ALEX McKENNA'S

Zipper

The No.1 Gay Magazine

Adults Only £2·50

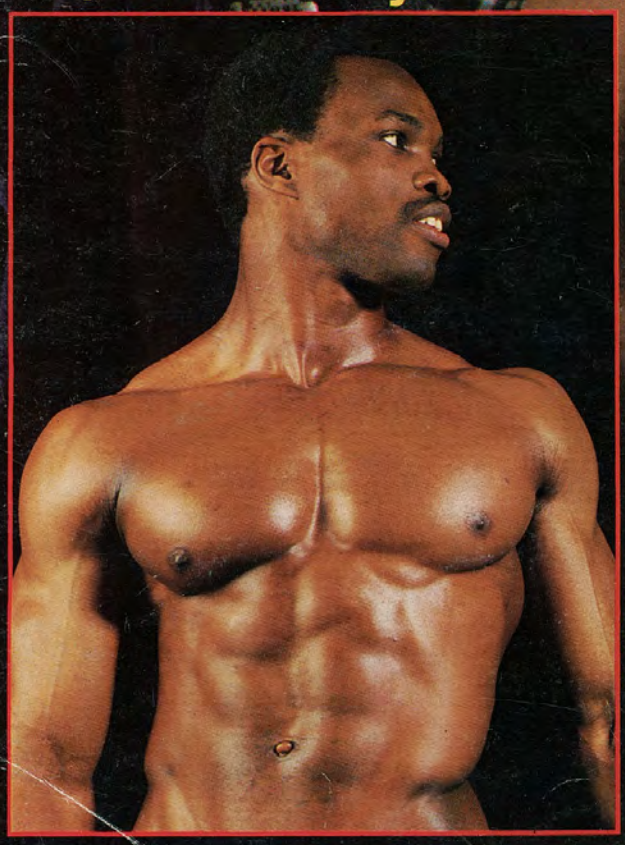
Issue 28

Zipper Sex Survey

We Want to Know All About You!

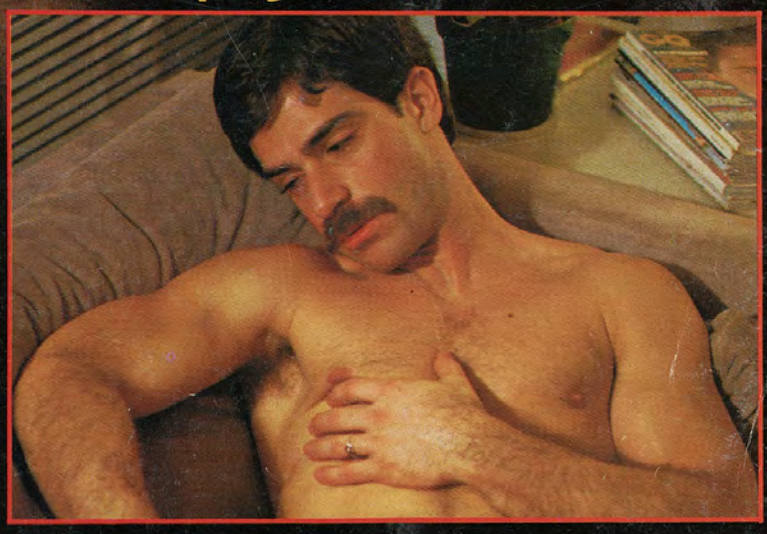
A Gay Truck Driver

Interviewed by Jeff Grace



Meet Mr Right

Through our Contact pages





ALEX McKENNA'S

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Alex's Pitch.

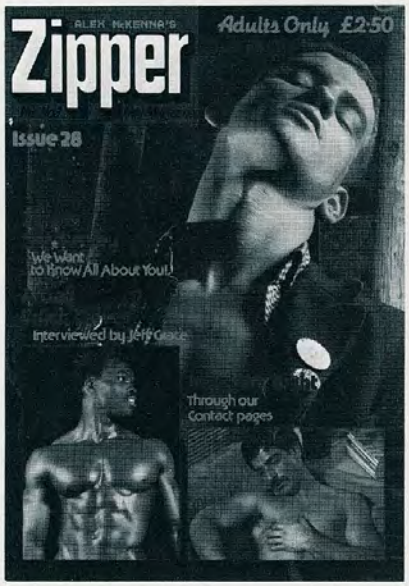
EDITORIAL

There's so much going on here at Zipper Building currently, that I am shaking with excitement. As you can see, we are making a few changes to the magazine, particularly the design and typography. When a magazine is selling as well as Zipper is, it's very tempting to get complacent, so now's the time to start dreaming up new ideas, and using new people.

The present legal situation being so puzzling, we may have to consider even more changes to the magazine, like making it available only on Subscription; or selling it in plain brown wrappers; or sealing it up in cellophane, so schoolkids can't look inside. In spite of what Members of Parliament are saying about the spread of "pornography"; far fewer shops sell sex magazines now than at any time in the last ten years. And as far as the personal ads go, we'll have to wait and see what judgement comes out of the Paedophile Information Exchange trial. Okay, it's all about kids, but if they have to twist the Law round to nail 'em, as it appears, then any form of gay personal ad would be a risk. We quote from "Gay Noise":

"Judge Leonard has accepted Lord Reid's judgement of the "IT" case that the 1967 Act only legalised acts in private under strict conditions, while homosexuality itself remained in Law as a corrupting sexual behaviour. This Leonard applied, for example, to gay bars. Although these might be "merely a rather nice bar in the right place in the right part of London", in which case it would not be the publican's fault if his hostelry was inundated with homosexuals. The situation would be different if the publican "did nothing about it", or put advertisements in newspapers – thus allowing for the possibility of a Charge of Conspiracy to Corrupt Public Morals. Under the "case law" being developed out of the PIE trial, the Police would also have a free hand to investigate any relationship between child and adult for the purpose of maintaining public "morality". At present the trial is devoting most of its attention to homosexuality, putting at risk every single gay bar, group, newspaper, in fact any situation in which two or more homosexuals have something to do with each other.

Where will it end? Are they planning to bring out a Law to prevent Heavy Breathing after 10pm, or Being Sick without a Licence? "I am arresting you for Unlawfuly being Critical of the Establishment over the Phone"



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THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN

Another Court case under way has similar implications for gay people – that of Michael Bogdanovitch, director of the National Theaatre play, **The Romans in Britain.** Following a recent hearing, Bogdanovich has once again been remanded on bail; charged under the Sexual Offences Act.

The summons against him was instigated by Mrs Mary Whitehouse, the woman who thinks she has a right to force her unpalatable brand of religion down the throats of people who know better. She alleges that the Director **procured the commission by a man of an act of gross indecency with another man.** By that I suppose she means fucking! The scene which has caused all the fuss is one of **simulated** homosexual rape. How she reckons a simulation is as good



as the **actual** thing I don't know. (I have yet to meet someone who can't tell Real McCoy when it happened). If she gets away with it, they'll be able to hang the Butler in an Agatha Christie play, for **simulated** murder!

IS THE GEAR THAT IMPORTANT?

So many places now you can't visit unless you're dressed **right**. I naturally resent this, for reasons which become obvious once you have met me! The tattiest, sloppiest dresser in Camden Town; and that **includes** the drunks and winos! Having got a publicity leaflet from **Subway** – American style Disco Cruise Bar – I gazed acidly at the "Dress Code". Leather, denim, uniform, western gear, construction gear, but nothing else. Having worked out long ago that I look ridiculous in any of that, it does make visiting these new bars so sodding difficult! I found myself thinking: Could I get away with a **nurse's** uniform? Or my favourite old **brown** leather jacket? Would Western gear include a **Dolly Parton** number? I know the idea is that if the gear's butch, it will keep away all manner of disgusting queens. And quite right too, they have got **Yours or Mine** to pose in, what else do they want? No. I don't question the **idea** of a masculine-type bar – just the **artificial** way it all turns out: The leather is always overdone. The uniforms look wrong, nothing like a real soldier's. The construction gear is obviously unused; and the denim is overclean, neatly pressed and unfailingly as twee as a velvet jacket on a Brighton antique-dealer. Why can't the next gay fashion be the natural, earthy look?

But if you find you can **cope with the fancy dress, Subway is at 28 Leicester Square, WC2, the best nights being Friday and Saturday, we are told. (10pm to 3.30am.)**

NEW TITLES TO LOOK OUT FOR

Our new glossy meat-photo magazine, **OVERLOAD**, is due out any day, with pictures and models that no one's seen before! Everything from chunky sailors, tough skinheads and tattooed scaffolders, to young enticing blonds in addition to some of the best hung people you've ever seen! **Overload** is a quality production, with full colour, and more pictures and steamy sensuality than most people can imagine . . . We've got the cream of British manhood for your inspection. Get it while you can . . . **Overload** won't be in the shops. We don't want such a good book to get fingered and creased in the usual seedy newsagents. **We want you to get Overload straight from us!** That way we keep the price down to a lean, hard £3. Send it now, with 50p P&P for your own personal **Overload**.

Readers of our story mag **Gay Confessions** will be keen to read the new issue, number 7, out soon. It's been completely redesigned. New cover. New style of stories PLUS real-life Confessions from all types of guys. They tell it like it is – and you'll want to hear what they say. Get **Gay Confessions** right now.

The third mag to hit you soon is the latest issue of **L'Adolescent**. The first two sold like hot cakes, and the third volume is no exception! Lots of young, smooth, tender bodies . . . Over Sixteen but still very sweet . . . **but on the not-so-sweet side**, that heavy man's book, **The Leatherman's Handbook** is in print again, price £2.50 from the usual places. It's like an S&M Bible!

IF YOU LOATHE IAN PAISLEY . . . CLAP YOUR HANDS

Friends of the infinitely disgusting "Reverend" Ian Paisley will be delighted to hear that his picture appears regularly in **Gay Noise**, the fortnightly paper. As a fund-raising idea, they've divided up his



picture into 100 squares, and for every £5 donation they get, they'll remove one square of Paisley's face from the page. Eventually, if you're all generous to the point of no return, his evil boat-race should disappear completely, leaving **Gay Noise** once again free from all household germs. Send your fiver to: Gay Noise, BM Gay Noise, London WC1N 6XX.

THE 1981 GAY GUIDE FROM "REVOLT"

Over the last two or three years, many people have asked us to recommend a gay guide they can take on holiday. Until now there's only been a rather large, heavy and over-printed directory called Spartacus, which we consider far too bulky to travel with, and which you certainly can't slip in a pocket! Now at last **Revolt** have produced a neat, pocket-size Guidebook to most of the countries you'll want when summer comes. (Who wants to trek to Greenland or Burma or Upper Volta for a suntan?)

Revolt have concentrated on 39 countries most people want, and they've listed all the gay places you'll need to visit. **Cutting out all that wasted space that Spartacus is filled with. And the comments about expensive how schoolboys are to Rent!** We reckon that Zipper readers can cope without the Child Prostitute angle.

Another good point in favour of **Revolt Guide** is that it contains a section on the USA and Canada, surely the most likely target for gay travellers after Amsterdam! (Curiously the overblown Spartacus cannot find room for America at all! Yet it manages to include **Gabon**, which you can hardly call a gay Mecca!)

We reckon Revolt Guide is the only thing you need to find your way around, and at less than half the price of the other guide, it's much better value!

STORMY WEATHER BLOWING UP

As I type, there is yet another Parliamentary drive to get the **Independent Displays Bill** through. (This is intended to "clean up" Soho, and all that sort of thing.) Finally it looks like it will become Law, so we've had to try to figure out how that will affect Zipper. This is not as easy as it sounds, guys, because the wording of the law is so **vague**, it's hopeless!

For all we know, newsagents **could** be taken to court for displaying an indecent magazine,

even when the **cover itself** is not. The new Bill seems woolly on the subject. If the worst comes to the worst, we'd all have to switch to Subscription sales. This would mean no copies of Zipper, or anything else, in the shops and you'd have to get it through the Post. (Or come to the Zipper shop in London!) The best thing is to get your Subscription in now. By the time we find out we can't sell our magazines in the newsagents, it'll be too late to tell our readers, and thousands of you will think we've just stopped publishing. (**We won't**!) Get us on Subscription!

ZIPPER READERS' CLUB

We shall shortly be issuing plastic Zipper Club Cards to readers, subscribers and all customers, so that you can produce it upon entering the Zipper Store, and other establishments. People that don't have the Card on them will be charged 1p admission to the store. All this is to ensure that the shop is not classified as a "Public Place", where indecent pictures are banned!

We hope to have other uses for the Card as well, including admission to special Zipper events. More of that soon.

HOW ABOUT DOING YOUR BIT FOR FREEDOM

With Whitehouse & Co being given a free hand to dominate the rest of us, it is about time we organised some **Resistance!** Below are two addresses which need your letters. They are the organizers of groups that hope to mobilise the opposition to the new Puritans, and they both need the help and cash from people like us who don't need old women to tell us what to do.

Firstly: The **National Campaign for the Repeal of the Obscene Publications Act, (NCROPA), 15 Sloane Court West, London SW3 4TD.** Membership is £2, and it's aims are obvious.

Secondly: **The Rational Viewers and Listeners Association, (Organizer Tony Egan,) 14 Conygham Road, Victoria Park, Manchester.** This is a new group intended to rival Mary's own clean-up-TV brigade, and fight her on her own ground. So if you think something ought to be done about Her, just send along an SAE for details.

THE NEW ZIPPER CODE FOR PERSONAL ADS

For a number of reasons we've decided to replace a lot of the wording in Zipper personal ads with a simple basic code. This will save space in the magazine!

Using the colour hanky code in last issue you can work out the code for your interests, and pass-times. Always start your personal code with either "A" (for active) or "p" (for passive). The capital letters are generally for Masterful types, and the small letters for the Takers!

Active:	Passive:	Colour:
S	m	black
B	b	grey
G	g	navy
O	o	skyblue
R	r	green
U	u	olive/khaki
W	w	yellow
D	d	tan
F	f	red
X	x	brown
Z	z	white

To make it easy, we have translated the ads in the current issue, giving them a code, where possible.

WARNING!
The new Indecent Display Law, if passed, will make it more and more difficult to see Zipper in newsagents! Make sure you reserve your copy at a bookshop, or better still, send your Subscription in beforehand. There's so much good stuff coming up that you won't want to miss!

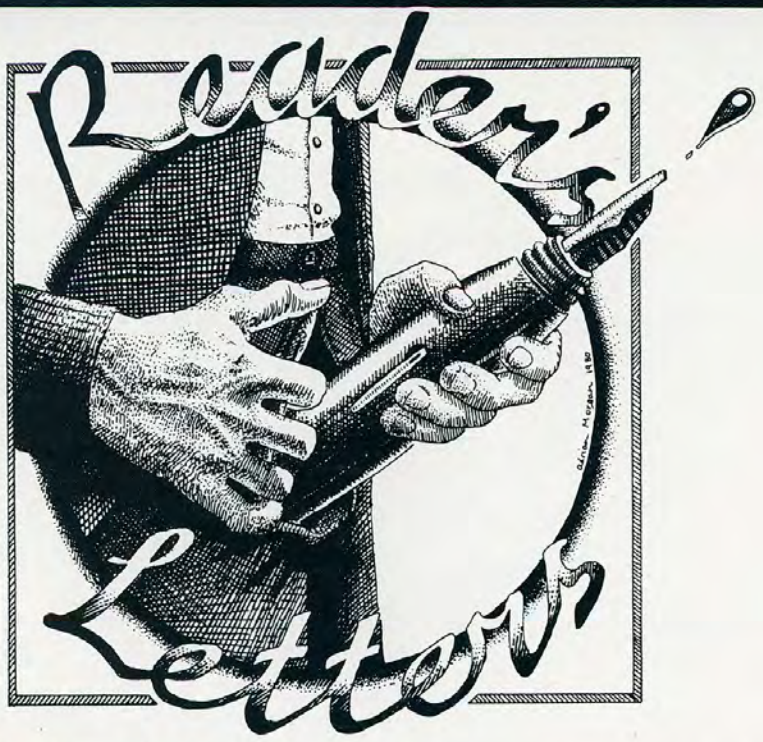
It's Sissy if you don't.

Why do people Subscribe to magazines like Zipper and Mister? Especially when they can get their copy each month at a newsagent?

The answer's simple: The sheer convenience of knowing that you're not missing out on any copies, and that you don't have to check the news stand every day to see if it's arrived. **Sometimes it never does arrive at certain newsagents!**

Make sure you get yours, and save yourself money too! Subscribe today. And remember: When a magazine goes up in price – you're still getting it at the old price!





READER GETS A LITTLE KRUGER-RANDY

Dear Alex: This might come as a surprise to you, getting a letter from South Africa, because our laws here are unreal. A friend of mine who was in England last year posted Zipper number 19 out to me, and I nearly creamed my jeans when I read it. It's fabulous. I would be really grateful if you could publish my letter. By the way I am 40, dark hair, with a golden all-over tan. Well hung. My body's a bit like Ed on page 30, not too big yet not too small. I am 6 feet tall. I have a house with a large swimming-pool in a secluded ½-acre garden, so I am able to swim and sunbathe in the nude. Unfortunately the gay scene is a very closed shop here. I only know a few, but I am sure there are more, but they all seem to stick to their partners. There's no club to go to, to meet new friends, so I am slightly naive about things mentioned in your magazine.

Like – what **is** a cock ring? And how much is one? It sounds very sexy, and I would like one. What do they mean when they say guys into **shorts, jeans and mud, and grease types?** That sounds so strange, yet sexy. I am getting a hard-on and all wet just writing this letter to you.

Norman 8", Natal, South Africa

Dear Norm: We seem to be getting more and more letters from South Africa these days. I doubt if things will ever be free in that country. Even when the Afrikaner is ousted, the black state will be no easier on sex. Most African states are very uptight on things, being Islamic, or bitterly Christian, or occasionally dried-up Marxist. Why people can't just be left to enjoy themselves I'll never understand! I liked the comment about the gay scene being a "closed shop". You don't have to join a Union you know! It's no secret society either. The gay scene is what you make it. Yes, YOU. — ALEX.

NIGHT-WORKERS WANTED!

Dear Alex: I am a 26 year-old West Midlands Security Guard working five nights per week including Bank Holidays. Although I enjoy my work, especially since I feel a value to the Community, to be able to start up, let alone maintain a relationship proves very difficult indeed.

I have continually tried to meet up with someone else who works similar hours, but with no success. What is going on? Out of what must be several hundred night workers in my area am I the only one who is gay? Or is it that others feel, as I am starting to at this rate, that cottaging and one-night stands are as good as they are ever going to get? I certainly hope not, since by and large night-workers reflect the better standards of one's profession. It is obvious that a good many decent people are going down the drain in this way.

Hopefully this letter might prompt other readers to write in with some suggestions.

Richard, West Midlands.

★ Dear Richard: I will pass on any readers letters I get for you. So, boys, if you're in the Midlands, and work nights, why not give Dick a try? —ALEX.

THE REVERSE POSITION

Dear Alex: My friend and I are, as you know subscribers to your excellent mag. We felt that Issue 26 was just moisturising to the front of our pants! Where do you get those beautiful bodies? I am sure I am not the only guy who loves to wank in the reverse position but I have never seen any reference to it and it's always been one of my favourite positions. I see Dr. Hamble refers to his own particular masturbation method. For this position you need to roll on the bed, or floor of the bathroom, so that the back of the neck is on the floor and you can go up with your toes against the wall so that you are positioned with your mouth directly under erect prick. By lovely rubbing you can bring yourself almost to ejaculation but then balance away from the wall so that your knob is nearer your mouth and then as the hot cream spurts out it drops into your mouth immediately underneath. In the heat of the moment spunk will also spurt on to your face, but this all helps to heighten the supreme enjoyment. In a bathroom you can position mirrors either side so that you can see the jissom spurt into your mouth. After orgasm you can lay full length and relax, that is so health-giving, and again if you've run a bath ready, slip into a bath or have a refreshing shower. I'm sure your readers, who have tried swallowing their own cum and tasting its joys may like to try this super-wank taste-and-see. A new book on masturbation techniques would be well-sought after. How about 'Zipper' going into this field? With a wank you can always get the precise timing right to suit your mood and it's the best fun out – on your own, of course, as we all know that there are times when a 'mate' is not around when you are feeling particularly randy

Carry on the excellent pics.

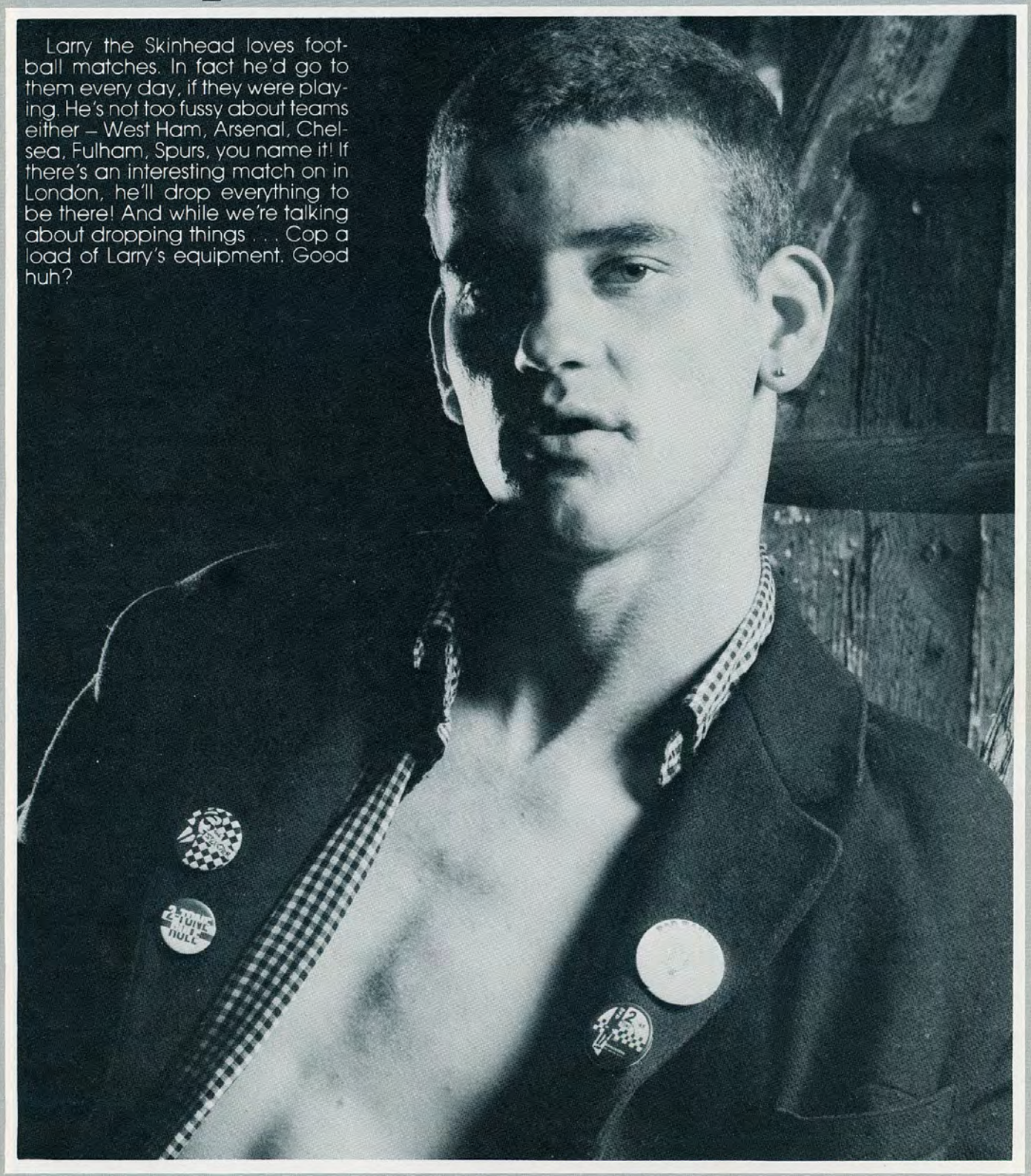
Yours, upside down,

Norman A., London.

p.27

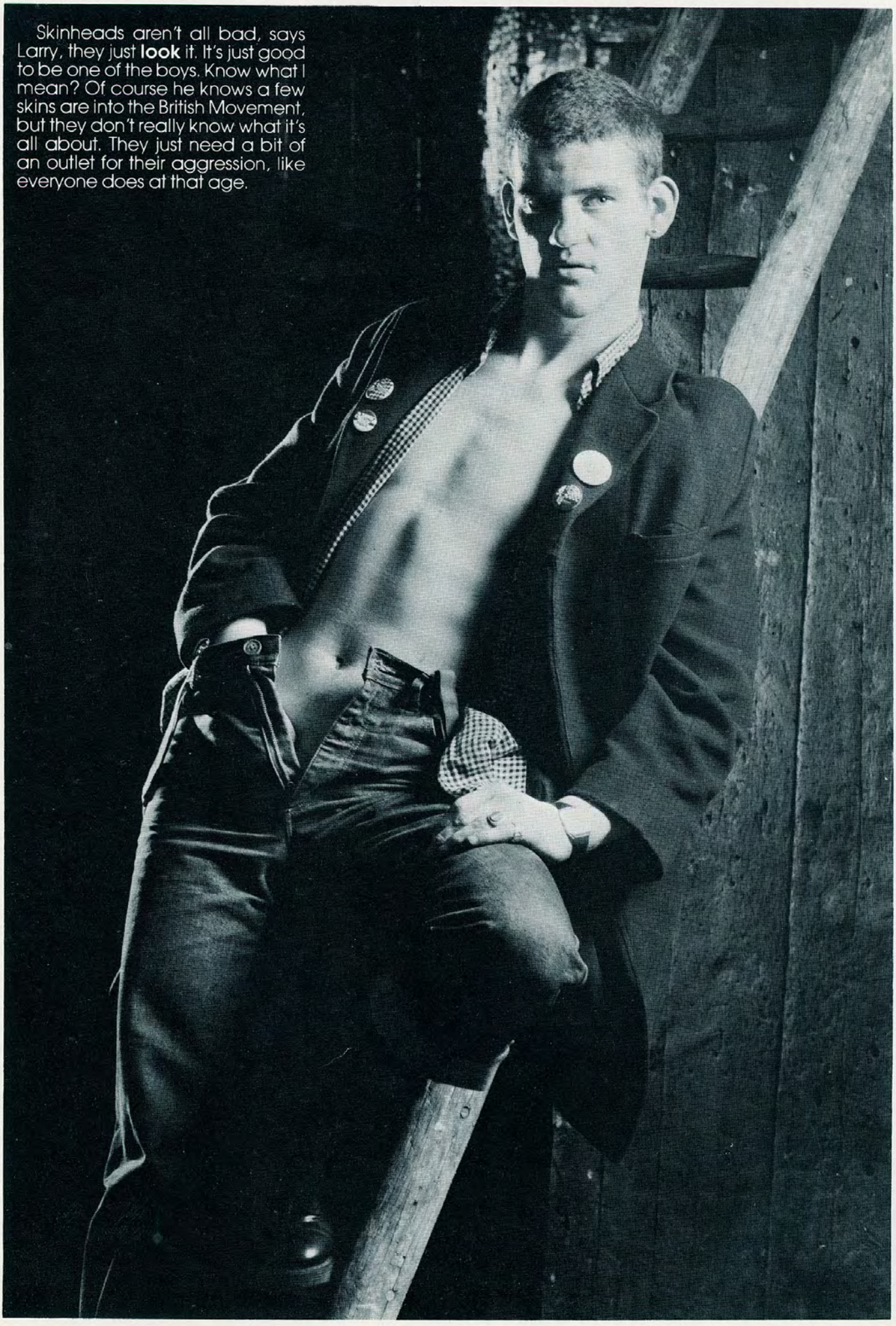
When You Feel Like a Skinhead:

Larry Harris

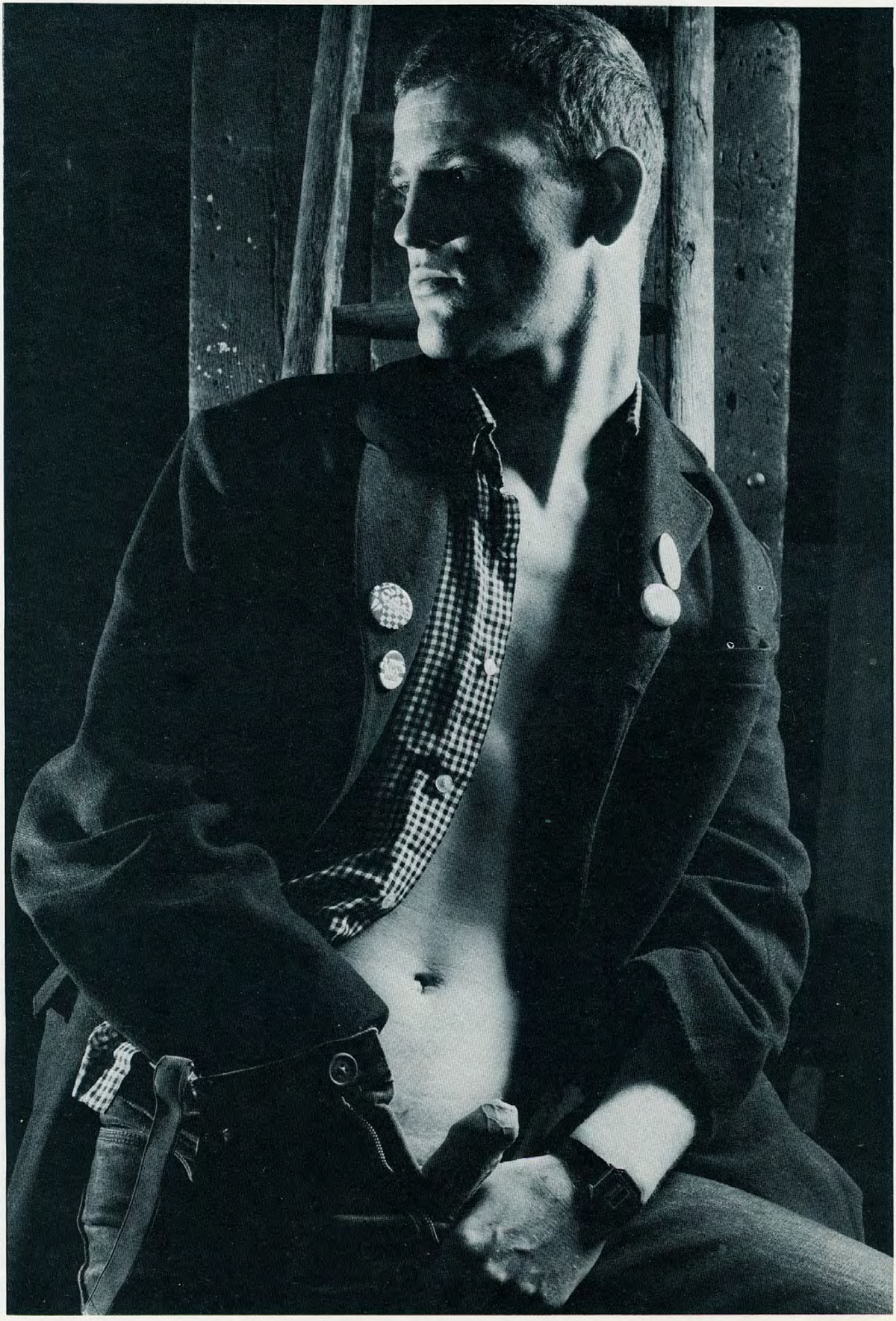


Larry the Skinhead loves football matches. In fact he'd go to them every day, if they were playing. He's not too fussy about teams either – West Ham, Arsenal, Chelsea, Fulham, Spurs, you name it! If there's an interesting match on in London, he'll drop everything to be there! And while we're talking about dropping things . . . Cop a load of Larry's equipment. Good huh?

is your man



Skinheads aren't all bad, says Larry, they just **look** it. It's just good to be one of the boys. Know what I mean? Of course he knows a few skins are into the British Movement, but they don't really know what it's all about. They just need a bit of an outlet for their aggression, like everyone does at that age.





These shots by Zipper photographer **Vex**, will give you some idea of how skinheads are underneath: They're flesh and blood just like everyone else, although in this case, the flesh is rather more interesting than the usual guy.

PICTURES BY VEX. (Zipper Studios)



Mike Arlen's Guys. Vol.5. Latest in this super series. £3.50



Bronco. One's very hung, the other's blond . £3.50



Hot Rods No.6. Hot coupling and action! £3.00



France Blueboy No.2 Latest, all-colour edition £4



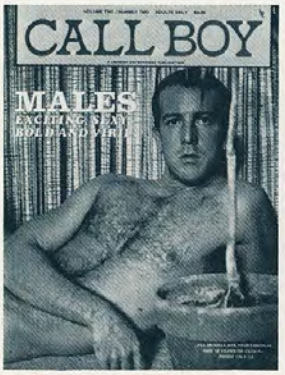
Emmanuel. Two volumes of girls with cocks & tits . . . . . £3.00 ea.



Work Men No.1. Young chunky guys in heat! £4



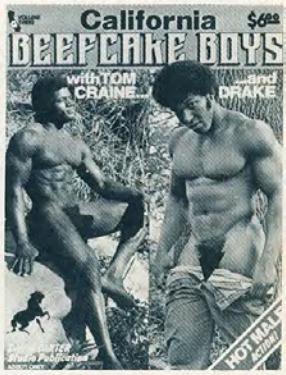
Colt Presents—Denim! Big, muscle-guys as you like 'em £3.50



Call Boy No.2. One or two choice numbers for everyone £3



Teenage Dream. No.2. Young guys, all over 18, naked . . £3



California Beefcake Boys. The biggest blackest guys! ..... £3.



ALEX McKENNA'S

Zipper VIDEO

BRINGING YOU THE BEST & GAYEST

WORKOUT

The brand new full-length gay film from HIM. **WORKOUT** was made specially with the demands of Video in mind. We've rounded up all your favourite HIM models to throw at massive **Morgan** one, two, or three at a time. The action takes place in a huge building – "The Ultimate Gymnasium", and the sign on the door says "Inside this building all a man's fantasies can become reality" . . . **VHS/BETA.**

£39.95

Starring **MORGAN WINNER**



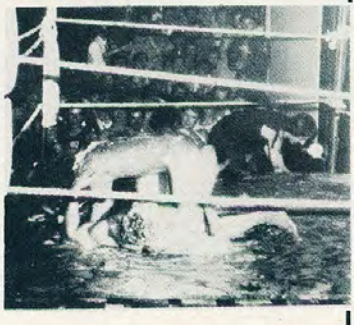




GAY OLYMPICS

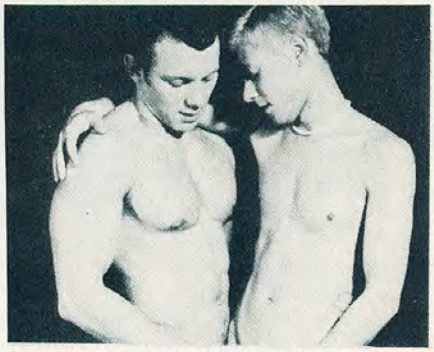
The first full-hour of Video Erotica from HIM FILMS Videocassettes features **Mud Wrestling, Footballin'** and the full 20 minute version of our film **Sweatbox, Ben, The Muscleman, Steve Jones, Graham Hale & Paul Valentino** and a selection of the finest **HIM Models** star. If there is ever a **Gay Olympics** we bet it won't be half as much fun! **VHS/BETA.**

£39.95



Join the GAY VIDEO CLUB!! & get the inside News PLUS Discounts!

BEEFY BEN & THE KID.

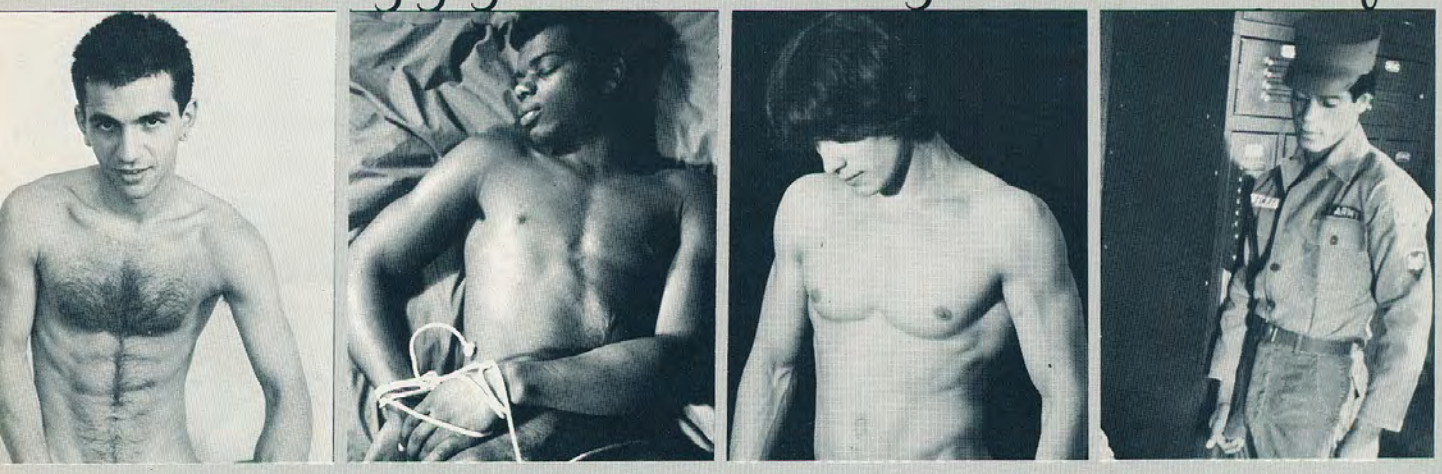


A young beautiful blond meets big meatman **BEN CARTER** . . . Both are very well endowed.

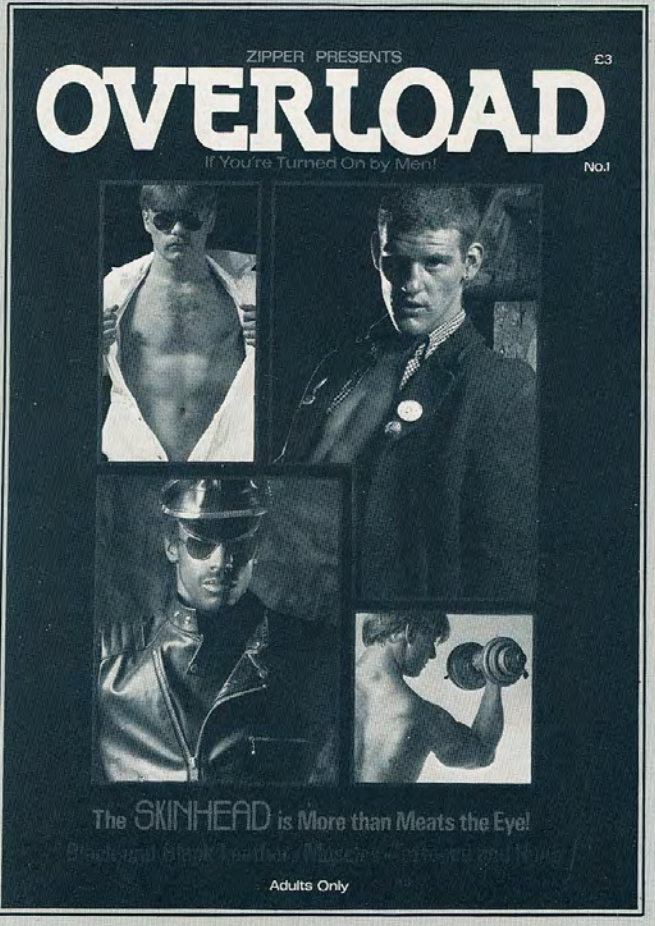
£36.00

Please indicate □ VHS / □ Beta

Raunchy guys & Dicks like you've never seen before!



Get Overload.



OVERLOAD is Coming . . . so watch out!

Guys like you've never seen them before . . . Skinheads, muscular blacks, beautiful young blonds, hairy tattooed labourers, the best hung blokes in the football team . . . the sexiest raunchiest types available! Every picture is exclusive to OVERLOAD. And most of the models too! So you won't see our electrifying goodies **anywhere** else . . . **you gotta get OVERLOAD!**

RESERVE YOUR COPY OF "OVERLOAD" Now. Special Price: £3.00. Only from:– ZIPPER OVERLOAD, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1 7BX

Blow your Fuses!

According to Mike Arlen

MY MODELS AREN'T THAT BAD COMPARED TO A FEW CELEBRITIES I KNOW!

My thanks to everyone who wrote sympathetic letters to me after reading my piece in issue 26 about how many of my models have made me suffer in the past. But maybe I should have mentioned somewhere in that plea in the night that I had the best possible training for handling the mentally maladjusted, for since my mid-teens I've been writing show business features on the world's best known celebrities for women's magazines. And it taught me from an early age that it doesn't matter in which direction your sexual inclinations happen to be—great wealth frequently does not bring great wisdom with it. And if more than a few of the rich bitches I've covered haven't displayed what I consider to be my kind of commonsense—should I be surprised if my models don't either?

At one time I would make endless excuses for having caught favourites of mine on one of their off days. Like Shirley Bassey who was particularly unco-operative in the mid-sixties when her husband of the time, Kenneth Hume, got me briefly involved with her. But as Mr. Hume, who died later, was quite a problem to live with, I put it down to that. However, when Shirely got herself a spectacular hunk of Italian masculinity called Sergio to the altar I thought, as her basic needs were now being fulfilled, everyone would have an easier time around her. But during that marriage she admitted in a newspaper interview that when she and her husband with another couple had been at a nightclub together, and Shirley felt the waiter wasn't giving her the attention she deserved, she dashed across the room and slapped his face soundly. What her Italian husband felt at that moment is not on record.

There are ladies I love who leave me stunned by their behaviour, like Diana Dors, who announced almost before Elvis Presley was in the coffin that her affair with him had been a magical part of her Hollywood youth —in a great deal of detail. It reminded me of the endless guys who claimed intimacy with Marilyn Monroe—after she was no longer around to deny it.

The charm of Joan Collins has always eluded me. But my heart went out to her children when I read a serialization of the Collins life in which she proudly announced the many men she had featured between sheets. Does she, I wondered, have so little thought that she cannot visualize how this information will be relayed amongst the schoolfriends of her children. Nobody is as spiteful as children when they want to torment one of their number.

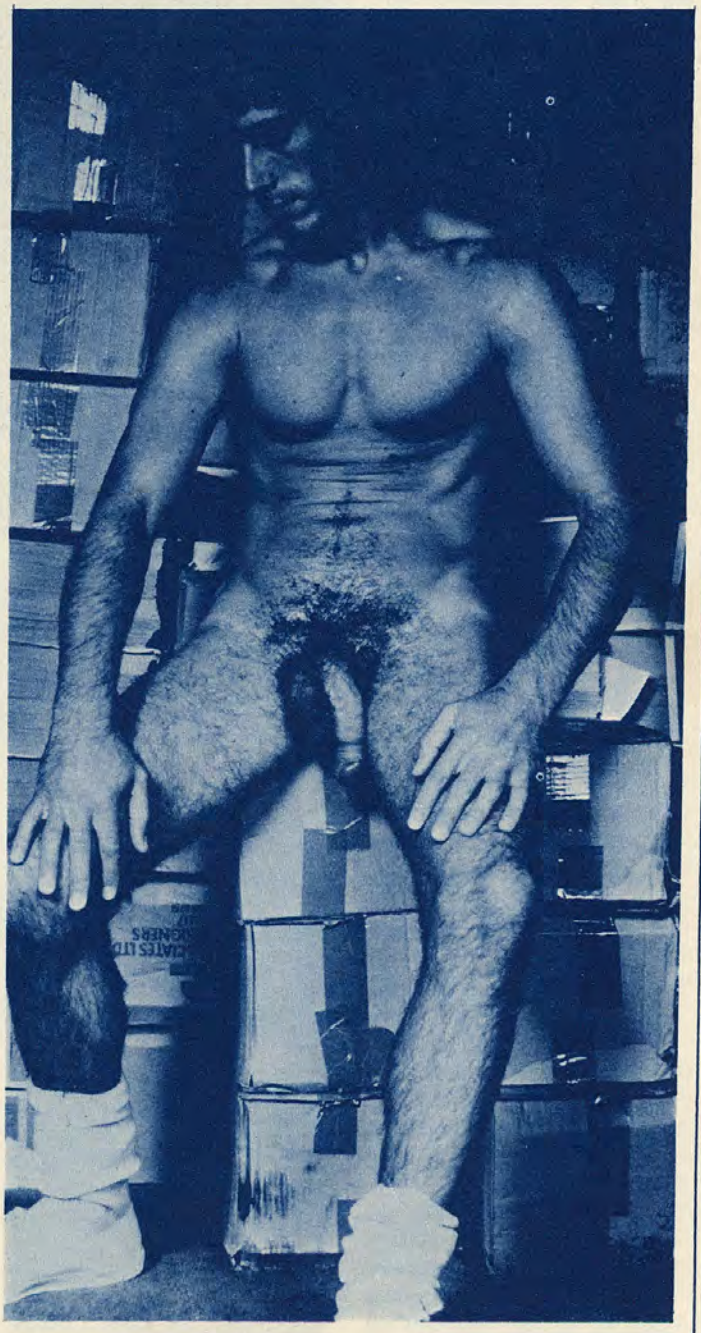
I've long since realised my values are not the values of many show business celebrities. Yet I'm still a Dorothy Squires fan although, at a party of hers many moons ago, she made her guests sit and listen to both sides of her latest LP and gave withering looks to anyone who talked through it. She would probably explain now that they insisted on hearing it. As great a performer as Dot is—that may well be her kind of logic.

If You Were a Billionaire.

One of the great advantages of being a billionaire is that you can afford to indulge in an outrageous lack of commonsense. Like Marlon Brando does when, after arriving at airports, he grabs and breaks the cameras of waiting photographers and is quite happy to pay thousands in settling it out of court. Maybe he feels that as some people break crockery to let of steam, why shouldn't he break a few cameras if he is prepared to pay for them?

If anyone has ever told you that you have no talent and are wasting your time in your current endeavours, be comforted by Alan Jay Lerner, the lyricist for all those unforgettable songs in *'My Fair Lady'*. In the early stages of writing it he and his partner, composer Fritz Loewe, had a call from Richard Halliday, the husband of a top Broadway singing star of the time, Mary Martin (who offscreen hap-

Readers appreciated Alec Adamson dressed in American army gear shot through binoculars in issue 27 and many wished they had been Leon Kadel on that session who undressed Alec while running eager fingers over him. But many have asked to see the Adamson face without the helmet—which we're happy to provide. Alec has been working out a format for doing striptease act at clubs. From what I've heard it will be an interesting contrast to drag shows.



According to Mike Arlen

pens to be mother of JR on *'Dallas')* asking if they could hear some of the material from it. The writers were disappointed when, after playing several completed songs, Mary and her husband left without a word. Alan rang Richard Halliday the following week who insisted they had lunch together. Mr. Halliday told him: "You don't know what a sad night that was for Mary and I for she walked the floor half the night saying over and over again, 'How could it have happened? Richard, those dear boys have lost their talent.' "

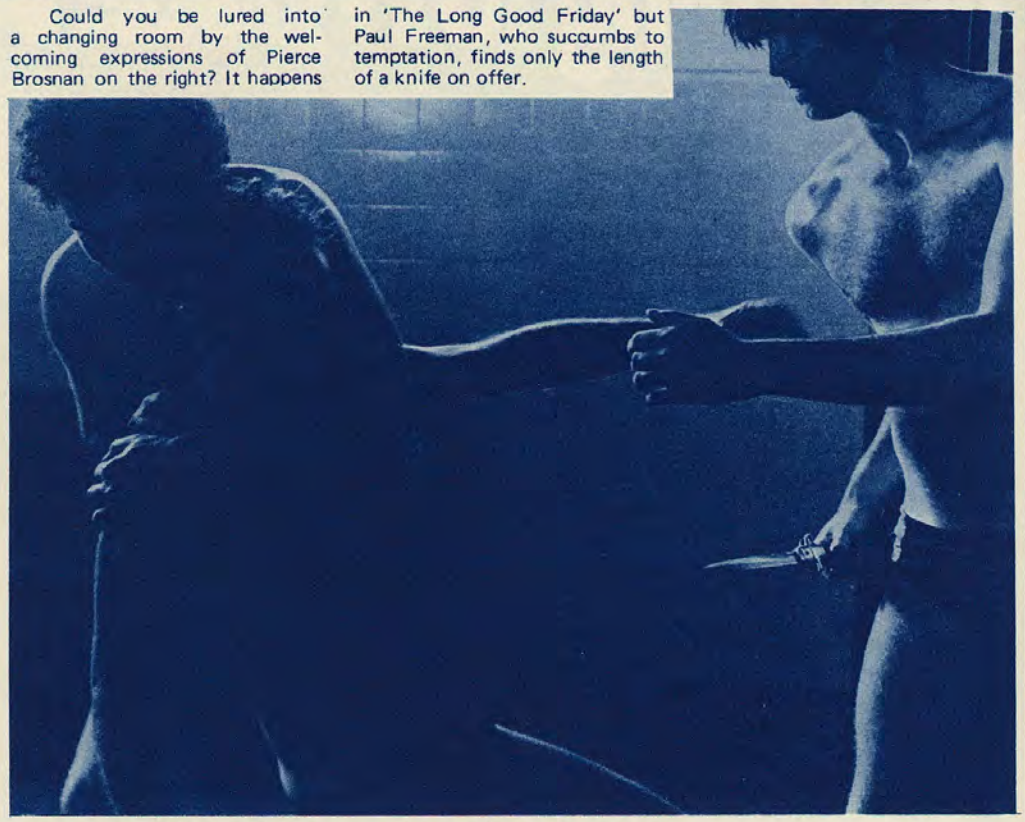
Halliday emphasized the point with: *"Just You Wait'* is simply stolen from *'I Hate Men'* in *'Kiss Me Kate'* and the *'Ascot Gavotte'* is simply not funny. It's just not funny at all."

Alan Jay Lerner was visibly shaken as he had no idea at that time that he and Fritz Loewe were writing the most financially successful musical of all time. And that *'Just You Wait'* and *'Ascot Gavotte'* would be played in millions of homes on the album for decades to come. If Mary Martin and her husband had only had the commonsense to ask for a tape of the songs so that a few could grow on them—just maybe Julie Andrews would never have played the lead. Fred Astaire admits that when the cream of American composers and lyricists were supplying him with such memorable material for his film musicals in the thirties, on first hearing he had no idea they would become standards revered by generations to come.

When I think of the amazing way many celebrities run their lives I'm inclined to believe the peculiarities of my models are harmless in comparison.

Manchester's Hero's

Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Phil Clegg has moved around Manchester night life as if he is searching for the perfect recipe in any club he runs. His members followed him faithfully from Napoleon's to Slingsbie's and now to Hero's (832 3310) at Ridgefield, off John Dalton Street. His obsession to provide an ambiance people want to return to is made up of many factors. It helps that his staff are extremely pleasant to look at as well as being efficient. A 50 inch video screen above the dance floor showing current movies featuring stunning guys certainly has novelty. The fact that all drinks are half price on Thursday is certainly one way of persuading the locals that TV isn't always essential in their lives.



Could you be lured into a changing room by the welcoming expressions of Pierce Brosnan on the right? It happens in 'The Long Good Friday' but Paul Freeman, who succumbs to temptation, finds only the length of a knife on offer.



Hairstylist Terry offers a protective arm to Phil Clegg of Hero's in Manchester. As if anyone would dare to lead him astray!

Many of Phil's cabaret finds for Wednesday nights have long been remembered. A hypnotist called the amazing Mentor, and two mature ladies who are identical twins called the Nutters brought high drama and comedy that had to be repeated. A man's shop stocking T shirts, jeans and anything of interest to gays is the latest idea. The restaurant area caught my eye offering chicken kiev with vegetables and salad for £1.50p—for it would have cost much more in London Town. If you're a hamburger fanatic they come with chips and salad for 85p.

Membership is £5 a year that drops £1 when it is renewable. Open six nights from 10 pm to 2 am, early week admission to members is free and 50p on weekends or on cabaret or half price drinks nights. For guests its 50p or £1.

Gin, whisky and vodka are 50p with 22p for mixes and it is 55p a pint for lager. When show business faces tell me they are working in the area I tell them conversation with Phil Clegg is an essential. For, as Manchunians keep coming back, Phil must be doing something right.

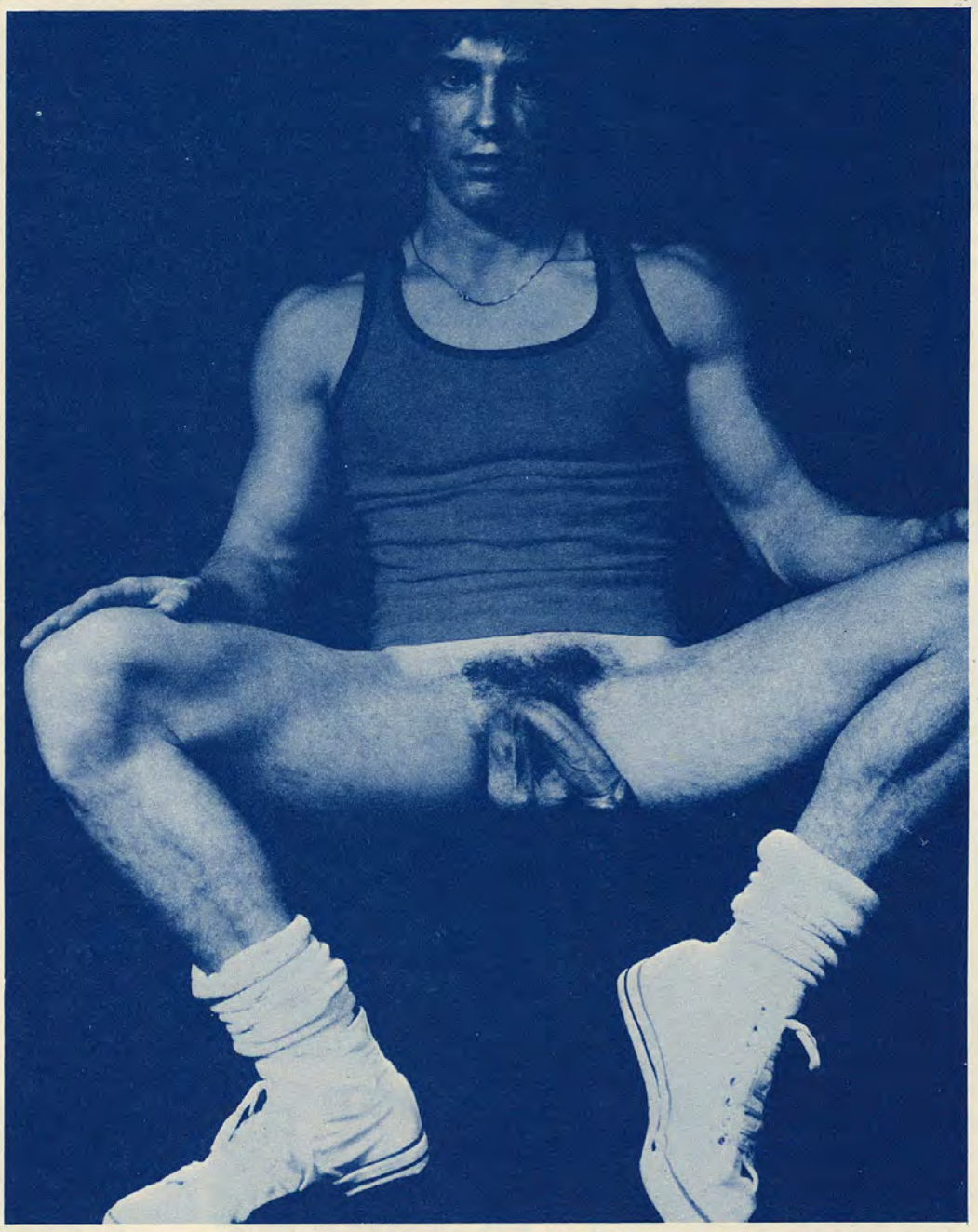
London Theatre.

Peter Nicholls has written such diverging plays of the past as *'A Day In the Death of Joe Egg'* to the riotous *'Privates On Parade'*. At the Aldwych now is his *'Passion Play'*, a comedy drama that breaks new ground because Peter has written a conscience for the two leading performers. So when Billie Whitelaw discovers her husband is having an affair she is remaining outwardly cool, but a few feet away her conscience, played by Eileen Atkins, is near to tearing her hair out. Anton Rogers is the irate conscience of the suave husband, Benjamin Whitrow. It is 2½ hours of novel entertainment.

Current Movies.

The vast amount of film product offered us on TV today means that selective viewing can show us the pick of the movies of the past. And so many of the new movies I see would be fine on a double bill at your local cinema. But I think it is optimistic for distributors who screen them on their own and wonder why those stalls are

According to Mike Arlen



not filling up. If people are to be persuaded to leave their TV screens they might be inspired with the right double bill.

'The Long Good Friday' is the most authentic British gangster movie ever produced because of its original screenplay by Barrie Keeffe and John Mackenzie's brittle direction. Bob Hoskins is the cockney head man who can't understand how anyone has the nerve to blow up his car and a restaurant table he is about to dine from. Helen Mirren brings beauty and class to it and makes me feel it is outrageous that much more is not done with her. One of the Hoskins henchmen is gay which adds interest to the script. I'm hoping Messrs. Keeffe and Mackenzie get together to make more very soon.

'Sphinx' is ideal for frustrated Egyptologists amongst us. And as I'm one I enjoyed this cops and robbers tale of someone stealing antiquities as there are breathtaking views of Egypt to enchant us and tombs full of the most splendid reproductions of Egyptian treasures that you will ever see. Lesley Anne-Down and Frank Langella are embroiled in all this with Sir John Gielgud adding a touch of class as an arab dealer. If you can't afford Cairo or the Valley of Kings this year, make do with 'Sphinx'.

'Penitentiary' features a selection of tall, dark and dominating negro guys in an American prison who spend their time fighting in their cells or punching themselves silly in boxing rings. It's only an essential if black guys are your main turn-on. The best scenes for me were when a black lady prisoner watching a boxing match goes to the loo and a healthy specimen of butch black magic jumps down from the window ledge to run hands over and generally do her a favour. When there is another match they get together again for a replay. 'Penitentiary' would have been memorable for me if that camera had bypassed most of the boxing and lingered in the loo longer.

'Inside Moves' proves you can make enjoyable films out of the most unlikely subjects. John Savage plays a guy so distressed that he flings himself from the tenth floor of a skyscraper and ends up a cripple when he eventually leaves the hospital bed. He makes friends at the local bar with various invalids from the hospital and finally takes over the bar. Mr. Savage, who regular moviegoers will remember from 'Hair' and 'The Deerhunter', is effectively bearded half the time in this one and it is quite an improvement.

'Melvin And Howard' tells how a humble milkman picks up one night in the Nevada desert a motorcycle accident victim who mentions that he is the billionaire, Howard Hughes. When Melvin drops him in Las Vegas we follow his domestic life for a while until a Hughes will turns up later leaving him one sixteenth of the estate. But lawyers move in saying Melvin's claim is a hoax. Worth considering if it is double billed when coming your way with something you fancy.

The Record Scene.

Parties of the month have had me asking the titles of albums getting the most reaction and a new one from Chelsea, a punk group, called *'Alternative Hits'* (only £2.99p I'll have you know—Step Forward record SFLP5) has been the name I keep hearing. Their firey and fuming singer songwriter Gene October could be the reason they get so much reaction. But looking at the cover of their album I'm wondering if it is necessary for them to so obviously want to shock the world. It has a picture of a blindfolded guy on it injecting his arm with a syringe.

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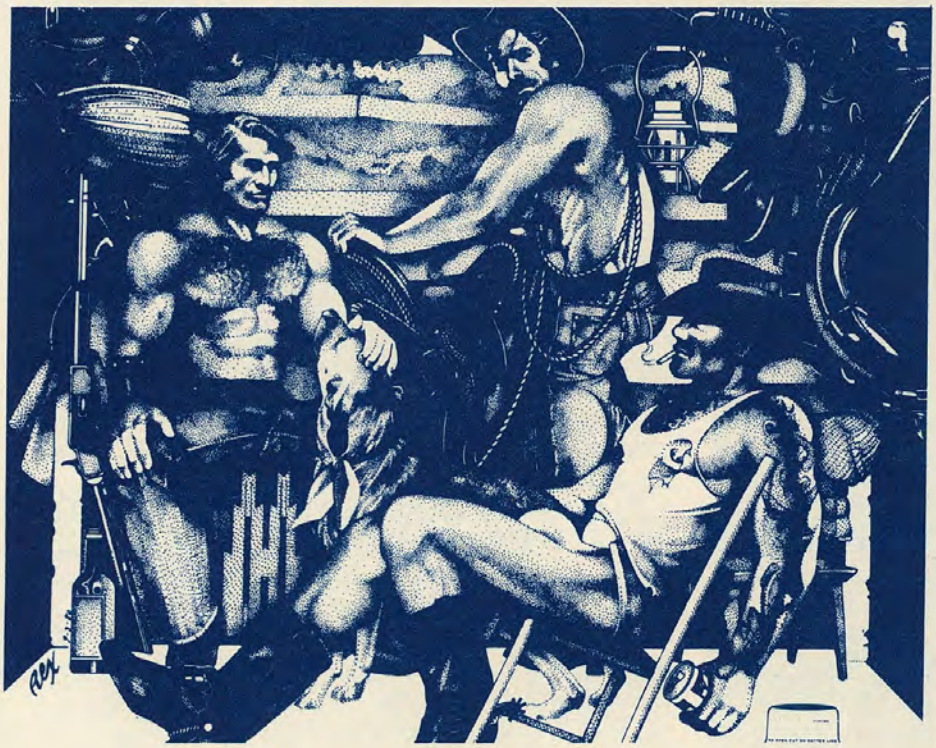


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CHECK US OUT. WE HAVE SO MUCH MORE!

It is five years since the now defunct gay magazine **Focus** published the results of its Sex Survey, so we thought we'd take that idea and develop it to the style of the 80s, and see just how Zipper readers compare! All the questions we ask you are highly personal, but we hope you won't hold it against us. The Questionnaire is, after all, quite secret. We don't want to know your full name or address, just your first name. All we ask of you is to be honest . . . There are so many myths surrounding homosexuality, and the people who practice it, that we feel we ought to get the facts from the horse's mouth . . . **YOU!** The results will be published in a future issue of ZIPPER.



Zipper Sex Survey

First name . . . . . Age . . . . . Height . . . . . .Weight . . . . . Single/Married/Divorced. Living alone with parents/wife/affair/straight flatmate/gay flatmate.

Education: Sec Mod./Comprehensive/Grammar/University

Income: High/Middle/Low.

Occupation: Private means/Professional/Clerical/Skilled/Manual/Unemployed/Student/Retired/Kept by lover.

Childhood: Both parents alive/One parent/orphaned. Only child/small family/large family.

Relationship with Mother: Good/Average/Bad

Relationship with Father: Good/Average/Bad

Was either parent more dominating? (State which) . . . . . .

Relationship with brothers/sisters: Good/average/poor.

Nationality or race: of Mother . . . . . of Father . . . . . .

Personal Appearance: Build . . . . . Colouring . . . . . Hairy/Average/Smooth. Masculine face/Average face/Feminine face.

Size: under 5", 5", 5½", 6", 6½", 7", 7½", 8", 8½", 9", 9½", over 9½" . . . . . Circumcised/non-circumcised.

Looks: Good/average/regrettable. **Body:** Good/Average/Poor.

Personality: Outgoing/average/insular.

Mental Ability: Well-balanced/neurotic/average.

Intelligence: Good/average/below average.

General Outlook: Very happy/mostly happy/average/mostly unhappy/very unhappy. Reasons? . . . . . .

Have you had trouble with Police through being gay? Yes/No.

Have you ever had VD? Yes/No.

SEXUAL HISTORY:

I am homosexual/mainly homosexual/bisexual/mainly straight/sexless. Age when first realised you were gay/bisexual . . . . . .

Was your first sexual experiance homosexual? Yes/No. Age? . . . . . .

Do you like being gay/bisexual? . . . . . .

Would you change if you could? . . . . . .

Do you think it's "natural" to be gay? . . . . . .

Which people know you're gay? Everyone/certain gay friends/straight friends/neighbours/workmates/wife/girl/parents/some family members/others/nobody else.

Roughly how many times have you had sex with another man? Never/only once/handful of times/dozens/hundreds/thousands.

How many different men in all? . . . . . .

How often do you masturbate? (per week) . . . . . .

Are you basically passive/active/neither/both?

What is your favourite sexual act? . . . . . .

What is your usual sexual act? . . . . . .

Where do you usually look for sex? Personal ads/clubs/pubs/parties/cottages/cinemas/parks etc.,/on the streets/saunas/gyms/amusement arcades/others? . . . . . None of these.

Do you usually start the pick-up or not? . . . . . .

Do you prefer to meet people through friends? . . . . . .

What sort of guy do you prefer? Race: . . . . . .

Age preference: 12-15, 16-18, 19-24, 25-30, 30-35, 35-45, 45+

Preferred height . . . . . Preferred weight/build . . . . . (Heavy/med/light)

Preferred colouring: Black/brown/Mediterranean/Indian/Oriental/white/very pale.

Preferred dick-size: Very large/large/medium/small/size immaterial.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS: (Tick types preferred. Cross out types not wanted)

Hairy/smooth body. Tattooes. Muscular/average/ tubby/very fat/slim/very skinny. Smooth face/ moustache/beard. Black/dark brown/light brown/blond/ginger hair.

DO YOU PAY FOR SEX:

If so why? Can't get sex any other way/Can't get sex with the type you like unless you pay/saves time and hassle/removes risk of attachments/means you're the boss or can choose type of sex act/only way to get own kinks catered for/get off on self-humiliation/more money than you can cope with.

What sort of guy do you pay for? . . . . . .

Do you keep a sex partner? . . . . . .

If into S&M, are you dominant/passive/versatile

Any special kinks? Bondage, leather, rubber, jocks, transvestism, watersports, others (specify) . . . . . .

Do you feel ashamed of your kinky desires/scenes? Yes/No/Slightly.

Do you have sex with mainly: Affair/regular person/several regulars/occasional person/one-nighters/combination of these.

Do you have sex with women? Never/once only/seldom/occasionally/often.

Do you get enough sex usually? Enough/not enough/nothing/too much.

Do you have an Affair? Yes/No.

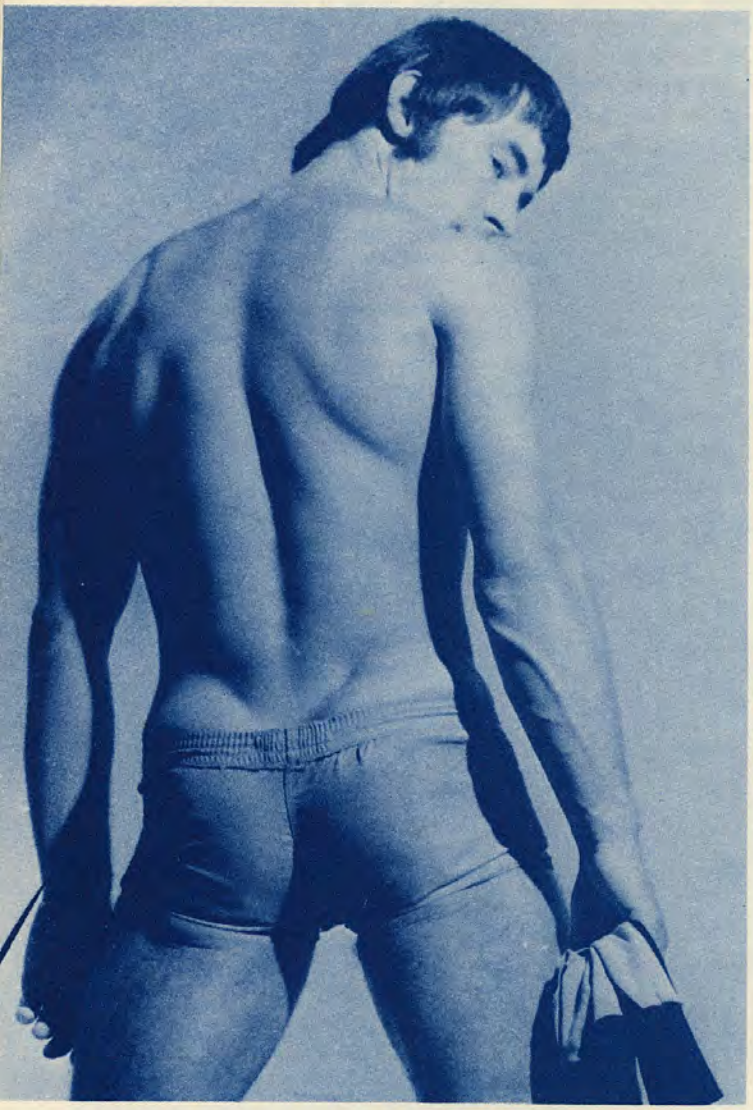
Are you faithful? Always/usually/not usually.

Is it best to be faithful or not? Yes/No/Don't know.

Why did you choose your affair?: Good personality/good at sex/goodlooking/good physique/well endowed/he's mad about me/others . . . . .

Send to:
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'ENCOUNTER'



by Paul Harris as told to Ian Young.

You've probably heard of Encounter Groups. They were very big in the 60,s when they were called Group Therapy. That sounded too clinical, so in the 70's they were renamed. Basically, it's half a dozen people, usually presided over by a shrink who usually gives himself a jargony democratic title like "facilitator". The half-dozen are there to work out their problems, sexual and otherwise. The shrink is there to keep everything cooking and to manipulate people into revealing themselves and "communicating".

There are worse ways to spend a Thursday evening, which is what I thought when I joined my "Closed Group for Gay Men Only", ran by a nice old German Jew called Dr. Horn, who put a pot of tea on and made me feel comfy right away when I was the first one to show up – half an hour early.

"You know what the psychoanalysts say," he twitted. "If the patient is early, he's anxiety-ridden. If he's late, he's hostile. If he's on time, he's compulsive. So never mind, put your feet up, relax, and let's see who's what as they come in! Oh, I'm gay myself by the way, in case you're wondering." I liked him immediately.

Dr. Horn had a simple if rather strange rule for our first session. None of us were to speak. The Doctor talked, filling us in on himself and his background, and telling us a little of what might lie ahead and what we might hope to accomplish. We were all there for different reasons, but had in common the fact that we were all gay, all between 20 and 35, all could cough up the modest sum Dr. Horn charged for his time, talent, tea and sympathy. In my case the silence rule was a relief. I had joined the group hoping to overcome a crippling shyness that made approaching and talking to anyone I didn't know an agonizing impossibility.

So that evening between periods of silence, Dr. Horn talked to **us**. We listened – and with his encouragement, looked each other over. "We have to get to know one another. All the other weeks we will be talk talk talk. This week, no talk at all, we just look. So look an eyeful, don't be bashful, no-one will snap at you. It's against the rules!"

Dr. Horn had something, it seemed. The experience of looking long and hard at the five young gay men before me – without having to make conversation or fear their remarks – was quite liberating – and rather arousing! As my second, half-acknowledged reason for coming was the possibility of finding a bedmate, a companion, even a lover, I imagined myself in bed with each of them.

Alan was in his early 20's, slightly effeminate, with long brown hair. He was thin, but with a nice pair of biceps and a bulging crotch in his tight-fitting levis. He looked at the rest of us with a friendly smirk. If I were to take Alan over my knee, take those jeans down and give him a good spanking, it might take the smirk off his face, I thought. That little bottom looked inviting for more than that too. Of course I had never done such a thing – only fantasised about it.

Robin was tall, with dark hair, fair skin and interesting, almond-shaped eyes. He wore overalls and scuffed work boots, and bit his fingernails and pouted. I thought of getting him out of those terrible clothes and sharing a shower with him, maybe lathering him up all over his 6 foot 2 and . . . No. His bored pout discouraged my revery.

Eddy was Latin-looking, very dark, perhaps Puerto Rican, with a flashing white grin and a smooth, beautifull chest that he showed off to good advantage, wearing only a tank-top and pair of tight, cut-off shorts. His big hands and wrestler's legs

looked sexy and strong. This one could have me on my knees with my mouth slobbering over his obviously sizable cock in a few seconds. I imagined those strong arms and legs pinning me down to the bed and his stiff rod opening up my arse. Wouldn't mind getting ridden by him at all, I thought. Just when I was getting absorbed, a joke from Dr. Horn broke everyone up and I turned my attentions to Elliott.

Elliott was Black, with close-cropped hair and downcast eyes. He was the only one of us to show up in a suit and tie, which oddly emphasized his broad shoulders and narrow hips. He seemed proper – but sexy. His long eyelashes gave his face a gentle appeal and I thought it would be nice to kiss his full, sensuous lips for hours – if I could resist getting my face under those hips that could slip through the neck of a bottle. I wondered how he'd like to have my snub nose between his buns. He seemed so conservative, but – one never knows.

Stewart, the fifth member of the group, had a mass of blond, curly hair, a squinting red face and the kind of sack-of-potatoes body that comes only from gross overeating. I hoped for his sake that was why he was there. An attempt to imagine myself entangled in his embraces seemed merely ludicrous. But by that time, Dr. Horn was making ready to show us out, with injunctions not to speak to one another on the way home: "Something to look forward to next time as I'm sure you won't look forward to hearing me nattering again."

It was after ten o'clock when I reached the Colherne, just a few blocks from my flat. Still keyed up from the evening's meeting I decided to go in for a drink or two before turning in. After about ten minutes, I noticed, among the bus-riders dressed like motorcyclists and motorcyclists dressed like cowboys, one leather-man who caught my gaze – and held it. We all have fantasy figures in our heads, erotic images of the ideal male. And here was mine – leaning up against the wall with a beer in his paw, dressed head to toe in leather, tall and lean with an open denim shirt that showed acres of black curly chest hair, and a pair of those silver reflector sunglasses that mask the eyes and give a rather intimidating but exciting feeling of mystery, detachment and superiority: "I can see you without your knowing". A motorcycle cap and a thick black moustache completed the image.

Revery: He comes over to me. The handsome face in the blank sunglasses looks down at me. He puts his hand to my face and starts to unbutton my shirt. "Not here with everybody watching!" I whisper. He ignores my qualms and strips my shirt off. Soon I'm naked and on my knees. He's unbuttoned his jeans and is slapping my face with his big, half-limp cock. "Take it boy, suck it good." Soon his cock is stiff and he shoots and shoots all over my face and I jack off on his boots, my mouth drenched with hot come. The Colherne has vanished and there is only us.

Jolting myself back to reality, I remembered that it was just this sort of compulsive fantasising – and, more, the inability to follow up and **do** anything about it – that led me to Dr. Horn's encounter group. My leather-jacketed idol was still sipping his beer. Had he noticed me? He was facing my way. With those reflector glasses, I couldn't tell. And there was no way I could summon up the courage to speak to him.

But I did something. Even as I did it, I thought it was ridiculous or cowardly or doomed to failure. But – at least it was something. As I left, I pressed my business card into my leather hero's hand. Under my name Paul Harris, I'd written my home phone number and the message "Call me". Then I went home and went to bed.

Half an hour later, my phone rang. It didn't wake me.

'Hi, how are you? The voice was unfamiliar, deep and sexy. I didn't ask who it was.

"I want to fuck your arse, Paul," said the caller. That was just the start of a couple of minutes of graphic invitations. Then: "What are you wearing?"

"I was in bed. I'm naked."

"Good. Is your cock hard?"

It was.

"I want to drive my big cock up into those cute little buns of yours, boy. I want to open up that arse and feel that tight hole pumping my cock till it shoots you full of hot come. I'm going to flood you so full it'll come out of your mouth! You want to do it?"

I choked out a syllable of reply.

"Get on your knees and jerk off, boy. Get a good grip on that prick and work it," the deep voice ordered. I didn't have to be told twice. Imagining him still leaning against the wall of the Colherne, taking his cock out of his leathers and standing before me beating off in my willing face as I knelt . . .

My come seemed to shoot half way across the room as I climaxed to sounds from the phone of murmuring and deep, heavy breathing.

"I'll phone you again soon. We'll get together," the voice said. Before I could reply, a click, silence, and a dial tone.

For the next few days I kept thinking of the phone call. I'd heard of people "getting off" on hot phone calls but never thought it would do anything for me. Man, was I wrong! Even so, it wasn't enough. He'd said he wanted to get together with me – and that was what I really wanted. I hoped it wasn't just part of the fantasy.

I cursed the fact that I had to spend the next few days in Manchester instructing new employees in a training programme my firm was setting up. There was no way out of it. I hoped my caller wouldn't give up. I came back two days before the next encounter group meeting. At least I would have something to tell them I thought. But no call. When I came home from work the next day, I waited in until after 9, hoping for the phone to ring. It did. It was Dr. Horn reminding me of our group session the following evening at 9. The tension was making a nervous wreck of me and I decided to go down to the Colherne for a few drinks, thinking my caller might even be there.

The bar was crowded and I soon spotted Dan,

an old friend of mine, someone I'd been to school with not many years before and had had a crush on. Years later we ran into each other in a gay disco. My crush had evaporated completely but we became friends. I hadn't seen him for a while and we got to talking over a few beers. Seeing Dan again and listening to his funny remarks took me right out of my tense depression and it was only after half an hour that I realized my leather-clad stranger (now dressed in denim – and a cowboy hat!) was standing only a few feet away from me. manoevered a slightly tipsy Dan, and our drinks, nearer to the object of my interest – and received quite a shock.

When my macho idol opened his mouth to speak to the friends he was with, his voice was not deep and sexy at all, but rather thin and nasal. He could have disguised it of course on the phone, if he were a good mimic. But the clincher was – he spoke with a slight, probably French, accent. How could I escape the truth? This was decidedly **not** the person whose anonymous voice and telephoned fantasy had made me shoot across the room a few nights before. Cowboy had probably not even seen me. Then it dawned on me. At the encounter group we had all signed our names on the roster, passing round a clip-board with a piece of paper on it. And we had written our phone numbers and addresses as well. The same night as my call. That was it! My caller had been someone in Dr. Horn's group. As none of us had spoken, it could have been any one of the five.

Was it Alan, the rather campy number with the nice arms and ample crotch? Or the tall, dark, fingernail-chewing Robin with the almond eyes? He seemed to be almost falling asleep, but – maybe . . . Or Eddy, Latin Eddy with the big grin and wrestler's legs. Elliott? Black and handsome in his sexy suit and tie? He was so proper. But maybe that went with anonymity, who knows? Or of course, it could be Stewart, the sweating, overweight curly-top. For one moment – and at many moments afterwards, I was sure, in my pessimism, that of course, it **was** Stewart. Yes, with my luck, it had to be Stewart. The thought of **that** was very depressing – not to say embarrassing!

A few minutes later I was helping a still quipping Dan into a taxi, and walking home. When I got to my flat, there was a neatly typed note in an envelope pinned on my door. It read: "Phoning you last week was fun! Been trying to get you but you're always out. You must be popular! I've had to drop out of the group but please meet me tomorrow evening at 6 in the Bolton's". The Bolton's was the other neighbourhood gay pub. The note was unsigned.

So I was right. But **who**? He had dropped out, so wouldn't be at the group meeting. Should I go, I wondered. What if it turns out to be Stewart? What was Robin really like? Could it really be Eddy? "Hell," I thought, "I've got to overcome this shyness sometime, and why not now, when I have a mystery on my hands. On the other hand, I could just go to the group tomorrow and would see soon enough who hadn't shown up. But what if more than one had dropped out? And of course by then, it might all be too late."

The next evening at five o'clock, I was still dithering. Should I go to meet the voice on the phone or not? I reached into my pocket, took out a 10p piece, thought: "Heads I go, tails I don't" – and flipped it.

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I am a supporter of the right of individuals to buy sex material of their own choice. I am over 21.

Signed .....

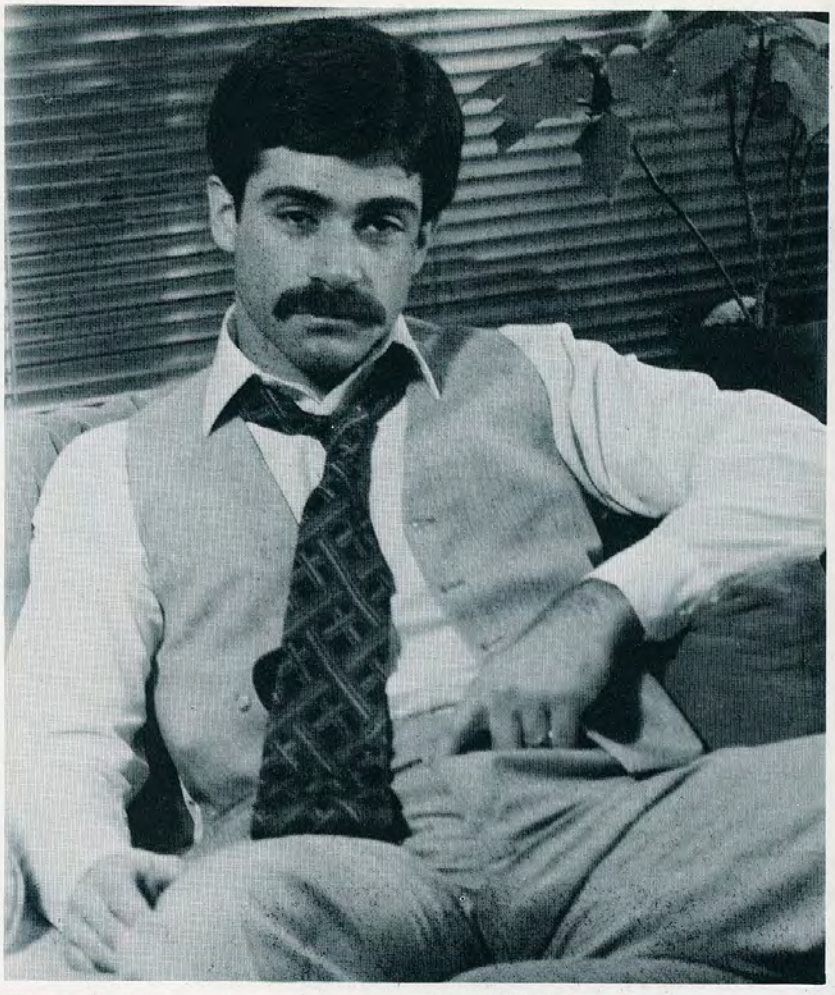
VHS ☐ BETA ☐

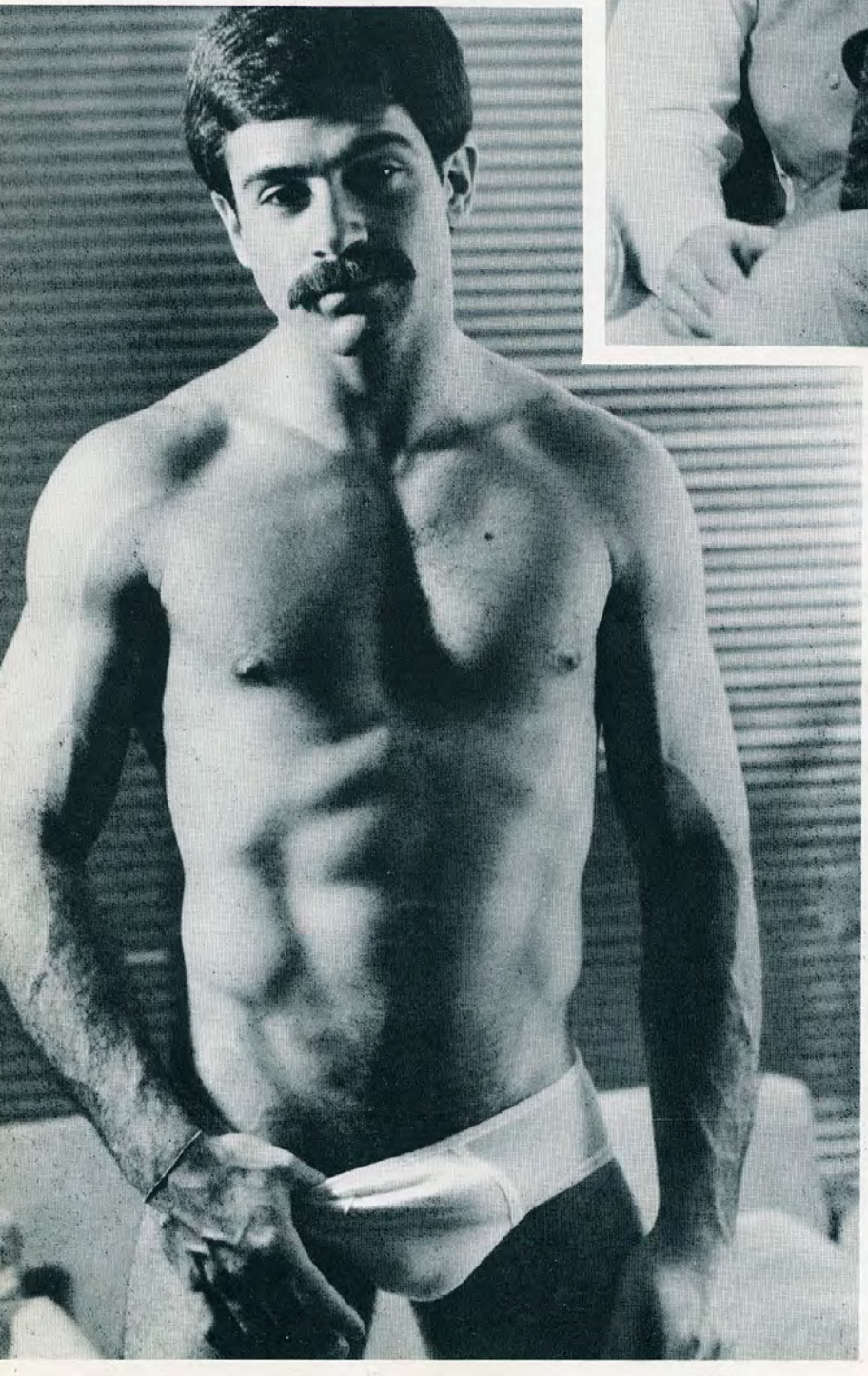
Jim Niven.

By popular request, Malcolm Hoare's favourite.

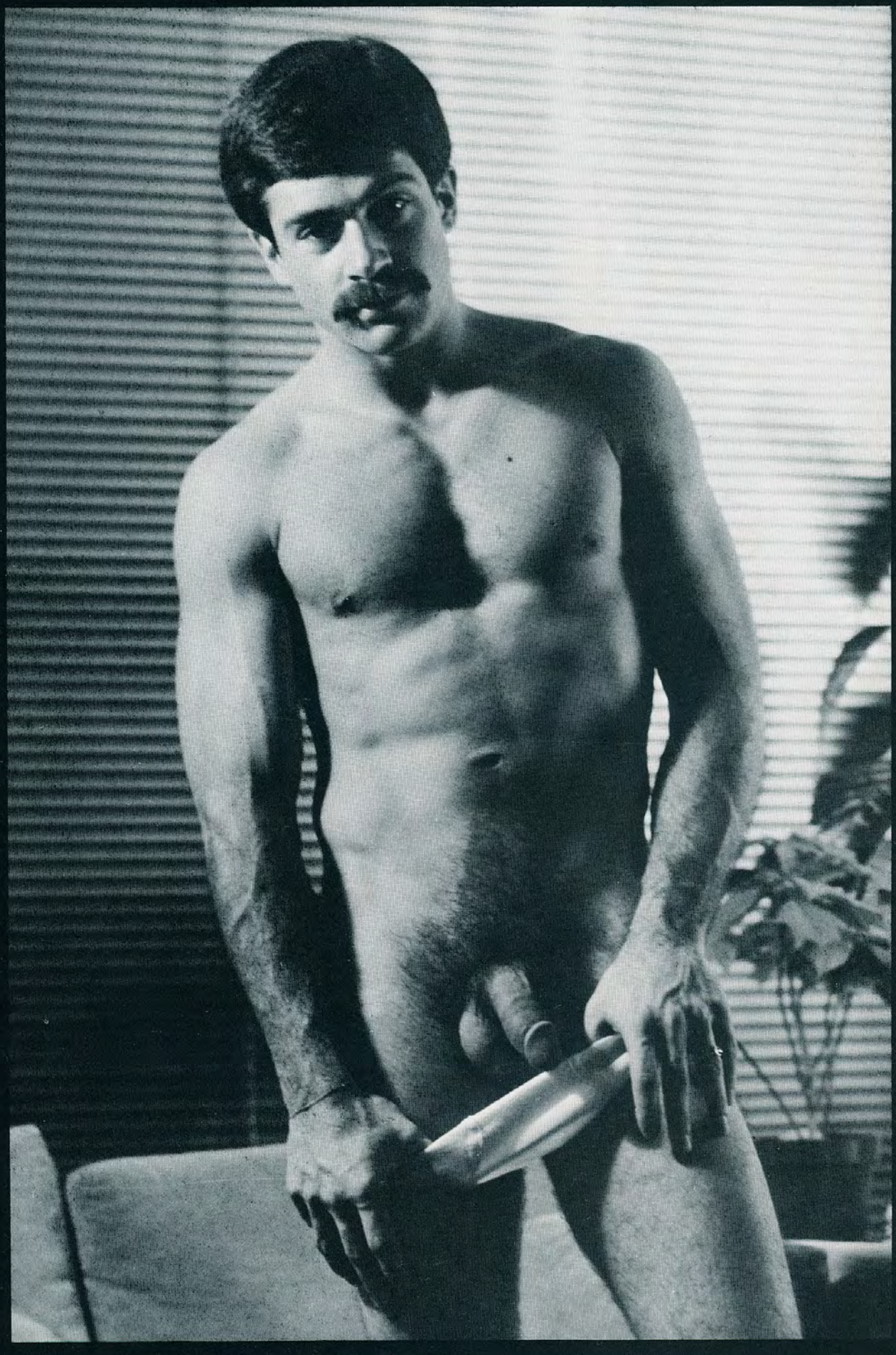


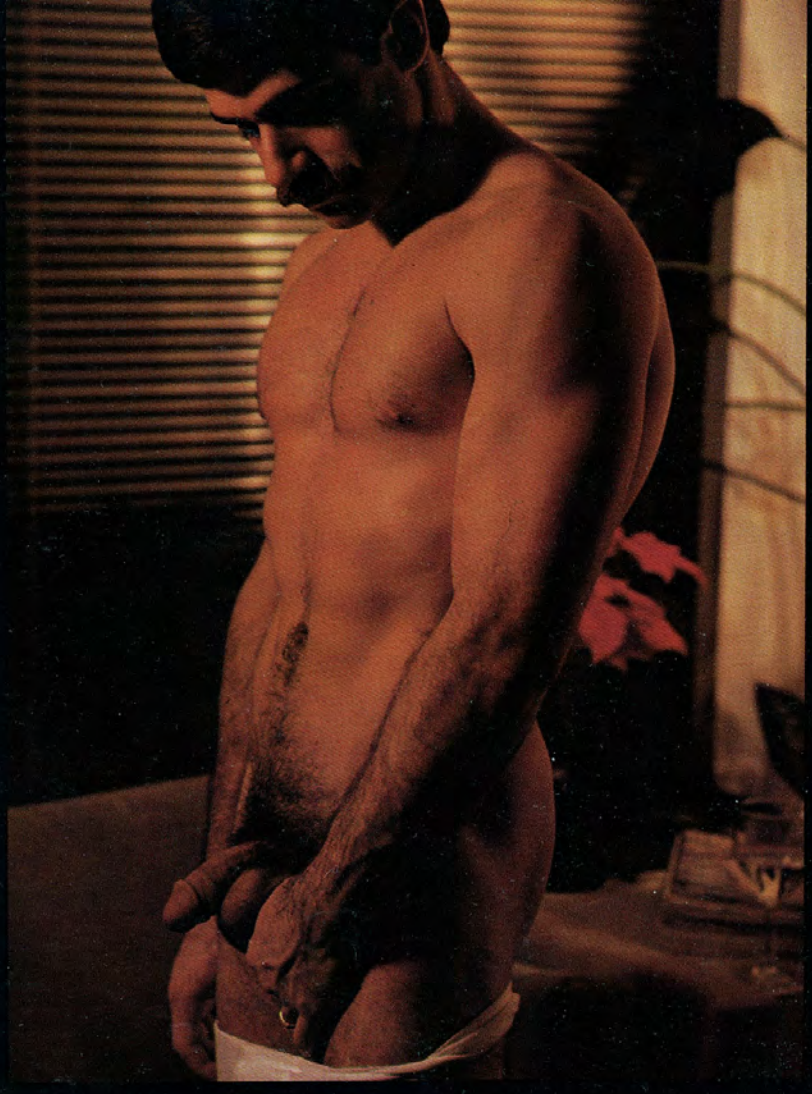






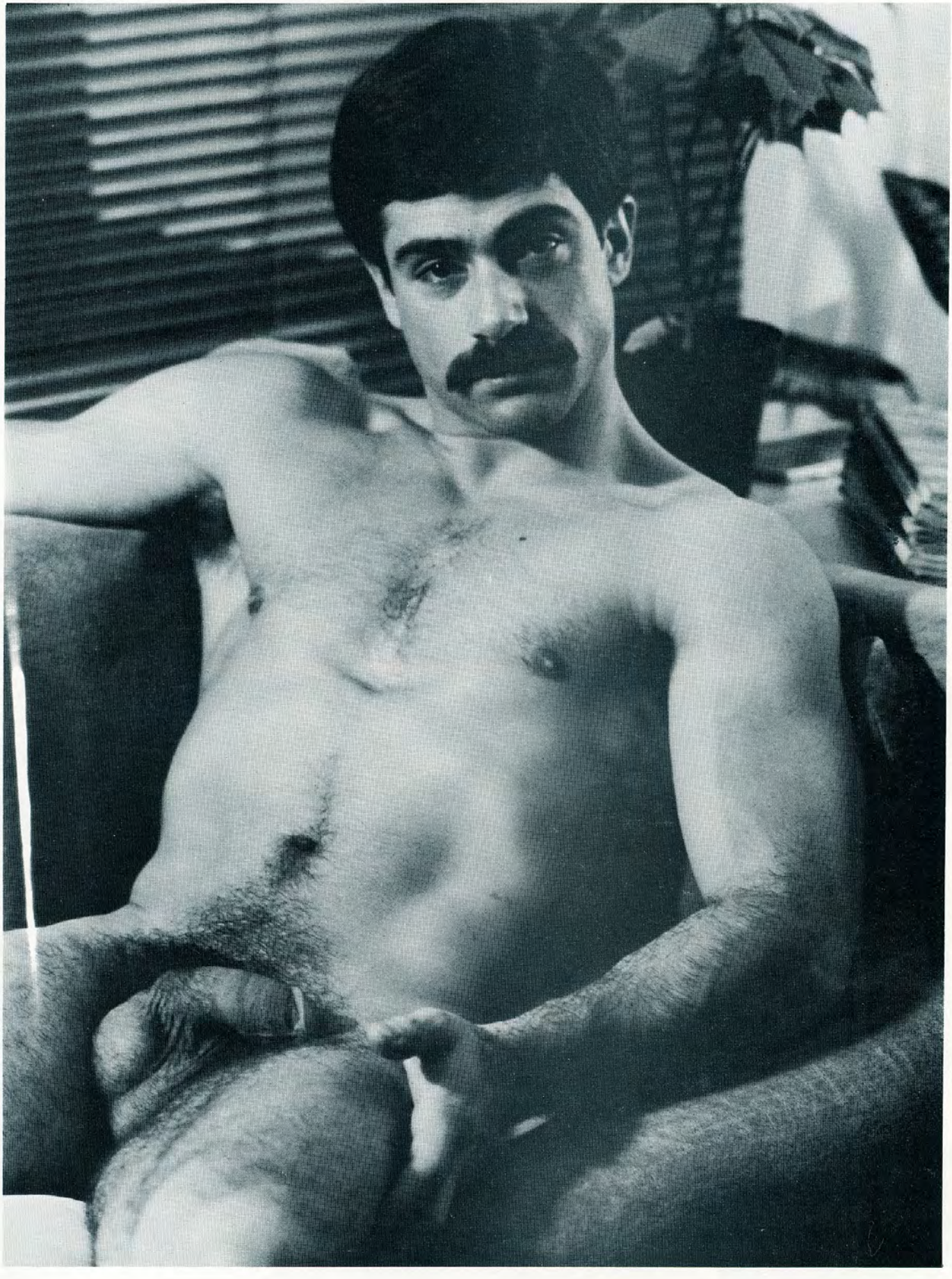


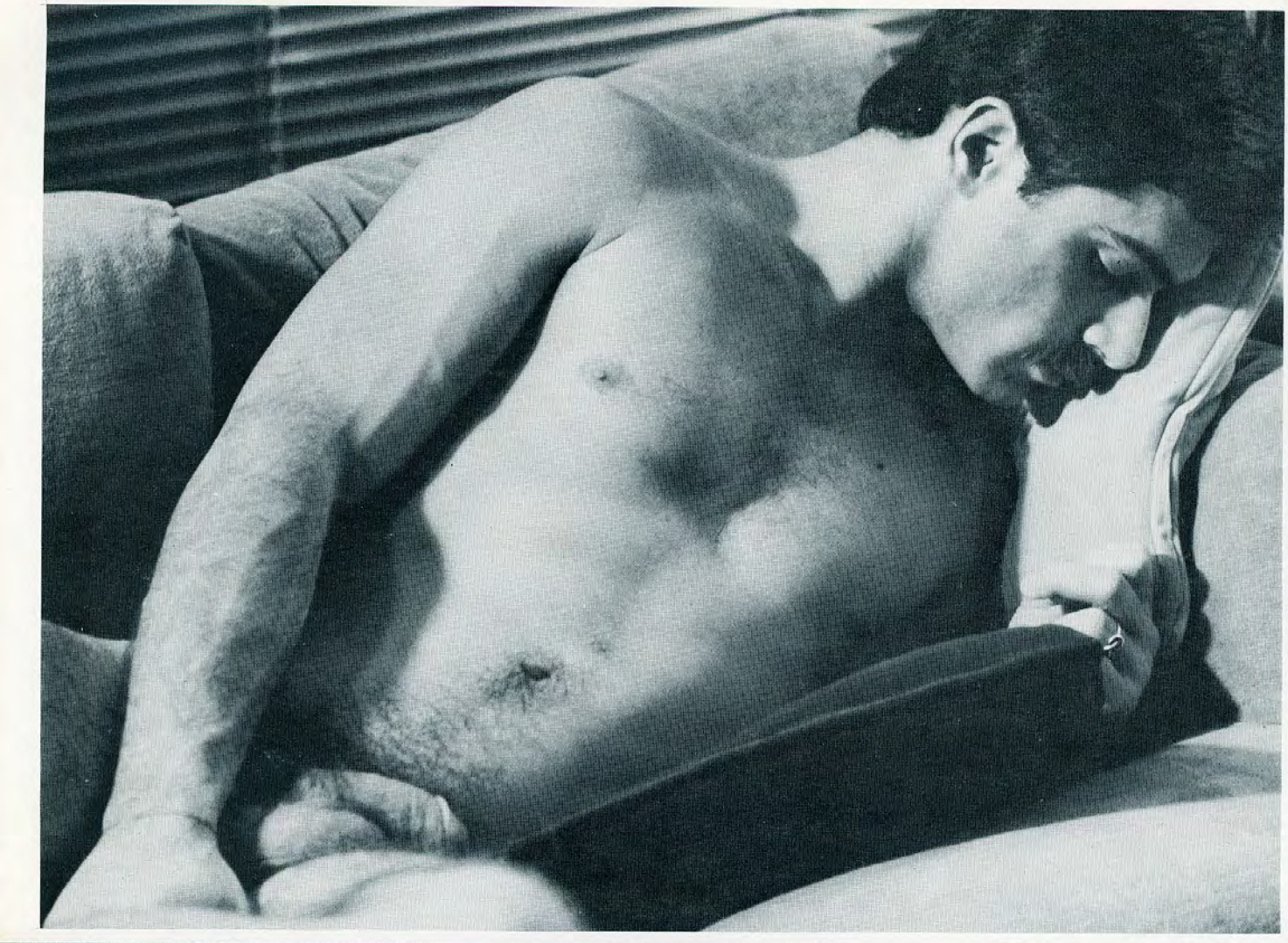




JIM NIVEN

We had so many requests from readers after **Jim Niven** first appeared in Zipper, that we asked photographer Malcolm Hoare to get him back, and he did! It seems that when you boys fancy someone, you want to get them in every position known! This time, he looks splendid in business attire, and by degrees, splendid without it. Anyone finding the matching pair for this item, please call me immediately, day or night. A.M.







HIS NAUGHTY HOUSEBOY

Dear Alex: I read with interest the letter from Roger in your Issue 25 regarding his houseboy and your comments on spanking. I agree that to publish too many pictures of spanking of older models would be silly but one could hardly call twenty old.

I too have a "houseboy". Unlike Roger I do not dress him in fancy clothes but after office hours (during which time he is dressed in normal clothes) he is stripped and wears only a leather jock. This is the only article of "clothing" he is allowed whilst performing his duties about the house.

Punishment is accepted by him and even expected. If he has simply been naughty he is given the tawse on the hands in schoolboy fashion. If he has been very disobedient he is stretched over the table and the tawse or cane applied to his buttocks. There is a punishment book kept to record how many strokes are given and we have an arrangement whereby he tells me what he is due for, according to his "offence" – we keep a list of how many strokes are awarded for what he has done wrong. At regular intervals we have a "punishment session" when I have friends in for a party. The lad seems to enjoy these.

I would appreciate the comments of yourself on this method of discipline and also the comments of Ray Hamble (Zipper Sex Doctor) on the benefit of enemas. About two hours before a heavy fucking session I give him an enema. This has the benefit of making the anus soft and clean. Boots sell a very good enema preparation but if we cannot get these we use soap or vaseline and hot water.

I think an article by Ray could be of benefit on the subject as it seems to be a growing practice amongst a number of gays I know.

Yours sincerely,
Doug, Stockport

EXPERIENCES OF A GAY SOCCER FAN

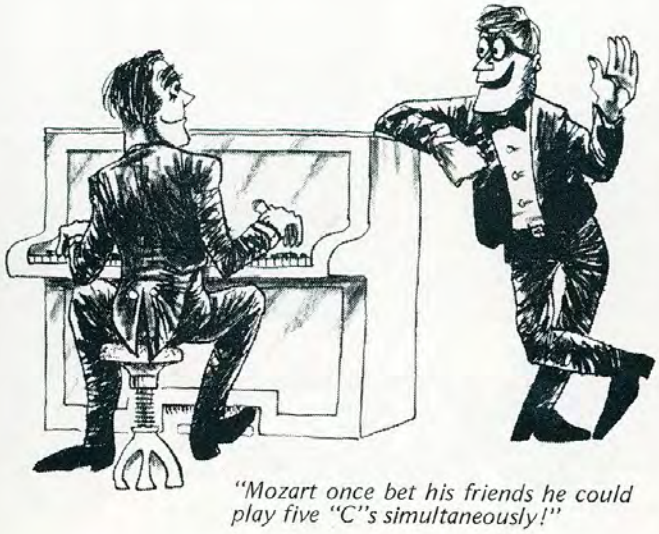
Dear Alex: I'm 23 and have been going to football matches for years now, since I was a kid and dad took me along. He had a season ticket, so he got in free, but that meant I could not sit with him cos he had a reserved place. I was always alone in the stand, with other boys much older than me. It used to get quite rough there, with people pushing and shoving, and getting excited when the team was winning. Of course there was other **larking around** as well, although it was pretty secret. I got my arse grabbed, pinched and sometimes stroked, more and more often. If a bloke does it to you once, and he finds out you don't mind well . . . he tries it again next time he sees you, don't he? Then there was proper groping . . . And if you could trust the guy you were touching up, you might get his cock out of his fly, careful like, so no one else would notice. Especially if your back is against the wall, and no one is right behind you. It's best to be in a corner really. Then you can get away with anything! You'd be surprised who you end up playing about with . . . greasers, rough types, punks, skins, teds, all sorts . . . well you don't get hairdressers at football matches on Saturday do ya? Goes without saying you can't do much in the ground, but you can go off together after the game . . . and I do quite a lot now. I'm a bit more brazen than when I was a kid!

I'm sure a lot of the blokes go to Saturday matches just for the groping. They probably don't even follow the game, and if you asked who was winning, they'd be stumped! I like sex with fellas this way, because no one would dare call you a queer, you're dressed like everyone else, and you talk the same, and you do the same things . . . It's a good place to meet. Keep up the good work, lots of us see Zipper now and again. It's quite famous, even in Fords!

Dan of Barking.

★ Wonderful letter, Dan. I'm afraid I had to clean it up a bit for printing. But I'm sure the readers will understand. I've never in my life been to a Saturday football match. Is this the latest fashion? Shall we all start knitting woolly hats and scarves in the local team's colours? — ALEX.

Readers' Letters are always welcome! Especially if on interesting, unusual subjects. Letters printed will earn you a free magazine of your choice from Ajax Books. A free ten-issue subscription to ZIPPER will be awarded to the Reader's Fantasy of the Month, and the Reader's Sex-Experience chosen for printing in the magazine each issue! Write to: Readers Letters, Zipper, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1.

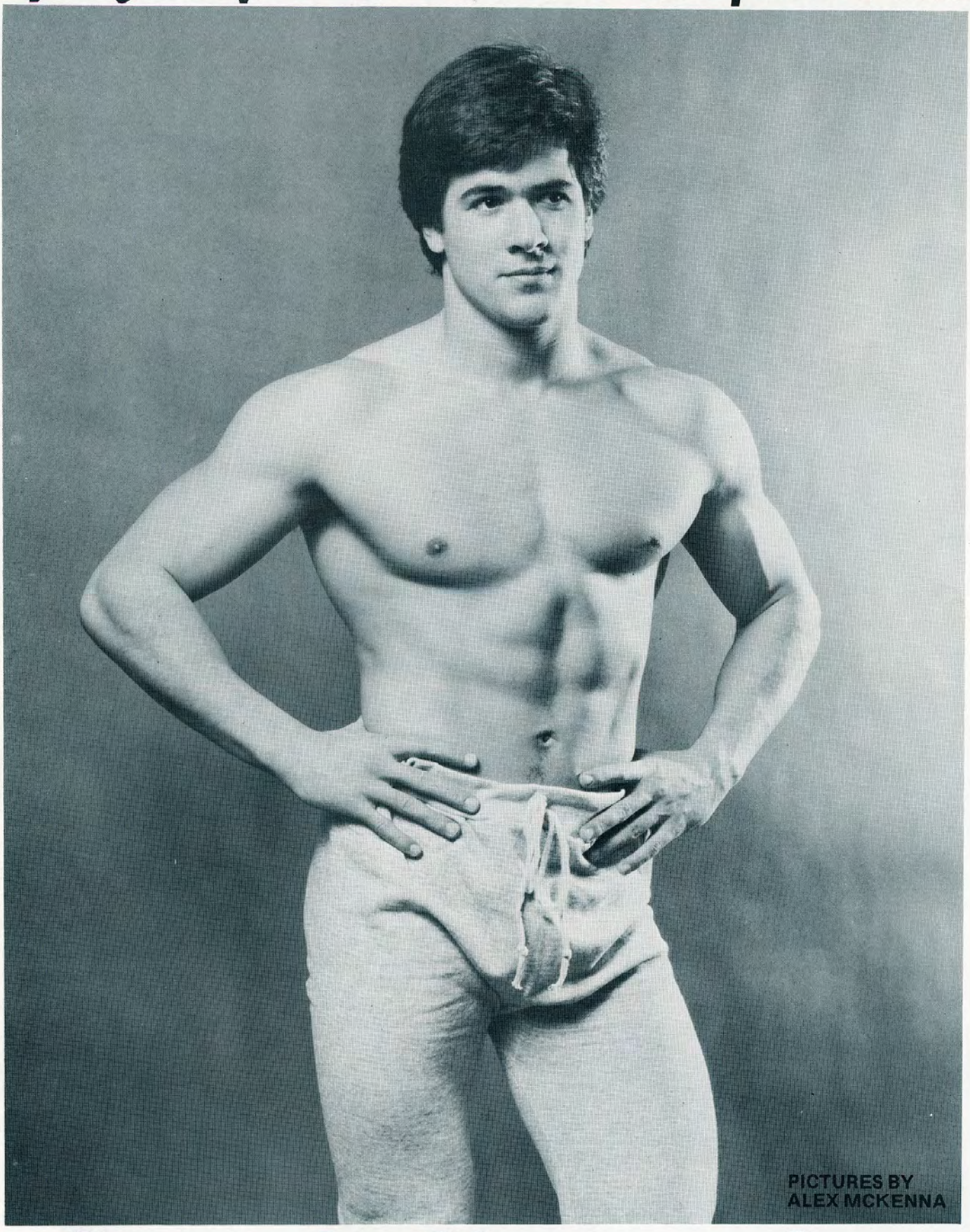


"Mozart once bet his friends he could play five "C"s simultaneously!"

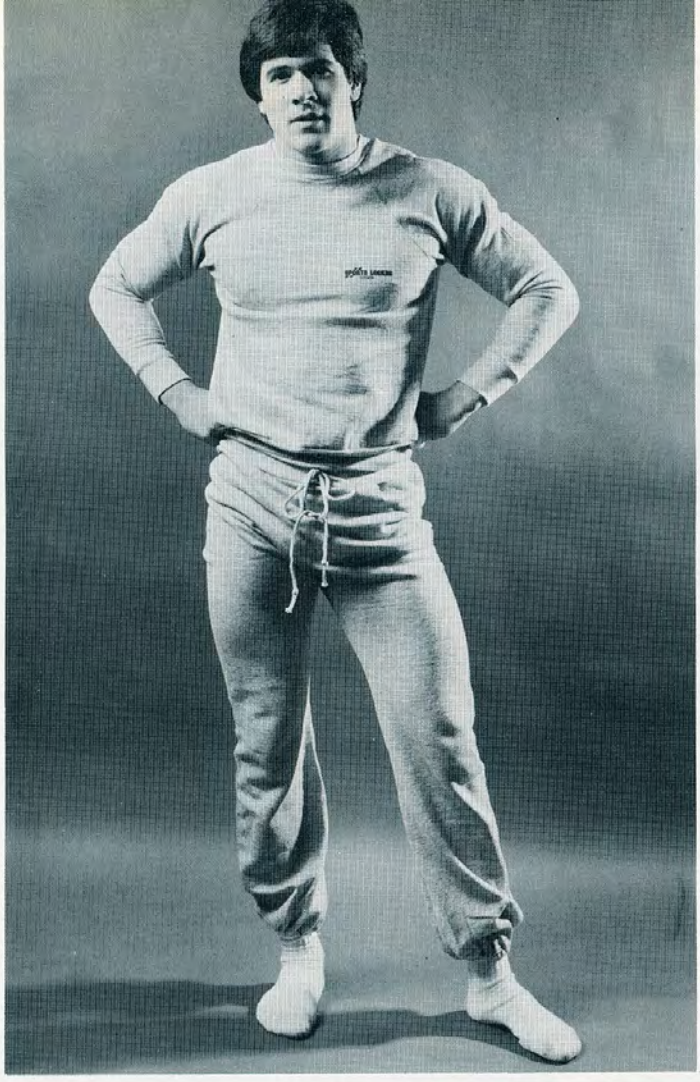


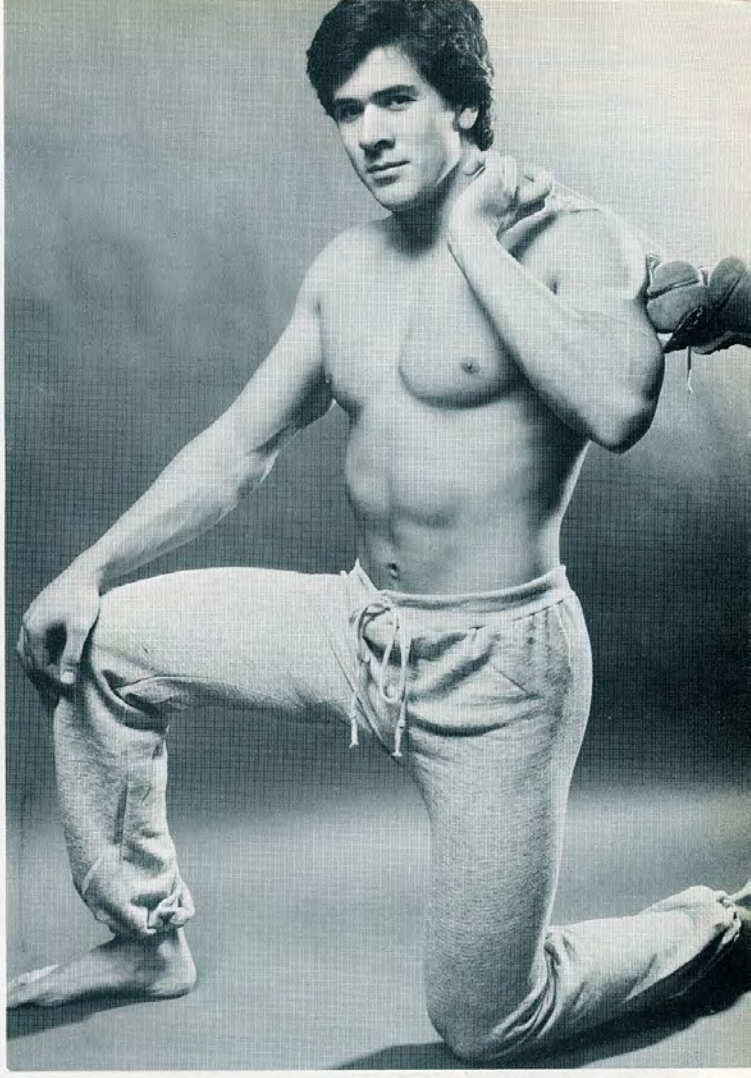
"Mozart did it with his NOSE!!"

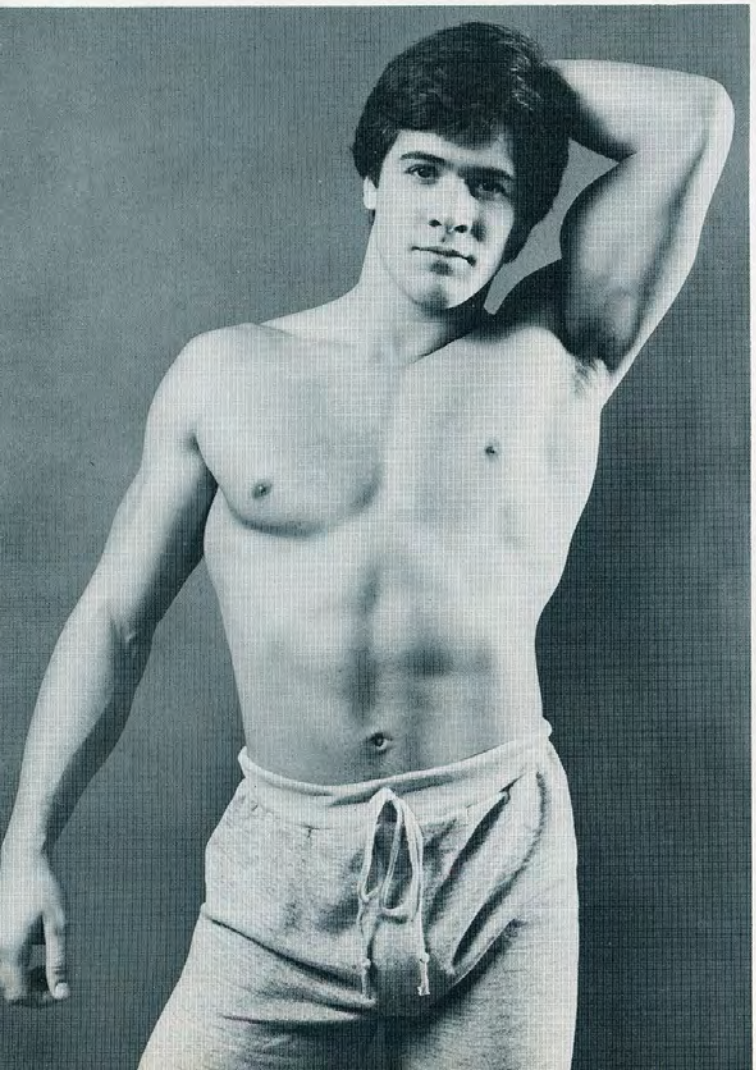
You fancy this Tracksuit? Our price? £16.

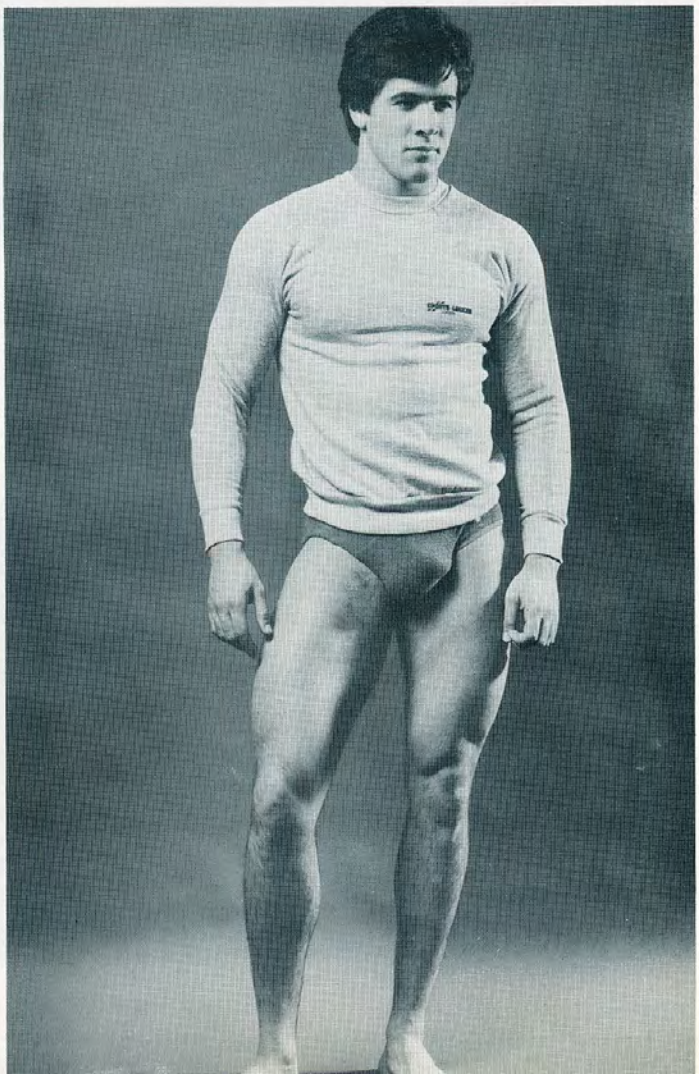


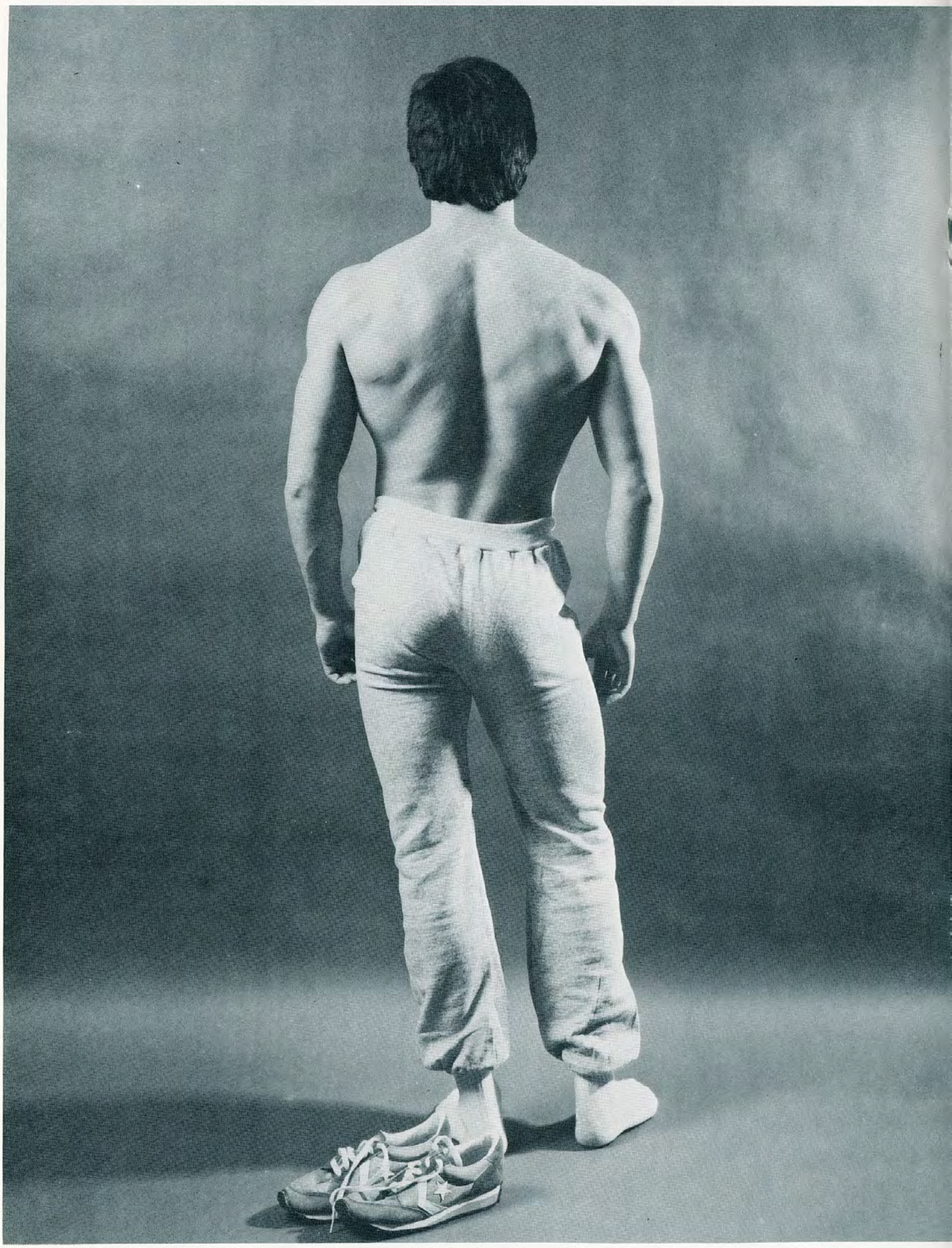
Sports Shopping.











SEX DOCTOR



THE ZIPPER SEX-DOCTOR, Ray Hamble, is able and willing to answer your problems on any sexual matter. Just write to him c/o Zipper, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1. If you want a reply, please enclose a SAE.

Dear Dr. Hamble,

I enjoy oral sex and like being sucked off best. I am worried about infection as many men suck me. Is it possible for me to pick up infection on my penis from the mouth and tongue of the other person?

I don't often suck a penis myself because I am worried that I may infect my mouth. How can I tell an unclean and infectious penis from a clean, healthy one? The majority of penises look OK on the surface.

M.F. (Essex)

Dear M.F.

Even though there is quite a lot of infection in circulation by far the majority of penises look OK because they are OK. Let's face it, the actual percentage of guys with an infection is very low.

An exceedingly small number of men have been found to have gonorrhoea of the throat as a result of fellating an infecting penis but the condition is as rare as rocking-horse shit. As far as I know, there are no known cases of guys with throat gonorrhoea passing it on to anyone they've been sucking off. Acute gonorrhoea of the penis is characterised by a greenish discharge, pain on passing urine and the desire to pass urine frequently. You should avoid having any sort of sex if a guy has these symptoms.

Syphilis can be spread from penis to mouth and vice-versa and these days there are more cases of syphilis amongst homosexuals than there are amongst straights even although there are fewer gays. You should beware of the guy who has peculiar sores or 'boils' on his lips or genitalia. During foreplay ease his foreskin back and have a sly look around to make sure there are no sores hidden underneath.

The common 'cold sore' or 'herpes' on the mouth quite often spreads to the penis in fellatio, and again vice-versa. It can be very painful and can recur from time to time for years after the original infection, so this is something else you want to watch out for.

But, in spite of everything, remember that infection isn't the terrible hassle it used to be. Don't let the risk spoil your pleasure too much, but be prepared to visit your nearest VD clinic at the slightest suggestion that anything may be wrong. Early treatment of syphilis and gonorrhoea is easy and effective. Herpes, unfortunately, is rather more difficult.

Ray Hamble

Dear Dr. Hamble,

I am about to have an operation for a hernia of the groin. How long do I need to abstain from anal intercourse, active and passive, after that?

There are some things I daren't ask my own doctor!

A.R. (Yorkshire)

Dear A.R.,

It is because so many guys find it difficult to talk to their own doctor that we run this service in "Zipper". I want readers to feel that they can write to me without embarrassment. I'm not worried by the language they use to describe their problems and if they send a stamped-addressed envelope I always send a much fuller personal reply than space permits in the magazine.

Your abdominal wall is made up of a layer of strong muscles lying beneath the superficial skin and fat. Sometimes there is a weakness in the muscle and a loop of your intestine pushes through and comes to lie as a lump under the skin in the groin. This is known as a hernia or rupture. In bad cases the loop of gut can work its way right down into the scrotum – tha bag in which your balls hang. Usually, with a bit of manipulation, the length of gut can be pushed back in and held in place by a pad attached to a surgical belt known as a truss, but as soon as the truss is taken off the lump works its way through again. A hernia can be a nuisance and uncomfortable and the only long term solution is an operation to stitch together the hole in the muscles.

The operation is fairly simple since the muscles do not lie very deeply under the skin. The wound heals quite quickly and you should be able to resume **gentle** sex in about two weeks. A month after the operation there is no reason why you shouldn't be back to normal unless you shag like a pile driver or are fucked by a pneumatic drill, under both of which circumstances I suggest you wait just a little bit longer!

Ray Hamble

Dear Dr. Hamble,

A few years ago, when I was 17, I shaved off all my pubic hair to pose that way for an American gay mag. The hair has never grown back, though I am now 25. I live in England now and would like to do some modelling for the English magazines but nobody wants me without hair. The problem is made worse by the fact that I have a very slim, tiny penis – though I know there is no remedy for that.

Please can you suggest some suitable lotion or cream to make my hair grow again. I do so very much want to model for gay mags and films.

"Mister/Zipper" Admirer

Dear Anon,

Once again may I appeal to readers to give me their names so that I can reply to them personally and in detail.

The fact that you have a small penis coupled with the failure of your hair to regrow suggests to me that there is something basically wrong with your hormone production. In a case like this there are so many more questions I would like to be able to ask you. Can you ejaculate normally? Was your hair distribution quite normal before you shaved it off? Was your initial growth of hair late in arriving at puberty? Was there ever any question of you having any regular tablets or treatment as a child for any condition about which you were never told the details?

If your sexual hormone balance is normal there is no reason why shaved pubic hair should not grow back to normal in about six to eight weeks and you obviously need to seek a much more thorough investigation than is possible just by a letter exchange in a magazine. I hope you do read this letter and that you will act upon it by going to see your own doctor. He will be able to put you in touch with a suitable specialist. At the age of 25 you must seek some definite treatment. If you have a hormone deficiency then it could well be that there is, in fact, a remedy for that slim, tiny penis of yours.

Ray Hamble

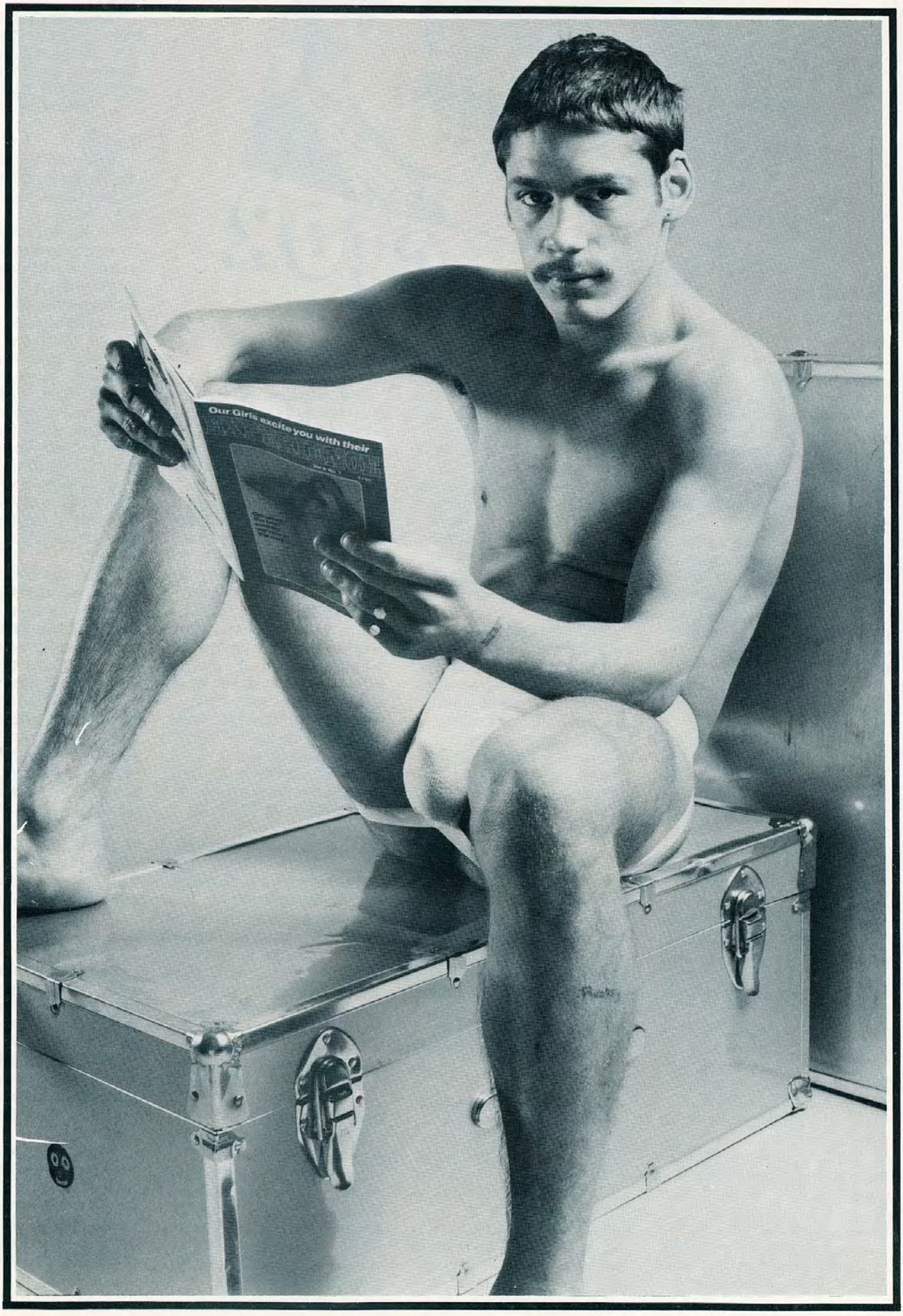
Dear Dr. Hamble,

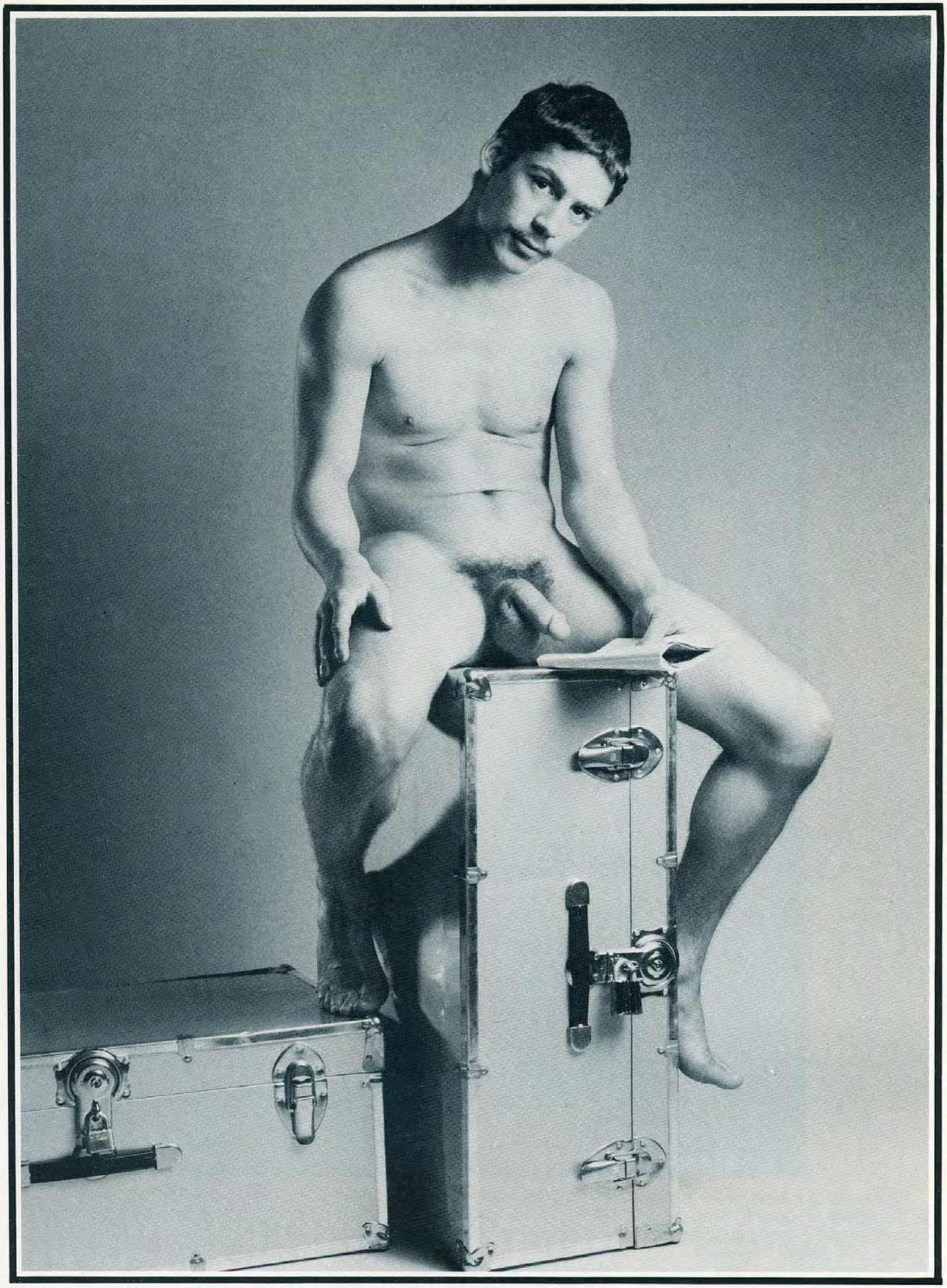
I have a reasonably good body and am fond of sunbathing but I do not like body hair and quite often shave completely, especially in summer. I like the appearance and feel of a perfectly smooth body. It is also much easier to keep clean.

However, I'm always afraid of what the reaction would be if I were to have to go into hospital. Is body shaving common or would I be looked upon as very kinky? You may think this is a silly thing to

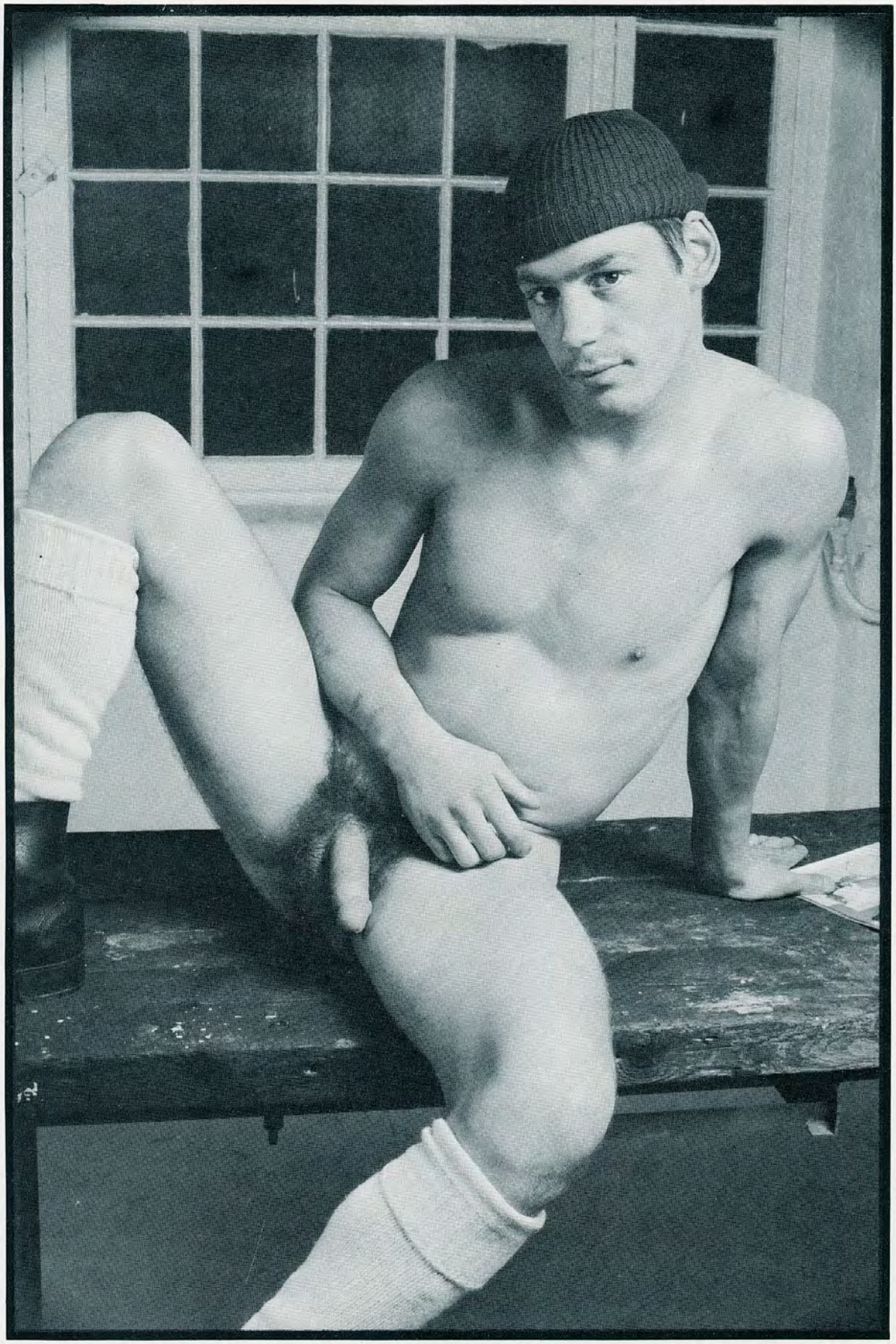
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Dave MacEwan





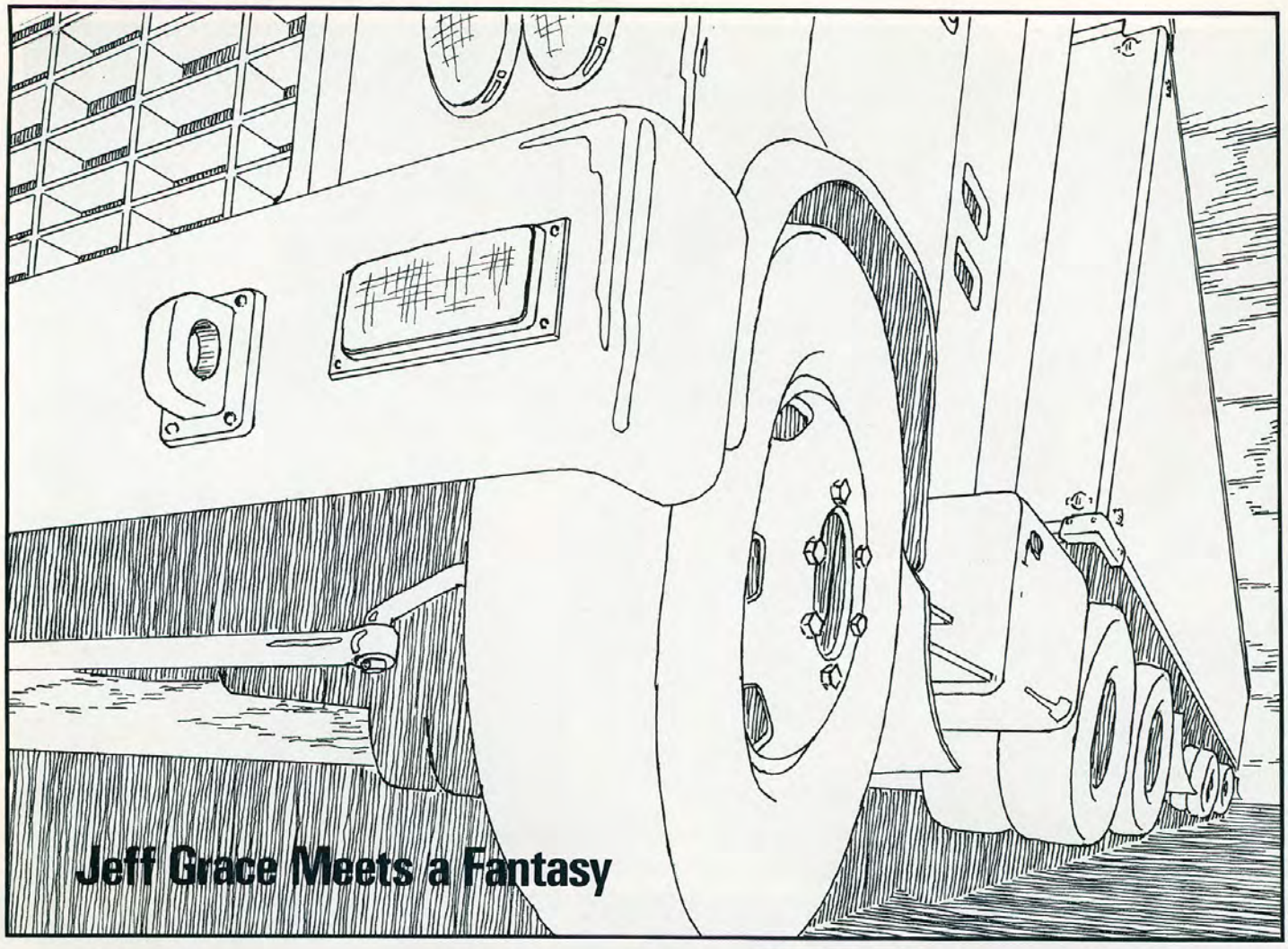
Photos by Vex - Zipper Studios.



This is one guy who never lets the grass grow under his feet – because they're always dancing! Being out every night at noisy discos may not be your idea of healthy living, but in the case of **Dave MacEwan** you could say that disco bopping is his way of working out. Whether you agree with his logic or not, you must admit the results are not the sort to be kicked out of the cosy divan . . . Should you ever see Dave in one of his night venues, the sure way of getting him talking is to mention army gear or uniforms. And if you've got some boots, and military drag tucked in your bedroom . . . why not offer to show him your collection? It's always a good idea to amass a lot of sexy togs such as rubber, leather and forces gear . . . you never know who you're going to meet, and the more clothes you can make them try on, the more vodka you can pour down them . . .







his yorkie in his hand

Whether we'll always admit it or not, we've all got them: fantasies! They can be to do with wealth, power, glamour, societal status . . . *And*, of course, sex. In fact, I'm sure that it's with the latter category that our imaginations work ovetime more often than not.

Certainly in my case. And one of my most recurring fantasies has been (amongst many others) the truck driver . . .

Come on! Own up! Hasn't there been a few lonely nights for you when you've been lying there with a thumping one, the smell of diesel in your nostrils, the sound of huge tyres on tarmac, the vibrations of a sixty horsepower engine coursing through your body? Well, I have!

So, I was minding my own business just before Christmas, driving down to Cornwall actually to see the folks. I've done the route a thousand times before – could almost do it blindfold – and naturally I've made a mental note of 'watering holes' along the way.

There's the Frying Pan, of course, for an overpriced egg sandwich and an indescribable cup of tea. But it is open twenty-four hours!

There's Stonehenge too, if I'm feeling cultural.

And there's the cottages.

Not very exciting. But sometimes ... sometimes . . .

On the day in question, anyway, I stopped at one of the aforementioned. It's on the 303, set way back from the road and not very well signposted. Therefore, used by those that know. It's got a functional urinal, in case you're there for what the local council and nature intended. And then, it's got these two cubicles. Well, I say two cubicles. But the hole that now interconnects them almost qualifies the place as one.

I'm sitting there going through the pretence of emptying my bowels when I hear footsteps on the gravel. The lavatory shudders (it's one of those 'temporary' places on stilts) the door to the next cubicle opens, then shuts again and a person sits down – dropping his jeans etc beforehand!

We play the *indifference* game. He eventually shows his cock from behind a shielding hand and I'm interested. Erupting from a shaggy patch of coarse pubic hair looms his ten-incher. Bulbous, thick and an excited pink. I'm all set to proffer a hand or a mouth at the hole, when, after only this briefest of glimpse of the monster, the guy gets up, zips up and quits the stall.

Well, I'm not going to be outwitted here. Maybe, he has somewhere to go. He didn't seem to lose interest in me and perhaps he has more accommodating ideas.

I follow him out and as I'm tailing him to the road, I realise exactly what I've stumbled on. This is a truck driver. My dream. A huge wedge of a man. Thirty-four, maybe thirty-six with a thatch of dirty blond hair.

I reach the road. He's already up in his cab. I gaze up from my inferior position at the kerbside while we engage in the smallest-of-small talk.

Eventually, he invites me in. It's luxurious, his cab. Stereo, small bed behind the driver's seat and curtains. We shut out the afternoon light. And we do it . . .

The outcome of this highly acceptable stop-off on the way home to my parents is that Lawrence – or Laury as he is known to trucker-friends! – would be only too willing to give me an interview for Zipper. It takes me no more than a minute to run back to the car and grab a pencil and paper. And we share a coke while I fire a few questions at this gay knight of the road.

ZIPPER: **How long have you been truck-driving?**

LAWERENCE: Full-time for the last four years. Before that I did a couple of years driving big vans in London.

Z: **Where are you based now? And what trips do you generally take?**

L: I still have a flat in London. I share it with two other guys – just friends. And most of my trips are from there to the west country. Although, now and again, they get me to go up north – usually if another driver is sick or they're short-staffed.

Z: **Who are they? Is it a large firm?**

L: Yes, it's a big firm. They've got about sixty lorries. We operate out of North London.

Z: **Do they know you're gay?**

L: Some do, some don't.

Z: **And their reaction?**

L: Good. I'm big enough to look after myself. They all know that, so I don't get much stick. The occasional joke. But I'm the sort that can laugh with them. That always stymies them. They never know how to take that.

Z: **What do you enjoy about the work?**

L: It's all change. Sounds like a cliché but no day is ever like another. Makes it easy for me to be a wanderer, which I am really. But also I have the safety of one home. I can be a bit of a home body too.

Z: **What about relationships?**

L: I've never really wanted *one* relationship. I've always preferred to move about a bit. Course, I've had affairs. Who hasn't? But the job has usually cocked it up in the end. It's probably why I keep it. Keeps me at a distance from people. Can't stand grasping queens. And it allows me a lot of freedom.

Z: **What's been the reaction of other drivers?**

L: Again, I'm big enough to look after myself. OK, there's been a couple of ugly moments when I've thought the odds were against me and I might get my head bashed in. But I've always managed to get out of it. And most of the guys on the road couldn't care less. They're all out to get as much pussy – that's the straight ones – as they can, so they're hardly likely to object if I make it plain I'm after as much cock as I can get. It's the same thing.

Z: **Leads me nicely to my next question. Are there many gay guys who are drivers?**

L: You'd be surprised. I was. After the van driving and living in London, I thought I'd have to cut down my sex life when I got this job. But there's a lot more truck drivers who are gay than I imagined. And a whole lot more who are prepared either to give it a try or who constantly spend their lives bending both ways. I'm sure a lot of people who have never been connected with long-distance think that drivers are free to lay bits of skirt – you know, hitch-hikers, landladies – all the time. One long round of shagging. But drivers soon learn it's not like that. The straight guys have a much harder time scoring than I do. And that makes them vulnerable . . . I'm as open as I can be with other drivers. So, if they're interested or just so bloody frustrated they can't control themselves, they come straight to me.

Z: **It's a bit like the guys on the oilrigs, I suppose. They're reputed to become pretty gay once a week or so has passed on their shift.**

L: Could be. It's certainly happened to me that way. A married guy has been away from home a few days. And he's not getting any anywhere else. He'll turn just for a night. Sex without questions is what I'm offering after all. I don't want to have a love affair with another driver. The idea's ridiculous.

Z: **What's their attitude the following day?**

L: A bit sheepish if it's the first time. But that soon passes. They become comfortable with me and other mates. It's started other things between other guys.

Z: **Where do you usually stay?**

L: Well, it's usually digs, cheap bed and breakfast. I've got regular places. And, of course, the transport cafes sometimes have accommodation.

Z: **What's the owners' attitude?**

L: They have no idea what goes on. None at all. So, it doesn't matter two wanks. Anyway, as long as they get their money, they're quite happy. I'm not saying that there's a constant swapping of rooms or anything like that. It's quite low-key. But you're bound to score lucky eventually – especially in the places where you share rooms. And that's most places I stay in.

Z: **What about our experience today? You picked me up and brought me back to the cab. Does that happen a lot?**

L: I've had some of my best sex in this cab. I presume you knew about this cottage before. It's not your first time?

Z: **No. I've done it before.**

L: Well, I do it quite often. It's very difficult to pass a cottage you've had success in without just giving it a look. I'm pretty randy most of the time, so I'm usually not prepared to give up the chance of a spot of fucking. Yes, I've had a whole load of men that I've picked up in similar circumstances. I never finish off in the cottage though. What's the point when I've got this comfortable bedroom parked outside? It's the most mobile of passion wagons, you see. Absolutely perfect for one-off sex. And most guys I meet seem to agree. I mean, if they're not interested in anything but a cottage wank, then they don't follow me outside. And there's always the next one down the road. I'm not desperate – ever.

Z: **You get it regularly then?**

L: I do my best!

Z: **How often – on average?**

L: Difficult to say. It's unusual if I go two days without *something* happening. Something interesting, that is.

Z: **Well, just in case anyone who's reading this fancies a bit with a truck driver and wants to track you down, what turns you on? What kind of guy do you like?**

L: I'm not that fussy. All sorts. You can always find something interesting to do with a cock. I don't like people who pin themselves down to just one type of pick-up. It limits the chances. OK, so you have a disaster now and again when the guy you've picked up just doesn't respond to anything. But it's unusual. And if anyone's coming out on the roads to find me – tell them to look for a bright blue Volvo!

Z: **So, what about your most exciting experience – what's been the best thing to happen during the last four years?**

L: Funnily enough, it happened very close to here. I was running a load down to Cornwall. It was getting fairly late and I'd already decided to stop overnight at a place I know in Exeter. I picked up this guy hitching on the Honiton by-pass. Didn't think anything of it. I'd picked him up because I know it's a bitch of a place to get lifts. I've been stuck there myself before now. He was a nice looking guy. And he seemed very keen. We chatted and he made it known that he wasn't desperate to get anywhere particular that night, so I told him I was staying in Exeter. He could get a room at the same place if he had enough bread. He jumped at the chance and I made sure I booked us both into a double bunk room. Well, it would have been a fairly regular occurrence, if it hadn't been that one of the so-called straight guys who I'd encouraged out of his trousers a couple of weeks before, hadn't been staying too. He'd got this other driver with him who I knew would come with the goods given half a chance. The four of us, then, went for a few drinks just before closing time and swayed our way back to the digs around midnight. It hadn't taken us long to realise what we were all after and we finished up occupying only one of our two rooms. It was a great night. And it's the experience that I always conjure up if I'm reduced to wanking. We got no sleep at all that night. How the three of us drivers kept ourselves on the road the next day, I don't know. Makes a bloody mockery of time-sheets, doesn't it?

worry about, but perhaps I'm a bit too sensitive.

Reg. (Weston-Super-Mare)

Dear Reg,

You are far from being alone in your desire to shave your body hair. You can rest assured that many guys – gay and straight – do it and I doubt whether anybody would "turn a hair" (pardon the pun) if you were to arrive in hospital naked, literally, as the day you were born.

I have two or three regular correspondents who keep themselves shaved and I know from the number of letters I recieve via "Zipper" that the practice is very common.

In the summer when I'm caravanning or camping I often shave myself because its much easier to wash in a limited amount of water when you don't stir up a great frothy lather amongst your pubic hair. I agree with you, too, that its really sexy!

Ray Hamble

Dear Dr. Hamble,

Thanks for letting us into the secret of how you like to masturbate ("Zipper" 26) in the squatting position pulling your penis between your legs from behind. I've tried it several times and I agree that really pulling my cock as far back as I can seems to add a lot to the sensation.

Although I've 'come out' and am completely integrated into the Brighton gay scene I an an autoeroticist. I far prefer to fantasie while masturbating than to have sex with a partner. I found your brief list of hand grips for wanking quite fascinating. There must be many readrs of "Zipper" and similar magazines who use the pictures to stimulate them mentally while they toss off and I wonder whether they would like to write to you giving you their favourite tricks to boost the feeling. You could publish the replies for us all to benefit.

For the record I put on a French Letter, then a jock strap, then tight briefs, then bathers, then about half a dozen pairs of shorts and strip off again slowly in front of a mirror then, when I'm naked again, I quickly wrap my penis in a rolled out piece of plasticine, which I have previously prepared and heated as hot as I can stand in front of the radiator. I mould the plasticine tightly to the shape of my penis and then jerk off. The contraceptive catches my spunk so that I can keep the plasticine for another occasion.

I hope this letter doesn't shock you.

R.P.O. (Brighton)

Dear R.P.O.,

No, of course, you don't shock me. I have long since come to the realisation that it takes all kinds to make a world!

So long as you don't burn yourself by allowing the plasticine to get too hot I can't see that there is any particular harm in what you do. You are probably perfectly right that many of our readers rely quite extensively on an autoerotic sexual outlet – whether by design or force of circumstances is not for me to say – and it may be that your suggestion will prompt other readers to share their personal "turn-ons" through the magazine.

Such matters are not strictly medical, though, so I can't promise to devote too much of my limited space to them.

Ray Hamble

Dear Dr. Hamble,

I was really grateful for your article in "Zipper" 25 on Male Mutiple Orgasms. A psychologist friend drew my attention to the American research you mentioned some time ago and since then I have acted as the co-ordinator of a small group of guys, straight, bi- and gay, who are experimenting with the technique and keeping each other informed of our progress.

As you mentioned the trick is, of course, to experience the full sensation of orgasm without actually ejaculating semen. When one has learnt this knack, and it isn't easy, it is possible to progress from orgasm to orgasm on numerous occasions without any intervening refractory period. We've only had limited success so far, but we are "working in the dark" (in several senses!). We find it easier to achieve during solo masturbation because there are fewer distractions than when one is with a partner. It requires a tremendous mental discipline to over come the physical urge to shoot but one of our number – a medical student – says "I can't explain how to do it, but once you have done it you just KNOW how it feels, and the trick is to try to GO BACK in your head and get that feeling again".

So far one of our number claims that he can achieve multiple orgasms at will but another, at the ripe old age of 28, has given up trying saying that "you can't teach an old dog new tricks"! Most of us seem to be able to cope on about 50% of occasions but I must say that your article has given us real encouragement.

Jack (New York)

Hi there U.S.A.,

Nice to hear from you. I'm trying to collect as much data as I can on this fascinating topic and I shall be delighted to hear from any readers who are experimenting with the technique. I hope they will contact me.

I have now achieved virtually 100% control over my ejaculations when I solo masturbate to orgasm and can usually manage about 75% success with a partner. If guys who practice yoga can sweat at will and alter their pulse and heart rate by the exercise of will power, I see no reason why many of us shouldn't be able to learn the knack of reaching our climax without shooting. To be able, in this way, to have as many orgasms as we wish off the same erection seems something worth trying for. I hope you will keep in touch and I invite other interested readers to do the same.

Ray Hamble

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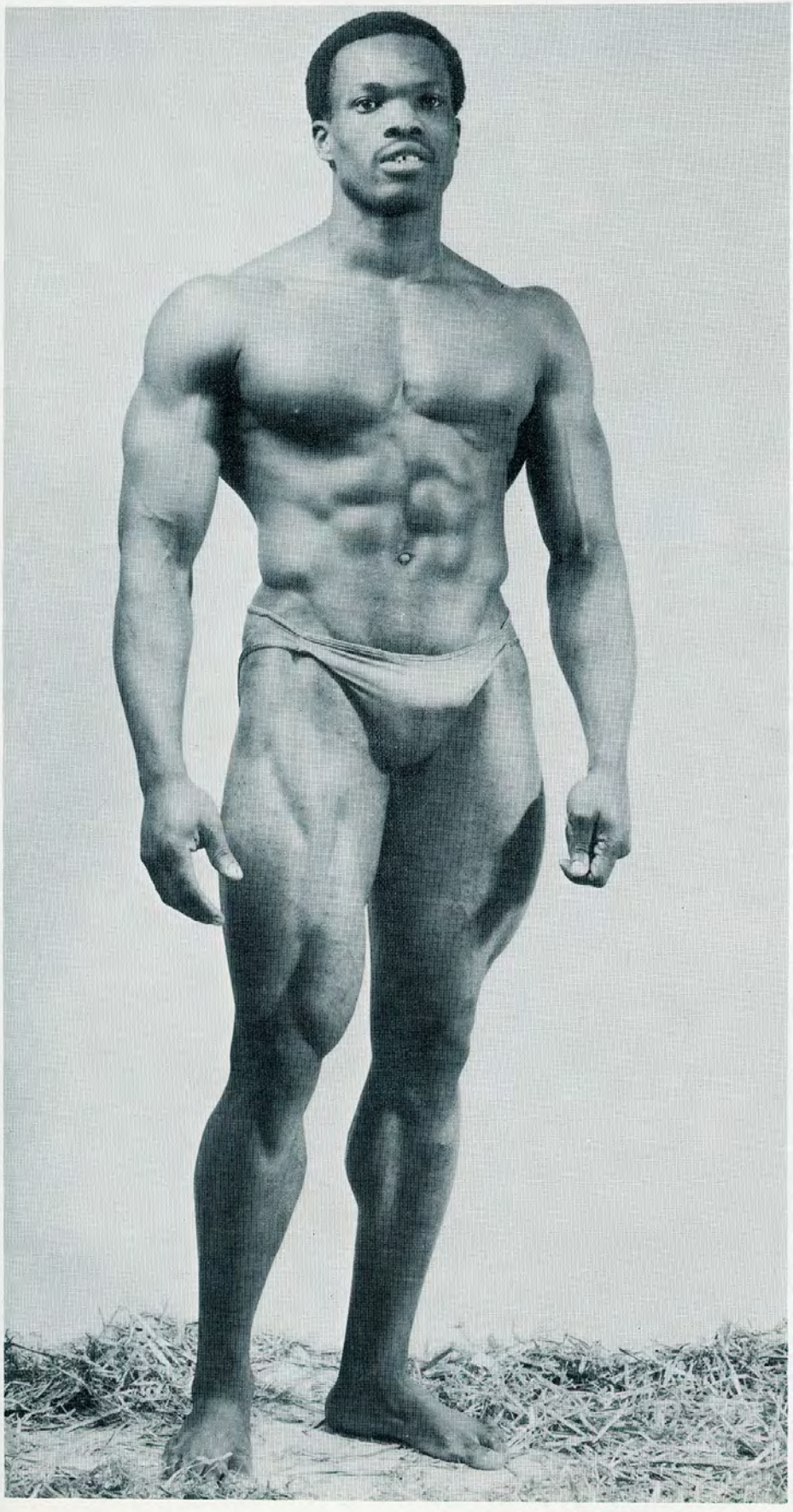
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CHECK US OUT. WE HAVE SO MUCH MORE!

Champion Bodybuilder Shows a Leg, and then Some!

The Black Adonis



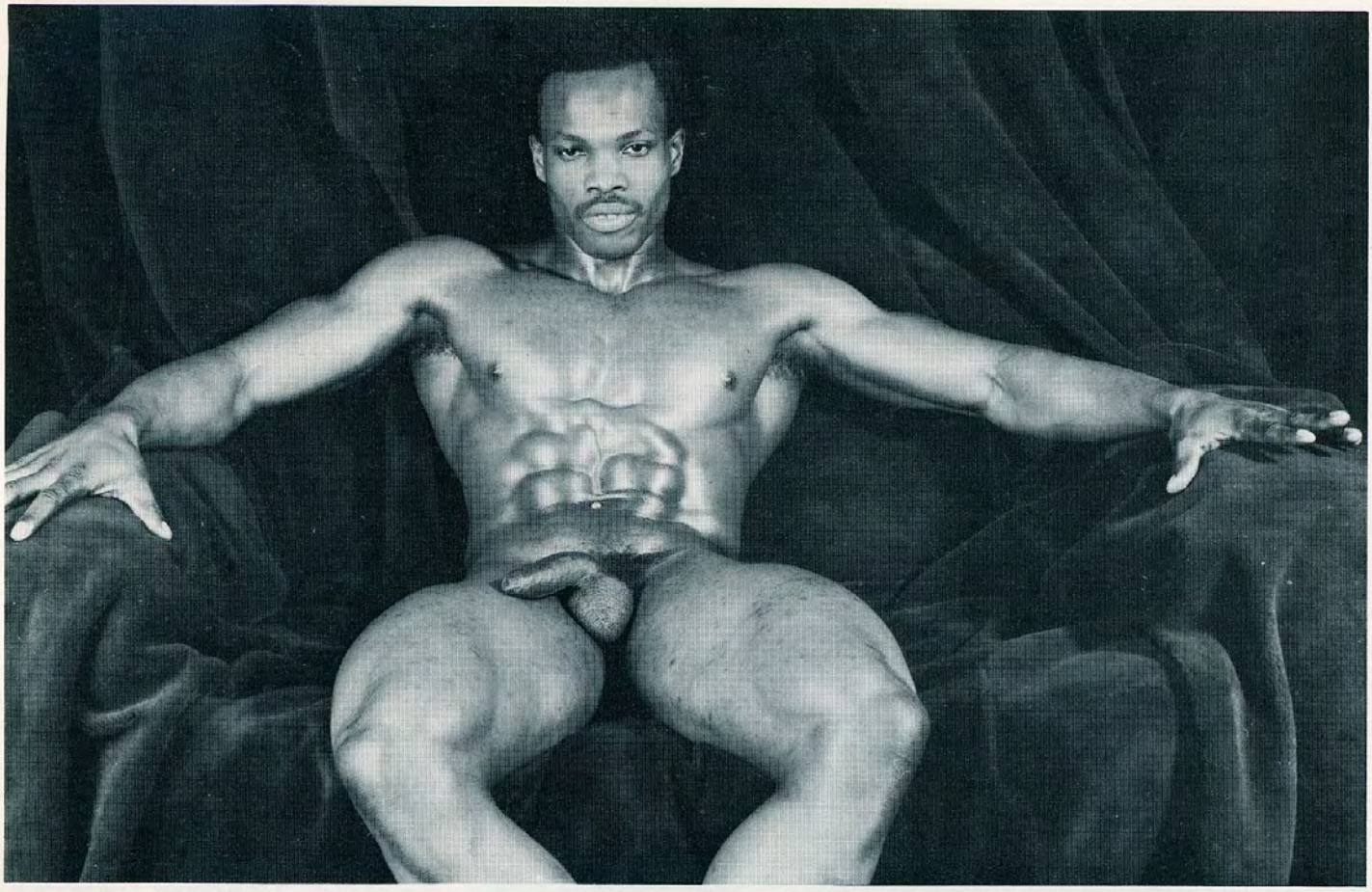
Regular readers to Zipper will know that we occasionally feature well-known star bodybuilders. Just a while back we had **Harold Dickinson,** winner of numerous titles, and this month we feature yet another big boy from the physique contests, **Mike Willis**. As you might imagine, it's not easy to win such awards, but Mike works very hard for those muscles, and when the judges get to look him over, he has to be certain that everything is at its peak: The arms, the chest, the middle-section definition, the back, and the legs. Everything has to be clean-cut, and in the right proportion. There's no point having huge biceps, as many do, when the triceps, at the back of the arm, are too weak. The result looks simply wrong. Mike wins on all counts . . . just look!

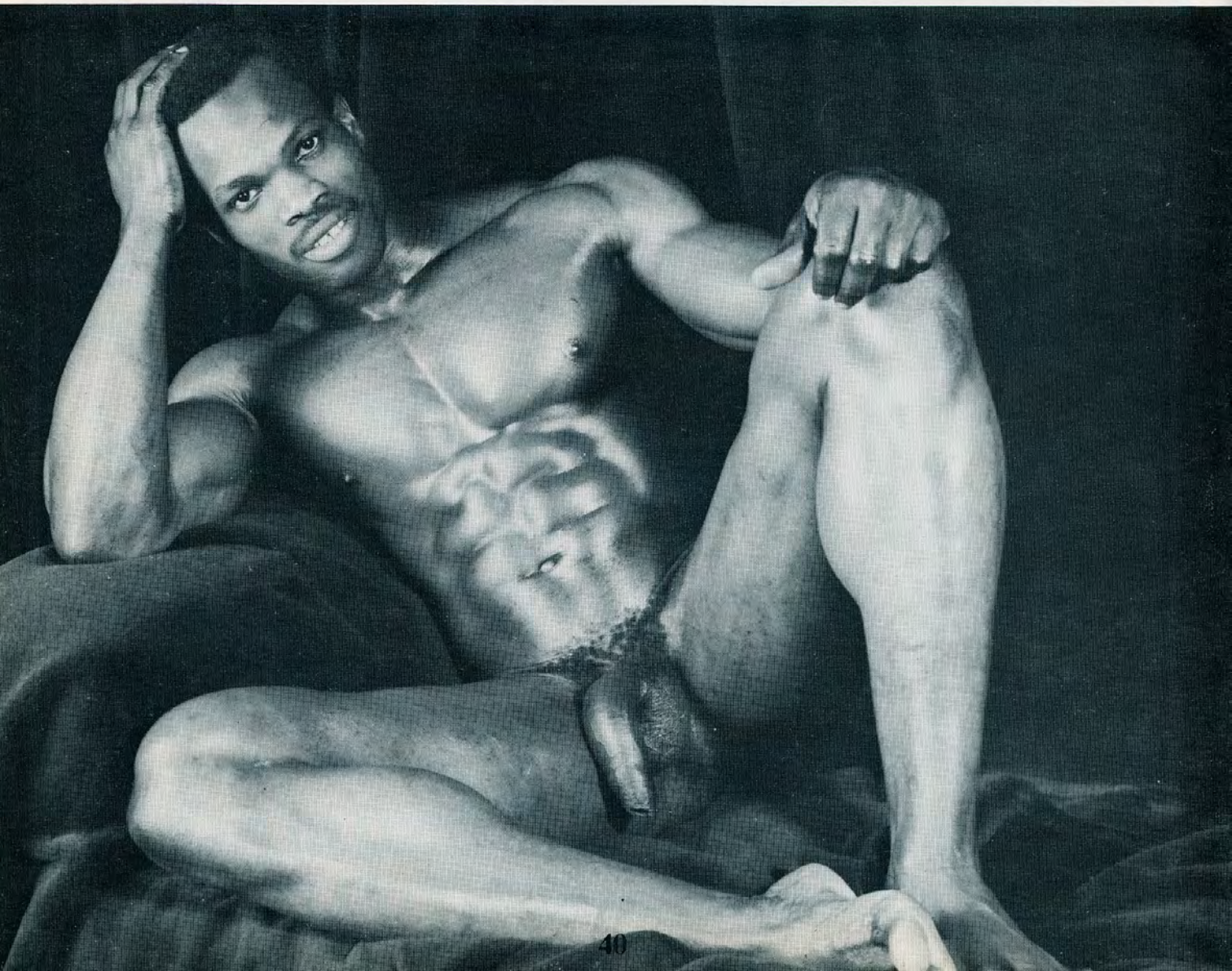
Many bodybuilders find that devoting most of their time to training leads to problems with wives, girlfriends, etc. Girls often get so mad about being second to the sport that they ask the man to make a choice between bodybuilding and them! Mike tells me he would choose his gym in preference to his girl, if it came to it.

Look for more pictures of **Mike Willis** in our new magazine, "Overload" . . .

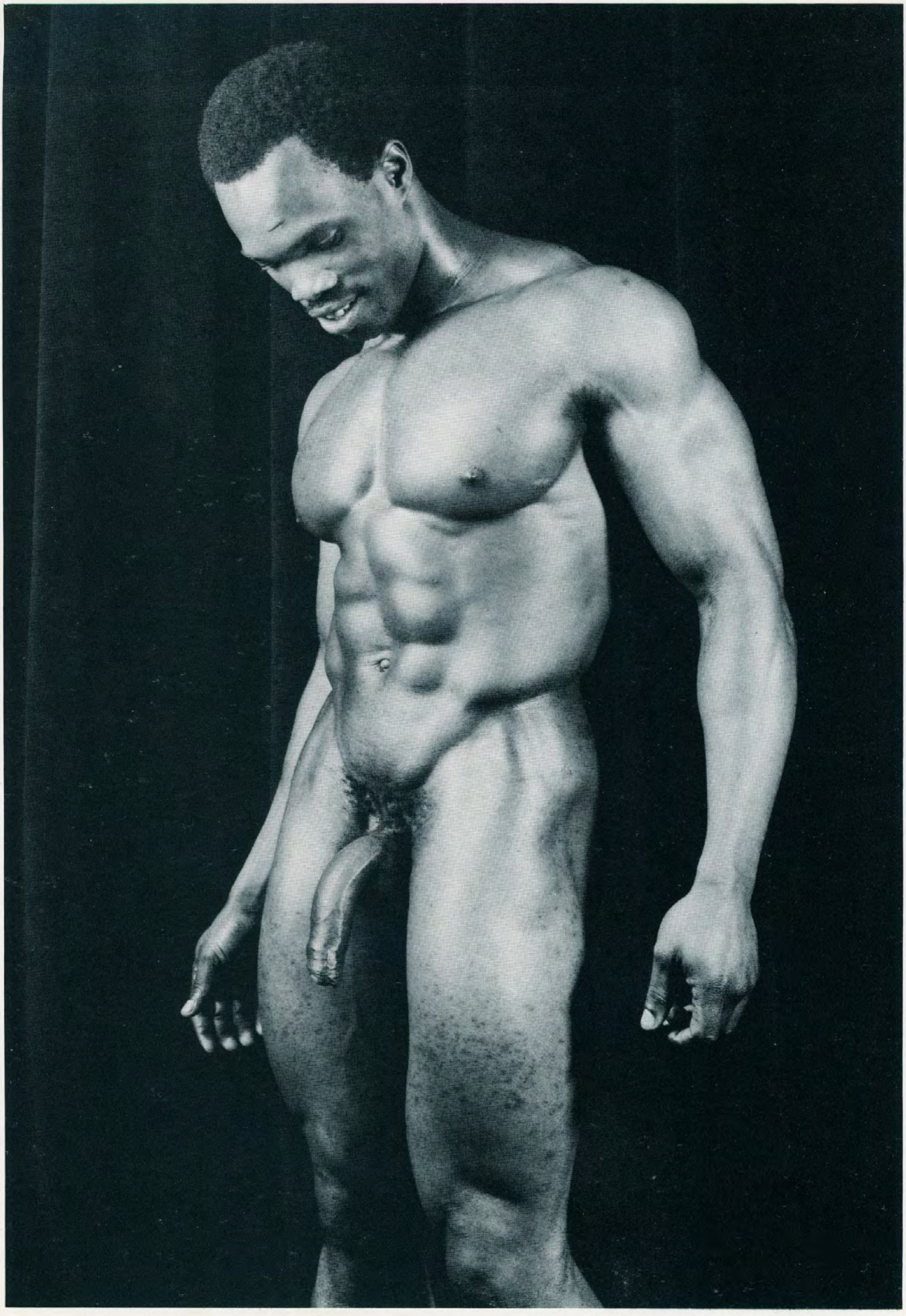
PICTURES BY ALEX MCKENNA. (Zipper Studios)

Mike Willis

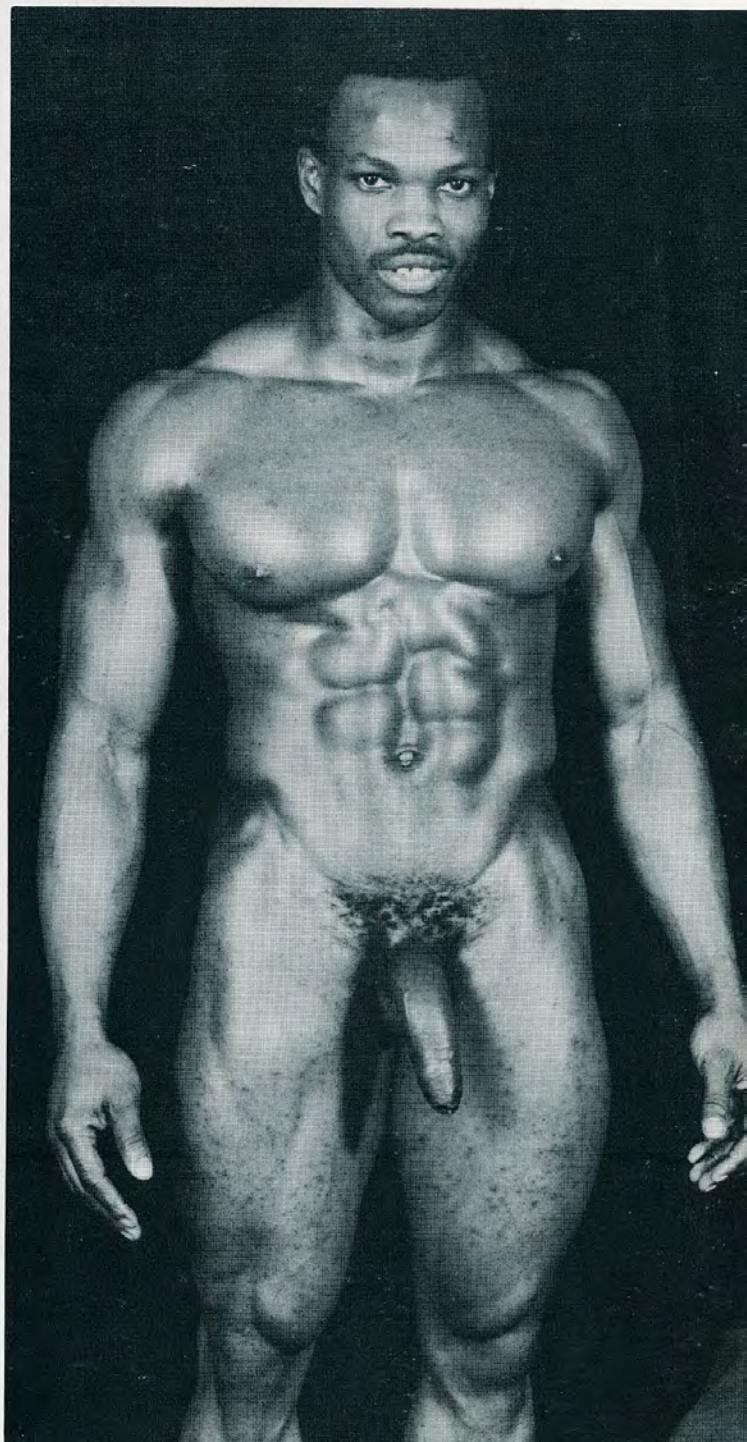














ZIPPER Mates

283, CAMDEN HIGH ST, LONDON NW1.

BOURNEMOUTH: Virgo, 21, 5'11", 10st8lb. Seeks friends 23-25 for weekend fun. Please send photo. Likes good-looking hairy masculine men. No effem. or kinks. Genuine replies only. Cleanliness essential. Box 4597.

ANYWHERE: Gemini, 27, 5'9", 150lbs. Attractive guy, seen the usual, now desires the unusual Cx. More unusual the better. 21-30 active? I really need you to contact me. Box 4598.

S.WALES: Virgo, 36, 5'11", 10st, P. Inexperienced slim guy keen to be put to use by guys 21-40. Any duties and training undertaken. Can travel. Send full instructions with photo. Box 4599.

MERSEYSIDE/Anywhere: Gemini, 21, 5'6", 10st. V.young looking guy, inexperienced, seeks similar 21-24 for finding out. Own place, can accommodate. Tight jeans, shorts, Try anything. Photo, v.frank letter, guaranteed reply. Box 4600.

W.MIDLANDS: 30, 5'6", 9st. Slim muscular guy looking for stocky, muscular, hairy guys. No effem., beer-guts. Photo apprec. Box 4601.

LONDON: 34, 6', 10st, A. Drill instructor, strict guards trained N.C.O., offers all-round military training to anyone in need of army discipline. Also training given. Smart. Box 4602.

BIRMINGHAM: Scorpio, 25, 5'10", 11st, P. Guy with TR7 wants randy young guy for friendship and fun. Photo if possible please. Box 4603.

S.LONDON: Aquarius, 22, 1.81m, 75kg, A. Master seeks servant 21-25. Novices welcome. Can travel or accommodate. ALA. with photo (returned). Box 4604.

LONDON: Aries, 35, 6'2", 12st, A. Masculine hairy guy, weight trainer, wants to meet well-hung non-effem. 25-40. Try most things. ALA guaranteed. Photo not essential. Box 4605.

LEEDS: Taurus, 39, 5'9", A, D. Guy with own house seeks friendly type interested in long term relationship for mutual satisfaction. Photo appreciated. Box 4606.

PORTSMOUTH: Gemini, 52, 5'8", 10st10lbs, P.d. Weekends your pad. Unskilled work. Needs rough, tough guy. Most of Zipper code, harder the better. 70 mile area. Box 4607.

ALDERSHOT: Leo, 31, 5'7", 9st. I have crew-cut hair, moustache, uncut, want to meet with similar clone, O&A, 21-36. Very frank letter. Photo please. Box 4608.

LONDON: Taurus, 45, 6', 11½st. So Niagara Falls? No problem. W/S enthusiast offers others 25-50 much swinging in the rain! Am, hot milkshakes, iced drinks, wet A. Photos exchanged. ALA. Box 4609

LONDON/Herts: Virgo, 37, 5'11", 11st3lb. Wants to meet hot briefs and jocks guys for fun and friendship. Also seeks invitations to jocks/briefs groups. Nothing way-out. Photo/phone. ALA. Box 4610.

N.ENGLAND/Anywhere: 32, 5'10", 160, A.D. Seeks servile guys under 40 into shaving, etc. Uniformed guys specially welcomed. Discretion assured. Details of experience in respectful letter. Photo is possible. Box 4611.

N.MIDLANDS: Virgo, 41, 5'9", 11½st A.D. Friendly schoolmaster type offers exciting tutorials to boyish types 21-30. Please mention schoolboy feelings and best requirements of rejuvenated self. Tentative novices very welcome. ALA. Box 4612.

COTSWOLDS: Leo, 42, 5'11", 149lbs. Versatile guy seeks friends for good times. Willing to try most things. Own place. Frank letter with photo apprec. ALA. Box 4613.

LONDON/S.E: Virgo, 21 5', 7st, d. Asian, young looking seeks taller handsome versatile leatherguy 25-40 with passionate streak, to be gentle but firm. Frank letter and photo please. Box 4614.

W.LONDON: Leo, 35, 5'10", 11½st, A. Handsome dominant masculine moustached, chest 41", waist 31", wants boyish 21, cleanshaven, smooth prominent buns. No fatties. Discretion assured. Send photo/phone. Box 4615.

CROYDON: Leo, 47, 5'7", 9st. Young looking randy guy very experienced seeks friends for mutual pleasure and friendship. Any age. Own place. ALA. Interests: films, mags, theatre, music. Box 4616.

LONDON: Virgo, 43, 6'2", A. Well built randy attractive active but versatile seeks partners 21-35 uninhibited prolonged sessions. Black guys welcome. Into Cx, A, O, Am. Frank letters, photo helps. Box 4617.

STAFFS: Aries, 24, 5'6", 8st, p. Slim guy seeks other under 35 for fun and friendship. Interests: briefs, mags, jocks, etc. Willing to pose. Frank letter plus photo please. ALA. Box 4618.

LONDON/Anywhere: Sagittarius, 30, 5'9", 10½st. Swop letters/stories for J/O? Schools, scouts, etc. turn me on. What about you? Be frank, be imaginative. Box 4619.

W.YORKS/Anywhere: Capricorn, 32, 5'8", 10st, A.D. Goodlooking strict guy will welcome guys 21+. Will travel. Frank letters with photo ensures reply. Box 4620.

SLOUGH: Leo, 32, 5'10", 11st. Guy looking for hairy guys 21-30. Willing to try most things. Own place. Nude photo with letter telling likes. ALA. Box 4621.

CHESTER: Gemini, 33, 5'8", 14st, P.d. Guy, plain looking, bit overweight, inexperienced, seeks guy to train me. GrP. Anything considered except Tw. Can travel. Prefer local. Box 4622.

HOW TO PLACE AN AD

Please use the form provided, remembering to fill in ALL the boxes in the top line! Keep the wording respectable as alterations take time and the ad may be rejected. Because of changes in the law some of the ZIPPER CODE has had to be deleted. We reserve the right to change wording in keeping with our editorial policy. A box number will automatically be allocated to all advertisers. All advertisers must be over 21 years, signing to that effect, and must not mention or imply any age under 21 years in the advertisement. Please print clearly, illegible advertisements will be rejected. Be sure to give us your full name and address. Post to: ZIPPER, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1. All advertisements printed on these pages are genuine as are the people who submit them. It is not unreasonable to ask that all advertisers reply to letters within 14 days. If your ad said ALA then make sure All Letters are Answered. Good manners also dictate that you reply even if you are not interested in the person answering your advertisement, and don't forget to return the photograph. We can no longer include telephone numbers or addresses without prior discussion and arrangement.

HOW TO ANSWER AN AD

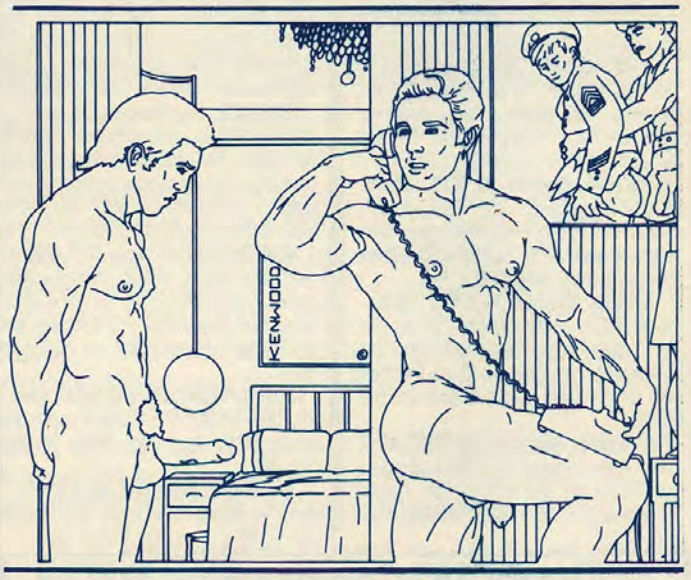
Anyone may answer an ad by following the instructions below.

BOX NUMBERS: Please reply as follows:

1. Seal your reply in a 'Personal Size' envelope.
2. Write the box number, small but clearly in the top left-hand corner, on the front of the envelope.
3. Affix UK postage stamp on the front of the envelope, upper right-hand corner. Do not write anything in the address area. IF THE ENVELOPE REACHES US WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE WE WILL DESTROY IT.
4. Place the smaller envelope in a larger 'business size' envelope, **together with two 14p stamps, loose,** FOR EACH LETTER TO BE FORWARDED, and send to: ZIPPER, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1.

When we receive your sealed reply we will forward it to the advertiser, you will then hear directly from him. **DO NOT** ask us to act on your behalf, or give the advertiser's name and address. Box numbers are sent out twice a week, and we will continue to forward replies for three issues, inclusive of the current issue on sale.

DRUMMER



"I've got to go now mom, Peter needs me."

LIVERPOOL: Capricorn, 55, 5'2", 8st, p.Slim passive guy seeks 25-30 for fun and friendship. In O&A. Write frankly. ALA. Photo please. Box 4623.

NEWCASTLE: Virgo, 27, 5'10", 11½st. Quiet non-camp lonely novice seeks friends 21-30 non-effem. for lasting relationship. Will try anything. Own flat. Photo if possible. ALA. Box 4624.

YORKSHIRE/Anywhere: 29/38, P.d. Two tall slim goodlooking cleanshaven guys seek affection, etc from black or Asian friends. Your place or ours. ALA. Box 4625.

ANYWHERE: Taurus, 37, 5'11", 13st, P.d. Satan devotee needs contact, crude animals, wild correspondents answer, as I'm a Postal slave. Any age, colour brown, genuine filthy addict. Box 4626.

LONDON: Virgo, 36, 5'10", 10½st, P.d. Leather, rubber and uniform enthusiast, attractive, obedient, seeks guy in breeches or tight jodpurs, to train me, or harness for riding practice. Box 4627.

LONDON: Libra, 31, 5'10", 11st, A.D. Attractive leathermaster requires guys for complete training. Into Bd,

Tw, masks, rubberwear, uniform. Write fully with photo. Box 4628.

MIDDX: Cancer, 24/40, 11/13st, A.D. Two masters require guy to live in leather, toys. Versatile applications. Good home offered to right guy. Photo, phone, frank letter. ALA. Box 4629.

LONDON: Capricorn, 40, 5'11", 15st, A. Hirsute active and raring to meet handsome smoothskinned guys, all nationalities. You will find me generous, good company, sincere and discreet. ALA. Box 4630.

LONDON: Aquarius, 41, 6'3", 14½st. Active, affectionate, straight-looking, hairy chest, strong build. Likes theatre, music, travel, good food, and similar masculine, cleanshaven guys, 35-55, married or single. Box 4631.

W.LONDON: Taurus, 35, 5'10", 9½st, A.D. Master seeks males for training sessions (daytimes). Prefer slim, muscular, well-endowed. Reply with nude photo, details of self, likes etc. Box 4632.

DARTFORD: Cancer, 29, 5'7", 10½st. Wanted – hairy cowboy 21-31, A/P, S.E.London, Kent. Will travel to capture right man. ALA. Box 4633.

LONDON: Libra, 39, 5'9", 10st. Pleasant looking athletic guy, interested travel, arts, hopes to meet exceptionally TALL friend (anywhere). Box 4634.

LONDON: Aries, 32, 5'8", 130lbs, A. With a star sign of the ram, need I say more? Tight jeans, jocks, shorts, w/s fan would like to hear from you. Box 4635.

W.LONDON: Aquarius, 21, 6', 10½st. Young slim inexperienced guy seeks man under 30 for experience. Must be sincere and patient. Your place. ALA with photo. Phone no. would help. Box 4636.

N. YORKS: 30, 5'11", 10st. XS 250 rider. Intelligeht. Denim, leather and many other interests. Wants similar mates for rides, fun and adventure. Paul. Box 4637.

LONDON: Gemini, 32, 5'11", 9½st, p. Guy seeks well-hung Arabs, Greeks, Turks, or any big randy hairy studs who want a good time. Letters with photo, phone please. Box 4638.

ESSEX: Pisces, 39, 5'6½", 8st. Non-effem. seeks young (25) guy for fun, friendship. Have own pad and transport. Versatile. No kinks, fetishes. All letters with photo answered. Box 4639.

GRIMSBY: Scorpio, 30, 5'10", 10st. Non-scene, inexperienced, seeks genuine guy for something that means something. Own place, nothing way-out. Photo please. ALA. First ad. Box 4640.

LONDON: Aries, 22, 5'1", 10st7lbs, A. Very attractive randy young guy seeks pretty sexy boys (21-23). Punks, skinheads, rockers. Anyone, anywhere. No effems. Anything goes. Photo essential. Desperate. ALA. Box 4641.

BRADFORD: Leo, 34, 5'7", 11st. Macho guy seeks same into denim and keeping fit. Can accommodate. Must be hairy. Photo, any kind. ALA. Box 4642.

GLOS/WORCS: Capricorn, 24, 6', 13st. Professional guy, own place, new to gay scene, seeks hairy men 24-35. Photo please. Box 4643.

LONDON: Cancer, 5'6", 10st. Would young man from Cleveland, Issue 22, please contact me? He is part paralysed, deaf, 25. I would like to hear from him. Box 4644.

ANYWHERE: Pisces, 42, 6'2", 13½st, A. Tall fun-loving dark hair seeks genuine friends to meet or correspond. Uncut, FrA, GrA, J/O, Sh. Photo apprec. ALA. Box 4645.

W.COUNTRY: Middle-aged. Cottage owner, oral expert, offers overnight hospitality to visitors, truck-drivers, Plymouth/Okehampton area. Locals also welcome. Photo apprec. & returned. ALA. Box 4646.

DORSET: Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 9st3lbs. Goodlooking smart guy seeks same for sincere relationship. Well-endowed preferred. Likes horse racing, pop music. My place (Ferndown, near Bournemouth) daytime only. ALA. Photo please. Box 4647.

CHESTER: Aquarius, 6'3", 12st, A.D. Leather/denim guy, own place and gear, seeks boyish 21+, any colour (especially West Indians or Orientals). Novices welcome. Write for phone no. Will also visit. Box 4648.

LONDON: Sagittarius, 39, 5'11", 140lbs, A.D. Experienced guy into B/D, Rp, G.Bf, Tw, etc. requires guys for training and enjoyable sessions. Beginners welcomed. Photo and letter guarantees reply. Box 4649.

NORTH BUCKS: Leo, 5'7", 10st. Mid 40's, briefs, shorts, denim, cords, seeks guys similar for fun and good times and friendship. Frank letters and photograph apprec. First ad. ALA. Box 4650.

LANCS/YORKS/CHESHIRE: Leo, 25, 5'9", 140lbs, P.d. Novice seeks guy under 35 to train me. Photo please. Box 4651.

LONDON: Scorpio, 30, 6'1½", 9st6lbs. Handsome kinky guy needs initiation. Wants to wear brown right side. Frank letter/photo from cleanshaven 21-25, Pinstripe brigade welcome. Excite us both. Box 4652.

LONDON: Cancer, 27, 5'10", 11½st A.D. Attractive hard guy in full leather, into heavy w/s, Bd, seeks same for relationship. Topmen should stick together. Photo please. You must be young and good looking like me. Box 4653.

W.MIDLANDS: Aries, 34, 6', 12st. Well-built guy with gym equipment seeks training partner or guys needing instruction and workouts. Also mates for fun, fr friendship or mutual photography. Box 4654.

SHEFFIELD: Taurus, 51, 6', 13st. Sincere loving non-camp active young friends wanted for lasting relationship. ALA with photo returned. Box 4655.

HOLLAND: Aquarius, 27, 5'9", 11st. Dutch guy living in Holland seeks friendship, correspondence with blond males 21-28. Box 4656.

LONDON: Cancer, 26, 5'8", 9½st, P.d. Attractive dark-haired, slim, cleanshaven, randy, masculine guy seeks bearded or moustached leather/denim master to look up to. Photo, frank letter helps. Box 4657.

STAFFORD: Virgo, 42, 6', 15st. Guy seeks friends 21-45. Live alone, so can accommodate. Have mags and films. Many interests. Also like to travel. Photo, phone no. apprec. ALA. Box 4658.

BRIGHTON: Cancer, 27, 5'4", 154lbs, P. Non-effem. Easy-going. Would like randy mate under 35 (not bearded) for genuine fun together. Rugged type guys given preference. Box 4659.

LONDON: Scorpio, 31, 6'2", 168lbs, P. Hot guy needs butch guy to train and feminize his small waist, large buns and wild tits. Anything goes. You name it. Box 4660.

NORTHAMPTON: Virgo, 45, 5'6", 12st5lbs, A.D. Man seeks guys 21-50. Training given, B, O, A, toys, cellar. ALA. Photo please. Box 4661.

LONDON: Scorpio, 32, 6'2", 154lbs. Tall, slim, successful artist seeks body beautiful type guy as inspiration and model. Just strip off and be admired. Central London. Photo please. Box 4662.

SUSSEX: Taurus, 30, 5'8½", 9½st, P.d. Attractive leather/denim guy, good body, seeks attractive muscular guy, under 32. Will submit to training. Photo and frank letter ensures reply. ALA. Can accommodate. Box 4663.

LONDON: Leo, 32, 5'8", 12st. Seeks hairy hunky type guy for fun and games. Can accommodate. Frank photo apprec. Mine with reply. ALA. Box 4664.

N.WEST: Libra, 24, 5'9", P.d. Skinny guy into training etc. Likes shorts, briefs, would like to experiment with slim guy 25-40, for lasting friendship. Your place only. Box 4665.

LONDON: Scorpio, 32, 6'3", 168lbs, P.d. Attractive, large buttocks, small waist, feminine desires over sensitive nipples, needs muscle guy to initiate me into she-male role. Box 4666.

LONDON: Taurus, 23, 5'7", 9½st, A.D. Young active guy into b, but inexperienced, seeks attractive submissive guys 21-26. Your place. Photo, frank letter please. Box 4667.

LONDON: Libra, 30, 5'9", 10st, P.d. Slim guy wants complete training. Likes leather, skin-tight jeans, toys, Am, chains, shorts. Show me the ropes. Photo please. ALA. Box 4668.

DERBY: Gemini, 34, 5'8", 10st7lbs. Seeks guys 21-28 hairy and/or muscular preferred. Me, good body, decent looking, genuine, non-camp. Interested most things. Own place, phone. ALA. Box 4669.

LONDON: Cancer, 38, 5'8", 140lbs, P.d. Unruly guy needs firm but friendly attention from active working guy (25-45). School type fun. Your place, your equipment. Letter with photo please. ALA. Box 4670.

LONDON: Leo, 30, 5'8½", 11st. Muscular, slim, big moustache, macho looks, very randy, gentle, assertive (but not dominating), sensual, loving, uninhibited, outrageous, tripped out on life and living, seeks muscular guys. Aim: to get so blissed out we'll never be the same again. Photo plus vital statistics ensures reply. Box 4671.

MIDLANDS: Pisces, 40, 5'8", 170lbs. Really get turned on to see a guy stuck in deep mud wearing tight jeans, wellies, waders, or a vehicle. Anyone interested, reply with photo. Box 4672.

BRISTOL/GLOS: Cancer, 24, 5'10", 12½st. Shy non-effeminate guy wishes to meet similar guy for mutual enjoyment. ALA. Photograph revealing all welcomed. Box 4673.

NOTTINGHAM/Anywhere: Virgo, 26, 5'10", 13st. New to gay scene, wishes to meet hairy guys, any age. Please send frank letter. Photo appreciated. Non-effem. Bi's welcome. ALA. Box 4674.

LONDON: Leo, 27, 5'10", A. Butch Seaman wants ratings. Hard times assured. Your dreams can come true. Briefs, leather, Am, toys etc. First ad. ever. ALA. Paul. Box 4675.

LONDON: Aquarius, 25, 5'9", 10st. Slim young man seeks City types to please. Box 4676.

LONDON: Capricorn, 27, 5'11", 145lbs, A. Active guy seeks young 21+ friends for interesting times together. Reply with photo please, returned with one of me. Box 4677.

LONDON: Aquarius, 25, 5'10", 10st. Young, good looks and body, own place wants denim, possibly leather friends with good bodies for fun. Nothing too heavy. Photo and phone ensures reply. Box 4678.

LONDON: 45, 5'8". Pen-friends anywhere, also abroad. Own flat. Interests: disco, rock music, photography, cinema. Photo appreciated and returned. ALA. 22-31 age limit. Box 4679.

KENT/LONDON: Aquarius, 23, 5'8", 10st. Goodlooking guy, straight appearance, easy going, own place, car, seeks other similar for friendship and fun. Photo & phone apprec. ALA with photo. Box 4680.

LONDON: 24/28, 5'10"/5'8", 10/9½st, A.D. Two guys seek houseboy/servant under 30 for occasional duties. Training given if needed. Photo please. Box 4681.

LONDON/S.E.: Virgo, 40, 5'11", 13st, P.d. T.V. loves dressing in satin & silk, needs leather-clad master for training. Please reply with photo, training programme. ALA. Box 4682.

W.LONDON: Leo, 40, 5'6", 11st. Active guy seeks friendly guy 25-30 to meet daytimes and evenings. Photo please. Box 4683.

to: Zipper, 283, Camden High St, NW1

£2 **gay ads form** £2

Keep wording legal. Nothing under 21 years please.

TOWN	STAR SIGN	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	CODE

name _____

address _____

LONDON: Leo, 29, 5'11". Labourers dirty gear for sale. Some leather too. Wants labourer as mate. Box 4684.

LONDON: Aquarius, 35, 5'9", 10st6lb. Shy inexperienced non-scene, requires guy for introduction and progressive training. Photo, ALA. Box 4685.

CHESHIRE/MERSEYSIDE: Cancer, 38, 6'2", 11½st. Straight looking guy seeks tall guys with short hair, 25-35, wearing hefty leather belts. Photo, phone please. ALA. Box 4686.

ABERDEEN: Aquarius, 29, 5'11½", 12st, A. Leather guy, own place, seeks mates under 30, for fun relationship(s). Favourite colours: Dark blue, red and yellow. Frank letter and photo ensures reply. Box 4687.

ANYWHERE: Aquarius, 36, 6'1", 13st7lb. Hot, hung, hairy guy wishes initiation into tight denim/uniform scene, anywhere, by blond, clean-shaven stud under 30. Your place only. Photo please. ALA. Box 4688.

LONDON/Anywhere: Libra, 22, 5'11". Very randy boy, athletic, seeks well-built masculine guys, all nationalities, 21-40, for fun. Anything goes. Can travel. Send details with photo (returned). My 1st ad. Box 4689.

LONDON: Leo, 28, 5'8", 9½st, A.D. Guys 21-30 required by dark-haired man. Total acceptance required. Training given to beginners. Reply with photo and details. Box 4690.

LONDON: Gemini, 32-35, 5'8", 11st, A. Uninhibited men sought by two active guys for fun weekend visits. Non-camp only. Photo will ensure reply. Box 4691.

LONDON: Aries, 30, 5'9", 9st6lb. Raunchy guy seeks others for hot sweaty times. Leather, Denim, Am, W/s, shorts. 21-35 only please. Box 4692.

SAN FRANCISCO: Hot young American stamp collector would like to correspond with U.K. stamp collectors for new issue exchange. Other interests: leather and kink. John Rowberry, 246 Clinton Park, San Francisco, USA.

LONDON/KENT: Scorpio, 36, 6'3", 13½st. Mainly active guy seeks masculine friends, married or single, 21-40, for companionship etc. Box 4693.

GRANTHAM: Pisces, 36, 5'8", 12st, P. Thirsty and passionate, with overnight parking spaces for big lorry drivers. Frank and open enquiries appreciated. ALA. with photo. Box 4694.

LONDON: Sagittarius, 29, 5'11½", 11¾st. Hairy cleanshaven, heavily into long DIY sessions, mirrors, shorts, jeans, or anything, seeks guys similar tastes. Frank letter and photo apprec. Phone no. also helps. Box 4695.

LANCS: Taurus, 28, 5'10", 10½st, P. Young non-scene slim guy seeks well-hung stallion. Must be long stayer. View permanent relationship if compatible. Photo & phone no. in return for mine. Box 4696.

PERTH/DUNDEE: Aquarius, 37, 6'1", 13st. Married self-employed ex-service type, putting on weight, needs sympathetic PTI to help keep in trim. Phone no. helps. Box 4697.

N.YORKS/CLEVELAND: Amateur photographer 50's, would like to hear from good-looking models. Details please, photo & phone no. Box 4698.

ANYWHERE: Scorpio, 25, 1,67m, 67kg. Join WaSps, the shower of gey-

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sers who rain supreme. Splash out on a letter today. Detailed photo(s) & S.A.R. from guys 21-39. No brown. ALA. Box 4699.

NORTHANTS: Cancer/Scorpio, 30/25, 5'11"/5'6", 11/10½st. Briefs, and uniform. No hairy chests, beards, beanpoles, fats. Own home. Most things go. Nothing heavy. Photo. ALA. Box 4700.

LONDON/Anywhere: Libra, 28, 6'1", 12½st, P.d. Biker into oil, mud, grease, w.s., ropes, chains, etc. wants imaginative strong-minded mates, preferably bikers, but ALA. Genuine. Box 4701.

LONDON/Essex: 37, 5'6½", 150lbs, P. Asian goodlooking post-graduate seeks masculine well-built, well-endowed friend for enjoyment 25-40. Interests: films, travelling, cooking (Asian style), reading. Photo essential. Box 4702.

LONDON: 36, 5'9", 10st3lb, P.d. Leather/denim guy, experienced, slim, short hair, would like to hear from a guy with same interests, and a sadistic teddy in his left pocket. Box 4703.

ROMFORD: Gemini, 37, 5'11", 12½st, P.d. Pierced scrotum & cock, single, own place. Dominant and/or active friend wanted. Phone no. given by return. Details please. Box 4704.

NORWICH: Aquarius, 26, 5'8", 9st. Leather guy, slim, dark, boyish, moustache, goodlooking, wants cap, boots and friend for party, March. Box 4705.

LEICS/NORTHANTS/Anywhere: Taurus, 35, 5'11", 170lbs. Dark, goodlooking, versatile, good body, own pad, can travel. Genuine 1st ad. Why not write if you want guaranteed fun, you might be pleasantly surprised. ALA. Photo, frank letter, phone no. essential. Box 4706.

BRADFORD: Sagittarius, 28, 5'8½", 9st. Young guy inexperienced, seeks younger guy, own place. Seeks introduction, keen to learn. Write, details, photo, phone. Box 4707.

BIRMINGHAM: Pisces, 30, 5'7", 10st10lbs, A. Good looking guy, seeks friends for mutual pleasure and evenings out. Have own place. Also want friends in London. Box 4708.

SURREY: Aries/Gemini, 38, 5'10"/ 6'3", 10½/11½st. Funloving couple wish to meet others for fun and friendship. Nothing heavy. Occasional weekends, our place. Photo please. ALA. 30-45 preferred. Box 4709.

LONDON: Cancer, 32, 5'6", 10st, P.d. Naughty boy likes slippery En, tubes, Y-fronts, Phone no. preferred. Box 4710.

LONDON: Leo, 30's, 5'10", 12½st, P.d. New to scene, untrained, needs man (20's), w/ends, to train and show me the ropes. Generous to right guy. Letter with instructions. Photo? ALA. Box 4711.

BATH: Virgo, 30, 5'11", 11st. Attractive slim bi-guy seeks pals 25-30 for friendship and mutual pleasure. Into silky briefs and shorts. Frank letters please. Box 4712.

HORNCHRUCH: Taurus, 43, 5'10½", 12st, P.d. Guy seeks genuine man, strict, no holds barred. No time-wasters. Any age. Your place. ALA. Box 4713.

LONDON: Sagittarius, 29, 5'11½", 11¾st. Voyeurs wanted by hairy exhibitionist into DIY and doing his own thing. (Would also like to hear from similar DIY guys.) Box 4714.

DERBY: Libra, 66, 5'5½", 10st. Midlands – vacant flat-share. Semi-retired stage artiste runs antiques, books, second-hand shop, guest houses. Looks 48yrs. Ex-regular Army PTI, blond, non-effem, non-fat. Box 4715.

S.E.LONDON: Pisces, 50, 5'8", 11½st. Professional guy, reasonable looks, moustache, thoughtful, considerate, discreet, seeks slightly younger happy fella for sincere relationship. Hirsute welcome, not essential. No effems. Photo please. ALA. Box 4716.

DERBYSHIRE: Leo, 52, 5'8", 11st7lbs, d. Bachelor seeks masculine guys 21-34 for mutual pleasures. No TV's, no A levels, either way. Strict, experienced, O levels Bw, required. My place. Box 4717.

LONDON: Sagittarius, 28, 5'10", 10½st, A. Biker wearing black leather seeks similarly dressed guys under 35 preferably clean-shaven, for leather/rubber training. Photo please. Box 4718.

LONDON/Anywhere: Libra, 29, 5'10", 10st, P.d. Leatherguy needs training to learn from younger guy. Also shorts, rubber, w.s, Tw, etc. ALA. with photo. Box 4719.

SOUTHAMPTON/HANTS: Leather/denim/Western guys. Bar in club. Join us? Contact Steve. Box 4720.

LEICESTER: Virgo, 22, 5'2", 9st. On your own? So am I. Why not arrange for us to meet? Could lead to lasting relationship. Must be over 21, under 35. Box 4721.

S.EAST: Taurus, 32, 5'10", 140lbs, A. Guy seeks foot and body lovers for possible club. ALA. Priority to those with photo and phone. Box 4722.

S.YORKS: Aquarius, 42, 5'11", 10½st. J/O fan into briefs, shorts, jocks, would like to exchange frank letters, ideas, briefs with similar guys. ALA. Box 4723.

LONDON: Gem/Cap, 25/27, 5'10"/11", 11/10½st. Couple, own flat, seek similar under 30, for fun and friendship. All suggestions welcome. Frank letter, photo ensures quick reply, but ALA. Box 4724.

ANYWHERE: Gemini, 27, 5'9", 140lbs. Attractive guy, wants to meet other DIY fans, prefer uncut 21-30, but not essential. Maybe a photo? Box 4725.

YORKSHIRE: Taurus, 43, 5'9", 11st, A. Guy, own home, offers accommodation or weekends to slim smooth, small-hung boyish guys. (Over 21) Any nationality. Starters welcome. ALA. Box 4726.

NEWPORT: Aquarius, 47, 6', 11½st, A. Genuinely looking for boyish smooth-skinned friend 21-22, cut preferred. Nationality not important. Non-scene. Have own place. Frank letter with photo answered. Box 4727.

LONDON: Pisces, 29, 5'8", 9½st. Seeks guy similar age and build into unwashed greasy grimy Levis. Box 4728.

LONDON: Capricorn, 44, 5'6", 10st, p. South American guy wants to meet hairy well-hung man, interested in psychology, travel, music, languages, food, philosophy, etc. Photo app. Own transport. Box 4729.

W.LONDON: Aries/Leo, 29/46, 5'5"/5'9", 10/11st. We would like to make friends, singles or couples, hairy persons very welcome. Absolutely ALA with photo and ours by return. Bluesky and rainbows. Box 4730.

IPSWICH: Taurus, 38, 5'10½", 10st. Office type wants similar age or younger for regular friendship. View to permanent arrangement. Possibly home. Interests: Drama, music, food. Extrovert, versatile. Box 4731.

ANYWHERE: Gemini, 27, 5'9", 10st. Attractive guy has a yen for guys 21 plus with curved Cx. Generally hairy would be a bonus, but not really vital. Photo appreciated but not vital. Box 4732.

KENT/Anywhere: Gemini, 27, 5'9", 140lb. Tight shorts and briefs freak seeks to meet wearers of same 21-30, especially if you're stocky, have hairy legs & big buns. Box 4733.

W.LONDON: Cancer, 24, 178cm, 61Kg, p.d. Slim intelligent experienced houseboy (also biker) seeks leather or military man for continuous scene. I sleep on the floor. Recent photo in gear essential. Box 4734.

S.W.LONDON: Aries, 32, 6'1", 15st. Guy, straight looking appearance, moustached, seeks shorter and stocky, well-built guy for long sessions. O&o. Box 4735.

ANYWHERE: Gemini, 27, 5'9", 10st. Are there any uncut guys 21-30 out there with extra long skins? I hope so, its my greatest turn on. Box 4736.

WE NEED MODELS FOR "ZIPPER", as well as Mister, Overload, videos, and clothing catalogues. Interested? Send a picture today!

LONDON/S.ENGLAND: Taurus, 36, 5'11", 10½st. Amateur photographer seeks young models (21+) into shorts, briefs, etc. for video. Not for publication. Photo and details please. Can travel. Box 4737.

KENT: Scorpio, 40, 5'10", 12st7lbs, P Obedient passive guy requires full leather active guy with harness plus gear, must be muscular, well hung. Sincere, generous. Write fully. Photo helps. Box 4738.

LONDON: Cancer, 28, 5'9", 150lbs. White slim straight-looking clean-shaven guy, smashing legs/buns, would like to go places with active well-built black guy 21-30. Box 4739.

ANYWHERE: Libra, 39, 6'3", 12st. Biker into heavy metal, DM's, denim, leather, jocks, wants young mates (under 25) into w/s, etc. Playroom available. Send photo. ALA. Box 4740.

SOMERSET: Sagittarius, 42, 5'9", 11st. Seeks athletic guys, no effems, for fun and friendship. Interests naturism, photography. Discretion assured. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 4741.

LONDON: Cancer, 29, 5'5", 9st, (d) Slim boyish guy interested in leather etc. seeks leatherman, maybe muscle builder. ALA. anywhere. Photo please. Box 4742.

LONDON/Anywhere: Cancer, 21, 5'7", 8st8lbs. Goodlooking quiet young guy would like to meet straight-looking well-built muscular guy to show me what I'm missing in life. Can travel. Own flat. Photo if possible (mine returned) with letter. ALA. Box 4743.

LEICESTER: Capricorn, 40, 6', 13½st. Looking for similar non-effeminate friends 21-40. Me quiet non-hassle type, not into scene. Please write with photo if possible. ALA. Box 4744.

LONDON: Cancer, 28, 5'9", 150lbs. Goodlooking guy, tight buns, into wet dirty jeans, jocks, needs intro/scat from under 30. Likes to model dirty kit for camera video. Box 4745.

BRIGHTON: Leo, 45, 6'2", 13½st. Keep fit guy seeks tough guys 21-30



"Good heavens! I wonder what sort of Indians staked out these poor devils!"

for genuine wrestling followed by anything goes, no holds barred, my place. Box 4746.

MANCHESTER: Aquarius, 25, 5'10", 10½st. Clone type seeks similar, into shorts, jocks, uniforms, waders. Prefer 25-35. Photo, frank letter guarantees reply. Box 4747.

NEWCASTLE Area: Virgo, 33, 5'10", 11½st. Slim athletic straight looking, own place, seeks young looking friend, perhaps inexperienced, for occasional meetings and fun. Discretion guaranteed. Photo appreciated but not essential. ALA. Box 4748.

SCOTLAND: Capricorn, 27, tall, 12½st. Goodlooking, intelligent, smooth, tight-skinned, good physique, into weight-training, seeks similar uncomplicated masculine guys for friends. Frank letter with photo please. Box 4749.

BOURNEMOUTH: Aquarius, 49, 6', 14st, (d). Usually superior masculine type seeks stocky quiet personality to show me the pleasures of giving service. Even friendship! Box 4750.

KENT: Scorpio, 40, 5'10", 12st7lbs, (d). Leather guy requires partner in full leather gear, under 50, muscular and well-hung. Box 4751.

MIDLANDS: Libra, 31, 5'9", 12st. Seeks butch mates interested in mud and white shorts and Y-fronts. ALA with photo. Experiences in mud essential. Box 4752.

SUFFOLK/ESSEX: Cancer, 31, 6', 12st7½lbs. Bodybuilder into leather etc. wants to meet similar younger guy. If tattooed or pierced so much the better. Phone no. with full photo will bring reply. Box 4753.

ESSEX/LONODN: Taurus, 29, 5'10", 11½st, 6½", P,d. Skinhead, wearing DMs, braces, levis, Ben Sherman, etc, also leather, seeks masculine guy, preferably skinhead, into Bw, Tw, Toys. Photo please, returned with mine. Box 4754.

LONDON/MIDLANDS: Capricorn, 30, 6', 10½st, P,d. Novice cadet in tight shorts, seeks 14 stone 'sergeant' into training. Reply with photo in uniform. Box 4755.

SOUTHPORT: Gemini, 29, 6'1", 13½st, A,D. Very masculine guy seeks sub friend. Application with frank letter and photo essential. No fems or weeds need bother. All or nothing. Box 4756.

N. ESSEX: Gemini, 46, 6', 12st, O. You horny hairy bearded Bs. Can accommodate reps, lorry drivers. Hedingham 61734. Box 4757.

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N. ESSEX: Gemini, 46, 6', 12st, O. You horny hairy bearded Bs. Can accommodate reps, lorry drivers. Box 4757.

LONDON: Scorpio, 21, 5'9", 11½st. Dark haired latin looks. Like to meet men 21+, well built. WILLING TO POSE, OR MODEL. Have place. Can travel. Box 4758.

LONDON: Virgo, 24, 5'9", 10½st, P,d. Sub straight-looking guy seeks masculine guy for adventurous uninhibited friendship. Into leather, uniforms, old jocks, briefs, W,B, or anything else. Box 4759.

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MANCHESTER: Cancer, 40, 5'8", 10st. Tight, heavy leather guy wants mates anywhere into Masks, studded jackets, boots, also dirty jeans and waders. Any age. Photo in gear, ALA. Box 4760.

LONDON: Libra, 21, 5'8", 10st. Greek guy would like to meet men, 21+. Enjoy everything. Can pose or model if preferred. Your place if possible. Photo helps. Box 4761.

LONDON: 37, 5'8", 9st. Slim sod wears filthy yellowing jocks, jeans, leather, rubber. Organizes brown gatherings. Seeks imaginative humourful mates for wet times. Frank letters with photo. Box 4762.

LANCS/YORKS: Gemini, 33, 5'8", 10st. Dependable quiet affectionate guy seeks sincere mate to share experiences and find new ones. Frank reply with photo. Box 4763.

SHROPSHIRE: Gemini, 22, 6', 12st. Newcomer desperately needs older guy to show him around. Your place. SAE brings prompt reply. ALA. Box 4764.

LUDLOW/BIRMINGHAM: Gemini, 22, 6', 12st. Newcomer seeks older friends for fun. Willing to try anything. Your place. SAE brings prompt reply. ALA. Box 4765.

LOUTH/LINCOLNSHIRE: Pisces, 27, 5'10", 10½st, A. Easy going guy, active, own pad and car, wants good looking young companion 21+ for close friendship/possible share. Frank letter and photo appreciated. Box 4766.

PETER STRAKER
Issue 25 of Zipper. Please contact Box number for interesting proposition. Box 4767.

LONDON: Libra, 39, 5'11", 14st, P,d. Ex-bodybuilder, hairy body, needs firm young friend with games room. Likes Dr. Martens, shaving, oil, jocks, leather, W, rubber. Photo if possible. Assured reply. Box 4768.

LONDON: Virgo, 30, 5'11", 12½st, P. Can some biker with Institute of Advanced Riders test, regularly follow me to keep an eye on my ass, and the way I ride. Box 4769.

MEDWAY: Virgo, 45, 5'11", 12st3lbs. Want help with fantasy? Will visit anyone who writes telling their needs. Active, or otherwise, mild or wild. Teddy bears and all colours. (Except Yell. and Brn.) Box 4770.

LONDON: Libra, 38, 5'10" 13½st Passive guy would like to meet photographer with experience of Gold/Sliver metallic paints used for posing for Art studies. Serious advertiser. ALA I promise. Box 4771.

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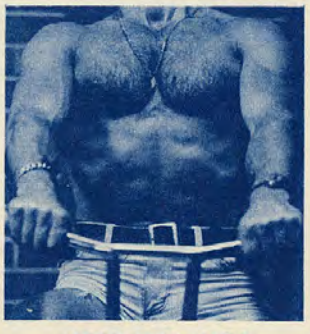
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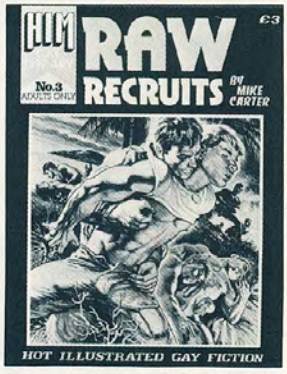
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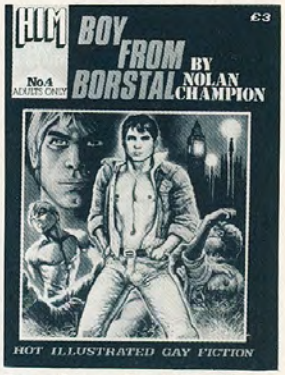


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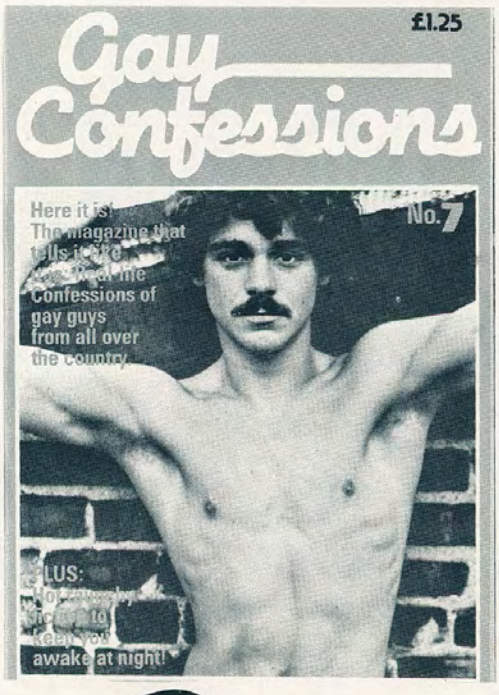
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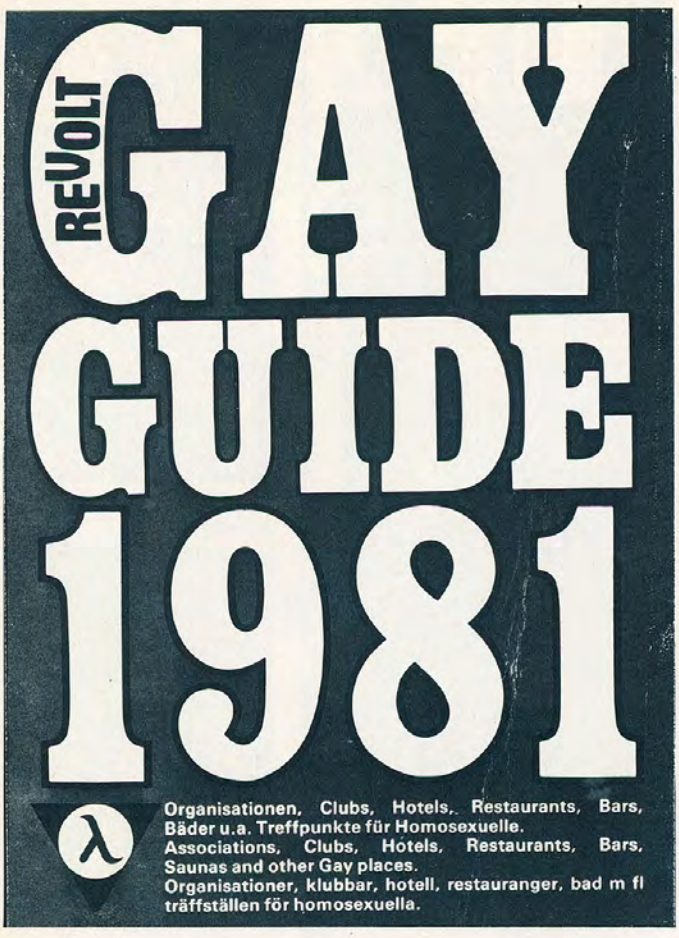


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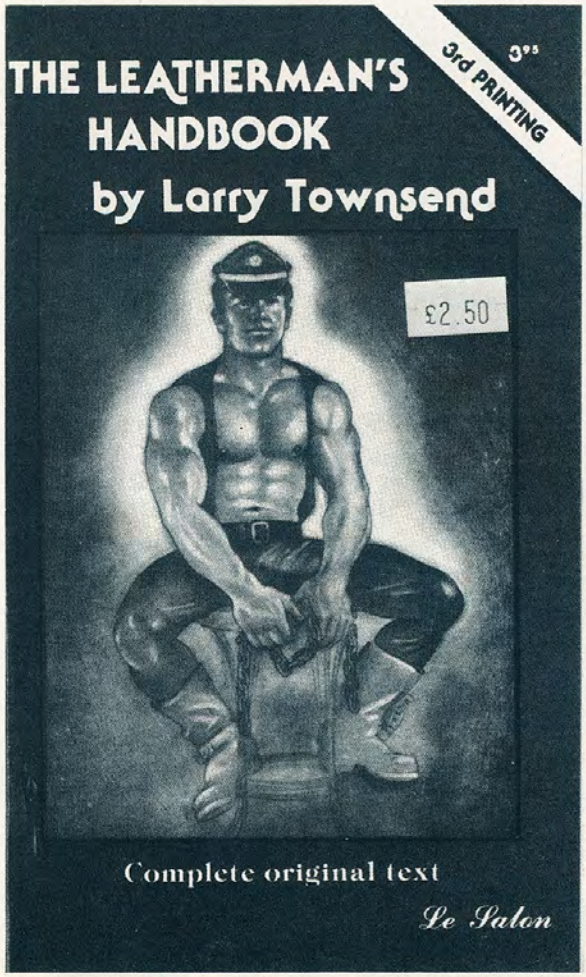


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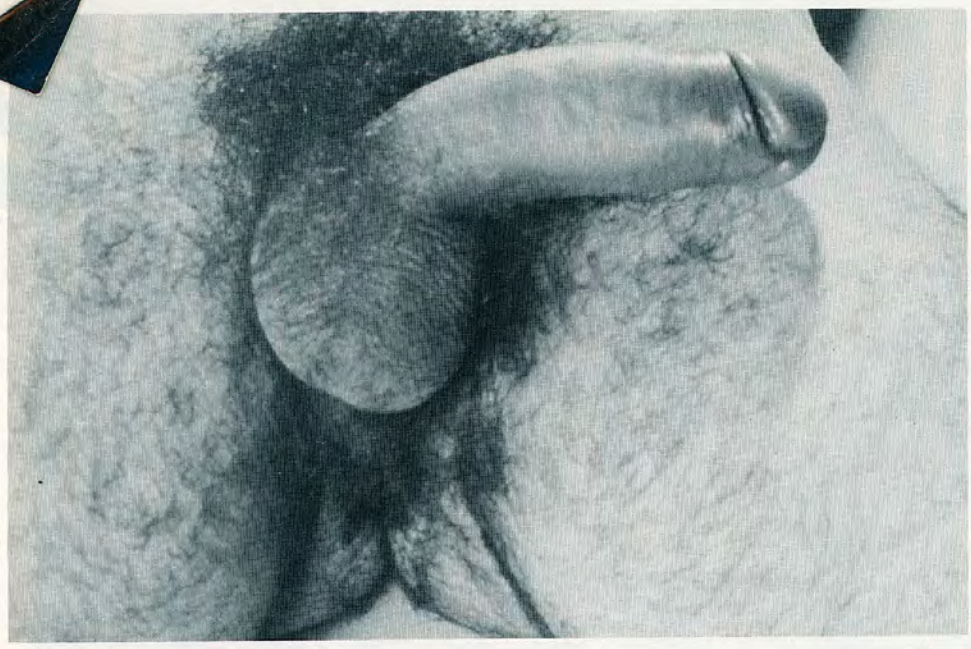
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The unmistakeable Italian looks of **Jeff Leone**, comes as a refreshing change from the typical Englishman. And, come to that, so does his over-sized dick. But that apart, I'm sure Jeff wouldn't have any problems finding friends . . . At present he's working most nights playing drums in a local group on the South Coast. Between numbers he gets to meet all sorts of interesting intoxicated people, with the result that his outside plumbing seldom lacks exercise. If only we could all say the same ...

PICTURES BY ALEX MCKENNA. (Zipper Studio)





one for the road

by Anthony Earl-Williams

Bob Pritchard was just turning back onto the motorway after a break at a service station when he spotted an attractive, young guy with a suitcase standing at the bottom of the slip-road thumbing a lift. He pulled quickly into the kerb and opened the passenger door.

"Mmm!" he smiled as he watched the boy approach the car through the mirror, "Giving him a lift will be pure pleasure!"

"Where are you heading, mate?" Bob was casual.

"London. I missed my coach connection. Are you going my way?"

"All the way," came the reply. "Seconds later though and I'd have hit the motorway."

The boy climbed in. "I'm Tim," he said.

"Bob. Put your case on the back seat."

As Tim turned round, struggling to get the case in the back, Bob had a long look at his arse. The hitch hiker was wearing tight, faded denims which showed off his muscular cheeks to perfection as he bent over the front seat. It was all Bob could do to keep his hands from wandering. All too soon Tim settled into the passenger seat. Bob changed gear as they hit the motorway.

"Let's hope we get there safely," he remarked. "With a gear-stick as stiff as mine, anything might happen en route!"

"Do you work in London?" Bob asked presently. Tim explained that he was a university student and lived in a Hall of Residence with fifty other guys.

"Sounds like fun," Bob answered. "I'm from Leeds. Just down for a works conference and looking forward to some stimulating off-duty entertainment."

He glanced at Tim and decided to take the plunge. "As stimulating as possible." He began fondling his own well-packed crotch with his left hand. He quickly noticed that the student was watching him and added. "Driving long distances always make me randy." He brushed against Tim's thigh with the back of his hand as he spoke.

"Be safer if you kept your hands on the wheel!" Tim grinned, his own tool already rising in anticipation under the tight denim. "Meantime I guess I'll have to help you keep your balls warm — can't have you catching a cold in them!"

He put his hand firmly on the driver's leg, gradually moving it up to Bob's bulging crotch. By now Bob's rod was rampantly straining for release from its tight-jeaned prison. As Tim's fingers went to work Bob got more and more excited — with two days' love-juice saved up specially for the delights of London, it wasn't long before he felt near to coming.

"Keep your eyes on the road," commanded Tim, unzipping Bob's jeans and slipping his hand inside. The thin cotton briefs were no great encumbrance and he was soon squeezing Bob's eight inches of throbbing manhood in his hot hand. The next moment Bob felt Tim's tongue licking his shaft, and as the lad lowered his mouth to take in the full length of his

cock it was all Bob could do to drive straight. By this time they were driving in the slowest lane and as car by car overtook them he fucked Tim's mouth with long plunging strokes; within twenty seconds his sap had risen to the point of no return. He groaned in ecstasy as the first spurt of thick, warm cream hit the student' throat. His price bucked and he continued shooting till his jisson had filled Tim's eager mouth and was running down his chin.

"Wow, man!" Bob sighed contentedly as later they pulled up outside Tim's Hall of Residence, "that was really one for the road!"

Tim asked him in for coffee: "That's the least I can do in return for the lift," he said. They got up to the students' room and shut the door. As soon as they were inside Bob drew Tim towards him and kissed him. As each guy explored with his tongue inside the other's mouth, Bob began to fondle his mate's arse with one hand and unzip him with the other. Moments later Tim's jeans were round his ankles and he was being propelled towards his bed, where his plimsols were removed and his jeans and briefs pulled off. Soon they were lying in each other's arms. "Now it's my turn to put my tongue to good use," Bob said, gently turning Tim onto his stomach. "Does this feel good?" He began licking the student's arse cheeks and round his hole until the boy begged him: "Come on, man, get that tongue right up my arse."

Bob didn't need a second invitation and experienced tongue fucker that he was, quickly had Tim squirming with sheer pleasure.

At that moment the door opened and someone said: "You're back then Tim."

Bob was embarrassed. "Oh, Ian!" replied Tim, "Meet Bob. He gave me a lift back."

"Hi! Bob!" Ian was obviously excited. "My room's next door. You guys seem to be having fun — how about me joining in too?"

"Sure mate," Bob glanced admiringly at the well built newcomer. Ian was only wearing white shorts and training shoes. He explained that he'd been about to go out for his daily jog when he heard his friend return. Ian didn't need any persuasion and as the other guys helped him out of his shorts he joined them on the bed.

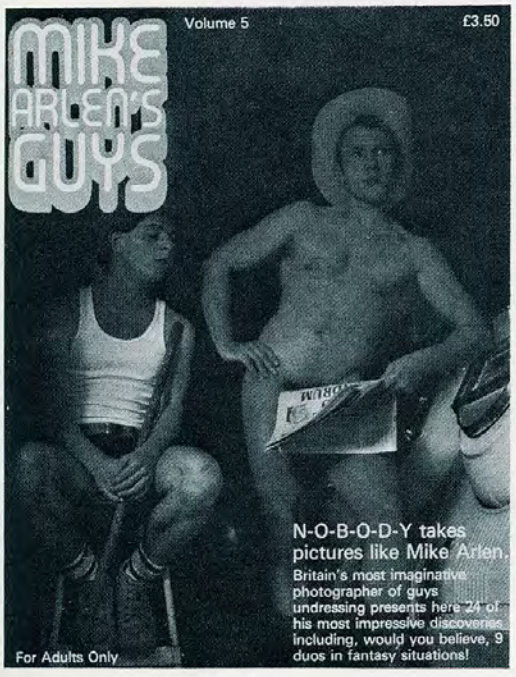
Bob lay on his back and got Ian to sit on his face for a really hot rimming session. Tim straddled Bob, facing his college mate; he guided the juicy head of Bob's pulsating cock to his own arse hole which had already been well lubricated with the older guy's probing tongue. It slid in easily with one long thrust and as Tim felt himself impaled up to the hilt, his own balls and vibrant tool were gently stroked by Ian who was being sent into seventh heaven by Bob's expert tongue.

Astride Bob, the two students began kissing and tossing each other off. Each thrust up his arse hole made Tim wilder and he started pushing up and down on the spearing dick till, with a gasp, he came shooting his hot spunk over Ian's stomach in powerful white jets.

The other guys weren't far behind— Bob pumped his lovejuice up Tim's bum while Tim jacked Ian off with one hand and played with his nipples with the other. The combination of this and Bob's delicious tongue gave Ian one of his most thrilling climaxes ever, and he whitewashed Tim's face and chest in frenzied spasms of delight.

Over coffee the students invited Bob to come round again during his stay and meet one or two of their friends. He left shortly after to book into his hotel. "Thanks, fellas!" he grinned. "I'm really grateful to that coach driver for going without you, Tim!!"

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It's £3.50p plus 30p postage and packing from the Zipper Bookshop, 283 Camden High Street, London NW1. And the future pick of Mike's discoveries can always be seen first in the pages of 'Zipper'. Where else?

When a Sailor meets a Hot Marine





Dear Mike Arlen,

While I was in the navy there was a trip I'll never forget when a company of marines had to be transported to Aden for a tour of duty. When I wasn't sweeping and polishing the ship I was detailed to keep spick and span the quarters of Corporal John Griffiths and make sure he had everything he needed. I was pleased to find that what he needed was me, for, in a storeroom one day, he grabbed hold of and ordered me to undress. By the way he did it I could see it wasn't to check if I was in regulation underwear.

John and I have just left the services and if the details of that day are of interest for a picture session I have enclosed snapshots of us.

Hoping to hear from you.

Kelin Atin.

Dear Kelin,

Many thanks for your letter and the snaps. Details of that day are definitely of interest to me for pictures. You'll be hearing from me very soon as I think readers may like to have a photographic record of your first meeting with John.

Sincerely,
Mike Arlen.







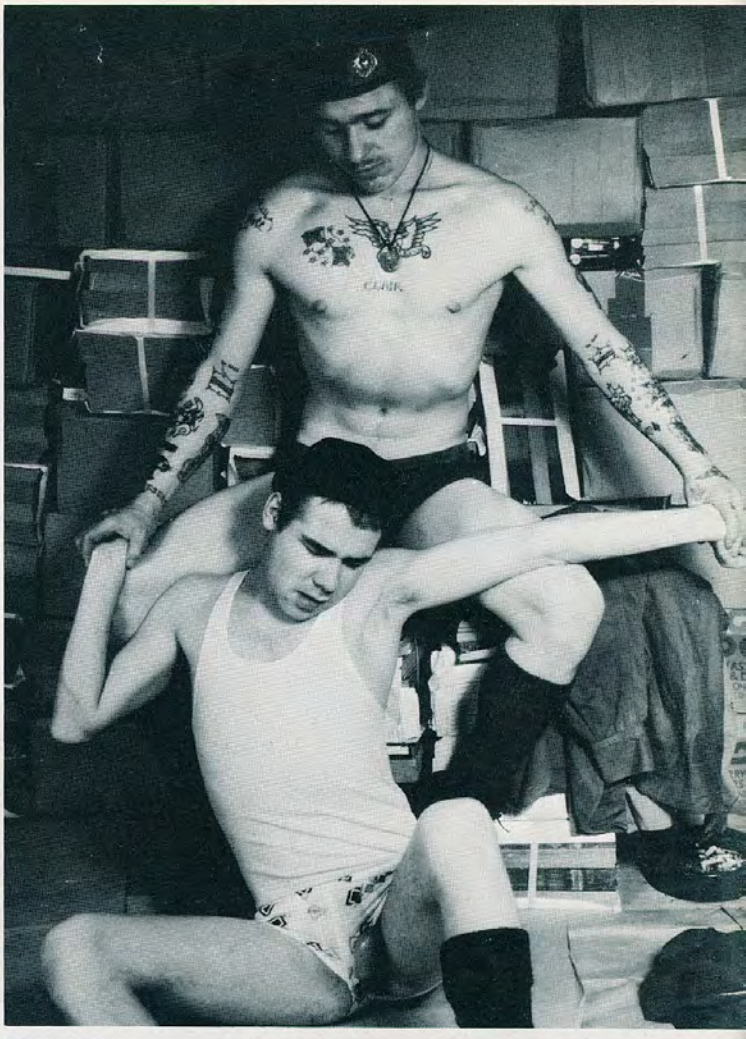






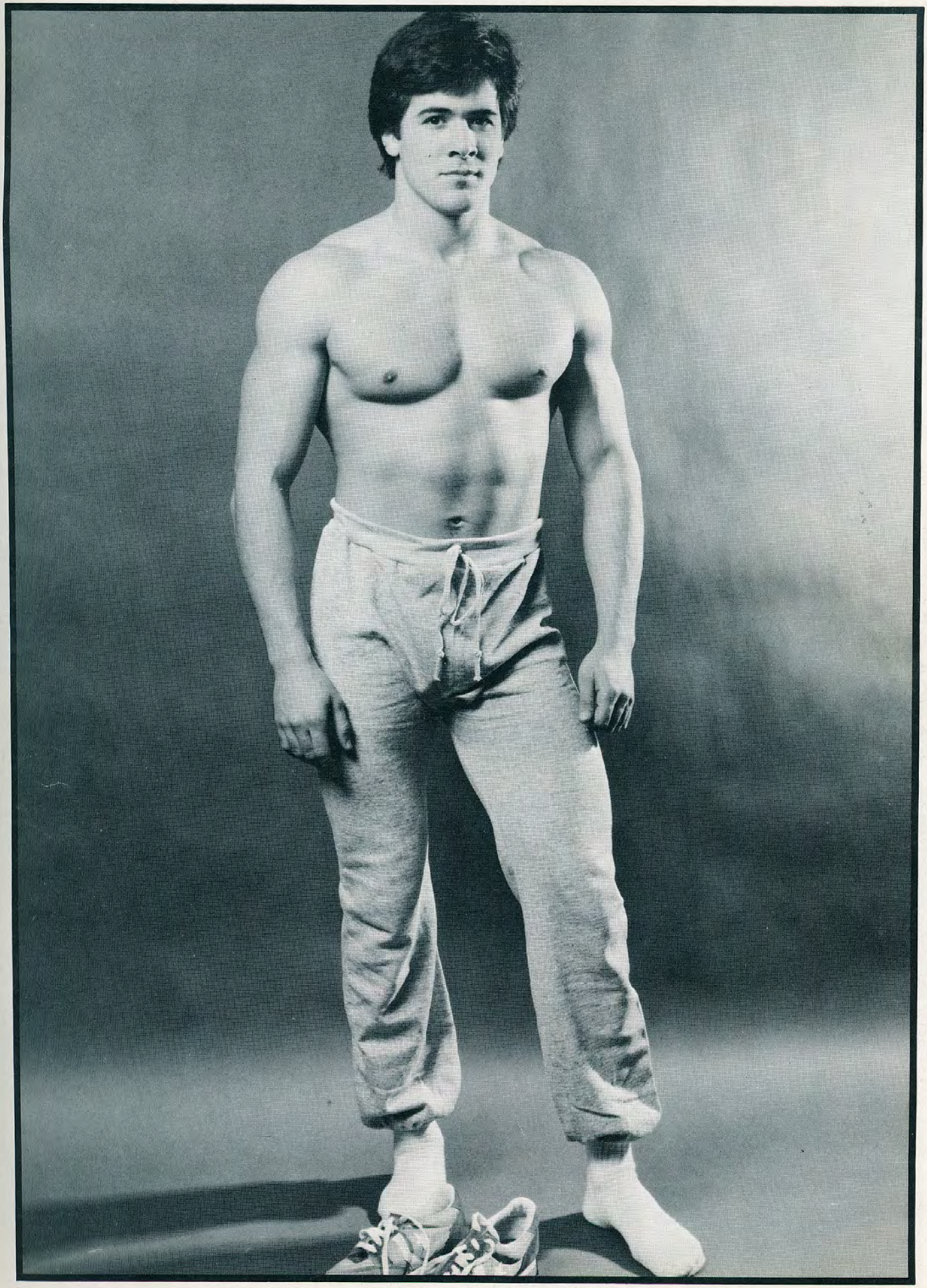

KING ELVIS
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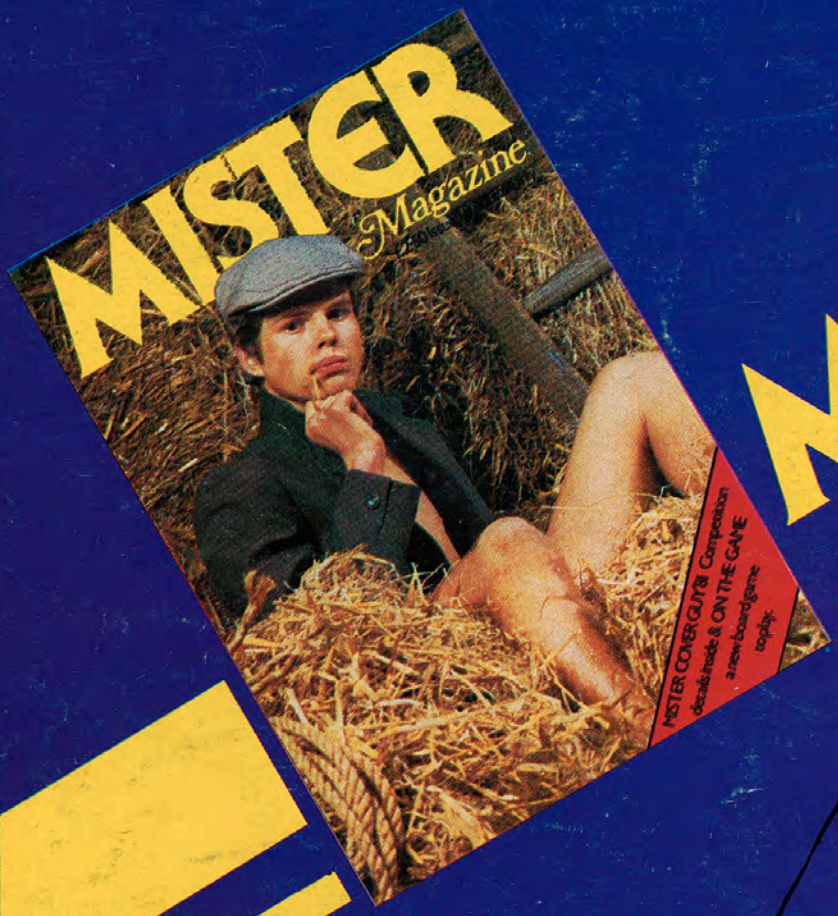

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