HONCHO

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THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

APRIL 1978
$2.25

COVER
STORY:
MR. CALIF.

THE EQUUS
COMPLEX

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COWBOYS

PREMIERE
ISSUE

SUPERMAN
SEXUALITY

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HONCHO

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COVER

For our premiere *Honcho* cover, we chose a man whose effortless macho image itself is a primary definition of the word "honcho." The man is Bill Nuckells, and he's currently Mr. California, a title justified by a macho physicality explored fully in the photo feature "Adam in Eden," beginning on page 17. Nuckells was photographed in Hawaii by master lensman Roy Dean.

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EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

Photograph by Arthur Tress

Honcho.

Ask the man in the street what it means and he'll tell you it means butch, a man who's uncompromisingly masculine, even chauvinistically male. We like to think of it as "chief," "leader," "top man." But we won't bore you by *explaining* what honcho means; we're going to *show* you, month after macho month. Mustaches and beards and other hair, elsewhere. Levis and leather. Muscles and sweat. Jocks and locker rooms. That's what we're into. To parody something Tennessee Williams once said when asked about his sexuality, "We cover the waterfront."

In this premiere issue you can explore *your* honcho potential in the centerfold article, "Superman Sexuality," which talks of tangible ways to increase your sexual potential, taking a rather unusual and positive look at masturbation and how it can be an imaginative stepping stone to some wonderfully concrete sexual experiences. Or you can learn about the man who is perhaps, when the chips are down, the gay community's strongest ally in "Koch-Watch," about New York's controversial new mayor, Ed Koch, whose first official act was to ban discrimination in all mayoral agencies, including the police and fire departments. Or you can turn on to no less than six nude pictorials, including one on handsome Bill Nuckells, our premiere cover man; he's the current Mr. California, and appears in the buff for the first time, here. Then there's "Abundance," which pays close attention to a popular part of male anatomy, and "Made by Hand," which suggests the sensual joys of autoerotica. In "The Equus Complex," there's an exciting erotic variation on a psychological theme; it's more than just a boy and his horse. Or if you dig rough riders from the Wild West, check out "Noonday Cowboys: Unbuckling Buckaroos." And you can keep informed about current "in" spots by with our special monthly feature, "Making It," our first profile spotlighting The Glory Hole, a New York sexual phantasmagoria where men unflinchingly indulge in close encounters of the highly erotic kind.

And that's not all! Coming up next month is a provocative look at leather, with a color centerfold that'll grow hair (perhaps *more* hair) on your chest. An exclusive pictorial on Blain Lamoreaux, Canadian gridiron star, and on 18-year-old British motorcycle champ Eddie Kidd. Future issues will even include an extreme closeup of a Russian bodybuilder, whose beefy physique was actually photographed exclusively for *Honcho* in the U.S.S.R.

These are the macho men *Honcho* has lined up for you, to provide a midsummer night's dream of a magazine. Unlike Shakespeare's passive Hamlet, who worried about men strutting and fretting and signifying nothing, *Honcho* will present active men who signify everything. *Honcho*. If you want to know "What's in a name," stick with us and find out. Month after macho month. You'll see.

THE KOCH WATCH

By Christopher Richardson

Probably no one would deny that over the past ten years the hallmark of American life has been the raising of consciousness: political, social, sexual. Blacks have redefined civil rights, women have expanded the concept of their own freedom, and now, in the continuing struggle for human liberation, homosexuals have broken new ground with the aid of New York's incumbent mayor Edward Koch, who on January 23, 1978, issued an executive order banning discrimination against homosexuals in mayoral agencies. One giant step for a man; one small step for humanity.

Koch has long been a friend of the gay community. As a United States representative from New York, he was among five members of the House who introduced a Federal gay rights bill several years ago, and has reintroduced it every session since. Now, as mayor of the nation's largest metropolis, he is using his political clout to ensure that homosexuals who choose to enjoy their life style openly will not be the victims of discrimination when applying for municipal jobs.

As expected, there has been considerable backlash. A spokesman for the New York City Fire Department said that if the order was enforced it would necessitate the establishment of separate facilities for straight and gay firemen. "Because of the dormitory-type living in firehouses," he commented, "homosexuals would have to have their own bathrooms, lounge areas, showers and sleeping quarters." In response to this statement, the *New York Times* queried, "What are the fireman afraid of? That they're going to get raped in the showers?" The thrust of the *Times* article was that until it can be proven that homosexuality affects a policeman's or fireman's effectiveness on the job, there is no reason for discrimination. Backing this up was television's Robert MacNeil Report, during which San Francisco's fire commissioner said that gays were welcome on his force. He added that there were no psychological or professional problems that resulted from the integration of gays into the department.

As a direct result of the Koch proclamation, Samuel DiMilia, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, said he would invite all homosexual officers on the New York City police force to meet with him privately to discuss the union's position on the matter, though he added that he was personally against the ruling, emphasizing that gay cops commit sodomy, which is against state law. An idea of what it is like to be a homosexual policeman was described in a recent *Village Voice* interview with a gay cop named John Muldoon, a 230-pound Irishman who has made more than 200 arrests and who has received two commendations for bravery during his ten years on the force. Speaking of the sensational Brooklyn bank robbery that was the basis for the hit movie *Dog Day Afternoon*, Muldoon said, "I

was standing there all day. All they said was faggot this and faggot that. It was unreal. They made jokes and I'd make myself laugh. I got home and I couldn't look my friend (lover) in the eyes. All the time I kept thinking, 'Those guys in the bank are sick.' Then I'd think, 'Yeah, sick like me.' "

Officer Muldoon's saga typifies the social ironies that homosexuals automatically suffer. The following is only part of what the *Voice* revealed: "Then there was the day Muldoon's partner had a heart attack while the two were answering a domestic quarrel call. Muldoon dragged his partner out of the car and called for an ambulance. 'Resuscitate him,' a woman standing on the corner screamed. Muldoon cupped his mouth over his partner's lips. He pinched the nose and blew air into his partner's lungs. A squad car arrived, and Muldoon pulled away from his partner's mouth.

" 'Keep going,' one of the cops shouted. 'Don't stop now.'

" 'Thanks,' Muldoon's partner said from his hospital bed a week later. Muldoon took his partner's hand and squeezed it.

" 'I wonder what he would have said if he'd known he's been saved by a homosexual giving him mouth-to-mouth,' Muldoon said later."

Muldoon also described the reaction at his station house to Koch's controversial statement. " 'They got this newspaper article up on a wall in there,' Muldoon said as he stood across the street from the station house. 'It's about that Koch thing. Across the top, somebody wrote: 'We don't need cop suckers. The only good fag is a dead fag.' "

Hopefully Koch's proclamation will begin to change things. Certainly attitudes between straight cops and gay civilians are improving, at least in Greenwich Village. Last September, police were summoned to break up a noisy late-night crowd that had gathered to watch a street performer. Tempers flared and the exchange of dialogue between the two groups included words like *pig* and *faggot*. For years the Village police have patrolled an area that contains a large, highly visible gay population. Homosexuals first rebelled against police brutality and harassment in the famous Stonewall Riot in 1969; in 1972 a hot line was established between Greenwich Village precinct officials and leaders of the Mattachine Society, a proponent of gay rights. It is believed that this communication is the first of its kind in the city. Now, following the incident last fall, weekly meetings are being held at the Sixth Precinct station house to establish rapport between the disparate groups. Every Monday night five or six male homosexuals hold "community dialogues" with a similar number of police officers. "The idea here is not to try to convert anybody to somebody else's thinking," said detective Frank Hollywood, the precinct's community relations officers. "We're all here to learn from each other." Captain Aaron Rosenthal, the precinct's commanding officer, has ordered his men (there are no women officers in the precinct) to participate in at least one of the sessions, which will continue until all 203 officers have attended. "In speaking with the officers, I find that they have become aware that they are dealing with people," Rosenthal stated. "But more important, these people have constitutional rights."

After several complaints about police conduct at the aforementioned street incident, Rosenthal issued a memorandum to his men telling them that their job was to protect civilians, not to pass judgment on life styles. The memo was made public and published in a gay weekly paper. Rosenthal later indicated that he wanted homosexuals on the precinct's auxiliary force, a positive move for the gay community.

The New York City Fire Department has been equally shaken up. John T. O'Hagen, chief of the city's 10,600-man force and an openly anti-gay rights advocate, was fired by the new mayor. Koch commented, "I said during my campaign I would replace most of the commissioners. It's a new administration and I wanted to have new men. It's as simple as that. That's no reflection on him [O'Hagen]. He's an extraordinarily gifted person." Replacing O'Hagen in the $54,000-a-year post is Augustus A. Beekman, an assistant fire chief with thirty-one years experience in the department and the second black man to be named commissioner of the nation's largest firefighting force. Asked if he foresaw any problems with the firefighters as a result of Koch's order banning discrimination against homosexuals in city agencies under his control, Beekman said, "Our agency has never discriminated. If it did I wouldn't be here today. I don't think the firefighters will

Continued to page 61

His first day in office New York's new mayor Edward Koch vowed to ban discrimination against homosexuals in all mayoral agencies, including the fire and police departments. And he did. He also replaced an anti-gay fire commissioner, suggesting that the the times, they are achangin' indeed...

Remember those pillow fights you and your buddies had when you were boys? *Honcho* offers a sexy variation on a theme, as two lusty lads feather their love nest. One of them is definitely going to get plucked and it's not going to be the cock of the walk!

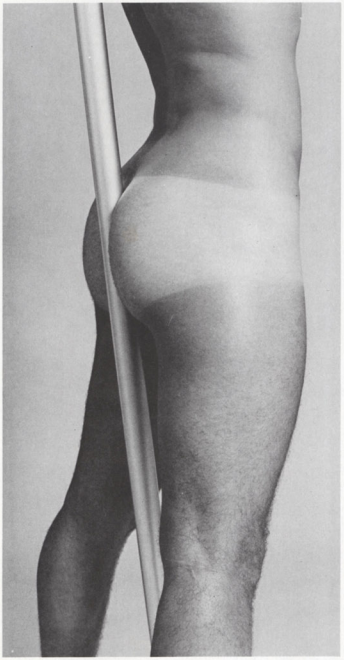
Photographs by Arthur Tress

GOOSED DOWN

ABUNDANCE

For this special *Honcho* premiere issue, an exclusive spotlighting one particular part of the male physique: an abundance of buns. The fact that nine sets of hunky masculine buns are here abundantly on display tempted us toward endless bun puns: We *could* have titillatingly entitled the feature either "Cat 'O Nine Tails" or "Ass 'O Nine." But, with formidable restraint, we settled for "Abundance." We're not saying that tongue-in-uhm...*cheek*, either, so check out this special eight-page spread. And we do mean *spread*...

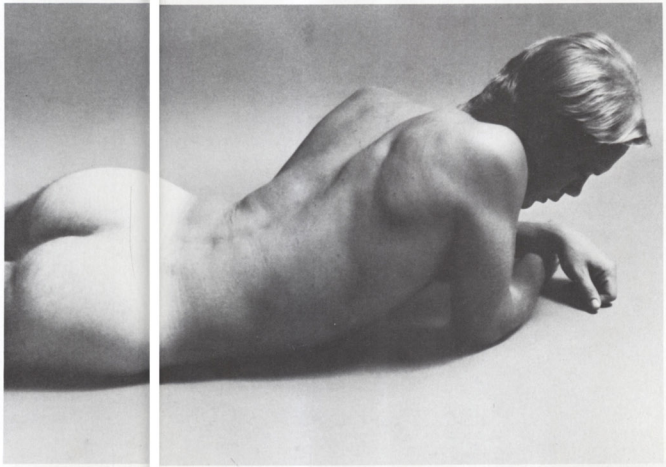
Photo at left and opposite by Colt; photo above by Len Tavares

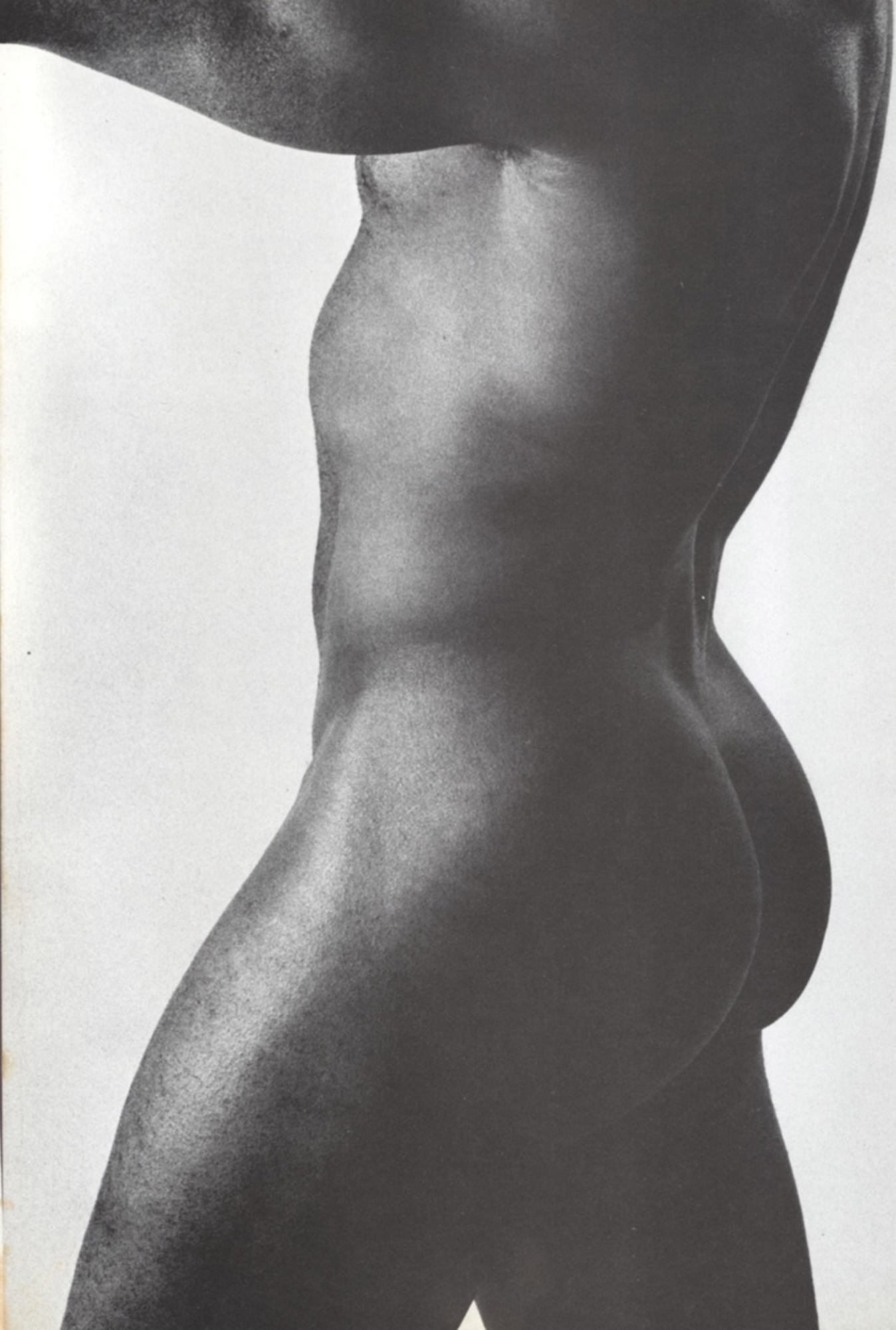


ABUNDANCE

When we asked our models to drop their drawers we found they were more than happy to oblige. We discovered buns come in all sorts of shapes and sizes and are perfectly designed for attacks from the rear. Incidentally, our photographers referred to this assignment as the "Behind Schedule."

Photo at left by Man's Image;
Photo below by Len Tavares



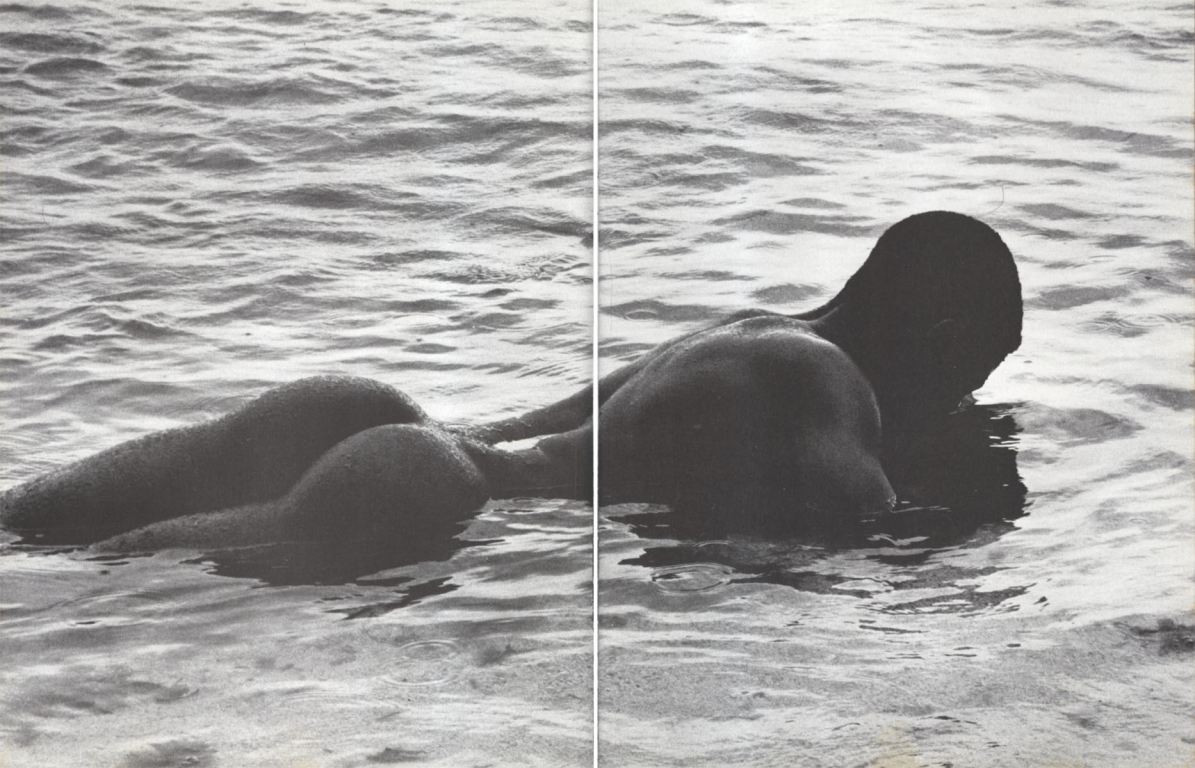


A BUN DANCE

Hirsute and hairless, globular and flat, black and white, nothing can wither the infinite variety of bare buns. Definitely the bottom line in nudity, these delectable derrieres are there to be squeezed, fondled, stroked and stoked by your imagination, of course. To the men who volunteered to show their stuff for this feature, we raise our glasses and say, "Bottoms up!"

Photo this page by Len Tavares; photo opposite by Bernard Wolff.

Overleaf: Photo by Bernard Wolff.



SUPERMAN SEXUALITY

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there may erupt into his consciousness the specific image of a former lover's penis, erect and oiled and stimulated, and that real, remembered image may suddenly dissolve into the image of a model from a Colt magazine, someone seen and desired but never actually encountered. The remembered reality of the past, the ex-lover, and the imagined ideal lover, the Colt model, dissolve in and out of one another, mixing with the erotic novel passage, creating this complex fusion of past reality (ex-lover), imagination (the Colt model), and present (the erotic novel).

Every individual in reality experiences this complex erotic fusion, and not just masturbation or other sexual activity. Everyone daily, at every waking moment, experiences a flood of images, bombarding the consciousness, combining memory and imagination, or, as T.S. Eliot would say, "mixing memory and desire."

What makes masturbation the perfect means of conjuring images is the very fact the object of one's sexual desire is not present, but *must be imagined*. Instead of the body making love, the *mind* is doing it. A great many variations on this theme could be discussed: When you masturbate, do you use photographs or erotic prose as the initial stimulus? Do you most often fixate on actual people you have known, sexually or not sexually? Or do you fixate on skinflick stars or models whose sexual activity you have witnessed vicariously? Or do you fixate simply on your own sexual self? If so, do other images nevertheless bombard your consciousness?

If sexual fulfillment and self-acceptance, and the fullest exploration of one's sexual potential, are indeed crucial to one's personal well-being, a giant step forward would be to regard masturbation as a positive means of understanding oneself. I am not referring to the actual physical act itself, but to the images one conjures and the understanding one can derive from analyzing those images.

Often, just as the surfacing of subconscious truths can disturb a person who prefers to remain safely on the mere surface of reality, actual scrutiny of the images that flash through the mind during masturbation can provide a key to truths about one's sexual self, keys to understanding one's sexual givens and how they might be more fully explored.

Take s-and-m, for example. Most gay men, at one time or another, probably fantasize about dominance and submission. The uninitiated often fear s-and-m as some sort of nether world of forbidden sexuality. Actually, s-and-m is probably merely an externalization of a given of reality: passivity/dominance, the necessary Darwinian conflict between relative strengths, a healthy give-and-take that keeps the balance of nature in harmony. S-and-m varies from one extreme to the other, of course. At one end is the role-player who insists on the rigidity of his personal ritual, as either the dominant or subservient partner. At the other end, is a reciprocal, give-and-take sort of sexuality that is, I believe, the route most male gay sex is taking these days. For almost a decade, the most prevalent gay look has been one of butch casualness, jeans verging on leather, clearly suggesting that sex between men has a rough, tough edge to it, verging on s-and-m. Yet, when the chips are down, in bed, gay male sex is not, in most cases, real s-and-m. There is a great deal of reciprocity, in terms of who does what to whom.

In fact, a great many individuals to whom we talked, when quizzed about their most satisfying sexual experiences, described it as an experience, either with a lover *or* with a stranger, during which everyone played *every* role: fucker, fuckee; sucker, suckee; rimmer, rimmee (I realize I am coining words here). The very fact of this versatility negates straight stereotypes, i.e. that gay men are either active or passive, and play exclusively one role. Does the fact that this dynamic, reciprocal sexual activity has a very rough, tough edge to it mean that, when a man makes love with another man, it automatically verges on s-and-m? (Of course, one can theorize, too, that all heterosexual sex, with a blunt object encountering a void, necessarily means "active" and "passive," or "masculine" and "feminine.") The question therefore becomes a larger one:

Is all sex, hetero- and homo-, a subtle form of an active/passive Darwinian conflict? And, therefore, if homosexual men do not rigidly define their sexual roles, but do it *all reciprocally*, is this the healthiest possible sexuality? In reciprocal homosexuality, it is very possible that reversal of sex roles balances out, both physically and psychologically, producing a healthy psychosexual self, in unique ways that can hardly be duplicated by heterosexuals, given the fact that men and women are neither physically nor psychologically alike. If so, homosexuals have a potential for sexual sanity far greater than heterosexuals, a potential undercut only by societal pressures whose guilt-making machinery prohibits that sexual sanity from discovering itself.

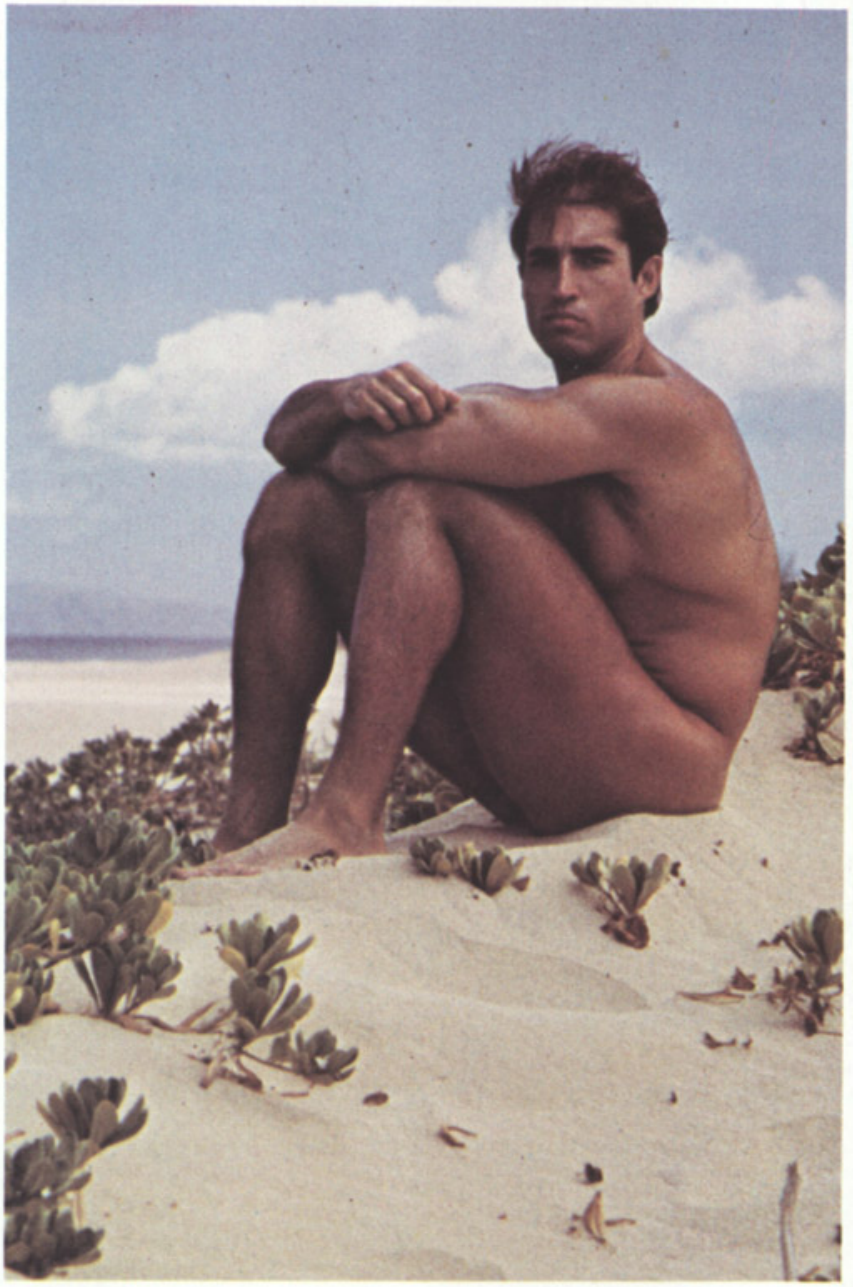
To conclude, then, if the sexual images conjured during masturbation verge on s-and-m, if one imagines oneself either active or passive or alternately both, and if one scrutinizes these images and understands them, one can perhaps approach s-and-m as a symbolic externalization of a very natural dominant/passive syndrome, part of a Darwinian exercise of strength characteristic of all nature, not as some sick aberration.

One can argue that s-and-m role-playing is a somewhat theatrical, costumed externalization, of course, but nevertheless, seen in the above light, s-and-m emerges as nothing "unnatural" but as a logical dramatization of *every* individual's alternating sense of strength and submission. Again, depending on one's givens, on the whole programmed-in complexity of one's psychological make-up, one's s-and-m images reveal much about one's personality, forged from birth and before. Whether or not one chooses to indulge in s-and-m explicitly is another question, entirely. But our onanistic visions of dominance and submission are entirely natural to individuals living in a game-playing society of "oneup manship" and fierce professional competition.

Which brings us back to masturbation as a positive means of self-discovery. Immediately after masturbating, a man who scrutinizes the images that have just flashed through his head, can discover extraordinary things about himself.

Continued to page 61

Celebrating the male bodybuilder beautiful, *Honcho* presents an exclusive photographic portfolio of the current Mr. California, Bill Nuckells, lensed in Hawaii...



ADAM IN EDEN

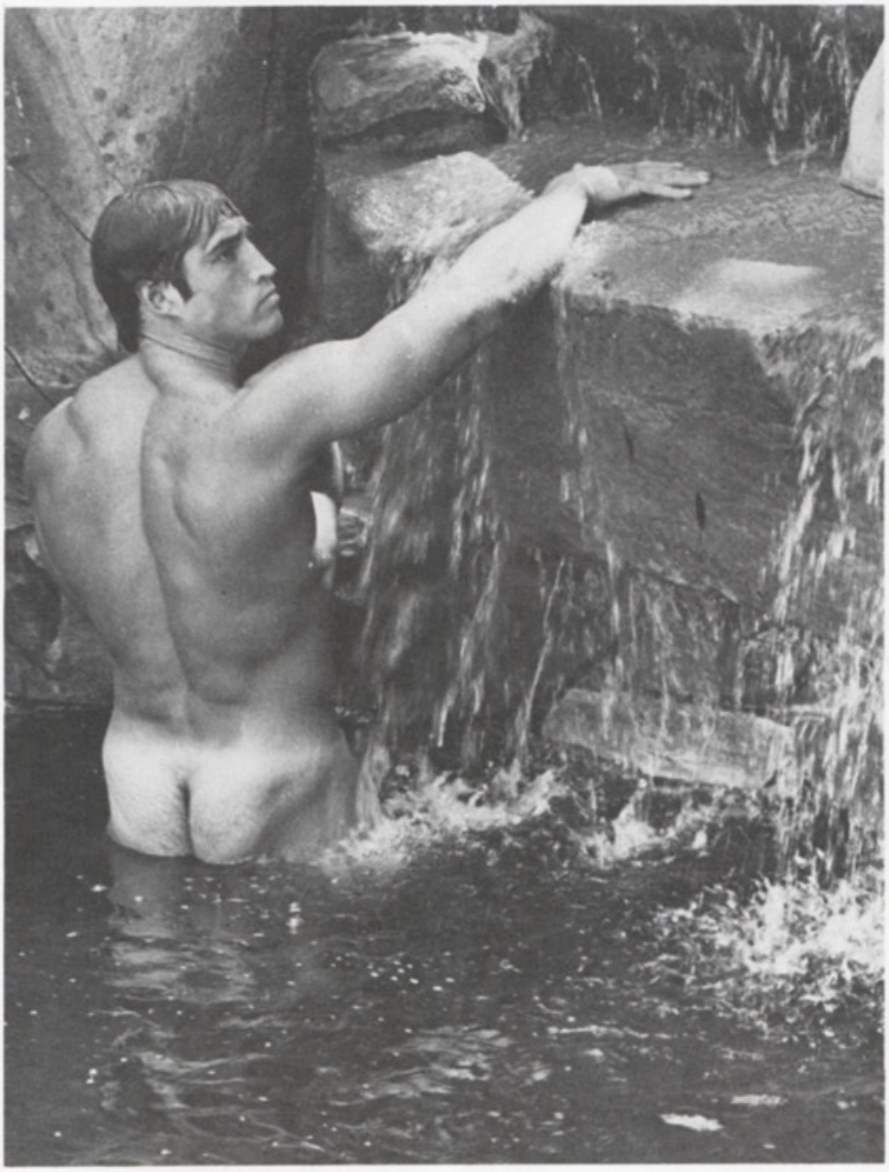
Photographs by Roy Dean

ADAM IN EDEN

Lensed against the Edenic peace of Kauai in the Hawaiian Islands, Nuckells reveals a special appeal all his own with massive pectorals and biceps, a washboard stomach and perfectly developed thighs and calves, all part of a physique created by years of intensive weightlifting, dieting and a dedication to attaining a flawless musculature. We noticed a slight resemblance to Arnold Schwartzenegger, a man of iron with whom Nuckells shares a burning desire to be the best.

Photographs by Roy Dean

HONCHO
The Photographer: Roy Dean



ADAM IN EDEN

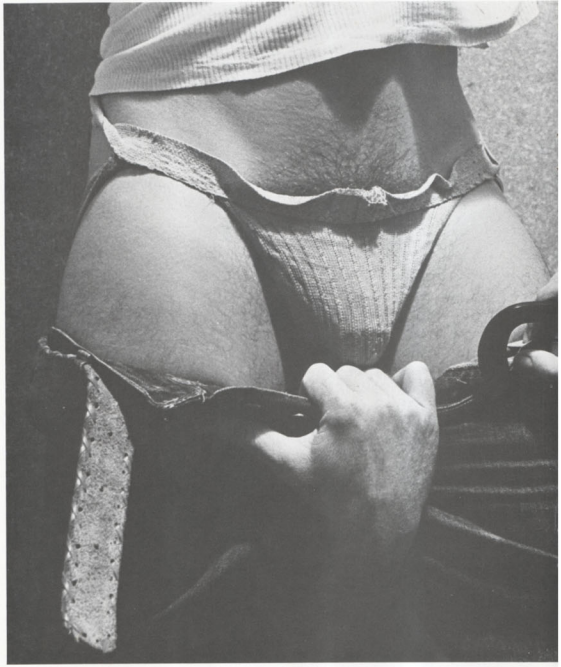
Photographs by Roy Dean

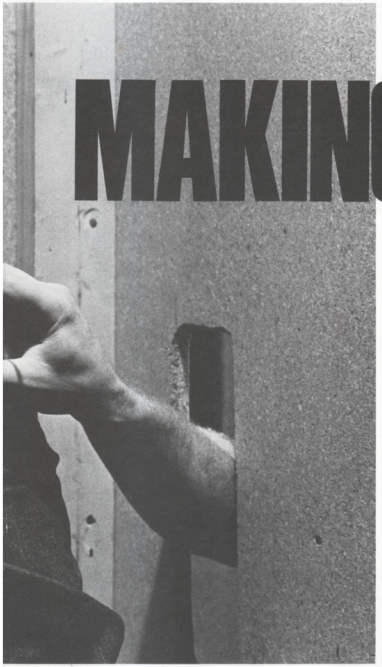
Nuckells and his wife Debbie flew to our 50th State with photographer Roy Dean for this glorious pictorial pitting the beauty of man against that of nature. For the photo at left, the three trekked for five hours into the interior of Kauai. There, posed against a jungle waterfall produced by mountaintop springs cascading toward the sea, Nuckells contrasted ideally with his lush surroundings. Below, he is seen at a place called Barking Sands, flexing his considerable muscles in the tropical sun, a bold statement as rugged as the forbidding terrain surrounding him.

Nuckells is prominently featured in Roy Dean's newest picture book, *Exposures*, slated for publication later in 1978. In the photographs here, the reigning Mr. California shows the spectacular build enabling him to capture the coveted prize as top bodybuilder in his native state. An injury prevented im from entering last year's Mr. America contest, but his determination perseveres and he will try again at the next competition. On the following pages, he sprawls languidly on a Hawaiian beach, perhaps enjoying a personal reverie with nature and the forces that could create such an awesome specimen of *homo sapiens*. Macho, masculine and all man.

HONCHO

The Photographer: Roy Dean





HONCHO HOTSPOT OF THE MONTH; THE GLORY HOLE

MAKING IT!

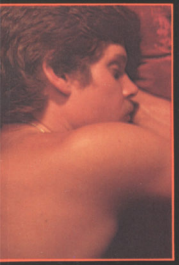
Monthly, Honcho *will spotlight a honcho hotspot to let you know what's happening, where it's at, where the boys are. Or, more accurately, where the macho men are, hotly.*

Currently packing 'em in is a New York hot spot called The Glory Hole at 130 Eleventh Avenue in Manhattan. Since its opening a few months ago, this Chelsea -orgy maze has attracted guys from all over, eager to live out some of their wildest fantasies. The place is a veritable labyrinth of pressboard cubicles with very strategically placed holes, or orifices, which invite you to offer your mouth, boot, fist, ass or cock to whomever happens to be on the other side of the wall. Of course you can have visitors in your cubicle which means sexual encounters of the best kind can be multiple or solo, depending upon your whim.

Like the young man here whom we photographed at The Glory Hole, you'll find helping hands coming at you from all directions, and don't be surprised if you get an attack from the rear. You'll tangle with plenty of studs whose motto seems to be "No holes barred," and they're all there for the same reasons you are: F/F, W/S, S/M, B/D, L/L, you-name-it. So next time you're in the Big Apple, truck your stuff down to The Glory Hole and find out yourself why this place is Making It and why, if you try it, you'll end up, perhaps upended, Making It, too.

Photo: Frank Dileo

MADE BY HAND



Solitude.
A sought after interlude.
Some very personal reverie.
A sensual interview with
himself and his flesh.
Autoerotica, the first learned,
most basic and private
of the sex acts.
A keen awareness
of one's own body.
A realm of controlled ecstasy.
The hand lightly caresses,
moves lower to the
very root of his being.
Stirring, awakening it
for the erotic journey
toward release and freedom.
A libidinous liberation
that is fleeting,
yet this youth knows
he will pursue it again.
And again.
And again.

Photographs by Victor Arimondi

SUPERMAN SEXUALITY

By Richard Battle • Photograph by Arthur Tress

Every individual's sexual horizons are circumscribed, seemingly, by an overwhelming collection of personal data. One's physical givens: face, physique, sexual endowment. One's societally programmed moral attitudes, which depend on parental guidance, religious training, peer group habits, one's socioeconomic milieu which usually determines moral outlook in general.

In every individual case, these data of course differ. Every individual is therefore a unique psychosexual entity, and his everyday sexual conduct is determined by these complex, interwoven strands which, combined, create his sexual persona. A moderately attractive individual, overendowed sexually, who has had a strict Catholic upbringing with its restrictions and resultant guilts, will differ radically from an extremely attractive, moderately endowed child of agnostic parents who have suggested he form his own moral standards independent of any organized religion.

And we are not talking about anything theoretical. We are talking about the ways in which everything a man has ever experienced affects his day-to-day conduct, on the psychological, moral, and sexual levels.

Fidelity to a lover as opposed to promiscuity, relatively restrained sexuality as opposed to liberated no-holds-barred sexuality—these things are directly determined by the psychological, sociological and psychological complexity that is at the core of each individual.

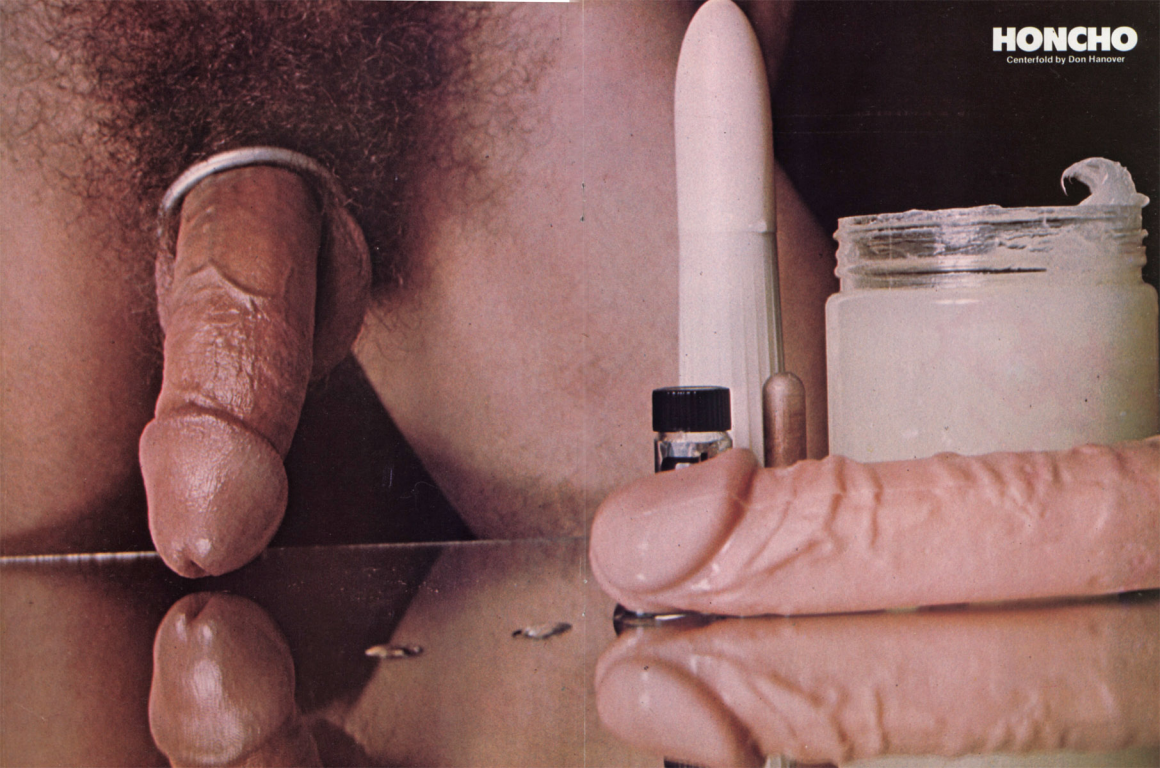
The overriding question is:

Given the givens, whatever my own personal givens *are*, how can I most fully explore my sexual potential?

The average man is often entirely unaware to what extent his givens determine his everyday sexual conduct. Is he jealous of a loved one's casual infidelities? Is he himself inhibited about certain sexual activities, even in the absolute privacy of his own bedroom? Does he feel guilty about masturbation, even at the age of, say, 35? Does insecurity make him fear to introduce two of his attractive friends to each other? Is he frightened by the possibility of his own potential for s-and-m activity?

It is a fact—and most psychiatric studies are in accord on this point—that the individual's potential for

Realizing one's fullest sexual potential depends directly on coming to terms with all one's personal givens, both physically and psychologically. And the key to lucidity may be masturbation...

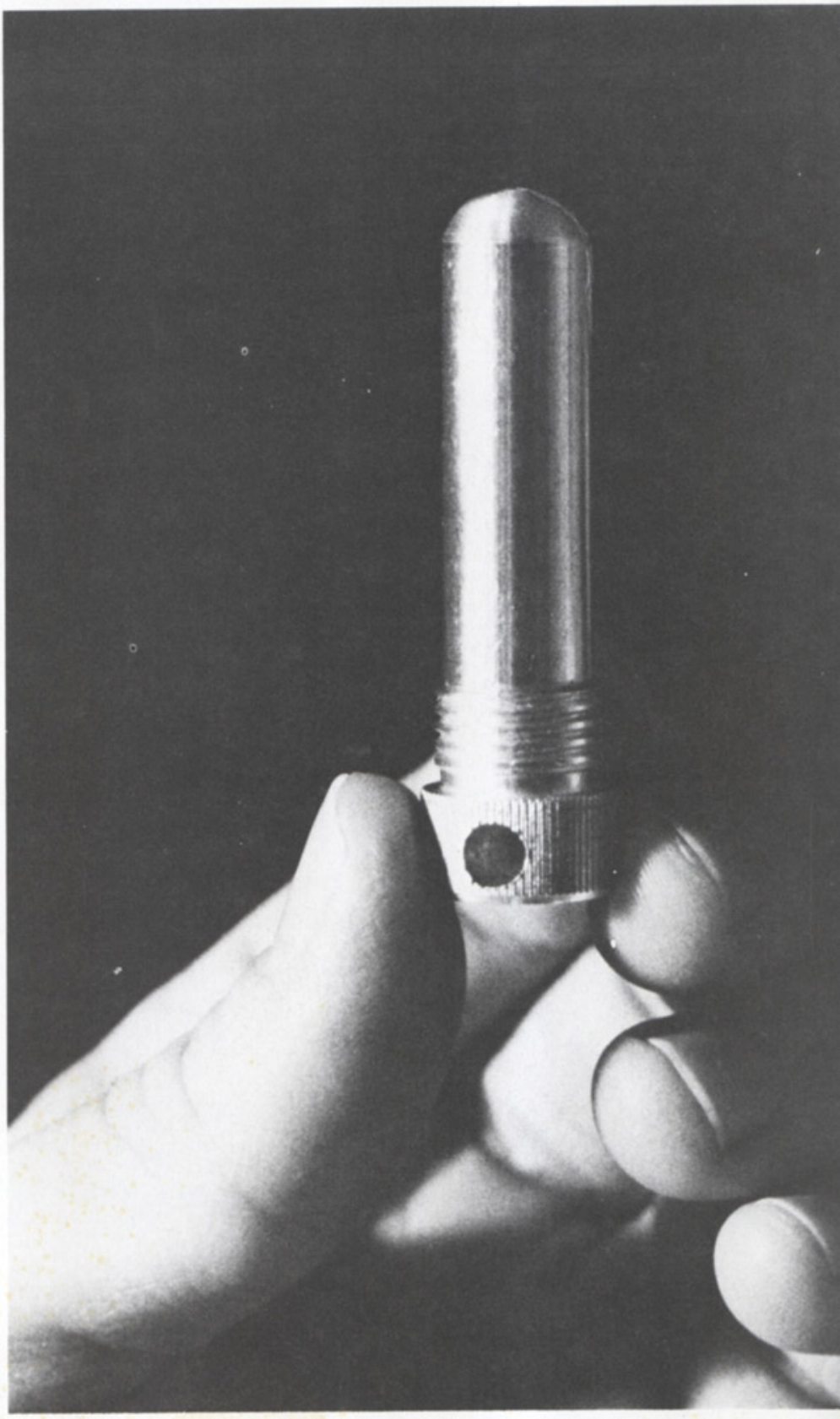


HONCHO

Centerfold by Don Hanover

SUPERMAN SEXUALITY

Photograph by Jurgen Vollmer

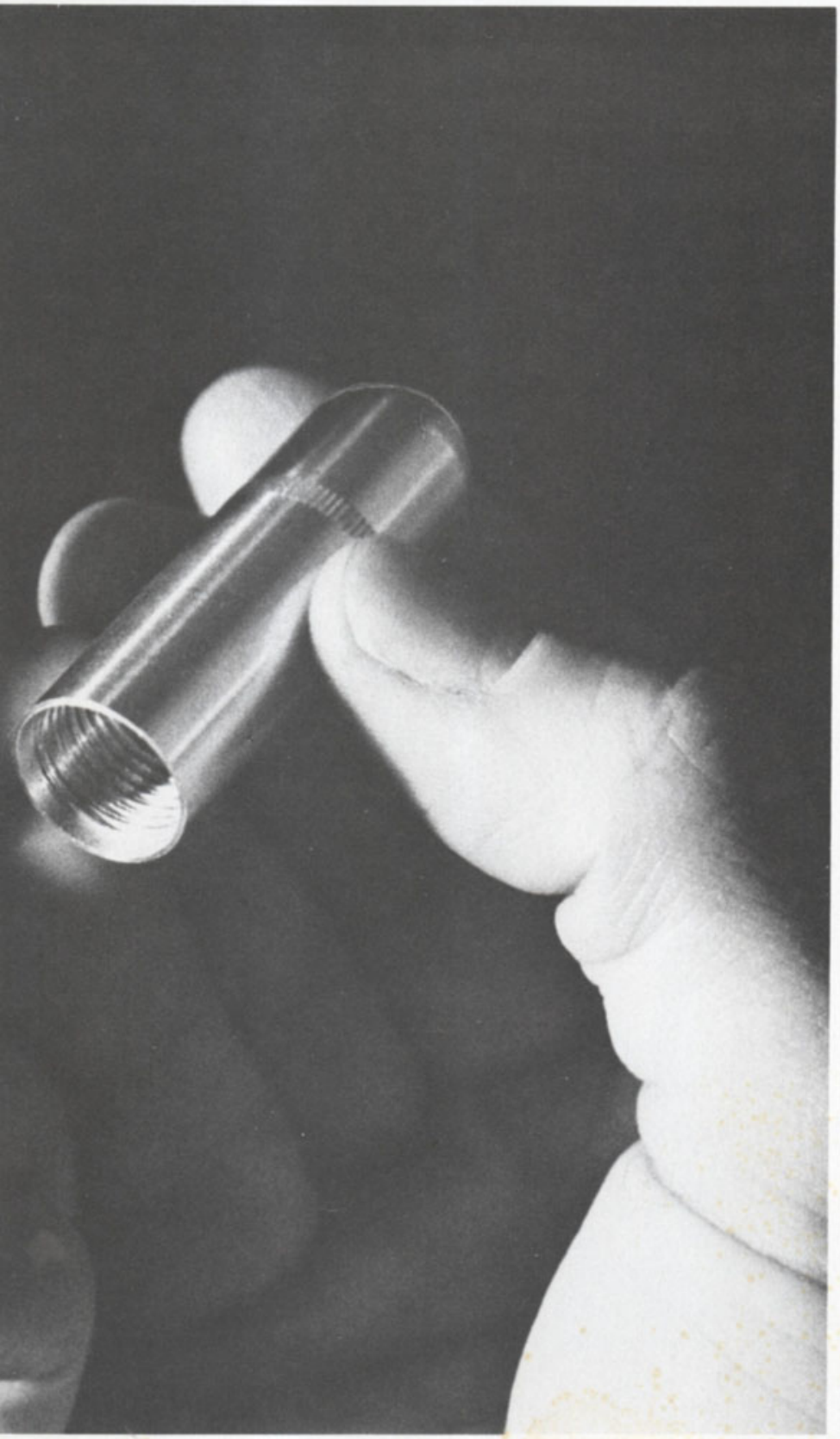


"happiness," (an ambiguous term at best, but useful nonetheless) depends on self-acceptance, combined with the fullest possible realization of one's potential, with a minimal amount of guilt and repression. Everything from the I'm-ok-you're-ok school of thought, to est's get-in-touch-with-yourself principles, to standard Freudian psychoanalysis (exorcism of psychological demons through confronting them lucidly) is based on self-knowledge and self-acceptance. Understanding oneself is the goal, and directing one's destiny consciously, instead of being victimized by one's determined givens. If there is such a thing as free will, Sartrean psychoanalysis suggests, it can only be exercised by a lucid individual who has come to terms with all his givens, who understands how he has been determined in his attitudes, and who consciously goes beyond his givens, to create a new persona based on his rational understanding of those givens.

The current slang expression "getting it together" or "getting your act together" suggest precisely this sort of complex creation of a persona, understanding the givens.

Monthly, *Honcho* magazine will explore some aspect of realizing one's sexual potential, both physically and psychologically. Articles will explore everything from reconciling having a lover with promiscuity, to testing one's s-and-m potential without risking psychological or physical damage, to an exploration of sexual paraphernalia designed to intensify sexual experience.

Discussing a self's sexuality, a logical place to begin is masturbation. Self touches self; sexual pleasure results. But something else also often results—guilt, carefully programmed by three interlocked entities: society,



religion, parents. By suggesting that masturbation is narcissistically selfish, diminishing one's capacity to love others, certain religious groups have maimed children and young adults' potential for exploring their sexual potential positively.

French writer Jean Genet, perhaps more brilliantly than anyone, has revealed the extraordinary power and importance of masturbation. Close scrutiny of his electrifying works—*Our Lady of the Flowers, The Thief's Journal, Miracle of the Rose,* etc.—reveals that a unique phenomenon occurs during masturbation, and the phenomenon is *not* physical, but psychological. Written in prison, where Genet's sexuality was occasionally homosexual but most often onanistic, Genet's works reveal a startling truth. Psychoanalysis has not yet fully recognized or explored Genet's discovery.

Psychologically, what happens during masturbation is a unique fusion of past and future in a present moment, a unique fusion of reality and imagination. To put it simply, when masturbating, an individual conjures up, often without consciously trying to, the memory of actual sexual encounters of his past, either with lovers or one-night-stands, recalling specific sexual acts, specific sexual organs, specific smiles or sighs. The curious fusion occurs when these actual memories are augmented by imagination, as idealized images—of Colt models, skinflick stars, a casual acquaintance, someone seen and desired but never actually possessed—flash through the mind.

In other words, masturbation, in the *hic et nunc* immediacy of erotic intensity, conjures up and fuses memory (reality) and imagination (desired, but not actually experienced).

Genet's genius thus discovered that his masturbation and the creative process are one and the same: What does an artist do except combine memory and imagination, experience of reality and his imaginative potential, to create a work of art?

More specificially, when a homosexual man masturbates, he may begin the process by using a photograph or an erotic passage from a novel to stimulate himself. But he cannot completely control the flow of images, the path his erotic intensity will take, psychologically. Suddenly,

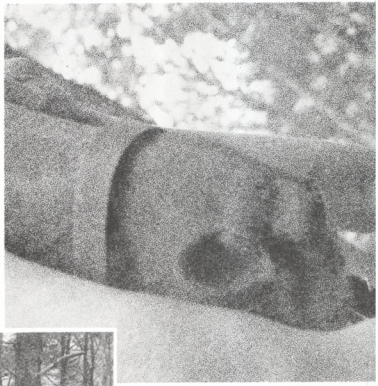
Continued to page 16

THE EQUUS COMPLEX

Photographs by Don Hanover

An adolescent awakening to strange new desires. A fascination with the intense sexuality of a horse. An overwhelming lust to become a centaur, the mythological half man/half stallion with an insatiable appetite for sexual release. He envelops his flesh with a metal bit, shivering against the chill as he puts it between his teeth.

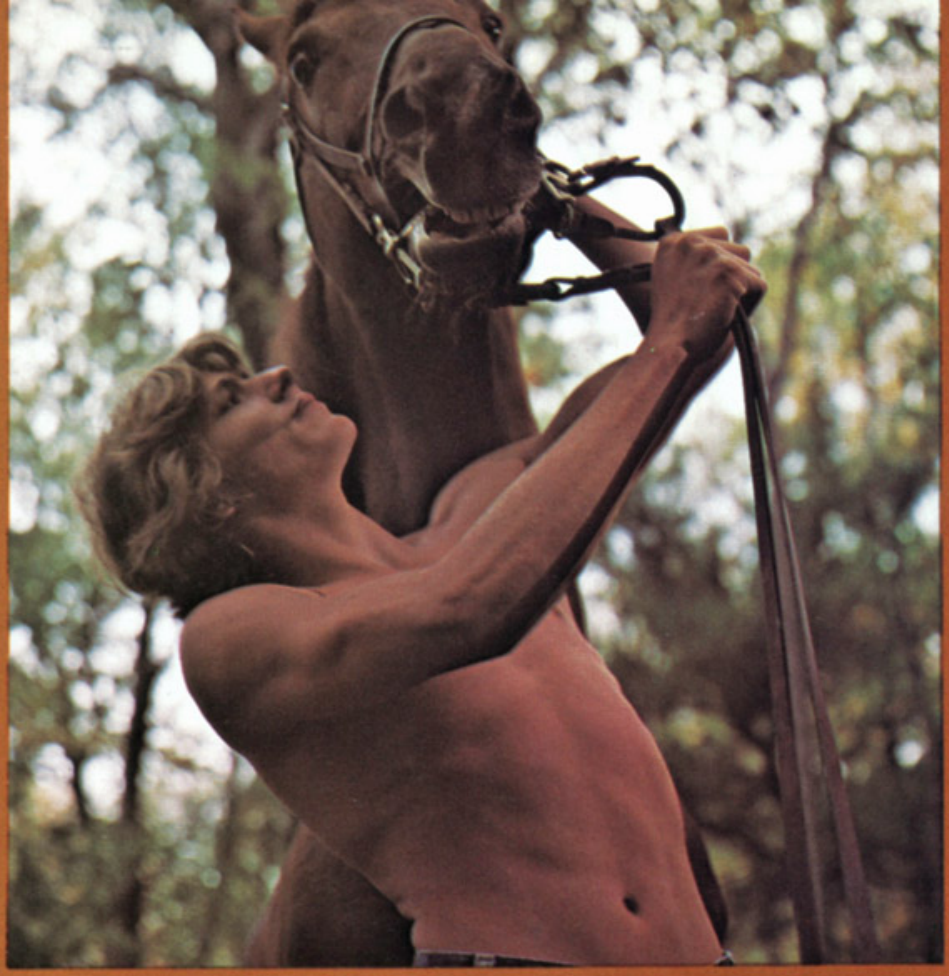
THE EQUUS COMPLEX

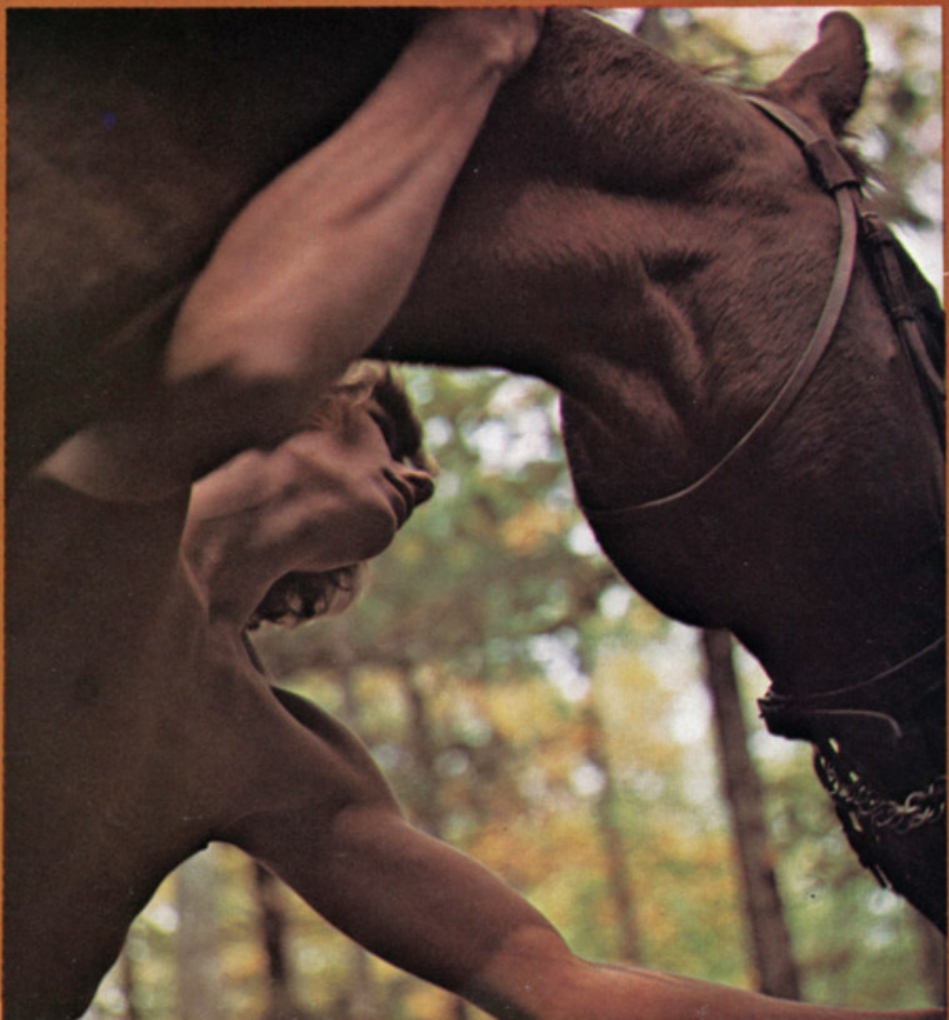


Obsession becomes reality, as boy meets horse. From *Equus*, Peter Shaffer's electrifying play about a stallion-obsessed youth: "He stands in the dark for an hour, sucking the sweat off his God's hairy cheek." Through the primeval woods, naked against the world, wind whipping against bare skin, the young boy is roused into a frenzy of explosive animal sexuality.

Arousal grows into eruption as man and beast gallop toward their inevitable destiny. "I'm stiff! Stiff in the wind! *My* name, stiff in the wind! *My* flanks! *My* hooves! Raw! Raw! *I'm raw! Raw!* Feel me on you! *On* you! I want to be *in* you! I want to *be* you forever and ever!—*Equus, I love you!* Now!—Bear me away! Make us One Person!" The centaur union is complete, gallop slows to a trot, then to a lazy pace, and finally to a walk waning into no movement at all. The boy dismounts from his Godhead's slippery back, onto the coolness of the dewy grass, onto the moist earth ...spent.

Photographs by Don Hanover

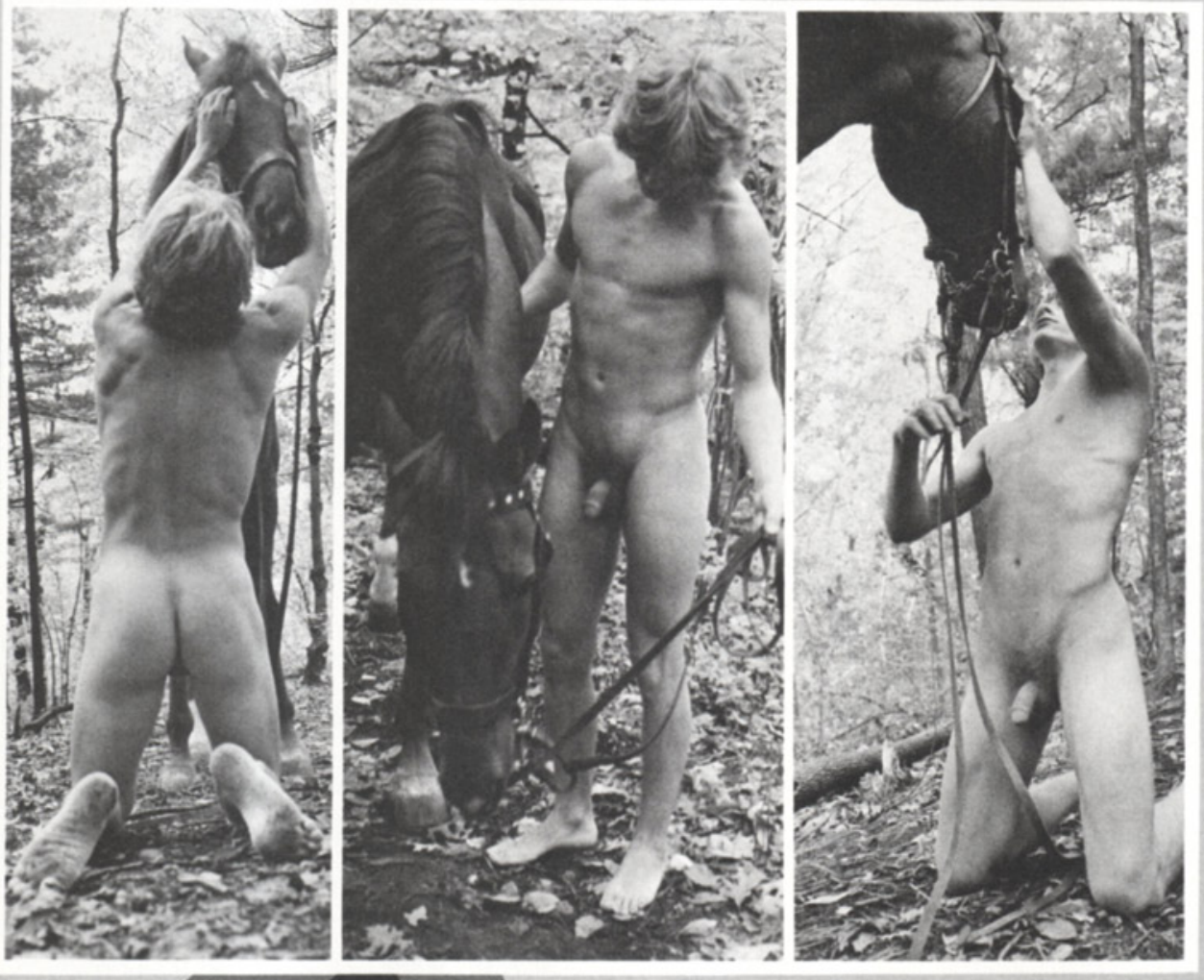




THE EQUUS COMPLEX

Bare male flesh and the majesty of the beast, sweaty and exhausted. A ritual of reins, restraint. Dionysian excitement conjured up by being in touch with primal reality.

Photographs by Don Hanover



THE EQUUS COMPLEX

And what remains? Yet another mounting, eyes wild and nostrils flaring. And, silently, naked knees touching the earth, a sort of worship. The call of the Godbeast is answered, the demons exorcised, the nectar of the two merging in hot, sweet passion. It is finished.

Photographs by Don Hanover

FICTION Short Story by Bob Savage • Photos by Jarlan Studios

HONCHO THREESOME

Sweat streaked from Brad's hairy armpit down the taut inner side of his muscled bicep, as he reached down and picked up the oily cloth and wiped off some of the axle grease covering his hands. He had just about finished doing the lube job on Jim Flynn's Ford and was looking forward to completing the task so he could take his lunch break. The ancient Coca-Cola clock at the rear of the garage read 11:50. Ten more minutes, he thought.

Outside, the Arizona morning sun was white hot. Brad ste ped out onto the steaming pavement in front of the gas station where he worked and immediately felt the intensity of the desert heat. Even inside the garage was like an inferno, and his armpits and sun-bronzed brow oozed sweat. His bulging crotch and the sides of his overalls were stained a dark color where the perspiration flowed heavily.

"Christ, it's a scorcher," he muttered, wiping his forehead and turning to go back into the gas station. But something moving across the street caught his eye. "Wonder who that motherfucker

is," Brad said to himself. "Seen him every day for two weeks now."

A new Burger Haven franchise was going up across the highway, the first new building to come to Mesa, Arizona, in twenty years. Today, Sunday, a lone construction worker was on the site, the man Brad had been watching for some time. Tall, well-muscled, he had curly black hair and a moustache. Brad stared as the man worked, hammering beams, then struggling alone to put in the huge sheets of plate glass that ran around three sides of the small shop. He was wearing a pair of skin tight jeans, boots, a hardhat and a blue work shirt. Like Brad, his torso was bathed in sweat.

"Some stud," Brad said and went back inside the garage to finish the work on the Ford. At noon, a silent whistle went off in his head and he walked into the office to get his lunch. His mother had made sandwiches for him, telling him that every eighteen-year-old boy ought to eat to keep up his strength. Brad took a bottle of beer from the small refrigerator in the office and chowed down hungrily. The cold beer tasted good to him. "Ain't nothin' like a beer on a day like today."

Through the big windows of the gas station office, Brad had a good view of the hardhat across the street. The man put aside his hammer and stretched luxuriously in the sun. Unaware that anyone was watching, he stripped off his wet shirt and tossed it aside. Brad caught his breath when he got a look at the man's upper torso. The barrel chest was covered with a thick mat of black hair, large brown nipples poking out from the undergrowth. He turned away from Brad and revealed a well muscled back, colored copper by the Arizona sun. His buttocks were tightly encased in faded blue jeans, and as he bent over to pick up his lunch pail, Brad got a good look at the rounded buns and muscular thighs. "Ain't missin' nothin'," Brad said. "That sonovabitch has got it all!" He imagined black curls, matted with salty sweat, on those hunky thighs, and felt a stirring between his legs.

Taking out a sandwich wrapped in waxed paper, the laborer started his lunch, still not knowing that anybody else was around. He wiped his forehead several times. It gave Brad an idea. He went to the icebox and took out a beer. "Probably thirsty as hell for this," he said. He reached down between his legs and moved his prick to one side. It was half hard and he decided he might as well do a little advertising while he was at it. He strolled out of the office and crossed the highway, carrying the beer. The man looked up as Brad walked into the half-finished building.

"Howdy," Brad said, flashing a big grin.

"Howdy," the man said. His voice was low and deep, befitting his dark, rugged appearance.

"Hotter'n hell today. Thought you might want a brew." Brad extended the bottle of beer.

"Mighty nice of you," the man said. "Thanks." He took the bottle, and Brad watched, fascinated, as sweat-gleaming biceps rippled when the man wrenched the bottle top off and drank thirstily.

"Name's Brad. Yours?"

"Joe," the man answered, shaking hands. "Joe Wheeler." Brad was aware of the black tufts of hair curling on the man's hands and thick wrists.

"Nice to meet you." Brad leaned up against a sawhorse and looked down at the construction worker. Joe was sitting with his legs wide apart and there was a healthy, sweat-soaked bulge between his thighs. Brad absently licked his lips, smelling sweat. "How come you're workin' on Sunday?"

"Got a deadline to meet," Joe said. "I'm the foreman on this job and I gotta see things get done." He reached between his legs and lazily scratched his groin. Brad wondered if that sizable lump was growing or if it was just wishful thinking.

"I don't like workin' on Sundays," Brad offered. "But my old man owns the gas station and when he wants to take off, I get left holdin' down the fort. Don't never do no business on Sundays, seems like."

Joe nodded, raising his left hand to scratch his head. Brad noted the heavy patch of black hair in the man's armpit. It was dripping sweat, and Brad wanted nothing more at the moment than to lick it dry. Joe finished his sandwich and beer, tossing his garbage aside and standing.

"Guess I oughta get back to work," he said. "Thanks again for the beer."

"Sure," Brad said. "See you later."

"So long, kid."

Brad walked back across the deserted highway, again feeling something itchy between his legs. The guy hadn't seemed to notice the thick piece of meat hanging down the left leg of Brad's overalls, and Brad figured the man simply wasn't interested. "No harm in tryin', I guess," he said, going into the garage and sliding underneath the Ford. Still, he had half an erection the rest of the afternoon just thinking about Joe.

Brad had only one customer all afternoon, a man driving to Phoenix who wanted water for his car radiator. The hours crept by slowly with Brad spending most of the time watching Joe working across the highway, fantasizing, using what he *had* seen—bronze biceps, thickly matted black underarm hair, sweaty crotch all bunched up and poking out—to imagine what he hadn't seen: a thick-veined cock, lush bush of rioting pubic hairs, sweatsmell coming from big, hairy balls.

When the desert sun was starting to dip in the direction of California, Brad saw that Joe had disappeared. His pick-up truck was still parked on the sand, but he was nowhere to be seen. "Maybe the guy's hurt himself or somethin'," Brad said, deciding to go check things out. He thought his suspicions might be accurate when he entered the structure and heard some low moans from the rear of the building. He walked around a wall of sheetrock and gasped at what he saw. Joe was sitting on a stack of lumber, blue jeans and jock strap around his ankles, his muscled torse tensed, his hand busily pumping one of the most enormous cocks Brad had ever seen. Joe hadn't heard anyone come in and was blissfully pumping his meat,

"Brad watched Joe working across the highway, fantasizing, remembering the bronze biceps, thickly matted black underarm hair, sweaty crotch all bunched up and poking out. And he began imagining other things..."

enjoying what he thought was a very private solitude. Brad shifted his feet and Joe looked up at the noise.

"What the hell...?" Joe spat. He jumped up and reached down to pull his jeans and jock back into place.

"Looks like you might need some help with that," Brad said boldly, not knowing whether the man would respond with a smile or a punch in the mouth.

"You're pretty damned gutsy, kid," Joe said, leaving his clothing at half mast. Brad felt his heart leap when the man grinned.

"I've always believed in saying when I want something," Brad said evenly. His eyes were riveted to Joe's hairy crotch. The thick, vein-etched dick was straining for the ceiling, Joe's powerful, hairy hand encircling it just below the broad, red cockhead.

"You want it?" Joe asked.

"Damned right!" the teenager said. He dropped to his knees and began licking at the large, hairy sac hanging between Joe's muscular legs. The salty smell of sweat rose to his nostrils, and he drank in the masculine aroma as he tongued around Joe's firm inner thighs until the hairy skin was slippery and wet. The hardhat moaned as he felt himself worked over, his prick seeming to grow even harder as Brad took the stiff shaft between his lips and drove the monster rod deep into his throat, until his lips touched wiry tangle of hair.

"God!" Joe said. "You're one helluva cocksucker!" He looked down at the blond haired youth whose head was bobbing rapidly up and down as he sucked greedily on Joe's huge organ. Joe could see a wide bulge down the left leg of Brad's overalls and he reached down to grope the length of thickening flesh. Brad groaned loudly as he felt his stiff dick gripped inside Joe's big fist. "You like that, kid?"

"Mmmmmm," Brad muttered. Joe had no doubt that the sound meant "yes."

"Let's get you outta them overalls," Joe said, unbuckling the straps of Brad's clothing and stripping him bareassed. Joe caught his breath when he saw the boy naked. His suntanned body was nicely muscled and firm with just a smattering of golden hair between his brown nipples and hanging over a penis that was arching hotly from his groin. "Good body," Joe mumbled. "C'mere."

He pulled Brad to him and kissed him hard on the mouth, their slightly salty saliva mixing and dripping down their chins as they eagerly explored with hot, probing tongues. Finally, Joe pulled away and began licking Brad's nipples, working them over with his teeth until they ached and grew hard as diamonds. From there, the construction worker moved down, leaving a wet trail of spit on the boy's chest and belly, at last burying his face against Brad's smelly young cock. He took first one ball, then the other, and then both in his hot mouth, making loud slurping noises as he expertly pushed Brad toward explosion.

"Easy, man," Brad cried. "I'm gettin' pretty damned close."

Joe looked up at him. "Give me that fuckin' load, babe. I want a mouthful of hot gism from that big cock of yours. C'mon, stud. Let it fly." Joe continued blowing the guy, busily pumping his huge meat as he felt Brad's cock began to stiffen even more as the boy approached climax.

"What the hell's goin' on here?"

Brad and Joe turned toward the sound of the booming voice and saw a red-haired, moustachioed state trooper standing in the half-built doorway.

"Wha...?" Joe stammered. He jumped to his feet and reached for the jock strap and jeans wrapped around his boots.

"You just leave them clothes where they are," the intruder said. He pulled his pistol and leveled it at Joe's impressive genitals. "Or I'm gonna blow them family jewels into nothin'." Joe stood motionless, wondering what the man had in mind. Brad was shaking with fear, his cock now hanging down toward his knees, all thought of sex gone with the trooper's sudden appearance.

"Fuckin' cocksuckers," the trooper said as he raised one hand to rub his moustache. "Oughta run you queers in. I had a funny feelin' somethin' was goin' on in here. Good thing I decided to check the place out. Nabbed myself a couple of fairies."

"What...what are you gonna do with us?" Brad asked, his voice trembling as he stared at the revolver.

"Don't know, just yet. Gotta think for a minute." His eyes flickered over Brad's handsome face and naked hairy body, a grin spreading as he saw the boy's flaccid cock. "Looks like you ain't as hot as you were a minute ago. Right, faggot?" Brad didn't answer. He dropped his head and stared down at the sawdust-littered floor. "Look at me when I'm talkin' to you, you

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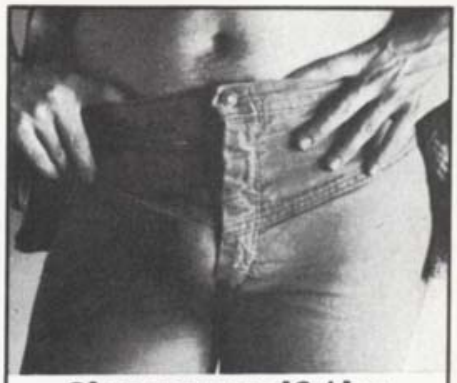

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NOONDAY COWBOYS:

BUCKAROOS UNBUCKLING

Photographs by Target
Illustration © by M. Brooks Jones

Remember those popcorn-crammed Saturday matinees when you were a kid? Good guys and bad guys, white hats and black, saloons and fistfights and, of course, riding off into the sunset. You probably played cowboys and indians, and the redskins (like in the movies) seldom won. Maybe you even fantasized a little about black-clad, whip-wielding Lash Larue...

Bringing the cowboy image up to date are the wide-striding Target men pictured here, all featured in a new booklet called *Ramrod #2, Cowboy*. At right, bearded Peter Bolt and mustachioed Will Seagers wonder just how much truth there is in that sign that says "No Hard Riding." Once Will and Peter get down to basics, they make one helluva lot more than hay while the sun shines.

At left, humpy, clean-shaven John Colby looks up and reaches out toward Will. They're definitely *not* lonesome cowboys. In fact, the photo at left is very similar to the three-page color fold-out in *Cowboy*, except that in the actual magazine Will's rather spectacular equipment is reachin' for the sky, pardner. Doesn't every Western contain the line, "Stick 'em up, cowboy!"?

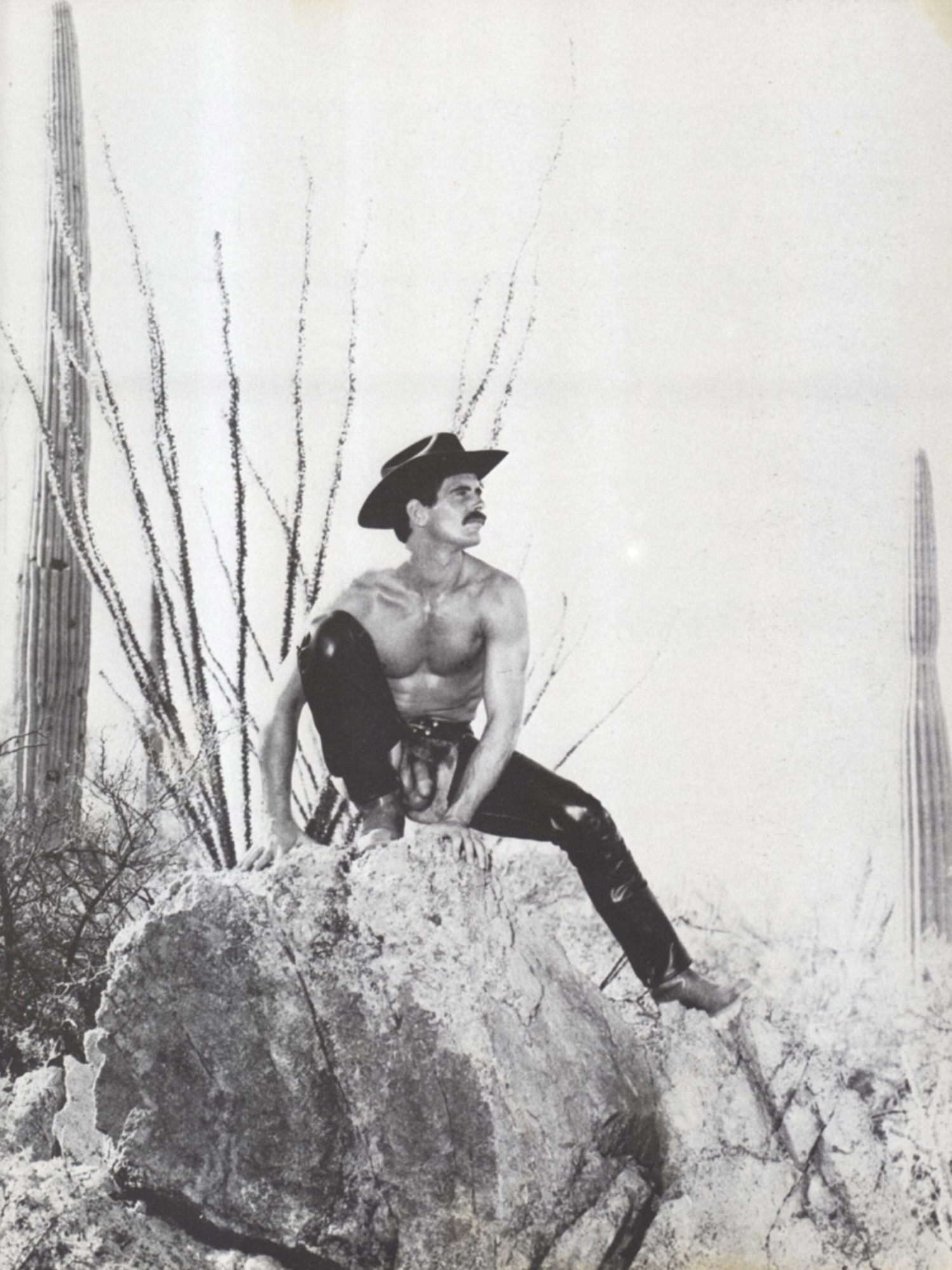
Will, Peter and John were photographed on location in the deserted wilds of Arizona, where the sun wasn't the only thing that was blazing hot. Sweaty, gritty, and all male, these honcho guys burn up the sand with some scorching action that will help you create your own personal heatwave.

NOONDAY COWBOYS: BUCKAROOS UNBUCKLING

Photograph by Target

Lazing in the noonday sun amid a forest of phallic saguaro cacti, Will is the perfect modern day cowboy with his leather chaps and black Stetson hat. He's a hard ridin', well muscled, thick thighed honcho dude here perched on a boulder scouting the range for—what else?—other cowboys. He definitely finds what he's looking for in *Cowboy*, an 8½"x11" super turn-on printed on laminated glossy stock. It contains 52 pages including 18 in full color and that incredile fold-out. It's available for $10 plus $1.50 for first class postage from Target Studios, Box 692 H-O, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please state you are over 21.

In the meantime, keep on the lookout for *Ramrod #3, Cowboy Part II* now in preparation.



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HONCHO THREESOME

Continued from page 46

bastard!" The man's voice was deep and more than a little threatening. Brad did as he was told and absently noticed how good-looking the man really was. He had chiseled, raw-boned features and twinkling blue eyes that radiated authority. What appeared to be an imposing physique was encased in a tightly tailored uniform that showed the man off to his best advantage. A name tag on his uniform jacket reads "Williams."

Both Brad and Joe were stunned when the state trooper reached down and unzipped his fly. He pulled out a pale shaft of flesh that reached halfway to his knees. He was even better hung than Joe, with a heavy growth of red pubic hair sticking out of his fly.

"Why don't you swing on a real man's meat, kid? It's about time you had a good-sized cock down your throat." He waved his gun at Brad. "Get your fuckin' ass over here and suck me off." He looked at Joe. "And you stay put, stud." Joe didn't move a muscle, thinking it odd that the man had called him "stud." He watched as Brad dropped to his knees and began sucking on Williams' mammoth cock. The state trooper got hard instantly, and Joe watched his tensing thigh muscles as he began thrusting his hips forward, face-fucking a frightened but satisfied Brad. The sight of that horse dick ramming in and out of Brad's hungry mouth got Joe turned on again, and his own stallion poker began to lengthen, poking out and up again even as he stood at gunpoint. Williams was apparently getting very close to orgasm, judging from his guttural moans. His big dick was red and slippery with Brad's saliva, sliding down the boy's hot throat as he expertly drove the state trooper toward explosion.

Joe watched all this with interest and kept a close eye on what was happening. As he started to cum, Williams lowered the pistol, his eyes closing dazedly as he concentrated on shooting his load. In a split second, when the gun was down, Joe leapt like a panther, knocking the weapon to the floor and toppling the state trooper over on his back. Brad, too, moved swiftly and between himself and Joe they managed to pin Williams down. The man was powerful enough, but he was no match for the combined strength of the other two.

"Get that length of rope over there," Joe barked at Brad, nodding his head toward a length of thick cord that had bound together a shipment of lumber. "We're gonna truss up this pig and have him for dinner. Hurry, Brad!"

Brad did as he was ordered and in a few minutes the struggling trooper had his arms bound tightly behind his back. His giant prick now hung loose and soft out of his still unzipped fly and his eyes were as wide with fear as Brad's had been earlier.

"Look, you guys," he began. "I didn't intend to..."

"Shut the fuck up!" Joe roared. He caught the trooper squarely across the face with his open hand, a resounding loud slap echoing through the small room. "We'll show you what faggots really do. None of this Mickey Mouse blow job business, man. Not for you." He reached down and groped his hardening cock, dark and threatening, and shook it in Williams' direction.

"What...what do you mean?" the prisoner asked, looking at the blood-engorged shaft thrusting out of Joe's pubic hair, a pearl of clear liquid forming at the tip.

...Joe watching his tensing thigh muscles as he began thrusting his hips forward toward Brad...

"I mean," Joe said menacingly, "that you are gonna get this big hunk of meat up your ass. And when I'm through with you, you're gonna get Brad's cock as well."

"But that's rape!" he protested, watching the bead of precum juice drip down from the red head of Joe's hard cock to his hairy thigh.

"Yeah," Joe said, grinning. "Sort of like forced sodomy, huh? Like maybe what you were doin' with my buddy. Makin' him suck your cock at gunpoint."

"Looks like it's time you got on the other end for a change," Brad said, growing excited with the idea of fucking his former captor.

"C'mon, man," Williams pleaded. "I wasn't gonna run you in or nothin'. I was just..."

"I told you to clam up!" Joe said roughly, giving the man another smack across the face. His cheek was bright red from the blow, his eyes tearing from the pain he struggled not to reveal. Joe picked up an old rag from his worktable and shoved it in Williams' throat, making the man gag as it quieted him. "Pull down them trousers, Brad," Joe said, pointing to the trooper's uniform. "Let's see what this pig's ass looks like."

Brad unbuckled the khaki pants and lowered them to the floor. Then he stripped down William's boxer shorts, baring the man's body from waist to ankles. His mammoth prick had shriveled up to almost nothing as the fear of what was going to happen to him grew.

"Keep an eye on him, Joe," Brad said. "I'm gonna run over to the garage for somethin'." Joe watched as the kid dressed hastily and dashed across the highway. In just a few minutes he returned, carrying a can of axle grease. "Thought we might be able to use this," he said with a grin. "Might be just the ideal lubricant, eh?'

"Good thinkin'," Joe said, smiling back. He went over to the bound trooper and shoved him hard across the room. The man stumbled with his pants and shorts around his boots and fell across a nearby sawhorse. The piece of lumber struck him at the waist and he sprawled over it, his naked ass vulnerable to whatever might come from behind.

"Let's get them boots and pants off," Brad said. He bent down and tugged off Williams' black leather boots. Then he removed socks, trousers and shorts, leaving the trooper bare from the waist down. His rounded pale ass was covered with a soft down of red hairs and his rosebud of an asshole was exposed to the others as Brad reached out and spread the cheeks of his buttocks. "There it is, Joe," Brad laughed. "That's the target. Have at it." Joe laughed too as Williams tried to say something through the gag in his mouth.

"Let's spread his legs," Joe said. He and Brad took additional rope,

Continued to page 56

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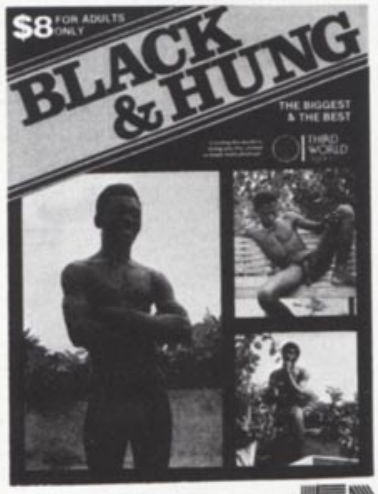

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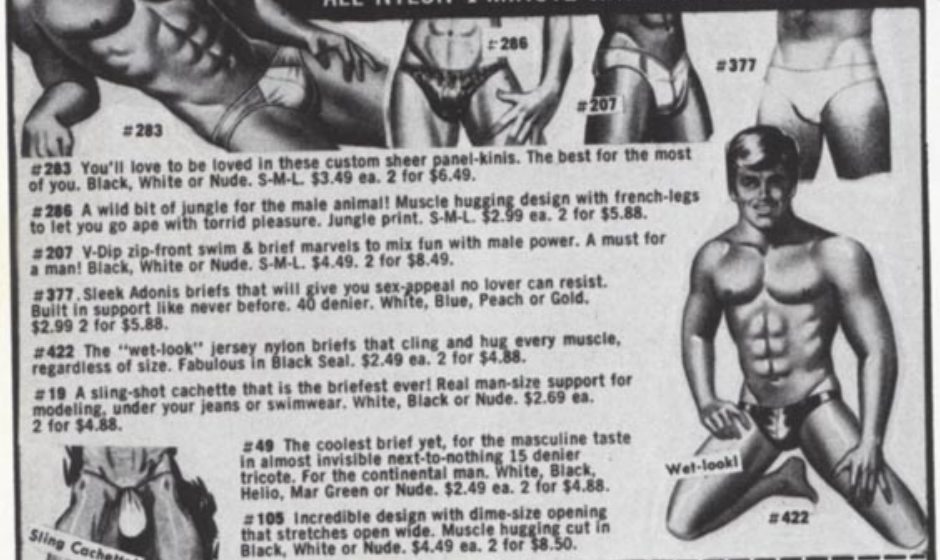

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wrapping it around the trooper's ankles and trussing him to the legs of the saw horse, spreading him like a chicken on a spit.

"That oughta do it," Brad said. He undressed again, tossing his overalls in a corner and sitting on a nail keg as he watched Joe go to work. The hardhat obviously knew what he was doing.

Joe stuck his hand in the can of black grease and began rubbing it over William's fair ass, the darkness of the sticky mixture stark against the white flesh. He stuck a probing finger in the tightly closed ass hole, making the prisoner wince with pain as he felt something penetrate his body. "Tight motherfucker, ain't you?" Joe muttered. "Well, we'll fix that alright."

Roughly he rammed two fingers up the man's butt, then three, then four. He was considering working his fist up inside Williams, but decided against it. For now. All he wanted at the moment was to screw hell out of this bastard who had called him and Brad names and wielded his authority with a gun. Now Joe would show him who was the boss.

Once Williams' asshole was thoroughly greased with the gummy oil, Joe reached down and rubbed his stiff rod with the stuff, watching the bulbous head grow larger. Without paying any heed to the trooper's muffled cries, he shoved the head of his long, thick cock into the man's body, then buried himself to the hilt, his black pubic bush crushing against the man's backside.

"Damn good!" Brad said, stroking himself toward erection, his other hand playing with his hairy balls. "Give it to him, Joe."

Joe needed no encouragement. The man's slippery anal canal was rubbing his assailant's organ excitingly, driving Joe toward ecstasy. His long, easy thrusts grew harder and faster as he fucked the trooper with a mixture of anger and pleasure, pulling almost all the way out, then ramming back in, quickly. He felt Williams' ass hole loosen as it adjusted to the size of the great slab of stiff flesh driving in and out of him.

Brad was the first to notice something strange. "Hey, Joe! Look at that! The sonavabitch has got a hard-on."

Joe looked over the broad shoulders of the man he was fucking so violently and saw that Williams indeed had a raging erection. His gigantic cock with its bright red growth of pubic hair

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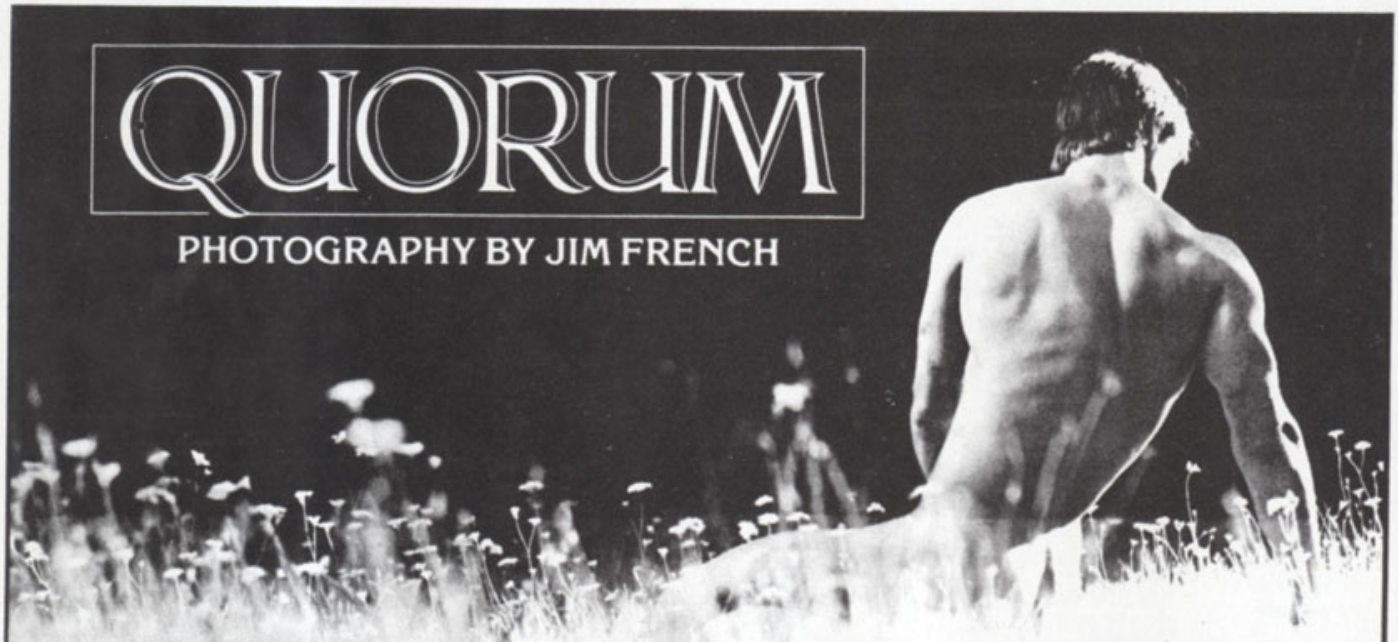

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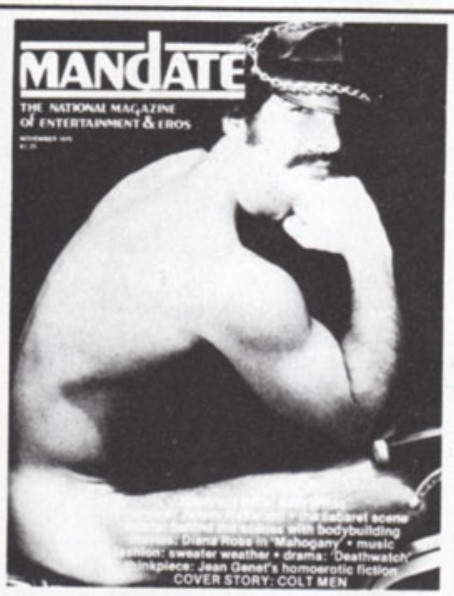

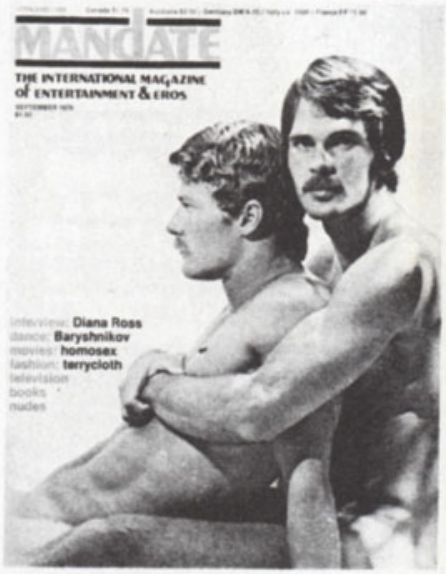

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surrounding it was sticking out straight from his groin. "You goddamned bastard!" Joe roared, slapping the man viciously on the ass. "You get off gettin' screwed by a guy! Bloody hypocrite!"

That only made Joe go even faster at his task. With complete abandon he plowed into the tender asshole, pulling his long shaft almost all the way out, slowly, before plunging in again. He accompanied this with sharp slaps on Williams' buttocks until that area of the man's body was covered with axle grease. With each blow, Williams' prick would jerk upward, reacting to the mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Alright, you scum," Joe said at last. "Here it comes!" He was now fucking the trooper so furiously that the scene looked like a movie that had been speeded up. His hips were almost a blur as he screwed the man with a vengeance, crying out loudly as he shot his thick, hot load up the man's butthole and exploded wildly, his muscles tensing, sweat drenching him.

"Take it, you motherfucker!!" he bellowed. "Take this faggot load up your ass! Take it, goddamn you!!" His lunges died away as he felt himself unleashing streams of gism and his enraged passion ebbed. He collapsed atop Williams' back and lay there panting. Brad stared in disbelief, somewhat stunned by what he had witnessed. He had never seen anybody fuck with such fierce intensity. He looked down at himself and felt a renewed, powerful arousal between his legs. He had been jerking himself off while watching Joe and the trooper and he was dangerously close to blowing his load. He stood, big cock thrusting out, and walked a little shakily to the other two.

"Let me have at him, Joe. I'm about to pop my nuts just from watching you."

Joe pulled back, his cock making a slurping sound as it pulled out of Williams' body. "It's all yours, babe. Go to it."

Knowing the man's ass hole was already well greased and anxious for release, Brad rammed his poker in where Joe's big tool had been seconds earlier. Williams shuddered underneath the new assault, his own cock as stiff as ever. Brad's strokes were short and swift and he exploded almost as quickly as he entered the slick tunnel.

"Goddamn!" he cried. "Take it, you bastard. Take it! Oh, God!!" He felt his juices flowing hotly into Williams'

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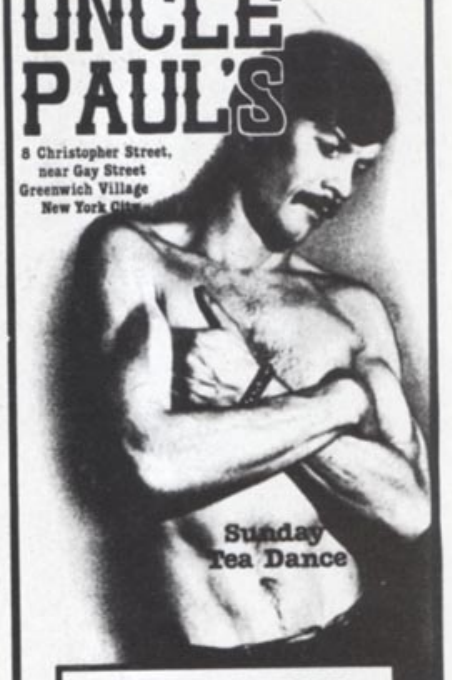

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ass as the man shock beneath him. As he erupted hard, spilling out his cum, he watched as Williams jerked suddenly again and sprayed thick streams of ropey gism onto the floor.

"I'll be damned," Joe said, looking at the river of white cum spashing out of Williams' stallion cock. He reached down and gripped at the monster shaft, pumping it, squeezing out another gooey load.

Brad moaned and pulled himself out of the man's asshole, surprised that the trooper had climaxed without touching himself. "You know," he said weakly, his head dizzy from the massive orgasm he had just experienced. "I think this dude digs getting fucked a lot more than we thought. I ain't seen nobody come like that in a long time."

"Me neither," Joe said, nodding in agreement. "Well, what are we gonna do with him now?"

"Give him something else to remember us by, I reckon."

"What you got in mind?" Joe asked.

"I'll show you," Brad said, walking around to face Williams who was still bent double over the sawhorse. He stepped up onto a stack of lumber and began fondling his flaccid prick. Joe thought at first time the teenager was going to jerk off on the trooper, but as he watched, the cockhead's slit opened and a stream of golden liquid shot out of Brad's cock. He sprayed it all over the trooper, staining his uniform jacket and wetting his hair. Williams raised his head to protest and a long spurt of briny piss caught him squarely in the face, soaking his gag in the process.

"Damned good idea, buddy," Joe said. He climbed up beside Brad, his hairy hand jerked at his own soft but still huge cock, and he let fly with his own flow of piss, draining his body of the beer he had been drinking that afternoon. By the time he and Brad finished, Williams was drenched in urine, moaning with something that sounded like pleasure.

Afterwards, Joe and Brad dressed and went across the highway to the gas station, leaving Williams behind. They had taken the precaution to re-tie his bonds, making certain he was securely tethered and could not escape. Taking yet another precaution, Joe had moved the trooper's patrol car behind the half-constructed restaurant so no one passing by would see it and wonder if something was wrong.

Joe and Brad sat in the station office, drinking beer and trying to decide what to do with their prisoner.

"Got any ideas?" Brad asked the older man, still intrigued with his dark hairiness, his sweat smell, the intensity in his eyes.

Joe sipped his beer thoughtfully. "Well, we can't leave him forever. For all we know he could be getting calls on his car radio right now. They're bound to go looking for him when he doesn't answer."

"We'll just have to let him go, I reckon," Brad said. "I don't want no kidnapping rap."

"Me neither," Joe agreed. He drained what was left in the beer can and set it aside. "Let's go."

The two walked back to the restaurant, both noticing that the day's scorching heat was waning as the sun began to sink toward the flat horizon. Back inside the building, Joe decided he wanted to have a talk with

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the trooper. He pulled out the piss-stained gag and shoved Williams into a leaning position.

"I hope you've learned something today," Joe said. "You fucking cops and troopers think all you have to do is wave a gun at somebody and be your own goddamned little Caesar. It's high time you got a taste of your own filthy medicine."

Williams licked his lips and looked up at the two men. "I've learned somethin' alright. I learned you bastards are two of the best fucks I've ever had." He grinned as he saw looks of amazement cross the faces staring down at him. "That's right," he said, when neither of them spoke. "I'm gay."

"Then why the hell did you bust in here and pull that fucking power trip?" Brad asked.

"I thought I'd have a little fun before I leveled with you. That's what I was trying to tell you when you gagged me. I didn't have a chance to explain. Believe me, I had every intention of enjoying those big cocks of yours." He laughed as he remembered what had happened. "And I sure as hell did. I ain't gonna be able to sit down for a week."

"Well, I'll be damned," Joe said, scratching the curly black hair on his chest. He reached down and untied Williams' bonds, freeing the trooper who rubbed his sore wrists and ankles. "You coulda fooled me with all that orderin' around you did. I was sure you were gonna run us in."

"No way," the trooper said, running a hand over his grease and piss-covered ass. He bent down and picked up his clothing, dressing again as the others watched. "Guess I better get home and change clothes. It's a good thing I was going off duty. I don't think the boys at the patrol headquarters would understand this."

Joe and Brad stared at each other in disbelief.

"Shit," Brad said, shaking his head.

"How long you gonna be workin' this job?" Williams asked Joe.

"Maybe two...three more weeks," Joe said. "Why?"

"Thought I might pay you two another visit sometime durin' the next few days. A real friendly visit, you know?" He winked at Brad and groped at the boy's cock through his overalls. "If the two of you are agreeable, I'd like to let your asses have a taste of my equipment."

Brad was the first to laugh. "Agreeable, hell! I'd love havin' that thing up my butt. Any damned time at all."

"I'll have to think about it," Joe said, grinning. "Like about two seconds, maybe." He clapped Williams affectionately on the back. "Why don't we say same time next week? I'll be here alone. What about you, Brad?"

"I'll be here. That suits me fine."

"By the way," Williams said. "What are your names?" Brad and Joe told him and he identified himself as Pete. "See you guys next week. 'Bout four o'clock, okay?"

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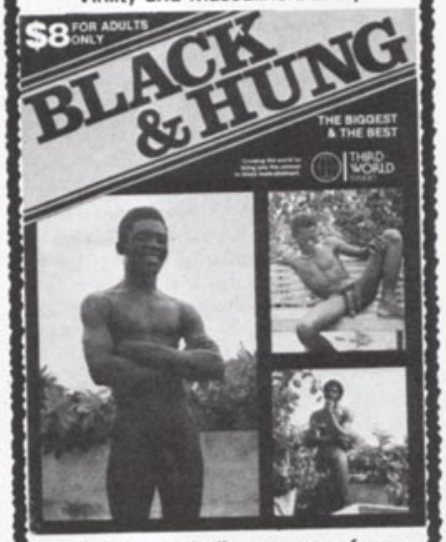

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"You got it," Joe said.

"See you, Pete," Brad called out as the trooper left them alone.

"This has been one helluva day," Joe said tiredly. "I think what I need is a hot shower and a cold beer."

"I think what I need is that big cock of yours," Brad said. He walked over to the burly, hairy construction worker and kissed him. The man's intimidating masculinity made him tremble slightly. The big, thickly muscled arms went around him, and a strong tongue thrust into his mouth forcefully. He smelled sweat and cum and piss, and he felt a big cock move and harden against his own. He ran exploring fingers over Joe's muscled back.

"Well," Joe said finally, pulling back, still rubbing his stiff, arched-out cock against Brad's. "My shower can fit two and I got plenty of beer in the icebox. Interested?"

"You bet your ass," Brad said.

A few hours later as Joe pulled his giant, cum-covered prick from Brad's insatiable mouth, having just finished his fourth orgasm, he said, "You're right, kid. It's been one helluva day."

KOCH-WATCH

Continued from page 7

stand up and clap, but I don't anticipate any major problems. As long as a person does his job he'll be accepted."

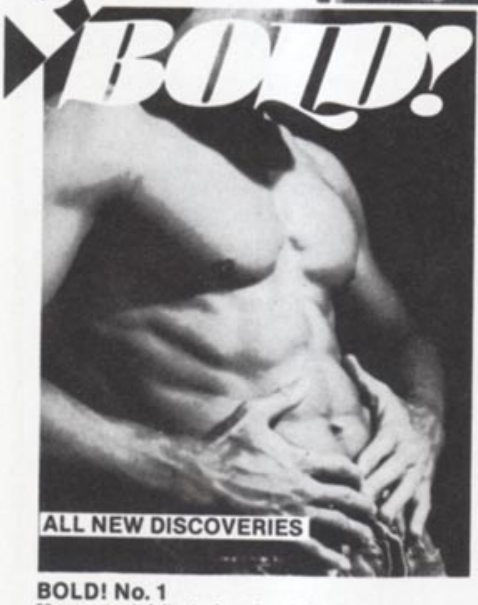
Completing its initial coverage of the issue of January 24, the *Times* prefaced the legal text of Koch's executive order with a short article stating that "sexual orientation or affectional preference" will be added to the standard list of things that cannot be used as a basis for bias: race, creed, color, national origin, sex or age. The order applies not only to the agencies the Mayor controls but to the contractors who do business with the city. Though there was some dispute over the definition of "affectional preference," which some interpreted as referring to those who may have a homosexual bent but who are not sexually active, Philip R. Trimble, the Mayor's counsel who drafted the order, stated that it is "intended to refer to homosexuality." According to the article, "bizarre behavior" does not apply, though no definition was given of the term, which may have to be explicated in the future in order to judge the discrimination cases that will undoubtedly come before the city courts now that the order is in effect.

Significantly, Koch's action was based on a moral concern, one that has affected not only the life of every homosexual but the life of anyone who has been the victim of bias. Attempting to play down the heated emotions over the issue when he met reporters in his City Hall office to talk about the order, Koch expressed the simple truth that lay at the heart of his decision, a truth that many have experienced but few have had the courage, or power, to enforce on a large scale. "All we are doing is not discriminating," Koch said. "I personally believe that you should not discriminate, that discrimination is immoral."

SUPERMAN

Continued from page 16

Again, were the images of people he has actually known and had sex with, of people actually known but never possessed, of idealized partners? And which sexual passages in erotic novels were used? Are the same



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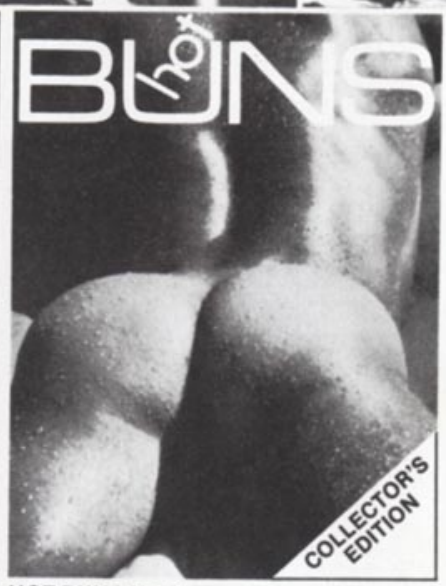

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passages used over and over again as a sexual stimulus?

A number of homosexuals quizzed, all in their 30s, said that their erotic fixations had varied widely through the years, corresponding to different stages of development in both their physical experimentation and emotional development. After years of involvement with men in their early 20s, a man may suddenly find that the erotic passages that stimulate him concern older men, hirsute, dominant, verging on s-and-m. A passage encountered by chance in an erotic novel may suddenly turn an individual on to water sports, a natural enough phenomenon since, as Voltaire once remarked: God, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to combine the sexual organ and the urinary tract! And that erotic passage, involving an older, hirsute, dominant man into water sports, may indeed spur an individual to seek out that sort of man and that sort of activity in reality.

Authors of erotic novels have sometimes, more intuitively than consciously, linked erotic literature, masturbation fantasies, and actual sexual encounters. An explicit example is the following, from Tom Rogers' erotic novel, *Come Free*, published by Surrey House, Inc.:

"Kent moved into position, slowly, ever so slowly, moving his buttocks down to Dave's young, virginal face. Dave's lips opened and his tongue came out to meet the dark, hot, hairy cleft. Its muscles were tight, holding it secure, until the wetness and soft licking relaxed them and allowed the tip of his tongue to enter."

"He'd read about rimming, again and again, in countless paperback books, and he felt as though he really knew what he was doing! It had been one of his best masturbation fantasies, thinking of putting his face against a guy's ass, against a guy's asscheeks, into the smelly crack, into the shithole...."

"He darted his tongue in and out, feeling the heat, the bitter-tasting warmth..."

In the above passage, there is a direct relationship between the character Dave's reading of erotic literature, his masturbation fantasies and the actual sexual encounter being described. Clearly, his erotic repertory is being expanded through these connections: literature, imagination, reality.

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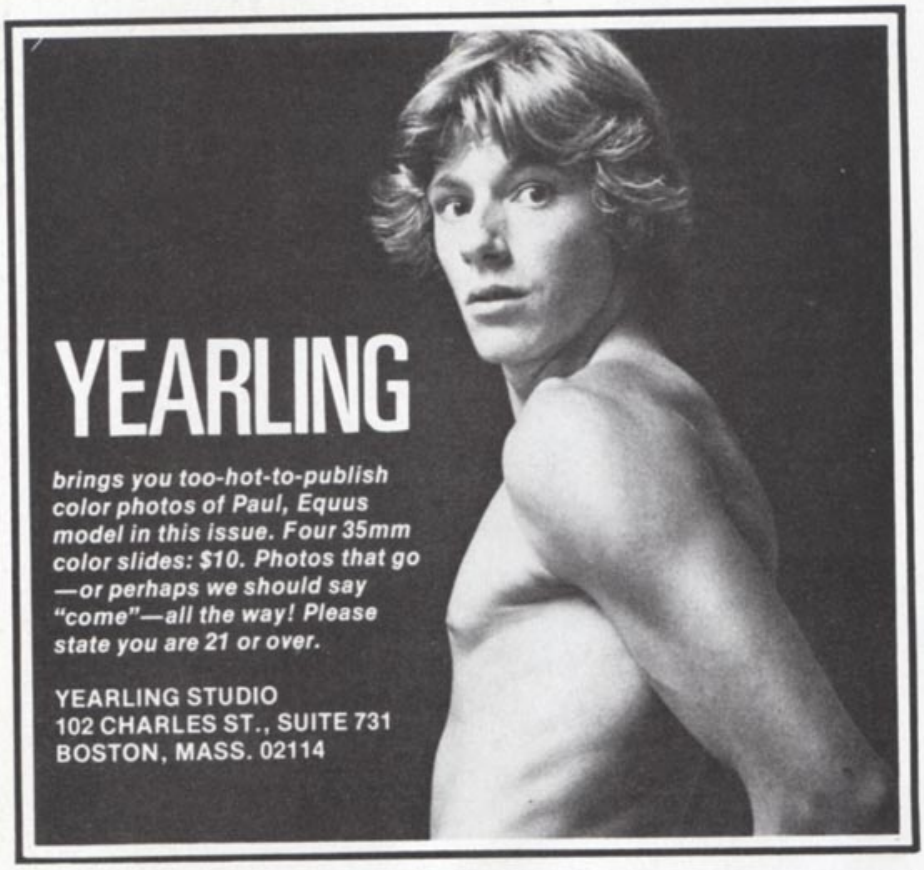

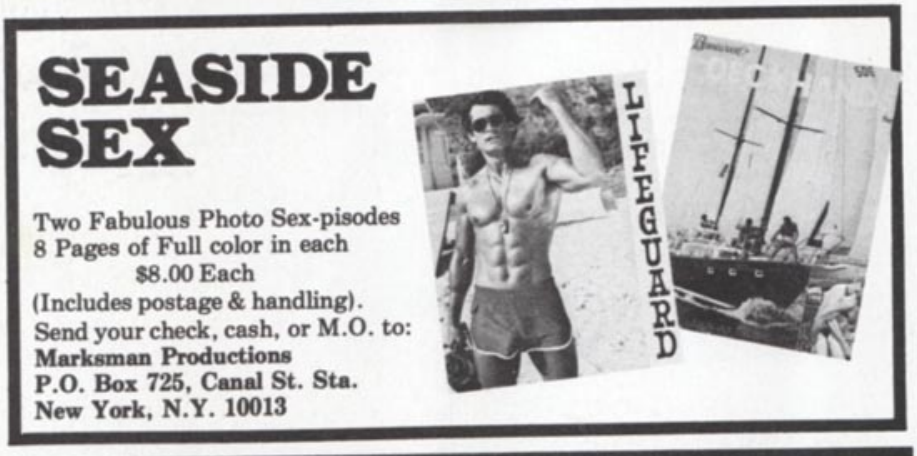

anti-pornography light by conservatives who might conceivably warp this thought to suggest that, for example, reading about rape stimulates rape. The contrary is probably true, as the Presidential Commission on Pornography and Obscenity discovered, only to have its findings dismissed by the Nixon White House. What this actually suggests is that erotic passages and the images they suscitate may make one curious about one's own potential in a given area; one may be tempted to explore. We are talking here about a subtle expanding of the self's possibility, not about mental activity leading to pathological rape or murder.

To get back to the core of the matter, the images one conjures during masturbation, the erotic passages that most stimulate one (and these passages will differ, changing, as one develops), the thoughts that obsessively bombard the mind—all these, if scrutinized *after the fact*, can lead one positively to reassess one's sexual life. Is one locked in patterns of repression and guilt? Is one expanding out to encompass other people? Is one seeking one's own sexual gratification rather selfishly, or is one open to other people's desires? Is one locked repetitively into limited sexual rituals that keep one from positively discovering one's actual potential?

In other words, the images one conjures during masturbation lead to *all* the sexual issues, since memory and imagination interweave, revealing both the past and the possibility.

In upcoming issues, *Honcho* will seek to shed illuminating light on a variety of issues: How do alcohol and drugs tangibly affect one's actual sexual performance, and what sort of psychological reaction is there? How can promiscuity be reconciled with one's desire to have a lover? In a related vein, just how "normal" is fidelity, is it desirable, or is it a vestige of an outdated morality of obsolete absolutes?

Honcho will discuss these issues very graphically, utilizing specific sexual examples, in frank language, to illustrate its points. But the passages quoted are not, obviously, an end in themselves, but a means toward understanding an enormously complicated animal, man, and the aspect of his being that either fulfills him, giving him a whole sense of self, or undercuts his stability, fragmenting him: his sexuality.

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