MACHISMO

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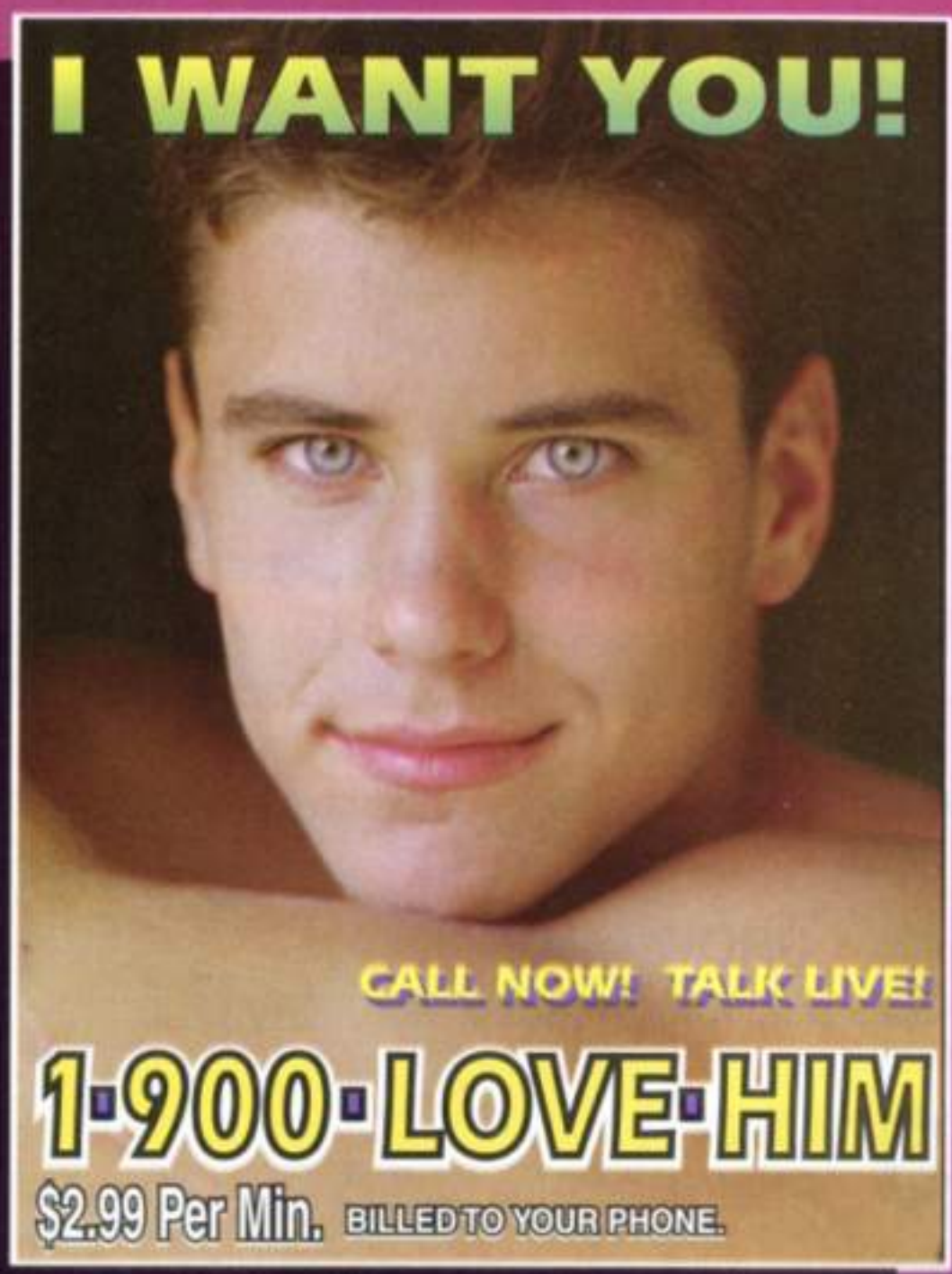

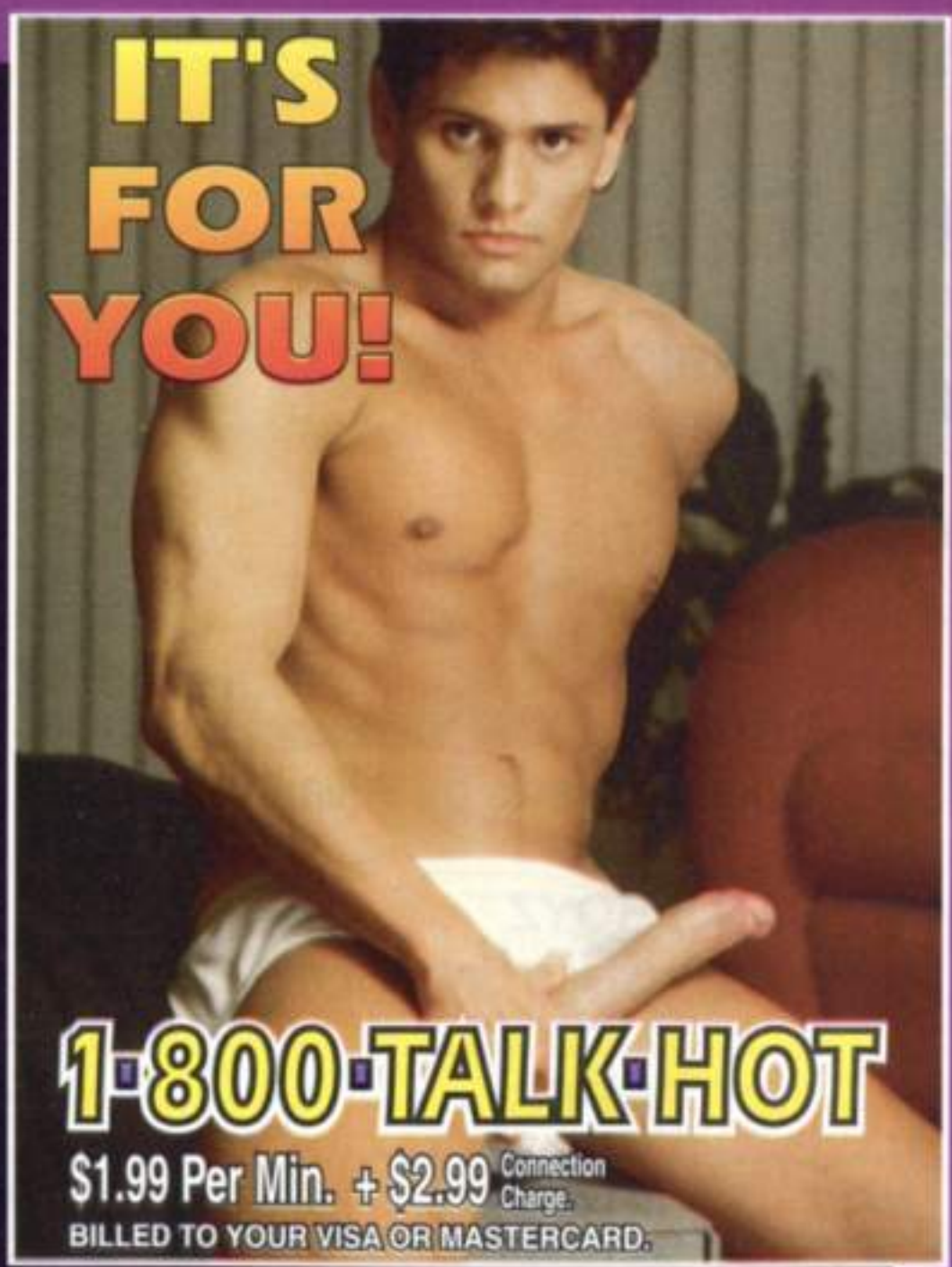

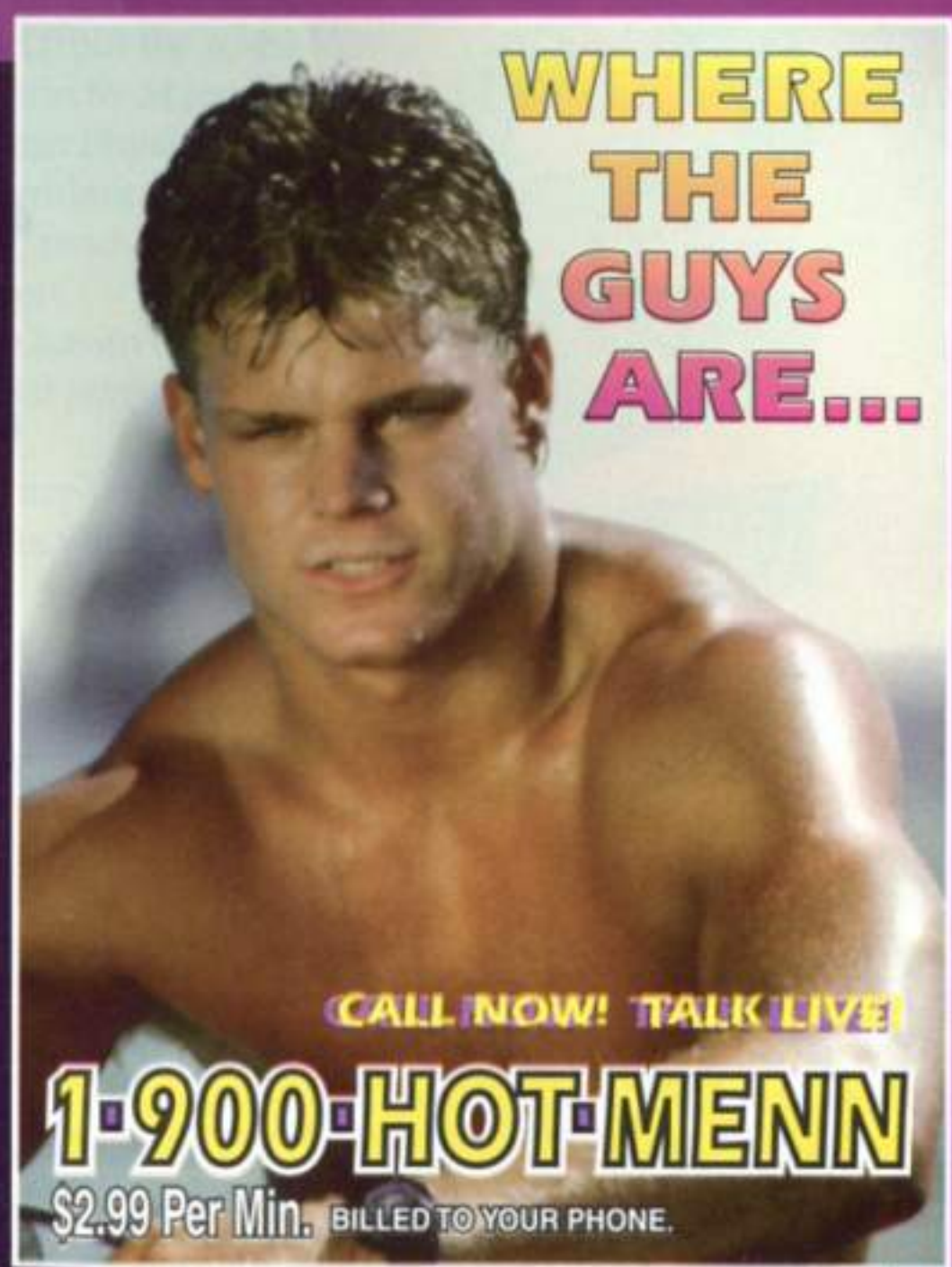

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MACHISMO

CONTENTS

6 **MACHISMO MUNDO**
The Wonderful World of Wangs & Wags

13 **FLASH**
Photos by TropicWorld

18 **GROWIN' UP RICAN**
Fiction by Julian Anthony Guerra

23 **PITO**
Photos by The Latino Fan Club

35 **GEMINI**
Photos by The Latino Fan Club

44 **GUSTAVO VIVA**
Photos by The Latino Fan Club

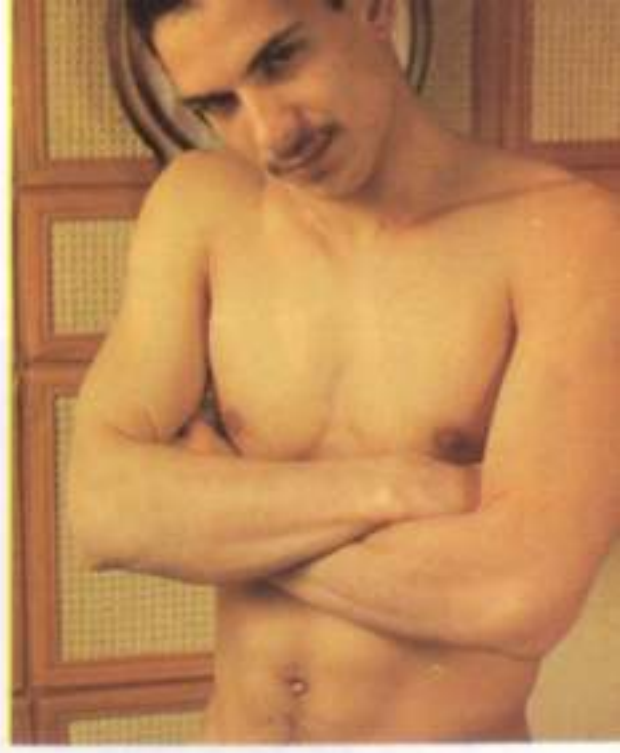
54 **BARRIO PIZZA BOYS**
Fiction by Stephen Laurel

57 **ORLANDO**
Photos by TropicWorld

66 **BADBOYZ ON VIDEO**
Video Reviews by Julian Anthony Guerra

79 **BANJI-BOYZ**
Julio & Chico Show It All

87 **VIC TORRES**
Photos by The Latino Fan Club



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VOLUME 1, NO. 1

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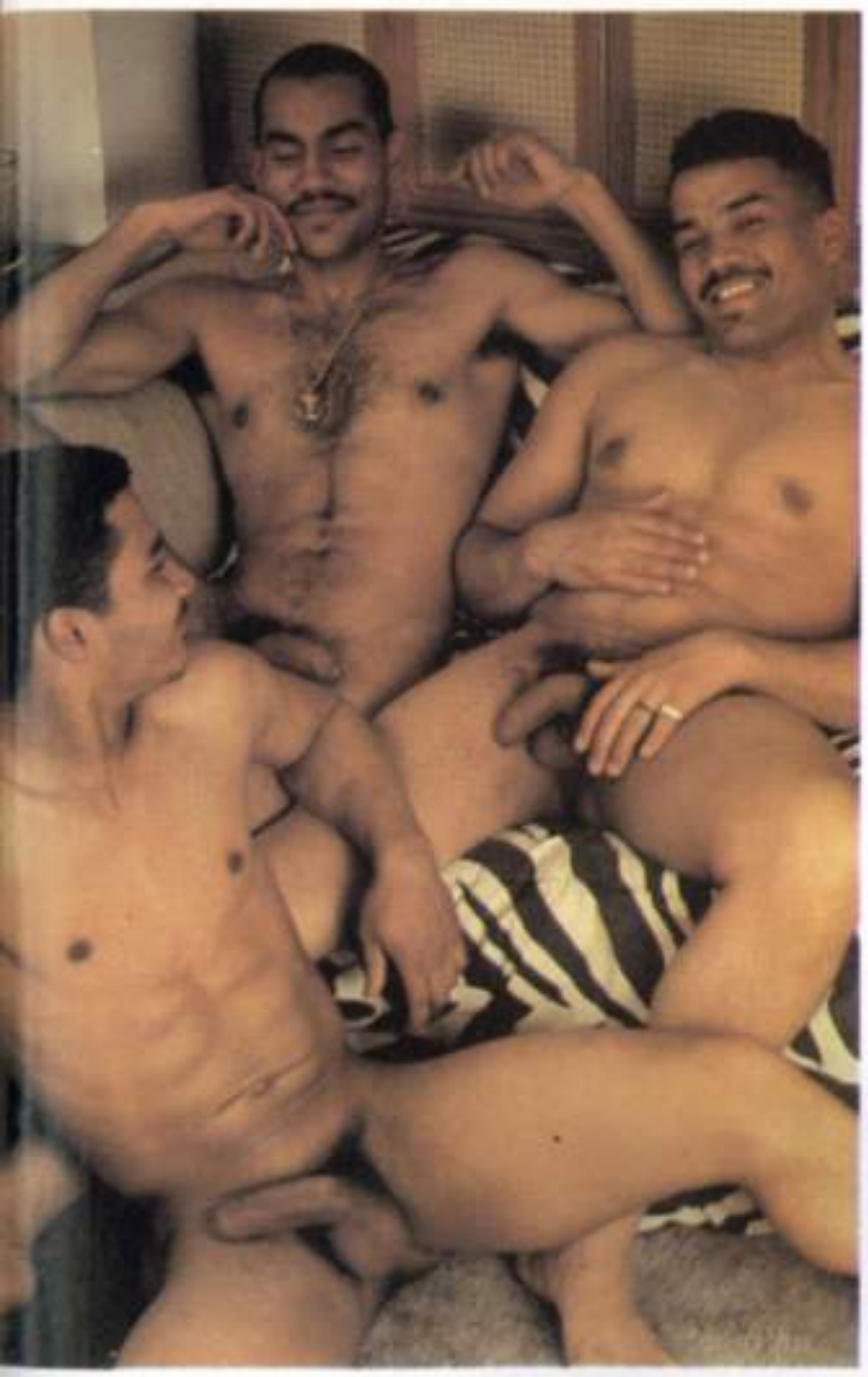

Well at least we think so! Welcome out there to all of you Latin Lovers and Lovers of Latin Men! We hope you'll enjoy some of our familiar features like:

A. The traveling & spotting of Hot Hispanic hot spots.

B. Reviews of Virile Video & Sexy Stage Screen Scenarios.

C. Irreverent pricking of Italian & Spanish *Machismo* plus anything else that twangles our fancy.

D. Scorching Male Sex Stories about Latin Lovers.

Also we're inaugurating *Perdido y Encontrado* which highlights brand new Latin Male porno stars on the rise, while still on the lookout for those special *Macho* movie men who may have faded from the scene but not from our dirty memories ...

In addition to at least one page each edition devoted solely to early Latin Physique Photography.

Plus attendant male Bios on Show Biz personalities both old & new, renowned & remote, gay & straight & everything else between.

And we haven't even mentioned page upon page of phenomenal *pingas* & colossal *culos* o the four corners of the earth.

So why are you dawdling in encomia when such excitement awaits within?? *Adelante* and *Avanti*.

Lee Martin, editor

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MACHISMO MUNDO

THE WOND

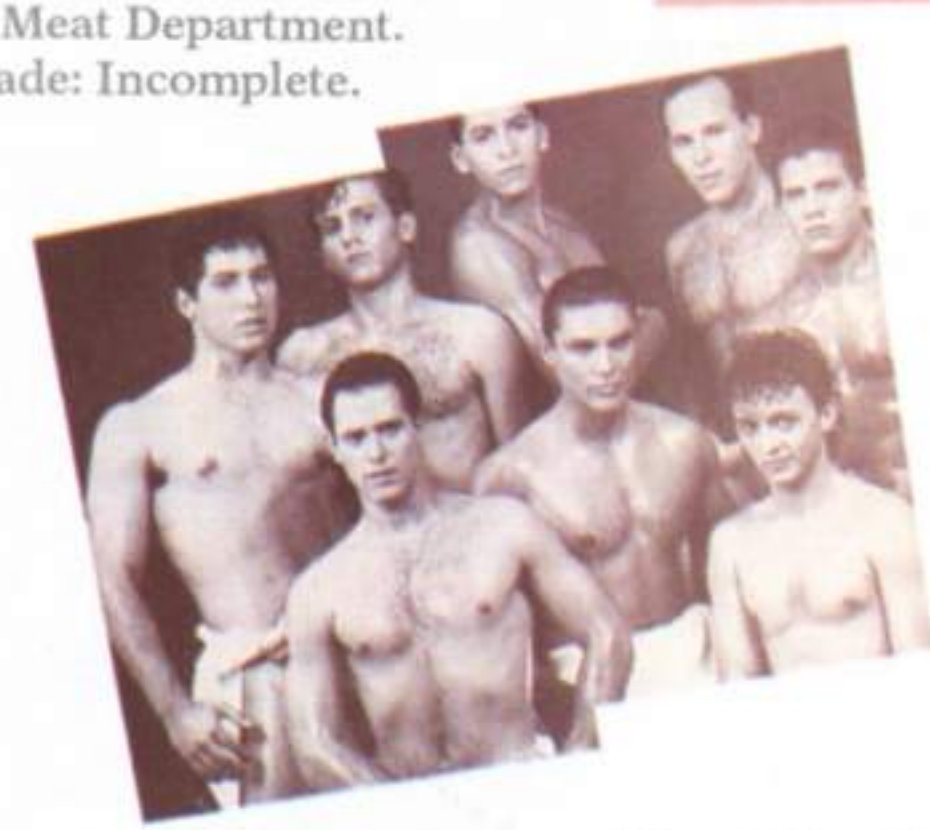
STARRING
THE NAKED GUY FROM BERKELEY

From the pages of Nude & Natural magazine & direct from Playgirl. Here is the famous Naked Guy from Berkeley — Student Streaker Luis Andrew Martinez.

Showing what TV Talk Shows only Blue-pped out, Machismo magazine takes a real peek at his Pee Pee.

Though the guy has balls, we still feel he has done great dong-damage to the major Mexican Meat Department.

Grade: Incomplete.



ECC
HIGHW

SEXY GAY SHOWS WE WISH WERE BI (COASTAL)

When do these P.R. actors come to the Big Apple?? Their show's name's the same & we'd hold centre fold auditions immediately!

The latter title is really Latin. It means behold the man. Looks like none of these guys would be beholdin'. Maybe the Show Palace'll book 'em?

ERFUL WORLD OF WANGS & WAGS

MILAN

Un anno fa di questi tempi la curva sud di San Siro, quella delle Brigate e dalla Fossa, cantava a piena gola «...e abbiamo un sogno nel cuore/ Arrigo allenatore/ Arrigo allenatore». Il popolo milanista, già deluso per il doppio insuccesso in campionato e Coppa, temeva che la partenza di Arrigo Sacchi segnasse la fine di un ciclo quadriennale di vittorie e lenisse il suo caro nostalgico per lui il che Silvio Berlusconi, presidente della società, e Sacchi, l'allenatore, ci ripensassero e rinviassero il divorzio.

Nessuno dei due tornò sui propri passi. Né Sacchi, che per restare aveva preteso un epurazione non solo dei giocatori silenziosi, né Berlusconi che aveva già deciso di confermare in blocco i calciatori e scelto l'allenatore all'interno del proprio gruppo. Con il proposito, ben evidente, di ridistribuire i meriti di un ciclo trionfale sovvertendo la percentuale d'incidenza della società e dei giocatori e lasciando quella dell'allenatore. A distanza di un anno il successo dell'operazione è totale. Il Milan ha vinto lo scudetto con due giornate di anticipo dalla fine del campionato e dominando la classifica; i giocatori impiegati sono stati gli stessi che negli ultimi tempi della gestione Sacchi erano sembrati in declino; l'allenatore ha sacrificato solo in

CHAMPAGNE PER LO SCUDETTO

I giocatori festeggiano negli spogliatoi di Napoli lo scudetto numero dodici. Sopra: da sinistra, Mauro Tassotti, 32 anni; Roberto Donadoni, 29 anni; Carlo Ancelotti, 33 anni; Franco Baresi, 32 anni; Frank Rijkard, 30 anni; Paolo Maldini, 24 anni; Demetrio Albertini, 21 anni. A sinistra: l'allenatore Fabio Capello, 46 anni, con Baresi. Al

SAUSAGEY SOCCER TEAM FROM ITALY MAKING BRIEF APPEARANCE IN WET T-SHIRT LIKE REVELS

We'd like to taste that bubbly new Italian *Il Meglio di Milano*.

Sons of Italy, Peek-a-Boo. We see you!

Meet me in the locker room for the *Juicy Jock Jubilee*.

"HOT UNDER THE COLLAR" PRIESTS GO PRURIENT

d only belatedly appointed a school | Alves said. "Decentralized administra- | choice plan will be."

Court Holds Priest in Molestation Is Liable in Suit

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 25 (AP) — A judg ...ne ruled that a Roman Catho- lic pri ...nded guilty in 1986 to mole ...ble for the civil ...

Priest sentenced to jail for 22-year-old sex crime

United Press International

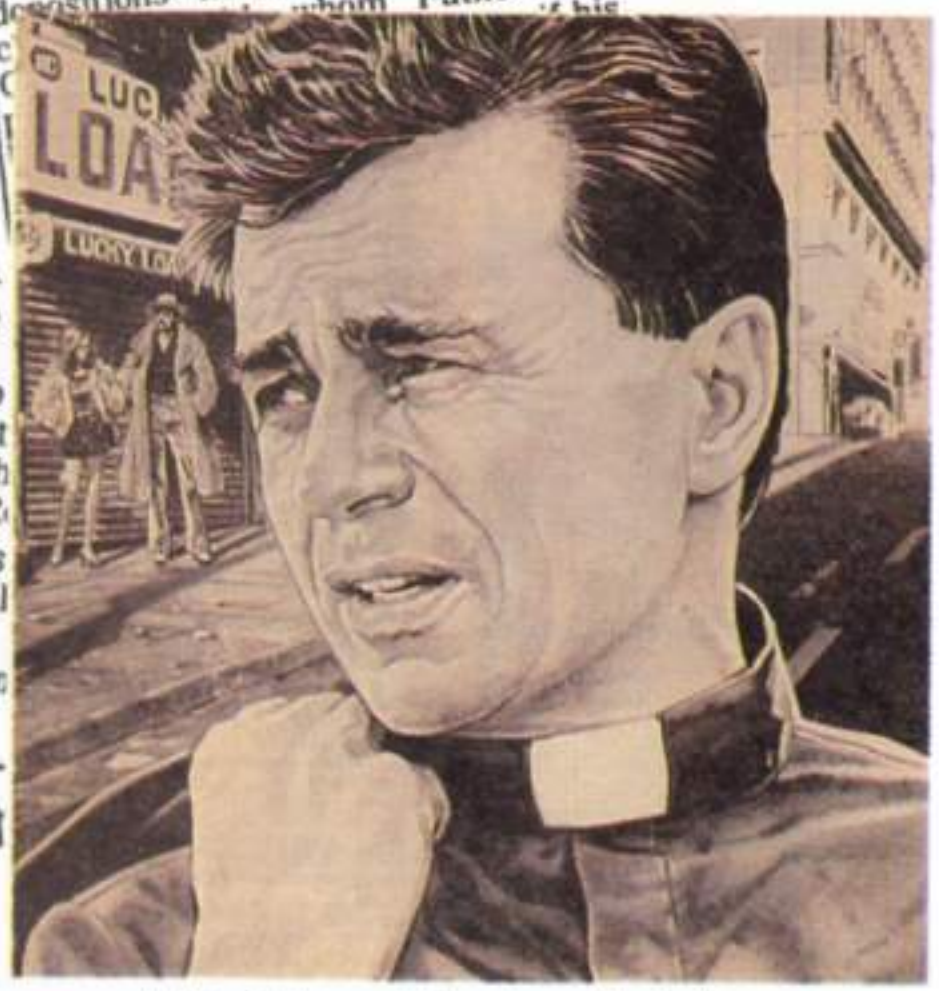
ASHEVILLE, N.C. — A Roman Catholic priest who confessed to f... sex on a schoolbo... sentenc... and to... his vict... silence ... might h... The 37... should ... tory dama... Judge F... eon in "de... lefied an ...

only as ... w an Asheville b... n eighth grader at ... s Hall School wh... ok place. The R... Corbin, 59, was ... le at the time. ... felony charges ... perties with a m...

and fellow clerics his permission to testify about sessions they had with him in the early 1980's.

The priest's attorneys argued that their client could invoke the legal privi... confidentiality that applies to ...essions of psycholo- ...clergy. ...that

The family's lawyers want to use depositions from psychologists and c... ...whom Father Mc- ...



Robt. Blake — Who is really Italian — hot under the collar in *Hell Town*!

"Don't wear that same outfit when I'm in Denver this summer." Remember they've got a boycott on!

Divesting Altar Boys & Scouts & cute pubescent teens

Almost all our Fathers were just sick, hailed hole-y Queens, but we at Machismo much prefer our Padres butch, rough so we're confessin' that our latin Layity's this stuff!

...urely come ... ...its flaws and fat... ...and when the work... ...fall on their knees to worship the ... ...ly arrived divine figure?"

Priest Faces a Charge In Pornography Case

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 18 (AP) — A Roman Catholic priest praised for his work with youth sports programs has been indicted on a charge of taking pornographic pictures of a 10-year-...

late for i... with diati... ing o...

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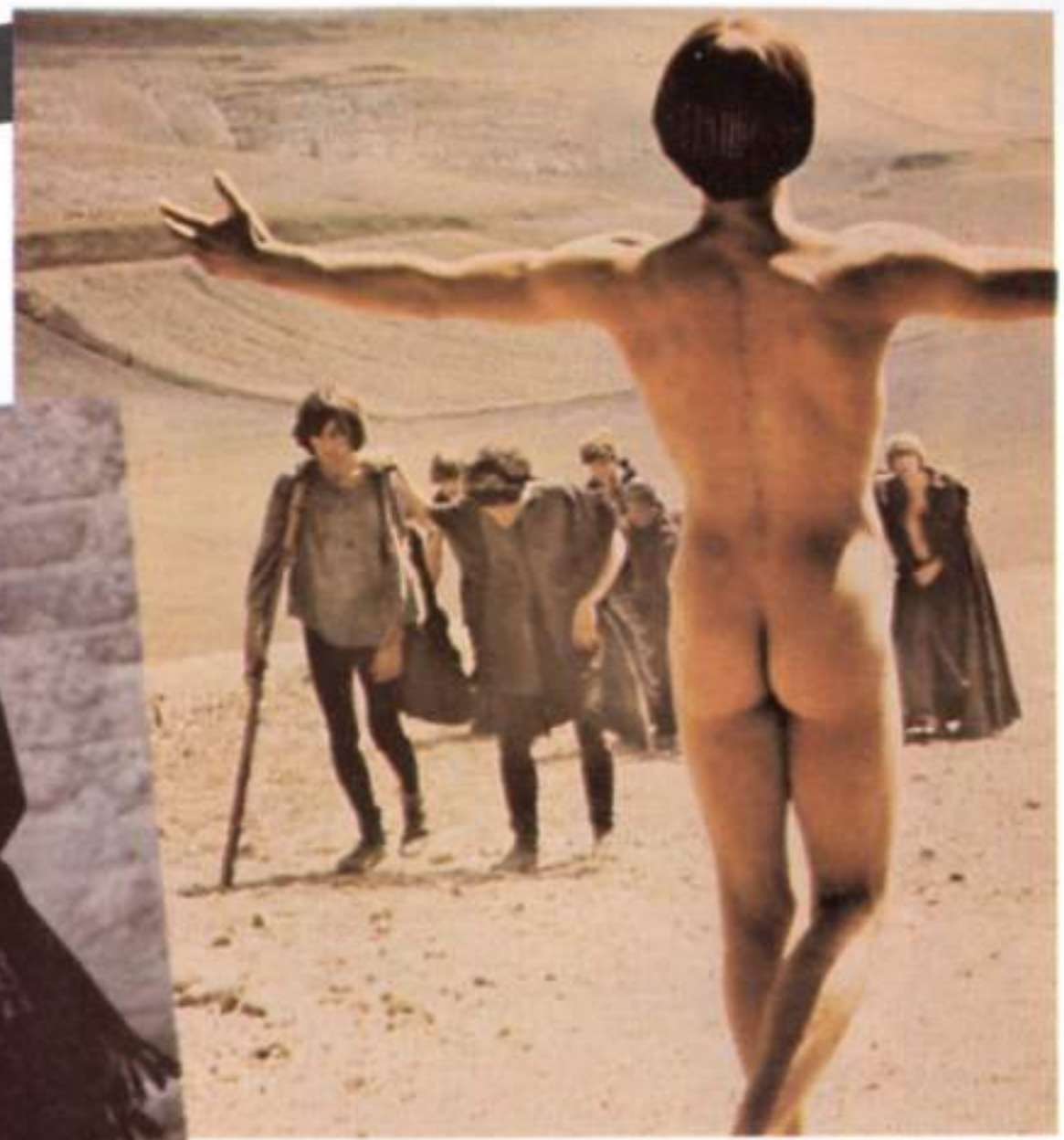
Machismo seminarian deacon de Niro in The Mission. Does water sports for penance.

HEAVENLY FATHERS!!

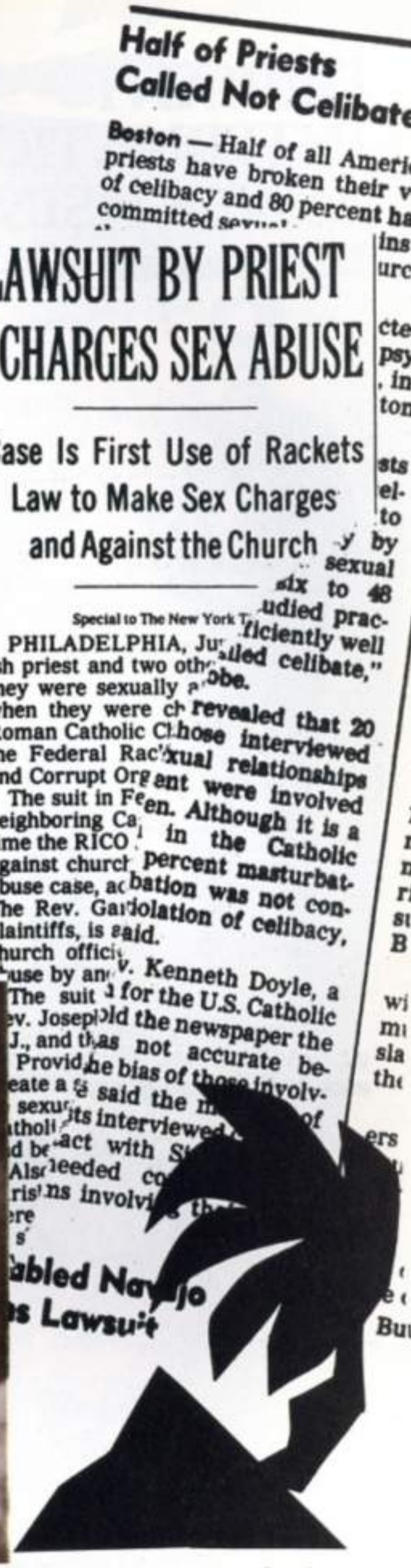


"Brother Sun — Sister *Moon*". First Franciscan to flash — Italian-looking actor Graham Faulkner — discovered by Zeffireli. Kept under wraps since.

Frenchmen are Latins too. And Alain Delon sports a rootin-tootin phallic symbol in *Doucement Les Basses*. Father, you can shoot all over me anytime.

"I'm confessin' that I love you. *Can I grill(e) you that way, too?*" Rev. J. P. Belmondo as *Leon Morin, Pretre*.

Bradford Dillman — *Francis of Assisi II* shows how long he likes 'em.



Half of Priests Called Not Celibate

Boston — Half of all American priests have broken their vow of celibacy and 80 percent have committed sexual

LAWSUIT BY PRIEST CHARGES SEX ABUSE

Case Is First Use of Rackets Law to Make Sex Charges and Against the Church

Special to The New York T

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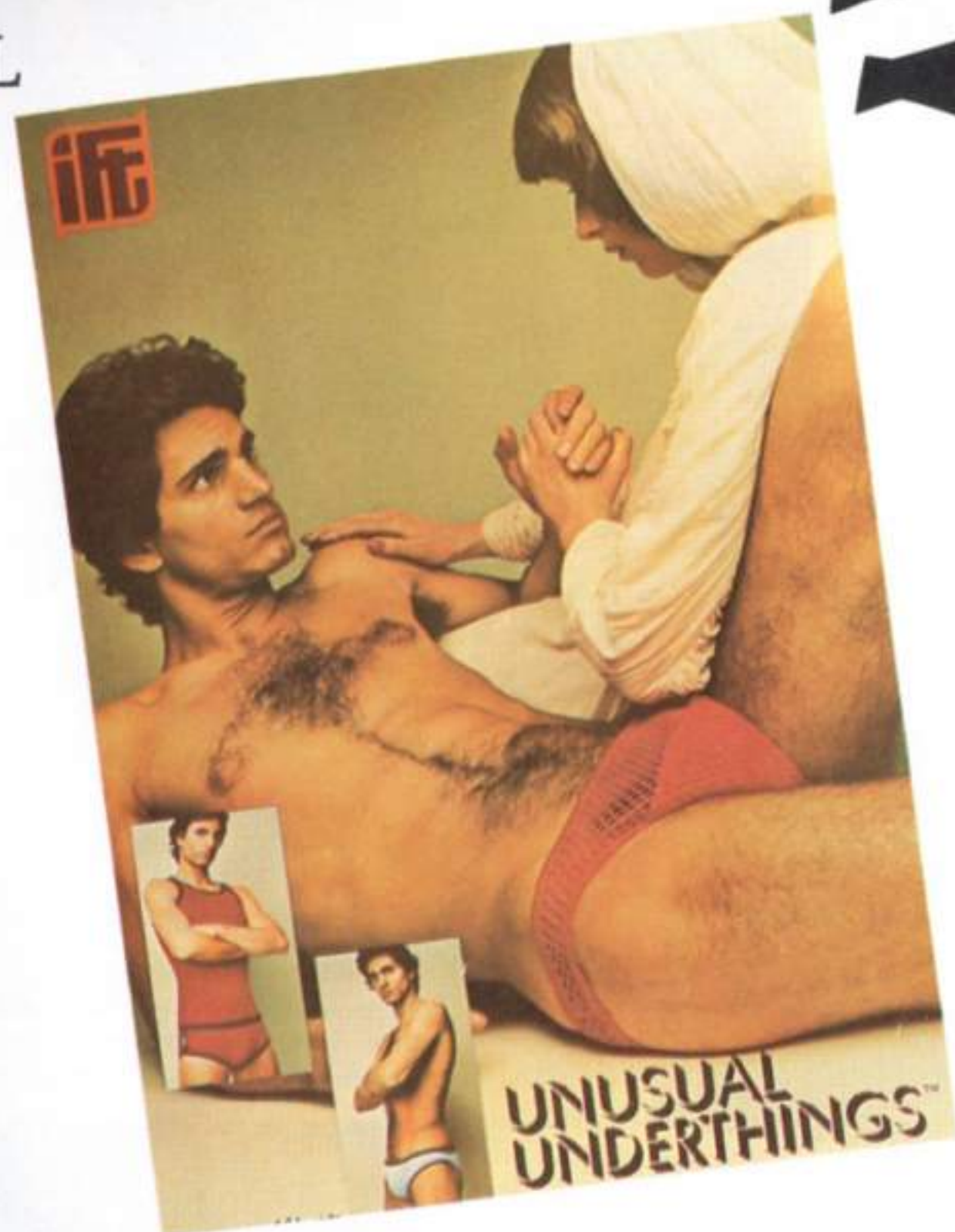
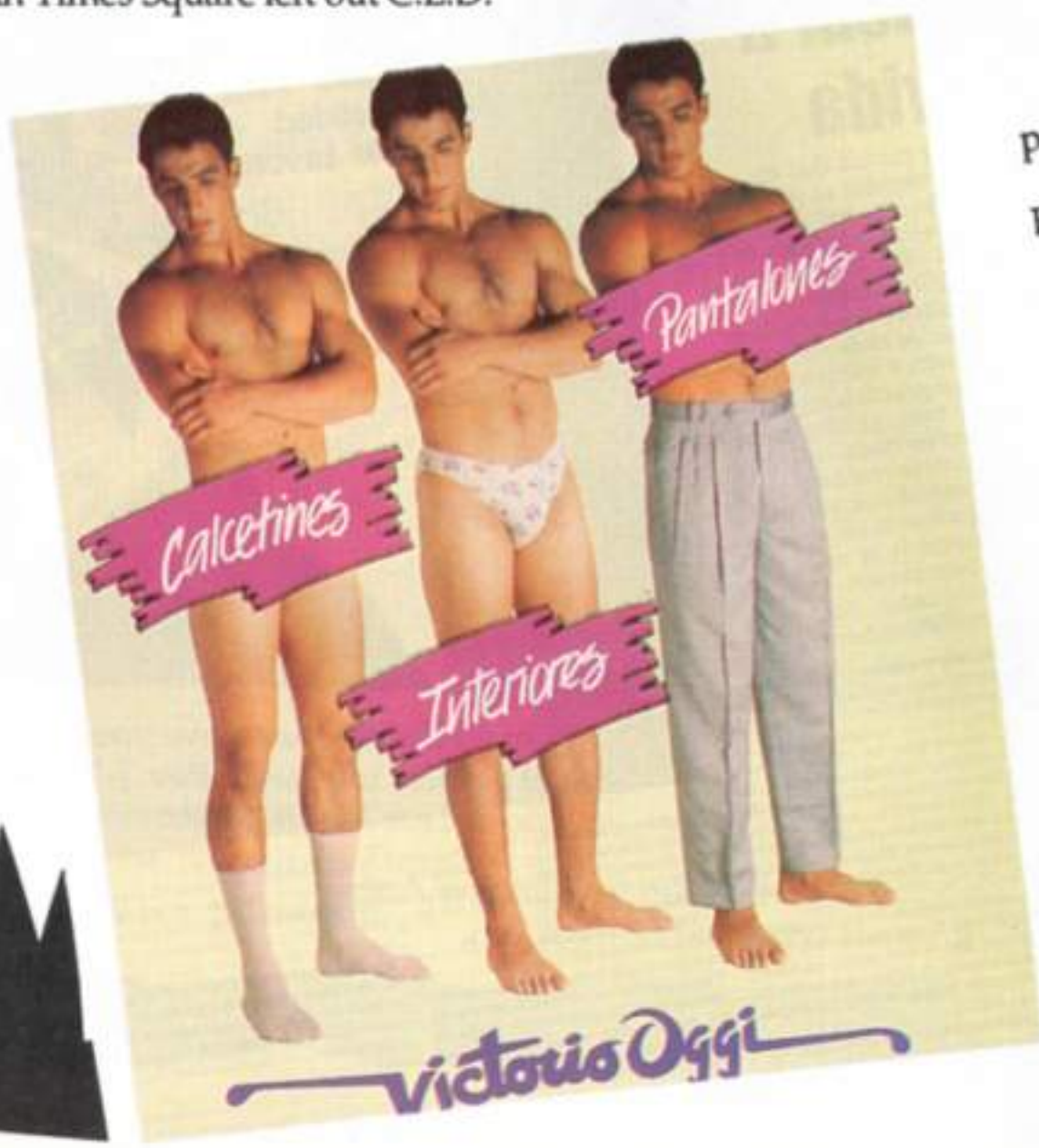
DEVIANT INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING

Gay moments in advertising: Thank goodness the naked billboard for Benetton in Times Square left out C.E.D.



Two Questions:
1. Why is this Mediterranean Macho pushing Scandinavian scanties?
2. Why is the B.V.M. hawking B.V.D,'s?
Oh, Mary!



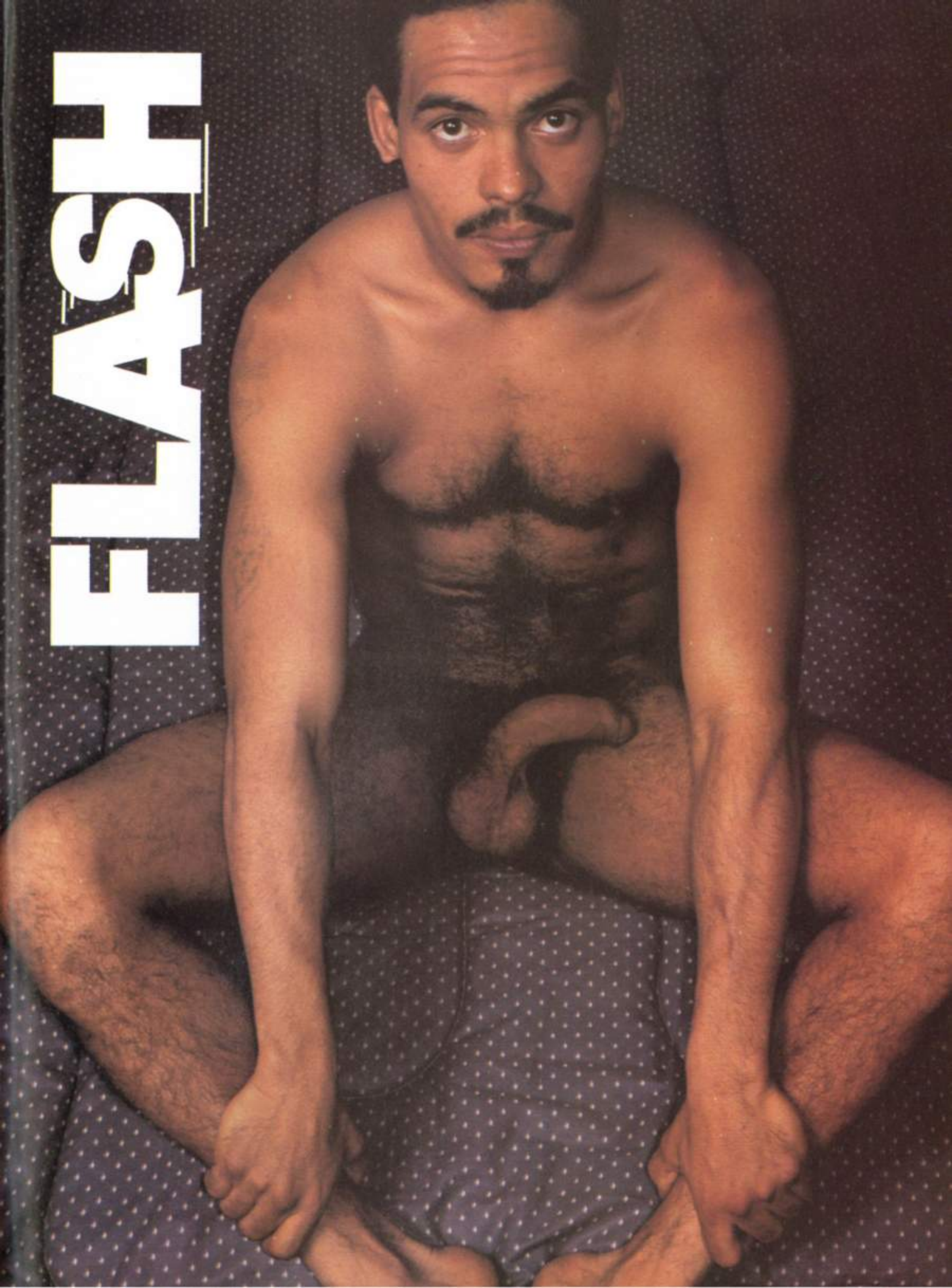
Victorio's Secret: Gender Reversal Spanish Style.

DEFINITE DADDY CANDIDATES

Direct from the pages of Mexico's newest Gay mag — Del Otro Lado — from the camera of celebrated photographer Jose Luis Bueno.

PHOTOS BY THE LATINO FAN CLUB

FLASH



FLASH can be seen in RED HOT RICANS, HORSE-HUNG HISPANICS Vol. IV and SUPER BARRIO BROS. See page 77.

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A horny young New Yorker begins his sexual odyssey on the magical island of Puerto Rico.

GROWIN' UP RICAN

by Julian Anthony Guerra

When I got off the plane, the tropical air of the island hit me in sultry waves, making me sweat. I wished I'd left my jacket back home in Corona. Announcements echoed through the terminal in Spanish, making me feel like I was in a foreign land and I began to wonder whether returning to Puerto Rico that year was such a good idea. It was 1982, I'd just turned eighteen, and it was a strange time in my life. I was horny all the time. Horny and confused. Home for the summer between high school and city college, I was jerking off like five times a day while my parents were at work, and I was dying to fuck something — hell, *anything* ! Judging by the pic-

tures in my mind, it didn't matter who wound up in bed with me. So long as they were hot and friendly, I'd take 'em. Anyway, there I was in San Juan, my jerking off and fucking days clearly over, at least for the next six weeks. My God, I was going to go crazy!

On top of all that, at the last minute my father had been called away on a construction job in Mayaguez, on the far side of the island, and couldn't see me till sometime late in July. He'd arranged for his half-brother Raul to come pick me up and take me to some boondock shanty *pueblo* called Vega Baja. There for some endless stretch of time I'd have to sit on the *mocassina*, eat shaved ice, and watch the sugar cane grow. Major drag.

A horny young New Yorker begins his sexual odyssey on the magical island of Puerto Rico.

It's funny about Puerto Ricans and airports. You could fly back and forth between the island and the States a hundred times, but if you've got relatives, they'll dress up in their Sunday best, pack the whole family into the car and show up at the gate as if you were the Second Coming. I spotted the red lipstick on my Aunt Nilda and smelled the aftershave on Tio Raul from fifty paces. He was wearing one of those embroidered gentleman's shirts the older men on the island wore at formal events. She wore slacks and her three-inch fingernails were painted fire engine red to match those fiery lips. The two of them grabbed and smothered me, immediately starting to jabber in hundred mile an hour Spanish.

"Mas despacio," I grinned, and they burst out laughing as they usually did when I took a stab at the language. My Dad had taught me a lot before he split on Ma when I was six, but I'd forgotten most of it.

Predictably, hot on the heels of this greeting came the Dreaded Inspection. I'd prepared myself for this, and thought this time I'd get by fairly unscathed. I'd grown about a foot since my last visit, and had been working out on and off for the past year. My black hair was short and fashionably cut, and a pair of contacts brought my dark eyes out from behind my old clunky pair of eyeglasses. I'd looked into the mirror in the can on the plane, checked out my tight muscles and sizable crotch bulge, and thought I was finally coming into my own. I should have known better. Raul and Nilda's turned me around between them, poking and prodding me, running their hands over me as if I were a workhorse up for market. Though I scored points on height, I was way too skinny, like a skeleton, if I got my translation right. Also I was pale, *como un fantasma* .

"Does the sun no longer shine on Manhattan?" asked Raul in broken English, forgetting I'd moved out of the Lower East Side about ten years earlier.

I grinned and bore it, suggesting we get to the suitcase pick-up. To tell you the truth, my heart was sinking. I'd been in Puerto Rico all of five minutes and I hated it already. I wanted to go home and jack off. I was so depressed and horny, even old Aunt Nilda's persistent squeezings were getting me hard, and that was gross. There had to be something in the air on that island, I tell you....

Then I saw my cousin, Carlos. He was leaning over the baggage carousel, a smiling macho god. He didn't even flinch when the loud buzzer sounded and the luggage started spinning around. A year or two older than me, he'd grown up, filled out, and then some! He was a native island boy with some *boricua* blood stretching way back into his family history. You could see it in the smooth darkness of his skin, the jet blackness of his curly hair, and the exotic, almond shape of his ebony eyes. He wore a yellow T-shirt tucked in (this was a special occasion, after all), and the short sleeves were tight around his big biceps. The word "Playero" in a sunburst was emblazoned over his left pec. It meant "beach bum". And last, but certainly not least, I noticed he'd managed to pour himself into a pair of white buttonfly jeans that had to be at least a couple of sizes too small for him. Even from across the room I could see his cock plainly through the denim, drawn to the right in that semi-hard state that sexy Puerto Ricans always seemed to be in.

I greeted him by shaking his hand instead of hugging him, like I should have done. Funny how men hold back when they find they really like a guy, even when there'd be nothing wrong with a good tight clinch at an airport. Well, I was drawn to Carlos immediately. In a place loaded with foxy Latin chicks with big tits and tight skirts, I found I couldn't let my long lost "cousin" out of my peripheral sight. Of course I couldn't let him know that. I guess I had nothing to worry about. Carlos barely spoke any English. He just smiled and set to work getting my suitcases together.

On the way home, Carlos and I sat in the back seat of Raul's car. The "meet and greet" now officially over, my aunt and uncle promptly ignored us, opting to complain incessantly about the rush hour traffic on the *autopista* . My cousin's arm was draped casually over the seat behind my head. I could feel the heat of it on the nape of my neck and at my ears. Somehow that calmed me down, made me feel safer.

"Tienes una novia?" They always asked that. I couldn't be on the island half an hour before being nailed with that one. My cousin was the culprit this time. But with that smile and those dark eyes, I couldn't hate him.

"No, no girlfriend," I admitted. "The girl I was seeing? She went off to college in another state as soon as we graduated. I broke up with her."

Carlos seemed satisfied with that web of lies I just wove. I hadn't had a girl since tenth grade, and we were drunk at a party. The B-boys in school were beginning to wonder about me, and I was having second thoughts about myself. Anyway, I was glad high school was over.

"You are picking up weights?" He leaned over, slid his fingers under below the cut of my chest and squeezed each of my firm pectorals through my shirt. I felt his warm breath in my face. The lump in those tight white jeans of his got bigger, clearly forming an eight inch impression through the denim. "I have a bench in my house. Feel this—"

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GD 10

Carlos pulled his T-shirt out of his jeans and tucked the hem under his chin. Then he took my hand and put it on his sunken, washboard belly. It felt like molten lead. I suddenly felt like passing out! He was doing this, making me touch his hot body, in the back seat of his parent's car, as if it was nothing!

"Wow! That's hard!" I had to lift my left leg to hide the massive boner I'd gotten. "You've been working out a long time."

"Yes," he smiled proudly. "Now we can do it together."

No offense intended, but Vega Baja was a real shithole. My aunt and uncle's home was set precariously on a steep hill of earth and stone. It was supported by forty foot stilts, the kind you hear about on the news collapsing in a storm or mudslide in Bangladesh. Half-starved dogs, riddled with mange, sauntered up and down the road, and massive iguanas sunned themselves on rocks nearby. Every so often at night, a roach the size of a hummingbird flew through one of the open windows and buzzed us as we watched TV.

The only things that kept me from going completely nuts were the magical songs the Puerto Rican tree-frogs sang from dusk till dawn —*ko-kee, ko-kee* — and the hypnotic sight of my gorgeous cousin Carlos, as he stretched languidly around the house in nothing but a pair of ripped cut-offs and that ever-present, sexy smile. We slept in the same bed, him in his underwear, me in my pajama bottoms. Feeling him asleep so close gave me the wildest of hardons, but I dared not touch myself for fear of being caught and ridiculed.

"Cojelo suave, popi," he'd tell me whenever I strained to keep up with him lifting weights or taking our afternoon walks up forty-five degree hills. "Take it easy, my man."

We trained seriously those first couple of weeks. There was little else to do, really. I'd marvel at him as he scarfed four or five peanut butter sandwiches and a quart of milk at a sitting. His body seemed naturally muscular and powerful, and he moved with a lazy grace that made me want to snare him and devour him. One day, when we were playing touch football, I noticed the snap of his supertight shorts kept popping open whenever he had to reach up and catch a high pass. A thick, black swatch of pubic hair could be glimpsed there at the base of his belly, and I found myself tossing plenty of high passes. When Carlos finally noticed me staring, I almost died of embarrassment. But he just laughed and pushed his stomach at me till his shorts popped open again.

It hadn't rained at all for the first two weeks of my stay, and one day Tio Raul told me and Carlos that we couldn't use up any more water. We'd have to pee out back, and take showers together. Carlos took this in stride, but I almost had a coronary. Anyway, that afternoon, after a tremendous workout, we sat on the *mocassina* sunning ourselves, sucking on sweet *canepas* and watching the neighborhood girls walk up and down the hill below us. Nilda and Raul had gone shopping and we'd decided to waste some time teaching eachother dirty words in our native tongues. Carlos leaned over lustily and proclaimed the latest amply endowed passerby *biscocha* , which meant she looked like a piece of cake, but sounded a lot more filthy in Spanish.

"What kind of taste do you have?" I scolded him, and chucked one of my pulpy half-eaten fruits at his bare chest. "Her butt's way too big!"

"Fuck you!" he laughed, and threw one back at me. It splattered wetly on my neck, and we proceeded to pelt one another with sticky orange *canepas* for the next ten minutes.

Next thing I knew, we were in the shower together dancing around under the tepid water, naked as bucks in heat. Long, thick and semi-hard as usual, my cousin's uncut dick bobbed between his hairy legs and brushed against my thighs whenever he turned to grab the soap or adjust the tap. Every so often, he'd move to the slotted window high over the tub, stand on his tiptoes, and peer out into the dusty daylight. He was looking for that girl, that slice of *biscocha* , but I couldn't have cared less.

His ass was perfect. Shimmering with droplets of water, it was strong, lean and muscular. His legs were coated with black hair that rose into thick tufts at his groin and up the crack of that beautiful behind before turning into dark peach fuzz from the waist up. I noticed that his lower back dipped in a bit, tilting his hips and belly forward while thrusting his pouty ass back toward me, forming a sort of "S" shape out of his torso. Maybe it was this slight, sexy, distinctly Puerto Rican swayback that turned me on so much about him. My father had it, I had it, but boy did my cousin have it good. Then I saw that his dick was starting to get hard.

"Come here! Look this!" Carlos slid his arm around my back and pulled me to the window. He held me tight, pulling me against his warm, wet body as he spoke excitedly. "There is a real hot girl for you, my friend."

Looking through the window down the hill at an angle, I could see a bikini-clad *morena* taking off her top and settling into a ratty lounge chair to sun herself. Her tits were nice, but she had a beer belly and her fat ass was squishing through the bottom of the seat.

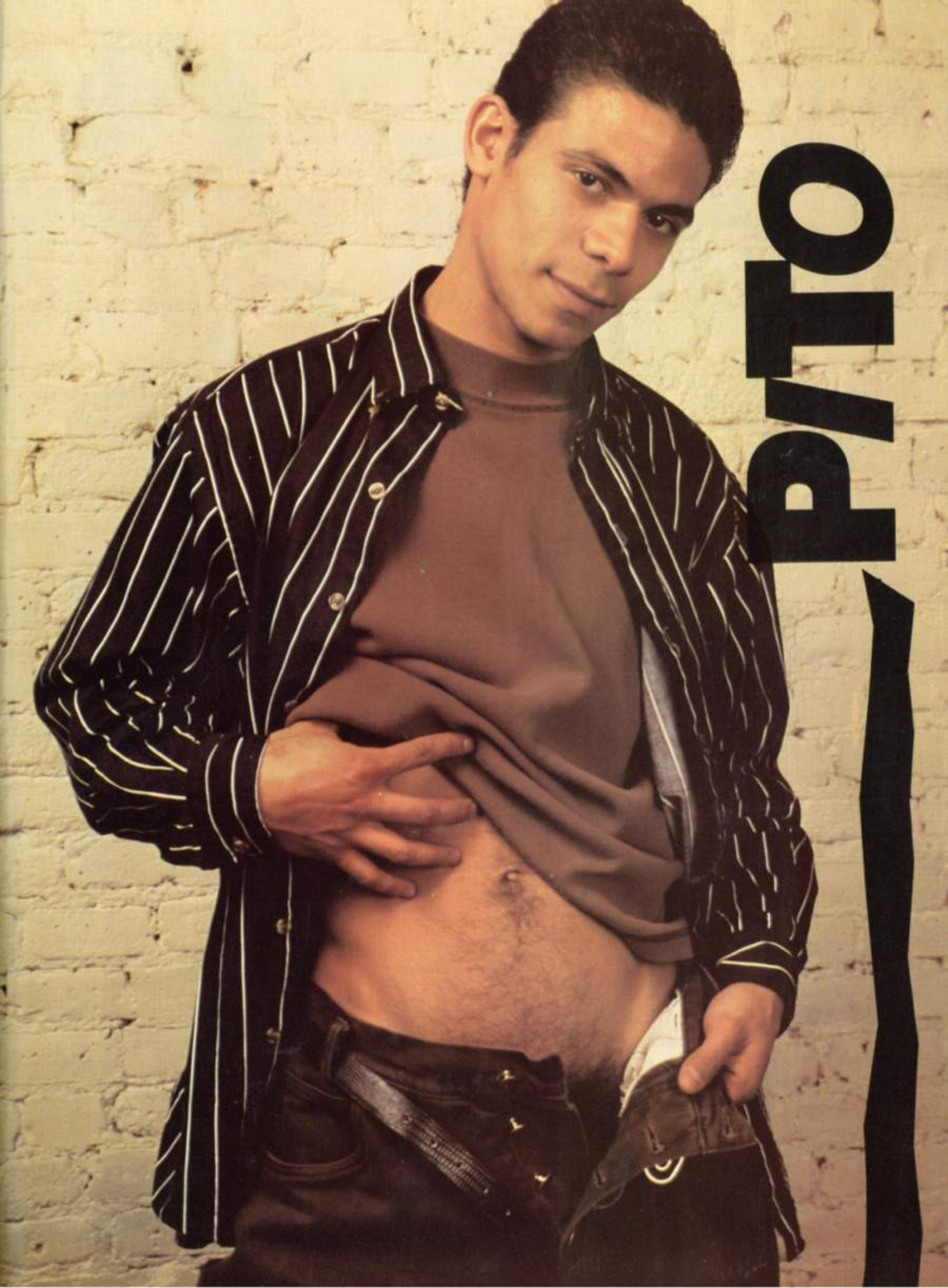
"No accounting for taste," I mumbled.

"Ah?" said Carlos, his eyes transfixed. He'd placed his free hand between his stiffening cock and the tiled wall of the stall and pressed himself into the palm. He kept his other arm around me, absently kneading the firm flesh up and down my side with his long fingers. I was so close to him, standing there in the shower, that I could smell the sweet *canepa* juice on his lips, the sweaty, masculine musk of his hairy armpits.

"She's good," he whispered through the dizzying steam, now toying with the healthy flap of wrinkly foreskin on top of his big dick. "Good to fuck her."

Suddenly, my cousin's nipple was in my mouth and I was licking it and pulling it between my teeth. I slid my hands around his waist and kneeled there in the tub at his feet, kissing and licking his body. He was silent. I half-expected to get smashed up the side of the head. When I finally dared to look up at his face, I saw him through the warm spray of the shower, grinning down at me, his eyes sparkling. His long hands grabbed me by the sides of my head and drew me into his abdomen, rubbing my face into

Continued on 92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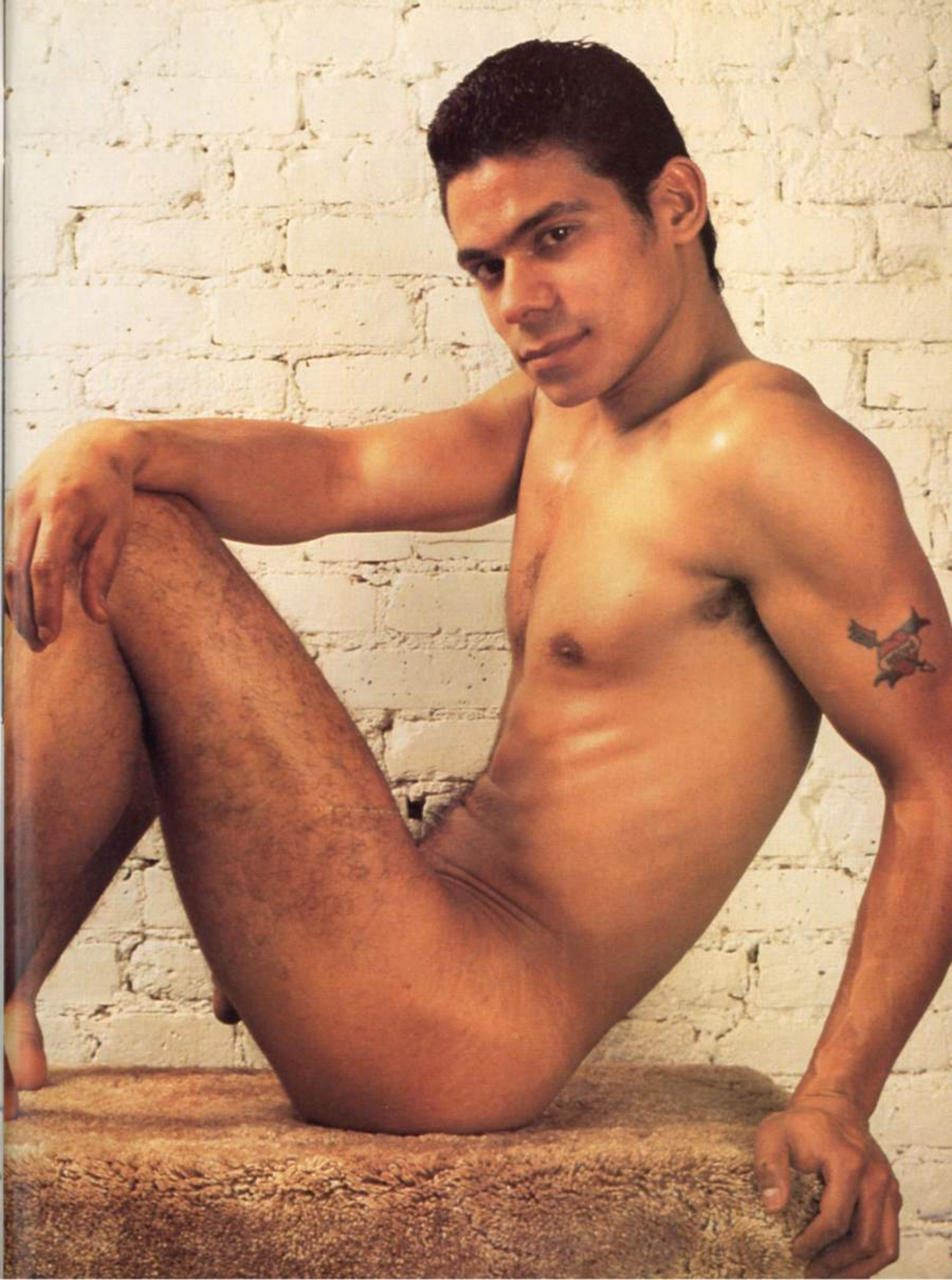

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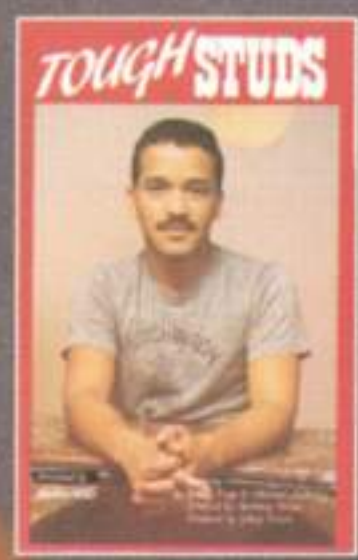

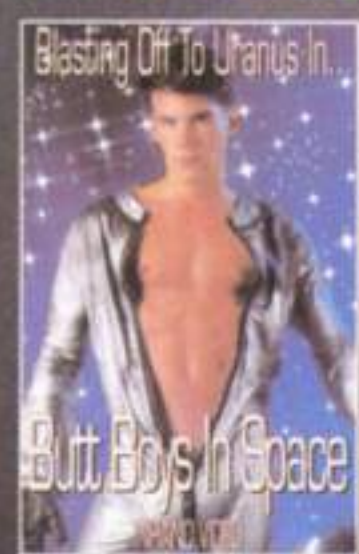

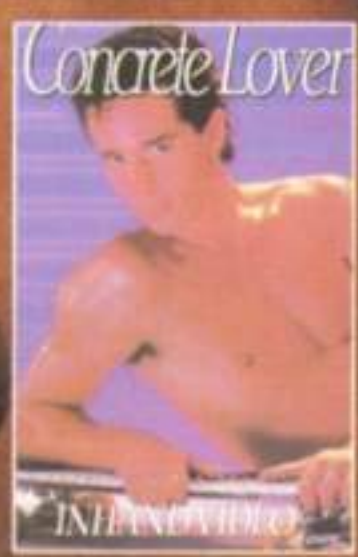

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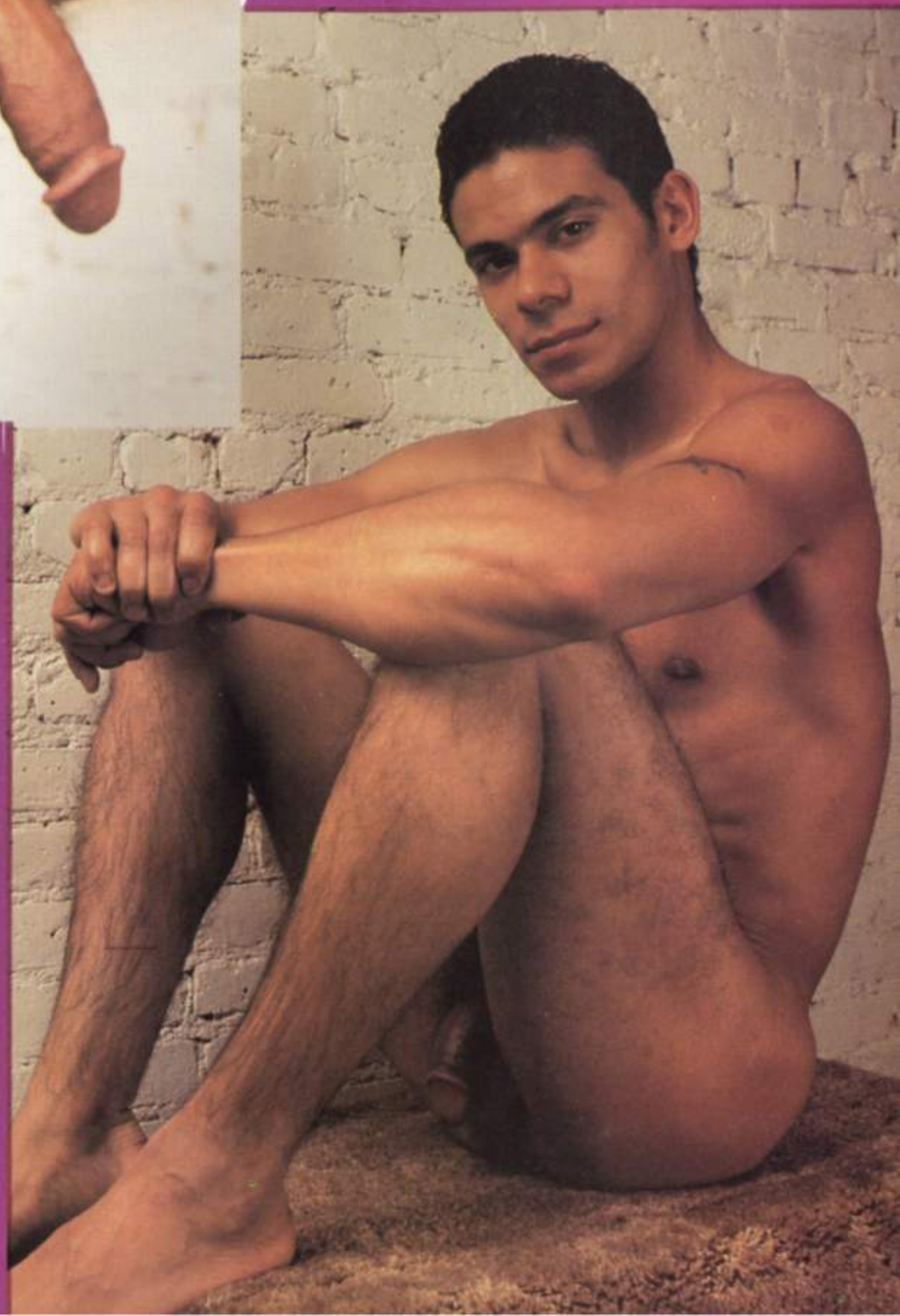

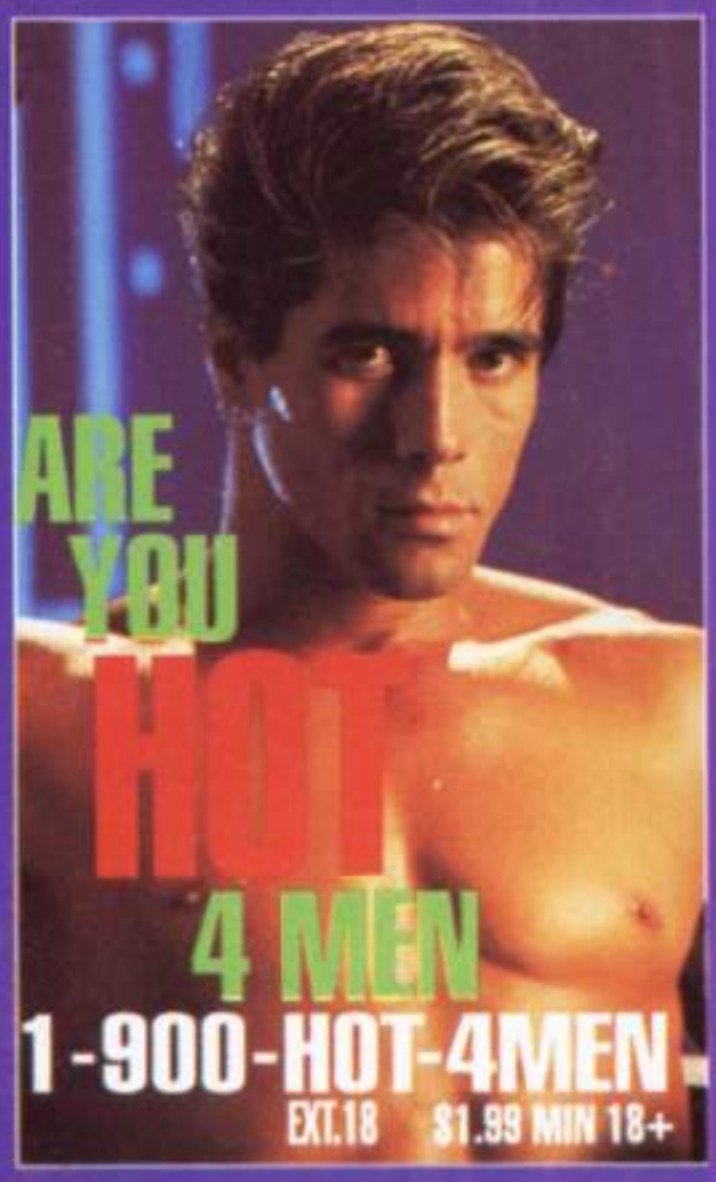

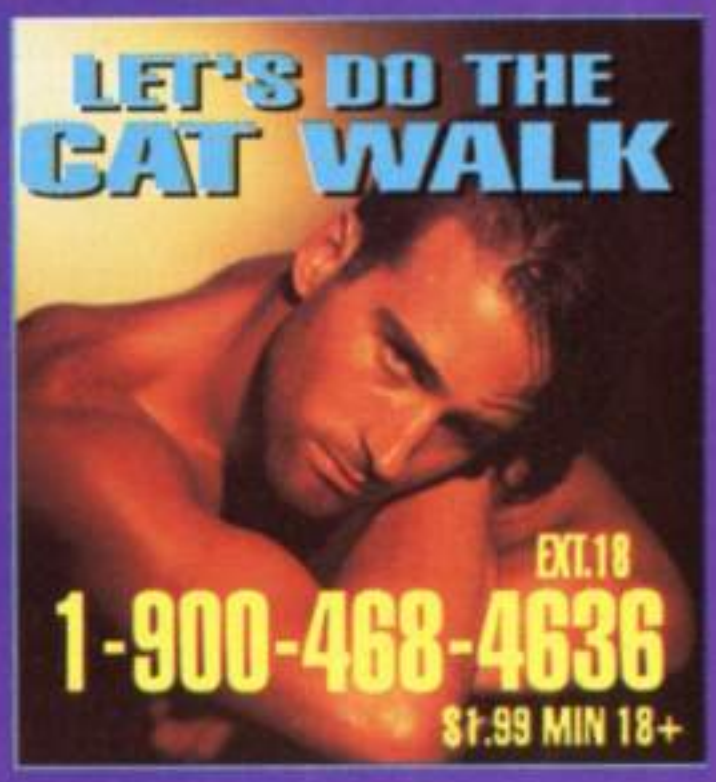

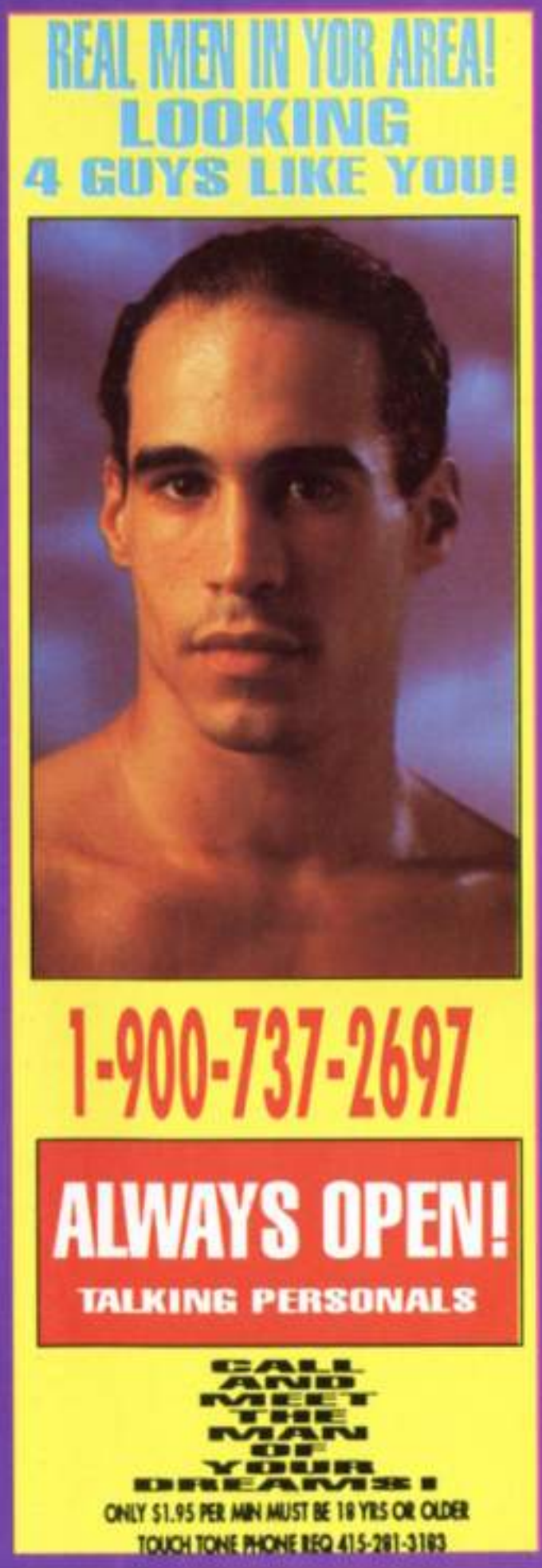

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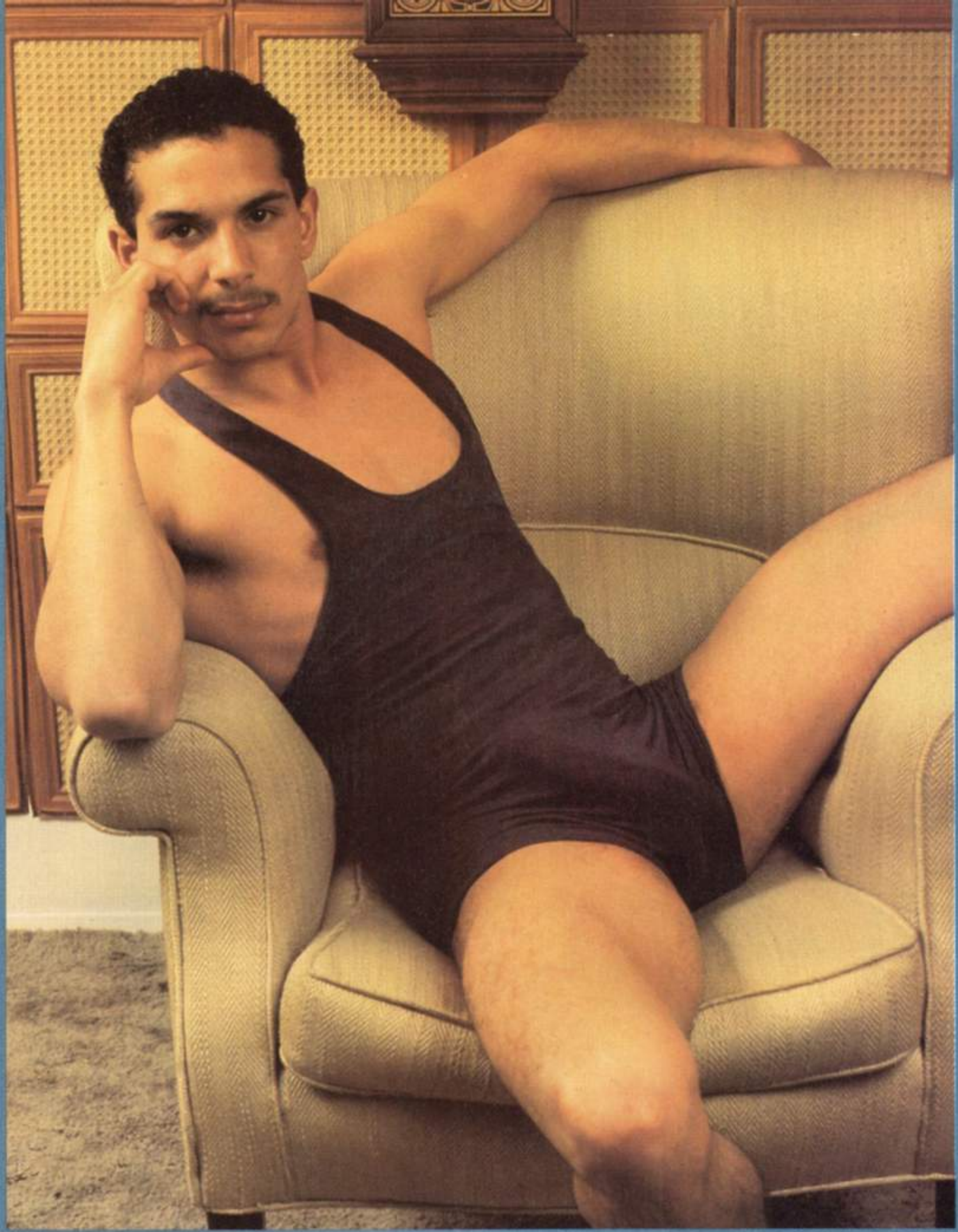

GEMINI

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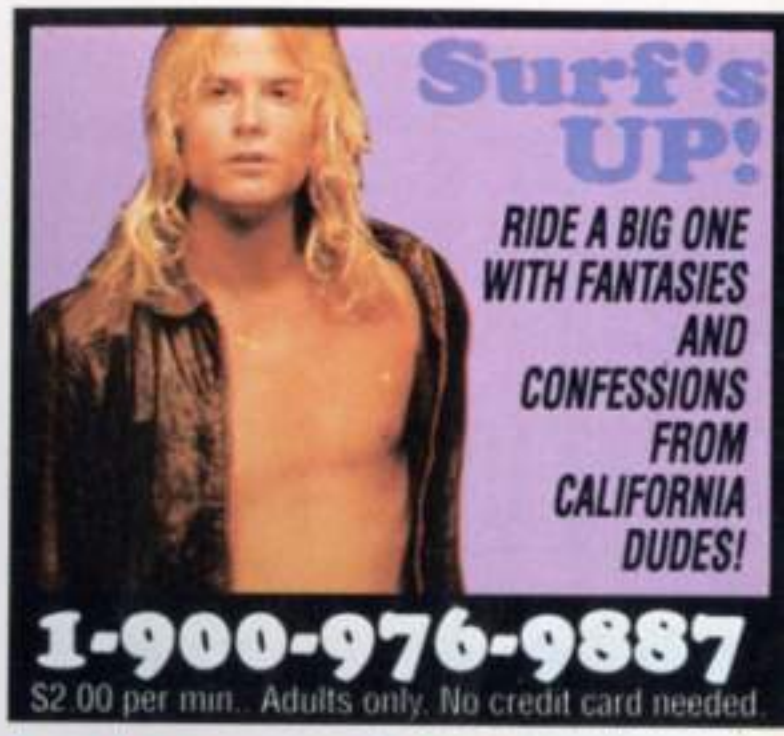
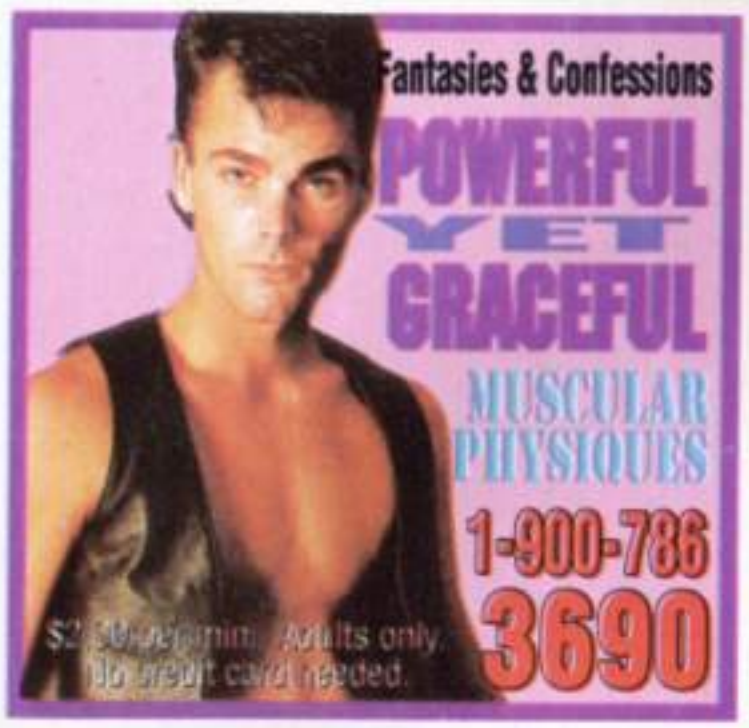
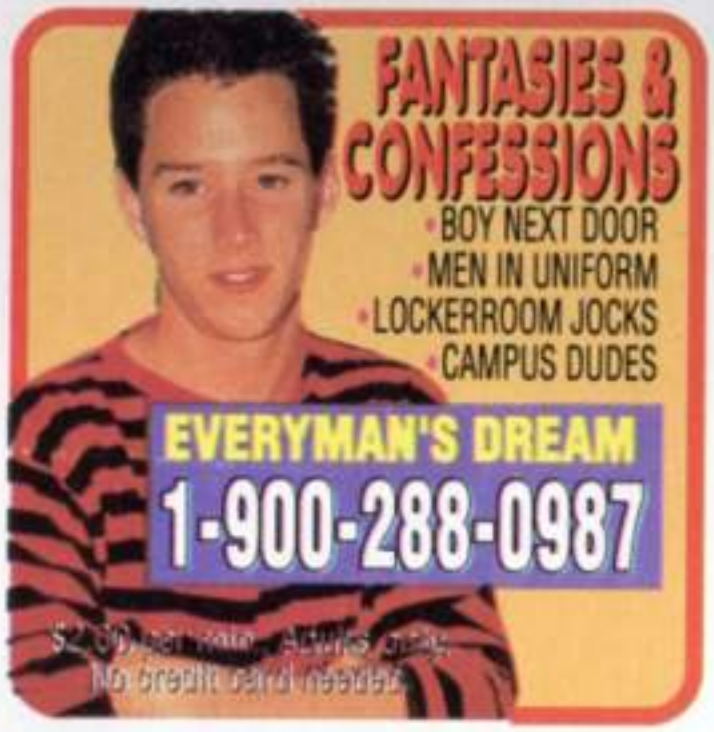
GEMINI

GEMINI can be seen in RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS DOIN' HARDTIME, and JACKNIVES.

See page 77.







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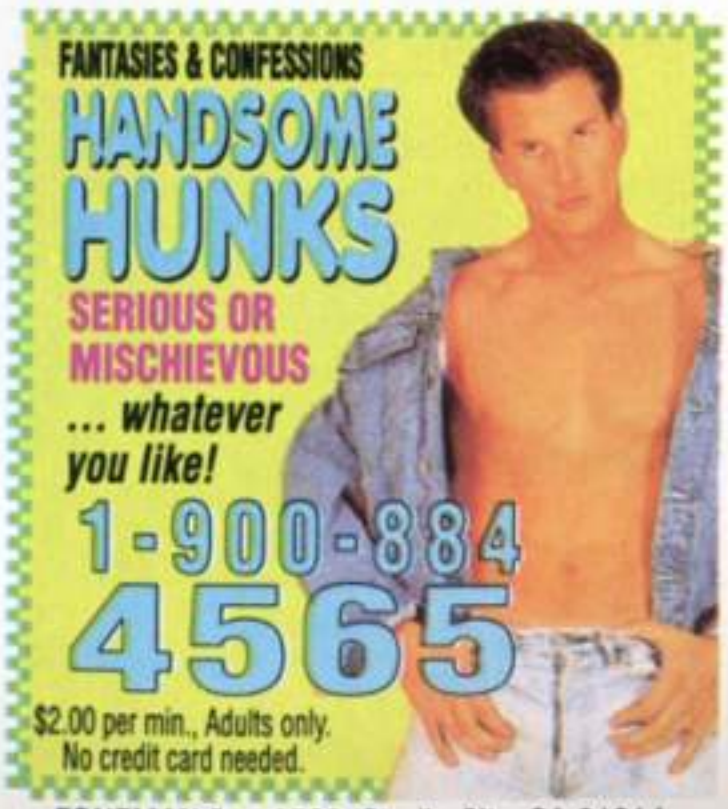

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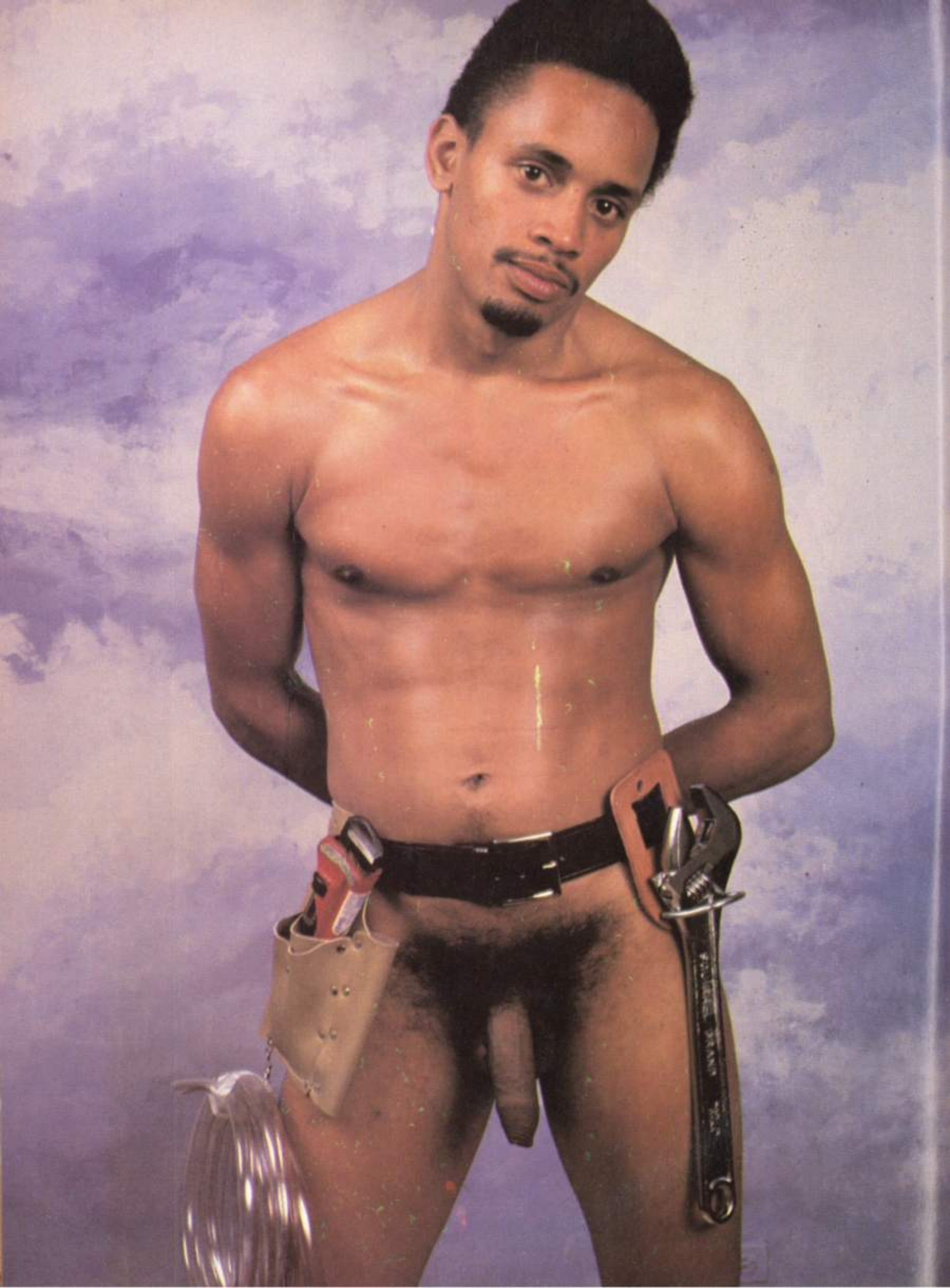
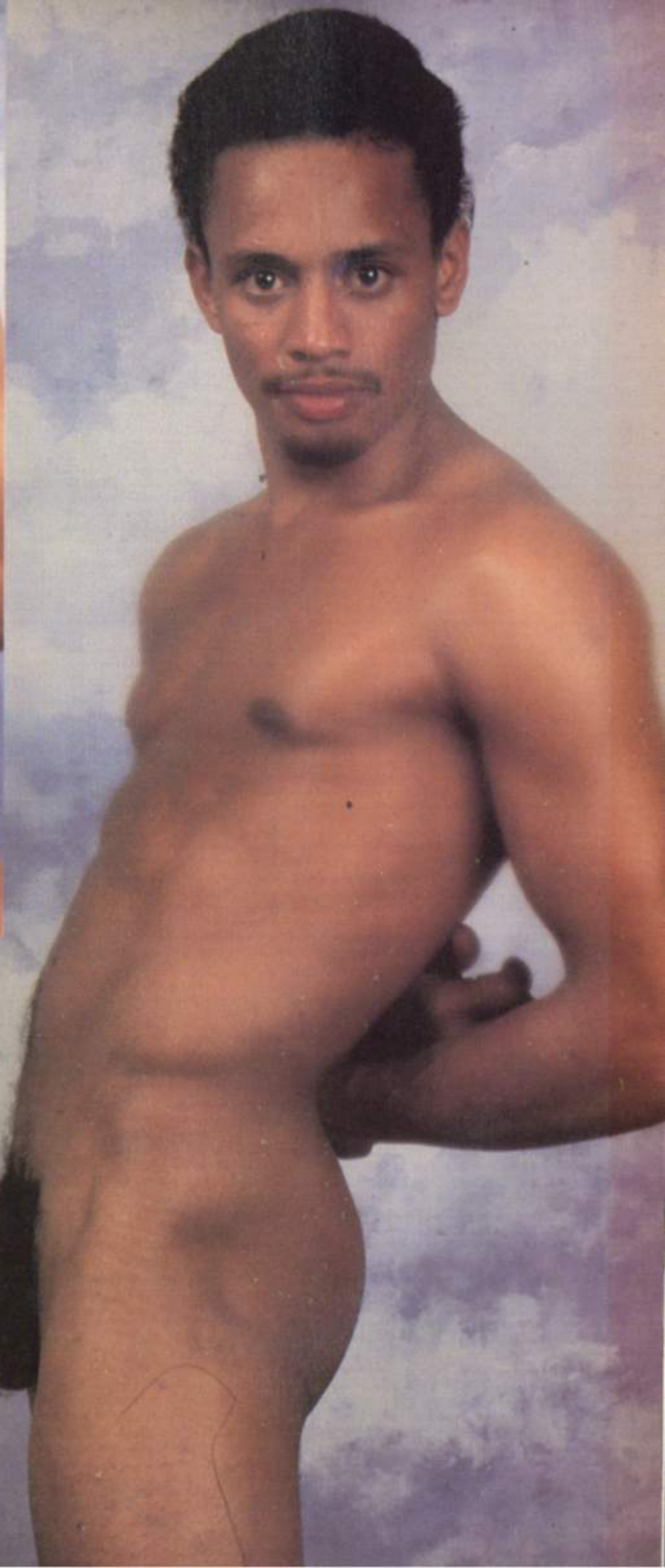
GUSTAVO VIVA





MACHISMO

GUSTAVO VIVA can be seen in DOIN' HARDTIME, and SUPER BARRIO BROS.

See page 77.

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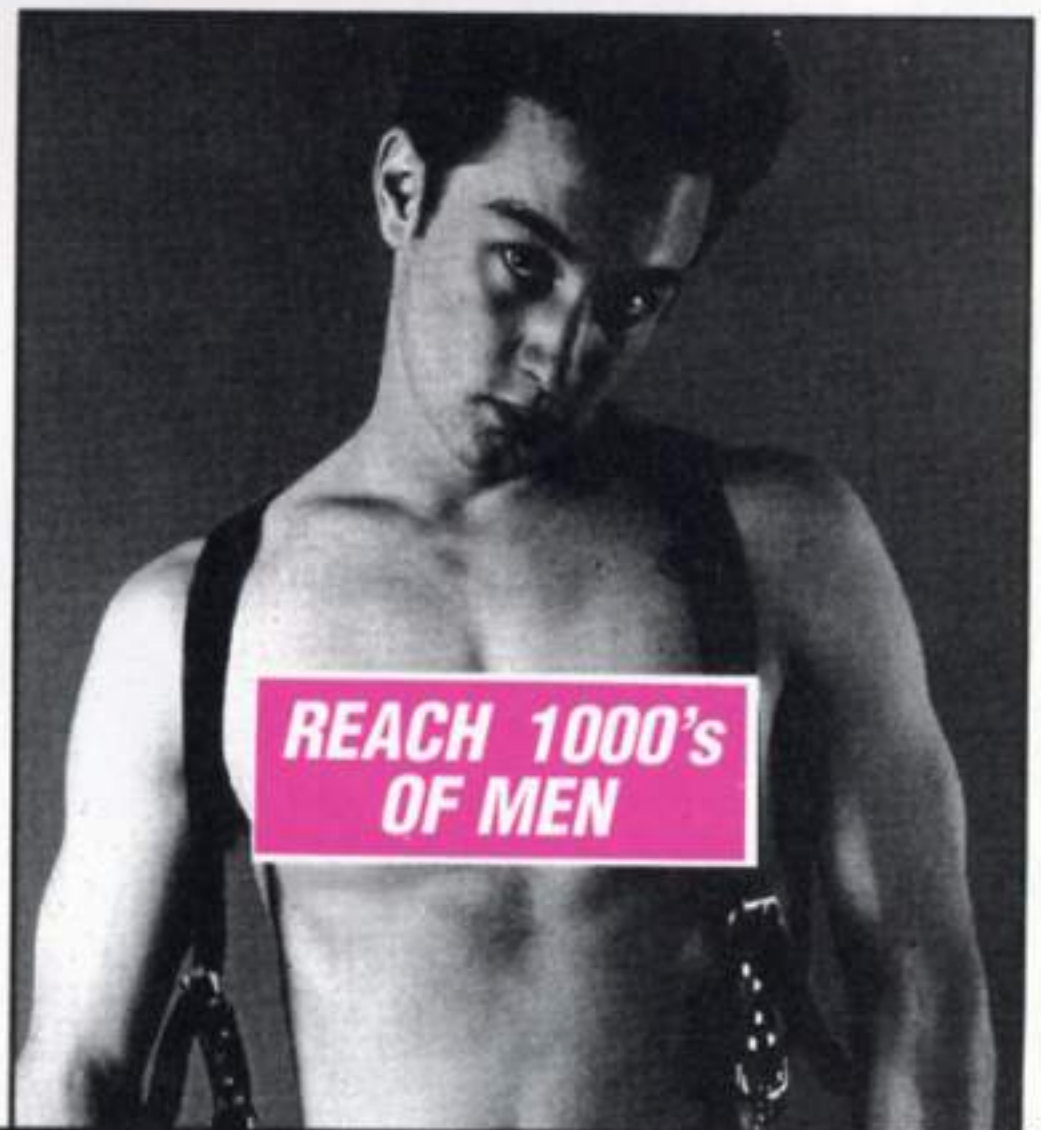

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Barrio PIZZA BOYS

by Stephen Laurel

At Franco's Pub, These Horse-hung Latin Boys Really Deliver!

Miguel leaned against the counter, shoving the grease-stained rag into the back pocket of his baggiest Levi's.

His boss, Franco, hurried in arthritically from the storage room. "Where's Luiz? Ain't he supposed to be here by now?"

"No, not for another half hour," Miguel told him.

"Franco grunted, then gestured to the tables. "Clean those off, will you? The new kid's coming in, and I want him to see the place fixed up right."

"Oh, I get it. That's why you're so crazy today."

"Just shut yer mouth and get to work on those tables, hear? I'm still the boss around here, even if you punks could kick my butt."

"Yeah, yeah," Miguel said. "But you know we wouldn't do that, Frankie."

Franco's Pizza Pub wasn't the hottest place around, but Miguel had been enjoying it just the same. He was working in his own neighborhood, the barrio in which he'd grown up. He'd been coming to Franco's for a slice since he was a seven, and he'd been working here, every summer and weekends since he was fourteen.

Miguel was standing beside the window, shrugging the kinks out of one of his thick shoulders, when a hot-looking young banji-boy jogged across the street right towards the Pizza Pub. His big jeans slouched low, revealing

the waistband of his underwears, and he'd wrapped a plain white t-shirt around his tight little torso—the standard uniform for Franco's. ("Keep wearing those clothes," Frankie once told them. "It makes the girls crazy and they eat more!")

Pushing nineteen if that old, the hot little fuck hung out on the sidewalk for a few minutes to catch his breath and pull a last drag or two off his cigarette. The sprint he'd taken to get there on time had combined with the summer heat to throw a pair of damp patches under his arms, forcing Miguel's sleepy cock awake at an earlier hour than usual. The kid had a slender build and a wide-open face. Puerto Rican, Miguel guessed. His kinky brown hair was short on top, with strands falling across his forehead and shaved around the sides. A hot bundle of energy, he couldn't seem to stand still for a second.

Miguel drew back so the kid wouldn't see him. So, old Franco had hired a lean little macho stud with a few rockets in his pockets. He was pleased. It looked like the pub was going to get a shot in the arm. He couldn't wait until Luiz saw him. If he knew Luiz, his mouth would start watering as soon as he laid eyes on this new guy.

The kid finally flicked his Marlboro and pushed through the glass door, and Franco called him over to the counter, clapping his hand gently on his shoulder as he greeted him.

"Hey, Miguel! Miguelito, where are you?" the old man called out, turning to look around. "Oh, there you are. This here's Jose. The new help."

Miguel made his way past the tables, to meet the younger guy. His own black hair was smoothly pulled back in a tail, too, but it was much shorter and neater. He had dark eyes, almond-shaped, with straight black brows over them. he was taller than Jose, and had more muscle in his upper body. He moved with confidence and swagger, his mostly toned gym-body pumping power into his presence as he leaned forward to put a grip on Jose's hand.

Jose met his gaze, and his eyes opened a little wider when he saw Miguel. It was just the slightest reaction, but it was enough to make Miguel's grin deepen, in a secret sort of way. As Jose turned to follow Franco, Miguel's hooded eyes lingered for just a second on the mound of Jose's crotch, so brutally restrained by his worn jeans. The denim was tight across his ass, tugging on the round cheeks with every step. As he left the room, Jose looked over his shoulder to flash Miguel one of his wide-open smiles.

"Yes, Joselito," Miguel murmured, adjusting the big cock in his pants as he got back to work. "I think we're gonna have us some good times."

Toward the end of their first evening together on the job, Kurt came into the Pub for a slice. Miguel and Luiz had decided long ago that Kurt was the hottest-looking white boy in the neighborhood. As God's law dictates in these cases, he didn't have the brains to match, and he always had a girl with big hair and too much rouge hanging from his iron-pumped arm. Though he was a bit glassy-eyed on beer or pot or something, he was still hot to look at. Kurt was a tall guy and he must have worked out every day to get such a strong, muscular body.

Jose was passing behind Kurt, when one of his girlfriend's big-haired, over-rouged cohorts stood up from her chair for no particular reason, jostling him into the blond guy.

"Sorry!" Jose exclaimed, laughter in his voice. It took him a moment to right himself. The girl grinned and apologized. She walked out for a smoke, but not before checking out the new meat's beautiful butt.

Miguel pulled out the slice and was sliding it onto a paper plate, when Kurt suddenly turned and snapped, "What the hell are you doing, you asshole? You trying to start something?"

Jose was right behind him, surprise opening his eyes wide, "Be cool, dude. I'm not doing anything."

Kurt glared down at him. "You keep bumping into me, homeboy, and I'm gonna shove those stupid baggy pants of yours right down your throat."

Miguel quickly slipped around to the front of the counter. "Lay off, Kurt. The guy's new."

Kurt glanced at him in disbelief. "Aw, why don't you go check on my slice and let pussy-boy fight his own battles, Miguelo? "

Miguel took up a stance in front of Jose, facing Kurt. "I said, lay off." His voice was quiet, trying not to alarm the other customers. "There's your slice. Take it and eat it."

"Who do you think you're talking to?" Kurt sneered at both of them. "No banji-boy faggit gets his jollies rubbing my ass."

"It was an accident," Miguel told him. "Jose didn't mean anything by it."

"Yeah? Let him say that," said Kurt. "And since when did Franco start hiring *queers* ?

Miguel was starting to get irritated. Kurt was just trying to impress those chicks, at the expense of him and everyone else in the place. "You'd better leave."

"Chickenshit. I'm waiting for this faggot to say he's sorry."

"Hey, why don't you chill out a bit, Kurt? This ain't like you," Miguel shot back, wrinkling his nose at the jock's liquored up breath. "Now, do everyone a favor and get lost before you get hurt."

Kurt started for him. "You and what—"

Luiz smacked him from behind his head, knocking him off balance and into a table. With one smooth motion, Luiz grabbed one of Kurt's arms, twisting it behind his back, at the same time clamping his other hand around Kurt's neck and pressing his face into the glass tabletop.

"It's time for you to go," said Luiz. Kurt grunted assent, unable to grapple with Luiz.

One look from Miguel and the two girls hurried out of the Pub. Everyone else started whooping it up, cheering and whistling, and Miguel took a bow. Luiz had taken him down so easily, and Kurt didn't so much as protest as he was walked out the door.

Miguel made his way behind the counter, falling down on the short bench around back near the stock room. He stretched his legs out in front of him, sighing with relief, and thinking what a good thing it was that he had Luiz on his side.

Jose trailed after Miguel, his smile gone for the first time that day. He stood in front of Miguel, shifting back and forth uneasily.

"I'm really sorry, Miguel. You guys could have gotten hurt on my account." He scuffed one foot against the tile. "That was really great, how you stood up for me..."

"No problem, Joselito. We back each other up around here," said Miguel, combing his mussed hair. "Kurt must have been on something. He's not usually that bugged out. He'll probably come in tomorrow wearing those shiny little bicycle pants of his and order a calzone or something."

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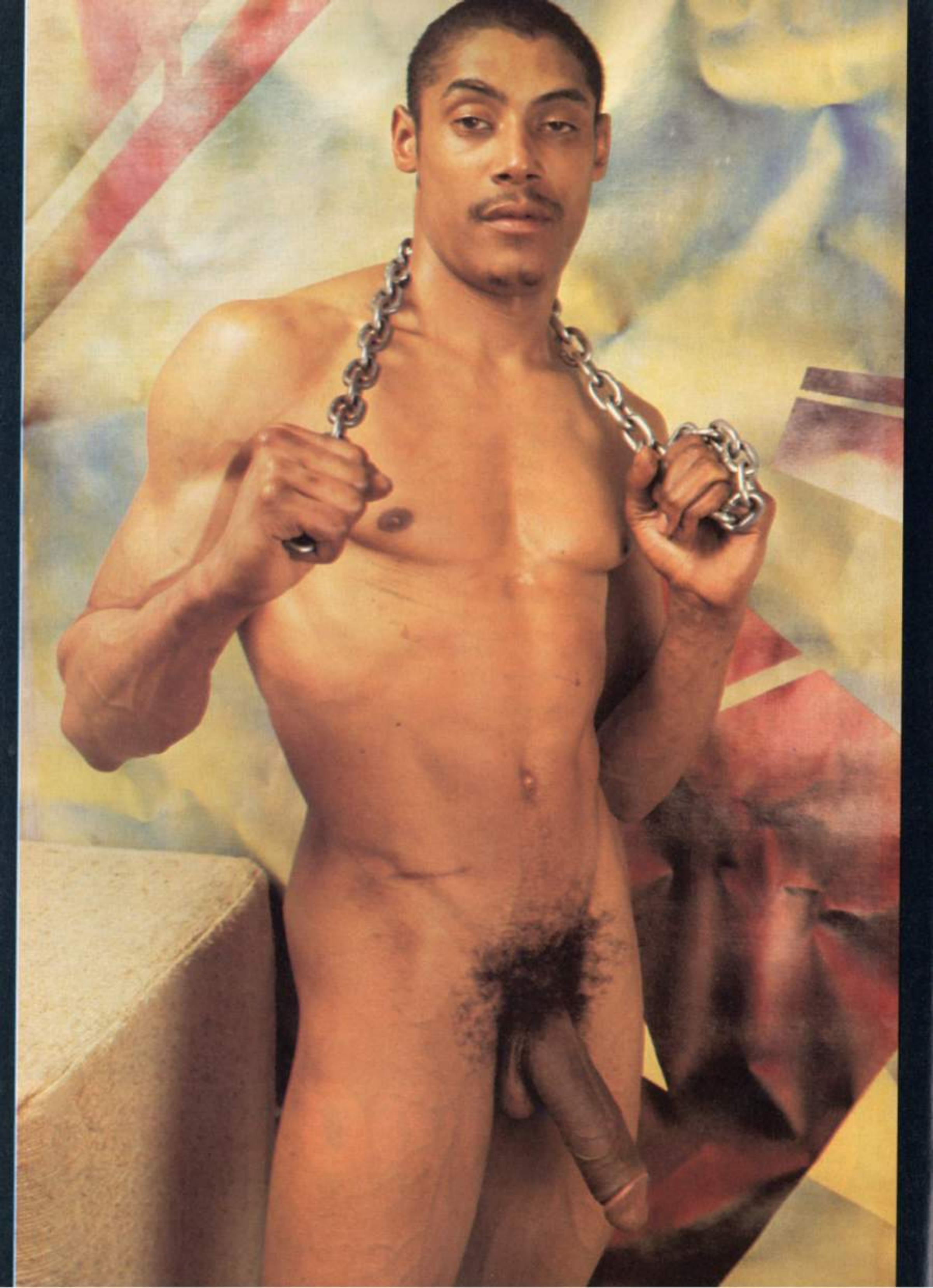
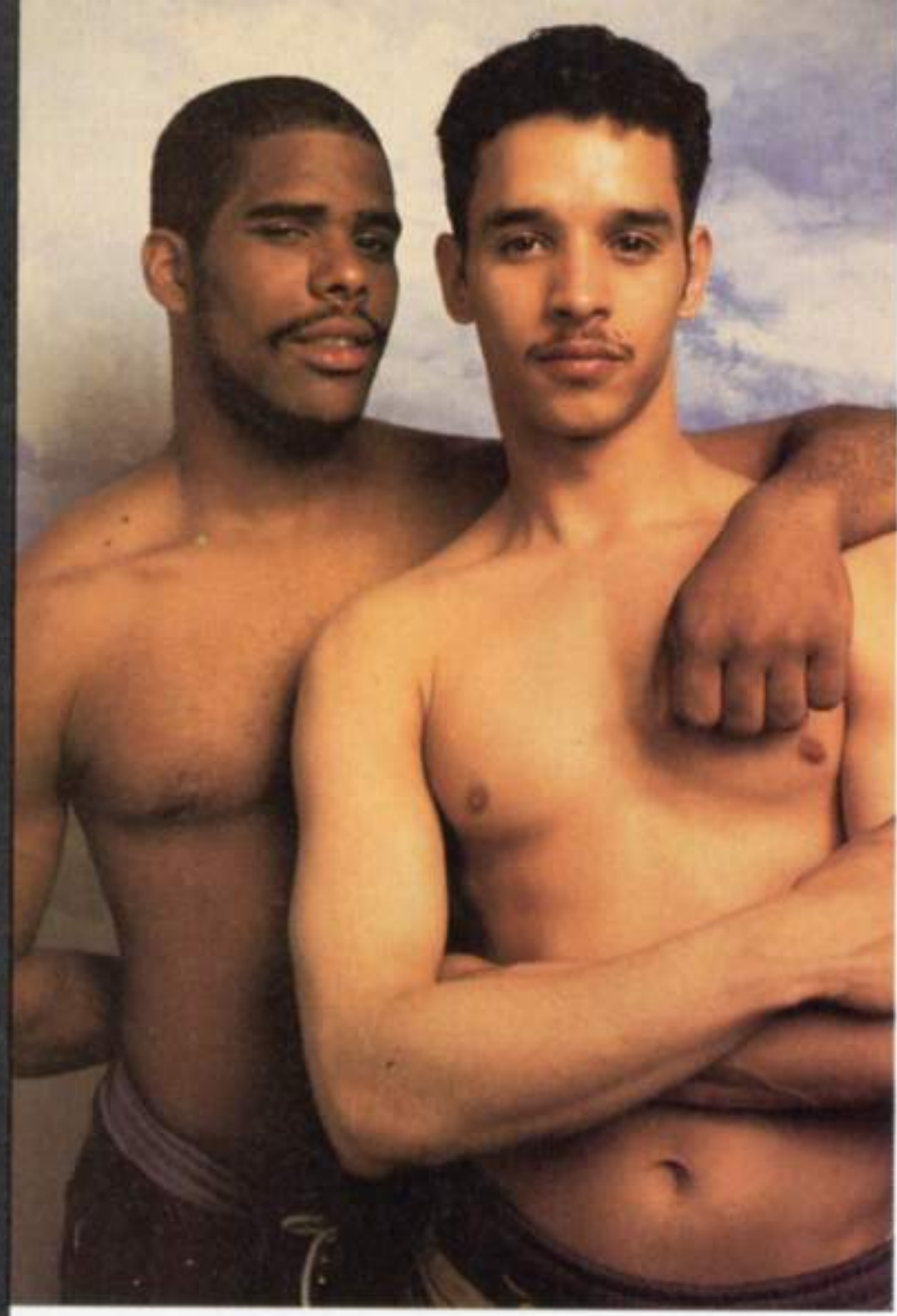
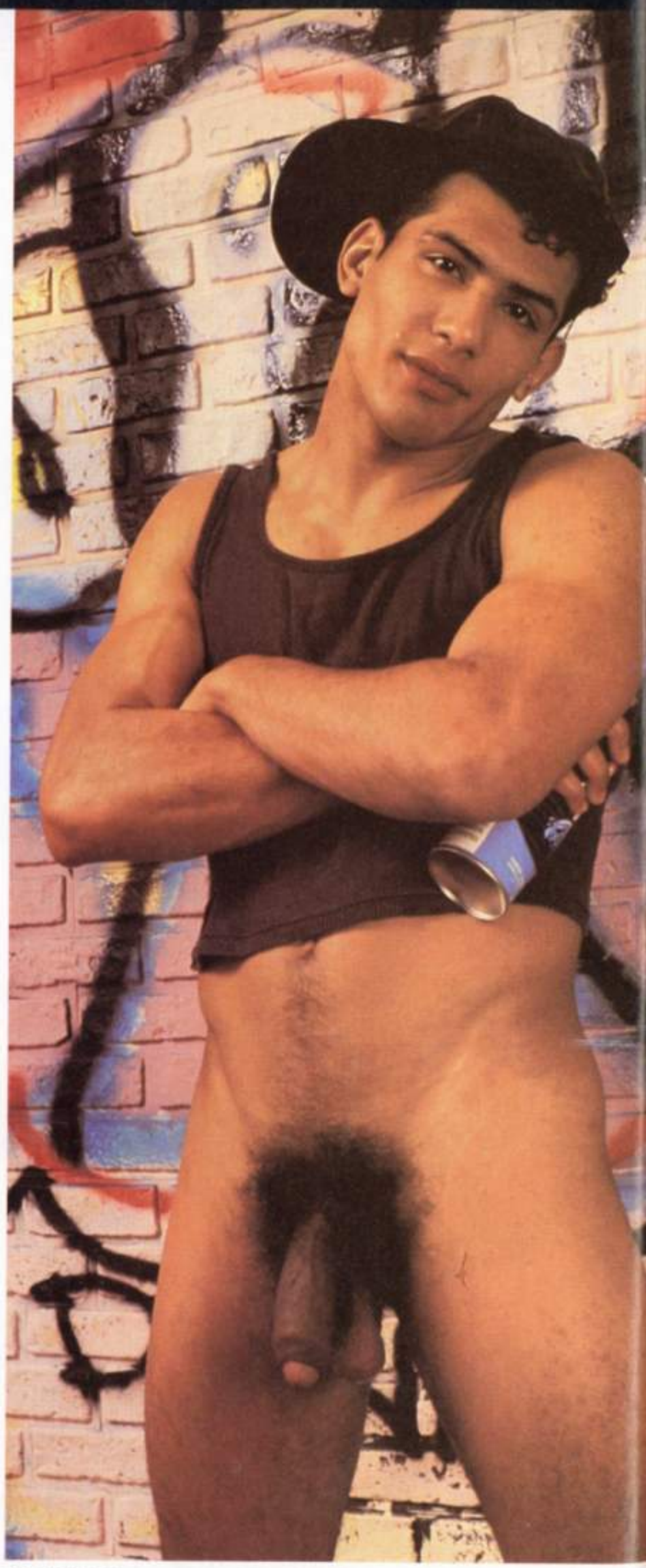
ORLANDO



ORLANDO can be seen in HOOKED ON HISPANICS II: THE BRONX CREW, and HORSE HUNG HISPANICS. *See page 77.*





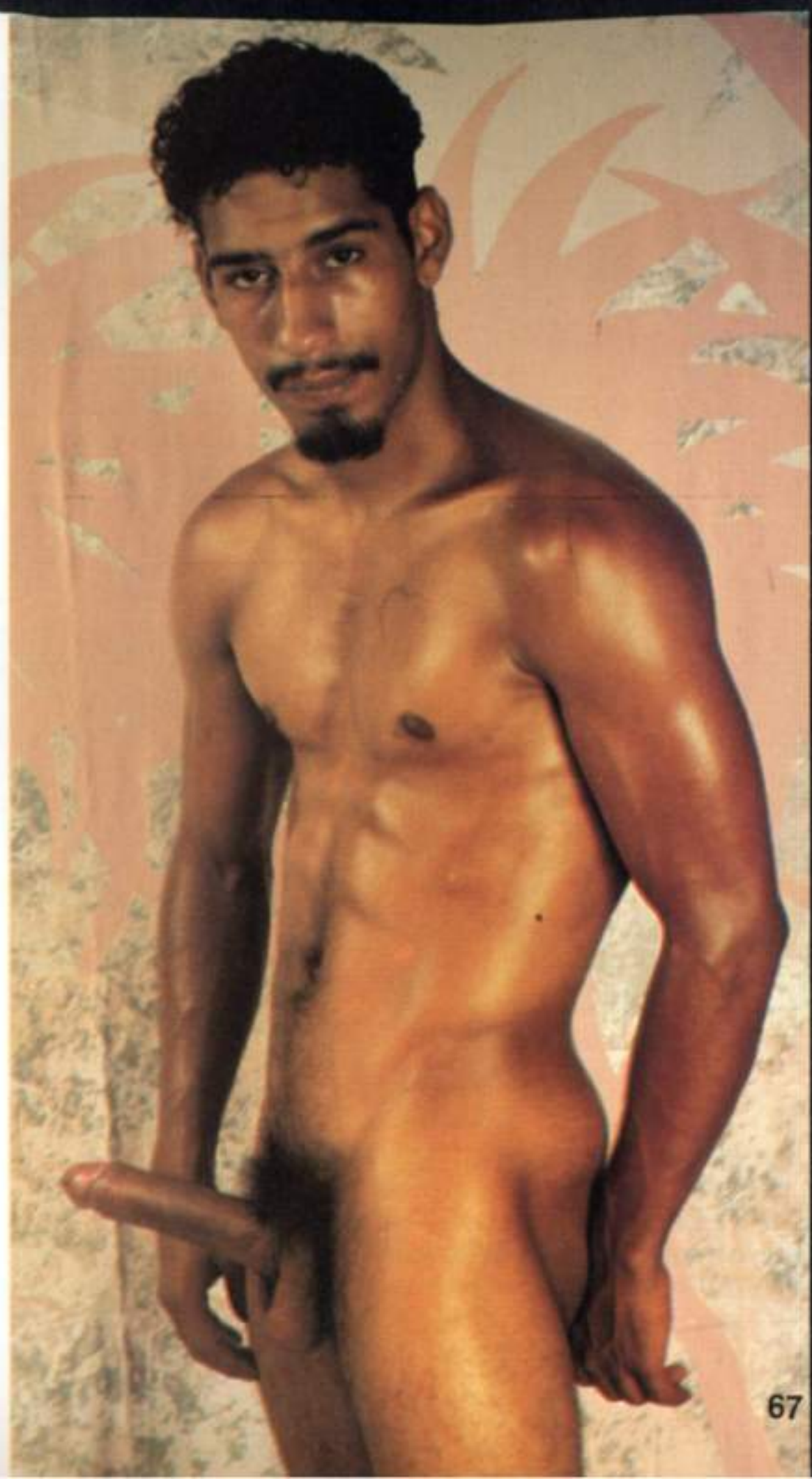
TOP LEFT: Sexy newcomers "Destroyer" (left) with "Baby Face". Above: Superstar LFC favorite ROMEO CASTILLO. Below left: JULIO NIEVES and CASTILLO.

THE NEWEST LATIN BADBOYZ ON VIDEO

by Julian Anthony Guerra

What is it about those hot-blooded, crazy Latinos? Why do they inspire such ardent fans—grown men who would spend hours in video stores searching for a porno with at least a "Cruz" or a "Gonzalez" featured in the cast? Perhaps it's in their free and easy attitude of anything goes; Latino men are comfortable in their skins and in their sexuality. A trade Puerto Rican will often think nothing of having his dick sucked by a good buddy, if his girlfriend's out of town. Or maybe it's in the macho air of sweetness and danger they present, tawny, accented tigers we'd just love to be able to tame. Of course, let's not forget those usually gigantic uncut cocks, so often adorned with the foreskin that drives us wild.

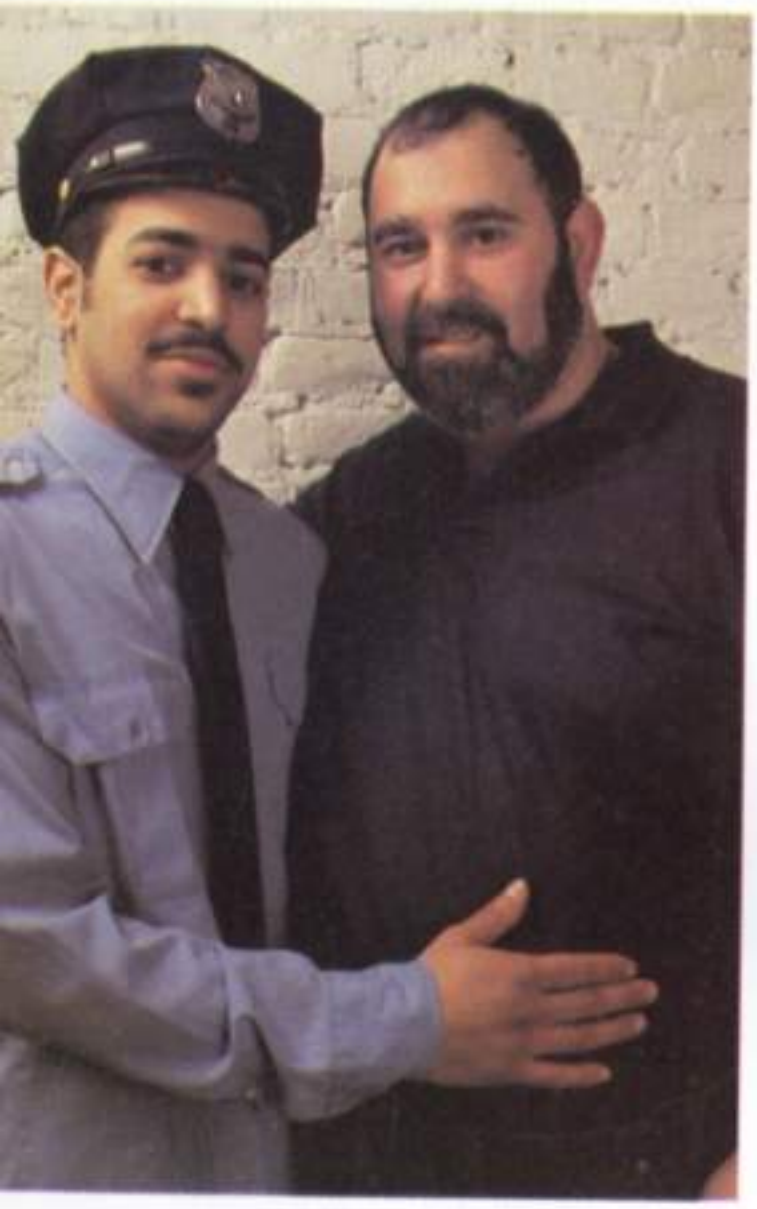
For the past seven years, Latino men have crept into gay porn videos more and more often (thank goodness!), no doubt thanks to the remarkable success of the Latino Fan Club, the outfit that put truly hot, rough edged Latino man-to-man sex on the map. The Latino Fan Club was the first production company to feature exclusively Latin men, and after nearly



Right: LFC star 'DIABLITO' (A/K/A "Midnight").

seven years, their edge on the rest of a slow-to-follow industry has only grown keener. Though much glossier studios like Catalina have produced their own Latino opuses, these tend to be disappointing one-day-wonders that substitute surfer dudes with deeper tans for the typical Wonder Bread fare. Other adult video independents have been trying to play catch-up (to some small degree of success), but no one has been able to capture the naturalism, the raw sensuality, the sexiness of young Latinos with more enthusiasm and sheer exuberance than Latino Fan Club. Over the past six months, LFC has released a series of videos which have gotten progressively hotter, as well as higher in overall production quality. MVM Productions, Argo Entertainment, TropicWorld Pictures and Ray Rock Enterprises have each contributed noteworthy additions to the Latino Fan Club cannon, the most recent of which are reviewed here:

Above: Gangbanger DIABLITO, BRIAN WEBER, KINO, CARLOS ALVAREZ and RICO SUAVE in RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS. Below: VALENTINO.



VALENTINO with Director M. VIC MANN.

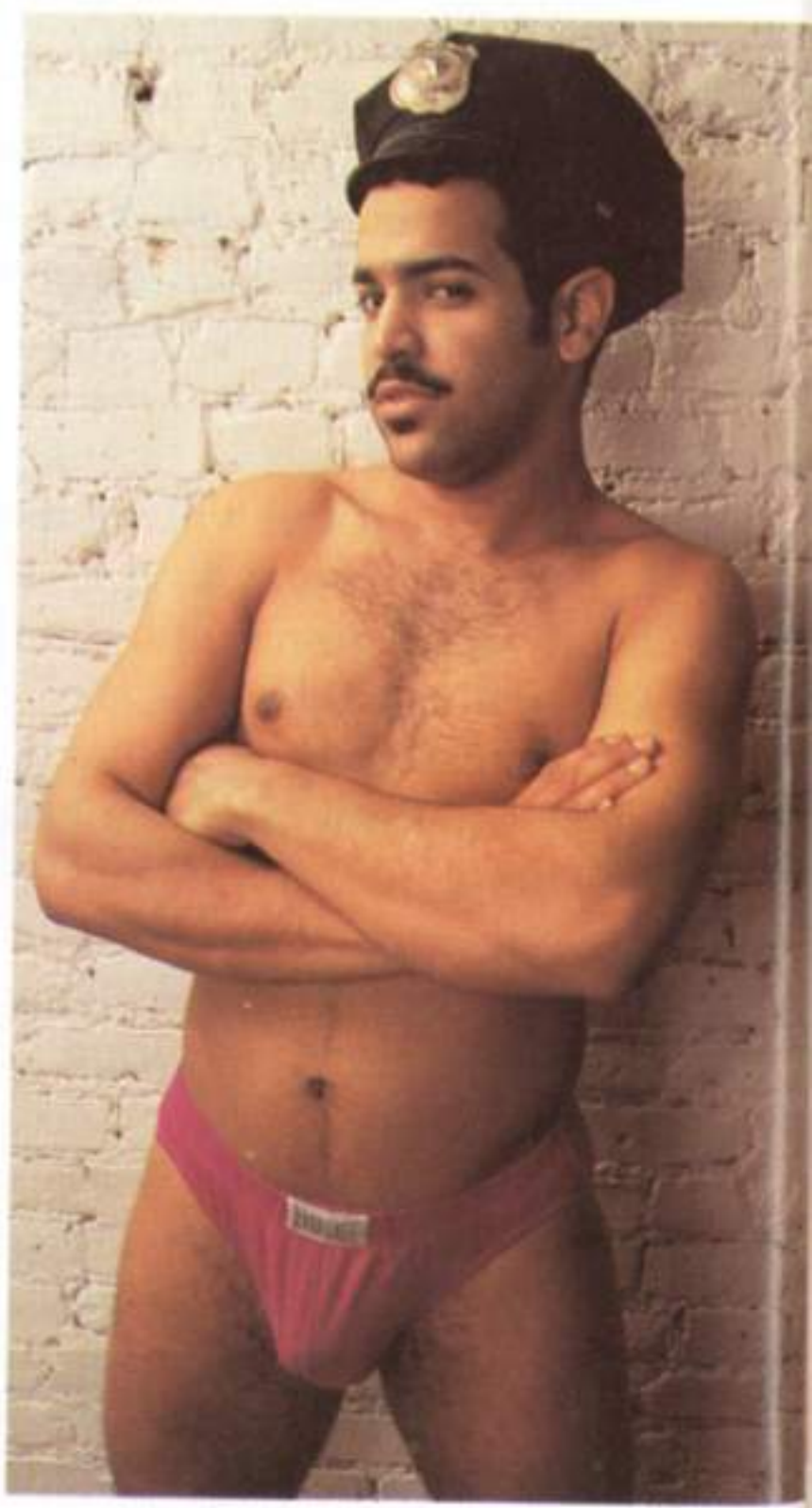
HOMEBOY HOODLUMS

It's summertime and young, blond Eric is shopping for a new VCR with his pretty girlfriend. Alone and on his way home with his day's purchase later on, he takes a wrong turn and picks up a tail in the form of three tough-looking Latino homeboys who've got something more than mischief on their minds. Though he makes a break for it, Eric is chased and finally caught in an abandoned building by (Latin Men centerfold) Joey Albano and (new-comers) Jimmy Diego and Miguel Ruiz. Cornered and terrorized, Eric is roughed up and beaten by the trio...before he is finally, viciously raped!

Thus begins TropicWorld's HOMEBOY HOODLUMS, M. Vic Mann's dark, action packed and irresistably sexy fantasy of lust and hidden desire. As portrayed by white dude Eric Beatty (whose sole acting credit has been a cameo in LATIN SEX PARTY), young Eric's straight-boy veneer is permanently shattered by his harrowing encounter with the Latino gang members.

Bruised and depressed, at once thrilled and haunted, he dreams of his rape at night and pushes his girlfriend away in the days to come. At the police precinct, he can't find his attackers in the mug shot books, but instead finds himself gazing at the gorgeous body of (Hombres magazine coverboy) Valentino, the Puerto Rican patrolman who tries to help him out.

Before long, Eric's hidden desires



burst to the fore, and he finds himself drifting time and again into the shadowy, sweaty, dangerous world of sexy street hustlers and horse hung banji-boys.

Politically correct? No way! The storyline of the HOMEBOY HOODLUMS, is based on several actual cases out of New York City researched by the director. With this basis in harsh reality, M. Vic Mann has woven together some of our hottest, darkest fantasies about these street-tough urban Romeos, and presented them to us in the raw—no sugar-coating here!

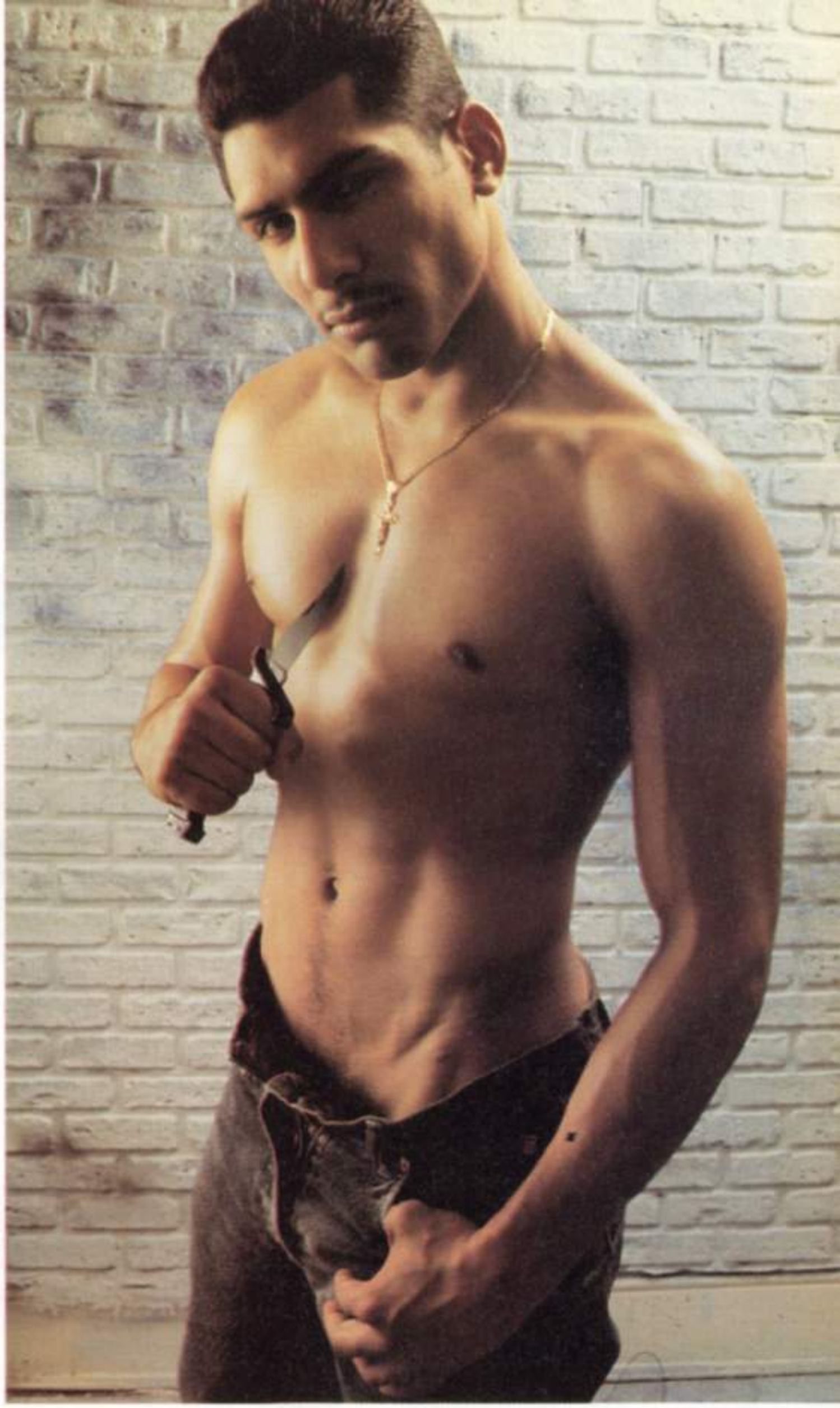
His cherry violently broken by brutal yet handsome gang members, Eric becomes our bubble-butted substitute, somehow submitting himself again and again to the carnal ravishings of the hungry Latin men he runs across—that is, until the startling climax of this scorcher of a video.

The first Latino Fan Club production to make full use of LFC's newly secured Manhattan studio space, HOMEBOY HOODLUMS combines "live" on-location shooting with some of the studio's grittiest standing sets. These higher production standards lend the video a seamless, super-realistic quality which marks a new era in both LFC and M.V.M. Productions. This, of course, makes all the sex even hotter, more immediate...and more dangerous.

Cruising the Port Authority off New York City's Time Square area, Eric spots a gorgeous hustler (superhung Tony Concepcion in his very first screen role) hanging around on the second floor promenade. After a brief negotiation, the pair slip into one of the bus station's crumbling stairwells so that Eric can deliver a long, deep session of oral sex onto Tony's spectacular tool.

In another sequence, with which all we Latinophiles can surely identify, while riding on a subway car, Eric gazes longingly at big, bad homeboy Rick Velez. A lovely young lady has caught Rick's eye, and she smiles flirtatiously, giving the poor Puerto Rican a huge hard-on, barely concealed in his tight shorts. With Velez unabashedly stroking his cock through the fabric of his pants, Eric is hypnotized. He wants this man, though he knows his erotic daydream is both forbidden and dangerous.

Inevitably, fantasy becomes reality when the two young men leave the train and Eric's compulsions turn him into a sly seducer, capable of slipping into a nearby subway tunnel and delivering yet another series of sexual favors upon his hopelessly horny (and big-basketed) subject.



Above: ROMEO CASTILLO plays a brooding character in Julian Anthony Guerra's JACKNIVES.

Shot entirely on Super-VHS for superior color and clarity, M. Vic Mann's HOMEBOY HOODLUMS is an action-packed study in the perils of wanton indulgence. Many of the sequences were shot "two-camera", which means that, for the first time, most of the sex scenes were covered with two video cameras giving viewers the finest, most dramatic angles over the action at all times.

In addition to the above-mentioned debuts, the video features new Dominican discovery, Chico Diaz in the pivotal role of the gang member who can ulti-

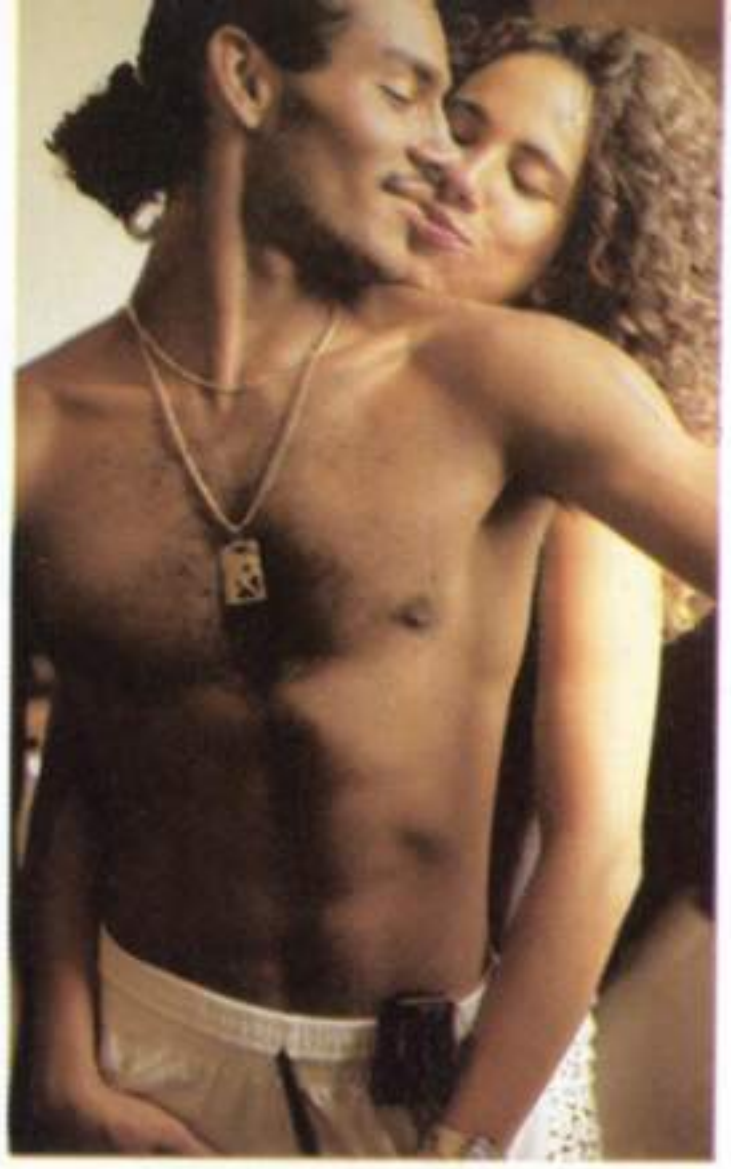
mately make or break Eric's erotic odyssey. Highlights also include several extended scenes of fiery sex, culminating in a grand finale packed with a series of shocking plot-twists.

JACKNIVES

Essentially a summer in the lives of nearly a dozen beautiful, young Latino men, JACKNIVES tenderly explores the friendship between banji-boy Carlos (played by LFC all-time fave, Midnight) and his shy, moonstruck homeboy Bobby (sensitively portrayed by Tato), who harbors a dark secret which prevents them from truly realizing their heart's desire. What is unique about JACKNIVES is that it is the first feature in the history of the Latino Fan Club to be released as an "R" (well, let's call it NC-17) rated full-length motion picture.

"We've been looking for an opportunity for LFC stars like Rico Suave and Romeo Castillo to strut their acting skills as well as their bodies, and Julian's script seemed like the perfect way to go," said producer Brian Brennan. "It was about relationships, how these guys interact with each other over time. Julian put his heart and soul into JACKNIVES. That's why I asked him to direct the picture."

The results are quite simply, thrilling. A Puerto Rican New Yorker himself, Guerra's own Latino sensibilities create a new and different energy with LFC's finest stars. Captured on video are the lives and loves of these hot young men, placed in dramatic roles not terribly different from who they really are and what they really do on the sizzling summer streets of an unforgiving inner city. The story mixes talented newcomers like Raphael Rivera and Chico Diaz with the likes of LFC vets Jose Pelos and Gemini to create a movie that stands on its own as



Above: RICO SUAVE and JACQUI ARIAS in a scene from JACKNIVES. Below: RICO SUAVE

a heated, though non-pornographic, erotic tone poem.

Shot on location in Astoria and Flushing, Queens, Orchard Beach in the Bronx, and in Spanish Harlem and the streets of Lower Manhattan, JACKNIVES utilized the facilities of both the Latino Fan Club, as well as Guerra's own Argo Productions, over the course of five months of shooting.

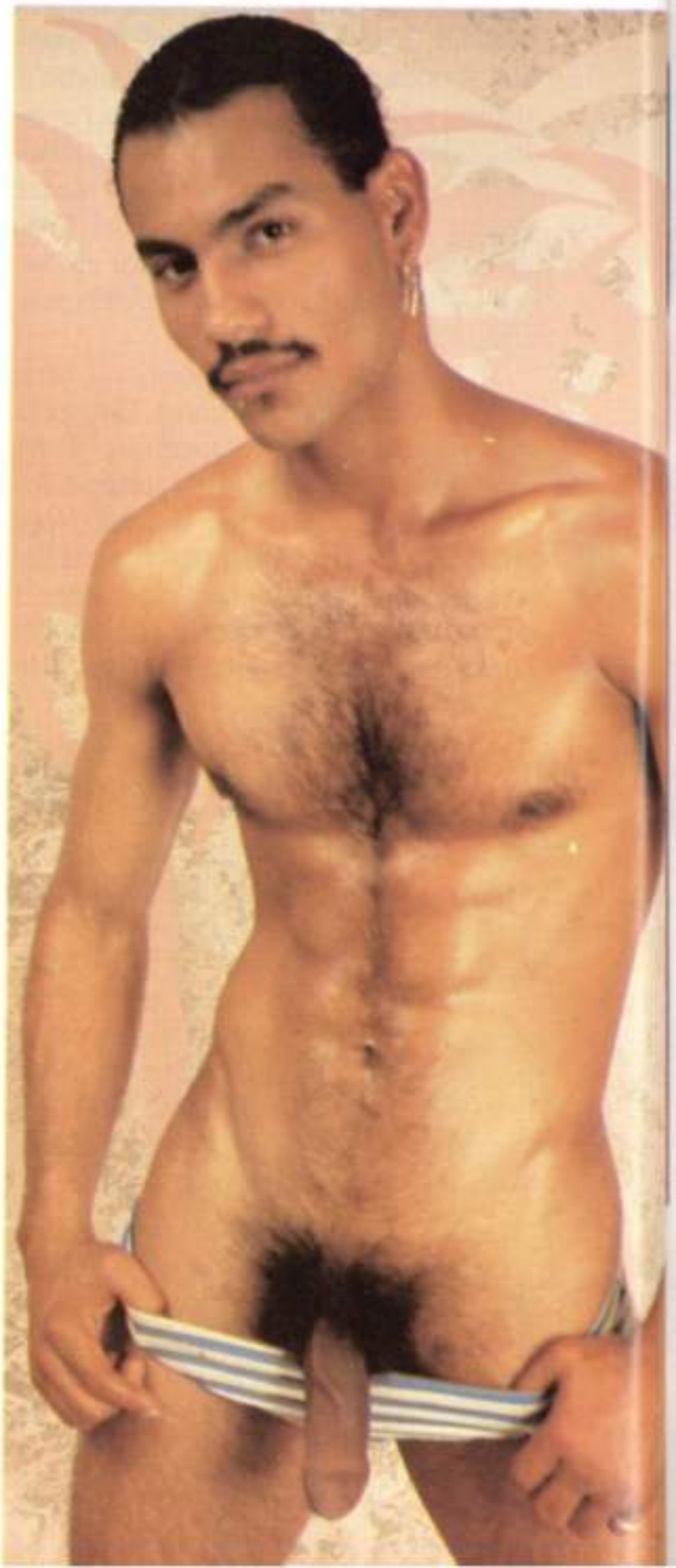
"I wanted JACKNIVES to be an exploration of the street-boy machismo that's always turned me on," said Guerra of his work. "What is it about the toughness of these young Latino men? How can they be so warm and tender one minute, and then so angry and dangerous the next? When they fuck around with each other, are they gay, or are they simply too horny to care? Can these guys love one another, or must they deny themselves at the greatest cost?"

Though haunted, starry-eyed Bobby is the focal point of the film's narrative, it is in Romeo Castillo's darkly handsome Darius where Guerra's themes are most fully realized. Sweet and seething, swaggeringly sexy and yet capable of exploding into whirlwinds of raw, physical violence, Darius is the tortured soul at the center of JACKNIVES.

Mysterious and charming in his black leather jacket and slicked jet hair, ever-brandishing his signature ebony bladed jacknife, Darius is slowly revealed to be a force which is running out of control, a tightly muscled loco-motive, threatening to derail, racing inevitably toward the film's violent and revelatory climax. In a movie boasting Rico Suave's and Midnight's finest performances—as well as the debut of the superb and wonderfully funny Jackie Arias as Rico's sexy, dynamic girlfriend, Vanessa—actor Romeo Castillo is undoubtedly a stand-out.

Guerra tells his story using more outdoor settings than ever before used in an LFC production. Each of the casts' sixteen principals is photographed lovingly against the backdrop of a New York City caught up in the festivities of summertime: the sizzling Puerto Rican Day parade, the salsa-spirited shores of Orchard Beach, the dazzling tarmac of the city's hottest basketball courts.

Shot on Super-VHS in the cinema verite style popularized by videographer Brian Brennan's now-classic SPANISH



HARLEM KNIGHTS, the video boasts lavish color and a lush, bittersweet musical score by Correo Negro.

Laced with voluptuous scenes of seduction and innocent sexual exploration, the R-rated JACKNIVES spices up the hallmarks of the coming of age movie genre in the tradition of the Brazilian classic PIXOTE and Van Sant's MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO, making it the perfect gift for those friends and acquaintences of yours who might shy away from hardcore LFC titles, but who'd love to see a truly lyrical erotic video featuring a passionate story and the hottest Latino boys New York City has to offer.

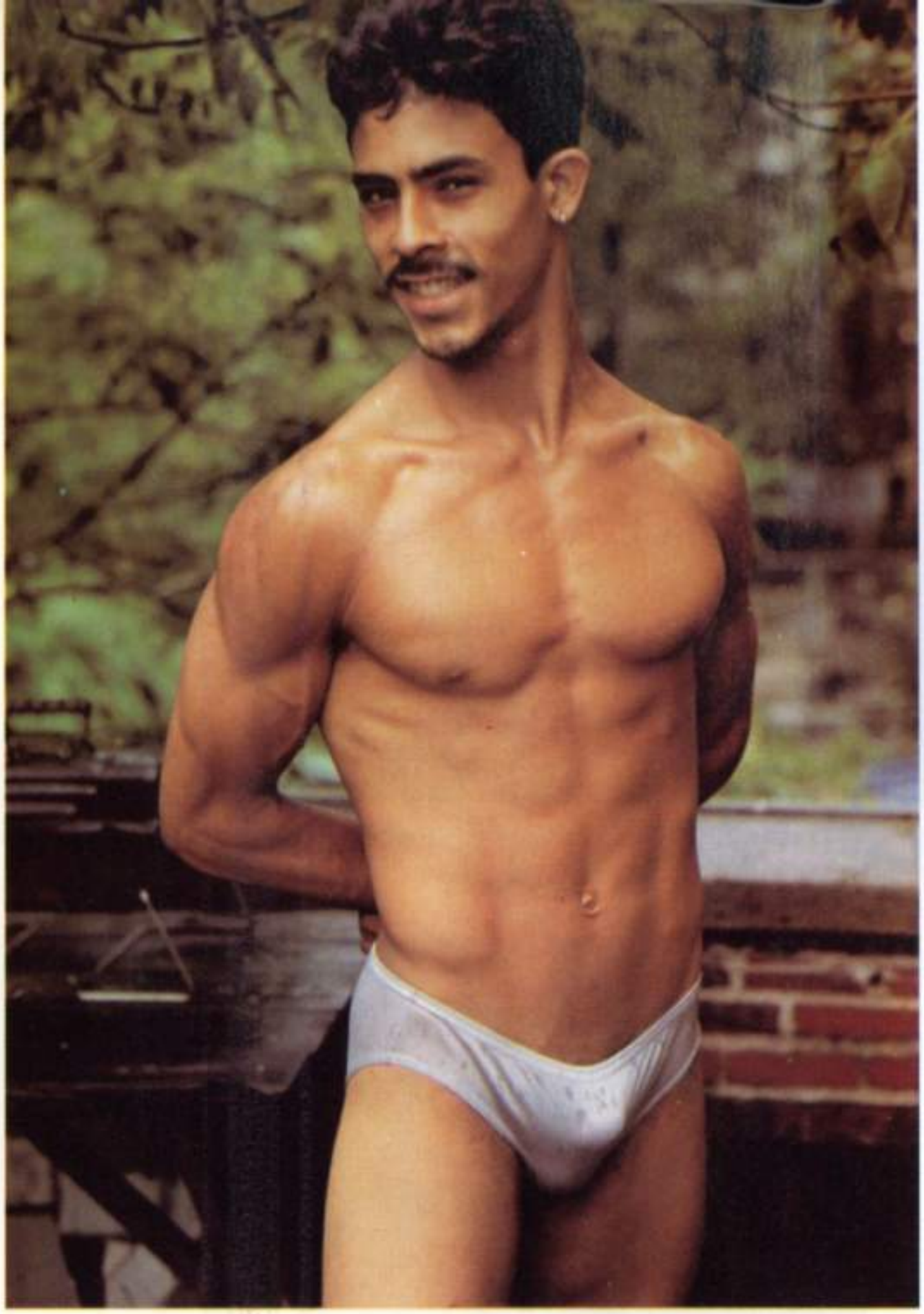
The X-rated version of JACKNIVES, which features an additional half-hour of graphic sexual footage is a completely alternate cut of the movie, making it virtually unique. It has become Gay Cable Network's hottest selling video of the year so far, and shows no sign of waning.

DOIN' HARDTIME

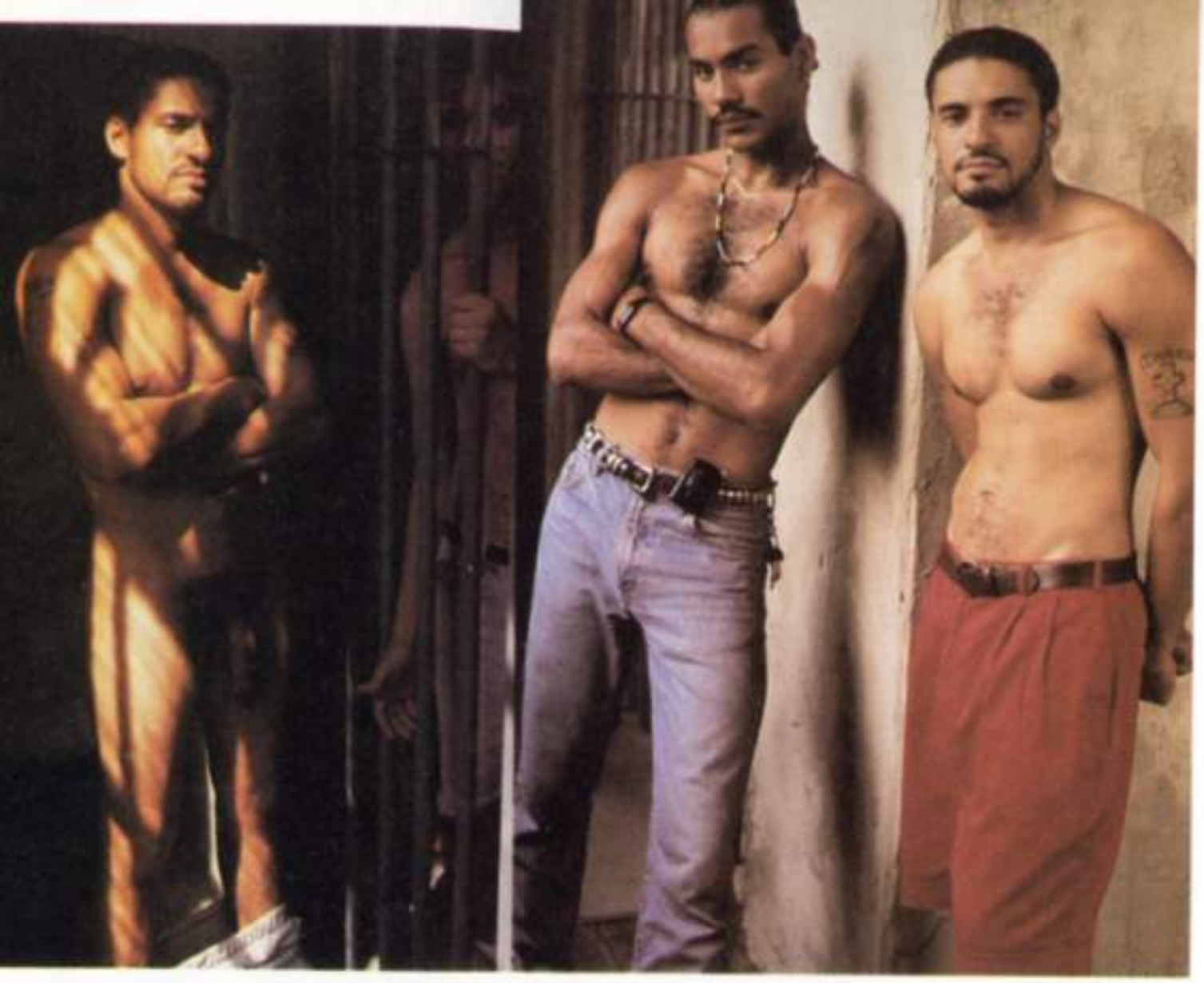
Utilizing TropicWorld's all-new prison sets and Super-VHS high definition color, DOIN' HARDTIME picks up five years after Brian Brennan's notorious BOYS BEHIND BARS 3 left off: the prison Doctor and the Warden have been exposed and thrown into the pen for running a drugs-for-sex ring within the cor-rectional institution. In fact, the Warden (Buckie Certleman) has since gone "a little over the edge" and works at the same prison he ran as a lowly janitor with delusions of grandeur. Meanwhile, the new Warden (riotously played by M. Vic Mann) warns our favorite kind of inmates (tall, dark, lean, super-macho and super-hung Latino delinquents) that he is running a tight ship. Of course, he's setting up a little vice ring of his own, as well!

The raw sex starts up soon after the opening credits: two would-be burglars (Aldo Taranelli and Ramon Gato) slip inside a big city mansion, only to learn that it seems abandoned and holds nothing but oversized furniture. The bickering boys start horsing around until a particularly tight clinch turns into a full blown suck job right in the middle of the grand dining room! As they reach their climax, little do they realize the long arm of the law is watching! Officer Gomez (Jose Pelos) asks the spent 'criminals': "Are you boys finished now?"

As these two bad boys are hauled in



Above: Latino Fan Club discovery RAPHAEL RIVERA can be seen in JACKNIVES, and RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS. Below: CHICO DIAZ, TATO and TONY SANTANA share a cell (and more) in DOIN' HARDTIME.



Above: JOEY ALBANO hides nothing from cellmate ERIC BEATTY in DOIN' HARDTIME. Right: RICO SUAVE with ALBANO. Below: JOEY (12") ALBANO shows what all the excitement is about!

for booking, young Eric DuMont (Eric Beatty in a character very different from his recent turn in RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS), the arrogant son of a wealthy banker, finds himself in the same situation. Although Eric was only stopped for speeding and driving while intoxicated, his mouthing off to the Judge gets him thrown into the same jail. To complicate matters, the Judge happens to be a "political enemy" of Eric's rich father, and decides to "teach Eric a few lessons of life" by adding a few days to his sentence!

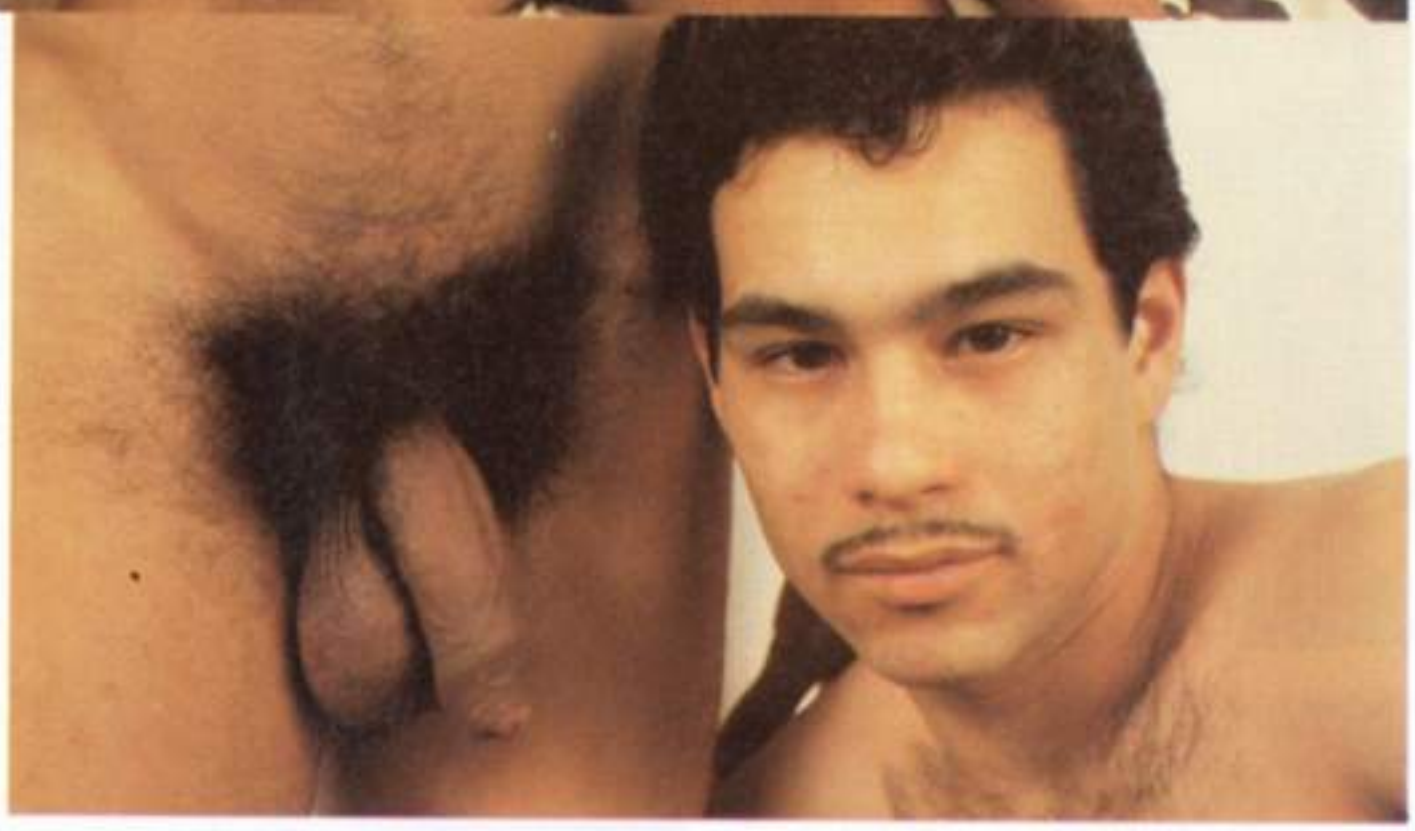
Of course, Eric gets more than he could have possibly imagined during his incarceration. He gets thrown into a holding cell with Cobra and Scarface (Romeo Castillo and Rico Suave) who've been in the joint long enough to find Eric a tempting diversion for their pent-up passions. Eric's sneering superior attitude and racist comments are all the reason they need to give their new, blonde, white-boy pal a "royal" initiation into prison life. Against his will (well, almost) Eric is roughly made to take head and give up his butt to both handsome Latino men — a truly hot 3-way scene here. It's enough to make this poor little rich boy run screaming for his release, but the Judge has other plans!

Now DOIN' HARDTIME, Eric becomes the "property" of horse-hung Cobra, who quickly lends him out to King Kong King (newcomer "Flash" Fernando in a spirited, ultra big-dicked, debut performance) for the price of two cartons of cigarettes. DuMont has no choice — in order to survive he must become the plaything of these hot young Latinos, and bear all the hot, humiliating sex that goes along with such surrender. But wait, there's more!

Additional scenes present several young, brand new Tropic-World models in their prime and DOIN' HARDTIME with oral and anal sex in the showers, in cells, in the work-out area, and in the broom closets and squad rooms of this rocking penitentiary. High-lights include:

— Eric becomes the willing victim of Joey "12 inch" Albano, granting him the blow-job challenge of his life through a set of iron bars.

— "Bam Bam" Juarez starts his debut j.o. watching a pair of his homeboys rutting in a cell. He starts stroking his hard and beautiful body into a frenzy, but then he quickly hunts himself down a hot three-way with a pair of other guys to finish the job.



Top photo: BENITO RUBENS has his hands full (of RICO SUAVE) in "RSHK"
Below: LFC faveTATO (and one of many unidentified lucky models).

— Warm and horny after a relaxing shower, prisoner Tato sucks off a sex-starved Gemini.

— And a wildly sexy se-quence where Cobra is frisked and fiddled with by an overzealous cop, who can't help but devour this hot homeboy hoodlum's deadly, chained super-snake. "You pigs are all alike," snarls Cobra. Don't we wish!

While all this non-stop sex is going on, the Warden discovers that our ex-warden turned janitor Murphy has been spying on his wrong-doings and is about to blow the whistle. Meanwhile, Eric, having adjusted to prison life all too well, is offered his release — but DuMont doesn't want out!

The final scene, as Eric is finally granted his freedom, is icing on this file-encrusted cake: DuMont has managed to have his two favorite cell-mates, Bam Bam and sweet Luis Lopez, released with him. The trio make for the waiting limosine, where Eric has a three-way so wild, the sun roof has to be opened so the action has some room! But what about the Warden and his blackmailer? Sorry, you've got to wait for DOIN' HARDTIME - PART 2 (now in production)!

DOIN' HARDTIME may well be Brian Brennan's most gorgeously mounted fuck-fest yet! The prison sets are convincing and all brand new. Shot largely using the natural sunlight streaming into the new LFC studios in the South Bronx and Spanish Harlem, your favorite hot Latino men and all of the newer boys (including Chico Diaz, Juan Rios, and Orlando Santiago) have never looked sexier.

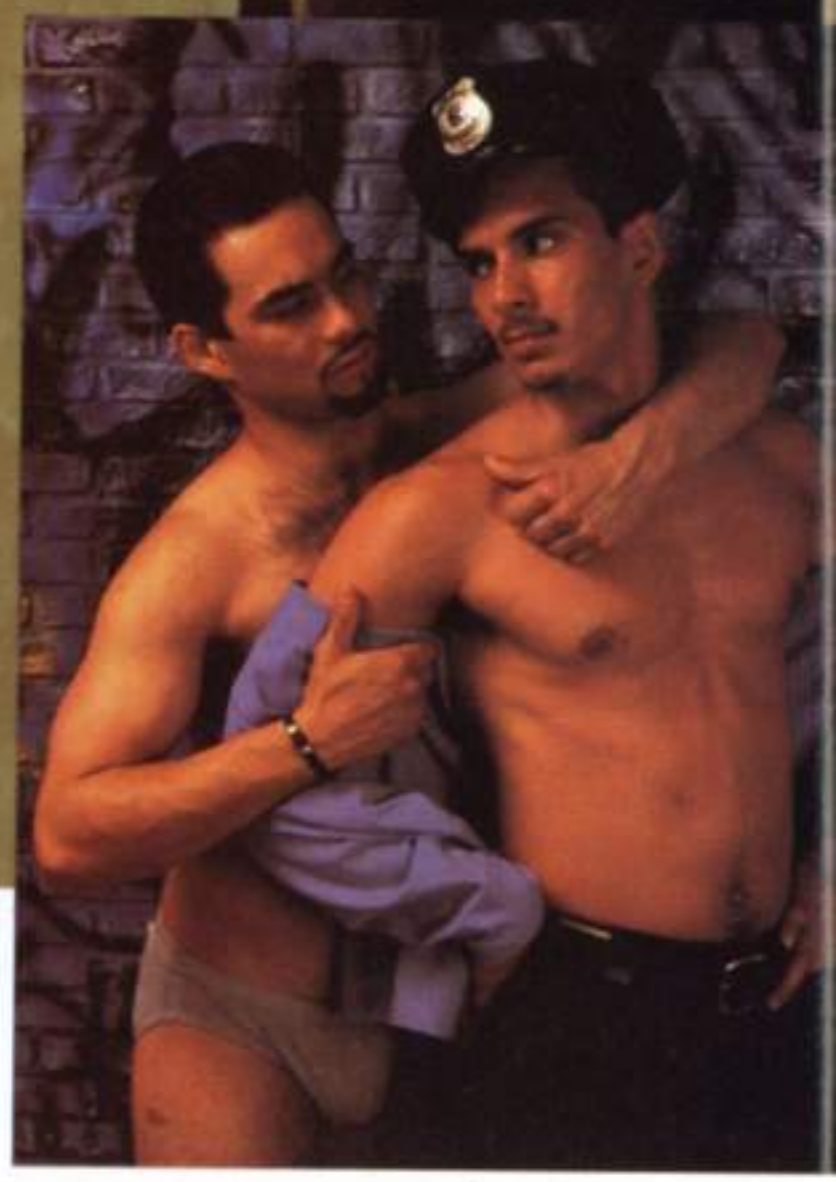
RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS

Let's face it — director Brian Brennan's eagerly awaited sequel, RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS is sheer wall-to-wall sexual dynamite. While I've welcomed Brian's willingness to share the wealth and offer film-makers like myself and M. Vic Mann opportunities to express our own enthusiasm for New York City's finest product (hot, young Latino men), watching the return of the master to his finest format, the long-form epic tapestry of macho life among the extremely horny denizens of the Big Apple's toughest barrio, can be nothing but sheer pleasure.

I suppose the first question on your mind might well be: does it live up to the original? Well, as I once wrote in Latin Men magazine, SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS holds reign as the jewel in the Latino Fan Club's crown. The four-hour double-cassette video is the **Gone With the Wind** of the Latino porn genre, and it holds up in viewing after viewing.

Not simply a string of fuck scenarios between disinterested banji-boys, whether by genius or serendipity, SHK exposed the conflicts and conundrums of race relations between the city's big-dicked Puerto Rican homeboys and the older white men who hungrily lusted after them, and, at times, exploited them. A fascin-ating reflection of the Reagan-Bush late-1980s and early-'90s, SHK showed us working class Latino men, struggling to get by, dependent on these men for shelter and money. Young Julio (wonder-fully played by Julio Nieves) is cast out of his john's filthy apartment and is forced to trudge through a world of cheap sex and street-crack before being taken in by Tony, the video's fawning if ineffectual narrator.

LUIS LOPEZ with Director BRIAN BRENNAN.



Above: ROMEO CASTILLO working on the sets he helped design and build for DOIN' HARDTIME.

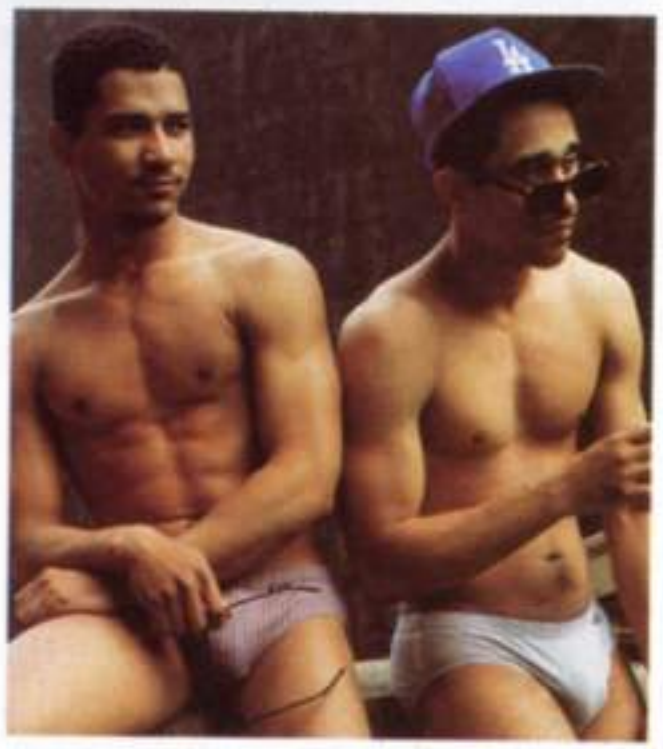
Right: TATO puts a hold on corrections officer GEMINI.

RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS began shooting shortly after the Los Angeles "Rodney King" riots, and completed post-production after Bill Clinton was sworn into office, and again, whether by accident or design, this new four-hour master-piece is a sign of the times.

We're told in brief interludes between Rico Suave and Brian Brennan himself that Julio has been thrown out of Tony's house because of his drug addiction. Soon enough, however, it becomes clear that Julio has gotten a handle on his situation and is actually getting by okay.

Of more concern is new street-boy, Luis Lopez, fresh off the boat from San Juan, lost and alone and more vulnerable than vener-able homeboy Julio ever was.

Shy and sweet, barely shorn of his baby-fat, Luis narrowly es-capes the clutches of SHK's Vic the Photographer (who is then mercifully relegated to a hospital bed "for stress" for the balance of the picture), only to wind up the latest recruit in Rico's newest enterprise, the Young Platanos escort service. Incidentally, Times Square becomes an incandescent wonderland for Brennan's camera in these sequences. The footage at night, wherein Rico takes Luis under his wing is both exciting and touching, and is as true to life as any video, porno or not, ever gets.



JULIO NIEVES and LEONARDO DI RICO

Woven into the antics and escapades of Rico, Julio, Luis and their hot and heavy homeboy buddies is the strained relationship between building inspector Eric (Eric Beatty in his best role yet — for once he is not simply "the victim") and social worker Ruben, Eric's live-in lover. A well-acted argument between the two early in the picture seperates the pair, sending each of them careening through a dozen or so of Spanish Harlem's biggest and best in their own distinctive styles.

Perhaps the most interesting difference between 1993's RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS and its predecessor is how this time the boys are getting over! As already mentioned, Tony and Vic are written out of the storyline early on, relegated to comic relief. Brennan's own appearences are

meant to convey plot information (as well as give us some more glimpses of Rico's lean, lanky bod). Though lust is surely in Eric's heart, when he reaches out to help both Julio and Luis, it is as a sort of buddy who can do them a favor instead of as a "superior white man" slipping a few bucks to the street-boys for some sexual favors.

When Julio's former john runs into him on the street and convinces him to stay the night, Julio's apprehension is balanced by his canniness. In an hilarious sequence, Julio gives the old man the slip, even as the creep is placing a picture of Julio on the wall next to a clipping of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer. The john's other boys laugh and play with each other (Leonardo di Rico delivers a blasting cum shot here) while he is away, rendering Tony Fontana's formerly menacing character harmless.

Meanwhile, Ruben (portrayed with mucho gusto by Rick Camero) truly makes the rounds. Whether sucking off on the job, being paid back for big favors by Romeo Castillo (gorgeous location shooting at an actual welfare hotel in Manhattan), or watching the photo studio for the convalescing Vic, macho and mature Ruben puts himself to use as a human vacuum cleaner and enjoy-ing every minute of it. Luis uses his wits to call in one of Rico's favors and get himself out of tricking and into construction work. Heck, even hard-bodied Raphael Rivera (who made his fiery debut in JACKNIVES) portrays a rock star john who orders up a couple of huge pieces of meat from Rico's Young Platanos service for a series of 69's and tons of butt-play.

What is becoming clear here in RSHK is the fact that Latinos can more than adequately take care of their own, whether in bed or on the job — and that's cool with me!

Even when Eric and Ruben are reunited in the end, it is as equals, getting along in the best Rodney King tradition, and fucking themselves up a storm.

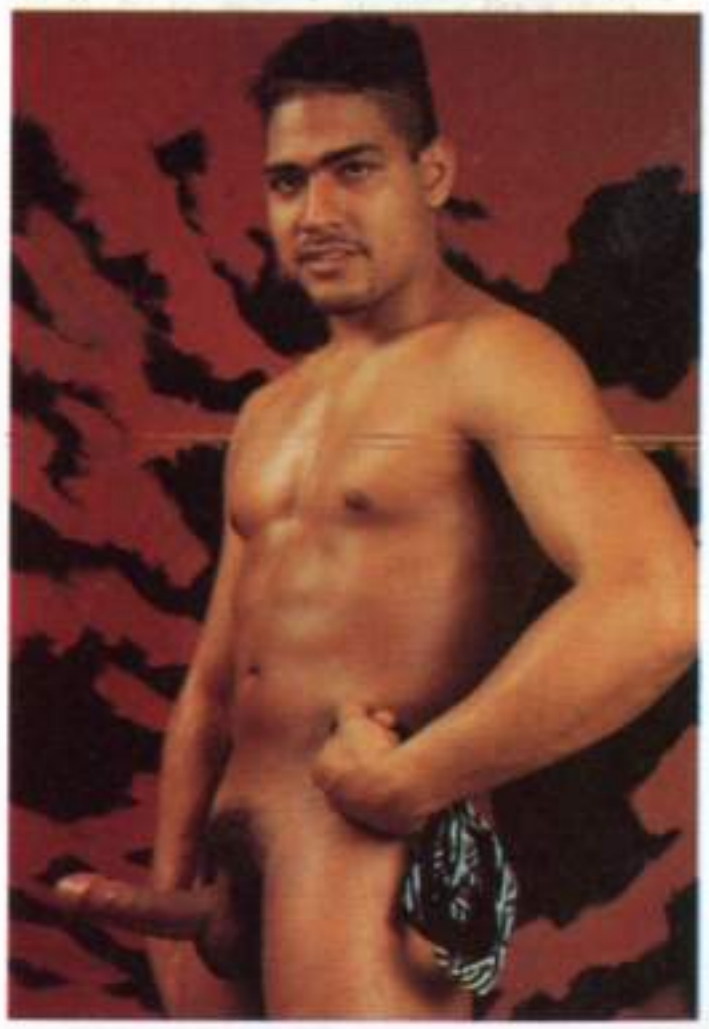
Now, don't get me wrong! I'm not looking at RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS through politically correct colored glasses. This video is a macho flesh festival capable of duking it out with the best of them and if you need any more reasons than the ones I've already sited, I'll give 'em to you right now: The orgy scenes!

Three, four, count 'em five man action happens live in full Super-VHS color in the midst of this video's epic narrative. Rico, Julio, Jose Pelos and a homeboy buddy of theirs check out an off-the-boat Puerto Rican of their own in Rico's bachelor pad, opting for a wild free-for-all, blow-jobs for everyone and a titanic fuck to boot. Later on, in his abandoned building Julio is joined by Romeo, Aldo Taranelli and a pair of horse-hung newcomers for a boyishly playful round of jay-oh and a hot suck to cap things off.

Left: VIC TORRES with buddy JOSE RANOS.
Above: No story about the Latino Fan Club is complete without a photo of all-time champ, FREDDY MAC!

But the piece de resistance — indeed, this is the one scene that makes this video worth the $119.95 all by itself for my money — is the scene where the golden haired white-boy john gets far more than he bargained for when his gorgeous, black-dicked, uncut trick calls three of his homeboys (Rico, Diablito, and Carlos Alvarez). This trio of pure Puerto Rican pride bursts into the middle of a juicey blow-job, and, like a pride of starved lions, they fall upon our young blonde dude and all but tear him apart! With out a doubt this is the hottest all-out homeboy assault on a white-dude ever set on tape. The way these guys grab this white dude by the head, their dark skin on his pale, reddening flesh, speaking in Spanish, sticking all of their gigantic dicks in his face, roughing him up and pulling him between them, then skewering him butt-and-mouth on their huge poles...this one's simply the best, Mr. Brennan!

RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS is four hours long. It boasts a cast of twenty-eight, and two dozen of these are hot, Hispanic homeboys of all shapes and sizes. There are fourteen sex scenes, boasting dozens of blow-jobs, mutual j.o.'s, a few 69's and a handful of truly powerful fucks (to be appre-ciated, believe me, you don't know what it's like trying to get these so-called straight boys to bugger one another!). More than that, RSHK shows us these guys have the grit and the guts to help one another and take help from white folk on equal terms. Of course, the

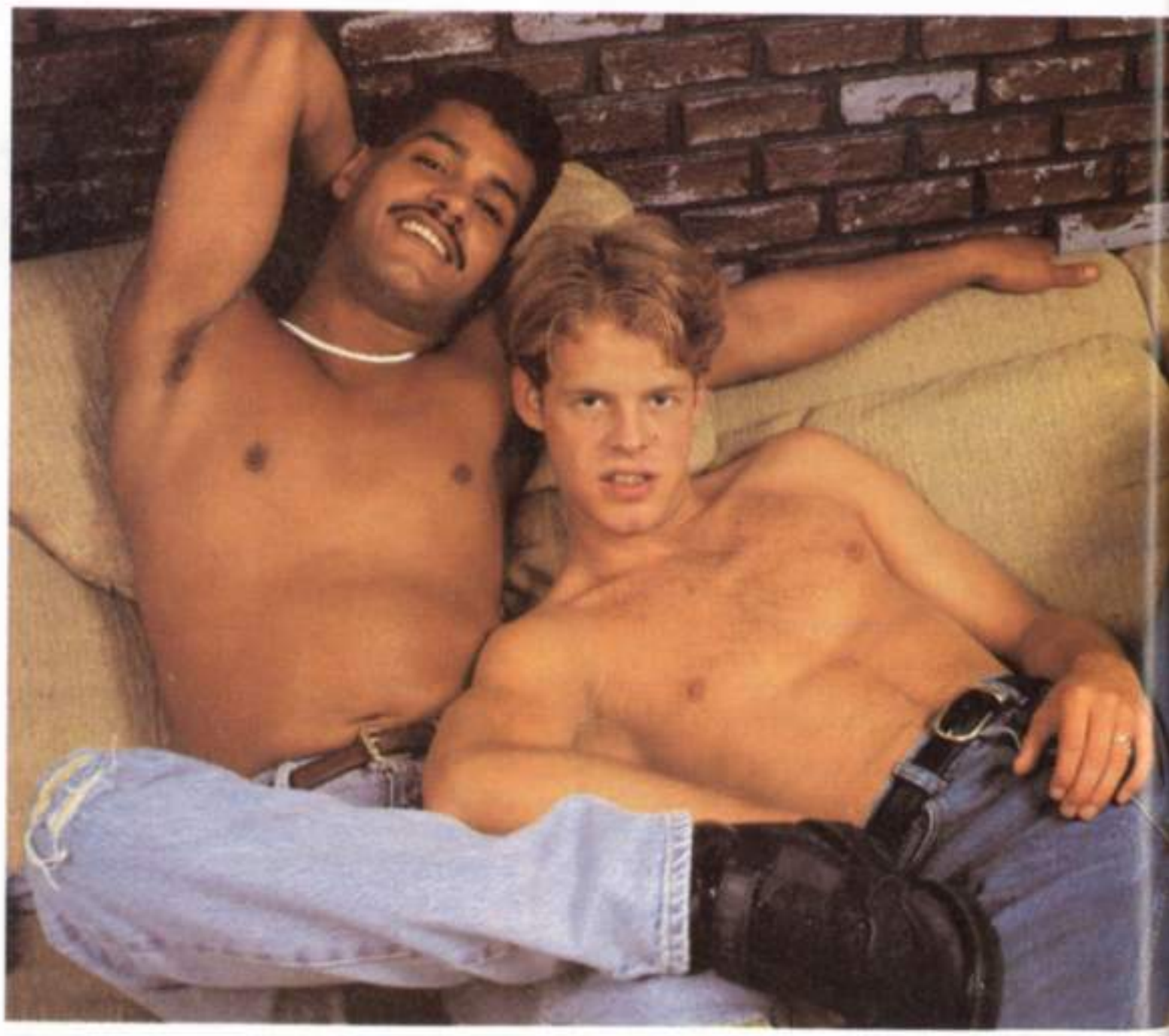


SUPER BARRIO BROS. stars DIAMOND, "BABY FACE" GUSTAVO VIVA and "The DESTROYER".

Above: RICO SUAVE gets some attention from BRIAN WEBER in RETURN OF THE SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS. Below: (Dreams do come true!) KINO with BRIAN WEBER.

struggle is not over, as the video's ending only half-jokes. The Vic's of the world are still waiting out there, you know...

You may join the Latino Fan Club ($20, and you get their hot monthly newsletter to boot), get a copy of their extensively (and for $2.00, deliciously graphic) catalog, or order any of these videos ($59.95 each, except for RSHK which is $119.95) by writing the Latino Fan Club, P.O. Box 139, New York, NY 10013-0139. Keep freezing those frames!



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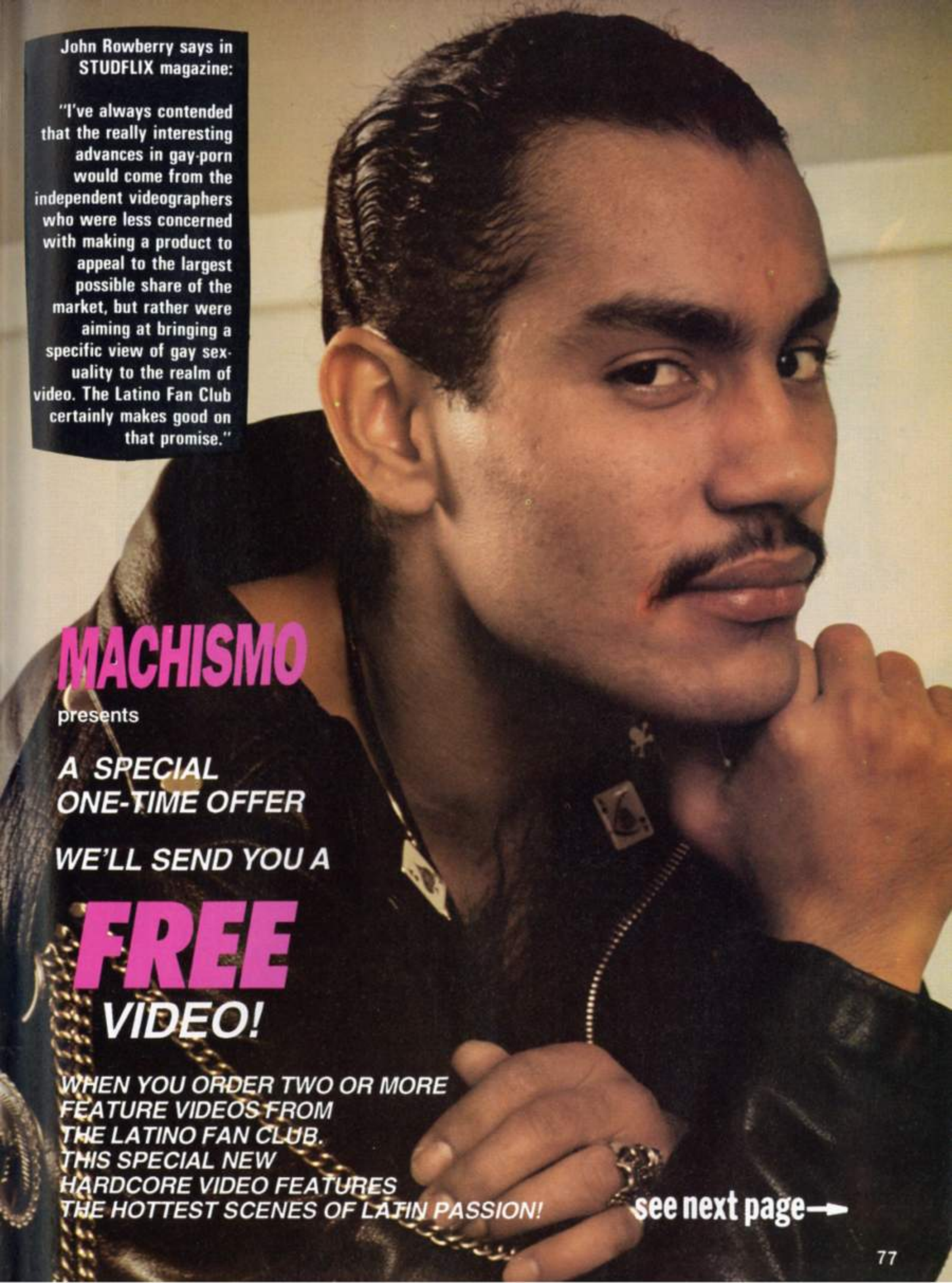
John Rowberry says in STUDFLIX magazine:
"I've always contended that the really interesting advances in gay-porn would come from the independent videographers who were less concerned with making a product to appeal to the largest possible share of the market, but rather were aiming at bringing a specific view of gay sexuality to the realm of video. The Latino Fan Club certainly makes good on that promise."
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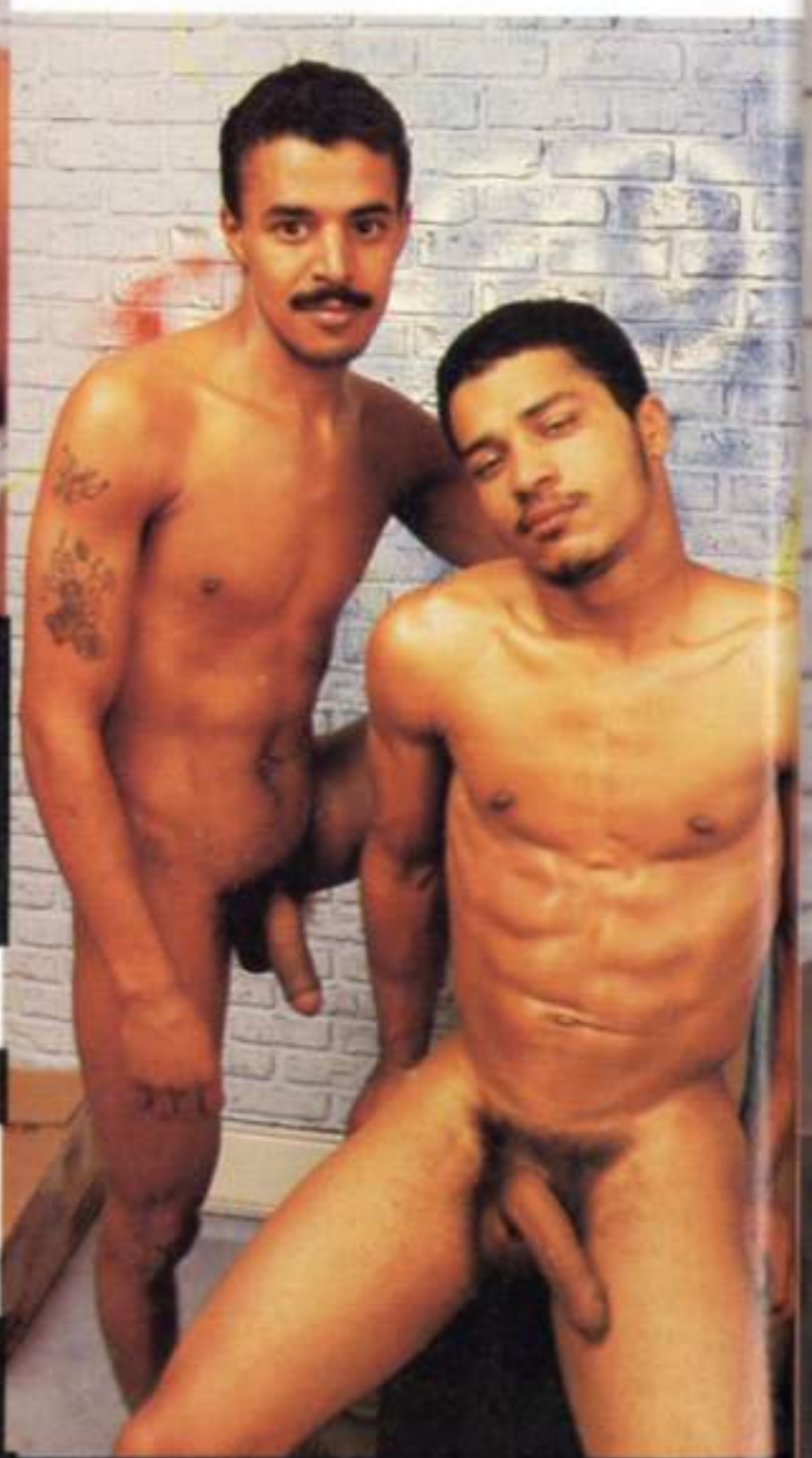

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PHOTOS BY THE LATINO FAN CLUB

JULIO NIEVES can be seen in SPANISH HARLEM KNIGHTS. ***See page 77.***

CHICO DIAZ can be seen in DOIN' HARDTIME and HOMEBOY HOODLUMS.

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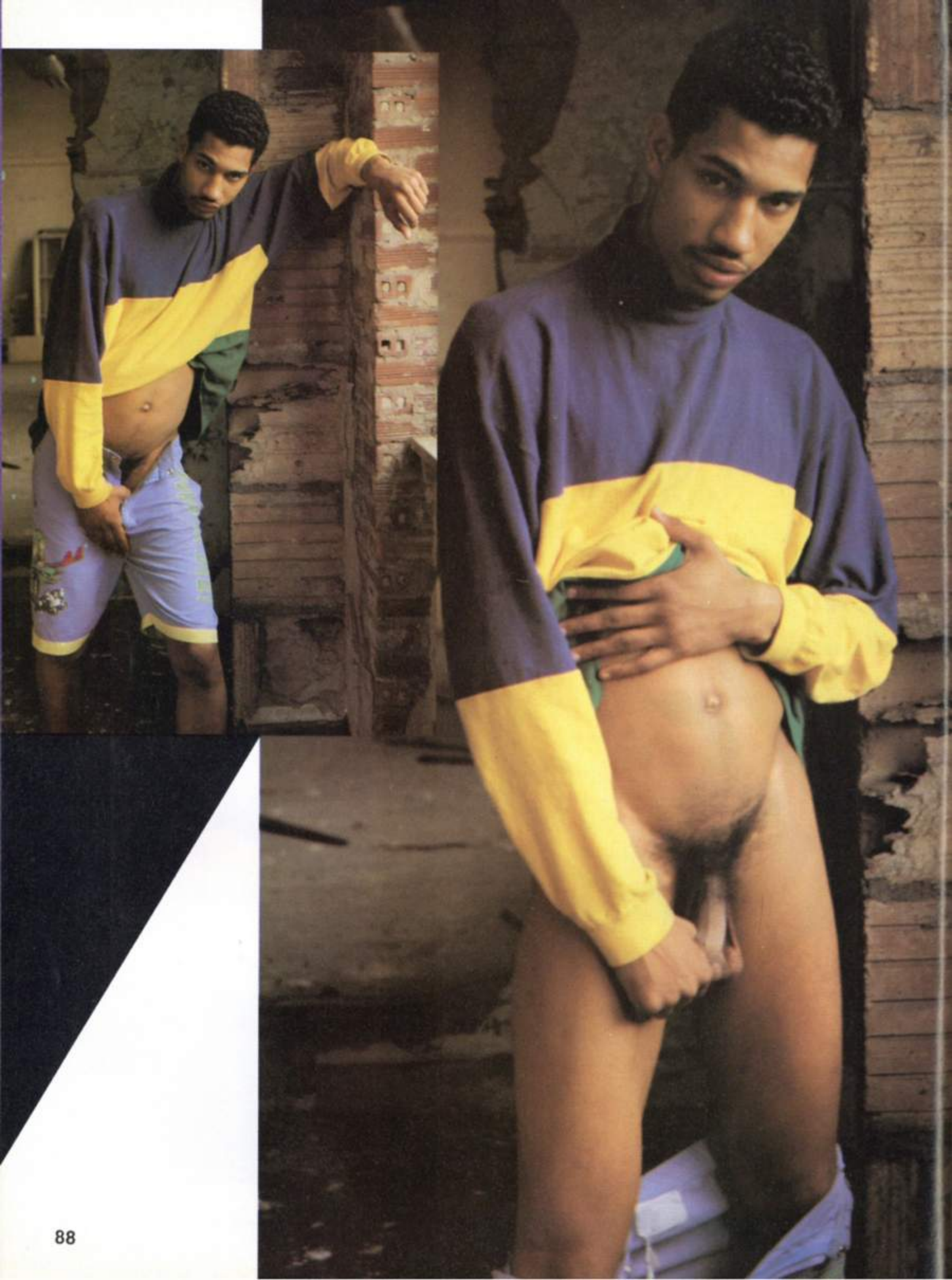

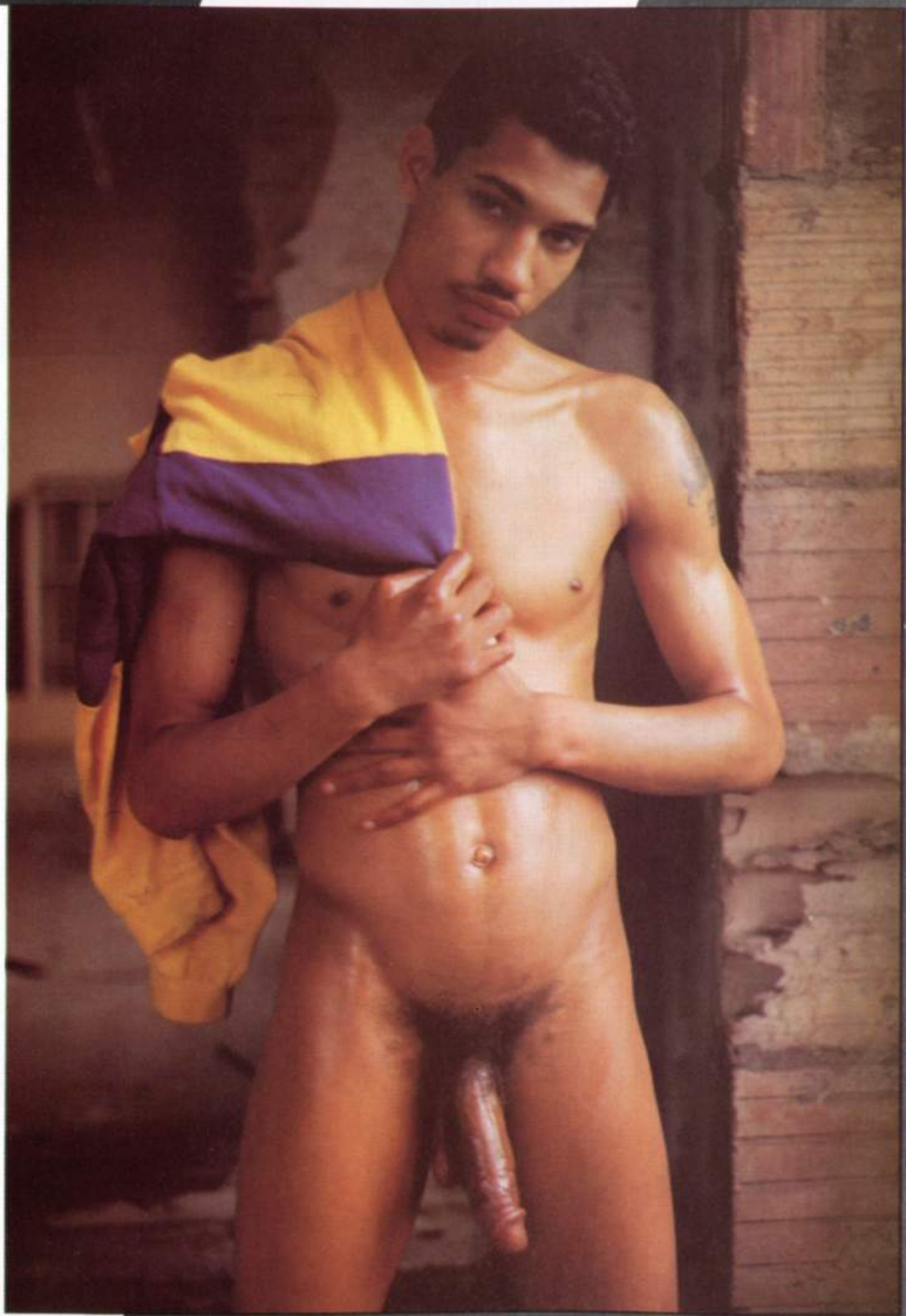

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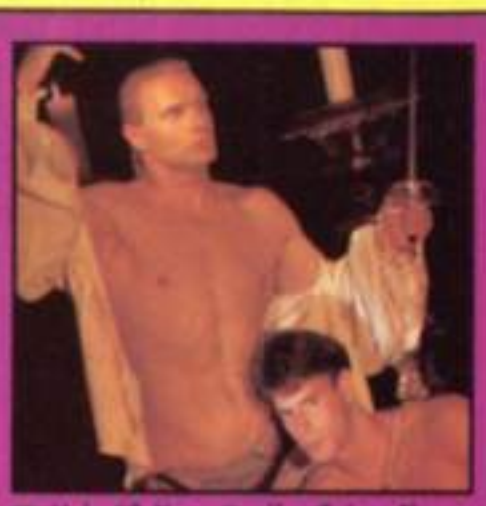

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GROWIN' UP RICAN

Continued from 20

its hard ridges. Then, taking me by the hair, he pushed his tremendous hard cock right into my lips, that fat, red cockhead emerging from its foreskin to force itself against my clenched teeth.

"Tomalo," his command was warm but firm. *"Tomalo, hijo. Comelo, nene."*

I had never sucked dick before. Hell, I'd pretty much always thought I was a straight boy. But that cock on my cousin Carlos, it was so big and beautiful I had to have it. Besides, he was using that sexy, macho voice of his. Throaty and silky, it echoed off the tiles as the water ran down over us, telling me to take it down, like I was his son, his little boy, and he was the Popi I'd never really had. That eight inch cock of his filled up my mouth and throbbed inside of it, shocking me with its aliveness, forcing pre-cum to drool out of my own big dick. I tried to relax my throat to take more of it down, and before long I had him moaning and pulling my wet hair.

Within minutes he was trembling, filled with lust, and my heart was pounding at how great I was making this hot young man feel. Then I felt his hands on me, forcing me up and around, his dick popping out of my hungry mouth. I didn't know what was going on. He was handling me so roughly, deliberately, he was almost hurting me.

My arms were brought up to hold onto a washcloth rack, and I was now facing away from him. He was spreading my legs, leaving my ass to stick up high in the air. For a second, nothing happened, but then I felt something wet and slippery run right up against my butthole. Instinctively, I tightened up.

"Cojelo suave, nene," said Carlos. "Take it easy."

With those words, I knew exactly what he meant, and relaxed. I wanted this guy. I wanted him real bad, and I loved it that he wanted me right now. He slid his hand around me and grabbed my dick, squeezing it, sending thrills of pleasure into my belly. Then he pushed his big uncut meat into my soaped up asshole and slowly forced his way deeper and deeper.

My eyes bulged! I groaned a strangled cry before his hand covered my mouth and he told me, "Shhh!" He took hold of my dick again and started jerking me off as he pumped my ass. I felt him behind me, a big, macho, Puerto Rican animal who had mounted me and wouldn't get off till he got satisfaction. Before long he was slamming it to me, making me grit my teeth and gasp with pleasure. Something cut loose in my cock and I started firing my load big-time against the moist tiles. Two weeks worth of creamy cum shot from my balls into the air, tossing me into the throws of ecstasy. My head was spinning so hard I began to lose my grip, but that was okay with Carlos. He was almost done.

Before I knew it, I was on my knees again, my cousin's huge cock having slipped from deep within my ass to wave, still-hard, in my face. I grabbed it and pumped. In seconds, Carlos started growling curse words in Spanish, and five hot jets of pearly white cum shot out of his dick to splatter into my face. I wanted to shout with joy!

—But then came a knock at the bathroom door!

"What is going on in there?" It was Tio Raul, back from the supermarket. I almost died.

"Salvajamos el agua, Popi," said Carlos, the picture of serenity.

"Yeah," I agreed, seeing my future in a whole new light. "We're saving water!" ●

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Barrio PIZZA BOYS

Continued from 55

Miguel pushed himself up a little, examining Jose's face more closely. He seemed genuinely upset. "C'mon, take it easy. Sure it was an accident, James m'man. It's okay, really, sit down, give it a rest...Hell, I could understand if it wasn't an accident. Kurt may have shit for brains, but his body is pretty hot. He's cut and ripped six ways from Sunday; best in the 'hood."

Jose's eyes opened wider. "Hunh? You think so?"

"Sure." Miguel warmed to his subject, seeing that Jose wanted to hear more. This would be the big test. "Kurt's okay, but, personally, I think Luiz's bod's even better. He's got that sweet disposition to go along with those outrageous pecs, and there are even a few soft spots to grab onto while you're fucking him."

Jose was smiling ever so slightly, his eyes on the floor. "I'll bet the girls all say he's also got a great ass."

Miguel laughed out loud. He knew it. "The best, Joselito. The best."

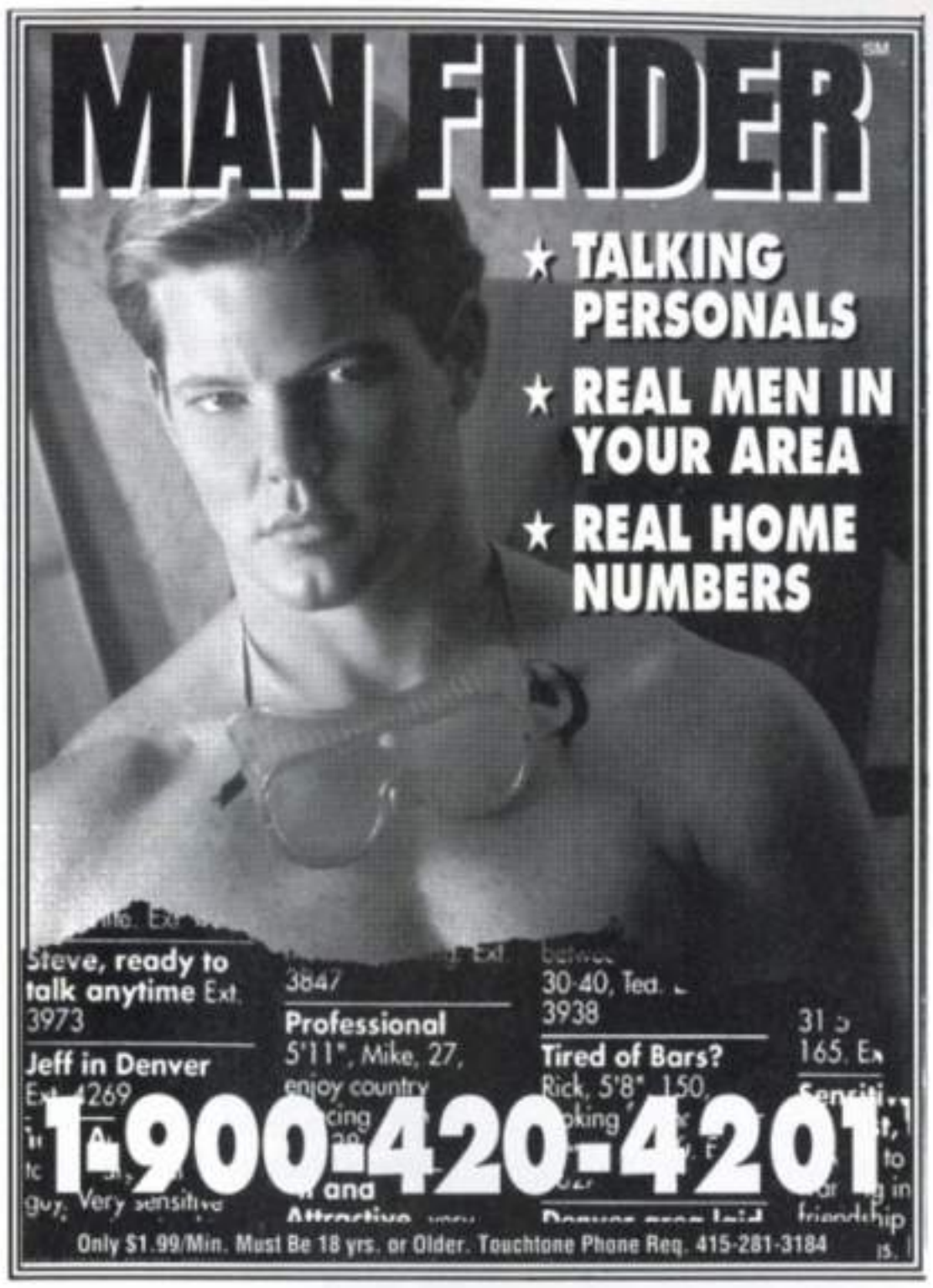
"No," said Jose, shaking his head slowly and finally looking up to meet Miguel's eyes. "I think yours is even hotter."

He blushed red, looking down again. Then, he surprised Miguel as he quickly knelt down on the floor between Miguel's legs and rested a hand on either thigh.

"Thanks for taking that guy on for me." He gazed up into Miguel's face for a few moments, then leaned forward, slipping his arms around his waist to slowly, hesitantly, brush his lips against Miguel's.

Miguel felt his aching, pent-up cock swell inside his jeans for the umpteenth time today, and *shit* , this had better be the last without a little satisfaction. He gently touched Jose's silky hair and put an arm around his shoulders.

"It's all right, baby. You're safe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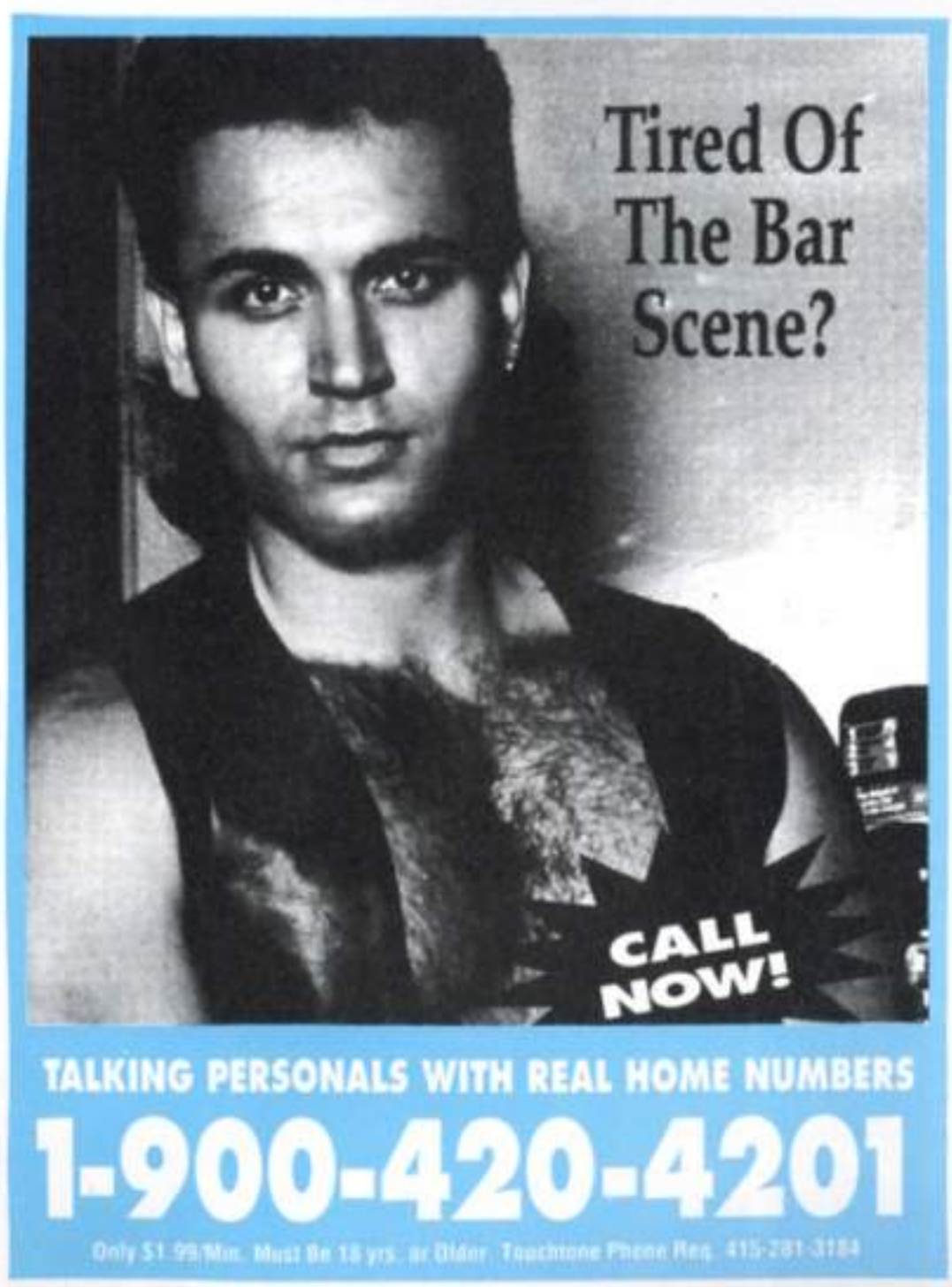
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here." Miguel squeezed him tightly, gradually feeling Jose relax beneath the embrace.

"Yeah, I guess I am," agreed Jose with a sigh, pulling back slightly. His eyelashes were a little damp, but there was a spark of light in his eyes. "You *are* pretty hot, you know. I'd love to do something for you, but I think your buddy Luiz'd put me through the wall."

As Jose ran his hands up his chest, Miguel could feel their warmth through his thin t-shirt. Jose's fingers responded to his every movement, unerringly finding all the sensitive spots before he stopped, waiting for the green light. "Luiz is a saint, Joselito. For Chrissake, just shut up and kiss my cock before I die of blue balls!"

Like a plane crash victim just in from the Andes, Jose scrabbled up Miguel's t-shirt and his mouth connected with the hot, sweaty meat of his hero's torso. With a skill beyond his years he licked and nibbled his way down Miguel's chest to his tits, where he bit, chewed and sucked both nipples till they stood out a full inch from each pec.

Pulling the younger guy up, Miguel wrapped his legs around Jose's lower body, groaning out load as he pressed his hard denim clad cock against Jose's wiry form. Jose was a light, taut string, vibrating with every emotion and sensation, reacting to the slightest stimulus. As he got hotter, he bit down harder on Miguel's nipples, pulling at them with his teeth.

Miguel thought he was going to cum right then, but Jose broke off and started trailing his lips along the line of fine hair down the middle of Miguel's chest. He darted his tongue into his navel, making Miguel flinch and draw in his breath with a sharp hiss.

Miguel's cock was straining against his jeans, and he was pressing on Jose's shoulders with his hands. Jose tugged at the waistband, slowly pulling the buttons apart one by one. Miguel groaned, leaning his head back against the wall, as his huge, beet-red cock finally sprang free of the denim. Jose's hands swarmed into his pants, pushing them down around his hips and carefully easing out his eight and a half inch monster.

The smooth circumcised head was swollen and drooling with pre-cum, throbbing with built up frustration. Miguel rocked his head back and forth as Jose gently blew his warm breath against the tip.

"Suck me!" Miguel cried out hoarsely, his hands buried in Jose's hair.

With one wet, swirling movement of his tongue, Jose took Miguel's tongue into his mouth. Miguel's groans were lost in the smacking, smothered exclamations of Jose as he licked and swallowed his entire cock.

"Oh, man…go ahead and eat me up! Gobble me down!"

Jose took it all the way, touching his lips to the pubes at the base of Miguel's cock. Then he drew out slowly, tightening his mouth around the shaft, as he caressed Miguel's heavy, hairy balls. He tongued the very tip, steadying Miguel's twitching body with his hands.

"Oh, baby, yes!" Miguel called out, tightening his legs around Jose.

The sound of the hallway door opening startled them both. Luiz filled the partition with his body, grinning back at them.

"Now, that's what I like to see. I think I'll lock up a little early tonight."

When he came back, he started running his hands across Jose's body. Jose looked even smaller with Luiz leaning over him, and his arms disappeared in Luiz's huge embrace. Jose just lowered his head to Miguel's cock again, hardly missing a beat as he let Luiz strip off his clothes. Luiz practically ripped off Jose's t-shirt and began jerking down his jeans. Jose made small noises in the back of his throat, but he didn't stop sucking Miguel down. It seemed like nothing could make him leave that raging piece of meat. Miguel touched them in turn, stroking them, feeling their muscles—the lean tightness of Jose's, the heavy beefiness of Luiz's. He hooked his long legs around Luiz, also, trying to feel the weight of them both against him.

Miguel was glad Jose felt so comfortable with them. He met Luiz's eyes over the kid's head, and that dumb grin and the sight of that deep navel dancing under that ripped jersey of his was almost enough to make him cum right there. But he held on, trying to draw it out as long as possible.

Jose raised his head, bracing his hands against the bench when Luiz pulled out his nine inch python and grabbed the cheeks of his ass, to rub it against his bare skin. "Do you want me, Joselito?"

"Yes!" he gasped, still wetly skewering his face with Miguel's member.

Miguel watched Luiz's cock, standing at forty-five degrees and hard as a rock, being dressed in latex for its maiden voyage up Jose's hungry hole. He and Luiz hadn't ganged up on many other guys, and this was still sort of fresh to them. God was it hot! Miguel loved the thought of being sucked off while his lover prepared to defile his serviceman.

"Do him, Luizie," cried Miguel. "Shove that meat of yours into Franco's brand new pizza boy!"

Miguel's cock jerked in response, as Luiz stroked his own dick and touched the rubber coated tip to Jose's ass. He slowly eased it in, as Jose pressed up against Miguel, strangling upon his cock, crying out in pain and pleasure. All the way in now, Luiz squeezed his fingers into the firm mounds of Jose's ass, leaning his head back. He continued grinding his hips into Jose, shoving his cock in then drawing it back out with long, steady strokes until Jose finally lost hold of Miguel, leaving it twitching and just shy of bursting.

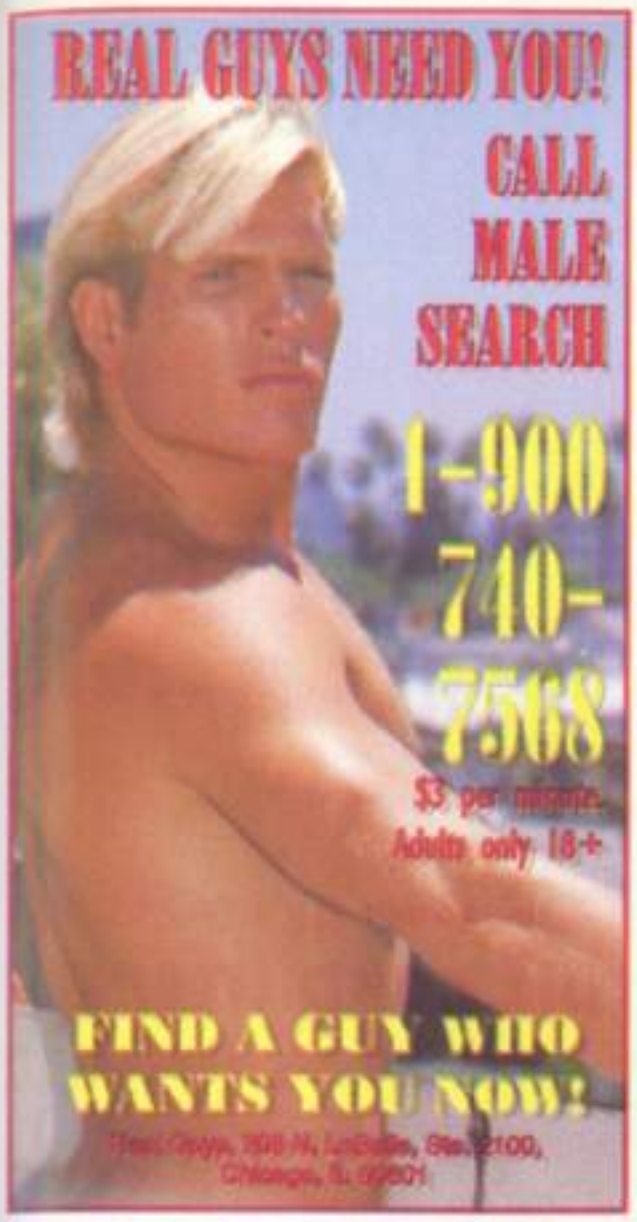
"Oh, no, not this time!" When Luiz paused for a moment, buried all the way in, Miguel slipped out from beneath Jose, letting him brace himself against the bench.

Holding his cock in his hands, Miguel quickly stepped behind Luiz. He hardly ever took his lover this way; they usually fucked face to face. But spreading his body against Luiz's back, Miguel got off on how strong Luiz was, and how turned on he was, his cock deep inside of Jose, that bundle of raw nerves.

Miguel ran his hands up along Luiz's sides, caressing the firm flesh. As he moved his hands back down, he dug his fingernails into Luiz's skin, slowly raking lines of fire down his lover's body. Luiz gasped out Luizd, jamming himself harder into Jose. Miguel left red trails across Luiz's perfect butt, easing off the pressure as he neared his upper thighs. He cupped Luiz's massive balls in one hand, playing with him gently, as he ran his cock along the crack of Luiz's ass. He guided it all the way up, then pressing it deeper, drew it all the way back down again, lingering at his deep, tight hole.

Luiz shivered, not sure when it was coming, wanting it. "Give it to me, man!"

With one smooth thrust, Miguel sank his cock all the way in. He pressed the cheeks of Luiz's ass together with his hands, holding Luiz firmly in front



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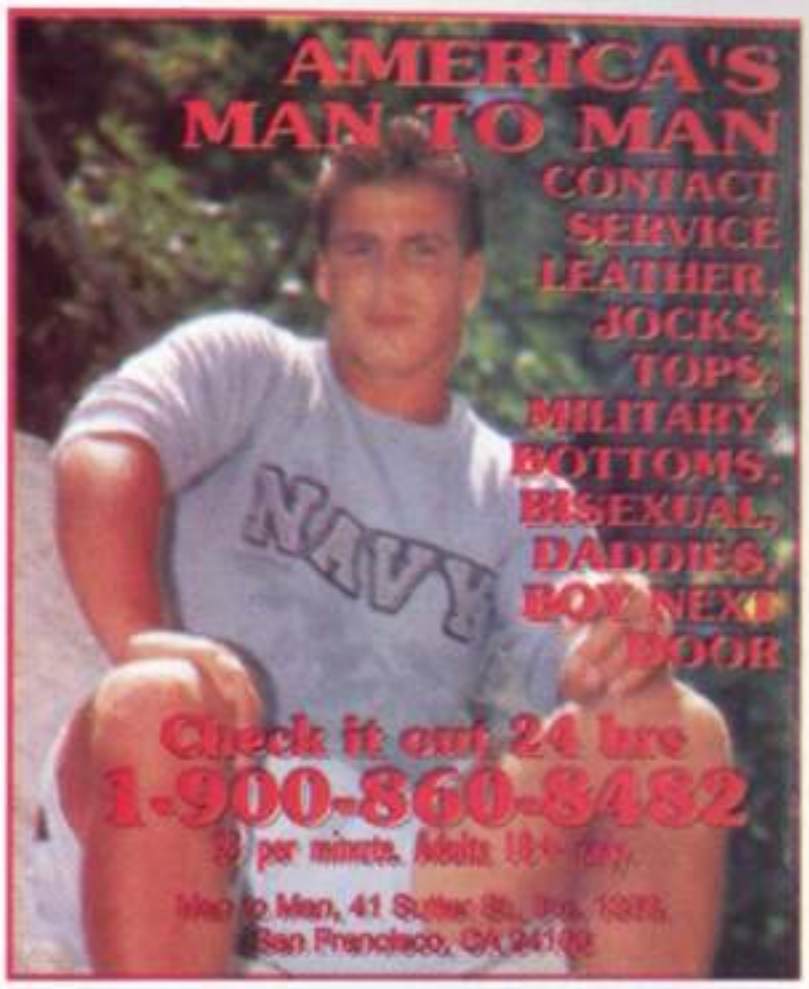

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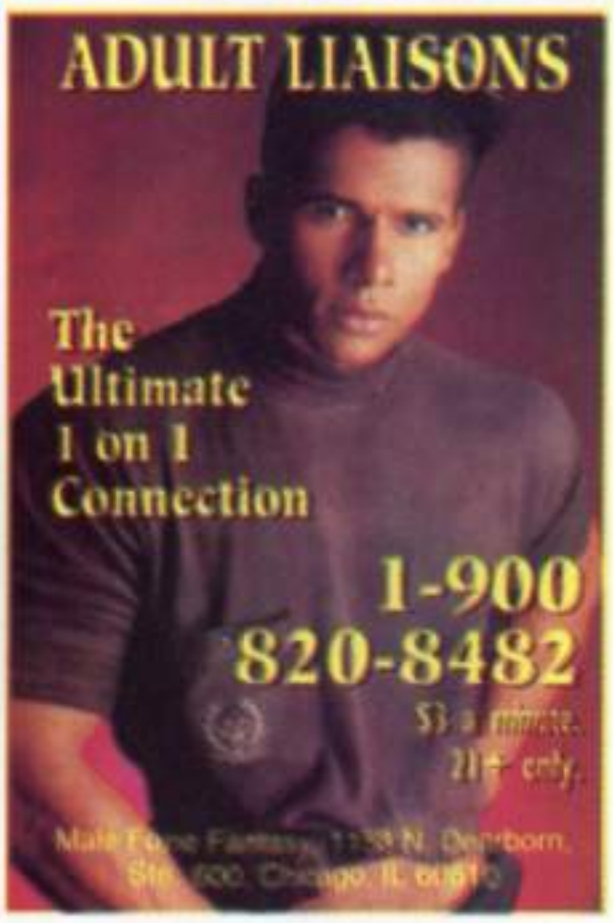

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of him and keeping him impaled on his cock. Then he drew back out, pulling from Luiz, a piercing cry of satisfaction.

As he plunged into Luiz again and again, Miguel could feel Luiz moving in and out of Jose. He'd never felt anything so hot in his life. He was taking them both at once. The heat of Luiz's ass, the moist snugness as it rippled up and down his cock, it made him start quake—he was losing control, ready to explode.

He came with explosive force, screaming out Luizd—words with no meaning but pure pleasure. Gasping, he fell on top of Luiz, just in time to feel his lover beneath him, spraying his own load into Jose.

Sweating, breathing heavily, quivering like newborn puppy dogs, they all clung together for a few minutes, half sitting, half-laying on their own cast off clothing. Jose was the first to stir.

"That was unbelievable."

"Better believe it," Miguel told him, cuffing him softly on the cheek. Then, he laughed, low and wicked. "If you want, we'll do it again, just to prove it's real." ●

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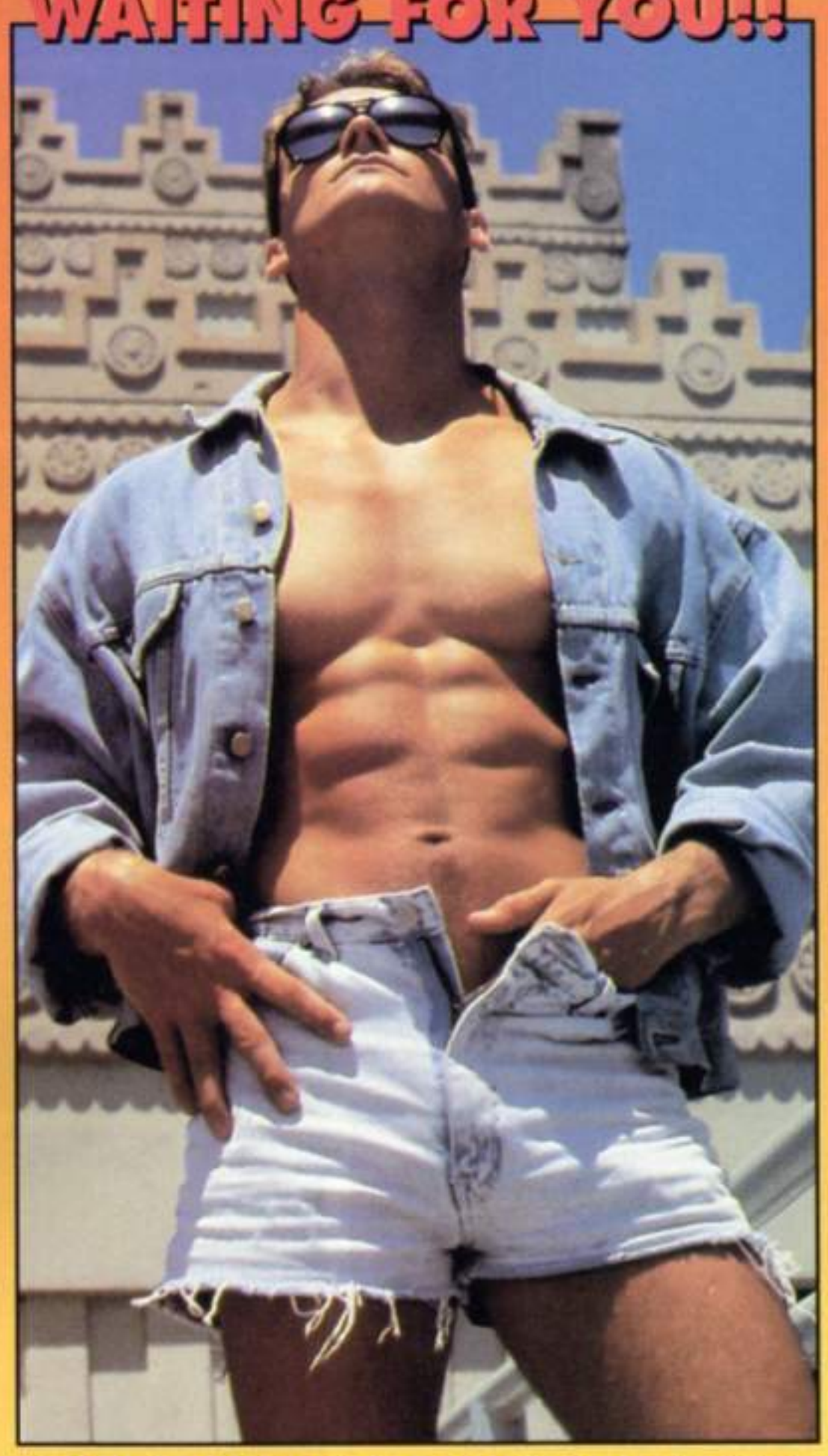

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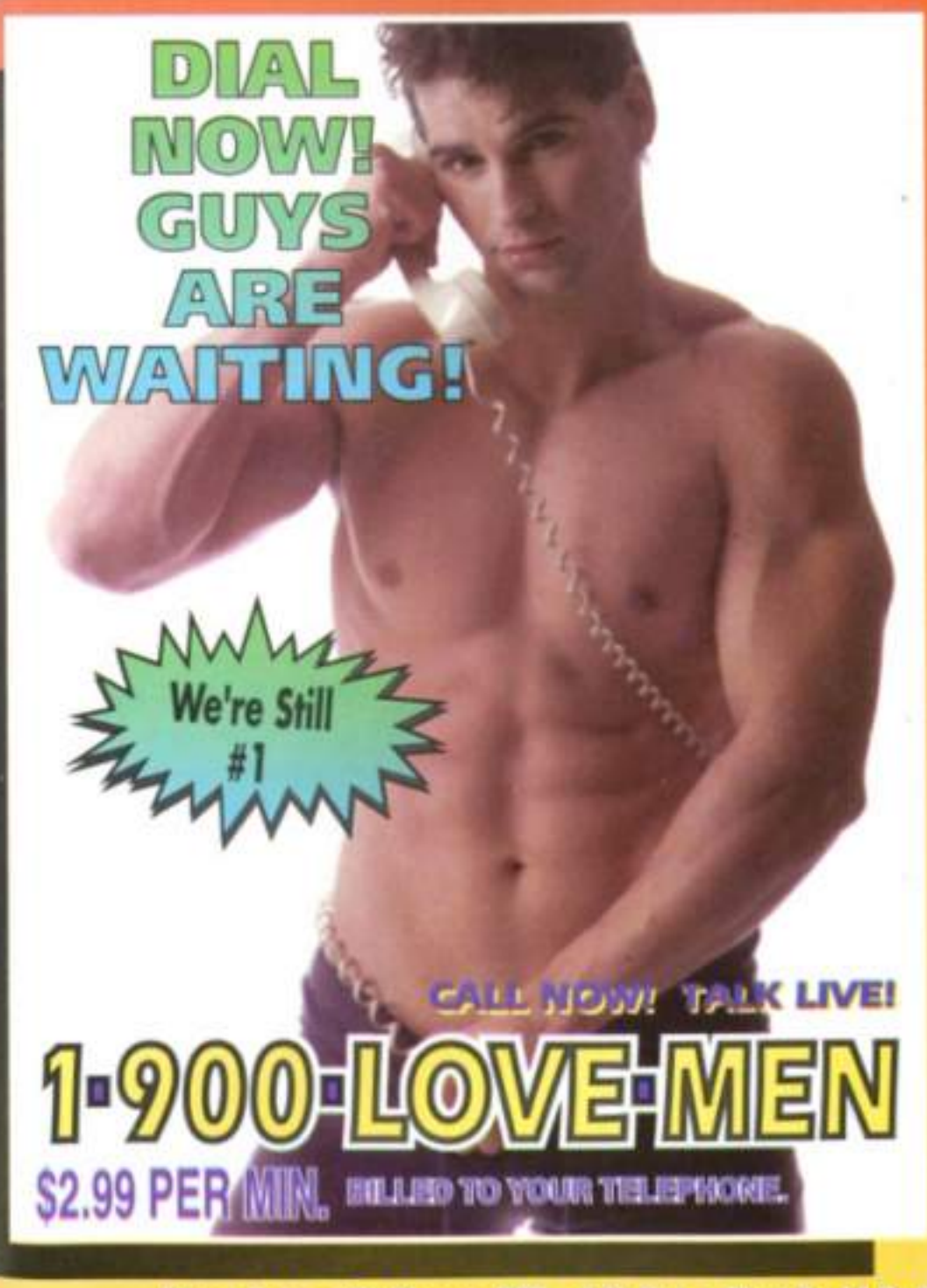

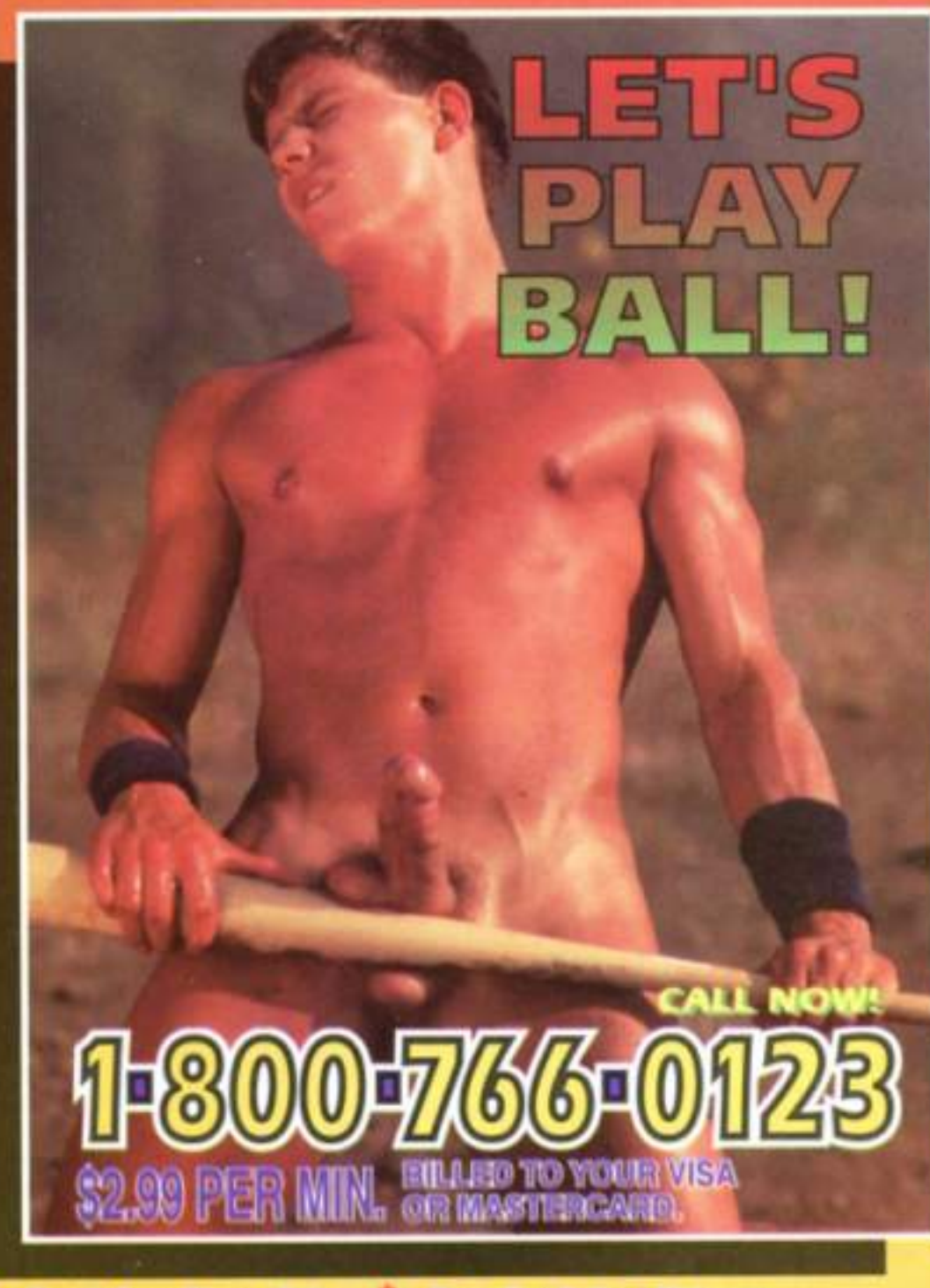

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