ADVOCATE

MEN

FEBRUARY 85

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FICTION

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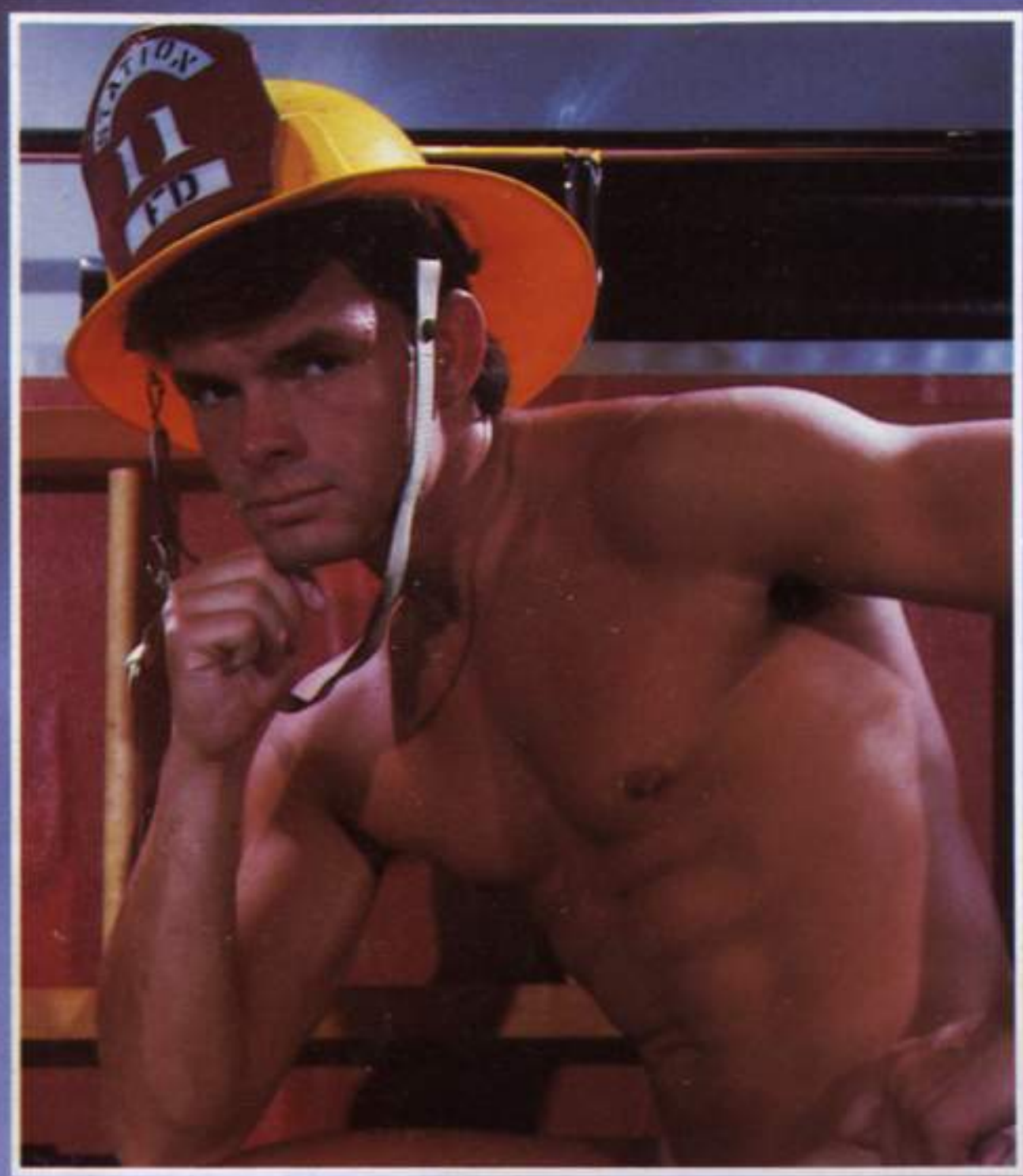

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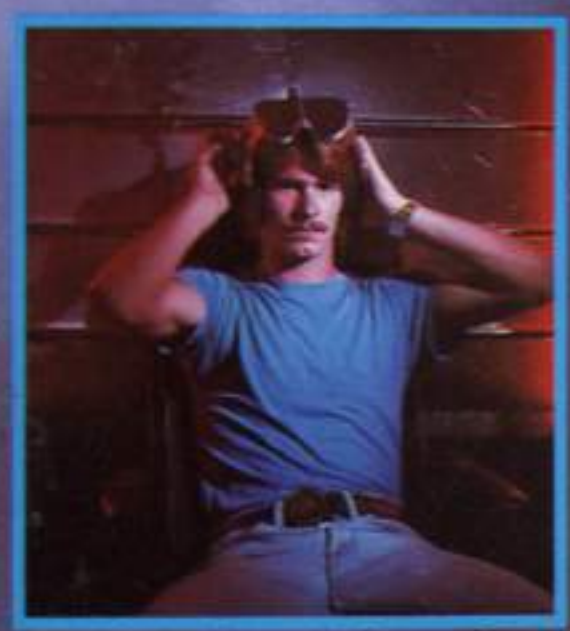

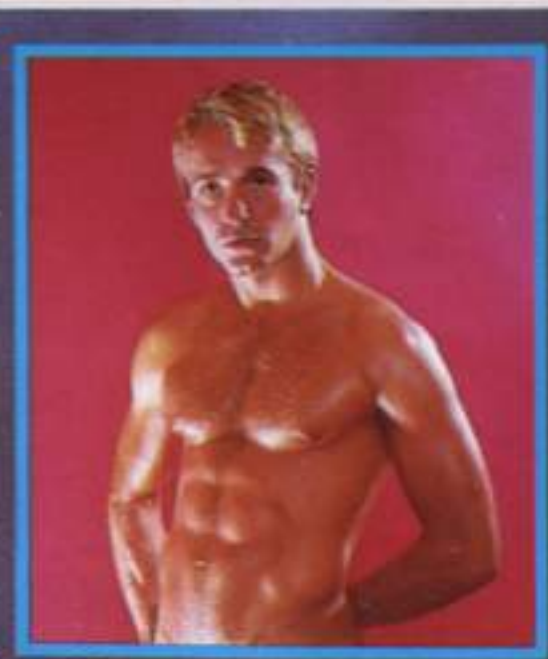

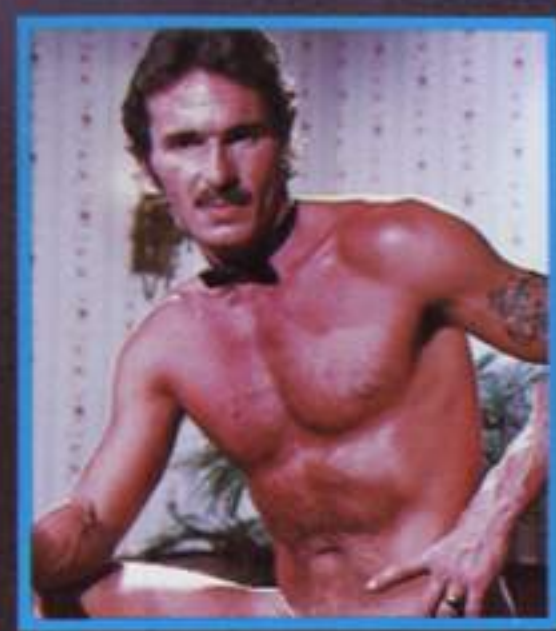

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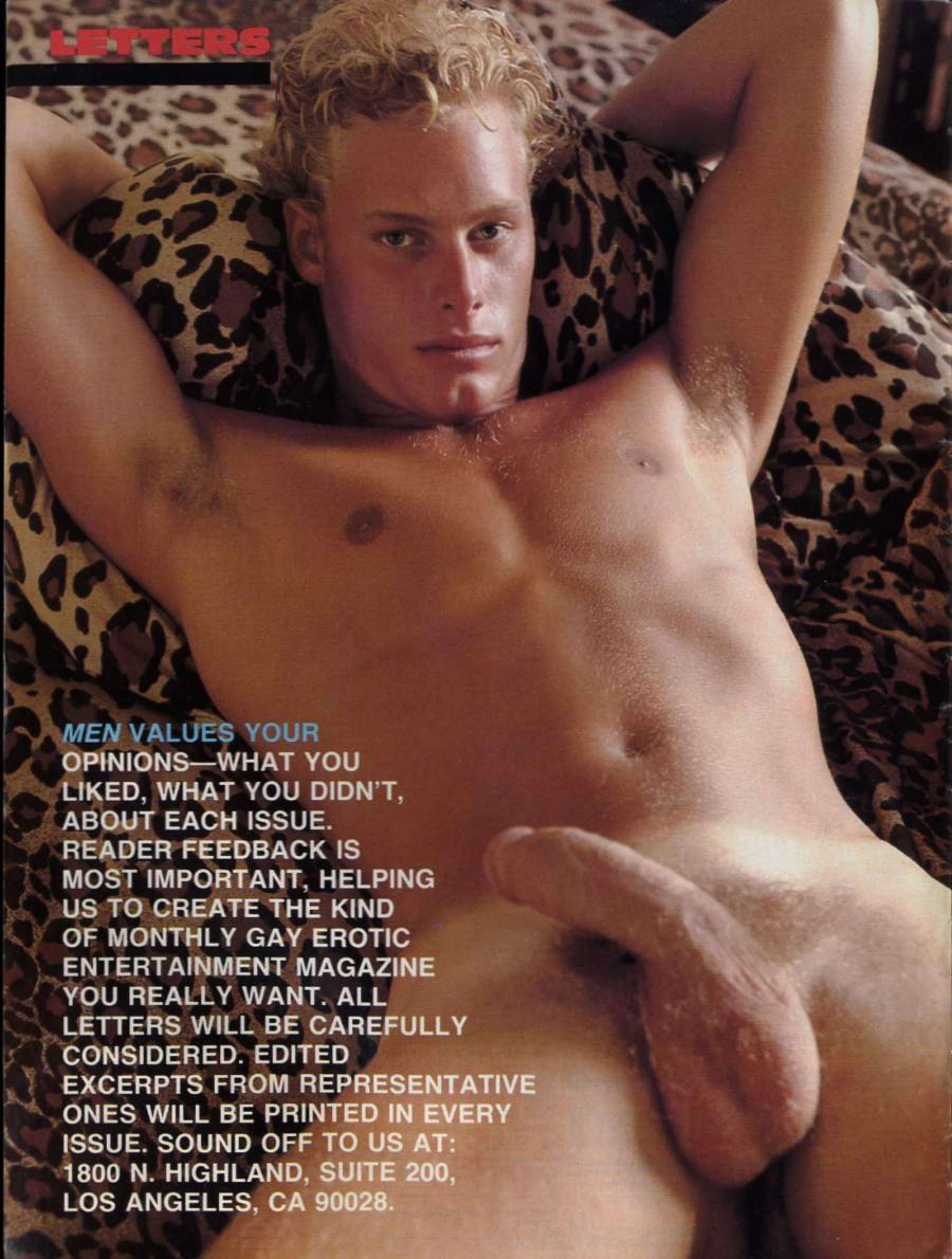

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ADVOCATE MEN

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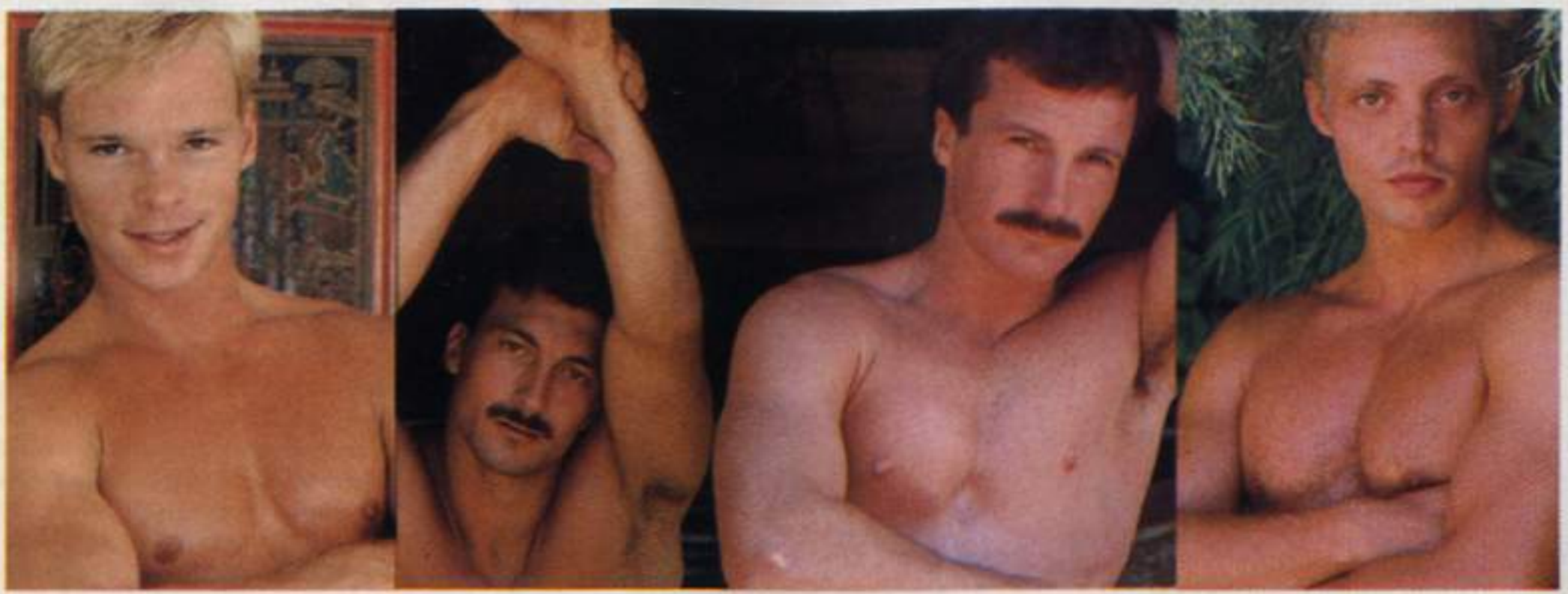

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LETTERS

SOMETHING OF CLASS

Congratulations on your first four issues! You are providing something for everyone: fiction of style with unusually erotic themes; pictorials representing men of all races with one thing in common – extreme physical attractiveness; lush graphics beautifully reproduced; and a variety of articles for the thinking man.

One statement you made in your premier issue's coverage of Colt Thomas was the enhanced sexual appeal of the minimally concealed male physique. The suggestion of what lies under the ridges and creases of a small triangle of leather is to me more provocative than the closest close-up of a hard-on.

I shall continue to look forward to forthcoming issues, as I really believe you're on to something of class here.

J. R.
Los Angeles, CA

ROMERO WINS

I thought you'd shot your wad with Darren Moore in the Premier Issue of *Advocate MEN*, but now Issue Four comes up with a winner in Romero Davis. If you continue bringing these gorgeous black men to your pages, I'm going to have to subscribe.

A. R.
New York, NY

MORE ROMERO

My heart's still palpitating. I just sniff those steamy pages of Romero Davis (Issue 4) and it's like a whiff of poppers. Boy, does he turn me on! Thanks for discovering a hunk like that and presenting him so beautifully and substantially, if you get my drift.

M. W.
San Francisco, CA

PETERBILT DAVIS

Nothing could be more appropriate than a Peterbilt tanktop on Romero Davis (Issue 4). I'll say his peter's built.

L. C.
Tucson, AZ

BREAKING BARRIERS

Thanks for attempting to break the racial/ethnic barrier in your fine magazine. Now, how about going for the age/body-type barrier? I have nothing against slim, muscular types, but I'd really enjoy seeing some big, husky, stocky, hairy, bearded, balding, daddy-bear MEN. Now!

R. J.
San Francisco, CA

BISONNES GENIUS

Frankly, *Advocate MEN* is one of the finest magazines for the gay reader that I've come

across, and I have at one time or another subscribed to them all. I don't know how you managed to latch onto Fred Bisonnes, but hold on to that genius, even if you have to "give him Lanvin." I especially like his reviews of the current movies.

J. I.
Bonita Springs, FL

HICKS' PIX

It's obvious Mick Hicks (Issue 4) is a fine photographer, but why waste four full pages on just two shots, dramatic as they may be. I'd have preferred seeing more of his work.

R. D.
Chicago, IL

WEIRD 'N WONDERFUL

Weird as they are, the drawings of Olaf Odegaard in Issue 4 are wonderful. Incredible, in fact. I'm still going back for another look and discovering little details I hadn't seen before. The man must be some kind of mad genius.

C. T.
Atlanta, GA

TABOO TATTOO

Too bad Cole Taylor (Issue 4) spoiled an otherwise perfect (and enticing) butt with a silly tattoo. What a turnoff!

G. A.
St. Louis, MO

TATTOO TURN-ON

Cole Taylor (Issue 4) is turn-on enough, but add those sexy tattoos and I'm well on my way to you-know-where. Thanks a lot, guys, for capturing the sensual details.

B. C.
Jackson, MS

MARSHALL FORCES

Those shots of Kurt Marshall in Issue 4 force me to write and let you *Advocate MEN* folks know you've tapped my fantasies. And the opening page shot of Kurt by Bisonnes is exquisite. Keep this up and you'll keep me up.

W. M. C.
Salt Lake City, UT

CURT KURT

I have only one complaint about the gorgeous spread on Kurt Marshall (Issue 4). Here you titillate us with one of the most gorgeous men ever and don't even bother to give us one full shot of what must be a fantastic butt. From letters I've read in past issues, this seems typical of *Advocate MEN*. May I remind you once again that there are readers out here who enjoy looking at male ass?

C. T.
Buffalo, NY

LETTERS

BARDEWYCK'S BUTT

Finally, at last, butts in *Advocate MEN*. And Arturo Bardewyck's butt in Issue 3 is one of the best I've ever seen. Thanks for those winking blinking shots of shaved hole. How about more?

V. L.
Cambridge, MA

VIDEO HYPOCRISY?

I don't know whether to find Fred Bisonnes' "Video Review" comments on ingesting cum serious or pure hypocrisy. Ingesting cum isn't the only aspect of male sex forbidden under the current "safe sex" guidelines. Fucking without a condom is forbidden. So is rimming. So are fisting and golden showers. Yet Bisonnes never comments on or condemns those acts in the films he reviews. Does he believe in half-safe sex or quarter-safe sex or eighth-safe sex? Just what does he believe?

And, if Bisonnes' reviews reflect the policy of the magazine, why does its fiction allow ingesting of cum ("The Taking of Tits Capra" and "Transfigured Night" Issue 2)? This month's fiction also contains rimming, fucking without a condom and fisting – all forbidden under the current AIDS "safe sex" guidelines.

Get your act together, fellas, and sit on one side of the fence or the other. Trying to straddle the fence and make noises like a sanctimonious angel cheapens your entire publication.

R. L.
Los Angeles, CA

ROCKS OFF FOR RIZZOLI

That low-slung, super-hung, uncut schlong of Rocco Rizzoli's in Issue 3 really helped me get my own hot rocks off – all over Rocco's mean face. Keep up that kind of fantasy and you'll keep a devoted and panting reader.

K. D.
Omaha, NB

DONELAN DELIGHTS

I've been delighted with Donelan cartoons in *The ADVOCATE* for years and love his color cartoons in *Advocate MEN*. Issue 3's Donelan has to be one of the funniest I've ever seen. Is Donelan ever going to publish a book (or two or three) of his work?

M. T.
Phoenix, AZ

CASTRATED CENTERFOLD

Come on guys. You do something nice like a fold-out centerfold and then you fuck it up by leaving out the most important part of the model. Why castrate your own

centerfold like you did in Issue 3? Huh? Tell me, why?

R. U.
Bakersfield, CA

JOURDAN SHOTS

I'll let Alain Jourdan (Issue 4) photograph my "architecture" any old time, if he'll let me play with his "plumbing." I mean, enough is enough is enough.

E. R.
San Jose, CA

FORE SCORE

Finally, some foreskin. And what a hunk Alain Jourdan (Issue 4) is. I don't dare describe the fantasies I've had since seeing him in *Advocate MEN*. You just might print them. But seriously, more foreskin, please. Not to be facetious, but it does add something to those beautiful cocks.

J. S.
Washington, DC

MANLY JOURDAN

My preference of models in Issue 4 goes to Alain Jourdan. The other models are pretty, well built and all that, but young. Jourdan looks like a man, and I thought that's what *MEN* was supposed to be about. How about showing us more of the 30 to 40 crowd. That's what I look for when I'm out cruising. By the way, I'm 23 and looking for those dreamy daddies.

M. C. D.
Houston, TX

HEART PILLS

Advocate MEN is of excellent quality. The stories are interesting, the pictures clear and concise and the nudes! Being a D.O.M. (Dirty Old Man) of 67 with a slight heart condition, I look and then run to take a heart pill. I enjoy the nudes not to fantasize, but to admire the beauty of the male body.

S. C.
Brooklyn, NY

MANHOOD SPECTRUM

I'm pleased to see the full spectrum of manhood presented in your magazine. We do come in every size, shape and color, and it's about time the diverse reality of this be recognized in print. Men are in. Stay there.

L. J. W.
Chicago, IL

TOLBE FAN

I applaud the excellent choice of Joe Tolbe in Issue 2. Thank you for recognizing that not everyone shares the same taste. Not only is Tolbe physically a sensual treat, but his attitude is a welcome change. Well-endowed Caucasian males are attractive, but so are other males (as demonstrated well by Darren Moore in Issue 1), and it is a genuine pleasure to find your magazine not only presenting Joe Tolbe's handsome cock but also his beautiful ass.

E. B.
San Francisco, CA

HOT AND NOT

One man's opinion of Volume 1, Number 2. Hot: Tom of Finland's "Showcase," Donelan, Trev Michaels' face, "The Taking of Tits Capra," Roy Ourso (you can put him in my centerfold anytime). Not Hot: Everything else. Better luck next time.

J. D.
Oakland, CA

LEFT OUT TURN-ON

Am delighted with the first few issues of *Advocate MEN*. Keep up the good work. Was really excited by Darren Moore. Do hope you will regularly feature black men, Mexican men, Asian men, etc. Also, please do use mature, older men. I am so tired of young faces and bodies without character lines or maturity features.

Your survey (Issue Two) left out a feature that I find to be a turn-on, and that is a friendly personality with a sense of humor. The over-anxious individual leaves me cold.

B. S.
Modesto, CA

MORE SEX, PLEASE

As a fellow writer who occasionally dabbles in erotic fiction, I must send off this note to let you know how much I've enjoyed the work of Art Boyce in *Advocate MEN*. His style is vivid, smooth and readable; the characters are real and subjectively identifiable; the plots are convincing and seductive—just what I personally look for when I read erotica. I do wish, however, that Boyce would indulge in lengthier and more graphic sex scenes. Just when he gets me started, there are no more words on the page, and I find that my own mind is conjuring up images that I wished Boyce had more directly triggered with his own fine prose.

P. D.
Guerneville, CA

KUDOS FOR KENNEDY

I really loved the spread on Rick Kennedy in Issue 2. I think I'm in love. The article "The Taking of Tits Capra" really turned me on, too, keep up the good work.

E. D. T.
Chino, CA

OURSO ON MY MIND

Wow! When I saw Roy Ourso in Issue 2, I nearly creamed in my pants. He's out of this world. The people at *Advocate MEN* must have read my mind. This is the sort of hunk I adore. I especially love his unshaven, rugged look that just makes me want to run my long fingernails all over him.

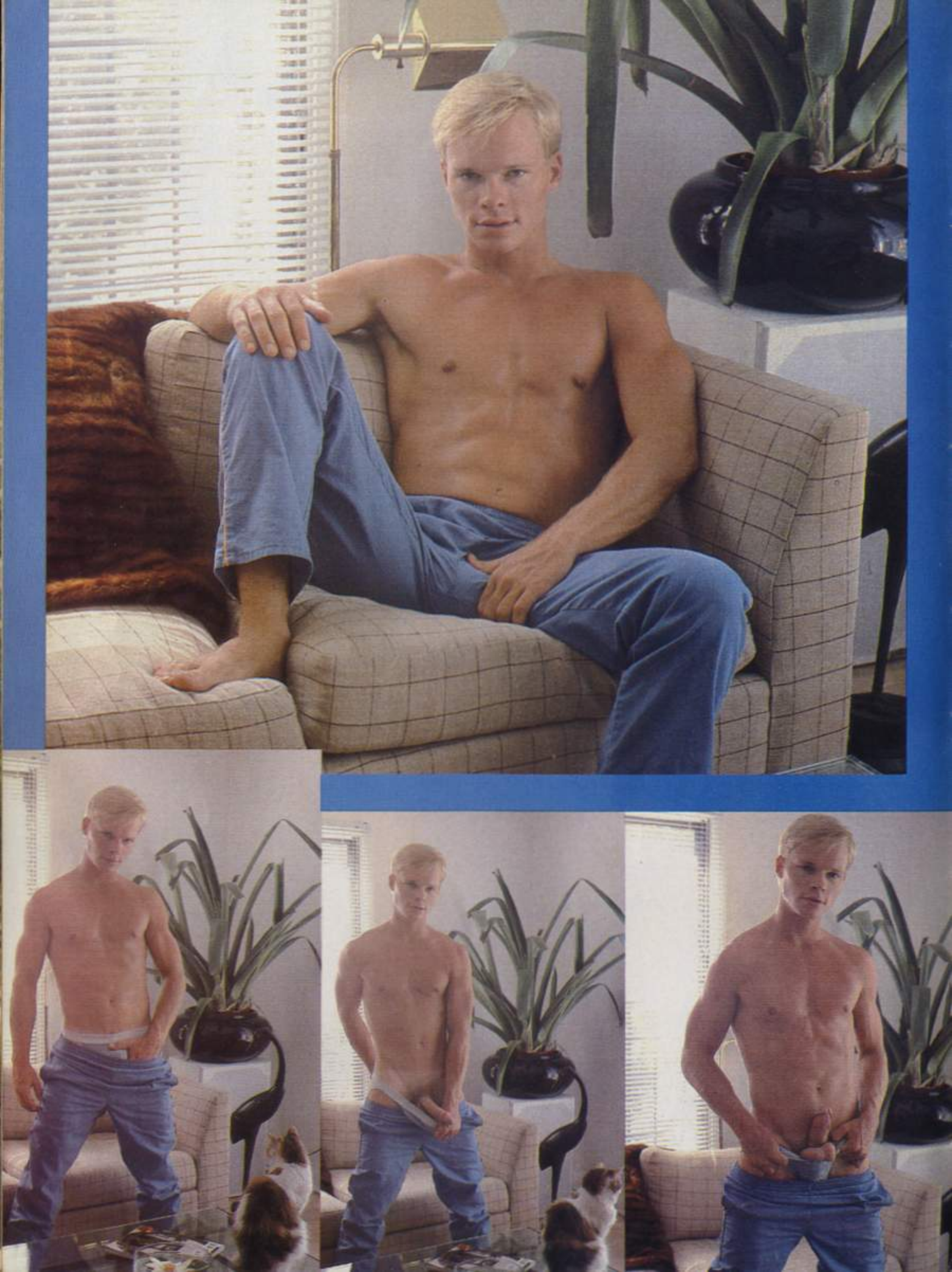
D. P.
Brooklyn, NY

Photos by Bisonnes

JIM BENTLEY

If the face looks familiar, you may have seen Jim Bentley singing in one of your favorite nightspots or acting bigger than life on the silver screen. And, if he has his way, you'll be seeing even more of him.

"I'm going to be an actor," Jim notes with a confident tone, "and that's not just a dream. It's a commitment to myself. The competition is fierce and the work is hard. I have no illusions about that. It may be a dream, but it's a dream I'm working very hard to turn into a reality."



Aggressive and sure of himself at 24, Bentley's blue-eyed and blond good looks top a spectacular body. "It's part of the hard work if you're pursuing this kind of career. Your body has to be in good shape at all times," Jim explains. "So I maintain a regular workout schedule."

Vocal lessons and lots of practicing to keep his voice in shape fill up other hours of Jim's busy days.

"And then there's the most difficult part of all," he explains. "That's selling yourself, your talent. You just have to keep that part of your life up or you lose out. Nobody's discovered at Schwab's and made into a star overnight. It's more like being discovered after 10 years of strenuous effort."

Any room for fun in this busy man's life? "Well, I try not to be a 'dull boy,' all work and no play," he says grinning. "To relax, I get away from it all in Puerto Vallarta. It's close and inexpensive. Or I go to one of the popular local spots where I can surround myself with handsome, friendly men. That relaxes me too."

And where might that be? *Advocate MEN* asks.

Jim Bentley just smiles.

THE SKY LOOKED BRUISED

by Robert Glück

[Author's Note: "The Sky Looked Bruised . . ." is part of a novel called Jack the Modernist. *The events are taken from my life, perhaps you will recognize some of them from your life. My "fictions" try to understand events rather than make up new ones; in fact, the only name I changed was Jack's—he asked me to. Some of the characters in* Jack the Modernist, *my friends, began their literary existence in* Elements of a Coffee Service, *a book of stories published by Four Seasons Foundation. Those stories, and this novel, are part of a three-book series whose themes are desire, power, danger and safety. The following episode is set in 1981, before the onset of the AIDS epidemic. In those days I would have gone (did go) to the baths and liberally exchange bodily fluids; now I don't. But I wanted to understand and record my experience of the baths, and also to bid them a fond farewell—at least for the time being.]*

On the way home I asked Jack about Cyrus. Low, Tranquil clouds made the sky a ceiling only slightly higher than the one we had just left. It was getting to be twilight; the dull resonance of space was like two rows of improbable cypresses, extravagant foliage depicted in a perspective into which Jack and I were drawn. Jack said, "I think he's nice."

"What constitutes his niceness?" The silence was a long organ note.

Jack retreated, he looked lost. The liquor had worn him out. He ran his fingers through his curls as though dispensing with me. His face was drawn, white showed around his irises, and his sentences dropped. "He's interesting."

"How so? You mean you like his cock?" I asked smiling, a crisp fan of malice opening to the full semicircle.

"No, he's amusing."

I looked to see if Jack were concealing his irritation; apparently there was none to conceal. His face read: polite interest, slightly bored. "He *amuses* you, does he?" I snorted."That's on the same scale as liking his cock."

Jack didn't seem to appreciate the extent of his wrongdoing, and in fact neither did I. Cyrus *was* nice, interesting, amusing, and I was boring even myself; I had lapsed into a part written for a moron; I was about two sentences away from "I'll scratch his eyes out!" Jack fucks Cyrus—so what? I might have bickered with the twilight for its lack of resolution. Cyrus wasn't going to elope with Jack's heart any more than I was. We had projected ourselves into Jack at 200 miles per hour, but he had not been there to catch us. Jack, where are you?

Asleep. While I showered, preparing for a festival of the senses, having had enough for a while of love's festival of meaning, Jack took off his overalls and pulled up my narcissus sheets and started breathing regularly at once. I thought of Joe-Toe. As Joe-Toe I climbed up the ladder of Jack's breath into bed, thinking, "Anyone who really knew Joe-Toe knew that lying on his right side meant masturbation. For Joe-Toe, sleep was left-handed." Pieces of male bodies replaced themselves on my mind's screen, like the bathhouse ads, muscular thigh, veined belly, lower back ropy and intricate, ass smooth naïve exploitable: Fuck me, I am drenched with water, darkness and availability. Jack rolled over. Without opening his eyes he said, "Let me look at your torso." After a moment he continued, gesturing theatrically with his perfect hand. "When I jilt you ... or when you jilt me ... or we both dump each other ... don't feel bitter or frozen or 'knocked up.' I can see by looking at you that you like to fuck and suck." Then he commenced his steady breath. He was saying that to Joe-Toe, I guessed.

"Why should I suffer?" I thought glumly. I got out of bed and went to the baths. There I did find pieces of bodies, several bodies in fact. They didn't want to chat with me or read the *Chronicle* together or watch *Charlie's Angels* on TV—well, neither

IN THE FIRST PLACE I WAS NAKED, THEIR EYES AND HANDS ON MY BODY CONFIRMED THAT. IN THE SECOND PLACE I WAS DESIRED. IN THE THIRD PLACE I WAS PENETRATED, WHICH PUT ME IN A CLASS BY MYSELF.

did Jack, he hated the ordinary. But they did want to fuck. One man eased his cock into my ass. My asshole went from opaque to transparent as he lifted me off the floor and fucked me slowly with authority while another blew me and occasionally took my balls in his mouth while still another tongued my nipples and kissed me and many others touched my body lightly as though they were sensual Greek breezes. I recall a heavyset man at the baths who stood getting fucked and blown. His partner rammed him and broke the code of no words with shouts of *fuck* and *shit* while the chunky man gazed down modestly at the blowjob. Was he embarrassed or completely absorbed, concentrating on his insides? Impossible to tell. His thick body seemed amazingly stable given the violence of the thrusts. My body was held in place. When I realized that, I relaxed backward, releasing my ass and letting my head loll – the man fucking me acknowledged my shift with a whispered *ha* that seemed triumphant. Men stood around, serious, watching us as I had gravely watched the chunky man. We watched the pleasure rather than the men, feeling the potential interchangeability. One of them masturbated me; others tended me respectfully because the one who is fucked induces awe by his extreme exposure. To look someone in the eye or call out his name would have been intrusive: Their collective mind said *He's doing it*, which my finite mind repeated. Although they masturbated themselves in order to obtain immediate knowledge of my excitement, it was as spectators that they solemnly shared in what my pleasure revealed. In the first place I was naked, their eyes and hands on my body confirmed that. In the second place I was desired. In the third place I was penetrated, which put me in a class by myself. The hand on my cock short-circuited pain, vouchsafing the more resonant pleasure from the cock in my ass – resonant pleasure, eager ass. *Do that* I said mentally. Complexity dropped away. I was set, things were settled, the purely physical deepened, or rather became more incisive, more pressing, relegating any previous terms as though I were now a body torn into existence. I, my identity, was more and more my body, so I/it cried out with each released breath, not to express myself but as a by-product of physical absorption. But the spasms that were not me overtook and became me along with a sense of dread; I felt like a tooth being pulled. I covered my eyes as though my hand were a fan, and laughed once with excitement and dismay; I yielded to the gathering fullness with shame as though I pissed thinking *everyone can see me*, and glanced down with confusion at my sperm.

Getting fucked and masturbated produces an orgasm that can be read two ways, like the picture of the Victorian woman with her sensual hair piled up who gazes into the mirror of her vanity table. Then the same lights and darks reveal a different set of contours: Her head becomes one eye, the reflection of her face the other eye, and her mirror becomes the dome of a grinning skull/woman/skull/woman/skull – I wanted my orgasm to fall between those images. *That's not really a place.* I know. The pious Victorian named his visual pun "Vanity." I rename it "Identity." I relinquished the firm barrier that separated us – no, that separated me from nothing. I might have liked to shoot far for boundlessness, but when I get fucked in the ass that rarely happens, it just spills.

A part of me that was always busy was now totally at rest. I closed my eyes from intensity. A driving storm of New Wave music beat four four against the silence. My eyes opened randomly on dramatic tableaux circled by darkness, like the passionate kiss illumined by a flash of lightning in a Victorian novel, darkness parting before that embrace and joining after it –

: a waist arching calls attention to the nipples and sends the smooth ass backward giving access – someone slowly kneels

Continued on page 64

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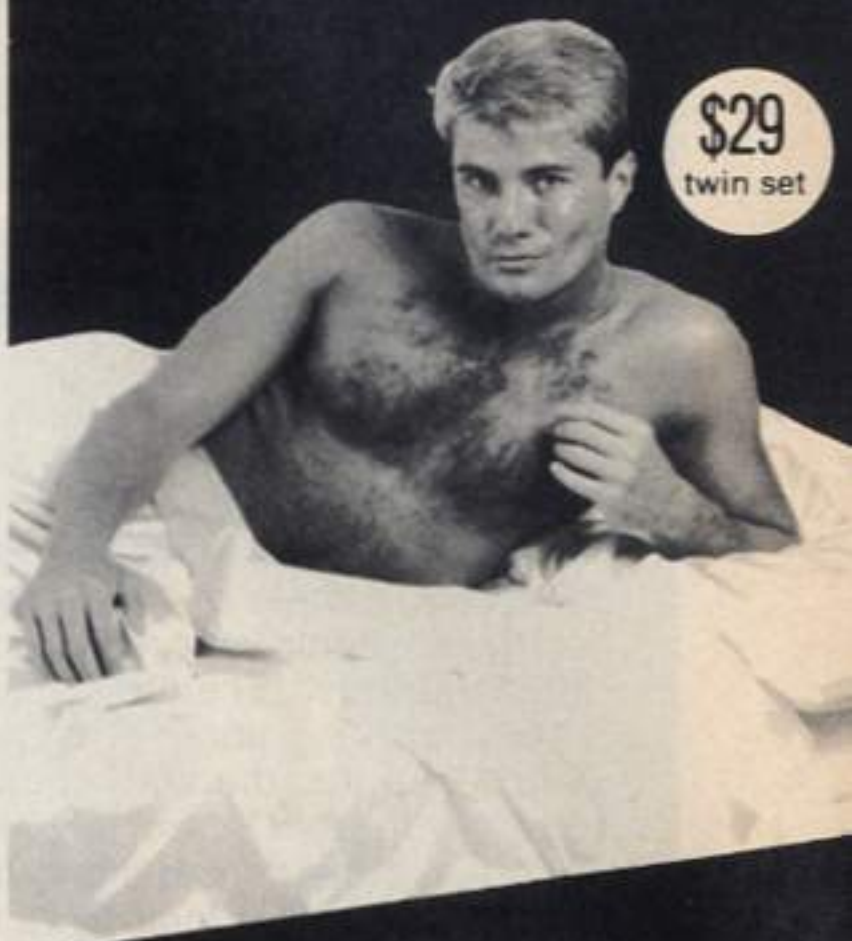

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SHOWCASE

PORTRAITS

"What the hell—some people get their kicks racing cars, others play war games. If nothing else, drawing keeps me off the streets."

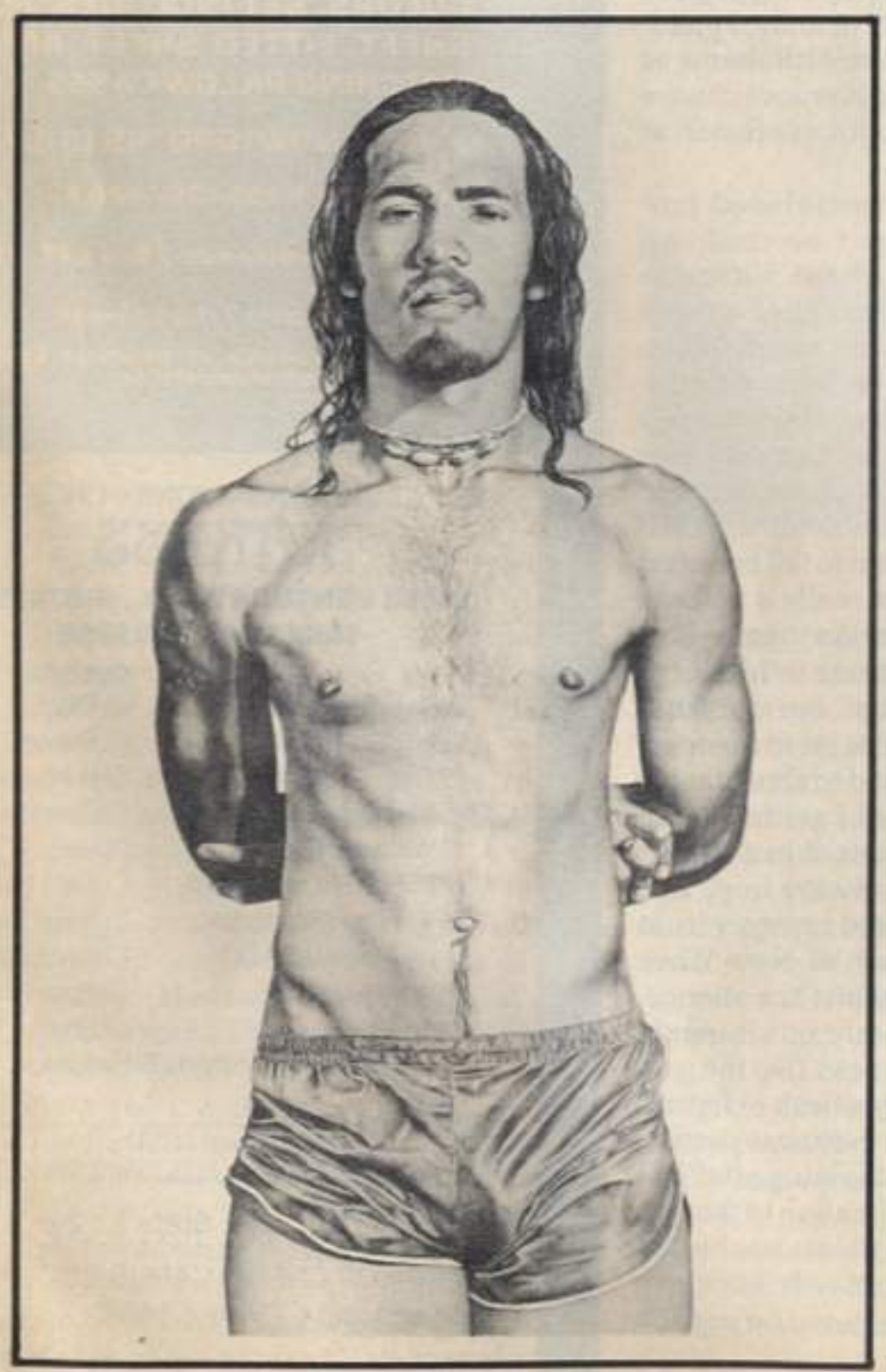
So says South African-born artist John Dinsdale. This sample of his sensuously detailed "portraits" should keep readers of *Advocate MEN* "off the streets" for quite some time.

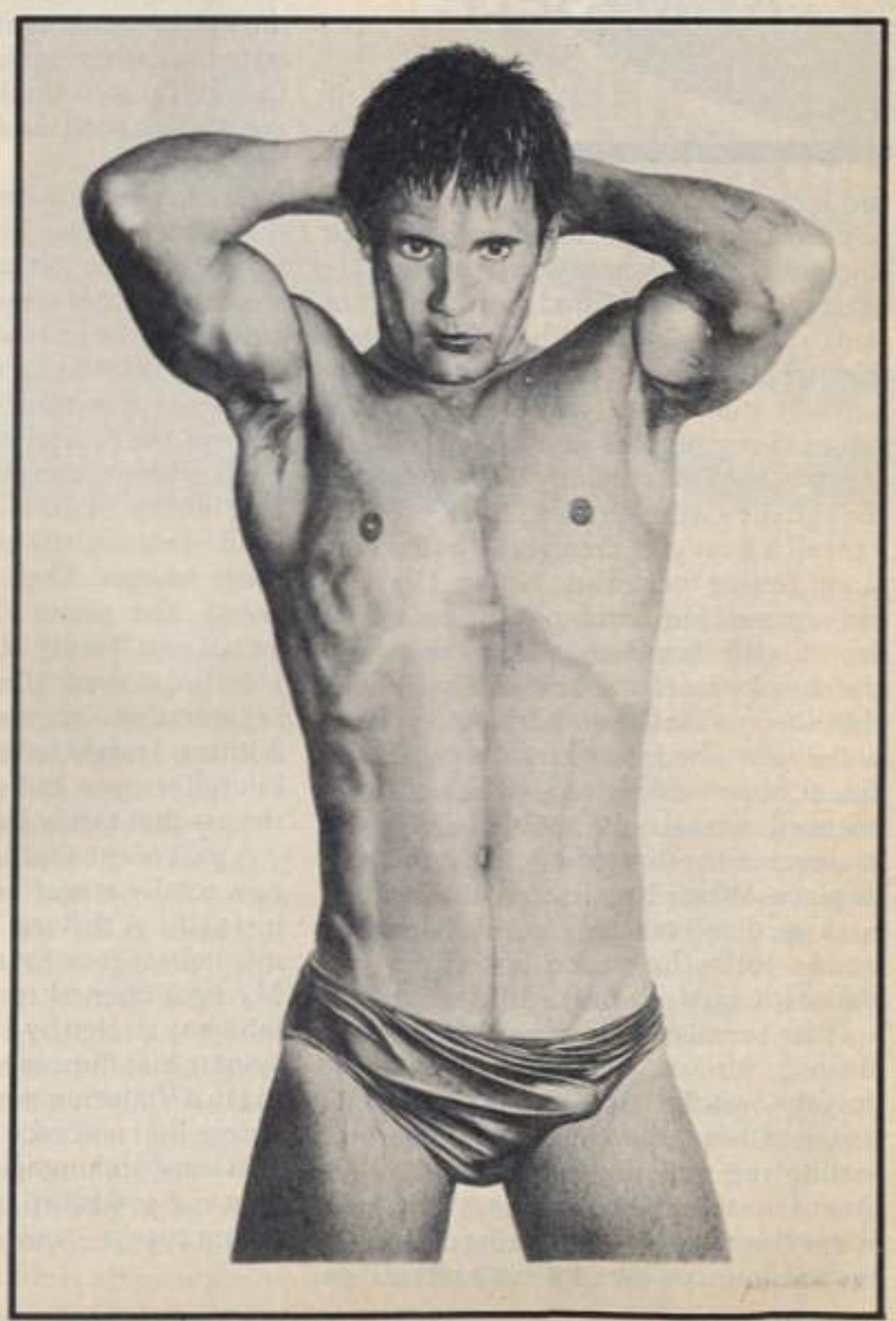
Most striking about Dinsdale's meticulous work? Textures: the soft, shiny folds of swimsuits; the crinkled look of leather; the immediacy of body hair, veins and muscles that beg to be touched. Near photographic in their play of light and shadow, Dinsdale's portrayals of male sexuality range from the bare-bottomed Durban lifeguard to the offbeat, tattooed torso; from the comic mugging of a sexy young man to the grim seriousness of a muscled midget.

"They are portraits of individuals I have happened upon," Dinsdale notes. "These pieces were enjoyable to execute, but in retrospect they seem somewhat hedonistic and inadequate, in view of the world's problems."

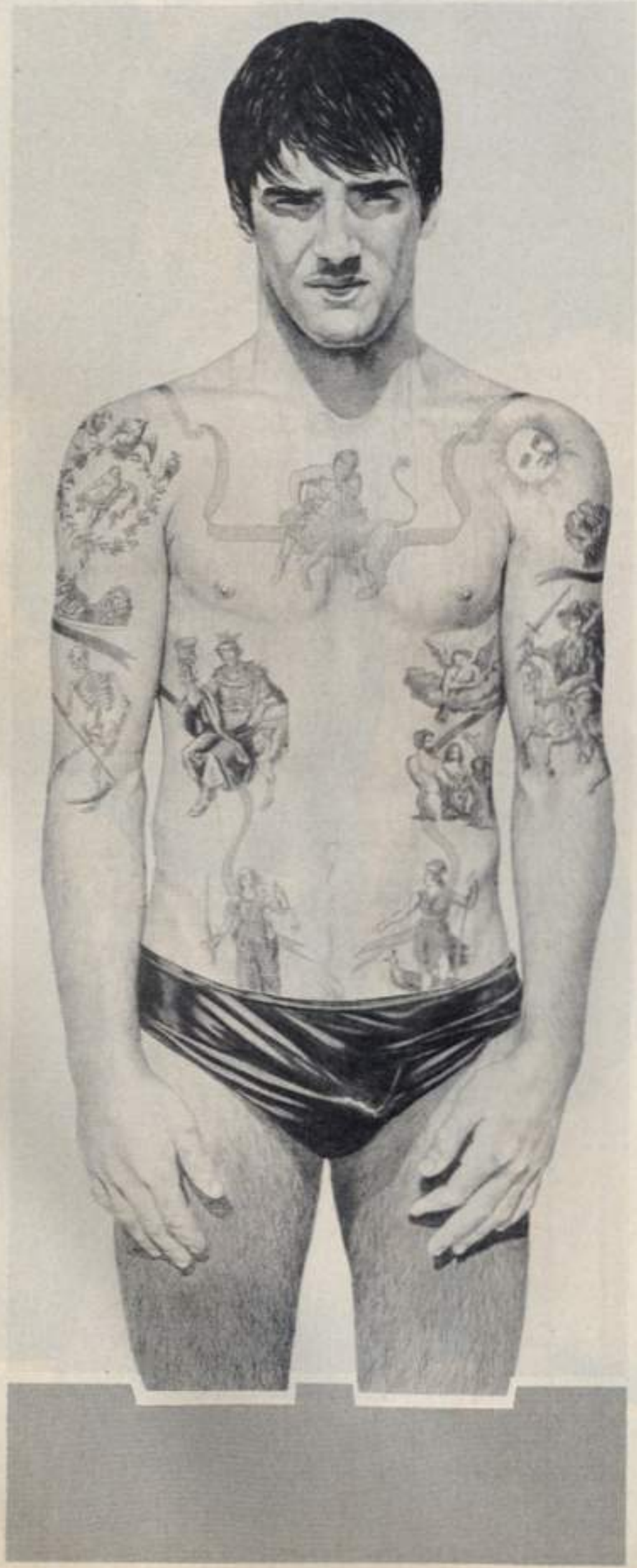
Obviously an artist with a social conscience, Dinsdale studied art in Durban, where his work has been exhibited at the Natal Artists Guild and the Cape Town Triennial. In the United States, his work can be seen at New York's The Basement Gallery.

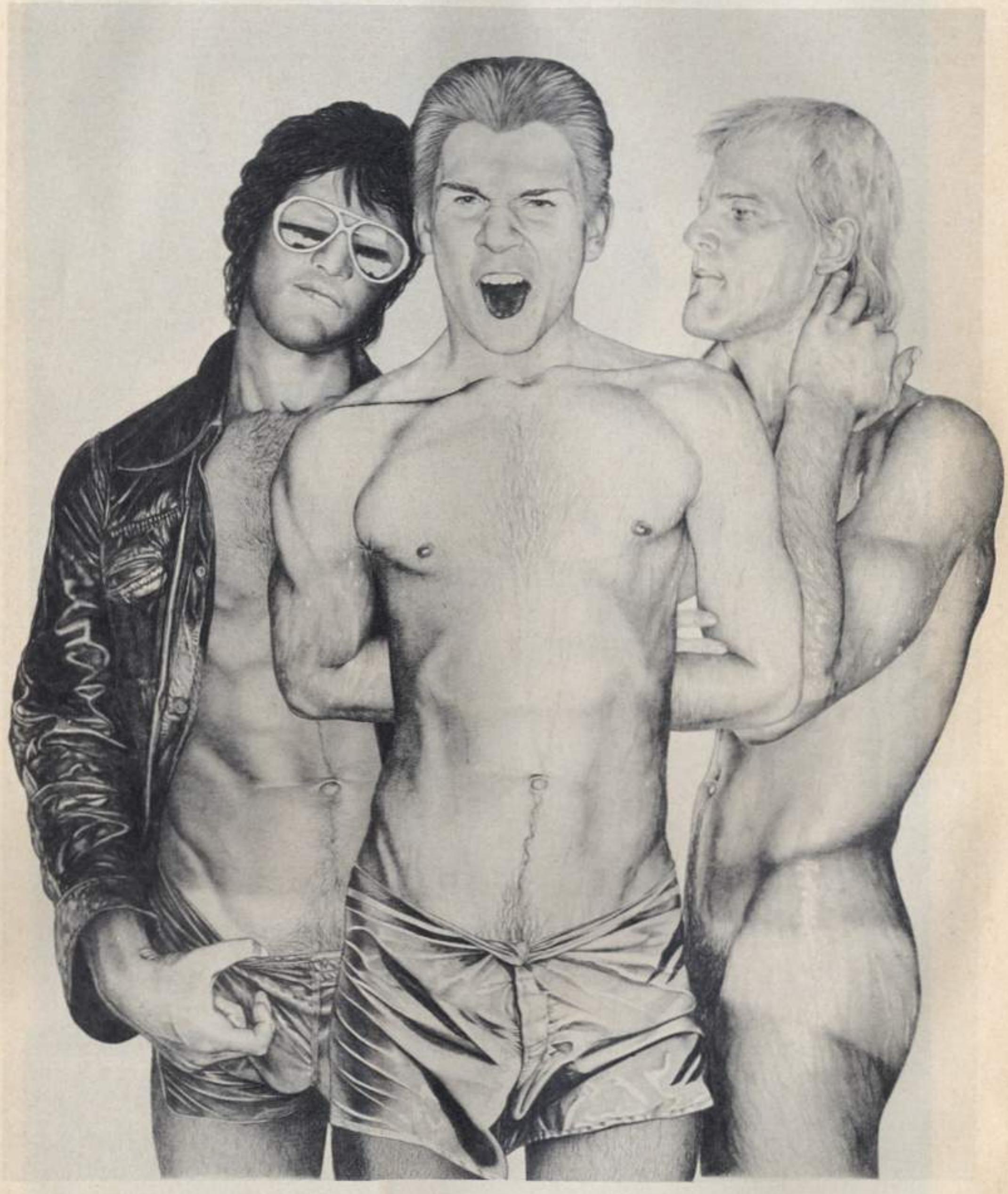
For more information about Dinsdale and his work, contact The Basement Gallery, 127 Prince St., New York, NY 10012.

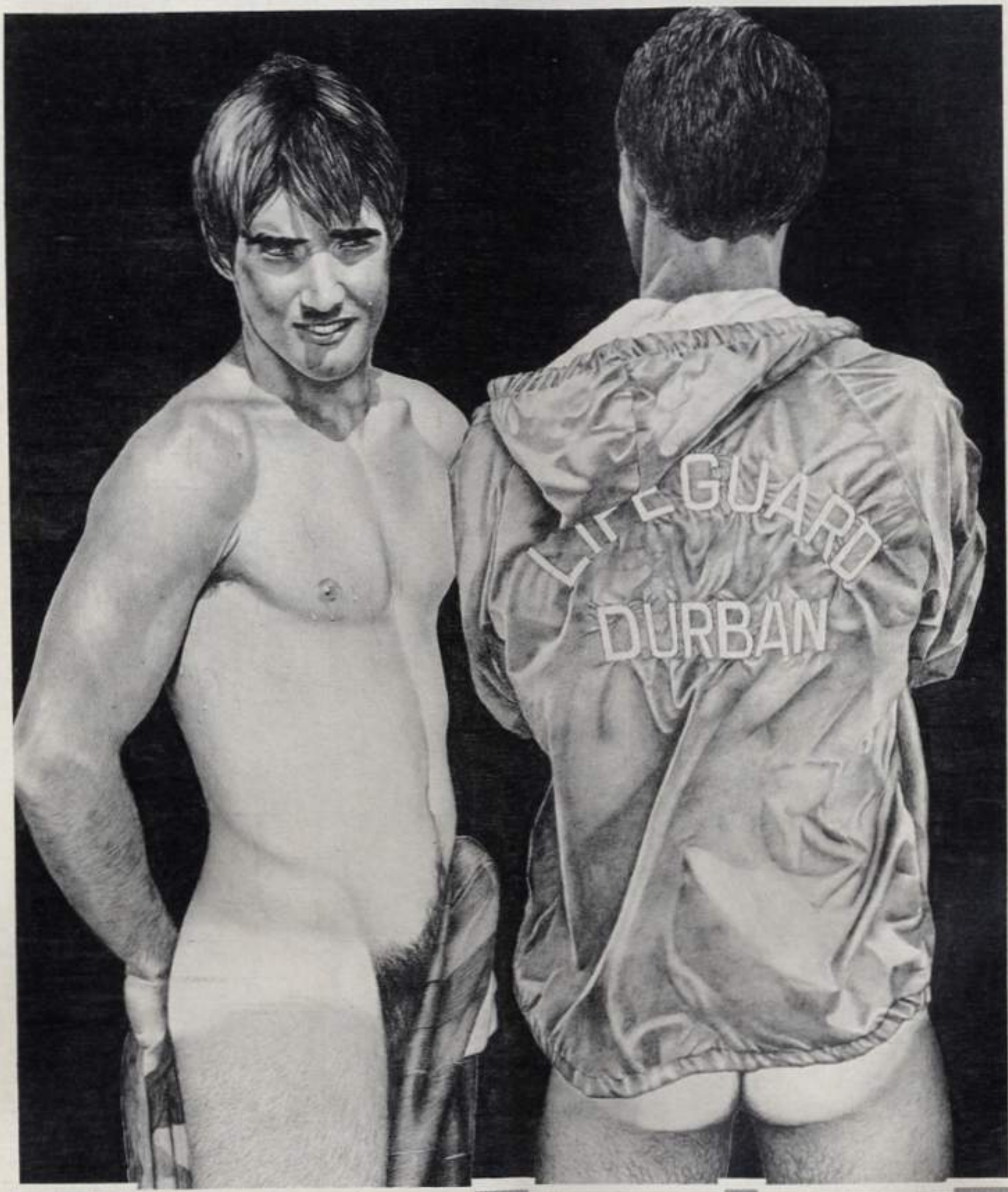




JOHN DINSDALE



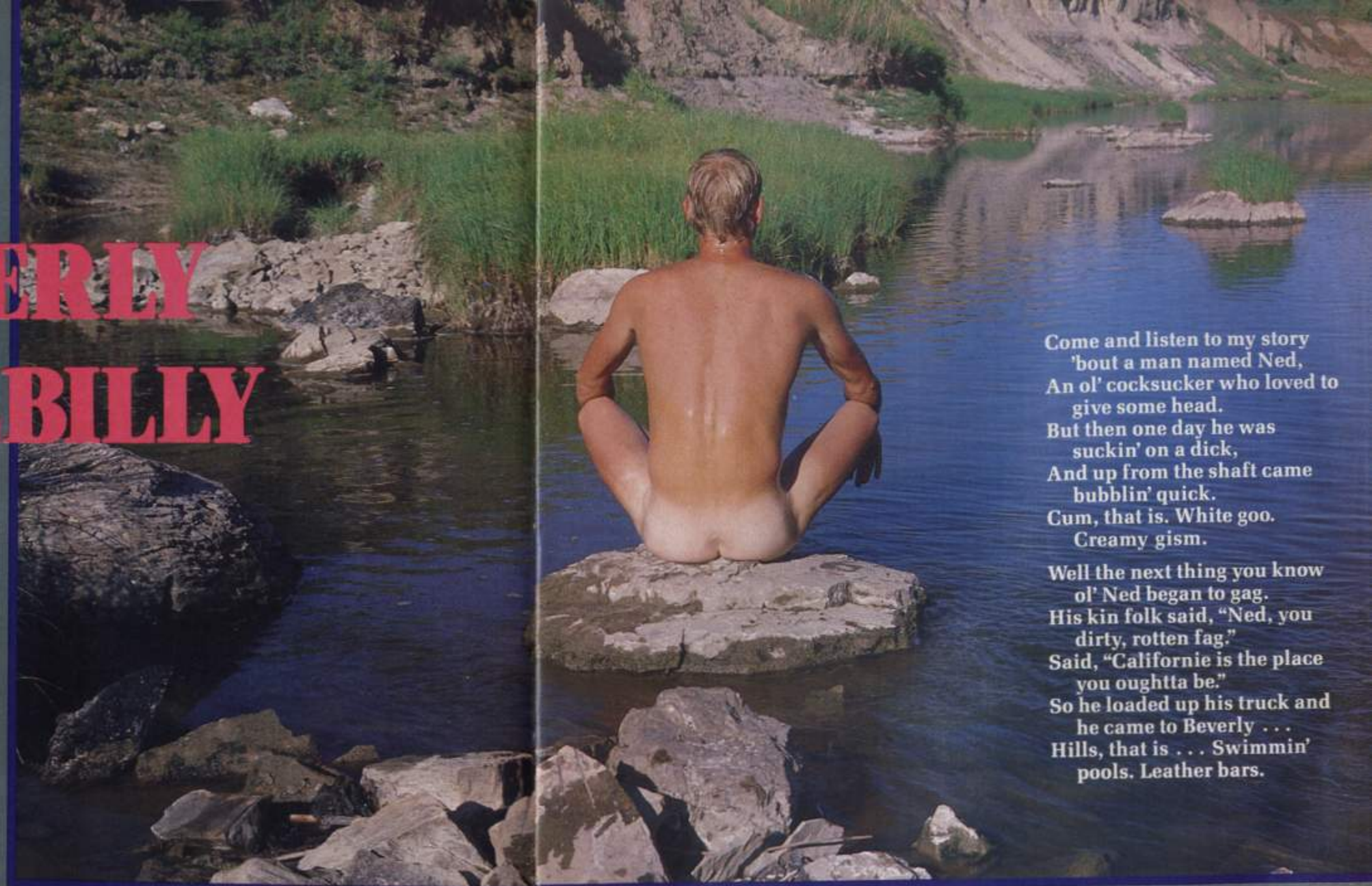



LIFEGUARD
DURBAN

THE BEVERLY HILLBILLY

PHOTOS BY WAYNE T. ELKINS

by Tripp Vanderford



Come and listen to my story
'bout a man named Ned,
An ol' cocksucker who loved to
give some head.
But then one day he was
suckin' on a dick,
And up from the shaft came
bubblin' quick.
Cum, that is. White goo.
Creamy gism.

Well the next thing you know
ol' Ned began to gag.
His kin folk said, "Ned, you
dirty, rotten fag."
Said, "Californie is the place
you oughtta be."
So he loaded up his truck and
he came to Beverly . . .
Hills, that is . . . Swimmin'
pools. Leather bars.

He was just a good ol' country boy. In all of his years, Ned had never left the backwoods of the Ozark Mountains. He lived in a little shanty, along with his ma and pa, granny and 11 brothers.

Now, most folks would say that Ned was just another Okie hillbilly. But some of the older (and wiser) citizens of Clayton County had figured out that there was something special about that boy. For one thing, Ned was near 'bouts the most handsome fella in those hills.

Ned had the cheekbones of an Indian chief. His square, cleft chin underscored a gash of a mouth, which sparkled when he flashed his toothy grin. A shock of flaxen curls fell across the boy's wide brow. And if Granny kept her scissors away from him for more 'n a month, those unruly tresses nearly hid Ned's liquid blue eyes.

The only thing – well, *almost* the only thing – more spectacular than Ned's face was his body. In skivvies, the six-footer weighed close to 200 pounds. His shoulders were as broad as his hips were narrow. And in between was a solid sheath of muscle, chiseled by years of toilin' the land.

Risin' at the crack of dawn, Ned worked like a plow horse all day long. But when quittin' time came, Ned, along with his 11 brothers and all the other young men who didn't have wives or youngsters to see to, would wander down to the swimmin' hole and go skinny-dippin'.

Now, to see all those humpy country boys strip down and splash around the water was a sight for sore eyes. And ol' Ned had hitched *his* eye on *several* of those naked studs – especially on Big Red.

Red, as he was sometimes called, was not the most fetchin' young man you'd ever meet. In fact, he was a downright homely critter. Red's hair was the color of a scorched tomato. His face was all pushed in and looked like it had been trampled by a herd of cattle. He was built like a brick shithouse, though – short and stocky, and solid as a rock.

Big Red hadn't gotten his nickname because of his height. You see, Big Red was what is known in those parts as a 'bank walker.' While the other boys were coolin' off in the pond, Big Red, bare-assed as the rest of 'em, would strut up and down the bank. The boy had something between his legs to be proud of, and it was no secret that he liked shoin' it off. That dallywhacker of his hung clear down to his knees! And when he walked around naked, his pride and joy looked like a wheat thrasher swingin' from side to side. There was only one cock in the county that could match Big Red's – and that cock belonged to Ned.

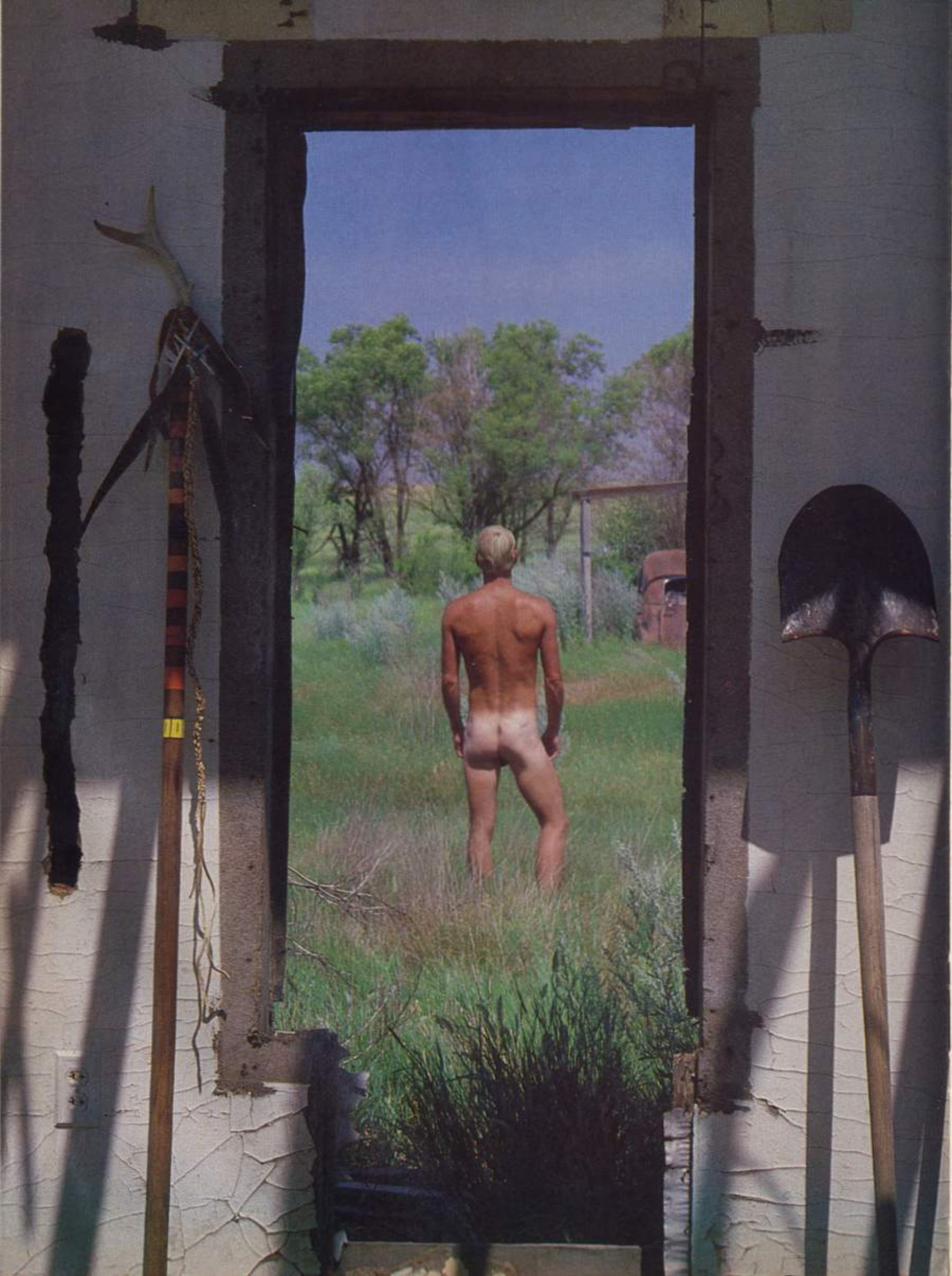
Ned's thang wasn't quite as long as Red's, but almost. It was as thick as a pop bottle at the base, gradually taperin' down the shaft. Like the rest of the hillbillies, Ned had been birthed at home, so no hacksaw doctor had taken a scalpel to him. A long snout of skin overhung the boy's cockhead, causin' the farm hands to compare the organ to a gigantic nozzle.

Modesty, and a good upbringin', kept Ned from showin' off the family jewels so much as Big Red did. But all the Bible preachin' in the county couldn't stop Ned from wantin' a taste of Red's fat meat. The blond stallion waited patiently, and like the preacher man had said, all things came to pass.

It had been a scorcher of a day. All the boys had hurried down to the swimmin' hole and were startin' to cool off when Big Red showed up. He shucked down his britches, scratched his balls, gave a playful tug to his joyprong, and when he was sure that everybody had taken notice, dived into the pond.

Ned swam up beside him and started makin' small talk. "Sure is a hot one."

"Hotter 'n hell!" Red's breath steamed



with moonshine whiskey.

Any fool could tell that Red had been hittin' the bottle, but Ned wasn't just any fool. He decided to sorta steer the conversation. "So hot it's near 'bouts caused my pecker to shrivel up and die."

"Ol Hoss here's doin' just fine." The redhead's hand disappeared into the water, and Ned knew the boy was feelin' himself up.

"That's not what I heard," Ned grinned. "Why, just the other day, I overheard some of the boys sayin' you couldn't even get that big ol' thang hard."

Red's beady little eyes nearly popped from their sockets. "That's a Dog Gone lie!"

"Well, I don't know about that. Can't say as I've ever seen you with a full-fledged boner on."

"That so?" Red lowered his voice so the other boys couldn't hear. "You just wait here five minutes. Then meet me behind the bush pile. I'll *show* you that there's nothin' wrong with my 'quipment." He jumped out of the pond and stalked off towards the woods.

Ned arrived at their meetin' place five minutes later. The redhead was perched on a log. His thunderous thighs were wide apart, his right hand furiously pumpin' his peter. He stood as his buddy walked up. "Now you take a good look at this, y'hear?" Red pointed to the swollen vessel jutting from between his legs. "I don't want to hear no more talk about Big Red not bein' able to get a stiffer."

To try to describe the size of Big Red's swollen organ would only do it an injustice. Just say that never before or since have I met a man with a bigger dallywhacker.

There was lust in Ned's eyes as he stared at the humdinger of a dong. "Looks like the boys at the pond were just spreadin' gossip." He licked his lips as he nodded his head. "It's a cryin' shame you've done gone and worked yourself all up for nothin'."

"You're Dog Gone right it's a shame!" the horny cocksman cried. "Ol Hoss here ain't gonna calm down till I get rid of some of that spunk that's been churnin' in my sack."

"Let me see what I can do to help you out." Ned had been waitin' a long time to taste that cock, and he wasn't about to pass by the chance. He knelt down between Red's legs and started givin' suck to that loaded pistol.

Red sure didn't protest. He was hornier 'n a rooster in a chicken coop. And back in those hills, a man takes his pleasure whenever he can find it.

Now, Ned hadn't had much experience at cocksuckin'. He'd fooled around back behind the barn with some of his cousins. But that had been several years ago, and none of his cousins had anythin' between their legs to brag about, anyhow. Still, the handsome six-footer did his best. Lappin' and tonguin' like it was the last dick he'd ever suck, Ned took Big Red's manhood into his mouth and serviced it for all his worth.

While ol' Red sat there moanin' and groanin', Ned's own fat spout sprang to life. The blond took the matter in hand, never missin' a stroke on Red's throbbin' schlong, and was just about to let go a whiz when Red began hootin' and hollerin'. "Gosh-Ding! Gosh-Ding!" the redhead cried. "I'm fixin' to cum!" Red rammed his thang down Ned's throat and shot about half a cupful of sticky white cream into the cocksucker's mouth.

As I said, Ned wasn't used to drinkin' from a dick. All of a sudden, he started to gag. And Red's gism ended up tricklin' down Ned's chin.

Well, you can imagine what a commotion those two horny studs had caused! Ned had just wiped the last drops of goo from his face, when he looked up to find Cousin Earl standin' there! That bowlegged little runt had come dashin' from the swimmin' hole when he'd heard all that carryin' on. Earl didn't say a word. He just flashed the boys a shit-eatin' grin and walked away.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE COCK IN THE COUNTY THAT COULD MATCH BIG RED'S— AND THAT COCK BELONGED TO NED

Ned's nuts drew tight in his sack. He knew he was in for trouble. Cousin Earl had had it in for Ned since the two of 'em were knee-high to a grasshopper. You see, Earl was hung like a field mouse and was jealous of his cousin's big dick. But what Earl lacked in meat, he made up for in mouth.

News travels fast in a small town. Ned figured Earl had been blabbin' when he sat down at the supper table that night. Everyone was there – Ma, Pa, Granny and all 11 brothers. Nobody had much to say during that meal, but when they'd finished eatin', Pa pulled the boy aside.

"Ned," he said solemnly, "I've heard stories that the boys down at the swimmin' hole say you're as queer as a three-dollar bill. That true, son?"

Ned only hung his head, not so much from shame as from grief at having caused his family embarrassment.

"You don't have to answer that, son," Pa continued,"but if you want to do what's right, you'll leave town tomorrow. Head out to Californie. Me and Ma always said you should be a movie star. You'll do good out there. I've got a few bucks tucked away that I'll lend ya. And you can even take the ol' truck."

Tears were runnin' down the blond's tanned cheeks."I'll miss y'all, but I guess Californie is the place I oughtta be," he sniffed. "I'll load up the ol' Chevie tomorrow and be on my way."

There wasn't a dry eye in the family when Ned set out the next morning. They loved the tall blond boy, but they knew they'd *all* be run out of these hills if word spread that their eldest son was a cocksucker. So with a few dollars in his pocket, a million hopes in his heart and a scone of cornbread that Granny had baked for him, Ned blew his family a kiss and headed west.

• • •

Brandon J. Durway enjoyed what some folks would call The Good Life. He owned a big mansion up in Beverly Hills, drove a shiny red Jaguar and spent his days (and nights) pursuin' worldly pleasures. Chasin' after boys was one of ol' Brandon J.'s *main* pleasures. And that's just what he took to doin' most of the time.

Late one afternoon, Brandon finished exercisin' at one of those fancy healthspas where city dudes go and try to get their bodies to look like they've been workin' in the fields all day. Well, pushin' and pullin' on those Nautilus contraptions tended to cause Brandon's muscles to get all stiff and achin'– especially that muscle stashed away in his jockey shorts.

Now, your guess is as good as mine as to why that city fella decided to take the long route down Santa Monica Boulevard to get home that night. But the fact of the matter is that he did. And that's how Brandon J. Durway met Ned.

Ned's truck had puttered out on him smack-dab in the middle of the boulevard. The boy was huffin' and puffin', tryin' to push that ol' jalopy to the edge of the road, when Brandon J. came cruisin' by in his new Jag.

Since ol' Brandon J. considered himself somethin' of a connoisseur of art and beauty, it didn't take a second glance for him to figure out that he had stumbled on a diamond in the grind."Need a hand with that?" he called from his car.

"Sure would appreciate it," Ned hollered.

Brandon parked his car on the shoulder of the road and helped the boy push his truck out of traffic.

"That ol' piece of junk's done gone and

Continued on next page

conked out on me," Ned fretted.

"Where're you going?" Brandon's eyes fell on the hillbilly's goody basket. "I'd be glad to give you a lift."

"Ain't got nowhere to go." The Adonis wiped the sweat from his brow. "I just drove in from Clayton County. Been on the road for the past three days."

"You *must* be tired." Brandon mentally undressed the stud. "Why don't you come to my house and relax for a while?"

"Gosh." Ned stuffed his hands in the pockets of his dungarees. "I don't usually go 'round acceptin' favors from strangers. But it sure would be right neighborly of you if I could wash up and catch some shuteye."

"Hop in the car." Brandon *did* have a warm heart ... not to mention a hot crotch. "Always happy to help out a newcomer."

Well, you should have seen the look on that hillbilly's face when Brandon J. took him inside that big ol' house on the hill! The only place Ned had seen such a fancy place was in some of those Hollywood films they showed at the Clayton County movie house. That mansion had indoor plumbin' and 'lectric lights, and all sorts of gadgets that only rich folk can afford to order from the Sears catalogue. The thing that caught Ned's fancy the most, though, was a little corncob pipe that was settin' on the coffee table.

"Lookie here!" Ned began to feel a little homesick as he picked up the pipe and cradled it in his hand. "Ol' Gus Craven sells pipes just like this down at the general store!"

"Is that so?" Brandon grinned. "Care for a smoke?"

"Don't mind if I do."

Brandon lit the pipe and passed it to his guest. Ol' Ned set to coughin' and sputterin' once he took a draw off the corncob. "This sure is funny smellin' tobaccie!" he gasped.

"A special blend I imported from Hawaii." Brandon exhaled a long stream of smoke. "Try some more. I think you'll come to like it."

Sure enough, Ned *did* take a likin' to that funny tobaccie. He polished off the bowl and just sat there on the sofa, starin' at ol' Brandon J.

And to tell you the truth, that country boy liked what he saw. For a man of near 'bouts 30 years old, Brandon J. Durway wasn't a bad-lookin' fella. He had a little turned-up nose and big puppy-dog eyes. His skin was as smooth as a baby's behind. And Brandon's short-cropped hair was a color that Miss Clairol calls "Harvest Wheat."

"Care to go upstairs and lie down?" Brandon asked as he returned Ned's lingering glances.

"Don't mind if I do," the hunky hillbilly replied. "Smokin' that funny tobaccie's done gone and made me all lightheaded."

You better believe ol' Brandon J. didn't waste no time takin' that handsome dude up to the bedroom. The next thing you know, they were both naked as jaybirds. Ol' Ned took one look at Brandon's equipment and plopped down on the bed. "What happened to your do-jigger?" the country boy asked. "It ain't got no bonnet!"

"Just a little surgery I had done." The millionaire cleared his throat. "A few years back."

"Does it hurt?" Ned spoke with the innocence of a child.

"Only when it stays hard for a long time." Brandon winced as he stroked the respectable eight inches of throbbin' flesh that jutted between his legs.

"Well, let me kiss it and make it better," the muscular young man offered.

NOW, I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH OL' NED LIKED KISSIN' COCK. HE JUMPED ON THAT CITY FELLA'S PRIVATE PARTS LIKE A DUCK GOIN' AFTER A JUNE BUG!

Now, I don't need to tell you how much ol' Ned liked kissin' cock. He jumped on that city fella's private parts like a duck goin' after a June bug! Ned started lickin' and lappin' at the shaft, workin' his way up to that funny-lookin' little cockhead, then swallowed the whole thing down his throat!

"Easy, big fella!" Ol' Brandon heaved himself from the bed and took an amber-colored vial from his night stand. "I don't want to spill my goodies too soon. Take a sniff of this."

Ned snorted from the little bottle while Brandon held it under his nose. All of a sudden, that country boy's cock started jumpin' around like it had a life of its own! "Wheee-Doggie!" he cried as Ol' Brandon J. took Ned's big thang in his mouth. "I ain't never in my whole life felt so good!"

Ol' Brandon J. just spread the boy's legs real wide and settled down for a feast. His expert lips wrapped around Ned's fleshy snout, then slithered down the pole before comin' to a halt at the sparse bush of sandy pubic curls that framed the hillbilly's prodigious dong. Again and again he repeated the pleasurable torture until the blond stud began to buck like a wild bronco.

"Take another whiff of this," Brandon instructed as he held the amber vial beneath the stallion's flarin' nostrils. "I need a little more time to put out the fire that's burnin' between your legs."

Ned raised to take a long sniff, then fell back onto the pillow. "Good Gosh Almighty!" a big toothy smile spread across the boy's face. "My dick near 'bouts goes crazy every time I smell that perfume!"

"Funny, that!" Ol' Brandon J. grinned. "Now just lie back and let me take care of the matter."

Well, the millionaire was as good as his word. Before Ned could figure out what was happenin', Brandon had done set down on the boy's peter! Now, Ned had less experience at cornholin' than he had at cocksuckin'. But let me tell you, it didn't take long for that hillbilly to figure out what to do.

Ned started out kind of slow and easy, pokin' his big ol' thang in and out of Brandon J.'s honeypot. After a while, though, that little brown hole started squeezin' and teasin' the boy's pecker. That really got ol' Ned riled up! He just picked Brandon J. up, rolled him over on his back and started humpin' and grindin' into the millionaire's little round butt.

While Ned was helpin' himself to a piece of fanny, Brandon J. just lay there moanin' and beggin' for more. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" he pleaded.

Now that kind of talk really got ol' Ned goin'! "Yeee-Ha!" he cried as he took the fatal plunge into the millionaire's slippery slit.

A second later, an' it was all over but the shoutin'. Ned's load ended up in Brandon J.'s hole. Meanwhile, that city fella got so excited that his own cock sent a wad of gism hurlin' clear across the room. And the next thing you know, those two dudes had collapsed on top of each other and were snoozin' like babies.

• • •

Brandon J. Durway, along with a half-dozen of his highfalutin' friends, were settin' by the cement pond, drinkin' martoonis and smokin' that funny tobaccie when Ned came wanderin' out to the patio 'round noon the next day. "Bout time you woke up!" the millionaire pretended to scold the handsome hillbilly. "My friends are just *dying* to meet you!"

"Howdie!" Ned managed a bashful grin as he glanced at the wide-eyed assembly.

Six pairs of hungry eyes focused on the boy. All this went unnoticed by Ned, however. *He* was more interested in that

Continued on page 66

faceMAN
KURT STEVENSON

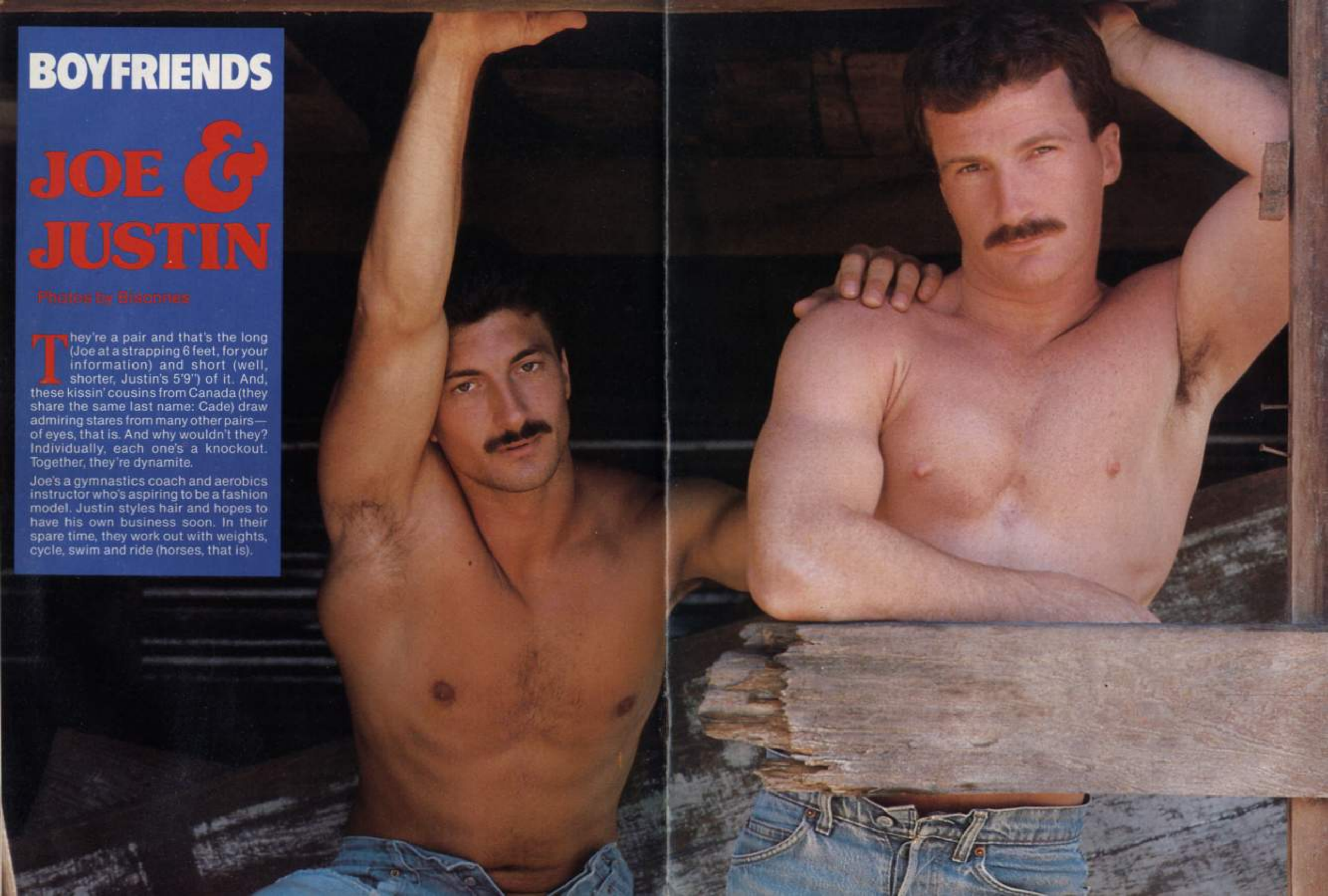
BOYFRIENDS

JOE & JUSTIN

Photos by Bisonnes

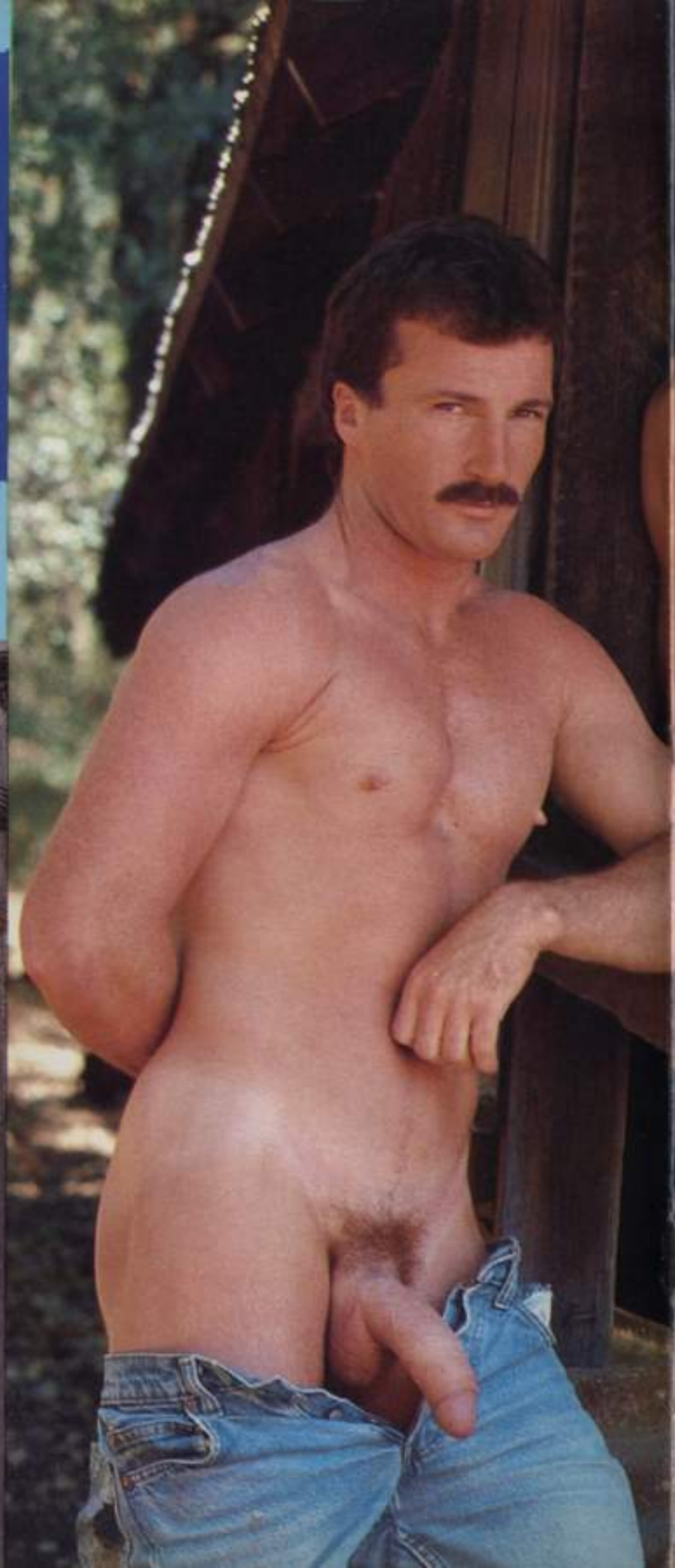
They're a pair and that's the long (Joe at a strapping 6 feet, for your information) and short (well, shorter, Justin's 5'9") of it. And, these kissin' cousins from Canada (they share the same last name: Cade) draw admiring stares from many other pairs—of eyes, that is. And why wouldn't they? Individually, each one's a knockout. Together, they're dynamite.

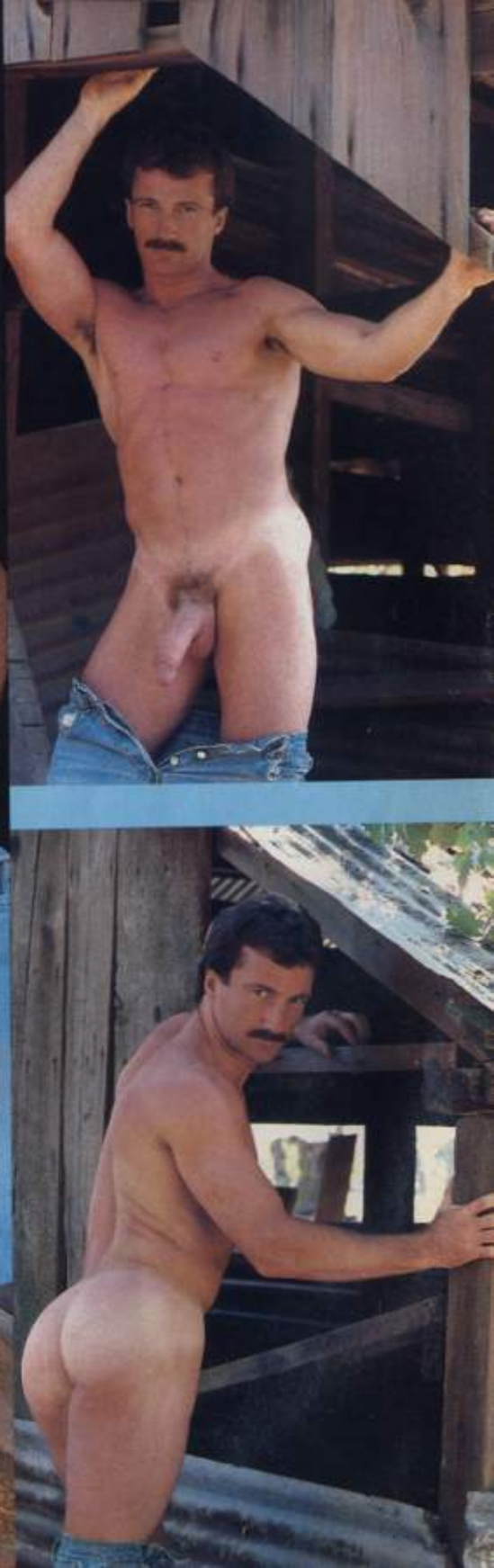
Joe's a gymnastics coach and aerobics instructor who's aspiring to be a fashion model. Justin styles hair and hopes to have his own business soon. In their spare time, they work out with weights, cycle, swim and ride (horses, that is).



They've been a couple the past six months and, as Joe says, "We're learning that relationships are hard work." But they're sure worth it," Justin adds.

"People seem to respond to couples," Joe notes. "I notice men watching us at the beach, in the bars, anywhere we go. I think that everyone would like to be in a relationship."





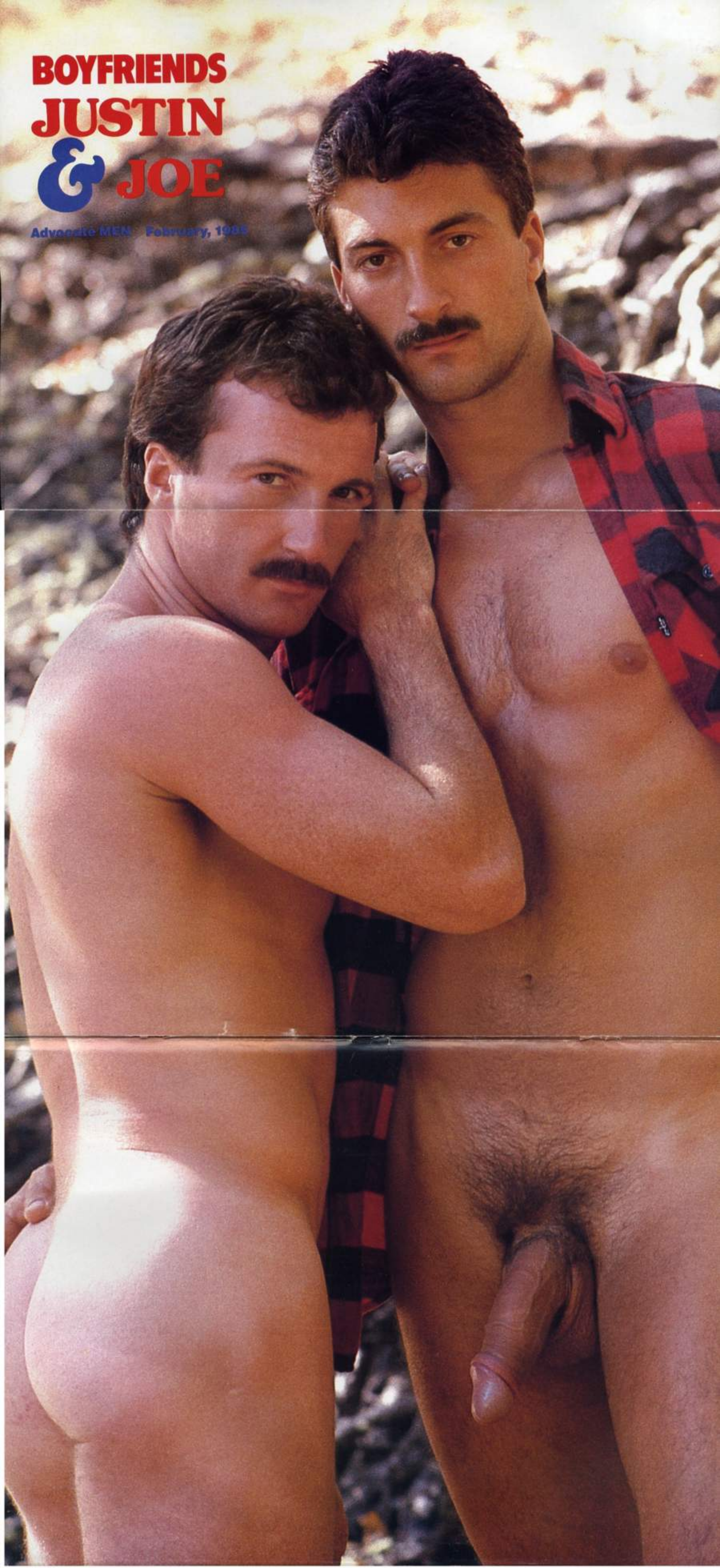
KUBOTA

"Sometimes there's a tinge of envy in those eyes, too," Justin chimes in. "I know. I've felt the same way when I wasn't coupled. It's a romantic dream—two handsome men together, enjoying each other, being affectionate. Of course, other people rarely see you when you're doing the laundry or making the bed. That's hardly romantic, but it can be fun."

Active, athletic, definitely outdoors types, you might see Justin and Joe hiking in the woods or riding on the beach. If your admiring eyes are "tinged with envy," remember, relationships are "hard work."

BOYFRIENDS JUSTIN & JOE

Advocate MEN February, 1985



SWEET DREAMS

By John Preston

ILLUSTRATION: TIM ANDERSON

Alex Kane was sprawled over the bedspread. Night had come to Boston; the bright autumn sun had disappeared. As Kane stared out the windows, the reflections of a city's lights came to play. He paid them no attention.

There was nothing to do but let the thoughts wash over him, the way they always did. And as he had to every time, he was forced to look at his past and see it all . . . the hope, the loss, the unbearable loneliness of the present.

It had begun in Vietnam. So many stories did. His own started when he was a grunt, straight out of boot camp at LeJeune, 18 years old and ready to fight for America and everything he held sacred.

His company landed at Da Nang. They came charging off their amphibious troop carrier right onto the beach. Gung ho and green, they were convinced they could take on Ho Chi Minh single-handedly— probably take 'em only a week, maybe two.

Along the beach was a line of seasoned veterans, the Marines who had already seen the horror of the war that would never be won. They scoffed at the untried jarheads. They watched the enthusiasm with deadened eyes, barely able to remember when they, themselves had last had faith in this godforsaken war.

One veteran stood out from the rest. He wasn't as cynical as the others, nor as quick to put down the new men. He was a tall, handsome, blond officer, a first lieutenant. His eyes evaluated the new troops in a way that seemed different from the rest.

Later, when Kane had found his quarters and was walking around the ancient city of Da Nang, once the playground of the French colonists, now the most armored fortress in the world, he ran into some old friends. They all went for a beer in one of the many dives that had sprung up to serve the American military men.

"Hey, I saw this first loot on the

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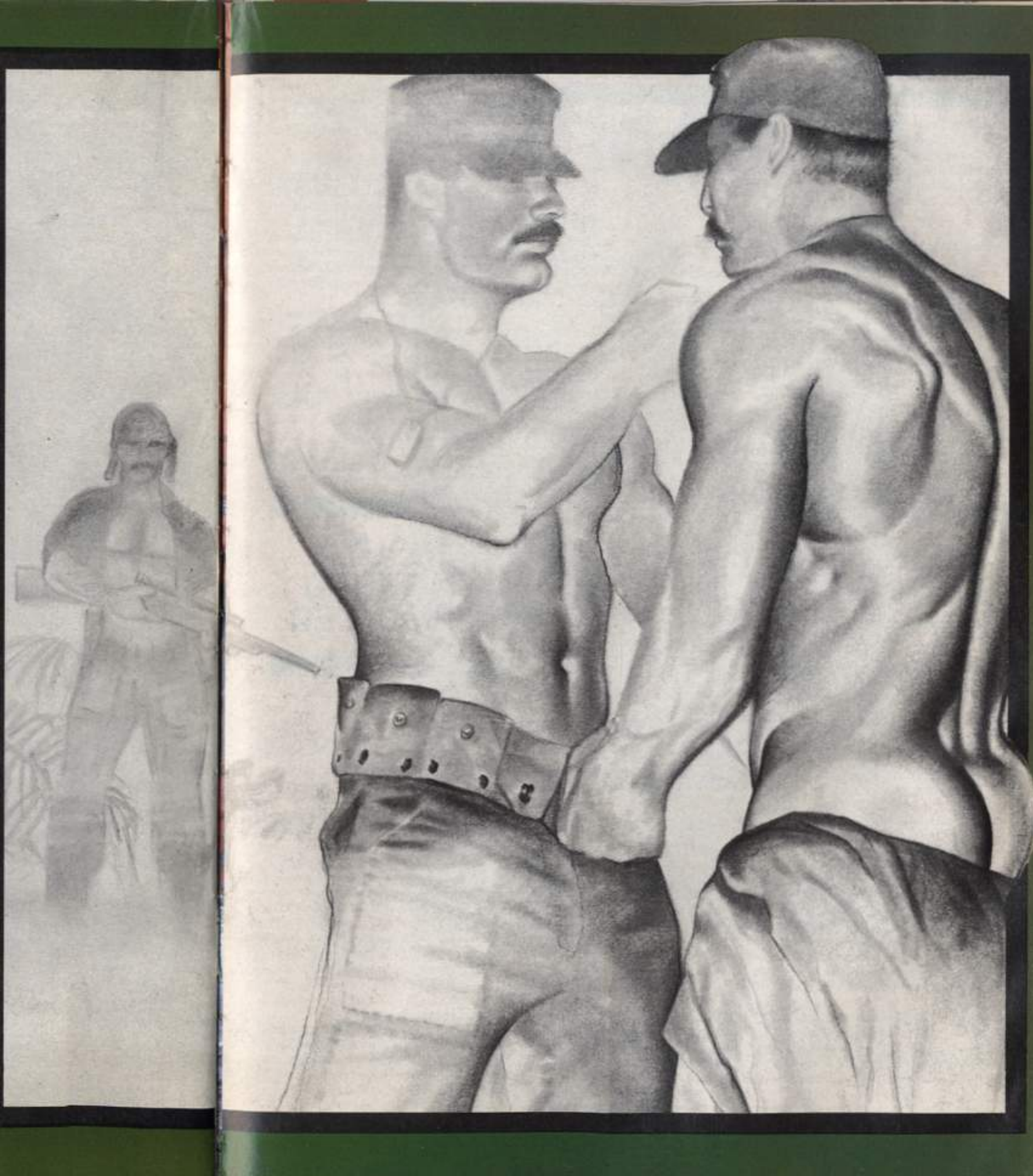


beach. Big guy, blond with a beard that was so light it looked white. Know who he was?" The image of that officer had struck Alex Kane with some power he had never experienced before. Ever. He was lucky. His friends did, indeed, know who the man was.

"Meanest son of a bitch in the corps," Gerry Maxwell said. "Just mean."

"Didn't look it," Alex responded.

"He is. Drives his men harder than any other officer here."

"Fairest, though," Tony Andrews admitted.

"Yeah, but," Gerry added, "fair in a way that's going to get some people killed."

"What do you mean, killed?"

Gerry looked down at his beer for a minute. "Look, Alex, you haven't been here long. You don't understand. Men here aren't just fighting an enemy, they're trying to survive. It's got so the only thing anyone cares about is getting their asses out of here in one piece. Well, only way to do that is follow Headquarters' command. It's real simple. 'If it's dead and Vietnamese, it's Viet Cong.' You shoot first and you ask later. Kids could be Viet Cong. Young kids. And women too. You don't trust no one here if they're gooks.

"Well, Farmdale's got all these ideals, see. He won't let his men do that. Protects the civilians like they were Americans or something. Even learned to talk their lingo. His men are going to get it bad some day."

"Yeah," Tony agreed. "But hell, you can't take away that man's courage. He's led some patrols—"

"Well, that's another thing," Gerry interrupted. "He's a hot shot. He's a real, honest-to-God hot shot. Wants to win medals and all that shit. Thinks he's going to win the war and win it with something he calls honor. Let me tell you, honor died in Vietnam about a hundred years ago. This is a game of survival."

Alex let the men talk some more about the rigors of war in Southeast Asia. The incredible heat was already evident to him. It would always be like this, so hot you couldn't tell the temperature. It didn't matter if it was 100° or 110°, it was too hot.

Out of nowhere Alex Kane announced something to his hometown pals. "I'm going to join up with him. Get a transfer to his platoon."

"Whose?" Gerry asked incredulously.

"Farmdale's. *Honor*'s the best word I've heard since I got here."

• • •

Then it began.

Farmdale was a mean son of a bitch all right. But as soon as Alex was part of the group, he saw that Farmdale might be the most respected officer in the whole of Southeast Asia, so far as his command was concerned. He held special control over the men. It sometimes seemed as though to have him be disappointed in them would have been the worst thing they could experience.

Alex understood that. He had never needed to make someone respect him as he did with this guy. He volunteered continually and for the most dangerous assignments, especially if he knew Farmdale was going to lead the troops himself. He took risks that were barely short of insane. Farmdale would often reprimand him, but with an expression of pride in Alex's courage that took away any sting from his words.

When an army is in battle, promotions come fast, very fast. It's a combination of the deadly attrition rate and the opportunities battle offers a soldier to prove himself. Kane was an exceptional soldier, an exemplary jarhead. Anyone could see it. He shot up through the ranks.

In only a matter of months, he was a sergeant, proud of his stripes and anxious to continue to earn his lieutenant's praise.

One day, after a particularly hazardous and successful patrol, Farmdale announced they were up for R&R. Ten days out of the jungle; they could go to Saigon. They were all wild with excitement at this break from the constant fatigue and the ever present danger of the war—but none more than Alex. Alex was euphoric because the lieutenant had privately invited him to spend the R&R with him.

They were flown down to Saigon on military transport. Farmdale had arranged for Kane and himself to travel separately from the rest of them. Alex didn't understand why, but he didn't question the reason. He expected they'd go to a hotel in Saigon. There had been rumors about the loot's being rich; maybe it would be a good one. But Alex was totally unprepared for what came to pass.

They didn't just go to "a hotel"; they had the best suite in the same hotel in town where the General Staff often housed visiting senators. When Alex saw the opulent surroundings, he felt suddenly and completely inadequate. His longing for R&R with its private time with Farmdale was no longer something he was desperately looking forward to; it became a trial.

Farmdale saw the discomfort on Alex's face and laughed at him. Then he did the most amazing thing. He just walked up to Alex and kissed him on the mouth. Not just a peck, nothing that could be explained away as a joke. It was a long kiss, one where his tongue invaded Alex's mouth with its wet length and lingered there, as though Farmdale wanted to taste every drop of Alex right away.

Kane always wondered why he hadn't hit him or something. That would have been the jarhead thing to do. But he hadn't. Alex Kane, big bad Alex Kane from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, just broke into tears. The big brute of a first loot had uncovered some need in Alex Kane that no one—not even Alex, really—had ever known existed. He needed the love of a man. He had wanted the love of this man. It had been a carefully hidden need, one that showed itself only in shadows in Alex's mind, but now James Farmdale had given that need a body and a personality.

Kane had hoped he'd never have to admit it to anyone—even himself. But that kiss ripped away the covering and exposed Alex as naked and needy and lonely as any man should ever be. And that kiss meant it was going to be all right.

Continued on page 68

IT WAS A LONG KISS, ONE WHERE HIS TONGUE INVADED ALEX'S MOUTH WITH ITS WET LENGTH AND LINGERED THERE, AS THOUGH FARMDALE WANTED TO TASTE EVERY DROP OF ALEX RIGHT AWAY.

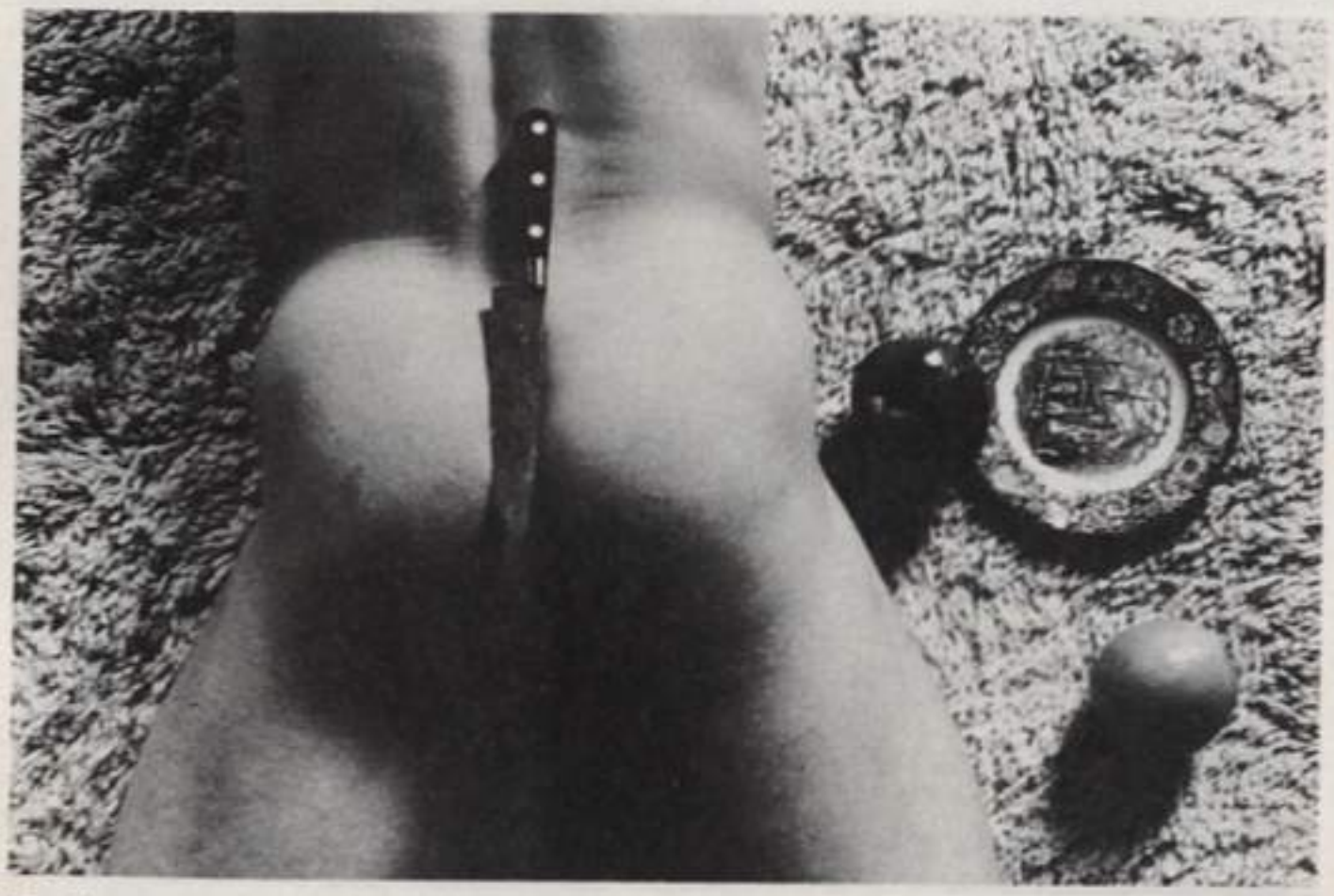
ARIMONDI

FASHION & FANTASY

Self-portrait, Clown Series, 1972

You'd expect taste and style from an Italian, and that's just what Victor Arimondi delivers in his stunning photographs of fashionable and fantastic men. Chances are, you've already admired his work, which has appeared in books (*The Look of Men*, Eurasia Distributor, 1980; and *Boyfriends*, Colour Library International, 1983), greeting cards

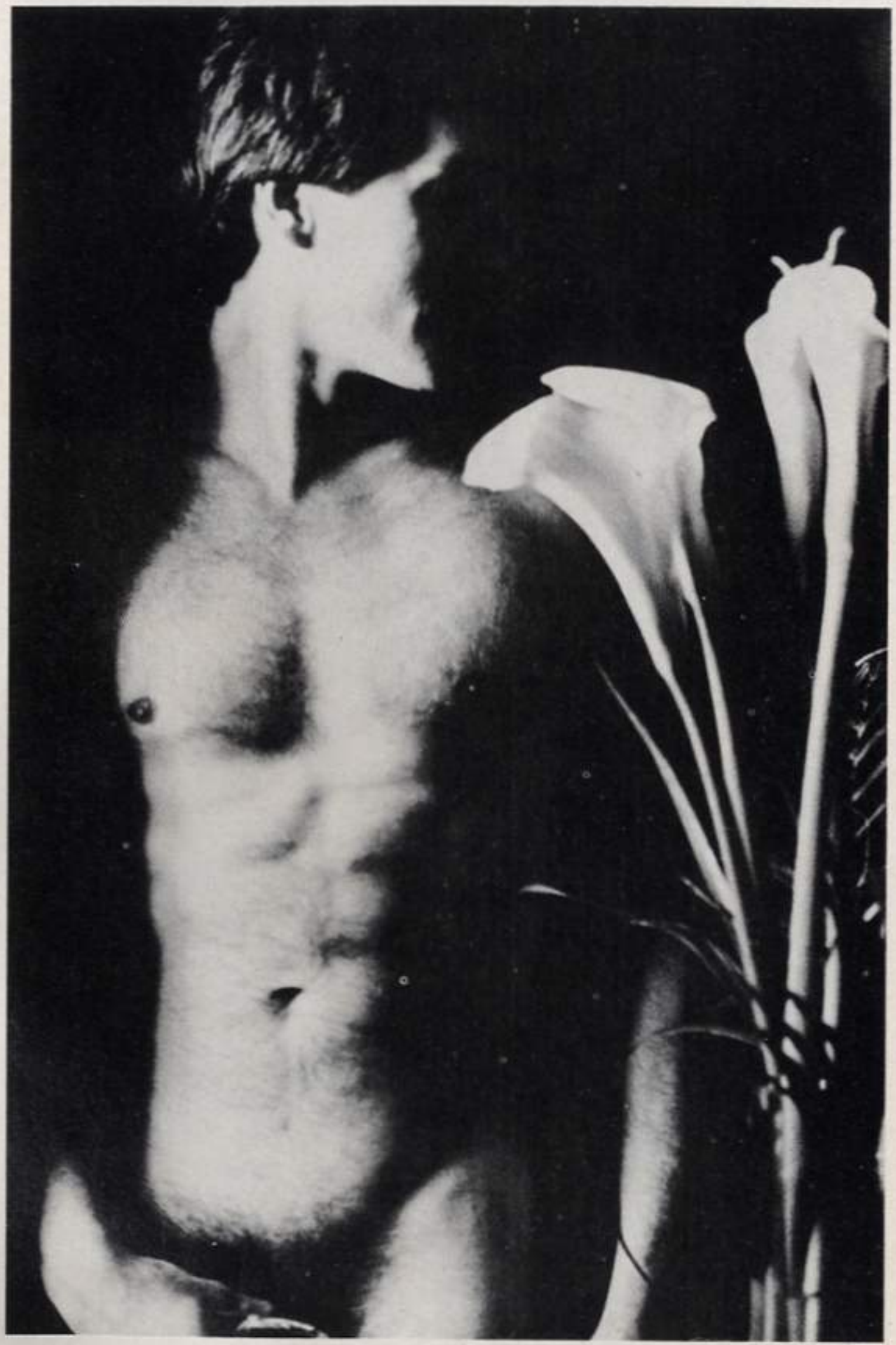
Fruits, 1980



Fruits, 1980

(published by Captive Concepts, 551 Productions, Jim Ross Inc. and West Coast Collection), periodicals (*Camera Arts*, *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *American Photography*, *Architectural Digest*, *L'Art et la Mode*, *Absolut*, *Progresso Fotografico* and numerous *ADVOCATE* covers), advertisements (for Bullocks, Goldberry, Helga Howie, I. Magnin, Jordache and Obiko) and galleries around the world.

Men and Flowers, 1982



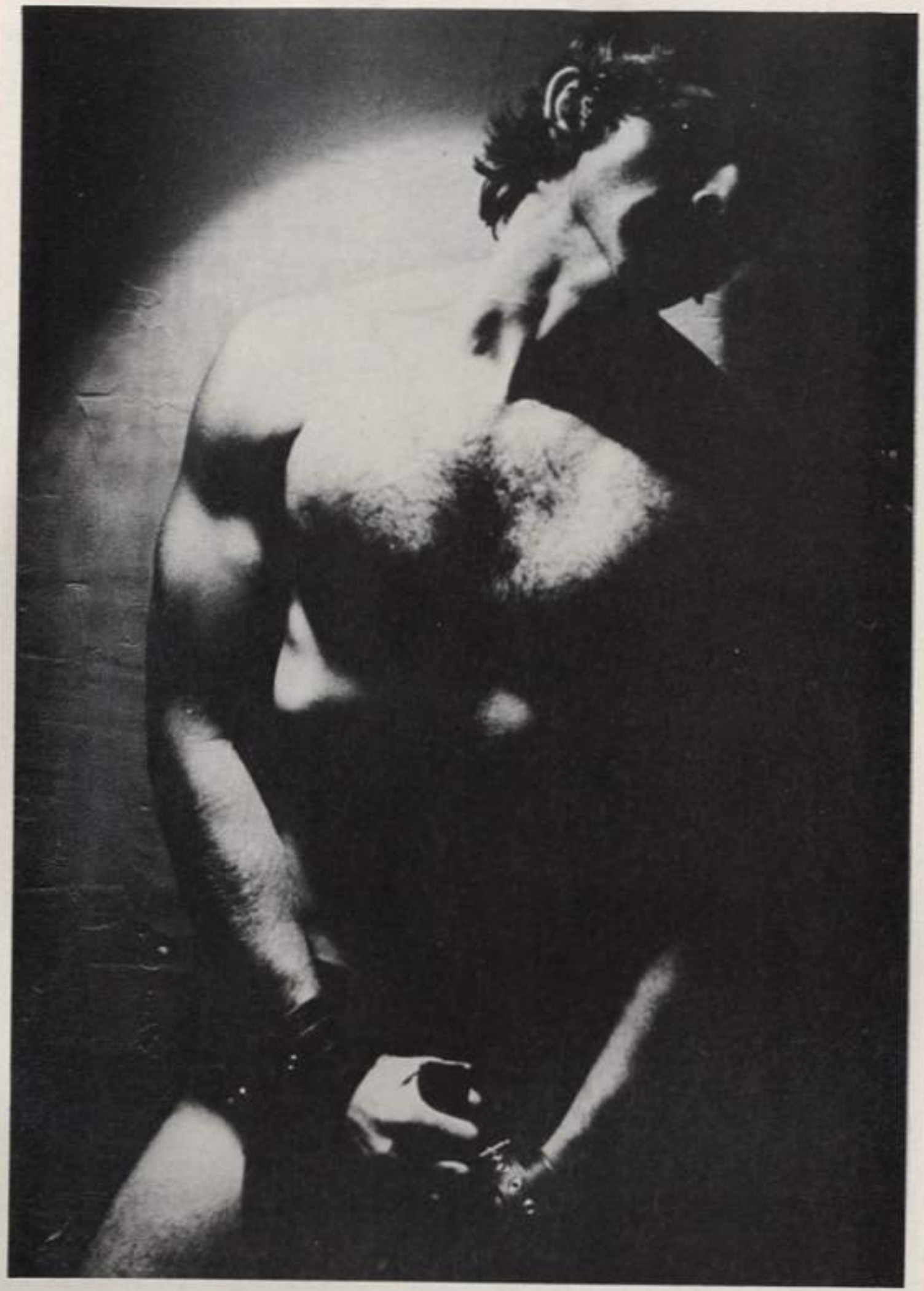
Men and Flowers, 1982

Men and Flowers, 1982

Marja & Glove "Cinderella," 1983

Halston Dress and Leather, 1981

Clown, 1981

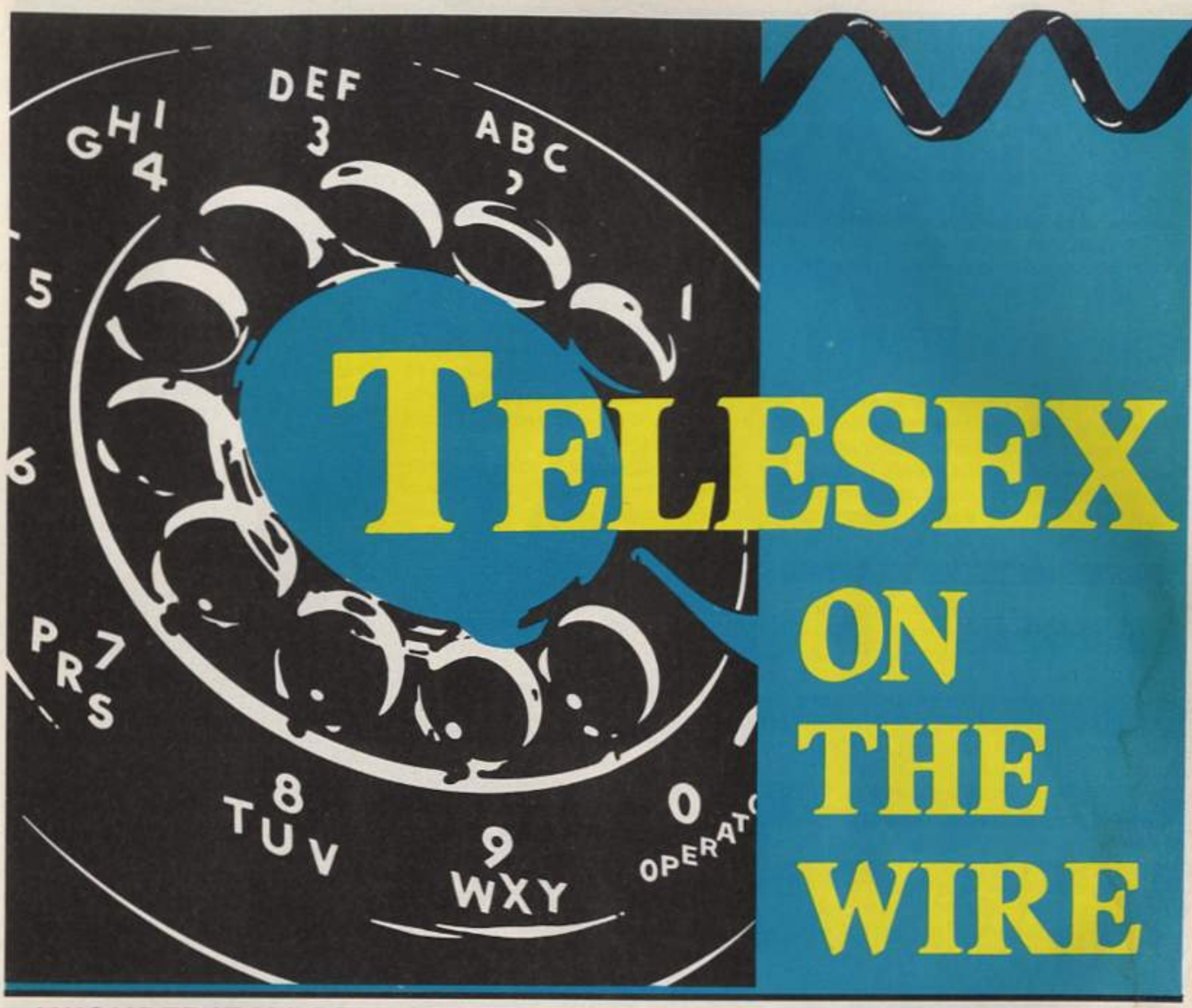


Untitled

The handsome Arimondi, whose self-portrait appears on page 51, works primarily in color. In this *Advocate MEN* spread, however, we focus on his black-and-white work. These photographs reveal his genius for uncovering the sensual qualities found only in black-and-white.

Arimondi's play with fantasy includes posing models in costumes of his own design. The clown costume in his self-portrait is the photographer's own creation.

For more information on Victor Arimondi and his work, write him directly at 528 27th St., #2, San Francisco, CA 94131.



TELESEX ON THE WIRE

I WONDER IF MA BELL HAS ANY IDEA WHAT'S UP WHEN, STARTING IN EASTERN STANDARD—LAND AND SWEEPING WEST, HER SWITCHBOARDS LIGHT UP IN WAVES LATE ON A RAINY NIGHT?

by Stephen Greco

One night, instead of going out, I decided to take care of the romance any fool could tell was hanging thickly in the air by making a certain kind of phone call. My lover was away on business and it was raining. I wonder if Ma Bell has any idea what's up when, starting in Eastern Standard-land and sweeping west, her switchboards light up in waves late on a rainy night? Especially now that many sane but sexually active young men are remaining home in the evening, one depends more and more on one's old phone buddies, and one roots for safe thrills through the cache of clippings from personal columns, for scraps of paper on which are scribbled numbers and sometimes names and occasionally encoded references to arcane sexual tastes. I keep my scraps in a gilded Florentine-leather box I used to hide away in a drawer. Now it's out in the open, within immediate reach, like a fire extinguisher.

For a while I'd been meaning to call Jim T., with whom I'd fallen out of touch since the few times, maybe three years ago, when we talked quite memorably – quickly exhausting simpler topics and moving on to spend an enjoyable hour or two at a shot discussing Satanism, dismemberment, cannibalism and the like, usual phone fare among nice young men who may arrange flowers or edit magazines for a living. At the time, Jim lived with a couple of heterosexual roommates in what he described as a "tight-assed" small town in Upstate New York. He was a student at the nearby state university and traveled to the big city "once in a while." He seemed to me open and honest; he expressed himself convincingly in the language of the lower middle class; and he was slightly mysterious. Of course, I knew he was no murderer of small boys, as he once came close to claiming, but he did seem refreshingly in touch with the beast within each of our souls and thus was a favorite among my phone buddies. Also, though we never met, I knew he was tall, rangy, good-looking and, well, possessed of certain physical attributes I am certainly not alone among gay men in appreciating. This was confirmed by my friend Carl, from whom I had originally procured Jim's number.

In those few times talking to Jim, I came to realize just how feverishly satisfying a good phone session can be. But even before that, I was addicted. How I ever managed to pay those prodigious phone bills I used to run up in college – in late-night, blanket-

Stephen Greco, who refuses to divulge the amount of his monthly telephone bill, is a frequent contributor to The ADVOCATE.

muffled conversations with other states, even other countries – I'll never know. Yet, I'm glad I had the opportunity back then to perfect my phone JO skills. Now that we're limiting physical contact with our sex partners, the uninitiated are discovering what some of us have known all along – how ironically close a dependence on language alone can bring us, through stories, ideas, the imagination. More than a tone of voice, or an erotically charged key word, or even – god knows – direct sexual orders, the telephone affords reliable compensation for the lack of the other's physical presence: a direct link, for those who work on it, with his primary sexual organ – the mind.

It was the blossom of Jim's pleasantly warped mind that affected me so strongly and led me to an act I know is heinous and illegal: I taped our last two conversations. By that time, I was so engrossed with his sexual personality that I felt less like touching myself down there than allowing the effluence of a seriously blemished soul to wash over me like a shower. And, valuing history, I wanted some record of this. Listening to the tapes, I am impatient with myself – chatty, intrusive, banal. Jim, on the other hand, is searing, dedicated. It was a session with these tapes the other day that made me realize I had to have more.

The reason we had stopped talking is that Jim's phone was disconnected soon after our last call. I thought he might have moved to another apartment, but Information listed no new number in the area. Was he even still in school? I kicked myself for having played it so cool as to neglect to gather some basic biographical data that might have made tracing him a bit easier. The university registrar had nothing on him. Neither did Campus Information. Where would a boy with a mind like that go to find happiness, I wondered – New York? San Francisco? Los Angeles? Operators in those cities could tell me nothing. Frustrated, I tried what I assumed would be a pointless repeat call to Upstate Information. This time, however, a listing in another city did show up for the same last name, different first. It turned out to be Jim's father.

Is it just mine, or do a significant percentage of nine-to-five daddies sense in their sons' gayness a breach of the loyalty owed their forebears? A grave family injury, still festering, was apparently what I irritated when I called. I felt slimy, like a private detective on a tawdry case, yet I worked up as good-natured and manly a tone as possible. Giving a phony name, I said I was an old school chum of Jim's. Perhaps the father believed me, perhaps not. The weariness and disgust in his voice suggested he'd heard worse in connection with his son. Yet, my request was not rebuffed. He asked me to repeat my name, then gave me Jim's last known address, in New York's West Village ("He was living with an older man who threw him out," the father volunteered with disconcerting anger). If I wanted, he said, I could call back later and talk to Jim's mother. But knowing I'd never find the heart to disturb these people again, I thanked the man and said I probably wouldn't need to.

My elation at finding a new clue evaporated soon afterward. Within hours I was in the West Village, checking the mailboxes in the vestibule of a rather forbidding tenement near the river, a place one could well imagine as sheltering all sorts of unholy goings-on. A disheveled building superintendent eyed me suspiciously as I descended the stoop with a frown. No name on the box. Dead end.

Well, I suppose I should have called Carl in the first place, because when I saw him and confessed the failure of my efforts, he was able to give me the number of someone he thought had seen Jim on a leash in a sleaze bar just last fall. I called the guy, and yes, he had. Suddenly I had a number whose area code I recognized as belonging to western Pennsylvania. Was this a honeymoon, I wondered. A rest home? Some kind of kennel?

When Jim answered, though we hadn't talked in years, I immediately detected a change in his voice. Forget intensity; it sounded much slower and quieter than the voice on the tapes. I reintroduced myself, referring in the most delicate way to the sort of topics that used to intoxicate us so, and asked if we might talk again at some convenient time. Like now. He remembered me after I reminded him of one of our favorite stories – a précis of which this magazine would never publish, even if I were mistaken enough to commit it to paper. "Yes," he said, "I don't mind talking. But there's something you should know. I'm a Christian now."

A Christian. That, on the surface of it, did not seem especially out of character with the Jim I knew, seeing as how Christians throughout history have been largely responsible, either literally or figuratively, for exactly the kinds of things I spoke of earlier as having formed the basis of our phone relationship. And for a moment, before Jim spoke again, I racked my brain trying to decipher what I thought could be a code or game – which I would therefore be loath to violate, since, if this was to be another successful JO call, we each had to be responsive to the signals of the other. Humiliation of the flesh, humiliation of the flesh: What do I say next? But then Jim went on to explain that he was a "born-again" Christian. Jesus was his personal savior. He wasn't gay anymore. I thought, oh.

Sure, there was a moment of disappointment during which I zipped up my pants and switched off the recorder. But the man was sharing a personal conviction, after all, something from another part of the soul I already admired. It took courage and I can respect that. At the very least, it would have been impolite to hang up on such a note. Also, the listener would be very dull indeed who was not curious as to how, even in the midst of a health crisis, one goes from shit-eating to Bible-thumping in such a short time.

Over the next half-hour, I got the whole story. It had been bad for him, Jim said of homosexuality. It is a lonely, loveless, useless, destructive life. No, he hadn't actually performed most of the sexual exploits we used to talk about (I had to ask), but what he did "sink to" – *talking* about them – was sin enough. When I mentioned the sustaining gay life *I* knew – my friends, my lover, etc. – he did acknowledge having heard about long-term couples and gay community life. But he reiterated how useless it all was without "real" love, without children.

Key word: *children*. There was no convincing Jim, though after a sentence or two I scarcely tried, that life – even a good Christian life – can be directed toward other ends than reproduction. According to my gay Christian friends, making things better among those of us who are already here is a fine place to start. Jim would have none of it. He was now observing a period of celibacy, but he said he was confident that after this was over, Jesus would send him a Christian woman to marry.

I had heard this kind of thing before, of course. When I tried tactfully to rephrase – suggesting *he* had been lonely, *he* hadn't been able to find the love he was looking for, let alone that *he* had a sexual nature that it would be a sin to deny – he didn't get it. With eerie eloquence, he continued the litany. It was what Satan wanted, to defile the soul. Gays fell right into it. The Bible holds the answer. Yet, I don't want to give the impression that Jim spoke with the vacant, humorless air with which many will be familiar from "discussions" with certain other "born-again" Christians. Some do seem aware of how extraordinary their new faith appears to others; Jim did. In fact, he admitted with a chuckle that I was the first of his many old phone buddies who, having called, had not

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good news.

There was really little else for me to say. And little else I cared to hear, once he started quoting Scripture. In a way, it sounded to me as if Jim's sexual energy had been translated into religious fervor. Or *re*-translated back into it, for partway through our call I remembered him once telling me about his strict Catholic upbringing, which he had chucked as soon and as hard as he could. On the tapes he speaks with demonic contempt for the "good little boy" he left behind. I wish I could know more about that childhood – the mother, who I think he said had dragged him to Mass every morning before school; the father, who I know he said had beaten him; the subsequent attempts to find happiness in the adult world. I am curious about the origin and nature of his new faith – but in phone scenes there *are* limits.

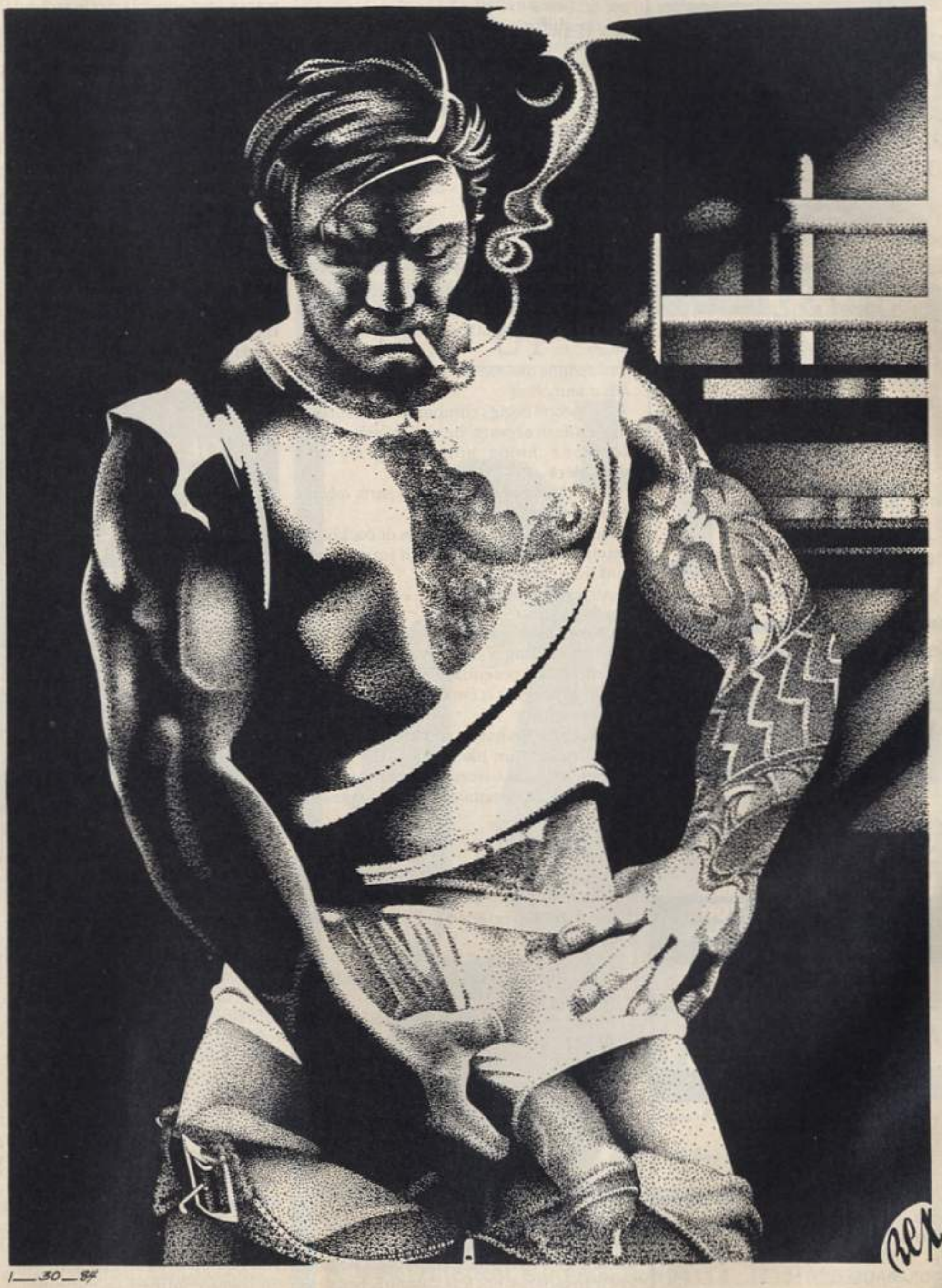
When we said goodby, I added – truthfully, I think – that it was with a certain satisfaction that I would take his number out of my file. Afterwards, though, I was upset. It wasn't so much the failure of gay life, even in its unprecedented richness and visibility, to make itself available to Jim. It was that his vision of the life was still somehow from the outside. He should have known better, I thought.

Later that night, I went out and spent some time cruising my local turf. I tried imagining myself as an outsider, which was easier than I'd expected. As usual for the streets of the city, there was little talking, little evidence of the good gay life I sometimes assume to be inescapable. I suppose I could have used our friendship, limited though it was, to share something of my perspective on the gay world. Yet Jim never asked – directly, that is. I decided that he is wrong about talking being such a sin: Silence can be a bigger one.

I can write all this with impunity – even use his real name, though "Jim T." is a pseudonym – because I know he'll never read this. It's sad when the behavioral revision some are attempting is mindlessly accompanied by their withdrawal from what is perceived as a dangerous abyss of sexual self-knowledge. I wonder how many others, in a kind of ignorance, are – instead of talking, exploring, thinking – merely substituting a new addiction for the old one. I'm not certain that's what Jim has done; I just suspect so.

The next number from my leather box belongs to someone who said, when last we spoke (if I interpret my scrawled notes correctly), that he enjoyed performing certain acts with latex attire and a common barnyard animal. Fun, but I can imagine what he's up to nowadays. •

REX



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MANSCAPE

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Continued from page 19

THE SKY LOOKED BRUISED,

Two mouths, four nipples, four hands, two cocks, two scrotums,

: the shifting of buttocks

two assholes, two hundred and sixteen possibilities and then

: one excited man excites others to a circle of masturbation – hands and cocks group and regroup like a sudden wind shifting a garden, or like a story: When a cock cums it withdraws from the plot

another man joins you – an orgy in the dark: shocking in the

: someone is fucking a face he can't see, slow rhythmical ass that opens out and then clenches, its dreamtime logic has a unity that can't be dismissed or broken into parts, another man gazes contemplatively at that ass, his mouth slack, his face inches away

anticipation and memory, its dreamtime logic has a unity that

: someone begins climbing a set of moans that ends in orgasm, he will thrash unless someone holds him firmly by the shoulders

can't be dismissed or broken into parts, a basic human experience

: a bead of saliva on a nipple or cockhead catches all the light, retains it for a second and then forgets it

while it's happening – sex as a consciousness-altering state –

: naked men standing or sitting on banquettes, adding a necessary quotient of boredom and potential

yet the experience is limited to so few; in the first place a gay

: a man on his hands and knees, another man "milks" him like a cow – the sperm comes, a low *huh* from the spectators

orgy is feared as unnatural; in the second place a gay orgy is

: a man *kneels*

feared as too natural.

: a man stands feet apart slowly masturbating and gazing at a man who masturbates standing feet apart and returning that gaze

: a belly and chest with cum on it – we respect that – a finger draws a line from nipple to groin

Desire is not satisfied; it's *expelled*. Still, each time pleasure was wrung out of me, it seeped back again and saturated my membranes. I should have gone home, staying seemed greedy, but my orgasm left me with more libido than before. To embrace body after body – a set of shuffled face cards which you deal or discard – can have more resonance if choice and chance express the times more perfectly. Go where no meaning is to create meaning. Take pleasure with the abruptness of deities. Or Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, their first dance not less stunning because it doesn't include a home in the suburbs.

A man passing grazes my right nipple; he hears my gasp and returns interested. He traces a voluptuous circle around the nipple; a line of feeling shoots into my chest like the smell of gasoline. He looks at my face hard, meaning he means it, then at the nipple. First there's a membrane that wants a caress: The rest is history. Do I describe his face? – two dots and a line. He's giving me an erection – that interests him. I asked my dad about nipples and he said yes, that's why he always wears cotton T-shirts, even cotton irritates them. During puberty I could make myself cum by caressing my nipples if toward the end I laid one finger on my cock. The man who is interested tongues my left one; it makes a hot entrance into his mouth, and then he sucks the hard tip in and out gently and patiently between his teeth: It causes air to rush through me. I fondle his hair and ears; I

DESIRE IS NOT SATISFIED; IT'S *EXPELLED*. STILL, EACH TIME PLEASURE WAS WRUNG OUT OF ME, IT SEEPED BACK AGAIN AND SATURATED MY MEMBRANES.

love him so much I would do anything he asked me to, my arms are weak. His thumbnail lightly skirts the tip of the right one again and again; pleasure sets up the roll of a snare drum in my teeth, in the membrane under my cockhead and around my asshole – pleasure so intimate it registers as an affront, and my chest is about to cry or shout out as though deeply refusing again and again increasingly released. The erect tip, faded pink, my nipple's leader, stands out against its rose circle; it has become the farthest point of me; sometimes when I eat chocolate my nipples get hard and the hairs around them stand up. I always admired nipples like Jack's – two dimes casually dropped on a table – my own are such peonies. When this man pinches and kneads and mistreats them – I always knew he was a heartless beast, they *act* like they love you, sure, and you end up bruised and sore – the sensation was confined to my nipples and I negotiated the pain into an even stronger and more telling happiness.

Naked men move swiftly even when we're standing still; certainly the passage of time is different when perceived with the whole body. So many men: patterns of stress, dark and absorptive, hardly differentiated from our surroundings. So little time: actually no time, opaque instants where being alive is form and content. To approach that instant we move so swiftly we set up a high, distracting turbulence and push into it, squinting eyes and parting lips. Calm becomes tedious and unbalanced, insupportable; the body meets it with a shout of indignation.

And shouldn't Fred and Ginger ditch the interior life that intimacy is based on? It's a brontosaurus, a vestigial organ longing for an appendectomy. We are modern, sleek, with an arched waist echoed by huge Deco arcs to an infinity of longing. Then the music fades and Fred lights up, complacent, reducing the encounter to performance and technique, a public means of expression. A wail of protest goes up: Sensitive nipples, tender skin on the inner thigh – the knowledge of which *equals* intimacy – what happens to these secrets once I have shared them with so many Freds that I am a machine whose quirks and eccentricities are appraised in a cheerfully businesslike way? If I'm so dispersed, what happens to the possibility of intimacy for me?

I haunted the halls and dark places of the Club Baths feeling less and less physically present. I had an upset stomach. My stock was plummeting. Everyone rejected me except for the people I rejected. An older man took my cock and I turned away, creating of him a blind spot but letting my cock face forward in case he wanted to give me pleasure. Instead he touched my chin, lightly turning my face toward him, and whispered, "Smile, you look scared and sad." I laughed with relief and embraced him and whispered, "You're right." I was glad he'd broken my stereotyped response – he moved on – I might have liked him to stay but he had already made his distinctions. I felt relief and regret.

Finally, in a big, dark room on the second floor, someone grabbed my cock and got it hard. I took hold of his cock and recoiled – it had warts. He abruptly swung around and shoved my cock in his ass, then turned us both around so he could balance himself on the edge of a platform that held a mattress. His ass was wide open and lubricated with the sperm of untold others – I don't know more about him – he was shorter and he had a waist. I scooted him onto the mattress and fucked him. I figured his ass was a crock pot for every disease known to man. His body spun like a pinwheel on a stick. When I finished he didn't bother turning around to his past to reminisce, he just went forward looking for his next cock. I showered, and each subsequent activity took me closer to home. I mentally started a bitter quarrel with Jack that continued for a year. •

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Continued from page 30

cement simmin' hole. "Glory be!" he whistled. "Just look at this fancy pond!" Ned must've thought he was back at the ol' creek in Clayton County, 'cause quicker 'n you could skin a cat, he'd taken off his overalls and set to skinny-dippin' in the pool!

Those city fellas just couldn't believe their eyes! It had been a month of Sundays since any of 'em had seen a young fella quite so handsome (and well endowed) as Ned. Nary one of 'em could keep from gawkin' at his – errr – beauty.

"Who *is* he? Where *did* he come from? What *does* he hope to be?" they chorused.

"*That*, my friends," ol' Brandon J. just sat back and smiled real big, "is the hottest thing to hit these hills in the past 50 years!"

You can just imagine how envious those dudes were of Brandon J. There wasn't a single one of those weasels (Brandon called 'em "friends") that didn't try to put the make on ol' Ned. Not one of 'em, though, got as far as first base with the stallion from Clayton County. The truth of the matter was that Ned wasn't thinkin' much about gettin' any dick that afternoon. His thoughts, it turns out, had wandered back to the hills where he'd grown up.

WHILE NED WAS HELPIN' HIMSELF TO A PIECE OF FANNY, BRANDON J. JUST LAY THERE MOANIN' AND BEGGIN' FOR MORE. "FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" HE PLEADED.

"What's the matter, handsome?" Brandon asked, once all the weasels had gone. "You don't look very happy."

"I'm doin' OK." Ned stared at nothing in particular. "It's just that splashin' around in the cement pond this afternoon reminded me of the folks back home. I guess I *do* miss 'em a little bit."

"Poor baby's homesick," the millionaire cooed. "I know the perfect cure for that. You and I are goin' some place tonight that'll be almost like home."

That place, Ned learned later that evenin', was a leather and Western bar nestled deep in the valley of Beverly Hills. Sure enough, the hillbilly felt right at home there. Country music was plain' on the juke box. Men were dressed in cowhide britches with matchin' vests. And everywhere ol' Ned looked, he saw those little corncob pipes – just like the ones Gus Craven sold at the general store – bein' passed from one fella to the next.

"Why, these dudes look just like my ol' buddies from back home in Clayton County!" Ned's eyes widened with disbelief.

"I thought you'd like it here." Brandon J. seemed pleased that the lad had perked up. "You just wait right here, and I'll go round us up a couple of drinks."

Now leavin' that handsome stud alone for five minutes was Brandon J.'s first big mistake that evening. By the time he got back with the brews, near 'bouts half the men in the bar had flocked over to ol' Ned. "Who *are* you? Where *did* you come from?

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What *do* you hope to be?" they chorused. "Are *you* entering the contest tonight?" they asked.

"What contest?"

"The wet jockey shorts contest," a tall dark stranger replied. "Cash prize of a thousand bucks," he added.

"A thousand dollars!" Ned couldn't believe his ears. "What do you have to do to win all that money?"

"Just go up on-stage and stand there in your jockey shorts."

"Golly! I'd do that!" Ned glanced around the room. "Seein' how there ain't no women folk here to be a lookin' at me."

Before Brandon J. could return with drinks, that hillbilly had done gone and signed up for the contest. And not only did he enter (against Brandon J.'s wishes), but he durn well won it to boot!

I'd have to say ol' Ned was lookin' mighty fine that night. Every eye in that bar was on the blond stallion when he strode up to the stage. And when one of those big muscle numbers doused the boy's jockey shorts with a bucket of water, the crowd went to carryin' on like a bunch of lunatics!

The hillbilly just stood there lookin' real surprised and wonderin' what all the commotion was about. Then somethin' mighty strange happened. One of those so-called friends of Brandon J.'s jumped up on the stage and stuck one of those little amber-colored bottles under Ned's nose.

You know what happened next! That boy's dallywhacker started dancin' a jig! You'd have thought that thang of his was tryin' to beat its way out of those soppin' jockey shorts!

Now whether or not Ned's winnin' the contest that night had anything to do with that special perfume he sniffed, I'm not for certain. But I do know that hillbilly caused quite a commotion that night. Those fellas there took to him like flies to shit!

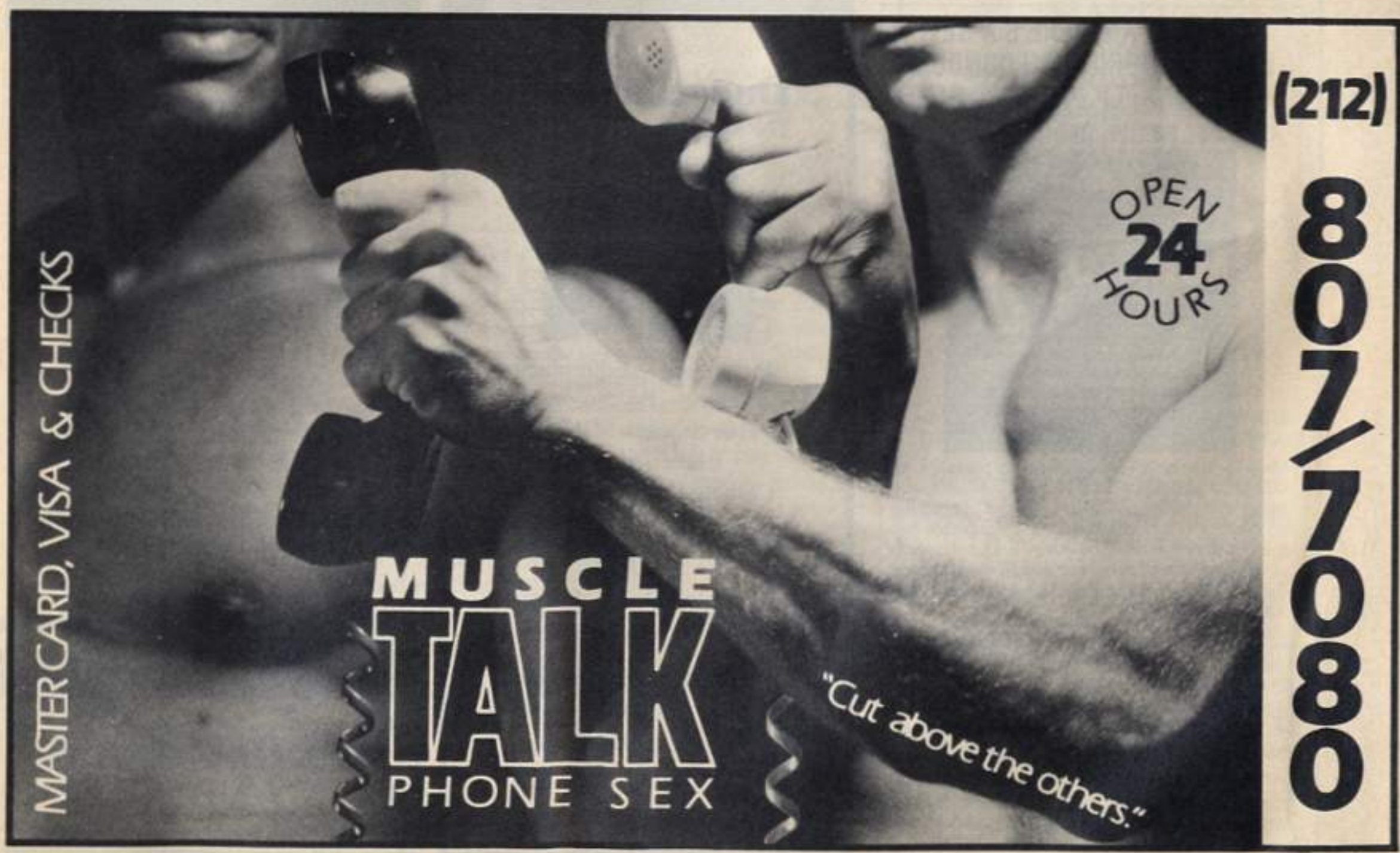
Well, even though ol' Brandon J. didn't like that one bit, there wasn't a thing he could do to stop it. Seein' how Ned was just a good ol' country boy, he was friendly to everybody. And as it turns out, a bunch of those city fellas took quite a likin' to *him*. In fact, one of those dudes, who just happened to be a big-shot Hollywood producer, took *such* a hankerin' to the boy that he invited ol' Ned back to his house that night to audition for a role in some movie he was producin'.

I'm not sure just what the hillybilly did for an audition, but I *do* know that he got the part. Before long, Ned's face started poppin' up near 'bouts everywhere you looked! He was goin' on TV shows, makin' one movie after the other and doin' advertisements for everything from razor blades to designer dungarees.

My friends, the rest is history. Pretty soon, ol' Ned had his own Beverly Hills mansion – complete with a cement pond. He bought himself one of those fancy cars. Took to wearin' store-bought clothes too. I guess you might say Ned had struck it rich, but let me tell you, havin' money never went to the boy's head. He stayed just as friendly to everybody as the day he first got to Beverly Hills.

Folks must have appreciated ol' Ned's hospitality, 'cause every night there'd be a half-dozen young fellas comin' over to visit. What they found to do all night, I'll leave to your imagination. But I *can* tell you that those boys sure 'nough had big smiles on their faces when they left Ned's mansion the next mornin'.

Ol' Ned would look right pleased with himself too. He'd just stand there wearin' that big toothy grin o' his. And as the boys would drive off in their cars, the neighbors'd wake up hearin' Ned hollerin' from the doorway, "Y'all come back now. Ya' hear!" •



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Continued from page 50

Farmdale led Alex into the enormous bathroom and undressed him. He put Alex into the shower and then stripped himself and joined him.

That's how it started. And once they had started, they vowed they would never stop. Not until one of them died.

It wasn't too difficult to arrange everything. For one thing, Farmdale was up for rotation to a desk job here in Saigon. He had been planning to refuse it; now he wouldn't. It was simple for him to use his ever present "influence" to get his new lover transferred to the capital city as well.

They had a bungalow. They spent every single spare moment together. "I'd been waiting for you," James explained at one point. "I'd expected you to come along sooner. But that's OK."

"What do you mean, me? Sooner?" Alex didn't understand.

"Waiting for the man to fall in love with. It didn't happen at Annapolis, and I was tired of the city games. That's why I volunteered to come to Nam. I figured you'd be a jarhead. So ..." James smiled and dragged Alex back onto the bed they so seldom left.

James tutored Alex, not so much to teach him as to wash away a lifetime of prejudice and an education that blocked real think-

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ing. Alex was a willing student. He read everything that James gave him, he listened carefully to the explanations of the cuisine they were eating, how to do little things to produce great pleasure. And they learned to have sex.

Their rotation in Saigon lasted for six months. The war was picking up, the omens weren't good. Farmdale could have kept them out of battle, he could have gotten them back to the States. But he explained that it wouldn't be honorable. "When you have power – and my family does," he explained to Alex, "then you can't misuse it. Ever. You certainly can't misuse it to become a coward, to protect yourself. You and I are Marines. We chose to be Marines because we believed in something. It's hard to find that something in a hellhole like Vietnam, but the last thing we should do is let the rest of them define what's right and what's good. That has to be what we know it is, and we have to hold on to it hard.

"Right and good aren't easy things to know. Not at all. But they're there and they're important, Alex. People back in the States are as bad as the crazies over here. It's as stupid to think you can protect right with speeches and marches on the Capitol as it is to think you can keep it alive by killing innocent women and children. The right thing for a soldier to do is to protect what's good ... however he has to do it."

So they went back, back into the rotting, stinking jungle. They went back and they marched their patrols again. "The lieutenant and his sergeant" was what they were called. Alex Kane was proud of that.

But there was another sergeant in the platoon who hated those words. Sergeant Johnson, a big, beefy man from North Dakota, was jealous of all the things that went on between the lieutenant and "his sergeant."

One day Johnson came into the tent where James slept, and found out just why he was cut out of so many of the private conversations between Alex and James. James was on his knees, Alex's pants open, his long, thick penis hard and stabbing the air. "You faggots," Johnson growled.

James told Alex to forget it. Forget it ever happened – he'd have Johnson out of there within a week, and the man had been warned to keep his mouth shut. It made Alex nervous to think about it, but he took James' word.

There was a sudden enemy movement. They had to go on alert and were sent to patrol a particularly dangerous sector. They were willing and ready – as ready as men in Vietnam ever were.

A few miles from their camp, they were attacked. Bullets whined death. Alex and James were face down in the damp, stinking Asian dirt. They fired their M-16s with deadly accuracy. The enemy dropped back. It seemed as though the fight was over. James lifted his body up slightly to check out the position. One single bullet sounded its call. James jerked up, then fell onto the ground.

Alex was mad with concern. He laid his body over his lover's to protect it from the sniper, wherever he was. Alex felt the weakness of James' breathing and screamed for a medic.

But his panic collapsed all at once. He had looked down at the body beneath him and seen where the bullet had landed, in James' back, right at the spinal column. He had been shot from behind. By an American. With zombielike determination and utter disbelief at what he was seeing, Alex stood up. He looked back and saw that sneer on Johnson's face, and he knew. *He knew.* Alex lifted his M-16 to his shoulder and sent his own mortal round of bullets tearing through Johnson's chest. The sneer disappeared forever.

Then he went back to James. There was a hint of life, just a hint. He rolled the lieutenant over and held James in his arms, trying not to let his sobs jostle the young man.

James Farmdale knew he was going to die. He lifted one hand to Alex's face with great, painful effort and rested it on the sergeant's cheek.

And then, First Lieutenant James Farm-

FARMDALE WAS A MEAN SON OF A BITCH ALL RIGHT. BUT AS SOON AS ALEX WAS PART OF THE GROUP, HE SAW THAT FARMDALE MIGHT BE THE MOST RESPECTED OFFICER IN THE WHOLE OF SOUTHEAST ASIA . . .

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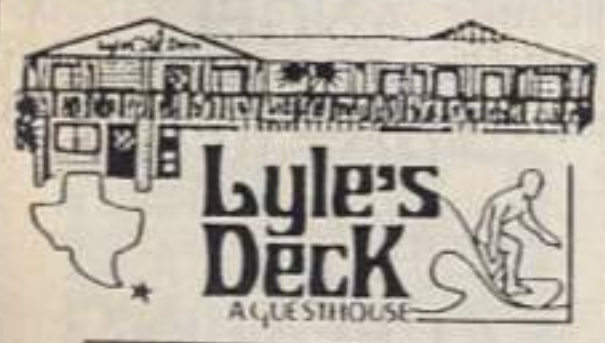

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• • •

Kane knew that something was going on when he went before his court-martial. The charge was the murder of Sergeant Edward Johnson. The defense lawyer the Marines had given him had said it was hopeless; he had begged Alex to plead insanity.

"Never."

But when they went in front of the court-martial, Alex didn't see faces of men who would be willing to send him before a firing squad. The judges were nervous, more frightened than he ever thought they'd be. They called the lawyer up to the bench and had a whispered conference with him.

The young attorney returned to Alex's table with a shocked expression on his face. "The trial's closed; they have orders. From way up. *Way up.*"

The proceedings lasted minutes. In one of the fastest trials in the history of the United States Marine Corps, Sergeant Alex Kane was dishonorably discharged from the service. But not for murder. For some trumped-up charge that let Kane off easy. The judges walked briskly out of the room, embarrassed by something. Tough MPs stood beside Alex and each took one of his arms. He looked at them. "Follow us."

He did, right to the airport, where a transport was being held for him. The guys waiting inside figured it had to be for a general at least – who else could have kept a plane that big sitting there so long? But it was only a sergeant, one with dark, black hair and a look of uncommon sadness, even for this part of the world, where sadness was omnipresent.

They hadn't had time even to process his papers in Nam. But the documents were waiting for him when he landed in California. He took them and all his back pay and caught a bus to San Francisco.

Alex Kane, the lover of James Farmdale, a hero of the war in Vietnam, landed in the Tenderloin and began a battle like no other he had ever fought: a battle to drown himself and his hurt and his anger in an ocean of booze. He nearly won.

He still couldn't remember whole days, weeks of the hell he put himself through. The sleazy bars, the nameless bodies, the rancid bathhouses all blurred together in a haze of self-hating sex and self-destructive drinking.

Finally, one day, there was no more money. He woke up and there wasn't any body next to him, either. The flophouse was even dirtier than most, Alex thought. He looked around the room. He had thought it would be some place like Vietnam, or else some place homey and comfortable like his grandparents' house in New Hampshire. He had never really thought that it would be like this. But if this was his fate, then so be it.

Suddenly the doors burst open and three strong men stormed into the room. They grabbed Alex; when he tried to resist, one of them knocked him out cold with a roundhouse punch. They made no sense to him, not in the little time he was conscious of them. He did remember thinking one thing. *So this is the end of the line.*

• • •

When Alex Kane woke up the next time, he thought maybe his prediction had been correct. He was still naked. He was clean, though, and so was the bed he was resting on and the sheets that covered him. There was something wrong with his body. Was this what heaven felt like? This slow lethargy and all this comfort? But then he knew that the sensations were more commonplace. He had been drugged. He was just dehydrated with a chemical hangover.

He staggered out of bed and stretched. The room was luxurious, and he could hear surf crashing on a shoreline somewhere nearby. He went to a set of doors that opened onto a patio and, beyond it, an Olympic-sized swimming pool. There appeared to be no people.

A few laps were just what he needed to clear his head. He walked over to the pool and dove in. He drove his out-of-shape body as much as he could, until he could swim no more. He stopped and hung on to the edge of the pool to catch his breath.

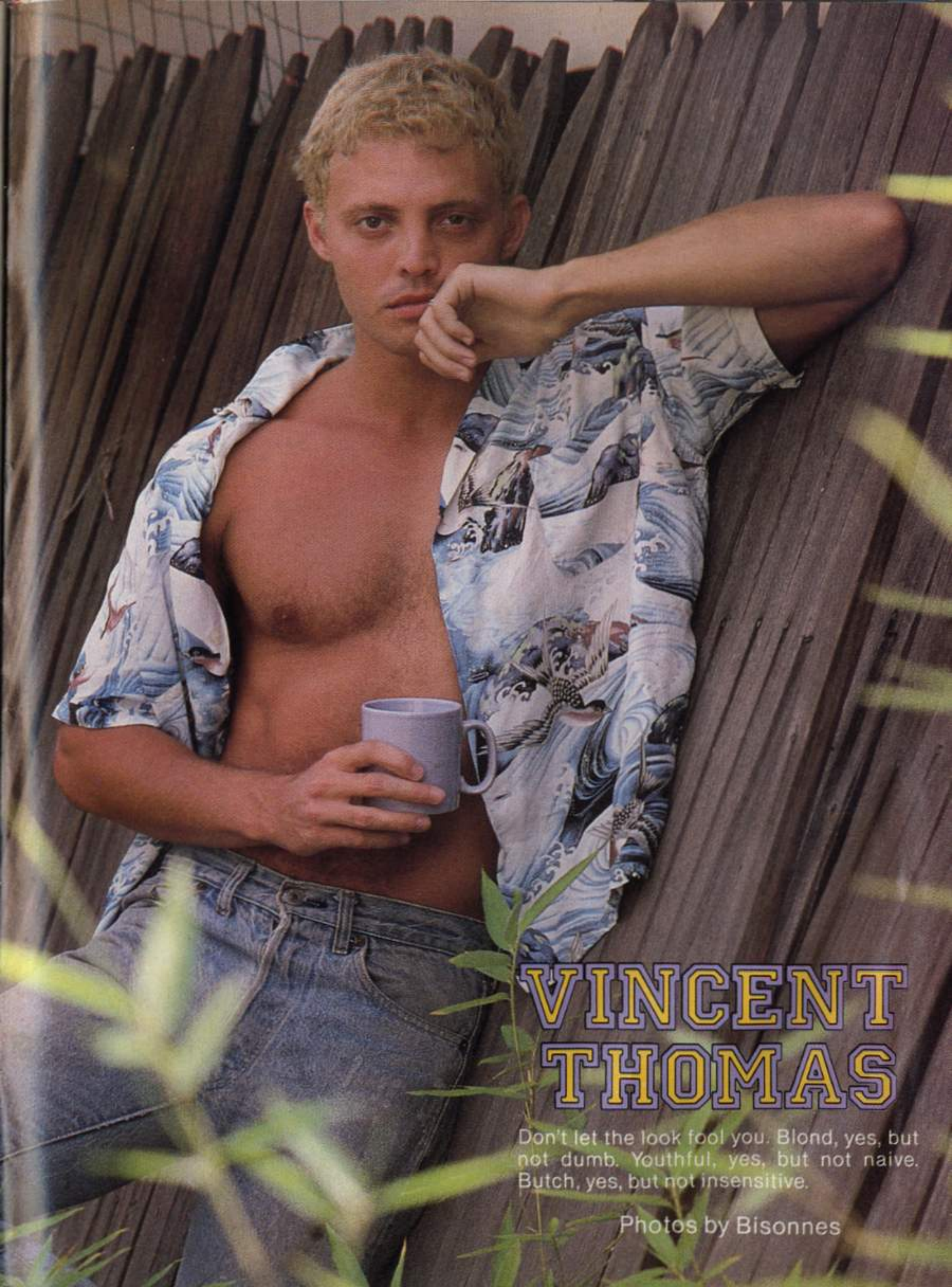
Then he saw an old man, wearing an immaculate suit, sitting close by. The man was studying him intently, silently.

This makes no sense, Alex told himself. *What is this?*

Then an answer came to him and he laughed out loud. "Jesus Christ, man, you went to a lot of trouble for a piece of rough trade."

The old man didn't smile. He just stared and finally said, "I am James' father." •

THAT'S HOW IT STARTED. AND ONCE THEY HAD STARTED, THEY VOWED THEY WOULD NEVER STOP. NOT UNTIL ONE OF THEM DIED.



VINCENT THOMAS

Don't let the look fool you. Blond, yes, but not dumb. Youthful, yes, but not naive. Butch, yes, but not insensitive.

Photos by Bisonnes

At 25, Vincent Thomas is a man who knows what he wants and is determined to get it. He's a construction worker days, a bartender nights. Odd jobs to pay the rent while he pursues the career he really wants: directing films. Writing them, too.

"My writing is terse, cinematic, if you will," Vincent explains. "Maybe it's the result of being raised with television, constantly bombarded with images. So I tend to be a very visual person."

and what kind of movies would he make? "Of course I'm very interested in erotica, especially male-male erotica," he says with a near blushing smile, "and I think there's a real challenge in that area. I suspect there's a market for sensual, intelligent, original films that are a turn-on as well. I'd like to make a contribution to that genre."

Would he perform in his own films?

"I wouldn't say no if asked," he laughs. "In my own daydreams, I'm frequently a leading figure, just like everyone else. Most of the time I like what I see, and I imagine others would like seeing it too."

So let's take a poll. How many of you *Advocate MEN* readers would like to see green-eyed Vincent Thomas in a "sensual, intelligent, original film" that is a "turn-on as well?" Drop a note to *Advocate MEN*. We'll get the word back to Vincent.

MENclassifieds

BUSINESS

CLUBS

Nationwide Phone J/O Club. Send SASE, age, mention this ad. Phone Pals, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111.

Bringing Gays Together Since 1975. 45 lover/action lists. Details for stamp. SSCCM, Box 893, Everett, WA 98206.

Correspondence/contact club for men. Join us! For info: SASE to: SGI, Dept. E, P. O. Box 264, Bellbrook, OH 45305.

PIX

Free Super Stud Pix. RCW Photography, 600 - 16th Street #SS2, Oakland, CA 94612

Hot Pix of 100 Naked Young Guys (18+) only $10! Wiegert's, 30327 Rhone, R.P.V., California 90274

VIDEO

Gay Video Library, Borrow VHX XXX-rated. SERVICE-M, Box 889, Seattle, WA 98111-0889.

Hot Black Men On Video. For information $1 to B.M. Production, Los Angeles, P. O. Box 42691, CA 90042 (1541 Highgate)

Goodlooking hunky comp. BB has own video tapes. Personal service. Photo & info, $1. State o/21. Don, 3070 E. Tex. #13, Bossier City, LA 71111.

PERSONALS

ALABAMA

W.M. 21, 5'9", swimmer's build, very attractive wants to meet and hear from others—distance no problem. Write Michael, P.O. Drawer 11329, Montgomery, Alabama 36111.

ARIZONA

Tall, slim leatherman wants to hear from others who love leather, good times. No drugs, S/M, just man to man and leather. Photo please. George, Box 5702, Phoenix, Arizona 85010.

G/W/M, 33, 5'7", 140 lbs., Brown/Brown, Beard/Moustache, tired of loneliness, shy, but very affectionate, likes to cuddle. Enjoys motorcycling, movies, music (?) and quiet evenings at home. Seeks men for mutual sexual pleasure, affection, friendship and possibly more, 25 to 45 masculine and outgoing. Reply with address and phone, photo appreciated. Phoenix Metro area located. Mailing address only: ATJR, Box 2032, Sun City, Arizona 85351.

Bi White male, married seeks gay or bi men for friendship 25 to 40. Reply to MEN Box AM841062.

Attractive, masculine, humorous, active, athletic, in-shape, non-smoking blond teacher (37, 6', 150#) into weightlifting, running, gardening, self-sufficiency, carpentry, hiking, camping, rafting, travel, CW music, dancing. Letter, photo to Box 41804, Phoeniz AZ 85080.

40-year-old, non-promiscuous, health conscious GWM seeking same, 30 to 50-years-old for sexual encounters. Very affectionate and discreet. Phoenix area. GWH, Box 5940, Glendale, AZ 85312.

Butch, good-looking, versatile, discreet, non-bar type guy, 31, seeks men 22-42 into Levis, boots, leather, jock straps, toys, hot scenes, aroma, mutual pleasure. Send photo and interests. Reply to MEN Box AM841152.

ASU hunks (and others): G/W/M professional couple seek parttime houseboy. You're smart, honest, healthy, and handsome. (So are we.) Tempe. Send photo and letter describing background/interests. Terms negotiable. Reply to MEN Box AM841065.

"Smokey The Bear" (Richard G.W.) must hear from you. Very important. Sydney "The Owl". Reply to MEN Box AM841122.

ARKANSAS

G/W/M grad student, 23, desires discreet, loving realtionship with sincere G/W/M, under 30, interested in relationship, not bars, baths or drugs. Central Arkansas area only. Reply to MEN Box AM841127.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

W/M, 38, 6", endowed, eeks short G/P's for sex w/no involvement (Latins esp welcome). Would like to show visitors to SFO around. Send photo to: Box 4940, S.F., CA 94101

NO sex on the first date: Meet a young old-fashioned guy who wants to KNOW YOU before he knows you. Reply: "STAR," 1528 15th St., S.F., CA 94103.

23 yr old looking for friends/lover in Northern CA. I'm 5'8", 160 lbs., brn hair and eyes. Write: Robin, c/o 6930 Laurel Oak Way, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.

Big dicked piss artist seeks admirers, rubber suckers needed too. Write 495 Ellis #1520, S.F. CA 94102.

Affectionate, fun and hung South Bay top seeks companions for amusing, healthy matinees or soirees. Why not? Reply to MEN Box AM841151.

Hot and handsome traveling professional, with home in Bay Area, seeks J/O and safe sex, companionship in west coast cities, Denver & Chicago. Reply to "Professional," Box 2506, Oakland, CA 94614.

Sacramento businessman, 38 yrs., GWM, blond, blue eyed, 6', 165 lbs., seeks friends in young men who are small, smooth bodied, affectionate, personable, and masculine. Respond with current photo to MEN Box AM841177.

Would like to meet or correspond with other gay business owner or corp executive or would like information on joining a gay businessmen's club. Please write: Scott, P.O. Box 7301, SJ 95150

Mellow dude in twenties to help guy in forties around house. Hairy, uncut, like nudism, sunbathing, swimming. No drugs, fems. Free room, board. Salary negotiable. Let's make a home together. Reply to MEN Box AM841153.

Clean, non-bar environment weekly, bi-weekly? Potluck, cards, movies, beerbust, etc.; trips, beach, camping, etc. Santa Clara Valley, Southern Peninsula & East Bay, Santa Cruz. Include name, number, address. Reply to MEN Box AM841154.

Trim, neat Asian, 33, 5'3", 120 lbs., lives in South Bay. Enjoys opera, swimming, classical music, computer, books. Seeks friends with similar age and interests in S.F. Bay Area. Reply to MEN Box AM841158.

G/W/M , cpl seeks others into 3 and 4 ways. 23, Bl/Gr, 6'1", 165 lbs., 23, Br/Br, 6'11", 165 lbs. (hung A plus). Letter and phone gets ours. Reply to MEN Box AM841159.

W/M, 45, 5'11", 200 lbs., handsome and loving, seeks hairy gentle man for mutual sexual pleasure, affection, friendship, and possibly more. Write ED, 2800 Balboa, S.F., CA 94121.

Unattached Latin Male 40, 5'10", 155, would like to meet guys 18 to 40 for dinners, outings, mutual good times together. Have car, home, financially stable. Live East Bay. Reply to MEN Box AM841001.

Biker, healthy, 6', 155 lbs., 35 yrs., handsome and versatile, would like to meet another hot biker. Let's exchange phone nos. Reply to MEN Box AM841002

W/M 40, 5'10", 185, shy, sincere seeks friend and possible relationship with W/M 21-35. Interests: health, sports, quiet times. Let's share life's good and bad times. Reply to MEN Box AM841005.

WANTED: Closeness and intimacy from toned top to age 45. OFFERED: Warmth and affection from smooth-skinned, dark-haired cuddler, 37, 5'8", 165. Responses with photos receive first consideration. Reply to MEN Box AM841009.

BLOND TV EXEC, 38, lotsa travel, looking for right teen-to-mid-20's guy to share the wealth. No drugs, motivated, student ideal. Piedmont mansion, many cars, proxi o$ 'e UC Berkeley. Reply to MEN Box AM841018.

Attractive Asian/American 24, 5'10", 149 lbs., grad student seeks affectionate, fit "daddy" type, 29-40, for hikes, dinners, movies, cuddling and potential relationship. Please send letter with photo to 2000 Center Street, #1433, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Tall, dark, handsome, athletic build, 33 year old, 180 lbs. wants to meet body builder types in Stockton and surrounding areas. Am health oriented, masculine, discreet. No drugs: expect same. send photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841082

White male, 50, looks 35, 160 lbs., 5'11", brown hair, eyes, looking to meet young man 18 to 30 in San Francisco. Your picture for mine. Reply to MEN Box AM841036

G/W/M, 23, Hung and horny wants J/O buddies into briefs and jockstaps. Your photo and phone gets instant beat-off reply. Young men 18 to 30 really turn me on! Reply to MEN Box AM841047

G/W/M 40's, professional, secure, seeks loving man, 25+, No. Cal. Area, for long lasting, permanent loving, sharing, caring relationship. Pix/phone. Let's talk. Will answer all. Reply to MEN Box AM841050

Over 45, 6'2", 175 lbs., 34 w., 6½c., MBA. Palo Alto. Into touch, kissing, cuddling, Fr Gr AP. You trim, 35 up, 5'9" up, humor, adult. Pic please. Reply to MEN Box AM841051

I would like to meet other attractive, intelligent men under 30. I'm a 30 year old, professional white male, blond hair, blue eyes, 6' tall, slim build. Enclose photo and phone number with reply to MEN Box AM841052

NICE GUY—San Francisco teddy bear, 45 yrs. old, intelligent, good looking professional would like to meet similar male who likes good food, animals, outdoors, music (all), dancing, movies, books. Reply to MEN Box AM841063

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Sailing-Weekends, evening lust. ME: 32, 6'4", 220. YOU: 18-30, thin, slim, cute, smooth, big buns, Robby Benson, Sal Mineo type. Letter-photo Jim, 802 Orange, LB CA 90813

Bodybuilders, Bulging muscles, J/O. They interest me. Let's talk on the phone. Send photo, phone # — Ron, P.O. Box 929, Baldwin Park, CA 91706

Attractive, literate man in wheelchair would like friendships in San Diego to broaden experiences and friendships, Jim Ward (aka Peregrine Grape), 825 A Ave., Coronado, CA 92118.

B/M, 25, 145 lbs. 5'8", looking to meet guys for friendship. Like to dine, movies and ???. 1765 N. Highland, Box 150, LA, CA 90078.

Interested in forming a lasting relationship—Prefer Black or Puerto Rican—over 5'7". Various interests. No S-M. Masculine only. Write photo, phone, to Gonzalez, 4621 Park Blvd., S.D., CA 92116.

30 y/o male, 6'2", 185, brn/brn, wants to meet masc 35 to 60 for good times. Hairy types esp. welcome, bi/married OK. P.O. Box 92411, Long Beach, CA 90809.

Looking for relationship-oriented person into J/O. Write to P.O. Box 441, West Covina, CA 91793. Thanks.

Intelligent G/W/M, 34, wants friends, long-term relationship, not just action. No dope, smoking, heavy drinkers. Inexperienced? So am I. SFV/SCV area. Bruce, Box 10, Saugus, CA 91350.

San Diego Area bi, 42, seeks successful, happy man over 28 to build friendship. Interests include photog., reading, travel, communication, sex. Photo, phone to Box 973, Encinitas, CA 92024.

G/B/M, 25 yrs., looking for someone who loves being themselves. No put-ons. Let's get together. Dave, P.O. Box 1742, Inglewood, CA 90308.

Interested in meeting an unusual guy, having a quality friendship or relationship? I'm 40, 5'4", 137 lbs., sensual Japanese-American. P.O. Box 7155, Glendale, CA 91205.

Any competitive bodybuilders contact me for any financial assistance. Serious inquiries, please! Contact Michael Harris, 2265-B Westwood Blvd., Box 667, Los Angeles, CA 90064.

Black male seeks White-Latin males, 18-30 yrs. for a nice relationship of caring, fun and exciting times together. I'm 30 yrs, 5'5", 130 lbs. Let's get together and enjoy each other. Write with phone number and picture. Reply to MEN Box AM841014

Middle aged professional wanted in L.A. by same sincere loving financially secure ready to explore relationship healthy in shape and a poet at heart. Reply to MEN Box AM841027

Goodlooking Asian, 32, 5'4", 130 lbs., cleancut all-American gymnast. Warm, sensitive, sincere, intelligent & adventurous. Seeks honest, stable bodybuilder type who care and respect self and others. Reply to MEN Box AM841040

Looking for a "give and take" friendship with a guy in L.A. or Orange County Area. ME: 22, 6'1", 170, good body, new college grad. Write with a picture. Please. Reply to MEN Box AM841068.

Theatre, travel, sunsets over water, music, a green field. 30, goodlooking, well-built, intelligent, successful, high standards of life. Don't compromise. Be about my age, attractive and honest. LA Area. Reply to MEN Box AM841087.

G/W/M, 24, 5'11", BB type, friendly, healthy and very horny! Seeks similar, 21-25 year old guys, for fun, action and friendship. Serious letters with photo and phone gets mine. Reply to MEN Box AM841088.

GWM, 21 years old, seeking same for friendship +. Inexperienced yet quick to learn. Discretion and straight appearance appreciated. Send letter and photo to M.J.E., 976 Foothill, #151, Claremont, CA 91711. Thanks!

White/Latin obedient slave wanted by two young men for possible live-in. You 18-30, good housekeeper/servant. Send picture. P.O. Box 15295, No. Hollywood, CA 91605.

Hot, handsome bodybuilder, 6', 188 lbs., with 16" arms, 49" chest, 33" waist, brown hair, green eyes seeks hot, hung men for action. Write P.O. Box 2275, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Any competitive bodybuilders contact me for any financial assistance. Serious inquiries, please! Contact Michael Harris, 2265-B Westwood Blvd., Box 667, Los Angeles, CA 90064.

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Intelligent G/W/M, 34, wants friends, long-term relationship, not just action. No dope, smoking, heavy drikers. Inexperienced? So am I. SFV/SCV area. Bruce, Box 10, Saugus, CA 91350.

Very good-looking, W/M, 24, 5'11", 160 lbs., brn/gry with sense of humor and fun looking for same 20-30. No fats or fems. Write with photo to Box 22114, Long Beach, CA 90802.

San Diego Area bi, 42, seeks successful, happy man over 28 to build friendship. Interests include photog., reading, travel, communication, sex. Photo, phone to Box 973, Encinitas, CA 92024.

G/B/M, 25 yrs., looking for someone who loves being themselves. No put-ons. Let's get together. Dave, P.O. Box 1742, Inglewood, CA 90308.

Interested in meeting an unusual guy, having a quality friendship or relationship? I'm 40, 5'4", 137 lbs., sensual Japanese-American. P.O. Box 7155, Glendale, CA 91205.

I love to meet guys 18 to 29. I'm 6'2", 200 lbs., brown hair and eyes. I live alone. Meet on weekend. Age 42. Reply to MEN Box AM841079.

Good-looking, 42, 5'8", 185 lbs., Brown hair/eyes, moustache, balding, muscular chest, thighs, chest hair, cut, seeks 30-45, warm, affectionate w/ moustache, intelligent, G/P, homebody. Dislike bars, drugs. Need love, affection. Reply to MEN Box AM841118.

COLORADO

Prof. G/W/M Br/Br seeks G/M 19-22 for poss. relocation to Mile High City. Reply with photo, phone to: Jamie, #302, 1544 Cleveland, Denver, CO 80202.

Hot young Denver stud seeks Daddy 21-35 into leather, B/D, S/M. NO W/S or SCAT. Looking for top to expand my limits. Send photos and replies to MEN Box #AM841038.

NOT AFRAID OF DARK - Always up for a movie. Want to talk, write seriously about film. GWM, 30, well-educated, caring. Looking for someone to share popcorn, good times.Reply to MEN Box AM841084.

ME: White, 27, 6'0", 170 lbs., dark hair. YOU: real man, 18-30. For companionship and possible relationship. Must be caring, responsible, attractive. No drugs or heavy boozers. Send letter, photograph to MEN Box AM841083.

"Loves to take it", Hot G/W/M 24, 5'11", blond/blue, seeks same to drive it home! Colo. Spgs. Area. Relationship possible. Your photo gets first reply. Reply to MEN Box AM841091.

First time . . . I'm gay, white, male, 31, 5'11", Catholic, Gr A/P, Fr A/P. Looking for the Man, white, 30 to 40 years in Denver. No S/M, fems, fats please. Reply to MEN Box AM841130.

CONNECTICUT

G/W/M, 24, brown hair, 5'5", 125 lbs., likes dancing, movies, rollerskating, eating and fun. Looking for GWM 18 to 28 for friendship and more. Will travel. Reply with picture to MEN Box AM841163.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Hunky masculine J/O Stud. Well built with horny big tool seeks to exchange hot photos, letters, encounters with similar. Travel USA. Reply to P.O. Box 3752, Washington, D.C. 20007.

Goodlooking, masculine, G/W/M, 30, 5'10", 160, well defined, black hair, moustache, seeking masculine, attractive, slender, healthy, and stimulating G/A men, under 35 for friendship, good times. With phone, photo, interests Reply to MEN Box AM841037.

PORTUGAL ORIENTAL, 25 and matured, looking for friendship, love, etc. Only over 40 years old. No fems please. Your picture gets mine. Reply to MEN Box AM841049.

FLORIDA

Professional, mature man interested in sharing small house on waterway with same. Interests: theatre, symphony, art, cooking, swimming, bicycling, gardening, entertaining. Good companionship first, other relationships secondary. Include phone number. Reply to MEN Box AM841182.

Sarasota, 28 year old GWM, Professional, looking for guys 20-35 for fun, friendship and possible relationship. Discretion assured. Reply to MEN Box AM841086.

I'm 30, just lost 80#, now working to get into shape to be attractive and more comfortable with myself. Would love to meet others in similar circumstances for conversation, whatever. Reply to MEN Box AM841085.

Amateur photographer has hot mouth and camera, needs attractive young exhibitionist models to pose for private collection. Write with phone number. Your photo helps. I will contact you for session. Reply to MEN Box AM841156.

You've tried the rest, now try the best. Most talented mouth east of the Mississippi. Stop in for a visit. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reply to MEN Box AM841166.

Handsome, muscular professional seeks good-looking, well-built, masculine men who are straight-acting, discreet and financially secure. Discretion required. Send photo and letter to Jim, P.O. Box 13318, Gainesville, FL 32601.

Attractive GWM 29 looking for intelligent, stable, young man for a giving, loving-type relationship. Prefer responsible, independent, health-conscious individual who enjoys life. No drugs. Photos exchanged. Reply to MEN Box AM841029.

G/B/M 33, Masculine, attractive, honest. Interested in developing lasting friendships, (possible lover relationship) w/other masculine men. All areas, especially Jacksonville; all races, especially Blacks. Must be honest, sensitive, caring individuals. Reply to MEN Box AM841058.

If you're 21, friendly and live in Sarasota, let's meet. I'm 21 and love the arts and classical music; hope you do too. Friendly basis first, personal relationship afterwards. No bars, fems, drugs or alcohol. Reply to MEN Box AM841061.

Big and bearded prof. man, late 30's, seeks young companion for weekend travel, possible relationship. Enjoy romantic moments with someone who knows how to treat a man. Photo/letter. Reply to MEN Box AM841110.

GWM, 5'7", 145 lbs., Brown hair and eyes, 65 years young, seeks friend/lover. No fats, fems or drugs. Like quiet eves at home, classical music, theatre, walks, affection, companionship. SE FL. Reply to MEN Box AM841096.

YOU: White male, secure, professional, attractive, 30-40, knows life doesn't begin/end in bar/bed. ME: 36, romantic, faithful, 69", 155, White male, dark hair/eyes, moustache. Sarasota/Bradenton. Reply to MEN Box AM841124.

GEORGIA

New to Atlanta: G/W/M, 6', 165 lbs., 22, versatile in and out of bed, seeks friends for fun. Write 602 Hardendorf Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30307.

W/M, 28, 165, 6', brn, blu, moustache, hot, handsome, Levi, leather, possible relationship, willing to relocate. You: W/M, 25 up, no fats, fems. Drugs ok. Serious replies only. Include photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841008.

White male, 21, Blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 193 lbs. Live on a farm with parents. Want to correspond with someone who would be patient and guide someone inexperienced. Reply to MEN Box AM841011.

HAWAII

Haole gentleman, 53, quiet, travelled, educated, classical music, art, antiques, sense of humor, A/F, P/G, seeks compatible son-lover. Local or service. Any race. Reply to MEN Box AM841128.

Hot 26 yr. G/W/M, 6'2", 195 lbs., dark hair/eyes. Trimmed beard. Sent hot, muscular photo. phone number. Let me oil/worship your hard muscles. Hot posing session, 20-32 years. Reply to MEN Box AM841123.

ILLINOIS

G/B/M, 50 years old, 198 lbs., interested in all types of sex. No pain. Would like to have photos of well-hung men and letters for collection. Age, race, no matter, discretion a must. Bi or Gay. Will answer all letters. Reply MEN Box AM841164.

Attractive G/W/M couple, both 37, seek to meet other couples, local or visitors, for voyeuristic, no contact sex encounters. Also photo swap. Bill & Mike, P.O. Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641.

RECENTLY DIVORCED: Age 20-40, wanted by goodling, Bi/W/M. Desires straight appearance males in J/O and B/J ONLY. Inexperienced and must be discreet.Travel frequently out-of-state. Send letter, photos and phone #. Reply to MEN Box AM841055.

G/W/M, 21, Blonde hair, blue eyes, seeks other guys, 18-25 in the Northwest Chicago Suburbs for quiet evenings and possible relationship. Reply with photo and phone number to: MEN Box AM841031.

Versatile hot NW suburban Chgo W/M lovers, 34 and 35, looking for hot sensuous W/M Fr/Gr A/P third for steaming sexy nights. Send photo and phone. Reply to MEN Box AM841136.

Chicago's leading Black Leatherman offers training, painless discipline, compassion and understanding. If you are masculine, mature, intelligent, independent, and have the guts to experience a REAL MASTER, reply with letter/photo/phone to MEN Box AM841148.

SUPER PLAYER, 25 age, dark brown hair, moustache, blue-grey eyes, good looking player for softball and volleyball, erotic men for passionate romance. Reply to MEN Box AM841067.

Looking for G/W/M "man" to brighten days/nights. Handsome, athletic, 22-34, honest, sincere and sure of himself: financially and emotionally. It's lonely in Spfld, IL. I need to get out! Find me. Reply to MEN Box AM841071.

I'm a goodlooking Black male who's looking for a friend and lover.I'm 21, 5'10", 155 lbs. Straight appearance. Seeks White or Latin, masculine top male. Send letter and phone number. Reply to MEN Box AM841102.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS - Politically progressive G/M, attractive, mid 30's, seeks same any race for friendship and whatever else. It is lonely out in the prairie. Reply to MEN Box AM841025.

I live in Chicago Area and invite Orientals (18-?) to write for possible dinner date and exchange of experiences. Am 69, 5'5", 120#, and world traveler. Reply to MEN Box AM841004.

Bright, energetic male would like to learn the art of mixology from a handsome, talented gay, bi, or non-gay open-minded man either in the profession or out. Will travel. Reply to MEN Box AM841135.

W/M 40's, 5'11", 180 dk brown w/grey, versatile, non-smoker, light drinker, not into wierd, kinky, far out, penpals welcome. Photos exchanged. Hairy chests are a turnon. Reply to MEN Box AM841021

SWEATY RAUNCHY J/O BUDDY Goodlooking young jackoff stud, 30, 6', 165 lbs., moustache, thick hanging tool and sack. Seeks partners for hot uninhibited scenes. Photo/phone with reply will get same—go for it! Reply to MEN Box AM841113.

ATTN VIDEO OWNERS: Wish to buy for my collection 8mm color films you are no longer using. Cosco, Colt, Target, Nova etc. State title, studio, price. Reply to MEN Box AM841142.

W/M 28, 6', 155 lbs., brown/green. Very nice looking, good personality, sensitive and career oriented. I seek the same between 21-35 yrs. Take a chance, I am. Reply to MEN Box AM841143

INDIANA

G/W/M, 31, masculine, hairy-chested, cuddly, brown/brown, straight looking, tired of bars, seeks Gr/A who is not freaked out by occasionally kinky sex. 5'11", 140, Evansville. Enclose photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841080.

G/W/M, 29 yrs. old, 6'1", 185 lbs. Blue eyes, blond, hairy body, masculine, good build, hung. Wish to meet other young good-looking, hung, intelligent person for good times, possible relationship. Reply to MEN Box AM841114.

IOWA

Gay White male, forties, seeks a sincere relationship. Fr A/p, Gr A, goodlooking. Try me. Photo and phone if possible. No fats, fems or drugs please. Iowa City, Iowa. Reply to MEN Box AM841016.

G/W/M, 37 yrs. old, 5'6", 140 lbs. Likes phone J/O and correspondence with like or younger. Please send photo, phone # and address if interested for good times. Reply to MEN Box AM841045.

KANSAS

Goodlooking, W/M, 5'7", 130#, brown hair, hazel eyes. Desires friends nationwide from goodlooking 18 to 40 guys. Enjoy all parts of life and good times. D. Ray, Box 968, Hugoton, KS 67951.

Sex isn't everything Friends are great, too! G/W/M couple looking for local friends to share the good life: dinners, shows, swimming, trips, etc. P.O. Box 19571, KC, MO 64141.

KENTUCKY

Camel smokin', tattooed, crewcut butch stud lookin' for same. Real men only into solid and mutual man-to-man contact. No filter smokers. No nonsmokers or fems or bottoms. Reply to MEN Box AM841133.

LOUISIANA

Having trouble accepting your gay feelings? U 18-25 and want free and confidential professional counsel or just an ear. Write and send address WJR, P.O.B. 750281, N.O., LA 70115.

G/W/M couple, 34-61, settled. Many interests. Seek other couples and singles for friendship. Write with photo. Bill & Charley, Rt. 1, Box 195, Sibley, LA 71073.

Gay/W/Couple interested in three-way or more with hot, healthy men. Married and Bi men especially welcome. Respond with photo: P.O. Box 70694, N.O., LA 70172.

Bi White male in SW Louisiana seeks other bi's or gays for fun and friendship. Am 5'9", 170#, green eyes, brown hair. ALL RACES WELCOME. Reply to MEN Box AM841034.

G/W/M, 20, blond/blue, seeks penpals and friends 18-25 for possible relationship. In New Orleans Area. New to scene. Boxholder, P.O. Box 308, Marrero, LA 70073.

MAINE

Straight acting, quiet, G/W/M, young 36, 6', 175 lbs., looking for friendship. Likes concerts (new wave to heavy metal), music, movies (XXX too), evenings at home. Send photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841073.

MARYLAND

If you're hot/hung/horny, move along. Personable, intell, attr male, 25, 5'10", 200, bl/bl seeks same. Love music, theatre, life & people. Reply MEN Box AM841165.

MASSACHUSETTS

G/W/M, 34, seeks long-term monogamous relationship. All replies will be answered. Photograph appreciated but not required. No drug users! Please write to: Mark, POB 2813, Springfield, MA 01101-2813.

Older G/W/M in Boston Area seeks penpals, friendship, whatever, from G/W/M up to 60. 5'8", 150 lbs. No grey hairs yet. Likes hiking, baseball, movies, opera, good food. Photo if possible. Reply to MEN Box AM841032.

Boston Area G/W/M Teddy Bear, 42, 6', 190, attractive husky, hairy, masculine seeks healthy, trim, younger gay men, 20-32 only who are into kissing, cuddling and receiving slow sensuous French. Reply to MEN Box AM841059.

Hot, Horny, Hunk, 28, 170#, 43C, 31W, 6', hairy and handsome, warm and friendly, seeking hot sex and good times. Your letter and photo will receive same. Boston. Reply to MEN Box AM841072.

MICHIGAN

Western MI G/W/M, 23. Would like to meet friends anywhere through correspondence 18-29 preferred. I'm 5'4", 135 lbs., brown hair, gorgeous blue eyes. Beatle fans welcome. Photo appreciated. No fats, fems, phonies. Dan. Reply to MEN Box AM841137.

WEST MICHIGAN AREA: 6', 165 lbs., G/W/M, 35, am interested in meeting others in the Grand Rapids to Ludington Area. Professional. Discretion assured. Reply to MEN Box AM841144.

38 yr, 5'11", 200 lbs., trimmed moustache and beard. College educated, looking for person to build life with. Write: Ron, 5280 S. Mission, Lot 1088, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

Oakland County Area. Young gay White male seeks friends in Southern Michigan under 40 for friendship and possible relationship. Like beard and uncut, but not necessary. Send photo. P.O. Box 99236, Troy, MI 48099.

Athletic, good-looking, G/W/M, 34 (looks 27), 5'8", 145 lbs., likes snow & skiing, camping, traveling, working out and more. Seeks other athletic men for friendship/lover relationship. Your picture gets mine. Reply MEN Box AM841179.

G/B/M 31, 6'4", 298 lbs., seeks males for friendship and possible relationship 20-? Loves cuddling and good times. A/P French, P/Greek. Discretion assured and expected. John Jones, P.O. Box 1413, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

Mich. prof. seeks young (18-30) goodlooking guys - fin. supp. avbl. for college or business. Discrete. Rq'd/Ass'd. Photo ans. first. Reply to MEN Box AM841006.

W/M, 34, 5'10", 145, photographer, trim beard, intelligent, creative, energetic, seeks W/M, romantic, professional, stable, attractive, 30's - sharing movies, outdoors, monogamy, togetherness, serious only - with photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841057.

MINNESOTA

Sincere, often attractive, not overweight W/M wishes to correspond w/ guys around my age. Interests include: conversation, books, sugar cravings, hiking, beaches, daydreaming, beginning running, fun and good relationships. Reply to MEN Box AM841023.

Sensual lips and smooth buns, receptive to long or thick dominant uncuts. I am white, slim, circumcised and 31. Reply to MEN Box AM841043.

MISSISSIPPI

G/W/M, 32, black hair, blue eyes, 215, hairy body. Looking for bodybuilders ages 20-30. Your photo gets mine. Billy Jacobs, Box 357, Leakesville, MS 39451

Two North Mississippi Men, 30's, moustache, hairy, versatile, would like to meet other Mid-South men for hot action or friends. Your photo and reply gets same. Reply to MEN Box AM841015.

MISSOURI

"Wallie," Happy First Year Anniversary! Let's have many more and grow together through patience, understanding, and trusting; dreams, hopes, and aspirations; and undemanding and unrelinquishing love. - "Ruth"

G/W/M, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., wishes to meet male 25-40 to live in my home in small town for permanent relationship. No fats or fems. Jerry, Rt. 1, Box 170, Bunceton, MO 65237.

For Sale, BLUEBOY, IN TOUCH, AFTER DARK, GAY MAGAZINES & Books; Sight & Sound, American Film, Film Comment & Books. Write for list and price. Reply to MEN Box AM841007.

New to St. Louis. Seeking to develop one special, supportive relationship sharing goals, adventures, good/rough times. Attr. 32, 5'8", professional/stable into sports, travel, walks, quiet intimate times, country and beaches. Reply to MEN Box AM841019.

MONTANA

21 y/o professional male looking for male in Eastern Montana for friendship and whatever. Am 5'5", 135 lbs., reddish/blond hair, enjoy most anything. Your letter and photo get mine. Reply MEN Box AM841162.

NEBRASKA

Eclectic adventurist seeks men who appreciate: Mozart & Minimum Tillage, Darwin & Dostoyevsky, Prairies & PHC, Kew & Cuisine, Tornados & Tournedos, ATC & ATNC. Upper Great Plains preferred. Lincoln. Reply MEN Box AM841161.

NEVADA

G/W/MEN, 29 and 35, would like to correspond and make friends anywhere in USA or Worldwide. Good friends are important. Hope to hear from you. Reply to MEN Box AM841181.

Musical Comedy Fan would like to hear from others. Max Preeo, 5800 Pebble Beach Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89108.

G/W/M, 26, 5'9", 150#, brown hair, hazel eyes, full beard, seeks mature lover or friend. Beard, moustache, body hair a plus. Looking for cuddling and friendship? Reno area. Reply to MEN Box AM841012.

Shy Las Vegas exec., 40 yrs., 6'1", 170 lbs. into Nautilus, bi, interested in hearing from straight, married, bi's or 1st timers who enjoy outstanding oral pleasure. Very discreet, prefer 18-30. Reply to MEN Box AM841107.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

I am 41 yrs. gdlkg. 5'7", 165#. Am looking for good, honest person about the same, 18-35 yrs. Please NO PRISONERS. Peter, P.O. Box 3223, Nashua, NH 03061.

Seeking other New England members of St. Priapus for significant venerations. P.O. Box 226, Salem, NH 03079. 191

NEW JERSEY

JOCKSTRAPS: College jocks and muscle studs for locker room scenes. Reply MEN Box AM841170. 51

PHOTO FREAKS! Let's trade hot pix, one for one. I have large personal collection. Show me your turnons - I'll try to match them. Rick, P.O. Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109. 193

My lover and I, ages 34 and 50, enjoy meeting/writing with other gays. Just for friendship. Interests: travel, theatre, conversation, dining. M & L, Box 167, U.C., NJ 07087. 194

Young, healthy, and hot male, 22, 5'8", 140 lbs., very straight acting and appearing. Not into the bars. Seeks males 21-25 for hot times together. Photo and phone a must. Write to P.O. Box 3893, Union, NJ 07083. 195

G/W/M, 63, 5'6", br/bl, 160#, wishes to meet others esp. Asian and Latin. Free daytime. Fr. a/p, no Gr. Write soon., W.J.G., P.O. Box 2948, Camden, NJ 08101. 196

Gay man, 44. Intelligent, college professor. Interested in the arts. Would like to meet similar men in North Jersey - New York. Friendship, etc. Reply to MEN Box AM841076. 197

NYC or NJ, G/W/M, Gr/p, 40's. Tall, thin, tanned and tight bottom seeking hot, hung, healthy Gr/a topman for mutual good times. Frequent meetings. No age nor racial hangups. Reply to MEN Box AM841078. 198

Black male interested in meeting and corresponding with gay males. Race not important. Interests include theater, books, art and some sports. All letters answered. Will reply with photo. Please include photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841129. 199

NEW MEXICO

Why settle for a few friends when you could have 1,000? You and Common Bond; We need each other. CB, P.O. Box 1191, Albuquerque, NM 87103. 200

NEW YORK

Rochester, bright, energetic, discreet, healthy, professional, 39, 5'11", 190, br/br, into locker room fantasies, swapping used jocks and shorts, sailors, wrestlers, light bondage, teddy bears in leather. All letters answered. Reply MEN Box AM841160. 52

Mid Mohawk Valley, New York, GW single, prof. male seeking others 25-45 as friends/relationship. I'm young 48, 5'11", 175 lbs., average looks, rural living, classical music, books, expert gardener. Reply MEN Box AM841167. 53

Healthy 40's, non-drinker/smoker in theatre likes gardening, music, laughter. Would like to meet masculine smooth top for happy times. No twinkies, hustlers, drugs. Reply MEN Box AM841168. 54

Trim body, 5'11", 155 lbs., 43 yrs old, Br/br, want monogamous relationship w/28/35 yrs old. Mustached, sense of humor, healthy, sincere. Photo/phone appreciated. Enjoys life and New York. Reply MEN Box AM841171. 55

Mature White male, 6', 175 lbs., clean, healthy, trim, looking for tall mature Black male also trim, healthy, for 1-1 relationship. L.T. NY Wantagh Area. No drugs. Reply MEN Box AM841176. 56

Gay Black and White Male Couple, 42/48, educated, stable, seek other health conscious couple or guy for j/o scenes and hot video movies. Love opera. No ferns, fats, drugs. Reply to MEN Box AM841066. 206

Central NY Area, G/W/M, age 41, 5'10", 155#, into leather, S/M. Looking to meet others into same. Reply to MEN Box AM841077. 207

CNY Guy, 35, hot, versatile, masc., mobile. Likes: cars, sports, travel, muscles, romance. Looking for casual affair or ? Reply to MEN Box AM841109. 208

G/W/M, 36, attr., nice hairy body, bl/bl, healthy, masc., in shape, non-smoker, seeks man for one-to-one friendship and relationship. Photo please. Reply to MEN Box AM841094. 209

Park Slope Jogger, 36, 6', 170#, salt and pepper beard, hairy, seeks running mate, bearded, 30ish for T/T, Marilyn Horne recitals, cuddling. I don't drink, smoke, or disco, & have two cats. Reply to MEN Box AM841116. 210

East Village Man, 35, 135, 5'7", salt/pepper hair, tattoo. Hot tits & J/O. Crazy runs, works out, dances, enjoys the moment. needs one man. No photo, no reply. Reply to MEN Box AM841134. 211

G/W/M, 30, from L.I. I'm 5'5", 125 lbs., attractive. Seeks friends for good times, romance. Capricorn, insatiably ambitious, progress slow, sure, steady. Reply P.O. Box 821, Sayville, NY 11782. 57

Professional association interested in receiving factual stories concerning therapy and interaction between gays and psychologists. Publication without attribution to practitioner or patient. Dr. Pierre C. Haber, The Psychology Society, 100 Beekman Street, New York, NY 10038. 58

NORTH CAROLINA

G/W/M, 22, cute and intelligent seeks sincere men, 20-28, for friendship and/or more. Write w/photo to B.R.W., 201 Downey Lane, Dallas, NC 28034. 214

Gay couple, 33/31, attractive, versatile, seeking gay men for friends in D.C. and Norfolk, VA areas. Write: Don Winslow, 5410 Hillsborough St., Raleigh, NC 27606. 214

Desire younger brother (18+), straight-acting, good athletic build. No mustache or beard. Must be non-smoker. Discretion essential. Relocation/Employment Assistance Possible. I am 32, 160 lbs., 6', and inexperienced. Reply MEN Box AM841157. 59

G/W/M, 34, 6 ft., 158 lbs., dark hair, hazel eyes, mustache. Looking for someone who is sincere and wants to build a solid relationship and future. Own home. A lot of love to share and give. Tony Horner, 725 Fix St., Burlington, N.C. 27215. 60

OHIO

Seeking 18-26 monogamous G/W/M by Chinese-American, 30's, having fat, thick equipment with mushroom head, sincere, caring. No fats, ferns, druggies, hustlers. Photo must. Box 16242, Columbus, OH 43216. 218

G/W/M, blond/blue, goodlooking, wants to exchange hot letters with equally hot men. Letter w/photo (if possible) to D. Windsor, P.O. Box 24501, Dayton, OH 45424. All replies answered..... 219

28 yr. old White male would like to exchange letters, etc. with other males same age.Send to: Carl P. Compton, 11050 Fancher Rd., #250, Westerville, OH 43081. (No visitors please.) 220

G/W/M, 30's, handsome and educated, seeks same for love, lust and continuity. Must be untypical of the gay stereotype. Send letter/photo to: P.O. Box 3365, Columbus, OH 43210. 221

Groovy W/M, 6'2", 187 lbs., gdlkg., 36, wishes to hear from same 30-40 for fun and companionship. Desires guys from S/W Ohio. Serious replies only. Dan Coleman, P.O. Box 532, Dayton, OH 45409. 222

29, tall and slim guy wishes to hear/meet down-to-earth guys 25-35. Into outdoors, plants, music and conversation. Ron, P.O. Box 187, Barberton, OH 44203. Penpals welcome. 223

Sincere, intelligent, slim, handsome G/W/M, 23, seeks relationship with similar 21-40. Enjoy the arts, fine dining, romantic evenings and hot sex. Cleveland area or you travel. Smile please! Phone/photo. Reply to MEN Box AM841024. 224

G/W/M, 29, 5'10", 160, brown hair and eyes, seeks friends in Ohio, especially Wayne, Holmes, and Ashland counties. Discretion expected and assured. Write soon. Photo/phone helpful, but not necessary. Reply to MEN Box AM841046. A16

GAY ATHLETES. Ohio writer seeking information on gay experiences of Ohio State athletes. Know you're out there. Can we talk? What do you know? Send details, name, phone. Reply to MEN Box AM841048. A17

Mid-Ohio, Midage horny/conservative GWM seeks uncut MEN over 25 for loving fulfillment of mutual desires. Black, 6'+, sweaty pits/ass, sensitive tits, tattoos all pluses. Let's write! Reply MEN Box AM841150. 61

White masculine really digs cute, young (18+) white all-American guy next door types. I'm a Virgo, 6'2", 197 lbs., and a very young 47. All with pictures answered first. Reply MEN Box AM84178. 62

OKLAHOMA

G/W/M 30 would like to meet hot men Bi or otherwise for fun or pleasure and good times, friendship. Get into anything. Write Dave, 1431 N.W. 47th, OKC, OK 73118. 63

Straight-acting Tulsa G/W/M, 25, 5'7", 140, quiet lifestyle, digs erotica, undergear, playful j/o, etc., seeking similar G/W/M, 18-30, for potential lasting relationship. Serious, not into barhopping, drugs, extremes. Reply to MEN Box AM841098. A21

OREGON

W/M, 29, seeks friendships in Oregon and Washington area. Not into one night stands. Live in Portland, but will travel. Enjoy outdoors, music, reading, dancing, cuddling, films. Sincere only. Reply to MEN Box AM841010. A22

Oregon artist selling exquisite male erotica, "Shunga Album" (Japanese spring paintings)). Original, contemporary, watercolor and goldfoil paintings. 6 images, each 18"x24". Very serious collectors only. Slide sets available. Reply to MEN Box AM841026. A23

Goodlooking professional W/M, 38, thoughtful, hot, sensitive, fun, hairy, Fr/a/p, Gr/p, into music, theatre, talking, children, seeks similarly secure hung Gr/a, 25-45; phone/name. Reply to MEN Box AM841089. A24

Tasteful, Professional Male couple looking for other couples who like to share quiet evenings for dinner, theatre or other pleasures. Reply to MEN Box AM841104. A25

PENNSYLVANIA

G/W/M couple, 26 and 40 wishes to meet other couples for friendship. Like weekend traveling and quiet dinners and tired of going to the bars. Write to PLS, 210A N. State Rd., Marysville, PA 17053. A26

Gay White Male, thirty years old, looking for same for friendship and fun. Age 21-40. Reply my address: P.O. Box 12, Mill Hall, PA 17751. A27

Gay Black male, 27, very attractive, with a very nice build, and very lonely. Interested in a monogamous, fun-loving, free-spirited relationship with that special someone in Philadelphia area. Reply MEN Box AM841172. 64

"To the one I love"—the glory of our relationship is the spirited inspiration that comes in believing in you and willingness to trust you. Love always, Gracie—Allentown, Pennsylvania 65

G/W/M, 35, 5'9", 155. Looking for younger brother 18-25. I need that special someone. Wherever you are, respond! Penpals welcome also. Discretion necessary and photo appreciated. Reply to MEN Box AM841070. A30

TENNESSEE

Hot Frenchman. G/W/M, 36, brn/green, 5'4", 160 lbs sks guys 30 to 50 for friendship, relationship. Am into moustaches, beards, muscular huskies. John, 4570 Hudgins #6, Mphs, TN 38116. Guys from west coast welcome.

Stable, monogamous gay couple, 27/29 years old, seeking pen pals. Interests: travel, camping, cooking, carpentry, movies, music (all kinds). Will answer all. W. Ingle, 3700 McArthur St., Chatt., TN 37406. 77

Nudists: 2 good-looking, hot, horny lovers. Mid-30's. Bodies by Nautilus. Exchange nude photos, visit for action. Let's get acquainted. Richard, Box 3152, Kingsport, TN 37664. 78

TEXAS

HOUSTON, W/M, 27, seeks same (uncut?) naturally dominant partner to share and expand horizons. Quality is more important that quantity of positions/roles attempted. Thank You Sir! I await your reply to MEN Box AM841013. A34

G/W/M, 31, seeks G/W/M, 24-33, for friendship/relationship. Penpals welcomed. Both A/P in French, top in Greek. Seeks bottom person. WHITES AND ORIENTALS ONLY!! NO FATS, KINKS, DRUGS, ALCOHOLICS!! Reply to MEN Box AM841017. A35

Houston W/M, 32, muscular, 6'1", 150, reddish-brown hair seeks W/M, 25-35 for friends and possible special relationship. Reply to MEN Box AM841053. A36

HOUSTON: Straight-looking, handsome G/W/M, 26, blk/blu, versatile, looking for straight-looking W/M, 28-40 for good times, friendship or possible relationship. Photo if possible. Reply to MEN Box AM841074. A37

Attractive W/M, 29, 6', 180#, hairy, seeks 20-35 top who enjoys movies, music, theatre as well as uninhibited bedroom antics. Also enjoy 3-ways. In Dallas/Ft. Worth. Reply to MEN Box AM841075. A38

DALLAS, goodlooking W/M, 33, educated, athletic, seeks trim, masculine, versatile men 18-40 for hot action. No S/M. Your photo and reply gets same. Reply to MEN Box AM841103. A39

Gdlkg GWM 27, 6', 180, seeks other masc. men (straight-appearing) that desire lasting friendship/relationship. Also would like to hear from policemen (anywhere). Completely discreet. Letter and photo requested. Reply MEN Box AM841155. 79

COLT/PLAYGIRL MODELS NEEDED. I'll be in California in early October. Love to meet you. Reply MEN Box AM841169, with all information, photos, etc. 80

GWM, 34, Leo, tall, blond, trim, swimmer, seeks short muscular, powerful Teddy Bear/lover, any race, non-smoker, greek passive, preferably 25-30. Reply MEN Box AM841174. 81

Love uncut, young and humpy Latinos especially. Pix will get immediate reply. Spend the night in a wet and hot place. Reply MEN Box AM841175. 82

Gentle, fun-loving, and hot 36-year-old professional in Dallas. For some possible great times together write: Richard R. 404 E. 6th St., Irving, TX 75060. 83

UTAH

Middle-aged fat man seeks relationship and/or friendship. Want serious 18-28 years old. No prisoners. Not rich. Will answer all. Write: Occupant, 264 North 600 West, S.L.C., UT 84116. A44

W/M, Avg. looks, 41, 6', 199, enjoys classical music, disco, gym, movies, quiet times. Seek sensitive masculine W/M 26-46 for friendship/possible 1:1 relationship. Good letter with photo appreciated. Reply to MEN Box AM841131. A45

VIRGINIA

G/W/M, 36, 5'9", 195#, beard, hairy, healthy, honest, stable and fun. I seek friends who are men first and gay second. Not into bars, games, drugs, fems. Tell me about you. Tidewater area. Reply to MEN Box AM841033. A46

WANTED: Attractive men into culture, dancing, hot healthy physical fun, not necessarily in that order. I'm warm, handsome, hot, into laid-back fun with the right stud. Let's get off! Reply to MEN Box AM841044. A47

VA. TIDEWATER Bi/W/M educated businessman, 40, 5'7", slim, well-dressed, into success, discreet, seeks similar for friendship, experiences and quality time. Lean and masculine only, no drugs or S/M need reply. Tell me about you. Photo and/or phone receive same. Reply P.O. Box 1565, Va. Beach, VA 23451. A48

WASHINGTON

I'm tired of being alone! Are you? You are 25-35, non-smoker, like to travel, music, etc. I'm 31, 5'10", 170 lbs., blu/brn. Kim, 9941 N. Harper Hill Rd., Pt. Orchard, WA 98366. A49

I laugh, cry, question, dream of times spent with a loving man. G/W/M, 36, honest, attractive, willing to share grief and joy developing a relationship seeks same. P.O. Box 12143, Seattle, WA 98102. A50

Into J/O or ? Looking for horny, hung, clean, firm-bodied males, into most kinds of mutual satisfaction by same. Let's meet. Occupant, 1330 Boren Ave., #509, Seattle, WA 98101. A51

Hot bottom bear, G/W/M, 41, husky 5'9", seeks topman who enjoys hibernation and at home pleasures during Seattle rain season. Photo a must. Bear, P.O. Box 9235, Seattle, WA 98109. A52

G/W/M, 32, 5'11", 175#, brown hair/eyes would like to meet/correspond with men nationwide. Sexually versable, willing to try new things. Larry, P.O. Box 20731, Seattle, WA 98102. A53

G/W/M, 30, 5'8", 155#, brn/hzl, looking for penpals and friends. Travel to Sacramento, CA occasionally. Let's get together. Write: Brian, P.O. Box 20731, Seattle, WA 98102. A54

Enjoy quiet evenings with mature young adults (21 plus). Frequently attend rock concerts, theatre and "romantic" drive-in movies. No heavy drugs or alcohol please. Send picture and phone to MEN Box AM841022. A55

Attention: Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Sharp G/W/M, 37, 5'10", well-built, straight-acting, wants W/M 18-23 for hot times, possible relationship. Should be cute, hairless, slim, clean. Photo, phone please. Reply to MEN Box AM841039. A56

Gay retired black male, thirties, 5'11", 165 lbs., average-looking, must relocate March 1985. Seeks apt. or house to share with interesting gay male over 30. I'm independent, harmonious and trig. Ian Janzen, 37 Island Drive, Anderson Island, Wash. 98303. 84

Gentle master, late 40's, demands the services of young sailor studs in Seattle-Bremerton area. Your pain will become our pleasure. Reply to MEN Box AM841125. A58

WEST VIRGINIA

Will share prosperous home life. Must be decent, honest 18-25, W/M, topman. Into tight fd/Levis. ME: 30, 6'1-1/2", 160#, Blk/Gr, G/B/M. Write: G.T.D., 239 Morgan St., Apt. 2, Kingwood, WV 26537. Photo! A59

WISCONSIN

WANNA RASSLE? GWM, 36, 5'10", 160 lbs., interested in matches in Wisconsin, upper Midwest. Prefer freestyle, nude or jock, to submission. Also forming club statewide. Reply Box 8234, Madison, WI 53708. 85

ACTION ORIENTED PLEASURE! G/M, 33, blk/brn, seeks well-hung, thick men who are Fr A/P and horny. Photo/phone to: F.R., P.O. Box 92453, Milwaukee, WI 53202. A61

G/W/M, 5'6", 135#, 31 yrs., into romance, nature. Want someone special to share life and love. Prefer approx. same age. Sincere, caring only please. Reply: RK, P.O. Box 07446, Milwaukee, WI 53207. A62

Attr. G/W/M, 21, 6', 160#, seeks G/B/M from SE Wis, 18-40 years for sincere relationship. Reply 2266 N. Prospect, Suite 205, Milwaukee, WI 53202. A63

WYOMING

Goodlooking, 5'8", 140#, super smooth body. Horny nipples. Tight buns which crave lots of Gr A. Need one-on-one hung mate with smooth body, no beards or moustaches, under 6' (prefer non-smoker) ME: 35, brown hair/hazel eyes. Reply to MEN Box AM841147. A64

MENclassifieds

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☐ I am enclosing a SASE; please return my photo submission.

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Send to: The Editor
Advocate MEN
1800 North Highland,
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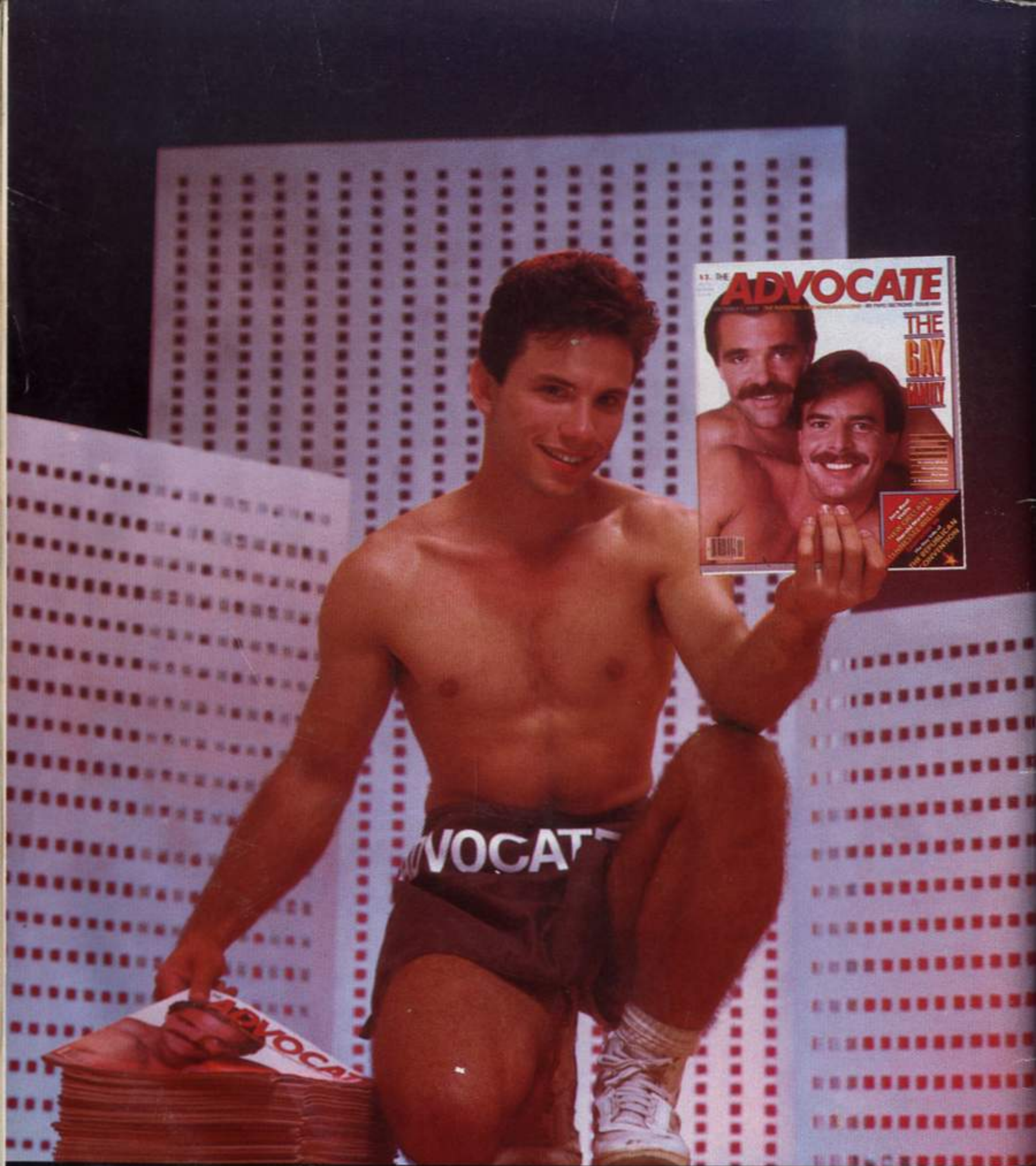
Hollywood, CA 90028



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