PLAYGUY

the magazine of male erotica

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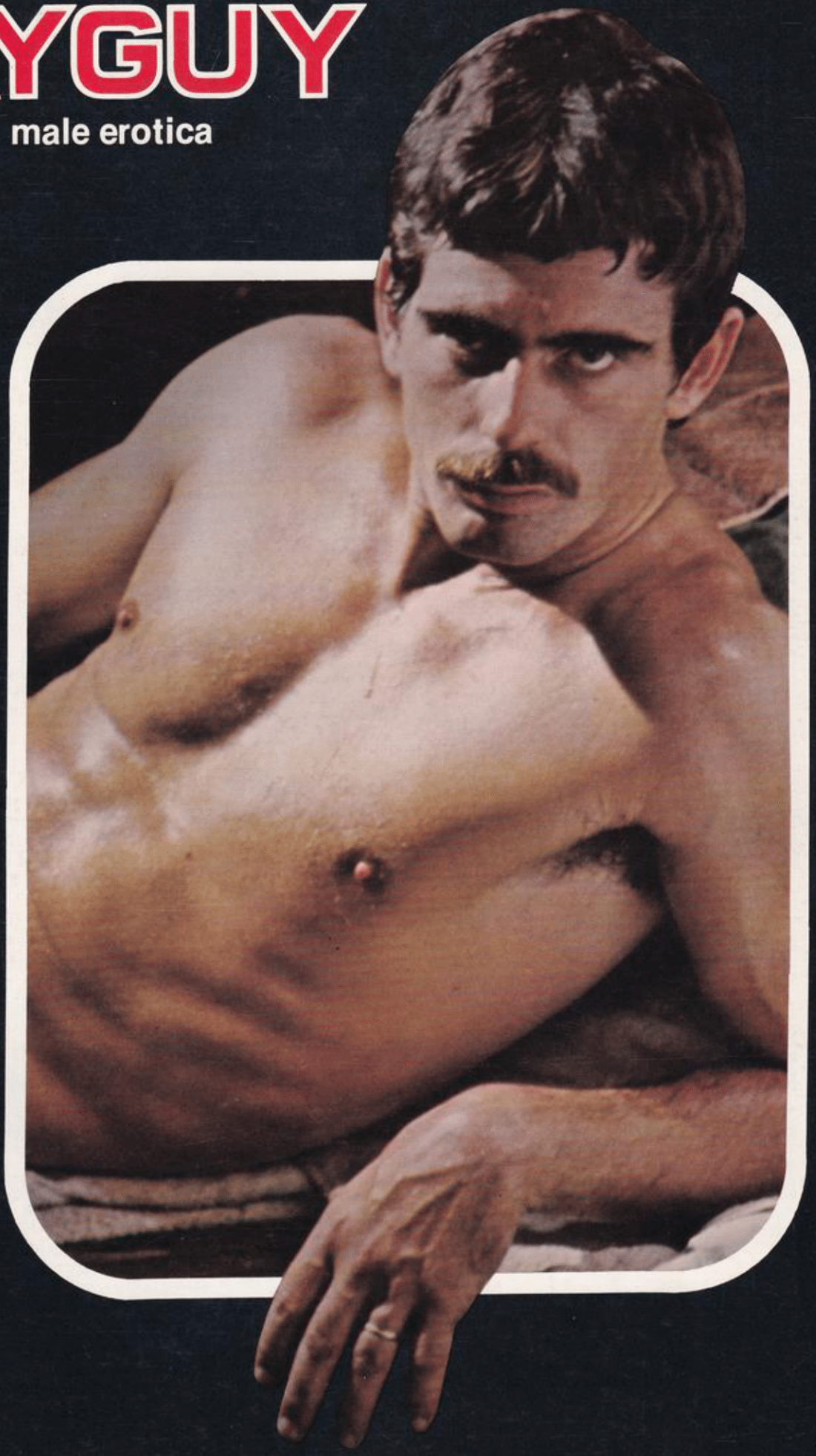

THE LEATHER BOYS

Crotch-Watching

NUDES

'Interlude in Vienna'

FANTASIES

COVER FEATURE AND CENTERFOLD: Matt Harper

PERSONALS

Gay Fantasies

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

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VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

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COVER

Handsome Matt Harper is our first Playguy discovery, Man's Image photographed our color cover.

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PLAYGUY

SIZING UP THE SCENE

After millenia of suppression, homosexuals have begun to demand a right to the unhampered lifestyles they prefer. Since the Stonewall Incident and the subsequent emergence of the Gay Liberation Movement, great strides have been made in the direction of opening up to gay possibility. Not least of these achievements is the proliferation of magazines openly geared toward the male homosexual, his very special sensibility.

Among these publications, several answer specific needs. In its political, legal and militant coverage within the Gay Movement, *The Advocate* has been a front runner. There is *Mandate*, unsurpassed in entertainment and erotic coverage, with its graphically stunning artwork, erotic nude pictorials, and full coverage of the arts and entertainment worlds from a specialized gay perspective. And there is *Christopher Street*, smarmy and chic, with its slick *New Yorker*ish appeal to Gotham intelligentsia. There are others, of course, far less significant, struggling to construct a *raison d'etre* around little more than "cock shots," seemingly ungoverned by any serious guiding principle.

Playguy will endeavor to offer our readership a handsomely designed, erotic, intelligently constructed amalgam of features. We do not intend to rival, but to augment. Among our regular features, *Playguy* will offer fiction of an erotic nature written by some of the finest writers today; this premiere issue presents two such works. We think the life of the mind is as exciting as the life of the body, and the mind's most fascinating aspect, the capacity for imagining, will find full exposure here; we call upon our readers to contribute to our "Fantasies" section. We plan to offer the most provocative male nude pictorials obtainable in a variety of presentations including, naturally, a color centerfold. All these, plus a "Personals" section and a "Letters to the Editor" column as soon as we begin getting a response from you.

We welcome your comments on this premiere issue of *Playguy* and look forward to learning what we can do to make our magazine more of what *you* want. We believe we're beginning with a fairly wide range of offerings, both pictorially and editorially. You'll find two fictions offerings: "Interlude in Vienna," by Colin Hayes, a sensual encounter between a visiting American businessman and a young Austrian with a bizarre linkage to the man's past; and "A Sort of Sleep," by Benton Reeves, a literate work of erotica dealing with the Cajun peoples of the Mississippi Delta and their unsuspected discovery of sensuality. We introduce our fantasy section with three first-person accounts of real-life dreams involving a Marine, a hardhat and a policeman—you'll learn how we managed to elicit these very *real* fantasies in the section's introduction!

For those of you dabbling in the leather scene, or those who're fascinated by it, we have "The Leather Boys" which includes a brief introduction to this factual netherworld coming more and more out of the dungeon, along with some *hot* photographs of these men at work and/or play. And there's a tempting pictorial on the age-old and highly enjoyable sport of "crotch-watching." Then there's our classified section where you can look for someone to tickle your fancy, or vice-versa. And a pictorial on Jack, our tennis player who shows you more than fuzzy, bouncing balls. And for those who, when Fall sets in, are ready to reminisce about Fire Island, we've got reviews of two books that can make you remember things past, and rekindle memories and desires of Fire Island summers.

Last, but by no means least, is our coverman and super centerfold, Matt Harper, our "Playguy Uncovered." We think he's just about one of the hottest things to come along in a long, long while.

So, dear reader, who exactly *is* a Playguy? Both the fellows on the pages—those are two Colt men, sizing things up, opposite—and *you*!

Size *us* up, and enjoy.

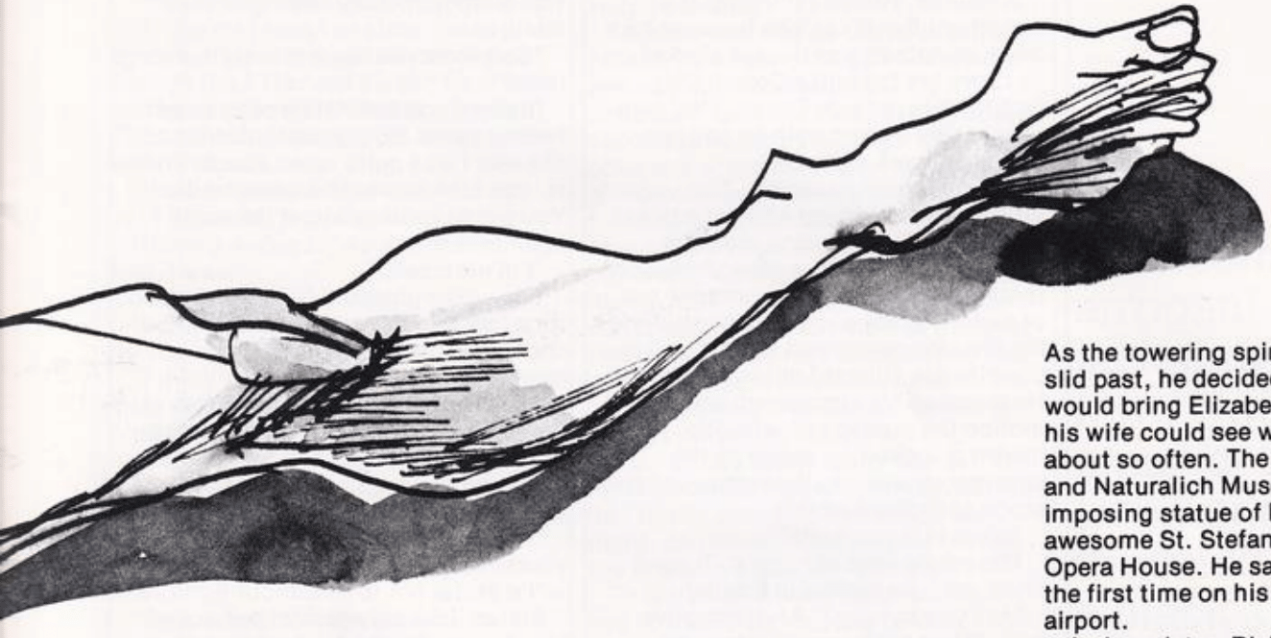
—Bret Lucas
EDITOR

Illustration by Colt

INTERLUDE IN VIENNA

By Colin Hayes

The trees lining the Ringstrasse were dusted with an early spring snow, the lights of Vienna glowing around them, softening gnarled trunks and weather-battered limbs. Richard Dennis looked through the frosty windows of a taxicab, watching the familiar tableau with affection. He spent several weeks of the year in Vienna on business and he always experienced a strange sadness when he flew home to New York. The pace of the Austrian capital, a gentle gait almost that of a waltz, appealed to him. He had often thought his wife and children would enjoy living there, but business responsibilities and obligations precluded that possibility.



As the towering spires of the Rathaus slid past, he decided next visit he would bring Elizabeth along. At least his wife could see what he talked about so often. The Kunthistoriches and Naturalich Museums with the imposing statue of Maria Therese. The awesome St. Stefan's Cathedral. The Opera House. He saw them all as if for the first time on his drive in from the airport.

An hour later, Richard sat in a glass-enclosed sidewalk cafe on Kartnerstrasse, a favorite spot he always tried to patronize when in the city. He had finished a heavy meal of salad, soup, chicken and potato dumplings and now savored the rich Viennese coffee as he stared out at the almost deserted avenue. Few people were braving the unseasonably cold weather, scurrying about their affairs beneath heavy coats, scarves tucked tightly around their necks. A fresh snow had begun sprinkling the city, whipped by a bitter wind coming from the mountains to the north.

Illustration by Richard Rosenfeld

INTERLUDE IN VIENNA

Richard felt a sudden chill knife through his body, an odd coldness that was not spawned by the icy weather outside the window. A figure had moved close by and was staring at him through the glass, the expression on the face screaming...something. It struck Richard as peculiar. Vienna was a city devoid of beggars, so why this person? But what impressed him most and sent a repeat of that shiver was the look of the young man. The face was shockingly, frighteningly familiar. The features were sharp and well defined, mouth full and slightly pouting, hollow cheekbones covered with blond stubble. Eyes that were a Danube blue locked firmly with Richard's own dark ones. The body appeared thin through a tattered leather jacket and faded blue jeans.

Jonathan, Richard thought. It's Jonathan! But it can't be because he's dead. Jonathan was decapitated when he drove his car into a Cotton Belt freight train outside Dallas. That was twenty years when both he and Jonathan were eighteen.

Richard heard a tapping. The stranger was clinking a finger against the glass, his heavy ring startling Richard from his memories. Almost as though manipulated by someone out of sight, a great puppeteer controlling his life strings without full permission, Richard raised his hand. He watched his arm rise up and motion the man to come inside. The maitre d' looked curiously as the stranger strode into the restaurant and stood at Richard's table.

"What is it you want?"

The young man shrugged. "I don't know yet," he replied in English.

"Are you hungry?" An affirmative nod. "Then have some coffee and a torte with me."

"I would prefer soup, *mein herr*."

"Then have what you wish." Richard indicated that he be seated and flagged at the waiter. Once the order had been taken, he asked his name.

"Stefan. And you?"

"My name is Richard Dennis."

"You are American."

"That's right. I assume you're Austrian."

Stefan smiled enigmatically. "*Naturlich*. I come from Graz. In the southern part of Austria."

"I'm curious about something. Why did you choose to come to me for a handout?"

The young Austrian's face clouded. He frowned and toyed with the coffee cup set before him by the waiter. "It is not for a handout. I asked you for nothing. It was you who motioned for me to come inside. And it was you who asked if I wanted something to eat."

Richard had to shake his head in agreement. The boy obviously had his pride. "I beg your pardon."

"It is nothing, Mr. Dennis. I understand you Americans. But I might say I am curious about something."

"What is it?"

"Why did you invite me in?" Stefan sipped at the steaming coffee, making a face at its hotness. Again the rich blue eyes bored into Richard's face, and he shifted his posture to a more comfortable position.

"I...I thought you were...someone else. At first. Someone I knew once. It was a most unusual feeling of *deja vu*."

"Someone you haven't seen in a long time?"

Richard nodded. "He's been dead for twenty years. You...you look so much like him I was quite taken aback. That is, you look like he did when he died. You were probably about the same age."

"I'm nineteen."

"He was eighteen." Richard reached for a fork and cut into the chocolate-drenched torte, remembering idly that he almost invariably gained weight in Vienna. He was helpless against the ceaseless onslaught of pastries that appeared to ooze from the very seams of the city.

"How did he die, this friends of yours?"

"I'd prefer not to talk about it."

Stefan drew up against the back of his chair and sighed. "As you wish." He nodded to the waiter setting a small tureen of soup before him. *"Danken."* Then, "Where shall we go afterwards, Mr. Dennis? A walk perhaps?"

"In this weather?" Richard asked, his eyebrows darting upward at the suggestion. But then he hastily questioned the stranger's motivations "Why do you think we'll be doing *anything* afterwards? I'm in the city on business. I just arrived a few hours ago and I have plenty of paperwork to complete before my meetings start in the morning."

Another Teutonic shrug from Stefan. "I think we will make some sort of arrangement."

Richard cocked his head, staring at the odd youth who seemed, like the

mythical puppeteer he sensed overhead, to have strange powers over him. Why? He had no idea. Yet, within the hour, the two of them were sitting in the parlor of Richard's suite at the Hotel Sacha, warming their feet before a blazing fire and drinking brandy. Richard found himself repeatedly staring at Stefan, inspecting his features closely, once again finding the resemblance to Jonathan staggering and more than a little disconcerting. As he had suspected, beneath the arrogant leather jacket, the boy was thin. Not emaciated, but lanky and taut-muscled. He wore a black sweater that was in stark contrast to his shock of blond hair and rosy face. His blue eyes twinkled as he caught Richard's gaze, making the other man blush.

"You are embarrassed, *mein herr?*"

"I...I didn't mean to stare. I was just thinking. My mind was wandering. Excuse me." Richard sipped from his snifter and turned toward the flames. The heat felt good against his cheeks and forehead.

"You were thinking of your friend, yes? The one I look like."

Richard nodded. "As a matter of fact, I was."

"You loved him, did you not?"

Richard's face blazed anew. "What do you mean by that?"

"I think you know what I mean."

He resisted. "No, I don't. We were high school buddies. On the swim team together. We didn't even know what love was at that age."

"I know what it is," Stefan said, an alien wisdom creeping into his voice. "And I am not so much older than your friend."

"People seem to mature earlier nowadays," Richard remarked, dodging the implication. "At any rate, Jonathan and I were friends. Good friends. That's all."

"I think, Mr. Dennis, you are not altogether telling the truth. Are you afraid of it?" Richard did not turn to look at the lad, but he definitely felt eyes on him. This can't be happening, he thought. It's impossible. No one knew what happened between Jonathan and me except the two of us. And he'd dead. Jonathan's dead.

Stefan spoke again over the man's silence. "You have a wife and children, do you not?"

"Yes." There was nothing unusual about Stefan's guessing that. The gold ring Elizabeth had given him at their wedding gleamed brightly on his left hand. "Two children. Sons. Fifteen and nine."

"Are you happily married?"

"Why all the questions, Stefan?" he asked with a little annoyance. "I feel like I'm being interrogated."

"How else will I get to know about you?"

"What about yourself? I only know you're nineteen and come from Graz."

"Do you need to know more?"

Richard sipped his brandy thoughtfully and turned again to face the flames, now slightly dying. "I don't know. I don't know why you're here or why I should want to know anything about you at all. I assure you I don't make a habit of picking up young men half my age."

"I'm certain of that. May I have more brandy?"

"Of course. It's on the table there. Help yourself."

Richard watched as the young man crossed the room, his gait cocky and self assured. Goddammit! It *is* Jonathan! But, no. It can't be. Richard shook his head, trying to jar away the cobwebs of memory, now somewhat discolored by the intake of brandy. His mind wafted back over the years, twenty years ago when Jonathan was still alive. His friend's parents were moving to Texas, and he had gone to Jonathan's house to help him pack the final things. The rest of the family had gone on to Dallas, and Richard recalled the eerie feeling of rambling around the empty house. He and Jonathan had drunk many beers, feeling very adult and adventurous. He had finally consented to spend the night, convinced by his buddy he was too drunk to safely drive home.

That's when it had happened. The two of them had stripped to their jockey shorts and stretched out on blankets on the floor. Richard remembered it had been a scorching evening, a light froth of sweat dusting his nearly naked body. The talk had, naturally it seemed, turned to sex, idle gossip and speculation about the girls in school. Richard was suddenly aware that Jonathan was stroking himself through his shorts, a thick bulge rising up and straining for release.

"Hey, Richard. Let's jerk off, huh? I'm horny as the devil tonight." Richard looked at his friend in surprise. Jonathan grinned and said, "Come on, fella. There's nothing wrong with it. I've done it with lots of guys. Everybody does it. It's just part of growing up."

"I've never done it with anybody,"

"Beneath the arrogant leather jacket, the boy was thin. Not emaciated, but lanky and taut-muscled. He wore a black sweater that was in stark contrast to the shock of blond hair and rosy face. His blue eyes twinkled as he caught Richard's gaze, making the other man blush. 'You are embarassed, *mein herr?*'"

INTERLUDE IN VIENNA

Richard said truthfully, admitting to himself he knew what his friend said was true.

"Aw, who cares? I ain't proud, man." With that, Jonathan slid his shorts down his legs and bared an erection that surprised Richard with its considerable size. He pulled back the foreskin and began rubbing his cock, sliding his hand rhythmically up and down, up and down, bringing himself to full hardness. "Don't be shy, Richard. I'm telling you it's no big deal. You aren't ashamed of your prick, are you?"

Richard flushed at the challenge. "Hell, no!" Despite himself, he, too, was growing stiff. The lump in his undershorts did not go unnoticed.

"Aha! I see something's happening down there. Come on, sport. It'll really feel good."

Almost without realizing it, the combined forces of the dozen beers and the heat making him aroused, Richard tugged down his briefs and displayed his stiffening flesh to his friend. Like Jonathan, he was somewhat larger than average. He looked over to where Jonathan sprawled next to him, now jerking his organ with more determination. "Satisfied?"

"Wow!" Jonathan remarked with admiration. "You really got a big one. Bigger than Bill Schill's even."

Richard ignored the comment and began masturbating. Unlike Jonathan, his cock was circumsized, the broad clipped head shining in the dimness. Shortly, he felt himself approaching orgasm. "I'm gonna come pretty soon, Jonathan. How about you?"

"Yeah," he said, his breathing now coming in short gasps. "I'm close, too. Say! I got another idea."

"What's that?"

"Let's jerk each other off. It feels really different when somebody else is doing it."

"Hey, Jonathan. I don't..."

"Shit, man! There you go getting shy on me again. Me and Schill do it all the time. You scared of doing something the captain of the football team does?"

"It's not that. I..."

"Hell, man. C'mere." With that, Jonathan reached out and grasped Richard's hard cock. Richard allowed this invasion, permitted his flesh to be touched by another male. He put his hands behind his head and tried to relax, closing his eyes as his friend's pounding fist drove him rapidly toward climax. He struggled to admit to himself that he didn't dislike what was happening, that the feel of someone's else's hand felt better than his own. He moaned sharply and thrust his hips forward, moving his body now in time with Jonathan's hand.

"Damn!" he gasped. "I'm gonna shoot, man. Oh, Jesus! Here it comes!"

Richard felt himself coming in long thick spurts and was only vaguely aware of something else happening. His eyes flew open and he saw Jonathan kneeling over him, taking the long, thick boycock in his throat with one swallow. "Hey...What the hell...?"

Jonathan was sucking him dry! He looked down with a mixture of love and loathing, watched frightened as his friend eagerly gulped his seed, at the same time spewing his own heavy load on the blanket. The moment it was over, Richard shoved him roughly away and leapt to his feet.

"You gaddamned queer! What the shit do you think you're doing?!"

Jonathan glanced up at his buddy, his face expressionless and adoringly innocent in the pale light. He ignored the vile epithet and shook his head. "You seemed to like it, Richard. It's something I've wanted to do for you for a long time. As long as I've known you. And as long as I've known about myself."

Richard's fist caught him squarely across the jaw, knocking him over backwards against the wall. "You fucking faggot! You disgust me! If I ever see you again, I'll smash your teeth down your throat!" In a rage, he yanked on his clothing and stomped toward the door, barely hearing Jonathan's last words.

"I love you, Richard. I always will, man."

The next day he drove head on into the freight train. He was an excellent driver, so there was no doubt that it was intentional. Richard's eyes streamed tears at the memory, his guilt hanging heavily through the years. No one would ever know he considered himself the cause of Jonathan's suicide. And no one would ever know why.

"You are crying, *mein herr.*"

"Wha...?" Richard was jarred back to the present by Stefan's voice. He saw that the boy was standing over him, extending the decanter of brandy. "I...I was remembering something I didn't want to remember, Stefan. It upset me, I guess."

"Your friend?"

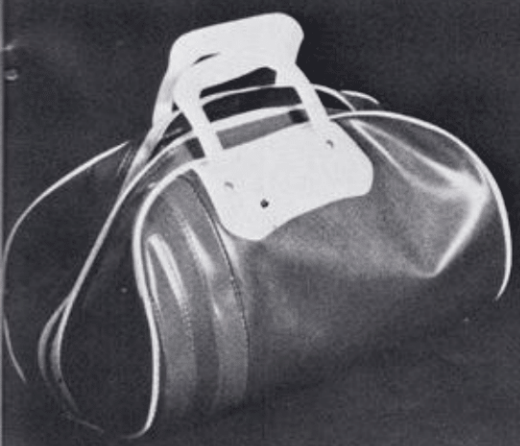
Continued to page 18

TENNIS ANYONE?

The ideal partner for a quick game of singles...

You've seen him before. The jock on the tennis court, smashing the ball over the net, his white shorts and shirt clinging sweatily to his naturally developed musculature. He even has the word "Love" tattooed on his right shoulder. Ever wonder what he looked like when the uniform and jockstrap came off after he headed for the showers? Here's your chance. His name is Jack, and he's the ideal partner for a quick game of singles, on the court and off. Your serve, stud!

Photographs by Don C. Hanover III



PLAYGUY

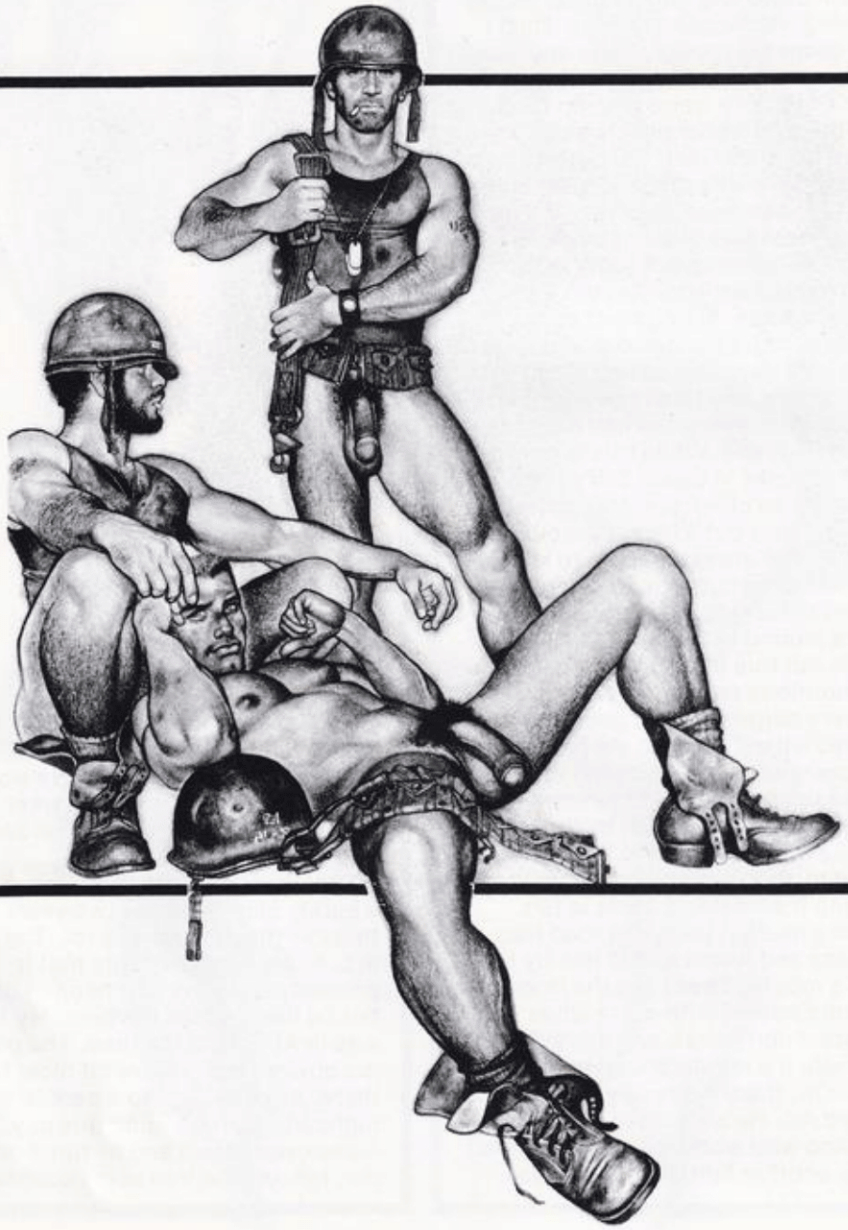
We uncloseted ourselves and took to the streets. Preparing this special Playguy Fantasies section, we rapped, cassette tape recorders in hand, with guys in bars, at parties, on Christopher Street and Folsom Street. Word for word, we bring you what 'the man in the street' most often fantasizes about. Certain fantasies, about archetypal male figures, of course recurred, so we chose the liveliest. We were surprised to find how open gay males are to a stranger with a tape recorder. We hope you'll enjoy these fantasies. But how about your own? Want to share them with us and our readers? If so, write down your most outrageous, provocative dream and mail it to: Playguy, Fantasies Editor, Suite 400, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019. And dream on...

SY is twenty-eight years old, a strapping farm boy from Tennessee who moved to New York after he got out of the Marine Corps five years ago. He hangs out in Greenwich Village, usually dressed in levis, cowboy boots and an expensive Stetson. He speaks with a heavy drawl.

"I never fooled around with guys until a few years ago. When I was growin' up, some of us would get out behind the barn and jerk off. You know. See who had the biggest dick or who could shoot the furthest. That wasn't fantasy stuff though. I first started thinkin' about sex with guys when I was in the Corps. On Parris Island. I was almost hopin' there would be some horseplay in the showers or somewhere, all those humpy guys drivin' me crazy. There was this one Drill Instructor, Sergeant Pulaski. He's the one I used to think about before I'd fall asleep, dead tired every night.

"Pulaski was a short fella, about as broad as he was tall. His hair was cut so short he was almost bald and he had biceps like you wouldn't believe. He slept in his own quarters in the barracks and I remember seein' him in his shorts and undershirt, checkin' on us for bed count at night. What a body! Anyway, in this fantasy, I would get waked up by the Watch after everybody else was asleep. He'd tell me Sergeant Pulaski wanted to see me about somethin' and I'd sort of stumble real sleepy into his quarters. He'd be sittin' on his bunk, wearing just his shorts and he'd tell me to stand at attention while he talked. He'd say somethin' about, oh, being pleased with my progress as a recruit, you know, starts the conversation real casual-like. He'd finally tell me to sit down in a chair by his bed and the talk would turn to what I liked in civilian life, if I had a girl friend and stuff like that. When the talk got around to sex, he'd drop his hand into his crotch and start sort of rubbin' himself, grinnin' while he talked. 'Course, I got hot as hell watchin' this big Polack stud

MARINE



feelin' himself and pretty soon my cock started pokin' outta my shorts. Pulaski sees this and all of a sudden whips out his meat, all hot and stiff and starts beatin' on it, and he asks me if I like what I see. I'm still scared shitless about the whole thing and mutter, 'I don't know, sir.' Well, he didn't waste anytime after that. He tells me to sit on the bed next to him, and when I don't move, he tells me it's an order. So I do like he says, and damn if he doesn't pull out my hard cock and start suckin' like crazy. I just lean back and let him do all the work, feelin' that hot, wet mouth workin' me over real fast. I finally shoot in his mouth and he pulls back and rams his fat prick right down my throat. I've never sucked a guy before and I almost gag, but he musta been pretty fuckin' hot because before I know it my mouth is full of his gism. Then he tells me he likes the way I obey orders and that, if I play my cards right, there'll be plenty more late night sessions like that one. I still think about him and wonder whatever the hell happened to him."

Illustration by Colt

HARDHAT

JACK is thirty-three, a construction worker in Los Angeles. He has dark hair and is clean shaven, his body nicely muscled from manual labor. He's wearing jeans and a bright yellow hardhat, a ripped undershirt and boots.

"Fantasy trips? Sure. I've got a few. A lot of guys have told me *I'm* a fantasy trip. That's why I wear this hard hat. It makes a statement of sorts, you know? Anyway, I have a fantasy about this one guy I work for. His name's Tom, and he's full-blooded Cherokee. Built like crazy and a hairless body. The bastard doesn't even have to shave. Anyway, he's married and got a couple of kids, so I don't know if anything will ever happen. We were in the portable john one morning and he was taking a leak. I got a good look at that meat of his. Long and slender. I'd sure like to swing on that for a while. And an ass you wouldn't believe! Nice firm little buns that are just ripe for screwing.

"Anyway, I see myself going into the john and finding him jerking off. I laugh and ask him something about his wife not giving him any. The funny thing is he doesn't stop beating his meat. Just goes right on while I'm standing there pissing. Of course, my cock starts getting hard as I'm standing there and when I finish pissing I sort of let it just hang out. I've got a big prick, and Tom stares at it with admiration. I ask him if he'd like to jerk on some really big meat, and damned if he doesn't reach over and cop my joint. His hand on it drives me up the wall. He jerks me really good and I'm starting to get hotter than hell. I reach down and unbuckle his jeans, shoving them down his legs. Then I pull down his jockey shorts and damn! The guy has almost no pubic hair. That's kind of a weird turn-on for me. I had this M number once who let me shave his pubic hair. Far out! Anyway, I grab Tom's whanger and start pulling on it. He obviously digs it.

"The best part of all, though, is when the sonovabitch turns around and bends over, showing me that tight little ass. Man, I don't waste anytime. I spit on my cock and drive it home. He says something about hurting him, but I don't pay attention. I just keep screwing the hell out of that sweet little ass. While this is going on, Sid walks in on us. Sid's the foreman, an older guy. Maybe forty five, but he's got a bod you wouldn't believe. I've always wanted to know about the big bulge in his pants. Well, while I'm fucking away at Tom, Sid walks around in front of him and whips out this thick, stubby cock and an enormous pair of balls. Tom looks up, very surprised, and gets his mouth stuffed with stiff prick. He just sucks like crazy while I'm humping his sweet little ass hole. He starts jerking himself off and I can tell by the way his ass hole is twitching that he's about to shoot. Well, the whole idea of making it with these studs is too fucking much. I pump my load into that ass and watch as Sid lets fly into Tom's mouth. Then I see the floor of the john coated with come when Tom shoots. I don't know any more. Maybe we make it a regular thing on our lunch hour. Oh, there's this other dude named Ari. He's a groovy looking Chicano who works on our crew. Well, that's another fantasy trip, I guess.

COP

RAY is twenty-six, a stocky, sandy-haired man who attends UCLA while working on his PhD. He works part-time in the Farmer's Market. He's wearing wheat jeans and a tee shirt that reads "Do it!"

There's something that happened to a buddy of mine about two years ago that I've thought about a lot. The cops in L.A. are such bastards that it probably wouldn't ever happen here, but I'd like to think it would. My friend was in Atlanta at the time. The police are obviously a helluva lot nicer back there. Anyway, I go to a park late at night and start cruising this guy. We make eye contact and he turns on to me, follows me into some bushes off

the main path. We start getting it on right away. My pants are down around my ankles and he's on his knees blowing me and jerking himself off. All of a sudden, we're both blinded by this bright light. A deep voice calls out, 'What the hell do you think you're doing?' We both jump and start trying to fix our clothes. A cop is standing there, a really good-looking dude about thirty years old. He's shining his flashlight on us, and, naturally, we're both scared shitless that he's going to bust us. That's where the real fantasy stuff starts.

"Me and this guy are yelled at again, and the cop tells us to leave our clothing like it was. He asks us if we want to finish what we were doing. Then he *tells* us to finish it. Well, the trick gets back on the ground an starts sucking me again. The cop keeps the light on us, watching every move. Pretty soon, I notice that he's rubbing his crotch through his dark blue uniform. And, man, this dude is a knockout. Italian looking with black curly hair and a short mustache. So, he's rubbing himself, you see. And then he says something to the other guy about swinging on a real cock. He unzips his fly and pulls out about nine thick inches of Guinea meat, broad and hard. He shoves me aside, and yanks the guy's head down on his prick. The guy gags on it because it's really fat, you know. Well, while the trick is blowing the cop, I just sort of stand there watching everything and digging it.

Then the policeman reaches over and grabs my meat, holds it so tight it almost hurts. And while he's getting this blow job, he starts jerking me off. It's wild, baby. A real turn-on with this guy in uniform, the gun and the whole bit, pulling on my cock. I shoot off right away, all over his damned fist. He groans and shoots his load into the other guy's mouth and then tells us to move on. That's it. No bust, no nothing. Now that's *one* damned law enforcement officer I could really dig meeting. But like I said before, it would sure as hell never happen in this town."

Illustration by Colt

INTERLUDE IN VIENNA Continued from page 10

Richard nodded. Why lie? he thought. The guy is a mind reader. He suspected Stefan knew a great deal more than he had yet revealed. "Yes. The one you look so much alike."

"Do you want to tell me why he died?"

"I couldn't do that, Stefan. Couldn't tell anyone that story. It's something I'm deeply ashamed of. Something horrible I wish I could correct." He accepted the offer of more brandy and drank thirstily from the glass. "Things like that can't be changed after someone's dead."

"Then you *did* love him," Stefan said. He did not move from his position, standing so close that his body smells pleasantly assaulted Richard's nostrils.

"I suppose I did. But I couldn't really love him. At least not in the way he wanted. I don't know why the hell I'm telling you any of this," Richard said, looking up into Stefan's handsome face.

"This is what you mean," the Austrian said, bending down and kissing the other man on the mouth. It was not a gesture of passion, rather one of caring, perhaps of bold intent. Richard was staggered by the motion, jerking his head away, feeling himself reel with the brandy and his confused emotions.

"I don't know why you did that, Stefan. I think you shouldn't have. That was the same mistake Jonathan made."

"I don't believe it to be a mistake. I think you wanted me to do that. I think that's why you invited me here whether you knew it or not."

"I...I don't know. I've been asking myself why all evening. I honestly don't understand. You. Myself. Any of this."

"Is it that you don't know or can't admit why? I suspect it is the latter."

Richard was rather annoyed by the man's presumptions, yet dismissed the accusation. "I don't know, dammit!" He stood, forcing Stefan to move away toward the fireplace. He looked at his watch, then the door. "It's late, Stefan. Too late. I have a helluva day tomorrow, so I'd appreciate it if you..."

"I have no place to go, Richard."

The young Austrian looked squarely at him, eyes blending an honest pleading with something Richard could not identify. Regardless of any personal misgivings he might have had, Richard was compelled not to refuse. The eyes were, quite simply, those of Jonathan, a ghost and remembrance of things past which he longed to dispel. By permitting Stefan this sort of sanctuary, he told himself he was somehow, belatedly righting a hideous wrong.

"Then you may sleep on the couch, if you like."

"Danken."

Richard strode to the double doors concealing the sleeping chamber, flinging them wide and staring at the huge, empty bed beneath its thick, colorful comforter. "The bathroom is through here."

Stefan nodded gratefully and walked toward the bathroom door, closing it softly behind him. Shortly, Richard heard the sound of running water with Stefan's low baritone rising gently above it. Feeling suddenly old and confused, he stripped away his clothing and climbed naked beneath the comforter. Some of the fatigue seeped away as he nestled against the lush eiderdown mattress. He switched off the bedside lamp and stared up at the ceiling, smiling tiredly at the frolicking cherubs tossing garlands among themselves. He was almost asleep when he heard the click of the bathroom door. In an instant, Stefan was in his arms, covering his face and body with kisses, his anxious hands everywhere at once on Richard's flesh as the man felt himself explored and worshipped.

He had no inner power to resist.

His tongue touched, for the first time, the tongue of another man. His nipples, the thick black hair on his chest, his lower belly with its heavily arching sex, all were tasted by Stefan's hot, ravenous mouth. He moaned loudly as his flesh was swallowed, teased by the boy's flickering tongue, alien shivers coursing through his sweating body as all memories of Elizabeth were momentarily erased.

Strangely, he reciprocated. He opened his eyes to find Stefan straddling his chest, his sex, so much like Jonathan's, pointing toward Richard's mouth. He opened his throat and allowed this new assault, surprised at the musky, slightly metallic taste of cockflesh. It tasted almost like blood. Stefan sighed softly with the sensation, reining himself in, knowing he must not choke someone new to this task. He reached behind him and gripped Richard's stiff flesh, covering his hand with spittle before touching and deftly guiding the shaft between his buttocks. Richard heaved his body upward, plunging himself into the boy's body, driving to the hilt in one powerful thrust. Stefan cried out in escstasy, moving his backside hard against the invading organ, his sex still firmly in the man's mouth.

It was over in an instant. The newness of what he was doing and the strange amalgam of shame and delight pushed Richard over the brink of eruption. He pumped his fluids into the other man, feeling something more than that fleeing his body. At the same time he felt his tongue inundated with something sticky and slightly bitter. He had choice but to swallow and found himself unashamedly wishing for more. Finally, as both calmed, shiverings stopped, Stefan slid from the man and put his head on his chest.

"It was good," he murmured. "I'm pleased. I hope you are as well."

"At this particular moment, Stefan, I don't know what I feel. I've never..."

"I know what you are going to say. That you have never been with a man before. You need not tell me that. I knew it already. I knew it when I saw you through the cafe window."

"But, how..."

"Shhhh. It doesn't matter how. All that is important is that I'm glad I was the first. I think this would please Jonathan, don't you?"

"Again, I don't know. I just don't know. Anything." As he felt himself pull Stefan tightly to him, he felt the sting of tears in his eyes and a clutching in his heart as he thought of Jonathan. And then, of course, Elizabeth. It was nearly dawn before he drifted into a nightmare-wracked, turbulent sleep.

Richard's week in Vienna waltzed by in a nebulous blur. Every afternoon, business actions completed, he was met by Stefan. The boy knew Vienna like a native and delighted Richard by taking him to many places he had not discovered. An old tavern four stories below the street that had been there over seven centuries. Grinzing, the wine district north of the city, where both drank far too much new wine and sang loudly with others at their table. Despite Stefan's resistance, Richard bought him clothes and they went to the opera, the ballet, the theatre, symphonies. And each night, filled with each other, they returned to Richard's hotel and made hard, bittersweet love.

"I'm going to have to leave in two more days, Stefan."

"Hush. You mustn't talk about that."

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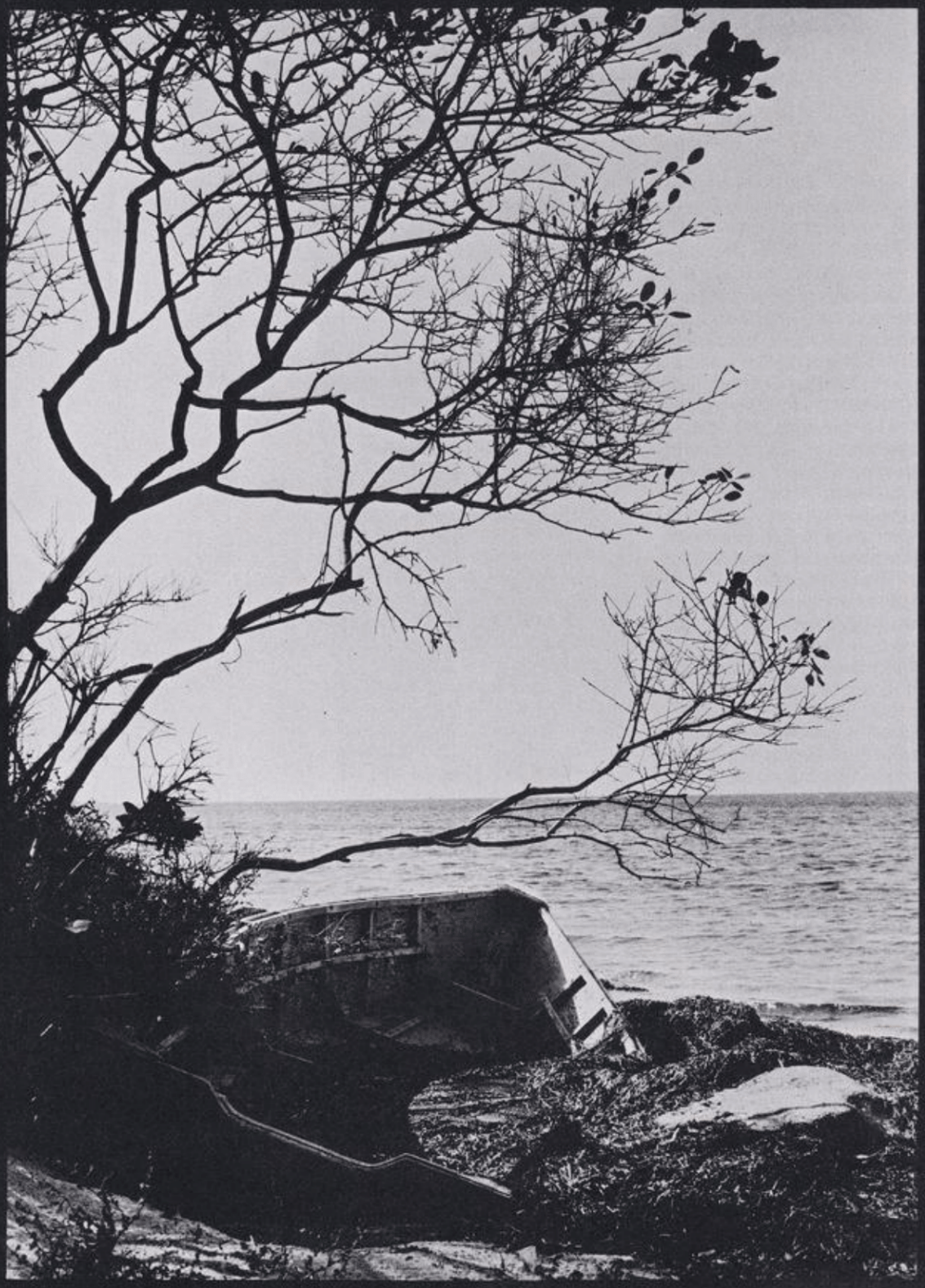
FIRE ISLAND: FACT OR FICTION

Two current books on Fire Island, one fiction, one non-fiction, explore the myths and realities about that particularly gay playland...



Photograph by Jarry Lang

FIRE ISLAND: FACT

WELCOME TO FIRE ISLAND. Visions of Cherry Grove and The Pines. By Jack Nichols. 146 pages. Illustrated. St. Martin's Press. Cloth. $8.95.

The twin Fire Island communities of Cherry Grove and The Pines happily endure as two of the most unique phenomena in the world. Doubtless you've heard of them, and if you live anywhere near New York City, you've probably visited. Finally there is a decent book about them, one which offers a sometimes fascinating profile for those who haven't been and interesting remembrances for those who have. *Welcome to Fire Island* by Jack Nichols covers the subject thoroughly. The author obviously knows and loves the island deeply, and that lends his book a special sort of charm.

The titles of his chapters give a brief insight into the witty, informative and nicely constructed manner in which Nichols evokes his often sensual imagery. He begins appropriately with The Heart of the Fire Island Seashore, then escorts the reader (via his own keen eyes) through The Train Is a Pain and Greyhound Doesn't Go There, What You Don't Say in Sayville (the mainland departure point for ferrying over), I'm So Proud To Be Here!, Sons of Beaches, A Cherry in the Grove, The Pines Is Private: First Class, and six more to the poignant Moonburn: Rising Temperatures After Sundown. Most of the chapters are delightful, all are well written.

In unraveling the many facets of Cherry Grove and The Pines, Nichols talked with many long-time residents, those old timers who spin colorful, factual tales about what the Island was and what it's become. He writes of the eccentric Victorian manse (now a guest house) called the Belvedere, Robert Moses' fortunately aborted efforts to construct a highway (there are none, thank goodness), the strangely convoluted politics, the endless flora making the Island visually stunning, and, most important, the fiercely proud dedication residents have to their summer retreats. The latter is especially encouraging in an age when too many of us sit apathetically while things dear are uprooted and bulldozed away. *New York* magazine once called Cherry Grove "the future," and Nichols explains why.

Also delineated are special portraits of the two communities nestled cheek by jowl against a stretch of green-covered dunes referred to variously as the Judy Garland Memorial Park or, less poetically, the Meatrack. The Grove, old, established, sure of itself, "promiscuous and hedonistic."The Pines, rich, quieter, Bloomingdaled and enchanting, "a young suburb of Cherry Grove." In a particularly amusing comment, the two are described thusly: "The Pines is merely Manhattan's Upper East Side transplanted to the Island and Cherry Grove represents the West Side, with Central Park—the Judy Garland Memorial Park—in the middle." Nichols adds wisely, "This makes sense, but it's too static, lacking hope for change."

Hope is something Nichols holds dear for what will ultimately happen to The Pines when the community finds its identity. " I've got high hopes for The Pine's destiny," he writes. "I don't believe what author Albert Goldman says, that The Pines is Fag Futuristic, and I don't think that the haughty and callous influences of *After Dark* magazine will continue to plague The Pines forever, with nouveau riche trends for posture, behavior, conversation, clothing styles and values. The Pines has been called *After Darkland*, on the surface everything that impels a friendly person to despair. Caprice is not yet queen. Appearances count." Very well put indeed.

Welcome to Fire Island is illustrated with a number of photographs, most of which are not especially exciting, but at least they give some idea of the beautiful flavor to be found there. No matter. The core of the book is Nichol's evocative prose. He captures the essence of Fire Island and, after you read the book, that essence will likely capture you. As will the Island.

OR FICTION

By James Gun

Photograph by Jarry Lang

CHERRY GROVE. By William Delligan. 381 pages. Popular Library. Paper. $1.75.

If Nichols writes lightly of the drugs, booze and haphazard sexual clutchings (factors admittedly extant as a shadier part of the glittering Fire Island picture), author William Delligan parlays this and more in penning *Cherry Grove*. It's a half-baked Jacqueline Susannesque potboiler that's a perfect interlude when you tire of Proust and Solzhenitsyn. *Cherry Grove* is almost 400 pages of bitchy tongue-lashings, inside camp commentary, graphic sex tableaus and a cast of thoroughly despicable characters who will keep you alternately amused and bemused. They're all there, drag queens to hustlers, Seventh Avenue designers to movie stars with strangely ambisexed proclivities.

The protagonist of this epicene epic is Harrison Bancroft, a Madison Avenue ad man about to get the executive stiletto unless he rescues his flagging career. He does this through Hilary Dawson, a young ambitious beauty whom he turns into the Lucien (cosmetics) Girl. Interwoven into this tawdry tapestry are Pete and Liz Daniels, a famed photographer and his legendary Fashion Avenue buyer wife. They assist Bancroft in boosting Hilary to sartorial stardom, as does attorney Richard Novick who is having interminable difficulties with his lover, Robert Dappler, caught up in the heady, hazy world of liquor and pills.

Meet Greg Walsh, hustler *non pareil*, Valerie Gleason, international cinematic superstar and Bart Rowlands (Burt Reynolds?), a second-rate actor posing for a nude magazine centerfold to boost his career. Delligan mixes and matches his creations with more than a light dosage of purple prose banalities.

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INTERLUDE IN VIENNA Continued from page 18

The men were lying naked in the great bed, exhausted from violent lovemaking, their breathing still stifled.

"We have to talk about it, *liebschen*," Richard protested, using one of his few German words. A pet phrase of Stefan's.

"Not now. Perhaps tomorrow or the day afterward. You are finished with your work, *ja*?" Richard nodded, his nostrils flaring at the sweaty scent emanating from the boy's bare chest, arm pits and groin. It was a smell he had grown to adore. "Then, tomorrow we will rent a car. I am going to take you to one of the most beautiful spots in all Austria. In all the world."

"Where?"

"It must be a surprise. You will see tomorrow. Now, go to sleep." He kissed Richard gently on the forehead and turned away on his side, his buttocks pressed against the other's still stirring sex. Unlike their first night together, Richard slept long and well.

The Wachau Valley unfolded before them as Stefan sped the leased Mercedes down a two-lane highway. The greened mountains were frosted with yet another snow, towering over the slate-colored Danube as it snaked its way toward the Black Sea. Stefan pointed out dozens of *schlosses* and hunting lodges, many in sad ruin, before finally pulling off the main road. He drove toward a village nestled on the side of a mountain, overlooked by a tumbled-down castle which Stefan explained was, like the town, called Durnstein.

"It is where Richard the Lion Hearted was imprisoned until his lover, Blondel, the troubadour, rescued him. That was during the Crusades, of course. There are two inns in Durnstein, one named for each of them."

"I didn't know Richard like the boys. "*King* Richard," he added hastily, laughing at himself.

"Indeed!" Stefan said in mock surprise, his blue eyes sparkling impishly. "Then you are learning something from your Austrian boy."

"I've learned plenty from you," Richard remarked, boldly reaching to caress Stefan's thigh.

"Is *gut*," Stefan said, parking the car before a storybook hotel called *Blondel*.

After checking in, they sat briefly on the chilly terrace, drinking heated brandy and watching the ribbon of the Danube wrapping itself around mountain, hill and valley. Soon the coldness sent them fleeing inside for a hot meal, more brandy and early retirement to bed. It was then that Richard felt the need to completely give himself to the boy, to lower that final bastion he had raised against total sexual commitment.

"There's something unbalanced about our relationship," he said. Stefan's face was buried between Richard's thick thighs. He raised himself and gave the man an inquisitive look. Richard pulled him close, kissing him on the cheek before elaborating. "For the past six days, when we made love, it was I who was the...the active partner."

"I have never considered you more active than me," Stefan said, a light note of disappointment in his voice.

"Let me finish, Stefan. Tonight is our last night together for a while. I want to do this. I want you inside me. I don't give a damn how much it hurts, I want this last memory to take away with me. At least when you feel pain, you know you're alive. I want to give myself to you as completely as you have to me."

"If that is what you wish, *liebling*."

"It is."

Stefan slipped from the bed and went to a tiny refrigerator built into the wall of the hotel room. He removed a handful of ice cubes, bringing them to the bed and explaining to the mystified Richard, "This will help you." He indicated that the man should turn onto his belly. Richard did as he was asked, spreading wide his hirsute thighs and bracing himself for the onslaught of stony flesh. He almost found himself wishing Stefan was less well endowed.

His first sensation was that of something cold being shoved between his buttocks. He felt the flesh there go numb as Stefan worked first one ice cube, then another into the man's steaming body. Quickly greasing his cock, knowing Richard was ready for penetration, he placed the wide uncut head against the opening and pushed forward. Only a low groan came from Richard as he experienced his innermost chambers being invaded. He actually shoved back, eager to take the boy's organ to the hilt, to be as much as one as he could bear. As he felt Stefan's pubic bush crush against his backside, he happily realized he had attained his goal. The the two of them began to move together with the age-old rhythm of lovers careening toward rapid explosion. The newness of the feeling, both pained and pleasurable, heightened Richard's enjoyment and he cried out for Stefan to come.

"It is...it is...there!" Stefan yelled, bellowing loudly and unleashing his heavy river into Richard's thirsty body. He felt the man cringe beneath him and knew Richard was emptying himself onto the sheets, driven to climax by the mere feeling of Stefan's flesh inside him. There were tears of pain, ecstasy and sadness in the corners of his eyes, something making him flinch as he felt the boy withdraw.

He drifted into an odd sleep, one brought on that night by fatigue and the inevitability of facing whatever he and Stefan must decide about their future. His mind was still wracked with guilt, remorse at what he was doing, confusion over what to do about Elizabeth and the children, mental turmoil at having finally admitted to himself what Jonathan had seen in him those long years ago. Yes, he confessed to himself. I love what I've done with Stefan. I'm even grateful I discovered it before it was too late. Yet, how will I continue it? Can I move blithely from my wife's bed to that of my male lover? Do I want to give up one for the other? Do I dare to try to have both?

Richard tossed and turned on the bed, unaware of the fact that he was alone. Only when the grey fingers of dawn crept over the windowsill did he stir and rouse himself enough to see that Stefan was gone. On the huge pillow next to his own, he found an envelope pinned. He snatched it open and read.

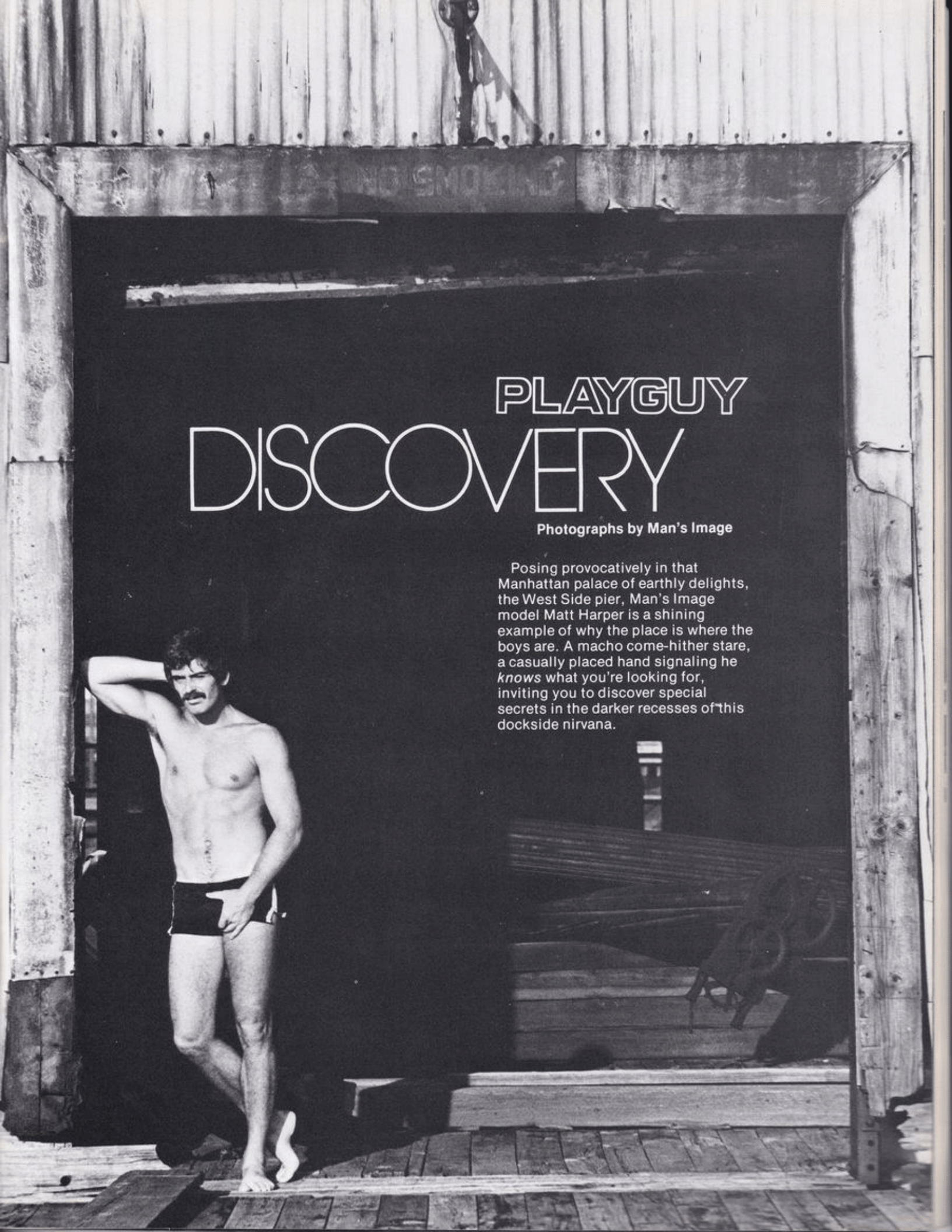
"Richard,

"All my life I have been the one who stayed too long at a party, terrified I would miss something or someone. This time I am leaving before it is too late. I could never bear to talk to you about this inevitable end, so I will thank you for the wonderful memories and say only *auf wiedersehen*, my love.

"Stefan"

Richard walked across a bridge spanning the Danube, once again in Vienna and alone with three hours to kill before his flight back to America. The icy wind whipped at him, wrapping his long coat around his legs and making him tug his collar higher. He clutched Stefan's letter in one hand, the only tangible reminder that something had actually transpired between himself and the Austrian boy.

Continued to page 41

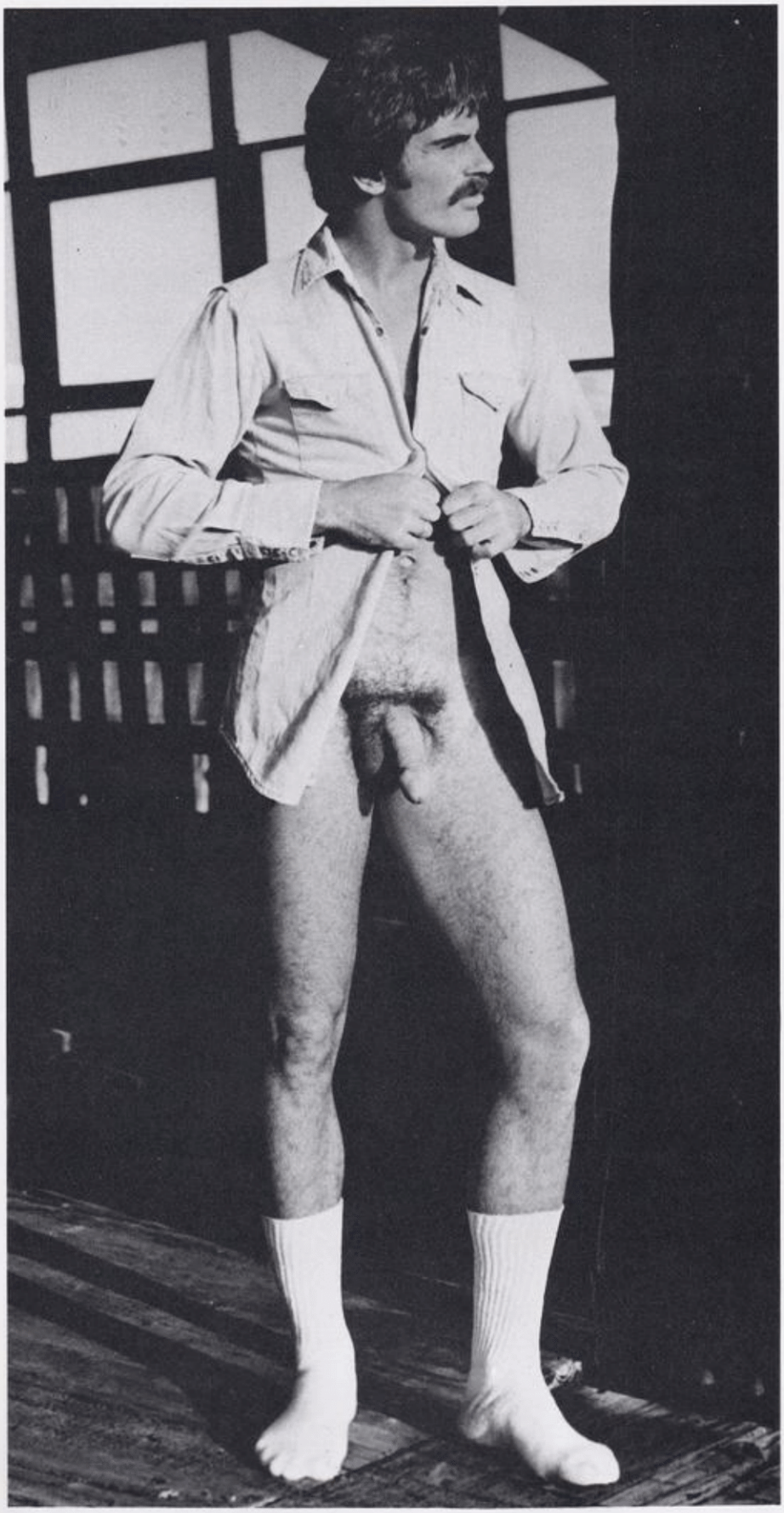


PLAYGUY DISCOVERY

Photographs by Man's Image

Posing provocatively in that Manhattan palace of earthly delights, the West Side pier, Man's Image model Matt Harper is a shining example of why the place is where the boys are. A macho come-hither stare, a casually placed hand signaling he *knows* what you're looking for, inviting you to discover special secrets in the darker recesses of this dockside nirvana.

Playguy of the Month: Matt Harper
Photographed by Man's Image

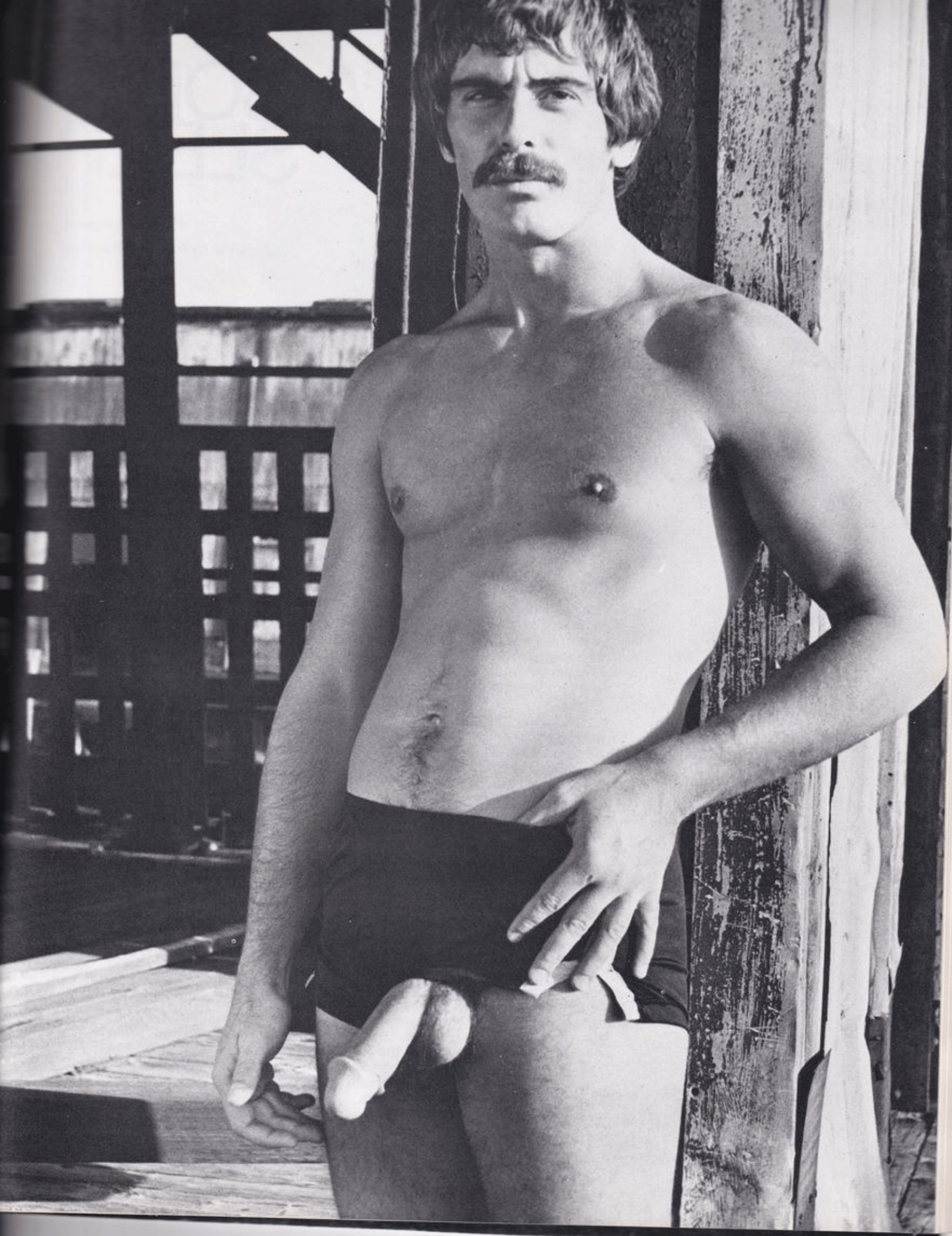


PLAYGUY DISCOVERY

Photographs by Man's Image

Mustachioed masculinity, a self-assured swagger, a well-fleshed torso, all this and much, much more tell you Matt is the Total Man. Whether you discover him glistening in the noonday sun, leaning silently in the shadows or sweating in the sauna, *Playguy* believes you'll find our premiere cover and color centerfold man more than worthy of gracing the pages of our new publication. He's only the first of many such men we'll be offering in upcoming issues. But for now, here's Matt Harper.

For information about slide and photo sets of Matt, and his film called "Body Heat," send $2.00 for a Man's Image catalogue. Man's Image, Box 700-M, Canal Street Station, New York, New York 10013.



A SORT OF SLEEP

By Benton Reeves

Illustration by Richard Rosenfeld

Phallic pines and pregnant magnolias littered the landscape, tiny needles and broad waxy leaves reflecting the broad, harsh daylight. The horizon was flat as a table top, riddled with murky bayous, mosquitoes, an occasional lumbering pelican and moss-festooned cypress. The place is defiantly primeval, a place God forgot...or maybe just didn't want to remember. Half earth, half water, poor and primitive, exotic and foreboding.

Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana, so remote there's only one decent highway, a singular macadam thread that slices through the northern reaches, connecting Terrebonne with Morgan City to the west, New Orleans to the northeast. Deep in the parish, the miserable hamlet of Chauvin dangled languidly like a singular teardrop, hanging toward the Gulf of Mexico.

Gabriel LaRoche was a child of that land. A poor stretch of swampland was his legacy as heir to sex six generations of Cajuns, rugged Frenchmen who had daily battled the unyielding land. He was born there 29 years ago and, typical for local customs, had married early, at 16. His wife, Elaine, was a neighbor's daughter who presented him with two sons, Julian, 13 and Etienne, 11, before taking to her bed a few years later and simply dying of exhaustion and ennui. It was a natural toll common among many of Gabriel's people. Now his mother cared for the boys, leaving Gabriel largely alone on his farm. His mother's land was close to his own, but Gabriel saw little of his sons. They, like he, were busy with toiling against the land.

Gabriel thought bitterly of the peculiar irony of the name Terrebonne Parish. "Good earth," he muttered in Cajun French, looping his thumbs through the straps of his overalls and striding away from his tractor. His back ached from the work he had been doing since six that morning, nearly five hours ago. He squinted against the shimmering Louisiana sunlight, his tanned face already lined from more than two decades of plowing, sowing, harvesting and struggle. His armpits and groin were dank with his own sweat, his swarthy, well-muscled body smelling of the Delta's largesse. The thought of a few restive minutes in the shade was an appealing one. As he moved through the thickets, great clouds of mosquitoes rose in protest at his passing. He swatted at them, moving in further until the trees overhead formed a canopy shutting out the sun. He found it only slightly cooler, but at least he was out of the major source of heat.

Checking carefully for snakes, he sat at the foot of a scrub palmetto, leaning against the prickly wood and staring at a brackish bayou glimmering nearby where the trees admitted shafts of blinding sun rays. He dozed off and on, finally shaking himself awake in remembering how much labor the day still held for him. "What the hell?" he muttered, the Anglo-French words hanging in the primordial stillness. He tugged off his work boots, tossing them against the palmetto and wriggling his cramped toes in the mud. He reached for the snaps of his overalls and popped them open. He slid them to the marshy soil and stood in his undershorts only briefly before they joined the rest of his castoff clothing.

Naked in the swamp, Gabriel stretched elaborately, his natural muscle and sinew rippling in the fetid air. His sex stirred lightly in a faint zephyr and he reached down to caress himself before plunging into the bayou. The water was tepid but still several degrees cooler than the air. Gabriel drifted idly away from the

"Feeling his arousal mount stronger with the memories of Paul and the thought of his handsome, naked son lying close by, Gabriel rose and swiftly tugged on his cotton undershorts and overalls..."

shore, letting the coolish waters penetrate every sore crevice of his huge body. Overhead a pair of egrets dipped and soared, their wings forged silver by the sun as they beat a retreat south toward the Gulf and beyond. Gabriel turned on his belly and dived toward the deep part of the pool, startling several fat fish dozing in the cold depths. Some of the tiredness and tension and discontent was sloughed off his body and mind. He burst upward through the surface of the bayou, gasping for breath in the hot heavy air. A sudden voice from the bank startled his reverie, making him jump and spin toward the source of the sound. His son Julian was waving at him from the shore, calling out in primitive French.

"What is it, boy?" he bellowed back.He couldn't understand the words.

The boy cupped his hands over his mouth and yelled what appeared to be a question. Gabriel shook his head, indicating that he still couldn't hear. He sliced through the quiet waters, cutting a noisy wake as he expertly closed the distance between himself and his son. When he splashed from the bayou, he made no effort to conceal his nakedness. Julian and Etienne occasionally went to spend the night with their father. None of them wore pajamas in the sticky Delta heat. Gabriel shook the water from his thick black hair and moustache and repeated his question. "What is it, Julian?" The father stood, powerful legs apart, hands on his hips as he stared down into the dark eyes of the youth who was, quite plainly, a miniature of his father. Julian's eyes were downcast as he scuffed his feet in the sand. "I wanted to know if I could go for a swim, too."

"Your chores done at Grandma's?"

Julian had anticipated that question which is why he didn't look his father in the face. He shook his head negatively. "Then the answer's no. You know we all got things to do to keep our places runnin'. Maybe you and Etienne can come down later if you get your work done." Julian looked up once, then quickly lowered his eyes. The melancholy in them matched Gabriel's own as the father saw the frustration he had been experiencing for longer than he cared to admit. The boy has such a few pleasurable outlets, he thought, reaching out to put a hand of his son's shoulder. He was pleased with the burgeoning musculature he felt and troubled by the eerie electrical currents coursing through him when the physical contact had been made. It was often like that when other men—never women, not even Elaine—touched him. His beer-guzzling pals at Polly's Tavern in Chauvin would often slap him on the back or ass, inevitably leaving behind a chill that pierced his guts. He knew only too well...

Gabriel concentrated again on his son. Julian was growing rapidly, now standing only a few inches below his father's six foot height, his adolescent body fleshing out from day after hard day of work in the cane fields. It wouldn't be long before his body could compete with Gabriel's sizable bulk.

"Alright," Gabriel acquiesced. "But only for a little while."

The boy's face was instantly aglow as he shucked off his tattered overalls and plunged into the pool. Gabriel's gaze followed the boy as he inched back into the bayou, now preferring to stand chest deep in the water, joyously letting it lap at the thick hair there and cleanse away the stickiness in his crotch. He watched his offspring with a mixture of paternal love and something he knew he must squash, strange and convoluted desires that uprooted him as he watched Julian splash and dive with abandon. Gabriel felt he was somehow watching himself sixteen years ago, carefree and flushed with the innocence and unexplained puzzles of youth. And he felt that he wanted to somehow miraculously be absorbed by the boy's body.

Then there was Henri...

Gabriel looked upward and then to the side. There were no shadows. It was noon, time he and Julian got back to work. He called out and beckoned, moving to the shore and sprawling tiredly atop the soft grittiness. As Julian approached, Gabriel yawned. "You better lie here and let the sun dry you off. If your Grandma sees you, there'll be hell to pay. She remembers when I used to show up in wet overalls and she knows what it means."

"Okay, Pa." Julian lay next to this father, folding arms behind his head as he closed his eyes against the brightness.

Gabriel consciously studied his son's face and body. The forehead was proud, now half concealed by a shock of dark wet hair. The lips were half parted, white teeth glowing in the sun. Julian's face was sprouting a growth of fuzzy beard and moustache, something he would soon have to shave. Between the flat, brown nipples was a sprinkling of black hairs, sparse but thickening as it trailed down Julian's belly and around his navel until it grew heavy above his damp, glistening sex. It was an utterly innocent tableau of adolescent youth soon to attain the questionable rewards of maturity. And, of course, sexual arrival.

Gabriel felt a stirring between his wide thighs and forced himself to look away, toward the savagely empty landscape that symbolized his lonely life. Again, he had seen himself in his son and recalled his own agonized young body, frustrated for *something* until, in his thirteenth year, he was introduced into the mysteries of sex

by his fifteen-year-old cousin, Paul. The older boy had taken Gabriel deep into the inner reaches of the swamp and there, beneath a sprawling live oak, had been stripped naked and taught the guileful joys of masturbation. Gabriel remembered the incident with shocking clarity. Paul had thrown off his clothes and ordered his cousin to do the same. The two had compared the size and shape of their sex organs at first, then progressing to touching one another and finally contests when they would see who could ejaculate first or the furthest. As with the knife-slinging gang at Polly's, Gabriel had felt alien stabs of pleasure at Paul's touch, something he wondered if his cousin shared. But the mutual masturbation sessions eventually ceased. The male/male sexual bonding had to be put away, as with other childish things. Or so Gabriel had been taught in his severe Catholic upbringing.

Feeling his arousal mount stronger with the memories of Paul and the thought of his handsome, naked son lying close by, Gabriel rose and swiftly tugged on his cotton undershorts and overalls. Keeping his back to Julian so the boy could not see his tumescent state, obvious even through the clothing, Gabriel growled a soft order. "Alright, son. You're dry. Now get on home to your chores." When the boy did not respond, Gabriel glanced over his shoulder. Julian's chest was smoothly rising and falling, eyes tightly shut. Doubtless, his exhausting labors and the heat had caused him to doze, made him fall into a sort of sleep, his body glistening now not with water but with his own sweat. His sex had started to lengthen, moving slowly over one thigh and finally arching toward his belly. Gabriel felt himself go red with embarrassment, fear and desire, watching with fascination as his son's phallus reached an impressive

Illustration by Richard Rosenfeld

A SORT OF SLEEP

maximum length. It now lay hard across the boy's stomach and began to twitch lightly.

My God, Gabriel thought. The boy's going to have a wet dream. Just as he thought this, Julian moaned softly and drenched his own flesh with semen. Still he did not awaken. As Gabriel fled from the swamp, he was stricken by the stiffness down his left trouser leg.

"*Mon dieu!*" he muttered. Then, "Never. Julian is my son."

Darkness came quickly to the Delta that Saturday night. Gabriel sat on the front porch of his miserable cabin, drinking beer and watching the sun lose its daily battle with the dusk. The sky was awash with myriad colors, yet its beauty did nothing to assuage the erotic *angst* the man felt after having watched his son's sexual arousal early that afternoon. He thought of driving into Chauvin, to Polly's where perhaps comraderie and plenty of beer would combine to make him forget. Gabriel scratched at his sore groin and rose to go into the house. He went to the ancient icebox for another beer, slamming the door with a mixture of ire and fear. He heard a motor in the distance and looked through the screen door to see a blue pick-up truck bounce up the dusty driveway toward the farm house. A tired smile curled Gabriel's lips as he recognized the truck. Inside would be Henri, his best friend, a man his own age who spent every Saturday night with him, getting drunk at Polly's and looking for a fight.

Henri leapt from his truck, crashing the door behind him with a heavy metallic thud. He was slightly taller than Gabriel, a tossle of blond curls, rosy cheeks and rich blue eyes lending him the appearance of an overly muscled cherub. He had deceptively delicate hands which could easily and quickly curl into wicked fists. After their friend Pierre, Henri was the scrappiest brawler and knifeman in Terrebonne Parish.

"What the devil you here, *ami*? The guys at Polly's they wait on you. I tell them you I find." His speech was of the older Cajun pattern, sometimes shifting the placement of subject and verb to accomodate the French, though speaking in predominantly English.

Henri bounded onto the front porch and clapped a meaty hand on Gabriel's shoulder. Again, the chill shredded through Gabriel's body at the touch, a sensation vacillating between fire and ice. "Hey, Gabe! Me you hear?"

"I hear, Henri. I'm staying home tonight. I got a load on my mind."

"You got more beer? I stay to hear your troubles, eh? *Oui*?"

"In the icebox. Help yourself."

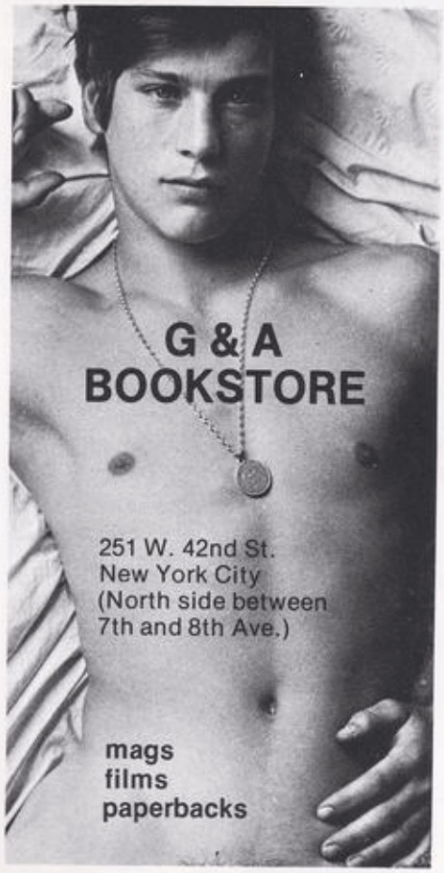
Hours later, nearly midnight, the two men ran out of beer. Henri made a quick drive into town to buy more from Polly, returning with three more six-packs. He stood on the bottom step of the porch, popping open two cans and giving one to Gabriel. "You know," he said, sitting on the steps at Gabriel's feet, "We talk for many hours, you and I. Still I think you don't tell me the trouble what she is. You say tired? You say poor? You say no tomorrow? Hell, *ami*! Who has anything here? This parish, she no good." He grasped Gabriel's knee, causing the rocking chair to sway violently. "The truth, this trouble, you don't tell me, eh?"

Gabriel rose drunkenly, gripping the porch rail to keep from falling into the dusty yard. "I...I guess I don't know what to tell you. I'm just tired as a bitch. I need to sleep soon." Gabriel knew there were limits to his friendship with Henri. Explaining the incident with Julian or any similar thoughts he might have had about himself were impossible. He would simply have to live with it. Unless...

"Come on, Gabe. I put you to the bed." Henri stood and took his friend by the arm, ushering him inside the house where a singular kerosene lantern tried to dispel the gloom. Gabriel felt himself being lowered to the bed, his boots and overalls being tugged off as he lay onto the thick eiderdown mattress, a wedding gift from Elaine's folks. His mind drifted, bobbing and weaving as he tried to focus first on the lamp, then Henri's face as it peered down at him. His friend's skin and hair glowed golden in the faint lighting, angelic and affectionate with brotherly concern. "Sleep," Henri said. "I have some more beers, yes?"

Gabriel was naked. He opened his eyes to see a broad, muscular back next to him, a body shockingly like his own because it was male. And much too large to belong to Julian or Etienne. He watched himself raise a shaking hand to touch the nearby flesh, first the yellow curls, then the neck, a shoulder, the curling hair poking from an armpit, the small of the back which was dewy with sweat, the globular buttocks then the crevice between them. The man stirred,

Continued to page 41



THE LEATHER BOYS

Photo by Target

Maybe the whole thing started really gaining momentum with the 1953 film, *The Wild One*. In that movie, a humpy Marlon Brando strutted his leather stuff along with a gang of tight-jeaned cyclists and left a macho impact that few have forgotten. In 1965, the British film, *The Leather Boys* again brought to the surface the hazy, nether world of leathermen and their cycles, and that particular lifestyle began garnering a more open existence.

In the late 60s and early 70s, it became more and more common to see leathermen strolling down New York's Christopher Street or parking their bikes outside the bars on San Francisco's Folsom Street. More and more brazenly, these studs have come out of the dungeon, frightening many, fascinating more. Leather bars have

THE LEATHER BOYS

Right: Target Studios' Leathermen
Far right: A scene from the leather flick 'Born to Raise Hell'

proliferated from coast to coast, no longer confined to the major metropolitan areas but springing up in such unlikely places as Louisville and Cheyenne, Wyoming. To make certain that these guys have the right gear to flash, shops specializing exclusively in leather clothing, accessories and toys have also mushroomed. And gay pornpix now have to supply an increasing number of films with leather themes. Witness the success of *Born to Raise Hell, The Leather Bond* and *Sextool*, just to mention a very few. In pornography shops, it is now common to see a whole section of books dealing especially with leather themes.

What's all the furor about? Well, men have been fascinated with leather for millenia. Our prehistoric ancestors dressed in skins, and, once the tanning process for creating leather was discovered, the material found instant desirability. It has always been associated with the ultramacho image, i.e. lining the shields of warriors, covering the face of executioners during the Spanish Inquisition, flashing arrogantly in the boots on Hitler's Nazi militia, the jackets of policeman and, of course, the total leather look of today motorcyclist. It's linkage with torture, sadomasochistic practices, fear and sensuality cannot be dismissed. The leathermen are establishing themselves as permanent members of our sexual society and their existence cannot be overlooked. In fact, it should be examined more closely. So, slap on your gear and whip it on down to one of the leather watering holes.

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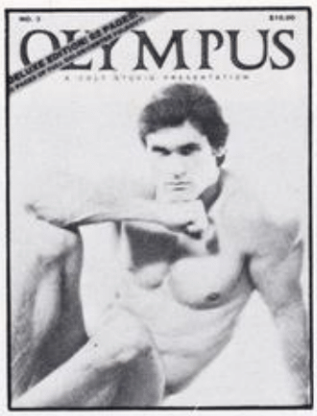

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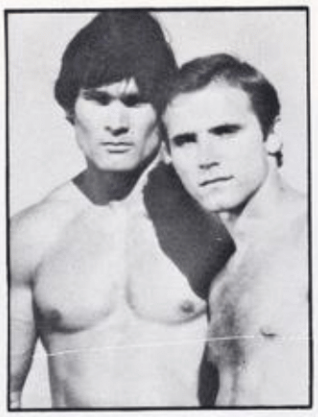

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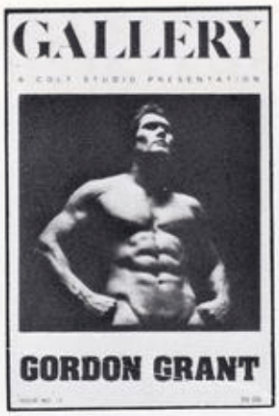

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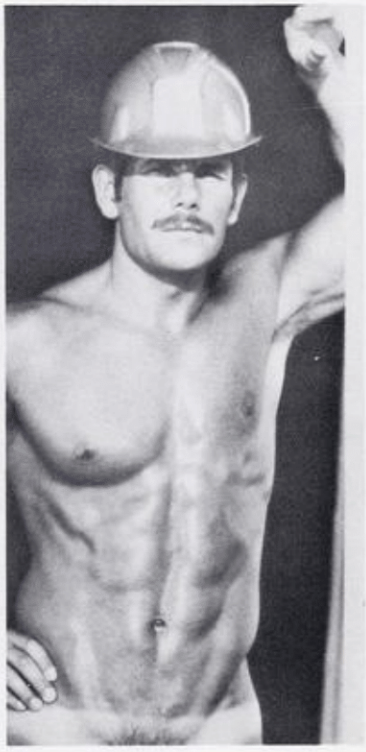

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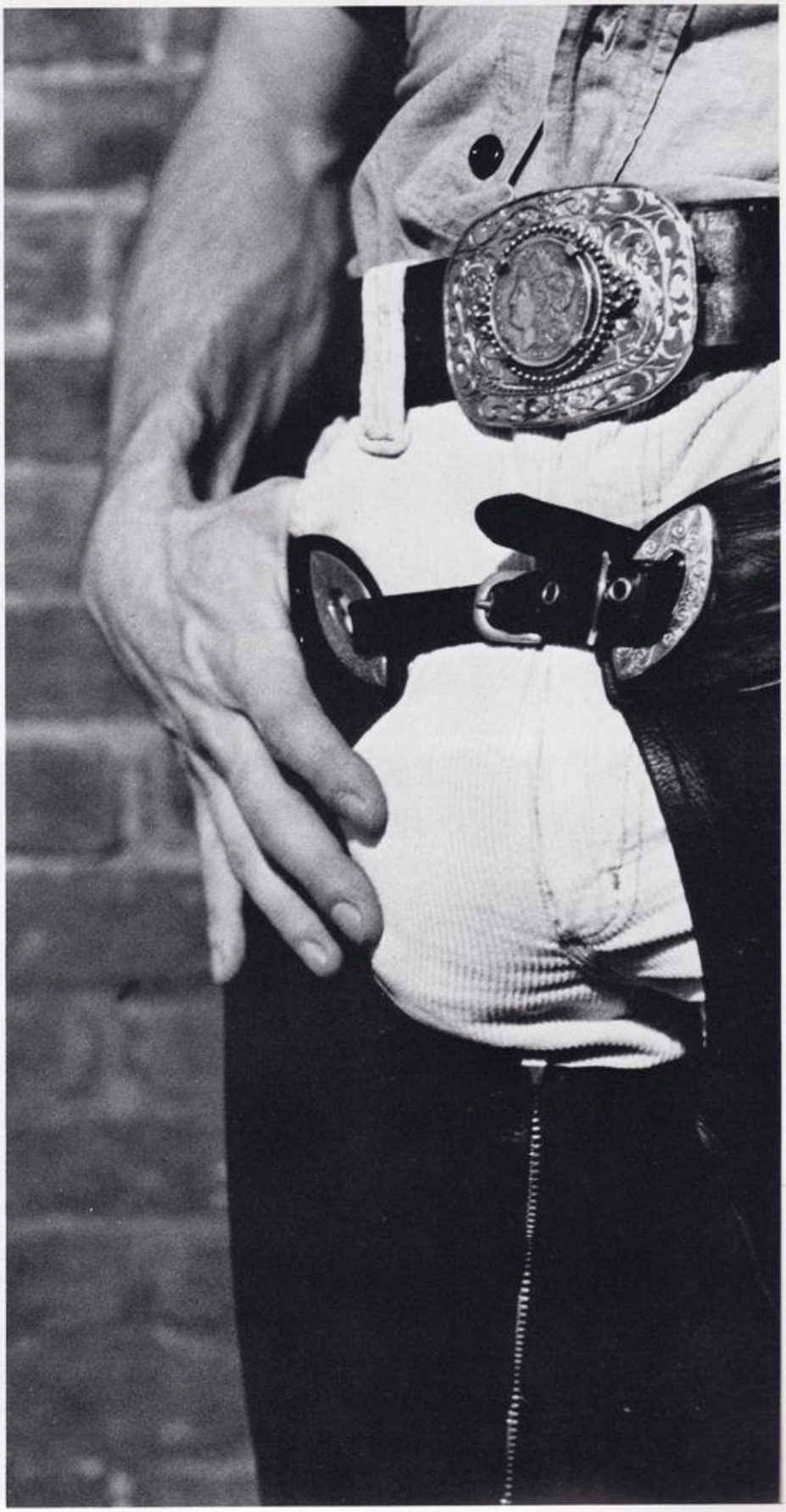
CROTCH WATCHING

Photographs by John Cox



They come in all shapes, sizes and colors. They're those hunks of raw sexual masculinity that whisper a silent message as they bulge in blue jeans, corduroys, leather, swim trunks, denim cut-offs, gym shorts, underwear, jockstraps. They've been the focus for some more than casual leering since men learned to package their sexual story through clothing. The sport is called Crotch Watching, and its rules are as varied as its players...and fans.

Underwear or no underwear, that's the basic question. Most guys swear the loose-swinging look is best. Let things hang unencumbered and free. In other words, display the lines dealt by Father Nature. Still others (a minority?) tout the wearing of the jockstraps or briefs, sometimes with the addition of a cock ring to boost things just a bit. Either way can yield daring effects as displayed by the provocative *poseurs* in these pages.

There are variations, of course. For maximum Crotch Watching effect, trousers should always be tight and form-fitting, revealing a well-turned ass or thighs, to add to the sport. One of the oldest rules of hustlers is to place the object of all this controversy down the right trouser leg. Since American pants are tailored for the wearer to "hang left," this adds an extra dimension of interest. Tattered fabrics can be alluring, slightly worn through to caress the torso even tighter or blatantly shredded to show an actual fleshy glimpse of what's being parlayed, at cost or *gratis*.

Advertising is said to rely heavily on the proper packaging. So, as you cast a wary eye on these basket cases, you can decide how to assemble your own product and exactly which ones rouse your consumer awareness. In the end, naturally, you're going to learn what you've picked up, and the truth will out when all sartorial pretenses are stripped away. We hope you'll score as highly as the young man in this final photograph.

Photographs by John Cox

INTERLUDE IN VIENNA

Continued from page 22

He stopped at the center of the bridge, staring into the frozen waters below, feeling the coldness there permeate his heart. He opened the envelope and read the message for the hundredth time. He was greatly saddened but smiled despite this. Stefan had allowed him an easy, graceful exit, had allowed him the option of returning to his family and forgetting what had happened between them. Perhaps the boy is right, Richard thought. Perhaps this one affair was really all he needed to sate his unknown longing for sex with other men. Perhaps this would exorcise the demon of Jonathan who had plagued him for two decades.

"It is finished," he said to the river, to the wind and to himself. He spoke, too, to the light snow that had begun to trickle over the cityscape, covering Vienna anew and making the tattered old lady fresh and innocent again.

"It is finished," Richard repeated, suddenly shredding the paper and casting it over the railing of the bridge. He turned his back and walked away, determined to leave Vienna and Jonathan and Stefan behind forever. But as he strolled slowly away, the wind caught at the torn letter and little bits and pieces of it followed him off the bridge, a diaphonous whirling dervish that lapped at his body and chilled his soul.

A SORT OF SLEEP

Continued from page 32

turning to face Gabriel, their faces only inches apart. Mouths touched, and Gabriel tasted something slightly sweet. He moved his lips to the man's throat, then to his chest with the salty nipples covered with a fine golden down. Lower still, to the hair-covered navel and the thickening blond nest below, to the thick sex curving toward him.

"Yes, Gabriel. Yes."

Gabriel's mouth opened, and he tasted for the first time the slick, musky sensation of a man's phallus. He embraced it openly, feeling at the same time a hand close about his organ. He groaned as the clenching fist was replaced by something hot and wet as he, too, was taken orally. His thoughts blanched and darkened, fuzzily out of focus with what was happening even though he yearned to know every detail so he could remember later. If there was a later... Gabriel felt himself rapidly approaching crisis, a peak he was somehow able to determine about his lover as well. As he knew his seed was surging and rising and filling up, the mouth against his flesh suddenly went away. Only the chilled night air was left to caress his hungry sex.

"Inside, Gabriel. I want you inside me. Hurry!"

He moved swiftly, parting the man's buttocks and moving his own sex into something slippery and scalding. It was over too quickly, in an instant, his fluids erupting explosively into the channel as he saw his chest suddenly splattered by the white hotness of the other man's seed. He groaned once, loudly, then rolled away, turning his back to the other, gripping the edge of the bed to keep from tumbling away. He couldn't quite remember...

"Gabe?"

Gabriel shook his head and opened his eyes. Slowly, painfully, the silhouette of Henri blurred and sharpened above him. A figure clad in the familiar overalls, a beer can in one hand.

"Henri...?"

You were dreaming, my man. I've been watching you while you slept."

"But...but I..." Gabriel stammered, unable to complete his statement or his thought. He was incapable of telling Henri what he had blended with myth and reality, unsure himself.

"What is it, *mon ami*?"

"I...I was dreaming...about...about you."

"Ah," Henri said. "So." He sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes not overlooking the hard damp lump at his friend's crotch. "And?"

Gabriel flushed angrily at Henri's alert grasp of the situation and tried to turn away. Henri's free hand flew out and gripped him hard at the shoulder. "So, how you dream of your friend is this, eh?" He looked again at the bulge between Gabriel's legs It had not yet begun to diminish. "This then is what is troubling you, yes? This is what you think can solve your misery and the misery around you? This...this between two men? Tell me, Gabe!"

"Henri, leave me alone. I..."

But the man would not be stopped. "No, my Gabriel. It does not have to be this way, your sadness. Nor must dream be so empty as your life. Now, I am weary, yes?"

"Yes," Gabriel whispered.

Beneath the coolness of the coming dawn, they soon fell into a sort of sleep.

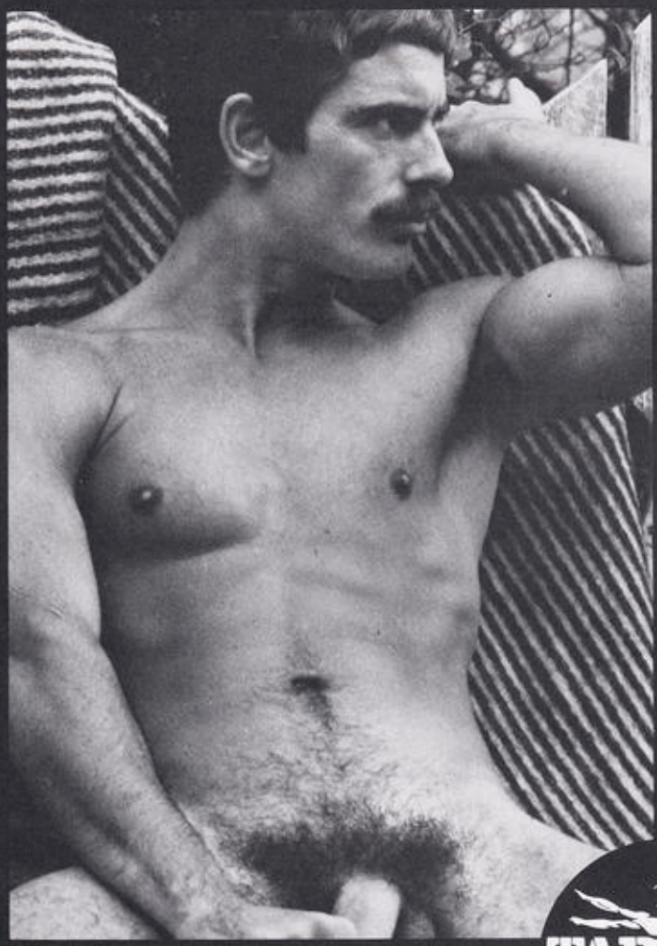
FIRE ISLAND

Continued from page 24

To wit: Hilary taking a barefooted walk on the scorching boardwalk. "She really should have worn sandals, but one thing Cherry Grove had taught her was to be what she wanted, and right now she wanted to be barefooted despite the heat. What was a little pain for the sake of pleasure?" Ho hum.

Then we have pathetic fag hag, Terry Mason, assisting her host in staging a Hadassah Ladies Drag Party. Trying to ensconce herself sexually in this gay world, she reflects as one of her targets leaves the party with another another male. "She looked at the other man with total contempt. 'Have fun, you two. Maybe I'll see you on the boat tomorrow.' Her heart sank as they left. If only she had a cock." Indeed.

That's only a brief sketch of this novel's population. The residents of The Pines fare even worse, as you can read for yourself. The author might have included at least *one* good soul to counterbalance this tacky caterwauling, but, alas, goodness doesn't sell books so Delligan has played his commercial cards wisely. He's crammed the book with, as the book cover screams, "What *Fire Island* (an earlier, less steamy novel) didn't dare reveal! The big blistering novel about America's most scandalous resort!" Well, that about sums up *Cherry Grove*. The book, not the community. But if ersatz shock be to your taste, Delligan serves up a tawdry feast. *Cherry Grove* is, quite plainly, an ideal Beach Book, a surfeit of garbage with glitz. What the hell? Read it.



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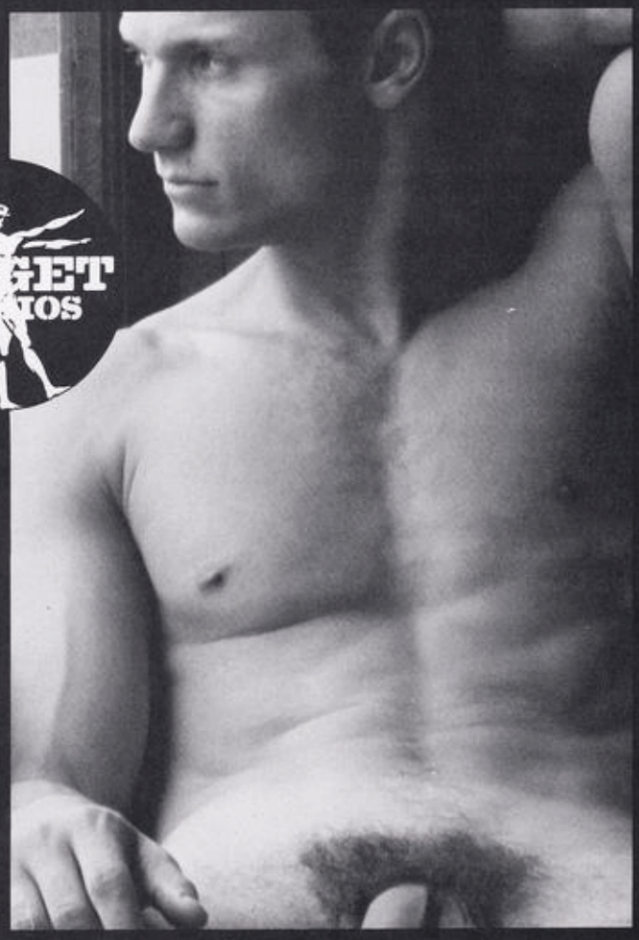

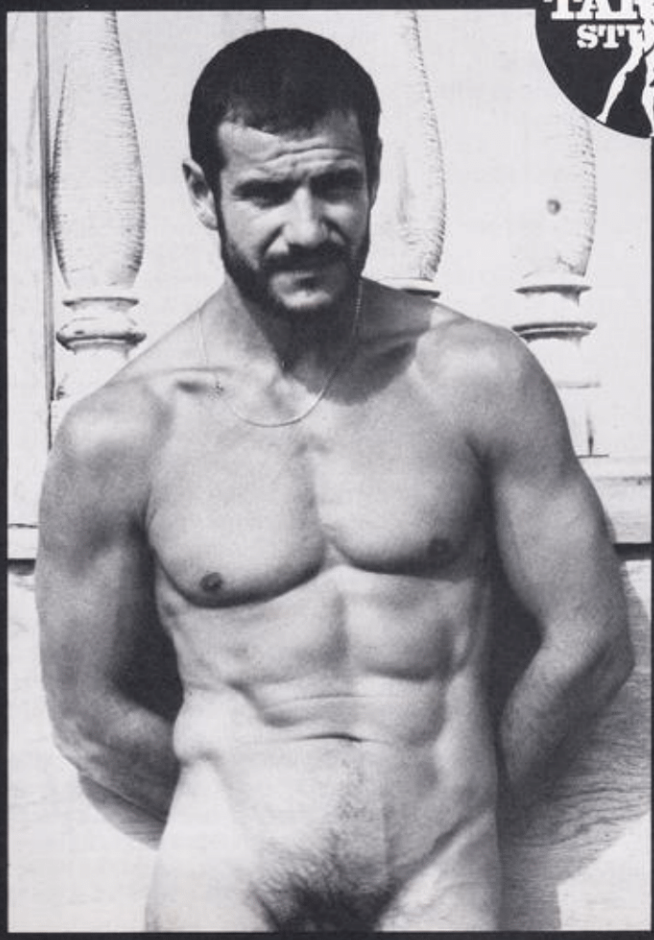

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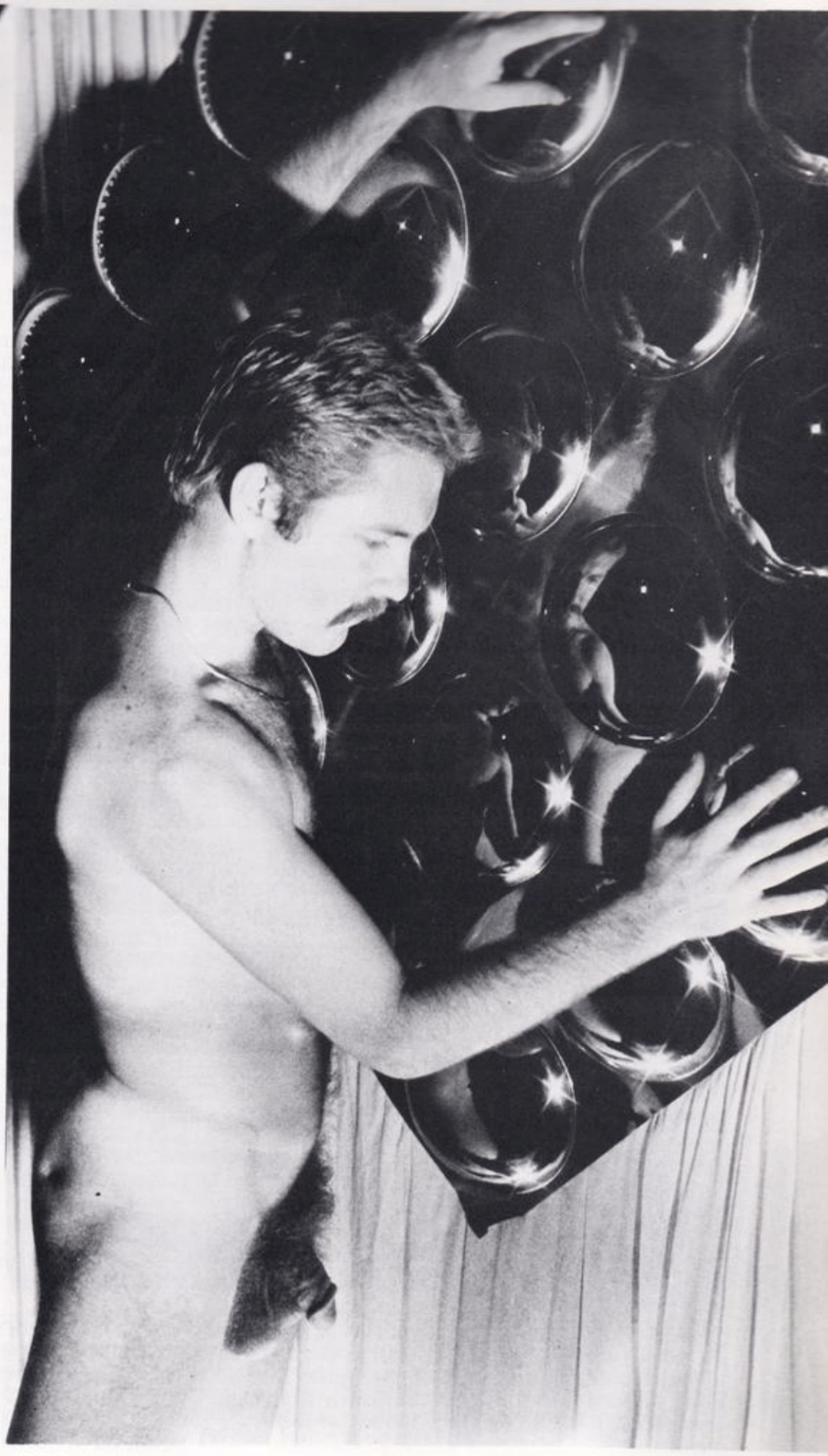
BOY LESQUE

By Ronn Mullen

Photograph by John Cox



In Xanadu, did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree?" Dramatis Personae at 114 West 14th Street in New York City is the pleasure dome decreed by one Steven Baker, founder and producer. "Boys, Boys, Boys" changes personality and personnel weekly, celebrating the male body in a musical revue format. Kaleidoscopic in concept, flamboyant in format, this entertaining crucible of dancers, singers, comics and just plain boys culls its heritage from vaudeville and Minsky's burlesque.

Ken the Kowboy, macho and mysterious behind silverized sunglasses is a native New Yorker. Lounging in black leather, Ken states his foremost ambition: "I want to be rich—very rich."

Michael Shore, singer, has a lush and sensuous sound. A boyish bounce adds sparkle to his delivery of standard ballads. Hailing from Atlanta, Ga., Michael is a young man on his way up in the pop music field.

Playing for over four years, "Boys, Boys, Boys" has hosted a plethora of popular male personalities with a variety of talents: Jack the Stripper with his uniquely outrageous fire-act; Joaquin La Habana in feathers and bananas; George Stevenson, choreographer of the American Modern Dance Theatre; Robert Speller, popular model, dancer and choreographer; Wayne Casey—mime, caricaturist, actor; and an endless line of go-go boys, strippers, dancers and singers.

Maintained as a membership club, Dramatis Personae serves drinks at a cozy bar in the lounge hosted by Steven Baker himself. The charming lady who greets guests and frequently performs in the shows is Baker's longtime associate, Ms. Amy Bell. Together they run a tight ship—and as the theme of one of their current shows proclaims—"Anything Goes!"

PLAYGUY

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6'2", 190, Blond, Hndsm, open and friendly. Great bod. Will travel. Jeff, (212) 835-6925, or (212) 347-1341.

NAKED NY ATHLETE
6'1", 175, 44" chest, 31" waist. Poses bare-assed. Photos Avail. Craig, (212) 472-1031.

S&M AND WILDER
Versatile 26 yr. old, 5'7", 135, well-endowed, beard & moustache, sexy, intelligent, imaginative. Limits respected. Located in Greenwich Village. Reasonable rates. Call Rick, (212) 255-2158.

NY MODEL MASTER TOP
Good body. W/S, hung jock. Boots, leather, Levis, belt. (212) 254-2629.

YOUNG GERMANIC NY
Extremely handsome, 6', 160, Blue eyes, Swimmer's bld, real hung, vers. Peter, (212) 749-8246.

BLOND SURFER
Handsome young blond, clean-cut, smooth, trim swimmer's build. Into most scenes. Friendly, masculine and discreet. Good massage too! Will travel. Call JASON. (415) 441-8889.

TALL HANDSOME MODEL
NYC—26, English-Italian, moustache, trim and smooth sensuous body, top man, brown hair and eyes, hung. Call Nick, (212) 874-7378.

NJ MODEL, EX-MARINE, RUGGED
Football player, ex-boxer will travel. Bruce Marshall, (201) 643-0909. Leave #. Nude photos avail. Write: Lafayette Sta., Box D, Jersey City, NJ 07304. SASE only.

BART RAKEWELL
Hot stud, cowboy into massage. S&M, etc. Gdlkg, masc. guy—5'10", 145, 29 Wy place or yours. (213) 666-6212.

RUGGED & HANDSOME
Hunky, hairy, endowed Italian. Model/Masseur. Will travel. Joe, (213) 651-3390.

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170 lbs of very horny rock hard masc. stud will make deliveries in the rear & do your horny thing for you. Very gdlkg, blue eyes, blond hair, 46"c, 28"w, deep throat, long-action, able tongue. Into FF, w/s, leather, S&M, skin-tight Levis, scat & just good old loving. Your place only. Ask for Don: (213) 655-7069.

CHICAGO—PVT. MASSEUR
Well-endowed, clean cut, gdlkg, for complete sensual message, call Dick, available any time. (312) 528-1423.

DENVER
Denver loves JEFF (6'5" & hung to match, very versatile) and BRIAN (hairy, cuddley and dominant). (303) 832-7213. Will travel Rocky Mts. area.

SAN FRANCISCO
Handsome, young gymnast, sexy, well-muscled, friendly, gives professional massage, plus. Grant, (415) 441-0973. Will travel.

DOMINANT
Gdlkg, imaginative top, 6'+, 170 lbs, trim beard, short hair, 28 yrs. Hung and uncut. Into most scenes—w/s, FF, spanking, verbal abuse, etc. Daytime o.k. My place or yours. Jay, (415) 431-9095.

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Tall handsome Master—aggressive but soft-spoken, 6'4", 180 lbs., hung, hairy, 35 years, with trim beard. Enjoy the fulfillment of submission with full leather, full equipment and specially designed game room. Call John when you want a man. (415) 861-2624. Second Master available for 3-way.

ATLANTA & USA
Toby—W/m, 6'2", 160 lbs, lgt br hair, well-defined swimmer's body, 6 yrs. AAU swimming, super-hung, very versatile. Call between 4-12 AM. (404) 973-5539. Always able to travel. Try me!

PERSONALS

GR. ATHLETE
Hairy, GR/FR versatile athlete—26, 6', 164 lbs, brn hair, blue eyes, endowed, seeks similar for fun. Prefer you in Cal, but also will travel to Midwest. Will answer only those who send nude pix. Fems, fats and over 32, out. Geo. Washington, 681 Ellis St., #362, S.F., Cal. 94109

HAWAII BOUND
Horny, gdlkg, masc. guy digs heavy action! Prefer heavy hung, macho, light S&M, W/S, leather-levis—any race. Photos, details get immed. reply. Fetishists welcome. Boxholder, Box 593, Honolulu, HI, 96809.

HUNKY YOUNG J/O BUDDY
wanted for hot, sweaty, oily, wild action in and out of jocks. Levis, briefs, good set up. Mirrors and mats. Write w/photo to: Box 638, Times Sq. Station, NY, NY 10036. Fast!

SUPER HEAVY, WILD S&M
Given to super hunky, young slave by brutal, merciless, well-equipped boot/Levis Master! Real M's, send photo, age and exper. to Baer, c/o Room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

ROUGH COMRADESHIP
Are you extremely hung; muscular athletic stud with strong staying power? If you want to ram your large tool with rough comradeship, I am Wh. sportsman, 28, 6'2", 180, handsome European look, will travel. Truck drivers, law enforcement men, rugby & football players, mil. welcome. Send address, phone, photo to: Leo, Box 536, Downstairs Mail Svc., 167 West 21st St. NYC, NY 10011.

NYC J/O BUDDIES
Group of attractive guys in their 20's, 30's and 40's with bodies in shape and heads together reaching out to others. Send descriptions, interests, turn-ons, turn-offs, phone # to: Lance, 167 West 21st St., NY, NY 10011. Photo helps. Referrals possible.

GROOVY SLAVE WANTED
by level headed boot and levi Master for steel restraint & leather discipline in well-equipped game room. Beginner or experienced. Send photo, age, ht., wt., to: Grand Cent., Box 3906, NY, NY 10017. Other hot doms invited too!

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Young, separated, Nordic-type dude into nudity and Buddhism, seeks goodlooking, sexy, blond lover to 28 with similar interests. Send description to: Phil Farmer, 761½ Belmont, Long Beach, CA 90814.

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Affectionate, introverted romanticist would like to meet a stable, sensitive, outgoing, loving, employed, masc., reasonably attractive W/M, 30-45. Must be into home life & enjoy simple things like movies, walks, friends. Not kinky or into bars, baths, drugs, alcohol. Willing to share a quiet life with W/m—39, 6', 175 lbs., brn hair/eyes & beard, one-to-one? Write w/first name & phone # to: Jim, 1209 Sutter, #2191, S.F., CA 94109.

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SEATTLE BUTCH STUD SEEKS LOVE
W/m—32, 5'11", 155, dk. hair, moustache, hairy chest, masc., goodlooking—seeks u/30, gdlkg, masc., inexp. ok. No glasses, fats, fems or S&M. Write w/photo (rtnd) to: Service WA, Box 889, Seattle, WA 98111.

SCARED NOVICE NEEDS MASTER
Scared novice W/m, 165, smooth, needs bearded, hairy, very exp. dominant Master to fill deep need. Exp. FF givers only. Very shy, not into bars, need help getting started. Occupant, Box 1131, S.F., CA 94101. Send address and phone.

BODYBUILDERS & WRESTLERS
W/m—bodybuilder, 37, 5'6", 140, turned on by rippling muscles & washboard abd—seeks bodybuilders into oiling & flexing. Blacks, Orientals ok. Have muscle films and enjoy physique photog. Also into wrestling. Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

UNIFORMED POLICE
W/m, 27, college ed—interested in corresp. and/or meet uniformed police, motorcycle cops in particular. Looking for friendship & closer relationship with right guy. S.F./Oakland area. Send photo. C. Andrews, Box 1182, Union City, CA 94587.

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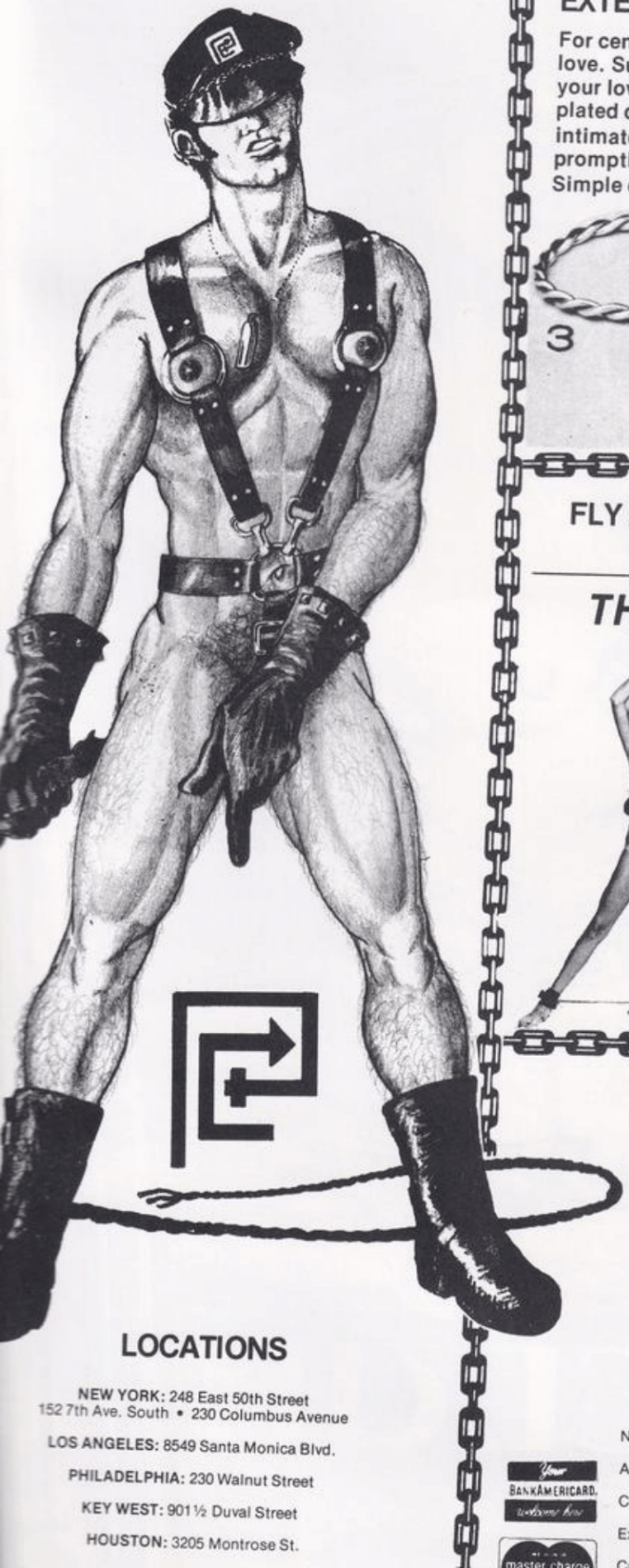

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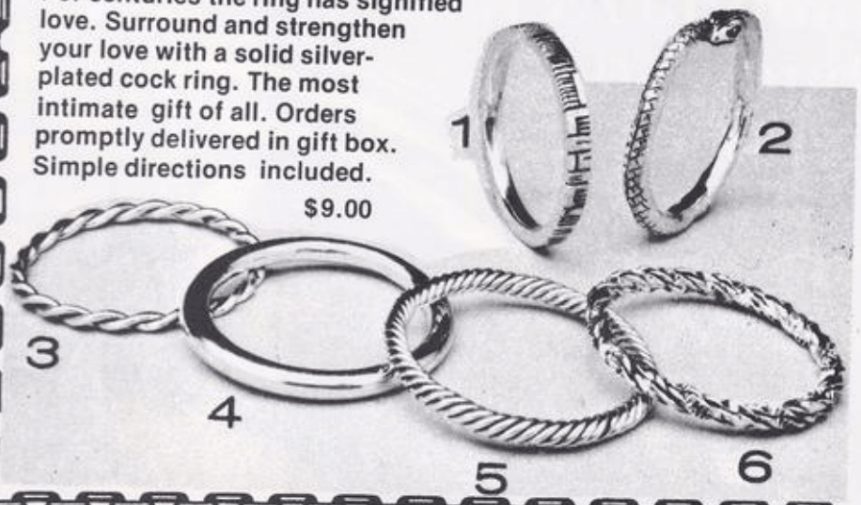

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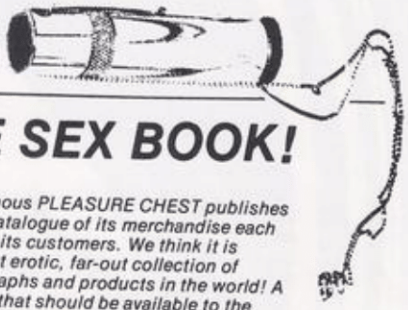

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