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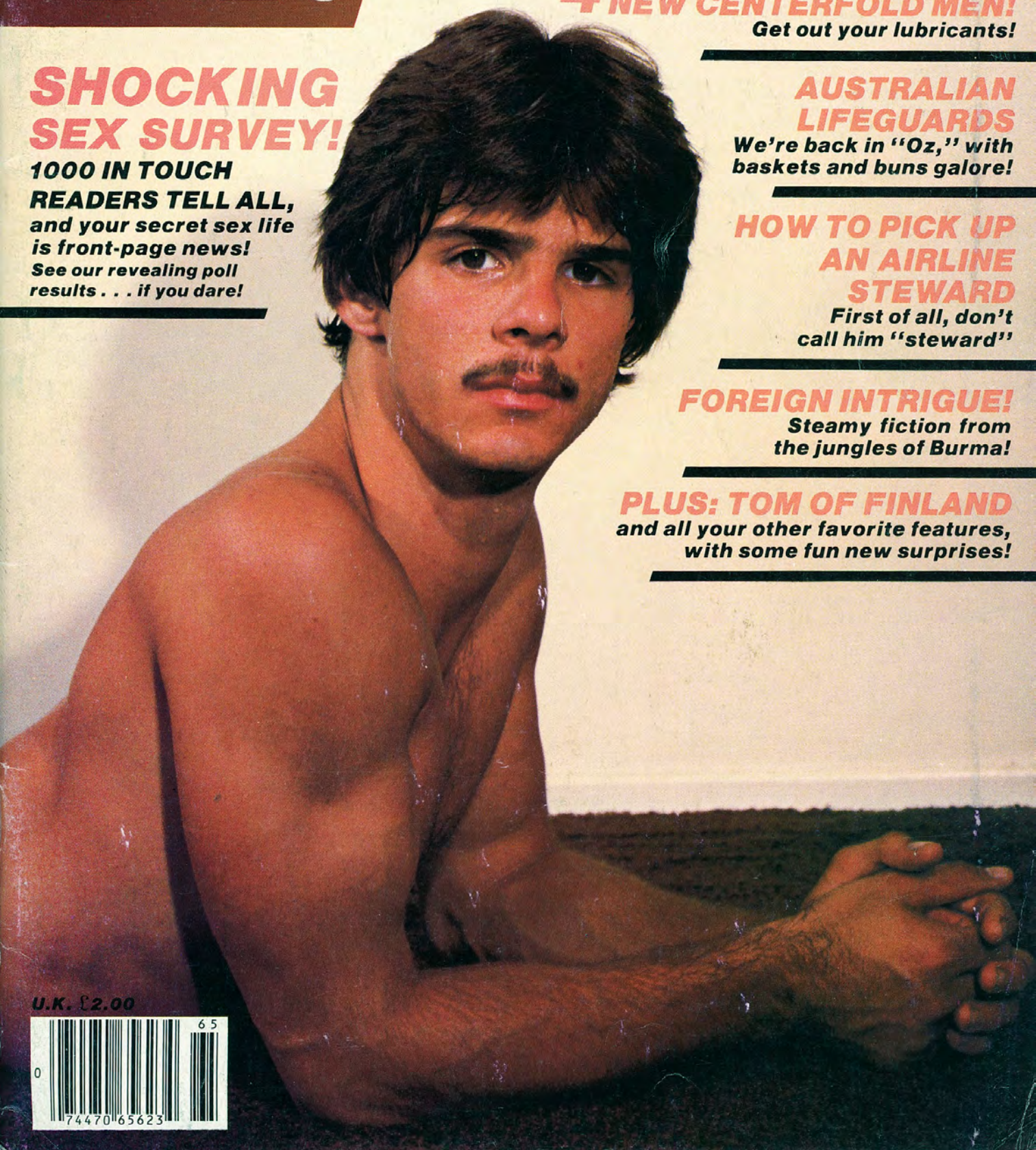
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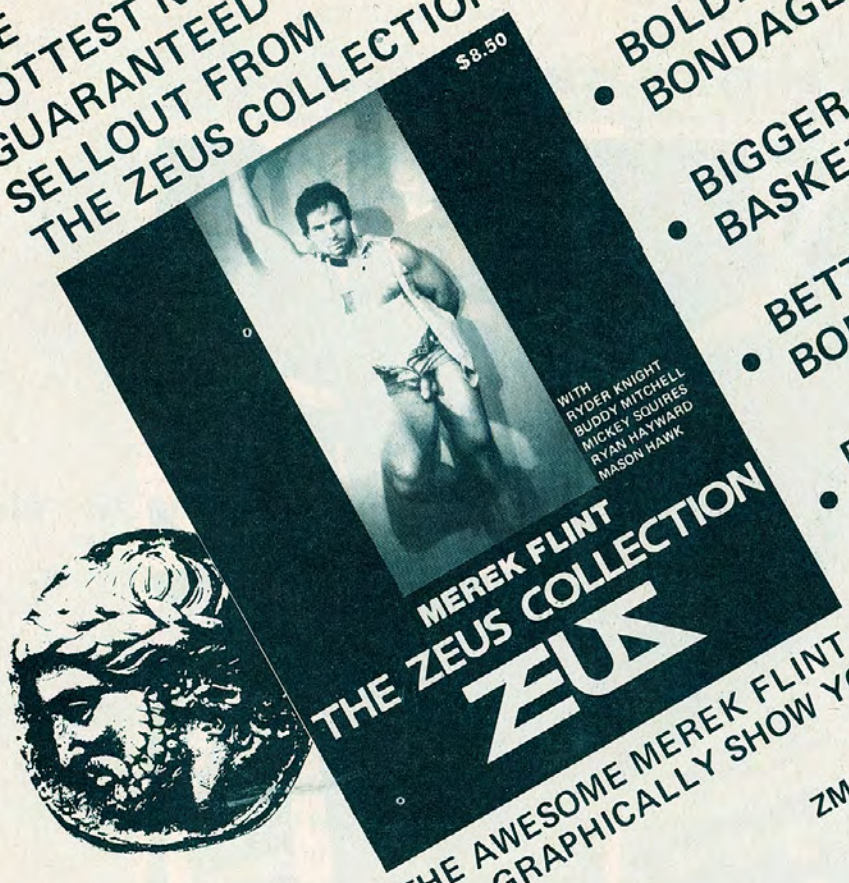
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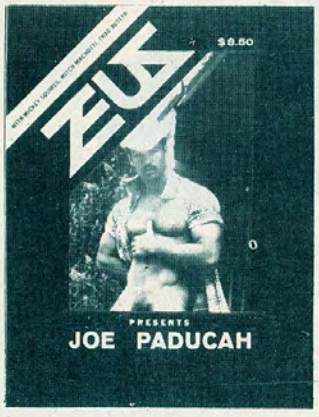
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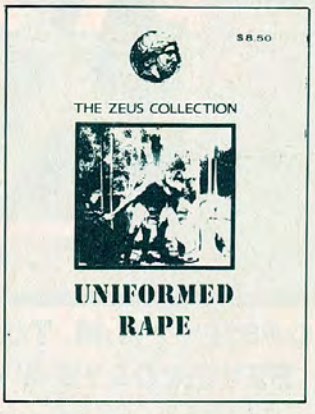
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# CONTENTS
## NUMBER 65


**LETTERS** 11
*From readers with love . . .*

**TOUCH & GO** 14
*In like a lion . . .*

**QUIET GOOD TASTE** 19
**By John Calendo**
*Viva Las Vegas*

**RETURN TO OZ** 26
*Down under the rainbow*

**THE FRIENDLY SKIES** 36
**by R.D. Rae**
*Cruising at 30,000 feet*

**TOM OF FINLAND** 39
*Finland in pants*

**CENTERFOLD: GIUSEPPE WELCH** 40
*Around the world*

**COVERMAN: JOHN KING** 46
*Rub-a-dub-dub*

**CENTERFOLD: JOHN TAYLOR** 52
*Afro-disiac*

**CENTERFOLD: THOM BAILEY** 58
*Go west, young man*

**THE GOLDEN HOUR** 64
**Fiction by Carl W. Ritchie**
*The road to Burma*

**MODELMANIA!** 66
*Sex poll goes wild*

**NITELIFE** 93
*. . . Out like a lamb*


**Cover Photo: JOHN KING by NOVA**








## STAFF

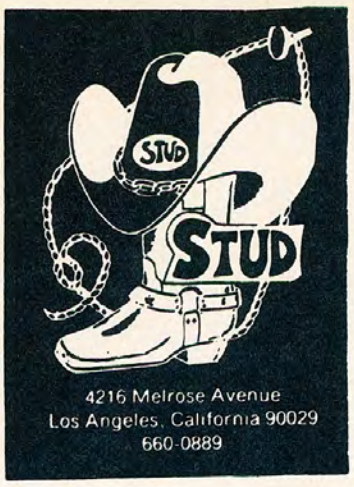
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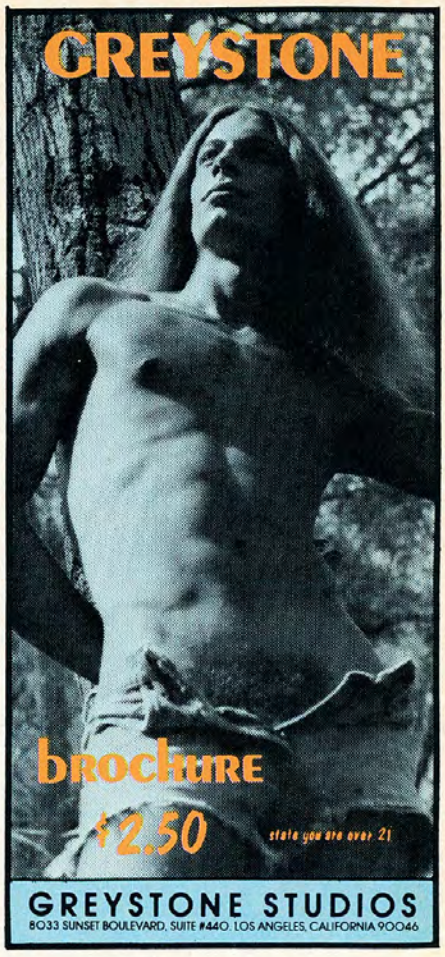
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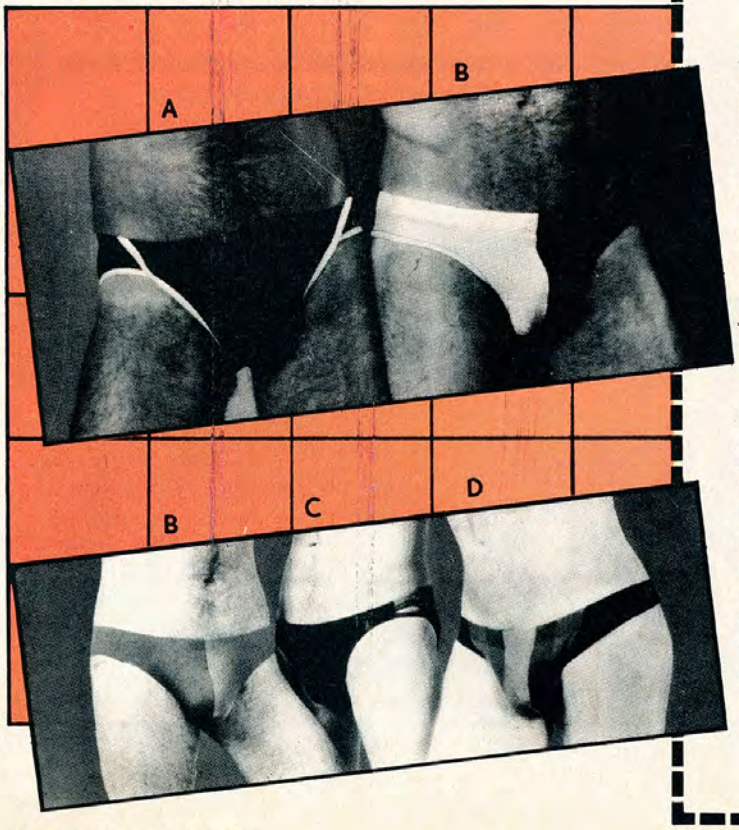
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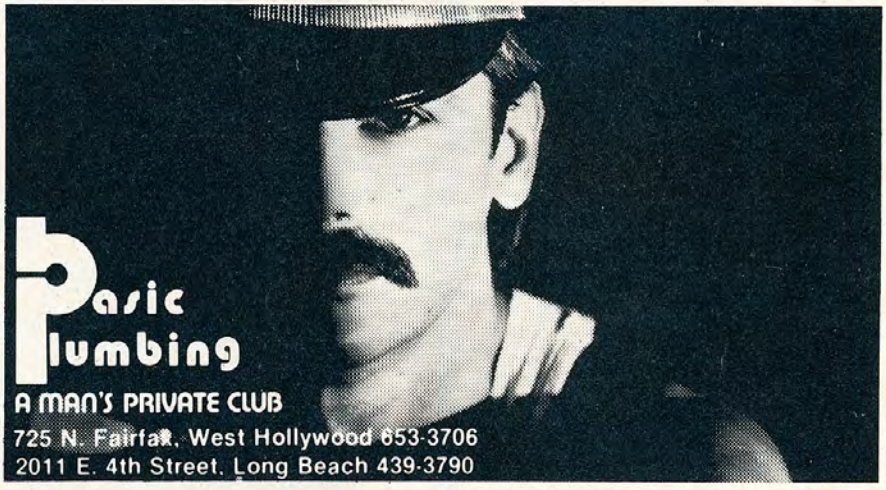
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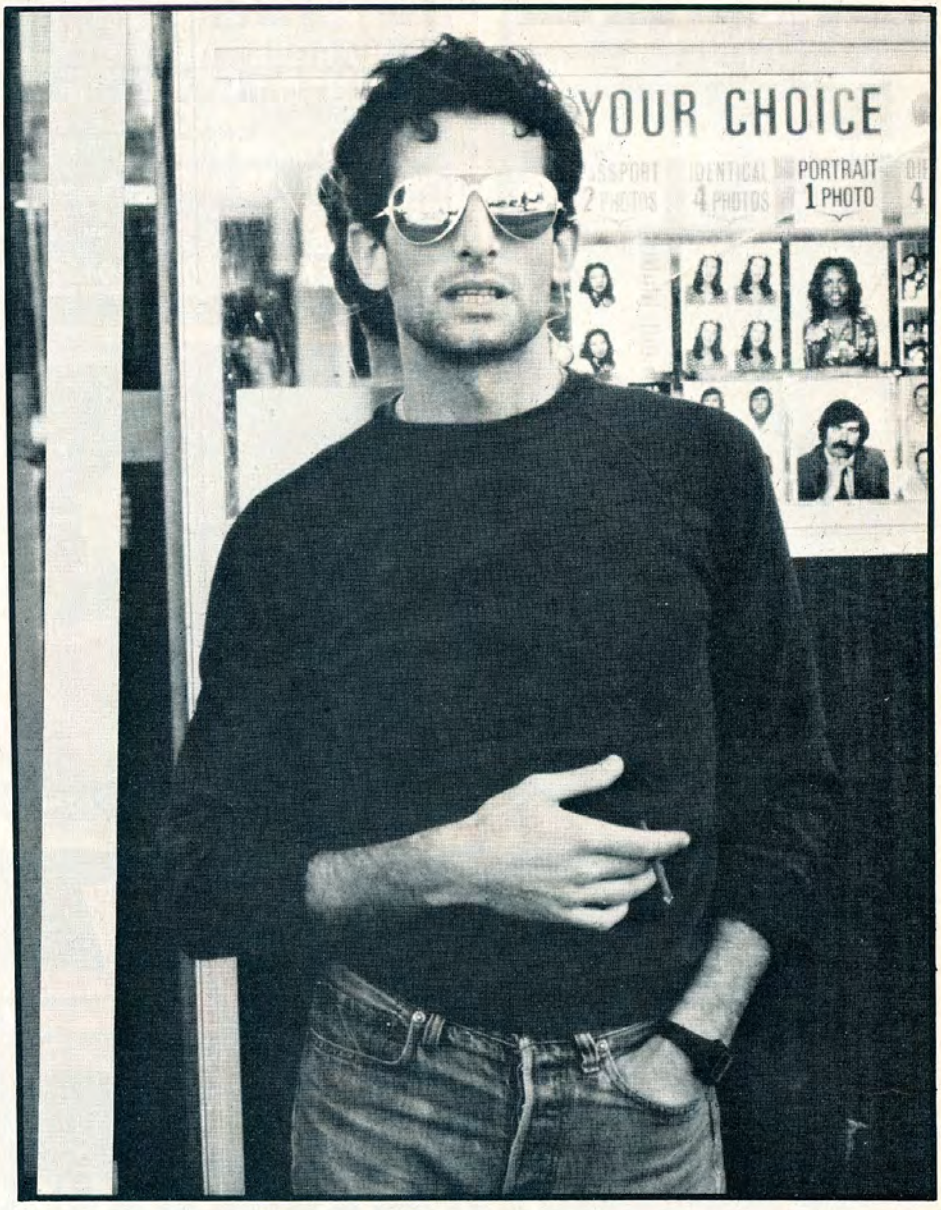
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# EDITORIAL

**Should this man be permitted to edit a magazine?**




Hi, guys!

Yes, it's me, your old art director, sitting in the editor's chair. But don't panic. I am no stranger to words (I know several very good ones and can even speak in complete sentences)—but fortunately, pictures happen to be my favorite subject. So as you can see (and read), I feel quite at home here at IN TOUCH. My partner-in-crime will be our new art director, Ray Webster, who shot the life-like (perhaps *too* life-like) portrait which adorns this page. In addition, Ray and I have been joined by a new director of advertising, Jeff Kroon, and by art associate Mark Smith.

But despite the torrent of "new blood" around here, I think you'll find that our ever-evolving magazine will continue to inform the mind, please the eye, tickle the funny-bone, stimulate the libido, and do god knows what to the rest of you. Our former editor, John Calendo, will be writing for us regularly (primarily from New York), and IN TOUCH will carry on its proud tradition of quiet good taste plus dicks.

So stick around. It's going to be *quite* a party.

Jim Yousling
Editor-in-Chief

# LETTERS

### BANG COCK EXPRESS

This letter I posted to you because I wish you help me with my problem I hope you will help me. I want to contact with a gay man in U.S.A. I hope you'll help. Thank you.

I'm 23 years, height 170 cm., weight 54 kg., eyes black, hair black, look like handsome, nice relation, good manners. I'm student in university and working in hotel at night. I should like to contact with *a gay man* (king) *and bisexual* only. They ought to have nice relation, good manners, tall, age 20 to 50, look fine and so on.

I should like to contact with them, so I hope you will help me, a small boy who's too far from you and so lonely. You can print my name in your magazine and address too. Thank you very much for your help. M. Surachate, Bummoonna
150 Mongkiltrip Dormitory
Ramkhamhaeng University
Subhumuit 23
Bangkok 11 Thailand

*This is the first and last time that we will publish a full address for this type of request. We would love to offer a pen-pal service, but it is simply not practical at this time because of the number of such requests that we receive each month. We made an exception this time because (1) it gives us this opportunity to explain our policy, (2) we don't want to have to forward the dozens of inevitable responses to Thailand, and (3) a Thai friend assured us that it would not be politically dangerous for you to receive such mail in your country. Nevertheless, we never know if such letters are for real (although yours certainly has the sound of sincerity), just as you may never know if the replies you get are honest. Every issue of IN TOUCH is designed to let isolated gay men know that they are not alone, but those of you desiring pen-pals would get more help by writing to publications with a classified ad section to inquire about ad rates. National publications of this type include* The Advocate *(1730 S. Amphlett, Suite 225, San Mateo, CA 94402) and* Stars *(1029 Vermont Ave., N.W., Suite 400, Washington, D.C. 20005).*

*—Ed.*

### FEAR AND TREMBLING

This is a second fan letter within a month, but one written in fear and trembling that you just might become influenced by Mike's complaint (#62) about your choice of young beauties as models instead of the behemoths he would prefer. Don't ever forsake the *Tiger Beat* types. I have a suggestion . . . centerfolds of Ralph Macchio, Chris Atkins, Rod Daly, Matt Dillon, Michael Damian, Leif Garrett, Clark Brandon, Peter Barton, Matt Laborteau, Andy Gibb, Rick Springfield, and Shaun Cassidy. For good measure you might add some oldies of David Cassidy and we might also take a few of Donny Osmond. Go git 'em.

Fred R. Methered
Honolulu, HI

*If we could get nudes of these guys, we'd print them in a second. Meanwhile, we're just grateful that all of them (except Donny) are inclined to appear shirtless in almost every teen mag on the market. We hope you caught Chris Atkins' loincloth in #54 and Leif Garrett's balls in #57; and a very juicy spread on Matt Dillon is coming up soon.*

*—Ed.*

### COMPLAINING ABOUT COMPLAINTS

Although I have been reading gay magazines since I was in my teens, I very seldom write to them.

This time I *had to* write an answer to the complaints in issue #62. One guy doesn't like your "skinny, nelly adolescent" coverboy. Another doesn't like your "hairy" centerfold. Tell 'em to drop dead!

In over fifteen years of reading and looking, you are The Best. I will not say you are always up to the same high standards, but even your worst is better than the others. Keep up the good work, and best wishes for 1982, and 83, and 84, and . . .

Michael Jasperse
Oklahoma City, OK

*Well, Michael, as Roseanne Roseannadana used to say, it just goes to show ya, it's always something . . . they're either too young or too old, either they have too much hair or they ain't got enough, either they're cut or uncut. We've learned over the years that no matter what you print, someone will complain. That's why we do our best to present something for everyone. Or should that be someone for everyone?*

*—Ed.*

### A HAIRY PROBLEM

I am a 20-year-old gay male and adore your magazine. I have a very disturbing problem and was hoping you could help me out. The problem is simply that I cannot grow any facial hair. This really bothers me. People think I'm only 17 and some even think I'm a female. I am willing to try anything—pills, shots, hormones, etc. I think my hormones might be messed up. Isn't it strange to be 20 years old and not be able to shave? I wish I could grow a nice beard and moustache. I know I would look better and more mature.

D.F.
Flushing, NY

*First of all, unless you're growing boobs, there's nothing wrong with your hormones. Forget the shots and pills. Lots and lots of men are never able to have a full beard. This varies according to race, among other things. It has nothing to do with true manliness. Just remember that (1) even though you are a full-grown adult, you will probably continue to get hairier for the next 10 to 20 years, (2) looking young for your age is a pain in the butt when you're 20, but a blessing later on, (3) having to shave every day is an even bigger pain in the butt, and (4) the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence, so take advantage of it. Since you complain about being hairless, you are probably attracted to men who are hairy. This means that a lot of those hairy guys are going to be attracted to you because of your smooth skin. You should try to develop a good self-image, but remember that* you *don't have to kiss your face—*they *do. The things you don't like about yourself may be the very things that attract other men to you. Opposites attract, so relax and enjoy it! If people think you look like a girl, go to a gym, get some muscles, and to hell with the beard.*

*—Ed.*

### TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Let me begin this letter of criticism with a congratulatory note. Your magazine far surpasses every gay magazine currently on the market in photography, stories and general entertainment. Congratulations.

However, my only criticism applies not only to your magazine but to others as well. Do you know of many gay men who are not turned on by a beautiful, fleshy ass? If not, why then do you often display a pictorial layout consisting of five or six frontal views and not a single rear view? Is it too much to ask that for every layout at least one rear view be included?

A Frustrated Assman
Roanoke, VA

*This is the bane of an art director's existence. We use ass shots whenever we have them, but some photographers get so wrapped up in what they're doing*

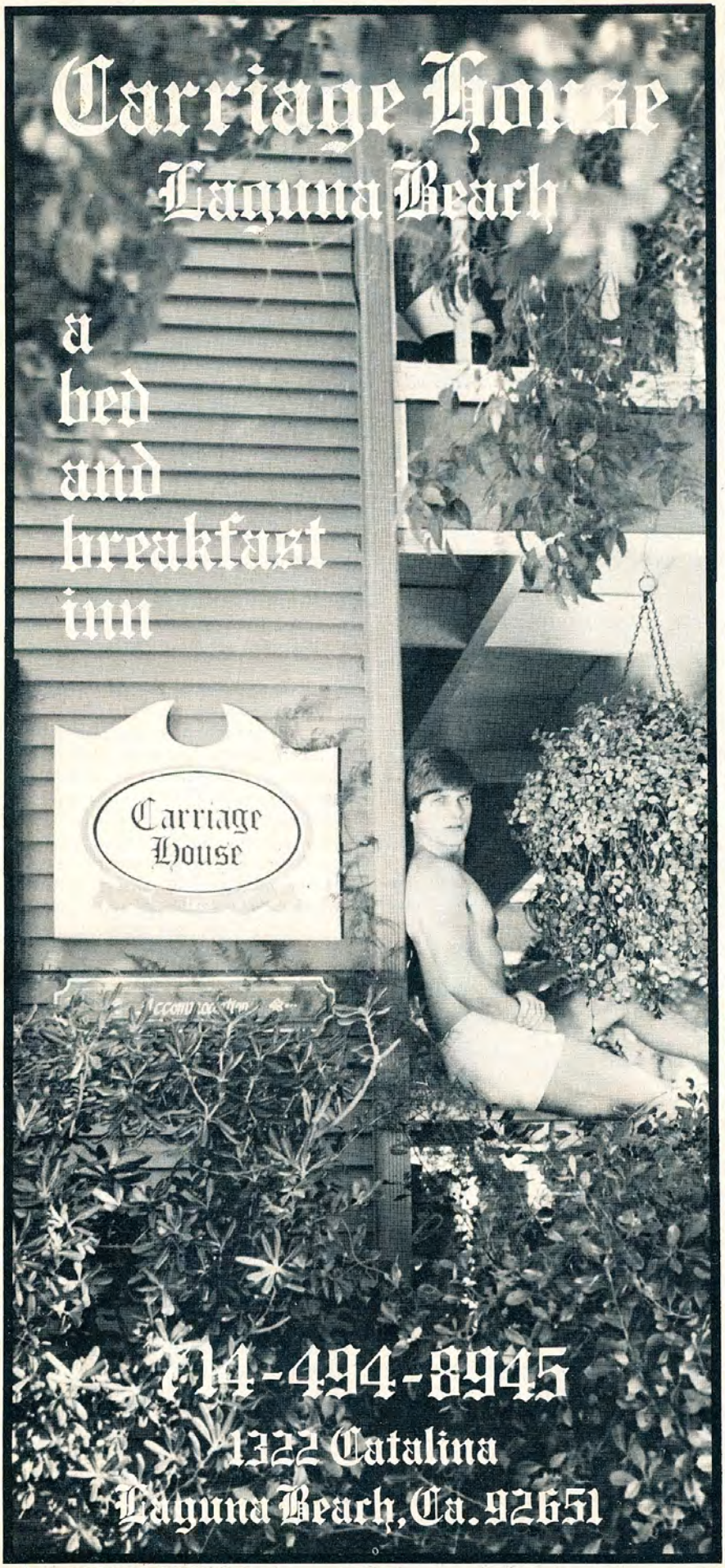



**Photo: GREYSTONE**

*that they simply forget to say those magic words, "Now turn around." The lack of "rear views" is more likely to be a reflection of the photographer's tastes than our own. However, we think we did pretty well this month, and page 61 is just for you.*

*—Ed.*

***LA PLUME DE MA TANTE . . .***

I read your November issue and I was not able to understand the letter signed "Pierre Grosse." Pierre writes in French in your magazine, and French is my native language. I am sure that a magazine like yours can hire a translator to correct the big mistakes like those that Pierre Grosse has made.

(1) *"Son visage est elegant"*: We use *"elegant"* to describe clothes, new hair cuts, etc., not for the beauty and the physical appearance of somebody. We use *"seduisant,"* not *"elegant."*

(2) *"Sa poitrine chevelu"*: In French, we use *"chevelu"* only for the hair on the head. When we want to talk about a hairy chest, we must say *"une poitrine velue,"* not *"chevelue."*

(3) *"Ses fesses forment ressembler deux balles parfait"*: What a sentence! The verb *"former"* is "to form, to make, to create." Maybe the guy wants to say *"fermes"* (firm) . . .

(4) *"Son coq n'est pas coupe"*: Nonsense sentence . . . I don't understand . . . *"coq"* is a rooster . . .

Please, hire a translator next time and give us something well-written in French.
*Je demeure,*

A guy from Montreal

*Twenty lashes with a wet noodle for us! Let's face it, a lot of us Anglos learn to speak French, but no textbook teaches us how to talk* dirty *in French. The letter you refer to was from a guy in Pennsylvania who is probably about as French as we are. His letter was a comment on our model copy in #68 (which was written in French by a guy from Iowa), and we suspect that "Pierre Grosse" was just responding in kind to our own sloppy French as a joke. We certainly appreciate your corrections, however, and if you'd like to send us a list of gay slang in French, we'd be happy to publish it.* Nous demeurons,

*—Ed.*

***DECEMBER'S DOZEN***

Your December issue with the "12 Men of Christmas" was unfortunately spoiled by some ignoramus putting a calendar sheet announcing the number of shopping days *until* Xmas. Even my late Jewish lover knew the 12 days of Christmas are the days *after* Xmas. W. Shakespeare wrote a play, *The Twelfth Night,* which had nothing to do with the number of

*(continued on page 22)*



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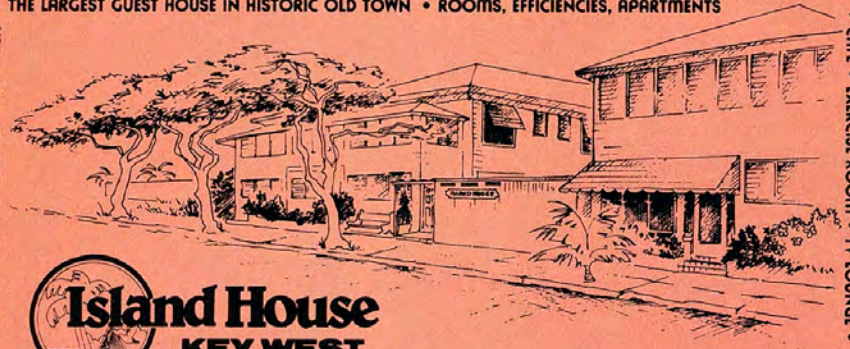
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# TOUCH & GO



***IN LIKE A LION . . . :*** Our March issue is ushered in by the breezy and beautiful Mr. Christopher Walken, seen here as he appears in the MGM musical *Pennies From Heaven*. Just seconds later, Walken begins stripping (to the tune of "Let's Misbehave"), but we didn't publish the "after" photos because we want you to go out, pay your money and see this wonderful film for yourself. Mr. Walken may not be the star of this movie (Steve Martin is), but he is certainly responsible for its steamiest moment, for which we thank director Herbert Ross, choreographer Danny Daniels and, of course, Leo the Lion himself.

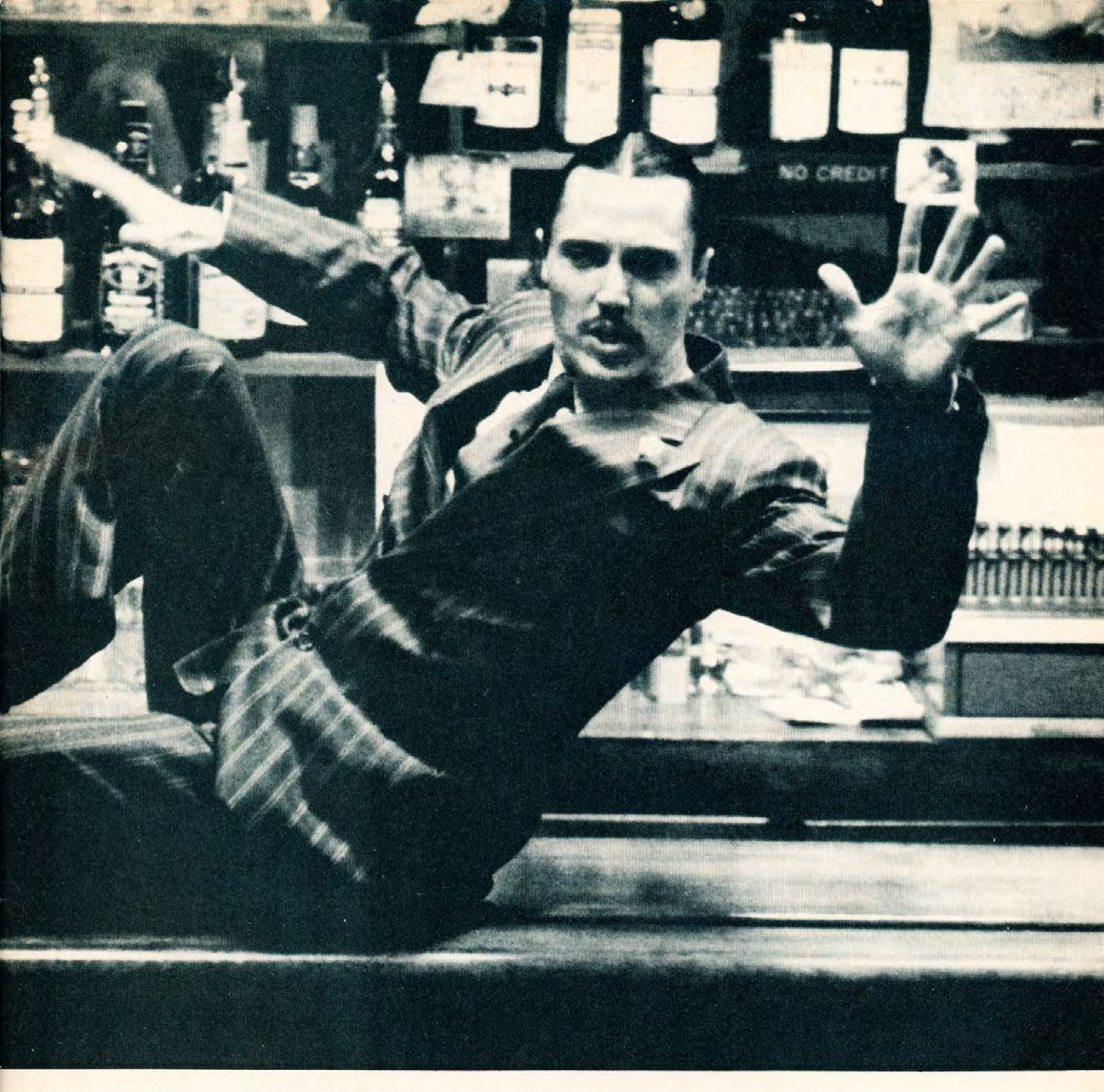
In all seriousness, *Pennies From Heaven* is a courageous film (especially in view of the growing lack of risk-taking at the Hollywood studios), a film which defies all audience expectations of Steve Martin and MGM musicals, a film which is really about other films (and therefore for "intellectuals") and a film which dares to accept the musical as a serious art form. And what could be gayer than that? Although these words are being written shortly after the film's release, we feel certain that most of the glorious qualities of *Pennies From Heaven* will have been overlooked by the Academy Awards committee by the time you read this. Maybe it doesn't matter . . . Christopher Walken already has his Oscar (for *The Deer Hunter*). And what does an Oscar really mean, when you consider that "Talk To The Animals" won one?

Still, this film gets our personal Gay Oscar for Best Picture, because of its daring, its originality and its neverending genderfuck (men singing in women's voices and vice versa, men kissing men on the lips, entire dance numbers apparently created for the sake of ass shots, etc.) This is not Fosse-land, where everything is so relentlessly hetero that it finally becomes a parody of hetero (and homo by default). This is a sensitive film about people struggling through insensitive times—the Thirties—and yet it speaks to us so clearly that we wonder if it isn't "really" about modern times and the *new* depression.

Now sensitivity is not what we normally expect from an MGM musical, especially in view of the studio's *last* two original musicals (the excellent but hard-as-nails *The Boyfriend* and the downright horrible *Can't Stop The Music*), both of which were boxoffice disasters. But, just like their own Cowardly Lion of Oz, the folks at MGM are braver than they realize. And we thank them for it. At last, after all these years, we finally got the flip side of *Singin' in the Rain.* Thanks, Leo. May you roar forever. And as for you, Christopher Walken, you can dance on our bar anytime! *(photos courtesy MGM)*







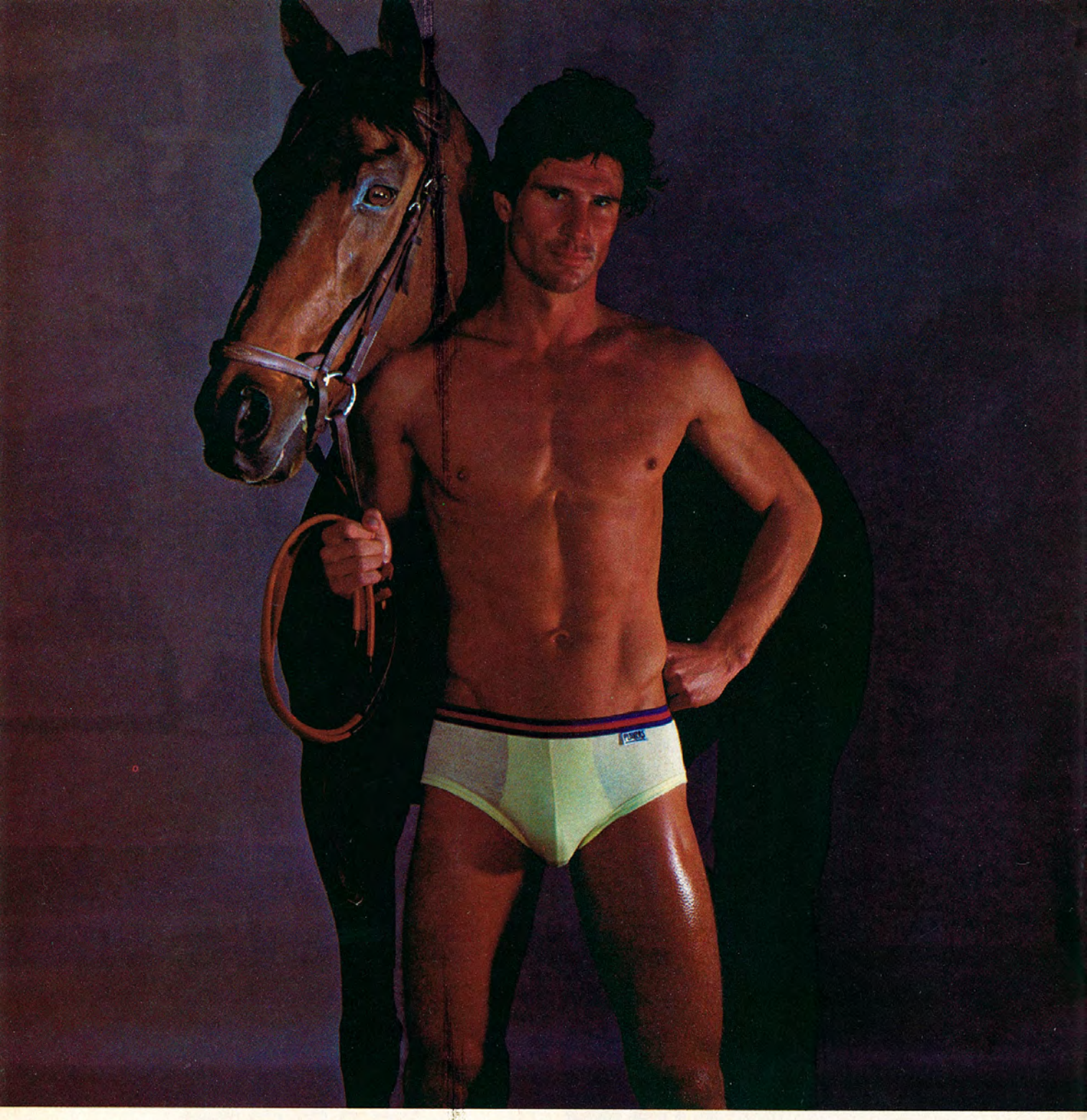

***'G' VERSION:***

# BUDDY BUDDY

***BANNED IN UTAH!:*** Yes, it's true. The advertising logo for the latest Jack Lemmon / Walter Matthau vehicle proved too much to take for the home state of Donny and Marie, and Utah's censors placed a ban on publishing ads which feature the "suggestive" screws from the "R" rated movie, even though the film itself is only about "screwing" a buddy in the most figurative sense. We're sure that the ban comes as welcome news to rascally filmmaker Billy (*Some Like It Hot*) Wilder, who hasn't been able to get into trouble since Kim Novak did those "paper panties" jokes in *Kiss Me, Stupid* almost 20 years ago. There's life in the old *auteur* yet! *(illustrations © MGM)*

# BUDDY BUDDY

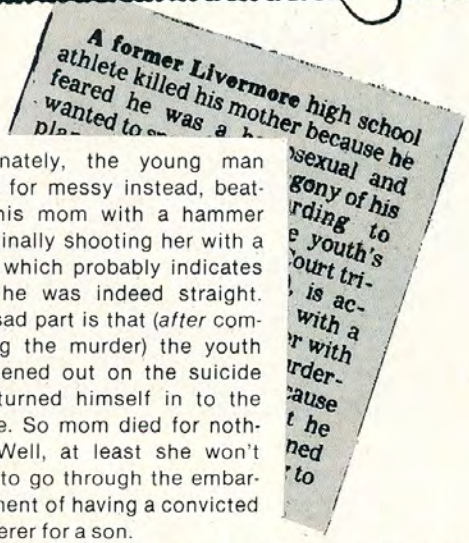
***'X' VERSION:***



***THE DEATH OF THE AIR-BRUSH (FEATURING REX, THE WONDER HORSE):*** No, Rex is the one on the left. That's Larry you're gaping at. We first spotted Larry and Rex in an ad for those formfitting briefs. As soon as we realized that we were actually seeing the outline of the head of his you-know-what, we immediately called the manufacturers to say thank you and, by the way, do you have any other shots of Larry? Well, thanks to the nice folks at Players Action Briefs, here is an unpublished and unretouched picture from the same photo session that set us off. The undies are made of 100% cotton, come in red, blue, navy, gold and white, and are available in fine stores everywhere. Larry, unfortunately, is available only on these pages and *in* the briefs. Rex, however, is dead, stuffed and probably for rent, with or without briefs. Cruel but true. We don't exactly enjoy beating a dead horse, but we certainly wouldn't mind beating . . . oh never mind. *(photo by Peter Kredeser, courtesy British Bulldog Ltd.)*

***CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT:*** An elephant never forgets and neither, apparently, do gay boys. As all three items on this page testify, we are not exactly a forgiving lot. Witness the Joan Crawford memorabilia seen here, all of which were among the year's hottest-selling Christmas gifts. There's a wire hanger with a place to fill in your name (plus the name of your own little Christina). A greeting card with La Crawford's message to the Pepsi Cola Company: "Don't Fuck With Me, Fellas!" And a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "I never touched the bitch!" On the other hand, the real mind-blower is that the people who manufacture this stuff (the "Joan Crawford Daycare Center" in San Francisco) are actually donating part of their profits to the San Francisco Child Abuse Council, a very serious organization. So if you feel like getting even with Joan, it's all for a good cause. The merchandise described is available from The Fun House (724 Fillmore St., San Francisco, CA 94114) or from your local gay boutique.



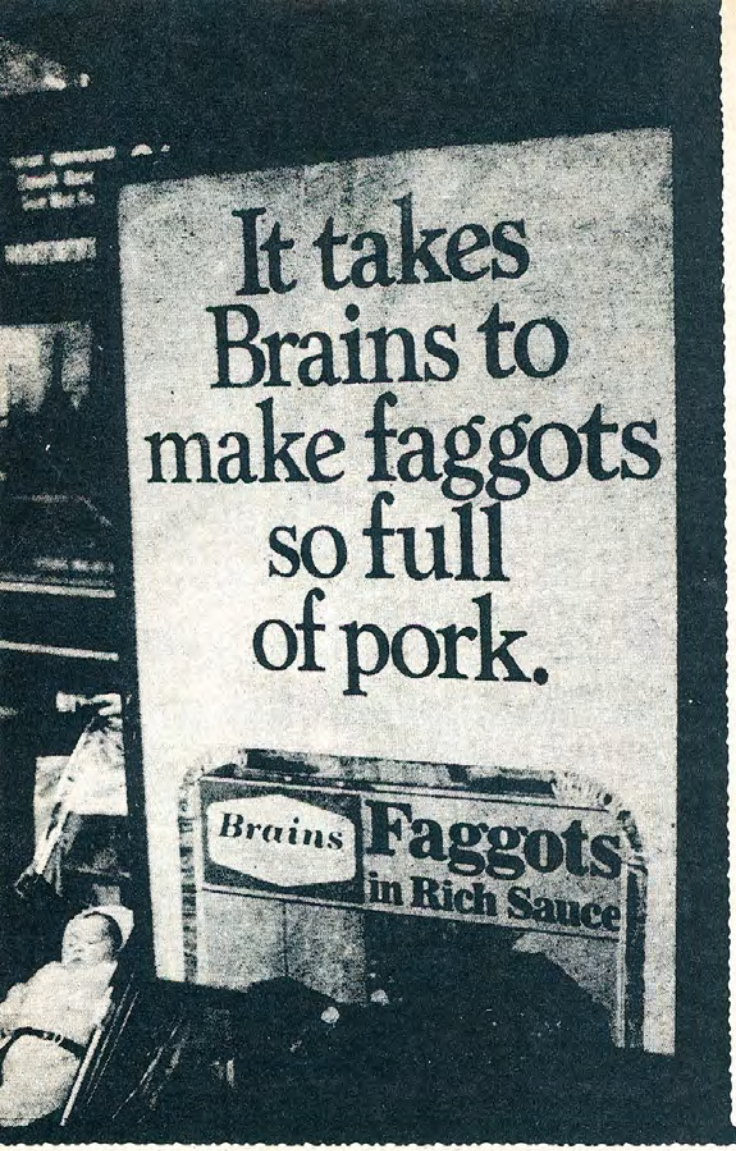

2

***IN COLD BLOOD:*** Our next piece of evidence is this recent news item from the Los Angeles *Times,* in which we learn that a high school athlete who *feared* he was gay actually killed his mother to "spare her" the humiliation of his upcoming suicide. One of our favorite illustrators, Jerry Mills, suggested that "he probably dropped a copy of *Four Fabulous Faces* on her," or perhaps a boxed set of complete Judy Garland recordings. Unfortunately, the young man went for messy instead, beating his mom with a hammer and finally shooting her with a rifle, which probably indicates that he was indeed straight. The sad part is that (*after* commiting the murder) the youth chickened out on the suicide and turned himself in to the police. So mom died for nothing. Well, at least she won't have to go through the embarrassment of having a convicted murderer for a son.

3

***IN POOR TASTE:*** Remember Claudine Longet? Sure you do. She's the so-called vocalist who was best known for (1) marrying Andy Williams, (2) recording "Blue, Blue, My Love is Blue," and (3) shooting her lover, Spider Savage, dead as a ski lodge in August. "Accidental," decreed the courts, "sorta," and Claudine spent the next couple of years getting her hands slapped, sorta. Well, the boys at *Topman* (one of our favorite New York publications) aren't about to let her off so easily. This hilarious (and very, very naughty) "ad" appeared in a recent issue, and we haven't gotten over it yet. Neither has Spider. *(courtesy Topman, 165 West 46th Street, New York, NY 10036)*



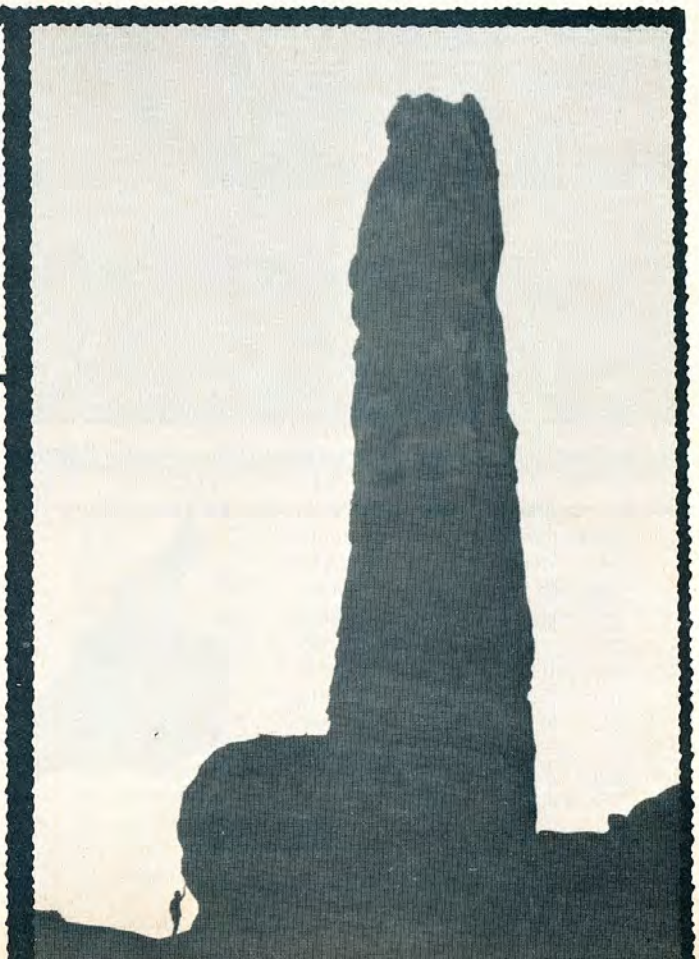






***OH YEAH?:*** First Burt Reynolds wants us to have his baby, and now this! We always knew it was true, but we never expected to see Uncle Sam (the daddy of them all) personally endorsing it. Actually, we found this sign outside a fast-food outlet in Honolulu. But it certainly conjures up images of jailbait that could make you want to enlist in the navy or maybe just hang around the bus station looking for some fingers to lick. In either case, fight the feeling and order a bucket to go. *(photo by Hugh Pinney)*

***YES, IT PROBABLY DOES:*** It might, however, take more than brains to figure out what the hell these people had in mind when they designed this poster. It helps a great deal to know that this photo appeared in a British newspaper (London's excellent *Gay News*) and that the "faggots" referred to are not queers, or even cigarettes. They are apparently something delicious, in a rich sauce, that English people like to see on their dinner table. And "Brains" is a brand name—not a particularly appealling one, however—so all of this is just terribly clever and not designed to make you puke after all. So just remember, the next time you feel like being full of pork, just ask your butcher for "Brains Faggots, please," and be prepared to run. *(photo by Bob Workman, courtesy Gay News, 1A Normand Gardens, Greyhound Road, London W14 9SB, England)*



***DILDOES OF THE GODS?:*** One of the grander sights to be found in Utah's Kodachrome Basin State Park is this unusual rock formation, which should give all you Size Queens something to dream about. It measures approximately 90 feet in length and about 40 feet in diameter at the base, That means you would need about 125 feet of leather to make a cockring. Great for experienced climbers, but not recommended to beginners without enormous quantitites of lubricant. *(photo by Weldon Young)* □

## BY JOHN CALENDO

**"The dreaming up and marketing of taste has always been the classic gay profession."**

I am writing this in Las Vegas, a perfect place for kicking off a column on quiet good taste. I feel about quiet good taste the way the Irish feel about the English. I'm telling you this right up front so you'll know why (after this first installment) I never discuss quiet good taste again. It's not the good taste I object to. It's the quiet. Good taste can certainly be as clever and eccentric as bad taste. It's *boring* taste that I'm against, and that's where the quiet part comes in. Quiet *bad* taste (as if such a thing were possible and we all know too well that it isn't) would be just as repugnant to me. I'm not a bigot, after all.

So I'm writing this, my first, my only column on quiet good taste in the inspiring city of Las Vegas, my spiritual home away from home. Outside the kitchen window—it's my mother's apartment—I see the unburnt part of the MGM Grand Hotel and the rebuilt part too, all blazingly floodlit. It is white, it is gridded by lines of steel, and it looks like an enormous air-conditioner that always wanted the spotlight. What the MGM is, I think, is a marvelously failed attempt at High Tech. Las Vegas, you see, the *new* Las Vegas is going for quiet good taste . . . but it's going for it in a big Las Vegas way.

Minimal? You want minimal? The MGM Grand is maximally minimal. No pushy pink neon climbing the sides of the building, no Greco-Mafia statuary on the front lawn, the MGM Grand is quality at its most white bread. In its mind, it is passing for Protestant.

Except there are a couple of hitches. Like a casino that seats 1,000. Like an arcade level that allows you to have your picture taken with—sure—the "MGM Lion," one very drugged looking cat. Like an elaborate stage show which, given the MGM's recent fire disaster, makes the ill-timed, ill-considered and just plain ill move of portraying the sinking of the Titanic as a song-and-dance number, complete with the rape of a first-class passenger by the ship's hull mechanics, and the showgirls and boys encouraging the audience to join in on "Nearer my God, to Thee."

Lovely. Very nice.

No, for all its attempts to capture the panache of a Maytag washer, the MGM Grand can not escape its vibrant, carnival roots. How else do you explain the south wing of the main lobby? Here, we find the "Hall of Fame," where face-casts of the MGM stars are displayed in reverently lit glass cases—the visages plaster white, eyes shut, somber—from which the casual movie-goer can learn, among other things how truly unique Lana Turner was, for she was apparently born without features, her mask looking the way you would if you tied a white sheet around your head, though by no means tightly. In this hushed, mausoleum atmosphere, there is only one discordant note. Doris Day is smiling. But from ear to ear. The effect is macabre, to say the least—yet at the same time very Doris.

But I am not looking down or even making fun. It is precisely these hitches, these errors of form, these premise-violating mistakes that makes the whole thing worth writing about. To some people, the Muse of Letters is a Pre-Raphaelite woman who descends with golden shafts of Inspiration, to me, she's a hotel in Las Vegas where you can get your picture taken with a lion. The MGM Grand is that




wonderful, architectural dichotomy: a whitened sepulcher on the outside; the Wild Mouse ride within.

It represents the only kind of quiet good taste I like: horribly failed quiet good taste. For me, quiet good taste is a worthwhile subject only when it has failed miserably and tragically, and I think by now you know that when I say tragically I mean *King Lear*-level. It must fail in a way that is so terrifically remote from its intentions that the effect is sort of the sensation that comes over you when you see toenail polish on elephants.

Oh—you're saying—he's going to be writing a column on camp then. No. At least, not necessarily. Strictly speaking, he's going to write a column on anything that comes into his head. But I think taste will be very much a part of those things. See, I have this theory: Taste is to gay people what rhythm is to black people: we have a sixth sense about it. The dreaming up and marketing of taste has always been the classic gay profession, be it interior designing, hairdressing, choreography, writing or even the less obvious, gay-populated endeavors like government, religious ministry and the teaching of English Lit. (the last three requiring the professional to be an interpreter, interpretations always being based, in fundamental ways, on taste).

Now I'm not saying gay people have a sixth sense for *good* taste necessarily. The taste can be good or it can be bad; what distinguishes it is that the taste is *thorough.* It is top to bottom . . . a style that is carried out to the nth degree, that is impressed on everything so that when you're in the presence of the taste it seems that the whole universe has conspired to say one thing, to reflect one side of its personality (which, not by accident, is the personality of the taste-setter). Taste is everyone's effort to remake the world in his own image.

Now of course a straight person can have thorough taste just as a white person can have rhythm. But let's face it, when you want a real dance workout, are you going to put on Pure Prairie League or Kid Creole and the Coconuts?

Fran Lebowitz once showed me an article *Esquire* had asked her to write (but was too prissy, in the end, to publish) on "Homosexual Style." The article began with a question and answer that, I think, devastated her editors:

"Question: How would you define *heterosexual* style?

"Answer: That certain nothing."

Thus, it has always been my contention that a taste that dares not speak its name (the aforementioned quiet good taste) is a taste whose company I would not want to be photographed in, let alone invite to a party, where it would probably be dropping moral fiber all over the place. It seems to me that if there is a real difference between straight and gay people it has nothing to do with who's doing what to whom, and everything to do with what's being worn with what. Personal identity is hard won with us, so taste often has for us the importance of a cultural imperative. It seems at times to be our manifest destiny, this forming of taste, this expressing of taste. Straight people go deaf; gay people go *deft.* □




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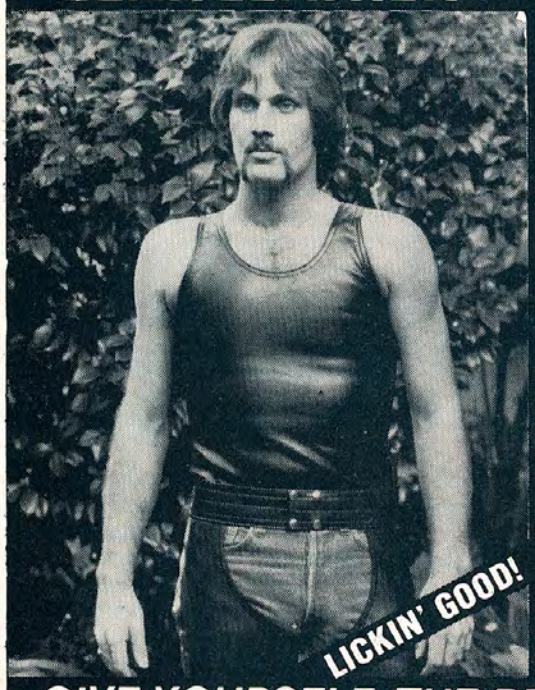
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## LETTERS *(continued from page 12)*

shopping days *before* Xmas.

Ray Leber
Sacramento, CA

*Thanks for the reminder. We'll never make that mistake again. By the way, the motion picture* The Dirty Dozen *also has nothing to do with the number of shopping days before Xmas.*

*—Ed.*

### BRING ON THE TEENAGE JOCKS!

I'm especially turned on by stories and photo-spreads in which a straight, teenage jock is forced to go naked, especially in circumstances which are somewhat embarrassing or mildly humiliating (but not in a "kinky" way). School situations, particularly high school, add and intensify the erotic high I receive as I witness some hunky teen getting his jeans removed by a pack of equally sexy, basket-bulging high schoolers.

When I myself was in high school, you'd occasionally hear of one of the varsity jocks getting "pantsed." I hope that this is something that is not completely out of style today.

A newspaper article I recently came across related an incident of a teenage boy who gave a couple of girl hitchhikers a ride. After pulling a knife on him, the girls stole his car, but only after they forced him to take off all of his clothes, including his briefs! To add to his embarrassment, the girls sprayed his groin with a foam hair-remover, denuding the kid to the limit. The kid was finally picked up by a sympathetic motorist who witnessed the stark naked youth scrambling for cover in a nearby wooded area. When I read the story, I immediately substituted a half-dozen teens from my own neighborhood for the stripped kid in the article.

Name Withheld
Saint Louis, MO

*Frankly, we find it rather refreshing that you didn't substitute the half-dozen guys for the* girls *in the story (although it might be hard to explain what a bunch of jocks were doing with a spray-can of Nair). Those girls might set the E.R.A. back a few years, but they certainly get an "A" for creative felonies.*

*—Ed.*

### TALK DIRTY TO US

First of all I would like to congratulate you on IN TOUCH's 8th year, almost 4 years to which I have been subscribing . . . Keep the excellent articles and most of all, keep the gorgeous hunks coming (interpret that either way) . . .

P.S. Show more hairy asses, 'cause I love men that are extremely hairy (that's why Robbie's my lover of 3 years), men that are hairy everywhere. I must close, I have to get rid of this hot load inspired by this wonderful magazine. Love,

Jim
Vancouver, B.C.

First I'd like to say that if Tex Murdock (#59) is in bodybuilding, where do I send my order? I certainly appreciate older men, at least older than I. Young boys are sweet, pretty and fast. But older men are . . . well, they just are. Your magazine has made the South (at least the part between my legs) rise again, and again. Thanks for a fine magazine.

Frank Butler
Mobile, AL

### BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

I hope I'm not wasting 20 cents writing you all, but I just thought it would be nice to say that seeing the black dude (Marvin) in your magazine (#62) was such an uplift. Here's hoping that in 1982 you all (and other gay magazines) will feature black dudes. I'm hoping you all will put out an *IN TOUCH BOOK OF BLACKS #2*

David L. Andersen
Chicago, IL

*We agree that gay mags tend to overlook non-white racial groups. We don't know if this is a form of unconscious prejudice or if white boys are just more inclined to strip for the camera. Whatever the reason, we will be featuring black models with regularity (see John Taylor in this issue) and are actively searching for Orientals, Latinos, etc. A second* Book of Blacks *is a possibility, but we are more inclined to integrate than to segregate. We also recommend Force 1, a studio which specializes in black models (see their ad in this issue). And believe you me, we have some upcoming models who will knock your socks (among other things) clean off.*

*—Ed.*

### EL RETRACTO!!!

*Yes, boys, we made a mistake and we're man enough to admit it. In the "Nightlife" section of issue #63, we reported that former Mr. America (and gorgeous gym-owner) Jim Morris "has modelled for Roy Dean." Well, forget it. Those of you who want to see Mr. Morris in the buff are barking up the wrong photographer. In fact, Jim posed for Colt Studio, not Roy Dean. Somehow our enormous research department let this one slip through, so we fired every last one of the little fuckers. Let's set the record straight. Or something like that.*

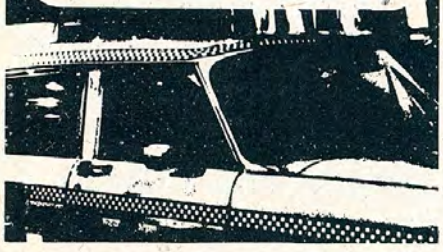
*—Ed.* □

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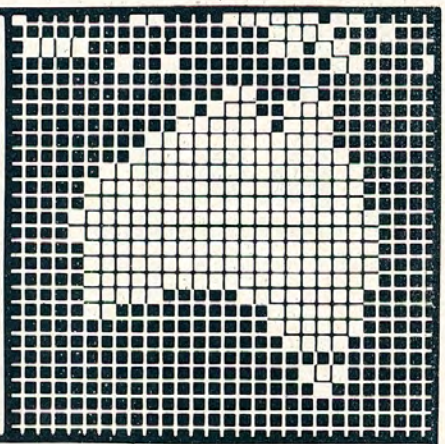
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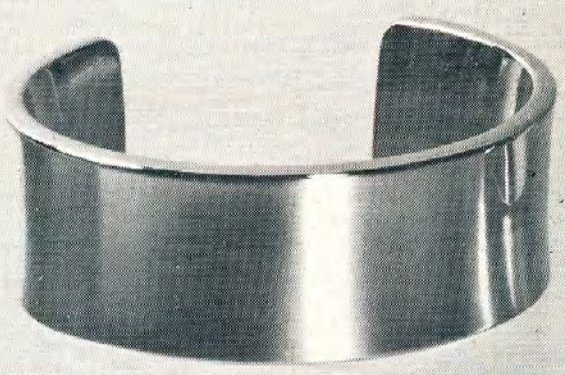
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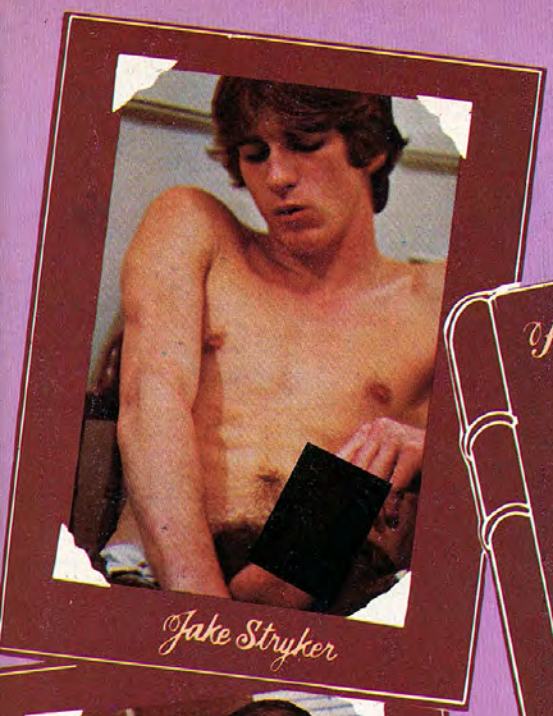
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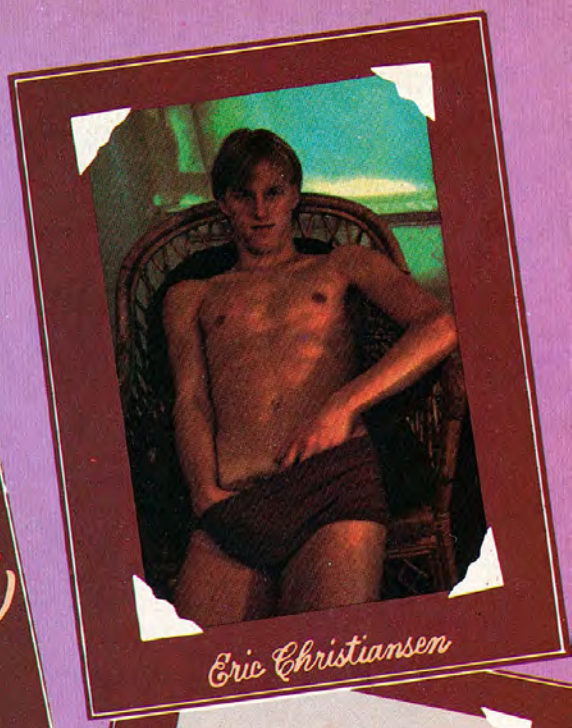
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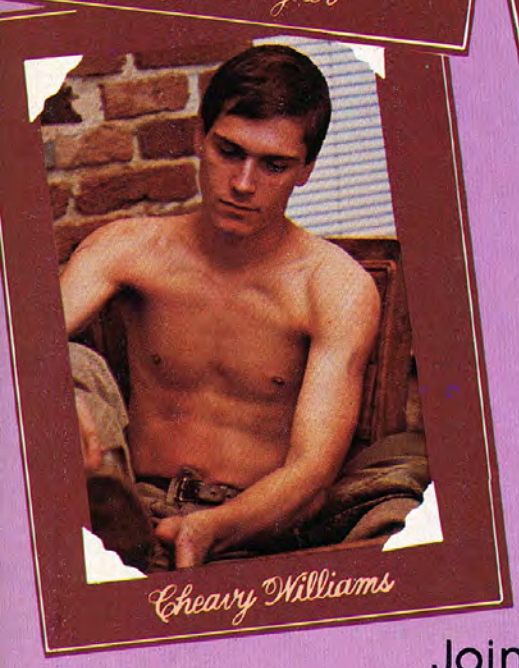
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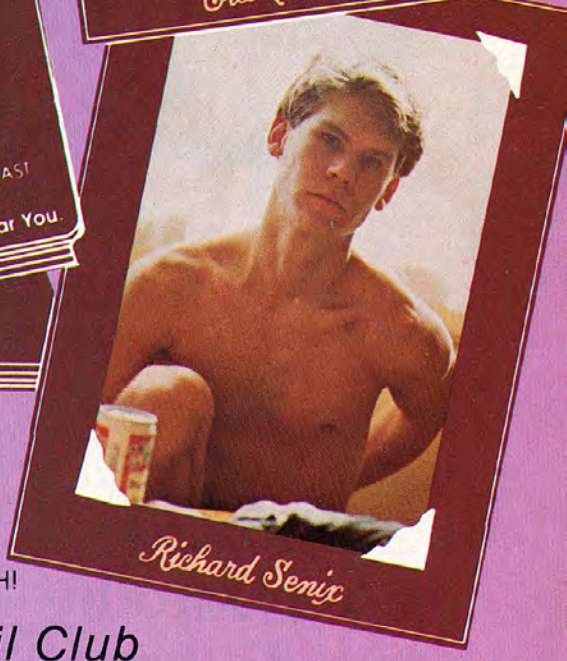
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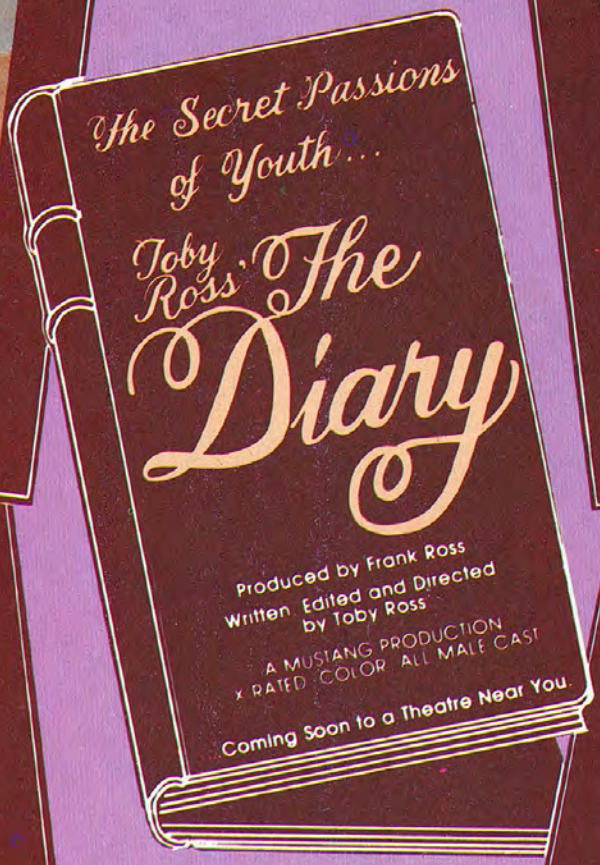
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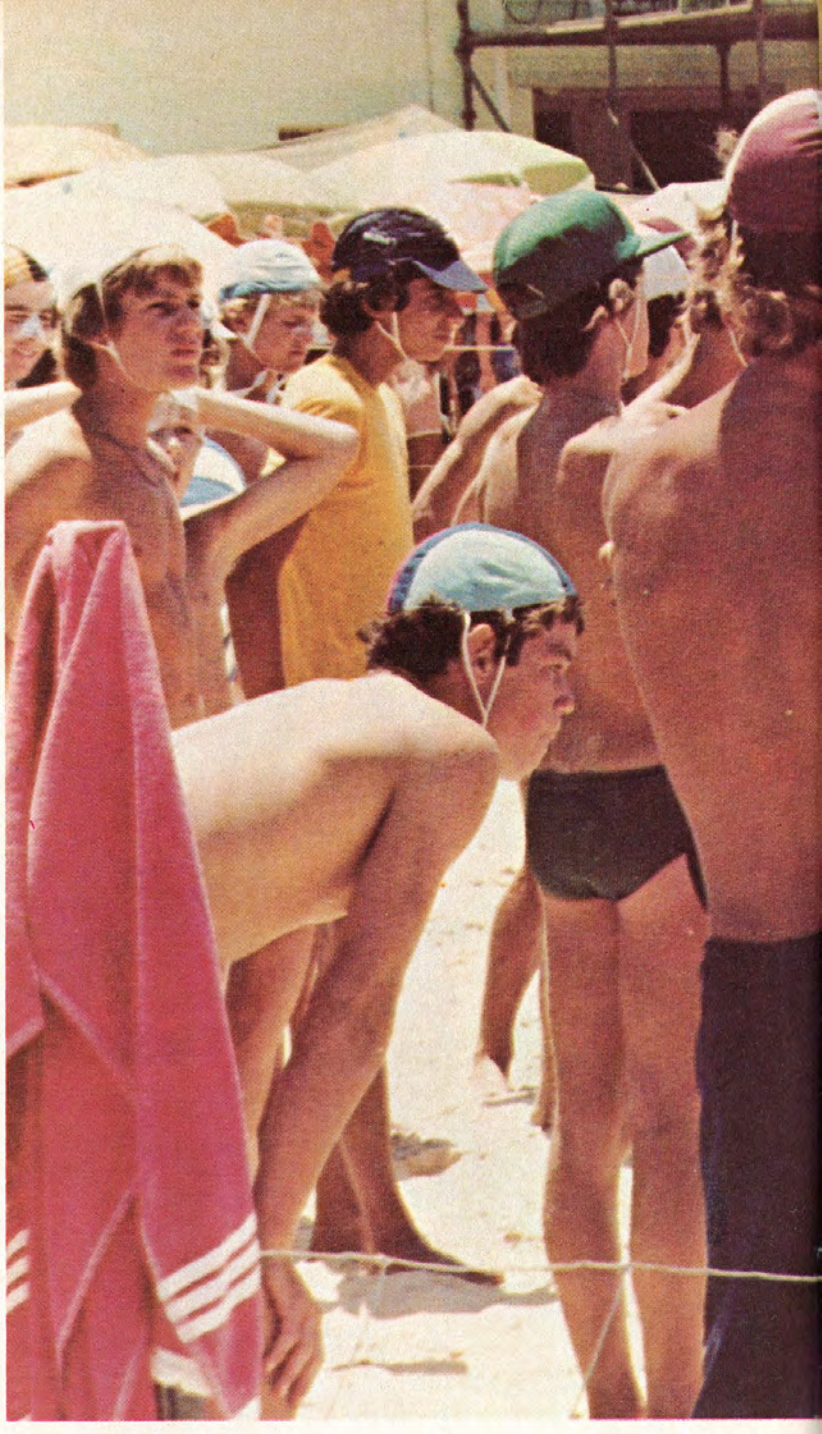
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# Return to Oz

## We're off to see the wizard! But this time we're leaving Dorothy home. Toto too.

**Photos by WAYNE RICKEL**



So there you sit, somewhere in Kansas. Everything's in black and white. The ocean is a thousand miles away, the weather is rotten, and you just can't seem to stay out of trouble. Well, grab the next westbound twister and join us—in the merry old land of Oz. No, not the Oz that's over the rainbow. This one is down under.

The Australians affectionately refer to their homeland as Oz, partly because of the post office abbreviation (Aus.) and partly because of its isolated, otherworldly location. But as our regular readers know (see issues #42 and #52), there are no Munchkins in *this* Emerald City. They grow 'em big and beefy here. And nowhere more so than at the famous surf-lifeguard clubs. So let's go back for another peek. Who knows, we may never want to go back to Kansas again.






**WHAT PUTS THE "APE" IN "APRICOT"?**: Courage. These men may be gorgeous, but they are more than just decorative. Hundreds of lives are saved each year on Australia's beaches by the 1,800 volunteers who make up the country's 26 surf-life-saver clubs. Constantly patrolling the beaches and working on their boating skills, these men put on a show that won't stop.



**I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE:** Tits and ass is the name of the game here. There's no body like a natural body, and there's no natural body like a swimmer's. Just look in any direction—there are thousands of them up and down the coast. And, bless their hearts, they are fond of public parading and good-natured competitions, making it easy for voyeurs like us to catch much more than a glimpse of them during Australia's summer season (our winter). Their chosen workclothes are the tiniest of nylon briefs, which are inclined to cling to the crotch, define the behind and fall down in the surf. We couldn't be more grateful.



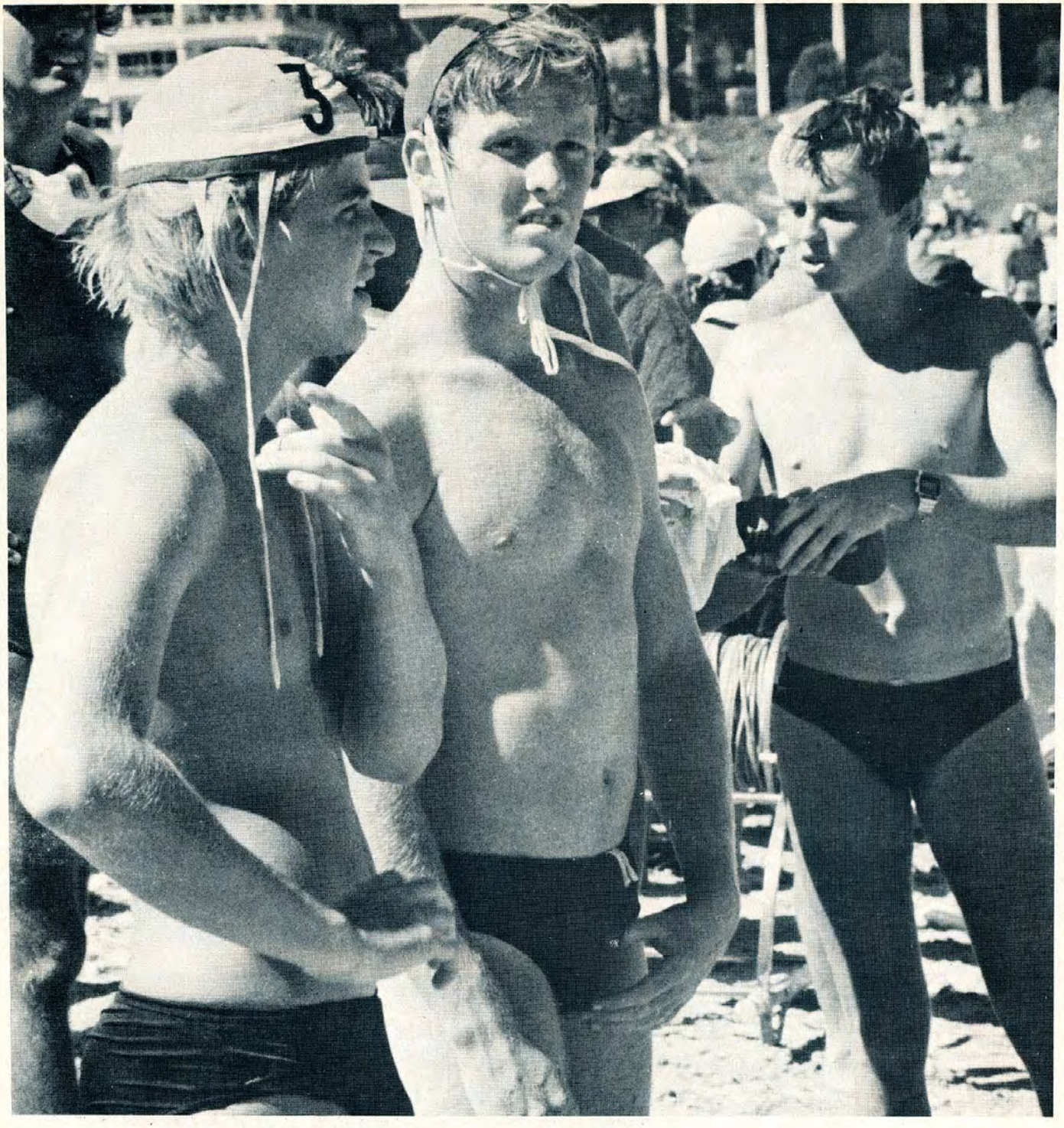



START

**PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN:** That's just a lifeguard (below) sporting his club flag and his marching uniform (an old-fashioned one-piece men's bathing suit, which has become the traditional costume for public displays of club spirit). Also on these pages: a tanned and muscular young bloke (far left) demonstrates the art of suggestive shadowpuppets on his thigh; and three mates (bottom left) take turns practicing public mouth-to-mouth, raising fascinating questions about what they might do in private.







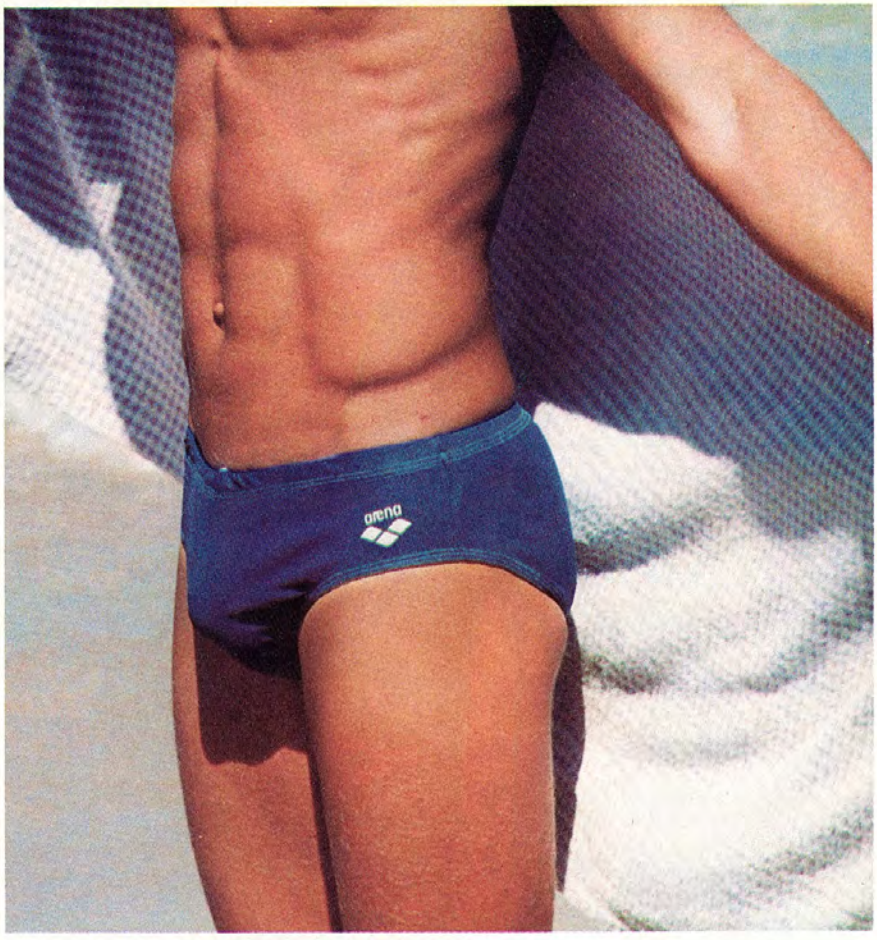
**COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE:** And meet the young lady who fell from a star? Not likely. These guys spend a lot more time meeting other lifesavers. The body language is enthralling, as the young men strut their stuff with mucho macho. Crotch scratching (above) is the national pastime, and the lads are constantly (and often unconsciously) rearranging their cocks and balls, fluffing things up for the most basket impact. And if you're an ass man, Australia is a little bit of semi-heaven. The surfmen have a wonderful habit of rolling their Speedos up (see opposite page) for maximum display of powerful cheeks, cheeks that you could really sink your teeth—or tongue—into. Supposedly, they do this to avoid blisters when rowing the boats. But these boys are just as inclined to pull their trunks down in the back, and they certainly spend a lot of time on the shore with their buns in the breeze, much to the delight of proctologists and IN TOUCH readers everywhere.





**YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD THE POWER TO GO BACK TO KANSAS:** Only now you don't want to, do you? So let's stay in Oz just a little bit longer—on our knees. Crotch-watching in Australia has been elevated to truly Olympian levels, thanks to these brave bulging men in their formfitting briefs. So just remember, if you ever go searching for your heart's desire again, you won't have to look any further than your big back yard on the beaches of Australia. Oh, but anyway, Toto, we're home, home! And this is our beach and you're all here and we're not going to leave here ever, ever again, because we love you all and oh, Auntie Em . . . there's no place like Oz! ◻










**YOU'RE 30,000 FEET IN THE AIR,**

halfway to Hawaii, your cares and troubles behind you. Half dozing, your mind races ahead, anticipating a week of sun, surf and sex. Before you know it, you've got a bulge in your pants that no seatbelt can restrain. Suddenly, a deep warm voice says, ''Would you lower your tray, please?'' You open your eyes and, turning toward the heavenly voice, find yourself staring into one sensational crotch, draped in form-fitting polyester. You gulp, then look up into an equally sensational pair of smiling brown eyes. You gulp again. Oh God, you think, he knows I have a hardon. But of course he does. He is a professional, trained to watch his passengers the way a mother hen watches her eggs. Obediently, you lower your tray, both hiding your boner and allowing the handsome man to serve your almond chicken. Suddenly, you find yourself obsessed with those brown eyes, those pants, that smile. And when you smile back, he gives you that look, that lingering, unmistakable look of desire. So you ask yourself that inevitable question: what in the hell do I do now? Well, boys,

**HERE'S THE ANSWER AT LAST!**

# THE FRIENDLY SKIES OR HOW TO PICK UP THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

**BY R.D. RAE**

First of all, don't call him a "steward." In this era of equal-opportunity employment, he is known as an "airline passenger attendant," a gallant effort to avoid the sexist label "steward/stewardess." Besides, "steward" conjures up images of white-coated natives serving Mai-Tais aboard the vessels of the Great White Fleet. Or worse, images of coffee-tea-or-me bubbleheads from late-Sixties movies like *Boeing, Boeing.* As more and more men opt for this traditionally female occupation, the old public image has given way to the new archetype—the dashing, globe-trotting, *male* flight attendant.

It is probably no surprise to reveal that lots and lots and *lots* of the men who fly the friendly skies are gay. Perhaps gay men feel more secure in filling what has previously been a "women's job." That's the mundane explanation. I prefer to believe that gay men simply look better in blazers. In either case, it is a fact. I know. And personally, I will never look at a snack-pack of Macadamia nuts in quite the same way again.

* * *

I first began to study the habits of the flight attendant in Frankfurt, West Germany, hometown of the philosopher Goethe and the world's largest airport. And the first thing I learned was that being

**ILLUSTRATION BY**
**DAVID GAINES**

a flight attendant is more than a job. It's more than a career. Being a flight attendant is a *Gentleman's Quarterly* theme issue.

Our intrepid boys of the air must have the tact of a politician, the instant smile of a beauty contestant, the nausea threshold of a sickroom nurse and the agility of a professional athlete—especially in coach. Having Grace Jones' cheekbones doesn't hurt, either. Should an attendant fail any of these requirements, should he gain weight or cease to resemble a sophomore at Phillips Exeter Academy, he will be banished to ground work for the rest of his days—a depressing existence of snapping baggage claims onto plaid suitcases. The only person capable of avoiding such a fate for any length of time is Peter Pan.

Does this depress our flight attendant? No way. He knows he's got a good thing going, and he's determined to play it out to the sweet, sweet end. A truly great flight attendant doesn't get mid-life crises—*he gives them to other people.* With a complimentary drink, of course.

Contrary to popular belief, the ideal place to meet your flight attendant is not in the air. (You've been reading the letters in *Playgirl*, haven't you?) Remember that he's on the job. He just flew through 13 time zones, his 24-hour mouthwash surrended somewhere over the Atlantic, and the 12-hour upper he took over Newfoundland just wore off. In addition, there are 37 hyperactive Korean parochial-school students in aisles 21 through 40, the woman in aisle 19 is going into labor, and the in-flight movie is *Airport '82.*

Leave the poor man alone! The last thing he wants right now is to pretend that it's Saturday night and the two of you are on Christopher Street. If you think he's going to play games with you in a tiny round stainless-steel toilet, you've not only been *reading* the letters in *Playgirl*, you've been *believing* them.

The trick is to arrange a rendezvous on the ground later. A steward friend of mine once met a lieutenant from the French Foreign Legion in this manner. But just about anything is possible when you rub two uniforms together. For civilians like us, with clothing that does not scream "single, unattached and ready for action," a little more game-playing may be necessary. One thing is certain, however. If he is interested, he'll let you know . . . but subtly. Be prepared to move when the signal comes. Ask yourself the following questions:

1) Does he chit-chat with you more than is politely necessary?

2) Does he check out your seatbelt long after the sign has been turned off?

3) Does he offer you magazines and blankets and everything else he can think of?

4) Does he *always* notice you as he passes?

5) Does he frequently hang out in your line of vision?

If so, he may be trying to signal you. Move quickly, because in a moment he may have to start collecting earphones or something. When you feel his interest is certain (or at least highly probable), wait until he is standing somewhere out of earshot of his fellow employees and other passengers, like the galley or restroom areas. Then strike. Pretend you are stretching your legs, walk right up to him and ask him anything that comes into your head. What time is it? Does he know anything about the hotel you will be staying at? Then, be brave and make your offer. Remember, *somebody* is bound to be watching you both, so be brief. If your name and hotel are easy to remember, that's ideal. Otherwise, you should have such data written down in advance, preferably on something that could pass for a business card or airline property. If you are lucky, he will suggest that you meet him somewhere later, so that nothing need exchange hands. And above all, keep smiling and looking businesslike, for the benefit of onlookers. If you can handle possible rejection, the direct approach is always the best. Think of the time you save.

If you fail to make contact aboard the plane—which is often the case—save your energy to make contact on the ground. Don't, however, expect to meet your flight attendant going through customs or at the baggage carousel. As members of the airline elite, he will be out of the airport and halfway to his hotel before customs has even finished pawing through your lubricants and jockstraps.

Airport cocktail lounges are equally unlikely meeting places. The airlines know that passengers are not comforted by the sight of men in blue blazers stumbling out of bars. Such behavior is wisely discouraged. Therefore, to find your man on the ground, you must become a student of his habits. Ask yourself the following question:

Upon reaching his hotel room after a long and arduous flight, your steward will (a) hang up his clothes, turn on some classical music and take a nice hot bath, (b) call his lover long-distance to inquire about his health, or (c) drop a Quaalude, slip into jeans and a T-shirt and hit every disco in town. If you answered 'c', you're already well on your way to tracking him down. This is a man who hits the ground running, and with only 11 hours left in your hemisphere, he has no intention of losing a second of fun-time. Only the young and the drugged can keep such schedules, and the grounded flight attendant is usually both.

You now know your prey's destination. But which disco will he try first? That's an easy one. Try the following quiz:

He will head for the disco which is (a) closest to his hotel, (b) not too loud, with a nice corner to talk, or (c) charging the highest cover in town. That's right, 'c' again. You are gaining true insight into the inner workings of the flight attendant's mind.

But how will you pick him out from the hundreds of bluejeansed and T-shirted men on the dance floor? Well, in the first place, stewards don't sweat. This is part of the training they get at stew school—the same training that prepares them to stand smiling before 200 passengers while a yellow life preserver explodes on their chest.

Another clue is physical appearance. His size is absolutely regular—never as skinny as Olive Oyl, never as robust as President Taft. He is shorter than Ricardo Montalban, but taller than Herve Villechaize.

Another clue is the unmistakable flight attendant style. Look closely: yes, La-Coste workboots! That disposable lighter is real gold. His Rolex can survive depths of 3,000 fathoms. And those are *brand-name* Quaaludes—no generic bootlegs for *this* guy.

More disco hints: Don't dress like a businessman. He sees them all day. On the other hand, remember that you'll probably be going back to a hotel together, and full-dress rubber is frowned on in most intercontinental lobbies. You must be able to stride past the desk clerk as if you are Conrad Hilton escorting Zsa Zsa Gabor—or vice versa.

Skip the preliminaries. He's off work now, but you're still dealing with a trained host on a definite timetable. Walk right up and be friendly.

Imbibe moderately. He must be fresh as a *croissant* and ready for Istanbul at 6 a.m., and he needs reassurance that you will be too. Every flight attendant's nightmare is having an overnight visitor who is too drunk to clear out before the maid comes.

Let him do the talking. After all, you're in the company of a world traveler, a professional *bon vivant.* They also have fascinating hobbies. Some people may have more interesting lives—Henry Kissenger comes to mind—but you probably don't. Listen and learn.

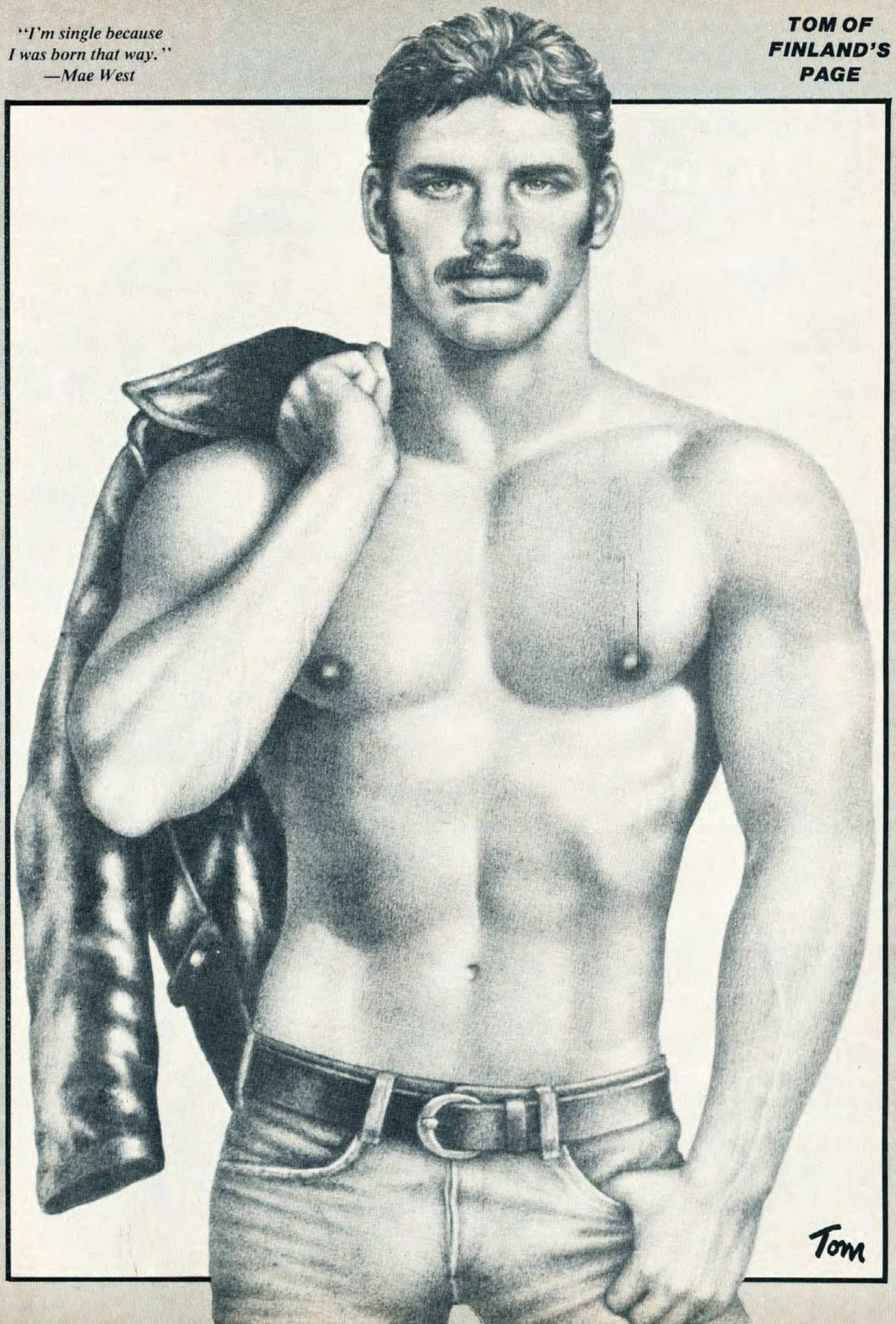
Your hotel or his? Let him decide. If you end up at your place, you can sleep in after he's headed for the wild blue yonder. On the other hand, he's got complimentary nuts, moist towelettes, and teeny bottles of Amaretto at his place. Either way, you win.

Finally, let *him* play host, even at *your* hotel room. There are no limits to the resourcefulness of the airline passenger attendant at work or at play. So lie back and relax. Whatever happens, it's all part of the service.

Well, now we've got you two alone, at last. Those big beautiful eyes of his are staring at your crotch. The secrets of those grey polyester pants are about to be revealed to you. He reaches out for your trembling body and guides you toward the bed. A quarter sets the Magic Fingers into action. And the rest? Well, you'll just have to wing it. □

*"I'm single because I was born that way."*
*—Mae West*

**TOM OF FINLAND'S PAGE**



# GUISEPPE

## He gets around

**Photos by JOEL KUDLER**

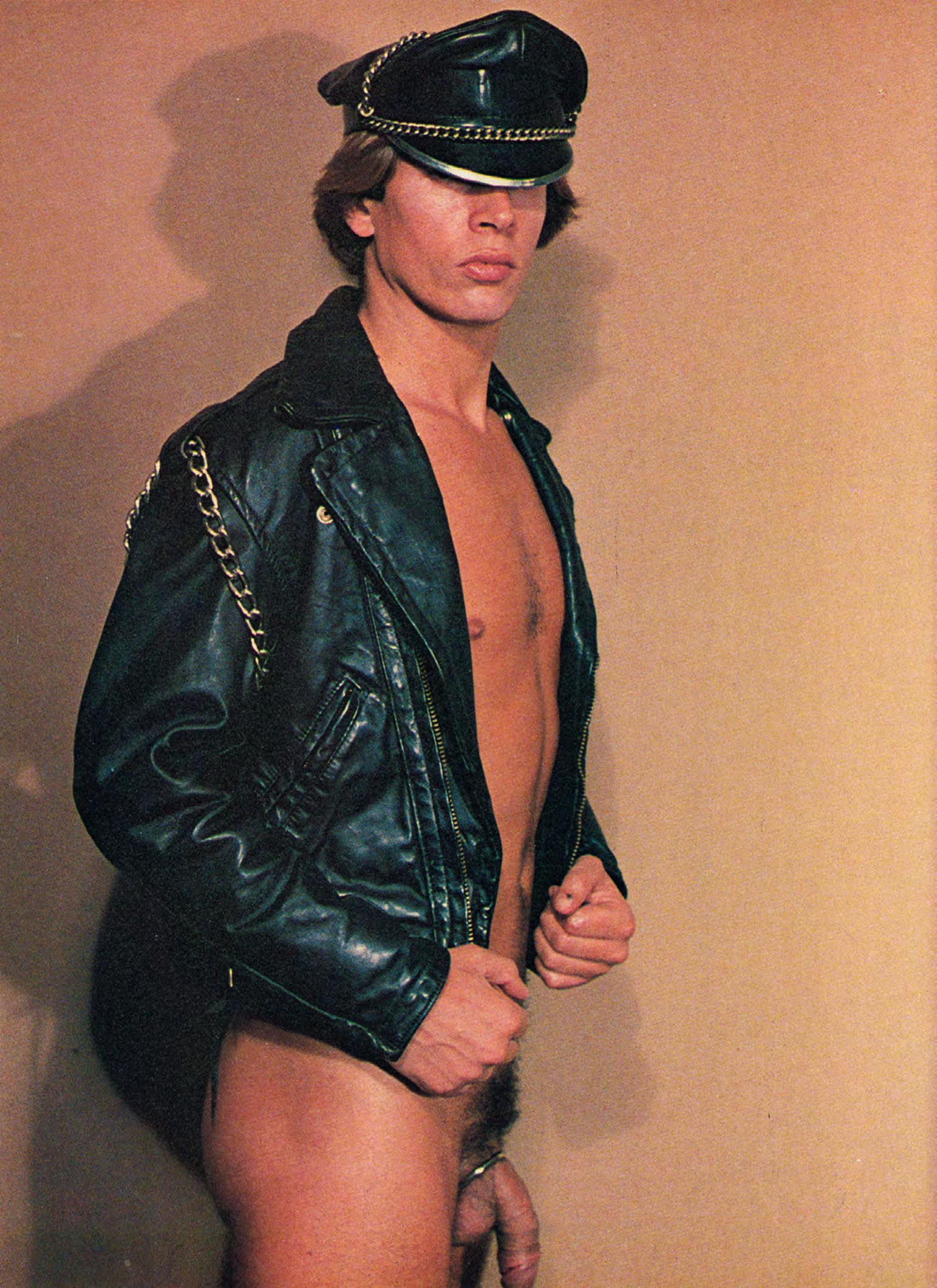


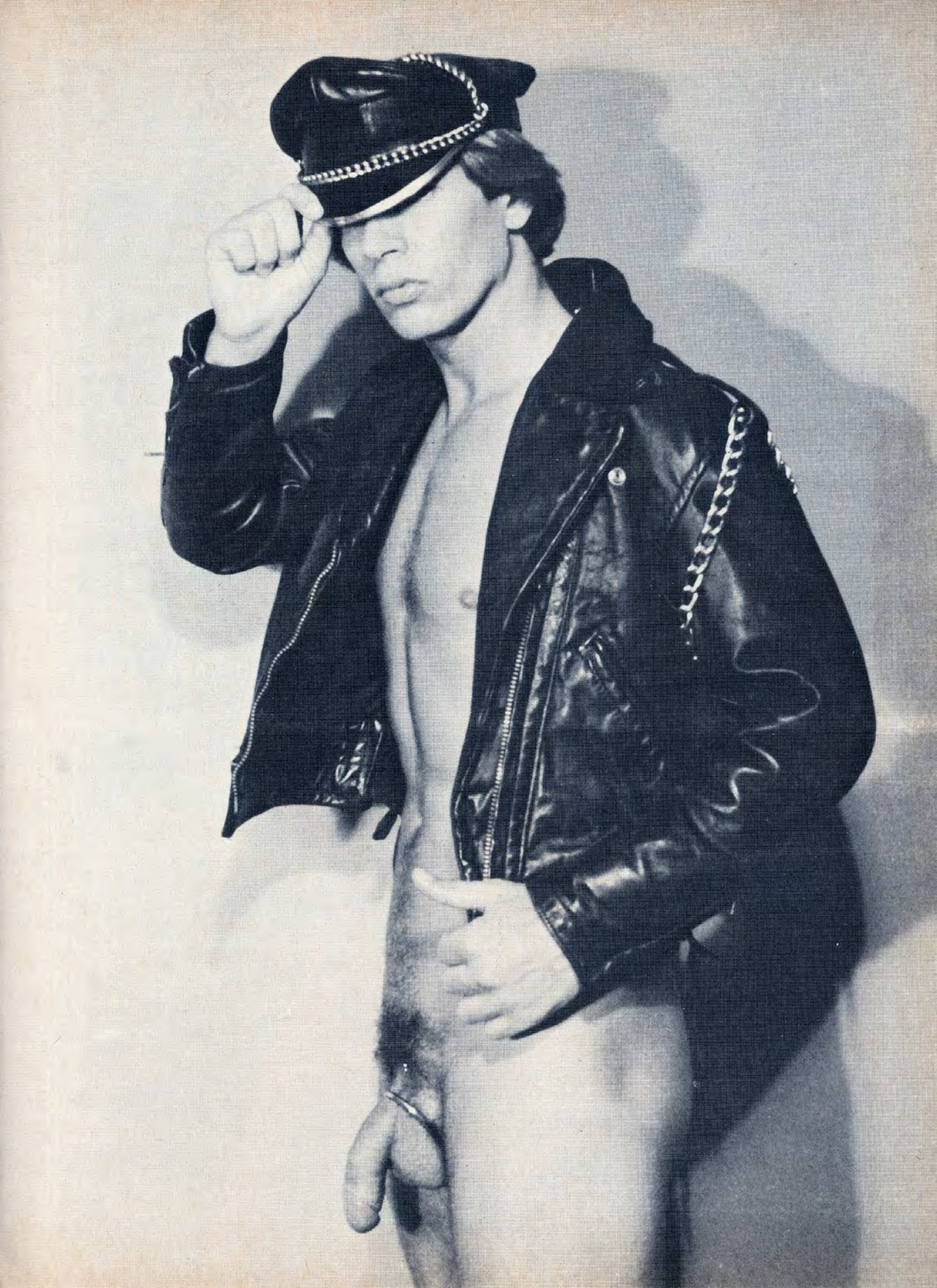
Guiseppe Welch was born in Genoa, Italy, educated in Peru, and moved to New York City at the age of 16. As a dancer, he has performed everywhere from Miami to San Francisco. As the star of more than a dozen porn films, Guiseppe has seen Christopher Street, the Navy, and countless ceilings. As a private citizen, he has hitchhiked through 35 of the 50 states, much to the delight of our nation's car-owners. And as if that weren't enough, he returns to South America each winter for carnival in Rio, doing his own special bit for the Good Neighbor Policy. In view of all this globe hopping, we feel darn lucky that Guiseppe could stand still long enough for these photos. Thanks, Guiseppe. Now show us your, um, passport.



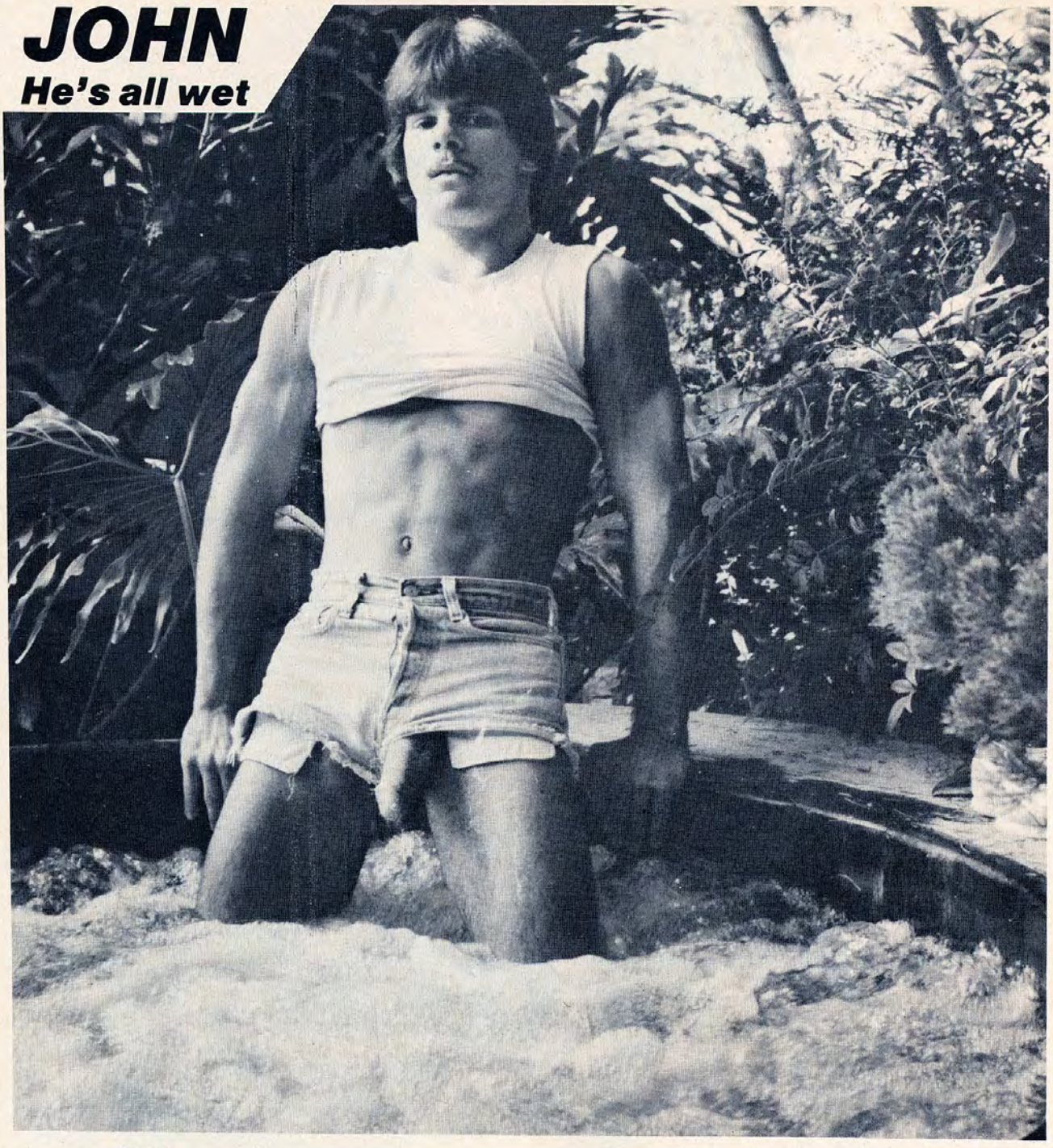








# JOHN
## He's all wet



We first saw John King at one of those wonderful California beefcake pageants, and we knew right then and there that we had to find out more about that bulge in his swimsuit. After a little research, we learned that he was visiting the West Coast from his native Florida, so we lost very little time in suggesting that he climax his visit by trying out California's greatest natural resource, the hot tub. In our enthusiasm, we forgot to explain that you're supposed to undress first, but with very little coaxing, John was out of his duds. The next thing we knew, he was also out of the hot tub and into our hearts. Of Italian extraction, John spoke enthusiastically of swimming, discoing, health foods, masculine men, and dirty phone calls. When he goes back to Florida, we're going to have one hell of a phone bill.

***Photos by NOVA***











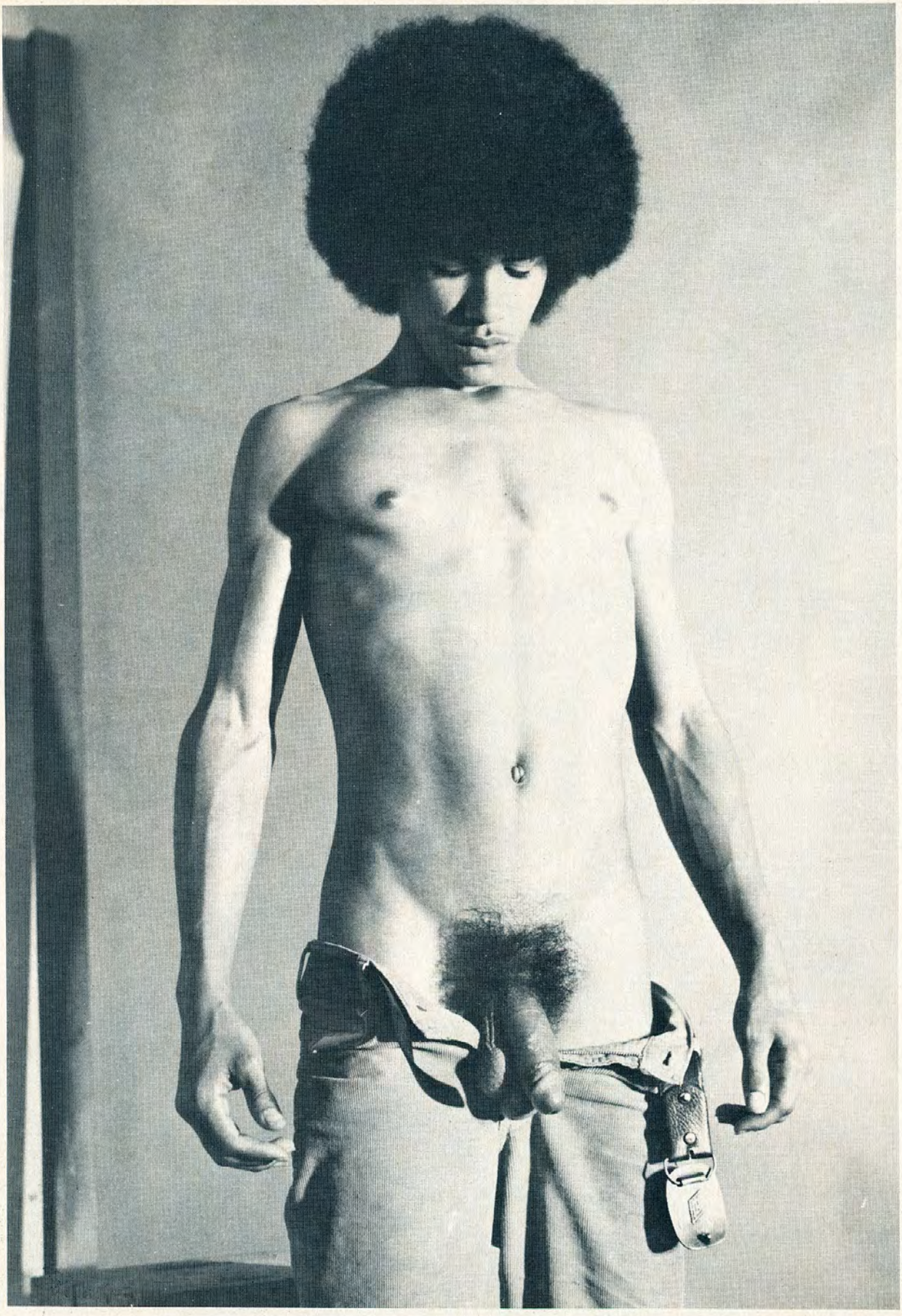
# JOHN

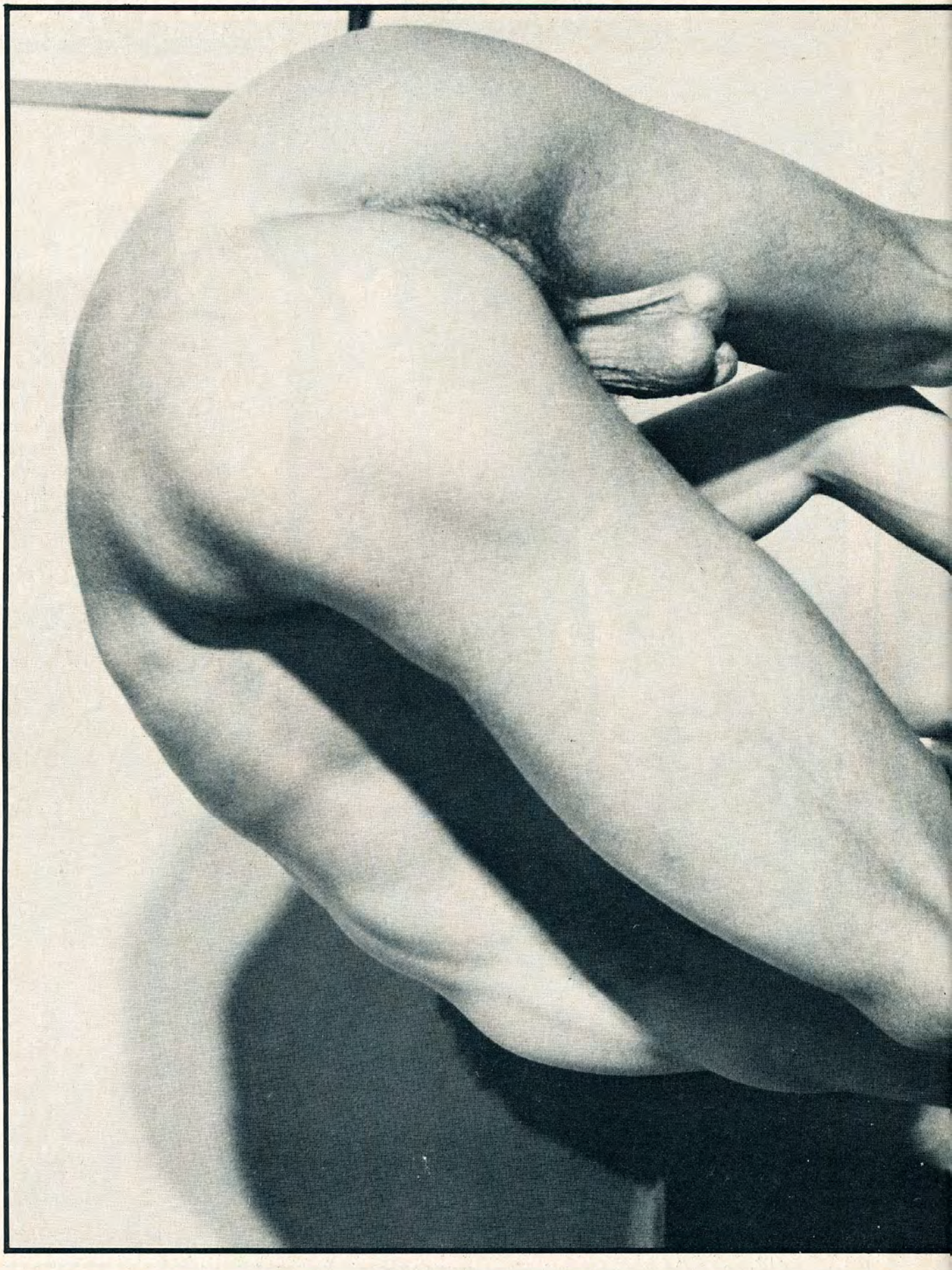
## He's a sweetheart

We don't know a thing about John Taylor except that he is 19, loves rock and roll, and is cute as all get-out. The rest is obvious . . . hair for days, charm for days, dick for days. The photographer tells us that he was a real pleasure to shoot . . . came into the garage with a pile of mag wheels, peeled down with a big smile, and the rest, as they say, is history. Consider those kiss-me lips. Consider those thighs, so creamy and smooth. Consider those buns, so round, so firm, so fully packed. Consider that 'fro, which you and several friends could run your fingers through—all at the same time. Consider some of the other things that you and your friends could do to John with your fingers.



Photos by FILMCO





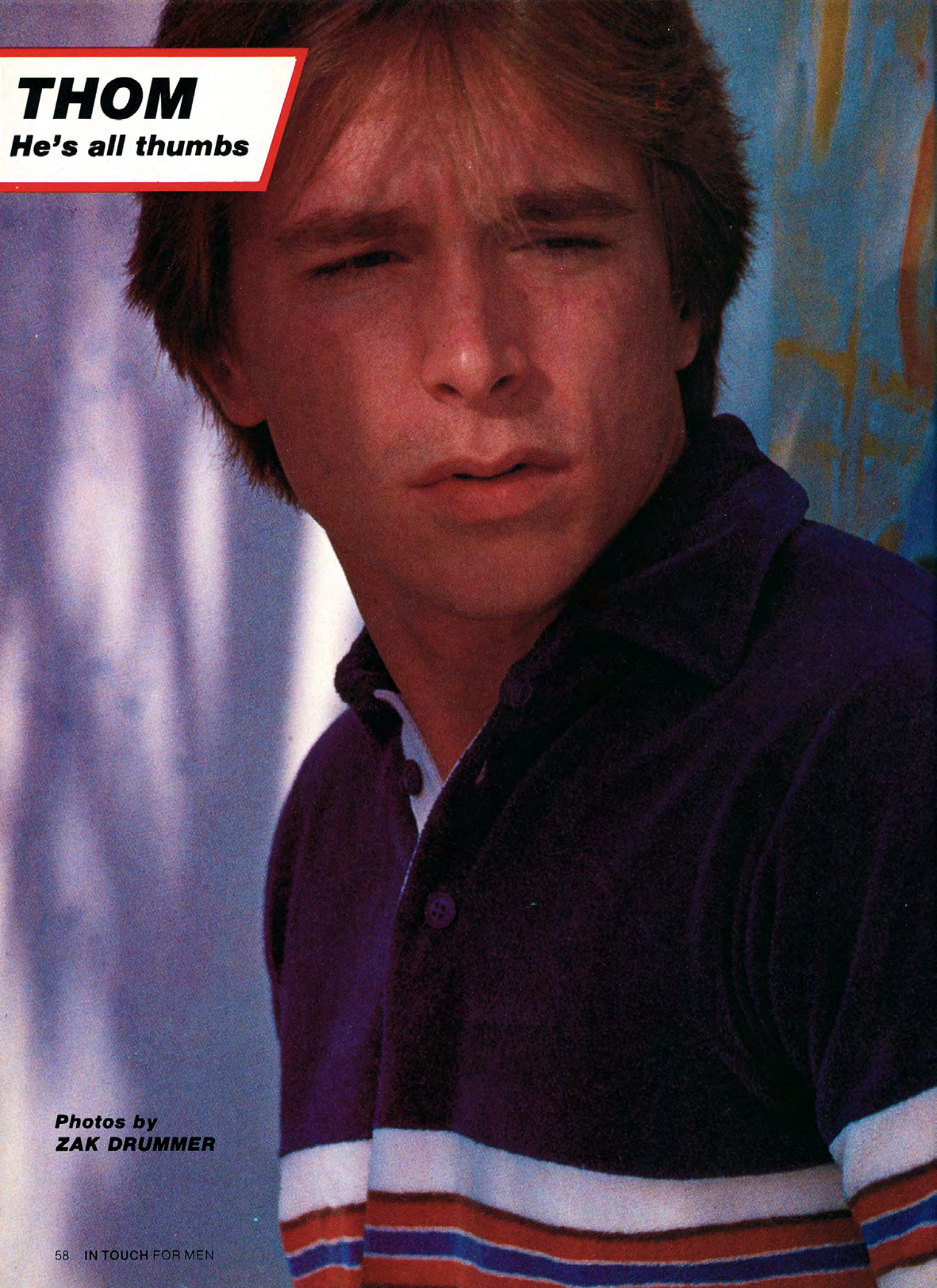






# THOM

## He's all thumbs

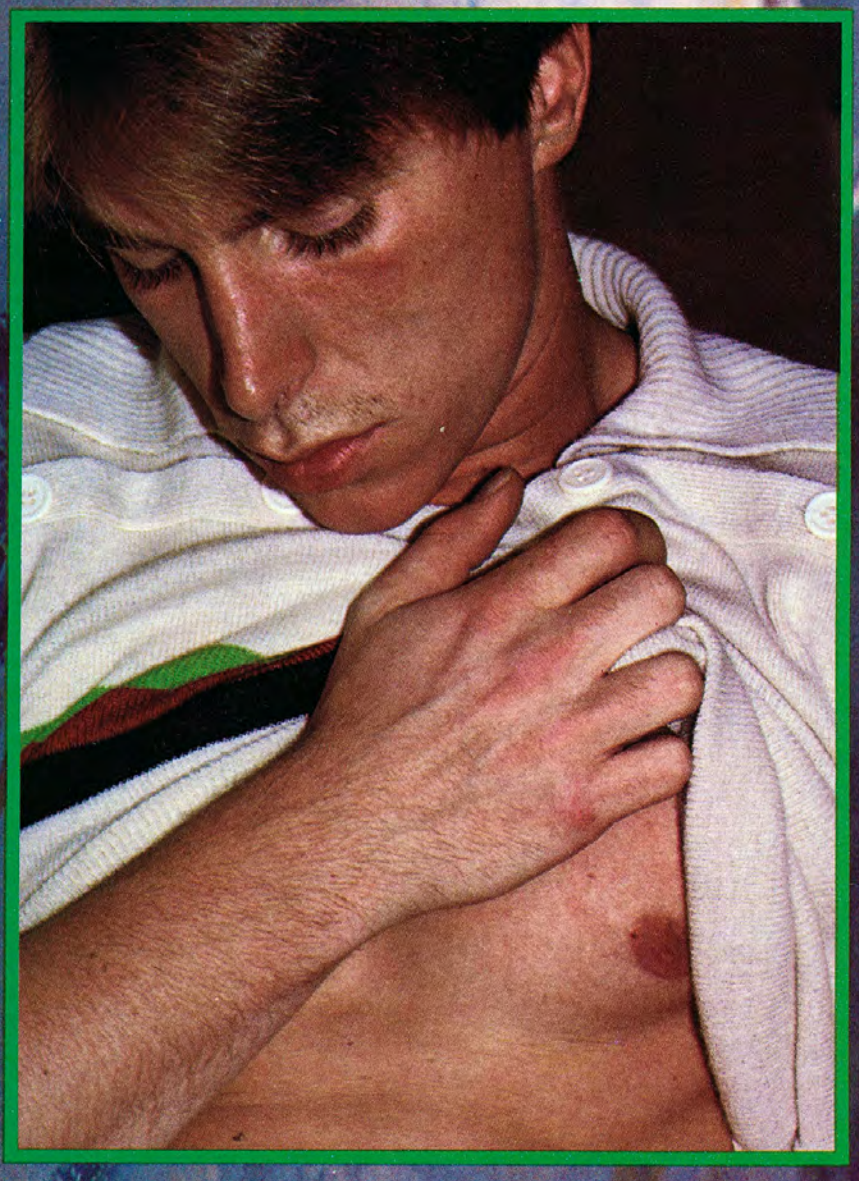


**Photos by ZAK DRUMMER**

The photo studio that gave us these pictures wrote quite an essay on Thom Bailey, the 19-year-old Oregon State sophomore who is spread so scrumptiously before us:

"We met Thom at the student union on a recent trip to Oregon State University and within a few minutes of polite conversation it became apparent that we had latched on to a real gem. Originally from Michigan, Thom escaped to the West which he now calls home. Although he is into trees and things that grow he agreed to pose au natural for us indoors (if for no other reason than that most of Oregon is under three inches of rain at this time of year.) Friendly, sensitive, aggressive yet not pushy, this 19-year-old charmed the . . . um, pants right off us all. We didn't do too bad either . . . as you can see."













# THE GOLDEN HOUR

Fiction by Carl W. Ritchie

Illustration by Jerry Mills

"He wanted to reach across and draw him close and run his fingers through that thick dark hair, but the boundary was too heavily guarded and all he could do was dream."



David gently pried apart the small squares of rough brown paper, dyed red at the edges, revealing a fine, shiny tissue of gold leaf. He copied the movements of the smiling youth at his side as he removed the glittering film and pressed it onto the glowing surface of the statue. David wondered what the Buddha had first looked like, before the centuries of pilgrims had applied their offerings. Now, the layers of gold (who could tell how thick]) had made it an unidentifiable rounded mass. No trace remained of its features—they had been buried under layer upon layer of bright pounded metal.

In Burma, gold was a symbol of protection. The statues and temples weren't the only things to be bathed in its brilliance. Once, David had crossed the Irawaddy River to visit the resting place of a monk who had been mummified in gold leaf. At first, he had been nauseated by the sight. The old man, lying in a glass casket like a fairy tale princess, had not borne the years well. Tiny sprigs of moss sprouted from his ears, and the transparent coffin was neglected and grimy. The vision was saved, though, by the peaceful tranquility of the spot, shaded by ancient banyan trees. There were worse places to spend eternity.

David stepped back from the Buddha, and, bowing slightly in respectful imitation of his companion, left the shrine and walked back to the boat. He was in the North, exploring the great mountain-rimmed inland lake, Inle. He had escaped the unbearable heat of Rangoon, along with the short hot-season tempers of his colleagues at the British Embassy. A few had offered to accompany him on his excursion, but he had insisted on travelling alone. Alone, that is, except for his houseboy, who came as translator and guide. To his fellows at the embassy, the company of a servant wasn't considered company at all, but to him, Maung Shwe was more interesting and invaluable than any of his British friends, who would only complain about the poor accommodations and the watery beer.

Upon arriving in Burma, his first post, he had been embarrassed about the half dozen servants it was considered necessary for one to employ. It seemed to him that people were clinging to the ideals of the defunct Raj. But after a few months in Rangoon, where nothing came prepackaged and chickens for dinner were still bought live at noon, he became convinced that he couldn't run his household alone. That was how he came to know Maung Shwe.

Maung Shwe—which means "young gold"—was originally brought into the house as a bearer, to serve meals and help in the kitchen. Over the months, though, he had unobtrusively become much more important. He drove the car when the driver was off on one of his palm wine binges; he did the marketing when the cook was too busy; he kept the wash nanny from murdering David's clothes and even persuaded the night watchman to stay awake at night. On top of this, he also filled all of David's thoughts and fantasies. He was twenty-three, but, like so many of the Burmese, looked younger than his years. David would watch him glide silently across the black and white marble chessboard of the floors, and hold his breath as the boy stopped to untie and deftly rewrap his *longyi*. David had

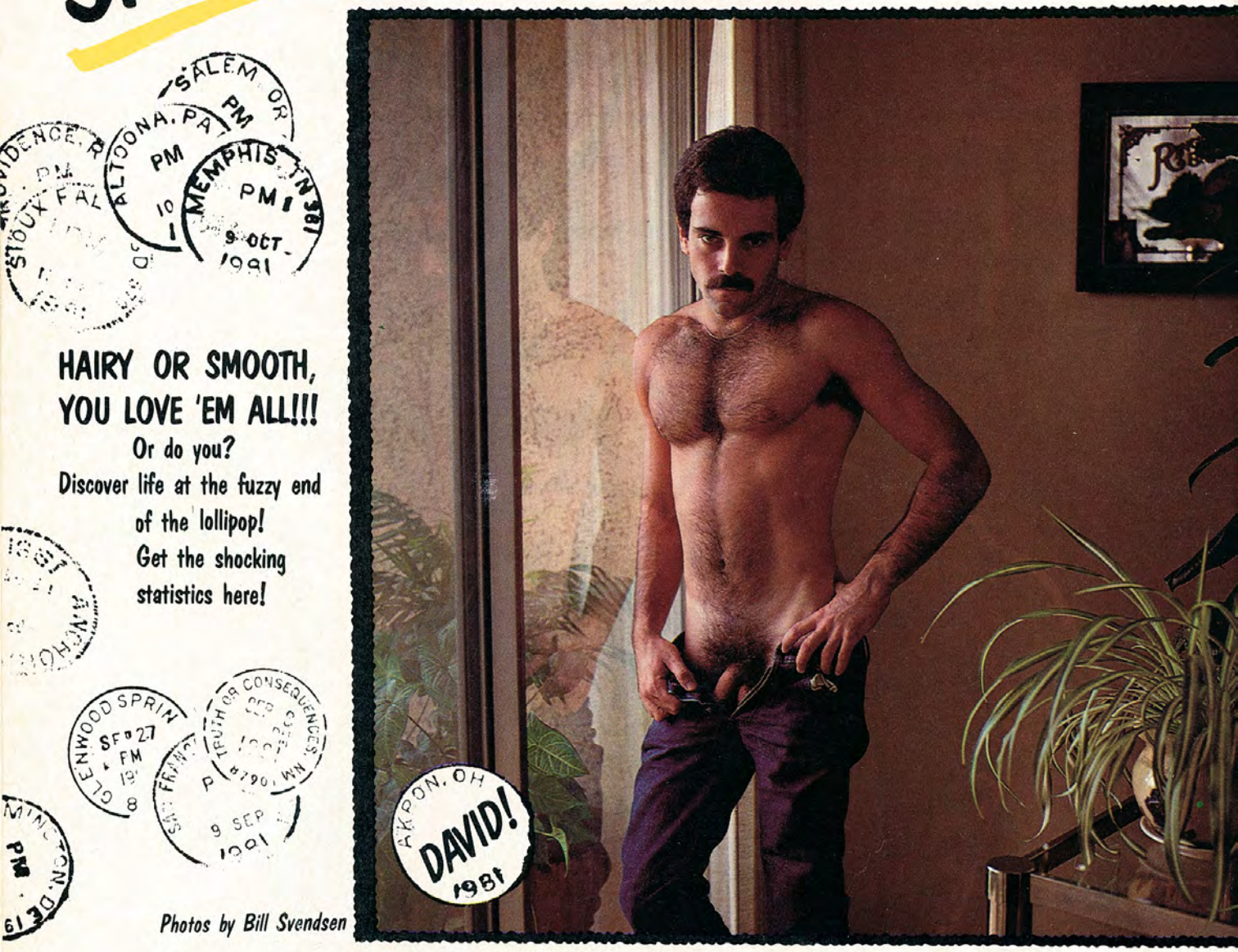
*(continued on page 79)*



# SHOCKING!

# SHOCKING! SEX SURVEY!!!

## The Secret Sex Lives of 1000 In Touch Readers!




**HAIRY OR SMOOTH, YOU LOVE 'EM ALL!!!**

**Or do you?**
**Discover life at the fuzzy end of the lollipop!**
**Get the shocking statistics here!**

*Photos by Bill Svendsen*

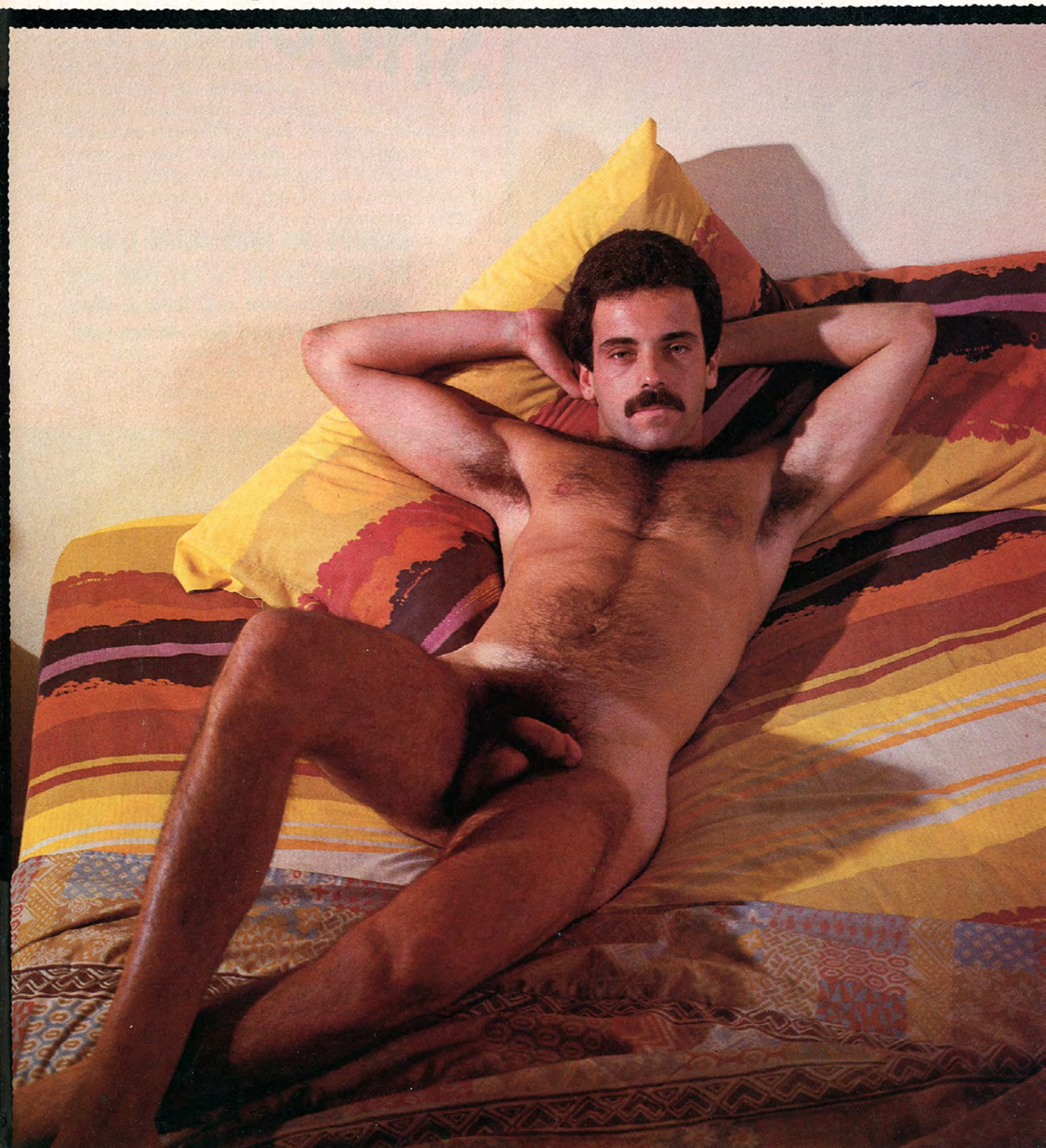
Yes, dear reader, the results are in, and we're shocked—*shocked, do you hear?*—to find out what kind of people we've been dealing with for the past eight years! We're talking *WEIRD!* In the first place, we realized (to our complete horror) that you're all *men!* And if *that* didn't freak us out, our name isn't *IN TOUCH FOR MEN!* Next, we discovered that nearly every last one of you is a *homo!* And you know what sort of things *those* people are into! Then, as if *that* weren't enough, we had to face the hideous, gut-wrenching fact that you're really a bunch of *sluts! YOU ACTUALLY ENJOY SEX!!!* It's a wonder that you're even *reading* this and not off somewhere *pounding the pork* with one of your so-

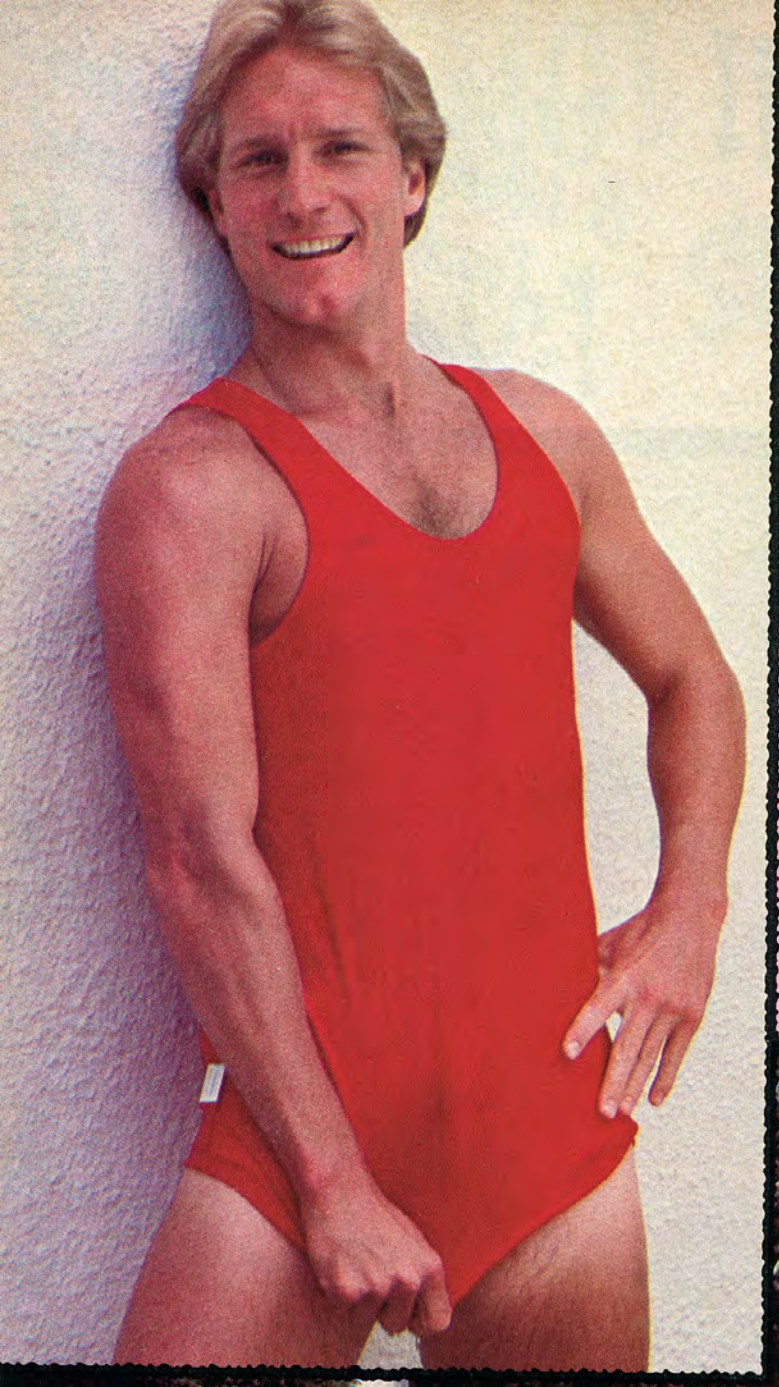
# MODELMANIA!!!

SHOCKING!

6 Never-Before-Published In Touch Model Sessions!

SHOCKING!





## SHOCKING SEX SURVEY!!!

# SHOCKING!

### BLONDS DO HAVE MORE FUN!!!

But although they are the most sought-after species on this planet, don't bother to chase them . . . for a reason that's shocking pink!




Photos by Skylar Robbins

called *friends!* in fact, it's an out-and-out *miracle* that these pages aren't already so stuck together that you can't even *read* this through the five or six layers of your *hot sticky jism!!!*

*And that's not all!* We were *flabbergasted* when we saw how many of you didn't even have the common decency to use a peek-proof envelope! (What must our mailman *think?*) We were *floored* by the number of men who put their names, addresses and even their *phone numbers* on the "anonymous" questionnaire form! Two of you even enclosed *photographs* (which unfortunately got stuck together somehow)! And we were totally *blown away* by the discovery that you people are out there in *droves!* We got responses from *all* of the 50 states (not even our nation's capital is safe!), plus Brazil, Australia, most of Canada, Germany, Guam—everywhere, in fact, except Russia, proving once and for all that *VODKA PREVENTS HOMOSEXUALITY!!!*

And it doesn't end there! *NO-O-O-O!* Shocking? You want *shocking?* As we assembled the poll results, we discovered individuals who are into rubber clothes but *don't consider themselves kinky!* Guys who go crazy over Michelangelo's "David" but claim they *hate art!!* People who love blonds with no underwear but *can't stand Marilyn Monroe!!!* We even found one hopeless pervert who, in his own words, "got jerked off by a passenger on AMTRAK at 6:00 p.m. from New York to Trenton," and *that's NOT a short train ride!!!!* (You can bet that's *one* phone number we're going to hang onto! For *scientific* purposes!)

But *enough* of this ranting and raving! The facts speak for themselves! Read on . . . *IF YOU DARE!!!*










# SHOCKING SEX

# SHOCKING SEX SURVEY!!!

*When we published our sex-poll questionnaire last September, we never anticipated the enormous response that would follow. The "quiz" consisted of 104 multiple-choice questions, plus one essay question. Because we received so many entries, packed with so much information, it would be impossible to present all of the details (and the implications) in just one article. We could, for example, analyze the information in terms of age groups, to find out if gay men become more interested in "kinky" sex as they get older. Or in terms of hair color, to see if the blond psyche is different from the brunet. Or in terms of cock size, to discover if big dicks get laid more often. The possiblities are endless.*

*Occasionally, in the course of this article, we will do this type of cross-referencing to answer a specific question. And eventually we hope to feed this information into a computer, to really open up the interpretive value of the poll. In the meantime, here are the answers you gave to the 104 multiple-choice questions. With the exception of the question "How old are you?", the responses appear here in their original sequence.*

*We urge you to remember that we are presenting the results in terms of statistical averages, not as an indication of any type of existing "norm." Some of your habits may seem extremely excessive or extremely conservative compared to our statistics. But there are no "correct" answers to any of the questions asked. In fact, your responses showed such an incredible variety of interests that it is almost unfair to reduce them to averages. Nonetheless, this represents one of the most comprehensive surveys ever done on the subject of gay sexual interests, and we will undoubtedly return to it in future issues for more detailed information. In addition, the essay question ("What was your most bizarre sexual experience?") produced such lengthy, sensational answers that we plan to publish them as a separate article.*

*Finally, please keep in mind that these figures are based on men who are sufficiently out of the closet to be reading IN TOUCH, rather than being representative of all gay men. And let's face it, if you're reading this rag, you're not exactly the average American citizen. But we can tell you this: You're probably a whole lot more fun at parties! As you will see.*

*And now (envelope, please!), the answers are . . .*

**A PROFILE OF THE IN TOUCH READER:**

**Your average age is 31!** Naturally, this encompasses a full age-range from "under 18" to "over 65", but the majority of you fall between 25 and 35. Your average age is 31. This is a bit younger than the average reader of, say, *National Geographic,* but just right for us. In fact, the average age of our creative staff is also 31.

**You are all men!** A couple of you aren't sure . . . one person indicated no sex, another claimed to be a woman, but both of these exceptions answered questions which indicated that they have good-sized penises. In addition, both of these people said they were gay and showed a decided preference for men. Therefore, we will assume they are men, with a dash of genderfuck, giving us a 100% male response to the poll. We know for a fact that we have a handful of women subscribers, but they apparently didn't send in their ballots. No one checked the box for "transsexuals in progress."

**You are all gay or bisexual!** 99.94% of you indicated an active sexual interest in other men, and of those, the vast majority (79%) chose the "gay" label over "bisexual." A tiny percentage refused all labels, or wrote in things like "universal." Only five of you claimed to be "straight," and of those, two were heterosexually married and two others said they had never had sex with anyone, male *or* female. This leaves us with one man who is straight, single and sexually active; he had a homosexual encounter at the age of 19, didn't enjoy it, and apparently avoided gay life until this quiz was forced upon him by a gay friend. He loves Diana Ross and seems to be a real nice guy. The two "straight" men who are married seem to enjoy sex with other men, but do it infrequently, usually at the "macho" end of a blow job.

# SHOCKING!

## 95) CHECK AS MANY AS YOU LIKE: I am especially turned on by attractive

☑ faces. ☑ eyes. ☑ lips.
☑ noses. ☑ ears. ☑ jaws.
☑ heads of hair or bald pates.
☑ moustaches. ☑ beards.
☑ necks. ☑ shoulders.
☑ armpits. ☑ arms.
☑ hands. ☑ chests.
☑ nipples. ☑ stomachs.
☑ backs. ☑ crotches.
☑ cocks. ☑ balls. ☑ asses.
☑ thighs. ☑ legs. ☑ calves.
☑ feet. ☑ other.

**You guys are just plain boy-crazy!** Almost all of you have had sex with another guy; most of you (80%) have done it recently; and almost everybody (98%) enjoyed it. You kids are *active*.

**You also like sex with women!** Slightly more than half of you have had "all-the-way" sex with a woman, about a third of those have done it recently, and the great majority (almost 75%) said they enjoyed it. This means that many of you who chose to call yourselves "gay" could have qualified for the "bisexual" category but preferred the "gay" label. It also implies that, since almost half of you have never even *tried* sex with women, a large number of men may be either gay from childhood (having never felt a desire for women) or gay by default (having never had the correct opportunity). Conversely, gay men often have heterosexual encounters, enjoy them and yet prefer sex with other men.

**You tend to be sexually aggressive, and so do your sex partners.** About 85% of you say that you're generally "aggressive" or "willing" in sexual situations. The rest were generally "passive." A great many of you, however, checked *several* boxes in this category, indicating that it varies from situation to situation. You were more inclined to describe your partners as "reluctant" than yourself, but that may be due to simple modesty. Even more interesting was the fact that being aggressive did not necessarily mean that your partners were passive, or vice versa. Apparently, variety abounds, and most of you aren't exactly shy.

**You are attractive!** Rating yourselves on a Bo-Derek scale of 1 to 10, the average came out to 6.6, but many of you actually voted in extremes. A strong majority (60%) were 7's or 8's and almost everyone (93%) was a 5 or better. The average was brought down only by the fact that when you didn't like yourself, you *really* got critical—hardly anyone was a 2 or 3, and those who voted low went for 1 or even 0! Very few people dared call themselves a 10, and only a handful went off the scale with a 10½ or more. This overall tendency toward good looks brings up a couple of interesting possibilities: Either you have a healthy self-image (which is a nice way of saying egotistical), or you are really a great looking bunch of guys. The latter possibility is not so farfetched as it seems, considering that, barring certain health problems, almost anyone can become attractive if the desire is strong enough. Especially in men, a gym-purchased body can certainly compensate for an "ugly" face. And after all, who has stonger motivation for physical self-improvement than the single person—particularly the *gay* single person, who often lives in a world which stresses appearances and supplies the means to improve them (gyms, weightlifing, fashion, grooming and so forth)?

**Your bed-partners are also attractive!** It seems obvious that, even if you found other people to be ugly in general, you would have sex with the ones who appeal to you. What was most interesting, however, was that regardless of your self-image (high *or* low), your partners were considered at least as good looking as yourself. We seem to go to bed with our peers (with slight ambitions toward those who are better looking than ourselves). Or at least we *think* we do. Even the self-rated 10's think their partners are as attractive (if not more so) than themselves. This tendency to flatter our bedmates is probably due to the fact that it is easier to appreciate somebody else's sexual appeal than our own. We know our every little flaw; our partners and tricks do not. And who wants to go to bed with a carbon copy of himself, except maybe Narcissus? This question also got its share of mixed, multiple answers, showing that once again, variety flourishes in your sex life, and good looks are not the all-important factor in your choice of playmates.

**You are satisfied with your sex partners!** On the average, they are nearly always "good," occasionally "great," but very rarely "fair" or "poor." You guys are fun in the sack and easy to please.

**You are a butch bunch!** No matter what the fag-baiters may say, you consider yourselves to be masculine or even *very* masculine. In addition, you feel that your sex partners are too! And, more interesting still, there seems to be no

his ☐ face. ☑ eyes. ☐ lips.

real pattern of preference here. The men who considered themselves to be feminine were a teeny bit more inclined to have feminine bedmates (and *like* it that way), but all in all, you rarely expressed strong preferences in this area—i.e. macho men who wish to dominate, or passive men who seek out a master.

**You prefer men from your own age group or slightly younger!** Naturally, if a *very* young person even *prefers* his own age group, the law of averages will more frequently pair him with a slightly older guy; and conversely, a very old man may be "forced" to bed younger men out of sheer lack of potential partners his own age. And don't forget that one guy's "younger man" is someone else's "older man." In addition, younger men are more likely to be somewhat more attractive, if only because their bad habits haven't had time to catch up with them yet. But in general, you prefer partners your own age or slightly younger. The interest in relatively older men disappears (logically) as age increases, but *not* the interest in the same-age group. And some of the very oldest men surveyed still preferred sex exclusively with people their own age. Also of interest was that 13% of you claimed to have no preference in this area—but this feeling was totally unrelated to any particular age bracket, just sprinkled throughout the age groups like anchovies on a pizza. So much for the "chicken hawk" theory, which critics of gays are so quick to cite, implying that the seduction of children is a major motivation in our lives. Perhaps you *do* prefer to see younger men in your jerk-off magazines (our letters to the editor indicate a *slight* preference in this direction), but it seems to have little connection with the type of guy you actually want in your bed. The "beautiful young lad" is more important in your fantasies than in reality.

**You have very few prejudices regarding details of physical appearance, such as circumcision, race, hairiness and even (gulp!) penis size!** In general, you really don't care if your sex partner is very much like yourself *or* if he is utterly different. Obviously, a great many of you have strong opinions *as individuals,* (again, our letters to the editor bear this out), but *as a group* you seem to have no universal preferences. Although 77% of you are circumcised (We asked!), you don't care if others are. Although most of you are Caucasian (Presumably . . . we didn't ask!), you don't care if others are. Although half of you are hairy and half are smooth skinned (We asked!), and even though most of you *preferred* one or the other in a partner, there was no "winner" in the competition, or even a discernable pattern. We found hairy guys who prefer smooth skin, hairy guys who like hairy guys, smooth guys who like hairy guys, smooth guys who like smooth skin, and a ton of guys who don't care one bit. And most amazing of all, you guys really don't care that much about cock size, no matter how much you talk about it. Most of you checked more than one preference (as you did throughout this section of the questionnaire) and lots and lots of you checked "no preference." When you add all the votes up (which amounts to well over 100% , because of checking several choices), the big dicks did indeed come out ahead, showing that you are more likely to go ape-shit over huge cocks than tiny ones, but the overall feeling was that most of you like *most* cocks, regardless of size. To paraphrase Marilyn Monroe, "You wouldn't want your son to marry a man just because he has a big dick, but my goodness, doesn't it help?" Interestingly, the younger men seemed to have stronger preferences for certain physical types, but these seem to broaden with age. The one exception to all of these trends, however, is the fact that . . .

**You are crazy for blonds!** It's true! Even though *half* of you stated "no pref" (and most of the rest of you checked *several* favorite hair colors), blond was by far the most popular single color. The least popular was red hair, but redheads mustn't be discouraged, because gentlemen *may* prefer blonds, but . . . (are you ready for this?) . . . *blonds prefer redheads!* Yes, even though the blonds (like everybody else) generally indicated no preference, we found that the people who *did* prefer redheads were almost always blond. It's strange little facts like these that make poll-taking truly worthwhile.

**You guys are well hung!** Almost everyone seems satisfied with his own meat. Most of the votes were split between average-size dicks and big ones (although we assume that this means bigger at some times than at others). Only 5% of you claim to own a "huge" one. A few of the guys in this category prefer to hang out with other monster-dick owners, but most of them are available to us mortals. But (as we learned a couple of paragraphs back) we really don't care, as long as we can talk about them.

**You have good bodies!** Most of our readers claim to be neither fat nor thin (and like their boyfriends to be the same), with "trim" musculature. In addition to "trim" men, you seem to also like men who are *very* muscular, but few of you have this quality yourselves. (One of the few who said he was "very muscular" and terribly good looking also happens to be blond—but he only likes redheads, so forget it!)

**Half of you have a lover!** Well, almost half (44%). But you're not exactly a monogamous bunch. Of those men currently involved with a lover (or one steady boyfriend), only a third have a "fidelity" relationship. The other two-thirds are interestingly split among I-fool-around-but-he-doesn't, He-fools-around-but-I-don't, and We-both-fool-around. The last category, of course, is the most common, but we were still surprised at how many of you cheerfully tolerate a double-standard relationship. As for the 56% of you who are completely unattached, we found nothing but chaos. Some of you would prefer to be monogamous (and are presumably looking for a lover), but just as many prefer promiscuity. Some tend to have sex with a small group of friends (mostly one at a time); others prefer encounters with strangers who never become their friends. But whatever the preference, you *all* seem to enjoy whatever it is you do. The one minor surprise in this category was that practically none of you boys are legally, heterosexually married. And, considering that an estimated 85% of you are currently available for hanky-panky, it's probably just as well.

**Your masturbation habits could fill a book!** And they may get *at least* an entire article of their own some day. Meanwhile, suffice it to say that you guys beat your meat like there's no tomorrow. The average is once a day, but the youngest come closer to several times a day. As you approach 30 years of age, you begin to have sex with a partner more frequently, which doesn't seem to leave you all that extra time on your, uh, hands. Those of you who have a lover frequently masturbate together, but most of you do it alone (by choice), in private, unobserved, and *usually* looking at pictures which are *usually* IN TOUCH models! (And we thought you bought this magazine for the interviews!) But here's the great part . . .

**You don't feel one teensy bit guilty about it!** Almost no one expressed even a smidgen of guilt, although a few of you added "I used to." So don't blame *us* when you find hair growing on the palms of your hands!

**In addition, you get laid a lot!** While masturbation frequency seems to peak around the age of 25, the frequency of sex with a partner increases until age 35. At that point, you guys finally stop coupling once a day (on the average) and settle down to a mere several times a week. As you approach 60, you are doing it anywhere from weekly to monthly, but regardless of your age, your interest in sex with others appears to be regular and never-ending. It is also interesting to note that no matter what age you are, no matter how frequently you get laid, no matter how much you love the sex that you get . . . you are always ready for more, more, more. Even if you describe your sex life as "great," you still indicate that you would prefer a slightly higher frequency. In other words, the *quality* is fine, but the *quantity* is never too great. When Jaqueline Susann wrote *Once is Not Enough,* she wasn't kidding!

# SHOCKING SEX SURVEY!!!




**You get around!** If our lives depended on being able to name everyone we have ever been to bed with, most of us would be dead. A couple of you have never had sex with another person. About 10% of you can count your lovers on the fingers of both hands (and those tend to be guys who are very young and/or who have a monogamous lover). But the rest of you are hopeless sluts. A quarter of you have had "several" or "many" sexual encounters, another quarter have had "dozens," but by far the largest group (a whopping 38%!) said that they have carried on with either "hundreds of people" or "more people than I can possibly remember." Half of you may express an interest in monogamy, but you better scratch "virginity" off your list of requirements. In fact, if we could harness the energy that you guys use on an average Saturday night, we could light the city of New York for approximately five years.

**You start young!** Perhaps not quite as young as straight kids do (we don't really have the statistics on *them*), but it seems that as soon as you're old enough to borrow the car, you're off to lovers' lane, just like everyone else. When we asked about your first homosexual experience, you came back with some very interesting numbers, numbers which clustered around several significant age-groups. The earliest age mentioned is four (several times, but extremely rare). The first small cluster occurs at age eight, an age of curiousity—when Freud claimed our personalities become fully formed—when we begin to "test" the rules imposed on us by parents and other authoritarian figures—the age that adults call "the bratty stage." The second (and much larger) cluster occurs around 11 or 12, and we all know what *that* means—puberty! The third (and by far the biggest) cluster occurs between 16 and 18—when we gain the freedom to drive cars, leave home and, if need be, defy our parents. The final cluster (also of substantial size) occurs at age 21, when we are finally accepted as true adults and (not coincidentally) can enter a gay bar in any state of the union. Needless to say, the rate of virginity-loss tapers off dramatically after this, and very few people reported a "first gay experience" after the age of 30. But here's the really interesting part . . .

**You loved it right from the start!** Almost without exception, you said that you enjoyed your first gay experience. Considering that (according to the Kinsey report) most men, straight or gay, have had at least one homosexual experience, it would seem that a great deal of our sexual preference may be influenced by our reaction to that first same-sex incident. Obviously, a lot of you feel that you picked the right guy to pop that cherry, so to speak.

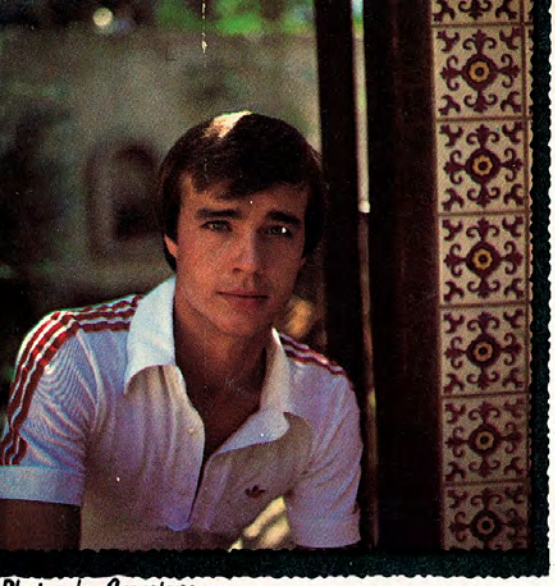
**You don't care where you do it, as long as it's private!** Yes, despite the orgies and exhibitionism that the press seems to associate with gay men, you really prefer sex alone, one dick at a time. Just about the only thing that we might as well give up and admit is that we *do* seem to have trouble staying out of trouble in public restrooms. Almost half of you have had sex in a john at least once (shame, shame!), but still, you aren't exactly crazy about bathrooms as the ideal location for lovemaking. Even though you cop to having made it in the men's room, very few of you said you would *like* to do it there again. In fact, a downright *tiny* number of you indicated that you enjoyed sex under "dangerous circumstances" or in any type of public place. Hardly any of you are into exhibitionism (being watched). Slightly larger numbers are into voyeurism (watching others), but this seemed to be via porno movies and/or magazines—not with other "real" people. As for multiple-partner experiences, 62% of you claim to have had (and enjoyed) a threesome, but only 12% of you do it often. Orgies are far less popular, with 25% saying you like them and a mere 4% saying you do it often. Apparently, it isn't easy to get a good orgy together. All in all, it seems that the *fantasy* of multiple sex works better (or happens more often) than the reality. The youngest of you were a bit more daring in terms of things you'd *like* to do, but very few of you have actually gone out and done them.

**You prefer sexual consistency!** A slight majority (56%) usually have sex with the same person; even more (67%) usually have sex in the same manner; still more (76%) usually have sex with the same *type* of person. And a whopping 80% of you prefer to make love in a dimly-lit room. On the other hand, you are rarely *just* a "top" man (16%), rarely *just* a "bottom" (22%), and only 30% of you usually make love in the same place. But the single most constant preference (and the most overwhelming landslide of this entire poll) is the fact that . . .

**You love to suck cock!** Some of you even put *stars* next to it on your survey forms! This was a revelation to us. It appears that the one single factor that unites all of you—the thing that nearly *defines* the word "gay"—is the love of a dick down your throat! A staggering 88% of you *love* it, an additional 8% said "it's O.K." and only 4% said "no" (but you can bet that that same 4% at least like to *receive* a good blowjob, because only 2% of all men surveyed denied enjoying *getting* it . . . and those were the guys who were only into *giving* the big B.J.!) On the whole, gay men actually like being the suckee, but since this is a trait that they share with heterosexual men (remember, *Deep Throat* has been running for 12 years on Hollywood Boulevard), we found that the love of *giving* a blowjob is what ties you all together—for better or for worse.

**You'd really rather be a bottom!** Interest in anal sex is significantly lower than that for oral sex. And once again, you'd rather have someone else's dick in *you* than vice versa. A majority (54%) of you *love* to get fucked, edging out the 44% who love to do the fucking. However, getting fucked incurs much more powerful opinions. While only 4% of you strongly dislike fucking an ass, a large group of you (24%!) really dislike getting it up the rear. A lot fewer of you described being fucked as "just O.K." than any other sexual activity in this category. And, needless to say, our handful of "straight" poll-takers liked this kind of *pole*-taking even less. Interestingly enough, the only thing that the "straight" guys liked less than getting fucked is sucking cock! But they'd rather get sucked off than fuck your butt! Such characters!


SHOCKING!
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JOHN!
1981
GAY MEN LOVE ANY COCK OF ANY SIZE!!!
But are big dicks really important to the man who owns one?
Learn the meaty details of this shocking controversy!



Photos by Greystone

## GAY MEN START YOUNG!!!

Most of them have their first same-sex experience while still in their teens!
But are we really all chicken hawks?
At last, the whole shocking story!

# SHOCKING!



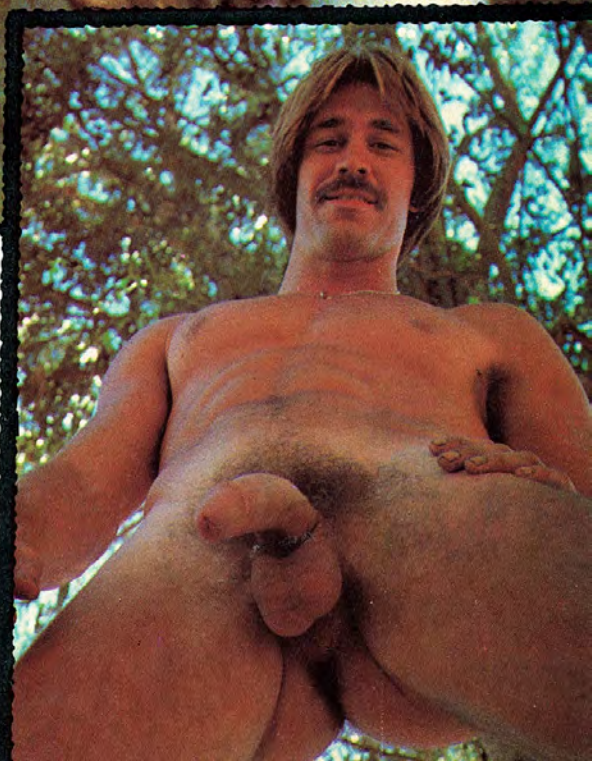


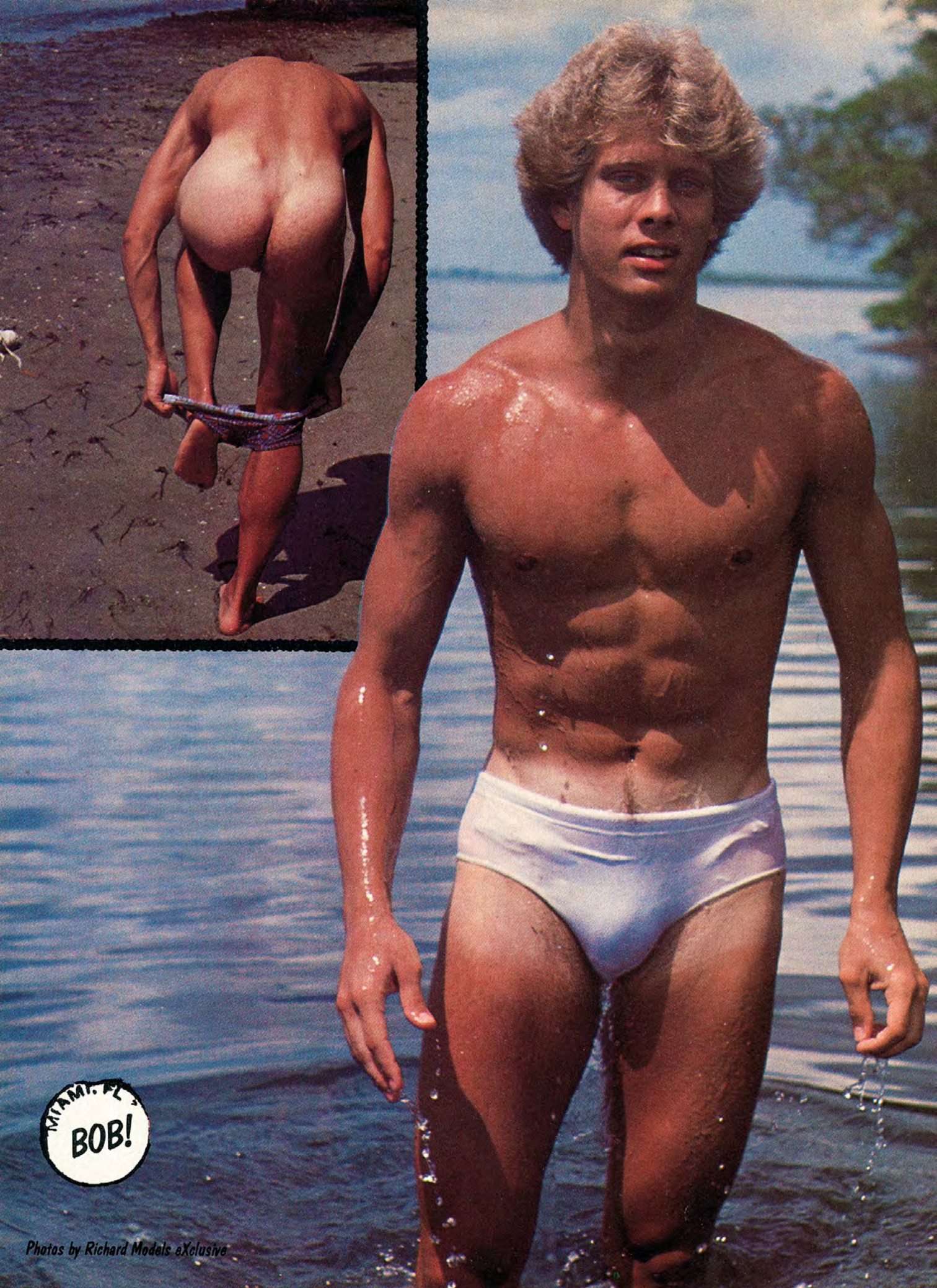

*Photos by Joe Tiffenbach*

## EVERYONE LOVES TO SUCK DICK!!!

**In a landslide vote, the cocksuckers come out ahead!**
**The shocking truth may be hard to swallow!**

☑ yes ☐ no

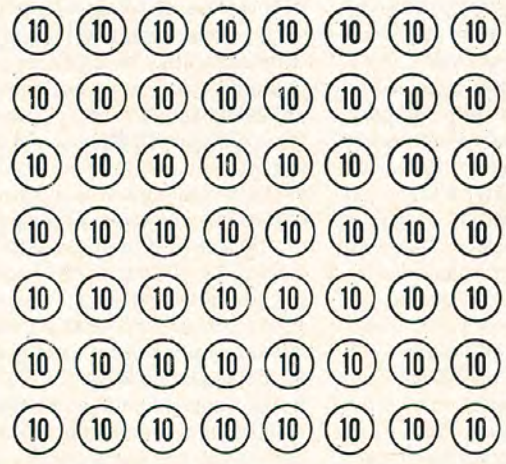





Photos by Richard Models eXclusive

**Cocksucking Yes! Fistfucking No!** We supplied a list of sexual activities about the length of a hanky code, asking readers to mark the ones they liked most. Then, we gave them the same list, to mark the ones they liked least. The results may surprise you. We were especially surprised at how uniform your opinions were (for once). You were divided on *very* few issues and, on the whole, very conservative, making an out-and-out lie of the movie *Cruising*. Your mothers will be pleased. The most enthusiastically received subjects were (in your order of preference): (1) oral sex; (2) masturbating alone; (3) masturbating with others; (4) anal sex; and (5) voyeurism, which usually meant looking at people in magazines and films. (A particularly interesting aspect of this vote was that very few of you liked *both* masturbating alone and with others.) Very, very few people expressed any real interest in anything remotely "kinky," except for a mild interest in *light* S&M. In view of this, it should come as no surprise at all that the subjects you most vehemently disliked were (in your order of hatred): (1) scat/feces; (2) a three-way tie between fistfucking, bestiality and *heavy* S&M; (3) a tie between bondage and piercing; and (4) water sports (piss). All in all, there were a lot more votes *against* your dislikes than votes *for* the things you liked. And the only exceptions? Well, for every person who enjoyed gloryhole sex and the seducing of "straight" men, there was someone who disliked them . . . the only divided opinions on this question.

**Speedos Yes! Dresses No!** Our next question was a list of items of clothing, to determine another set of extreme likes and dislikes. This time, more of you responded with *positive* reactions than with negative. The best turn-ons were: (1) swimsuits, which 86% of you considered sexually stimulating; (2) athletic clothes, 78%; (3) jockey shorts, 74%; (4) no shorts, 70%; and (5) jock straps, 64%. Trailing *much* further behind were (6) torn clothing, 44%, and (7) Levi's, 38%. There was absolutely *no* competition when it came to the items you disliked, however. Women's clothing was overwhelmingly voted the #1 sexual turn-off, with a gigantic 86% hate-vote, proving once and for all that we may think drag is hilarious for Halloween, but the most serious transvestites are either heterosexual or reading some other magazine. Nothing else came close on your hate list, but here are the runners-up, just for the record: (2) tattoos (not an item of clothing, but a flop nonetheless) with not only a 46% hate factor but also a conflicting 20% who *like* them; and (3) boxer shorts, hated by 40% but loved by 14%. The biggest surprise of this entire section was the general lack of interest in uniforms and leather. You really don't find them important one way or the other. Military uniforms were slightly more liked *and* disliked than police uniforms. But leather split you in half, with 36% anti-leather and 32% pro-leather. But this is nothing like the almost universal enthusiasm for sporting goods. You guys are a lot more wholesome than you think you are!

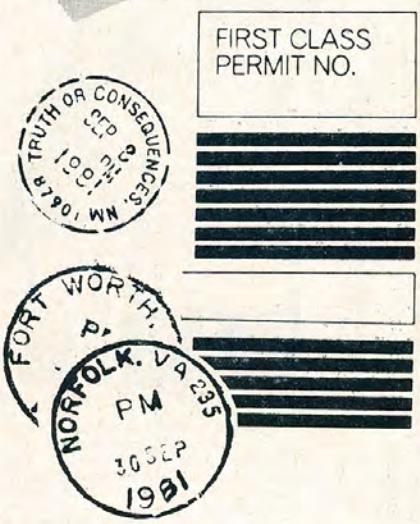



## SWIMSUITS REALLY TURN YOU ON!!!

**The only thing comparable is a pair of tight pants with no underwear! What fascinating secrets are revealed by your clothing? The shocking facts come out!**




# SHOCKING!




## *Our sex poll results are in, and even we are shocked!*

**The face is the place!** When we asked you what parts of the body turned you on most, we expected some pretty dirty answers, but once again, you came off like nice romantic guys. You like almost every single part of the body, without exception, but most of you are *face* men. Number 2 was a tie between the eyes and the cock(!), but since the eyes are located on the face, it creates a no-contest victory for above-the-neck! Next on your hit list was a three-way tie for the crotch (giving a boost to the rating of the aforementioned cock!), the inevitable ass and the chest. The big losers were the hands and the ears, which were beat out by such unexpected body parts as the shoulder and the wrist. And in view of the enormous popularity of the face, let us mention that the favorite parts of the face were (in order) the eyes, facial hair (46% for mustaches, 35% for beards), the lips and the jaw.

**Looks aren't everything!** Perhaps the most charming thing we learned in this entire survey came from our next question—what is the single most important thing in choosing a sex partner? Is it his face? No no no no! His body? No no no no! His ass? His sexual skill? His sheer availability? Hell, no! Not one of those things got more than 2% of your votes. We did manage to get 32% of you to vote for "his overall physical appearance," but the really *big* winner (52%) was "his personality"! So there you have it . . . Everything your mama told you was

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true. Beauty *is* only skin deep after all!

**You are such *nice* boys!** The next few responses were downright anticlimactic. Your sexual accessories are minimal: 66% use a lubricant; 26% enjoy poppers; 22% smoke grass; 20% like cockrings; 18% have been known to use a dildo; and nobody gives a shit about LSD or rubber clothes. Most of you (58%) like to talk dirty "once in a while." And pretty much the same group (44%) likes to act out roles "once in a while." Much more interesting was the fact that every last one of you checks out *most* men's baskets as you walk down the street (but then, so do most "straight" men). So it seems that you are just about the sweetest bunch of guys that a fella could want to meet, even if you *are* as promiscuous as the day is long.

**Bring me Hercules in a pair of tight pants!** Our final question was a silly one, intended to find out how you react to some of the things that stereotypical gay men are supposed to adore, from "your mother" to "hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants." Almost ironically, this ended up being one of the most fascinating sections in the whole quiz (from our point of view). Again, we wanted only the most vehement reactions, asking you to first mark the things you were "just crazy about" and then the ones that you "can't stand." Oddly enough, not *one* of them got more than a 50% response (either pro *or* con) except for "tight pants," which—despite a typographical error which turned it into "tight *plants*"—drew a 64% "yes" vote! (Only 1% voted no.) The first-runner-up was Steve Reeves (48% yes, 12% no), so you can bet that the next few issues of IN TOUCH will be largely devoted to pictures of the fabulous Mr. Reeves in skin-tight spandex. Second runner-up (42% yes, 11% no) was Chris Atkins, the only other man on the list—but we took care of him in issue #54. Also of interest was the fact that your opinions were sharply divided on most of these items—something that rarely happened in other parts of the quiz—and the majority of them came very close to a 50/50 split on the love/hate scale. So here they are, the icons of gay taste, listed, first, in order of preference:

Tight pants; Steve Reeves; Chris Atkins; Michelangelo's "David"; art; Broadway musicals; Bette Davis; sex; anything in pants; hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants; Miss Piggy; ballet; baggy pants; (we now drop below the 30% mark) opera; your mother; Barbra Streisand; Judy Garland; Tennessee Williams plays; (we now drop below the 20% mark) Diana Ross; Donna Summer; interior decorating; and finally, Marilyn Monroe, who pulled a low but respectable 10%. We may never get over the fact that you like Bette Davis just a tiny bit more than you like sex!

Obviously, you must like most of these people and things quite a lot, because even last-place Marilyn did pretty well. This was borne out by the hate-list, because the person you hated most (Barbra Streisand) only received a 30% negative vote, and other items (like tight pants) couldn't even get one lousy "no" vote. Nonetheless, here is your shit-list, in order of hatred: Barbra Streisand; opera; Judy Garland; ballet; baggy pants; Donna Summer; (already, we are below the 20% mark) Miss Piggy; interior decorating; Tennessee Williams plays; Marilyn Monroe; Diana Ross; Steve Reeves; Chris Atkins; Bette Davis; hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants; and Broadway musicals. Everything else got less than a 10% hate-factor, so we'll spare your mother the humiliation of appearing on your hate-list and just end it here.

Despite the frivolity of this final question, we did unearth some interesting facts about gay taste. Make of them what you will, but there were some undeniable patterns here. We'll just drop them, like tiny little bombs, for your amusement and amazement:

- If you liked one fag-hag vocalist, you liked them all. But if you were crazy about your mother, you were more likely to love Judy Garland! Conversely, mommy-haters also tend to be Judy-haters, with a slight edge to Judy. Your relationship with your mother has little influence on your feelings about Diana Ross, however.
- If you love Miss Piggy, you probably love Bette Davis! Piggy-haters are also Bette-haters. We hate to imagine why.
- Straight men are less likely to hate Marilyn Monroe and Diana Ross than gay men, even though *their* marriages were no more successful than Judy's and Bette's!
- The plays of Tennessee Williams are a taste unrelated to anything else! There were absolutely no other factors we could discover that would predict how an individual would react to this item. Having a general appreciation of theater and the arts seemed to make no difference.
- The three items which were the most controversial (drawing an equal response on the love *and* the hate lists) were opera (27%), Judy Garland (21%) and interior decorating (16%)!
- The people who liked art were not necessarily the same people who liked Michelangelo's "David"!
- The people who liked hardwood floors with oriental rugs and plants were not necessarily the same people who liked interior decorating!
- The people who liked Steve Reeves *were* the same people who liked Chris Atkins!
- The people who took this quiz were so darn polite that 66% of them said they were crazy about IN TOUCH, and not a single one of them said they couldn't stand it!

Thank you. Thank you one and all! □

## THE GOLDEN HOUR

(continued from page 79)

allowed his staff to wear their *longyis*, a sarong-like cylinder of cloth, instead of the badly fitted trousers that other peoples' servants were obliged to wear. He had even taken to wearing one around the house himself, after some hilarious lessons from Maung Shwe in how to tie it. He hadn't worked up the courage to wear it outside as yet, because if he stretched his arms, or made a sudden movement that would contract his stomach muscles, the damned thing would fall around his ankles.

* * *

The long, narrow boat pulled away from the pagoda, and wound its way through floating gardens and markets and wooden monasteries on stilts. The blue dome of the sky seemed to lower as the sun inched closer to the tops of the hills. The fishermen, balanced on the tips of their vessels, rowed with one leg wrapped around a long oar, their hands free to pull up the nets. David had his boatman stop, while he purchased some oranges from an old lady who squatted in her canoe, smiling a red, betel-nut stained smile.

They drifted along, and David watched the sun tint Maung Shwe's skin gold with its fading rays. Every now and then the boy would look up from his orange, which he was peeling as carefully as he'd peeled the paper from the gold leaf, and shyly expose his ivory white teeth and sparkling ebony eyes. David would smile back, and sigh inwardly as he wondered how long their innocent friendship would last. He knew that it would be taking advantage of his position as employer, which amounted in his companion's eyes to almost lord and master, to cross the boundary. He wanted to reach across and draw him close and run his fingers through that thick, dark hair, but the boundary was too heavily guarded and all he could do was dream.

The dream was always the same. He could even trace it to its source. A friend in London had sent him a copy of E.M. Forster's *Maurice,* and in his dream David became the character in the novel calling out into the darkness for someone to come. Unlike Maurice, though, he knew who he was calling out for. There was something else in the dream, something that he felt was protecting him, like the layers of gold protected the old monk, but he always awoke before it became clear. The more he thought about Maung Shwe in the light of the novel, the more comparisons he could draw, even though the book had been written more than sixty years before and times and class structures had changed so much. But somehow, things really hadn't changed in Burma. Like Maurice's gamekeeper, Maung Shwe was a servant. They couldn't be seen together in Rangoon as equals, couldn't even eat their meals together, except during this journey in the North, and then only when there weren't friends of David's staying at the hotel. And with the strict emigration laws, any relationship that might conceivably arise would be doomed to last only as long as David's post lasted. That was what kept him from getting closer. If he felt so attached to the boy without attempting anything physical, he knew that the inevitable separation would be too painful if his desires were realized.

They reached the dock and exchanged the gentle drifting of the boat for the bumpy jostling of the Land Rover. They sat in front with the local driver, listening with amazement to his stories of tiger hunts and stampeding elephants. As the shaky old vehicle hit a pothole or rock, David's thigh, bare below his cut-off shorts, warmed against the thinness of Maung Shwe's *longyi.* Although he had never seen the youth naked, David knew he wore nothing under the brightly checked cotton, and David felt a blush trying to surface under his tan. Every time he felt a stirring, he'd look across at the bright, eager eyes, and feel like a dirty old man.

Back at the hotel in Taungyi, the manager informed him that a few American friends from Rangoon had arrived and would be in dining room at eight. David glanced at Maung Shwe and saw his disappointment mirrored in the boy's eyes. Instead of scouring the local market for a small restaurant, he would have to sit in the stuffy dining room, and Maung Shwe would have to eat in the kitchen.

Later, he had to admit that the meal was pleasant. The curry was just right—hot enough to bring an occasional tear to his eyes, but not so hot that his throat burned when he took a gulp of Mandalay beer. The American friends turned out to be the Watsons, who were always lively and amusing, and when they begged him to partner their daughter, thereby making up a fourth for bridge after finishing dinner, he couldn't say no. Although his mind kept wandering back to the image of Maung Shwe reclining in the splendor of the setting sun, he played well. Mrs. Watson, in her soft, feminine southern drawl, informed him of the gossip he'd missed in his week's absence from Rangoon. The soothing lull of her voice, along with the rhythmical creaking of the fan overhead, eventually made him drowsy. He said his goodnights and, once inside the emptiness of his room, he slept, dreaming the same dream.

* * *

The next morning found the travellers bouncing along in the Land Rover again. Their first stop was the Pindya Caves, a labyrinth of underground caverns that were crammed to overflowing with Buddhas. Rising above the human intruders on all sides, their golden surfaces

(continued on page 92)


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**#56 (JUNE)**
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights, Strippers!, Vanessa Redgrave, The Daddy Mystique, "Happy Father's Day," Gay Parade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, coverman Joe Davis, plus Fred Halsted, Mark Ramsey, Tallulah the dog.

**#57 (JULY)**
Summer Sports Spectacular, The Boys at the Beach, The 10 Sexiest Men in Sports, The Golden Gladiator, Secluded Summer, Kartoon Karnival, Tom of Finland, coverman Christian De Vito, plus Billy Bop, Don Bishop, Gregg Strom.

**#58 (AUGUST)**
Hollywood as a State of Mind, Legend Drinks, The Films of Crotch, B-Movie on Castro Street, The Gay Filmography, Hooray for Hollywood, Tom of Finland, coverman Jean-Robert Le Cocq, plus Zoltan, Glenn Denard, Curtis Robbins.

**#59 (SEPTEMBER)**
Back to School Issue, Freshmen Wrestlers, Those Naughty Naughty Schoolboys, Master Thesis, Pop Quiz, In Touch Sex Poll, Memories of a Naked Boyhood, Tom of Finland, coverman Peter, plus Robert Cooper, Tex Murdock, Charlie Cross.

**#60 (OCTOBER)**
Salute to Leathermen, The Etiquette of the Gloryhole, Searching the World for Mr. Right, Washington D.C. Call Boy, Tom of Finland, coverman Paulo, plus Boyd Turner, Mike Kane, Pan (Val Martin).

**#61 (NOVEMBER)**
The 10 All-time Favorite In Touch Men, The Sex Life of Mermen, Swimmer Bodies, Erotic Foods, Straight Women & Gay Men, Gay Men & Straight Women, Tom of Finland, coverman Partrick Fitzwilly, plus Peter English, Bo Richards, David Dobbs.

**#62 (DECEMBER)**
Special All-Model Issue: The Twelve Men of Christmas, with coverman Harley Cantrell, plus Paul Cameron, Marvin, Kip Noll, Jimmy Metz, Jason, Steve Tracy, Jeff Green, Branch Lester, Bo Richards, Merek Flint, Paul Seaton, and Tom of Finland in full color.

**#63 (JANUARY)**
Fiction by Gore Vidal: Three Stratagems, Bodybuilders as Art, D.H. Lawrence and His Men, Are Diamonds Still a Boy's Best Friend?, Myra Breckinridge's Unauthorized Tour of Southern California, Tom of Finland, coverman Tom Le Duc, plus Lucky, Ken Hoffman, Thom Bailey.

**#64 (FEBRUARY)**
Valentines' Issue: Tony Danza at the Gym, The Care and Feeding of a Lover, The Lovers' Quiz, A Walt Whitman Valentine, The Stars in Heaven, Virgin Winter, Tom of Finland, covermen John and Kevin, plus Bruce Smith, Brock, Jeff Cameron and Danny.

# SPECIAL PRICES ON ADULT LIBRARY EDITIONS!

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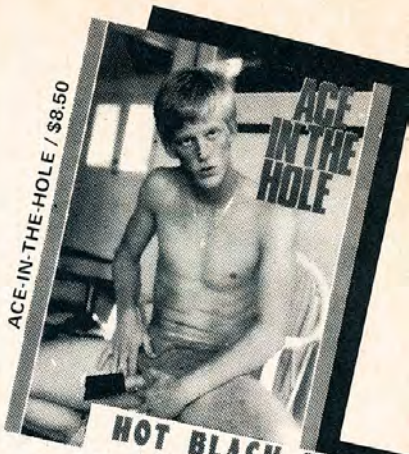
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# LE SALON MAGS ARE LOADED WITH PIZZAZZ!



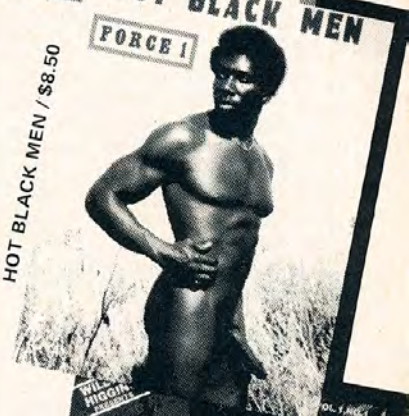

ASS ATTACK / $8.50



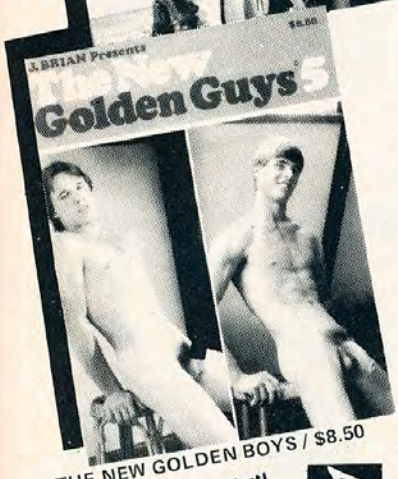

ACE-IN-THE-HOLE / $8.50




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HOT BLACK MEN / $8.50



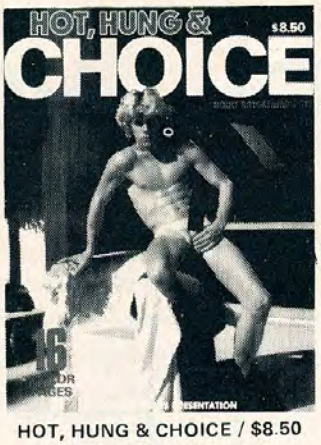

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JOCKSTRAP / $8.50




HOT, HUNG & CHOICE / $8.50

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THRUST!
HEAVY DUTY AROMA
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Charge it on your VISA or MASTERCARD toll FREE! Dial (1)-800-227-3444, 8:30 AM to 5 PM, Mon. thru Fri., Pacific Coast Time. All Calif., Hawaii & Alaska charge customers call collect (415) 431-7474. Charge orders received before 3 PM (PCT) get same day F–A–S–T service!

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Join LE SALON'S skyrocketing mail-order club! It's super easy and super convenient. Just send us $3 and a signature that you're 21 years, or older . . . and you'll be sent, month after month, super hot brochures featuring the VERY, VERY latest in all-male mags, books, films, videos, lubes, aromas, rubber goods and adult novelties! But it doesn't stop there! LE SALON will offer dollar-saving specials thru-out the year, and maintains a toll-free phone no. (see above) for your charge orders! We will also pay all postage/handling when you order 3 or more items (domestic orders only). And to top that LE SALON has F–A–S–T same-day service on all phone charge orders that are placed by 3 PM, PCT! So why wait – just fill in the coupon below, and rush it back to us!

☐ YES, I'm enclosing my $3 (cash, check, m.o.), so rush me your new, hot brochures, and don't delay!

Name (Print) _____

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I am 21 years of age, or older (signature) _____

SEND TO: LE SALON, 30 Sheridan St., Dept. O
San Francisco, CA 94103

LE SALON, 30 Sheridan St., Dept. I.T., San Francisco, CA 94103

Rush me the following male mags:
☐ ACE IN THE HOLE, ☐ HOT, HUNG, & CHOICE, ☐ HOT DADDIES, ☐ SHIPPING ROOM STUD, ☐ HOT BLACK MEN No. 3, ☐ GOLDEN GUYS 5, ☐ JOCKSTRAP, ☐ ASS ATTACK. PRICES: $8.50 each, 3 for $24, 6 for $46.50. Add $1.50 per mag for postage/handling. REMEMBER: Order 3 or more, and LE SALON pays postage/handling (domestic orders only).

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Card No. _____ Interbank No. _____

Expiration Date _____

CHARGE IT BY PHONE TOLL-FREE! SEE ABOVE!

I'm enclosing my check, cash, m.o. for $ _____

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Offer void in Texas and Tenn. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Store/dealer inquiries invited.

# Announcing the newest issue of THE TARGET ALBUM




The third dynamite issue of our hottest magazine contains

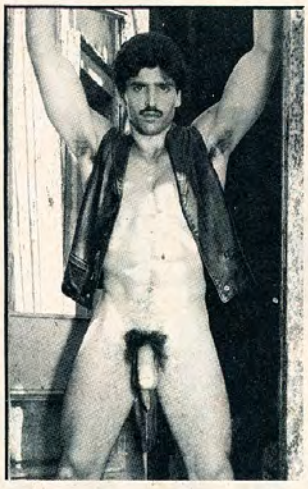
- Pictorial b/w features on newcomers Pakko, Kurt Gessner & Jack Hammer, and an encore for Jeremy Brent and features on Tim Kramer & Barry;
- New art by Etienne & A. Jay;
- Plus exciting fiction, thought-provoking articles, book reviews and other features.

All wrapped up in an 8½x11 52-page two-color format magazine that will afford you many hours of excitement. (NOTE: Color photos & slides of Pakko, Gessner & Hammer are available separately).

**The Target Album #3 . . $9.00**

**PAKKO:** He's half Greek and half Italian and all man! Pakko is a native of the South Bronx so fighting became a way of life at an early age. He's now progressed from street-brawls to prizefighting and he packs a very mean wallop, both in his fists and between his legs!

**SX-1 6 35mm color slides $6.50**
**CPX-1 6 color 5x7 prints $9.50**



**KURT GESSNER:** Kurt — all 6'3" of him — was infected with wanderlust as a boy and his travels have carried him from coast to coast and everywhere in between. If you're into leather (or even if you're not) you'll want to suck up to this horny, heavy-hung dude!

**SX-2 6 35mm color slides $6.50**
**CPX-2 6 color 5x7 prints $9.50**



**TARGETPAK-2:** Our lavish folio includes color brochures on movies, magazines, artwork, etc. $5.00

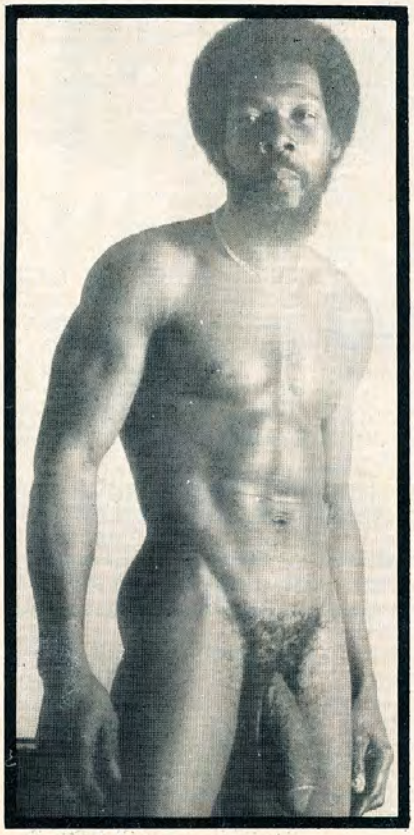
**TARGET**
Box 692-N, Canal St. Sta.
New York City 10013

**JACK HAMMER:** This strapping 6-ft stud just may be the answer to your prayers. Need some drilling done? Plumbing malfunctioning? Here's the man to call. Jack's a veritable Mr. Fixit and we have it on good authority that he can administer to ailments of all kinds!

**SX-3 6 35mm color slides $6.50**
**CPX-3 6 color 5x7 prints $9.50**



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Please state that you are over 21.



# HOT BLACK MEN

They are muscular, masculine and dominant. They are black. They are at the height of their sexual virility. If you would like to meet more men of FORCE-1, send $3.00 and a statement you are over 21, for our latest brochure featuring magazines, photo-sets and more!

Send to:

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also featuring
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introducing
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☐ NF 111 NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH—a 400 ft. color film . . . . . ☐ reg 8mm—$56 ☐ sup 8mm—$60
☐ NV 1029 NOVA Video Cassette . . . . . ☐ VHS —$100 ☐ BETA —$100
(contains IT'S THE LIFE, THE MAIN ATTRACTION and NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH)

☐ Catalog Service—1 year . . . . . ☐ $5

California residents add 6% sales tax. Postage and handling: $2 first item, $1 each additional item.

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____ ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

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**NEW! "THAT BOY"** video cassette entertainment film in color & sound (90 minutes) $130.00

**"NIGHTS IN BLACK LEATHER" on VIDEO CASSETTE**
THE ENTIRE FILM (color, sound, 105 min.) $150.00
☐ VHS ☐ BETAMAX

**"NIGHTS IN BLACK LEATHER" in SUPER 8**
IN FOUR PARTS (WITHOUT SOUND):
1. TELEPHONE SCENE (400 ft.) $77.00
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ALL FOUR PARTS ($268.00 separately) $240.00

AVAILABLE IN REGULAR 8 ONLY:
"WALDESLUST" (Peter and a young blond; 200 ft.) $37.00
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**20 SETS OF COLOR PRINTS OF PETER ALONE**
(10 photos per set; 3½ x 5); each set $17.00

**1 SET OF PETER AND MARC MAJORS TOGETHER**
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ADD $3.00 shipping handling for films and cassette
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KEN HOFFMAN rates a true "10" anyway you look at "it". You'll want to see this stud again and again, as we do.

SET of 4 5 x 7 CUSTOM COLOR PHOTOS on KEN for $10.00 - or circular of all models $2 (free with photo set).

Include $1.50 for postage & handling and Calif. residents must add 6% tax. For adults 21, or older.

KURT DEITRICK
P.O. BOX 2692 Dept TK3
SEAL BEACH, CA. 90740





**"BUTT SHOTS"**
This is not just a piece of cake. This man shows all that can be seen from the *rear.*
**Set A "Butt Shots"**



**"MARINES"**
This Marine is front and center, but he's willing to bring up the rear now and then.
**Set B "Marines"**
**Set C "Marines"**

☐ SET A—"Butt Shots
☐ SET B—"Marines"
☐ SET C—"Marines"
Each set of 6 photos B&W, 5" x 7"—$8.00
Calif. res. add 6% tax.

NAME _____
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CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

**LION STUDIOS** P.O. BOX 27831 HOLLYWOOD, CA 90027



## Kensington Road

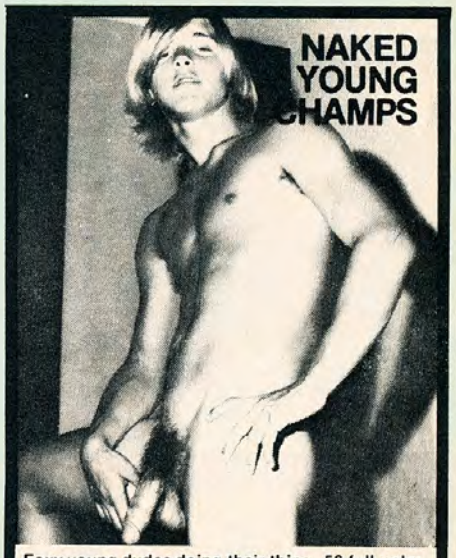


## Gary O'Neill

You are invited to enter Gary's world of model-like beauty and comfortable sexuality. View him and 9 others in the new KENSINGTON ROAD CATALOG 6 (Post. & Handling Incl.) $5.00
Add $1 for orders outside U.S.A.
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☐ YC & Free Color Catalog $6.95 ☐ Color Catalog $2.00

Name (please print) _____
Signature _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
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| 20 Exposure roll | 6.90 | 8.90 |
| 24 Exposure roll | 8.10 | 10.50 |
| 36 Exposure roll | 11.70 | 15.30 |
| Reprints, neg. | .30 | .45 |
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Color copy neg. .85 B&W Copy neg. .75
Five color copies from any color print 2.35

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| 11x14 | 7.50 | n/a |
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*Models Must be of Legal Age

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Chris Williams Film W117 super 8mm $14.

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AMG STUDS 1&2 and AMG RAW 1&2 $10 ea ...On right is Bobby GORDON Super 8mm color film G96: $16. 10 slides $10. 24:$20 12 8x11.5cm PRINTS in color $16




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Five full color photos just $8.49. (California residents add 51¢ sales tax) Visa and MasterCard Welcomed!

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"You must be 21 years old to order"
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INCLUDES: 5 BOTTLES 1 TOPPER




PRICE PER-BOTTLE $2.50
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INCLUDES: INFLATOR, BALLOON, 10 CARTRIDGES



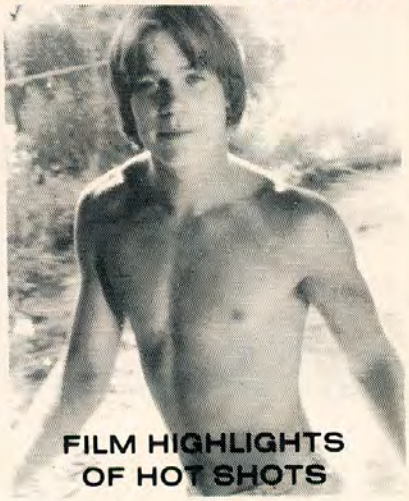

INFLATOR: $7.00/BALLOON: $1.00
BOX OF 10 CARTRIDGES: $4.00
MINIMUM ORDER 3 BOXES

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—REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER—

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*This 90 minute preview gives you the best of all 4!*
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150 ft. - 8mm Color Film - $21.50 Post Paid
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**This is a: ☐ gift.**
**☐ new subscription.**
**☐ renewal.**
**☐ extension of my existing subscription.**

**NAME (Please print)**

**ADDRESS**

**CITY/STATE/ZIP**

# NEW! DICKS!!!

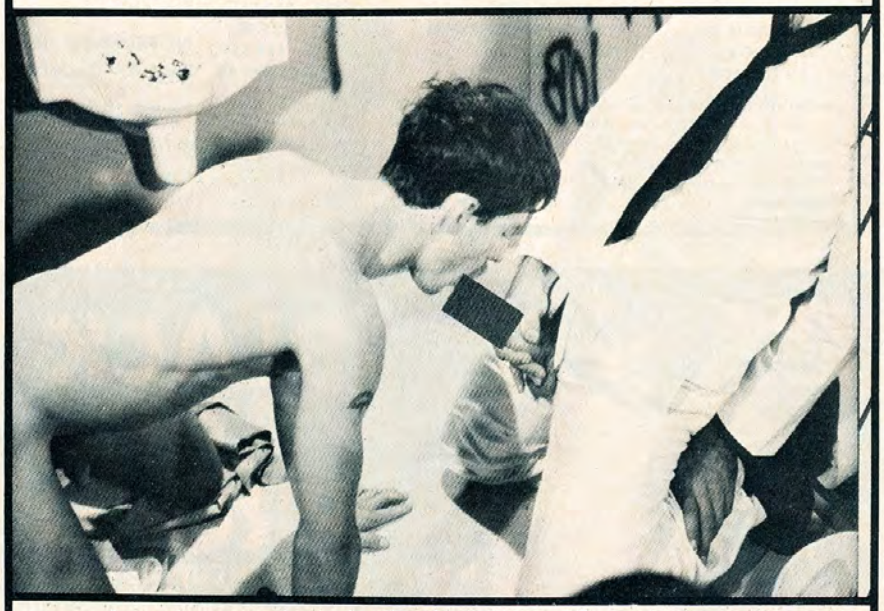
NEW! TOO HOT TO HANDLE #13

# NEW ADULT LIBRARY EDITIONS!

NEW! IN HEAT #12



*An all-photo magazine featuring the IN TOUCH men, captured hard and throbbing. In this issue: Joe Davis, Peter, Gregg Strom, Andy De Rosa, Christian De Vito, Adam Bludder and Billy Bop. Adults only. $8.50 postpaid.*



*Page after page of naked action, featuring world's most oversexed men in hard, explicit photos of solos, duos and trios. In this issue: Any Port, Doing It All Nite, J.O. Fantasy and Warm Leatherette (featuring Carl Flores). Adults only. $8.50 postpaid.*

*See the SPECIAL OFFER on page 82 for big savings on BACK ISSUES of IN TOUCH, IN HEAT & TOO HOT TO HANDLE!*

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NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

*I certify that I am 18 years old or older:

YOUR SIGNATURE (Adult Library orders cannot be sent without it.)



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# HARD • WET LOCKERROOM ACTION



2 TUMBLE IN



3 LOVE-ALL



4 POP MY FLY



5 SOCCER JOCKS



6 DOWN FOR THE COUNT

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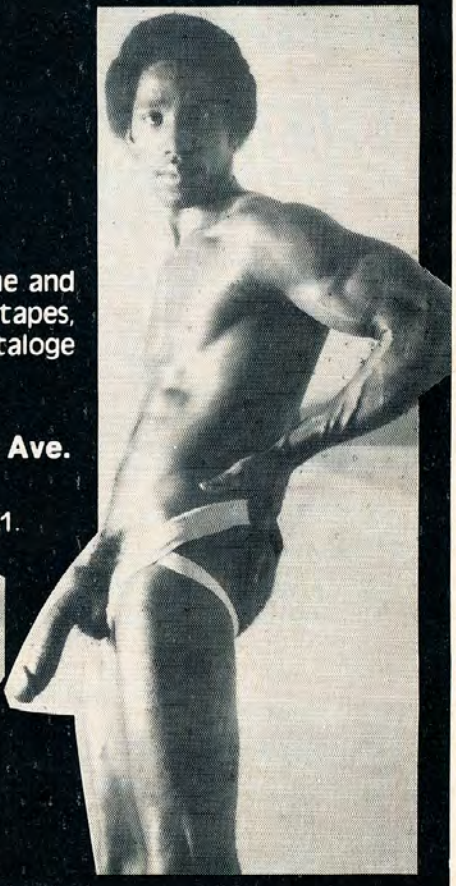
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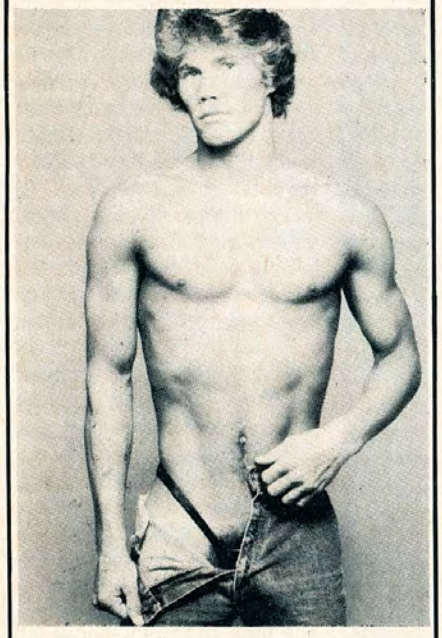








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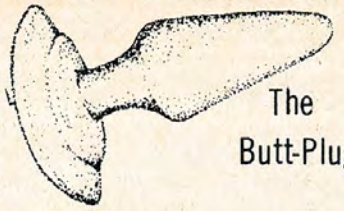
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## THE GOLDEN HOUR

(continued from page 78)

glinted in the semi-darkness. The electric lights were not working that day, so they made their way along the damp, slippery passages with a flashlight as their only illumination. At one point, Maung Shwe's sandals lost their grip as they crept along a ledge, and David grabbed his arm just in time to stop him from falling. As they leaned aganst the cool stone of the wall to catch their breath, David shone the light over the edge—the boy could have dropped twenty feet.

They reached the mouth of the cave without further mishap, and stood in the warmth of the sun, watching the view below. Rows of small pagodas, covered with glittering glass mosaics, descended the slope between the jade green leaves of the palms. At the top of each, a golden umbrella, laden with tiny bells, tinkled softly in the breeze. Glad to be free from the oppressive darkness of the caves, they ran, laughing and almost stumbling, to join the driver at the foot of the hill.

Since they would have to fly back to Rangoon the next day, David had chosen the hill station, Calaw, which had been the British summer capital, for their last night. For years, foreigners stationed in Burma had used this retreat as an escape from the stifling hot season in Rangoon. In trains, carriages or bullock carts, the officials would journey with their families and servants to take up residence in Calaw until the cooling monsoon weather made the South bearable again.

David wanted to see the place, since it was a stop that tourists rarely visited. It was a long drive up into the mountains, but the beauty of the terrain made it seem short. The driver stopped occasionally to allow David to watch the Shan women harvest their fields, using their centuries-old methods. Dressed in black with brightly colored headdresses, the women carried their wealth around their waists in the form of silver cords. They swung their long sickles over the ground in a smooth unbroken rhythm.

They reached Calaw as the sun started to set. The hills were dotted with large, stately homes, and, though jungle-like growth had crept in, there were still traces of organized gardens. As they entered the town, David suddenly felt homesick for England. It was as if an old Sussex village had been transported intact to the middle of Burma. The driver deposited them and their luggage outside the resthouse, promising to be back at nine the next morning.

The resthouse had seen better days. They knocked at the bolted door for several minutes before an ancient Indian finally appeared. He muttered something about telephoning first, then disappeared up the grand, sweeping (and in need of sweeping) staircase to prepare their rooms. Since there was obviously no hope of getting anything to eat in the deserted hotel, they found their way to a teahouse they'd passed in the Land Rover, and managed to get a meal.

By the time they reached the resthouse again, the old man was in better spirits and shared his tea and cheroots with them. The three sat in the corner of a huge empty room that had once been used for balls. The man, who seemed to be everything from bellhop to manager, had worked there since the late Twenties, and had seen the country through the British, the Japanese and Independence. Between puffs of sweet blue smoke, he described the days when the hotel had contained dozens of illustrious guests, whereas David and Maung Shwe, he confessed, were the first occupants in over two years.

David's room was huge and practically empty, with a dresser, a couple of dilapidated cane chairs and a large bed with a canopy of aged, yellowed mosquito netting. Maung Shwe's connecting chamber was of more modest size, with the same shabby furnishings. When the old man left, they decided they weren't really tired. Drinking fresh lime and water that they'd brought from the hotel in Taungyi, they smoked numerous cigarettes and talked. David searched his friend's eyes for a sign that he was suffering from the same brand of insomnia, but he couldn't see anything but innocent attentiveness. Finally, to avoid lunging at him and possibly souring the last night of their perfect retreat, he mumbled, "We'd better get some sleep."

Through the haze of the mosquito netting he stared at the half-closed door leading to Maung Shwe's room as he drifted into sleep. That night his dream was so real that he could actually feel the softness at the small of the boy's back, and smell something that was like coconut oil and cinnamon as he buried his face in his hair. It was so real, throughout the night, that when he felt the glow of dawn warming his shoulders, he nuzzled closer into his dream, not wanting to wake.

* * *

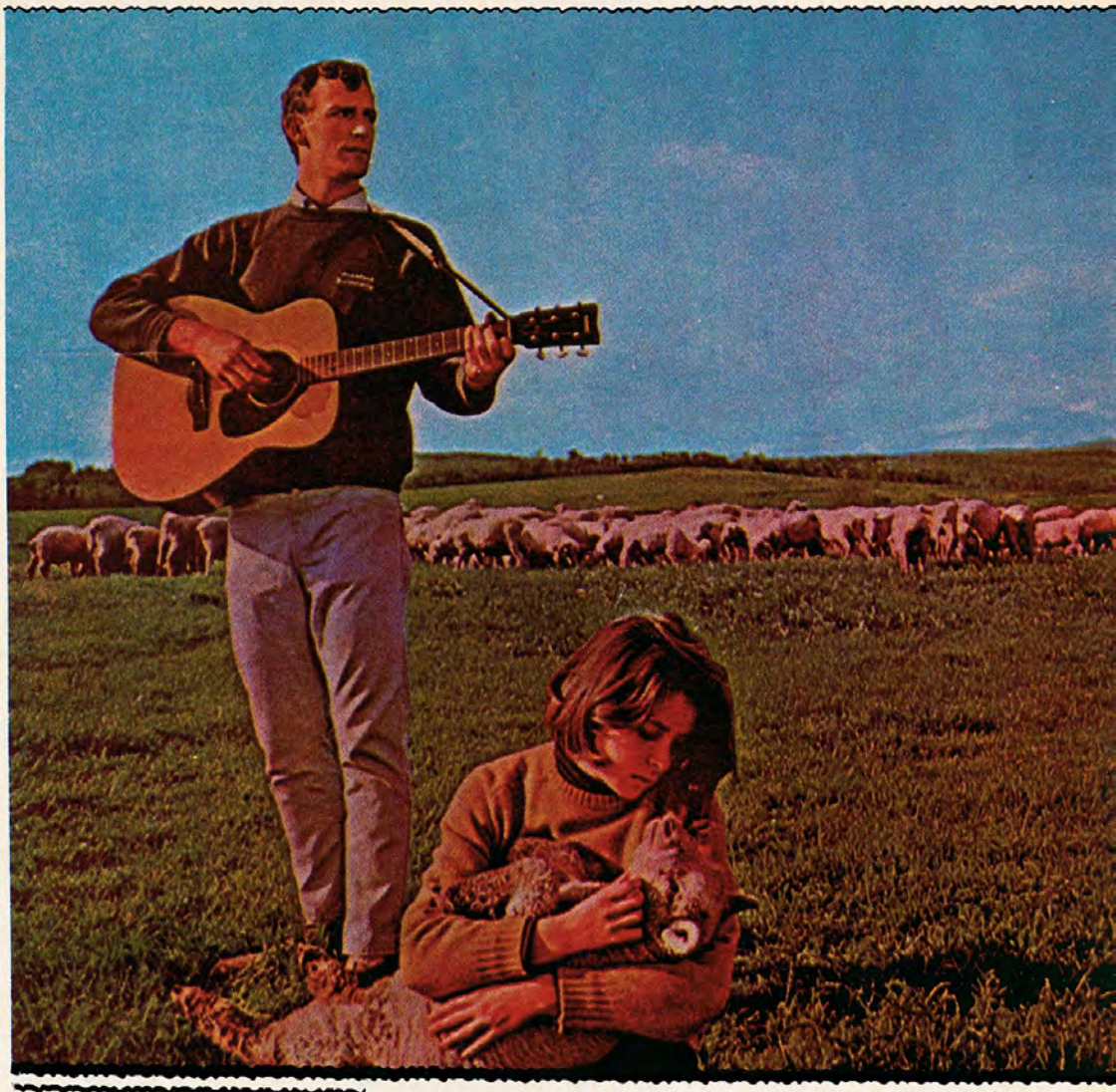
When he finally allowed his eyes to open, he saw that it was no dream. He was awake. The boy was lying in his arms. Maung Shwe, feeling him stir, pulled him closer and murmured, "thank you for calling to me." David's thoughts flooded over him, with worries of consequences and outcomes, but, with Maung Shwe's head resting in the crook of his arm, his worries began to disappear. Somehow, things would come out right. Through half-closed eyes, he saw the first light of day tint the netting that enveloped them. They would have one more hour together.

David nestled closer, pressing his cock against Maung Shwe's naked legs. As their bodies united in the ancient ritual of love, the rising sun wrapped them together in a warm tissue of gold. □

*—for Carlos (Rangoon, 1975)*

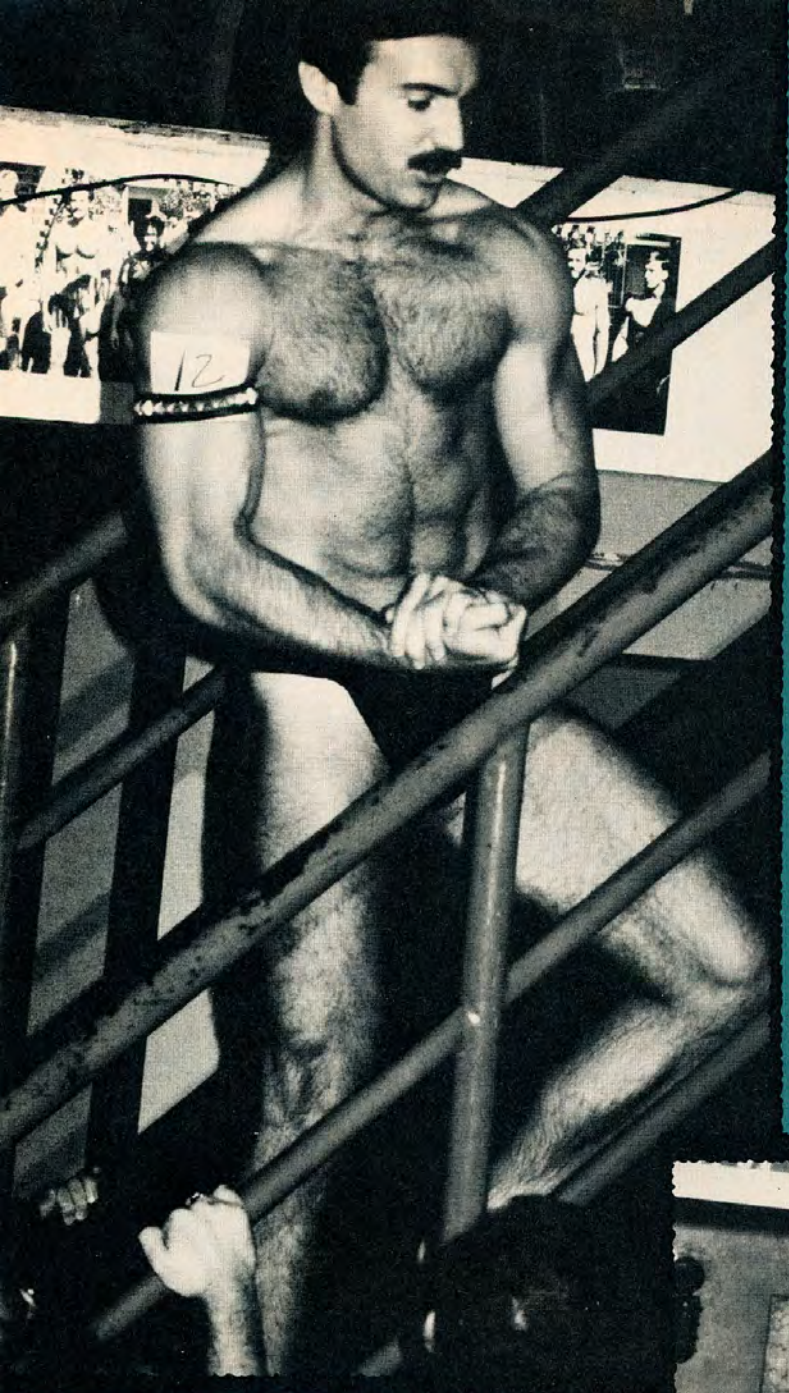
# NITE LIFE

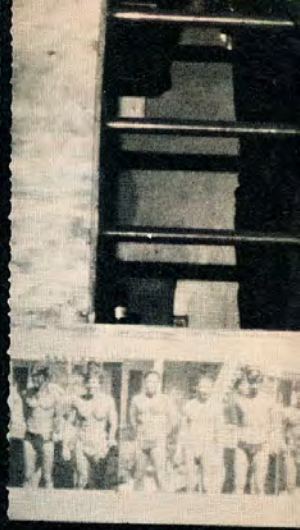
***EWE ASKED FOR IT!:*** No, no, no!!! When we said that March goes "in like a lion and out like a lamb," this *isn't* what we had in mind! *This* fuzzy little thing is out *for the count!* But now that we're here, we might as well explain this ridiculous picture. OK . . . you see, this piece of Fine Art comes from the cover of an album entitled *My Favorite Photographs.* You know, the dime store kind with lift-up pages, the kind that says "made in Taiwan" on the back. Yes, someone was actually *serious* when he took this picture. And any psychiatrist could have a field day interpreting the wealth of symbolism crammed into this one small photo. Consider the guitar, a classic symbol of the female form. Is the man trying to attract the woman's attention by strumming his large hairy fingers across the taut strings that guard that deep, dark hole? And what about the woman? Is she really in love with the lamb, or is she just trying to make the man jealous? And what about the lamb? What must *he* think of all this? Or is he even conscious? And what if "he" is not a ram, but a ewe? Could we possibly be presenting a sordid scene of lesbian bestiality on the pages of our nice little sexist magazine? Could be. Sorry, guys. We'll clean up our act *next* month . . . maybe.





***WITHOUT RESERVATIONS:*** Meet David Gaines, the talented artist who illustrated (among other things) the "Friendly Skies" article in this issue. Now, David has branched out onto the "legitimate" stage as one of four writer/-actors featured in the hit production, *Without Reservations* (currently held over at the On The Fringe Theater in Los Angeles, soon to tour nationally). Don't let this promotional photo mislead you. David nearly bares it all here, but in the play he primarily bares his soul—no easy feat in a crowded theater. Performing on a stark black stage, decorated simply with enormous bolts of cloth, David and his three cohorts (Phillip Coquet, Michael Katz and Prince Pannessi) spill all the beans, in autobiographical sketches ranging from straightforward monologues to rhythmic, spoken quartets. Although the concept owes a little something to *A Chorus Line,* the play is really a gay *Our Town,* incorporating memories, fantasies and anecdotes of our common gay experience. *Without Reservations* is a play which most of us will wish *we* had written, and it's amazing how moving it is to hear all these fears, frustrations, joys and adventures spoken out loud in public at last. It is difficult to describe the experience without making it seem rather serious and pretentious. But in fact, Gaines and company make the evening a delight, leaving the audience feeling very, very good. Recommended, without reservations. For *your* reservations, call (213) 666-3597 or go to the box office at 3709 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026. *(photo by Phil Fensmith)*



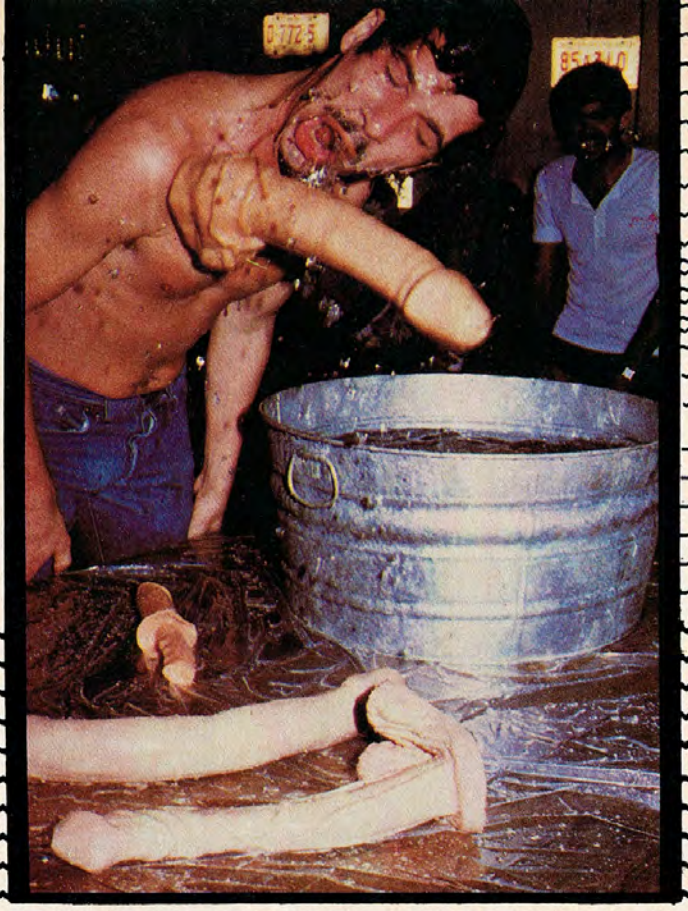


***STAIRWAY TO PARADISE:*** Greg's Blue Dot Lounge in Hollywood was the scene of this wild *soiree*, a contest held to select Greg's new poster man. The joint was jumpin', as a squad of largely undressed competitors filled the scarlet staircase with bulges and brawn. More than one of them went down that bannister, although pole-sliding was not one of the judges' categories. When it was all over, the voters had selected Man Number 12 to pose for the poster, which was to be photographed by Zeus Studios' Jim Hawkins, who has a way of coaxing his models out of their clothes and into full erection (see Gregg Strom in TOO HOT TO HANDLE #13). But allegedly, when handsome Number 12's lover found out that his honey would be exposed for all to see, the photo session was abruptly nixed. As we go to press, the matter remains unresolved. We'd sure like to see that guy naked, though. Maybe he and his boyfriend could do the session *together*. Maybe we could publish it. Maybe we're just dreaming. *(photos by Rose)*





***SUCK HARDER!:*** A new kind of kinky sex? A new type of levitation? A new piece of conceptual art? No, this is a man playing the newest gay party game, "Bobbing for Dildoes." If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, this should keep the entire cast of *General Hospital* away! Except maybe Liz Taylor. Needless to say, this event also took place at the aforementioned Greg's in Hollywood. Perhaps next year, Greg's could combine both contests and call it "Bobbing for Poster Men." The contestants might end up sliding down a whole lot more than a banister! *(photo by Rose)*





***TWO TONS OF BUNS:*** In another widely attended contest, West Hollywood's Blue Parrot launched a search for the finest set of *glutei maximi* in Los Angeles. In addition, their entire staff put their buns on display (asking patrons to do the same), just to get everyone into the proper mood. Fortunately for us, paparazza Rose De Castro was there, camera loaded, to capture the whole thing on film. And, in the true spirit of "Show us *your* underalls," the men obliged, giving us this much-too-rare peek into the pants of Boys' Town.





***HARD CORE:*** Among the many magazines that pass across our desk each month, these two caught our attention, so much so that our entire staff took turns spending ten minutes in the john with them. Unfortunately, neither magazine has many pictures that we can publish here (in fact, we couldn't even print most of them in IN HEAT!), so you'll just have to be content with a general description.

Above, you'll find a sample of the action to be found in *Spunk* (available from Catalina Video, 256 S. Robertson Blvd., 30 Sheridan, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; $12.50 plus $1.50 postage, adults only), which features our current coverman, John King, in positions ranging from suck-my-dick to helium-heels. John's partner is Jaime Wingo (see IN TOUCH #64 and IN HEAT #11), who also demonstrates his agility and enthusiasm under a wide variety of circumstances, most of them sticky. If it is truly important for you to know what these two men look like in the throes of an orgasm, here's your chance.

Below, you'll find, heavily censored, some of the action that is featured without little black boxes in *Stroke #2* ($9.95, adults only), a wonderful new publication for lovers of "splash" shots. This issue has a lively combination of words and photos, with layouts bearing more than a passing resemblance to IN TOUCH (plus a dash of *GQ* and a *soupcon* of *Package*). Except that these guys stop at nothing! Among the many features, we found shoot-it-in-my-face photos of Leo and Jaime (see IN TOUCH #64 and IN HEAT #11), as well as all-the-way pictures of our "In & Out" couple (see IN HEAT #10). In addition, *Strokes* offers a beautiful spread of early (and apparently uncopyrighted) art by Tom of Finland, plus an out-and-out ripoff of the illustration that David Gaines did for our gloryholes article in issue #60. Imitation may indeed be the sincerest form of flattery, but we hope that the talented men at *Strokes* will stop flattering our artists, who are underpaid as it is. Still, we adore the magazine and recommend it highly to anyone who doesn't live with his easily-shocked mother. Exactly *how* to get it (other than in adult bookstores) is another problem altogether. In various parts of the magazine, the editors suggest that you send letters—preferably dirty—to *Stroke* (Suite 657, 7325½ Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335), classified ads to "Cruising" (P.O. Box 28178, Washington, DC 20005) and distribution inquiries to MAGCORP (P.O. Box 21510, South Euclid, OH 44121). If you can find *Strokes*, were sure you'll love it as much as we do.



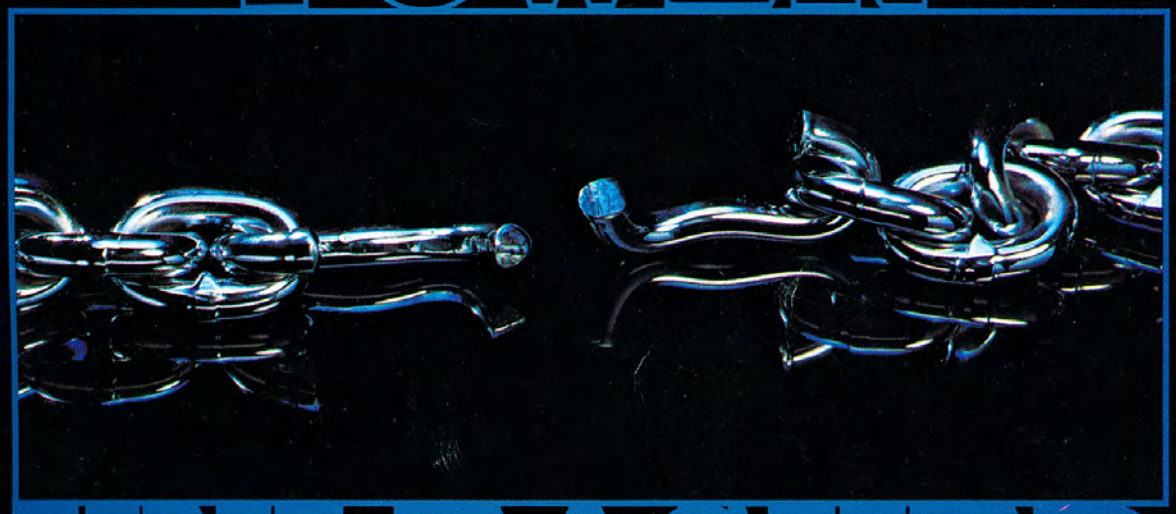




***. . . AND OUT LIKE A LAMB!:*** Now this is more like it! Meet Randy McLaughlin, who is counting sheep like there's no tomorrow! He looks so peaceful laying there—so sweet, so sexy, so vulnerable. Perhaps Randy would like you to come in (like a lion) and wake him up, just a *little* bit. Gently now . . . don't rush him. Shhhh! We won't tell. Just crouch down there and . . . well, you know the rest. We'll just hum a few bars of "I'll See You In My Dreams," to put you in the mood. *(photo by Roger Margason)*

***LET'S TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO BED!:*** Now that Randy seems to be waking up, we'll just let ourselves out and leave you two alone for awhile. Until April, as a matter of fact. But we'll be back then, sure as shootin', to see what you two have been up to. For now, nighty night, little angels. Nighty night. □

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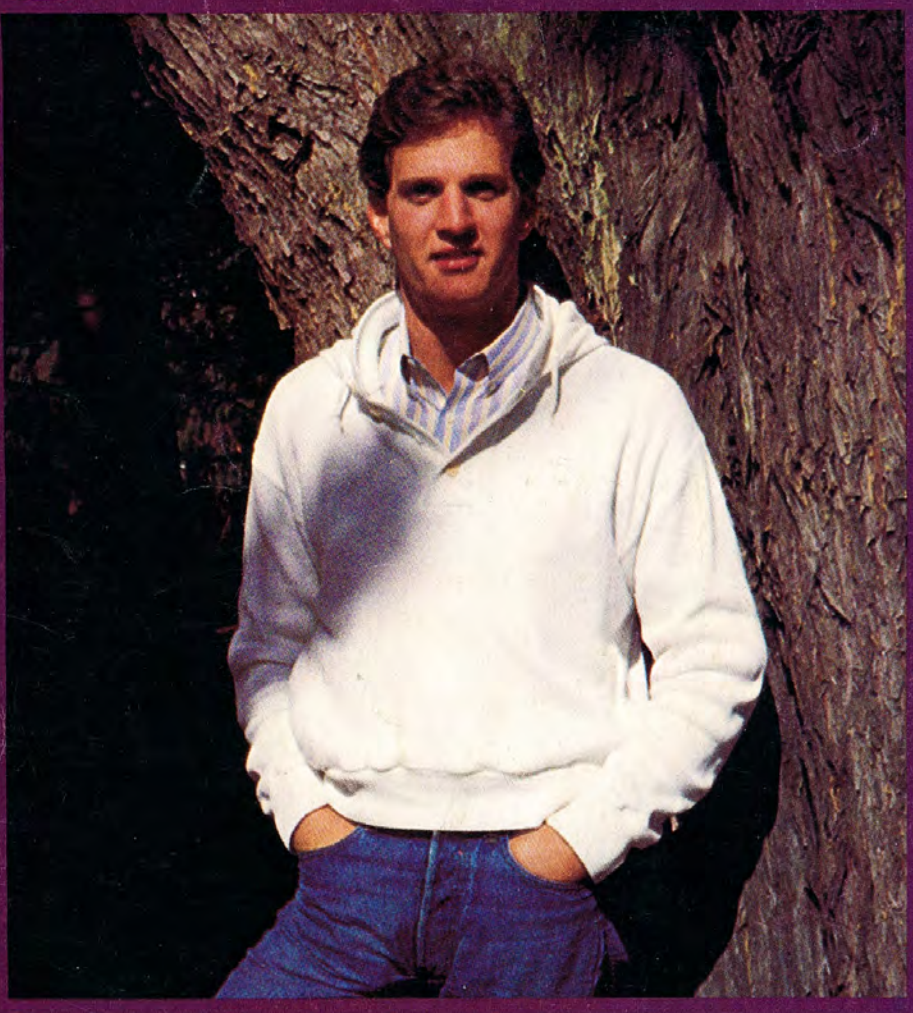
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