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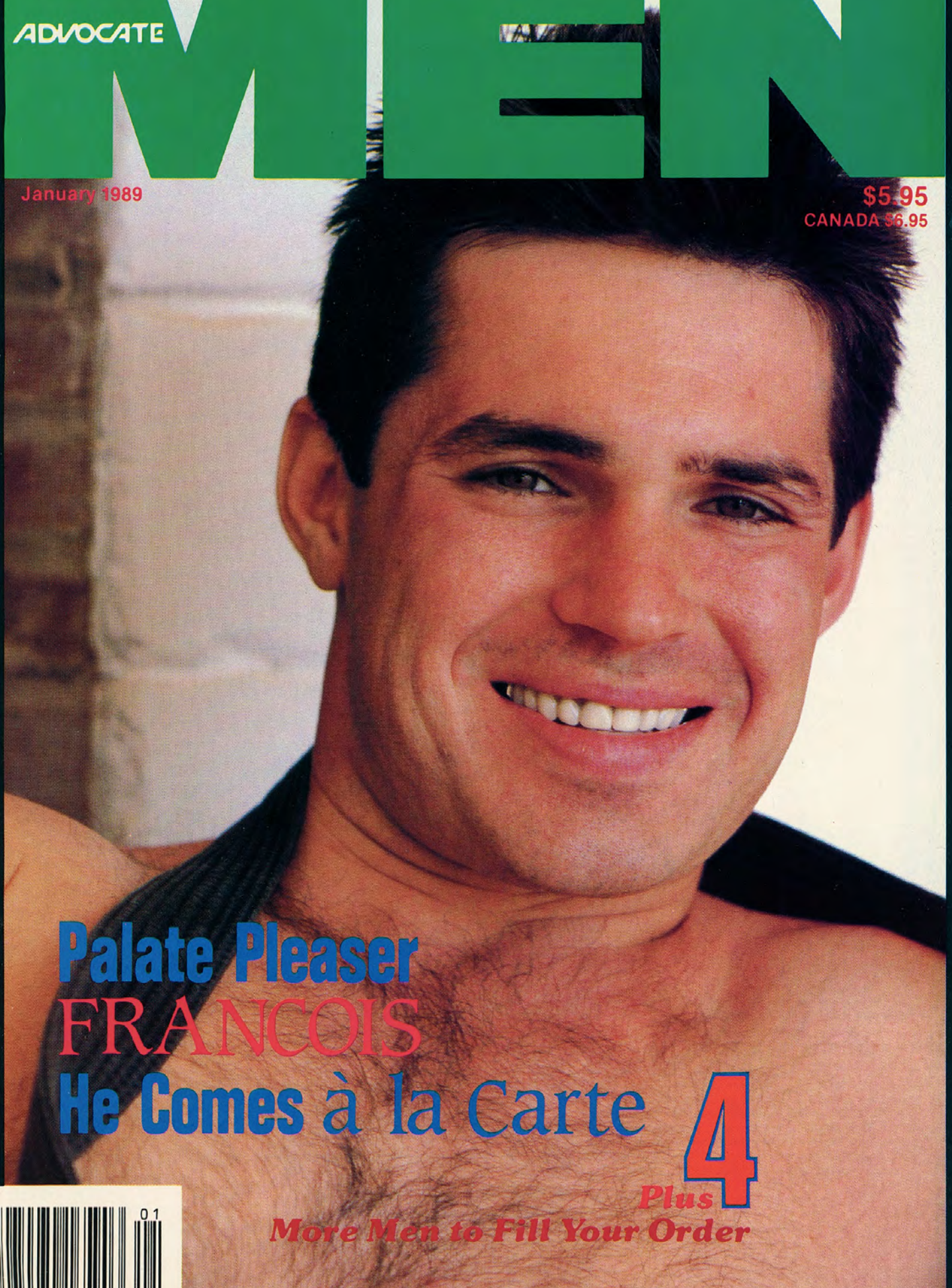

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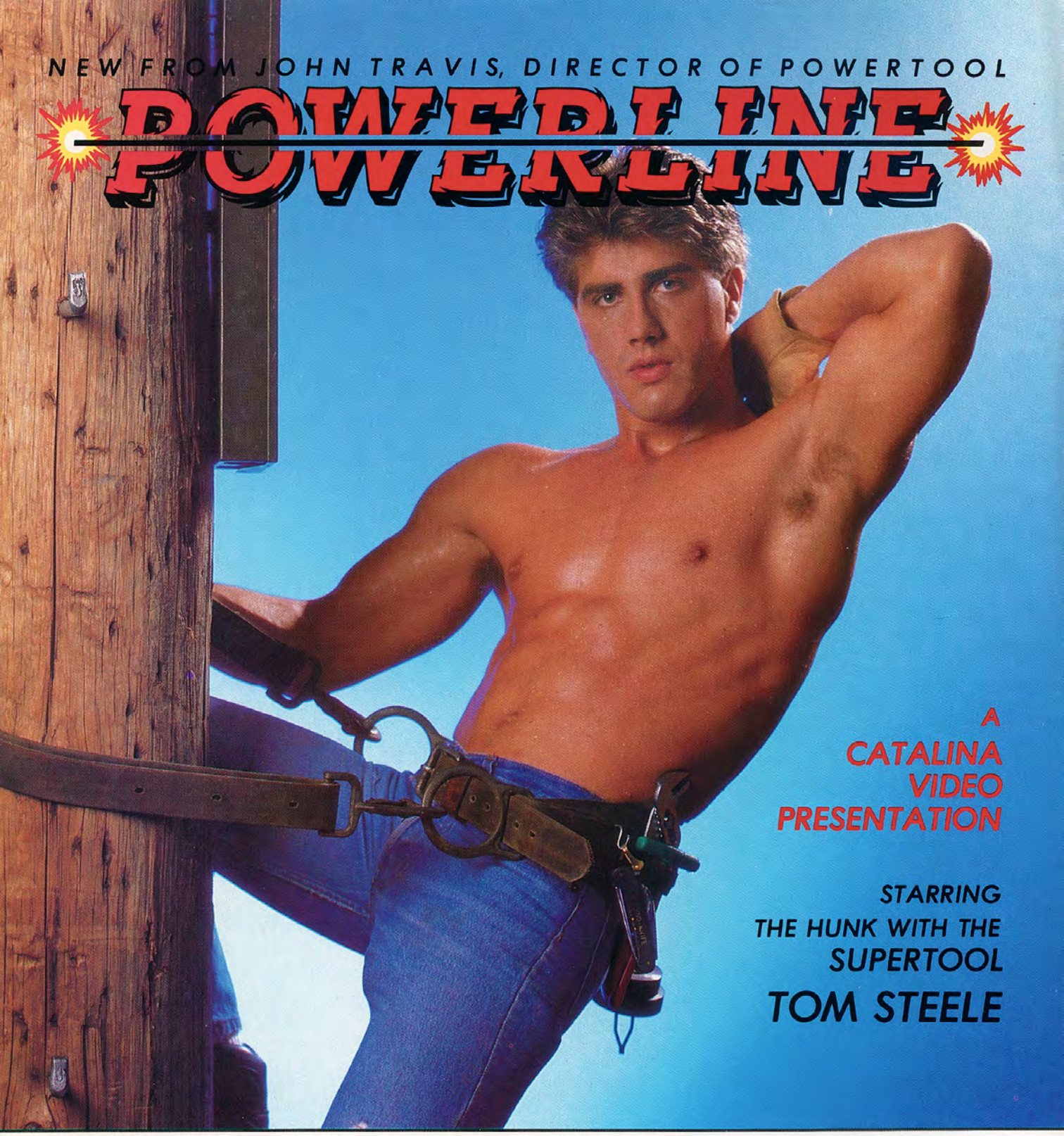

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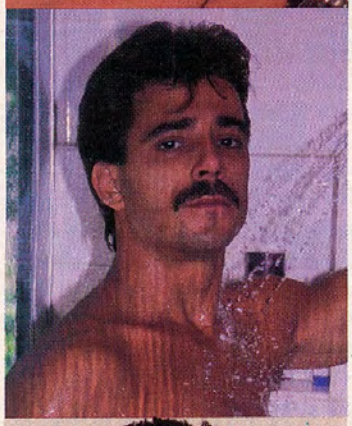

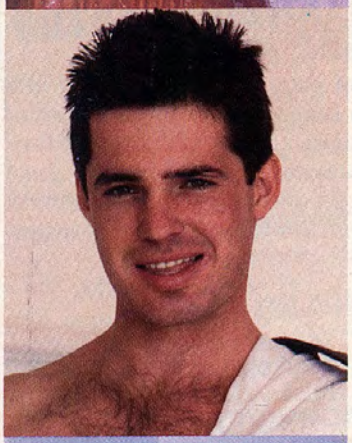

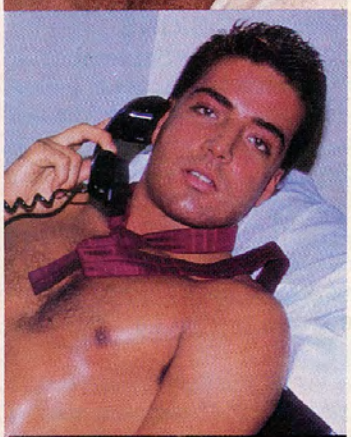

ADVOCATE MEN

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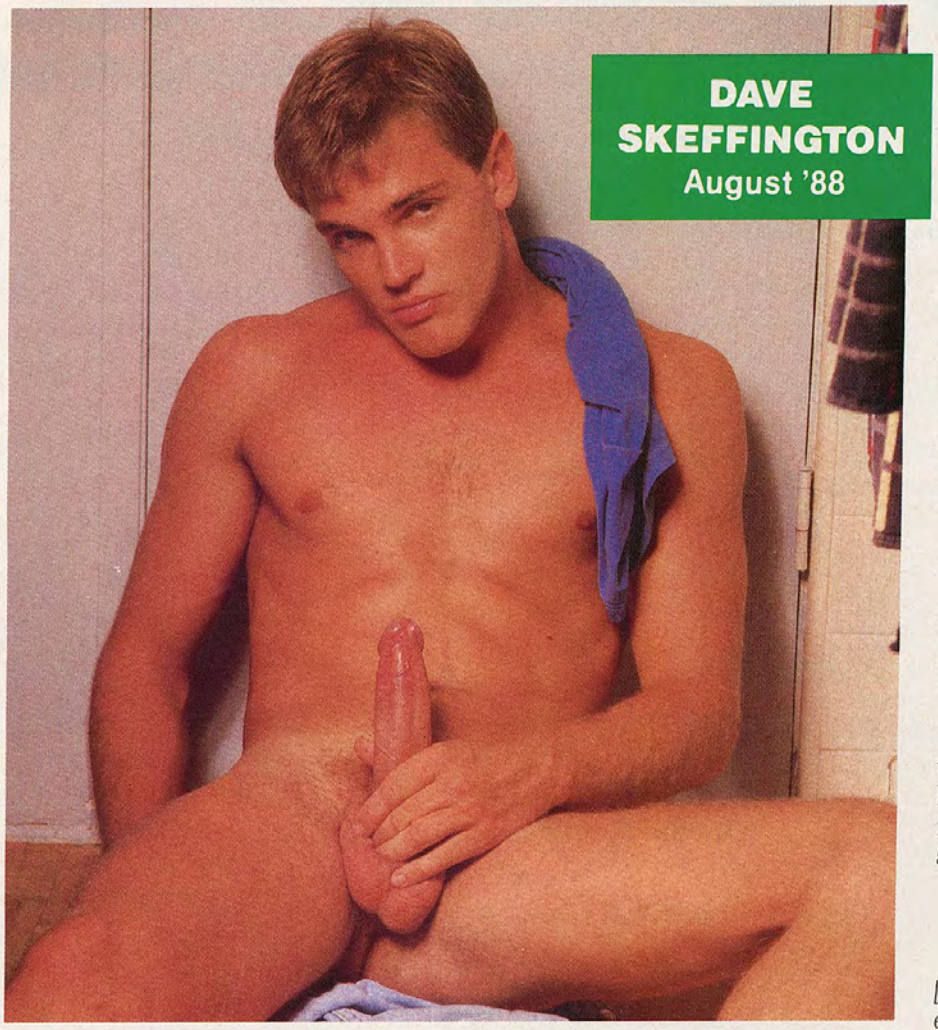

THERE'S ONLY ONE FOR ME

There's a guy on the soap opera *Ryan's Hope*; he's got a great-looking body. He's got a big chest; it's hairy and flat. I'll bet he's got a big, hung, hard cock.

J.J.
Everett, Wash.

WELL, MAYBE TWO . . .

Thank you for the September issue of *Advocate MEN*. You did one hell of a job. All the pictures are great.

I wouldn't mind doing a sucking job on Vinnie DaMarco. He's got a great-looking cock.

J.J.
Everett, Wash.

[J.J., you've got to get over this obsession with quantities.—Ed.]

HE ADDS ANOTHER DIMENSION

Brian Adams [October '88] is too sexy for the pages of any magazine, even a great one like yours.

Only living color could truly do him justice, given his enormous muscles, tight ass, and sumptuous cock.

I volunteer my bed and my services to give Brian the recognition he really deserves.

K.L.
Anaheim, Calif.

A MAN OF MANY WORDS . . . AND ALL OF THEM WRONG

Blow me away! When I purchased the August issue of *Advocate MEN*, I was flabbergasted to discover my name on the cover. I was even more pleased to discover I shared my first name with the hot and seductive Mr. Skeffington.

Being an avid reader of *Advocate MEN*, I have always distinguished your magazine from others that try—and fail—to produce a magazine that meets a standard of consistency and quality. One usually appreciates correct skin tones (not green blonds), "hornylistic" fiction, and informative information.

So I thank you for providing to my tastes. You have a loyal stroker.

D.S.
Livermore, Calif.

[So, D.S., did you lose your job at Webster's, or what?—Ed.]

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

Thanks for a great magazine, especially your photo spreads!

Photographer Kristen Bjorn can always be counted on for super pictures. But I have a couple of questions for him: Since we can almost always identify his work by the shaved cocks and balls of his models, I wonder if he *requires* his subjects to shave their balls?

Does he generally only photograph studs with shaved balls because they look that way, or is it just a fetish with him?

By the way, maybe you could talk Kristen Bjorn into getting in front of the camera. I recall seeing photos of him some years ago, and he has a great face, a nice body, and what looked like a six-hand tool! How about it, Kristen?

B.M.
Boise, Ida.

[It was a six-hand tool: a Remington electric shaver.—Ed.]

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

I have just finished the September '88 issue. Boy, what great men! Let me tell you, I was hard all night. Rick Masters can rub me down anytime. He is everything one could ever want in a man. What a piece of meat!

There should be a law against men like him. I could fuck and suck him all night and day. If I get a chance to go to California, you can bet I'll be looking for him.

And as far as Vinnie DaMarco, he's got a grade-A, number one tool! I think Masters and DaMarco are two of the sexiest guys I've ever seen.

Anonymous
Portland, Me.

CALL THIS MAN A CAB

How about some hairy, tall, lean, bearded hippies? A good example of what I mean is the guys Roger

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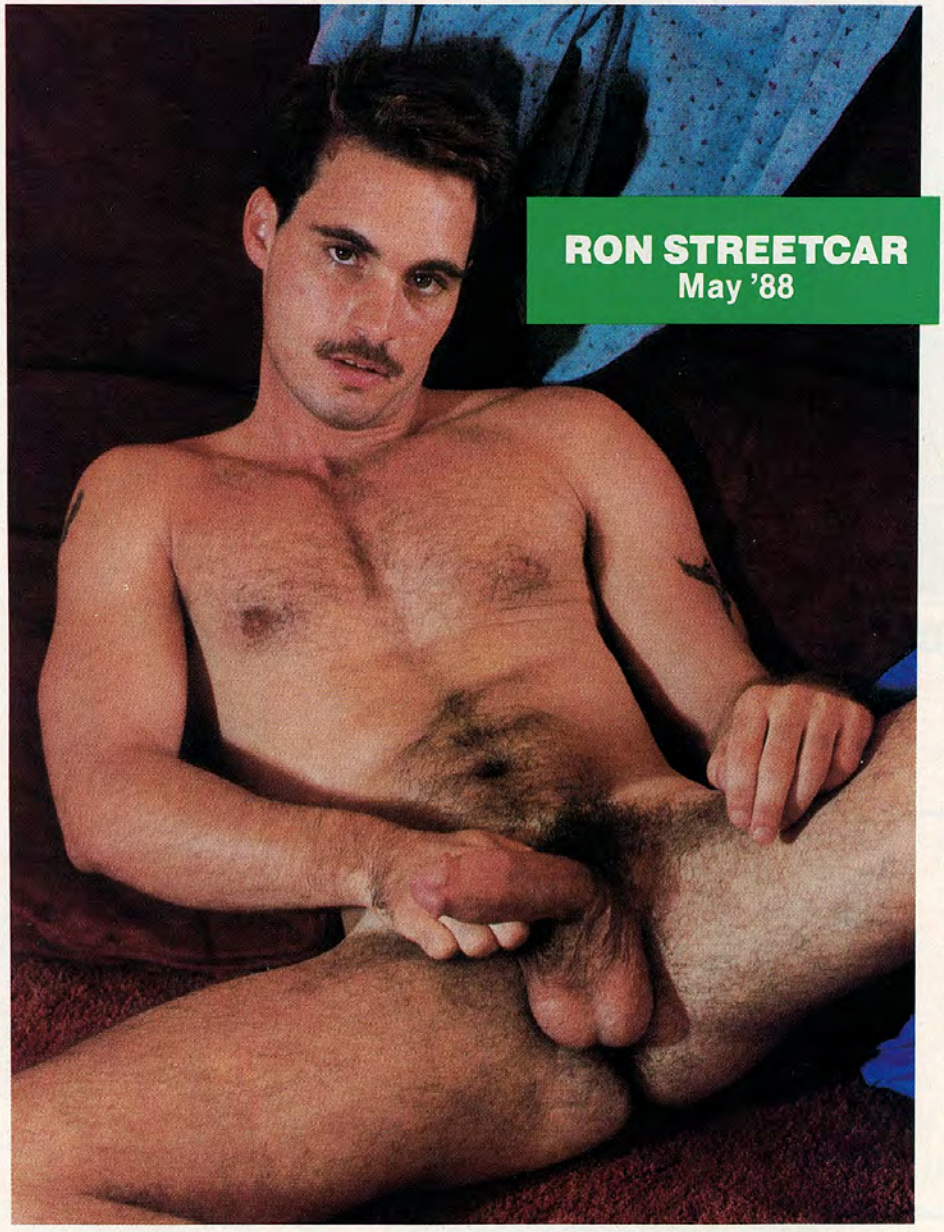


McGuinn surrounded himself with in the last incarnation of The Byrds—especially Skip Battin. There's a book of fantasy illustrations called *Rock Dreams*, from about 1975, that shows the last Byrds naked, standing in a river. Hot, hot, hot!

For some of us, the longhair, denim, hiking-shoes image of the hippies never faded out. It seems like 20% of all teenagers will always want that image. Even today, the Grateful Dead concerts have mostly that age group in the audience; these kids were born when the Grateful Dead first started making records.

I hear the real longhairs have moved into the rural parts of Northern California, Oregon, and Washington State. Some of then even have very soulful houses they've built that they could be photographed in.

Anonymous
Virginia Beach, Va.

[I think I know what you're trying to tell me, but before I can say I completely understand your mind, I'm going to go stick my head under a bus.—Ed.]

AND WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THAT BEFORE?

I decided to start my subscription to *Advocate MEN* in late April or early May as a gift to myself for my birthday. And, boy, am I glad I did! When I saw Joe Reeve (June '88), he reminded me of someone very near to me (an ex-lover of 2½ years). It was so uncanny. I could swear, at first glance, that it was him. He had the same build, the same eyes and smile, and excellent, perfect size (if you know what I mean). Another look-alike is Eric Manchester (a little bigger size).

D.W.A.
San Bernardino, Calif.

THERE MAY BE SNOW ON THE ROOF. . .

I received my first magazine today. I am now 66 years old and have been gay since I was 13. I have finally, after searching gay theaters and bookstores since 1945, found your outstanding and pleasing photographs of males with such large erections and beautiful bodies.

The October '88 photos of Mick Jansen were great. He is my type of male for a real sexy session. I love his foreskin. I'd love to suck him from head to toe and then kiss and lick his beautiful, firm butthole and take his huge cock, licking it and sucking it until he calls it quits.

I love your fiction fantasy stories. Well, let's just say that everything in your magazine turns me on—especially the black men and their huge cocks. Keep my subscription coming. I'll cancel my *Playgirl* after it runs out in December 1988. Yours, I'll keep from now on.

Keep it coming—hot and a hell of a lot!

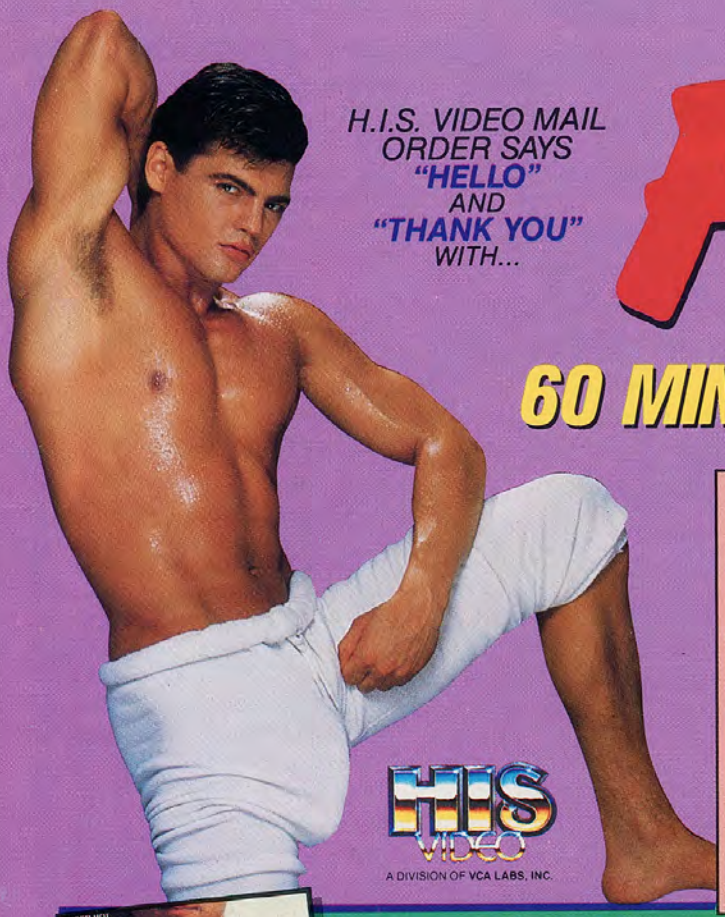
W.E.
El Paso, Tex.

I CONFESS

Most gay men's magazines feature each issue's hottest model as their cover man. Naturally, this strategy is designed to tempt potential buyers to check out what's inside. I'm curious about *Advocate MEN*'s frequent practice of selecting each issue's least attractive model as its cover man.

One example is the May '88 issue. Cover man Ron Streetcar is downright ugly! In contrast, the other models were considerably more handsome, particularly Mitch Beck.

Do you have a policy of selecting as cover man only those models photographed by your staff photographer, Bisonnes, regardless of marketing considerations? Or is this some



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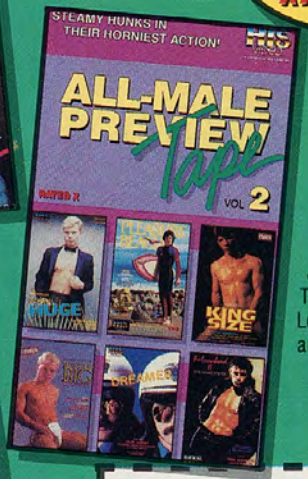

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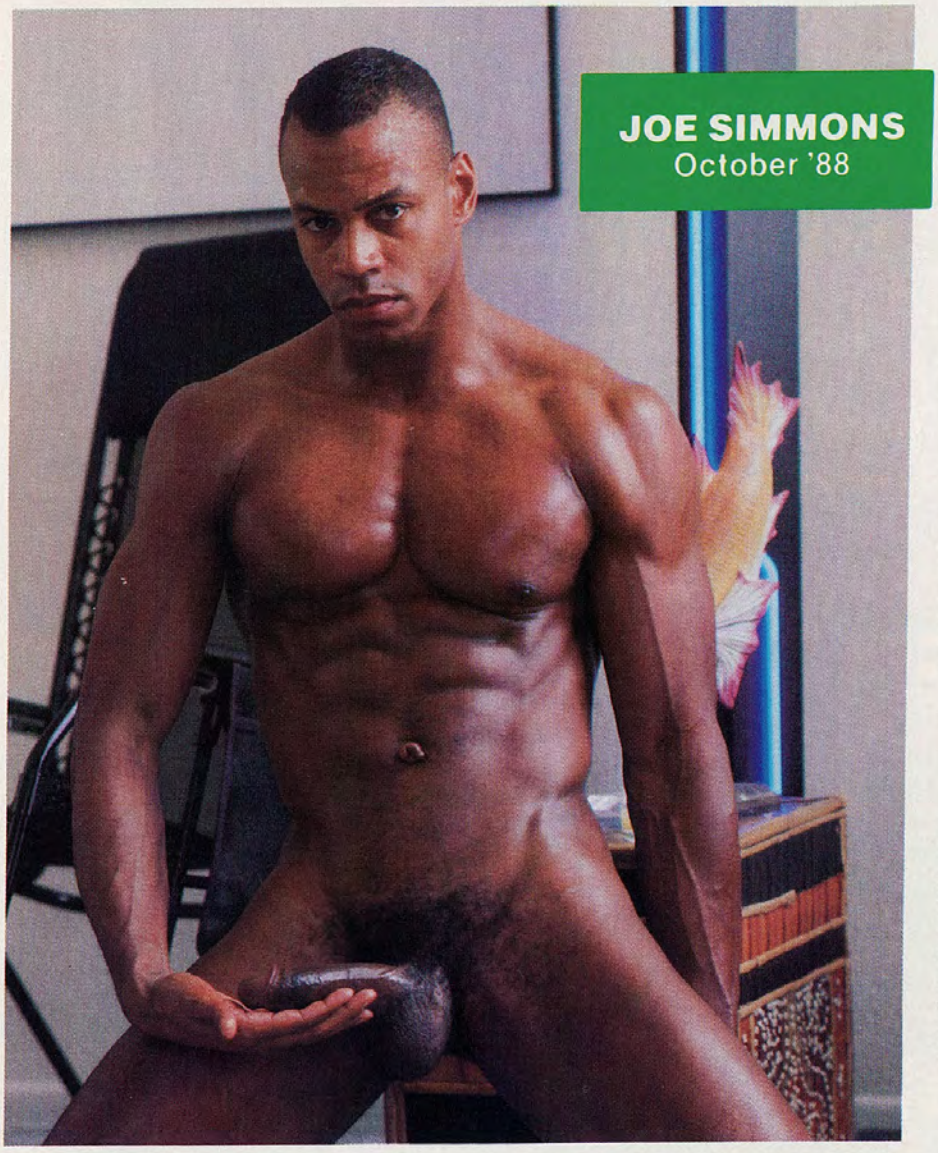


kind of reverse-psychology marketing strategy?

T.K.F.
North Hollywood, Calif.

[Reverse psychology, that's right. In fact, why don't you write me again and elaborate?—Ed.]

NEVER FORGET HIS FACE

First, let me say that I thoroughly enjoy your magazine. It is absolutely the best gay magazine available. I have been receiving this great publication for almost two years and have enjoyed every issue to date. Today I received the October '88 issue, and to be very frank, I was quite disappointed.

Your cover man, Joe Simmons, is not what I have come to expect from *Advocate MEN*. Not one single photograph shows him with a smile on his face. He appears to be ready to go out on a killing rampage.

J.M.P.
Las Vegas, Nev.

[That's because he's been reading T.K.F.'s letters.—Ed.]

LONG-DISTANCE GONADS

Well, you delivered the goods once again with your October '88 issue with Joe Simmons on the cover.

Usually, I could find fault with at least one of your models, but not this month.

Mick Jansen is the most beautiful man I've ever seen—a real tiger. I'm only sorry that he's so far away and I'll never get a chance to meet him.

One question, though: He's obviously another one of Kristen Bjorn's Brazilian beauties, yet you mention in the accompanying text that he designs computer games for a company in Northern California.

A slip of the tongue, perhaps?

T.B.
Sunnyvale, Calif.

[I wish. No, Mick does design games for a firm in Northern California. His work brings him to our sunny state about three or four times a year, but he does the bulk of his business from his home in Rio. So sit tight; maybe you'll get a chance to meet him after all.—Ed.]

A NEW LEASE ON LIFE

Your photos of Joe Simmons [October '88] were h-o-t, hot! I like the versatility the photographer has shown with the different backgrounds and lighting. Quite a step up from the bland apartment shots you usually feature. I may sign up for a subscription after all.

P.P.
St. Paul, Minn.

SLIPPERY BUT LEGIT

Jason Lowe [September '88] really knows how to slip the dick, doesn't he? I think he's one of the best-looking guys you've ever had in your magazine. His college-boy looks could easily make him into a legitimate movie star, don't you think?

N.O.
Fargo, N.D.

AT LEAST IT RHYMES

Whoever thought up the All Dave, All Night issue [August '88] is brilliant!

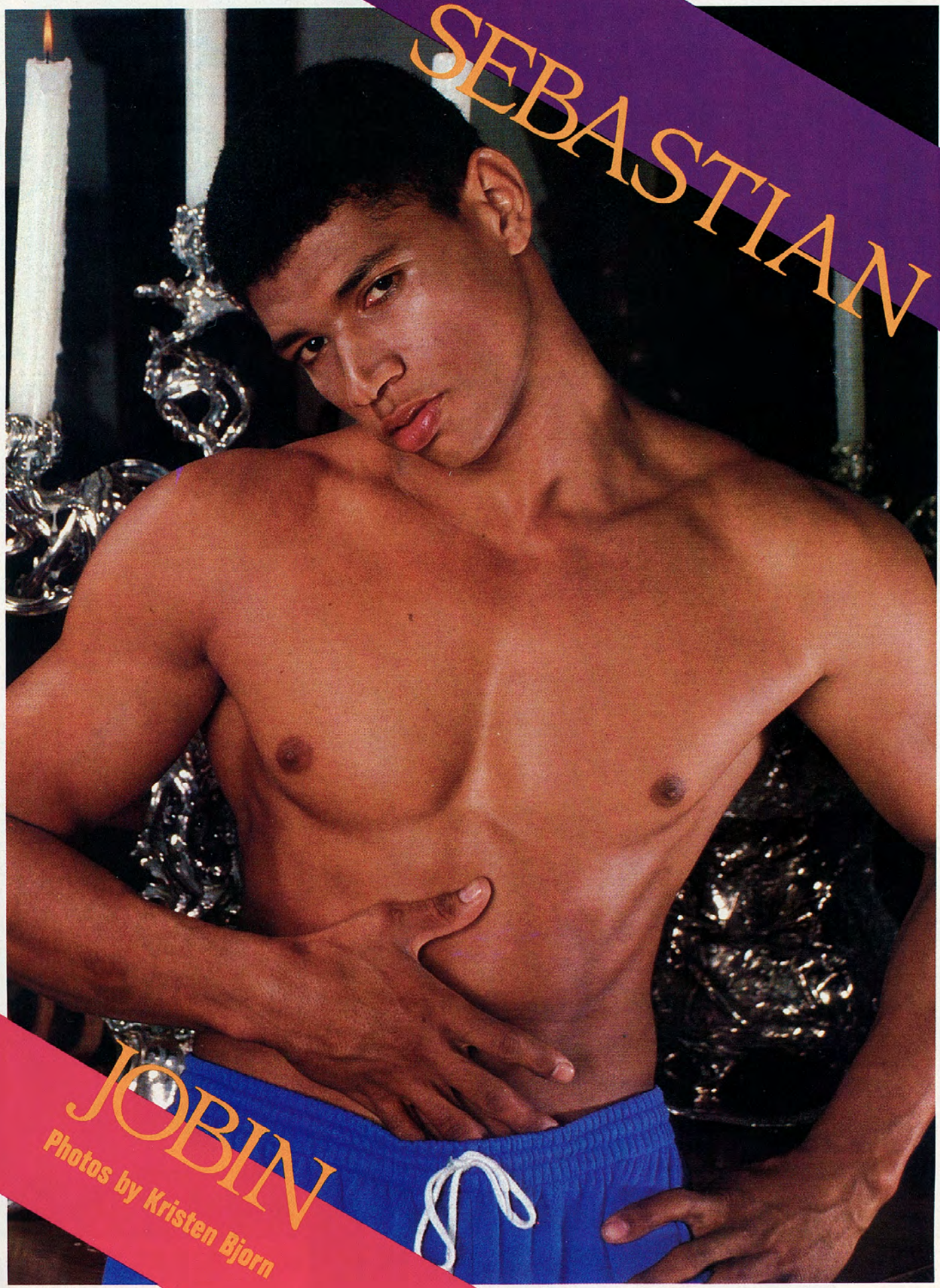
But for me, your issues have always been All Jack, All Whack!

P.C.
St. Paul, Minn.

AM I THE ONLY ONE?

It's interesting how tastes vary. Having seen most of the issues of your magazine during the past six months, I think Joe Bizelia [September '87] is absolute tops in every way. What a delight! And yet no letters to your magazine have mentioned him and his charm. He seems to have the sense of humor and looks that many models lack. I hope he'll appear again.

R.D.
Boston, Mass.



SEBASTIAN JOBIN

Photos by Kristen Bjorn

You awake, barely, to piercing sunlight and the smell of the ocean. Your head full of the night before, you stretch. The breeze plays between your thighs as you slip on a robe and head downstairs. Is that singing you hear, wafting gently from the other end of the house? Confused, you enter and find him, just as you dreamed of him the night before.

You don't know who he is or where he came from. He says not a word. But the feel of his smooth skin and his tight, corded muscles speaks in a language only you and he need understand. Gently lifting his strong jaw, you reach down and taste him. Desire engulfs you both, and you fall to the table, legs and arms entwined.

As he slides his tongue over your body, tasting, you close your eyes and trace his muscles. Fully erect now, you strain under the slightest touch of his rough, masculine hands. He brings you both closer and closer until you can wait no longer. Showering both of you in dreams long forgotten, you nestle in his arms and sleep some more.

Pretty in HOT Pink

BY LON NAUGHTON

"Hey, Nubbers, got any rubbers for your big brother tonight?" The groggy voice greeted me from the double mattress stretched across the floor at the far side of the room. On it, Patrick lay, naked, with only the light of the full moon streaming in from the window to cover him, its fingers of pale light playfully teasing his semierection.

His room was on the second floor of the fraternity house. The door was unlocked, so I knew he wasn't fucking one of the sorority bitches he always seemed to be able to pick up so easily. Even so, I opened the door cautiously. It was still early autumn on campus, a sticky 3 a.m., and I had taken the chance that it would be safe to sleep on Patrick's couch without asking him beforehand that day.

I liked sleeping there anyway. Since I had gotten a job as the night janitor at the local Planned Parenthood center to help me earn some extra money for college, my evenings ended pretty late, and it made more sense to just come to the fraternity house and crash out than to go all the way to my parents' home just outside

ILLUSTRATION ANOS

the city. I was a townie, and the opportunity to spend time at the fraternity was always a welcome option for me, even though most of the guys in the house razzed me because I was still a pledge.

I was at their mercy when it came to my new job. Once they discovered that the center had a stockroom full of the latest brands of rubbers, I was given the much-heralded mission of bringing back samples of the most exotic and unusual ones currently being offered. As a result, my standing as a pledge improved dramatically, and I basked in the pseudo security of being somewhat needed—not the scum that was so typical of the other guys in my pledge class.

Reaching deep into my pocket, I produced a neat little package and tossed it onto the mattress where Patrick lay bathing in the light of the moon. The light was just enough to etch out his erection, and his half-sleeping cock was enough to make me want to toss myself down on the mattress next to him.

Something told me Patrick wouldn't have minded the attention either—even if it was from his little brother. The very thought of it was causing my awakening cock to harden. But I was no fool; this was pledge season, and I wanted in. The packet of rubbers landed right between his loosely spread legs and did a short double bounce, tapping against his sagging balls hard enough to make his cock jump against his stomach at the impact.

"Oh, Nubbers, don't tease me," Patrick moaned as he let his hand slowly slide down the length of his chest and stomach to his now-rigid cock, which he grasped, giving it a few light strokes. Even if he was coming out of his half sleep, Patrick seemed to play into the moment, knowing I was watching his every move.

He let his other hand move down, and soon both were fully wrapped around his swollen dick, one on top of the other, partners in a slow dance with no music. His left hand gradually moved down the thick lower shaft to his loose balls, cupping them and letting them ooze out the sides and between his spread fingers, like dough in the skillful hands of an Italian baker.

Patrick was dark like an Italian too. Perhaps this was part of the reason he chose me as his little brother, since he knew I was Italian and we really *looked* like brothers. But his last name was O'Connor, and I'll never know how his proud Irish parents produced such a dark stud of a son, but I was forever grateful for it. I loved dark men.

The dance was coming to a slow end. Patrick let his hand move further down between his legs to the mattress, where he discovered the small package of rubbers. This was the prize he had wanted all along; the opening act was just a tease to get me hot. He knew it too, and so did my own hard cock.

Thank God it was dark on my side of the room. Patrick propped himself up on one elbow and held the package up in the light, squinting just a bit, and then quickly moved it closer to his face as an almost simultaneous "Hot pink!" came spurting from his lips.

"I can't believe it, Nubbers. Hot pink! When did you get these things in? These are great! I can't wait to try them out on. . .well. . . . Now, these are special; I'll just have to find somebody special to try them out on. Wait until I show the guys. Rubbers from the Nubbers, man. This is great!"

I knew I'd struck gold. Patrick, my big brother, the epitome of my every aspiration at the fraternity, would rave about me to everyone in the house, and I'd be sitting on top of the world. No one would bother me. No one would make me do weird things. No one would worry that I was a townie. I knew that Patrick would let me sleep on his couch as often as I wanted, and that was exactly what I wanted.

I watched as Patrick spread himself out again across his mattress, fondling himself back into a dreamworld—the dreamworld of hot-pink rubbers and all their possibilities—and I quickly undressed and plopped myself onto the sinking cushions of the beer-stained couch in the darkness across the room from him. At 3 a.m., enviously watching the moonlight explore Patrick's dick, I jerked off happily into my own dreamland of naked fraternity brothers lined up, one by one, as I placed a hot-pink rubber onto each one's giant hard-on.

That evening was pledge night at the fraternity, which meant that I had to be at the house at 6 p.m. with the rest of the pledges, strip down to just a jockstrap, and, blindfolded with a Tampax, march into the living room to stand, firing-line style, in front of a houseful of laughing men screaming insults at us.

When the blindfolds were removed, we were blinded again, this time by a dozen floodlights blazing into our faces. The floodlights merely increased the awareness of everyone in the room that we were practically naked. Beyond the bright lights, for those pledges brave enough to try to look, were the actives, as far as the eye could see, each of them wearing dark glasses, an act of unity that further distinguished the disparity between predator and victim.

And we *were* victims, as the events of the evening were proving to each of us. One by one, we were interrogated, humiliated, and dehumanized—all for the sake of worthiness. I tried to imagine being on the other side of the lights, watching all these brightly lighted, naked, squirming guys. It was hard not to laugh, but I also knew that I was in a good position.

After all, they had nicknamed me Nubbers, which originally reflected the fact that I hated to shave and would often walk around with three or four days' growth of beard on my face. But now, I was "Nubbers the Rubbers Man," and I quite enjoyed the distinction.

And then, from somewhere beyond the border of the lights in front of us, came the voice of God—the president of the fraternity. We couldn't see his face, but we all knew it was him. He was giving us our new assignment for the week, and a sense of dread overwhelmed me as his words came bellowing forth.

"Scumbags!" he boomed at us. "Slime of the earth! Listen up and listen close. By this time next week, you all have a duty to perform—a delicate duty—one that I'm sure many of you will want to be most creative with. By this time next week, you're all gonna have your little pricks sucked off, jacked off, or whacked off by somebody or something that has never sucked you off, jacked you off, or whacked you off before." He drilled off each phrase like an army sergeant rebuking his troops for some minor infraction, and then he yelled full force at us, "Got that?"

I wondered if anyone else in the line felt like fainting. I could feel my eyes

staring past the blinding lights into a sea of snickering, sunglasses-adorned faces, and I wanted desperately to be among them. But here I was, wearing nothing but a jockstrap, a sweaty piece of meat for eager vultures, just like everyone else in the line. Somehow, I felt betrayed.

Hadn't I earned a place above all this? Hadn't I already given above and beyond the call of duty? Then it dawned on me; perhaps they all thought that I would have the least problem with this new assignment. After all, I was Nubbers the Rubbers Man.

The realization hit me like a dead weight, and all I could do was stare ahead and scream back in unison with the others, "Yes, sir!" And again, even louder, when it was made abundantly clear to us that our response had not been loud enough, "Yes, sir!"

And then, softly and with a slight knowing chuckle, the voice of God added, "Use your imagination, boys. We want some good stories next week."

I quickly dressed and headed out the door of the fraternity to the Planned Parenthood center about seven blocks from campus. The thought of standing on that pledge line next week made me feel queasy, and I considered making up a suitably appropriate tale just to get past the experience.

I also imagined that most of the other pledges would probably do the same, with only one or two brave souls actually venturing to follow through on the assignment and be stupid enough to stand up there and tell everyone about it. This was a true dilemma for me, but I didn't doubt that I could pull it off.

Now I just had to make sure the story was believable enough. I finished the shift early and decided to go to Patrick's room for the night. He wasn't even there when I arrived, and after undressing, I passed out, exhausted, on the couch—oblivious to the fact that because it was Friday night, Patrick was almost certainly out trying to find that special someone to impress with his new hot-pink rubbers.

There is no place like a fraternity house on Saturday morning. I woke up to the nauseating mingled fragrances of beer and perfume. Rock music floated aimlessly through the hallway from beyond the closed door. I sat up slightly, my eyes barely open, to see a fully clothed Patrick sprawled out and snoring loudly on his bed across the room. He was alone. I could only guess what had happened, but I imagined that he had gotten so drunk that whomever he had been with had decided it wasn't worth the trouble and had left. Whatever had happened had failed to awaken me. I'd have to wait until later for the full story.

I sat up on the couch and looked at him more closely. He lay, spread-eagled, on his back, his head resting flat against the mattress, his left arm closely hugging the pillow that normally would have supported his head. My eyes quickly roamed down the length of his body. He was wearing a red tank top and loose-fitting tan work pants, neither of which hid his powerfully broad chest and shoulders nor his thickly muscled thighs. The bulge at his crotch stood out dramatically, and I noticed that his zipper was pulled slightly down, exposing the white shorts beneath.

Suddenly, his snoring stopped, and he moved a hand up to scratch his nose. His momentary activity resulted in his shifting positions, turning over so that he now lay on his stomach, the curve of his strong ass fully detailed beneath his pants.

He began to shift again, apparently uncomfortable in this new position, and in a second, he flipped back over onto his back. This time, though, the bulge in his crotch had grown considerably, and it was clear to me that Patrick was coming out of a wildly sexual dream. In his half-awake state, and apparently unaware of my presence in the room, he moved his hands slowly downward, his palms pushing against his still-hidden hardness. He firmly massaged the length of his dick down to his balls, between his legs, and then up again.

He started to groan softly, his tongue sensually brushing against the softness of his upper lip. Then one hand began a slow ascent beneath the tank top as his other hand continued to stroke the thick meat under his shorts. In a second, he had his shirt off, exposing ridges of his taut stomach muscles like the dirt rows in a field about to be planted. His fingers circled and lightly pinched the erect nipples of his hard chest.

After a minute, his hands moved down again, this time grabbing the waist of his pants and slowly pushing them down past his knees. He tried to remove them completely, struggling unsuccessfully to get them off over his shoes. It was then that he sat up, still half asleep, obviously annoyed at the delay. With squinting eyes, he peered out across the room to see me sitting, bug-eyed and buck-naked, on the couch, my own raging hard-on hardly disguising my sudden embarrassment. I froze, hoping Patrick was too preoccupied and still a bit too drunk to have noticed me at all.

"Nubbers!" Patrick croaked cheerfully, a smile lighting his drowsy face. He seemed happy to see me there and oblivious to the fact that I was a witness to his own tantalizing act of foreplay. "Come on over here and help me get my shoes off. These damn pants . . ." He pulled again on his pants against the impossible barrier of his shoes.

When I didn't move, he looked up sternly and bellowed at me, this time abruptly addressing me in the position of the lowly pledge that I was. "Get over here *now*!" he ordered, and I jumped up and over to him quickly, my stiff dick bravely leading the way. I knelt down before him, a quivering servant to an almighty god, and began fumbling with the laces of his shoes.

"That's more like it," he said, his voice taking on a less condescending tone. When I had finally untied the laces and removed his shoes, he lay back and stretched his legs out in front of me, a signal for me to remove his pants too. This I did, all the while wondering what else Patrick had on his devious little mind and secretly hoping that he would follow through in taking full advantage of his superiority as my big brother.

There was a strange silence in the room then. Patrick lay on the bed with only his shorts on, hands folded behind his head, eyes closed. I was humbly kneeling between his spread legs at the foot of the mattress, staring with open mouth at the most packed basket I had ever laid my eyes on. I didn't move; I waited for his next command. Then Patrick laughed under his breath, aware of the awkwardness of the moment.

"I've had my eye on you ever since you decided to pledge this house," he said smoothly, his words pouring, like rich honey, into the silence. "Been wondering about you too. I was hoping that I hit the jackpot when I

picked you for my little brother." I felt myself flushing at his words, suddenly aware of what he was really saying, wanting him to know that he had wondered right. His next words left no doubt, however.

"Take my shorts off, Nubbers, and come on up here with me." I hesitated only slightly before I reached up slowly, past his massive thighs, slipped my fingers beneath the elastic band of his shorts, and carefully lifted it over the protruding head of his gigantic prick. He arched up a bit so I could pull his shorts off, and I sat back, staring into the V shape of his spreading legs. His balls sagged like full water balloons. I could not believe what was happening.

He reached an encouraging hand down to me, and I inched forward onto the mattress, my eyes surveying the wondrous sight below me, my mouth gaping open. When I was close enough for him to reach me, he grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me into his arms, holding me against him, enclosing me in a wall of warm flesh.

He turned me over onto the bed next to him, and our eyes locked. He let his hand move lightly down the length of my arm, stroking the back of my hand before he started to playfully tease the tip of my wet cock. I rolled my head to the side and closed my eyes, gasping with pleasure, stunned that he had been wanting to do this with me from the start.

Wet lips moved against me now, sensually playing with the taut skin of my arched neck. His tongue washed over my upper chest; each nipple jumped to attention as he lightly bit first one and then the other. I writhed in ecstasy, my hands grabbing his massive shoulders. He let himself stop briefly to take it all in, and our eyes met once again as he held me in his stare.

And then he was all over me, his tongue washing a quick path over my stomach until he had buried his head in my crotch. My hands grasped his head, squeezing against the dark curls of his hair, and I moaned loudly at the sudden warm wetness of his mouth around my tender cock. I knew I could not hold out much longer; his strokes were too sure.

I was pushing against him, my hips rising into the air, my knees shaking with each passionate thrust of his head. I was sure that I was about to faint from the sensation. My whole body tightened, and I caught my breath, gripping Patrick's head. He drove my exploding cock deep into his throat and held it there, not releasing his hold until I had collapsed under him and he had sucked in every last drop.

From somewhere in another world, I heard him laughing again. Through half-closed eyes, I watched him as he stood up, naked, in front of me. He had the most beautiful cock I had ever seen. It was only partially erect but still at least ten inches long—and growing fast through the shimmering opening of his foreskin.

His herculean body towered over me, and it was clear that I was at his mercy. Without a word, he walked to his dresser and pulled the small package of rubbers down, ripping it open quickly and rolling its hot-pink contents smoothly down over the length of his erection.

Then he pulled some jelly from a drawer and squeezed a long line of it onto his fully erect dick, stroking himself until his cock was a thick, shiny, pink pole sticking out from his black pubic hair. I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life. I blinked hard and took a deep breath as he moved in between my legs, letting his already greased finger tease my opening before pushing fully inside. Our eyes locked on each other for a moment. He lifted my legs and found my opening with the tip of his rock-hard cock.

And then he was in, pushing the knob of his cock past the tight muscles in my butthole, resting it there, waiting for my ass to get used to its new acquaintance. I winced and drew in another deep breath, closing my eyes now as he pushed himself slowly into me. My hands grasped the firm flesh of his butt.

He pulled back and then pushed in again gently, deliberately. My groaning began to match the increasing rhythm of his movements, and soon he was sliding in and out, pounding his thickness into me until I screamed with each thrust, my mind in a trance, my hands tearing at his ass.

He lifted my legs higher and began to pump even more swiftly, his face contorting, his breathing quick and heavy, until he too screamed out. My insides felt the heat of his thick come as it shot into the loose tip of the hot-pink rubber. He collapsed onto me, his body warm and welcome, and he reached to find my hand hidden somewhere in the sweat of our passion.

"All right, ass wipers, let's hope you've got some good stories for us tonight. We've been waiting all week for this, and I can't wait to hear how you 'made out' with the assignment." The voice of God laughed heartily at his intended pun.

I stood with the rest of my loyal pledge class before the blinding lights and shaded eyes of the almighty brotherhood, anxiously hoping I would not be the first sacrificial victim. I had been thinking about this night all week, and I knew my story would top all the rest.

Still, I didn't want to go first. I had worked hard on this story, trying to make it as believable as possible, one that would insure my high standing among the brotherhood. I knew it would have more impact if some of the other pledges went before me.

I thought about Patrick as I stood there, and I could vaguely see him at the back of the room beyond the floodlights. He lifted his glasses and gave me a wink. The palms of my hands were beginning to sweat. I had made it a point to stay at the house every night that week. In my mind, I could see Patrick lying there, naked in the moonlight, his smile beckoning me to join him, the muscles in his stomach rippling, his legs spread wide and his hands wrapped around his giant cock, getting ready to slip on another hot-pink rubber.

"Well, boys, looks like Nubbers is getting hard just thinking about what he did this week. Maybe we should hear from him first."

I was back in front of the lights, the laughter of the guys on the other side drawing attention to the growing bulge beneath my jockstrap. It didn't matter, though. Nobody would know the truth behind its sudden appearance, and my story would probably get more than one cock in the room hard anyway.

Oh, well, if I had to go first, at least I would give the other pledges something to beat. I took a deep breath, a bit relieved to be getting it over with.

"Well," I began, "it all started last Friday—right after this meeting, in fact. . . ." ●

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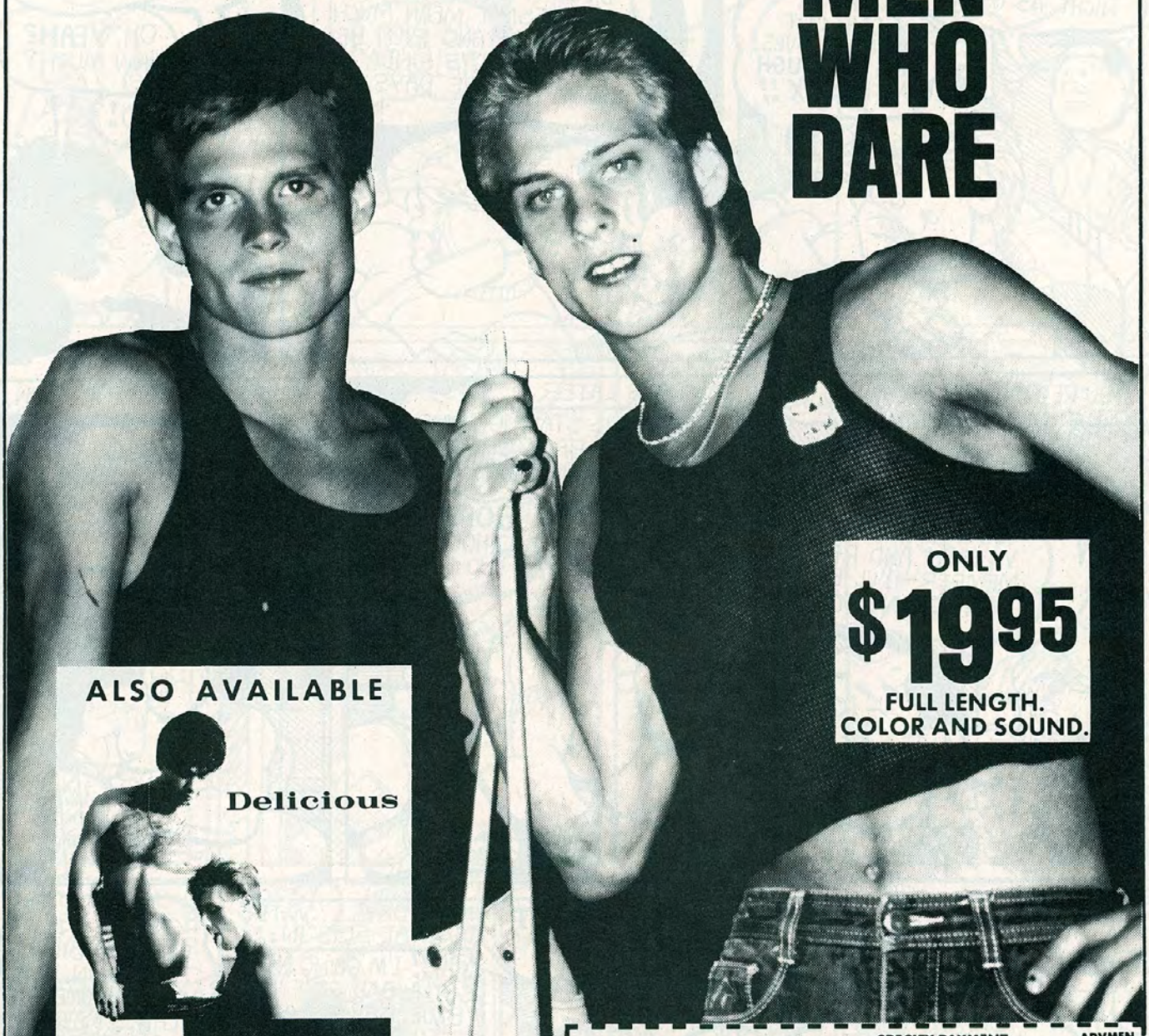

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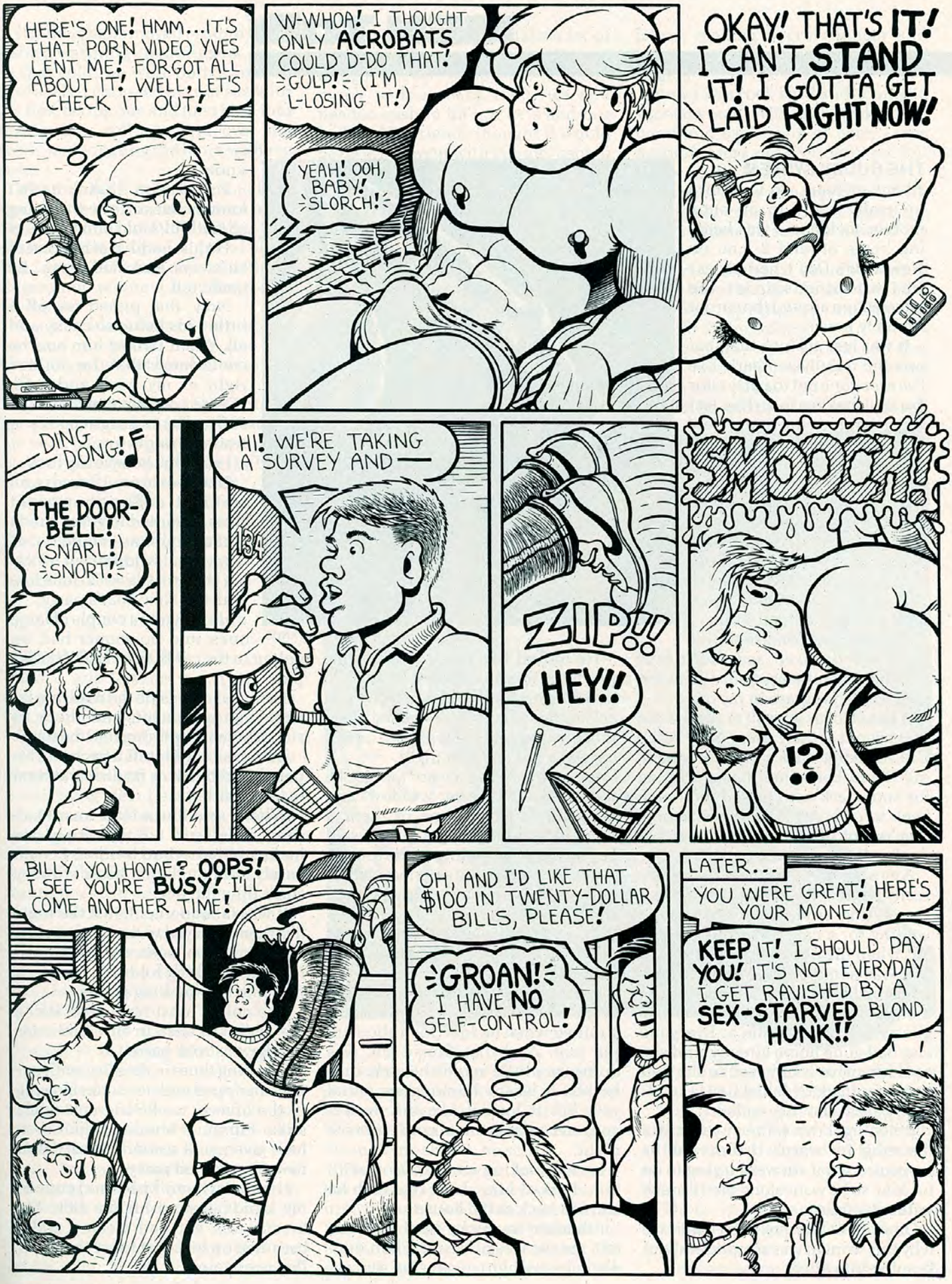
Poppers
By J. Mills
HI, BILLY! WE GOING OUT TONIGHT AS USUAL?
I'M NOT GOING OUT ANYMORE, YVES! I'M THROUGH WITH SEX!!
DID I HEAR RIGHT? YOU? THROUGH WITH SEX? MR. "SEX ADDICT OF ALL TIME"? HA!
I'M SERIOUS! TRICKING'S JUST A HABIT WITH ME — IT DOESN'T MEAN MUCH ANYMORE! AND EVEN BEING SAFE, IT'S KINDA' SCARY THESE DAYS!
YEAH? WELL, I'LL PUT MONEY ON IT THAT YOU CAN'T GO TWO WEEKS WITHOUT TRICKING!
OH, YEAH? HOW MUCH?
$100!
YOU'RE ON! I'LL SHOW YOU I MEAN BUSINESS!
HA! THAT MONEY'S GOOD AS MINE! SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS! AND REMEMBER—I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!
TWO DAYS LATER...
WELL, THIS STAYING HOME ISN'T TOO BAD! GETTING SOME READING DONE...
BORING, THOUGH! (HO HUM!)
COMES THE WEEKEND (HEH HEH)...
SIGH! SATURDAY NIGHT... BETCHA' THE "RENDEZVOUS" IS HOPPING RIGHT ABOUT NOW!
POPS
...ALL THOSE HOT GUYS...DANCING.... ...CRUISING... GULP!
I COULD GO AND JUST LOOK...
NOPE! I'M NOT GIVING IN!!
NINE DAYS....WITHDRAWAL SETS IN...
@#!! I'M GOING NUTS! GOT A BAD CASE OF "BLUE BALLS"! ABOUT TO EXPLODE!!
OKAY, OKAY... EASE UP, BILLY! CALM DOWN, BOY! WATCH SOME TV! YEAH...MAYBE A VIDEO...


HERE'S ONE! HMM...IT'S THAT PORN VIDEO YVES LENT ME! FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT! WELL, LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
W-WHOA! I THOUGHT ONLY ACROBATS COULD D-DO THAT! GULP! (I'M L-LOSING IT!)
YEAH! OOH, BABY! SLORCH!
OKAY! THAT'S IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I GOTTA GET LAID RIGHT NOW!
DING DONG!
THE DOOR-BELL! (SNARL!) SNORT!
HI! WE'RE TAKING A SURVEY AND—
134
ZIP!!
HEY!!
SMOOCH!
!?
BILLY, YOU HOME? OOPS! I SEE YOU'RE BUSY! I'LL COME ANOTHER TIME!
OH, AND I'D LIKE THAT $100 IN TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS, PLEASE!
GROAN! I HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL!
LATER...
YOU WERE GREAT! HERE'S YOUR MONEY!
KEEP IT! I SHOULD PAY YOU! IT'S NOT EVERYDAY I GET RAVISHED BY A SEX-STARVED BLOND HUNK!!

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

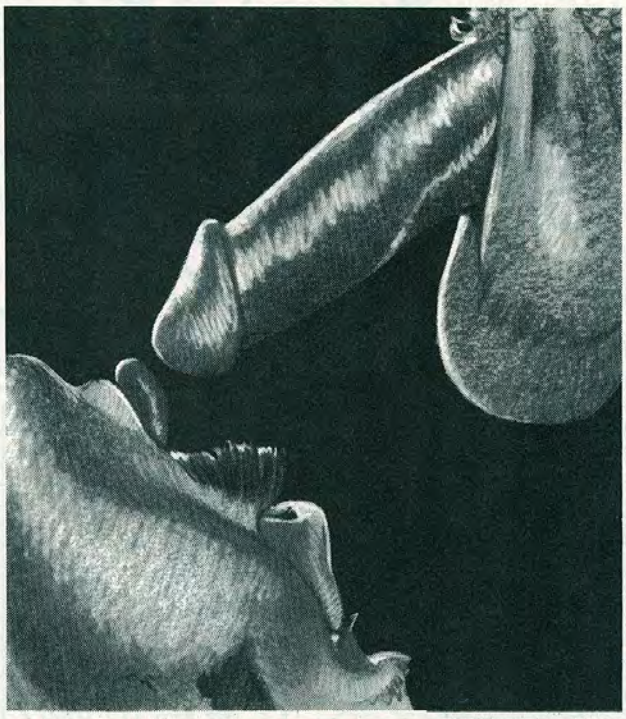


ILLUSTRATION ANOS

About ten years ago, I was torn up really badly in an automobile accident. I was heading home around 2 a.m. on New Year's Day when my car was hit broadside at the intersection around the corner from my house.

It was just my luck that that was the only New Year's Eve I've ever gone out to party—for exactly that reason. The last way I want to ring in my New Year is trying to dodge the drunken assholes on the thoroughfare.

Anyway, it landed me in the hospital for about 12 weeks. And let me tell you, that's plenty of time to do nothing but sit and think. I was lucky to get out alive, and while I was laid up, I got an inspiration.

To do my part to make sure at least one drunken sod didn't hurt anyone, I volunteered for the emergency ride program in my city.

A bunch of us guys sit around in the greenroom at the Y every New Year's Eve, drinking black coffee and watching David Letterman tapes, waiting for some jerk who tossed too much back to call. Actually, that's wrong; they're not the jerks. The ones that don't call—they're the assholes.

Anyway, this is where my story really begins. Last New Year's Eve, I was sitting around the greenroom, waiting for a call. I was the last guy left when the phone finally rang.

It was some chick calling from a house on Long Island. She was having a bash, and she thought one of her guests had had too much. Everyone else had gone home already, and she couldn't drive him because she had two sleeping kids in the house.

So guess who they called.

When I got there, the guy was still insisting he wasn't drunk, but he respected what we were trying to do for him, so he went along pretty much without a fight.

One look at this guy, and I could see why this woman was so uptight about keeping him alive.

He looked like the studious type; maybe he was an attorney. The fabric covering his fine build must have run at least five bills, and he smelled of the most expensive cologne. I really bagged a hot one that night.

As we drove back toward the city, he rolled down all the car windows and hung his head out one of them. I thought he might be sick, but he said he just liked the feeling of the breeze.

Anyway, it gave me a perfect chance to check him out on the sly. He stood about 5 feet 8 inches—not a tall one—but I was sure he packed that frame as tightly as he could, if you know what I mean.

His thighs were so thick with cords of muscle that the pants of his suit strained when he squirmed about on the seat. And that flimsy silk was doing very little to hide his delicious basket. It wasn't humongous, mind you, but it looked like the perfect gourmet snack for a cold winter's night.

I tried making conversation with him; I asked him about that dish he had left back at the house.

I thanked my lucky stars when he told me she was his sister. Then, suddenly, he just blurted out, "I'm gay, you know."

I told him that I hadn't known. But since he was being so truthful, I told him I was too.

He just nodded at me kind of sideways and said, yeah, he could tell.

Now, that pissed me off a little—his being so cocky and all. When I asked him how he could know that, he pointed right at my cock and said, "There's no way that could get stiff just by looking at me if you were a straight guy."

I couldn't believe my luck.

Needless to say, I found us an all-night coffee shop right away. I wanted to get as much of that liquor as I could out of his system. I didn't want a fucking bottle of Chivas to interfere with my New Year's party.

He downed a couple of large ones, and no sooner had we gotten in the car than he had to take a piss.

I stopped alongside the road, not far from my apartment, and there he stood, brazenly pissing into the wind.

Before he could stuff it back into his pants, I grabbed his fat dick and went to town with it.

When I said it was fat, I wasn't kidding. It wasn't all that long—six inches, at best—but, brother, I could barely hold on to that beast with my short little fingers.

It was fat and uncut, just the way I like them. I played with the loose skin, kneading it between my thumb and forefinger, taking folds of it between my teeth and sucking gently.

The coffee must have been doing the trick, because in three minutes flat, he was rock hard.

Standing there in the alley, with our flies unzipped and our cocks blowing in the breeze, we looked amazingly alike. Funny, I wonder if he'd even have given me a second glance if we'd met at a cocktail party.

I dropped to my knees and cupped my hands around his fat dick. My breath was hot and steamy, and I breathed on his meat to get the blood flowing again.

His huge balls moved around in my palms, warming up my fingers. Even in that cold, we were both sweating profusely. I caressed his nut sac with my lips, taking one and then both into my mouth, rolling them over my teeth, and tangling the hairs with my spit.

Meanwhile, his shaft rammed my throat with the force of a driven man. He fucked my mouth wildly, and whenever he showed signs of slowing, I grabbed his ass cheeks with my fingers and jammed him down into me again.

Bucking like a bronco, he grabbed my face and pulled me in one last time before he shot his wad down my gullet.

The hot liquid tasted better than a hot toddy. I licked him dry and tucked his cock back into his pants, zipped up his fly, and patted him on the back as he made his way to the car.

Spent, exhausted, and cold—but sober—we made a beeline for my place, where I made some eggnog and we started up all over again; this time, the safe way—in bed.

J.K.
Toledo, Ohio

STRIKING THE POSE

When I was 18 years old, I got into nude modeling. Ever since I was a kid, people had told me what a looker I was, so I figured, *What the hell!*

My hair was almost jet black; now it's got a little gray around the edges. And it hung clear past my shoulders too. When I look at pictures, it's kind of embarrassing. But I'll tell you what: I was quite handsome by the standards of the day. My body back then was tight as a drum too. Though slim was in when I was younger, I still had great definition from working out with my older brother's weight set in the garage. It was definitely not hip for us hippies to do that kind of stuff, so I did it kind of on the sly.

But the one thing that hasn't changed in all these years is my cock. Plain and simple, it's a beauty. It hangs about five inches when it's completely soft. When it's stiff, forget about it. I never could find a girl who could take the damn thing, but the guys—they were another story. There was always a buddy here or there who was in the mood for a good piece of dick.

So when I was 18, I hung out at the beach a lot. That's where I met an agent. He said I could make a lot of dough, and even though material things weren't supposed to mean much to kids back then, we still needed cash to fill our cars and our bellies. My friends thought it would be cool, so I went with this guy back to his office.

His office actually turned out to be a photo studio. Covering the walls were blown-up black-and-white photos of muscle men—all nude. Now, I hadn't known this guy wanted me to shuck my pants, and I was a little nervous. But after a couple of beers, I calmed down enough to at least strip down to my boxers.

This is where my education began. He said he wanted to get some shots of me in a natural state. I wanted to keep my shorts on, so we struck a compromise: The first roll would be with my dick covered up, but it had to be hard. He wanted to see it poking up through my shorts, he said.

Then, since he was the agent and the photographer, he apparently figured it was his job to take care of it. So he strolled right over and planted his big fat hand right on my basket. He started massaging it through the fabric, making it grow longer and tighter with each passing of his fingers.

Now I was rock hard and aching to shoot my wad. With each stroke of his hand and each swig of beer, I was becoming less and less inhibited. But no, he said, I had to wait.

He shot a few pictures of me with my big old cock making a tent of my shorts. Then he said he wanted me naked.

By now, Christ, I couldn't wait to shuck those shorts. As soon as I did my meat sprang up and poked straight at the ceiling.

He told me I was a natural and shot a few more photos of me in some pretty wild poses.

Then he said that he wanted me soft again, but that was easier said than done. First, I had this load to get rid of.

So, casual as all hell, he stepped right over and took my huge tool right in his mouth. He lipped the ridge softly, slipping his stiff tongue into my piss slit.

Then, in one agonizingly slow motion, he took my whole dick in his hot, wet mouth.

He jammed my fuck tool back into

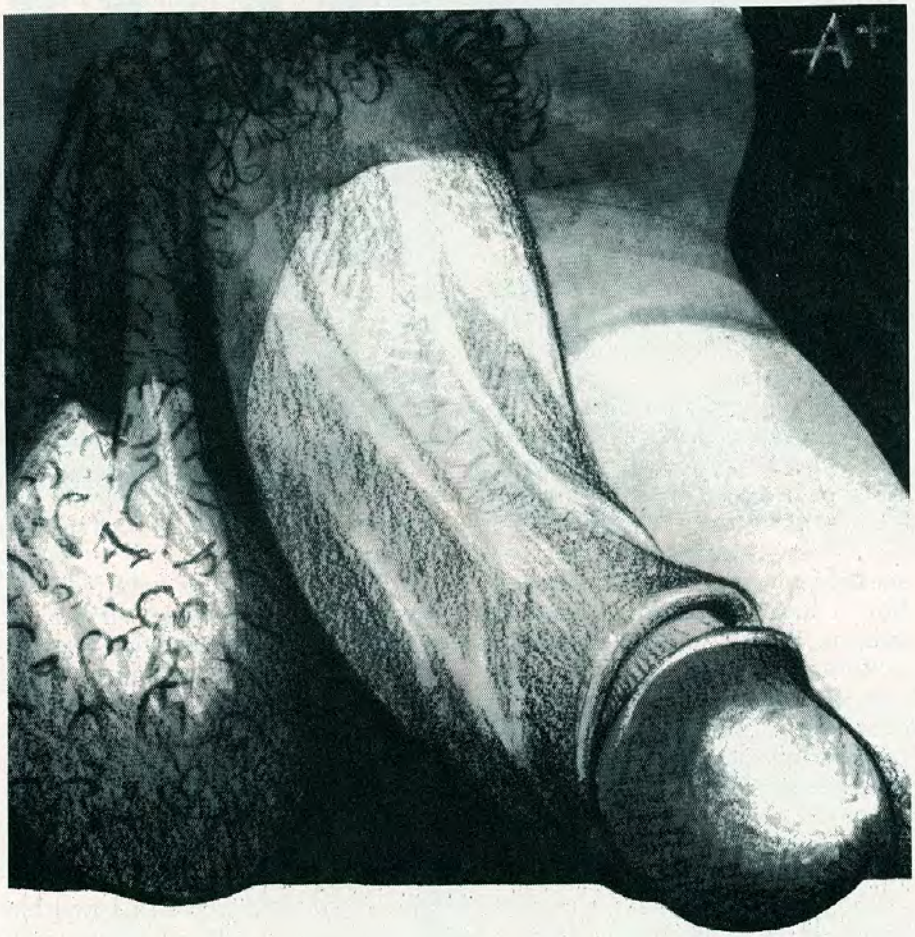


ILLUSTRATION ANOS

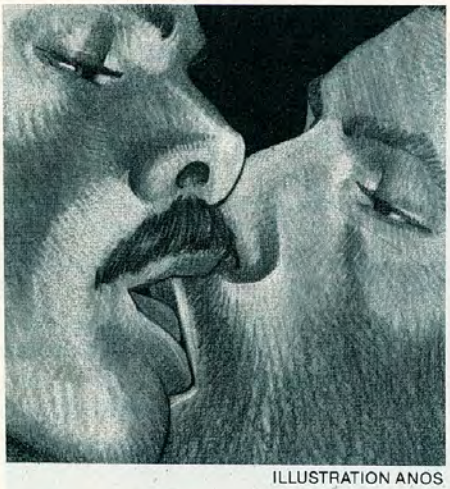


ILLUSTRATION ANOS

his throat, taking all of me with no problem. God, it felt so good for someone to finally take my whole cock. I held him by his shoulders and started swaying back and forth, really getting into it.

He didn't slow the pace either. He just kept devouring my cock, slurping it up and chewing on the fat head. He made it stand taller and prouder than I'd ever gotten it.

He was having such a great time, I decided to get in on the action myself. Swinging him around on the floor, I dived onto his basket and unzipped his fly with my teeth. The cold cement floor pressed against our bodies as we sucked each other in a sixty-nine position. I took his limp cock quickly, making it stiff in just under two minutes.

Pumping in unison, we ate each other with a fury, trying to see who could bring the other off first. Sixty-nine is something I don't do often, 'cause it's hard to concentrate on what you're getting and what you're giving at the same time.

But this guy was great. He was so appreciative of my giving him head that he moaned his thanks right up my cock, sending shivers throughout my body. He bucked his hips upward as I shoved mine down, and then we both shot off in a torrent of hot, rich juice.

After we cleaned up, he shot a few more pictures of me jerking off. Then I shot a few of him.

It was a great afternoon.

Just last week, as I was cleaning out my garage, I found those photos. And I'll tell you what: They stirred a lot more than old memories.

M.P.
Long Island, N.Y.

BY FAR, THE BEST MAN

I never thought I'd be writing to your magazine, and maybe what I have to say won't even qualify. You see, I'm basically straight. I have a brand-new wife, and we want kids and a house—the whole nine yards. But what happened to me at my bachelor party really was a fantasy, though I never would have admitted it before.

My best friend, Tony, set up this outrageous bachelor party for me as soon as he heard that Jill and I were going to get married. He hired strippers, got fuck films—the whole bit. He wanted me to go out in a blaze of glory.

So on the night of the party, all these guys started showing up, and the party got rolling pretty quickly.

The films were hot, the girls were hot, the guys were hot, and everything was about to explode. But for some reason, it really wasn't getting to me. I don't know why, but the films and the chicks just weren't affecting me the way they should; they weren't stiffening my rod.

I shrugged it off as cold feet and headed for the john to get rid of some of the beer I'd been guzzling. I knew in my heart that in 24 hours I'd be attempting to prove my manhood to Jill.

Just as I was shaking the last drops of piss from my dick, the head door opened and Brian walked in. He was a good buddy; I worked with him at the branch downtown. I knew he was gay, and I could tell from his eyes that he was being as tolerant as he could.

"Must be a drag for you, huh, Brian?" I said as I zipped up my fly.

"Oh, let's say I'm chalking it up as an educational experience." He winked. "I gotta say this: It beats PBS."

We both laughed and talked some more. After a few minutes, he noticed that I seemed to be miles away. He seemed genuinely concerned, so I told him about my doubts about Jill and all. I know he sensed it was something deeper, so I seized the opportunity and broached the subject of homosexuality.

He was very patient with me, and he answered all my questions. I told him I was sure I wasn't gay but that I had some nagging curiosities.

He handled them all. And he handled me too—rather well, I'd say. The next hour was one of the best in my life.

We stole out of the hall where the party was going at full steam, and we took cover in his car, an old BMW with a huge backseat.

He started very slowly with me, stroking my hair and face, talking to me. The thing that really worked with Brian was that I considered us great friends. I know that with anyone else it would have seemed ludicrous.

He guided me through my initiation with a deftness and sensitivity I'd never received from a lover before. And I was glad my first taste of cock came from him. It was delicious. The whole time I sucked on his whang, I knew in the back of my mind that this couldn't be a one-night affair—that I'd be back for more.

And when he took my throbbing piece between his lips, I thought I'd die. Nobody had ever sucked me off like that before, and I resigned myself to thinking that nobody ever would again—at least, nobody but Brian.

He brought me off to an incredible climax. My wad shot at least two feet in front of me. And my screams were wild and primitive, full of pure lust and genuine love.

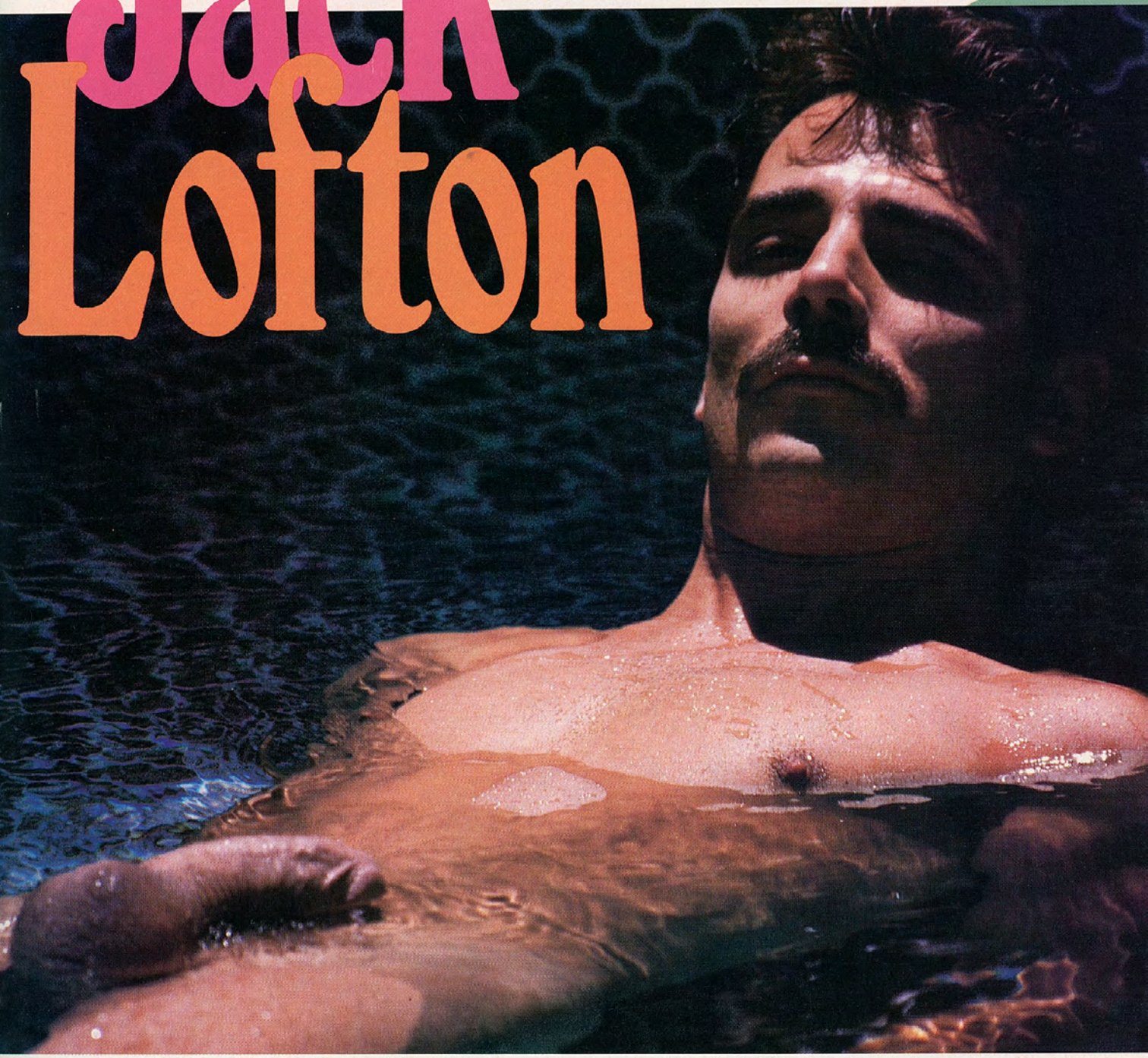
I will never consider what I did that night wrong, and I'll never divulge our exact acts in the clinical—though titillating—terms most of the fantasies use. It was very special to me. It was pure sex and pure love, mixed for the first time in my life.

I went ahead and married Jill the next day—more out of cowardice than love—but I refuse to give up my feelings for Brian. I know in my heart that things will change eventually. And if not, I'll always have a send-off like nobody's ever gotten before.

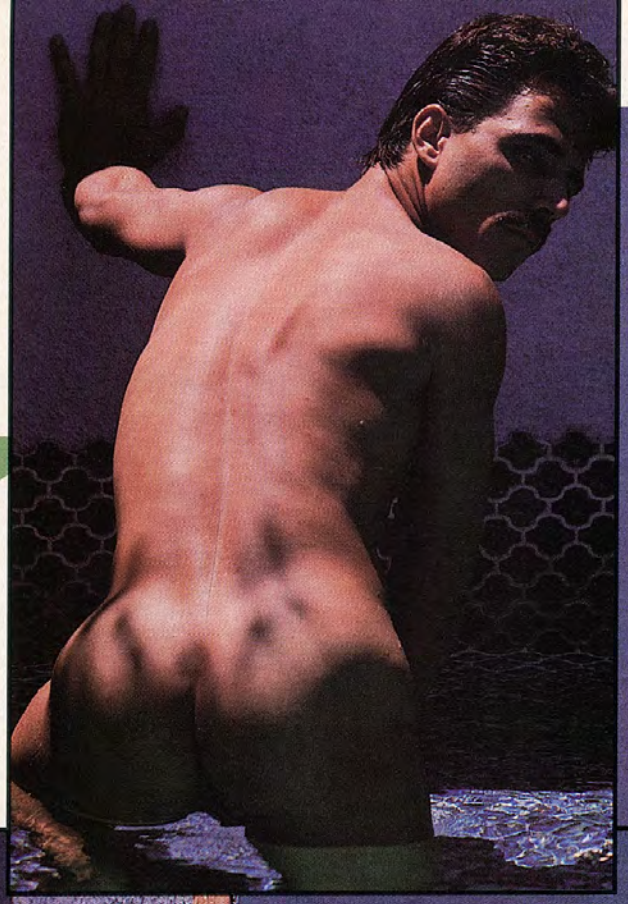
P.W.
Maywood, Ill.

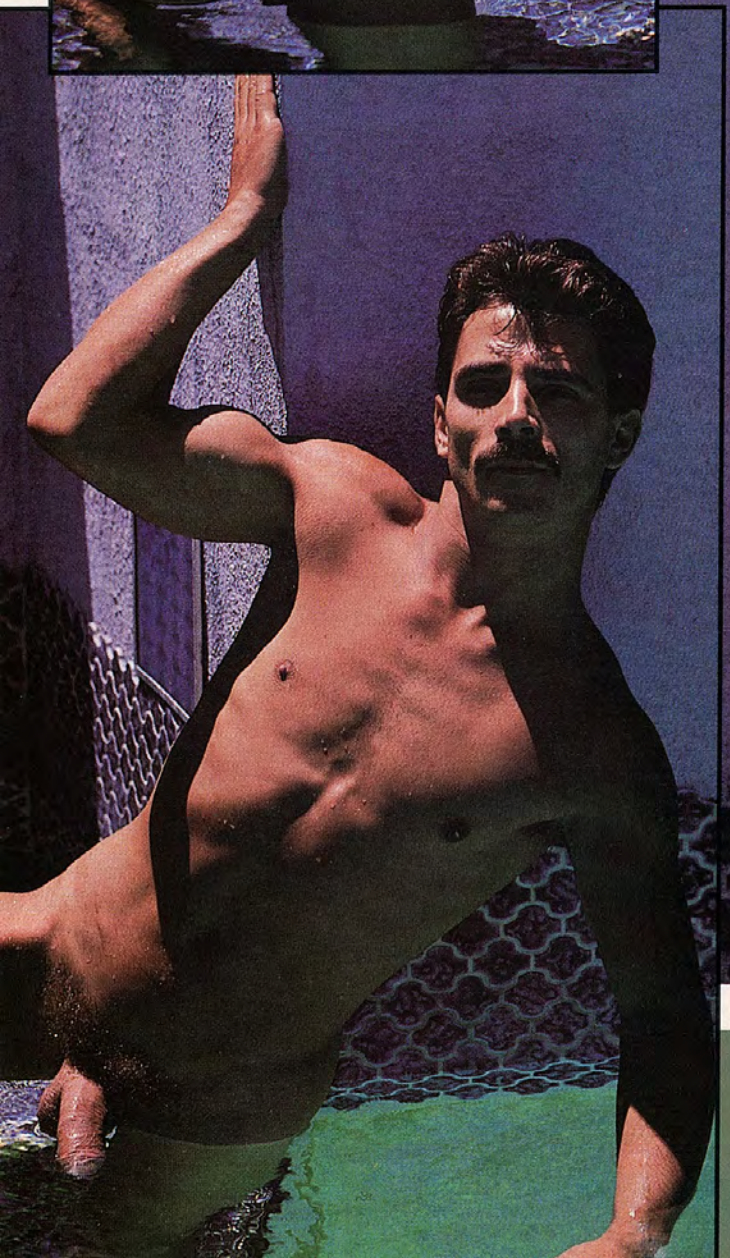
Continued on page 62

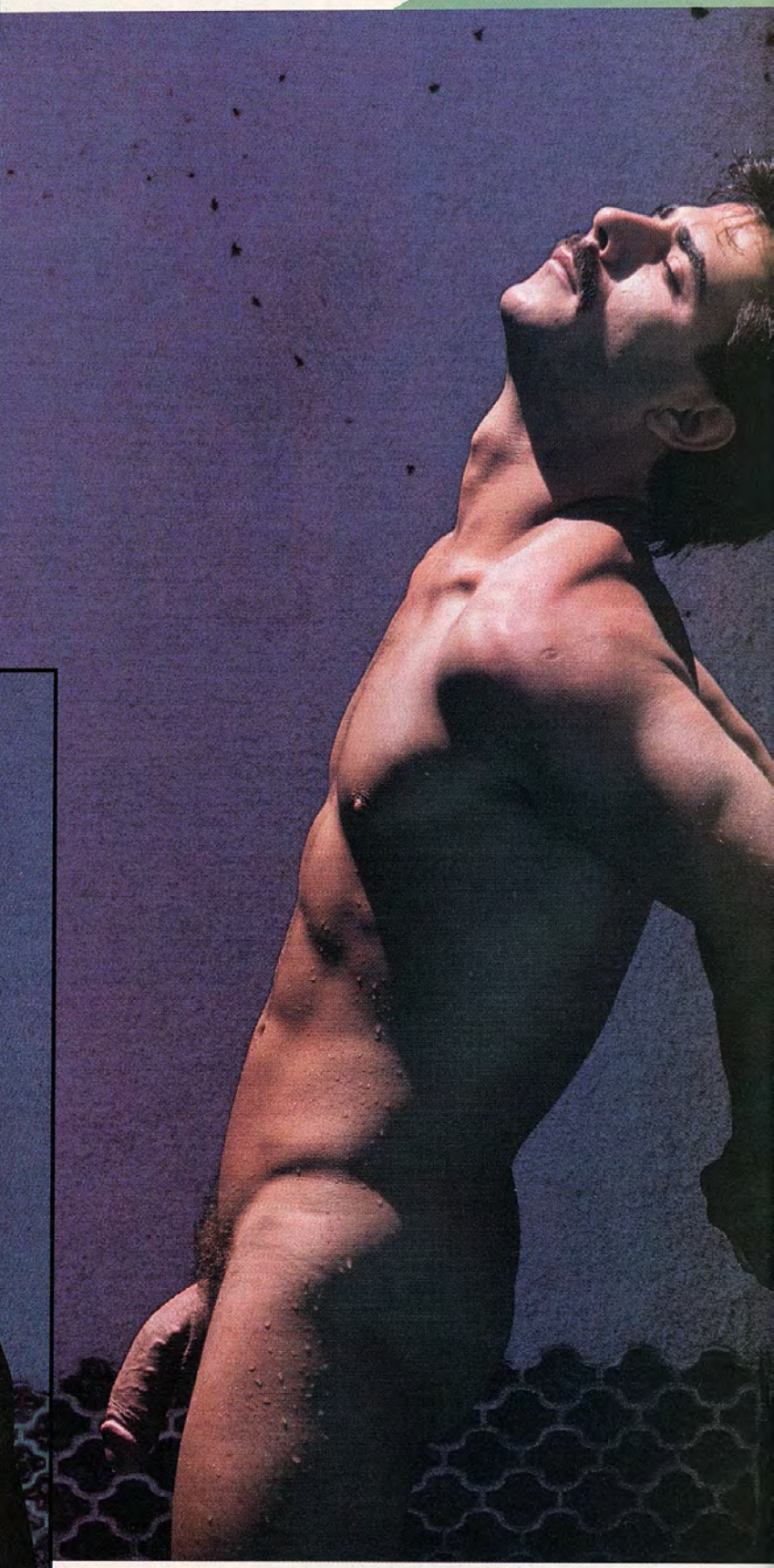
Jack Lofton



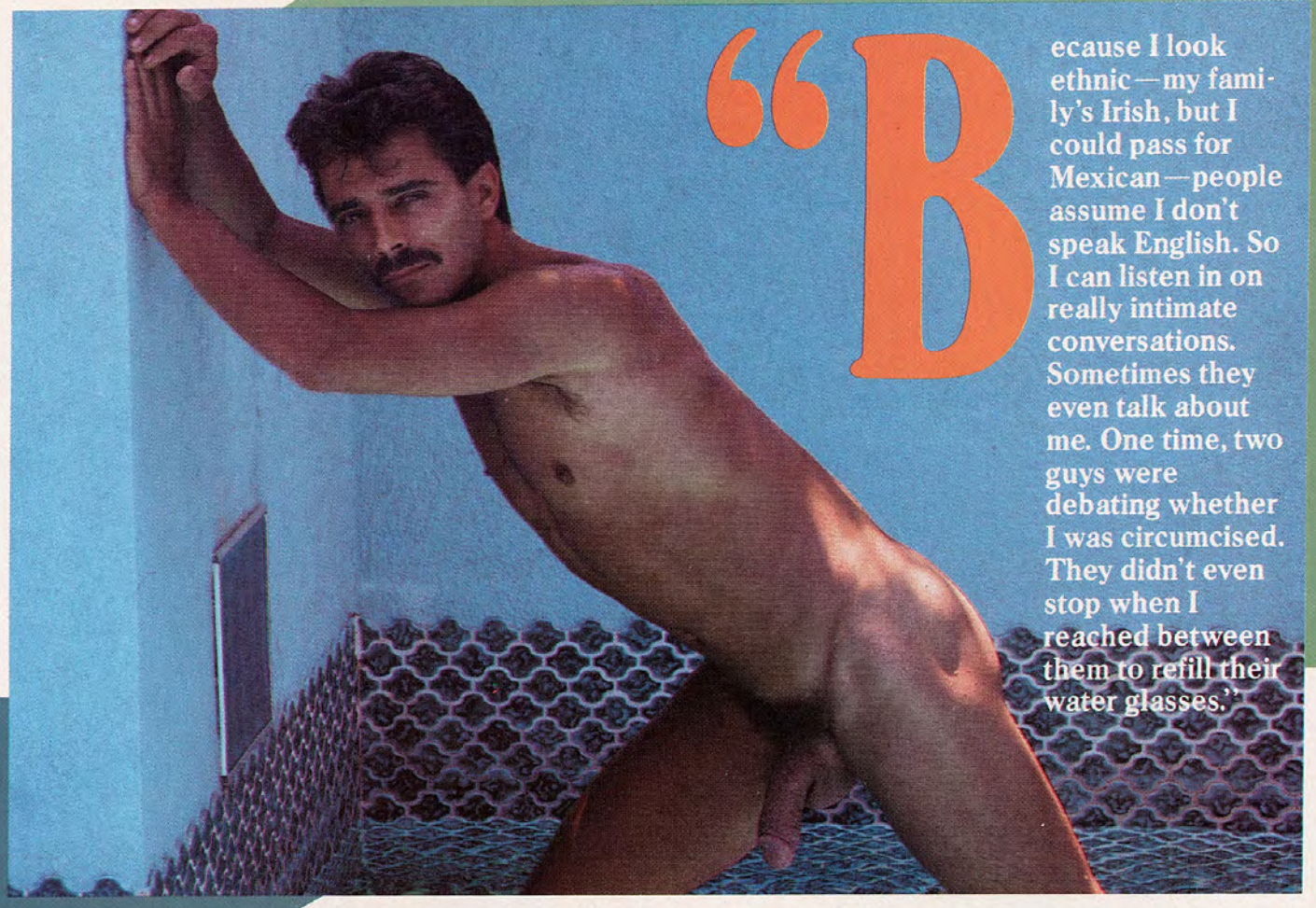
Photos by Avatar





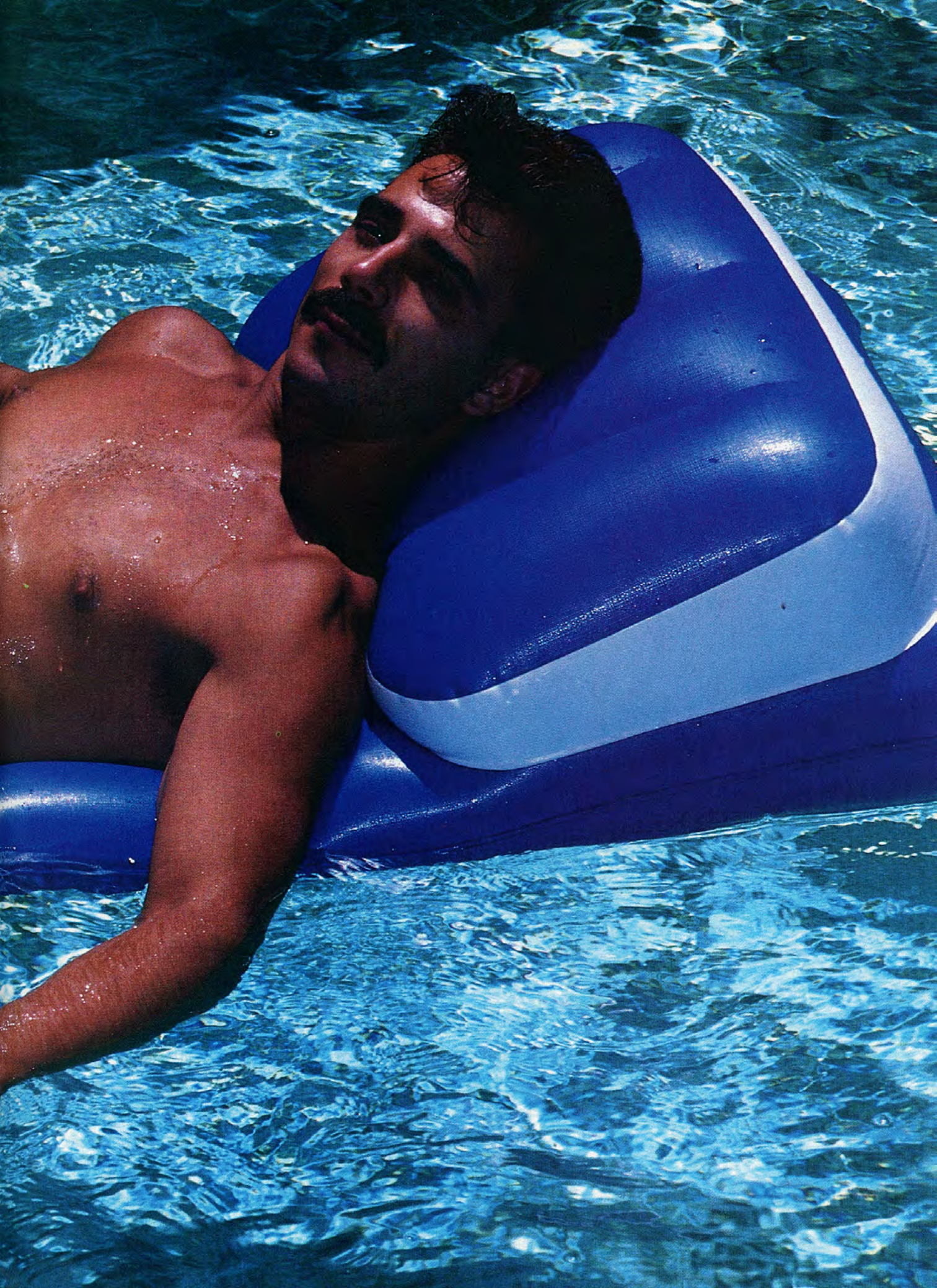


In Jack Lofton's line of work, he's called on to take orders a lot. No, he's not a professional bottom, he's a busboy at a posh Los Angeles restaurant. "A lot of people think it's a grungy job," he says. "But I don't mind. My roommate thinks it's the worst; he says I'm the low man on the totem pole. But *I* say, 'Hey, as long as I'm *on* the pole,' you know?"



"Because I look ethnic—my family's Irish, but I could pass for Mexican—people assume I don't speak English. So I can listen in on really intimate conversations. Sometimes they even talk about me. One time, two guys were debating whether I was circumcised. They didn't even stop when I reached between them to refill their water glasses."

Jack is paid minimum wage, but he recognizes a glamour in being a busboy, an underlying romanticism you don't find with many other careers. "I think a lot of people fantasize about making it with some stranger, like a waiter or busboy. You know, somebody they could have a wild fuck with and then never see again."



The Rescue

by Derek Adams

Driving down the dusty streets of the little town of Los Reyes, I watched the red sun sink tiredly below the horizon. I had been driving since midmorning, the rented heap from the airport wheezing and protesting the steep mountain roads every mile of the way.

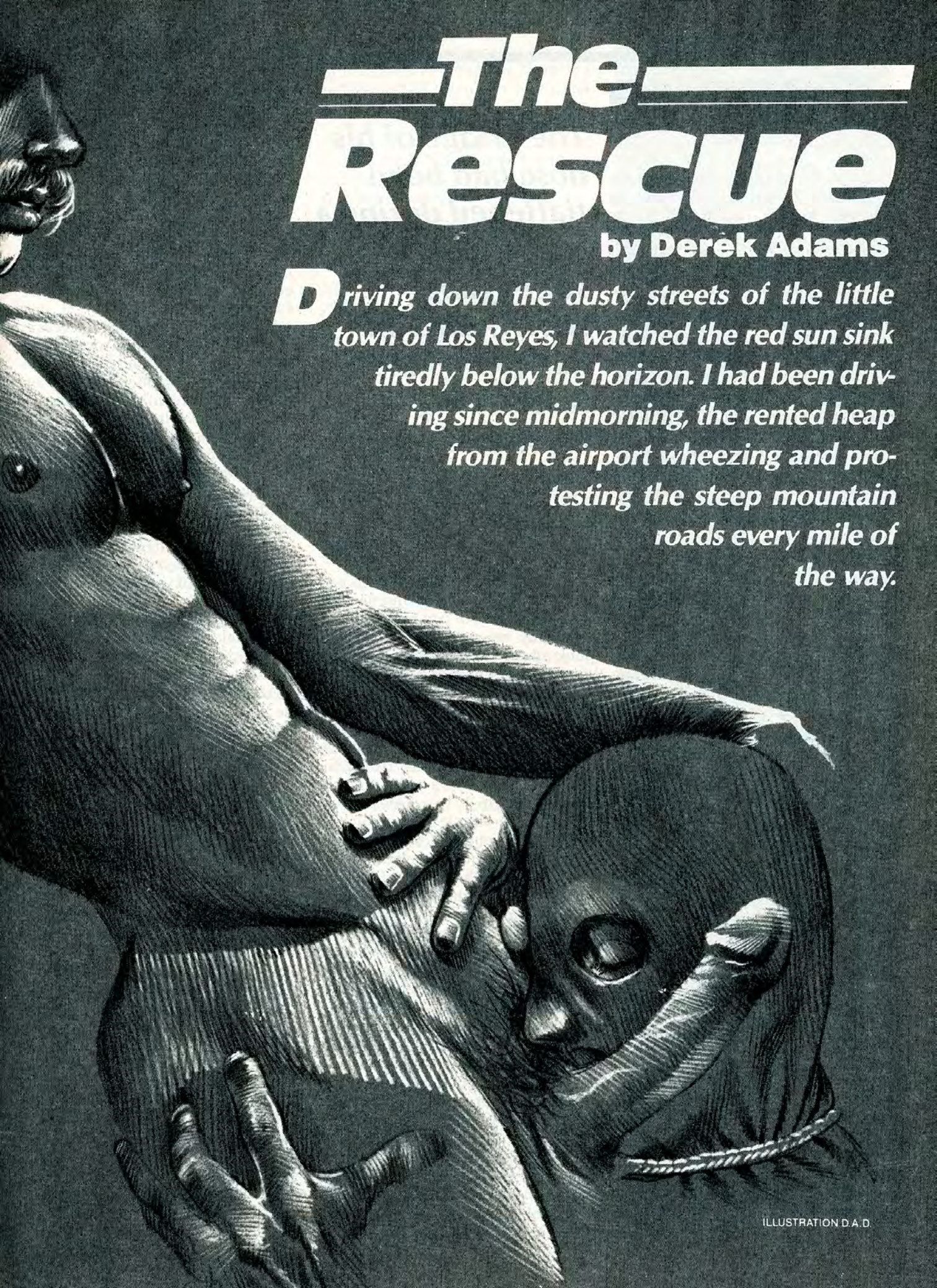


ILLUSTRATION D.A.D.

The Rescue

I was not a happy camper, seeking to get away from it all. I was searching desperately for Tom Brandon, my erstwhile partner, and I was looking for that slippery fucker, Carlos. I figured that where I found Carlos, I would be most likely to find some clue that might lead me to Brandon.

Brandon, a ten-year veteran, had partnered me when I was teamed with him as a rookie, green as a willow branch in the springtime. He was a big, quiet man, not given to unnecessary conversation or bullshit of any kind. He would sit in the car beside me most days, not talking, just looking straight ahead, driving us over our bit of turf in East Los Angeles.

I don't suppose you could have called him a handsome guy—at least not in the classic sense. He was balding on top, with a faint pinkish spot in the midst of otherwise vigorous chestnut curls that he kept cropped tight against his skull. The bridge of his nose had been flattened during a run-in with a street gang shortly after he had joined the force. His dark-brown eyes were perfect though—large, soulful puppy-dog eyes, saddened by his experience of human nature. Thick brows bristled above them, and a big mustache drooped down to the chiseled line of his jaw. To my way of thinking, he was as beautiful as a god.

The bridge of his nose had been flattened during a run-in with a street gang shortly after he had joined the force. A big mustache drooped to his chiseled jaw.

I was a prejudiced party, of course. You see, I had been in love with Brandon since the first day we had gone out together. The way his body filled his dark-blue uniform, straining the fabric at chest and biceps; the way the pants defined his narrow waist, cinching the excess fabric down tight, further emphasizing the full, lush curves of the man's ass; the way his pants leg caressed the thick bulge of thigh and calf when we occasionally walked together around our local beat—all this etched itself indelibly on my mind's eye as we got to know each other. I kept hoping that the infatuation would fade, but it didn't. The more I saw, the better I liked it.

Brandon wasn't a tease, but by the end of the day together, my cock and balls would be aching and swollen with the excess of jizz that was produced by my nonstop thoughts of sucking and fucking—with Brandon as my partner here as well. I'd get off work and hurry home to my cheerless flat, stripping down to get in the cool shower spray and fantasize, "Brandon, Brandon, Brandon," till my pumping fist brought my balls temporary relief.

All I'd have to do was close my eyes and conjure simple images of him gleaned from our day together. His little habits and quirks delighted and aroused me. He had a way of holding his head when he talked—chin slightly down and pulled back—giving him a tentative look, like he was ready to ask you for a date and then couldn't quite decide how to go about it.

He also had a way of tugging at the bunched fabric in his crotch, trying to make more room for his balls, it would seem. God, how I wanted to help him rearrange his family treasures!

I'd pound my pud and tug at my hairy ball sac, pretending it was Brandon working me over prior to moving on to more exotic delights. He'd be before me, on his knees, lips eagerly parted to receive my thick jism as I pulled on my cock and aimed my big come hole directly at the red, sensual lips beneath his shaggy mustache.

Probably the sexiest thing Brandon ever did to me—and he did it every damn day— was to drape his long, muscular arm across the back of the seat, mere centimeters from the bare nape of my neck. Christ, I could feel the heat of his body against me, and the luxuriant chestnut fur on his forearm would sometimes tickle delicately against me, giving me goose flesh. We'd often ride for hours in silence, my sole goal being to see how close to his arm I could get my bare neck without arousing his suspicion.

During our last CPR refresher course, I had been in heaven when Brandon and I were paired for mouth-to-mouth and spent two hours exchanging our breath, lips pressed to lips, his hand splayed over my gut in sweet, if imaginary, intimacy. It was only with the greatest of difficulty that I was able to control my aching prick, what with his big mustache tickling my face and his sweet breath filling my lungs.

I'd tried to tell myself it was for the best when he was transferred to work in Narcotics—it was, after all, a job he had applied for prior to my joining the force. I figured he was tired of playing nursemaid to a rookie cop and would be happy to get on with more interesting things.

At the end of our final day together, he stood before me, put his heavy hands on my shoulders, and, looking me straight in the eyes, simply said, "Make me proud, Jeremy."

That had been six months ago, and here I now was in Mexico, in the middle of hell's nowhere, looking for Brandon, assuming that he was still alive to be found. The department had sent him down here, undercover, to get the jump on Carlos Vargas, the drug kingpin of this region.

Something had gone very wrong, because two weeks ago Brandon had failed to report in. No one could rouse him, and I had come down here to look for him. I was up for two weeks' vacation and managed to do some heavy horse-trading to get off immediately.

I really didn't have the least bit of a plan—just an urgent sense that Brandon was in danger. The chief had told me that an investigation was under way in cooperation with the Mexican Narcotics Division, but that wasn't enough for me. I felt I had to be there.

A tip from a connection on the streets had led me to this godforsaken place. Carlos apparently had something going on that was interesting enough to bring the rat out of his mountain stronghold. *Now what?* I wondered as I crawled wearily out from behind the wheel and stretched my long, cramped legs.

The only sign of life in the dusty town square was a mangy mongrel rummaging in the garbage cans outside the door of a café across from me. I didn't know exactly what to expect now that I was here, but I knew I ached for Brandon and would risk anything to help him, if he could be helped at all.

When someone in a strange town noted more for drugs than its beauty sneaks up behind you and jams something into the base of your spine, it's a pretty safe bet it's a gun. I put my money on that and raised my hands slowly from my sides. My asshole slammed shut, and my nuts climbed up between my legs as fear traced an icy finger up and down my spine.

"*Vamos*," accompanied by a jab of the gun, was more than sufficient to convey my unseen hospitality supervisor's intent. I preceded him across the plaza to the door of the café.

The interior of the place seemed pitch-dark to my sun-dazzled eyes.

A few moments began to bring the place into harsh relief.

Looked better invisible, I thought as I was steered toward the only occupied table in the place. Two men sat there, one of obvious Mexican extraction, slender and handsome but cruel looking, his eyes dead and lifeless.

His companion was a young blond of the type you can see by the score every evening in Hollywood. Perfectly tanned and built like the proverbial brick shit house, he had an expression so vapid that he appeared incapable of rational thought.

"Welcome, senor," Carlos nodded to me unpleasantly. "We aren't used to strangers in our community. You will, I hope, forgive me my curiosity. I feel it is my duty to welcome all newcomers."

"I'll bet you do," I returned coldly. "I'm here looking for a friend of mine. Fellow by the name of Thomas Brandon. Have you got any information about him?"

"Ah, yes. Mr. Brandon. Most unfortunate case, as I am sure you know. A policeman in Los Angeles, I believe. I understand he came here to be near the source of his drugs."

I practically lunged across the table at him. "What the fuck do you mean, 'drugs'? Brandon wouldn't take an aspirin if he had the flu. What have you done to him?"

"Calm yourself, Mr. . . ."

"Quincey," I snapped. "If you've done anything to him, I'll. . . ."

"Yes," Carlos sneered, leaning forward with mock attentiveness, "what will you do, Mr. Quincey? I'd be most interested to hear about your plans."

I shut up and just stared at him balefully across the table. He had my balls in a vise, and I had to play it carefully to avoid losing Brandon and my life.

"Get ready, Jack," Carlos called to his companion.

The blond got to his feet, his tight, white shorts emphasizing the thick lump between his legs.

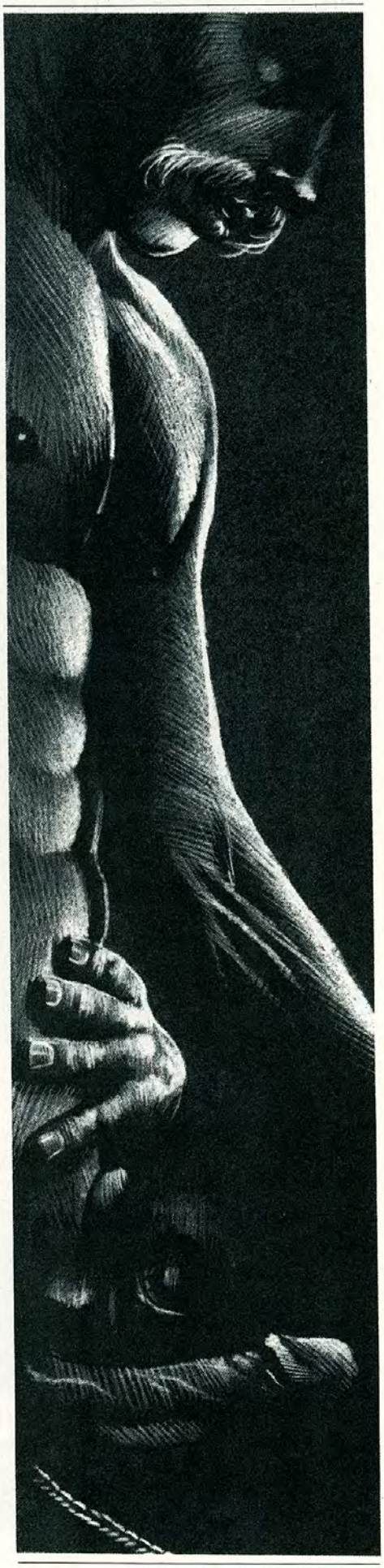
"I'm ready to stretch me some asshole," he gloated, jumping up onto a makeshift platform that evidently served as some kind of stage in the place.

He stood under the single glaring spot and started posing, flexing his thickly massed muscles, teasing himself into a huge, butt-busting erection. The fat head of his dick poked over the waistband of his shorts as though it were incapable of being held back. He peeled out of the skimpy tank top he'd been wearing and slowly shucked his shorts down over his narrow hips, freeing his long, thick meat to swing up toward his belly.

"Hey, guys," he called out, grabbing his prick and pumping it slowly with both hands, "bring that worthless fuckhole out here so I can ream him out again."

The guy they hauled out was a bit unsteady on his feet. He was naked. He had a black hood pulled down over his head, cut out at the mouth and eyes, and it was fastened around his neck by a dog collar. His hands hung down passively at his sides, and when they turned him toward the big-dicked blond, he started to pull back in distaste.

Then one of the guards showed him a small, white pill. The guy put out his hand, attempting to push it away, but the other man laughed sarcastically, shoving him back hard against a table.



The Rescue

"You'll take it, fucker, and you'll put on a good show. Otherwise, you might just accidentally get an overdose, like last week. You don't want that again, do you?"

The man's shoulders slumped as he swallowed the pill, and he walked meekly to the stage.

The guy had a great body, pared of absolutely every bit of fat. He was thin to the point that every muscle, tendon, and vein showed against his pale skin. His belly was ridged with muscle, but it was pulled back in a sharp curve toward his spine. It looked like they weren't feeding him much besides the little white pills. His big prick hung long and thick between his sleek thighs, flopping back and forth with each step. He climbed up on the stage and stood unsteadily before the menacing blond.

"Suck my big dick, creep," the guy snarled, grabbing the man's thick brown nipples and pulling down on them viciously.

The man dropped heavily to his knees and began licking the underside of the blond's fat prick.

"That's it, man, you know how to do it. Make my nuts tingle. Slick this big pole so I can flip you over and ream out your tight little hole."

The man did as he was told, his long tongue flickering over the veiny surface of the cock bobbing in front of his face. His fingers spread out on the blond's thick thighs, and he seemed to be trembling—more from drugs than from passion, or so I thought.

As he took the big meat into his mouth and down his throat, you could see his Adam's apple bobbing and the tendons on his neck begin to appear corded. The blond grabbed him by the hood, pulled back his head, and fucked his face in short, jabbing thrusts.

"That's enough of that, scum," the blond snapped, pulling his now shining cock back out where it glistened in the light. "Now let's just see how tight your asshole really is. Get down on your hands and knees."

The man knelt, his body in profile:

"That's it, man," the blond snarled at the hooded man, "you know how to do it. Make my nuts tingle. Slick this big pole so I can ream that hole."

thick chest, strong hairy arms, concave belly—all somehow sickeningly familiar to me as I put the pieces of this sordid show together. I refused to believe and started to rise from my chair and go away from it.

"Move again and your spine won't do you or anyone else any good," Carlos growled as his henchman poked my backbone again. "I'm staging this show for your benefit, man. You'd better sit here and enjoy it."

The blond slammed into the kneeling man's asshole like a truck hurtling on the freeway. He shoved so hard that the guy's arms gave under him and his head hit the floor of the platform with a sickening thud.

"Get up, fucker," the blond barked. "I like my assholes lively while I'm dicking them." He slapped the round, fuzzy cheeks he was savaging, and the sound rang in the cavernous silence of the place.

The blond pulled the guy around till he was facing our table, and then started pummeling him again. The man seemed to focus on our table, but then his head dropped abruptly, hanging loose between his broad shoulders. He didn't fall again, though. He just knelt there, taking the abuse without any protest.

After what seemed a long time, the blond yanked his dick out of the man's ass and started beating it frantically with both hands. "Here it comes," he shouted as the first ropy string of jism spouted out of his cock and landed across the shoulders of the man in the mask. Spurt after spurt followed until the blond's nuts were hanging loose between his thighs again and nothing more could be squeezed out of the dark purplish head of his fat prick.

He stood up and placed his foot against the man's ass, kicking him forward brutally onto our ringside table. As he struggled to get up, he came eye to eye with me.

It was true then, I thought with horror. His beautiful, sad eyes stared out at me from the holes in the black mask.

"Help me, Jeremy," he whispered just as the blond grabbed him by the ankles and jerked him off onto the floor.

"Brandon!" I cried out, leaping to my feet. I started around the table, and then the room exploded in white lights and stars as the butt of the thug's gun slammed into the back of my head. My last recollection was of my cheek hitting Brandon's broad, hairy chest as I fell on top of him.

As I scrambled back over the edge of consciousness, I tried to shake this nightmare out of my mind. I had dreamed that I was trapped and that I had failed Brandon and that it was all because of my own stupidity. But it wasn't a dream.

As daylight crept into the small cubicle, the reality of what had happened swept in on me forcefully. Brandon's prone form on the pallet in the corner added confirmation of our plight, as if that were necessary. I was doing a bang-up job so far, that was for damn sure!

Brandon tossed uneasily in his sleep. Whatever drug they were feeding him, the effects evidently hadn't yet worn off.

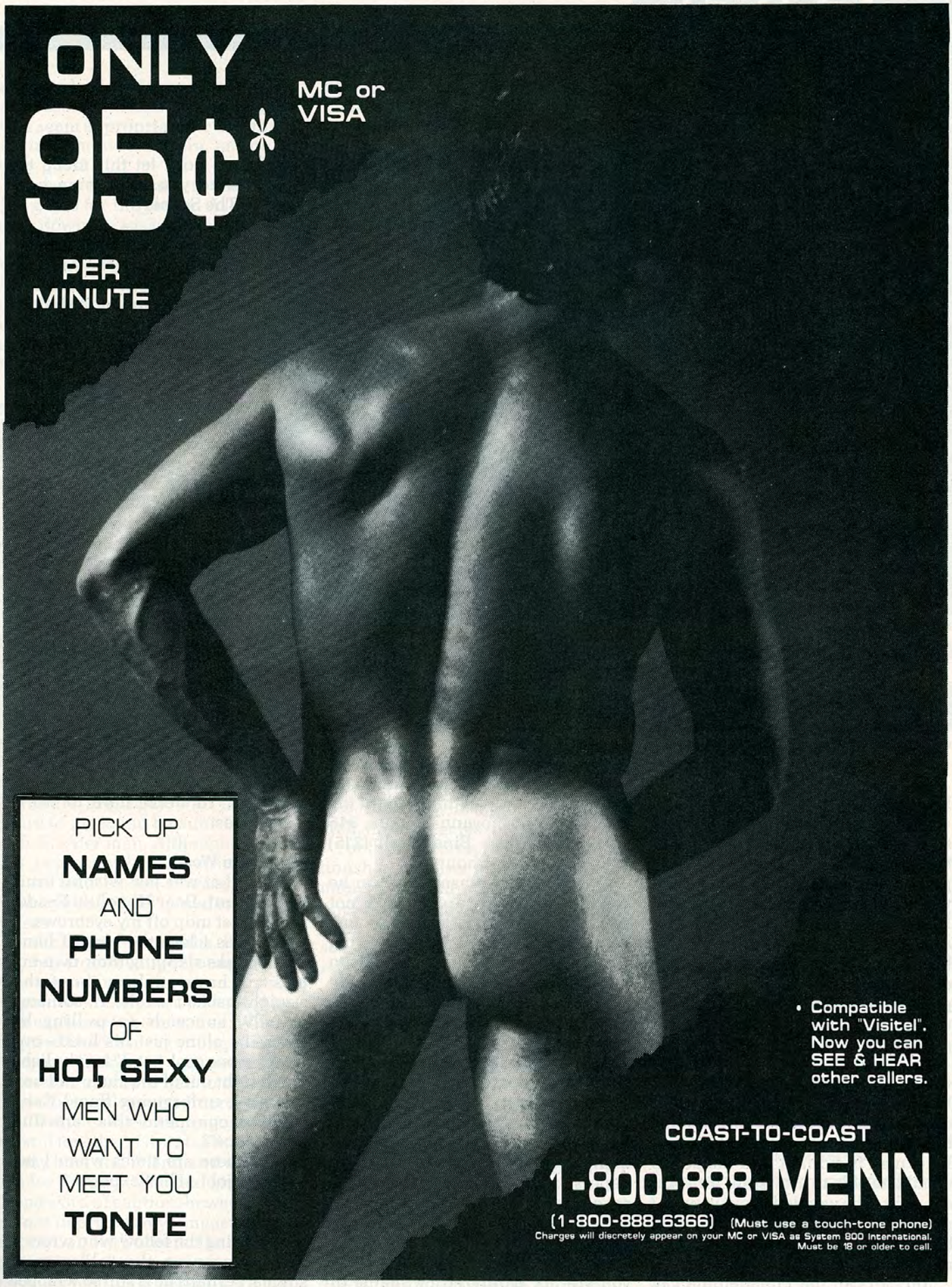
I sat up, and my head pounded mercilessly. Better lying down, I decided. Much better. I crawled over to the place where Brandon slept and lay down beside him. I was scared shitless, and now didn't seem like the time to stand on ceremony.

He sat up suddenly, opened his eyes, and looked fearfully at me.

"It's me, Jeremy," I said, hoping to ease his apprehension. His face cleared, and he leaned over and swept me into his arms like a man grabs at a floating timber when he's drowning.

"Christ, Jeremy, I'm so glad you're

Continued on page 77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MEET YOU
TONITE
• Compatible with "Visitel". Now you can SEE & HEAR other callers.
COAST-TO-COAST
1-800-888-MENN
(1-800-888-6366) (Must use a touch-tone phone)
Charges will discretely appear on your MC or VISA as System 800 International.
Must be 18 or older to call.

SEXPERT

Dear Sexpert:

Have I got a problem for you! It's very truthful to say that I'm exceptionally well-hung. With a cock that measures 14¾ inches, it's very hard to be anything else. I'm an executive who is a very private sort of guy. I've never really played the field. Also, being a French Canadian from Montreal who lives in the United States, I can't afford to stir up any legal problems.

Recently I placed an ad in the personals column of a local gay paper. One very seemingly sincere guy responded. We met, and things have been hot and heavy. That is, until he presented me with some very explicit photos of us and of me alone. He is now threatening to sell them to men's magazines or film producers.

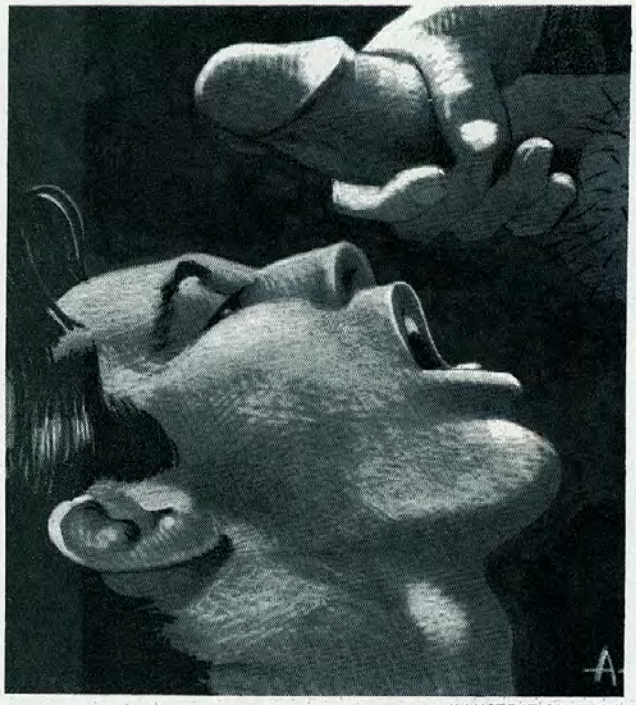

ILLUSTRATION ANOS

I am very proud of being hung like a horse, but I do not wish to be hanged because of it. Please, Sexpert, give me some idea of what to do. The guy doesn't answer my calls. I'm so afraid. —Blackmailed

Dear Blackmailed:

I have some questions about this situation. How did these pictures get taken? Anytime you let somebody photograph you, there's a chance that you will lose control over the images. Even if you're using a Polaroid, it's not a bad idea to throw an arm over your face when the shutter snaps. Make damn sure you count the number of prints you have, and keep all of them unless you don't care who sees your picture.

It also isn't clear to me what this guy wants. Has he asked you for money? Demanded more sex? Threatened to contact your employer? If any of this has happened, you need an attorney. Blackmail is a crime, and the police should be able to assist you. But you are right to be worried about your immigration status. A qualified, non-homophobic attorney can advise and represent you.

You can call the Philadelphia gay switchboard at (215) 546-7100 (open 6 to 11 p.m., seven days a week) and ask for a referral to an attorney. The ACLU's telephone number is (215) 546-6661. They might also be able to make a referral. The *Gayellow Pages* lists three attorneys in your area, and you can get a copy of this guide at the gay bookstore Giovanni's Room, 345 S. 12th St. (near Pine). Call (215) 923-2960 for their hours.

If your ex-trick hasn't told you he wants something in exchange for not releasing the photos, maybe he just gets off on intimidating and bullying people. He is not going to be able to publish those pictures in a sexually explicit magazine with a national circulation unless he has a signed model release. Any magazine that accepted them for publication would be vulnerable to a lawsuit for any damages you suffer. There are a few small, fly-by-night rags that might take them without a proper release form, but the quality of reproduction in these papers is so poor, you may not be recognizable, and it's extremely unlikely that anybody who knows you would run into a copy.

A blackmailer can't victimize you if you are not paralyzed by shame or fear. Don't let this creep terrorize you. Get some help. —The Sexpert

My Dear Sexpert:

In regard to the October 1987 letter from the Nebraska reader who wanted to be able to suck his own dick: I am one of those fortunate few who can blow himself. It's a real spiritual experience, and it occurred for me during the marvelous springtime of my youth when I had (1) a very supple spine; (2) a rock-hard, throbbing, aching cock; (3) a swimmer's build; (4) a longish neck; (5) a double-jointed jaw; and (6) strong thigh and forearm musculature. I still have attributes 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Here's how to do it: Slap your hands underneath the backs of your thighs, just under your buttocks, and pull your head and torso down over your anxious cock head.

Oh, yes—do this while sitting in a firm, straight-backed, dining room-type chair.—A Reader in Honolulu

P.S. "If only I could lick my eyebrows, I'd never have to work." —Mae West

Dear Mae West:

Oops, that was just wishful thinking. I meant, Dear Honolulu Reader. Let me just mop off my eyebrows.

Much as I love the idea of handsome hunks slapping their own buttocks, I have qualms about that straight-backed chair. If someone actually succeeds in pulling his *torso*—let alone just his head—over his "anxious cock head," isn't he liable to fall right out of the chair and onto the hard, unforgiving floor? Can I safely recommend this "spiritual experience"?

God, there are times when I just hate this job! —The Sexpert

Dear Sir:

Regarding the fellow who wrote to you concerning the "older man" stigma: Perhaps he is still so wrapped

up in the loss of his lover that he cannot reason with himself. However, it does seem appropriate for him to get out into the world again, as you so aptly put it.

There is much truth to the adage that gay is for the young. As we progress down the age path, the youthful appearance and, yes, desirability lost forever have to be recognized and dealt with. Having advanced to the age of 50, I too have felt as he does about not being in the mainstream anymore. But an unusual experience occurred that changed my thinking.

Having been invited to a party where I knew that 98% of the people would be between the ages of 18 and 30, I decided at the last minute that I did not want to attend. (After all, I was old enough to be someone's father.) Several days later, I was approached by the host of the party and was all but chastised for not attending. I explained that the age difference had frightened me off. His reply was food for thought.

He pointed out that older gay men have much to contribute: experience, mature wisdom, and the ability to direct these young men from the pitfalls that they are sure to encounter as we once did. He did not skirt the issue of young men desiring someone of their own age and not necessarily the older man, but he also pointed out that there are those who have the desire to meet and become involved with an older man. Although I found this inconceivable, I accepted his remark and stored it away in my memory bank, determined to test the waters.

In the following months, I did not shy away from talking to younger men when the opportunity arose. I made it a point to smile, greet, and converse with each one I encountered. What a surprise I had! I met a young man 20 years my junior. He was genuinely interested in what I had to say, and, much to my pleasure, interested in me. That was seven years ago, and we are still together. I eventually sought out my host and friend and thanked him for the advice he had given me.

One word of caution, however: You cannot deprive the younger man of association with others. He must be given the freedom to talk to and associate with his generation and not be expected to conform to the older man's.

There is a twofold reward in this, as the older man will also benefit by learning more of the younger generation and, at the same time, become more aware of himself, keeping himself fit and trim and having his younger lover proud of his choice. I know; I am there.—A Lucky Older Reader

Dear Lucky:

Isolation is a terrible problem for gay seniors. Too many of us decide that we belong on the shelf when we reach a certain age. If you are lonely, it is important to take advantage of every social opportunity. Don't assume that others will be cold or rejecting.

Not everybody is going to make a dream match with someone 20 years his junior, but an evening filled with conversation and a chance to make new friends will make you a lot happier than eating dinner alone in front of the television. I'm so glad your host booted you in the butt and got you in gear. It takes a real friend to tell us home truths like that.—The Sexpert

Dear Sexpert:

In the September 1988 issue, you asked for feedback from any other safe-sex sluts who might be out here. Well, here are at least two.

For the first several years of our relationship, my lover and I enjoyed our monogamy, and after the first time one of us had sex with another man, we experienced a very brief sense of loss of innocence from our relationship.

The sense of loss was very rapidly replaced by a strong sense of relief that we no longer had to carry the burden of innocence. It freed us to grow both individually and as a couple. And at this point in our lives, we'd like nothing more than to be joined by a permanent third man to share the fun and growing with us.

Sign us—Two Sexy Safe-Sex Sluts

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got the hots for a little something on the side. Hope you find your "other third" soon!—The Sexpert

Dear Sexpert:

I have been celibate for almost 12 years! Either I should be in a mental institution or I deserve a Nobel Prize. With the advent of AIDS, I have been terrified to find any sexual action.

Yes, I understand safe sex. But with the straight press saying, "You're gonna die. Don't have sex!" and the gay press saying (or apparently saying), "With safe sex, you can still have a very active sex life," I'm very confused.

One side of me is saying I want one man and a relationship. The other side is saying I want to fuck with every gorgeous guy I see. What do I do?

I'm sure there must be other guys out there who are as scared and confused as I am. Can you help us?—Ohio Reader

Dear Ohioan:

It would make straight people very happy if we quit having sex with each other, whether because of AIDS or sodomy laws or the threat of hellfire and damnation. We have a proud tradition of resisting attempts to control our sexuality. The pleasure, love, and affirmation that we give each other when we make each other come are too important to give up.

You don't have to be celibate to avoid all risk of contracting AIDS. Mutual masturbation or body rubbing cannot expose you to this disease. Oral and anal sex are somewhat more risky because of the possibility that the condom may break.

You can reduce that risk by following the directions that have appeared frequently in this column and elsewhere for correct condom use. Even if you decide you don't want to trust a rubber, there's still a lot you can do with your hands and mouth to explore and enjoy another man's body. As long as you don't get any blood, semen, precome, piss, or shit in your mouth, your asshole, or any open cuts or abrasions, you will stay healthy.

Call the Ohio AIDS Hotline ([800] 332-AIDS) and talk this over with one of their counselors. There may be other reasons why you have chosen celibacy. It doesn't sound like this choice is making you very happy, so why not get some support to try something different?—The Sexpert

Dear Sexpert:

I am still under 60 but have a problem common with men my age and older—inability to achieve or maintain a satisfactory erection. I have had all the tests and have been told I have no physical problems causing this condition. I take no medication and have talked with psychologists and sex therapists.

I awaken with a very rigid erection in the morning and can usually stimulate myself enough to masturbate, but when I'm with a willing lover, nothing happens.

My psychiatrist suggested that I find a gay male sex surrogate—not just a hustler. But how do you find one? I'm not sure this is a solution; however, I'm not ready to give up yet. Any suggestions? How do other men handle this?—Early Riser

Dear Early Riser:

There just aren't a lot of gay sex surrogates. You can try calling the Tucson hot line ([602] 792-3772 or [602] 881-1794), but they may not have any referrals.

It is common for older men to experience their strongest erections in the morning. When you're going to have sex with a partner, explain this to him. Give each other a back rub, go to sleep, and fuck in the morning. Also, it's very important for you to continue to masturbate—even if sex with a partner is not available or isn't working very well—if you want to retain sexual functioning.

Older men who masturbate frequently remain potent longer than men who don't jack off very often. When you are with a partner, remember that masturbation is always an option. Your partner can always assist by talking dirty, touching other parts of your body, or holding you, or he can simply join you in jacking off.

And you don't have to have an erection for sex to feel good. But you will have to tell your partner how to touch you and verbally reassure him that what he is doing is wonderful, since he won't have the visual evidence of a hard-on to guide him.

I hope this advice will be useful. We really need more gay sex therapists. But if your problem is age related, a surrogate might not be able to make major changes.—The Sexpert

Dear Sexpert:

I had sex with a guy who had a smaller dick than the big cock I'm used to. The sex was great. We sucked and fucked, but I wished his cock were bigger and harder.

He enjoyed my cock because it was nice and hard. I fucked him, and I started to feel that I was about to come, and I took it out. He said that he wanted me to come, so I did. It was the first time for him. Then we lay in bed.

Before he left, I tried one more time, and he put his cock in my mouth, and I sucked it. Something happened—he came. What a great feeling! Then we made out and kissed. What a great lover—even with a less-than-perfect cock. What do you think? Please answer.—No Name, Please

Dear No Name:

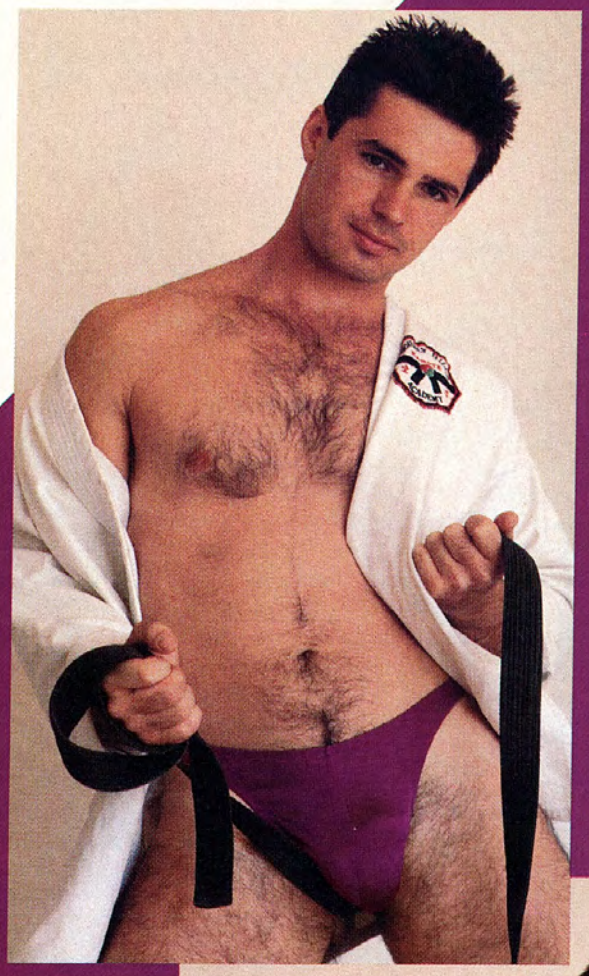
What exactly are you asking me? If someone can be a great lover without having a horse dick? The answer is obviously yes. If this was his first time, he may have been nervous. That might have kept him from getting completely hard. If you had this good a time with him when he's a virgin, imagine how much fun he will be when he gets more experience.

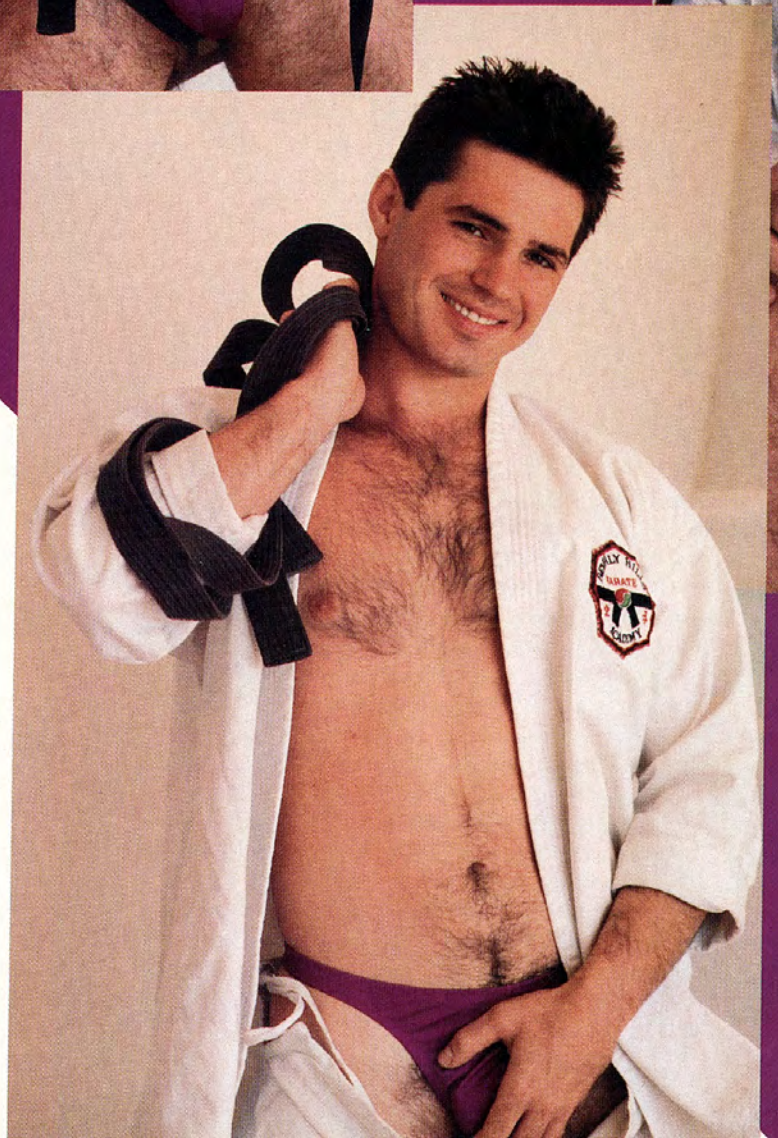
I personally think if you don't see this man again, you're a fool. But next time, use rubbers. Don't risk giving him AIDS or anything else. A really big dick is pretty to look at and easier to find in the dark, but a good lover is even more rare than a ten-incher! —The Sexpert ●

Show me whatcha got: Send your questions, harangues, etc., to The Sexpert, c/o *Advocate MEN*, P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.

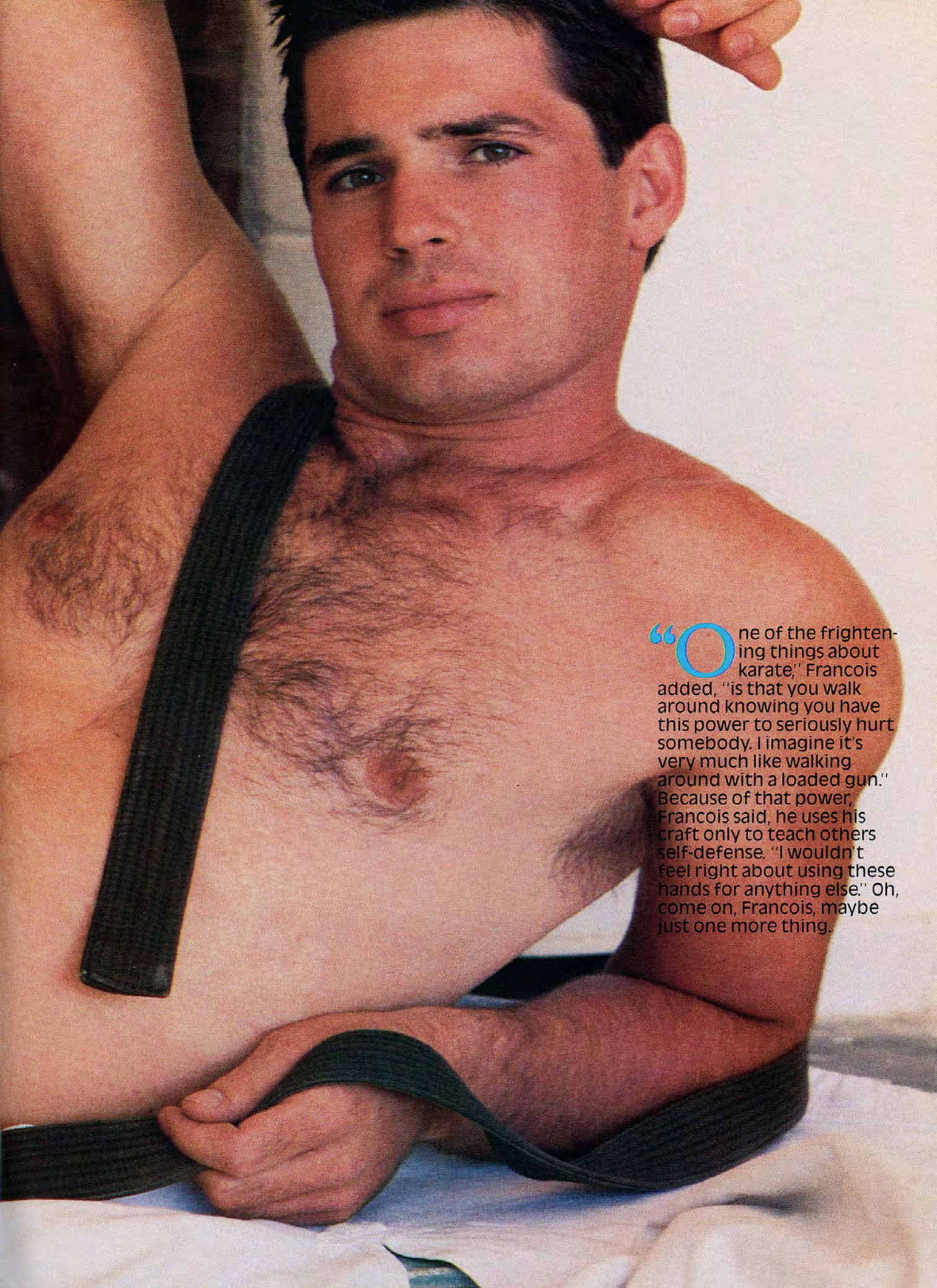
Francois

Photos by Bisonnes



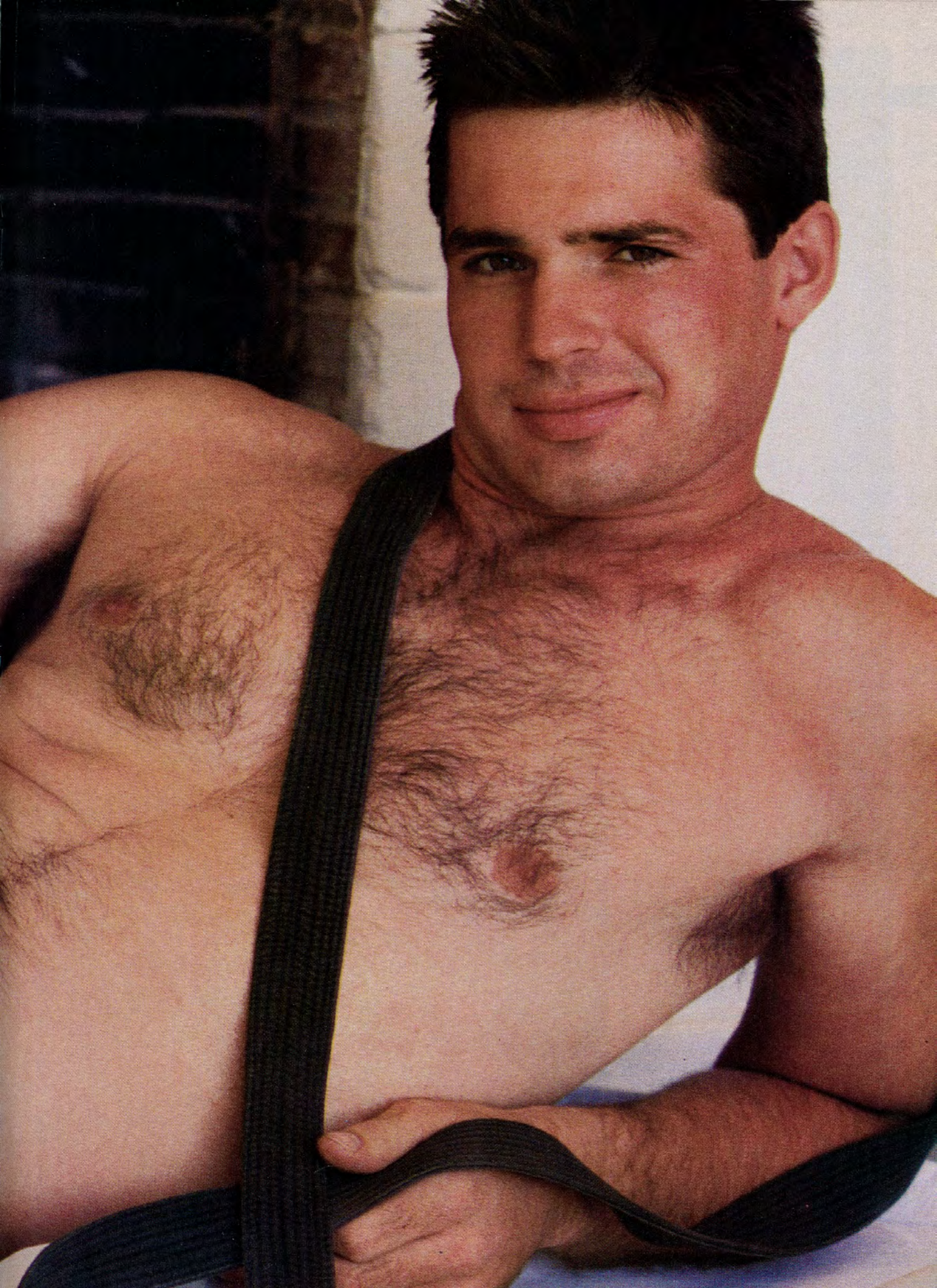


It's hard to believe a civil engineer employed by a busy firm with offices in Paris and Marseilles could also find time to earn his black belt in karate. But that's just what Francois did this summer. When we asked if his hands were registered with the French police as lethal weapons, he replied, "I don't think so. But I do have another weapon that's brought quite a few men to their knees."



"One of the frightening things about karate," Francois added, "is that you walk around knowing you have this power to seriously hurt somebody. I imagine it's very much like walking around with a loaded gun." Because of that power, Francois said, he uses his craft only to teach others self-defense. "I wouldn't feel right about using these hands for anything else." Oh, come on, Francois, maybe just one more thing.

BEVERLY
KARATE
ACADEMY



BY DAVE KINNICK

HEAD OVER HEELS

© 1988 by Seabag Productions
Direction by Chris Stevens
Running time: 59 minutes
Cast: Cody Feelgoode, Scott O'Hara, Marc Colt

It's been said that gay men are the foot soldiers of fashion; designers and models are the forward scouts, but gay men are the ones who actually wander around town and create the popular images that drive fashion home to the masses. Look at the rebirth of Levi's 501 jeans in the 1970s—the uniform of the rank and file on Castro Street in 1979 became the K mart dream in the 1980s.

This past summer, where would lime wedges in your Corona be without gay men? How about baggy knee-length shorts? While you are pondering those questions, get ready for the new gay-spawned fad that Seabag Productions has been promoting—sucking your own dick. You have to admit it has possibilities.

Seabag's new video is less than an hour long and has only three stars. It's shot entirely in a single room with blue wall-to-wall carpeting and unadorned walls. Despite all this, it's got balls: It professes to be "the complete guide to auto-fellatio" or, as the very earnest host announces three times during the brief introduction, a "demonstration in self-oral masturbation." Remember, folks, this is only a demonstration—please, no wagering.

The three models each have a few moments to chat with us, sitting in a chair with a microphone. They tell us how they got started in this particular pastime, as if it might be comparable to hang gliding or antique-car restoration. Marc Colt, for instance, reveals to us that it takes "years of practice to get good at this" and admits that "it helps to have a big dick." Cody Feelgoode claims he first "got the idea" back in high school watching a film in which Scott O'Hara did it. That makes poor Scott sound a little long in the tooth, but—not to fear—Scott is third at bat and voices what is probably the best rationale: "I like to suck dick, and sometimes there's only one around."

After the little talk, each guy works his dick up and prepares for the big moment. They seem dreadfully serious about each attempt—like Olympic skiers preparing for the downhill—checking the buckles, flexing first one set of muscles, then the other, inching back and forth in the starting house, then tensing for the horn and the green light. Each guy rewards us by shooting a load on or about his mouth, and everyone leaves feeling he has learned a little more about gay subculture.

The video is well-meaning. The guys work hard for us. As a carnival show, it's terrific fun. But will the fad catch on? Will there be a *Head over Heels VII: Jeff Stryker Makes a New Best Friend*? Only time will tell. I guarantee you one thing, though: You can't watch this video and not catch yourself doing a stretching exercise or two—just in case.

BAD BOYS CLUB

© 1988 by Catalina Video
Written, produced, and directed by Cameron Leight
Running time: 77 minutes
Cast: John Davenport, Mike Henson, Steve Ross, Kevin Williams, Tony Marino, Lyndon Blair, Eric Radford

Oh, my God, I'm starting to like John Davenport as an erotic film actor. I never thought I'd say that (let alone in print), but it's true. Here's a big, handsome guy with an enormous dick and a strong presence on the screen, who has always seemed wasted with his surly attitude and his straight-guy characters who possess all the charm of chronic wife beaters.

This video is a real surprise. John has two scenes in which he seems positively enlightened. In one scene, he politely (and charmingly) seduces a long-haired, self-admitted intellectual young man. In the next, he talks to his roommate-buddy Mike Henson like the homophobic jerk we know so well, then turns around and fantasizes about being with him in an uncharacteristically sensual and, yes,

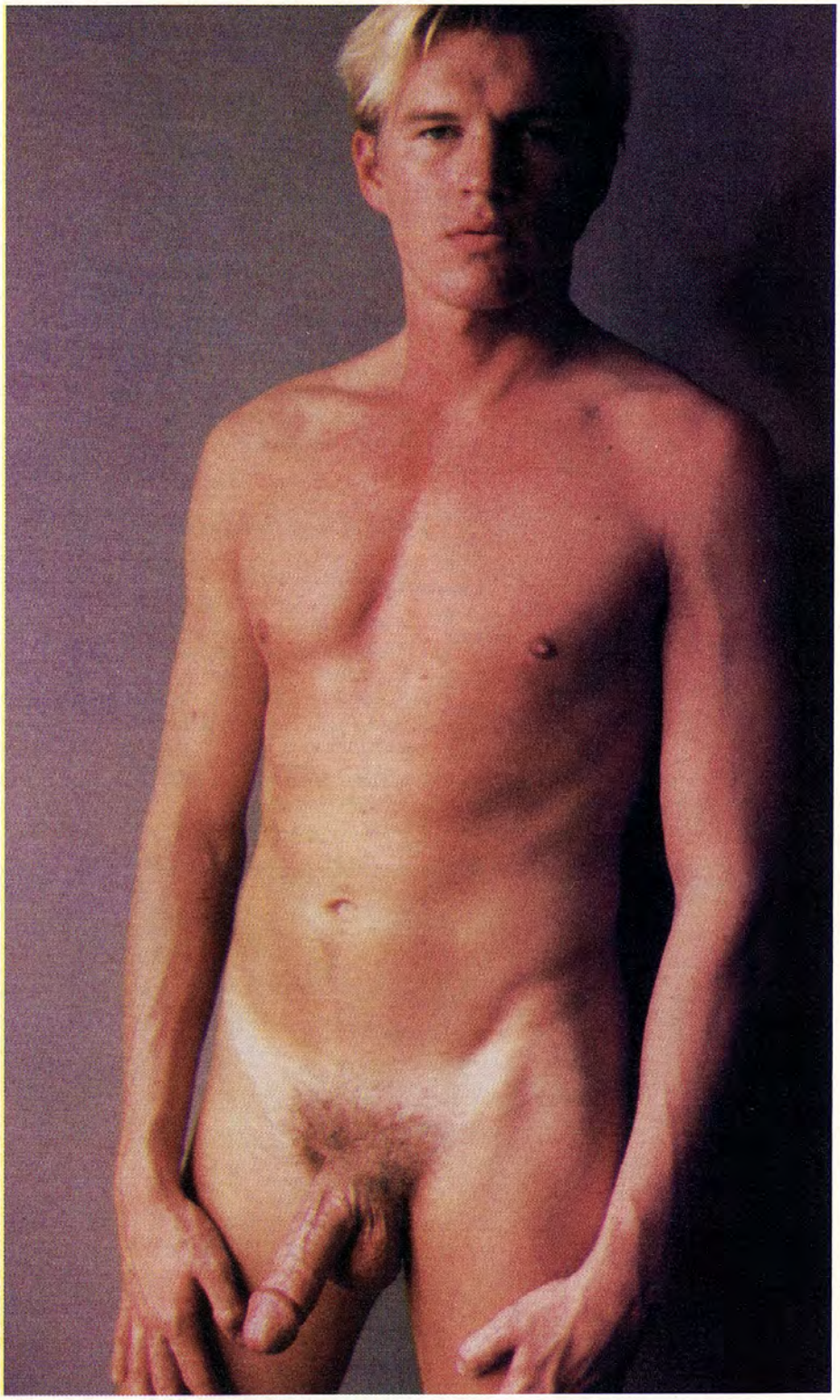
passive role. On top of this, he still comes like a fire hose.

In general, *Bad Boys Club* is a conglomerate video: an excuse to stick several disjointed scenes together in one package with a little filler material to hold it together. And yet it works pretty well. The title apparently has something to do with the YMCA, in which three of the five scenes supposedly take place. Never mind that the Y looks like the Club Baths. Never mind that the scenes vary in quality and that there is no real end to the movie—just an immediate cut to coming attractions for other Catalina films.

Still, this video is worth seeing. The music is nice, particularly the guitar and harmonica score in the first scene. Lyndon Blair is terrific as the "shy, intelligent" dude John seduces on a camping trip. He can read Trotsky in my tent any night. Kevin Williams (*MEN*, March '88) pops up twice—once to wander around in the woods while playing with his dick and staring over his shoulder at his butt, with his mouth open a lot, and again in a really good seduction of Steve Ross (who has turned into a brunet since Catalina's last feature).

Tony Marino is a little out of his element in a threesome scene in the proverbial shower at the Y. Someone told Tony to be cranky. He doesn't look good being cranky. He's good at "Golly, I wish someone would fuck my butt" or "Gee, I'd like to fuck your butt" but not at being cranky. Nevertheless, this is a good quickie video and is interesting for the most part in allowing some of the Catalina stable of stars to try out a few new things that we haven't seen them do before. Director Cameron Leight does indeed have a light touch that is very much appreciated. I hope he directs an A picture soon.

MR. WONDERFUL
© 1987 by Bijou Video Sales
Directed and edited by Toby Ross
Running time: 77 minutes
Cast: Tom Law, Carl Loomis, Kevin Gladstone, Everett Storm, Red Ryder, James O'Brian, Steve Phillips, Dennis Reilly, Dennis Anderson, Monroe Perry, Tom James, Brad Richardson, Matt Houston



As reviewers of adult erotica, we talk of camera angles, lighting, scripts, story elements, etc. What we forget is that since about 1984, we haven't been talking about films at all but about television: direct video. There are very few, if any, erotic *films* being made today. Rarer still is the film made by someone best described as a filmmaker—someone who is familiar with the language of film and does not just point a camera in the general direction of a couple of young guys "boffing" each other and call it a done thing.

Toby Ross is and has for many years been a filmmaker. I remember as a teen slipping into the Century Theater in San Francisco and being pretty amazed by a Toby Ross film festival. Most of the trappings of a Cannes or a Filmex were absent, needless to say, but the fascination of celluloid on a silver screen was there—every glorious, grainy minute of it. I really liked his style in stuff like *Cruisin' 57* and *Schoolmates*. They weren't heavy on story or production values, but what they were big on were sexy men and sexy situations.

Ross's new feature, *Mr. Wonderful*, is like a breath of fresh air to me, and like his films of years past, it's full of tantalizing glimpses of sexy men and sexy situations, all shot on celluloid.

Admittedly, sometimes the men in this movie disappear before you see as much of them as you would like to. Sometimes the scenario calls for our seeing a bit more than we might like. All in all, though, the film is a great pleasure. It stars around 15 guys, most of them strangers to gay erotic movies.

The star of the film is Tom Law, a

fascinating and very photogenic man, somewhere in his late 20s or early 30s (it's hard to tell because, like a good film actor, he has an unusual face and photographs differently from scene to scene). The loose and happily contrived story involves single man Tom alone in the wilderness of New York City, placing a personal ad for a Mr. Wonderful and sitting back and waiting for (and photographing) the men who respond to it.

For the most part, they are everything we might hope for in our urban fantasies; everything from sexy blonds in business suits to working men in T-shirts. Tom becomes a vehicle for all of us who sense that out there somewhere is our Mr. Wonderful—not necessarily a love for life but certainly a buddy, a friend, a warm body—someone professional who shares our interests and desires.

The film reflects more of a New York or San Francisco sensibility than the Southern California one that shapes so many gay videos being produced these days. It is more concerned with urban sentiment than easygoing recreational encounters.

Oddly enough, the men in this film I found most exciting were those who were featured the least. Other than Tom Law, the principals, Carl Loomis and Kevin Gladstone, are pretty routine (although Gladstone's appearance is by far his most digestible to date). It's the parade of fantasy men—the nameless inhabitants of the big city, young men in suits like Brad Richardson (*MEN*, July '87) and Dennis Anderson—that I found the most fascinating.

All in all, this is a good movie and a great erotic video. Rent it at once. If you live in a large city and it happens to be summer, open the window as you watch it and listen to the sounds of the other 3 million people around you, going about their lives and looking for their Mr. or Ms. Wonderfuls. If you live in the country, recall what it was like being in a big city for the first time, wondering at the fact that there were so many people and yet so much loneliness. Wonder at what it is that brings people together in a jungle. It just may be the hope of finding a Mr. Wonderful.

THE STILSKIN REPORT

MASSAGE BOYS

© 1988 by LeSalon Inc.
A Kosmos-Video release
Produced and directed by R. Stilskin
Running time: 72 minutes
Cast: Scott O'Hara, Cory Monroe, Will Seagers, Kevin Gladstone, Chris Winters

STUDENT BODIES TOO

© 1987 by LeSalon Inc.
Produced and directed by R. Stilskin
Running time: 77 minutes
Cast: Vladimir Correa, Cory Monroe, Kevin Gladstone, Gino Colbert, Phylip Stevens, Mark Antony, Rusty Thomas

NEW RECRUIT(S)

© 1988 by LeSalon Inc.
Produced by Panther Productions
Directed by R. Stilskin
Running time: 76 minutes
Cast: Cory Monroe, Vladimir Correa, Scott O'Hara, Rusty Thomas, Kevin Gladstone, Cory Jacobsen, Sean Laurence

Would you entrust $1,000 of your hard-earned money to a man named R. Stilskin? Would you trust even $2 of your hard-earned money to said man? Would you, for that matter, entrust any money whatsoever to a stranger named, say, L. B. Peep or W. W. Winkie? I thought not.

If you are like me and don't have any particular fetishes concerning Grimm fairy-tale characters, you would be wise to say no to the above questions. You should also say no to renting or buying any videos directed by this man, R. Stilskin, as three titles released this year have proved.

All three videos were so overwhelmingly mediocre that I couldn't justify reviewing them individually. They are, in decreasing order of cheesiness, Massage Boys, Student Bodies Too, and New Recruit(s). The last title sports a set of

parentheses because the production is so lame as to have a different spelling of the name on the box and in the video credits. Just an example of the attention to detail that makes these films less than memorable.

Each of these films suffers from the same malaise: indolence of production values and a meanspirited tone. As an example of the former, the recording sound level of *Student Bodies Too* was so low that I was forced to overcompensate with my volume control to such a degree that upon pushing the stop button at the end of the video, I was almost deafened by Tawny Little telling me about the West Hollywood Garlic Festival on local TV. Surely we as a society have yet not reached a point so low as to make this necessary.

An example of the latter is, in all three, a giant dose of Kevin Gladstone—a man who, without a doubt, has the least charming screen presence of anyone since Tor Johnson staggered his way across the screen in such Edward Wood yuck classics as *Plan Nine from Outer Space*. Kevin is amazing—he always has creepy running banter to deliver in each and every scene he's in. It's not just that he talks dirty so volubly (that would be kinda fun); it's that he comes across so bitter, bored, sad, and vicious while he's at it. He uses sleaze as a leitmotiv.

The most fascinating thing about these movies is how amazingly lazy they are in their approach to subject number one. It takes talent to make a good movie. It takes almost as much effort to make a dreadful schlock classic, which in the right light can at least be entertaining. The hard part is making films that are so without quality as to leave nothing even to hoot at. The minute that making a sex film becomes a chore for everyone on screen, it becomes a chore for the viewer as well.

One element of these videos that amazed me, however, is the incredible talent of actor Cory Monroe (*MEN*, March 1987). Here is a kid who in film after film puts up with some of the most profound garbage and keeps on smiling his more than charming smile. Almost as resilient but probably a little more pragmatic about the whole effort is Scott O'Hara of San Francisco, who appears in two of the movies.

Both *Student Bodies Too* and *New Recruits* have one or more newcomers who deserve better for their first efforts. They are Rusty Thomas, Sean Laurence, and young Mark Antony, who we must hope will be fresh frozen and reheated soon for better material.

Student Bodies Too, incidentally, should not be mixed up with a Magnum-Griffin release from several years back called *California Student Bodies*. It was a low-budget but amiable direct-video production starring Eric Stryker, Lance, and Rob Montessa. ●

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THE LITTLE COLONEL

BY RON GIERLINSKI

We stood quietly in the doorway. The dim light from the outer office reflected on the medals cluttering his chest. He was a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps. I knew who he was. I'd seen his face often enough on television. He asked if I could come by his office to talk. That's how my little colonel had put it, with his legendary straightforwardness. Even if I'd been at death's door, I would have held it closed long enough to find out what he really wanted. I would have found time for him—my little colonel.

He wasn't as tall as I'd expected, but he looked good anyway. Although his khaki uniform concealed most of his physical charms, I knew he had to be muscular; he was a marine. For a second, I imagined how he would look stark naked—brown hair, soft and curly, trickling over his chest, down across his solid, flat stomach and into his crotch. Strong legs, with heavy thighs, sporting more of this wonderful, fine hair. I hoped his cock would be memorable, although I could learn to make do.

He watched me. His light-blue eyes still reflected the injured innocence that had already made him famous. The sensual martyr injured by the accusations. What a beauty he was!

He took a step toward me, reaching behind him to close the door. The outer office was empty; the basement, silent. We were delightfully alone.

I said nothing. And the silence in the room seemed to grow like a thundercloud.

I thought to myself, *Should I make the first move? Should I wait for him to tell me what he expected? Or should I just tackle him, wrestle him to the ground, and rip that uniform off his body?* I knew I was capable of doing it. I was much bigger than he was, and after all, he'd called me. If this were a football game, I would have been playing the offense.

ILLUSTRATION D.A.D.

THE LITTLE COLONEL

I had also been a marine years ago, before I left the service to become a professional bodyguard. Right now I was working for a very famous politician. The little colonel was going to have to offer me a lot more benefits than I was getting from my present employer. And I already knew the colonel didn't have any sons. The senator, the one I worked for now, had a teenage kid who frequently got horny. Being a nice guy, I often gave him a hand. That same senator's son also had one of the best rumps I'd fucked since leaving the corps.

"Thanks for coming," he whispered.

I smiled. I hadn't yet. *But soon*, I thought, *very soon, Colonel, deep in your throat.*

"You probably can guess why I called," he continued, his eyes burrowing into mine.

My eyebrows arched into my hairline, and the smile became a grin. I hoped there was enough light for him to see my perfect white teeth—the ones I was going to use to chew on his tits.

He took another step into the room. For an instant he seemed nervous; he glanced away, running the palm of his hand against the woolen flap of his jacket.

"My lawyers think I need a bodyguard," he said softly. His head snapped up, his eyes staring pointedly at me. "I think they're wrong."

I just shrugged. What they thought he needed and what I was going to give him might just prove to be two different things.

"Fitzwater at the justice department suggested you."

I allowed the grin to wilt into just a smile. I remembered Fitzwater very well: a pudgy, nervous little man who hated being the cocksucker he was. I'd let him nurse mine several times. Even enduring the scraping teeth and the massive guilt that always accompanied our little rendezvous. Now it all seemed worthwhile if I could "bed and board" this handsome marine colonel.

"It'll just be for the duration of the Senate hearings."

That's long enough, I thought. A good two or three months. I could manage to keep him relaxed and safe for that long.

He moved again toward the desk behind me. He was circling me, cautiously, apprehension clouding the defensive innocence in his eyes.

"My wife thinks it's necessary too."

I already knew he was married. All good marines are heterosexual, just ask any of them—especially while you've got your dick buried ten inches inside their tight little butch asses. It's traditional. It's all image and packaging. I know; I used to be heterosexual too—particularly at night in the barracks, on my knees, sucking off my entire platoon. It's true—in the dark, a cock in the throat is a cock in the throat. Of course, in the daylight I was also one of the loudest cunt fuckers on the base. And I always had the most notches in my jockstrap.

He put his hands, palms down, on the desk. Sincerity glittered in his eyes; the colonel was good.

Without answering him, I sauntered around the corner of the desk until I stood very close beside him. We stood there for a moment, staring at each other. I knew what he wanted, and he knew I'd figured it out. But we were "good old boys," and it would have been unmasculine to say it.

I reached around and grabbed his ass. The woolen material was warm; the buns, solid and wonderful. He didn't move as I squeezed them, kneading them like bread dough. Slowly, for a long second, his eyes drifted shut. Without a word, I released my grip only to swat his cheeks harshly. He didn't jump. He just blinked his eyes open, surprised, and returned my stare.

Turning slightly to face me, he stood up. Without a word, I reached in under his tunic and began fumbling with the metal clasp on his belt. The colonel's pants slid slowly down his thighs, over his knees, and crumpled around his ankles.

Using both hands, I reached in underneath his jacket, grasped the waistband of the shorts, and tugged them down. He didn't say a word. He didn't even blink. Only the head of his cock suddenly poked out between the flaps of this tunic.

I dropped my hands to my side. With a self-satisfied smile, I stood up, facing him. I was very curious what he'd do next.

For a long time we just stood there, staring at each other. At this rate, we were both going to die of old age before anything happened. Once more taking the offensive, I reached over, grabbed his cock, and squeezed. A shudder seemed to pass through his body.

His cock wasn't as big or as awesome as I had hoped it would be. But it was respectable and tightly circumcised; the head was bright pink and bullet-shaped, the pisshole yawning open like a fish gasping for air. I stroked it a few times. He didn't react. Only his cock throbbing in my hand gave any clue to his desires.

With one hand I reached down, whipped open my fly, and tugged loose my own cock. It was more than eager to feel the night air. He glanced down at it. His eyes quickly flashed back up to stare at me.

I grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand toward my eager hard-on. He flinched, resisting, trying to free his hand from my grasp. I won. Reluctantly he touched my cock. Anger flared across his face, but I ignored it. Fiercely, I clutched his wrist until slowly his fingers opened and closed slowly around my dick. He had a tight hold on my prick, and I loved it.

Slowly, without my urging, his fist moved slowly up and down the length of my cock. He was looking at it now. Yet I couldn't read the thoughts behind the mask.

"No," he mumbled, trying to take his hand off my pecker. He didn't succeed.

"Yes," I hissed at him—the first word I'd spoken.

His eyes flashed hatefully at me, but his hand kept up the slow, methodical stroking.

I reached up and clutched his shoulders. His eyebrows peaked, and then the martyred stare slipped back into his eyes. Slowly, I forced him down until he was kneeling on the floor.

He'd struggled a bit, releasing his grip on my cock, but he hadn't struggled enough to escape. He knelt now in front of me, a few inches in front of my dick. I knew he wasn't looking at it.

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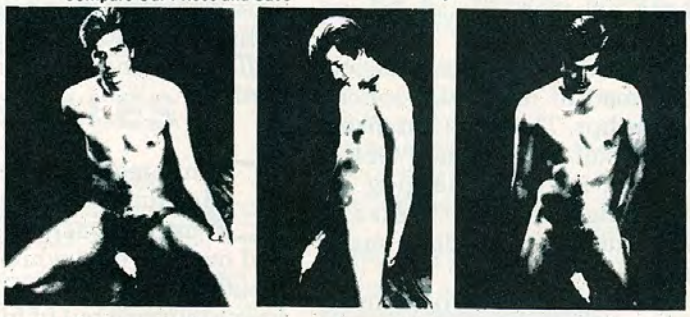

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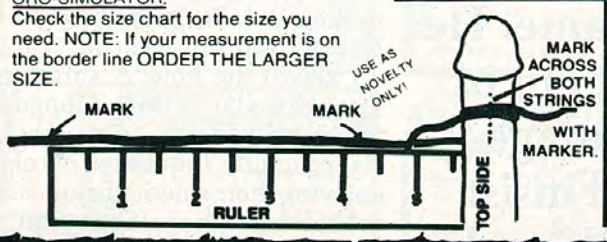

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THE LITTLE COLONEL

I knew he had his eyes closed. Fitzwater never could face it. And neither could any of the other "straight" cocksuckers who'd encountered my hard-on. It was the image again. If they didn't see it, it couldn't hurt them or their image.

Taking my cock in hand, I rubbed the head against the colonel's lips. He puckered sourly, trying to turn his head away. But I clamped my hands tightly against the sides of his head and held him in place. It had become a game. He would resist out of masculine image, and I would insist out of sexual need. I was horny now, and I was unashamedly into men. The colonel was in for a rough fuck.

He struggled even harder, but I held on. The head of my cock bounced against his lips. They'd all but disappeared in self-protection. I poked against him, my cock snagging his nose, scraping against his cheeks and his chin. The colonel needed a shave.

"Open up," I snarled.

For a moment, he didn't move, didn't respond. Then, slowly, angrily, his lips parted, and I felt the wet heat of his mouth on the head of my cock. I stabbed forward, only to jab against his teeth.

I slapped my hand against his left ear. "Open it up."

Reluctantly, his teeth separated, and my cock slid very slowly into his mouth. Only about half of it was inside before he gagged. I retreated a second and then slid it forward again. Once more, his throat constricted, but as he gulped, I shoved forward. My cock burst into the back of his throat.

He jerked violently, trying to pull away. But I held on to him, easing my hard-on out of his mouth and then sliding it forward again. Within seconds, my colonel had discovered the mysteries of masterful cocksucking. His throat opened, and my ten-incher was buried deep inside his mouth. I held his head tightly against my crotch. I could feel his breath snorting against my pubic hair. The colonel was trying to breathe. Victoriously, I let him.

We stood like that for several minutes, his mouth gliding warmly, passively, up and down the length of my cock. I felt my balls beginning to tighten. Semen was beginning to move deep inside of me, but I didn't want to come until I'd really gotten to know the colonel.

I pulled my hard-on out of his mouth. For a second, his lips puckered after it, but he slowly looked up at me and finally opened his eyes. I almost shot right there. The look of wounded innocence simmering in his blue eyes thrilled me. I grabbed my cock. It was wet from his spit.

Holding it up, I pulled his face into my crotch. I felt his breath on my balls. Reluctantly, I released my hold on his head and quickly undid my pants. As they slid to the floor, I stepped out of them and then my bikini briefs. All this time, the colonel knelt in front of me, watching me with wounded eyes and slowly, unconsciously, stroking the hard-on he still had jutting out from beneath his tunic.

Once more, I pulled his face up against my crotch. I rubbed my cock across his forehead and over his eyes while I forced his mouth against my balls. I sighed as his tongue slipped out of his mouth and grazed my wrinkled sac.

I let him lick my balls for a long time, my cock settling down for a long, satisfying fuck. I no longer had to hold his head. The colonel was willingly licking my crotch.

I clamped my hands tightly against his head and held him in place. It had become a game. He would resist out of masculine image, and I would insist out of sexual need.

Moving only slightly, I sat back on his desk, spreading my legs and reclining until I was lying on top of the papers still scattered across the top. He didn't even pause for a breath. Quickly, he began licking the insides of my thighs, the ridge of flesh beneath my balls, even the very edges of my ass crack. *My heterosexual colonel must have gotten horny,* I thought to myself.

Raising my legs, I opened my cheeks for him. Suddenly he didn't seem interested. Lifting himself, he licked the stem of my cock and then tried to force the head back into his mouth. But I had other things in mind. Reaching down, I grasped his head once more and forced it backward toward the crack of my ass. I wanted his tongue up my ass. I wanted the colonel to taste good old marine butt again. He resisted, but again I won. He snorted as I held his head between my cheeks.

But then, slowly, eyes still closed, he ran his tongue gently across my hole. I sighed as his tongue became even more insistent, more inquisitive.

Lying on my back amid the clutter of his lost career, I held his head tightly against my ass. I might turn out to be his bodyguard, but who would guard his body from me? His tongue was poking at my asshole, swirling around it. The colonel knew how to eat ass.

Pushing him away, I dropped my legs and stood up. His eyes blinked open. I grabbed his arms and pulled him up. Then, smiling at him, I turned him around and shoved him face-down across his desk.

The tunic slid up a bit and exposed the pale cheeks of his ass. The colonel had a lovely, lightly hairy butt. Now it was my turn.

Kneeling behind him, I cupped the cheeks of his ass tightly, rubbing them and pulling them apart. A thin line of hair nestled in the crack, fringing the tight hole. Now he didn't resist at all.

I kissed the hole. A shiver raced through his body. I let my tongue flutter over the length of his crack. He sighed loudly. I squeezed his cheeks, enjoying their smooth firmness. The colonel had a magnificent butt.

My tongue hit his hole, and he

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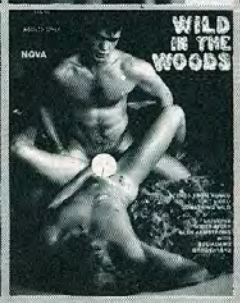

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THE LITTLE COLONEL

squirmed. I stabbed at it harder. It tasted of sweat and soap. The colonel kept himself clean. Slowly, ever so slowly, his sphincter opened up, and my tongue slipped inside. He tasted wonderful.

So this is what a conservative, born-again Christian asshole tastes like, I thought to myself. It tasted just like any other asshole I've ever had my tongue inside. He was squirming now and moaning. I just kept tongue-fucking him as I pushed the bottom of his tunic up across his back.

The colonel was nicely muscular, broad-shouldered and lean at the waist, with a dusting of freckles covering his back. With one hand, I reached between his legs and grabbed his cock. Another shudder rippled through his body. I held on to his dick, thinking how glad I was that I was going to fuck him. If he'd wanted to fuck me, I'd have been seriously disappointed. The colonel did not have the biggest dick I'd ever felt, and it wasn't big enough for me to eagerly want to sit on it. If you want to fuck a marine, it takes a lot of meat to do it.

I stood up, wet my fingers and cock, and pushed it quickly against his asshole.

"No", he snarled.

I slapped him fiercely across the ass just as I shoved my hard-on angrily against his super-tight little hole. He jerked away, but I caught him and stabbed my big cock at him again. This time it popped in, and he shuddered. My prick was inside his tight hole.

He shivered fiercely as I slowly poured my cock into him. He tried to stand, to pull away. I shoved my prick all the way inside him. He moaned, his asshole clenching tightly around my hard-on. The colonel was going to get fucked whether he wanted to or not.

"Please," he whimpered.

I pulled out a bit and then slid my dick home again. The cheeks of his ass felt wonderful, cushioning my hips as I forced my cock all the way inside him. It was getting easier; he was opening up. The famous martyred colonel was one magnificent fuck!

After pounding his ass doggy-style for a while, I jerked my cock out of his ass, turned him around, and shoved him back down onto his desk. Papers fluttered to the floor as I tugged his pants off his ankles. Then, raising his legs, I leaned over on top of him. His eyes were closed again.

Pulling his legs back, I leaned down over him and put my mouth against his. You would have thought I was a high-voltage wire. His eyes snapped open; his head jerked away. He looked absolutely scandalized. He could suck my cock and eat my ass. I could even fuck him. But kiss? It was unthinkable that one man should kiss another.

Holding his legs in place, I grabbed his head for the third time, held him angrily in place, and forced my mouth down on his. He moaned again and struggled, but I won again. Whimpering, he finally opened his mouth a little, and my tongue shot into it. Little by little, the kiss became more mutual.

My cock, dry again, hovered just above his tight asshole. As the kiss became warmer, more passionate, I tensed my hips and shoved. My cock scraped the hole, started to bend, and then plunged inside. He groaned deep in his throat. But he lay there passively with my cock now all the way inside his glorious ass and my tongue plowing into his throat.

This is what the colonel wanted, I thought as I fucked him harder and harder. It wouldn't be long now. Shooting my load had become urgent, and it was going to be way up inside him. His ass was going to remember me.

The kiss became fiercer, more demanding. Unbelievably, his arms slipped up around my back. Hugging me, fighting to get his tongue into my mouth, he rocked back and forth with the thunderous fucking I was giving him. I felt him gasp, jerk, and shudder, and come shot out of his cock, across his pubic hair, and onto the tunic. The proud uniform of the Marine Corps was being baptized with the equally proud juice of a magnificent marine. Semen clung to his medals and his ribbons. He moaned louder as I pounded harder and harder into his ass. It was close now, very close. I was going to fill his ass with hot marine come—my come. This was how I was going to guard his body.

I came hysterically, my eyes closed, my body jerking uncontrollably. Again and again I came, shooting all over my shirt, my chin, and even my forehead.

Finally, my come dribbled off. My cock was slick and very tender. I hadn't realized I'd been grasping it so tightly. Opening my eyes, I stared at the television set. He was still there, answering each question with the usual double-talk.

The camera moved into a close-up of the marine colonel resplendent in his khaki uniform, his medals and ribbons cluttering his chest.

"The shredding of the documents was done to protect national security," he stated defensively, a look of quiet resolve—of wounded innocence—filling his eyes. "It was not done to conceal anything from the committee."

I watched for a few more minutes until my body repaired all the short circuits caused by the massive ejaculation. Then, with sticky fingers, I grabbed the remote-control unit and changed the channel.

The colonel had been one hell of a fuck, but like all men, once I've come, I don't really want to see his face again.

The next channel was showing some Hawaiian mystery. I watched the screen for a moment. Lots of beefcake in prime time. The hero of the show was arguing with his sidekick about something or other; both of them were wearing tight boxer swimtrunks.

I wonder. . . .

The beach is deserted. I lie quietly on the sand, waiting. He jogs up, smiles, and drops onto the sand beside me.

"Hi," he says. "You do know this is a private beach."

"Good," I reply as I grab him in my arms and kiss him. Startled, he tries to pull away, but I'm bigger and stronger. After a second, I feel his lips opening, his tongue slipping out to meet mine. The kiss is only beginning as the sun begins to dip, orange and fiery, into the Pacific.

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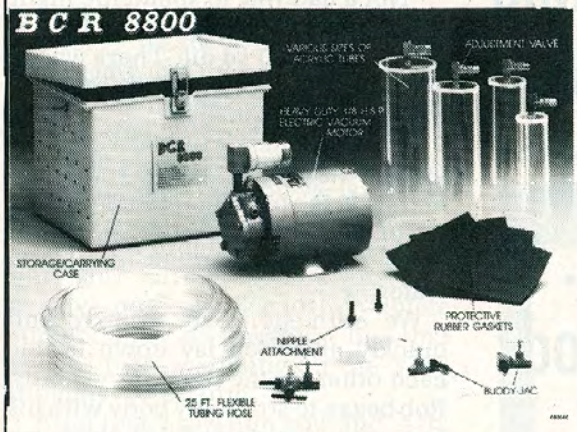

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Continued from page 24

VIDEO AIN'T HALF THE REVOLUTION

My friends say I'm something of a dinosaur—that I'm still living in the Dark Ages. Well, maybe that was true. I mean, my car is pre-1970, I don't own anything designer, and I hate terra-cotta. I didn't even own a VCR until a few months ago. And you know what? My friends were right: It changed my life.

I really went to town the first month I got it. I joined three different video clubs just so I wouldn't look like a steady customer in any one of them. I mean, you see a guy renting a couple of fuck films every three weeks or so, and you think nothing of it. Right?

My evenings were filled with nonstop dick and buckets of come. The luscious dicks on-screen filled my living room with extra-close-ups, close up enough for me to see right down the piss slit.

Seeing the dick is great, mind you. But when that's all you're getting, well, it's kind of rough on the groin, you know?

It was when I got really tired of jacking off alone that I first noticed Rob. He was the clerk at one of the video stores. The selection at that outlet sucked, and within three months, I'd completely cleaned out the adult section with no problem. But after a closer look at Rob, I decided to peruse it all over again.

He was a short, stocky redhead. His thighs were like tree trunks, and I wondered when in hell he had the time to work out. He was in the store all the time. His wavy, thick hair was cut short. I liked it; it made him look like a lifeguard.

His body was well-defined all over, especially his chest. The way he wore his tank tops drove me right over the edge when I could catch a glimpse of his cute little tits.

I could see that he had a hell of a basket under his Jockeys. And his tight butt took up whatever extra fabric was left over from the front of his pants.

After a while, we began getting into conversations about the films. At first I would just ask his opinion on this or that, wondering which would be a good buy. And he always gave me straight advice.

I have to admit, though, walking out of there without attracting attention after one of our talks got to be kind of difficult. I found it harder and harder to hide my stiff prick.

Then one day, I was feeling randy as a rabbit, and I decided to take a stroll down to the video store. Rob was there at the counter, as usual, as if he had been waiting for me.

No sooner had I walked through the door than he dived under the counter and emerged with a little black cassette case.

"What's that?" I asked, my cock beginning to awaken.

"Check it out."

"A biker film?"

"You got it! I saved a copy just for you. It wasn't easy, man. The other dozen went like hotcakes as soon as I put the poster up."

"Hey, thanks a lot." I grabbed the case, and as I started to walk out the door, a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"So, Rob," I turned around to face him. "How is it?"

He grinned. "Haven't seen it yet."

Very gently, Rob began to stroke my body with his fingertips. Our cocks stood at attention, head-to-head, barely touching.

"Well, would you like. . .? I mean, what if it's a dud?"

"Tell you what, Brian," he said. "Let's check it out here. That way, if you don't like it, you don't have to pay for it."

"Good enough," I said.

We both retreated to the back room where they fix the rental VCRs. Rob ran out into the store and locked up, putting the "Out to Lunch" sign in the window. He was whistling happily as he drew back the velvet curtain and stepped into the darkness with me.

"Here," he said. He took the tape from my sweaty hands and popped it into the slot. Turning the TV on, we were bathed in the blue snow coming from the screen. Then the trumpets started, and a giant penis appeared on the screen.

"Hot Rod Productions" flashed across the TV screen, and a few minutes later, a hot-looking dude was stripping before my eyes. There was only one chair, so Rob and I took a seat on the floor, straining to see the TV, which was above our normal field of vision.

It didn't take long for the action to start. Before I knew it, the TV screen was a mass of bare butts and throbbing dicks, occasionally covered in thick, white juice. It was definitely worth the $3.

"Not a bad way to spend the night, huh?" I joked. My cock was aching so badly, I thought I'd die. There was no way on God's green earth that Rob wasn't getting hot too.

In the darkness, I reached over and groped his steamy crotch. It was wet and slick, the precome already oozing out of the zipper. We didn't say a word as we took to each other like fish to water.

We both stripped silently and quickly and then lay down beside each other on the floor. Very gently, Rob began to stroke my body with his fingertips. He started just above my knee (as far down as he could reach) and lightly grazed my side up to the nape of my neck. Our cocks stood at attention, head-to-head, barely touching. His body was beautiful in the blue light of the television, and I admired his red pubes.

I closed my eyes and let every nerve of my body enjoy the sensations one at a time. His fingers glided over every curve and contour of my body, and on the downstroke, he barely brushed my cock— enough to make me want more but not enough to make me shoot. He definitely knew what he was doing.

Trying to reciprocate—and trying to enjoy it slowly—I let my hand fall to his hip. My fingers massaged his firm ass, gripping a mound of flesh. As I pulled tighter, he moaned and leaned into me enough for my fingertips to reach his ass crack.

They slid in quickly and deftly, and soon I was feeling the inside of his ass while he bucked and moaned in rhythm with my caresses. Silently, I rose and crawled onto his back, forcing him down, face first, on the plush rug. My rod was slick as spit already, and all I needed to do was point it in the right direction.

I found his hole with my cock head, and it popped in easily. He lifted his hips off the floor slightly to accommodate my entire nine-incher. We moved as one, much like the men on the screen, except that I got the feeling there was more to our session. Everything was perfect; every sound, every sensation, every movement fit like a glove. It was a fantasy, and I hated to speak, for fear it would burst and I'd awake in a wet bed once again.

I kissed his neck and nibbled his ear as I fucked him from behind. He softly murmured nasty suggestions, and I had to strain to pick them up. When I did, they just got me hotter.

Then Rob started to rock back and forth to silent music. Soon we were lying on our sides like spoons in a drawer. I reached around his hips once again and took hold of his dripping dick. I matched my every forward thrust with a stroke on his rod. He closed his eyes, imagining that he was fucking my ass. So we lay there, fucking each other in our dreams.

But even dreams come to an end, and our climax came quietly, slowly—no fireworks, just complete surrender. It was nothing like that shit I'd been watching on the TV. I thought I loved him.

After that, I saw him now and then. We never needed another film to get us up, but we'd watch one occasionally just to remember that sweaty afternoon on the floor in the back room of the video store.

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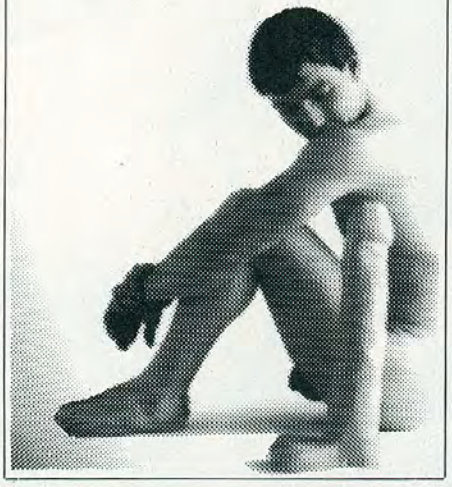

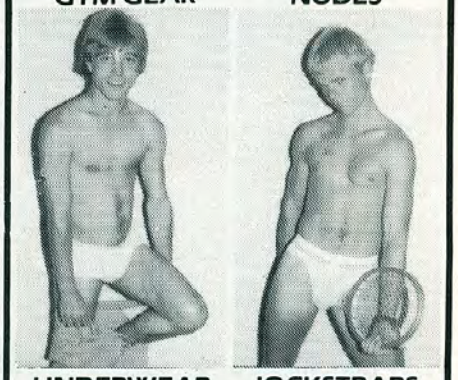

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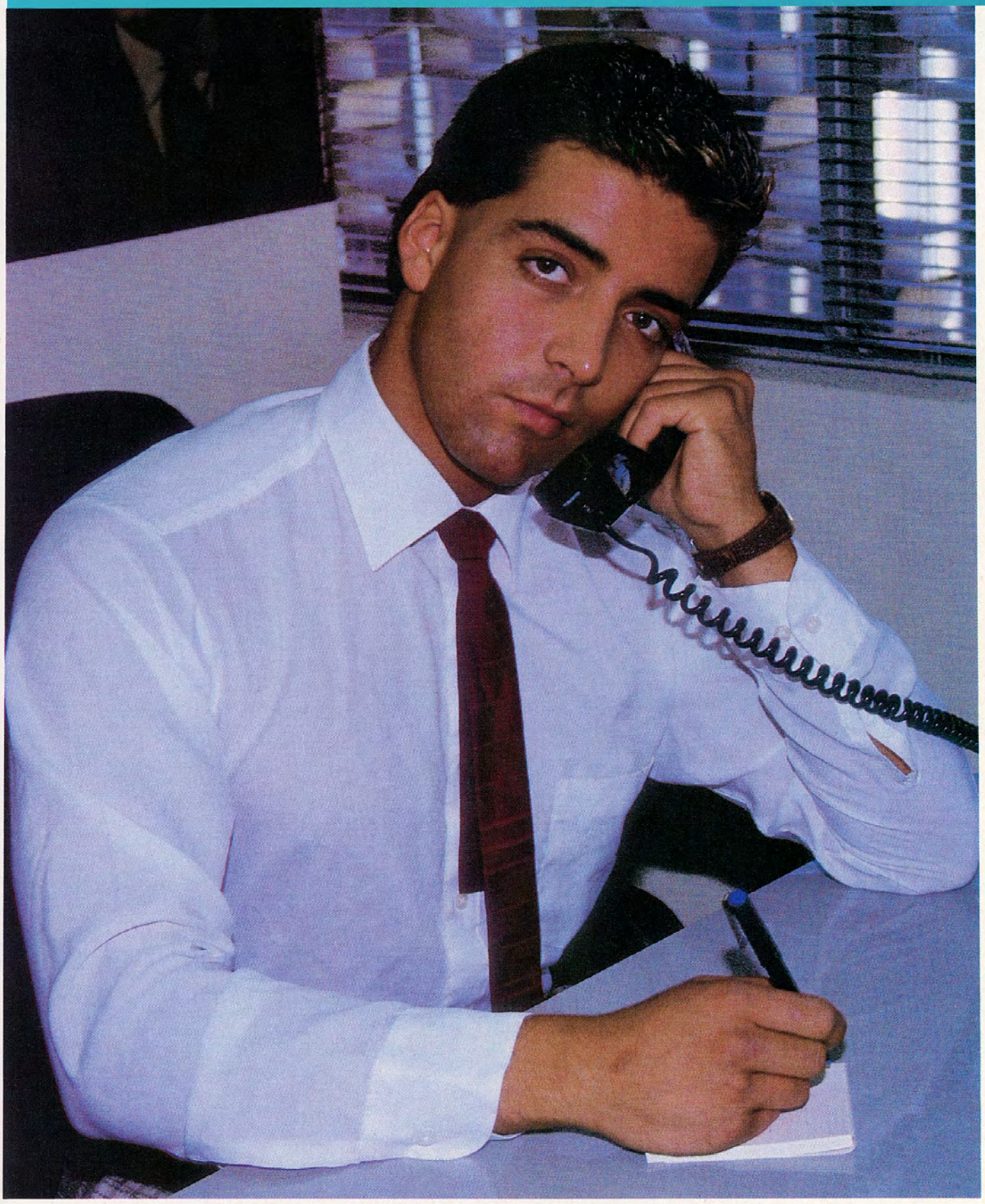
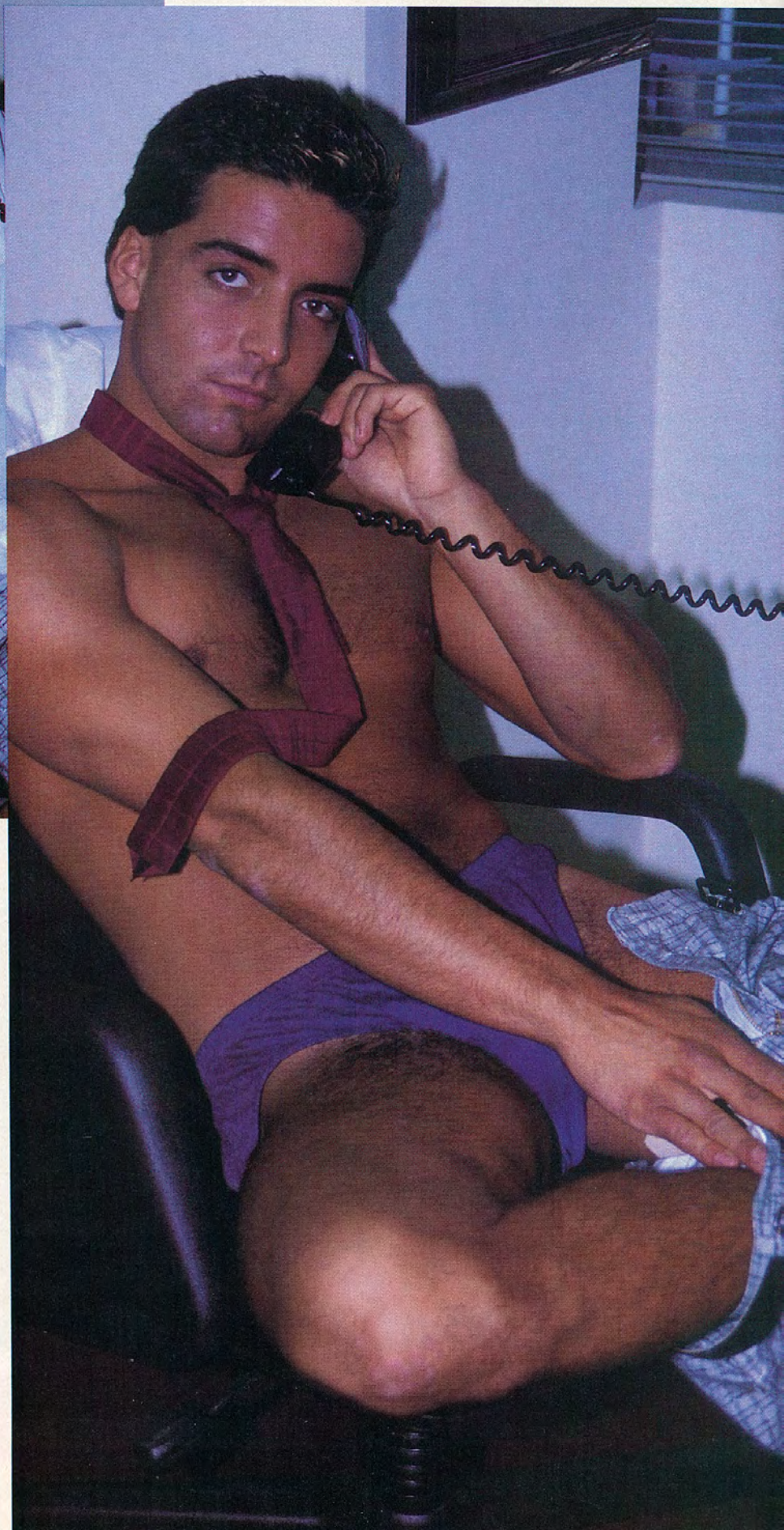


RICKY BELL

Photos by Avatar



"I knew you'd dial my number sooner or later, 'cause when you think about it, two bucks don't mean a hell of a lot, do they? Now the first thing we gotta do is get you ready. Take those off. No, I said *off*—all the way—or I'll rip 'em to shreds with my teeth. Slide 'em over that nice, creamy-white ass. Yeah, that's it."

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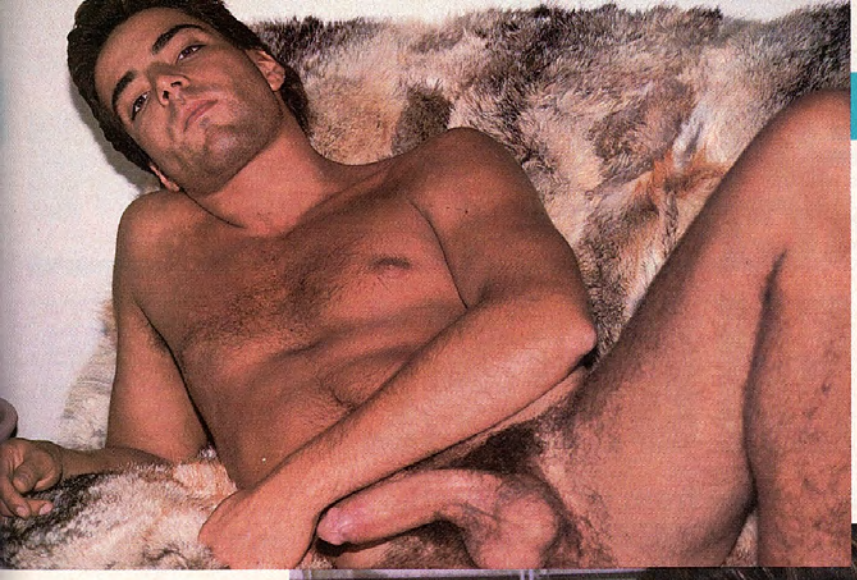
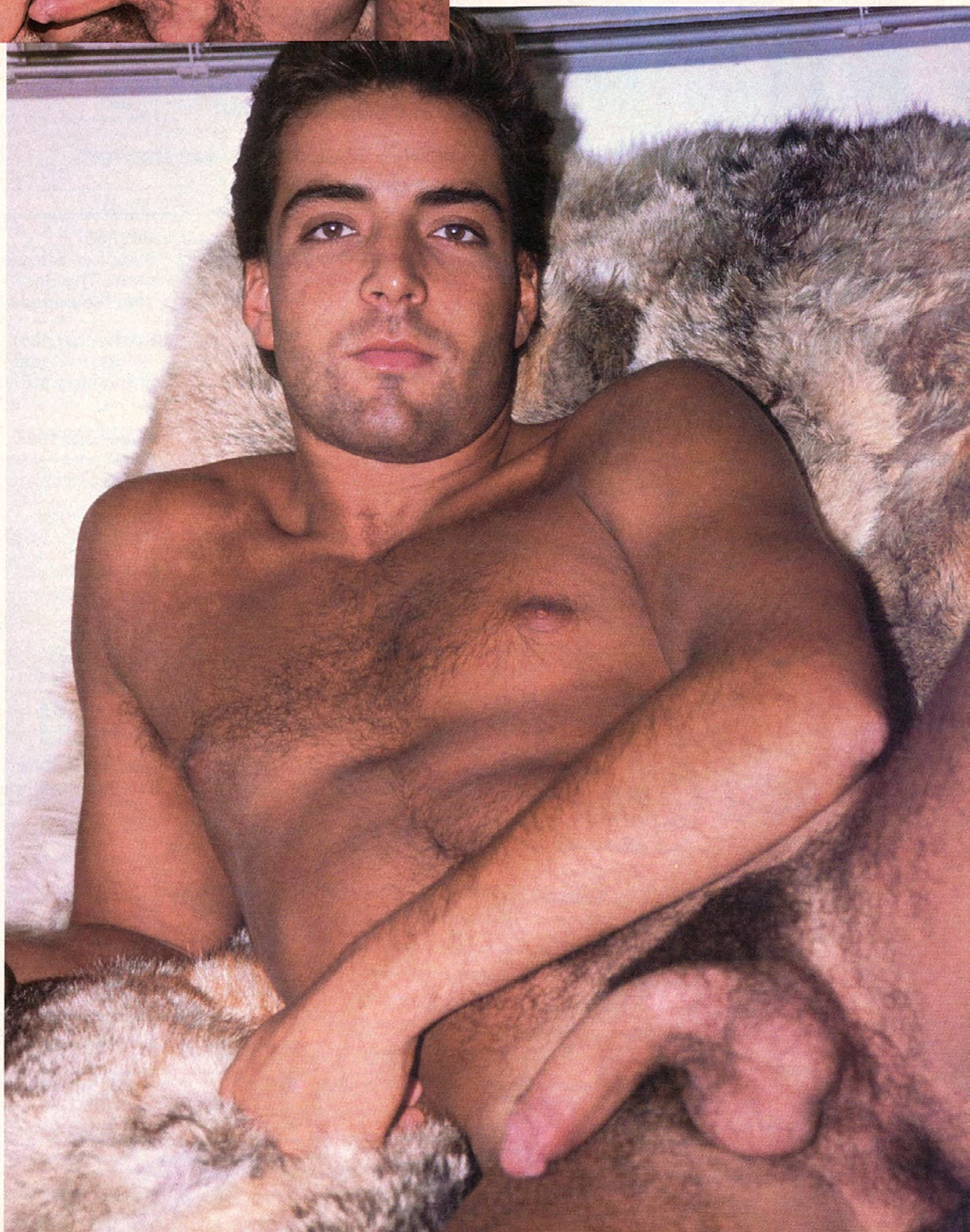
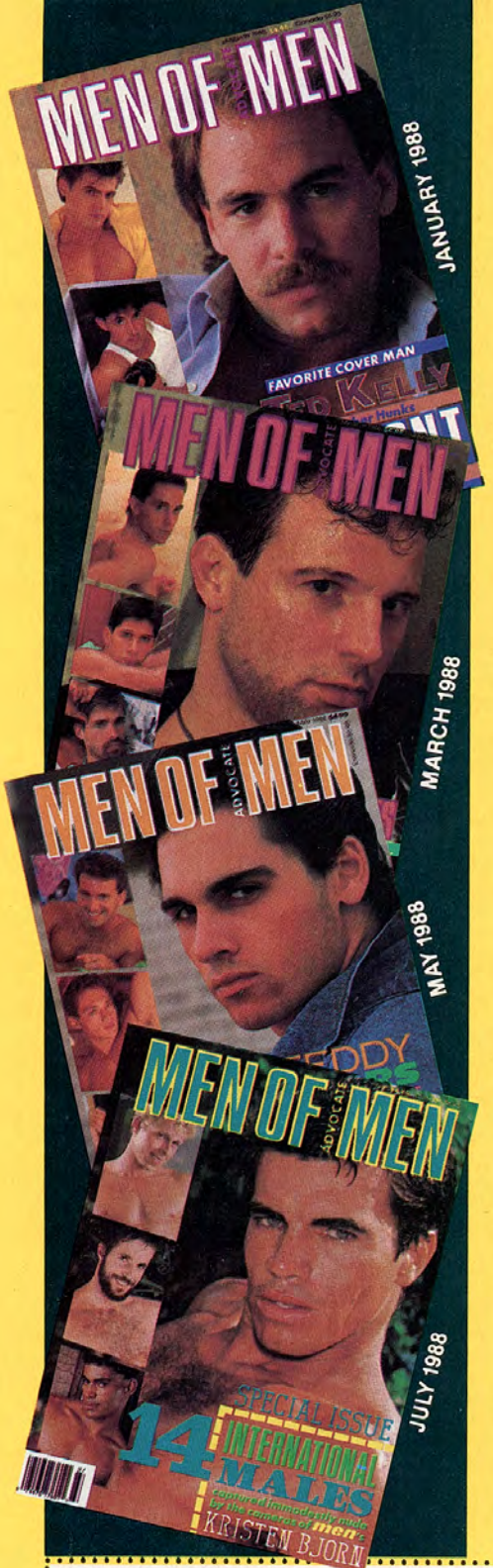
"Man, where'd you ever get a fat piece like this? I don't think I can. . . . Wait! No, wait. Holy. . . ah, there. Oh, yeah, that feels good. Harder. Shove it all the way up. C'mon, harder! Harder! No, don't pop it yet! Wait for me. OK, here I go. Together now. . . ah! That was great. Hey, call again sometime, OK?"







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MEN classifieds

PERSONALS

Southern California

HOT COLORADO MODEL

Gdlkg, athletic, healthy, blond ex-gymnast, 25 seeks wealthy generous professional, 25-50 for frndship & housing when I move to CA this fall. San Diego OK too. Write to: Brad, PO Box 1215, C. Springs, CO 80901.

I Wanna Be Your Man!

This attractive g/W/m 30, 6', 150#, blond/blue, healthy and active is seeking g/L or g/W/m's for fun and possible relationship. Slim/lean/smooth preferred. Reply to MEN Box #5056555.

GAY ROOMMATE CONTACT

West Hollywood (213) 650-6334
Long Beach (213) 630-3040
Orange Co. (714) 548-1714

SEXY SURFER 19

Typical surfer jock: blond/blue, well defined swimmers bod, lookin for other hot surfers/jocks to "ride the waves" with. I'm new to this and want to learn with another guy who is not sure of his feelings also. We can explore and have a great time together. Be legit! Send photo/phone # to MEN Box #5052293. (I still live at home, so discretion is a must!!)

Train Me!

This cute, attractive, unique W/m, 25, 5'10", 150#, br/bl, slim, needs to be told what to do. Take me away with you to your hidden pleasure palace and make me over. I am a novice and want to learn with a kind, passionate, strong, well muscled, handsome, masculine, young Master who knows how to treat a new-comer to the scene, where he won't be scared or driven to run off. A successful "Big Brother" type would be great. Someone I could look up to. Serious only! Please include a recent photo with way of contact. Reply to MEN Box #5055291. Thank You!

L.A. sincere, honest, romantic g/W/m, 26, professional, 5'9", 180#, br/bl, looking for relationship. Likes fun times, outdoors, dancing. Seeking straight acting professional or student, 18-26. Prefer blondes or jet black hair. Reply with photo to MEN Box #5252309.

Northern California

LOOKING FOR LOVE?

Or a playmate to share good times? Tired of the bar games? Let's talk! Me: g/W/m, 38, blond, green eyes, masculine, hung, big balls, 175#, 5'10", handsome, body builder. Neg-HIV. Love to party, hike, outdoor sex, anywhere long hot session with animal type man. You: g/W/m-probably Latin, 23-40, handsome, HIV-Neg, 5'6" or taller, non-smoker, smooth, masculine. Call Jim before 10p-PST in N. Calif. No J/O. Men only. (415) 647-3068.

ONE GOOD MAN WANTED

G/W/m, 28, interested in more serious relationship. Must be trim and nonsmoker. Libertarian philosophy a plus. Photo appreciated. Mark, 2215-R Market St. #140-M, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Connecticut

Masculine g/W/m intelligent, athletic, 30, 6', 175#, seeks similar g/W/m, 20-35, athl. BB, for friendship and discreet safe sex. Photo/phone to PO Box 213, Waterbury, CT 06720.

Florida

G/W/couple, 37/29 years old, German/Hispanic features respectively, seeks 3 (or 4) way during your visit to Florida. Locals welcome. Write with photo/ description to MEN Box #5252429. Hot times assured.

Married businessman needs model types for weekly daytime safe fun. Visitors, married, handicap welcome. Picture, particulars: Box 5245, Largo, FL 34649-5245.

Illinois

Masculine, horny g/W/c, 40/41, seeks to meet other hot couples for totally safe voyeuristic encounters. Have playroom to share. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641.

Logical Option?

Me: Smart, racially mixed, top, musc, masc, dominant, handsome, and loving. You: The "unknown factor"! Us: Could be! Write (Ron) and convince me. Reply to MEN Box #5151319.

HORNY G/W/M 28, 5'10", 150#

Attractive and well hung, is looking to meet same. Attractive and well hung is a must. Please send letter with photo and I will reply promptly with same. No fats, fems or prisoners. Reply to: J. Norton, PO Box 1556, Belleville, IL 62223.

White male, 29, 5'8", 175#, cleancut. Looking for friendship/relationship. I'm a county gay and live near Galena, IL. I enjoy many things and looking for the right person. Reply to MEN Box #5252319.

Indiana

Wanted: son for father fig. Ltr/shirtless pic. PO Box 241041, Indpls, IN 46224.

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Life is the only thing we know a little about. Friendship is the most valuable thing we can obtain. To know someone cares–that someone is thinking about you. It's not heavy–I'm your brother! Please write–your photo gets mine. Lovers most welcome. John Riordan, 191 Court Rd., Winthrop, MA 02152. Thank you.

Michigan

G/W/m, 45, 6', 175#, prof, seeks W/m, 18-40, for occas contact, good times. Safe only. Very discreet. Reply: Occupant, PO Box 902, Flint, MI 48502. Married or Bi ok.

Mississippi

HCP W/m, 35, 6'2", 180#, br/br, eductd, prof, seeks wght trnr. Reply to MEN Box #5151329.

Missouri

G/W/m 30, 5'10", 145#, goodlkg, str act. Sks new friend, this new town, w/pn#, write, Kevin, PO Box 3463, Joplin, MO 64804.

White male, 25, brown hair, brown eyes, 160#, 6', thin but toned body. I am new and unexperienced in the Gay world. I am looking for a masculine body who is emotionally and physically stable. I am looking for someone to be true & faithful with a possible long term sexual relationship. Please send photos of yourself and your personal data to: Rick E., PO Box 6743, Leawood, KS 66206 (a suburb of Kansas City). I will respond.

New York

W/m, 35, artist/philosopher, intelligent, sensitive, understanding, spiritual, loving, romantic,–looking for one special person who seeks greater meaning in life. Write w/photo: PO Box 843, NY, NY 10163.

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CANING!

The way you dreamed it, from handsome, smart, strict g/W/m, 5'10", 165#, brown hair: PO Box 1156 Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028.

I have permanently removed my pubic hair. Like to hear from others also into Baldcock. PO Box 1021, Syracuse, NY 13201.

Oregon

40 y.o. g/W/m disabled Vietnam Vet/full-time student at Sonoma State University, Rohnert, Park, CA. Seeking relationship with intent to remain HIV neg as only restriction/definition. Ed Mays, R.N., Box 4387, Medford, OR 97501.

Pennsylvania

HOT ITALIANS

Ralph and Gio. (215) 698-2441. Hndsm, friendly, well-built.

Virginia

No. VA g/W/m, early 40's, 5'11", 165#, bl/bl, hairy chest, prof, stable, successful. Varied interests. Top. Relationship oriented, prefer smooth chest. No drugs. Photo if poss. PO Box 523, Great Falls, VA 22066.

Wisconsin

Hairy, Horny g/W/m, 35, seeks J/O buddies for hot safe sex sessions, nude foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

Nationwide

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I would like to hear from handicapped Gay males and others. Your interests, hobbies, work. Be explicit as you like. Address to: J.M. Bonner, Rt. 1, Box 149, Dunlap, TN 37327.

Sweet loveable ynger (18+) guy (well hung helps) wted for perm rel here by ynglking 38, 6', 185#, lvyed guy. Help build homelife for us! You don't need to be perfect. I'm not. Just loveable, affec, wling work things out. Jeff, 50 Follen St. #507, Cambridge, MA 02138.

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G/W/m, 34, experienced, capable, nice guy, discreet. Seeking sympathetic employment. Reply to MEN Box #5252409.

Cute, 18, virgin. Looking for pen pal to exchange stories, photos, and maybe sex. Tell me about Gay life. Please write to: Jeff Williams, PO Box 8244, Vallejo, CA 94590.

Models Wanted!

Have you ever fantasized about being a professional nude model, but just weren't sure if you had what it takes? Let me be the judge. I am looking for men of any age (18+) or race, must have 2 out of 3 things: looks, body, or size. We pay $500 per session. Video work also available. Call for appointment: Send nude photo with erection to MEN Box #9600111.

Dutch boy, 28 years, 75 kilos, 1.92 meters, dark hair, no mustache/beard, with a great sense of humor, social worker. Always trying to see the positive side of everything. Enjoys swimming, reading, walking, meeting people, etc. I want to learn more about the American way of life (are all men macho, do all women scream when they see a mouse?). If you feel like writing, send your letter with foto, to: Ton Goes, Grietstraat 23, 3514 VH Utrecht, HOLLAND.

Australian guy visiting LA 7/12-10/12, San Francisco 10/12-17/12, and Hawaii from 6/1/89-13/1/89, wants friends, possible accomodation to show me around. I'm 20, friendly, honest, and loveable. Please write ASAP. Darren, 1/12 Alvarado Court, Broadbeach Waters, Gold Coast, 4217 AUSTRALIA.

HI EVERYBODY!

MY NAME'S TAPIO. I'M MALE, AGED 22, LIVING IN HELSINKI, FINLAND. MY HOBBIES ARE MUSIC, SPORT, READING, DRAWING, ARCHITECTURE, SO ON. I WOULD LIKE TO WRITE WITH SPORTY + GOOD-LOOKING MEN AGED 18-28 ALL OVER THE WORLD, BUT ESPECIALLY STATES AND CANADA. PLEASE USE YOUR CHANCE NOW!! REPLY TO MEN BOX #5252419.

Maspeth-Queens-NYC g/W/m, 45, tall, slm, sks Latino 18-35 for share love & home. PO Box 647, Maspeth, NY 11328. (718) 424-1064.

Wanted 2 elderly g/W/m to share my lovely home in Central Florida. Will provide beautiful clean home including all meals, laundry, phone, large room with private bath. Must be able to care for your personal needs. I am honest and sincere. I care. George, PO Box 854, Eustis, FL 32727.

Canada

Montreal friends sought-g/W/m, 35, 5'9", 145#, dk hair some gray, mustache, gd looking, seeks to meet g/m's from Montreal, 28-40, who are friendly, caring and gd looking, mustaches-beards a plus, for close friendship, possibly sex. I come to Montreal frequently and would like to have friends to spend time with, maybe stay with. I would welcome you to stay with me in Boston if you would like. Please write to: Michael Binari, 23 Elston St., Somerville, MA 02144. Merci!

International

Gay White professional male, seeking correspondence with Gay White Australian males, coming down under: Joseph H. Simoneaux, PO Box 7522, Houston, TX 77270.

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Serious kink videos for the connoisseur. You won't believe what you'll see. Heavy S/M, bondage, spanking, head & body shaving, scat, enemas, W/S, all fetishes, T/T, fisting, V/A, dildos, foodsex, leather. Not for wimps. Hot illustrated catalog only $3 from:

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Hot Young (18+) Guys in briefs, jocks, swimwear and completely nude, get it hard, show it all, and J/O in color photos and slides. Catalog 1 contains five actual photos and set descriptions. Send $5 and state over 21.

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Publications

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Find serenity and acceptance within yourself. For information, write: Resources For Human Development, Box 8036, Fresno, CA 93747.

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Removable Tattoos

Look like real. Last for days. Won't wash off. Remove with oil. Eagles, Dragons, etc. Details: Donald Long, 7985 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 109/206-AM, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

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NEW...
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Has AC/DC plug and 10'' cord. No batteries. $19.95 postpaid: Continental Spectator, 1472 Broadway #604-AM, NYC 10036.

Miscellaneous

MALE
CELEBRITY NUDES
Seeking nude or revealing/basket photos or VHS of male stars. Any source. Will buy or trade. PO Box 2201, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

Clubs

''BIG RED''
International club for guys with red hair. Box 190174, Dallas, TX 75219-0174.

HAIRY MEN/HAIRFANS CONTACTS
Infopixpak $3.00: Hair, 59 West 10th, NYC 100011.

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THE NATION'S FINEST

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WE TRAVEL WORLDWIDE

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G Q Model

★Mario Santino★
A totally masculine, totally versatile, 25yo, smooth, lean, very muscular, young man who loves mixing affection and safe hot action.

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ARE YOU OVER 45?
Yng (18+), affectionate, smooth, well-defined gymnast genuinely prefers mature men to massage. Others please don't call. Jeremy (213) 650-6775.

Beercan dick! Long, thick, + hard! Guaranteed! Jay: 936-2451 (In).

Hispanic

5'8'', 155#, brn eyes, blk hair, built tight & hung. Gentlemen over 40 preferred. Antonio (213) 663-5024.

MAN WITH 10
Play with 10'' rocket shaped tool on blond gym body. Conor (213) 662-0279.

A Real Man

39 6'3'' 230#
USE YOUR HOT MOUTH!
Jack-Husky Healthy Hairy–
24 Hours---(213) 469-6020.

Jerry has a big one for generous men 40 or older-(213) 381-7909, 24 hr service in or out, films and massage.

UCLA Stud.

Personable, honest, handsm and educ guy is avail for Swedish oil mass for sophisticated gentlemen. Hotel calls welcome. Greg:

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Personable, handsm, educ guy is avail for a Swed mass. You owe it to your body. Hotel calls welcome. Chris.

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★ Italian ★
And
★ German ★
All in a California raised hunk. 6', 180#, sexy looks on a young (18+) very muscular body with a washboard stomach.

Kris
(213) 850-0263

★★Jason★★

HANDSOME, CLEANCUT 25YR MODEL. WELL-HUNG. HOT BOTTOM. DISCREET.
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Northern California

OAKLAND PHALLIC LUV
Like to party? Have a smoke & drink. Relax. Hot man to man action. Experienced gentle top into J/O, verbal, Fr a/p, Gr/a, exhibitionism, voyeurism, safe attractive guy, 5'5'', 135#, hairy, hung. $70/hour in. Also overnite rates.

Marc
(415) 444-3204

Beautiful 9'' Cut Cock

Extra Large
SUPER LOW HANGING
Balls
26 years old, 6'1'', 160#, blond hair, blue eyes, swimmer, body builder defined chest, rippled stomach. Must see to believe. Professional massage available. All calls are personal, discreet, and confidential. S.F.

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Hot, gdlkg, sexy guy. Rockhard muscled Marine type. Healthy. Anytime. (415) 753-8604, Boyd.

Horny All Amer

Hot,friendly dude, versatile goodlooking+hung 5'11''175# br/gr 81/2''swimmerstud Scott (415) 825-2433 in out

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CLAUDE MR FRANCE
MASSIVE MUSCLES
6, 220#, 50c, 19a, 30w, defined, smooth, tan, handsome, huge, hard body, hot man, safe sex. Real muscles in action. Call for the best travel.

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Men of Choice
Providing 2 selections of discreet personable healthy models with accurate discriptions. Reservations and travel welcomed.

(404) 350-0791
Positions Available

Illinois

Male Call

MODELS•ESCORTS
Healthy, fun and willing to please you!!

CHICAGO (312) 472-1927
VISA/MasterCard/Amex accptd

HOW TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED AD:

STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS

COMPOSE YOUR AD What do you want to say? On scrap paper practice the wording of your ad. What can you abbreviate to save space and money? Please note that we will not print ads submitted by or directed at minors. We always reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

CHOOSE FROM FIVE TYPE STYLES Larger type assures that your ad will get noticed. Have a headline? Want your name or phone number to be highlighted? See samples of type and price info.

ADD A SYMBOL—$10.00 fee per symbol. Over two dozen to select from. Symbols are placed anywhere in your ad for extra visibility. You may use up to two symbols per line.

GET A MEN BOX NUMBER—$7.00 fee. For only $7 per issue, you can have the responses to your PERSONAL ad sent to a reply box, and we'll forward your responses to you. It's convenient, and protects your privacy too!

FILL IN THE GRID Use the guide over the grid to determine the number of spaces available for the type size you have selected. The number of boxes per line varies, depending upon the size of type. *Use one box for each letter, punctuation mark, or space between your words. And* ***please print*** *carefully.*

INDICATE THE CATEGORY Use the space to the right of the grid to suggest a heading for your PERSONAL or MODEL/MASSEUR ad (example: "Illinois" "Nationwide"), or your MAIL SHOP ad (example: "Film & Video" "Clubs" "Pix"). Please remember that the we reserve the right to make the final determination for the best classification of your ad.

INCLUDING YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER—$5.00 fee. All telephone numbers appearing in ads must be verified. This means that we must speak with the person placing the ad at the number which appears in the ad.

ASKING FOR MONEY TO BE SENT TO A P.O. BOX? California Business & Professional Code, Section #17538.5 states that the complete street address from which the business is actually conducted must appear in all advertising and promotional materials when monies are requested to be sent to a P.O. Box.

QUALIFY FOR A DISCOUNT If you plan to run your ad in 6 or 12 consecutive issues, you are entitled to a discount! Figure out the cost of one ad, multiply by the number of issues your ad will appear in, and subtract the appropriate discount amount.

OBSERVE THE DEADLINES All ads must be received in our office by the deadline. Ads which arrive after the deadline will be automatically scheduled for the next issue. It is the responsibility of the advertisers to submit their ads in time for the deadline. No exceptions.

SEND ORDER TO: LPI, Attn: Classifieds, P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371. Payment must accompany all ads in the form of personal check, money order, or Visa or Mastercard information. SIGNATURE REQUIRED ON ALL ORDERS.

REMEMBER

TELEPHONE VERIFICATION—$5.00 fee. You must give us a specific time when we can reach you to verify the phone number in your ad. Please indicate the best days and times (indicate a.m. or p.m.) in the space provided below the grid on the next page. *If we cannot reach you for verification, your ad will not appear.* A verified number remains in our computer list for 6 months and then must be reverified by the advertiser. It is the responsibility of the advertiser to know when his/her phone number needs to be reverified.

TO CHANGE YOUR AD—$15.00 fee. Send your payment of $15 along with written changes to our office. Observe the deadlines! Changes will **not** be accepted over the telephone.

CANCELLATION—$20.00 fee. If you wish to cancel your ad which has been submitted, please send your request in writing to our office. There is a $20 cancellation fee which will be deducted from your refund.

OBTAINING A BOX NUMBER Classified advertisers in the PERSONALS may obtain a reply box number to receive reply mail from their ads. $7 per issue. This covers assigning you a box number and forwarding all replies to you once a week in a plain L.P. Inc. envelope. We forward replies for a full six weeks after the ad appears.

Just indicate the number of issues you want your ad and box number to run, and include the $7 per-issue fee. Be sure to end your ad with the words: "**Reply to MEN Box #_____.**" (We fill in the number.)

Note: We will forward only letters to boxholders. Box numbers may not be used for sending or receiving goods or payments of any kind, nor for the distribution of bulk mail circulars. We reserve the right to refuse to grant box numbers.

REPLYING TO A BOX NUMBER

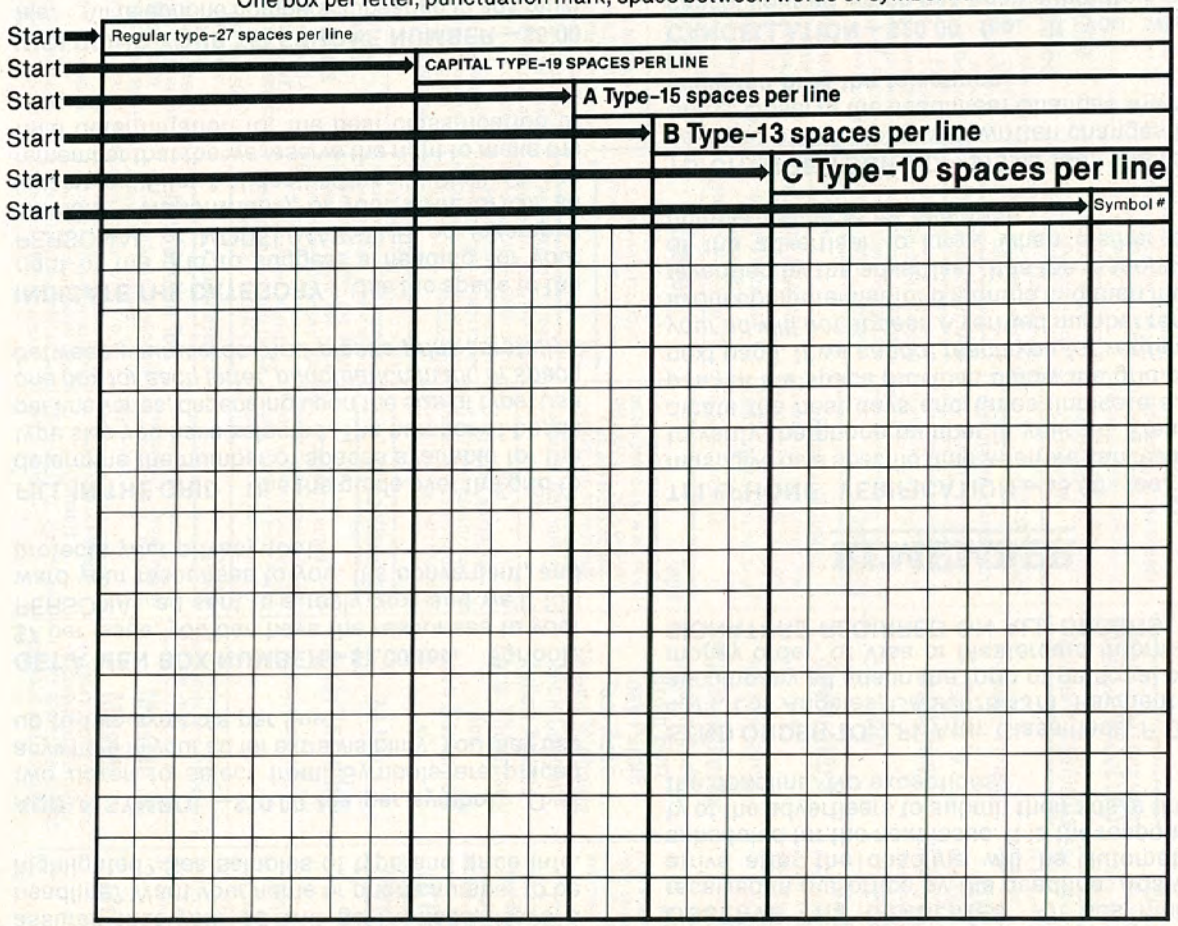
Address your reply as follows:
MEN Box #
LPI
Attn: Classifieds
PO Box 4371
Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEADLINE IS 12 NOON ON FRIDAYS

Cover Date	Vol./Issue	Ad Deadline	On Sale
Nov '88	88/11	Jun 24, '88	Sep 6, '88
Dec '88	88/12	Jul 22, '88	Oct 4, '88
Jan '89	89/01	Aug 19, '88	Nov 1, '88
Feb '89	89/02	Sep 23, '88	Dec 6, '88
Mar '89	89/03	Oct 14, '88	Jan 3, '89
Apr '89	89/04	Nov 18, '88	Feb 7, '89
May '89	89/05	Dec 16, '88	Mar 7, '89
Jun '89	89/06	Jan 13, '89	Apr 4, '89
Jul '89	89/07	Feb 10, '89	May 2, '89
Aug '89	89/08	Mar 10, '89	Jun 6, '89
Sep '89	89/09	Apr 14, '89	Jul 4, '89
Oct '89	89/10	May 19, '89	Aug 1, '89

USE THIS GRID TO PLACE YOUR AD IN *MEN*

One box per letter, punctuation mark, space between words or symbol number.



Return this form with your payment to:

LPI
Attn: Classifieds
P. O. BOX 4371
LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-4371

SYMBOLS:
$10.00 Each, maximum 2 per line. Order by number on the grid line provided above. Regular 6 and 12 time discounts apply.

DO NOT SEND CASH! Make check or money order payable to LPI Classifieds. You may also charge your Classified ad to your VISA or MasterCard.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA
☐ Money Order enclosed ☐ MasterCard

Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

Auth. Signature _____
(With my signature I certify I am over 18 years old.)

Telephone Verification:
Best time to reach you:
Day(s) _____
Time(s) _____

Advertisers' names & addresses are strictly confidential. They are never sold, rented or released to anyone.

MUST BE FILLED IN:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY _____

STATE / ZIP _____

PHONE (_____) _____

PLEASE PLACE THIS AD IN:

☐ Personals ..... State _____
(Example: Arizona, So. Calif., Nationwide)

☐ Models ..... State _____
(Example: Arizona, So. Calif., Nationwide)

☐ Mail Shop .. Category _____
(Example: Films & Video, Clubs, Pix)

CALCULATE THE COST OF YOUR AD:

MINIMUM $10.00 PER ISSUE

_____ **REGULAR** lines x $ 4.00 per line = $_____
_____ **CAPITAL** lines x $ 6.00 per line = $_____
_____ **A** type lines x $10.00 per line = $_____
_____ **B** type lines x $13.00 per line = $_____
_____ **C** type lines x $16.00 per line = $_____
_____ **SYMBOL(s)** x $10.00 each = $_____
COST for one placement of ad = $_____ #1

PLACE THIS AD in _____ issues of *MEN* Classifieds beginning with issue # _____ (see deadline schedule)

Multiply **LINE 1** x **NUMBER OF ISSUES** ad runs = $_____ #2

DISCOUNT:

☐ 12 consecutive issues is 20%
☐ 6 consecutive issues is 10%
} $_____ #3

SUBTRACT **LINE 3** FROM **LINE 2** = $_____ #4

TELEPHONE VERIFICATION CHARGE, if phone number appears in ad $5.00 (see instructions) $_____ #5

☐ I would like a *MEN* BOX NUMBER
(Personals Only) ($7 x _____ issues) $_____ #6

TOTAL = LINE 4 + LINE 5 + LINE 6 = $

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 30 31 32

CLASSIFIEDS

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FULL BODY MASSAGE
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Double your pleasure-expert dual massage/pref: athletic, slim men 25-40. (201) 298-3710.

New York

Hot Baby Top
19, blond, blue, smth, Italian. I'm healthy, horny and hung. Let me have my way w/you. Out only. Eddie(212)979-2017.

Chest & Abs
Construction worker Ital/BB, 6'2", 239#, 52c, 20a, shoulders as wide as your doorway, ripped abs & hard pecs, photo pak avial. 2 wks only.
Call: A TO Z (212) 473-0345

100% PLEASURE!
100% SAFE MASSAGE!

May I undress, touch, oil, sensualize & introduce you to more of your body's delight? In/out appts. Call Baker (212) 543-5844.

Young Athlete
Muscular hard-very handsome 8" + thick. Luke (212) 594-2134.

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N.Y.C's Hottest Healthiest Models & Escorts

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We Travel Visa/MC From $250.00

★ Models Interviewed ★

PLEASE
Patronize our advertisers.
When you place your order, let them know you saw their ad in
The ADVOCATE.

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HOT ATHLETIC MUSC HANDSOME YOUNG AND ANIMAL. JOE. (212) 996-7846.

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Escorts
Safe
Hot
Discreet
Major Cards
(212) 222-9849

Schools Back
24YO GRAD. STUDENT
Has a hard humpy body for u. Clean cut, handsome, straight.
TRAVEL AVAILABLE
KURK (212) 645-1765

2 Hot Escorts!
Boyish, handsome, sensitive and skillful w/hot mouths and butts to please, yeah!
MIKE OR JOHN! $150. (212) 617-1533

Eat My Hairy *ss
Hard*ssed man with dominant attitude demand heavy hole services for hours from submissive generous slave. Call Humpy Joe (718) 626-5226.

Pennsylvania

PREMIER
Discreet young men "At Your Service" 24 hours! (215) 496-0305.

Texas

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dallas Muscle

Handsome, comp bodybuilder. Ken (214) 361-6505

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Master George
B/D, S/M, C&B/T, T/T and more. Your location or my country dungeon. Will travel. (214) 472-3970 before 10:30pm.

Gypsy's of Corpus Christi serving South Texas since 1978 Companions-Models-Masseurs. "Experience our Style". (512) 853-4763 or (512) 854-6156. (Ron or Hector)

Nationwide

11" X 7"
Rod Prince
(714)497-STUD
(808) 924-3733

GET NOTICED!
Select up to two symbols per line for your ad and increase your responses. For more info, see "How To Place A Classified Ad" in this section.

The Rescue

Continued from page 36

here. This is all the most incredible nightmare. You can't believe the humiliation and fear and suffering I've undergone for the past two weeks. These people are monstrous. There's the drugs, and then there's this club...this sex club...and I've been...." Here he broke down and pressed his face against my neck. His tears ran over my chest and down my belly.

In a couple of minutes, he pulled himself together sufficiently to continue. "In this sex club, I've been a featured attraction for the past two weeks. They bring a crowd of degenerates in from all over who pay a lot of money to watch that blond bastard fuck my ass all around that stage.

"They could have killed me when they caught up with me, but they prefer to make me live this hell every day. Jeremy, we've got to get out of here. Don't let them give you this drug they've filled me up with. It's some kind of psychohypnotic compound that takes your will power right away from you. I hate what they're doing to me, but I can't fight them alone."

He lowered his head back to my chest as he finished speaking. I tightened my hold on him, reveling in the feeling of his head against my chest, his broad shoulders encircled by my strong arms. I didn't know what I'd do, but I knew I'd die before letting him down.

Suddenly the door to our little cubicle flew open and Carlos walked in. "Good evening, gentlemen," he sneered, looking contemptuously down on the two of us huddled naked on the floor. "I'm gratified to see that you are getting along so well together. Especially in light of my plans for the two of you tonight." He paused to light a cigarette, then continued.

"I imagine your friend has told you of the 'artistic' tableaux that we provide for our guests?"

"If you mean your sordid live sex club, yes, he has," I interrupted. "I think you're disgusting, Carlos."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Quincey. I am, however, glad to see that you don't find Mr. Brandon so repulsive as you find me. You see, you're going to perform for about 30 or so people who have paid me quite handsomely for the privilege of watching two handsome narcs fuck the shit out of each other."

"There's where you're wrong, asshole," I snapped. "You can't force my cock to get hard."

"I don't plan to force you to do anything, jerk-off. You'll do just exactly as I say, or the result will be quite simple and direct. If you don't get this poor excuse of a man to liven up for about 30 minutes of high-quality dicking action, I'll have him shot, and you can join Jack as the star attraction around here. I'm tired of him anyway—stupid shit doesn't even get hard when Jack's working him over. Maybe you'll have better luck." With that he slammed the door, giving orders to someone unseen that we were to be closely watched.

"He means it, Jeremy," Brandon whispered, tightening his hold on me. "I know. I refused to screw the guy who was here when I came. Poor suffering bastard."

What was happening to us wasn't even the stuff of nightmares, because it was too crazy to have been devised by anyone's imagination.

We were face-to-face on the stage in the middle of the café, the single spotlight glaring mercilessly down on us. A circle of people were faintly visible just outside the pool of light. You could hear them commenting quietly in various languages as they turned up the lights. The smoke hung in the air like a bad day in East Los Angeles.

How could this be happening to me? I was a nice guy, at least I tried to be. I had never purposely hurt anyone, but here I was, the star attraction in a south-of-the-border sex club. Jesus, what a mind fuck!

I loved Brandon more than ever now, and his life was in my hands. Just to keep him alive until we could somehow escape would require that I make love for the first time to the man I had lusted after for over a year—under harsh lights and in public. This simply couldn't be happening to us!

Somewhere in the background, someone put on a tinny-sounding disco tape and cranked up the sound. Oh, yeah, it was real all right, and it was the devil's own worst nightmare. It was also very possibly going to be

The Rescue

the first and only time that I could fully express my physical longing and passion for Brandon. I'd have to concentrate on that and exclude all the rest.

I locked eyes with Brandon, his sadness etched in deep lines across his ugly/handsome face. I reached out my hand and pressed it gently against his broad chest.

"I love you, Brandon. I always did."

"And I love you, Jeremy," he whispered, stepping closer to me.

The warmth of his body struck me with an electric jolt. The hairs furring his torso touched my smooth skin before I actually made contact with his body. He felt so good against me, his muscles hard under his silky skin. I traced my finger along his back from his asshole to his shoulder blades, running up the deep valley of his spine.

His long cock pressed softly against my thigh. My own unruly monster had already responded instinctively to Brandon's nearness and pushed up against his hairy belly, practically poking him in the rib cage.

I kissed him long and full on the mouth, lip to lip, and then, as he relaxed, tongue against tongue. I pushed the air from my lungs into his, like we had done so long ago in the lifesaving class.

He opened his eyes then, and what looked like a smile of recognition played around the corners of his eyes. He pushed the breath out, back to me, swelling my chest against his own. We continued this, back and forth, till we both were dizzy from the lack of oxygen. Reluctantly we let the outside air back into our closed universe, pulled apart, and thought of other regions to explore.

I dropped to my knees, sliding slow and close down over his body as I did so. With my chest pressed tight against his hairy thighs, I lowered my lips to the dense bush of pubic hair that started on his lower belly and ran down between his thighs, soft and dense and silken against my skin. I kissed the base of his cock, burying my nose in the dense fur. He groaned, and I could feel his leg muscles tighten against me. His grasp on my shoulders was almost painful.

My prick was sticking between his bulging calves, slapping from side to side as I shifted around, positioning myself to suck his cock. He clamped his legs together tightly, trapping my meat, holding me so I could feel the mass of muscles flexing against it.

I lowered my face and trapped the head of his still flaccid dick between my teeth. I swallowed him slowly until I had him stretched down along my gullet, his prick head at about the level of my Adam's apple.

I worked my throat muscles rhythmically along his cock, teasing his balls with the tip of my tongue, lapping against their underside. I pulled down on his balls, popping them to a tight shiny knot in his hairy ball sac.

With the other hand, I reached up along his belly and over the full curve of his chest. I tugged firmly at the hard, fleshy knot of his big, brown nipple and felt the first stirrings of his cock, pushing slowly down my throat. I tugged the tit again, harder this time, and felt a more definite response in Brandon's prick.

I pulled his nuts back between his legs, rubbing them over the tight pucker of his hole. He spread his legs slightly, giving me full access to the secret, hidden stretch of his cock that ran from his asshole to his balls. I jacked along this ridge and felt his fat head swell in my throat.

Brandon kept his balls on a pretty long leash, and I was easily able to pull his big nut sac back between his legs, pressing his balls against his hole. I could feel his tight little asshole trying to open, ready to swallow his nuts or my thumb or eventually my prick.

It was also apparent, from the evidence still hidden in my throat, that he was capable of getting hard, in spite of Carlos's taunts to the contrary. I pulled my head back, and heard an appreciative gasp from the crowd of voyeurs in the darkness as his long, thick prick slapped against his muscle-ridged belly.

I sucked his balls into my mouth and looked up at him, my eyes locked on his as we both watched his beautiful cock pulse and glisten in the harsh spotlight. Each time he squeezed his dick from base to tip, thick streams of cock honey drizzled out the come hole and down the shaft. It soon made its way to my lips and was sweet and sticky and smelling of sex.

On an impulse, I stood up, kissed him passionately, and then whispered in his ear, "Fuck me, lover. Jam that big cock of yours up into me. I've always fantasized about it. Let me feel it once at least."

"If I'd had my way, you'd have felt it many times before now," he said wryly. "I was a fool not to make love to you before."

He grabbed me around the waist and lifted me slightly. I wrapped my legs quickly around his waist, my cock and balls slipping up into the hollow of his belly. The hair tickled against me as I concentrated all my body on the feeling of his big prick pushing my ass cheeks apart, stretching my asshole relentlessly.

Just when I thought I couldn't stand it, Brandon leaned his head down, chomped roughly on one of my big, pinkish tits, and *pop*, in he went. I locked my hands behind his neck and leaned back, pushing my crack as tight against his pelvis as possible, willing every centimeter of his to penetrate deep into me.

My prick was sliding up and down along the hairy little ridge that indented his middle, a shiny slime trail tracing my path. He felt better inside of me than even my wildest imaginings had ever let me hope. He stretched and pounded at my gut, making my whole body tingle. Every point where my body touched his was an erotic agony, like hovering timelessly at the brink of an orgasm, every fiber aching and screaming for release. But no, he wasn't ready to send me over, not yet.

He sank slowly to his knees, then lowered me to the stage floor, still buried deep in my ass. I moaned and shifted my legs, spreading them wide on either side of him, tilting my asshole up for maximum penetration.

He started pounding his pelvis up and down—out till the head rested outside my hole, in till his balls slapped heavily against me. The precome was puddling in my navel now, starting to drip down my sides like streams of sweat.

A thick vein stood out in Brandon's neck, snaking down across his shoulder, then branching to run

down across the swell of his biceps and over the broad curve of his chest. The hair on his chest and belly was prickled upright by the gathering tides of his orgasm. Even his nipples looked swelled to the bursting point as he humped and bucked. His whole body was focusing all its strength and intensity as an incredible exchange of energy started to take place—his whole being pooling to shoot deep and hot into me, making us one, however temporarily.

"Christ, Jeremy," he whispered between clenched teeth, "this is it. I can't wait any longer. I'm . . ."

His words were lost in an incoherent gasping as his nuts finally exploded in a heavy wave of steamy hot spunk that flooded me, filling me and then leaking out to drizzle across my sweaty ass cakes and down onto the stage.

My own prick, swollen along my belly, began to explode in slow motion. The first white drop that pushed out hung there for the longest time while my body began to have spasms, contracting to push the come out of my dick. The first spout hit me across the chest, splashing under my chin as well. Then I pushed my cock back, rubbing it along Brandon's belly. I caught him on the chest, the jism festooning his hairy body, a declaration of my longing for him.

He started scooping my semen off of us and eating it, even before I was finished shooting. At last, he leaned forward and licked my prick head as he squeezed me, milking me for all I had to give.

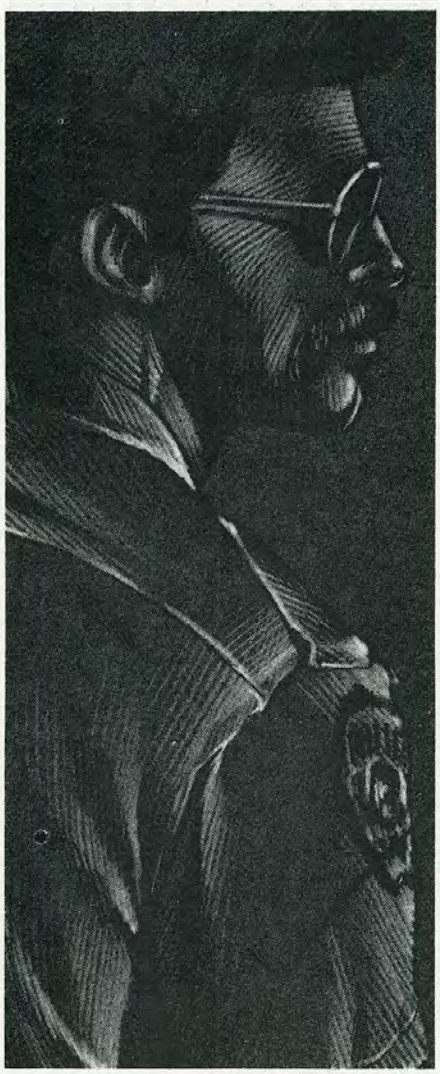
"Again, lover," he whispered urgently, swelling his dick head against my prostate. He grabbed both my tits and pulled on them, pinching and mauling them in a way that kept me from losing my hard-on. In fact, his cock up my ass and his attention to my sensitive tits got me so revved up that I was soon arching my back again, giving my big meat the old double-fisted jacking. Within less than a minute, I had conjured up another load and was pumping it out into space, glistening like silver in the harsh lights.

Then it was over, and I pulled Brandon down against me, our bodies mingling sweat and come, smelling of the rich funk of man rut. I willed all sound from my ears except the beating of his heart against my chest.

Finally, the insipid disco music faded away, and the light abruptly went out. We were hustled past the crowd and back to our cubicle. Evidently we had performed well enough to live through the night.

"Jeremy, wake up," Brandon hissed in my ear, shaking me awake.

I had gone to sleep, clinging to him for dear life in the black cubicle that served as our prison. I had no



idea how long I had slept. Try as I might, I could see nothing.

"What is it?" I protested sleepily.

"Wake up, lover. We've got to talk. I love holding you in my arms, but we can't do it here. First we escape, then we can spend a lifetime together."

"Shoot then," I whispered, sitting up and keeping my hands on his strong arms for reference and comfort in the pitch blackness. "Is there any way out of here?"

"If he sticks to his routine, Jack will come in here about the time it gets light outside, just to torment me a bit more. When he comes in, we've got to overpower him."

"He won't come alone, will he?"

"He always has. You see, Carlos won't let him screw except when he's on stage. Jack doesn't like the constraint . . . so he sneaks over here before anyone else is up and grabs a little extra bit on the sly. If we can take him down before he has a chance to alert the others, we just might be able to get away. It's our only chance."

"Is the fucker really that stupid?"

"Trust me, he's really as dumb as he looks. Maybe dumber."

"I'm willing to try anything to get away from this horror show, Brandon. Just give the sign."

We didn't have long to wait. I pressed back against the wall by the door as a key turned quietly in the lock and a flashlight beam scanned the small cubicle where we were imprisoned.

I could make out the big blond's shadowy form. He had a key ring in one hand, the flashlight in the other. If I was going to take him, now was the time to do it.

My foot shot out like I was going for the tie-breaking goal kick at the Rose Bowl. I made good solid contact, at least judging by the way old blondie crumpled up on the floor. It was just like Brandon had conjectured: He was so damn dumb, he'd forgotten all about me in his rush to dick Brandon again.

Just thinking about that took away any qualms I might otherwise have felt when I cracked him on the head with the flashlight. The shrill scream that he was beginning to utter died in his throat.

Brandon and I stripped him and split up the scant clothing he had been wearing. I took the shorts and gave Brandon the guy's jock and tank top. He looked at me quizzically, not relishing the prospect of a desperate getaway with his bare ass hanging out all over town.

"You've got the hairy ass, man," I quipped, stepping into the tight, white shorts. "Makes you look less naked than me. I'm the one with the baby-smooth buns, remember?"

"You'll pay for this one, Jeremy," he promised me, slipping the tank top over his head. "Let's get out of here."

The hallway was dim, but a faint light glowed down the way to our left.

The Rescue

We kept close to the wall, intent on silence. Without weapons, we couldn't afford to awaken or disturb anyone.

When we reached the door and looked out, the first faint light of dawn was just beginning to break over the dome of the whitewashed church in the town square. No one challenged us as we skirted the plaza in silence.

Once beyond the plaza, we broke into a loping run, trying to put the maximum of distance between us and them before anyone wised up to the situation.

Even now, running for our lives, I couldn't help watching Brandon's gorgeous ass flexing and relaxing as he ran slightly ahead of me. It was all I could do not to tackle him and bury my face between those hairy globes. I was ready to do a little tongue dance on his sweaty asshole, just to let him know I was glad to see him. It was our good fortune that he was easily able to outrun me, always keeping just beyond my grasp.

As we neared the outskirts of town, Brandon veered off the road and into a dilapidated complex of adobe buildings. We came to a battered '58 Chevy pickup beside a chicken coop, and Brandon stopped abruptly.

"José will forgive me when I send it back with a new paint job," Brandon gasped, his broad chest heaving from his exertions. "Get in, Jeremy. This is our ticket to freedom."

"This?" I asked doubtfully, opening the door nonetheless.

Brandon turned the key in the ignition, and the old heap purred into life.

"This, lover," he smiled at me. "My friend José is a genius with an internal combustion engine."

He put the old truck into gear and roared out of the yard, leaving a trail of squawking chickens and barking dogs in our wake.

In less than five minutes, we were in open country, and as I scanned the dusty road behind us, I could see no one in pursuit. I slumped back against the seat, relief draining the nervous tension out of me—for the moment, at least.

I reached over and rested a hand on Brandon's hairy thigh, just enjoying the contact with him. He covered my hand with his own, squeezing it till I thought he'd crush my knuckles. I didn't care at all about the pain. I wouldn't have done anything to break that touch.

I lowered my head to his ass. He smelled like a man, and his crack tasted like salt and sweat and come all at once. I probed my tongue deeper and deeper.

We hit the border about 3 that afternoon. The Border Patrol was skeptical of us, to put it mildly. I must admit I understood their reluctance to credit two guys equipped with just barely enough clothes for one and not enough papers to wipe their asses, let alone identify them as police officers.

To make a long story short, they put us in the back of their patrol van, locked the door, and headed toward town and the nearest phone to verify our crazy-sounding tale of escape from the infamous Carlos Vargas.

No sooner was the van door shut behind us and the ignition turned than I whispered urgently in Brandon's ear, "Down on your hands and knees, guy. My tongue's got the hard-on of death—a condition only curable by sliding it up between your fuzzy ass cheeks."

"You're a fucking maniac, Jeremy," he said, getting down in front of me anyway.

I lowered my head to his ass eagerly. He smelled like a man, and his crack tasted like salt and sweat and come all at once. He also smelled unmistakably like Brandon, a smell I had longed for ever since we stopped being partners.

I licked over the tight pucker of his hole and felt him tense up against me. I slipped a hand between his sweat-streaked thighs and grabbed his already stiff dick, squeezing it tight in my hand. It felt hot and moist beneath the rough ribbed pouch of the jock.

As I probed my tongue deeper and deeper into his butthole, I ranged my hands up and over his belly and chest, smoothing the sweat-damped fur of his torso flat against him.

Brandon's tits swelled into thick points as I rubbed the balls of my thumbs against them. He was really getting off on the rim job, pushing back harder against my mouth, spreading his knees farther and farther apart. I could feel the lube juice oozing out of his distended come hole as I worked my tongue in deeper and deeper. Every time I grabbed his tits, his salty ass ring grabbed my tongue.

Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore, and his big hand groped at the pouch of the jock, freeing his meat, stroking and squeezing it. Low animal groans emanated from deep within his chest.

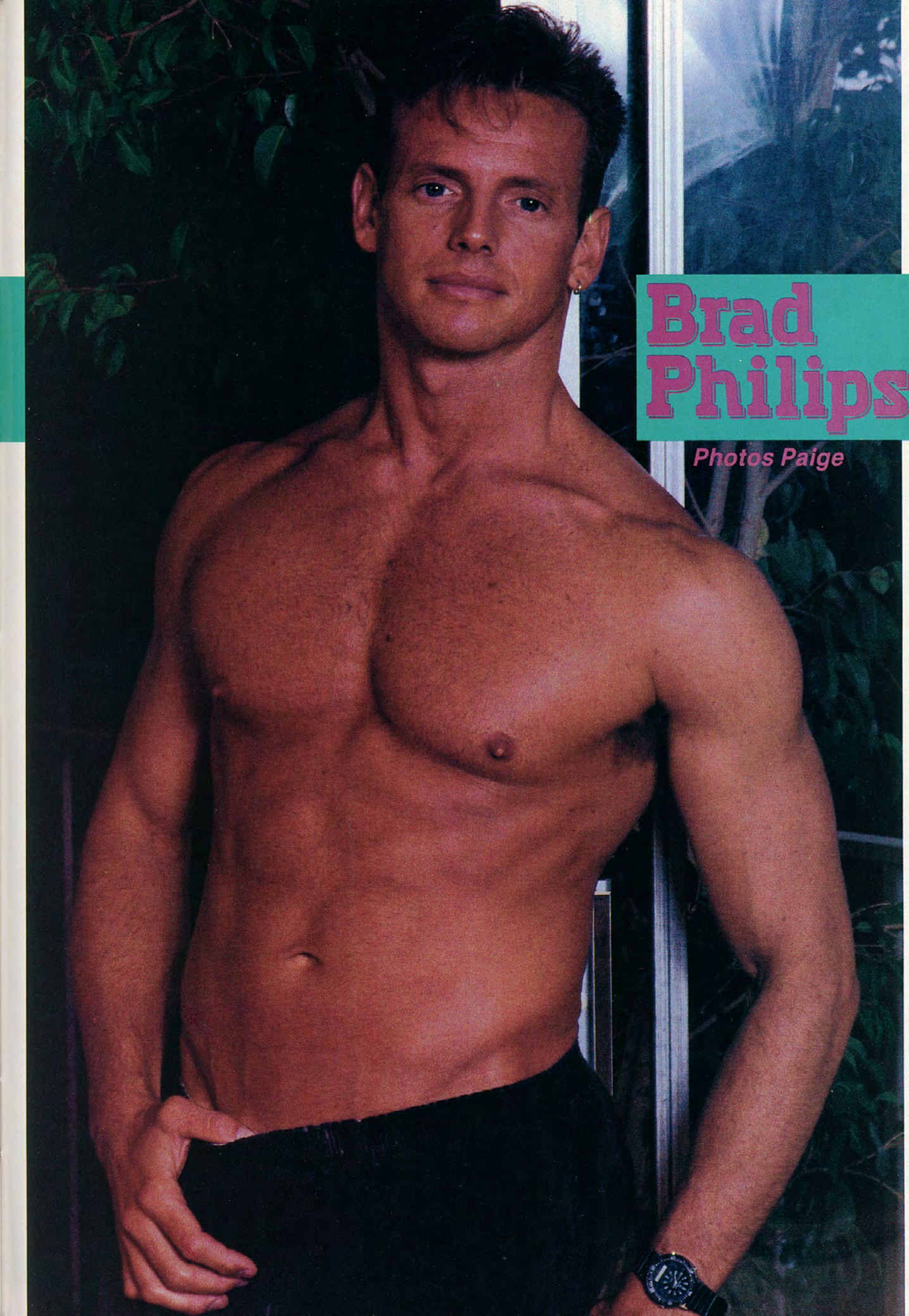
I redoubled my efforts, yanking his titties in earnest now as I sucked and probed and nibbled his asshole with my teeth. As I started tugging on the short hairs ringing his hole, he let out a sensual howl, and I could feel his body having spasms as he shot a load of jism into the hand I had cupped under him to catch his precious fluid.

When he was done, I leaned back on my haunches and proceeded to lap his thick, creamy load greedily.

"Now it's my turn again," he chuckled, squeezing my big hard-on as he leaned forward to kiss my sticky lips. "I'm going to have to do some wheeling and dealing to get my old partner back, I guess. It wouldn't be right to turn a crazy man like you loose on an unsuspecting police force, now would it?"

"Me?" I asked, all innocence. "I don't know what you're talking about, man. I'm just a rookie, trying to please my senior officer. I thought this was all part of the rescue effort. I'm still heavily involved in trying to rescue your ass. How'm I doing?"

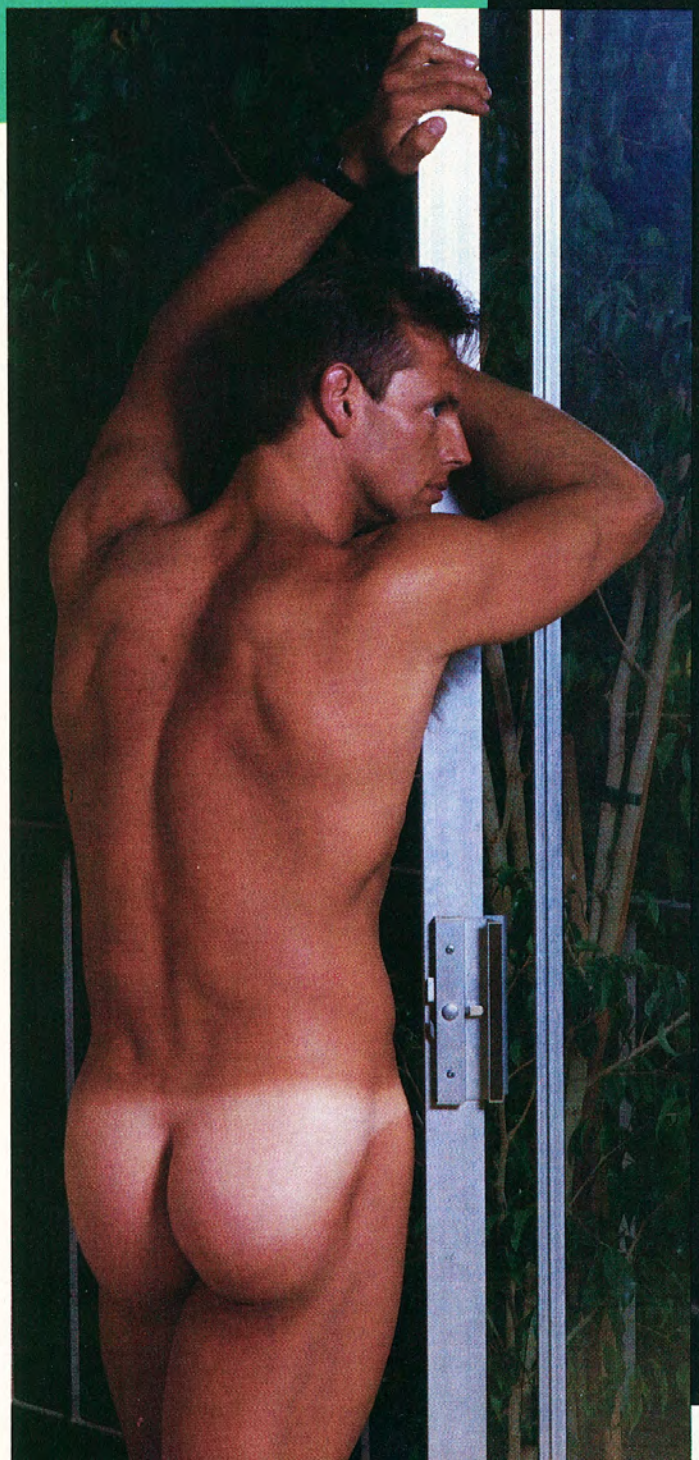
"I'll let you know just as soon as I figure it out. In the meantime," he continued, lowering his head between my legs, "this one's for the Border Patrol." •



Brad Philips

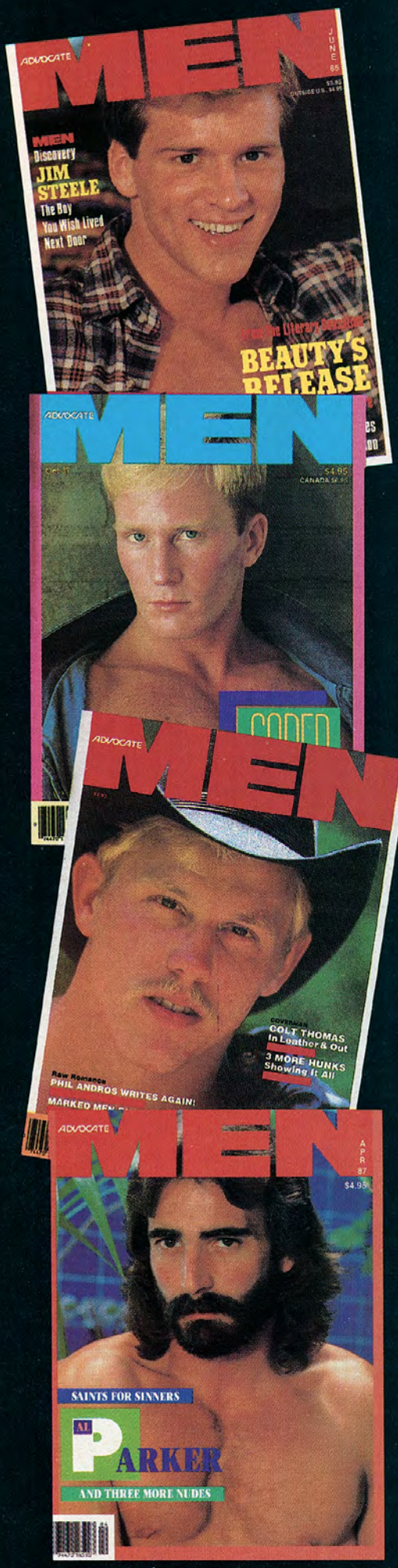
Photos Paige

Spunky Brad Philips is a true redhead, from his carrot top all the way down to his toes and, as you can see, everywhere in between. "I've got the typical fiery personality," he says, grinning. "And my temper is not to be believed. My lover tells me I'm like a pressure cooker, and it's his job to help me release some of the steam once in a while." It's a dirty job, Brad, but somebody's gotta do it.



Though he loves his craft, Brad admits he was grateful for his time-out last summer. "In a funny way, the writers' strike was the best thing that ever happened to me," he says. "I *know* it's the best thing that ever happened to my body. Most writers spent their days reviving stillborn novels; I spent my time at the gym, pumping iron—and a few other things."

Brad believes that, despite its occasional drawbacks, his aggressive attitude has actually furthered his career. "I'm a staff writer on a daytime soap opera," he laughs. "The character I do most of the writing for is a really conniving, bitchy man, like Joan Collins in drag. Being a real prick all day, giving in to my temper, helps me get into the character."



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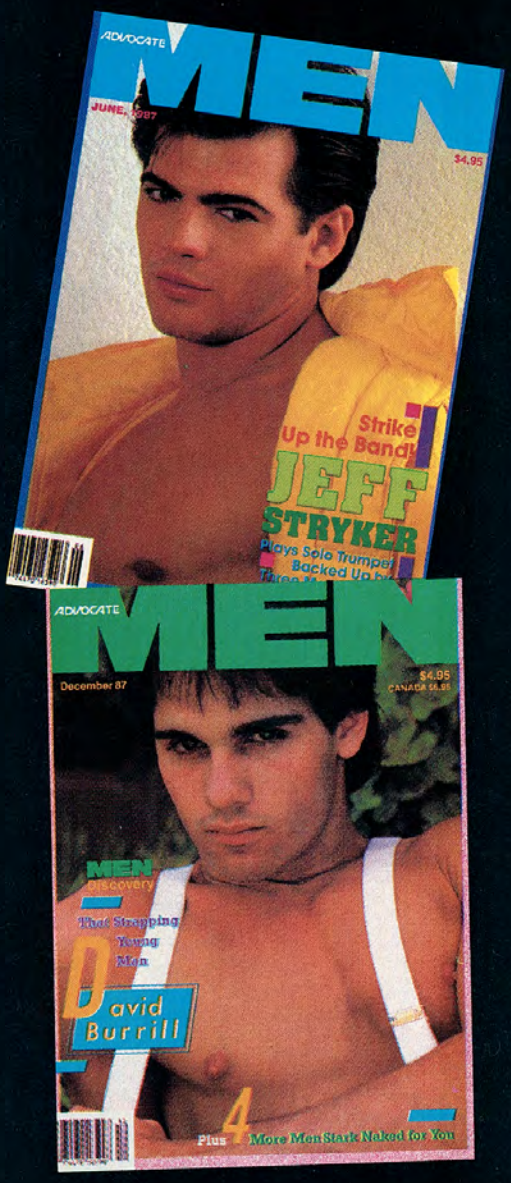

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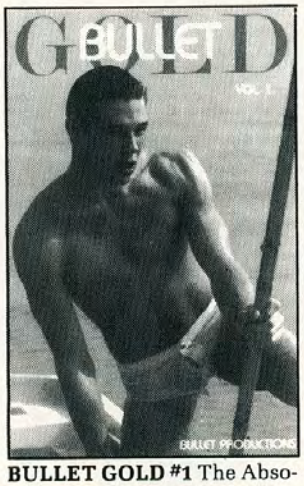

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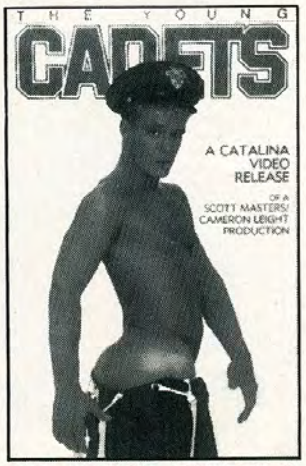

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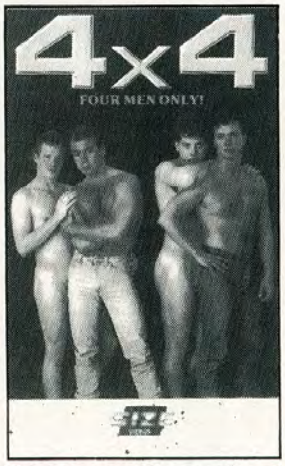

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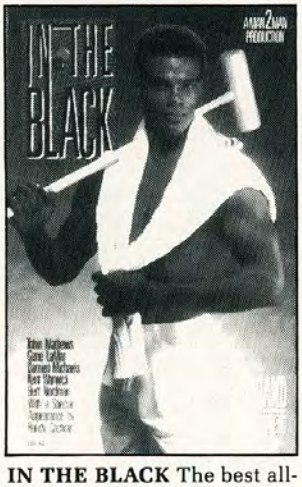

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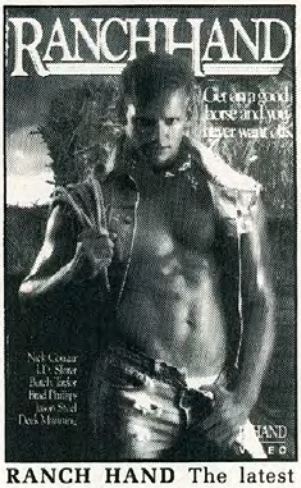

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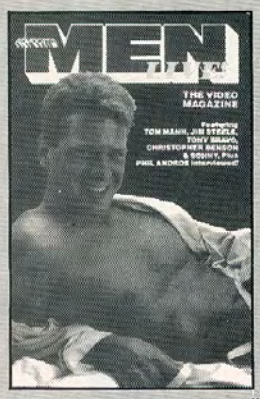

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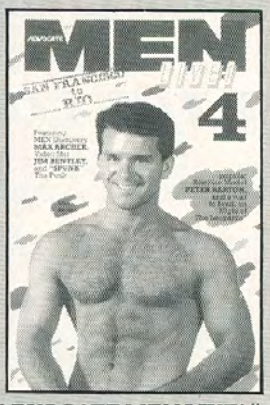

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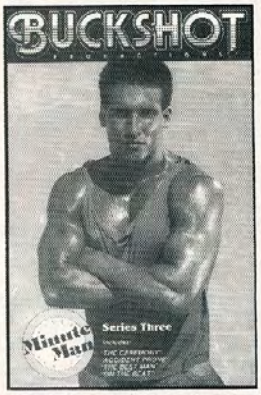

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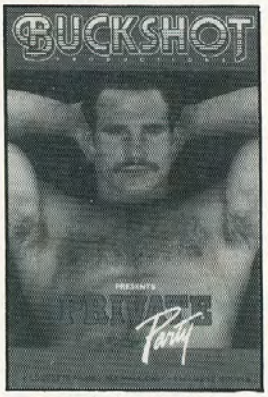

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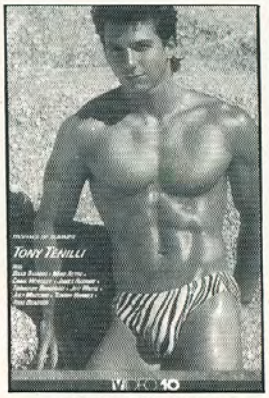

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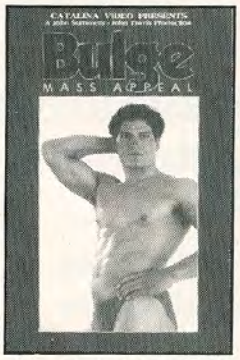

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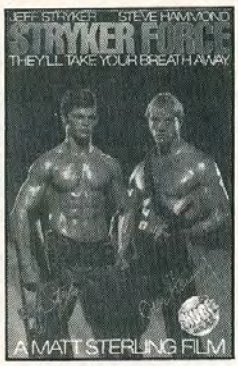

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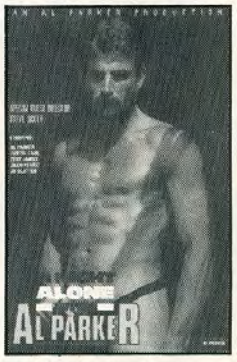

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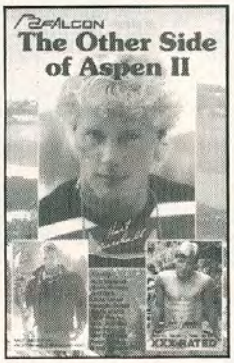

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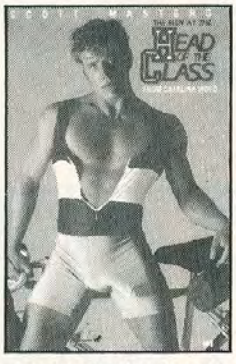
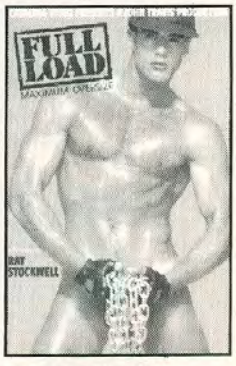


HEAD OF THE CLASS Catalina's latest, starring new superstar Jeff Lancaster (*pictured*), who bunks with the hunks on campus. **G-1316**



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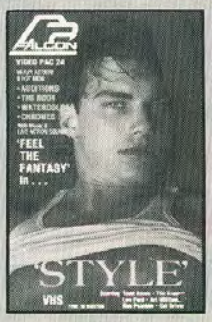

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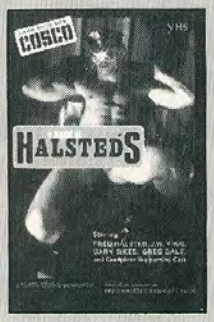

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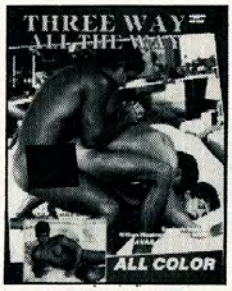

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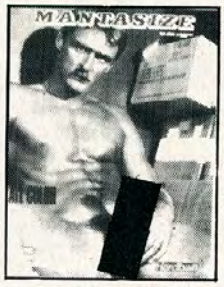

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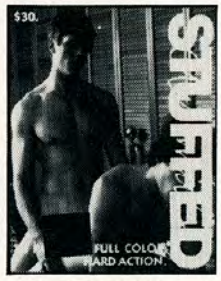

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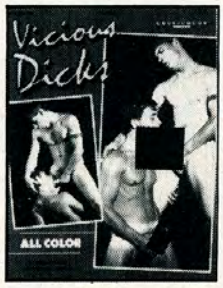

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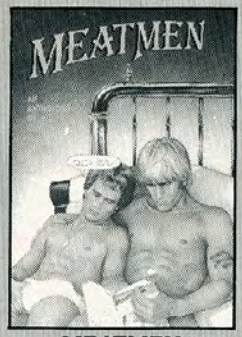

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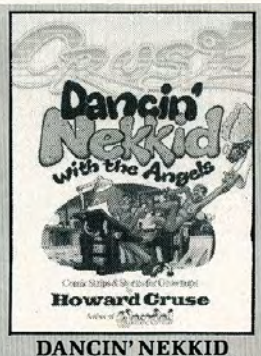

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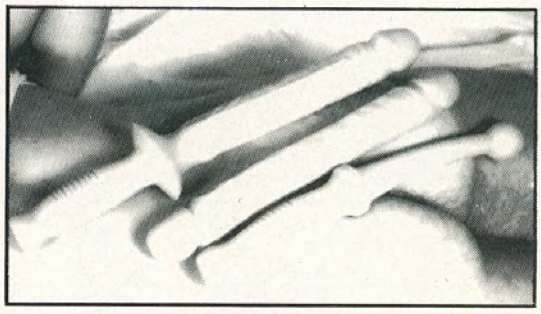

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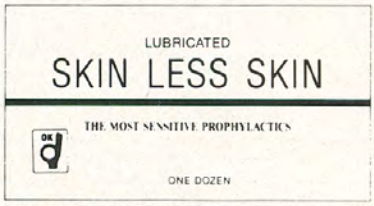

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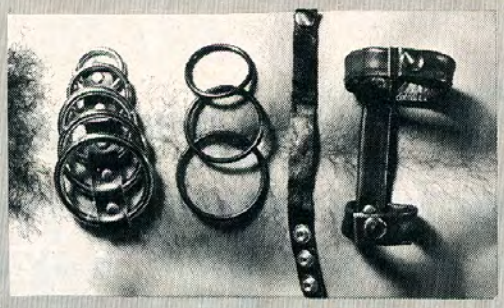

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