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all-MAN

T.M.

AUGUST 1988

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8 Red-Hot New Men . . . From Snake To Savage!

Up 'N Cumming New Studs Of '89 Uncovered All The Way!

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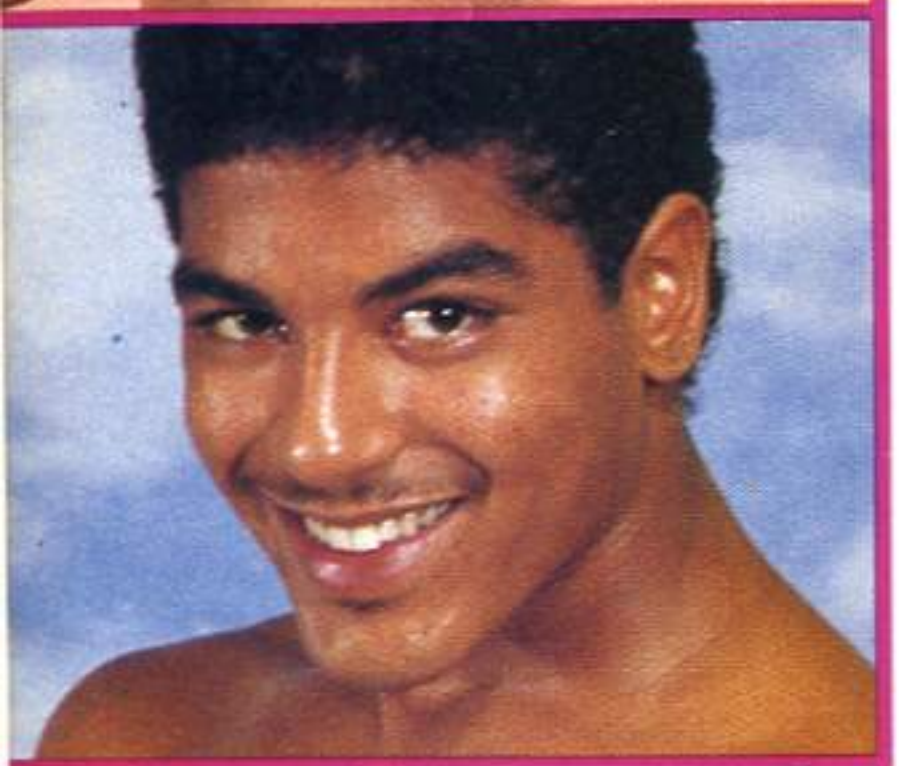
Last Photos & Interview With Divine!

Summer Scoring In New England!

Coverguy Chris Williams: The Young Cadet Makes His 1st Sexvid!



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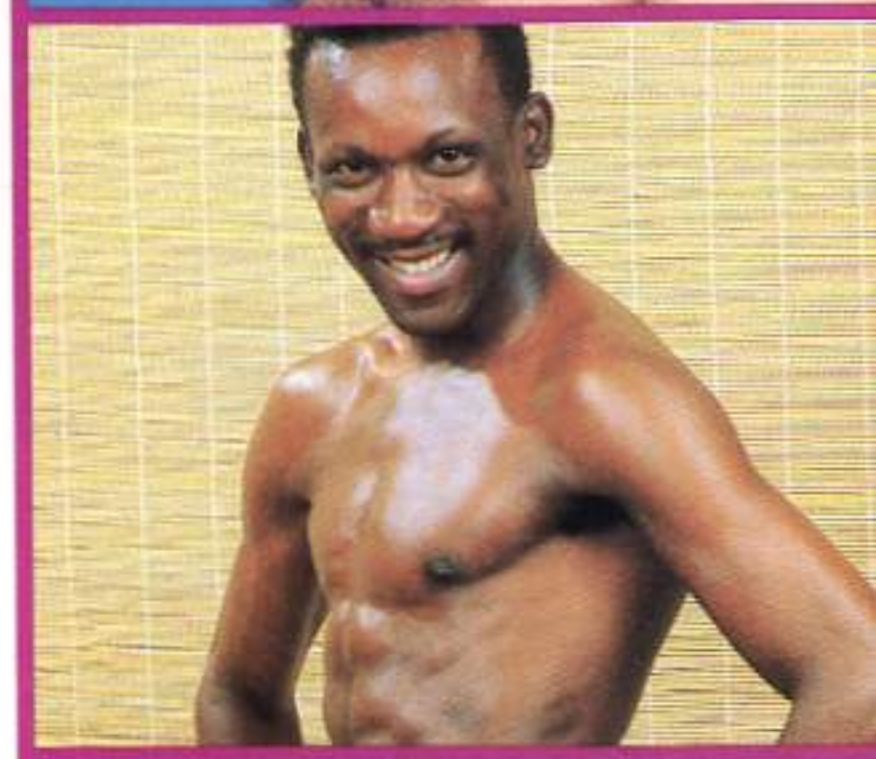

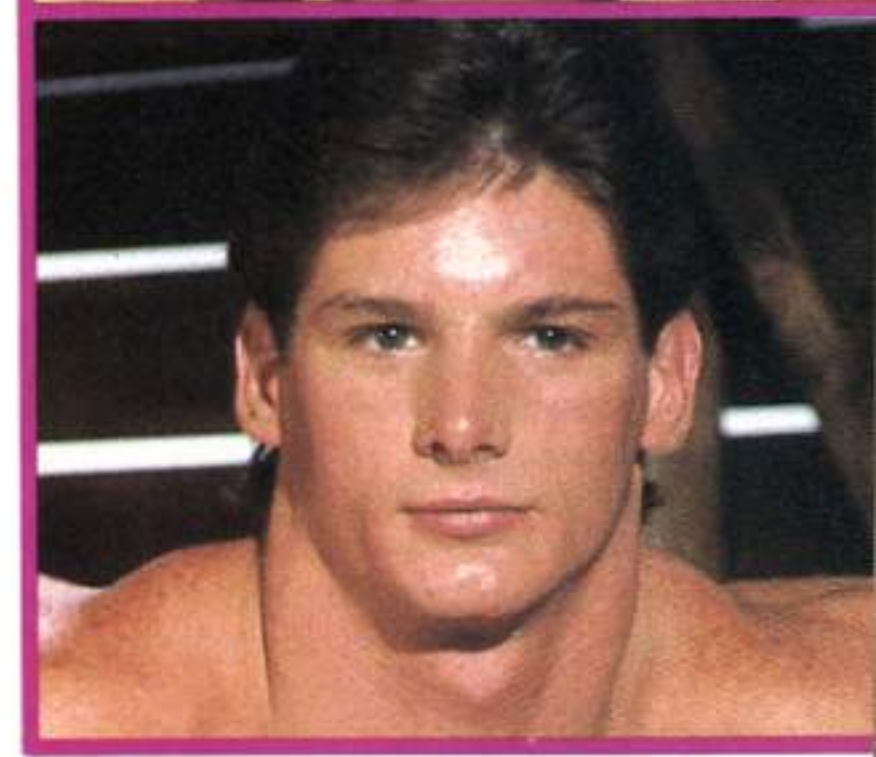

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reader speak:

Well, we made it—all the way to issue #5! The staff of ALL-MAN would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have faithfully bought each issue and to remind you to keep in touch. As we've said before, we value your opinions—the good and the bad—so please take pen to paper and drop us a note.

Also, as a reminder, if you'd like to model for ALL-MAN, we're interested. Please send us a recent nude photograph and a letter telling us about yourself. Don't forget a phone number so we can call you. Send all correspondence to ALL-MAN Magazine, Bruce Publications, Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th floor, New York, NY 10013. Again, thanks, for your support!

Robert's the perfect size!

Robert, page 73-81. He's a hot guy, just my type. His eyes are beautiful, his body's so tight and his cock looks like the perfect size for me (about 6½ inches?). My only complaint is that you ran a mere nine pages on him! I would have loved to see at least 15. Can you bring him back for an encore? Going wild in Alberta, Canada over Robert!

Dear Canada:
In fairness to the other men in our issue, we usually try to give each layout the same approximate amount of pages. You wouldn't want any of our gorgeous men to get their feelings hurt, would you? Anyway, we'll keep in touch with Robert and, if reader response dictates, we'll be sure to bring him back in a future issue. Glad you were pleased with ALL-MAN!

THE SON RISES AGAIN

I was glad to pick up a copy of ALL-MAN#3—**I couldn't believe my eyes when I found an Oriental—Akira. I think Oriental men are the best-looking men in the world. Every time I look at Akira's photos, I get a hard-on. Keep up the good work and please show more Oriental men. A fan from Worthland, Ky.**

Akira rises again!

Dear KY:
It seems Akira was quite a hit—we've received a lot of fan mail on his appearance. Rest assured, we'll keep our collective eyes open and hopefully will be featuring another Oriental centerspread soon!

I LOST MY HEART...

Hey, guys, what a great piece on *Scoring IN S.F.* Since I happen to travel there on business several times a year, I was real happy to find a few new places to put on my list. Meanwhile, when are Dale and Jerry going back—I'd sure like to hook up with them! Oh, yeah, and your guys are great, too, especially Randolph. He got me hard and off at least five times! Bags are packed in Battle, Creek, MI.

Dear Heart-On:
Our roving reporter, John Rowberry, said he had as much fun researching *Scoring in S.F.* as you'll have following his cruising instructions! He thanks you for your kudos!

LONG LOST PAL

In your Spring issue of ALL-MAN you ran a layout on a hunky young Italian guy named Anthony. This is no "con"—he looks just like my best friend and sometimes lover of five years ago. His name was Sal but I'm sure they are one in the same person. Is there anyway you can put me in touch with the Italian Stallion, Jr.? This means a lot to me. A friend in need in Evansville, IN.

Dear Pal:
Sorry but we can't put readers directly in touch with our models. However, we forwarded your letter to Anthony and, if he's Sal, we're sure he'll get in touch. Good luck!

REARING TO GO...TOO!

I almost blew my load in the office after I bought your Spring issue and got a look at

Noted for his contribution to the arts!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

Since I live in Puerto Rico, it's taken a long time for your magazine ALL-MAN to reach my island. First, I have to congratulate you guys because the magazine is really good. It's the first time I've seen it and I think it's

just great. As for the models and for your interesting articles like *The Truth About AIDS* and *The Renaissance Man*, I loved the fact that you're not afraid to print the truth about this dread disease and, as for the guy, I also loved the way you describe his contribution to the arts. I also liked *Bits & Pieces* very much. In fact, I really think you have put together a great magazine with a lot of potential. Therefore, I'd like to ask you if there is anyway I can subscribe so that I won't get my issues months after the fact. If my friend hadn't brought your magazine back from New York, I'd have never see it as male porn magazines are not sold in P.R. Also, I want to tell you that I bought Christopher Rage's album and it's wild! Hoping to hear from you soon in Puerto Rico.

Dear Late:
Beginning in the Spring issue, we are running a subscription ad. You can either order ALL-MAN by phone at 1-800-835-2246, Ext. 192, or send a check or money order made out to Bruce Publications, Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th floor, New York, N.Y. 10013 in the amount of $22.95 U.S. and $29.95 for Canadian and foreign. Give our thanks to your buddy for bringing ALL-MAN home!

CONDOM KURT!

Give me safe sex anyday if I can have it with Kurt! The shots you ran of him pulling off a condom really got me going. I sure would have loved to be the guy sharing that rubber feeling with him! Only complaint—not emough condom shots. Getting off in Bessemer, AL.

Kurt wants to play condom games!

Dear Condom Lover:
If you liked Kurt, then you're sure to enjoy our feature in this issue on safe sex condoms which was generously supplied to us by GMHC. We think it cums up a winner! And since you asked, here's another condom pix of Kurt—just for you!

Readers want to measure up with Jad!

CHUBBY IS SEXY

I just read my first copy of ALL-MAN/Winter 87/88 and it's a great magazine! Probably one of the best male publications available. I do have one complaint, though. The comment made under your photo of the big husky guy from New Jersey on page 125 in the section called "Closet Cocks." I personally think he's beautiful—he's definitely my type—as a matter of fact, you can send him my name and address! I'd love to make love to that body the next time I'm in New Jersey. Actually, I find it difficult to understand why male magazines don't give more copy and photos to this type—and there are a lot of us out here who find chubby men extremely sexual. From a true chubby lover in Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

Dear Chubby Lover:
We meant no disrespect to our Closet Cock contestant—sometimes out wit gets out of hand. Thanks for bringing us back to reality! As for a layout on a more "husky" type, we'll have our fotogs put the feelers out and see what turns up. It was a good suggestion and we'll try to fulfill your wish. Thanks again for the "comment."

BUBBLE BUTT

I have 24 subscriptions—MANDATE, IN TOUCH, ADVOCATE MEN, PLAYGIRL; I think that your magazine is one of the best. I especially liked your photos and the way your models pose. I think that Jad in your Winter issue is a dream. Hairy, bubble butt, very handsome and a nice, long rod. I also like Jeff Stryker, Steve Wright, Jon King, Eric Manchester, Chris Thompson, David Burril and I think Chad Johnson is a dream and wish you could publish a photo spread on him. Can you tell me how to subscribe? Thanking you from East Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Horny:
Wow—24 subscriptions! We'ver overwhelmed! And certainly we're honored to be included in the ranks of such greats as MANDATE. In answer to your query concerning Chad Johnson, we're trying to work out a shooting with him right now. If we're succesful, you'll see him in a future issue of ALL-MAN. Thanks for the tip!

MEN AROUND THE WORLD

I've just got my first issue of your mag and it is fantastic. I'm enclosing a check to cover the two back issues I missed—and I've also included the price of your next issue to make sure I don't miss it, either! How can I subscribe? I must tell you that the men in your mag are fantastic. The concept of ALL-MAN is great. I love men of all races. I have a preference for white guys but I really enjoy seeing men no matter what their skin tones. Ricardo really got me going. I'd love to see more of him. He's truly the stuff wet dreams are made of (as well as great jack-off sessions). You called him *Slip Into Something Comfortable*—and that's just what I did! *Return Engagement*, Francois, I give you a heartfelt thanks for. What a turn-on! His body is something to dream about. Would love to take care of it for him. And for *Land Of the Rising Son*, I'm fascinated by Oriental men and there's something about Akira I find intriguing. Believe me, I wouldn't throw this hunk out of my bed. Would love to play with his chopstick.

Thanks for the chance to see and dream about these men—please keep them coming. Actually, I loved all the men in the issue as well as the articles, informative, and the short stories, fun to read. And ALL-MAN *Goes Straight To Hell*, outrageously kinky. What fun to dream about—but only to dream as safe sex is in, thank goodness! By the way, being a black man, I was very pleased by the way you handled the letter from that disgruntled person in *Reader Speak* who didn't want blacks and minorities in ALL-MAN. I don't understand how gays can feel this way about others when we should be standing together in the face of adversity. We need each other. anyway, keep up the good work. A new reader from Lawnside, N.J.

The more Johnny thought about the Coach, the harder his dick became. He couldn't walk out into the workout center. He was too embarrassed.

SPRING BREAK

Johnny took a deep breath before sitting down on the edge of the cliff to scan the countryside. The dogwoods and redbuds were in full bloom, the land looked like a pink and white snowstorm had just blown over. Spring was definitely in the air.

From his vantage point, Johnny could see the football field of his high school. He had graduated from there almost a year ago, on his nineteenth birthday to be exact, and saw that complex of buildings as a place holding both good and bad memories, as did the locker-room where he and his pals would go after gym class. Johnny sighed uncomfortably as he thought about those times—they seemed so fresh in his mind today—as fresh as the reborn landscape surrounding him.

Johnny had never been especially good at athletics, something he was often reminded of by Coach Biddle. It wasn't that Mr. Biddle was picking on him. The man stayed on anybody who didn't meet his standards of excellence. The coach even belittled the school's star quarterback if he turned in a lousy performance at practice. No one was exempt from his eagle eye, but that didn't assuage Johnny's feelings of inadequacy. He took another deep breath and leaned back on the sun-warmed rock with its sproutings of soft moss for a pillow. He had very definite memories of Coach Joe Biddle, and they flooded his thoughts as he lay quietly and alone.

Fiction by Lonnie Harbison

PHOTO BY NAAKKVE

The coach was in his early thirties, a bearish sort of guy with a voice that matched his body. Mr. Biddle had been a star quarterback himself some years back, and when a knee injury kept him from making the transition from college to the pros, he quit the sport altogether and became a high school coach. those rare moments when the coach would put his arm around Johnny's shoulders and walk him back to the lockerroom with words of both criticism and encouragement. The touch of the man's big hands electrified his student and caused bewildering stirrings in Johnny's being that he had only Johnny reviewed what few facts he knew about the coach. His address. The church he attended. What his house looked like. That was about it.

"Damn!"

Johnny was as lost as ever when it came to pursuing this fantasy he had nurtured for so long. He stood up and stretched.

He couldn't believe it! The Coach was attracted to him, too. Visions of pungent masculine lovemaking raced through his brain, threatening to short-circuit his training session!

Johnny had always felt a little sorry for the man, especially on those occasions when he had been called into Biddle's office for a dressing-down and saw the rows of photos behind the coach's desk. There he was in all his glory, football in hand, feet in motion, poised to score yet another touchdown for state university. Those muscular legs didn't run anymore. They only served as a permanent reminder to Coach Biddle that his sports hero days were over. But even when Mr. Biddle growled at Johnny in his deep, gravel-edged voice, there was a vulnerability about him, a tinge of something not in keeping with his rough, macho exterior. It was as though he was compensating for his inability to play ball anymore. Or for some other invisible inadequacy. In spite of their stormy student-teacher relationship, Johnny genuinely liked the guy.

There were other reasons for Johnny's attraction, something that transcended hero-worship for a victor who had lost his laurels. Johnny looked on Coach Biddle as a sort of father-figure or maybe a brother-image. Since he had neither of those at home, it was easy for his mind to replace them with this man he saw three times a week at 2:30 in the afternoon. Johnny knew what it was that made him look forward to gym class despite the likelihood that he would come under fire. It was one of lately come to recognize.

He had fallen in love with another man!

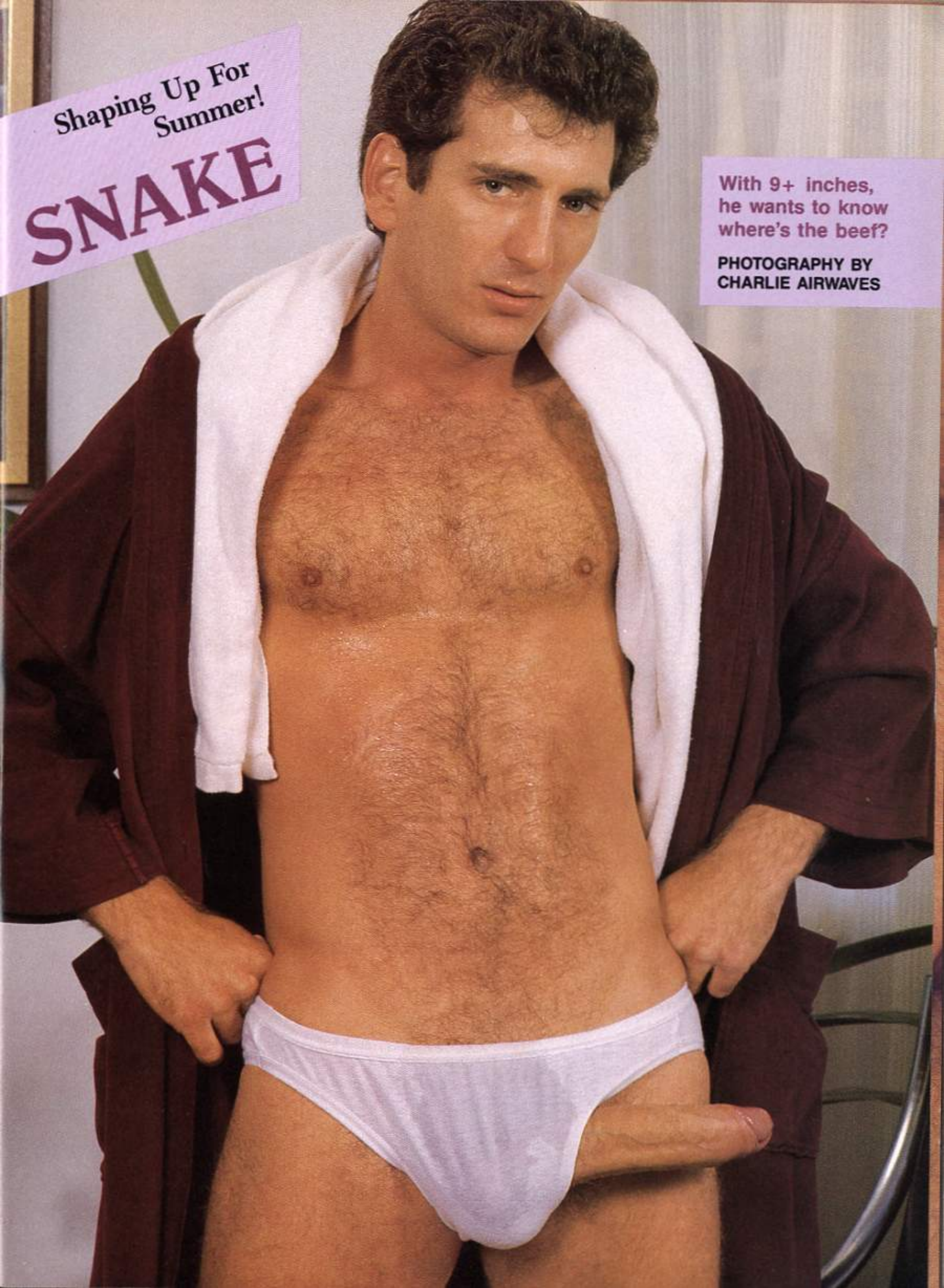
Johnny turned over on his belly, presing his blue jean-clad crotch against the moss stone slab. His erotic musing had created an urge inside his briefs that only one thing could alleviate. Yet, Johnny didn't want to jack-off that particular afternoon. He was tired of masturbating and trying to imagine what was inside that well-stuffed jock strap which made Coach Biddle's gym shorts bulge like he was carrying a folded-over Italian sausage. Johnny wanted the real thing, if not the coach's meat then some other man's. He had been over that argument more times than he could remember and it always brought him back to square one on the game board. None of the follows he had met through the Gay Student's Union at college had been able to satisfy him more than fleetingly, and he knew why. They were all nice enough in their own way, but they were young like himself. Johnny wanted a real man.

Johnny wanted Coach Joe Biddle.

But how to go about it? As far as he knew, Mr. Biddle was straight as an arrow. True, he wasn't married; however, that certainly meant nothing. It was as insignificant a thing as the idea that married men were straight or single men were gay. For the umpteenth time, The bright sunshine crept into his bones and made him feel good enough to temporarily forget his dilemma and the half-hard cock straining against his undershorts. Johnny was wearing a tee-shirt that didn't hide his thin chest and arms. He had always envied the muscular physiques of the guys he saw walking around campus in shorts and tank tops. He had never been able to wear clothing like that because he was skinny, and it was something else that rankled him. "Damn!" he said again, kicking a loose stone and watching it plummet over the side of the cliff and disappear into the treetops below. "Maybe it's time I quit hating my body and started loving it. With something beside my hand, that is." Johnny gave his groin a quick rub and rearranged his cock and balls to a more comfortable position. "If I don't love my body, why should anybody else?"

At his small off-campus apartment, Johnny scanned the newspaper for listings of health spas. He found a new one not far from there, about halfway between the university and his old high school. "Golden Atlas," he said to himself as he checked their grand opening specials and found them considerably lower than the competition. "May as well check it out."

Like all guys going to workout gyms for the first time, Johnny was more than a little self-


Shaping Up For Summer!
SNAKE
With 9+ inches, he wants to know where's the beef?
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLIE AIRWAVES

Although it might seem obvious where Snake got his nickname, the truth is that he used to work on a reptile farm in Florida!

Although a newcommer to L.A., Snake says he hasn't lacked for companionship since the day he arrived. 'It was warm, about 85+ degrees, so I went to the beach. There were so many hot men tanning that I got a hard-on!' That was all it took to establish Snake's social status in the community.

A Scorpio, Snake bummed around the country doing odd jobs (we'd say working on a reptile farm is pretty 'odd') until he found a steady gig working as a grip at a major movie studio in Burbank.

SNAKE

Shaping Up For Summer!

SNAKE: Shaping Up For Summer!

'What do I like? Fast cars, vintage wine, expensive clothes...and hot men! What else is there?'

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Just as the notorious Divine was about to make a major cross-over in his career, Fate stepped in. It is with deep regret that we bring you the last interview and photos taken of this wonderfully talented man before he died on March 7, 1988. The staff of ALL-MAN shall miss him.

PHOTO BY MARJORI

SIMPLY...DIVINE!

PHOTO BY MARJORI

It's amazing that Divine has been part of our culture for over 20 years. From his first major film, PINK FLAMINGOS, in which he portrays the world's most evil woman to his current HAIRSPRAY, in which he plays two roles: a housewife/laundress and a bigoted TV executive, Divine has made many of us roll on the floor in pain...from laughing so hard! With HAIRSPRAY, Divine just might become the crossover star of the 80s. If Cher can do it...!

Of course, being a successful actor has never been easy, but being an actor who specializes in playing women makes success even more remote. Holly Woodlawn, who was brilliant in Andy Warhol's TRASH, was never able to become more than an underground wonder. Divine appears to have the strength, the ambition, and the talent to go all the way.

ALL-MAN chatted with the divine Divine a few days before his latest film opened. The interview took place in the star's new, brightly-lit penthouse apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The furniture, which had just arrived, was a mixture of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST chic, while the doodads were flavored with Oriental and Mexican accents, and the colors used were pastel. They compliment Divine's blue eyes so well.

Divine, the perfect host, offered a multitude of drinks as he moved a vase of purple tulips out of the sunlight. "The water tends to boil during the day because the sun is so

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strong up here and my shades haven't arrived yet." It was time to turn on the tape recorder!

ALL-MAN: While watching HAIRSPRAY, I never thought of you as a man playing a woman. To me you *were* the mother of that obese teen.

DIVINE: Oh, thank you. That's good acting.

AM: We know. (Interviewer spills glass of water on Divine's new light-colored chair). Oh, excuse us. It's just water! That's why we never order red wine.

D: That's why I *never* serve red wine. I learned that from the days when I owned a *white* sofa!

AM: Do you feel your acting skills have grown?

D: Oh, sure. Especially if you watch the very first films. I'm still not Sarah Bernhardt, but I'm up there with Helen Hayes. I think every actor grows with every project he does. If you don't, it's time to quit and put it aside because you're not an actor. Yeah, I think I've gotten better. I am a comedian. A comic actor. My timing has gotten better.

AM: Since HAIRSPRAY will probably be your best distributed film, do you think lots of Americans watching you will be surprised to learn that you are not a woman? Has that happened before?

D: Oh, sure! People are surprised. Yeah, but as long as they like the film and like me in it, it shouldn't really matter.

AM: Since you are crossing over you've appeared in an Alan Rudolph film as a man. Are you getting more offers?

D: Yes, I start television in a week. In MARRIED...WITH CHILDREN.

AM: Really. Who do you play?

D: The husband's brother.

AM: That's amazing!

D: That's something that everyone said would never ever happen...that I'd never crossover onto a major network television production. And I'm up for another part. I really shouldn't be speaking about another big television show. They want me to do a screen test for it. It's hard to believe that they're thinking about me after all this time, actually calling me up without me having to go after them with my agent. And these are *men's* parts!

AM: Is this because Hollywood is getting more liberated?

D: I think so. Sure. For years I only played women's parts—not because I chose to—but because that's all that was offered to me—and usually, they were the leads which you *don't* turn down. But I always wanted to play men's parts. Then all of a sudden there's been this turnaround and I'm offered all these men's parts on TV. It just seems ironic. Maybe I'll be *big* in men's parts! (Laughs).

AM: Have you heard that HAIRSPRAY is supposed to become a major hit?

D: I've heard that before. I've heard that I would get hundreds of jobs. You hear a lot of things but not all of them actually come true. Not that I'd pass them by but when it happens it happens. Then I'll believe it. Until then I can't get excited about it because I've been disappointed more than 50 times. After a while, it's not that you get hard, it's just that you get *cautious*. I don't like to build myself up to let myself down.

AM: Will you know if the film's a success when the New york reviews come out or will you have to wait for the box office reports?

D: You can tell the first three or four days. This business is very scary. We already got NEWSWEEK and TIME, which were good reviews, and NEW YORK magazine. We got good reviews everywhere else so far except for one newspaper in Baltimore but they've never liked anything we've done. It's sad that you can come into New York with good reviews from everywhere else and they can kill you. It really does matter what the NEW YORK TIMES says.

AM: We heard Rex Reed doesn't like HAIRSPRAY, but he doesn't have much power.

D: He doesn't like this one either?!!

AM: That's what John [Waters] told us this morning.

D: Oh, that's normal. He hasn't liked anything we've ever done, either!

AM: Has he liked you in your plays?

D: Well, I met him once, you know. We talked and he was very nice. Rex said I hope you didn't mind what I wrote about you. Actually, it was so well-written I didn't mind even though he dismissed me from show business. He was a bit nervous. I guess he thought I was going to jump on him and kill him or something. I said, "Hey, that's your job and you're entitled to your opinion. PLEASE! Go with it!" Of course, I was a bit disappointed because you've dismissed *my whole acting career*. "Oh no!" he said. "I think you're a very good actor. You just haven't really done anything that's my cup of tea or that I really cared for. Until you do," he said, he would more or less leave me alone. So I wonder if he's just written about the movie as a whole this time because the last couple of times he didn't single me out. He just said the *films* were horrible!

AM: Getting a little more per-

sonal, do you find that some of your admirers are disappointed when they discover you only dress up as a woman when the role calls for it? That in your real everyday life you're all man?

D: Not many. I've run into a few oddballs every now and then and it's fascinating. But most of the people are just loving fans and they don't care what I wear backstage. They just say, "I'm glad to meet you." There are always a few who are disappointed. They say, "Oh! Oh! Is that you?" or "Put your wig back on!"

AM: In Europe, are your fans more sophisticated?

D: I think much more. As a whole, Europeans are. Their culture is used to men dressed in women's clothing on stage so it's not even thought about twice. It's just another actor playing another part. You Americans seem to have to label everything. The minute you've got a woman's costume on, you're either a transvestite or a drag queen.

AM: With your last few films for John and for directors like Alan Rudolph, you've been working with experienced actors like Jerry Stiller, Tab Hunter and Kris Kristofferson. How do you feel about working with these stars?

D: With some of the stars I'm working with now, I say to myself [in hushed tones] "I can't work with them. I can't do a scene with Kris Kristofferson. He's a *famous* movie star." And Alan said, "So are you." I replied, "it's just not the same thing to me." Kris was very nice. Could not have been sweeter. He came over and said, "You're one of the guys" and tapped me on the back. It was great. But sometimes I feel like Baby Huey. That huge duck with the little parents. They're all these normal people on the set and then they bring me out...Ella Fantay.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

"Sometimes I feel like Baby Huey. That huge duck with the little parents. There are all these normal people on a set and then they bring me out..."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

AM: You have an amazing stage presence. We've seen you in NEON WOMAN and WOMEN BEHIND BARS, and in both you stole the show. You, in fact, *were* the show. Do lots of folks tell you that?

D: Yes. I've been very lucky. Lots of directors leave me alone and let me be me. I have a lot of self-confidence, but I think all actors need direction.

AM: How was it working with Alan Rudolph?

D: Well, it was different than working with John because I've known John for so long. We've been together 26 years so I feel very much at ease with him. I feel a tight friendship with him. I really love him very, very much. It makes it so much easier. When I walk on the set, I know exactly what he wants. I only have to read the script once and I know.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

"John Waters and I have spent many years perfecting our friendship. That kind of thing takes time to mature...like mold!"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

AM: That's what John said, too. He said no one reads his lines like you. You understand right away what he wants.

D: Oh, how sweet! It's the case though. Whatever you want to call it...the vibrations...the electricity...or just maybe it's been from working together for 26 years. In that time you really get to know a person. All the things that make up having a good friend—understanding, caring, loving—and what else? It builds up. After 26 years, you have an awareness you don't have with someone else. On a film, I can't remember which one, an actor was trying to be as friendly with John as I am. I just had to explain to the person that it just doesn't happen overnight. We two can sit in a car and burst out laughing. We have the same sense of humor. These type of things take years to mature...like mold. *(Laughter).* It's a great thing if you can find someone like this work work for. I'm very lucky that John writes my parts for me. A lot of other actors just go for auditions for parts that whoever's best will get. with John, there's no question—I've got it!

AM: If HAIRSPRAY is big at the box office, you'll have more clout to get the roles you want. Have you any in mind?

D: Well, there are many. In ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, I could play both parts. John always wanted me to do OKLAHOMA and sing all the roles, running around the set, singing, "O-k-l-a-h-o-m-a."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CITYBOY

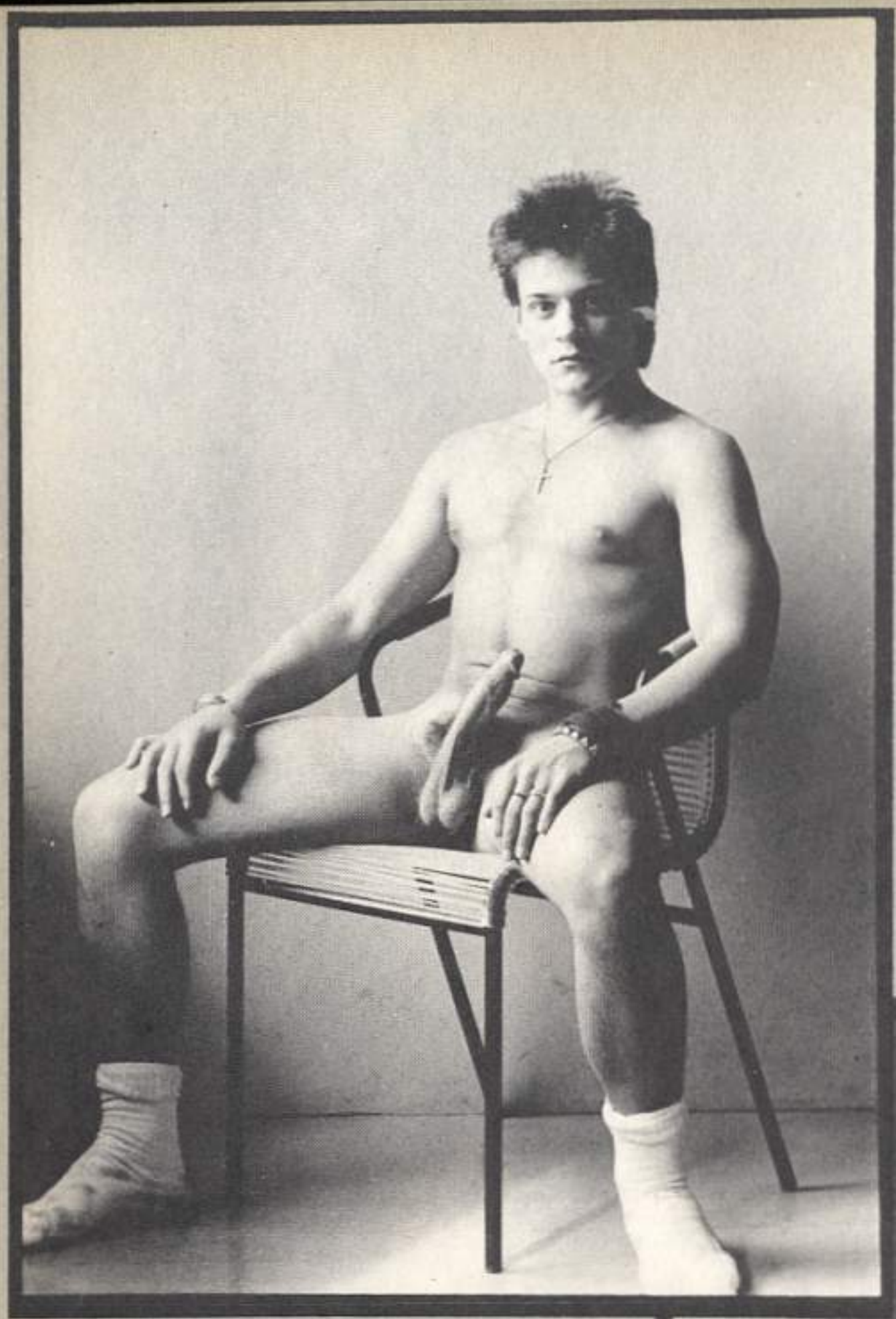
SPIKE—CAUGHT BY OUR CANDID CAMERA

HANGING OUT! BROOKLYN BORN, SPIKE'S THE NEW WAVE OF YOUNG MAN. THE CLUB TART. THE TOUGH GUY ON THE BLOCK. AND, HE CAN DANCE!

BUILT LIKE A WALL OF GRANITE, HUNG LIKE A GREEK GOD, SPIKE DOESN'T TALK MUCH— BUT HIS BODY LANGUAGE SAYS IT ALL!

KIND OF PETULANT, MORE LIKELY TO SNARL THAN SMILE, SPIKE IS SURPRISINGLY SENSITIVE WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM. BUT HE LIKES TO KEEP IN CHARACTER!

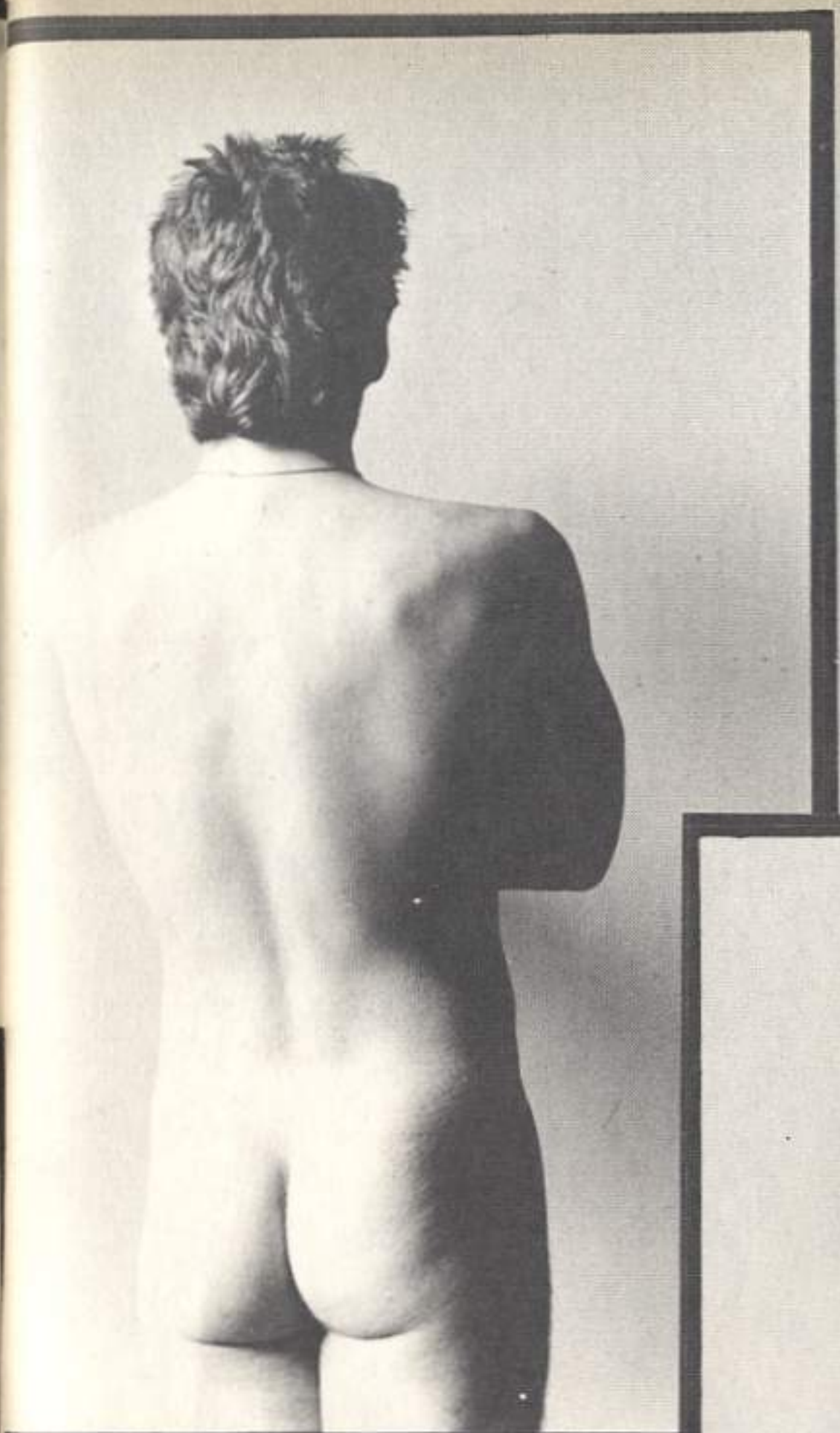
YES, HE BELIEVES IN GOD. NO, HE'S NOT INTO THE DRUG SCENE. SEX, WELL—TO SPIKE, THAT COMES NATURALLY, LIKE BREATHING. NO BIG DEAL.



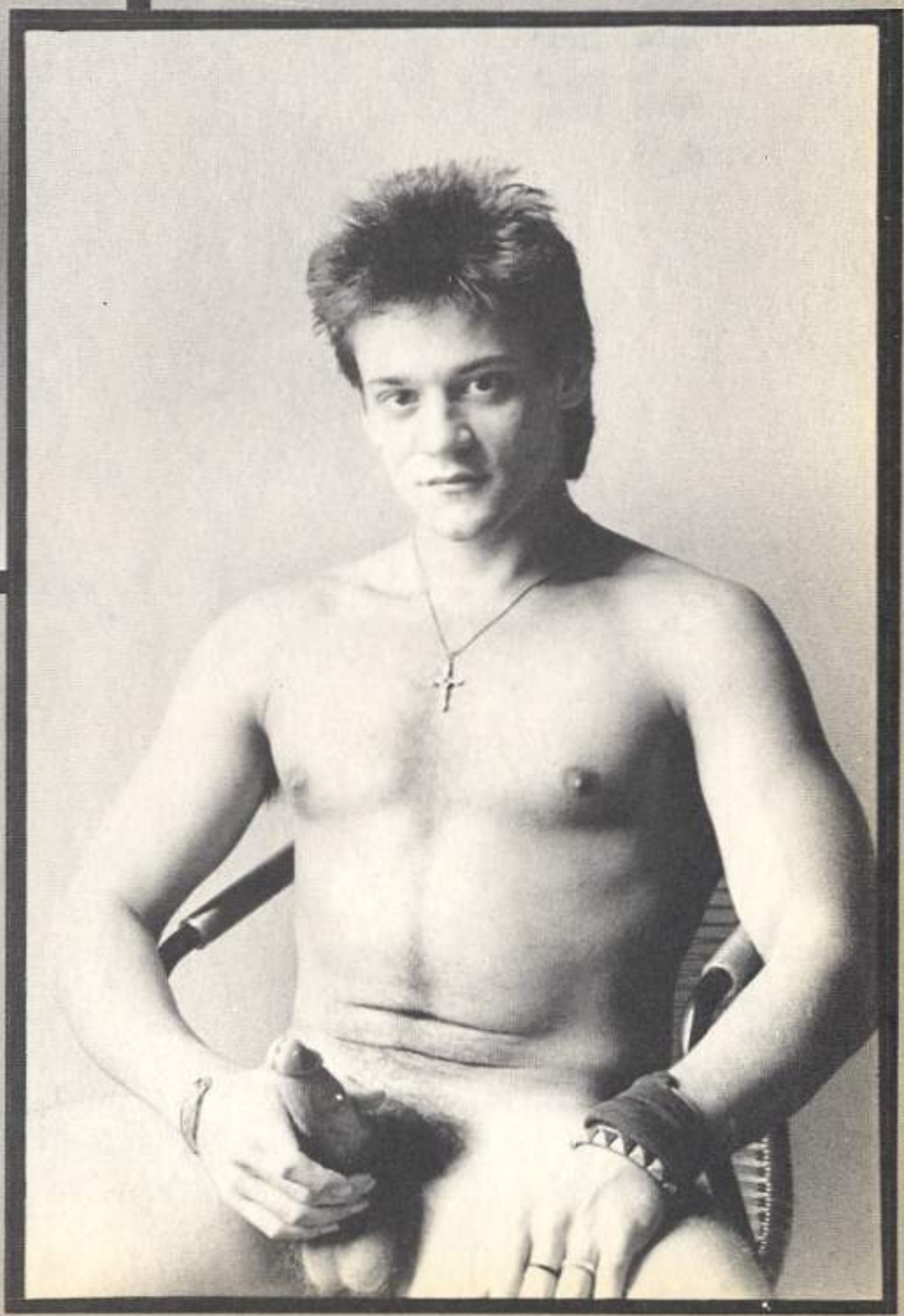
HANGING OUT!

DOES SPIKE HAVE A FUTURE? YEAH, SURE. HIS OLD MAN OWNS A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. HE WORKS FOR HIM EVERY SUMMER.

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS ARE PART OF THE TIMES. SPIKE DOESN'T MIND. HE'S YOUNG ENOUGH NOT TO CARE.



HANGING OUT:

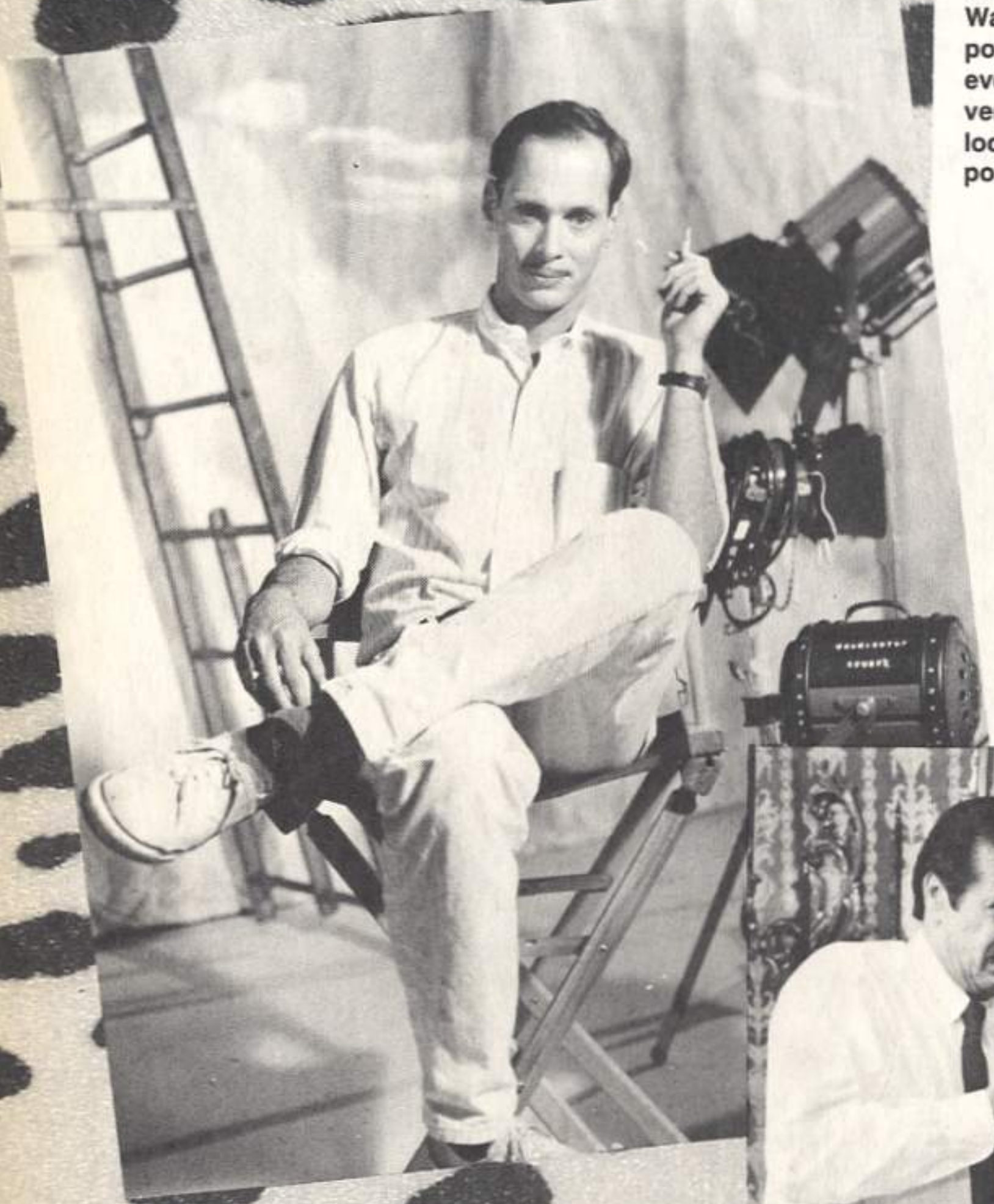


IN FACT, SOMEDAY SPIKE WILL BE A CAPITALIST. HE'LL OWN THE DAMN COMPANY. WILL HE STILL DANCE? THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

SPIKE
SUMMER 1988

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS WANT TO REMEMBER HIM!

Primetime media success has evaded Waters for years and it's been a long road from PINK FLAMINGOS to HAIRSPRAY



There he sits in a classy Big Apple hotel room wearing what might be a $600 suit, with his pencil-thin moustache trimmed perfectly and his big smile glowing. If Cary Grant had been a used car salesman, he might have resembled John Waters. Yes, John Waters, quite possibly the most famous man to ever come from Baltimore is on the verge of a major success and his looks are now congruous to this possible fate.

"I was inspired to make *Hairspray* because of all those dance shows . . . Dick Clark, Buddy Dean in Baltimore . . . none of them were integrated!"

INTERVIEW
By Brandon Judell

JOHN WATERS...

This very man who created a new form of celluloid sleaze with his early directorial efforts in the seventies is now being embraced as a viable force by the movie industry. This very man, who thought up *Pink Flamingos* (in which a rather heavy, heavily made-up Divine eats doggy-do), *Multiple Maniacs* (in which Divine is raped by a lobster), *Female Trouble*, (in which Divine hits her parents over the head with a Christmas tree for not buying her cha-cha heels) and *Polyester* (the first and only film made in Odorama, in which Divine has torrid sex with Tab Hunter) is about to have a hit.

Hairspray, which by now has opened in theaters and if God is kind, is still playing in a few right now, tells of Tracy (Ricki Lake), a fat teenage girl, who wants to be a star on Baltimore's hit teen dance show. Against her parents' wishes (Jerry Stiller and Divine), Tracy auditions and soon becomes the biggest dance star of them all—in Baltimore, at least! Is she satisfied? NO! Tracy wants to integrate the show and how she succeeds is what makes this rollicking musical so endearing and totally insane—and which will, hopefully make John Waters rich.

But in case success is not in the scenario for *Hairspray*, Waters doesn't have to worry. As the author of two critically acclaimed humor books, *shcok Value: A Tasteful Book About Bad Taste* and *Crackpot*, this debonair soul has a career ahead of him as the Mark Twain of ex-potheads.

Our reviewer caught up with Mr. Waters a few days before the New York critics judged his latest effort, and the following conversation took place.

AM: Are you going crazy with these interviews yet?

JW: No. Crazy wouldn't be the word. The tour is going on for another week, so I guess I will be then. I've been traveling a lot. It's part of the job.

AM: After a few more films, you won't even bother giving interviews.

JW: No, I like the press. I am the press sometimes. I've been in your position. Actually, it's more fun.

AM: Hey, are you wearing a *new* suit? Is that a designer suit?

JW: No, it's not new. I bought it in the fall. It's just a suit.

AM: It's good quality. Have you always had such chic outfits?

JW: Yeah.

AM: Really.

JW: Yeah. (Laughter)

AM: Everyone is saying *Hairspray* is your crossover film.

JW: To me, it's just like all my movies. It's the next logical one. A progression of when I started with black-and-white 8-milimeter twenty some odd years ago.

AM: But it's your least offensive. In your previous films, when you're popping acne, the spritz would be on the screen. In *Hairspray*, no spritz.

JW: I did that already, and the *Hairspray* audiences react like it's been shown anyway. (Laughter) They start freaking out. It's like they think it's going to hit the lens maybe. I

ABOUT TO HAVE A SMASH HIT!

don't know. It wasn't conscious. To me, *Hairspray*'s a comedy about civil rights. It's not exactly safe.

AM: No? Now were you inspired by any trials like the Howard Beach affair?

JW: No, not at all. I was inspired remembering all the stuff that happened on those old dance shows. None of those damn shows were intergrated. Dick Clark wasn't. The one in Baltimore—Buddy Dean—wasn't. So basically I just remembered. I tried to make it very authentic of my memories of 1962.

AM: Did you get the idea for the film after you wrote about the Buddy Dean Show in your last book?

JW: I wanted to go beyond that. what I wrote in the book was my Buddy Dean fixation. But I wanted to film the dance show in my mind that I was never on, that none of the shows actually were, but what I almost wanted them to be. So basically that's how this movie came about. And I really like the music. The music was the first thing. When I was writing it, I would play the records and dance around. I never dance in public. But in my own home when I'm writing, I can. I just remembered all the dances. So that was the first thing that came. I wanted to do sort of a joke on those kind of movies. Because I'm not a big fan of real teen movie. *Hairspray* is maybe a teen movie for people over 25 laughing about how they were when they were teens.

AM: You once said your dream come true would be having Annette Funicello playing a homocidal maniac in your films. Did you ever think of hiring her for *Hairspray*

JW: No. When Annette was Catholic Mother of the Year, I read those interviews where she said, "Every script I get is people trying to get me to go opposite of what my image is." I actually loved her in *Back to the Beach*. I still might work with Annette one day. Who knows? I'm a fan certainly.

AM: Isn't she divorced now?

JW: YES! An encouraging sign. Of course, I feel bad that she got divorced.

AM: We were wondering, since this is the Age of Safe Sex and lots of people consider *Hairspray* your safe film, do you think there's any connection in your mind, even subconsciously?

JW: No! There was safe sex in 1962. That's all anybody did. That thing where everybody called everybody a whore, that was really big where I went to school, but NOBODY was. If they were, you never knew about it. The ones they thought were the whores, weren't. If there were girls

who went all the way, as they called it then, you didn't know who they were. I think being an adult in the Age of Safe Sex is like being in high school again.

AM: So our current sexuality is mimicking the era you portray in *Hairspray*.

JW: Well, yes, it's weird when you're forty to be acting sexually like you did in high school. (Laughter) For a lot of people I know, that's pretty much it today.

AM: And all these teen shows are coming back. MTV has one now.

JW: That's what I'm saying. They still have one in Philadelphia I love called *Dancing On Air*. I saw one and it was really shocking. In San Francico on cable all these people in their forties are doing the dances and stuff. It was a sight to behold.

AM: We were surprised when we read the article about you in the *New York Times*. The reporter asked you about your sexuality.

JW: I think it was a little inapproriate! I mean, did she ask Louis Malle if he's heterosexual? (Laughter.) It's the last place you'd expect it from—the *New York Times*.

AM: Why do you think they felt free enough to ask you that?

JW: I think because I try to make my films sexually confusing. The reporter didn't really come out and ask me. She hedged heavily.

AM: Do you think people who view *Hairspray* might not realize Divine is in drag? They might think she's a real woman?

JW: That's really good acting if a man can play a sympathetic mother and have it be believable. It's a very good sign. I don't think it matters if Divine is a man or a woman to be honest. Firstly, that the MPA gave us a PG rating, I thought maybe they didn't know Divine was a man. But that shouldn't matter. And it didn't. The *Variety* review never even mentioned Divine was a man. I think we've been making films long enough that it's not a big deal. He plays a man. He plays a woman. Divine can play every part and everyone. He can play the pets and be convincing. That's certainly a tribute to him as an actor. You can't call him a drag queen. No drag queen would ever allow themselves to look like he looks in the beginning of *Hairspray*. It's the opposite of a drag role. It's the opposite of glamour. To me, it never makes any difference. I'm always amazed when people still ask about that.

AM: Do you feel secure about *Hairspray* being a hit? The word of mouth is so good.

JW: The word of mouth is not in Kansas. You know what I'm saying.

AM: You wouldn't be getting this much attention unless the media thought you had a hit.

JW: I don't know how that works. I can't comment. The film's PR people just point me in the right direction and I go and talk.

AM: What about your trial fetish? What was the last trial you've been to?

JW: I went with the *Times* to the McMartin trial. I've sort of gone a little beyond that. Well, there hasn't really been one I've been dying to go to.

AM: The Robert Chamber's trial isn't your type?

JW: No, he's rich. I guess I've satisfied that yen. I have friends in prisons in a couple of cities that I always visit when I'm there—and that sort of gets into my personal life. I don't want to tell their stories because I don't want to use them as promotions.

AM: Are you already thinking of your next film? Is the script already done?

JW: DONE! How can I do that? I've been on this comedy club tour. I've been doing this promotion.

AM: Claire Booth Luce wrote *The Women* in three days.

JW: Really. I envy that! *Three days*! It takes me like at least three months. No, I'm starting to think about the next film. And when this tour is over, I'm going to close my door and start working. But I'd never talk about it now. My ideas would evaporate as they came out my mouth.

AM: With other directors and films, the gay press is lucky to be considered. How come you've been faithful to the gay press?

JW: Gay people go to movies! They've always gone to the movies. Why wouldn't I talk to the gay press?

AM: We agree with you, but you are unique in this stance.

JW: I've always talked to the gay press from the very beginning. Actually, the gay press has been the *only* press to ever attack me! (Laughter.)

AM: Really. For which film?

JW: For *Desperate Living*.

AM: Those were about lesbians, right?

JW: This was humor about both sexes!

AM: Well, anyway, a lot of public relations operations still don't consider gays.

JW: I can't imagine why. First of all, even if you were a homophobe, you would know that gay people go to the movies. I think that's stupid.

AM: Do you think you're going to start being asked to present awards at the Oscars?

JW: I doubt it! Well, I do speak at universities a lot. That type of thing. In Baltimore, the governor proclaimed a John Waters Week and the mayor proclaimed it *Hairspray* day, for which I was hoping I'd get diplomatic immunity. I wanted to know what came with the honors. I've been around doing this for so long

"Divine can play a man or a woman. Divine can play a pet and make it convincing!"

"I've always talked to the gay press. Gay people go to movies!"

that eventually those things just start to happen if you're still doing it.

AM: Do you consider yourself a survivor or have you never felt the odds were against you?

JW: I never thought the odds were totally against me. I worked hard, and everybody I've worked with for years has worked very hard. But I'm certainly not a bitter person. I think the press has been fair to me. I think the public's been fair to me. You either like them or you don't. I don't expect everyone to like them.

AM: Because of AIDS, Hollywood supposedly won't make sex scenes like they used to. There's no sex in *Hairspray*, but in your next film would you create a sex scene like you did in *Pink Flamingos*?

JW: I wouldn't do that today. I wish that scene wasn't in it but I've never cut it. The only reason I wish it wasn't in it is because when we made *Pink Flamingos* it was in 1971. It was when *Deep Throat* was out. You could finally have *that* in a movie when you never could before. That's hard to imagine today with every porno tape at a Seven-Eleven. You can get porno anywhere. Maybe not at a Seven-Eleven, but it's certainly much more available. So that scene reflected the times too much, which I think dates the film more. I never had real sex. The sex scenes in my movies have always been ludicrous. They've never been able to turn many people on.

AM: But if you were reshooting the scene where Divine is raped by a giant lobster, would the lobster now be wearing a condom?

JW: No, that would be too trendy! I don't like to put things in that obviously reflect what is going on right this minute. First of all, when you write a movie it's two years at least before it comes out. You don't want to date yourself like that. I think putting a condom on the lobster would be a not very funny joke anyway.

AM: When you write your scripts now, are you still trying to shock?

JW: Oh, no, I haven't been trying to *only* shock ever. In the old days, when we started, shock was to get people's attention because nobody knew who we were. I just wanted to make a movie. That's the way we were then in 1971. My friends—our sense of humor was like *Pink Flamingos*. It's still like that I think. My sense of humor is maybe a little more refined because I've been doing it for 20 years.

AM: For someone who was considered off-the-wall by the film industry, the critics and the public, you're almost being embraced now. Does that shock you?

JW: *Pink Flamingos* was embraced by some. By the counterculture. Now the counterculture are the same people who write the main reviews!

AM: Have you heard yet what Rex Reed thought of *Hairspray*?

JW: Oh, he didn't like it. I've already heard. True to form. (Laughter.)

AM: Has he ever given you a good review?

JW: No. Ginger Rogers isn't in it!

AM: What you should do is review his novel.

JW: Oh, no. No. You never answer your critics. That's the height of unprofessionalism.

AM: His novel, *Personal Effects*, is so trashy, trashier than all the things he complains about in his film reviews. Rex even has dogs pulling biscuits out of lesbians.

JW: I don't read trashy novels.

AM: It's being remaindered across the street for $2.98.

WARREN:

PHOTO CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPHY BY TANG STUDIO

Just An Old-Fashioned Love Song!

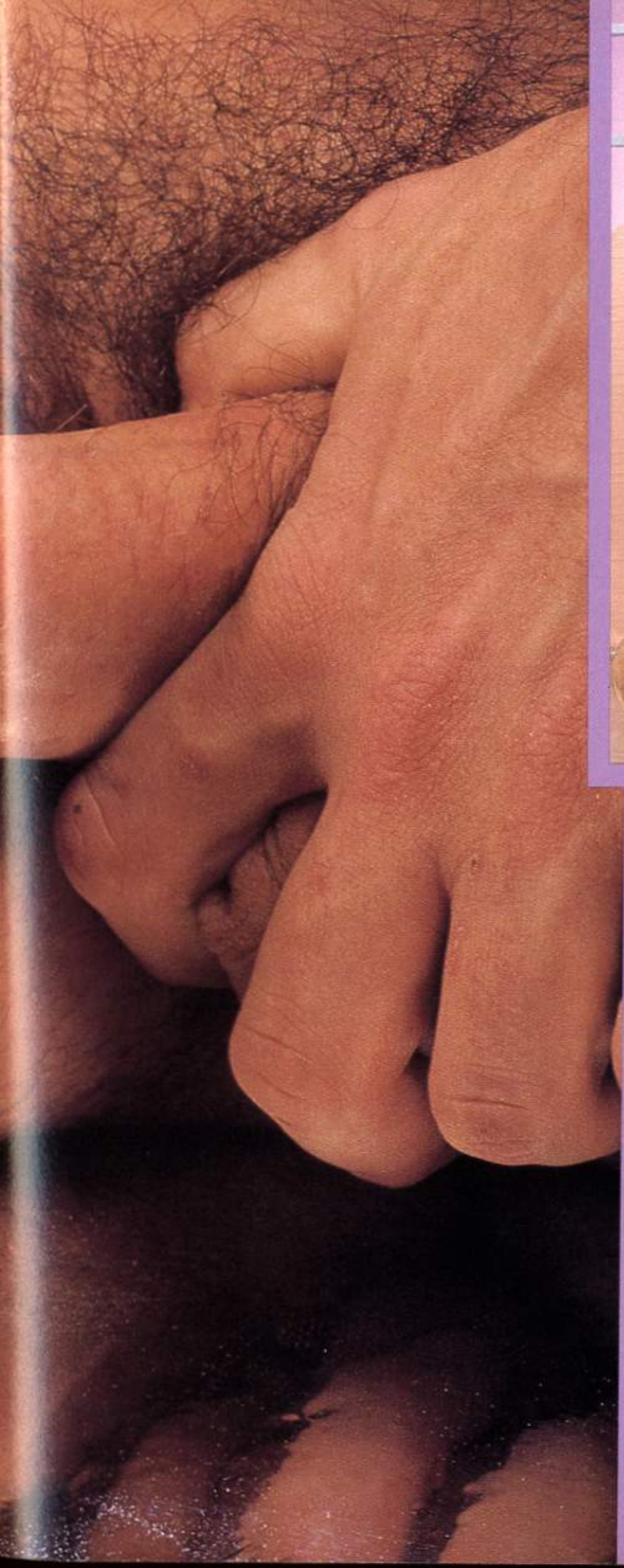
'I'm real laid back, kinda like the 70s. Give me a guitar, a compatible guy and a light beer and I'm satisfied!'

'I like romantic music with meaningful lyrics. I like my relationships that way, too—meaningful.'

Eko

'One night stands don't turn me on. Now a week—we can talk about!'
WARREN

Just An Old-Fashioned Love Song!



WARREN

'I've been called square by a few guys but they're not my type. I like sensitive men, a quiet lover.'

SUMMER FUN

in NEW ENGLAND

What better way to break Winter's curse than hot days of beach watching and torrid nights of bar hopping.

New England Guide by Joseph Patterson

I'd never seen an airport so close to downtown before. That was my very first impression as my flight from Colorado landed at Logan Airport, just a short way across the harbor from downtown Boston.

The tall buildings in the downtown and Back Bay were symbols of the same economic boom which had brought me to New England. Any computer trouble-shooter ended up in the area eventually. The area around Boston is one of the major centers of high-tech industry in America.

I was a California man, born and bred, and hadn't been East of the Mississippi before. This first time was exciting and I'd certainly been looking forward to a chance to see such a different part of the country on company expense, but I also had some reservations about what gaylife would be like in New England. I had images of up-tight, flash-frozen Yankees who wouldn't know how to smile–and who certainly wouldn't know how to have a good time!

The plane landed and I grabbed a cab for the *Oasis Guest House*. Friends had told me that it was a much more pleasant place to stay than any of the big and expensive hotels that towered around the city. On the way to the inn, the cab followed Storrow Drive. I suppose I'd transposed mental images of New York's concrete canyons with me when I'd thought of what Boston would be like. I certainly wasn't prepared for the wide Charles River and the genteel red-brick buildings which dominated the beautiful vista as we took the river-side expressway along the city. I had known that Harvard University and M.I.T., the huge universities on the other side of the Charles River, would dominate the area, but I wasn't prepared for the way the river showed off their monumental architecture.

The Oasis was just what my friends had said it would be, a small, homey place where I was quickly and easily made comfortable by the staff. The rooms were furnished with antiques and it was obvious that there were no two alike.

The Oasis' location near Back Bay also made it perfect as a

The Oasis was located perfectly and made a perfect starting point for a look at the nightlife of Back Bay. Not to mention that the guy in the next room was going to make a hot guide!

starting point for a look at the nightlife. And the cute guy in the room next to mine made it clear he wouldn't mind being my guide! I wasn't about to refuse when Tom cocked his boyish head and suggested that I might want to join him for something to eat before starting out.

The young man told me he was from Maine, where he went to one of the many schools in the six states that make up the New England region. He attended Colby College, he told me, as we took a long, beautiful walk through Copley Square, a shopping district in the middle of the historic Back Bay neighborhood.

Watching the parade of well-muscled men going in and out of the Metropolitan Health Club while Tom and I had dinner was one of the most erotic views I'd ever had over a lobster!

It's obviously dear to the heart of gay men and loaded with exclusive shops. We were headed toward the *Club Cafe*, a restaurant that's popular with the trendier Boston gay population.

Club Cafe is in the South End, one of the gay ghettoes of the ity, an area of older townhouses on red-brick paved streets. While Tom and I sat and made small talk, I could see one of the reasons why the place was so very popular. Downstairs, sharing an entrance with the restaurant, is the *Metropolitan Health Club*. While we sat and sipped our cocktails and continued our small talk, we could see the men entering and leaving the gym, most of them wearing only the briefest shorts and tightest tank tops. The piano player and singer who were performing might have lent an air of stylishness to the place, but the parade of gymnasts was a major attraction in itself and they made for one of the most erotic views I've ever seen from a dinner table, that's for sure.

The hunks didn't make me blind to the fact that my own dinner companion could have stood next to the best of them. Tom flirtatiously admitted that he worked out regularly at school, though it was no surprise to me as I looked at his 16-inch biceps. It turned ou: that he also swam distance freestyle on the Colby swim team, and I could begin to picture him in his Speedos even as the appetizers arrived.

I could feel a summer romance coming on, quickly.

We went dancing at *The Metro* later, after a stop at the *1270*, another disco, out in the Fenway District not far from the Back Bay. The sweat on Tom's thick chest made his loose T-shirt stick to his body and gave proof to my visions of just how good he might look without anything on.

That image made it difficult to concentrate on dancing and my rhythm was decidedly moving in the direction of getting him back to the Oasis. I was pleasantly surprised when he agreed. The coquettish smile on his smooth-shaven face reminded me that this was a college boy, sweet, if not innocent.

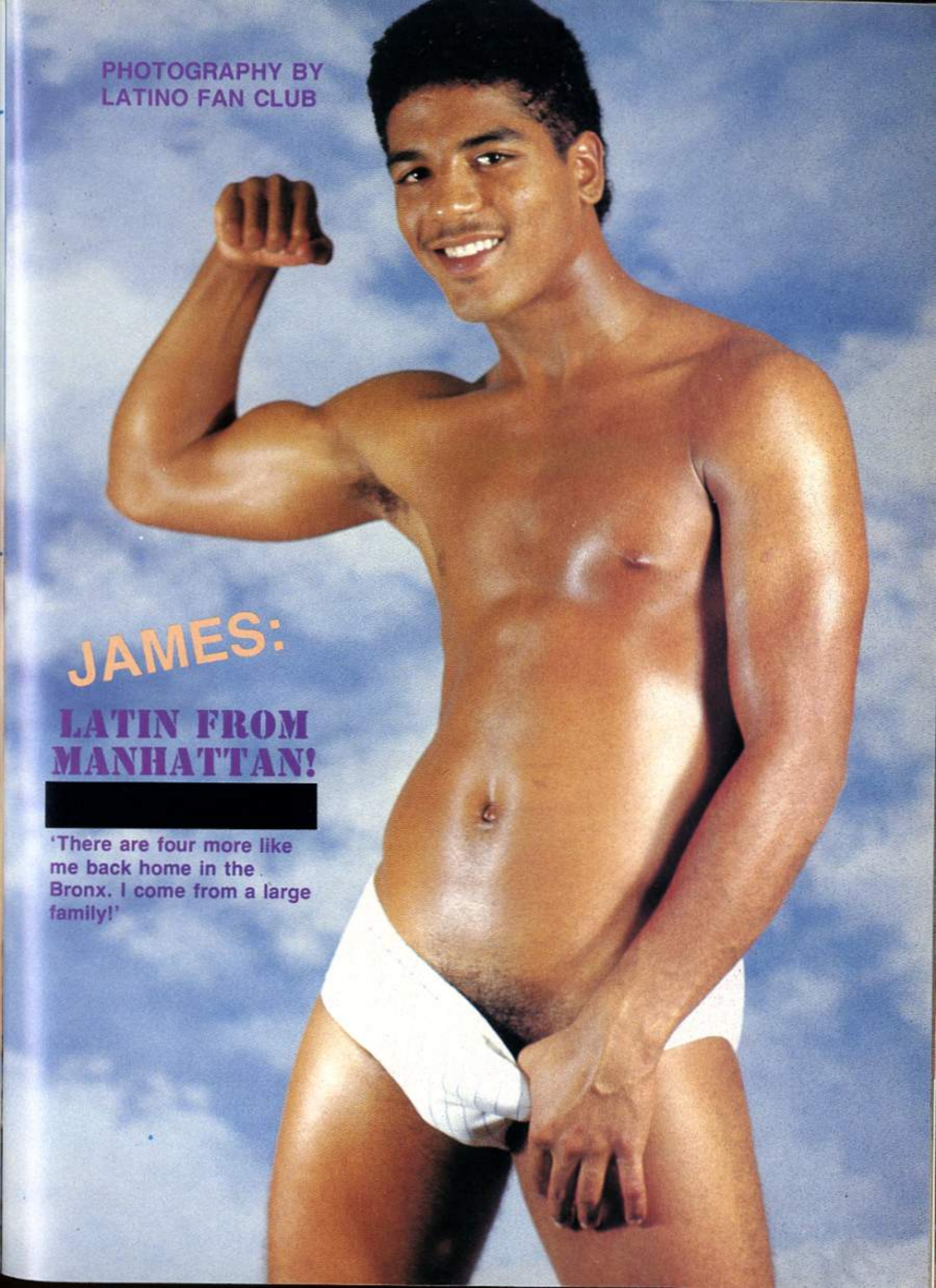
The fact he was sweet was verified as soon as we got back to the room and I got his clothes off. His lack of innocence was proven in a matter of seconds. It was night to remember, and one that the Pilgrim Fathers would never have approved of, thank God!

Tom had to get back to school the next day, so we had breakfast together at *The Ideal Diner* before he left, and made eyes at one another over fresh muffins and perfect Eggs Benedict. I saw him off at the bus station and we made plans for a rendezvous the following weekend. I had to get to work, but the idea of the handsome youth waiting for me at the end of the week was something I could certainly use to my advantage, a little present I could promise myself as a decent incentive for getting the job done.

Yet I still tasted some of the other treats Boston has to offer on the nights we were apart. For leather, there was *The Ramrod*, the only certifiable leather bar in the city and one that has all the requisite drama and "attitude" to let you know you're someplace where it's all taken very seriously.

The Napoleon Club proved to be bit of gay history, something as carefully maintained as the Plymouth Plantation and other living museums that dot the New England landscape. The Napo-

No trip would have been complete without a visit to the Ramrod, the only certifiable leather bar in the city and one which was filled with "attitude" and drama!



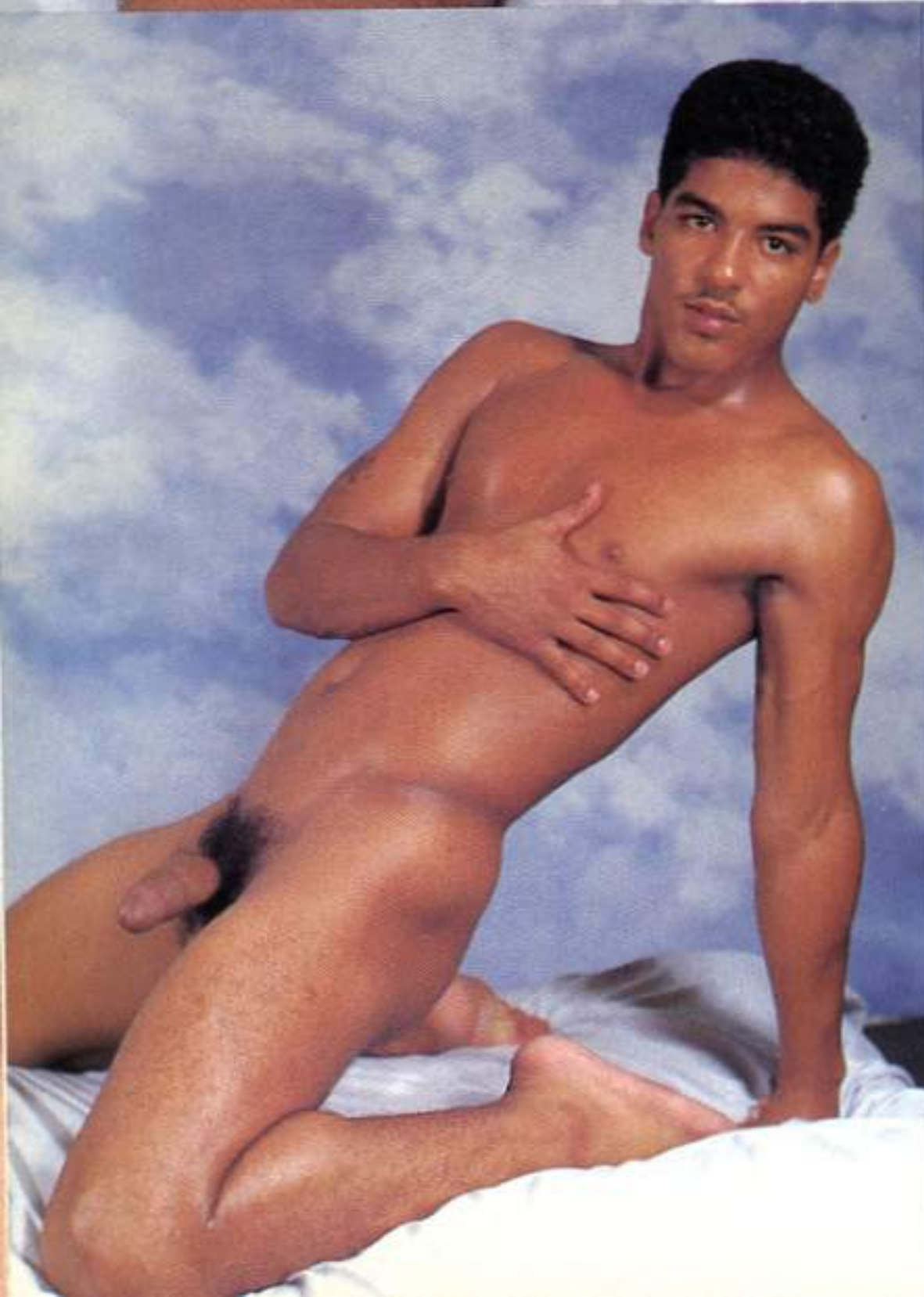
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LATINO FAN CLUB

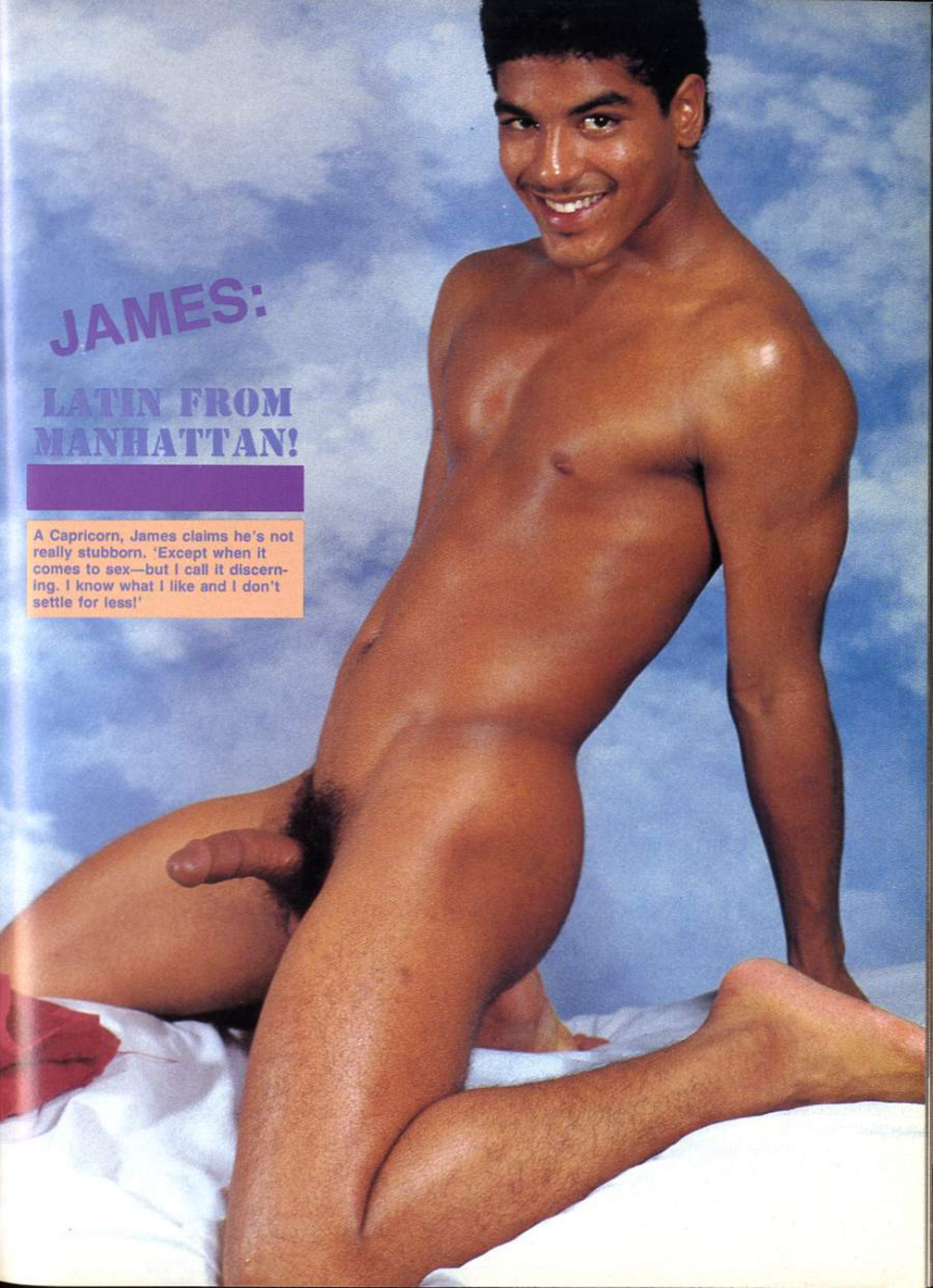
JAMES:

LATIN FROM MANHATTAN!

[redacted]

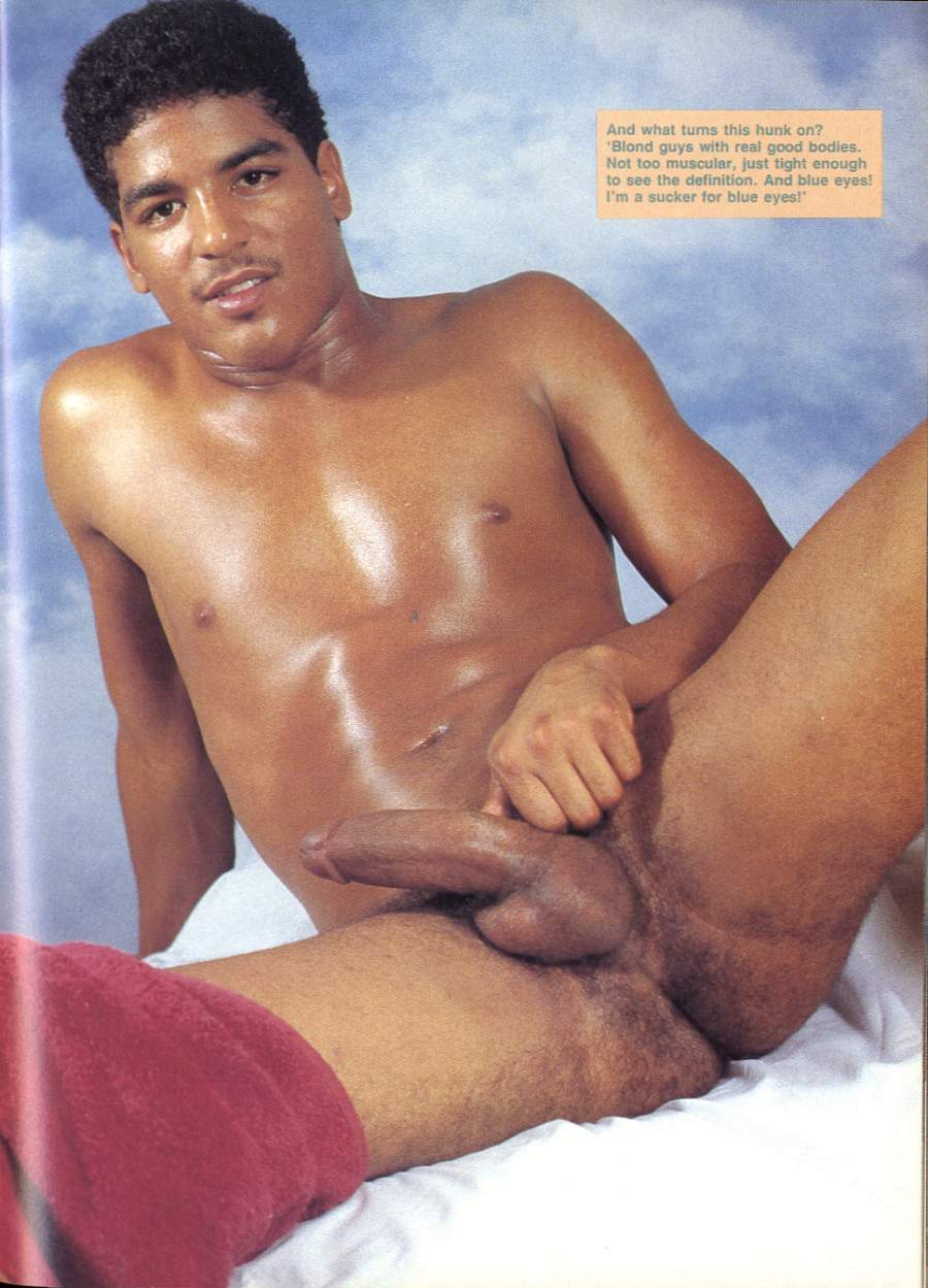
'There are four more like me back home in the Bronx. I come from a large family!'





JAMES: LATIN FROM MANHATTAN!

A Capricorn, James claims he's not really stubborn. 'Except when it comes to sex—but I call it discerning. I know what I like and I don't settle for less!'



And what turns this hunk on? 'Blond guys with real good bodies. Not too muscular, just tight enough to see the definition. And blue eyes! I'm a sucker for blue eyes!'

JAMES:

LATIN FROM MANHATTAN!

"Dancing also turns me on. I like a partner who can move, who's aware of his body. Salsa is where I'm at—it's hot, sweaty and certainly suggestive."

Once upon a time you learned about sex. You practiced. It got easier. And it was fun! Now you can do the same with rubbers. It might take practice—but practice is still fun!

THE SAFER SEX CONDOM GUIDE

How To Put Rubbers On

Open the package carefully so you don't tear the rubber or make a hole in the rubber with your fingernail. Testing the rubber will only make it weak. Do not unroll it until you put it on.

Reprinted with permission from
Gay Men's Health Crisis, Inc.

1. Put a drop of water-based lubricant inside the tip of the rubber. This will make the penis feel better during sex. Be sure the *shaft* of the penis is free of lubricant. This will help keep the rubber from falling off.

2. Take hold of ½ inch at the tip of the rubber. This makes a space for the cum to go.

3. Put the rubber agaisnt the head of the hard penis.

4. If uncut (uncircumsized) pull back the foreskin first.

5.

5. Squeeze any air out of the tip of the rubber.

6. Roll the rubber all the way down to the base of the penis. Gently smooth out any extra air. This will also make the penis feel better during sex.

What's In A Name?

Rubbers, condoms, prophylactics, bags, skins, raincoats, sheaths, hats or French letters, they are all the same thing. They can be lubricated or non-lubricated, have reservoir tips or plain ends. The choice is yours.

The virus that causes AIDS will not go through a latex rubber. If it does not leak, break, or fall off, a latex rubber will block the AIDS virus.

When To Wear A Rubber

Wear a rubber when you have sex and cum (semen) could get inside the mouth or ass (in oral or anal sex). Put the rubber on as soon as the penis gets hard. The virus that causes AIDS could be present in pre-cum (pre-seminal fluid).

After You're Finished

Pull out gently while the penis is still hard. Hold the rubber at the base of the penis while pulling out so the rubber doesn't leak or fall off. Take the rubber off carefully so the cum doesn't spill. Roll it off starting at the base of the penis.

Throw the rubber away. Never wear a rubber *twice*. No one knows for sure how the virus lives outside of the body. It is good to wash after having sex.

Choosing Rubbers

There are many different kinds of rubbers to choose from. They come in many styles, shapes and colors. One size fits all. Rubbers are strong and will stretch to fit any size penis. Some companies make rubbers in a smaller size, for those who like a tighter fit.

Plain End Or Reservoir Tip?

Some rubbers have a small space in the tip called a reservoir. This is a place for the semen to collect. Some rubbers have a plain end. Sometimes this is called a rolled end. You can make a reservoir at the tip of a rolled end by leaving ½ inch of space when you put the rubber on. Either kind is okay. Just be sure to squeeze any air out of the tip as you put the rubber on.

Latex Or Skin?

Rubbers can be made from animal skin or latex. Research has shown that the virus that causes AIDS will not pass through a latex rubber. Many experts think latex rubbers are better than skin rubbers because they are stronger. They fit better and won't break as easily.

Wet Or Dry? (Lubricated Or Non-Lubricated)

Some rubbers have water-based jelly or lubricant already on them. For some kinds of sex, especially anal sex, you need more. Some rubbers are not lubricated. When wearing these for anal sex be sure to use lots of water-based lubricant on the outside of the rubber.

About Lubricants

With rubbers, always use water-based jellies or lubricants like K-Y or H-R jelly. "Water-based" means *no oil* or *grease* in the lubricant. Lubricants that have oil or grease, like Vaseline, Crisco, mineral oil, baby oil, massage oil, butter and most creams can weaken latex and can make rubbers break. Do not use them.

Lubricants with alcohol in them can also damage rubbers. Read the label to make sure there is *no oil* or *alcohol* in your jelly or lubricant.

Put only one drop of jelly or lubricant inside the tip of the rubber. That will make it slide easier so it won't break. Also put some lubricant or jelly on the asshole. Water-based lubricants may become dry during sex. If this happens, put a little water on the rubber and it will be slippery again. Or, you can use more lubricant.

What About Spermicides?

Spermicides are chemicals that kill sperm. Some jellies, foams or lubricants have spermicides in them for birth control. Nonoxynol-9 is one spermicide. In a test tube, it will kill the virus that causes AIDS. Some doctors think you should use Nonoxynol-9 because it may protect you if the rubber breaks. Some rubbers and lubricants or jellies have Nonoxynol-9 already in them.

Some people are allergic to spermicidal jellies, foams or lubricants. Allergic means you get red or itchy. To see if you are allergic, put a little drop on your wrist. If you get red or itchy, try another brand. If you use Nonoxynol-9, it should always be *with* rubbers, *never instead of* rubbers.

How Long Can You Keep Rubbers

Rubbers have a date on the outside package, the inner wrapping or on the rubber itself. This is the date they were made, not the expiration date. If you keep your rubbers in a cool, dry place, they will last about 4 years. Do not use a rubber more than 2 years after the date stamped on it. You don't know if it was kept in a cool, dry place before you bought it.

Wearing Rubbers

Try different kinds of rubbers to see which ones you like. When you buy other things don't you shop around? Go to the drugstore and look at the different kinds of rubbers they have. Take some home. Try them.

Get used to rubbers. Practice using them by yourself before you're with a partner. Practice putting them on a dildo, cucumber or banana. Try jerking off wearing one. Play with rubbers to see how hard it is to break them.

Use rubbers as part of foreplay. Put rubbers on as soon as the penis is hard. Putting on a rubber does not mean you or your partners have to cum right away. Talk about rubbers with your partner. This can be a fun and sensual part of sex.

Use your imagination. Think of new and fun ways to play with rubbers. Think of new ways to put them on. When you wear rubbers for sucking (oral sex), you can add your own flavor. Try honey, whipped cream or whatever you like. *Don't use* anything with *oil* or *alcohol* on it.

Some rubbers have powder on them. You can wipe off the powder before sucking, to make the rubber taste better. Remember—*rubbers do not break easily*. If they break, it is usually because they have not been used the right way.

Keep rubbers and water-based lubricant around all the time. It makes it easier to use them. Keep lots of rubbers around. You may hot want more than one when you have sex. Remember not to wear a rubber more than once.

If you carry rubbers with you, it does not mean you are "easy." It means you are smart. It means you care. It means you are ready.

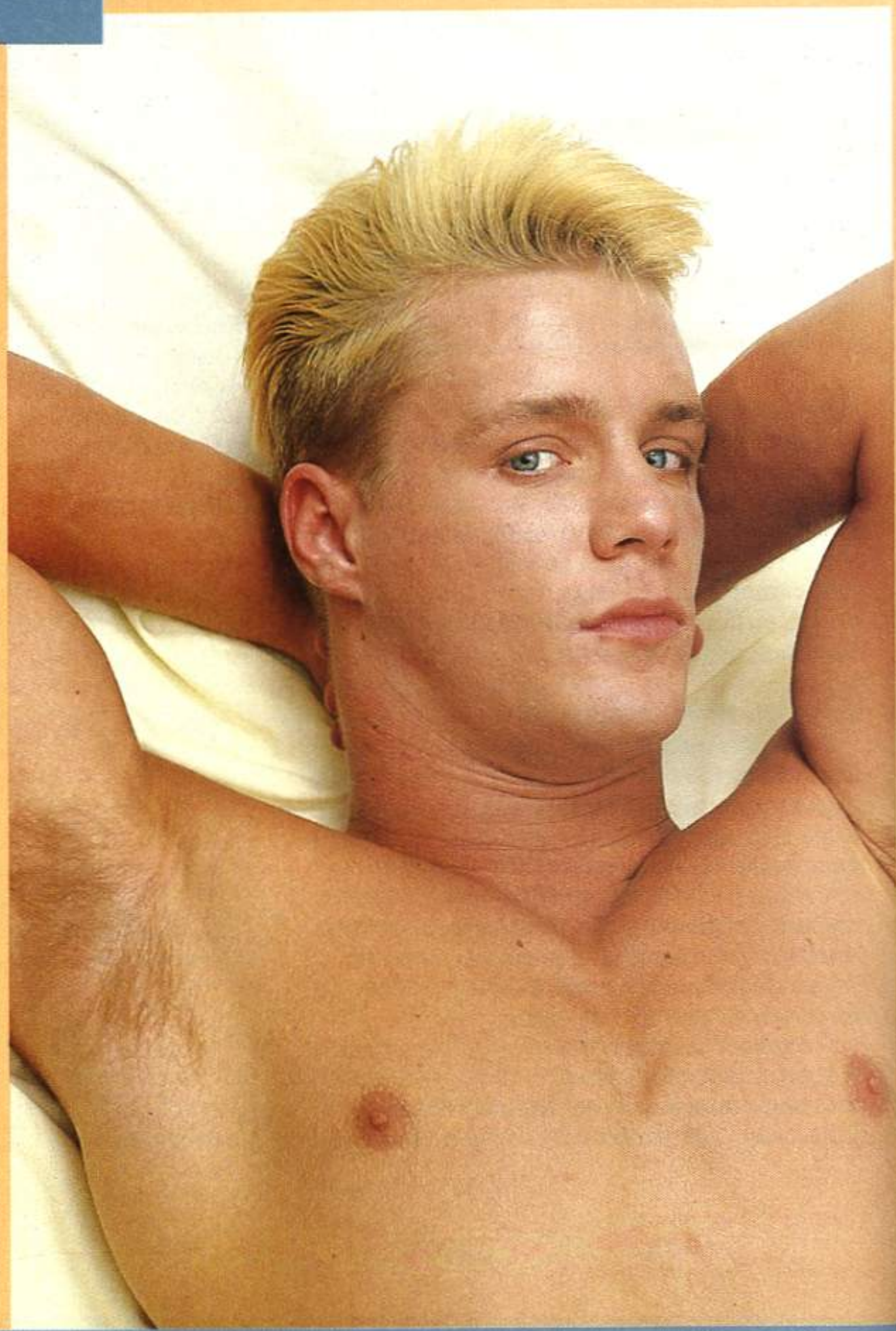
Gay Men's Health Crisis develops and distributes materials that address the various aspects of AIDS (general information, risk reduction, medical and psychological issues, testing, health insurance, legal concerns, etc.) to fulfill the needs of different audiences. It conducts public forums, seminars for health care professionals, workshops for people at risk and educations research programs.

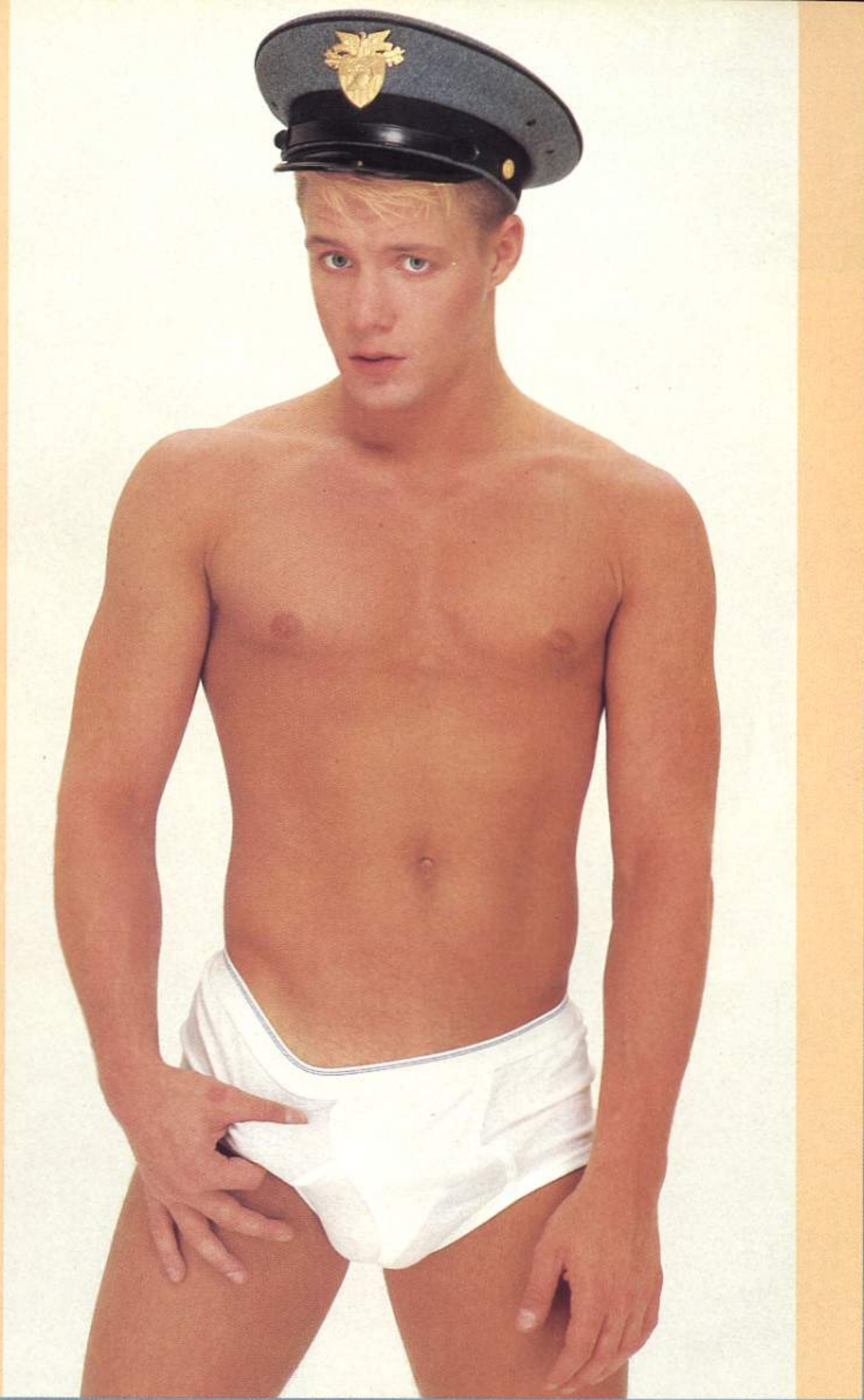
GMHC provides support services for all people with AIDS, which includes crisis intervention counseling, our "buddy" program (helping with daily living tasks), recreational programs, the pediatrics program, support and therapy groups (for people with AIDS and their care partners) and legal, financial and health care advocacy.

GMHC needs your support. Any contributions of time or money will help GMHC to continue these programs. If you wish to volunteer, call our volunteer office at 212-807-6572. All contributions to GMHC are tax deductible. A copy of the latest financial report filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to either: New York State Dept. of State, Office of Charities Regulation, Albany, NY 12231, or Gay Men's Health Crisis, Box 274, 132 West 24 Street, New York, NY 10011. Copies of the Safe Sex Condom Guide booklet are available from GMHC for 25 cents each. An additional 25 cents included in your initial order would be greatly appreciated to help GMHC offset the cost of postage and handling. You can order these booklets at our PO Box 274, address listed above.

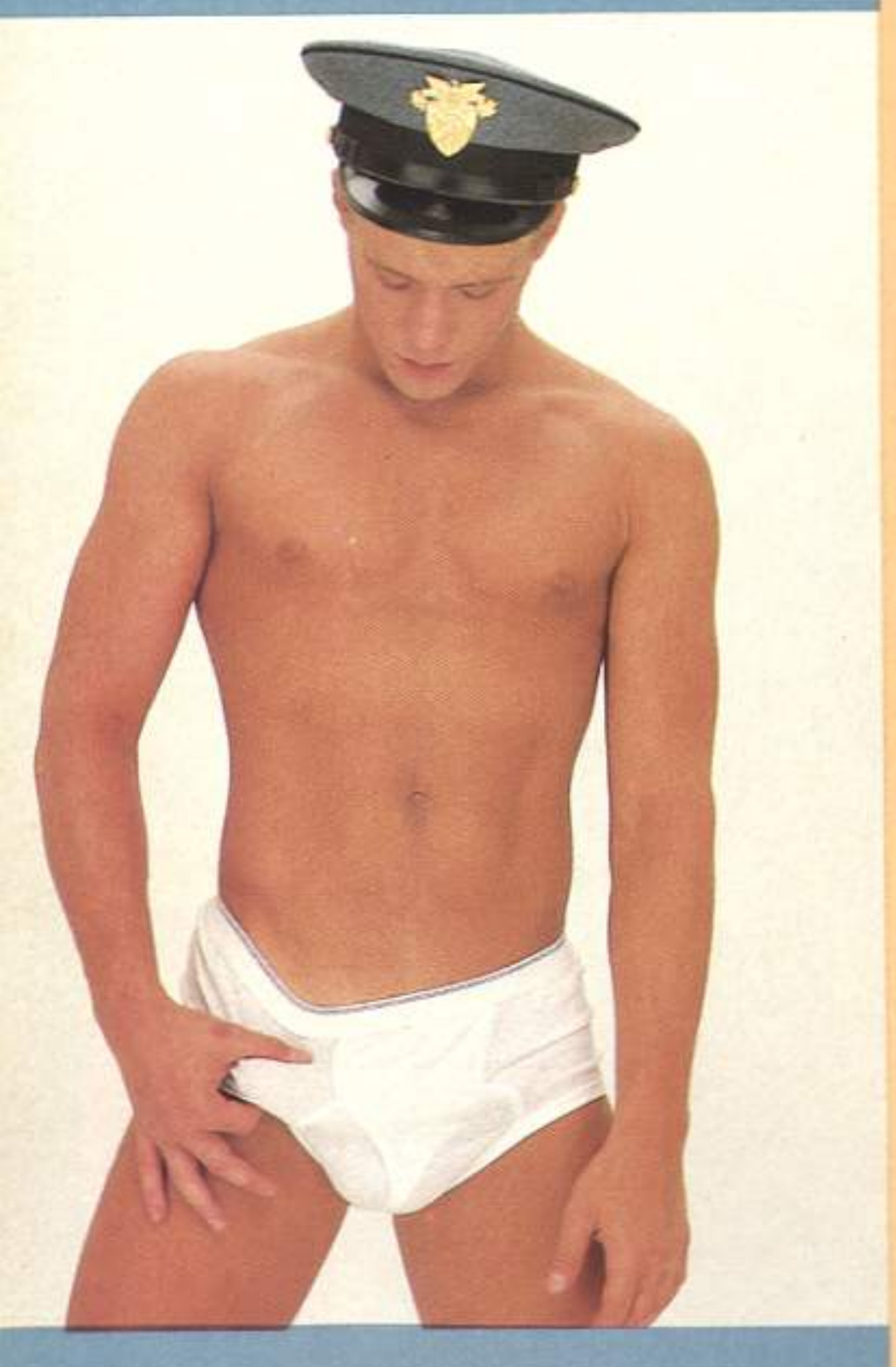
Who's our cute blond coverguy this month? Another new discovery from the man who brought you *Power Tool*—John Travis! Meet Chris Williams, the hot new star of Catalina's sizzling sexvid called, appropriately, *The Young Cadets*.

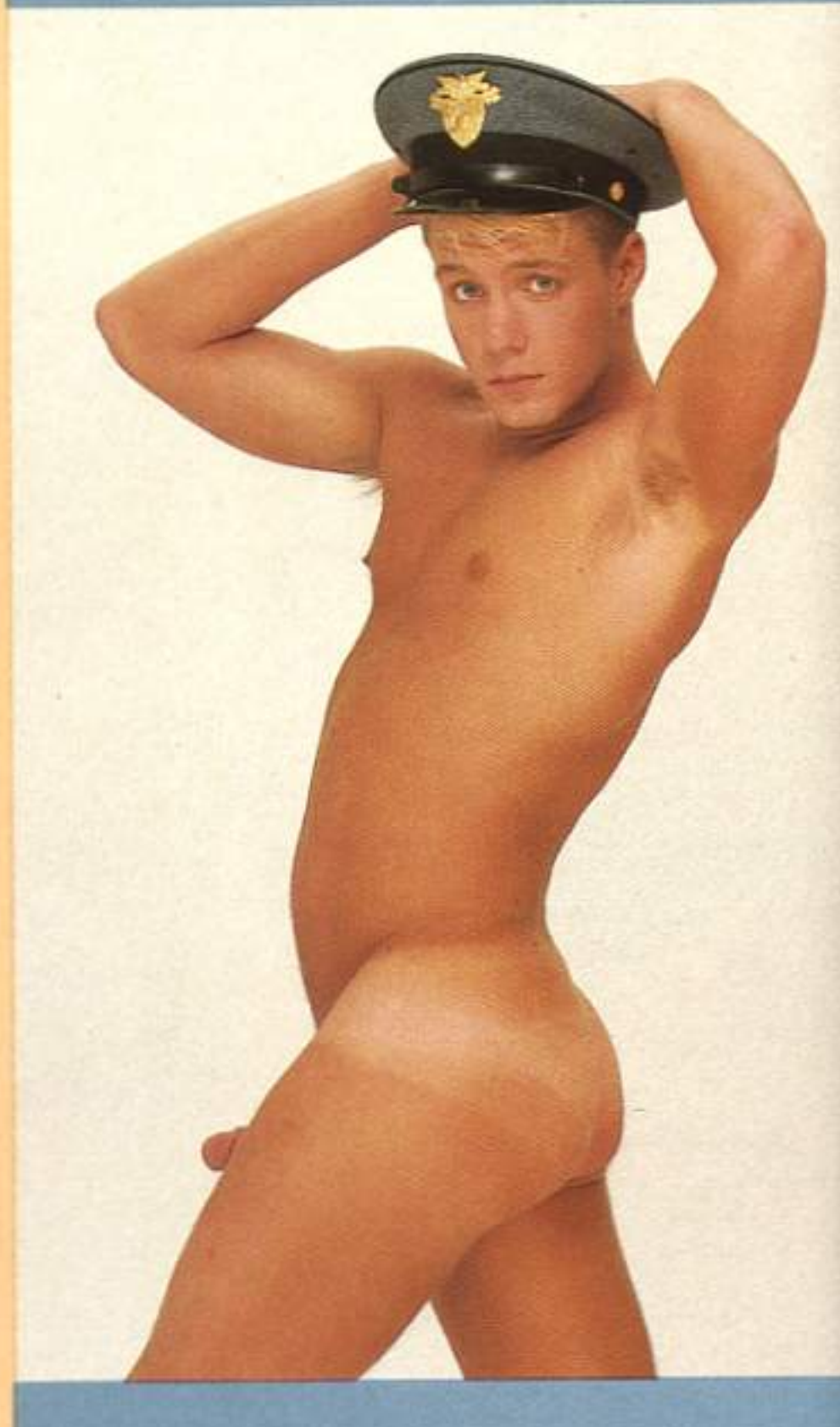
Chris Williams: The Young Cadet!





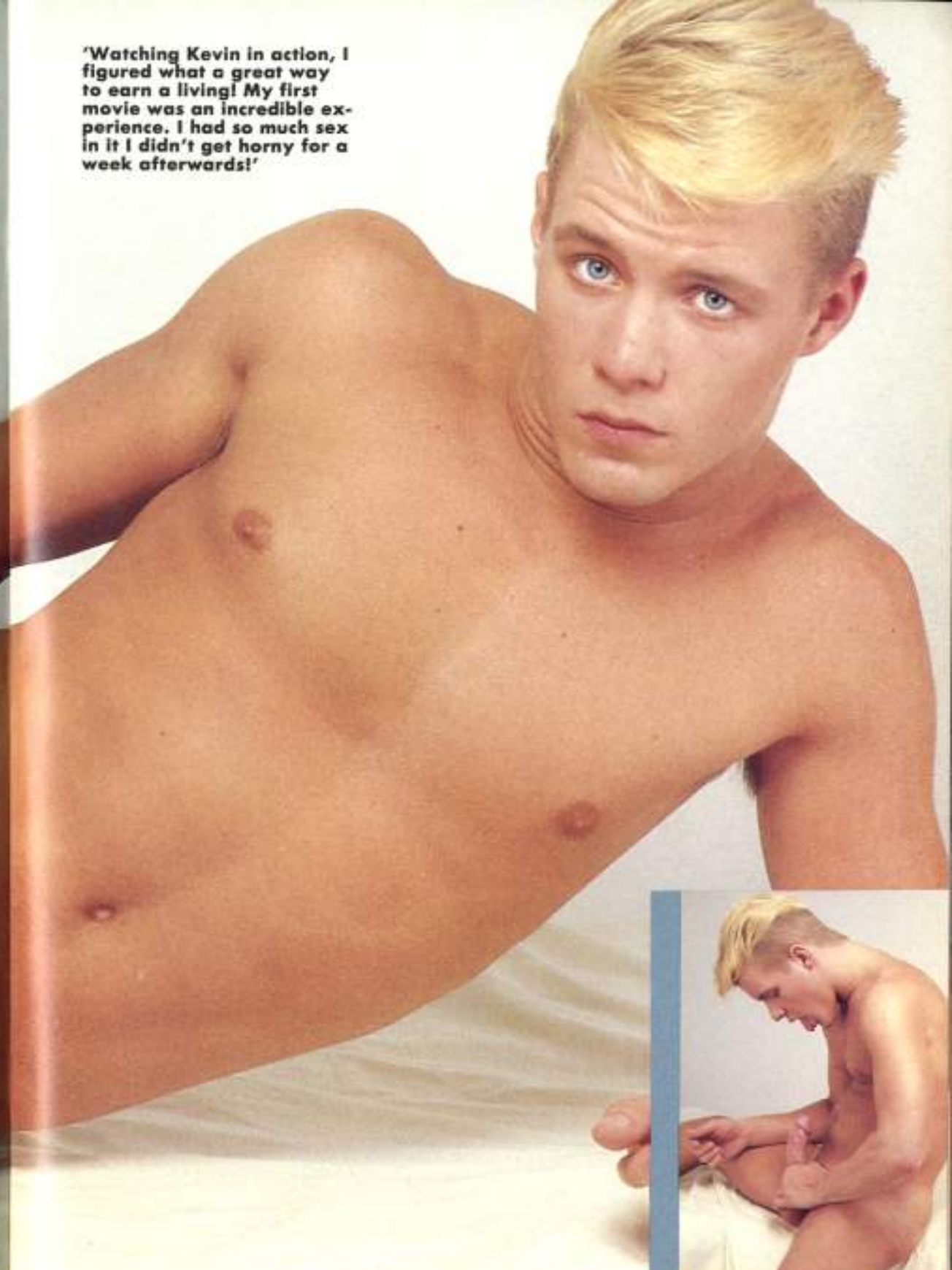
At one time Chris worked as a fashion model in Milan, Italy. But when he caught his cousin, Kevin Williams, in *Big Guns* and *Hot Rods*, Chris decided that he'd like to give X-rated movies a try.





Chris Williams:
The Young Cadet!

'Watching Kevin in action, I figured what a great way to earn a living! My first movie was an incredible experience. I had so much sex in it I didn't get horny for a week afterwards!'



'I guess the best thing about making *The Young Cadets* was that all the guys in it were really good-looking—they were the kind of men I'd go after in real life!'

Chris Williams:

The Young Cadet!

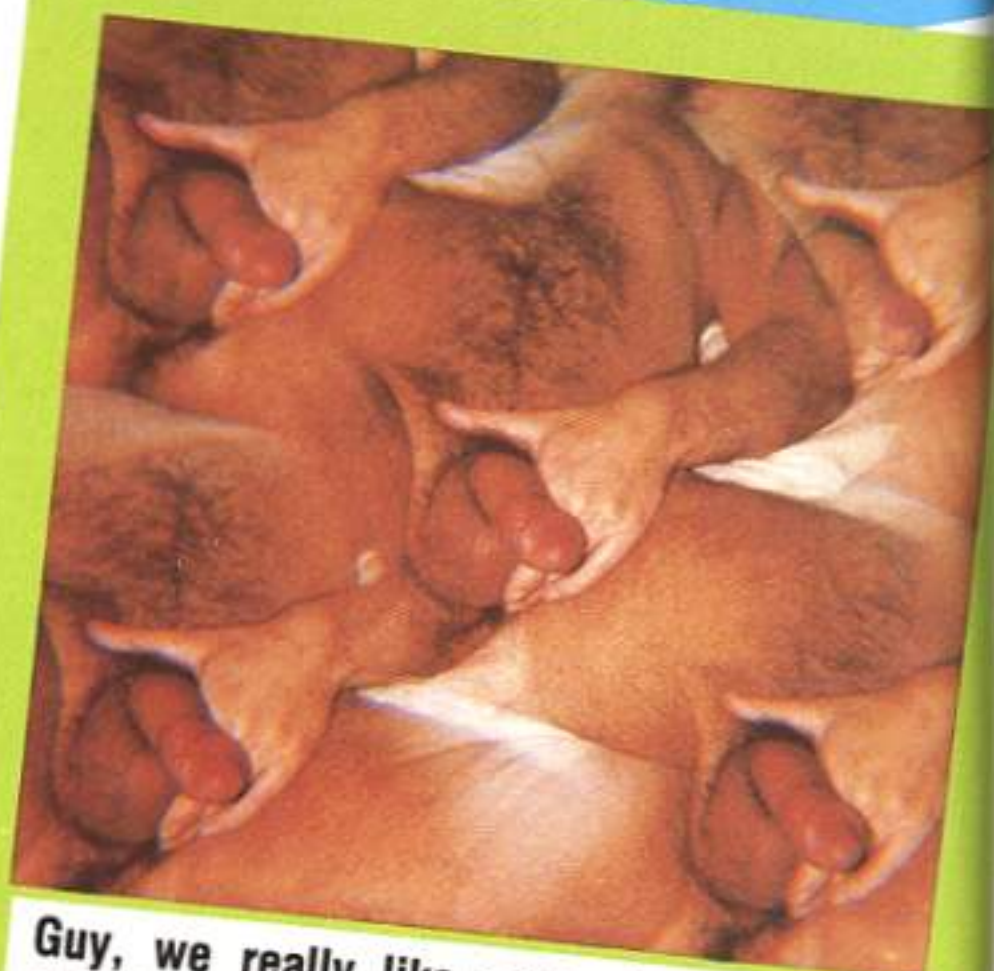
Nice and fat and hard from Long Beach, CA. Keep up the good work!

Another view of Long Beach, also hot as hell!

Yep, finally a really "creative" coc shot. Again, from our pal in Lon Beac

From a Kansas City suburb comes this delightful dick from a red-hot redhead!

No note but who needs one when you're hung like this in Pittsburth, PA. And hairy, too!



Guy, we really like your style. No wonder everybody moves to California!

Hey, shaved! Glad he had the urge to show it all from Ramsey, N.J.

He tells us he's displaying his "accoutrements" in Las Vegas, NV.

And this time he's showing off his "birthday" suit—lucky Vegas!

CLOSET COCKS!

JOIN OUR AMATEUR COCK CONTEST AND FLASH YOUR FAMILY JEWELS FOR COLD, HARD CASH!

Well, men, this has certainly been the hottest contest we've ever run. The mailroom guys are getting a thrill a minute as they open the hundreds of photos you've been sending us. Don't dispair. If you haven't seen yourself yet, you will. And meanwhile, if you haven't sent us a photo yet, here's how: We'll pay you $25 for your submission if published. Send a snapshot or Polaroid to: Amateur Contest, ALL-MAN Magazine, Bruce Publications, Ltd, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th floor, New York, N.Y. 10013.

At 27, 6' 1'' and 160 lbs. this hot guy from Ft. Worth, TX. has what it takes!

Another view of this blue-eyed blond. Sorry we can't show his handsome face!

I love your mag 'cause of the big black dicks so I'm sending you a "free" show of mine! A good 10-inches from New York City!

Hey, guys. Here are some pix of my lover and me. We're proud of our cocks!

For an amateur cock, this one looks pretty professional! Go, Wilkes-Barre!

Wants to know if he measures up in Wilkes-Barre, PA. What do you think?

Please—no "faces", we can't show them—and no "wet" or "cum" shots, either. Be sure to include your name and address so we can get in touch with you regarding payment.

We'll let the readers decide if these pix are two different cocks or the same—from Tucson, AZ.

Listen, we're having trouble telling you guys apart! All three shots look alike!

LONNIE: Wild Stuff

Young and hung and ready to party!

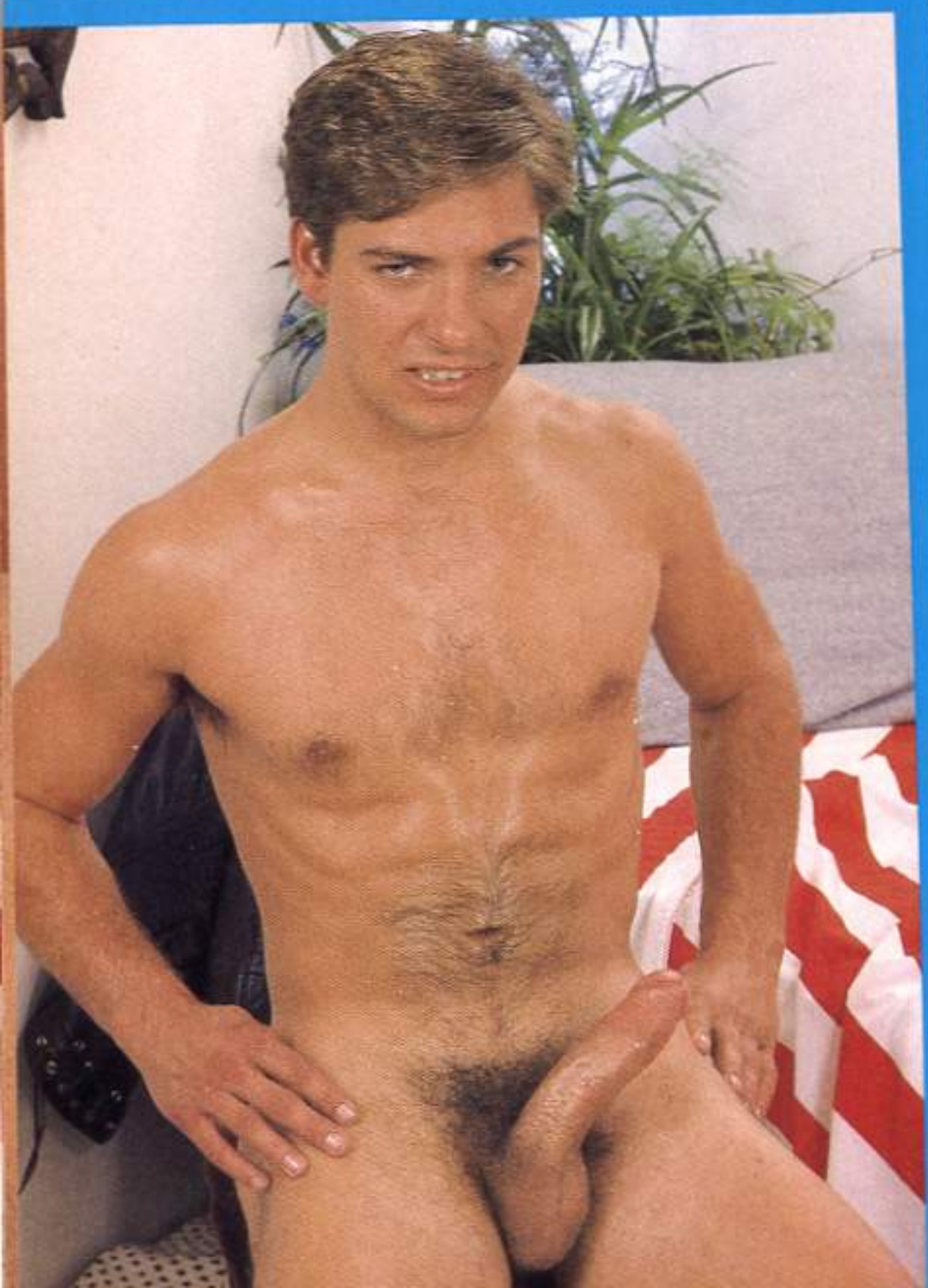
Photography by Charlie Airwaves

'It took me all of about two seconds to get the courage to model in the nude!'

LONNIE:

Wild Stuff

'So...if you like what you see, drop me a letter! I'm ready to party hardy!'



LONNIE: Wild Stuff

MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS PASS FROM ROOM TO AT THE ABANDO PIER. OUTSIDE A LINE FORMED JOINED IT...

DANNY WAS SUCKING COCK LIKE THERE WAS NO TOMORROW. WHATEVER THE TALL BLACK GUY HAD BETWEEN HIS LEGS WAS SURE MAKING DANNY HAPPY!

MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS PASSED FROM ROOM TO ROOM AT THE ABANDONED PIER. OUTSIDE OF ONE, A LINE FORMED. I JOINED IT...

CRUISING!

FICTION BY PAUL J. LEWIS

I'll never forget the first time I saw Danny. It wasn't an especially flattering picture. The guy was naked except for a soiled jock strap and kneeling in a trash-filled cubicle, one of a maze in a delapidated Hudson River pier that has long since been torn down. I didn't have a clear view of Danny at first. That's because there were half a dozen or so other guys lined up waiting to get into that filthy room.

Along with the other guys, I was rubbing the crotch of my faded jeans and looking to see if there were any familiar faces. There were two. One was a Puerto Rican dude named Hernando or Hector or something like that. Whoever he was, he had a real thing about getting rimmed. I know from personal experience. The other man I recognized was Tony Something, and his thing was getting blown. I spent some long nights with that guy's meat jammed down my throat. I've never known anybody who took so long to cum. My mouth was sore as hell after I'd been swinging on Tony's long pecker, but I guess it was worth it because I got a nice sticky wad of jizz as a result of my hard work!

A couple of the guys decided they were tired of waiting to get at Danny, and a third one got what he wanted, zipped up and left. That meant there were only two people ahead of me so I now had a good view of what was going on. I rubbed my groin a little more intensely as I watched Danny go to work. A tall black man had unceremoniously shucked off his pants, and Danny's head was eagerly bobbing up and down between his legs. I couldn't get a real close look at the black dude's meat so I didn't know how hung he was. But whatever he had sure made Danny happy because he was sucking cock like there was no tomorrow. The guy getting head didn't take nearly as long to shoot as Tony because in no time at all he was thrusting his ass hard against Danny's mouth and yielding up his spunk. It was pretty hot just watching those two going at it. Danny was licking the black dick real clean when the man standing in front of me turned around and smiled. That's when I learned the name of the guy kneeling in the cubicle.

"You gotten head from this guy before?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I just got in line because it looked like a good thing."

He pulled out his schlong and gave it a playful shake in my direction before saying, "His name's Danny and he gives the best fucking blow job you'll ever get."

"You sound like the voice of experience," I told him, hauling out my prick and waving it toward him. Two can play this game I thought.

"I am. I get him to suck my

cock every chance I get. It's like some kind of machine, man." He gave my stiff dick a quick squeeze before replacing the black man who had disappeared into the labyrinth of dirty corridors and rooms. "I guarantee Danny will do your dick justice, man."

"Good."

I started to lean up against the walls with their peeling paper but accidentally backed into someone. I looked over my shoulder and saw the line had grown behind me. In the dimness I could make out maybe six or seven more men, some playing with themselves through their clothing, some openly jacking on their dicks, a couple feeling each other up. I forgot about them as the moans of the man who had just groped me began growing louder. Unlike the black man, this guy didn't bother to take his pants down. He merely stuck his dick right into Danny's waiting mouth and started face fucking him with his meat poking through his fly. This continued for a few minutes and then he also shook with a tremor of cum-spurting. Danny's hands gripped the man's ass and held him tight so that he could keep the gushing poker deep in his throat. I was dimly aware of a hand on my ass too, so I moved forward a little. The piers were notorious for pickpockets, and I sure wasn't going to have a good time ruined by getting ripped off.

"He's all yours, man." The most recent load-dropper gave me a thumbs up sign as he vanished into the darkness. Then it was my turn!

As I moved close to Danny, I noticed that he was younger than I'd thought at first. I scarcely had time to give his rather handsome face much scrutiny because he reached right out, grabbed my root and shoved it deep in his throat. The stranger who'd just left had been right. There was something almost electrifying about this man's mouth and particularly his tongue. It was extraordinarily long and muscular and did more than the expected flicking and lapping. Danny almost wrapped his magical tongue around my sweaty poker and thrust so hard at the tip that he nearly forced some of his tongue inside my hole! That was as close as I ever came to that sort of an experience, and there's no other way to describe it than sort of cosmic! A guy would have to have Danny's hot, wet lips encircling his hard ramrod to know exactly what I'm talking about.

But my dick wasn't the only place Danny was going to work on. I wanted him to lick on my balls, so I dropped my pants to the tops of my shoes so that the old nutsack was waving in the breeze. Danny quickly closed his mouth over that and began probing between the cheeks of my ass for one more fleshy spot to explore. Once my testicles were burning from a covering of spit, Danny gave me a gentle shove that turned me around so that I was facing the line of sex-hungry men and had my ass pushed into Danny's ravenous mouth. He jerked on my prick while he plunged that amazing tongue into me and now he found an area he could fit that tongue into. It plunged deeply inside me and reamed tender spots that sent new sensations rushing through my entire body. The intensity of Danny's handiwork increased, and by now my breathing was so loud it sounded like an out-of-control locomotive in that small dirty room.

ONCE AGAIN THAT INCREDIBLE MOUTH WITH ITS TALENTED TONGUE CLOSED OVER MY THROBBING COCK. THE SHOCKWAVES IN MY TINGLING BALLS TOLD MY BODY THAT A STREAM OF JIZZ WAS ON THE WAY!

Danny continued to masturbate me while he rimmed my butthole, and suddenly, unexpectedly, a shock coursed through me that almost made me black out. It was nothing but sheer animal pleasure as Danny's scorching tongue set my whole body on fire. I realized he had reached up and was squeezing my nipples through my work shirt and that only added to the already powerful sensations. I knew I was very close to cumming and for a few seconds wondered if I was going to pop my load onto that filthy floor. Not surprisingly, Danny had other plans.

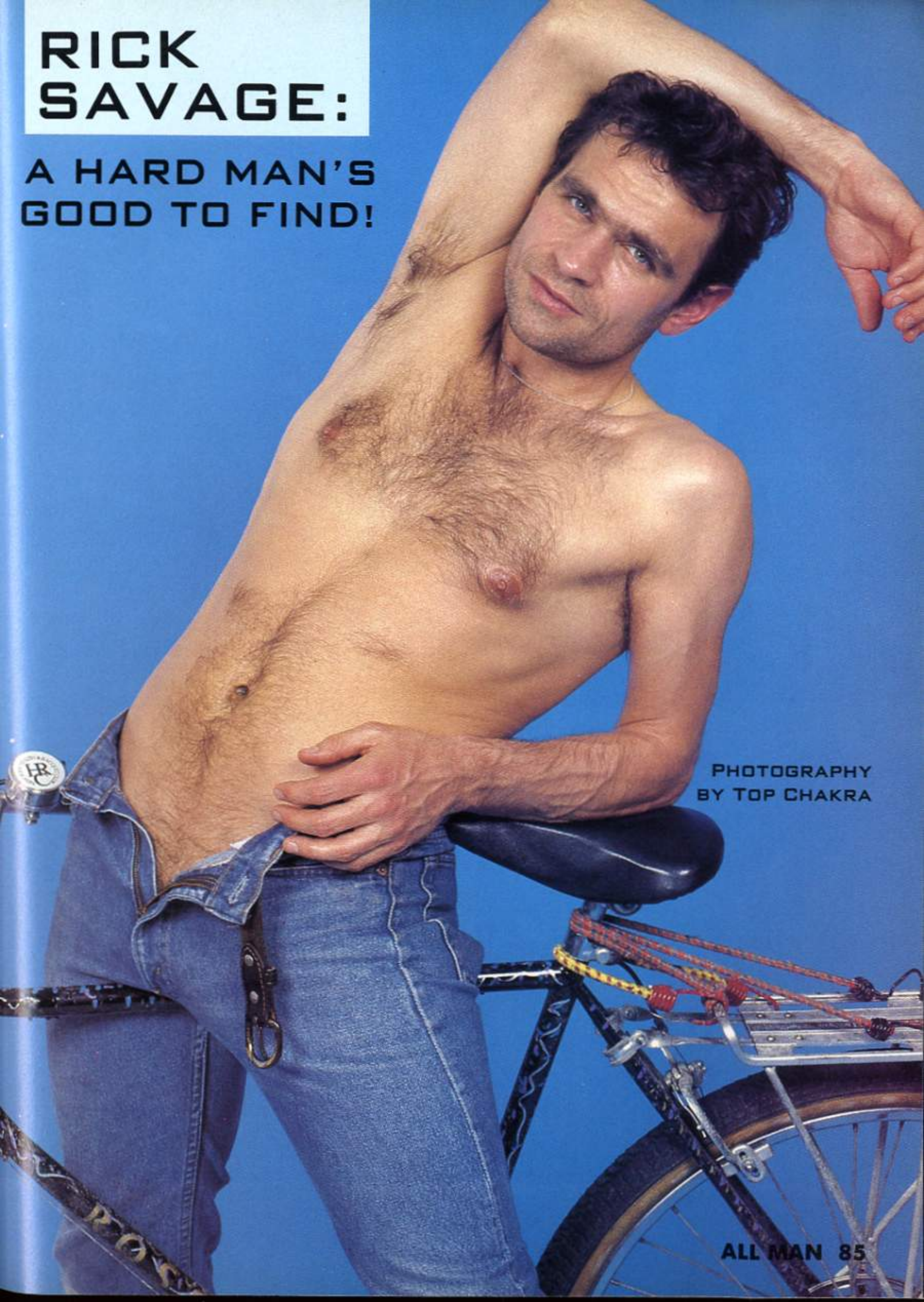
Once again that incredible mouth with its talented tongue was closed over my pulsating poker. The signs sent by my tingling balls told my body that some jizz was climbing upward, but that spunk wasn't allowed to emerge completely by itself. It was sucked out by Danny's hot, wet oral orifice with a deft motion that was so good-feeling. The small room was filled with noisy sucking sounds which mixed with my groans of excitement. Deep in the back of my thoughts was the knowledge that my load was following that of countless other men, and there was a sort of vicarious satisfaction in that knowledge. It was as though my gay brothers and myself were sharing a mutual release. I liked the idea.

When I pulled my dick out of Danny's mouth and felt cold air replace the sticky warmth, a shudder went through my body. I stuffed my meat back inside my jeans and tried to get a better look at the face that went with the amazing tongue and mouth. But I was replaced by another horny man and had my view blocked by his backside as his cum-filled poker slid down Danny's slippery throat.

As that anonymous dick disappeared into the anonymous mouth, I disappeared into the blackness of night. But I took the memory of Danny's tongue.

RICK SAVAGE:

A HARD MAN'S GOOD TO FIND!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOP CHAKRA

'WANNA SEE WHAT I'VE GOT?'

'SOMETIMES I HAVE TO GIVE IT A HELPING HAND!'

'DO YOU TALK TO YOUR DICK, TOO?'

'I DUNNO—THE SEAT STILL LOOKS BIGGER THAN MY JOINT!'

RICK SAVAGE

'NOW IT'S STARTING TO GET THE RIGHT FEEL'

RICK SAVAGE:
A HARD MAN'S
GOOD TO FIND!

RICK SAVAGE:

A HARD MAN'S GOOD TO FIND!

BITS AND PIECES

MONDO NEW YORK. . . BY ANY OTHER NAME!

At last, the movie they said couldn't be made! From producer Stuart Shapiro comoes MONDO NEW YORK, a perverse tribute to the unsung anti-stars of the big Apple. What are the critics saying about MONDO NEW YORK? That it takes incredible sophistication to sink that low! Among the many people and events (including a visit to the notorious S&M club, Paddles) captured in this outrageous film are the avant-garde downtown performance artists. . ."the creative denizens of the night." With appearances by Joey Arias, Rick Aviles,

Charlie Barnett, Karen Finley, John Sex, Phoebe Legere, Lydia Lunch and Ann Magnuson whipping a *dead* horse—that's right, it's a stuffed horse which Shapiro had flown all the way in from California just to satisfy Ann's secret fantasy! Phoebe Legere performs *Marilyn Monroe*, an erotic homage to the blonde bombshell, while paraplegic performance artist Frank Moore holds court at the 6th Sense Gallery. You'll see Charlie Barnett perform in Washington Square Park, as well as Rick Aviles, king of the Nuyorican comedians. Dean Johnson does his thing at Save The Robots, while CBGB's is the setting for the Manitoba Wild Kingdom to perform their own version of *New York, New York*. There's even a Chinese slave auction thrown in for good measure.

To sum it all up, as Rick Aviles says. . ."New York—everyone has an attitude. . . the winos are hostile, the pigeons look like they're on heroin, and the women want to put you in handcuffs and whip you.
If Superman rode the trains, they'd probably mug him. But, I love New York—even though I can't get a cab."

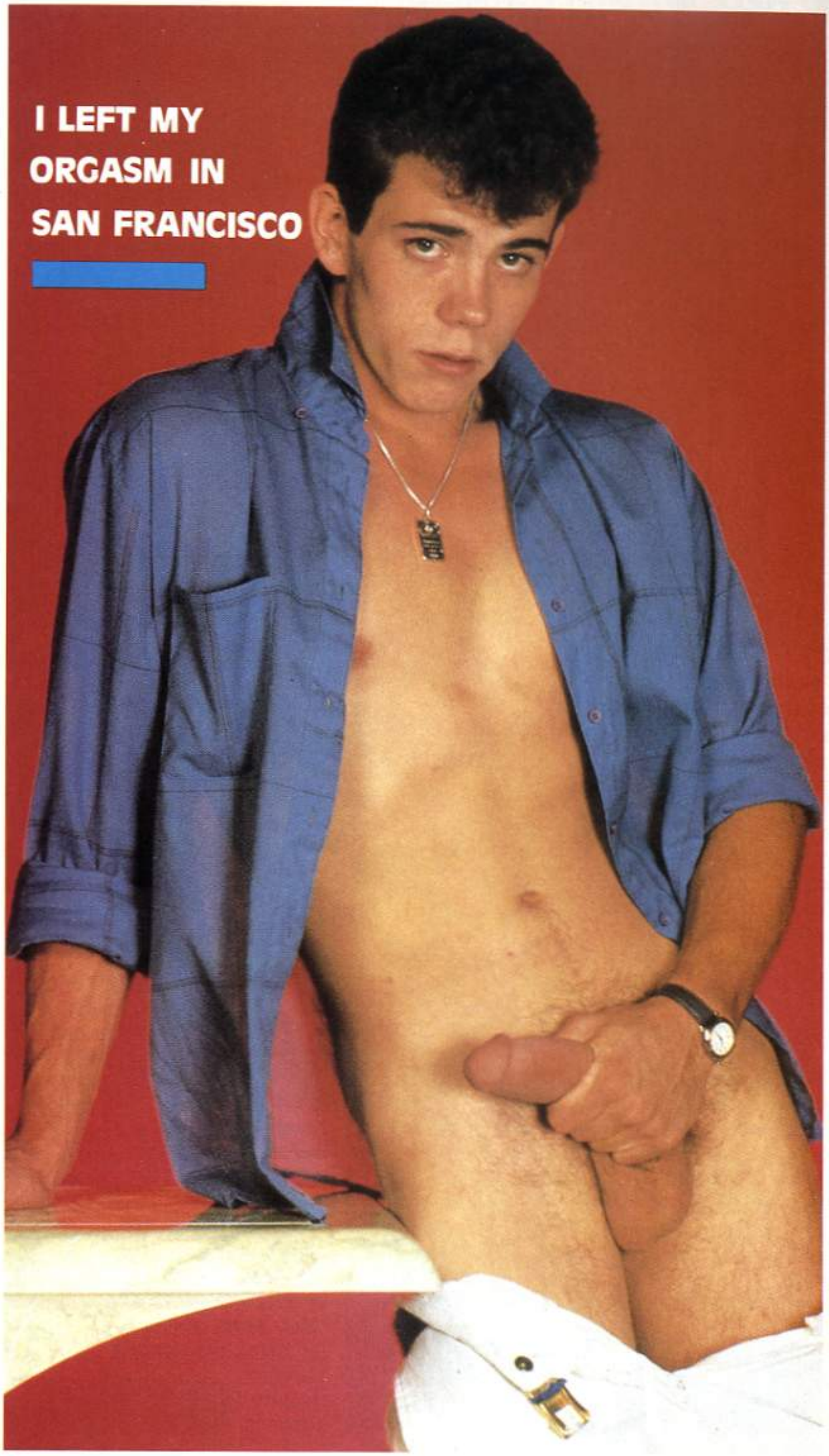
If this sounds like an outrageous night of fun, you're right—it is! Shapiro, in case you're wondering, is no stranger to the provocative avant-garde and his film presentations include *Tunnelvision, Shame of the Jungle* (an X-rated animated feature), *DOA, J-Men Forever, Rust Never Sleeps* and *Cocaine Cowboys*! Needless to say, any occasion to see John Sex, who paid his dues as a

stripper, nightclub singer and a star of the downtown New York Vegas-style revues can't be overlooked. Sex, as we're sure you know, parlayed his high profile and the success of his first single, *Hustle With My Muscle*, into worldwide SRO bookings, rockin' and shockin' venues from Cleveland to Hong Kong.

Hot-Wired is a porn film that short-circuited along the way to its completion. The producers claim this video is about "the men of San Francisco as you've NEVER seen them before." They're right. The guys have never been so boring. Many of the "actors" in this flick have no asses and no tits, which is all right, but a few are so uninterested in the sex they're having, they could be brushing their teeth for all the enthusiasm they display. And let us tell you, the sex goes on and on and on with the same expressions, unoriginal camera shots and angles, poor skin tones, desperate music. I wound up doing a crossword puzzle after watching this fiasco for 30 minutes.

There are a few good moments though, and these are the brilliant shots of our favorite West coast city. Now, if the cameraman for the outdoor shots and shot the porn scenes, Hot-Wire might have had some electricity, but he didn't and it ain't. This is a four star blah!

For more info on ordering Hot-Wire, write VIDCO, The Video Company, 12003 Vose Street, No. Hollywood, CA 91605.



TO HELL WITH SLY STALLONE!

Hollywood's upcoming features do not promise much excitement. Another Rambo! Another Rocky! Woody Allen is getting more and more comatose. But wait! *Geminii The Twin Stars*, a Swiss/American project that is supposed to open this spring may be the big sleeper of the year.

Why? Because the plot's so great? Well, the story is about Thomas and Gene, "healthy, energetic, '*regular*' kind of guys" who travel from New to Geneva to Mykonos in search of erotic and spiritual bliss. So it does sound like another straight-buddy adventure film. The difference—and what a difference!—are the two stars. Thomas Nock, a drop-dead stunner from Zurich, and Gene Patrick, a suave New York college student, have the leads in this scenic tale of jet-set lovel These two men, believe us!, will have you drooling like you never drooled before—and word has it they can act, too.

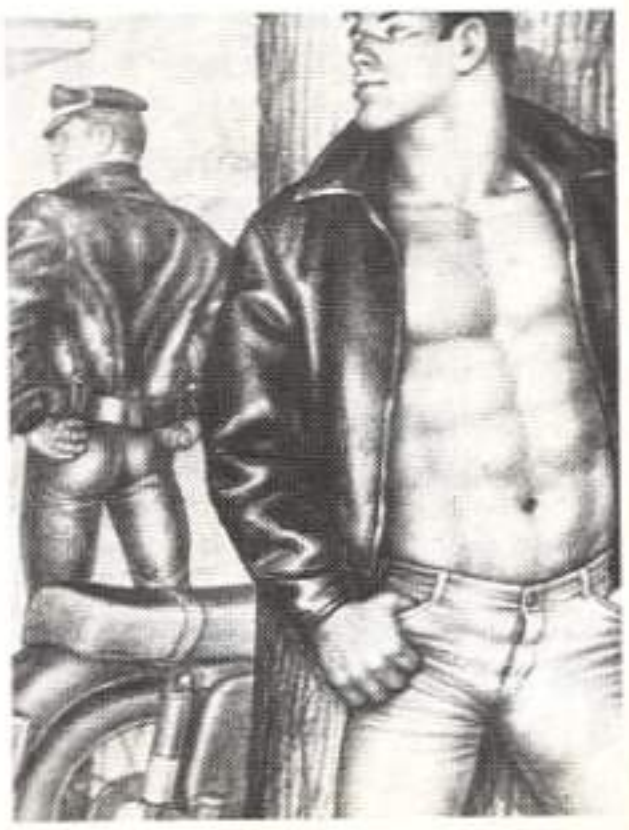
So keep your eye on your hometown paper's movie section. *Geminii The Twin Stars* will soon be bringing delight to your neighborhood screens.

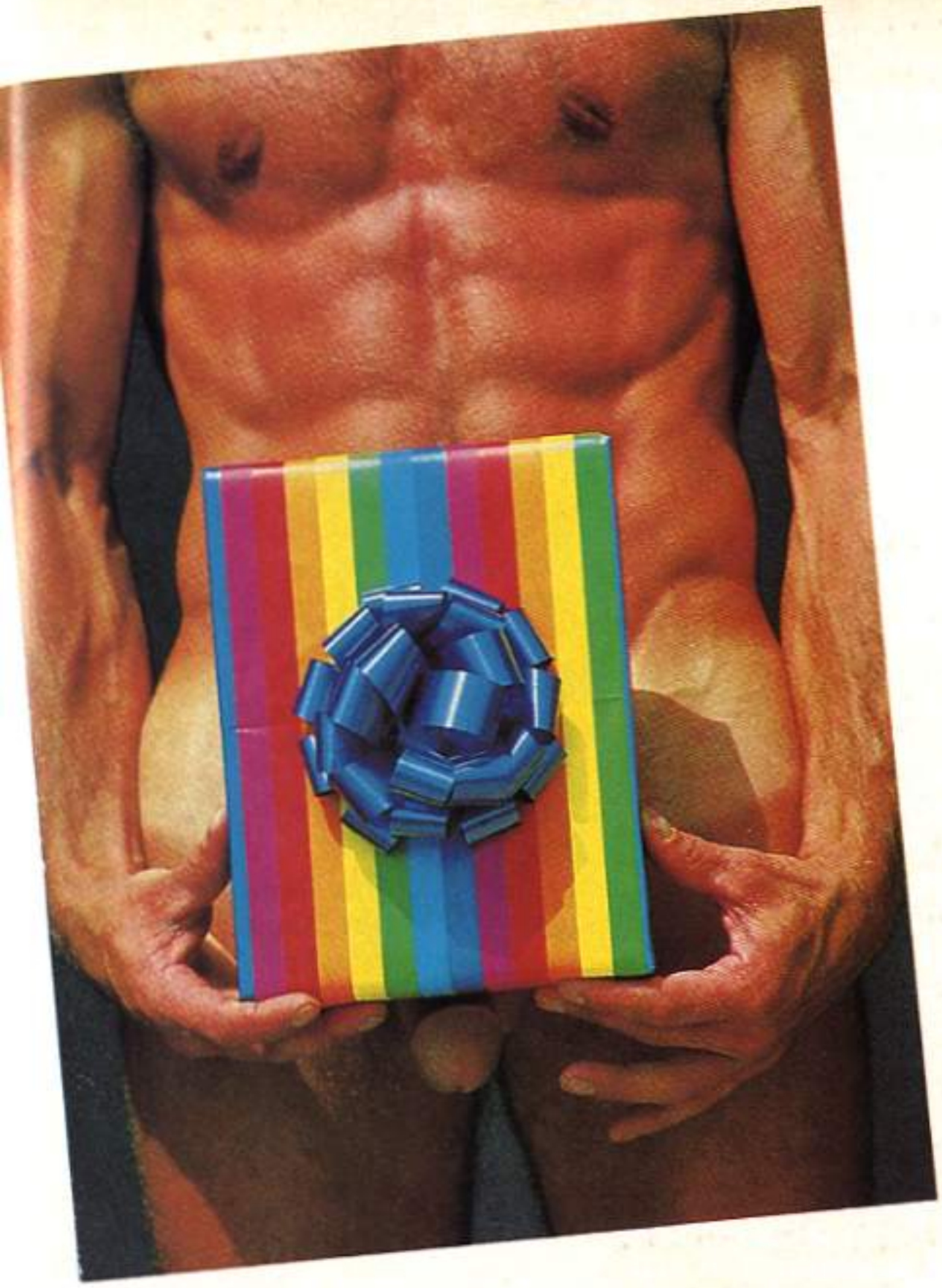
TV OR NOT TO FIX THE TV

Tom of Finland has done it again—that is create another hot-to-trot tale featuring his big-dicked hero, Kake. What is amazing in these rather liberated times of porn mags, videos and hustler servies is that Tom's drawings can still make us want to jerk off. Let's hope we never get that jaded that we can't.

In the current work, *Kake: TV-Repair* (#11), our hero gets turned on by the man sent to fix his set. Before he can examine what's wrong with the television, Kake has the guy's pants off and is initiating an anal invasion.

Believe it or not, this thin tale is actually worth $10 (plus $2) handling it costs. For your very own copy, send your check to: Tom of Finland, P.O. Box 26716, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

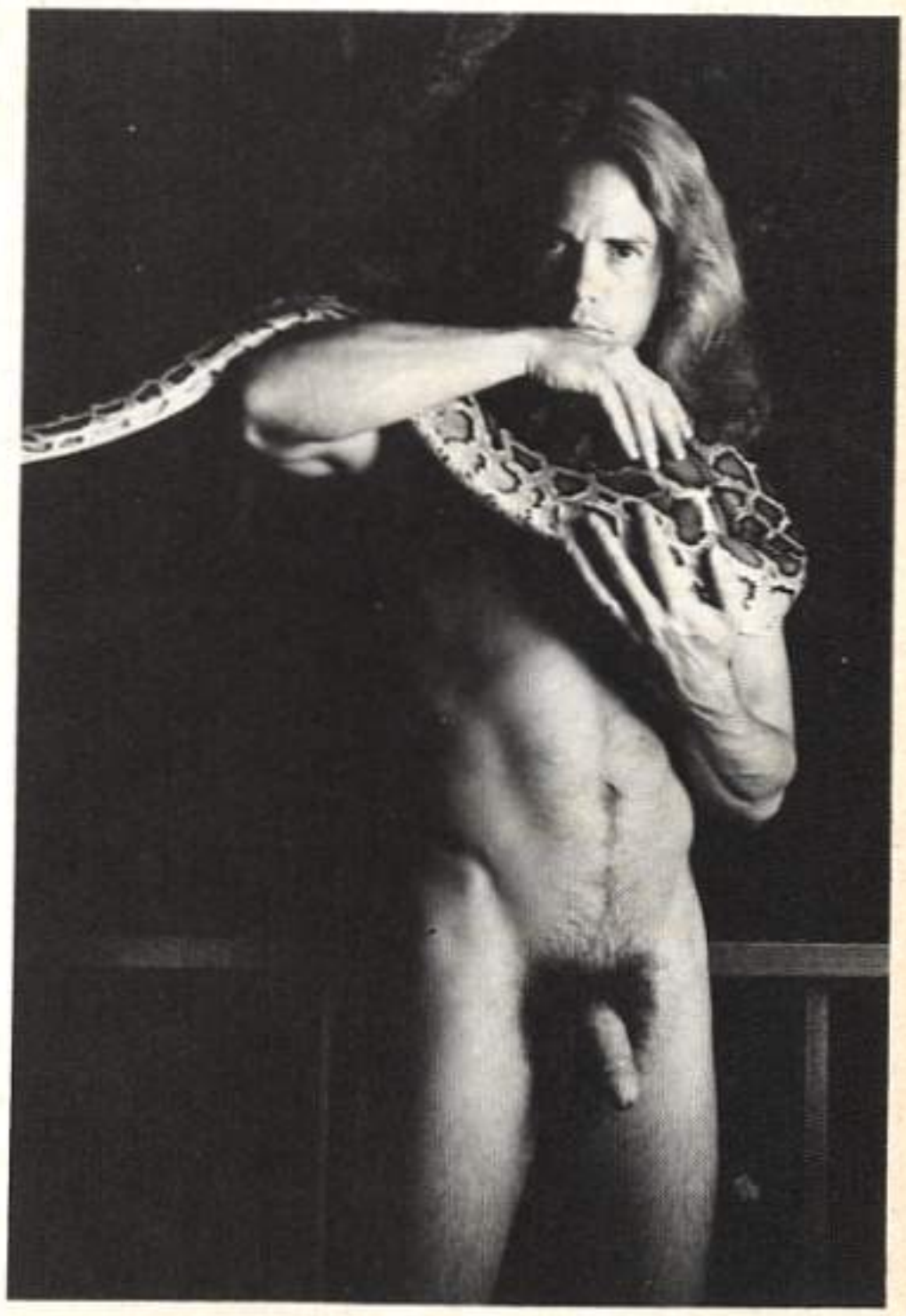




BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

Now you've got to have some hesitations about a poet's poetry when his publisher only sends the cover of the guy's book and a nude photo of the same to a reviewer. So what can we say about *Pagan Love Songs* by Gavin Geoffrey Dillard on the strength of the material we received. Gavin possesses a great cock, his body hair is nice and fluffy, and the man looks terrific with a snake around his neck. On the negative side, his haircut is a little too sixties. A little bit more layering on the sides would make Gavin almost perfect.

As for his poetry, if you really want to know, send $7.95 plus ten percent more for postage and handling to Bhakti Books, 8306 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 2656, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (Signed and numbered editions of Pagan Love Songs are available for $50. By the way, signed and numbered editions of this column are available for 59 cents.)



GREETINGS TO GET YOUR ROCKS OFF WITH

Rockshots was the greeting card company which started the whole classy sleaze look in birthday and Christmas cards, and today even Hallmark is following suit. The firm's two founding owners/lovers, Michael Rock and Tolin Green, died last year of AIDS, but as they would have wanted it, their wonderful company continues to churn out the erotic cards they spent so much of their life creating.

So the next time an important occasion arises, send a card that arouses. You might get something in return. By the way, Rockshots are available at all your better, more liberated card shops.

Johnny's hands were busy, too, rubbing the thick mat of hair until he reached the Coach's dark nipples which jutted proudly atop his heavy layers of muscled flesh.

conscious about his physique. He managed to dredge up self-confidence from somewhere and strode into the brand new gym with an air of authority. But that fake bubble burst when he saw who was standing behind the front desk.

Coach Biddle!

The man broke into an automatic smile. "Why, Johnny Stafford! What a surprise to see *you* here." Johnny's concern that he was going to be berated was evident in his face, so Mr. Biddle hastened to reassure him. "Don't worry, Johnny. I'm here as an instructor only because you want me. Not because of some school board dictate."

"Oh," Johnny managed, swallowing hard. Was he imagining this or what?

"Of course," the coach continued, "you can have your choice of instructors. That was presumptuous on my part. I guess it was because I was glad to see a familiar face. This is my first day on the job."

"Did you quit coaching at the school?" Johnny asked, trying to keep from staring at his former teacher. Coach Biddle was wearing a pair of snug gym shorts that emphasized that familiar crotch bulge and a clean white tank top emblazoned with "Golden Atlas" across his hairy, barrel chest.

"Yeah," Mr. Biddle answered. "I guess I was ready for a change. The last class I taught was yours. I left Central High when you did. I spent the summer traveling out west, California, Hawaii, and started instructing on a one-to-one basis when I got home last fall. I got tired of that. I didn't much like working in people's homes and I was ready to work with men who were serious about their bodies. No offense, Johnny, but there weren't many of those in high school."

"I think I know what you mean, Coach Biddle."

"No more of that," the man said with another smile. "You're not one of my charges any more. I want you to call me Joe."

"Okay," Johnny said awkwardly. "Joe."

"That's better. Now then. I've got some forms for you to fill out. Some disclaimers and stuff about insurance. The usual. When you're finished we'll get to work." He paused for a few seconds and Johnny thought he felt the coach's eyes rake over him. Joe's next words confirmed his suspicions. "I always thought you had a good natural body, Johnny. Now's my chance to prove to us both what you can do with it. If you want me as an instructor, that is. You know I can be pretty rough."

Drawing again from that mysterious source of strength, Johnny said, "If I don't like you, I'll get somebody else." Nothing could have been further from his mind, but he wanted to prove to Joe that he could be assertive too. His gesture was admired.

"Looks like college is teaching you to be a man. I like that, Johnny."

"So do I. Thanks."

After a tour of the impressive new facilities, Joe directed Johnny to the lockerroom and told him to change into work-out clothes. Johnny did as he was instructed, having some trouble stuffing his half-hard dick into his work-out jock from gym class. He had been meaning to buy a new one because this tired thing wasn't doing the job. It was more evident than ever when his stiffness kept popping out of the side of the pouch. It was Joe's fault, of course. If he hadn't looked so damned hot in those shorts and tank top, Johnny wouldn't be in this horny predicament. He sat on the changing room bench and propped his head in his hands, pondering what to do next. He couldn't very well go into the workout room with his hard-on half hanging out of his shorts. What made matters worse was the more he thought about it, the stiffer his cock became. It was clearly a no-win situation. Johnny thought about getting dressed and running out of the place before he embarrassed himself and everybody else, but as he was reaching for his clothes a familiar bass voice boomed across the tile room.

"You ready to get started, Johnny?"

"Uh, I'm...I'm not sure."

"What's the matter with you, boy? Not getting cold feet are you?" The coach came across the room and sat beside him. Johnny couldn't keep from trembling when Joe draped an arm across his shoulders. "My Lord, you're shaking! What is it, Johnny? You can tell me. We go back a long time, remember?"

Tell you what? Johnny wondered to himself. Tell you that I've got a hard-on just because I looked at you and that I'm about to cream in my jock because you put your arm around me? The word, *those* words, wouldn't come. Joe tried another tack when Johnny shook again and folded his hands in his lap in an attempt to hide his erection. This was not the first time the coach had seen a young man get aroused, plus it was something he had experienced himself around his own high school gym coach.

"I know what the problem is, Johnny, and I wouldn't worry about it if I were you." Johnny only turned red in the face and continued to stare at the floor. "To tell you the truth, I *was* you at one point. I was in exactly the same situation you're in right now."

Johnny's face reddened even further as he realized he wasn't fooling anybody, but the fact that Joe had acknowledged his state of excitement made him even harder. As did the coach's mention that he had been in an identical sport. What had he meant by that? He felt something strange rush through him when he heard Joe's next words.

"It's not unusual for a gym student to have a sort of infatuation with his coach, Johnny. Happens all the time."

Johnny finally found his voice. "Did it happen to you?"

Joe nodded and rumpled Johnny's curly black hair. "It sure as hell did, my boy."

"But I'm not in high school anymore, Coach Biddle."

"Joe."

"Okay. Joe. I'm a college freshman now, not a kid. Like you said before, I'm starting to become a man. I shouldn't have these...adolescent crushes anymore. That's kid stuff."

Joe moved closer to him until their knees were touching. Johnny could hardly endure the contact between his smooth slender thigh and the coach's hairy, muscular one. A squeeze on his shoulders and Joe's words calmed him considerably.

"No, it's not, Johnny. It's grown-up stuff. *Man* stuff, to be more exact." Joe took a deep breath before continuing. "Don't be afraid of it, buddy. You're attracted to me. I know it. You know it. We've both known it for a long time, although neither of us could confront the fact. I would have had my ass canned in a flash if I'd given in to my desires, even though you were of legal age. I felt that you were unsure about your...how shall I put it? Your sexual orientation?"

"You mean whether I'm gay or not?"

"Alright. Have it your way. Gay." He put his hand beneath Johnny's chin and raised it so their faces were close together. "Now then. Aren't you glad it's out in the open?"

"Very." Johnny managed a wan smile and some of the blush

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in his cheeks drained away. "But what do we do about it?"

"What do you want to do about it?" With the wisdom of an adult, Joe had elected to let Johnny verbalize the situation. If the young man had any doubts about his homosexuality, now was the time to let them surface. Of course, his knowledge of Johnny's past, of his involvement with the Gay Student's Union and jack-off sessions with his college chums, was nil. He knew as little about Johnny as Johnny knew of him. His eyebrows rose when he heard Johnny's unhesitating response.

"I want to sleep with you, Joe."

"Are you sure?"

Johnny took the coach's free hand and put it in his lap so Joe could feel his throbbing boner. "What do you think?"

Joe glanced around nervously, making certain they were alone. Then he stood and straightened his clothing, trying to conceal a proud erection of his own. "I've got a job to do, Johnny. For now anyway. What say you take a cold shower and get calmed down? Once you do, meet me in the workout room and we'll start in on your exercises. Okay?"

Johnny faced him with an expression combining infatuation with unbridled lust. His dream was going to become a reality! "What about after the workout, Joe?"

"My apartment. Five-thirty sharp."

Joe and Johnny took their time undressing and familiarizing themselves with each other's bodies. Johnny was actually in awe of the older man's muscular physique, so completely the opposite of his own. Johnny's form had fleshed out as adolescence had come and gone, but he had not developed his new musculature like the coach. Joe's years on the gridiron had given him an impresive development which had actually been spurred by his knee injury. When he learned he would be playing no more football, Joe threw his energies into bodybuilding. The result made Johnny wild with desire.

Piece by piece, their clothing fell to the floor. Finally, after a long period of caressing and touching, the two men were left in only their undershorts. Joe pulled Johnny on top of him so that their cock-crammed briefs rubbed together. Both of their dicks wanted to be free of their confining cotton prisons, but Joe and Johnny wanted to prolong that moment when their naked cocks would touch.

'Let's put them together,' the Coach said in a husky voice. 'We'll have a real big handful of dick that way and jacking off two cocks is my favorite way to cum.'

While they dry humped each other, their hands were busy everywhere. Joe's fingers toyed with Johnny's soft nipples and tickled his smooth chest before reaching between his slender legs to his brief-clad balls. Johnny's hands were busy, too, rubbing through the mat of black chest hair until he roused the darkish tits perched atop heavy layers of hard flesh. He also grabbed a handful of nuts and caused Joe to shake when he slipped a finger inside the coach's shorts and touched a spunk-filled ball. Joe responded in kind as the two began working their hands inside their briefs until cocks were grasped at exactly the same moment. Simultaneous sighs were testament to the mutual discovery.

"The first time I've held a man's cock," Johnny breathed. "A real man, that is. All I've ever had is guys my own age."

"What do you think?" Joe asked, rolling the tip of Johnny's prick between two fingers and smiling at the shudders of pleasure that followed.

"I think now I know what I've been missing, coach." Joe raised his hips so Johnny could pull off his briefs, and shortly they were naked together at last. "You know something?" Johnny asked as he slid his fist up and down the velvety shaft of the older man's cock. "I used to watch you sometime when you were putting us through our paces on the basketball court. You'd be wearing those old grey gym shorts and you'd prop one leg up on the bleachers so that half of your jock pouch was on display. I almost creamed in my jeans every time I'd see that!" He cupped his hand beneath Joe's hirsute nutsack and held it gently. "I fantasized about this a lot but I honestly never believed it would happen."

"The same goes for me too," Joe admitted, pulling Johnny into a tight embrace. "And I know this wouldn't have happened if I'd stayed on as coach. I would never have risked my job. Besides, I want men, not boys."

"I hope I'm man enough for you, Joe."

"Believe me you are," Joe assured him. "Look at this piece of meat on you buddy. You have a big dick. Guys like me are usually short and stubby."

"I like fat dicks," Johnny admitted. "Always wished I'd had one."

"Here," Joe said in a husky voice. "Let's put them together. That way we'll be feeling a healthy handful of cock. This is my favorite way to cum. Jacking two dicks off together."

Joe and Johnny changed positions and the coach was now on top of his former student, heavy legs carefully straddling his jack-off partner so as to not weigh too heavily. They took turns wrapping their hands around their double-cock machine while investigating other parts

of their anatomy. Johnny even ventured so far as to put his fingertip against Joe's hairy asshole, but the shifting of the coach's position told him it wasn't time for that. Not yet, anyway.

Joe's hand became a blur on their cocks as he jacked faster and faster, now almost desperate to have release. Beneath him, Johnny's soft moans alerted him to an imminent explosion.

"I...I want us to cum together," Joe whispered, nuzzling Johnny's neck, smelling his fresh youthfulness. His own body had erupted in sweat, matting his dense chest hair and making his broad shoulders damp and slippery.

"Oh, yeah!" Johnny cried. "And I'm cumming real soon. All I have to do is see you shoot, Joe, and I'm...oh, God! there it is. You're cumming! *I'm* cumming!! Aw, Joe! That's it! We're cumming together!"

Double jets of spunk spewed out of their cocks, splattering on Johnny's stomach and dribbling down into a pool that quickly overflowed his hairless navel. There was a sort of earthquake coursing through Joe's big body, and it was difficult for him to keep from collapsing onto Johnny's chest and knocking the wind out of him. He solved the problem by rolling to his side and pulling Johnny tightly to him. Their twin cumloads were smeared between their chests and bellies, a hot stickiness that was proof of their intense lust for one another. Joe held Johnny close and crooned to him in his deep raspy voice. Johnny kept one hand firmly between Joe's legs and held the coach's thick cock tight, as though it might disappear.

"I can't believe this has happened," Johnny breathed happily. "I can't really believe I'm lying in Coach Biddle's bed with his big dick in my hand."

"Believe it, my friend." Joe shuddered, as a final orgasmic spasm shot through him and one more oozing of cumjuice finished his powerful climax. "What a sweet reality." He shook again as Johnny began licking the sweat from his chest. His hot, wet mouth was electrifying. "You know what, Johnny? When I woke up this morning, I had a funny feeling about this particular day. Like something was going to happen. I thought it was only spring fever until I saw you come into the gym. That's when I knew what was giving me this strange sensation. I guess it's like animals knowing when a storm is coming. Something was definitely in the air."

"For me, too," Johnny said, recounting the events of the day that had brought him here, his reminiscences about the coach and subsequent decision to do something about his body. "I decided if I didn't love my body that nobody else would."

Joe kissed him lightly on the lips. "I like you no matter what," he said, "but if you want muscles I'll see that you get them."

Johnny squeezed Joe's stiffening cock tighter and smiled. "This is the only muscle I really want, coach." ■

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Dear Liberal:
Thanks for the long and wonderful letter. We're glad you agree with our policy of running all races of men. Your issues will be sent to you directly, by the way, and thanks for the check. Subscription information can be found under the letter BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

MORE ROCKO!
Your magazine knocked me out when I got a glimpse of Rocko, Spring 1988 issue. And I was even more impressed when I read his story! He's what I call a real "no bullshit" guy. Not only did I love his body (it's one of the best you've ever run) but I loved his attitude toward life and sex. Please, can you bring him back again? Although you gave him 11 pages, I'd have like to see more. Is it possible to show him taking a shower and jacking off? I'd be forever grateful in Jackson Hole, WY.

Rocko, a wild 'n crazy guy!

Dear Ski Buff:
We assume you must ski if you live in Jackson Hole, you lucky guy! It seems a lot of men liked Rocko—and yes, we will bring him back in another layout. However, we cannot show men jacking off. That constitutes what is called "hardcore" and our magazine is not. So sorry. It would have been great to see him shoot off!

MAKE IT MONTHLY!
Congratulations on the quality of your excellent magazine. ALL-MAN is so hot that I wish it was published monthly instead of quarterly. I guarantee that I would purchase each issue the day it arrived on my local newsstand! I am sure that all the guys who have seen one issue would be looking for the next as eagerly as I would be each month. As hot and well endowed as all the models in your Winter 87/88 issue were, it is Akira, *Land of the Rising Son*, that inspired this letter. Thank you for featuring an Asian/Oriental man. I hope you will continue fo feature Akira and other hot Asians/Orientals in future issues. There are many guys like me who have an extraordinary attraction to these handsome, well built, sexy and sensual men but most magazines do not print photos of them. Perhaps you could lead the way and show an Asian/Oriental in every issue you publish. If you print this letter, please identify me only by the initials R.T.G. from Maspeth, N.Y.

Dear Inspired:
Thanks for the kudos. Yes, we'd like to run more Asian/Oriental models but they don't turn up very often. It seems surprising but there is a great lack of Oriental men modelling. However, if any good-looking Oriental men are reading this letter and want to pose for ALL-MAN, please send us a nude snapshot, your name, address and phone number and we'll get in touch with you. As you can see, R.T.G., we've had a lot of guys rave about Akira. As for the photographer, we're forwarding your letter to the studio and we're sure they'll be in touch with you!

A FEW SUGGESTIONS!
I just purchased my first copy of ALL-MAN. I will say it's a good magazine. But I'd like to make a few suggestions to you. It would be nice if you could feature some asshole shots, cum shots and men together. I also feel you should feature color photos and not so much black-and-white. I feel ALL-MAN needs a little more excitement. I used to purchase HONCHO, MANDATE, INCHES, etc. I will continue to purchase your magazine. It's worth the money. I collect all centerfolds and small pictures and mount them in frames and hang them on my wall. I will surely add yours to my collections. I hope I didn't offend or hurt you in anyway with my suggestions. Thank you for taking the time to read this letter. Also, let me wish you the best of luck! A collector from Brooklyn, NY.

Dear Connoiseur:
We're glad you like ALL-MAN and we'd like to reply to your suggestions. First of all, we are not allowed by law to show photographs of men cumming (wet shots) or men engaging in sex with each other (physical sexual contact) but we can certainly give you some asshole shots! In fact, we thought there were some in each and every issue! As for your 32 pages of black-and-white, we also give you 100 pages of full color in addition! Most magazines only give you 100 pages in the entire issue-we're putting in an *extra* 32 pages. And if you'll notice, we usually use our black-and white secctions to run stories, articles, etc. Only in the case of the feature *Hanging Out*, which is shot for us especially in black-and-white, do we feature any men in our non-color section. We are also giving you a minimum of eight (and we usually run nine) men each issue. If we took away the black-and-white section, we'd either be taking away the color pages from our men—or not giving you the articles, stories, etc. our readers seem to like. Hope this clarifies our position and that you'll continue to buy ALL-MAN!

Ross before the gym!

HOTTER THAN EVER!
Wow! When I got a look at Ross in your Spring '88 issue, I couldn't stop masturbating. What a hunk! What a body! What's his phone number? Only kidding. All joking aside, the men in your magazine are all hot and I wouldn't mind making it with any of them. It says that Ross did another layout in ALL-MAN and that he's pumped up more since that first layout. How do I go about getting a copy of that issue? I'm really curious to see the difference. Thanks from a loyal fan in Carson City, NV.

Dear Cowboy:
Ross made his first appearance in ALL-MAN #1. If you'd like to see him send $7.50 for a back issue—make check payable to Bruce Publications, Ltd., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th floor, Attn. Back Issues Dept. New York, NY 10013 and request ALL-MAN #1!

DIRTY DANCING!
I know everyone writes to tell you about how great the men in your magazine are (and I think they are, too) but what I really wanted to compliment you on was the

piece of fiction you ran in the Spring '88 issue. It was called *Dance A Little Closer*. Not only was it really well written but I also loved the color illustration you used with it. It turned me on! It's really great to find a magazine so jam-packed with everything as your ALL-MAN is. Looking foward to the next issue in L.A., CA.

Dear Dancer:
Thanks! We really liked that piece of fiction, too. And the illustrator did a fine job of interpreting the author's intentions. As an aside, that particular piece of fiction was sent in to us by a reader! So perhaps we should take this opportunity to encourage any of our readers who write to send us their manuscripts!

Ross after the gym!

We prefer to buy from our owr :aders rather than "professional" writers who make the rounds of all magazines. We believe in keeping it all in the family! Just remember, when submitting, to enclose a SASE for return of your material.

COCK WORSHIPPER!
Since my teens, when I would keep copies of *Physique Pictorial* secreted under my mattress (for easy aaccess), I have been an ardent connoisseur of all male photo eroticism (pornography is a filthy word). I have never come across a publication which so frankly gives us what we want most to behold: raw, sensuous manflesh and vivid, detailed closeups of the penisgod! The high quality of your photography, the unmistakeable maleness of your models and the generosity of your penis presentation has, after one issue, made a faithful reader (read viewer) out of me. To a cock-worshipper like me your publication is sacred text! You see, like many (if not all) of your readership, I adore dick. And since dicks are attached to men—I adore men. With ALL-MAN, I now know I can be assured of many hours of ritual worship. With your holy pictures spread out before me I can spend hours screaming out my litany of penispraise—which is just what I do. This last issue of ALL-MAN had me enraptured. How can I obtain the first two issues? Better yet, how the hell did I miss them? Thanks for a magazine that gets the message across loud and clear: there's nothing like cock. Two suggestions: how about more pictures of regular guys, that is older, super-masculine MEN, maybe bald or balding, maybe with a gut—don't you know that on a real man a gut can be insanely hot. I'm talking about the kind of guys you see picking up your garbage at four a.m.—just because it hasn't really been tried I think a lot of gay male porn publishers think there's no market for that kind of exposure—which also makes me think the people at the top of your business must be straight! Let me tell you most of us would take such real guys anyday over skinny, blond Southern California airheads. My last suggestion—run more frank and cock-crazed letters like mine! I'd cream if I saw them in print! A fan from New York City, NY.

Dear Cock Lover:
Where to begin? First of all, we feel the same way about cocks as you do. We think there's nothing hotter, sexier or more gorgeous to behold than a firm, hard cock. Secondly, we challenge you to show us one single "skinny, blond California airhead" in any of our issues! And thirdly, we are certainly open to shooting older, more mature men as you suggested. In fact, in ALL-MAN Fall 1987 issue, if you check out Buck and Berard, we think they will fulfill your desire for older men. Lastly, as far as getting back issues is concerned, check under the letter called HOTTER THAN EVER where we explain in our response how to oder back issues! Oh, and as far as dirty talk goes, we print what comes in—we don't make them up! Somehow our readers don't seem to write especially dirty letters! We think you should check out the true stories in *Straight to Hell*. They are all real experiences sent in by readers. Perhaps you'd like to contribute to that section in the future.

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL!
Let's hear it for Leroy, ALL-MAN Spring '88. What a body! What a cock! What a great face, too! Just wanted to let you know that your choice of men is much appreciated. Will buy again in Albany, NY.

What a great...face!

Dear Upstate:
We'll pass your praise along to both the photographer and the model. We're sure they will both be pleased. Thanks for taking the time to write us.

Australians love Papillon!

WANTS FRANCOIS!
Congratulations on your wonderful magazine and on the return of FRANCOISZ!!! (ALL-MAN Fall 1987). He is really a marvelous guy. His best photo was in the first interview where his hairy asshole with birth mark was just saying: RIM ME, RIM ME! But, unfortunately, in Miami I have not been able to get any magazine with Francois in sexual action. If you know of any, please let me know. By the way, I'd like to know the address of Jeff Stryker. I know you can't give out a model's address but perhaps you could forward my letter to him. He might be interested in a few good ideas from a middle aged man. Thanks a lot, keep up the magnificent work. A loyal reader in Miami, FL.

Dear Miami Vice:
We guess we're going to have to do another layout on Francois. It seems he's got a lot of fans out there who just

can't get enough. (Frankly, neither can we!) As for Jeff Stryker, you can write to him at 7985 Santa Monica Blvd, Suite 109, Box 191, West Hollywood, CA 90046. Lastly, we don't know of any "hardcore" magazines with Francois but we're sure they must exist. Sorry we couldn't be of more help!

DOWN UNDER!

I have just managed to purchase your Fall 1987 edition, cover photo of that absolute spunk, Francois Papillon. What a man. No magazine has ever managed to stop me in my tracks before today and I must congratulate you and your staff on such a fine publication. As you can imagine, it does take its time getting Down Under and I would be very interested in become a subscriber, providing that our falling dollar doesn't make it a gold mine experience. I must confess though that it would be a worthwhile experience should that particular model be featured again. It is possible to purchase poster size modelling shots of him. A life-size photo would go a long way in fueling my dreams which makes our fantasies a worthwhile experience. Congratulations again on such a fine example of a gay sophisticated magazine. Loving it in Parkside, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Dear Aussie:

Hey, we didn't know ALL-MAN had gotten that far around the world yet! Glad you found a copy and someone will be writing you with subscription details. As for Francois, yes, we will bring him back again. And maybe, next time we'll do him as a pullout poster if it's possible! Thanks for the great suggestion.

JAPANESE PLEASURE!

It was a pleasure to see the layout of Akira. This Japanese hunk was a maximum turn-on and get-off. It's requested that we see more of this man in the future, as well as other Orientals! Thank you from Old Orchard Beach, MA.

Dear Maine:

Whew! We never dreamed so many men wanted Oriental models before! What a response! As our readers wish is our command, we will do our best to bring Akira back, if possible, and find more Oriental models.

DON'T LET THE HUNKS GET AWAY

I bought my first issue of ALL-MAN (Winter '88). I've bought other magazines before and I just wanted to tell you that ALL-Man is No. 1 on my list! The men are absolutely gorgeous! I especially liked the layout of Jad: *Measuring Up*! He has such a nice body; everything about him is perfect. He's not too hairy, not too big and not too muscular. He's one hot dude! I wish I could write to him and let him know that. I'm sure you'll let him know, won't you? I'm looking forward to the next issue. Hopefully, there will be more gorgeous hunks but I doubt anyone can keep my mind off Jad! To your photographers: keep your eyes peeled—don't let the hunks get away! A reader from Toronto, Canada.

Dear Toronto:

ALL-MAN thanks you, Jad thanks you, the photographer thanks you! Yes, we certainly did pass along your sentiments to Jad—he was thrilled! As for future hunks, our staff never sleeps lest we miss a single guy!

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democracy that makes it a great, boisterous party!

Finally, it was time to meet Tom.

If drag queens, young hustlers, businessmen and tourists all mixed together is your idea of fun, you won't want to pass up a drink at the Haymarket.

leon is the kind of gay bar/piano lounge that used to exist all over the country in the days before disco and heavy cruising. Spending a night there in pleasant conversation with the regulars was a little bit of nostalgia.

The "in" place to go was *Paradise*, which I heard about at one of the other bars. It called for a trip across the Charles, into Cambridge, but it was well worth it. The place was full of Harvard-grad types and Guppies–gay Yuppies who seemed to be full of talk about their careers and their new BMWs.

Another place where conversations and meeting people was more important than dancing was *Fritz*, in the South End, a popular place with neighborhood guys. It was a favorite for an after-work cocktail which made the early hours busy and interesting. And, it's located in the same building as another gay hotel, *The Chandler Inn*.

One of the most unique bars in the city proved to be my favorite. *Haymarket* is right on the edge of the city's downtown retail district. There' an air of sleaze to its mixture of drag queens and young hustlers, businessmen and tourists. They all gather together in an exercise in democracy that makes it a great, boisterous party!

Finally, it was time to meet Tom.

I rented a car and drove a little more than an hour north to *Ogunquit*, a gay beach resort that's popular with the Boston crowd and with many New Yorkers. Ogunquit is an artist colony and full of straights as well, all of which makes for a nice mix if you're not after a gay-ghetto vacation.

Tom was waiting for me at *The Yellow Monkey*, another of the guest house-type accomodations that the region excels in. The biggest attraction of Ogunquit is its long, white-sand beach. There's a gay section not far from the parking lots, just to the north, which is a major attraction for men from all over New England. Even though it was late in the day, Tom suggested a trip there as soon as we were finished with our...um, hellos.

It meant a chance to see him in those swimming briefs I'd fantasized about, and I wasn't about to object. After the beach, the crowd gathered at *The Front Porch* for traditional drinks. It's also a fine restaurant.

Ogunquit's only a 40 minute drive to Portland, the up-and-coming seaport which is the largest city in northern New England. Portland has become famous for its restaurants. None is actually gay, in the usual sense, but a dinner at *Brattle Street* was well worth the ride. There are at least a dozen other places of equally good reputation in the city and it was obvious why so many Bostonians make the trip up the coast to have a pleasant dinner on the shores of Casco Bay.

Gay life is blooming in Portland–that was obvious from a trip to *The Underground*, the city's glitzy gay disco. Late night coffee at *Woodward's Cafe* gave us another glimpse of how open and sophisticated the city's becoming.

We drive up to Ogunquit, a gay beach resort that's popular with the Boston crowd and with many New Yorkers. An artist colony, it's a great mixture of straights as well and wonderful if you're not after a gay-ghetto vacation.

The sumer romance was off and running and when my college boy and I parted we made plans for yet another weekend together. It was becoming increasingly difficult for me to remember that this was a computer industry trip! But I was, after all, in the middle of one of the great resort areas of the country and there was no good reason not to continue to enjoy my weekends.

The next trip was special, our last time together, so we sprang for a visit to Provincetown. We flew across Massachusetts Bay in a small commuter plane–unnerving after my thousands of miles on jumbo jets. But the view

Our last weekend together we flew to Provincetown, where the sense of being part of such a large and up-front gay community was exhilirating in itself.

of Cape Cod from the air was terrific!

Provincetown, like Ogunquit, began as a fishing village, then became an artist colony. But it's grown into a gay metropolis and it seems that at least half the people in the village are brothers and sisters. The sense of being a part of such a large and up-front community is exhilirating in itself.

We found a room at *Captain and His Ship*, a beautiful Victorian house lovingly restored by its owners and right on the main street of the town, but far enough from the center so that the noise of the crowds isn't bothersome.

Directly across the street is *The Boatslip*. The pounding music of tea dance draws the real partygoers in town every late afternoon. In one of the village's major rituals, they arrive in waves and then sweat up a storm on the dance floor after a day on the beach.

There's also a fine restaurant there, where Tom and I renewed our seductive games and good feelings before slipping back across the street to our room. The other sights of Provincetown could wait another day.

The gay beach is at *Herring Cove*, near the tip end of the Cape. There were hundreds of gay men sprawled out, exposing themselves to the sun and to one another's appreciative glances. Another way to sunbathe with lots of men in company is to rent a lounge chair back at the Boatslip, around its pool-something that give you the advantage of cocktail service delivered by handsome young waiters, one of whom turned out to be a classmate of Tom's.

We eventually rented bikes and rode through the dunes in the *Seashore National Park*, an area set aside to conserve the natural beauty of Cape Cod. It was a refreshing way to remind ourselves of the natural beauty of the area and to see the enormous expanse of sand that makes up the Cape.

The day called for a special dinner and we had a traditional Yankee feast at the *Lobster Pot*, where Tom introduced me to the wonders of a New England clambake.

Gay life in Provincetown is an obvious attraction, but this was a romantic weekend, after all. We went on one of the many sail boat cruises in the Bay to watch the sunset-and to give each other another good reason to hug closer in bed that night. The chill ocean breezes of the cruise were banished in the big antique bed at the guest house, you can be sure of that.

Our parting was as easy as our coming together, sweet and honest. It was a pleasant summer romance, one that made sure I'd have the best memories possible of my time in New England. The memory of the time on the beaches, the good food and that indescribable companionship all combined to make me forget I'd gone to New England because of my job.

At Herring Cove, the gay beach at the tip of the Cape, I feasted my eyes on hundreds of gorgeous men. Though renting a beach chair at the Boatslip is another hot way to enjoy the view—with cocktail service, too!

Oasis Guest House: 22 Edgerly Road, Boston

Club Cafe and *Metropolitan Health Club*: Columbus Avenue, just off Berkeley Street, Boston.

The Metro: 15 Landsdowne Street, Boston.

The Ideal Diner: Huntington Avenue, just off Copley Square, Boston.

The Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont Street, near Arlington, Boston.

Paradise: 180 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge.

Fritz and *The Chandler Inn*: 25 Chandler Street at Berkeley Street in the South End, Boston.

Haymarket: 622 Washington Street, Boston.

The Ramrod: Brookline Street, opposite Fenway Park, Boston.

The Yellow Monkey Guest House: 44 Main Street, Ogunquit.

The Underground: 3 Spring Street, Portland.

Woodford's Cafe: 129 Spring Street, Portland.

Captain and His Ship: 164 Commercial Street, Provincetown.

The Boatslip: 161 Commercial Street, Provincetown.

ALL-MAN GOES STRAIGHT TO HELL T.M. AGAIN!

Edited by Victor Weaver

So you've stopped looking at the pictures long enough to test your reading skills. If you like what you read here, you can order back issues of *Straight to Hell*, my own little infrequently published mag (10 different issues available at $3 each, check payable to Deadbeat Enterprises) from: Victor Weaver/STH, Box 982, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019

And please, if you get inspired to share one of your own true stories for anonymous publication in *Straight to Hell* and/or ALL-MAN, send it to me at the above address. Thanks. Victor.

I HAD TROUBLE GETTING IT ALL IN MY MOUTH!

CALIFORNIA—This is a true story that happened while I was in the Navy and stationed in Japan aboard a ship. I'll start off by saying that I became fast friends with one of the guys, who I'll call Jeff. At first it was just a platonic friendship and we palled around together going places and seeing the sights in the Far East. Initially I wasn't attracted to Jeff but after being with him so much on liberty and on the ship, I found myself daydreaming about him. It was only then that I realized that this man was gorgeous. Jeff was about six feet, green eyes, sandy blond hair and had that baby face glow about him. When we were at sea, he and I were always together in our work spaces and we'd horseplay around, slapping each other on the ass and talking about screwing girls.

The time I want to tell you about was the first time we got

serious about the playing around. It was late at night and Jeff was tired from working some long hours in the ship's hole. Being the nice guy, I offered to give him a back rub. Jeff was really easy going

about anything so he took up the offer. I told him to take off his shirt and lay down on the bed and relax. I began giving him one hell of a back rub, doing the best I knew how. I told him to turn over on his back so I could do his chest. I worked slowly on his pecs, lingering at his nipples. This guy was remarkable. He wasn't into body building but he had a terrific chest and arms. He hadn't complained or resisted anything to this point and I had a raging hard-on that was doing the thinking. I undid his belt and pushed his pants down slightly and began to work on his stomach. All the while he lay there silently. I figured I'd gone this far and I had to have him and I didn't care if he did call me faggot! I wanted his dick!

I pulled his pants down and off and saw the huge bulge in his cotton underwear. Now I knew why the guys in his berthing area called him Donkey Dick. I started rubbing his legs, working my way slowly up his legs to that wonderful piece of meat that had me hypnotized and in a state of lust. After finishing his legs I went for broke and pulled down his briefs, exposing at least ten inches of the most beautiful dick I'd ever seen. I touched it lightly with my fingers and he sucked in his breath quickly. I thought he was going to shoot right then and there. I wrapped my hand around his dick and pumped that mother three times and he started shooting cum everywhere. I put my mouth over the head and started sucking. When he finally stopped I licked up the rest from his chest and stomach. He didn't lose his hard-on so I went back to work on that hunk of meat. I had trouble getting it all in my mouth because it was so long and thick—but I was so hot, I didn't care. He started fucking my mouth and grabbed hold of the sides of my head with both hands to make sure he had control. He was in a frenzy and if I had wanted to stop he sure as hell wouldn't have let me. I knew he was getting close because he was going crazy fucking my mouth. He started cumming, filling my mouth with the most delicious sperm I've ever had before.

He told me to strip and get on the bed. I didn't waste any time. He went down on me, sending electric shocks through my body. He'd alternate deep throating me and holding the tip in his mouth. I was so hot and worked up that I was shooting cum down his throat in no time. Jeff kept on till he was sure I had none left. He had another boner by now and it seemed he couldn't get enough and told me to get down on the deck on all fours. He proceeded to lube up my ass, sticking his fingers into my asshole. The thought of him fucking me made me shudder because he was so big and I was afraid it would hurt. Jeff was gentle and went slowly at first. Before long he was literally fucking the shit out of me and telling me that I was better and tighter than any pussy. Jeff must have pounded my ass for 15 minutes and then he began to cum. He went wild and I thought he was going to rip me wide open. (Up to this time I hadn't really ever been fucked.) Jeff was very vocal. Of course, I was jerking myself off and I started cumming, too. That was only the beginning of a relationship that lasted for three years. We had many more fuck and suck sessions. I still think it was the best time in my life.

"I pulled down his briefs, exposing at least 10 inches of the most beautiful dick I'd ever seen. I wrapped my hand around it and started pumping it about three times when he started to shoot cum all over the place!"

A REAL NICE HANDFUL

IOWA—I live in a Midwestern university town that doubles in size when the students are here. There are a couple of spots I go to on campus to try and hunt up some action. I lucked out last week at two different places. The first was the basement john of the old gym. Some guy had written on one of the stall doors a hot description of himself and what he'd like to do—from giving a trip tease to rimming ass. Two guys had written a day and time to meet them so I thought I'd show up and see what action might result. As it turned out, the guy who wrote on the door first never showed up, but the guy who was looking for him was more than ready to go.

I had been sitting in the stall waiting for somebody to show up, got tired of that and went to check out another spot, when I passed this great looking stud on the stairs. We checked each other out and he headed for the stall I had just left. I waited a second and then went into the stall next to him. We passed notes for a while and then he was ready for me to suck him off in the john. We decided on the newer gym across the street, where it was a little safer. I went over first and he followed soon after. I was already sitting on the john with my jeans and jockey shorts down around my ankles when I let him into the stall with me. I quickly untied his sweat pants and pulled down his jock strap. He pulled up his t-shirt and started rubbing his hairless, muscular chest while I went

"He bent over at the waist and showed me that great butt. He was moaning now and I was afraid someone would come into the john—but I was also so hot, I didn't care!"

down on his already hard dick.

This guy was hot for some sucking and started pumping it in and out right off the bat. He was cut and really thick, about seven inches of young (maybe 19 or 20) meat. And his butt was nice and chunky and firm—a real nice handful. He reached down to start jacking on my dick and surprised the hell out of me by kissing me with his tongue, shoving it in and out of my hungry mouth. He hadn't shaved and his stubble felt great. I wanted to taste his ass and when I asked him to turn around, he did in a flash. He bent over at the waist and shoved that great butt right into my face. He was really moaning now, and I was kind of scared somebody might walk in and hear him. But no interruptions. I was jacking his cock between his legs while I sucked on his butthole, and he straightened up and turned around to stroke my cock some more and to feed me some tongue. After I had turned him back around for some more ass eating, he started to squat down like he wanted to get my dick up his butt. He did that a couple of times and then he just laid back across one of my legs while I still sat on the john. He sprawled back and stroked his dick while I sucked on the end of it. I could tell he was close. He really started whacking away and he pulled my head off the end so we could watch the first wad shoot out and land in his crotch hair. He let me get back on to suck up the rest of his load and I licked up the cum in his crotch, too. He caught his breath and then pulled up his sweatpants and left.

A few days later I was in the chemistry building checking out one of the johns that I have lucked out in before. I had noticed this real tall guy out in the hall. It was late at night, not too many people around, and he had this hungry look. I went into one of the stalls and he came into the next stall soon after—I recognized his shoes! We both sat there for a while. The partition is about 2 or 3 feet off the ground and when I reached my hand under he didn't do anything. But a little bit later, he reached his hand under. So I slid off the john and

"Another time I was in the chemistry building bathroom when a hunk came in. I reached under the partition and he reached back. Before long, I was squatting down so he could finger me!"

let him feel my cock and balls. He did a lot of feeling, but was also real interested in my hairy asshole.

He jacked my dick but gave my butt a lot of attention. We had to stop a couple of times when somebody came in to take a piss. He did let me feel his dick—nothing real long, but nice and thick. Before long he had me squatting down and was working a finger up my butt. It didn't take him long to get two thick fingers fucking in and out of me. I was hot and ready to shoot when somebody came in. I had a feeling it was another queer who wasn't really there to piss. He made it sound like he left, but I knew he never did. I didn't care if he wanted to watch but I think the tall guy thought he'd gone. I shoved my ass back under the wall and got two of his magic fingers again. I was telling him how great it felt and asking if I could suck on his dick. He said, "How about getting fucked?"

He had me so hot I didn't even think twice about where we were or the fact that somebody was watching us. He dropped down to his knees and I got a good look at his cock before I moved back to let him work it into me. He had done a good job of loosening me up and it didn't take long to get used to his cock opening me up even more. He must have been just as hot because after banging away for a few minutes, he told me to get ready to take his cum up my butt. I told him to shoot it all the way and I knew our friend watching was getting a real eyefull. The guy fucking me popped his wad, pulled out and thanked me for a good fuck while he dressed.

This happened a few years back, but it was still kind of interesting. A buddy of mine had been in a car wreck and came out of it okay except for a broken cheek bone. He was about 32, blond, very muscular body, beautiful thick, big-headed dick and a tremendous ass. I went to visit him in the hospital after his surgery and he was in good spirits despite the left side of his face being black and blue and swollen. We talked for a while and he mentioned a couple of times how fucking horny he was. I finally said, "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

He had me get up and shut the door to his private room, then he pulled back his covers

and lifted up his hospital gown to show me his big hard-on. He told me to go into the bathroom and strip down where he could watch. I told him he was crazy, but he said if a nurse started coming in he'd signal me to close the bathroom door. So I stripped all my clothes off and we watched each other jack off.

I couldn't believe I was standing in some hospital bathroom, buck naked, jacking my dick and watching this great-looking guy stroke his big piece of meat! He was ready to shoot in no time and I really had to stroke myself to come along with him like he wanted. I could see his cum shooting up and out of his big-headed dick and landing all over his bell and chest. Soon after he watched my load land in the john. Anything to cheer up a friend!

AN AFTERNON WELL SPENT

CALIFORNIA—It was a hot spring day and I was strolling the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard and Sunset, wearing close-clinging nylon shorts with nothing on underneath—so my cock could hang freely and feel the breeze—and so I'd be ready for whatever came up.

Parked on Santa Monica was a rather old and dusty Dodge sedan, and as I passed by, I caught a glimpse of the driver sitting behind the wheel in tight (and I mean tight) cutoffs and a short-sleeved sportshirt open nearly to his navel. I caught his eye as he glanced up at me from behind tinted glasses. I walked across the street and sat on the bus stop bench, letting my chest absorb the rays and letting him take his own sweet time.

It wasn't long before he got out of the car, stood facing in my direction but looking at the bar to my left—giving me a great view of his crotch, with the clear and sizable outline of his cock visible through the cutoffs against his left leg. He walked up to the corner, then back, patting down his smooth, full, dark brown hair. He glanced over at me as he opened the passenger door and sat in the passenger's seat, his feet on the sidewalk, looking at a local gay paper.

"It was on Santa Monica that I first spotted him, parked in a dusty old Dodge. He had on the tightest cutoffs I'd ever seen and his bulge made my mouth water!"

I strolled back across the street and passed him, very slowly, as he sat there, legs apart, the brown head of his cock sticking out of the leg of his cutoffs.

We said "Hi" to each other, me first. It wasn't long before we were both inside, he behind the wheel. My own cock started to creep out of its hiding place under my shorts. It got even harder as he described for me the sunburn he got the day before, unbuttoning his pants to show me the tan line. He said "These cutoffs are really too tight for this sunburn." I suggested that he loosen them, and he did. I saw the contrast between the reddish-brown of his hairy stomach and the uncolored flesh just above his groin.

He sighed, stretching himself out in the driver's seat as seductively as the steering wheel allowed. Though it was bright daylight outside and this wasn't really a deserted corner, I placed my hand on his lower stomach and then insinuated it beneath the denim that still modestly covered his groin. I grabbed hold of his cock which grew rapidly under my fondling.

Mine meanwhile shot up and out of my flimsy nylon shorts. He kept an eye out for passers-by so that I could remove my hand temporarily and cover myself up until they passed.

Back in place, my hand played with his cock and warm balls, as we continued talking. As if we weren't hot enough, he started talking about doing something "really crazy, like running naked somewhere." Then he came up with the idea of running naked into the gay bar across the street and then back out again. With the slightest encouragement from me, he proceeded to drive over to park in front of the bar where we could make a quick getaway if necessary.

Hesitant to do it all by himself, he solicited my help in his plan which transpired as follows:

We walked into the bar. Inside were some bare-chested hunks and a few other men in their thirties sitting or standing at the bar. We headed straight for the john, where he dropped his cutoffs and sat on the toilet. With a swift move (but with his prior approval) I slipped his shorts off his ankles and dashed out of the bathroom to the other side of the bar, waving them like a banner.

"Hey!" he called out. But I wasn't about to return them. I wanted him to parade his bare cock and ass right out of the john, in full view of everyone else, so I just sat on a pile of beer-bottle boxes opposite the bar, waving his cutoffs occasionally until he was forced to step right up to me and demand them, or grab them out of my hand.

I held my ground, and with a fine display of frustration and indignation, he came up to the end of the bar with nothing on but his open shirt. All eyes in the bar were on him.

As he stood there in full glory, asking for his shorts, I at last tossed them back, and they fell into the sawdust at his feet. He bent down, picked them up, shook them off, and then

stepped into them, gesturing his puzzlement to the others.

Back in the car, we laughed about it as we drove west on Santa Monica. Though his shorts were back on, I undid the button and the zipper—to ease his sunburn pain, you know—and clutched his cock, which quickly got hard. I continued to stroke it and his balls, with brief withdrawals if we came to a populated street corner. A couple of times he took a hand off the wheel and reached over to my own hard-on, which again had burst out of my shorts.

We turned down a side street, and then parked beside the back of a studio and across from another studio on a not-too-busy street just parallel to Santa Monica. All that stroking had to lead somewhere.

He adjusted his seat so he was partly reclining. The next inevitable move was mine—and I made it, bending over his groin, where his cock was now fully exposed to the mid-afternoon sunlight, and I took it all in my mouth. He was obviously enjoying it and so was I, going up and down on his hard cock with a steady rhythm, except when he held my head down if a car was passing close beside us. At last he spurted in my mouth and I held all his cum and his cock there as I laid my head his flat, warm, hairy stomach.

When he withdrew his cock, I sat up and he grinned. I was still hard, and as he started the car and pulled away, I put my right hand to my mouth and caught all his cum in it and then put my hand to my own cock, sticking up out of the right leg of my shorts. The smooth lubrication of his cum surrounding my cock gave me a liquid pocket of ecstasy as I stroked it up and down with my well-lubricated palm and fingers. I didn't even care if we were driving down Santa Monica Boulevard with cars all around us, though he did warn me when a bus was going by so I could cover myself with the front of my unbuttoned white shirt. But I continued to rub myself underneath the shirt—and then, out from under the shirt again, I rubbed with a final burst of pleasure and came, spurting all over my shorts. By the time he deposited me back where we'd met, I was quite satisfied that this had been an afternoon well spent!

PARTY STARTS, AND ENDS, WITH A BANG

NORTH CAROLINA—It all happened after graduation. Four friends and I decided to go to the beach. When we arrived at our hotel rooms later the next day, my friends got dressed to go to the beach. I told them I was too tired to go. I told them that I wanted to take a nap.

Later I was awakened by some noises in the other room. I got up and went to the door and my eyes nearly popped out of my head. There they were, four well-built strangers banging the shit out of my four friends.

Eric was moaning and thrashing his head from side to side begging for more. Bill's guy pulled out and came all over his back. Buck had his dick down his guy's throat, and Buck's voice was trembling as this guy sucked him until Buck shot his wad. John had his lips wrapped around his guy's huge dick and he took every inch down his throat. I couldn't believe that when this guy shot his load John eagerly slurped and ate his cum. I went back to bed and decided not to say anything until they decided to tell me themselves. The next day we went to a cookout at the beach. I wasn't surprised to see nothing but guys.

The party started off with a bang, and things got a little hot and heavy. Men were taking everything off. Luckily it was a private beach. What I didn't know wat that I was being set up. The guys all knew I was a virgin and they suspected I was gay. I guess I was too shy for these goings-on, so I went and grabbed a cab back to the hotel.

No more than ten minutes later, a knock came at the door. I got up, answered the door and there stood the most gorgeous guy I have ever seen.

This guy was every bit of six feet tall, and he had blue eyes, a golden tan and a body that wouldn't stop.

He had brought a six pack with him, he said he had seen me at the party and was going to introduce himself, but I had left before he had a chance to talk to me. This guy introduced himself as Anthony and offered me a drink. I took a few sips. Anthony drank the whole thing in a few gulps, so I finished mine. Anthony noticed I seemed a bit tipsy. So he picked me up—I couldn't believe it—this guy actually could pick me up, took me into the bedroom and slowly undressed me. The next thing I knew he was also undressing and his cock popped out of his shorts. I just stared at it and told him I was a virgin. He said that was why he was there and that he would take it easy with me.

"When Rich peeled down his pants and stood in front of me in his jock I knew he had a huge dick. But I still wasn't prepared for the real size of it when he stripped the rest of the way!"

Anthony's hot breath was all over my neck and shoulders. He went down my chest to my cock. His warm lips enclosed my cock slowly and gently drew my cum out. This guy certainly knew how to milk my cock. After I had cum and cleaned off my dick, Anthony picked me up and turned me over. He slowly licked my ass. He said this is how he lubed his lovers up. It actually drove me wild.

When he slipped his cock up my ass it hurt a little at first but when he got his rhythm started it felt pretty wild. As soon as he

grabbed my cock I shot off instantly. I could almost feel him about to cum inside me. He grabbed my hips and pulled and thrusted until he came.

When Anthony finished he went to the bathroom to wash off. When he returned I dropped across the bed on my back and chewed his huge cock into my mouth. His cock was almost sweet tasting as it filled my mouth. While I sucked his cock, he played with my tits and as soon as he started to cum he pulled out and jerked off all over my tits.

We both took a shower and fell asleep. The next morning there they were smiling down at me. Erick, Buck, Bill and John. They asked me how I liked their little surprise, and they told me how they set it all up. They also told me how much they'd wanted to get in my pants for a long time. They said they had thought I was gay but they had to make sure.

There was a party and they wanted me to come along so I said okay. We arrived at a friend of Eric's. The party had started without us. Everyone was in a partying mood, the music was loud and people had already started undressing. The party was turning into an orgy! My friends took me into a private bedroom. There were their four friends and Anthony. We all got undressed and started sucking each other. We changed partners every once in a while. When I came back to Anthony he said we should go back to his place. I told the guys that I was going with anthony. When we got to his place, we showered and stayed in bed for the next five days.

VETERAN ADVISES ENLISTEE

CALIFORNIA—Last June I was driving, actually more like crawling, by Union Square on a Saturday afternoon. The street was crowded as it always is and the sidewalks were filled with the normal tourist crowds. As I waited for the light to change, I noticed an extremely handsome young man with a Walkman on and a gym bag over his shoulder. He looked to be in his early twenties but I really didn't get a very good look because the light changed. Since traffic was bad, I wasn't moving much faster than he was walking so I would look back occasionally to get another glimpse. He was wearing a white buttondown shirt, khaki pants, and had thick wavy black hair. I couldn't place his nationality but he had lots of color in his cheeks and was absolutely gorgeous. Just before I reached the next corner a parking space opened up right in front of me so I quickly pulled in. There was a men's store on the corner so I hopped out and started to stare in the window, trying to look casual and still get a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye. After about thirty seconds he still hadn't come into view, so I turned and looked up the street. He was gone. Disappointed, I turned and walked back toward the car. Right across from where I was parked he was sitting on a bench watching me. I started looking back at him as I leaned against the car. It quickly became obvious that we were both pretty shy. Still, there was no doubt that he was showing some interest so I got up my courage as I unlocked the door and yelled across the street to see if he could use a lift. He hesitated a minute, then came over and got in the car.

"He was from Sausalito, part Latino and in no particular hurry to go anywhere. Up close, he was even cuter but I knew he was shy and probably a virgin."

After some small talk I learned he was from across the bay in Sausalito, part Latino, and wasn't in any particular hurry to go anywhere. He lived with his mother and didn't have to be back anytime soon. He had been in San Francisco today because he had a pre-graduation party to go to, but had left after it had gotten boring. It turned out he was only 19 and was going to be graduating from a private school in the city the next week. Up close he was cuter than ever, but he was still uncomfortable. His name was Mike and he kept his face turned toward the window for most of the trip back to my apartment.

After we got there I made him a drink and put on some music. He gulped the drink down and asked for another, admitting that he didn't drink very frequently. I brought the conversation around to sex and sat down next to him on the floor in front of the stereo, where he had been picking out music. I still wasn't sure what he was thinking as he

was very uncommunicative. As I pressed on with the one-sided conversation, I reached over and rubbed my hand on his leg. He got even more tense but didn't move. Just to be sure I took my hand away and said that I wasn't interested in doing anything that he didn't want to, and all he had to do was say no and we would stop. I then asked if he wanted to stop and he shook his head no.

I took him to the bedroom and started to undress him. He had a tight smooth body and a hard-on showing through his white briefs. We laid down on the bed and started to kiss. He kissed intensely and furiously. I was in heaven. Just as we started to get down to serious business, he jumped up and asked where was the bathroom as he felt sick. He vomited a little bit from a combination of gulping two drinks, nervousness and first time guilt.

After he came back to bed, I let him rest for a while and gently caressed his back. In a few minutes he rolled over on top of me and started kissing again. I took off his shorts and started to suck on his perfectly shaped six inch cock. It was as hard as a rock and pointed straight at his chin. His balls were small and nearly hairless. It didn't take long for him to come. Then he helped me jerk off. His cock was still hard, so I proceeded to jerk him off for his second load of the day. We continued to kiss and hug after we cleaned up. He was the most ardent kisser I have ever met, letting all his repressed sexuality out.

He became more talkative later, telling me about how strict his mother was and about his friends and girlfriends. I complimented him on some of his finer points as it appeared that he didn't get praised very often. He finally said that he had to get home as it was getting late. He asked for my phone number, which I gladly gave him and he apologized for not giving me his. He said his mother would ask too many questions about who was calling. Apparently she goes through his room and

"I took off his shorts and started to suck his perfectly shaped cock. It was hard as a rock and pointed straight up at his chin!"

reads his mail, etc. when he isn't there.

He did call about a month later and we had a repeat performance. I rented a movie which we watched on the VCR. He laid back in my arms for the whole movie as we stretched out on the couch. We had a very similar sex scene including the vomiting as he was still feeling a little guilty about what we were doing. He continued to call back about once a month and we got into a little routine. I would rent a movie (horror films were his favorite) and buy a bottle of champagne for the occasion. He remained completely lovable and affectionate but the sex was not varying very much because he didn't seem to want to experiment. On his fourth visit, I kept up our lovemaking for a long time without letting him come. Finally, when his eyes were completely glazed over with lust, I got on top of him while he laid on his back and put his rigid cock against my ass crack. He immediatley started thrusting and trying to insert it in my asshole, but I kept it just out of reach. After a particularly intense kiss I whispered, "Do you want to fuck?"

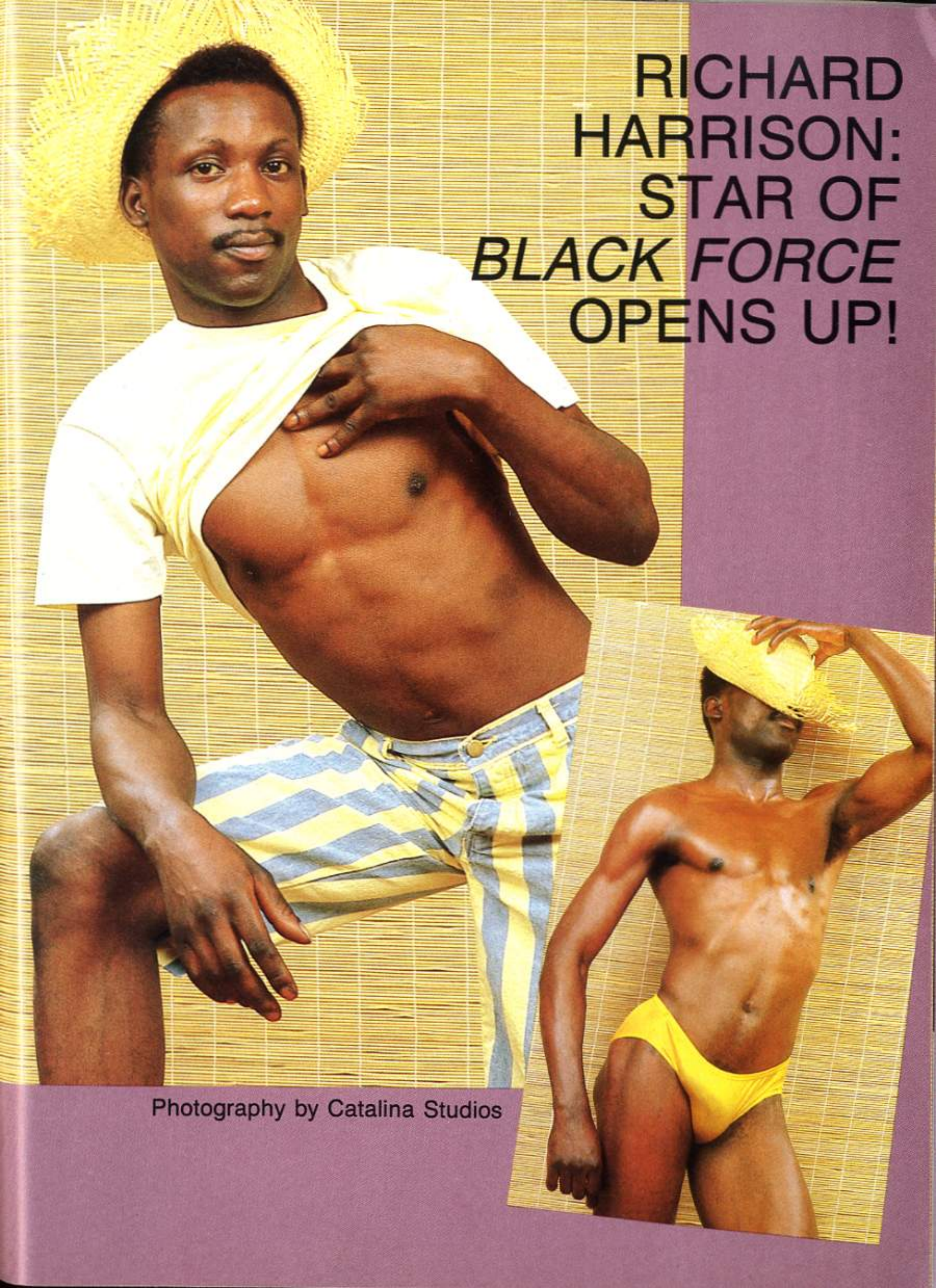
He was breathing so hard he couldn't even speak but his head shook yes faster than the piston on an engine. I then got some lube and started to slowly sit down on his cock but he was so impatient he jammed it in once I got in position. That hurt but I was able to slow him down until I got used to it. It looked like he was going to come so I got off and laid on my back as I pulled him on top of me. He was a little awkward at first but it only took a minute before he was fucking like a champ.

On his next visit he didn't ask to get fucked, but he rolled over on his stomach while we were making out. I got the idea. I had to go slow and pull out during the first couple of insertions, but he was determined to try and make it work. Finally, bliss. His ass was so tight! He really started to get into it as I took long slow strokes in and out. I tried to make it last but it wasn't long before I was shooting a huge load into him.

Finally, this month when he came over, he told me that he was going to join the Army. I was in shock because he just didn't seem the type. He was intelligent, enrolled in college, from a well-to-do family and he was a very sensitive person. Apparently his mother had become too much to deal with. He said he enlisted to get even with her, and because she had convinced him that he needed the discipline. Since he had already signed up with his recruiter there was no way he could get out of it without declaring his homosexuality. And, since he hasn't really been able to fully admit it to himself yet, much less to his family or friends, that was not a viable option. Since I had been an officer in the Navy I told him a little about what service life would be life. He has only signed up for two years and has been guaranteed duty in Europe. I told him to try and get to Amsterdam while he was there. Right now he is in boot camp and I miss him a lot. Maybe he'll get some leave back here before he ships overseas.

You can send in accounts of your own true experiences to appear in STRAIGHT TO HELL and/or ALL-MAN (names withheld). Write to Victor Weaver/STH, Box 982, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019

RICHARD HARRISON: STAR OF *BLACK FORCE* OPENS UP!



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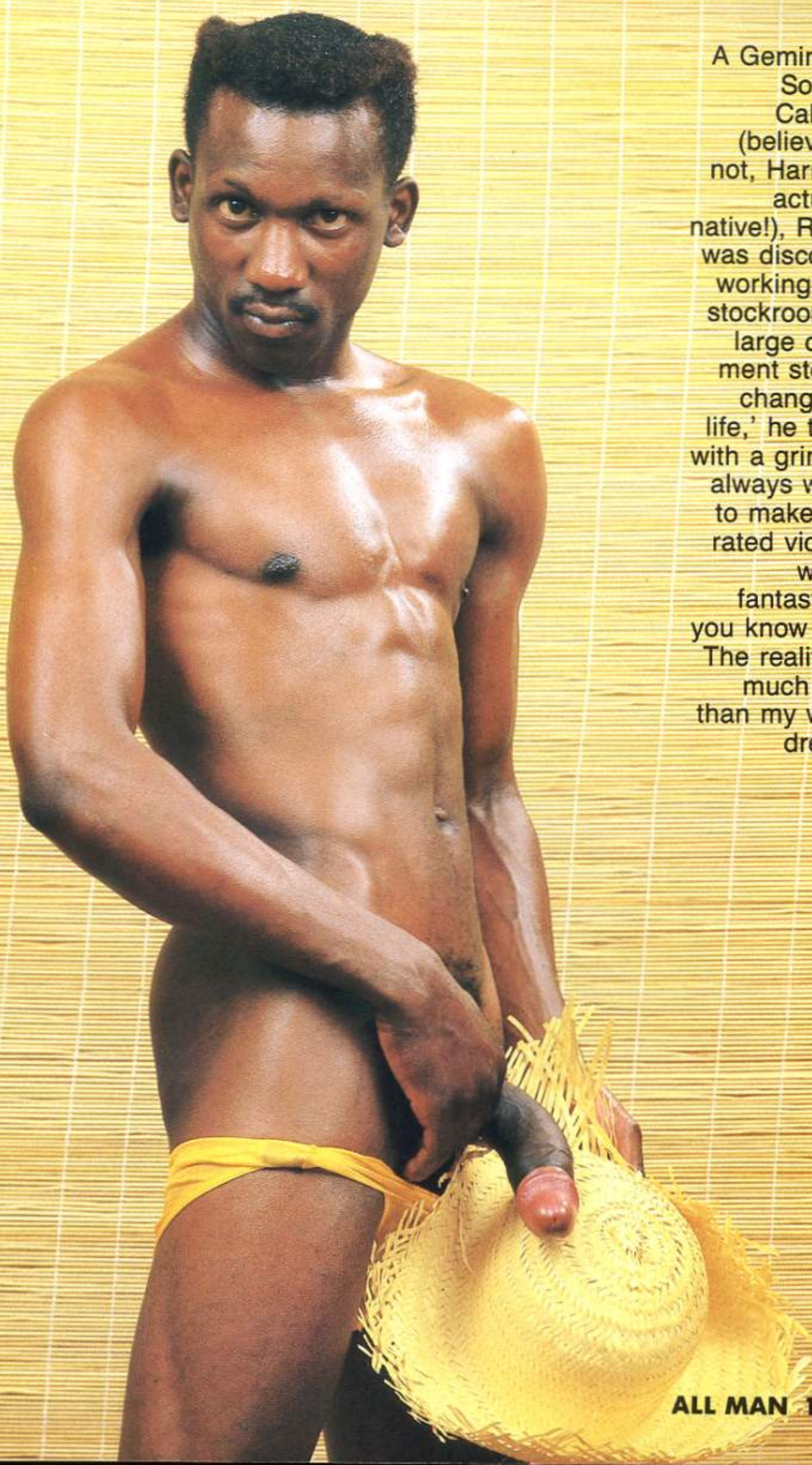
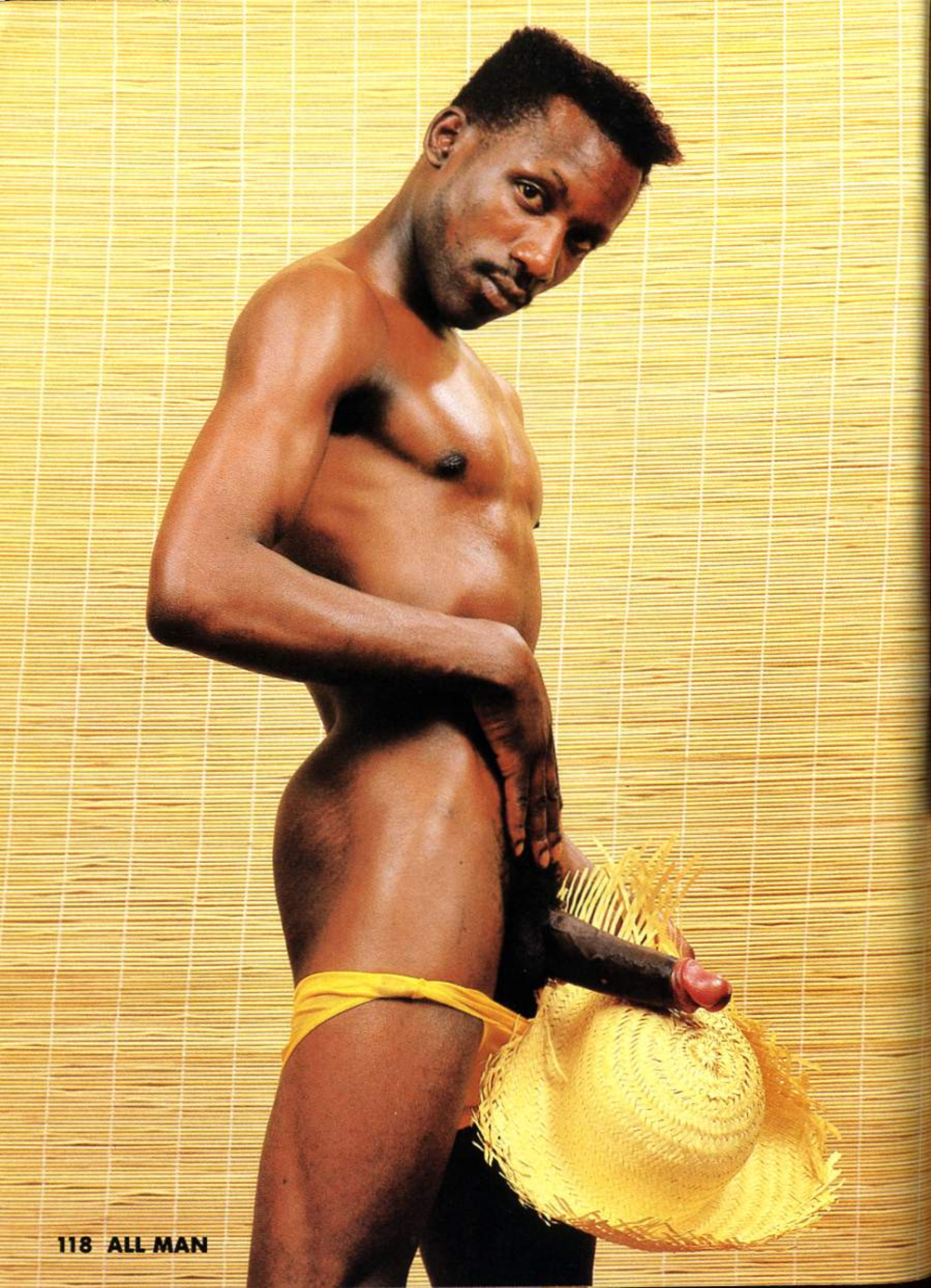
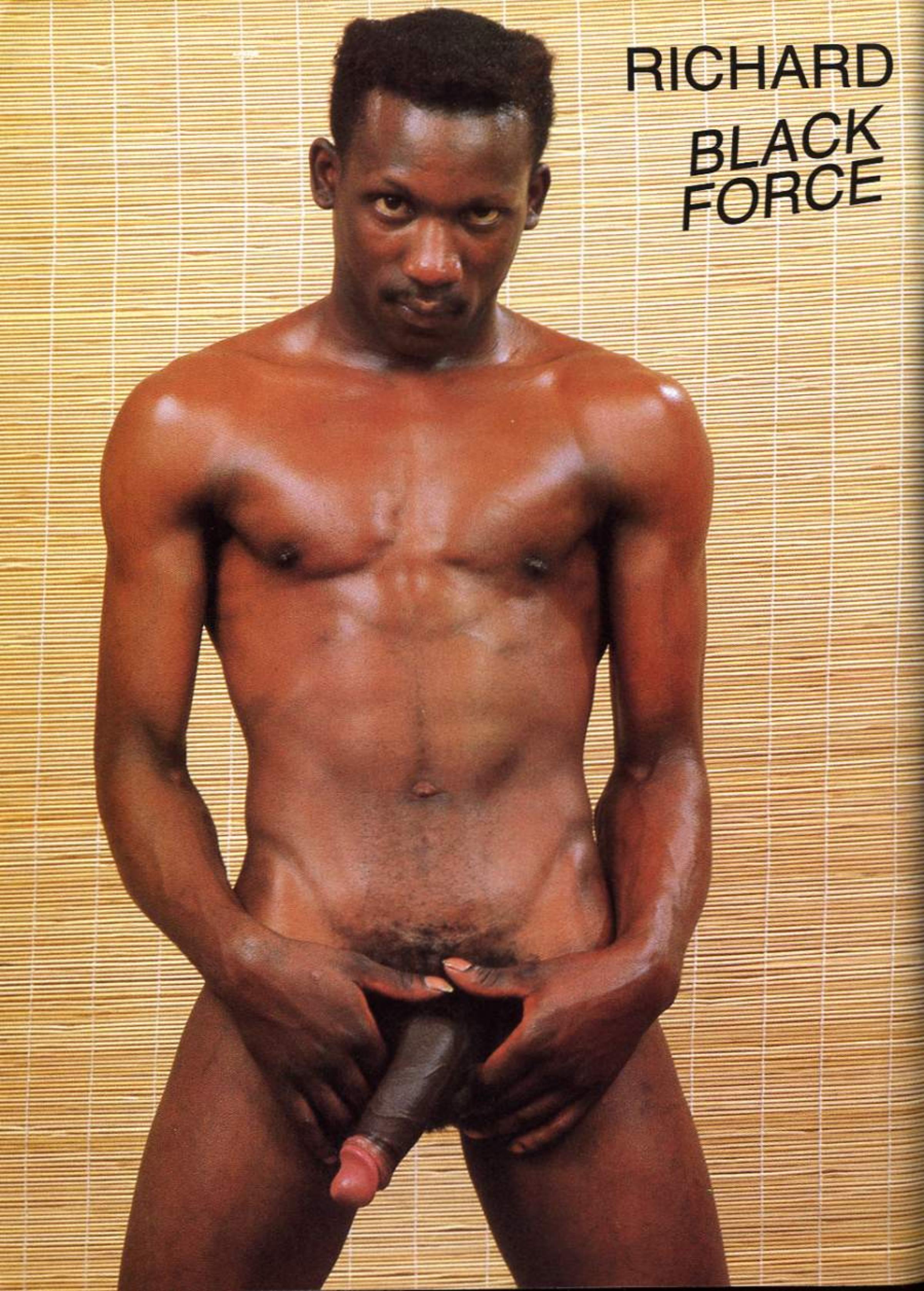


A Gemini from Southern California (believe it or not, Harrison's actually a native!), Richard was discovered working in the stockroom of a large department store. 'It changed my life,' he told us with a grin. 'I've always wanted to make an X-rated video—it was my fantasy—but you know what? The reality was much hotter than my wildest dreams!'



At 5' 7", Harrison admits he's hung like a horse. 'Guys are always asking me how long my dick is,' he laughed, 'but I tell them all the same thing—I've never measured my cock—it's just what I call huge!"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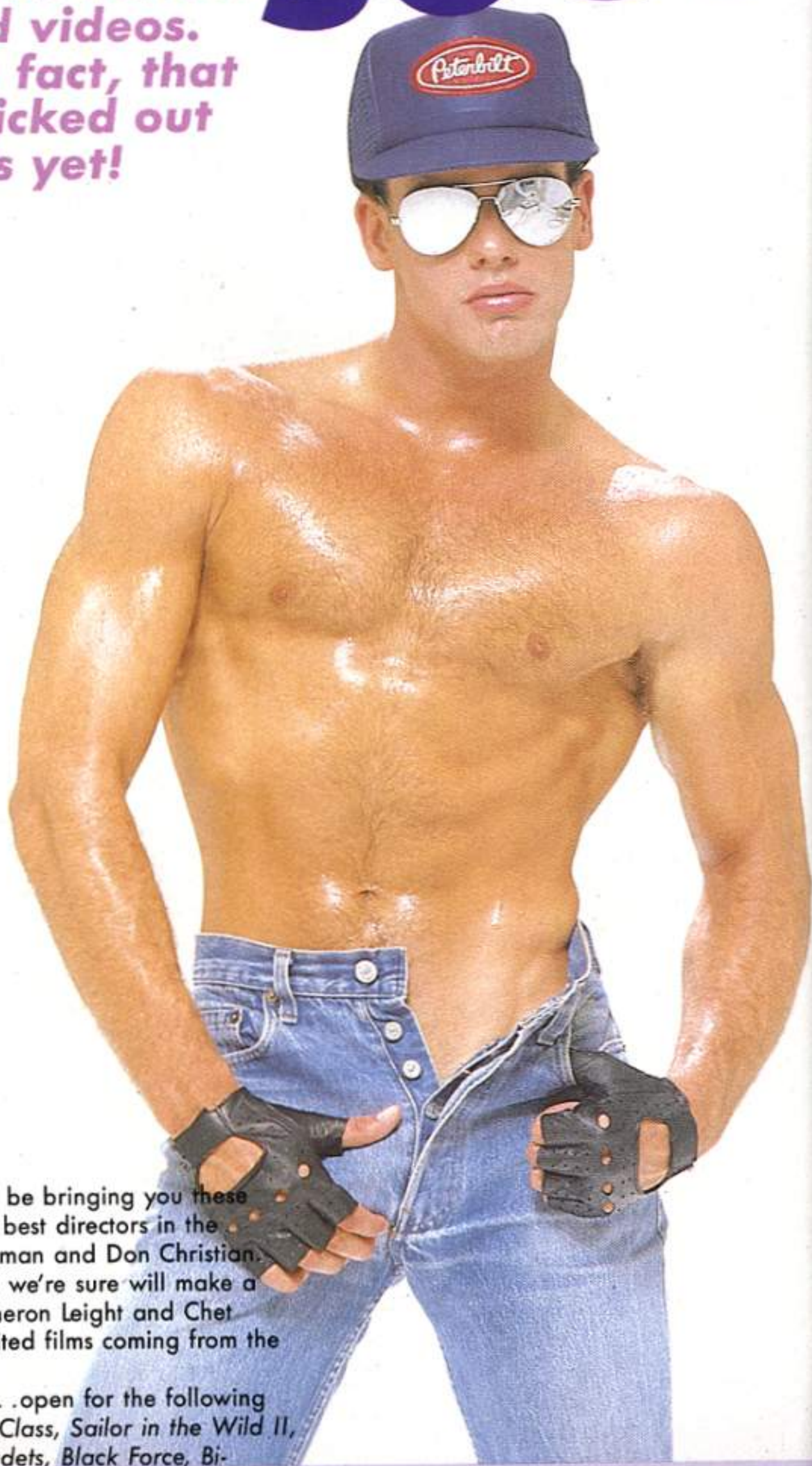
CUMMING SOON

A baker's dozen of the hottest new studs in X-rated videos. Some are so new, in fact, that they haven't even picked out their "stage" names yet!



In the months ahead, Catalina Video will be bringing you these hunky young men in films from some of the best directors in the biz. . . John Travis, Scott Masters, Paul Norman and Don Christian. Also some new directors join the ranks who we're sure will make a great impression on the X-rated genre, Cameron Leight and Chet Thomas. There will also be some long awaited films coming from the master, William Higgins himself.

So keep your eyes. . .and your zippers. . .open for the following titles: *Hard Men II, Full Load, Head of the Class, Sailor in the Wild II, The Big One, Bad Boys Club, The Young Cadets, Black Force, Bi-Sexual Fantasies II, Bi and Beyond* and *Bulge* plus many, many more.

If this muscular blond turns you on, why not write us and give him a name. When Catalina discovered him he was a professional male stripper. Now he's one of the stars of **Hard Men II.**

gorgeous body combined with natural heat makes Ray ockwell a man you won't soon forget. When he's not aking films like **Full Load,** *Ray drives an 18-wheel rig.*

You probably know Jeff Lancaster, who's modeled nude in various gay magazines, but did you know this blond hunk can be seen in action in Head of the Class? When not cavorting for the cameras, Jeff is finishing college and is a long distance cyclist.

Cute, huh? Well, he's waiting for you to give him his stage name, too! This hot number can be found in Sailor in the Wild II. Does Semen John fit? Formerly a construction worker, Mr. X says he will now concentrate all of his energies on acting.

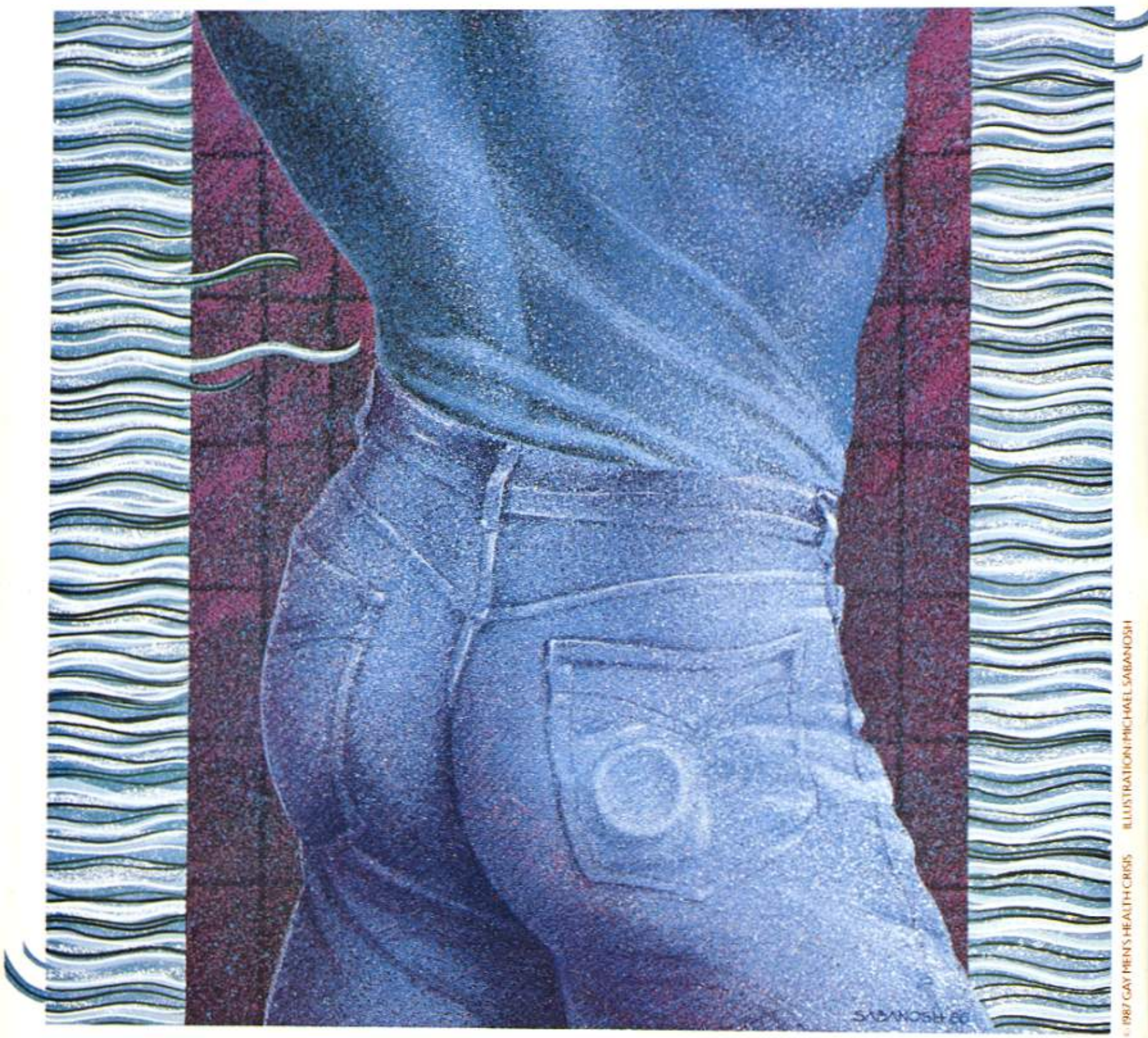
It's no surprise to see that Derek Jensen was cast for the film **The Big One!** *This telephone lineman certainly has the right equipment for the job.*

Kal Richards shows off the weight lifting form that got him a juicy part in The Young Cadets! He's just as hot from the front!

In* The Young Cadets, *Mike Gregory, another male stripper who's toured the USA, turns in a hot and horny performance. Look for more films from him this year.

As country guy Tom Brock can attest,* They Grow 'em Big, *not only in his native state but also at Catalina Video! Watch for a series of films on this hot young sta

A RUBBER IS A FRIEND IN YOUR POCKET



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