too many of his nights. No, if he knew that I was urbane, successful and gay—attributes of which I was proud—he'd probably sneer, spit and stalk off.

"I work at a warehouse over near the river. Same shift as you, man."

"Howbout that," he chuckled. I was startled by the boyishness of his smile. It softened his heavy, almost exaggeratedly masculine countenance.

"Say," he spoke up. "I'm gonna stop off at this little joint for some breakfast before I go home. Wanna go?"

I looked into his expectant eyes. Oh Lord, I thought, what am I getting myself into? It could be a disaster. Or it could be the hottest, wildest escapade I'd had in years. Or, it might be a big, fat zero. We could end up eating our greasy fried eggs in silence,

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me with a painful, relentless hard-on. But there was no way I could back out, not now.

"Sounds good, man," I said, trying to affect his off-hand, butch manner. He said, "All right!" and shot me a quizzical, but unthreatening look. An "I'm-trying-to-be-sure-I'm-right-about-you" look. He pointed in the direction of the restaurant and shambled off, weighed down by his tool bag. I followed. We walked two blocks before coming to the "joint"—a typical Greek diner located across the street from the Manhattan entrance to the Holland Tunnel. I'd passed it countless times but had never gone in, satisfying myself with amused looks at their dessert carousel—a multi-tiered, revolving display full of sumptuous looking cakes, pies and pastries. As we entered, the place was nearly full, and the clientele seemed to consist entirely of worn-out guys who'd just come off the graveyard shift or others who, having just risen for work, were rubbing the sleep out of their eyes.

A stout woman with disarrayed auburn hair and several large moles on her face hovered over the cash register. When we entered, she called out to my companion in a loud, accented voice.

"Hallo, Hoe-nee! How you doin' thees mornin'?"

"Not bad, Maria," he replied.

"That's nice, Nicky." She was counting a handful of paper money as she greeted us, and she continued this procedure while she talked to—Nick.

"Nicky, when you gonna find a nice wife to take care 'a you—twenty, thirty, forty, feefty—so you no have to work such hours, eh?"

"Some day, Maria, some day," he answered, his tone wavering between annoyance and weariness.

"Ahhh," she wailed. "Someday. Someday. That's all I—seexy, seexy-five, seventy—ever hear from you!"

Nick shrugged and headed for a table near the back of the long, rectangular room. He yanked off his coat and hung it on the back of an empty chair. He was wearing a thick sweater of indeterminate color. He pulled it off, and lumped it on top of his coat. He was wearing a black t-shirt, and its sleeves had risen up almost to the tops of his shoulders. Tufts of black hair filled his deep armpits. Hair also curled up over the front of his collar. It swirled on his upper arms and became a dense crop on his oversized, sinewy forearms. Nick literally reeked of virility: a thick, musky odor compounded of sweat and a super abun-

dance of hormones. My cock sprung up in my pants, fully hard.

We ordered eggs, toast and coffee. I picked at my food, focusing most of my attention on Nick. Or at least I tried to. He was going on about the vagaries of being a sewer man—dodging rats, getting used to the fetid air, pleasant stuff like that—and I would nod sympathetically and laugh at his little jokes. But the entire time I was imagining him naked, his hairy bulk enveloping me. I saw myself tonguing his big butt and slaving over his enormous, turgid tool. Fearful that he'd realize that I wasn't paying full attention to his chatter, I'd chase these fantasies out of my mind only to have them return seconds later. In my febrile imaginings I was about to welcome his monster meat into my asshole when he blurted, "Hey! I been sittin' here goin' on and on, and I just realized—you know my name and I don't know yours!"

I laughed nervously. "Mitchell," I said.

"Hey, fuckin' Mitch!" he laughed heartily, extending his hand to me. "Nickolas O. Georgeoulakos, atcha service." His affected courtliness got me laughing.

"Just Mitch?" he inquired.

"Mitch Brady."

"Irish, huh?"

"Yeah. Well, half. My mother's side is French."

"Uh-huh."

The small talk ran out, and we were arriving at an awkward lull when he exclaimed, "Hey look at this! We musta been in here a long time—the fuckin' place is empty!"

I looked around the diner, and saw that he was right. Except for Maria, who was paging through a Greek-language newspaper, her two waitresses and an old guy sitting at the counter dawdling over his coffee, the place had emptied out.

"Yeah," I said flatly. I found myself looking into Nick's eyes, and what I saw both excited and discomfited me. He silently stared at me while his crowbar fingers crumpled an egg-stained napkin. Oh Nick, baby, I thought, do something. Please.

He looked at his fingers and then looked at me. "Ya wanna?" he whispered. I stared at him as intently as he'd been eyeballing me, or so I thought. My hard-on throbbed, struggling against the confines of my pants like a trapped creature fighting for air.

"Well, do ya?" he whispered more urgently. I reached for my coffee cup, and my hand shook. I brought the cup

to my lips, took a quick sip and set it back down in its saucer.

"Sure," I said blandly. He smirked.

"I gotta go to the john," he said, rising from his chair. He stood over me for a second, and then reached into a small dish and picked out several pats of butter.

"Here," he said, handing them to me. My fingers pressed lightly onto the paper covering the butter, which was soft and squishy.

"Bring 'em with ya. Wait a coupla seconds, and then come on in."

He turned and headed across the room, disappearing behind a wooden partition. I sat there, the pats of butter lying in the palm of my hand. I could get the fuck out of here, I told myself. I could simply get up, pay the check and leave. That would be the prudent, sensible thing to do. Anything else would be crazy. And crazy was what this big bruiser was. Did he really think I was going to get it on with him in the men's room of this place, with old Maria sitting up front and people coming in and out? I mean, really!

Awww, why the fuck not!

I rose from my seat on wobbly legs, the butter in my sweaty hand, and headed to the men's room. When I entered Nick was standing at a urinal, his back to me. He turned at the sound of the door. Seeing that it was me, he smirked. I walked over to the next urinal and stood before it with my legs spread wide. I pulled down my zipper and extricated my cramped cock. Bone-hard, it was drooling pale juice onto my fingers. I turned to look at Nick. His attention was focused on my cock. I stepped back from the urinal to give him a better look. He shook his head appreciatively, his thick eyebrows leaping way up on his forehead. I had a big, proud joystick, and I loved seeing other guys go wild over it. I set the butter down on top of the urinal and began jerking my cock with both hands.

Nick's expression turned hard and mean, but from lust, not anger. He moved away from the urinal to show me what he had. I gasped when I saw it, dark, veiny and a good eight or nine inches long. Its upward swing reminded me of a diving board; I wanted to climb on it and do all kinds of tricks.

"Touch it, man," Nick ordered.

I reached out for it and cradled the fat, brown head in my hand. Then I coiled my fingers around the shaft and began to jack it. After only a few strokes, the pre-cum issued forth in a steady stream.

"Suck it."

I sank to my knees and wrapped my lips around his piece. The funk from his hot crotch mingled with the smell of his dirty pants. I'd never been especially attracted to "pig-sex," but I was quickly learning to love it. My randy sewer rat began thrusting his hips, forcing more of his meat down my throat. I sucked avidly, savoring its heat and pungency. Just as I was working up a good, steady suck-rhythm, he pulled it way from me. His big ham-hands slipped under my armpits and pulled me to my feet. He nodded in the direction of the stalls set against the far wall of the men's room, away from the door.

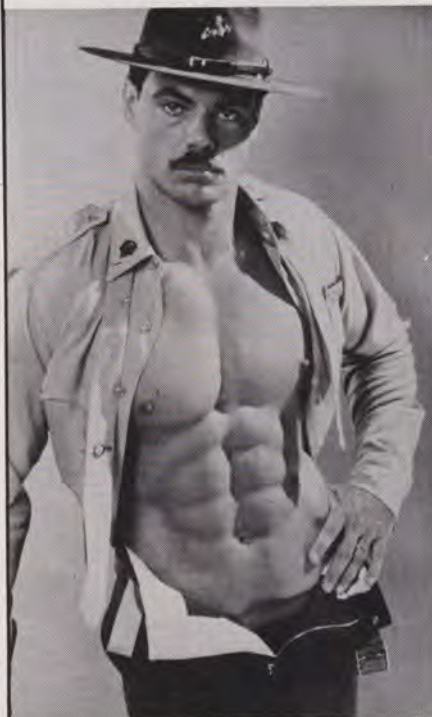
"The butter," he grunted to me. I snatched the melting pats from the top of the urinal and followed him into one of the stalls. Once inside, he tore at my flannel shirt, popping off a couple of buttons. He pulled the shirt off my shoulders and hung it over the hook on the stall door. He spread his palms over my naked chest, ruffling the hair and squeezing my nipples between his fingers. His big hands next tore at my jeans; in a flash they fell to my ankles. He yanked at my underwear as if it angered him; his sex-rage was beginning to scare me. I knew he planned to sink that huge pole into my ass, and I tried to ready myself for the assault. With one hand groping my ass, he used the other to tear off his t-shirt. He carelessly tossed it on the toilet tank. The chest rippled and undulated as he moved. I could see the movements of the muscles because he wasn't quite as hairy as I'd expected; there was more fur at his neck and thorax than on his pecs. The nipples were large and olive-colored; the tips were stiff and pointy. I mouthed one nipple, slashing my tongue over it, sucking and chewing. He allowed me this pleasure for only a moment. Then he impatiently pulled down his pants, freeing his dick and pendulous balls.

"The butter," he ordered.

I handed the pats to him. He peeled off the paper coverings and smeared three pats of the mushy yellow stuff onto his cock, saving just a smidgen to coat my asshole. Then he sat down on the toilet, and, his arms wrapped around my waist, pulled me down on him. His cock stabbed right into my hole, and I gasped from the painful intrusion. He gave me a few seconds to get used to it; he stroked my chest and reached down into my lap to fondle the head of my dick. The pain ebbed, replaced by a warm sensation of fullness. I slowly began to raise and

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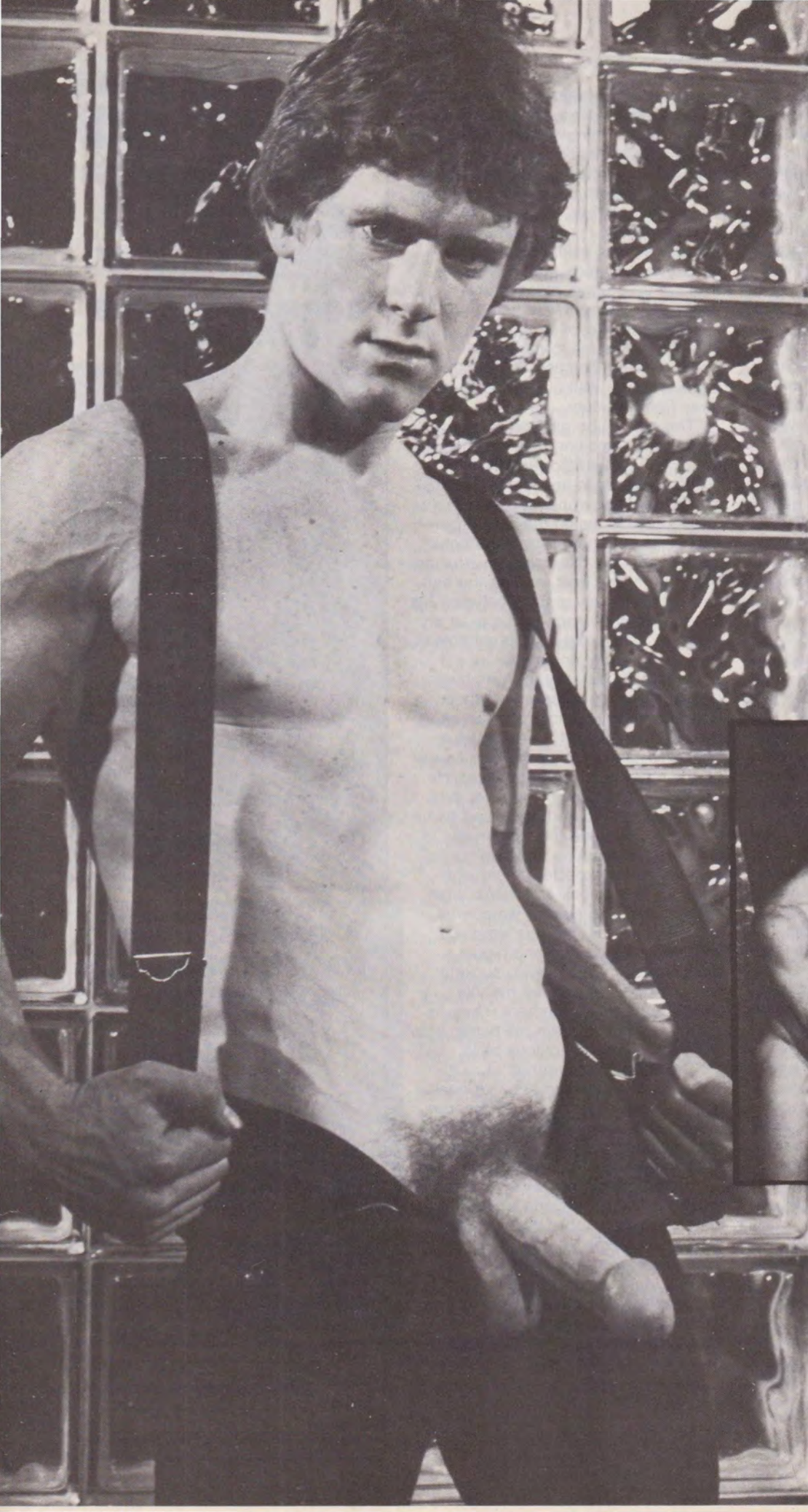
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lower myself on his dick, and he moved his hips in time to my exertions.

"Fuck me, Nick," I whispered. "Fill me up and fuck me hard."

Nick accelerated his thrusts, and as he fucked, he bit me on the back and shoulders. I gritted my teeth to hold back my cries. Shutting my eyes, I listened to the sounds of our fucking: Nick's heavy breathing, my sharp gasps, the squish-squish of conjoined, greasy dick and asshole. And then the door swung open. We both froze in mid-stroke. I carefully leaned back, shivering as my sweaty skin made contact with Nick's chest. I heard the sounds of pissing, a urinal flushing and water running. The hot-air dryer went on, and the anonymous pisser took an eternity blow-drying his mits. Get out, get out, get the fuck out! I heard the feet approach our stall. I looked down and saw them: white running shoes. They paused, and turned. The door opened and then slammed shut. As soon as the intruder left, Nick began pile-driving my ass. His cock had remained rigid the entire time. Danger queen!

I could tell that Nick was in a hurry to shoot his load, so I beat my dick in time to his thrusts. I wanted us to come together, I wanted my asshole contractions to milk a big, thick flood of gism from him. I reached down and gripped the rim of the toilet bowl to steady myself as the fuck-tempo quickened.

"Gonna cum!" Nick hissed. "Do it!"

The pace slowed and Nick delivered a series of fierce jabs into my ass that nearly threw me off the bowl and into the stall door. My own climax was nearly as violent; my erupting cock shot bolts of cum onto my shirt hanging from the door hook. When our orgasms subsided, I sank back down onto his stilled, but nonetheless rigid, cock. I wrapped my bare arms around his heaving shoulders and pressed my face into his stubbly neck. I could've sat there for hours like that, impaled on his pork-sword, waiting for him to fuck me again. But he instead pushed me off. His tool left my regretful asshole with a pop. Nick grabbed some toilet paper and wiped off his meat before standing and pulling up his pants. We hurriedly put our shirts back on.

I left the stall first. I checked myself out in the bathroom mirror. Face a little flushed, hair a mess. I threw some cold water on my face and whipped out my comb. Nick came out of the stall.

"You go out first," he whispered. "I'll join ya in a minute."

I smiled at him. "That was great," I said, as I gave his crotch a firm squeeze. He shrugged diffidently. I turned and headed out the door. When I got to our table, I saw that the dishes had been cleared away. The check had been placed under a water glass. I picked it up and headed to the register. Maria was still reading her paper, but there were more customers in the place now, and they kept interrupting her to pay their checks. As Maria made my change, I pulled on my coat. My ass felt raw, but when I walked, I could feel the butter slathered between my buns. I went back to our table with the change and left it as a tip. Nick hadn't yet emerged from the bathroom.

As I was about to leave, Maria snagged my arm. "Listen, hoe-nee," she pleaded. "You Nicky's friend, right? Can you feex him up with a nice girl? He stay out all night, working. Alla time working. What kinda life is that, eh? He needs a good wife, no?" ■

THAT HOT NIGHT IN THE PARK

Continued from page 40

it. It felt spongy and seemed to grow even thicker when Mike squeezed it.

Big Jim stopped sucking and stood up. His hands ran lightly over the hair on Mike's chest and belly. His eyes took in the three in front of him.

"This fuckin' guy likes being naked in the park," he said, mostly to the other two. His eyes were almost laughing, and in spite of Mike's desire to get his cock back inside Big Jim's mouth, this bastard was almost making him laugh too.

"Well, he's not quite naked. He's got his shoes on!" This time Mike did laugh a little.

Then Big Jim grabbed the two cocks out of Mike's hands. "Holy fuck!" Sudden surprise showed on his face. "Here's a real thick one!"

He looked at Larry and nodded toward Paolo. "Here, feel this one. It's real fuckin' thick!"

Big Jim's quick humor was contagious and the other three found themselves grinning with him. "But it's this naked fuckin' guy I wanna suck." He turned back to Mike. "Look at the size of that cock." He grabbed it and squeezed hard. "And I like these huge fuckin' balls!"

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Playfully, he slapped Mike's balls a few times from the back so that they swung through the air and bounced off his cock. Mike laughed lightly through his nose and threw his head back.

He reached for Big Jim's head and pressed him to his knees. Then Mike shoved his cock forward into the warm wet mouth.

Big Jim started in savagely now, his tongue doing wild things. He began sinking Mike's big dick back into his throat time after time. Mike felt the hands of the other two all over him again, then a wet finger searching for his asshole.

Instinctively, he pushed back and felt the finger slide into his hot hole. He felt a body moving around behind him, pressing itself against his asscheeks. It was Paolo. He heard a cock being lubed up with spit three or four times, then he felt something pushing at his asshole.

Fingers spread his asscheeks wide apart and he gently pressed back on the slippery dick. He had to go carefully because it was so big, but gradually his asshole relaxed around the thick shaft.

He squeezed as Paolo began sliding slowly in and out. The huge plug up his asshole made his cock scream to come, and he had to motion Big Jim with his hands to slow down a little. He didn't want to shoot his load just yet.

Larry was still beside him, so Mike grabbed for his cock. He wanted to feel that leather against him. He pulled Larry close. One hand pumped the stiff shaft while the other caressed his leather ass, pulling and pushing and prodding.

Mike threw his head back, closed his eyes, and let himself be swept away. "Oh! Suck my big fuckin' cock! Suck it hard! Suck my big fuckin' cock!"

Larry's face was close to Mike's. As their mouths found each other and locked together, Mike began pulling faster on Larry's cock.

Paolo was fucking Mike's ass harder now and Big Jim was cramming Mike's dick greedily into his throat. Mike tightened his ass muscles on the thick cock. Suddenly he felt it swell up and start spurting into his asshole. That did it for Mike; his balls reeled up and stabs of excitement shot through his groin, his hips, and down his legs.

His cock muscles tightened and began pumping out his cum. "I'm coming!" he moaned. "MY COCK'S FUCKIN' SQUIRTING FUCKIN' CUM . . . My cock's fuckin' squirting fuckin' cum . . . my cock's fuckin' squirting fuckin' cum . . . fuckin' squirting . . . fuckin' cum . . . goddam fuckin' cum . . ."

His voice trailed off and his body sagged, retreating from the effort of shooting such a huge load into Big Jim's mouth.

Larry had come all over Mike's hand, and Mike winked at him as he shook it onto the grass. Paolo slid his cock out of Mike's ass and began wiping himself with an oak leaf.

Big Jim stood up and leaned over Mike. "Come on with me," he whispered, although the others could probably hear. "Down the path. Just for a minute."

Mike hesitated. He didn't like after-sex banter.

"Come on," Big Jim repeated, indicating farther down with a nod.

Mike followed him, both of them naked except for their sneakers. Big Jim stopped and turned to him. "I know it sounds silly," he said, "but I just think it's real sexy to be naked in the park after dark."

"Yeah," Mike said, "I know."

"I couldn't believe it when I saw you had taken off your shorts too!"

Mike just smiled a bit.

"This sounds even sillier, but do you come here very often?"

Mike knew perfectly well what Big Jim was getting at, and he almost never took the bait. He didn't like sex that way. Still there was something very exciting about this guy and in spite of himself, Mike found he was telling him, "Of course. I make it a point to be here every Tuesday night without fail."

"No shit?"

"No shit. Except for rain, naturally."

"Naturally."

Big Jim gently tugged Mike's naked cock, smiled at him and walked off into the darkness. ■

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SALTY SEAMAN



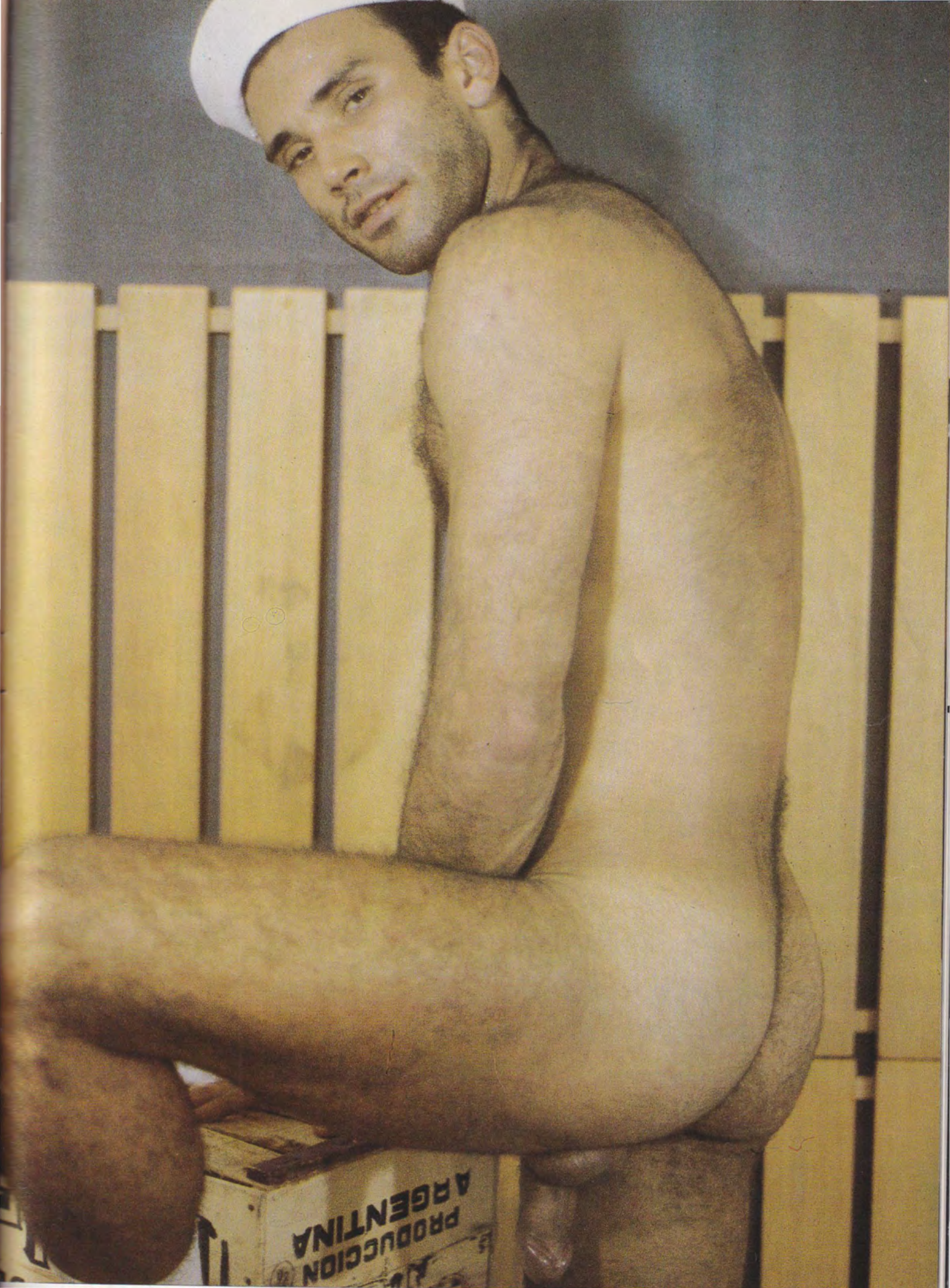
SOMEWHERE IN JOAO'S PAST IS A DEEP, DARK SECRET, ONE THAT IS A MYSTERY EVEN TO HIM. IT'S SOMETHING HE DID ONE NIGHT WHEN HE WAS BLINDINGLY DRUNK AND HANGING OUT IN A WATERFRONT DIVE, AMONG THE SLIT-EYED HUSTLERS, TOUGH DRAG QUEENS, AND OTHER HORNY SAILORS. THE MACHO MARINER HAS BEEN HAUNTED EVER SINCE.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN

SALTY SEAMAN



SINCE THAT DEBAUCHED NIGHT, JOAO HAS BEEN PLAGUED WITH A PERPETUALLY HARD COCK. NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES HE BRINGS HIMSELF OFF, IT ISN'T ENOUGH. SOME NIGHTS HE HARDLY SLEEPS AT ALL; INSTEAD HE LIES AWAKE IN HIS SHIPBOARD BUNK, FEVERISHLY TRYING TO RELIEVE THE RELENTLESS THROBBING BETWEEN HIS LEGS.



SALTY SEAMAN



BUT JOAO OFTEN COPES WELL WITH HIS AFFLICTION, ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S ANOTHER HORNY STUD AROUND WHO'S WILLING TO HELP. ONE WHO LOVES LUSTY SAILING MEN WITH STRONG, HAIRY BODIES AND RESTLESS COCKS. WHEN JOAO MEETS A GUY LIKE THAT, HE TELLS HIMSELF THERE ARE WORSE THINGS IN LIFE THAN HIS PRIAPIC CURSE.





DEAR HONCHO:

MOUTHFUL

Dear HONCHO:

Congratulations on your August issue and the "Outlaw" layout with Steve Collins. What an eyeful, hand-ful, mouthful that guy is! He's the hottest uncut dude I've seen in a long time, and your close-up shots of his uncut cock, foreskin, veins and all are real turn-ons. You're the only magazine that's got the balls to print a layout that hot.

J.M.
New York, NY

J/O PLEASURE

Dear HONCHO:

I just picked up my September HONCHO. As usual, a hot issue—but who is this guy "Hot Pink"? He has to be one of the hottest men you've given us! This one is going to give me many hours of pleasure—Wow! Definitely a HONCHO man!

Thanks for shattering another convention! Five-plus years have certainly provided us HONCHO readers with an abundant supply of shattered stereotypes and conventions—not to mention hours of J.O. pleasure. Incidentally, I will be a hot pink fan from now on.

H.Z.
San Francisco, CA



HABIT FORMING

Dear HONCHO:

I was so excited over your September 1983 coverman that I just had to write to you! Your "Hot Pink" photo spread of the coverman was the best I've seen in HONCHO through the years. Who is this beautiful man? His eyes seem to pierce right through me! His face alone is so beautiful that I could cry! I'd like to thank you and also Bader Productions for bringing me such a wonderful man. He's so hot that I burned my fingers. Please, HONCHO, can you print some more photos of this man of my dreams? He's definitely habit-forming.

T.F.
Nesconset, NY

THREE-WAY ACTION

Dear HONCHO:

Again HONCHO has proved itself the finest male-oriented magazine in the field. Your September issue was one of the hottest yet. I especially enjoyed Sam Post's terrific story *A Hard Day's Night* with that hot three-way action and dialogue. Two of my buddies shared in reading that story and it made us so hot we got into a four-hour session that blew our minds and our loads. Let's have more stories about group sex. Take it from a "groupie"—there's nothing like it!

I really enjoyed "Pack Man" (Tom McCann) and that stud in your pictorial "Stare Wars." What great hunks! How I'd love sharing my 8" cock in a three-way with them. Keep up the good work and you'll keep your avid readers coming every time.

J.W.
Phoenixville, PA

Photo by Bader Productions.



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.

RING AROUND THE COCK

Dear HONCHO:

Your September issue might be considered a fire hazard! It is so hot that I wonder why it didn't cause spontaneous combustion at the newsstand. I got so hot just thumbing through it that I couldn't wait to get home and examine every page in detail.

Lee Ryder is something to behold. That provocative look and that beautiful cock really turned me hard in a hurry. I would like to massage him from head to toe with my tongue, giving special emphasis to that beautiful manmeat between his legs. I hope I run into him in my travels. Let's have more of him in HONCHO.

"Hot Pink" was another turn-on. I love pictures of men who wear cockrings. When I go out for an evening, I don't feel properly dressed unless I'm wearing a ring around my cock and balls. Since "Cuffs and Collars" and "Get the Point?" were also wearing rings, this issue made my day.

There is no doubt about it: you have

the best men's magazine on the market.

G.J.
Roanoke, VA

FEMALE TROUBLE

Dear HONCHO:

I must tell you what a heart attack I almost had on my lunch hour the other day. One day at the office, I decided to go downstairs to the new gift shop that had recently opened and get the latest edition of *Woman's Day* magazine. When I got there, I happened to see a copy of HONCHO.

After looking through it, I was fit to be tied. All those good looking men with erect dicks almost killed me right on the spot—I simply couldn't believe what I was seeing! I must say that male nudity and hard cocks go perfectly together. Some magazines, I'm told, don't go in for hard-ons. Well, I do, and as long as the cocks in HONCHO stay hard, this gal will continue to buy the magazine. Keep up the *hard* work for us new readers.

B.L.
Atlanta, GA

FANFUCKINTASTIC

Dear HONCHO:

I've wanted to write to you for a long time, but every time I sit down and try, it means that I've got to leaf through your super mag and find my favorite shots. Inevitably my hand starts pumping my stiff joint and before I know it, I've shot a creamy load. This time, I *must* write to you, though. Lee Ryder in your September issue surpasses anything I've seen so far—and that's saying something, considering the fantastic hunks who have graced the pages of HONCHO. The picture of Lee on p. 25 is too much. The thought of it has my dick throbbing already. FANFUCKINTASTIC—his finger stuck in his ball sack, his rockhard monster meat, that tough-guy look. How many times I've sucked his gorgeous tool in my dreams. I worship at the shrine that is his cock. Please, more of this stud. Now I can't stand it any more. Got to go—you understand. But thanks for supplying me with hundreds of fantasies monthly. I never miss an issue.

J.J.P.
Boston, MA



COCK-RAISERS

Dear HONCHO:

I just want to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. The stories are real cock-raisers, and the photos are excellent. I love to see studs in Levis and leather. There hasn't been anything invented to date that does more to enhance today's male than the above.

B.K.
Victoria, BC
Canada

HOG WILD

Dear HONCHO:

I really enjoy HONCHO and look forward eagerly to each month's new magazine. I had to take the time to write and tell you how much "Snorkle Sex" (January 1984) turned me on. When I saw that rugged stud all alone on the beach with his diving equipment (and *other* equipment) I went hog wild. His strong, trim body is just perfect for my fantasies. Please publish another shot of this hot man.

A.C.
Jamestown, ND

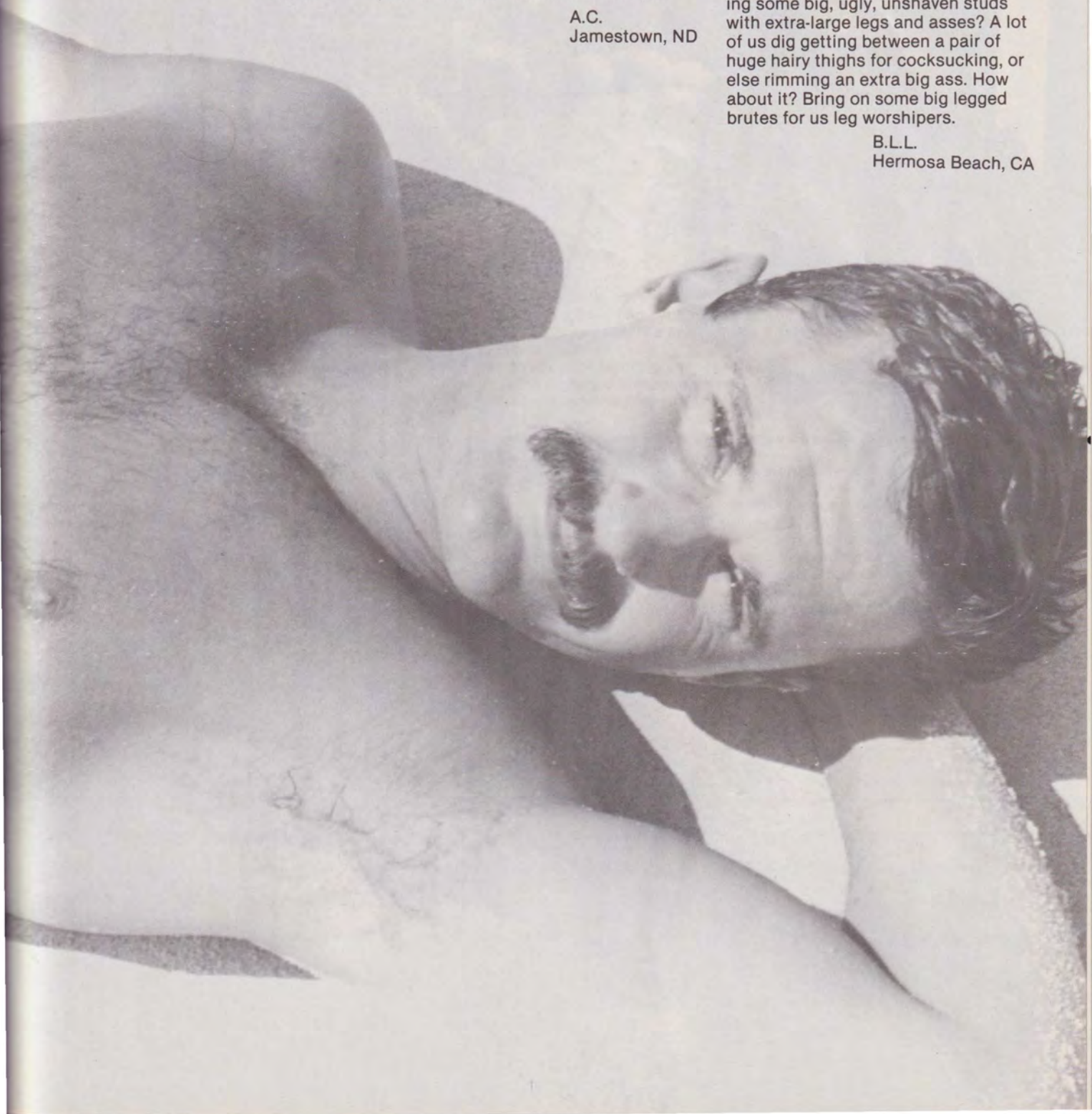
LEG WORSHIPER

Dear HONCHO:

I just want to let you know how much I enjoy shooting load after load with HONCHO each month. Your stories are super fuckin' hot and your models are all rimming material. I especially enjoy the Domino illustrations that sometimes appear, like the one with the story "At My Master's Feet" in the September, 1983 issue. What a fucking hot-looking brute!

How about a photo spread featuring some big, ugly, unshaven studs with extra-large legs and asses? A lot of us dig getting between a pair of huge hairy thighs for cocksucking, or else rimming an extra big ass. How about it? Bring on some big legged brutes for us leg worshipers.

B.L.L.
Hermosa Beach, CA





MAN SEARCH

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GWM, 30'S, TALL, SLIM

wants to hear from other leather lovers. No S&M or pain, just hot times in black leather. George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010, Photo swap.

G INDIAN 5'7" 136 LB.

Have tight ass. If you love to fuck and are 6 inches to? in size, let's get together, will travel, write with photo to Wayne Walker, P.O. Box 186, Peach Springs, AZ 86434. Would like Kingman area, if you're out there.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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W/M, blond/blue, 34, 5'7", 180 lbs. likes to get high, get up on my knees and get it up the ass; big dicks, dildoes, small hands, enemas. Open it up and use it. Answer with photo only. Write #165, P.O.B. 15068, S.F., CA 94115.

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GWM 21, 6'2", 170 lbs. Smooth, well defined body. Moving to Huntington Beach on 2/21/84. Need someone(s) to show me around. All letters answered. All situations, relationships, propositions and opportunities considered. No fats or fems. S.Z. Lane, 2500 W. 6th, #507, Lawrence, KS 66044. All mail forwarded.

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Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex preferences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Latino 20 GDLKNG

Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

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.

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Not queer, just like to suck young cock, piss, and to tongue, lick and suck assholes. Release to N.Y. 7-1-84. Penpals. SCAT, Pass. Plus More! Richard Joe Kidd, Box B72191-San Quentin, Tamal, CA 94974.

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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 90265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS

Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

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.

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

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME

Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE

GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.

GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY

Blond, 26, goodlooking. Needs to be disciplined, shaved and spanked. Visiting daddys welcomed. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004-0279.

FLORIDA

EX-MARINE

60, slim, fit, potent, seeks friendships, not sex merely. March, 225 Orlando, Belleair, FL 33516.

FERNADINA BEACH

Straight acting, GWM, 24, 6' 1", 165 lbs. Dark skin, blk hair and very hairy. Wish to meet GWM's under 27. Muscles a plus. No fems. No phone JO's. Photo gets mine. CN Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

TAN LINES/JOCK STRAPS

GWM, 31, 6', 150 lbs, brown/blue, attractive bearded professional, hung, into work, fun, nautilus, seeks well-built thick-hung man for good times and possible relationship. P.O. Box 14342, Clearwater, FL 34279-4342.

STALLION VS. STALLION

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

MILKING MACHINE!

Attr, GWM, 28, 138 lbs, seeks masc gay or bi WM, under 30, for discreet oral workout. Reciprocation only if desired. Have beach apt for short visits. No fats, fems, weirds. Send info about self with photo (no response otherwise) to Ashley, Box 16487, Tampa, FL 33687.

GEORGIA

AIDS CELIBATES

Don't be lonely, call Atlanta (404) 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.

JO-COCKRINGS

Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

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

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.

The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

LEATHER JACK-OFF?

I sure do! Try it, you'll love it. Hot letter and photo gets mine. KLS, Suite 111-1700, 8280 Janes, Woodridge, IL 60517.

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.

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.

MY HORSE

is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

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.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S

Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

HOT BODY SUCK!

Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

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 only. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER

29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who 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.

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.

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.

LOUISIANA

MUSCLE MAN

Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

MAINE

AROOSTOOK COUNTY HUNK

Young, attractive Scorpio needs sex. Photo-letter-phone. Will travel. All answered. R.M., Box 214, Eagle Lake, ME 04739.

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.

FOR THE BEST B.J. OF THE BERKSHIRES

Call 413-442-5278.

MICHIGAN

TEN INCHES PLUS

I would like to exchange hot photo's, letters and VHS/VCR jack-off tapes. Yours gets mine. Write to: Occupant, PO Box 821, Cadillac, MI 49601.

LOOKING FOR FRIEND

Medium height, build, 39. Married fine. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS

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

ROCHESTER MASTER

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

TALENTED SLAVE

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

NEBRASKA

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON

18-30 into J/O and loves to get his cock and balls sucked. Albert, P.O. Box 332 Lyman, NE 69352 or call (308) 787-1223 after 5:00 P.M.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WANTED: TOP MEN, ANY MEN.

B/D, C&B/T TT, Whipping, FF, enemas, obedience. Let me make your fantasies materialize. JG, P.O. Box 1373 Claremont, NH 03743.

NEW JERSEY

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING

by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8 1/2" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

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.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL

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

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.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE

Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22

Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25

Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

FRISKY SLAVE

needs taming in Buffalo. Limits expandable. Anything goes—public, S/M, J/O, B/D, Leather. 35, 160. (716) 832-0568, 11:00 PM-1:00 AM.

WESTCHESTER GWM

Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A +), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/ meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

W/M, 27, BROWN HAIR/EYES

with trim beard and moustache. I'm curious—want to serve hot dude. Will worship well built guy—show me the way. (212) 251-6089. No J/O calls.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND

NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interests between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

SWEATY HORN YOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11 +) serviced by a hot W/M, 28, 6'1", 175, who is attract masc and sinc? Call (212) 675-7352, 8-11PM for real locker room action, or write P.O. Box 304 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN

W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

ROCHESTER AREA

Goodlooking, well built, married man, early thirties, desires relationship with same. Good looking, trim, married guys without communicable diseases preferred. No kinks or weirdos. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 24932, Rochester, NY 14624.

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.

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

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

ASHLAND/NORWALK AREA

GWM, 30, seeking warm, sincere GWM 18-30 for friendship/relationship. No smoking or drugs. Letter/photo. D.S., P.O. Box 191, N. Fairfield, OH 44855.

22 GWM

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

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED

GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

PENNSYLVANIA

JACK-OFFS TO 35.

Write: Occupant, P.O. Box 315, Sharon, PA 16146. No fats.

SOUTHWEST PA

Horny, handsome young college student, GWM, 19, 6'1", 160 lbs, wants other young horny guys for prolonged fucking, sucking, J/O and sensuous massage. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 80, Richeyville, PA 15358.

STEELER JOCK

My lover is a Pittsburgh Steeler and has played in two Super Bowls. I will send you one of his cum-stained jocks for \$12, a rubber filled with his cum for \$12, or you can drink his piss for \$6. Or, get all 3 hot items for \$27.50. Send check or m/o to: M.S. Davies, P.O. Box 7474, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SOUTH STUD INTO GP GR FR ETC

Gd/kg 31 GWM 6'0" 225 Husky brown hair, eyes, hung big 10 1/2 and thick. Ready for sucking and fucking. Hot horny for 17-40. JR Nelson, 311 Thompson St, Camden, SC 29020. Hurry, I'm hungry!!

TENNESSEE

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.

MAN IN 40'S

desires young man 25 to 40. Love & home provided; some travel and home life. Into french, w.s., light s & m. Photo necessary. R.G.B. 1115 N. Royal; Jackson, Tennessee 38301; 901-427-8469.

TEXAS

WEST TEXAS AREA

W/M, 33, 5'10", 150, lt. brown hair, beard. Wants to meet gay or bisexual men for friends, fun and sex. Call Steve, 915-447-6101.

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.

WEST VIRGINIA

GWM, 26, 5'8", MUSCULAR

Seeks mature, muscular GWM, 25-35, to meet and develop serious relationship. Will relocate. No fats, fems, free-loaders, drugs, heavy S/M. Reply to: 425 Clifton Ave., C'burg, WV 26302 or call 304-623-9438.

INTERNATIONAL

PHILIPPINES

I'm 36, Chinese, want sincere Pen Pals. I'm working in a travel agency, love to cook. I'm cut, and have a 7 inch prick.

I want Hairy guys to write to me. I prefer American and European guys 30 to 45. My telephone is 7-32-59 at home, and 9-66-95 at office. P.O. Box 764, Cebu City, 6401, Philippines.

FRENCH MAN

32 years seeks real cops and firemen. To visit U.S.A. in 84 and for a friendship everlasting. Welcome all countries. Write: G. Combe, La Pastourelle, bt B, Boulevard de Paste, 07000 Privas, France.

AUSTRIA

Two Austrians, both 39, slank, 130 lbs. would like to meet friends interested in "having fun" with us! Write us in German or English with appropriate photo and we'll answer guaranteed. Discretion is a must! Please don't be older than 40 years. Hausbewohner, Uferstrasse 58, A-5026, Salzburg-Aigen, Austria.

COMMERCIAL

A COMPLETE MASSAGE

By Argentine masseur. 6', 165 lbs., Mas., (212) 831-3580. IN/OUT. CALL FERNANDO.

MAN ALIVE!

America's hottest new personal ad publication! First 30-word (photo ok!) Ad free. Send \$1.00 (refundable) for info: M.A. 11684 Ventura #104H, Studio City, CA 91604. (State over 21).

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Hanky code, Rockshot and TNT cards, Ram and Hardware, write for details: Kitchen Plus, 208 N. 3rd, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

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through Skipper's Mates, a contact club for men. Discreet—inexpensive—unique. Details plus sample copy of club bulletin—\$1. Skipper's Mates, PO Box 264, Bellbrook, OH 45305. State over 21.

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813-823-5629 Jerry

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12 noon to 9 pm (only). Call for appointment. (216) 476-2956. Cleveland, Ohio.

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Extremely handsome. 22, 6'2", 175 lbs., 9", thick, smooth swimmer's build. In/out calls. Friendly, discreet. East side location. Robert.
212-473-7157.

DARK LATIN

24, slim athletic body, educated, safe, discreet. Hot rear; hung. Call Mike at (212) 683-4204, 24 hrs. Out only.

HEAVY MASTURBATORS

Marines and navy guys stained jocks and shorts. Beefy. \$3.00 a pair. Man-wear, Box 3565 WOB, Fla. 33402.

YOUNG WHITE MALES WITH 10" +

Pix of young white males: with 10" + only \$2.40 each; with 8" + only 80¢ each; cumming only \$1.20 each; hardcore french or greek or rimming only 80¢ each! Minimum order: \$12! Prices include postage (1st class)/handling! Order from: L. Wiegert Jr., 30327 Rhone, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274. FREE: 5 ass pix with any order over \$20!

STUD FOR HIRE

Write for details, PO Box 1047, Allentown, Pa. 18105.

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ORGANIZATIONS

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American-Greek Alliances: The club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Name, Age, \$1 to: Box 623-AGH, New York, NY, 10013.

ENGLISH GAY VISITORS TO THE U.S.

seek friendship & hospitality, & often offer same in England in return. For information on how to be contacted, please write to: Friendship Exchange, 7, Sanford Walk, New Cross, London S.E. 14, England.

THE HIRSUTE CLUB

invites HAIRY men and men who love them to join the erotic fun! We publish interesting newsletter/hot photos, frank listings/hunky men. Information: \$2 to PO 11514, SF, CA 94101.

AMERICAN-GREEK ALLIANCES

Third sensational year of club which gets greek actives into greek passives! Special discount for men who are solely greek active. Name, age, \$1 to: P.O. Box 623-AGP, Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

HOT PHONE J/O CALLS

Send SASE to Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111-0010. Mention HONCHO and age.

INTO BOOTS

shoes, leather, levi's and/or other clothing and want to meet others? Over 800 members. Send stamp to Foot Fraternity, POB 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

INTERCHAIN INTERNATIONAL

Contact organization for the macho man. Information: Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 or call (212) 929-5078. Leave name and address until 11 p.m. EST.

PUT SOMEONE'S FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH!!

Footman: the boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Name, age, \$1 to: Box 623-FMH, New York, NY 10013.

GAY AND YOUNG PRISONERS

threatened with sexual exploitation, in institutions everywhere, benefit from the work of The Prometheus Foundation, which also protects gays in society from rip-offs by uscrupulous inmates. For information on the PenPal Group and other vital programs, and a copy of FIRE!, the Foundation's newsletter, send SASE to: Prometheus, P.O. Box 12954, Pittsburgh, PA 15241.

REAL PEOPLE

By Sam Staggs

Donald Merrick, who painted these men at work, began his art career early—at the age of 10—and in a completely different style: abstract expressionism. Although the child Merrick first drew the human figure, Merrick the young adult artist soon joined the mainstream of American art (it was the 1950s) and spent many years painting non-figurative canvases. In the days when Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, and the other legendary figures of the New York School were the mandarins of American painting, virtually no young artist of talent and ambition dared paint in a realistic style. One curbed one's realistic impulses in favor of the geometric or the abstract.

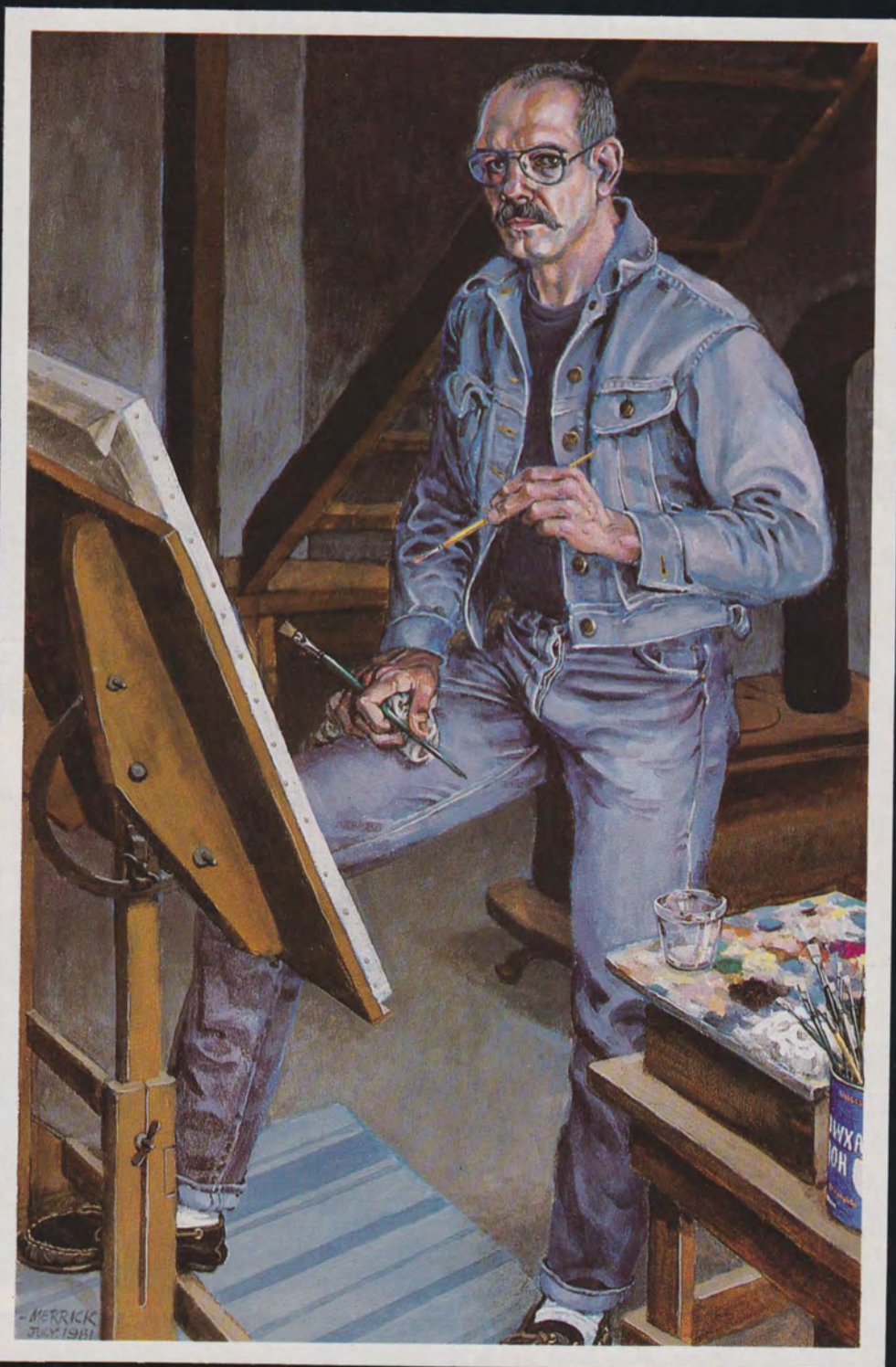
Eventually, however, Merrick responded to his instinctual pull: he began painting images of human beings. Looking back, Merrick has this to say: "My unflagging interest in drawing figures even when not painting them was a constant reminder of this repressed need. My longtime love of the works of Edward Hopper, Thomas Eakins, and Winslow Homer should have been a clue. Caravaggio, Zurbaran, and Manet have long been favorites as well, and their influence has finally held sway over that of de Chirico, Matisse, Gorky, and de Kooning."

Merrick has been painting real people like the ones shown here for only a few years. Many of the models for his pictures are men he sees from time to time (e.g., "Vinnie," the toll-booth attendant). Others are men he sees regularly ("Traffic Cop").

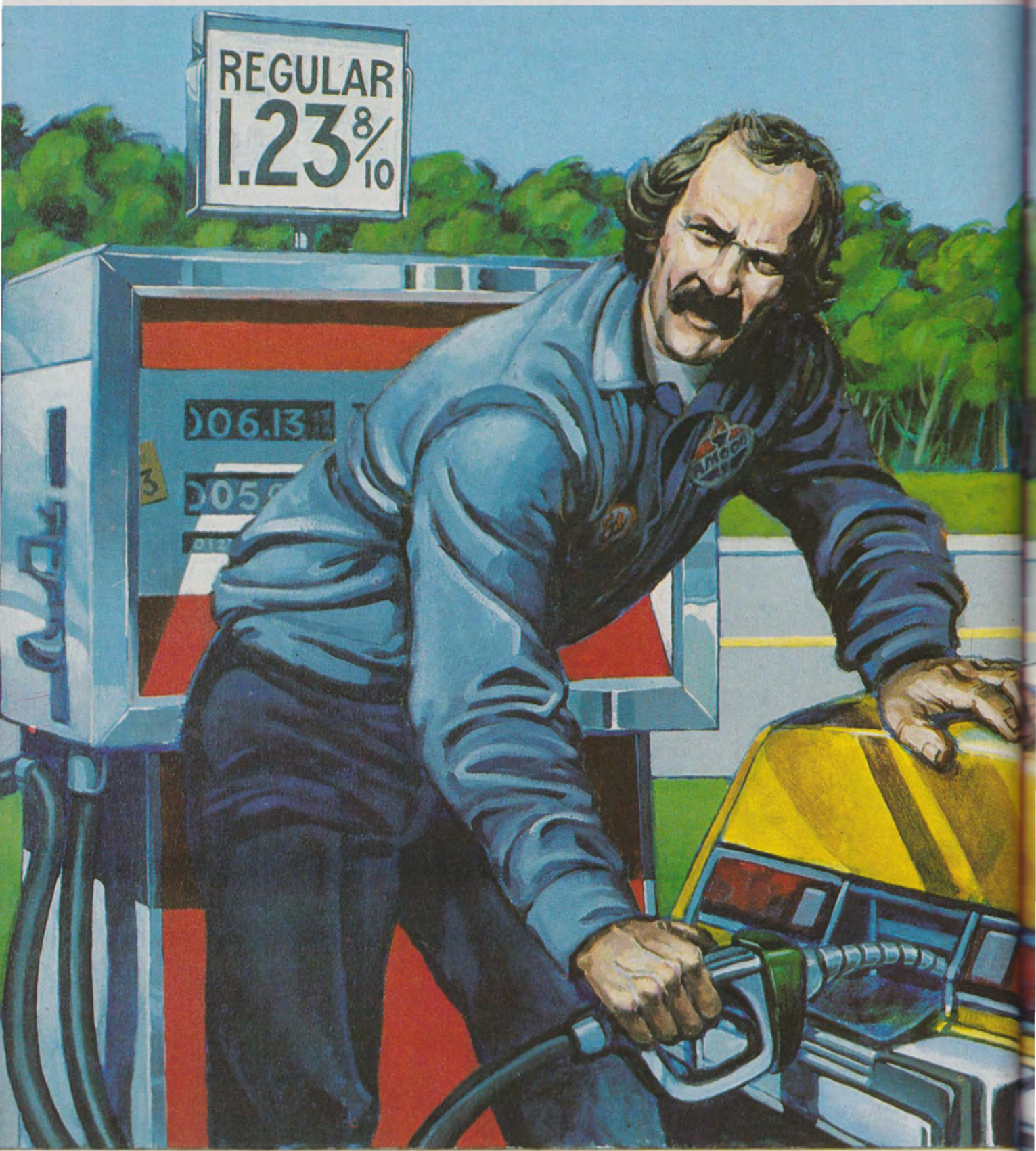
Still others are friends and neighbors, and a few are strangers. He takes along a pocket camera when he leaves home so that he can photograph anyone who interests him. Merrick reports that he seldom fails to get permission to photograph a man whose face, body, or profession strikes him as material for a painting.

His next step is to spread the photos in front of the easel and start to work (it is appropriate that the artist included himself among his working men). Merrick sometimes paints from life as well as from photos, but of course it isn't always possible to get the real person to pose. However, he always works either from photographs or from the flesh; Merrick never paints entirely from memory.

These paintings—and 22 others—will be on exhibit at the Zim-Lerner Gallery (123 University Place, New York City 10003; telephone 212/777-1907) from January 31-March 17, 1984.



Above: "Self-Portrait, Vermont Studio" (1981)
Photography By James Brown



REAL PEOPLE



Left: "Blue Flame Gas Service" (1981)
Above: "Patty" (1980) "Moving Man" (1980)

REAL PEOPLE



Right: "Eddie's American" (1980)
Above: "Vinnie" (1981) "Traffic Cop" (1980)



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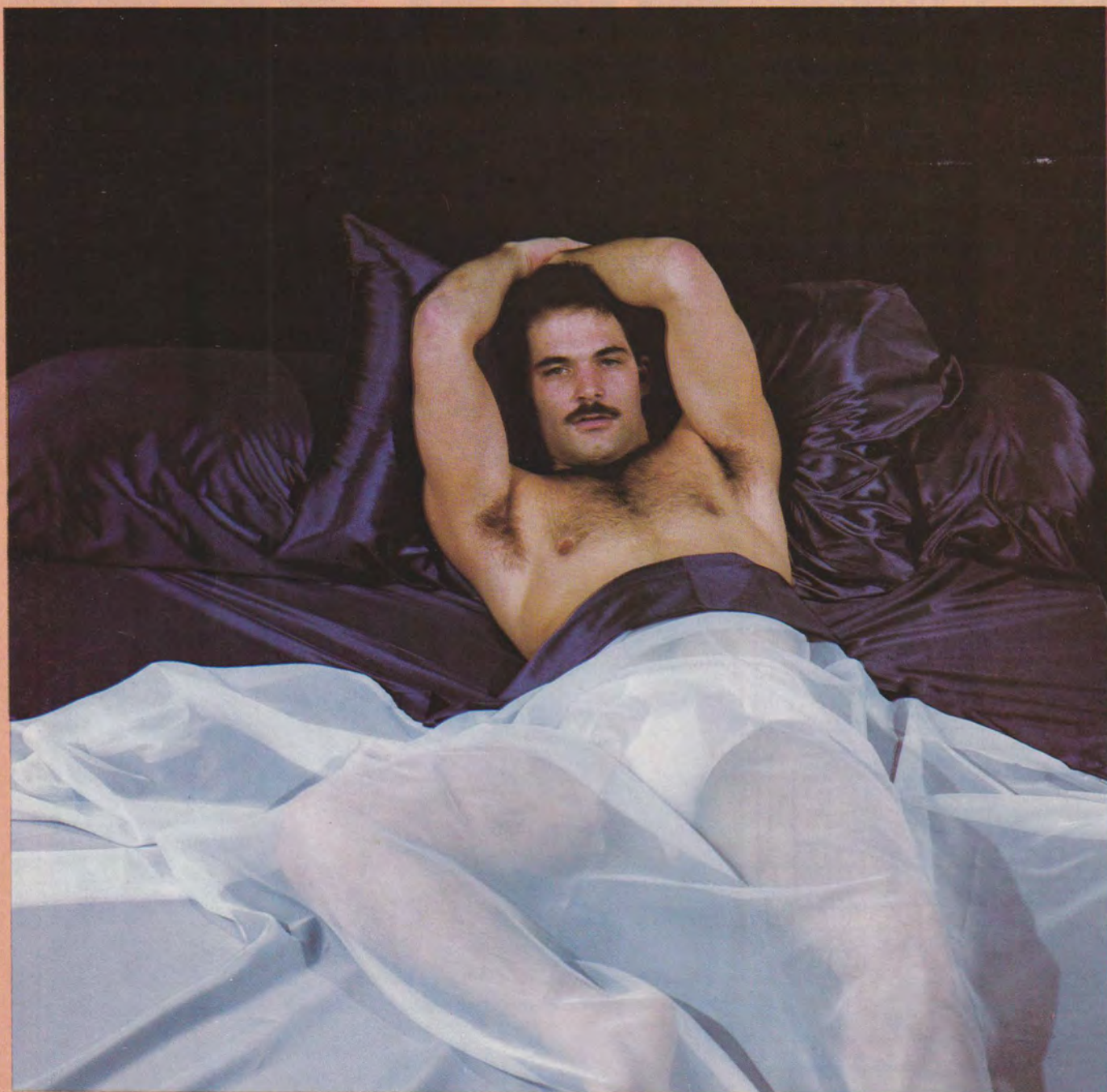
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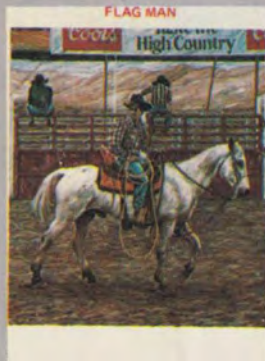
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