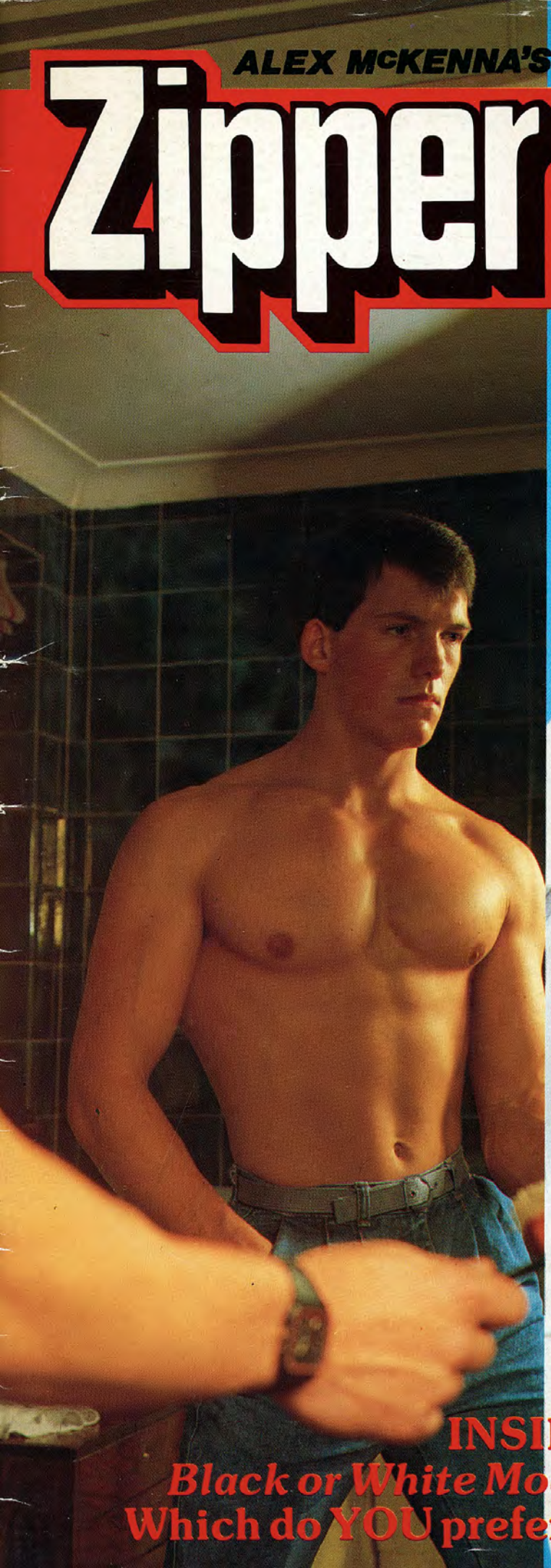
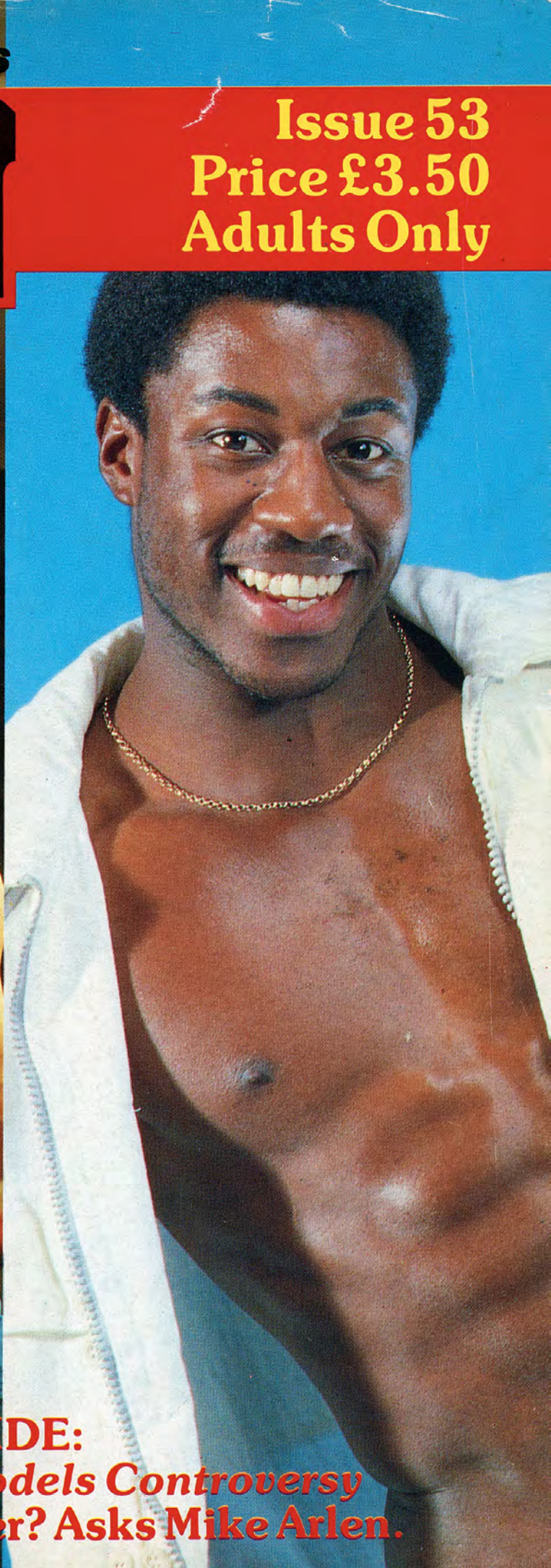
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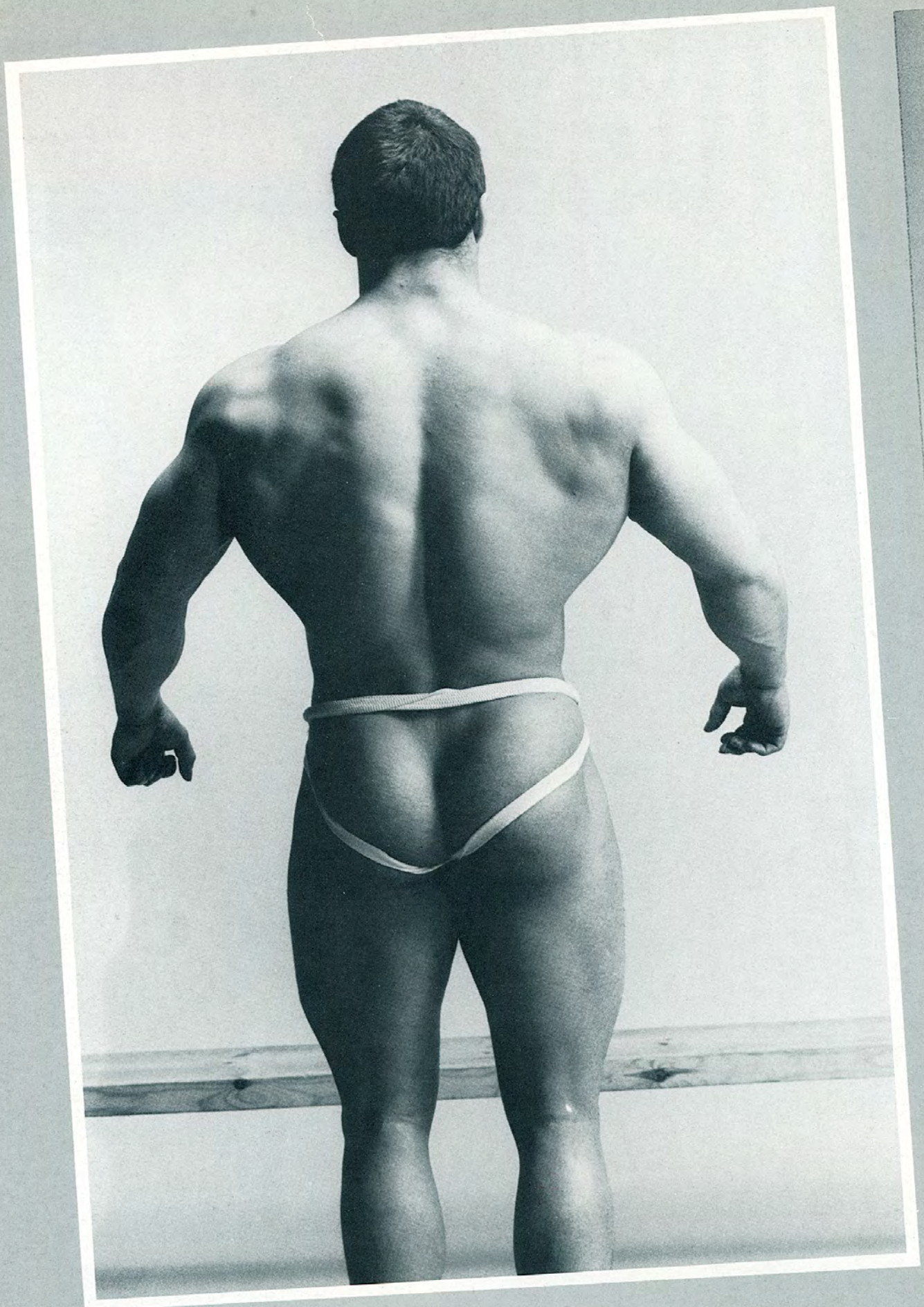
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Issue 53
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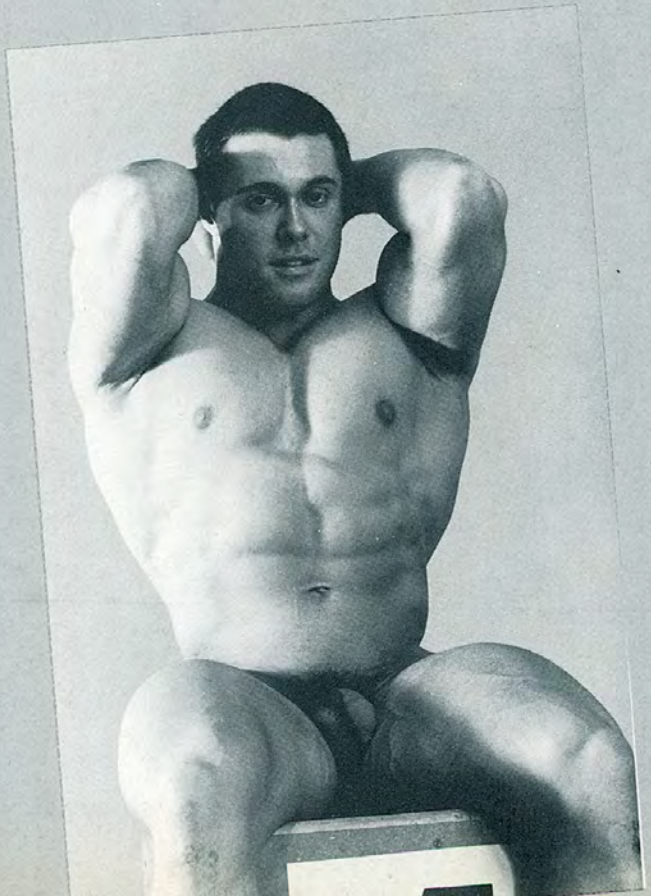


INSIDE:
Black or White Models Controversy
Which do YOU prefer? Asks Mike Arlen.
















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EDITORIAL

Alex's Notepad

WELCOME TO the first Zipper of 1985, with our apologies for the new price. The sinking value of the Pound compared with that of the Scandinavian trees from which Zipper is made, has meant than an increase is essential. The paper used on Zipper is the finest money can buy, coming from aristocratic pines, fed only on Fortnum & Mason smoked salmon mousse....

Thanks to all you great guys for your continuing support of the *Zipper Defence Fund. You have already sent in quite a promising amount towards our legal costs in the forthcoming Court battle. Charges have still not been made against us, at the time of going to press.*

Talking about the Zipper Defence Fund, we'd like to thank everyone concerned with the Benefit held recently at Bolts disco in London. It raised a very good sum for the Fund. So, a big wet kiss to: Jenny Darren, the Jenny Darren Band, Shades of Black mime trio, Miss Bliss, Norman Scott, the guys from Bolts including Nicky Price and Pickle, and the guys that sold the raffle tickets, Simon and Tony.

The *Best of Zipper* book is selling alarmingly well, and I just hope we don't have to reprint just yet! It took weeks of anxiety going through thousands of negatives and prints, to narrow the collection down to about 150 models. With back-issues of Zipper being so hard to find, this might be your chance to catch up on those hunky guys you might have missed. *The Best of Zipper* is on sale now at your usual newsagent, or from the Zipper Store itself, or by Post for £4.25.

Those of you with a fetish for hi-tech will just *adore* the decor of the new *main section* of the Body Tech store in Chelsea. It's even got its own juke-box, and a new upstairs leather section.

Although it is *not* a sex shop, like the Zipper Store, it is still a very *gay* store, attracting a large number of guys searching for leathergear, swimwear, jocks, trendy cruising wear, denim, etc. There is also a wide selection of gifts, cards, novelties and paperbacks on view.

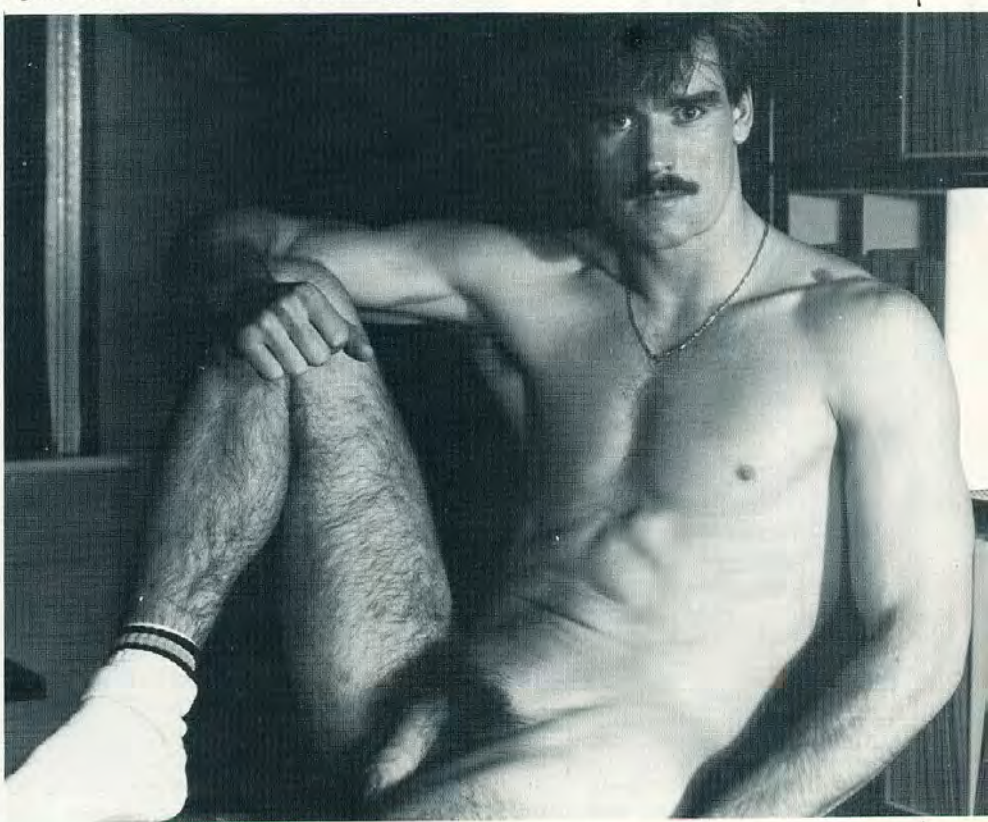
Body Tech will eventually have its own coffee bar, record shop, and other gay-interest departments or franchises. The manager, Geoff Norris, will be happy to hear from anyone with suitable new ideas. Why not pop by when you're in Kings Road? You will love the nearby gay pub, *The Queens Head*, in Tryon Street, it's cosy, crowded and cruisy!

Maybe this year Fleet Street will cut out some of the crap about AIDS. They're still trying to have the Coke *and snort it.* Well, it's a free country with a free press- *no stop laughing everybody, let me finish the nice story willya?* - and if the lousy rags feel they *have* to let loose all that shit about god sending it to punish us, let them go ahead! But if they've decided to take that particular line, they have no right to spread the fear of catching the thing. If AIDS really was a punishment, straight people would have nothing to fear, would they? Something smart enough to create the en-tyre yooni-verse would be able to figure out a way of discriminating the decadent from the righteous, most likely.

But of course the god theory falls apart before your very eyes, as you realise that no super-intelligent Being would feel the need to punish a creature for being what it made it in the first place. I've often wondered what a supremely intelligent being, if it existed, would think of all those hymns, evensongs and prayers. Put yourself in *his* place. Would *you* like to be subjected to all that stuff 24 hours a day? If you *were* the all-powerful One, then you'd hardly need these insignificant little buggers on some planet to remind you of the fact all the time. If it's *obvious*, why say it? Or *sing* it? Whether god exists or not, temple-goers are definitely in a no-win situation. Spare a thought for the Deity - give him a break.

Nasty though AIDS is, and as much as the papers have stretched the statistics to fit an outrageous news story, the *fact* is that many people have already been attacked by the virus without knowing it, and have destroyed it. *The evidence is the presence of antibodies to the virus.* The majority of people always fight off a new virus, even though there will be some unlucky people who are vulnerable to that particular strain. But when the AIDS panic is over, I feel certain the hate-mongers will find some other 'reason' to condemn us. Finally, for those who haven't heard, the *Personal Ads* in Zipper have been transferred to *GAY TIMES*, where they will reach many thousands more guys, and can be printed sooner. *(The Small ads for commercial purposes will continue in Zipper also.)* You can tell *GAY TIMES* from lesser papers with a similar name, because it has a colourful cover, and is twice as thick between your fingers. *(And that's always more fun, eh boys? Geddit?)* Bye for now.

★ ALEX McKENNA



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LETTERS

ON YER BIKE

Dear Alex,

The letter and photograph re kilts and what to wear - or not to wear - under them, in issue 50, brought back happy memories.

I have a kilt which I wear occasionally. About 12 or 13 years ago (doesn't time fly?) I used to cycle from Twickenham to the woods - wearing the kilt, of course, and had some very hectic times in the wood. Everyone was curious of course and since I wouldn't tell them, they had to find out for themselves. Needless to say, once it was raised it would be first hands stroking, then tongue, fingers and then cock explored and entered.



One afternoon when cycling home, a car passed me and then slowed down and drove along at the same speed just infront of me. I almost fell off the bike laughing when I realized that the driver was trying to see up my kilt via his rear view mirror!

All the best to you and your staff.

Micheal, Taunton

EAGER

Dear Zipper,

At the weekend I bought number 52 issue and was given the treat of my life when I saw the gorgeous thick cock of Mike Lee.

I got an immediate hard-on and I've had a good few wanks with his picture stuck up in front of me. I can almost taste it. I've never seen such a beautiful fat cock.

As far as I'm concerned you can fill up all your issues with his pictures so long as his cock is well in evidence. What a shame you are not allowed to publish pictures with full erections.

Let me know more about him in your future publications but PLEASE, PLEASE let there be more pictures of him, some in colour please.

I'd give my right bollock to be able to suck that big, fat beautiful cock! What a lot of pleasure one picture has given me and I don't doubt that you will have a lot more requests for more pictures of him.

I look forward to your magazine as down here there is not much going on so I get all my pleasure with a lot of fantasies and now I have Mike to slobber over.

I wish I had him with me now, bollock naked and waiting for me to service him with my eager mouth.

Hornily yours,

Peter, Basingstoke.

Dear Peter,

You're keen! We've had a lot of letters about Mike Lee's equipment which convinces me: it's not what you do with it that counts so much as the length and the girth. Viva les size queens.

A.Mac

THE RETURN OF THE NUDE PERFORMER

Dear Alex,

I wrote to you a while ago telling you how much I enjoy *Zipper* and saying that it was about my favourite British gay magazine. I also told you something about myself and mentioned that my first homosexual experience entailed me stripping off for a German photographer who photographed me and then seduced me. Perhaps it was this initial experience but ever since I have loved to show off my body.

I would love to pose for you or Mike Arlen but because of the sensitive nature of my work I would be inviting all sorts of trouble if I were to appear in a British magazine. So I limit my modelling to studios abroad.

In this country I show off my goodies in private with my friends but I also enjoy visiting the local sauna bath and lying naked in the company of other men. The sauna is attached to the swimming pool and I go there every so often but a while ago I had one of the most notable sexual milestones of my life which led to me being introduced to the local gay community.



On this particular day I was the eigth and final person to be admitted and having undressed and left my clothes in my locker I strolled into the sweatbox. There were seven men inside, their ages varied from early twenties to forties and were dressed in a variety of ways. Some were swathed in wet sheets (!?), some had towels around their waists and one lad was, like me, naked. I encountered a distinct atmosphere of hostility as soon as I went in. Conversation stopped and I received several sidelong glances. Ignoring these looks I squeezed into the only remaining space and sat provocatively with one foot resting on the bench, giving everyone a good view of my cock. I caught a number of quickly averted glances before I began to twitch a little and left to have a cold shower. The conversation welled up as I left and then died down again on my return.

Eventually I could see that I was getting nowhere so I had another shower and went into the rest room. I lay face down on one of the wooden benches covered with a plastic matress and waited to cool off.

One of the other occupants of the sauna came out of the showers, crossed over to me and sat next to me on the bench, so close that I had to move to allow him to sit down. Compared with the others, he was very friendly

and chatted about trivia while asking me questions about who I was and so on. He was quite complimentary about my body and we talked about physical fitness I told him how I liked to keep myself in trim by swimming, running and regular exercise. He commented on my powerful legs and squeezed my thighs. As we continued to chat he kept his hand on my leg.

His hand was gently stroking me and working its idle way higher and higher, so as casually as I could I opened my legs slightly with as much invitation as I dared. In no time at he was cupping and caressing my bottom. As we made each tentative step, he explained that once a week the local gay clique meet in the sauna and as a stranger they were naturally suspicious of me. When I told him that they had nothing to worry about with me, he baldly slid his hand in between my buttocks and touched my anus.

He called out to his companions to keep watch and I was vaguely aware of someone standing in the doorway of the next room as my friend's finger began to probe deeper inside me. I knew that we had an audience but this just made our exhibition more exciting. I tried to taked his cock in my mouth but he wanted to screw me so I let him climb onto the bench on top of me. He took me slowly and deeply, sliding in and out with gasping thrusts and as I writhed beneath him, he came with a series of soft moans.

We lay together for a while before he climbed off and as I tried to turn over I was gently but firmly pressed back down by another guy who said that he wanted a go. I obliged and soon he was pounding away on me. All the men in the sauna wanted to be introduced to me in the same way and because I was so excited by the whole experience I took them one after another. I was longing to take someone in my mouth but they were only interested in one thing and as I passively lay on the bench, all seven of them took me in turn.

Afterwards we chatted and I tried to relax. I was sore for days afterwards but it had all been worth it. Never before or since have I ever entertained so many men but apart from the achievement itself it also introduced me to the local gay scene and since then my circle of friends has rapidly expanded.

Jamie

Dear Nude Performer,

I realise that the accommodating behaviour you describe just isn't fashionable these days but it's nice to receive another of your lyrical letters. Thankyou for all your correspondence, of which this is just a small sample. We could fill a book with your letters - and such a book!! There is only one *Nude Performer*.

A. Mac

READER'S PRICKS

Dear Zipper,

As a masculine looking bloke who answered your ad in *LAM* and never got a reply or my picture returned, I still wish you a happy New Year and luck in your contratante with the authorities. Please can you have your books and mags back.

I thought I might have something to offer the maturer readers of your mags or those young ones who go for for the maturer man. There are quite a number, you know.

All good wishes,

Nick

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Zipper,

I am being castigated by my plain sister-in-law because I do not take enough interests in her family. I do *not* want to 'admire' her teenage daughter's interests in the bisexual pop stars of today or watch their boring TV set. I have told my brother (once) that I am gay, but do not know whether it 'registered', as he was told by letter (with other 'news') and did not respond.

Anyway Deidre (!?) I cannot 'tell them more', as I expect they think *all* gays are chasing 'chickens'. On the contrary, all the local chickens are *repulsive*, running around in mouthy gangs, both male and female. Instead I am a *femme* - I want my lover to take the initiative, but he is 13 years older (65) than I and cannot get an erection, though it is easy to see that he *had* the 'power'. So I let him love me as far as he can which is very considerable and includes a *lot* of mutual verbalisation and as much physicality as is ever possible; which, again, is *very* considerable. Again, though I *am* a femme, he gives me *terrific* (male) erections; though neither of us climax, ever (except the *first* time we 'met').

But, the whole point is, Deidre, I am *perfectly* happy to be 'his alone' because he is **so** *kind* and *gentle* and I would much rather have this than be a *family* man, as my sister-in-law implies as the *Ideal Man'!* My lover has fairly serious educational drawbacks; but at least he is *not* an *opera buff* - which my previous lover was to a *boring* extent. *Everything* was measured against musical interest. Convent Garden and *dreadful* sopranos. Physicality was *wham, bam, thank-you ma'am*. . even though 'complete, he would *never* take *any* interests in 'fore or after-play. By contrast my present lover lies with me *all* night, and he would start again next morning too!! I have *never* had such thrills.

You *can* print this, if you *want* and are *welcome*, but I regret that I *cannot* give my name and address, for the usual 'legal considerations'.

Love

Hilary

Dear Hilary,

You almost deserve a *yes dear* **for this letter, but I have been moved by your reflections on** *love* **and opera** *bores*. **Does Deidre take** *Zipper?*

A.Mac.



DEMENTED

Dear Zipper,

When are you going to show pictures of men with artificial hair? Why don't you just publish pictures of men who look really miserable and have horrible expressions on their faces? I love to see bizarre contortions. I want Zipper orgasms. Yes. Yes.

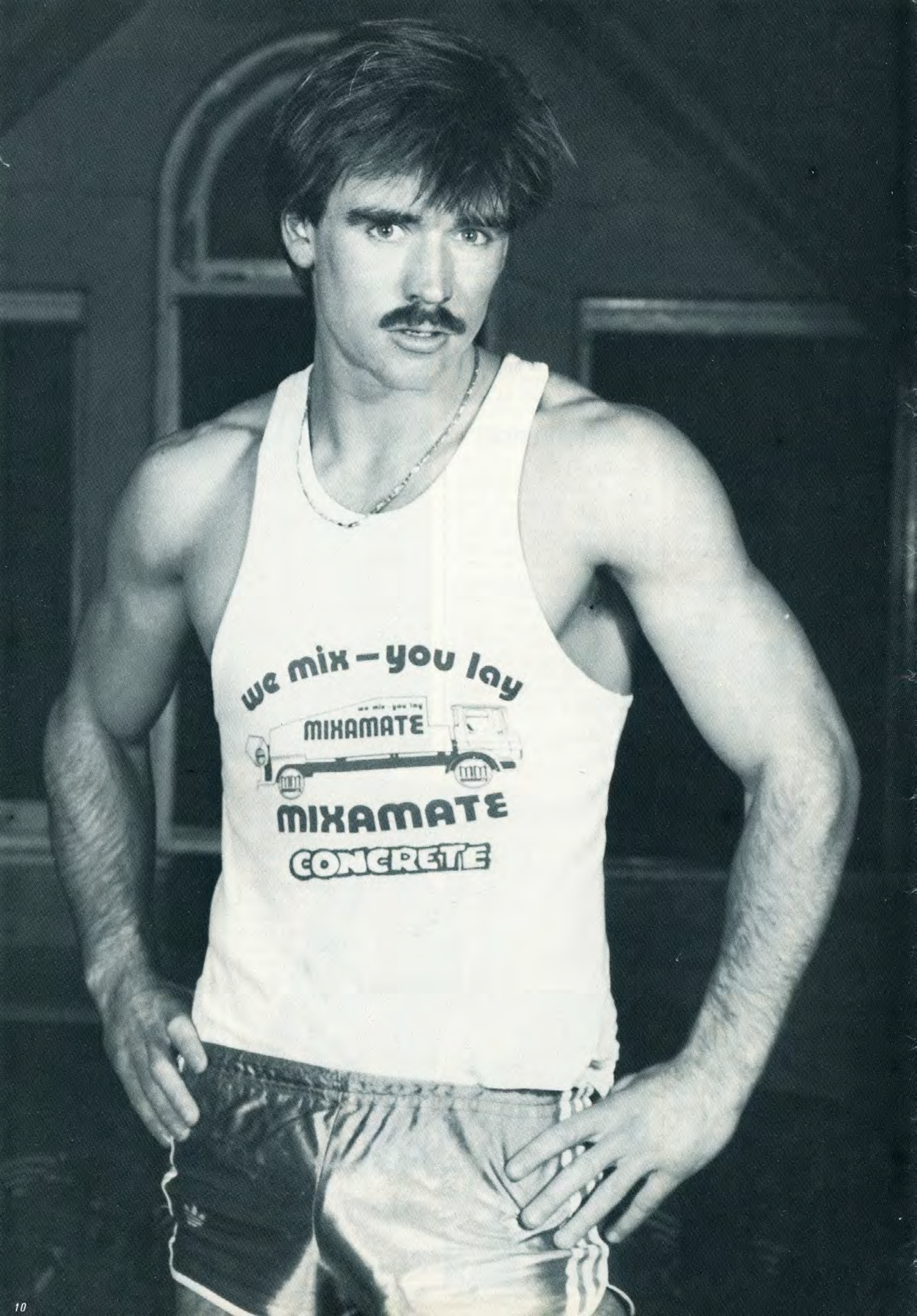
Billy Baby, Wanstead.

Dear Billy Baby,

Um... sometimes I wonder.

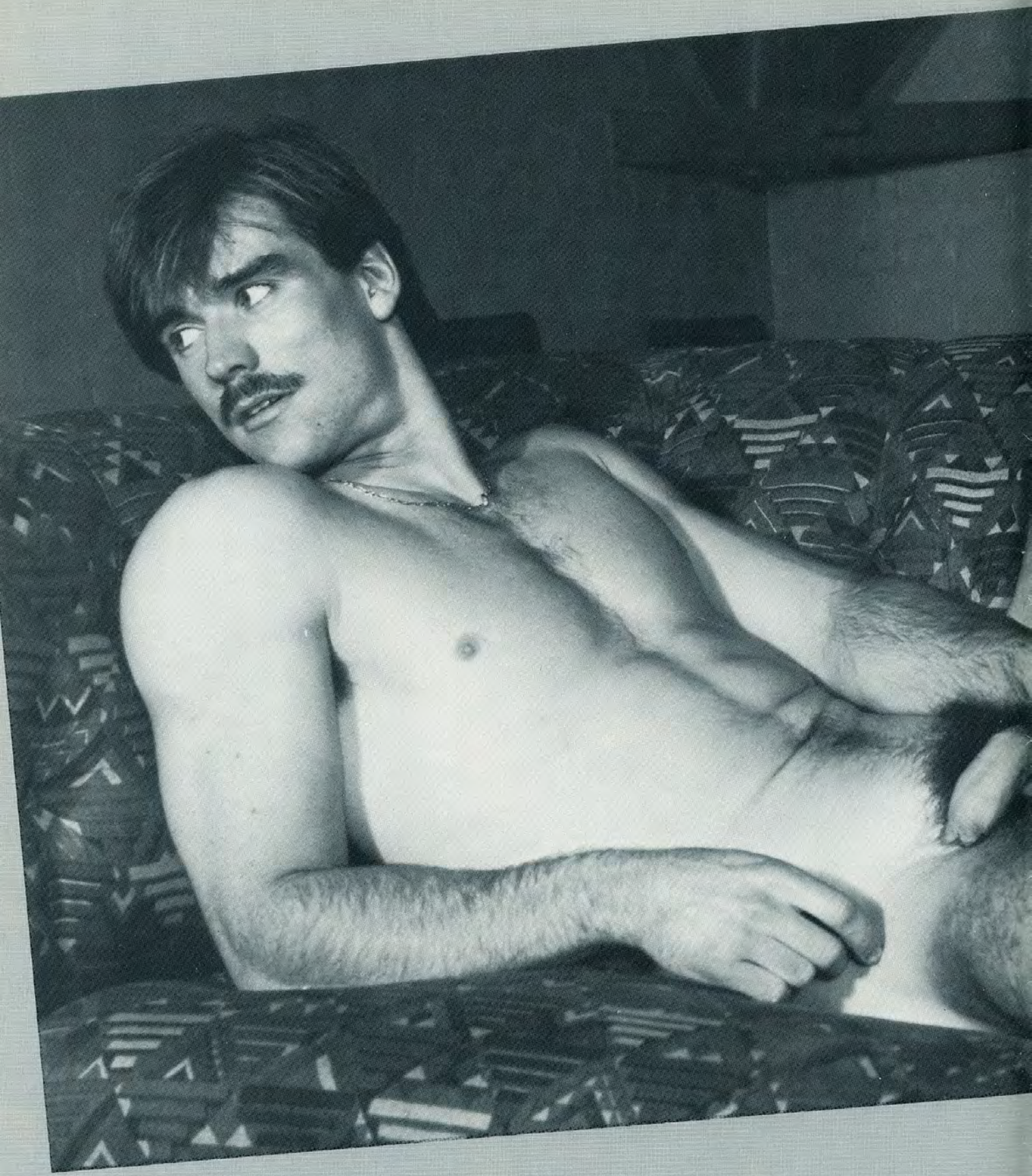
Send your deranged requests and other deep and meaningful communications to: Readers Letters, Zipper, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1.

Congratulations to the winner of last months competition. The two naked film stars who appeared in Zipper 52 were Burt Lancaster and Victor Mature - as if you didn't know!


we mix – you lay
MIXAMATE
MIXAMATE
CONCRETE

SIMON DEE

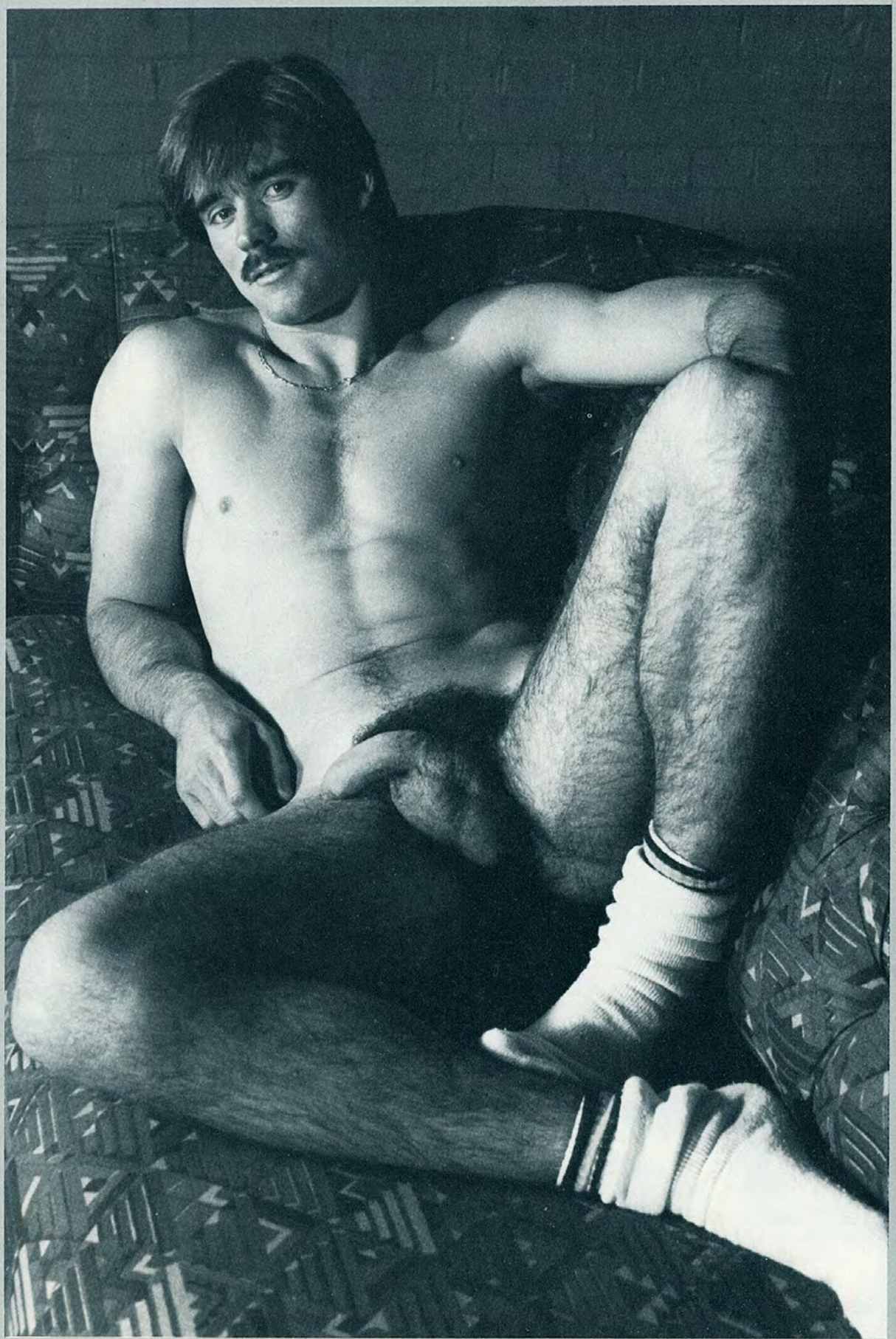
Photography by Alex McKenna











AND THE LIGHTS TURNED Red

by BOB CASSETT

A row of four helmets stood on the shelf above the gleaming new Honda 750. The evening sun, streaming through the open garage doors, reflected on the bright metal and paint. Several leather jackets and riding gear hung neatly from a rail. Tools and tins of oil cluttered the work bench. It was the manly smell of leather, oil and bikes that combined to create the atmosphere that Bob found difficult to resist. He stood there, his body casting a long shadow in the low evening sun, admiring his new toy. It was only three hours since he had collected the machine from the dealers. He ran his hand lovingly along the saddle and then along the tank with all the ecstasy of a lover in bed with a new partner. Yes, Bob was definitely in love ....with his new toy.

Bob, 29, tall and slim, very good looking and the sort of guy who could really wear jeans and a tee-shirt to good effect. The jeans hugged his arse and showed sufficient equipment to cope with most situations. On top of everything else Bob was a real biker.

It was a warm evening and he was anxious to show off his bike to his mates. There were some water splashes on the pipes, a quick wipe with a rag soon got rid of those. Check the chain, can't be too careful — the dealers may have missed it, just the right amount of lubrication. There was some oil on his fingers, Bob liked the feel of oil on his skin. Automatically his fingers and thumb savoured the sensation. Bob looked at his hands and then rubbed them down the front of his jeans.

Now for the road, pre-run checks completed he slipped on a leather jacket and a helmet. The well-groomed riding boots, tight jeans, leather jacket and gloves together with the white helmet and glasses produced the classic image of a Biker.

There were no definite plans, just a run through the streets of London, maybe he would meet some of his mates or maybe he would go along to that pub where he had noticed the growing number of big bikes parked there during the evening. Bob had never seen any of the bikers but with his new machine he was bound to cause a great deal of interest. All bikers know that when they have a new bike they are the centre of attraction for a while.

The traffic was surprisingly heavy for the time of day, probably the weather had made people thirsty. Bob easily coped with the traffic, his experienced riding style and good road sense meant that he was almost unobtrusive. He turned the heads of a great number of people and that made Bob feel all the better.

The traffic lights were green as Bob approached, he was conscious of a blue Mini to his left, and then the lights turned red.

Bob rolled up to the stop line, slipped into neutral and waited. His leather gloved hands folded between his thighs. He became aware that he was being looked at, the guy in the Mini to his left was taking a great deal of interest in him and his bike.

At first Bob didn't take too much notice, he was used to this sort of attention. Then he noticed that the guy, in his early thirties and wearing jeans and a shirt opened to the waist, was smiling at him. Something aroused Bob's interest and he decided to give the matter closer inspection. This time when Bob looked the car driver said something. Bob couldn't hear so he leant towards the car. He may not have heard but the intended message was quite clear and he had no doubt about the signals....the driver's right hand was gently massaging a rather prominent bulge in his tight jeans.

And then the lights turned green. Dead on cue the impatient drivers behind started to hoot. As far as Bob could see, the car driver was rather attractive. The open shirt revealed a hairy chest, his dark hair was starting to turn grey.

At the next set of lights Bob found himself standing next to the Mini. This time the messages were much bolder, and Bob replied by rubbing his right hand in his crotch. All messages having been sent, received and understood, Bob's next move was to pull ahead and turn into a side street. The Mini followed. Bob pulled the bike onto the centre stand. As he strode back the few yards to where the Mini was parked, he took off his helmet.

'Hi. I'm Bill' said the driver, 'I'm really turned on by your bike.'

'Thanks, I like it. It's brand new, only got it this afternoon. Oh sorry, my name is Bob.'

Bill was now out of the car and Bob could see that Bill was quite tall, good figure, the recently acquired sun tan had lightened the hairs on his chest to give blond hairy mat. The jeans fitted well and revealed all. They looked comfortable, they were not so tight as to cause problems getting them on or off. The jeans were held in place by a wide leather belt.

The two stood looking at each other for some seconds, both were obviously turned on by what they had seen. Bob was trying to get rid of his crash helmet and Bill was playing with his keys.

'I'd like a bike' Bill braking the silence, 'but I don't know any bikers well enough to get either advice or encouragement. I would like to ride pillion for a run just so that I can see what it feels like being on a bike. Then perhaps I could decide whether or not I should buy a bike.

That could be easily arranged thought Bob, kicking himself for not bringing a spare helmet. 'Well what about this evening, are you doing anything? Perhaps you'd like to come for a run.'

'I haven't got a helmet.'

'No problem. If you are really interested follow me back to my flat and I am sure that I could fix



you up with a helmet and a jacket. I'm not doing anything, just running the bike in and what is more you will be able to say that your first real bike ride was on a brand new bike.'

Bill showed signs of unease, Bob was beginning to wonder whether he had over-played his hand.

'What turns you on about biking?' said Bob trying to back-peddle a bit.

'Oh I don't know really, I suppose first of all there is the look of a well turned out guy sitting astride a bike, you look like real men, dressed in leather, commanding that powerful machine. You all look good whether you are in full leathers or just in jeans, boots and jacket. Especially when your jeans are greasy from working on the bike.'

Bob felt a slight blush and looked down at his own oily jeans. Who's over-playing now?

Bob was getting excited and the way he had dressed revealed that he was beginning to get a hard on. This was emphasised by the oily patch from where he had wiped his hands earlier. Bill's eyes were also attracted to the same area.

'Do you service the bike yourself?'

'I try to. It's too bloody expensive these days, the dealers employ some thick, pretty young thing who pours oil everywhere and then spends the next couple of hours riding around the streets on the pretext of testing the machine. It makes you sick.'

'Is this one expensive to run?'

'As Einstein said, it's a matter of relativity. It will depend on just how much you want from the bike. Me, I get a great deal out of mine, so it's worth it. Well are you interested? If so let's get a move on. Just follow me, I'll keep you in my mirror so don't worry if you get stuck at the lights. Let's see just how interested you are in biking.'

It was only about ten minutes back to Bob's flat. He lived in a purpose-built block of flats with a separate garage block. He had lived there for about six years and during that time he had had a number of short term flat mates but nothing lasting or serious. He wasn't really worried about the situation, he was playing the field and there were no restrictions.

The flat had two bedrooms and all the other usual rooms. It was relatively private, although he had to exercise a degree of caution, neighbours being neighbours.

Bob pulled into the garage area and directed Bill to the visitors parking area. They soon selected a helmet for Bill and then offered him a barbour suit jacket, Bill seemed dissapointed.

'I thought you said that I could borrow a leather jacket?'

'Hmm, but I thought we would see whether you are a good enough pillion to deserve leather.'

Bill was a little taken aback by Bob's dominant attitude, at the same time he felt a little excited by it. If the bike leans then you lean with it. You keep your feet on the foot-rests at all times. I will not put the bike or ourselves in danger just to impress you.'

By this time Bill was wondering whether he was doing the right thing. This guy Bob was a bit bossy and he wasn't sure whether this made him excited or apprehensive.

'Where do I hold on?'

'Well you should hold the grab handles just there, but as this is your first run I suggest that you hold on to my waist.' Bob was very serious about the whole project and Bill was beginning to get turned on by this masterful biker.

'Come on lets go.' Bob swung his leg over the saddle, his well-rounded arse rose into the air and planted itself, encased in tight denim, onto the saddle. Bill took a deep breath, hoping that he could match Bob's smooth sensuous movement without splitting his jeans or making himself look silly.

He made it. He slid forward as close to Bob as he could, then he slipped his hands around Bob's waist. Bill was busy trying to get used to the crash helmet and was taken by surprise when he felt Bob's hand reach back and grab the cheeks of his arse and shout 'Get really close'.

Bill didn't need any encouragement. As Bill slid even closer, the engine started and they were off.

Bob took it very gently at first, he could sense the tension in Bill's body. But within a very few seconds Bill started to relax, but didn't ease his grip around Bob's waist. It wasn't the grip of fear just a strong excited hold and Bob knew it. He could feel that Bill had a full hard on that made him feel excited. This was going to be a good run.

Through the busy streets and on out into the country. The light was still holding and both felt exhilirated. Bob was careful, a new bike and an

inexperienced pillion. Bill was just excited. Bob remembered the layby where he had had many exciting encounters in the past and made it the destination for this run.

The layby was deserted, Bob coasted to a halt.

'OK, you can get off now', shouted Bob.

Both guys stretched, 'Well, how was that?.' Bob smiled as he ran his hand down the front of Bill's jeans, as if to reaffirm that Bill had a hard on. 'I can see that you are turned on by biking, and what is more you are not as innocent as you have me believe.' Bill smiled and walked into the trees that lined the layby. Bob followed.After a few yards Bill suddenly turned on Bob and with one smooth continuous action undid his belt and eased his jeans down to reveal a hard cock, circumcised and glistening around the eye. Before Bob could react, he felt Bill's hand on the back of his neck directing his mouth toward the eager cock. Bob's mouth was wide open, it was meant to gasp with delight but the end result was the same, a throbbing hot cock pulsating against the back of his throat.

'Now then, you bastard, it's my turn. You thought I was an easy pushover. You have a surprise in store.' Bill's voice was getting more commanding with each syllable. 'Come on get your tongue around my balls, get them wet.' Bob obliged and at the same time Bill's right hand started to rub his shimmering cock. With his left hand he first released the waist-band of the jacket and then undid his shirt. Bob was torn between sucking Bill's balls and trying to see the very sexy hairy chest.

Bob didn't have too long to contemplate. Bill gave him a sharp push and Bob found himself lying on his back. Bill stood, legs apart, in a menacing pose. Bob could now see all, and from his low position Bill looked massive and dominating. Bob fumbled with his own zip and belt, his own cock bursting to get out of the restricting jeans. As Bob watched, Bill eased his jeans down to his ankles, a slow deliberate action exposing hairy legs. Bill stepped forward, and in doing so turned around. Every movement he made was very deliberate. Bob wanted to say something but before any words could come from his mouth, his entire face was covered by Bill's arse. He needed no instructions as to what to do, his found Bill's and with every muscle extended to the full, worked his into the eagerly awaiting . Both were frantic. Bill tugged at Bob's jeans and eventually managed to get them far enough open to get his hand through the crotch and start fingering Bob's arse. Bill worked his finger into Bob. Bob screamed out, it was too much and before he could make any protest he burst as he had never burst before. A stream of white hot spunk flew into Bill's face. Bill was taken off guard. 'You bastard, I didn't tell you to come. Play with my nipples.'

Bob did as he was told, and within seconds Bill shot over Bob's leather jacket and tee-shirt. 'You'll pay for that later. Why the hell couldn't you have kept it going? That was fabulous.'

Bob couldn't answer, he was almost suffocated by Bill's arse. Bill tried to get up but only succeeded in rolling over into the bracken. Both guys lay there for a few minutes and then broke into a very happy and contented giggle.

The run home was somewhat more relaxed. This time Bill's hand was firmly planted between Bob's legs and they both felt comfortable.

Over coffee, when they got back to Bob's flat, they talked and exchanged addresses and telephone numbers, and agreed that on the strength of the evening's experiences it would be worth continuing the relationship that had so quickly flourished.

Bill didn't live in town, he had a couple of rooms with friends of the famlily, which was rather restricting. He was just back from a period of working in the South of France, and in the two weeks he had been in London he had already met a couple of other bikers who lived together. Bill explained that it was through meeting these two that he acquired the taste for leather and biking.

Bob on the other hand was a keen biker and appreciated wearing leather from the practical point of view. He had also found the more erotic pleasures to be obtained from leather and had heard lots of 'turn on' stories but as yet his actual experience was limited; but he was dying to try anything that came along.

The next evening Bob was delighted when Bill rang, not for any special reason, but just for a chat. Bill would be going away for the day and wasn't sure what time he would be back, so they left it in the air as to when they would get together.

The following day Bob was home from work early. After his meal he was feeling randy, thinking about Bill. He didn't want to go out in case Bill rang but on the other hand he couldn't stay in feeling as he did. There was only one thing for it — find something to take his mind off the situation. He decided that it might be a good idea to see if there was anything that needed doing on the bike. The evening was warm and it was a bright sunny end to the day. Bob opened the garage doors, there was his new joy. Down on his knees he began to check over all the engine parts. After running his hand under the sump he was surprised to find oil on his hand.

'Better check that leak' thought Bob, 'I know, I'll change the oil while I'm here.'

With the precision of a surgeon he prepared to drain the oil. At last all was ready; the last turn of the drain plug brought forth a torrent of slightly discoloured oil. Actually there was no need to change the oil, but it had brought him pleasure. The oil was still warm from the run home from the office. Just at the critical moment when he was about to lift the tray brimming full of oil, Bill appeared from nowhere. It made Bob jump and he fell backwards, pouring the entire contents of the tray, just over six pints of warm engine oil, all over himself.

'Fucking hell. Look what you've made me do, you stupid bastard.' Bob gasped for breath as the shock turned into a distinct sensation of pleasure as the oil soaked through his clothing.

'I'm sorry', said Bill, holding his hand out to help. 'Here, give me your hand.'

'No, I'll tell you what, take the keys and pop up to the flat and get me some other jeans and a couple of rolls of kitchen towels, the jeans are in the bathroom in the laundry box and the paper towels are in the cupboard under the kitchen sink.'

By the time that Bill got back Bob, still sitting on the floor of the garage, had managed to get his jeans off and was sitting naked in the pool of oil. Bill took one look at Bob's hard cock and knew immediately what he had to do. This time he removed all his clothes in record time, no slow deliberate action this. In no time at all Bill was squatting over Bob's greasy body and began to massage the oil into Bob's chest. Bob lay back and began to caress Bill's body. Bill started to slide up and down Bob's torso. On the second slide back he collided with Bob's cock, he didn't stop and without any effort he felt Bob's cock penetrate his arsehole. Both moaned with delight, Bob was now massaging some of the oil onto Bill's cock. Bill wriggled in order to get every millimetre of Bob's cock up inside his arse. Bob's hand was now working up to Bill's nipples.

'For christ's sake stop. I'll come if you carry on like this. I don't want a repeat of the other evening. Let's make it last.' If Bob could only find time to confess that he was on the verge of coming himself.

They both relaxed for a short while. It was almost as difficult to relax as it was to stop coming. Self control prevailed and Bill stood up and stretched his arms. He looked down on Bob's body and had the sudden urge to have a . He took hold of his now soft cock and aimed a stream of right into Bob's balls. Bob was totally unprepared either for what was happening or the consequences. He grabbed Bill's ankles and his cock lifted itself from where it had been lying on his stomach and shot a stream of spunk all over his chest and face. Bill cried out from the pain of Bob's fingers digging into his ankles.

'We'll have to do something about you coming off so quickly' said Bill.

'The only way we are going to do that is for you to stop being so sexy. Christ, how the hell do you manage it? That's the first time that I have done that, being on I mean. I am glad you didn't tell me in advance, I might have said no, and then I would have missed that fab experience.' Bob was lying in a pool of and oil.

'Come on Bill can you some more? That was unbelievable.'

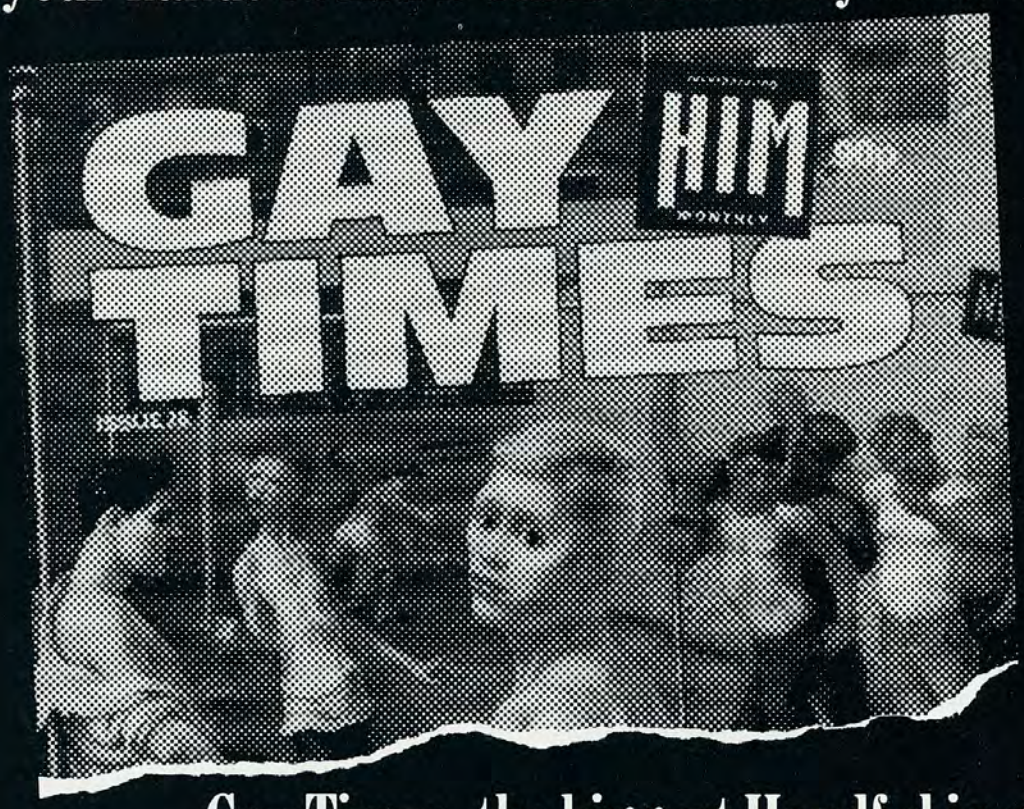
'I suggest that if you are into water sports we have a session after we have been in the bar and had a few beers. I'll try. After a few seconds another stream issued forth from Bill's cock. This time Bill directed it into Bob's face. Bob lay there still surprised at what had happened. He rubbed the oil and water mixture into his chest and face. It wasn't until he sat up that he realised just how hard and uncomfortable the garage floor was, nevertheless he still made for Bill's hardening cock, taking it into his mouth with great relish. Bill was obviously very near to the boil for soon after Bob started sucking, Bill let out a moan and Bob found his mouth full of hot sweet spunk.

They spent some time cleaning down. Bob was lucky, he had a clean pair of jeans to put on, but Bill was covered in oil and needed a bath before he put his own clothes on.

They both fell about in hysterics when they saw Bill wearing a pair of baggy waterproof trousers, that and darkness helped get over the embarassing situation.

Back in the flat they both bathed and fell into bed. Bill stayed the night, which was to be the first of many nights they were to spend together.

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Humpy Michael Biehn plays humpy Kyle Reese in *Terminator*

TERMINATOR

"In *Conan. The Barbarian* and *Conan. The Destroyer*. I went through both the movies with long hair." says Arnold Schwarzenegger star of *Terminator*. a futuristic action-thriller. "In this film my hair is very short. Now that's what I call a change!"

It's a change. too. in characterisation. "In every film I've been in." he admits. "I always play a hero. In this one I finally get to play a really bad guy."

Bad is spelt B-A-D in *Terminator*. Schwarzenegger plays a *cyborg* (part man. part machine) sent from the future to waste a young woman. Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton). whose life will have great significance in the decades to come.

Kyle Reese (the humpy Michael Biehn) a young but hardened guerilla fighter. is sent back in time after Schwarzenegger - to protect the Terminator's unsuspecting victim....

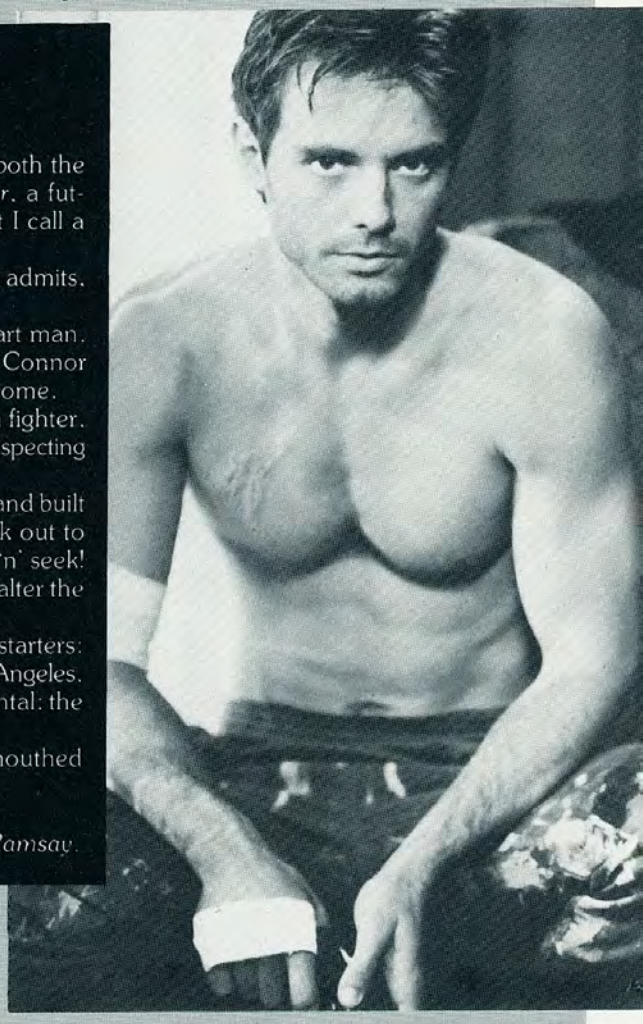
It sounds too good to be true - a fabulous *Zipper* fantasy! Two beautiful and built guys. one a killer-machine on the rampage. the other. a protective hunk out to save your skin in the rough and tumble of a cross-country game of hide 'n' seek! With deadly consequences! The future intervening in the past in order to alter the present...

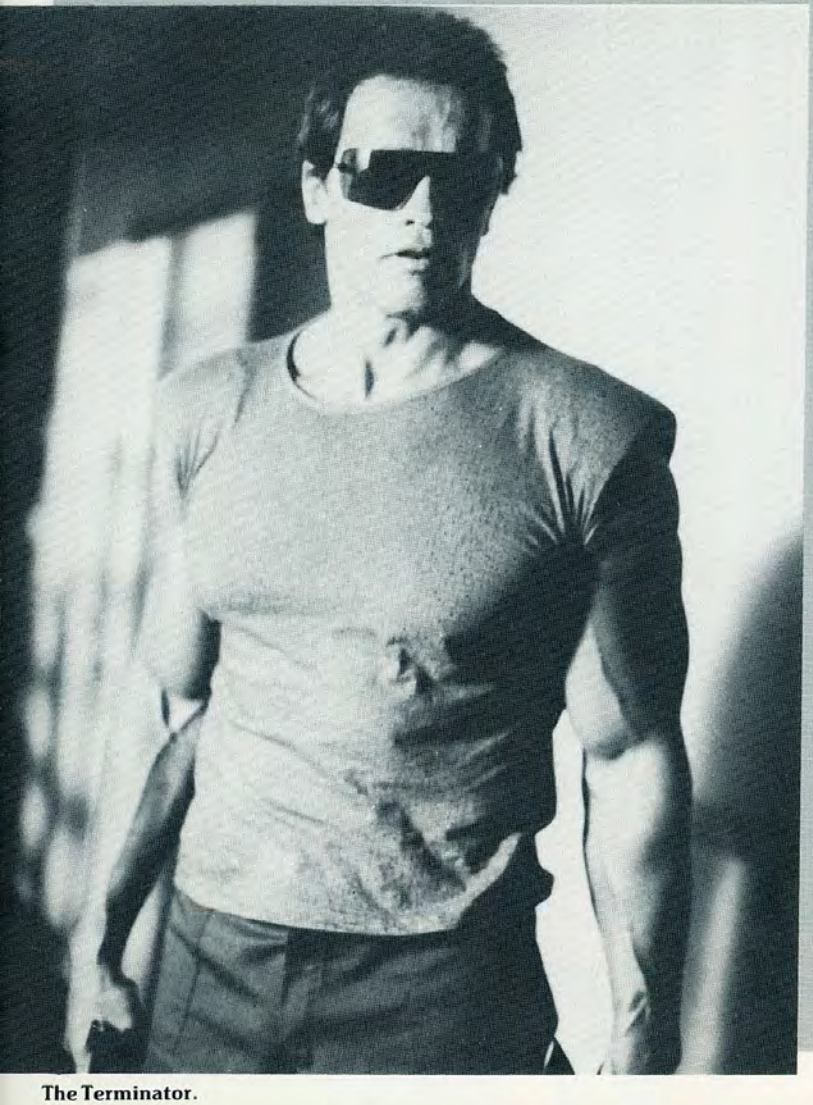
In what promises to be the action movie of the year. how's about this for starters: the opening sequences of the Terminator and Reese. set in present day Los Angeles. show them arriving on Earth in a rather spectacular fashion. *Nude!* Full frontal: the works!

Now if that don't get you into your nearest flea-pit to goggle open-mouthed (*calm down - Ed*) at Schwarzenegger's *schlong*. then nothing will!

Terminator opens in a cinema near you in mid-January. Don't miss it!

Joyson Ramsay.

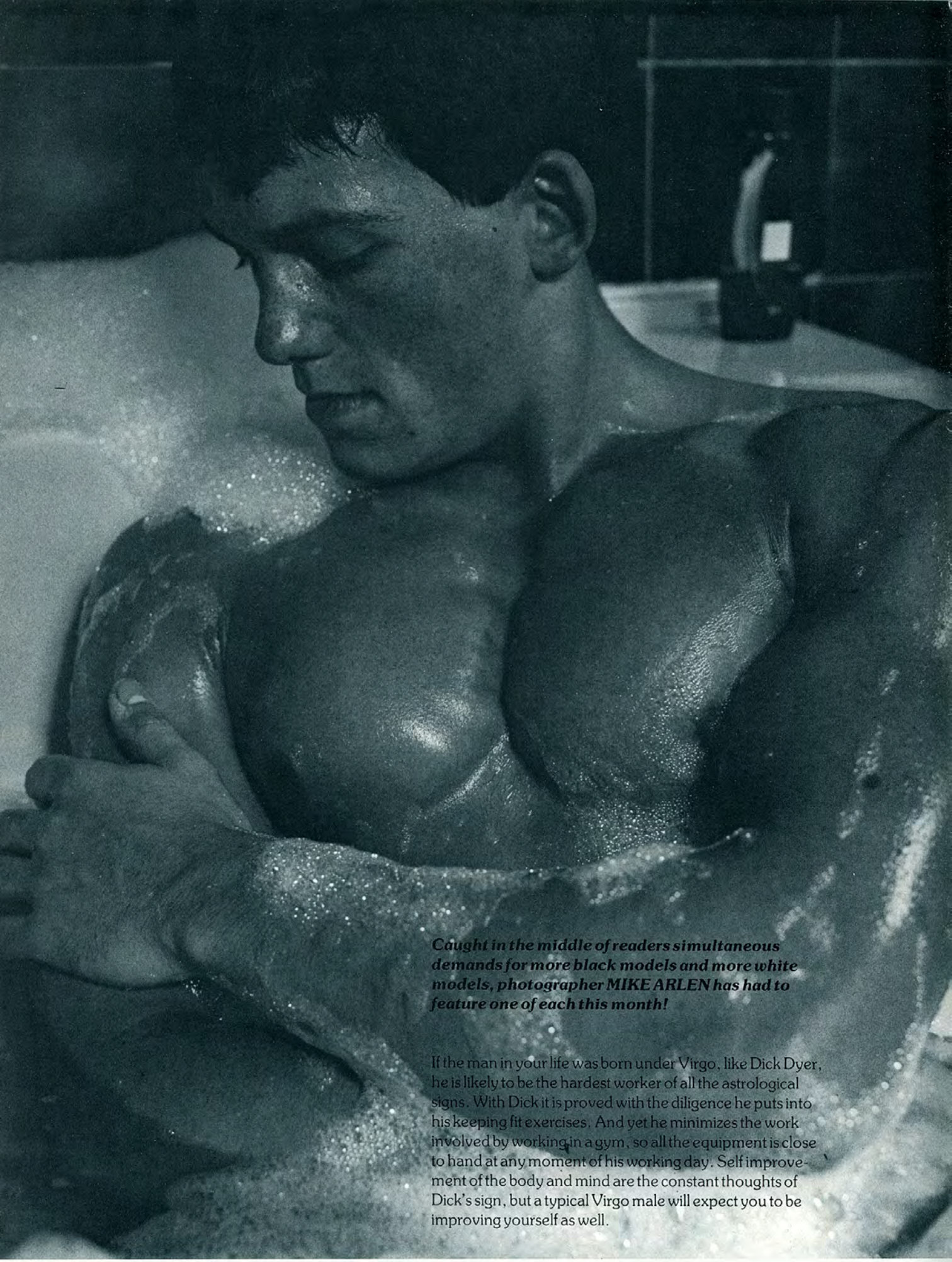




The Terminator.



Schwarzenegger is B-A-D.



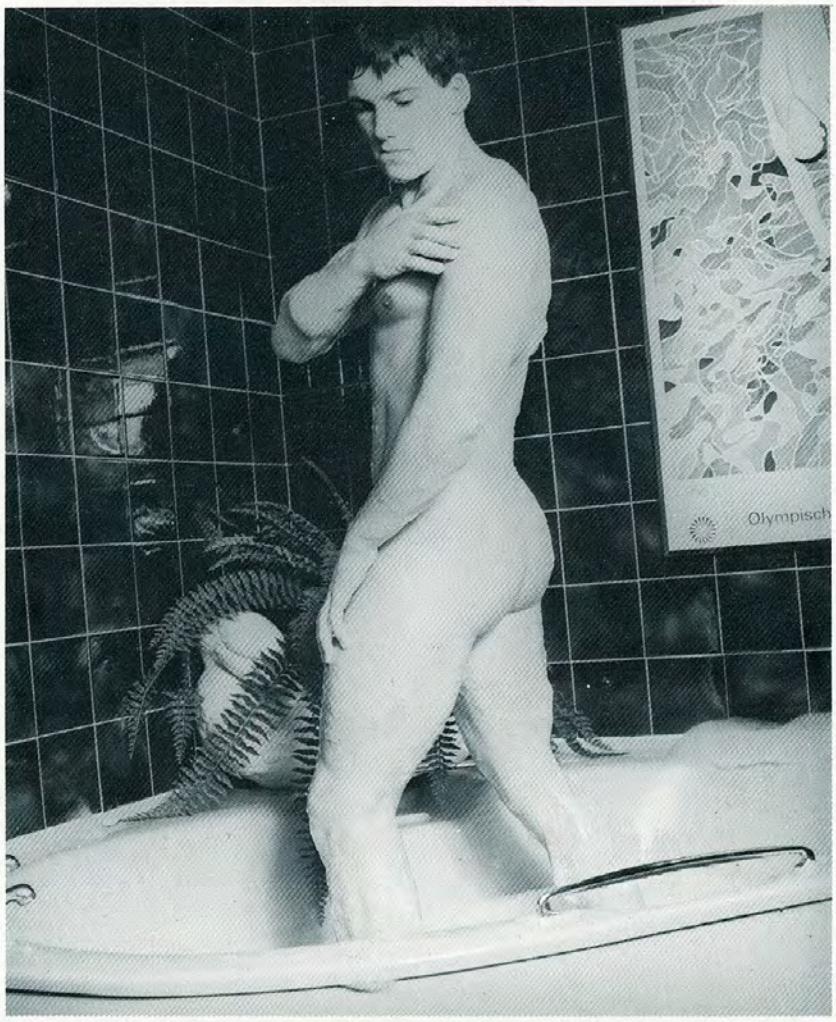
Caught in the middle of readers simultaneous demands for more black models and more white models, photographer MIKE ARLEN has had to feature one of each this month!

If the man in your life was born under Virgo, like Dick Dyer, he is likely to be the hardest worker of all the astrological signs. With Dick it is proved with the diligence he puts into his keeping fit exercises. And yet he minimizes the work involved by working in a gym, so all the equipment is close to hand at any moment of his working day. Self improvement of the body and mind are the constant thoughts of Dick's sign, but a typical Virgo male will expect you to be improving yourself as well.

Photography by Mike Arlen

Dick Dyer




Olympisch


Olympische Spiele München 19









Now turn to Page 48 for more Mike Arlen pictures of a darker hue.



CELL



Although the Prison was overcrowded, there were still one or two prisoners who had a cell to the themselves. These were the men that were in for a long stretch, or those that for one reason or another, the inmates objected to sharing with. Vince was in the second category.

From time to time people would be put in with him but everyone of them complained to the governor and begged to be moved. It was like caging a man in with a gorilla. Not only was he built like an ape but he was as unpredictable and wild. For no reason, he would change from being friendly and good-humoured to being moody and aggressive. There was no telling what would spark it off: the way you looked at him; something you said; you could never be sure. Everyone, even the really hard men either avoided talking to him or were really careful in what they said. They all knew he was in for GBH and when they saw the state of some of the men that were carried from his cell!

The governor was determined not to give in to this man. So, from time to time he would move someone new in and go through the same old routine, just so he could punish him again.

This time it was Squires the governor hated. Squires, because he was young and rebellious and because he had a self-assurance and freedom of spirit that he'd never had. The governor was pleased with his idea. He was sure that Vincent would hate Squires as much as he did and would knock some of the stuffing out of him.

The day Squires moved in everybody waited for the explosion and so did he. They talked to each other lightheartedly but Squires was apprehensive at being locked up with the hard faced man. He watched Vincent doing chin-ups on the bunk frame, watched his solid muscles relax and contract and the sweat dripping off his tattooed arms. Well, he thought to himself as the screw locked the door, if he does start - I'll just have to do my best. The bigger they come, the harder they fall.

The two got talking about martial arts which they had both tried and Squires started to feel more at ease. He

by Tony Tobias



MATES

could not imagine Vincent being aggressive at all.

As the days passed, the two got to know each other better. Squires felt more relaxed and Vincent was jovial and pally in a way that no one had expected. He seemed to be almost glad of the company.

One night they were both lying on their bunks. Vincent was more unsettled than normal and was playing with a bit of string, winding it up tightly around his finger and then loosening it. Squires could feel the tension in the air. He couldn't sleep himself and the two started talking about life outside. As was normally the case with inmates they got onto the subject of women and sex. Vincent was saying how good his wife was in bed. He got more and more agitated as he described her body and what they did together.

queer" Vincent said, baring his teeth. "Course I have. Look, calm down mate." Vincent moved close to the bed. "Fuck off with your calm down you little bugger. I bet you're itching for a bit of cock ain't you - you wanker". Squires couldn't help but look at Vincent's shorts as he said this. The large erect dick was so prominent. Vincent looked at him hotly. He jumped on top of Squires and aggressively pushed his body around so he was facing the wall, then pulled down the grey blanket. "No.... please don't". Vincent pulled down his shorts and spat on his large hand. He rubbed the mass of gob on his huge stiff cock then bent Squires double so that the crack of his tight little arse opened slighly. Squires stiffened against the force of the stronger man. "Look if you're going to do it, take it easy." Vince didn't listen.

He watched Vincent doing chin-ups on the bunk frame, watched his solid muscles relax and contract and the sweat dripping off his tattoed arms.

Suddenly, he jumped down from the bunk. "How can they fucking keep us locked up in this shit-hole like fucking animals?" he shouted banging his fists against the cell door. He was naked except for a pair of thin blue shorts. Squires watched him from the lower bed. He felt trapped and scared. This was the explosion.

"What I would do for a fuck!" Vincent said calming slightly. "Yea ... I know what you mean" Squires said nervously.

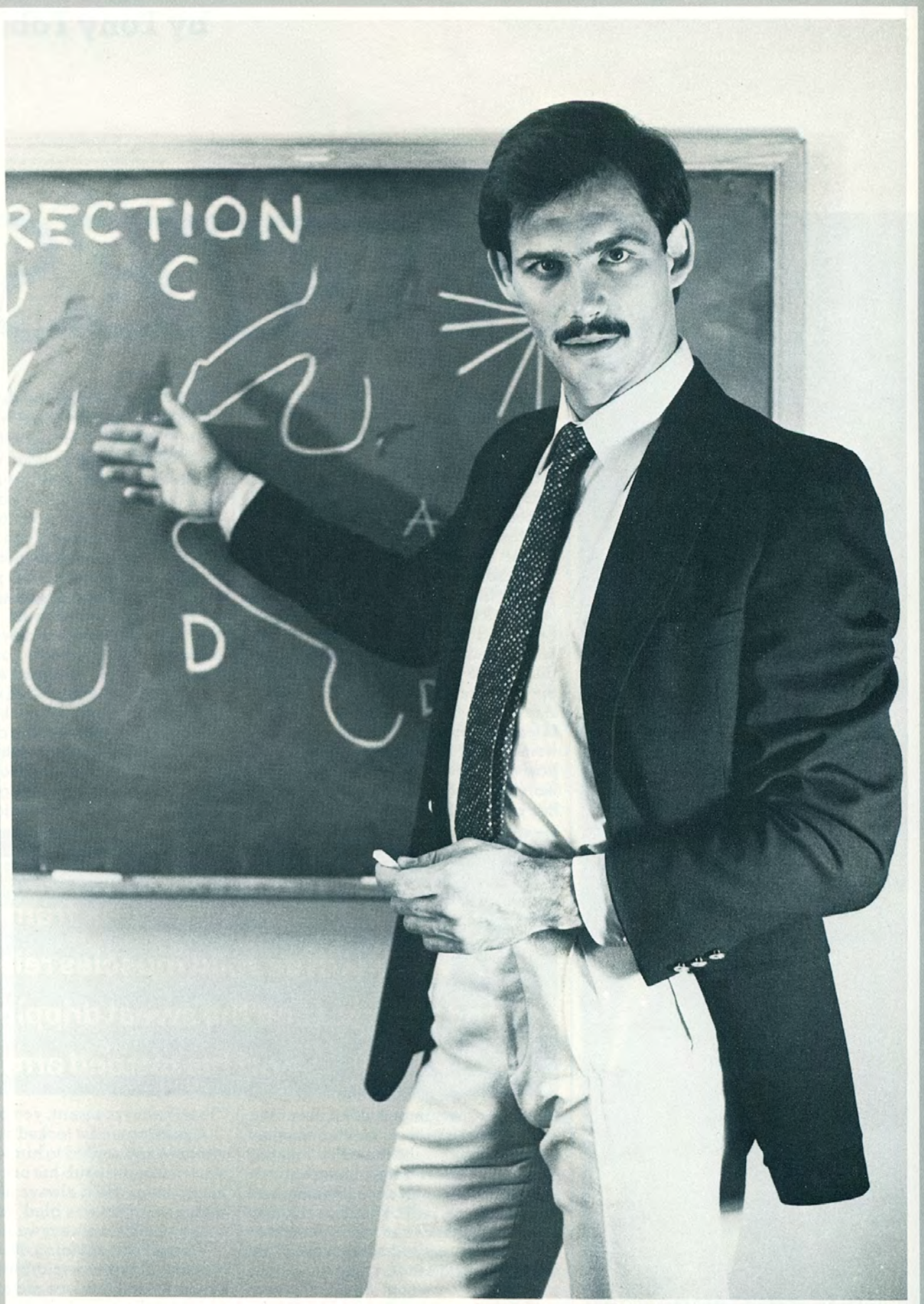
"An' what do you know. I bet you've never fucked a girl in your life. You

"This is what you want, you bender."

A passing screw looked through the spy hole and smiled to himself then he started to slowly rub his prick through his trousers. He'd always liked young Squires and he was glad Vincent was doing what he'd always wanted to do.

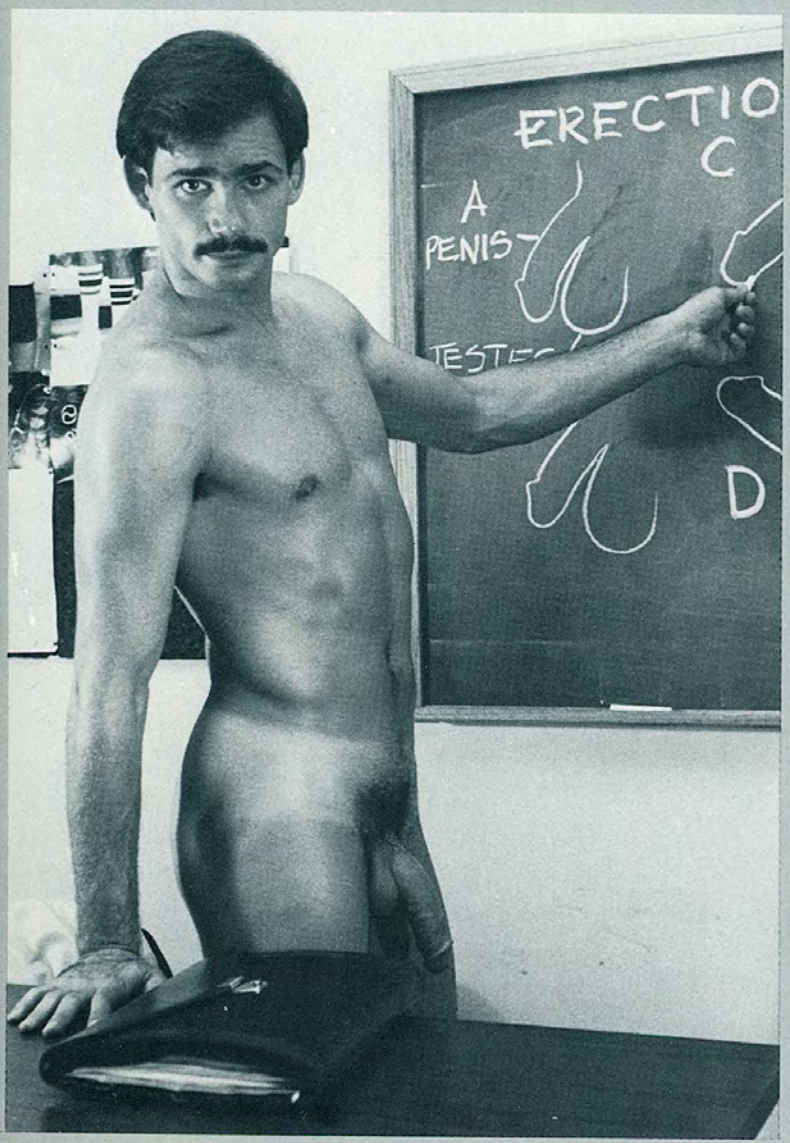
Vincent was shouting obscenities to his wife. Squires was grunting loudly like an animal, his face red and sweaty, his eyes rolling back slightly.

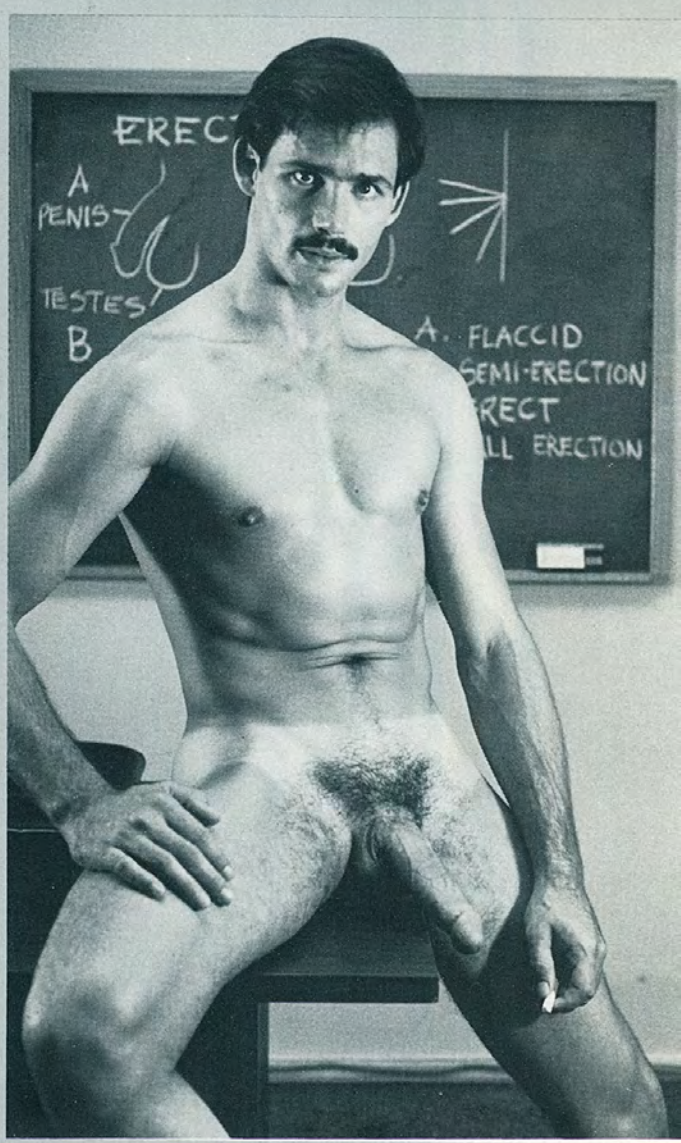
The next day, as the governor was doing his rounds, he spied Squires and Vincent laughing and joking together in the kitchen. He gritted his teeth and marched off.


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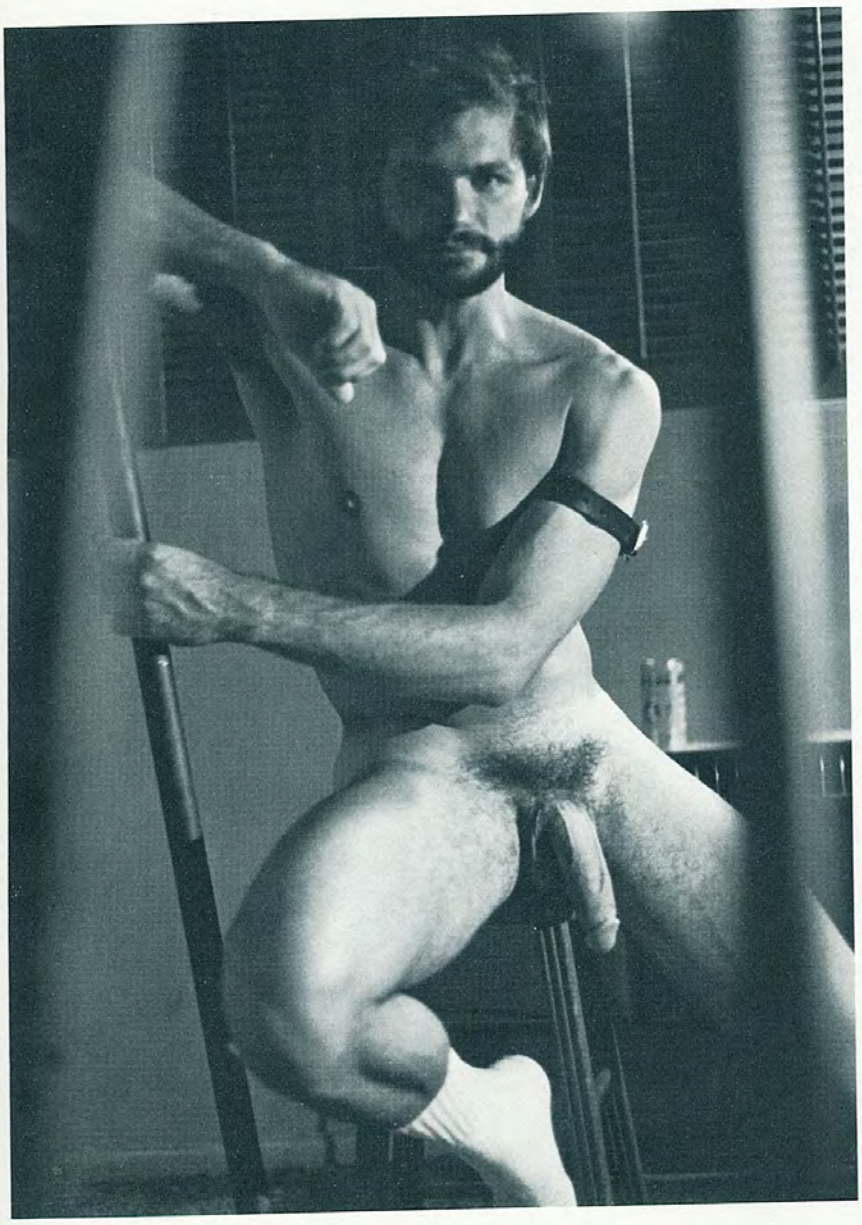
Photography by Close-Up Productions

J.W. King







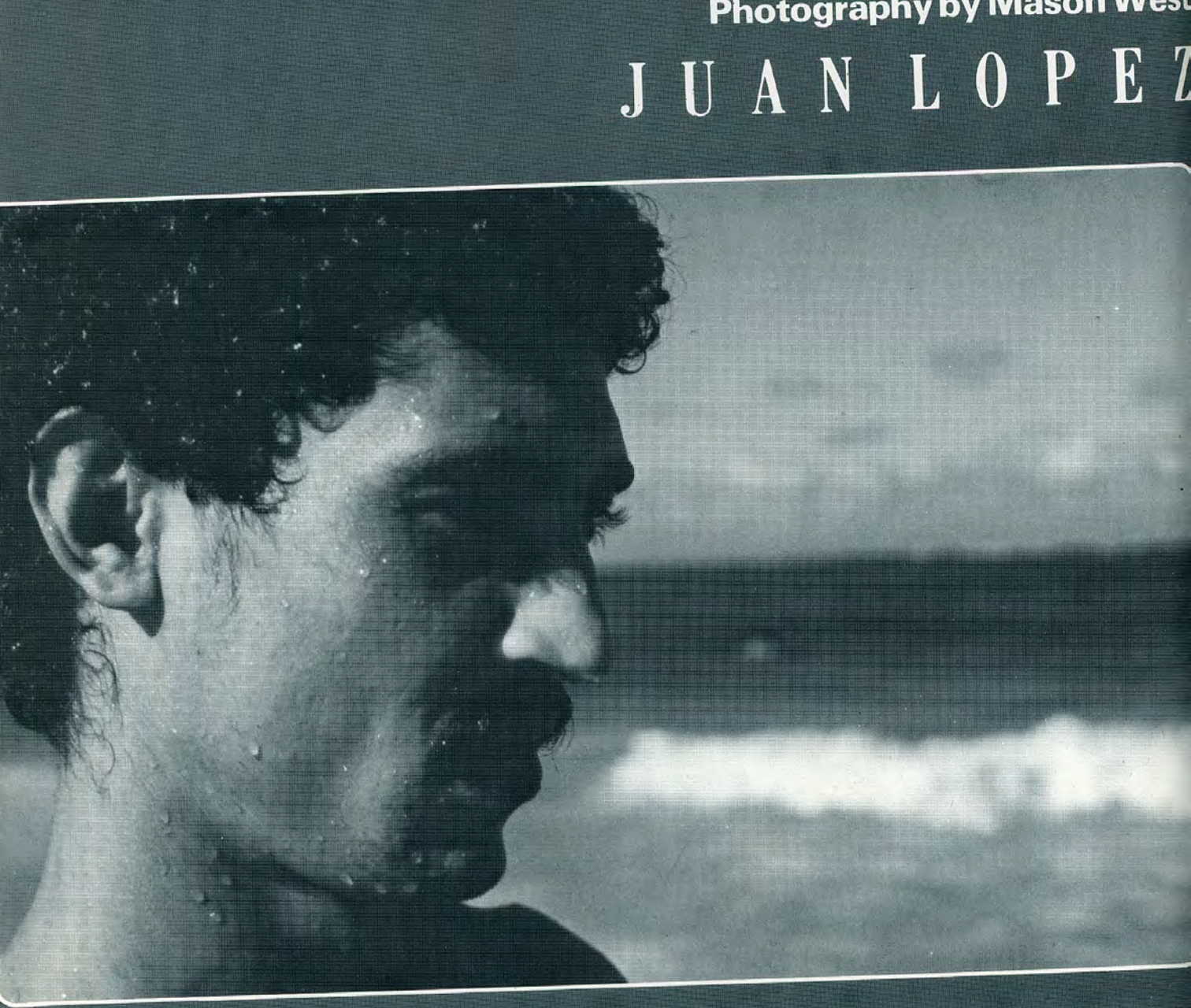






Photography by Mason West

JUAN LOPEZ



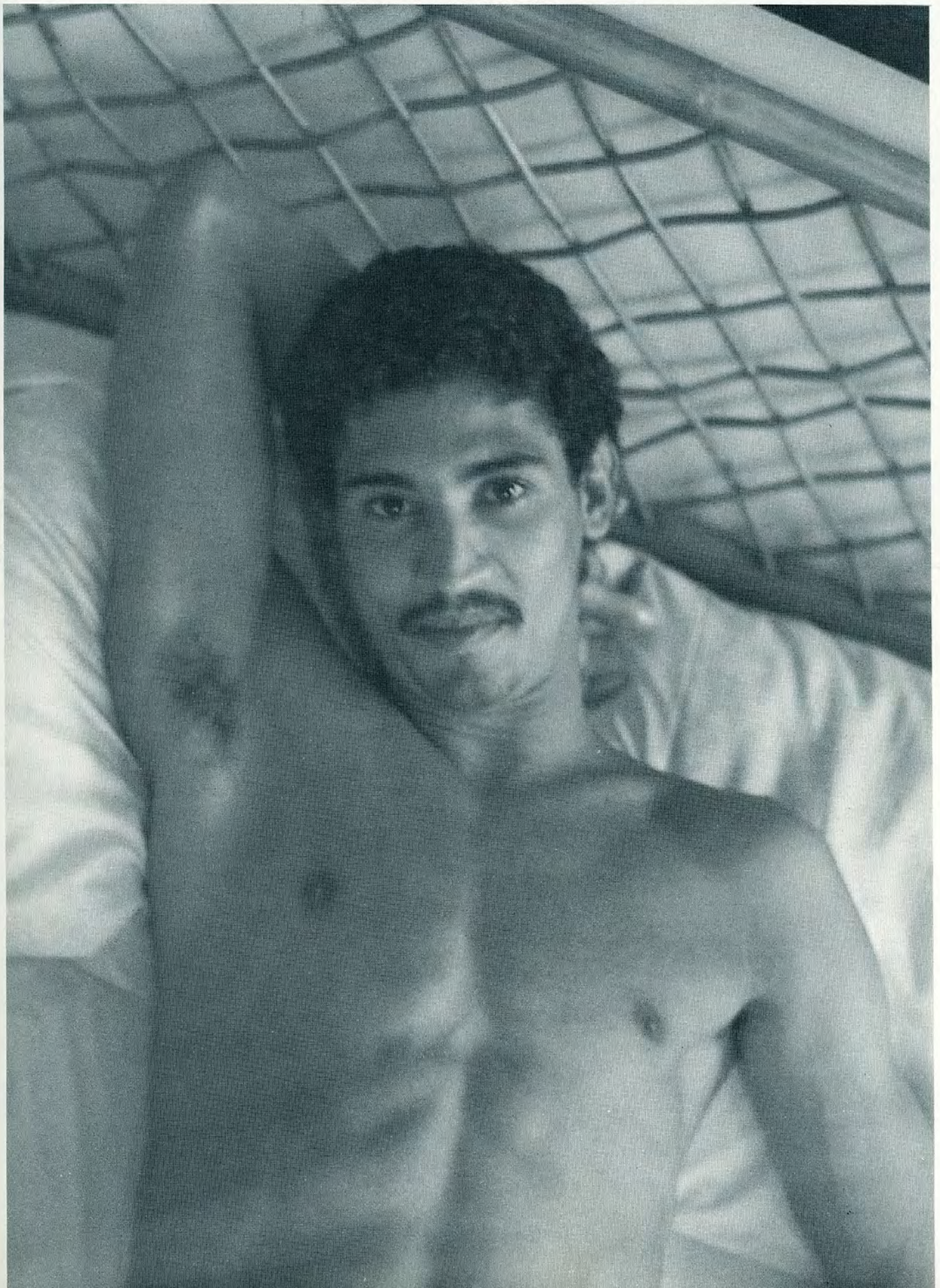








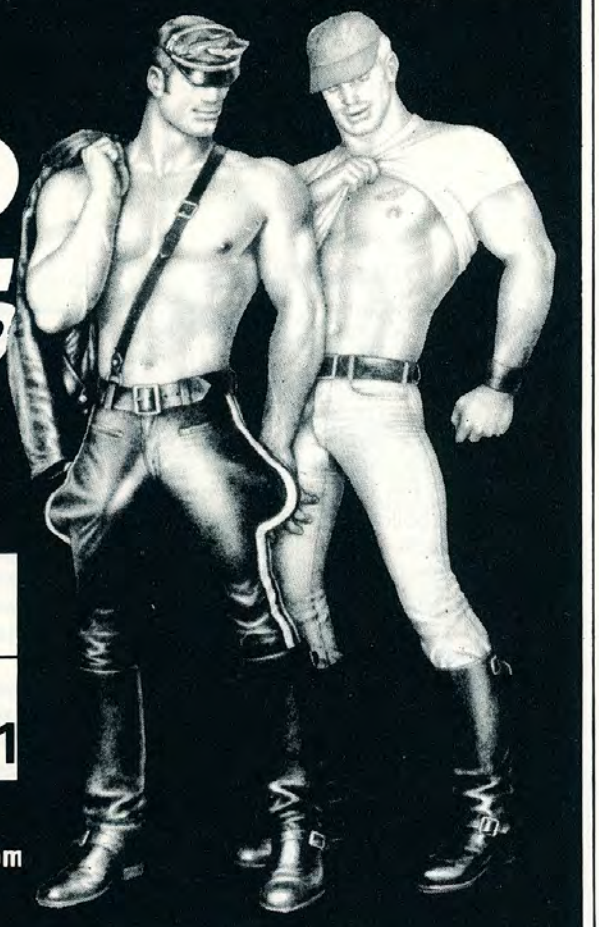






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GOODLOOKING

Dear Ray,

Forgive me for being conceited but I've worked hard on my body and I think I'm justified in considering myself to be goodlooking. I'm 22. I'm also fortunate enough to be blessed with a very substantial cock and a pair of well slung balls. In short, I'm proud of being *me* and I like to bask bollock-naked on my back on nudist beaches enjoying the envious, lecherous ogling of passers by.

Recently I've been warned that too much sun on my genitals might lead to a skin cancer. I'm mahogany brown all over after hours in the sun and now I'm beginning to get a biy worried about this danger. What is your advice?

Nobby, Liverpool

Dear Nobby,

You were kind enough to enclose a photo and I can only say that readers have missed a treat because of your insistence that I should not allow it to be published. If that's genuinely *all yours* **I predict a great future for you in the fire brigade! You had me scratching the ground with my foot like a stallion at stud. I have to endorse your opinion of youself and forgive your narcissism.**

It is quite true that fair skinned sun worshippers have a higher incidence of certain skin cancers. We don't enjoy the protection from the sun's rays which is afforded to the coloured races by the pigment of their skin. Ultra-violet filtering sun tan oils reduce the risks, but let's keep the whole thing in perspective, the actual danger is a very slight one and we must avoid getting too up-tight about it.

As to whether our genitals are more vulnerable to sunlight than other areas of the skin I honestly haven't any idea. I doubt whether the point has ever been researched. To some extent they are probably better protected because of the protective hair covering. I just can't bring myself to advise you to take any special precautions to cover that gorgeous equipment of yours.... It wouldn't be fair to those *passers-by*.

Ray Hamble

I WANNA DO IT!

Dear Dr Hamble,

I have never been fucked by another man but would love to try it. However, I have a very embarrassing problem. My anal passage is very dirty and when I shove things up it they come out covered with faeces. Is there any way I can keep myself clean inside so that one day, when a partner comes along, I'll be able to accept him without worrying.

Pete, Plymouth

Dear Pete,

Before getting down to the meat of my reply let me voice just a gentle word of caution about *shoving things* **up your arse. This is not the place to go into detail on that topic but take care.**

Let's face it, arseholes are pretty grotty places. Sometimes there will be more faeces in your rectum than others, but there is no way that you can guarantee to keep yourself permanently empty in the lower reaches of your bowel just on the off chance that the right guy comes along. Of course, if you know an hour or so in advance that the occasion is about to arise you can always try to empty your bowels on the toilet. If you are really keen you may consider giving yourself an enema, but that is stretching things a little bit far .... if you'll pardon my choice fo words!

In the absence of any guaranteed solution to your problem I think your partner, when he arrives, will just have to accept the luck of the draw. If you are worried about the situation and feel that you may be embarrassed, why not invite him to wear a contraceptive sheath so that when he pulls out he can peal it off leaving his shaft underneath in pristine condition.

Ray Hamble

FRENUM?

Dear Dr Hamble,

My frenum is short and doesn't stretch very easily. In consequence when I pull back my forskin it bunches up just behind the corona of my glans and slips forward again very easily. I have recently been having quite frequent anal intercourse and find that after the first two or three thrusts my foreskin rides forward. Is it on the cards to have the frenum cut to prevent this from happening?

Ralph, Llundudno

Dear Ralph,

First let me explain oto readers that the frenum is the fold of skin which forms the attachment of your foreskin to the under surface of the knob end, or glans, of your penis, and the corona is the rim around the edgeof your glans.

Yes, it is possible to surgically sever the frenum so that the foreskin isn't pulled forward so readily, but gays with a lot of loose foreskin often have considerable difficulty in keeping it back even when the frenum has been cut.

Whatever you do, DON.T try heroic self-surgery on your frenum. The temptation to male a quick slice with a razor blade *must be resisted*. **There is a small atery in the frenum which, if cut accidentally, could cause a lot of bother and bleeding, and it is often necessary to insert a couple of stitches to prevent the extremities of the cut from** *running* **like a ladder in a stocking.**

It may be well that the only answer to your problem is circumcision of all or part of your foreskin and its a decision which can only be made after you've been properly examined. I suggest that you go to your doctor and ask him to arrange a specialist opinion. You don't need to go into details about your sexual activities.

Ray Hamble

BOLLOCKS!

Dear Ray,

I like to wear a leather cock strap around the base of my prick and behind my balls but, even though I often wear it much tighter than the recommendation that one should be able to get one's little finger under it, my right testicke often slips through and disappears into my groin. What can I do to prevent this from happening?

Tony, Hampshire

Dear Tony,

Yours is a very common problem. I hazard a guess that you haven't got a very large cock when its soft. It is probably the kind that shrivels up pretty small when not in use. I imagine, too, that you have fairly high-riding balls that don't exactly swing from side to side, like the pendulum of a Grandfather Clock, as you walk. People with long pendulous pricks and a swinging scrotum don't usually have your kind of problem.

Your best bet is to buy a scrotal neck collar strap which just goes around the neck of your scritum and

DR RAY HAMBLE ADVISES

ZIPPER GP

holds your balls down. You can wear a cock base strap if you like, or you can buy a single strap which combines the two elements. In this way your testicle will have to negotiate two straps before it pops out of view and it may give up the struggle!

It really isn't very wise to overdo the tightness of you strap. If you interfere too much with the normal blood circulation you can do yourself some damage, especially when you get an erection.

Ray Hamble

WALLOWING IN STORIES

Dear Ray,

It is years since I had sex with a partner and my only outlet nowadays is masturbation. I look forward to each issue of *Zipper* as it arrives and then enjoy two or three days of hectic D.I.Y. activity as I drool over the pictures and wallow in the stories. In between issues I lead a very quiet life and go for weeks without any sexual release whatsoever.

Do short bursts of great indulgence alternating with longer periods of inactivity cause any harm to a well balanced system?

A.P., Stoke

Dear A.P.,

The short answer is NO! The pattern of your sex life is virtually no different from that of thousands upon thousands of others - gays and straights alike - who may be away from their partners for weeks on end and then return for a few days and have a ball before going off again. Most people have no problems at all in coping with alternating bursts of activity and relative celibacy. On occasions during the non-active periods a guy may experience a few wet dreams or a bit of overflow seepage and, if he's not used to it, he may feel excessively tired after a few days of hectic activity. However, neither of these states is even remotely life threatening, or any other form of threatening for that matter, so don't worry.

Ray Hamble

COCK AND A HALF

Dear Dr Hamble,

My boyfriend has a 'cock and a half' which hurts like hell when he fucks me. I think I ought to buy a butt plug to wear for a few hours each day to stretch my arse so that I can accommodate him more comfortably. But butt plugs come in different sizes and I don't know how to estimate the size I want. They are expensive but I can't expect to be allowed to change the one I buy if it is too large or too small. How can I avoid wasting my money?

Keith, Bradford

Dear Keith,

You can always measure the circumference of your boyfriend's prick, but it isn't a butt plug you want so so much as a dildoe. Butt plugs are to train your anal sphincter to tighten up rather than relax because you keep the muscles taut to help hold the plug in position.

You would be far better off buying a rubber dildoe about the size of your boyfriend's prick and using it a couple of times each day for dilatation exercises. Lubricate it well and lie on your back, either in a warm bath with your feet up on either side of the taps or on the floor with a pillow under the small of your back and with you knees bent and splayed apart pushing your feet raised about one foot from the floor against the wall. Consciously relax and gently and gradually insert the dildoe, working it in and out in a series of trusting movements. If the dildoe has artificial balls attached there is little risk of loosing it inside but be careful it doesn't get sucked completely in if you only have an artificial shaft.

Remember that its the circumference of the didoe that really matters, not the length, so don't be carried away with the idea of buying something a yard long!

Ray Hamble

DRIBBLE

Dear Dr Hamble,

Ever since I can remember I've suffered from a dripping penis whenever I get turned on. I wouldn't mind if it was only a little, just enough to lubricate, but it just keeps dripping out and walking around like someone out of the "Harry Chess" comic strip and it isn't my idea of a turn-on. I've lost a lot of boyfriends over it. I'm scared to even kiss someone with the worry that they will notice me getting soggy. I am throughly fed up with it and would even have the *snip* if it would cure it. Is there anything I can do? I've tried the suggestion of masturbating before I go out but it doesn't help. Please help me, I'm getting more desperate every day as I won't go out at the moment to pick up anybody and its ruining my social life.

Reg, Norfolk

Dear Reg,

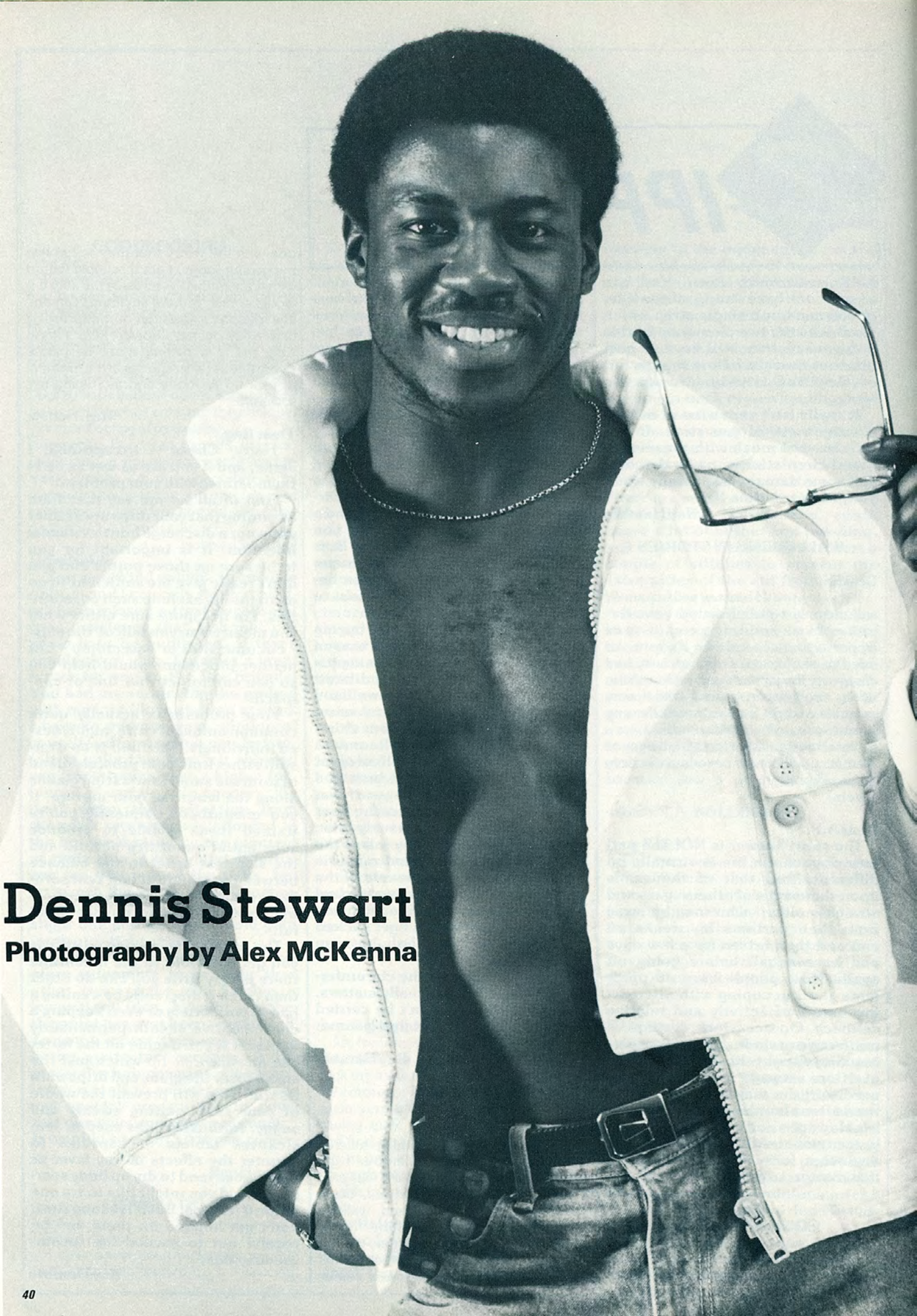
Harry Chess is exceptional, I agree, and if you are as wet as he is I sympathise with your problem.

First of all let me say that I am assuming that your drips are neither urine nor a discharge from a venereal infection. It is important for you to be sure on those points and you don't really give me sufficient to go on to totally exclude such possibilities. I'm not quite sure either what you mean when you talk of 'the snip' - circumcision or vasectomy - but neither procedure would help you so you can forget that line of approach.

Your probelm is actually quite common amongst virile, highly sexed individuals. The fluid is an overspill either from your prostate gland or from the small lubricating glands along the length of your urethra. If you masturbate frequently you've trained these glands to produce substantial quantities of fluid and the slightest upset in the balance between production and reabsorbtion results in the excess overflowing. Its embarrassing, but not harmful.

The problem may ease a little as you get older but in the meantime there is very little you can do other than catch it discreetly by wearing a pad in your briefs or even keeping a contraceptive sheath permanently in place. If you decide on the latter use an *American Tip* **which just fits snugly over the glans and drips onto its rim. This will prevent the whole of your shaft getting sweaty and soggy. Antihistamines used in seasickness tablets or capsules to counter the effects of hay fever or runny nose tend to dry up body secretions and you might like to try one to see if it helps. But it is a long shot, don't get hooked on them and be careful not to exceed the recommended dose.**

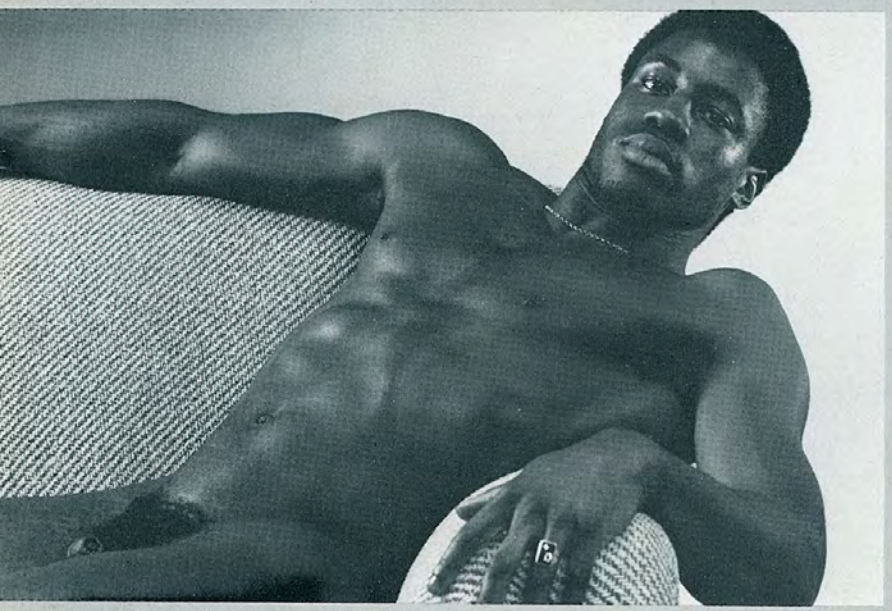
Ray Hamble



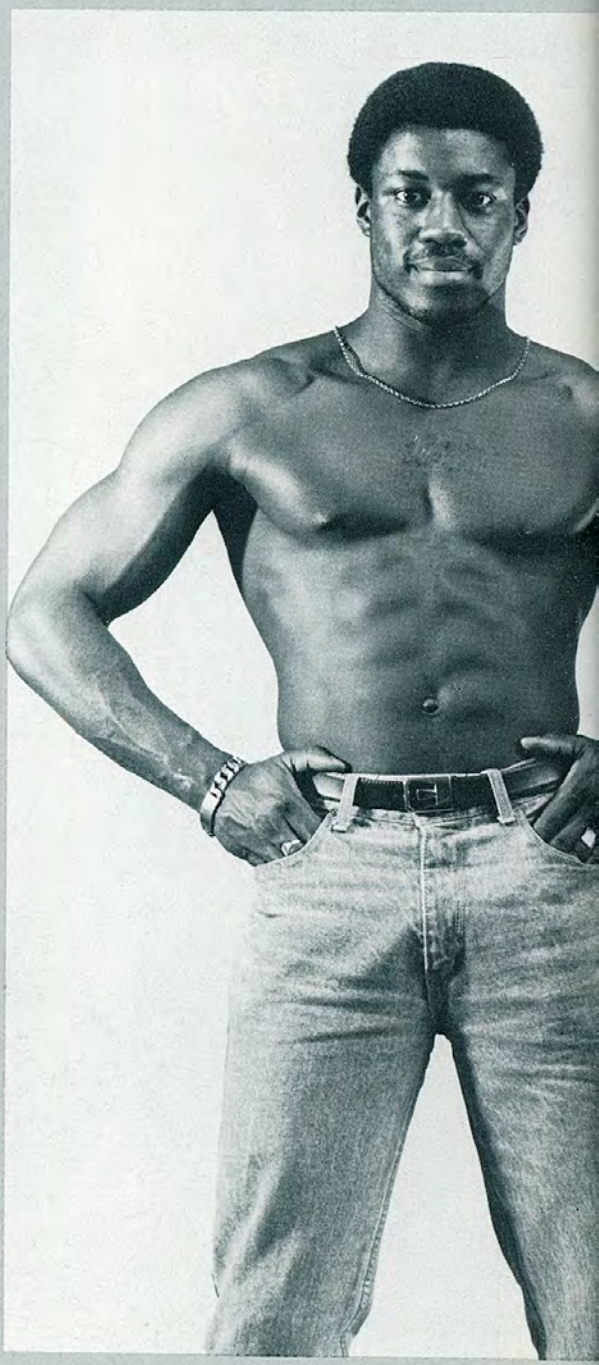
Dennis Stewart

Photography by Alex McKenna

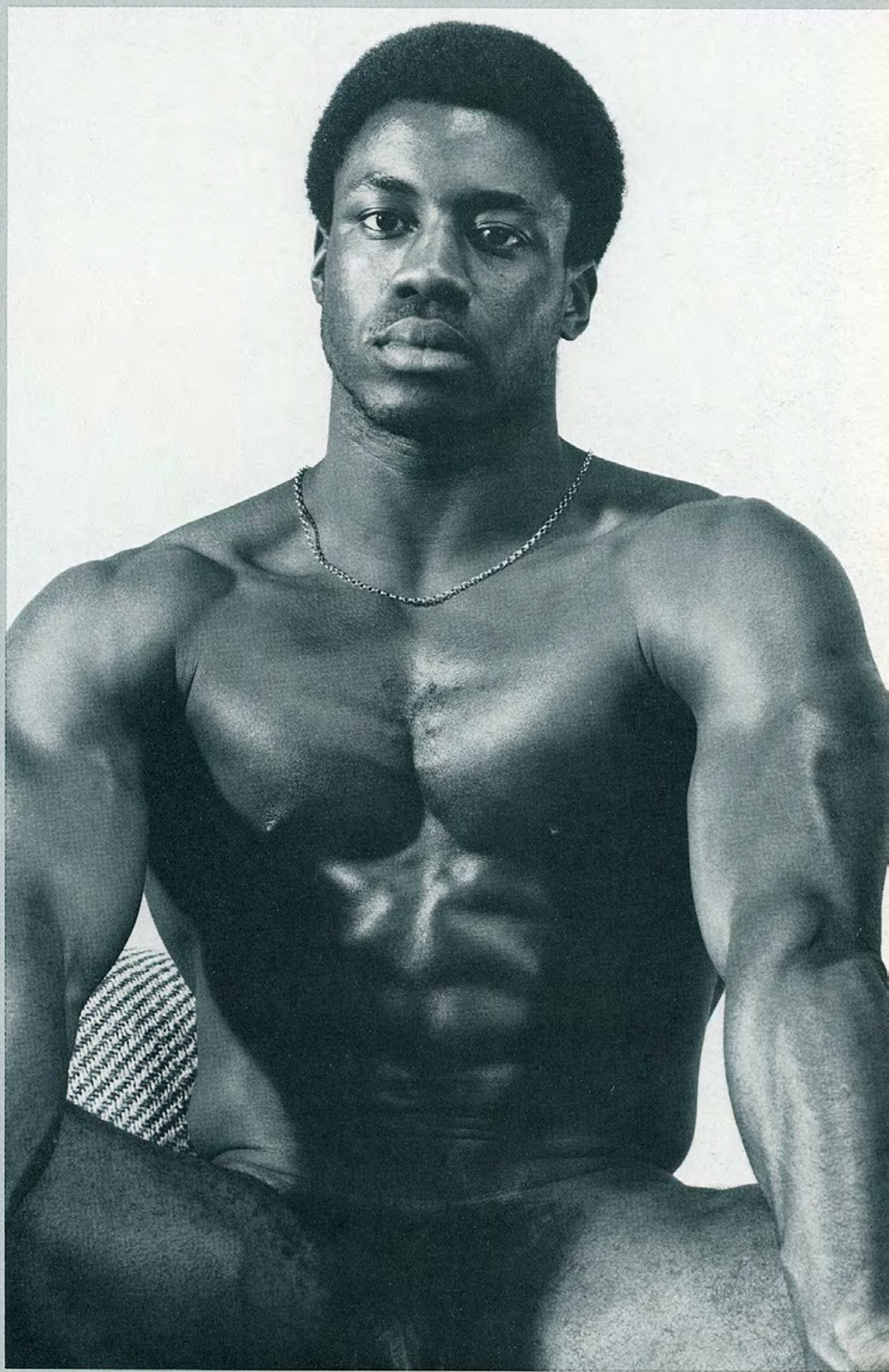




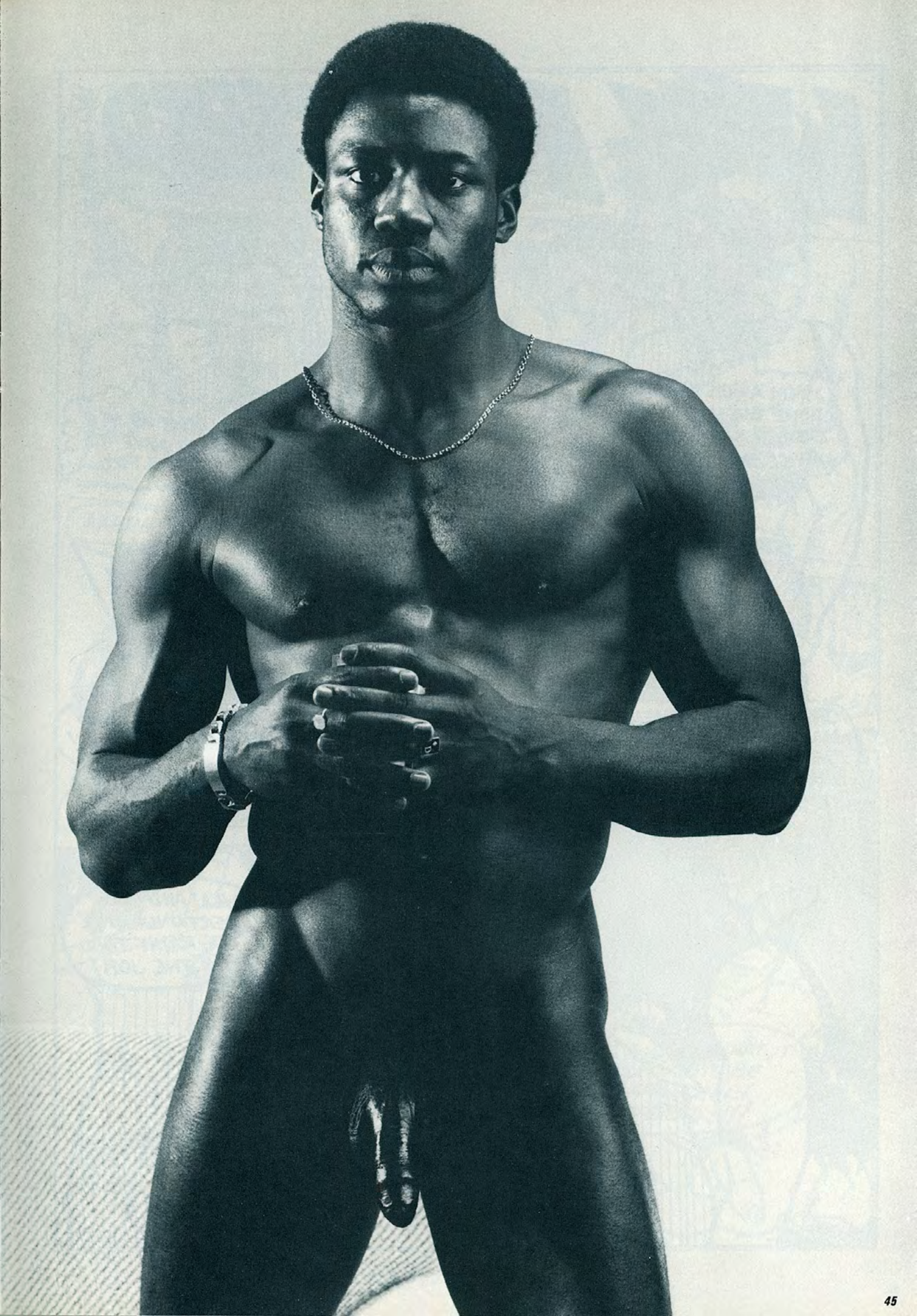













WELL PLASTERED
SID WHEELS.
MMM A JOB WELL DONE EVEN IF I DO SAY SO... MYSELF!!
SPLOOSH!
HO NO!
LOOKS AS IF I SHALL HAVE TO CALL IN A PRO....
LATER....
WELL I MIGHT ADD IT'S A BIT OF A STATE!
I'LL SEND A GUY OVER RIGHT AWAY!
CLASSIFIED
ONE THING TO REMEMBER MAN, IS TO ALWAYS HAVE THE RIGHT TOOL AT HAND !!!
YEA! AND YOU CERTAINLY HAVE THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB!


SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IT LOOKS REALY NICE FROM HERE
WELL COME AND TAKE A CLOSER LOOK !!!
YOUR PAYING SON, SO INSPECT AS MUCH AS YOU WANT, BUT MIND THE WET PLASTER!
AAHHH!!!
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT HAVING THE RIGHT TOOL?
SPLATT!
LET ME RUB IT OFF FOR YOU !!!
NO! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE WELL AND TRULY PLASTERED!!!!

Lon Barrington's ebony magnetism must be enhanced by being born under Scorpio, considered the strongest sex sign. In fact, those romantically involved with Scorpios are frequently relieved when his work is a consuming interest, because if it isn't he tends to wear out sexual partners very quickly. Lon's work at medical research in a laboratory keeps his energies efficiently divided. But if they weren't, there must be worse ways of spending ones time than being sexually dominated by Mr Barrington.

Astrological queries on the man in your life can be interestingly answered by a Granada paperback called "The Floral Oracle" written by Jo Sheridan, a lady who has spent her life in palmistry and writing astrological columns for national magazines. Jo's latest book details the flowers, herbs and trees closest to each sign and presents a series of questions and answers about the man in your life. Those of us living off the beaten track can have it delivered to our doors, signed by the author, for £3 post free from Mandragora Press. 74, Hawksley Road, London. N16 0TJ.



Lon Barrington

Photography by Mike Arlen





See Lon Barrington in colour on page 61!

CLASSIFIED ADS

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ACCORDING TO MIKE ARLEN

Will It Be Rubber Or Leather?

Whether you want erotica in clothes or the more conventionally sexy, King's Road, Chelsea, is still worth your consideration if you're a Londoner or from right out of town. The basement of the Stirling Cooper shop at 97 King's Road, SW3 has the most unlikely atmosphere you are ever liable to cast your eyes over during this incarnation. Called 'Fetisch—World Domination' (01-351 5377) it offers handmade rubber garments in any colour you can afford to have made to measure. The three partners will be glad to design something just for you. One of them, Andy Parsons, who was very used to being obeyed during his nine years in the army, wears the rivetted rubber trenchcoat we took a few snaps of. It can be yours for a mere £150. If rubber is your scene you must glance through the stock.

Geoff Norris, the friend of many customers at the Zipper shop in Camden Town, now runs a splendid new addition to the Chelsea scene, a shop called Body Tech at 7-9 Tryon Street, SW3 (01-225 1403), a turning on the right with the old world charm as you stroll up the King's Road from Sloane Square. It has all you can imagine in black leather and much, much more. A juke box and coffee bar make you linger longer to study all, like a £4.95 white T-shirt overprinted with a drawing of two attractive males kissing. Stock at the Zipper shop, by the way, has more daring variations of this design with gentlemen displaying their stimulated shapes as nature made them.

Body Tech however has exclusive designs in bed linen worth scrutiny and they have imported a range of American shower curtains with strikingly original designs on them. Imagine see through plastic scattered with blue dolphins or penguins and there is one with a tiger. You can have colourful hot air balloons on your shower curtain or rainbows and at the shop they will show you their colour brochure. Harrods have imported the same range and sell them at £30. The Body Tech price is £23.50.

They have eye catching cards of sensational men for 70p. The tragedy is that no British card company has ever had the foresight to produce these here so these are all American models. If you want classy Tuccini casual jackets from Paris they have them in black and white at £49.95. Also from France is running gear with Beverly Hills Athletic Club on the back. The topes are £34.95 and the bottoms are £24.95. If you don't want to pay imported prices the Body Tech versions impress. Shorts are £8.50; pants are £11.95; and sleeveless tops are £8.95—all in charcoal, light grey, electric blue and black. The swimwear, underwear and posing pouches cannot be described. Your astute eyes must study them soon.



Andy of the Fetisch shop in King's Road in a rivetted rubber trenchcoat that would definitely transform your image.

London Theatre

Stepping Out by Richard Harris at the Duke of Yorks as won the Standard's award as best comedy of the year and I won't argue with that. Ladies are shown at their keep fit classes one night a week and a very entertaining cross section they are. Slightly short on manpower, but men aren't everything in life. Now write and tell me I'm mentally unbalanced and you'll get no argument.

Benefactors by Michael Frayn at the Vaudeville received the best play of the year award. About two married couples and their contrasting lives it is written by a master of playwriting, although nothing could equal his comedy *Noises Off* at the Savoy Theatre. For me the principal appeal in *Benefactors* was Clive Francis playing an architect whose personal architecture was perfectly designed.

New Movies

Imagine yourself as a desirable lady of about 30 who is a clever interior designer and has been married to a successful writer of children's books for years who is a workaholic and tends to neglect you. You keep a very private diary into which you commit your innermost thoughts about your perfect man who doesn't smoke and knows how to stimulate you in the way no other man has ever done before. You happen to look sensational photographically and your house is scattered with enormous enlargements of you that your husband hardly notices anymore.

One night while out on an anniversary dinner your house is burgled and, curiously, as well as your diary one of your enlargements is missing. Everything of value taken is insured, but you start fantasizing that your ideal man is the burglar who is reading your diary from cover to cover and studying your picture. And then a tall and sensational guy comes into your life who appears to be so wealthy he can afford to get you to design an opulent home for him and he proves to have all the attributes you have told your diary you really need in a man. That is the plot of *Thief of Hearts*. And Steven Bauer, who played Al Pacino's right hand



Steven Bauer makes *Thief Of Hearts* worth seeking out when it plays anywhere near you.

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man in *Scarface*, is the irresistible burglar. A very offbeat plotline and Mr Bauer's considerable sex appeal made *Thief of Hearts* great entertainment for me. If you like the idea of an affair with a very sexy burglar, and like our picture of Steve here, make sure you see it.

After the disappointment over the remake of *The Wicked Lady*, director Michael Winner deserves a hit. He doesn't deserve one with *Scream For Help* though. But I was very interested in the first half. A 16 year old girl is convinced that her mother's new young husband is after her for her money, and she proceeds to follow him on her bike to get proof that he is having affairs with other girls. Quickly she gets that proof and shows a polaroid of the evidence to her mother who quickly shows him to the door. But after he has moved out he quickly returns with two accomplices to terrorize. The mother, who happens to be in a wheelchair as she has a plaster cast on one leg, is hurtled at high speed around the halls and slung down a flight of stairs to the basement. Visualizing a night of terror I rushed hom to watch absolutely anything on my TV screen.

If you happen to believe Kris Kristofferson is one of the most spectacular males on this planet you, like me, will be looking forward to his latest offering called *Flashpoint*. He hasn't made a movie for a few years as someone who needs psychiatric treatment persuaded him to shave off his beard to do a move called *Rollover* with Jane Fonda. Although a well made thriller it was the biggest flop either have ever had. He has grown the beard again, but has chosen to forget that his face is his fortune and it now resembles a section of the most sunbaked desert you can imagine. If I was certain he would use it I would sent him a vat of lanolin cream.

Flashpoint tells of a pair of US border patrolmen (the other is the dishy Treat Williams) who supervise the Mexican border and stumble across a long buried jeep that has the skeletal remains of the driver and a package containing $800,000 in cash. Should they return it to their authority or keep it? The solution held my interest. I just happen to believe that when you are born with the kind of looks Mr Kristofferson has been gifted with you should cherish them the way opera singers nurse their throats.

Irreconcilable Differences is the most enjoyable Ryan O'Neal film I have seen for many years. Through it he is bearded and clean shaven, with a without glasses, and looks incredibly sexy throughout.

Can you imagine a 9 year old girl suing her parents for divorce? Could it only happen in America? The neglect she feels is traced back in flashback to how her parents met, and her



Through *Irreconciliable Differences* you can have Ryan O'Neal with beard, clean shaven, with and without glasses, with and without shirt.

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★If the Enemy succeed in shutting us down, they will then be free to pick off the other gay papers and bookshops, on similar outrageous charges. What else will they try to stop? Who else will they victimise? They have plenty of vaguely-worded laws to persecute people with...

★*We Will Fight and Win this Battle!* But only if you all do a little to help. The Company does not have the enormous back-up staff or bottomless funds which the Police can call on, *so we need all our gay and straight supporters to help even up the odds!*

★Fill in the form below, and do your bit for freedom! *And if you like, you can have your name mentioned in the Supporters of the Zipper Defence Fund* to be printed in Gay Times.

★**Nothing is ever simply Banned or Censored in the country.....not *directly* anyway! They don't need to. Instead they attack the Publishers with the misuse of various Laws at their disposal: For example, in the case of the GAYS THE WORD Bookshop, it was the absurd Customs Laws, allowing them to seize their imported stock, thereby crippling the Shop financially. In OUR case, they seized stock and pictures, *many of them just fashion and bodybuilding photos*, and now threaten us with the Post Office Act, the Obscene Publications Act and even the Protection of Children Act! This Act was intended to protect little kiddies from being in porno movies and suchlike, but they're now using this new law to harass us over pictures of 18 year olds. None of our models are innocent kiddies we can assure you! ★They're like little KIDS themselves...give them a nice new Law to play with and they'll soon abuse it. Like a small child with a box of Matches...**

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Get Lucky At Luckys

Londoners don't usually associate the reserved precincts of Ealing with a gay night out. But now a cocktail bar/restaurant/disco at 1a, Haven Green, W5 (01-997 8859) which is straight for the rest of the week, comes to full bloom on Sunday nights. Assistant manager, Ian Patterson Parker works there full time and comes into his own as the Sunday night host. Our shot shows him with their bearded chef, Ernst Stark, who previously prepared culinary delights at Carriers and La Gavroche. Ian was a farmboy from Ayrshire who took a hotel and catering management course before working in Wales and learning Welsh. There can't be too many Scotsmen in Ealing chatting to the Welsh in their language. Sunday night membership is complimentary and the buffet comes with the £2 admission charge from 8pm. The bar closes at midnight, but you can demonstrate your agility on their dance floor till 1am.

mother is played by the appealing Shelly Long, who is the intellectual barmaid in television's *Cheers*. They write movie scripts together, but drift apart when Ryan is tempted by the availability of a particularly voluptuous lady. Mr O'Neal's presence always makes it worthwhile.

Falling In Love has Robert De Niro as a happily married man with two children who slowly falls for Meryl Streep who also happens to be married, as they run into each other on the New York train every few days. If you fancy Mr De Niro it is essential viewing. Movie buffs will remember John Garfield whose working class raunchiness brought a seething sexuality to his films in the thirties and forties. For me Mr De Niro is the modern day equivalent.

City Heat is an American comedy of the twenties about a sparring friendship between supercop Clint Eastwood and, former cop turned private eye, Burt Reynolds. Periodically amusing.

The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley has Katherine Hepburn as a pensioner who attempts to persuade hit man, Nick Nolte, that quite a few of her mature friends who have lived long enough will be pleased to play him to help them leave this life. Written to amuse it works for about an hour until the scriptwriter runs out of ideas.

Nick Nolte plays a dedicated college professor in *Teachers* who battles with the peculiarities of high school kids while stimulading a lady lawyer whose client is suing the school for gross inefficiency. Imaginative writing makes it an interesting insight into American college life.

Mass Appeal has Jack Lemmon as a priest who has been asked to take under his wing a young man training to be one. From how to give an effective sermon to how to handle the bishop Jack has problems in converting the young man to his philosophies. There is a gay subplot when two young men at the seminary are discharged for spending too much time together day and night. Mostly for Lemmon lovers—and there are quite a few of those.

Even though *2010* doesn't have the impact of the megamoneymaker *2001* it still has some excitement

going for it. Among the moons of Jupiter an enigmatic black monolith orbits in silence, its age, origin, composition and purpose unknown. For nine years it has confounded scientists. Now a team combining Russians and Americans assemble an expedition and, my synopsis tells me, they witness a cosmic miracle. I thought they witnessed a special effects department working overtime to impress. It shows how misguided I can be till I read the synopsis later.

I am sorry to hear there are not many double bills anymore. For *The Chain* and *Terror In The Aisles* would be an ideal combo. *The Chain* is a slickly made British comedy about a selection of people who happen to move on the same day with Warren Mitchell as a philosophising moving man who knows how to cope with any adversity. It has half the best character faces in British films to sustain an air of quality. *Terror In The Aisles* is a brilliantly edited reminder of the most fraught moments in American horror movies of the past. Double bills only happen in the north now I'm told which seems a great pity.

The Terminator must be one of the thrillers of the year with Arnold Schwarzenegger as a robot from the future lightly coated with skin who arrives in America today to assassinate some unlucky lady. It is your loss if you miss it.

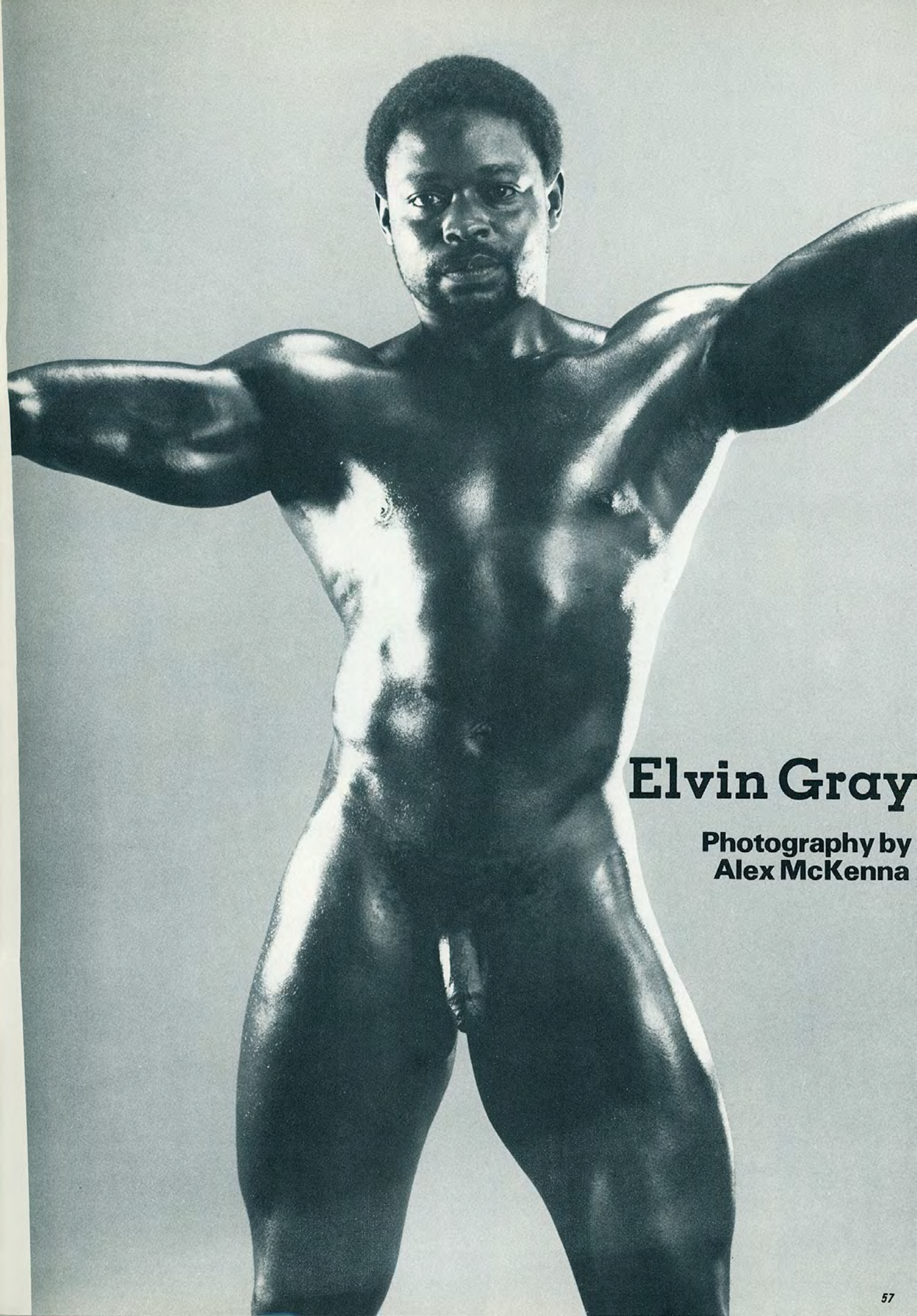
Beverly Hills Cop must be seen as it combines comedy and suspense with more expertise than any other movie ever made. Of course it does help if you fancy the ebony Eddie Murphy in the lead.



If Richard Gere with a twenties moustache and slicked down hair appeals watch out for *Cotton Club*, a gangster movie that also shows many of the acts that gave the club its early reputation.

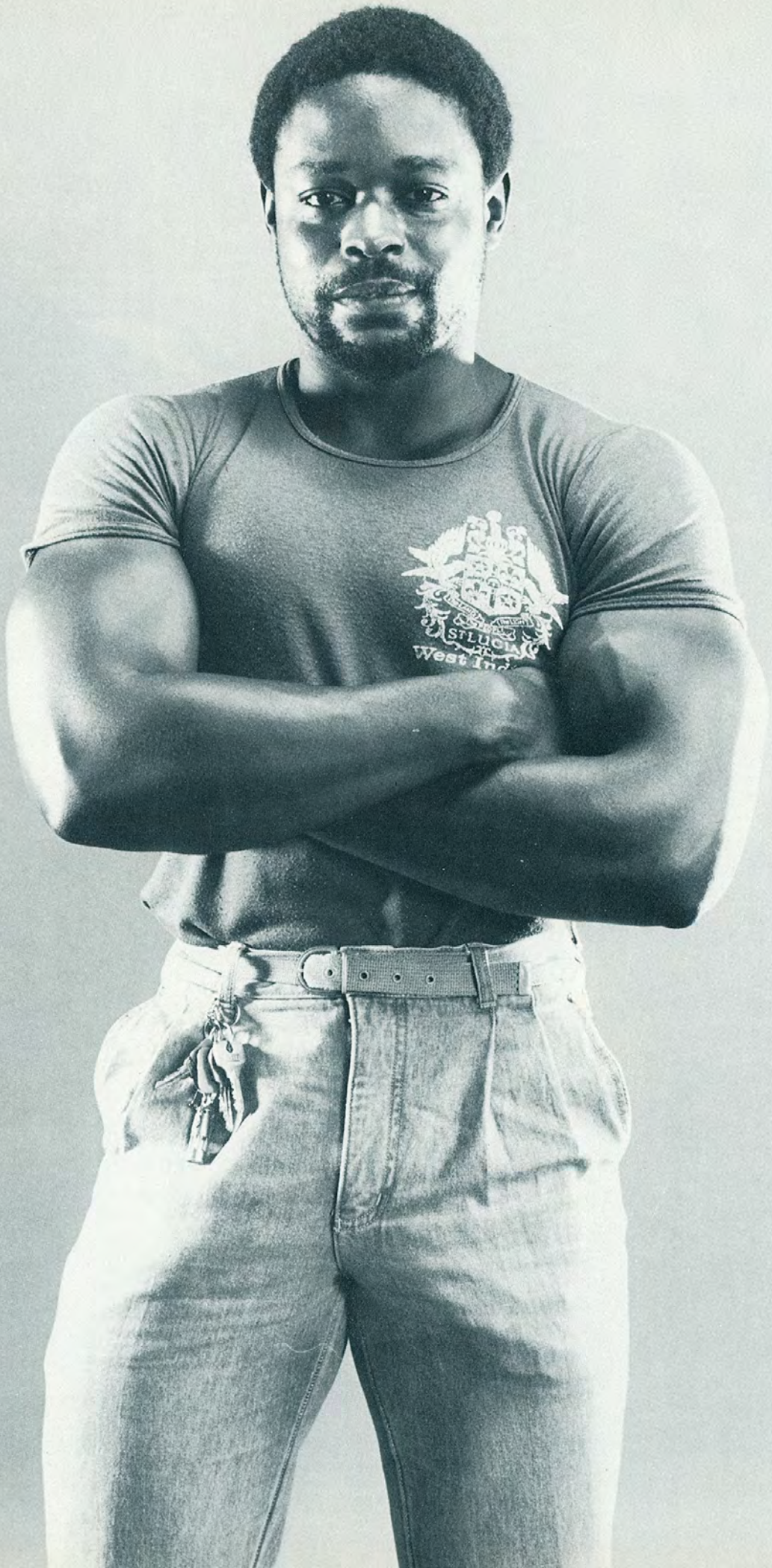


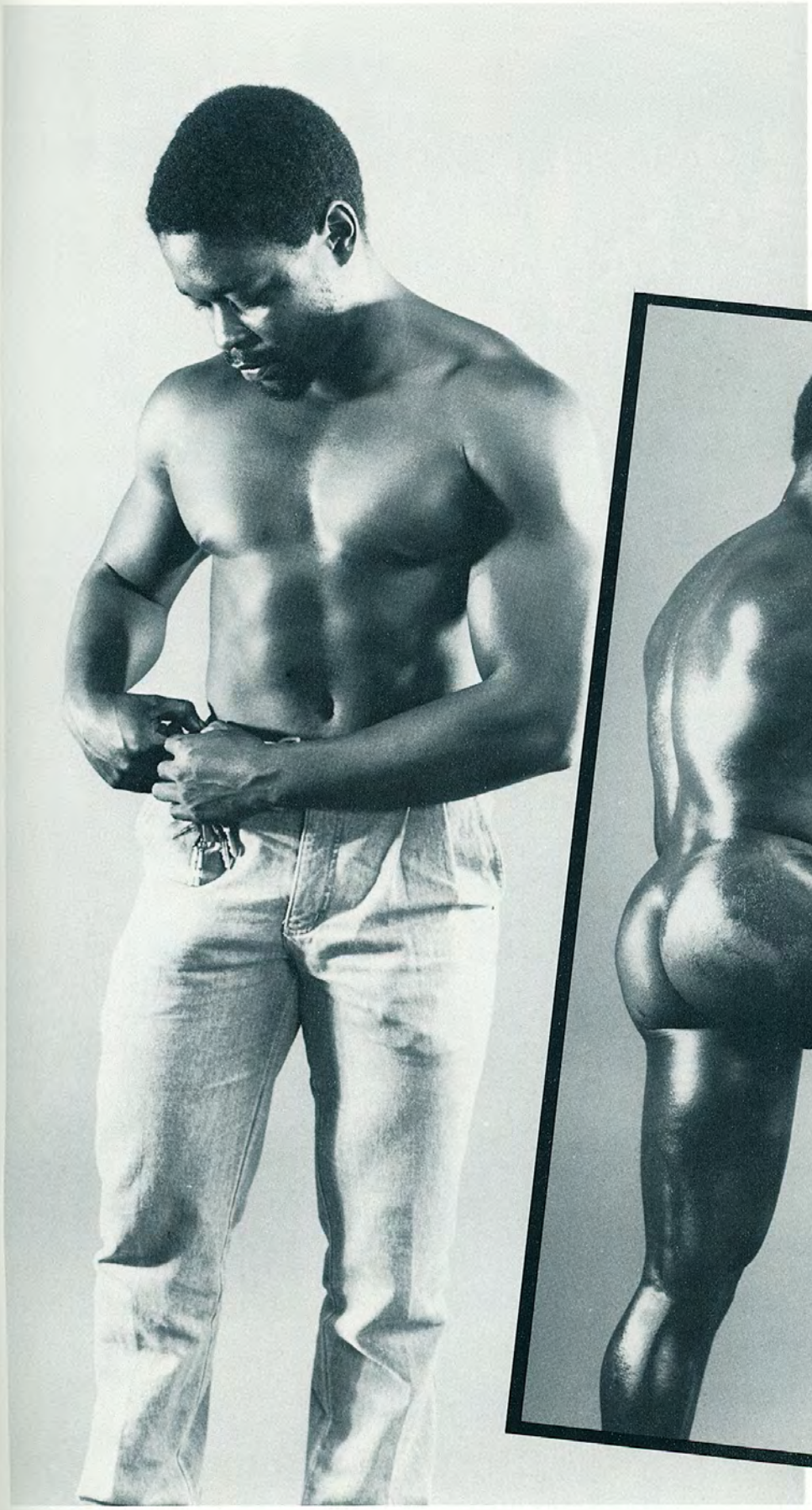
His father, Fernando Lamas, looked stunning in the fifties in Hollywood movies and now, Lorenzo Lamas, between his TV series, has made *Body Rock* which is on release now to tempt you. If you like him in *Falcon Crest* you'll love him on film.



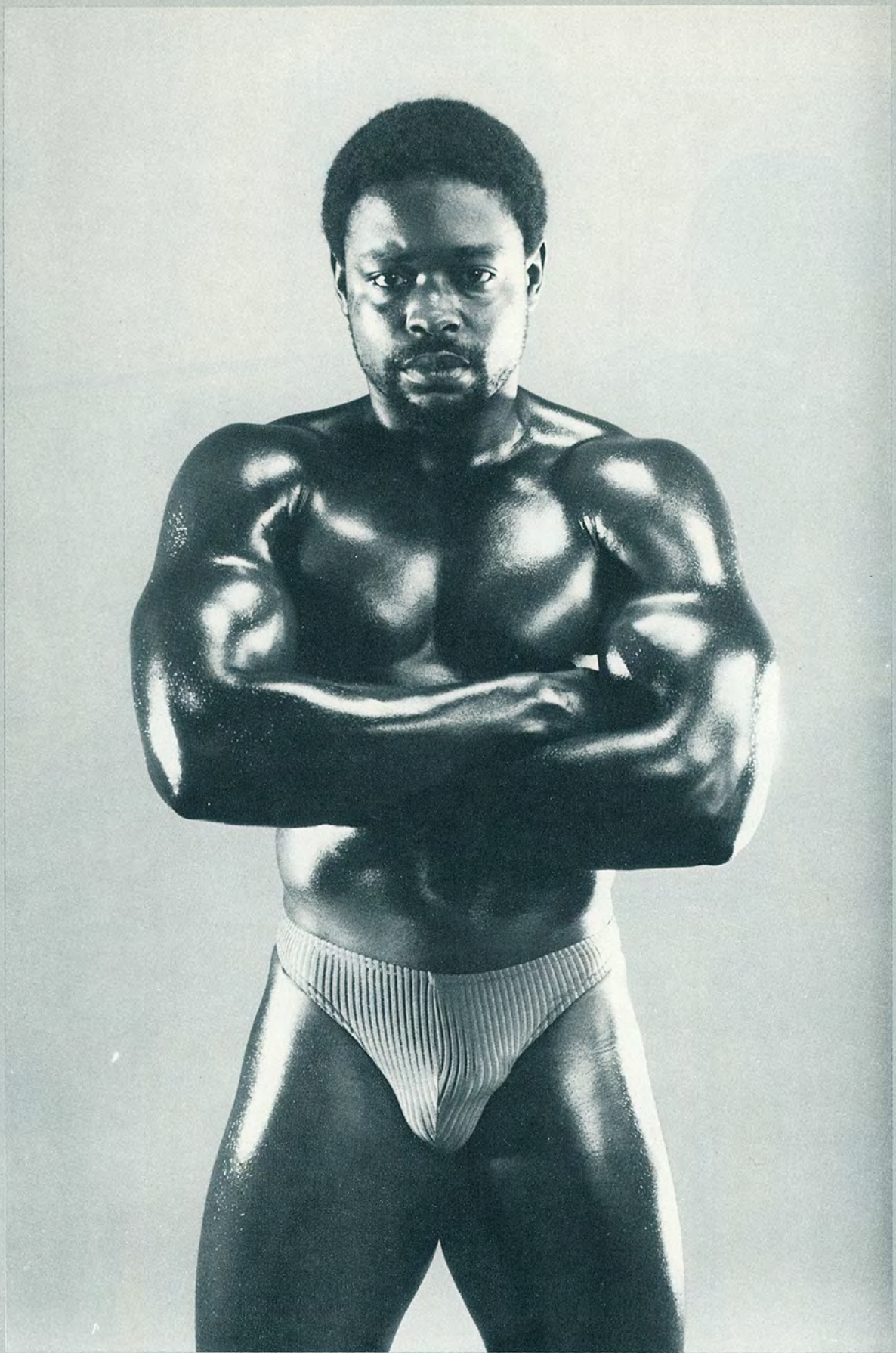
Elvin Gray

Photography by Alex McKenna


ST LUCIA









LON BARRINGTON photographed by MIKE ARLEN

WHAT THE F**K?

In the first of a two-part feature, Sex Therapist Pat Taylor looks at anal sex and related hang-ups, before getting down to the nitty gritty in the next issue.

When was the last time you saw a porn video or read a short story where fucking was anything short of a mind-blowing, earth-shattering experience? Usually it's a case of slight pain on entry, which, before you know it, has turned into ecstacy, then it's fucking with all the stops out till both collapse, drenched with sweat, in the most pleasurable of orgasms. Both partners, of course, come at the same time, and the guy being fucked doesn't even have to touch his cock, so overpowering is the pleasure!

This may be exciting to read but remember that is what it aims to do: to excite, not describe everyday reality for most of us! So if you're worried because your experiences don't match those I've just described, relax! Few people come to enjoy anal sex without experiencing a few hitches along the way. These can be minor things, such as finding the right position, or they can be so severe that they make anal (or any other kind of) sex impossible.

In a way it's surprising more men don't have problems with fucking when you consider the taboos and myths about anal sex. My own guess is that these have partly to do with the horror of contemporary society that sex can be purely for pleasure. Anal intercourse has always attracted severe penalties, sometimes even more so than rape! Western culture seems unable or unwilling to condone any sex that does not at least have the possibility of a baby as the end product. Anal sex seems to encapsulate all society's hang-ups: eg. sex as a *dirty* thing, sex for pleasure only, men being *passive*, and of course the danger of coming into contact with faeces (shit).

These hang-ups aren't natural, nor are they universal. As kids we get lots of pleasure from our bums, but we soon learn from those around us that our bums are *dirty* places, not nice to touch. Having a good crap can be pleasurable, but few are prepared to admit it! It is hard not to let the way we are brought up influence us and some people end up unable to feel any pleasure in their bums. It seems to me that two very common hang-ups are related to anal sex. The first is fear of faeces and the second is the fear of being *passive*. Let's look at each of these.

First shit. Yes, your bum is used to empty your bowels but your cock is used to empty your bladder and I've never yet met a man who could not get some pleasure from touching his prick! You can't ignore the fact that faeces are stored in this part of your body, but they are not normally contained in the rectum, except just prior to bowel movement. Diet can make a hell of a difference, so consciously increasing your intake of dietary fibre and not ignoring your body's signals to empty your bowels can help overcome this problem. If you need an enema to empty your bum on a regular basis, you're probably constipated, so give this matter some consideration. I know there are those who won't agree, but I do think that if you're scared you may not be clean analy, telling your partner about your fear if you're about to be fucked (or asking him if he's clean , if you are going to fuck him) is better than being neurotically obsessed with being spotlessly clean.

Paying attention to hygiene can help a lot: eg. washing your cock thoroughly after fucking (with soap and water). Don't suck the cock that's just been up your bum, and *rimming*, while it's very arousing, is also a great way of catching a variety of serious illnesses. Also stick to cocks and fingers. Other things going up your bum can get stuck or lost and can seriously harm you.

The second common problem involves the notion of being *passive*. It's the last thing men are brought up to be and *passive* men are looked down on by straight men, and unfortunately, by some gay men who treat them the way straight men treat women. Comments like: 'He's been fucked so often it's like the Mersey Tunnel there' do nothing to help either! Anyway, I prefer the term *receptive*, which, to me seems more true to life since if fucking is going to be any good for most people, it requires the cooperation of both partners. *Receptive* qualities such as trust (essential for good, safe fucking) are, I think, admirable ones. The ability to relax and receive is an asset not a loss. Anyway, a lot of men don't stick rigorously to one role, but are flexible.

If your approach to anal sex is to grit your teeth and hope for the best, it may be that you need to think about what being fucked means to you.... pleasure? Pain? Domination? While the feeling of being physically/sexually dominated can be intensely pleasurable, it does not mean you need to lie there like a sack of potatoes, letting your partner do all the work, ramming it up your bum (and possibly tearing your anal/rectal muscles in the process!)

Next issue we'll look at how to get in control of these muscles, practical ways of overcoming these hang-ups we've talked about and approaching anal sex sensibly.

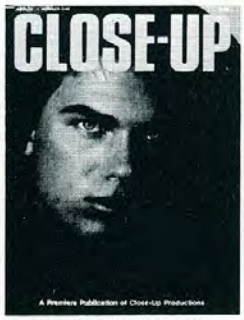


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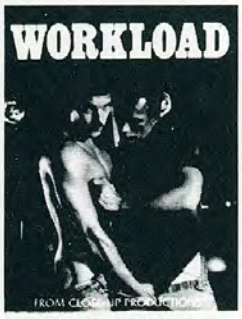
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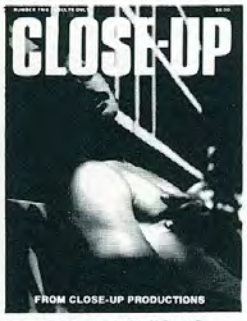
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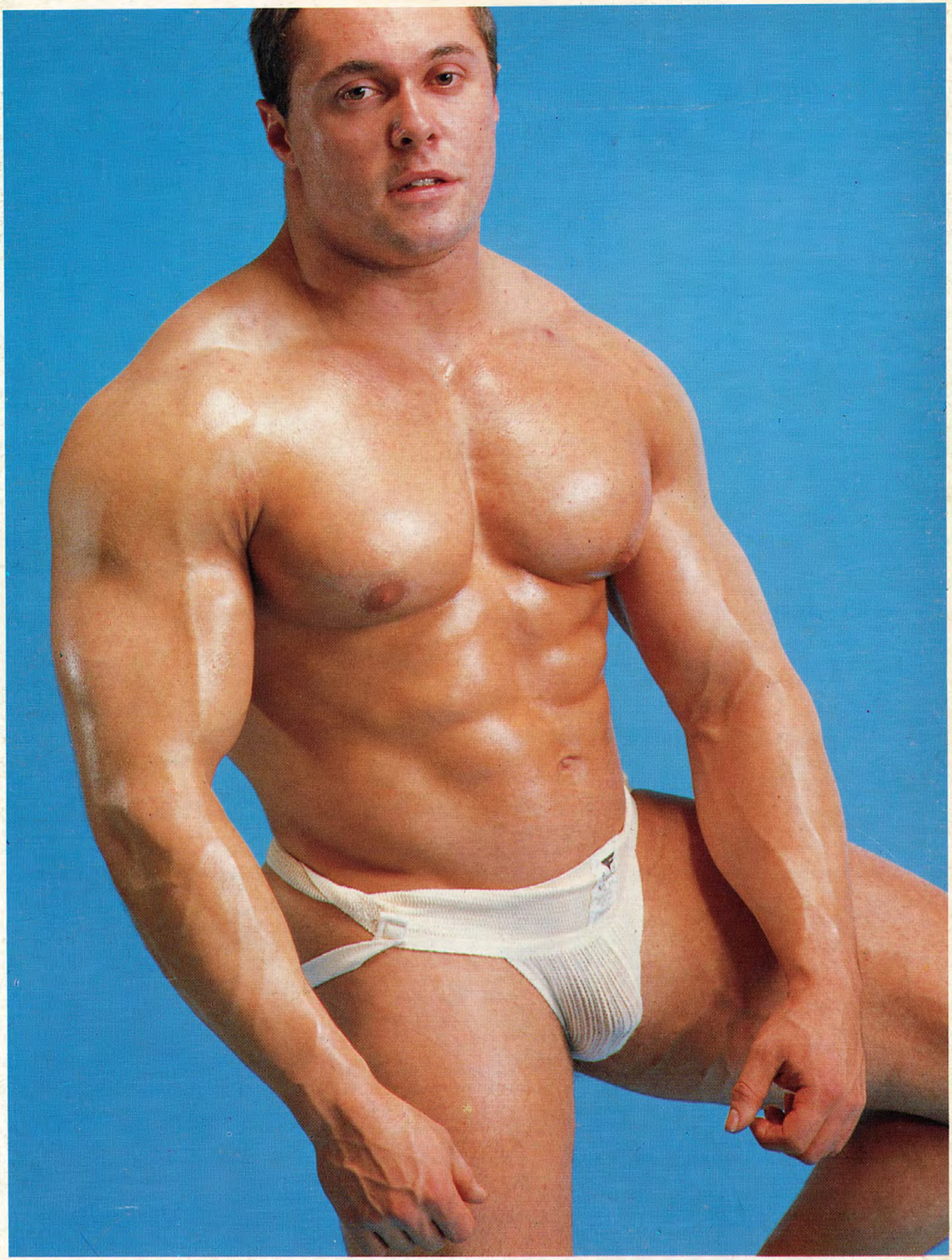
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