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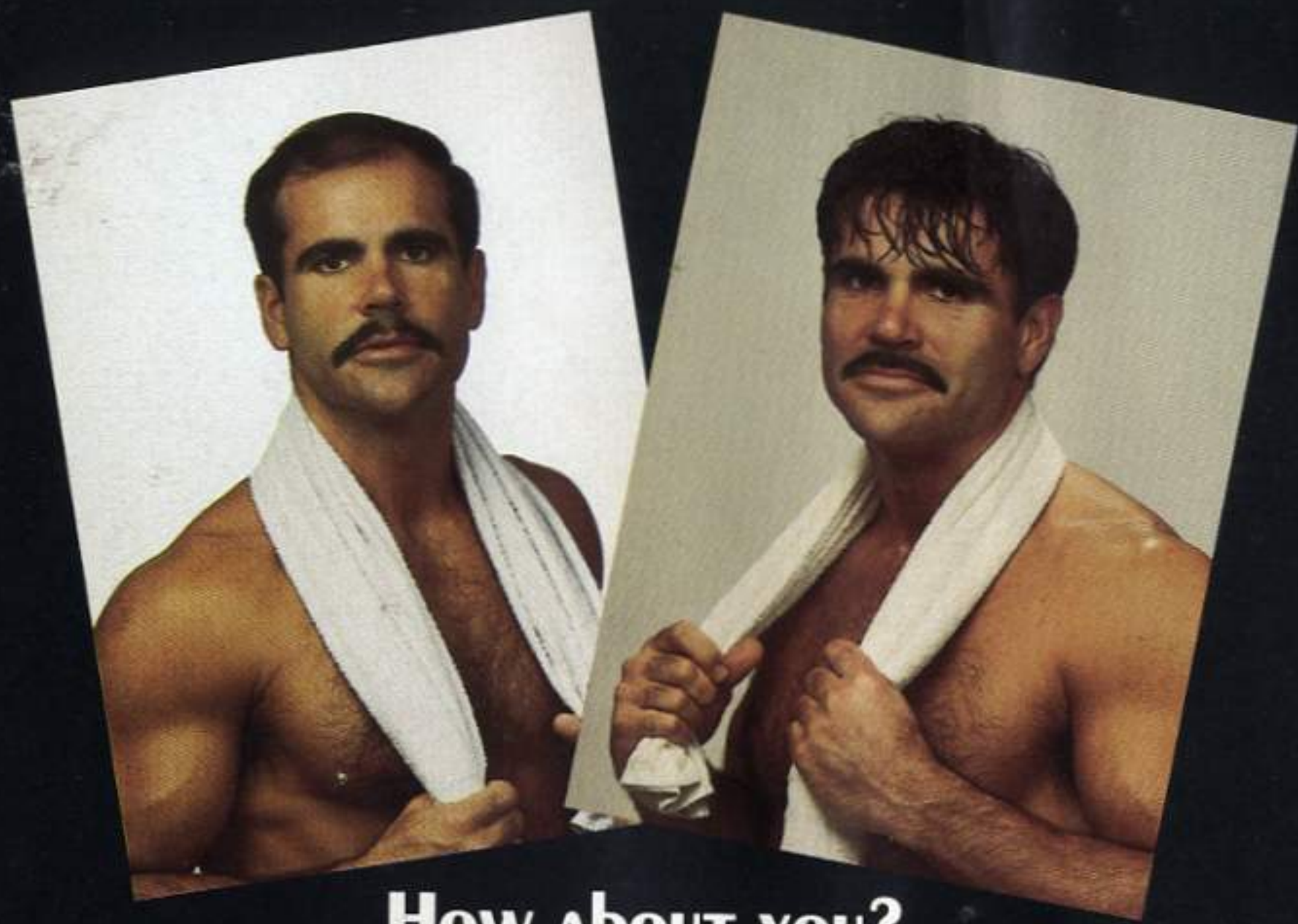

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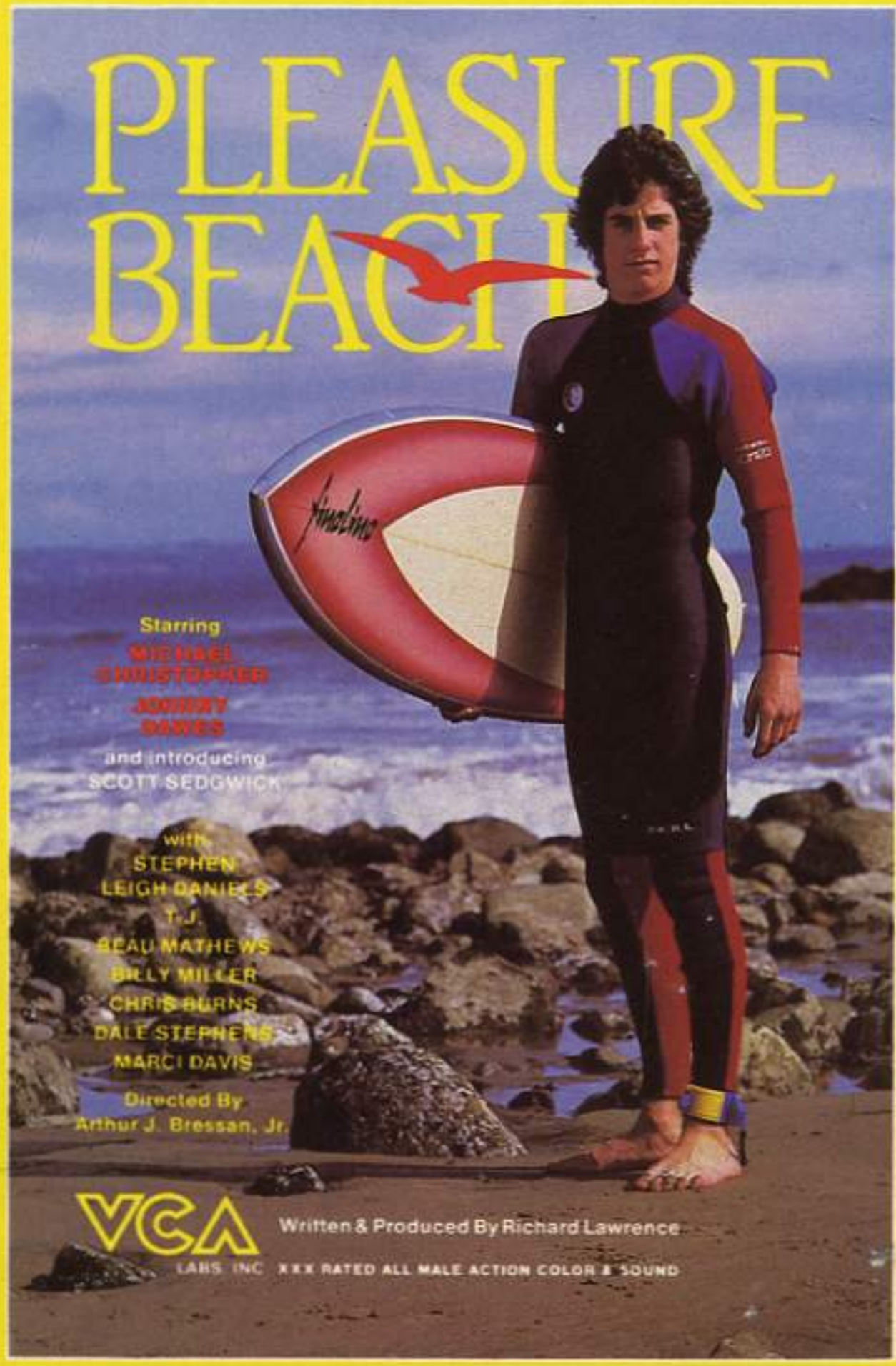

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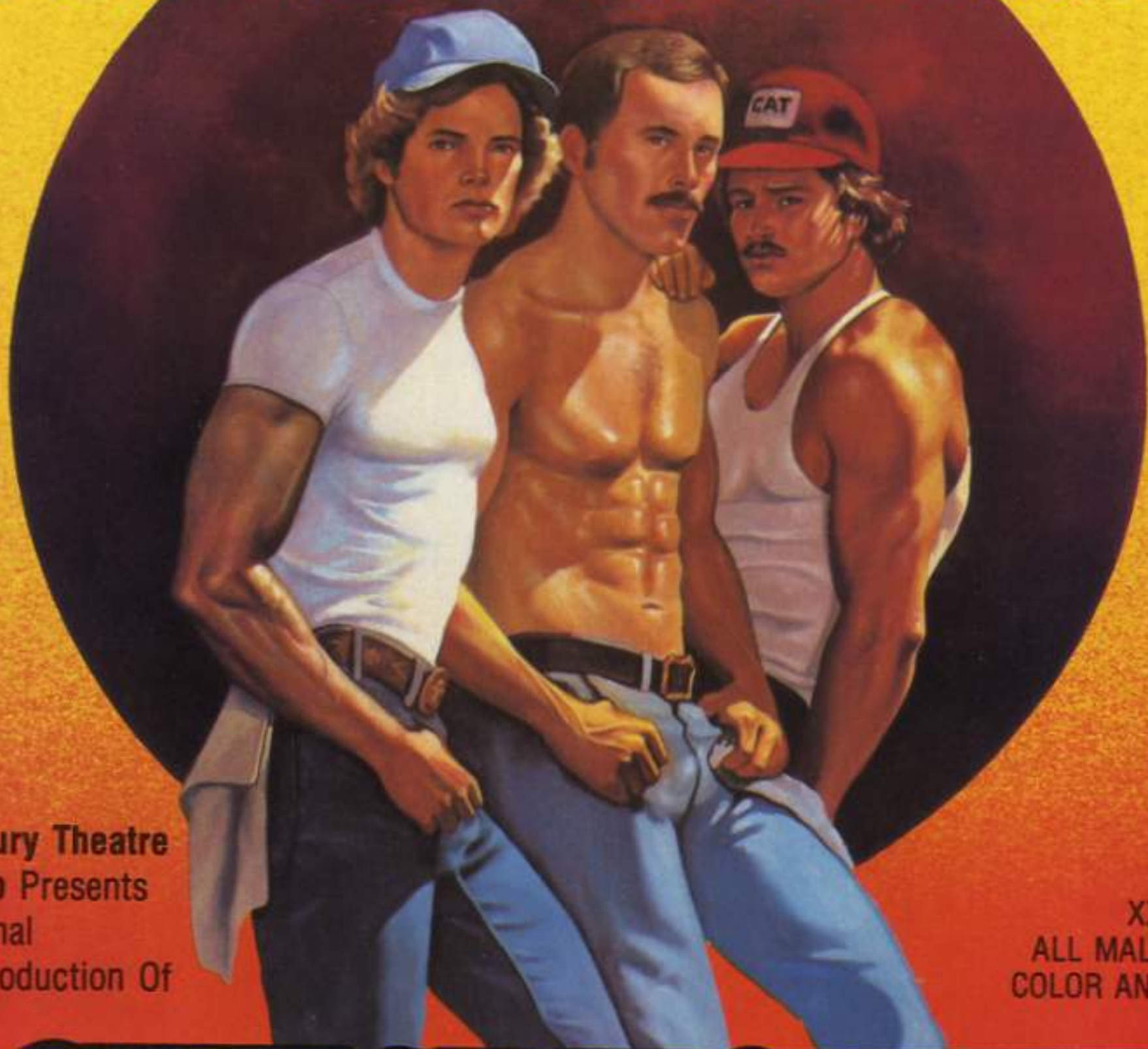

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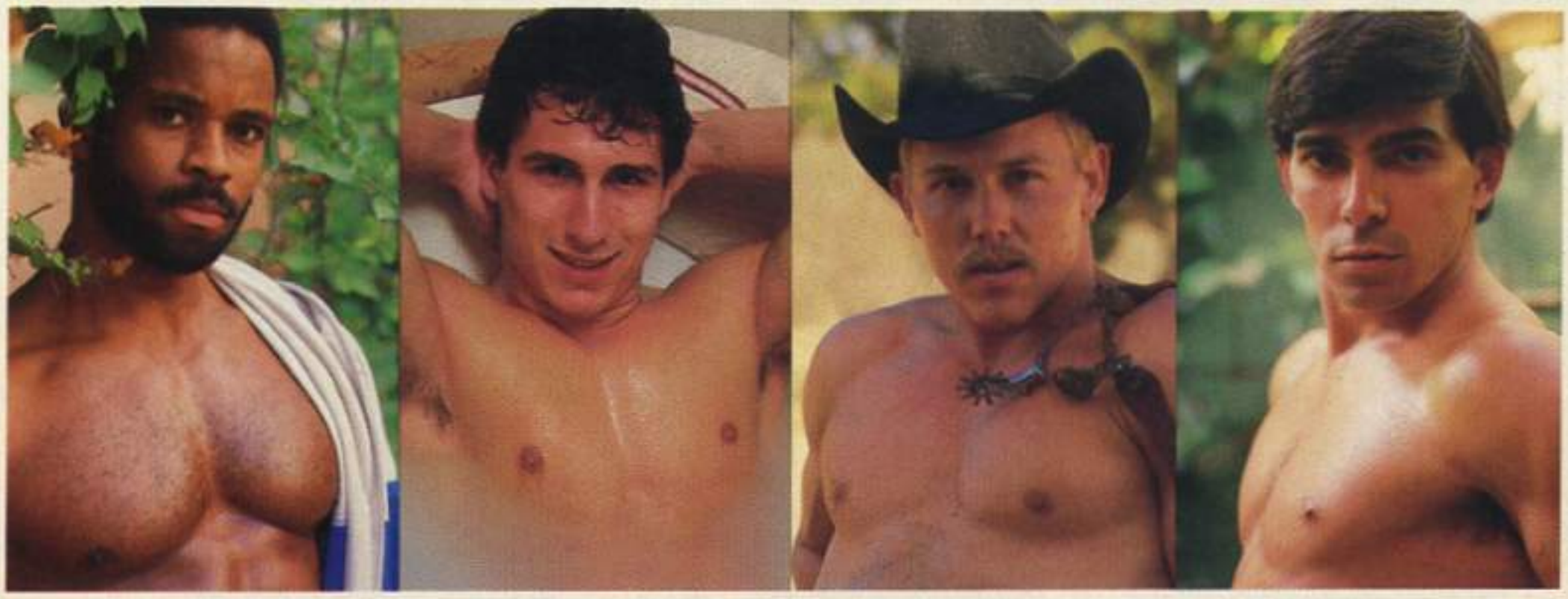

FICTION

Stand-In on Andros Island by Phil Andros	6
First Lady Plot by Art Boyce	28
Replacement Parts by Guy Stowe	54

NUDES

Marc Laurent	19
Coverman: Coulter Thomas	44
Darren Moore	59
Ted Bruni	75

DEPARTMENTS

Showcase: Steven Arnold	12
Showcase: Rex	66
Donelan	26
Face Man: Joe Kool	35
Nostalgia	40
MENtionables	36
Video Review	92

ON THE COVER

Coulter "Colt" Thomas. Photo by Bisonnes.

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For many an older gay man, Phil Andros, in the early '60s, was his first encounter with a writer who dealt with the taboo subject of sex between men in a positive, guilt-free way.

From first encounter under the counter to when in the early '70s he was more openly available, countless numbers of homosexual men fell in love with and fucked with, vicariously of course, the very handsome, very hung hustler with a heart (and cock) of gold, who narrated a loosely tied-together series of picaresque tales, Phil Andros.

Andros was such a real, believable, three-dimensional presence that few who read his first-person stories suspected that he was, in fact, wholly a fiction, a neat literary conceit of his creator, a Chicago college-prof-turned-tattooist named Samuel Steward.

And even if the Phil Andros fan had been aware then of Steward behind his hero, he would not probably have known that the real author had been a friend of Gertrude Stein and Thorton Wilder, an acquaintance of Lord Alfred Douglas, Andre Gide and Thomas Mann, and was confidante and correspondent of Alice B. Toklas during her long widowhood.

Sam Steward himself did not enjoy wider celebrity that Phil Andros until the late '70s, when his career revived via the pages of *The Advocate;* and today, in his seventies, he has become lionized as one of our genuine living treasures.

To the delight of those who were too young to read the Andros tales at their first telling, the adventures of the wanderlusting hustler-hero have been reissued by Perineum Press in three paperback volumes, with more to come.

STAND-IN ON ANDROS ISLAND

New Fiction by Phil Andros

ILLUSTRATION: DESOULE

Sometimes a whim will take you far—literally. It all began with my strolling along the side of Union Square in San Francisco last summer. In the window

of a travel agency a display caught my eye and sent a shock down my spine. Amidst colorful photographs of underwater coral, great white beaches and turquoise water was a lettered sign praising the beauties of the Bahamas, and among them a display saying "Visit Andros."

I'd known, of course, being of Greek heritage, that there was an island called Andros in the Aegean sea, reknown for its silks and wines and lemons. But I had no idea there was one in the Bahamas. And all of a sudden, the idea of an Andros visiting Andros seemed delightful for a number of reasons.

One was that I was enduring a kind of world-weariness with hustling that summer in San Francisco. My psyche felt soiled, snail-tracked with pearly dried trails of semen, stained with dried saliva and worse. And another reason was that it had been a cold summer. Someone once said that the coldest winter of his life had been a summer spent in San Francisco, and that year I felt inclined to agree. You couldn't go shirtless under just a leather jacket the way you could in Los Angeles, and you certainly couldn't go jacketless at all. It was turtleneck time, and that could rarely help a hustler's image.

So I was up and away. I packed a bag, grabbed my passport, closed my little house and turned on all the burglar alarms, spread the proper airplane's wings and flew to Miami, and thence to Nassau and from there to Andros Town. From there I went by taxi (wow! the price!) clear down to the south end of Andros Island. I stayed at Las Palmas Hotel, one of the resorts on the eastern shore.

I went to the rustic "office" to register. The heat was all around, against my body like a warm lover; and after the chill of California it was wonderful. The "hotel" was a cluster of low bungalows built around a large swimming pool overlooking a private beach. The colors and the sunshine already hurt my eyes, and I had to get out my dark glasses even before I looked at the sky and water. There were coconut palms growing tall in the garden.

"Would you like a standard or superior room?" the clerk inquired. There was a little sibilance in his voice—a giveaway. He was tanned to the consistency of rich Corinthian leather, and his skin looked dry and old. He must have been all of twenty-eight. The sun was a violent mistress in the tropics; she aged you before your time. I couldn't tell whether he was British or American.

"Superior," I said, going the whole hog.

I blinked a little when he told me the price, but what the hell.

I gave him the passport. His reaction was the same as that of the airline clerk in Miami. "My God," he said. "Andros!"

"Yup," I said, grinning. "Thought I'd see how the old home island was getting along."

"By damn," he said. "you're the first Andros ever to come here."

"Except, of course, Sir Edmund, after whom the place was named," I said sardonically.

"You'll hardly need your leather jacket here," he said, equally sardonic. I'd taken it off and slung it across my shoulders, and was resplendent in white T-shirt, nipples showing. I looked at him. He was not a bad-lookin' dude—enough chest muscles, good pecs. His nose had been broken. His blond hair was bleached almost white.

"I can tell that already," I said. "The place is hot."

At that he crocked an eyebrow and gave me a careful lookover. "My name's Kenny," he said.

"And you know mine," I said. "Any action around here?"

"You makes your own," he said, after a moment. A slight smile. I pegged him for an American because of his accent. Faintly Floridian, I thought. Perhaps a club-member.

"Where you from?" I said, signing the registration form.

"Florida," he said, looking at the card. "Ah," he said. "Berkeley. I've been there."

And away we went. He'd been on Andros for six months. "What do you do?" he said.

I grinned. "Sex therapist and consultant," I said.

"I'll put you in cottage three," he said. "You'll like it. Good view of the beach and all that goes on. There aren't many guests here just now. About twenty. You make twenty-one."

"What are they like?"

"Congenial," he said. "Rich. But mostly older or married. They do a lot of diving. You dive?"

"Some scuba," I said.

"You'll like that. It's really beautiful underwater."

"Above water too, I see," I said. The half-moon beach stretched to eternity, white and glistening, and was lost in shades of blue water and the dark blue cloudless sky. I had a feeling I was going to enjoy the vacation.

The room was great—air-conditioned, no less, and decorated with deep-toned warm red-and-brown fabrics and bedcover; a bathroom was tiled in pale green; and a little patio baked in the sun outside the sliding glass doors. There were hangings and pillows here and there of what I was later to learn were called Androsian batiks, colorful tropical-looking things all right for the Bahamas, I reckoned, but looking half-savage and Californian and perhaps a little too elegant for a hustler.

I spent the next two days getting acquainted with the other guests—stereotypes all. A British army officer and his sand-haired wife, both in their last half-centuries. An old-maid schoolteacher from Vermont. An elderly lush, who kept telling stories about World War II. The manager and his wife, fat and prosperous. They were all distinguished by leathery skins and dark tans, with white-etched wrinkles around their squinted eyes—especially the beachcomber bum who had arrived eight years previously and never left. The only exception was the schoolteacher from Vermont—who carried a parasol and didn't let her face get into the sun. All the others represented a dermatologist's dream a few years hence; if they didn't have skin troubles by now they would then.

And I did some scuba diving. That was really a treat, with the water almost tepid except where the barrier reef broke and and what they called the "tongue of the ocean" came in—a deep drop off, quite dangerous, with the water as you swam suddenly changing to ice. The coral grew in brilliant fields of green, rose, yellow, white—rainbow hues, quite visible inside the reef through crystalline water, and farther out deeper hued. When you were exploring the fronds waving on the sea-bottom, looking up you could see the shimmering silver of the underside of the wavelets like molten metal quivering. Beautiful.

I lay on the beach and in two days was almost black, my Greek skin producing the quick tan that I had always enjoyed. The second night I had a visitor. It was Kenny. He arrived while I was recovering from eating too much conch chowder, lobster and hot Johnny bread. He had a bottle of Beefeater gin in hand.

"How about a drink?" he said rather thickly. He'd obviously had several.

"Okay," I said, getting glasses and some ice from the small refrigerator.

"Damn," he said, half sprawling on one elbow on the bed, "you sure got

Continued page 11

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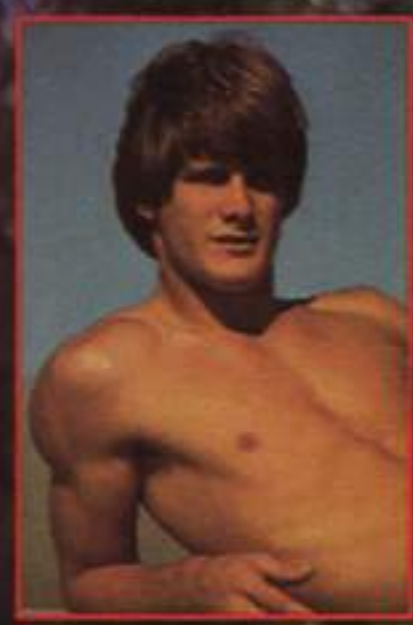

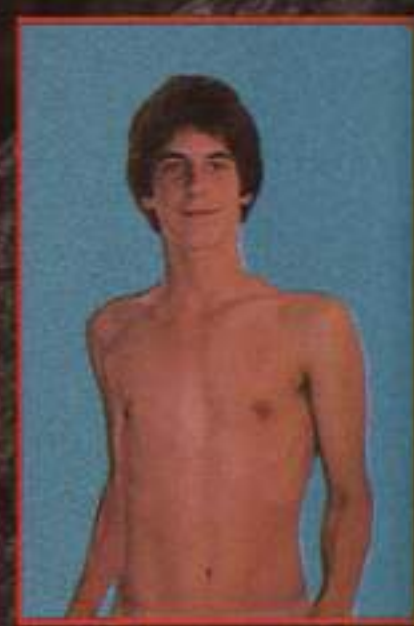

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Continued from page 8

dark in a hurry. All over?" he asked. "There's a fenced-off place where you can let it all hang out."

"No thanks," I said. "I keep a contrast in the middle part, so's I can see how dark I am. It's sexier."

"You're one sexy dude," he said. And then, with a wisdom he may have got as a hotel clerk he said, "You a hustler?"

I waggled my hand at him. "Have been," I said. "I'm on vacation now."

"Aw," he said. "I wanna get fucked. Tell you what. I ain't got the dough, but I'll fix it so you can have an extra night and day free."

I didn't much feel like it, but then there had been times like that before. "All right," I said, and pulled off my white T-shirt. He ran his tongue over his upper lip. "Damn," he said, "you sure got a well-developed body. You work out?"

"Fucking," I said. "It's good for the back and shoulders. Helps the arms and legs too." I took the drink he'd poured and gulped half of it. The gin was fine and aromatic. It burned a hot little path down my throat and into my stomach where it got lost.

"Okay, baby," I said, swatting the bed and then unfastening my belt and zipper. "Let's get goin'." I picked up the small jar of cold cream I always carried and hefted it in my hand. Then I took off my chinos and the zoris I had been wearing everywhere. Life was very informal on Andros Island.

He stood up a little drunkenly and undressed, almost losing his balance as he tried to raise one leg to get out of his slacks. "Guess I'm a little drunkee," he said, almost giggling. He had a sort of lean ropy body with no tan line at all. His dingdong was hard and fairly sizable. There was blond hair everywhere, thick on his legs. The one light in the room made him glow a little around the edges.

"How you want it?" I asked, laying a hand on ole Betsy and giving her a coupla strokes.

"Lemme bend over the bed," he said, "while you stand. But say," he said, "fix the mirror in the bathroom door, will yuh?"

"Fix it how?"

"So's it focuses on the bed," he said, "I wanta watch you."

It'd be nice to watch myself too, I thought, and angled the door. "How's that?"

"'Bout an inch more," he said, from his bent position on the bed. "There."

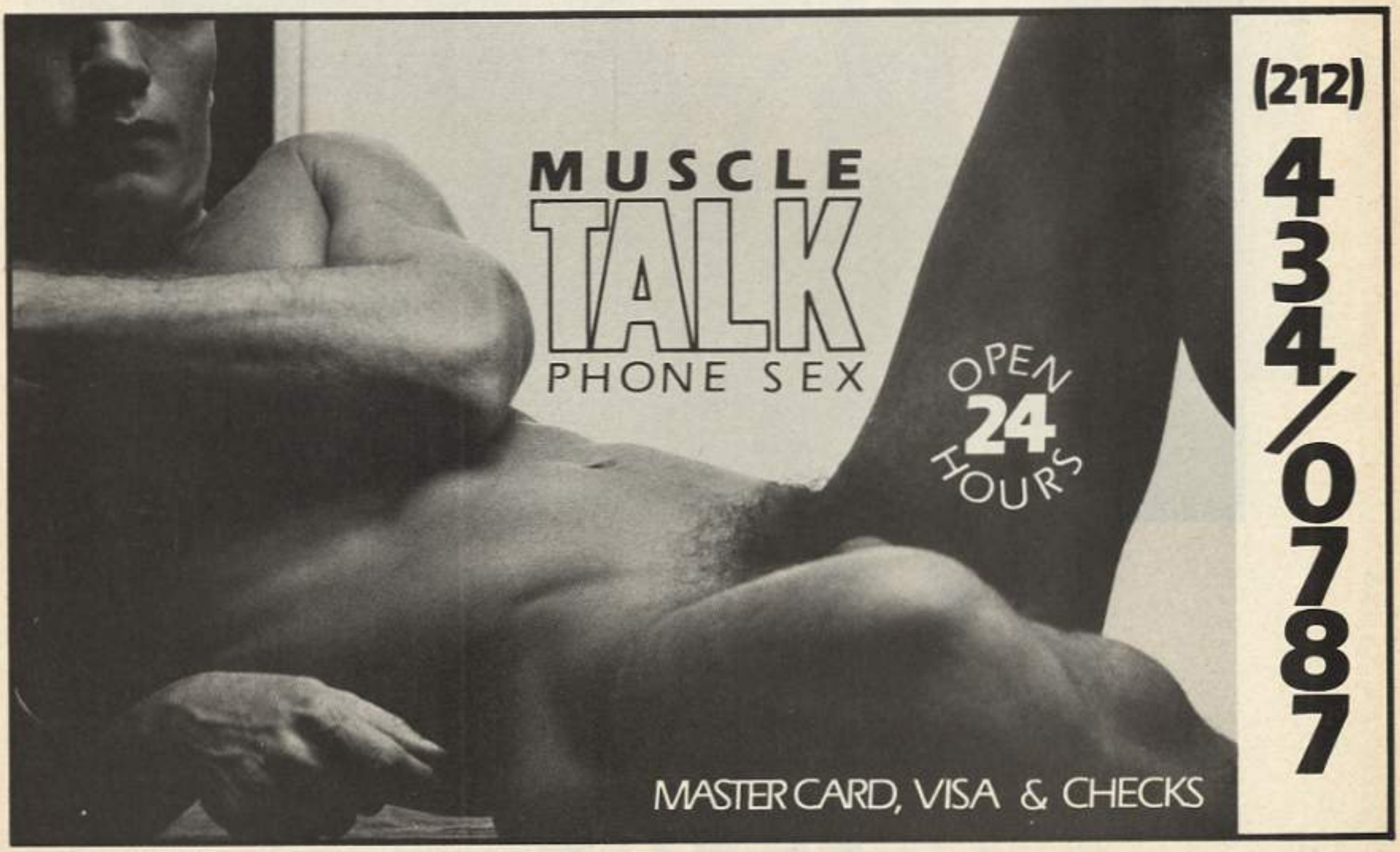
I returned to the bed with a towel. I laid a fingerful of cream against the crack in front of me and then approached. At the first touch he jumped a little.

"Take it easy," he said. "I ain't been screwed in quite a while. And you're big."

I felt the first warm touch of his hole against the head of my cock, and the little coolness from the not-quite melted grease. And then my reflexes took over, and my dreams began. I half shut my eyes, cutting out the sight of the whole room and his body, all except the dark tanned crack before me, and the darker hair around the celestial gate. Slowly, little by little, I eased the head in—felt the strong barrier of his sphincter, stopped for a moment, and then with a dozen small jolts pressed onward. Glancing down I watched the thick column of my cock, shining in the dim light, as it slowly worked inward, ever inward, until my groin was pressed tight against his heated flesh, and then withdrew just as leisurely, watching the glistening shaft appear again and slowly lengthen until I felt it almost withdraw, and then another slow push inward.

He had commenced a low keening, almost a moan, in which I could now and again hear whispered words of "Fuck me, oh fuck me, fuck," over and over, a soft litany of begging and pleading, and then taking on a different tone from the pleasure he must have been

Continued page 16



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Continued from page 11

feeling. I spread my legs and bent my knees, liking it as much as he seemed to, aware of the clutching hotness of that tunnel pressing against my cock from all sides, enfolding me like warm hands grasping, like a warm glove fitted over me. Little by little my eyelids went entirely shut, pressed hard together until green and red lights swam against the blackness of my lids; and soldiers and sailors and cops swarmed over me; and I licked their boots and feet, and felt their hands upon me, dozens and dozens of them, reaching, grasping. My flesh tightened all over my body; and the tiny fire-flowers began to swin out of the darkness, to dance on my shoulders and my moving hips, and, suddenly with a great flare, to explode within me, drawing all my feeling to my cock and holding it there in the intolerable whirlwind of the orgasm that rushed over and through me. At the same time I felt the extraordinary clamping of his own coming, and his muscles swept up and down the length of my cock. I collapsed on top of him, my hand reaching under him, and finding his palm wet with his own gyzym.

So we lay for a long moment, the sweat running down my ribs from my armpits and cooling as it fell on his skin. Finally he struggled a bit, and slowly I withdrew, waiting for the great words from him, the poetry that would be memorable in my mind forever.

"Goddlemighty," he said. "That was dandy."

•••

THE NEXT AFTERNOON I PUT ON MY skimpiest briefs, the black ones, and went exploring, walking down along the great half-moon curve of white and glittering sand towards the land's end. Andros was a low-lying island, cut across with water and inlets leading far back into the dense tropical forest that Ken told me had never been fully explored. The native huts were down the other way—well, not huts really, but small houses sturdily built of native limestone and coral to withstand the hurricanes that came sweeping down out of the storm womb of the Caribbean. It was rugged bush and mangrove country, and years ago had harbored countless thousands of flamingos until the young low-flying sprouts of airmen, training during World War II, had scared 'em all off.

But I was here to restore my psyche, not do a piece for *National Geographic*. I walked barefoot in the warm and sensual sand and watched the curling waves, and felt the sun lustfully on my body. I went about two miles, looked

back and saw no one, and took off my skimpy briefs and lay down on the hot sand.

It was utterly still, save for the gentle sound of the low waves and the cry of an occasional bird far-off in the forest that edged the beach. I had enough sense, even though lulled into drowsiness by sun and breeze and surf, to put my towel over my crotch to keep from burning the father of all evil, lying lengthy down my leg.

I lay with closed eyes, almost asleep, when suddenly I heard a strange sound coming from the ocean, or seeming to—above the curling gentle swish of the waves there was added the sound almost of someone walking, or of some differing sound of the waves. I opened my eyes to look.

It was a man, rising from the sea, raising each foot and plunging it straight down into the water. He was about twenty feet away, and not looking in my direction at all. My ole Greek brain, nurtured on mythology and thinking back to my ancestral roots, could not remember any romantic hero who had risen from the foam—not Apollo nor Adonis; and certainly he did not remind me of Venus rising, for he was naked; and the pendulous thing that swung lazily from side to side, faintly slapping against each leg as he walked, might well have been the envy of Venus, but was certainly not her own. He seemed young, maybe early twenties.

I was suddenly, violently and irreversibly in love . . . or lust. I don' know what it was about him, what allure or attraction or magnetism, but I was immediately hooked. He was not exceedingly tall, perhaps not even as tall as I was; but everything about him seemed perfect. The face was molded in a classic pattern—broad, clear, untroubled forehead, straight black eyebrows that dipped downwards to his cheekbones at the far ends, a straight nose above sensually curved and carved lips, deep-red and shining from the seawater. The body itself might have been the model for Leonardo's sketch of the perfectly proportioned man, that figure in the circle with arms extended. It was a body that Michelangelo might have laid down his chisel and stepped back to admire. The shoulders were broad, the pectorals swelling with strength, and the forearms darkened with the black hair on them, now wet and flowing in the same direction. As more of his body appeared above the silvered water, I saw the hair on his legs running in the same direction, almost as if he wore a ribbed and patterned garment. Magnetism . . . the air around him almost crackled with electricity and sex . . .

He raised a hand and smiled, heading towards me.

"Hullo," he said, smiling still more widely. Unconsciously I pulled the towel over my crotch into a modest placement. "My name's Andy." He extended his hand.

I reached up from the sand and took it. "Phil Andros," I said. His grip was strong.

"Oh," he said. "You're the fellow Ken told me about. I got in late last night and Ken was talking about your last name. He said that by now the whole island knows about it. Even the natives. One of them said you were the great white god and father, come home at last."

There was nothing to do but laugh. "I had no idea it'd cause so much talk," I said, and then, "You're British, aren't you?"

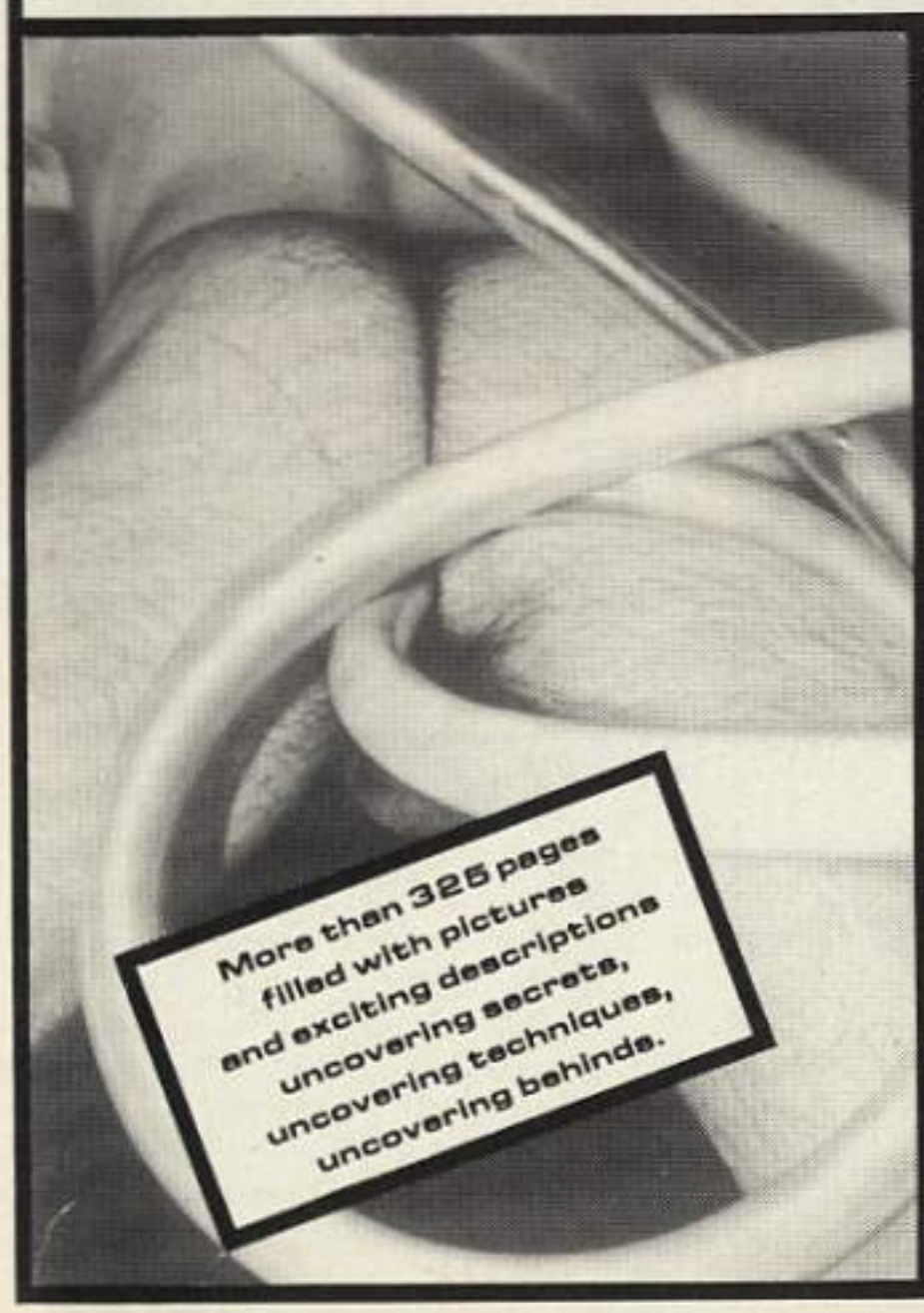
"Yes," he said. Oh lord, those white, white teeth!

"You've been here before?" I said, a half-question.

"Oh yes, three or four times. I like it very much. Quiet, serene. Gives you a good chance to get away from the world and still be in it, in a manner of speaking."

Continued page 18

THE ENEMA AS AN EROTIC ART by David Barton-Jay



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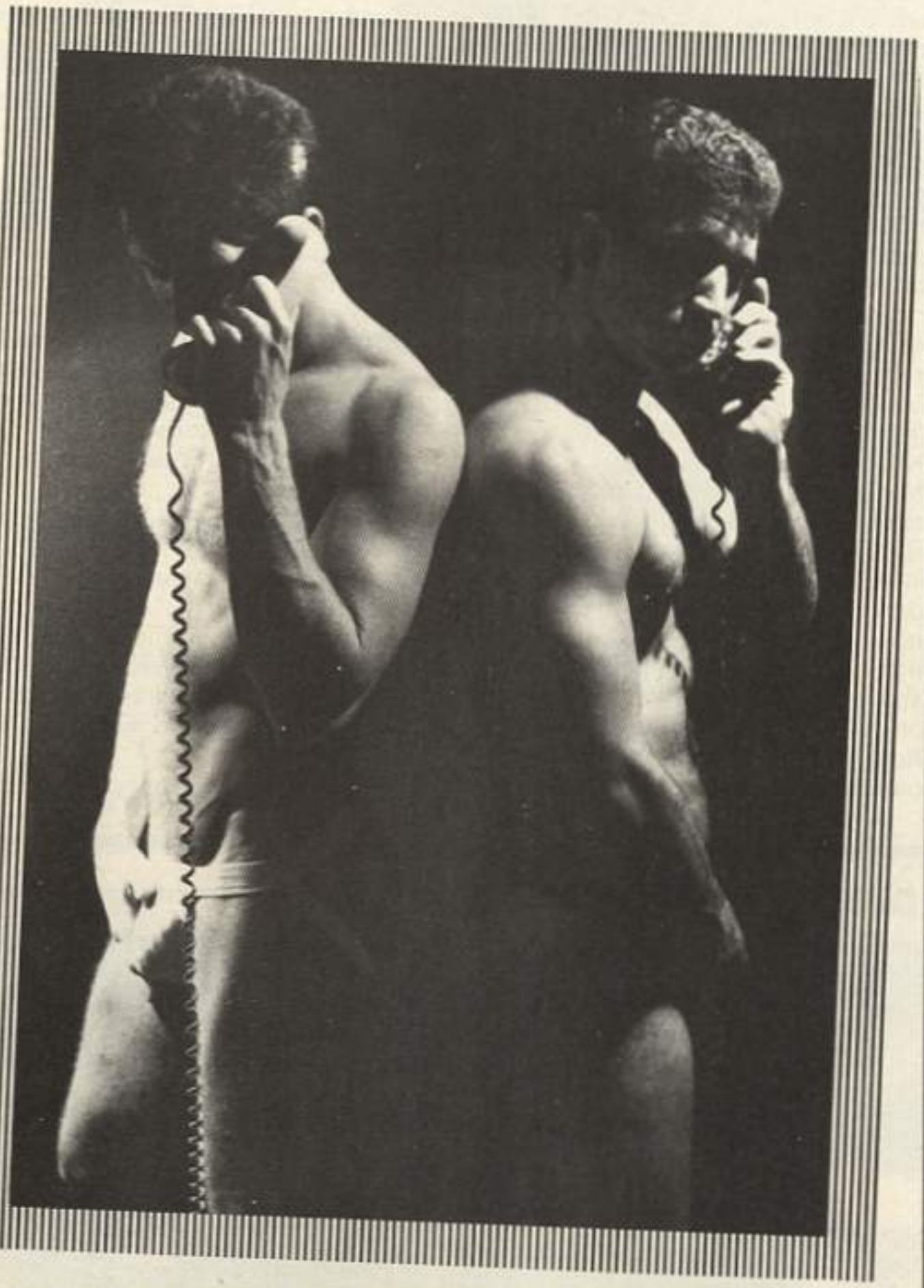

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Continued from page 17

He looked out towards the limitless ocean and then lay down beside me. "You don't mind?" he said with a smile.

"Not at all," I said, falling into a kind of phony British speech pattern. It's always like that. Let me be around an Englishman, a Frenchman or whatever, and within minutes I'm almost parodying the speech I hear. I couldn't take my eyes away from his face. The dreams that my mind was creating were beginning to be reflected in ole Betsy under the towel.

He signed deeply and lay back on the sand. "Thank God there aren't any girls around at the moment," he said.

I didn't know exactly how to take that—whether he was glad since we were both comfortably naked, or what.

"They give you much trouble?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he said. "Do they you?"

"Not at all," I said.

"Ken said you were a sex therapist."

I stuck my tongue-point into my cheek. "I'm good at reducing swellings of all kinds . . . the brain . . . and other things."

He laughed a little, took sand in his hand, and let it slide out the bottom. "I guess I'm bisexual," he said.

"Not unusual," I said, running my tongue over my lips which had gone extremely dry.

"It's been quite a while since I went to bed with a chap," he said. "Would you feel like trying it, after dinner."

A skyrocket must have gone off somewhere in one of the valleys of my brain. "Oh sure," I said. "There's not much to do around here in the evenings." Things were happening a little fast even for me.

"What do you do?" I asked.

He looked at me oddly.

"I mean," I said, "what's your line of work?"

"I just live," he said, smiling.

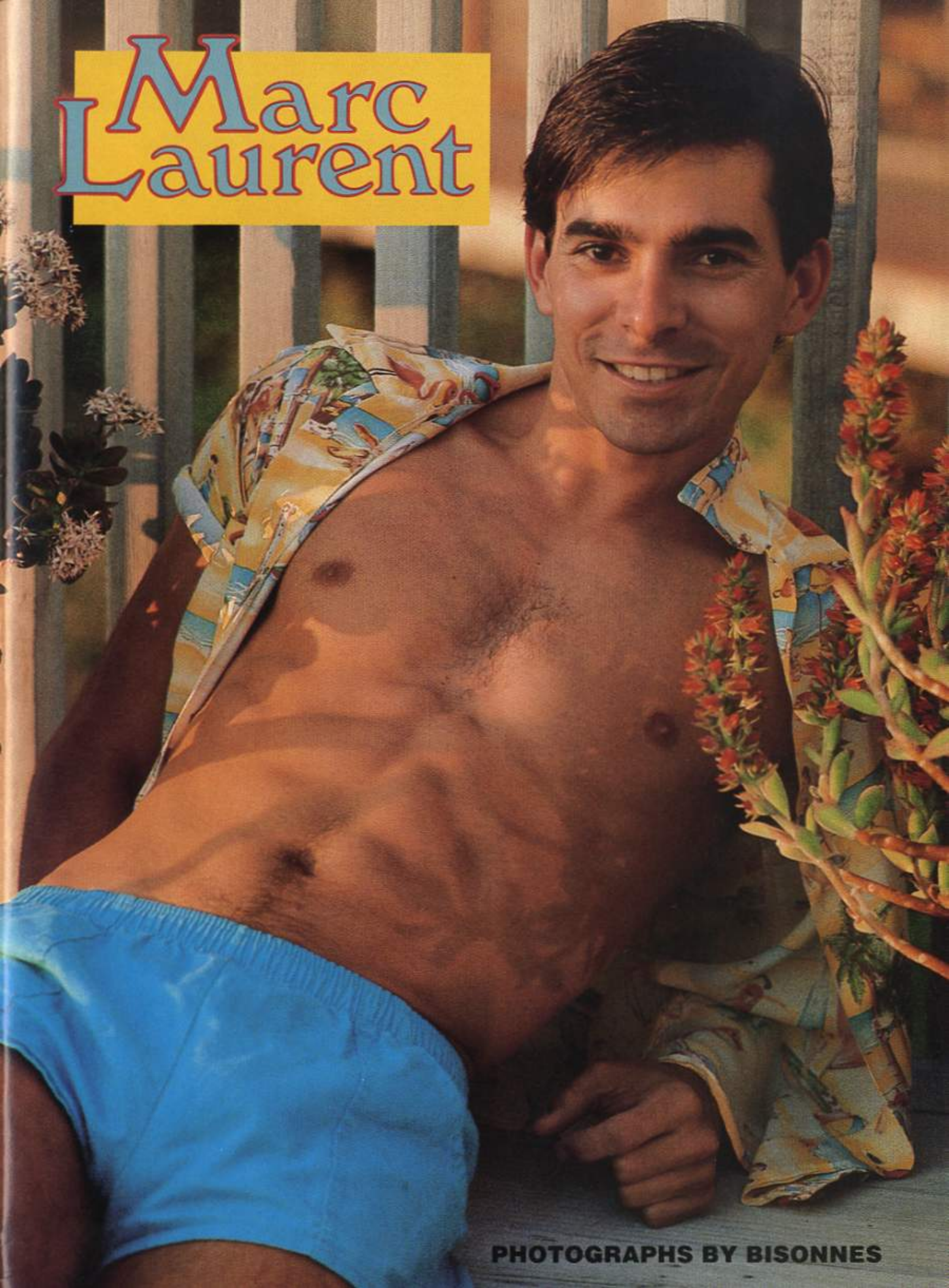
"In London?" he nodded. "Whereabouts?"

He shrugged. "Several places," he said.

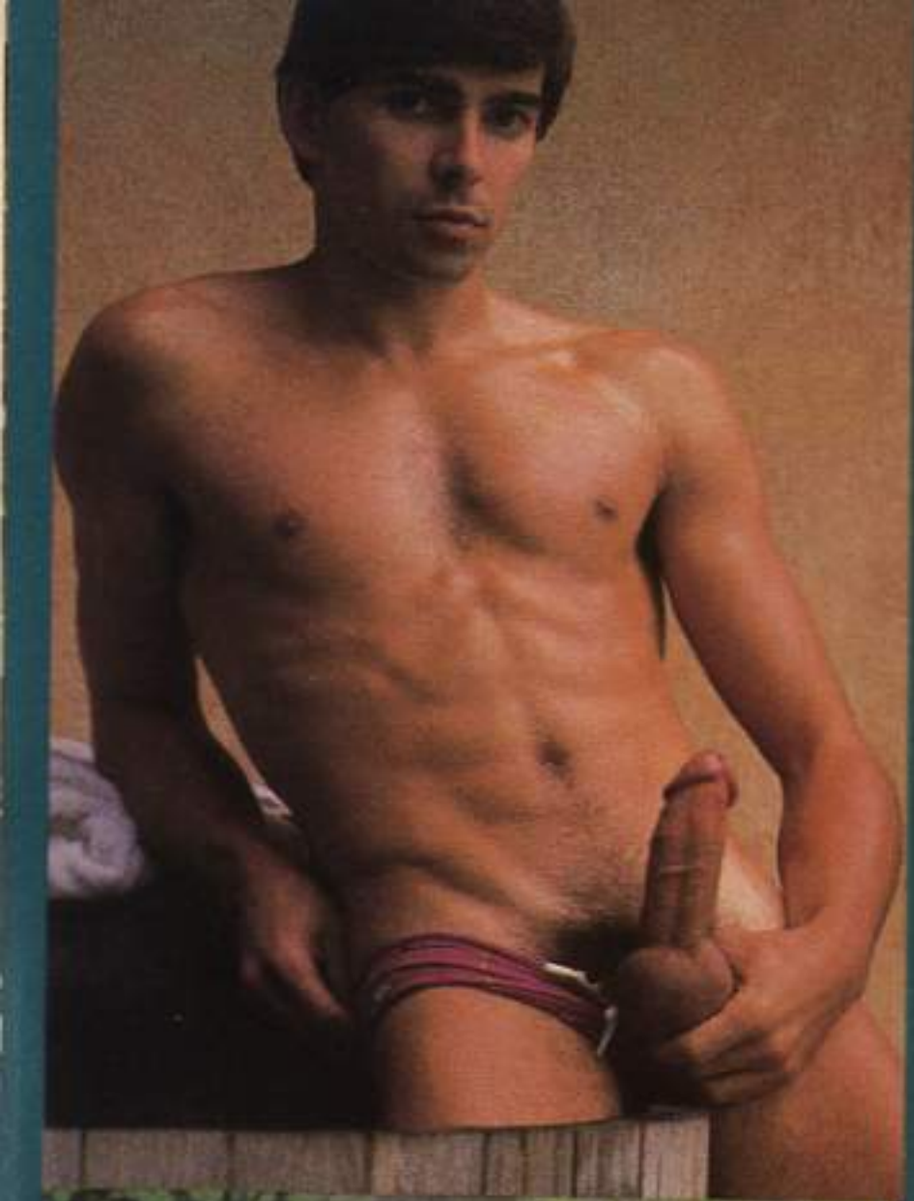
Ah, he was rich, then. We talked a little more, about nothing in particular; and then we headed back towards the cottages. He had the one next to mine—cottage four.

I was in a daze when I closed the door and made for the shower. What in the hell was happening to me? I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times I'd really felt a deep affection . . . love, perhaps, for anyone: Kenny, the farm boy from downstate Illinois; Greg Wolfson, the cop in San Francisco; two or three others. But this one had me dizzy. This was either infatuation or a real obsession. And in the midst of it I

Continued page 70


Marc Laurent
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BISONNES

French-Canadian by birth, dark and very handsome Marc Laurent was raised near the Tex-Mex border, where his family moved when he was a tadpole of six. Nineteen years later a soft south-western drawl charms his natural Gallic sultriness. Since graduating high school, Marc has pursued a professional career in the kitchen, apprenticing with two world-famous chefs; and today he's himself second chef at a popular Beverly Hills eatery featuring nouvelle cuisine, his specialty. Spare time finds Laurent puttering around the small greenhouse where he cultivates orchids and cycus. Another sort of growth does well for him there, too!



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Half my time's spent in a kitchen," Marc says, so he eats well and frequently; but he's careful to keep that trim 135 pound physique in top form. He runs the foothills around his home every morning and routinely works up a healthy sweat on his Soliflex unit. After a good workout, Laurent heads for the hot tub to relax his pumped muscles. Most of them, that is!

Single still, but with a promising relationship that's "moving towards committments," Marc currently shares the house of an old friend from his Dallas days, a Los Angeles art dealer who's off in Europe "halftime." This ambience has had its effect and the next best place to go looking for young chef Laurent after the kitchen, greenhouse and hot tub is La Cienega Boulevard, L.A.'s gallery row, where he spends most Saturdays browsing and . . . well, checking out assorted talent, art and otherwise.

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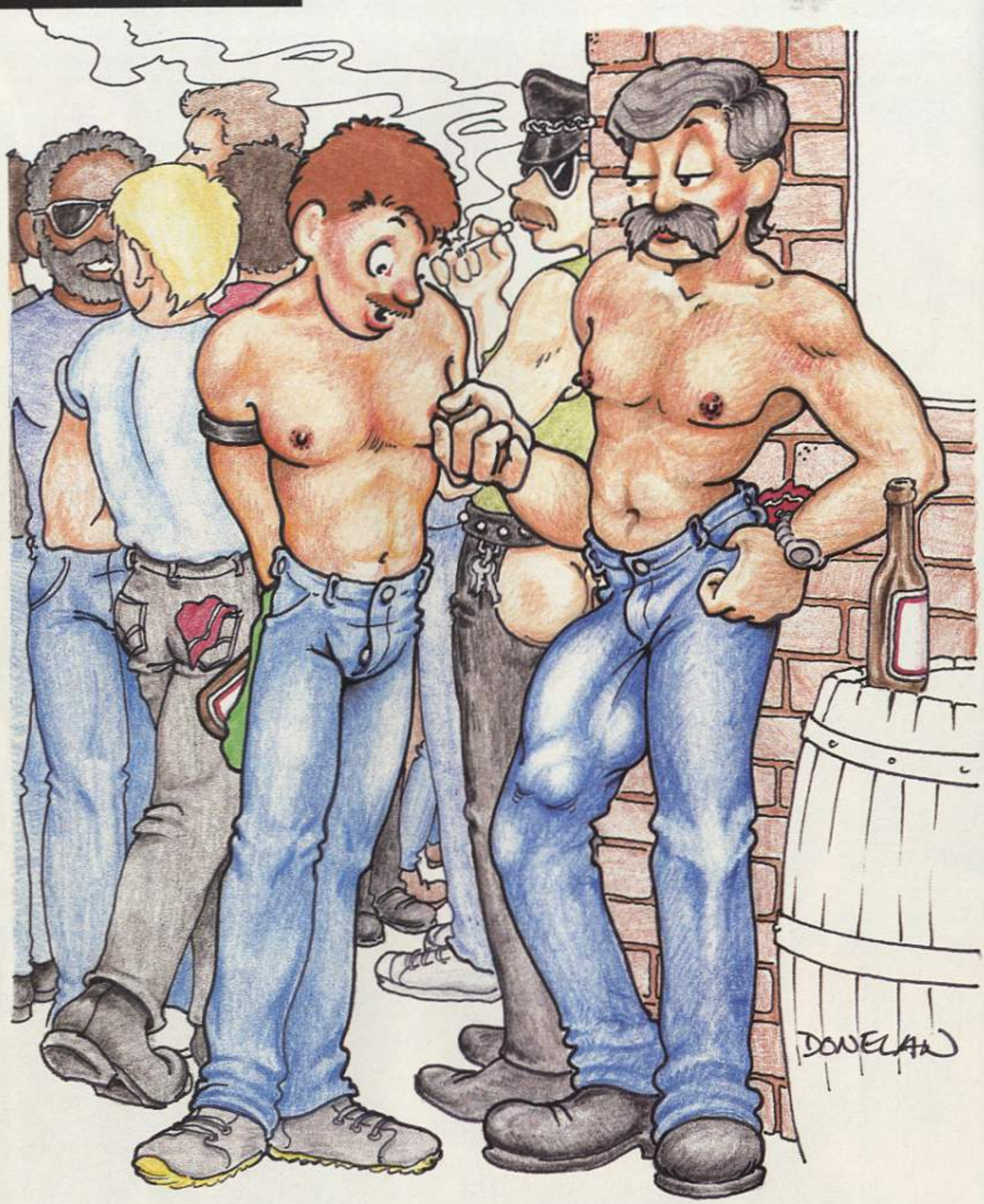

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The FIRST LADY PLOT

WHEN JERSEY OTSKI FIRST LAID HIS WILD SCHEME on me for a sure quick way out of this man's Navy, I couldn't quite believe my ears. My pecker sure believed him though! At least it stood up and took notice by way of a first-class boner. Lucky thing we were in our civies that particular night—Jersey and me!

At that stage of our—what shall I call it, since it never was really a friendship? —at that stage in our *association*, I'd've been real panicked if I'd suspected the big Pollack knew

BY ART BOYCE
ILLUSTRATION: BISONNES

I had a hard one on for him. I was, you see, secretly in "puppy love" with the sonuvabitch; but I had him figured for about the straightest dude imaginable. All the tell-tale signs to the contrary were there, flashing, of course. I was just too damn dumb right then to read them. Dumb? Yah, I was real-hick *dumb*, all right!

Jersey and I were sitting in a back booth in the Ruby Zebra Bar in Honcho Alley, the Yank-swabbie B'n B (bars 'n brothels) section of Yokosuka, the Japanese port where the U.S. Fleet ties up. I usually didn't venture off the ship—a destroyer tender—all that much during my liberty hours, except to go to the base gym—being a loner mostly and no Japan-lover at all—but that particular evening I grabbed at the chance to hit the beach as Jers Otski's drinking buddy, at his special invitation.

He'd been subtly warming up to me for about a week before finally asking me to go over with him for a few beers at his favorite Nip watering hole. I got all rubbery-kneed, honest, I did, when he slung that tattooed heavy arm of his across my shoulders, right there on the fantail, real casual-like, and said, "How 'bout you 'n me tippin' a few

tagether, t'night, over at ole Ruby Z's? I got sumthin I wanna discuss serious with ya, pal."

Pal. Well, at that moment I might've been some ditzy high school cunt getting asked to the junior prom by captain of the football team. I'd'vd jumped ship to keep *that* particular "date"!

But I digress. There we were at the dark, smokey, crowded Ruby Zebra, Jersey and me, working on about our sixth beer apiece. He'd been doing most of the talking, me most of the listening—which wasn't easy because the jukebox was blaring Donna Summers and all and Jersey talked low-keyed and sort of hillbilly anyway. He'd been reminiscing about his pre-Navy days as member of a hell-raising biker gang, sort of genuine modern-day outlaws, to hear him tell it. And about how he'd been busted and then been given the option by a judge of enlisting in the Navy instead of doing time in the pen; which, of course, he'd taken, having already been in the slammer and found it not to his liking. Believe me, Jersey Otski was no babe in the woods when I finally knew him!

Anyway, after bitching out the Navy for the bummer experience it'd turned out to be for him, Jers says to me that night at the Ruby Z, "But, kid, I've fuckin' figured me a way for gittin' fuckin' fast out, easy as kin be. An' I could take ya with me, if ya wanna fuckin' revert real quick ta civilyun status yerself."

Well, I wasn't any too happy with my own situation in this man's Navy—for reasons I won't bother elaborating on, except to say that I'd come to realize dropping out of high school had been a big mistake and living day to day close quarters with some 600 other guys was doing things to my head that I wasn't sure I'd be able to handle much longer. Jersey Otski wasn't the only swabbie on my ship I had a schoolgirl crush on. Anyway, I said, "Sure, Jers, Jesus, yes, I'd like to shitcan the fuckin' Navy myself. What's your plan, man?"

I wasn't ready for what followed.

"Ya know, a course," he replied, resting his very tattooed muscular bare arms on the beer-slopped tabletop and leaning close so he could talk even lower than usual, "that Mr. Hartley's a fuckin' fairy."

I didn't really "know" anything of the sort, but answered matter-of-fact-like, "Sure, that's why we all call 'im 'Miss' Hartley 'hind his back."

Lieutenant Jack Hartley III was First Lieutenant on the *Cascade*, our tender, which meant he was the officer in charge of all the boatswains and seamen on the deck force—which included Jersey Otski and myself. We deckapes, as we called ourselves, referred to him, not exactly lovingly, as "First Lady."

Hartley was career, Annapolis 'n all, and probably about thirty. I personally thought he was really very handsome, in sort of the way Hollywood used to make young Navy officers look in those John Wayne submarine movies. Clean cut, I mean. Real strong-jawed and Eastern-WASPish, Ivy-League, I think it's called. I had him figured for a high-brow snob, which to my way of thinking then explained some of his sissy-prissyness and effeminate mannerisms. All of us on the deck force thought Hartley was a first-class prick; but some of the wiser salts also had him pegged for a bonafide fairy as well. One of those salts was Jersey Otski. He knew firsthand, as it turned out.

It seems, you see, that Otski had been "seeing" Miss Hartley for some time on a regular basis, to "service" him, as Jers put it, service him, Hartley, *sexually*. This rather sticky officer-enlisted fraternization had started back in San Diego, maybe a month before we sailed for WestPac (Navy lingo for the Western Pacific) and we were then halfway through our six-month stay in Japan. So Jersey Otski and our "First Lady" had been getting it on sexually for maybe four months at that point. Mostly off the ship, at Hartley's Mission Beach house and then at the place he rented in Yokosuka, but also, several times, Jers claimed, right on board the *Cascade* in the lieutenant's own private Officers Country stateroom.

Miss Hartley paid Otski for his studding—in MPCs, Military Pay Certificates, our overseas "funny money" while in WestPac—but he also gave the big Pollack special liberty passes and made sure Jers always pulled the light end of ship's work details.

Gripping my wrist to emphasize his point—or maybe to invalidate it, as it turned out—Otski assured me that he'd been doing this servicing strictly for the cash and favors, not because he was himself a "fuckin' queer," like Jackson Hartley III.

"Servicing" the First Lady, as Jers labeled his situation, made it sound like the tattooed Pollack was literally fucking with Miss Hartley. As Otski went on to explain, that evening at the Ruby Z, it really wasn't that at all, or so he said, which is what made it possible—even easy—for the big blond deckape to do and not be "queer," to his own way of thinking, as a consequence.

"Fuckin' fairy don't really do nothin' t'all with me, act'lly," said Otski, still vising my wrist as it lay on the wet tabletop. "No cocksuckin' er cornholin' er none a that fuckin' faggot carryin' on. Nope, 'stead she jes has me strip down, bare-ass naked—'cept for my socks 'n tags 'n Dixie cup—then do cal'sthen'ics 'til I'm all hot 'n sweaty—the more sweaty, the better she likes it—an' the whole time she's there wackin' 'way on her pud, watchin' me like some hawk, pushin' up 'n sittin' up 'n sweatin' up like a fuckin' pig.

"Then, when I'm all pumped up 'n she's all pumped up—if ya git my drift kid," he added, winking, "then Miss Hartley she takes 'n ties me up with this fuckin' long rope-like leather thing I ain't never seen the likes of before. She makes all these fuckin' weird crisscrossin' patterns, ya know, with this rope, like I some goddamn *present* or somethin'. She sometimes ties me up standin' up 'n sometimes sittin' down 'n a few times even layin' down, with my fuckin' wrists behind my back us'lly, 'n always sos my chest is all fuckin' trussed up 'n made ta protrude more.

"Honest, kid, I'm not fuckin' ya along! I mean, some people gits their fuckin' rocks off tyin' people up s'all. Jack—Miss Hartley—don't tie me sos I couldn't git fuckin' loose if I wanted er had to. Anyways, after she has me all wrapped up in this fuckin' leather rope, she starts rubbin' a oily hand all over my sweaty hard muscles, 'specially my fuckin' arms 'n chest 'n belly 'n even buttcheeks, 'n all."

What exactly this "'n all" included, Otski didn't elaborate.

"Meanwhiles Jack's rubbin' on me, she's still fuckin' beatin' on her prick like it was some goddamn piston, ya know, 'n 'fore ya know it, she's shootin' fuckin' jism all over the place, but us'lly tryin' ta aim it on me. Always a real mess. For a fuckin' queer, Miss Hartley sure's got a fuckin' load, alright!"

Jersey Otski then explained to me how the First Lieutenant would "relieve" him (again without any real elaboration, any specifics) and release him from this leather-rope device and finally give him a "whore's bath" with a sponge and handtowel, before paying him $50 MPC and sending him packing back to the *Cascade* (or else down to the deckapes' berthing compartment, when this strange little ritual between them happened onboard ship).

As I said at the start of my little tale, Jersey Otski's "confession" to me at the Ruby Zebra resulted in me getting one helluva roaring hardon under the table, as I added my own visuals to his colorful narrative. But I managed—the Pollack told me later—to show him a real dumbfounded stare, with my mouth even a little ajar, like I couldn't believe what I was hearing

Continued page 32

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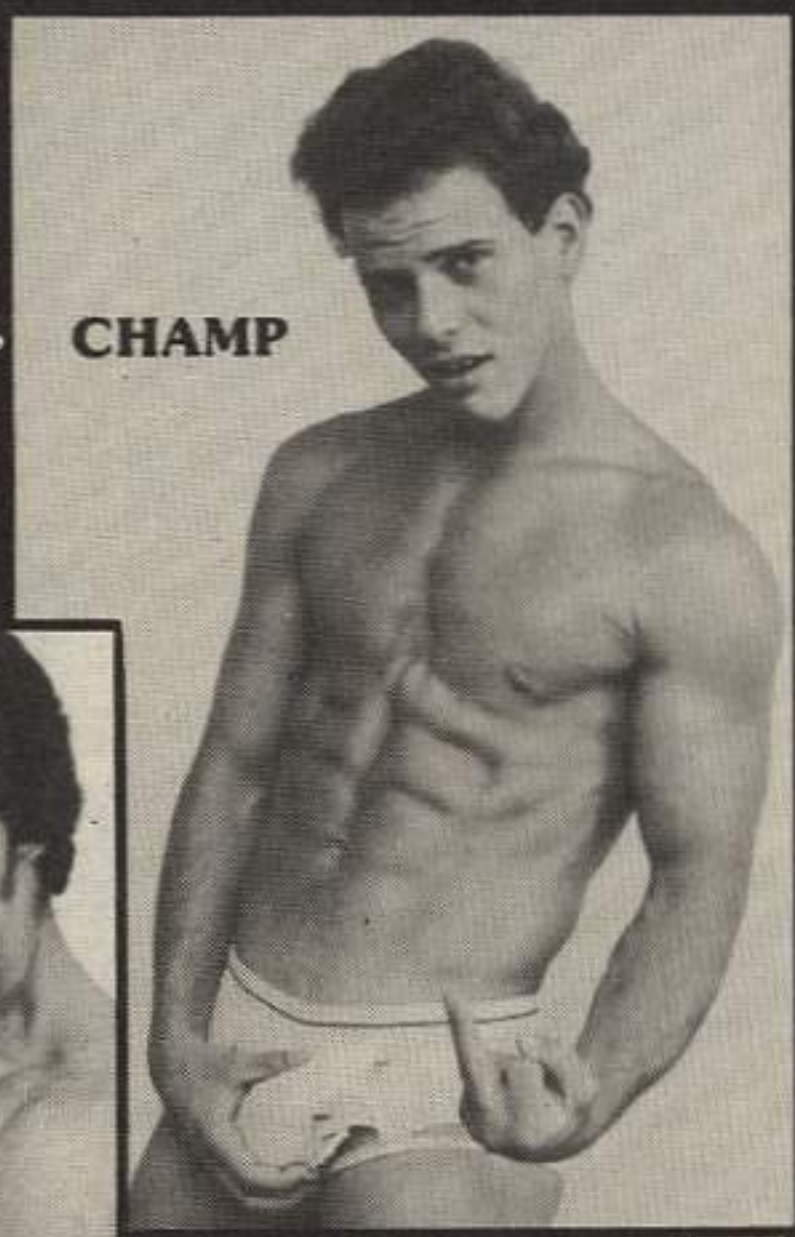

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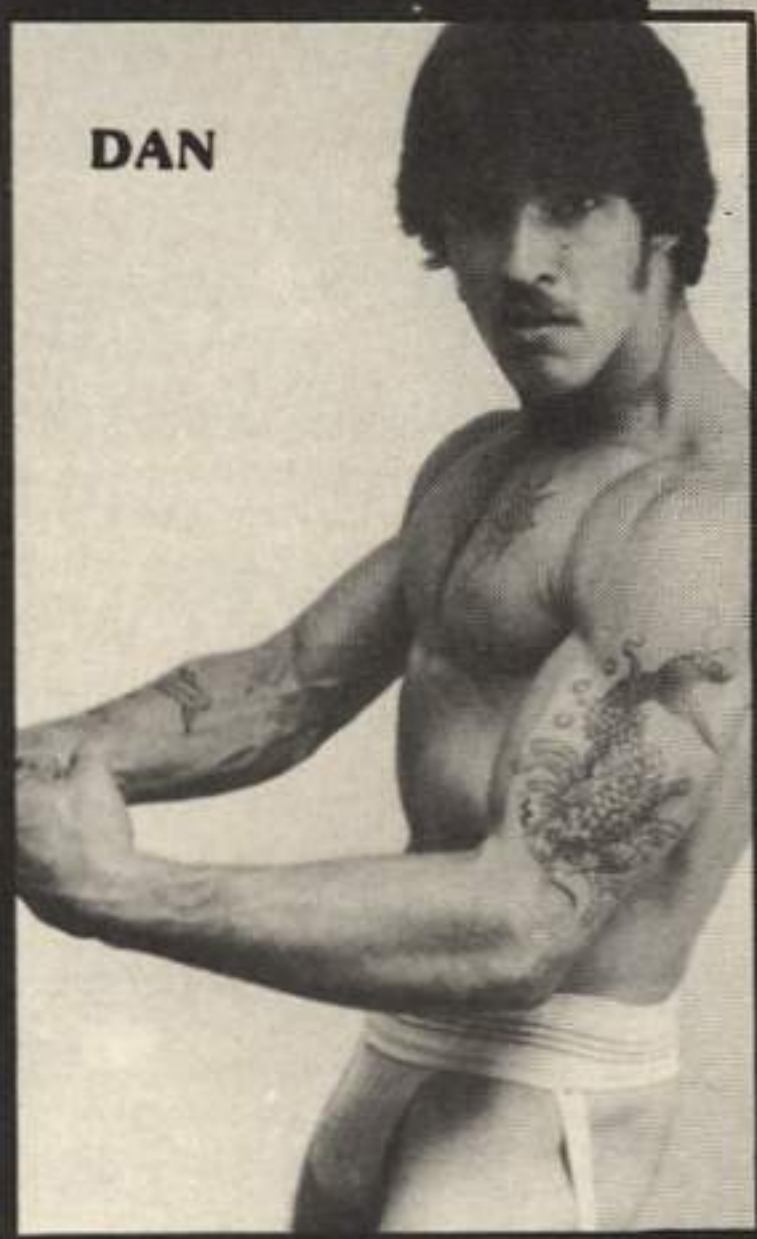

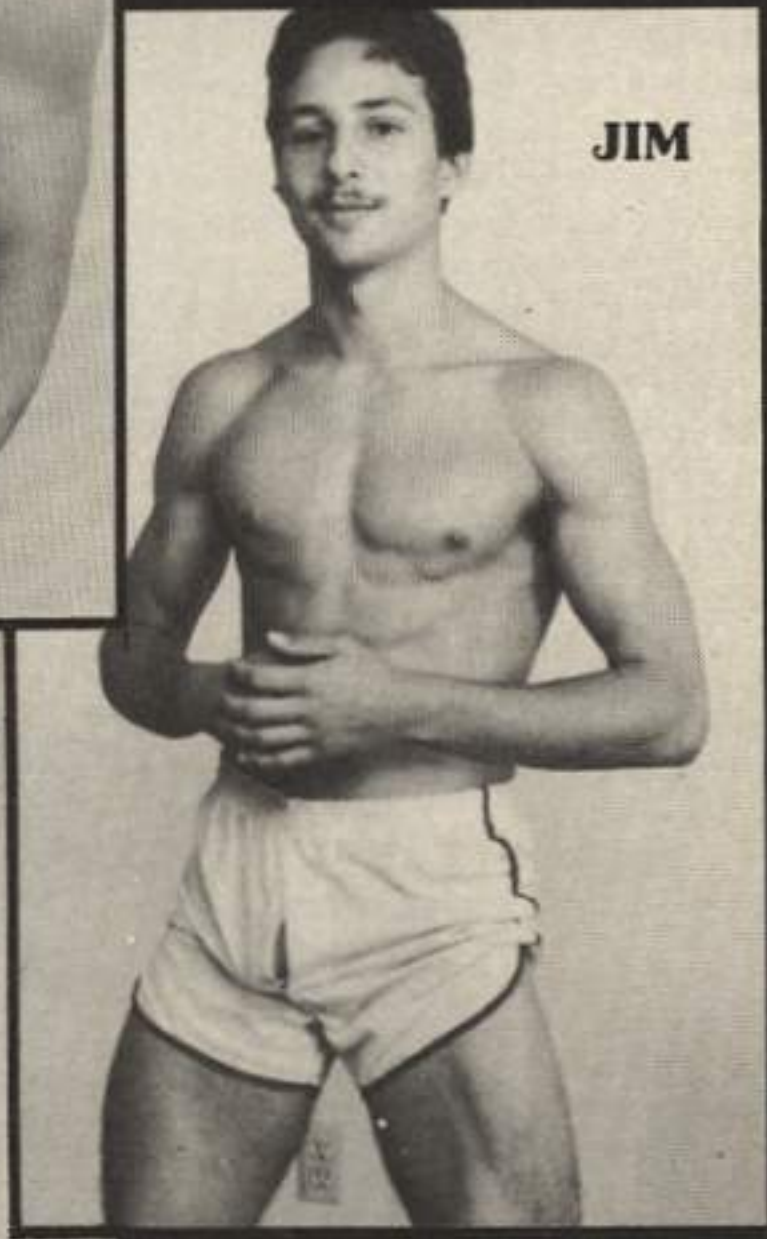

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Continued from page 30

(which I hardly could, in fact!).

"Well, jeez," I said after Otski finished and was chugging his beer, "whatcha tellin' *me* all this for, Jers. I wouldn't think ya'd want *anybody* knowin' about this . . . this *thing* 'tween you 'n Lieutenant Hartley. I mean, I'm sure *he*'d be real pissed off if he knew ya'd blabbed it all to me, for crissake!"

"Jes the fuckin' op'site, in fact, kid. It was Miss Jack who as much as fuckin' *ordered* me to spill the fuckin' beans to *you* in p'tic'lar. Ya see, kid, the First Lady's had her *eye* on ya for some long time now—since you first reported onboard the *'Cade*, in fact, five, six months back. Ya might say she's got the *hots* for ya. Yessiree, she does like yer muscular little body, kid! In fact, she's got this wild hair up her ass 'bout you 'n me doin' a fuckin' scene *together* servicin' her!"

An obligatory protest that that sort of thing wasn't *my* "scene" stumbled from my gaping mouth. But Jersey Otski was ready for any resistance, token or otherwise.

"'Course I ain't 'bout to be pimpin' for Miss Jack Hartley, bein' party ta subjectin' a red-blooded all-American kid like you ta a weird, sick scene like the First Lady's. But then, suddenly, this fuckin' brilliant idea came ta me how this little extrac'ric'lar moonlightin' a mine kin finally be turned 'round ta my real 'vantage. 'N yers, too!

"See, if I was ta run upta the fuckin' chaplain 'n tell him 'bout my scenes fuckin' 'round with Lieutenant Jack Hartley, well, when pushin' come ta shovin', it'd be my fuckin' word 'gainst that fuckin' queer's. 'N what chance a dumbo Pole deckape like me got bein' more 'suasive then some fuckin' 'Nap'lis sonuvabitch? I'd prob'bly pull a little fuckin' brig time, then get booted clean outta the fuckin' Navy with a fuckin' D.D.! Know what I mean?

I nodded, I did.

"Well, kid, I figures *two* words is better'n one, an' if *botha* us turned fuckin' sicko Hartley in for a sissy queer who'd been corruptin' our morals, makin' us his fuckin' *slaves*, 'n all, then not only could we both get out real quick on emotional-stress medicals, but take the fuckin' First Lady with us, so ta speak, as well, 'n be doin' the fuckin' *Cascade* 'n the whole fuckin' Navy a fuckin' favor in the process, okay?"

I DIDN'T CAVE IN TO JERSEY OTSKI'S wild scheme that evening at the Ruby Z. Although I—or should I say my *crotch*?—really did want to do exactly what he'd proposed, I played at hard to get for about a week. During which time I became increasingly aware of being the object of sideways glances from the First Lieutenant, and lingering eye contact with him at Quarters inspection every morning on the *Cascade* fantail, where the Deck division assembled. And he'd single me out to run dumb errands, designed, it seemed, to get me out of grubbier work details.

And Jersey himself didn't let up in his personal campaign to seduce me for Jackson Hartley. He stuck to me like stink on shit, buddying up, being a pal like he'd never showed any interest before. He even went over to the base gym with me to work out in the weightroom a couple of Cinderella liberties. It was in the gym shower with him the second time, a Thursday evening, in fact, I remember, that I finally agreed to do this "scene" with the First Lieutenant.

Jesus, it was seeing that gorgeous body of Jers' with its muscular armloads of nasty blue-green-red tattoos—all water-slickered and lathered with foamy soap—that pushed me over the sheer edge of better judgment! I'd, of course, already casually checked out that the big blond Pollack had a really healthy hang of meat between his legs, but there in the shower, I saw it as a half-boner for the very first time. Otski's motives for enlisting me in his First Lady plot obviously went beyond Jack Hartley's peculiar lusts and the deckape's avowed motive to spring himself from his hated Navy incarceration.

Next morning, after Quarters, Otski passed the word to me that Hartley wanted to "stage our scene" that very next evening, Saturday, since all three of us—the First Lieutenant, my co-conspirator and I—had weekend liberty, including overnights. I won't bother you with all the details that Jers laid on me about the logistics of this pending event. Suffice it to say that he and I arrived together by taxicab at 8:00 p.m., as expected, at Jackson Hartley's rented house on the outskirts of Yokosuka, dressed in our enlisted summer whites rather than in the civies most every sailor, officer and swabbie alike, preferred when on the "beach" in J-Land.

We were greeted at the gate of the little Zen garden in front of Hartley's place by his *mama-san* housekeeper, a stooped ancient little Japanese lady, who bobbed like a stout bantam hen and said "yes" alot, instead of *hai* like most Nippers I encountered there in the Land of the Rising Sun. She motioned for us to remove our spit-polished dress shoes at the sliding-panel front door and gestured us inside, nodding, grinning wickedly, toothlessly, and imploring, "Yes, please."

Handsome Jack Hartley III was sitting cross-legged on the floor, Japanese-style, wearing a black-silk man's kimono with bright-red Chinese-writing characters embroidered on the full sleeves. In front of him was a low, black-lacquered table with some blue-white dishware on it. Like Otski had briefed me beforehand, being right on schedule, we'd interrupted the First Lady's evening meal with our arrival.

As I'd been forewarned he wouldn't, Lt. Hartley didn't speak to us, didn't acknowledge our arrival at all, didn't even seem to notice us, like we were invisible. He just continued eating with chopsticks from a small bowl he held near his chin.

Soon as the *shoji* screen slid closed behind us and the bantam mama-san had shuffled off down a hallway, Jersey Otski began slowly undressing, a sort of casual striptease without an apparently attentive audience. I took my own cue and began doing likewise, feeling very foolish, you better believe it. In just minutes we were each buck-naked, except for our black socks, dogtags and our white sailor caps, which we'd both replaced after pulling our jumpers and t-shirts off over our heads. Our discarded uniforms were folded neatly in two stacks on one of the room's *tatami*-mat floor coverings. Although the space was warm enough, being it was mid-August, I noticed that my bare skin was alive with goosebumps. Jers didn't seem to be suffering the same affliction.

The big bare Pollack dropped prone to the tatami under him, directly in front of the seemingly disinterested, distracted First Lady, a couple of feet from the low table; and he began to vigorously do pushups, his technicolor thick arms hard with the effort, the hooded head of his Polish-sausage flirting with the woven surface of the tatami.

On *futon* cushions provided for the purpose, I stretched out supine and began a situps set, hands clasped behind my head, counting silently each contraction of my young-man's flat belly. After what must've been a hundred reps—I'd managed fifty-five situps nonstop—Otski suddenly leapt to his stockinged feet and began deep-kneebending, hands on his hips. This was my cue to commence pushups. There was a glisten of sweat on Jers' decorated arms and broad hairless chest; and I was starting to perspire as well, though those damn goosebumps hadn't gone away. Weird, I thought.

Now Otski was doing rapid situps and I was vigorously deep-kneebending. Although I'd been warned by my mentor not to look at Miss Hartley—he seemingly wasn't yet noticing our

Continued page 34

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Continued from page 32

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athletic endeavoring—I sneaked a glance in his direction during the kneebends and saw that, as Jers had said always happened, our deck officer was sure enough beating his meat for all it was worth! The kimono robe was wide-opened, revealing that Hartley's nicely muscular body was totally naked underneath it; and his decent-sized pecker was definitely bone-hard in his slow-moving grip. The First Lieutenant's chest was curly with thick, dark hair, which came as a surprise, although I'd never had any preconceptions about what his hirsuteness might be.

The First Lady was at that moment looking in the direction of a very damp, naked, tattooed brick-shithouse blond folding and unfolding on the futons. And I was suddenly aware that my own pecker was no longer flopping so much as I squatted and stood and squatted again; it had started lengthening and stiffening of its own accord—turning into a bonafide upstanding boner!

I panicked inside. This was Jackson Hartley's peculiar, weird "scene" and I wasn't supposed to be getting turned on to it personally. Or, at least, that's what I'd interpreted from Jers Otski's tale. But there I was, nearly as nude as the day I was born, with a stiff pecker now pointing almost to my navel!

I was worrying so over my obviously aroused condition that I almost missed the next cue for which I'd been rehearsed. The First Lady cleared his throat and rose to a standing position. His swollen, maroonish meat dangled at a sharp angle from his dark pube thatch. The black kimono hung loosely, open down the front, reaching almost to the floor.

Otski ended his situps and rose, too. I stopped kneebending and stood, dripping sweat, in place, more at attention than at ease, per the described ritual—and definitely saluting. I was strangely relieved a little to observe that Jers sported the same half-boner I'd been freaked out by in the gym shower room.

Lt. Hartley moved across the space to a small antique *tansu* and opened one of the wide lower drawers. From it he extracted a rather large dark coil of something—the leather "rope" Otski had spoken of! The kimono billowed out behind him as he quickly crossed the room to Jers; I noticed that the lower third was richly embroidered in an ornate *tsunami*-wave design.

No words were exchanged between the officer and the sweat-wet, naked Pollack. They really didn't even make eye contact, that I could tell, as they stood briefly face to face. Jersey Otski simply turned his back to Hartley and raised his illustrated arms behind him, crossing his wrists just above the white mounds of his glowing buttocks. The First Lieutenant then demonstrated his seamanship ability by deftly binding first Jers' wrists and then his whole upper torso with the length of leather, this inch-or-so wide flat "rope." He did, indeed, criss-cross the bands in such a way as to cause Otski's already defined chest to take on almost physique-competition proportions, deeply undercutting each pectoral in such a way that it looked as if it'd be painful.

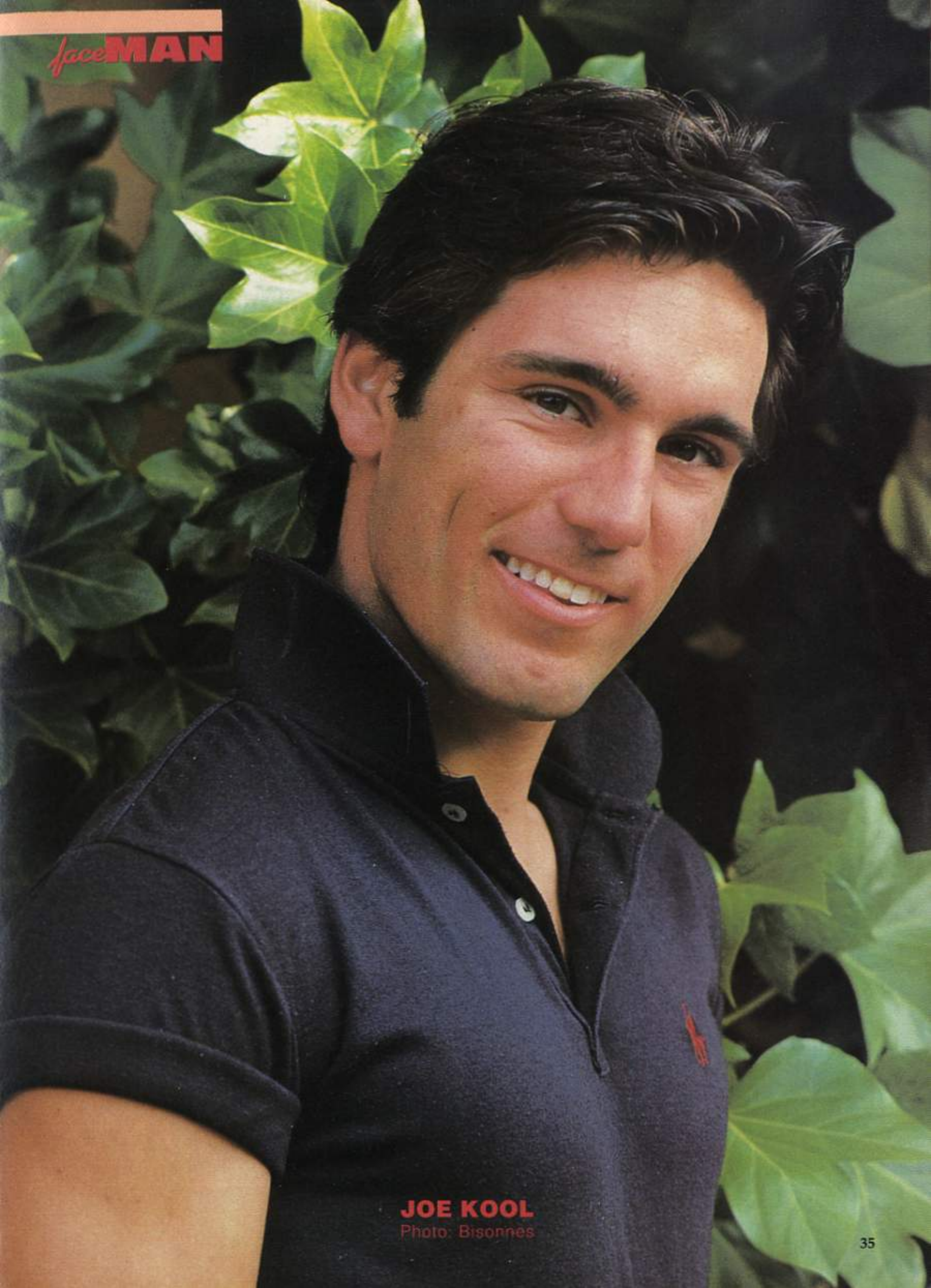
Finishing this upper-body macrame, Hartley brought the binder down the front of Otski's torso and suddenly looped it once and then again around the Pollack's pecker and balls! He pulled the leather band tight and Jers' semi-hard meat began to jut out and up, surging into a full hardon. I couldn't see the officer's face, but the tied-up deckape definitely cracked a smile, staring into the empty space over the First lady's head—a smile that said he was pleased with himself. Hartley finished with Otski by looping the binder twice around the nude man's left thigh and, again, pulling the leather strip tight against resistance of the heavy leg muscles.

A second clearing of the throat, and my cue, I remembered. I crossed the small room, my boner whacking my belly, and stood maybe three feet from the other two. I raised my arms above my head, as Jers had previously instructed, crossing my wrists. I stared straight ahead, not really looking at anything or anyone. Miss Hartley moved behind me, gripped my wrists together, rather more tightly than I'd been led to expect he would, and then positioned my now-bound arms on the crown of my head, just behind my sailor cap, which he adjusted forward on my forehead so that the edge of it rested against my eyebrows.

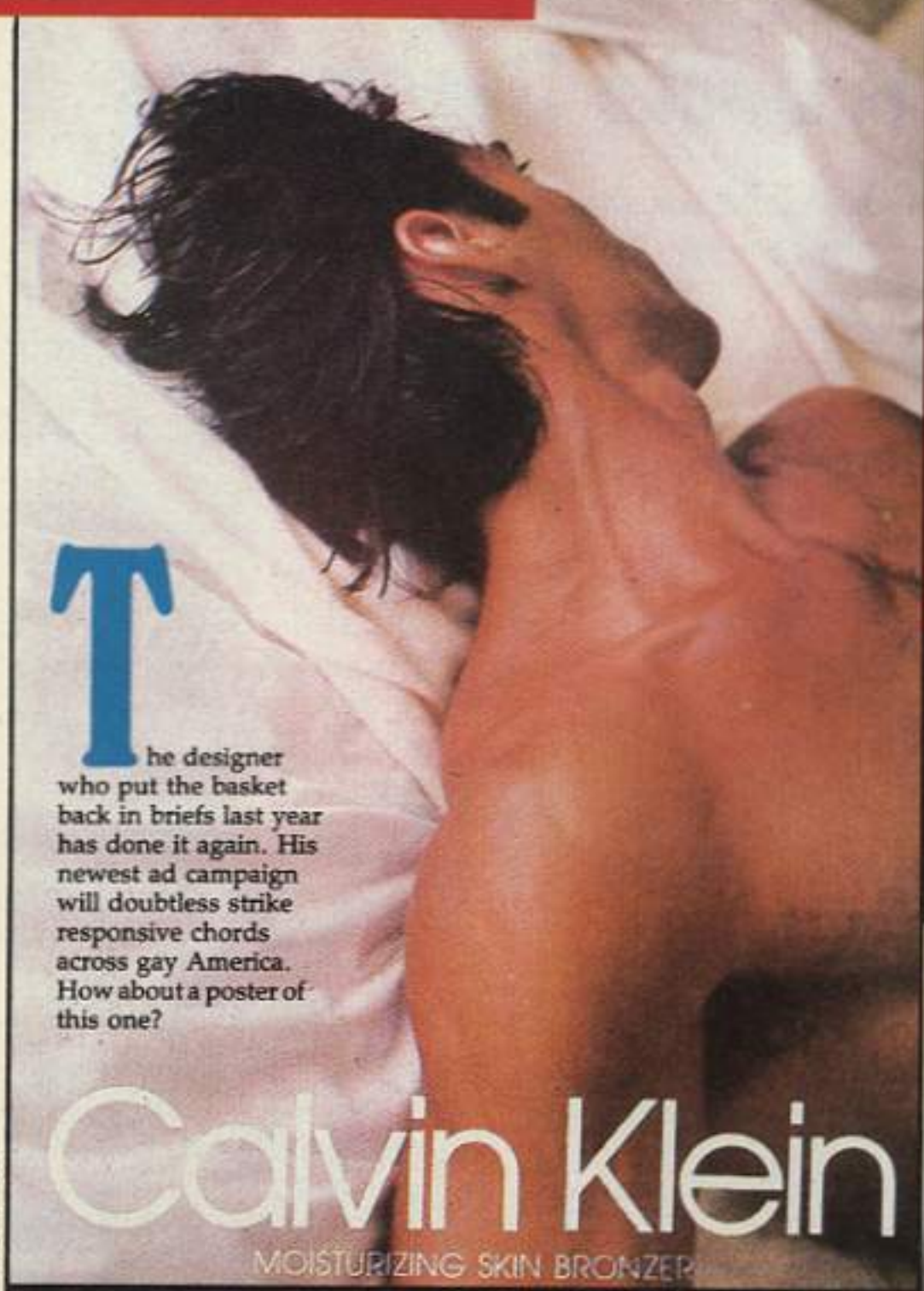
He next brought the leather binder around my neck and pulled it diagonally down my smooth torso, pressing into the clevage groove between my pecs. The soft, oiled leather was warm rather than cool, as I'd anticipated. Hartley wound the supple band once around my waist and began to criss-cross my hips with it—not easy because my full boner was in the way and the officer was careful not to touch it. After encircling my equipment with two loops of the band, as he had with Otski—and pulling it so tight I felt as if my angry pecker would burst from its imprisoned engorgement—Hartley wound my right thigh twice, pulled the leather taut and backed away a pace or two.

I dared another glance in his direction,

Continued page 39



JOE KOOL
Photo: Bisonnes



The designer who put the basket back in briefs last year has done it again. His newest ad campaign will doubtless strike responsive chords across gay America. How about a poster of this one?

Photo: Calvin Klein

RELIQUARIES

STEVEN ARNOLD

Twelvetrees Press has a winner in this first book of Steven Arnold's photographs (See "Showcase," page 12). Actress Ellen Burstyn introduces the exquisitely published volume and is a model therein, as well. Arnold's tableaux of make-believe aren't for every taste; but his zaniness and sheer artistry are sure to delight all who brave his new worlds. 11 x 11 inches, casebound. $25 from Twelvetrees Press, P.O. Box 188, Pasadena, CA 91102.

NUMBER 1 and holding.

Colt Studio continues producing the Rolls of gay-erotica picture-books. If you're somehow unfamiliar with these slickest-of-the-slick publications, or have holes in your Colt collection, write and ask for the studio's new magazine brochure: P.O. Box 1608, Studio City, CA 91604. Tell 'em you got the idea from *Advocate MEN*.

Bill Ward, master of the gay-erotic "comic strip," now has a second volume of his penwork in print, continuing the (mis)adventures of his vagabond macho-hero, Drum. If you follow *Drummer* magazine, you've seem most of this there; but it's nice to have it together all in one handy package, at only $4.95. At select newsstands, or order directly from Alternate Publishing, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. Add 50¢ postage, plus Calif. sales tax.

It's still like taking a bath with socks on.

Condoms, rubbers, safes, prophylactics—call them what you will—are back in vogue again with Plague Years concerns about STDs and AIDS. Now a new condom has been created specially for use by men sexing with men. It's designed for anal intercourse, being doubly lubricated and thinner than the usual condom. MAN-TO-MAN comes discreetly packaged three to a box at six for $4.95, 12 for $8.95 from "Doc" Johnson Enterprises, 11933 Vose St., N. Hollywood, CA 91605. Add $2 postage and Calif. tax.

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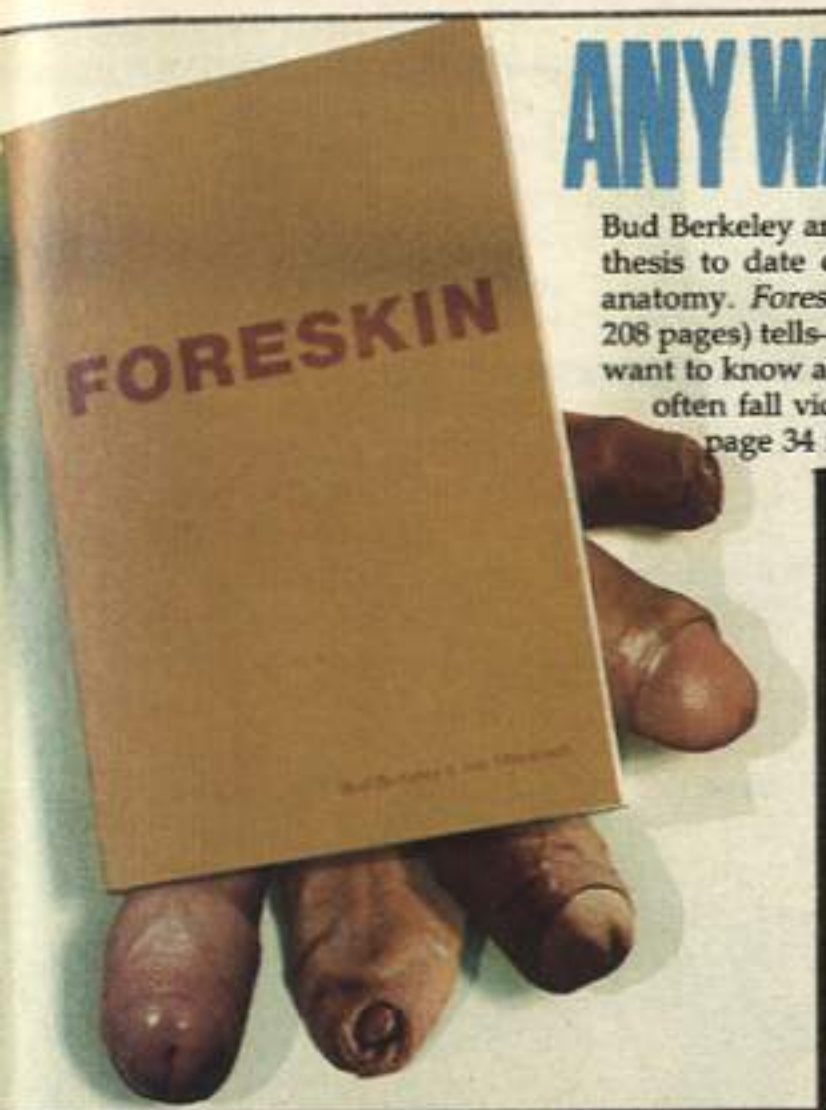
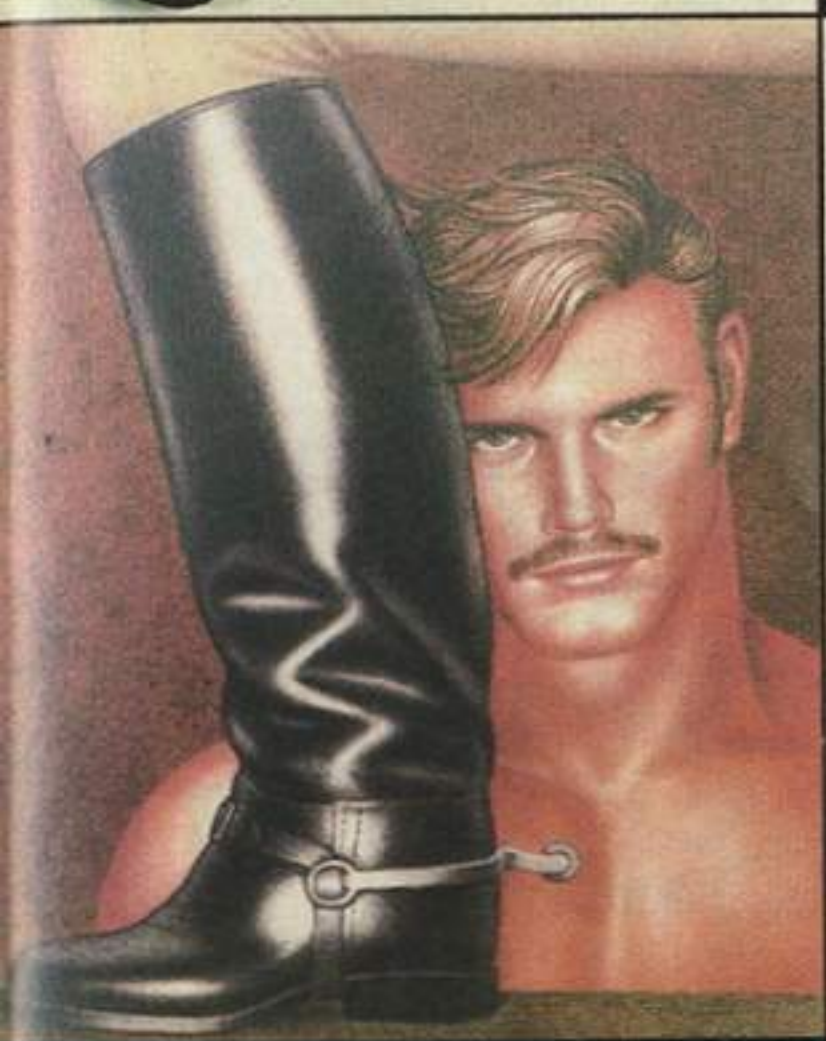


ANY WAY YOU PEEL IT...

Bud Berkeley and Joe Tiffenbach have created the definitive thesis to date on the most controversial part of the male anatomy. *Foreskin* (privately published quality paperback, 208 pages) tells—and shows—everything you could possibly want to know about those mysterious inches of flesh that so often fall victim to the "unkindest cut of all." See ad on page 34 for full info on how to order.

As Mark Twain said, "If you really want to be moved, don't read a book, take an enema." But before you do that, consider David Barton-Jay's remarkable new volume on this esoteric practice said to be growing in popularity in these times when gay men are an endangered species. Deadly serious about enema as erotic art and sexual practice, Barton-Jay doesn't take himself deadly seriously, however, and scatters plenty of humor throughout this classy package that screams "good taste!" Loads of illustrations, some historical, some created for this book. A hefty 8½ x 11 paperback, 1¼ inches thick. See ad on page 17 for ordering info.



A MAN AND HIS BOOT is the latest color work from Tom of Finland. This signed and numbered lithograph (12 x 14 inches) in an edition of 500 can be yours for $60.00 (plus $2.00 postage) by writing Tom of Finland, P.O. Box 26716, Los Angles, CA 90026. Tell Tom *Advocate MEN* sent you.

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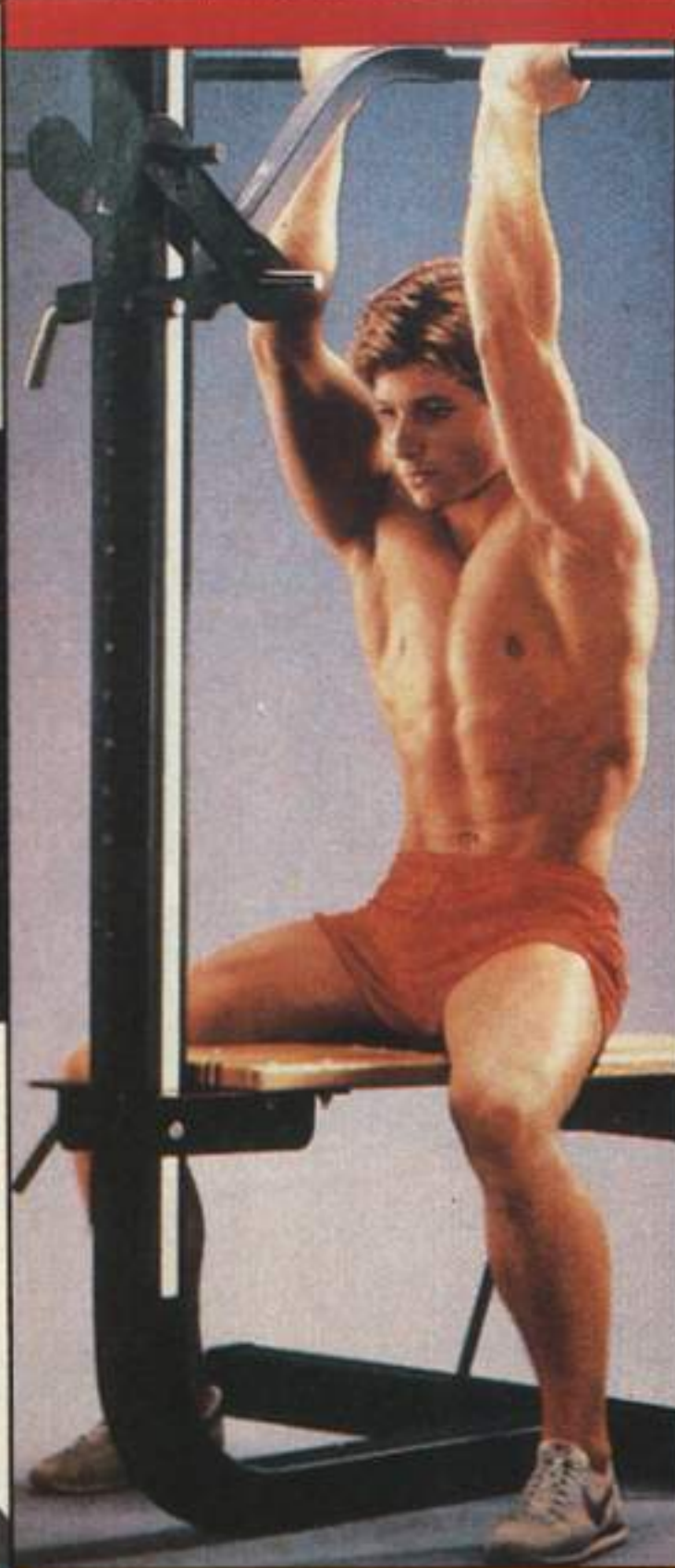

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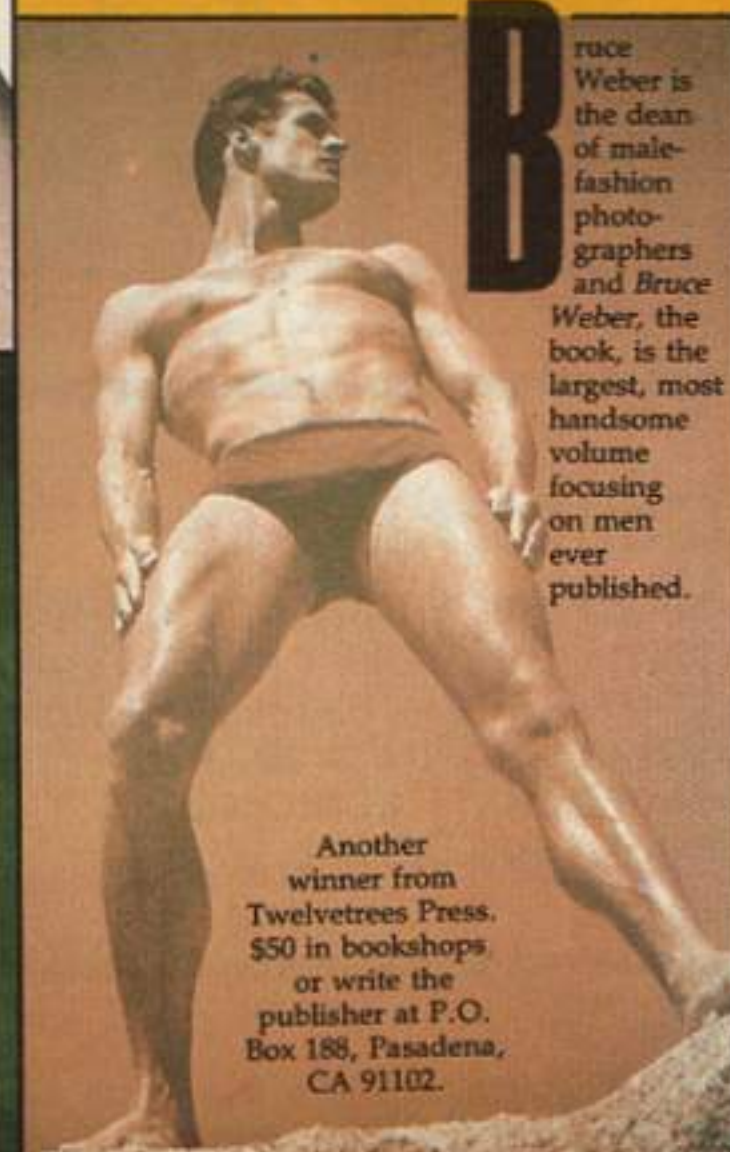

Bruce Weber is the dean of male-fashion photographers and *Bruce Weber*, the book, is the largest, most handsome volume focusing on men ever published.

Another winner from Twelvetrees Press. $50 in bookshops or write the publisher at P.O. Box 188, Pasadena, CA 91102.

love goo.

Those naughty fellows at Le Salon got the bright idea to offer The Judy Jensen Collection of "sensual accessories" to the gay-male market, and these just might catch on. Haven't sampled the whole lot of lotions, jells, oils and other goos, but "Macho Motion" and "Midnight Motion" lubricants work great for j.o. Write Le Salon for the free color brochure, at 30 Sheridan St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

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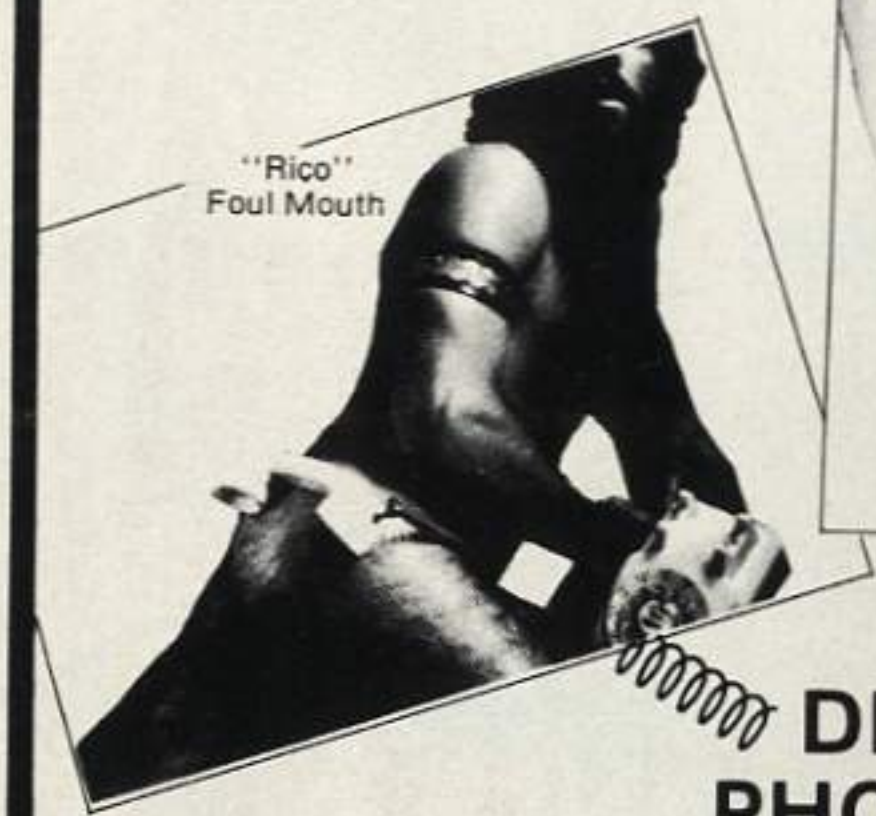
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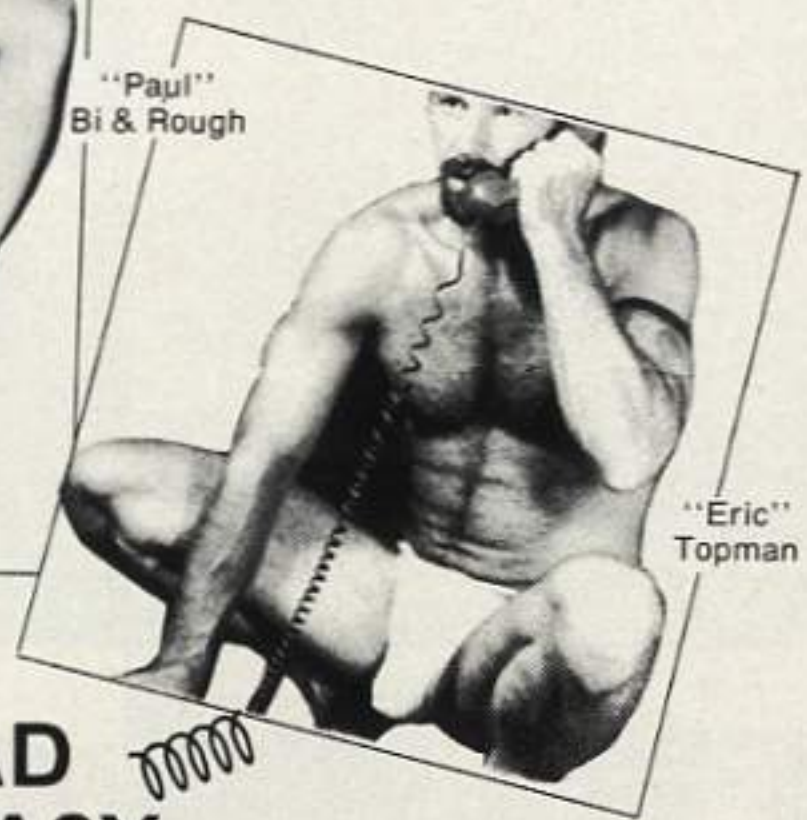
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Continued from page 34

saw that he'd wrapped the tailend of the binder around his own waist, caught his eye and looked quickly away as a frown formed on the square-jawed face. I was sure I'd fucked up! There was a long silence. I closed my eyes, more to keep out the sweat that threatened them than to shut out the room and "scene." I started as I suddenly sensed the First Lady's cool hand on my heated damp chest. His approach had been so silent, I wasn't aware that we were now only inches apart.

Should I keep my eyes closed? was all I could think at the moment. Curiosity prevailed. I looked directly into Jack Hartley's gray-green stare half-a-foot away. His unblinking concentration sent a web of thrilling chill through me. I'd never been this close to another man before, close enough to feel his warm breath, to have kissed him without effort.

And that's exactly what happened next! After long moments of eyes questioning, the handsome young officer's face blurred and his moist, warm mouth pressed against my slightly parted lips. Then Hartley's tongue pushed between my teeth and seduced my own startled one. At the same instant, the First Lady's hand slid across my sweaty pec muscle and strong fingers twisted my nipple into a cone of bruising pleasure.

As his tongue continued teasing my unresisting mouth, his fingers rolling my nipple into a nearly unbearable ache, the First Lieutenant's other hand found my pecker uppointing between us and cool fingers closed around it, squeezing its swollen heat in a grip so tight I nearly gasped from the shock. No hand other than my own had ever embraced there before! My low moan was certainly audible in that otherwise-silent small room.

I quickly realized that Hartley's own pecker had joined mine in the encircling hand, our two wilful grooms wedded together in the slick ceremony that ensued. The raping tongue in my mouth withdrew and began licking my salty cheeks, my whisker-rough jawline, down my neck, teeth biting lightly at intervals. I opened my eyes again and probed my tongue at the small portal of Hartley's ear by my mouth. He pulled away and nibbled then licked my upraised damp bicep. When his relentless tongue found the wet whorl of black hair in my armpit and he began sucking there, I suddenly, with only seconds warning that it was happening, began to ejaculate.

My pleasure-pain groan and the shuddering quake along the length of my naked body caused the First Lady to pull away enough to see the pumping ooze

Continued page 88

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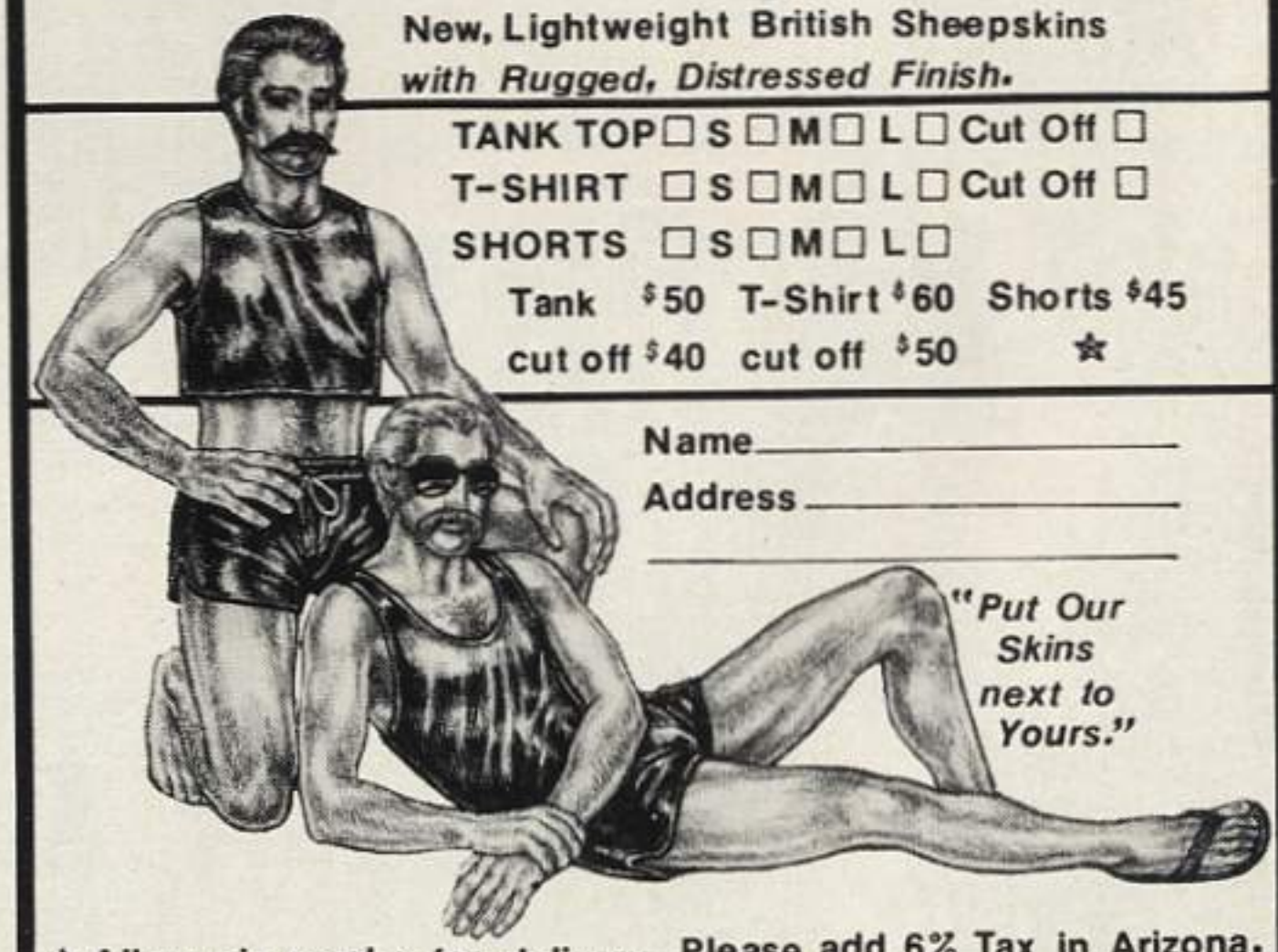

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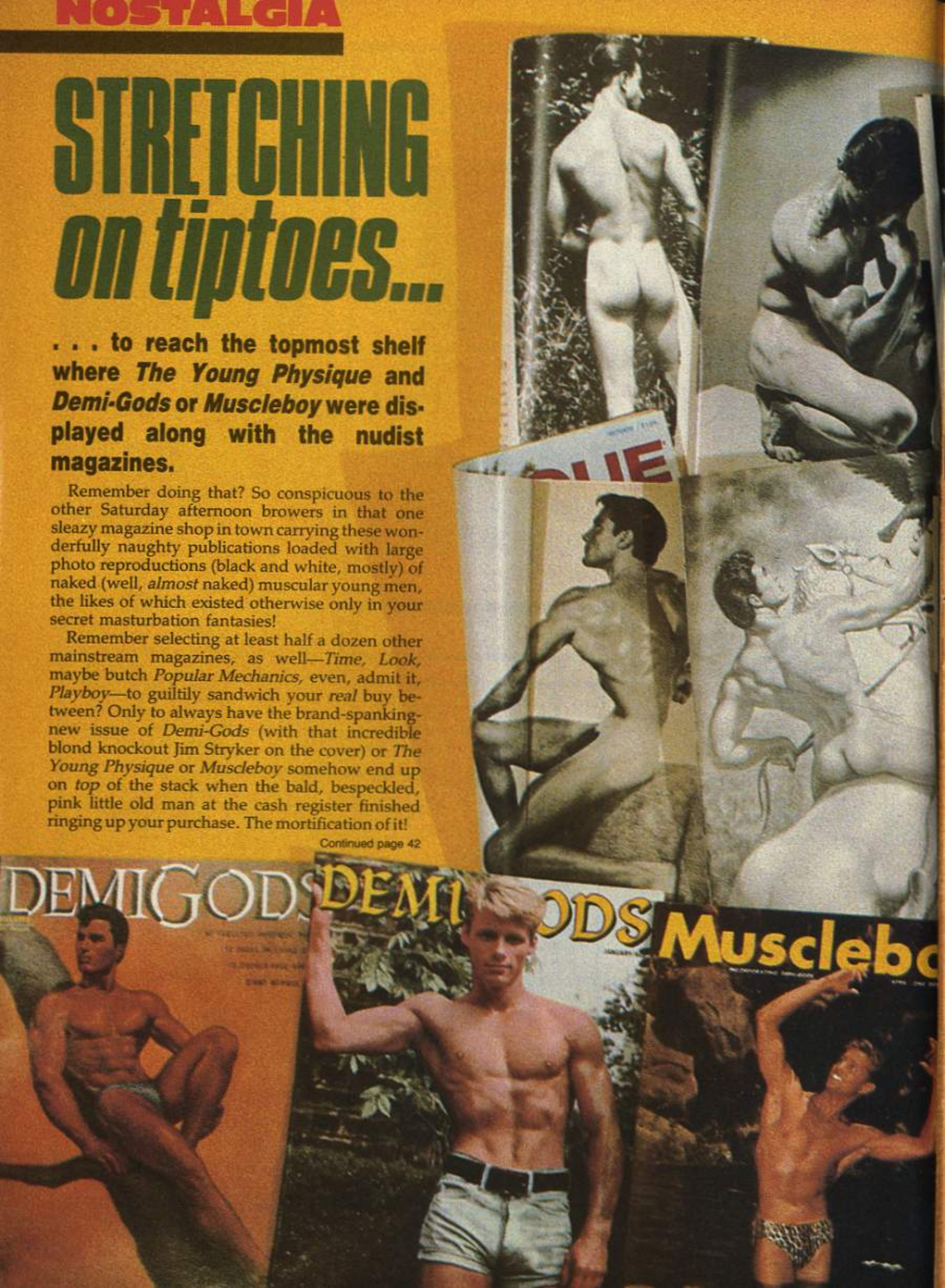
STRETCHING on tiptoes...

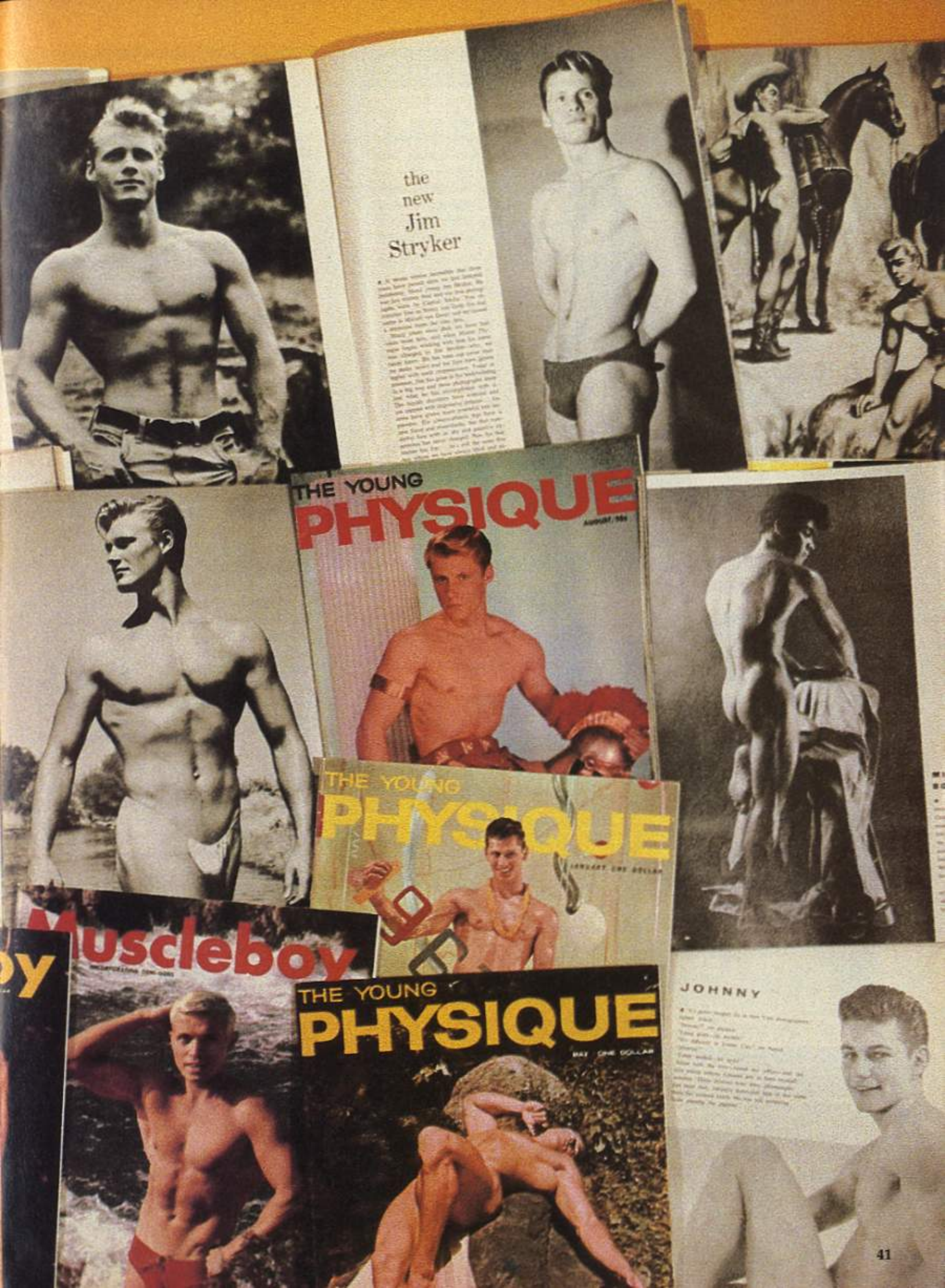
. . . to reach the topmost shelf where *The Young Physique* and *Demi-Gods* or *Muscleboy* were displayed along with the nudist magazines.

Remember doing that? So conspicuous to the other Saturday afternoon browers in that one sleazy magazine shop in town carrying these wonderfully naughty publications loaded with large photo reproductions (black and white, mostly) of naked (well, *almost* naked) muscular young men, the likes of which existed otherwise only in your secret masturbation fantasies!

Remember selecting at least half a dozen other mainstream magazines, as well—*Time, Look,* maybe butch *Popular Mechanics,* even, admit it, *Playboy*—to guiltily sandwich your *real* buy between? Only to always have the brand-spanking-new issue of *Demi-Gods* (with that incredible blond knockout Jim Stryker on the cover) or *The Young Physique* or *Muscleboy* somehow end up on *top* of the stack when the bald, bespeckled, pink little old man at the cash register finished ringing up your purchase. The mortification of it!

Continued page 42

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Continued from page 40

Remember thumbing the treasure's pages as it lay open beside you on the front seat of your '56 Fairlane while you raced homeward bound? And lucking out of six near-collisions enroute?! Remember stashing *Demi-Gods* or *TYP* or *Muscleboy* in that oh-so-well-hidden cache in your bedroom, where you were absolutely certain Mom or Kid Brother would never find it? And, finally, many pleasurable weeks and countless solo j-o's later, remember shredding your by-then dog-earred fantasy manual into tiny, tiny pieces and converting these on the sly to ashes in the trash burner of your family's suburban backyard? Incriminating evidence destroyed!

You only *do* remember these now-humorous youthful experiences—or your personal variations of same—if you were a teenage homosexual male during the late 1950s or early 60s. Or were an older homosexual man of that era. By comparison to what's available on newsstands everywhere (almost everywhere) today—including, certainly, this magazine—those seemingly racy beefcake publications of 20-25 years ago were awfully tame, naive even, and certainly not "gay," except to the eye of the *cognizanti,* who were quick to pick up on the "something unspoken" character of them.

The Young Physique was the first of the large-format (standard 8½ x 11 inches) beefcake magazines, the premier issue (August, 1958) incorporating *Adonis* and *Body Beautiful,* two "vest-pocket" sized publications put out by Joe Weider, godfather of the American bodybuilding industry. It was described as "for the connoisseur of the young male body beautiful." It sold for 50 cents.

By 1961 a spin-off of *TYP* was in existence: *Demi-Gods.* Paper stock was glossier now and at 50 pages it went for a mere 60 cents. *The Young Physique* had by this time increased to 74 pages, including several in full color. And its price had jumped all the way up to a staggering one dollar a copy!

But there were bluenose critics of these glossy muscle magazines, with their disturbing undertow of homoerotic appeal. Safe G-strings and posing straps notwithstanding, all of those marvelous slabs of naked male derriers spread unashamedly across double pages of *TYP* and *D-G* were way too much in most quarters, in a (pre-*Playgirl*) time when the male body—beautiful or not—was best kept under wraps. *Demi-Gods* was having newsstand distribution problems in 1963—allegedly because of its "pagan" title—so Weider's Young Physique Publications simply reconstituted it. And *Muscleboy* was born in April of that year; soon its cover price was a whopping $1.50.

The contents of *The Young Physique* and then *Demi-Gods/Muscleboy* were pretty-much similar. The emphasis was, of course, on the posed youthful, well-developed male body—mostly of the gym-honed rather than the God-given variety. Because cocks were still kept well-covered in those days, semi-nudity was limited to G-string pouches, bikini trunks or, occasionally, underwear briefs. A casually (or carefully) draped towel or swag of fabric or fishnetting also did the trick. Pubes were always shaved or airbrushed or otherwise retouched out of existence. But asses were a go! Especially exciting were those rear-viewed models without evidence of posing-strap strings. How you envied the photographer—who'd obviously gotten to view the model really *fully* nude. Ah, the innocence of it all!

Work of the major physique photographers of the day filled the pages of the Weider magazines. Adam Studio, Western Photography Guild, Troy Saxon, Bruce of Los Angeles, Russ Warner, Kris Studio, Capital Studio, Athletic Model Guild, Vulcan, to name a few of the principal contributors. Several pages at the back of each issue, wherein these photographers and studios advertized photo sets, slide sets and, later, even films of their popular models, were often as much of a turn-on as the editorial full-page and double-page blowups themselves. Only one of those studios remains active in 1984: AMG of the venerable Bob Mizer.

Occasionally physique-subject artwork graced *TYP* and *D-G/Muscleboy.* Most memorable was that of George Quaintance, whose premature death in late 1957 was acknowledged in the first issue of *The Young Physique.* Today a whole new audience appreciates the highly romantic homoerotica of Quaintance, thanks to a recent revival of interest in his fantasy paintings from the '50s. The very early work of gay artist Dom Orejudos, a.k.a. Etienne, was also published in these magazines. Looking at those awkward first efforts, it's amazing how far Orejudos' talent has developed over the past two decades!

Stars-of-the-hour were born on the pages of *TYP* and its cloned spinoffs. Brunet Glenn Bishop was a perennial favorite, as was blond Jim Stryker—a personal one. Johhny Conners, Troy Saxon, Art Byman, Ronnie Mills, Johnny

Menendez, Mark Nixon, Larry Scott, Jerry Albanese, Frank Hollfelder, David Zurborg, Steve Wengryn, Don Dmitri—each of these high beauties set countless homosexual hearts aflutter and enjoyed widespread individual fandoms.

Allowing that most of these beefcake models were in their late teens or early twenties when posing those gorgeous bodies of theirs, it's interesting speculation what they're doing today, mature men in the bloom of middle age! At least one of *TYP*'s frequent dream men can be accounted for: actor Wiliam Smith. Remember him as the pecs-for-days deputy on TV's *Lauredo*? And most recently as Arnold Schwarzenegger's father in *Conan the Barbarian*? Or as a strong-armed heavy, usually, on some movie-for-television? How many of us, catching the still-great-looking Smith on the tube, flash back to his G-string days in *The Young Physique*?

TYP and *Muscleboy* were eclipsed finally by changing times. The Sexual Revolution of the mid-'60s freed cocks from posing pouches in a rush of mail-order and adult-bookstore publications quite consciously aimed at a gay-male market of masturbation-fuel buyers. Sleaze prevailed and the Weider magazines "for the connoisseur of the young male body beautiful" went the way of all shop-worn memories.

Surveying the last few issues of *The Young Physique* and *Muscleboy*, it's possible to see hints of the coming trend. Mostly gone from their pages were the flawless likes of Bishop and Stryker, replaced by less-idealized models: Pimples, bodyhair and tattoos abounded. Duos were more frequent, some quite "gay." The homoerotic undertow of the photography and artwork was increasingly nearer the surface. Raw replaced romance, until the Weider folks had the good sense to bring their era to a quiet end.

Fortunately, many gay buyers of *The Young Physique, Demi-Gods* and *Muscleboy* had the good sense to *not* shred and incinerate *their* copies of these magazines! Today issues of all three are sought-after collector's items, bringing prices up to $25 per copy, depending on the mintness of condition. Quite a return on a 50-cent investment. If you're willing to part with a gem of gay nostalgia, that is! **D.F.**

Copies of The Young Physique, Demi-Gods and Muscleboy *used in the photomontage illustration to this piece courtesy of* THE MAGAZINE, *839 Larkin Street, San Francisco, CA 94109.*

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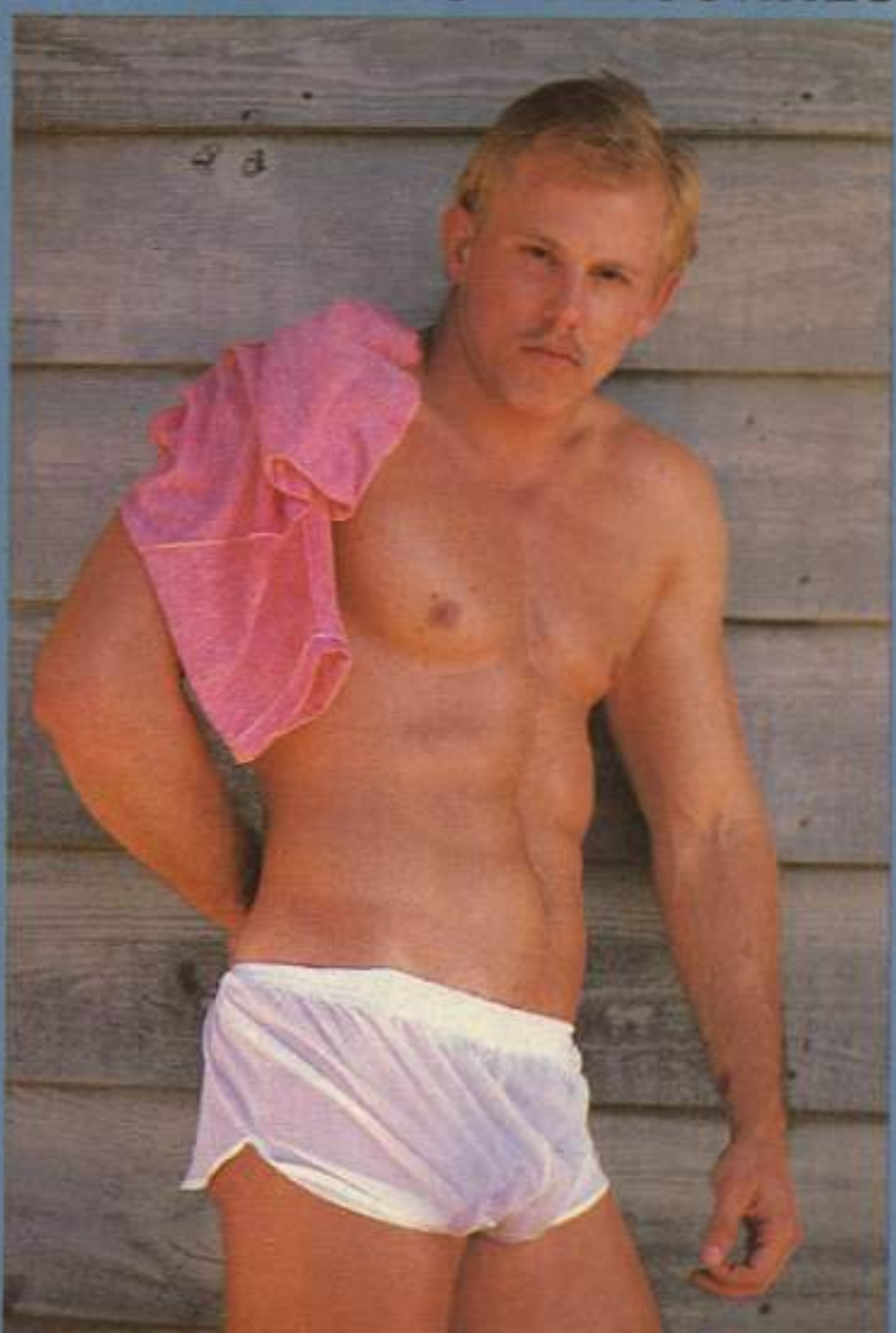
COVERMAN

COLT THOMAS

A strapping boyish towhead, a bodybuilding third-year medical student, hailing from the rural heartland of Texas, Coulter Thomas, 25, of Galveston has just completed his 12 months in harness as International Mr. Leather '83, an honor bestowed on him in Chicago last year after stiff competition with 44 other men who favor black leather as emblem of their special sexuality and lifestyle. The second consecutive smooth blond hunk to take home this most-coveted of gay "titles," Colt—the nickname his friends and admirers call him by—doesn't fit the classic image of leatherman as unshaven hirsute "daddy" replete with tattoos and titrings. Described instead by a 30-year veteran of the international leatherscene as "classic daddy's boy," Thomas and his immediate IML predecessor have changed—softened—the public image of leather, perhaps forever. It was one of his stated ambitions, if selected for the title last May, to work towards healing what he called the "schism" between the leatherworld and the gay community at large. Sacrificing time from his medical studies, Colt traveled widely as goodwill leather ambassador—going as far afield as Munich for Oktoberfest—appearing at numerous fundraisers for AIDS, a special concern of his as a gay man, leatherman and future physician. Colt's media presence and high personal visability, like that of IML'82 Luke Daniel before him, has established a tradition which his successors in Chicago will be hard pressed to live up to.

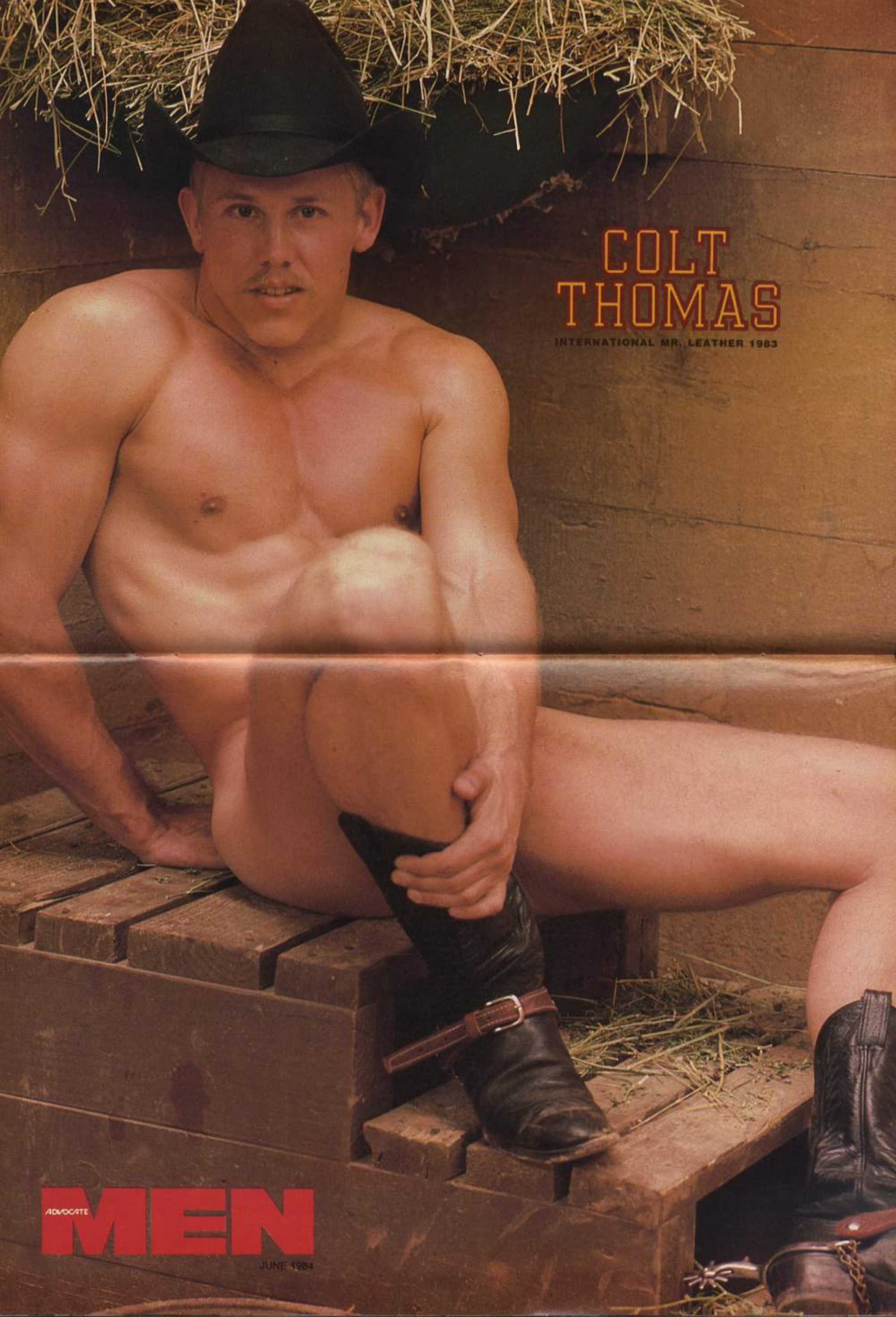
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BISONNES



Colt on the cover of The ADVOCATE, Issue 381

Colt on the cover of The ADVOCATE, Issue 381

Colt broke with the typical leatherman image in another way by emphasizing his "cowboy" leathers, both in competition in Chicago and in his many public appearances afterwards. Raised on a working ranch, Thomas has been at ease on horseback since boyhood, even riding in rodeos as a teenager. Chaps were his first fascination with the smell and feel of cowhide on manhide. "Leather can represent so many things," says Colt, "and my cowboy leathers are simply another side of the coin. Certainly they are a very real aspect of *me*."


COLT
THOMAS
INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1983
ADVOCATE
MEN
JUNE 1984

Thomas graduated to black motorcycle leathers some time ago, however. As a result of his title, he now owns an extensive wardrobe of traditional leather gear, although much of it is more-customized than the off-the-rack look of many men recently arrived on the contemporary leatherscene. Colt doesn't live in his leathers anymore than can other professionals who are leathermen at heart. His current med-school status finds him more often in hospital "scrubs" or typical 501s-sweatshirt student attire. "My leather only comes out at night and on weekends," he admits.

Be sure to mention why I'm not posing for these pictures in the full nude," Colt urged *Advocate MEN* photographer Fred Bisonnes during their three-day shoot together on location in the Los Angeles area. Simple enough: It was agreed all around beforehand that in light of his future career concerns it would be best to leave a little something to the imagination in Thomas' particular case. Or a "Texas-sized" something, as Bisonnes claims. And he should know!

What troubled the lieutenant was that his cock, usually extra-responsive to any kind of handling, even his own—he nearly always got semi-turgid while situating himself in a urinal tube—did not seem to respond to his fondling self-examination in the wraparound mirror. There was feeling, but no sign of even a semi-hardon.

REPLACEM

BY GUY STOWE
ILLUSTRATION: FORBES

Sweet birdsong was his first sensation as he surfaced from the coma. After listening for sometime in the void of dawning consciousness, he realized that the merry twitters, chirps and trills were those familiar programed simulations common to off-World habitations. A real Terran avis never sounded so determinedly cheerful.

As his mind revived, the thought came that he might be disembodied. Dead; synthetic birdsong notwithstanding.

But then he sensed that he was, indeed, a solid, lying prone on a flat, cool firmness. And he determined that he could not move either arms or legs, which seemed to be extended full length in each case, arms at his sides. Paralyzed? he wondered.

Finally he braved to flex his fingers and toes. They tingled and seemed far removed from his core of awareness. He was not paralyzed, he decided; but probably bound in place. His toes continued to tingle. He thought he could feel three, four points of pressure along his limbs.

At last he mustered the courage to blink open both eyes. To bright artificial illumination.

Up above him, nearby or far away he could not tell immediately, was blue. Atmospheric blue. Sky blue, but not real Earth sky; only a high ceiling, he decided, colored a pale colbalt. The computerized bird trilled on.

He could not raise his head. A wide band of pressure across his brow suggested that his cranium was secured, too. He felt a convex coolness under his neck: a headrest perhaps.

By rolling his eyes left and right to maximize his vision, he made out the subtly coved two corners of a white room; three white wall-like planes, at least, lidded by the light-blue simulated sky.

His returned sense of smell now noticed the faint aroma of antiseptic. It dawned on him that he was in a hospital space. Yes, that was certain. But where? And why?

He vaguely wished the damned cheery bird would sing its relentless psuedosong someplace else so he could concentrate his thoughts. He sighed and moistened dry lips with his tongue.

At that a humming clicked on above him, out of line of sight. The bird sounds ceased suddenly. He rolled his eyes

ENT·PARTS

and momentarily saw a silhouetted moving serpentine shape loom into his periferal vision on the right. His heart froze. The slender long neck arched further over him and then lowered toward his face until he was staring directly into the small red-glowing eye at its tip. Not a real eye. Only a mechanical one, a light. It was not something living afterall. Rather, a surveillance device. A scanner. Or a monitor.

In short moments a vacuum-release whooshed and what sounded like a door hatch slide open way beyond where his toes still tingled. Moments more and three chalky pink human faces perched on white Medcorps uniforms were bending over, peering down at him. Bald heads, bland, sexless countenances. At last the single figure on his left spoke, smiling officiously.

"Welcome back, Lieutenant Pyt."

At that instant Dover Pyt, Lieutenant Second-Grade, Triton Seventh Sector Security, Gamma-Helix Division, began to remember what had happened.

■■■

He braced himself then lifted his gloved hand and depressed the "Eject" button located on his half of the controls console of nose-diving *Rock Hopper*.

Nothing happened.

The dash was a melee of flashing red lights and bleating beepers and buzzers. But "Eject" would not light up. Would not respond.

Dover Pyt punched it again. Again. Again. Again.

"Fuck!" he rasped within his helmet bubble and looked at his co-pilot and patrol partner, his lover, in the cockpit beside him.

"Damn thing's busted!" he exclaimed through his mouthpiece to the handsome swarthy face frowning back within the blur of its own bubble.

The other man reached across and hit the dead button once, twice, a third time with the fisted butt of his own gloved hand.

Still nothing. No red light. No ejection.

The digital altimeter dial flashed the falling astrokite at but six-hundred lunar cubits over the red North Sea of the moon Callisto.

Pyt's co-pilot shrugged nonchalantly and laid his hand atop Pyt's own on the armrest between them. He squeezed. Pyt twisted his hand and clasped the other man's, palm to palm, in a tight grip.

"Looks like this is it, Dov." The familiar thick eyebrows flexed and the crooked smile forced chiseled good looks into a resigned grimace. Then Pyt's pledgemate since their days together as Security Cadets mouthed silently, "I love you." Dark eyes punctuated.

But before Lt. 2nd-Grade Pyt could respond, the dud "Eject" button suddenly lit up bright red-orange, the hood dome over his cockpit seat blew off and he was simultaneously hurled out of the tailspining astrokite, a parachute exploding from his seat back to catch up, to break his trajectory, to ease his descent while the aborted doomed vessel plunged away below him.

As he drifted down, slowly down toward the coppery cold plain of water, Dover Pyt was able to witness from great distance his lover of eight Earth-years extinguished in the bloom of impact as *Rock Hopper* slammed into the North Sea of Callisto. The mushroom cloud from the instantaneous explosion quickly rushed up to engulf him; and Lt. Pyt lost consciousness without even knowing he had been severely burned all over.

■■■

He half sat, half reclined on the contoured foamflex hospital bed, adjusted to a 45-degree incline. Naked. In reality he was not naked, but encased neck to toes (they tingled still) in a transparent coating of Healex synthoskin. Clear catheter tubing ran from his urethera and rectum to a chrome recycling vat that was part of the complex bank of monitors in his private recovery compartment of the Burn Unit at Kalin Memorial Clinic, the hospital facility on Callisto.

It had been ten Callisto-days since Lt. Dover Pyt's return to consciousness and he was fully ambulatory at will (if he unplugged his catheters from the recycler and carried the tubes with him), but at the moment he was undergoing a laser scan to measure the progress of his recovery. The scanning equipment had been floated into his white room with the psuedoceiling by Dr. Mkuun, one of the three Medcorps staff attendent at his reawakening; and, as the several glowing beams slowly bathed his frontside limb to limb, the pink-and-white bald physician studied the digital readouts and punched data into the computer slate balanced on one forearm.

In a few Callisto-minutes, the frontal scan was complete and Pyt shifted to a prone position as instructed by Mkuun; the bed contoured automatically so that the patient was half-lying, half-kneeling. A short time more, and the dorsal examination was completed, too. Pyt resumed his sit-recline on the automatically readjusted bed and faced the doctor.

"Well?" the seemingly nude muscular blond officer asked, expectantly.

"Well," echoed the sexless man who reminded Pyt of a bald laboratory rat, "I'd say your recovery borders on the truly incredible, son. Of the hundreds of burn patients I've restored, I'm convinced this present reconstruction ranks as one of my happier achievements. All of your replacements have not only taken, but I'd defy anyone, *you* included, Mr. Pyt, to tell the original parts of you from the brand new parts—new to *you,* that is, Lieutenant. The seams are, quite literally, invisible!"

Dover Pyt had not been permitted to see a reflection of himself since awakening. All he had been told was that, when pulled unconscious from his life float in the Callisto North Sea, fifty percent of his body was critically blast-blistered; in some few places the skin and flesh had literally melted away, exposing charred bone. Only his head had been spared disfigurement, protected by the bubble helmet. That he was still alive at all was nothing short of miraculous; but his rescuers had quickly dry-frozen his torso and limbs and rushed him by astrosled to Kalin Memorial in time for Dr. Mkuun and team to perform their bionic surgery.

NO 'SEAMS' WERE VISIBLE. EVERYTHING LOOKED AS GOOD AS HE REMEMBERED HIMSELF TO HAVE BEEN . . . EXCEPT FOR TWO THINGS.

As well as Pyt could understand from Mkuun's technical-jargon explanation, a printout of his complete medical-anatomical data had been beamed from his planet-of-record (Mars) and this enabled the Kalin Burn Team to completely duplicate with substitute tissue, to rebuild from scratch, so to speak, what had been destroyed or was so badly damaged as to require surgical removal. Since his return to consciousness (Pyt had been in a coma for sixty-three Callisto-days), he had repeatedly been asssured by Mkuun that, at best, he'd be "better than new," and, at very least, restored to "fully normal" appearance and functioning.

What Pyt could be certain of was that his body appeared to him, through the transparent film of synthoskin it temporarily wore, to be the one he had always had and felt—except for those tingling toes.

"I think it's time to get you out of that syn-skin, Mr. Pyt," rat-faced Mkuun grinned. "We'll remove it this afternoon. But you'll have to remain hospitalized here for observation and therapy for some while yet."

The white-uniformed Medcorpsman turned to go, beckoning the air-floated laser scanner to follow him.

"Doctor?" the nude blond patient asked after the departing hunched shoulders.

"Yes, Lieutenant?" the pink rodent features faced Pyt again.

"I'm asking one more time: What parts of me are *me,* and what's artificial?"

"Nothing's *artificial,* my boy. You're *all* you . . . *now.* The replacement parts are definitely *real* and just as *you* as what we didn't need to duplicate of the original.

"Take my word for it, Mr. Pyt, for your own peace of mind, it's just as well you don't know which foot is which, or which is which hand or arm or even leg, for that matter. The most I'll tell you is that at least half of your skin and appendages are reconstructed and as good as, if not better than, the original other half. If I may say so, sir, you remain a magnificent specimen of your species."

Dr. Mkuun turned again to leave the small white compartment.

"Two more things, Doctor."

"Yes, Pyt?" He was ushering the laser unit through the door hatch.

"I'd like to see myself in a mirror."

"As soon as the syn-skin's off, son. No problem. And?"

"Why do my toes tingle?"

■■■

Dover Pyt was fairly well satisfied when he carefully examined himself fully nude (synthoskin gone) in the mirror hexagon available at Kalin Memorial. Certainly no "seams" were visible. Everything looked as good as he remembered himself to have been, thick flaxen head-hair all the way down the exquisitely defined, smooth torso and strong legs to his toes (still tingling).

Except . . .

Except for two things.

He was sure the corollae of his nipples were larger now, darker in color than he recalled; and both nubs seemed way more sensitive to his own touch than before. With just the slightest fingering, each node immediately hardened and sent static jolts of vague pleasure to his groin.

Continued page 58

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Continued from page 56

And there lay the second perceivable difference. Squeezing, pulling on his hefty "Pride and Joy," it seemed somewhat thicker, more of a handful, and even more heavily veined than he had always thought it was. And his ballsac. Had it always swung so low? And was not it his right testicle which draped lower, rather than the left one?

What troubled the lieutenant, though, was that his cock, usually extra-responsive to any kind of handling, even his own—he nearly always got semi-turgid while situating himself in a urinal tube—did not seem to respond in any measurable degree to his fondling self-examination in the wraparound mirror. There was feeling to be sure; but no sign of even a semi-hardon.

Perhaps those flacid long inches of his were still recovering from nearly three Callisto-months of rude intrusion by a catheter tube. Or perhaps his beautiful cock—and balls, too—were replacement parts. And duds!

■ ■ ■

Alone in his spartan new private sleeping pod in the Therapy Ward of Kalin Memorial, the door hatch sealed against all entrance except emergency override, the illumination dialed to a minimum, Lt. 2nd-Grade Dover Pyt lounged nude on a contoured recliner that doubled as his bed. In front of him, a holograph cylinder played his favorite pornie. And he masterbated.

Without result.

Punching the rotation button of the holograph's remote laying beside him, Pyt turned the crystal cylinder ninety-plus degrees, so that the miniaturized three-dimensional action within could be viewed from a better vantage point.

As his favorite pornie, he knew well exactly at what moment the wrist-thick monster cock of the sweat-sheened muscular black performer would be rammed out of sight up the bunghole of the also-muscular platinum blond, whose swollen perineum bulged so nicely and whose very respectable cock always arched rockhard, especially when being brutally dog-fucked, as now.

Even before the massive black at last pulled his whooper bung free from blondie's gasping hole, to pump thick globs of lucent cum across the latter's snowy assglobes and swayed muscular back, even before this familiar climax of the pornie action, Dover Pyt had always shot his own usually excessive load, drenching his ridged abdominals and chiseled pecs with sometimes as many as a dozen large splatters.

But not this time. Nor any of the several previous times he had attempted to work himself to climax in private since discovering that his cock seemed non-responsive to manual stimulation.

Pyt's Pride and Joy simply lay there in his numbed hand, slicked with lubricant, long, thick—and limp!

If only his cock would tingle even half as much as his toes!

■ ■ ■

After several more erectionless efforts, including even the use one time of the hospital's automatic Sukov Unit, the lieutenant finally confronted Dr. Rat Mkuun with the problem, voicing his conviction that his indifferent cock was a replacement part—and a bum one at that!

Mkuun was still mum on the originality of Pyt's organ and suggested his experienced impotency was psychologically based. The young officer had, afterall, Mkuun reminded, lost his longtime lover, his pledgemate, in the crash of their astrokite. Perhaps an unrealized "survival guilt" was at the bottom of his problem, Mkuun suggested.

So Dover Pyt visited the hospital's Mind Adjuster.

Repeatedly.

Three Callisto-weeks later, Pride and Joy was a lazy-limp as before. Although once it did achieve a dribbled emission while still soft. But without any sensation of orgasm.

■ ■ ■

It was while he was relaxing in the Therapy Ward's Common Room one evening, playing three-dimensional solitaire, that the convalescing blond officer first spotted a fellow patient who jolted him off self-center.

Strolling into the high-ceilinged large, sparsely populated compartment came another youthful male, who, at first glance, seemed to be a dead ringer for Dover Pyt's pledgemate—his *dead* lover!

The other patient, totally nude like himself—the standard uniform of the day there on hermetically tropical Callisto— was tall, muscular, swarthy and incredibly handsome. The gorgeous brunet moved like a Terran panther, sinewy muscles rolling under his tawny smooth manhide as he gracefully ambled across the compartment to a video niche.

Pyt stared unabashedly.

He had never seen such a marvelous ass! Even on the perfect man he had loved for eight Earth years.

Panther Man, however, remained oblivious to the rapt appreciation directed toward him. He watched the video screen disinterestedly for awhile, then left the lounge without having even glanced at the rapt blond man.

Dover Pyt's fixation began.

■ ■ ■

After several more opportunities to encounter the object of his attention in Kalin Memorial's various Therapy compartments and twice again in the Commons, Lt. 2nd-Grade Pyt finally came unavoidably face-to-face with Panther Man in the Ward's Ultrasonic Chamber, where Burn Unit patients spent one Callisto-hour each four-day cycle undergoing some inexplicable treatment to encourage the continuing meld of their old and new parts.

The brunet seemed to be aware of his blond peer really for the first time. He responded with folksy ease to the Security officer's guarded gesture of polite conversation. The two compared notes on their respective accidents and recoveries. They even joked together about the rodent-featured Mkuun.

Pyt would have had to have been blind to not read the other's frequent downglances at Pride and Joy as unfeigned interest. When, after a decent period of small talk, he finally invited the naked Panther to his private pod—to view some pornies together on the holograph—his guest-to-be's nicely sized equipment evidenced the unmistakable highsign of a semi-hardon!

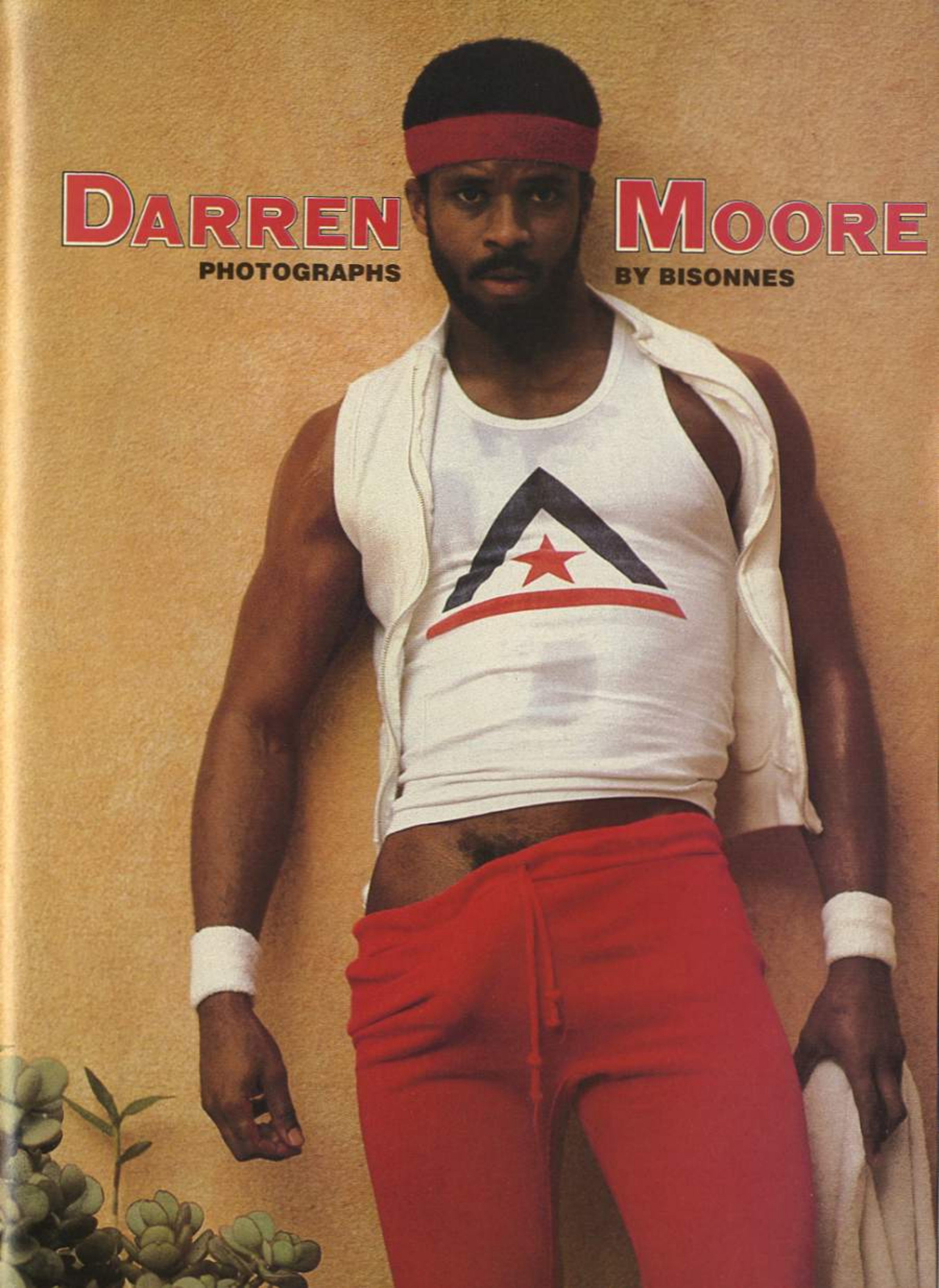
■ ■ ■

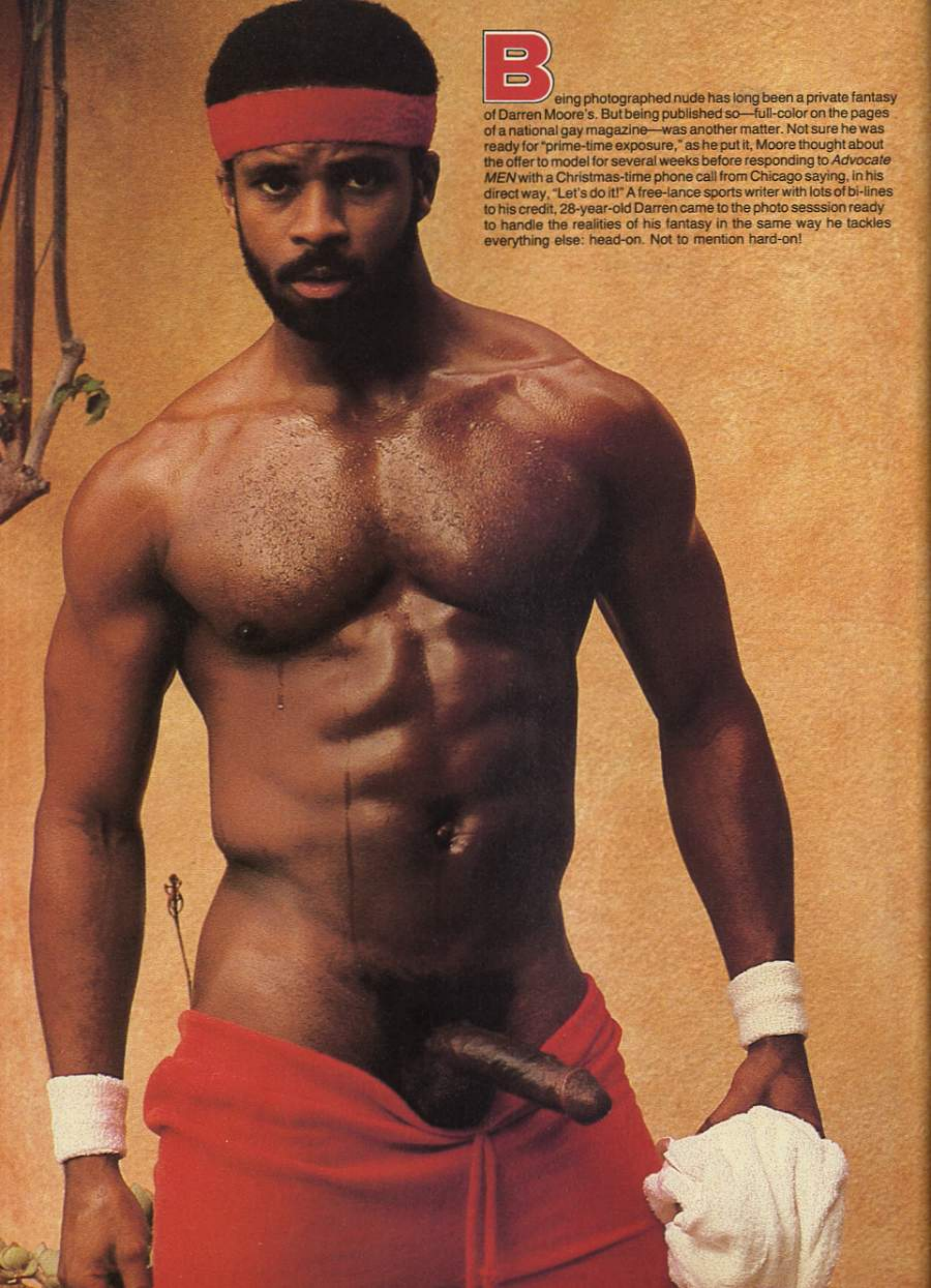
Dover Pyt's pornies never got viewed that afternoon.

No sooner had the door hatch been sealed behind them than the tall, muscular, handsome brunet turned to face the tall, muscular, handsome blond, then unhesitently reached out and firmly gripped Pride and Joy in a warm, moist palm. His own cock curved emphatically upward from its thatch of silky black pubes. Under thick brows, his cat-yel-

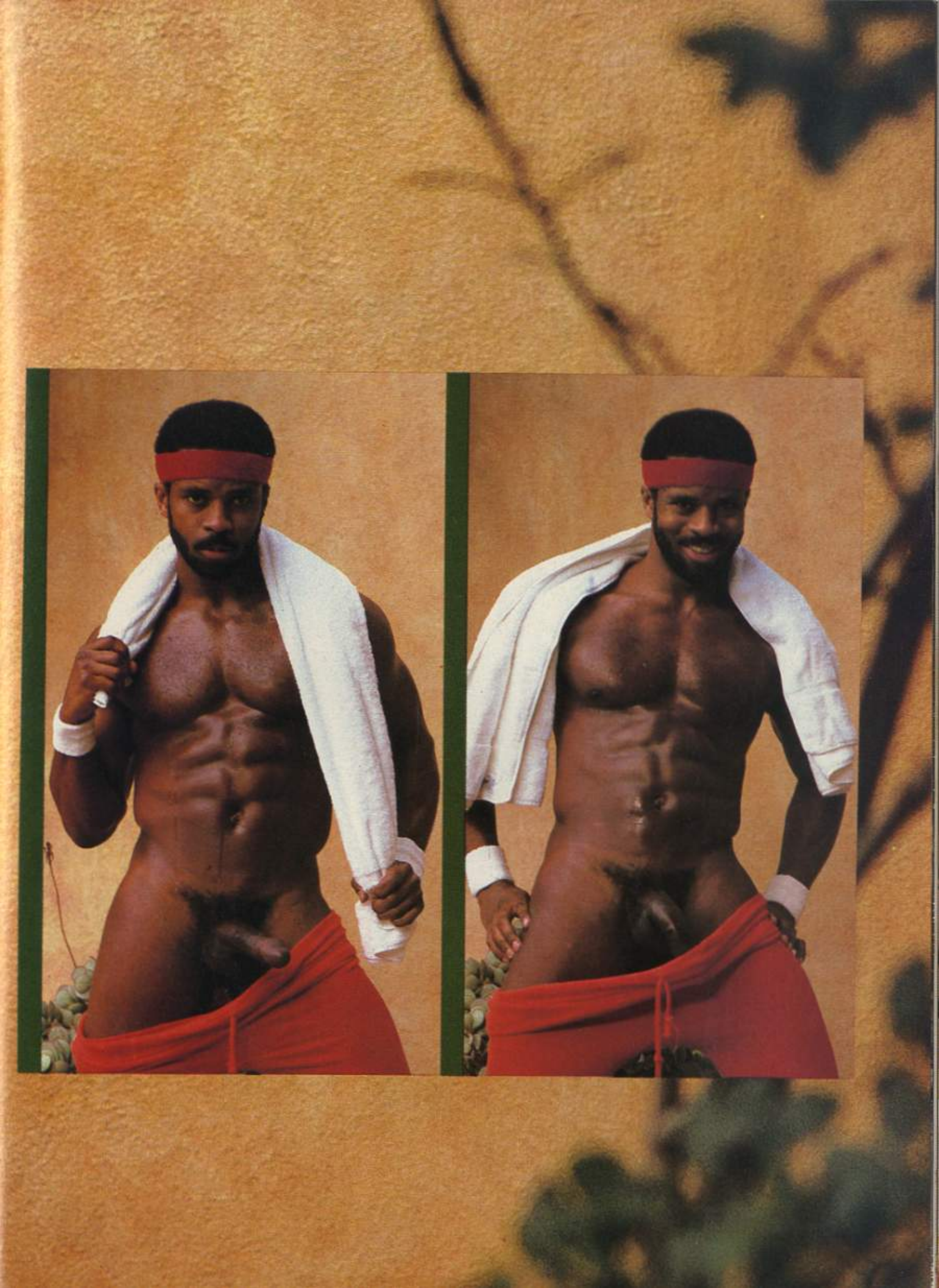
Continued page 72

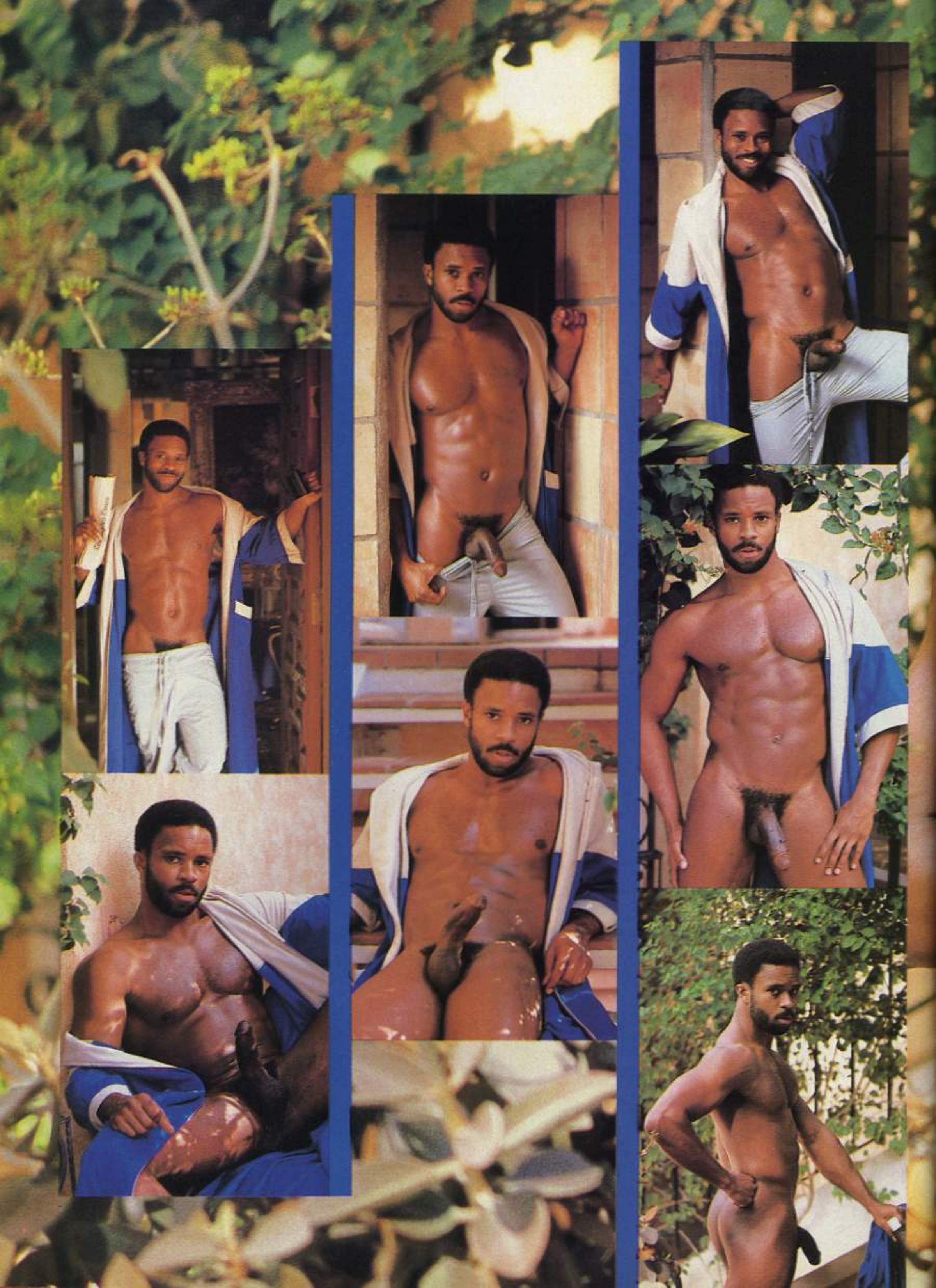
THE DOOR HATCH CLOSED BEHIND THEM AND HE REACHED OUT AND FIRMLY GRIPPED PRIDE AND JOY IN A WARM, MOIST PALM.


DARREN MOORE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BISONNES



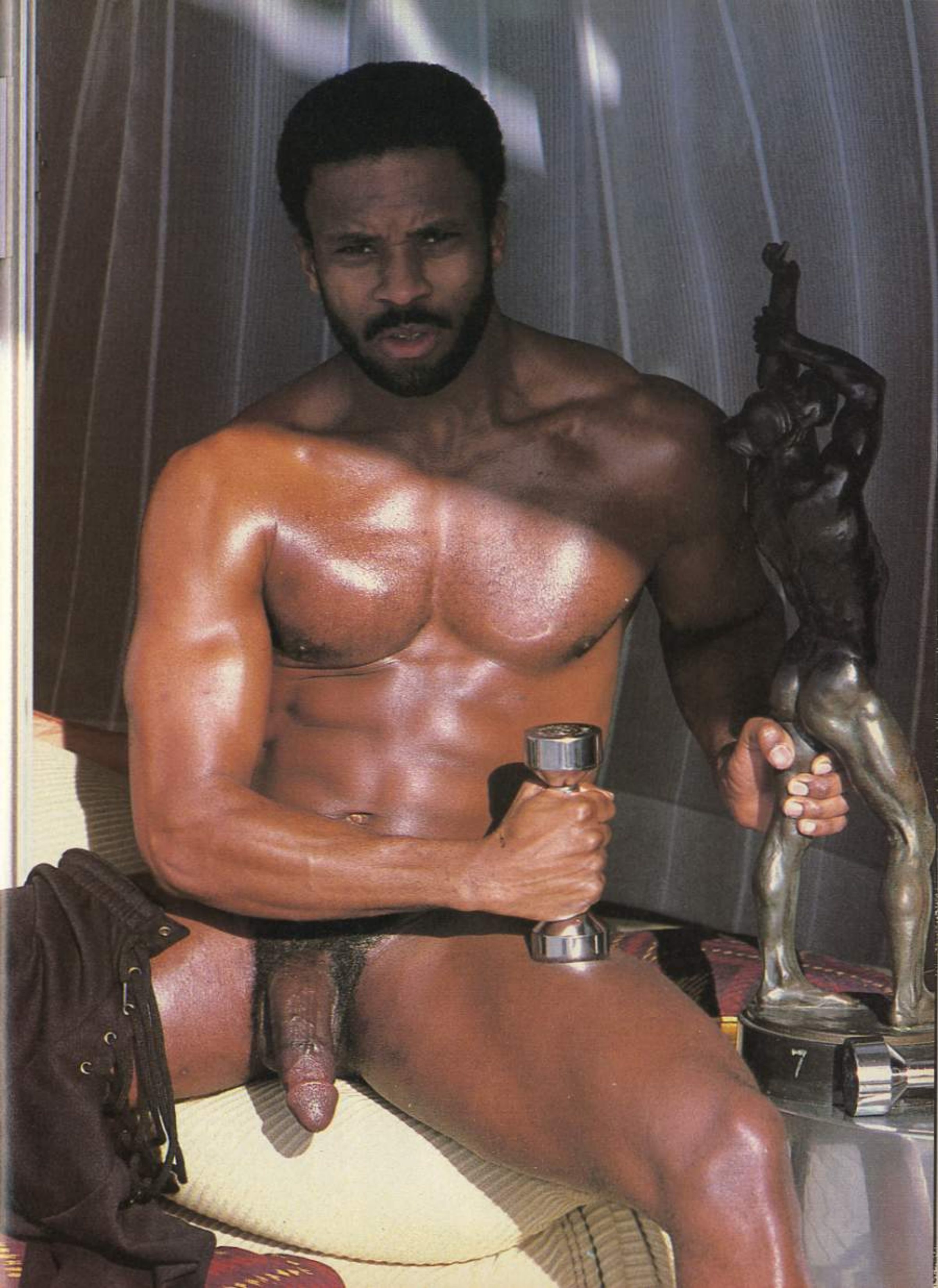
Being photographed nude has long been a private fantasy of Darren Moore's. But being published so—full-color on the pages of a national gay magazine—was another matter. Not sure he was ready for "prime-time exposure," as he put it, Moore thought about the offer to model for several weeks before responding to *Advocate MEN* with a Christmas-time phone call from Chicago saying, in his direct way, "Let's do it!" A free-lance sports writer with lots of bi-lines to his credit, 28-year-old Darren came to the photo sesssion ready to handle the realities of his fantasy in the same way he tackles everything else: head-on. Not to mention hard-on!





Active in all kinds of sports since sandlot days as a kid growing up in the Second City, Moore seriously considered the chance at a career in pro-baseball when he graduated from college with a B.A. in journalism. But he opted instead to work on the sidelines, first as a newspaper sports reporter and, for a season, as an on-camera sports "reader" for a midwestern NBC affiliate. Admittedly pleased with his rather exceptional physique, Darren doesn't miss a day at the gym, perfecting the whole package yet further.

Partner in an ongoing interracial relationship, Darren Moore has a second fantasy he's trying to decide whether to turn into hard reality. An avid consumer of video porn, he feels the gay studios have yet to make a really good "black-white" film. Moore would like to be a party to correcting this. But if the chance should present itself, he'd probably have to give it several weeks serious reconsideration, he admits!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SHOWCASE

REX'S *marked* MEN

Erotic artist Rex stands without peer. His incredible draughtsmanship alone discourages imitators—the pointillistic renderings from his pens take weeks, even months, to complete. What sets him truly apart from all other gay eroticists, however, is his special vision of sexual men, which has been appropriately labeled *porn noir*.

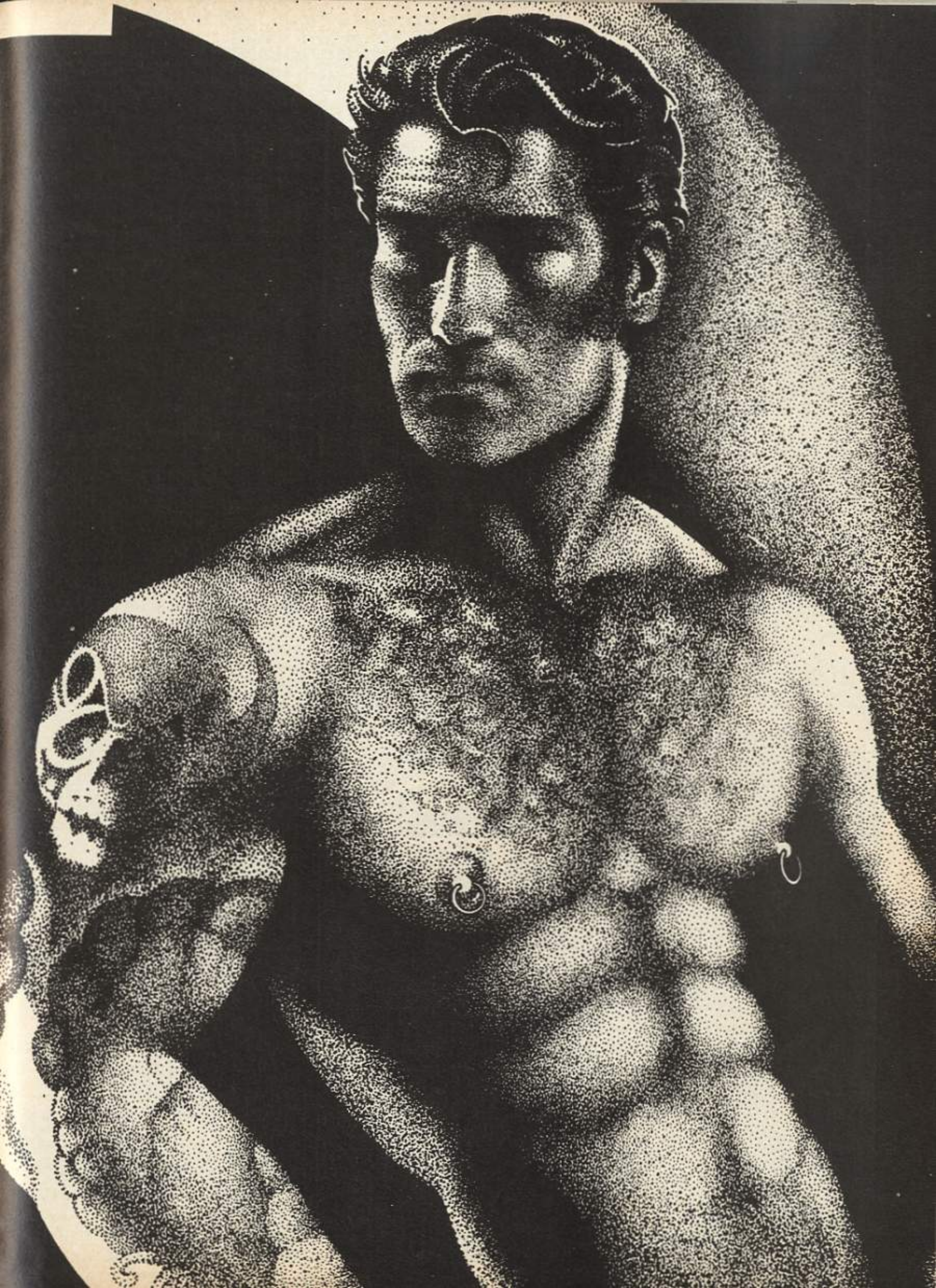
Some find Rex's images, quite frankly, decadently nasty, even sinister, which is not necessarily negative criticism. Others admire the haunting quality which is inherent to nearly every Rex drawing. Most are images one can return to again and again; yet they remain always fresh and, yes, still disturbing, as before.

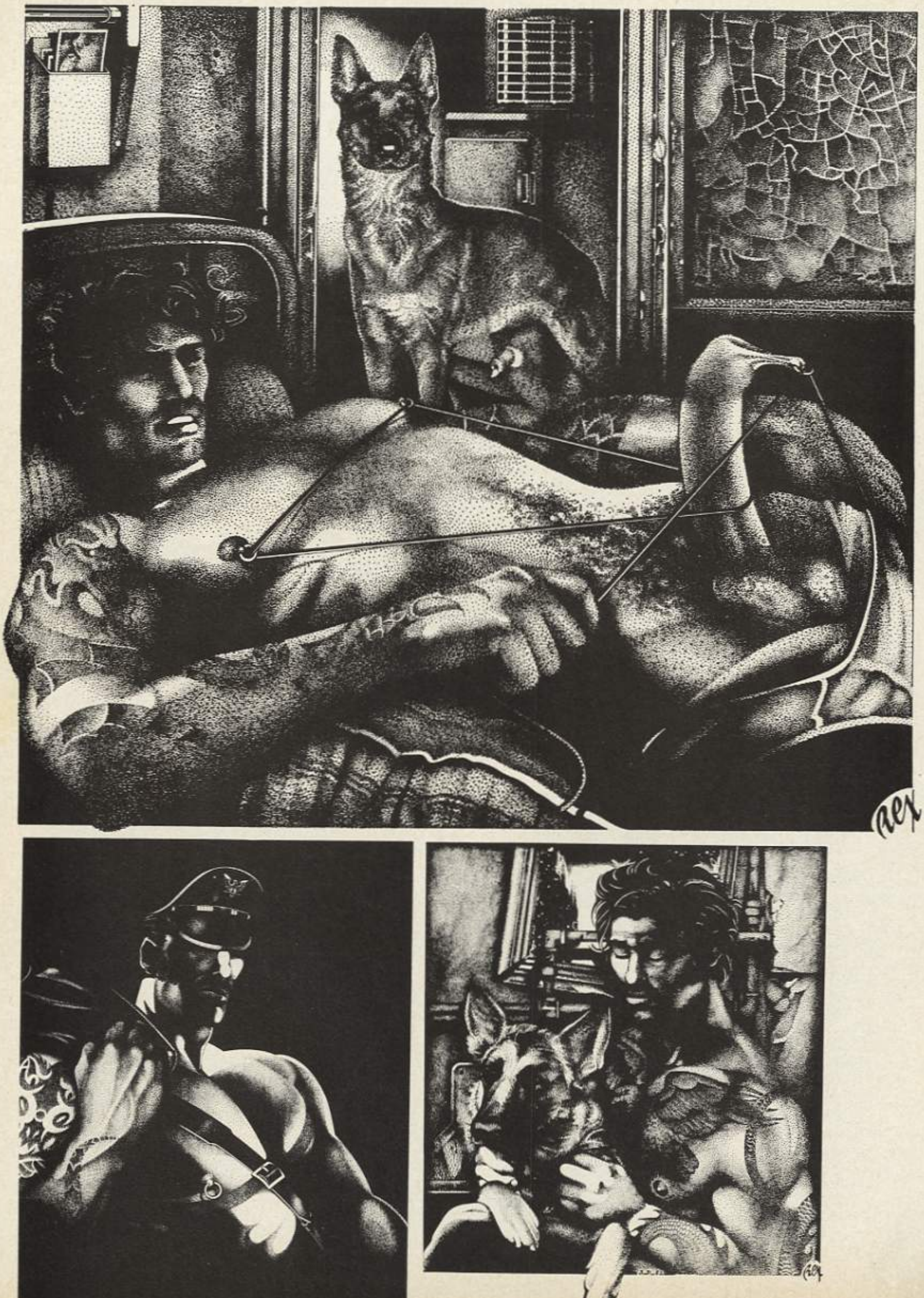
Many Rex fans presume that he is a European, probably German. Probably because his intricate style, his slanted viewpoint are so "foreign." He is, though, wholly American: a shy, private, unassuming man in his early-middle years.

Rex is a survivor, who survives for his art, the great body of which was totally destroyed at the beginning of this decade in a San Francisco fire which leveled much of the city block where the artist lived and maintained a studio/gallery—on Folsom Street, appropriately. Luckily for Rex and his fans, most of his black-and-white work had been published and so survived intact, and could be recovered, secondhand, in reproduction.

The Rex showcase presented here is themed around the tattooed man. Much of the artist's work can be grouped by recurring themes, but this is the first time any publication has ever done so. Another first for *Advocate MEN* is that, starting with the next issue, Number Two, Rex will be executing a new drawing each month exclusively for the readers of this magazine. He is excited about this commission. So, too, is *Advocate MEN*.

For further information about Rex's available work, write him at: *Drawings by Rex, P.O. Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101.*

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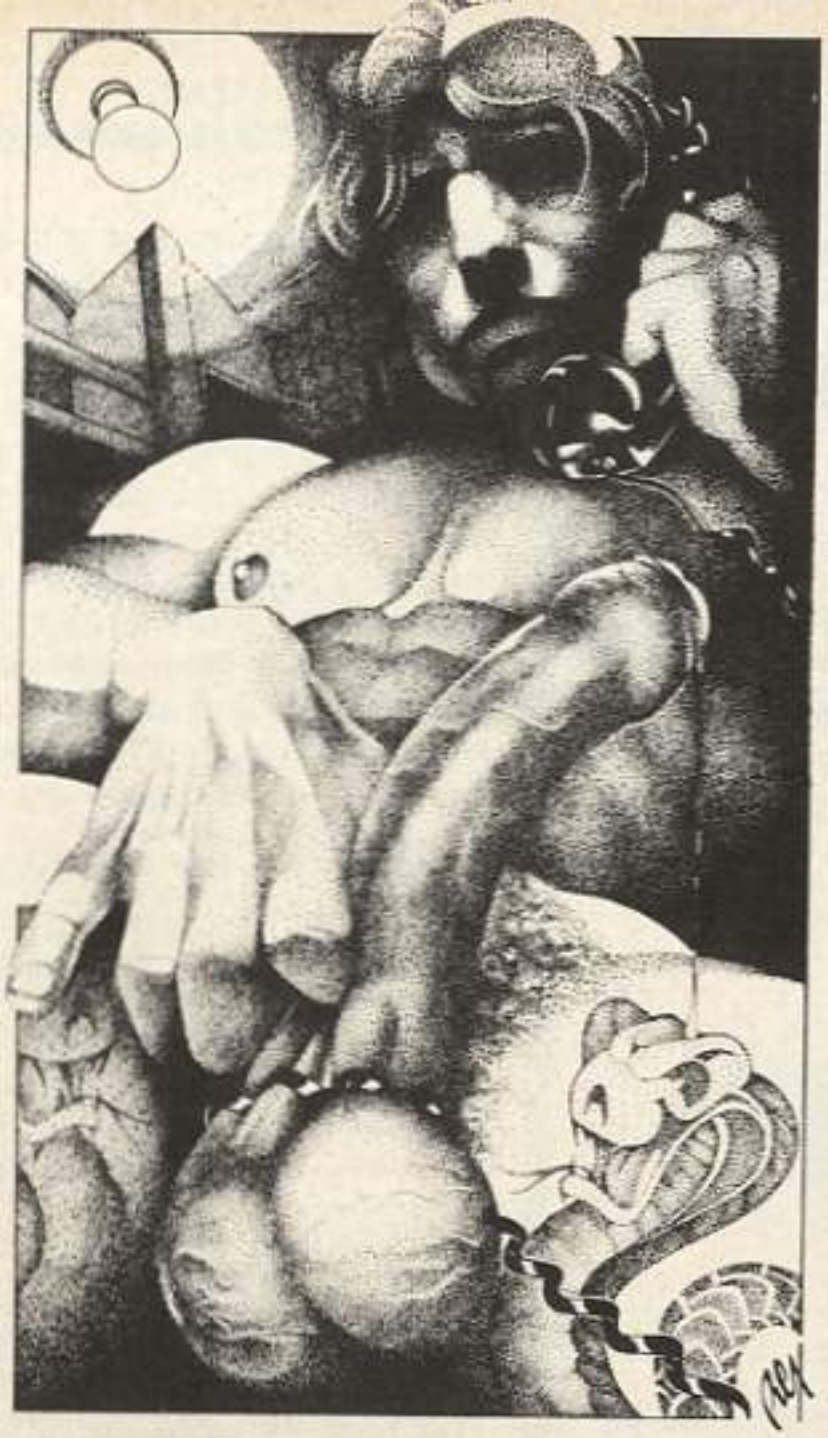

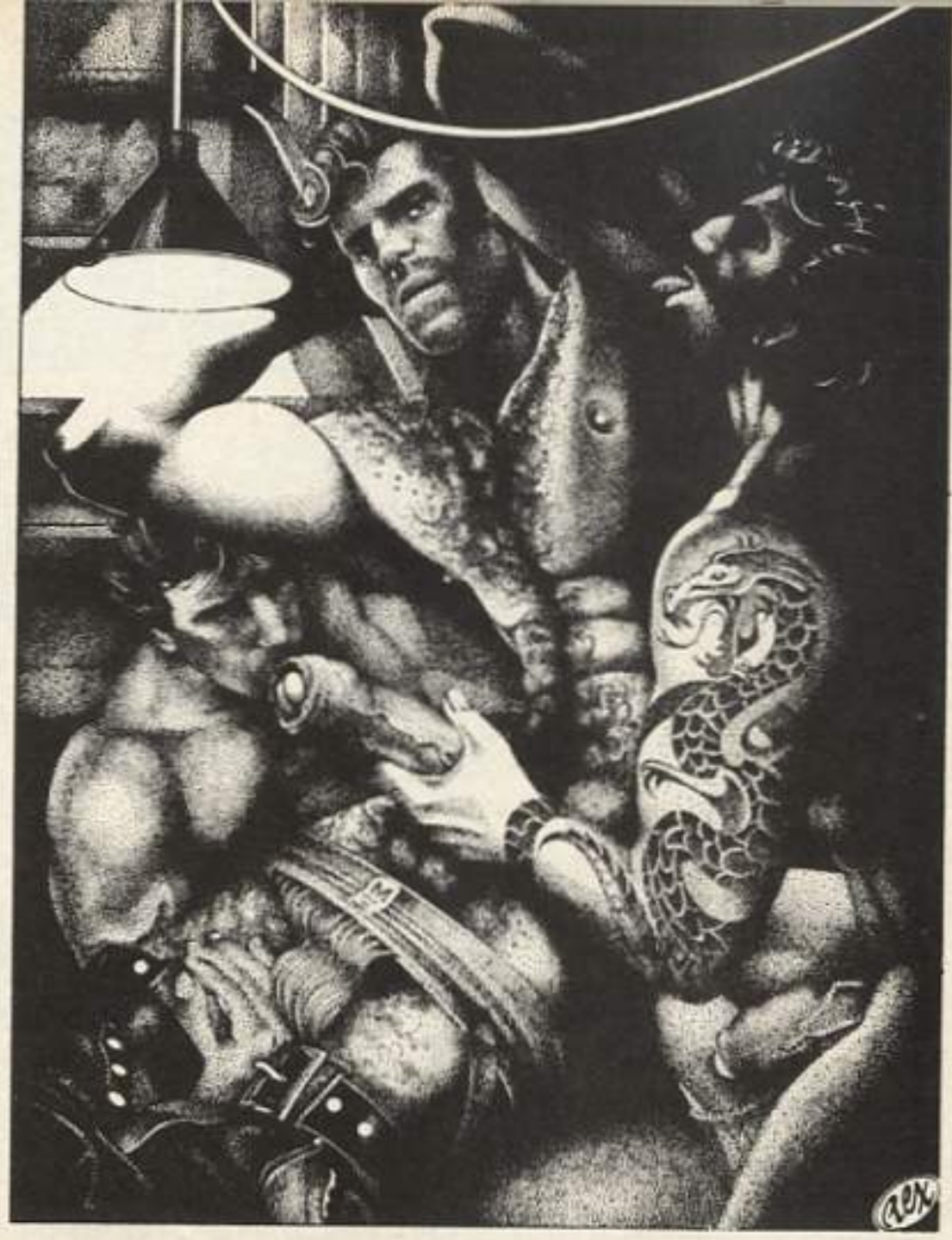

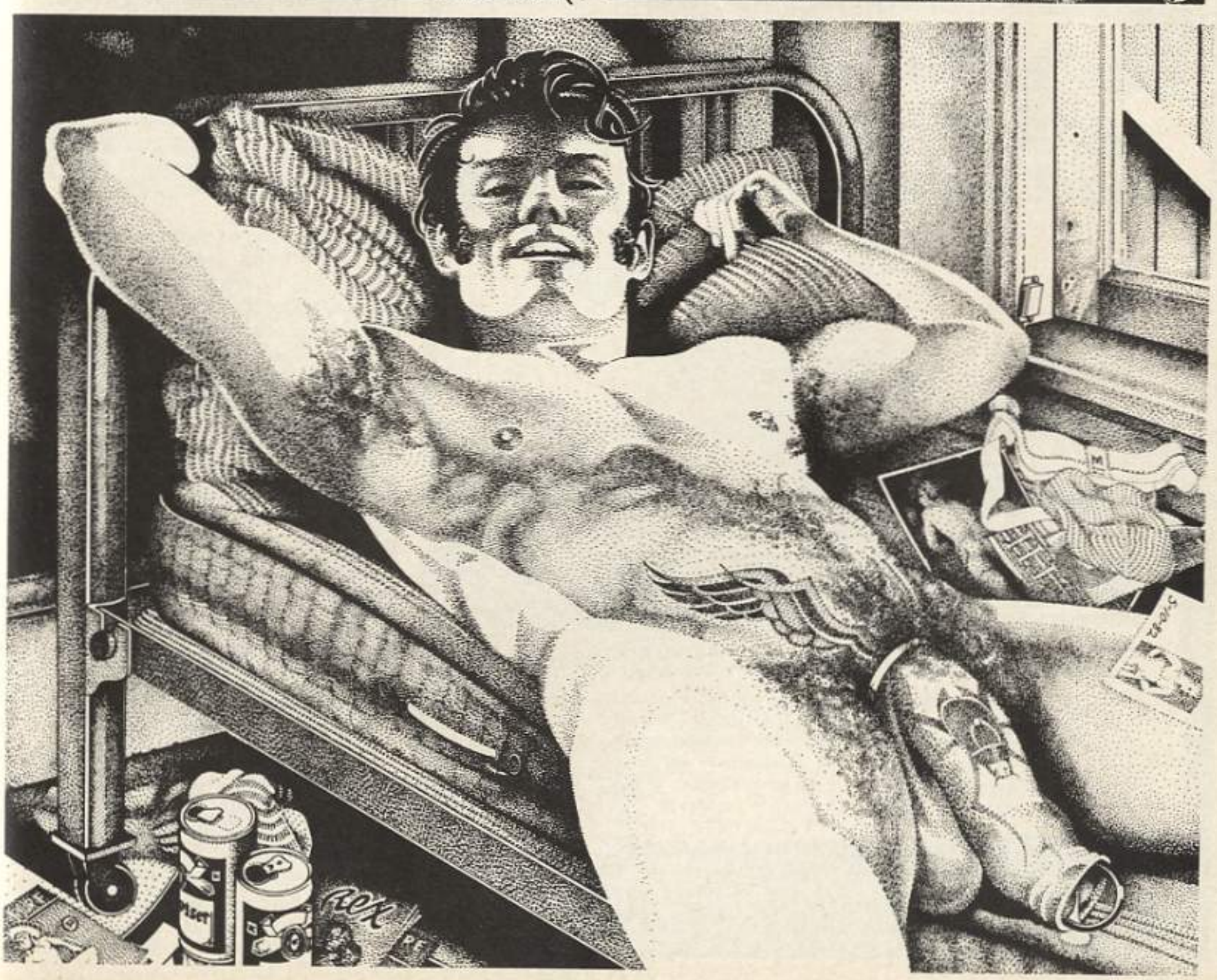

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GUNDERSON TRAVEL

Continued from page 18

felt the little nagging certainty that I'd seen this cat before—maybe one of those anonymous faces you see on a movie screen in a crowd, so perfect, so handsome, that it takes your breath—and of course you never learn who it is, nor see him again. I had pretty well held the reins on my feelings for many years, knowing better than to get involved . . . hustlers just couldn't afford that. It was ruinous . . . Time enough when you were forty to find a companion and settle down—if you could find anyone who'd have you at that age.

AFTER THE SHOWER I LAY DOWN ON the bed, naked, and ran my hand over my chest hair. He had a charming little sprinkling on his chest, which added rather than detracted. I looked down at my body, now thirty-three, and decided it was not too bad. The belly was even sunken—but then, remembering that I was lying down, I stood up again to survey myself in the mirror. Not bad—but my face looked a little tougher, and my nipples turned down; they were still large, but the angle had changed. The feet were fine, and the calves; and there was hair on the toe-knuckles; and the second toe longer than the big toe, as it was on classic statues. Thighs were okay too, and ole Betsy still arced out. Sidewise, the butt still looked good, the pectorals firm and the upper arms bigger than ever. And the skin was smooth; I slid my hand over my torso and was not unpleased.

He was going to come in an hour, he said, and bring a bottle of gin. Gin helped a lot. I lay back on the bed and thought about him. Outside was the soft murmuring sound of the surf, and a vagrant breeze wandered through the room. Romance under the moon and stars, by gum—for the first time in years and years. I pictured his body again—every tendon, every muscle, every swelling and hollow—in neck, in throat, on chest, thighs and legs—even his armpits were perfect. I wanted to bury my mouth in them. And yet does not a lovesick guy see no fault whatever in his beloved? My cynicism told me that in a few weeks I would not like the way he tapped his cigarette, nor pulled on his socks, nor stood shaving. Yet here I was—fantasizing a whole life with him when I knew that I might be lucky if I could spend an entire night in his company.

There was a knock at the door, rather tentative. It was Andy, grinning from here to there, and holding a bottle of Boodle's by the neck. He had on a maroon bathrobe, which he took off at once, standing as naked as I was.

"Am I early? he asked in his husky baritone.

"As a matter of fact, you're late. My

nails are chewed down to the nubbin."

"I'll bet" he said, sardonic.

"Just a minute, bub," I said. "Before anything begins, I'd really like to know where I've seen you before."

"I've a very common face," he said. Adonis stood before me.

"That's not exactly true, " I said, folding my arms. "I *know* I've seen you."

He was silent for a very long time. Then he said, "If I tell you, will you not say anything to anyone?"

"Cross my heart," I said, doing it.

He cleared his throat. "You may have seen me on the deck of the *Intrepid*," he said slowly.

Baffled, I said, "A sailor?"

"Royal Naval Air," he said.

I still didn't get it. "I watched the Falklands episode a lot," I said.

"Or perhaps you saw me at the right of the altar. At the wedding." A long pause. "Of Prince Charles."

The pores rose all over my body. The lust I felt for him had made ole Betsy rise, but the jolt of his revelation took it all away. Shocked, I sat down on the bed, flabber and gasted. A meteor hit me, and the illumination was blinding. I looked at him carefully, the black hair combed neat and straight, the generous mouth, the eyebrows, the full red lips, the beautiful body. Oddly, my eyes concentrated on the patch of chest hair, unable to move from his chest. "Andy," I said. My mouth was very dry. "Andrew. The royal family."

He shrugged.

"Goddlemighty," I said. "Randy Andy. Everyone knows about you."

He shrugged again. "I come down here incognito two or three times a year if I can." He looked at me. "Please don't tell anybody."

I shook my head. "Of course not. Hustlers never do."

I knelt in front of him. He put his strong hands gently on top of my head, and then slipped one of them down to my neck. I took his cock into my mouth, using all the Kama Sutra tricks I knew, the nibbling, the interior suction, the kissing and the licking down the shaft, the swirling around the glans, the tongue into the meatus, all, all of the devices I had learned in all the years of hustling. I pushed him back on the bed and gave him a partial tongue bath, sucking all of his toes, figure-eighting them, and getting the two big toes into my mouth at the same time. A frenzy was on me. And finally he—tossing and turning and moaning a little—put his hand gently against my back and turned me over. There was a fumbling at the drawer of the nightstand; and then I felt the coolness of the grease applied; and heard the soft sliding sound as he rubbed it

Continued page 82

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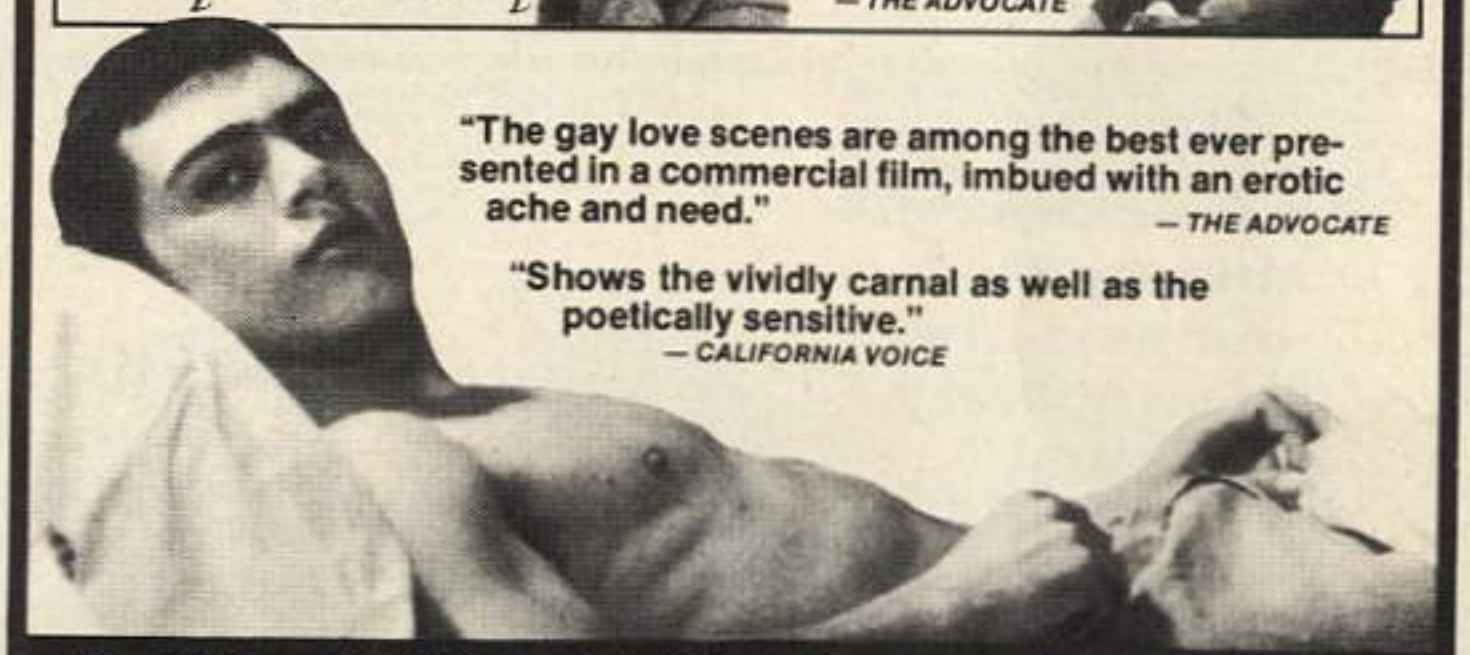

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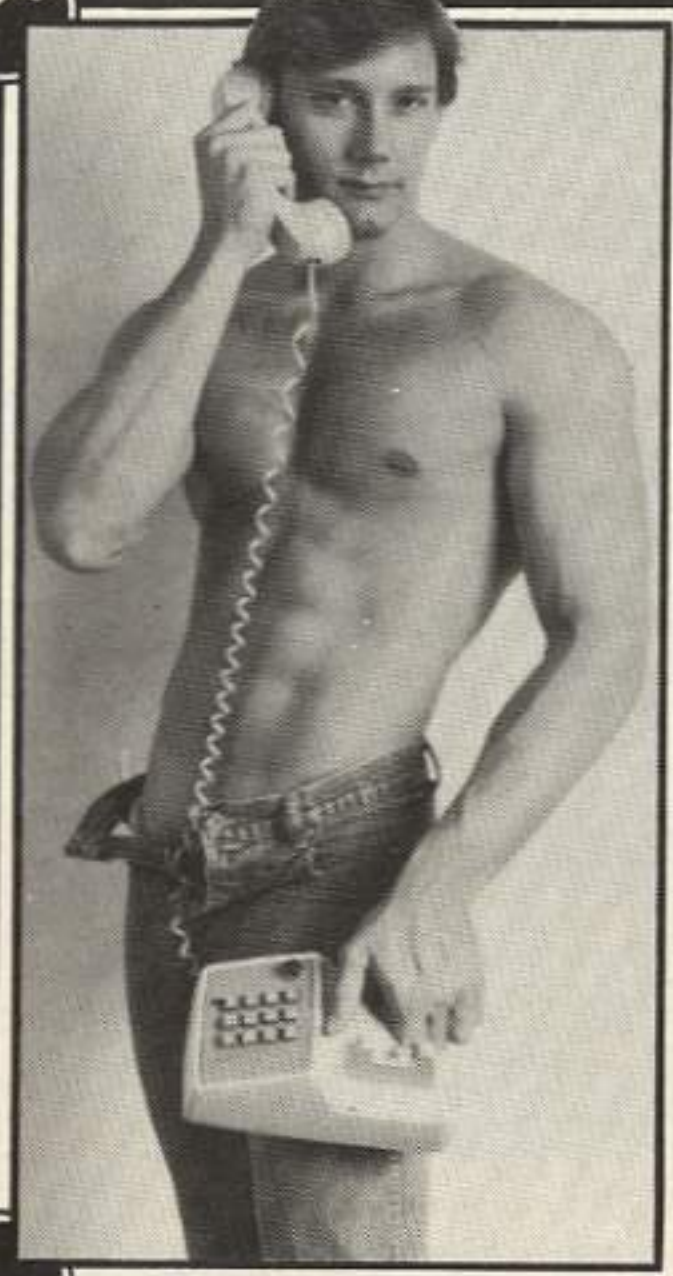

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Continued from page 58

low eyes locked with Pyt's own ice-blue ones; his very full lips parted somewhat and a pink tongue tip slowly licked them shiney wet.

Lt. Pyt gripped the Panther's thick upper arms in both hands and squeezed the hard biceps and triceps, then slid his palms up to the knotted shoulders, then slowly down onto the set of smooth pectoral muscles. He massaged these fantastic paired slabs of resilient hard flesh long moments, before grasping each large nipple cone between his thumbs and index fingers. He worked the pliant soft numbs gently, his eyes never leaving the Panther's hooded, intent gaze.

"The titties don't work these days, mate," responded the brunet, huskily. "Feeling's plum gone. Must be spanking new ones." He smiled lopsidedly and flexed his eyebrows in a way all too-familiar to Pyt.

At the same time, his free hand found the blond's own deeply grooved chest and glided to the erect, outthrusting node crowning one squared mound there. He gripped, pinched and twisted. Pyt groaned in unguarded pleasure.

"Mine, too, new ones, that is," he managed to whisper.

The hand holding Pride and Joy was massaging, kneeding, squeezing, stroking now. And, much to the lieutenant's surprise, there seemed to be some response. Without looking down to check visually, he sensed a heating up in his groin that in the years before his accident had signaled the onset of an erection.

Pyt's hand slid off the magnificent glistening pecs and eased under the Panther's outstretched arms, to make fists in both wet armpits, to massage the wide lats beneath, then to soothe on down the damp warm V of torso to the narrow tight waist, coming finally to rest on the cool topmost curves of that most-beautiful ass he had ever seen.

The brunet had now married his own very-rigid cock within the same tight massaging grip imprisoning the lieutenant's still-spongy but decidedly hardening one. His other hand worked first the right and then the left blunt-pointed nipple on Pyt's sweated, slowly heaving chest. He leaned close, his topaz eyes intense, hungry, savage; his sensuous heavy mouth came finally against the blond's waiting open lips; tongues darted mutually; and the two men locked faces in a devouring kiss.

At last releasing Pyt's tongue and bruised lips from the fierce suction of his own mouth, teeth momentarily clapping the blond's chin, the Panther continued sucking and licking Pyt's salty wet neck, then collar-bone crevices, fi-

Continued page 74

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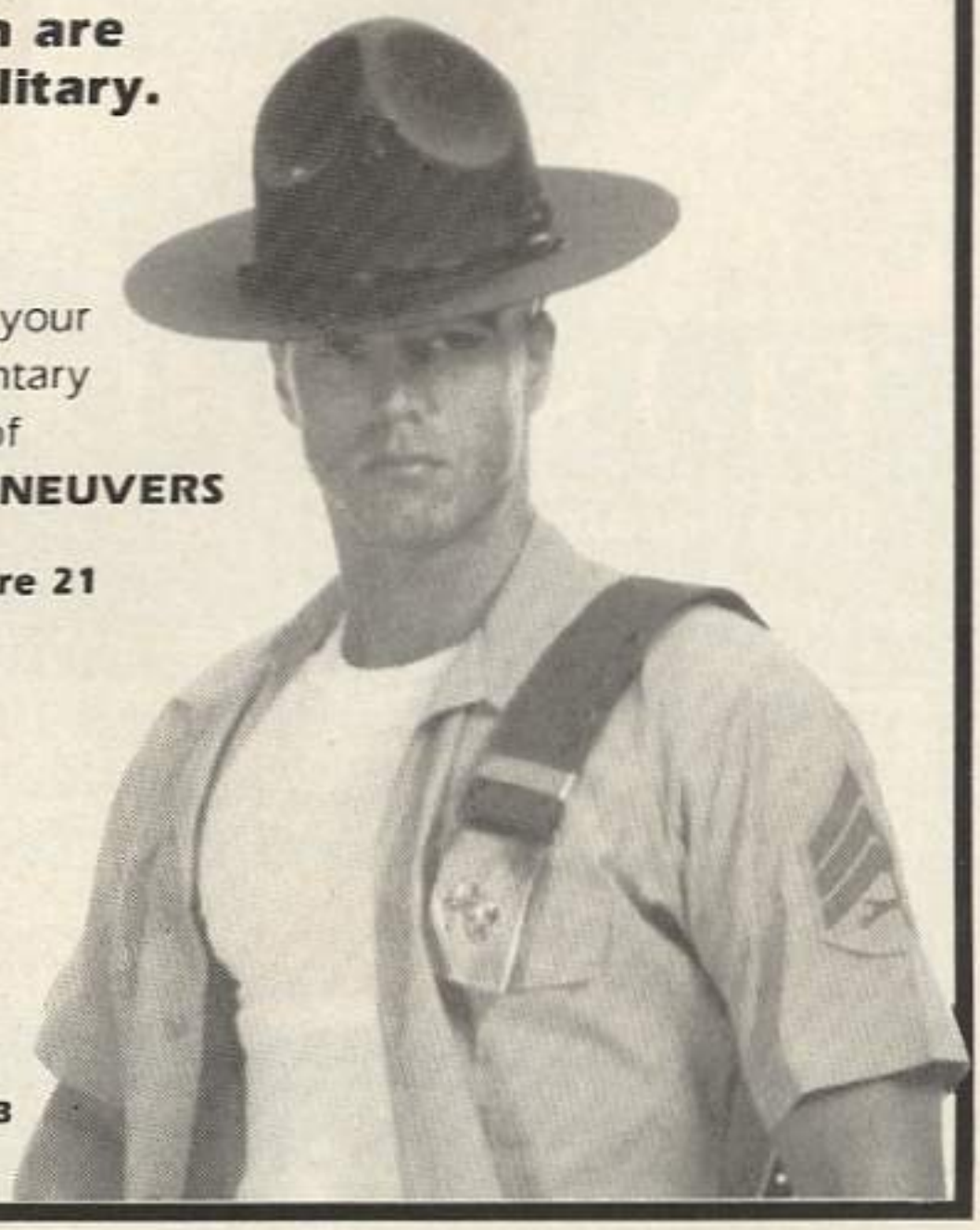

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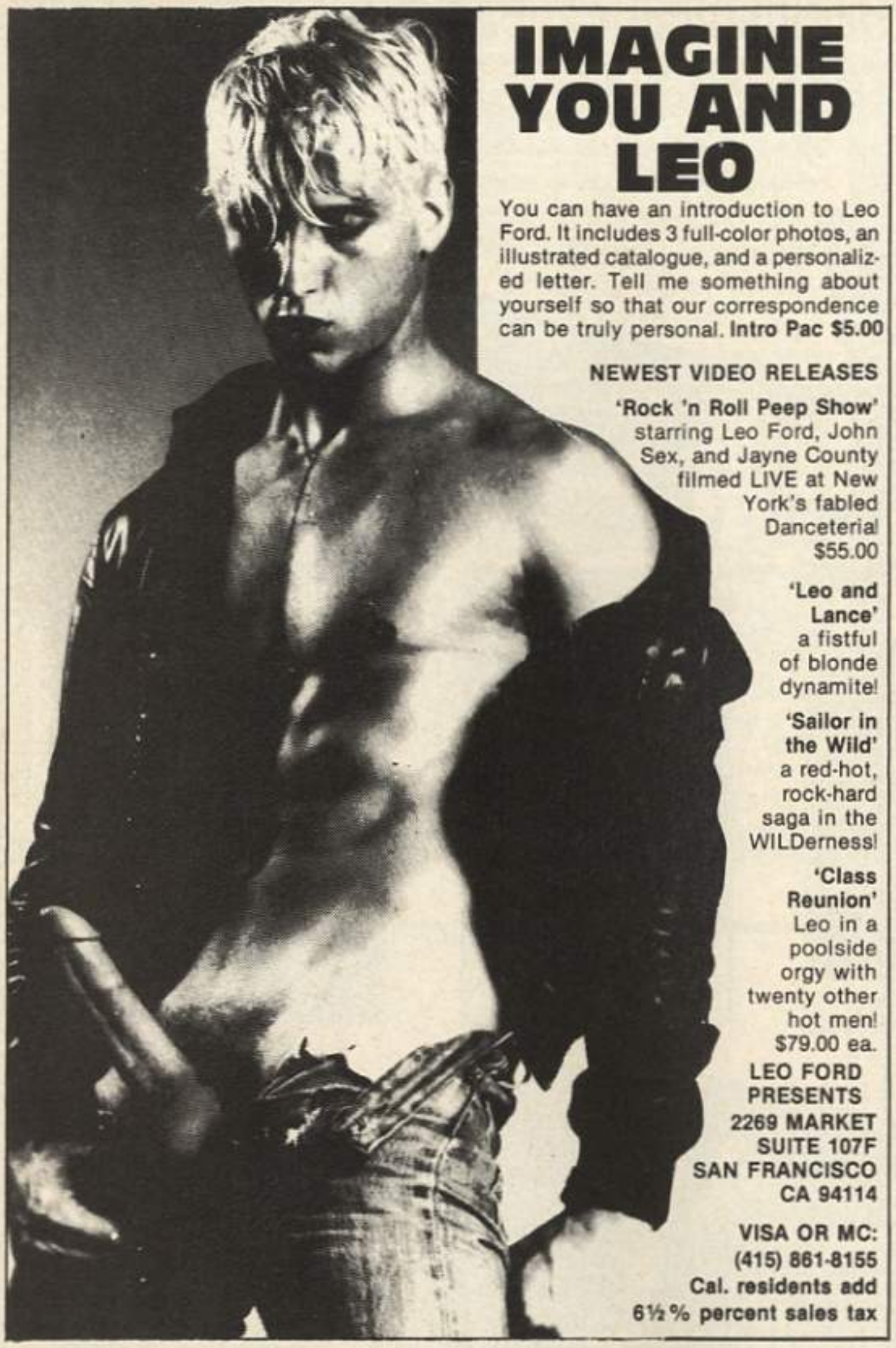
Continued from page 72



nally the deep channel cleaving his pectorals. He tongued under the definition of the left slab and suddenly nipped, sucked, nipped the raw node capping it, simultaneously pinching, twisting, pinching its twin on the right.

Dover Pyt groaned again and squeezed as much of the Panther's slippery hard buttocks as each splayed hand could grasp. He squeezed again, harder, knuckles meeting over the deep silky crevice plumbed by his flexing fingers.

Pride and Joy had by now swollen so much that the brunet finally released the blond's brutalized nipple to use both hands to encircle the two cocks, which were beginning to piston in counterstrokes. After a few moments, however, he forced his asscheeks downward, slipping out of Pyt's tight, kneeding grip; and he sank down in front of him, taking the half-gorged huge cock into his hungry maw further, further, until his nose was buried in wiry blond pubes.

The lieutenant grasped handfuls of glossy hair on the dark head thrusting, withdrawing, thrusting at his midsection. He threw his own head back, rolling it from side to side on arched neck, and met the hot wet suction on his now-rigid long thick cock with measured push, pull, push of his narrow hips vised in the clamp of Panther Man's strong hands. He was thrilling in the surging power of Pride and Joy. In moments the shattering explosion of full, fierce orgasm was realized at last!

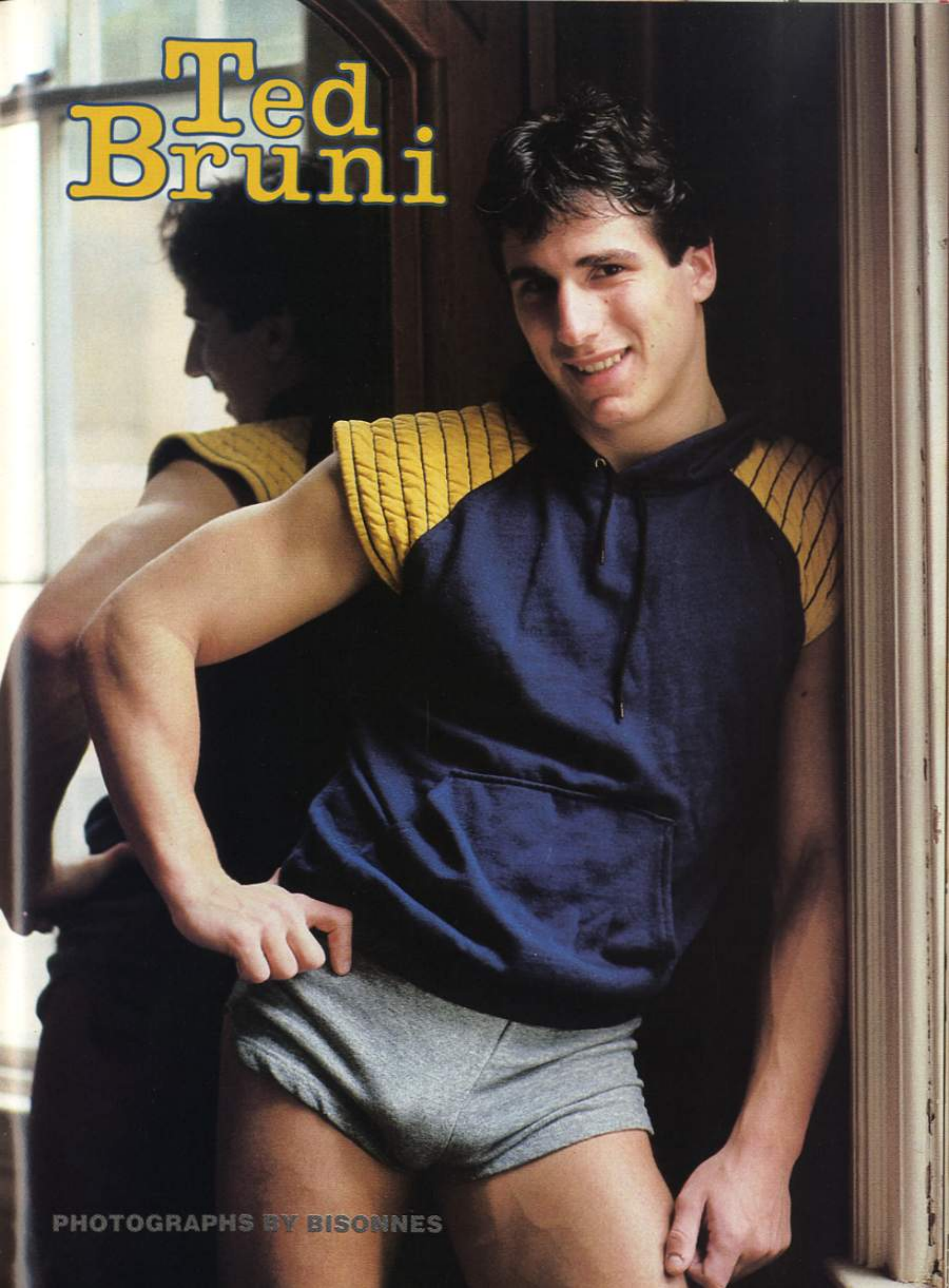
■ ■ ■

By the time Panther Man—Second Captain Polk Vhn of Neptune's moon, Triton—departed reluctantly for his personal sleeping pod, Lt. Dover Pyt had fucked that perfect ass of his to a second and then a third thundering climax. In between he himself had been fucked savagely at length by this incredible fellow convalescent; and Captain Vhn, Panther Man, had likewise blasted forth his own multiple loads.

Lying tangled in one another's massive arms and legs, in a drying smear of sweat and sex mess, the two exhausted beauties, dark and fair, had laughed together about how everything (except for Vhn's "titties"), indeed, did work, just as Dr. Rat Man had promised, perhaps even better than ever before. Now that each knew what it took to activate the individual replacement parts! The lieutenant vowed to work on the captain's nipple problem; and with a bruising embrace Pyt and Vhn pledged their matehood to each other.

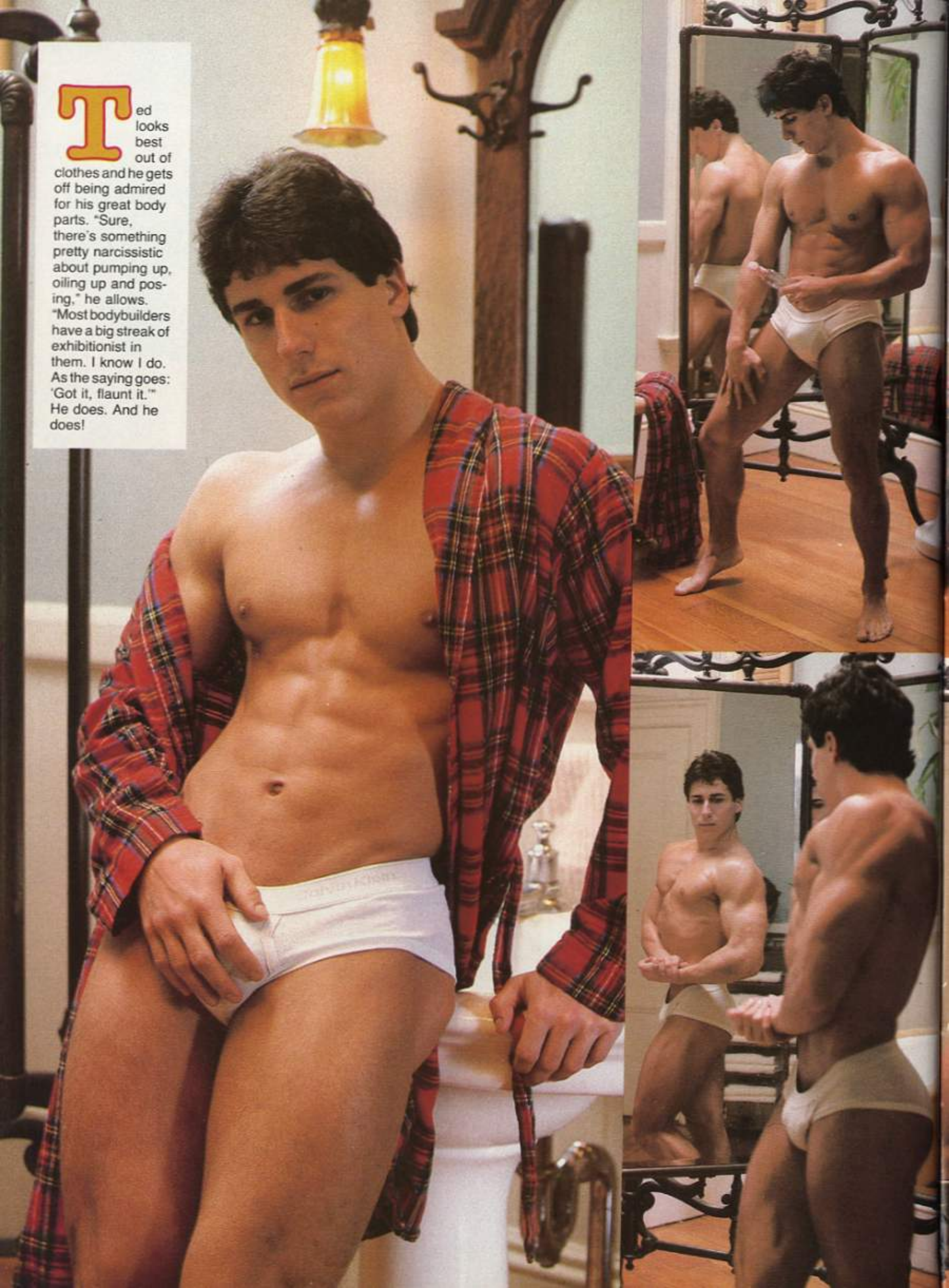
It was not until sometime later that the reconstituted blond officer noticed that his toes no longer tingled. □

Ted Bruni



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BISONNES

Dedicated bodybuilder Ted Bruni really hates getting up in the morning. "Lying in late—lazin', I call it—is one of my favorite things," confesses the 180-lb. Manhattan-born 19-year-old, who's got his heart set on being selected Mr. Universe on down the road. Well on his way to that goal with two East Coast "Junior Mr." titles already to his credit, Bruni believes the considerable effort he's put into transforming his formerly "scrawny" physique over the last five years is paying off. After all that gym work, a fellow's due a few extra hours in the sack—"lazin'" or whatever!



Ted looks best out of clothes and he gets off being admired for his great body parts. "Sure, there's something pretty narcissistic about pumping up, oiling up and posing," he allows. "Most bodybuilders have a big streak of exhibitionist in them. I know I do. As the saying goes: 'Got it, flaunt it.'" He does. And he does!

Bruni lives alone and prefers it that way, for now. "There's no time in my weird school-work-gym schedule for a relationship," he claims. Actually, he's got it made as live-in house-sitter for a businessman friend who spends the better part of each year in Mexico. Of course, the rest of the time can't be too shabby, what with Ted Bruni sharing the bathroom!

Continued from page 71

the length of his cock. Then supine, conquered, fucked by a king-to-be, I lay quiet. He kneeled between my outspread legs and guided it in, first a little, thence to more. He was both gentle and aggressive. I had to bite my lips a couple of times, and my back was sweating. I didn't care. It was grand.

At last his thrusts grew faster, and my hips rose to meet his deep strokes. He knew how to fuck; and he hit my joyspot every time, sending me reeling into Never-Never land where I fell down a rabbit hole, ate the magic mushroom and grew a monstrous cock. Fantasies of knights in armor fled through my tightly closed eyelids; novas and galaxies exploded, were born and flared and died—and I came all over the Androsian batik. I felt him shoot almost at the same time, his cock expanding and contracting with each spurt.

And then we restled quietly sweating belly to back, while we crawled up out of the "little death," as the French call it.

"Andy," I said, "Prince or not, I'm gonna kiss you," and I pulled his head down, with my hand behind his neck. His mouth opened; and for about three minutes our tongues fought duels, little battles with no one winning, and then subsiding into a gentle caressing, warm and passion-filled.

Finally we broke loose. "My word," said Andrew. "I think you must be the best there is. The next time I come to the States, I hope I'll see you. Or maybe meet you here on Andros. Will you give me your address?"

I did; and he gave me his, which was a box number in London.

"I have to leave tomorrow morning early," he said.

"Oh god," I said. I kneeled before him. "but not before I give you homage." I put my cheek against his pubic hair and licked it with my tongue. "My liege," I murmured, a knight before his sovereign.

God, what a romantic I was!

He pulled me to my feet and put his well-formed arms around me. "We'll see each other again," he said. "I promise."

"I hope so," I said.

• • •

THE NEXT MORNING ABOUT NINE I went to the desk.

"Has Andy gone?" I asked Ken.

"At five this morning," he said. "Didn't you hear the helicopter?"

"No," I said. "I had no idea he was a prince. Randy Andy."

"He's not," said Ken, shortly. "He's a look-alike. The family hires him to stand in for Prince Andrew. But his name really is Andrew Windsor. He also makes a bundle modeling—clothes on Saville Row and all that. But I think the royal family's gonna pull his cork. He's about to get sued, or rather his sponsors are. The family doesn't want his face on tea-biscuit tins all over England."

My face must have been scarlet, but I smiled. "Oh, well," I said, "if he's fired he can always get a job in New York. They're not so fussy, and they'd be proud to have a handsome look-alike stud as a model."

"I had him once," Ken said. "He's very picky. You were lucky to have had him last night. I tried several times to get his address but couldn't. Very private person."

"Well, I got it," I said. "It takes more than luck, I guess."

"Such as what?" said Ken, very irritated.

I grinned my friendliest at him, and grabbed my cock through my pants.

"This'll do it," I said, and left the room, momentarily angry. But then I reconsidered. Maybe Ken had been lying, maybe not. After all, it had been a fine fuck; and perhaps if he were really telling the truth—that it wasn't the prince—it might turn out to be the closest I would ever come to getting royally screwed. □

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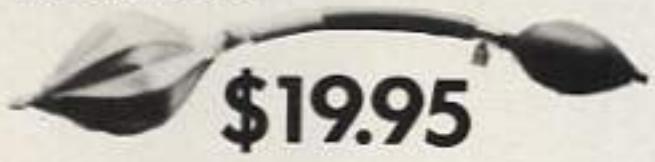

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Continued from page 94

thing Wild," proving that he can also act, sort of—at least deliver a few amusing lines with real aplomb. Sucking his own cock—sort of—seems to be Burke's specialty. He demonstrates this contortion here as in "Bodies."

Randy Page is bottom on the rise to the top. Veteran of half-a-dozen videos in less than a year, he's the epitome of the clean-cut preppie with a beautiful natural build and square-jawed boyish handsomeness to finish off a nearly perfect package. Nearly perfect. Size isn't his to boast of. But then, he plays the Perfect Bottom so perfectly!

Lastly, *Brian Michaels*. "Bobby Madison" was a perfect name for this William Higgins veteran, this all-American little brunet with the fantastic *GQ* face. What possibly motivated another producer (not Nova) to change it? Aside from Bill Henson (whose little brother he could pass for), Michaels/Madison is the best-looking performer in gay porn today. Not the best body—his is rather boyish with a small triangle of light chest hair. Nor the biggest cock—though it is a definite "grower" and seemingly works on command. But the whole image works perfectly and the screen comes alive when Brian/Bobby is on it. And that gravely, bedroom voice!

SEX ACTION. Those two pale, longish-haired guys sexing in the hideaway cabin while spied upon by the disbelieving stars make up the action of *episode 1*. Pretty standard fuckfare between nothing-special performers. Feeding of cum objectionable.

Gavin Burke shines in *episode 2*, carrying on with his Black Studies professor in the stacks of a college library. The prof is appropriately black, appropriately clean-cut for a Nova film. Some of the verbal repartee in this scene is quite humorous, especially Burke's line about being a "poor disadvantaged white boy." Student and prof mutually suck and fuck and Burke shows off his self-suck prowess. Ingesting cum is objectionable.

Episode 3 finds husky Armstrong in coat and tie applying for a warehouse position and being told by interviewing bossman much fucking goes on between employees on the job. A worker pair are seen coming on to each other by bossman (Davis) and another warehouseman (Michaels), who, being themselves heated up by their voyeurism, eventually come on hot and heavy to one another. Davis plows Michaels to mutual orgasm and they are joined by the other chaps from the other corner of the warehouse for a daisy-chain four-way; and four more loads get spilled in succession. The Wade-Michaels action is the best pairing and best fucking in the film.

Switch back to the job interview for *episode 4*, wherein virgin Armstrong is fully initiated into the jerk-suck-rim-fuck repertoire of male-male sexing. He proves a fast learner and is soon taking Davis' mean inches and asking for yet more.

Confession made by Armstrong, Avery now admits that he's had a cock in his time, too. But in his case, he "kept it in the family," having been brought out by his city cousin (Avery's a country boy, see). *Episode 5* shows the process as cousin (Page) leads cousin step-by-fucking-step to mutual orgasm. A standard vanilla-sex routine, perked up by Page's foul mouth (he keeps calling Cuz "Asshole") and nicely arched back as he toots up his snowy cheeks for Avery's insertion. Page and Avery reportedly are off-screen lovers, a bit of inside info that makes viewing their scene together more interesting, perhaps.

It had to happen, of course: In concluding *episode 6* these backpacking college studs, heated up by their tales of sexual transgression-cum-confessions do what comes naturally in the course of such events and relieve each other's needs with a sequence of mutual suck-and-fuck. Viewed through the open flap of an amazingly well-lighted tent (considering that it's night outside) this is all stagey and, frankly, anticlimatic.

PRODUCTION VALUES. Nova puts out a solid video product. Camerawork in "Something Wild" is nearly as imaginative as that of William Higgins, the chief competitor in the marketplace for minimovies with lots of boys-next-door types. The opening "nature" shots are refreshing (if Higginsish). The "Something Wild" theme song composed and performed with refrains by Garth Evans far exceeds the predictable muzak of most gay videos. Synch-sound dialogue is natural and easily understood and sex sounds work generally—although a few "I'm coming"s are definitely dubbed. At times exposures are a little dense; but this is preferable to the burnouts commonplace in other videos.

"Hi, how're you doin'?"

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"Your sympathy's touching."

"Listen, why don't you come over and I'll give you a massage?"

"You know how to give a massage? A real one?"

"Uh huh. I learned with a videotape called High Touch."

"You think I'd let my gorgeous supple limbs get manhandled by some uncaring brute?"

"I would certainly hope not!"

"Bob?"

"Yes Bill."

"Does this mean that reaching out to touch someone means more than picking up the phone?"

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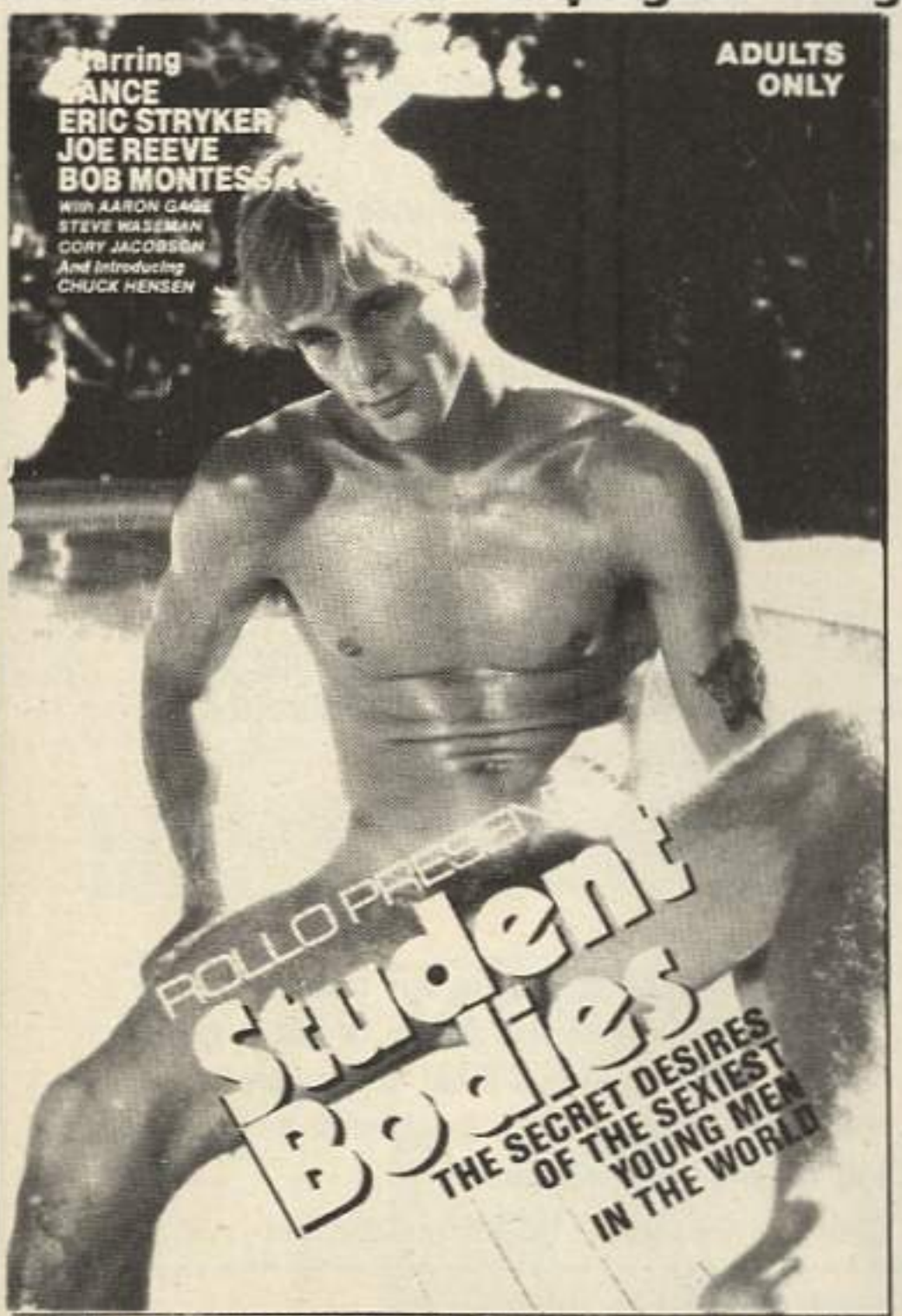

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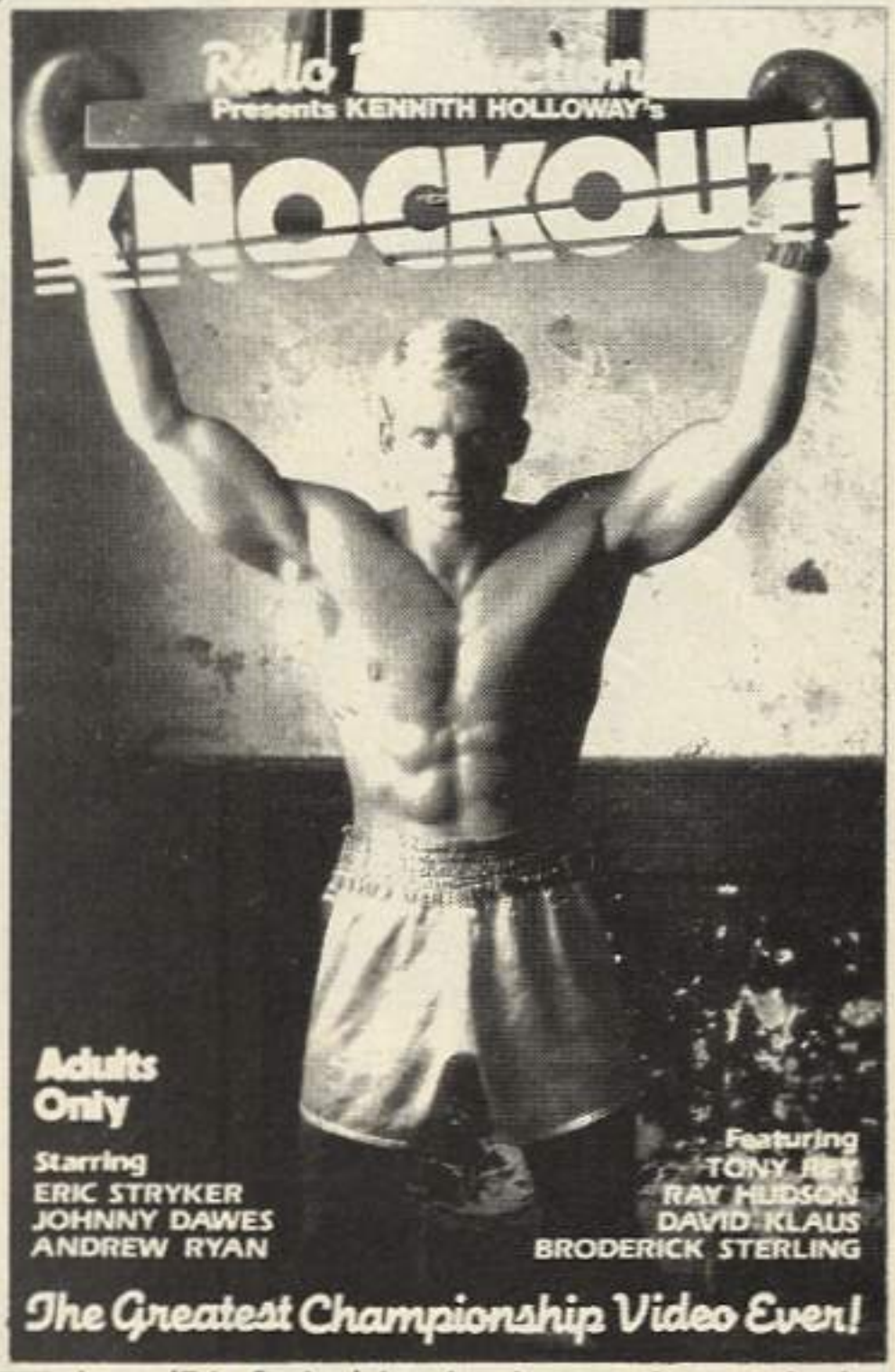

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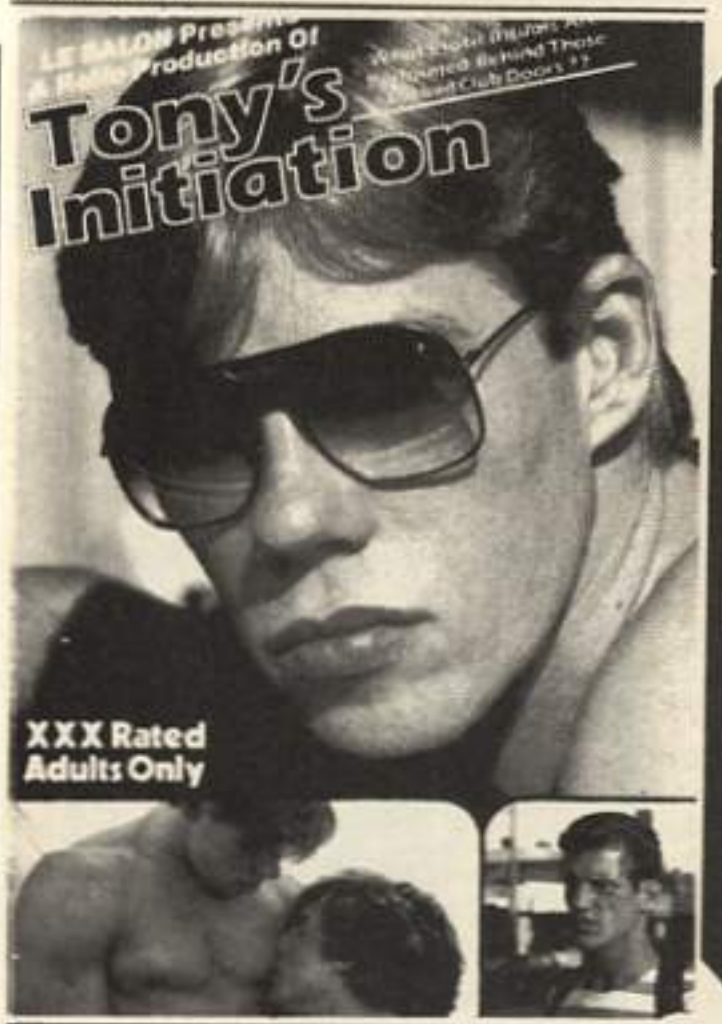

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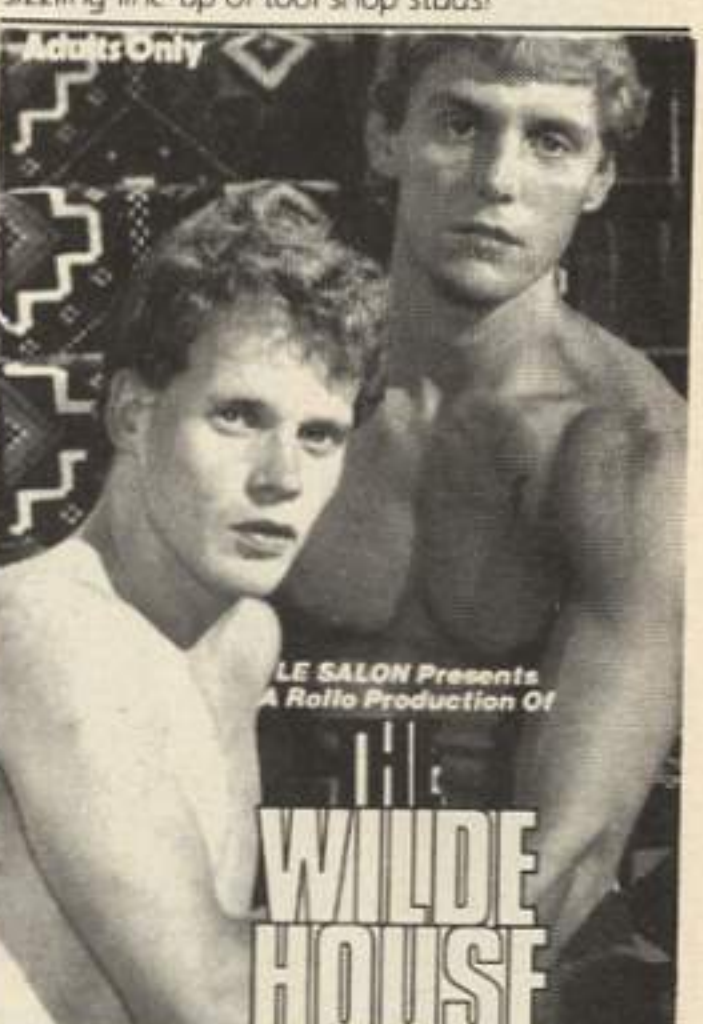

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AC

Continued from page 39

of semen that was draping both our peckerheads and the encircling collar of his hand. As the eruption subsided and ceased with a final thick pearl that oozed out and then remained covering the gasping pee-hole, Lt. Hartley freed our peckers and stepped back from me a foot or two. His fat maroonish meat still swung out at a sharp angle from his dark groin. The cum which strung from it toward the floor was mine.

With his hand he stroked the drenched pecker two or three times, collecting the goo of my load. Then he reached out and likewise milked my stiff saluting pride. I gasped at this touching of my rawed sensativity, almost pulling away. Our gazes met again; and, although his mouth was set, expressionless, Jackson Hartley's gray-green eyes seemed to be smiling.

The First Lady moved a few feet away and stood in front of Jersey Otski. Fuck! I'd completely forgotten the big blond deckape who was still lashed to me by the leather binder! As I looked at him, there in his spraddled stance, picture-book arms trussed high behind his back, Otski smirked and, I'm sure of it, winked at me before turning his full attention to the kimonoed man before him.

Lt. Hartley reached out with his cum-drenched palm, fingers stretched wide, and began to smear the sticky, milky mess across the big blond's cinched-up pectorals—mixing *my* semen with Jers Otski's shiney sweat! My pecker surged.

But I was momentarily stunned and instantly doubly jealous when the First Lady enclosed the Pollack's heavy lips in the same sort of devouring kiss I'd received minutes before. Stunned that Otski seemed to be kissing back; and jealous that *my* mouth wasn't *both* Jers' *and* Hartley's!

After an eternity of moments, the officer broke the kiss and began licking the bound blond's cum-lathered chest. Lapping at my semen and Otski's sweat sauced together! He slowly slavered his way down the muscle-plated belly and when he reached Jers' navel, the deckape began undulating his hips as if he was fucking the narrow space between himself and the First Lady. He, too, was fully erect now, that pink Polish sausage of his bobbing in the air, poking towards Hartley's bare chest. I was certain that the next moment would see the lieutenant take that demanding meat into his mouth.

But, instead, Hartley simply spit on Otski's peckerhead, spit into his own palm, then gripped the Pollack's stiff meat in one hand and his own angling extension in the other and began to piston-stroke himself and Jers in counterpoise. The blond continued to fuck-thrust his hips, matching the other man's manual rhythm. The two of them seemed, from where I stood a little off to one side, to be meeting each other's determined stare. Otski soon began to purr what sounded like a succession of "um-hums." His hips began grinding even more vigorously and it was apparent that he was tottering on the edge of orgasm. Without warning his purr turned to a growl and then a roar, as the spurting from his peckerhead began to lace Miss Hartley's thighs and splattered onto the tatami beneath their feet.

Groaning, Jersey Otski rolled his head on the thick column of his neck, from side to side in ecstacy, his sailor cap slipping off the oiled blond hair and falling to the floor. When the Pollack was spent, the young officer released Jers' emptied weapon and concentrated on his own building orgasm. His free hand rubbed one cum-wet thigh and brought the gathered manna to his mouth; he licked each finger as if it was sticky with candy residue.

Silently he shot at last. Barrage following barrage, until the naked, bound deckape was drenched in both his own load and the laced overlay of Jackson Hartley's extravagant release. One thing Jers hadn't misled me on was the First Lady's "fuckin' big load." What happened next, though, Miss Hartley's procurer hadn't dared prepare me for!

After a minute or two of deep breathing, of regathering equilibriums, during

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which officer and seaman held one another's unflinching gaze, after a couple minutes of this, the big blond simply nodded to his darker companion in the kimono and both men looked at me, still standing there naked in my damn sailor cap at its jaunty angle, my upraised arms tied on top of my head, my sweaty body wrapped around and around by the tight leather binding, my pecker still amazingly hard and saluting. Jersey Otski looked me in the eyes, checked my boner, looked me in the eyes again, smiled his smirk and turned his broad back to me.

Jackson Hartley then tugged at the umbilical line that tied me to them both, between them, and pulled me to a position directly behind Otski. My pecker jutted only a short foot away from the Pollack's glistening-white bare buttocks.

The First lady now reached over to Jers' slimy thigh and wiped up a palm full of his and Otski's juices. This he proceeded to apply deep inside the deck-ape's asscrack and the leftovers to my pecker. It was quickly becoming all too clear to me what was expected next! My head screamed *no*, my heart cried *yes* and my boner ached in anticipation.

Still no words had been exchanged between us, as my recruiter had warned there wouldn't be. And still Lt. Hartley remained silent as he stage-managed what followed. Reaching between the big blond and me, he griped a firm, hairless asscheek in each hand and pulled them apart, to reveal the pink wound of Jers Otski's asshole, gobbed with the lubricant just applied. Believe it or not, this was the first time I'd ever, in all my eighteen years, seen that particular feature of the human anatomy! As Otski flexed his sphincter—no doubt for my benefit, but also in anticipation of what was to come—the tiny pucker seemed embarassed at being so exposed.

The First Lady looked up at me and commanded with his eyes, then a nod of his head towards the awaiting entrance. My heart thrashed frantically. I moved forward—only inches were necessary—until my boner rested between the manually spread cheeks. My erection was too full, however, and the barrel pointed far above the bullseye. Hartley corrected this by freeing one buttock and grasping the rigid pecker, pushing it downward until the swollen crown was kissing Otski's moistened pucker.

I hesitated, caught Jackson Hartley's eye command again, then, awkward though it was, believe me, I closed my eyes and pushed into Jersey Otski, who lurched forward just slightly—not to get away, but from the sheer pressure—and

Continued page 90

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Continued from page 89

uttered a guttural sound like "umph." I opened my eyes again, looked down between us and saw that my boner was nearly swallowed up to its base by Jers Otski's stretched chute.

Miss Harley now released the Pollack's other asscheek and stepped back. Another nod of command. He started jacking away at his purple pecker. And I began fucking the muscular blond, plunging into and pulling almost free of the warm, silky sleeve of his rectum, then plunging again, as Otski flucked back, pushing hard against my thrust in order to keep his balance. This, my first real intercourse, was anything but convenient, believe me. But the very fact of what was happening—I was fucking, really *fucking*, a man, expecially this mean, crude, gorgeous particular man!—did such a number on my head and emotions that, despite the clumsiness of our coupling, the juices were soon churning in my balls and whimpers escaping my lips. As orgasm began, I let out a howl equal to Jers Otski's earlier roar!

And Otski popped himself off my discharging weapon in time to turn around and catch much of the release on his own reerect sausage-pecker. Hartley also moved up close and began to blast out another incredible load, this time onto me, as my own shattering display flagged and ceased. Jers then contributed his own second orgasm.

After several minutes of suspended animation, with the three of us standing facing one another in our intimate cluster, breathing heavily but not really looking at each other, after several minutes of this, Jackson Hartley began to unbind Jers and me. As the officer finally unwound the length of leather from the deckape's torso and untied his arms, I noticed the impressed red criss-cross pattern the binder had left on my own untanned hide.

As Jersey had foretold, our officer next mutely sponged us both clean. We redressed in our whites; he simply rewrapped and retied his kimono. Hartley then went to the tansu chest and produced two sealed letter envelopes and indifferently gave one to each of us. Inside mine was $50 MPC, I later discovered back on the *Cascade*. And then the big Pollack and I were shown out to the garden and through the gate to the street by the bobbing bantum housekeeper. Not a single real word had been spoken, except for her "yeses" coming and going, during the entire sixty minutes or so of our visit.

Nor did Jersey and I say anything to one another until we'd walked back through the darkened narrow residential side streets of Yokosuka to a neon-lighted main drag where we could hail a taxi.

"Now, that weren't none too tough for a fuckin' hour's effort, was it?" Otski asked, finally breaking the silence between us. He slung his heavy arm across my shoulders and pushed his "Dixie cup" back on his blond pompador.

"No. Guess not," was all I could manage.

"Well, I figures, based on how fuckin' smooth things went t'night, there kin be plenty repeat business, if ya got the inclination, ya know what I mean."

"I s'pose."

"Hey, buck up, kid. Let's tip us a few brews at ole Ruby Z 'n then, what say we get us a room with a fuckin' real bed 'n sack out fer the resta the fuckin' weekend?"

He squeezed my shoulder affectionately. I agreed like some still-shy recent virgin, and off we went to continue beginning a truly bizarre relationship that would end finally back in San Diego, when we really did finger the First Lady for a queer and got ourselves converted back to civilian status as the upshot, just as Jersey Otski had so carefully planned.

But that's *another* story, lots more than just the rest of this one. □

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Nearly seven years experience working on the sidelines of the gay porn-film industry ought to be excellent qualification for evaluating new products of that specialized business.

by FRED BISONNES

Actually such long, close proximity can be a distinct disadvantage when it comes to being objectively critical about video porn. Too much insider's knowledge about what actually goes on behind the scenes—off camera as it were—at the various gay studios, acquaintances with several industry personalities and on-camera performers, plus full awareness of the bedroom politics involved, can tend to distort straightforward assesssment and reportage of the qualities of the individual video releases themselves. It isn't easy to step on friends' toes, even when they deserve it.

But that acknowledgement made, let me proceed here to discuss some general aspects of current gay video-porn which I find unsettling, and then move on to scoping five recent releases, as to each video's merits and faults, about which the marketplace consumer of these products should be advised.

First, a little general-information background. Believe it or not, the total audience for gay-porn videos is still relatively small. At present a few thousand video buyers constitute the market being reached—plus a few thousand more "pass-along" viewers, those who see the products but don't pay to do so. Thus the gay-porn producers expect to reap far-smaller profits than do their straight-porn counterparts. But live well they do, and so production costs must be kept to a minimum in order to maximize the producers' net; and the result is that gay porn—film and print—is and has always been a low-low-budget proposition. Skimpy budgets mean minimal production values and these, in turn, mean finished products which are often decidedly amateurish in execution and slipshod in presentation.

Only two gay studios, Falcon and Colt/Buckshot—coincidentally the two most venerable of the lot—continue producing what have been labeled "anthology" videos. Starting out in the "loop" business, these two industry institutions have, for the most part, eschewed the full-sound "storyline" approach to packaging their sex vignettes and simply offer 60-to-90 minute tapes with four or five non-related music-and-sex-sounds-enhanced espisodes, each independently succeeding or failing by its own merits or faults.

Thinking behind this marketing strategy is: Since most video-porn consumers utilize only select, particular portions of any cassette for repeated viewing—after the first total run-through, even then often with a thumb on the remote's fast-forward button—why waste production on storyline and synch-sound dialogue, when the nitty-gritty fuck-and-suck action is all that's required by the majority of porn users anyway?

The other current and predominate gay-video format is the minimovie. These roughly 90-minute cassettes offer viewers a storyline which serves to connect the several obligatory sex episodes. Some of these synch-sound featurettes work better than others; but all are rankly primitive alongside big-time Hollywood X-rated productions and don't hold up well even in comparison to their straight-porn counterparts.

Perhaps because there isn't any slick way to tie together separate instances of men fucking with each other, these video producers resort to sophomoric connectives such as letter-reading, story-telling (of the "let me tell you about the hot number I fucked last week" variety), phone calls and the old tried-and-proven vagabond rover on the road from one lay to the next.

The gay minimovie moguls probably have the same understanding of their audience's needs as do the anthology packagers; but the ulterior motive for the format they produce is exhibition of their "films" (for additional profits) in the few gay movie theaters in a half-dozen major urban centers across the country. Not a mean ulterior motive, certainly. But it's only to be wished that patrons of theaters would demand much more of these loop-de-loop productions being passed off as genuine "movies."

Now, to aspects of current gay video-porn that warrant discussion and debate:

VIDEO TAPE OR FILM? The video revolution has antiquated film overnight. Industry biggy Falcon Studios has recently abandoned film sales in favor of video cassettes exclusively and other producers have already followed suit or are soon to do so. The old profit motive is basic to this format conversion; but, as the gay-porn audience updates from noisy, inconvenient super-8 movie projectors to the handiness of the video cassette recorder, the continued marketing of 8mm film loops is tantamount to a record company offering high fidelity LPs to a fully stereo-oriented audience.

The question to be resolved by the porn producers in this wholesale stampede to video is whether to begin shooting directly on video tape or to continue using 16mm film, with conversion later to video cassette. Most of the cinematographers in gay porn today are "old school" film men, who

Advocate MEN Art Director Fred Bisonnes has been production still photographer for Falcon Studios since 1977, except for a one-year period when he was partner in Western Man, a studio which specialized in producing magazine-format gay erotica.

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The first gay video-porn package shot directly on video tape, *A Matter of Size*, was an overnight word-of-mouth success, not so much for any content innovation, unusual camerawork, special performances or production value as for the fact that its audience could "see everything so clearly." The sales of this single video sent a loud message to the gay-porn filmmakers: Start shooting on video tape, even though post-production editing facilities for video are limited and thus costs are still exorbitant for this medium.

A STAR SYSTEM? A gay-porn critic recently lamented the "repertory stable" of young men who repeatedly turn up as performers in the various new video releases. He wanted new faces (and presumably the bodies with them) instead of the same "tired" ones exchanged back and forth between the half-dozen major gay-porn producers. There is a certain inevitable incestuousness about the small gay-porn industry—especially that part of it based in Los Angeles/Hollywood—that accounts for this "star" system. But then, too, there are at any given time only so many eager young studs willing to take it off and get it on in front of cameras available to the filmmakers.

And a very real reason for the repeated use of certain performers is that they are "cash register." The Lee Ryders and Michael Christophers and Bill Hensons sell videos to fandoms on the strength of their presence alone; a gay-porn producer would be pound-foolish to turn these studs out to pasture after only a shot or two at "stardom."

My chief criticism of the current trend in video-porn performers is that they tend to run to a type: twentyish, smooth-bodied, boys-next-door—poulets marketed by middle-aged men who are themselves chicken hawks in fact or at heart and who perceive that same quality in their audiences. These gay-porn moguls stubbornly ignore the fact that a growing segment of the gay-video market is under thirty and that many of these "youths" would prefer fantasizing about "older" men rather than their peers.

Another personal annoyance about the gay-porn star system is the ignorance or arrogance of certain producers who persist in changing performers' names to suit their own whims. Thus Colt's Noel Kemp is arbitrarily remarketed as Eric Stryker, Higgins' Bobby Madison becomes Brian Michaels, Nova's Brian Hawks is reconstituted as Shawn McIvan. Porn consumers are well-aware that porn performers seldom use their legal names; but for the porn producers to fuck with the fantasy of stardom seems a disservice to their audience.

PRODUCTION VALUES Just a few blunt questions in this area: Why all the amateurish shifts in lighting and exposures in the typical gay-porn video? Must music sound tracks be so dum-de-de-dum-dum monotonously awful generally? Can't synch-sound "dirty-talk" be more imaginative than "Suck that big dick," or "Fuck my ass, man"? Can't film/video editors more carefully eliminate the occasional presence of the cameraman or crew or their shadows or reflections in a scene? And can't they also watch for other incongruities as well, such as the shifting state of performers' dress or undress in an episode? And, is all the multiple-camera takes, slow motion and "looping" of cum shots really necessary?

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY In these Plague Years it seems the pinnacle of moral irresponsibility for gay video-porn producers to persist in the depiction of oral ingestion of sperm in their new products. Inasmuch as video performers are behavior role models, allowing (requiring?) them to lick up and swallow spent cum on screen flies in the face of basic good judgment. Only when the first lawsuit is brought against a gay-porn studio by a video sex-performer turned AIDS victim is this foolish exploitation likely to cease, however.

• • •

These personal observations, viewpoints and concerns voiced, let's move on to the two videos up for review. While neither of these is a "perfect" video, both have qualities which *Advocate MEN* can recommend to readers who are also video-porn consumers.

STUDENT BODIES

A Magnum-Griffin Collection Production. Released by Rollo Productions. 1984. Approx. 90 minutes. A minimovie directed by Jay Moran. Starring Lance, Eric Stryker, Rob Montessa, with Joe Reeve, Aaron Gage, Steve Waseman, Cory Jacobson, Chuck Hensen. Synch-sound with music. Beta/VHS. $81.50 (including postage) available from LeSalon, 30 Sheridan St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

STORYLINE. The simplest of situations finds a group of University of Southern California students far busier fucking than studying. After class three of them retire to a hot tub for a group romp. Roomies get better acquainted. One student seduces another while watching a straight-porn video. And around a private pool one Saturday the action concludes with another three-way as a shy fourth guy spys while beating his virginal meat. This is all tied together with shots of the performers strolling on the USC campus, pretending to be drop-in students.

PERFORMERS. "Students Bodies" is another *Lance* vehicle, intended to cash in on his wide fandom. Porn's one-name Bad Boy (the stories of his off-camera antics are legend in the business) never looked more appealing, his cherubic blond psuedo-innocence grinning over that sinister panther-head tattoo. Lance has a perfect "natural" build and a long, fat, curtained cock that size queens

Continued page 94

Will Lance's fans appreciate seeing him muff lines, giggle, slap himself in the face, fall over laughing?

into foreskin would die to possess for an hour or evening. If this high beauty endures on the porn screen, maybe one film down the road he'll learn not to sneak peeks at the cameras.

Eric Stryker (a.k.a. Noel Kemp) is the one other real reason for viewing "Student Bodies." Stryker has recently achieved porn-superstar status by being the classic blond muscle-hunk bottom. Compared in print to a young Robert Redford facially, he possesses one of the finest physiques to ever grace the porn screen. And the Perfect Tanline. A Colt Studio discovery (as Noel Kemp), Stryker's rather modest endowment hasn't been a handicap in a business focused on size, the bigger the better. At least his perky six inches are genuinely hard ones and he delivers a pent-up load. But why does he always wear that rubber cockring?

Good money says ivory-hued *Rob Montessa* of this film is Gavin Burke of Nova's "Something Wild" (see below). If so, this must be an early effort in his fledgling porn career, as he seems awkward, even ill at ease with the suck-fuck action he's into, first with Stryker, then Lance. The young man's got a terrific smooth physique (love those pecs!) and a great (if not classically handsome) face. A new hairstyle and a few trips to a tanning parlor would render him almost perfect.

Handsome, hunky *Joe Reeve* and street-sexy *Aaron Gage* have performed to far better advantage elsewhere. Newcomers *Steve Waseman, Cory Jacobson* and *Chuck Hensen* are adequate, but fail to light fires that spell future stardom.

SEX ACTION. *Episode 1* features Reeve, Gage and Waseman in hot-tub horseplay that leads to a three-way. Plenty of sucking all around and some rimming, but Gage ends up doing all the fucking, with Waseman the receiver and Reeve standing by as decoration. Gage's cum shot is in slow motion and out of focus. Waseman and Reeve fail to unload.

In *episode 2* Stryker catches his roomie, Montessa, masturbating, crawls onto the bed and soon has the pale brunet going through the paces of mutual jerking, sucking, licking, kissing (Montessa doesn't seem to like mouth-to-mouth overly) until Stryker eventually asspacks like a determined missionary. There's clinically close camerawork of Montessa's asshole as he folds up to suck his own cock. Stryker rims until Montessa shoots all over his own face. In slow motion, out of focus. Stryker follows suit, milking his blond pecker over the brunet's pink pucker. Also in slow motion, also out of focus.

Lance seduces Montessa in *episode 3*, while the pair watch a straight-porn video. This is the old shoe, I'm-straight-you're-straight-let's-fuck. Lance, after leading Montessa through some standard mutual cocksucking, does all the fucking and the brunet all the grimacing. Both men shoot loads. Yes, both times in out-of-focus slow motion. Throughout this episode the sound-track of the straight-porn video and occasional cuts to the hetero action adds an interesting erotic dimension.

Lance and Stryker, grab-assing in a pool, are joined in *episode 4* by Jacobson and Hensen. The chickenish Hensen, apparently intimidated by his hosts' nudity and semi-hardons, excuses himself to watch a TV ballgame in the house. In reality he positions himself at a patio door and jacks off while spying on the three-way action outside. This includes a series of gymnastic reshufflings until Lance is fucking Stryker doggie style. All three men eventually shoot. You got it: in out-of-focus slow motion. Meanwhile, back in the house, virginal Hensen succeeds in leaving a modest deposit on the patio-door glass.

PRODUCTION VALUES. Generally the color is pale throughout "Student Bodies," even truly washed out occasionally; and lighting shifts are evident in a few places. The "wipes" between episodes, even within scenes, are old-fashioned and intrusive and reflect lazy editing. Synch-sound dialogue is stilted ad-lib; sex sounds work okay, though. The music track is off-the rack, ho-hum. The most objectionable technical feature, however, is the slow-motion, out-of-focus, relooped cum shots throughout. The best part of the video comes at the very end with humorous, blow-the-fantasy outtakes behind the credits. But will Lance's fans appreciate seeing him muff lines, giggle, slap himself in the face and fall over laughing?

SOMETHING WILD

Nova. 1984. Approx. 90 minutes. A minimovie dirrected by Robert Walters. Starring Scott Avery, Glen Armstrong, Wade Davis, Gavin Burke, Randy Page, Brian Michaels and several others. Beta/VHS. $81.50 (including postage). Available from Nova, 6000 Sunset Blvd., Suite 209, Hollywood, CA 90028.

STORYLINE. It's Spring Break and a couple of college students are backpacking in the High Sierras. They come across what appears to be a deserted cabin in the woods, but peeking inside they spy two other young fellows like themselves going at it sexually. They watch, apparently amazed. That evening at their campsite, around the fire, they tell each other tales about such male couplings in their own awareness and experience. Four stories later the guys crawl into the tent and their sleeping bags and—oh, what the hell!—proceed to get it on together, at last, of course.

PERFORMERS. There are eleven young men in this Nova release and several deserve singling to for special mention. The backpacking boys are played by *Scott Avery* and *Glen Armstrong,* both giving credible performances in their extensive speaking parts.

Photo: Nova

Avery, a curly, smooth blond has the greater star factor—and has been seen in other studios' productions. Not spectacularly handsome nor especially well-built nor particularly well-endowed, he nonetheless (perhaps because of that) has a real believability and immediacy. The only negative in his case is the silly frog tattoo he sports on his right hip. Some might find this "cute," however. Sexy, it isn't

Armstrong breaks out of the rut of smooth pretty boys so common to Nova films. Hirsute and soft-gutted with a face that could be described as ruggedly attractive, he would pass for straight workingclass-type without raising suspicions. He seems miscast as a bottom, however.

Red-headed *Wade Davis* is this video's size factor. His whopper dick nearly steals the show! Solidly constructed, with a sprinkling of chest hair, Davis has a face that lacks much expression, but is attractive enough in its stoney severity. A self-confident stud.

Nova calls him *Gavin Burke.* Elsewhere he's known as Rob Montessa (See "Student Bodies," above). Whatever his name, this handsome youngster has big Star potential and is the most-exciting presence in "Some-

Continued page 84

One of the best-looking men in gay-porn, 'Bobby Madison' (at left, above) is now called Brian Michaels. Why?

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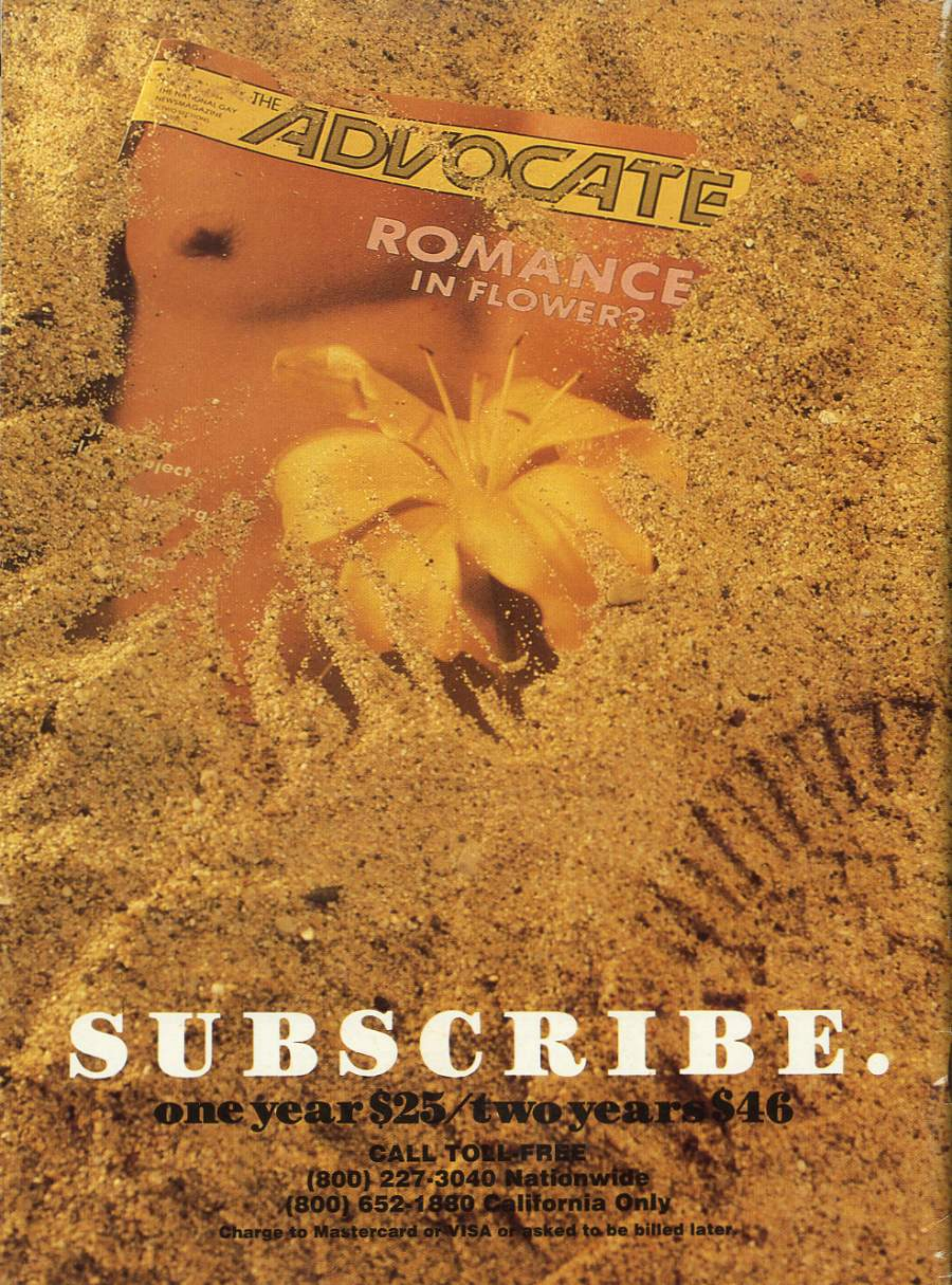
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