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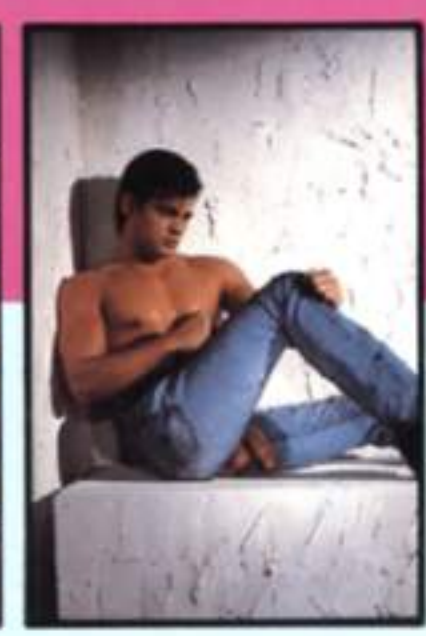

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Welcum to the first B-I-G issue fo the raunchiest, most entertaining gay hardcore magazine around. Cum with us down the primrose path into vulgar videoland, where we'll meet old favorites, bright new stars, and talented up and cummin' studs of the future. Enjoy our pud-pounding photos, our hot and hilarious humor, our torrid turn-on fiction — plus more fabulous features than you can shake your stick at. Open us up! Explore our virginal pages! Take us! Enjoy us! We're yours!

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HARD ROCKS

Photography: JOE TIFFENBACH

CAMERON KELLY

Age: 21
HT: 5'9"
Wt: 145 lbs.
Uncut 8"

Cameron works in So. Calif. and is into high-performance cars as well as high-performance people. He likes the fast lane in life, and litterly crams his days and nights as full as time will allow.

TONY DAVIS

Age: 20
Ht: 5'8"
Wt: 140 lbs.
Uncut 8⅛"

Tony attends one of the So. Calif. colleges and enjoys most things natural. all-around guy willing to [illegible] just about everything [illegible]

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BONERS

"I won't fart this time. I won't. I'll hold back. I will. Besides, I don't see how even a little squib could get past that fat tool of his. Ooops! (I farted!) Damn! Well, it won't happen again. Nope, not a second time. Not a chance in the world with the tunnel blocked off by that jackhammer. Ooops! (I farted again!) Damn! Oh well, it can't happen a third time, can it? Of course not. I'll just grit my teeth while he pounds my ass with his ramrod and — ooops! Damn!"

"I don't get it; every time I lick this guy's dick I get a headache."

"Good lord, my hand is paralyzed! Maybe I can lick some life into it. Nope, can't feel a thing. Hey, that's not my hand! Whew, what a relief Hey, whose cock is that down there?"

"Me? I thought you were going to bring the strawberry jam!"

"Okay, who's the wise guy who put the crazy glue in the mouthwash?"

"By golly you're right: the head is missing!"

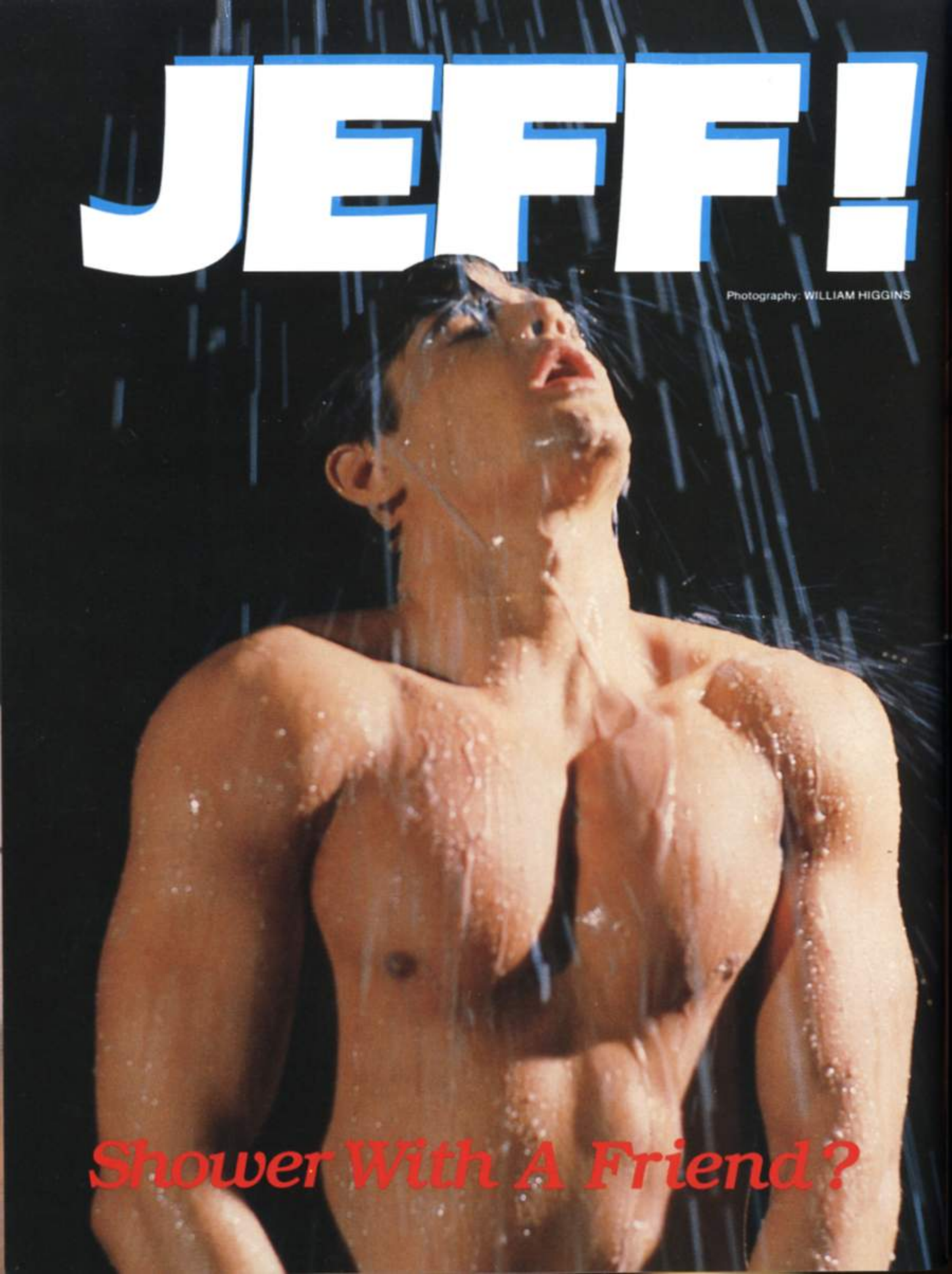
Our vote for PIN-UP GUY OF THE MONTH goes to Waldo Schwarzenegger of Muncie, Indiana, who won first prize in the clothes-pin factory's contest to invent an ouchless fastener. Waldo proudly shows off (among other things) his penis-pinning prototype, capable of keeping an uncut male's foreskin neat and in place all day!

"Mouths and asses everywhere — and this grapefruit has to spray my contact lenses!"

BUTTHOLES
I Have known, and loved!

JEFF!

Photography: WILLIAM HIGGINS



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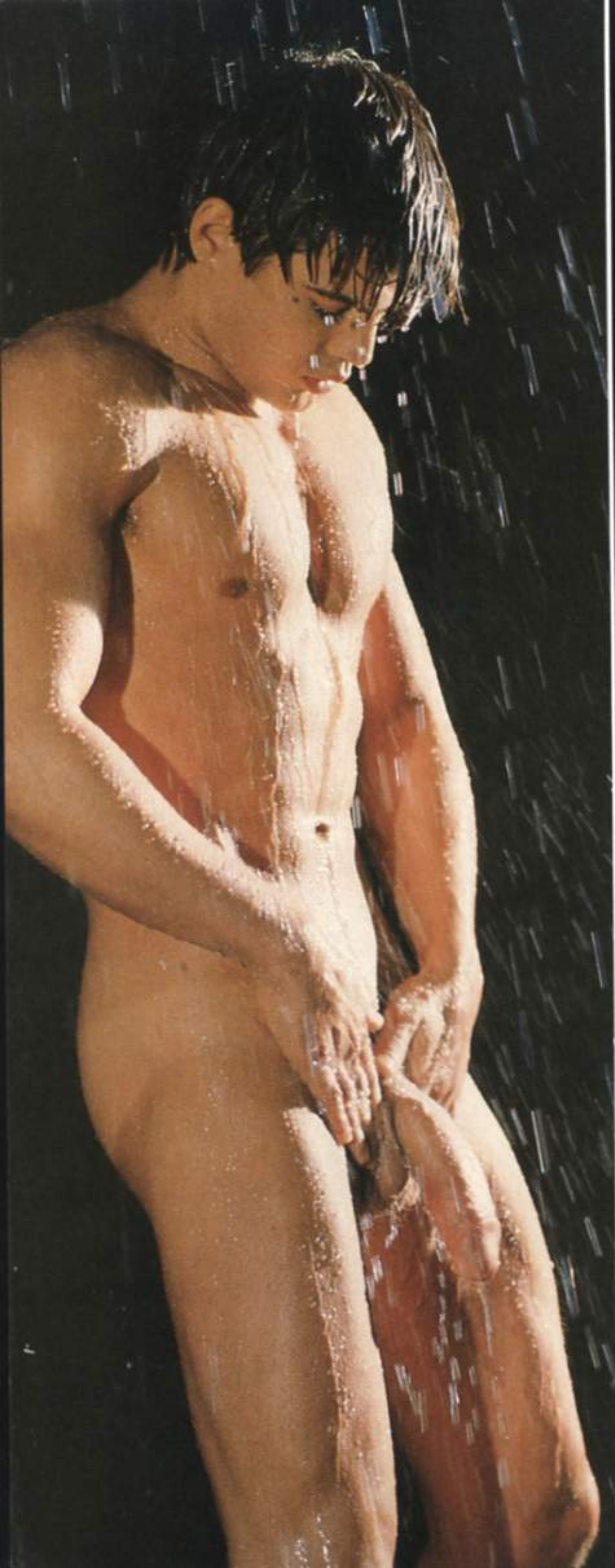

The Cumpany of Men

by Hands Solo

"SEX DIRECTOR CASTING MAJOR RELEASE. Expect heavy shooting schedule. Recent casting couch experience a must. Only superstars need apply."

What a creative way to announce a jack-off party! Jerry was so original! Each of his parties had a theme; there were the garden-variety jock-strap affairs, where needless to say, your BVD's stayed at home; there was that wonderful "Nature in the Raw" soiree, where some men were the "flowers" and others "bees" (still stings when I think of that one!) (Sorry!)

And now the "Casting Couch" party! This would certainly bring yet another shade to the meaning of the word "performance!" Would life imitate art? Would art imitate life? Could we be sure that some queen wouldn't blurt out, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille"?

It was a crisp Novemeber Saturday night. I was between boyfriends, so the photocopied invitation to the party held some allure. I had just about given up hope thinking the days of wine, roses and orgies were over. Little did I know that there was an underground jack-off circuit developing around me for the last seven years!

Jerry's apartment looked like any other in the area from the outside. He didn't make me wait very long before answering his bell.

"Perry! So good of you to come, but not too soon, darling!" chirped Jerry upon greeting me at the door.

"Jerry, are you soaking your contacts in Masengil again? It's Marcus!" I countered as I hugged him and then entered his guest-house flat.

"You're Perry Thrust for the rest of the evening! Anyway, that's the name of your character."

Jerry whisked me aside to make myself comfortable. I got a cold beer from the fridge, then found a doorway to occupy. They're the best places to be at parties or bars — people have to squeeze by you! Jerry circumnavigated back to me to hand me my "script" for my role as "Perry Thrust." He winked at me and said tongue in cheek, "A demanding role, but you can flesh it out! Just remember, all parts are as big as the actors can get them!"

The "script" I held in my hands was more like one of those packets of instructions you play Murder Mystery games with. The first instructions were to relax and socialize, which I had no problem doing. After all, I had jacked-off with 90% of the people who were there. The doorbell rang and Jerry floated by me to become the gracious host that he was famous for.

"Look, everyone! It's Clark Able!" piped Jerry, introducing a new guest into our friendly club. A humpy blond stood dazed at the announcement, not knowing what to make of it, or our chorus of groans in response to Jerry's punstering. Jerry pulled him inside and began to explain the evenings activities All eyes were on the new meat, er, face, naturally.

It wasn't long before I had to take a leak. Being an aggressive S.O.B. and noticing the bathroom door invitingly open, I entered and perched myself against the pink-tiled sink commode, waiting for my turn at the bowl. And how nice it was to wait! The new cute blond was the one I was waiting on to finish his turn! I was there just in time to watch him from behind as he began unbuttoning his tight 501 jeans. They had to be peeled down from his 30 inch waist, past his muscular thighs. His white crew-neck tee shirt must have shrunk in the last wash, or else he knew just the proper size to buy to show off the dimples just below his tan line on his luscious white blond furry rump. He sheepishly glanced around for a second, then smiled to himself as he waited for his recycled beer to make an exit.

"I'm kinda pee shy," he said sideways.

"Here, let me help you," I offered. Keeping an eye on his whereabouts during the evening was starting to pay off.

I stood a breath's length away from his warm body, echoing his spread-eagle stance with my legs just outside of his. I first gave him a gentle bear hug, full-palmed across his speed-bump pecs. My left hand sidewinded down his rock-hard torso to flirt with the tree-tops of his furry backside. I guided my right hand underneath his taut tee to fine tune his push-button nipples. Surprisingly, he was much smoother than I imagined on his chest, what with all that fur he supported to the south. A hairy forearm is no guarantee for splendor on the pecs.

I fantasized that he knew I would follow him into the bathroom. I began to nibble on his left earlobe, having completely forgotten why we were both there. I could tell by the smell of fresh talcum and the evidence of small cuttings that he just had a fresh haircut. I darted my tongue underneath the crew-neck collar of his shirt to taste his freckled shoulders, as he began to lean back into my arms and tilt his head past mine to offer his long neck to my velvet tonguings.

By this time, his left hand was groping at my straining fly. His deft fingers unbuttoned my jeans to probe my pubes just above my buried treasure. In a few moments, my hardon was guided out of its captivity and held sandwiched by his warm ass valley. He then pulled me closer with his left hand on my backside, while slowly massaging his raging hardon with his right hand.

"We'll never get anything accomplished this way," he said, peeking out of his eyes and smiling.

"Yes we will," I said coyly. "Oh, yeah I almost forgot why we were in here. Stand aside a bit. Maybe we could pee together."

He moved to the left as I took my place next to him over the placid bowl. I quickly undid the rest of my fly buttons and waited for our hardons to subside. My left arm rested across his shoulder while he held my waist by his right hand. In a matter of moments, our trickles grew to full flow. A loud echoing of splashing waters emianated from our raining yellow torrents down into the percolating bowl. We watched our streams dance with each other, crossing currents within and around themselves, his slightly darker in color than mine. We smiled at each other, then looked down into the mixture, while both our grips became stronger. Fuck! I didn't want that scene to end, but like all good things, one must tap when one must tap.

It was at the moment when Jerry stuck his head around the corner to announce the beginning of the "script" reading. We had to break it up and join the others in the "play" room.

"I'll catch you later," I said back at "Clark" as we exited bathroom half-buttoned.

Jerry was the director of course. He began by placing us around the pillowed playroom, which served as a guest bedroom when the "theatre" was "dark."

" 'Hands Christian Anderson'! You should be on the bed with 'Holland Tunnel'," insisted Jerry.

"I object," I said out of turn. "We all know that's type casting!" Everyone let out a howl at that one, all except "Holland" of course.

"Be careful, Marcus! I was this close to giving you the only female role tonight, 'Prematura Ejaculata'!" Amid the second round of cackles, Jerry placed himself in the center of the room and took charge.

"Now, boys, I haven't let you down before, have I? Just stick to the scripts and your socks will be sticking to the floors in no time!"

We opened our "scripts" to page one of *"The Cumpany Of Men,"* A Play in Many Acts. The scene was set in Jerry's playroom, convenient and farsighted since none of us were likely interested in moving any "scenery" around. Jerry began by reading the "Greek Chorus" (life is punny that way).

"Why is tonight different from all other nights? I have invited you here to enjoy The Cumpany Of Men. Please turn the pages of your scripts to see with whom you will share Cumpany tonight."

Jerry paused for the sound of turning pages all in unison. Then, each person looked up to the object of their pleasurings for the evening. I looked down at my page and saw a blank. I wondered if a page was missing from my "script". I then looked up and discovered that the whole congregation, all twelve of them, were looking in my direction. They were all smiling at *me!* I glanced up and behind me to see the new blond hunk looking down lustily at me past the "script." held close to his chest. I then turned to Jerry in disbelief.

"Happy Birthday, kid!", Jerry intoned lovingly. It was my 31st.

The next thing I knew, my "script" was taken away from me. The four guys sitting around me began to unbutton my shirt, pull off my boots and wiggle me out of my jeans. I was then led to the middle of the room and gently lowered onto one of Jerry's large white furry animal skins. All the while, the rest of the group silently shed their clothes off to the sides.

The glow of the playing porno video cast its light psychedelically off bare chests to my right, while haloing the kneeling nude bodies to my left. It seems that Jerry was the only one with any lines in this script as he continued.

"We are here to bring pleasure to you, Marcus, and by that fact bring pleasure to ourselves. Feel the touch of twenty-four hands massaging you," he said, and twenty-four hands descended upon me to knead my sky-clad body.

"Free yourself to our loving touch. We will stroke you everywhere, upon every inch of your being. We will make you feel as good as each of us would want to feel if he were lying there in your place."

That last line must have triggered something primal in what only could described as a group mind. In place of twenty-four massaging hands, my body was now being bathed by a dozen probing tongues. Between the wet laps came slow, passionate kisses, all causing currents of electricity to run up and down me. My arms were raised above my head to expose my armpits to their willing worshippers, while each of my nipples were being sucked at and chewed onby disembodied mouths.

"We are explorers, frontiersmen, experimenting on the fringes of the new sexual age!" said Jerry to the fold. He then returned to the wonderful toe job he was giving me.

A warm mouth had my balls sucked inside of it, sloshing them around back and forth, in and out. I began to lap and suck at the balls that happened to be hovering above my scrotum-loving sucker. They were the sweet lollypops of the blond hunk! I couldn't seem to get enough of his dangling package and hairy inner thighs for the musky dessert that they were.

I had never felt the warmth of so many hands upon me, so many smiling faces directed at me, so many naked men's bodies pressing against mine and attending to me. I felt a great fraternal bond welling up within me, as well as a hard dick in each of my groping hands. Pearl drops of pre-cum soon lubed both dicks that I pumped away at, while my own hardon felt the multiple passes of a duet of tongues gliding up and down its length.

As long as no one played with my asshole, I could keep this action going on indefinitely. Just as I was thinking that, I felt the familiar softness of grease being applied to my shy anus, then the gentle insertion of one, two, three fingers. Before long, that wonderful feeling was exchanged for the insistent purrings of a vibrating dildo, pulled up to my bumper of a prostate gland. I came up for air just in time to halt the boiling juices in my groin from becoming the "climax" of the play. I gently pushed aside the licking mouths from around my groin and redirected the scene slightly.

"Oh Fuck, guys! You are really making me feel great! But I'm gonna cum any second if we keep this up! If its O.K. with you, I'd like to get everyone to stand around me in a circle so that I can suck on each one of your balls!"

Without hesitation, and without comment from Jerry about any unplanned change of script, the entire group formed a circle around me, left arms entwining around adjacent shoulders and necks. I took charge of my own peter to control the urge to spill seed much more efficiently. I looked around me at the sight before my eyes; some of them were nestling into each other's necks, others concentrating their attentions on me, then alternately down on their own throbbing cocks, and everyone jerking off to the sounds of sliding palms against lubed dicks.

I passed my mouth around generously to enjoy each manly midsection, displayed prominently with widely spread legs and jiggling ballsacks. Sometimes, I rooted my face into the sides of their inner thighs just next to their balls and dicks; to get a whiff of the varying essences of twelve men in heat. One of them, a real daddy type, started to slap me across my face with his rock-hard dick, then stuffed my mouth with his balls, pushing them past my straining jaws with his thick fingers.

I then heard throaty growls coming from behind me, signaling the beginning of multiple body spasms to come. I felt the splash of warm semen hit my shoulder twice, then run dripping down my back, joining the sweat droplets already forming there. The impulse to cum inside of my body was tripped immediately. As I felt my volcanic juices racing arond the tracks within my balls and groin, two others, then another three, then the rest of them shot their white jets onto me. My back arched with orgasmic punctuation as I watched through squinting eyes the circle of men all cuming on me. As I shot my long distance load into the humid air, I uttered through my teeth in a gravelly speech, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille." Aghhhhhhhhhhh. □

"I don't mind pulling his cock, but if he tries to buttfuck me, I'm leaving!"

THE BOY NEXT

GOT A POLAROID CAMERA? GOT A GUY WHO'S WILLING TO SHOW OFF HIS NATURAL ASSETS IN ALL THEIR INTIMATE GLORY? TAKE SOME INTERESTING SHOTS AND SEND THEM TO US FOR POSSIBLE PUBLICATION ON THIS PAGE. WE CAN'T USE ANY PHOTOS WITHOUT A MODEL RELEASE, SO BE SURE TO FILL OUT COMPLETELY THE ONE WE'VE PRINTED HERE AND HAVE THE MODEL SIGN IT. PHOTOS, WHICH CANNOT BE RETURNED, BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THIS MAGAZINE. SOME OF THE TOP PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE LOOKING AT THE PUBLISHED PHOTOS TO FIND FRESH NEW FACES AND FIGURES: WE CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING, BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO THE LUCKY GUYS WHO GET PICKED FOR THIS FEATURE!

DOOR NAKED.

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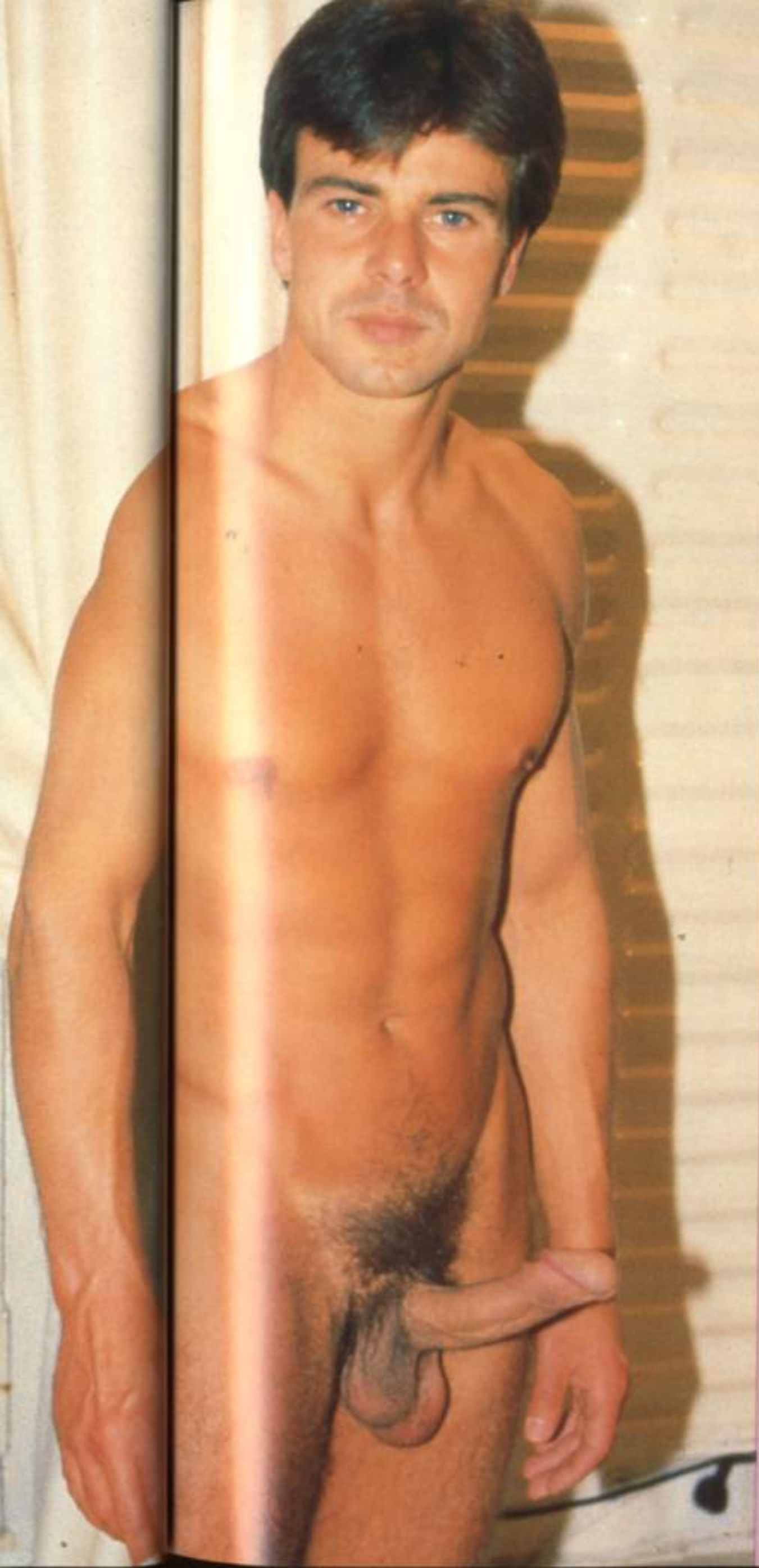

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HARD ON FEVER

by Alan Mathews

He was a slim but muscular blond guy, maybe about nineteen, a college student, and when he wasn't attending classes he sunbathed on the apartment patio by the pool, wearing a tight, skimpy cloth that hugged his magnificent cock and balls so fervently I could almost count every delicious vein in his long, thick shaft. My fingers itched to touch that bulge. My mouth watered to suck his manflesh into my throat. My tongue longed to lick his hairy balls. My lips parched with the desire to kiss his male body all over, paying particular attention to his nipples and his asshole and his cock and balls.

I used to stand behind my second-floor drapes, stark naked, my cock in my hand as I gazed lovingly at him lying there. I'd run my hands up and down the length of my flesh, moving down under the balls to gently sqeeze them, and of course my cock rose and pointed toward the ceiling. I wanted to be down there with the blond, pressing my cock against his genitals and his glorious rear end, to stick it in his mouth, to feel *his* cock sliding past my lips, over my tongue, into my mouth, and down my throat.

If only I had the nerve to go down there and approach him. But I didn't even know if he were gay. And he lived with some big bruiser that might have been his older brother. But older brother or gay lover, he wasn't someone I wanted to tangle with. So I stood out there fisting my cock into a stiff, throbbing erection, enjoying the view below and the sensations in my crotch. It was better than nothing.

I was going through this daily ritual when suddenly the guy — his named was Greg — got up and walked around the patio. I figured he was going into his own shared apartment, but he was heading in my direction; then he was lost from my sight where the building cut off my view directly below.

Shit! My cock was up good and hard and I'd wanted to finish jerking off with my secret love object in sight, but obviously that was not meant to be, so I kept pulling it with my eyes closed and my mind alive with fantasy.

There was a knock at my door, and naively enough I had no idea who it was. I was just annoyed at the interruption. I hastily pulled on a robe and went to answer it. Of course — you've already guess it —it was Greg.

"Mind if I come in?" he asked me.

"No, no of course not," I managed to stammer.

He strolled in and walked across the living room to the picture window overlooking the patio. He turned, smiling. "I've been watching you watching me," he said. Would you believe I blushed at that. "Oh, it's okay. I don't mind. In fact, I'm flattered. But unless you're just into solitary jerkoffs I think we could spend our time more pleasantly, don't you?"

Greg moved in close, reached through the folds of my bathrobe and took my cock in his strong hand. It gave a lurch of delight. The blond opened my bathrobe wide and pressed his whole body closer, holding my waist with his free hand. His lips descended on mine and we kissed with open mouths, our tongues moving back and forth over excited lips.

I loved the feel of his naked chest against mine, with his hard nipples grazing my flesh. I loved the feel of his crotch nuzzling my balls while his hand stroked my engorged shaft.

I broke away, shuddering. "I've had fantasies —" I began

"I know," he said. "Me, too. Let's make them reality."

He removed my bathrobe completely, took my hand and led me to the couch, where he sat me down. He stood in front of me and hooked his thumbs in his briefs preparing to pull them down and let his cock spring free.

But I stopped him with, "No, not yet. Wait."

I took his hips in both my hands and eased him closer to me. Up close, the outline of his cock against the thin white material that hugged it was absolutely mouth-watering. I could hardly breathe as I moved my face closer to his crotch, my eyes lusting at the sight of that teasing bulge so close to me. I pressed my lips against the cloth that held his cock prisoner, feeling the warmth of his hot male flesh. I inhaled deeply, my head swimming from the musky in-heat odors emanating from his genitals. My own cock twitched and wiggled in response to my rising passion.

I kissed him all over, working my way into the moist inner thigh area on one side and then on the other —until I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. I eased down the top of his briefs, and the head of his cock popped out, a thick, purplish knob with a drop of precum in the piss slit. My lips covered it quickly and sucked avidly as I pulled his skimpy garment all the way down, releasing his entire shaft and the balls dangling enticingly underneath. My heart was beating like crazy. This was a wet dream come true for me.

I moved my face back for a moment so I could see this wondrous spectacle in all its sensual glory. His cock had sprung up like a mis-

sile ready to take off. It was long and thick, standing up flat against his lean belly, and below it were those beautiful twin sacs that were busily manufacturing the sweet cream that would come gushing out of the tiny hole in the tip of his lusty cock and give me the ultimate taste treat.

Then, with a wild cry of exultation, I attacked that beautiful cock and balls with my lips, my mouth, and my tongue, kissing and gobbling and licking like a hungry kid let loose in a candy store. It tasted every bit as good as I knew it would, and the natural perfumes of his manly crotch filled my nostrils and made my head swim with the most intense passion I'd ever felt. My hands roamed up and down his tight ass, pinching, kneading, caressing; my fingers slid through the crease in his asscheeks, parting them so the middle finger could find his succulent asshole. Greg tensed as my finger found the puckered opening and gently worked its way inward.

The young blond was ready to come, there was no doubt of it. He gasped and shoved his cock deep in my throat, held my head in his strong hands, and pumped a load of hot juice into me. I worked my finger frantically into his quivering poopchute as I gulped and swallowed as much of his cum as I could. But there was just too much of it, and it dribbled over my lips and spilled down my chin.

When he was through pumping his load into my mouth, Greg pulled me to my feet and kissed me warmly and took great delight in licking his own jism from my face.

"Now let's do something about this," he said, reaching down to grip my cock in his strong hand.

I was so excited I nearly shot my wad over his belly then and there, but I held back because I had better plans for my lucky piece of meat. He eased me onto the couch and got between my spread thighs and began kissing my crotch all over while he ran his slim fingers over and into all my supersensitive areas. My cock was up as hard as it ever had been, much harder than when I masturbated and had fantasies about this. Reality was so much better, I decided.

That tongue of his had had a lot of experience, and it showed. The way it flicked over the tip of my cock head and up and down the shaft and under the balls and into the perineum and onto the asshole was a sheer delight.

"Mmmm, you taste good," he kept murmuring.

It was music to my ears, but I couldn't answer. Overcome with emotion, I could hardly breathe, much less speak. But then no words were necessary between us; our bodies spoke eloquently enough.

He raised his pretty head in a smile and asked, "Want to fuck my ass?"

Did I? Wordlessly, I nodded. I made a hasty beeline to an end table where I kept a supply of condoms for just such a situation. Greg took it from me, peeled off its wrapper, put the rubber in his mouth and then applied it to my cock. It was the most exciting way a horny guy could get a condom installed on his throbbing flesh, and I loved Greg for it.

The blond moved over to a table near the big window and bent over it with his palms flat on the surface of the table, his legs spread, and his tight ass wiggling in seductive invitation.

"It's all yours, baby," he husked in a throaty voice hoarse with passion.

My cock wiggling in front of me like a divining rod, I moved across the room to him. For a moment I knelt behind him and spread his cheeks and applied my tongue to his puckered fucktunnel to get it wet. Then I rose, pointed the tip of my rubberized cock at the opening, then slowly eased forward.

Greg was sure no virgin, but his asshole was still the tightest I'd ever experienced. It took me several minutes to get it all the way inside, and then I had to pause while I felt his sphincters tighten automaticaly around my flesh. After a moment I started the rhythmic in and out movements while I held onto his waist and listened to his passionate murmurings urging me on.

I needed no urging. I hadn't fucked or been fucked in a long time, and I knew that I was making up for it now in quality that was so much better than any quantity I might have had. I plowed his dirt road with my firm tool, giving us both maximum pleasure. I wanted it to last forever, but I was just too human, and when his ass muscles tightened around my invading cock like an iron fist I couldn't help but shoot spasm after spasm into him.

It was wonderful. I'd never had such a fucking session. My eyes were glazed with happiness, but when they cleared and looked out the big picture window down into the patio, my heart stopped. Down there, staring up at us in full view of the world, was Greg's husky roommate, who had undoubtedly seen everything. As I watched with sinking heart and dwindling cock, the guy marched across the patio and headed in our direction.

I withdrew my cock from Greg's asshole and went into the bathroom to flush the cum-loaded condom down the toilet. When I got back to the living room, there was an insistent banging on the door. I knew who it was, and I told Greg, who merely smiled and said, "Don't worry. Steve knows I fool around."

Reluctantly, I opened the door and Steve bolted in. He was dressed in a business suit, but he still looked more like a wrestler, with ruggedly handsome features and a heavily-muscled body that no clothes could hide. Neither Greg nor I had bothered to cover our nakedness, and for a moment Steve looked from one of us to the other. Then his features broke into a smile and he extended a hand.

"My name's Steve," he said, "and you're Alan. My roommate Greg's been after me to meet you so we can have some fun and games. I guess now's as good a time as any. Care for a three-way?"

It all came out in a machine-gun burst of enthusiasm, and I breathed a sigh of relief. I said, "I'd love it," but Steve was already taking off his clothes.

Yes sir, there was no doubt about it. My sex life was definitely taking a turn for the better!

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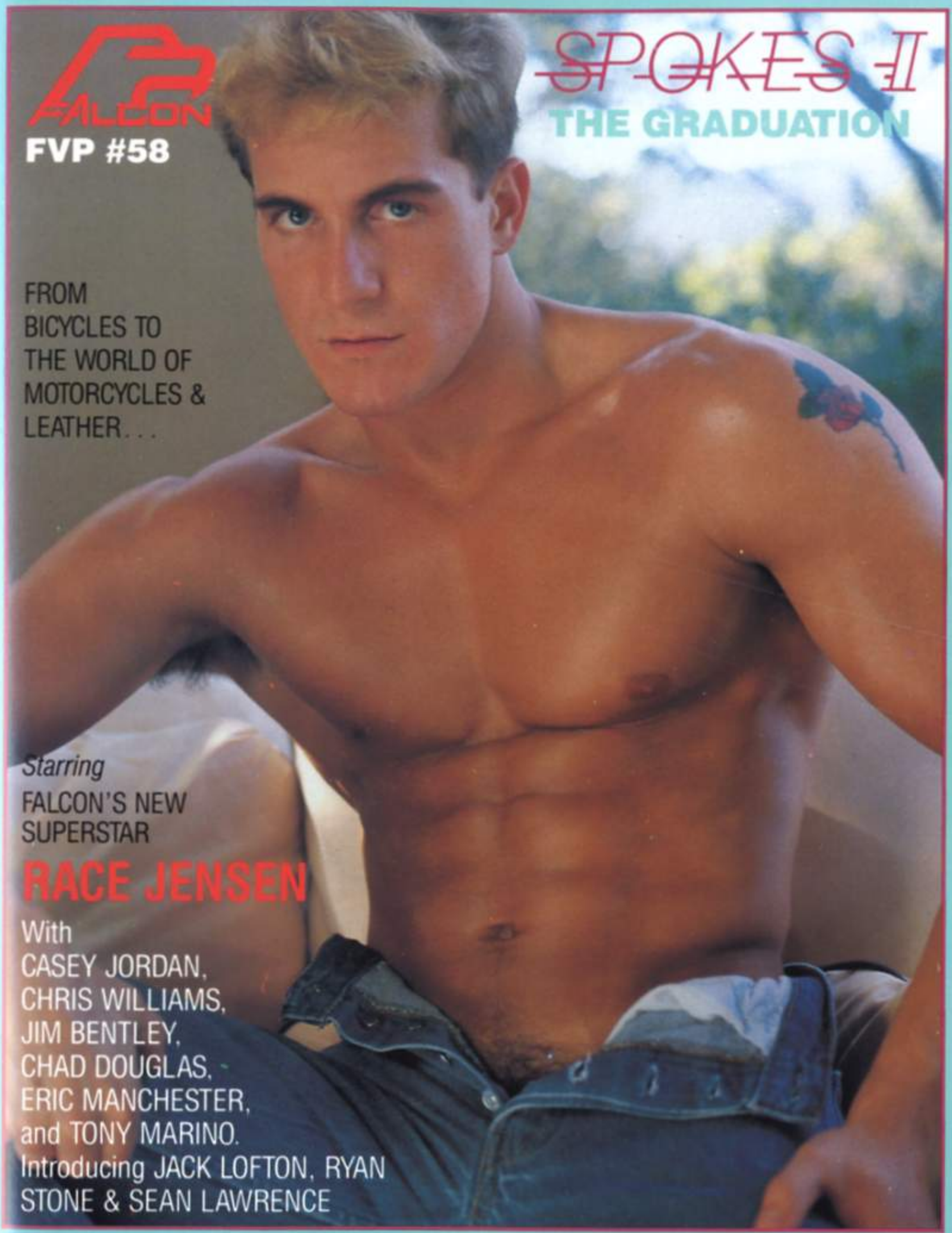

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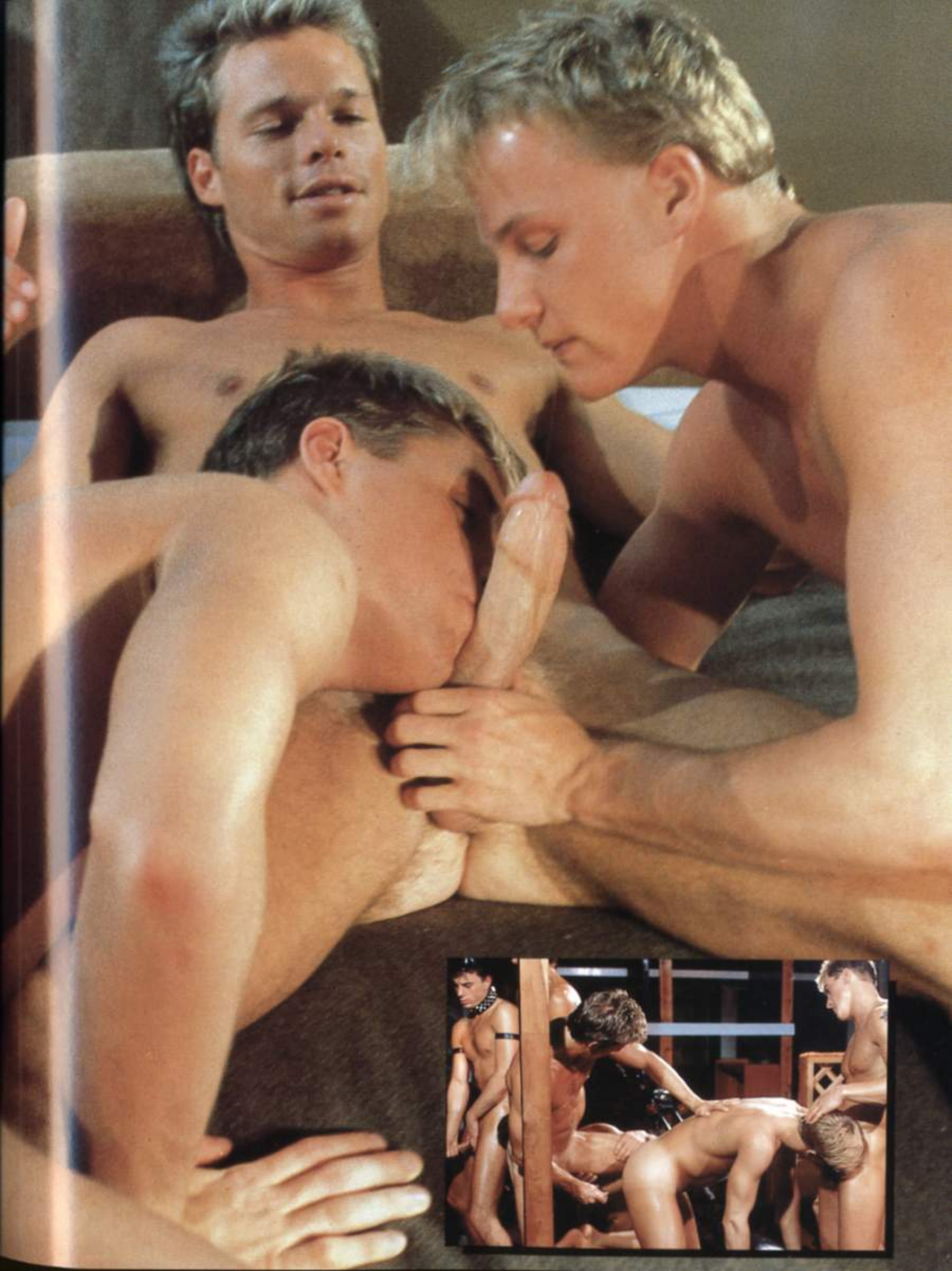

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CITY OF NIGHT.

DRAG-A-THON
by Chi Chi La Rue

Illustration by: BOOTZ

Drag, drag, and more drag! We just can't get enough of those men in dresses. Here in L.A. drag is a very large part of the nightlife. The hot spots for female impersonation range from the high class of *La Cage Au Faux* to the down and dirty of *The Four Star Saloon.*

I started my journey into the realm of drag with my partner in lipstick and blush, Rose. Our trek led us first to the fab *La Cage Au Faux* in West Hollywood. Now if you've got the bucks and are into paying high dollar for a drag show, then this is the place for you. The queens at *La Cage* bring some of your favorites to life. We saw Tina Turner, Cher, Dolly Parton, Bette Midler, and more.

Next we shuffled off to the valley to catch the girls of *The Queen Mary.* This show is very good, and the queens really know to make you, the audience, have a great time. In fact, they come off the stage and sing in your face. Now, sometimes that can be very scary, but most of the time it's really fun. The girls of *The Queen Mary* go all out to please with their impersonations of Ann-Margret, Cyndi Lauper, Patty LaBell, Diana Ross, and many more. The highlight of *The Queen Mary* was the hilarious M.C. butch. She really knows her stuff.

After five cocktails and two cocks, Rose and I were off to our favorite hangout, *The Four Star Saloon* in the heart of West Hollywood. Rose and I have performed here, and it's quite a fun time. The show on Tuesday boasts a cast of female impersonators and other live acts. The killer nights to hit *The Four Star* are Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday, when the shows have that special touch of crass from yours truly, Chi Chi La Rue. I just took over the job of M.C., and it is quite an experience. It is also very rewarding, thanks to Drew, the man who puts it all together.

The cast at *The Four Star* changes every week, but the regulars — Coco, Sharday, Trixi, and Stevie — always do a great job. Also in the cast is a girl named Gender, who in my opinion is one of the funniest performers I have ever seen. She rocks you out of your seat with her renditions of Connie Francis and Nancy Sinatra.

The night went on and on, and we saw more feathers and rhinestones than we could handle. After Rose and I did our thunderous round of "It's Raining Men," we chose our dates, put our pumps in full gear, and headed back to *The Queen Mary,* where I had a little chit-chat with prominent dragster Tracy Robert Austin and got her opinion on drag in L.A.

Note: Tracey Robert Austin can be seen Wednesday-Sunday at *The Queen Mary.* Chi Chi can be found in local alleys and at *The Four Star* in West Hollywood on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday.

CHI CHI: Hi, girl, how's life?

TRACEY: Peachy

CHI CHI: How's the show at the old *Queen Mary?*

TRACEY: Very well, doll.

CHI CHI: What characters do you do?

TRACEY: Well, I do Ann-Margret, Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, and others.

CHI CHI: They are all fab. Why do they call you The Goddess?

TRACEY: Why do you think? Just look at me.

CHI CHI: I can't, girl. We're on the phone.

TRACY: Fuck you, bitch. Ha, ha!

CHI CHI: Tracey, who do you think are the best performers in L.A. right now?

TRACEY: Well, Blake Warner, who does a flawless Joan Rivers, and Bobby E. from *La Cage.* I used to work with her there.

CHI CHI: Why them?

TRACEY: Because they are true pros. They are very dedicated to their art, and it shows on stage.

CHI CHI: Where, in your opinion, is the best place to see a show in L.A.?

TRACEY: *The Queen Mary.* We change our shows a lot and have a lot of fun doing them.

CHI CHI: Do you have any dish on the drag scene?

TRACEY: Ya, that you took Erica's place at *The Four Star.*

CHI CHI: Can you believe that girl?

TRACEY: Yes, you are great, especially as Mamma Cass and Divine.

CHI CHI: Kiss my ass.

TRACEY: Get lost.

CHI CHI: Do you think straight men like drag queens?

TRACEY: I don't know. I think they are fascinated by them.

CHI CHI: Why?

TRACEY: Well, I always say: they walk *in* straight and walk *out* confused.

CHI CHI: Do you like having sex in drag?

TRACEY: Yes. Eating cake and ice cream in bed can be fun, but also a little messy.

CHI CHI: Well, honey, do you have any advice for someone interested in doing shows?

TRACEY: Yes. Girl, start at *The Four Star.* Enter Drag Search. But always remember to do your best and believe in yourself.

CHI CHI: Thanks, girl. You helped me a lot, so maybe you can meet Jeff Stryker. We will see you at *The Queen Mary,* and you better bop over to The Four Star and check out the fab new Emcee: me. Bye, girl!

***

Richard Harrison

Starring In
BLACK FORCE
from
CATALINA VIDEO

Chris Williams

Featured In
YOUNG CADETS
and MY BEST BUDDY
from CATALINA VIDEO

Photography: CATALINA VIDEO

Chris Williams
51

Chris

JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT

UNDER THE SIGN OF THE STALLION

PPP—

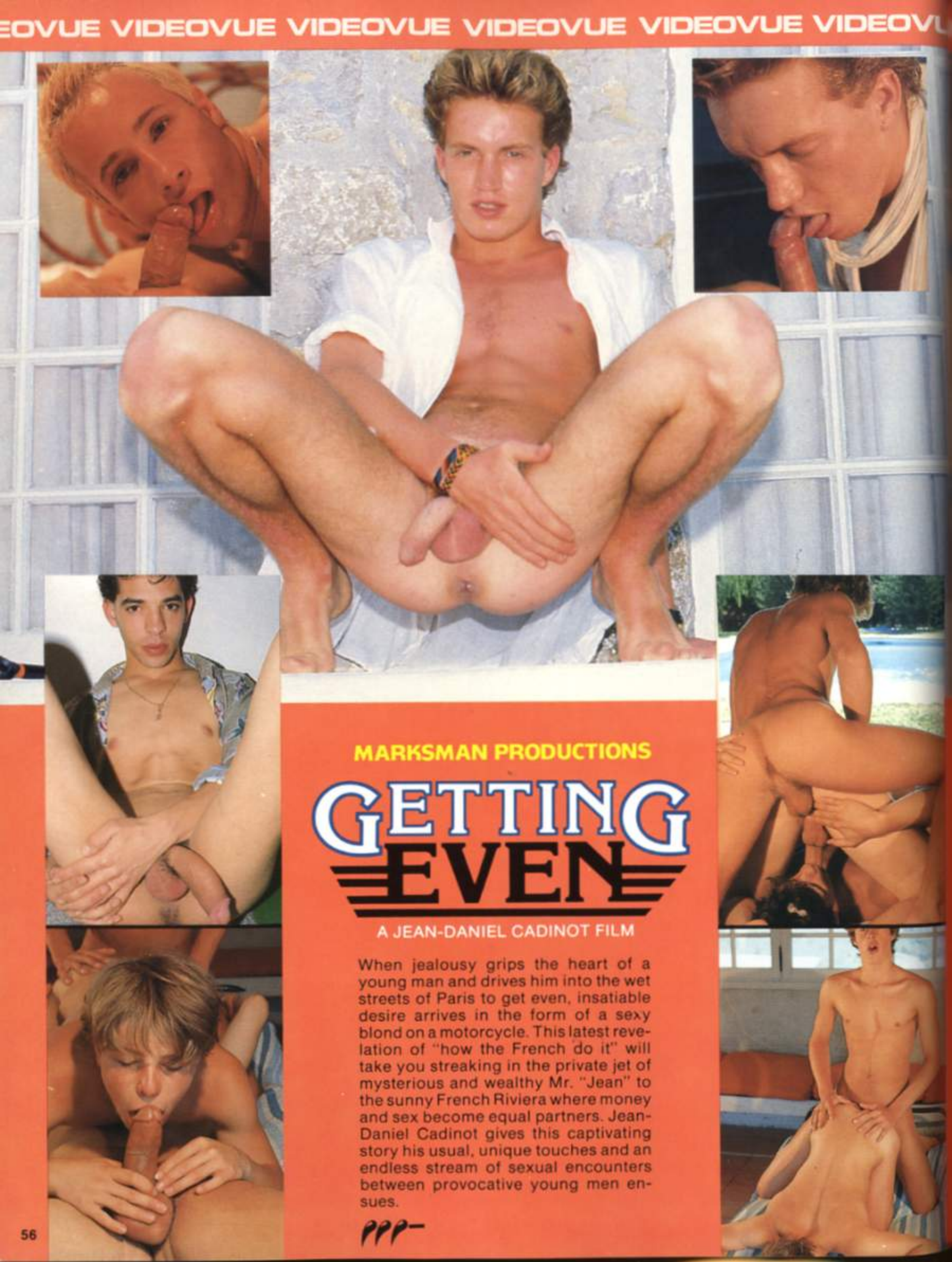
© 1986 MARKSMEN PRODUCTIONS.

The Stallion is everything Francois would like to be, a magnificent tall blond stud who knows what he likes and gets it! He is the hero of his imagination and the porno novel Francois is writing. Here the boundaries between reality and fiction no longer exist. The author becomes his own hero. The Stallion, and puts the real people in his life into any sexual situation that pleases him.

The inspiration and setting for this new story is a visit with his neighbor friend to a notorious bath house in Paris, a first for both of them. Frequented by a veritable who's who of the local super hung studs who know very well how to give it or take it. Francois and his friend look on with disbelief and growing fascination. What would it be like to be surrounded by six or eight hard and heaving bull cocks working over every part of your body! Everyone will have their turn in this superb Cadinot trip into fantasy!

IN FRENCH WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

starring
FRANCOIS CHARNY
OLIVER FABRE
LUIGI DI COMO
PATRICE SERRE



MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS

GETTING EVEN

A JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT FILM

When jealousy grips the heart of a young man and drives him into the wet streets of Paris to get even, insatiable desire arrives in the form of a sexy blond on a motorcycle. This latest revelation of "how the French do it" will take you streaking in the private jet of mysterious and wealthy Mr. "Jean" to the sunny French Riviera where money and sex become equal partners. Jean-Daniel Cadinot gives this captivating story his usual, unique touches and an endless stream of sexual encounters between provocative young men ensues.

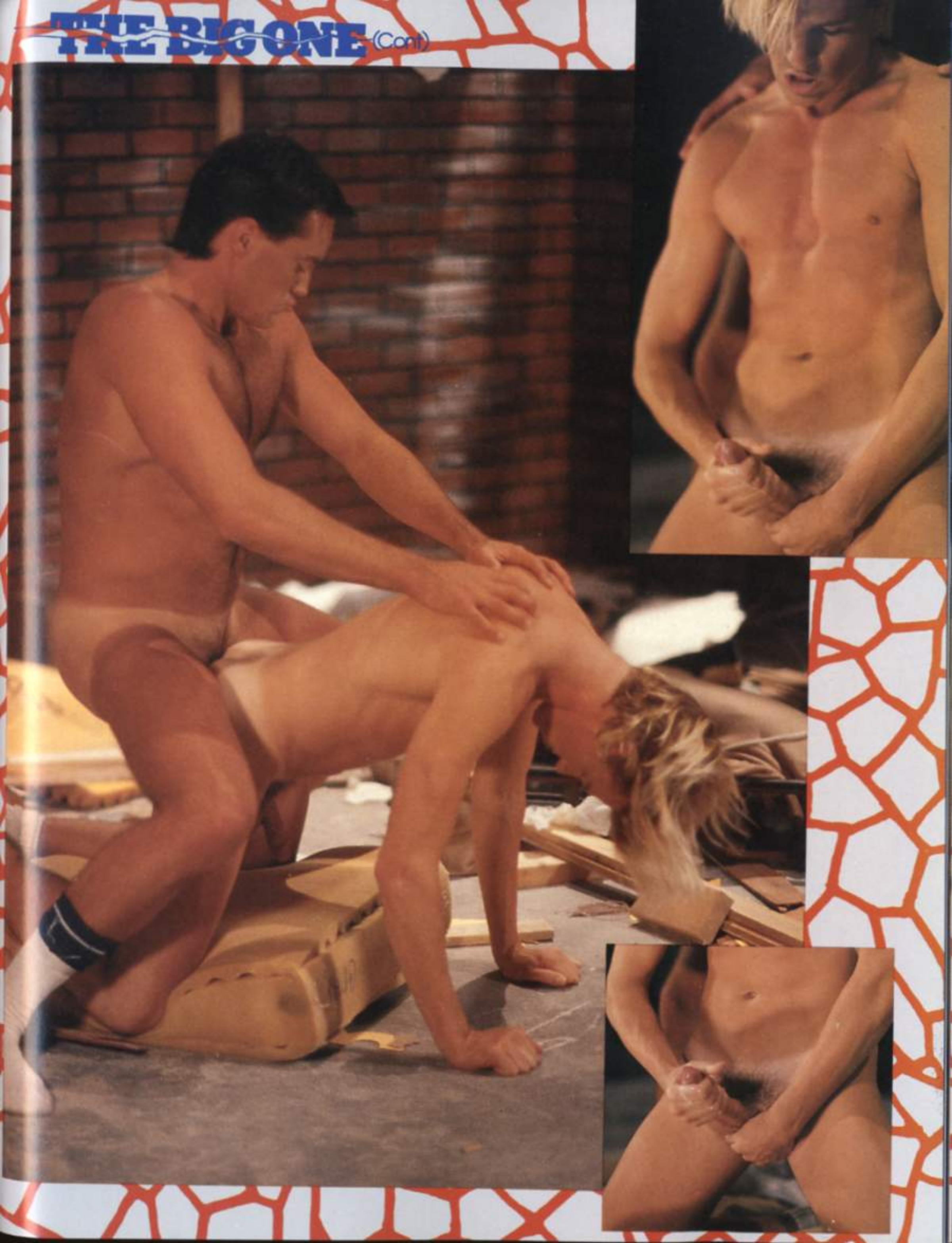
PPP–

THE BIG ONE

CATALINA VIDEO
in association
with DUKE VIDEO

Starring
MIKE GREGORY
SEAN LAURANCE

THE BIG ONE
(Cont)



QUICKIE QUIZ

— Think you're smart, bunky? Think you know all about how to keep from getting infected and maybe dying? Well, let's see just how knowledgeable you are. Take this test, and do it now!

1. The principal method of transmitting the AIDS virus is by:

(a) Watching "I Love Lucy" reruns
(b) Going out in the rain without your rubbers
(c) Not sending your mother a card on her birthday
(d) Reading books on how to prevent AIDS
(e) Exchanging body fluids with a sex partner

2. For safe sex, *don't* use condoms:

(a) Given to you by your worst enemy
(b) Made out of steel wool
(c) Purchased at a Catholic Church rummage sale
(d) Blessed by the Pope
(e) All of the above

3. For safe sex, *do* use condoms:

(a) Guaranteed for 50,000 miles or your money back
(b) Colored yellow, with the words "Happy Birthday" printed in red
(c) As big as trash bags to enclose your entire body
(d) Whose inner surfaces are coated with Crazy Glue so the condom won't fall off
(e) Made of latex, lubricated with a silicone coating

4. The safest kind of sex is:

(a) Watching old Doris Day/Rock Hudson movies
(b) Sticking your genitals into the whirring metal blades of an electric fan
(c) Picking up a gin-soaked, scumbag two-dollar hustler in the worst section of town and taking him to a sleezy hotel room, where you pump your tongue and cock into every opening of his ugly, disease-ridden body
(d) Putting your cock in your own asshole and fucking yourself
(e) Solitary or mutual masturbation and oral and anal intercourse with a condom in place

5. Sex that is *definitely unsafe* includes:

(a) Watching old Doris Day/Rock Hudson movies
(b) Jerking off from a moving car and squirting your juice onto the goggles of a passing motorcycle officer
(c) Fucking a sex-crazed baboon at the zoo while its angry and jealous mate is watching
(d) Oral, vaginal, or anal intercourse without a condom
(e) All the above

6. Condoms should be used:

(a) Only when fucking sheep, cows, and other domestic animals
(b) Only during a full moon when you're balling a werewolf
(c) Only when you can't get it off from last time, a week ago
(d) Only when your sex partner threatens to cut off your balls if you don't
(e) During EVERY sex act, including oral, used once and thrown away

7. The main reason condoms break is:

(a) Your ex-wife has put ground glass in them
(b) The hole you're fucking is hot enough to melt rubber
(c) Your cock is just TOO BIG (You should live so long!)
(d) The drugstore clerk gave you party balloons by mistake
(e) They have been used with an oil-based lubricant

—ON A.I.D.S.

8. Nonoxynol-9 is:

(a) A washing detergent that gets your clothes snowy-white
(b) A visitor from the planet Mars
(c) Carl Sagan's automobile license number
(d) Only half as much fun as Nonoxynol-69
(e) A spermicide that kills herpes, gonorrhea, syphilis, and the AIDS virus

9. A bisexual is:

(a) A vehicle with two wheels
(b) Someone who has sex every two years
(c) Someone who has sex on a bicycle
(d) Someone who has sex on a bicycle every two years
(e) A person who can get AIDS from either sex if he doesn't practice sex safely

10. Although there is currently no known way to kill the virus once it's *inside* the body, before it gets there it can be killed instantly by:

(a) Hitting it with a hammer
(b) Encouraging it to commit suicide
(c) Pushing it off a high building
(d) Forcing it to watch "Bill Cosby" reruns
(e) Using a spermicide containing Nonoxynol-9, common soap and water, hydrogen peroxide, alcohol, and bleach for cleaning up

11. Anal sex is:

(a) Perverted and disgusting and should not be engaged in unless your mom says it's okay
(b) The only kind of sex possible between assholes and pricks
(c) So wonderful and exciting that it's worth the risk of dying and never being able to do it again
(d) Only dirty if it's done correctly
(e) The likeliest way to contract the virus if you don't wear a rubber

12. Sharing hypodermic needles and sex partners:

(a) Makes for a hell of a fun party, perhaps your last
(b) Is asking for more trouble than you'd care to have
(c) Will make both you and your insurance company very, very unhappy
(d) Is an excellent way to get the AIDS virus
(e) All of the above

Okay, guys, we've had a little fun with this quiz, but the message is deadly serious — and we *do* mean DEADLY! Putting it plainly, you're a fool if you play sexual roulette; you're stupid if you engage in unsafe sex; and if you don't use condoms as a matter of course you're asking to be measured for a coffin. If that isn't bad enough, AIDS is not only a fatal disease, it's an unpleasant one. You don't die easily; first, you suffer, and then you suffer some more, and then you suffer even more after that. And all the way you regret not taking the simple precautions that could have prevented this. If you've ever seen anyone dying of AIDS, you know what we mean. Do you want to look in your mirror and see yourself wasting away with this insidious, incurable plague just because you were too dumb to do it right? We think you're smarter than that. What do *you* think?

ANSWERS: (e) to all questions!

Toys For OLDER Boys

These adult, over-eighteen kids love to play with their Erection Sets: dildos and vibrators and assorted electronic and hand-powered marvels shaped like cocks and corncobs. And we love to watch 'em, don't we? You bet your sweet hard-on we do!

Holiday or birthday gifts like this are appreciated by a stud's quivering asshole and throbbing hunk of meat all year long. See how grateful they can be when you drop by for a visit!

Toys

It's nice to have an asshole-buddy to share these joyful toyful moments, but even when alone a man can enjoy playing with himself. Try it yourself sometime. You might like it!

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

If leather is the thing that pushes your buttons then the following photo-article might be of some interest.

That sweet smell of well-worn leather, tugging at assorted body parts, picking up that pungent smell of a to-warm session in front of the mirror turn you on?

Just imagine . . . .

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

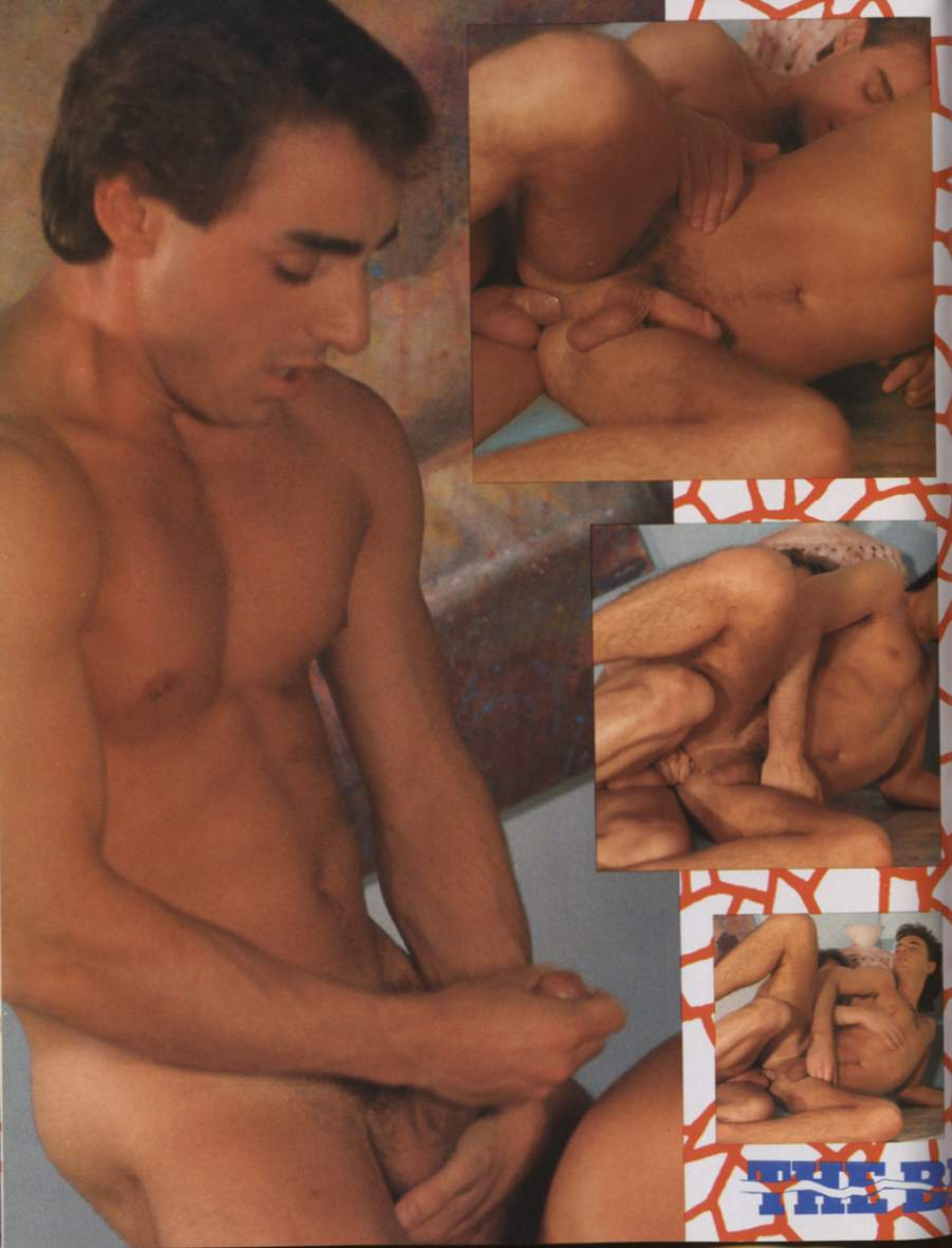
HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

THE BIG ONE

Photography: CATALINA VIDEO

starring
KURT BAUER
BRAD
RICHARDSON

PPP–


THE B

ONE

Mooned over HOLLYWOOD

by Ernie Swertfager

Testing the old maxim, "Ass and ye shall receive," proud possessors of round, firm and fully-packed glutei maximi (sexy asses) abound on the streets and in the alleys of horny Hollywood. In broad daylight or at twilight time, the enterprising and adventurous tourist (as well as daring denizens of tawdry Tinseltown) can find smiling moonfaces beaming tantalizingly from every cocky corner

and nubile nook of the Male-Ass Capital of the World.

The dedicated ass-fancier will find in these pages a plethora of fancy asses, but he will be richly rewarded if he looks beyond the beautiful buns, and the clean-cut cleavage and the dangling doodads to study for a few inspiring moments the techniques involved in this rash of mooning madness.

say come — well, you know). Here is a collector's item par excellence that daringly displays the vast and half-vast variety of shapes, sizes, and colors — tight, firm, round, wiggling, twitching masculine buttocks begging to be admired, nibbled, chomped, licked, sucked and plowed by horny studs with stiff dicks that shoot bullets of balljuice onto and into those tender targets between those cheeky cheeks.

(Whew, let me catch my breath for a moment, take a cold shower, and put on some fresh underwear! Ah, that's better. Where was I? Oh yeah!)

Here is a veritable photographic treasure trove of raunchy rears, an album of assly delights that every bum addict will want to keep an hold dear to his bosom and his crotch for years to come (and when we

Perhaps someday volumes will be written that explore to the hilt the various physiological and psychological manifestations of the various and sundry facets of mooning, but for now let us simply note the bald boldness of some, the coy cockiness of others, the hairy horniness of a few, the cheeky arrogance of many — and come away from our study with a new-found respect for this ancient but still-practiced art and perhaps a soggy orgasm or two.

Don't say we're not trying to make a better person of you!

Mooned over (Cont)
HOLLYWOOD

JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT

TOUGH & TENDER

Jean Daniel Cadinot's most hard hitting film about the powerful roll of sex in a detention home for young men.

These boys are off the streets of Paris and full of the juices of youth — and that means action. Some are tough and out to prove their manhood as top cock in this hotbed of lust. The tender new roommate naturally becomes the object of domination by these bullying studs.

The other boys are more interested in making the most of their time and each other with alot of good sex every chance they get. The action is very hot and heavy under the ever present risk of discovery by the watchful eyes of their lusting supervisors.

But even under these conditions a tender and passionate affair emerges and, as always, Cadinot's cameras focus sharply on the steaming sensuality; the intense gaze of longing eyes, moist lips pressing together, an eager tongue exploring soft skin and silky hair, and finally the explosive floods that can no longer be contained!

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STARRING

DIDIER HAMEL

LUIGI DI COMO

JEAN-LOUIS VAISSIERES

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JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT

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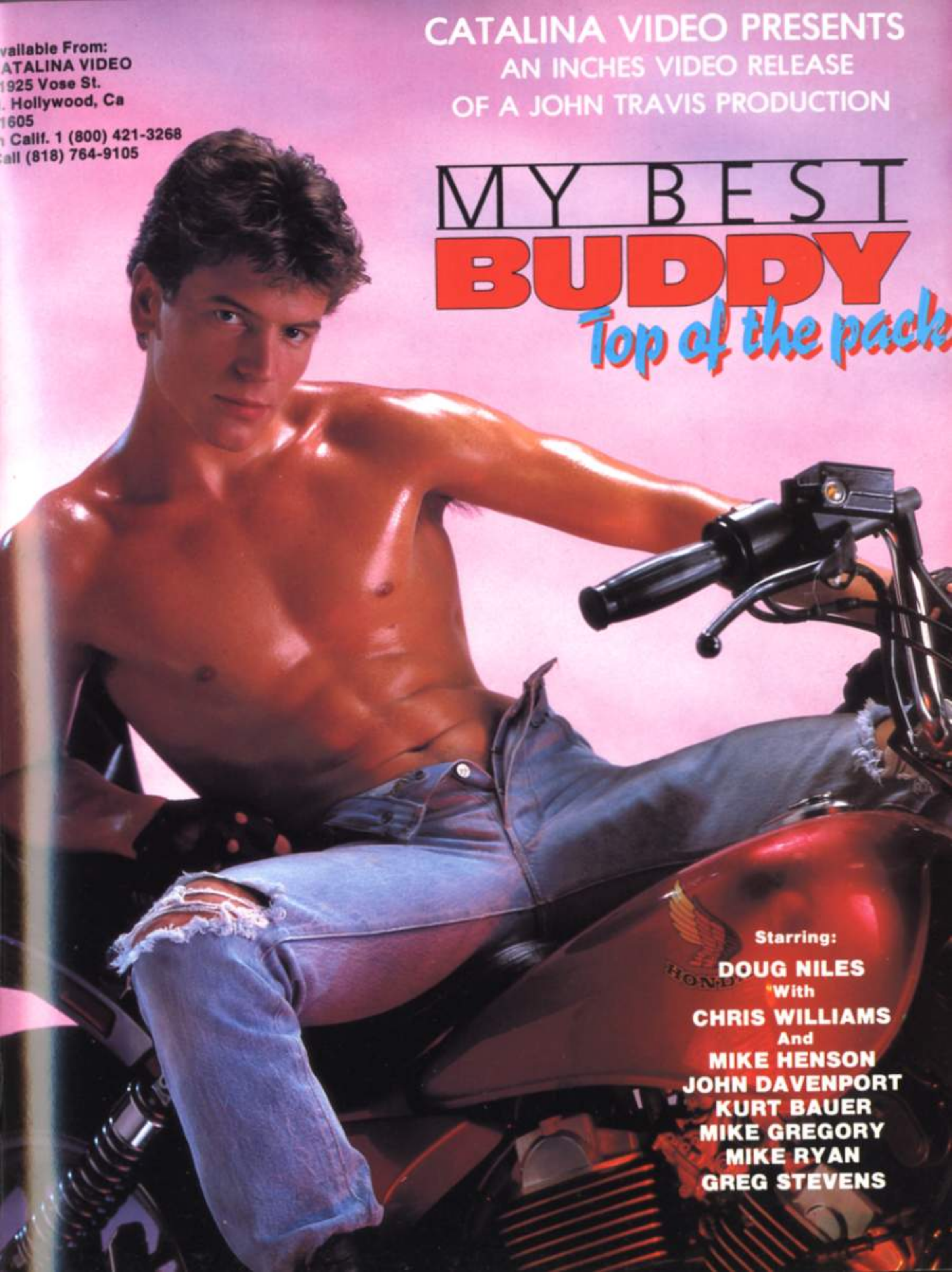

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"With
CHRIS WILLIAMS
And
MIKE HENSON
JOHN DAVENPORT
KURT BAUER
MIKE GREGORY
MIKE RYAN
GREG STEVENS

56 GETTING EVEN

6 HARD ROCKS

48 CHRIS WILLIAMS

ALL MODELS ARE OVER 18/ADULTS ONLY